

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THIS STORY: Mrs. Kittredge passes over Brock, manages to make Thayer feel an intruder. Brock feels self-conscious in Thayer's presence, sitting alone in the terrace and goes back to the time when he first lost his leg.

VII
HE was not a good patient those first days. He was still shamed remembering how he had tried to push away the tending hands, how he had cursed when too weak to oppose them. Until a haggard-faced doctor had outcried him into silence. "You're my job, don't make it any harder."

Cold sobering fact. He was sane after that and numb with despair. That was when he turned in upon himself, his an loneliness none could share.

There was one nurse with level brows and deep dark eyes like Thayer's. He watched her a great deal and once he said, "There is nothing about me worth all this trouble you're taking." Not knowing what he wanted her to answer, yet somehow tensed, waiting.

With her too-loud laugh all resemblance to Thayer vanished. She said, "Fishing for compliments, Captain?" and he felt heat pour into his face and a sort of sick shame surge through him. It was that night, lying sleepless in the dark, that the horror of coming home to Thayer like this first gripped him. He longed for her unutterably, yet the thought of returning to her a cripple seemed beyond his strength to face. Every recollection of their hours together was sweet because of their joy in life and movement. I love to walk with you, Brock; I love that way you stride along.

Once he tried in desperation to talk to the chaplain. To the chaplain it was an old story. He told Brock, "My boy, a woman's love is an enduring thing. She'll stand by never fear." It gave Brock a chill feeling. That night he dreamed of Thayer. She stood straight, unflinching, her hands

clenched tightly at her sides. He tried to walk to her and could not; he was falling. . . . A nurse awakened him when he cried out. The months passed, teaching him endurance if nothing else. The stump of his leg was not yet healed enough to bear an artificial limb but that he had any leg at all was considered a minor miracle. At last he came home.

HE would never forget his first sight of her at the airport, for she was standing straight and tall as in his dream. It made everything go giddy. If her hands were clenched. . . . But he never knew, for they had all reached him by then. Nothing kept him going but necessity.

The sight of the little room his mother had fixed up nearly broke him with relief, for his heart had seemed to stop at the foot of that long staircase. To have Thayer see. . . .

But when Thayer had come into the room with him and they were alone, he had felt his whole body strung taut with longing for her. He was afraid to look at her, afraid to touch her, for first—he had promised himself this—he must know how she felt. Only—how to put it into words.

It seemed he must hurt her, good her into expression of the real feeling that lay so deeply guarded behind her dark eyes. Yet it was his undoing, because hurting her had hurt him so much more. She had struck through every defense when she said, "Brock, have you forgotten Drumhead Hill?" Because he had forgotten, and remembrance awoke him, sharp and poignant.

She was standing there so close and suddenly his arms went about her waist without volition, his face was against her and he was crying, who in all these months had shed no tears. He felt the warmth of her body through her clothing; he felt her hands on his hair, against his cheeks. He wanted to seize them, press his

face into them, cling to them. It was the old imperative dinner gong which had saved him from a complete emotional breakdown. What had it meant to Thayer? Was she relieved? It had come between them like a presence. She had made an excuse, gotten away. When she returned she was poised, sure of herself. His unspoken questioning, like a trapped thing, ran round and round in a pit of silence.

"HELLO!" The words breaking across his thought startled Brock. Moya came around the corner of the house, wind blowing her hair. She said, "Your mother said you were out here," and dropped into a chair beside his. "How brown you're getting, Brock. Don't you love a day like this?" To herself she was thinking, Will he ever look as he used to? It's his eyes, and his mouth—they are so different.

She could not remember when she hadn't been in love with Brock. He was simply part of her life's plan; no other boy interested her. He had been difficult at times but she had entertained no fear of real rivalry. Between their two families their ultimate marriage was an accepted fact.

His meeting with Thayer and its consequences had rocked to its foundations the security Moya had looked upon as fact.

