

SERIAL STORY
PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON
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POP WANTS A GUN
CHAPTER XIV
FIRST, the city police.

Go to the chief himself, or at least the captain of detectives. Tell him what I saw and what I heard, every word of it.

Then go to the Lincoln Field authorities, because this being an Army post, they should have the information along with police.

And, too, this would bring double prosecution—or something—down on Nancy Hale's head!

Thus Bly reasoned out her course of action, sitting up there in the stadium press box. She realized suddenly that her hair must look terrible and that her face would be streaked and red from crying.

"But I don't care!" she whispered defiantly to herself. "Somebody else's face is going to be redder than mine!"

She thrilled a little before some more mental pictures. Nancy Hale behind bars. Nancy Hale standing on the inside of a prison cell rattling the iron door, her once pretty face hollow like an old hag's and her hair matted and stringing down to her hips. It wasn't a nice picture and it wasn't even accurate. Nancy's hair was short and naturally curly, never given to ugly strings! But Bly wasn't concerned with either nicety or accuracy in her imagining; she was concerned with revenge.

However, having had it thus vicariously for a fleeting minute or two, the revenge seemed to sour in her own mind. All at once she felt badly again, and resumed her sobbing there on the reporters' long table.

"This will never do!" she snapped at herself then, straightening up determinedly. "She has it coming to her. Every bit of it!" Only now did it occur to Bly that to envision punishment for the gamblers who had approached Nancy. But then—the gamblers hadn't fallen in love with Duane Hogan! Bly's conscience gave her a sly little probing, to the effect that she wasn't so concerned with justice after all. Bly slapped the stenographer back in its place by thrusting her lip and chin out poutily and getting up to leave the stadium.

The firm chin and pout were still dominant as she climbed down the vast sea of empty seats. She would just go over the bandstand, she decided, and cut across the lime-stripped field itself—a direct line to her bicycle. But when she dropped from the cement railing to the ground—

my best. With Underwood playing center, Dana at quarterback and Hogan at half, no other team in the world can—"

"I know. But I meant—anybody! Any—man, or anything." She wasn't good at it and she gave it up, lest she have to tell too much. Again she forced herself to turn cheerful for his sake. Her mind kept flying back to baby Scooter and his remarkable charm. Scooter Hale, son of a man killed at Pearl Harbor. Scooter and Link. Scooter, who surely deserved a break in life, a chance to grow up in kindness and strength and wholesome environment. If his mother were to be convicted and sent to—

"Honey, have you some time to help me again today?" Pop had interrupted her thoughts. "Of course, Pop! Night or day. You know that."

"Mmm." She waited. Oddly, he was staring off at nothing. The thing was on his mind, too, she realized. She looked closely at him. He had no wheeze, no nasal congestion. She kept seeing that fat envelope in his office desk. She thought she knew the answer to everything, but she wasn't sure what to do. He had mentioned wanting help. She decided just to wait.

The doorbell rang in another part of the house, and in a moment they heard Mother Miller welcoming a caller.

"It's Duane!" Bly's face brightened. "It is, Pop!" "Yes! Uh, honey—wait! S-h-h-h! ... Before he gets in here—there may be other of the lads coming and—you must do me a favor—I—we wouldn't want to worry your mother, would we?"

"Why—no, Pop. Surely not!" "Then, Bly honey—go over to Captain Foster. Quiet like, under-

stand! Tell him I sent you. Tell him—tell him Coach Miller wants to borrow a pistol. A loaded gun." (To Be Continued)

SHE forced herself to smile. Then promptly talked too fast, revealing herself more clearly than ever. Pop waited.



Hold Everything!
By J. R. Williams

CREDIT
AT CASH PRICES!
YOU DON'T PAY 1c EXTRA
* No Interest
* No Carrying Charge
* No Red Tape
* As Long as 90 Days to Pay
KLAMATH'S CREDIT
Clothing
OREGON
WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD
By William Ferguson

QUOTING ODDS
A GOOD GROCER MAKES BAD EGGS GOOD! Says Mrs. Grace Clark, Schoolcraft, Michigan.

