

TATTLE TALES

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FALL EDITION, 1937



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FALL EDITION

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CONTENTS

BOARDING HOUSE ANTICS	<i>Phyllis Hoerner</i>	2
ELEVATION—	<i>Avery Ames</i>	8
PRATTLE AND TATTLE		9
THE FAMILY HONOR	<i>Junia Caille</i>	10
MISTAKEN IDENTITY!	<i>Ken Cooper</i>	16
THEY NEVER TELL!	<i>Waldo Milton</i>	36
SNAPPY CHUCKLES		37
ESCAPE IN THE NIGHT	<i>Mason Johns</i>	38
LOVE AND LEARN	<i>Robert Dumont</i>	42

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BOARDING HOUSE ANTICS

By
PHYLLIS
HOERNER



Whenever a new girl came to the house, Katherine always found Mike playing up to her!

WHEN Katherine Gates moved to Mrs. Bealeton's boarding house in the West 50's one year ago she fell in love with Mike Chamey, a roomer there. The moment she set her smoke-blue eyes on the tall, lean darkness of him she told herself, with confidence, "I'll win him. I'll look so lovely at dinner every evening, I'll be so clever and stimulatingly charming he won't be able to resist me!" She had gone to dinner that first night with all of her warm resolutions, with her smoke-blue eyes shining, her delicious pointed breasts trembling a little beneath the black satin bodice, her golden hair frothing around her slim oval face like a mist.

Mike's black eyes had swept over her quickly, closely, making her feel a little undressed with their potency. He had whistled softly between his teeth, "Whew-w-w-w-w!" Because indifference was a part of her technique and the spirit of the chase another, she had turned those blue eyes on Peter Daily who sat next to her. She had talked to Peter, laughing up into his blue eyes, flashing her most brilliant smile at him, touching the long length of his arm with her own. Peter had fallen like a ton of bricks and Mike, oddly, had turned his attention on the little redhead seated next to him.

"The wrong fish would nibble!" Katherine thought sickly in her mind.

And the next night she had smiled at Mike across the table. Her eyes had said, "I'm a woman. You're a man. What are we going to do about it?" After dinner Mike had had an answer. They had gone for a walk, had wound up on Riverside Drive looking out over the blue glass of the Hudson. And then, later—much later—back in the dim lighted parlor of Mrs. Bealeton's she had gone tremblingly into his powerful young arms, had felt his strong mouth bruising hers with his ardor, had felt his hands sweeping all over her shoulders and back and his big body shaking with the tremors that racked him.

It was love, of course, she had told herself clinging close, meeting pressure with pressure, thrilling wildly as his fingers fumbled through her golden tresses and with the short hair on the back of her neck. And a month later she had *known* it was love. For only a girl in love could put up with Mike's everlasting fickleness.

WHENEVER A NEW BEAUTY came to Mrs. Bealeton's, Mike seemed to consider it his personal duty to hover around and welcome the stranger. Not with just "Glad you're here! Make yourself at home, little girl!" but with surreptitious necking parties in the hall or under the stairs or in the dimly lit parlor where he had first told her he loved her. That, in itself, was bad enough. But Mike, oddly, expected her to wait around patiently for his infatuations to wear out. He would expect to find her young arms eagerly out to him when he returned to her, penitent and sweet and remorseful.

And the sickening part of it, she lived up to his expectations; she could not seem to help forgiving him. Even after having come upon Mike and Yvonne Tracy, that voluptuous little blonde who sold china in the basement of a five-and-ten, close in each other's arms, their lips glued together in a never-ending kiss, she had taken him back without even a word of reproach.

"I don't know why I do it," she told Peter Daily one night when Mike was chasing a new girl: the dark, exotic little toe-dancer, Roselle Vandago, who had moved to Mrs. Bealeton's paying-guest-family just a week ago. "Mike's had a dozen affairs since I met him a year ago, Pete. I've taken him back each time. But this Roselle affair is the worst of them all.

"With the other girls Mike was very secre-

tive. Sometimes I didn't even know he was having an affair until he came to me very penitent and remorseful. I would say 'Who was it this time, Mike' and he would tell me, to my vast surprise, that it was the girl in the room next to mine! But with Roselle he makes me sit and listen to him raving about her dark eyes and the miniature beauty of her body and how toe dancing hasn't ruined her legs at all! Why, Pete, he makes her sound as if all the other women in the world were stuffed with sawdust! Tell me, Peter," she demanded solemnly, "what shall I do?"

"I should say," he told her in his pleasant, lazy drawl, "that there isn't much you could do. Except, perhaps, marry me. I think that might be fun."

"It would be," said Katherine, "if I loved you. But I don't and it wouldn't be any fun at all."

PETE WAS STILL grinning at her, his eyes fixed on her thoughtfully. He said: "How can you say that? You've never let me kiss you, you know. Perhaps, if you did, you'd have a different outlook on the whole situation. Please don't think I'm bragging. I don't claim to have anything that any other man hasn't got . . . but you see I happen to love you . . ."

"Please Pete," said Katherine, gently. "I didn't come in here to talk about you and me. I came to talk about Mike and me. I love Mike and I'm not going to stand by and see her make a fool of him, and not try to do something about it."

"Getting him infatuated with her isn't exactly making a fool of him. Roselle isn't his first affair and certainly not his last."

"Oh, that's not it," said Katherine quickly. "It's that Roselle is talking him out of quitting his job with the subway company. He has a future there, Pete. You know it. Oh, he'll never be rich. He hasn't the mind you have nor the future that awaits you. But the officials think highly of him and in accounting I reckon he's just about as good as they come. Certainly he'll go farther than he would as a toe dancer!"

"A toe dancer!" yelled Pete. "Katherine, you're joking!"

"I'm not, Pete. Roselle is teaching him to toe dance. He has wooden shoes or rather those funny shoes with wooden toes that beginners use. He has an old victrola in his room which is next to mine and which is nearly driving

me bats every night! Roselle has told him he has talent and a flair for dancing and that on a circuit with her he'll be a sort of male Pavlova!"

She paused then and caught her breath. "For two cents," she went on violently, "I could strangle that dame with my bare hands. It's as plain as mud in your eye what she's up to. Mike is attractive . . . tall and exceedingly pleasant-tempered and good looking. Maybe she thinks she can teach him to be a toe dancer. But whatever she thinks, it all boils down to one thing! Toe dancing is an excuse to keep them together all of the time when she's not up at that cheap vaudeville house! She doesn't care at all that she's ruining Mike's future. The only thing she's interested in is being with Mike and holding him—which no woman—not even I—has been able to do so far!"

FOR A LONG MOMENT Pete sat in silence, looking at Katherine. His blue eyes moved over the gold of her hair that was almost the color of his own; over the quivering wing of her lips; down to the enormous young breasts that were rising and falling rapidly with her anger. Then his eyes left her entirely, went quickly to the door that was draped in thick plum-colored velour. It was very late, Mrs. Bealeton's house was very quiet. Pete looked back into Katherine's stormy eyes. He said, gently:

"Why don't you forget about Mike for a little while? You're looking drawn and unhappy and frustrated. Why spend so much time sitting and worrying about Mike. I'll bet that even at the office you're making one hell of a secretary for old man Walton."

"I am," confessed Katherine, miserably.

"Just a moment of forgetfulness might clear your mind, Kat. Get the smoke out of your eyes."

"But how?" wailed Katherine and quite suddenly her blue eyes dilated, her mouth became a red O, her slim scarlet tipped fingers flew to her jutting breasts. "Pete, you're not going to kiss me, are you?"

But Pete was. His strong young arm went quickly around her slender waist, one hand went to one round dimpled knee. As his hard mouth crushed down on hers Katherine went rigid from head to foot. Pete had no right to hold her like this! He had no right to run his fingers like that across the bare flesh of her back. She pressed her palms against him—but futilely.

In the next instant her big breasts were mashed flat against his chest, her own arms had gone around his shoulders and were hugging him close. To her own amazement she felt her mouth open a little, felt it quivering under his drawing kiss. She thought, excitedly, "It's been such a long time since Mike loved me. Roselle has been here a week and he hasn't kissed me since she came!"

Pete went on kissing Katherine and she went on kissing him back. He was drawing lines of soft moist kisses from under the lobe of her ear down her neck and along her satiny shoulder and arm when the front door swung open, when feet came into the hall and paused at the foot of the stairway. Mike said, evenly, "Shall we go into the parlor, Roselle?" For a split second there was silence. Then Roselle said on a gasping sort of whisper, "Let's go to your room, Mike. We can turn on your vic and old Mrs. Bealeton won't come storming up there because she'll think you're practicing."

Katherine and Pete sat rigid, listening. The feet clattered up the stairs, a door opened on the second landing and closed softly. Katherine bit her lip, unmercifully. She was licking the small wound when Pete seized her again, groaned deep in his throat and crushed his mouth on her own. In the seconds that followed Katherine forgot Mike and Roselle. "A moment of forgetfulness might clear my mind, might get the smoke out of my eyes," was her last conscious thought.

SHE REALLY DIDN'T get to thinking again until she was in her bed in her own room. And then she heard Mike's vitrola, soft voices and strange noises that could mean dancing or anything.

The next day Katherine decided to move. Mike, she had heard that morning, had lost his subway company job and would be home at Mrs. Bealeton's almost all day practicing his toe dancing.

"It's like this," she told Pete that morning over the breakfast table, "I can't stand that vic. And Roselle in there giving instructions, thinking she can make a toe dancer out of a big battleship of a guy like that!"

Katherine went quiet after that. She could feel Pete's eyes regarding her with that funny intentness, sweeping over her, trying to penetrate the wall of her mind. "He's wondering," she told herself, "just how I feel after last night. He's wondering how I could have kissed

him with all that fire if I loved Mike so much. Men never seem to realize that women get pent-up, too."

Quite as if he had read her thoughts Pete leaned close. "Was it any old port in a storm, Katherine?"

Katherine didn't raise her eyes. Out of the corners of them and from beneath the thick bush of her lashes she was looking at his hands and remembering the warm exciting trail they had taken over her arms and shoulders. She was looking at his long legs, too. . . his arms. At last her lips raised to his mouth and lingered there for a second. She thought: "After last night with Pete I ought to be able to understand Mike's philandering better! Last night was fun . . . and I did need to forget!" Aloud

Pete left, saying he'd come back for dinner if Katherine called him on the telephone.

Then she peeled off her clothes and walked miserably up to one of the funny mirrored walls and stood looking at her body. What, she asked her reflection, was lacking? What did she need to hold Mike, to keep him from run-



"It's been a long time since Mike loved me," Katherine said quietly.

she said: "Yes, Pete, I guess that about sums it up. Funny, isn't it?"

"I see," said Pete, suddenly cold and a little remote. But when she asked him to go apartment hunting with her he said, "if you'll wait until noon. I've work at the paper until then." She waited and together they found a nice little apartment on Thirty-eighth Street. Then

ning to women like Yvonne and Pausy and Roselle? She scrutinized her face. She wasn't beautiful, of course, but her features were clear-cut and even and colorful. Her smoke-blue eyes dropped to the jut of her breasts. No sagging there and Roselle *did* sag. Yvonne, too. With an aching downward lurch. "Oh, what," she wailed, "do I lack?"

AS KATHERINE WENT into the violet bath and sank down into scented violet water she was still wondering. "Maybe Pete could tell me," she said in her mind. "Pete's a pal."

But Pete had left her mind when she climbed out of the tub. She ached to see Mike now in the atmosphere of this delightful apartment. They could be alone. Still unclothed and a little wet she swept across the lush rugs, one eye passing critically and excitedly over the low Egyptian sofa. Her hands were trembling wildly when she got Mrs. Bealeton's house on the telephone and finally Mike.

She said, "Mike, I've moved."

"Say, that's fine," said Mike. "Got nicer diggings?"

"Very," said Katherine. "Can you have supper with me?"

There was a moment's silence. "I'm afraid not, Kat."

"Still keen about her, Mike?"

Mike's voice was husky. "Sure. Why not?"

"And the toe dancing. How's that coming?"

"Swell," said Mike.

"And that," Katherine told herself, sitting down on the floor and burying her face in her palms, "is that! He didn't even ask me where I had moved!"

She was still sitting there when the telephone shrilled on the floor beside her. But it wasn't Mike. It was Pete.

"Aw, Pete . . ." she sighed.

"Sorry to disappoint you," said Pete. "But it's me, all right. What about supper?"

"I've decided not to eat," said Katherine, miserably. "And now I've got to hang up. I'm just out of the bath. I'm still wet. . ."

A MONTH PASSED. A long, miserable, unhappy month. It was one night, late in September, when Katherine, her eyes bright with the tears she had been shedding and her lovely body even more lovely in trailing jade colored chiffon, opened the door in answer to a wild frantic ringing. It would be Pete without a doubt. Pete had gone to Paris on an assignment for his paper. She had had a card from him post-marked Versailles and later, one from Madrid. The London card had said, "Will arrive in New York on September 30th." Pete had arrived, of course. And this was Pete at her door, still hoping, still wearing his heart on his sleeve.

But it wasn't Pete at all. It was Mike. He was in evening clothes that made him look more handsome than usual, a top hat was dan-

cing up and down grotesquely in his hands.

He said, simply, "Well, I'm back, Katherine. And by the by, in case it's still of any interest to you I've given up toe dancing and Roselle. I'm back on the subway job." He grinned into Katherine's wide blue eyes. "I've been a fool, Katherine. A bigger fool than usual."

Katherine stood looking at him. For a moment the room was so still she thought he must be able to hear the swift, painful pounding of her heart. "It was nice while it lasted, wasn't it, Mike? Most of your affairs are, you know," she said, trying to keep the excitement out of her voice.

In a moment now, she thought, she would be on that sofa with Mike, as she had so often dreamed of being there with him. His arms would be around her, his lips would be on hers. She was an idiot to take him back, of course. He would go roaming off again at the first inviting nod of a golden head. But now, nothing seemed to matter but Mike and the aching hunger of her.

"Well, let's forget all about it," he said, smiling . . . a slow relieved sort of smile. "Let's concentrate on us." And he came through the door, his black eyes sweeping over Katherine and lingering on the open skirt of the negligee, the long shapely white legs that showed . . . the firm white thighs . . . the filmy edging of satin panties.

He flung his top hat aside, took off his tails and sank down on the low sofa with a sigh. With his eyes smoldering and his arms outstretched he waited there for Katherine to join him. He said, "I've missed you a lot, Katherine. Say you still love me, darling . . . for you do, you know. I can see it all over you. Look at you trembling!"

SUDDENLY KATHERINE, who was walking slowly to him, feeling her breasts bobbing up and down excitedly under the green negligee, stopped short. Her smoke-blue eyes narrowed on Mike, something almost like a gasp came in her throat. "You see!" cried Mike, springing up from the sofa and crushing Katherine in his arms. "You do still love me. I knew you would!" And his mouth was on hers, his hands were under the jade chiffon, somehow, caressing her bare back and waist and the rounded flesh under her arms. Katherine's eyes closed. She was waiting for his lips, her own open. But when they closed down on them Katherine wrenched her mouth away and

brushed the back of her hand across their scarlet beauty.

"What the hell," cried Mike, furiously.

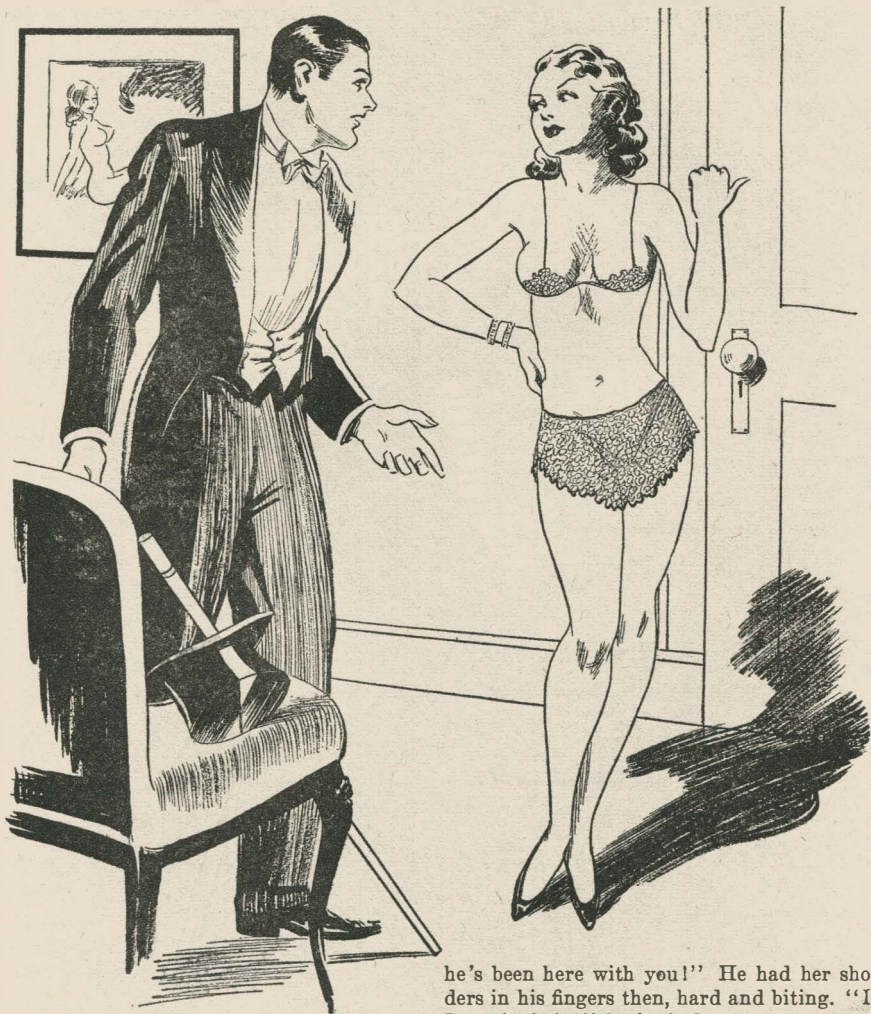
"What you saw in my eyes wasn't love, Mike. Why was I such a fool? Why didn't I realize all along that it wasn't love at all?"

Mike stared at her, his eyes absurdly incredulous and she thought: "Why, the oaf!

him saying, "Scram! I'm through with you!"

His mouth turned into a snarl then. He said, darkly: "It's Pete, isn't it? He knew your address. If he knew your address that meant

... But Katherine was at the door now. "SCRAM!" she said icily.



He doesn't believe me!"

But he believed her when she reached up and swung the back of her hand across his burning cheek; when she bent down and got his tails and his top hat and handed them to

he's been here with you!" He had her shoulders in his fingers then, hard and biting. "It's Pete, isn't it?" he barked out.

"No," said Katherine swiftly. Then, "Yes!" she said, and now her eyes were as incredulous as his had been a moment before. "Of course,

(Please turn to page 47)

— ELEVATION —

Going up!

Watch your step!

By

EVERY AMES

First floor:

Silken hose,

Filly, chiffon

Underclothes.

Second floor:

Lovely thighs;

Watch your step!

Watch your eyes!

Third floor:

Dimpled tummy;

Sorry, sir,

You can't get chummy.

Fourth floor:

Cute brassiere,

Can that be

A sigh I hear?

Fifth floor:

Last stop,

Go on, baby,

Let it drop!



A CHEF ONCE TOOK A WAITRESS ON A COOK'S TOUR. HE BEGAN AT BREST, THOUGHT IT WAS NICE, STARTED TO ROME AND ENDED UP VISITING FLORENCE!

* * *

Tish: "She has an empty head."

Tush: "Yeah, but her brassiere, hose and other accessories are well filled."

* * *

ALL THE BOYS ARE OFF THE HORSE TRAINER'S DAUGHTER. ALL SHE DOES IS STALL AROUND WITH THEM.



"I don't mind the wind blowing in, but I've got a cinder in my eye and I can't enjoy the scenery!"

Busy: "How'd you get along with your boy friend last night, the one who's a civil engineer?"

Dizzy: "All right, until he got interested in my structure and I had to show my resistance strength."

* * *

SHE — "YOU CAN HAVE FROM THE NECK UP TONIGHT."

HE — "WELL, GET READY, YOU'RE GOING TO STAND ON YOUR HEAD!"



* * *
BUNKER: "WHEN I WAS PLAYING GOLF YESTERDAY A BUNCH OF BACK-TO-NATURE DANCING GIRLS WENT THROUGH THE ROUGH."

BUNK: "WELL, WHAT DID YOU DO?"

BUNKER: "I FOLLOWED THROUGH!"

THE FAMILY HONOR

By
JUNIA CAILLE

CECILIE SIMMS swung lightly out of the door, across the sidewalk and into the long roadster parked at the curb. The young man at the wheel surveyed her with obvious approval.

Her nose turned up, just slightly, and the smoothness of her skin glowed pink and white at her throat and in the half revealed valley of her bosom.

Her tiny feet were clad in spike heeled pumps, and her slender legs and shapely arms were bare. The light dress she was wearing swirled about her knees as she walked, and as it hugged her hips and waist and lilting breasts, it suggested that she was unclad beneath it.

Tony Van Koren slid his arm about her as she skipped into the car with a motion that lifted her "swing" skirt above her dimpled knees. The knees pressed against his trousers as he drew her close to him and kissed her moistly crimson lips, and the limberness of her slim waist allowed her bosom to flatten against his sports suit. Then she pushed him away.

"People are looking!" she admonished. He grinned and concentrated on the car.

"And what's more," he added, "we're late. The mama and papa'll be getting impatient!"

The roadster rolled away from the curb and purred into traffic. Cecilie glanced at Tony, seeing that half his attention was concentrated on her bare legs, revealed as the wind whipped up her skirt. She decided to do nothing about it.

"Nervous?" he asked her.

"Because we're having tea with your folks? No. Why should I be?"

He shrugged. "Plenty of gals'd be jittery as a burglar in church," he observed. "But let me tell you something: Mother and dad aren't as ferocious as they're cracked up to be. They seldom if ever bite people's heads off . . ."

"They won't bite off *this* little girl's head," Cecilie declared with conviction. "But gee, Tony. I do hope they like me!"

He nodded. "It'd be awkward for them not to like their future daughter-in-law, wouldn't it?" Suddenly he swept her trim body with

his eyes, noticing how it appeared that her dress was moulded directly to her soft flesh. He glanced at her bare arms, her unruly bronze curls and her naked legs, exposed now far above the knees.

She read his mind. "Don't worry," she told him. "I'll keep my skirt down when we get there, Tony. Personally, I think I'm cute—a touch of sex appeal."

He nodded somberly. "They probably won't approve altogether. I doubt if they've discovered that girls don't wear corsets any more. But in any case, I guess they'll just have to get used to it."

THE ROADSTER CAME to a spectacular stop in front of the old, grey stone mansion, and Tony went around to help Cecilie out. Together they went up the wide steps and entered the place.

At the entrance to the drawing room, Cecilie paused just for a second and rapidly took stock. It was even worse than she'd expected. Ancient, heavy furniture, stuffy oak panels. Very Victorian and very proper. Seated on the great divan before the fireplace were Tony's parents, the socially powerful Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Levant Van Koren.

Mr. Van Koren rose stiffly as Cecilie and Tony came into the room. Mrs. Van Koren simply sat, but she looked as stiff as her husband. Maybe too stiff to rise even if it were necessary.

There was a marked tenseness in the atmosphere as Tony introduced Cecilie to his parents. A servant appeared with tea, as if laying a sacrifice upon some great altar. Mrs. Van Koren poured and served.

"A very fine old name," Tony's mother said. "Cecilie Simms. I suppose you're related to the Simmses of Boston, my dear."

"No," Cecilie said frankly. "I'm not."

"Let me see," said Mr. Van Koren. "Didn't we know a family by that name in Washington . . . ?"

Cecilie shook her head. "If you did," she declared evenly, "I'm afraid I'm not related

to them either. You see, Simms is simply an assumed name as far as I'm concerned."

"An assumed name?" from Tony's mother. "You mean . . . like an alias, Miss Simms?"

Cecilie nodded. "That's it," she said. "Just like a criminal. Of course," she added, "I haven't done anything criminal to date. I simply call myself Simms because I don't like the name I was born with. You see, I'm related to the McGuires of Flatbush."

THE VAN KORENS looked at each other in speechlessly horrified astonishment.

Tony said loudly, "I think it's getting a bit stuffy in here."

His father said, "Gr-umphf!"

His mother said, "Really, Miss Simms. I'm very much surprised."

Cecilie smiled sweetly. "You needn't be," she observed. "I'm a radio star, you see. And that's just one jump removed from being a show girl. Hence the assumed name. Maybe you've heard me sing over the air . . ."

Mrs. Van Koren finally managed to laugh a little. "Well, well," she said. "At first, Miss Simms, I understood that you and Tony planned to marry. But of course . . ."

Tony suddenly got to his feet. "You were entirely right, Mother. We *do* plan to marry. The fact that this family thinks it's just a little bit better than the rest of the world isn't going to make any difference in our palms, either."

Gordon Levant Van Koren also got to his feet, looking as if he might have an apoplectic stroke on the spot. "Since this matter has

now come bluntly into the open," he declared, "your mother and I definitely forbid you to marry Miss Simms, Tony. And that's final."

"And I'm going to marry her anyhow. That, also, is final!"

Cecilie Simms' temper suddenly snapped. She jumped up, taking Tony's arm. "And just to make it *good* and final," she declared, allowing her blue eyes to flash dangerously at the Van Korens, "I want you to know that this is my first trip to Park Avenue and perhaps my last. The McGuires of Flatbush may lack many of the social graces, but at least



"Why should I shut the door?" she called back. "I think I look swell like this!"

they contrive to be courteous to guests in their own home. Come on, let's go, Tony!"

That ended the interview.

THEY DROVE TO CECILIE'S black and white apartment for a drink, and while Cecilie changed into negligee before dressing for dinner and her radio appearance, Tony opened the bar and began to crack ice. It was right then that Scott Herbert dropped by.

Scott was an orchestra leader who'd risen from the dance halls to the smart supper clubs and finally to the biggest and the most expensive of the radio variety shows. His program was heard each week from coast to coast, and Cecilie was his singing star. Moreover, Scott was a good friend of Tony.

When he came into the modernistic little apartment, he glanced at Tony, then into the bedroom where Cecilie was changing clothes. "Um!" he exclaimed. "You ought to shut the door, Cecilie!"

"What for?" she called back. "I think I look swell like this . . ."

Scott grinned and watched while Tony put on the cocktail mittens and began to shake with vigor. There was no sound but that of the clinking ice as Cecilie finally came into the living room, haphazardly enfolded in a transparent negligee which disclosed the slender lines of her legs and the fullness of her bosom. The garment sailed about her as she walked, making her appear like some nude nymph, surrounded by fleecy clouds.

"If the cash customers could only see *that*," Scott Herbert began. Then he asked suddenly, "Hey! What's wrong with you two? You've hardly opened your mouths since I got here."

Cecilie said. "We're both mad. And you might take off your hat, Stupid."

Scott tipped his hat, tilted it to the back of his head and looked at them inquisitively. "Don't tell me you're sore at each other? How anybody could get sore at you, Cecilie. Especially in the present costume. . . ."

TONY VAN KOREN FINISHED pouring the drinks and put his arm about Cecilie's waist. "It isn't anything like that," he declared with a little grin at Scott. "We're mad at my family. They claim we can't get married. Won't even hear of it. I wouldn't have blamed Cecilie if she'd hit 'em with an axe."

He sat down and Cecilie slid into his lap, allowing the negligee to fall carelessly from her

bare legs and twining her soft arms about his neck. "Don't be silly," she told him. "I didn't see any axe, and the piano was too heavy."

"Wait a second," said Scott Herbert. "Is that the only reason you guys don't get hooked up?"

They nodded.

"Hell!" he said. "That makes it easy. Get married anyhow."

Cecilie said, "Of course, they'd cut Tony off and fire him from his job as vice-president of the Van Koren Lines . . . but we could get by on my salary in swell style, until you get something else, Honey."

Tony shook his head. "Nix on that," he said flatly.

Scott said, "I don't see why. Cecilie makes two grand a week. *She* doesn't need any dough. And you'd connect with something darned fast, Tony."

Again Tony shook his head, tightening his grip about Cecilie's waist. "Only thing I can think of," he declared, "is to quit my job with the steamship lines and get something else. When I can dig up as much as two thousand a week on my own hook, we'll get married."

Cecilie put her head on his shoulder and said nothing. Scott watched them, wishing he could trade in his ten-thousand-a-week contract for the privilege of holding Cecilie in his arms like that.

FINALLY TONY SAID, "The thing that burns me up is the fact that my family really isn't much good anyhow. Cecilie told 'em she came from Flatbush, and they acted as if that was indecent. Why, I could tell you things about the Van Koren Klan that'd make your hair stand on end. They fool most of the people most of the time . . . but there's many a skeleton wrapped up in dirty linen, just to keep it from rattling."

Scott Herbert chuckled. Cecilie wriggled on his lap, disregarding the fact that the negligee was gaping seriously in the vicinity of her prominent bosom. "You don't mean to tell us, Tony, that the Van Korens have had their moments!"

"The heck I don't."

Scott Herbert suddenly sat up rigidly in his chair. "Hey," he said. "I've just had an idea. A big radio idea. I'm going to get some impoverished social boy to get on the air sometime and tell all about his family! There isn't a house on Park Avenue that isn't full of a lot of racy stuff!"

