





SERIAL STORY

KINGS ROW

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

THE STORY Schoolmates in smalltown Kings Row are orphaned Parris Mitchell, 12, who shares his French grandmother, Madame von Hitz playmate Renee, daughter of von Hitz estate overseer; "oil boy" Drake Bellugi; tomboy Handy Mangan; beautiful Gasandra Tower, whose reclusive doctor father is town mystery; Louisa Gordon, daughter of leading physician, Dr. Tower, factions of social snobs from Mrs. Gordon, John, Castle out of school. Other characters: lawyer Shomington, editor Mike Jackson. Serial story in Kings Row is sharp.

leassy. "It's a free country, I guess." Parris felt strangely happy. He felt that he was a closer friend of Drake's than he had ever been before. It would be exciting to see him often. And Randy, too. He had never imagined she would be so amusing. He thought of Renee with a sudden stab of contradiction. He hadn't thought of her all day, and she was certainly his best friend.

esting. He had a new teacher, Miss Martha Colt. None of the children liked her.

Parris was not unaware of the changes in himself or unobservant of the changes in others. But almost without noticing it he and his friends began to think of themselves as an older crowd. The children in Miss Venable's room seemed very young. Drake, who was nearly 16, kept his friendship with Parris, who found the association flattering.

On his 14th birthday Parris had his usual birthday supper with a cake and candles. Renee was his only guest. Renee gave him three handkerchiefs with crooked initials worked in the corners. She had made them herself.

After supper Anna, the stout German maid, gave him 14 playful spans—one for each year—and another to grow on.

"It's after eight, Parris," Madame reminded him. "You'd better walk down to Renee's house with her. It's moonlight. You're not afraid to come back by yourself, are you?"

He flushed. His grandmother didn't seem to realize he was 14 and would have to shave next year. "Of course not," he answered impatiently.

As they went down the terrace steps Renee took his hand. "I guess I ought to give you 14 licks, too, like Anna did."

He laughed, but the laugh died quickly and his throat tightened. He swallowed. "I'd rather you'd kiss me," he said.

"All right," she said readily. "I'll kiss you 14 times." She placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed him on the mouth, counting each time. ". . . 12 . . . 13 . . . 14 . . . and a big one to grow on."

He returned the embrace awkwardly and they stood for a moment a little breathless. The moon shone full on her face.

"That's the best birthday present I ever had," he said. The gallantry of his speech surprised him, but he was pleased to have said it. "I—I love you, Renee."

"I'd like to be your girl. I guess you're my sweetheart, too."

"Let's be sweethearts forever, Renee, you and me."

"All right," she said. "Cross your heart?" he demanded.

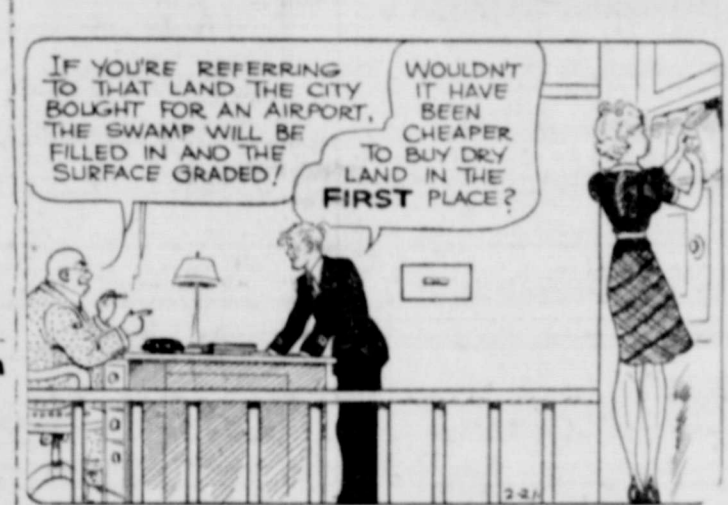
"Good night, Renee." "Well, see you tomorrow, Parris." "Good night, then." "Good night," her voice trailed the words softly.

THE next two years were not exactly pleasant ones for Parris. School itself was less interesting.

RED RYDER



Freckles and His Friends By Blosser



dress blue hat, three white ones and one watch cap. "We got one pair of black shoes, tennis shoes and a pair of undershoes and four pairs of leg-gings, 12 handkerchiefs and two white belts, swimming shorts, tie and then all the small articles we need each day. This is a sailor's complete seabag." "Tuesday we just sat around and talked, wrote letters and what not. We got better settled to the new life. Wednesday we had to attend a lecture on insurance for the service men. "Thursday we had lectures on dental care, medical aid, and by the Chaplain. Each one was a real lecture. It made one feel that he had just a certain place to fill in this war. The Chaplain made me feel so welcome with the lovely Christian spirit and filled me so full of enjoyment. "Friday we got our first two shots, typhoid and malaria fever. A vaccination for small pox, all at one time while we were still at the recreation building we got our identification tags. It has our names, service number, blood and will have the date of our last shot. "Life in the navy is a fast and busy one. The officers see that you are putting out all you have. "Sunday, the 15th, I went to church for the first time since I've been away from Dallas. We have only one service a week and that is on Sunday at 11:00. We had a choir from Minnesota University. They sang several good songs. I did enjoy it a lot. The church had about 2,000 boys in

By HARMAN



Victoria Field Will Be Dedicated Today

VICTORIA, Tex., Feb. 21.—Honoring a pioneer in aviation who gave his life teaching others to fly, the new Air Corps Advanced Flying School near Victoria will be dedicated tomorrow to the memory of Lieut. Arthur L. Foster. The dedicatory address at Foster Field will be given by Major General Hubert K. Harmon, commanding officer of the Gulf Coast Air Corps Training Center.

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PARRIS GROWING UP CHAPTER V

THEY came to the end of the line of cars. Drake walked backward and squinted along the rails. "Hello, Drake! Hello, Parris!" It was Randy Mangan hanging over the tall fence at the top of the embankment. Drake spoke quickly. "We're going down to Elroy's icehouse." "What for?" "Nothin' much. Swing on the rings maybe." "It's cool down there." "Why don't you come, too?" Randy was evidently waiting for the invitation. They opened a heavy door and jumped down on a great pile of sawdust. The air was damp and cool. It was dark, too, after the glare. "Gee, most of the ice is gone. See how low it's gettin'?" Drake seized the two rings and swung far out from the tall heap. He let go and landed on his feet, half burying himself in the loose dry sawdust. Randy struggled up to the rings which swung from the rafters. "Can you skin the cat?" "Sure!" Drake scoffed. "But I bet you can't." She executed the feat, her stout legs cutting her hold neatly, and landed upright. "Pretty good." "I can do the double roll on the parallel bars, too." "Doggone," Drake exclaimed. "Where'd you learn to do it?" "Jake Elroy showed me. He can do a lot of things. Come on, Parris, you try." With her encouragement and advice Parris made rapid progress, but the double roll was beyond him. They retraced their way along the railroad track. Randy walked along the rail, balancing herself from time to time by a touch on Parris' shoulder. He felt quite happy when she did this and stepped carefully in any reach. Randy ran up the embankment. "I'm certain down this way sometimes," Drake said. "All right," she answered care-

ALLEY OOP



Ranger Boy

(Continued from page 1) didn't fall out, and up to the pres-

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