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Spicy

STORIES

Chuck full o' fun

MARCH

1934



VOLUME IV

NUMBER 3

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Between You and Me!

My Dear Sir:

A few days ago I purchased my first copy of your magazine called "Spicy" and I must confess I have never read anything to touch them before, also the photos are really wonderful. On reading the letters from readers I notice one who signs himself J. C. M., Illinois. This reader is desirous of communicating with foreign readers and thereby making your magazine international. (I may add that the reader's letter quoted is taken from October issue, 1933.) I will readily correspond with any reader who cares to write. I trust you will publish this letter as soon as possible and oblige,

Neil William Bogie.

8 James St., Selly, New Leeds, Yorkshire, England.

Dear Sir:

I have just read my first copy (I regret to admit it) of Spicy Stories. May I congratulate you on an excellent production. I have enjoyed every word of it and shall not miss an issue in future. If you can find space to publish this letter in an early number of Spicy, may I ask any of the fair sex who similarly appreciate the character and humor of Spicy and who could spare the time, to write occasionally to a Londoner who will take pleasure in answering. Wishing you an ever-increasing circulation and long life, sir,

Yours sincerely,

"Gerry."

Editor Spicy:

Have just finished the last issue of your magazine and enjoyed it very much, as I do all five of them, also enjoy the pictures.

This is my first letter. Would like to hear from some of your readers, especially the fair sex. Come on, pen pals, and write some real letters and I will answer with the same kind I receive. Am 56 years of age and not hard to look at. Would be glad if those who write me from the eastern part of this country would tell me about that part of the country.

Hoping to receive a lot of letters and with best wishes to your magazine, I am,

Yours truly,

W. S., Oregon.

Dear Editor:

For some time I have been reading your magazine and I sure enjoy it, and would hate very much if I missed a copy of it.

I would also like to correspond with some of the fairer sex readers between the ages of 16 and 25 anywhere, and if there are any in Des Moines I promise to answer all letters.

I am 20 years old, white, unmarried, with dark curly hair, blue eyes, about 6 feet tall, medium build.

As I write this letter I see that I have four late pictures of myself and to the first four girls who write I will send these pictures and I would also be glad to get pictures of all girls writing. If you haven't got a picture, well come on and write anyway.

Hoping for some new friends, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Ted Harris.

General Delivery, Main Postoffice,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Some few months ago, having run out of reading matter, I decided to try one of your magazines, namely "Spicy," and was most agreeably surprised at the high grade of your stories, and your illustrations are excellent, especially "Broadway Baby," by Noel Barrow. I would really like to see more of the same description.

I have become a constant reader of all your magazines and derive a great deal of enjoyment from them.

I would very much like to get into communication with any girl readers of your excellent magazines and promise to answer all letters which I may receive.

I am 28 years of age, well built, with dark brown kinky hair and grey eyes. I tip the scale at 167 pounds, 5 ft. 11 in. tall, athletic and enjoy life to the full.

I have been all over South Africa, Northern and Southern Rhodesia as well, and could write about many adventures which I have been fortunate enough to have had.

I am a very keen amateur photographer, and will be pleased to send them photos which, I am sure, will prove interesting.

Thanking you in advance for printing this

(Please turn to page 56)

Highway Nights

BY

ADAM DEAN

CLINT BURKE and Kay Hendrix began their heated argument the minute he picked her up at the swank May-fax Hotel and had her luggage put in the rumble seat of the coupe with his.

"This is a ridiculous situation," he commented shortly. His keen gray eyes stared straight ahead as he swung out into the traffic.

Kay's trim, curvish little figure stiffened.

"Anybody but you," she retorted, "might think it interesting."

They fought all the way across Manhattan. The hollow roar of traffic in the Hudson

chivalry any more?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned," he enlightened her. "You're just the dumb, spoiled daughter of my boss. It's all dangerous and improper."

"Thinks you! We'll have rooms on separate floors at hotels, and you won't see me from the time we stop at night until we leave the next morning."

"And it'll still be awkward and compromising."

"Oh, well! I may be awkward, but I'm hard to compromise."

"If this gets out, your father will make

"Oh!" quavered Kay, sitting up. "Clint, I get terrified at lightning!"



Tubes under the river kept them sullenly silent. But they were at it again as Clint drove rapidly over the rusty flats of New Jersey.

"I'd like to turn you over my knee," said Clint, feelingly. "and fan you for getting us into such a jam."

"And for what?" snapped Kay. "All because I spent up my money too fast in New York and didn't have enough left to buy my return ticket to Kansas City. I didn't dare to wire dad for more money. He's already in a state about the way I keep overdrawing my allowances. I knew you were finishing your vacation in that little New England town and simply wired you to pick me up on your way back and drive me home. Isn't there any

things plenty uncomfortable for you. And incidentally he'll fire me."

"If we're found out I'll overlook your ugly mug and marry you to make an honest man of you."

And her eyes traveled with cold insolence from Clint's tanned, handsome face down his muscular length, and back.

"Don't worry," Clint scowled. "I wouldn't marry you to escape a firing squad. Even if you weren't homely and scrawny."

Clint glared up and down her provoking curves, unmoved by her wide, amethystine eyes and her full, kissable lips.

"Then it's plain," said Kay coolly, "that we really haven't any use for a chaperon. This is going to be a chaste trip. I've always

hated you. I'll have a grand time all the way, hoping you wreck the car without hurting me—but get your neck broken.”

Clint stepped harder on the accelerator. The car tore down the highway. A gust of wind caught the hem of Kay's sports dress and slapped it far back into her lap. Beyond her gartered stockings an expanse of delectable, rounded thighs was exposed.

Kay made no effort to pull her skirt down. She gazed out at the countryside. Clint stared down at her, and looked away. His eyes returned, and he shifted uncomfortably.

“Pull the shade down!” he commanded.

“It doesn't mean anything to you. And it's cooler this way.”

Clint reached over and fumbled in her lap for the skirt, which was billowing in the wind. She exclaimed aloud and wriggled uncontrollably.

“What's the matter?” he demanded, jerking the skirt down over her knees.

“I'm touchy!” she snapped.

They were whisked along the highway in silence. It had been mid-afternoon when they started from Kay's hotel. Now the sun was setting.

“Are you tired?” he asked.

“I'm getting sore where I sit,” she said with dignity.

“You can sleep on your stomach tonight.”

She gave him a poisoned-honey sort of smile. “I was already convinced that that was how I was going to sleep tonight.”

“We'll reach a good-sized city about an hour after dark,” he announced. “We'll find a good hotel there. And another thing. When we start out in the morning I wish you'd wear a brassiere with a little more restraint to it.”

“I don't wear brassieres,” she informed him haughtily.

“You mean to tell me that all that supports itself straight out, without a brassiere?”

“Honest, mister—I cross my heart.”

“Well . . . I wish at least that you'd do something about those two points that dent out your dress so noticeably.”

“You mean these?” she asked icily. “I can't do anything about them. Can you?”

“Can I—look here!” he snapped. “I wish you'd try acting like a saint for variety.”

AT THAT THEY FELL SILENT, and were still silent when darkness came on. Soon after they passed a car pulled up at the side of the highway. In the headlights they could see a

man standing. With one hand he was motioning them to stop, and with the other waving an empty gasoline tin. Clint merely swerved and shot past.

“That was a dirty trick!” flared Kay. “He's out of gas, and wanted a lift to the nearest filling station. You're a brute!”

“I'm just a wise guy, sweetheart. My main job right now is to get you home safely. And I'm taking no chances this time. I know all the gags. Stick-up artists use that out-of-gas idea to stop motorists and take them for their roll. I'm not going to the cleaner's this trip.”

“How smart. Do you know everything?”

“Not quite. I've forgotten the number of elephants in Siam for 1923, and I never knew why no girl can let well enough alone.”

And that ended all conversation for some time. The speedometer was crowding 70 when they heard a siren screaming along behind. A cop on a motorcycle was rapidly overtaking them.

“Outrun him!” cried Kay.

“I'm too smart for that,” he growled. “Getting you home quietly means avoiding trouble. A little five-spot will fix this cop in the safest way.”

The motorcycle drew alongside. “Pull over and stop!”

Clint obediently pulled over and slowed to a halt. The goggled rider dismounted and walked over to them. He snapped a flashlight on and looked them over. Clint got out his wallet for a bribe.

“Reach!” barked the man, thrusting the nose of an automatic into the ray of the flashlight. Clint and Kay reached.

“Now,” commanded their assailant, “lower the hand that's got your wallet in it—slowly, buddy—and pick up the lady's handbag. Fork 'em over. That's all I want tonight. Thanks, folks.”

A moment later they heard him kick the starter of the motorcycle and roar off.

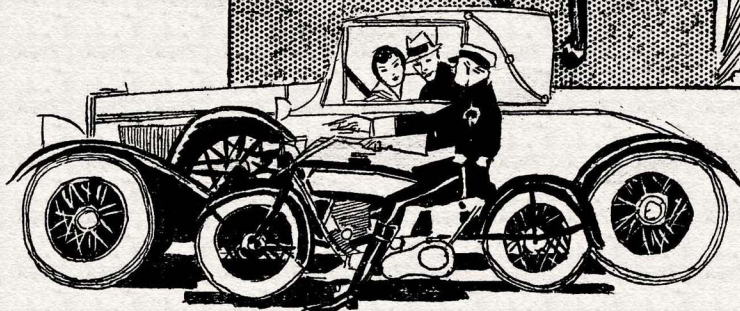
“Just a wise guy!” jibed Kay. “You knew all the gags. You weren't going to the cleaner's this trip.”

“Let up,” he rasped, “or I'll Jimmy Cagney you. Did that handbag he took have all the loose change left over from your spending spree in New York?”

“I haven't even a nickle left for a street car fare.”

“Well, he took me for the eighty-two chips in my wallet. But before I left Bingport I split my cash. Put a small amount in one of

*"You're the type
of person," snap-
ped Kay, "that no
girl is safe with!"*



my bags, just as a precaution. If we don't do any heavy eating and don't spend much for lodging, it might see us through."

He turned on the dash light and began figuring on a pad. Kay watched him anxiously. At last he shook his head.

"Can't be done. We might have a chance of squeezing through if we spent only a dollar a night on rooms. And you can't get two rooms for a dollar. So I guess I'll have to ditch you at the next town and go on by myself."

"Don't be funny! Clint, we've got to make it on to Kansas City the best way we can on what money you have. You figure out how it can be done, and I won't object."

"I don't see any chance. We couldn't afford hotels. That dollar allowance would only get us one tourist cabin at night. And that's out. In the first place, you're my boss' daughter. In the second, I never did like you."

"It's mutual, you big sap! So we ought to be able to share those camp cabins very respectably and with no sentiment lost."

"Nix!"

"Nix is all right with me—if you figure out some other way."

At ten o'clock that night they learned from a big, illuminated sign that they were approaching the Kozy Kabin Kamp. Heavy clouds had blotted out the stars, indicating a heavy rain to come. The cabins and grounds were neat and well-lighted. Kay was tired. Clint looked sourly at her.

"All right, we'll stop. I'll have to sign the register. What do you prefer—Mr. and Mrs. Jones or Mr. and Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, Smith tonight and Jones tomorrow night, I guess."

Clint stopped the car before the office and went in to register. Kay wished the grounds before the office weren't so well lighted. Clint came out and stood by the car while the manager got a flashlight to show them to their cabin. Neither of them paid any attention to a big sedan that drove up to the restaurant adjoining the office. But the man and woman in the sedan paid a lot of attention to Clint and Kay.

The manager came out, and Clint drove behind him to their cabin. It was a new, imitation log affair with one room. When they were alone Clint brought in the luggage. The first rain began falling.

"You can't sleep there," said Kay tentatively, pointing.

"Right you are. I'm going to sleep on the seat of the coupe."

"Don't be a stupe. It's going to rain hard. You have to get a good rest for the long drive tomorrow. Make a pallet on the floor. I'm going to turn out the light now, so I can undress."

Clint stood still in the abrupt darkness that followed, waiting for his eyes to adjust themselves. When he thought he could see his way he groped for the foot of the bed to get blankets for his pallet. But he had started too soon. With his arms outstretched before him, his body collided with the soft flesh of Kay. Instinctively his arms folded about her.

Kay had just removed her dress. His hands encountered areas of delightful skin and sheer undersilks. A subtle perfume she used mingled with the warm fragrance of her body to make him light-headed. His hands might have been glued to her lovely flesh, for all the power he had to remove them. The thumping of his heart throbbed in his eardrums. It all happened in a moment, and then his strength returned. Swearing silently, he jerked back.

"That is foul play!" grated Kay.

"If you think—" snarled Clint, and was reduced to swearing aloud. He made his pallet with savage speed and began undressing.

"You're the type of person," snapped Kay in the darkness, "that no girl is safe with."

Clint snorted. There was no use bawling about an accident. He was calm again. Anyway, calmer than he had been during that blinding moment. At least he wanted to think he was calmer. Clint could hear her a few feet away, removing her silkies and slipping into pajamas.

THE RAIN ARRIVED in force. It drummed on the roof. Clint stretched out on his pallet, ready for sleep. Sleep? He had about as much chance of going right to sleep as a man who had just stretched out on a poison ivy vine! If only he weren't under obligations! With nerves jangling and all his senses unusually acute, he heard Kay retire.

"You don't even deny it!" she continued irritably. "I'll bet you're just thinking up some excuse to—"

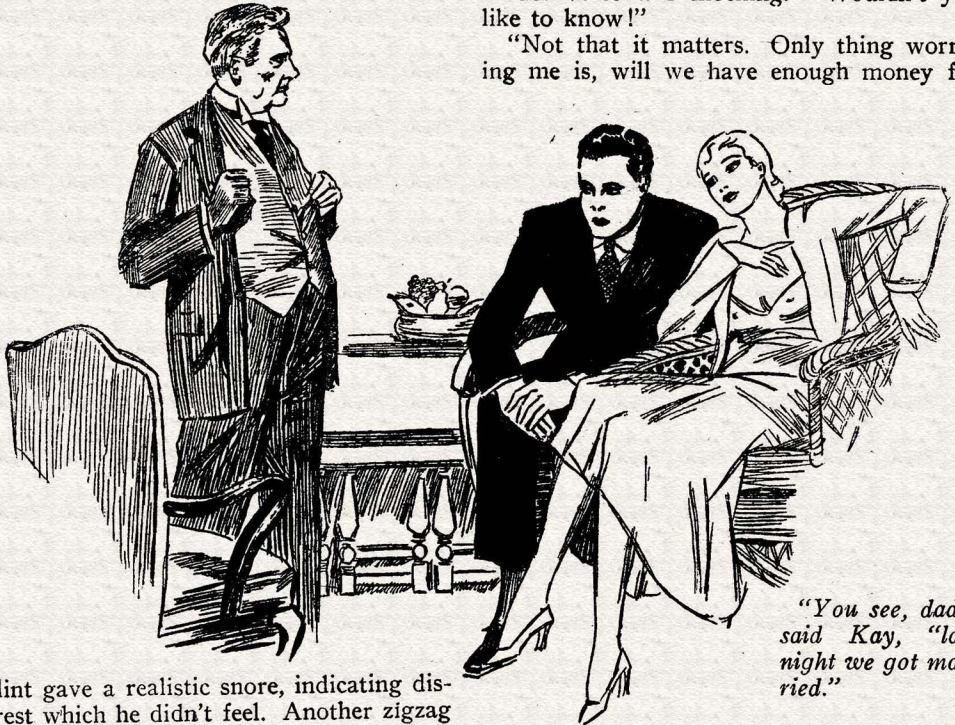
"Is that what you're waiting for?"

That broke up the conversation. The beating rain measured off perhaps fifteen minutes. Clint could tell from her stealthy, restless movements that she was not asleep. There

was a tension in the room not caused by the occasional roll of thunder outside.

Then a jagged streak of lightning illuminated the windows, and its crack and rumble seemed to shake the cabin.

"Oh!" quavered Kay, sitting up in alarm. "It sounded almost over us! Clint, I get terrified at lightning. Move your pallet over closer."



Clint gave a realistic snore, indicating disinterest which he didn't feel. Another zigzag of lightning lit up the room, accompanied by a pealing crash of thunder that seemed to shatter the air about them.

Kay had jumped up and was groping frantically for Clint. He sat up and she nestled trembling against his shoulder as the next bolt smashed downward. Soothingly Clint patted her. The delightful sensations aroused by merely patting her arm inevitably led Clint to seek more interesting places to soothe her. Kay moaned softly and went limp in his arms.

Later that night the rain was still falling, but the lightning had passed on. The little tourist cabin was in darkness, except where two cigarette ends glowed, close together.

"It just had to be, dear," came Clint's voice. "I was afraid of that when we drove out of New York. All our quarreling and antagonism were just brave attempts to stave

it off. Actually, I've been in love with you for a long time. But I didn't think this trip was a fair occasion to bring that up. I tried to fight against—"

"Of course, darling. But things just had to turn out this way—and I'm glad of it. If it hadn't been the lightning it would have been something else."

"Are you—really afraid of lightning?"

Her voice was mocking. "Wouldn't you like to know!"

"Not that it matters. Only thing worrying me is, will we have enough money for

"You see, dad," said Kay, "last night we got married."

food all the way back?"
"Who cares?"

THE AFTERNOON of the fourth day Clint turned into the drive of Kay's home in Kansas City. He stopped under the porte-cochere.

"Just made it!" he sighed. "It's almost five-thirty, and your father gets home about six. I don't want to meet him just now."

"But you will, young man," came a grim voice from the doorway. "I want to see you two in the library this instant!"

Clint's head jerked up. There stood Mr. Hendrix regarding them coldly. Clint glanced quickly at Kay and realized that she was trembling. Apprehensively they got out of the car and followed Kay's father into the library.

(Please turn to page 64)

White Way Virgin

BY

FRITZI DUNN

MOE LEVINE crossed his thick, pudgy hands over a bulbous, balloon-like stomach and leaned back in Seat 6, Row C of the *Mercury Theatre* with a blissful sigh of content. Ordinarily, the thousand-odd vacant seats gaping like open mouths behind him would have given Moe the financial jitters, but inasmuch as the activities on the stage took the form of a rehearsal rather than a regular performance, the vacant seats meant nothing.

For some ten minutes or so his beady blue eyes took in the scene behind the footlights. Three dozen chorus girls, garbed in abbreviated rehearsal rompers and bathing suits, went through their routines under the baton of a dance director. Idly, Moe counted off the figures he could go for, basing his likes and dislikes on the prominence (or lack of it) of silk or wool covered breasts, jiggling attractively as the girls danced.

"Five blondes, fourteen brunettes," he murmured. "The rest I could see at Minsky's any day."

Ralph Adams, author of the book, turned inquiringly. "What did you say, Mr. Levine?" he queried.

Moe twirled his thick thumbs. "I said there was five blondes and fourteen brunettes, which makes thirty-eight bosoms that don't sag too much or look like they was shot out of cannon."

Adams rubbed a pencil through his thin hair. "I still don't follow," he said.

Moe grinned. "Who asked you to follow?" He chuckled inwardly over a pun he had seen in a Broadway column that morning and decided to lift it for Adams' delectation. "I'm glad this show will be abreast of the times," he said.

Adams nodded. "Oh, yes, Mr. Levine. I've just added two skits that have to do with the N. R. A. Yes, by all means, we must keep it topical."

"Keep it what?" Moe's brow wrinkled.

"Er—topical. You know, new and up-to-date."

Moe sucked a tooth. "Yeah, that's right," he said. "If you fellows realized how much it cost to put on a show like this, you'd try a little harder to help the producer. The trouble is, you don't realize."

The author, fresh from Little Theatre conquests, smiled. "Oh, I realize, Mr. Levine. I spent almost four thousand dollars at *Triple Oaks* this summer putting on a series of plays."

Moe sniffed, his face assuming the shape of a sea lion's. "Four thousand dollars! Hmm! That wouldn't pay for costumes. This show is costing me sixty thousand dollars and I'll be lucky to get off so cheap."

Adams gaped. Sixty thousand dollars! And his book was the cause of it all! He swelled with pride.

Moe Levine had an enviable if odorous reputation around town. A Russian immigrant, a tailor at twenty, a cloak and suit manufacturer at thirty-one, and a Broadway producer at forty-nine, Moe could look back upon a life of toil and consider his rise in the world as well earned. Never married, not because he liked single bliss more, but principally because he liked wedded bliss less, Moe did not want for feminine admirers who were perfectly willing to make votive offering at his theatrical and personal shrine, for the little push that is required to achieve a place in the Broadway show shop.

Accused again and again of taking advantage of girls who were foolish enough to apply for jobs, Moe would deny the allegation vehemently, assuring all and sundry that he was "a perfect gentleman as much as it was possible to be." Evidently, from the stories told by old-timers, and the tearful outpourings of newcomers, it wasn't possible for Moe to be much of a gentleman. A snooping commentator had barged into Moe's private office some time back, caught him in the act of gently squeezing the breasts of a voluptuous blonde, and being more of a reporter than a gentleman, entered the room instead of exiting. Twenty-four hours later, the lucky newspaperman was on the Levine payroll as "Public Relations Adviser" at plenty per!

Moe's INSATIABLE DESIRE for women was common knowledge in the Broadway haunts, but not so the information that his primary affection narrowed itself down to the alabaster globes originally designed for giving sustenance to the young.

In so many words, Moe was the willing

victim of a fetishism, his fetish being round, high, tight-skinned carmine-nippled breasts.

"The new Moe Levine opus, 'Tick-Tack-Toe,' again calls out of hiding the big-bosomed babies of Broadway."

"Moe Levine's 'Tick-Tack-Toe' puts up a swell (or should we say swollen) front at the Cartwright Theatre these evenings."

These, and like comments, always greeted the opening of any musical Moe produced. Even during the style era when boyish curves and flat, non-existent breasts were all the vogue, Moe had his henchmen scour theatri-

failed to click with Adams, Moe stood up and beckoned to a wiry, sweater-garbed figure on the stage. As the individual slid into Row C, and plopped down beside him, Moe pointed to the girls on the stage.

"There's about fifteen or seventeen girls up there that don't belong," he said. "Look at



"No, I don't think you'll do, girlie," he said, "you're a little too short."

cal agents to round up a chorus whose mammary development was something to speak of . . . and see!

A Row A view of a Levine extravaganza, afforded the customer charming, if not awe-inspiring shots of dozens of bobbing breasts, all firm enough to sustain themselves without benefit of brassieres, yet large enough to slosh around in their silk or net coverings with distinctly erotic appeal.

Slightly piqued that his stolen pun had

that one leaning against the door. She looks like she is on a diet of string beans. I never seen such a skinny girl."

The chorus chief nodded, his hooked nose almost touching his chin. "O. K., Moe, I'll bounce her."

"Not only her," Moe insisted. "You could bounce almost half of them. You should know by now that what the public likes is the Mae West figure with plenty here." He described two arcs on his chest.

"O. K., Chief; I'll shoot a call in for some more dames."

Moe nodded. "Yeah, and tell them we don't want no human skeletons. We ain't running a freak show, it's a musical revue." He dismissed the chorus man with a wave of his hand and went back to admiring the plump, heavy-nippled breasts of a huge auburn show girl.

Up on the stage, the chorus man whispered to the stage manager. "If he had his way, we'd hire a crew of wet nurses!"

MOE LEANED BACK in his swivel chair, a half-chewed cigar between his lips. A short, petite brunette, typically French, from the tips of her 2½ AAA pumps to a smart knitted cloque perched on blue-black hair, was seated beside him, shapely legs crossed. Either by accident or intent (with odds on the latter) her skirt had hiked up inches above dimpled knees, and from where Moe sat, he could plainly see wide areas of white, curved flesh.

Strangely, the sight of the girl's nude thighs failed to interest him. What was more important was the jut (or lack of it) of twin

mounds of flesh, eight inches north of her flat waist.

"Would you mind standing up a minute?" Moe asked.

Obediently the girl rose, posing with hands on hips, her shoulders thrown back and breasts accentuated.

"Are you wearing a brassiere?" Moe queried.

Smiling engagingly, she slipped her hands beneath the round globes and lifted them gently as though offering their contours for Moe's approval. "Don't be ridiculous," she countered. "Here, feel."

Moe stretched out his hand and felt, and in the pressure of his fingers on a cone of resilient flesh the girl lost all chance of appearing in the show. Withdrawing his hand, he puffed on the cigar.

"No, I don't think you'll do, girlie," he said. "You're a little too short. I don't need a pony ballet, I need big women."

It was these "private interviews" that



For some ten minutes or so his beady black eyes took in the scene behind the footlights.

made Broadway cock its head and wink its collective eye whenever Moe's name was mentioned. The ordinary chorus call, as issued by the rest of the Main Stem's producers, took place on the rehearsal stage in view of everyone. Moe, on the other hand, believed in interviewing his girls privately, one at a time.

For an hour or more he accepted and rejected as a steady stream of chorines poured in and out of his office. Some he spent very little time with; others deserved and received a little more attention.

Finally he picked up his phone and signalled the outside office. "How many left, Mabel?" he queried. Mabel, the telephone girl, had been using a bust developer for

Moe reached out and patted her knee. "Glad? I'm delighted!" He moved his chair closer the better to view the lush mounds almost bursting the confines of her bodice. "I got a swell spot for you in my new show, in



months, in the hope of some day being appointed Moe's private secretary.

"Three more," she replied. "Two new ones and Bobby Jackson."

Moe beamed. "Send Bobby in first," he ordered.

Clucking like a contented hen, Moe greeted the tall, voluptuously proportioned blonde as she entered his office.

"Well, well, Bobby, where have you been?" he chortled.

The chorine slumped into a chair, her round thighs and flowing hips delectably outlined beneath a tight-fitting satin dress.

"Oh, just a little vacation, Moe, old dear," she replied. "Glad to see me?"

my new *Hi-Hat Revue*. It's just made for you."

The blonde smiled. "Yeah, I suppose it's one of those nude statue things or bare back rider stunts a la Lady Godiva, huh?"

Moe shook his head in the negative. "No, it's a swell spot and almost a principal part. I'll give you seventy-five, Bobby."

Bobby squared her shoulders, shooting her breasts at Moe with a decided flaunt. "You'll pay one hundred, won't you, Moe?"

"No, I won't. Seventy-five is my limit. This is an expensive show and—"

Bobby rose and seated herself on Moe's lap. One bare arm circled his neck and toyed with the lobe of his ear. Her red lips, parted to

reveal white teeth, were a hair's breadth away from his fat mouth. "Won't you pay one hundred, Moe, darling?" she whispered sensually.

Moe stretched his neck. Tiny beads of perspiration were already forming on his brow. His mouth was just a bare inch away. "No," he said weakly.

Bobby deftly unhooked the bodice of her dress and reaching inside, popped one alabaster globe out. It was like quivering, white jelly, topped with a ripe, luscious strawberry.

"Kiss me, Moe," she breathed.

Moe's lips hovered on the smooth flesh. His hands trembled as he reached out blindly, dizzily, for the jutting prize.

Ten minutes later, Bobby Jackson affixed her signature to a run of the show contract.

"Compensation for said appearance to be *one hundred and twenty-five dollars* weekly . . ." it read.

At the door she blew him a kiss. "Bye-bye, Moe."

Moe stared off into space. His hands were still full of soft flesh and his heart full of passionate joy.

HI-HAT REVUE was scheduled to open cold on Friday, and on Wednesday, the girl who had been rehearsed for the airplane scene was rushed to the hospital with a ruptured appendix.

Moe stormed up and down the aisle of the *Mercury Theatre*, beating aside everyone in his path.

"No! No! No!" he yelled. "Bobby Jackson won't do! Neither will the other one. We got to get a red-head, I'm telling you, just like the other. What good is all the scenery if we don't have a red-head? What good is the lights I had built for nine hundred dollars if we don't have a red-head. The whole scene is built around a red-head."

The chorus director stepped in his path. "Maybe one of the girls could dye her hair red?" he offered.

"No! No!" Moe bellowed. "Ain't there no red heads in New York? Ain't there?"

At midnight, Moe staggered from the *Mercury Theatre*, his black fedora pulled down hard over his eyes. He had interviewed fifty carrot-topped girls; all shades from rust to old rose, but none had suited. Now, the necessity of procuring a flaming haired damsel for the airplane scene, dwarfed even the fact that out of the mess of last minute interviews he had chosen three new girls who more than

lived up to his standard of bosom development.

It was beginning to drizzle as Moe stepped into a waiting taxi. "Grindy's," he ordered, naming a popular, all night restaurant. In the cab he mumbled to himself. "There is probably fifteen thousand red heads born every year and when you want one you can't find it!" The cab stopped for a red light. Moe cursed the delay. He was supposed to have been at Bobby Jackson's apartment at eleven-thirty. "Hell!" he expostulated, "red lights, red communists, red ties, but no red-heads!"

Alighting from the cab at Grindy's he paid the driver off and turned, only to violently collide with a girl, who, under the impact, lost her balance and fell to the wet pavement. Stooping, Moe picked her up, almost falling himself in the attempt, only to discover that she had fainted and that her body was an inert mass of flesh. Whistling frantically, he recalled the cab just pulling away from the curb, and with the assistance of the driver bundled the girl in.

"The nearest hospital," he cried, his arm about her waist, supporting her head on his shoulder. The red-head, Grindy's, even Bobby Jackson paled beside the emergency.

Taking corners on two wheels, the cab flew uptown. At 53rd Street it screamed to a sudden stop to avoid a milk truck, and it was then the girl opened her eyes.

"Where—where are you taking me?" she mumbled.

Paternally Moe stroked her brow, brushing her hair away from her eyes. "To a hospital," he replied, "you fainted."

With a great effort the girl sat erect. "No, please don't take me there," she pleaded, "please don't."

Moe held her arm. "Why not? You're sick."

"No please don't," she repeated, moving towards the door. "Please, let me out!"

Moe restrained her forcibly, pushing her back in the seat. "All right, I won't take you to a hospital." He leaned forward, addressing the driver. "Stop at 258 East 54th, instead of the hospital," he said.

The girl's head drooped and fell against his shoulder.

HALF-LIFTING, HALF-CARRYING, Moe stumbled into his apartment, dropped his burden on a couch and switched on the light. As he turned to survey her, his eyes almost

popped from his head. Evidently she had lost her hat in the cab, and long red hair fell in cascades about her shoulders. Like a child fingering a new toy, or like a miser rubbing his gold pieces, Moe bent down and ran the titian strands through his fingers, the texture of it like spun silk.

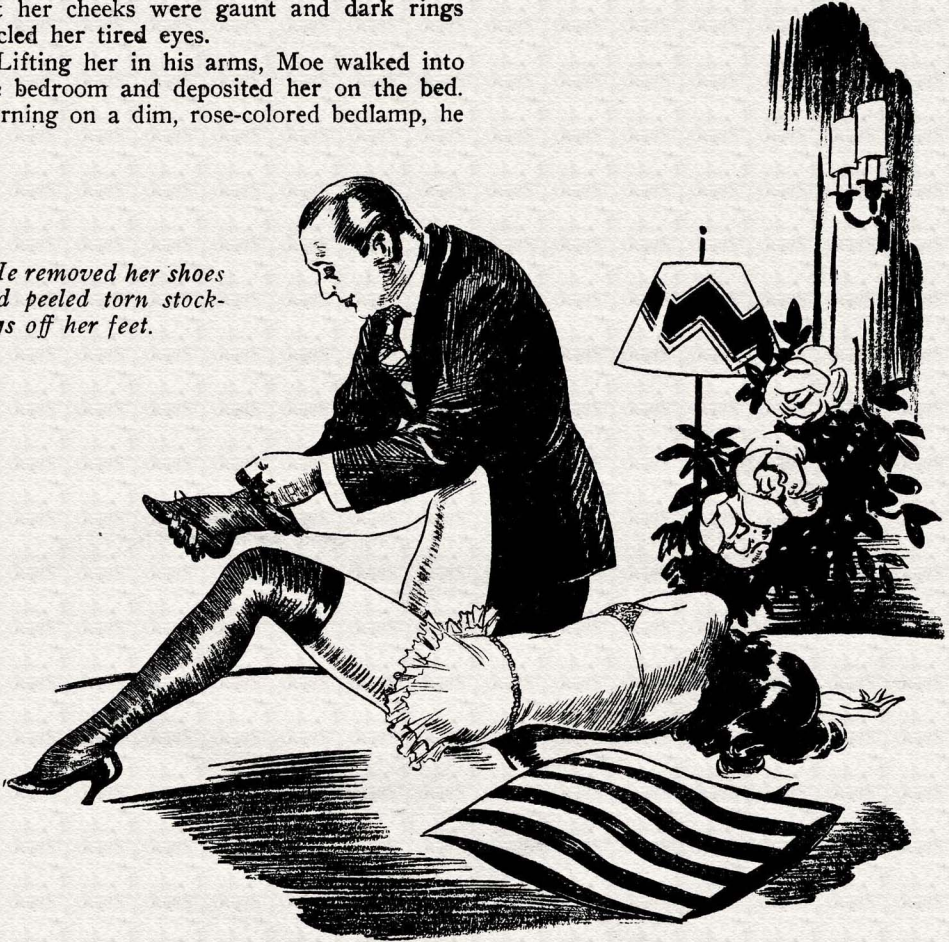
He studied her face carefully. It was the first time Moe had ever looked at a woman's face without first ascertaining what sort of breasts she possessed. The girl was beautiful, but her cheeks were gaunt and dark rings circled her tired eyes.

Lifting her in his arms, Moe walked into the bedroom and deposited her on the bed. Turning on a dim, rose-colored bedlamp, he

perfectly proportioned, so well molded to the rest of her body.

Bending over her, he removed her shoes, peeled torn stockings off her feet, and although he had never undressed a woman without an ultimate end in view, went to his task of disrobing her with infinite care. Finally, when he had slid worn panties off her round hips, and she was stretched out nude,

He removed her shoes and peeled torn stockings off her feet.



looked at her body stretched out full length. She was young, there was no question about that, and beautifully built. Moe gazed at her columnar throat, ran his eyes down to the point where ripe fullsome breasts stuck out engagingly. Strangely, Moe looked at the jutting mounds with no thought of touching them, fondling them or even seeing them uncovered. It was purely that they were so

Moe paused to admire the beautiful curves of her body. Ever since he had first set foot back stage women's bodies had been things that afforded physical pleasure and nothing more. Funny, but looking at this unknown beauty, he felt not the slightest urge to place his hand on the slope of her white loins, or even touch with a finger-tip the pink, wrinkled nipples. Now Moe could see why people stood

and gazed at statues. This girl's body was a statue of perfection.

Lumbering into the bathroom he returned with a glass of water and poured some of it on her face and the balance between her lips. As she stirred, a peculiarly foreign sense of decency prompted Moe to throw a silk coverlet over her nudity. Slowly she opened her wide, blue eyes and gazed innocently at her benefactor.

"Where—where am I?" she whispered.

Moe smiled reassuringly. More and more he was beginning to like this role of saviour. It pleased his ego and was something out of the ordinary. "You're in my apartment," he replied. "I'm Moe Levine, the producer. You've heard of me, huh?"

The girl shook her head. "No, I haven't. I've just been in New York three weeks."

"Oh, I see. You look hungry. Are you?"

Tears welled in the girl's eyes. "Well," she murmured, "I guess that's why I fainted. I—I haven't eaten for three days."

Moe ran to the phone quicker than he had ever run any place. "Get me the restaurant downstairs!" he barked into the mouthpiece.

An hour later, she was sitting up in bed, the coverlet held up across her breasts, but not high enough to conceal the upper crescents of pure white flesh.

"—but I've never acted before," she was saying.

Quite by accident, Moe dropped his hand on her lap. "That's all right, baby, you'll learn." Suddenly he grinned almost boyishly. "Say I don't even know your name."

"Betty Allen," she replied.

Moe leaned over and patted her cheek. "O. K., Betty, you're hired for the *Hi-Hat Revue!*" He rose. "Get a good night's sleep and I'll see you in the morning."

The gang at Grindy's would have called you a liar if you had said you saw Moe Levine walk out of a bedroom occupied by a nude girl without even touching her, but he did!

BEFORE THE FINALE curtain had hit the stage, the audience at the premier of Moe Levine's *Hi-Hat Revue* was buzzing about the "gorgeous red-head in the airplane scene."

Back in Betty's dressing-room, Moe crushed her in his arms and slipped a hand in the folds of her wrapper, his fingers closing about the warm fullness of a lush breast. Betty arched herself to him as she felt the nipple stiffening in his palm.

"You were gorgeous, honey," Moe raved. "Simply gorgeous!"

The door opened and a crowd of men entered the room. Moe waved them back. "Hold on, boys, this is taken," he announced, extending Betty's hand for everyone's examination. On the third finger of her left hand, a huge diamond solitaire and a thin platinum band vied for honors. "Meet Mrs. Levine," he chortled.

IN A BOOTH at Grindy's, Moe's name was the main topic of discussion. "You can bet your last pair of drawers," someone announced, "that she's a virgin. Moe wouldn't marry a dame unless she was different!"



"Letty's License!"

BY

KAY CARROLL

THIS IS the day, Jim!" announced Letty Foster one morning, digging a spoon very determinedly into her grapefruit.

Jim Foster speared her with the sharp glance of the commuter who is trying to enjoy his breakfast and keep a wary eye on the clock at the same time. Jim knew from sad experience that trains wait for no man, and he had to be on time at the office.

"What are you talking about?" he said, his mouth full of hot toast. "What day?"

"Darling!" expostulated Letty. "Have you forgotten? This is the day I'm going to take the test for my driving license."

"Oh . . . that!" Jim forked a strip of bacon, and munched its crispness with relish. "I was wondering what made you so nervous this morning?"

"Am I nervous?"

"You spilled the coffee when you were pouring it, you burnt the toast and forgot to sugar the grapefruit!" He chuckled teasingly.

"Gee, I mustn't be nervous!" murmured Letty. "I want to be able to drive our car whenever I feel like it."

Jim laughed.

"How many times have you tried for that license? . . . Four or five or six. . . I've lost track of it."

Letty stamped her foot. "You're silly! I've taken only two tests so far. . . The first inspector was just an old grouch who doesn't believe any woman should drive a car, and the second was a fellow who thought he was smart! He told me to park at a certain spot, and I did it beautifully, then he showed me the fire hydrant just under the hood!"

"You can't park next to a hydrant!"

"But he told me to do it!"

"Don't believe everything everybody tells you, sweetheart!" Jim was laughing now, a regular masculine guffaw.

"Think you're clever, don't you?" murmured Letty, with an injured air, flicking a fragment of toast off the daintily ruffled yoke of a one-piece silk pajama which caressed her slender body at exactly the right spots to accentuate the rounded beauty of her figure.

"Not at all, honey!" replied Jim. "But the situation is amusing."

"You believe I'll never pass my test . . . is that it?" There was a look of challenging defiance in Letty's blue eyes.

"That still remains to be seen!" declared Jim.

"Well, I'll show you!" she smiled sweetly. "Jane Patterson got a license, and if she can get one, I can! She doesn't handle a car better than I do, if as well."

Jim tossed his napkin on the table and pushed back his chair. "That's the spirit, never say die!" he grinned. "Now come over here and give me a good-bye kiss!"

Letty sat on his lap and coiled a bare arm about his neck. "I wish you wouldn't tease me!" she whispered, sinking her parted lips into his mouth with a twisting, push-pull action that always gave Jim a thrill.

His hand stole into the waist-deep vent cleverly concealed through the ruffle on her pajamas, and reveled in the plump softness of a breast that was surprisingly full and firm for one who was otherwise so slim. The garment slid off a flushed shoulder, bringing into view the complete loveliness of that breast, its crinkly pink tip already distending in hot response to the avidity of his undulating fingers.

They were still to be classified as honeymooners, with less than a year of married life, and this particular scene was re-enacted every morning at the breakfast table.

Letty's lips, slowly releasing his mouth, gave him a chance to say:

"Was I teasing you?"

"Of course you were!"

"I'm sorry . . . let's have another sweet kiss!"

Letty never refused a request like that. She could kiss all day and all night, too, if the opportunity were given for such prolonged exercise in the art of osculation!

But in the midst of the second kiss, even more juicily succulent than the first, the clock struck eight. . . Jim's train left at 8:10, and the station was a mile from the Foster bungalow!

Letty hopped off his lap. "Hurry, darling! You'll never make that train this morning."

Jim grabbed his hat and coat. "Don't worry, I'll make it! See you tonight!"

He was hurrying down the sidewalk when he turned and shouted:

"Good luck with the driving test!"

Letty, peeping at him from behind the door, waved her hand as he broke into a run and vanished around the corner.

"He won't have to jump away like a kangaroo in the mornings after I get my license!" she thought. "I'll be able to drive him to the station every day!"

She tripped back to the breakfast nook, poured herself another cup of coffee, and, lighting a cigarette, murmured:

"I don't know whether it's Jim's kisses or the driving test, but my heart is certainly beating wildly!"

Pressing her palm to the region of her torso where that vital organ should be found, she had to search for its throbbing pulsation, because the full circumference of a luscious breast intervened!

A LITTLE LATER, the pajamas dropped to the tiled floor of the bathroom as Letty prepared to step under the shower.

Shafts of morning sunlight, coming through the partially drawn blinds at the window, played intimately about her. Viewed from any point of the compass, Letty could easily have been the winner of distinguished honors in any beauty test, even though she was having some difficulty in passing her examination and proving her efficiency in the mechanics of handling an automobile.

Her charms were a bewitching sequence of amber skin and golden-brown curls, delicate curves blending attractively with plump contours, eyes as blue as violets, a mouth that was a replica of a crimson rose!

Through the falling spray of the shower, she seemed to be a young goddess disporting herself under a waterfall!

After a brisk rubdown that tinted her amber skin with the glow of pink, she skipped back into the bedroom, and, with the aid of a large powder puff, dusted a scented film everywhere! Then she started to get dressed.

That operation was a rather simple matter with Letty. She wore the best of everything, but there was very little of it. Stockings, slippers, a garter belt, followed by the wispi-ness of a chiffon chemise with one tiny button that was certainly to be envied for the delightful intimacy of its placement, and a dress over all!

Letty was then ready for anything . . . literally anything!

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, she was sitting beside the driver in a two-seated roadster, loping toward the outskirts of town, where traffic was at a minimum and the danger of an accident was negligible.

Letty was surprised to find herself alone with the inspector, who had introduced himself as Harry Maddigan. Three other people had taken the test with her the last time!

"Nobody else trying for a license today?" she asked.

"This is a special for you, Mrs. Foster!" he smiled. "Third time you've tried, isn't it?"

"Yes!" admitted Letty, blushing.

"What seemed to be the difficulty before?" he queried, as the car swung off Main Street and into an avenue that led to the open country. Letty secretly admired the sure touch of his hand, the effortless mastery of the wheel, the way he automatically handled the controls without any thought . . . just second nature to him, driving was, Letty thought!

"I got confused, I guess!" she said, the prettiness of her smile in keeping with the mischievous blue eyes as she glanced at him.

"Mustn't be confused!" he advised. "Take your time when you are in a car at the wheel, and let the other fellow get confused."

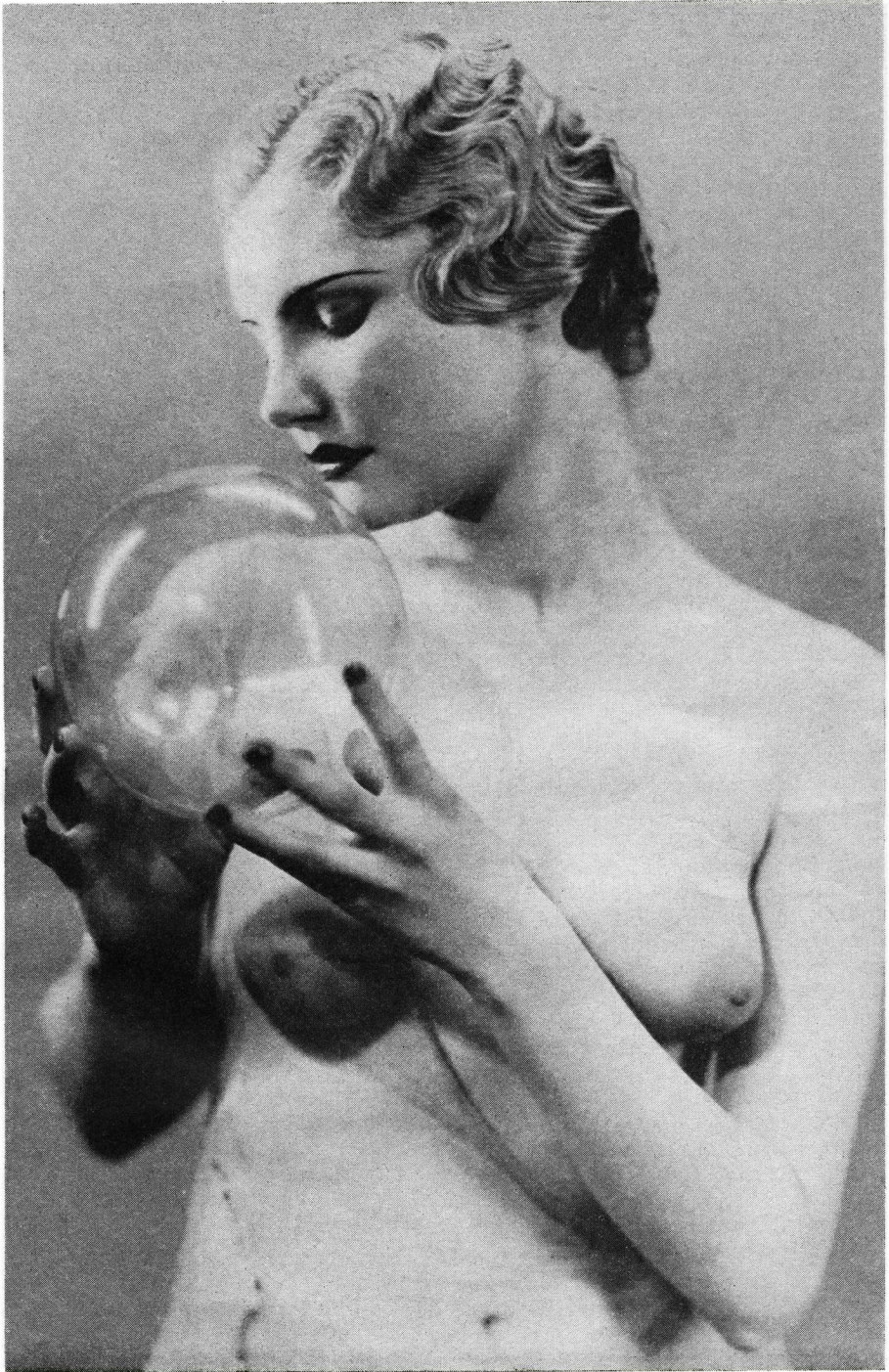
"Don't misunderstand me!" she said, quickly. "I can drive! Many a time I've handled the wheel with my husband beside me, and it seemed to be so easy. . . . But when I've got an inspector sitting there, and I know he is watching every move I make, I simply get nervous, I suppose!"

"That's natural!" said Harry. "Now, this morning, you just imagine it's your husband here with you. . . . You know what I mean. . . . Take it easy and forget that I'm an inspector. . . . I'll try not to confuse you!"

"That's nice of you!" said Letty, gratefully.

He seemed to be so very kind, so different from the grumpy individual who had been the inspector before. He had a very likable personality, and he was young . . . very young . . . not much more than her own age, thought Letty, who was looking forward to casting her first vote at the forthcoming election!

She was nervous . . . she knew she was . . . she could feel her heart even now pounding against her ribs, and causing the funniest sensation in the lovely breast that surmounted



it. She felt that she would always be very nervous under such circumstances. She had been so when she took final examinations at high school!

"I'm just built that way, I guess!" reasoned Letty. "If I'm under a test, I'm all jumpy and nervous! Well, something has got to be done about it, because I'm determined to get my driving license."

Harry Maddigan was paying not the slightest attention to her at the moment. His hands were on the wheel, but he seemed to be guiding the car with one finger, it responded so readily to the slightest movement, and the way he fed the gas with the toe of his foot was automatic!

"Do you mind if I smoke?" asked Letty.

"No, indeed!" he replied, with a charming grin. "Maybe a cigarette would help you control that nervousness."

"Have one?" she offered.

"I don't mind!" he said. "Would it be asking too much to have you light it for me?"

"Gladly!" said Letty.

She placed the cigarette between her rosy lips, and from force of habit the tip of a deliciously pink tongue touched it. Suddenly she recalled that it was his cigarette, not hers! Maybe he didn't like it moistened! But she was puffing it, and Harry had extended his hand for it!

She gave it to him, and watched him inhale! She didn't know it at that moment, but it seemed to Harry Maddigan that it was the sweetest cigarette he had ever tasted.

She lighted one for herself, crossed her knees, and settled back to her seat. . . . What a driver, she thought! . . . The way he never missed a tall traffic light, the silent meshing of gears, the steady purr of the motor, indicated the expert touch!

"I could drive like that!" she thought. "If he wasn't an inspector seeking to criticize."

He swung off the avenue into a side street. "This'll be okay!" he said. "You take the wheel now."

He started to go out of the door next to the driver's seat, but she stopped him.

"Don't bother to get out!" she smiled. "I'll just slide over, if you don't mind."

A subtle fragrance, sweet and warm and sensuously seductive, dominated the aroma of cigarettes as she squeezed past him and squirmed into the seat behind the wheel, while he slid over into the seat she had formerly occupied.

"I'd better throw away this cigarette!" she

laughed, tossing it out of the window. Her coat was open, her skirt had ridden well above a smooth knee, and pretty legs were on full display as she placed her foot against the pedal of the clutch and the toe of a slipper on the button of the gasfeed.

With her hand on the gear-shift rod, she smiled:

"Now, tell me, what do you want me to do?"

"I'm not going to tell you to do anything!" he declared. "Just go ahead and drive along this street, stop and start and turn into the next street, back out into the avenue, and keep on! . . . You know, just drive as though I wasn't here with you!"

"Heaven help me!" prayed Letty throwing in the clutch and meshing gears with a dismal clatter. The car started, and seemed to be playing leap-frog for half a block before she got it in control.

Harry said nothing. He just sat there, nonchalantly smoking!

She parked once at the side of the curb, but she saw a fire hydrant and triumphantly avoided it.

"Once is enough!" she decided, starting again, turning and backing into the avenue. . . . She climbed the curb several times, the car regained the road with a bump of its rear end, but she finally straightened it out on the avenue and jammed her foot on the accelerator. The car leaped forward, grazing a telephone pole, nearly stalled on a hill, but settled down to a normal pace, and it was almost two miles further before Letty suddenly realized that there were traffic lights on that avenue!

The red bulb glared at her sternly, and Letty braked the car so fast that it stopped with a sickening jerk. She dared not look at Harry beside her. She imagined that he was laughing at her!

"That's all!" he was saying. "You needn't drive any more! I'll take the wheel now, and drop you off at your home."

Letty silently crawled over him, and once more Harry's nostrils were filled with the warm scent of her.

"What's that address of yours again?" he asked. "You live on Caton Street, don't you?"

"That's right!" murmured Letty. "Number 36."

The car slipped down the avenue. . . . With Harry at the wheel, it was so different from the trip up!

"How did I make out?" she asked timidly. "I'm not supposed to tell you!" he replied, looking straight at the road ahead of him. "I'll make my report, and you'll hear from the office in a couple of days."

Letty's heart sank. She felt that she had failed again, and this young inspector was so very nice about it.

"Oh, it's after noon!" she exclaimed, glancing at her wristwatch.

"And here we are, at your doorstep!" said Harry, smiling.

"It's time for lunch!" she said.

"Right!" he replied. "And am I hungry?"

"So am I!" she laughed. "And I have to eat alone! It so happens that I haven't a guest for lunch today. Suppose I make a suggestion?"

"I'm listening!" said Harry.

"It's as easy to prepare lunch for two as for one!" Letty's blue eyes winked. "And I'm just dying for a cocktail after all I've gone through in this car this morning! Now I'll let you in on a little secret! If there is anything I hate worse than eating alone, it is drinking alone! Do you think you might be persuaded to spend your lunch hour at 36 Caton Street instead of in a restaurant downtown?"

Harry laughed. "You're awfully cute!" he murmured.

"I'm a good cook, too!" she boasted. "Do you want to take a chance?"

"Anytime, lady, anytime!" he grinned. "I don't get invitations like this very often!"

AN HOUR LATER, Harry Maddigan felt as though he were sitting on top of the world. He had enjoyed one of the tastiest luncheons he had ever eaten, and no less than three powerful cocktails had put him in the mood to thoroughly relish it!

They were potent, those cocktails! Letty Foster shook them up! Ask any of her friends! Ask Jane Patterson, that little bundle of brunette passion, for instance! She would tell you that Letty's cocktails put one in the mood for anything!

"I must be getting along!" muttered Harry. "I've got another test on for this afternoon."

"Oh, don't rush!" murmured Letty. "Have another cigarette!"

She had changed to a comfortable tea gown that was ideally designed for a girl possessed with the delectable combination of slenderness and voluptuousness that she prized. It was pinched in at a high waistline, stressing the

slimness of her waist and accenting the flow of hips and thighs. At the same time, it brought into full prominence the rounded glory of her erect breasts.

"And you must have another cocktail!" she urged. "I'll have another one, and you know what I said about hating to drink alone."

She was rather certain that the report would be "thumbs down" on her license. . . . She was naturally nervous about the test, but on top of that, the presence of anybody as good-looking as Harry Maddigan on that lonely country road had been doubly disconcerting!

Now she was determined that even if she didn't get her license, she would have her little fun!

Harry was sitting on the couch in the living-room, and after Letty had handed him his additional cocktail, she sat beside him.

"Good luck, Mr. Inspector!" she laughed, sipping.

"Good luck to you, too!" he muttered.

"I was pretty terrible today, wasn't I?"

"Well, I think you could do with a few more lessons!" he replied, in a guarded tone.

"Couldn't you teach me?"

"Maybe I could!"

He reached for a cigarette.

"Let me light it for you!" said Letty. "Remember the one I gave you in the car?"

"You bet I remember it!"

"Do you like the tips moistened?" she asked, the pink point of her tongue showing between her parted lips.

"Oh, that's what made it taste so sweet this morning!" he said.

"Was it sweet?"

"Like honey!"

She leaned toward him, the soft firmness of a breast insinuating its warmth against his arm. "Maybe you'd like to taste the moistener! It's sweeter than honey!"

Harry leaned back against the cushions. Letty cupped his cheeks in the palms of her hands, pursed his mouth, and slowly . . . oh, so very slowly . . . fitted her lips to his, while that experienced little tongue of hers grew penetratingly active!

"Couldn't you give me lessons after I get my license?" she whispered, her mouth still pressing against his lips.

"Sure I could!" he murmured, faintly.

"Then you'll make a favorable report?" she asked, throbbingly.

"You bet I will!" he muttered. "There's

(Please turn to page 63)



Honeymoon Without Honey

BY

ROBERT DUMONT

ABOUT the only thrill Babs Bolton hadn't had was matrimony—and she wasn't at all certain that it should be included in the category of delightful thrills at that.

Accordingly, in order to secure a little first-hand information in an innocuous, non-intimate fashion, she determined to experiment with matrimonial conditions—minus the love-making—for a couple of weeks. She just wanted to see if living with a man wouldn't make her all hot and bothered.

The very next time Cliff Marvin proposed—which was the umptieth time—she set about making an actuality of her plan.

"I'm very fond of you, Cliff, honey," she said, unwontedly serious. "But that's not saying it's love. After all, love is just a word that covers a multitude of things. You may have some little habit that would make it horrible living with you. You know, playing around as we've been doing has left our best sides out for inspection."

"I snore sometimes," Cliff divulged, grinning aggravatingly.

"That's one of the things I wouldn't find out under the make-believe marriage idea!" Babs pointed out severely.

"You know I'd do anything in the world to spend two whole weeks with you, dearest, even to the torture of only *playing* at being married!" Cliff said, more soberly and ardently.

"Well, then, here's the ghastly details," Babs elucidated. "Iris Miller, my old college chum if you remember, and her husband, aren't going to their bungalow at Catania Beach this summer, and she wrote asking me if I knew of any responsible young couple who would like to occupy it just to keep the dust from settling on things. And we're going to be that responsible young couple—only we won't be married!"