INVADIED ISLAND

HORIZONTAL

1,4 Depleted island.
10 Remained.
14 Wood sotrel.
15 Dormant.
16 Monster.
17 Conceal.
19 Flavor.
21 Proceed.
22 Settlement.
24 Aerodrome tower.
26 Street (abbr.).
28 Half an em.
30 Card game.
31 Toward.
32 Transgression.
34 Halt.
36 The Japs have a base at—
38 Quantity of thread.
41 Joke (slang).
43 Portico.
44 Senior (abbr.).
45 Invaded it.
46 Make lace.
50 Decigram (abbr.).
51 Exclamation.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

BERNHARD SHAW
COMRAVE SPERIE
SMITH SEIT SPURRIG
MATED LUBRIGO
ISLY GEORGE OLAF
POISON BERNHARD OLAF
OATMA SHAW
DREAM SHAPNETT
ENIGMA MARS
LID STANCE LIONS
CORBERN SLIT
EMBERIA OILY
EARS ABEVANCE

VERTICAL

1 Negative.
2 Reverberate.
3 Lament.
4 Valley.
5 Underwriting account (abbr.).
6 Belongs to it (abbr.).
7 Low tide.
8 Coveit.
9 Coral islands.
10 Behold!
11 Hen fruit.
12 Frozen moisture.
13 Symbol for tellurium.
18 Perform.
20 Foundations.
23 Affirmative.
25 Corners.
27 Carrying capacity of a ship.
29 Nothing.
33 Scold.
35 Fondle.
37 Devour.
38 Treated with iodine.
40 Seem.
42 Gallon (abbr.).
44 Therefore.
45 Nose (comb. form).
46 Junior (abbr.).
47 Be sick.
49 Dusky.
53 Grafted (her.)(abbr.).
54 Roster.
56 Shilling (abbr.).
57 Podder vat.
59 Tree.
61 Salt.
63 Upward.
64 Size of shot.
66 That one.
68 Editor (abbr.).



The Casualties
By J. R. Williams



Madam Olga
By Fred Harman



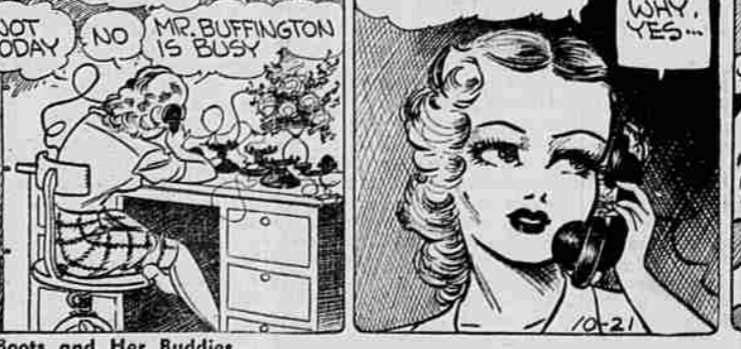
Leapin' Lizards!
By Harold Gray



Freckles and His Friends
By Blosser



Wash Tubbs
By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies
By Martin



Alley Oop
By V. T. Hamlin



Our Boarding House
By J. R. Williams



Very Soon, Young Man
By Fred Harman



Leapin' Lizards!
By Harold Gray



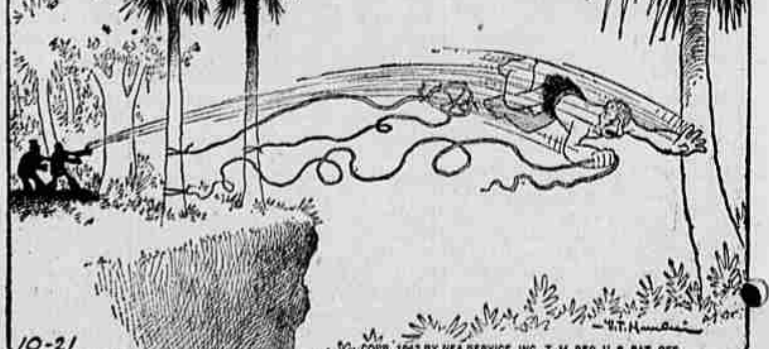
Freckles and His Friends
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14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47
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