

SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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YESTERDAY, Sue Mary recalls her happy, exciting day, meeting Nick and the girls, talking to interesting new people. They had seemed only interested when she told them that the firm she works for handled government contracts. But she had not seen Natalie and Vera whispering behind her. Nick invites her to a studio party.

ADVENTURE FOR SUE MARY

CHAPTER IV

AND so the dream had continued. Sue Mary knew she should go to bed, stop reliving the time that had passed so swiftly, and yet she hesitated; going over those hours after she had left the art exhibit for Natalie's studio party.

She seemed accepted completely. No one made her feel a stranger. No one seemed to think it odd that she merely sat and listened; listened and stared at the crowded room that Natalie called her studio. Walls covered with pictures: oils, watercolors, lithographs; easels and canvas stacked in corners; brushes in tall jars; books stacked under tables, and records and magazines spilling from a cabinet, beside the low couch that served as a bed!

It was all confused, rather fascinating and yet annoying to one who, like Sue Mary, had a passion for cleanliness and order. Even while her eyes widened in wonder and she burst into laughter at the sight of the red and green tin tub in the old-fashioned bathroom, she had an almost overpowering desire to pick up a bar of soap and scour the grimy gray ring away from the sides.

Careless, casual, a take-what-life-gives attitude. And the people fitted the picture so completely.

They were nearly all young; many with the colorful personalities that went with their foreign-sounding names. And yet there had been some who reminded Sue Mary of the boys and girls with whom she had gone to school.

Only they all talked as though driven by an urge to remake the world. Right now they were considering a mass meeting to be staged by the Youth Progress group.

"We mean to have our own candidates at this election," Vera turned to Sue Mary when the others were arguing loudly.

"We're the new generation, and we mean to have a voice in the government. The working class must be represented. The laboring man and woman must show strength—"

SHE could feel herself flush with the knowledge of her own stupidity. If only she could say something and not sit silently while the others tossed ideas about with the ease of thinkers. "But—but workers are represented," she said finally. "There are unions."

"But in how many unions does the worker really have a voice?" Vera demanded with her brown eyes flashing and her red mouth twisting into a smile. "We need people in city and federal offices who are free; not owned by money interests."

"In Russia, for instance, the people run the country. You don't have any big-moneyed groups dictating how the laws shall be interpreted."

"Russia—" Sue Mary echoed feebly. "But Russia—that place," she groaned for words, but before she could find them Vera had gone off with someone else.

IT still bothered her. Remembering that was the dark spot in the evening. She opened the window and climbed into bed. Tomorrow she must go to work. Tomorrow she would get up early and start back on the familiar routine at the office. Today there had been a thrill just in being with young people; with those who had the crusader's drive and fire.

It was fun just to be with people who talked, and laughed, and sang. Fun to be with someone like Nick, who was sardonic, glum, hilarious, tender, and dominating all in a few short hours.

There was something different about Nick. Sometimes he was just a boy, having a good time. Then in a flash, he became the ardent politician, championing his cause. He was a crusader, then, preaching a new doctrine.

He could be angry, lash out at those who disagreed with his views. In the next moment, he would be back beside Sue Mary, his temper cooled instantly, laughing with her, promising more gay hours together.

And she knew, he liked her. She didn't think he was impatient with her because she found all this new and strange—like a foreign language.

A few nights later, when she had a date with Joe, she found it difficult to explain that day. "It was the first free one I've had that didn't nearly bore me to death," she told him. "These people are interesting people, Joe. Not just the dull kind that spend the evening at someone's house playing bridge, or going to a neighborhood movie."

"And they talk about so many things; about new plays, and pic-

ture, and politics and labor. Why, they read all the way through their newspapers. Not just the big story on the front page, and the comics and society sheets. And they read papers I never heard of. Papers about working people and social problems, and—stuff."

Yes, it had been a bit difficult to put in words the feelings she had experienced. Joe had looked a bit dazed and then troubled, and that hadn't helped her.

He shook his head. "Crackpots," he had muttered. "There were some like that in college. Always waving a flag for some cause or other. Campus trouble-makers who wore dirty shirts and yelled a lot, but never really worked. I don't like 'em."

"Anyway, I don't see why you want to bother your head about such stuff. You've got a good job, and you've—well, you've got me. We have fun, don't we?"

THEY might have quarreled, because his attitude made Sue Mary feel that he didn't think her capable of serious thinking. Yet his obvious desire to do things for her brought a warmth into her heart. His bigness, and his helplessness when he tried to put his emotion into words always did that to her.

And when, before going to the Italian restaurant for the spaghetti special, he shoved her into a florist's shop and bought a gardenia to pin on her soft fur collar, she had to swallow hard to keep from choking on the words of thanks.

In the darkened movie, with Joe's big, hard shoulder against hers, and his hand closed over her own, life seemed very com-

plete. Perhaps, in not too long a time, they could get married.

Maybe that was all that mattered, anyway. A home with someone you loved. Security and happiness together.

Crusades and political campaigns, art exhibits and the studio crowd were far removed from them. They belonged to a strange world whose fringes she had merely brushed.

(To Be Continued)



BLUEBLOOD—Quite like a little American girl in her dress and shoes is Princess Alexandra, daughter of the British duke of Kent. A charming lass, she'll be four on Christmas Day.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



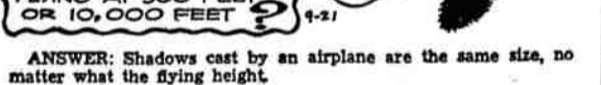
DEATH VALLEY, IN CALIFORNIA, IS THE HOTTEST AREA ON EARTH!



WE HAVE NO ACTUAL KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN LANGUAGES EARLIER THAN ABOUT 4,000 B.C.



ANSWER: Shadows cast by an airplane are the same size, no matter what the flying height.



ANSWER: Shadows cast by an airplane are the same size, no matter what the flying height.

SONG WRITER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words related to songwriting and music.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for words related to music and songwriting.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



HARPOON AND ARROWS

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP

