● SERIAL STORY

This Could Be Your Story

BY MARGUERITE GAHAGAN

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YESTERDAY: Joe begs Sue Mary to give up her job and new friends, settle down and marry him. But she isn't ready for marriage. When Natalie suggests that they share an apartment, Sue Mary is moving in before she knows it. And she likes keeping house.

SUE MARY HEARS TOO MUCH

CHAPTER XIII

LIFE in the new apartment settled down. Sue Mary hadn't told Joe yet. For some reason she had put it off, trying to build up her reasons for making the change. He came back from his vacation and so she had to face the issue.

"I simply couldn't stand that hall bedroom any longer," she told him while he listened, his face an expressionless blank. "After all, I spend so much time with Natalie down at the hall, and I work with Vera, who is Natalie's best friend—"

"And you go around with Nick, who is the fourth in the quartet," Joe added quietly.

She flushed. "He's a friend of mine, of course. They all are.

"And I'm tired of hearing you say that they are Reds. If you knew how silly that sounds. Just because they paint, and write, and are interested in politics you make them sound crazy. Good heavens, they aren't any more Red than I am—or you are. Why, the party paper is always warning against losing our American freedom; telling us how some groups are trying to control the press, the radio, kill freedom of speech, outlaw the right to unionize.

"The YP group is truly American, Joe. Just because they aren't blind to the mistakes being made here, and because they see the good in some other forms of government, you—and others who don't know the Youth Progress platform—say it's Red, or it's Nazi. How silly—"

"You're learning the lesson," Joe said.

He was taking her to a ball game and he wore his team uniform. Joe was a member of the plant nine, and today two of the departments were playing a sandlot game.

Sue Mary sat on the grass with wives and children watching the game. She couldn't let Joe know just how much he upset her when he criticized the YP group. He was so big, so strong, so level-headed, that each time he said such things she was overcome with doubts.

He and these boys and men were Americans, too. That was what confused her. How could two such groups, both American, have such entirely different standards?

All she had to fall back on was the lessons that Vera and Nick and Natalie had taught her. These people were workers, blinded, under-privileged, downtrodden, stupid. They had to be helped since they didn't know how to help themselves.

Around her welled the traditional American baseball spirit. "Hit the old horsehide," yelled little Tommy Slovack. "Strike 'im out! Kill the umpire!" screamed good-natured Mrs. Mahoney.

It was like being back in a remote but familiarly dear past. Like high school days in Springville, where no one thought of saving the workers, or safeguarding American ideals from warmongers, munitions makers, capitalists. Where everyone knew his neighbor and went to the polls to vote for the candidate because he was a man they had all known for years and years, and because he was honest.

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IT was in that mood that she left Joe that evening and went back to the apartment. She felt clean and healthy with the wind and the sun lingering in her hair and on her face, and the voice of the fans ringing in her ears. Sitting there on the grass after the game, eating some of the peanut butter sandwiches Mrs. Mahoney had insisted she share, and drinking beer that Joe had brought along, she had captured again that feeling of family unity, of safety.

She climbed the stairs to the apartment. The door was open so the cross-ventilation could cool off the room and Sue Mary heard Vera and Natalie talking.

Suddenly she wished she was back in her old room. Back where she knew no one, but where she could have privacy, where she could settle these doubts, these conflicting ideas alone.

"Well, I'm not worried. And I'm not going to let you get me started." Vera's voice came to Sue Mary against the background of music from the radio. "He's no more serious with her than I am with that fool Ross Clark, Jr.

"Of course I'll use him. I'll find out everything I can. That was the plan in the beginning: I mean in going to that office to work.

And it's fortunate that he's simple enough to be interested in me. I don't know how much good he'll do, but we must consider every angle. I'll pump him, and do as much undercover investigating as I can without tipping my hand.

"And as for Nick—well, I know he's doing the same thing. It's not serious."

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SUE MARY leaned back against the wall. Her mind refused to function. It seemed that she had listened to those voices from a long distance. But they were real. They were the voices of girls she knew, worked with, called her friends.

"You may be able to handle your work. I don't doubt but that you can play this Clark guy for all he's worth." Natalie's voice was amused. Then it sobered.

"But remember this. Nick is a man with emotions, with a heart, and I tell you he's not doing all this just because of the work. I've watched his face when he's not conscious of anything but her. When she's there, he goes into a fog. Maybe he's tired of our sort. Maybe he's had too much feminine intelligence and wants a little old-fashioned feminine love."

The radio played on and the voices stopped for a while. Sue Mary tried to get her thoughts in order, but her mind was as helpless as her body. She knew she couldn't have moved if anyone came along.

"She's pretty, I suppose you've noticed that," Natalie said at last. "A man would notice it long before you would. And rather helpless. I've seen him react to that. Nick always has wanted to be needed, and this is a natural."

"Old-fashioned feminine love," Vera repeated softly. "Well, that's what he'd get. She's a child. A perfect child; as naive as they come. A typical American office girl impressed with our talk, with what we are doing, gullible and pretty. Nick sees that.

"She offered us an in at the office and any one of us would have enough sense to take it. The way things are now with war orders, defense appropriations, and national hysteria, you can't tell me but that these big guys aren't making money hand over fist. It would help the party to uncover a little dirty work between the politicians and our big business men. It would mean our candidate would walk in office.

"That's why I'm in this campaign. That's why Nick's in it, and for heaven's sake try not to worry me about his falling in love with that little innocent."

(To Be Continued)

Johnson Coined Phrase

According to Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Samuel Johnson coined the expression, "Hell is paved with good intentions." George Herbert is credited with "Hell is full of good meanings and wishes."

Limited Diet

The natives of Petra, ruined city of Trans-Jordan, eat only twice weekly. The city's population of 100 live in the tombs of their ancestors, who lived before the Christian era.

Not Paid Yet

The chain of office worn by the mayor of Middleborough, England, although bought more than 50 years ago, is not yet paid for. Only $885 of the original price of $1250 has been paid.

Between 1915 and 1930, 750,000 more boys than girls were born and 1,175,687 more men than women died, in the United States.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Washington crossed the Delaware, Burbank crossed plants, Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic, and Lord Byron crossed the Bosphorus, or Hellespont.

MAP PUZZLE

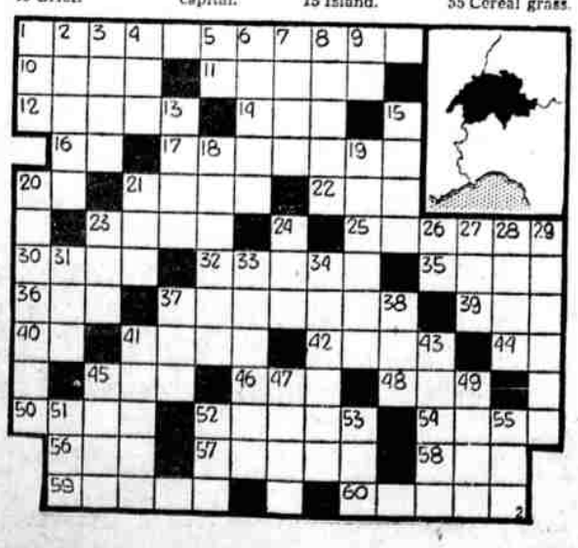
HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured is the mountainous land of ——.
10 Bird of prey.
11 Suspicious.
12 Wearied.
14 To impregnate with gas.
16 Compass point (abbr.).
17 Causes.
20 Court (abbr.).
21 Filly.
22 Nothing.
23 The mountains in this land.
25 To annoy.
30 Fleet of ships.
32 Bulb flower.
35 To roam.
36 Bond.
37 Complained.
39 Affirmative.
40 Alleged force.
41 Instrument.
42 Street car.
44 Nay.
45 Light carriage.
46 Sooner than.
48 Grief.
50 Spread of an arch.
52 Stigma.
54 Sour.
56 Ancient.
57 Apart.
58 Resembling ore.
59 It is an important producer of —— products.
60 —— is its capital.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Coterie.
2 Carpus.
3 In reality.
4 Golf device.
5 Ell.
6 Royal.
7 Pastures.
8 Malicious burning.
9 New York (abbr.).
13 To let fall.
15 Island.
18 Spring festival
19 Lobster claw.
20 This land is a confederation of ——.
21 To soar.
23 Farewell!
24 Biblical priest.
26 Senior (abbr.)
27 Plaything.
28 Opposed to odd.
29 It is a famous land of winter ——s.
31 To assist.
33 Gaiters.
34 To mean.
37 Tatter.
38 Simpleton.
41 Indian vernacular.
43 Engine.
45 Festival.
47 Bar.
49 To merit.
51 Seed bag.
52 Chestnut-colored.
53 Debutante.
55 Cereal grass.



