HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

by WATKINS E. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: It is enough, Henry Pell thinks, that his friendship for Marie Mason has almost estranged his wife, Luella. But now Marie, who has been trying her best to make Henry a place in radio, has just confessed that she has not got over the infatuation she felt for him years before in their home town. This will break things up, Henry knows, unless he can do something about it.

Chapter 18

Confession

"I LOVE singing—my career," Marie gasped. "But I haven't got over loving you. I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Gosh!" said Henry. He was at a loss for words. Maybe Marie was modern, but he, personally, had never before felt so completely unmodern. Here was indeed a situation for a man-of-the-world—and he couldn't handle it. It was a situation that was completely and utterly beyond him. "Listen, Marie," he began again.

"Why didn't you come up here before you were married?" she rushed on. "Why did you have to be in such a hurry to marry? We could have tested ourselves, seen if we loved each other—maybe gone on together."

"But you said you didn't want marriage," Henry reminded. "I took you at your word—and—"

"Never take a woman at her word!" said Marie. "That is, I mean—Oh, I don't know what I mean. All I know is that you're married to Luella, that she's holding you back, retarding you, and—that you're letting her. I'm miserable—heartsick—"

"Get hold of yourself," Henry said, wishing he could do the same. He looked into Marie's tear-wet eyes, and struggled to keep from taking her in his arms.

Maybe Marie was right, he thought miserably. Maybe it would have been fairer to all of them if he hadn't rushed Luella into marriage. But what could he do about it now? Nothing, apparently.

Marie began speaking again. "We've got so much in common, you and I," she said. "We could be so happy working together. Working on songs, planning programs. And if Mr. Everett and Malcolm do decide to take you into the organization, just think of the things we could do."

"I am thinking," said Henry.

"Oh, Henry," Marie wailed, "what are we going to do?"

"I reckon," said Henry, "that all we can do is try to make the best of the situation." He sank back into the taxi seat. "I don't see what else there is. Maybe I was unfair to you and Luella, but it's too late now to—"

"It isn't too late," said Marie. "Modern people — people like ourselves, Henry — don't accept defeat. They learn by their mistakes, and go on from there."

Go on to where?"

"I—I—mean, you don't have to go on being married to Luella, just because you went through a ceremony with her," said Marie. "If it was intended that you and I belong to each other—help and encourage each other—it's up to us to do something about it."

"You—mean—divorce?"

"Of course, and don't look so shocked!" Marie slid her hand into one of Henry's, intertwined her fingers with his. "People are getting divorced every day."

He turned to Marie. "I think we'd better wait until we're a little less emotional," he said, "before we discuss the matter any further. We don't want to do anything that will make others unhappy, nor act too quickly ourselves." He watched Marie's face. "Don't forget that Tommy McIntyre is in love with you. He'd be hurt if—if—you did anything—rash."

"I suppose so," said Marie wearily. "But I'll have to harden myself against that. Luella will be hurt, too—so—"

"Poor little Luella," said Henry. He covered his eyes with his free hand. "God!" He steadied himself. "Maybe in the morning we'll seem a little less mixed up—and dramatic."

"I shall still be loving you though," said Marie. "In the morning—the morning after that—and on and on."

Henry tightened his hold upon her hand. Then he lifted it and laid it against his lips.

"Well, here we are!" he said presently, glancing out of the window. "Here's where the Southern Singer of Songs parks her lovely self."

Marie laughed harshly. "I know you're trying to be funny and make things easier for me, Henry," she said. "But I'm in no mood for humor. Don't get out, good night—and—thanks."

"Good night to you, Marie," Henry called, as the doorman opened the taxi door. "Good luck."

"I'll need it," Marie retorted. And went on into the hotel.

Luella Furious

HENRY gave the driver his own address, and a short time later he was feeling for his key in the small vestibule of the house in which he lived. Hearing a footfall behind him, he turned quickly, to see Luella framed in the outer doorway, her latchkey in her hand.

"Hello, Henry!" she said. "Did I startle you?"

"You certainly did," said Henry. "What on earth are you doing out at this hour?"

"Been dancing with Tommy."

"Oh!" Henry frowned there in the semi-darkness. And something evil way down deep inside of him forced him to say: "Aren't you and McIntyre seeing an awful lot of each other?"

"Perhaps," said Luella. "But so are you and Marie."

"That's beside the point, Marie and I are working together—on the radio program."

Luella flared. "And I hope to high heaven you'll get that damned program on the air eventually!" she said.

Henry gasped. In all the years he had known Luella, this was the first time he had ever heard her swear. What in blazes had come over her?

"Listen, Luella," he began, "We've simply got to—"

"I'm tired and sleepy," Luella cut in. "I'm going straight to bed." She got the door open, and walked into the hall. Henry behind her. At the foot of the stairs she paused, looked Henry directly in the face and said: "Henry Randolph Pell, you make me sick."

"Luella, you can't talk to me like that!" Henry said, angry. He reached for Luella's arm, but she eluded him, and ran up the stairs. He was at her heels. "You talk like someone who's been drinking."

"Well, maybe I have," said Luella. "If you men can drown your sorrows in drink—why can't women? We've got equal rights, haven't we?"

"You're talking like a little fool!" said Henry.

"And you've been acting like one," said Luella.

And so on, and so on—into the bedroom and out of it.

"My wife getting tight," said Henry. "Disgusting."

"As a matter of fact," said Luella, "I had one small glass of wine. I hate drinking— hate women who do it—I hate—" She stopped short, and got into bed. "Hurry up, and turn off the light," she said. "I want some sleep. And you've got a job, in case you've forgotten."

"The devil!" said Henry.

Then he too got into bed. He lay thinking, and what he was thinking actually frightened him. For the thought kept coming to him that maybe Tommy might turn out to be the means of getting his freedom from Luella—that is if he ever really wanted to be free.

Trip For Henry

IT was on an afternoon two weeks after the rehearsal of the radio program that Henry came home earlier than his usual time. Luella, surprised, exclaimed: "Are you ill, darling?"

"No," Henry replied. "They let me off early in order to pack up and catch a train for Chicago." He laid down the brief-case he was carrying. "I've got to go out there and look into some sort of real estate proposition."

"You mean you're leaving right away?"

"Yep . . . Got to take a train from Grand Central Station at Eight."

"Goodness! . . . That doesn't give us much time!" said Luella. "How long will you be gone?" She tried to speak calmly, casually, but she was thinking: "Dear God, let him take me with him. Out there, away from Marie, we might be able to get back on the old basis—get to know each other again."

Henry was getting out of his coat and vest. "I'll probably be gone a week," he said. "Maybe longer. It all depends on what I find when I reach Chicago." He carried the brief-case, the coat and the vest into the bedroom. "If you don't mind, I'd like you to pack my suitcase while I'm having a shower."

"Of course I don't mind!" said Luella brightly. "I'll be glad to." She followed Henry into the bedroom, thinking—"Well, anyway he'll be out of Marie's reach, and that will be something!" She went over to the clothes closet, and opened the door. She took from a shelf the suitcase the boys down home had given Henry for a farewell present. "Are you going alone?" she asked.

Henry whirled on her. "Good lord, of course!" he said. "Who in the devil did you think I'd be taking with me?"

"Your wife," said Luella. "That's all."

Henry had the decency to look sheepish. "Sorry," he said. "Here of late I have the feeling that you think I'm dashing off somewhere with a female, if I'm late or the slightest bit noncommital about my movements."

"Like your Uncle Peter?" said Luella. She got fresh underwear and shirts from the chiffonier drawer. "You know, the philandering family skeleton."

"Why bring him up?" said Henry.

"Oh, I don't know. . . . I was just thinking. Aunt Lila used to worry a lot about you and your Uncle Peter. She was afraid you'd grow up to be like him."

Henry frowned at her, and went into the bathroom. He left the door open, and Luella could hear him splashing in the tub.

"I'm sorry I can't take you with me," he called out above the sound of the shower. "But I'll be pretty busy, and my expense allowance for the trip won't permit two people traveling."

"That's all right," said Luella. Then when Henry came in, drying himself, she looked up and said: "I was thinking we might have a sort of second honeymoon."

To be continued

JUNE SHIP LOSSES LEAST IN MONTHS

London, July 16.—(AP)—Merchant shipping losses of 79 ships totaling 329,296 tons during June were announced today by the admiralty.

The tonnage, which included British, allied and neutral losses, was less than for any month since July, 1940, with the exception of last December and January.

Seventy-four ships aggregating 325,616 tons were admitted lost in December and 59 vessels totaling 309,731 tons in January.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Treasury Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Southernaires, KGO, KJR; Summer Serenade, KEX; Playground, News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Authors' Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KEX, KJR; Juan Arvizu, KSL, KOIN; Etchings in Brass, KGO; All Around Town, KNX.

7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Quizzer Baseball, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Lee Brown's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Folks, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL.

10:000 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dick Jurgen's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO.

