# PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

HECTIC AFTERNOON CHAPTER XXII

DECIDING to take Duane into her confidence was the first real comfort Blythe had known in days. It was surprising, even to her, how much she had come to lean on the big Texan.

She had to go across the street to find a telephone with any privacy. It was the longest, most miserable walk she had ever taken. This course of action would cause her forever to lose the man she loved. In addition it would bring the law down on a girl who called her a friend. It was as if Blythe walked to her own im-

"But I can forgive Nancy, too!" she was saying hotly, within. she needs money so much, with baby Scooter and all. . . . I can tell people that, I can still

be a friend. At least I can tryl" . She would surely strive to vin-dicate Nancy by explaining to the court, Nancy isn't really mean. She just couldn't be! This sort of thinking was about to bring the sobbing again, and Blythe realized that she could delay no longer. Action was inescapable now. She hurried on.

Duane couldn't be located by telephone. She became more des-

"Tell him to call!" she pleaded. "No, tell him to come at once! Tell him to hurry. . . . I-I mean —tell him it's an emergency. I'm Blythe Miller. At the athletic

She tried three places and each one assured her of help. But the time was indefinite, and now she hadn't any time to spare! Walking back toward the gymnasium rather frantically, if without definite aim, she looked at her watch again. It still said 2:13. She listened to it, holding her breath. It was stopped, and she couldn't guess the real time now! The gamolers were to slip up to

Nancy's apartment exactly at 5. She began a frantic run. What-ever should she do! Duane might not get her call until too late. Perhaps not at all. At 5:30 or so he would show up for the dinner at Nancy's.

Pop had ordered no practice soday. He wanted to edge them off rigorous field work so the "lads" wouldn't be too keyed up or too physically stale. A light dawn workout had been ordered instead, then two good meals and a movie before actual game time

In short, Pop knew the coaching job was mental and emotional at this stage; it was one basis of his great success as a football coach. His players would be scattered to the four winds this afternoon, just relaxing, avoiding any jitters. And Blythe couldn't wait until 5 for Duane.

"He just might come to Pop's office anyway," she said now, in wishful thinking.

IT gave her a destination. En-

tering the hallway, she found about 20 other men there. Cadets, players, ex-players, college alummi, football fans in general. A few of them had business of some kind or other and Pop appeared to be swamped. But there was no Duane. Nancy was obviously enjoying everything, too. The mote of high-jinks, the feel of good times in the air, was manna to her fun-starved soul. Blythe saw her smiling and talking and

saw her smiling and talking and laughing at everybody. Then Nancy saw Blythe and ran to her. "Oh, Bly, isn't it all just too exciting!" she breathed in quick intimacy again, "I love it! I can never thank you enough for getting me this job."

"It. have you seen . . . I mean . . ." Bly was incoherent.

"But I've got to scoot in a little bit, honey, Half an hour at most. Pop said I could. I'm the big hostess tonight, you know. And I—I guess I'm scared!"

Blythe looked quickly at her.

"Yi just am! Imagine me, having the two star players for dinner guests! Me! I thought about making it a party for all of us. But, honey.—Pop wanted them kept kind of quiet. You know what I mean. He depends on Duane and Norman so. I want to help him all I can!"

Blythe had to bite her lip hard.

all I can!"

Blythe had to bite her lip hard.
If it hadn't been here in a crowd of men, she couldn't have resisted tesring into Nancy Hale. As matters went on, somebody interrupted them and Nancy went

away.

Blythe found herself listening Blythe found herself listening to Elmer Summers, the Journal sports editor, without actually hearing him. The sense of confusion in her seemed more and more to press down. Confusion, and a vague but desperate urgency now. She almost wished that the had gone to the police. Summers was asking her a direct question, and she could only stare foolishly at him. Suddenly he turned personal.

"EXCUSE me, Miss Miller," said he, "but I'm afraid you may not feel so good, hmmm? Matter of fact, you look like the devil. I mean, like you were sick or something. Pop was in bed. Maybe you.—"

"Oh . . no, thank you. I mean

"Oh . . no, thank you. I mean no. I'm all right. I'm just a little tired, I guess. And I haven't had any linch."

