

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: Brock offers to release Thayer from their marriage. Thayer, who has been in the army for a long time, is now home. Brock's heart is broken, and she is now alone.

VI
THAYER managed the lipstick and went downstairs as the song sounded the second time, already planning her words. "Ready?" she'd say to Brock. "Mmm! Smell dinner?" He could get out of the chair; she wouldn't help him. "Nobody cooks like Emma, except maybe Miss Mary. Remember the chicken salad—the and the biscuits?" They'd go to the dining room together. . . .

His mother was in his room, helping him, petting him. "Oh—there you are," she said to Thayer, smiling gently.

"I went to freshen up. . . . Thayer stopped short. Why should the necessity of explanation be laid upon her? "Ready, Brock?" she asked, but the tone lacked all she had intended to convey.

"No—over here," Mrs. Kittredge said as they went into the hall. "It's so far to the dining room. I had Emma lay the table in the sitting room by the fire. It's cozy and easier for you, dear." Her eyes caressed her son.

"Now, Mother, I. . . . Let me be happy doing little things," she said. "I've been so lonely with no one to do for. You'll never know, my dearest."

Thayer felt herself stiffening. She had the feeling so often here in this house, of being present, yet excluded. The sitting room was Mrs. Kittredge's sanctum, marked indelibly with the impress of her possessions. Never was Thayer invited to this room, though often coming in from the plant she had heard Mrs. Kittredge and Moya laughing in here together. Now, on Brock's first night home, his mother had cleverly drawn him into the one place in the house peculiarly hers.

"We've had little suppers in here so often," she reminded him. "Brock, remember? . . ."

THAYER tried to act natural, but mostly she was conscious of one thing—Brock's eyes were again avoiding hers.

At long last, the meal over, they again accompanied Brock to his room. He paused in the doorway. "I don't need any help," he said. "I can manage alone." Thayer knew that he was excluding her.

Mrs. Kittredge made no opposition. "Just as you wish, dear," though I'm sure—either of us. . . . She kissed him tenderly. "Good night, son." Then she shook her finger coyly. "You're still my little boy, though; I shall come and call after a while just to be sure you're all right, the way I used to."

"Good night, Mom," Brock said. "It's—well being back." He hesitated.

Thayer looked steadily at her mother-in-law. For an instant their glances locked, then the older woman said with a little laugh, "Well, I must see Emma about breakfast." Her heels tapped briskly down the hall.

Thayer and Brock were facing each other again, but the wall was up between them.

"Brock, if I can. . . . I'll manage, Thayer. I—I'm used to it."

She said gently, "Then good night, Brock," and was stabbed by the relief in his eyes. She raised her lips for his kiss. It was anticlimactic.

She turned and went down the hall. Ahead the long polished stair seemed a symbol of all that separated her and Brock. She went up as she heard Mrs. Kittredge's returning feet, not looking back, her head high, but her heart sick within her.

BROCK sat on the sunny terrace in a lawn chair. He would have liked to throw himself full length upon the grass, but he hesitated. Should someone come, a ridicu-

lous sight he'd be, trying to get to his feet—foot. He couldn't bear it if Thayer should come in and find him sprawled on the ground. The knowledge it was Thayer would make him awkward, uncoordinated. When he was alone he did all right, that was the bitter thing; but in front of her. . . . That feeling of inadequacy would burn into him, and all at once he'd say something caustic. Then, willing or not, his glance would be pulled to hers and he'd be aware that he was lessening himself in her eyes.

Always he caught himself watching her eyes. They were grave and beautiful, but to him they seemed eyes in which the flame had gone out.

He had been so proud of the love he had to give Thayer, so proud of his strong disciplined body. With Thayer he had entered into the real fullness of manhood. There had been no humilitly about their love; there had been magnificence.

When he left Brock had felt invulnerable, immortal. The war was a phase to be got through with quickly so that he might get back to her and to the making of their life together. It was not until later that he thought of death. Awareness came slowly, unwillingly, but having come it could not be thrust aside. With death all about him he came at last to feel he could not escape it. What he had had of life was all he was to have.

He was calm after that, controlled, efficient. He accepted the inevitable, his aim simply to do his job until the end. Nothing in his make-up to prepare him for what really happened. The possibility of living, maimed, he had been incapable of considering.

When it happened he was without defenses to meet it. He should have been dead and he was alive. But the thing had to be known and faced at last and his mind reeled from the shock of it. He had cried out, horror expelling the words, "Not my leg. No—no—not my leg." He scarcely felt the merciful drive of the hypodermic needle. He kept saying over and over, a moaning monotone, "Thayer, Thayer, Thayer."

(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

J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



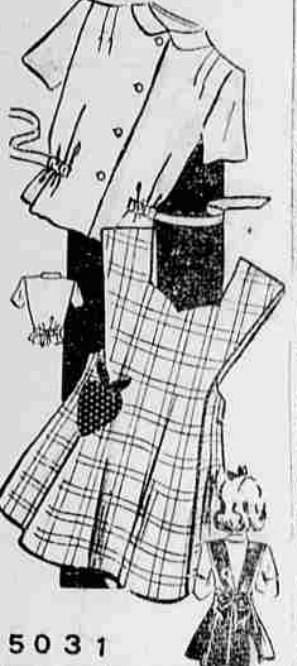
By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Small and Sweet!



By MRS. ANNE CABOT
The sort of jumper and blouse outfit the little girls of four, five and six years adore. It makes them feel like "the big girl in the higher grades!"

Make the jumper of the nicest plaids or cotton checks you can find—use red and white polka-dotted material for the strawberry pocket—white cotton for the blouse. Done in dark velvet or crepe and with lace edging added to a white crepe blouse, this outfit is a most becoming little party ensemble.

To obtain complete patterns for the Jumper and Blouse (Pattern No. 5031), sizes 4, 5, 6 years in-

Deeds Filed

J. E. Clark et ux to Lorraine D. Vincent, Lots 3 to 6, Blk. 13, Chaplin's addition, \$10 and other considerations.

Victor H. Jorgensen et ux to Edwin D. Jorgensen et al, portion of Lots 10, 11, Blk. 114, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Edwin D. Jorgensen et al to R. R. Schroth et ux, portion of Lots 10, 11, Blk. 114, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Barbara Irwin et ux to Maude King, Lots 7, 8, Blk. 122, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

C. D. McCurry et ux to James H. Abbott et ux, Lot 18, and portion of Lot 17, all in Blk. 19, Fredmore's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Edna Atwood et ux to John Edward McManus et ux, portion of Lot 7, Blk. 8, Coggin's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Charles Sanderson et ux to C. D. McCurry et ux, Lots 7, 8, Blk. 22, Riverside addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Jack H. Bickel et ux to Gertrude Spencer, portion of NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, Sec. 17, Twp. 3 S., R. 2 E., \$1 and other considerations.

Grace B. Hammock to E. W. Hicks, Lots 3, 4, all in Blk. 7, Sommer's addition, city of Elgin, \$10 and other considerations.

Lester V. Daggett et ux to Grace B. Hammock, S 1/2 of Lot 1, and all of Lots 3, 4, all in Blk. 7, Sommer's addition, city of Elgin, \$10 and other considerations.

cluded, send 13 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and 1-cp. PATTERN NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, 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.

Fall Shopper



By SUE BURNETT
A gadabout blouse and jumper set to bridge the seasons: It's that something different in a wardrobe which wears so well. For all sizes.

Pattern No. 8552 is cut for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. The jumper, size 36, takes 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material; the blouse, 2 1/4 yards.

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.

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 5:
Mrs. E. L. Conrad, 1101 V. avenue; Mrs. Charles Sanderson, 2314 Second street; H. W. Holden, 2108 Walnut; Melba Epling, 402 Washington; a. v. c. n. e. Ganea House, 1008 Cedar street.
Water Turned On:
Vernon L. Hoyt, 1601 Washington; J. M. McShain, 1910 Third street; Della C. Wagner.

Building Permits

C. A. Johnson, erect one-story frame colony, 301 Adams, \$1,000.

NAMED TO COMMITTEE
SALEM, Sept. 6 (UP)—Gov. Earl Sells today appointed C. L. Jamison, Baker, as a member of the special state forestry study committee. Jamison, who is secretary-treasurer of the Cattle and Horse Raisers' association of Oregon, succeeds Herbert Chandler, who is unable to serve because of illness.

Swathed registered the deaths of 12 registered criminals in that country during 1933.

Musician

HORIZONTAL		4 Native (suffix)	
1, 6 Pictured swing musician		5 Slave	
12 Crouches		6 Short	
13 Stuffy		7 Units	
15 Color		8 No (Scott)	
16 Meal course		9 Two (prefix)	
18 Ask		10 Rumanian town	
19 Peel		11 Sexless	
21 Consumes		12 Scrap	
22 Sheepfold		14 Acts	
23 Boredom		17 Tantalum (symbol)	
25 Rescued		20 Deadening	
26 Distributed		22 Ammunition wagon	
27 Fashions		24 Articles	
28 French article			
29 Like			
30 He can follow a large			
33 Russian river			
37 Deserves			
38 Manchurian river			
39 Eager			
40 Rip			
41 Pleasant			
45 Total			
46 Planet			
48 Equality			
49 Performer			
51 Compulsion			
53 Ties			
54 Harden (var.)			
VERTICAL			
1 Horse			
2 Chaparral			
3 Deposit account (ab.)			

He'll be an early detainee at the Nurnberg trials.