

# RED HAIR and DIMPLES

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Cilla Had a

Temper and

Showed It, but

Slow-Plodding

Tom Knew

How to

Overcome That

TOM'S usually sunny blue eyes glowed savagely now almost a foot above Cilla's tip-tilted nose. "I just don't like his kind, that's why," he said sternly as they waited for an encore. Tom loved the dimple in her chin and the way it always quivered when she was mad or sorry, but he could have shaken her now, right here in the middle of the dance floor.

"Go peddle your papers," Cilla stamped a diminutive blue sandal. A girl with hair like a sunset sky should never have been named Priscilla even if it did sound nice with Preston. "Who I dance with is my business. And I'm not asking you to mind it."

"Well, I do mind. If you prefer Gregg Duncun's company to mine, that's just dandy." Tom should have known better. Orders from any one always sent Cilla's temper absolutely A. W. O. L. But he was too mad to be slowed down by any danger signals now. "And just what do you mean, 'he puts the rest of us at the end of the parade'?"

THE music began again. Tom swung a long arm around her waist. It was good music. The gang pronounced it "smooth." Lish Gibson knew how to throw parties, all right, and the gang could be depended on to catch them.

"I mean," Cilla explained, "that the men in this town are as interesting as cigar-store Indians. If you weren't so prejudiced, you'd appreciate an opportunity to contact a true cosmopolitan like Gregg."

Tom's dancing, even when she didn't despise him, couldn't be called exciting. She could have followed his steady plodding in her sleep. That was just it. She always knew exactly what he would do next.

"Well, fancy finding you here," he said. Cilla clung to her branch and groaned as she watched him settle himself on the little bank.

"Of course, it was just luck that Lish Gibson once showed me this short cut. Otherwise, we might never have met—like this." Deliberately he lit a cigarette and leaned back against a tree. "Nice night for a swim—especially after a long walk."

Gooseflesh rose in little welts along her arm.

Gregg stood up. "Say, I have half a mind to join you."

"Oh, the water's really quite cold. You

She Knew How  
to Walk Home  
if She Had to,

Even Under  
Adverse

'Circumstances'

"I'll take those clothes," he said evenly, "and - promise from you that none of this gets talked about."

Gregg shrugged. "Big talk from small boy."

Tom stepped back a little. "But it packs a wallop," he said and Cilla could hear the sharp crack as his fist amalgamated with Gregg's chin.

IT ONLY lasted a minute. Then Gregg went down in a hunch and Tom had to pull him to his feet. "Now—the clothes." Tom gave him a shove toward the black roadster. "And then beat it." In another moment the black and silver car roared out of the yard and down the road.

Cilla watched Tom heap the bedraggled blue formal and the little wad of underwear into the Ford and drag out his own rusty black bathing suit. He always kept it there wrapped around his tennis racket, "just in case."

He strode as close to where she shivered as he could. "Put this on," he said, and flung the suit at her.

Cilla managed, by nearly drowning herself, to wriggle into it.

"Come on," he urged as she swam slowly toward him. He was pulling off his coat.

She tried not to let her teeth rattle. "Oh, Tom, it'll spoil your coat."

"Put it on."

She obeyed mutely and followed him to the car. He didn't say anything. Just got in beside her and started the engine. Her feet were freezing and she felt the tears coming. She tried to sniffle st-  
lently.

"Here." Tom thrust a big handkerchief at her.

"Thanks." Then suddenly she was sob-  
bing, great, big noisy, blubbing sobs.

"Well, what are you bawling about?"  
Tom growled after a couple of miles.

"I'm—I'm sorry."  
"Guess that won't help matters much."

