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Snappy

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**RED
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VENUS**

By
Malcolm Post



Illustrated Fun And Fiction

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A great many wives find little or no joy in the intimate marital embrace. They go through life merely "putting up with" sexual union, but they never experience the true delight it can and should be. In many cases, the husband is at fault. He does not take the trouble to teach his wife. How can he, if he is ignorant himself? The result is the wife rarely **COMPLETES** the sexual act; this makes her nervous and irritable. It hurts her health. The husband, too, is not **truly satisfied** unless **BOTH** reach the climax. His wife may "make believe" she is responding, but nobody is fooled. Many a husband thinks his wife is "cold" when, in reality, the fault is his, because he does not know how to cause her to respond to his advances.

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NEXT MONTH . . .

Beginning with the December issue SNAPPY will offer its readers a new feature—

“Hat-Check Hattie”

The girl with a nose for news, a gift for gab AND an extra one for gossip, will entertain you in her own hilarious way with stories about the people she meets on her job as hat-check girl in a rowdy-dowdy Broadway nighterie.

Don't miss the first one—it will leave you gasping for breath with its speed and laugh-provoking lines!



**Read SNAPPY
Every Month**



SNAPPY

ILLUSTRATED FUN & FICTION

Dear Readers:

It is time again for our periodical questionnaire, and this month we're going to make it short and sweet. And wait'll you hear what the prize is—we can just see you making a dive for pens, pencils, typewriters, etc.! What we want to know is this: what story did you like best in this issue and why; and who, if you have any, is your favorite author?

* * * * *

And the prize, lads and lassies, is an original drawing, done by a fellow-artist, of Miss Virginia Maxwell, the clever little lady who does all the smart illustrations for SNAPPY'S novelettes! Now, ain't that sumpin'?

* * * * *

Don't waste any time! Send your letters to "Dear Readers" Page, c/o SNAPPY, D. M. Publishing Co., Dover, Del., and win this snappy sketch of your favorite SNAPPY illustrator!

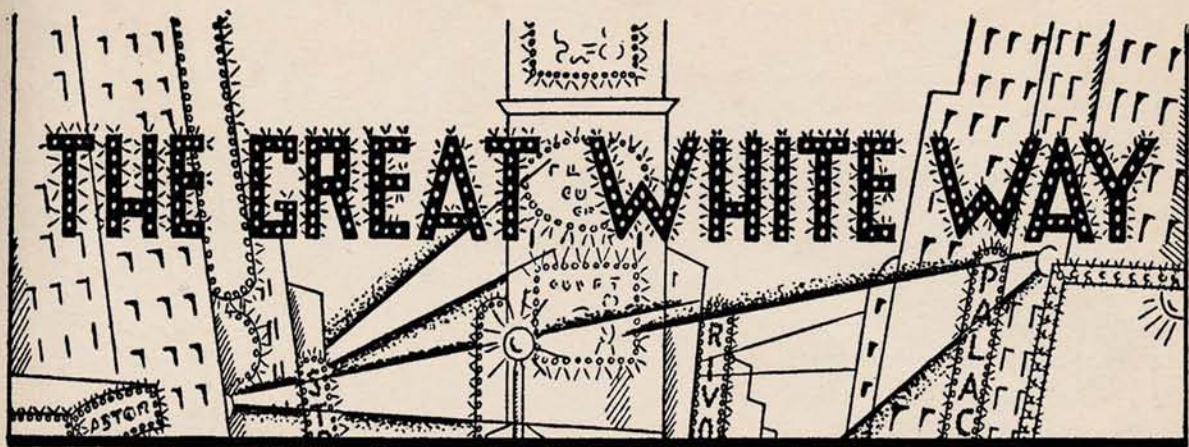
The Editor



Gossip of the Stage, Hollywood and Broadway

By JAY FIELDS

(Copyright, 1937, by Jay Fields)



The Show Shop

BROADWAY is at its lowest ebb as these immortal lines are being penned. Only eight plays dot the boards, all save *Tobacco Road* being in the comedy class. These are dog days on Big Time Boulevard and nobody seems to care much what happens. However, when your eyes peruse these words of wisdom, things may be different. The Freres Shubert are winking and smirking and waiting for cooling breezes to fan Times Square's brow. They have many irons in the fire, not the least of which is the reported appearance of Maurice Chevalier in a new Ziegfeld *Follies*. And, if you're the looking ahead type, Eddie Cantor is booked for a musical show in the Fall of 1938.

Diogenes, Jr. has done a bit of plain and fancy snooping for your reporter and informs us that Broadway will be heavy with song-and-dance *divertissements* come cold and snow. In rehearsal or being readied for rehearsal are *Yippi*, a bucking bronco operetta with tunes by Billy Hill of *Last Roundup* fame; *Three Waltzes*, an Oscar Strauss extravaganza; *Balalaika*, one of the current

London hits; *Virginia*, a nostalgic bit opening at Mr. Rockefeller's Center Theatre, and many more. Diogenes, Jr., with a shake of his lantern-like head, says they'll be dancing in the streets before you know it.

Your Money or Your Life

BACK in the days when you carried a dozen assorted speakeasy cards in your wallet and boasted a perpetual squint from peering through peepholes, the clip and gyp joints were running under full steam on every side street off Broadway. Anything went in those halcyon times. If they didn't separate you from your roll by charging \$2.00 for a snifter of horse liniment, they took it away from you at the crap table, roulette wheel or chuck-a-luck cage. There isn't much of that anymore, but the hole-in-the-wall nightery owners have a new method of lawful larceny aimed at lonesome men who come in for a drink and a little companionship. They get both but it costs them plenty. These joints employ a bevy of ex-chorines and beautiful bims. Their job is to make you happy—and they do. So happy, in fact, that when they

order imported cordial at \$1.00 the sniff and the waiter brings them colored water in a brandy inhaler, you don't know the diff. You get wise in a hurry when the check arrives but then it's too late. Even if you put up a healthy squawk, how are you going to prove the amount of liquor you and the high-breasted blonde come-on poured into your gullets? If you put up too much of a kick, you're steered to the manager's office where a big pug-ugly comes right out and asks you whether it wouldn't be better to pay the bill instead of spending a week in the hospital. P. S.—You pay! Watch out for these larceny parlors. What with the World's Fair coming up, New York will be jammed with 'em. Don't let a hot-eyed dame turn your head. If you do barge into one of these clip joints and a feminine leech attaches herself to you, stay sober and make the waiter leave your check at your table and mark every drink you get *as you get it!*

Hollywood Hooley

FLASH!: Owing to the publicity raging around the selection of Scarlett O'Hara, the lead [Please turn to page 61]

JIMMY BROCK had liked teaching Francine Diggs to fly. She was a natural; indeed, the only woman he had ever known who had a nose for the air and a steady hand for the controls. He had never given her a personal thought, however, despite the fact her hair was as sunny as golden fleece about her pretty face and her blue eyes always sparkled with crystalline fires. Vaguely, he realized she had a figure; a very beautiful figure with large jutting breasts, a trim waist, and long, tapering legs.

He stood now listening to Cap Davidson, the chief instructor. "Soloing Francine," said the Cap, "is digging her grave for her. She's too damned good. Too damned sure of herself. The moment she gets her ticket there'll be no holding her down until they haul her out of a crack-up with that shapely torso of hers all smashed to pieces."

Jimmy, oddly, felt his blood run suddenly icy in his veins. He felt his knees trembling beneath him and a dull sick feeling hit the pit of his stomach. His hand shook a little as he tied his green scarf on the tail-light of a training plane, signifying that he who flies is to watch out for the fledgling on its first solo. He couldn't understand himself now nor his queer, pulsating reactions. What, he asked himself quickly, did Francine Diggs mean to him? Not one damned thing, came the prompt answer. But it was a lying answer.

For all at once Jimmy knew he was in love with Francine. That some of the enthusiasm he had felt in teaching her to fly was purely because he had liked being close to her. Had liked those heavily fringed blue eyes shining into his and those warm soft globes rising and falling rapidly on her small frame as she listened to his instructions. He had liked, too, the subtle fragrance of gardenia that wafted up his nostrils from her hair every time she sat close to him.

AND he hadn't known it until this minute. Hadn't realized it until Cap Davidson had spoken of the perils of an over-confident woman flier. Now Jimmy could visualize Francine, in reflection, more clearly than he had ever seen her in person. He could see the golden flecks in her blue eyes, the bright slash of her crimson mouth



and the high quivering peaks of her gracious bosom. He could almost feel her in his arms, young and soft and tender, clinging to him, her form pressed close to his, those pulsing globes pressed flat against his chest. He thought, with a quick, hot swirl of his blood, "Good gosh, I'm in love with that dame. I'd pass out if anything happened to her."

THE TRAMP!

A full length *SNAPPY* novelette complete in this issue

By *PATSY HUNT*



"Who's the dame who's getting you down like this, Jimmy?" she wanted to know.

first and pilots second."

"Yeah," said Jimmy, huskily, "I guess you're right, Cap."

"Remember that Rosie Vance?" said the Cap. "I can hear her yowling now for me to take over the controls; and she a crack pilot. And Bessie Wister. Leading the Derby and then *zowie!* Bessie probably got to thinking of last night's necking party and therefore couldn't put her plane down without cracking up. There was Rosamond Dorington up in Yonkers. Going haywire landing the Ballanca she'd landed a hundred times before. Overshoots the field by five hundred feet and smashes up in the trees. And there's this Diggs dame . . . headed for six feet deep and a lily on her bosom." The Cap ran fingers through his shaggy black hair. "No matter how good a woman pilot is," he concluded, "she's never quite good enough. Tell Miss Diggs to keep that tail up coming in and to cut out the climbing turns."

"No matter how good a woman pilot is," the Cap went on, gravely, "there comes a time when, in a tough spot, something goes haywire with her—something snaps in her head—and it's curtains. I guess it's just because they're women

And then, just as Francine tripped out of her long, yellow roadster and came lightly across the field, her golden head high, her sweetly feminine rondures swaying gracefully with her agile step, the Cap went on his way, mumbling, "Boy, and what a pretty corpse that dame's gonna make!"

FRANCINE'S blue eyes were sparkling. She looked up into Jimmy's lean, bronzed face and screwed her lashes into a tangle. "Well, here's your fledgling," she announced, gaily. "It's just a matter of hours now before I'll come through my limited commercial with colors flying and be straight in line for that transport license. Aren't you proud of me, Professor?"

Jimmy swallowed hard. His dark eyes moved slowly over Francine and he wondered, deep in his pounding heart, how he could have spent so many hours recently with Maizie Delacorte, the little red headed waitress in the Airport Cafe next to the Flying School Hangars, when all along he had loved this student with such a sweet, hungry, absorbing emotion. He wondered, a little dumb-founded, how he could have held Maizie so close to him of an evening when his heart was somewhere else.

"Just didn't recognize what was what until now," he excused himself, for he was idealistically sentimental about love. It was all right for a man to sow oats, plenty of them—and plenty wild. But when love came it was something to honor and be true to. Perhaps that was a silly belief—silly and old-fashioned but it was his code, nevertheless.

And he knew now with his dark gaze fastened on the voluptuous pout of Francine's breasts that if she felt about him as he did about her that he would never hold Maizie in his embrace again; would never feel the white tendrils of her arms drawing him closer and closer to her warm young body.

He said, quickly, before his nerve deserted him: "Francine. . . will you marry me? Will you quit flying. . . and. . . and marry me?"

Francine's blue eyes dilated. For a moment she looked utterly shocked. Then suddenly she smiled and her slim, scarlet-tipped fingers floated softly over his lean cheeks. "Jimmy," she said, on a whisper, "do you really mean it? You know, you've never made a pass at me. I. . . sort of thought my love was hopeless. You see, I've been 'teched in the haid' about you from the beginning. But there was your indifference. . . and there was Maizie. . ."

"Maizie didn't mean a thing to me," Jimmy almost shouted. And then, more softly: "Francie, will you marry me. . . and give up flying?"

Francine came closer. She said, softly, "This was the last thing in the world I expected! After

weeks and weeks, after months, and then. . . this. Oh, Jimmy!"

Jimmy, with his heart pounding, slipped an arm around her trim waist, hurried her to the other side of the plane beyond the view of anyone. In the shadow of a wing he crushed her to him and kissed her parted lips and ran his fingers rather clumsily through her golden hair. He could feel Francine twitching violently, could feel that delectable bosom of hers rising and falling against his chest and her breath quick and uneven on his mouth. Jimmy became intolerably dizzy and reckless. He went on kissing Francine, hungrily, almost desperately as if this kiss might be the last she would ever give him. His hands found the ball of a zipper and there was a bee-like buzz on the crisp morning air.

Francine gasped a little, said, "Oh-h, Jimmy!" as his arms crept around her. Her's tightened about his neck and Jimmy moaned with the sudden ecstasy of this thing, with the aching wish that shot through his veins. For one brief second he opened his eyes and looked up at the clouds instead of down upon them.

"And clouds won't talk," he thought, smugly, and pressed Francine in his hungry embrace even more tightly.

"Oh-h, Jimmy—Jimmy!" gasped Francine into his mouth.

He said something soft and almost inarticulate in answer and went on kissing and caressing her.

A LONG while later Francine ran a comb through her golden hair, turned the seams straight on her stockings and pulled up the shining ball of the zipper with a *bz-z-z-z-z*. She took out a powder puff and tapped it to her impertinent little nose and licked her finger-tips with her small red tongue and ran them across the golden arches of her brows. Then she lit a cigarette and stood smoking rather thoughtfully.

"Why," she asked at last, "do you wish me to give up flying, Jimmy?"

Jimmy told her all the reasons; everything the Cap had said and his own observations thrown in.

"What poppy-cock," snorted Francine. "I'd never explode in a tight spot. I'm more at home in a plane than I am on my two feet and you know it, Jimmy. Jimmy, flying is in my blood. Don't ask me to quit. Please don't ask me to give it up."

"Look," said Jimmy, evenly, "with all the hazards I know about planes and flying I'd go crazy with you up in the air. It—it would be a hell I couldn't endure. I never loved a girl before, Francine. I didn't even know I loved you until the Cap painted a grim picture of what might happen to you when you got your ticket today. And

just thinking about it made me go cold and watery inside. It would be like that all the time." He caught his breath. He stared straight into her wide, attentive eyes. "I tell you, Francine, I—I couldn't take it."

Francine licked her red lips, thoughtfully. Her two slim hands went up under her bosom. That was a nervous gesture of Francine's. One she indulged in when thinking seriously. It made Jimmy's heart flop over on its two hands and stand there swaying inside of him. "I could promise you I wouldn't fly," said Francine, steadily. "But I know I wouldn't keep it. So why start off falsely. If you don't want a flying wife, Jimmy, I'd be willing. . . I'd agree to any terms. . ."

Jimmy shook his handsome dark head. He went on looking into her blue eyes. "That wouldn't work," he said, grimly. "I mean, not for long. It never does. There's too much freedom and too much independence on each side. I'd like to marry you, Francine. I'd like to feel you were mine always. And as your husband I'd want to protect you. I couldn't if you were up in the air careening about!"

"And you wouldn't marry me unless I give up flying? Even though you've said I'm as good a flyer as you?" asked Francine. "And there's no compromise?"

"That's what's the matter," said Jimmy.

FRANCINE bit her lower lip. The long fingers dug down into her lush breasts and the soft flesh oozed out between them. She said, "Jimmy if I can take this plane up now, on my first solo. . . after what's happened here. . . when I'm hardly myself at all. . . wouldn't you trust me afterwards not to go haywire in a jam?"

"How do I know that would prove anything," said Jimmy, icily. "How do I know how much my love has disturbed you. Maybe my kisses didn't mean as much to you as they did to me. Maybe you were just stringing me along. Maybe Farris Merrill is the guy you really love. You two are always together!"

Francine's small back went rigid. "Maybe," she snapped, very furious, "Maizie is the girl you love! Maybe I was just an easy mark for you! You and Maizie have been doing a Siamese-twin act around here for a month!"

Jimmy turned away without another word. Color burned vividly in his lean cheeks and his mouth was grim. He pulled the chocks himself and strode across the field to a hangar. He didn't

watch Francine fly or see her come in for a perfect landing. He did hear Farris Merrill, one of the School's crack stunt-fliers, yell out in a booming voice:

"Oh, boy, look at that girl of mine! Look at her slipping that ship over the hangars, coming in sideways like a dizzy bat! Aviation was invented just so Francine could strut her stuff on the clouds!"

The Cap said, "Jimmy ought to be proud of his student. She's the best he ever turned out." And then, "Say-y, Farris, did I understand you to say Francine was YOUR dame?"

"Yeah," said Farris.

"Is that just your idea. Or her's, too?" probed the Cap.

"Ours," said Farris.



JIMMY, listening, could feel a queer, constricting ache under his heart. So that was it. So that explained everything! And yet

Francine had let him take her in his arms, had let his fingers slide over her warm flesh and had returned his ardor with a convulsively eager responsiveness. He hadn't known many women. Oh, a few ships that pass in the night like Maizie. A few very cheap dolls who put a trifling price on their kisses. He had known a girl or two who had thought themselves in love with him. But despite his inexperience he should have been able to have typed Francine, he felt.

But what sort of a girl was Francine? Engaged to Farris. . . and out necking with another man in the shadow of a plane's wing. Jimmy swallowed hard. "She's just a tramp," he thought. "An ordinary tramp. A hot little number letting off steam! And I could have sworn Francine would be on the up-and-up with any man. I could have sworn that when she let a man kiss her like I did today, she meant it—with everything in her. My asking her to give up flying was a very convenient loop-hole for her, saving embarrassment all the way round. And what a sucker I was to add my scalp to her philandering young belt!"

Jimmy turned and took one look at Farris Merrill. He was a tall, lean, blond young man, unconsciously good looking, with an arrogant swagger. He was a crack aviator, fearless and uncaring. He had ferried Lockheeds down to Lima and taken Fords over the Hump. He was the kind of man who could mow down females. With that white flash of a smile and those twinkling blue eyes—any dame was his for the asking.

Jimmy was sure Francine would find her match in her choice. Farris would probably be a past-master of two-timing. "For every bit of neck

Francine catches on the side, Farris will be going the whole hog somewhere," thought Jimmy and turned and left the hangar.

Maizie was behind the giant griddle of the Airport Cafe pouring batter on the shining metal surface and scooping up hot-cakes when Jimmy strolled in. She saw him instantly and her green eyes began to burn and her bright red head nodded a warm greeting.

She said, as he came up to her: "Hi, Jimmy!"

"Hi, kid."

"Gee, it's good to see you, fellow," said Maizie and she knocked a hot-cake up in the air and caught it on the downward spin with an accuracy that was practically perfection. "See," she giggled, "that's how my heart acts up when you put in an appearance! And I don't mean maybe, Jimmy!"

JIMMY grinned at her. He liked Maizie. Practically every man in the town liked her and tried to date her. Just yesterday he had been flattered because she showed a distinct preference for himself. Now it didn't seem to matter. Nothing did. Nothing ever would, he was afraid.

"And if you ever gave me the air," laughed Maizie, "this is what would happen to my heart!" And she flipped a cake up in the air, deliberately missed catching it and stood smiling as it squashed all over the griddle.

"No," said Jimmy. "That's not true. You'd be on the telephone about five seconds later asking some guy to come up and have a drink with you!"

Maizie grinned. It was true. She said, "Don't rub it in, kid. A gal can't help it if she doesn't go deep!" And then, still flipping cakes and catching them, she added, softly, "Look here, Jimmy, I've got about five more minutes of this and I'll be off duty. Want to wait here—or ease around to the apartment?"

Jimmy said he'd wait and he did. He stood leaning against the door, very tall and dark and sober. He watched Maizie with a sort of fascination. She was a pretty little thing in that green silk uniform with the fluff of white organdy on her hair and the infinitesimal apron at her waist. swelling breasts bulged over the apron strings in enormous twin juts and the smooth green material flowed downward over soft curves like water. As she swung the hot cakes, jiggling them on the turner, her bosom jiggled in rhythmic accompaniment. It was a lovely picture to watch—Maizie at that griddle. And Jimmy forgot that less than an hour ago he had told himself he'd never be with Maizie again.

He remembered, however, when he sat on Maizie's low red silk sofa with an amber cocktail glass twirling in his lean fingers and Maizie coming

out of the bedroom to him, her green eyes glowing and her voluptuous figure shadowily revealed beneath the trailing white chiffon negligee. He gulped his drink and put the empty glass on the end table. He said, "Gosh, Maizie, you look like a million bucks. I mean that."

MAIZIE sank by his side, soft and young—and eager. Her arms went with experience around his broad shoulders, one long bare leg pressed against him.

"Jimmy," she whispered between her white flashing teeth, "Kiss me! Give me everything you've got, fellow!"

Jimmy swept Maizie to him with a groan. He crushed his mouth down on her parted lips. His fingers fled over the soft bareness that was her body beneath the negligee. He was a little dazed when his heart kept its regular beat, when his blood did not shoot out along his big body with a burning conflagration. What was the matter with him? This was Maizie, wasn't it? Beautiful, sensuous, little Maizie who was made to love? Maizie usually went to his head like champagne! Surely he hadn't seen enough of her to tire of her. Surely, not yet. And still a certain lethargy was in him, a heaviness of arms and legs and head.

With Maizie's red head floating before his eyes and Maizie's parted, panting lips under his, he thought, of all things at such a moment . . . of Francine! His heart did leap then. Warmth came into his fingers and a wild trembling to his long legs. Maizie whispered into his clinging mouth, "Atta boy, Jimmy! I was beginning to think this wasn't your night to howl!"

But as quickly as the swift, throb of blood entered his body, Maizie's voice stilled the riot. He went on kissing Maizie however; went on making a pretense at love. His mouth, slid from hers down her throat, across the bare sculptured beauty of her shoulders and her arms. Even Maizie's wild response, the trembling of her under his caresses did not rouse him. And Maizie was nobody's fool. Presently she pushed back in his arms. She looked Jimmy straight in the eyes.

She said, "Another dame, Jimmy? Who is she? Who's getting you down like this?"

Jimmy said, hoarsely, "Don't talk like an oaf. I'm just tired."

"No man's ever too tired with me," snapped Maizie, rather irritably. "Who is she, Jimmy?"

JIMMY got up. He poured a drink, gulped it. Poured another one. Gulped that, too. He poured one for Maizie and handed it to her. She took it and Jimmy saw that her hand was trembling. This was a dirty trick he had played on her. He

shouldn't have made a date with her. But how was he to know that being with Maizie wouldn't be the same now. Not after he had loved Francine as he had.

Maizie's eyes were very green and very shrewd beneath the black curly lashes. "Going to get blotto so it won't make any difference who you're with, Jimmy?" she asked, and her toe, in the fluffy feathered mule, tapped impatiently on the floor.

Jimmy didn't say anything. He just poured another drink and drank it, slowly.

"No, you're not," said Maizie. "Not with me, anyhow." She bit her lower lip. "And to think I had a chance for a real date tonight. With Farris Merrill. He called me about five minutes before you came into the cafe!"

Jimmy jumped at that. Well, it was what Francine deserved. She and Farris were a pair of two-timing tramps.

He thought: "If Maizie were the deep serious type, Farris would probably hurt her in the end as Francine has hurt me." But Maizie wasn't like him. Maizie could give and take and demand nothing. Maizie wasn't the type to feel anything for long.

"I'm sorry, Maizie," said Jimmy, evenly, "I am tired."

