

Red Raskall GYCLARK MCMEEKIN W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY THUS FAR: While voy- | gate and ran across the patch of | aging from England to America Lark open ground that lay between them | The man grumbled. "How in land Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a bound tethered. servant, rescues her. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. She escapes and is found by David North, her sweetheart, disguised as a gipsy to get | with their hands on the horses' bria line on the activities of one Dr. Mat- dles as the blast of an old-fashioned Galt arrives on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk, but on entering the boat find Cony concealed in it. The two men fight, while the boat drifts back to the inn. Dr. Matson spares Galt said, "We'd best be off, Lark. Galt's life at Lark's pleading, and later,

CHAPTER XIV

deavors to identify David.

His face fell. "Your thoughts be ever on him, Lark," he said glumly, "and his but on his business. No, I don't think we can overtake him. Not tonight. 'Twill be all we can do to save our own skins."

"He's right," Ginko said. "Forget about David and get a quick start before the alarm goes out. Take the downhill path and work toward the beach. Matson, like as not, will think you've taken the highway to Norfolk and search that first."

For hours they raced their horses along the shore where the beach was firmed by the creeping tide. Red Raskall was by far the swifter of the two horses, and Galt had to shorten his stride so that the smaller black Dosta might keep by his

As the sun reddened the eastern sky, they reached Cockle Creek and the Black Narrows. Galt said he had fished all up and down this coast and knew every little bay and inlet. Here was a good place, he told Lark, to water their horses and rest till noon.

Gratefully they curled up in the sand and were soon fast asleep.

Lark wakened first and, rising on her elbow, lay watching Galt. How long he looked, lying there, how relaxed . . . how beautiful. What latent strength he possessed, what manliness, she thought. In a moment he opened his eyes

and smiled at her, "I'm hungry," he said, "simply starving. Looks like we'll have to find us some oysters, Lark, do you mind?" "Anything would taste good." She

sat up and shook the sand out of her hair. "Oh, Galt, it's so good to be alive, to be free. Do you think those men will come back? Do you think Matson will send out others?"

"I doubt they'll find us," Galt said sturdly. "We can make a race for it, if they do. Our horses are swifter than any of his, and now that we've found our freedom, both you and I, by God, we're going to keep it."

Lark thought, he said that not like swearing, but almost like a prayer.

"I'm beautifully hungry now," Lark said. "Where's your cobbyknife, Galt? You must teach me to open oysters so the next time I am shipwrecked. . . .

In an instant his mood veered with hers and they were laughing together, wading down to the water's edge, here in this hidden cove, and scooping up handfuls of oysters, tearing them loose from the sandy beds, opening them and lapping up the rich food.

"Look!" Lark pointed to a nearby scrub which was laden with red berries. "Do you think they're poi-

"No, they're not poison. They're ground-apples. Plenty of 'em on Assateague. I've tasted them often." He pulled cluster after cluster and loaded her lap with the wild fruit. "They're good," she said, smiling at him companionably. "Taste!" She put one in his mouth.

She followed him to where they had hobbled the horses near a small stream of water which meandered down to the shore. The horses were hidden here and could crop the tender shoots of marsh grass which speared up through the sandy soil.

Darkness found them skirting westward behind Gargathy Inlet. Once during the afternoon, they had seen a lone horseman and crept into the tangle of undergrowth till he was safely past them."

"There's a cottage yonder," Lark said. "Maybe we can get into it. It would be fine to make a fire in a fireplace and curl up on a dry floor

in front of it." Galt nodded and they circled the

darkened cottage. A shout from within stopped them.

"Who's there?" A sleepy voice called roughly, and a man came out and stood under the gabled roof which protected the colonade, peering out into the night.

Lark and Galt crouched low in the they had left the horses tied some little way off in the woods. The farmer stood for a moment listening intently as they clung close together, scarcely daring to breathe.

"I heerd un," he shouted, "I heerd un plain, poachin' and thievin', tryin' to find thet ole treasure thet ain't here. I'll get un, swear to God, I will. I'll blast un sure!" He turned back into the house.

"We'd better make a run for it," Galt whispered. "If he gets his gun, he'll tramp about till daylight and find us sure."

They got to their feet carefully, pulling their woolen clothes from the thorn bushes, shaking the dried leaves from their hair. They crept | ly-faced small woman pushed up beout through the broken-down iron | hind him and peered out at Galt.

and the copse where the horses were

They could hear the farmer, searching around the house, seeking for a trace of them. They paused blunderbus shattered the silence of the night. The horses shied nervously. They whispered to them soothingly and patted their flanks.

The stars are clouding over and it while in a gypsy camp, Dr. Matson enlooks as if we might have a smart shower of rain. I'll feel better if we put this place behind us soon." He deposited the knife and the coins safely in the pouch at his waist.

The rain caught them before they had gone many miles and forced them to seek shelter in a barn on the far side of Longboat Creek. They were drenched and shivering, but crept deep into the hay and found what warmth they could.

Lark awoke next morning with chattering teeth and a hot flushed face. Her legs were cramped and



Carried her tenderly inside the little shelter.

her shoulders ached unbearably. It took all the strength she could muster to suck one of the handful of eggs which Galt found in the hay and to allow him to help her mount Dosta in the early gray of the bleak autumnal morning.

The long day's riding was complete misery and, except for Galt's kindly consideration, would have been unendurable. The two horses, with the feeling of the road in them now, set their pace at a steady even

That night they were lucky enough to come on a hunter's lean-to in the woods. Galt lifted Lark from the saddle and carried her tenderly inside the little shelter, piling what dry boughs and leaves he could find, for a couch. He laid a snare in the undergrowth and was fortunate enough to catch a wild rabbit. He slivered and whittled a branch into fine shavings with his cobby-knife, and, when he had started a fire with his flint and tinder, nursed it along with infinite care until it would take hold of a sizeable dry log he had been able to find in a corner of

the lean-to. For a time the hot strengthening meat seemed to put fresh life into Lark, but toward midnight her fever rose and the chills gripped her once more. Galt sat helplessly by, chafing her cold hands and calling her name over and over again as she tossed and raved about the shipwreck, and about that first dreadful night on Ghost Island, when she had found Clink Swalters and had been unable to save him.

Next morning there could be no thought of their continuing their journey. Lark was dreadfully ill, that was plain to be seen, and Galt was in a frenzy of anxiety. His nursing was awkward, but tenderly loving. It comforted him considerably that in her raving she made

no mention of David North's name. When night came he knew he would have to have help if he were to save Lark's life. She seemed asleep for the time being, or else she was sunk in a dreadful, deep uncontangled undergrowth, thankful that sciousness. He wasn't sure, but he had to leave her for awhile. He

knew that. He had scarcely thought what story he would tell when the man of the house confronted him with the suspicious surliness accorded strang-

ers in this section of the country. "My wife is sick." Galt heard his own hurried voice mumbling those words, and knew in that instant that he wished they were the truth. "We're headed north from Norfolk toward Snow Hill Landing where her | tion as mine. You understand that, folks live. Can I buy a blanket and

some food from you?" "Un don't look old enough to have a wife," the man said consideringly. "Bring her here, now do." A kind-

"Now do! Listen to the woman!" sakes do we know this boy ain't a thief? How do we know he ain't that very chap Sheriff told us to be on the lookout for, who stole a horse up Horntown-way? Fellow in town t'other day tole me to be on the watch. Come inside now, an' let us get a good look at un." He held the door

wide open. Galt felt the red blood mounting into his unshaven cheeks. He took a step back out of the light.

"Do I speak like a bound boy?" he said haughtily. "My wife and I are gentlefolk, both of us. If you have food and a blanket to sell . . .

"What price un give me?" the man asked, his face lighting up with greed, his suspicions now evidently allayed.

"I'll pay you fair," Galt said, in an agony of impatience, as he stuck his hand in his pouch and jingled the coins.

The woman said, "I've got an extry homespun blanket and plenty meal an' larded fowl, Tom. We could use a bit of cash money with the taxes coming due. . . . I could add a bottle of my root tonic. It's mighty good for sick folks." She smiled at Galt.

When Tom didn't answer her, but just stood there considering, she fetched the things and tied them in a bundle which she held out with some eagerness to Galt.

When the man, more slow-witted than his wife, still didn't say anything, Galt held out one of his coins. The woman smiled contentedly and passed him the bundle as Tom, suddenly coming to life, snatched the coin and slammed the door in Galt's

Her chills and fever ran their course for ten full days, and she was weaker than a new-born kitten by that time. Anxiously, Galt guarded her for another three or four days until he felt her now returning strength would make it possible for them to continue their journey.

At last, on the fifteenth day, she said, "Galt, I can make it now. Really, I think I can. Let me try." She stood up and took a few wobbly steps. His arm was around her, supporting her and giving her courage. He swung her up and into Dosta's saddle, steadying her for a moment as she swayed weakly and clung to

if he were talking to a small child. the baddies. You're all right, Lark. You can make it, darling. It won't be very ing for you."

"David!" Lark repeated the name slowly, stupidly. "David will be there waiting for me."

"David isn't here? He hasn't been here?" Lark asked anxiously. "Oh. I'm so dreadfully worried." She sat on the very edge of Mara Hastings' horsehair sofa in the prim parlor of the house set a little way back from the tree-lined street in Nor-

"David . . . Captain North is not here." Mara pursed her lips and silk purse. "I thought I made myself quite clear on that point a few moments ago. I did not say he had not been here. You did not ask me that."

"I would have thought, Miss," Galt said, with obvious irritation, the information when Lark first All of which hasn't affected Dantine asked you."

"Captain North was here last think he's just divine. week," Mara said. "He has gone back up the coast now."

"Looking for us, of course." Lark smiled at Galt. "Poor, dear David, I'm sure he was frantic with worry. and that delayed our arrival. . .

Mara smiled patiently, as if she were humoring an excitable child. a slight edge to her tone. "Captain ly bright. North did not go back to look for you, Miss Shannon. He went to Baltimore to attend to important busi-

"Important business . . Oh, 1 she was twisting in her lap. She Judy Garland! felt suddenly very tired and very

weak. "You will both want baths," she said, with her hand on the painted

for you, Miss Shannon." Lark glanced down in quick confusion at her tattered gipsy finery. "Oh," she said, "I'm so dreadfully sorry. We've disgraced you by coming here like this, haven't we? We didn't stop for a minute to think. We were so tired. . . I've been so sick."

"I hope that no one saw you enter." Mara led the way up the narrow carpeted stairs. "I believe all the children were engaged in their classes and there are not many of my friends on the streets at this early morning hour. One does have to be careful of appearances when their school has as select a reputa-

of course, Miss Shannon?" Galt stopped stock-still a few feet below them on the landing. "Lark." he said, "since David isn't here, I'd say we tell Mistress Hastings goodby and take our foot in hand." (TO BE CONTINUED)



JOW evil can you get? The answer seems to be-go as far as you like. Look at the cinematic cads who have become idols of millions, all because they gave out with that certain schmaltz when they smiled and got tough.

Squish a grapefruit in a lady's pan and become an international idol. Fight the frails, fool 'em, kick 'em in the teeth. That's right, boys, be a gold plated heel, There's fame in being infamous; success in being snide; luxury in being a louse.

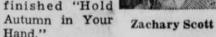
Alan Ladd, who hauls home more fan mail than the rest of the Paramount boys, collected his claque through rugged, hair-on-thechest snarls and being quick on the draw. He was an overnight sensation in the role of the Raven. "This Gun for Hire" put Ladd in the top money class.

"Mask of Dimitrios" brought immediate celebrity to Zachary Scott, who played the

possible. He wasn't even nice to his mother. "Evil appeals to the romantic," said Scott, who's right back being swinish in "Strange Honeymoon," since he's

finished "Hold

most baleful bum



Hand." "It's human nature to want to kick over the traces and be unconventional. Don't ask me why. But so few people have the nerve. Cases of wishful thinking are universal. Evil somehow is regarded as colorful and evildoers are thought to have intestinal fortitude for daring to be what they are.

"The public seems to find escapism in pictures about evil, and the sinners themselves are looked upon as fascinating because they're dangerous, and danger appeals to the multitude because it offers respite from routine," says the new devil hero, Scott.

Evil Lingers On

Although "Public Enemy" was produced years ago, that touching sequence wherein James Cagney wallops Mae Clarke with a grape-He patted her knee and spoke as fruit is still recalled but lovingly by

That performance definitely established Cagney in motion pictures. long now. Tonight will see us at Today he's starring in independent the ferry. Tomorrow we'll be in productions produced by his brother Norfolk. David will be there, wait- Bill, and has just finished a new rugged portrayal in "Blood on the

Clark Gable owes his start to dirty doings in a sagebrush thriller, "The Painted Desert."

Gable hadn't even been heard of before when he was hired for that job. But with the release of "The Painted Desert" all worries ceased for Gable. He snagged an M-G-M contract and everlasting fame.

From Pasadena Playhouse obscurity to a dynamic bit as a downed Nazi aviator who provided Greer tranquilly continued to net a small Garson a few horrible minutes in mut Dantine.

His name was on every casting director's lips once his nasty Nazi interpretation was seen. Warners cornered the newcomer's signature on a term deal and he's been caus-"that you would have volunteered ing the heroines panic ever since. with the girls of the world. They

List Keeps Growing

As a menace in "Ship Ahoy"-a Red Skelton conglomeration of nonsense-John Hodiak arose from the I was ill, you see, Miss Hastings, multitude of contractees. That heman quality brought him "Lifeboat" opposite Tallulah Bankhead. The rest has been gravy for Master Ho-'You needn't worry," she said with diak, whose M-G-M future is real-

Gene Kelly realizes the value of being a heel. From being a personable no-good in "Pal Joey," a ness for the Cargoe Riske Compa- Broadway musical, Kelly attracted Hollywood's eye. His introduction to the camera was as a guy you see," Lark said flatly. She glanced loved hating in "For Me and My down dejectedly at her hands which Gal." What a dirty life he gave

The champion nasty character of saunters back and forth between Incidentally, if you've been puzzled the devil and the angels. George's china door-knob. "I will have warm hateful dandy in "Lloyds of Lonwater sent to your rooms and will don' brought him to our notice. It find some more suitable garments was his first big splash. He's been splashing ever since, and I don't mean in a bathtub, either.

