

● SERIAL STORY

PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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CRACKUP

CHAPTER XVI  
YOU'D look so nice, upon the seat—(if we had another seat!)

Of a bicycle built for two—o-o-o! Duane Hogan sang that, with interpolation, in a deeply Texan bass as he pedaled in the same rhythm out toward the athletic field. Behind him clung what could have been mistaken for a child. She sat on the rigid package carrier over the fender, her shapely legs held forward so toes wouldn't touch the ground. Her dark curls reached hard up to his shoulder. She clung to his cadet uniform belt.

"I like it better this way!" she laughed back at his sally. "If we really had a bicycle built for two, I'd have to help pedal!"

"Sol You want a man to do all the work!"

"Sure thing!"

"Oughta be a law against women."

"Men would soon repeal it."

"Oh-h-h-h no they wouldn't!"

"Oh-h-h-h yes they would!"

You could cut up thus with Duane Hogan; happily, youthfully; on the rare occasions when you could be alone with him. He never said very much, never talked like some men. But his strength and good humor pervaded his whole life. It was one reason why Blythe loved him. One reason for being frantic because he had never shown any love for her in turn.

"I'm gonna be disgraced if the gang sees me riding a girl's bike," he lamented now. "Towing a girl."

"It was your idea," she reminded him.

"I never could think. Papa always said I ought to be a—"

"So, you admit it!"

"Hush! Or I'll make him buck you off."

"This isn't a horse. This isn't your ranch, either; this is Lincoln boulevard, mister!"

"Nann!" He pretended to growl.

BACK of their easy banter was the knowledge that each concealed serious thoughts. Duane faced a deadly earnest business of learning to fight in the air.

More immediately, he nursed a burning desire to win a football game this week, because his beloved coach and friend, Pop Miller, was in some kind of trouble.

Blythe had hinted of that trouble. He thought he understood; Pop wanted to beat State U. again, this time as a flying-field coach.

And here he was sick in bed.

When Duane was silent for a block or so, Blythe turned serious too.

"Duane," she asked, surprising, "do you have a pistol?"

"Do I—huhh?"

"Please, I'm not joking."

"Sure I have. But why?"

"Never mind. Would you lend it to me?"

"Whatnaws shoot? Japs?"

"I am not joking, Duane."

"Okay, then, I'll bring it over tonight."

"Thanks so much."

"But I'm still curious. After all, lady, a gun—"

"It's for Pop."

"Pop? ... What's a gun got to do with winning a game?"

"I—I don't know! But, Duane—please! We're friends, you and Pop and I. You—you better just—trust us. And not say anything."

He considered that, pedaling in powerful, deliberate strides. "Hm," he murmured. "Where I come from, pistols are used to—"

"I know. It scares me, too. But Pop asked me to borrow one. I told you Pop was in trouble, but I don't know enough to tell you what kind."

"You don't say!"

He stopped the bike, the better to talk to her. When he turned, his face showed deep concern.

"Listen, Bly," he spoke intently, low. "If Pop needs that—he moistered his lips—"I mean, if it's that kind of help Pop wants, then let me use the gun! Me!"

"Oh, Duane! ... No. No. I'll have to be his way, I'm afraid. Until—at least until we know more. I do know this much, he needs it for protection. And you must promise to say nothing. To go right out with the rest of the team and be yourself! Understand? ... Frantically hand and— and kid everybody and keep the spirit up. Don't let anything spoil the team's morale, even if Pop shouldn't be able to come!"

HE looked at her a long moment, then resumed pedaling again. And Blythe knew he would question her no more. He had already said a great deal more than was his custom. But she couldn't end it quite so abruptly.

"Duane, it's kind of personal, I guess. But it concerns Pop and it concerns the team. And it concerns Nancy Hale."

She tucked that last hint on, purposely. Would he now show wild, desperate concern? For the other girl?

Bly waited. Duane kept on pedaling as if he had never heard at all. Finally he said, calmly, "I'll stick around. The commandant has already said I could

take my duties easy this week. He meant leave of absence, if needed. I'll stick around, Bly."

That's all he ever said about it, and Blythe herself volunteered no more. As to his feelings concerning Nancy, she had learned exactly nothing.

When Nancy had telephoned, that note of urgency in her voice was definite. But Bly was almost afraid to face her again.

Afraid, this time, not because Nancy was making an admitted play for Duane Hogan's love, and had even asked Bly's help in winning him; but afraid because of what she had overheard on the stairs.

