

HEARTBREAK HONEYMOON

By WATKINS E. WRIGHT

YESTERDAY: Henry and Luella Pell are, though Luella will not admit it, on the verge of separating although they have been married only a year. Marie Mason is the cause of Henry's backsliding—and Tommy McIntyre, who had been in love with Marie, would like to make it up to Luella if only she would let him. But she will not.

Chapter 20 Marie's Trip

"MAY I come up for a few moments?" Tommy asked, when he brought the car to standstill in front of Luella's house.

"No, Tommy..." said Luella. Then, suddenly: "Tommy, I've got an idea!"

"What about?"

"About you and Marie," said Luella. "Why don't you go away for a while? Take that vacation you've been planning? Go down to Florida to that cottage you told me about."

"Are you, by any chance, trying to get rid of me, Luella?" Tommy asked, half joking, half serious.

"No..." but maybe if Marie suddenly realized that you'd gotten out of the picture, so to speak, she would begin to understand how much she really needs you."

"I see... There might be something in it, but I can't get away now. That's impossible," Tommy grinned. "Besides, I still remember how your other idea ended—you know, that proposal on shipboard in the moonlight."

"Yes, I know," said Luella. "Well, get away when you can. I think it's the thing to do. Meanwhile have an honest, out-in-the-open, heart-to-heart talk with Marie, Tommy. Maybe if we all try real hard we can get things straightened out—as they should be." She tried to smile. "I mean, you back with Marie, and Henry back with me."

"I've tried to talk to Marie several times," said Tommy. "But she's always busy. I tried last night I telephoned on Friday because I knew it was one night she was usually free. But she wasn't at home."

"She's probably week-ending with some of the radio officials," "No," said Tommy. "Her maid said she had taken a plane for Chicago."

"Chicago?" said Luella.

"Yes," said Tommy. He gave Luella a searching look. "She's week-ending out there. Luella, is there anything wrong, Luella?"

Luella shook her head. "No, Tommy," she lied. Marie week-ending in Chicago. Thank goodness, Tommy didn't know Henry was out there also. She managed a feeble smile. "Thanks, Tommy, for a grand time. I think I'll go straight to bed. The salt air makes you sleepy as well as hungry."

"We'll have a lot of grand times together," Tommy said, "if you only give me the word."

"Good night, Tommy."

"Good night, Luella, dearest," Tommy said very softly.

Luella turned away, fighting back tears, fighting the ache in her heart, and hurried inside.

Ticklish Spot

OUT in Chicago Henry Pell was facing Marie Mason in a secluded corner of a hotel mezzanine.

"It's fun being here together like this, isn't it?" said Marie. "Exciting—sort of—devilish."

"Yes, Marie," said Henry, "but I—"

"Is anything troubling you, Henry?" Marie asked, eyeing him closely.

"No, only—"

"You mean you're sorry I flew out here to see you?"

"No, it's not that exactly. It's only that I hope one sees us together. They might not—well—understand."

"And suspect the worst?" said Marie. "Think the worst and tell Luella!" She shrugged. "Listen, Henry, darling, we're strictly modern, you and I, and you mustn't feel guilty, as though we'd been caught down home together. After all, we're grown-up, and—"

"Oh, I'm modern enough," said Henry. "I haven't any old-fashioned ideas about people being scared stiff of the 'thou shalt nots'."

"What does bother me, though, is having Luella find out and take it into her head to—to do something extreme."

"Luella's not an extremist—anything else but that! Besides, I did fly out here on business. That's true, isn't it?"

"Yes, Marie, I know. And it was swell of you to do it, especially when you have to be back in New York Monday for your broadcast. But—oh, the devil!—are you sure Alma Latham's about to land that job with Rector and Everett?"

"I certainly am!" said Marie. "Good heavens, Henry, you don't think I'd fly all the way to Chicago on a mere surmise or suspicion, do you? Malcolm Rector's in love with Alma—as I've told you before—and he's strong for giving her the job. He likes her women to justify their existence, and Alma knows this. So she's leaving no stone unturned. She's even playing up to Mr. Everett."

She leaned toward Henry, her eyes big and shining. "The moment I felt that your chances

were slipping, unless you were on the spot, I called up your office. And when they told me you'd gone out to Chicago, and would be gone for a week, I simply went panicky. I jumped a plane, and came out. I couldn't write all I wanted to say, and yet I felt you should know exactly how things stood."

Henry laid his hand over one of Marie's. "You were sweet to do that," he said. "I appreciate it, but—"

"There are no 'buts,' Henry," Marie interrupted. "You've got to get back to New York and sell yourself to Rector and Everett."

"I'm interested in that radio job, Marie, really I am," Henry said, "but I can't possibly get back to New York before next Wednesday. I have no earthly excuse for leaving here before the week is up. Besides there's plenty here for me to do."

"But you will be back Wednesday, won't you?" said Marie. "You must promise me, Henry. It means so much to me—more than I can say."

"I'll do my darndest."

"I couldn't bear having you not get that job," Marie went on. "There are so many things we can do together, and as you said yourself, radio is the coming thing. Then there's television."

Henry smiled. "And what a lovely thing you'll be in television!" he said. Then, more seriously: "Maybe I could handle the radio as a sort of avocation. You know, hold on to the job I have now, and write songs as a sideline."

"You couldn't possibly do that," said Marie. "We'd never be able to get things done. You'd be pulled this way and that, if not by the reality job, then by Luella."

"Oh, yes, Luella," said Henry quietly. He stiffened. "Say, that looked like a man I know in New York."

"For Pete's sake, Henry, stop being so jittery," said Marie. "One would think you'd eloped with me—that you'd run off with a woman who'd broken up your happy home."

