

• SERIAL STORY PLAY BY PLAY BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

THE STORY: Returning to camp from a football game, the bus carrying the Lincoln Field cadet team crashes into a coupe. Rescued are a soldier's young widow, Nancy Hale, and her small son, Scooter. Blythe Miller, 19, the coach's daughter, sits with the injured Nancy in the bus. The child, Blythe's restless Nancy is falling in love with Duane—even as she herself did two years ago. Blythe is worried. She thought Duane is girl-shy and treats her like a sister.

CHAPTER III
PREMONITIONS, so Miss Blythe Miller told herself, are all hokey; one doesn't really have them, one just imagines them. "It's merely that I'm getting touchy on the subject of Duane Hogan," she spoke silently, even with a way note of humor in the feel of it. "He's handsome, he's desirable, he's grand," another part of her warned.

She gave sober thought to that, then mentally fought it away. Of course Nancy Hale liked Duane. It was only natural. Mrs. Hale was a—well, a smart somebody, obviously. Come to think of it, said Blythe to herself, Nancy's liking Duane so much and so instantly really just verifies my own high opinion of him. And anyway (Blythe laughed out loud a bit) it won't make any difference, because Duane is so girl-shy he'll never know she exists.

That comforting thought ended the odd little-girl style conversation; moreover, loud masculine voices broke into her reverie. The cadets were pouring into the gymnasium to dress for practice again. Here in her father's office she could hear most of what they said (and sometimes it wasn't meant for young ladies). She swung back to her typewriter, doing Pop's letters for him.

A football coach has a lot of correspondence, records and things, plus a lot of company and a lot of telephone calls. Even now Pop was snowed under; at least his desk was. But special help was harder and harder to find these days and Blythe's own hunt-and-peck typing, sandwiched in after a long day at school, made barely a dent in the work at hand.

In a quarter hour, though, she had to flee. The male animal would soon overflow the place in various visible forms. There would be the Monday post-mortem, here in Pop's office, about Saturday's 15-0 defeat. "There would be a skill session about next Saturday's game. Much loud talk, much slapping of backs. Much renewing of steam and energy in the human engines who wore odd smelly uniforms, shoulder pads and clefted shoes."

"Certainly this ain't the best place for a lady," Pop himself had told her. "Sweetie, you blow out of here at practice time." "I won't," she had countered. And he had thrown a leather helmet and they had scuffled hilariously, the man who was 50 and the daughter who was 19. Oh, how she loved Pop!

SHE loitered a moment near the doorway frankly hoping for a glimpse and a smile from big Duane Hogan. Then she looked out here at practice time. "Oh! . . . You startled me, Norman. No, not today. I'm going to the hospital to see about Nancy Hale and Scooter."

"Love me any, yet?" He murmured, that intimately, closely, straight into her violet eyes. Norman Dana, up to his old tricks again.

She didn't answer lest her anger show, but she grabbed her bike and rode it violently the half mile to the hospital. Presently, she was sitting at Nancy Hale's side.

"You must be in heaven," the young widow said, after their greetings. "You, the coach's daughter, bossing so many fine boys. They've all been here with gifts. So sweet to me."

Blythe laughed. "I'm not the boss. Pop is. But I love it all." "Is it gay and—chummy?" "With a lot of laughter. A lot of fun? Tell me, Miss Miller?"

She said it so eagerly that Blythe was surprised. Eagerly, almost hungrily, Blythe thought she understood.

"Please just call me Blythe, or Bly," she said, kindly. "Yes, it's lots of fun. Football season is, anywhere. The flying field here has players from several of the biggest schools. State U. The Aggies. Rice. Tulane. Oh, a lot of them. Pop is so proud! That's the only game we've lost so far."

Nancy Hale lay back a little while. "A lot of fun," she sighed then, at the ceiling. "Laughter. Gaiety. Good times."

"He is that," Pop Miller nodded. "And husky! I'll make a fullback of him, you'll see!" They showered presents on him and, taking her chances of giving offense, Blythe loaded a suitcase of her own clothes and took them to the hospital for Nancy Hale. "It's not a gift," she explained. "I'm lending you these because you need them. You're out of here tomorrow, you know. They are worth \$10 and you must pay me some day."

She got by with it. Reward was a worrisome look from the wan but oddly beautiful girl in the hospital bed. Blythe felt that incomparable glow which only such deeds bring.

A bit later, in the hospital hall, a nurse whispering to Blythe, said, "The poor dear will be stronger when she leaves. She acted like she was starved."

Blythe knew now that it wasn't an act. And the horror of such a thing as hunger in this great land appalled her. Then, happily, she told herself that something could be done about that now.

"She's so pretty, I expect Norman Dana will make a play for her," Blythe was little-girl talking again, with herself. "At least I certainly hope he does." It might, she reflected, be a solution to her own problem with Norman. Norman, the good-looking quarterback who unfortunately knew he was good-looking, and fancied himself irresistible as well.

But it wasn't Norman who, at that moment, came down the hospital corridor to Nancy's door, failing to see Blythe there at the nurses' desk because of the huge, expensive-looking gift of flowers that he carried.

It was Duane Hogan. And even Blythe knew that Duane couldn't really afford such things!

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Sure I got the password—right in here!"

Ancient Mayans of Central and South America used to decorate their teeth.

Russia produced 32,000,000 metric tons of petroleum in 1940.