Nancy Hale had said "All right" when a gambler's agent had offered her \$1000 to drug two football men. One of them—worse—was Duane. Not only would Nancy sacrifice team spirit, friendship, all the finer loyalties, but for money she would even sacrifice love itself! Blythe's first quick impulse to expose Nancy had been stifled when she remembered baby

Scouter Hale. And, too, there's just naturally something despicable about a tattler. Run quick and get the police after the girl who had stolen her boy friend? No; Bly couldn't bring herself to that. Not yet.

They were nearing Pop's office when Nancy ran outside to meet them. Both Duane and Bly sensed her concern.

"Bly," she began at once. "Duane. Listen—the field hospital called. Heavy Underwood is hurt! There was a plane crackup at dawn. He and the instructor both hurt. And I—if Pop Miller is sick, I'm afraid it may—the team—!"

The import of this was obvious. Heavy Underwood was the real power of the Lincoln football line. The great charging center. The team's third man, following only

Norman Dana and Duane. (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Please hurry up, lady—here comes the night shift!"

**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**  
Clothiers

**OREGON**  
WOOLEN STORE  
8TH AND MAIN

ME GO BACK INTO TH' SHOP? HA HA! AFTER TH' WAY YOU THREW US OLD GUYS OUT WHEN THAT CRAZE WAS ON FER YOUNG MEN! I AIN'T FERGOT-- AND YOU'LL HAVE TO DRAFT ME!

AH, THIS IS NO TIME TO HOLD A GRUDGE, DICK-- WE'RE AT WAR!

BAH! I WOULDN'T WASTE TIME ON A BULL-HEADED, STUBBORN OL' COOT LIKE HIM!

WELL, WHEN YOU HAVE TO WAIT FER A WORLD WAR TO BE SOMEBODY-- WHY, YOU JUST LIKE TO BE SOMEBODY, IS ALL!

EGAD, ME FLUG! YOU PRATE SO LOUDLY OF YOUR FOOTBALL PROWESS, I'D ENJOY GEEING YOU IN ACTION! ... HOW ABOUT A GAMBLE OF YOUR ABILITY? YOU CARRY THE BALL AND LET BUSTER TACKLE YOU!

OKAY! LET'S GO!

NOT ME! MY FACE WON'T GET ME CLARK GABLE'S JOB, BUT I DON'T CRAVE ANY PLEATS IN IT!

YEAH-- NOBODY WANTS TO CRASH THE HALL OF FAME BY WRITING A BOOK, "MY FIVE YEARS IN A WHEELCHAIR!" ... BUT WE MIGHT TRY SOMETHING PIANISSIMO, LIKE TOUCH FOOT-BALL!

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

TOMORROW: ME FLUG V.G. BOARDERS=

By J. R. Williams

MY CRYSTAL BALL! IT'S BROKEN-- SHATTERED!

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

Red Ryder

EGAD, ME FLUG! YOU PRATE SO LOUDLY OF YOUR FOOTBALL PROWESS, I'D ENJOY GEEING YOU IN ACTION! ... HOW ABOUT A GAMBLE OF YOUR ABILITY? YOU CARRY THE BALL AND LET BUSTER TACKLE YOU!

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TOMORROW: ME FLUG V.G. BOARDERS=

POLICE JUST CALLED-- SAID EVERYONE IS TO REMAIN INSIDE FOR THE PRESENT-- THEY'RE SEARCHING THIS WHOLE DISTRICT--

HOW DO THEY KNOW THEY WERE ENEMY PARACHUTISTS?

THE POLICE FOUND THEIR PARACHUTES THIS MORNING IN A FIELD EAST OF TOWN-- LOTS OF PEOPLE HEARD THEIR PLANE GO OVER--

DID YOU HEAR IT, SHANGHAI?

ME? YES, I JUST HAPPENED TO--

Little Orphan Annie

I DID!

YOU DID, EH? DO YOU KNOW HOW CLOSE YOU CAME TO KILLIN' SOMEONE?

NOT CLOSE ENOUGH, YOU TUMBLE-WEED TRAMP!

HEY!

By Fred Harman

**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson

There is one day in every month in which the moon does not rise, and one in which it does not set.

IN ANCIENT TIMES, CATS WERE TRAINED TO CATCH BIRDS. NOW WE TRY TO TRAIN THEM NOT TO!

