

SERIAL STORY

SUMMER THEATER

BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

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YESTERDAY, Johnny Regan... He made a pretense of writing it all down. He needs to have the information was seared in his consciousness permanently.

CHAPTER II

JOHNNY hadn't believed that Capetown was large enough for a girl in a pink linen dress to vanish so completely. He had run after her that afternoon, but she had disappeared when he reached the corner.

When he went to the Theater and asked for Earl, whom he knew slightly, a suspicious doorman told him that everyone knew Mr. Earl never came down until the week before a show.

"Have you a beautiful girl, one of the apprentices, who wears a pink linen dress and white huaraches?"

"We've 60 apprentices this season, Mister. How do you expect me to keep up with their arches?"

In spite of his embarrassment, Johnny had to laugh. Was he to be just another of those guys who hang around stage doors all season?"

But he had to see the girl again. He had to tell her of this anguish he felt, to explain his love for her. And he had always laughed at his fellow students who told him that love struck like lightning.

AND then it began to rain. Northeast winds hit the Cape and a gray blanket of wetness was spread dismally over the village. Summer people wired home for heavy underwear while natives donned oilskins and made their lobster boats firm in the bay.

Johnny sat in his shop and brooded. No customers would come to Capetown in weather like this. He had lost the only girl he could ever love. Wind seeped through the cracks of his room, and the oil stove threw out as much heat as a candle.

On the 13th afternoon of the rain, Johnny went to the Blue Whale for a bowl of chowder and crackers. His spirits rose as he approached the cafe. Its windows steamed and lights shone out. At least it looked cheerful. As he opened the door he heard the phonograph blaring gaily.

"That's the last one, kiddies. No more money in the bank and no more music unless Molly snares another lobsterman."

Johnny slammed the door after him as he came into the restaurant.

"Shush," the voice continued. "Somebody came in. Peek out, gal, and see what you can do."

Johnny saw a girl's head edge slowly and slyly from around the corner of the booth. Her face was small and pixy-like, a sweet peasant in a bandana, but her eyes were the same. Johnny recognized her. That determined mouth could only belong to a girl who wore a pink linen dress and white huaraches!

As far as he was concerned, there was no one else in the Blue Whale. He ran toward her, shouting, "I've found you at last," and the crowd of apprentices in the booth gasped, "Well, old home week."

"I know him, gang," she explained to the other girls. "But he's not a lobsterman. He's Johnny Regan, summer folks from way back. He runs the 'Fisherman's Fair'."

"Let's dance," Johnny told her, since that was the simplest way to hold a girl in your arms.

"We can't," she told him. "No more nickels for the phonograph's appetite. What do you people do in this hole when it rains for 40 days and nights?"

Johnny dug into his pocket for a nickel, selected a wait. He trembled as he held her to him, gently and lightly, as if this, too, were a part of the nightmare of losing her. They danced, but Johnny hardly knew they were dancing.

"I thought I was taking cold," Johnny said, irrelevantly, when he could trust himself to speak, "but I flipped a coin. This isn't a cold; it's love."

THEY danced to the door and there with the sun, peeking over a cloud-bank which blushed prettily. Johnny stopped, their waltz and stood with his arm still around the girl's waist, wondering how he could continue this casual conversation when his heart was pounding like an anvil chorus.

"Before you disappear again, tell me your name. You've no idea how barking-up-the-wrong-tree it is to 'cherchez la femme' when all you know about her is that she owns a pink linen dress and white huaraches."

"And has been wearing a fur coat for two weeks. Why didn't you have the Town Crier page me?"

"Never thought of it. Name, please? Address? Occupation? Married? I'm a census taker; be honest or I'll tell Uncle Sam!"

She held up her right hand and swore to tell the truth and nothing else.

"Molly Travers, spinster, potential actress, temporary address number 43 Cottage street. Intentions honorable," she added.

"Thanks, lady," Johnny said. He made a pretense of writing it all down. He needs to have the information was seared in his consciousness permanently.

"I'd rather have a bowl of clam chowder," she told him. "At the time, I respected the phonograph's appetite instead of my own, and now..."

He led her to a booth, "Nectar and ambrosia for one blond goddess," he told the waitress, wondering if she understood he was speaking the truth.

WHILE they waited for the chowder, he reminded her, "I'm serious about that sunset. Tonight we're offering as a special inducement, two lobster salad sandwiches and a couple of bicycles."

Molly took out her compact and applied lipstick to a mouth already luscious as a cherry. "Sorry, chum, but I have a date. Look, food's here."

Johnny drew diagrams on the tablecloth with his fork. Without looking up he said, "About that patrons' list..."

"That's important. The garden party Mrs. Carstairs planned—canceled on account of rain. The weather has ruined everything. Mr. Earl's postponed the opening—no box office."

"A few really good names on

that list would work wonders with Mr. E." Johnny said.

Molly blew delicately upon her spoonful of chowder. "You win, smarty. I couldn't miss such a bargain."

When they had finished their chowder, Johnny walked with her down Cottage street.

"See you at 7, and don't dress. We may go barefooted."

Molly raised her eyebrows. "But those people for the patrons' list?"

Johnny shrugged. "Trust my judgment, lass. This is the Cape."

He walked back down the street, hands in bush-coat pocket. He was whistling happily. In two hours and 40 minutes, he had a date with a goddess.

He was almost swaggering when he turned the corner. He stopped short. A yellow roadster stood in front of his shop. Two wheels were on the curb.

Only Jean Reynolds, ears dulled to the yowls of Capetown's populace, dared park a car like that on State street.

(To Be Continued)

ADVICE

DALLAS (AP)—The thief who broke into an itinerant medicine seller's truck and took five bottles of iron tonic probably doesn't have a guilty conscience.

He dropped a small ticket showing his weight and offering this advice: "So eager are you to help others you sometimes neglect to help yourself."

TRUST FUND

NEW FRANKLIN, Mo. (AP)—The city treasury received \$3806 from the state highway commission without sending a bill.

The payment was for road work done by the city—17 years ago.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Fresh water, since they are formed on land, as glaciers, and break off as icebergs when they reach the sea.

NOTED AVIATRIX

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle: 1 Pictured late aviatrix. 2 Genuine. 3 Type of wheat. 4 Vein or lode. 5 To try. 6 Sick. 7 To rob. 8 Lets it stand. 9 Linked. 10 Preposition. 11 Spike of corn. 12 Nothing. 13 Portugal. 14 Gypsy. 15 Baking dish. 16 Hurrabal. 17 Entranceway. 18 Carved gem. 19 Skin. 20 Wanderer. 21 Broad daggers. 22 Fondness. 23 Fixed practice. 24 Smooth. 25 Chaos. 26 Branches of learning. 27 Like. 28 Bulk. 29 Exultant. 30 Exist. 31 Genus of bees. 32 Snaky fish. 33 Partner. 34 Right. 35 Laborers' guild. 36 Long grass. 37 Beverage. 38 She set a new for woman flyers (pl.). 39 Plunderer. 40 Parrot. 41 To happen again. 42 Fortification. 43 Marches formally. 44 You. 45 Light. 46 Fincal. 47 To scare away. 48 Common verb. 49 Company. 50 Nay.



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE UNHAPPY HUNTING GROUND

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

