

SERIAL STORY
PLAY BY PLAY

BY PAUL DAVID PRESTON

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MOVIE MOGULS
CHAPTER XXIII

THE two distinguished arrivals came straight to Pop's office. And Summers, the newspaperman—trust him to miss nothing!—promptly assumed the privilege of introducing them.

"Gentlemen!" he cried proudly, "this is Abe Loumann and T. J. Natwick from Hollywood. Come shake hands!"

But Loumann and Natwick themselves made the rounds, hugging and talking. Their brusque cordiality here stamped them for what they were—men of power. Natwick, the talent scout, and Loumann, the director, who had helped make World Features, Inc., a great name in Hollywood and throughout the amusement world. If these two men looked twice at any person, it was said, that person became a movie star before next dawn.

Blythe Miller had unconsciously backed behind a steel filing cabinet near the door. There, she was quite blocked out of the masculine ring; a panicky child, crouching unseen. She was about to flee on a desperate mission of her own, but Loumann's voice arrested her.

"Looking for a girl named Nancy Hale," he was saying now, to Pop. "World Features wants her, quick! The picture magazine people showed us her stills. T. J. and I saw her on the screen last night in St. Louis, too. She's perfect!"

Blythe went wide-eyed. They wanted Nancy!

Natwick spoke up briskly. "We saw her in the newsreels of the A. and M. game, Coach. I already told Abe here about her and her baby. I was down for that game myself, but I wanted Abe to see her, too."

"Don't need any test shots. Newsreel's enough," Loumann resumed. "Where is she? Understood she worked here. Get her quick, T. J. She work for you, Miller? We'll buy your contract. What you pay her? Don't matter, we'll buy it, send you a better office girl."

"You're a smart man, Abe," T. J. announced.

"Look, T. J., how's this—Sweetheart of the Flying Fields! The Girl Who Keeps 'Em Flying—no, too long—say, the Sky-High Girl, America's Sky-High Girl, Miss Nancy Hale!"

"Okay, okay, but she's Mrs. Hale, Abe."

"Make it Miss. Telephone Baker in New York. Tell him to put publicity department onto it, quick! The Aviators' Sweetheart. Perfect! Phone Baker quick and—"

"Listen, Abe, the girl's a widow with a youngster, but you want her to be a Miss! Now listen, you have to—"

"Your worry," Loumann barked. "Yours and Baker's. Make her famous, quick. Make her beautiful. Make her the Spirit of Aviation. Make her the cadets' dream. Order half a million color stills. Send one to every aviator in the Air Corps, free. Take 20 poses and have 'em in my hotel room tonight. Take her—"

"What about the baby?" Natwick put in.

"Put the baby under contract, too, quick. Start him at \$200. Start Nancy at \$500."

Pop Miller got in a word. "Hey!"

"Where is she?" Loumann demanded. "Where is she now?"

"Fi—five hundred dollars!" Pop croaked.

Blythe, overhearing all of it, was wide-eyed with interest anew. "Oh! . . . Oh!" She breathed that fractionally.

"Make it \$700, then," Loumann teased at Pop. "And \$800 for the baby, plus a thousand flat bonus for your contract, Miller. T. J., write it an even \$1200 a week in her contract. She'll be the baby's guardian anyway, and after we feature her in the first flying picture, we can make it—"

"Hey!" Pop was still incoherent, and by now Elmer Summers was dancing a little jig. None of the other men listening were quite normal, either.

"Where is she at?" T. J. Natwick demanded.

Pop got his tongue. "She—she ain't here now, gentlemen! Just stepped out a minute ago. But she—"

That's all Blythe heard. She knew where Nancy was. Nancy had slipped out a side door 10 minutes ago when she, Blythe, was stalling and waiting frantically for a call from Duane.

FULL importance of the movie men's talk hadn't quite sunk into Blythe. She was too confused by everything. She only saw that the clock said 4:28. And the gamblers were due to reach Nancy's apartment exactly at 5! They could easily slip upstairs now without being noticed. Perhaps—or no! . . . No, Nancy hadn't had time to get back up there to receive them. Not yet!

"Oh-h-h-h, if Duane would only come!" Blythe almost moaned that, squeezing her hands. The movie men, Pop, Summers and the others were still talking excitedly. She heard them only as vague sounds.

"I can't wait any longer! I've got to do something! Now!" Desperate reasoning told her that she would have to do it alone, and that she would have to be prepared for anything.

