

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: Paul demands a showdown, calmly analyzes the situation, denies that he is in love with Martha. He is only doing what Bill asked him to do—look out for Bill's wife. As Martha spends toward camp, she realizes that this is the best solution, a gradual break with Paul. Tomorrow she will be with Bill, where she belongs.

PRIVATE MARSHALL, U. S. A.

CHAPTER XI

THE little watch on Martha Marshall's wrist—Bill had given her this watch—showed 10:30 when she noted the shining new coupe into the recently improved side road which led to Camp MacAllister. A khaki truck with white U. S. A. lettering on its body and a grinning soldier at the wheel slowed down to let her pass. Ahead, a long line of traffic flowed toward the camp.

"Visiting day," she thought. How many wives, how many sweethearts, had looked forward to this Sunday as eagerly as she? Butch, on the seat beside her, was wriggling ecstatically. As if he knew he was to see Bill.

At the sentry hut, two soldiers were on duty, asking questions of the people in the cars. They did not keep them long, and Martha allowed to a crawl instead of stopping.

But before the soldier had time to open his mouth, someone behind him rushed forward. A voice cried, joyously, "Martha! Martha!"

Bill, unfamiliar in olive drab, his eyes startlingly blue in a newly tanned face, leaped on the running board and thrust his head through the open window. "Darling, I've been hanging around here practically since reveille!"

"Oh, Bill!"

HER arms were reaching for him. She clung tightly, in a sudden rush of emotion that surprised her. As if she hadn't seen him for years! As if an ocean had separated them, instead of 100 miles.

Butch began to bark. High, delighted yelps. His tall, dumpled upholder and he climbed over Martha's lap to get to his master.

"Save it, soldier!" grinned the sentry. "You're blocking traffic." Bill said, "Don't get gay. This lady's my wife."

"Oh, Bill!" Martha was laughing weakly. "It's so good to see you. I've missed you so."

"I've missed you, too. And Butch, look at the darned dog, he can't stand still!"

The sentry's raucous voice began again, and Martha reluctantly withdrew her arms from around her husband's neck. "Here, I'll move over. You drive, darling."

"It was swell of Paul to lend you his car," he said, as they turned into the camp's main street. With a grin, he added, "I'd almost forgotten the top-of-the-world feeling driving a car gives a man. In this dump, we buck privateers scramble out of the road, fast as the general's car flies by. See what I mean?"

Martha cuddled against him, her fingers on his arm. "It's so wonderful to be together again." "Feel any new muscles?" he teased. "They're hell bent on making a man out of your Bill."

"Do your feet still hurt?" she giggled. "I brought you new socks."

"I looked it up in the Soldier's Manual—what you do for sore feet, I mean. It says sore feet are due to ignorance."

"You're making it up!"

"There's a lot of queer doings in this man's army. Stuff civilians never think of. Like Saturday inspection, and saluting every time you pass an officer, if you pass him three thousand times a day. I hardly ever forget to salute."

He sounded quite proud of himself.

Martha looked about with interest as they drove on. "It's a regular street," she murmured. "I didn't think camp would be quite like this."

There were long, low white buildings, which Bill explained were the administration buildings, the canteen, and so on. "Those houses over there are officers' quarters. We call it Officers' Row."

what we're supposed to do with visitors."

"What are the shacks like?" "See them, over there? Just wooden buildings, quickly constructed, if you ask me. Tar paper, no paint. Like the CCC camps. Better than the tents, though."

"Won't we be able to go somewhere, this afternoon?" She had not expected to stay here in the camp all day.

"I'll have to get a pass from the C. O."

"Well, hurry up and get it." Her nose wrinkled in laughter. "I like the camp, darling, but I'd rather have you all to myself."

Bill turned the car around and they pulled up in front of one of those administration buildings. Inside, it was very bare and very clean. He took her into a long room where soldiers and girls and men in civilian clothes were sitting in groups. She saw a piano, and curtains at the windows. "The reception room, honey. I'll be right back. I'll have to find out where he is . . ."

MOST of the soldiers here, Martha guessed, were younger than Bill. All of them had the tanned, fit look Bill had acquired. The girls were carefully dressed—but she saw one girl in a bright, cheap dress and one girl, sitting in a corner with a man who seemed no different from the other girl's man, had carelessly thrown a milk coat across the back of her chair.

"Democratic, all right!" Bill came back very soon. He was waving his pass and saying jubilantly, "Honey, a whole after-

noon and evening. I don't have to be back until 10 o'clock!" "One whole afternoon and evening!" she repeated. "Bill, we mustn't waste a minute of it. Oh, darling, it has been so long. I've missed you so!"

Bill's fingers tightened on hers. "Ten o'clock tonight is a long way off, sweet. And in case I neglected to mention it before, I love you, darling."

(To Be Continued)



Because she declared: "I know my rights" and refused to honor a Dies Committee subpoena. Mrs. Sarah V. Montgomery, secretary-treasurer of the Washington Peace Mobilization, set up to block conscription, defense measures and aid to Britain, faces a contempt charge. Her husband, Donald E. Montgomery, is consumers' counsel in the Agriculture Department.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

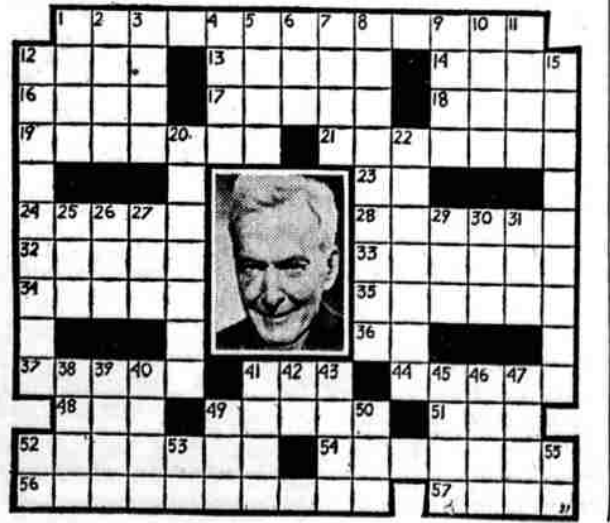
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: 1. Tales from Vienna Woods; 2. Madam Will Drop Her Shawl; 3. Sunrise Serenade; 4. St. Louis Blues. A person can be hungry for fat, carbohydrate, protein, salt and water.

CREATOR OF PLANTS

Answer to Previous Puzzle	
1 Famous creator of new fruits and flowers.	20 Expedites.
2 Tiresome person.	22 Bacon used in larding meat.
3 To stop.	25 Fuss.
4 Tailless amphibians.	26 Circular wall.
5 Units of work.	27 Goddess of dawn.
6 Storms.	29 Work of skill.
7 Regrets.	30 Ratlike bird.
8 Dill.	31 Hole.
9 Expands.	32 Alms box.
10 South Africa (abbr.).	33 Castle ditch.
11 Yarns.	40 Bill of fare.
12 Vagabonds.	41 Spoken.
13 Moron.	42 Hour (abbr.).
14 Dexterous.	43 God of war.
15 Moat.	44 Mohammedan noble.
16 Marked with spots.	45 Fabricated.
17 Toward.	46 Exclamation.
18 Thrashes.	47 Toilet case.
19 Electrical unit.	50 To harden.
20 Dubs.	52 Form of "a."
21 Fish eggs.	53 Transposed (abbr.).
	55 Printer's measure.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



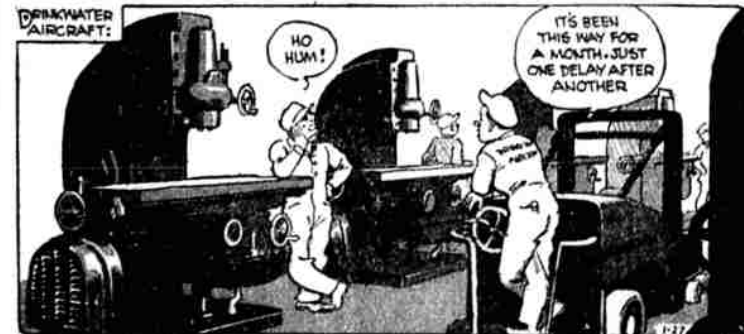
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



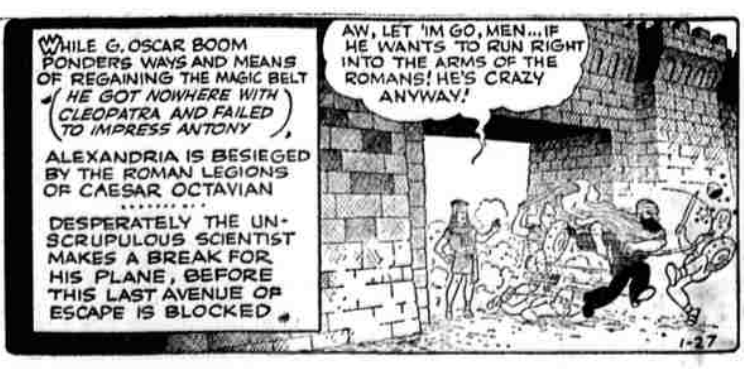
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

