

THE AMERICAN HOUSE

VIII
THE transients just kept on going. My father was counting on the summer trade to get us out of the red. He decided to specialize in sea food, serving a real Shore Dinner every Sunday. Lobsters were abundant in our bay. Cod sold for three cents a pound and haddock four. You could buy clams, already shucked, for 15 cents a quart. It looked like a good thing.

Late in May he set Boshy to work building lobster traps and buoys. He himself wrote out notices and arranged for them to be posted in all towns within a radius of 20 miles.

By Sunday all of us felt the strain. My father jumped every time the telephone rang. My mother kept scrutinizing the sky, though there wasn't a cloud in it. Sue was bossy. She was going to wait on table, and it had gone to her head completely. "Do this," she snapped. "Do that." Julia and I were sulking because we had to help in the kitchen. Mrs. Gupitill was irritable. It wasn't the extra work that upset her, but the lavishness she saw about the shelves lined with pies. Four long pans of rolls rising. Great heaps of doughnuts. Shortcakes in double layers. The big kettles ready for the chowder and lobsters.

THE first car made its appearance just before 1 o'clock—a red Maxwell runabout with shining black cushions. It had two passengers, the driver and a woman whose face and head were swathed in a bright green veil. (Green was easy on the eyes, so people said.) Benjamin helped the woman out, and Julia led her at once to the parlor.

The driver had no sooner taken off his goggles and his wind cuffs than five or six loafers gathered around. "Another coming," someone called out.

We listened. Sure enough. Soon it appeared, a black, two-seated Packard with enormous headlights of polished brass.

One of its passengers rose and stepped out on the running board to give it balance while it made the curve. Then it pulled up beside the Maxwell. Five men, wearing dusters, leaped out in a light, springy way, though they were middle-aged and heavy. They shook hands with my father and the driver of the Maxwell.

"Some road," "Yes, sirree," "How are your brakes doing?" "Fine. How are yours?" "Jim dandy." The speaker stroked his car affectionately.

The sound of a horn interrupted them. Looking up we saw an automobile almost upon us. Yet there had been no chugging. No knocking. A tiny line of steam was appearing from below its body.

When the dinner bell rang, they hurried downstairs to join the men. Then they all crowded into the dining room.

At 4 Sue came down to the kitchen to tell us what was going on. One guest, she said, was dozing on the settee in the parlor. Some of the others were rocking on the piazza, not saying much. My father had taken the driver of the Packard up to his office for treatment. The party in the White were just about leaving. They had taken a bag of doughnuts to eat on the way. They would come back next Sunday, they had promised.

When everyone had gone, Julia and I went into the office where my mother was counting the money she had taken in. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were beaming.

"We're practically home," she said.

(To Be Continued)

By J. R. Williams

THE LEANER

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For Midsummer!



5880

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

There's nothing brighter cleaner and crisper-looking under the summer sun than a spick-and-span white pique hat and bag. You'll like this accessory set. Do it in white to wear with cotton street frocks—in pastel piques, rayon tafeta, bengaline, faille or satrah to wear with print afternoon frocks and sheer "date" dresses. To obtain complete cutting pattern for the button-trimmed hat and bag (pattern

Washington Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from Page 2)

democratic government. Truman said that since Yalta this pledge not only had been ignored, but that Russia had made the Lublin government as now constituted an accomplished fact by signing a long-term alliance with it.

Truman said that the United States will keep its own pledges and therefore expects its allies to do the same.

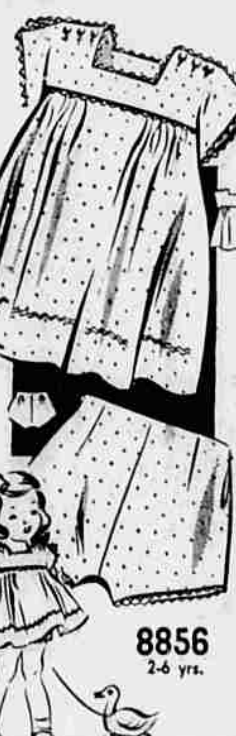
This was told to Molotov in Truman's quiet but direct manner, coupled with many expressions of admiration for Russia and the desire for closer cooperation. Afterward, he suggested that Molotov talk with Secretary Stettinius and officials of the state department to see if an agreement could not be worked out.

Truman's second conversation with Molotov lasted only about 20 minutes and was largely a statement by the Russian foreign minister that he had been unable to reach an agreement with Stettinius and the state department, so the only thing he could do was refer the matter back to Stalin.

The king penguin makes his choice of a mate and then presents her with a round pebble, which he lays at her feet.

No. 5880 finishing directions, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Pretty and Cool



8856

2-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

Your young daughter will look as dear as a picture in this pretty button-shoulder frock with little pants to match.

Pattern No. 8856 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3, dress, requires 1 3/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; pants, 3/4 yard; 4 yards ric rac for trimming.

For this pattern, send 20 cents in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Send for your copy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

BANTAM MACHINE GUN

The army's .30-caliber carbine started out as a replacement for the service pistol but has become a bantam weight machine gun. The .30-caliber carbine fires 750 shots a minute, or a clip of 15 cartridges in one and one-quarter seconds.

Hold Everything



How much for tattooing the bunch?

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Our Boarding House



JAKE IS TAGGED TRYING TO STEAL SECOND

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With Major Hoople



WHEN DID YOU GET BACK FROM VALLEY FORGE, OLD YANKEE DOODLE? STOP THE FIFE-AND-DRUM CHORUS TILL I REMIND YOU THAT WHEN BURKE WAS MISSING, YOU SQUAWKED EVERY SIX MINUTES FOR THE MAJOR'S FORFEIT!

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Out Our Way



"JUST NAPPIN'!" DON'T HAND ME THAT-- IF THAT'S SO, A SURGEON COULD PERFORM A MAJOR OPERATION ON YOU WHEN YOU WAS JUST TAKIN' A NAP! A HOT CHIP GOIN' COM- PLETELY THRU YOU AINT NO MINOR OPERATION, SO DON'T LEAN ON THAT MACHINE-- FER TH' WAR'S SAKE!

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J. R. Williams



IT WENT IN HIS NECK AN' COME OUT HIS PANTS LEG-- I THINK HE MUSTA GOT SOME ETHER SOMEWHERE!

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