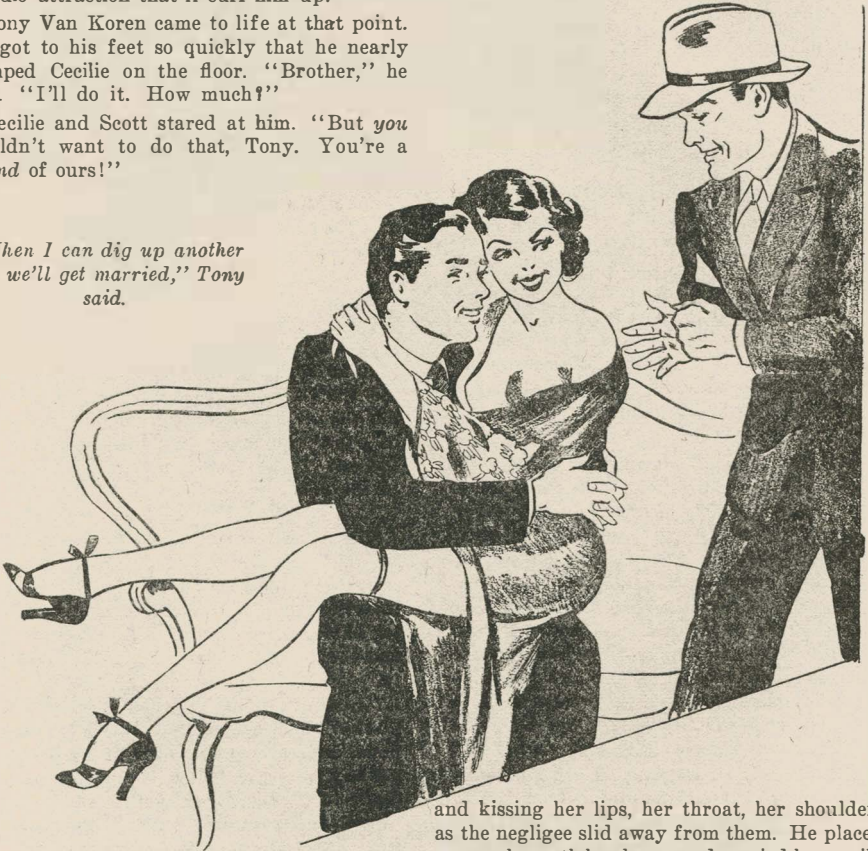
Cecilie looked at her employer and grinned. "That's a keen idea," she agreed. "A Park Avenue Bob Burns, hey?"

Scott Herbert jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers. "It'd be colossal!" he exclaimed. "Greatest thing that's hit radio in five years! The Bob Burns of Park Avenue! Say, who is this guy Crosby? I'll show him a radio attraction that'll curl him up."

Tony Van Koren came to life at that point. He got to his feet so quickly that he nearly dumped Cecilie on the floor. "Brother," he said. "I'll do it. How much?"

Cecilie and Scott stared at him. "But you wouldn't want to do that, Tony. You're a friend of ours!"

"When I can dig up another job, we'll get married," Tony said.



"So you'll give me the job and like it! Listen, Scott, can you change your show around to make room for me tonight?"

"Are you serious?"

"Certainly," he said nonchalantly.

SCOTT CLAMPED his hat more firmly to his head and made for the door. "Be on the job with Cecilie," he said as he departed. "Two grand a week and you can keep the job as long as you don't run out of relatives. When you

do, I'll get a script man to manufacture some more for you! You'll be a sensation!"

When they were alone, Cecilie turned to him and held out her arms. "Darling!" she cried. "You've got a job! We can get married tonight!"

He didn't bother to answer her because he was so busy taking her slim body into his arms

and kissing her lips, her throat, her shoulders as the negligee slid away from them. He placed an arm beneath her knees and carried her easily to the davenport. She pressed against him until each curve of her scantily clothed figure was tight against him. Her arms twined about his neck and held his head close to hers, while his hand touched the satin smooth flesh of her slim thighs. It was a long time before they remembered about dressing for dinner and the studio.

AT EIGHT-FIFTY-NINE and forty-five seconds, the production man held up his hand, in the

control booth adjacent to Studio Eighteen. And at exactly nine o'clock, his arm swept downward and Scott Herbert's baton drew the first chord from the orchestra. Two minutes later, Cecilie Simms' throaty voice blended with the music.

After that, Cecilie and Tony Van Koren sat together at one side of the studio stage while the show progressed.

"I called Smithson," Tony whispered to her. "He's going to turn on the radio at home. He's the butler, you know."

Cecilie pouted her lips and emitted a faint, "Shush!" But she smiled at Tony and grinned. "Nervous?" she whispered.

He shook his head.

"Just remember," she cautioned, "to do it about the way Bob Burns does, only be sure to contrast your Park Avenue accent against his Arkansas twang . . ."

He nodded and glanced at the hastily revised script, noticing that he was on next. In a daze, he got up, took his place opposite Scott Herbert and waited for his cue. The studio audience became a blur. All Tony could see was the script held in his hands:

Herbert: And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the Bellamy Dairy Products Hour moves along with something really different . . . really spectacular. You've heard about that fellow, Bing Crosby, out in Hollywood, and maybe you've even admired Bing's head comedian, one Bob Burns from 'way down in the Arkansas Hills. But tonight we're going to prove to you that Mr. Crosby and his man Burns are the smallest of small potatoes . . . because we have a man who can really tell you all about his family. Believe it or not, Ladies and Gentlemen . . . we have in the studio tonight one Anthony Sebastian Van Koren, of the Park Avenue Van Korens, if you please . . . and he's going to serve up a few odds and ends about domestic matters over on his street. Take it away, Tony Van Koren!

Van Koren (very proper): I want you to know that beginning right now, the Van Korens of Park Avenue are determined to compete with all the Burnses of Van Buren. . . .

As a matter of fact, Scott, I'm sure you'll recall . . . The Van Korens who used to take a drink or so too many every now and

then. Well, let me tell you, Scott, that the Van Koren's are just as hard drinking a family as the Burnses ever were, and the champagne we serve over on Park Avenue is just as potent as any sheaf of corn ever gathered out of the Ozark Hills. Why I remember one time when my own uncle . . . that is, Uncle Jonathan Meggs Thatcher Van Koren, staggered home so tight that he insisted on picking up the papers all over our block before the butler and four of the footmen could get him into the house.

That was the time when Uncle wanted to go out on the balcony and tell the reporters—standing down in the street, you understand—about the little blonde he thought he'd annex for himself, if he could get a good enough trade-in on my aunt. . . .

Then there was my cousin, Lemuel Meggs Graceland Van Koren . . .

Right at that point, Tony dropped his script, but he really didn't need it anyway. He was beginning to warm to his topic and he found that he could ad lib the innermost secrets of the Park Avenue Van Korens just about as handily as he could read them from a sheet of paper. In any event, his act was a huge success. It left the studio audience gasping in the aisles.

WHEN IT WAS OVER, the newspapers were already beginning to call the studio. Four gossip columnists were on their way over for an interview, and Scott Herbert decided he'd better have a brief chat with Tony. He took him and Cecilie into a private room and spoke quickly.

"Listen," he said, "you were sensational. Couldn't have been better. Now look, the newspaper boys are coming over to see if they can get any more scandalous details from you. But don't talk. Remember you're under contract to me, and anything you say about the Van Korens belongs on this program. Now then, what are you and Cecilie doing the rest of the night? How about celebrating?"

Cecilie looked at Tony and he looked at her. "Want to have some drinks with the gang?" he asked her.

She shook her head. "I can do that any time . . ."

There was a phone call, and Tony went to answer it. "Oh," he said, "glad to hear from you, Father. Did you like the show?"

"How's that? Oh, yes! Why, I meant to

tell you about that. I've decided to quit the Van Koren Lines anyway, so firing me won't hurt a bit. Yes, I'll be on next week. But you have six days to think it over. Of course, if you don't decide to approve of Cecilie by that time, I may run out of aunts and uncles and get around to you personally. . . .

because I'll probably be back with the steamship lines by next week with a large raise. . . !” His eyes twinkled as he looked from Scott Herbert to Cecilie.

Finally, he took a single step forward and swept Cecilie from her feet. With her in his arms he turned to Scott.



“What? Blackmail? I suppose it is, Father; but then, remember that time when you gave all those bonds to some chorus girl and then tried to extort . . .

“I beg your pardon?” He stared at the phone a trifle vacantly, and it was clear that his father had hung up. Tony replaced the instrument and stroked his chin thoughtfully.

“Pretty tough,” he said, “to put the pressure on the old gentleman like that, but really, I’m afraid he has it coming. Of course, I won’t tell the one about the chorus girl . . .

“Know where there’s a back entrance to this place? I want to go out and I don’t want to see all those people in front.”

IN THE MORNING, he called his father on the telephone.

“I’m glad you’ve changed your mind,” he said after a few minutes discussion, “because things have really reached a pretty pass. I’m in bed over at the Carleton. A very pretty pass indeed.

(Please turn to page 48)

MISTAKEN IDENTITY!

By

KEN COOPER

LARRY VAIL saw the trim, red roadster coming in the opposite direction. It wasn't so much the roadster, although its vivid coloring was startling enough to stop a train. It was the girl behind the wheel of the roadster. A good fifty yards separated them, but even the barrier of distance failed to dim her startlingly exotic beauty.

She was bare-headed and her wind-blown hair resembled streaked ebony. Her lips, almost matching the hue of the car, emphasized the white purity of her complexion.

Larry took his eyes off the road for just a brief moment, but it was long enough. The low, streamlined coupe he was driving swerved to the center. Before he could swing it back, his left fender sideswiped the roadster. There was a sickening clash of metal, the whining shriek of brakes, but above it all, the shrill, high pitched scream of the girl behind the wheel.

Larry brought his car to a stop, got out. The roadster was off the road with two wheels deep in a ditch. Its left front mudguard was curled like an accordion. Its bright new bumper drooped limply.

Larry was all set to make abject apologies but the fuming brunette practically took the words out of his mouth. With difficulty, she extracted herself from behind the wheel of the slanting roadster. Larry enjoyed the momentary revelation her awkward position produced. He caught a fleeting glimpse of plump, milky thighs above the tops of her stockings.

"It was your fault!" she cried, once she was standing erect, on the road. "You smashed right into me!"

"I'm sorry, miss, but—"

Her eyes flared. Every inch of her quivered with indignation. "There was no excuse for it! You were in the center of the road! You saw me coming!"

Larry wasn't even listening to her. He was much too engrossed watching the rise and fall of her round, high breasts. Each gasping, excited breath she took swelled the pouting globes.

"Haven't you anything to say?" the girl snapped.

Larry made an effort and tore his eyes away from her heaving bosom. "You haven't given me a chance to open my mouth."

"I'll give you plenty of chance!" She squared her shoulders and glared at him as though he had committed a cardinal sin. Her twin charms stretched the sweater bodice almost to the breaking point. "I'll give you a chance to talk to my lawyer!"

LARRY SMILED engagingly. "You can talk to him right now, if you wish." His hand went to his vest pocket, brought out an engraved card.

She snorted, turned her piquant nose up, snapped her handbag open. Larry took the card she thrust at him. It was engraved, too.

"Dawn Reynolds," he read, aloud. "This is a pleasure, Miss Reynolds."

"It won't be a pleasure when you get the bill for the damage you've done!"

"It will be a pleasure even then, Miss Reynolds. If you'll be so kind as to let me have your address, I'll communicate with you."

"That won't be necessary! My lawyer will do all the communicating."

Larry looked on with amusement as she slid behind the wheel of the roadster, raced the motor and gradually worked the car back on the road. She was off like a red bolt of lightning, the powerful exhaust sending up a cloud of black smoke.

Larry's look of amusement turned into a grin. In all her excitement she hadn't bothered to ask his name and address. He pocketed the card, stepped into his coupe. This was one accident he was glad had happened. He hummed a tune as he drove on.

THE FIRST THING Larry did when he reached his office the following morning was to check on Dawn Reynolds' address. As he expected, she lived in the exclusive Beecham Drive section.

After lunch he drove to the address. It was

(Please turn to page 33)









MANAGE-RICOLL
WIEN





NAIFE-RICOLL
N







MANASSE-RICOLL
WIEN















(Continued from page 16)

a huge, many-pillared mansion with terraced lawns sweeping down from both sides of a private driveway. Larry swung his car in, stopped under the portico.

A maid answered the door. Miss Reynolds was just arising. Who was calling?

Larry smiled. "Just tell her a friend of hers would like to see her."

He had a good ten minute wait in the sumptuous drawing room, but when Dawn Reynolds swept through the arched doorway, one glance convinced Larry he had been well rewarded for the seemingly interminable passage of time.

She was wearing a flowing chiffon negligee, peach colored and diaphanous. He could note where the waistline of her silk panties began and where the wide, lace trimmed legs ended. He could outline the cobweb cups of her brassiere and the lush, saucy breasts swelling beneath them, and the intriguing melting of her waist into deliciously voluptuous hips.

While Larry was making a visual inventory of her charms, Dawn Reynolds was staring at him in puzzled wonderment, as though she remembered his face but couldn't place it.

Larry helped her out of her difficulty. "You can't have forgotten me, Miss Reynolds," he said, stepping closer to her and drinking in all the beauty of her stunning figure.

The tip of her pink tongue circled her lips. "I—I seem to recall your face, but—but—" "Think hard." His eyes twinkled merrily. "Think of something very unpleasant."

She shook her head, smiled. "You're misleading me. It couldn't be anything unpleasant." Her face brightened suddenly. "Oh, I know! You're the young man I met at Lila Reid's cocktail party last night! You said you'd take me to the zoo when I told you I'd never been there! I'm right, am I not?"

Larry's quick mind picked up the lead. She had mistaken him for someone else, failed to place him as the cause of her automobile accident. A perverse sense of humor prompted him to carry on the hoax.

"You are. I wondered whether you'd remember me."

She extended the cool, graceful petals of her fingers. "How could I forget?" Her smile was warm and alluring. "Of course, I wouldn't remember your name. I had too many cocktails for that."

"Larry Vail."

She applied pressure to her fingers, drew a deep breath that swelled the hills of her magnificently round breasts. "I do recall it," she murmured. "I think it's awfully sweet of you to keep your promise, Larry. I'll be dressed in a jiffy."

Larry held her hand. "Tea dancing at the Ritz after the zoo," he said.

She threw her head back. "Marvelous. You dance beautifully. You see, I remember that."

Larry's heart was beating double quick time against his ribs. He had no idea how long he could keep up the subterfuge, but the carmine invitation of her moist, parted lips and the promising light in her eyes indicated that he was making rapid strides.

"Hurry," he said.

"I will," she replied throatily.

ARM IN ARM, Larry and Dawn paraded in front of the iron barred cages housing the zoo's permanent guests. At the llama cage, Dawn tried to entice two of the doe eyed animals with shelled peanuts. They were standing in the rear of the cage, rubbing muzzles and making strident sounds that might well have been the language of llama love.

"It may be the mating season for llamas," Larry said. "They look as though they're necking."

"But why don't they come get the peanuts?" Dawn queried.

Larry squeezed her arm. "If you were necking would you interrupt yourself for peanuts?"

She laughed gaily, swayed against him. Larry felt the warm globe of a breast rubbing on his arm. If it hadn't been broad daylight and if they weren't in the zoo, he would have swept her into his arms and sampled the kissable lure of her lush mouth.

"It would all depend," she replied.

"On what?"

"On whether I was necking with Tom, Dick or Harry."

Larry's eyes moved to the neckline of her frock, spent a few preciously thrilling moments enjoying the vision her loose bodice afforded. The smooth upper rondures of her bosom glowed with the warmth of ivory-white coloring.

"Didn't you mean Tom, Dick or Larry?"

Her eyes became narrow slits. "Maybe I did."

They left the zoo, drove to the Ritz. Cocktails took the place of tea, but the dancing was still the same. Holding Dawn in his arms, as close

"I've been waiting for you all afternoon, Miss Reynolds," he chirped.



as the law of physics would permit, Larry realized the perfection of the charms he had been admiring ever since Dawn had slipped from behind the wheel of her ditched roadster.

The thrill of looking at her was nothing compared to the ecstasy of feeling her pulsate against his chest. In his mind's eye he could see himself going even further along the road of amorous enjoyment and holding her in his arms.

At five o'clock, Larry leaned across the table and took her hands. "I have a swell idea, darling. How about having dinner with me tonight? We can stop at my apartment and I'll dress. Then we'll take you home to dress. Let's make a big night of it. From zoo to hot spot."

The pupils of Dawn's eyes dilated. "Swell, Larry. You think of the nicest things."

THERE WAS MORE than a dinner date in Larry's mind when he escorted her into his bachelor quarters. He wanted an hour with her. Neither the wide open spaces of the zoo nor the dance floor of the Ritz were conducive to *amour*.

"I thought you were going to dress," Dawn protested feebly when he sat down beside her on the low, soft divan.

Larry looped an arm about her waist. "I am . . . in a few minutes. This is just a rest period."

She leaned back on his arm, smiled. The front

of her frock tightened over her breasts, limned the firm, white globular beauties faithfully.

"Oh, is that what they call it now?"

Larry's hand dropped on her knee, fondled its dimpled roundness. "They call it love," he murmured huskily. "And I've been in it ever since I first set eyes on you."

Her long, curled lashes fluttered and a quiver ran through her body. She twisted to face Larry and kissed him again and again, and yet again as she clasped him tightly in her warm young arms.

Larry submitted to the blissful torture until the blood in his veins reached the boiling point. Her mouth pressed closer and Larry caught a whiff of the perfumed sweetness of her breath and he ardently fastened his mouth to the honeyed cupid's bow.

Dawn relaxed in his arms, twined her fingers in Larry's brown hair and again forced his mouth tighter against her parted lips.

"AND TO THINK," Dawn said as they were driving from Larry's apartment to her house, "that this all started because you promised to take me to the zoo."

Larry swallowed hard. "Er—yes, of course."

She cuddled up to him, rested her head on his shoulder. "I want you to talk to Daddy tonight, Larry, darling."

Larry almost hit a pedestrian. What would she say when he told her the truth? Maybe it would be best to get it over with right now.

"There's something I want to tell you, Dawn," he blurted.

She cooed like a lovesick dove. "I know just what it is, Larry, and you don't have to ask me. The answer is 'Yes'. We're going to wait until Daddy comes home before we go out for the evening. I want you to meet him and tell him you're going to marry me. I'm sure he'll like you."

Larry decided to hold his tongue. There was no telling what effect the truth might have on her. A woman spurned was supposed to have hell's fury. What about a woman fooled?

Dawn tripped up the marble steps of the Reynolds mansion, with Larry following. The same maid answered her knock.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Miss Dawn," she said. "He's been waiting all afternoon. He says he had an appointment with you."

Dawn's brow wrinkled. "An appointment with me?"

"Yes, Miss Dawn. His name is Reginald Carver."

Dawn shrugged, took Larry's hand. "Come on, darling. From now on you're my bodyguard."

A tall, thin young man rose when they stepped into the drawing room. He smiled fixedly and his watery blue eyes rolled.

"I've been waiting all afternoon, Miss Reynolds," he chirped.

Dawn looked him over, one hand on a jutting hip, the twin hills of her breasts perking up. "What have you been waiting for?" she questioned.

The blondish young man giggled. "Oh, you've forgotten, haven't you? Don't you remember my promising to take you to the zoo this afternoon?"

LARRY'S HEART leaped to his throat. His eyes popped like a frog's. Dawn stood there, gaping.

"You remember meeting me at Lila Reid's cocktail party, don't you?" the young man queried. "Remember how we were dancing and I said I love to go to the zoo and you said—"

Larry went into action, grabbed the young man by the nape of the neck and the seat of his English drape trousers, marched him to the door.

"Scream!" he growled.

The young man struggled ineffectually. "Who—who are you?" he gasped.

Larry swung the door open, pushed. The last he saw of the zoo-goer, he was trying to keep his balance going down the steps.

Dawn's breasts were heaving and her eyes were flashing fire when Larry returned to the drawing room. "You can start explaining right now, Mr. Vail," she snapped. "And make it good!"

Larry drew a deep breath. "Okay. I'm the fellow who smashed into your roadster yesterday afternoon."