"I'll need—I'll just have to have a gun. If that one Pop—no! No, he has it under his coat! All this week. But those gamblers will do anything. And I must catch them and show them up! I . . . that closet—It's a clothes closet! If they are to hide in there—"

It was a crazy sort of plan shaping in her fevered mind, but it began to show faint possibilities. All she lacked was the gun.

Unnoticed by the rather hysterical gathering, she slipped around to Pop's desk. Quietly, she opened his middle drawer. She felt inside. When her hand came out it held the short, stubby timer's pistol used in football games. It was a real .38 caliber, but of course it was loaded only with blanks. It felt strangely

comforting to Blythe now. It was real enough, in appearance at least, to bluff any man.

Attracting a little attention as possible, she slipped back around the men, out the same door Nancy had chosen, and ducked under the shrubbery now touched with autumn snow. In a moment she was tiptoeing up the gloomy stairs to Nancy's apartment.

(To Be Continued)

FIRST MISSISSIPPI COLONY

Fort de Maurepas, on Biloxi bay, first colony on Mississippi soil, was established by Pierre le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, in 1699, and is now the site of Ocean Springs, Miss.

NO FEAT NOW

Bleriot, famous flyer, amazed spectators at the world's first aviation exposition in France, just 33 years ago, by circling a racing course in his plane at a speed of 47 miles an hour.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE RECORDING OF SOLAR ECLIPSES BY ANCIENT WRITERS HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR MODERN ASTRONOMERS TO ESTABLISH THE DATES OF MANY ANCIENT HISTORICAL EVENTS DOWN TO THE VERY DAY AND MINUTE THEY OCCURRED.

Kent-Kooper
THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE LICENSE PLATES IN THE U.S. APPEARED IN DENVER, COLORADO, IN 1908, AND WERE MADE OF LEATHER.

IN BIRD LIFE, WHICH IS USUALLY THE BRIGHTER IN COLOR, THE MALE OR THE FEMALE... AND WHY?

COLO. 1

ANSWER: The male. The female is dull in color so that she may be inconspicuous on the nest.

CANADIAN PROVINCE

HORIZONTAL

1,6 Depicted Canadian province. — Island.

12 Chairman (Scot.).

14 Eagles' nests.

16 Actual.

17 Cartograph.

19 Be dull and spiritless.

20 Bones.

21 Animal.

23 On top of.

24 Compensate.

26 Two-pronged instrument.

28 Wave (comb. form).

29 Trap.

30 And (Fr.).

31 Mohammedan magistrate.

34 At no time.

38 Native of Rome.

39 Barbers.

41 We.

42 Myself.

43 Church garment.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Quickly.

2 Motive.

3 This — is Canada's smallest province.

4 Compass point (abbr.).

5 Commanders of (abbr.).

7 Ambar.

8 Us.

9 Squadron.

10 One who riots.

11 Testify.

12 Outrigger canoe of Malaysia.

13 Legendary king of Brittany.

15 September (abbr.).

17 Mother.

18 Paid (abbr.).

22 Not present.

25 Chemical dye.

27 Entombs.

31 Harmonious.

32 Part of "be."

33 Water barriers.

35 Moving trucks.

36 Editor (abbr.).

37 Come back.

38 Regretted.

40 Transmitted.

43 Singing voice.

44 Native of Latvia.

49 Indian's grunt of assent.

50 Sun.

51 Before (prefix).

53 Draw along after.

55 Pair (abbr.).

56 Street (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-56.

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

TOUGH SLEDDING

BALL O' TH' FOOT COMES NEXT— YOU GOT INSTEP THERE!

WAIT HEAH! HOW COME I GOT INSTEP 26? ER IS THEET INCOME?

HE'S ON TH' WRONG END O' TH' TAPE! TURN TH' TAPE OVER, CURLY! WE'RE GITTIN' UP IN TH' MILLIONS HEAH!

NOW DON'T GIT SORE, WES—I SPECT TH' CLERKS IN YORE OFFICE MAKE A MISTAKE NOW AN' THEN!

YES, BUT I ONLY LOSE A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS! I DON'T HAVE TO BREAK IN A NEW PAIR O' BOOTS!

EGAD, O'BOYLE! I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU AS A SCOUT! OFFERING TO TRY OUT THE GREAT MFLUG "ON APPROVAL" MEAN YOU CAN'T MEAN I'M TO HAVE NO REMUNERATION!

TAKE THE GUN OFF ME, MAJOR! WHAT IF MFLUG DID GAIN 300 YARDS AGAINST OATMEAL TECH? HE MAY BE ONLY A HITCHING POST WITH THE BEARS! I'LL BUY YOUR BUM A TICKET TO CHICAGO— IF HE CAN PROVE HE AINT A MOUSE, YOU'LL GET A CHECK!