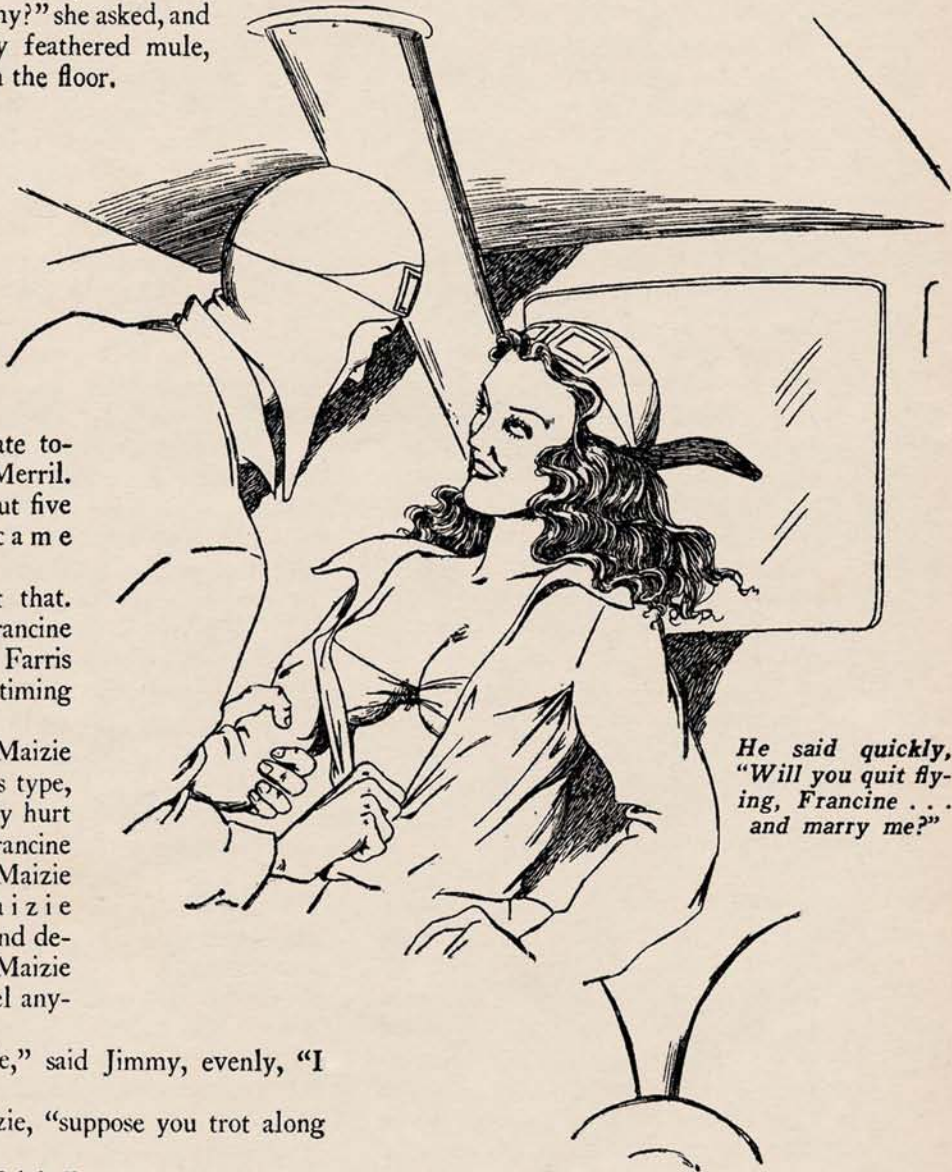
"Then," said Maizie, "suppose you trot along home to bed."

"Not a bad idea, Maizie."

AND Jimmy got his cap and twirled it in his fingers for a moment as he stood looking at Maizie. He couldn't understand himself. There she sat on the sofa, half reclining, deliciously sprawling. Her whole posture was inviting. The white chiffon foamed translucently over her body. The high peaks of her bosom pushed hard against the thin gauze. There were no stockings on the long, bare legs and they were honey-brown. . .startlingly dark. . .against the white. "Any man in his right

mind," thought Jimmy, "would jump at a girl like Maizie. Last night I would have. But tonight I'm not in my right mind."

"Boy," said Maizie, almost as if reading his thoughts, "you're in love and how. You'd better do something about it. I always knew you'd be one



*He said quickly,
"Will you quit flying,
Francine . . .
and marry me?"*

of those true, loyal, gallant souls once it really got you!" And then Maizie sat up on the sofa.

"I bet," she went on, softly, "it's that Francine Diggs you've been teaching to fly."

Just the mention of that name made Jimmy's heart pound. His fingers clutched on the cap until his knuckles showed white. His tongue came out and licked the sudden dry surface of his mouth.

Maizie sank back on the sofa.

"I thought so," she said. "Well, luck, kid.

SNAPPY

You'll need it. Casanova Merrill has already tossed his hat into that ring! Oh-h, don't look so amazed, Jimmy. I had a date with Farris, all right. But I'm only a canape to him. Francine is his real banquet!"

In the weeks that followed Francine got her commercial limited and transport license. She was flying all the time. Even the Cap said he'd never seen such a flying fool as Francine. "Why, that girl," said the Cap, "can fly anything from a pursuit plane to a giant amphibian, upside down, right side up, or inside out!" It was true. Francine handled a plane with a sort of careless rapture. She was a humming bird, impudent, dazzling, crazy; mad with the power of flight; given to incredible speed, incredible darts and swoops and hoverings.

And she seemed to handle Farris Merrill with equal skill. The Cap told Jimmy one day:

"Why, Francine has almost turned that chaser into a fireside dozer! He hasn't even had a date with Maizie in a month. He doesn't sit over at the cafe, either, making passes at each dame who trots in!" The Cap grinned. "I wouldn't be surprised," he finished, "to see Farris taking up knitting one of these days. Maybe when he and Francine are married, he'll stay home and do the chores and Francine will earn the bread and bacon!"

To which Jimmy snapped, "Maybe. But I doubt it. A leopard doesn't change its spots. Not really."

"Say-y," said the Cap, "what's eatin' you? I wonder if you had an eye cocked on Francine yourself!"

"That tramp? That little bum?" Jimmy ground out. "I'll say I didn't!"

The Cap rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "So you did, huh? And no happy landings for you. Too bad, Jimmy. Better luck next time."

The first time Jimmy saw Francine after that day by the plane he nodded to her coolly, remotely. She looked almost as shocked as she had when he had asked her to marry him. She promptly opened her red lips as if to say something and then closed them. She went on her way rather quietly, her blue eyes thoughtful and her hands dug down in the deep pockets of her flying coat. Jimmy watched her out of sight. "There," he told himself. "That's that. She knows now she didn't get away with anything after all."

AND then one day, weeks later, Francine ferreted him out at the Flying School. She said, "Jimmy, I've wondered why you asked me to marry you and then never spoke to me again. I mean, even if I wouldn't give up flying, we could be friends, y'know."



"Friends," Jimmy said, trying to grin. "Is a girl like you ever a friend to anyone?"

"I don't understand," Francine said, her golden brows arching.

He could have explained. He could have told her he didn't understand her either. He could have said that it was pretty low of

her letting him fondle and kiss her that day behind the plane when all along she was engaged to Farris Merrill. He said, instead, because he was so fiercely proud:

"You didn't really think I meant that proposal, did you, Francine?"

Her answer was a long time in coming.

"No-o," she said, finally. "Some men propose just to make the path easy for them. I knew all along. You weren't putting a thing over on me, Jimmy." She smiled then. "I'm a gal who has to have her moments," she concluded, gaily. "And now that we both understand each other so perfectly, can't we be friends?" She held out her hand.

"Oh, sure. Why not," said Jimmy casually. He took her proffered hand. And then his eyes bulged. For that brief contact of her flesh with his made his heart pound and his knees tremble. He dropped her fingers as if they had been hot.

And he went straight to Maizie. "By the gods," he told himself, furiously, "I'll get that little tramp out of my system. I'll burn her out!"

But while Maizie was a delicious flame, while Maizie was love and forgetfulness, Jimmy came to with Maizie's head on his shoulder and the old ache for Francine just as piercing as ever in his heart.

"You're still alive," said Maizie, "but you're only working on two cylinders. Who in the devil is she, Jimmy? Francine. Come on, tell me. I'm your pal."

BECAUSE Jimmy was so miserable he told Maizie all about Francine. Maizie said, at the end: "And even now, even if Farris didn't mean anything to her. . . even if Francine weren't the tramp you say she is. . . would you marry her if she insisted on flying?"

"No-o," said Jimmy. "But why speculate. Francine's a tramp and she's going to marry Farris and that's that. If I married Francine I'd be afraid that every time I went out the front door the Army Navy and Marines would be coming in the back!"

"Boy," said Maizie, "go home and take a dose of sulphur and molasses. I don't know when I ever saw such a case of Spring sickness. Or is it jealousy? Jealousy of Farris. You're positively green around the gills, do you know it?"

Jimmy said, "Thanks for being so sympathetic, Maizie. You're a good kid!" And he left.

He didn't leave right away. He stood in the foyer downstairs smoking a cigarette and looking at the headlines of the evening paper on the newsstand. The little blonde behind the counter was conscious of him and he knew it. She rolled her blue eyes and arched her full bosom upward and found ever so many reasons to walk up and down, her quick, light steps doing exciting things to her well padded body. She said, finally, "I'll be off duty at midnight. I live upstairs. Interested?"

Jimmy went on smoking and looking at the head-lines. "No," he said, evenly. He could feel the girl's resentment flaring out behind the counter. He could hear the quick intake of her breath. And then he heard her say, "Oh-h, hello, Farris!"

Jimmy swung around. Farris in a white mess coat and meticulously pressed black trousers was streaking through the foyer, a gay look on his lean face, his blue eyes shining. Farris said, "Hi, Daisy!" And then seeing Jimmy leaning against the counter, "Hey there, Jim! How's tricks!"

"Okay," said Jimmy, indifferently. And then: "Where you goin'. Or isn't it any of my business?"

"It's none of your business," grinned Farris. "But my life is an open book! I'm going to see a beautiful dame. She just telephoned. She's lonesome."

"And what'll Francine have to say about that?"

"What Francine don't know won't hurt her!" laughed Farris.

"Your life is an open book, all right," said Daisy from behind the counter. "But it's a wonder to me that the censors don't get to work on you!"

Farris laughed and stepped into the self-operating elevator. He grinned at them, bowed low and slammed the gilded door shut. Jimmy watched the cage rise. He watched the little arrow above the door. One, two, three, four, five. The arrow stopped. Maizie. Farris was going to see Maizie! And what was Francine doing? He didn't have to wonder long. For as he stepped out into the street a long yellow roadster swung past. A slim dark man was on the front seat next to Francine. His arm was around her shoulders, his handsome head was close to her golden one.

Jimmy jabbed his hands down in his pockets. "What a cock-eyed world," he grumbled. "I'm the only sentimental fool left in it! The only one who believes in real love any more!"

All the next week Jimmy tried to interest himself in one of his former students. She was a lovely

little brunette, diminutive, curvy, big-breasted, with T N T in her black eyes. Her name was Marjorie Gates. But at the school she had been immediately nicknamed Plunk because she fell with spectacular regularity into the Bay. "You should never have solo'd that dame," the Cap fumed. "She's going to kill her fool self. She's no Francine Diggs by a long shot!"

PLUNK was an exciting diversion for Jimmy—but nothing more. They danced, they dined, they chatted endlessly about aviation, they drove far into the woods of an evening. Under the stars, with Plunk close in his arms, Jimmy caught forgetfulness time and again. But not for long. Francine, golden and lovely, always came back in his memory to taunt him and tease him and torture him.

"I wish," thought Jimmy caressing Plunk's bare arm, "that Francine would hurry up and marry Farris. Maybe I'd get over her then. Maybe I'd quit thinking about her. Imagine me falling for a dame like Francine with not a single ideal in her dome!"

It was a lovely star-studded night. Plunk was in Jimmy's arms. Her dark head was on his shoulder and her arms were closely curling about him. Jimmy could feel her full red lips moving over his neck, her eye-lashes tickling him as they fluttered excitedly. He didn't want to think of anyone but Plunk. He wanted to think only of her warm fragrant bosom and her lovely legs and the warm response of her kisses. Plunk wasn't like Maizie. And she was much lovelier.

But even as he held her close and kissed her, he thought only of Francine. Plunk seemed to sense this. She said, "Do you love all your gals by remote control, Jimmy. I can feel you. I can see you. But somehow I have a feeling you aren't here at all."

That was the last date Jimmy had with any girl. Francine had spoiled them all for him, utterly.

"There isn't," he had to admit at last, "any such thing as forgetfulness for me. And all because of a little tramp."

For days Jimmy thought of pursuing Francine with intentions certainly not honorable. "She might as well two-time Farris with me as anyone," he thought. But it would be dangerous business, he knew. He knew what sort of girl she was. He knew he loved her despite everything. And it would be playing with dynamite to start something that couldn't be finished. He could bear up under her marriage to Farris now. But





if he spent long hours with Francine, if he caressed her and kissed her and received the whole sweetness of her response, her marriage would kill him. He decided to avoid her as usual.

It was on a Saturday morning when Jimmy was cutting across the airport field headed for the

School hangar when he saw Francine waving to him, beckoning. His heart leapt instantly. His knees began to tremble. He pretended he didn't see her. He went doggedly on.

Then Francine began to call. "Jimmy, Yoo-hoo . . . Jimmy!" He still didn't turn. "J-i-m-m-y! Yo-o-o-o! Jimmy!"

He yelled back, "What it is? Trouble?"



"Do you," he heard her ask, "love all your gals by remote control, Jimmy?"

HE STOOD looking at her in the distance. A small, lovely girl, she was, with the crisp breeze lifting her golden curls and modeling her blue silk dress to her voluptuously beautiful body. Even at that distance he could see the tops of her high stockings where the wind had lifted her skirt. He could see honey-brown thighs and the white edging of pink panties. He could see, also, the way the wind made the blue silk cling to her jutting bosom, accentuating their high solid peaks. "I wouldn't dare go over there," he cautioned himself. "I wouldn't be responsible for what I did!"

And as he approached her, entirely against his will, everything in him fighting his advancing steps, he wondered briefly if he could take Francine in his arms and not faint with the sheer ecstasy of the contact.

Francine smiled when Jimmy went up to her. She said, evenly, "I just wanted to say good-bye, Jimmy. I'm not in any trouble or anything."

"Good-bye?" repeated Jimmy, questioningly. And then his heart turned over painfully. He realized all at once how much it had meant to him just looking at Francine though he never spoke to her. "You're not—not going away for good?" he asked with a little break in his voice.

"Oh, no-o," said Francine. "Of course not. I'm just going on a trip. I picked up a job today. I've got to fly across the border into Mexico. I'm carrying twenty gallons of gasoline to Morris Chalmers who ran out of fuel down in the mountains. They got his radio S O S today. . .and I got the job. Thrilling, isn't it?"

"Gasoline?" cried Jimmy. "Good gosh, Fran-

cine, you're not going to try to land gasoline down in the mountains are you?"

"No," said Francine. "I'm not going to try. I'm going to do it!" She smiled at Jimmy then, her blue eyes very wide. "And I'm wearing a chute. It's rough country and I wouldn't be foolish enough to take a chance on a forced landing. I do have brains, Jimmy, even though you don't think so."

"Look here," said Jimmy, almost desperately, "you've never made a landing in rough country! You don't know how treacherous it is. One false move and you'll be blown to bits with all that gas on board. Look, Francine, I can't let you do this. I'll do your job for you and you take on Miss Harris, my student, today. You'd go haywire on that assignment. Just knowing you had gasoline on deck would be enough to unbalance you or any woman!"

"What sort of a flier do you think I am, Jimmy," said Francine, stiffly, the crystalline fires in her eyes, the round chin firm and stubborn.

"A woman flier!" snapped Jimmy, his chin just as stubborn.

"You haven't any confidence in me, have you, Jimmy?"

"No!" snapped Jimmy. "Not you or any woman. Look at Plunk!"

"You look at her," said Francine, icily. "Or have you looked yourself cross-eyed already!"

"I'm going with you if you insist upon making that fool's trip," said Jimmy, sternly.

"Fine," said Francine. And then she smiled. "It'll be like old times flying together, won't it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy said, "Yeah." But he was thinking, "Gasoline on board! And me a sizzling fuse. This trip will make history!"

JIMMY sat tensely in the plane for about ten seconds. And then the old joy of flying beside Francine got into his blood and flamed along his veins. He forgot all about Farris and that Francine was engaged to him. He forgot that Francine was a two-timing little tramp. He grinned happily as he watched her blue eyes scan the instruments and he reached out and touched her arm in silent appraisal as they came out of a dense fog, on the course without losing or gaining a foot of altitude. But that touch was the spark that the fuse of his emotion did not need.

Afterwards, Jimmy sat there with his heart pumping crazily and his eyes blurring. It took every bit of his control to keep his hands off her. His love was a sort of crazed madness, a dizzy rapture. Her clear-cut profile danced against his retina; the long, cool shapeliness of her legs beat against his consciousness; those magnificent breasts

of hers were so impudently outward thrust, so completely alluring.

He was so preoccupied with the ocular sport of just taking Francine in that he missed completely what she was saying.

He came to with a sick start, however, when Francine's words. . . "—and so we decided to have the wedding at the Little Mexican Center next Monday. Isn't that exciting? Cap's going to be best man, of course. Farris wouldn't think of having anyone else! . . ." penetrated his consciousness. Francine went on talking gaily but to Jimmy her words meant nothing. A chattering jumble. He heard only the high lilt of her sweet voice. He couldn't, in his tortured mind, put together two words she was saying. He could only think: "Farris and Francine at last! No hope now. No hope at all!" Jimmy was so sunk in gloom he couldn't speak.

Francine said, "Do you care, Jimmy? I was hoping you wouldn't!" Her eyes were on him, round and blue. She said, with a quick intake of breath as if it hurt her, "Oh, Jimmy, you do care, don't you? I'm so sorry. Maybe I can help you to forget."

"How?" asked Jimmy, glumly. And he was thinking, "There she goes. Figuring on two-timing Farris after they're married! She's nothing but a little tramp. I ought to be glad I was spared being tied up with her." But he wasn't glad. He wanted her. He was willing to agree to any terms, as low as they were.

"How?" repeated Francine, laughingly. "Darling, must you ask?"

Jimmy said, squinting his eyes and looking down on the earth that was a long, golden space beneath them—the desert. He said, "Let us make a landing there. Easy."

FRANCINE'S chin went out, her long lashes fluttered. But in the next moment Jimmy felt the ship swooping down, felt it nosing toward the ground. He cried out, "For Pete's sake, Francine, don't go haywire. We've gas on board. Enough to blow us to hell and back again!"

"Then why worry," said Francine, lightly. "I mean, if we can be blown back again."

She made a perfect landing. She turned and faced Jimmy. She was smiling a little.

"Well," she said, "so what?" It was carelessly said, almost indifferently. But Jimmy saw that her lower lip was quivering, the pupils of her blue eyes were big and black and burning. The rise of her breasts was accentuated by her quick uneven breathing.

Jimmy didn't flatter Francine with the usual soft soap. He didn't tell her she was beautiful, that

he loved her, that he wanted to marry her. He just reached out and caught her to him, one arm around her slender waist. He tried to be very casual about it all. No use to let her see how mad he was about her.

His lips ran over the golden riot of her hair,

him, pressing her soft curves into his chest and her red mouth circling his.

With a hoarse groan Jimmy returned that rapture. The feeling within him was so tense, so throbbingly potent, it was almost as if he had never held a woman against him before. Fragments of



He could feel her blood pumping wildly as he kissed her.

across her smooth white brow. Under her temples he could feel her blood wildly pumping. He kissed her throat. A pulse was throbbing there, too. Very slowly, with m a d d e n i n g deliberation, he unbuttoned the leather knobs on her red jersey and trailed soft kisses on her snowy shoulders. For a long moment he rained kisses all over her face; his hands swept up and down her arms.

Francine was breathing h a r d. "J i m m y, for Pete's sake!" she cried and flung her arms about

thought came to torture him. That wedding at the Little Mexican Center next Monday. Francine in Farris' arms, like this. He f o u g h t down the thoughts and gave himself utterly to the moment. A memory, Jimmy told himself in his last thinking moment, was better than nothing. The loaf, the whole loaf, would be Farris' from Monday on. But now, these delicious crumbs were his and he was feasting on them.

Back up in the air Francine was remote and un-talkative. Jimmy sat there silently looking down

upon the bank of clouds. He felt only numbness. After awhile, he supposed, pain would come. Pain at the thought that Francine would never be with him like that again. Pain—because memories could never be as satisfying as reality. Indeed, Jimmy was so sunk in gloom that he was unconscious that the motor suddenly conked, lost revs and roughened. He didn't even know Francine had jerked erect, that she was white and frightened looking; that she cut the gun to smooth the motor, at the



same time banking and turning the plane back toward Las Vegas.

"Exhaust valve," said Francine and Jimmy came to with a start. "Number seven cylinder. Stuck wide open."

Francine opened and closed the throttle. The motor responded roughly, the plane vibrating like a giant shimmy dancer. Francine didn't seem so scared now. She said, quite lightly, "If this plane had a pair of fans it would wow an audience. Look at it dance!"

But even though her demeanor was gay Jimmy saw that Francine's face was still white and that her bosom was rising and falling rapidly. He thought, "In a second now she'll go haywire. I'll have to take over. Only a man could handle this anyway!" Aloud he said:

"You'd better jump for it, Francine. I'll try pancaking to the river. Too many towns down there. If we cracked we'd kill ourselves and about a hundred others with us!"

"Jump yourself," said Francine stubbornly. "This is my job and my plane. I'll handle it. But the river's a good idea. I'll try for it."

"Bail out!" yelled Jimmy. "Bail out, you little fool, and give me the controls!"

"Jimmy," said Francine, coolly, "who's going haywire now? You look like death takes a holiday!"

"Francine! Have you forgotten you have twenty gallons of gas on board!" Jimmy caught his breath. He yelled out. "I can land

this plane. You never can. Now bail out!"

"Did you bring your skates," Francine asked, calmly. "Because you should have, y'know. If anyone bails out, it'll be you!" She paused a second. "It was nice meeting you, Jimmy. Thought I'd tell you. Last chance and all that sort of rot!" And she laughed.

SHE did not give up the controls. And Jimmy did not bail out. Francine kicked the Ballanca straight and leveled off. She looked at Jimmy out of the tails of her eyes, grinning mischievously. Jimmy groaned. She'd never make it. They'd be blown to hell. He had a wild, thrilling thought that he'd rather be blown to hell with Francine than see her married on Monday to Farris. He grinned then. Some of the whiteness left his own cheeks. He said, touching her arm, "I love you, Francine. I never have loved anyone but you. And I meant it that day when I asked you to marry me."

"I knew it," said Francine, evenly. "I guess I knew it all along, even though you almost convinced me that I was nothing but an easy mark for you." She would have said more but Jimmy stopped her words with a kiss. It was a long, hot, burning kiss. He felt in his heart it would be the last. She'd never make that landing. There was comfort in knowing he would be kissing Francine when the end came.

But the end didn't come. As Jimmy pulled his lips away he saw the ground. Knew that the wheels and tail skid had touched grass simultaneously. She hadn't tried pancaking to the river at all. She'd tried, and accomplished, the unaccomplishable! The plane rolled clean to the stretch of dry earth. He thought: "Good grief! She made it with a dead propeller—and with me kissing her all the time!"

