

SERIAL STORY

WAR AND A WOMAN

BY BETTY WALLACE

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Yesterday Linda resolves not to betray Marcia's trust, manages to get away from her, but when Mrs. King mentions Marcia's romance, Jimmy's eyes ask a wordless question and Linda's reply.

CHAPTER IV

IT seemed to Linda that the world had receded, that Mrs. King's light words, innocently uttered in a bantering way, had been dynamite enough to explode every barrier she had tried to put between herself and Jimmy Cooper.

The moment was eternity. Then his eyes veered and dropped away. "We must be going," he said heavily. The moment splintered. It was like cold water in her face. She could be sane again.

But as they had promised Mrs. King they wouldn't be late for lunch, and as Marcia tucked in beside her in the car, leaving Jimmy to drive, Linda realized that this couldn't go on. She had been right when she said to Marcia, "I ought to go home." She would go home!

Later, after lunch, when she was alone with Marcia, she'd tell her. Even as the resolve crystallized she was aware that she couldn't go through with it without wounding Marcia. They had both said too much, this morning in her room. What about Marcia's mother? She'd think it odd. Inexcusable. To have come 2000 miles to attend this wedding, and then to turn around the next day and start back. It was sheer madness without an ironclad excuse.

A little wind ruffled her hair as they drove along, but did nothing to dispel the uncomfortable warmth of her face and the way her eyes were stinging.

Marcia touched her hand. "Look at the field, Linda. Just getting close to it does things to me. It's a thrill every time I drive in, and I know I've driven in thousands of times. Isn't it beautiful?" Her eyes said, plainly, that even one who disapproved must admit its beauty.

Yes, it was lovely. White buildings under the sun. White, well kept handkerchiefs of fields. The blue bay dimpling out there. But it wasn't beautiful if you remembered that from here boys graduated to battlefields.

THEY passed the sentry, and now Linda saw that there were hundreds and hundreds of planes lined up this morning. Wing tip to wing tip, a veritable army of ships. At the sea wall, a huge crane was lifting an amphibian out of the water. Linda remembered then that some Naval vessels were seagull flying fields. They could steam far out into the ocean, release their planes. . . . It meant that a Naval flyer had to be more than just a flyer. Jimmy must be tops in his line.

"The ones in khaki are the cadets," Marcia told her. "Those sailors are enlisted men. They're mechanics and so on. No use telling you all the ratings."

"I wouldn't remember," Linda said absently. At the other end of the field, a column of marching men was drilling.

Marcia grinned. "That's the new lot of cadets. All turned up because they weren't let loose in a plane first thing. Most of them can't see what good it does to learn to forward march first."

Jimmy said, "See that ship out there? The one that just came down?"

Linda watched as it taxied across the bay. "That looks awfully difficult," she said. Something more was expected of her, so she added, "Is that a student flying it?"

"One student, plus one instructor. He gets in a jam, and we're supposed to pull him out."

"Oh."

"They always do, too. Some of the dumbest ones have put the instructor in pretty tight spots, I can tell you. Once Jimmy had a kid who froze to the stick. Tell her about it, Jimmy." Marcia's attention was suddenly distracted by a tall boy striding across the field.

"Look, Jimmy, there's that Brooks boy. I meant to ask you, did he pass the checkoff?"

"He hasn't had it yet," Jimmy answered. "I see you're worried. Go on, little mother of the fleet, go over and hand out some of your softest soap. He's getting cockier and harder to handle every day. If he doesn't change, pretty quick, it'll be thumbs down."

"You're too hard on him! He was a good flyer before he ever came here. He told me how he barnstormed with fairs and things."

Really, Jimmy.

"You know better than that. We all them to learn anything they earned before. Flying at a carnival isn't exactly flying for the Navy."

Marcia made a face at him. She gazed to the boy and with a quick

"Excuse me" to Linda, she was running toward him.

JIMMY explained to Linda. "Sometimes the kids get the idea that the instructors don't like him. Conspiracy against 'em because, because—well, in this case—because he was a stunt flyer before he came here. Marcia's taken this kid under her wing and tried to straighten him out. But I'm afraid she's listened to his line too long. He's got her believing it, now. She's so darned quick with her sympathies. Every enlisted man on the base who wants to get to her father has learned that telling it to Marcia first is a great idea, if he can do it."

Marcia and the cadet were smiling at each other. The boy wiggled his hands and Jimmy, watching, grunted. "There he goes, giving her the low down on the latest, from his angle. That business you're looking at—like this—he, too, flapped his hands—that's flying in miniature, see?"

He grinned. His grin did something to Linda. She murmured, "I don't quite understand all of this."

"It's easy. About this kid—the Navy doesn't want stunt flyers. All we want is an efficient, competent, clear-headed pilot who can take orders. We don't even want heroes. Dependability is the thing. Consistent, uniform performance. But this kid's got a grandstand complex. Likes to take reckless chances and tell himself what a great guy he is. One of these days he'll kill himself and wreck an expensive Navy ship. That is, if he passes his checkoff."

And then he was looking down at her with terrible directness. "You aren't listening. You aren't thinking about that any more than I am. Linda, was I wrong, last night? Did I only imagine it or—did you feel it, too?"

She did not pretend to mis-

derstand him. The sincerity in his eyes was too real, and the trembling which shook her whole body told her that there was no use in pretending, anyway. "We mustn't even think about it. You're going to marry Marcia, and I'm going some. Today."

"Who's going home?" trumpeted Marcia's voice behind her. She had been running, as usual. It was clear she had heard no more than that. "Linda, have you started on that record again? I'm going to tell Jimmy what's eating you!"

(To Be Continued)

Champ Chicken
—In Production

Proud of new title as world champion egg layer, "Scrappy," White Leghorn owned by Walter Chamberlain of Kirkwood, N. J., was crowned at Poultry Congress in Cleveland, O. The statistics: 376 eggs from October, 1937, to October 1938.

FLAPPER FANNY

COPY, 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Sylvia



"Dora, sometime I want you to give me the recipe for that marvelous cake I always make when Mr. Jim comes to dinner."

THE GENTLE DOVE

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured dove or —

7 It is used as a — of messages (pl.)

13 Having dormer windows.

15 Shield wreath.

16 Genus of suks

17 To be sick.

18 Manufacturing.

20 Guided.

21 Plunderers.

23 Ell.

24 Transposed.

25 Public auto.

26 Low male voice.

27 Turkish commander.

28 Brooch.

29 Without.

30 Ripened ovule.

31 Part of eye.

33 Not speaking.

34 Evergreen tree.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GRACE ABBOTT

NAVE VIOLA

UNARMED DIM

ION LO

MESSAGE BOW

ENTE EAGER PIP

MOO SOL COR

BAIL MEALS DEF

ESCAPES SEDILIA

R RIA SON N

SALIENT VERDANT

SEN TRAIL EMU

CHIEF IMMIGRANT

35 Feline animal.

36 Metal string.

37 Is a guest.

38 Neuter pronoun.

39 Pest.

40 Sesame.

41 Vehicle.

42 To hurl.

43 Crazy.

44 Anything steeped.

45 To make lace.

46 Gibbon.

47 Mister.

48 Pronoun.

12 To revoke.

14 River.

16 Its young are immature or —

18 Hodgepodge.

19 Grassy places in the woods.

21 Solar orb.

22 Alley.

25 Twice.

27 Pertaining to all.

28 Cavity.

29 Certain.

30 Sister.

32 Animal pest.

33 Money factory.

34 Strainer.

36 Cautious.

37 Force.

39 Member of an African tribe.

40 Spigot.

41 Fuel.

42 Heavy string.

44 Indian.

45 Capuchin monkey.

46 Bellows.

47 Annoys.

48 Found.

49 Pronoun.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



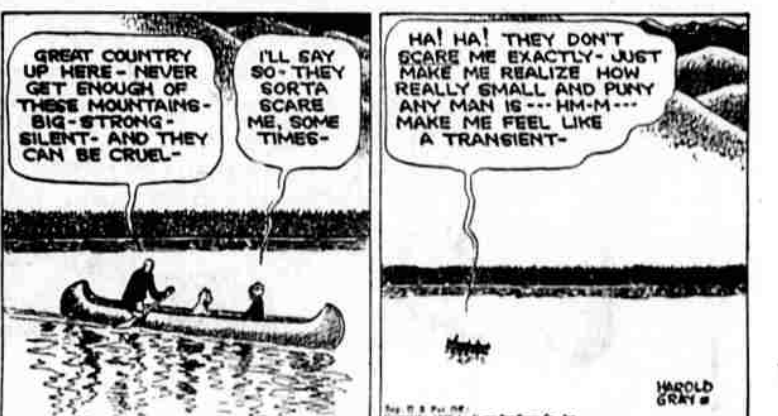
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



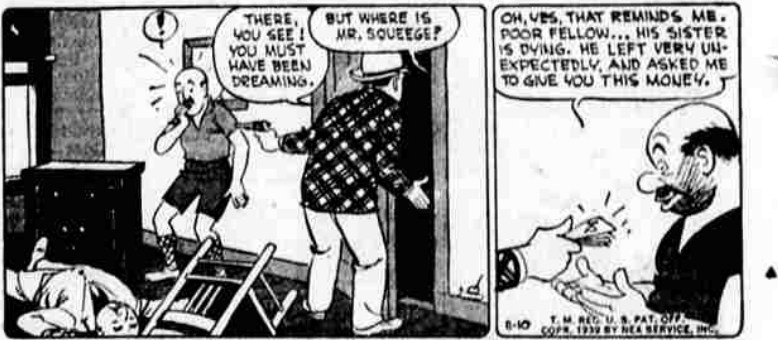
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

