

SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

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YESTERDAY: Sue Mary's new friends introduce her to a new world of politics and activity. They are members of a Youth Progress group, have a candidate for election. They preach a strange doctrine. With Joe, in a movie, crusades and politics seem far removed.

WORKING FOR THE PARTY

CHAPTER V

HALF-HEARTEDLY Sue Mary thought perhaps Joe was right. Maybe it was only a stupid loneliness that had made her first impression of Nick, and Vera and Natalie and their crowd so exciting and vivid.

Maybe they were, as he said, "crackpots." Perhaps she shouldn't go ahead as she had thought of doing. Perhaps it would be sensible to stay with the kind of people she had known all her life, and not get involved with these strange creatures, whose thoughts always left her confused and bewildered, but strangely exhilarated.

But Tuesday morning—the start of another free day—found her answering the phone. It was Vera calling.

"I'm taking you to your word," she said. "I know you haven't a thing to do today, and we need help. Come on over and help me straighten out the mess at the office. There are stacks of things to file, and piles of papers to type. And lots of people you'll like to know."

AND so Sue Mary went to the office. It was hardly that, in the sense that Sue Mary considered offices. It was a dreary room in an old building that also housed a hall the Youth Progress group used for meetings.

"You see," Vera explained patiently, as though to a child, "we may be young, but we know what we want and we have some intelligent men and women helping us. We want some people on the ballot who stand for our principles. There are too many stuffed-shirt politicians, too many capitalists, too many blind, unsympathetic people trying to run this country. The workers are going to get their chance here."

"Look what's happened in Europe because of the money grabbers. They've kept the common worker ground down for centuries and it's only now that they are being liberated."

"Well, over here in the grand little old U. S. A., we have a chance to vote and run the country and we're going to have our voice. Fred King is running for governor in the primaries. Maybe that seems unimportant in the whole country, but if every group does its job well, we'll have the right men in the key posts all over the nation."

"Right now our job is to help Fritz get the votes around here. And now, how about typing copies of this letter?"

SUE MARY typed and thought. Anyone who could talk with the ease and assurance that Vera used left Sue Mary helpless.

Politics—that strange word that one associated with headlines and newspaper stories—also left her helpless. Yet she felt that it was a weakness on her part not to know and be interested in the affairs of her country.

As a little girl, she had listened to her grandmother tell about the "old days." About coming out west from New York state in a covered wagon, after her own father had believed the east too crowded for a man with a growing family; of seeing Indians asleep before the fireplace in the cabin on a cold night; of hearing her father talk about Abe Lincoln, and of watching him go off to war while her mother wept.

The stories had been endless, making Sue Mary's history lessons later on more than dull pages in books. Her own family had a part in making that history, and a surge of pride had flowed through her. But in growing up she had forgotten that pride until now, when she was conscious of her duty to take a part in the life of her country.

A funny way to spend a day off, Sue Mary told herself hours later, when she was back typing again after a breathing spell. The gang had stopped work for cigarettes and talk.

Talk went on about her in a swiftly moving stream. Talk that made the idle chatter at her own office already seem childish and trifling.

There, a new hairdress, a new frock, an evening's date, a new movie were subjects of tremendous importance in the day's routine. The arrival of young Ross Clark, Jr., the son of old M. Ross Clark himself, would throw the entire feminine staff into a dither.

Young Clark, tall, blond, a Harvard graduate and a new partner in the firm, came to the office on rare occasions. He would dash in wearing polo clothes, an old coat thrown casually over his broad shoulders, a few papers in his hand to give to Miss Grant, with a hurried plea, "You know what to do with these. I got to get out to the club for practice—"

And away he would go.

But from then on Kitty would stare into space with that pre-occupied expression in her green eyes, and Babs would smile knowingly and whisper to Sue Mary, "Kitty just can't bear to have a handsome, eligible guy pass her

by like that. I wonder if she ever will make the grade."

Once those things had been enough to lift the dull smug out of the dull routine, but now, typing copies of the campaign letter, her thoughts struggled for expression. Around her moved these competent, knowing boys and girls working with a purposefulness that left her bewildered. Others came and went and the conversations changed with them.

SOME were upset because there was to be a cut on welfare. "They can't do that," someone was shouting to Vera. "They can't cut off their measly little handouts and expect the people to tighten their belts and grin. Why, that family's been on relief for three years—"

"Well, if that contract isn't signed in a month, you can bet we'll be out on the picket line again." Another voice rose above the noise.

And then Nick arrived. He saw her as he entered and his eyes lighted. He came directly to her; past Vera, past the other girls who stopped work for a second to smile.

"I knew you'd come, but still it's nice to actually see you here with us." That barely perceptible accent did something to his voice. He sat on the desk and read the letters she had typed. He ran his fingers through his black hair in a gesture she had already come to associate with him.

"You haven't loafed, either, little comrade. For a first day's

work I'd say you've done right well. And for a good worker there is always recreation. How about going to a concert tonight? Good music and me. That should be pretty good, huh?"

"I'd love to go," she hesitated, feeling her cheeks flush. "Only—only like everything else, I don't know much about music."

"I'll teach you. There's lots to teach you, and I think I'll like it because you're going to be the ideal pupil."

(To Be Continued)



The American Cosmetics Association evidently think that pretty Wilma Hall, above, 24-year-old Chicago beauty shop operator, practices what she preaches. They chose her "Glamour Girl of 1941" at their recent National Association Convention at Chicago.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IN THE U.S.A., WINTER, WOMEN'S CLOTHING AVERAGES ABOUT 2.6 LBS.

MEN'S CLOTHING WEIGHS ABOUT 8.3 POUNDS.

WHERE WOULD YOU GO TO SHOOT ROCK DOVES?

THE WEST INDIES ISLANDS ARE THE PEAKS OF A SUBMERGED MOUNTAIN RANGE.

ANSWER: Rock doves, unlike clay pigeons, are real birds. They haunt the rocky coasts of Europe, and are the parent stock of our domestic pigeons.

RUMINANT ANIMAL

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured ruminant.

3 Fine breed of this animal.

10 Proverb.

11 Enthusiasm.

12 Lively song.

14 Fine mud in a river.

18 Drunkard.

16 To fare.

17 To sink.

19 Musical note.

20 Plural (abbr.).

21 Measure for cloth.

23 Behold.

24 Withdrawal.

30 Black.

32 Oily ketone.

33 To hold with tongs.

35 Male of this animal.

36 Covetousness.

38 Pedal digit.

39 Go on (music).

40 Monkey.

41 Label.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

14 Songs for one voice.

15 Overseer.

16 To discover.

18 Writing tool.

22 Quantity.

24 Monastic title.

25 To dwell.

26 God of war.

27 It inhabits climates.

28 Cuckoo.

29 Negative.

31 Its cry.

34 At this time.

35 Ready.

37 To gnaw.

40 To ascend.

42 Grumbling sound.

44 Amidst.

45 Striped cloth.

46 Beer.

48 Heathen god.

50 Adam's mate.

51 Branch.

52 Unit of work.

54 Female deer.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

