

• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

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PENNY'S PLAN DEVELOPS

CHAPTER X

ON winged feet, Penny raced toward the office. All around her lights were beginning to pop into windows. Hastily dressed householders poured out of their homes, and soon a stream of people was rushing to the scene.

The Kirktown Fire Department had speedily roused itself. She heard the siren as the engine sped along Central avenue. It seemed to her that hours had passed before she reached the Couriers' office.

She searched the faces at the scene of the fire. An eternity ended when she saw Jim—safe. His face was a study in bitter anger. His lips were tight, his head hunched low between his broad shoulders. Jim's fists were so tightly clenched that his knuckles showed white. Penny pressed back tears. Then anger overwhelmed all other emotions. She shared Jim's bitterness.

She walked over to him, looked up into his eyes. She offered him comfort without saying a word. "Let's go, Penny," he said, finally. They pushed their way through the crowd, toward Jim's car. Penny shivered, despite the warmth of the night. Jim peeled off his coat and wrapped it around her shoulders.

"This is it, Penny," Jim said. "Castro has asked for a showdown. He'll know he's been in a fight before I'm finished."

"Please, Jim," she pleaded. "Please, for my sake, don't do anything you'll regret. I know what you're thinking. I know Castro has it coming to him. There are other ways. Don't spoil it now."

Jim's smile was bitter. "A lot of people have tried appeasement. It doesn't work. You can't talk peace with a guy who has a gun stuck in your ribs. This is war, Penny. It's time to give Castro the only kind of treatment he understands."

"I know, Jim," she said. "I feel the same way. Castro is going to get just the kind of treatment he's entitled to. Listen to me, Jim. I want you to hear my plan, now."

Rapidly, the words tumbling swiftly out, she presented her idea to Jim. As he listened, she watched the changing light in his eyes.

"Penny," he enthused, "you're a genius. Boy! Wait until they see our paper this week. Your stunt will work! Why, Castro has walked right into our arms."

Excitedly, he planned with her. "First, we have to see how much damage has been done to the plant. If we can't print ourselves, I'll take the Courier into the city. I have a friend who'll be tickled pink to help me out. I'll get Lou MacDonald lined up. This is sensational!"

Jim couldn't stay depressed after that. "I'll take you home, Penny. You need some rest. Meanwhile I'll check in with the fire department. Besides, I'll have to get a story on the fire. I hope to find some eye-witnesses. I hope no one was hurt. A lot of windows were smashed by the blast."

His brakes squealed as he tortured them to a stop in front of Penny's door. "Good night," he said. "Don't worry about anything. I'll see you in the morning."

"Good night, Jim," she said, reluctantly. "Take it easy." Penny knew that if Midge had returned a light would be shining in the window. She knew that Midge would have much to say and many questions to ask. She was glad the house was dark.

At the door, she stopped, listening. She thought she heard the faint sound of footsteps, speeding lightly away. She sensed, rather than saw, a shadow fading away. Fumbling for her key, Penny at first didn't see the note tacked on the door. When she did notice the ragged slip of paper, a chill rushed through her.

Cautiously, she unfolded the message. In big red letters, hastily scribbled, Castro had delivered his warning. "Shut up—or else. Take a tip from us. Leave town tonight."

When Penny arrived at the Couriers' office next morning, Jim was in overalls. The sun filtered through the broken basement window.

"Hello, Penny," Jim greeted happily. "Watch your step there. Some of the nails are pretty rusty."

"Good morning, Jim," Penny answered, as cheerfully as she could. Hours before she had determined that no note of anxiety would penetrate her voice.

"The damage isn't as bad as I thought it would be," said Jim. "The office got the worst of it. I'll take more than a bomb to blow up that old press. And our linotype has gone through worse than a little fire. The boys were down as soon as the firemen would let them in. We have most of the mess cleaned up already."

Penny looked over the damaged room critically. Desks and counter were shattered splinters. Burned papers soaked with water and chemicals were piled in a corner, ceiling high. She wondered if the odor would ever leave the building.

and have a good time. We'll be ready for work by tomorrow."

When Penny reached street level, she noticed two men, apparently absorbed in conversation, at the opposite corner. They paid no attention to her.

They waited until she waved to the bus driver to stop. Then they dropped their cigarettes and walked away. She knew they would report to Castro that she had left Kirktown.