Francine sank back on the seat, her blue eyes dancing and her bosom quivering out before her under the red jersey.

"Well," she laughed, "so what now, Jimmy?"

Jimmy swallowed hard.

"All right, Francine," he said, "I take back everything I ever said about you. You've got what it takes. Grit. Stamina. And, if you'll excuse the word—*guts!* No man ever had any more. You're as safe in the air as you are on the street. Perhaps, safer." The excitement and approval went out of Jimmy's voice then. He said, soberly:

"Farris is a lucky guy."

"Most bridegrooms are," said Francine. "But why bring him up now?" And then, smiling: "Jimmy, if you asked me again to marry you, would you ask me, also, to give up flying?"

[Please turn to page 64]

Snappy Letter Box

NOTE—Any letters addressed to the writers whose letters appear in the Letter Box, will be published, if so desired. We cannot promise to forward letters as very often the addresses are not given. We reserve the right to censor the letters published. Letters will not be published unless the writer gives us permission to print his or her full name and address.

—The Editor.

Dear Editor:

Allow us to extend our heartfelt thanks for releasing such a wonderful magazine to the modern public, us in general!

The stories are truly delightful and stimulating—no less.

In following your SNAPPY Letter Box column, we decided we want to joint the happy throng and write to you also.

We have never made this request before, but will you please print our plea? We wish to secure pen pals.

To all boys and girls who kindly take the time to write us, we will answer promptly on anything and everything.

Thanking you and wishing you continued success, we are,

DOROTHY JONES,
STANLEY JONES,
2301 Niles,
Bakersfield, California.

Dear Editor:

I am a steady reader of SNAPPY and love it immensely. I consider SNAPPY the best and most modern magazine on the market at any price. I am only one of a multitude of readers who say we surely get our money's worth.

I am a post office clerk, a widower, forty years old. I spend most of my spare time reading and writing letters. I have corresponded with some of your readers and will be very happy if you will print my letter in the next issue of SNAPPY.

I promise to answer all letters.

Yours truly,

JOE E. ALLEN,
3709 North Williams Ave.,
Portland, Oregon.

Dear Editor:

Have read the SNAPPY magazine for some time and enjoy the love stories that you have. They all seem to put that breathless feeling on one until the stories are ended.

I've seen love in China, Japan, Spain, England, France, Italy, Norway and Sweden; in other words, I have been around; many times they are similar to those you write about.

Oh, yes, you can run this in your SNAPPY Letter Box if you care to. I would love to hear from some pen pals. I love dancing and all out door sports, and am not so bad to gaze upon. Age twenty-two, rather dark complexion and about five feet six inches. So will some peppy pen pals get going? Will answer all letters and exchange photos. I am a quartermaster in the U. S. Navy and have many interesting tales to tell.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. TURNER,
Q. M., 3 K,
Bremerton, Washington.

Dear Editor:

Thanks so much for the many pleasant moments that SNAPPY stories has given this lonesome soldier out here in India.

Will you please publish this letter in your next month's SNAPPY as I would like to make a lot of new friends amongst your readers.

Now come on, folks, won't you write to me? I am six feet one inch in height, weigh 181 pounds and my age is twenty-two. I have blue eyes and brown hair, and (though I should not say it) I am considered good looking. Will exchange photos, and I could also exchange snaps of India and also of my home country, England.

Think it over and write as soon as possible.

Now cheerio, Mr. Editor, and may the SNAPPY have all the success it deserves, and a never ending circulation.

PVT. F. ACOURT,
Signals,
1st Batt. Devonshire Regt.,
Fort William,
Calcutta, India.

Dear Editor:

I have just been introduced to SNAPPY Magazine and I like the stories very much. I am six feet tall, thirty-eight years old and I am Irish. I work on the Canadian Pacific Railway as a bridgeman. Please publish this letter as I would like to correspond with anyone in the good old U. S. A.

Sincerely,
ED. CAMPBELL,
c/o B. & B. Dept, C. P. R.,
Brandon,
Manitoba, Canada.

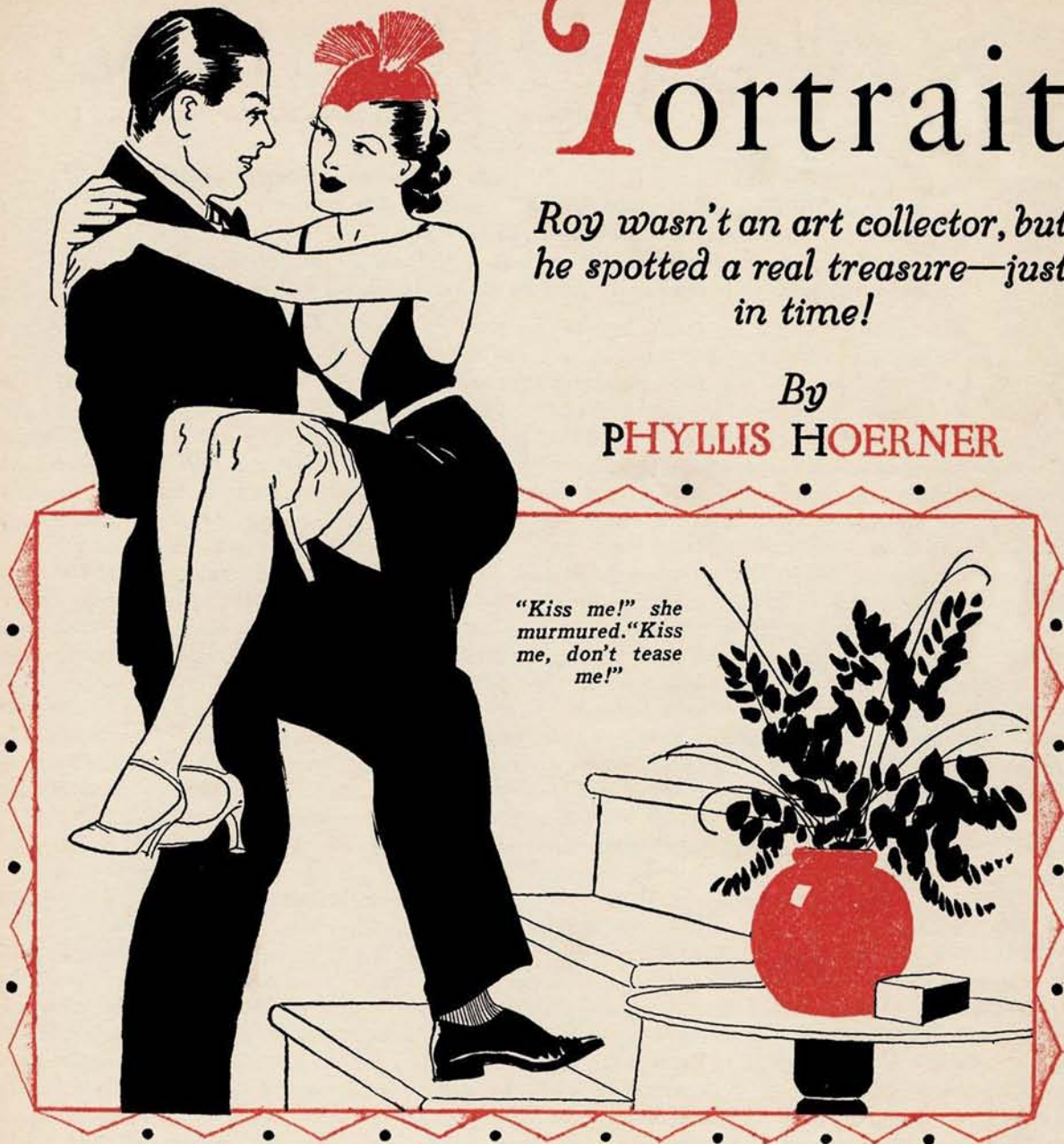
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Portrait

Roy wasn't an art collector, but he spotted a real treasure—just in time!

By

PHYLLIS HOERNER



"Kiss me!" she murmured. "Kiss me, don't tease me!"

ROY BARTON had always been on his guard against any form of sentimental weakness. His only love until now had been his work. He had been wrapped up, body and soul, in the mad, thrilling business that was Wall Street, and therefore, he had had no time for love, had not even thought about love despite his marriage six years ago to Monda.

But looking back on his life now Roy suddenly felt the lack of love in his crowded days. And love, he told himself, couldn't mean Monda.

It was odd, he thought, that he didn't love Monda. And it was a pity. Because Monda de-

served love. She deserved a man's arms about her slim waist, a man's lips loving and caressing her own, a man that was hers and hers alone. He thought of her only as a gracious decoration for his home and table. He became, in a few words, used to her.

And now he wanted love. Breathless, thrilling, throbbing love. He wanted a girl's lips gasping with emotion under his. He wanted warm arms around his shoulders, a soft body swaying inward to meet his and the exciting pressure of hard breasts pressing into his chest. It didn't occur to him that Monda might want the same thing, too—that she

of LOVE

might be hungry inside, thirsty for a big draught of love. It didn't occur to him that they had both failed each other, miserably. He thought only of himself. That he wanted a real feminine woman. That he was going to have one.

Roy got up from the desk then and walked out into his offices. He was looking for one girl. He was thinking of a cozy apartment with dim lights and a white satin sofa. He was seeing vaguely a girl in a shimmering negligee with the lines of her body gleaming through the soft translucent folds. He was thinking of red lips with a satin softness, of a high peaked bosom against which to cradle his head after a weary day at the office. He was thinking of all the things he should have considered when he married Monda—and which he didn't think of then at all.

Roy had a scowl on his face. He looked older than thirty-five because of the tenseness of his work. And he was lean and tall and strikingly blond. He knew that women admired him. He had felt it in their eyes for the last six years.

AND then Roy stopped thinking. His eyes fell on Kathleen Burke who was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his whole life. Kathleen was merely a single figure in a pool full of stenographers but she stood out. She dominated the offices. She was that comparative rarity, a really exquisite red haired woman.

As he stood there he did not analyze her in detail. He saw the firm hills jutting out under the slick black silk of her dress. He saw the split skirt that went up above her knees and showed the roundness of them and a band of creamy flesh beyond the stocking top. He saw her lean over her typewriter and what that pose did to her satiny roundness, how the black satin gaped and a dark valley sprang into view. He saw all these things but only as a total effect that was good and exciting and beautiful.

He turned back into his office, shut the door, sat behind the desk and sent for Kathleen Burke. His heart was pounding as he waited for her. His knees felt weak under his desk and his hands were fidgeting nervously.

When she came through the door and stood there Monda's kindness and her generosity beat against him for a moment. This was his first unfaithful moment to Monda. And habit is a strong thing.

But when Kathleen Burke came across the room, swinging her silky hips and her full graceful breasts moving up and down with her step, Roy forgot Monda. He forgot everything but the hunger in his

heart and the vital thing his man's life had missed.

He smiled up at the girl who had taken a chair at his side. He said, "When you were designed, the gods must have been in an inspired mood, Miss Burke."

And his eyes went over her then, more closely, in detail now. He saw the high pointed peaks of her firm bosom pressing against the black silk. He saw the tinge of rose color under the creamy band of flesh above her stocking. He saw the red tip of her tongue just beyond the barrier of her teeth—and his heart began to pump, his temples throbbed and his breath went short in his chest. Kathleen Burke was a beauty, a rare, gorgeous, exciting beauty.

She said, "Thank you, Mr. Barton." And her eyes met his, squarely. His heart leapt again. She knew why he had sent for her. She knew that Roy Barton never required the services of the girls from the pool when he had a dynamic, efficient secretary of his own who allotted the work to them all.

BUT despite his pumping heart there was something in the girl's eyes he didn't like. A dollar mark look, perhaps; a look of mink coats and jewelled baubles and a sleek town car. Well, he could afford those things now. Other men did. And his gaze moved down from her eyes to the body of the girl. What he saw was intoxicating and because he was trembling violently and because this business was so new to him, he began to dictate.

Out of the tail of his eye he saw her fingers busy with the zipper at her bodice. He heard a little b-z-z-z-z but he did not look up. He wouldn't spoil things by rushing her. Even though he knew now, instinctively that the girl had had her green eyes on him for a long while. He went on dictating. He paid no attention to the light touch of her knee against his. He pretended not to see the swollen white mounds of her bosom when she bent across his desk to get letterheads and check the addresses on the correspondence. He sat rigid, waiting for time, for nerve—for her to make the advance.

He didn't wait long after that. In the middle of a letter the girl spoke. Her voice was very soft,

throbbingly young and vital. She said, "Mr. Barton, why did you want to dictate to me today? I've been here a year—and this is the first time I've been called into your office. Why?"

HE KEPT the emotion out of his voice. "Don't you know?" And he laid a light hand on her knee half expecting her to move that dimpled softness away. But she didn't. She only sat looking at him through that dark fringe, the eyes more green and glittering than ever, the red mouth slightly open.

"Yes," she said, finally. "I know. And I'm—glad."

He said, "Will you have dinner with me tonight?" It was a spontaneous invitation. He knew that Monda was expecting him home for dinner tonight. He knew that Monda was giving an enormous dinner and one of the distinguished guests would be Eric Borgstrom, the famous portrait painter. He knew that Monda had never met Eric Borgstrom and was a little nervous.

"Roy," she had begged, "please come home tonight and help keep the conversation going."

"What do I know about art?" he had said. To which Monda had smiled, "You can carry on a conversation about anything, Roy. Really, you're rather remarkable, dear — and I'll need you tonight."

Kathleen Burke said, "I'd love to go to dinner with you—Roy!" And at this girl calling him by his given name Roy's heart leapt and his veins flamed. He got up, quickly, caught the girl by her hands and drew her to her small sandaled feet. He felt clumsy and dizzy and because he was so unsteady on his own feet he pressed her against the big mahogany desk for support. For one moment he felt like a consummate fool. He didn't love this girl—and wasn't it love he had been wanting? Then, why the hell was he here with her like this?

In a moment, though, whether he loved her or not did not matter. His head went closer to hers, slowly, deliberately. He went a little weak as the warmth of her body surged through the black silk to his encircling arm. In a sort of daze, with a strange reckless feeling burning in his veins, he pulled her close, heard her sigh ecstatically, felt the hard—and yet soft—peaks of her snowy roudness pressing hard against his body.

She said as her parted lips went up to his, "Kiss me! Don't tease me—*kiss me!*"

WITH a hoarse cry, Roy seized her wildly. He found her lips, her burning, poppy-colored, passionate lips. It was a long, breathless kiss. It left him shaken, trembling. He couldn't

have stopped kissing her then, even if he had wanted to. And he didn't. He swooped her up into his arms and carried her into his private study to which no one was ever admitted. With his heel he clicked the door shut behind them.

"Darling — darling!" murmured the girl, her mouth like red butterflies against his bronzed neck.

As he went towards the sofa he buried his face in the red flame of her curls. His hands trembled over the pliant firmness of her skin as he lowered her to the dark green couch; his heart contracted and then beat wildly. He kissed her bared flesh, gathered her close to him, crooning words of a little apartment, of dim lights, of shadowy beauty as a setting for their future. The girl said nothing, only clung to his lips, nodding her head vigorously. Then he couldn't murmur anything. He was one throbbing hulk of deep emotion—hungry with it—desperate.

ROY didn't get home that night until after eleven. He came through the door of his spacious drawing room feeling guilty and somehow a little shamed. There were many guests about the room. And passing among them with her gracious Southern hospitality was Rose Wall, Monda's destitute cousin from the South. Her likeness to Kathleen Burke was so startling, so vivid, that Roy found himself gulping. It might have been Kathleen there in his drawing room.

It took a full minute to bring into his consciousness Kathleen as he had left her: Kathleen in the blood colored negligee with her flaming hair about her bare shoulders, her green eyes a little less bright, as if drugged. It had been a pleasant interlude, a thrilling one. But it had been only an interlude. Just how long it would last he didn't know now. And looking at Rose Wall he thought, quickly, "She's lovelier than Kathleen. To win Rose would be a conquest. Kathleen was too easy." His heart leapt.

Monda, he saw now, was sitting at the grand piano by the sweeping breadth of the gold draped windows. And leaning down toward her was a tall blond man. He must be, Roy thought, the painter, Eric Borgstrom. And he was looking down upon Monda's fingers as they flitted over the piano keys in a way that held him transfixed for a moment. It had been a long time since he had seen a man look at Monda like that.

It didn't disturb him. He went over to the piano and Monda smiled her bright smile and caught his hand gently. She didn't mention the fact he had not showed up for dinner. Indeed, Roy had a queer feeling now that Monda hadn't even missed him. Monda said, softly, "Roy, this is Count Eric Borgstrom, our guest for the week-end. Count



*In a sort of daze
he heard her sigh
ecstatically.*

Borgstrom, my husband!" And as the two men shook hands Monda went on playing softly.

It was a strange week-end for Roy. He didn't like Count Borgstrom. Why did he trail around after Monda in that silly, ogling fashion? Men had admired Monda before. There was nothing new about that. But to be so obvious about it, to act as if he, Roy, had no place and no part in Monda's life! It was sickening. It was offensive. He resented it. Not on account of Monda. Heavens, no. But because of his masculinity.

He was glad to get back to the office on Monday—and to Kathleen. He settled himself at his desk and prepared to ring for the little redhead when

his secretary came in and announced Count Eric Borgstrom. Roy ranted. Wasn't the intrusion upon his home life enough? Why must he pursue him to his job of work?

He quit ranting when the tall Dane came in. He listened with almost unbelieving ears when he said, "Mr. Barton, I wish to do a portrait of your exquisite wife."

Roy stared at him too surprised to answer. Monda—the great man wanted to paint Monda. The idea aroused so many conflicting considerations that his reply, when it came, was a stammer. "Why, I'd be honored, I'm sure!" It was an honor. Any man in New York would boast that his wife was beautiful enough to rate a portrait by Borgstrom.

He notoriously painted only rare beauties and he charged outrageously. "It's the money," thought Roy, suddenly. "Monda's pretty but not *that* pretty!"

But it wasn't the money. It seemed that the Count wanted the portrait for himself. Roy couldn't understand it. "Why?" he asked. "What on earth do you want with a portrait of old Monda!"

Eric smiled indulgently, "Because she is the most paintable woman I've ever seen. Her lines are incomparable. Her face is exquisite. She is, in a word, ravishing. But didn't you know? Or have you been with her so long, so close, you've failed to even see her? That happens with husbands and wives, you know." He smiled a little wider. "At least," he added, "with some husbands. Busy American husbands."

Roy was stunned. Secretly he thought Monda was looking very tired these days, a little peaked about the mouth, certainly anything but ravishing. He thought that if Eric could see Kathleen's colorful beauty he would have laid his artistic eyes upon something that was really paintable.

And at that moment Kathleen entered with a possessiveness that made Roy quake a little inside. She came swinging her silky hips, her red head high and her voluptuous breasts bouncing right and left with their unbrassiered freedom. She winked a green eye at Roy, laid yesterday's unfinished correspondence on his desk and turned. When she faced Eric she smiled up into his eyes, arched her bosom a little as if calling attention to its pouting glory—and left.

Roy thought. "He's seen her. That'll end Monda's portrait." Aloud he said, "There is a real beauty, if you're looking for beauty." To which Eric only shook his head. "The world is full of that kind," and then added, "do I have your permission to begin Mrs. Barton's portrait? It is the continental custom to approach the husband before I ask the wife's permission."

"It's okay by me," said Roy, indifferently. But he didn't feel indifferent. He felt the first pride in possession of Monda he'd felt in six years. "Monda will be flattered silly," he said. "Go to it. And luck!"

When Borgstrom left Roy did not ring for Kathleen. He sat at his desk for a long while trying to bring the vision of his wife before his eyes.

And then, out of nowhere, something struck Roy. He felt a little chill run over his body. Was there anything going on between Monda and Eric? Was the portrait just a blind?

He remembered the way Eric had been looking at Monda at the piano and Monda's indifference to whether he had come home at eleven or not at

all. He felt exceedingly uncomfortable. And he knew all at once he didn't want to lose Monda. He didn't love her, of course. He had married her for her money. It wasn't exactly the loss of Monda that was angering him—and he didn't know just why he was feeling so hot under the collar and so icy down the spine.

Kathleen came in then, without knocking. She was beginning to assert her privileges. Her power over him.

She said, "Hello, darling! Glad to see me?"

He wasn't but he said, "Yes. Certainly."

And when she caught his hand and led him into the study, when she closed the door behind them and curled her soft arms about his neck, Roy was sorry that he had started anything at all with this girl. Yesterday it had seemed the only thing to do! Wasn't he hungry for love—for a woman's kisses? Wasn't he still hungry?

He looked down into Kathleen's slim face and thought of Eric's words—"The world is full of that kind." And suddenly, Roy knew it was true. Knew that he didn't want Kathleen or anyone like her. Knew with a queer sick feeling inside that he had loved Monda, almost from the very beginning and that he loved her now with an acuteness that made him a little dizzy.

"Kiss me, darling—kiss me," purred Kathleen.

AUTOMATICALLY Roy's mouth dropped to the red splash of lips. He clung to them. His hands went over her soft white flesh, slipped through the vent of an armhole, swept over the warm surface of a slim back. He felt the girl tremble against him, felt her drawing him to the sofa. But even as he followed and sat with her on the low green couch and took her into his arms, he was not thinking of Kathleen Burke. He was thinking of Monda.

Slowly, as these thoughts revolved in his mind, he began to feel that he, who had had everything from Monda, had given her little or nothing in return. When she had probably expected the emotion he had given to this little redhead yesterday he had let her down. He knew all at once how sublimely generous and how unselfish she was. And, more startling than everything, how much he loved her!

Kathleen Burke pushed back in his arms. "What the hell," she spat out. "Are you trying to make love to me by remote control? Your body is here—but where's your brain?"

Roy looked at the girl. The white silk of her blouse was off her shoulders. The jutting fullness of her bosom strained against the silk, the outline of high peaks showing plainly. She was twisted on the sofa, too, in a way that made the split of her

skirt open to her white thighs and reveal the edging of tailored pink satin panties. It was a lovely sight but now, strangely, it did not appeal at all to Roy.

"What's eatin' you, anyway?" asked Kathleen Burke, her green eyes glittering. "Trying to put over a fast one, maybe?"

"No," said Roy, "I'm just not in the humor. That happens, you know."

"Not with me," snapped Kathleen. "Not more than once!" And she jumped up, flounced toward the door, her breasts rigidly angry before her. "Don't think you're going to get away with this, Roy Barton," she said, turning. "Don't think for one minute. . . ."

"A mink coat would look sweet on you, Kathy," said Roy glumly. And when she did not answer, he went on, "Wouldn't you like a trip to Europe? Stay a year or so? Alone, of course."

The girl smiled vividly. She said, "Boy, you're talking turkey. When?"

And Roy said, "Now!"

And Kathy smiled again and left, as smug as a cat who had got into a pitcher of cream. But Roy wasn't smiling. He sat down on the couch twisting about restlessly. Was Monda with Eric now? And if so, what was happening? He was to ask himself that question for a whole month for Monda was never at home when he got there these days. It seemed that she posed for Eric in the mornings, in the afternoons, in the evenings. She came in after these journeys to the Dane's studio with her dark eyes burning slumbrously, with her dark head high and her luscious, ripe, mature bosom displaying its beauty vividly.

He would look at her with his heart pumping

and his brain whirling. He would ask himself over and over how he could have held that superlative gorgeousness against his own body and remained passively emotional? Why had he permitted business to dim his senses, the most important part of a man's being?