SCAT

A WISE GIRL NEVER BLOWS HER KNOWS! Says JEAN CHAMBERLIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WHY, JUNE, HE LOOKED JUST LIKE A HOBO. IF I MUST SAY SO-- AND I'M AFRAID I MUST SAY SO!

BUT, BETTY, YOU SHOULD SEE HIM WITH HIS BEARD OFF, AND HIS HAIR COMBED AND HIS UNIFORM ON!

AND YOU SHOULD DANCE WITH HIM WHEN HIS BUNIONS AREN'T SIMPLY KILLING HIM!

GO AHEAD-- RUB IT IN!

Freckles and His Friends

FIGURED I'D TAKE A MITE OF A STROLL AFORE TURNIN' IN-- INCE MOONLIGHT NIGHT, IT WAS--

A STROLL? BUT YOU'RE STILL FAR FROM WELL!

OH, I COULDN'T GO FAR, O' COURSE! HO! HO! NOT WITH RHEUMATISM IN ONE SHANK-- AND TERMITES IN THE OTHER--

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ANNE? WHY LOOK SO FUNNY?

EH? WHO? ME?

By Harold Gray

**QUOTING ODDS**

IN ANCIENT TIMES, CATS WERE TRAINED TO CATCH BIRDS. NOW WE TRY TO TRAIN THEM NOT TO!

SCAT

A WISE GIRL NEVER BLOWS HER KNOWS! Says JEAN CHAMBERLIN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THERE'S THE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BLOCK-- ONLY ONE SENTRY, GETTIN' OLIANT OUT SHOULDN'T BE VERY DIFFICULT, PROVIDED I CAN GET HOLD O' THE KEYS

TOTCHKOFFERBRANDG KAS. A

Wash Tubbs

AND, BETTY, YOU SHOULD HAVE DINNER WITH HIM SOMETIME WHEN HE TUCKS A NAPKIN UNDER HIS COLLAR!

By Blosser

**SCREEN ACTRESS**

**HORIZONTAL**

17 Pictured movie actress.

14 Pertaining to deism.

16 Learned.

17 Age.

18 Epoch.

19 Concealed.

20 Female deer.

21 Any.

22 Verily.

23 Units.

25 Doctor of Medicine (abbr.).

26 Like.

27 The whole.

29 Exists.

31 Money bag.

34 Boy.

35 Caper.

38 (Latin).

39 Mother.

41 Pronoun.

42 U.

43 Large.

44 Toward.

46 New Testament (abbr.).

47 Dove's shelter.

48 Rested.

50 Boast.

**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

JOAN CRAWFORD

26 Skill.

28 Music note.

30 Pig pen.

31 Church seat.

32 Employ.

33 Send forth.

35 She in motion pictures.

36 Electrified particle.

37 Cleave.

40 Grow old.

43 Marsh.

45 Boat paddle.

47 Automobile.

48 Afternoon drink.

50 Trumpet mouth.

51 Spring harvest in India.

53 On the lee side.

54 Ill-tempered.

56 Extinct bird.

57 Wheel tooth.

58 Uncooked.

61 Again (prefix).

62 Symbol for tellurium.

64 We.

24 Transgression.

65 Myself.

BOOTS

WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

BILLY!!! BROTHER BILLY... OOOOHH

Boots and Her Buddies

BUT WITH SO GUARDS SEARCHING FOR ME, THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT NOW. I'VE GOT TO HIDE! BUT HOW? WHERE?

I'VE GOT IT! THE EXCAVATION! I'LL COVER MYSELF WITH DIRT... EVEN MY FACE... AND BREATHE THRU A RUBBER HOSE THEY USE FOR BEATING PRISONERS!

By Crane

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

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 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69

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HEY! MY GOLLY, OOP, WHY'D YOU LITTLE YOUR END OF TH' LINE? WHY DIDN'T YOU COME ACROSS HAND OVER HAND, LIKE EVERYTHING I DID?

THAT'S IT, OOP FOR YUH... DOING TH' HARD WAY!

OH, I'LL MAKE YOU OUT ALL RIGHT! BESIDES, I DON'T WANTA LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND THAT EENY COULD USE!

HERE I COME!

Alley Oop

DARLIN'

GOSH! SOMETIMES I THINK IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD-- JUST BEIN' A BROTHER TO HER!

By Martin

HAPPY LANDINGS, GENERAL!

WELL, IT SOUNDS LIKE HE MADE IT!

YEH... BUT IT DIDN'T SOUND LIKE SUCH A HAPPY LANDING!

By V. T. Hamlin