

# Yankee Senorita

BY LORENA CARLETON  
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CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

ALONG WITH the exasperation Mallory felt over Ted Patrick's demand and rested appearance was an added one, because she did not know how or when he had got into the theater. During intermission there had been no one except Primo and Armando and the Mexican stagehands. Sandy, naturally, but no outsider had been allowed backstage. And afterward, when she was giving encores and taking bows, she had not noticed her manager.

But she was noticing him now. She was glaring at him, putting her curiosity into speech. "Where did you come from? How did you get in here? How long have you been here?"

"I answered the last question exactly. 'Apeel'."

"I don't see you when I was talking calls," she said in the same abrupt, crisp tone she had used in her first remarks.

Ted Patrick moved nearer. "When you are talking curtain calls, Mallory, you don't see anyone, not even your audience, except an stacks of clamoring limbs—and stop hissing at me."

"I'm not hissing. I just don't want anyone to hear our conversation."

"I don't blame you. It'd not sound a bit nice for the anglo prima donna to have our conversation."

"Primo had been waiting in the wings when Mallory took her last bow, with a glass of water and an aspirin for the girl, also her milk coat, which she had placed over her shoulders. Mallory now drew it closer about her over-heated body, guarding against stray draughts.

"I've been so furious with you."

"Surely you're not going to call me Leetree? I haven't deceived you at all."

"That's just it. What do you mean by leaving me stranded here without any help from you? You at least usually telephone me before a big and important concert. But not a word."

Ted Patrick smiled. Apparently he had been leading such a relaxed and lazy life that nothing angered him. "You didn't need me, my dear. You've never sung better, especially 'O Patria, Mia.' You actually were Aida, filled with tender despair. The song was lovely, Mallory, and so were you. That pale pink spot was especially good on the blue gown and it made you seem about 18 years old."

The singer felt as if she were having a warm bubble bath. Her features took on the dreaminess that compliments always put there, she was happy as a kitten having her ears scratched.

"Thank you, Ted," she said gently. The look on her face brought Primo from where she had been standing on the curtained stage behind the piano, talking with Sandy.

Careful Primo, not coming over until she saw how her mistress was treating Ted Patrick. As for herself, she showed her enormous white teeth in her oily black face each time she looked at the man.

"Mallory," he warned seriously,

after a grin for Primo, "but just that expression. You look like a dream—and if my old ears don't deceive me I hear the mob at the door. He was right."

Swiftly Mallory moved from the darkened wings of the stage, near but in front of Sandy, who prima donna always greeted the managers onstage. A few experiences in her own managed dressing room had taught her that guests were not so apt to linger if remained too long with lights.

Yet she was gracious, as the people surged upon the stage. Primo stood directly behind her, against one elbow, acting as a sort of broom. Mallory began to smile and utter pleasant remarks of thanks. Ted Patrick stood to one side, thinking humorously. "Addition does more for an actress than liver extract for an invalid." At the same time he was, as always, revolving in the auditorium his best artist was receiving. For she was his best artist, even though she shouted it too often to please him.

He watched a gloriously pretty Mexican girl, in white velvet and a short crinoline, kiss Mallory on both cheeks, then crowd in beside the singer to stay. He watched also, the onset of that dark-haired girl like Mallory's hand, a fellow so handsome that just seeing him made Ted Patrick feel as if a fibrous were stuck in his throat.

The young man stepped aside to make way for a middle-aged couple whom the Mexican girl in white introduced. Ted Patrick could not help staring as if he were witnessing something important. And it was important. Mallory was meeting Carlos' parents, his mother, a thin woman with exquisite eyes, dressed in imported metal lace, gables, and wearing sparkling turquoise and large diamonds, deliberately set in massive obelisk gold mountings. And the father, tall, white haired and perfectly tailored in full dress.

After compliments on her performance, the Senora Estrada said to Mallory, "I regret having neglected you, but I have been slightly ill since returning to the city. I want you for dinner soon."

"Thank you," murmured the girl, feeling like some child in kindergarten instead of a celebrated artist. In her ear she heard Primo's soft mutter. Thus prompted, she raised to say, "And thank you for the violets. I shall sleep with them beside my bed." Those dozens of clusters in the large, flat purple basket must have been the ones, those placed at one side of the piano. Good old Primo, with his memory like an elephant's.

"Carlos said they were the color of your eyes." The mother smiled. "But he was wrong," said the Senora Estrada. "No flower could have such a delicate clear richness."

Again Mallory felt immature as a child. "You are most gallant."

They moved on with Carlos in tow. "Father's quite the flirt," Manuella said with an American giggle. "I'll stick here and help you with people, Mallory."

Which she did. Other musicians, artists, members of the various embassies, and of countless charities, had met the day of the interview, including, but Manuella seemed to know everyone. When she did not, she came back and talked lightly with Sandy. This she did also with John and William Smith, paused before the singer. Only she did not talk with Sandy. She simply stopped back and distained the brother. Yet the expression on her green features was so thoroughly, "I'll stick here and help you with people, Mallory."

## Heavy Losses Inflicted On Relief Force

### Soviets Closing in Relentlessly After Capture of Korsun.

London, Feb. 15 (AP)—Tens of thousands of weary, hungry Germans, remnants of crack divisions trapped in the Cherkassy death ring twelve days ago, fought desperately today to escape annihilation as Russian forces closed in relentlessly after seizing Korsun, one of the enemy's resistance.

German relief forces made a desperate attempt to succeed their encircled comrades, but apparently were stopped with severe losses after driving a "hit wedge" into the Soviet cordon.

A Russian communique said that at least 2,000 Nazis were killed and 75 tanks and 23 self-propelled guns destroyed or captured in the abortive attack, which was launched from enemy lines at a point 25 miles southwest of Korsun.

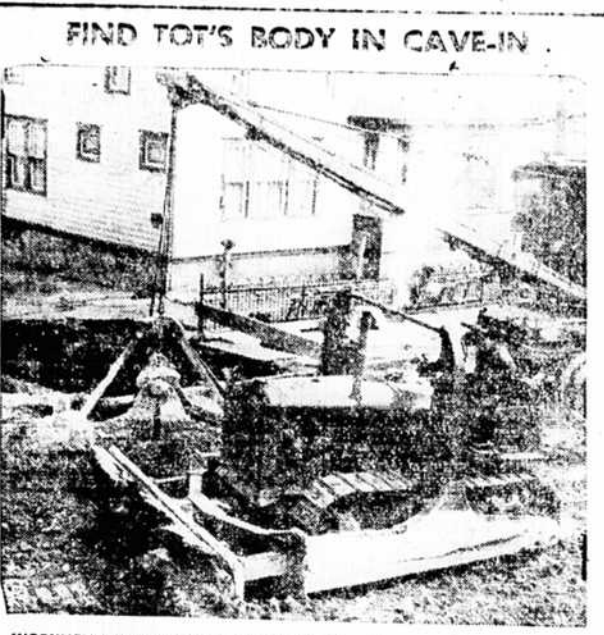
In storming Korsun, the Russians had killed 1,000 Nazis, isolated another enemy unit and reduced the "I see why you've been hitting it down here. Of course I like it, too," he said.

Mallory ignored the inference. "Want to come home with us? To eat," she emphasized.

"No thanks, pet. You get a good sleep so your next concert will be as successful as this one. I'm turning in with Sandy tonight."

Mallory had been in bed almost a half hour when a prodding thought re-prodded her. Why had not Richard Dwyer been at her concert?

(To Be Continued)



WORKMEN HAVE FOUND the crushed body of 2-year-old Jule Ann Palmer, who was swallowed up by the earth in a mine cave-in which opened up a hole in the Pittston, Pa., street on which she was walking with her aunt. Miners found the tot's body 49 feet below the surface after a two-day battle with tons of sliding earth. (International)

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT

THE MODEL FOR THE FIVE POINTED STARS IN THE ANCIENT WASHINGTON COAT-OF-ARMS AND THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS A STAR-STONE AND CAME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

SCRAP

WHAT PROPORTION OF HUNTING ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY HUNTERS SHOOTING THEMSELVES? 40 PER CENT

HEAVILY ARMED BAYARD - FRENCHMAN WAS CONSIDERED THE LAST OF THE GREAT ARMORED KNIGHTS! AT THE BRIDGE OF CARILLIANS, SINGLE-HANDED, HE WITHSTOOD 200 SPANISH GIGGERS

NOAH NUMSKULL THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO ON A LEAD DIME TIDY

DEAR NOAH AT THE END OF A TRAIN TRIP DO YOU GET OFF ON YOUR OWN ACCORD OR DOES THE PORTER HAVE TO BRUSH YOU OFF? B. BUNN-CHARLOTTE, N.C.

DEAR NOAH DO RED SQUIRRELS GO NUTTY OVER A CORN? MRS DELIA SABINA PLAINFIELD, N.J.

NOAH NUMSKULL SHELL OUT! TODAY IS YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW

DEAR NOAH IS AN I.O.U. JUST A PAPER WAIT? MRS L.W. TODD BURBANK, CALIF.

DEAR NOAH IF THE RECIPE FOR CAKE FROSTING SAID 'BEAT IT FOR 5 MINUTES' SHOULD THE COOK WALK OFF THE JOB? HARRIET MOLAND - GENEVA, N.Y.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY

NEW SAID 'IN NEWSTONE WAS JUST BEYOND THE WOODS AND I AINT OUT OF THE WOODS YET!!'

BACK ROAD FOLKS

HIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

"Shore 'Leaf'!"

POPEYE: YOU LIKE ME IN MY UNIFORM?

WOMAN: YA LOOKS SWELL MILTON—HAS YER OYER?

POPEYE: YER GONER MAKE A REAL SAILOR

POPEYE: HAH! I KNOW 'AT CALL

POPEYE: SWELL FOOD WE HAVE AINT IT? NO

POPEYE: WHERE'S THE SPINACH? WHAT SPINACH? YA KIN NOT RUN A NAVY WITOUT SPINACH

## FATHER AND BABY HE PLACED ON RED HOT STOVE



"GETTING EVEN" with his wife for a quarrel they had, James G. Johnson (left), 31, of Fort Wayne, Ind., sat his 13-month-old son William (above) on a red hot stove. When the baby screamed in agony, he handed him to Mrs. Johnson, who fled to a neighbor. Johnson followed her and was subdued with a poker. Baby is in a serious condition. Father was jailed on an assault and battery charge. (International)

## YANKS GO JAP-HUNTING ON ENUDUJ ISLAND



DESPITE THE WIDESPREAD DESOLATION on the island of Enuduj, in the Marshalls, there are still some Japs to be blasted out of their pillboxes. To hasten their end, a group of marines of the 7th Division move up a 37 mm. gun to eradicate the last vestiges of resistance. Our forces are now concentrating their power on other atolls in the Marshalls by-passed in first offensive. Signal Corps photo. (International Soundphoto)

## BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) It's Everybody Happy? By Chic Young

BLONDIE: BAGWOOD, DID YOU SEE MY BIG NEW BOTTLE OF BUBBLE BATH?

BOB: I SAW COOKIE GOING UPSTAIRS WITH A BIG BOTTLE A FEW MINUTES AGO

BLONDIE: OH MY GOODNESS!

BLONDIE: COOKIE! WHERE ARE YOU!

BOB: I FOUND HER!

ETTA KETT By PAUL ROBINSON

ETTA: WHO WAS THAT HANDSOME HUNK OF MAN HERE LAST NIGHT?

BOB: A BOY FRIEND OF TRUDY'S.

ETTA: TRUDY'S? WHAT WAS HE DOING STAR-GAZING INTO YOUR EYES?

BOB: THAT'S THE SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTION!

ETTA: OH, WELL—IF IT'S ABOUT LOVE WE WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

BOB: WOULD WE MOTHER?

ETTA: NO DEAR?

BOB: LOOK MOM / BOYS ARE SCARCE BUT DON'T GET THE IDEA I'M TRAPPING MY BEST FRIENDS BEAU.

ETTA: HI!

## THE GUMPS— It's The Bubble Dancer in Her!

GUMP: WHAT GREAT GOOD LUCK THAT WE ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME!

TRISHA: YOU'RE TELLING ME! THOSE CROOKS I CAPTURED ARE ALL SINGING—BY TONIGHT THEIR WHOLE BLACK MARKET SYNDICATE'LL BE IN OUR HANDS!

GUMP: YOU CAPTURED THEM? AH, MY FINE BIRD THAT FEAT! HER YOU'RE SPORTING IN YOUR CAP BELONGS TO ME!!

TRISHA: DONT ARGUE, YOU'RE GLORY ENOUGH FOR ENOUGH FOR ME!