HE WAITED for Monda on that Monday night until eleven. And then he said, "Damn it to hell, I'll go around to the Dane's studio and



"A mink coat would look sweet on you, Kathy," he said glumly.

see for myself what is going on! Just where I stand in this triangle!"

But as he reached the wide marble hall Monda came through the door. She was wearing royal purple velvet with a small ermine cape across her lovely bare shoulders. Her supple twin beauties—for all their ripe maturity—rode out rigidly on her frame. The clinging material showed the incomparable line of her hips and the tapering perfection of her legs. He gasped. Monda said in her lilting voice, "Well, the portrait is done. It's lovely, Roy. And the study Eric is giving me is marvelous."

SNAPPY

"Calling him 'Eric' now," asked Roy, glumly. And then: "People don't sit for their portraits at night, Monda. I know that. You do. So what?"

He saw a faint surprise in her dark eyes. "Of course not, Roy. We talked."

Roy went inwardly sick. They talked? He knew how much talking they had done. And then Monda tossed a bombshell that exploded all around Roy, shattering his happiness, leaving him weak. Monda said, "Don't you think it queer, Roy? Eric said he never intends to get married. Never!"

"Who cares?" said Roy, icily.

And Monda said, "Why, I do. Terribly."

Roy swallowed hard. He experienced a quick desolation, an utter dropping out of the bottom of the world as he looked at the loveliness that was Monda's, as if for the first time; and wondering, too, if it would also be the last. More than anything in the world he wanted to take her in his arms. He wanted those red lips under his, those graceful, soft rondures pressing against his chest.

"What a fool I've been! What a blind fool!" he thought. "How could I have anything to do with that redhead when I had this! Why didn't I come home that night instead of going with Kathy. If I had, this would never have happened!" But in his misery he could say nothing. He just stood there sunk.

Then Monda said, "Well, he won't marry so I suppose I'll have to look elsewhere for a husband for Rose. Rose ought to marry some one, Roy. She's too young to be on the loose. Frankly, I worry about her. Marriage is the only thing for Rose. . . . If Eric was only a marrying man. . . ."

"Rose!" gasped Roy "Did you say Rose?"

"I was so glad when Eric asked to paint me," Monda went on, softly. "I thought: Now I can put over Rose. I can talk her up. I saw it as a fine opportunity. But it was no use at all. Absolutely no use." And she clicked her little red tongue against her teeth, shook her dark head.

SUDDENLY Roy caught her slim shoulders. "Was it because he wanted *you*?"

Monda said, "Yes. Wasn't that silly. Me, of all people!"

"Silly?" roared Roy. "Silly? What man wouldn't?"

"You never have," said Monda, evenly. Her magnificent bosom rose and fell rapidly. Among other things, Roy saw for the first time what an intensely emotional woman his wife was. He went weak clean to his toes.

"Monda, was it because of—me—that—that you—didn't marry Eric?"

"Yes," said Monda. "I happen to love you. I always have. Though goodness knows why."

"Monda!" cried Roy. And he swept her to him. It was as if those beauteous globes were touching his body for the first time, as if the whole loveliness of her was in his arms for the first time. He was strong with the joy of it, weak with the strength of it. Monda pushed back a little against his brutal embrace. "Roy," she asked, incredulously, "do you love me? Really?"

"Love you!" cried Roy. He swung her up masterfully into his arms, started up the winding stairs with her. "Love you!" he repeated on a wild, primitive note of possession. "I'm going to prove to you just how much I love you—and want you! Monda, from this day on!"



HERE'S HOPING

*When there's a breeze
I see your knees,
When northwinds rise
I see your thighs,
When storms do blow
Up—up I go.*

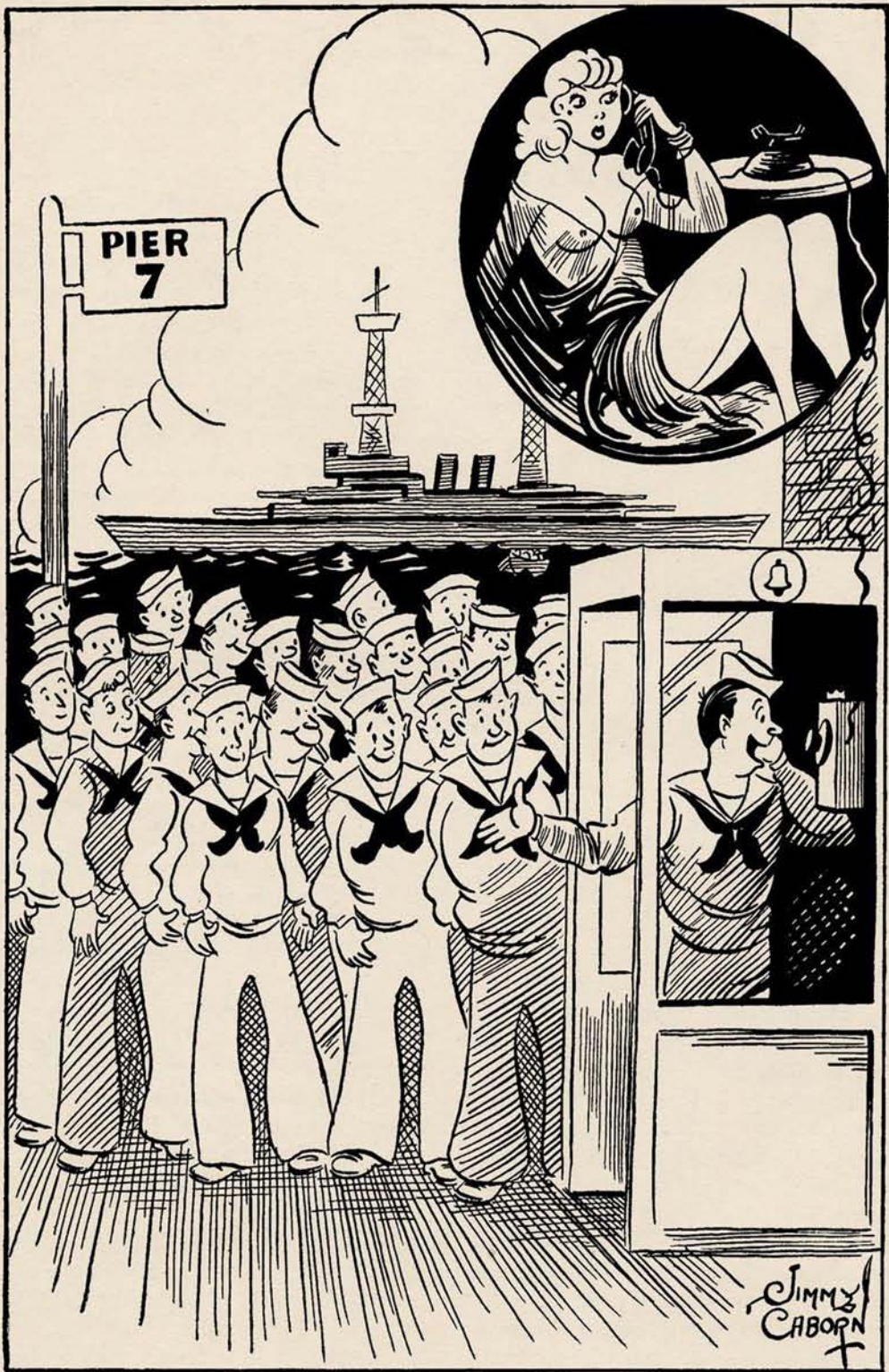
*If some day we get an earthquake, maybe
I'll see the rest of your torso, baby!*

Miss Bigfront: "I've come back to tell you what's wrong with that brassiere you sold me last week."

Clerk: "Well, get it off your chest."



Sometimes a little roll in her walk
puts a big roll in her stocking!



"Hello, Peggy! Have you got 23 girl friends?"

Radio Romeo

By

MASON JOHNS



TRUDIE MILLER sat before the mirror, listening for the sound of those dreaded footsteps. That she would eventually hear them was a foregone conclusion. When Screwey Shelton set out to get a gal, Trudie had discovered, he allowed nothing to stand in his way. It was pointedly obvious that Trudie was the next on Screwey's list, and therefore Mr. Shelton could be expected at any moment.

Let it be understood here and now that Trudie had no particular objections about being gotten. She was as broadminded as she was hipped and she liked her fun as well as the next one. The only catch to Trudie's flow of reasoning was that she liked to pick the man, and the wheel of fortune, as spun by Trudie, had not stopped in the general direction of the purveyor of swing that was *swing*, known to his fans as Screwey Shelton.

Trudie was dressed for her evening before the microphone, and she was more undressed than dressed. Being very dark, she was dressed in white satin. A clinging, slinky evening gown which was totally devoid of back, sleeves and almost everything above the waistline. Two narrow strips of material accentuated the round firmness of her breasts, enticingly displaying the valley and in no way interfering with the most fascinating motion whenever Trude moved about.

Her arms and shoulders were quite bare, being protected against any vagrant drafts by a generous coating of sweet scented powder. Trudie liked the dress and she liked the way it displayed her charms. But there were moments, particularly those spent trying to dissuade Screwey, when she would have liked a little something more substantial.

SCREWEY'S footsteps, heavy and forceful, sounded in the passageway outside. Trudie sighed and prepared to meet his entrance.

"Hi," Screwey said conversationally as he entered the dressing room.

"Hi," Trudie replied. Screwey shut the door and turned the key in the lock. "That's not necessary," Trudie told him.

"You can never tell," Screwey said. He walked over to her and grinned down into her face. He was a good looking chap, big, beefy, and he looked as if he might be able to provide an interesting evening. Trudie did not know why she did not vibrate towards him.

Screwey lowered himself to the edge of the make-up shelf.

"How about a little kiss?" he suggested.

"I'd rather not, big boy," Trudie said.

Screwey reached down and his powerful arms closed about her. Lifting her as though she weighed nothing at all, Screwey deposited her on his knee. He eyed her half-exposed bosom frankly and his eyes glittered.

"Ya know," Screwey said, "there are hundreds of girls in New York, just as good looking as you are and with just as good voices."

"So?" Trudie fastened her big black eyes on him.

"Why not play ball with Screwey?" His grip had tightened about her waist and his eyes were burning.

"Why make a play for me?" Trudie wanted to know. "I told you I'm not interested, and I'm not. That's all there is to it, Screwey. I like you and that's that."

SCREWEY started to say something then changed his mind and his tactics. He commenced to run a large hand along the bare flesh of Trudie's soft arms. His other hand dropped to the vicinity of her waist and Trudie could feel the warmth of it through the clinging material.

"Don't that do something to you?" Screwey asked and his tone suggested that she was doing plenty to him.

Trudie shook her head. "You leave me cold," she said. Which was not the truth.

Screwey decided to depend on actions. Trudie felt his hands on the bare smooth skin of her back and on her soft upper arms. She could feel the swell of her bosom and her heart hammering and she could feel the thumping of Screwey's even through the stiff dress shirt.

Trudie stood it for a short time, then fought herself free. She dropped to the floor. Her eyes were bright and her breasts rose and fell with anger. Beneath the voluminous skirt her thighs were trembling with fright. Screwey came to her again, and before she realized what he was going to do, he had slipped down the shoulder straps of her gown. "Screwey!" she gasped.

She swallowed hard and swayed towards him and as his fingers caressed her she realized his labored breathing annoyed her almost as much as his fingers.

"Don't tell me I don't do something to you." Trudie could scarcely hear him. She wrenched herself away and hastily replaced the shoulder-straps.

"Get out, Screwey," Trudie whispered.



"Don't tell me I don't do something to you!" he breathed.

Screwey licked his lips, swallowed and squared his shoulders. Then he pronounced his dictum. "You can think what you like of me," he said. "But unless you meet me after we get through here tonight . . . you're fired."

Trudie smiled bitterly. "Just a louse at heart," she said.

"If you think that—okay. It isn't that at all. You and I could have a perfectly swell time if you only would. I'm treating you this way to bring you to your senses."

Trudie walked over to the mirror and sat down. She was shaking all over. "You have less chance than ever of having the time you're after," she said coldly.

Screwey started for the door. He unlocked it and swung it open. "We shall see what we shall see," he said confidently.

"Uh-huh, but it won't turn out the way you figure."

Screwey went out and Trudie embarked upon the job of repairing her damaged make-up. She hated Screwey, and yet. . . .

The evening broadcast was over and Trudie was having a drink with the announcer, Bill Farmer.

Bill had had Screwey Shelton and his bunch ever since Trudie had joined them. She had seen him dozens of times, and now she was seeing him for the first time. She supposed it was because he had instantly detected that something was the matter and had been sympathetic.

YOU don't have to tell me what's the matter," Bill said. "I know. You see, I've known Screwey a long, long time."

Trudie sipped her drink. "He has a rep, eh?"

Bill ground out his cigarette. "He boasts of his record, which is that he's stepped out with every girl who's ever sung with his band."

"Oh," Trudie said and she was glad that she had put a dent in the Screwey record.

"Has he issued the ultimatum yet?" Bill said it quite calmly. Trudie's eye met his and she nodded. "Why don't you get out?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to," Trudie said. "But what I'm going to do for money I don't know. I've got a big family to take care of."

Bill leaned across the table. With an effort he managed to transfer his gaze from Trudie's half revealed bosom to her anxious eyes. Softly, Bill said,

"Until tonight, Trudie, you haven't known I was on earth. I've known you were here for some time. In fact, ever since the first time I saw you."

"I didn't know. I wish I had known." Trudie's voice was low and she felt little chills running up and down her spine. There was something about Bill, something she had not noticed before. Her breasts commenced to throb a little and she shifted her feet nervously under the table.

"Look," Bill continued. "I can get you a job at the studio sustaining. It only pays forty dollars a week but it wouldn't be long before I could get you a sponsored programme."

"I'm making a hundred with Screwey," Trudie said. "And it takes all of that to live. I don't see how I could do it, Bill."

"It wouldn't be for long," Bill pressed her. "And it would certainly be better than staying on, on Screwey's terms, wouldn't it?"

Trudie smiled and her little hand closed over his. She leaned forward and her magnificent bosom was something to admire in that position. She enjoyed Bill's expression of excited interest.

"Right now," she said softly, "I wouldn't stay on with Screwey for anything."

"Darling. Then it's all set. You get through here after tonight."

THE minute Trudie entered his apartment, Bill knew something was wrong. She said nothing as she took off her small hat and her gloves

and laid them aside. She was dressed in a tailored suit which brought out the width of her hips and the strength of her long, straight thighs. She moved over towards the couch and her breasts swayed this way and that beneath the inadequate covering of her satin blouse. She sat down, crossed her legs and accepted the cigarette.

"I'm going back with Screwey's band, Bill," Trudie announced.

Bill sat down beside her. "You can't do that," he said. "You know what it means."

"I do know what it means and I can't help it. Look, Bill, I've been working for forty dollars a week for six weeks and nothing's come up along the sponsored line. I've spent most of the money I've saved and I've reached the end of my rope."

"You've seen Screwey?"

Trudie nodded. "I ran into the so-and-so on Broadway this morning. He asked me to come back and I said I would."

"Did he tie a string around the offer?"

"The usual string," Trudie admitted. She sighed wearily. "It doesn't seem to matter any more."

She fought back the tears and suddenly found herself in Bill's arms. He held her close and she clung to him. If anyone had told Trudie that she could have felt in the mood for love, she would have laughed in his face. Yet, before Bill's arms had been about her thirty seconds, her bosom commenced to throb and she pressed herself against the willing Bill.

"Oh, darling," she whispered. "No matter what mood I'm in; the minute you touch me I go limp."

BILL did not answer. His eyes were alight and his mouth dry. He gently disengaged Trudie and pushed her against the back of the couch. Then he slipped her arms out of the coat and tossed it aside. The firelight glinted on her dark hair and Bill could see the steady rise and fall of her bodice.

He kissed her. Trudie slipped her bare arms about his neck and her long, pointed fingernails commenced to trace a scorching course along the back of his neck.

"Darling," Trudie whispered, "this may be the last time we shall be together."

"Promise me you won't go out with Screwey until you see me later this evening."

"I can't," Trudie said.

"Promise," Bill repeated.

"I can't." Trudie's voice was weak and he thought he could hear the hammering of her heart. His arms went about her waist.

"Promise," Bill said for the third time.

"I wish I could." Trudie's voice was choked. "But I can't."

Bill moved his hands. His fingers trailed across smooth, warm skin and Trudie began to tremble.

"Promise." Bill's voice was thick. He bent forward and the space between their lips was tissue-paper thin. He was breathing hard and Trudie too seemed to find it difficult to catch her breath. She flung herself against him, her mouth seeking his.

"Darling," she said hoarsely, "I'll promise anything you like. Only kiss me . . . kiss me . . . and don't stop . . ."

CASPAR CONNERS looked up wearily from his desk. "Are you here again?" he demanded.

Bill grinned and helped himself to a seat. "I am," he said, "and you'll be surprised to know what I'm here for. I've come to sell you on the idea of sponsoring Trudie Miller."

Caspar came as near to exploding as his low blood pressure and lack of imagination would allow him. "You're wasting your time," he said. He looked about seventy. Actually he was not more than fifty.

Bill took a deep breath and went into battle. "Listen, Mr. Connors," he said. "You want Vivian Viveash for your program or you won't have anybody. Right?" Caspar nodded. "You can't get Vivian because she's signed up by the Luck Baking Company."

"I can wait," Casper said. "There's no hurry."

"She's on option for the next three years to the baking company," Bill said patiently. He pulled out a photograph of Trudie and tossed it under Casper's long beak nose. "What's the matter with her?"

That was Caspar's cue. "She hasn't got what I want," he said. "I want a girl with the face of an angel, the voice of an angel and the soul of an angel. Vivian Viveash has all those things."

Caspar looked off into space. It was plain to see he had an aesthetic feeling about Vivian.

"Do you know Vivian?" Bill asked.

"I've never met her," Caspar said. "But I've seen her. I see her every night. I know where she dines and I dine there, too. She dines alone and I think she's loveliest when she's eating asparagus."

Bill thought the guy was nuts, but business is business.

"You like her because she eats alone?" he asked.

"I like her because she's good," Caspar said. "She neither drinks nor smokes and I've never seen her with a man." Which proved that he didn't

know the Viveash very well. An idea was buzzing round inside Bill's brain.

He got to his feet. "All right," he said. "I'll see you again and the next time I see you, you'll sign Trudie Miller on the dotted line."

"Not while there is Vivian Viveash," Caspar said.



A Bust Up!

Pulsing Paul: "Aw, baby, where is your heart?"

Pulsing Pauline: "Straight down my neck, first turn to the left!"

FROM his vantage point at the end of the bar, Bill watched Vivian. She behaved disgracefully. The man she was with looked like Holly-



"Darling," she whispered, "this may be the last time we shall be together."

wood's idea of a bookmaker. He was coarse and he was rough and at least once during dinner pinched Vivian's cheek. Vivian seemed to like it.

She drank and she smoked, and her ribald sallies could be heard all over the small, obscure little eating place. Bill was delighted. He paid for his drink, went out and then came in again. This time he entered the restaurant proper and seemed to be looking around for a table. He spotted Caspar and made for him.

"Hello," Bill said brightly. "Didn't expect to see you here."

Caspar waved him limply to a seat. "I have never been so disillusioned in my life," he said. "See that harridan over there with that dreadful thug?" He indicated the hilarious Vivian and her cheek-pinching boy friend.

"Sure," Bill said. "Who are they?"

Caspar shook his scraggy head dolefully. "I don't know the thing in trousers," he said, "but the girl is Vivian Viveash."

Bill studied her critically. "Well," he summed up, "I'll say this for her . . . she's good all right."

Caspar shuddered "Have you that contract with you?" he asked.

Bill grinned. "What did I tell you?"

AS SOON as he had signed it, Caspar lurched to his feet and tottered out, his world a shambles about his feet. Bill walked over to the Viveash table.

"Thanks a million, Viv," he said. "You too, Ted. Say, you seemed to be having fun, all right!"

"I'll never be able to come into this joint again," Vivian said. "I thought the old guy was going to die on the spot."

Bill prepared to go. "Anyway . . . thanks a million."

There isn't much more to this little saga of Broadway broadcasting. Bill got to the nightclub just in time and he and the newly signed contract spiked an evening for Screwey and saved Trudie's reputation.



Breezy Bertha tells the one about the girl whose husband caught her with two of her boy friends—and did she have red sheiks!

TORRID TOMES



By JACK KEENE

What to Read!

★ FAIR
★★ GOOD

Where to Find it!

★★★ EXCELLENT
★★★★ SWELL

New Books

***PLACE IN THE CITY by Howard Fast (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.): It was Mr. Fast's story, *Children Of The City*, appearing in the March, 1937, issue of *Story Magazine* that caused that worthy publication to be banned in a number of cities. *Place In The City* is the young author's novel, not by any means a mature effort, but of sufficient stature to make him worth watching. The story is that of a street in New York and the people who inhabit it. Mary, the prostitute, and Shutzey, the procurer, and Jessica, the sweet-breasted daughter of Israel who wants passion, not love. Real people, all of them. Real people who say real things and live real lives. Howard Fast is no romanticist in the accepted sense of the word. His story is down to earth, sordid, not of the stuff dreams are made of. When he means breast he doesn't say bosom. You should like it.

**EITHER IS LOVE by Elisabeth Craig (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.): This book is the first person confession of a woman to the man she is about to marry, telling him frankly of a love that came before his. Some of the passages, sensuous as they are,

sing with an untouchable beauty. There is a little of *We, Too, Are Drifting* and a little of *The Well Of Loneliness* in *Either is Love*. But more than that, it reveals a passionate sincerity those other books lacked.

***SISTER OF THE ROAD, As told to Dr. Ben L. Reitman (Macaulay, \$2.50): Box Car Bertha was born with no golden spoon in her mouth. In fact, not even her handsome blonde mother, who believed in free love and practised it at the drop of a hat, was certain as to her paternity. At sixteen, hale and buxom, Bertha met her first lover. She left Seattle and took to the road, hobbing across country in box cars and learning sex with a capital S. For fourteen long years her life had no roots, no purpose, no goal. Finally, at thirty, she settled down. *Sister Of The Road* is not a pleasant book. Dr. Reitman, without mincing words, has told the stark story of America's forgotten women—the female hoboes—vividly and impersonally.

Between the Lines

MAYFAIR Books are about to publish again in magazine format. The search is on for torrid titles. . .William Godwin

issued no sophisticated novels during the summer, concentrating all efforts on their new Streamlined Romances at \$1.35, published under the Hillman-Curl banner. . . Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* is being dramatized. Ditto for Steinback's *Tortilla Flats*. . . Book prices are taking a downward trend. The \$1.00 novel will be a thing of the not-too-far future.

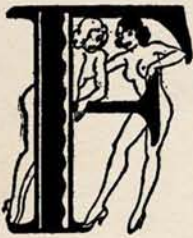
With the Magazines

QUITE a fuss was kicked up by the *Esquire* article, *The Facts Of Life*, published in the July and August issues of that weighty almanack. It didn't miss a trick and revealed some startling sex figures. . . You could do better than missing Margaret Culkin Banning's article called *The Case For Chastity* in the August issue of the *Reader's Digest*. . . *La Patee* Magazine, twin sister to *Gay Parisienne*, is out in a new dress—or should we say *undress*? More exciting boudoir shots, snappy cartoons and saucy jokes. Still plenty of torrid tales. . . *Stocking Parade* for November boasts some of the most gorgeous femmes we've ever seen this side of Paris.

[Please turn to page 62]

BEAUTY SKINS DEEP

By KEN COOPER



FOR the better part of an hour, Mr. Biff Belcher, known to the alleged sport of wrestling as The Tilton Terror, had been sitting hunched over a rickety table in the boarding house boudoir he shared with his side kick and partner in pachydermy, Mr. Ham Hunkel, The Georgia Killer. It was an unusual position for The Tilton Terror. The stub of a pencil was tight-gripped between his thick fingers. At least a dozen sheets of assorted hotel stationery, some covered with figures and some with curious hieroglyphics, were sprawled out on the table before him. The Tilton Terror's tongue lolled out of one corner of his mouth and he chewed on it with bovine satisfaction.

Suddenly, he sat up, swung the chair around and faced the huge double bed upon which The Georgia Killer was stretched, his misshapen face buried in the pink pages of the *Police Gazette*.

"All right," Mr. Belcher said. "I got it down here in black and white."

Mr. Ham Hunkel lowered the paper. "Yeah?" he countered eloquently.

"Yeah," Mr. Belcher echoed. "We got one thousand eighty bucks in the bank. Outta that, you get five hundred."

Mr. Hunkel's bushy brows knit. "And what do you get?"

The Tilton Terror consulted the paper in his

hand. "F--five hundred and eighty," hesitantly.

The Georgia Killer sat up on the bed, swung his bowed legs over the side. "How come?" he bellowed. "How come you get five hundred and eighty and I only get five hundred?"

MR. BELCHER indicated the paper. "It's all down here in black and white." There was a slightly tremulous note in his voice, indicative of his feelings. For six years now, he and The Georgia Killer had taken the good with the bad, the knocks with the boosts. But wrestling wasn't what it used to be and hard times had brought harsh words between them. They were parting company and the paper in Mr. Biff Belcher's hand indicated the final split-up of their gross capital.

"It kin be pink and yellow for all I care," Mr. Hunkel exploded. "What I wanna know is how come you get more than me?"

Mr. Belcher sighed. "You forget them orchards you sent to that blonde cootch dancer last week. Them orchards cost eighty bucks."

"What orchards?" Mr. Hunkel demanded.

"Them purple flowers," Mr. Belcher supplemented. "You sent a dozen and they cost eighty bucks."

Mr. Hunkel went a little green around the gills. Being reminded of the incident involving the blonde cootch dancer and his gift of a dozen orchids wasn't the pleasantest thing to think about.

"We had eleven hundred and sixty bucks in the bank until you spent eighty," Mr. Belcher ex-

plained. "That's how come you only get five hundred and I get five hundred and eighty."

MR. HUNKEL rubbed his hand over his head. He was thinking hard and thinking always made his temples ache. "By rights, we oughta split that eighty," he said. "You was mixed up with that blonde, too."

The Tilton Terror shook his bullet-shaped skull. "Oh no, not me. I didn't want no part of her. She was all yours, Ham. You remember how you tole me to lay off?"

Mr. Hunkel frowned, grunted. "Okay, I'll take it on the chin. We go to the bank the first thing in the morning and draw out the dough."

Mr. Belcher licked his dry lips. "You're

goin' down for a morning paper," he said. "Can I get you anything, Ham?"

Mr. Hunkel grunted a refusal behind the barrier of the *Police Gazette*. The Tilton Terror got his hat, started for the door, but before he reached

it, a gentle knock sounded. Mr. Hunkel peered over the top of his shaded periodical. Again the knock sounded.

"Open the door, you dummy," The Georgia Killer blurted.

Biff Belcher reached for the knob, turned it, swung the door open. His watery blue eyes almost popped from his head when he saw the two young girls facing him. One was a blonde and the other a brunette—but both were gorgeous. The brunette was wearing a skirt and sweater, both tight enough to reveal the arched curve of her hips and the

plump pout of her firm, melon-shaped breasts. The blonde had a printed silk dress on—and that was all, The Tilton Terror decided. He went goggle-eyed looking at the points of her small, cone-shaped bosom pushing out the bodice of her frock.

"Would you be interested in buying a lottery ticket?" the brunette queried in a low, throaty voice that made The Tilton Terror wriggle inside. She smiled up at him with her carmine lips parted, the lower one so full and heavy that it drooped moistly.

"Who is it?" Mr. Hunkel grunted.

The blue-eyed blonde stepped forward and peered through the open doorway. "Oh, hello,"



"I just l-l-love strong men!"
Bunny cooed.

sure you want it this way, Ham?" he asked plaintively. "You're sure we ain't makin' a mistake?"

The Georgia Killer shifted on the bed. "I ain't makin' no mistake. From now on, I'm on my own."

Mr. Belcher sighed, rose from his chair. "I'm

she greeted cheerily, managing to lean in a position that made her unbrassiered hillocks fall lushly into the loose front of her frock. "We're selling lottery tickets and we thought you'd like to buy some," she said sweetly.

Mr. Hunkel dropped the *Police Gazette* over the far side of the bed, stood up with amazing agility. He looked the blonde over from head to toe in one swift glance and the glitter in his eyes seemed to indicate he approved—heartily.

"Don't keep ladies standing in the hall, Biff," he said. "That ain't right. Ask 'em in."

The ladies didn't wait to be asked. They stepped into the bedroom.

THE Tilton Terror closed the door behind them, spent the next few moments taking an inventory of the brunette's plentifully revealed charms. Just as Mr. Hunkel seemed satisfied with the lighter-haired lady, so Mr. Belcher found the dark, sloe-eyed beauty in rare form. In fact, he couldn't remember offhand where he had seen a more fetching figure.

"You've got a nice room here," the brunette said. "Our room isn't so large."

Mr. Hunkel smiled affably, rubbed the palms of his hamlike hands together. "You live in this house?"

The girls nodded. "On the third floor," the blonde said. "My name is Bunny Taylor. My girl friend is Peggy Lord."

Mr. Ham Hunkel bowed from the waist. "Ham Hunkel is my name, baby. They bill me as The Georgia Killer but don't let that frighten you. I'm gentle as a lamb with the ladies."

The Tilton Terror stepped into the limelight. "I'm Biff Belcher. Pleased t'meetcha." He took Peggy's hand in his own gigantic paw, squeezed it meaningfully. "Too bad we didn't know you lived in the house."

Peggy drew a deep breath, swelled her already large bouncing bosom. "Yeah, it is too bad. You look like a couple of real he-men. They're sure hard to find these days."

THE Belcher and Hunkel chest measurements increased a good five inches. "We're wrestlers, baby," The Georgia Killer exclaimed proudly. "Me and Biff here are two of the best in the business. There ain't nobody we ain't throwed at one time or another. Zybyso, Man Mountain Dean, Strangler Lewis and—"

"I throwed Lewis," Mr. Belcher interjected, "I throwed him in two minutes and fourteen seconds."

Mr. Hunkel glowered. "Yeah, but who throwed Indian Mike, huh? And who throwed Dago Donnelly, huh?"

The Tilton Terror flexed his biceps, pounded his fists on his chest. "I throwed Lewis," he insisted doggedly.

"You mustn't fight about it," Bunny, the blonde, said. "You both look very strong. I love strong men." She turned to the brunette. "Don't you, Peggy?"

Peggy nodded. "I adore them."

"Feel that muscle," Mr. Belcher said tendering his bent right arm.

"Feel this one," Mr. Hunkel offered.

The session of muscle-feeling brought forth an assortment of exclamations from the girls. The Tilton Terror went so far as to strip off his jacket, roll up his shirt sleeves and show them how he could make his biceps dance. Mr. Hunkel, not to be outdone, pulled up the legs of his trousers and displayed calves that were almost the size of beer kegs.

"It's all too thrilling for words," Peggy, the brunette, gasped. "It makes me sick when I think that we had two famous wrestlers living in the same house with us and we didn't even know it."

MR. HUNKEL grinned. "Well, you know it now, baby." He slipped an arm about the blonde's waist. "Better late than never is what I say. How about coming out for a good time, huh? There's a swell band at the Joyland Dance Palace. We can shake a couple of rhumbas and have a couple of drinks."

Bunny, true to her name, cuddled up to Mr. Ham Hunkel. "Gee, that would be swell," she purred.

Mr. Belcher sidled over to the brunette, looped an arm about her waist. "Does it sound good to you, baby?" He drew her close enough to feel the soft warm pressure of her breath-taking mounds on his barrel chest.

Peggy ran her hands over The Tilton Terror's muscular shoulders. "It sounds perfect to me. I'm crazy about dancing. But really, we didn't expect to be taken out tonight. We just came down to sell you a lottery ticket."

"What's the lottery?"

"Oh, it's a thousand dollar lottery that some social organization is running. The tickets are only a quarter apiece and you have a chance of winning a thousand dollars. We've only got two left and you won't have to wait long to know whether you've won because the drawing is tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll take both of them, baby," The Tilton Terror said grandiloquently.

The Georgia Killer flared up. "Oh, no, you won't! Bunny here is selling me one, aren't you, sweetie?"

"You look like a couple of real he-men; they're hard to find these days."



"You can each have one ticket," Peggy said. She produced two printed tickets. "Number 601 for you," handing it to Mr. Belcher, "and Number 602 for you," offering it to Mr. Hunkel. "I hope one of you wins."

"We win if we lose," Mr. Hunkel said affably. "Come on, let's start goin' places and doin' things."

"We'll have to get our hats and coats," Peggy said. "What time is it anyway?"

"Eleven o'clock," Mr. Hunkel said. "The night's just beginning."

"Meet you downstairs," Bunny said. She stood up on tiptoe, kissed The Georgia Killer's cheek. "Ooh, I'm so happy."

Forgotten were the pages and pages of figuring Mr. Belcher had done. Forgotten were the harsh words that had passed between them. Forgotten was everything but the prospects of an exciting evening.

"Boy, that Bunny is sure a swell looking number," Mr. Ham Hunkel exclaimed while plastering his hair down before a mirror.

"No flies on Peggy," Mr. Belcher countered, polishing his shoes with a towel. "Say, now that we got everything divvied up, how do we work this date, each man for himself?"

Mr. Hunkel swung around from the mirror.

"For six years we been splittin' everything 50-50," he said. "There ain't no reason why we should stop now, is there?"

"Yeah, but I didn't split with you on them orchards you sent to that cootch dancer," Mr. Belcher said timidly.

"To hell with them orchards," Mr. Hunkel bellowed. "We do the same like we used to—everything 50-50. Okay?"



PEGGY and Bunny were waiting for them outside the boarding house. Mr. Hunkel hailed a taxi. Ten minutes later, they were dancing to the hot,

hectic rhythms of Gus Gozling and his Grenadiers, the Joyland Palace's stellar swing band.

Mr. Hunkel was in seventh heaven the moment he got blonde Bunny into his arms and against his massive body. Her sharp jutting breasts against his chest raised his temperature a few degrees, started the perspiration rolling down his thick neck.

"You can sure step, baby," he complimented, tightening his arm about her narrow waist so that his fingers touched the soft undulating curve above her hips.

Bunny looked up at him out of round blue eyes that promised everything under the sun. "You're not so bad yourself, big boy."

Mr. Belcher was making similar progress with Peggy at the other end of the dance floor. He too, was suffering pangs of desire engendered by the soft warm pressure of Peggy's voluptuously full body against his.

"You and Mr. Hunkel are very good friends, aren't you?" Peggy questioned.

The Tilton Terror nodded vehemently. "Sure thing. Me and Ham are like this." He crossed two of his fingers behind her back. "We been together for six years."

There was a soulful expression in Peggy's eyes. "I think that's wonderful," she said softly.

IT WAS three in the morning when the four-some returned to their boarding house. Both The Tilton Terror and The Georgia Killer had made decided progress en route from the Joyland Dance Hall. The Killer's mouth was a red smear and the Terror's cheeks resembled those of a scarlet fever victim.

"Too bad there ain't no parlor we could sit out in," Mr. Hunkel said. "Me, I'm just beginning to get wound up."

Bunny and Peggy exchanged meaningful glances. "We've got two rooms," Bunny said, "your room and our room. That should be enough."

Messrs. Hunkel and Belcher suited the action to the suggestion. In less time than it takes to tell it, they had separated, The Georgia Killer and Bunny vanishing behind the door of the men's bedroom and The Tilton Terror with Peggy in tow marching up to the third floor and the girls' bedroom.

"Too bad we didn't think to bring up a bottle of something," Mr. Biff Belcher said once he was alone with the orchidaceous brunette.

Peggy smiled invitingly, sidled up to him, ran her hands over his broad, bulging shoulders. "We really don't need it, do we, Biff, darling?" she cooed.

The Tilton Terror's intoxication was sudden but complete—without benefit of *spiritus frumenti*. His arms went around Peggy's slender waist and he drew her close in a bear hug that almost flattened her soft bosom on his chest.

PEGGY was no neophyte in the art of *amour*. She knew her way around and the road wasn't a strange one. Her hands slid up over Biff Belcher's shoulders, linked themselves behind his thick neck.

"Hold me tight, honey," she murmured throatily.

The Tilton Terror almost crushed the breath out of her body. His mouth jammed down on her red, moist lips and his hands swept over her ripe, soft curves.

Peggy drew her lips away slowly, tantalizingly. "I think I'd better take my dress off, Biff," she said. "You're liable to tear it."

Nothing could have pleased The Tilton Terror better. He looked on goggle-eyed as she raised the hem of her frock and pulled it over her dark head. She was wearing sleazy peach rayon panties with an imitation lace trim, but as far as The Tilton Terror was concerned, they might have been fashioned from the finest Chinese silk. Her plump, bulging roundures were encased in the fish-net cups of what passed for a brassiere. All the rest was nude, creamy-white flesh that made the blood in Biff's veins reach the temperature of molten lead.

"There, that's better!" Peggy exclaimed, swelling her voluptuous bosom with a deep breath.

The Tilton Terror stumbled over his own feet in his eagerness to get to her. He swept her body into his arms, lifted her off the floor. The palpitating warmth of her against him made his head spin like a top.

In the other room, Mr. Ham Hunkel was slowly recovering from what had been a rapturously thrilling experience. "You and me have got to see more of each other, baby," he panted, caressing the smooth alabaster slope of Bunny's shoulder.

Bunny quivered passionately in his arms. "How about meeting me tomorrow after work? I know a swell roadhouse on the Island."

"It's a date," The Georgia Killer replied, returning to the delightful business of exploring more of the blonde's caressable charms.

AT 5:30 the following evening, Mr. Ham Hunkel, arrayed in his best checked suit, met Bunny on a designated midtown corner.

She ran up to him, her eyes aglow. "Ham!" she gasped. "Guess what happened?"

Mr. Hunkel's plug-ugly pan expressed complete lack of understanding.

Bunny didn't wait for him to respond. "The lottery," she blurted. "Biff Belcher won it!"

The news failed to please Mr. Hunkel. He frowned and his face darkened. "Oh, yeah?" he muttered.

"He doesn't know he won it yet," Bunny said. "He doesn't really have to know if you don't want him to."

The Georgia Killer's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that we don't have to tell him. A thousand dollars is a lot of money. We could have a swell time on a thousand dollars, Ham."

The germ of deceit, planted in The Georgia Killer's mind, grew like a weed.

[Please turn to page 60]

EDUCATIONAL SHORTS

By
ALDEN
JACKSON



Girls who wear red flannel teddies
Ne'er will be o'er-run with steadies.



Girls who dress in cotton bloomers
Will attract no idle roomers.



Girls who wear old-fashioned pants
Will be annoyed—but just by ants.



Girls who wear the latest scanties
Ne'er will have to live in shanties.



Girls who wear network affections
In time will ruin their complexions.

Girls who don those lacy jeans
Won't have to jump to dish the beans.



Girls who flash those ribboned frills
Will be remembered in men's wills.

Girls who wear those short, short shorts
Will find they are the best for sports.



Girls who flaunt those brief step-ins
Needless to say keep men on pins.



Girls who strut in Nature's undies
Will never know wash-days are Mondays.



ADVICE TO FLAPPERS



By **TRIXIE WOLF**

Dear Miss Wolf:

What's all this swing business? I mean, a fellow told me he was going to teach me how to "swing". I had heard so much about swinging, I thought I ought to know. Well, believe it or not, I got a new "swing" dress, and out we went, in the moonlight.

I always thought it was some kind of a dance, but all this dodo did was take me in a hammock, and did we swing! What would you do—get a book and learn the swing dance all by myself?

TOOTS

Dear Toots:

Of course, anything a girl can learn from a book is just so much to the good. I understand you can learn to sew and cook and make cocktails from a book, but when it comes to "swinging"—I think every girl just has to go out and learn by experience. I hope I have helped you, because that's what I'm here for!

Dear Miss Wolf:

I've just joined a wrestling class for girls, the idea being self-defense. I find it is so much fun that I want to wrestle all the time, and the only way I can work it is to bribe the teacher to stay after hours. What would be a good way to bribe a teacher?

BATTLING BABE

Dear Battling Babe:

There are a number of standard bribes, such as a nice big apple. Then there is candy, and flowers if your teacher hasn't hay fever. Of course, if your teacher is really in love with the game, you shouldn't have any trouble . . . that is, if you are a smart little wrestler. Personally, I got wrestling all out of my system back in the days of the old Model T Fords.

Dear Trixie Wolf:

I'm getting so I just love to neck with my boy friend, because he seems to know just how to treat a girl who is romantic and in the spirit of the thing, so to speak. The trouble is, he can't take it and always wants to stop kissing just as the future looks rosy. What would you do?

FIFI

Dear Fifi:

I'd shoot him!

Dear Trixie:

I had a rubber bathing suit made and want to use it in an indoor pool. But what worries me is, rubber stretches, and what will happen if I stretch it all out?
MERMAID

Dear Mermaid:

If your figure is such that you stretch out rubber bathing suits (rather, if your figure stretches out rubber bathing suits) the best thing you can do is either get a new figure, or a new bathing suit. I understand that it's quite the thing nowadays to do your indoor bathing in the dark, and then of course you don't need a bathing suit at all. Maybe that would be your solution.

Dear Trixie:

Is it true that the "Strip Tease" is not being done any more? I just took a course and learned to do it just dandy. Isn't there something I could do with my newly acquired talent?

GYPSY GOGO

Dear Gypsy Gogo:

You might entertain your friends by stripping, instead of playing the guitar or harmonica. Or you might get a job in an underwear store and make the place look prosperous. Here's how you could work it. Whenever a customer comes in, you start your strip act, and that makes it look as if you were going to buy the place out. The customers will be so fascinated by your act that they'll try it too, and first thing you know, they're down to their undies—and you can say, "You ought to have one of our black and pink combinations, they're deee-vine." I don't know why I give away such valuable hints, unless it's because I'm in love with my work! Let me know how you come out (of your underwear).

Dear Trix

Is it love when a fellow bites your ear and crushes you to him?

KATE

Dear Kate:

It ain't the measles, you can be sure of that!

By MALCOLM POST



"Do you often take my picture out to admire it?" she asked gaily.

RED HEADED VENUS

THE bell in the foyer of the studio rang violently. With a smothered exclamation Tommy Bronson went to answer it. It was probably a bill collector. Commercial art was all right when the orders poured in. When they didn't it was a case of "where there's a will there's a way, and when there's a bill to pay we're away!"

But Tommy was home and couldn't stall. He opened the door. Instead of a man with a familiar

piece of paper in his hand, a gorgeous red headed girl stood on the threshold.

"Sally!" Tommy exclaimed.

She looked apprehensively over her shoulder before she brushed past him with a: "May I come in? I've got to see you, Tommy! It's so important. The worst possible thing has happened! Stan's coming *here* this afternoon!"

Tommy's brows went up. Stan. That meant

Sally's fiance, Stanley Hodges. The other was a wealthy play boy who had more money than he knew what to do with. Often Tommy thought that Sally had certainly tumbled into the lap of luxury.

From artist model existing on hot dogs to a millionaire's wife leading a Pekingese—that was something!

"What's all the excitement? I'll be very glad to meet your fiance. I've heard so much about him—"

Sally clutched Tommy's arm. Her beautiful oval blue eyes were wide with anxiety. Her full, seductive lips trembled and emotion seemed to make her slim, perfect figure vibrant and quivery. "You don't understand. Stan wants to see the pictures you used me as model for! Oh, Tommy, there'll be no wedding bells, old shoes or rice if he ever sees that nude—the one you called 'Red headed Venus!'"

"Don't worry," Tommy soothed, "he's got about as much chance of laying an eye on *that* as I have of being made Minister to Siam. It's locked up, safe and sound. If Stan wants to see your pictures I'll show him all the lovely heads we did for toothpaste ads. There's nothing at all to worry about."

GRADUALLY, Sally's fear dwindled. She puffed on the cigarette Tommy lighted and began to smile. Tommy looked at her gravely. She was one of the mysteries of his young life. The mystery was that he had never fallen in love with her—even during those engrossing hours when, as a whim, he had persuaded her to pose nude for what he believed was a masterpiece.

"Guess I'll hop along. I feel so much better. I'm banking on you, Tommy. See you later this afternoon."

"Sure. By the way, what does the boy friend drink—Scotch or rye?"

"Both!" Sally flung him a smile from the doorway. "If you haven't got either trot out some of your turpentine—that'll do!"

The door closed and Tommy walked thoughtfully back through the studio. He glanced at the locked closet containing the Red headed Venus. His eyes were retrospective with memory when he went through the foyer and into the dressing room beyond.

There a statuesque brunette had just completed fastening her brassiere over two glorious breasts. In the sun that streamed in she was regal, imperious, stately and magnificent. Her name was Jacqueline Merton, but everyone called her Jack. She was Tommy's latest model for some lingerie posters he was doing on speculation.

All Jack wore besides the brassiere was a pair of step-ins, briefly modish, that Tommy was putting on canvas.

Jack turned and sat down on a studio divan. It was the type that could be pulled out and made into a bed. A half dozen cushions banked it. She dented one of them with her lustrous dark head, crooked an inviting finger and sighed.

"Who was the dame?"

"Sally Blair, the girl who used to work for me before you came."

"The redhead who posed for that nude?"

TOMMY sat down beside her. He looked at her slowly. She was perfect. Each curve and contour was like that of some wondrous statue. Her eyes were dark and dreamy and her patch of a mouth was scarlet temptation.

"Sssh! Easy on the nude stuff!"

"Meaning, the redhead's boy friend might not like to find out his little bride once sat for you in the altogether?"

"Who's been telling you things?" Tommy asked, surprised.

"What do you think I have ears for?" Jack drawled. "Listen. Why don't you make yourself some real dough? You claim you're broke. Here's a chance to wait until they're married and shake Hodges down for a piece of coin. You know, make him buy the nude or you'll put it in a Fifth Avenue art dealer's window."

Tommy laughed as he took her in his arms.

"Jack, I'm surprised at you! Why that's blackmail! Where do you ever get such lurid ideas? You're seeing too many high society movies!"

Jack smiled drowsily. She turned over on her side assuming a languorous, attractive posture. Her pose brought her hips into prominence. Her skin was velvet white, a foil for her dark hair and eyes.

Tommy crushed her madly to him, kissing her mouth with all the fervor he could summon.

AT THREE o'clock Sally and Stanley Hodges made their appearance. Tommy had seen to it that Jack had the afternoon off. He didn't want Stan to think his studio was overrun with beautiful girls. He wanted to give Sally's fiance the impression it was a place of serious business.

He showed Hodges all the toothpaste advertisements he had used Sally for. The other nodded his satisfaction.

"That's all she posed for, Mr. Bronson?"

"Yep, that's everything," Tommy lied cheerfully.