"Irresponsible, rather," Cliff corrected, but added hastily as he observed Babs' reproving look. "Gee, aren't we going to have some fun! Let's get another bottle of champagne and celebrate!"

It was really a situation primed with dynamite that Babs had created. Whether or not she and Cliff would abide by the rules of the

unique pact she had devised was extremely problematical. Both of them were spoiled by being accustomed to getting what they wanted without delay. Neither of them had ever practiced self-control to any great extent.

Babs on her part, was about the peppiest member of a rather ultra-peppy set. Her hair was a natural bronze gold, but it was now platinum blonde by decision. When her long, silken eyelids were artfully mascaraed, her deep blue eyes could be positively devastating to the male beholder—and stirred most feminine ones to acute envy. She was the long-limbed, athletic type, but sufficiently softly rounded at breasts and thighs to be alluringly feminine.

As to Cliff, his greatest worry in life perhaps had been to devise means to spend his time pleasantly, for even the idle rich must spend it some way or other. He had created football history at college and now bore the proud distinction of being a crack polo player and an expert yachtsman. He was tall, had nice, agreeable features and his hair was the color of sand.

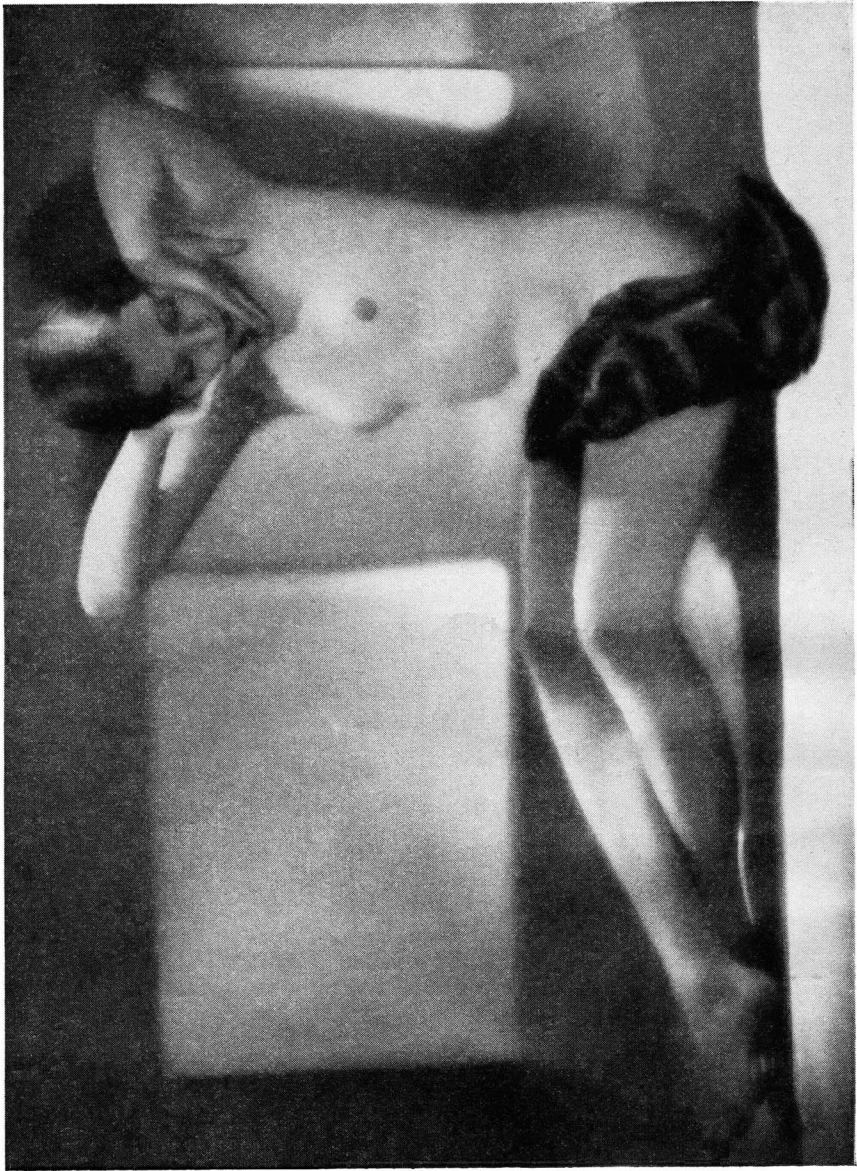
Picture, then, this extremely modern Adam and Eve having dinner at the Miller bungalow on their first night there. They had gone for a frolic on the beach and a swim late that afternoon that had whetted their appetites to the point where food was of paramount interest.

TOWARD THE END of the meal, however, Babs sensed that the cocktails and rich food had at last incited Cliff's thoughts along amorous channels. There was a hot ardency in the eyes that roved tentatively over her figure, which was daringly exploited in a low-cut, high-bodied dress.

She felt queerly ill at ease as if Cliff, whom she had known for years, had suddenly become an entirely different person. And she observed that he, too, was constrained, nervous.

It wasn't until they were in the living room, puffing at cigarettes, however, that he attempted any love making. He slid closer to Babs and slipped an arm about her waist.

"Nothing in the rules and by-laws of this



fake marriage against a little petting, is there?" he joshed. "If there is, this is going to be mighty lonesome business."

"Not a thing," Babs invited archly, although she was beset with a strange new shyness. "Only—don't let your imagination run away with you and give you false hopes."

There wasn't anything imaginary about Cliff's petting, at any rate. Under the torrid stimulus of his kisses and his caressing fingers Babs found an amative warmth of greater intensity than he had ever stirred, an emotional upheaval that fairly made her senses reel. Her soft, scarlet lips returned his kisses clingingly, something they had never done before. Her white arms made a jealous, passionate circle about his neck. There was a thrilling sense of intimacy in knowing that the bungalow could serve as the love-nest for the unrestrained expression of their passion if they so willed it.

"Let's have some music," Babs said finally, slipping away from Cliff's embrace. "Goodness gracious, don't you ever get enough kisses!"

"Never!" Cliff replied huskily.

Babs switched on the console radio and sank into the deeply upholstered chair next to it. Her eyes sought Cliff's through the haze of cigarette smoke she had exuded, low-lidded, alluring, despite herself. And the music from a sprightly night club orchestra filled the room, Cliff gazed back at her avidly, an anticipatory smile curving his lips.

"I'm getting sleepy. Guess I'll seek my downy couch!" Babs said presently, yawning with charming grace.

Before she could reach the door leading to her sleeping room, Cliff leaped forward and took her in his arms. He kissed her again and again.

"Good-night, darling!" Babs said meaningly. "Don't be a lazybones and oversleep. Remember, you have an engagement with me for an early swim before breakfast."

"Babs, I can't let you go like this! It's torture—" Cliff groaned, crushing her closer.

"Oh, you have to be good and go to the guest room, where you belong! After you've slipped a neat little wedding ring on the proper finger, well, perhaps—"

"But that isn't tonight! That's eternities away," Cliff remonstrated.

Then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he went to the door of the sleeping room and extracted the key from the lock.

"I'll be seeing you—later!" he grinned triumphantly.

"Give me that key, Cliff," Babs commanded sternly.

"Aw, Beautiful, have a heart!" Cliff pleaded.

Babs seized the hand in the palm of which the key rested and endeavored to open it. Her slender fingers were no match however, for the corded strength of his.

"I'm serious about this, Cliff! Give me that key!" she reiterated chillingly.

"Take it!" Cliff challenged.

SUDDENLY, Babs leaned over, and her little teeth sank into Cliff's wrist. The abruptness of her attack and the sharp pain caused him to utter a muffled cry and to involuntarily open his hand. The coveted key thudded to the carpet.

Quick as a flash, Babs had pounced upon it and seized it. Then she sprang inside her sleeping room, slammed the door shut and locked it.

Cliff stood where she had left him for a moment, gazing stupidly at his wrist, where the crimson imprints was clearly visible.

"The damn teasing little witch really meant it!" he muttered. "And how!"

Then, having savagely turned off the radio, he strode out of the room.

Once safe in the sanctuary of her sleeping chamber, Babs summoned Claudette, her personal maid, to aid her in performing the rites incidental. Claudette had been sent over by an agency, and Babs, naturally expecting the worst, had been agreeably surprised. So far, Claudette was giving every indication of being a jewel of a maid.

She had sparkling devilish brown eyes so dark that they seemed black at times and inky black hair that swirled with the gloss of the vitality of full, bounding health. She was really a little beauty, Babs thought.

As Claudette brushed the pale-gold cloud of her hair, she reminisced over the events of the evening. Her thoughts left her smiling dreamily. After all, she would have been disappointed, she admitted shyly to herself, she would really have been disappointed in Cliff had he tamely accepted abstinence. His exhibition of virile desire had flattered and pleased her.

But on the following day, his attitude seemed to have undergone a sudden change. He failed to make an appearance for the swim

(Please turn to page 62)



Doubling for Danny

BY

NEVIL WEST

WALT CONNINGTON looked about the luxuriously furnished apartment, and had to admit that his brother, Dan, had a swell dump. Prosperity must have emerged from around the corner for Danny, he acknowledged. Not many could afford diggings like this. And Walt was certain that he was going to enjoy his visit.

Prosperity to Walt meant money, and money meant women. So he began looking about the apartment for one of those confidential notebooks in which are recorded the names, addresses and telephone numbers of young ladies amenable to receiving love from men of wealth.

But no such notebook as Walt sought was to be found. He cursed softly over the fact that he had allowed Danny to leave him alone for the evening without having first obtained a few of those names he was sure Danny must have. And to add further to his troubles, all the servants had left the apartment immediately after dinner, and he could not look for help from any of them. That little blonde maid who had served dinner would have been a swell one to have around the apartment at night, he reflected, as he recalled how her knee had caressed his several times and a small, intriguing breast had pressed against his shoulder when she bent over the back of his chair to refill a water tumbler. But she had left with the rest, and Walt cursed the fact that he was a stranger to the city and knew no young ladies whom he might invite into the apartment to share the lonely evening with him.

Pulling out drawers of a secretary, peering into pigeon-holes, Walt kept up his search for the notebook he was positive Danny must have around somewhere. But the notebook continued to elude him. He was just about to give up in disgust when the house telephone rang.

"What's your complaint?" he growled into the transmitter.

"This is Doris, Danny," came a sweet voice over the line. "I'm down in the lobby. Mind if I come up for a few minutes?"

"Mind? I'll dust the seat of your dress plenty if it takes you more than three minutes to get here!"

Walt wasn't certain that such a remark would make him sound like Danny, for Danny was conservative in his speech and always discussing business. But Walt knew that even staid business men have a different attitude when around women.

He knew the girl would realize her mistake as soon as she reached the apartment, for there was no strong resemblance between Walt and Danny. But Walt had enough confidence in himself to feel he could cajole the girl into remaining. It would have been an affront to fate for a girl to back out of the apartment as soon as she arrived after he had been so anxious to have feminine companionship during the evening.

He had given her three minutes in which to reach the apartment, but she was there in two minutes' time. And what a girl! A tall, stately Spanish looking brunette, with pale white skin, smooth, glistening black hair, and twin flames of jet for eyes. And for a figure—well, Walt didn't think the best in the Follies could equal it. She was wearing a tight fitting dress which revealed with dazzling clarity every svelte line and curve. The full mounds of breasts stood out boldly, peaked with amber tips. Walt was positive that if she did have anything on beneath the dress, which he strongly doubted, she at least was not wearing a brassiere. The dress also clung to her hips like the paper on the wall, revealing each one in almost its entirety each time she moved.

WALT'S THOUGHTS of a lonely evening vanished completely at sight of her, and some other, and more pleasant, thoughts started to occupy his mind. Not since that tango dancer he had known in Mexico had he met anyone quite like this Doris. And at thought of the Mexican, he realized how lonely he had been.

"Awfully sorry to burst in on you like this," declared Doris with a smile when he opened the door.

She hadn't recognized him as not being Danny. Walt congratulated himself, and was positive then that it would be a momentous evening.

"I'll not object unless you attempt to burst

out of here again in a hurry," he informed her.

"Awfully good of you to say so," said Doris, continuing to smile as she discovered the fact that Walt wasn't exactly built along the lines that cause young girls to frown. "And I'm sure you don't remember me."

"Who could forget you?" demanded Walt, wondering just how well she might know his brother. But the fact that she had accepted him for Danny was sufficient for him.

"You are merely being kind," said Doris.

"If I didn't pay much attention to you, it is a deficiency which I must make up for now," he declared.

"But I understand that gentlemen are supposed to show a preference for blondes," remarked Doris as she walked across the room to a chair, selected a cigarette from a lacquered box and lighted it, then dropped into a chair and sat viewing Walt mysteriously through the blue haze of exhaled smoke.

"That is a child's fairy tale," declared Walt. "Besides, I don't feel like being a



He dropped down with her upon his lap.

"It was so crowded on Tony Van Buren's yacht when we were introduced, and we didn't exchange more than a half dozen words, so how could you possibly remember? Also, you seemed deeply interested in a very attractive platinum blonde."

So that explained why she had mistaken him for Danny. Her own memory was not proving particularly good. But Walt was not complaining over that.

gentleman tonight."

"Splendid!" approved Doris. "I've been trying all day to forget I'm a lady!"

"Then, to celebrate the transition of your social status, I suggest a cocktail," recommended Walt.

"Do you always work so quickly?" asked Doris.

"We must make up for my neglect on Tony Van Buren's yacht," Walt assured her, won-

dering how Danny could have interested himself in any dizzy platinum blonde while such a sensuous creature as Doris was around.

As he spoke, he walked across the room to an icy-air buffet, and took out the necessary bottles and ice cubes for mixing a bacardi cocktail, his favorite drink.

Walt knew how to mix a potent concoction, and the palate teasers he poured forth from the shaker would have given curly hair to an Indian. But Doris drained the glass he presented, and smiled with appreciation at the flavor.

"You haven't asked yet why I made this informal visit," Doris reminded him as he refilled her glass.

"The fact that you have made the visit is sufficient," replied Walt. "A reason is never necessary for you to call."

"Nice of you to say so," smiled Doris. "But the truth is, Danny, I've suddenly discovered that Mr. Roosevelt's recovery program has come along too late for me. So I've got to join the working forces. I've spent the entire day trying to think of what I can do to keep the wolf from walking in and making himself at home. But I've decided that I know nothing except how to dance. Someone told me that you are acquainted with several musical comedy producers, so I thought I'd stop around and see if I couldn't cajole you into giving me some introductions."

"I'm getting quite hard to cajole," replied Walt pensively. "The last time it required six kisses before I felt properly cajoled into granting a request."

"Perhaps the trouble was with the kisser," suggested Doris.

"That is a thought," admitted Walt. "But I'm not sure."

"There's a way to find out," Doris reminded him.

"How?"

"I haven't gone yet."

Instantly Walt swooped down upon her. Doris was tall and stately, but not awkward in his arms. He lifted her clear of the chair, crushed his lips down against hers, and dropped to a sofa with her upon his lap, while one hand cupped over one of those tantalizing breasts.

But Doris didn't leave the osculatory business entirely to him. Her lips opened slightly, and Walt felt as though the breath was being drawn from his body as she began kissing. Her lips were like twin brands of deli-

cious fire that seared with a passionate warmth.

Walt could feel the firm, warm breast pulsating under his hand, and was positive then that she had not confined her charms with a brassiere. The little amber tip pressed hard and firmly against his eager palm, giving added fire to his kiss.

His other hand had just started to explore over the rest of her satiny body when the girl sighed and slipped from his embrace.

"Were you kissed?" she asked him with a warm twinkle in her eyes to prove that she had not been altogether unresponsive to his actions.

"It was conclusive proof that something was wrong with the previous kisser," declared Walt. "After that I could be cajoled into granting any request."

"Then you'll give me an introduction to some stage manager?" asked Doris anxiously.

"Be glad to, but there is one obstacle," replied Walt pensively. "The last dancer I introduced to a producer didn't know anything about dancing. She had heard some stories about back-stage life, and believed them. Since then they've insisted that I not introduce them to anyone who doesn't have at least some possibilities. After all, you know, some of the girls have to work. Could you give a demonstration, so I could introduce you with a free conscience?"

WALT KNEW THAT the dress fitted her much too tightly for her to be able to dance in it. The only way she could give a demonstration would be to shed it. He was positive that she would be an interesting sight without it.

Nor was he wrong.

Doris hesitated for just one tantalizing moment as she looked at him with a bewitching light in her eyes. Then her fingers quickly unfastened several snaps at the waist, giving the dress enough space to be lifted over her head.

As it fluttered to the floor, Walt discovered that she was wearing no stockings—just a pair of French heeled slippers. The rest of her attire was a pair of white silk scanties that fitted so snugly over her curving hips that they might have been made of rubber. There was nothing more, unless one counted the gold chain about her neck and the jade pendant that rested in the soft valley between her breasts.

Walt was positive that he had never seen

anyone more alluring, as she posed for a moment in front of him before starting the dance. Such perfect form. Such firm, conical breasts. Such marvelously rounded hips and thighs. Such glistening white skin. Such a glorious, appealing girl!

He started to leap to his feet, not willing that she should waste good time with a dance while he was around and she was in such a condition. But Doris eluded his outstretched arms, and began the gyrations of a fantastic dance.

Walt sank slowly back into his chair, reached mechanically for his cocktail and drained the glass, because he felt strongly in need of a stimulant just then. But the movement did not cause him to take his gaze off her. He would not have allowed anything to interfere with that.

Avidly his eyes followed her every move, while his hands gripped the arms of his chair to keep him there, and the warm blood pounded hotly with desire at his temples.

Doris kicked and cavorted lightly about the room, her almost nude body becoming more

down against hers. Doris offered no protests, but clung to him in limp surrender, and returned kiss for kiss as he lifted her clear of the floor and carried her across the room to a sofa. . . .

HALF AN HOUR LATER they were still upon the sofa, and Doris was still nestled contentedly in the arms that clasped her tightly to Walt's chest. Her scanties lay in a forgotten heap at the side of the sofa.

Walt was kissing her for the hundredth time, and his hands were still roaming unrestrained over the smooth perfection of her body when the room was suddenly filled with a blinding flash.

And for a figure—well, Walt didn't think the best in the Follies could equal it.



appealing every moment. When she began an undulating motion of the hips, Walt could restrain himself no longer. With an inarticulate cry, he leaped to his feet. Before Doris could elude him, he had seized her in his arms, while his lips again crushed hungrily

Walt sprang up quickly, and was just in time to see a photographer leering at him from the window. Before Walt could reach the window, the photographer had vanished

(Please turn to page 61)

"Lovers' Valley"

BY

LOUISE LANGDON

(PART THREE)

DURING her two short years of married life Ruth Simmons had become an avid reader of romantic fiction. Thus, her active imagination filled the aching void in her heart and soul created by her husband, John.

Yet, had she been reading about the sort of situation that confronted her now, she would have smiled indulgently and decided that, though it was exciting, it couldn't possibly happen! . . . That is to say, it could not have happened with a girl in her position whose brain was functioning at its normal capacity!

There she was, without an atom of clothing to hide her sweet young charms; not even slippers on her tiny feet, standing before the bedroom door of Bob Fenton, her husband's guest, whom she had seen as he got out of the automobile in front of her home, but who had never seen her!

She had only intended to peek in at him. . . . She had come to the most reasonable conclusion that he was asleep, and, propelled by an over-heated mind all too anxious for a thrill, she had acted on impulse, without thinking of putting on at least the nightgown that now lay in a heap on her bedroom carpet!

And there was Bob Fenton himself, in pajamas, standing before her, after suddenly opening his door!

"Oh!" gasped Ruth, her eyes almost popping out of her head as she gave a good imitation of affrighted femininity trying to cover her lush beauties with arms and hands that were entirely too inadequate for the purpose.

"I'm sorry . . . er . . . er . . . pardon me!" stammered Bob quickly shutting the door, as any gentleman would!

Fortunately, Ruth's quaking knees recovered their strength, and, like a startled faun, she scurried up the hall and into her bedroom, where she dived beneath the covers. . . . John was still snoring! . . . She put her hand to her heart to still its wild beating, and inadvertently cupped a warmly pulsing breast!

"Now I'm in for it!" she scolded herself. "How can I ever face that Bob Fenton tomorrow morning, when John introduces me to him? . . . The very idea . . . he saw . . . everything!"

Under the coverlet, Ruth's fingertips glided down her torso and her limbs, encountering charms *en route* that were ideally designed to disturb a young man's peace of mind . . . if the young man was not a lackadaisical husband who took things for granted!

She glanced at John, asleep beside her, and wiggled snakily into a position very close to him. . . . Wildly amorous thoughts were again rampant, and the staccato throbbing of her heart was a suffocatingly sweet pain in her bosom. . . . Suppose she had glided like a beautiful wraith into Bob Fenton's room a few minutes ago and she had found him asleep? . . . Suppose she had yielded to the irresistible impulse to insinuate herself into the same position in which she now lay, every contour moulded against him?

Ruth smiled excitedly. . . . She would twine her arms about him . . . so . . . and her trembling fingers would move in a caressing arc!

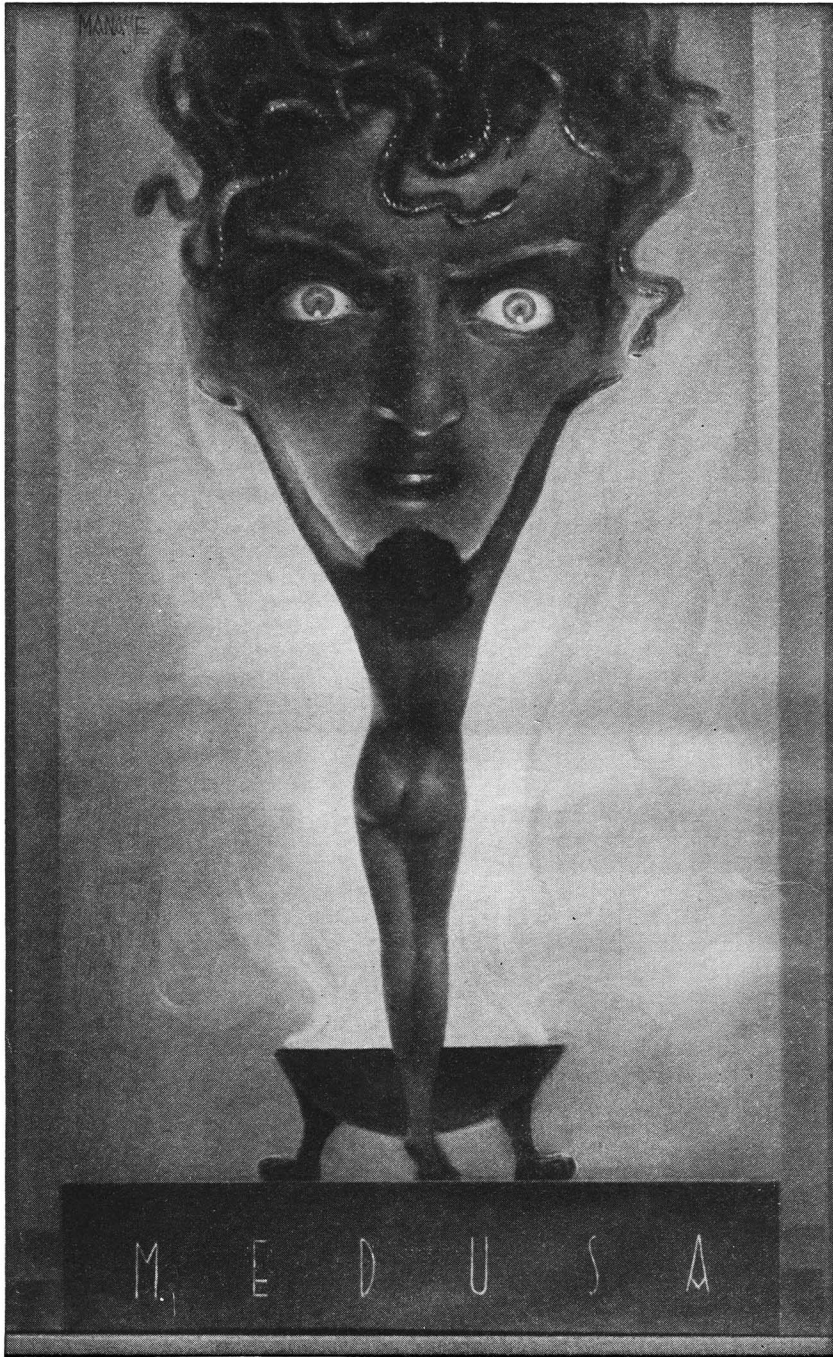
His manly throat would receive the moist imprint of hot kisses . . . like these . . . She would press his head to her breast, and, cupping his chin in the palm of her hand, would tilt his face upward. . . . slowly, just like this . . . and then her quivering lips would sink hotly into his mouth, when he would surely awaken!

But John, deep in slumber, unwittingly acting the role of Bob, did not open his eyes and follow through with the logical action of that very ecstatic pantomime! . . . Stolidly he slept on!

Ruth unwound her arms from about him, and let his head fall back on his pillow.

"H'mmmmm!" she thought. "An iceberg in Lovers' Valley!"

She lay supine outside the covers, a shaft of moonlight, deflected by the curtain at the open window, playing intimately over her. With the passing of the fiery wave of passionate longing that had swept her, she now



experienced a feeling of deep lassitude, mingled with a disquieting mental sensation of rebellious dissatisfaction

For the first time that night, Ruth now felt a chill in the breeze blowing in upon her, and, shivering, she slipped off the bed and picked up the nightgown that still lay in a heap on the carpet. . . . Swathing herself in its voluminous folds, she was soon back in bed, tucking the coverlet warmly around her.

John stirred in his sleep and rolled over on his other side, while he emitted a particularly raucous snore. . . . There seemed to be a mocking taunt in its explosive rumble.

With a sigh of resignation that was yet pregnant with resentment, Ruth sought to compose her turbulent thoughts, and finally fell into a fitful doze.

DOWN THE hall, Bob Fenton tossed restlessly in bed, finding it very difficult to dismiss from his mind the delightfully luscious vision that had presented itself so startlingly before him! . . . Certainly he had never expected to see a beautiful girl, entrancingly nude, standing at the door of his bedroom when he had opened it!

"Was that Ruth Simmons?" he wondered.

John had told him that his wife had golden-brown hair and dark eyes, but he hadn't mentioned the wealth of other charms that she possessed in such a lavish degree.

"It must have been Ruth!" he decided.

"John always was a darned lucky fellow!"

But the point that puzzled him was her complete nudity. . . . If he had happened to see her in a negligee or in pajamas at that time of night it would have been plausible . . . but . . . *like that!*

"Phew!" whistled Bob. "Is she in the habit of running around the house like they do in a nudist colony? If so, I'd better wear blinders or smoked glasses!"

He reached for a cigarette and drew in a cloud of smoke.

"Maybe she was just going to or returning from the bathroom!" he thought. "Of course, she didn't know I was in the house, because John said she was asleep when we arrived!"

He sauntered to the door, opened it gingerly and looked up and down the corridor, but it was deserted. . . . However, a faint fragrance that was undeniably girlish lingered in the atmosphere.

Bob returned to bed and flung himself down.

Dancing before his eyes was a tantalizing

vision of slim hips and gloriously rounded arms and the voluptuousness of pink-tipped breasts, dark eyes staring at him beneath a crown of golden-brown hair! . . . And a red-lipped mouth breaking open into a surprised gasp!

"If that really was Ruth Simmons, I shouldn't be thinking of her . . . John's wife . . . that way!" he thought. "But if it wasn't Ruth, that *would* be a different matter!"

Crushing out his half-smoked cigarette, he turned over, his back to the door and his face to the wall.

"No more of that subject tonight!" he decided. "To-morrow . . . !"

RUTH, AS usual, was first downstairs the following morning. She hurried into the kitchen to prepare breakfast, and paused for a minute in the doorway, taking deep breaths of the keen air and smiling in the appreciation of the pretty scene.

The sunshine seemed to assume an added brilliancy that morning, and the glistening dew on the vegetation of Lovers' Valley vied with the excited sparkle in her eyes.

She set the dining table for three. . . . It was only necessary to arrange an additional place. . . . The setting for two, which she had so carefully made on the previous evening, was still there as she had left it when she went to bed.

The bowl of flowers, tastefully decorative as a romantic touch to an anniversary supper, looked withered in the morning sun . . . She removed the blooms, and, running out to the garden, plucked another posy and placed it in the bowl. . . . The wistfulness of her evening smile had disappeared! Now she was actually humming a song!

She wanted to greet the guest in an attractive atmosphere. . . . Maybe Bob Fenton would appreciate that lovely bowl of flowers, even if John failed to notice it!

It had been a long, long time since Ruth had been happy enough to sing while preparing breakfast, but there was a strange exultation in her heart that morning, and her mind was full of questions. . . . Would she be able to control her blushes when she was introduced to Bob Fenton? Would he be embarrassed? Would there be a strained feeling at the table while they were eating? Would John notice anything?

The coffee was ready, sizzling hot and appetizingly aromatic, when she heard John's



heavy step in the hall above, his "good morning" hail to Bob, the echo of masculine voices and laughter, and the tread of feet on the stairs. . . . They were coming down together!

She was standing by the dining table when they came in.

*She twined
her arms
more tightly
about him.*



"Ruth, my dear!" John boomed. "Let me present Bob Fenton. . . . I told you all about him last night."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Fenton!" said Ruth, marvelling at the calm tone of her voice as she extended her hand.

"This is a pleasure, Mrs. Simmons!" murmured Bob.

He found himself gazing into the dark eyes, now glinting humorously, that had stared in such a startled manner at their momentary encounter a few hours before, the wealth of her golden brown curls forming a perfect frame for her lovely face. . . . But the luscious contours that he had seen in all their youthful beauty were now draped in a dress

that was girlishly simple and modest, yet clung to her figure in a way that was daring in its very simplicity.

Bob's emotions were a seething mixture of amorous elation and nervous chagrin as he clasped hands with her. . . . The girl herself was so lovely, her physical attraction so potent, that his heart was at the bursting point and his pulse beat in maddened tempo. . . . But he was sorry that this glorious creature had really proved to be Ruth Simmons, the wife of his best friend!

How could he make love to her? . . . How could he deceive the man who had brought him into his home with such confident trust?

It was an impossible situation, thought Bob. . . . In the first few hours of his stay at Lovers' Valley, it had become unbearable. . . . His heart and soul warned him that he couldn't remain in close proximity to this gorgeous girl, day and night, indefinitely, without succumbing to the siren lure of her charms!

He would be compelled to leave the farm. . . . He ought to be leaving at once. . . . But what possible excuse could he give John Simmons for suddenly vanishing?

These thoughts were flashing through Bob's mind as he heard Ruth speaking:

"Won't you sit down? . . . Breakfast is ready!"

All during the meal, John kept the conversation going, rattling on at great length about the farm and the work to be done, reminiscing about the good old college days. . . . Bob tried to keep up his end of the talk, but his brain was wrestling with the problem created by his overwhelming and burning infatuation for the girl who was flitting between the dining-room and the kitchen, removing dishes, bringing fresh toast, another pot of steamingly fragrant coffee!

Bob found it difficult to keep his eyes off her. . . . The subtle perfume of her warm beauty made his nostrils twitch. . . . The litheness of her figure, the delicious roundness and firmness of her voluptuous breasts, quivering ever so slightly as she walked back and forth, the natural red of her bow-shaped lips, increased his fascination!

Occasionally their eyes met, dispatching the wordless message that each was acutely conscious of the unspoken secret they shared. . . . Ruth's feminine instinct instantly divined his feelings for her, and there was no mistaking the responsiveness that gleamed in her shining eyes, which reflected the flame of love

that had been kindled in her soul, starving for the affection she craved!

After the last cup of coffee had been drained, John pushed back his chair:

"Come along, Bob, we'll take a walk and look over the farm!"

"Yes, of course!" replied Bob. . . . His gaze had been concentrated on the sweeping curve of Ruth's back as she went into the kitchen.

He glanced at John. "You lucky devil!" he thought. "If I had only met her before you did!"

They strolled on to the porch, descended the steps and strode away. Ruth watched them go.

"Fate was unkind to me!" she whispered. "Why didn't I meet him long, long ago? . . . Why must he come into my life too late?"

Above the clatter of dishes being washed in the kitchen sink, her throbbing voice was murmuring her thoughts aloud:

"He loves me! . . . He loves me!" Her heart gloated at this quick realization. "I can see it in his eyes! . . . I used to read of love at first sight! . . . And I used to laugh at the very idea! . . . But it is true, it has happened . . . and it's happening now!"

When her kitchen was spick and span once more, she went upstairs to make the beds and straighten up the sleeping rooms. . . . Without one moment's hesitation, she approached Bob's door, the door at which she had been standing in the glory of her complete nudity when he had first seen her! . . . A thrill pervaded her as she placed her hand on the knob once more!

This time she turned it and crossed the threshold. . . . His rumpled pajamas lay on the disheveled bed. . . . Sitting on the edge,

where he slept last night . . . alone . . . while I . . . I might just as well have been alone!"

Circling the pillow with her arms, she pressed it to her breast, then raised it to kiss the spot where he had laid his head.

"He loves me! . . . He loves me!" she continued to repeat.

In the ashtray were the stubs of cigarettes that had been between his lips. . . . His bags were partially unpacked. . . . She moved about the room, letting her fingertips caress the articles that belonged to him . . . his clothes, his brush, his comb, his shaving outfit, his pipes and smoking utensils, a tobacco pouch!

If he were only hers and she his!

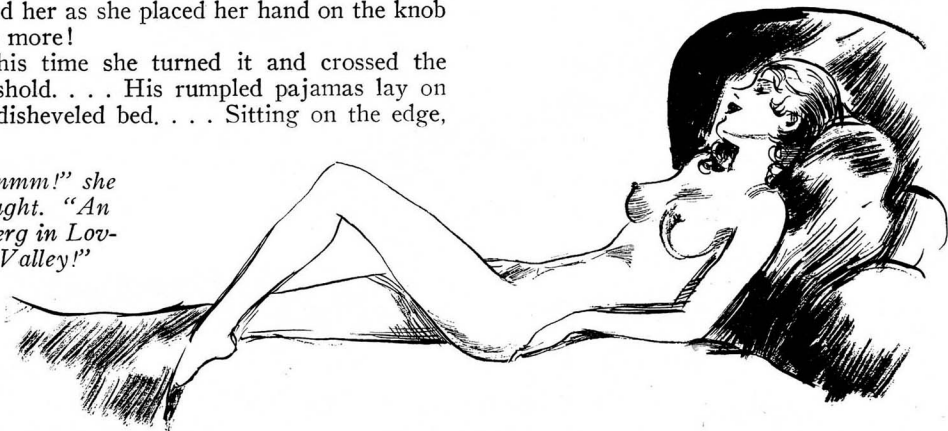
Ruth clutched at her heart as she thought of the unutterable bliss that might be theirs!

And then she remembered John, standing between them like a wall of impassable strength!

"He doesn't care!" she told herself. "I'm nothing better than a housekeeper to him. . . . I'm entitled to love and be loved! . . . And the only way out is . . ."

The idea of an illicit relationship in Lovers' Valley was not what she desired. . . . She wanted love, and it was easy for her to persuade her heart that if she couldn't bask in the radiant glow of passion on a conventional basis, then it must be accomplished on an unconventional plane! . . . She evidently meant nothing to John any more. . . . Why should she wither away like a neglected flower?

"Hmmm!" she thought. "An iceberg in Lovers' Valley!"



she stroked the garments tenderly, then let herself sink back on his pillow, her luxuriant curls occupying the identical dent where his head had been.

"His pillow!" she murmured. "This is

"Bob Fenton . . . my man . . . at last!" she whispered.

ALL MORNING Ruth's husband and her potential lover were away from her. . . . It

was time for luncheon when they returned from their inspection of the farm.

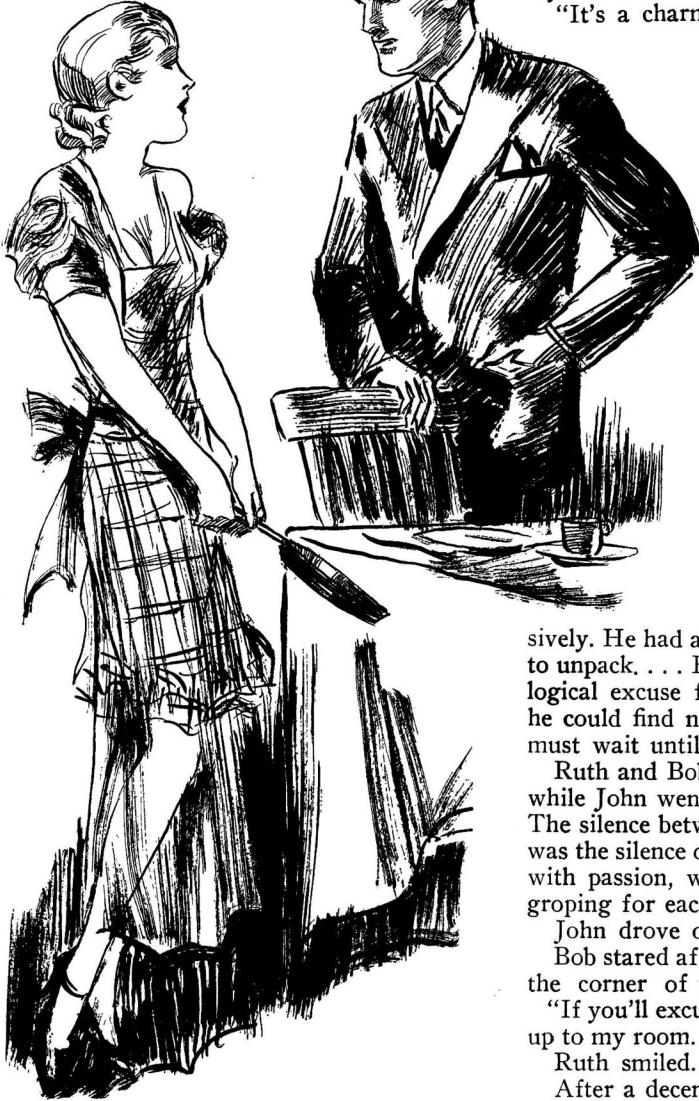
Ruth, now that she had reached her decision, was bubbling over with good spirits as she served the meal. . . . There was a song in her heart, if not on her lips, and the love-light was flashing in her eyes each time she

interjecting a remark only when he was forced to do so.

