

• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

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THE STORY: Wealthy Penny Kirk has returned from Paris to Kirktown to learn something about the great steel mills she owns and the people who work in them. She gets a job as waitress, under the name of Penny Kellogg. A fight breaks out in the restaurant between a workman and the waitress. Penny, who is a gambler who preys on the millworkers. Later she meets Jim Vickers, local newspaper editor whom she had met in Paris but who doesn't recognize her. She learns from Bud Walsh, a steel worker, that the men are dissatisfied with the mills' present management.

A NEW JOB CHAPTER VI

SUMMER nights crowded with pleasant memories warmed Penny's friendship for Jim. She could hardly wait for the end of the day, when Jim would drive up in his nondescript car. They found ruttled roads that lead nowhere except to hilltops crowned with the glories of the setting sun.

One night in particular, Penny would always remember. They had been driving along in silence. Jim absorbed in his own brown-wrinkling thoughts, Penny drinking in the beauties of the moonlit panorama spread about her.

"Penny," Jim said, thoughtfully. "How'd you like to be captain of my team?"

Penny smiled. "Captain?"

"Yes," Jim answered, "I need someone like you."

Penny looked up quickly, her face beaming.

"I mean," Jim was struggling for the words, "I need someone like you on the Courier. We'd make a winning combination, you and I."

He had wanted to say something quite different—something about the way he really felt. How he missed her. How he longed to have her near him. He hesitated only when he thought of the struggle ahead for anyone who would share his threadbare existence.

Her answer, spontaneous and swift, was a kiss that held them enraptured for a long moment.

They spent exciting hours, planning, exchanging ideas, excitedly awaiting the day when Penny would leave Pietro's and join Jim's small staff. Penny's future promised exciting, thrilling adventures. She was at the Courier office early on her first day of work, eager to begin her new career.

The Courier occupied crowded quarters in the basement beneath the branch office of the City Bank. Penny knew from the moment she walked in that she was destined to love the smell of printer's ink and the informality with which the Courier staff tackled each crowded day. She knew each morning would be brighter because of Jim's warm smile of welcome.

PENNY swung easily into the routine of work. Before long, the office lost its dusty, disorderly appearance. Jim wondered how he had managed so long without her.

Perhaps because she herself was bursting with news and with a vitality that reflected her good will toward everyone, she found it easy to extract dozens of interesting news items.

Late one afternoon, when Jim had finished deciphering the day's notes which always crammed his pockets, the quiet of the office was shattered by a sudden rush of footsteps on the steep stairway. Penny looked up, into the frightened eyes of a breathless boy.

"Mr. Vickers! Mr. Vickers!" he shouted. "A terrible accident. The bridge. Come quick."

Jim shot upstairs. Penny followed swiftly, helping the tired youngster to negotiate the last steps. Jim's car was already rattling impatiently.

"It's the center bridge, Mr. Vickers," the boys directed. Jim allowed a siren-blowing ambulance to pass, and swung into busy Central avenue. News has a curious way of spreading swiftly in a small town. Already people were racing toward the scene of the tragedy.

Picking together the story of what had happened was not hard. Never suspecting that death was so near, the driver of a huge truck and trailer, loaded with steel, had started across the span. Weakened by age, too tired to support the heavy load, the structure had given way. Its twisted steel was a tangled mess. Pinned beneath the wreckage were the driver and his helper.

Once again Penny had an opportunity to admire Jim Vickers in an emergency. He lost no time in making the dangerous descent to the river. His was the guiding hand that sped rescue work. The men must have known they would be too late.

PENNY helped Jim into his coat when finally he returned. His face was white and his lips were dry. He didn't say anything until they were back in the car.

"I have the toughest assignment in my life ahead," said Jim. "You remember Bill, don't you? The fellow who started the fight at Pietro's?"

"Yes," said Penny, "I remember."

"Bill's brother was helper on that truck. I'll have to tell his wife." The tragedy struck painfully home.

"It's all so unnecessary," Jim protested bitterly. "A new bridge should have been put up two years ago. The money was appropriated. Blueprints were drawn up. Castro's crooked politicians pocketed the funds."

Now it was Penny's turn to be furious.

sort of thing forever?"

"No, Penny," Jim replied grimly. "This time we will do something. We've been cowards. We've already waited too long."

"There's something else that's troubling me, Jim," Penny chose her words carefully now. "That bridge ran over company property. Doesn't the Kirk management care at all? Don't they know what's happening in Kirktown?"

"The Kirk management! That's good!" barked Jim. "They sit back in their beautiful offices in the prettiest building at the county seat, and don't know or don't care about anything except black figures on the profit reports."

"Then it's high time they learned a few things," flashed Penny.

Silence shrouded their thoughts on the rest of the drive to the Courier office. Penny's flushed cheeks and brightened eyes expressed her determination to act now in the interests of Kirktown.

"I'd like to have the day off tomorrow," Penny told Jim, hoping he wouldn't ask her to reveal her plan.

"Sure, Penny," said Jim. "I have another request, Jim. I want to do a series of stories that everyone in town will read. I need your help."

"Just name it, Penny," offered Jim. "and I'll do all I can."

"I'd like to spend a few days in the Kirk mills. I'll take my lunch box with me and chat with the boys. I'd like to get some human interest stories about the men who make steel," she explained.

"Sounds good," Jim admitted. The more Penny thought of the injustices she had witnessed, the angrier she became. She was

fighting mad by the time she left that night for her return to the Kirk estate.

She intended to stay mad until she had finished her visit to the Kirk offices.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



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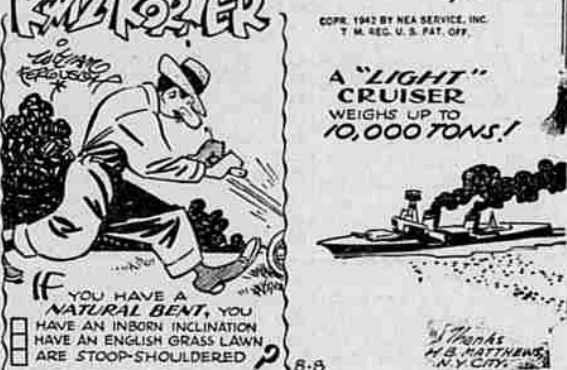
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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



"MAGNETIC ANTHILLS" OF AUSTRALIA! THE THIN EDGES OF THESE GIANT TERMITES ALWAYS POINT NORTH AND SOUTH, WITH THE FLAT SIDES TO THE EAST AND WEST.



IF YOU HAVE A NATURAL BENT, YOU HAVE AN INBORN INCLINATION. IF YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH GRASS LAWN, ARE STOOPE-SHOULDERED.

ANSWER: You have an inborn inclination.

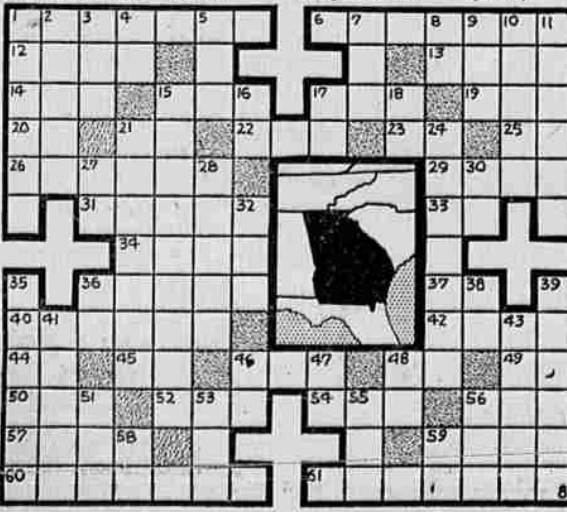
SOUTHERN STATE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Depicted state.
- 6 Its land is irregular.
- 12 Peruse.
- 13 Waste allowance.
- 14 Make a mistake.
- 15 Dress edge.
- 16 Through.
- 19 Age.
- 20 Sloth.
- 21 Symbol for samarium.
- 22 Beverage.
- 23 Rough lava.
- 25 Epistle (abbr.).
- 26 It was a colony of 120 in 1733.
- 29 Ornamental vessel.
- 31 Grew pallid.
- 33 Cloth measure.
- 34 Alaskan city.
- 36 Man's name.
- 37 Paid notice.
- 40 Thickened soups.
- 42 Main point.
- 44 Any.
- 45 Of the matter.

VERTICAL

- 1 Lubricate.
- 2 Weird.
- 3 Boat paddle.
- 4 Road (abbr.).
- 5 Anger.
- 7 Employ.
- 8 Foot (abbr.).
- 9 Exist.
- 10 Roman goddess.
- 11 Storehouses.
- 15 Evening of Oct. 31.
- 16 Parent.
- 17 Measure.
- 18 Symbol for erbium.
- 21 Support.
- 24 Typical.
- 27 Township (abbr.).
- 28 Changeable, as weather (Scott.).
- 30 Morindine dye.
- 32 Lair.
- 35 County seat of Hancock County in this state.
- 36 Symbol for erbium.
- 38 The gods.
- 39 Golf term.
- 41 Unsuitable.
- 43 Feel compunction.
- 46 Mountain (abbr.).
- 47 Soul (Egypt).
- 48 Old Testament (abbr.).
- 51 Every.
- 53 Social insect.
- 55 Mountain pass.
- 56 Vegetable.
- 58 Symbol for tantalum.
- 59 Afternoon (abbr.).



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



Red Ryder



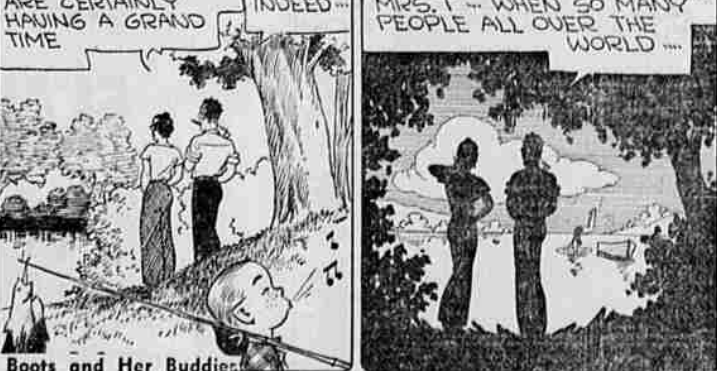
Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin