

• SERIAL STORY

LUCKY PENNY

BY GLORIA KAYE

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COMMUNITY SING

CHAPTER XI

BACK in the office of the Courier next day, Penny checked hurriedly on proofs of the literature she had prepared for her Friday night meeting. Circulars, posters for store windows, the newspaper ad—all were in readiness.

No one would suspect, from the innocent wording, the real intent of the mass meeting. "Community Sing" and "Concert" were the big headlines. The men in the mill had been given double notice by Penny's friends there.

The weatherman proved cooperative when Friday evening arrived. The auditorium was filled. The Kirktown Glee Club took its place on the stage. Rafter's echoed to the lusty lilt of their voices. Men predominated in the audience, and their voices lifted in song as the concert proceeded. Quietly, before the last refrain died down, Lou MacDonald, Jim Vickers, and Penny seated themselves in their appointed positions on the stage. With cheers for the glee club still ringing, MacDonald stepped forward.

"Friends," MacDonald started, "my story is not pleasant, but must be told. It affects every one of you." He told the audience, simply and truthfully, of the tragic cases that came regularly to the attention of the Humane Society. He laid the blame squarely on Castro's machinations. There was no mirth in the sober faces uplifted to him.

When Jim stepped to the speaker's platform, a spontaneous cheer attested to his popularity. The men admired his courage and respected his judgment.

"Fellows," Jim said simply, "Not long ago there was a tragic bridge accident here. You or some member of your family was saved from death only by the will of Providence. A crooked city administration was responsible for the death of two of our best friends. I call it plain, cold-blooded murder." Eloquent Jim recited the many factual instances of graft and favoritism and crookedness.

NOW Penny stood before the sea of faces, displaying no sign of the nervousness she felt.

"I haven't known you very long, but I feel I know you very well," Penny began. "There isn't a coward in the crowd! You have power! You're strong! Let's show Castro he can't run Kirktown! Tonight—together—let's chase him out of town!"

There were shouted affirmatives. Men jumped from their seats, ready for action.

"Wait! Just a moment!" Penny shouted. "No one wants to start any violence. We are all interested only in peaceful means with which to remedy conditions in Kirktown. The sheriff is here tonight. He has named Bud Walsh and several of your men as deputies. Let's go as an army of citizens—not as a mob. You won't need to start a fight. When Castro sees you, he'll know he has had enough."

Bud Walsh was already organizing the eager crowd. They were flooding through the wide-open doors in orderly fashion. Their march to Castro's hangout had begun.

Jim was white with anxiety. "What have you done, Penny?" he worried. "The Castro gang won't give up its easy pickings without a fight. Someone is sure to get hurt!"

"Perhaps this will change your mind," Penny handed him the red-lettered warning to leave Kirktown. "It's up to you to make up your mind, Jim. Either Castro goes or I go. Both of us can't stay here."

Grimly Jim said, "Come on!" With long strides he reached the head of the column of marching men. Bud Walsh had naturally fallen into leadership. Penny was right. The men were as orderly as a disciplined army—and no less tough!

"All I want is five minutes alone with Castro," Jim told Bud.

"You'll have your five minutes," Bud promised. As they approached Central avenue, Bud halted his column.

"Quiet, men," he ordered. "We want to surprise Castro. No one has had a chance to tip him off. We'll all wait while I send a couple of scouts ahead." The men liked this game. "Like the old covered wagon days, looking for Indians," someone whispered.

"Let's go," Bud shouted when his scouts signaled him. They pushed through two swinging doors into a back room. There, in a room filled with slot machines, gaming tables and gambling devices, sat Castro and a prize group of city officials. The surprised mayor of Kirktown opened his mouth in a moronic stare. An unlighted cigar dropped from the lips of the safety director. Castro swung around, a vicious revolver in his hand.

"Shoot—if you dare," Jim invited through set teeth. Castro hesitated. He studied the silent crowd. Bud Walsh had a gun. So did at least a dozen others. Castro glanced quickly at the badges they displayed. He dropped his weapon.

THE crowd cleared a space for the returning men who had rounded up other members of Castro's gang. "Take a good look at this prize collection of apes," Bud Walsh invited. "This is the last time you'll see such specimens in Kirktown. They're going to be so rare that there will be a reward for their capture, even in slightly damaged condition, within the city

limits." Bud turned to the mobsters. "You guys have just two hours to get packed and beat it," he warned. "We mean business and we're plenty tough. If you can't understand our nice treatment, we'll have to teach you a lesson." A good movie director would have found a note of comedy in the way guns, marked cards, extra axes, and a special collection of crooked dice were piled on the cement floor, awaiting destruction. "Start moving," said Bud, twirling his gun menacingly. There was relief in the faces of the gangsters as they left. They had expected much worse treatment.

"I've waited for this for a long time," Jim said slyly. The fight which followed, Bud Walsh always said, was the toughest, noisiest, bloodiest battle that had ever raged in Kirktown. Jim had asked for five minutes—actually, Bud stood guard outside the doors for an hour.

Castro tried in every way he could imagine to kill Jim. He bit, he kicked, he knuckled, he gouged, he punched, he butted. He swung heavy chairs at Jim's head. He narrowly missed Jim with the jagged edge of a table leg. Jim met each furious attack, each vicious thrust calmly, alertly. In his own heart there was murder.

Desperate, Castro drew a murder-bladed knife from a hidden recess in his trousers. He lunged viciously. Jim felt no pain, but he knew from the red on Castro's weapon that the dagger had found its mark on his shoulder. Cautiously, he circled out of Castro's reach.

The room's unshaded light singled out the gangster's knife. Swiftly, painfully, Jim lifted a broken chair and shattered the bulb. Automatically, he lunged forward as darkness shrouded the

room. He twisted the knife out of Castro's hand. Then he lifted Castro to his feet.

For weeks, Jim would show the scars of his battle. For months after the scars were gone, he would look back happily to the day when the Castro gang left Kirktown forever.

(To Be Concluded)

Oregon motorists achieved a better safety record than drivers for the nation as a whole during the first six months of this year, according to word from the state traffic safety division. Traffic deaths were down 23 per cent in this state, compared to a 15 per cent reduction for the nation as a whole. Reduced speed care at grade crossings... observance of traffic regulations... these are the things that bring about these improvements.

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY — THE OREGON WOOLEN WAY"

- NO INTEREST
- NO CARRYING CHARGE
- NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS
YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES

MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE

Klamath's Credit Clothing 8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

HA HA HA!

GOOD NEWS FOR JAPS!

AMERICA CANNOT LOOK FOR A SUBSTANTIAL RUBBER PRODUCE QUAYULE CROP UNTIL AT LEAST 1946.

RELIVING ODDS

BAD NEWS FOR JAPS! MORE SCRAP IRON FOR TOKYO... VIA DOOLITTLE!

A CAT'S MUSTACHE IS ITS WHISKERS! "Says" E. J. CANTONWINE, Helix, Oregon.

POISON IVY

IS KNOWN ALSO AS POISON OAK, THREE-LEAVED IVY, "WICKED" BLACK HAWK, MARKWEED AND PIKRY.

