

● SERIAL STORY

Ticket to Hollywood

BY W. H. PEARS

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YESTERDAY, Jerry Finney gives Francie a "push," takes her to luncheon and for a drive in the evening. When Jerry kisses her, Francie is thrilled, but something is lacking. In the studio, the next day, Francie meets Gustie, trying to get in to see Koon, the studio boss, and he watches her leave, amazed by her failure to recognize him.

CHAPTER XI

FRANCIE danced lightly over the rest of the day, her head in the clouds. Gustie Gair, after a few hours of repose, had become a shadowy figure outside the shimmering fringe of her dream world. At times he tried to push through and tantalize her conscience, but Francie fought off these intrusions.

Jerry Finney brought her back to the hotel late Saturday afternoon. As she walked to her room, Francie caught herself thinking that Jerry hadn't even wished her good luck. He had been too busy talking about his own part in the broadcast.

Aunt Hat bounced up to meet Francie. "I don't know what's got into your father. An hour ago he received a telephone call. He went out in a rush and I haven't seen him since. Now who in the world would call him here?"

Francie had a cold feeling in the pit of her stomach. "I—I don't know, Aunt Hat, unless You're thinking of Gustie again," Aunt Hat accused. "No, I'm not," Francie denied with far more emphasis than was necessary.

At 7 o'clock Aunt Hat said, "Whatever shall we do, Francie? Do you think anything might have happened to your father?" Francie had bought some theatrical make-up and was making her fresh young face rather grotesque with it. "Of course not, Aunt Hat!"

But as it drew near 7:30 Francie began to share her aunt's nervousness. It wasn't like Papa to be mysterious. But what could she do? She couldn't miss the big moment of her life Aunt Hat settled the matter by calling a cab. A page boy examined Francie's ticket, then gave it back. "Hold your ticket," he intoned. "Mr. Rhinegold and Mr. Klump will interview after the broadcast."

A second boy said, "Come this way, miss," and led her to the stage where nearly 50 wide-eyed youngsters fidgeted. The curtain hadn't gone up yet. Francie seated herself and tried to appear self-possessed. She wasn't "green" like the others, she told herself. She was a personal friend of Jerry Finney.

ABOVE and on either side of the stage was a glass-fronted booth. In one of these sat a group of people in evening clothes. In the other, four men hovered around an instrument panel. One of them wore headphones; another leafed through typewritten pages. The curtain rose, revealing a mass of upturned faces. Francie's heart leaped. To be singing before all these people! It was her dream come true. Her throat felt tight and her knees shook.

In the control booth the man with the headphones brought his finger down in an arc. The announcer spoke into the microphone in low pleasant tones. " . . . and now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce that brilliant young actor and comedian who tonight will be our master of ceremonies—Jerry Finney!"

Jerry ran on stage, smiling and bowing. He read his lines with the assurance of a veteran. He introduced the first participant in the "Parade of American Youth" broadcast. He stepped away from the microphone, and a lank-haired young man began to sing "Roses of Picardy" in a shaky voice.

Jerry stood only a few feet from Francie. Eagerly she waited for him to pick her out of the crowd, to smile encouragement at her, but he had eyes only for the audience. He did a few dance steps, mimicked the young amateur, mugged. A ripple of laughter broke in on the song.

Francie plucked at Jerry's coat with her lips she formed, "Hello, Jerry."

He turned with a frown, nodded briefly, then moved away from her. Francie clenched her hands. She felt as if Jerry had stabbed her in the heart. And then, remembering the starched shirts in the glass booth, she understood.

A page boy tapped her shoulder. "Francie Weston?" She nodded, heart pounding. "Your father's back here and wants to see you."

"But I can't leave now. My name may be called any time." The boy shrugged. "He says it's a matter of life and death."

how the young idiot got inside of a studio. They were ready to shoot an automobile smash-up, and the stunt man hadn't appeared. Gustie bluffed himself into the job and just about broke his neck ramming a stone wall.

"Gustie did that?" Francie's eyes sparkled with tears. "You see, Mr. Weston said, 'You see, Francie, he was trying to stick it out until the broadcast. He had to have money to rent another trumpet.'"

Francie's cheeks burned. She looked at the floor. "I—I tried to find him."

"Let's be honest, Francie. You were busy with young Finney."

"But, Pops, Gustie can't play now. Why shouldn't I have my chance?"

"If you want it, Francie."

THEY stood in silence a moment. On the stage the orchestra stopped playing. Jerry Finney's voice carried to Francie: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, a clever little lady who sings them sweet and hot—Miss Francie Weston."

"Pops! That's me! It's my turn to sing!" Francie was pale, breathless. "I can go to Gustie as soon as the program's over."

"Yes, Francie, you can. But first, Gustie sent something to you. He had the nurse call all the hotels to find me. He wanted you to have this."

Francie stared. "It—it's his wallet."

"Yes. He never discovered the loss of the ticket."

"And—and he wanted me to have it?"

have it," Francie choked. "After the way I acted"

Jerry Finney's voice was louder, a little irritated: "Miss Francie Weston, please."

The orchestra played a second introduction. Francie pressed her fingers into her eyes. Just a few quick steps would take her back into her bright world of glamor. But if Gustie died as she sang

Jerry's voice seemed to come from a great distance: "Last call, Miss Francie Weston. . . ."

(To Be Concluded)

The French workers today must find their Popular Front labor gains precious little satisfaction to them in the present desperate plight of their country.—Henry Hazlitt to the Tamiment Economic Institute.

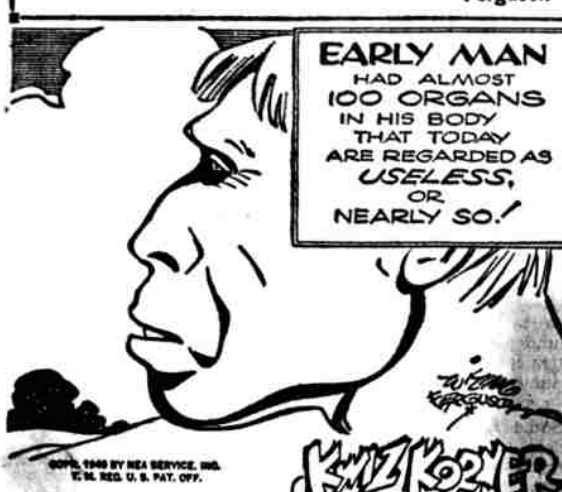
Massachusetts is the newest state to join the ranks of the states who inspect the tires of all motor vehicles. If the tires are worn down, they must be replaced with good tires before the vehicle may proceed.

Comes now to light the Californian who raises worms for a living. This might be called starting out underneath the bottom of the ladder.

The one most obvious lesson of the present war in Europe is the value of the factor of speed.—President Roosevelt.

Our democracy, if it is to survive, must be thought of every hour of the day.—Gov. Herbert Lehman, New York.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



EARLY MAN HAD ALMOST 100 ORGANS IN HIS BODY THAT TODAY ARE REGARDED AS USELESS, OR NEARLY SO!

MUSK-OXEN ARE MORE CLOSELY RELATED TO GOATS THAN TO CATTLE.



IN HOW MANY POSITIONS COULD YOU SEAT FIVE PERSONS AT A TABLE?

ANSWER: One hundred and twenty different combinations.

NEXT: The next total eclipse of the sun.

A FAVORITE WRITER

Word puzzle grid with clues for words like LOUIRE, BUILDING, APINA, SPARS, ODOR, etc.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a woman in the center.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

