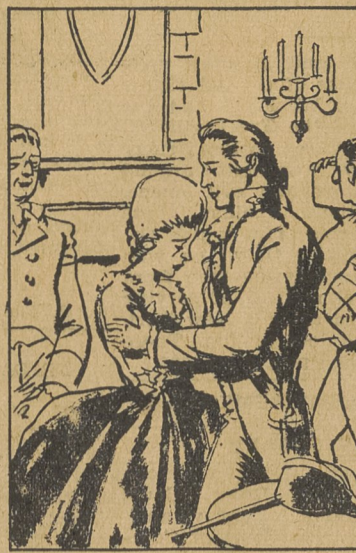


MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY FROM THE MOTION PICTURE



On a cold, sleety night in 1787, the Royal George Tavern is the scene of wild excitement, for Fletcher Christian, first mate of the ship "Bounty", has burst into the place with some of his men. He is rounding up six seamen for a voyage to the South Seas and under the English sea-laws he is allowed to take what crew he needs. The Tavern men fight for their freedom but they are outnumbered by the others.



Young Roger Byam is bidding his mother goodbye. He too is to sail on the "Bounty" for he has been commissioned to make a dictionary of the native Tahitian language. Sir Joseph Banks looks on sorrowfully but Roger is happy, for he is looking forward to the great adventure.



It is just before sailing time and the deck of the "Bounty" is swarming with pig-tailed sea-men and street-sellers with their wares. One of the men is happily fiddling away, while another sits in mournful despair, thinking of the long two-year voyage ahead. Byam is moving about the ship, looking everything over with mounting interest, finally meeting Christian who takes him in hand and explains his duties. Suddenly, a great shout goes up. Captain Bligh is boarding the ship. "Mr. Christian, clear decks of this rabble," he bellows as he strides on deck. The men all tremble in their boots for Bligh is known far and wide for his bitter, uncontrollable temper and his tyrannical rule on board ship.



Bligh's first order before sailing is for a flogging. And though the prisoner dies before punishment starts, Bligh orders the flogging anyhow. Byam is dazed with horror. What perils and adventures will the voyage bring him? See next week's installment of "Mutiny on the Bounty."

I LIVE MY LIFE

FROM THE M-G-M PICTURE

SYNOPSIS: Kay, Bentley, spoiled and beautiful, is on a yachting trip with her father, G. P. Bentley. She is bored by the attentions of Gene Piper, who has been encouraged in his suit by Doctor Stafford, the family advisor. Stafford desires her marriage to Gene (favored by Grandmother Gage, matriarch of the family) for reasons of her own. But at the Isle of Naxos, Greece, Kay meets Terry O'Neill, an archaeologist. At his expressed dislike for the wealthy classes, she tells him she is Ann Morrison, Bentley's secretary. There is a brief, romantic interlude, terminated by Grove the butler, who rushes to her with the news that they are hurrying back to New York.

GALATEA UNVEILED Chapter Two

Terry, with Betty Collins, stood against the wall of a small lecture room in the Metropolitan museum. His eyes were still dark and heavy with the wound of the morning's disillusionment for he had gone rushing impetuously to New York to declare his love to Kay, only to discover, at the Gage and Bentley offices, the deception she had practiced upon him. Bentley, one of the Trustees of the Museum, was unveiling the statue and elaborately describing the weeks and months of unremitting toil the discovery had entailed. "I suppose he's got blisters all over his hands from digging," Betty muttered bitterly. Terry was wryly amused. When the speech was over, he winked at Betty, then blandly began discussing some of the more esoteric phases of archaeology with Bentley. Bentley was puzzled, "As a matter of fact," he said in a loud whisper, "I don't know what you're talking about. I married this job. One statue's just like another to me." "That's what I thought," Terry said precisely. Bentley laughed with loud good humor. "And I thought that's what you thought." This little joke, in Bentley's mind, immediately established a bond between them. Nothing would do but that Terry come along to his home for cocktails and at Betty's urgent nod Terry reluctantly consented. He was in the library with Bentley when Kay appeared on the threshold. She stood there for a moment, completely shaken, then walked, forward woodenly.

"Kay," Bentley beamed, "I want you to meet a very important young man. Mr. O'Neill. Discovered a statue at Naxos . . ." His smile was benevolent as he urged Kay to take Terry into the party and introduce him to the guests. Kay merely nodded, trancelike, and in complete silence escorted Terry into the living room where a number of babbling guests were making their departures. In a toneless voice, she introduced him to everyone, while inwardly she writhed at what she considered his patronizing air toward the inconsequential talk that filled the room. The place was finally emptying itself of guests. Terry lounged against the piano, watching them leave, still wearing the look of queer wonder on his face.

With a meaning glance at his watch Gene Piper turned to him. "It certainly is late. Coming my way O'Neill?"

"No, thank you." Gene opened his lips closed them and hurried out to Kay in the entrance foyer. "A very strange individual, that," he complained, then smiled mysteriously. "Going to Connecticut tonight . . . hearing Grandma in her den." He took Kay's hand. "And suppose she says it's all right with her any time now?" he asked tensely. "What about you?"

Her grin was vague. "When Grandma says something is all right with her that automatically makes it a constitutional amendment."

Gene relaxed with a small whoop. "That's all I want to know." And he dashed for the door.

Kay returned to the living room on lagging feet, to find Terry staring into the fireplace.