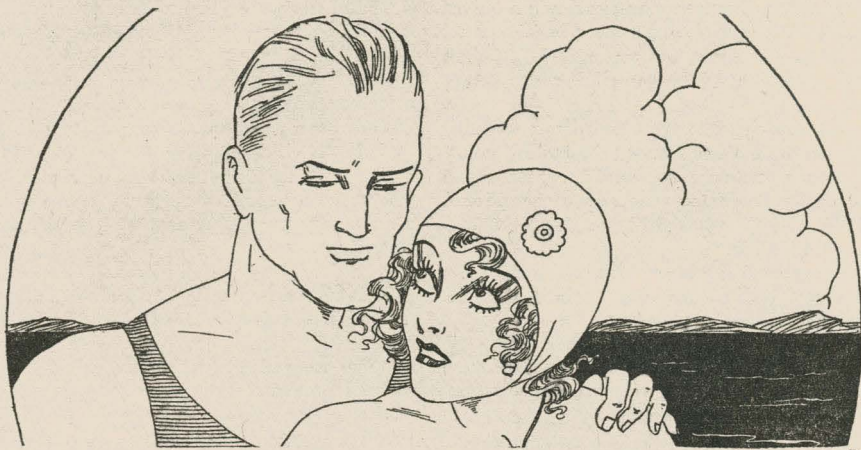
She staggered back, almost fell. Larry ran to her, got an arm around her waist, held her up. "You—you—you cad!" she cried. "No gentleman would have taken advantage of me the way you did!" She jerked loose from Larry's arms.

Larry felt as though he were about to plead a case in court. He threw discretion to the winds, played his ace card.

"And no lady would have mistaken me for

(Please turn to page 48)

THEY NEVER TELL!



By WALDO MILTON

*There's nothing like love on the boundless deep,
Where none can hear and where none can peep,
Where nobody calls on the telephone,
Where you can be mine and mine alone.*

*Where the sky is a blanket overhead,
And my shoulder a pillow to rest your head,
With only the fish in the ocean's swell —
And though fish see — they never tell!*

SLEEPY TIME SAL TELLS THE ONE ABOUT THE BURGLAR WHO ONCE CRAWLED UNDER AN OLDMAID'S BED BY MISTAKE AND THERE HE FOUND A "WELCOME" MAT, A BOX OF CIGARS AND A BOTTLE OF LIQUOR.

* * *

Splash: "Did you feel rosy all over after you took that shower last night?"

Splash: "Heck, no! She wasn't even in the apartment with me!"

New Model (back of screen): "You said I should take off everything, sir, but I have too much respect for my husband to take off anything more."

Artist: "Why, what do you still have on?"

New Model: "My wedding ring!"

* * *

Sonny Boy: "What's an optimist, Pop?"

Sappy Pop: "A guy who thinks his wife has quit cigarettes when he starts finding cigar butts in the ash tray in the bedroom!"



"Sergeant! Don't you think it's your turn to drive?"

Escape In The Night

By

MASON JOHNS

BILL EVANS turned the job over to Selso Varela and his South American Band and stepped down off the platform. Bill had been a football star not so many years before, and he had not allowed late hours and more or less easy living to ruin his figure. He was plenty big, and his muscles bulged a bit underneath the snug fit of his mess jacket.

Bill paused and rested his big hands on the edge of the platform.

"Listen, you guys," he said; "take it easy. Just because this is our last night in Buenos Aires, don't think you can turn up for the last show plastered, like you did back there in Rio."

"Okay, Bill," said the pianist. "Jeeze . . . did you ever hear a cheesier outfit than Selso Varela and his bunch?"

"Take it easy," Bill repeated. Then he passed through a curtain behind the bandstand and into a narrow, ill-lighted passage.

He knocked at a door, and a throaty voice from within bade him enter. Bill did so, seeming to fill the small room.

He closed the door behind him, leaned against it and stuffed his hands into the pockets of his dress trousers. Bobbie Wilcox and he stared at each other without speaking.

She was seated in front of her make-up mirror, dressed only in a kimono. It was caught together casually at the waist, but it fell apart directly above and not long afterwards below. Bill could see more than the outline of her full, high breasts. Bobbie was not wearing stockings, and the lights gleamed on the white flesh of her strong thighs.

"Is it true?" Bill finally asked.

"What? What they say about Dixie?"

"To hell with Dixie. Is it true that you're going to marry the Honourable Phelps Gordon?"

"It is," Bobbie said carelessly.

"What for?"

"Why does a girl usually get married?" Bobbie asked.

"First time I've known you to be ethical," Bill said.

"You've got a low mind. I'm marrying Phelps—Spud to his friends—because I'm in love with him."

"A week ago you were in love with me," Bill reminded her.

Bobbie crossed her bare legs. Bill was finding the going getting a little tough.

"Listen," she said, "if the whole blessed earth was created in a week—why should it take me longer to fall out of love with one man and in love with another?"

"I don't believe you're in love with him," Bill said.

BOBBIE GOT TO HER FEET and stretched. The wide arms of the kimono fell to her shoulders, revealing two of the nakedest and loveliest arms Bill had ever seen. Her arms still above her head, giving Bill a seductive view of her soft, deep armpits, she came over to him. Her eyes were sparkling and the lights played hide and seek in her dark, shoulder-length hair.

"Maybe it's because one of these days he'll be a duke and I'll be a duchess," Bobbie said. She swayed towards Bill and he could almost see both gleaming breasts. She stood on one leg, the other bent in his direction. Bill's heart was racing and the palms of his hands were getting moist.

"That's a hell of a reason to get married," Bill said.

Bobbie shrugged her almost naked shoulders. Her bosom stirred with the movement.

"I'm not the kind of girl who ever loves deeply," Bobbie said frankly. "Now that you're here, almost filling the entire room with your bigness, there's little I wouldn't do for you. But it wouldn't last. I like Spud and I admire him tremendously. And I shall be happy with him."

"I'm not good enough for you, eh?"

"That isn't the point. You'll never be anything but a band leader. Here, there and everywhere. I want to settle down."

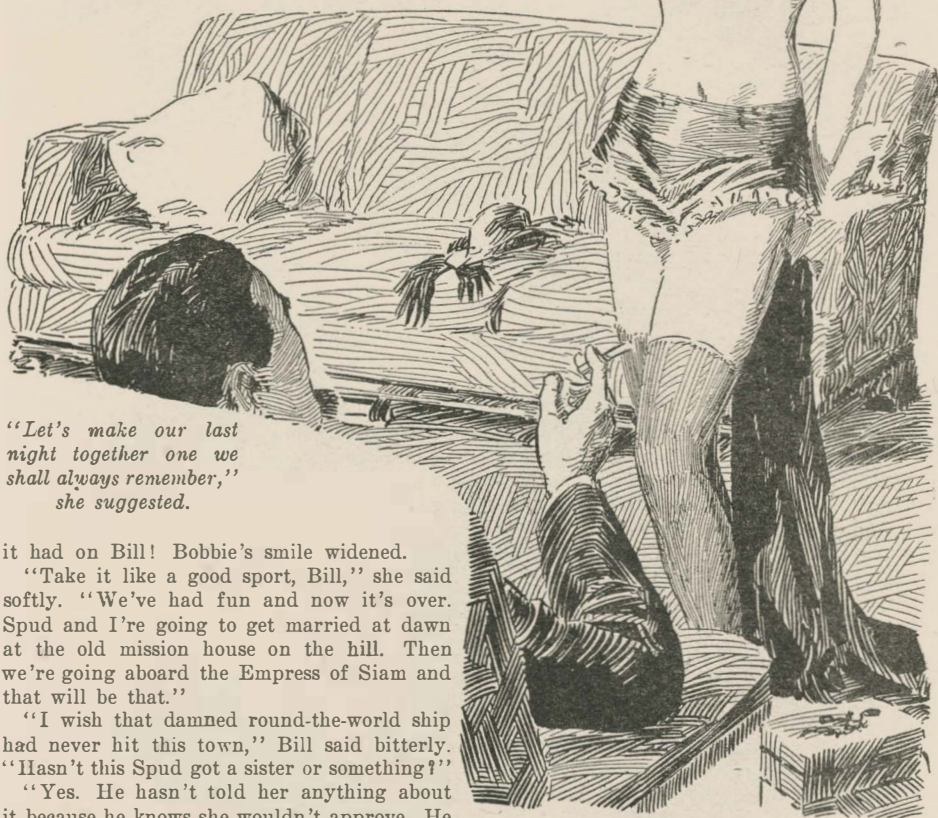
Bill controlled his rising temper with difficulty. "Look here," he said. "If I could only sell 'Escapade', you know I'd be established as a composer."

Bobbie sighed. "Sugar," she said gently. "You've tried to sell that damned song in New York, Boston, Bermuda, Rio, Buenos Aires and points north, south, east and west. Why don't you broadcast it to the North Pole? Maybe those Russians would like it."

"You're a little heel," Bill said, his eyes glowing.

BOBBIE SMILED devastatingly and jumped up and down. Her breasts jiggled this way and that.

"A rubber heel," Bobbie said. Then she put her arms about Bill's big neck and pressed her luscious body against him. What an effect



"Let's make our last night together one we shall always remember," she suggested.

it had on Bill! Bobbie's smile widened.

"Take it like a good sport, Bill," she said softly. "We've had fun and now it's over. Spud and I're going to get married at dawn at the old mission house on the hill. Then we're going aboard the Empress of Siam and that will be that."

"I wish that damned round-the-world ship had never hit this town," Bill said bitterly. "Hasn't this Spud got a sister or something?"

"Yes. He hasn't told her anything about it because he knows she wouldn't approve. He calls her Horseface. Bill . . ." Her lovely eyes were twinkling up into his.

"What?" Bill's voice was gruff.

"Let's make our last night together one we shall always remember."

Involuntarily, his arms went about her, and

he thrilled at the feel of her soft flesh against his hands. Bobbie came closer and her bare arms stole about his neck. She hugged him, crushing her yielding breasts against his stiff shirt and molding herself to him.

Bill commenced to breathe heavily, and his

hands slipped onto the soft flesh of her back. Bobbie gasped.

Bill swung her off the floor and into his arms. He held her there and looked down into her flushed face. His heart was racing, and it was all he could do to speak.

"I'm never going to let you go," he said.

Bobbie did not answer. The kimono had broken away from her shoulders and her breasts slightly protruded. She could feel Bill's enormous forearm on the lower side of her bare knees.

IT WAS SOME little time before Bill finally emerged from Bobbie's dressing room. Selso Varela and his South Americans were still grinding out rhumbas, boleros and tangos. Bill made the mental reservation that if he never heard a marimba again it would be too soon. He was about to walk to the bar when a very handsome young man, beautifully groomed and looking rather aloof, caught his eye. Belligerently, Bill went to his table.

