· SERIAL STORY PLAY BY PLAY BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON COPYRIGHT. 1942. NEA SERVICE. INC.

THE STORT: Blythe Miller in graged when she bears Nancy als promise a gambler that she fill give alcering pills to Cafer llots Duane Hogan and Norman Will give acception and Norman Pilota Duana Kogan and Norman Dana, keen them from playing in the week's big sarvice-cellege football game. Nancy, a homeles. Journa and the sarvice-cellege football game. Nancy, a homeles. Juncin Field aliace she was rea-ceed from an auto accident. Nancy is in lowe with Duans-al least the has seemed to her-and so is Birthe. Birthe shas decided not to turn her over to the police, he-cause of Nancy's haby son. But that Mancy's trachory is some-how connected with a fat each roop Miner, in fomhil conta-for Miner, the fash of her father for Miner, the fash of her father from Poly on the fash of her father from Poly and the fash of her father from her to hore we loaded gunt

FAINT HEART CHAPTER XV

CHAPTER XV BIG Duane Hogan's presence seemed somehow to fill the entire Miller household. Mother Miller household. Mother Miller herself fitted around him admiringly, fondly, slightly em-barrassing the young man. Would he have off his cost. Would he take this rocker. He must stay for lunch. Pop will be so glad you called again, he thinks so much of you. Blythe is in with him. He set in a few yes ma'ams and

of you. By the is in with hum. He got in a few yes ma'ams and no ma'ams and thank you ma'ams, and then Pop shouted for him. "Come in here, you old knock-kneed son-of-a-gun you!" "You get back in bed. Pop," Duane ordered. "Hi, Bly."

"Hello, Duane." "Pop gonna live, you reckon?"

"I'm afraid so. He doesn't even

"He better live. We got a game to play.

to play." "Haven't we, though, Now listen to me, Hogan, confound your lazy soul. You got to shake the lead off and play ball Thursday, you understand? With Heavy Under-wood at center, and you and Dana in the backfield..." Duane grimned. "Sure, Pop." "You been sloppin' around the field all season. Come Thursday, you git up and gill" "Sure."

"Sure." "I mean it! You go out this afternoon and stretch your legs. Make the other lads all know we got to have that State game! Got

He said that last so vehemently ne said that last so vehemently, so meaningfully, that both Duane and Blythe looked surprised. Duane's manner changed. "Lecrtainly will, sir," said he, seriously. "You bet,"

A LL at once then Pop was star-ing off at nothing again. Deep in himself. After several seconds bythe caught Duane's eys. She was afraid he might see some of the worry in her own heart. She was afraid he might see some of the worry in her own heart. She inhaled deeply. She began then to make more small talk, with pare only a few grunts. His quick heartmess strangely had subsided from no apparent cause. Mrs. Miller broke the strained stimston by announcing lunch. She refused Pop permission to get up, then said she would bring her funch into the bedroom to eat with him. Duane found himself mode, alone with Biy. "This is good," he ventured. "T LL at once then Pop was star-

"This is good," he ventured. "I can, being here." "Is it, Duane? Oh."

"Hmm?" He looked at her, over soup spoon. He must have caught the quick eagerness in her voice, Bly feared.

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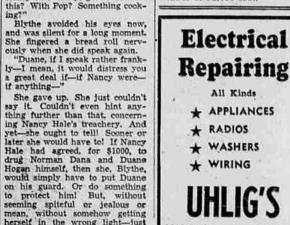
"I said-yes. Yes, it is, Duane. I'm so glad you could stay." "Mom Miller always feeds a man well. Like my own mom at home."

"I'd love to meet your mother." "You will."

"You will." They ate in allence while Bly contemplated that. What did he mean? Nothing, probably. No, just a chance remark. Polite. She lifted her eyes from her soup bowl to see him making crazy motions, paused with her lips parted as she watched.

tell Duane Hogan everything! Not yell Not upset him, too, if there was to be a critical game in three days. Obviously Pop was depend-ing heavily on Duane to carry through that encounter. "What is, Bly?" he repeated. "You remember last week at practice, when you came to me on the sidelines and we talked. We said then that something was on Pop's mind." "Yep. Pre-game jitters. I guess." "No. . . No, Duane, it was worse than that. There's actual danger, and Pop must be helped! I mean-!' She had already said more than she meant to, and she looked at Duane wide-eyed. "I mean-look, Duane, you like Yancy Hale, don't you? You really mean-look, Duane, you like Nancy Hale, don't you? You really

do?" He swallowed, slowly, looking at her. "Sure. . . But what's Nancy . . . Nancy, got to do with this? With Pop? Something cock-Gliders in some instances hav soared 400 miles and reached al titudes of 22,000 feet.



flice. And Nancy's tone was

ounds when loaded.

herself in the wrong light-just how could she do it? How! The telephone rang and Bly. 1026 Main Phone 5512



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V. T. Hamili