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*Confession of  
a New York  
Hammer  
Murderer*

Transition Number -- See Page 23



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## Presents

CONFESSION OF A NEW YORK HAMMER MURDERER .....	A. Gerard Macauley	3
HOLLYWOOD HOSS TRADERS .....	Al Hicks Senior	8
THE HANDS .....	Dillard Stokes	11
COLLEGE CAPERS .....	J. Oke Smith	13
IN NEWSPAPER STYLE .....	Satiricus	14
WITH LOVE TO THE EDITOR .....	Arnold Fletcher	17
TIME SURE FLIES .....	J. Oker	18
BIT O' BLACK AN' WHITE .....		19
WOMAN IN A WHITE HAT .....	Alma Paschall	20
POPPER WRITES TO DE SON .....	H. N. Webster	24
MEELTON .....	Alfred Clark	28
ESCAPE .....		
THE CASE OF THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT .....	A. Lincoln Hicks	32
WENT 'ROUND AND 'ROUND .....	J. O. Ker	36
QUAIL .....	Donna Reigh Scott	40
THE LAST WORD .....	J. R. McCarthy	46
SAID BLUB TO BLURP .....	J. O. K. Er	48
DEAR CLARA .....	G. K. Beam	50
PLUGGING ALONG .....	Lou Seguin	54
IT'S AN ILL WIND .....	Mont Hurst	58

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**2  
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on  
IMMORTAL  
HOLLYWOOD**

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BRUCE  
Gibson





●

10  
WERE CALLED  
—AND  
10  
WERE CHOSEN—

and Mary "Punkins" Parker, here shown, led in pulchritude the ten beauties Hollywood selected to represent immortal Hollywood.

Globe Photo.

●



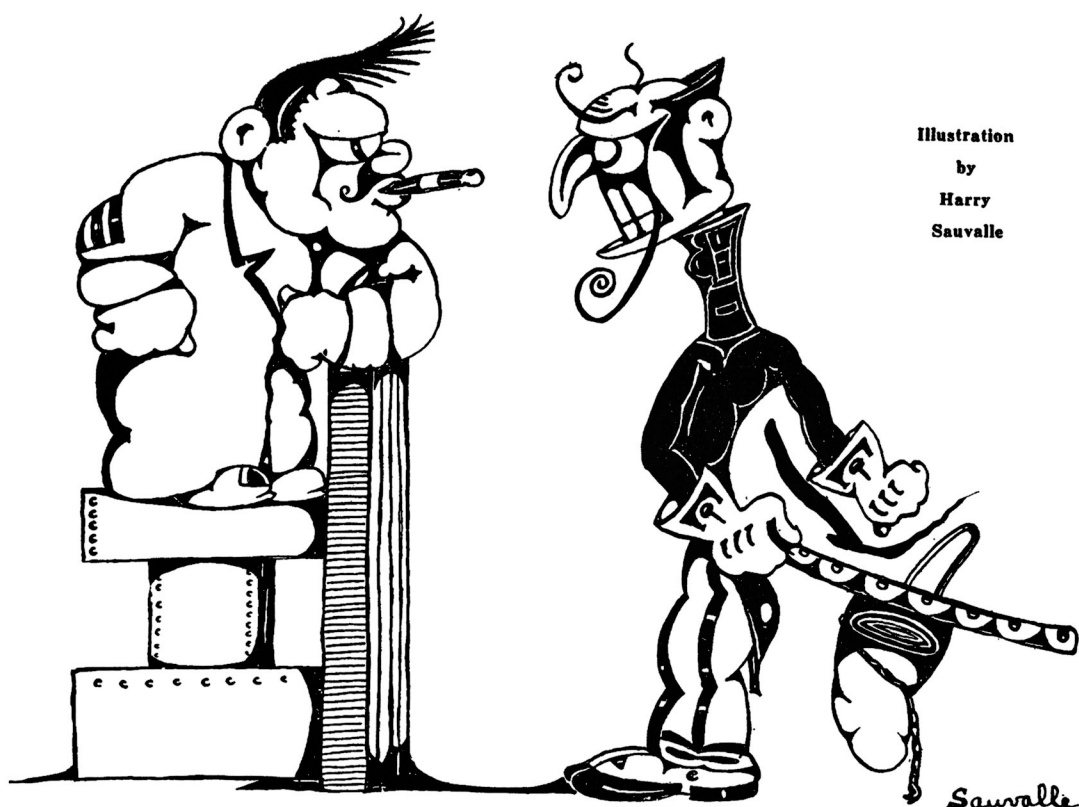


Illustration  
by  
Harry  
Sauvalle

"Are you guilty or not?" the judge asked.

# Confession of a New York Hammer Murderer

By A. Gerard Macauley

**T**HIS is what happened, the whole truth, so help me.

Victor Pate, my cousin from Dovecote, Vermont, asked me to show him the town. It was not only Victor's first visit to New York but it was his initial sight of any metropolis.

"You want to see the points of interest," I said.

"That's it," he replied.

"Victor," I said, "you couldn't have come to a better man than your mother's sister-

in-law's son. I know this old burg like a two-time widow knows her matrimonial onions."

"I presume you mean to imply that the locale is entirely familiar to you. Fine—lead on."

"You want to see our subways first," I said.

"I've heard of them," he said, "It will be interesting."

I took him to the Times Square station, where the usual crowd was battling to board



the trains. We slugged our way into one of them and clung to straps.

"Some mob, eh, Victor," I said proudly.

He drew a big breath. "Yes," he said, "your subways last year carried over a billion and a half passengers. In nickel fares that amounts to one hundred million dollars."

An express roared by in the opposite direction.

"Going some, eh, Victor?" I chuckled.

"It surely is," he said. "These subway expresses are said to make as high as a mile a minute at times, but generally they average forty miles an hour. At rush hours there is a three minute interval between trains."

At 125th Street we got off and squirmed and forced our way to the exit stairs.

"Some station, isn't it?" I said to Victor.

"The express stations," he said, "are approximately four hundred feet long; in some instances close to five hundred feet."

We walked over to Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive.

"Imposing structure — this, don't you think?" I asked him.

He viewed it critically. "The tomb is 150 feet high and 90 feet square," he said. "It is built of granite from Maine and New Hampshire. The cost was \$600,000, which was raised by popular subscription. The corner stone was laid April 27, 1892, the date of Grant's birthday, and the dedication ceremonies were held April 27, 1897."

I took him down to see the Hudson River.

"Some creek, eh, Victor?"

"The Hudson River," he said, "is 350 miles long. Its source is Lake Sanford in the Adirondacks. It attains its greatest width between Nyack and Tarrytown, New York. It is navigable for large boats as far as Troy, New York, above which city it narrows abruptly. The Hudson has been termed the American Rhine."

"Those are the Palisades, Victor," I said, pointing to the Jersey shore.

"The Palisades," said Victor, "antedate

man's appearance on Earth. They were formed by the action of the river seeking an outlet to the sea. On their crests can be seen many huge boulders left there by receding glaciers tens of thousands of years ago. A few years ago the Palisades existence were threatened by the blasting of quarrymen, but happily the states of New York and New Jersey combined to end this outrage."

"We'll go downtown," I said, "and see the East River, and the ships and bridges and things."

"Fine," said Victor, "I'm especially interested in seeing the Brooklyn Bridge."

We stood under the old bridge and looked up, and then we stood upon it and looked down.

"This first and undoubtedly most beautiful of the East River Bridges," said Victor, "was begun January 3rd, 1870 and opened May 24th, 1883. The stone towers are 272 feet above the river. The length of the bridge over all is 6,016 feet, and the length of the central span is 1,595.6 feet. Its total cost was 25 million dollars. The inventor and engineer was John Roebling."

"You won't want to see the other bridges," I said, "they're just like this one, except they're built a little different."

Leaving the bridges and walking through a narrow street Victor halted suddenly to point to a funny looking building on a corner. "Why, there's Fraunce's Tavern," he said enthusiastically, "one of the oldest buildings in the city. It was General Washington's Headquarters during the Revolutionary War."

"You want to see the Statue of Liberty, don't you," I said.

"Oh, yes. You know, of course, that the Goddess of Liberty was the gi——"

"Look out—that car!" I yelled, shoving him violently toward the curb.

"What car? Where? I don't see any car," he said, looking around puzzled.

"It's gone," I said, "it went around the



corner."

"We were talking about the Statue of Liberty," Victor said, after we had walked on a few blocks, "It was the gift, you know, of the grateful Fren——what's the matter?"

"My head!" I said, clapping my hands over my eyes and staggering. "A sudden dizzy spell."

"We'll take a taxi," said Victor, "We shouldn't have any difficulty getting one; there are over 13,000 taxi-cabs in New——"

"There's one now!" I shrieked, frantically waving at a passing vehicle. We climbed in and rode across town.

Alighting at the Battery I said to Victor, "Victor, perhaps we'd better not visit the Statue to-day; I—I don't feel so very good, and you have to take a little boat over there and climb a lot of stairs and things."

"Why, surely," he said, "I can see the Statue some other time. But you're wrong about having to climb stairs: an elevator was installed in 1902. Previously to that visitors were obliged to climb the 305.6 feet from the base of the statue to the observation platform in the torch. As I was saying the Statue was a gift of the Grateful French people to America. It was the work of the sculptor August Bartholdi (born 1833, died 1904). It is of bronze and weighs——"

"What do you want to see now?" I asked him.

"Let's take in the Aquarium," he said, "There it is right over there, that circular building resembling a fort. As a matter of fact——"

"It was a theatre or something," I said, "before they kept fishes in it."

"Yes, it was," he said, "but that was three quarters of a century ago. But from 1855 to 1895——when it was made an aquarium——it was used as a landing place for immigrants, during which forty years 7,690,606 immigrants passed through its portals. It was erected in 1805 as a military structure and was known as Fort Clinton. Later it became

a place of entertainment. Lafayette was feted there on his second visit to America, and it was the scene a generation later of the memorable American debut of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale."

"Let's go in," I said, "they may be closing soon."

"No," said Victor, looking at his watch, "It is only 11:30 and the visiting hours are from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. The yearly attendance exceeds 2,000,000."

Victor seemed to enjoy staring at the poor fishes.

"The total number of specimens on exhibition here," he said, "exclusive of invertebrates and young fry in the hatchery, varies from three to seven thousand. The Aquarium is equipped for heating sea water for tropical fishes in winter and in addition has a refriger——"

"It's stuffy in here," I said, pulling him toward the door. "Where'll we go now?"

"Mmmm, let's see," said Victor, "I'd love to see Central Park and the Woolworth Building. Central Park is approximately two and a half miles long by a half-mile wide. Work was begun on the Park in——"

"Let's go home first and have some lunch," I said.

"Fine," he said, "then we can come down again and see the Woolworth Building before we visit the Park. The Woolworth Building is seven hundred——"

Victor fell flat on his face in a mud puddle.

"You must have tripped," I said, helping him to his feet. "Are you hurt?"

"I didn't trip," he said angrily, wiping the mud from his face and trousers, "Someone pushed me—from behind."

"It must have been that big fellow walking down there," I said, "He passed us as you fell."

"Someone pushed me," he repeated, "I don't know who it was."

"You can clean your trousers when we get home," I said.

We didn't talk much on the way home;

Victor seemed sore about something. But after a good lunch and we were sitting down for a little smoke he cheered up again.

"Had a great day so far," he said, "Aside from that—that accident. I'm looking forward with keen anticipation to the Woolworth Building and Central Park. As I was saying Central Park contains 843 acres, of which 185 are in lakes and reservoirs. Work was begun on the park in 1857 and it was officially opened in——"

"It was that big fellow," I said, "he shoved you. We have some rough people in New York—he looked like some sort of a foreigner to me."

"These foreigners——" said Victor. "We have nothing like them in Dove-cote, thank God. Why, do you know that 28% of the population of New York City is foreign born; that 25% have one foreign born parent, and 23% two foreign born parents?"

"Will you have a glass of sherry?" I asked him, reaching down into the buffet behind his chair.

"Sherry, eh? Well, don't mind if I do. Back home, of course, we have bonded whiskey that *is* bonded. But everybody knows that New York City is the bootlegging center of the country. The number of liquor convictions in New York City alone last year amounted to seven thou——"

He put up a good fight but I brought him down in the end.

"This is murder," he moaned, as I rained blow after blow with the hammer on his naked skull.

"There were 372 homicide cases in New York City last year," I screamed in his ear just before he lost consciousness, "an average of 8.5 per hundred thousand of population. This one won't affect the figures for the current year, although the homicide rate in Italy in 1925 was 4.7 as compared to that of 7.2 for the United States. Unless your family claim your body it will probably be interred in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, which in addition to containing over 500 acres has the

distinction of possessing one of the highest elevations in the city."

Then I went to the nearest police station and gave myself up.

"I've just killed a man," I told the Lieutenant at the desk. "He was my cousin from Dove-cote, Vermont. My father was his mother's brother and this makes the fourth brutal murder in this city within the past forty-eight hours. The Police will express themselves as baffled for a motive for the crime. You will find his body in the dining room of my private suite on the thirteenth floor of the Hotel Pistachio Arms. This apartment-hotel is forty stories high. Besides 1,468 single rooms there are 523 suites of from 2 to 9 rooms with 5 to 14 baths. The total floor area is 745.6 acres and the halls if laid end to end would reach from here to there and back again. Send a couple of your trusted men over to verify what I have told you; I'll wait here until they return."

I took the chair they offered me. A squad of plain-clothes men rushed out.

"The New York City police force," I said to the Lieutenant, "is undoubtedly the world's finest. It consists, you know, of approximately 14,153 Patrolmen, 125 Policewomen, 212 Doormen, 964 Sergeants, 543 Lieutenants, 95 Captains, 30 inspectors, 7 Chief Deputy Inspectors, 1 Chief Inspector and 1 Commissioner at a salary of \$10,000 a year."

"The rank of Doorman, sir," corrected the Lieutenant courteously, "was abolished by Act of Legislature April 16, 1912."

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant," I said, "I did not know that."

They found my cousin Victor's body as I said they would and I am writing this from a cell 9½ feet long by 6¾ feet wide in the Tombs Prison, New York City. This City Prison is located at Center and Pearl Streets and has long out-grown its capacities. Its surrounding walls are 18 feet high and the stone blocks composing it are 3.8 feet thick.





### HOW TO HORSEBACK RIDE WITHOUT A HORSE

This young lady shows us how she takes a morning canter around the Lincoln Park bridle path without even going out to Lincoln Park. Just a part of our synthetic age!

Globe Photo.

# HOLLYWOOD HOSS TRADERS

*A Cheerful Cataclysm Concerning Chiseling Anent*

## THE CINEMA CAPITOL

*in*

7 Plain and Airmail Letters — 3 Inter-office Communications  
1 Night Letter — 1 (one only) Straight Day Message

**DANIEL GARFIELD**

*Publisher — Literary Agent*

318 Westcott Dr.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dec. 2, 1938

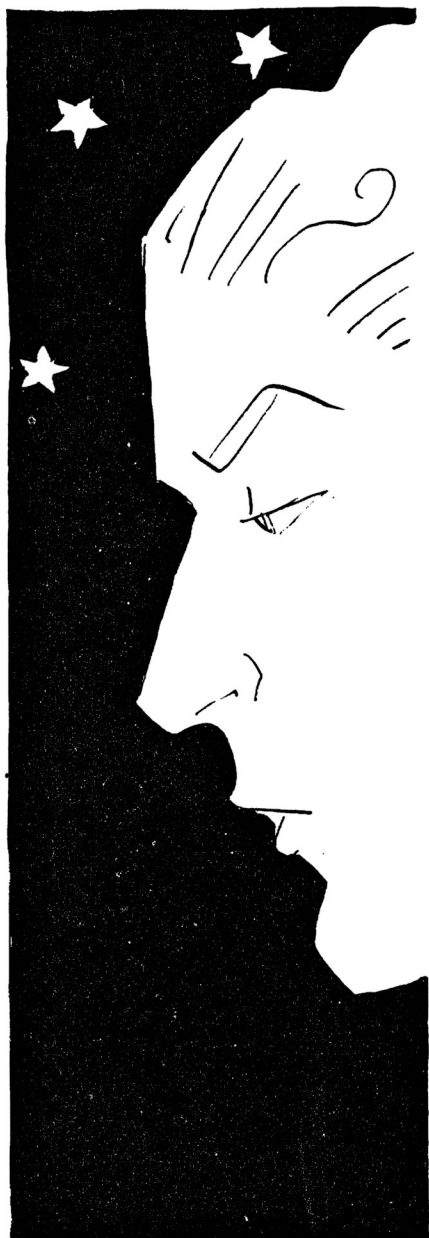
Mr. Edward Burke  
6242 Sunset Blvd.  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Edward:

Sometime ago I sent you a copy of Eliza Duane's book "Simperring Sally" which I published for her with her very kind assistance. I requested you as my West Coast representative to read the book, give me an opinion that I might read my client, and then to get it before Abe Wenzel who is producing and supervising for Freckles Smithers the child cinema prodigy.

I requested merely that you place a copy of the book upon Mr. Wenzel's desk with a request that he read it and discover that it was a superb vehicle especially fitting for the Smithers child. So far and to date I have not heard a word from you. One of my clients passing thru Chicago stopped to confer with me last week and from him the rumor came that you had done nothing since you were thrown off the Canyon Comedies lot as a comedy constructionist for suggesting that Miss Biddy of the Biddy and Betty Comedies do a featherless fan dance. He added something about your being jailed





later for attending a premier of the latest Canyon Comedy and breaking out into loud sobbing while it was being shown.

I have asked very little of you and paid very well for your work for me in Hollywood. I have not leaned toward the cinema market very heavily to date, but I must ask that you give me some information and action on the above matter at once or I shall be forced to contact another outlet for my Hollywood material.

