

SERIAL STORY SUMMER THEATER BY MILDRED WILLIAMS

YESTERDAY, Johnny confessed to Jean that he loves Molly. She understands, refuses to deny her love for him. Later, when Molly suggests meeting patrons at the Meltons, Johnny remembers Jean is staying there.

CHAPTER IV JOHNNY was wondering how he could get out of taking Molly to the Meltons after their picnic. He didn't want Jean to meet her yet—not until their relationship was on a firmer basis. Molly's "Have you had a regular girl all this time?" required some sort of reply. He would have to wiggle out of the situation somehow.

"Nothing to get suspicious about," he said evenly. "Jean Reynolds is a girl I've known a long time. She came down today and is visiting Sue Melton. Look, there's our rock. It's flat, so we can spread out our lunch and pretend we're at the Capetown Inn."

But Molly wasn't so easily put aside. "Come, now, Johnny. This Jean isn't your own true love, and you're holding out on me? I'd be desolate."

He sat down on a rock and took off his shoes. He walked across the sand, reveling in the way the mud felt between his toes. He ran his hand down a hole where a quahaug had burrowed. Summer hadn't begun officially for him until he had dug for clams.

"See," he held the small thing up, its shell still dripping with wet sand.

"How cocky," Molly murmured. It wasn't until they were seated on the rock eating their lunch that he realized Molly hadn't spoken for some time. She was lovely, leaning against the bank, her cheeks pink with new sunburn, the wind fluffing her hair. Instinctively he knew that this was one of the silver moments in his life. He put his arm around her, but she drew away.

"Woman," he said sincerely, "you're doing peculiar things to me . . . here . . ." He pointed to his heart.

She turned to look at him, slowly, as if this were a scene from a play. The curtain of the second act with a back-drop of sea and sky.

"Really? Now I am surprised. Ever since we've started, it's been Jean this and Jean that. I'm an outsider. Outsiders don't appreciate. Sorry I intruded on your little Cape. I had no idea . . ."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Johnny asked, astounded. But Molly was tying the bandana under her chin with firm, angry fingers.

"Eighteen and one make nineteen. I can add. I break a date to go on a picnic with you. Then, this Jean comes unexpectedly. Your whole plan is to get me safely home again, so you can play at the Meltons'. I wanted to meet people for the patrons' list. The people are at the Meltons'. That wouldn't do," she finished sarcastically.

Johnny pushed her back down on the rock. "You can add, all right, but you can't subtract. Subtract yourself from this scene and it's a washout as far as I'm concerned. The Cape Cod I love is a sandy inlet, three sides water. Call it what you want to. I've never felt like this about anybody else except you. Jean Reynolds will tell you that our affair was just kid stuff." His voice was husky. She must believe what he was saying.

"Then why can't we go to the Meltons?" she asked.

"We can. People around here gab so. And Jean and I have been pals for years."

She was laughing now and he was happy again. Close shave, that.

"And you hadn't the nerve to walk in the old groove with a stranger?" She was close to him, and he was inhaling the delicate fragrance of her perfume. He kissed her, then and held her to him for a moment. The kiss was as he had dreamed it.

"Then we'll go to the Meltons' tonight," she added, as much as to say, "That's settled." She lifted her bicycle from the rock and guided it to the highway. Johnny followed. In all his life he had never been so happy.

THERE were crowds of people at the Meltons'. They draped in gliders on the porch. Lined in deck chairs on the lawn. Johnny squared his shoulders and marched up the walk, Molly's hand tight in his.

He ran the gamut of introductions. "Miss Travers, Mr. and Mrs. Meeck. . . . 'Hello, Johnny, Jean's inside.' . . . 'Miss Travers, Mr. Enders.' . . . 'Howdy, pal, glad to see you. Jean without you is ham without eggs.' . . . 'Miss Travers, Miss Lancaster.' . . . 'Johnny's here. Find Jean so they can tango.'"

He clenched Molly's hand. He knew it would be like this. He should have obeyed his hunch and waited until the crowd knew where he and Jean stood. He glanced at Molly. Her head was high.

The lawn at the Meltons' sloped down toward the creek. There was a wharf where a rowboat was tied. Molly and Johnny walked through the house and out across the lawn. From the window he had seen Sue Melton playing croquet. He hadn't seen Jean and Rex Arnold were in the rowboat, singing at the top of their lungs.

Jean Reynolds waved to them. Johnny saw her motion to Rex to pull the boat alongside. Sue Melton threw down her croquet mallet and ran across the lawn, shouting: "Well, Johnny Regan, of all people. Now the party can go

places. Jean's been mum as a quahaug about your whereabouts. And yet I saw you two sailing that jolepy of hers down State street this very afternoon. Jean," she motioned wildly toward the rowboat, "here he is!"

The situation had Johnny in a vise. He said, "Shut up, Sue. We have company. Miss Travers, Miss Melton."

"Hello," Molly said sweetly and calmly. "Johnny's been telling me about the grand times you have here in summer. Tonight is like a fraternity house party."

"Miss Travers is with the Theater," Johnny said, in explanation. Sue's eyes widened. "Are you, really? How do you like the Cape? Don't you just love it?"