> Yes, it pays to be bad. Any actor, aspiring for fame, should not make heaven his destination, as far as film roles are con-'cerned, but arm himself with a pitchfork and horns and charm the multitude.

Answer to Her Prayer

R.K.O. has signed Maureen O'Hara for "The Fabulous Invalid." This play is taken from the Broadway hit by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. It's a drama of the American theater, told through the career of a famous actress, and will be done in technicolor. The role will give her a chance to do some real acting as well as look beautiful. . . . Dinah Shore serenaded sailors on a warship at San Pedro the other morning. At sunrise she sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning."



By VIRGINIA VALE

THE latest war-caused shortage to plague Hollywood movie-makers is one of swords. With about a dozen swashbuckling dramas in various stages of completion around town, Warner Bros. faces the likelihood of having to call on armorers in other parts of the country before the duelling scenes in the Errol Flynn opus, "The Adventures of Don Juan," can be staged. Modern swords won't do: these fights took place before 1786.

Jean Tighe, featured singer on Guy Lombardo's "Musical Autographs" program, is one of the few entertainers permitted by the authorities to visit boys suffering from



JEAN TIGHE

combat fatigue. Servicemen at Halloran hospital dubbed her "G.I. Jean" months ago; the title has stuck, and Jean receives letters from servicemen all over the world, who calls her "G.I. Jean."

Only one girl star under contract to David O. Selznick has not won the Academy award, and he's predicting that she'll get her Oscar next year. She's Dorothy McGuire; "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "The Enchanted Cottage" are the pictures on which her claim will be based. The Selznick winners, who've taken four awards in the last six years, are Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, Joan Fontaine and Vivien Leigh. And as if that weren't enough, way back in 1935 a special award was given to Shirley Tem-

Following the completion of her first Monogram starrer, "Divorce," Kay Francis left Hollywood on a trip to entertain servicemen, this time in the Caribbean area. She'll be back at the studio for "Allotment Wives," scheduled for May. -*-

When Constance Bennett appears on Earl Wilson's radio program-on Mutual, Sunday evenings - she'll have a chance to talk back to sister Joan. Joan was Earl's guest a while ago, and made a few cracks about her sisters' cutting their ages down so much that she now feels like the "Mrs. Miniver" is the tale of Hel- eldest member of the family. Now Constance will have a chance to reply, and in public.

Joan Edwards has been requested by the OWI to make a series of propaganda speeches in Spanish, French, Italian and Portuguese, for distribution in occupied areas of Europe. As if the gal didn't have enough to do already!

Ed Jerome, who's the "heavy" on the CBS "Crime Doctor" series, is the envy of the rest of the cast. He's leaving soon for a six weeks' vacation, his first since 1933, and he's going to head for Lake Louise, in Canada, and just loaf. Edith Arnold, the series' favorite gun moll, will probably spend her time off at Belle Island, Conn., working in her garden. Last year she canned 120 quarts of vegetables out of that garden, and she declares that she's going to do even better than that this year.

Even newspaper correspondents have begun listening to the Saturday CBS series, "The FBI in Peace and War," for what's going on bethem all is George Sanders, who hind the scenes of wartime crime. because you couldn't quite place the musical theme which introduces the program, the music comes from "The Love for Three Oranges," by Sergei Prokofieff.

> Sonny Tufts' agent is a superstitious man. His biggest clients are Sonny, currently appearing in "Miss Susie Slagle," and Spencer Tracy. The agent has told his New York representative to search for actors whose initials are "S. T."

ODDS AND ENDS-Lynn Merrick, Columbia contract starlet, will sponsor Shirley Temple when the "Kiss and star graduates from Westlake high in June; Lynn's an alumna, class of '39. . . . Eight-months-old Michael Ward, who faces his first motion picture camera as the infant son of Claudette Colbert and Orson Welles in International's "Tomorrow Is Forever," is a dead ringer for Winston Churchill. . . . Ellen Drew, who's just completed "The Amorous Ghost" for RKO, heads that studio's United Nations' Relief association old clothes drive, under direction of Ginger Rogers, industry head of the drive.

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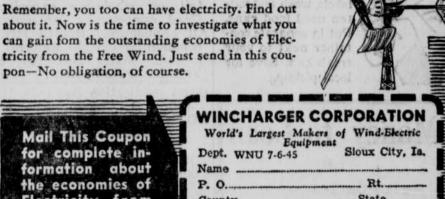


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