Improve Your Radio Reception
With a New **Aerial**
All Types, Including the New Vertical Antenna
UHLIG'S

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



SEA GULLS ALONG THE EAST U.S. COAST FLY HIGH OVER PAVED HIGHWAYS AND DROP CLAMS ON THE HARD SURFACE IN ORDER TO CRUSH THE SHELLS . . . AND THE SHELLS RUIN THE TIRES OF MOTORISTS.

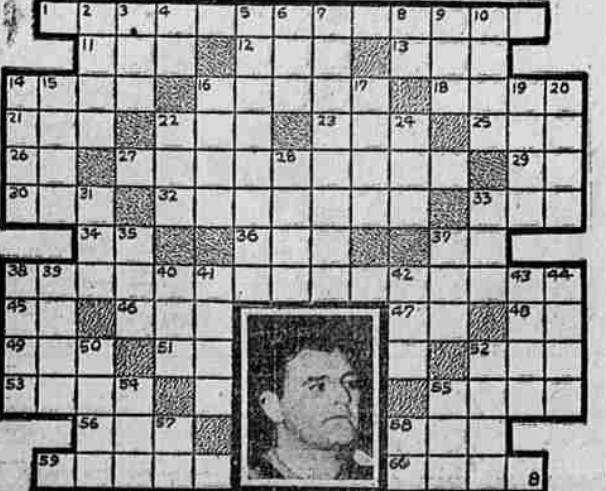


ANSWER: Piano, organ, harp, traps.

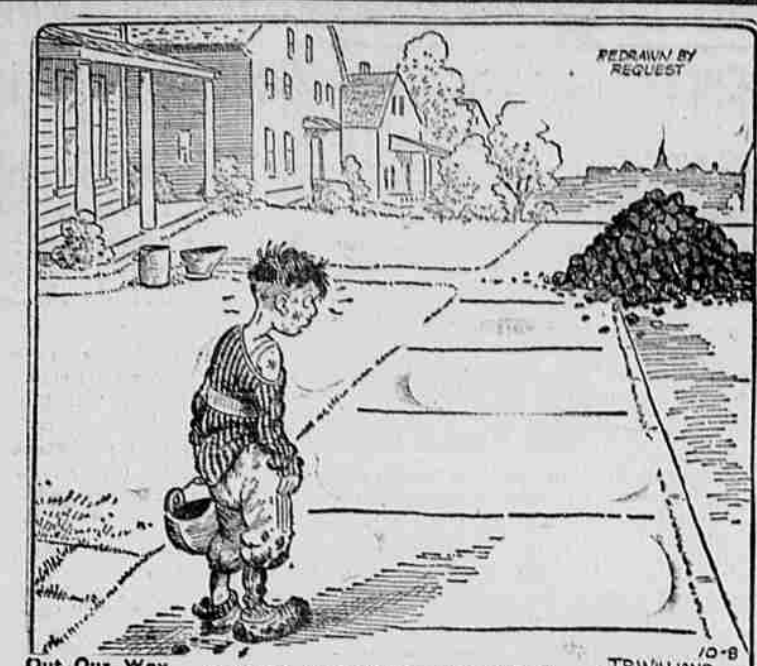
FIGHTER TO ACTOR

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured former prize fighter.
11 Battle bird.
12 Sense organ.
13 Wood coral.
14 Internal decay in fruit.
16 Monk.
18 Snare.
21 Age.
22 Greek letter.
23 Insect.
25 Note in Guido's scale.
26 Comparative suffix.
27 Outstrip.
28 Pair (abbr.).
30 Rodent.
32 One that stings.
33 Inquire.
34 Alleged town.
36 Enemy.
37 Symbol for actinium.
38 He has appeared in a stage play.

Answer to Previous Puzzle
12 GEMSTONE
13 LITIGATE
14 LITIGATE
15 LITIGATE
16 LITIGATE
17 LITIGATE
18 LITIGATE
19 LITIGATE
20 LITIGATE
21 LITIGATE
22 LITIGATE
23 LITIGATE
24 LITIGATE
25 LITIGATE
26 LITIGATE
27 LITIGATE
28 LITIGATE
29 LITIGATE
30 LITIGATE
31 LITIGATE
32 LITIGATE
33 LITIGATE
34 LITIGATE
35 LITIGATE
36 LITIGATE
37 LITIGATE
38 LITIGATE



HE'S lived in auto camps and worse, I guess, for almost a year. Mother," Blythe explained, at dinner table.



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Lit: 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



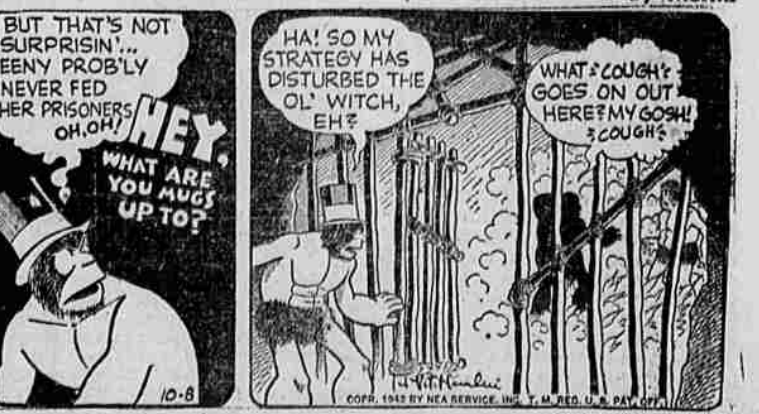
By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin