HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

by WATKINS E. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Well, thought Luella Bell, perhaps I am the sort of girl who can't get along in the big city. But she did not really believe it—what was the matter, she was convinced, was Marie Mason. That glamorous radio singer had refused Luella's husband, back in the home town, and now she seems to be trying to take him back. And Luella wants Henry more than she wants life.

Chapter 13

Date With Marie

LUELLA searched Henry's face. "But don't worry about Tommy being alone with me," she said, "as if you would! Tommy's in love with Marie, and I had to listen to him talk about her most of the time."

"Why the accent?" Henry said.

"Because you've talked about her so much yourself, Henry," Luella said. "Not that I'm jealous or anything like that, but—but—Oh, darling, we were going to have such fun together when we came to New York. You said so yourself, and now—"

"But we are having fun!"

"Not the way I expected to. All you do is talk radio, try to write songs, and work at the office. You never have time even to tell me you love me."

Henry stiffened. "Luella, don't start being that sort of wife!" he said.

"What sort of wife?"

"You know the sort I mean," said Henry. "The sort of wife who wants her husband telling her every minute that he loves her. We've got to be modern, Luella. We can't go on acting like the married folks acted when our grand-parents and parents were married. This is 1941, honey—not the Seventies and the Eighties."

"Really?" Luella was tired, she was annoyed, she was a bit disgusted. "I don't see why we can't act like they did. I like their way of doing things."

"Now you're talking utter nonsense," said Henry. All of a sudden he was tired also—the reaction probably. And he was annoyed. Darn women! They could be so cock-eyed unreasonable.

"We belong to an entirely different generation. We can't just sit around of evenings just—just being married."

"No?"

"No!"

Luella felt as though she could scream. "Well, if you ask me," she snapped, "I think our parents and grand-parents had the right idea. Good night!"

Marie The Helper

HENRY did go up to Marie's apartment on the Monday evening after returning from the Rector yachting party. He stayed until after midnight. He had gone again and again, eager to perfect the songs, excited over the possibility of having them used in radio, and still finding himself frequently wondering, as he had wondered before, if a man could love his wife and another woman at one and the same time.

In spite of the fact that he honestly tried his best to keep his association with Marie on a purely business basis, he often remembered Marie in his arms, the kiss they had shared out on the extension roof of his and Luella's apartment, Marie's disturbing nearness.

It was wrong, tragically wrong, for him to keep remembering such things. But fighting a memory was a thing that was terribly difficult—rather like fighting a shadow that kept crossing one's path.

And Marie, always trying to help him, encourage him—so tremendously interested in him and his verses.

"Of course you know," she was now saying to him, "that Rector and Everett are really sincere in their interest in you, Henry. They have mentioned you to me several times."

"I keep hoping they are," Henry replied. "But I've got my fingers crossed."

"Silly, darling!" said Marie.

Henry looked about them, feeling a little guilty, feeling like a small boy playing hooky from school. For he and Marie were in a cocktail lounge of a small West side hotel.

He had found it necessary to be in that neighborhood in order to examine a piece of property, and since it was late afternoon, he had called Marie on sudden impulse and asked her to meet him for a cocktail. He explained that he wasn't going back to the office, but straight home to dinner. They would have time for a drink and a talk. Presently Marie went on talking.

"It made me very happy," she said, "having you call me. I like little unexpected things like that, Henry — pleasant things coming right out of the sky, so to speak." She took a sip of her cocktail, then sat down her glass, and leaned across the narrow table.

"There's always a place in radio for a man with ideas, and you've got them," she said. "I know it. And I've a sneaking idea we're going to have some definite developments before long."

"Woman's intuition at work, I reckon," Henry grinned. "Or just a plain old garden variety hunch!"

"Never mind what it is," said Marie. "All you need, Henry, is the opportunity to develop your ideas—to sort of spread out."

"Maybe you're right," Henry said thoughtfully. "But, after all, I'm in the realty business up to my neck. I've been in it since my high-school days when old Professor Smithson told me he'd pay me a commission if I'd rent those five old shacks down by the railroad; you remember, Marie, the houses his aunt left him over where we kids used to play."

"Yes," said Marie without interest. "I remember. But don't grow reminiscent on me just now, Henry. We've got the present to consider, and the future. Let's not talk about the past."

"All right. But what I mean is that I'm tied up with renting apartments and selling lots. Of course I like working on my verses, and I get as excited as a kid when I think of having you sing them for me, and yet—"

"Of course you get excited!" Marie cut in. "Who wouldn't? Radio's an exciting business. And look at your business, the realty business! It's dull and tiresome, and I don't see any future in it. You'll just go on renting apartments and selling lots, year in and year out, until you're an old man, all tired out."

"Gosh, you certainly do paint a sad picture!" Henry said.

"It is sad," said Marie, "watching a man of promise stagnate in a realty office."

"What would you have me do, throw up my job?"

"Certainly not. But you can keep right after Rector and Everett. The job they have in mind for you or someone else is just the sort you should have. Program planning, you know — selecting talent, planning the songs and the sketches."

"But I've never had any experience along such lines," Henry said.

"Oh, yes, you have!" Marie contradicted. "Down home, working with our local entertainments, directing our plays, playing my accompaniments. All that has helped to establish a background for you." She smiled into Henry's eyes. "Besides, I know the right people. And I've gotten a good idea about radio work in general. I may stand up in front of a mike and sing, but I've kept my eyes and ears open. Marie'll help you with all she's got."

Taffy For Henry

"THAT'S darned sweet and generous of you, Marie. I appreciate it, too. But there's a heck of a lot of competition around here, you know. I mean there must be hundreds of men who are far more capable of holding down the sort of job you mention."

"What of it? There were hundreds of singers with far more experience and training than I had, but did that prevent me from coming up here and having a try?"

"No. But you had a definite something to offer—your singing."

"Well, you've got something definite to offer, too," said Marie. Then: "There's just one thing that's worrying me, that's Alma Latham's attachment for Malcolm Rector."

"Why should that worry you?"

"The job I've been telling you about is one Alma might be able to fill, and I think she's after it. And with the hold she has on Malcolm—he's in love with her, or I don't know the symptoms — she may persuade him to forget everyone else, and give the job to her." Marie paused, gave Henry a searching look. "But you can still put up a fight, can't you?"

"Certainly I can," said Henry. "That is, if I finally decide to give up the realty business."

"Don't tell me there are any doubts in your mind!"

"As a matter of fact, there are," said Henry. "A married man can't afford to gamble on his future. If I'd come here alone—I mean before Luella and I were married—and found matters as they are, I'd have taken a chance. But it's different once a man marries."

He hesitated a moment, took a drink, remembering Luella and the strained something that had sprung up between them since the Rector party, and which had grown and grown, like a wall that was slowly but surely being built to keep them apart.

"And take Luella," he went on. "She feels very strongly about my giving so much time to the songs; not that she says very much, but I sense it in the way she looks at me at times, and in the things she doesn't say."

"Oh, all married women are like that!" Marie said airily. "Luella's probably a little jealous of the way you've gone ahead in New York, while she's lagged behind. But once you've gotten into radio, and are making a name for yourself, to say nothing of a big salary, she'll feel differently. You owe something to yourself, anyway, Henry my dear."

Her hand was on Henry's now, patting it gently. "You're a man, and a man has a right to make his way in the world. Don't be a henpecked husband, Henry, one of those detestable men who let their wives influence them by using a lot of feminine tears and tantrums. Men like that never get anywhere."

"I'm not that sort of man, Marie," Henry said, annoyed. "And I never shall be!"

"Very true, my lamb," Marie smiled. "But don't let Luella's feelings and rather old-fashioned ideas about things in general interfere too much with that clear and calm thinking." She glanced at her watch. "I've got to be going now, Henry."

To be continued

Take Over Taxis

Sandusky, O. (U.P.)—Due to a shortage of male drivers women taxi drivers have been introduced by a taxi company here. L. E. Wagner, cab company operator, said he had tried in vain to get men drivers but that the army services had taken them as fast as he could employ and train them.

THE WIND WHISTLES

through the loose-weaved sport coats we're showing

Barker's

Store for Men

Gulp and Suffer

Camp Bowie, Tex. (U.P.)—The sergeants were enjoying their quids of tobacco when the general walked in. They gulped hurriedly. Two hours later the company had a pair of sick sergeants on its hands.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial: KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640 Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW 620, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNX, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown Is PST

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KEX, KJR, KGO.

6:30 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KPO; Diane Courtney, KGO, KJR; Quiz of Two Cities, KGW, KOMO; Organ Musings, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Elizabeth Russell, KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Your Marriage Club, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJR, KEX; Fanny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dinner at Omar's, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; N s, KSL; Hollywood Smarty Party, KNX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Chuck Foster's Orch., KJR; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportsmen, KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Comedy, KPO; Emile Petti's Orch., KJR; The World's Best, KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Musical Quinella, KOMO; Saltair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bondshu's Orch., KOMO; Dancing With Clancy, KGO; By the Way, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR, KSL; Good Neighbors, KGW.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Marine Band, KGO, KJR; Dick Jergens' Orch., KSL, KNX; News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ed Stocker and KEX, KJR; Music, KGW; Concert Hall, KPO; Masterworks of Music, KNX; State Traffic, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; News, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Janet Jordan, KGO, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Southern Cruise, KNX; Quiz, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Americana, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood Premiere, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Penthouse Party, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Listen America, KPO, KGW; Proudly We Hail, KNX, KSL, KOIN; First Piano Quartet, KGO, KEX, KJR; Comedy, KOMO.

7:000 p. m.—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Your Happy Birthday, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Time, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Great Moments From Great Plays, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Ben Bernie's New Army Game, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Frankie Masters' Orch., KPO, KGW; Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KJR, KEX; Claudia, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fish Finder, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Bob Strong's Orch., KGO, "JR; Jimmie Fidler, KNX, KOIN; We're Building a House, KGO; Dick Jurgen's Orch., KSL; You and Your Bank, KPO; Baseball Game, KEX; Fort Lewis News, KGW; Fort Lewis Life, KOMO.

9:00 p. m.—Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KPO; Jay Widden's Orch., KJR; Barron Elliott's Orch., KNX; Chuck Wagon Days, KGO; Paul Sullivan, KNX; Your Mayor Speaks, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Weekly Spectator, KPO; Barron Elliott's Orch., KNX; Bill Henry, News, KOIN; Neil Bondshu's Orch., KGO; Frontiers of Industry, KGW; Dancer, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jay Burnett, KGO, KJR; Dick Jurgen's Orch., KNX; News, KOIN; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Abe Lyman's Orch., KGO, KJR; This World Today, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Portland Police, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO. This moving World, KEX; News, KGW, KGO; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Prison Pole Vaulters

Florence, Ariz. (U.P.)—Warden Gene Shute of the Arizona State Prison, after permitting the inmates to indulge in athletic games, finally felt it incumbent upon himself to suppress the track and field sports. "At the rate they were going," he stated, "they would have soon been able to pole-vault themselves over the prison walls and do a mile dash that would have made it difficult to recapture them."

TICKETS, PLEASE!

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

RAILROAD RELIC

The oldest U. S. railroad ticket office, in practically its original state, as built by the New Castle, Frenchtown Turnpike and Railroad Company 109 years ago, stands at the Washington Street crossing in New Castle, Del.

MYSTERY DUCK

Although never a numerous species, the Labrador duck's complete disappearance cannot be accounted for, as it was never widely hunted for food. The only specimens known today are those mounted in museums!

Tomorrow: 28,000 Fights.

LI'L ABNER—No Honor Among Thieves

By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Got Something There

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Mother's Child

By SOL HESS