SCREEN ACTRESS

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 15 Pictured screen actress. | 21 Talent. | 22 Snare. |
| 11 Postscript (abbr.). | 23 Negative. | 23 Snare. |
| 12 For. | 24 Written form of mister. | 24 Writing instrument. |
| 14 Bay windows. | 24 By means of. | 25 Large. |
| 15 Kettle. | 25 Steer meat. | 26 Because. |
| 16 Nobleman. | 27 Charge. | 27 Cook in fat. |
| 17 Mohammedan religion. | 29 That one. | 28 Hearing organ. |
| 18 Insect. | 30 Queer. | 31 Debutante (colloq.). |
| 19 Upon. | 31 Rave. | 32 Algerian ruler. |
| 20 Trout leaving the sea. | 32 Liberate. | 34 Pollock's second. |
| 22 Negative. | 33 Your (abbr.). | 35 Onward. |
| 23 Written form of mister. | 37 Him. | 38 Is (Latin). |
| 24 By means of. | 39 Depart. | 39 Merry. |
| 25 Steer meat. | 40 Near. | 41 At this place. |
| 27 Charge. | 41 Belongs to him. | 42 Smudges. |
| 29 That one. | 42 Excludes. | 43 Pertaining to the sun. |
| 30 Queer. | 44 Prevent. | 44 Actions. |
| 31 Rave. | | 45 Comcoited. |
| 32 Liberate. | | 46 Harness part. |
| 33 Your (abbr.). | | 47 Eight (prefix). |
| 37 Him. | | 48 Den. |
| 39 Depart. | | 49 Man's name. |
| 40 Near. | | 50 Perform. |
| 41 Belongs to him. | | 52 Policeman (slang). |
| 42 Excludes. | | 55 Title page (abbr.). |
| 44 Prevent. | | |

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1. YEHUDI MENCHUN
2. TOPIC VASES
3. UR ESNE APER BE
4. ROC EE O SR PEPA
5. SPURT GAL SMEAR
6. ERE CASED ARK
7. VIOLINIST
8. COE NASAL ERA
9. TAILS
10. ILL P
11. EM PA
12. R BAD
13. RAICE

VERTICAL

1. YEHUDI MENCHUN
2. TOPIC VASES
3. UR ESNE APER BE
4. ROC EE O SR PEPA
5. SPURT GAL SMEAR
6. ERE CASED ARK
7. VIOLINIST
8. COE NASAL ERA
9. TAILS
10. ILL P
11. EM PA
12. R BAD
13. RAICE

EEK! LET US BE GROUND UP IN MACHINES, BUT DON'T LET A MOUSE BITE US!

HA-HA! TH' LOONS! IT'S SOME KINDA PROPAGANDA, BUT I CAN'T TELL IF IT'S TO GET RID OF TH' MICE OR TH' MICE. THEY'RE BRINGIN' TO WORK IN TH' SHOPS!

YOU HAVE TO BE CAREFUL WITH THAT PROPAGANDA STUFF! ONCE WE TRIED TO GET THE OLD MAN TO CLEAN UP THE OLD PIE BREAD, APPLE CORES AND STUFF, SO WE TURNED A PIG LOOSE IN HERE! AN THE OLD MAN BROUGHT IN A LOT MORE AN MADE A BUNCH O' DOUGH ON 'EM!

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

RYDER! WE NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

WILL YOU EXPLAIN TO THESE FOLKS WHO I AM AND WHO 'BIGBOY' IS, SHERIFF?

RYDER'S A DEPUTY FROM MAVERICK, AND 'BIGBOY'... WELL, THERE AN'T MUCH HE ISN'T WANTED FOR!

Little Orphan Annie

WHAT KEPT YUH, ANNIE? WE THOUGHT WE HEARD VOICES DOWN THAT WAY.

VOICES? OH, SOUND TRAVELS A LONG WAY OVER WATER—SOME GUYS FISHIN' MAYBE—

GEE, IT'S SURE NICE AN' PEACEFUL—

OH, THIS IS SAFE ENOUGH—IT WAS DOWN IN TH' COVE THAT TH' SUB BLEW UP WASN'T IT?

CAN'T MAGINE ANYTHIN' DANGEROUS HAPPENIN' 'ROUND HERE—

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAY—

Freckles and His Friends

I'M THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE CAMP, JEAN, AND YOU'RE PARTLY TO BLAME!

IN WHAT WAY?

I'VE LOST MY GAL—AND IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO DOGGEDON PRETTY, I NEVER WOULD'VE WRITTEN THAT NOTE!

Wash Tubbs

WHERE? WHERE? IN THE TUBBS HOUSE! BURGLARS!

THEY BROKE A WINDOW! LOOK! YOU CAN SEE A LIGHT ON IN THE KITCHEN!