Trust that this will suffice to bring you to your senses,

I remain,

Very truly yours,

Daniel Garfield.

P.S. When can I expect further of your inimitable tales of the Cinema capital, with editors enquiring? Nothing but your own apparent lacadaisicalness prevents us both from making some money.

---

6242 SUNSET BLVD.  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

December 7, 1938

Daniel Garfield  
Publisher  
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Mr. Garfield:

By other mail and on Hotel Roosevelt stationery am sending you an opinion on "Simpering Sally" which you may show

**by**

**A. Lincoln Hicks**



your client Lizzie Duane (and the Lord have mercy on my soul).

Personally, to me the book is ousy-lay. Lizzie must have read all the Allcott books and then tried to out-sweeten even Allcott. The adult leads in the book talk like a couple of characters out of "The Drunkard" and as for the Smithers brat playing the child feature in it, listen, you got scenes in the book where this Sally kid runs around showin' her panties; be it ever such a shock to you, the Smithers kid has had to wear a brassier and elastic girdle in her last two pictures and they had to cut out entirely a tree swing scene closeup and take a telescopic shot of it account of tiny freckles the nation's joy is beginning to roundhouse like West herself.

You talk of laying a book on old Baldy Wenzel's desk like I was a hen or something. What do you think associate producers are doing out here? Holding open house to book and manuscript layers? The book and manuscript layers' line forms before daylight every morning and by six o'clock there's still a half dozen optimists who don't get up to the information window to throw theirs in the bin provided for them by Brutal Pictures, Inc. where as you know is where Abe Wenzel is now fighting.

Regarding your further insinuations as per your letter, I still have 500 ft. of Miss Biddy doing that featherless fan dance which I will rent to smokers and stags for a yard and a quarter a night if you can do any business around the loop with it. And it wasn't a premier, it was a preview of the Canyon Comedy that I sobbed at and I wasn't the only wet eye in the house either. If that was a COMEDY then YOU laff at it when you see it.

Speaking of my job and your payments, I could use fifty right now to keep my standing (or leaning) at Sardi's, The Silver Dollar, Perry's Brass Rail and other clubs that I belong to, so let it come if you want concentrated action on this thing.

However, according to your request and

instructions I have placed the book in the hands of Fred Dineen, father of Dimples Dineen, the child darling of the universe who is cuteing them to death on the Blasted Pictures lot and stages. I happen to have a drinking acquaintance with Fred and further happen to know that he can recommend a good story in for his kid and they will listen (if he's sober) the kid is officially about eight years old and about ripe for a change in character. I know the book will get where it will do the most good because I had to tie it into Fred's pocket when I left him the other morning in front of the Cinegrill at closing time. Quote ten grand for the story when they start asking and don't take a cent less than four g's.

With kindest regards to the shorter of your two stenographers, I remain,

Ed. Burke

West Coast Rep.

Garfield Publishers.

P.S. If you don't wire that fifty address me next care of Gen. Del. Hollywood, Chloroformia.

This also goes for any more delightful yarns from me as the man came and took the old Underwood this morning.

Airmail—Special

Daniel Garfield

Publisher—Literary Agent

318 Westcott Dr.

Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 11, 1938

Mr. Edward Burke

6242 Sunset Blvd.

Hollywood, Calif.

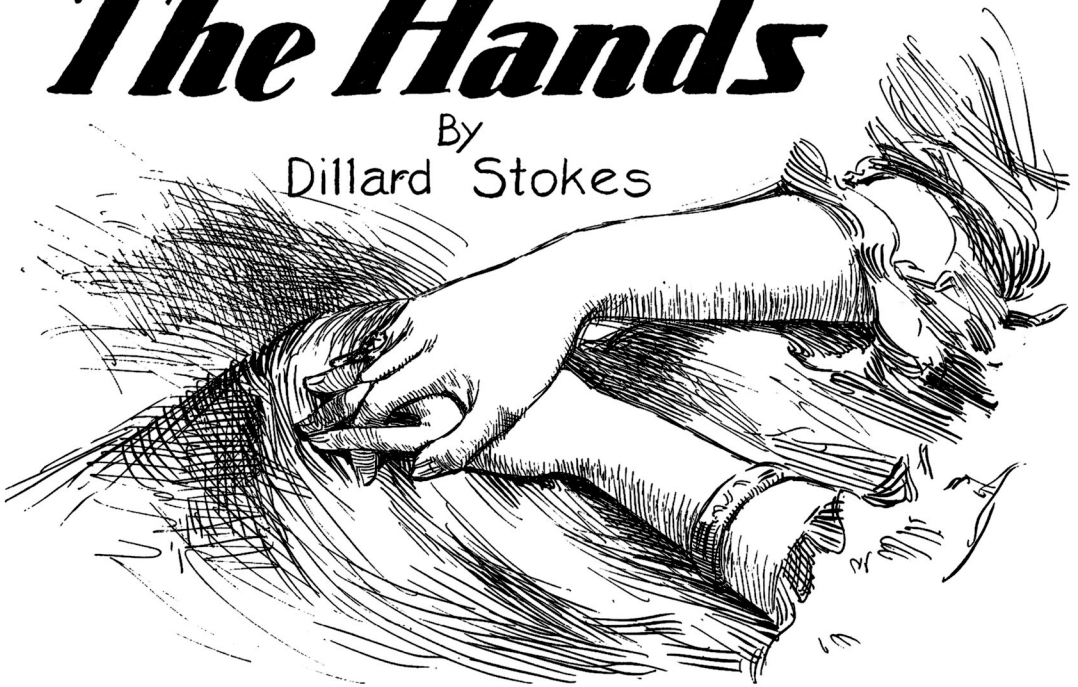
Dear Mr. Burke:

What in heavens name do you mean by turning over the copy of "Simpering Dolly" to Dimple Dineen's father. I said nothing along these lines. It is absolutely not a story for the unsophistication and sweetness of the Dimples child. It is a vehicle for the tomboyish and bedeviling Smithers girl.

(Continued to Page 27)

# *The Hands*

By  
Dillard Stokes



**N**OBODY really gave a damn when rich old Timothy Packard was picked up with the knife in his ribs. Even though he was bumped off, the papers would have carried only the regular great-loss-to-the-community quotes and dropped him in a couple of days. But when they arrested his 26-year-old wife, that was something else.

Eve Packard was the loveliest thing that ever was inside the courthouse. The photographers had a picnic. From the time she was pulled off the boat until she went on trial for murder there were not many days without pictures, of Eve leaving the jail, of Eve entering court, of Eve pleading not guilty, or just of Eve.

The indictment was long and complicated, but even the rewrite men caught the drift of it and there wasn't anybody in town who hadn't read all about the case. The people who tried to get into court to hear the trial were lined up for blocks.

Eve was slight of build and superb of shape. Her hair was black and glossy. She wore it drawn back under a crepe turban.

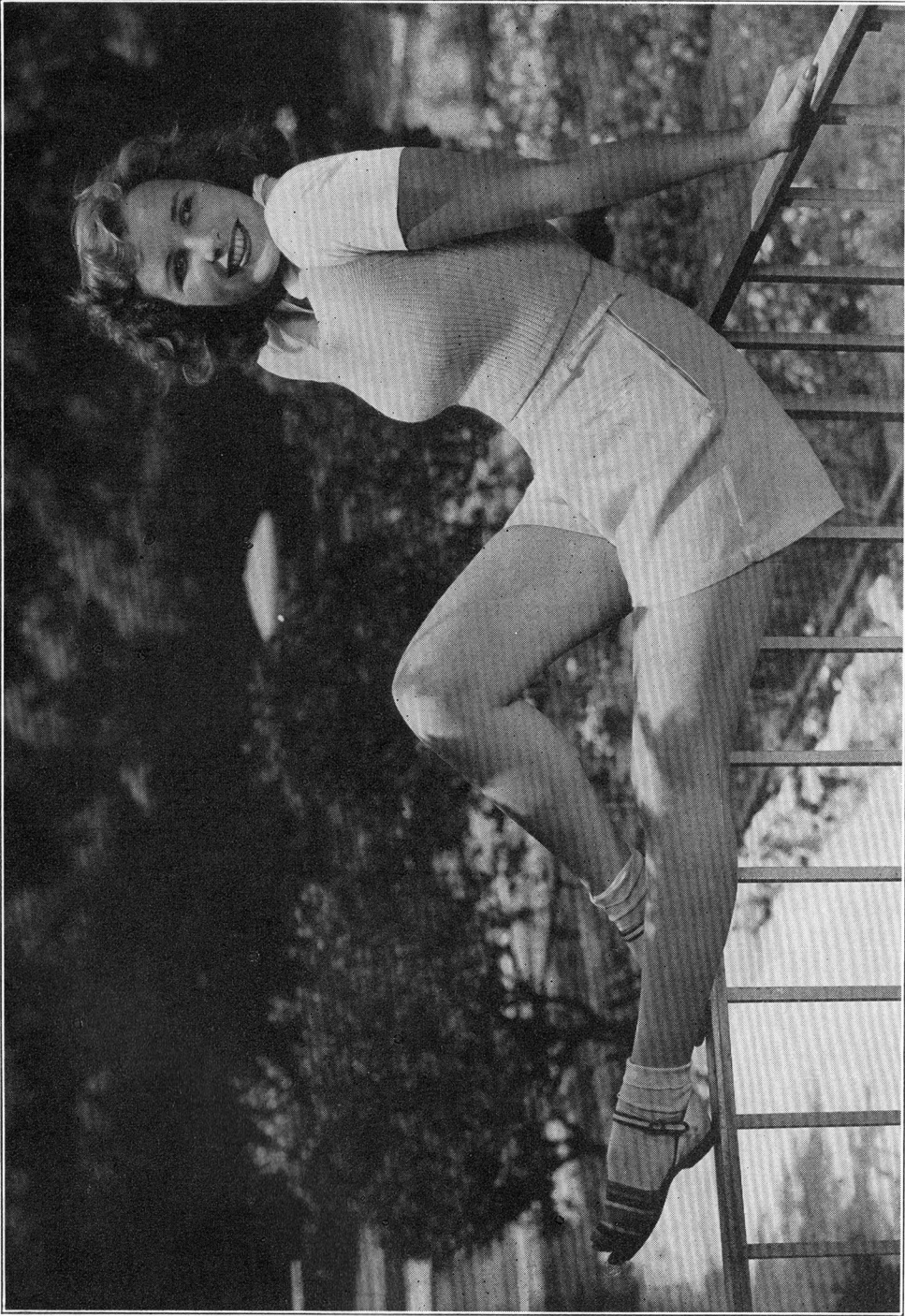
Beneath this her face was white, the way women's faces are when they are scared. She did not move at all, day after day, except her hands. Her hands never were still.

Eve sat still and stared at the jury. And Juror Number One, who was DuQuesne, the artist, watched Eve. That is, he watched her hands. His gaze never left them while they twisted and writhed, now clenched, now limp, but always moving and tortured.

DuQuesne watched Eve's white hands while the witnesses testified that rich old Timothy gave his young wife a dagger on her birthday, for a paper cutter. They testified Timothy quarreled with her one night and that there was silence in the bedroom all night, as though nobody were there. Next morning this turned out to be not the case. The servants found old Timothy cold as a herring, with his wife's dagger stuck neatly between his fifth and sixth ribs. Killed about midnight, the coroner said.

There was no sign of Eve or her clothes and luggage. She had packed up in a hurry

*(Continued to Page 13)*



**JUST A BABY**—vaulting lightly out of her crib—to see the world for the first time. This world being Hollywood  
—and the baby being Baby Mary Maguire of the film “Alcatraz”.

Globe Photo.



**THE HANDS***(Continued from Page 11)*

and left. They caught her on a liner, just before it cast off for Europe. She had left a trail a mile wide.

These facts, the prosecutor roared, left no doubt whatever that Eve had got rid of her husband in the simplest way and dashed off pell mell in guilty flight, against the peace and dignity of the State and so forth. He was a smart prosecutor and he knew his publicity, especially when it came and snuggled in his lap. So he thundered this conclusion again and again. Eve's hands were the only thing about her that moved during this condemnation. DuQuesne, the artist, never heard it. He was watching Eve's hands.

DuQuesne watched her hands when she took the stand and swore that she ran away after the row and left Timothy storming up and down the bedroom. Her lawyers brought out that there were no fingerprints on the dagger. They did even better, her lawyers did. They turned up three surprise witnesses who said (their stories tallied wonderfully) that about 1 a. m. they saw a man climb out of that bedroom and run away as fast as he could. Finally the lawyers proved that Eve was on her train and in her berth at midnight.

DuQuesne, the artist, didn't hear much of this either, because he kept watching her hands. He turned to look at them when the jury filed out to deliberate and a true verdict render. A couple of the sob sisters observed DuQuesne looking back and wrote quite fetchingly about it.

The public and the newspapers thought that verdict would be just a formality. But one day, two days passed without a word

from the jury room. On the third day DuQuesne, the artist, read the verdict. Eve listened, twisting her hands, and did not move, even when DuQuesne, with his eyes straight upon her, concluded, ". . . guilty as charged and we fix her punishment at death . . ."

The defense appealed and appealed and the prosecutor with the bull voice, who wanted to be governor as much as anybody, countered with cold legal skill. There was no error of law, he bellowed, and if the jury chose to disbelieve the defense witnesses, that was their right, that was their duty. Appellate justices bobbed their heads and said the same thing in their opinions.

These appeals kept Eve on the front pages right along and she did wonders for the street sales. There was nothing in the papers about DuQuesne, the artist. Those fellows don't make very good copy.

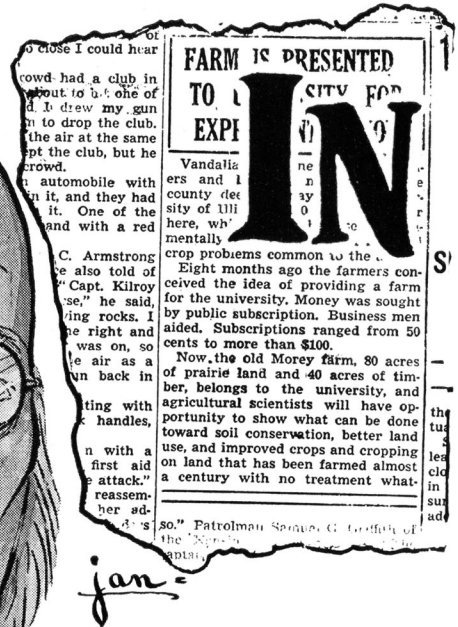
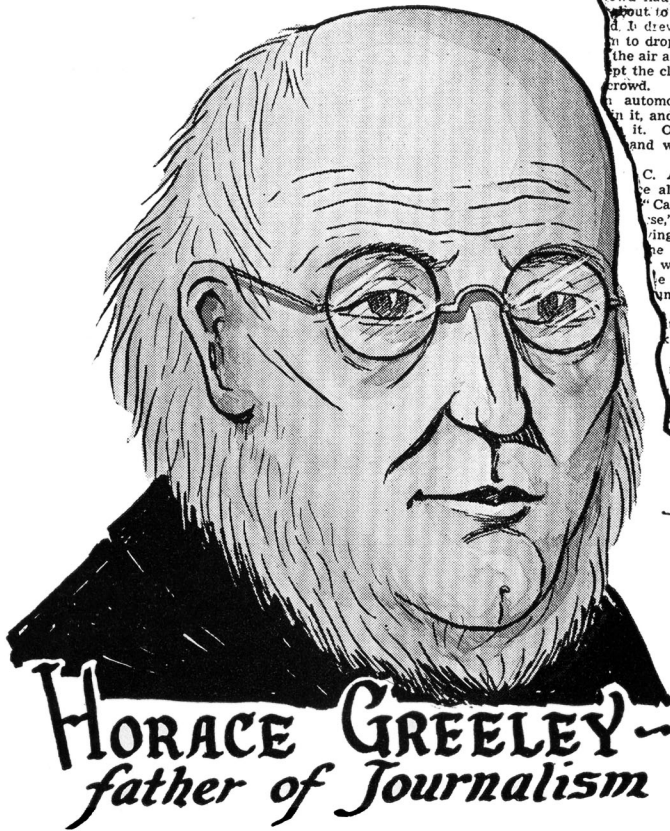
Eventually they took Eve down to the chair and afterwards surrendered the body to her family. This was fully reported the next morning. There was a great deal in the papers also about how DuQuesne, the artist, was found in his studio, dangling from the looped belt of his bathrobe. His face was purple and his tongue protruded. This dressed up the story no end, especially parts of the letter he pinned to his undershirt:

". . . it was her hands. So white, so tortured. I couldn't think of anything else. Her hands were never still. And they were so white! They needed rest. The other eleven wanted to acquit her. Guilty, maybe, but not proved, they said. A reasonable doubt. But I kept thinking of her hands, of how beautiful they would be, folded in peace on her breast."

**COLLEGE CAPERS**

**PROFESSOR:** "What's that! You say you don't know how many grains make a scruple?"

**FLIP CO-ED:** "Yes, and what's more, I don't give a dram!"



Father: "Well, did you enjoy yourselves?"

Mother: "Yes, we had a much needed respite from the heat of the sweltering city."

Father: "What time did you get in?"

Mother: "We arrived with the returning hordes that poured into the city by every incoming train and boat."

Little Oswald: "The trains, taxed to their utmost, disgorged us at about 5 o'clock, Daddy."

Father: "You came home at the peak of travel."

Mother: "Yes, we were engulfed in the tanned and sun-burned throngs that fought their way, tired but happy, through the crowded railroad station."

Little Oswald: "At times, daddy, the vast multitude strained the patience of railroad attendants and special police were detailed to handle them with the least confusion, but there was no panic and little disorder."

Mother: "Bad as was the influx, the exodus was worse."

Little Oswald: "Oh, it was an awful





exodus, daddy."

Father: "I'm always afraid of exoduses."

Little Oswald: "This exodus was a pre-holiday exodus. It began twenty-four hours ahead of time and lasted well into the small hours of the holiday itself."

Father: "Hadn't the railroad officials made ample provision to handle the traffic?"

Mother: "Oh, yes; the service had been greatly augmented. Practically every train was run in three sections. They left the station at short intervals on an intricate schedule prepared under an unprecedented strain by a tireless traffic department under Superintendent Eagan."

Little Oswald: "You should have seen the railroad station when we went away. It was black with pleasure seekers."

Mother: "Hours before each train departed there was a long line of eager vaca-

tionists before each ticket window."

Little Oswald: "Station Master Pluvius F. Mohonk stated that within his thirty-five years' service he had never seen such a precipitate retreat from the city's heat."

Father: "It was a record outpouring."

Mother: "At times it took on the aspect of a hejira."

Father: "Still, the seaside was nice when you reached it, was it not?"

Mother: "Yes, indeed. The skies smiled down upon the merry hordes disporting themselves in the briny and on the sands. Over 50,000 pleasure seekers visited the resort during the holiday, and merchants reported their biggest business in many years."

Little Oswald: "The weatherman did himself proud and won the thanks of the delighted public."







**HOW THEY GUARD GREAT  
BANK VAULTS NOWADAYS!**

They put Roselle Towne—as shown here—in front of one, and all the burglars forget their burglarizing. Very simple!

Globe Photo.



## WITH LOVE TO THE EDITOR

By **ARNOLD FLETCHER**

**L**UIGI BECALLI rocked back in his chair with a sigh of happiness. Things were good and by next Christmas he would be with his family with enough salted away to provide for himself and the other Becallis for a long time.

Outside, a tiny bell tinkled and a Salvation Army Santa Claus tramped through the snow, his tin cup held in foolish solicitation in this bypath of poverty.

"Santa Claus." Luigi chuckled. He could see Marie's face when she saw the big doll he had sent her; and Benito—wait till he got hold of that soldier outfit; and mama. Oh, mama! He visualized her shaking her gray head, holding her sides and laughing.

"Ha-ha—that Luigi, never he forgets to send me raviola. He knows what mama loves.

Real Italian raviola."

Good old mama. A good thing she didn't know what her son was doing in far-away Chicago. She thought he was a watch repairer.

Luigi smiled in the darkness of the flat and watched his cigarette glow, then fade slowly into dull ember as the greyish ash covered the ember.

Luigi Becalli, Louie—the Torpedo, the best bomb maker in Chicago's underworld. Owing allegiance to no gang czar, but, working purely as an independent business man, he made and addressed all manner of bombs, charging and receiving large sums for his expert services.

His last venture was to net him two grand. It was well worth that money, too, as it was

his most fool-proof explosive up to now.

Luigi smiled as he thought of the editor of the *Daily Herald* opening that Christmas package. Well, it served the damn fool right. The next editor would be more careful how he crusaded against organized rackets.

Suddenly, to his ears, strangely muted by the falling snow, there came from the street below, the cry of the evening news-hawks.

Rising and stepping to the window, Luigi raised its protecting frame and called into the night.

"Hey, kid—Daily Herald."

In a second, pounding footsteps sounded on the stairs and a tattered newsboy, looking like a rosy gnome in his snow covered mack-inaw, stood in the door holding a wet newspaper in a grimy hand.

Paying no heed to the boy's muttered thanks, Luigi unfolded the paper and gazed

at the headlines with a frown of puzzlement. No mention of any bombing. Oh, hell, probably the editor was one of those guys who never opened their packages till Christmas day.

Outside the dusk had changed into a deep blackness. The wind had risen and blew through the half-open window a hurrying crowd of flickering crystals that shone for a brief second on the frayed rug.

Luigi Becalli paid no heed to the biting draft or the drifting snow flakes. He stood, erect and motionless, his eyes on an article half way down the front page.

"Everyone loves an editor. Among the Christmas gifts received by our genial chief, was one from an apparently Italian admirer. Enclosed in the package, a hilarious group of reporters found a—shiny new soldier suit, a big doll and a large can of real Italian raviola."



## TIME SURE FLIES!

"What is the last thing your boyfriend does, after he kisses you good-night?"

"He goes as far as the gate, comes back and kisses me good-morning."





"He's a vegetarian."





**M**ORTON strolled out of the sweltering town toward the airport. Not that it was what one would call much of an airport, just a long shed-hangar, a bungalow where the boys hung out, and a good runway. The mail-planes stopped there regularly to refuel. Beyond the landing-field there was just sugar-cane. Sugar-cane. More sugar-cane.

It had been a sickeningly hot day, but now there was a whiff of breeze. Morton took off his hat and let the faint coolness finger his hair. All day he had been working at the books of the Royale Sugar Company, and 3's and 5's danced in his brain like midges.

Everything was quiet at the airport. Evidently no plane was expected tonight for not a soul was in sight except Jocelyn, who was lolling in an old arm-chair propped against the wall of the hangar. He seemed asleep although a cigaret dangled from his lip.

Morton sat down on the bench usually occupied by loafers when a mail-plane was expected. He would wait until Jocelyn woke up. This was no climate for a white man anyhow. How quiet and pleasant it was

# WOMAN in a

out here under the sky . . . Mustn't let himself get sleepy though. . . .

Suddenly Morton sprang to his feet. A plane was taxiing down the field. Funny he hadn't heard the motor in the sky. . . . It was distinctly not a mail-plane, but looked rather as if it might belong to some wealthy amateur. All shiny with chromium.

Jocelyn came running. When the steps were ready, the crew stepped down while gasoline was being taken on. Foreign-looking. Heads sleek as seals.

Suddenly, framed by the oval door, there appeared a woman, smartly gowned, and wearing a white hat with an upstanding silver quill. The crew stood close, but she came through them, up to Morton, and spoke to him in painstaking English.

"What is the name of this place?"

"San Juan . . . In the sugar-trade."

"Would I be safe here?"

"Safe from what?"

"War?"

"We have no rebellion on our hands just now . . ."



# WHITE HAT

written by  
**ALMA PASCHALL**

"You are married?"

"No, madam."

She seized Morton's hand and began to pull him toward the road which led to San Juan. He drew back, frankly afraid. Who was she, a spy? An escaping prisoner? A refugee? Any of these might mean trouble for him, and while his job was a long anguish of dullness, he was unwilling to lose it yet. But he found himself being drawn along.

A bullet hissed over their heads, and a command came from someone at the plane. Whatever the language, there was no mistaking the meaning, for it was accented by another bullet. Morton stopped.

"We must run!" There was no resisting her appeal.

Her hand tightened on his and again they were running along the dark road between the thorn bushes. He could scarcely keep up with the woman in the white hat. Suddenly he tripped and sprawled headlong. As he passed out, he felt her pressing some object into his hand.

Groggily Morton staggered to his feet. Jocelyn had been patting his face with water.

"What became of her?" demanded Morton.

"Who?"

"The woman in a white hat."

"There has been no woman here."

"And the plane?"

"There has been no plane."

"But yes, there was a plane, and a woman!"

"But no . . . Morton, I have warned you to be careful in this heat. There has positively

been no woman."

"Wearing a small white hat with a shiny feather?"

"No woman, either with or without a feather. You have had a stroke, perhaps."

"Didn't they refuel their plane here?"

"Morton, you need a stimulant. There has been no plane, there will be no plane until the day after tomorrow. Come in. I will give you a drink that will clear your head."

"How did I get back here to this bench?" asked Morton, as he followed Jocelyn.

"You have never left the bench."

"Never . . . left the bench?"

"Not until you rolled off."

Morton sighed and remained quiet while Jocelyn shook up a cocktail. This he sipped cautiously from the frosty glass.

"Now has the woman gone?" asked Jocelyn, his eyes kind.

"But how do you account for this?" asked Morton, laying a ring on the table in front of Jocelyn. "She gave me this."

Jocelyn took the ring gingerly into his hand and turned it about. "A trinket such as this can be bought in any shop of San Juan. It is of no value. Doubtless you grasped it when you fell. See how tarnished and dirty it is?"

Morton began to talk about something else, and presently he rose to go. He thanked Jocelyn a little samefacedly.

"Never you mind, pal. Come out again soon. I won't let the women get you."

Morton walked slowly back into town to his own not too comfortable quarters. His

head was swimming a little, whether because of the heat, the cocktail, or the woman in the white hat he didn't know.

The next night he found himself again on the road to the airport. Might as well. Nothing else to do.

As he came up to the field he heard the roar of a motor. Taxiing across was a long foreign-looking plane, much ornamented with chromium. It came to a stop. From it, as soon as the steps were placed, came a beautiful woman in a white hat with a silver quill. She came toward him.

"Would I be safe here?" she asked, in accented English.

"No, madam," he replied coldly. "You had much better return to the plane."

She gave him a long mournful look, returned to the plane, and soon became a part of the air.

Morton stood and rubbed his eyes, shaking his head and trying to awaken himself. When he felt that he could be rational, he went into the bungalow.

Jocelyn sang out when he saw him, "You should have come a few minutes earlier, Morton. A plane from Rio just refueled here. They had one passenger, a woman, quite the most beautiful I ever saw. She wore a dress from the Rue Faubourg, and a white hat with a feather."

Morton's knees went weak. "Better fix two cocktails," he said. "One for each of us."



**Watch for the NEW 10 Story Book**

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**UNUSUAL AND DIFFERENT**





# Popper writes to De Son Meelton

What he's in de collitch a student

Deer Meelton:

Iss hokay de collitch, Meelton ? Iss missing moch de hum ? I'll hoping wit very sancerey dot you'll shouldn't gat de humseeckness fur de Mommer end de Popper, wot your a grun-hup hadult now end shouldn't gat de humseeckness.

Iss making goot de stoddies ? Remamber, I dunt vant you should come hum in de sommer wecashen wit a bed repott cart. I want you should gat planteh haducashen in de collitch so you'll should bicommm a smot men like de Prasideent Rutzvelt odder Meyer Wukker odder even yat de Popper, mebba even smotter, who could tall ? Dunt for-gat wot I'll tul you habout a haducashen has got a cesh velue batter yat den a seexkerets blue white dimons.

DE POPPER

Spikking of de smottness, I dunt knowing wot I'll doing wit de dopeh bruddeh Sidneh, wot he's soch a dope dot I'll not knowing should I put heem in de panatenshury odder yat make from heem a G-man. Soch gray hares he's geeving de Popper dot I'll soon lukking like de Senta Clus. Was honley chost today dot I'll gatting from de preencipal of de skul a latter wot it's saying, "Deer Meester Finklebaum ; Chost a copple lines to lat you know dot de son Sidneh, wot he's in de feeft grade in de skul, won from ull de odder cheeldren een de skul a debating cunttest, wot de hargument was tees : WAS CHULIUS SIZZER DE WOILD'S GREATEST CHANERAL OR WAS HE NO ?

Now I'm esking, wot ees de deeference to dot dope Sidneh wedder Chulius Sizzer was de bast chaneral odder yat de bast reebon clerk? Should he be debating hopp ull de odder poor cheeldren chost bikoazz dey shouldn't hagreeing weet him, de big bully? Eef it's a price-fiter he's wanting to be should he practice de training in de skul? Batter yat he should saving de hanergy wot he could do some woiking weet it.



MOMMER

End why should de preincipal, wot he's ulso a dope, wasting de time to talling me ull habout eet? He's tink-ing, mebba, I should be proud, hah? Batter yat he should steeking to de beezness end not wasting de texpayers' moneh on soch silleh latters, wot dey'll custing too sants heach de pustage. Well, ennahow, when de bruddeh Sidneh he comes hum from de skul dees hefternun I'll showing heem wot eet's feeling like to gat a goot debating, wot I'll geeving it to heem weet a harse-brosh.

Well, Meelton, de beezness ees ponk dees mont. Dot doity geniff opp de street, Goldberg, wot he's soch a smot-elek, ees geeving planteh trobble. A copple wiks hago I geeving a monster fire end benkropsy sale, wit de pure wool soots salling for \$17.98 wit a haxtra pare pents free. At de same time Goldberg, de doity robbeh, geeving a sale at de same price, unly instad of geeving free de haxtra pare pents he geeving free a latest Perris style women's hat wit heach soot. So wot should be de resolt but I unly had WAN costimer, wot he wasn't rilly a costimer et ull bekuzz of de fect dot he wanted de free pents wit-hout buying de soot but Goldberg, oy, oy, soch a beezness he did. Was halmost a copple pippel keeled in de rosh, wot halmost every women in de ceety made de hosbands go buy a soot so she should get free from charge de Perris hat. I'm esking, is he in de cludding beezness odder yat de meelinery beezness de doity robbeh.

Was nottin haxiting doing de oddeh hevening, so I'll de ciding I should take de Mommer to a talkie. So I'll looking de noose-pepper for a goot wan wot I seeing a hedwertize-ment fur a re-run culled de "SINGEING FOOL," weet a Meester El Julson. Was teenking eet was mebba a fonneh peecture habout a tailor wot singed ull de pents, so we'll gun to see it. So ennahow I dunt know yet wot is de minning of de "singeing," wot nobuddy deedn't singe nottin (mebba El Julson he's a tailer in de reel life, hah?), but Meelton, how dot Julson could SEENG. Oy, oy, eef I could seeng  $\frac{1}{2}$  or even  $\frac{1}{7}$  as goot I'd be on de stage, beleef me. Eet's rilly a doity shame dot Mrs. Florence Zeegfeld odder Oil Carol shouldn't greb heem opp kweek end sine hees name to a contrect. Dey should make a forshen. Beleef me, Meelton, dees boy Julson is wot dey culling on de spoting page a "comer." On de stage he should make a meelion in no time heacy, I'm pradeecting. He made de Mommer crying like he was a honion she was pilling, weech is halways de pruf of a good hector.



MEELTON



GOLDBERG



SIDNEH

Well, Meelton, I'll should feenishing de latter now, wat I shouldn't have nottin more I could saying. Dunt forgot you should writing de Popper rill soon end telling heem ull

habout de Collitch.

Yours weet wery trully end regods,

DE POPPER.

(Per H. N. WEBSTER)



"I have nothing to say, your Honor—unless you care for risque jokes."

**HOLLYWOOD HOSS TRADERS***(Continued from Page 10)*

Unfortunately I had already wired you fifty dollars before your typical letter came. Were it not for this and the approaching holiday season I would be tempted to relieve you of all representation and responsibility as my West Coast Agent.

Please, as quickly as possible undo the harm you have done, take the book out of Mr. Dineen's hands with a diplomatic explanation to him and as quickly as possible by some means get it before Mr. Wenzel, or the story dept. at Brutal Pictures, Inc. In the event that Mr. Deneen proves difficult I am expressing you another copy of "Simpering Sally" for you to use in contacting the Freckles Smithers producers. This is all extra expense as well as my having to airmail and special letters to you. I have not as you know been in the habit of conducting my business this way. I believe in saving everywhere possible, so please do not make it necessary for me to expend anything further beyond routine costs. If you can sell this book for me where it should be sold it will mean a very nice year end check for us both.

Let me know immediately you have rectified your mistake and also Abe Wenzel's reaction to the story.

Very truly,

Daniel Garfield

P.S. I trust you have redeemed your typewriter and taken care of your apartment rent. Which reminds me your idea of price on this book is insanely high. \$3500 was my most fanciful expectations for all rights on it.

6242 Sunset Blvd.  
Hollywood Calif.

Dec. 13, 1938

Daniel Garfield  
Publisher  
318 Westcott Dr.  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Old Sock in the Mush,

I'll bet the ticket sellers on the Chicago Elevated stations love to see you come up to the window at rush hour with a dollar bill, just another change counter, over and over.

I am not placing "Simpering Dolly" with Wenzel for you or the Marines. If you want it in front of Wenzel why the hell don't you go on a spending jag and send him a night letter explaining what a heel I am in giving Dineen a peek at the book for Dimples, and then AIR MAIL HIM A COPY OF THE BOOK . . . wouldn't that make you spend and spend. On second thought you better not unless your personal physician thinks your ticker will stand the strain.

Fred Dineen has the book, not only the first copy but also the second one you sent as he came over to the flat last night and said he had misplaced the first one after getting half way through it. Made a feeler of two grand for all rights which I laughed off after the second drink. No sir, Fred is my pal and when I get a good thing he gets a piece of it.

You are further crazy if you think my idea of price is high on this book, better leave it to me Chief Coldfoot. I know a thing or two or three.

Luv and kitheth

Eddie Boy

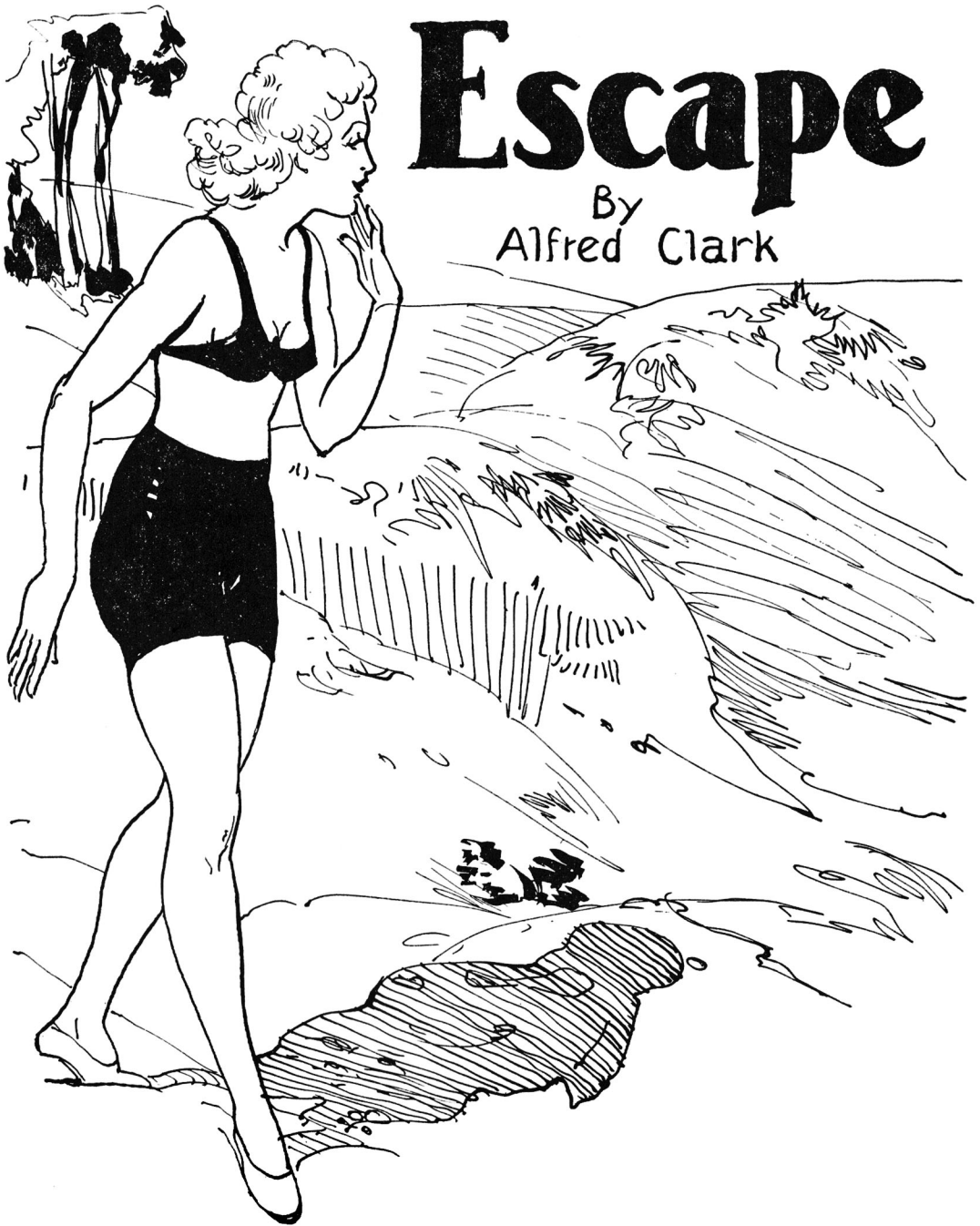
By Night Letter via Western Union  
To

MR ABE WENZEL  
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER  
FRECKLES SMITHERS UNIT  
BRUTAL PICTURES INC  
HOLLYWOOD

MY WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE EDWARD BURKE HAS DELIBERATELY DISOBEYED MY INSTRUCTIONS AND PLACED WITH DIMPLES DINEEN PRODUCERS A BOOK SIMPERING SALLY BY ELIZA DUANE AND PUBLISHED FROM

*(Continued to Page 37)*



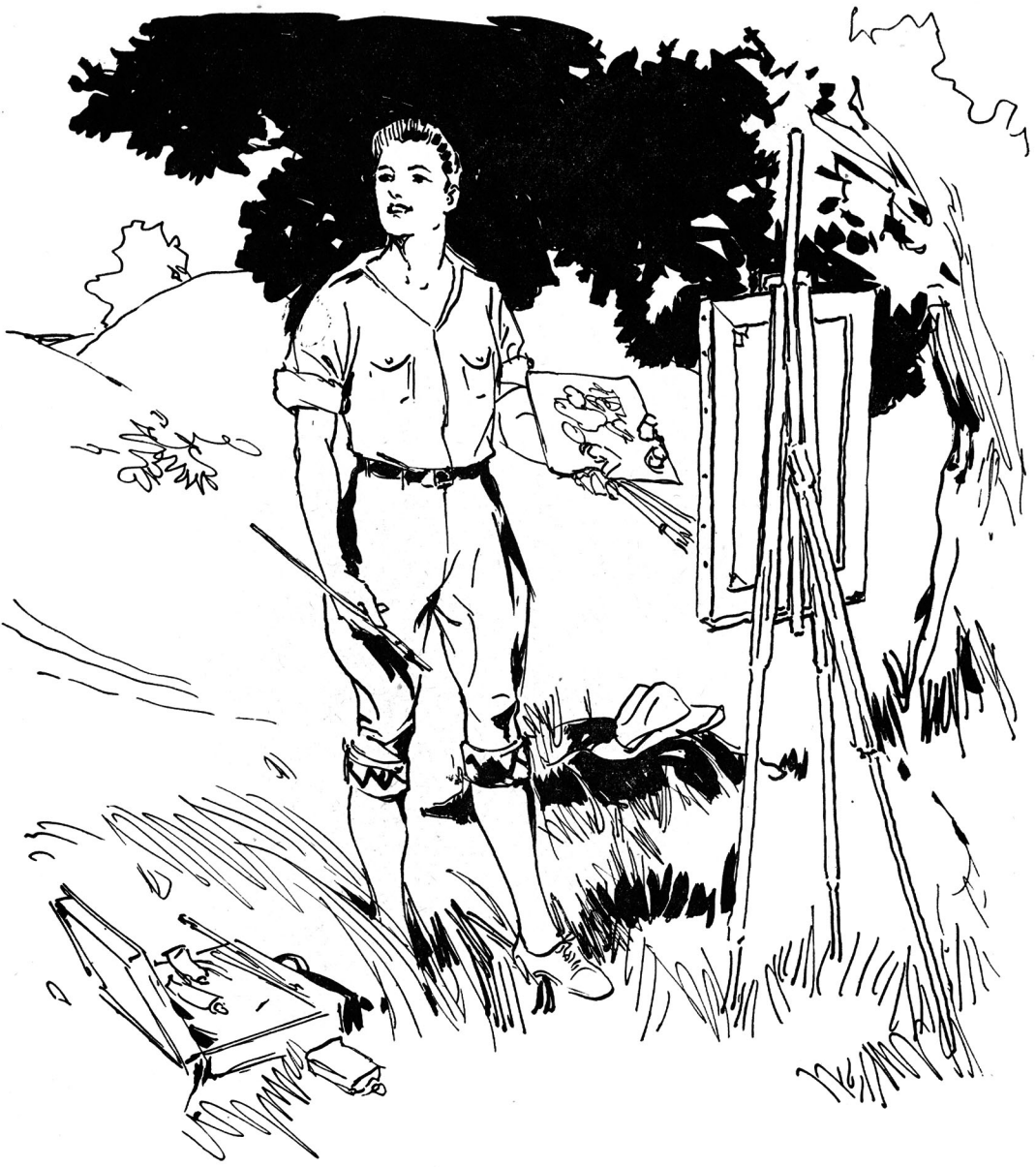


# Escape

By  
Alfred Clark

**I**T WAS a warm afternoon at the Indiana Dunes. She had slowly wandered along the shore for some miles, attired in a modern two-piece bathing suit. She

was admiring the glorious line of yellow shore backed by green-tipped hills melting into the blue distance. She could not afford a holiday this year. She had not had one



for eight years. The depression was over—or wasn't it? But it seemed as if real prosperity would never return.

Eight years ago she had had a holiday. Eight years ago that very day, as a girl in her teens, she had wandered in the Gardens at Versailles.

That, too, was on a sunny summer after-

noon. She had sauntered meditatively through the Gallery of Battles, Baedeker in hand, and looked the length of the famous but artificial landscape of Le Notre. Wherever on the right stood a statue, another statue matched it on the left. Every tree, shrub, and geometrical flower bed on the left had its twin on the right. The great object

of the design was to get two sides alike. We have since learned to admire nature in its wild infinite variety; but in the days of *le Grand Monarque*, an unspoiled natural landscape, such as the Dunes shore line she now beheld, would have been thought uncouth, savage.

The iconoclastic realism of the French Revolution was to shatter this Dresden china heaven.

The Gardens as she had seen them were beautiful though neglected, as were also the Palace itself and the Trianon. Life had passed them by. They were now merely show places for visiting Americans.

She did not wish to go back to Versailles. She knew that Europe was experiencing a depression worse than anything we had ever imagined in these United States. The people of France were immersed in their business, their poverty, their fear of war, and their general misery. She imagined the Gardens were more deserted than ever. Besides, it was not Versailles itself she longed for. She merely sought escape from Chicago, with its worries and miseries. That was what brought her on week-ends to the Dunes. She felt, however, she had wasted her carfare, for she had not succeeded in forgetting Chicago—which meant forgetting herself. At this thought, she rebelled. She did not want to forget herself, but to find herself; and to find herself free, emancipated from Chicago and all it stood for.

The breeze from the the Lake was cool, but the sun was hot. At Burns Ditch she turned aside and, passing between the cottages and traversing the outermost line of Dunes, she lost herself in the woods. She scarcely saw the people she passed. She might have played ball, or gone in swimming with the bunch she knew, but she avoided them. They were part of Chicago, and she wanted to forget Chicago. But it pursued her. It was with her wherever she went.

Had she been in Versailles, she would still have been in Chicago. She smiled sadly, as she remembered the old excuse for getting drunk, that it was the easiest way out of Chicago. But she had never been drunk, and she feared "the morning after". She passed beyond the wood, and descended a slope of yellow sand. Here, in spite of the heat, and the tumult of her thoughts, she paused for a moment to drink in the vista. The marshy bottom was bordered by a rich green, shading into brown towards the center, where a stretch of deep blue water reflected the cloudless sky. The green was flecked with bright yellow and purple blossoms, and at the far end where tall trees arose, a large patch of flowering cactus gave a touch of vivid gold. The cut and dried landscape at Versailles seemed tawdry.

But again her thoughts rushed back to Chicago. If only she could forget it and all it stood for. Versailles would have one advantage over the Dunes. If she had met any one in the Gardens of Le Notre, it would probably not have been a Chicagoan, perhaps not even an American.

She remembered descending the steps of the Place and encountering a polite foreigner who spoke English with an enchanting accent, and the thrill she experienced as she let him scrape an acquaintance with her. She had so pleasant a time, and as the evening shadows deepened he raised his hat and bade her a courtly adieu. He seemed a gentleman of the ancient regime come to life again. It was not improbable he was descended from the old nobility. He had a title—or so he said. It was likely enough that he spoke the truth. So many continental Europeans have perfectly genuine titles, and his card bore the name "Le Marquis Jules Du Puis." A title means nothing where thousands of people possess one. But it seemed romantic to have a flirtation—yes, let her be honest with herself, that was the

right word—with a genuine marquis, even though it was quite possible he was a sales clerk, or even a laborer. But no, he could not be that. His hands were soft, and he was certainly a cultured man. He spoke English, too, after a fashion. At least she understood it better than he did her French.

As these thoughts floated through her mind she felt a welcome lightening of spirit. She was really putting some distance between herself and Chicago.

The hot sand was burning her feet, and she began to move towards the cool grass below. Suddenly she saw, above a low bush, the upper part of what proved to be a painter's easel. Involuntarily she slackened her pace, then stood still, watching an artist's putting deft little finishing touches to a picture of the scene which had entranced her. He had not seen her, and she felt shy at being discovered impertinently looking over his shoulder. She could not go forward without being seen, and she did not want to turn around and re-climb the hot slope. The painter paused and stood back from his work, taking a critical view. She moved her foot and a twig snapped. The artist turned his head.

"Ah! Mademoiselle you have been watching me painting."

His accent and appearance seemed French: clean shaven, dark hair standing up straight without any parting, of uncertain age and courteous demeanor.

She blushed beneath her one day tan.

"Sorry—I didn't mean to butt in. I've only just come."

"You need not apologise. I am glad to see you. What do you think of my picture? It is nearly finished."

She was not an artist. She felt her inability to say anything that would not be hideously banal.

"Oh! Fine." She felt her remark revealed

the nakedness of her culture, which embarrassed her more than that of her body, though she was alone in the wood with a strange man, and in a two-piece bathing suit.

"I am flattered, Mademoiselle. Come, see this scene from where I am standing."

The sand was burning her feet. There was no plausible escape. Where the easel stood the grass was long and cool, and the shade of a large oak promised protection for her blistering back. As he seemed so courteous, so natural and harmless, almost involuntarily she walked around the bush. Then suddenly she changed her mind, waved her hand to him and turned towards the little footpath beyond the easel, which went in the direction she had intended to go, skirting the wood and the marsh.

"Why leave me so suddenly, Mademoiselle Rose?"

She started.

"How do you know my name?"

"Have you forgotten me?"

"JULES?" she exclaimed, "or am I dreaming?"

"Not unless I am dreaming the same dream," he smiled.

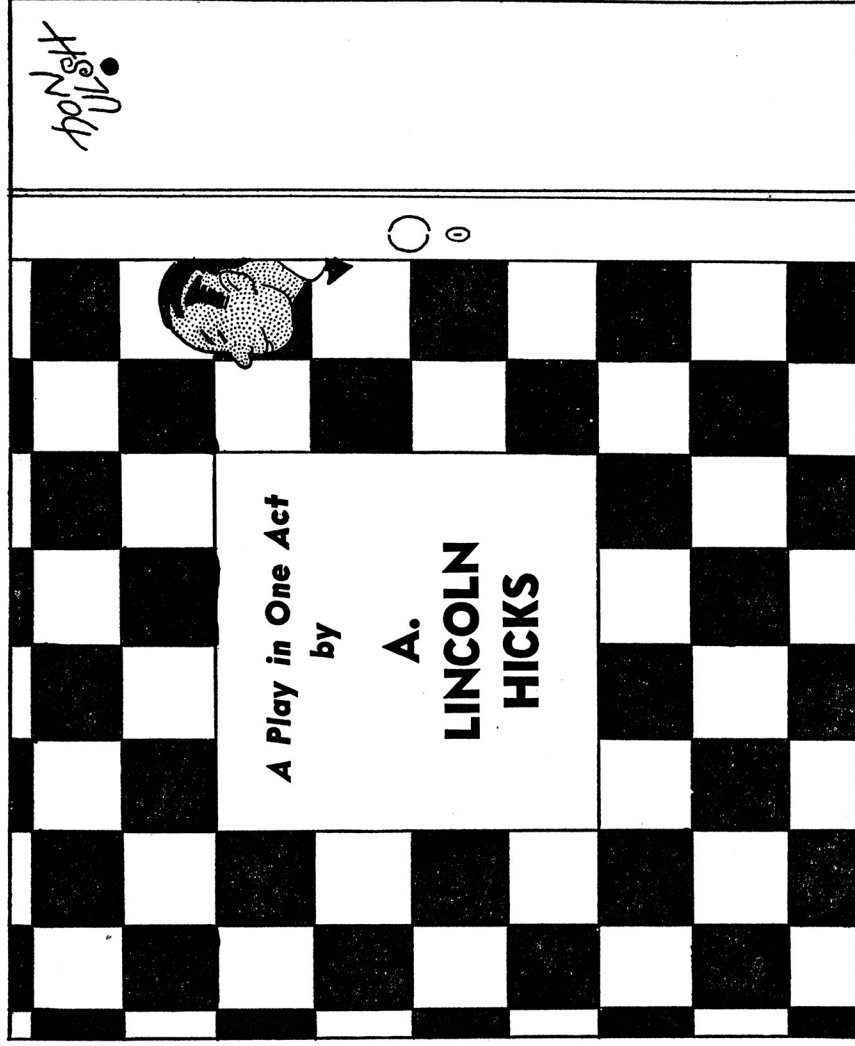
They faced each other. She hesitated. It really was Jules, the Marquis. She felt the hot sun. She touched the trunk of the tree with her hand. The ground was firm under her feet. There was no doubt about it she was awake. Her subconscious prayer had been answered as if by a miracle. But what should she do? She had only met him once before, and spent a single afternoon with him. Besides, it was one thing to be romantic with a stranger in a public park and quite another in a wood, and clad only in a two-piece bathing suit. But on the other hand was not this just what she had wanted? Would not another afternoon with him be just one more pleasant memory? She could go on

*(Continued to Page 45)*





# THE CASE OF THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT or



## HOLLYWOOD BUYS A STORY

By the same author: "The President Needs Advice," "Heinz Minus Pickles" "Cloudy California" and "The Barren Diones."

This little playlet has been especially designed for production and reading by

phone numbers.

The action of the play is set in the ornate and inner grandeur of Throttlebaum's Private and Executive bungalow on the Bellicose Lot. A massive desk centre a throne

drawn across the throat, sometimes known as the Sign of the Double Cross. He waits a minute, clears his throat, Mister Throttlebaum looks up from script impatiently.

THROTTLEBAUM: Oh, so it's you, G. P. well where is it? Give it to me! I'm

your own home town Writers Guild and is faithfully dedicated to those brave souls who have or vowed to submit a scenario to The Hollywood Film Factories for their Plagiaration, Mutilation, and Condemnation.

## THE CAST

(*In the order of their appearance and salary*)  
Sid Throttlebaum.....Big shot

producer of Superepics for Bellicose Pictures.

G. P. De Moron.....Assistant  
and official echo to Mister Throttlebaum.  
(Also a relative by matrimony.)

Miss Teidlebaum.....Exec. Secretary,  
and adopted niece by a former bankruptcy, to "Sid."

Orville Astigma.....Head Reader,  
Story Department, Bellicose Pictures,  
Hollywood, California.

Miss Glace.....Assistant  
to Astigma and "one of the finest pals  
in the world to help a guy review a  
script over the week end."

"Lenseye" Barnet.....Cameraman  
for the Throttlebaum unit.

Ryan Danielson.....Casting Director  
for Bellicose.