SWELL, MAJOR! IN THE FIRST PRACTICE I'LL SLAP THE BEARS INTO RUGS!

BUY WAR BONDS

EXIT MFLUG WITHOUT FANFARE!

Our Boarding House With Major Hoop

MADAM OLGA
YOUR FORTUNE TOLD

GRANDMA— YOU DIDN'T FINISH TELLING MY FORTUNE!

MY CRYSTAL BALL WAS DESTROYED, BUT I'LL TELL YOU FACTS!

Red Ryder

SURE! SOME KIDS ARE BRIGHTER N OTHERS— SO WHAT? SO WE SHOULDN'T LET TH' DUMB ONES BE J. CS? NIX!

BUT WE WANT THE SMARTEST KIDS. DON'T WE?

OF COURSE! BUT I'VE GOT A THEORY. SEE? BEIN' SMART IS MOSTLY JUST PLAIN HARD WORK AND KEEPIN' YER MIND ON YER BUSINESS 'TILL YOU GET YER LESSONS LEARNED.

SOME KIDS ARE AWFULL SLOW!

MAYBE IT TAKES SOME KIDS LONGER N OTHERS! BUT ANY HEALTHY KID CAN BE SMART UNLESS HE'S JUST TOO PLAIN LAZY TO TRY--

YES— YES— SO--

SO WE WON'T KEEP ANY DUMB KIDS IN TH' JUNIOR COMMANDOS! NO! BUT WE WON'T KICK 'EM OUT— WHAT WE'LL DO IS SMARTEN 'EM UP! HELP 'EM ALL WE CAN— MAKE BRIGHT KIDS OUT O' 'EM— GIVE 'EM A SHOT O' DISCIPLINE— PHYSICALLY— AND MENTALLY!

Little Orphan Annie

ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SEE THE MOVIE. THEN WRITE A LOVE LETTER AND MAIL IT IN WITH YOUR TICKET STUB, MR. GRUBBLE!

WRITING LOVE LETTERS IS KID STUFF! I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT IT!

PEOPLE WOULD THINK I WAS AN OLD FOOL! NO, SIR— NOT ME! I WOULDN'T BE SEEN NEAR THAT THEATER THIS WEEK!

I'D LIKE A SEAT IN THE BALCONY— WAY UP HIGH— WHERE IT'S GOOD AND DARK!

CAREFUL POP! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LIES AHEAD!

Freckles and His Friends

QUICK, BEFORE THE SMOKE AND DUST CLEAR!

TEMPORARILY, AT LEAST, WE'RE OUT! WE'RE FREE!

SPLIT-SECOND TIMING. BOMBERS WRECK THE CONCENTRATION CAMP GATE, AND EASY DASHES THRU THE OPENING.

Wash Tubbs

WHAT DO YOU MEAN— I CAN DO BETTER—?

I'M NOT SAYING IT, BUFF! YOUR UNCLE SAM IS— AND HE'S A GREAT GUY, YOU KNOW

Boots and Her Buddies

HOORAY! EVERYBODY LOOKS LIKE GENERAL OOP'S BACK!

HI, GLIZ! YOU FOLKS GOT CLEAR O' EENY AN' MADE IT OVER TH' BORDER!

YEH, THANKS TO YOUR STRATEGY, BUT WE WERE BEGINNIN' TO WORRY 'BOUT HOW YOU MADE OUT!

HOW ABOUT SOME EATS? WE'RE DID PLUMB STARVED!

OKAY, COME ALONG!

I SEE YOU'VE GOT THINGS PRETTY WELL ORGANIZED, EVERYBODY SEEMS T'BE DOIN' WAR WORK!

THAT'S RIGHT, EVERY-ONE TO HIS SPECIALTY. MAKIN' WEAPONS, GETTIN' FOOD ROUNDIN' UP AN' BRINGIN' IN OTHER REFUGEES.

Y'GOTTA HAND IT TO EENY'S FIENDISH NEW ORDER— IT HAS WELDED US MOOV'ANS INTO A HARD-FIGHTIN' UNITED PEOPLE!

Alley Oop

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A RANGE WAR IS ABOUT TO START BETWEEN THE LITTLE RANCHERS AND THE DONNELLYS! LEAVE BEFORE IT STARTS!

LEAVE? WHY, THAT'S LIKE WALKIN' OUT IN THE MIDDLE O' A CARD DEAL!

STAY, THEN? BUT THINK TWICE BEFORE TAKIN' SIDES, YOUNG MAN!

By Fred Harman

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