Penny stopped briefly at the Kirk estate. She luxuriated in a cool shower, dressed, and guided the roadster to a parking space in front of the building where Johnathan and Jones, architects.

Charlie Jones welcomed her delightedly. He cleared a space for her to sit down. Then he swamped her with drawings and plans and blueprints.

"When can you start actual construction?" Penny asked. "Tomorrow," he said. "Go ahead," Penny ordered. "Get started."

"We're all set to go," Charlie Jones told her. "Tomorrow morning the steam shovel will be on the job. Boy, have I got work to do! I'll telephone the contractors immediately."

"I'd better get out of here before I'm run down," Penny laughed. "You really move when you get going."

"You bet," he answered. "We've been waiting for your signal."

Next, Penny did some shopping. The first speech she had ever made from a public platform was scheduled for Friday night. She needed an appropriate dress. And while she was at it, she might as well have a new hat, she decided.

After that, and lunch, she felt better. An inviting theater offered relaxation. She enjoyed herself completely. To keep Castro

guessing, she decided to spend the night at the estate. She would have a surprise in store for him Friday night.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



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"No, I can't give you my phone number—it's a military secret!"

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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WINKER

WHY IS A LAPSUS LINGUE ESPECIALLY DANGEROUS AT THIS TIME?

BINGO!

TIRES

WEAR OUT FIVE TIMES AS FAST IN TEMPERATURES OF 100 DEGREES AS IN TEMPERATURES OF 40 DEGREES.

ANSWER: "Lapsus lingue" means a slip of the tongue... and one slip these days might tell an axis spy all he wants to know.

CONCERT VIOLINIST

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured concert musician.

13 Theme.

14 Ornamental pools.

16 Home of Abraham.

18 Domestic slave.

19 One who mimics.

20 Exist.

21 Sinbad's bird.

23 Ellis English. (abbr.).

25 Senior (abbr.).

26 Vegetable.

27 Jet.

29 Gallon (abbr.).

31 Blotch.

33 Before.

34 Enclosed.

36 Noah's boat.

37 He is a concert—

38 Mine shaft hut.

40 Of the nose.

41 Age.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

GENE TIERNEY

11 Part of "be."

12 Dressed animal pells.

13 Fruit.

17 Stout cord.

20 Anvil horn.

22 Mongrel.

24 Desert garden spot.

26 By.

28 Carouse.

29 Fete.

30 Russian river.

32 Companions.

34 Against.

35 Careful.

38 Peaceful.

39 Lubricate.

42 Color.

43 Small particle.

44 Row.

45 Type of shovel.

47 Nostrils.

48 Sow.

53 Moccasin.

55 The mugger.

57 Soul (Egypt).

59 North river. (abbr.).

Wash Tubbs

IF THERE'S ONE THING I TAKE PRIDE IN, IT'S SELF CONTROL.

PUG

SHH-H! I'M WATCHING UNCLE STEVE! I THINK HE'S BEEN SWIPING THINGS OUT OF THE ICE BOX.

Boots and Her Buddies

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO AGAINST WELL-ARMED JAPANESE BOYS HAVE NO EQUIPMENT.

JUST WAIT! WE GET THE LAY OF THE LAND AROUND HERE— THEN WE'LL SHOW THE NIPS A FEW TRICKS THEY'VE NEVER HEARD OF!



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Our Out Way

By J. R. Williams



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Red Ryder



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Little Orphan Annie



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Freckles and His Friend



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Wash Tubbs



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Boots and Her Buddies



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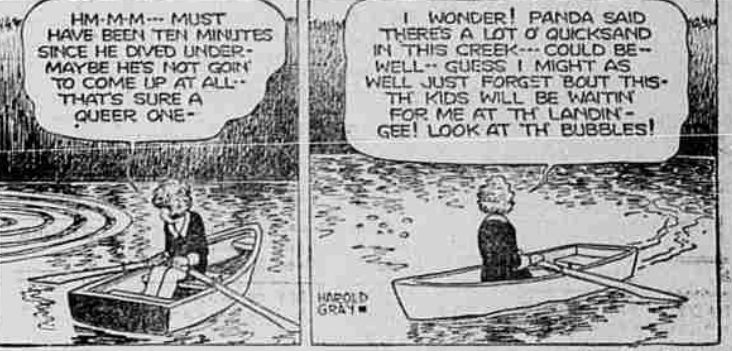
Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



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By V. T. Hamlin