

Hearts, Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THEY were alone, she and Brock. Her heart beat heavily and her throat felt tight. She found she was trembling and held herself stiffly to conceal it.

Brock let himself down into the chair as if he no longer had the strength to remain standing. Clear to her mind came remembrance of how he used to stand in that lightly-balanced way of his. She remembered—dear Lord what a time to be remembering—the coordinated grace of their dancing together. An agony of feeling swept her.

"I make a helluva mess of getting around," Brock said harshly, and the light-lipped grimace of his smile tore at her.

"Brock, anything takes practice," Oh, she shouldn't have said that; he seemed to pounce upon the words.

"Practice! Well, I ought to get good—with the rest of my life to spend at it!"

He had placed the crutches so that they stuck out beside him like a barrier, his injured leg was on the other side. She said unsteadily, "You're back, Brock; that's everything that matters."

"Is it?" His gaze swept her then dropped to the injured leg. The voice, controlled, almost emotionless, did not sound like Brock's at all. "You know what I thought—when I found—what had happened to me?"

"What?" Thayer asked eagerly. If he'd talk to her, if this wall between them would go down. "Tell me, Brock."

He was running nervous fingers up and down the polished wood of one of the crutches. Then he

gripped the chair arms hard so that his knuckles stood out. "I thought, 'What a rotten break for Thayer.' He looked at her with the eyes of a stranger. 'Yeah, give me credit for it; that's what I thought.'"

It was a door slamming in her face. Her hands which had moved involuntarily toward him, dropped back to her sides.

"Brock, are you trying to hurt me? Is that what I've waited for?"

"A guy with one leg, is that what you've waited for? Don't you know, Thayer, I know it's a joke to you. I saw all of you there at the airport looking over the wreckage." He said grimly, "I heard Pete Grimshaw yelling into old Hattie's deaf ear. 'The poor devil,' he said. Well, the rest of you were thinking it." He cried savagely, "I don't want pity, anybody's pity. I don't want yours, Thayer; I couldn't bear it."

"I never thought to pity you, Brock."

He hitched himself around to face her more directly. "Anything about me to remind you of the man you were married to for a week? Terrible demand in his voice. 'Come on, be honest.'"

Thayer felt her heart turn over. Between them there must be honesty, now or never. "No," she said, "that man wouldn't have been sorry for himself."

"So that's the way you feel?"

"Oh, Brock, don't you see?"—her voice shook—"It isn't your injury that matters; it's only that you let it matter."

"Sure, I come home half a man and it doesn't matter."

"Brock, I didn't say that. Let's not talk any more now, let's not say—the wrong things..."

"Maybe now we'll be speaking the truth; maybe later we won't. I've got to get this said, Thayer."

His eyes were dark, suffering. "Look, I put no claim on you, Thayer; I hold you to nothing..."

She could bear no more. The words were a cry wrung from her. "Brock, have you forgotten Drumhead Hill?"

HIS face was a brittle thing that shattered as she watched. His arms went around her waist, his face pressed hard against her, he was crying, his whole body writhing with sobs. She cradled his head, stroking back his hair, feeling his forehead damp with sweat. She was tearless. She felt the anguish of pity and a fierce protectiveness that seemed torn from the very core of her being. It rose in her like a fire which would fan at last into the hotter flame of passion.

Through the house without warning sounded the deep summons of a gong. Startled as if by human intrusion Brock and Thayer drew apart. It meant only that dinner was in five minutes, but the thought careened through Thayer's mind that it was signalling Time up on their privacy.

They did not look at each other. Thayer spoke first. It was as if she wanted to shield Brock from having to face her after his breakdown. The moment that might have brought them together lay shattered. Her action was instinctive, beyond her explanation. "That's for dinner. I'll go freshen up; you'll want to, too. Emma will have outdone herself."

Words, bright ballast to tip things back to normalcy. "Sure, good old Emma," Brock's voice a little gruff, but steady.

Thayer touched his shoulder lightly. "I'll be down in a minute."

Upstairs reaction set in. Three times her shaking fingers smudged the lipstick. Deep in her mind was a formless anger against Mrs. Kittridge. She shied away from it. She kept saying to herself, "Everything is going to be all right." She told herself, There are others going through this; I'm not the only one. Everywhere men were coming home whom war had changed, home to girls ignorant of the harsh mold that had refashioned their men. If only she'd known Brock a little better, a little longer...