"Aren't they pretty?" Sally asked, avoiding Tommy's eyes.

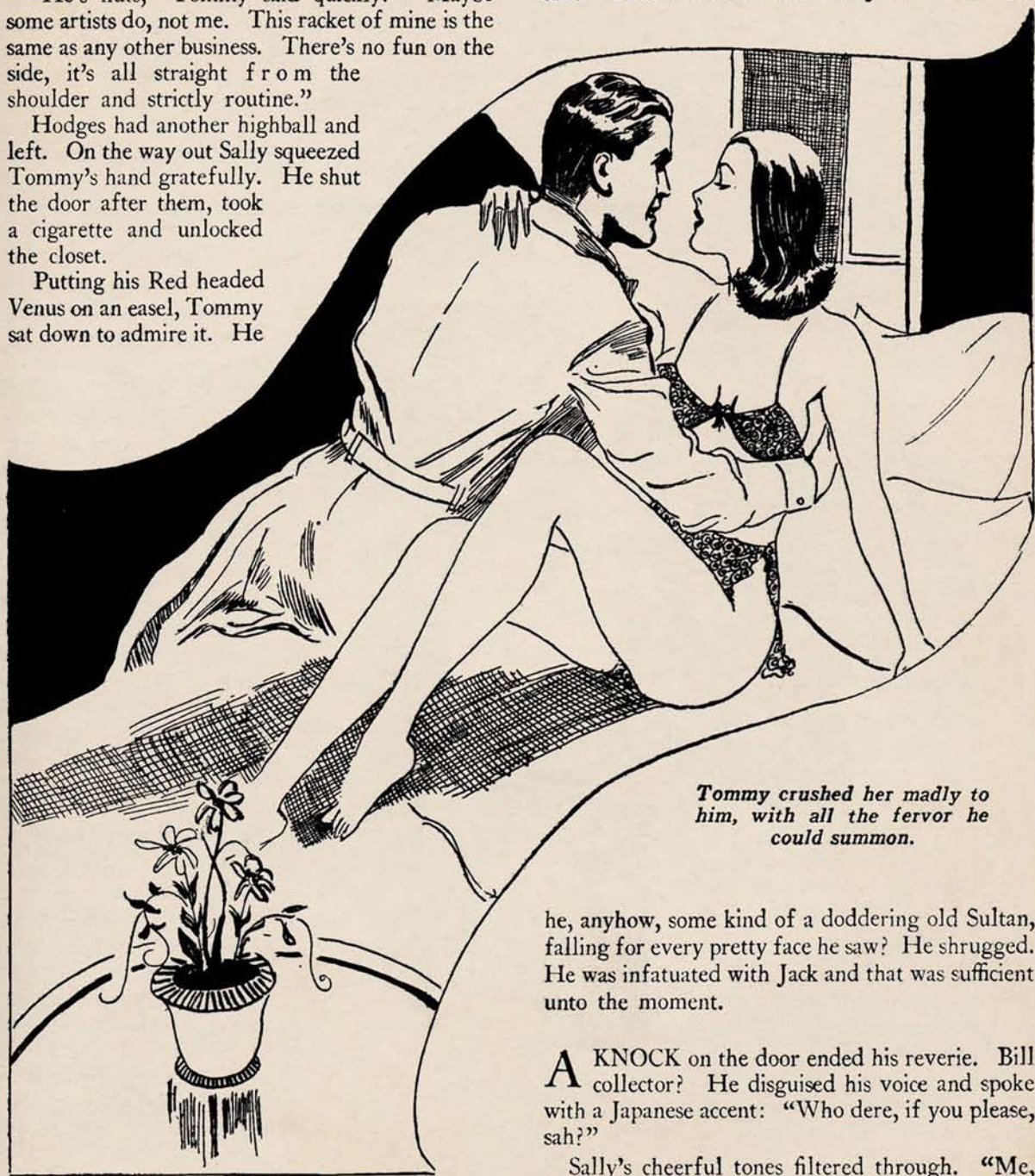
"I'm glad," Hodges grunted. "Chap I know said all you artists paint your models in the nude when you get hold of an attractive one."

"He's nuts," Tommy said quickly. "Maybe some artists do, not me. This racket of mine is the same as any other business. There's no fun on the side, it's all straight from the shoulder and strictly routine."

Hodges had another highball and left. On the way out Sally squeezed Tommy's hand gratefully. He shut the door after them, took a cigarette and unlocked the closet.

Putting his Red headed Venus on an easel, Tommy sat down to admire it. He

ture to paint again everything would be different. He couldn't put her on canvas now, uninspired by the thrill of her beauty and the lure of her white skin. That made him think of Jack. What was



Tommy crushed her madly to him, with all the fervor he could summon.

he, anyhow, some kind of a doddering old Sultan, falling for every pretty face he saw? He shrugged. He was infatuated with Jack and that was sufficient unto the moment.

A KNOCK on the door ended his reverie. Bill collector? He disguised his voice and spoke with a Japanese accent: "Who dere, if you please, sah?"

Sally's cheerful tones filtered through. "Me, Tommy. Open up and send the Jap servant back to Tokio. You were sweet," she went on, when he admitted her. "I came all the way back to thank you."

"Where's Stan?"

Sally scaled her hat across the studio. She looked ravishing with her glowing blue eyes and exotic coloring. "Had a business engagement with

smoked pensively. Yes, the work was the best thing he had ever done. His pulses began to stir as he looked at Sally's figure.

Strange, the lack of excitement there had been while he was doing it. His pulses increased their beat as he looked at her lithe, sweetly curved young body. He was sure that if he had the pic-

some man at his club. I won't see him again until tomorrow. Let me sit down and cool off. I've been on needles and haystacks all day. Oh," she exclaimed, catching sight of the canvas on the easel, "my picture!"

"I was just admiring it," Tommy murmured, a trifle awkwardly.

Sally considered her painted image. "Do you often do that? I mean, take it out and look at it?"

"Sometimes."

She gave him a heavy-lidded glance. "You're a funny boy, Tommy. I never did understand you. When I posed for you I might have been a block of stone for all the interest you took. Now,



"Nothing like finding out about your fiancée before you get married!" he heard Stan reply.

when I'm booked to be married, you take out the picture and grow sentimental over it."

"Who said I was sentimental?"

Sally walked over to him. "Look at yourself in the mirror. Your eyes are full of dreams. Your face is all shadowy with memories. Tommy, you do like me a little?"

HHEY, cut that out! You're going to be married. First thing you know I'll be crying on your shoulder."

"Tommy, let me be a little sentimental. You don't know how I'm going to miss all the fun we had. The quick lunches, the times when you couldn't work and prowled around like an angry

bear. The days when inspiration flowed like a river and I had to hold the pose for years without end. Tommy, we did have good times—"

"I'll say!" he murmured.

"Let's have one more night. I'm free and easy. Stan's busy this evening and you can take me to dinner and a show or anything you want. Just for auld lang syne. Want to?"

"You bet."

"Okay. You can start with giving me my usual kiss."

"A very platonic one, of course."

"Of course!"

Tommy put his arms around her. "The kind an old employer gives the fiancée of a wealthy young playboy. Something like this—"

As he kissed her Tommy looked over her shoulder and into the eyes of the shameless young lady who sat unclothed on the canvas stretched on the easel.

There was nothing platonic in the kiss. It was a flaming, ecstatic kiss that shook Tommy down to his shoes. Sally seemed to enjoy it, too. She clung to him tightly. Her arms twined hungrily around his neck.

HE KISSED her four or five times more before she let him go. "First thing we'll put Venus back in her cubby hole," Tommy said, following the suggestion with action. He stowed the picture away in the closet. "Want to wash up or anything? I'm going to take

you to dine in the Sky Room of the new Hotel Promenade."

They had a happy dinner way up among the clouds. The rhythm band was a good one. Tommy loved to dance. So did Sally. They made a cute couple as they hot-footed it around the crystal floor.

It was dark when they decided to go. The elevator dropped them down to the street level like a couple of burned out skyrockets. Tommy wound his arm around Sally's.

"Do you want to go to a show?" he asked.

"Not necessarily."

"What then?"

"I'd like to go back to the studio."

He gave her a quick glance. Her blue eyes were sparkling and a little pulse throbbed in her throat. Suddenly Tommy got that way, too, all warm and expectant inside.

"Swell. Taxi?"

"Let's ankle. Why spend money?"

So they hoofed it uptown to the studio building. Tommy was a little worried. The statuesque Jack had a key of her own. Often, when the mood seized her, she manipulated the lever of the divan in the dressing room so that it became a bed and spent the night there.

Tommy fervently hoped Jack wouldn't be on hand when they got in. She wasn't, but she had stopped off there after he and Sally had left for dinner. He could tell by the number of lipsticked cigarette stubs in the marble ashtray on top of the cellarette.

SALLY drew a breath when he turned on one of the lamps. Her eyes danced with mysterious happiness. She made herself comfortable in the studio while Tommy dug out a battered shaker and began brewing some of his special cocktails.

"Just like old times," Sally smiled joyfully.

"Even to the ice cubes that didn't freeze!"

Tommy chuckled.

They toasted each other. Sally stared pensively at him over the rim of her glass. "I'm going to miss you terrifically, nice boy. Stan's taking me to France on a honeymoon. There won't be a Frenchman in the whole country as fascinating as you."

"How do you know when you've never been there?"

"I'm sure of it! Tommy, do you have to sit so far away—"

He got up and Sally perched herself on his lap. That was much better. More intimate and ever so cozy. Her closeness began to arouse queer stimulating longings in Tommy. When his hand rested on her and he felt how warm and soft she was his heart thumped.

It was a shame she was getting married and stepping forever out of his life. She laid her cheek against his and he had to kiss her closed eyes, the tip of her retrousse nose and her lips.

It was while he was doing that that he noticed something that sent a cold chill to cut through his emotion like the blade of a sharp sword. He was careful not to alarm Sally. Very casually he said: "Do me a favor. Let's go in the dressing room. You turn on the lights like a good girl while I gather up the glasses—"

SALLY skipped away into the other room. Tommy made straight for the closet. The door, as he had observed, was slightly ajar. He opened it quickly and a single glance was enough to verify his worst suspicions.

The Red headed Venus was gone!

Tommy did some quick thinking. After a minute or two he went into the dressing room. "Sally," he began slowly, "I've just thought of something. I have an appointment across town. It's highly important. Could you wait here for a little while—until I get back? I won't be long."

"I'll wait," Sally replied. "It'll give me a chance to do a little sentimental retrospecting of my own. But you could kiss me good-bye—"

Tommy jammed on a hat and sprinted for the street. He caught a taxi there and hurled an address at the driver. In less than ten minutes he was in front of the apartment house where Jack had a two-room suite.

Tommy had a key to it. He went up the stairs like an antelope. Cautiously, he slid the key into the lock, opened the door by inches and stood stock still in the tiny foyer.

The aroma of cigarette smoke mingled with the subtle scent of alcohol. Voices, low-pitched and secret, crept to him. Still silently careful, Tommy parted the portieres to a crack large enough to permit him a view of the room beyond them.

THE first thing he saw was Jack in a filmy negligee. Then he recognized Stan Hodges, his arms around her. Then, his inquisitive gaze focused on the Red headed Venus propped up against a chair.

"Aren't you glad I got you the picture?" Jack was saying in a soft, caressing tone.

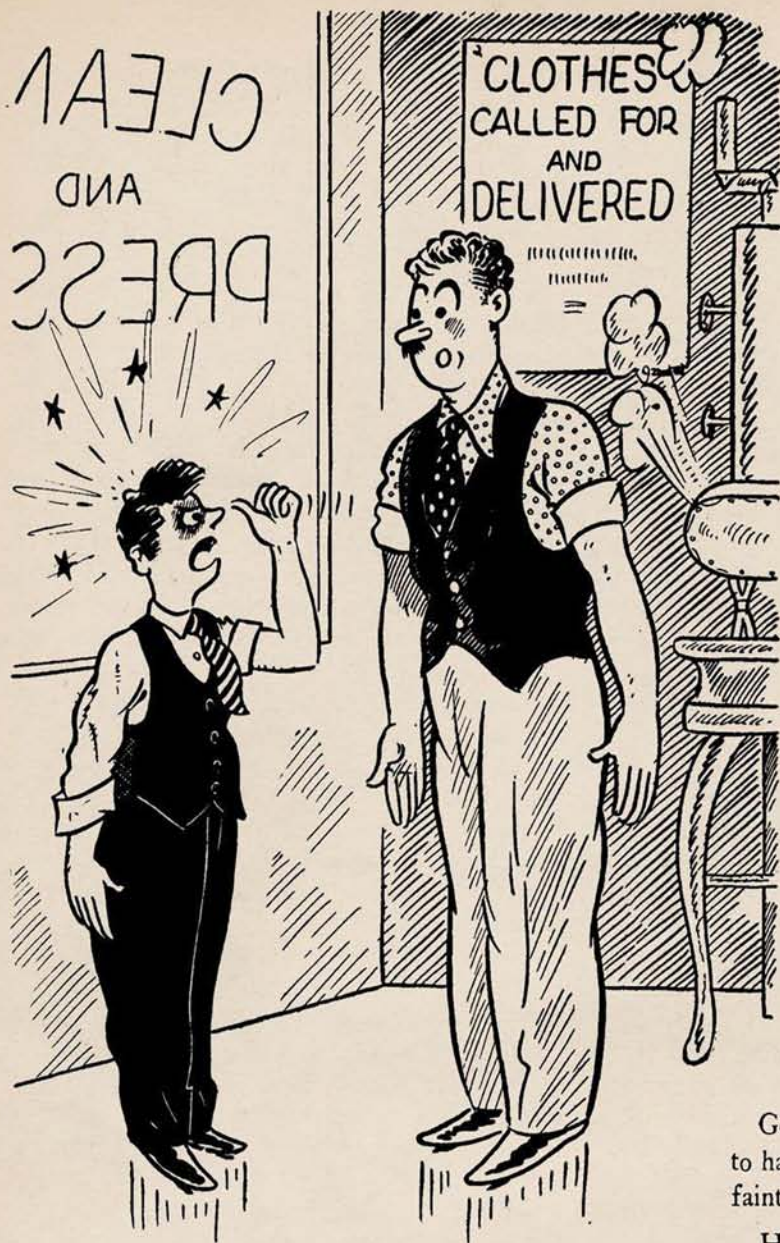
"You bet!" Stan replied thickly. "Nothing like finding out about your fiancee before you get married." He patted the brunette's bare arm affectionately. "Honey, you're gonna like Paris—those frog's legs and things. We'll sail tomorrow, get married when we dock. I'll buy you all the clothes—"

Tommy didn't wait to hear any more. Like a ghost he tiptoed out, latched the door soundlessly behind him and made another dash for the open spaces of Manhattan.

When he got back to the studio it was entirely dark. He thought Sally had gotten tired of waiting and had gone home. When he went into the dressing room the moonlight lanced through one window.

Sally had made the bed up and was occupying it. She had helped herself to a pair of his pajamas. The sleeves hung over her tapering fingertips. The

[Please turn to page 64]



"Didn't you send me up to Apt. 4-J to pick up that blonde's skirts?"

Blondie: "They say he is a slave to his money."

Goldie: "Then introduce me and I promise to emancipate him quickly."

1st Junewed: "How long were you married to Henry?"

2nd One: "I dunno, I forgot to look at my watch!"

"How far did you go in his car last night?"

"I don't know. After one kiss I lost consciousness."

"My new boy friend is a pippin."

"What's his name?"

"Tom."

"Ah, a pippin Tom!"

"She bought one of those extreme bathing suits just for a lark."

"Yeah, only a lark could wear one that small!"

Gorgeous: "I suppose you would like to have me believe that some girls have fainted when you kissed them."

Handsome: "Well, some did and some just socked me without feinting."

CAT IN A BAG

They say that love's a lottery
 And you take chances like the rest
 They say that love's a lottery
 A gamble as you've no doubt guessed
 They say that love's a lottery
 There's good, there's better and there's best
 But when I look at some men's wives
 I think that love's a blindfold test!

—Waldo Milton

LADIES



*Then she took the
bras Miss Watson
handed her.*

By
**PEG
SIMON**

ONLY

PRUE KELCEY was stretched full length on their mutual bed when Sally Schuyler wandered in from the bathroom. Sally wasn't wearing as much as Eve at the time that famous lady had been dated up by the serpent. But she did, modestly, hold a damp bath towel up in front of her.

"The trouble with life," Sally observed brightly, "is that it's filled with too many employment agencies and too many sidewalks."

"And," Prue put in lazily, "too many heels to pound 'em."

Sally sighed, casting away the towel and giving her apartment-sharer a complete view of her lovely young body. And it was lovely. Chief among Sally's charms were heavy, but firm, globes of beauty that jutted from her marble-textured figure with the effect of snowy mountains. Prue thought of her own small, teacup hillocks and felt the usual twinge of envy. "If I had your figure," she said

softly, "I'd go places in a big way. You own a couple of valuable assets and don't know it."

Sally smiled as she turned to the mirror. She straightened to her full five feet, six inches. Like a slim arrow she faced the glass. She ran slow, caressing hands over her deep, fascinating bosom tenderly and observed the picture she made, still smiling. "Maybe I do know."

"Huh?" Prue moved on her pillow. "What's that?"

"I didn't intend telling you until I was sure it was in the bag," Sally explained, "but I got a job today. At the Smith-Gale Department Store."

Prue's face fell. She made a sound resembling a Bronx cheer. "In the ribbon department, I suppose—selling it by the yard."

FOR a minute more Sally appraised her glamorous self. She took stock of her sloping shoulders, the clean, curved lines of her torso, the flatness of her dimple-engraved tummy and the sculptured way her thighs rounded out from her engaging hips. She began to dress, giving the mirror a rear view that lasted only long enough for her to climb into her slinky panties. "Not the ribbon counter, hon. The brassiere section! It's only temporary—for a couple of weeks, but it's worth thirty bucks per each six days and that's something."

"I'll say so. What do you do?"

Sally sat on the edge of the bed to don stockings. "Model brassieres—some special new uplifts the store is featuring. The display is for ladies only and I start tomorrow. Drop in and take a peek."

"I just saw plenty," Prue grinned. She wrinkled her forehead. "Smith-Gale Department Store. Listen. Once I went out on a likker party with young Jimmy Gale. He's the son of the party who has a half ownership in the joint. As I remember Jimmy was quite the guy. Lousy with coin and fresh as paint."

"What does that make me?" Sally asked.

"A chump if you don't date him. Brassieres and special uplifts? That'll be mince pie for Jimmy boy. He'll be there like bees around clover. You can make him if you try."

"The only drawback," Sally murmured, slipping into her skirt, "being that the old-fashioned wedding bell has to peal to get any service from me. Quaint notion, eh? I don't go for anyone unless they want a life job."

Prue rolled over and reached for the cigarettes. She lighted one and blew smoke through her tip-tilted nose. "You've been dropped on your head! Marriage? Maybe—well, if James ever saw what I just looked at—possibly matrimony would click!"

"I doubt it. I know what these rich playboys are," Sally replied.

BRIGHT and early the next morning Sally breezed into the Smith-Gale emporium on Sixth Avenue. She went directly to the office of a Miss Watson, who was in charge of the brassiere demonstration, received instructions and a half hour later was being used as a living example of what the product could do for the ordinary woman if used correctly.

From then until closing time Sally patiently put on and took off her simple silk blouse. Like an automaton she took her cues for the various steps in brassiere wearing while Miss Watson droned on.

First she stood this way and that so the feminine audience might see and dwell upon the firmness and size of her beguiling breasts. Then she took the bras Miss Watson handed her. Figure three was the placing of the snowy mounds in the pink silk cups of the uplift. Sally did it slowly, one at a time.

Then, as a final gesture she snapped the patent clasp at her smooth, unblemished back, and turned around and around so all might see with what supple snugness her charms had been enclosed.

It wasn't hard work but it was tiresome. Every hour Sally was allowed fifteen minutes rest. She retired to a screen and chair at the rear of the place and rested there.

It happened on her third day at the department store.

Then, on the hour, when Sally wearily went behind the screen she almost collided with a young man who stood in its shadow, one eye applied to a crack where the panels joined.

With a smothered exclamation Sally's arms flew up to hide what a few dozen women had already beheld with admiration and jealousy. Color stained her piquant face, her eyes flashed indignantly. "What are *you* doing back here?" she demanded.

"Getting an eyeful. I only heard about the exhibit this morning when I reported for work."

SALLY stared. He was quite attractive. He had an amiable smile, but there was something about him that made her suspicious of his motives. Maybe it was the manner in which he looked at her, or his sensual mouth with its almost leering smile.

"You'd better go before I speak to Miss Watson," Sally advised. "She'll have you fired."

He laughed with genuine amusement. "Think so? If Wattie opens her face to me she'll go out on her—ear! Why? Because I'm Jimmy Gale, my old gent runs this foundry and, being a chip off the old blockhead, I've got quite a little to say, too. Authoritatively speaking, that is."

"Oh," Sally said faintly.



*With an exclamation
Sally's arms flew up!
"What are you doing back
here?" she demanded.*

He stepped closer. Sally kept her arms glued over her bosom. He laughed under his breath.

"I like your looks. You've got what impresses me. I think I'd enjoy taking you out. What have you got on tonight?"

"Heavy underwear—long, red and woolly," Sally couldn't resist saying.

"I'll meet you in the lobby of the Royale Hotel at eight-thirty," Gale stated precisely. "Don't be late. I hate gals who wander in twenty minutes or a half hour overtime."

"And if I don't keep the date?"

His leering smile gave way to a frown. His sword-sharp gaze made valiant efforts to probe behind Sally's folded arms. "You'd better. I understand you're only here for two weeks—just

for this brassiere demonstration racket. You be nice to me and I'll hire you for my private secretary at around fifty bucks each pay day. Sound good?"

FOR the rest of the day Sally thought it over. Jimmy Gale wasn't her type. She knew exactly what he was and what he wanted. He was one of

those amorous youths with nothing on his mind except a good time. He was the opposite of everything she liked and respected.

Still, as she had told Prue, there were so many employment agencies and so many miles of hard, cement pavements. Fifty bucks a week! For that amount Sally decided she could swallow her dislike and repugnance.

Besides, she had always wanted to be a private secretary, though not too private.

When her day of uplift finally ended she went to the washroom and tidied her auburn hair, washed her hands and powdered her nose. Then she took the employee's elevator to the basement exit.

A tall, slender young man stood beside her in the lift. He had a serious, good looking face, friendly gray eyes and a vast amount of personality. He had only to look at her to make Sally aware of the latter. She wondered who he was, probably just a wage slave like herself in the busy hive of the great department store.

He smiled as he stepped aside to let her pass. Sally noticed his flashing white teeth. She looked back over her shoulder as she went on to the swinging doors. The young man stood a little to the left of the elevator, staring after her. A minute later Miss Watson emerged from the lift and the last glimpse Sally had was of the one with the gray eyes stopping to speak to the brassiere lecturer.

BACK at the apartment she found a scribbled note from Prue. The other girl had been invited out to dinner by some hardware buyer from Scranton. "I hope he doesn't bolt on me," Prue wrote humorously, "I'd like to have him go nuts about me, slightly screwy, but not chisel. How did the job go today and when are you going to hunt up Jimmy, the perfect answer to the working girl's prayer?"

Sally smiled slightly. She'd have something to tell Prue in the morning. She thought a lot about the private secretary job while she took a quick shower and put on her best and only dinner dress.

The Royale Hotel wasn't far from the apartment. When Sally went into its ornate lobby the marble clock on duty told her the time was exactly eight-thirty.