Her voice was thin drawn wire. "Are you staying on?"

"I'm going back on the boat day after tomorrow." Quite suddenly he turned around and grasped her shoulders fiercely. "Why did you lie to me in Naxos?" he demanded with blazing eyes.

She pulled away, then shrugged defensively. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I was lonely and there was a terrific moon . . ." Her heart was heavy with an undefined miserable ache. Then her voice became harshly defiant. "Well, you got what you expected, didn't you? That fits right in with what you think of all of us doesn't it? People with too much money for their own good?"

"Yes, it does," he replied dully. Unexpectedly, he was towering over her. "Sit down!" She was forcefully plopped into a chair. "I came all the way from Greece to see you. Frankly, you're not worth walking from here to the corner for. You know," he said thoughtfully, "you're probably not an unusual type at all. I just saw a whole roomful. Thoughtless, spoiled, worthless people, thinking only of themselves. Well," he moved away abruptly, "I'm not mad. I'm very thankful it happened this way and this quickly."

When he had left, Kay sat, shrunk into her chair, quivering from the whiplash of his words.

The auditorium at the Museum was in semi-darkness as Key stepped into it the next afternoon.

She listened to Terry, slightly awed, as he wound up his lecture on Athenian Art in the fourth century. "It was not until the last member of the audience had left that he turned to her coldly. 'Well?'"

She looked away, unnerved by his icy manner. "Even worthless people turn dull enough to apologize sometimes. I've come to say 'I'm sorry.'" Then she burst out passionately, "For the way I've acted, for the way I've talked, for the way I am. That's all. So long, Terry." She flew through the door.

Terry was gazing at the Galatea morosely, when he turned and saw that Kay was back, her face working with embarrassment. "I . . . I'm locked in. I can't find my way out."

"Follow me," he said expressionlessly. "They leave a side door open."

She hurried after him, only to be brought up short in a small ante-room. "You love me Kay," Terry said quietly, grasping her shoulders.

She averted her eyes then faced him squarely. "Terry, we're different breeds you and I. We haven't anything in common. In Naxos everything seemed just right, but when I got back to New York, Naxos seemed wrong and . . . and that's the way it would always be."

"Have you quite finished?" She stared at him, then, with a low sob, flung herself into his embrace. When he had kissed her soundly, he said, with tenderness, "I haven't fooled you much either have I? About not loving you, I mean. Let's get married right away." "No."

"Why not? Is it Gene Piper?" His eyes darkened with jealousy. "Do you love him?"

"No." "But you love me, don't you?" Her answer was to lift her lips to him with shameless eagerness, her arms entwined about his neck.

The Opera Ball was in full swing, the House crowded to the roof with dowagers, diamonds and debutantes.

Kay's party numbered six—herself, and Gene, Doctor Stafford and Bentley and Betty and Terry, the latter resident in a suit of tails that appeared to have been woven on him.

Kay was about to enter her box when Gene placed a detaining hand on her arm. "Look here Kay, we're probably the world's most frigid engaged couple." As her eyes went cold, he shifted on his feet uneasily. "That is, well, after all . . . your grandmother's set the engagement announcement for Christmas . . ."

Kay sighed. "Awfully white of you and Granny to let me in on it." Her voice rose a little. "You know it's been a growing source of wonder to me . . . this assumption of yours that whenever we happen to be around the City Hall, you can drop in and marry me." Gene jammed his hands into his pockets. "And I suppose it's that yardstick with no hips and baggy pants," he said sullenly.

Her smile was sweet. "If you mean the good-looking man with the non-

breaking trousers and the correct lapels you may be right."

He was in a gale of fury. "Well, suppose you take those correct lapels and open the ball with them."

Her mouth rounded into surprised pleasure. "Gene, you've had your idea for the week."

The first dance was over and Kay, still flushed and rosy from the romantic waltz with Terry, hastened to a small ante-room, in response to a summons from Doctor Stafford.

He addressed her without preliminary as soon as she appeared. "Kay, your father is in very serious financial trouble. It has nothing to do with Gage and Bentley. It's purely a matter of private speculation, \$400,000 worth to be exact. You understand that he can't borrow it openly and you also must realize what the attitude of your grandmother would be."

She nodded, listening attentively. "Isn't there anything we can do about it?"

The Doctor spread his hands helplessly. "I could think of only one way out . . . your contemplated marriage to Gene Piper. Some of the money from the marriage settlement could save him."

"We can still do it," Kay took him up quickly. "I'll go to Grandma. I'll tell her about Terry . . ."

Stafford cleared his throat. "Terrence O'Neill? Frankly Kay, what do you

think your grandmother will say?"

The impact of his words smote her between the eyes. Of course Grandmother Gage would never accept a penniless nobody like Terry. Her skin grew waxen and her mouth was a scarlet stain across her face.

"What did my father think of the idea?" she asked, through stiffened lips.

"He knew nothing of it until a few minutes ago."

"And now what does he think?" Stafford stared past her. "What do you think he thinks?" He felt a conscience stricken pang. If Bentley knew what he was doing, their lifelong friendship would be severed forever.

Kay held her head high, her body rigid. "I guess Grandma won't have to worry about having an O'Neill in the family," she said in a dead voice.

"Because of her father, Kay will have to give up the man she loves. But will Terry be disposed of this easily? How can Kay both save her father and have Terry? Don't miss next week's thrilling concluding installment.)"

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