

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: Brock Kittridge, hero of the "Hearts Bleed Longest" series, is coming home to his home town of La Grande, Ore., after a long absence. He is a successful businessman and is being met by his mother, Mrs. Kittridge, and his sister, Corinne. Brock is a handsome, well-dressed man, and his mother and sister are proud of him. Brock is a successful businessman and is being met by his mother, Mrs. Kittridge, and his sister, Corinne. Brock is a handsome, well-dressed man, and his mother and sister are proud of him.

MRS. KITTRIDGE relied the soft bow at her neck for the third time, her hands unsteady. Brock was coming home. If only she might be going alone to meet him; if only... There would be so many people, kindly friends, and there would be Thayer, so cool, so poised. She must not break down. She felt she could not bear it, somehow, if Thayer should see her cry.

She turned from the mirror to look at the many pictures of her son which adorned her room. She loved them all; they had been her solace these long months. But her gaze dwelt longest on that of a small boy lying on his stomach, kicking his heels in the air.

"Oh, Brock," she whispered, tears gathering in spite of her. "I'll make it up to you, I'll make it all right."

This picture here, the one in uniform—she had been looking at the just-delivered print the very day Brock had come into the room and told her he was going to marry Thayer Wayne. She remembered how the unbelievable shock of it had gone through her, how she had said at last, "But Moya, Brock, what about Moya?"

"Moya knows, Mom." Such finality in his voice. She had fought for time. "But to rush so, son; if it's—it's real this girl will wait for you."

He shook his head. "You don't understand, Mom."

She stared at him, seeing him suddenly a stranger. Made so by a girl he'd known 10 days, the wrong girl.

Corinne Kittridge had known

then there was nothing she could do, at least not now. But someday... yes, someday... And though Thayer lived in the house with her she never thought of her as Brock's wife, but as Thayer. Which implied nothing. For, though months had passed, the conviction never left her mind that this marriage was without permanency. Corinne felt it too; times when Moya was in the house. Moya's belonging was so obvious; she was at ease here as Thayer could never be. Someday... In the deepest place of her mind Corinne knew.

Which was why she had invited Moya to go to the airport. She had no kinship with Thayer or with Hildreth. Only with Moya...

A car was stopping; that must be Moya now. Corinne, looking from the window, sighed with relief.

THAYER heard the car. Dear Lord! Could the clock be wrong? Was Brock... She jerked aside the curtain, heart pounding. A girl got from the car, the sun bright on blonde hair curling below a brief hat. Moya Sherron. She wouldn't have come unasked, Thayer thought quickly. So Mrs. Kittridge... A first closed tightly in the pit of Thayer's stomach.

She straightened her shoulders, opened the door and went out. As she came down the stairs she saw Mrs. Kittridge and Moya embracing in the hall below. They drew apart on hearing her and the older woman looked up. "Oh—Thayer... It's time, isn't it? I've asked Moya to come with us, she and Brock being such old friends." She patted the girl's arm.

"Hello, Thayer; I hope I'm not intruding." Moya had a low voice, a pale beautiful face.

"Of course not." To her own ears Thayer's voice sounded brusque. Her shoulders hurt from the stiffness with which she held them under the beige suit. It was

a color Brock liked and she'd chosen painstakingly, giving much thought to the rich brown accessories and topcoat. In her room she had thought I look nice. Now she wondered. Moya in powder blue and white lambkin looked like spring itself.

"Are you driving, Thayer?" asked Mrs. Kittridge as they went to the car. "Thayer's so wonderful," she remarked to Moya. "She'd have even gone to work today."

Thayer made no answer but concentrated on her driving. When they reached the airport her heart sank. There were so many people. Oh, why...

She parked the car and they got out to wait. Her throat felt dry, her stomach queer. Every time she turned her head she caught watching glances. Mrs. Kittridge was nodding and bowing, and holding tightly to Moya's arm.

A voice said in Thayer's ear, "I like the way you look, child," and she felt Hildreth's quick hard grip. Then there came a faint humming, growing incredibly in the space of seconds to a great roar as the plane appeared against the April sky. Near, swooping down, rushing toward them, stopping—Thayer's heartbeat stopping with it.

People getting off. Then Uncle Judson and the stewardess, pausing, reaching up to help someone. A man awkwardly handing a pair of crutches, a man in a captain's uniform with his right leg off above the knee. A cheer, gathering force, and Mrs. Kittridge crying, "Brock, Brock, my boy."

They were swept toward him, his mother had her arms about him, all but unbending him. She was saying his name over and over and Thayer saw his face, white, thin, tense. A man's face bearing no resemblance to the laughing boy she'd kissed goodbye. Then the desperate searching of his glance encountered hers. She felt tears acid behind her lids and torture in her throat. She was beside him, her arms reaching up to him, her face raised to his kiss. She felt his lips tremble. He said, "Thayer..." just a whisper.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Autumn Lapels!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

All done with a crochet hook! And they're particularly smart on campus casuals or on tailored business suits. A bright green and white wool "snowberry"—a two-inch cluster of flowers with head centers—tiny flat flowers on a lacy white valentine background—a cluster of hued bunches of grapes—a cluster of cord trumpet flowers will give you sufficient variety for almost any sort of costume. They make nice little gifts,

New Gasoline Based On Wide Experience Offered by Standard

Built on the experience gained in making more than a billion and a quarter gallons of 100 octane gasoline, Standard of California's new post-war gasoline is being distributed to La Grande motorists today, it was announced by R. L. Smith, Standard's distributor here. It is being marketed as "Chevron Supreme" gasoline.

"Lessons learned all over the world, including flying and driving in extremes of desert, arctic and tropic weather conditions, are behind the development of this new product," Smith declared.

"It is really 'tailor made' to meet all the operating problems of the west, from mountain to desert."

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Aug. 30: Mrs. H. L. Mathewson, 1706 Oak street.

Water Turned On: Mrs. Edith Brock, 1304 Cherry street; Lewis Johnson, 1404 Walnut street.

Water turned off, August 31: Maude Fines, 1601 Madison street.

Water turned on: C. E. Exley, 802 M avenue; Mrs. Gene Cooper, 1406 C avenue.

too! To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Six Lapel Ornaments (Pattern No. 5803), send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

Trim Two-Piece



By SUE BURNETT

Could I interest you in a button-back two-piece with a world of stuff? This is one of my very special specials.

Pattern No. 8539 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18 and 20. Size 12 requires 3 1/4 yards of 39-inch fabric.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coins, 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.

March of Time Comes Here Soon

The U. S. public will learn some revealing facts about the meat shortage in the latest March of Time, "Where's The Meat?" an added feature on the Liberty program opening Sunday.

To meat-hungry Americans it comes as a shock to learn that on American cattle ranges today, are more head of beef than in any pre-war year!

Yet the MOT doesn't stop there. It shows that there is actually an oversupply of meat in certain sections. And that meat can be obtained legally without points—all you want of it.

Besides showing various legal methods of meeting the shortage, the film shows some of the illegal methods by which people are getting meat. Cattle-rustling has sprung up again; some housewives even bribe the butcher; retailers take unwanted goods to get the desired meat.

Building Permits

Jack Griffith, alter and repair two-story brick business, 216-13 Depot, \$400.

U. S. Marine Head

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1,8 Pictured U. S. Marine head, Lt.-Gen.	1 Customs
13 Receiver	2 South Dakota town
14 Swiss city	3 Chinese river
15 Prejudice	4 For fear that
16 Secure	5 Any
18 Acid	6 Cape
19 Russian city	7 Distribute
20 Wooden strip	8 Yes (Sp.)
21 Girl's name	9 Plateau
22 Tellurium (symbol)	10 Metal
23 Kathode (ab.)	11 Main bodies
24 Leather strip	12 At this
28 Thorax	13 Placed
31 Indian	14 Note of scale
32 Boat paddle	25 Regret
33 Gibe	26 Consumed
35 He is the only star general in the Marine Corps	41 Evaporation (symbol)
38 Daybreak (comb. form)	
39 Symbol for sodium	
40 Colorless	
43 Pouches	
47 Strokes lightly	
49 Siberian river	
50 Honest	
51 Leave out	
52 Scene of one of his victories	
54 Replace	
56 Puff up	
57 Attached car	