

SERIAL STORY  
PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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**THE STORY:** Duane Hogan, star back of the Lincoln Field cadet football team, is "Franklin" Nancy Hale, much to the sorrow of Blythe Miller. Nancy, a soldier's young widow with a small son, was rescued by Duane from an auto wreck, and given a job and a place to live at the field. Neither Duane nor Nancy knows that 18-year-old Blythe is in love with Duane. So does her father, Pop Miller, the cadets' football coach. For he's just been visited by a downtown gambler who gives him \$5000, revealing that the cadets lose tomorrow's game with a crack college team.

INTERFERENCE

CHAPTER VIII

AN hour before practice time this Friday afternoon, Blythe Miller parked her bike outside the Lincoln gym and started around to Pop's office. She had agreed, when Nancy telephoned her, to help Pop while Nancy ran an errand downtown. She turned the corner of the building in time to see a man leave by the main door. The man was a stranger. He wore a derby, and an overcoat with collar turned up. He almost trotted out front, to a taxicab which had been waiting. He didn't see Blythe at all, and she walked on in.

When she entered Pop's office, though, something in the very atmosphere arrested her. "Golly, Pop, you look like Mussolini! Sitting there red-faced, with your lip all puffed out!" He didn't answer, but quickly he took a fat envelope from the desk top and stuck it in the middle drawer. Blythe noted, with fresh surprise, that his hand was trembling. His eyes avoided her. He began swearing a little, under his breath, and Blythe knew she was witnessing one of his extremely rare fits of anger.

He got up and left the room and she stared then at the desk drawer. It was where he kept a referee's whistle, a book of football rules, two stop watches, a timekeeper's pistol and boxes of blank shells, a few newspaper clippings and photos and such. Why had he hastily put a fat envelope in there? And why was he shaking?

Blythe had an impulse to open the drawer and explore. Instead, she opened it and pushed the envelope far back under the papers and photos there. She couldn't have said why—except that this was Pop's private office and this was Pop's business. Too many people liked to loaf in here. Over to one side was the typewriter desk used by Nancy Hale. "If my curiosity doesn't bust," Blythe murmured.

IT didn't, and she went on with her stenographic work. Or with Nancy's, until Nancy returned. Pop didn't come back in. Baby Scooter, who had been asleep upstairs, was brought down dressed in his own football suit, to report for practice in due form. He rode out on Duane Hogan's shoulder, with Link the puppy's rapping on his leash of shoestrings. Being a cocker, Link got a great workout just stumbling over his own ears.

Practice was spotty, as it frequently is on the day before a major game. Norman Dana, quarterback, would perform brilliantly for five minutes, then do something inexcusably dumb. The two ends developed bluffs; fingers, and all three cadets who played center began fumbling the ball. In short order the second team seemed better than the first. Scooter sat in Blythe's lap on the sidelines bench, and big Duane came over once and knelt beside them.

"Something's on Pop's mind, Bly," he spoke soberly. "You're telling me! And it seems to be catching."

"Fellers all have the pre-game jitters," he nodded. "Guess even Pop wants to win this one bad. Well—"

"Oh, Duane! Of course he does! But he—he was read about something. Bliting mad!" "Mmm? Well—well, by George, I feel awfully myself. Maybe I can hop the gang up for him tomorrow. Playing the old alma! I wanta show those new punks back there how it's done! By George, I will!"

He ran back to the field then, moving with infinite grace despite the 188 pounds of him. His muscles seemed to flow. Blythe watched him hungrily, lovingly, as he charged the subs for four straight first downs. She saw his punt soar 70 yards and cross the side line with amazing accuracy. Whatever jitters the others felt, big Duane was still solid, cool. And it was that way, too, on the morrow.

SATURDAY threw down a splash of rain, a dash of sleet, a two-inch spread of snow, then turned on the sun in 'r'l its glory. At 2 o'clock the stadium was full. At 2:30 the bands were silent and, shouting the loud speakers, "Duane Hogan, All-America fullback from the school which is his opponent this afternoon, is kicking off for the Lincoln Field cadets. Hogan is a Texas cowboy whose miracle runs and punts last season made him the nation's outstan—mumble,

mumble, mumble." It was like her stenographic work. Or with Nancy's, until Nancy returned. Pop didn't come back in. Baby Scooter, who had been asleep upstairs, was brought down dressed in his own football suit, to report for practice in due form. He rode out on Duane Hogan's shoulder, with Link the puppy's rapping on his leash of shoestrings. Being a cocker, Link got a great workout just stumbling over his own ears.

The 5000 Lincoln cadets saw Duane's kickoff shoot upward. The ball seemed to hover up there a moment like one of their own planes stalling, glided a few yards, then nose-dived down. When it crashed it was on the seven-yard line—and three Lincoln lads were all over it, to the Aggies' consternation.

But the Aggies fought out of that hole, and indeed kept fighting all afternoon. They knew about big Duane, and they knew about Norman Dana, his old rival from a rival school, State U. They gave both experts plenty of work to do. Pop Miller pranced nervously all the while. Between halves his talk was vehement. The score then stood 0 to 0.

"Lads, lads, you are like boys in grade school!" he chided. "I have taught you to drive, but you must drive with care! Don't overrun your interference. Don't let their ball carrier wreck your timing with a simple change of pace! Haven't I showed you how?"

They drank water, sucked oranges, tried to relax. They made solemn vows. They donned fresh socks. They went back with grim vim and vigor. And again the teams played stand-off ball—until late in the last quarter when Duane backed up to the far corner and himself caught a punt. Then before anyone quite realized it, he had charged through 10 Aggies and was outrunning the 11th in a race diagonally across the field.

On the Lincoln bench, Nancy, Blythe, Scooter and all the subs shrieked in excitement. Staff photographers and even a newswreel man leaped out. Big All-America Hogan was coming! Hell-bent, driving, and grinning happily withal, Link the puppy yapped in frenzy, snatching at his leash. Nancy Hale dropped it to hug Blythe in a wild dance. Scooter picked up the string. "Run, Hogan, run!" That was Pop's quite unnecessary coaching, shrieked as he too jumped up and around.

Then—in one dramatic instant—a near silence swept the whole bench, the whole stadium. One of those things that just don't happen—but do!—was happening there before 60-odd-thousand people!

Yapping wildly, and towing baby Scooter on his string, Link the puppy had dashed onto the field to greet Duane Hogan, the man both babies loved!

(To Be Continued)

NINE EASY RUGS



423 by Laura Wheeler

Everyone will be pleased with this pattern for there are nine different easy-to-make scatter rugs given—braided, woven, tufted, applied or pieced and you can use up odds and ends. Pattern 423 contains directions, charts, diagrams and necessary pattern pieces for 9 rugs; materials required. Send ELEVEN CENTS in coins for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS. (If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted.)

HAS TWO FALSE ALARMS

FORT WAYNE, Ind. (U.P.)—Wonder if the Allen county treasurer ever heard of the boy who cried wolf? Twice in one week false burglar alarms have gone off in the treasurer's office, once set off by janitors and once by a taxpayer who had come in to get a receipt.

GIVE LAST WAR'S CANNONS

HELENA, Mont. (U.P.)—Eight World War I cannons now adorning the front lawn of the State Capitol will have to go back into service for World War II. Gov. Sam C. Ford has announced they metal drive.

What You Buy With WAR BONDS

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This basic dress by Anne Adams, Pattern 4231, can be smartly varied by a change of accessories. Use clips, pins, necklaces, furs at the simple neck. Make both a velvet and a self-fabric belt. Inverted pleats give ease to the slim skirt.

Pattern 4231 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. Size 16 takes 3 yards 39 inch fabric and 3/4 yard 29 inch nap contrast.

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"ACCESSORY" DRESS



4231

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