Gloria Dixie (Danielson).....Ryan's niece  
by a former marriage. She gets fairly  
regular work by using the name Daniel-  
son (although she has no right, heaven  
knows) when applying to the casting  
window. Unkie Ryan sez "Give her a  
break, boys, blood is thicker than tele-

chair from the prop room behind it . . . on  
the desk phones and phones and buzzers and  
dictos. A secretary's nook in one corner.  
The remaining space is cluttered up with  
Early Renaissance statuary, Mid Victorian  
chairs, and deliciously inviting Late Grauman  
couches.

Note—In the original and unbridled version  
of this play which was given at the Arth-  
ritis Club of Pottstown, Pa., a prologue  
and epilogue was used. It was omitted or  
forgotten after the first performance, it was  
abstract trivia anyway, having to do only  
with the author before and after he sent  
the famous script to Hollywood. What-  
hell, after all, he's only the author, and as  
they say at the Fillum factories, "Sure this  
Midsummer Nights' whatsis is a good yarn,  
plenty production in it, BUT WHO THE  
HELL EVER HEARD OF THIS GUY  
WHATSHISNAME THAT WROTE  
IT."

And so . . . on with the show.

At the curtain, Throttlebaum is seated at  
his desk, deeply engrossed in a manuscript  
he is reading and which he has extracted  
from a pile at his elbow. In fact, he is so  
deeply engrossed that it is hard to believe  
that he hasn't a copy of Ballyhoo folded in  
behind the script, but no . . . he is really  
looking at the script.

G. P. (De Moron) enters briskly up cen-  
ter, stops before desk, makes short bow, ac-  
companied by the Hollywood Salaam, you  
know, the action of the forefinger being

busy and in a hurry!

G. P.: I'm sorry, Mister Throttlebaum,  
but I haven't been able to locate the script  
you mean. I've looked everywhere, even  
over in the hack writers' cell block, thinking  
their "grapevine" might have smuggled it  
in to them in order to give them an idea that  
would effect their release, but it ain't even  
there, so there!

THROTTLEBAUM: Listen, G. P.,  
somewhere around this lot is a manuscript,  
"The Deep End." I looked it over, it's a  
story of small town life, boy goes to city,  
meets vamp, you know, goes up fast and then  
Phhhhhht. Some punk back in New York  
wrote it, never heard of him. I want that  
script to put in Iris Divot's hands tonight for  
her next picture. I got ideas about the thing,  
change the title to "The Cheap Hens," move  
the action from city to country, make the girl  
the lead . . . and yuh got somepin. Now  
get the hell out of here and find that story.

G. P.: Yes, chief. I remember the story,  
'member I brought it in to you first. I got  
a new angle on it, too. I think it's good  
(*Mister Throttlebaum appears to keep right  
on reading his script*) you see we change the  
name to "The Leap Ends," build it around an  
airport, aviator and his girl friend innocently  
get mixed up with a gang of air mail robbers,  
boy finds out, tells gal, they both go up for a  
last air ride and leap . . . suicide . . .  
strong scene where they go over the cockpit  
. . . they jump and land on the plane of  
the air mail gang . . . big fight, boy makes

good by capturing plane and gang along with mail he let 'em get away with. Good eh? (*Throttlebaum appears not to know of G. P.'s existence.*) Well, I gotta go over the Sound Department. I'll get Miss Teidlebaum after that script for you.

(*As he closes the door behind him, Throttlebaum peers around to make sure he's gone, then grabs pencil, makes few notes on paper on desk, then resumes ms. reading.*)

(*Miss Teidlebaum enters from left, she affects a Mae West stance, the Harlow swing, and the Garbo putt.*)

MISS TEIDLEBAUM: G. P. gave me your memorandum on that script that's missing, Sid, you know, the one we read together at Arrowhead over Thanksgiving. I can't

(*When he is sure she is gone, Throttlebaum makes copious notes on another sheet of paper on his desk. Then places both sheets in his inside coat pocket. Picks up his script again and appears to read, as Orville Astigma enters from left.*)

ASTIGMA: I'm sorry, Sidney, but the only check I have on that script Miss Teidlebaum says you are looking for is a memo that I recommended to your unit with some changes. I thought the title could be changed to "We Keep Friends" and build the thing around an international adventuress and female spy, who after a long career of intrigue in which she sells her very soul, dies in an attempt to keep her boy friend at home from discovering her true nature. I think it will



## *In Every Issue of* **10 - STORY BOOK** **A ONE-ACT PLAY**

find it, looked everywhere, even called my maid, had her look to see if we, that is if I could have left it around my boudoir anywhere, but 'no peanuts' it just ain't. I 'member it well, I gave an idea on it . . . you 'member . . . changing the name to "We Weep and Lend" y'know, sort of a mixed up story about a couple guys get tired of their wives and start swappin' y'know it rahhly happened out here . . . and then it winds up in a bedroom farce in reverse where the guys really get into their own wives' bedrooms . . . by mistake. I think we could get it past Hays and Brennan alright, y'know, dress it up. (*Throttlebaum keeps on reading.*) I'll check with the Story Department an' see if they have anything on that script.

click. (*Throttlebaum still has his nose buried, well partially buried, after all a Throttlebaum nose is not to be buried so easily . . . in the script.*) I seem to remember seeing "The Deep End" around the camera department a few days ago. I'll contact Barnet on it and see what he can tell you. (*Sidney appears not to see, hear, or smell Astigma.*)

(*As Astigma bangs the door after him, Sidney again makes some lengthy notes on paper and it joins the others in his pocket.*) (*Barnet enters through a window playfully knocking over a fine marble of Venus De Milo.*)

BARNET: Looka, Throttlebaum, I haven't got that script you're looking for. I did read it, a friend of mine, Miss Glace in

the Story Department, asked me to look at it for camera angles. I did and got a new slant on it. You know change the title to "To Sleep When," make it one of those Calgarri Cabinet things, weird, girl under spell of fiendish scientist, boy goes to rescue, big laboratory shots, electrical transmigration of souls and personalities, boys soul gets into scientist by mistake and vice versa, surprise ending girl marries scientist, boy carries on search for good 5c soul transformer. Ha, ha, good, eh? (*To Throttlebaum, Barnet doesn't exist.*)

(*Barnet starts upstage to leave by center door; as he does, Miss Glace enters center door quietly, they clinch in an eighty foot tonsil massage, and as Throttlebaum stirs uneasily, Barnet goes on out slamming the door behind him. Throttlebaum immediately grabs his trusty pencil and goes to work on another notation as Miss Glace comes slowly down stage. Throttlebaum, realizing he is not alone, quickly drops pencil and resumes interest in manuscript.*)

MISS GLACE: Sorry to bother you, Throttle, old boy, but that manuscript you are looking for, I'll try and buzz him on it. He introduced it on the lot and I looked at it first. I had a good idea on it . . . changing the title to "To Sleep When," make it one of those Calgarri Cabinet things, weird girl under spell of fiendish scientist, boy goes to rescue, big laboratory shots . . . (*Throttle, old boy, perks up here as if seeing double, then turns to Miss Glace.*)

THROTTLEBAUM: Gerradahere, can't you see I'm busy?

(*Miss Glace turns with a swirl and a fillup and goes up stage, turning to thumb her proboscis at Sidney behind his back . . . then the door booms after her.*)

(*Throttlebaum sneaks a peck, and sure no one has slipped in on him as before, starts to make another sheet of notes, stops for a moment as if having difficulty remembering, then finishing the notes, puts them with the rest.*)

(*Ryan Danielson and Gloria Dixie enter hand in hand through the French window opening to the lawn; they stop at the side of Throttlebaum's desk as he slowly turns over a sheet of his manuscript to stare at the next.*)

DANIELSON: Say, Throt', old sock, about that manuscript you can't find, as a matter of fact, here's the little gal that brought it on the lot, gentleman friend of hers sent it on to her to get it in for a reading. Now I got an idea on that thing, let's switch the title to "It All Depends." It's a triangle angle, one of those big sister and little sister things, both trying to hold the big banker boy friend. Little sister goes glorified all over trying to outdo the big gal, Big sister has the little gal kidnapped by boyhood sweetheart and they fall in love. Big Sis sees way cleared for banker's love nest when the banker outsmarts them all by marrying a rich widow who can cover up his short count at the bank. I kinda had in mind my niece here, you know her, Gloria Dixie, for the little sister part . . .

(*Here Gloria gives a whoop and pointing to the script that Throttlebaum is still hiding behind says.*)

GLORIA: Why, there's the script you are all looking for: what dumb clucks! That's "The Deep End." I'd know one of m'boy frens scripts anywheres even if I didn't see the name on it . . . Look, Throtty, this is the one you're looking for.

(*Throttlebaum goes red, white, and blue, grabs script back out of Gloria's hand, stutters, hems, haws, sputters, starts to call his lawyer, then remembers not to. Laughs weakly.*)

THROTTLEBAUM: Yeh, yeh, I know just a little joke. Forget about it, forget all about it, and Gloria gets a nice fat part in the picture . . . yeah sure, yeah sure . . . good day.

(*On their exit, Throttlebaum makes another set of heiroglyphics on his note paper and plants that one with the rest in his pocket.*)

(*He then throws the key on his desk Dicto*

and calls for Miss Teidlebaum to come in. She enters center and comes up, stands alongside of his chair, her notebook and pencil poised for action.)

THROTTLEBAUM: Take an interoffice memo, Miss Teidle . . . fer Gawd's sake, stop breathing that way. Passion, hell! that's croup! Memo to each . . . G. P., Mr. Astigma, Miss Glace, Mr. Barnet, and Ryan Danielson . . . Subject, story conference . . . After some hard work on my part, I personally found the missing manuscript, "The Deep End." I have decided to make this story with some changes and ideas of my own put in. I may retain the original title or I have in mind, "The Tree Bends" in its place. The rough idea on changes is *(here he extracts notes he has made from his pocket, upon which are drawn funny little men and animals and houses such as the Egyptians of old were wont to use for decoration and story upon the sides of their umbrella jars.)* I will put the story in an international air service setting, *(he continues to search through his notes as he dictates)* with a woman adventuress and her little sister trying each to land a big, foreign banker, there will be a sequence where the banker turns out to be financing a scientist, who is attempting a soul-switching machine for wealthy widows. There is an angle in it where the adventuress is reunited with her home-town boyfriend, who is an aviator . . . she helps him fool some air bandits . . . please report to my office (Bungalow 21) at 11 A. M. tomorrow for discussion on this and be prepared to

advise me on the practicability and costs of the story as here laid out.

Take a letter to . . . *(here he picks up script of "The Deep End")* of . . . to . . . the author of that . . . "Dear Sir, After looking over your script, 'The Deep End,' which has come to me from our story department, I find that in its present form, we could not use it. The story is weak, and in spots impossible. It would be possible perhaps, with the injection of some new ideas in this, that we might be able to allow you something for what we might use of it, which would be, maybe, a small part of the title for which we are prepared to offer you \$300.00 at this time. If you are interested, please notify our legal department in New York and they will close with you. Yours", so and so, oh yes . . . Miss Teidlebaum, "P. S. Of course, you understand that in buying any part of the title, we expect to retain the entire script as our property, worthless as it apparently is. This will be explained to you in the New York office."

THROTTLEBAUM: That will be all, Miss Teidlebaum.

*(Teidlebaum starts off, then turns:)*

TEIDLEBAUM: Shall I read this letter to you before I send it off?

THROTTLEBAUM: Why do you always have to rub it in????? You KNOW, *SOMEBODY* has to READ it to me.

CURTAIN.



## THE BOOZE-HIC! GOES 'ROUND AND 'ROUND

A stew went to sleep one afternoon leaning against a large tree. When he woke up it was dark. He pulled himself up and started walking around the tree feeling with his hands. After a couple of revolutions he sat down and groaned, "My Gawd! I'm walled in!"



**HOLLYWOOD HOSS TRADERS***(Continued from Page 27)*

THIS OFFICE STOP THE STORY IS EMPHATICALLY A FRECKLES SMITHERS STORY STOP FITTING THE SMITHERS CHILD TO A T STOP REGRET THE ABOVE HAS HAPPENED AND AM AIRMAILING YOU A COPY OF THE BOOK TONIGHT STOP TRUST YOU WILL GLANCE OVER AT LEAST THE FIRST TWO CHAPTERS WHICH WILL I AM SURE CONVINCE YOU I AM RIGHT REGARDING ITS CASTING STOP MIGHT SAY WITHOUT APPEARING TO BE TOO FORWARD THAT A TENTATIVE OFFER OF TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS HAS BEEN MADE BY FRED DINEEN DIMPLES FATHER TO MY FORMER REPRESENTATIVE STOP THIS CANNOT BE DEPENDED UPON HOWEVER AS THEY SEEM TO BE MERELY A PAIR OF SWASH-BUCKLING LIQUOR ADDICTS STOP FULL LETTER OF EXPLANATION IS WRITTEN ON THE FLY LEAVES OF THE AIR MAILED VOLUME.

DANIEL GARFIELD

6242 Sunset Blvd.

Hollywood, Calif.

Dec. 14, 1938

Mr. Abe Wenzel  
 Brutal Pictures, Inc.  
 Hollywood, Calif.  
 Dear Abe:

I know you don't think a terrific lot of me but the fact can't be overlooked that I have thrown one or two good yarns your way as well as pulling a couple of your Super-Specials off the red side by gagging them up for you on the retakes.

Recently I made a terrible mistake and I am afraid my boss in Chicago (Daniel Garfield) may release me. It was I who put "Simpering Sally" into the hands of Fred

Dineen for Dimples when I know in my heart I should have sent it over to you. It is a Freckles story. I cannot at the present time rectify the mistake but I hope that should Mr. Garfield send you a copy you will give it your every consideration.

The Blasted people through Dineen have offered four thousand for the story to date but deep down in my heart I think it is a Smithers kid story. Please let me know if there is anything I can do at this late date to rectify the matter.

Very sincerely yours,

Edward Burke

Comedy Constructionist.

BRUTAL PICTURES, INC.

Inter-office Communications

To— Mail Clerk, Front Gate

From— Mr. Wenzel

Subject—Air Mail matter

Please be on the lookout for airmail parcel containing book from Chicago. See that it reaches my office immediately upon delivery.

AW

To— Story Dept.

From— Mr. Wenzel

Subject—Book, "Simpering Sally" author  
 Eliza Duane, Pub. by Garfield, Chi.

Why hasn't someone scouted this book? Why the hell has the Dineen unit had it for consideration for that damned Dimples for two weeks and I don't see it? It's a Smithers kid story and the Dineen brat gets it . . . get up off your hams you bums or you'll be crying in the front office again. AW

To— Miss Smithers

From— Mr. Wenzel

Subject—Story for next picture.

My dear little girl Freckles I never would believe how you have growed up until I read your note left for me on my desk. You shouldn't darling use such big and ugly words. Of course Uncle Wenzel is getting you a good story, one like you say you can get "something besides your teeth into" I think it will be from a book already pub-

lished, won't that be nice, and lots of chance for you to be naughty in. Unky Wenzly

BRUTAL PICTURES, INC.

Hollywood, Calif.

Dec. 16, 1938

Mr. Edward Burke,  
6242 Sunset Blvd.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir Bum:

You are a low life no good chiseling soanso, if ever you put foot on this lot again I'll have it thrown off you.

You are no pal to Dineen, this I know, you are pals to nobody, you double crossing chiseler, I call you it again. Ask me for a job fixing my pictures, ask me that's all.

Respectfully,

A. M. Wenzel

P. S. The least you can do is call me up and let me know how high I got to go to beat the Blasted people to "Simpering Sally"—for 2% on what you save me.

Daniel Garfield

Publisher—Literary Agent

318 Wescott Dr.

Chicago, Ill.

By Air-mail Special Del.

Dec. 20th, 1938

Mr. Edward Burke,  
6242 Sunset Blvd.,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Burke:

I have just closed tentatively with Mr. Wenzel for "Simpering Sally" for \$8,000. Three times he raised his bid of his own volition and for no reason except that he likes the way I do business. I am packing a few things to leave tomorrow on the Whippet Busses for Los Angeles to close the deal in person. Miss Eliza Duane will accompany me as a fellow passenger to supervise her first motion picture adaptation and production.

Be notified hereby therefore to terminate any dealings you may have with Dimples Dineen, her father, and the Blasted Pictures Corporation. I have allowed you to go this

far simply because a Garfield House word is as good as its books and to show for the future that we stand behind our representatives in any dealings they may begin regardless of our own feelings or profit.

I feel it necessary to notify you that because of your actions and conduct in this matter your association with this house will terminate immediately and hereby enclose a check for thirty dollars your two weeks drawing account in advance.

With sincere regret that I could not have more pleasant news for your holiday season and wishing for your future only the best,

I remain, Sincerely,

Daniel Garfield.

P. S. Will still be more than delighted to handle any of your semi-humorous literature at the usual agent's rates.

By straight Western Union wire COLLECT To DANIEL GARFIELD, 318 Prescott Drive, Chicago, Ill.

UNPACK YOUR RUBBER COLLAR AND INDESTRUCTIBLE TOOTH BRUSH GREELEY GARFIELD AND STAY EAST THERE'S ENOUGH ON THE RELIEF ROLLS OUT HERE NOW LET ELIZA COME ON AND CROSS THE ICE IF SHE WANTS TO GET HIT WITH TURKEY BLADDERS AND HAVE THE CHAIRS PULLED OUT FROM UNDER HER STOP THAT'S WHAT THEY DO TO SUPERVISING AUTHORS OUT HERE STOP I CLOSED WITH ALPHONSE TUCKER WITH A T NOT AN S OF PUTRID PRODUCTIONS FOR FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOR ALL RIGHTS TO SIMPERING SALLY STOP LEAVING ME LAST NIGHT AFTER SIGNING HE SAID AS HE FELL INTO A TAXI QUOTE I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS THING WITH A MIDGET EDDIE STOP I'M SICK OF THESE SWEET AND SOUR FACED KIDS CUTTING INTO MY BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS

AND I GOT A PERFECT 36 INCH HIGH MIDGET BUILT LIKE A BABY WHO WILL TAKE EM LIKE GRANT TOOK RYE AND BOURBON COMMA YOUR BOSS' CHECK WILL BE IN THE AIRMAIL YET TONIGHT UNQUOTE AND IT WAS AND I SAW TO IT THAT IT WAS STOP YOUR FRIEND WENZEL HISTED HIS BID THREE TIMES BECAUSE I CALLED HIM THREE TIMES WHEN THE DINEEN KIDS OLD MAN HISTED THREE TIMES STOP I HAD TUCKER FOR AN ACE IN THE ARMPIT ALL THE TIME STOP MY BIT OUT OF THIS SHOULD BE HALF OF YOUR LEGITIMATE BIT WHICH SHOULD BE TEN PER CENT AND PROBABLY IS TWENTY FIVE PER CENT STOP IT SHOULD BE MORE FOR ME GIVING YOU A GRAND LESSON IN HOLLYWOOD HOSS TRADIN AS PRACTICED BY THE MORE ADEPT CHISELLERS AND GULLET SLITTERS OUT HERE IN THE BALMY AREA STOP NOBODY WANTS ANYTHING OUT HERE UNLESS AT LEAST TWO OTHER PEOPLE WANT THE SAME THING STOP I PLANTED THE YARN ON DINEEN IN THE FIRST PLACE KNOWING THE INTENSE AND OVERWHELMING LOVE BETWEEN THE DINEEN AND THE SMITHERS KINDERGARTENS STOP AFTER THAT I JUST LET THE CLIMATE TAKE ITS COURSE STOP

WITH A LITTLE NUDGE HERE AND THERE AND A HELPING HAND FROM A MIDGE WHO USED TO BE ON THE DE KRACKO SHOWS WHEN I WAS PRESS AGENT FOR THEM AND OLD LOUSY FRED DINEEN HAD A TEN IN ONE FREAK SHOW IN THE SAME OUTFIT STOP I'LL TAKE A FIVE DOLLAR RAISE ON THE WEEKLY DRAW AND WIRE MY CHECK FOR A GRAND TO THE HOTEL ROOSEVELT HERE STOP AFTER ITS ARRIVAL AND FOR THE NEXT THREE WEEKS MY ADDRESS WILL BE SECOND CUSPIDOR FROM THE RIGHT STOP SLOPPY JOE'S PLACE STOP TIA JUANA STOP MEXICO WHERE THEY KNOW HOW TO PUT YOU TO BED AT NIGHT STOP AM BUYING MY TYPEWRITER AND TAKING IT WITH ME TO THE FRONT STOP OF THE BAR STOP WILL TRY AND DO SOME STUFF FOR YOU WHILE INCUMMUNICADO BUT BELIEVE I WILL TRY MY HAND AT DRAMA STOP SOMETHING ABOUT AN UNSCRUPULOUS AGENT DRIVING HIS PUBLISHER BOSS ACROSS THE HOLLYWOOD STEPPES IN A BUGGY THE WHILST THEY ARE PURSUED BY A PACK OF SLAVERING STUDIO WOLVES STOP OR WOULD THAT BE DRAMA TO YOU QUERY

ADIOS AMIGO

EDWARD BISMARCK BURKE

●

**The ODDEST  
Stories Printed in  
America or England  
are Found in  
10-Story Book  
Nuff Sed!**

*Picture By*  
Wm. O. Roberts

**“Y**A CAN’T sit on the stairs with me, Tony. Ya can’t! Leggo my arm,” insisted Maymee. “I gotta go an’ pay the landlady my rent. I’m allus a week behind. If I don’t come in the minute I gits my pay, on Saturday noon, she comes up an’ jaws me.” Maymee’s gray eyes flashed with resentment. She advanced several steps along the narrow, shabby hall toward a partly opened door to the rear of the staircase. “An’ I gotta mend my skirt. I tore it on the machine this mornin’.”

“You likes me, Maymee?”

“Yes, I like you, Tony, if ya ain’t American, an’ can’t talk good United States,” she answered, with a smile.

Tony’s dark boyish face quivered with a world of devotion. “Maymee, I—”

“Aw, cut it out,” she sighed. “Don’t start follerin’ me ’round again. I won’t hook up with ya, Tony.” She lowered her voice. “Cookin’ over a gaslight fer two is worse’n fer one! I tol’ ya that a hundred times. I ain’t gonna listen to ya!”

“Maymee! You listen never when I try tell. Maymee, please! When I sall my fruit stan’ I go—”

“Goo’bye, Tony.” Once more she attempted to reach the door leading into the landlady’s kitchen.



“Oh, Maymee, never I pay rent no more. I—”

She paused, her hand suspended toward the knob, her little slender form tense. “The cops gonna git ya? Ya goin’ to jail!”

“No, no, I got house, Maymee. I own heem.” His voice squeaked in his exultation.

An expression of wide astonishment

# QUAIL

by

Donna  
Reith  
Scott

"MAYMEE," he began pleadingly, holding aloft the blackbirds.



dawned in her eyes, and then disappeared in incredulity. "Ya don't know what 'own' means, Tony."

"Sure I own house. Make heem mysel'. An' little piece of land. Oh, fine place, Maymee. I am plant grape, an'—"

"Cut out the fairy tales. I can tell you, no feller's gonna git me with a line a hot gush. The truth fer me."

Tony's sturdy, brown-clad form straightened. He raised his hands and eyes in vow-like attitude toward the cracked ceiling.



"Sure! I make 'em my-sel'!"

"What ya make?"

"My fine house, Maymee. Marry me. You can have. All furn'tu—all ever'thin'."

"Ya mean ya got a house in the country that ya own?"

Words failed him; he nodded his head in violent acquiescence.

"Ya never hafta pay rent? An no-body kin put ya out? An' furnished?"

He clasped his hands emotionally. "Sure. Sure!"

"An' yo wanta marry me?"

"Aw, Maymee, I walk hand on feet!"

"Ya sure ya ain't lyin' to me, Tony?"

"Oh, not lie. I save—save—I sall stan'. Get land. Make fine house. Fix fer you, Maymee. Nice lace on winder. My sester sen—I write—tell my house."

"I guess ya ain't lyin'. Tony, an'—"

"Marry me, now, Maymee, please!"

"I sure like ya, Tony, if ya ain't American. Aw, Gawd, nothin' but work fer eats an' rent," she ruminated, unconsciously running her fingers over the clawed plaid of her skirt. "A house in the country!" Suddenly a soft pink that made her pretty beat into her cheeks. "Sit down on the step, Tony," she whispered, "till I put on my glad rags."

"Maymee—" With a rush of feeling he extended his arms.

She pushed him gently aside, and patted his shoulder. "Wait 'till we git in our own house, Tony,"—she pitched her voice unnecessarily loud—"where there won't be no-body snoopin' 'round."

She rapped at the partly opened door. "Here's your rent, Mrs. Topins." There was a grumbling reply, a hand grasped the money, and the door was slammed.

Maymee sped lightly up the rickety stairs and Tony leaned against the banister and sank into a rapturous dream. When she reappeared, she wore a blue serge dress and a coquettish blue velvet cap on her straw-colored hair. She carried an ample cloth handbag.

Tony regarded her with excited admiration, relieved her of the handbag, and closed the door after them into the October sunshine.

An hour later when they emerged from Justice Smith's rooms in San Francisco, Tony, beaming in Latin rapture, was scarcely able to find the sidewalk, teeming with a chattering crowd. "Come," he said in tones that trembled with love, drawing her arm closer, "we go eat swell place."

"No, Tony," she declined. "What kinda stove ya got? Gas?"

"Gas? Country. No, no. Wood. Make mysel'. Tree ever'where."

"O-oh, great! Oven?"

"Sure."

"It'll be grand to cook a dinner in our own kitchen on a real stove." She giggled with joyous anticipation. "Hurry. Where we git the street-car, Tony?"

After several hours' journey by trolley and jitney and a walk on an ascending road in a canyon, cultivated here and there, with hazy blue mountains in the distance, they drew near to their destination.

Tony tremulously pressed his wife's hand, and motioned to a mass of juniper twined with poison oak and wild roses. "Back tree, Maymee, you see house."

They dipped into a hollow, fragrant with the perfume of the roses, pushed aside some branches and came within a dozen feet of a tiny, rough shack. It was a rough shack with a touch of soul; Tony had felled trees and had fashioned a pergola across the front.

Immovable Maymee stood for a moment, her lips apart, her eyes staring. "My Gawd," she cried finally, "do you call *that* a house?"

"Maymee—"

"It's nothin' but a one-room gol-darn shack! Call that a fine house? I'm goin' right back. Ya liar, Tony. I'm goin' right back!" She swung round, sobbing, and began to patter up the hill toward the road.

He grasped her arm. "Aw, Maymee, you marry me. See porch—I fix. Think all you."

Tears choked her throat and blurred her vision. She snatched away her arm. "Come inside, see how nice? Fix other room, bye, bye, Maymee, please!"

After a period of pleading, she protestingly allowed herself to be led inside. With the hand of a lover and the eye of an artist, Tony had mingled the limbs of the buckeye and the willow and had achieved a table, a bench and an armchair. A cheap bed, an old cookstove and a large trunk constituted the remainder of the furniture. Pictures, taken from magazines, were grouped under the two lace-hung windows.

"Sit-down, Maymee," he begged, bringing forth the chair.

She petulantly refused.

"Hungry?" he asked with an apologetic laugh. "I fix soup." He took a half-gallon tomato can from the window ledge, and placed it upon the stove. He stepped outside the door to pick up some kindling.

Indignation was swelling up within her. She took the can from the stove, sniffed at the contents, and then hurried to the door. "Call that a kettle," she sobbed, "an' that dago stuff—soup!" She swung the can toward him. It slipped from her hand; the spaghetti, tomatoes and onions rolled into the weeds.

"Maymee," he said sorrowfully.

She banged herself down on the foot of the bed, her face buried in her arms, her shoulders heaving.

He bent over her and attempted to embrace her. "Maymee, mus' get use to house."

"Don't call it a house," she jerked. "If—if—ya'd called it a—shack—I'd know—what to—expect."

"Maymee. No cry. Hungry. Not like soup, so I—" He paused listening to outside sounds.

"Yes, I am hungry." She rose and made her way to her handbag. "I'm goin' back to my room, an—"

He continued as tho he had not heard the last remark, "I get, Maymee, quail."

"What ya gonna git?"

"Quail for Maymee."

"Quail! Only swells have quail—on toast. Some kindda bird. I heard about it. Ya can't stuff me with a new line a goff."

"Sure, Maymee." He unlocked his trunk and brought out a gun. "I eata quail ever' day."

"Point that outside. I—I don't believe ya."

"I get—than you believe?"

"All right," she said in a resigned manner. "But if ya ain't back in a half-hour with a bunch of 'em, I'll know ya been stuffn' me."

He departed, twisting his head to gaze at her adoringly. "Not lie, Maymee. Bring quail for weddin' dinner."

He hastened up a trail leading into a grove of scrub oak and manzanita, where he heard quail calling. As he scrambled through the brush, cottontail and other game ran or flew about him unheeded. He was determined on quail.

He moved along a rush fence, adjoining a grain field. Before he got near enough to shoot, a flock of plump quail, with a whirr like a miniature airplane, rose in the air. In desperation he took aim. Just then, a screeching tribe of blackbirds flew from the grain field and circled him, flying between him and the quail. Nevertheless he shot, and birds flopped to the earth.

When he gathered his spoil from the leaves and twigs, he found that he had shot six blackbirds. The quail were winging their way to a tall grove of eucalyptus across a deep ravine.

Sunk in gloom, fearing his half-hour had elapsed, he decided to exhibit the blackbirds to Maymee to prove that he was a good shot, and to beg for another half-hour.

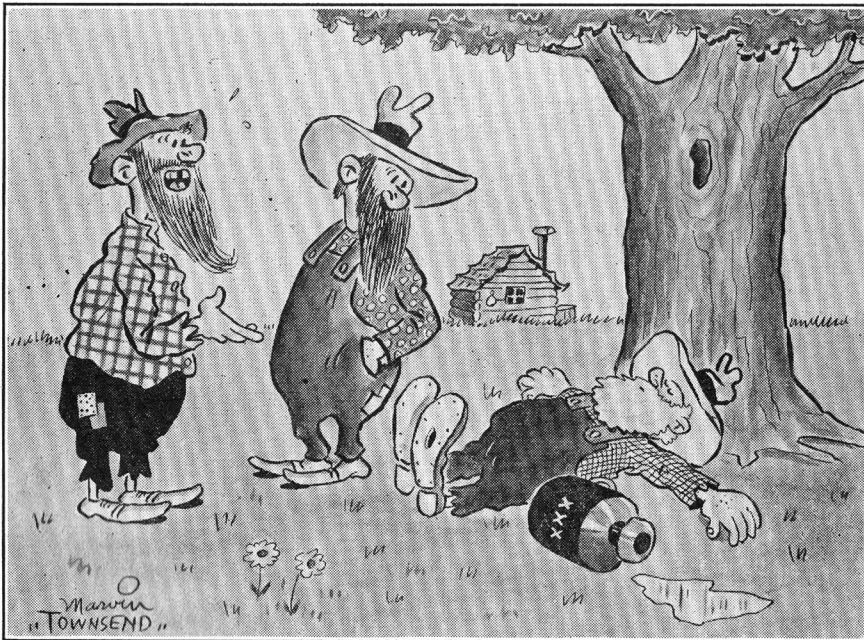
As he approached the cabin, she stood in the doorway, swinging her handbag. "Maymee,"—he began pleadingly, holding aloft the blackbirds.

She whirled back into the room, laid her bag in a corner, tossed her hat onto the bed, and pushed up her sleeves. "Got any spuds?"

In the space of thirty seconds the expressions of astonishment, consternation, joy, determination chased one another over Tony's countenance. He eagerly brought in a pailful of the vegetables.

"I'll cook the spuds," she tendered, contemplating him with proud eyes, "you cook the"—she gestured toward the game—"I don't know how."

When the wedding feast was spread, Tony drew up the bench and tenderly helped her to a seat. She sighed, dropped her head on his shoulder, and proudly regarded her surroundings, tinged with the mauve-russet of the setting sun. "In our own house," she breathed, "an' eatin' quail—ya'd think we was millionaires!"



"I told you we shouldn't have put water in pa's liquor jug—now I bet he's dead!"



**ESCAPE**

*(Continued from Page 31)*

afterwards just as if it never happened, with just one more line written in the treasure book of her memory. She could have proceeded along the little pathway to the left as she had intended, but that would now be not merely discourteous, it would be positively insulting. Besides, she had had such fun with him!

These thoughts rushed through her mind in far less time than it takes to tell them. In less than a minute she was sitting on the grass watching the completion of the picture. In less than five minutes he was sitting beside her.

"Mademoiselle liked me last time we met. Have you ever thought of me since?"

"Sure."

"We kissed."

"Um—um."

"That afternoon nothing in the universe mattered." His voice was deep, and rich, and slow. His manner was gracious, his arm was hard around her waist.

"It does not matter whether we are in Versailles or where we are; or that I am French or you Americaine. It does not matter if you are Protestant, and I—er—perhaps Catholic, perhaps Atheist—perhaps something else."

"No, not a bit."

"And it does not matter what we were just before we met, nor what we shall be again afterwards. It does not matter whether we are married, or——"

She started to interrupt him, but he hastily added:

"I mean for the afternoon, and so long as our happy friendship lasts just for then. Afterwards our paths may lie apart, our

visit to heaven remaining ever afterwards a pleasant memory."

"Yes, indeed."

\* \* \*

The rest of the afternoon was spent very much as on that pleasant day at Versailles, only the privacy was greater. As the sun was setting over Chicago they walked together towards the shore where was the cottage in which she had left her street dress. The Marquis seemed to take it for granted he was to accompany her all the way, but on the shore she paused.

"Goodbye." She shook hands with him.

"I thank you more than I can tell for another glorious afternoon. Whenever I wonder whether life is worth while I shall remember having met you. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Mademoiselle, I shall always be glad I gave you so much pleasure—I may say that we gave each other so much pleasure. We may never meet again. I return to France, you, I suppose, to Kansas City. Goodbye."

They kissed again. Then he walked towards the railroad, she, up the shore to the cottage.

She had not told him she had left Kansas City for good, and had been settled in Chicago almost five years. He lied when he said he was returning to France. She had not told him she was married, had three children, and that her husband was a W.P.A. worker.

He had not told her he was married, had six children, and that his only hope of not having to apply for relief was the early sale of the picture. He was living in Chicago.

Their afternoon at the Dunes is indeed a sweet memory to each of them. In order that it shall remain so it is to be hoped she will never know that he is really not a Parisian but a Rhinelander and an enthusiastic Nazi; and that he will never learn that her name is Rose Rebecca Israelson.

# THE LAST WORD

By J. R. McCARTHY

**O**LD Martin Gilroy fed the seven hens. He was tempted to mend the wire in the chicken yard, just for something to do; but there wasn't any sense in it. He would be moving uptown to live with his brothers in another week or two.

Becky was dead. Now, on the third day, he had finally come to realize that Becky was dead. The funeral was to be that afternoon. All the villagers would come to help Martin Gilroy bury his wife.

Martin smiled. He threw the seven hens an extra handful of grain. He squared his thin shoulders. This was his day and he intended to make the most of it.