10:30 p. m.—Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

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

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, KGO, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KPO; Diane Courtney, KGO; Organ Musings, KEX; Quiz of Two Cities, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR.

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

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

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, 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 Sportsman, 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 Jergen's Orch., KSL, KNX; News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; 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, KGW, KGO; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Ear Trouble Ends

Portland, July 16.—(AP)—That fluttering noise and intense itching in M. L. Brown's right ear has been eliminated. A physician couldn't determine the trouble so he irrigated the 54-year-old Portland man's ear—washing out a large moth.

Red Cross To Aid

San Francisco, July 16.—(AP)—Mrs. Katherine Edwards, Red Cross disaster relief worker, will leave tonight for Marcola, Ore., where a fire last night razed two lumber planing mills and the homes of 25 workers.

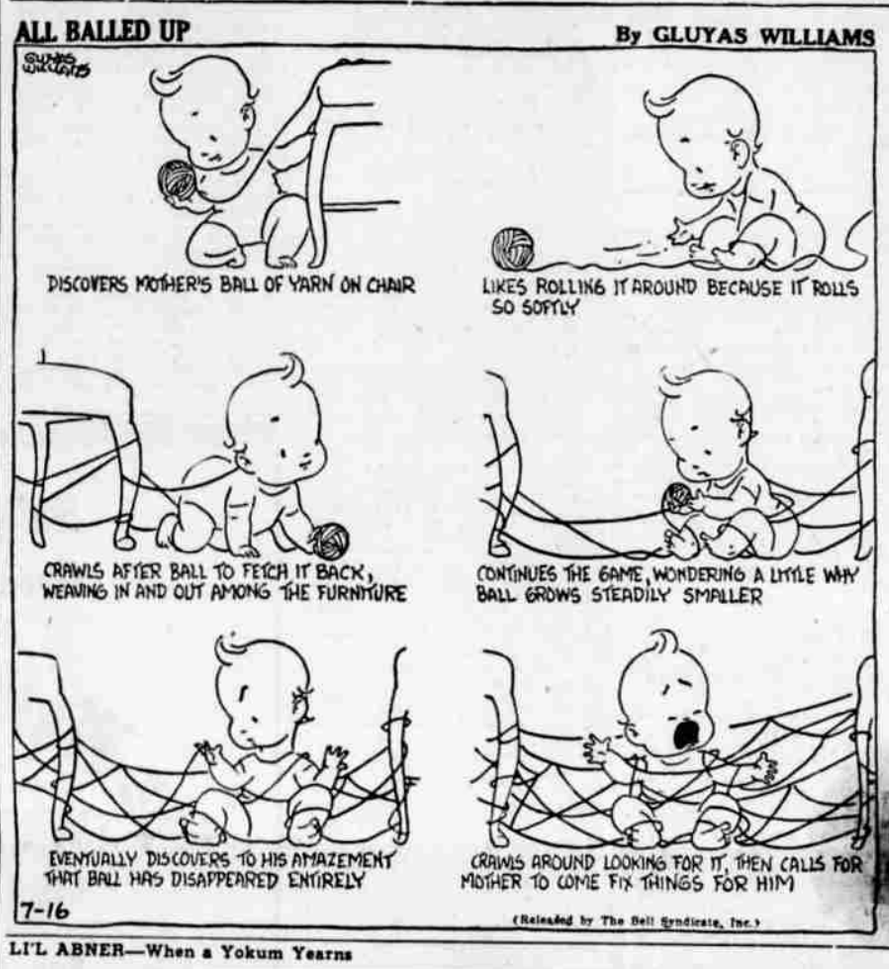
May Collaborate

Dallas, Tex.—(UP)—If the thieves who made raids on houses under construction here could get together they might be able to work out something. Marshall Whitley reported an electric motor used to operate a bench saw had been stolen from a house under construction and C. E. Wall reported five pieces of 15-foot plank missing.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

ALL BALLED UP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

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YOUNGEST PILOT

Whenever J. B. Lee missed his small son around the airport he had only to look for an apparently empty plane whose control surfaces were waving and from whose cockpit came a childishly simulated "motor noise." Inside they would find Billy, pretending he was a pilot. It wasn't long before the pretense became a reality. He could have soloed at 10, but did not get his chance for another year. On his first flight he had to have a pillow behind him to enable hm to reach the controls!

TOMORROW: Upside-Down Bridge.

LI'L ABNER—When a Yokum Yearns

By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Makes a Request

By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—The Great Lover

By SOL HESS