

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS & WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Luella felt her heart break about "office widows," but she never thought that she would be one when married less than a year. But Henry works a great deal, both at his regular job, and at writing songs for Marie Mason to sing on the air. And of course writing songs for Marie means that Henry sees a good deal of her, and that Marie makes the most of that fact. Henry is very good looking, unfortunately. Luella and Henry just have given a dinner.

Chapter 13 Gossip Enters

"WELL," said Henry after their guests had departed, Fred and Mae a bit uncertain on their feet after three mint juleps apiece, "now that you've met the men I work with and their wives, how do you like them?"

"It's hard to say," Luella replied. "They've got me a little confused."

"Confused? How do you mean?" "Talking about so many things so rapidly," Luella looked about the disheveled room, and then said: "It would seem that even in a city of nearly eight million, people hear things and gossip."

"Meaning—what?" "Meaning you and Marie," said Luella. "Mae actually grew sympathetic. 'Keep a stiff upper lip, Luella, darling,' she said. 'I know exactly what you're up against. Why, when Fred and I first came to New York I darn near lost him to a little blonde hussy, third from the end in a revue. . . . Sweet of her—wasn't it, to be so understanding?'"

Henry frowned. "She probably had too much to drink," he said.

"That was very obvious," said Luella. "But she evidently knew what she was talking about. How do you suppose she ever found out about you and Marie?"

"Good Lord, how should I know?" Henry exclaimed. "Besides, there was nothing for her to find out, as you express it. Marie calls the office now and then to discuss the songs—and one day she came up to bring me scores to look over during odd moments." He shrugged. "Mountains out of molehills—that's all."

"Proving, I suppose," said Luella, "that people are the same the world over—that is, people who love to gossip. I think this excludes Pete and Sue, though. I like them a lot. I thought them sweet and unassuming and they seem to get a lot of fun out of life without trying to impress people. You know—Fran and Van with their opera, Carter and Irene with their golf and tennis, to say nothing of Fred and Mae with their breath-taking bridge winnings and losses."

"Well, at least it proves that couples like them have a keen interest in something really worth-while," said Henry. "Now take Carter and Irene for example. They—"

"I did take them," said Luella. "They nearly drove me mad with their songs of praise about each other."

"That's not a very kind way to speak of two people who gave us such a wonderful week-end," Henry rebuked.

"I didn't think it was so wonderful," said Luella. "Besides, I've just paid them back with the best dinner they ever ate—if I do say so, as shouldn't." She began to slip off some costume jewelry Henry had bought for the occasion. "Looking back on it all," she said, "I think I enjoyed being with Pete and Sue more than with any of the others. Fran, for instance, made me feel as though I were dressed in calico, and little else. Mae embarrassed me now and then with her way of talking; she was downright vulgar at times."

"Good lord, Luella, you do react in the funniest way to people!" Henry exploded. "You call an unassuming man and his rather mousy wife 'sweet and unassuming'—and you think a woman like Mae vulgar, and one like Fran high-hat. Listen, Luella, Mae and Fran are the types of wives who help their husbands along. So is Irene. The very fact that she talks about Carter in a praise-worthy way shows that she is proud of him, and that—"

Birds Of A Feather

"I COULD actually see his ego swelling," said Luella. "Goodness gracious, Henry darling, it's all right to praise your husband, but you don't have to use a whole week-end doing it, do you?"

"Perhaps we'd get along better if you sang my praises a little more, and criticized my new friends a little less," said Henry, annoyed.

"I'm sorry, darling, really I am," Luella said. She sat down upon the arm of the chair into which Henry had slouched, and ran her fingers through his thick hair.

"It's just that I know nothing about opera, less about golf and tennis, and am a notoriously bad bridge player. . . . Sue and Pete struck me as being more my kind of people, so naturally I was drawn to them."

"I see," said Henry. "But one has to progress socially as well as financially in New York. You can never broaden yourself by picking out only the people who seem to be your kind."

Luella got up somewhat wearily. "Maybe it's just a case of birds of a feather," she said, "or water that seeks its level."

