



"Janey, kiss me!" he said. "What's the matter with you? I don't get you"

# Someone to Love

By Felix Noland

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

Crisis in the life of a lonely girl who found that broken hearts are seldom fatal at sixteen

SHE held her feet tight against the porch floor, sitting very still for fear the rusty chains on the swing would creak. If she didn't make any noise, she could watch through the thin new leaves on the moonflower vine, and nobody would guess she was waiting here, alone. Janey had never seen such a stream of people! They must be going to the last show at the Strand, though none of them seemed very excited. A few couples shot by in noisy cars, but most of them just strolled past in a slow, lazy way. When they got to the corner, the men took the ladies' arms, and carefully helped them over the curbing. It was a dark, still night.

If she closed her eyes, Janey could see herself, walking along in a pretty dress—pink, maybe—with her hand tucked up in a tall boy's arm, and her head very high and proud. Oh, not because of the picture show! She had been to the Strand quite a few times, hadn't she? But always alone. It made a lot of difference, having a date that everybody could see. Just thinking about it was like having a balloon inside of her—she could hardly keep her feet on the ground. All the same, she walked very slowly, while the tall boy smiled down at her, and people tried to speak. Most of them, she didn't notice. They had never spoken to her before. . . . Janey shivered, and took her elbow off the hard arm of the swing.

It must be after eight. She wondered if anybody was coming to see her tonight. Walter Parks had talked like he might come, when she'd telephoned. She hoped he would—either Walter, or somebody. She was awfully lonesome.

Inside the house, Papa and Mamma were quarreling again. Their voices cracked like whips around her ears: "Daisy Hopper! A fine friend she is!"

"Now, you listen to me, Ed Williams—"

"Whyn't you stay home for a change? You got a kid, ain't you?"

"She's your kid, mister—not mine!"

Janey blinked her eyes hard. If only they wouldn't make so much noise—it seemed like they got worse all the time. Sometimes, she wished Papa would just stay in Montgomery, instead of coming home every now and then, with eyes as red as the headlights on his engine. . . . There were some people turning to stare at the house, and whisper. Well, she was glad she had trained this moonflower vine around the swing. She liked moonflowers—they made the darkest shade. Later on, the flowers would come, white and round as faces. They had a lovely smell, too—faint, but clean and sweet. . . . Gee, it was getting late. Maybe she'd better fix up a little, just in case somebody did come. . . .

There was only one light in her room, so she had to lean way over the dresser to fix her face. In the shadows, her eyes looked enormous—round as marbles,

and a queer, reddish-brown. Her eyes were pretty, in a way. But she wished her chin wasn't so soft and babyish—always trembling. Her hair, too—the way it slid around! Straight and fine, regular baby hair. Under her hat, it was better, though.

She always looked nice when she went downtown in the afternoon. Still, nobody spoke. . . . Even the boys she knew and liked kept their hats on when she passed. She couldn't understand it. The only ones who tipped their hats were strangers around the Great Southern Hotel, and the Union Depot. And she was frightened then. If she noticed them, she would be like that Mrs. Sykes, or . . . or Daisy Hopper. Nobody would ever speak to her.

Swallowing, she dipped a puff in her new box of theatrical powder. The heavy white powder made her eyes look almost black, and her lips a startling red. You could actually see the boys in the snapshots around the mirror open their eyes and wink. It embarrassed her—she rubbed her handkerchief over her mouth. . . . Anyway, they'd be surprised if they could see all these pictures—the school pennants tacked on the walls. Yes, even if she had quit school last year, she still had their pictures, and the pennants. Anybody seeing them would think how popular she was. They'd never guess how she had had to beg and beg to get them. She had even swiped a couple. . . .

WHAT should she do now? It looked as if Walter wasn't coming. She sighed heavily. Boys were always disappointing her. They'd promise her they were coming out, and half the time they didn't come at all. When they did, they wouldn't take her downtown, but sat in the swing and argued about kissing.

She looked over at Frank Mercer's picture. He was awfully good-looking. She liked Frank, but every time she looked at his picture she thought about how he acted a few weeks ago. He began being rough the minute he sat down in the swing. "Gee," she'd said, "I'm so thirsty, Frank. Couldn't we go downtown for some ice cream?"

"Janey, kiss me! What's the matter with you, anyway? I don't get you."

"Frank, don't."

"Listen—if that's the way you feel about it . . ."

She had tried to stall. "Frank, you know I like you. Really."

"Well, then—be a sweet girl."

"Listen, Frank—I'm so thirsty."

"Janey, I tell you what. Let's drive out the Arundel Springs road, where it's nice and cool."

"Oh, no, Frank—I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. I'll drive downtown with you, though."

(Continued on page 26)





## Made-to-Order Punks

By Kyle Crichton

Kyle Crichton interviews the Dead End kids. Here are Bobby Jordan, Kyle Crichton, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bernie Punsley, Gabriel Dell

IT WAS arranged that we should meet the little angels at a private luncheon at the Roosevelt in Hollywood, and the hotel management showed that it had been completely taken in by the advance publicity. It set the table in a private suite upstairs, seeming to feel that the other guests would be like early Christian martyrs if they were forced to eat in the same room with the Dead End kids. In fact, the legend has been built to a point where people turn and flee at the very sight of them.

When we came out of the elevator all that could be heard was a faint hum of conversation that might have come from a luncheon by the ladies of the First M. E. Church. However, our coming must have been tipped off, for we got only halfway down the corridor before a rumpus broke out that resembled nothing so much as election night, Times Square, New York City.

This was an indication that the Dead End kids were in formal Hollywood session. Upon coming nearer, the plaintive voice of Miss Virginia Wood, the Warner press agent, could be heard through the din. What she was saying was, "Boys, please!" and it was evident that she was simultaneously speaking and ducking.

A waiter was setting the table, going about with a tentative smile on his face that showed that he was father enough to understand such spirited young animals, but wasn't sure it would be safe to turn his back.

"Waiter!" Billy Halop was bellowing at him. "A case of champagne!"

"Make it a barrel," said Gabriel Dell in a bored voice, slumping down with his leg thrown over one arm of the big chair, his pipe fixed between his teeth and his hands occupied with flipping lumps of sugar over his head in the general direction of Miss Wood.

Bobby Jordan and Huntz Hall had run to the open window and were dropping rolls on the heads of pedestrians on Hollywood Boulevard. The boys were going through their act as faithfully as if the director had yelled "Quiet!" and then "Roll 'em."

"Wow!" cried Bobby, and leaped back from the window triumphantly.

"The house dick," reported young Mr. Hall proudly. "Got him right on the conk."

"Let the wine flow like water!" cried Mr. Halop with a large gesture.

The waiter popped around the table like something on a string. He was carefully placing two olives on each butter plate and Bernard Punsley was right behind him filching them.

"Here's the guy!" said Billy Halop as we came in. "Pipe down: this is a big magazine guy. This is no punk." He put his foot up on a chair, rested his elbow on his knee and pointed a finger: "Everybody's always asking us and now I want to ask you. How do you like Hollywood?"

We said that on the one hand it was all right but that on the other hand, etc. "Hedgin'," commented Huntz Hall, who was still occupied at the window with the rolls.

### A Record to Be Proud Of

"Somebody's goin' to climb up the front of this building and take a poke at you," Gabe Dell informed him kindly.

"Now, Bobby: don't you do that!" Miss Wood was saying to young Master Jordan, who was taking the water pitcher off the table to go to the assistance of Mr. Hall with the hard bread.

When this was going on, Bernie Punsley was making the rounds of the table, munching. Suddenly he seemed to think of something.

"Leo won't be here," he said to Miss Wood.

"Pinched again?" asked Billy Halop eagerly.

"Hadda work," said Bernie, getting his olive mixed up with his words, rolling the pit around his tongue.

Leo turned out to be Leo Gorcey, the real tough guy of the outfit.

"Pinched twenty times," put in Bobby Jordan proudly. "Took his license away. Had him in jail. You know what he had her up to yesterday coming back from the studio? Ninety."

The waiter started serving the soup. "She flows like water!" cried Mr. Halop, landing on the seat of his chair v coming over the back. He took two lusty sups and then looked up. "When does this interview start? Why don't ask us if we all come from the East S't."

"None of us come from the East S't," cried Gabe Dell sourly. "Don't go braggin' about Brooklyn," said Billy eagerly. "I'm goin' back there soon as I can. That Durocher's a smart guy. Some team this year, kid."

"They shouldn't ever of let Babe Herman go," put in Huntz Hall.

"He's goin' ta be right here in Hollywood playin' this year," said Bernie. "This league!" yelled Billy scornfully.

The noise from the soup was deafening and it wasn't helped by Master Dell, who had by now taken up the demand for wine. "No wine, eh?" he asked in a sophisticated voice. "Well, bring on the milk." They began talking about their careers.

"Me!" bellowed Huntz Hall. "I'm goin' to be a producer. Get me a hundred girls! Get me forty elephants! Get me a lot of trumpets and drums! Build me a million sets." He subsided and then added: "See? That's all there is to being a producer!"

"All I want's a car," put in Bobby Jordan, who is the only one too young for a driver's license. "And then I guess you'll want Ann Sheridan to go out with you," said Gabe bitterly.

"I already asked her," said Bobby, ducking.

Getting back to the history of the

young gentlemen, it was found that they had all been educated as actors and had either been on the stage before Dead End was produced in New York or had been at the Professional Children's School.

In Hollywood they've been doing all right. None of them gets less than \$250 a week and Billy Halop is said to be making \$650. He even has a personal press agent, although he's just turned seventeen.

### Kids with a Past—and a Future

Halop's father is an attorney and there is no starvation record in the family. Billy was a child entertainer on the radio when he was six and was making personal appearances under the name of Bobby Benson shortly after that time. He made anywhere from \$250 to \$1,500 a week with radio and wasn't particularly flattered when Sidney Kingsley picked him for the stage production of Dead End.

"Yeh, you had it pretty soft," commented Huntz Hall. "When I was at the Roxy with that Madison Square quintet, we did seven and eight shows a day, some days. Pretty good, this Hollywood. Stayin' in one spot, savin' money . . ."

"Ho!" they yelled in unison. "You savin'! Tell 'em how much you lost on them nags yesterday!"

Mr. Hall subsided into his soup, grinning. He is officially listed in the records as eighteen but rumor says he will never again see twenty-three. Bobby Jordan, at fifteen, is the youngest of the lot and is regarded by many experts as the most promising actor. His father ran a prosperous garage in New York and Bobby has been a troupier since he was six.

He played Peter Bachelor, the male end of a pair of radio twins who did

(Continued on page 51)