They were sitting on the porch, smoking, when John announced that he intended to drive into town that afternoon. . . . Ruth, sitting with them, heard the news with a joyful surge of emotions. . . . Bob received it with trepidation!

"You can finish unpacking!" said John, slapping him on the knee and grinning. "Do you think you'll like it here in Lovers' Valley?"

"It's a charming spot!" replied Bob, eva-



"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Fenton!" said Ruth.

sively. He had almost come to the decision not to unpack. . . . He was racking his brain for a logical excuse for his sudden departure, but he could find none! . . . He decided that he must wait until he could furnish an excuse!

Ruth and Bob were left alone on the porch while John went to the garage for his car. . . The silence between them was ominous. . . it was the silence of aching hearts, souls burning with passion, waiting arms and eyes blindly groping for each other in the vortex of love!

John drove off with a wave of his hand!

Bob stared after the car until it had rounded the corner of the roadway, then he arose: "If you'll excuse me, Mrs. Simmons, I'll run up to my room. . . I've some letters to write!"

Ruth smiled. "Certainly!" she murmured.

After a decent interval, she slowly climbed the stairs and went to her own room, where she slipped out of her dress and substituted a negligee that had been part of her trousseau two years ago, but which she had seldom worn

met Bob's glance!

He was perturbed and preoccupied, content to let John monopolize the conversation and

since. Glancing at herself in the mirror, she saw reflected there as delicious a morsel of passionate femininity as ever surrendered her charms to the caresses of a lover!

She had made a plan . . . she would knock on Bob Fenton's door and ask him if he needed anything in the way of furniture or furnishings to make him more comfortable. . . It was a logical approach. . . She was hostess and he was guest! . . . In that negligee, could it be possible that they would be anything less than sweethearts a moment later?

Crossing the bedroom, she picked up a comb on her dressing table to rearrange her hair into its most charming array of curly waves, when she saw an envelope lying there. . . It was addressed with the single word "Ruth" in John's handwriting.

Ripping the seal, she read:

"Forgive me, Ruth, for going away. . . You'll never see me again. . . I love another, and there is no use continuing the irritating pretense of our life together. . . I am going to Reno for a divorce, and you will be free soon. . . I arranged for Bob Fenton to come to Lovers' Valley to manage the farm for you. . . I didn't tell him the real reason, but I'm sure he'll understand. . . John."

Down the hall she raced, to show the letter to Bob.

He read it standing in the doorway. . . She was standing in front of him. . . It was a repetition of their midnight meeting, but now she was displaying her charms under the lacininess of a negligee.

The letter fluttered from Bob's fingers.

"It . . . makes it . . . easier!" he heard her saying. "Since last night I've been sure I could never be happy with anyone but you!"

She swayed toward him. . . His arms went about her hungrily. . . Their lips met in clinging ecstasy!

"After the divorce, darling, you'll be mine!" he breathed, his voice husky with emotion.

She twined her arms more tightly about him.

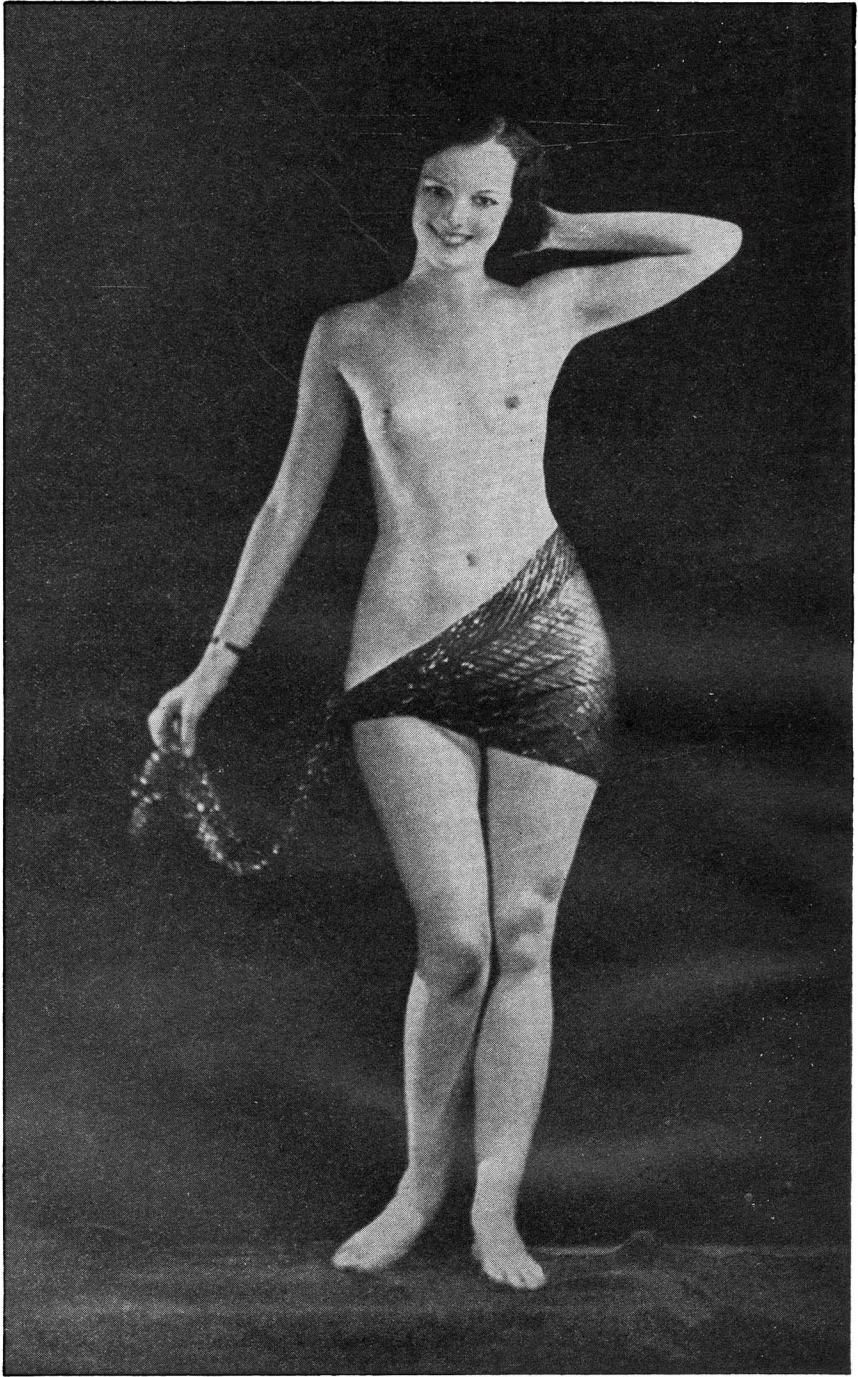
"Must . . . we . . . wait?" she whispered. "I was yours . . . from the very first moment . . . I saw you!"

Bob swept her off her feet, and the bedroom door clicked shut!

It was a quiet wedding, a few months later, and life in Lovers' Valley is now one endless honeymoon!

DIANA PAGE, one of your favorite SPICY authors, writes another story in the April issue that will thrill you.

Don't miss BEAUTY SPOTS next month!



No Marriage Urge?

BY

VIRGINIA TERRY

I WOULDN'T get married on a bet," said Ruth as she viewed her slender and lovely nudity in the full length mirror suspended from the bathroom door, now open, and giving a view of the cosy bedroom beyond.

She had emerged from a warm scented bath, had given herself a brisk rub-down with a heavy turkish towel that made her flesh glow, and dusted her body from head to toe with perfumed bath powder.

"That's all right to say now, while you're young and beautiful. But how 'bout old age, dearie? When that comes creeping up on you and your men all desert you, you'll be sorry you haven't got somebody who can't desert," and Joan, also fresh from her bath, and likewise enjoying the luxury of nature's garb, lighted a cigarette and threw herself upon the pile of pillows invitingly enticing on a chaise longue in the bedroom.

Nothing is more seductive than a Spring morning in New York. Why the city should suddenly become demure, lady-like, lovable after its year-time debaucheries, is hard to explain. Nevertheless, that is just what happens. Everybody loves and feels the spell of Spring in New York. And it was springtime.

Both girls were enjoying the morning's relaxation after a party of the night before. They had met for the first time at the party, had taken an immediate liking to each other and Ruth had brought Joan home with her rather than have her drive over to Long Island with her very drunken boy friend. Ruth's lover, like a good scout, had taken the drunken boy friend in tow for the night. And so the two girls, strangers a few hours earlier, were now exchanging confidences preparatory to a ripening friendship.

Ruth laughed and replied as she reached for a vial of delicate, yet subtle, sexy perfume, "Old age! That's too far off to think about. Anyway, I'm willing to pay the fiddler to live my youth as I want to—and I want to live it without marriage."

She touched her firm young breasts with the glass tube of the perfume bottle and whimsically watched the raspberry tips of them harden in response. Then she crossed to Joan, whose blonde loveliness showed in

bas relief against the gay pillows of the chaise longue.

"You know, you're really very beautiful, Joan," and she stroked the coral tips of Joan's white mounds with the perfume tube. They responded as quickly as Ruth's had. Whereupon both girls laughed in unison, Ruth put the bottle aside, lighted herself a cigarette and dropped into a comfy boudoir chair, her lovely boyish legs thrown over one arm of it.

Joan held her cigarette between her teeth, while she cupped her rampant breasts with her warm palms as if to still their clamor, and eyed Ruth critically.

Both girls were silent for a moment. Spring breezes lifted the curtains of the windows gently and played over their naked young bodies. Several vases of jonquils, placed about the room and looking as if they had caught and held the rays of the sun in their vivid yellowness, made fitting frames for the brunette and blonde loveliness of the two girls.

Finally Joan said, "Why don't you want to get married?"

"Because," responded Ruth, "I'm in love with love, not men. I love romance. And romance doesn't belong to any one particular man. To be tied down to one man for any length of time, would bore me frightfully and worst of all, it would kill romance. If I were married, Joan, I'd feel just exactly like a dog on a leash—and like a dog on a leash, I'd be fretting for my freedom and the right to do as I pleased. And I'd probably be very snappy and snarly, and eventually bite the hand that fed me."

She pulled at her cigarette and let her thoughts wander. "No," she finally said, "no marriage for me. I don't care if I die in the Old Ladies Home, if I can have all the romance that youth can offer me."

"You've never been really in love," decided Joan.

"Not with a man, perhaps, but always with love. I love Love. It's life to me."

"We're different," said Joan. "Now I am crazy mad about that gink who was too drunk to drive me home last night. I wish to heaven he'd ask me to marry him. But



Bert's not the marrying kind. I'd slave for him. I wouldn't care if he lost his money and we had to live in a hovel, because, well, because he's *my man*."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind a hovel if I found romance there," argued Ruth, "but I'd want romance there, without marriage. Marriage, to me, would mean, under those circumstances *must* if you know what I mean. I will take my hovel without marriage, thank you, knowing that only romance is holding me. Then I'll love it. No, lady, no marriage in my career, to *make* me have an affair with a man. I give my love because I want to, not because I have to," and then rising and stretching herself like a lazy kitten, she said, "Better get dressed. Those men ought to have recovered by this time and will be phoning us for breakfast or something."

"All right," said Joan, "I get your viewpoint, but wait till the right man comes along."

"Bosh!" replied Ruth.

ALONE, LATER in the day, just before the cocktail hour, when the crowd would begin to assemble, Ruth's thoughts dwelt on the conversation of the morning. She was contented, happy with her philosophy about life she decided. The sweetest thing in the world, she told herself, was love. Love unhampered, free, divorced from the iron bands of matrimony.

"I suppose I'm a courtesan at heart," she reflected, "but not for money or favor. Only for the exquisite romance of—*forbidden sweets*. I'll never spoil it by marriage. Never!"

The cocktail crowd finally assembled, arriving in groups of twos and threes. There had been several rounds of cocktails and a few nibbles at the hors d'oeuvres, when Leslie Perrin dropped in with her sweetie and a new man.

"Look, girls, what I've found," she said with breezy sophistication. "His name's Carter. Bob Carter from Arizona. Isn't he a darling? Going to the highest bidder! Bob, this is the gang. They'll tell you their names as they say 'howdy.' Gimme a drink and a cigarette, somebody. I've done my duty by the lad and now I'm through."

She dropped into a chair and someone handed her a cocktail and lighted a cigarette for her. She reached for an hors d'oeuvres, bit into an olive and said generously, "Look about you, Bob, and take your pick. Pret-

tiest, breeziest and swellest bunch of gals in town."

"Over my dead body," answered a masculine voice.

"Slave block," a feminine voice cried laughingly.

"Why not start a harem, and then there won't be any jealousy?" and the bevy of pretty women crowded about him, to introduce themselves, see that he had drinks and a good time.

"A Greek god gone modern," thought Ruth, her senses aquirer.

She had not spoken to the stranger, that is, in words, but their eyes met, held and—romance had begun to weave its spell about them. Behind the curtain of sophisticated banter of the gay crowd at that moment began a love scene between Ruth and Bob Carter that was to hold them spellbound. For Dan Cupid had crashed the party, shot his arrow, doing plenty of damage, for it was particularly good marksmanship.

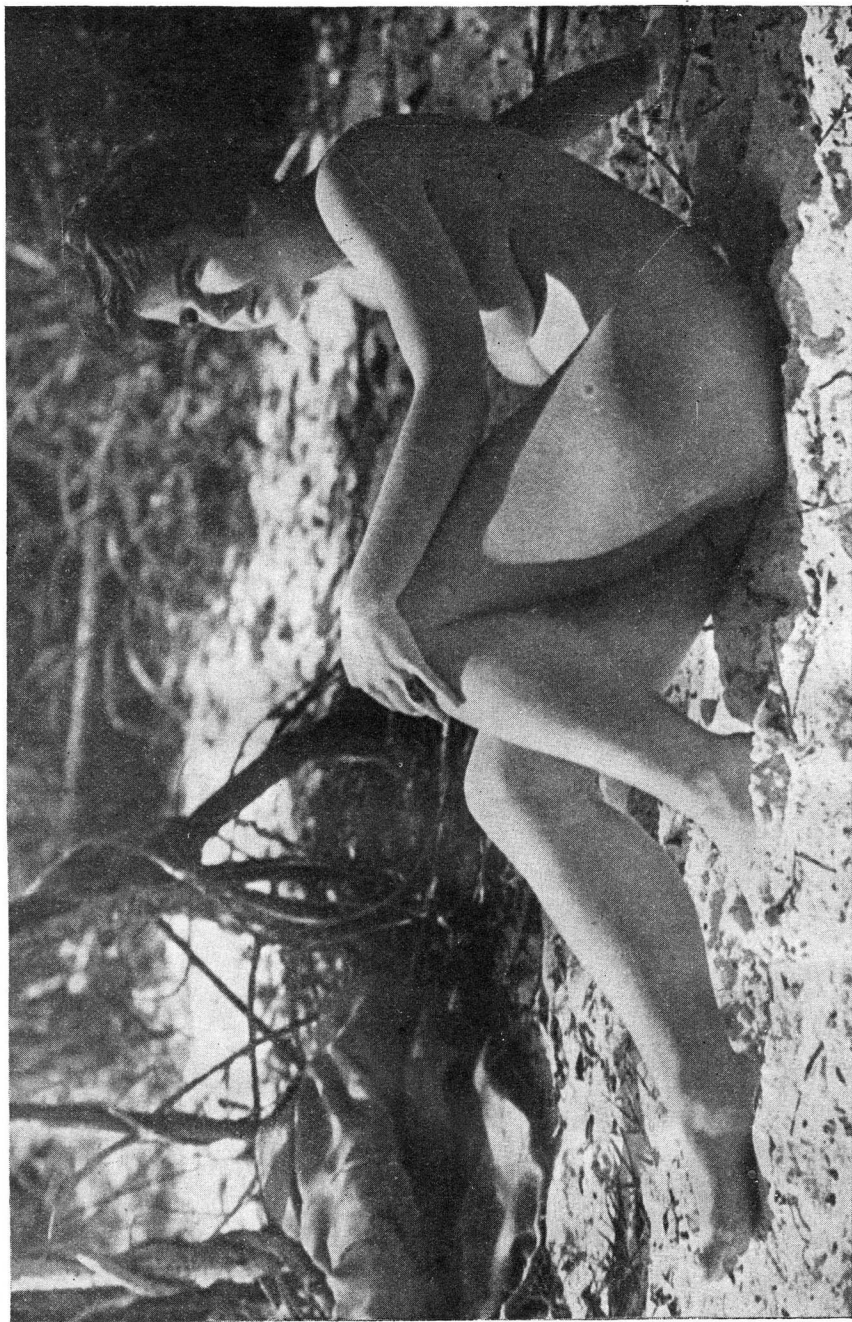
IT IS SAID that somewhere in the world, there is a mate for every human being—the one person who is the perfect complement to the other. The irony of it usually is that these people born for each other never meet. Sometimes thousands of miles separate them. That's where nature messes up an otherwise very good idea.

She had therefore, been particularly good to Ruth and Bob, for each felt that their meeting was the perfect mating. The days that followed this first meeting were those of perfect joy. Ruth, keyed up to a perfect frenzy of blissful love, knew that never in her life had she been so stirred. Bob was sure that he had met his woman. Not a moment when they were together that they did not feel the happiness of perfect companionship. For three glorious weeks they had lived for each other's kisses and caresses. Now Bob was returning to his ranch in Arizona.

They were alone in Ruth's apartment. There had been a stormy scene between them. It was late, just before the dawn. The shades were drawn and only soft candlelight illuminated the room. In two hours, Bob's train would be pulling out of New York.

Ruth, clad only in a diaphanous negligee thrown on hurriedly and more revealing than concealing, was in tears.

"You'll come back to me, Bob," she pleaded.



