

SERIAL STORY
PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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SABOTAGE
CHAPTER XVII

THE news that Lincoln's great charging center, 210-pound Heavy Underwood, had suffered two broken ribs in a plane crack-up on Monday morning, was enough to upset the whole city and half the state.

The other half of the state, on the contrary, was elated. If Underwood was out of Thursday's game against State U., then State U. had a new cause to hope!

"The gambling gents," quoth Elmer Summers in his Journal column next morning, "are revising their bets all over town. Your scribe heard last midnight that an estimated hundred thousand—in ciphers, 100,000—dollars had already been wagered that State U. would win. That's a right well-rounded sum, lousy as it is.

"The whole thing is lousy, the Journal and all decent people hold, because a stadium is supposed to be a place for amateur sports, not a casino for slinky-eyed denizens too lazy or too dishonest to work for a living. Especially should a game be clean when it involves aviation cadets. Gambling on them in this way is a contemptible form of war profiteering. It is the lowest essence of—"

Summers was wound up about it and he let go in vehement style. Toward the end he hung crepe.

"The truth is," wrote he, "Heavy Underwood's absence will just about swing the balance. It was Heavy who, unsung, often made the holes for Norman Dana and Duane Hogan, Coach Miller's two great backs. It was this hefty trio who spiked so many blitz plays that the Aggies tried last Saturday. Loss of any one of the three at this late hour can well wreck the morale of the whole Lincoln team, especially with Pop Miller himself barely out of bed from an illness."

Blythe Miller read it Tuesday morning and almost cried. It was all too true! Yesterday afternoon she had stayed at the athletic field, in Pop's office with Nancy until practice time, and she had tried desperately to be cheerful and gay, hoping it would be contagious. The players tried valiantly, too.

"What of it?" they asked each other. "We can get along without Heavy. He can sit on the bench and watch the fun! Let's go out there and show him we don't need him!"

"Sure, sure!" somebody would steam back, overly hearty. "Who's Heavy Underwood? Been wanting to play center myself! Come on, let's go!"

THEY swarmed out to practice in that mood, their spirit as false as that of a forced Nazi rally. And the falsity of it began at once to show. Nick O'Day, the sub center, snapped the ball consistently over the backfield's heads. Teddy Kildare, guard, bawled out Big Duane Hogan, who never in his life did anybody a wrong. Duane—bless him—just kept silent and pleaded, with his eyes, for the gang to carry on, Blythe noticed. It was like that all afternoon, no matter how much the players and the assistant coaches labored. Blythe, who knew football thoroughly, went home with her heart in her shoes.

And now, at breakfast Tuesday, even the papers were saying that Lincoln faced grave trouble indeed.

"I am going to work," Pop Miller announced flatly. "And don't you two women try to stop me! Two days is enough to nurse any blankety-blank cold!"

He didn't say blankety-blank, he said something quite a bit stronger. Strong enough to warn Mom Miller and Bly to let him have his way. Deliberately Bly went back into his bedroom with him after eating. She stood against the closed door, silent as he put on coat, tie, overcoat and hat. He glared at her in defiance when he pocketed Duane Hogan's gun.

"Pop," Bly began, gently. "You know you have a lot of friends." "I have that."

"If a man is in trouble, he—"

"You just mind your own—aw, honey, I don't want to be harsh with you, but don't ask questions! Kiss me now. . . . Mind!"

She kissed him, and Pop held her close and patted her back. "I'm going with you," she said. "You belong in your own school."

"Not this week, I took off."

ready." "It came in yesterday's mail," she added. "And Pop—I didn't show it to Nancy. Or anybody else. I was waiting until you were out of bed. But I guess you understand it. You wanted a gun."

He stared at the paper a long time. "Yes," he said then, quietly. "I understand it. And I understand now why you've been so worried. You knew more than I thought. But you stop fretting, honey. Your old Pop has been taking care of things for over 50 years. Just wait, and keep mum."

They heard sudden steps in the hall, then, and both started a little, involuntarily. Somebody knocked on the door. Pop glanced quickly at Blythe. "Open it," he breathed, "and stand back as you do, just in case."

Strangely confident of him and of herself as well, she obeyed. But there there was a letdown.

"Oh, . . . Norman!" There stood Norman Dana, indeed. And for once he was not smiling. His countenance held no look of cockiness or pleasantry or play.

"Hello, Bly; good morning, Coach."

Pop exhaled audibly. "Come in, son, come in! Glad to see you. We got a week's work to do, and we need some extra planning. Sit down!"

"Pop," Norman said, sliding into a chair, "I just came from Colonel Rutherford, at the field headquarters. The commandant—well, sir, to tell you the truth, they aren't telling it to everybody, but I was pretty close to Heavy Underwood and all. And, Pop, there's evidence that Heavy's plane was sabotaged. Somebody wanted to wreck him! Somebody wanted to

get him off our football team!" Blythe didn't need to hear any more of it. She knew now that the crooked gamblers this time were making doubly sure. (To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Aw, don't mind her—she's just nursing a grouch these days!"

Electrical Repairing

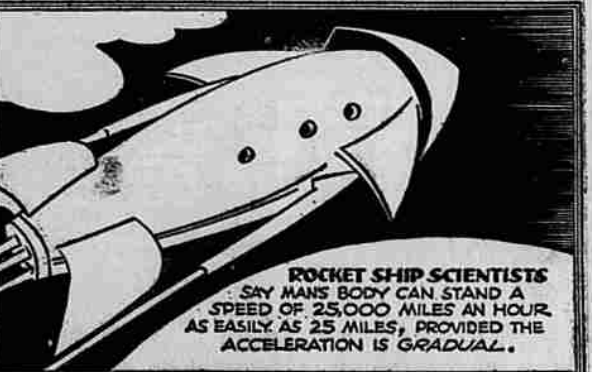
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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



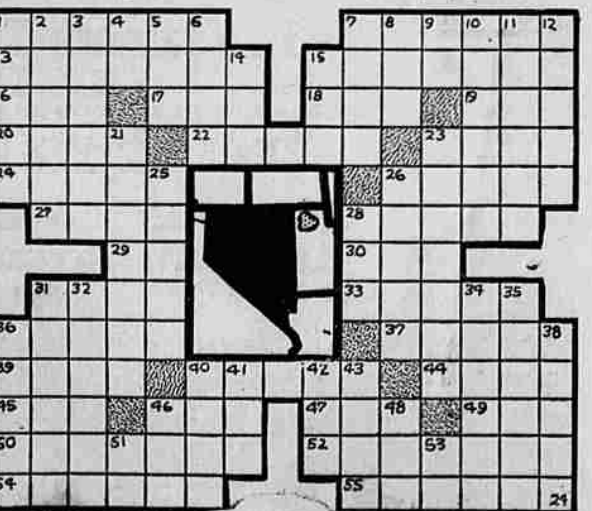
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ANSWER—One who works in tin—a tinsmith.

SNOW-CLAD STATE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Depicted state.
 - 7 It has many gold, silver and—mines.
 - 13 Issue.
 - 15 Spanish measure.
 - 16 National Emergency Council (abbr.).
 - 17 Genus of cattle.
 - 18 Anger.
 - 19 Lugworm.
 - 20 Snare.
 - 22 Liquefies.
 - 23 Oasis.
 - 24 Girl's name.
 - 26 Rushed.
 - 27 Sicilian volcano.
 - 28 Goddess of crops.
 - 29 Guinea (abbr.).
 - 30 Peri.
 - 31 Move swiftly.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- INGRID BERGMAN
ERUDITE
HIDE-OUT
ONCE UPON A TIME
PURSE LAD
ESTIMATE
WE BIG COTE
BRAGGART
EAR MC
LB ROOT
LINEAGE
- VERTICAL**
- 10 King's home.
 - 11 Corrodes.
 - 12 Furious.
 - 14 Compass point.
 - 15 Townsman.
 - 21 Flightless bird.
 - 23 Hostilities.
 - 25 Moments of one's life.
 - 26 Lease again.
 - 28 Century (abbr.).
 - 31 Spoils.
 - 32 Sleeveless robe.
 - 34 Mashed substance.
 - 35 Bestows approval.
 - 36 Bitter.
 - 38 Crush.
 - 40 Broad smile.
 - 42 Apex.
 - 43 Levantine ketch.
 - 46 Mimic.
 - 48 Beverage.
 - 51 Written form of mister.
 - 53 Railroad (abbr.).
 - 54 Pint (abbr.).



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN



Red Ryder



Little 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 Mort



By V. T. Hamlin