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

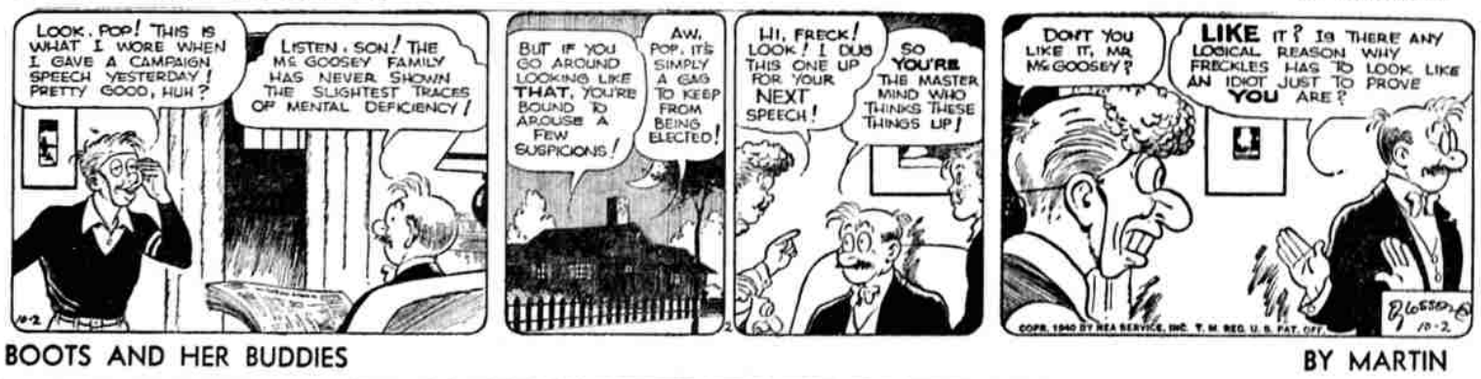
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN

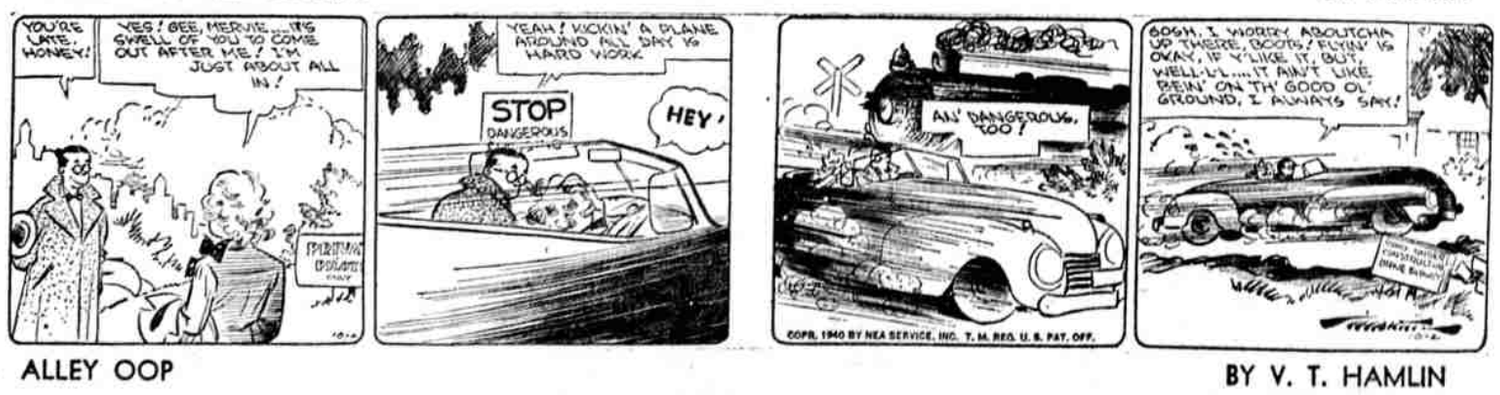
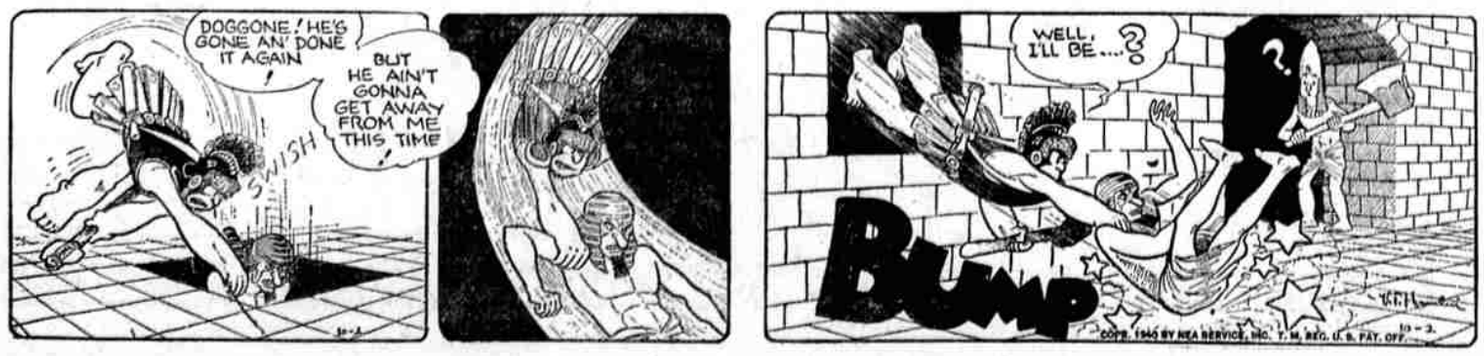
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN



ALLEY OOP BY V. T. HAMLIN