(To Be Continued)



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

The "peony" quilt beloved by our great grandmothers is a modern color-symphony when done in shades of winery-red and soft, dusty pinks. The green leaves and stems should be whipped onto the lower section of the white block. The "peony" quilt is a derivation of the famous Le Moyne Star which dates from 1699 and was first quilted in New Orleans in honor of Jean Le Moyne who founded the city.

To obtain complete cutting pattern for the 12-inch blocks, sewing and finishing instructions, amount of all materials specified

Deeds Filed

Eastern Oregon Federal Savings and Loan association of Baker to Harry Belt et ux, portion of Tract 14, Division "A", New Haven addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

H. B. Weatherston to F. Gilbert Lamb et ux, portion of SW 1/4, Sec. 9, Twp. 1 N., R. 39 E.; portion SW 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 26; W 1/2 NE 1/4, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, all in Sec. 34; NW 1/4 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, all in Sec. 35, Twp. 2 N., R. 39 E., \$30,000.

Frank W. Patt et ux to Raleigh E. Linchberger et ux, portion of Lot 3, Blk. 4, Cogan's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Lowell Williamson et ux to Lee C. Newman et ux, Lots 6, 7, Blk. 4, Predmore's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Roy D. Parman to Walter E. Swart et ux, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, E 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 17; NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 20; all in Twp. 4 S., R. 38 E., \$10 and other considerations.

William Hasse et ux to Lynn C. Pipes et ux, S 1/2 of Lots 1, 2, and W 1/2 of Lot 3, all in Blk. 24, Predmore's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Viola May Tackington to O. P. Weigel et ux, Lot 3, Blk. 7, Grandy's second addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Ruth Kirby Crowder et vir to Mal R. Simons, portion of Lots 1 to 7, Blk. 47; Lots 1, 2, 9 to 16, Blk. 48; all in Riverside addition, La Grande, \$10 and other considerations.

for the Peony Quilt (Pattern No. 5032) send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, and PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.



By SUE BURNETT

A most practical jumper-jacket combination for a growing youngster. She will just about live in it for a year or more.

Pattern No. 8910 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 3 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for the set.

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.

U. S. Berlin Head

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1,6 Picturer	1 Clafe
3 Army leader, Maj.-Gen.	2 Dormouse
	3 Variety of rabbit
11 Peruser	4 Yard (ab.)
13 Lurch	5 Debutante (ab.)
14 Make a mistake	6 Cooking vessel
15 He is head of U. S. occupational forces	7 Area measure
16 Vegetable	8 Feel regret
19 Tax	9 Parts of boats
21 Deceased	10 Fillip
22 Seaweed	12 Crimson
23 Pedal digits	13 Chief
25 Winglike processes of fish	16 Music note
26 Companion	17 Louisiana (ab.)
27 Interest (ab.)	
28 Symbol for nickel	
29 Road (ab.)	
30 Small taste	
31 Crafty	
33 Cans	
34 Golf devices	
36 Pen	
37 Memorandum	
41 Valley	
43 England (ab.)	
44 Earthenware maker	
46 Referee (ab.)	
47 Thought	
49 Type of poem	
51 Noblemen	
52 Throws	

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 4:
Mrs. W. G. Faulkard, 1312 W. avenue; C. D. McCurrey, 1417 X. avenue; Paul A. Mead, 1810 Cedar street; Lee C. Newman, 503 Spring street; S. A. Gardiner, 1113 1/2 Adams avenue; Gussie Weigel, 2006 Cove avenue; Marvin Westenskow, 607 Second street.

Water Turned On:
Leonard W. Price, 1504 Sixth street; Lester G. McMahon, 1320 X. avenue; Mrs. Easham, 2008 Cove avenue; Mrs. Alvin R. Kaizer, 303 Spring street; J. M. McShain, 1910 Third street; C. D. McCurrey, 2514 Second street; William Corey, 910 C. avenue; Lee C. Newman, 1312 W. avenue.

Building Permits

J. A. Denning, repair one-story frame dwelling, 1005 Pennsylvania avenue, \$80.
K. E. Walker, alter and repair one-story frame dwelling, 2902 Third street, \$150.
A. A. Fidler, alter and repair one-story brick business, 411 Fifth street, \$100.

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

EGAD, FATHER! A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE RESORT LOOKS OFF THE STARBOARD BOW—AND A FOREST NEARBY WHERE WE CAN PITCH CAMP AND DWELL LIKE THE PRIMORDIAL MAN!—UM! DID YOU BRING PLENTY OF FUNDS?

SLAM ON THE BRAKES AND WE'LL GO SEE IT! I'M LOW ON BOX TOPS SO THE TENT IDEA APPEALS TO ME—WE WON'T HAVE TO CHECK OUT OF ANY HOTELS VIA THE FIRE ESCAPE!

SOUNDS COLOSSAL, MISTAH MAJOR! ROCKIN' ON DIS RIBBER MAKES MY BONES FEEL DECREPIT!

THE BOARDERS ARE ONLY THREE MILES AWAY—

Boots and Her Buddies

PROMISE YOU WON'T TELL!

'BOUT THEM OL' LOVE LETTERS? NO MAM! CROSS MY HEART!

SECH SWEET TALK, JES GOIN' UP IN SMOKE!

THIS IS WHAT'S KNOWN AS BURNING YOUR BRIDGES BEHIND YOU!

Freckles and His Friends

HEY, PUNCHY, WHO'S THE NEW DESTROYER?

HER NAME IS YOOHOO! BOY, AIN'T SHE A SOLID SENDER!

STRICTLY 20-20!

HMMPH! WOLVES ON A SCOOTER! ALWAYS ON ACTIVE DUTY!

Red Ryder

LITTLE BEAVER! WHERE ARE YOU?

YOUR VOICE WON'T CARRY OVER TH' NOISE OF TH' WATERFALL, MISS VESTA!

LOOKS LIKE STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM HERE!

Wash Tubbs

THEY AREN'T LIKELY TO LOOK FOR ME ON TOP OF THIS ELEVATOR

DIE-HARD JAPS, STILL HOPING TO PROVE THAT TINA RYAN GAVE INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY WHO CONQUERED THEM PRESS THEIR SEARCH AS SHE ENTERS THE ELEVATOR SHAFT

Alley Oop

I'LL FIND DOC AN' OOLLA EVEN IF I HATETA KILL EVERY NIP ON THIS ISLAND BLASTED!

MEANWHILE! THE TROUBLE THAT HAS COST OUR TIME-TRAVELERS SO MUCH DISTRESS HAS BEEN REMEDIED.

GOONNESS, MISTER DOC, IT SOUNDS GOOD T' HEAR TH' OL' TIME-MACHINE GOIN' AGAIN!

Out Our Way

J. R. Williams

I TOLD YOU THEM HORNS MEASURE SIX FOOT FOUR AN' ONE EIGHTH STRAIGHT ACROSS!

I KNOW, BUT I'D LIKE TO BE SURE! IS THIS ONE FOR SALE?

FORE WES! A FELLER SOLD HIM TH' LONGEST TH' HORNS IN TH' WORLD—NOW HE'S FINDIN' LONGER ONES!

HE BETTER NOT ASK ME TO HELP HANG 'EM—I'LL HANDLE TH' CORN-STUFFED ONES HE'S RAISIN', BUT SAWDUST-STUFFED—NEVER!

THE PARLOR HERD

By Edgar Martin

IS THE COAST CLEAR, OPAL?

YES, MAM!

THEN HERE I COME!

Merrill Blosser

WHERE'S THE NEW DILLY FROM?

WHO CARES? WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT?

I DON'T KNOW SISTER—BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT IT'S NICELY ARRANGED!

Fred Harman

BETTER TAKE 'EM OFF BOOTS—ROCK STAYS—WAT SLICK!

RED RYDER! ME FIND-UM WAY DOWN!

By Leslie Turner

SHE APPARENTLY RING FOR ELEVATOR—THEN, FEARING CAPTURE, RAN DOWNSTAIRS

HURRY! WE HEAD HER OFF ON FIRST FLOOR!

By V. T. Hamlin

BUT I DON'T SEE NOTHIN' ON TH' SCREEN YET!

NO, AND IT MAY BE DAYS BEFORE YOU DO, IF EVER!

Y' MEAN MISTER OOP AN' TH' FOLKS IS PROBABLY LOST FOR GOOD?

THEY CERTAINLY ARE IF I CAN'T GET A FIX ON THEM!