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RESIDENCE IS LESS \$200 per month

SERIAL STORY WAR AND A WOMAN BY BETTY WALLACE

CAST OF CHARACTERS LINDA STORM—Fell in love with her best friend's fiancée. MARCIA KING—Navy girl, loved a flyer. JIMMY COOPER—Naval flying instructor at Pensacola. GEORGE CAMERON—Linda's fiancée.

Yesterday Linda is infuriated when George refuses to leave his experiments, come to her. George calls again. Linda's father has had a heart attack, is in a serious condition. Linda plans to take the first plane home.

CHAPTER VII She never remembered, afterward, how she had broken the dreadful news to Marcia and Mrs. King. All she knew was that the blood pounded in her temples, and her knees shook so that they led her to a chair. Marcia was instantly upset, going for cold water, smelling salts, saying distractedly, "Oh, mother! Linda and her father are so close—so much closer than ordinary parents and daughters! This is terrible!"

"A plane—" Linda murmured. "I must go at once." "But there are no regular planes at this hour," Mrs. King said, knitting her brows. "If you were a man, and if somehow we could get hold of a service ship..."

Marcia flew to the telephone. "Jimmy will know what to do." It was pathetic, the way she relied on him for everything. Through the dim fog of her shock, Linda found herself noticing that, despite the help she might be able to lend, a moment later, Marcia was saying, "Mobile. That's the nearest airport. It's more than 150 miles from here. Jimmy says he doesn't think there's a flight out of there until night. But even so, Linda, you'd be home in the morning. Better than the train. If you caught a train right now, you couldn't be there before tomorrow night..."

"Get hold of yourself, child," Mrs. King said kindly. "Perhaps your father isn't as ill as it seemed at first. You must be brave. I'll help you pack." Sick grief ached inside Linda. "Anything, I—I can't think..."

Everything else was dwarfed before this horrible tragedy. Her father—her father whom she had left in the best of health, completely happy with his latest rare

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ALLY OOP... By Hamlin

HE'S KILLED BRONSON. THAT'S WHAT HE'S DONE! WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS, DOC? OH, IT'S TERRIBLE! I SENT BRONSON THROUGH THE TIME-MACHINE, BUT ONLY HIS HAT CAME BACK!!

THINK OF IT! MARCOONED IN MOO—FACING ONLY YOU KNOW WHAT PERILS! Y'MEAN THAT NICE OL' MR. BRONSON'S GONE TO MOO?

YES, ALLEY--AND YOU ARE OUR ONLY HOPE TO SAVE HIM! GRRR!

YER GOL-DANGED TOOTIN I CAN SAVE 'IM, 'LE'S GO!

to get to Daddy. She had to get to him swiftly. Nothing else mattered. From Mobile it would be overnight until she was home, beside Daddy. Seeing him with her own eyes. Talking to the doctor. Assuring herself that the half-formed disquieting fears in her heart were not true. People had heart attacks and didn't die.

"For things like this, thank God for speed..." she thought. "Thank God for planes." If only men would use all their power, all their miraculous knowledge, for the good things... And that brought her back, in the same endless circle, to Jimmy. He was a pilot. He flew planes every day. But his planes were devoted to war and teaching of war. Forbidden for an errand of mercy.

Her things were packed at last. An enlisted man took down the trunk, ready to be strapped to the back of Marcia's car. "You can't take that by plane. I'll send it to the express office myself, after you've gone," Marcia said.

It seemed ages before Jimmy came. At last he was there. Quiet, controlled, his eyes betraying no memory of the blow she had given him last night. Marcia collared him, talked in swift, low sentences. Linda pressed a handkerchief to her lips and said shakily, "Goodbye, Mrs. King. I—I don't know how to thank you."

"Goodbye, Linda. I hope you'll find your father ever so much better than you expect." "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry this had to happen!" Marcia was frankly crying. "If it's only a false alarm—and I hope it is, for your sake and your dad's—come back for the wedding! Linda, I'd even postpone it, if you could come later."

Linda tried to smile. "Be happy, Marcia." And all the time, Jimmy was standing there Tall, Browned. His big hands fiddling with his cap, his eyes avoiding hers.

"Jimmy, drive carefully, sweet," Marcia stood on tiptoe, her face lifted for his kiss. Linda turned in three hours, anything might happen.

The familiarity, the possessiveness of that kiss burned into her eyes, even though she hadn't seen it. And she thought she must be a monster to be thinking about this, while Daddy was lying ill at home.

The last handwavings, the last goodbyes, were soon over. Jimmy Cooper and Linda Storm were alone in the little car. He said nothing for a long time. It was only when Pensacola was behind them, and the white ribbon of the road ahead, that he told her, "I'm dreadfully sorry."

That was all. Curiously, it was enough. A current of strength seemed to flow from him to her. Her lips quivered, but she said steadily, "It was awfully kind of you to undertake this long drive." "You know I wish I could do more."

And there it was again, naked and throbbing between them. The same emotion, the same compelling urge, the same hopeless feeling of love and despair.

The girl set her lips. She dared not look at him. One hundred and fifty miles. Three hours, at least. Three hours or more of being alone, of having this thing beating its wings like a caged bird against their hearts. Three hours of knowing that he was beside her—his strength and his love and his longing that racked him.

"It's little enough to have, out of a lifetime," she thought queerly. But she was afraid, too. Afraid because sitting beside him was driving the thought of her father out of her mind. Afraid because

old Cozart school used to stand when they were boys going to school, and visited the old Mitchell cemetery. Mr. Donohoe saw numbers of his old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson and children, Majonne and Ronnie, and Mr. and Mrs. Loy Williams attended the picnic at Cross Plains Saturday.

Mrs. L. A. Parks and daughter, Billy Ruth, and Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Horn, visited Mrs. Charlie Horn, who is ill, Tuesday evening at Dan Horn.

The Bethel church is planning a home-coming for the old Pisgah settlers. The date will be announced later. We are hoping a

Misses Mary Bob and Louise Snoddy are visiting the world's fair at New York.

John Donohoe of Moran visited in our community recently. He lived here 23 years ago and hadn't visited old places of interest to him in a long time. He and L. A. Parks came over from Moran and visited the old site where the

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