The two men glared at each other. Bill angrily and the other coldly.

"I've a damned good mind to knock your head off," Bill said.

"Really?" The Honourable Phelps Gordon could be insufferable when he wanted to. At that moment he wanted to. "A good many people have entertained the same desire, old man," he went on with exasperating coolness. "You will notice that the old head still seems to be intact."

Bill did notice it. He also noticed that Spud was fully as big as he was, and there was a cruel light in those cold grey eyes he did not like. Bill leaned against the back of a chair.

"Why the hell don't you go about your business?" he asked.

Spud lighted a cigarette with a beefy, muscular hand. "My good fellow," he said and Bill went red, "can I help it if your girl happens to prefer me to you?"

"It's an infatuation," Bill said. "I'm the one she really loves."

"Really? How long've you known her?"

"Over a year."

"Interesting. You've known her a year and you're not married to her and I've known her a week and we're being married at dawn. It would seem that one doesn't have to be a scholar to draw one's own conclusions."

Bill was logical if nothing else. He jerked

out the chair and sat down. "Look here," he said earnestly. "I'm crazy about Bobbie. Won't you please leave her alone? We were going along all right until you barged in."

Spud thawed immediately. "My dear chap," he said, and there was no doubting the sympathy in his voice: "I know just how you feel and I'm frightfully sorry. If I weren't really and truly in love with the girl I would go. As it is . . ." He shrugged his wide shoulders.

IT WAS OUT BEFORE Bill realized what he was saying. "I suppose you know she's only marrying you because she wants to become a duchess?"

"It wouldn't surprise me in the least," Spud said.

Bill got to his feet. "I think you're a couple of heels," he said furiously. He strode over to the bandstand and beckoned to the piano player. "Al," he said. "Take the band for the rest of the night. I won't be here."

Al glared at him. "This is a hell of a note," he said. "The guy who told us to take it easy."

"I can't help it. I'm not going to let Bobbie run away with that limey without a fight."

"What're you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to find his sister."

He did not wait to hear what Al had to say. He fetched his hat and dashed out into the street. The lights of Buenos Aires flamed all about him. It was terrifically hot and the sidewalks were crowded. He hailed a cab and in good Spanish told the driver to take him to the docks.

Horn blaring, they tore down the Avenida Del Sol. The ship was lying at anchor out in the roads and Bill had to engage a small powerboat. In a short time he found himself facing a quartermaster at the head of the gangway.

"I'd like to see the Honourable Cynthia Gordon," Bill said.

"Does she know you?"

"No."

"Wait a minute please. The name?" Bill told him and the quartermaster summoned a pageboy. A few minutes later, he was following the page along A deck to the suite occupied by Spud's sister. The page ushered him in and Cynthia came to meet him.

"Good evening," she said cheerfully.

Bill recoiled. "Say . . ." He stared at her as though she were a ghost.

Cynthia smiled a brilliant smile. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Why does that stupid brother of yours call you Horseface?"

Cynthia shrugged her naked shoulders. "Everyone does."

"But—but . . ." Bill stammered. "You're beautiful!"

"Thank you. Come on in and have something to drink."

ADJOINING THE SUITE was a small balcony which overlooked the harbor lights. Bill followed her onto it and watched her while she mixed the drinks.

She was tall for a girl but beautifully proportioned. Her hair, the color of corn, was short and loosely waved, and she was wearing the most daring evening gown Bill had ever seen in his life. It fitted her in such a frank manner it was quite out of the question that she was wearing anything under it. As she bent over the table, through the low cut armholes, Bill could see part of one full, high and bulbous breast. Bill's eyes started out of his head and he blinked rapidly.

Cynthia straightened and came to him. She was smiling and her grey eyes were bright. She handed him a frosted glass. Starlight gleamed on her bare arms, back and almost exposed breasts, and Bill could not take his eyes off the deep gorge which separated them.

"Here's how," Cynthia said.

"Prosit."

Bill slumped down on a swing and Cynthia joined him. She tossed one satin covered leg over the other and Bill could see the outline of her strong thighs through the material. Cynthia leaned forward a little and Bill feasted his eyes on her, his mouth drying up in the process.

"What was it you wanted to see me about?"

Bill shook his head. "D'you always wear gowns like this one?"

Cynthia laughed. "No. But tonight I was lonely and too lazy to go ashore. The last time I wore it was in Paris and it brought adventure. I put it on tonight, ordered drinks and waited in hopes. You came along." She swayed towards him and Bill could smell the perfume of her hair. Her flesh, in the starlight, gleamed like satin.

"I wanted to tell you," Bill mumbled, "that your brother was going to marry my girl. It seemed very important then."

Cynthia laughed. "It still is important. I shall have to stop him, of course. Presently."

She smiled at him over the rim of her glass.

"Why doesn't it seem important any longer?"

"I can't think straight while you're wearing that dress," Bill said.

"I'll take it off and don another if you like," Cynthia offered generously.

"No!"

CYNTHIA MOVED CLOSER to him along the swing. He could see the ripple of her thigh muscles beneath the satin. Impulsively, Bill dropped one of his big hands to her bare and rounded shoulder. Cynthia shuddered and set aside her drink.

"Are you the caveman type?" she asked.

Bill grinned. "I don't know. All I do know is that I want to kiss you."

"Darling!" Bill had heard the word before but never had it had the same effect upon him. Perhaps it was the clipped English accent.

He put his huge arms about her and drew her to him. Cynthia came willingly enough, entwining her lovely soft arms about his neck and pressing her yielding breasts against him.

Her lips found his and she jammed them close. Starlight gleamed in her hair, and Bill's fingers were tracing scorching paths across the bare flesh of her quivering back.

"This is going to be the greatest adventure I've ever had," Cynthia whispered chokingly.

Bill's mouth was far too dry to speak.

Gasping, she leaned against the back of the swing.

"Oh!" Cynthia gasped. "Oh, Bill . . ." Her hand went fiercely into his black hair and held his head tight against her.

The hammering of Bill's heart was matched by her own and once again the starlight gleamed on the flesh of her shoulders and back.

THE SUN WAS UP as they toiled manfully up the steep, dusty path. Cynthia clung desperately to Bill's hand and was almost being dragged along. The mission at the top of the hill still seemed a long way off.

"Bill, darling," Cynthia gasped; "I assure you you're wasting your time. They won't be here."

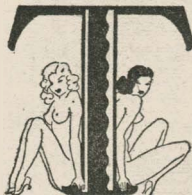
"Yes, they will," Bill said grimly. He didn't know why he said it grimly, for to tell the truth, he didn't care whether they were there or not.

(Please turn to page 46)

LOVE AND LEARN

By

ROBERT DUMONT



HE Bacardi was exceeding Horace's wildest expectations. Titter was actually in his arms, his lips were flaming against hers, and the heaving of his chest made him keenly conscious of her firm up-thrust young breasts.

Horace came up presently for air to revel in the enchanting beauty of their surroundings. A night filled with beauty! A night for love! Oh, boy, that Bacardi would make a poet of him yet!

The moonlight was making a silvered mirage of the little stream purling by at their feet and ghostly, eerie giants of the trees that lined its banks.

"Let's have another drink of that stuff! I never thought anything could make me feel like this!" Horace proposed breathlessly.

"It has a powerful kick, all right! I feel woozy all over!" Titter giggled. "What do you call it?"

"Bacardi. I heard the two fellows who room next to me in the dorm talking about it. They said they got a bottle of it and mixed a little syrup and lemon juice with it to take out with them on their dates. They said it made the dames they took out eat out of their hands," Horace confided innocently.

"So you thought you'd try it out on me!" Titter said grimly. "Well, this stuff is a new one on me, but I'll bet you a bad penny to a pair of silk stockings that you pass out before I do!"

"Pass out?" Horace asked innocently.

"Don't tell me you don't know what that means!" Titter marveled. "I mean get blotto, when your heels knock hard and your head feels like a balloon, you feel tight, woozy, you're a millionaire and own a harem and all that!"

"Oh, you mean when one gets intoxicated!" Horace said brightly. "You see, I've never been that way. My drinking has been confined merely to an occasional glass of beer."

"Then you've got lots to learn, baby-boy!" Titter laughed.

HORACE FOUND THAT next Bacardi highball so palatable and exhilarating that he voted for two more in quick succession. By the time he had quaffed these, he was athrob with all sorts of wild ideas. His kisses would have done credit to the most pashy of the movie lovers, his petting would have been barred by the censors.

"I've been out here often to swim during the day, but I've never tried it out by moonlight! Let's put on the bathing suits and take

"Our clothes," Horace moaned. "They're in the car!"



a swim! The bottom is nice and sandy," he proposed, almost choking with excitement.

"Bathing suits! And where do you expect to get those?"

"Oh, I have them in the car with me. The fellows who room next to me said they always took them along. They said a girl was much easier to make in a swimming suit than in a lot of clothes," Horace divulged, shockingly frank.

"Strong believers in preparedness, aren't they?" Titter commented. "You certainly learned from listening in on them!"

"Let's put on the swimming suits and try it out!" Horace proposed, breathlessly eager as a kid starting out on his first swimming adventure.

"Okay!" Titter agreed. "If you're as harmless as you talk, I'll be perfectly safe with you."

She used the dark interior of the car as a dressing room while she donned the swimming suit, and Horace did likewise after she had stepped out.

As soon as Titter plunged into the water, she was convinced that Horace had not overpraised its pleasant features. It swirled about her glowing skin with a velvety feel and the sandy bottom was as smooth as a floor.

She challenged Horace to race with her to the opposite shore, and he gleefully accepted. She reached it an instant before him and stood waiting for him in waist-deep water, steadying herself by clinging to the branch of a willow sapling.

IN THE SILVERY moon glow she looked unreal, ethereal, and yet there was something about her shapely, lushly curved young body that made her appear startlingly nude in her white suit, something about the way she swayed back and forth that was inviting.

It proved too much for Horace's restraint, fired as he was by the heady Bacardi. He leaned against the sapling and drew her close. Her thin, scant suit gave him the disturbing sensation that she was actually unclothed. Horace's fingers roved avidly over her, burning against patches of bare skin now and then.