People couldn't say he hadn't cared for Becky. Of course he had cared for her. Any man who quarrels with a woman for fifty years and still does not leave her, must love her after a fashion. The only trouble, of course, was the way the quarrels had always turned out. There was no use denying to himself what everyone else knew—that Becky had won every argument in half a century. That quick mind! That sharp tongue! That last word!

But the last word would not be Becky's today. She could not talk now. Ordinarily, according to the local customs, Martin would not be expected to have anything to say either. But Martin Gilroy had planned to upset custom and win his first battle with one stroke.

His sister-in-law, poor Becky's sister, came out of the house and approached him there by the chicken yard. She had an air of proprietorship, lifting her feet rather high for an old woman and surveying the grounds with a satisfied look.

"Well, Martin," she said, "you've kept the fences in pretty good shape."

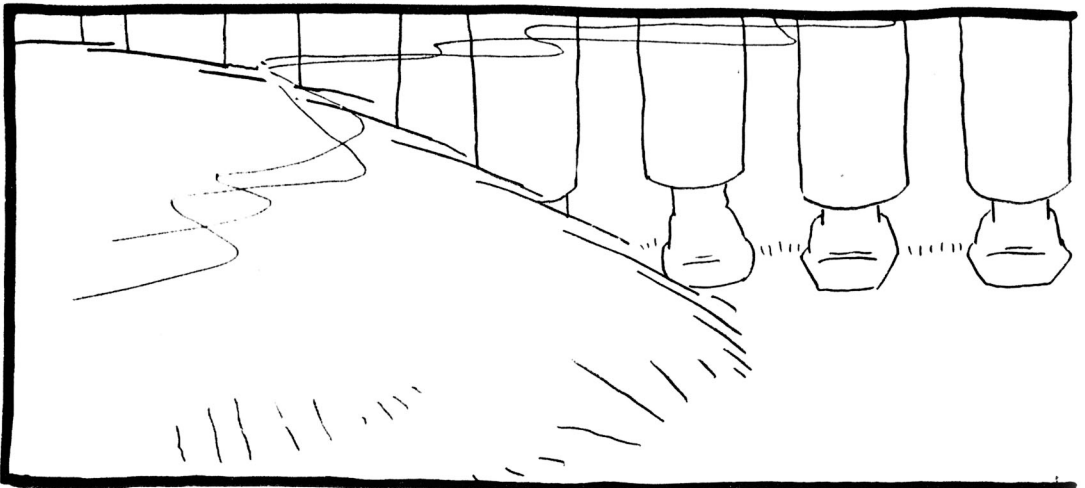
"Yes, Elvira."

"And the roses ain't exactly ruined."

"No, Elvira."

"Thanks mostly to Becky's prodding of you all the time."

"Yes, Elvira."





"Can't you say nothing but yes and no?"

"No, Elvira."

"A smirk on your face, too, Martin Gilroy. As I live and breathe! If Becky was here she would tell you something."

"Yes. But she isn't," said Martin with feeling. "And what's more, Elvira, this is one time when I'm going to have the last word. You just wait and see." He stuck out his chin and wiggled his goatee at her in the way which, he remembered, always roused her ire just as it had Becky's.

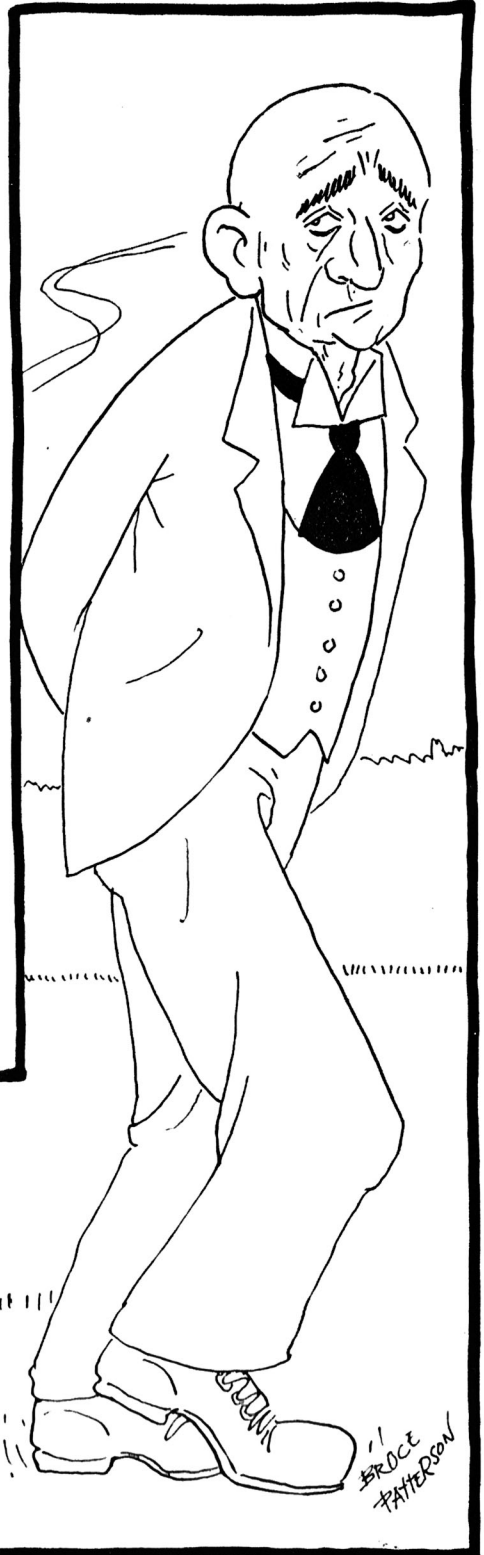
"Oh!" said Elvira. "So that's it, eh? That's just what poor dear Becky was afeared of on her last bed. And I believe you would do it, you wicked old goat you! Well, all I can say is, as soon as the funeral is all over I want you to pack up and get out of here as fast as you can."

"All right, Elvira. No hard feelings. It's your house, of course. Anyhow, you always got your rent on time. There's no answer to that."

"Isn't there? I got the rent on time because Becky saved it out of what should have been clothes and good times and trips. No answer, ain't there? There's an answer to everything."

Martin sighed and walked toward the house. Maybe there is always an answer if the person is still alive, he thought. But it seemed better not to say it aloud.

The funeral was a splendid affair, with the



whole village in curious attendance. Martin, in his good black suit, rode alone in the car behind the hearse, not because he particularly wished to be alone but because the only other person who had a right to ride as a chief mourner was Elvira, and Elvira preferred to ride in her own car.

Martin's plan for final victory was an absolute secret. But the fact that he had a plan was not a secret. The expectant faces of the rapidly assembling crowd in the cemetery proved that some rumor was afloat.

Martin was pleased. The Rev. Mr. Pitkins, in charge of the proceedings, turned to the bereaved widower at exactly the right moment—the last moment. “And now,” said Mr. Pitkins, “our brave and mourning brother will speak a few words.”

“Becky Gilroy,” said Martin in a firm voice, “was an excellent and dutiful and patient wife. Her patience was unbelievable. If there was work to be done, or a fight to be

won, she would remain at her labor or in the battle until the last syllable. The last syllable. Now that she is no longer able to speak for herself, I am sorrowfully happy to say, in her honor, this last word.”

He bowed his head. A murmur of approval from the crowd was suddenly broken by the voice of Becky, loud and shrill and real as life: “You don’t say, Martin, you don’t say! I’ve had the last word for fifty years and if you think I can be licked by a little thing like a funeral you’re much mistaken. Now go right back to the house and take off that black suit and fold it up with those moth balls, and . . .”

The voice suddenly ceased. Elvira, looking out grimly from her sedan, held up a small phonograph. The villagers were polite, decent folk. They did not laugh. Martin walked slowly through the crowd, which fell apart for him. He shook his head in a dazed way. “I might have known,” he kept saying to himself, “I might have known.”



**BLIBB:** How could you tell by his nose that traffic cop was drunk?

**BLURP:** Why, a car stopped and waited thirty minutes for the light to turn green.



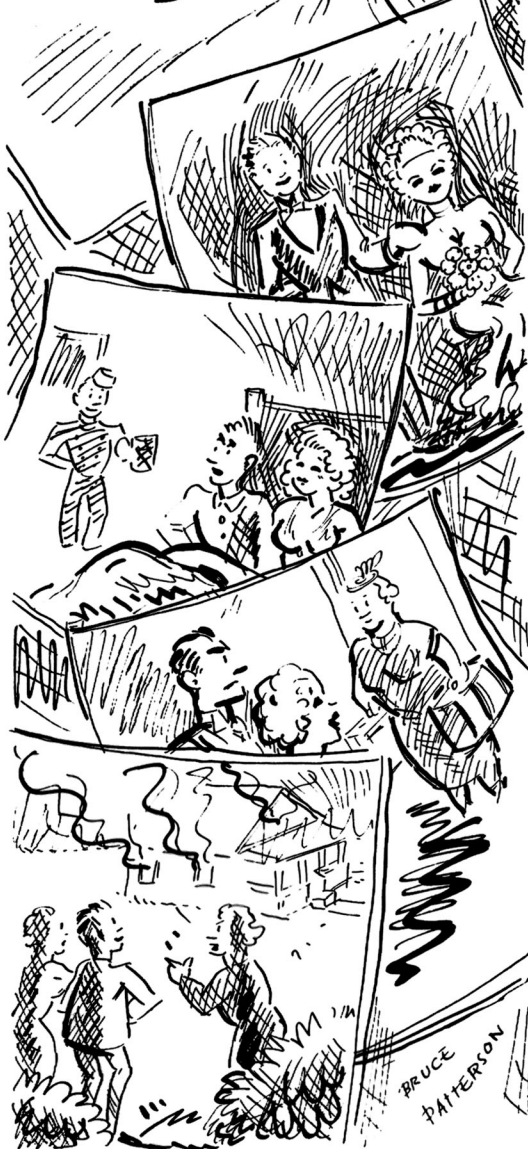


### BANJO-EYES?

Well not exactly—just the eyes of a banjo player—Jean Chapburn—looking straight at you—and laughing at you while they do it!

Sennecke Photo, Berlin.

# DEAR *by* G. K.



**T**ODAY is our twentieth wedding anniversary—twenty years—that's a long time, Clara. How time flies.

Just think, twenty long years have passed since the day the minister pronounced us man and wife. And we said then, Clara, that we'd love, honour and cherish each other till death us do part.

That was a momentous day for us, Clara, a day we'll never forget. I know that I'll never forget how excited and nervous I was, or how beautiful you were in your wedding dress.

And remember all the wonderful presents we received? The clock that wouldn't run, and the frightful pitcher your Aunt Minnie gave us—Well, at least it did hold a lot, and it didn't leak.

And then, when we were standing in front of the minister and your father gave you away, I glanced at your mother, and judging by the expression on her face, she was afraid that your father **WOULD** give you away! The old gentleman had been hanging around the punch bowl all day, and that punch sure did pack a wallop. I wouldn't say that your father was tight, but it was rather embarrassing when he walked up the aisle with you on his arm, in his stocking feet.

And then, after the ceremony your father gave us a big dinner at the Plaza Hotel—and sent me the bill. But I guess I shouldn't hold that against him, he wasn't working at the time . . . Did your father ever work at any time?

Will you ever forget our wedding night, Clara? Remember, we had the bridal suite at the Plaza Hotel. That was the first time you were ever in a high-class hotel, and it was quite a bit different than your home. Remember, you thought that the doorman was Admiral Dewey? And then, when we finally decided to retire, you tried to blow out the electric light. Yes, the Plaza Hotel was quite a bit different than your home.

And then we went to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon. And on our return we bought that little house on Twenty-third Avenue. Remember, we bought it because your mother liked it so much. And when we moved in, she came over and helped us get settled— and three years later she was still with us.

Will you ever forget the night the house burned down? And later your mother accused me of setting the house afire to get the insurance money, and to get rid of her. Really, Clara, her accusations startled and shocked me— why I'd never given your mother credit for being so smart.

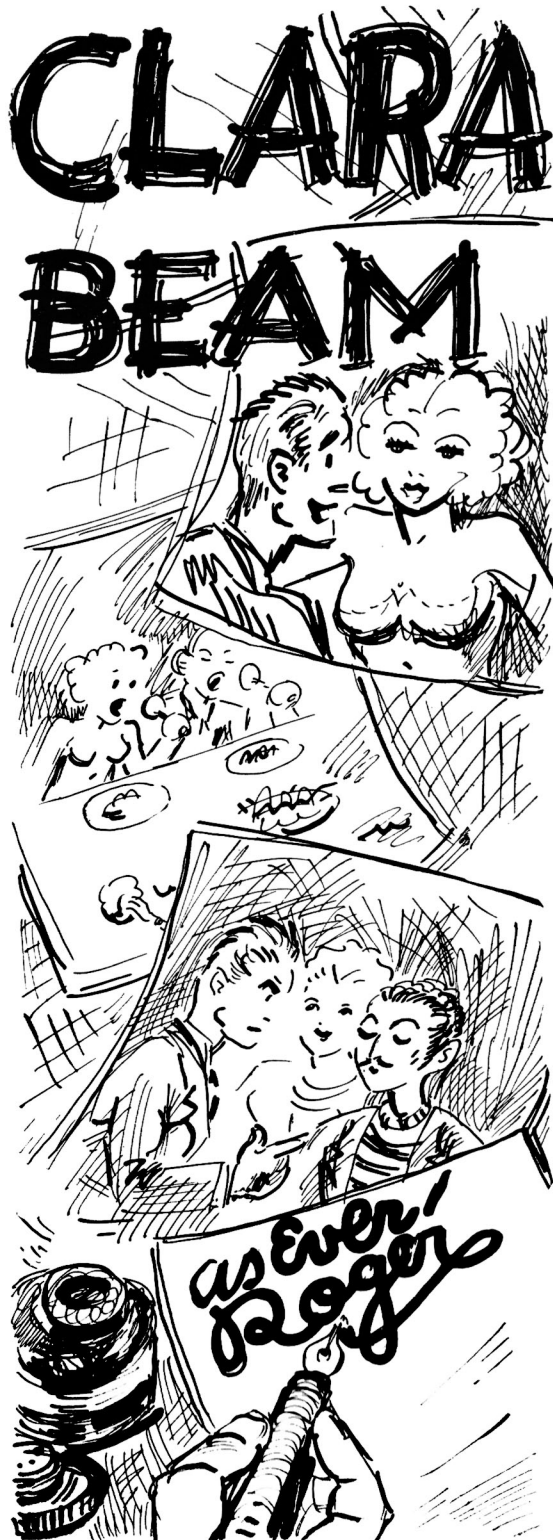
And then we rented a flat uptown, and it was there that you really started cooking for the first time. Remember, when you'd set the meal on the table, I'd ask, "What is it, dear?" And then, if you knew, you'd tell me. I'll never forget the pies and biscuits you used to make, and oh, how happy I was when that bakery opened up on the corner.

Oh, those early married years, Clara, I'll never forget them. Remember the pet names you used to call me sometimes?— And the names you used to call me other times?

And then, after nineteen years together, you went "arty" on me.

How did you ever get in with that bunch of long-haired, wild-eyed Bohemians? And what did you see in them, or rather, what did they see in you? You certainly weren't their type. And who ever told you that you could write poetry?

I'll never forget the night you threw that party. Remember, you tried to keep me in the background. All your "arty" friends were there, with red eyes and hungry bellies. My gawd, I'll never forget the mad scramble there was when dinner was announced! How those fellows could eat! And the girls didn't do so bad either, especially that little blonde girl. I think





that her name was Rosie. And wasn't she a model? Well, if she wasn't, she should have been. My, what beautiful *EYES* she had.

And then, after the police had departed and the party was over, we couldn't get rid of Carl, the young artist. And I felt sorry for him, thinking that maybe he didn't have a home to go to. And then, after Carl had been with us a month or two, I suggested that if he'd get a haircut I might be able to get him a job. And he flew into a temperamental rage—and you did, too!

But enough was enough, and I was tired of watching him kissing your hand, and wearing my clothes. So I put my foot down and said one of us would have to go—and you handed me my hat—the hat that Carl didn't like.

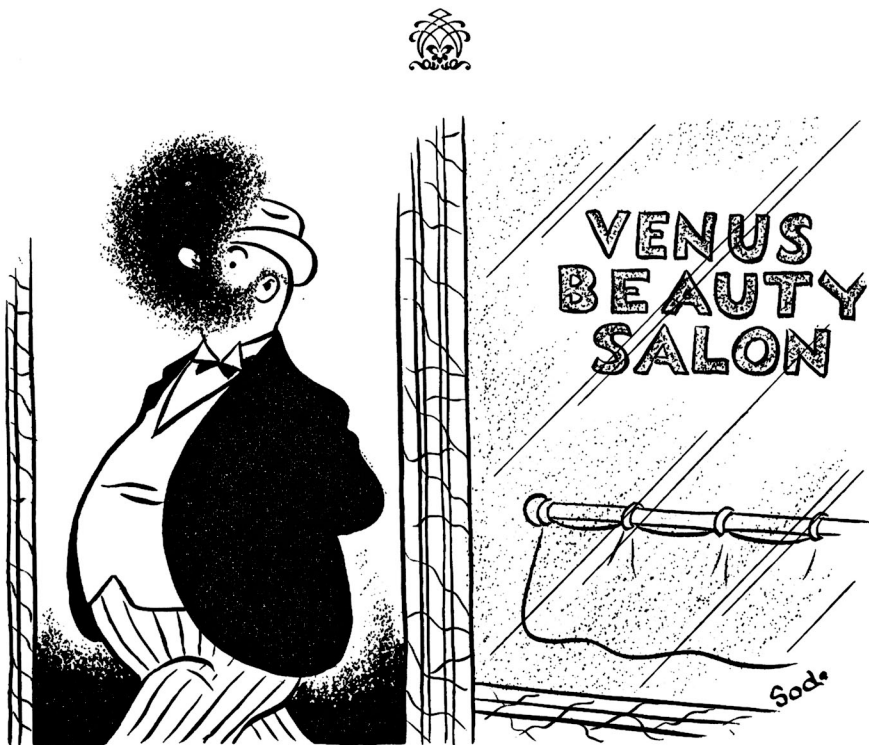
I don't imagine that I'll ever see you again, Clara, and I want you to know that I hold no hard feelings. You can keep the car and our furniture. Will you ever forget how hard we had to scrimp and save to pay for the Chesterfield set? And that big overstuffed chair I used to love to lounge in? Remember, when I'd come home from the office, you'd have my slippers setting by it, and the evening paper close by.