"There, that's it exactly!" said Henry, sitting up. "Birds of a feather. People who get about. Luella, don't spout old saws and recite worn-out adages. They learn to express themselves in a more original manner."

"Yes, sir," Luella said. She gave Henry a quick kiss. "Let's not talk about it any longer. I'll say this, though, being invited out to hobnob with some of your associates and their wives made it possible for me to see quite a bit of you, my darling!"

"What do you mean by that?" Henry wanted to know.

"I mean that our social spurge forced you to go places with your wife," Luella replied. "It kept you from spending your evenings planning radio programs with Marie."

Henry eye Luella intently. "Marie again," he said. "You don't mean to tell me that you take any stock in what Mae told you?"

Luella shook her head. "Of course not, even though I am the product of a gossip little town down South," she said. "I don't have to take any stock in what gossips say, to realize that you spend a lot of time with Marie."

She motioned Henry to silence as he started to say something. "Oh, I grant you it's all innocent enough, but—but I still feel neglected at times, Henry. Surely you can understand that."

"As a matter of fact, I can't," said Henry. "A wife who really wants her husband to get ahead is willing to make a few sacrifices, such as spending some time alone while her husband is working—trying to get ahead in the world."

"But, Henry, you neglect me for the radio songs," Luella reminded. "Not your really job. You get home from that all right, but then you plunge right into the work Marie's got you interested in."

"That won't last much longer," Henry said, then, gently. "Learn to adjust yourself, honey—be more self-sufficient. Although now that you've met the girls, you ought to find plenty to do in company with them."

"I doubt it."

"Why?" "We have so little in common," Luella replied. "I can't drink with Mae because it makes me ill the next day, and I don't like it anyway—alcoholic drinks, I mean."

"I thought you were getting so you enjoyed a cocktail now and then."

"Oh, in a way, I do—but two is my limit. . . . Then there's bridge. You know we can't afford to play for the stakes Mae plays for, and she's not the type to play for—peanuts."

What To Do?

"THEN play some tennis with Irene. There are courts near us, so invite her over some day for lunch, with tennis afterwards."

"She'd die of boredom," Luella said. "I'm hopeless at tennis, and I know little or nothing about golf. And don't tell me to go to the opera with Fran, for opera bores me to tears. I love good music—Schubert, McDowell, Chopin, things like that wrote—but opera strikes me as downright silly."

"That may be very true—all of it," said Henry. "But one can cultivate a taste for opera, just as one can learn to play a good game of bridge, golf, or tennis. I have had to adjust myself to a lot of changes, Luella, and you'll have to do the same."

"You mean to learn to play a good game of bridge, golf or tennis?"

"Yes," Luella sighed. "All right, my Lord and Master," she said resignedly. "I may learn to play bridge, golf, and tennis, but I'll never learn to like opera—especially Wagnerian operas, the ones Fran and Van talked so much about."

Henry made a gesture of hopelessness. "I'm going out for a walk around the block," he said. "I over-ate, and don't like to go to bed on a full stomach."

"All right," Luella said. "Thank goodness we got all those people together for a Saturday night. We can sleep late in the morning."

"Not me," said Henry, as he got his hat from the entry closet. "I've got to work to do tomorrow. I've got to slave like the devil on the songs, as well as study some leases."

"I suppose Marie will want you to help her also."

"Naturally," Henry put on his hat. "She's doing all she can to help me, so why shouldn't I cooperate?"

"No reason at all, I reckon," said Luella. "Only I don't see that she's helping you any in the work you came up here to do."

"Perhaps I shan't be in that work much longer."

"What do you mean?" Luella's eyes widened, as a sense of uneasiness gripped her.

"Oh, nothing much," said Henry carelessly. "Only I'm beginning to feel that there's more future for a man in real estate. He opened the door. 'I'll see you a little later. Don't wait up for me.'"

He was gone. Down one flight. Down two flights. Out into the night.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 510, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1090, Seattle; KNL, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

5:00 p. m.—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Primrose String Quartet, KGO, KJR, KEX: Summer Hour, KNL, KSL, KOIN: Melody Time, KEX.
5:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KJR, KEX: American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
6:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR: Take It or Leave It, KNL, KSL, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Deadline Dramas, KGW, KOMO: Columbia Workshop Presents, KNL, KOIN, KSL: Comedy, KPO.
7:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KNL, KOIN: Arturo Ariano's Orch., KGW: Inner Sanctum Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR: Old Cabinet Maker, KPO: News, KSL: Symphonic Serenade, KSL: Radio Parade, KOMO.

7:30 p. m.—Treasure Trails of

Song, KGO, KEX, KJR: Raglar Fellars, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Answer Auction, KNL, KOIN.
8:00 p. m.—Walter Winchell, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Ozma Nelson's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX: News, KSL: News, Leon F. Drews, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Voice Vague, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Vera of Hawaii, KGO, KJR: Don't Be Personal, KNL, KOIN: Hawthorne Temple, KEX.
9:00 p. m.—Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO: I Was There, KNL, KOIN: Beau Sol Musical, KEX: Tropical Moods, KJR: Ogden Tabernacle Choir, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KEX: Eddie LeBaron's Orch., KPO, KGW: By the Way, KNL: News, KJR: Northwest Roundtable, KOIN: Mix 'em and Match 'em, KOMO: Chorus, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Southernaires, KGO, KEX, KJR: Dick Jurgens' Orch., KNL: Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO: News, KOIN: Temple Square, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KEX: Ken Stevens, KNL, KOIN: Rev. Henry Nees, KJR: Sabbath Reveries, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KEX: News, KGO: Bob Saunders, KPO, KGW: Manny Strand's Orch., KOIN: News, KNL: Light Classics, KSL.

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Forecast, KNL, KOIN.

Dr. I. Q. Jim McLean, KPO, KGW, KOMO: String Ensemble, KGO, KJR: Summer Serenade, KEX.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR: Floyd Wright, KPO: Stars of Today, KGW.
6:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNL, KOIN, KSL: Gordon Jenkins, KGO, KEX: Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Blondie, KNL, KSL, KOIN: National Radio Forum, KJR: Rose Remick, KGO: Shall We Waltz?, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNL, KOIN, KSL: Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW: Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KEX: Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—World's Best, KEX, KJR: Gay Nineties Revue, KNL, KSL, KOIN: Harry James' Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Well Bondablu's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO: True or False, KGO, KJR, KEX: What's On Your Mind, KNL, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW: McFarland Twins' Orch., KSL, KOIN: Milt Herth Trio, KGO, KEX: Buy Washington, KJR: Park Concert, KNL.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNL, KOIN: Melodies by Miller, KGO, KEX, KJR: Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO: Hymn Service, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO,

VOCAL CORDS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS WORKING OUT IN YARD BUILDING A WAGON, WHILE CONVERSING AT TOP VOICE WITH BOY ACROSS THE STREET



MOTHER CALLS FROM HOUSE TO COME HERE A MINUTE



SHOUTS WHAT DOES SHE WANT, MOTHER REPEATING THE SUMMONS



CALLS WELL WHAT IS IT? HE CAN HEAR HER OUT HERE



MOTHER STARTS HER MESSAGE, AT WHICH MOMENT HE SEES HE DIDN'T GET THE LAST LINE IN DEEP ENOUGH AND REPEATS IT



AS MOTHER FINISHES, SHOUTS WHAT DID SHE SAY?



REALIZES, FROM HER REPLY, SHE MEANS BUSINESS AND GOES IN PROTESTING LOUDLY HE DOESN'T WANT TO STOP WORKING ON HIS WAGON



RETURNS AFTER A MINUTE AND SHOUTS TO BOY ACROSS THE STREET SHE JUST DOESN'T WANT HIM TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE SHOOTING

7-12

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER—The Irresistible Yokum



7-12



7-12

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Will Ernesto Be Caught?



7-12-41



7-12-41

THE NEBB'S—Mrs. Swagger



7-12



7-12

KGO, KOMO: Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX: News, KJR, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KNL: Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW, KEX, KJR: News, Society, Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker and Orch., KGO, KOMO: Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL: Concert Hall, KPO: National Radio Forum, KGO: Summer Bandwagon, KEX: Masterworks of Music, KNL: Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Carl Ratzka's Orch., KSL, KOIN: Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO: This Moving World,

KEX: News, KGO, KGW: Fishing News, KJR: Knox Manning, KNL.

SkiWax For Army
Washington, July 12—(AP)—The war department announced it had contracted for 76,912 pounds of ski wax. The contract went to the Chemurgic Corp., Richmond, Calif., and was for \$5,153.

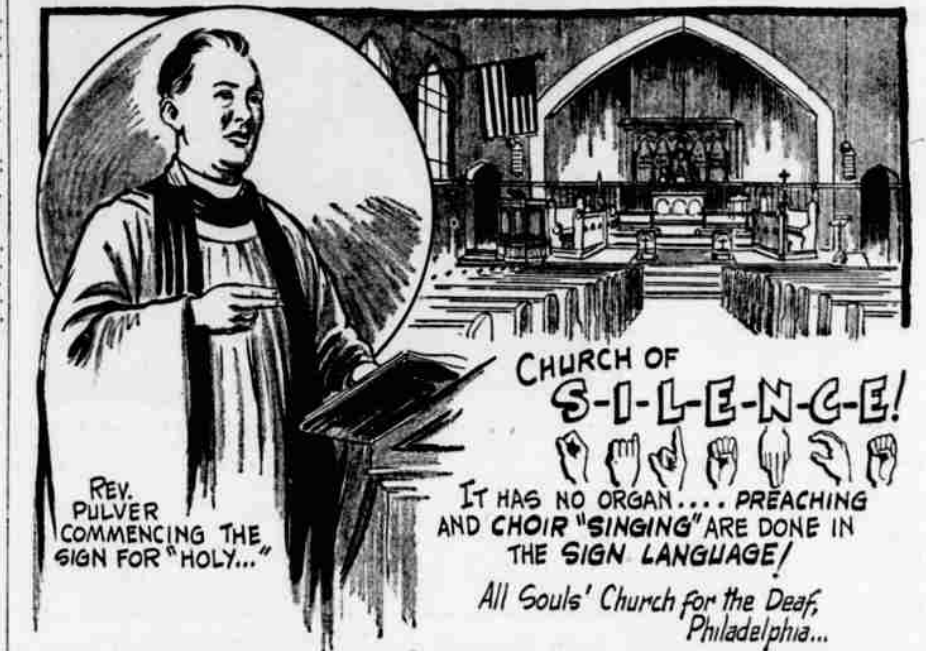
Order 5,000 Put-Puts
Springfield, Mass., July 11—(AP)—Indian Motorcycle Co. said

today the government had ordered 5,000 special light army motorcycles for Great Britain at a cost of \$2,050,000.

Ft. Lewis Job Awarded
Washington, July 12—(AP)—The war department has announced the awarding of the following contract, delivery date on which have not been announced: Ford and Loryea, Portland, Ore., construction work at Fort Lewis, Wash., \$148,943.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



SIGNS OF FAITH
All Souls' Church for the Deaf looks after the spiritual welfare of those who have lost their hearing. Built with a sloping floor, each worshiper has a clear view of the minister's hands. A Sunday school is conducted for children of New Jersey's and Pennsylvania's state schools for the deaf. Children of deaf persons seldom inherit the affliction.
Reverend Henry J. Pulver, also deaf, has been vicar here since 1932. He has been in the ministry 20 years.
Monday: Change Over

By AL CAPP



7-12

By HAL FORREST



7-12

By SOL HESS



7-12

They Got Him!
Kingstree, C. C., July 12—(AP)—The sheriff's posse, seeking a man charged with attacking an

other, closed in on a figure in a tobacco field. Members approached cautiously, pistols drawn. The figure never moved. It was a scarecrow.

Pulp Profit Plops
San Francisco, July 12—(AP)—Soundview Pulp company reports \$976,473, net profit for the first six months of this year, a drop from the \$1,161,223 of the like 1940 half year. Net per share on common stock dropped to \$1.87 from \$2.24.

Bristles for best quality paint brushes come from hogs raised in China and Manchuria.

Hold Your (straw) Hat!
and let people see the BARKER label in it.
\$1.95 up
Barber's