nd DIMPLES RED HAIR

Cilla Had a

Temper and

Showed It, but

Slow-Plodding

Tom Knew

How to

Overcome That

above Cilla's tip-titted 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 TOM'S usually sunny blue eyes glow-

"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 is my business. And I'm not asking you to mind it." nice with Preston. "Who I dance with

Duncan'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 "Well, I do mind. If you prefer Gregg end of the parade'?"

cigar-store Indians. If you weren't so prejudiced, you'd appreciate an opportunity to contact a true cosmopolitan like Gregg." THE music began again. Tom swung as good music. The gang pronounced "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 a long arm around her waist.

Tom's dancing, even when she didn't despise him, couldn't be called exciting.

She could have followed his steady pounding in her sleep. That was just it.

She always knew exactly what he would

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

She Knew How

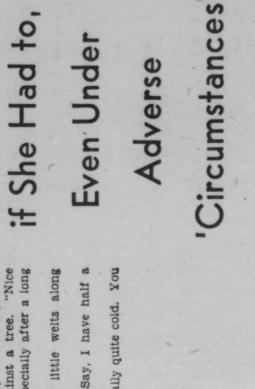
to Walk Home

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 "Of course, it was just luck that Lish Gibson once showed me this short cut.

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



"I'll take those clothes," he said evenly, "and 2 promise from you that none of this gets talked about."

Gregg shrugged. "Big talk from small

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.

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

underwear into the Ford and drag outhis own rusty black bathing suit. He always kept it there wrapped around his Cilla watchec Tom heap the bedraggled blue formal and the little

He strode as close to where she shived as he could. "Put this on," he said, tennis racket, "just in case." ered as he could. "Put the and flung the suit at her.

Cilla managed, by nearly drowning herself, to wriggle into it. on," he urged as she swam

She obeyed mutely and followed him to the car. He didn't say anything. Just She tried not to let her teeth rattle "Oh, Tom, it'll spoil your coat." "Put it on."

got in beside her and started the engine. Her feet were freezing and she felt the tears coming. She tried to sniffle sl-"Here." Tom thrust a big handkerchief

Tow growled setter a couple of miles. "I'm-I'm sorry."