"That would make even me look pale! Come on and let me buy for you, hmm? I'm safe, you know. Old married man, two kids, and too ugly to be dangerous. Let me take you over to the beanery and visit while you sat."

She smiled wanly, in gratitude. "You're awfully nice, Mr. Summers. But I couldn't eat a thing and I'm afraid I—" She saw then that it was he who wasn't listen-

"Who are the dignitaries arriving?" He was looking out a win-dow.

Blythe looked, too. "Oh!" she gasped.
"Say!" Summers' Interest leaped. "I know those guys. Big shots!"

Blythe saw two men leaving a taxi, and—yes—one had on a derby hat and a turned-up over-coat! She caught barely a glimpse be-

She caught barely a glimpse because Summers was taller and unconsciously blocked the window, and because other men kept pressing around her in the foyer there. But two men in a taxi!

She might have thought calmly and known better. The gamblers would hardly have driven up boldly this way. But all she could envision was the two crooks coming to Nancy's apartment at 5. Crooks who would endanger the life of a man she loved. The sense of panic throbbed inside her again. "Wonder what the score is with them?" Summers was saying. "You know who they are? That's Abe Loumann, the heavy-set one on the left, and T. J. Natwick. They practically run Hollywood. Loumann's the big director for

World Features, and Natwick is his talent scout. They don't fool with small pickings, Miss Miller. There's something big in the wind!"

(To Be Continued)

DAKOTA'S AFFILIATIONS Before it became a state in 1889, North Dakota was identified with nine United States territories and claimed by three European nations.

### ARMLESS MUSICIAN

Raymond Myers, Vintage, Pa. has been armless since birth, but he has mastered the piano, gui-tar, trombone, harmonica, and instruments other musical through the use of his feet.

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OREGON **WOOLEN STORE** 8TH AND MAIN

### THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

AFTER YOU

SEE THE PIC-TURE, SAVE YOUR TICKET

STUB AND GO HOME AND WRITE A LOVE

LETTER! THEN

MAIL OR BRING

IT IN!

WE SPEAK OF "SOLID EARTH.". AND YET THE EARTH SPINS ON ITS AXIS, DASHES AROUND

THE SUN,
WABBLING
LIKE A TOP
AS IT GOES!
ITS CORE IS
LIQUID, ITS SURFACE IS THREE-FOURTHS
WATER,
AND EVEN THE
GROUND IS SO
ELASTIC THAT IT GIVES WITH THE





NEXT: How do eclipses help historians?

## U. S. RED CROSS CHAIRMAN

HORIZONTAL 1 Pictured	The second second	and the content of	13 God. ** 14 Newfoundland
	SITEPHEN	_HORGAN	/alt-1
American Re	CURRENT	CAREENS	16 Editor (abbr.
Cross,	ANTES	SELECT	18 Street (abbr.
	RELYDWA	ARFIN CTEMIEN	20 Mother.
11 Narrows.	QUARPER	NAITE JILTHEN	21 Sorrowful.
12 Shouted.	BAYOUSEE	TON	24 Better.
14 Wanderer.	BSHOLLA		26 Converses.
15 Golf device.	ELSLAVE		28 Pan.
17 Weight	RODISMAR		29 Mist.
allowances.	SNAPIDIO		31 Girl's name.
19 Heat-	REVELS		33 Auricle.
producer.			34 Three united
20 King of Phry- gia (myth.).	ASSETS	PRESENT	36 Double, 38 Perfume.
22 Stop.	41 Palm lily.	VERTICAL	39 Distress signs
23 Rupees	42 Bone.	1 Appellations.	40 Bad qualities
(abbr.).	20 70 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10	2 (1000	44 Like.

42 Bone. (abbr.).

24 Distant. 90 25 Entangle. 27 Mountain (abbr.). 28 Postscript

(abbr.). 49 Measure 29 Falkland Is- area. lands (abbr.). 51 Dandy. 30 Water barrier. 53 We. 49 Measure of

30 Water barrie.
32 Biblical 54 Berne.
32 Bronoun. 55 Line again.
34 2000 pounds. 58 Sets over.
35 Upright shaft. 61 His organization needs
plasma from

8 Tub.

1 Appellations. 40 Bad qualities. 42 Bone.

43 Four (Roman)
44 Small particle.
46 One.

48 South America
1 Appellations.
44 Like.
45 Public walk.
46 Employer.
47 Toward.
50 River (Sp.).
50 For St.

of Mister.
5 Stirring.
6 Sleeping
vision. 52 For. 53 United Service Organiza-tions (abbr.). 56 Symbol for 7 Army order (abbr.).

erbium. 57 Negative. 9 Mid-eastern country. 10 Whey of milk. strength 11 Travels. (abbr.).

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams THE GRINDLESS GRIND STOP THAT FIGHTIN', OR I'LL LOOK YOU BOTH UP! Red Ryder YES, I KNOW-HM-M-M-HERE THEY COME OUT NOW-THEYRE HAVIN'
A WRITTEN
EXAMINATION
IN RITHMETIC
IN JOHNNY JONES'
CLASS --MELL, JOHNINY-HOW MAKE MAKE

A VERY FEW YEARS AGO, IF A GUY WRAPPED

HIMSELF AROUND

A MACHINE LIKE

TAKIN' HIM OUT OF IT WITH A RAKE!

WHEN EVERYTHING'S MADE TOO SAFE YOU KIND OF LOSE YOUR

ALERTNESS-IN OTHER
WORDS, GO TO SEED!
I'VE OFTEN WONDERED
IF WE EVER GIT DEMOCRACY REAL SAFE, IF
WE WON'T ALL GO TO
SLEEP!



NICE HE CAUGHT ON AROUND KEEP IT AS WE SHOWED MANHOL

IST TOOK

10 MINUTES

TO BORROW

A BUCK =

BETCHUM - AND IVE A REAL GOT AN IDEA -- MY LITTLE SISTER IS HAVIN' TROUBLE READIN' - WELL, READIN' IS A CINCH FOR ME, SO IM SPENDIN' AN HOUR EACH EVENIN' HELPIN' HER! COMMANDO-WERE PROUD OF YOU!

WHY # 10 ?

ARE YOU AND

ING DOWN

POOLROOM

CHARTERED

PLANE ?

MEFLUG RID

TO THAT

HAK-KAFF! I HAVE AN

O'BOYLE, SCOUT FOR THE

... MEANWHILE, MIGHT I

THAT'S WHAT I CALL Y THIS FIGHT AIN'T A FIGHT, PODNER! OVER AND DON'T YOU'RE GOOD LET'S YOU FORGET IT, SHAKE HANDS! RED-HEAD!

TONIGHT WITH ONE-MINUTE

CHICAGO BEARS -- HAR-RUMPH!

MYFLUG AS FULLBACK, I'LL RECEIVE A LARGE COMMISSION!

INTEREST ONE OF YOU IN A SMALL EXPENSE ADVANCE OF

5AY--UM!--#10?)

I'VE SEEN

THE BEARS

PLAY ---

THEY'RE

STEAM-

HOW DO WE

MIDGET IS JUST ANOTHER POTATO

MASHER?

Our Boarding House
With Major Hoople
Sun Yourself! OME ON,
LITTLE BEAVER! LET'S

GO BACK AND FINISH GETTING OUR FORTUNE TOLD!

KNOW THEY

ME WRITE A LOVE LETTER? YOU MUST THINK I'M A NITWIT! --- AND DID YOU SAY TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS 365502 \$ 10.30

THE GEM NOW SHOWING TOVE LETTER WRITE A LOVE LETTER ADDRESSED TO ANY-ONE, ENCLOSE IT WITH YOUR TICKET STUB & LEAV BOX OFFICE. YOU WIN A \$25 WAR SAVINGS BOND!







QUICK!





THE SECOND A-20 MACHINE GUNS THE

CONCENTRATION CAMP GATE







HEY, YOUR MIGHTINESS OOP'S GOT A SPEAR! DUCK

0002 1 1000

Alley

Boots and Her Buddies

HOW BOUT IT, NAW, Y'NEEDN'T

OOP? SHALL BOTHER ... JUST ONE I HAUL UP IS ALL I'M GONNA ANOTHER NEED TO SQUARE

WITH EENY!

SPEAR FOR MY ACCOUNT