

SERIAL STORY

GOAL TO GO

BY W. H. PEARS

Copyright, 1940, NEA Service, Inc.

YESTERDAY: Peskin sees Bill, Helen... Bill questioned Dot about Buck's chances with the school board...

CHAPTER VIII

HELEN and Bill moved down the winding Skelton driveway, their footsteps whispering in the dead leaves...

Bill said disconsolately, "Well, I guess that makes me the year's prize sap—falling for a line like Dot's." He paused, fumbling for Helen's hand...

"Don't blame yourself, Bill. You were doing it for Buck." "It was a lousy trick," Bill said. "And it just isn't the way to tackle a problem. You've got to hit 'em head on."

"It's late," Helen said as Bill's footsteps slowed. "We ought to be getting home." "Not yet," Bill pleaded. "I—I've got to talk over some things..."

"I don't really want to go home, Bill," she admitted. "I never do when I'm with you." "I feel the same way. It's like I told you once, Helen. A fellow can believe impossible stuff when you talk to him. Gee, I haven't seen you in a long time and..."

"You heard what Mr. Skelton said?" "I know, Bill, but he doesn't have the whole say." "He's president, isn't he? He and Peskin run the board."

Helen wrinkled her brow. "But who runs Mr. Skelton and Mr. Peskin, Bill?" Bill shook his head. "I don't get you."

"Shame!" Helen laughed. "You've been sleeping in political science class. It's the people, Bill."

Helen Offers a Plan To Force the Board To Listen to Buck

"Like your father and my brother. The board only works for them. If the people say 'We want Buck Mentor,' then the board has to give in. That's democracy."

"Hm." Bill was doubtful. "How are you going to get the people to yell for Buck?" "A free press," Helen said proudly, then giggled. "Say, I sound like the Bill of Rights, don't I? But it's true, Bill. The Clarion's pretty wonderful when you come right down to it. It fought against a bum coach, and it can help hire a good one."

"Pat Hurly!" Bill exclaimed. "Remember the remark he made about Buck at the stadium that night?" "Do you suppose you could see him, Bill?"

"You bet I can try, Helen! I'll cut the city in the morning and go out to the Clarion." Helen was excited. "We'll get Drowsy to talk to the squad and get them to work on their parents!"

"Oh, boy," Bill grinned. "The people speak... we hope!" "BILL, I almost forgot to tell you. Buck's been taking pictures of West's games. Well, I mean he showed us how Drowsy took some and I shot a few. They're good, Bill. They show everything Landis has been doing wrong."

"I wonder why Buck did that?" "He said he wanted to try out the camera, but I think he hoped..."

"That's it!" Bill shouted. "He thought he might get a chance to show them to the squad." They had retraced their steps as they talked and were passing the drug store. Peskin had gone and the place was in darkness. A coupe stood at the curb, motor idling.

"Look, Bill," Helen whispered. "Isn't that someone trying the door of the drug store?" The man turned, saw them. "Guess the place's closed up," he muttered, then jumped into the car and was gone.

"Funny," Bill said. "Anyone could see that the store was closed. What do you suppose he was looking for?" "Did you notice that he was stuffing something in his pocket? It looked like a burlap sack."

"The sack bandit!" Bill shook his head. "He always pulls his hold-ups when there's someone around to hand over the cash."

"Maybe that's why he was staring in—to see if Mr. Peskin was still there."

"Maybe," Bill said. "But what's the difference? We've got more important things on our mind."

THEY talked eagerly of their plans until they were nearly home, then Bill said, "Helen, how much chance do you think we have of putting this over?" "Why, Bill?"

"Well, I've got to decide something pretty important. Today old Peskin fired me for socking Bulthead."

"Bill, that's a shame! What are you going to do?" "The worst of it is, Buck wants to take a job in the east." He showed her the letter and explained its contents. "If I mail this, we might as well give up our idea. Once Buck's given his word..."

Helen stopped in front of a mailbox. "We'd better decide before we go any further, Bill. Didn't you tell me once that an operation might cure Buck?" Bill nodded. "If he keeps quiet, stays in his chair until it's time."

"But if he drives a car and calls on prospects..." Bill Mentor stared down at the sidewalk, swallowed hard. "Yep. That's how it is, Helen."

"Don't do it, Bill!" Helen's voice was sharp. "If you drop that letter in the box, you'll never forgive yourself."

"But, Helen, suppose I don't get another job? Suppose this plan of ours fizzles? Neither Buck nor I will have a job."

Helen caught Bill's jacket, shook him hard. "You'll get by, Bill. Don't you see? Anything's better than having Buck lose his legs forever. You can't let him accept the job. He's only doing it for you, Bill."

He had never deliberately gone against Buck's wishes. He had always accepted the older man's judgment as final. Suppose he didn't mail the letter and they had to accept help? Charity! Bill shuddered. Buck would hate that...

"Helen," he said tensely, "I've just got to mail it. I can't go against Buck. He'll ask me and I can't lie to him." Helen said, "Bill, you can't put him in that chair for life. He's too grand." Bill's fingers tightened around the letter, crushing it into a tight ball. He stuffed it into his jacket. "I—I can't mail it, Helen," he said in a choked voice. (To Be Continued)



RISKY—The hazards of his occupation—he's one of nation's best test pilots—hasn't blunted the feeling of H. Lloyd Child (above) has for planes He's alongside a Curtiss Hawk 81-A pursuit ship being built at Buffalo for England.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



AT NORTON SOUND, NEAR NOME, ALASKA, GOLD IS MINED THROUGH THE ICE, A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM SHORE.

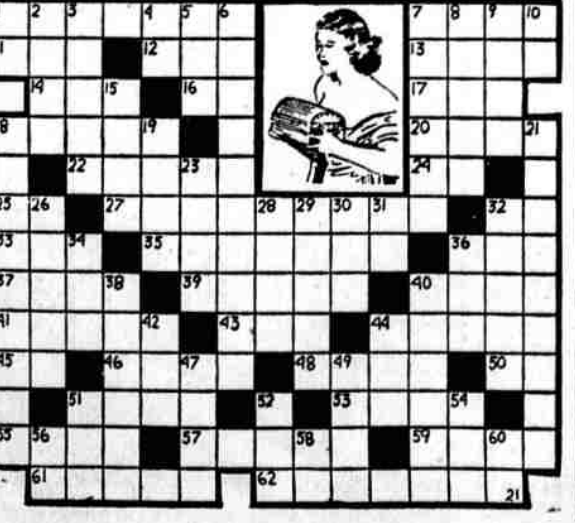


IF YOU HAVE MORE DIFFICULTY THAN OTHER PERSONS IN SEEING AT NIGHT, YOU PROBABLY ARE LACKING IN VITAMIN 'A'. ANSWER: Zero.

INQUISITIVE CREATURE

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Inquisitive woman of the Greek Myths. 7 Bow. 11 Striped cloth. 12 Distant. 13 — gave her a closed box. 14 Flour box. 16 S. 1416. 17 Little devil. 18 Turned pale. 20 Flat plate. 22 Fat. 24 And. 25 El. 27 Blotches. 28 Hour (abbr.). 33 Vigor. 35 Additional performances. 36 Capuchin monkey. 37 Always. 39 Genus of slugs. 40 Finch. 41 Stair post. 43 High mountain. 44 Grows dim.

VERTICAL 1 Parent. 2 Father. 3 Brads. 4 Preposition. 5 Knock. 6 Person of rank. 7 Hydrozoates. 8 To send money. 9 Bone. 10 Bone. 15 Gains. 18 Precluded. 19 To drug. 21 — made her open the forbidden box. 23 Arm bone. 26 Glandular organ. 28 Work. 29 Harvest. 30 Female fowl. 31 Corpse. 32 Seraglio. 34 Cage for hawks. 36 Grass. 38 To improve. 40 Reckless. 42 Gibbon. 44 Sable. 47 To numb. 49 Powder ingredient. 51 Feudal fee. 52 Billiard rod. 54 To hurry. 56 Sound of surprise. 58 White. 60 Road (abbr.).



OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



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

