

SERIAL STORY

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE

BY DONNA ASHWORTH

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YESTERDAY: Settled in Farmington, life now Ann Marshall goes to church, meets Ken's mother and dislikes her, she expects Ken to call, but he has to take his mother visiting and to church again. Ann sees herself sitting alone, while Ken escorts his mother.

COUNTRY CLUB SURPRISE

CHAPTER VII

AT last Farmington had recognized Ann. Slowly, fearfully, as if afraid it might do the wrong thing, it had taken her in. Neighbors had called. She had been invited to parties. And Ken had made it evident for all to see, that he was interested in her. Only his mother did no more than greet her at church. So far, the much-sought-after invitation to tea had not arrived.

"That's just Mother, darling," he explained. "It takes time. . . . Time," snorted Ann as she looked into his eyes. "I came here the first of February and now it's March. Have you told her yet that you expect to marry me?"

"Darling," he protested. "You know I haven't. She would be horrified to know I could be engaged to a girl I had known less than two months. I have to go slow. I want her to like you and approve of everything we do."

"Which reminds me, I'm taking you to the Country Club, darling, to the opening spring formal. You will get to know everybody. You haven't met. There are a lot of members in the smaller towns around and then they invite people from Richmond. It really is quite an affair. After that you won't need to worry about what people are going to say."

"I'm not worrying," she laughed up at him as the car slid along through the March night. The moon was full, and it made the landscape into a fairyland. The faint fragrance of spring was in the air.

"I have you and whether your mama likes me or not doesn't make any difference. I cared at first, because she was so snooty and all, but I don't now, because I don't think she would ever like any girl you were interested in. She'd always try to keep you from marrying her, and she wouldn't think anybody who didn't have an army of illustrious ancestors was good enough for you anyway. So I don't really care any more."

"I'm glad, darling, because I can't change her, but one of these days she'll unbend all at once and ask you to tea."

Ann snuggled down against him, her head against his shoulder. Why argue about Ken's mother? Why argue about anything? She was beside him, his arm was about her shoulders, they were driving through a perfect moonlit night, and that was all that mattered.

"It may be too late when she does," she laughed as she spoke. "I might have another engagement. But forget about her. Kiss me and tell me you love me and let's think about the dance and what a good time we are going to have."

ANN planned for the dance eagerly, bought a new dress for the occasion. As she sat before her dressing table that night, giving a final touch to her make-up, Sally stood back and surveyed her.

"You look lovely. I do believe you get more beautiful every day. And say what you will, this rest has done you a world of good. I hadn't realized how tired you were; now you look as fresh as a spring day."

"Thanks. I hope Farmington thinks so," answered Ann as she stood up and for the twentieth time looked at the full view reflection of herself in the mirror. Everything was right. Her hair was rolled high in front and hung in a mane of gold about her shoulders. Her dress was white satin, a slim gleaming sheath that revealed her white throat and shoulders, that fell in a swirl of folds about her ankles, with a lovely jeweled belt and clips.

She hadn't realized that she could look so young. Her eyes were shining. She had never looked better in her life. She caught up her velvet wrap. "Bye, darling. Wish me luck." She ran down the steps to meet Ken. This was as she had dreamed, the wide curving staircase, the stately hall, Ken waiting, watching her as she came toward him.

"You're lovely, sweet!" He caught her as she reached the last step. "Lovelier than I've ever seen you. Everybody will be crazy about you."

The car sped over the highway, into the Country Club driveway. The echo of laughter floated out from the clubhouse, the music of an orchestra, gay voices. So this was Farmington's society at play.

It seemed strange to be dancing with Ken. She had danced with him only once before. "Do you like to dance with me?" she teased, her eyes laughing up into his. "Remember I'm the nation's best."

"Like the breath of this! I'll have to struggle to hold my own. See all those men looking at you. I can feel a rush coming on."

"I hope so," she murmured, her eyes dancing. The music had stopped. People were crowding about; men were asking for dances. Ann had never known this kind of dancing, this way of being rushed, had never heard this kind of compliments. At the intermission she walked out on the veranda with Ken, clinging to his arm. It was chilly, but she did not even feel that as she stood by the porch railing looking out over the rolling fields

toward Farmington, twinkling in the distance like a tiny jewel. The stars were so close she felt she could reach up and touch them. Cold—she wasn't cold, not when her heart was warm and glowing.

"You've gone over big, Ann, my sweet. You're perfect. Everybody is crazy about you." Cars were racing into the driveway. There were shouts, more laughter as the occupants came up the steps.

"Who are they?" Ann asked as she watched from the shadows. "The crowd from Richmond, I guess. They're always late. No telling who it is. We'll go in as soon as the music starts and see." The music was beginning again. Couples were drifting into the ballroom.

As Ann and Ken stood a moment at the entrance, watching the scene before them, there was a startled exclamation from a tall, rather handsome, middle-aged man standing in the stailine just a little beyond them. He was staring at Ann.

"Jean! Am I seeing things? Am I crazy? Jean darling!"

HE rushed toward Ann, catching her shoulders, peering into her face. She had a glimpse of dark blue eyes, straight, good-looking features, black hair sprinkled liberally with gray, but she couldn't think, for he was fingering words at her.

"Jean . . . you aren't . . . you can't be Jean Ann. . . . Why it's been 25 years. . . . I thought you were dead."

"I'm sorry," she stammered for words. Her head was spinning.

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"John, you're crazy!" Ken spoke quickly. "What's the matter? Did you have too much to drink before you left Richmond, or after?" "I'm not drunk, but I'm crazy, I think, seeing ghosts. She's the image of Jean—my first wife. But it couldn't be. Who are you?" "I'm Jean Ann Marshall. Ann found words at last. "But why? Who are you?" "I—I'm John Marshall from Richmond. I—I think I must be your father," he said. (To Be Continued)

We can have the necessities of life and all-out defense, too. But we cannot have the luxuries of life and all-out defense, too. — Robert E. McConnell, chief of conservation, OPM.

In swimming season the "water that wasn't deep" takes the place of the "gun that wasn't loaded."

★ POOLE'S

222 S. 7th

Headquarters for BICYCLES

\$5 Down

- Baby Walkers
- Wagons
- Tricycles
- Lawn Mowers
- Sharpened. \$1

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY, BORN A RICH MAN, GAVE UP ALL HIS WEALTH TO HIS WIFE WHILE HE HIMSELF LIVED AS THE POOREST TYPE OF PEASANT. . . . AND AT THE AGE OF 82, HE RAN AWAY FROM HOME ONLY TO DIE OF EXPOSURE.



IF RACING STALLIONS HAVE THE SAME FATHER OR THE SAME MOTHER ARE THEY CALLED HALF-BROTHERS?

ANSWER: They are if they have the same mother, but not if they have the same father.

A STONE DROPPED FROM YOUR HAND DOES NOT FALL PERPENDICULAR TO THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

FORMER CHIEF JUSTICE

HORIZONTAL

1 Former U. S. chief justice.

12 Shore.

13 Female deer.

14 Lenses.

15 Shoemaker's tools.

16 Pertaining to velum.

17 Pigeon.

18 To gain.

19 Miner's pick.

20 Dry.

21 Actor (abbr.).

22 Myself.

23 To chatter.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

KANGAROO GUINEA
TOO ERICA RIB
POST MALAR ATOM
ONE TALENTS SEA
WE FEND E FAT SC
E SENDS BRIAR SC
RACED AMA CREDO
FEAT PLANT STEP
URN O LA NU
LA NU
TRIG
POUCH
ARMET

48 Opposed to wet.

49 Ratite bird.

51 June flowers.

52 Afternoon meal.

53 Couple.

55 Tiny green vegetable.

56 War god.

57 He was appointed to the court twice.

58 He from the bench this month.

U. S. presidency.

15 He also served as — of state.

17 Go on (music).

18 Controls.

21 Housekeeping.

22 Washings.

25 Cash.

27 Band leader's stick.

29 Taxi.

31 Measure.

37 Heraldic term.

40 Green quartz.

42 Cleansing substance.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

IT SURE WAS WORTH ALL OUR WORK AND WORRY, NOW! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE WAY THOSE KIDS' FACES LIGHTED UP WHEN WE TALKED TO THEM!

IT STILL LEAVES ME FEELING KINDA WARM INSIDE!

THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM HELPING OTHER PEOPLE, SON!

THIS TELEGRAM CAME THIS MORNING! LOOK!

GOSH! I JUST CAN'T COPE WITH IT! I GOTTA BUZZ LARD!

YOU SAY LARD GOT ONE TOO, AND HE'S CAN YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM, MR. SMITH?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO! RIGHT NOW! WITH SMELLING SALTS!

JABBER-WACKY! TOM SCOTT OF HOLLYWOOD SENT IN THESE 'SKID BUGLE' (TROMBONE) CHEESE BOX (CELLO) SWEAT SHOP (DANCE HALL) SEND IN YOUR ORIGINAL EXPRESSIONS!

MEBEE SO... WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THAT BIG BAY UP 'N' COAST A PIECE!

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



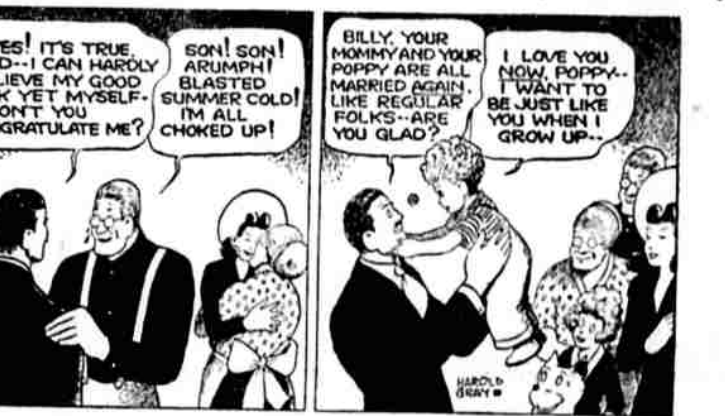
OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



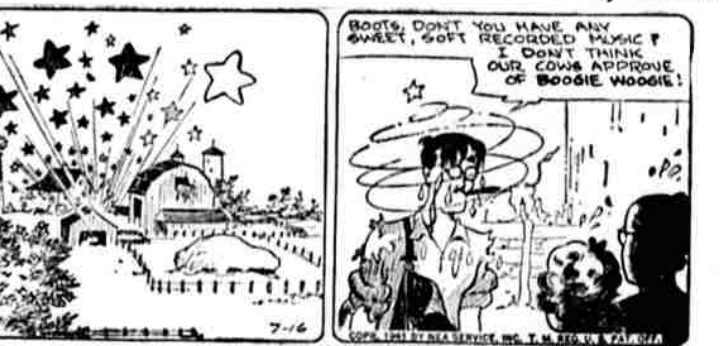
By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Hamlin