It isn't so bad up here, Clara, the food's good and I've met a lot of interesting people.

After all, ten years won't be such an awful long time. At least it is a consolation to know that they don't inflict the death penalty on one in this state for killing an artist.

As Ever,

ROGER.



"I don't think I'm going to like this new hair up style."



Negligee? Maybe, or one of those nightgowns the girls wear for evening gowns these days.



# PLUGGING ALONG

By Lou Seguin

**I**T SEEMS that this is to be a story of a beautiful romance between a man and a woman and that said romance is to be completely shot to pieces for a time because of jealousy, infidelity and a lust for money. But, of course, in the end both man and woman will realize the error of their ways and have a happy reunion. The writer mentions all this because some reader may begin this story but before he finishes it, he may mislay the magazine and never find it again. Naturally, this reader will begin to wonder whether there is a happy reunion at the conclusion. So, giving a synopsis of the story at the beginning the writer eases the readers' minds and makes a nice thing of it.

The characters in this story—the story itself—the incidents and places mentioned are purely fictional. Any similarity to real people or real facts is coincidental. So rest your

minds, dear readers, the writer is not writing about you.

Now, the hero of our story is one Morbid Dick, a gay, happy-go-lucky young man-about-town. Greet the readers, Dick.

"Hello, folks. . . I'm Morbid Dick . . . hawhaw."

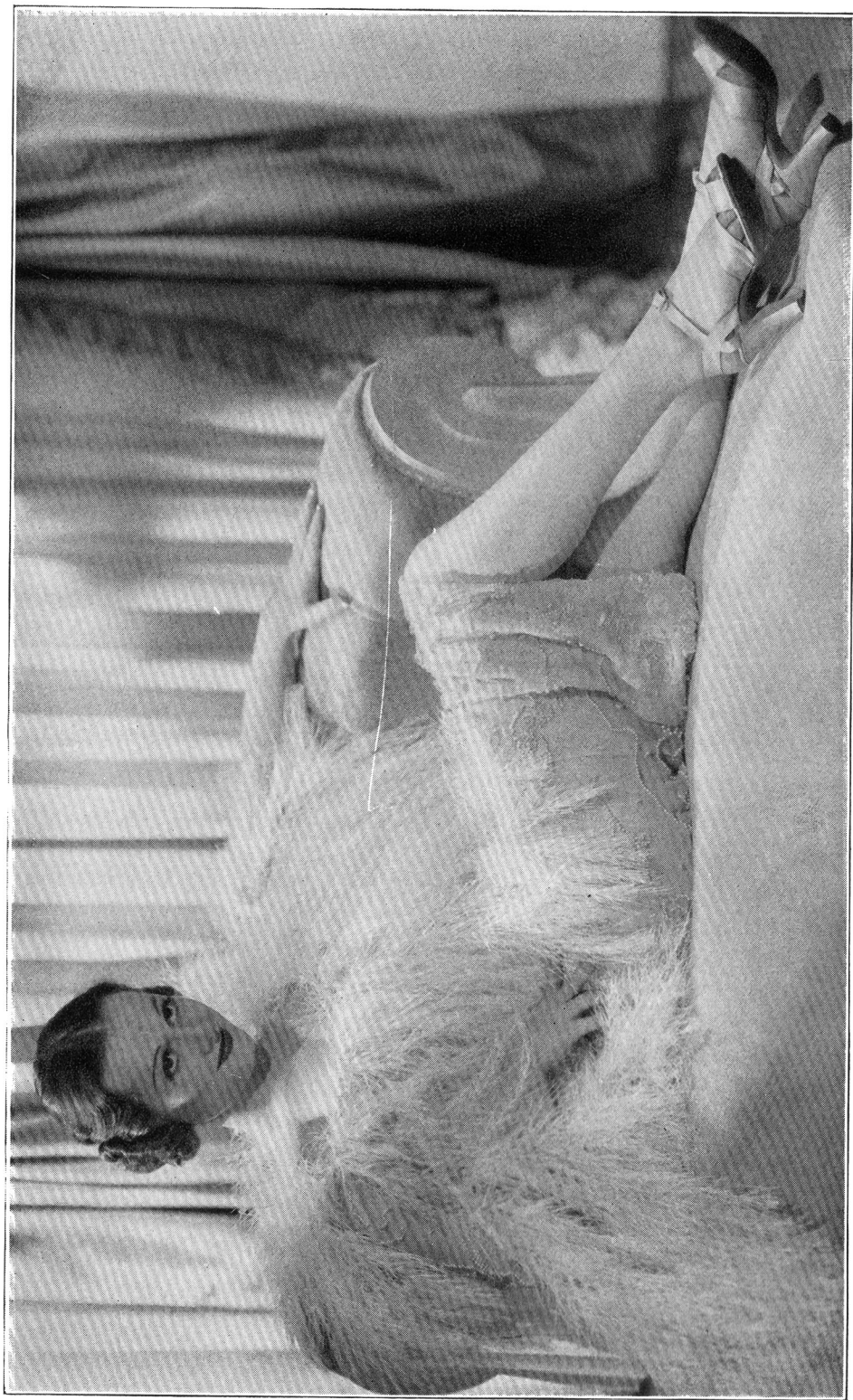
Comes next, Fickle Fannie, our heroine, a cute little trick. Greet the readers, Fannie.

"Hello, folks . . . I'm Fickle Fannie . . . tee-hee."

Herman Gloomz, the well-known dietician, says: "Read 10-STORY BOOK. It gives you an appetite."

Well, anyway, it seems that Morbid Dick is deeply, madly in love with Fickle Fannie but Fannie is not too eager to return his love. The reason for this is that Dick is by no means handsome and he never has more than

*(Continued to Page 56)*



WHAT'S YOUR GUESS? Yeah—that's what we thought—one of the Bennett Girls. Except that it's Eleanor Whitney.

Century Photo.



two-bits in his pocket.

"When I marry a man," Fannie tells Morbid Dick one night when for the seventeenth time he proposed to her, "he must be handsome with curly blond hair and pinkish blue eyes and who whispers sweet words of love in my ear. Ah!" She sighs heavily. "And another thing," she continues, "he must have oodles upon oodles of money."

"Aw, gnats!" Morbid Dick growls. "You women are all alike. You don't appreciate a good man when you see him."

Fickle Fannie giggles. "Do you burn up . . . tee-hee."

Herman Gloomz, the famous authority on marriage, says: "10-STORY BOOK is a good thing. It keeps your mother-in-law out of trouble."

Well, anyway, Fickle Fannie persuades Morbid Dick to take her to a movie with the money she made all by herself. No, she doesn't counterfeit.

The picture is a stirring love drama starring the movie idol whom women come from all over to see. (Guess who?) All through the show Fannie is in something of a daze. More than once does she heave a sigh of adoration and utter a long "ah" which can be heard all over the place.

Finally, the performance over, Dick and Fannie leave the theater and are on their way home. It is a beautiful moonlight night. There is a scent of roses in the air. Frogs are croaking. Cats are doing a one-night stand on the alley fence. All is love; all is romance. That is, with all but Morbid Dick. He is completely down in the dumps. Fickle Fannie just won't pay any attention to him.

"Say," he bellows, "what goes on here? Why don't you say something?"

"Shhh . . ."

"Don't shush me!"

"Shhh . . ."

Ye Olde Greene-eyed Monster whispers something to Morbid Dick. Dick gets hot

around the collar and says: "So that's it, hey? Well, something's going to be done about that."

Fickle Fannie comes to. "Something's going to be done about what?"

"Your being nuts about anybody but me," Morbid Dick snarls.

"Tee-hee," Fannie giggles, "I do believe you're jealous. But don't worry, darling. I love you."

Herman Gloomz, says: "10-STORY BOOK made me the popular man I am today. You, too, can succeed."

Well, anyway, what Fickle Fannie says to Morbid Dick she does not really mean. She only wants to see what effect her words have upon him. And she doesn't have a long wait to find out because our fine-feathered hero goes completely off his nut. He yells his fool head off. He runs up and down the street like a mad dog. He tears down fences, street lamps, signs; breaks windows, and pulls up fire hydrants. All of which causes a lot of damage, indeed. This uncalled for demonstration on the part of Morbid Dick scares the living daylight out of Fickle Fannie and she starts to yell for help. She yells so loud that she brings out the cops, the firemen, the undertaker, the WPA and everybody else to her aid. For awhile there is quite a bit of excitement around there but finally the dog-catcher brings his net down upon Morbid Dick and throws him into the wagon. Morbid Dick is hauled away to the nut house. Poor Dick.

Herman Gloomz, the notable psychiatrist, says: "You'll be simply nuts about 10-STORY BOOK."

Well, anyway, Fickle Fannie feels no sorrow, no regret for putting Morbid Dick in this position. Rather, living up to her name, she takes on a good-riddance-to-bad-rubbish attitude. The writer frowns upon Fickle Fannie. She has done her man wrong.

Well, anyway, it doesn't take Fickle Fannie long to snatch up a rich sucker after she



gives him the old come-on act. Of course, this sort of thing is being done all over but the writer hangs his head in shame to think that a heroine of his is about to take a guy for a ride.

Gowns, wraps, hats, shoes, cars and an apartment are all Fannie's now. It is no time at all that the sucker's fortune is completely depleted. He is a sad man when he breaks the news to Fickle Fannie.

"Well, Fannie," he begins, "I'm afraid you'll have to take in washing from now on."

"Why, what do you mean?" Fannie asks, surprised.

"Well . . ." he hesitates. Then: "My wealth is no more. Today I am a pauper."

At this point the writer could spring a joke with that line but he's afraid it is too moldy.

Fannie gasps. "You mean . . ."

"Yes."

"Oh!" The shock is too much for Fickle Fannie. She goes into a tantrum, a rage. In fact, she goes absolutely goofy.

A few hours later Morbid Dick and Fickle Fannie meet again at Goof's Domain. They fall into each other's arms.

"Darling!" he says.

"Darling!" she says.

Herman Gloom, the celebrated book reviewer, says: "For less stories like this one, read 10-STORY BOOK."

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**The****ODDEST****Stories Printed in****America or England****are Found in****10-Story Book****Nuff Sed!**

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# "It's An Ill Wind"



**"J**UST wait! Just wait until you hear her! When that girl whistles—well, it's the most beautiful music in the world and you fellows'll be saying the same thing!"

Ed Reade was eulogizing his pet radio "find" all over again. It had been going on like that in the office for nearly a year.

"And she ought to be on the radio!" sighed Jim Miller.

"She's the original an' only human nightingale!" I chimed in.

"Yah! I know you guys are trying to rib me, but just wait until you hear her! I'm telling you she's a genius! If she only had an audition somewhere—a sponsor—why, she'd be the outstanding hit of radio!" We walked out with Ed raving on and on.

About twice a week, since last year's duck hunting season, Ed Reade had been raving like that. Some waitress he'd heard in a highway lunch stand had been whistling while the radio



# Mont Hurst

furnished her accompaniment. He'd been on a duck hunt down in the Gulf Coast country and had stopped at the stand for a snack. The girl started whistling and Ed had been raving ever since, even forgetting to brag about his prowess as a duck hunter.

He claimed that the place he'd hunted in was the best for ducks he'd found, so we had arranged a little party of four to go down there this season. But we began to wonder if we were going after ducks or to listen to a whistling waitress who worked in a roadside lunch stand!

The day we took off for the Coast on our duck hunt, our car contained Ed Reade, Jim Miller, Bill Neill and myself. It was some two hundred miles to the place where Ed claimed the ducks were flying like snowflakes.

All the way to the Coast we heard nothing but the merits of this waitress who whistled. It got on our nerves and we began snapping at Ed. He paid no attention to our sarcasm.

We almost had to hold him down as we passed up one cross highway down below Lake Charles. That particular highway was the one that led to the whistling Calliope. Ed made us swear that we'd drive down there and listen to the whistling female when we returned. We solemnly promised, keeping our fingers crossed all the while!

It started raining the third day of the duck hunt and we weren't having much luck. All four of us were taking our ten day's vacation and it looked like our duck hunting would turn into a big washout. The fourth day a damp, biting wind blew in from the Gulf. Next day rain started coming down in torrents. We just sat around playing cards. At the end of the week we decided to call it a day and spend our last day in New Orleans.

"Swell!" Ed exuberated, "This'll give us just enough time to drive down that highway and stop at the lunch stand so we can hear that girl whistle! Gee, you fellows think I'm kidding—but wait! You'll get the biggest surprise of your life!"

Our nerves were just about shot and it was with great difficulty that we restrained ourselves from doing Ed Reade real bodily harm. He'll never know just how close he was to the brink of another world. It was bad enough having our duck hunting ruined by weather.

We killed as much time in New Orleans as we could, thinking Ed would forget the whistler and beat it straight for home. But on the way back Ed raved so vigorously that we had to humor him.

I gave in first. "All right, let's go on

down there and hear her! Then, Ed will give us a rest."

"How far down the road is this 'temple of music'?" Jim asked.

"Only about eighty miles," Ed cheered us.

I drove down the intersecting road and mashed the throttle flat on the floor. It wasn't long until Ed pointed out the place.

I pulled up at a pretty dirty and disreputable looking lunch stand. It was a ramshackle dump that looked like a couple of shotgun shanties thrown at each other. Tin cans and debris were piled all around in the rear. A mangy dog huddled under the rusting body of an ancient flivver. All kinds of tin signs were tacked upon its outer walls and the scene wasn't conducive to the propagation of an appetite.

Ed led the way inside triumphantly. There was an expression of utter happiness upon his beaming face. We sat down at the greasy counter shooing the flies away. A smell of garlic and spoiled onions insulted the air.

Ed looked at us and smiled. "Well, fellows," he said, happily, "here's where you learn I wasn't talking out of my head! You'll hear music that will stay in your soul—it's whistling that's going to be on the radio even if I have to pay for it out of my own pocket! You've heard a lot of professional whistlers, but you've never heard anything like this."

We smiled resignedly. After all, it might be worth listening to and we were here and had to take it anyway.

A swarthy looking fellow shuffled out from the kitchen, wiping his big hands on a very dirty apron. He was badly in need of a



Lovely Jane Wyman—thinking perhaps of Shangri-La?



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**SUN PUBLICATIONS**

529 S. Clark Street

Chicago, Ill.

shave and his shirt was open at the neck, revealing a white scar surrounded by greasy dirt. There was a radio next to the cash register on the counter.

"Evenin'," said the man with the dirty apron.

"Say!" exclaimed Ed, "You aren't the same one who ran this place last winter!"

"Naw!" replied Scar-neck in a voice adjusted to truck driving, "I jes' bought this dump a couple o' weeks ago."

"But, you have a girl working here—I mean, you have a girl working here who whistles! You know—the waitress who whistles? Turn on your radio and tell her to come in and whistle for us. We'll pay her—and you, too! I've brought these fellows eighty miles just to hear her whistle. Tell her to come in."

The man spat a stream of tobacco juice in the direction of a battered cuspidor, "Ain't no whistlin' gal workin' here—th' joint's too tough f'r th' ladies!"

Ed looked perplexed. "But, where is she?"

"I know who yuh mean," said Pleasant Face, "She whistled herself right into a pair o' angel's wings, mister!"

"What— what—" Ed stuttered.

"She's dead as a door nail!" says Scar Face reassuringly, "A guy killed her a week fo' I bought this here place. It wuz one night when two mugs comes in here an' orders dogs an' beer. Th' radio wuz goin' an' th' gal wuz whistlin' with th' piece it wuz playin'. Well, one o' th' guys hollers fer her to shet up that whistlin', but she never paid him no

mind. Th' guy wuz a leetle liquored up."

"But—but, she was a genius," Ed pleaded.

"Maybe yuh think so, but not to this guy!" the Gentle One was talking out of the side of his mouth, "Th' gal didn't pay him no mind, an' jes' kep' right on whistlin', thinkin' th' guy wuz so drunk he didn't know whut he wuz sayin'. Well, suh, he hollered at her to stop whistlin' agin, but she jes' kep' right on. So he went plumb nuts, grabbed up a meat cleaver from that block over yonder, swung at her, an' busted her right smack dab in th' face with it! She wuz cut up purty awful-like! He hit her a lot an' dang near cut her head off, I'm tellin' yuh! She bled to death right on th' floor befo' we all could git a doctor over heah! They caught th' guy over near th' bayou an' he's in th' parish jail now. Trial comes up next month. Guess he'll git th' works, too! Yes, suh, he wuz one guy whut sho' didn't like no whistlin'—".

Ed closed his eyes; he looked sick. The atmosphere was heavy with something we couldn't fathom. We sat there silently. Tears trickled down Ed's cheeks. My eyes felt misty and I could hardly swallow. I guess we were sorry for Ed—and the girl, and all of a sudden none of us regretted the eighty-mile drive. No whistling—and how lucky we are not to go out under a butcher's cleaver!

"Whut you guys gonna have?" asked the man with the dirty apron, as he spat at the cuspidor and finished rolling a cigarette.

"I believe I will have some of that roast duck," said Jim, and pretty soon we were all at it—even Ed.

Did you ever see the distant relatives eat after a funeral?

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