"That's just it!" said Henry. "Luella may get just such an idea. She—she—might even name you as co-responsible!"

Delayed

MARIE laughed. "Luella, naming a co-responsible!" she said. "Don't be absurd, Henry. If anyone ever names a co-responsible it will have to be you. Luella will certainly never do it."

"I'm not so sure," said Henry. "Sometimes those who seem to be the meekest or the most long-suffering are the very ones who raise the dickens when they're good and mad." He lit a cigarette, blew a smoke-ring. "With this new job hanging in the fire, and me just trying to get somewhere in radio, I couldn't afford to risk a scandal. Nor could you, Marie."

"I'm not afraid," said Marie. "I know Luella better than you do."

"Yes? I wonder about that, Marie."

"She'll slip quietly away and weep," Marie went on, "but she will never have the courage to sue you, or name me or anyone else. Now, let's forget Luella, and go back to business."

"That suits me all right," said Henry. "I don't relish the idea of Luella slipping off somewhere to weep."

"You still love her?"

"I married her, didn't I?" Henry fumed. "Anyway, I hate to think of her being hurt."

"Cautious man!" Marie teased. "Come on, let's forget business also for the time being, and go dancing." She got up. "I hear some marvelous music coming from the grill."

Henry took her arm. They went down the stairs to the main floor. A few moments later they were moving as one over the shining space in the grill room that was reserved for dancers.

Marie flew back to New York the next afternoon. Henry stood on the edge of the airfield and watched the plane that was taking her away. He closed his eyes a moment, felt a great wave of worry and uncertainty engulfing him. He fought it off with effort, and went to find a cab that would take him back to the city. There, he hoped, he would be able to stretch out upon his bed and do some clear and constructive thinking.

Luella, silently weeping. . . . Marie, going places. . . . And Henry Pell? . . . Well, what about Henry Pell?

Work piled up. On Monday there were endless details to be attended to. Tuesday there were more. Wednesday there were complications. Getting back to New York on Wednesday was out of the question. He couldn't make it on Thursday, either. It was Friday before Henry could manage it. Now, at last, he was on his way home. The train would be pulling into Grand Central Station in a short time.

He thought about Luella. He hoped she wouldn't feel too bad about his not having written to her.

Now the station. Now a taxi-cab. Now getting out in front of the house, paying the driver. Up two flights, down a ball. And then the apartment living room, neat and tidy as usual and very, very quiet.

"Luella, I'm back," he called. No answer.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1310, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 620, Portland; KJR, 1060, Seattle; KXN, 170, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time shown is PST

Friday

5:00 p. m.—Janet Jordan, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Southern Cruise, KNX; 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 Premieres, 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.

7:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, 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.

KPO, KGW, KOMO: Great Moments from Great Plays, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Ben Bernie's New Army Game, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Johnny Mesner's Orch., KPO, KGW; Grandpappy and His Pals, KGO, KJR, KEX; Claudia, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Fish Finner, KOMO.

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

9:00 p. m.—Lud Gluskin's Orch., KJR; Barron Elliott's Orch., KNX; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KPO, KGW; Chuck Wagon Days, KGO; Paul Sullivan, KNX; Leon F. Dress, KOIN; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

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

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

10:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Abe Lyman's Orch., KGO, KJR; The World Today, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Summer Bandwagon, KEX; 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, KGO, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

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8:00 p. m.—Don Pedro's Orch., KPO, KGW; Grandpappy and his Pals, KGO, KJR, KEX; Claudia, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fish Finner, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Bob Strong's Orch., KGO, KJR; Jimmie Fidler, KNX, KOIN; We're Building a House, KGO; Hal Grayson's Orch., KSL; You and Your Back, KPO; Baseball game, KEX; Fort Lewis News, KGW; Fort Lewis Life, KOMO.

KOIN: We're Building a House, KGO; Hal Grayson's Orch., KSL; You and Your Back, KPO; Baseball game, KEX; Fort Lewis News, KGW; Fort Lewis Life, KOMO.

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11:30 p. m.—Napoleon's Moscow venture cost him 300,000 men.

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One of the Boys
Irvington, N. J.—(AP)—Butch, the police department's tomcat mascot, stepped aboard a bus at an intersection. Two hours later he was returned to headquarters by bus driver Andy Rogers after an eight-mile trip to Elizabeth. "I didn't mind his not having the fare," Rogers said. "I saw on his collar that he was from headquarters. If cops can ride on their badges, I figured the cat could ride on his collar."

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



PERENNIAL VOTER
William B. Rubin, Milwaukee attorney, voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt for president at three Wisconsin primary elections—1932, '36 and '40. In 1936 and again last year he was elected delegate-at-large, and voted for Mr. Roosevelt at two Democratic national conventions. In 1932, '36 and '40 Rubin was also elector-at-large and cast his vote for Roosevelt three times. As a private citizen he voted at the public polls at each election!

Sunday: Sky Barnacles!

By AL CAPP

LIL' ABNER—Daisy Doesn't Live Here Any More!



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Gomez Agrees



THE NEBBS—The Collegian



By SOL HESS

Bagpipes in Spain

Madrid—(P)—A Scot would

be at home in Madrid—if it's the music of the bagpipes he yearns for. The bagpipe is one of Spain's oldest musical instruments, played mainly in Galicia and Asturias in the northwest.

Holdup Man Loses
Atlantic City, N. J. (AP)—Mr. and Mrs. James Stockman made 34 cents profit when two thieves looted their apartment. Stockman grappled with one man and tore a pocket from the intruder's coat. As the men fled, he rolled \$200 worth of Stockman's jewelry and 34 cents belonging to the thief.

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That Let Every Breeze
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\$1.00 and up, made
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store for men