

SERIAL STORY

Ticket to Hollywood

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY, when Gusty and Francie play and sing for the Elspeth City Jam Session, a movie talent scout hears them. He tells of a newspaper-broader and forthcoming movie in which youngsters from 48 states are to be starred. Unable to decide whether Francie or Gusty should have the chance for fame, the scout leaves a ticket entitling one of them to participate in the Hollywood broadcast.

CHAPTER II

IT was Francie who finally broke the silence, a silence strictly their own, walling them off from the music and chatter that filled Maw's Airport Rendezvous.

"Gusty," "Huh?" "Well, he really here? I mean, we didn't just dream it?" "Naw," Gusty tried to sound disgusted, but his voice shook. "You can see the ticket, can't you?"

Francie nodded dreamily. "Jerry Finney . . . she breathed, and the name raced a chill along her spine.

Gusty was deep in a reverie of his own. "I got 50 bucks in the bank," he said finally. "A guy'd have to squeeze some to get there on that."

"You!" Francie exclaimed. "What about me?"

"Don't get yourself in an uproar, Sugar. Girl singers are a dime a dozen. Good hot trumpet men are mighty scarce. Besides, it was me he was talking to."

"Oh!" Francie's brown eyes were stormy. "That's not true. You're—you're so conceited you think no one else—"

"Holy smoke, Francie, wasn't it me that first got you to swing out?" Gusty stared reproachfully. "That old aunt of yours was teaching you a lot of long-hair stuff. Didn't I fix it with Duke so's you could sing with the band?"

And now you're as good as I am!" "Well, I am!" Francie raged.

"Mr. Koon distinctly said he didn't care which of us went."

Gusty snorted. "Just because you reminded him of an old sweetie?" He took out the pig-skin wallet Francie had given him the previous Christmas. Calmly he folded the ticket and slipped it inside. "I got to think this over, Francie."

"Gusty Gair, don't you take that!" Francie cried. "If—if you do, I'll never speak to you again."

"Sugar, you can't get along without me," Gusty grinned.

"I—I meant what I said," Francie replied, without conviction.

For an instant Gusty's face showed genuine alarm, then hardened into its "so-what?" mask.

"Okay, Francie, I guess no girl's going to sell Gusty Gair what to do. No, sir!" He arose slowly and swaggered across to the piano.

JOHN WESTON stared in amazement as his daughter entered the house. Francie's Aunt Hat, who kept house for them, sat across the living room playing solitaire.

"What miracle brings you home before 11 on a Friday night?" Mr. Weston asked.

Francie crumpled at his feet and buried her head in his lap.

"Oh, Pops, I hate him."

"Hate whom, dear?"

"Gusty. He's nothing but a big—"

"Amen." Aunt Hat nodded vigorously over her solitaire lay-out.

"I never—"

"Please, Hat . . ." Mr. Weston frowned. He was a big man with iron gray hair and a gentle smile. He ran his hand over Francie's disheveled curls. "Now what's wrong, dear?"

Incoherently Francie told them about the amazing Mr. Koon.

"Francie, darling, what an opportunity!"

"Easy, Hat," Mr. Weston protested. "The whole thing's undoubtedly a joke."

"Oh, Pops, not it—it was printed right on the ticket."

"You're taking this much too seriously, dear. I'm afraid Hat's been filling your head with foolish ideas. Even if you had the ticket, I wouldn't like the idea."

He chuckled. "I'm hardly the type of father for a glamor girl."

Aunt Hat said sharply, "I suppose you'd rather she stayed in Elspeth City and married a garage mechanic like that windbag Gusty?"

"Perhaps," John Weston said. "I don't happen to agree with your opinion of Gusty. Hard knocks have made him the way he is. It's his defense. His mother died when he was 10. His father puttered around in show business and doubtless neglected to send money for Gusty's keep."

Francie stopped crying and listened wide-eyed.

John Weston continued: "I remember when the boy was holding down three jobs at once. He worked for his trumpet lessons and at the same time sold magazines, and learned the garage business."

"He needn't be such a braggart," Aunt Hat sniffed.

"He's not a—" Francie broke off, remembering that she hated Gusty.

"The boy's only trying to sell himself, Hat."

"So you uphold him in snatching the ticket away from Francie?" Aunt Hat demanded indignantly.

"I do not," Mr. Weston retorted. "However, I will say that he probably was under the influence of the same glamorous nonsense you've been stuffing into Francie."

Aunt Hat retired sulkily to her game. The cards snapped against the silence. Mr. Weston toyed with Francie's hair.

"Hollywood's just like Elspeth City, dear. People fall in love, marry and have babies the same as they do here. Actresses don't live on spun sugar and moonbeams. They work hard and have

GREEN TURTLES ARE HEAVY

The green turtle reaches a weight of 700 pounds, but usually is caught in sizes of less than 100 pounds. Trips which it makes on shore to lay its eggs frequently have fatal endings.

GOOD ONLY ONCE

A bee is able to sting only once, because its stinger pulls out and remains imbedded in the victim. The bee itself dies shortly after losing its stinger.

Personal recklessness, individual negligence, and selfish indifference cause most highway accidents.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE--NOT BORN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



AND MADDEN STILL THINKS ONE OF THE KIDS DID IT

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBS

BY CRANE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



WAR LEADER

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

- 1 Pictured Englishman, Winston
- 9 He is Minister of Great Britain
- 13 Musical tragedies
- 14 Dines
- 15 Fissure (pl.)
- 17 To allot
- 21 To employ
- 22 Dwelled
- 23 Hastened
- 24 Cactus plant
- 25 Sanskrit dialect
- 27 Eccentric wheel
- 28 Preposition
- 29 Small shields
- 31 Yellow bird
- 33 To counter-sink
- 35 Glossy fabrics
- 37 Bones
- 38 Spain (abbr.): unit
- 39 To harass
- 9 Plural (abbr.)
- 10 Male sheep
- 11 Repeats
- 12 Iron
- 15 Drone
- 16 He is -- to Neville Chamberlain
- 18 Note in scale
- 20 Puzzling
- 22 Queer
- 23 Restful
- 26 Releases on good behavior
- 30 Tube cover
- 31 Individual
- 32 Exhibition
- 34 Pack animal
- 36 Eagle
- 41 To gaze
- 43 Waste silk
- 44 Male child
- 46 To cripple
- 48 Female sheep
- 50 Dejected
- 51 Emerald
- 52 Fish
- 54 Form of "I."
- 55 See.