Jimmy Gale threw away his cigarette and got up to greet her. "On the dot. Nice gal. Had dinner?"

"You didn't say anything about it so I wrestled with a cheese sandwich," Sally said, again feeling the slight wave of repulsion that had come when she had found him behind the screen.

"I've got something on four wheels that purrs and runs around. It's parked outside. I know a

place up Westchester way where they plant a tasty chicken and water it with the juice of the grape. This way, please. No trouble at all to display our goods."

Presently Sally found herself tucked in the front seat of a rakish roadster that seemed a block long. It's sixteen cylinders sang a song of silken power. Almost before she was aware of it they were flashing swiftly along one of the open roads above Van Courtlandt Park.

Sally was really hungry when they reached their destination. This was a wayside inn with a brilliant Neon sign writhing across its facade. It was called *Champ Sadler's Apple Orchard*. Sally remembered reading about it. It was a place frequented by Broadway and Park Avenue celebrities, by the sporting fraternity, gamblers, gunmen and sightseers.

SHE expected they'd sit on the terrace where a famous swing band made delectable music for dancing. Instead, Gale hailed a head waiter, had a whispered conference and then ushered her to the floor above and one of the private supper rooms.

Sally knew a qualm of suspicion. She didn't like that so much. Still, she thought, she was well equipped to take care of herself and the place, though notorious, wasn't taking any chances of running afoul of the law. A motorcycle cop had been on duty at the gate, Sally recalled, when she had come in.

For the next half hour Sally ate while Jimmy Gale drank his supper. She had never been out with such a thirsty young man. He literally poured it down. His face reddened and coarsened. His sensual mouth grew even more so, but he was evidently an old hand at the down-the-hatch thing. No matter how much he imbibed he didn't grow unsteady, thick-tongued or tight. Liquor seemed to sharpen his wits if anything and his wise-cracks were fast and pointed.

Sally grew aware that his gaze never left her. As time passed it fastened on her more completely. It swept over her as if he were mentally disrobing her. She had the peculiar feeling of standing nude before him and it wasn't very pleasant.

"About this secretary job," Gale said, after awhile. "Sound good?"

"I'd like to try it."

"Fine. The first requirement of a private secretary is that she must be a good lap-sitter. She should know how to curl up and, of course, take plenty of dictation. Suppose we try it out now and see how it goes." He sat down on the room's small couch. "Here's the lap, ready and willing. Bring your hips over and park 'em."



SALLY shook her head. "Sorry, that isn't the kind of work I'm looking for."

Jimmy Gale raised a trick eyebrow. "No," he sneered, "I suppose you're perfectly content to show what you've got to a lot of half-witted women who buy brassieres and rush home, thinking of a figure like yours."

"Don't be silly. You're too good for that grind."

"At least," Sally said coolly, "I don't have to sit on anyone's lap."

"The job," he continued persuasively, "has other inducements. For instance, you get Saturdays off. Over the week-end we go places and do things together."

"I can imagine."

"Naturally, I reimburse you for over time. You're just as apt to find a pear-shaped diamond ring in your pay envelope as a hundred buck bill."

"Not interested," Sally stated clearly.

"But I am!"

He got up from the couch and walked toward

her. Sally couldn't help but see his expression had changed. His face had hardened and his eyes were over-bright. He rested a hand on the table and leaned to her.

"Don't be a fool! I can do you a lot of good. When I saw you today I decided your number was up in my little red book. Come on, be a sport and play the game. What have you got to lose?"

"Something I've grimly clung to for twenty long years," Sally answered quietly. "But you wouldn't understand, Mr. Gale. You're not interested in good character—what attracts you is the lack of it. And that," she added, "lets me out!"

SALLY thought it was a pretty good speech. She didn't count on its effect on Jimmy Gale. She was totally unprepared when his hand flashed out, caught the bodice of the dinner dress and, with dismaying swiftness, ripped it open from shoulder to waist! His move was so sudden she didn't even have time to shield the heavy, milk-white globes from his gloating gaze—or cover the suave, glorious curves of her torso.

"You've got to be reasonable!"

There was an odd note in Gale's passion-thick voice. Sally stepped back to avoid the arms he opened. She retreated to the wall. He reached her there and embraced her. He held her arms firmly down so she couldn't pummel him. His mouth, hot and eager, fastened like a leech at the hollow in the base of her slender throat.

What might have happened Sally never was destined to know. Abruptly, like a character in a screen drama, the door of the supper room popped open and in walked a slender, tall young man with gray eyes!

He hauled Jimmy Gale away from her, clouted him accurately on the chin, pushed him contemptuously aside and smiled at Sally's efforts to get the rent bodice back in place.

"If you're ready to leave—"

HE OFFERED his arm. Sally peered at him bewilderedly. His presence there was a little too much for her mind to fully grasp. But she

took the offered arm and a few minutes later climbed into a new car.

"How—"

"Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. The name's Hal Stanley. I had to pump Miss Watson plenty to get the information I wanted. You didn't know it but I followed you from the apartment to the hotel and from the hotel up here."

It was after eight o'clock when Sally awoke the following morning. Prue was splashing like a seal in the bathtub. Sally trailed her nightie in and sat down on the white enameled stool.

When Prue came up out of the sudsy waters, Sally told her story. The other listened in open-mouthed wonder. Then she threw the sponge at the rack and shook her head.

"Hon, you'll pardon me if I tell you that you're a prize dope. And whether or not you want me to tell you why,

I'm going to. Do you know what you did? Nothing but this: you threw away a perfectly swell chance to ease yourself into the big sugar. You muffed the grandest opportunity of your young life. What of it if Mr. Jimmy Gale didn't appeal to you? Don't you know that money covers a multitude of chagrins! Get that through that lovely but somewhat empty dome of yours!"

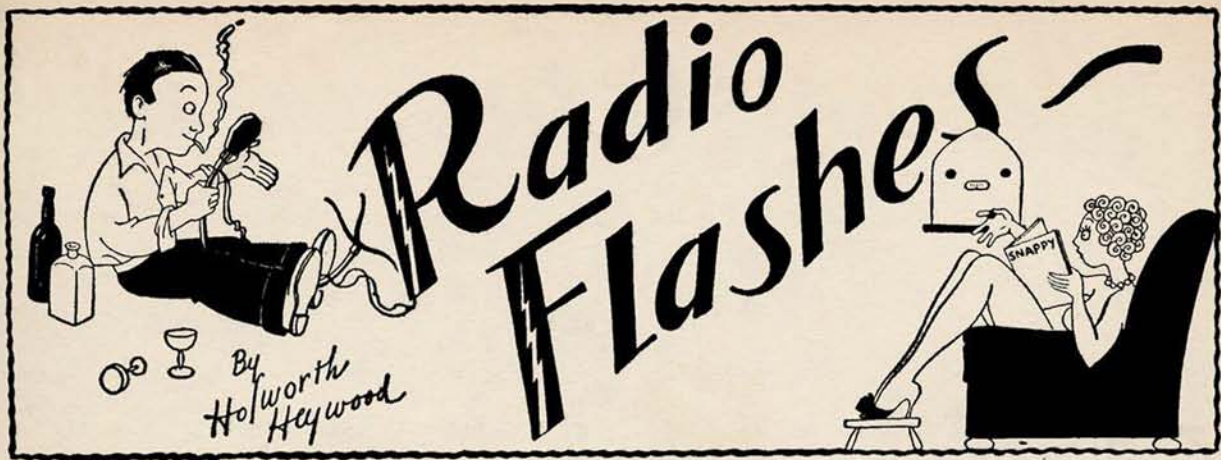
"But why don't you listen to me for a minute?" Sally murmured patiently. "I'm trying to tell you that I've fallen hard for Hal. He's a perfect darling. It was simply a case of the well-known love at first sight. I couldn't help it. Besides, he's so different from Jimmy. He wants what's right, what's wonderful in life. He wants a home—"

Prue interrupted sarcastically, "Yeah, I know all about it. But what is it going to get you and how much does he make? Eighteen per?"

Sally smiled reminiscently. She poked out her shapely legs and absently caressed her lithe and sweetly moulded figure. "More than that, I imagine. You see," she explained, "the Smith-Gale Department Store is in the hands of receivers. Hal's father is the principal creditor and he's there working on the books daily, before they take the plant over!"

Spellbound

*His eyes met mine in gaze enchanting,
Their very nearness left me panting,
I didn't speak; for who's at ease
When a dentist murmurs: "Wider, please!"*



Scoop

THE postman may have to ring twice to rouse you; but not old Holworth. Here's some news that am news! ALL your favorite movie players are likely to appear on the air this season and ALL your favorite air attractions will probably appear in the movies. It looks like they'll have to be labelling performers "screen-radio" stars any day now.

The growing activity of these screen-radio stars gradually is moving the radio center of the nation from New York to Hollywood. An important movie executive, William Le Baron, who heads Paramount's production department, tipped your reporter off on the situation. Says Bill: "Every studio has at least three or four personalities who are heard regularly on the air; some have larger numbers. Paramount plans, during the coming season, to present in its pictures no less than 25 artists who are heard regularly on the air, together with two nationally popular musical aggregations and a number of other stars who are in constant demand for guest appearances."

So you kids and kidlets can look forward to a big year of screen-radio attractions because here are a few of the celebrities who are set for air and silver sheet:

Jack Benny, Connie Boswell, Bob Burns, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Charles Butterworth, Judy Canova, Claudette Colbert, Bing Crosby, C. B. De Mille, Andy Devine, W. C. Fields, Neila Goodelle, Edward Everett Horton, Dorothy Lamour, Mary Livingston, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fred MacMurray, Ray Middleton, Victor Moore, Martha Raye, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Shirley Ross, Gladys Swarthout, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, Louis Armstrong and his band.

Via the Tomahawk

DON'T think we won't try to get all you swains and sweeties tickets to broadcasts when we can, but believe it or not, those ducats are getting so scarce that scalpers are operating in the vicinity of Radio City!

Morton Bowe, tenor star of NBC's Friday night cigarette show with Tommy Dorsey's band is months behind in his ticket requests, even though he broadcasts in a studio seating 1800 persons.

The height of something or other was reached the other night when Morton alighted from a cab in front of the NBC studios for his broadcast. A sharp looking fellow drew him to one side.

"Listen, buddy," the man whispered hoarsely, "I can let you have two tickets to the

Morton Bowe broadcast—for one dollar apiece!"

Hot Flashes

THOSE "special events" programs, such as broadcasts from Mt. Vesuvius, eclipses, etc., will be discontinued by NBC. This was agreed upon at a secret conclave recently; too expensive, the directors say. . . FLASH: Lou Gehrig, the famous ball player, gives SNAPPY an explanation for the classic boner he pulled on the "Huskies" program when he said "Wheaties" was his favorite breakfast food. Sez Larupin' Lou: "I was under contract to 'Wheaties' so long I forgot for the moment. I realize though that this explanation is like hitting a home run in back of the catcher and running around the bases before discovering I had hit a foul! . . . Milton Berle will be back on the air early in October. Three agencies are dickering for his services! . . . Rudy Vallee turns movie actor again in "Howdy, Stranger" in which Frank Parker, radio singer, made his debut on Broadway. But what makes this NEWS is that Jerry Wald, one time New York radio editor, and Vallee's severest critic then, is adapting the play for the screen! . . . Max Terr's sensational "Sing Band" has signed a ten year film contract, but will be permitted to stay on the air!

[Please turn to page 57]

Always One Night

By

FRANK MASTERS



HE minute Lex Johnson finished his shift as bellhop at the Plaza-Grand, he liked to doll up and step out of character. Lex had illusions. After working hours he got a kick out of pretending he was a rich playboy with all of Broadway at his beck and call.

So Lex, strolling the stem with a wave of his cane, kept a weather eye out for some snappy doll baby he might impress with his clothes and personality. Like the beggar of old, Lex firmly believed in Kismet—that for everyone in the knock-kneed metropolis there was always *one* night given as a gift of the magi.

So far he hadn't been able to pick up anything except hungry chorines and dames looking for carfare, but Lex wasn't discouraged. He figured that sooner or later Fate would step in and hand him something choice to have fun with. It was that certainty that kept him buoyed up, full of expectancy and pep.

His usual anticipation gave him verve and a sprightly gait as he wandered down Longacre one early autumn evening. A fuzzy new skimmer was tilted at a rakish angle on his well-shaped head, his freshly cleaned and pressed suit featured a knife crease trouser edge and his dogs were polished to a mirror-like shine. Lex looked like a million, but the truth was he had less than seven ducats in his kick.

Close to the Wallington Theatre, Lex slowed up. He took a slant at the photos in the lobby. Gorgeous gals wearing a minimum of clothing smiled at him. They were ravishing and Lex's heart skipped a beat. That was the type of young lady he was so anxious to meet—some beautiful doll who wasn't overdressed and who had a pair of eyes that gleamed.

The name of the show was "*She Took It Off!*" and the star was Virginia Hale. From the merry lilt of music seeping out and the time marked by the clock in the lobby, Lex decided the piece was in its final moments. He took another gander at the

pictures and transferred himself to the stage door alley.

Lex breathed hard. The daguerreotypes had done things to his imagination. He knew of nothing he wanted more than one of the pictured girls to do his stuff with. Propping himself up against the stage door alley wall, he resigned himself to impatient patience and waited for the performers to come out.

SOON the girls began to leave. Actually they weren't quite as fascinating and pulse-stirring in real life as they were in the photos. Somehow they looked drab, tired. One little redhead, however, appealed to Lex. As she came forward, he stepped out from the wall. "How'yar, babe?" he said, with a flourish. "Going my way?"

The girl stopped, looked him over and wrinkled a pert little nose. "No," she told him sweetly, "I'm not. Because you'd better go home and cut yourself a piece of throat!"

With that she flounced past him. Lex sighed and went back to the wall. All the ensemble maidens were gone. That left the star and principals and Lex didn't have much hope of making any one of those dames. They were usually met by red-necked gentlemen in shining sedans.

Lex was about to fling his brogans into third when he stopped short. A girl had stepped from the stage door. She was rather small and wore a short fur coat over a silver net gown. In the wan light of the alley her chestnut hair had a polished glimmer to it and her eyes were as bright and alive as if they had absorbed some of the glow of the footlights.

As she came out, the stagedoor man tipped his hat respectfully: "Good night, Miss Hale."

Lex's pulses pounded. Virginia Hale. Star of the extravaganza, one of the blue ribbon pretties of Yawn Boulevard! What he had read about her swarmed through his mind. Once she had been an artist's model. Her figure was supposed to be tops in the world of curves and contours.

As she drew even with Lex he caught the drift of her perfume and heard the tap of high heels.

Her eyes drifted to him casually. She went on, but stopped at the end of the alley, turned and looked up and down the street.

Like a shot from a .38 Lex was beside her. His grand manner covered him like a mackintosh. He smiled

and bowed: "May I get you a taxi, Miss Hale?"

"Taxi?" She laughed a little. To Lex it was like the music of a silvery woodland stream. "Perhaps you'd better. I told Ronald to have the town car here at eleven-thirty and there's no sign of him."

"Accident, maybe." Lex's tone was easy. "Or too many tall ones. I



Now she wore a long hostess gown and Lex could hardly believe anyone could be so beautiful!

know. My man can't be depended upon either." He hesitated. "If you could walk to the corner—"

"Certainly. It's nice of you to help me."

"A pleasure." There was real enthusiasm in Lex's voice. "You see, Miss Hale, I've been admiring you all evening from Row A in the orchestra. I—to tell the truth, I've been hanging around the stage door since the show ended, hoping for another glimpse of you."



"Really?" She lifted her eyes. They wandered over Lex speculatively. They took in the details of the new hat, the well-creased trousers. "I'm flattered."

There were plenty of cabs available on the stem. Lex hardly had a finger up before three were fighting to reach the curb. In that half second that came before a door opened for the girl, Lex felt his heart sink.

"Always one night." Was his to end before it began? He took his courage by the nape of the neck and shook it:

"If I could see you home, Miss Hale—"

"Would you?" Her red lips parted. "I—candidly, I'm a little afraid of taxicabs at this hour."

ALL the violins in the universe played for Lex as he handed her into the ark. What matter that it was slightly fragrant with stale gin fumes or there were no cut roses in the vase that had seen much service as an ash receptacle?

The most beautiful dame in all creation was beside him and to Lex life was unfolding gloriously!

Her shoulder brushed his as their vehicle threaded the Manhattan side streets. Almost before Lex knew it they were on Park Avenue. The car slid to a stop before a tall, cloud-bumping building.

Once more Lex went to the mat with his courage. "If I could come up for a minute, Miss Hale—"

The dreamy eyes turned in his direction. "Of

course. You didn't think, I hope, I was going to send you away without a drink after you've been so kind and helpful."

Lex almost swooned with delight when a private elevator rushed them skywards. Another minute and she was unlocking the door of a penthouse apartment. The lights clicked on. Lex looked through a foyer and into the most heavenly room he had observed anywhere.

It was all in striking black-and-silver with a black glass floor and chromium furniture upholstered in shimmering silver. One wall was a window that gave him an aviator view of Gotham in all its crowded majesty.

But to Lex the view of the girl before him was much more interesting.

She slipped off the fur wrap and stood revealed in the close-clinging mesh gown. The perfection of her young body was glamorous and thrilling. In front the dress was cut so that the upper halves of her firm, upthrust breasts swelled from their lacy confinement. Her waist was narrow but her hips, even though girdled, were flat and interesting.

THROUGH Lex a delicious current of hot eagerness ran temptingly. What a gal! What charm, what loveliness, what attraction! He swallowed, blinking at her as she smiled slowly.

"You'll have to pardon the service tonight. My butler is away."

She snapped on a radio, excused herself and left the room. Lex sank down on a deeply upholstered couch. He had trouble keeping his emotions in leash. He told himself it was absurd to even hope or think he could make a girl like Virginia Hale. She was a big Broadway star. She wouldn't allow any Thomas, Richard and Harry to pick her up. The whole thing was ridiculous on the face of it and what a sweet countenance it was!

Still, his thoughts ran confusedly, she *had* let him get the cab, *had* agreed readily to his companionship and she *had* brought him up to the apartment!

Kismet!

Perhaps she was lonely. Even box-office stars were human. Perhaps her best boy friend had had an argument or something with her and walked out. There were dozens of possibilities. Lex decided to go along with the tide and see what happened. Only time could tell.

When Lex looked up she had come back into the room. A silver salver graced a table, crowned with bottles and glasses. Lex hardly saw that. His eyes bulged as they fell on the girl. She had taken advantage of his thinking period to change

from the mesh gown to something more comfortable.

Now she wore a long hostess robe. It was of some thin, diaphanous material. Every step she took flexed it to her in such a way that Lex was able to see she wore little or nothing beneath it. The lace bras had been removed and the confining girdle as well. He had the impression of her silk-swathed legs and of a shadow around her middle that might have been made by the tiniest and scantiest of panties.

"You mix," she said. "I'm terrible at it."

LEX did—with unsteady hands. He couldn't believe his eyes—or luck. Virginia Hale close to him in a costume that left little to the imagination. The kind of girl he had dreamed about for so many weary nights! The kind of gal he put on the terrier to impress!

Somehow Lex forgot his role of gilded idler. It seemed unnecessary with Virginia. She was so nice, so friendly. He didn't have to do any impressing. She seemed more than anxious to meet him halfway in everything he did.

Possibly she liked him. Lex hadn't thought of that. After all he was young, fairly good looking and had a nice personality. Maybe he was getting himself across without effort.

As he poured and stirred and shook, Lex searched his memory for all details and scraps of information he could remember having read about her. He vaguely recalled a wealthy Wall Street man—someone by the name of Bruce Whiteside—that Winchell and other Broadway columnists linked with her. Lex stowed the fact aside as he carried a gold cup over to her.

"Try this. If it snarls at you I'll go to work on a new one."

"It's like nectar," she murmured, sipping it.

Lex sat down beside her. Her nearness unnerved him. She looked so soft and relaxed, so desirable and so tempting. He wondered what she would do if he put out a hand and touched her. He had a mad desire to know what her skin felt like—to learn if it were as smooth and glistening

as it looked. She frowned as Lex mopped his forehead. "Are you so warm?"

"I'm burning up," he told her.

"But it isn't hot in here. Open a window if you want."

"And have you catch cold? Not a chance."

She smiled at her thin, transparent hostess gown. "That's right, I might. I hope you'll pardon this but after the theatre I like to get comfy and relax."

"You—it's wonderful!" Lex stammered.

"I know lots of men I wouldn't dare wear it around. Men who would try to take advantage of me. But with you," she added, "I feel safe. You—you're different."

"Don't be too sure," Lex said throatily.

Her thinly arched brows went up quickly. "What do you mean? Surely, this gown doesn't affect you—*that way*."

Lex drew a deep breath. "I feel just like I did when I was a kid at school," he blurted. "We had a gorgeous young teacher. I sat near her desk. One day I stayed after school. I—she asked me to tie her shoe—"

"And you did?"

"Yes, I did," Lex mumbled. "Two days later I was kicked out of the class."

"Why?"

"The principal caught me giving her a new pair of garters."

VIRGINIA HALE stretched out a shapely leg. Dancing had made it curved and firm. The sight of its extended beauty gave Lex's heart a twist.

"Fortunately," she laughed, "I have no garters—to break." Her mouth tightened. "Only a heart," she said slowly.

At that moment Lex was sure he had his answer. Of course! The Bruce Whiteside he had read about *had* walked out on her!

That was the reason he was there!

"A heart," he said slowly. "You mean—Mr. Whiteside?"

She turned swiftly. "You—you've heard?"

"Only that you were [Please turn to page 63]



"I have no garters to break," she laughed, "only a heart!"

By
JON
ALVAREZ



Double Standard

Whenever you choose to bawl me out
It's face to face;
Whenever you've things to crab about
It's face to face;

• • •

Whenever you want a check or two,
A diamond bracelet or something new,
You aren't a bashful girl—not you,
It's face to face;

• • •

I think you're a lovely kid and yet,
One thing you lack;
You manage to do the things I like
Behind my back!

Radio Flashes

Still Playing

HOW are you-all doing with our new "Pick a Theme Song" game? Remember, if you send in some good ones, your name is printed. Here are some that T. L. of San Diego, Calif., doped out: Lennie Hayton: "I'm Hayton this Waitin' Around;" Ray Block: "Let's Take a Walk Around the Block;" Jerry Cooper: "That Cooper-Colored Gal of Mine; Werner Janssen: "I'm Janssen with Tears in My Eyes;" and Phil Harris: "Harris in the Spring."

Come on, you cuties and Romeos, mingle with the musickers and let's see what you can do.

Behind the Scenes

LENNIE HAYTON: The girlies' delight. . . smooth, sophisticated, and talented. . . a pianist, composer, arranger, and conductor. Won his reputation via the air waves and many smart night spots have been after him, but he'll only play one a season. Had his first orchestra at the Rosemont Ballroom, New York City in 1925. Later he joined Paul Whiteman as arranger and assistant conductor, then back to his own orchestra. Finally, pictures lured him as musical director, but in true Hayton daring he soon quit and organized his own musical crew. He has played on six coast-to-coast commercial broadcasts, including "Hit Parade", "Town Hall Tonight", and with Ed Wynn. Is very easy to get along with and has a ready wit.

And, a note to you cuddlin' cuties—he has got a too, too, divine moustache!

Tan to One

MOST of our colleagues devoted time and space to what the ether stars were doing during vacation, where they were

[Continued from page 51]

going, etc. But your jaundiced-eyed pal Holworth is different. Hence, we'll tell you, now that Fall is on the way, how your favorite stars got the tan they're sporting. For instance, Mary Small took an ocean voyage on the *Corinthia*. . . Tommy Dorsey worked stripped to the waist on his Bernardsville, N. J., farm. . . Dick Himer lolled on his penthouse-terrace. . . Gus Arnheim, California's favorite bandsman has had his tan for ten years! . . . Pick and Pat keep their walnut make-up on! . . . Paul Whiteman picked his up in Texas. . .

But Milton Berle has the best explanation. The comic says he looks brown and healthy because they've increased the size of the electric light bulbs in subway cars!

Wake Up and Dial

NOW if you're not taking advantage of something suppose you spin the dial of your radio—which is probably in your car these romantic days and nights—and let in a little fresh air, such as the lovely vocalizing of Jane Frohman and Don Ross (NBC, Sundays at 7) and, the same evening at 11, James Melton and the Dolan Orchestra; hilarious Fibber McGee and Molly (Mondays at 9, NBC); "Blue Velvet Music" will soothe you at 8 on Tuesdays over CBS and on that important date night, Wednesday, try Del Casino's crooning at 10:30 over CBS; and, if you're a stay-out-later you'll appreciate the soothing strains of Guy Lombardo at midnite ye same nite over the Mutual Network.

Crossing Their Bridges

YOU don't happen to have an old-fashioned covered wooden bridge around your neighborhood, do you? You might think we're screwy asking a question like that, but Parks

Learn to DANCE



DANCE
IN
FIVE DAYS
...or no cost!
A Short Time
Each Day is
all You Need!

*Popularity...
good times*
depend on your **DANCING!**

DON'T be an unwanted wall-flower just because you have never learned the grace, the swing of dancing! The people who get invited to the club affairs, to the big dances, to the house-parties, are the ones who can dance well.

IT'S EASY THE MODERN WAY!

● It's so simple to learn at home—you don't need a partner nor a teacher. When you learn from a book your teacher is always at hand. Clear, detailed descriptions are illustrated by graphic diagrams. Read this book—practice a few hours in your own room—then step out on the dance floor and astonish your friends by doing the newest dances with ease and assurance.

Make this FREE test!

● You don't have to take our word that Betty Lee, with her background of Southern grace and rhythm, can teach you to be a wonderful dancer—you don't risk a penny! We will let you try it at our expense because we know you will be thrilled at your success! Don't confuse this full-size, complete book with inexpensive booklets! Send no money—just mail the coupon and when your copy of "Dancing" arrives, deposit \$1.95 (plus postage) with the Postman. **PRACTICE** a short time each day and in 5 days if you have not learned to dance well, we will refund your money at once!

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Gay Parisienne

EVERYBODY'S going to Paris these days, and they're sailing, full steam ahead, on the good ship *Gay Parisienne*. Do you want to come along? All you have to do is hop down to your newsdealer on the corner and get the current issue of that breezy little magazine, and you'll be right with us.

GAY PARISIENNE takes you to all the interesting places in the gayest city on the continent. Think of seeing the *Folies Bergere* for a quarter! All the swanky night clubs and cabarets! All the Apache dance halls, dives, and hideaways where love and passion hold sway and the bonds of convention are broken!

YOU'LL have the time of your life, we promise you.

GAY PARISIENNE

On sale at every newsstand for only two bits!

Johnson and Wally Butterworth, the NBC interview team, are looking for bridges. They want to find out which is the best covered bridge and also the oldest still in use. Already they have reports from listeners all over the United States. The county of Lane in Oregon has 1400 covered wooden bridges and is still building 'em. Vermont has 203 1/2 (the other half of the bridge being in New Hampshire!). The two zanies figure this will be their most successful search, exceeding by far their hunt for wooden cigar store Indians. They also looked for the oldest automobile in operation, (it was built in 1890!).

Gosh, we wish they'd pay attention to us and look for a blonde with a brunette's taste and a red haired cutie's disposition!

Wanna Play Games?

TUSH-TUSH and all that sort of thing. Betcha never heard of the new "Theme Song Game" that's sweeping Radio Row these days and nights. It was originated by the famed piano team of Al and Lee Reiser. All you have to do is be quick on the trigger suggesting a gag theme song for some celebrity. Here are a few samples:

Morton Downey: "W a y D O W N E Y pon the Swanee River."

Wayne King: "WAYNE my dream boat comes home."

Gertrude Niesen: "I love you TRUDY."

George Hall: "Your HALL I need."

Mildred Bailey: "It happened on the beach at B A I L E Y B A I L E Y."

Uncle Don: "DON wake me up, let me dream."

Jack Benny: "BENNY'S from Heaven."

Jackie Heller: "Pink HEL-LERfants on the ceiling."

Well, that's simple enough, isn't it? Now how about you swains and sweeties showing off for the neighborhood and sitting down to knock off a few of these Theme Song twists for us. The better they are, the more we'll publish!

Ditto

AND Johnny, the Call Boy, on the Phillip Morris program rushes to our desk with a theme song Japan, now invading China, might use: "I Love to Take Borders from You."

Eatin' Items:

ADD to eccentricities, such as necking with the left hand instead of the right; kissing a girl with your eyes closed; and taking "no" as a final answer, these little quirks of ether stars at sup.

Lovely Lee Wiley, who's worth listening to any time (CBS) and worth looking at all the time, is a lettuce nibbler; Maestro Joe Reichman dips his cigar in brandy (but doesn't smoke the brandy); Jane West, writer of the NBC "O'Neill" scripts, traces tablecloth designs with her fork; and Victor Young makes little puddles of water with his water glass.

Future Hopes

WHAT do radio stars think about now that they have achieved success? What are their future plans? Their hopes? As usual, your pal Holworth, setting out by dogsled with nothing on his hip but a quart of "red likker" and nothing on either arm but two beaubs who shall remain nameless scooted about the radio corridors and emerged with this information (and only one blonde!):

Tim and Irene, "Wacky

Family" stars, would like to own their own studio; Kate Smith wants a Western ranch; The O'Neills would like to remain together as a unit, offering script shows for stage, screen and radio; Vincent Lopez wants to own a smart night club again; Johnny Green, despite the fighting there, wants to go to Spain and build romantic castles—with modern-istic effects! . . . Milton Berle would like to have someone admit a gag is his own; Jack Benny wants to be a motion picture producing czar. He says he's tired of being bossed around and wants to be boss himself, besides getting a chance to play *Love in Bloom* without being interrupted; Amos 'n' Andy want to revive vaudeville; Mary Small wants to become a politician, and Lee Wiley, that seductive songstress, wants to become an aviatrix.

And we'd like to become an eagle. Not a little cuckoo like some folks say we are!

Bits and Tid-Bits

NBC is prosecuting stations attempting to use "Vox Pop" the popular sidewalk interview program featured by Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson. . . . Ralph Kirberry bought that plane after all. . . . Hollywood gossip Sam Taylor intended to reveal the ages of some of the film colonies' loveliers but the ladies petitioned him not to. . . . Bing Crosby's peppy show has been renewed to the first week in November. . . . Major Bowes is rating \$25,000 a week on his new show for Chrysler Motors. The inside is this: Chrysler wanted George M. Cohan, but wouldn't meet his price. And Chase and Sanborn, the Major's former sponsor, couldn't meet the Major's new ticket. . . . Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle is completely recovered from his tonsilectomy. . . . Voluptuous Joan Marsh, who

has plenty of uh-and-oooh is an honorary flight commander of the United States Marines Reserve. No wonder those sailors are so peeved at the marines! . . . Phil Lord has been asked to serve as technical adviser for a major company planning a series of gangster films. Phil's work with "G-Men" and "Gang Busters" won him the offer!

Mr. Farley's Department

J. T. (Miss), Tulsa, Okla.: You have to send a letter, post-marked New York to audition for the Major Bowes' show. Certainly the Major has plenty of Chrysler stock.

Pvt. A. B. D., Marine Base, Quantico, Va.: How can I get your girl an audition? Looka the trouble I'm having with mine!

B. J. D. (Mrs.), Fargo, N. D.: Fred Allen's real name is Sullivan. He used to be a juggler. Met Portland, his wife, in the "Little Show". They appeared together in vaudeville before entering radio.

A. K., Kansas City, Mo.: Certainly I'll be glad to write to you. You send the stamps!

G. O. (Miss), Atlanta, Ga.: And love and hisses to you too, Toots!

J. T. (Miss), Biloxi, Miss.: That tenor is 26 years old and so swell-headed that Professor Piccard should use him as a balloon for a stratosphere experiment!

Pvt. K. R. L., Fort Knox, Kas.: You can get a picture of Ann Leaf, the mighty mite of the organ, by sending 25 cents in stamps or cash to the CBS studios, New York City.

C. A., Columbus, Ohio: You win the wager. Doris Weston, who scores with Dick Powell in *The Singing Marine* is the girl who made good on Major Bowes' program.

"ART OF LOVE" Illustrated Booklet

Also Peaches and Browning, Dumb Dora, Maggie & Jiggs, Boss and Bubbles, Andy Gump & Min, Adam & Eve, Rip & Alice, Night in Paris, Toots & Casper, A Coachman's Daughter, and over 100 more jokes of similar type; also 30 actual photos, Montmartre Types of male and female in different affectionate poses, also including women models alone in various poses, etc., etc. In addition to this we send you over 70 snappy miniature pictures on a page, enlargements can be had of any miniature you select at bargain prices.

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Snappy Letter Box

Dear SNAPPY Editor:

Your swell magazine is improving with every issue, and last year when I wrote those very same words to you, I believed it had just about reached the tops. I wouldn't miss an issue of SNAPPY, if I had to walk a mile to buy it. I'd walk that mile for a Camel, why not a SNAPPY?

The drawings by Virgie Maxwell for the Novelettes can't be beat. Where does she find such handsome models to pose for her? We certainly don't see such good looking fellows out here in Arizona where I live! (Editor's Note: All handsome Arizona boys please observe!) If there are any, they certainly do keep themselves under cover! Mr. Editor, I hope they take the hint!

MIMI WALKER,
Arizona.

Dear Editor:

I wonder if there is a small space in your next issue of SNAPPY Magazine for two lonely soldiers of the Western Front that would like to hear from readers of SNAPPY.

George is 24 years of age, has black curly hair, blue eyes and not bad to look at. He stands five feet nine inches in his socks and weighs about 164 pounds.

David is 23 years of age, has fair hair, blue eyes and fair in

[Continued from page 17]

complexion; stands five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and his weight is around the 175-pound mark.

If any of your readers are interested in writing to two soldiers from India and of the country we shall be much obliged if anybody would write to us and would write them interesting letters in return. We shall be looking SNAPPY up every month as we are both readers of every edition that is printed so thought we would try our luck for pen pals through SNAPPY Magazine.

We remain,
GEORGE DOHERTY,
D. M. CAMPBELL,
7th Light Battery R A,
Peninsular Lines,
Quetta,
Baluchistan, India.

Dear Editor:

Have you a space in your Letter Box for the plea of a lonely reader of SNAPPY, your very excellent magazine? I always enjoy it. I am 32 years old and stand six feet and four inches. My hair is brown and my eyes are blue. I would like to hear from lots of people from all over.

Sincerely,
TED TOLLEFSON,
2611 So. 7 St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Beauty Skins Deep

[Continued from page 36]

"Of course," Bunny said, "we won't be able to get the whole thousand but we can get half of it easy."

"How?"

Bunny explained her plan. If they could raise four or five hundred dollars and buy The Tilton Terror's lottery ticket, they could cash it in and clear five hundred dollars. "I'll get Peggy to buy it from him," Bunny said with confident assurance.

The plan sounded good to Mr. Hunkel for more reasons than one.

Together with Bunny, he hurried to the bank and withdrew five hundred dollars from the joint account, turned it over to the blonde schemer. "Come up to my room tonight about nine o'clock," she said, "and I'll have the thousand."

THE alarm clock on the Belcher Hunkel bureau said a quarter to nine when both The Georgia Killer and The Tilton Terror roused themselves from a forced lethargy and started for the door. "Where are

you goin'?" Mr. Hunkel demanded. "Where you goin'?" Mr. Belcher echoed.

Before either of them could reply there was a knock at the door. The Georgia Killer opened it.

"Telegrams for Hunkel and Belcher," the Western Union boy announced.

Two puzzled wrestlers took the yellow envelopes, slit them. The blood drained from their faces as they read the contents. Mr. Hunkel looked at Mr. Belcher. Mr. Belcher looked at Mr. Hunkel. The former broke the silence.

"Mine says: 'Thanks for the 500, you rummy!'"

Mr. Belcher gulped. "Mine says the same thing."

It wasn't necessary for them to compare notes. They knew, individually and collectively, that they had been taken for a thousand dollar buggy ride.

Mr. Hunkel looked glum. "How much does that leave us in the bank, Biff?"

Mr. Belcher's corrugated brow indicated heavy thinking. "Eighty bucks," he announced.

"It kinda don't pay for us to split up then, does it?" The Georgia Killer queried plaintively.

The Tilton Terror sighed. "No, I guess it don't, Ham."

They shook hands, forcing man smiles. Misery, they were discovering, loves company.



There's many a Baby Grand Without Tuning Up!



The Great White Way

[Continued from page 3]

role in *Gone With The Wind*, the studio has decided not to waste money on a "name" star. They figure the picture will draw with Minnie Mouse playing Scarlett. The latest choice is a newcomer named Margaret Tallichet, almost a ringer for Katharine Hepburn. . . Eddie Cantor will present a new protege on his Fall Texaco program: a four-year-old Alabaman he found in Hollywood. . . Bermuda males are slicking their locks down in preparation for Ginger Rogers' vacation visit. . . Sophie Tucker was East at the Piping Rock Club in Saratoga, with three new Red Hot Mama songs.

Gag of the Month

THIS one's clean but funny. A banker, being congratulated on having shot the moose whose fine head reposed over his fireplace, claimed he had bagged

the head while fishing. "You see," he said, "I was casting for trout at a stream in the woods when my hook caught in the moose's nose. For a moment I didn't know what to do but I remembered I had some turpentine in my creel. I sneaked up behind the hooked moose and sprinkled the turpentine on his rear end. It began to itch him and he backed up to a tree and started to rub. He rubbed and he rubbed and he rubbed and believe it or not, that," pointing to the moose head, "was the only part of him left!"

The Whitewash is Fading

TAKEING a gander at the local burlesque houses, any mother's son can see that now with the hue and cry dying down, the strip-tease impressarios are lifting the lid and slipping back into the old naked - or - nothing routine. Evidently glorified vaudeville didn't make the box

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office cash register tingle, and inasmuch as the houses now operating have three month probationary licenses, they feel they might just as well go to town and fight it out with the authorities. The outcome of the fight depends a lot on how the local elections turn out in November.

Around Ye Towne

THERE'S something to be said for New York during a heat wave. You get a \$5.50 seat when you stand outside some of

the rehearsal halls and watch the chorines emerge into the humidity. They're wearing next to nothing and when you get next to nothing you get next to something! . . . It's Honeymoon Week at Atlantic City the week of September 6th. All brides will be on the house but hubbies pay the regular fee. If we had the time we'd import a Rajah with his 100-wife harem and give an A. C. hotel keeper gray hair! . . . It's too hot to even think of what's going on. Hold your horses until next month.

(The 1937 edition of the Big City Guide, Jay Fields' tipoffs on the best New York hot spots and night clubs, is free to you. Six cents in stamps and a self-addressed envelope brings you a copy. Address Jay Fields, c/o D. M. Publishing Co., Dover, Delaware.)

Torrid Tomes

[Continued from page 31]

Brief Reviews

****TWO TIME WOMAN** by Wright Williams (Phoenix, \$2.): You may remember Mr. Williams as the author of *Wives Without Husbands* and *Cheaters At Love*, neither of which had to be bound in asbestos. *Two Time Woman*, like the others, is no scorcher. It tells the rambling story of Johnny Mason, who had a weakness for beautiful women and indulged it too often but not too well.

****RECEPTIONIST** by Eliot Brewster (Phoenix, \$2.): This novel is dedicated to "Bennie" and we sincerely hope "Bennie" finds more in it than we did. Rose Doran gets a job as a receptionist in a dentist's office and from then on it's like pulling

teeth to make head or tail out of the story. You'll come across a few warm spots but they're all too few.

Just Between Us

Miss W. L., Pawtucket, R. I.: You can buy any book reviewed in this column. If you can't get it in Pawtucket, I can get it for you.

R. T. V., Cleveland, Ohio: You're probably thinking of Alfred de Musset's *Gamiani*. It's barred from this country, even in the original French.

Captain F. N., Hawaii: You may order through your own bookseller or I should be glad to see that the books are shipped you.

B. S., Cambridge, Mass.: Why don't you write it?

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Always One Night

his own particular throb," Lex answered truthfully.

She tapped the gold cup with nails stained a vivid carmine. Her small, pursed mouth pouted and her sloe eyes were dreamy again. She moved a little. The gown went with her and Lex's gaze fastened on the front of it.

"Bruce," she said distinctly, "was married last night—in Canada. I—I'll probably never see him again!"

Some note in her hushed voice affected Lex. Before he knew what it was all about he had slipped an arm about her. He drew her a little to him. She yielded readily enough, the lashes down over her eyes like a screen.

"Poor kid!" There was a world of sympathy in Lex's tone. "Poor you!"

"Don't," she breathed, "or you'll have me in tears. I—I want to forget! I must! You can help me to! Make me!"

Her fierce request stirred Lex. He caressed her gently. She leaned half against him, her head close to his shoulder. His right hand strayed idly over the curves of her satiny back. She inched herself closer.

"You—you've been so sweet to me tonight—how can I ever forget?"

LEX laid his lips against her perfumed hair. Waves of emotion washed over like combers on a frothy sea. There was no use trying to fight off the feeling that gripped and overpowered him. Fate had sealed the matter the instant he had spoken to her in the stagedoor alley.

This was his night of nights! This was the supreme moment of his life! The gorgeous girl in his arms, hurled and torn by cruel circumstances, was his—and his alone!

The realization made Lex go limp. He quivered as his hold on her increased. Savagely he pulled her up on his lap. The gown slipped over naked shoulders, her chestnut hair flamed and exuded an intoxicating perfume.

When Lex kissed her she seemed to stiffen in every muscle. Her legs drew up under her, her head went back so that her throat was a white

column and the gown fluttered wide. "I'll make you forget!" Lex breathed hoarsely.

She quivered at the next touch of his mouth, going limp in his eager, clutching arms. . . .

LEX'S shift was the eleven to five-thirty at the Plaza-Grand the next day. Gertie, one of the telephone operators, gave him her tabloid and a stick of gum. Lex sank wearily down on the bellhop bench waiting for a flash from the desk. He had left the penthouse apartment toward six that morning. He had caught a few hours on the pad, but was still tired. The magic of the past lay like burned out embers before him. The worst part of it, Lex understood, was he would never see her again and every part of him cried out for her.

Bellhop and Broadway star! He grinned crookedly. What a break! No more peace of mind for him as long as he lived. Racing around wouldn't help either. No dame alive could ever take the place of the one his arms had held for all those enchanted hours.

Lex opened the tabloid. The first thing his eyes fell on were headlines that held him in a stupefied trance. He read them, then the article they tied up with.

With an inarticulate yelp, Lex leaped from the bench. Twenty steps took him to the huge switchboard. Gertie, the blonde plug-slinger on duty, stared at him wonderingly.

"Well, what's eatin' you, Mr. Vanderbilt? You look—"

"Never mind how I look!" Lex exclaimed. "Read that—"

Gertie glanced at the item his trembling finger pointed out.

"Nuts, I did already twice. What about Virginia Hale copping a sneak on Broadway to fly to Montreal and marry that big ticker-and-tape worm called Bruce Whiteside? And what about the fact she left her understudy at the theatre and gave the dame the use of her penthouse apartment—"

"That's it!" Lex interrupted happily. "Get that penthouse on the wire! Get it quick—before I suffocate!"

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The Tramp!

"No," said Jimmy. "You're tops in aviation."

"Then ask me again," said Francine. "Please ask me."

"Just so you can see me squirm when you say no?" snapped Jimmy, his old self again, stubborn and resentful. "Don't try to make a fool of me, Francine. Not again, please. And it isn't exactly sporting, is it, two-timing Farris on the eve of the wedding?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Francine, puzzled. "Farris is marrying Maizie on Monday. I told you that. I told you all about their wedding plans. I helped 'em make 'em!"

"Farris and Maizie?" cried Jimmy, turning white.

"Yes, I told you. I thought you looked as if you'd been konked on the dome. I thought you heard me and I thought you looked so sick because of losing Maizie! I thought that what Maizie told me last night must have been a lie—just to make me feel good because I gave Farris the air and she could get him on the rebound."

"What did Maizie tell you?"

"That you loved me. That you were eating out your heart on account of me. She said you told her that," said Francine softly. And then: "I'm not a tramp. Not really. I never loved Farris and he knew it. From the beginning it has always been you. But when you wouldn't speak to me I tried to love Farris. I told him I was trying. But I couldn't make it. Farris knew why. Somehow or other he seemed to understand just the sort of experience I was going through."

FRANCINE slipped over on the seat next to Jimmy. "And Jimmy—" she curled her white arms about his shoulders, let her bright head drop to his chest where her mouth moved gently against the front of his shirt—"knowing what Maizie told me I wanted you to come with me on this trip. That's why I called you. And I was hoping something would go wrong so I could show you I am a fier, and a good one, despite being a woman!"

Jimmy was dazed, then hot with excitement. Then incredulous. Maybe they had cracked-up. Maybe he was unconscious somewhere in a hospital and would come to, only to find this a part of delirium. He pinched himself on the arm and it hurt. He reached over and pinched a luscious bit of Francine's white flesh. She jumped, cried out, "Ouch! What the hell . . .!"

"Just seeing if I'm awake," sighed Jimmy. And he crushed Francine to him with a groan.

Francine pressed closer. "Tomorrow we can be married, Jimmy. We've lost so much time—we've missed so many kisses—because we were such a stubborn pair of fools. But let's not waste any more time!"—her voice lowered a little—"Jimmy, I'm your girl, not a tramp. Love me, Jimmy—don't ever let me go—don't ever stop kissing me!"

"Whoever said you were a tramp!" snapped Jimmy, indignant! "If I catch anyone calling you a tramp I'll bash their brains in!"

And then Jimmy was holding her close, gasping with the ecstasy of it, blind with the furious beating of his heart.

Red Headed Venus

[Continued from page 43]

coat slipped from her marble shoulders, but she didn't seem to care.

Her eyes were like shining stars. "Tommy?"

"Sally!" he gasped. "What's the idea?"

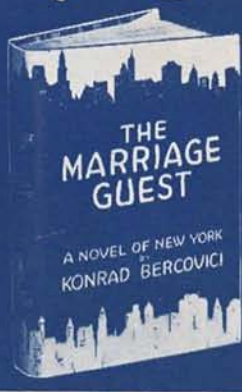
Her arms linked about his neck. She drew his head down to hers, holding him tight and close. "As I told you I intended to do a lot of retrospecting. I did. I thought it all out and decided I don't like Stan at

all. I won't marry him, nothing can make me. Why? Because I'm in love with you—I've always been in love but you never gave me a break. Go ahead, throw me out if you want!"

Tommy laughed under his breath as his lips found hers. "Throw you out?" he repeated joyfully. "Baby, from now on you're staying! Oke?"

"Doke!" Sally murmured drowsily.

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