



# THE GREAT WALTZ

ADAPTED FROM THE  
Moon Golden Meyer version

By BEATRICE FABER

**SYNOPSIS:** In 1845, young Johann Strauss, called Schani by his friends, has become a success as a composer of waltzes. He marries Poldi, his childhood sweetheart and they settle down contentedly. One day, stirred by the Revolution, Schani composes a march. He gets into an uprising and sees Carla Donner, a famous soprano, whom he scorns as an aristocrat. He rescues her from the crowd and they drive to the Vienna Woods where he composes a new song. He and Carla discover their love for each other but when dawn comes Carla goes off with her protector Count Hohenfried. Next day, the Count comes to Schani and tells him that he is exiled from Vienna for the uprising Schani had unwittingly incited a young officer, later revealed to be the Emperor Franz Joseph.

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**Chapter Three**  
(Conclusion)

Hand in hand, Schani and Poldi descended to the front parlor. They stopped short. Kienzl and Hofbauer were there and some of Schani's orchestra men.

Stiffening her spine, Poldi spoke the dreadful news. Everyone crowded around in consternation and Poldi's voice broke. She ran to Schani, burying her head in his shoulder. "They're making him go. They're driving him out. They're killing him."

There was a slight noise from the doorway and Poldi turned. Carla Donner stood there. Poldi shivered for a second. Then, hungrily, tragically, her gaze fastened on Schani's face.

Gulping with excitement Anna announced the distinguished visitor and Carla glided to Schani, seeming for a moment, to ignore the rest. "I have great news Mr. Strauss. You've been commissioned to write an opera for me."

Hofbauer burst out, "But he must leave Vienna within forty-eight hours."

"Oh I see," So Hohenfried had gotten here first. It had been a clever ruse but it wouldn't work. Franz Joseph had completely forgotten Schani by now. "That order, I may inform you, will never become official. You are to write an opera for the Imperial Theatre, Mr. Strauss — for me."

Poldi used all her strength to get her through the next few moments — the polite introductions, the goodbyes to the men, the offer of coffee to Madame Donner. But the tears coursed down her face as she made her way to the kitchen.

Alone, Schani and Carla faced each other. He took a deep breath. "There will be no opera," he said flatly, and walked to the window. "We're leaving Vienna."

Carla was standing beside him. "Must I lose the composer too?" she asked softly.

He whirled around. "Carla," he whispered huskily and took her in his arms, searching for her lips, crushing them, bruising them...

The months went by and all Vienna whispered of the love between the glorious Carla Donner and the young composer, Johann Strauss.

Poldi's heart had become a lump of ice which filled her bosom. There were terror-filled nights and empty, meaningless days. She and Schani had drifted so far apart.

Passing the theatre one afternoon she saw the poster which announced the opening of his new comic opera, starring Madame Carla Donner. Decision came to her then. She would not attend.

She sat in the living room that night with Schani's mother. Her face was quite composed though her sewing needle wavered a bit. Schani had long since left for the performance.

Mrs. Strauss addressed her querulously. "Poldi, I don't want to nag you but after all you really belong there. What will people think?"

The doorbell rang and a moment later Poldi was facing a stranger, a distinguished appearing person in formal dress uniform. A shiver of apprehension went over her as

he gave her his name, Count Anton Hohenfried. How queer. Leading him into the back parlor, she quietly closed the door.

"Yes?" Twice he opened his lips and did not speak. Then, finally, he said, "Forgive me Madame. I am a straightforward person and I will tell you first that — that I am in love with Carla Donner." She stepped back and he said urgently, "I beg you to understand Madame. You must know —" his voice trailed off pitifully — "what this costs me."

She was tense, raising all her defenses. "But — what is it?" He looked at her as if he were seeking help. Then he went on. "For some time, Madame Donner and your husband have been carrying on an infatuation. During all these weeks of rehearsal they have been together constantly."

She swayed a bit. How did he dare? Then she managed a sophisticated little smile. "You know of course there are always rumors."

He crossed to her and rasped, "For your sake — I do not presume to say for mine — and for his sake, you must stop this at once. They will destroy each other. They are artists. One will destroy

for her poor torn heart? "Love is no good," she burst out in a torrent. "Not for women like us, mother. It's for the other kind, for women who take, for women who steal, for women who have no heart." Her voice rang out in hysterics. "My jewels! Where are my jewels?" Quickly she ran to the dresser. "I have as much right to wear my jewels as she. From now on I go nowhere without my jewels."

Then her quivering fingers were still. There, under her haubles was a pistol, a pretty pearl-handled little thing. With a stealthy movement she slipped it into her bag. It too, would play its share in the evening's events. Now, with set face, she snatched up her cape. Her gaze was far away with desperate resolution. "The performance must not end without me. Goodnight mother."

Racing down the street, she summoned the first coachman she saw. "To the opera. Quick." It was just a five-minute ride to the theatre. Running into the foyer of the opera house Poldi hurried up the stairs and passed through a door leading to the auditorium. Now the music came louder. It drew her forward. She must see, she must

see. "Why have you come here?" she demanded. She looked at him imploringly. There must be no ugly words between them. "You're free Schani," she said tenderly, "free to take your happiness with her. That's —" Her bag slipped from her nervous fingers. Then, as luck would have it, the faculty catch came open and the tiny revolver lay there, nakedly. Quickly, she snatched it up. She shook her head in answer to his dilated gaze. "No Schani, it was for her. But I was wrong — so terribly wrong."

"You cared — that much, Poldi?" She moved past him and looked back. Her smile was slanted. "Loving and hating. Sometimes it is all one. Goodbye Schani — and great happiness to you both."

He started toward her but she had slipped through the door, like a wraith.

In almost a blanket silence he and Carla gathered up belongings. Neither one could pretend. Not when they were in the carriage, not even when they had reached the boat station.

It was Carla however who faced it openly. Beckoning the porter, she indicated her own bags. "Take only these two."

With a low cry, Schani stepped after her. Their eyes locked. Then he said in an oddly formal voice, "I shall be grateful to you for this as long as I live."

Her lips curved in mocking self-appraisal. "I am a very vain woman. I could never be content with so little of your heart." She turned and hurried aboard. From the rail of the ship she called, "Remember me Schani," and softly sang, "One day when we were young..."

"Schani," she begged prettily, though tears had begun to clog her voice. "You wrote that for me. Will you give it to me?"

"It has always been yours." Then, "Carla, my darling," were the words that were smothered in his throat. Bareheaded he stood there as the boat became a speck in the distance. The beautiful blue Danube, his Danube was carrying her away — but it was bringing him back everything he had thought he'd lost. It was a lovely river. It would flow through his heart forever.

and as the Danube flowed on, so Schani's song. The happy, easy years with Poldi at his side went by and receded into distance one by one and thought. One decade, three and even more, passed...

It was on a Spring afternoon some fifty years later that Poldi and Schani proceeded up the hall to the Emperor's chambers.

Schani was a bit worried. "Let's see. Three steps into the room and down from the waltz." Turning to Poldi he gave her a little kiss. There. That seemed to help matters.

Entering the room he began the ritual but the Emperor was already moving toward him. "No, no, none of that, business, Strauss." He offered his hand in a firm grip and chuckled. "You pulled my nose once, remember?"

Schani writhed with embarrassment. "You see, I didn't know..." But Franz Joseph made another good-humored interruption. "I suppose I should pull yours now. But then you'd probably pull mine again, wouldn't you?"

Poldi broke in, scandalized. "Oh no, your Majesty."

The Emperor shook his head. "If I could only be sure." Then he took Schani's arm. "Tell me, how does it feel to be King of Vienna?"

Confused, Schani found himself being led to a balcony. Then he gaped. There on the grounds, was a huge crowd of people. And they were cheering — shouting his name over and over again.

"This could happen only to you. Vienna is giving you the love you gave Vienna," the Emperor said. And as Schani stood there, tears welling up in his eyes, he was once again young and back in the Vienna woods. "Carla." Just once he breathed her name. Then he turned around to Poldi who had shared his sorrows, his work and finally his triumphs. "Come, my darling," he said softly. "This belongs to both of us."

THE END.

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He was returning to all he had thought lost.

the other. It will be jealousy, hate, coldness, torment. It would ruin a man of Mr. Strauss' nature."

She clenched her hands. "You compel me to say, Count Hohenfried what I had never intended to reveal. This — attachment is known to me, has been known to me for some time. But I intend to do nothing."

His eyes were glittering. "Madame," he said chokingly, "Carla Donner is leaving tonight after the performance for a tour of Europe. And I have every reason to believe that Mr. Strauss goes with her."

Her limbs had turned to water. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be. "What would you have me do?" she whispered.

"Fight. Whatever one wants in this world one must fight for, like the beasts in the jungle. Especially for a man or a woman one loves."

Brokenly, she nodded. "I cannot. I thought he needed me — and that was enough. Go. Please go."

For a fraction of a second he hesitated. Then he bent over her hand, straightened up and saluted. The next moment he was gone.

Like a somnambulist Poldi walked up the stairs to her room. Her brain began to churn. He had said one must fight, be a beast. It was the only way.

"Mama," she called loudly, "I'm going. I've decided to go, after all. Isn't it wonderful?"

Mrs. Strauss came running in, then took a frightened breath. "Poldi, what's the matter? You look so queer, so feverish."

"Help me mother, quickly, quickly." But where would she find help

listen for a moment. Ah! Carla was at the footlights and her voice filled the place with rippling beauty. Poldi felt something give way inside her. Those incredibly lovely sounds, that radiant, exquisite face. No wonder Schani had been unable to resist her. He was looking up at her now, like a man dazzled and thirsty for beauty. Now came the climax of the aria, and the thrilling splendor of the song rang out.

Poldi's shoulders sagged. She had been wrong. They were one, not two. They belonged together. She had come to stay this woman but Schani's spirit would have died with her.

Slowly, she moved upstairs to the dressing room. Just on the landing she came face to face with Carla. There was a curiously suspended moment. Then, very carefully, she spoke. "I came to see you tonight Madame," she began, "to fight for him. But I realize that I wasn't fighting for him but for myself. That's not what I want to do."

Carla's eyes were bright with suspicion. "Is that what you came here to tell me?"

"No. I want to tell him something. Tell him that he's quite free. That he need not worry about me. Will you tell him, please?"

In spite of herself Carla was moved. "You're very unselfish."

Poldi shook her head soberly. "You know Madame, it's a silly thing to say but I think I love his happiness even more than I do him." She started for the stairs.

"Well, I mustn't keep you." Suddenly she stopped. Schani was facing her, staring as if he'd seen

on the south side of Dobb Street from Hyde Park Street to Edenton Road Street; on the east side of Covent Garden Street from Grubb Street to Market Street; on the south side of Grubb Street from Covent Garden Street to Church Street; on the east side of Edenton Road Street from Dobb Street to King Street; on the east side of Edenton Road Street from Market Street to Dobb Street; and on the south side of King Street from Covent Garden Street to Brace Avenue.

That the property owners owning property along sidewalks paved shall be assessed not to exceed twenty-five cents for each lineal foot frontage paved. Said assessment to be due immediately after sidewalk paved, the same to be paid in full within one year from date property paved.

TOWN OF HERTFORD,  
By W. G. NEWBY, Clerk.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION  
Having qualified as executors of the estate of Chas. Johnson, deceased, late of Perquimans County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Hertford, N. C., on or before the 25 day of November, 1938, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 25 day of November, 1938.  
CHAS. E. JOHNSON,  
LILLIE H. JOHNSON,  
Executors of Chas. Johnson,  
Dec. 29, 16, 23, 30, Jan. 6

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND  
Under and pursuant to the terms of a certain Deed of Trust executed by George L. Turner and wife on the 17th day of March, 1938, which Deed of Trust is recorded in Book 21, Page 62, Perquimans County Registry, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness therein secured, and at the request of the holder of the note secured in said Deed of Trust, the undersigned will on Thursday, January 5, 1939, between the hours of twelve o'clock noon and one o'clock P. M., offer for sale at public auction, for cash, in front of the Courthouse Door in Hertford, North Carolina, the following described property:

A certain tract of land lying and being in Perquimans County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

Situated in New Hope Township, Perquimans County, North Carolina, Beginning on the South side of the Durant's Neck Road at a point South 56 degrees, 15 minutes East 9.16 chains from a gate which stands 4.88 chains from the Brickhouse Road, and running thence along said Durants Neck Road South 66 degrees 15 minutes East 11.64 chains to a point opposite the mouth of lane; thence continuing along Durant's Neck Road South 44 degrees 15 minutes East 39.78 chains to the Barclift lane; thence along said lane South 38 degrees 45 minutes West to the middle of Pottor Creek; thence westerly along Pottor Creek to Muddy Creek; thence northwesterly along Muddy Creek to Jesse's Creek; thence northwesterly along Jesse's Creek to a point

which will be reached by beginning at the mouth of a lane on the South side of the Durant's Neck Road and which is the point of the beginning of this description, and running thence South 57 degrees 30 minutes West 25 chains; thence North 29 degrees West 2.52 chains; thence North 57 degrees East 2.52 chains to said point in Jesse's Creek; thence S. 57 degrees West 2.52 chains; thence S. 29 degrees East 2 chains; thence North 57 degrees 30 minutes East 25 chains to the beginning, containing 614 acres, and being the same land as described in deed from Virginia-Carolina Joint Stock Land Bank to George L. Turner, recorded in Deed Book 21, page 470, Perquimans County Registry.

C. P. HARRIS, Jr., Trustee.  
Wilson,  
North Carolina.  
Dec. 9, 16, 23, 30.

NOTICE  
By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by Thomas L. Jessup for certain purposes therein mentioned, which said deed of trust bears date 10th day of February, 1931, and is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Perquimans County in M. D. Book 17, page 550, at the request of the holder of the notes secured thereby, I shall on Wednesday, the 21st day of December, 1938, at 11:30 A. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Hertford, Perquimans County, N. C., the lands conveyed to me in said deed of trust:

Those certain lands in Parkville Township, Perquimans County, North Carolina, designated as follows: Three certain parcels of land first known as the Hunter tract, second as the Ellis tract, and third one acre reserved in sale of lands to J. E. Hurst by W. L. Jessup, and being the same conveyed to Thomas L. Jessup by Kate B. Jessup on June 19, 1926, and recorded in Book 16, page 542 in Register of Deeds office of Perquimans County, for which see further description.

This November 19th, 1938.  
J. C. BLANCHARD,  
Trustee.  
Nov. 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16

NOTICE  
By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by J. J. Fleetwood and wife for certain purposes therein mentioned which said deed of trust bears date of February 24th, 1928, and is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Perquimans County in Book D 17, page 68, I shall, at the request of the holder of the notes secured thereby, on Monday, the 19th day of December, 1938, at 11:30 A. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Hertford, Perquimans County, part of the property conveyed in said deed of trust as follows:

That certain tract of land in Bethel Township, Perquimans County, N. C., adjoining the lands of Major & Loomis Co., the I. N. White land, the Gatling heirs land and others and known as the R. B. Cox peccosin lands containing 378 1/2 acres, and being same tract conveyed to J. J. Fleetwood by P. H. Small and wife by deed duly recorded in Book 11, page 336, Perquimans County records and being designated as 2nd tract in said deed of trust.

This November 16th, 1938.  
CHAS. WHEDEBEE,  
Trustee.  
Nov. 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16.

NOTICE  
By virtue of a deed of trust executed to me by J. J. Fleetwood and wife for certain purposes therein mentioned which said deed of trust bears date of February 24th, 1928, and is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Perquimans County in Book D 17, page 68, I shall, at the request of the holder of the notes secured thereby, on Monday, the 19th day of December, 1938, at 11:30 A. M., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in Hertford, Perquimans County, part of the property conveyed in said deed of trust as follows:

That certain tract of land in Bethel Township, Perquimans County, N. C., adjoining the lands of Major & Loomis Co., the I. N. White land, the Gatling heirs land and others and known as the R. B. Cox peccosin lands containing 378 1/2 acres, and being same tract conveyed to J. J. Fleetwood by P. H. Small and wife by deed duly recorded in Book 11, page 336, Perquimans County records and being designated as 2nd tract in said deed of trust.

