

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

COPYRIGHT, 1941, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Winkie Appleman... April for damages. Her failure to report the accident adds to the seriousness of the charge.

ANN SETS THE DAY

IT was Hal Parks who took things in hand when he arrived. With one arm protectively around April, he talked to the constable, drove to the police station and arranged for bond.

That night, April came home early, managed to carry the hidden brown suitcase into the house unseen. Not that it mattered, she thought with a wry smile twisting her mouth.

But there was no sign of tears in Ann's eyes the next morning. Except for her pallor, she was seemingly as happy as she had been since Kent had returned.

Mother brightened instantly at this news, although she showed the marks of worry from the experience last night when Winkie had brought the warrant. She put down her coffee cup with a clatter.

APRIL tried to avoid Ann that morning, but her sister caught up with her in the hallway. "Was there some reason," she asked, "why you didn't want to tell me that you took Kent to the train that night?"

"You didn't think it important when you tried to pay off Winkie Appleman?"

"For goodness sake," April blustered, "why should I have wanted to see Kent Carter when Hal Parks and the rest of my erstwhile cavaliers were rushing me around at the Casa Blanca and gay places?"

All that Tuesday, April stayed in her room, Nip's wry head cocked knowingly at her. Nip knew, Winkie Appleman knew. The man at the garage where she had had the chains put on that awful night had openly taunted her about going up to the Carter place. Even Octavia was putting two and two together.

She pleaded an excuse when Hal called. She sidestepped the family. Best, and most important, she didn't see Kent again.

ON Wednesday, Dad came into her room and settled himself for a talk. "I'm awfully sorry about this mess," April blurted.

"Dad wasn't angry. 'You're not to worry,' he said. 'The hearing on Friday will be a preliminary one, likely held over until later. I'll defend you, of course, see you through it. It would have been better if you'd told me about it at the time, but you were so sick afterwards and then probably all you wanted to do was forget it.'"

"Yes, that was what I wanted. To forget it."

Dad questioned her, made notes. "I can't believe you hurt Winkie Appleman," he finally said. "Winkie's a pretty hardy old specimen. But he's nursed a grievance against me since I sent him to the workhouse a few years ago. Maybe this is the way he's getting back at me."

"Dad, I'll tell the truth on the stand. I'll take a chance that everything will come out all right. But I don't want to bring anyone else into this. Not Kent Carter, Dad. Please, he won't have to be at the trial, will he?"

"I'm going to make it up to you." "I'm all right," April stammered. "There's nothing you have to make up to me."

"I think we've lost sight of you in the excitement of Ann's romance. Seems strange, doesn't it, our little Ann a bride?"

"It's wonderful," April said. "I'm very happy for Ann." "Yes," he began, "it is wonderful, and yet I have a feeling that underneath, something troubles Ann."

Did Ann know? Had Ann guessed the whole truth about April and Kent? "What do you mean, Dad?"

"More than anything, our Ann hoped to make a success of her voice. I don't think she'll ever quite get over the disappointment of the audition with Vivano."

"All the more reason," April spoke up, "why nothing must spoil her happiness with Kent."

ON Thursday, Miss Evans, the seamstress, kept the sewing machine humming. Octavia closed the kitchen door on the rich aroma of baked cakes and roasting meats. Flowers survived the house for decorations at the wedding.

Wedding! Ann and Kent's wedding on Saturday. Ann herself came and went, humming softly; patient at fittings of the bridal gown; hurrying on innumerable errands.

April decided she couldn't stand the strain and suspense any longer. She herself had an errand to do—an errand that couldn't be put off any longer.

She picked a time in the afternoon when she could leave the house unnoticed. Her ankle had completely healed, although she was still wobbly, weak from the long inactivity her illness had brought.

brought. She took a short cut across town, began walking up a familiar road.

Her yellow hair blew around her face; her cheeks stung in the January air, but she kept climbing, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a desperate sort of jog. (To Be Continued)

Hitch-Hike Champ



Hitch-hiking championship (intercollegiate division) is claimed here for William Hallisey, engineering student at the University of California Agricultural College at Davis. Each morning he leaves his home at Suisun—35 miles distant—figures an hour to get to first classes. And he hasn't missed yet.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



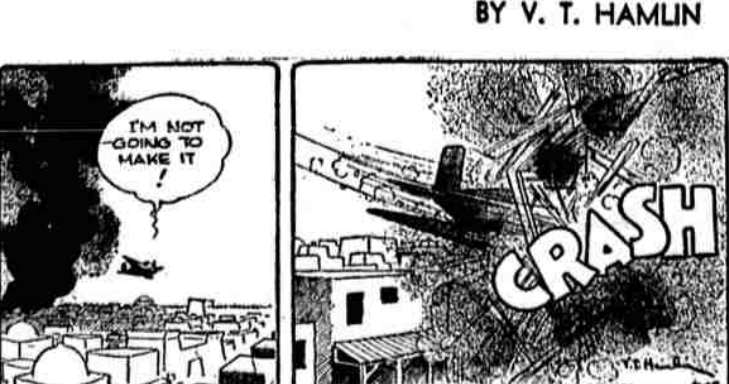
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: 1, bunting; 2, swallow; 3, robin; 4, kingfisher.

SONG WRITER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'HORIZONTAL' and 'VERTICAL' words.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'HORIZONTAL' and 'VERTICAL' words, including a portrait of a man.