LISTEN, PET! YOU CALL THE POLICE! I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE, AND IF THEY COME OUT—

Boots and Her Buddies

SA-AAY, THAT WAS SOME RAIN LAST NIGHT!

M-HMM! DOESN'T EVERYTHING SMELL FRESH AND SWEET?

LET'S TAKE A DIP BEFORE BREAKFAST

SWELL! LAST ONE IN'S A YOU-KNOW

Alley Oop

COMES TROUBLE MANY SMOKE MUCH BANG BANG, QUICK!

NO DOUBT OF IT! THEY'RE LEADING IN HERE, TOO!

I KNEW WE SHOULD STAY AWAY FROM THIS DADDUM PLACE! NOW WE'LL PROBABLY GET BLOWED TO KINGDOM COME WITHOUT A CHANCE TO STRIKE BACK!

YEH! I'M FED UP WITH THIS KINDA WAR! TAIN'T HUMAN!

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

EGAD, JAKE! HOW CAN YOU LOOL IN BED SO LATE? I'VE BEEN BUZZING ABOUT FOR HOURS— HAR-RUMPH!— BY THE WAY, YOU SUGGESTED TO ME LAST NIGHT YOU HAD A SCHEME TO AID THE WAR EFFORT AND EARN A NICE PROFIT— OR WERE YOU SPOOFING?

YOU MUST BE WALKIN' IN YOUR SLEEP, BECAUSE THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU EVER BEAT ME OUTTA TH' HAY! POP USED TO SAY YOU WERE SO LAZY YOU WERE NINE YEARS OLD BEFORE YOU GOT UP ENOUGH STEAM TO PLAY PATTY-CAKE!— ANYWAY, I'M NOT SPILLIN' MY IDEA TILL I GET OUTSIDE OF SOME HAM 'N' EGGS!

JAKE IS WORKING HIS IDEA 100 PER CENT!

By Fred Harman

WE OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, MR. RYDER, BUT WE—

FORGET IT! SINCE I RUINED YOUR FISHIN' TRIP, RECKON THE TREATS ON ME! COME ON!

JUST ONE OF THOSE LUCKY ACCIDENTS LIKE AS NOT—

WONDER HOW IT HAPPENED ANNIE—

AN' THERE WAS AN OIL SCOW FULL O' GASOLINE AN' SUPPLIES BLEW UP, TOO—

SERVED 'EM RIGHT, TO SAY—

THEY SAY THESE BUOYS MARK THE SPOT—

WOW! MAGINE! A REAL AXIS SUB BLEW UP AN' SANK, RIGHT HERE—

MAGINE, ALL THOSE MEN ON IT KILLED!

By Harold Gray

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A DATE, LARD! BEING TOLD I'M PRETTY IS A NICE COMPLIMENT!

I WANT YOU TO NOTICE ALSO THAT I HAVE CHARACTER!

I HAVE NOTICED!

By Blosser

BUT, HENRY, YOU'VE LOADED YOUR GUN WITH ROCK SALT IN CASE THOSE YOWLING CATS CAME AROUND AGAIN! YOU COULDN'T REALLY KILL ANYBODY!

MEANWHILE: THIS MUST BE THEIR BABIES' MILK, CONFOUND IT! WHY DIDN'T WASH BRING THIS OVER IN THE FIRST PLACE?

By Crane

OH, OH! UNCLE STEVE BEAT US! SEE! FRESH FOOT-PRINTS

OH, NO! THE PROFESSOR ISN'T UP YET! BUT WHOSE COULD THEY BE???

By Martin

BY GADFREY, THEY'RE NOT JAPANESE... THAT'S AN AMERICAN OUTFIT!

HOT DANG! THIS IS SURE A BREAK FOR US, EH, OSCAR?

WELL, M-M-MAYBE... AND MAYBE NOT! PERSONALLY, THIS TURN OF AFFAIRS ISN'T JUST TO MY LIKING!

By V. T. Hamlin

WANTED: BADLY NEEDED

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