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CHAS. WHEDEBEE,  
Trustee.  
Nov. 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16.

## Practical GIFTS...

Are Becoming More Popular Every Day... SHOP FOR THEM

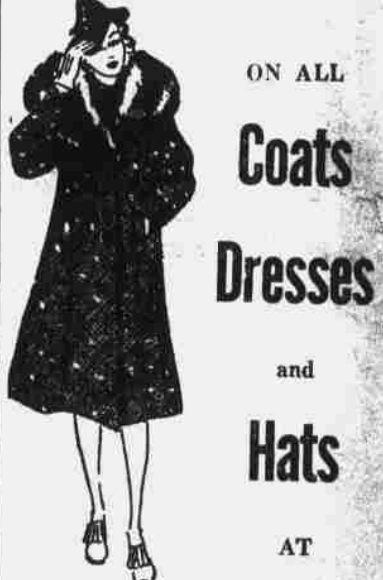
— at —  
**PRESTON'S**



- Lingerie
- Dance Sets
- Pajamas
- Neglignes
- Hose
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Gift Suggestions  
Handkerchiefs  
Scarfs  
Bags  
Gloves

Pre-Christmas Reduction



ON ALL  
Coats  
Dresses  
and  
Hats  
AT  
**PRESTON'S**

### WHITESTON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Outlaw and children, Mildred and Evelyn, of Drivers, Va., visited Mr. and Mrs. L. Lane and family Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Odessa Holton, of Burgaw, is spending some time here with relatives.

Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Winslow were Floyd Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. William White, of Norfolk, Va., Fentress Winslow and Miss Helen Winslow.

William T. Winslow returned Saturday from Lakeview Hospital, Suffolk, Va., where he was a patient for a week.

Returns Home  
Miss Sara Brinn has returned home after visiting at Farmville and Durham.

### CLASSIFIED AND LEGALS

WANTED—MAN FOR RAWLEIGH Route. Permanent if you are a hustler. For particulars write Rawleigh's, Dept. NCL-100-103, Richmond, Va.

FOR SALE—TURKEYS FOR SALE until Monday night, December 19, the last chance. C. W. Umphlett, Hertford, Route 3. Gobblers 24c pound, hens 28c pound.  
Dec. 9, 16.

FOR RENT—FILLING STATION Site on Hertford-Edenton Highway, one mile south of Hertford. Electric current available at low rates. C. W. Gaither, Elizabeth City, N. C.

### NOTICE

Upon presentation of petitions signed by owners of property, being signed by owners who own a majority of the lineal feet frontage of each section of street set out hereinafter, said petition asking the commissioners of the Town of Hertford, N. C., to pave or cause to be paved the sidewalks as set out hereinafter, the commissioners of the Town of Hertford at their regular meeting on December 12th, 1938, passed the following resolution:

It being requested by the owners of a majority of the lineal feet frontage of each section of street hereinafter set out, the Town of Hertford shall pave or cause to be paved the following sidewalks: On the west side of Church Street from Dobb Street to King Street; on the west side of Church Street from Punch Alley to the Perquimans River Bridge on U. S. Highway No. 17; on the west side of Covent Garden Street from Grubb Street to Market Street; on the north side of Grubb Street from Covent Garden Street through B. W. Pennington property; on the south side of Dobb Street, from Covent Garden Street to Hyde Park Street; on the south side of Dobb Street, from Covent Garden Street to Church Street; on the north side of Dobb Street, from Covent Garden Street to Hyde Park Street; on the west side of Church Street from Grubb Street to Punch Alley; on the south side of Grubb Street from Covent Garden Street to East Academy Street; on the east side of Edenton Road Street from Grubb Street to Market Street;

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