"Oh sure, when I can," he replied. "You know that, because I love you. But I don't want to have to come back. I want to take you with me, as Mrs. Bob Carter."

"But, Bob, darling, I've told you—I don't want to get married. I hate the idea. Let's not go through all that again, please, dear. I'll never marry. But I'll wait for you, dear, always. I know there will be no other. You are my mate."

Bob looked at her in exasperation. He had pleaded, tried to show her how wrong she was. Now he was sore.

"Of all the damn bunk," he said. "Where did you get your ideas about marriage anyhow? Just plain bosh!"

"Bob," pleaded Ruth.

But Bob was past pacifying. "I don't want a mistress," he said. "At least not in the woman I love. I want a wife. Someone to sit opposite me at the breakfast table. Someone to enjoy books with me. Someone to suffer with me, to be happy with me. Someone to take in my arms and say *mine*. Someone to be the mother of my children. I want to *own* you, Ruth."

"Oh, Bob," wept Ruth.

Bob had been pacing the room during his tirade. He stopped, glanced at his wrist watch, lighted a cigarette, stood before her.

"Okay, Ruth," he said more quietly, "have it your own way. You'll be my mistress and when I can, I'll come to New York. But you might just as well know this. I want a woman in my home, a wife, a mother to my children that'll carry on the name, because my dad and his dad and all the sturdy stock behind me believed in it. You'd only interfere with the tradition of the family, of those grand old respectable forbears of mine. I'll get myself a wife."

Then he was gone. Good and sore.

"Bob, Bob," wailed Ruth, and held her little hands out to the empty apartment.

"He's gone, he's gone" she thought. "He'll get himself a wife. No, no, no, I don't want him to have any other woman. No, he belongs to me," and she threw herself down upon the chaise longue and wet the pillows with her tears.

"I won't let any other woman have him," she wailed, and then she suddenly realized that for the first time in her life she wanted a certain man, and that romance without him didn't mean a thing.

"Joan was right," she thought, "when she said, 'wait till the right man comes along.'"

Oh, what a fool I've been. I want him. I want to be the mother of his children. I don't want to die in the Old Ladies Home without Bob."

"He mustn't go without me," she thought. She glanced at the clock. Another hour before the train left. Hurriedly she got into some clothes and threw some things in an overnight bag.

"What does it matter if I haven't any clothes with me? Bob and I don't care for clothes," she laughed excitedly. "Mary can pack my things and send them on to me, wherever it is that I'm going. I'll wire her."

SHE SCURRIED about the apartment, dabbed some powder on her nose, blew out the candles, banged the apartment door behind her and sought a taxi cab.

"If I miss him! That mustn't happen. Oh, dear good kind Fate, don't let that happen."

Fate didn't. Hurrying through the big station in the wake of a redcap, she ran into Bob. There wasn't time for explanations. "I'm going with you, Bob, to be your wife!" was all she said. A ticket was bought hurriedly. No time for talk. That would come later. All that interested Bob was the fact that she was there.

Finally ensconced in the drawing room that Bob had expected to occupy alone, he took her in his arms.

"And that's that," he said. "Hungry?" he asked.

She wasn't. She could eat any old time. The long train pulled out of the river tunnel, speeding them into the far west, the land of Ruth's real dreams where there were going to be babies and everything. She thrilled at the idea.

"I'm only half dressed," she said as she lay with her head pillowed on Bob's chest.

"Why not finish the job," he replied, "and remove that half?"

She left him for a moment and went into the small dressing room. When she returned her young body was free from all clothing. Like a lovely young Eve, she appeared before him. He took her in his arms.

"My woman," he whispered. "We'll get married in Chicago during the stop over."

Over her perfect body, vibrating with passion his fingers wandered tenderly, yet avidly, delighting in the feel of the soft warm flesh. He brushed her hair back from her brow, ran

(Please turn to page 61)



Strip-Act

BY

TOM KANE

JIMMIE BRYANT was frankly bored, and if he had not been in the theatre on business, he would have left hours ago.

The show was lousy. The music was so reminiscent, he could not even remember where they had stolen it from, and the comedians so funny, they should have been on the radio, and altogether, Jimmie was having a pretty thin time. But his job was his job, and it had to be done.

He sat alone in the smoke-filled auditorium, towards the rear, and on the aisle, and at last his patience was rewarded. The strip-acts had begun. The event of the evening, the *piece de resistance* for which the audience of men had been waiting. Jimmie straightened in his seat, and stared at the stage.

The orchestra struck up a popular tune, and a tall blonde stepped out onto the stage. She sang the number. Or rather, she thought she sang the number. Towards the end of it, she walked slowly to the wings, and just before she made her exit, she half slipped her arms out of her brassiere. Then she darted out of sight. Midst a ripple of applause, she came back and sang another chorus of the song. She finished, and this time, exposed a certain amount of her right breast. Then she went off again. Applause brought her back, and through the song she went again.

She kept it up until by the time she had sung the song several times, only the thinnest of cords decorated the large nipples of her sagging breasts, and she wore nothing else but a scanty loin-cloth. She sang the song for the last time, walked towards the wings, whipped off the brassiere, stood there for a split second then disappeared. The crowd went wild; but she did not return. But another girl did. A petite brunette this time with a much better voice, more personality, and a cuter figure.

The audience liked her. She took off everything before she got through, and as naked as the day she was born, stood poised for a moment in the wings. Then she, too, disappeared. Jimmie sighed. He was not in the least interested. He could not see the fun in looking at a naked body over the heads of

two hundred other people, and with several rows of seats and a deep orchestra pit between him and it. However, he reflected, there was no accounting for tastes.

For a moment the stage was empty; then, from the sweating band, came a blare of trumpets, and an electric shock seemed to go through the house. Even Jimmie, hard-boiled as he was, seemed to sense it. He straightened in his seat and looked intently towards the stage. There was a pause, then into the glare of the spotlight, stepped the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

She was young; he could see that in spite of the make-up she was using. She was tall, and she was built like a tiger. She wore practically nothing, and almost all of her was there to see. Her hair was flaming red, and it sparkled and glittered in the glare of the spot. Her flesh was white, and even from where he was sitting, it seemed alive. She had long, straight legs, and her naked feet were tiny. She did not sing. She danced. And she did not dance at all badly. As she danced, so her ridiculous brassiere became loosened. Presently, she shed it altogether, and stood facing the spotlight and the hundreds of hungry male eyes. Her breasts were full and round, and they certainly did not sag. She had painted her nipples and they showed red and firm in the strong light. Then she continued with her dance, and those lovely breasts bounced up and down, until the men in the theatre could not sit still in their seats.

Slowly, she worked her way over to the wings. There she stopped again, her back towards the audience. She wriggled, and her minute loin cloth slid gently down her shapely legs. Above the music, could be heard the gasp that ran through the house. Naked, she stood there. Then she turned swiftly; faced them for a second, and the lights flashed out. There was silence, then the thunder of spontaneous applause. But the girl did not come back. The show went on, and Jimmie rose to his feet.

He singled out the chief usher, one of the toughest looking muggs he had ever seen, and walked over to him.

"How can I meet Miss June Bryde?" he asked.

The man eyed him militantly. "Who wanster know?" he snarled out of the side of his mouth.

"I'm a reporter on the *Blade*," Jimmie explained, "and I thought I'd like to give the girl some publicity."

The usher still stared at him suspiciously. Then he thrust out his hand. "Let's see yer press card," he demanded. Jimmie showed it to him. He read it slowly, seemed satisfied, then snapped, "Cost yer two bucks mister." Jimmie handed him the money.

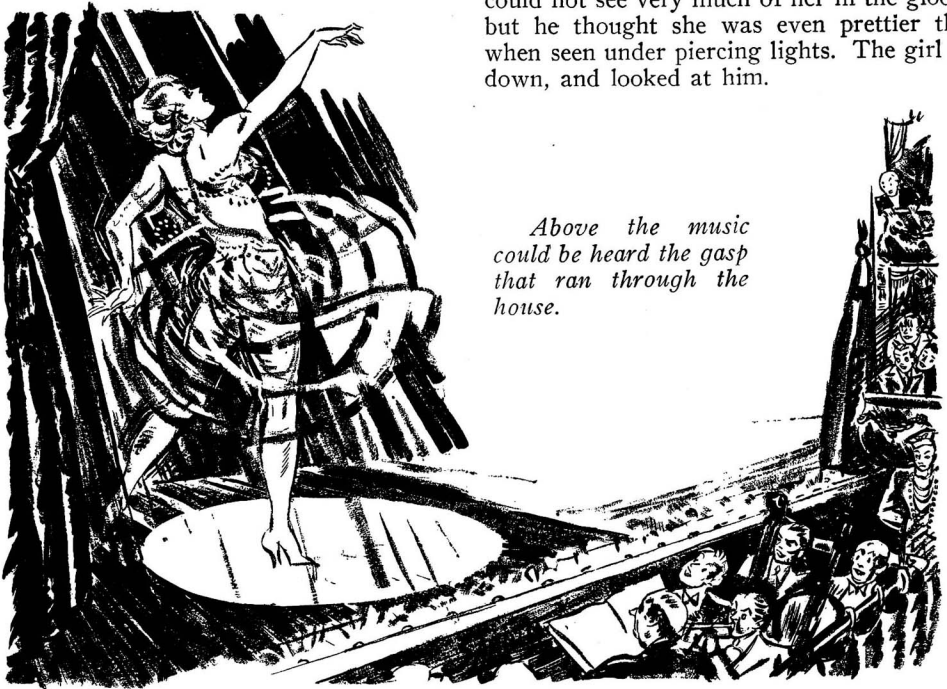
"Where shall I meet her?" he asked.

The usher pointed to the last row of seats. "Git over there in the corner," he directed.

The usher grinned evilly. "Lady, huh?" he sneered. "You'll fin' out, bud!"

Jimmie made himself as comfortable as he could in the cramped seat and sat there to wait. He did not like the assignment at all. Had no use for it, in fact, but his job was his job, and that was all there was to it. The show ground slowly on, the gags creaking with age, and the comedians a disgrace to their business.

AFTER ABOUT twenty minutes, there was a stir at the end of the row. Jimmie looked up and a girl, holding a long coat tightly about her, was making her slow way towards him. He rose when she drew alongside, smiled, and indicated the seat beside him. He could not see very much of her in the gloom; but he thought she was even prettier than when seen under piercing lights. The girl sat down, and looked at him.



*Above the music
could be heard the gasp
that ran through the
house.*

"I'll send a message backstage and have the girl come out here."

"All right." Jimmie moved towards the seat. The heavy hand of the usher dropped to his arm. He said, menacingly,

"Listen, bud, don't try no rough stuff here, get me? If yer do—we'll toss you out on yer can, see?"

"Forget it," said Jimmie quietly.

"If you wanna start somethin'," continued the usher, "take the dame outside, see?"

"I see. Fetch the lady please. I haven't got all night."

"Well?" she said, and her voice was surprisingly low and sweet. Jimmie almost jumped.

After he had recovered from his surprise, he said, "I'm a reporter on the *Blade*, and seeing that yours is the most successful strip-act in burlesque we thought you might like some publicity."

"I don't want any publicity," said the girl dully.

"For instance," pursued Jimmy, relentlessly, "your name June Bryde. Is it on the level?"

"Does it sound as if it's on the level?"

"Well, what is your real name?"

"I don't know."

"We're doing fine, aren't we?" asked Jimmy.

"Listen," and for the first time there was a harsh note in June's voice, "why can't you leave me alone? I haven't done you guys any harm. Leave me alone, will you?" She pulled as far away from him as she could, and held her coat tighter about her.

"Have you been pestered?"

"No."

Slowly Jimmy said, "What the hell's eating you, Junie?"

The girl whirled on him. "Don't swear at me," she said, "and keep the Junie stuff for somebody else." She stood up and started to thread her way back to the aisle. Jimmy seized her arm, and before she managed to shake it roughly aside, made her sit down again.

"Look here," he said gently, "why be that way? I came in here tonight to do you a favor, and you treat me as if I were a bad smell or something."

"You're worse than a bad smell," flashed June. "You're a stink. Let go of me, I'm going."

But Jimmy still held onto her. In his coolest tones, he said, "I suppose you realize that you've given me all the information I need for an interview with you. You wouldn't like it if I printed in the paper what you've said to me tonight, would you?"

For some time June did not speak. Her head was turned away from him, and she seemed to be shivering, in spite of the tightly held coat. Then, in a voice that was choked with unshed tears, she said, "You don't understand."

"Why don't you tell me, then?" asked Jimmy kindly.

She turned to him suddenly, and spread her hands. "How can I tell you anything in a dump like this?"

Jimmy leant forward eagerly. "What time d'you get through?" he asked.

"Eleven-thirty."

"Meet me afterwards, and we'll go and have something to drink."

"I'll meet you; but I don't drink."

"Fine. I'll be outside the stage door." They rose and both made their way to the back of the house. Just as June started for the aisle leading to the pass door, Jimmy said,

"Before you hop to it . . . how old are you, Junie?"

"My name, you rat, is June! And I'm eighteen. Laugh that one off!" She turned on her high heel and disappeared down the shabby aisle. Jimmy left the theatre and went into a nearby speakeasy. His brow was creased, and he thought he had a swell story.

THEY SAT in two armchairs in Jimmy's comfortable room in a downtown hotel. Winter rain beat against the window, and all was cozy and warm. June was fully dressed, and she looked even prettier. She was not nearly so hard to get along with now that she was out of the theatre; but she still eyed Jimmy suspiciously. She would not take a drink, and she smoked very little. Jimmy still had not managed to find the correct pigeon-hole for her.

"You don't like your job June, do you?" he asked presently.

"I hate it," she answered simply.

"Why d'you do it, then?"

June laughed shortly. "Wait until you meet my mother—if you ever do meet my mother, and you'll know. She was a strong woman in a circus, and she's beaten me ever since I can remember. That's why I do it."

"Why don't you run away?"

"I have, but she's always found me."

"Have you thought of going to the police?"

"I've been to the police, and she's always come off best. She can put on the swellest tear-jerking act you've ever seen. You know the kind of stuff? Wayward daughter, and all the rest of it?"

"Yeah," said Jimmy thoughtfully. For some little time he looked at June steadily, and just as steadily, she looked at him. Then, deliberately, he got to his feet and came over to her. She continued to gaze at him fearlessly. With a swift movement, he pulled her out of the chair, sat down himself and steered her onto his knee. June sat bolt upright, and she no longer looked at him. "Give us a kiss, June?"

Then she turned to him, and the look of contempt on her face would have nonplussed a less hardy soul. But Jimmy was, after all, a reporter, and he was as hardboiled as they come.

"I might've known," said June slowly, "that you were like all the rest of the lice that hang about that theatre. Somehow, when you were talking to me, I thought you might be different."



"All I want's a little kiss," said Jimmy.

June snorted. "Even if I wanted to kiss you, I wouldn't do it," she said. "You got me here under false pretences; and I think that was a lousy thing to do."

Jimmy laughed and pulled her towards him. She did not resist. She had been around long enough to know that nothing infuriated a man more. She lay passively against him, and when he kissed her, she kept her mouth shut, and made no effort whatsoever to return it.

Jimmy's hands commenced to caress her soft body, and June still did not make a move. Through the thin silk of her dress, she could feel his gentle touch, and in spite of herself, her heart skipped a beat. The trouble was, she did like him. She liked him altogether too much. She gazed at him with hurt eyes; but Jimmy paid no attention.

Slowly his hands stole over her, then, with a swift motion, he slipped them under her dress, and before she quite realized what had happened her tight little nipple was resting in the palm of his hand. He commenced to knead it gently. June gazed up at him.

"Must you do that?" she asked.

"Don't you like it?"

"I hate it, and I hate you for doing it. If I cared for you, that would be another thing. But I don't care for you. I don't even know you. Please don't do it."

Jimmy's eyes stared into hers, and for several seconds they remained looking at each other. Then slowly, Jimmy withdrew his hand, and June pulled her dress together. She stood up suddenly, and reached for her hat and coat. Jimmy watched her curiously. Presently, he joined her on his feet and stood by her in front of the mirror.

"Must you go?" he said.

"Yes. I'll get hell as it is . . . unless you like to give me ten dollars."

Jimmy's eyes opened wide. "Ten dollars for what?" he demanded.

June faced him. "What d'you think?" she retorted.

"But," protested Jimmy, "nothing happened."

"Nothing ever does happen; but when I don't come home directly after the theatre, mother expects me to hand her ten dollars. If I don't—then she beats me."

Jimmy looked at her in silence. It did not seem possible. . . . June did not flinch under his steely glare. After a while, Jimmy said, "And all the men you go out with after the

show give you ten dollars . . . and nothing happens?"

"I don't go out much. But whenever I do, they believe me. You'd be surprised how many decent men there are in the world. If a girl's on the level with them."

Jimmy took a turn or two about the room. Presently he stopped and again faced the girl. "June," he said, "I'm coming home with you, and I'm going to meet this famous mother of yours."

June laughed without moving her lips. "God help you," she said sincerely. But she offered no objections, and she suffered him to take her arm as they left the room and entered the elevator.

Mrs. Bryde certainly looked as if she had been the strong woman in a circus. She was enormous, and she was not fat. When she opened the door of the ground floor apartment, she seemed to fill the world. She followed June and the reporter into the living room. She towered over both of them, and from a huge mole on her cheek, a long grey hair sprouted. In a tremendous voice, she bellowed,

"What's the idea of this?"

June opened her mouth and started to speak, but Jimmy cut her short by stepping between them. He flipped back the lapel of his coat and thrust it under the woman's nose.

"Get that?" he snarled.

"A bull, huh?" roared the woman. "So what . . . so what?"

"So this, hag!" Jimmy went closer to her, and she actually took a step back. "I'm putting you under arrest for impairing the morals of a minor and inciting to prostitution. Are you going to come quiet," he reached for his hip pocket, "or do I have to beat your brains out with this?"

The woman looked from one to the other like a cornered rat. Turning to June, she said. "Slut! Yes, young fresh guy, I'll come quiet—but wait'll you get me in the cooler."

"You do the waitin', Ma. Get your things. We'll be here."

WITH A FIERCE GLARE at both of them, the woman went into the front room. June was sobbing with fright, and Jimmy was grinning. He listened intently, and in a few seconds was rewarded with the noise he expected to hear. There was the rending of wood, the crash of broken glass, then silence. He waited a few more seconds, then dashed into the front room. It was empty. The window was open.

June gazed at him. "Must you do that?" she asked.



and two heavy iron bars across the window were bent like hairpins. The bird had flown. June joined him, and the two of them contemplated the wreckage. Jimmy said,

"And I think that's about the last you'll see of her. Now, Junie, I'll tell you something. I am a reporter, and I am not a detective. I told her I was to frighten her. She is not your mother. Your mother was sick and destitute when you were born, and they thought she was going to die, so they let that hag adopt you. My paper got a letter from your mother in Cleveland, asking us to trace you. That's all."

"But how did you trace me?" she asked. "You didn't even know my name."

"Your name is Joan Adams, and whenever you want somebody found, ask a paper to find them. They'll do it quicker and with less fuss than the police."

June still eyed him suspiciously. "What was

the idea of taking me to your hotel?" she asked.

Jimmy almost blushed. "That was a touch of sentiment," he admitted. "If I'd discovered that you were—well, you know what I mean—I'd've dropped the case and told your mother that we couldn't locate you. Rather than hurt her. But since you are what you are—then everything's all right, isn't it?"

"I guess so," replied June weakly.

"And now what?"

June shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I don't want to stay here any longer."

"You wouldn't think of marrying a reporter, would you?" For the first time, she really smiled.

"I might," she admitted.

"Then why not come to my place, and we'll make it legal in the morning?"

"I don't know much about it."

"Don't worry, honey . . . we'll fix that."

Timely Topics

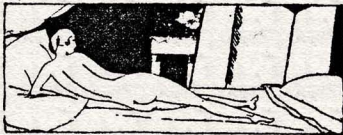
BY

ROBERT FOSTER

THE OTHER NIGHT a friend of ours, feeling a little ripe, accepted the overtures of a "pavement-pounder" on Fifth Avenue. Our friend was sporting a sentimental jag, and there was something about the gal which brought out his finer instincts. He brought her up to our apartment, and we, being—God knows why—sober, realized that the lady was no better than she should be. Our friend, however, could not see her in that light at all. Paying no attention to us, he seated himself beside the gal on the couch, and commenced to talk to her.

Before he realized it, tears of anguish were streaming down his cheeks. He said that the gal was too good for the sort of life she was leading. He asked her where she thought it was going to bring her, he said she reminded him of an old girl, and he wept copiously. The gal, a cigarette drooping from one corner of her mouth, never took her dull eyes off him. At last, shaking with emotion, our friend demanded why the gal, this beautiful thing, did what she was doing. The gal stared at him for a moment without answering, then in a husky voice she snarled,

"Because, you dam fool, I like it!" Symphathy not necessary!



THERE IS CONSIDERABLE wonder among lay circles why a certain play which opened recently on Broadway ran but one night. The lowdown is this. The director, who had been very, very close to the leading lady for some years, discovered that she was falling for the handsome leading man. He said nothing, but on the night that the play opened, he called a rehearsal, and went through the script with a blue pencil, deleting from the leading lady's part until there was nothing left. He changed everything around, altered the entrances and exits, switched scenes, and wrote in a lot of muck which had no bearing on the play. The character woman fainted, and was still groggy when the curtain went up. Naturally, it was impossible for the actors to unlearn what it had taken them four weeks to learn, and to

learn new stuff, and the performance those poor people gave that night was a crime. None of them knew where they were, or what they were supposed to be saying. And the audience did not know what the play was supposed to be about. It ran just that one night. The leading lady had fallen completely for the handsome leading man, and the director had his revenge.

—:—

TALKING of show business. Some time ago we told you about the manager who, with a hit on his hands, made impoverished actors buy tickets for his show in order to fill his balcony. Well, children, eventually he did put out the second company . . . and it ran two weeks, losing him about fifteen thousand dollars. God, or whoever it is, was certainly on the job that time.

—:—

IF YOU WANT to make some dough, find some friend who prides himself or herself on his pronunciation, and ask him to pronounce the following words. Then look them up. You'll be surprised. We suggest that you use Webster's Dictionary. Here are the words: "Diphtheria," "Herculean," "Sacriligious," "Impious," "Quixotic," and there are a few more which we can't think of. Ten bucks on most of these words, and you'll be able to hop out and get yourself a bottle of the best. They rarely fail. We're depending on them to do our Christmas shopping for next year! By the time you read this, we may have another war on our hands. Lloyd's is betting three to one that there will be another war within sixteen months. Between whom, we wonder? Does anybody know of a nice cabin somewhere where a guy can go and not be located? We can think of a lot of things we would rather do than picking machine gun bullets out of our hide. We met a new one the other night, and she

(Please turn to page 58)



Mabel: I heard you were married recently.

Clara: Oh yes, I've been married for the best part of a year.

Mabel: Really? Tell me, when was the wedding?

Clara: Just two weeks ago!

Student: "I was expelled from the University yesterday."

Ditto: "Uh-huh, and what did you say when the dean told you about it?"

Student: "Why, I simply told him I thought he was turning out some fine young men!"



Professor: "I'm giving a lecture on biology tomorrow morning that may possibly be rather embarrassing to you two young people. Would you prefer to be absent?"

Young Fellow: "Say, prof—would you mind if I brought some friends down?"

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He: "That's not vanity, darling—it's imagination!"

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(Continued from page 2)

letter in your "Between You and Me," and wishing yourself and staff and all readers a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Eugene W. V. English.

128 Germain Ave., Brakpan, Transvaal,
South Africa.

Dear Editor:

I write to thank you for the pleasure which your "Spicy" magazine gives me to read, also the splendid photographs which it contains.

I should very much like to exchange correspondence with some of your fair readers, about the age of seventeen to twenty-five years.

Myself, I am fair, 21 years of age and a railway clerk on the famous London, Midland & Scottish Railway, the owners of the famous "Royal Scot" locomotive.

Now then, girls, how about a nice "Spicy" letter? I should also like photographs! I will answer all letters received.

I shall be obliged, Mr. Editor, if you will insert this letter in your column entitled "Between Me and You."

Thanking you once again for the pleasure your magazine gives me to read.

Yours truly,

Mr. "Pat" H. T. Addeley.

62, St. Augustine's Avenue, Wembley Park,
Middlesex, England.

Dear Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time and find it getting more interesting as each month goes by.

This is my first time in writing to you, as I now find it necessary. I am now a C.W.A. worker and am too tired when I get home to go out, as I used to. So I decided to write to you and have you print my letter in your next issue. If you will kindly do so, I would greatly appreciate it.

I am 23 years old, have dark brown eyes and dark brown curly hair, 5 ft. 7 in. tall. They tell me I look a little like John Gilbert without the moustache. I hope this will interest your girl readers because I would enjoy very much corresponding and exchanging snapshots.

I congratulate you on your perfect magazine, Spicy.

Yours sincerely,

Edward Byrnes.

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am a steady reader of your magazine, think it has the spiciest stories on the newsstand. Hoping you will keep it up in 1934. Would like to hear from some of your girl readers. I am a young man of 30 years, 5 ft. 10 in., weigh 180 pounds, and like all outdoor sports, and go to shows, and also like to read Spicy stories. So come on girls, let's hear from you with some letters soon.

Best wishes,

W. E.

Dear Editor:

I wonder if you could find a little space in your magazine to print my letter, because I wouldn't like to have Mr. Wastebasket blame me for sending him a letter that gave him indigestion. I am a steady reader of your magazine and I have never seen a magazine like Spicy, it is wonderful, I think. What a thrill I got when I first read one and I have never missed my Spicy since. Let's have more of Diana Page's—Nat Barker stories.

I would like to get letters from the "fair sex" who are ambitious enough to answer this letter.

I am 19 years old, tower six feet toward the sky. Have blond wavy hair and blue eyes. My chief hobby is dancing.

Come on girls, I promise to tell all I know about the foreign countries, and that's quite a bit.

I'll close now, expecting to receive oodles of letters, with best of luck to Spicy Stories, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Frank Walker.

406 C Street, No. Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Sirs:

I have read the January, 1934, issue of Spicy Stories. The more I read Spicy Stories the better I like it.

I think the art photos which appear in the Spicy Stories very nice. They are getting better in each succeeding issue.

I like the column "Between You and Me." I would like to become a member of this column and will correspond with any person regardless of sex or age. I am a young man thirty-one years of age.

Very truly yours,

A. F. Mohler.

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Dear Editor:

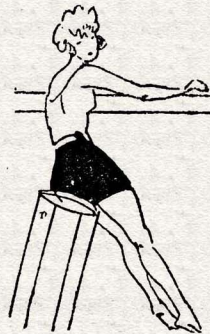
I am a lonely soldier and I crave oodles of pen pals. A friend sleeping next to me loaned me the "Spicy" book to read, and I never did read any of your magazines until today, and I must say there is no other that can compare with yours. "Me" for the Spicy from now on.

This is my first plea to you asking for pen pals, so help me out, pal. I'd like to receive letters from girls and men, too. Spanish, Italian, Irish, German, oh, from all nations.

I've traveled a lot—Hawaii, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico. I am 22 years old, 5 ft. 7 in. tall, a fair tan complexion. I also play a guitar. So come on gang, let's hear from you. Luck to the Spicy Magazine.

Adios,

Russ.



(Continued from page 51)

has red hair, green eyes, the kind of figure it is uncomfortable to dream about, and it is going to take a darned sight longer than sixteen months to kill what she's got.

WE CANNOT HELP but think that M.G.M.'s attitude in the Lee Tracy-Mexico affair a little silly. They knew all about Lee before they signed him, and they should have known that they would, sooner or later, experience trouble with him. What difference does it make? Tracy is a swell actor, he has turned in a grand performance in every picture he has made, and he has brought in a lot of money to M.G.M. They are going to find that they are going to have a tough time finding anyone to take Lee's place. There isn't anyone. Lee is individual, and if some other company doesn't snap him up, they're crazy. What if he does give a little trouble now and again? He did on Broadway. No matter where he is he will. If Lee did not have a kink in him somewhere he would not be the corking actor he is.

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—H. L. T., MICHIGAN.

Why not get a copy of SNAPPY for yourself? We're sure you'll agree with these high opinions of it. It's on sale at all newsstands for 25c.

(Continued from page 43)

his fingers through the silken tresses, planting kisses in their wake.

Gently his fingers strolled downward until they felt the throbbing pulse in her throat. And again he planted kisses. As those seeking fingers still wandered, Ruth trembled with anticipation. The rounded shoulders were found and kissed, and then the white valley between her breasts was reached. Impulsively Bob buried his head in this warm, pulsing crevice. Ecstatically his lips sought, not her red lips, but the raspberry tips that capped the soft mounds on either side of the white valley. They were waiting for his kisses. Waiting and longing for the touch of his lips, already almost bursting in their desire for love.

"Oh, my darling," Bob murmured, "this is life. I cannot get enough of you," and the tender fingers wandered on, exploring, finding.

Limp in his arms, with every fibre of her body begging, begging for more and more, Ruth murmured, "Are you sure, dear, we can get married in Chicago? Wouldn't it be grand to have a baby and carry on the family tradition?"

(Continued from page 28)

down the fire-escape.

"What the devil!" he exclaimed, looking at Doris with a perplexed frown.

"I know the photographer's name," said Doris as she arose slowly from the sofa and reached for the scanties. "For ten thousand dollars I'll tell you who he is so you can buy the picture from him before he sells it to one of the tabloids. If it should appear, you know your business won't be worth a damn."

"So that's your racket, eh?" demanded Walt.

"I'm sorry," replied Doris, and as she spoke she looked very much as though she was. "But you ruined my brother's business with unfair competition, so I'm really only making you pay for that."

"Then you and your brother are both out of luck, for I'm not Dan Connington," declared Walt. "I'm only his brother. The photographer will recognize that when he develops the negative."

The girl looked at him curiously for several moments, but there was no indication of dismay on her face.

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"I'm glad of that," she said softly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'd hate to think I had surrendered so completely to Dan Connington. My plans did not call for me to do all that has been done. I was supposed to give the photographer a tip half an hour ago."

Walt gulped as he realized that the photographer could have gotten an even more incriminating picture if an earlier signal had been given. But instead Doris had waited. That meant but one thing. She had wanted things to go the limit.

"You—you mean that, Doris?" he asked anxiously as he walked over to her.

Doris nodded her head slowly.

Instantly Walt had her in his arms before she could finish donning the scanties.

"Then I'll make Dan kick in with that ten grand in the morning," he declared. "Dan's always in a good humor after breakfast. Don't you think you'd better stay and meet him?"

"Just as you say," and her scanties fell to the floor as she held up her lips for more kisses. Walt sealed his lips against hers as he carried her to his room.

(Continued from page 23)

she had proposed, and later, she ate a lonesome, dismal breakfast all by herself.

Piqued at his silly sulking, Babs determined to go for an automobile ride along one of the picturesque roads.

As the chauffeur—Don Daniels he had said his name was when the employment agency had sent him along with the maid—drove the car dexterously through the traffic. Babs reflected that the movies had missed a rare find in not annexing him. He carried his smartly uniformed, six-foot figure like a West Pointer. He had the features one sees adorning the young men in cigarette ads, and far back in his deep blue eyes was a perpetual glint of subtle humor. Really an extraordinary young man to be acting as a chauffeur.

IN THE DAYS that followed, Babs was baffled by Cliff's changed attitude. He didn't exactly sulk any more, but seemed to have lost all amorous interest in her. The eager, impetuous lover, sighing like a furnace, had become the insouciant comrade.

Thus a week went by.

Then, late one night, as Babs was about to leave her room, she beheld the door of the

guest room, to which Cliff had been assigned to lonesome celibacy, stealthily opening. Shutting hers until there was only a tiny crack left through which she could peep, Babs watched.

Attired in dressing robe and slippers over his pajamas, Cliff was clearly visible to her from the illumination of the little pink night light suspended from one of the walls. He glanced cautiously all about the hallway, then slithered down the stairway.

From the window at the end of the hall, Babs saw him meet a woman out on the beach, slip his arm about her waist and stroll away with her toward a cluster of concealing sand dunes. The shimmering silver moonlight made the woman's identity unmistakable. She was Claudette, the maid.

Babs understood a great many things about Cliff that had been enigmas heretofore. She knew now definitely that she wouldn't marry Cliff. They were too much alike in their sexy activities—on the side. Still, as matters stood, everything was lovely. A good time was being had by all parties concerned.

In a moment, she had forgotten about Cliff's philandering. Her pretty features became rapt as she contemplated the thrills in store for her. Cautiously but hastily she made her way downstairs.

She was already five minutes late for her rendezvous with the chauffeur.

(Continued from page 19)

lots of worse drivers on the road than you."

Letty sighed. . . . Her arms twined about him. . . . That last cocktail on the table nearby, could wait until . . . afterward!

Letty ached for something more exhilarating than a cocktail at that moment! . . . And did she know how to get what she wanted?

JIM FOSTER got home on the 6:03 train that evening, as usual.

"How went the test?" he asked, kissing her lusciously. He didn't notice that her lips were unusually hot and moist.

"Fine!" she whispered.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "You got it at last!"

"The license? . . . sure I did!" she said, giggling. "I had a lot of fun, too!"

Jim didn't ask what all the fun was about. It was just as well he didn't. . . . Husbands are apt to be devoid of understanding sometimes!

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20x5-25-15	.85	1.10	1.10
20x5-25-19	.85	1.10	1.10
20x5-25-20	.85	1.10	1.10
20x5-25-21	.85	1.10	1.10
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(Continued from page 7)

"I know all about everything," said Mr. Hendrix in a deadly level voice. "An old friend of the family was driving east and stopped for a cup of coffee at the Kozy Kabin Kamp. He saw you two drive up and take a cabin for the night. He looked at the register and saw that you had entered as Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith. He wired me. I suppose you scattered Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smiths on camp registers all the way to Kansas City."

"N-oo, sir," stammered Kay. "We registered a-a-as Mr. and Mrs. Jones the second night."

From Clint's stricken look she felt that she had said the wrong thing.

"You strangely interest me," said Mr. Hendrix in a voice that chilled them to the bone. "I've had a lot of time to think this over since I got that wire. Burke, I had great plans—expectations—for you. . . But let's forget that. Now, my company no longer needs your services. As for you, Kay, I'm going to clamp the lid on you tighter than the hinges of Hades, until you come to your senses."

"But dad," cried Kay, her upper lip trembling, "it's not as bad as it looks—really!" And she explained why she had had to persuade Clint to drive her back from New York.

"Nevertheless that was a foolhardy thing—" began her father.

"No, dad. Clint had plenty of money for us to travel respectably and have separate hotel rooms. Of course it was rather unconventional, but proper. But we got held up and robbed on the road the first night. Clint had a little money left. It took a lot of figuring to make it last us here, even by sharing tourist cabins."

"I begin to see," said Mr. Hendrix rigidly. "But it doesn't alter my decision. I suppose last night you registered as Mr. and Mrs. Brown, just for variety—"

"No, dad. Last night we registered as Mr. and Mrs. Clint Burke. We got married."

They watched Mr. Hendrix anxiously. In the long and painful pause that followed his expression didn't change. Finally he spoke.

"Then that takes the matter out of my hands."

He strode to the door, half turned, and grinned slyly.

"Except, of course," he added, "to see that my new son-in-law gets a raise in salary."

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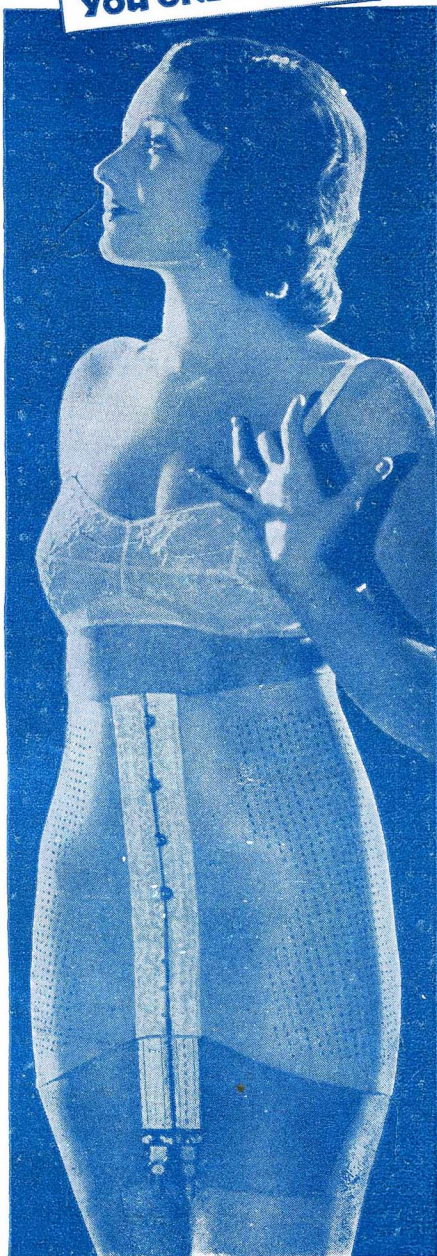
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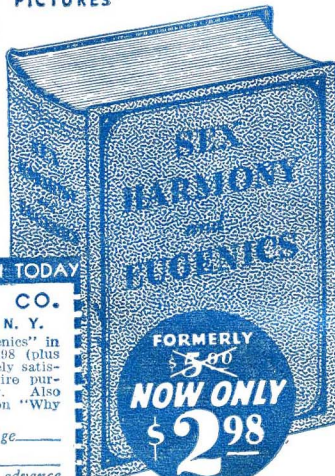
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