Titter tremored under the warmth of his embrace. Her lips darted up to his and the tight circle of her arms about his neck pressed them closer until it seemed that they must be fused into one. All this petting was practically new to Horace. His only previous petting experience had been at his dad's summer home. That had been with the housekeeper's daughter,

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a vivacious, pretty little brunette with an enticing figure and a gleam of love-hunger in her passionate dark eyes. Their petting had to be perforce guarded and discreet and had only been possible when the girl had gone upstairs to make up Horace's room.

But the girl now palpitant in his arms was definitely something else—and how! Her caresses were thoroughly seasoned, sophisticated, high-voltage. She filled Horace with a swirling flame of emotion that was even more intoxicating than the Bacardi. The water purling about his hips was as exciting as the caress of a passionately caressing hand.

So intense was his emotion that it weakened him. Vaguely, he sensed that another drink was just about what he needed.

"Let's swim back. I want a drink!" he gasped.

"Bright idea!" Titter approved, slipping out of his arms and striking out for the opposite shore. Horace plunged like a flash in pursuit.

When they had reached a point about mid-stream, they both stopped abruptly, treading water and staring with rounded eyes at what was happening on the shore.

SOMEBODY WAS DRIVING off in Horace's car! "Our clothes!" Horace bemoaned. They're in there!"

"You said it!" Titter seconded. "It strikes me that we have a fine start for a nudist colony!"

Horace was too flabbergasted to make any reply. He was amazedly watching the gleaming ruby point of the tail light of his car streaking out of sight around a bend of the road. "The Bacardi! Thank heavens I set the thermos bottle behind a tree!" he finally blurted, gleaming a crumb of comfort from that fact.

Titter and he scrambled up the bank and lost no time in injecting a copious dose of the liquor internally in gulps. Then they sat down and joined in the fervent hope that the dastardly thief or thieves who had stolen Horace's car would sizzle in eternal hell.

The beautiful silvered night wore on and the contents of the thermos bottle steadily lowered. Kisses became longer, more exciting. Titter finally yawned and her fragrant head pressed more heavily against Horace's shoulder.

"I'll get a lot of those small willow twigs and fix something for you to lie on. I guess there's nothing else to do but stay here until daybreak, when we can locate some farmhouse

and telephone or something," Horace said thickly.

Titter nodded languid assent.

Horace wasn't any too steady on his feet, but nevertheless in a short time he had arranged a really comfortable pallet for the girl. She sank down on it with a soft sigh of relief. Horace sat nearby, within easy reach of her maddening lips.

"You'll be dead tired if you stay up like this all night," Titter protested presently.

"I'll just rest against the tree here," Horace reassured her, but her slender fingers clung all the tighter to his hand.

Titter said breathlessly. "I thought I heard something crawling over there—a snake or something! Don't leave me!"

"I won't!" Horace promised gallantly, gulping another swallow from the bottle.

Titter's hands pulled insistently at his until her arms could encircle his neck. She could kiss him more fervently that way.

NEXT MORNING, in the gray opalescence of dawn, they trudged along a deeply rutted gravel road toward a big white farmhouse about a mile away. Yokels at work in the fields grinned from ear to ear and guffawed raucously as they went by. They had seen a few hikers in shorts, but swim suits was a new one to them.

As luck would have it, there was a telephone at the farmhouse. Horace called up the sheriff's office and indignantly related what had happened. They had arrested, the sheriff divulged, a couple of men for drunken driving the night before, and from Horace's description, it was very likely that the car they had been in was his. At any rate, he would send a police car out immediately for them so they could identify the prisoners.

"Frank! Charlie! So you're the two smart alecks who stole Horace's car!" Titter cried out as soon as she laid eyes on the two sullen, morose inmates of the cell. "That was a dirty trick! Just because I told you I had a date with Horace and where he intended to take me, you pull that off on us!"

"Aw, we didn't really think of doing it until a couple of fellows took us riding that way and we asked them to let us out when we recognized Horace's car! Come on, have a heart and tell this Sherlock Holmes here who we are so he will let us go!" Charlie pleaded.

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to stew in the hoosegow for a while and think up a few more practical jokes!"

Frank and Charlie groaned in beautiful unison.

"So long, jail-birds!" Horace grinned. "Thanks for the hint about the Bacardi! If Titter says it's okay, we're coming out with two bottles tonight!—after we're married!"

Titter approved so thoroughly that she slipped her arms up about Horace's neck and kissed him.

Escape In The Night

(Continued from page 41)

Cynthia complained. "You're a brute to subjugate a girl to such strenuous exercise."

"Do you good," Bill said. "You play indoors altogether too much. Fresh air and all that rot."

THEY FINISHED the journey in silence, finally arriving, sweating and gasping, at the gates of the mission. The distant sea glittered in the sun and the Empress of Siam rode serenely at anchor. Bill yanked at the old-fashioned bell-pull and the chimes started the echoes ringing.

The gate opened and the padre appeared. "Good morning," he said.

A bit breathlessly, Bill explained their mission. The padre smiled. "They've gone," he said. "They were here and I married them."

"What!" Cynthia sounded stunned.

"I told you we'd be late," Bill said accusingly.

Then Cynthia commenced to laugh. "I'm glad," she said, at last. "Bill, listen. This wasn't the intended ending. I came to the nightclub our first night ashore and fell for you. I was told that you were wrapped up in the singer and sicked Bud onto her so that I could have just one adventure with you."

"Then he didn't intend to marry her at first?"

"No. He double-crossed me." Cynthia looked pathetic.

"Now what?" Bill asked.

"Look here. We've got a torch singer in the family, how about adding a band leader?"

Bill slipped a thick arm about her waist and faced the padre.

"Can do?" he asked.

"Can do," and the padre beamed.

Feeling solemn, they followed him into the cool of the mission garden.

Boarding House Antics

(Continued from page 7)

it's Pete," she thought. "It's been Pete all along, ever since that night in the parlor and I didn't know until now! . . . so blinded was I by this tawdry affair!"

"Make up your mind, Katherine. Is it Pete, or isn't it?"

Katherine had seemingly forgotten Mike was there. She ignored him completely. She telephoned Mrs. Bealeton's. She got Pete on the telephone. She was saying, "Darling . . . darling . . . how soon can you come over?" And Pete was saying, "Are you laughing or crying, Katherine?"

"A little of both—with happiness, Pete. Because I love you and just found out!"

"Where are you, Kat? At home? Well, stay there, darling. Don't move! Don't even catch your breath! I'll be right over!"

"Oh, Pete, Pete!" cried Katherine and hung up. She whirled around the room giddily, her big breasts swaying right and left with the jumping motions of her legs and her pure joy. At last, with a wild cry of delight, she closed her eyes blissfully and flung herself on the sofa. When she felt a bulk, hard and firm, she jerked erect. She had forgotten Mike.

"You still here?" she gasped.



MIKE TOUCHED HER. "Katherine," he whispered, miserably, "You've always taken me back. You've got to take me back this time! You've got to. I'll do anything. I'll marry you!" And he buried his wretched face in the soft warm curve of her neck.

Katherine was on her feet, her eyes furious, her breasts firm and jutting and still. "You," she said, cruelly, "are going to get out of here—and I don't mean *perhaps!*"

"Katherine!"

But Katherine was at the door now, holding it open, jerking a thumb toward the hall. "Scram!" she said, icily.

Mike did, dejectedly. But as he passed through the door he hesitated one second, his dark eyes longingly on her. A year ago,

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thought Katherine, the impact of those eyes would have turned her to an inferno inside . . . now she was a glacier! The cure was complete! She slammed the door behind him.

She stood there then hearing his feet walk away down the corridor, slowly, heavily, toward the elevator. And then, with her young heart tearing crazily in her breast . . . feeling her blood shoot out from it, hot and quick and excited . . . she heard other footsteps. Pete's . . . running down the hall toward her door.
Pete!

The Family Honor

(Continued from page 15)

"That girl! Oh, yes, indeed!" He grinned down at Cecile. "She's with me. Seems as if we went out and got married or something after the show last night.

"Under the circumstances, there wasn't much else we could do, you know!"

He hung up the phone and once again took Cecile snugly into his arms.

She went to him with a little murmur of contentment.

Mistaken Identity!

(Continued from page 35)

that spindly, anemic, long legged, marble eyed lounge lizard I just tossed down the steps! Good-bye and good riddance!"

He had his hand on the doorknob when Dawn called him. "Larry! Larry, come back!"

HE TURNED THE KNOB, making as much noise as possible. She ran out into the foyer, grabbed his arm. "Please, Larry! I didn't mean anything by it! Accidents will happen!" She pulled him back into the drawing room, led him to a chaise longue. "We're even now, darling," she panted. "You took advantage of me and I mistook you. Please stay and talk to Daddy."

Larry drew her close. "If I marry you, you'll have to forget about what I did to your car. You can't sue your husband for property damage."

Dawn placed her cheek against his. "You take care of the law, darling," she whispered. "I'll take care of the love."

Their lips joined—but that was no accident!

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The next afternoon I dropped over to see Mary—told her how lonely and depressed I felt. To cheer me up Mary sat down at the piano and played waltzes, jazz bits, sonatas. When she had finished, I sighed enviously.

"Thanks, Mary, it was wonderful. What wouldn't I give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a

teacher when I was in school—like you!"

Mary smiled and said: "Ann, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact, not so long ago I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

Then she told me about a wonderful new short-cut method of learning music that had been perfected by the U. S. School of Music. You learn real music from the start. When I left Mary it was with new hope. If she could learn to play this way, so could I. That very night I wrote for the Free Book and Demonstration Lesson.

I never dreamed that learning to play the piano could be so simple—even easier than Mary had pictured it. And as the lessons continued, they seemed to get easier. Although I never had any "talent" I was playing my favorites—almost before I knew it.

Then came the big night at Margaret Jones' party. What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Mary Nelson can't be here to play the piano?"

I spoke up, "I'll try to fill Mary's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know she played!" someone behind whispered.

As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spell-bound.

When I finished you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more! Only too glad, I played piece after piece. Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. And it wasn't long until I met Tom who shortly afterward asked me to become his wife.

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