Miss Travers nodded. "I'm beginning to. Johnny introduced me to quahaugs tonight. He dug one up in the wettest kind of sand."

"Oh, Johnny, you didn't!" That was Jean. She came across to them, held out her brown hand to Molly without looking at Johnny. "Hello, I'm Jean Reynolds. John's told me all about you."

Not much of a struggle there, Johnny thought, with relief. "Miss Travers, Miss Reynolds, Molly, Jean."

"Why, Jean Reynolds," Sue Melton gasped, looking wildly from Johnny to Molly and back again to Jean. "Is this the girl?"

"Yes, this is the girl Johnny told me about," she was saying to Sue evenly. "And she's just as lovely as he said she'd be!" Her arm was around Molly as if she were protecting her from Sue's malice. "I just adore theater people,"

Jean continued, to Johnny's utter amazement. He thought she loathed actresses. "You must come to tea on Thursday. I'd like you to meet some of my mother's friends. Mr. Earl always is interested in new patrons."

"That would be wonderful," Molly said, as if hardly daring to believe what she had heard, and then she turned to Johnny. "Isn't she the sweetest person in the world to want to be bothered with me?"

(To Be Continued)

"Actors Aid Party"



Testimony that the Hollywood Anti-Nazi League was organized by the Communist Party as a rich source of funds was given a Los Angeles County Grand Jury by John L. Leach, above, former county organizer for the party. He was a principal witness in the Harry Bridges deportation case.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AVERAGED MORE THAN FIFTEEN MILLION POUNDS OF MEAT PER MEAL IN 1939.



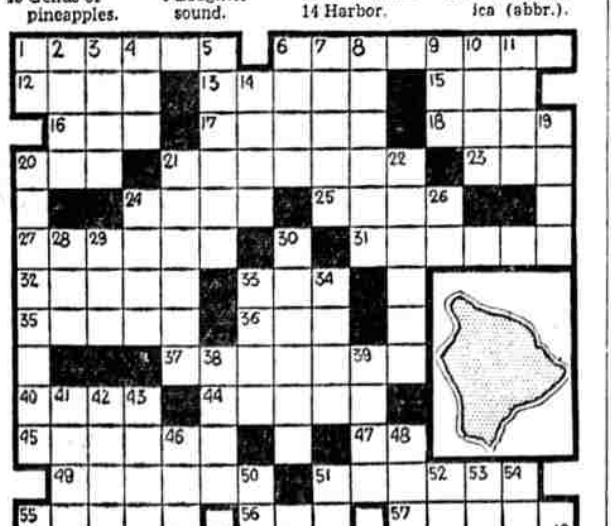
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIG HORN SHEEP PUTS ON A LIGHT COLORED COAT FOR SUMMER.

WHEN A WATERSPOUT GOES ASHORE, WHAT IS IT CALLED?

ANSWER. A tornado . . . and a tornado that goes to sea becomes a waterspout

MAP PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL 1 Pictured is the map of the Pacific island. 6 Its capital. 12 Seaweed. 13 Wheel. 15 Collection of facts. 16 Custom. 17 Carols. 18 Flat round plate. 20 Chart. 21 Shortened. 23 Indian. 24 To sharpen. 25 Adjacent. 27 Unbinds. 31 Vague. 32 Hangman's halter knot. 33 Ridge. 35 Snake. 36 By way of. 37 Contemplated. 40 Bones. 44 To change. 45 Genus of pineapples. 47 Southwest (abbr.). 49 Priests' hoods. 51 Signal fire. 55 This land is a huge grower of pine—s. 56 Wood sorrel. 57 Its other important crop. — can. VERTICAL 1 Laughter sound. 19 Rabbit skin. 20 A volcanic crater in this island. 21 Gladdens. 22 Obtained. 23 Sage. 24 Sate. 26 Musical note. 28 To bow. 29 Thick shrub. 30 Enamels. 33 Grandparental. 34 Mentally sound. 38 Situation. 39 Gaelic. 41 Dress fastener. 42 Coarse hominy. 43 Shrub yielding indigo. 46 One in cards. 48 Existed. 50 Therefore. 51 The soul. 52 Cubic (abbr.). 53 Giant king of Bashan. 54 North America (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE SPLURGE RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



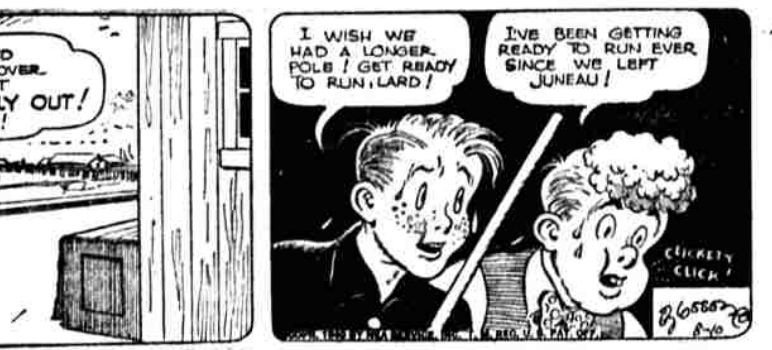
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

