



Red Raskall

By CLARK M'VEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



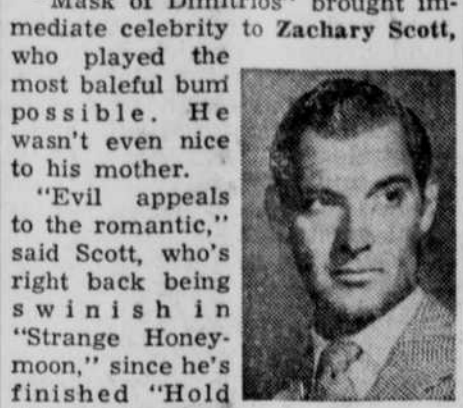
HOW evil can you get? The answer seems to be—go as far as you like. Look at the cinematic



By VIRGINIA VALE THE latest war-caused shortage to plague Hollywood movie-makers is one of swords.

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

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 call her "G.I. Jean."



Zachary Scott



JEAN TIGHE

Evil lingers on Although "Public Enemy" was produced years ago, that touching sequence wherein James Cagney wallops Mae Clarke with a grapefruit is still recalled but lovingly by the baddies.

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

Gene Kelly realizes the value of being a heel. From being a personable no-good in "Pal Joey," a Broadway musical, Kelly attracted Hollywood's eye.

Ed Jerome, who's the "heavy" on the CBS "Crime Doctor" series, is the envy of the rest of the cast.

Even newspaper correspondents have begun listening to the Saturday CBS series, "The FBI in Peace and War," for what's going on behind the scenes of wartime crime.

Sonny Tufts' agent is a superstitious man. His biggest clients are Sonny, currently appearing in "Miss Susie Slagle," and Spencer Tracy.

ODDS AND ENDS—Lynn Merrick, Columbia contract starlet, will kiss Shirley Temple when the "Kiss and Tell" star graduates from Westlake high in June.

THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom.

CHAPTER XIV 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.

For hours they raced their horses along the shore where the beach was fringed 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 side.

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.

Lark awakened first and, rising on her elbow, lay watching Galt. How relaxed . . . how beautiful. What latent strength he possessed, what manliness, she thought.

"I'm beautifully hungry now," Lark said. "Where's your cobby-knife, 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 poisonous?"

"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.

gate and ran across the patch of open ground that lay between them and the copse where the horses were tethered.

They could hear the farmer, searching around the house, seeking for a trace of them. They paused with their hands on the horses' bridles as the blast of an old-fashioned blunderbus shattered the silence of the night. The horses shied nervously. They whispered to themselves soothingly and patted their flanks.

Galt said, "We'd best be off, Lark. The stars are clouding over and it looks as if we might have a smart shower of rain. I'll feel better if we 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 gait.

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 up 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.

"Now do! Listen to the woman!" The man grumbled. "How in land 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 'o'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 . . ."

The woman said, "I've got an extra 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 slung it in Galt's satchel.

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 steadied weakly and clung to him.

He patted her knee and spoke as if he were talking to a small child. "You're all right, Lark. You can make it, darling. It won't be very long now. Tonight will see us at the ferry. Tomorrow we'll be in Norfolk. David will be there, waiting for you."

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

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 intellectual 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.

Although "Public Enemy" was produced years ago, that touching sequence wherein James Cagney wallops Mae Clarke with a grapefruit is still recalled but lovingly by the baddies.

That performance definitely established Cagney in motion pictures. Today he's starring in independent productions produced by his brother Bill, and has just finished a new rugged portrayal in "Blood on the Sun."

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 Garson a few horrible minutes in "Mrs. Miniver" is the tale of Helmut 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 since the heroines panic ever since. All of which hasn't affected Dantine with the girls of the world. They think he's just divine.

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 behind the scenes of wartime crime. Incidentally, if you've been puzzled because you couldn't quite place the musical theme which introduces the program, the music comes from "The Love for Three Oranges," by Sergei Prokofoff.



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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 help if he were to save Lark's life. She seemed asleep for the time being, or else she had to leave her for awhile. He knew that.

"Now do! Listen to the woman!" The man grumbled. "How in land 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 'o'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.

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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 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!

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