She had seen, though vaguely understood, the change in Brock. At first he had seemed hard, then she noticed his eager reaching toward the old, the familiar; like a child seeking the sure safety of the commonplace. Slowly it became clear. Thayer—his winning of her and his brief marriage—represented a pinnacle Brock had reached. It was somehow apart from the ordered life of Daverton to which he now returned. That old life could claim him again; Moya felt sure of it. Thayer was an outsider; only those who loved him best could rebuild life for Brock again. Mrs. Kittredge knew this. More than once she and Moya had looked at each other wordlessly over Brock's head. It's my turn now, Moya thought. Yes, my turn.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House



Boots and Her Buddies



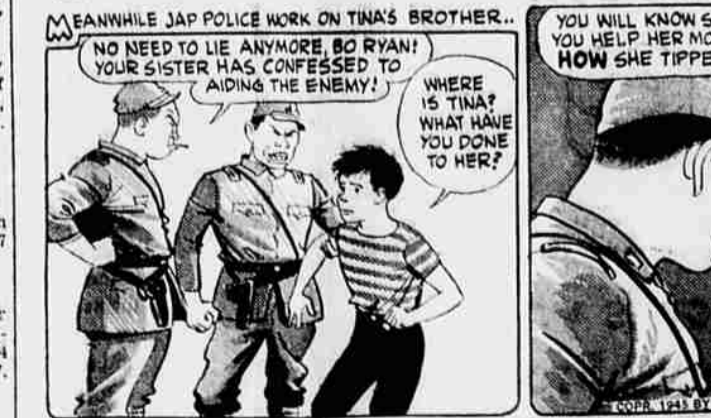
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



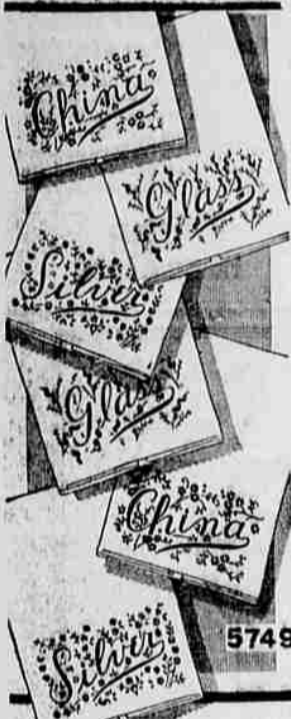
Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Gift Towel



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Gift dish towels done in lovely flower colors in cotton floss have a 6 1/2 by 4-inch design which is beautifully simple to embroider. Uses up odds and ends of pretty embroidery flosses in a most economical way. Do the wording in satin stitch in fresh, gay, solid color.

To obtain transfer patterns for the Six China, Silver and Glass Tea Towel Designs (Pattern No. 5749) color chart for working, send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1

Deeds Filed

Ulrich Lottes, by trustee, to Lee H. Slusher, portion of Lot 9, Blk. 114, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.
James Hamlin-Howard et ux to W. E. Wilkins, Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, Blk. 5, Sterling's addition, Island City, \$10 and other considerations.
Clarence M. Carter et ux to Charles Irvin Wright, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 5, Twp. 2 S., R. 40 E., \$1 and other considerations.
Jerry E. Barbyte to George F. Journal et ux, NW 1/4 SE, Sec. 5, Twp. 6 S., R. 38 E., \$1 and other considerations.
Carl W. Keltz et ux, to Hugh B. Fate et ux, Blks. 2, 3, 4, 5, McWhirter's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.
Burr M. Cantrel to Dean K. Severs et ux, portion tract "E", Corgan's second addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.
W. E. Wilkins et ux, to R. R. Schrott et ux, portion Lot 6, Blk. 6, Grandy's addition, La Grande \$1 and other considerations.
James P. Smith et ux to George H. Knight et ux, portion SE 1/4, Sec. 28, Twp. 2 S., R. 38 E., \$8500.
Willis Wright et ux to Clarence M. Carter et ux, NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 5, Twp. 2 S., R. 40 E., \$1 and other considerations.
Lillie V. Casteel to W. E. Wilkins, Lot 11, Blk. 22, Predmore's addition, \$10 and other considerations.

Tops For Dates



By SUE BURNETT

Any girl can put her best foot forward in this beguiling date dress with the soft neckline and corset waist. A prize winner. Pattern No. 8912 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material.

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. Naval Air Unit

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Clues include: 1 Depicted in insignie of Patrol Squadron; 2 U. S. naval aviation; 3 Uncommon; 4 Ireland; 5 Facts; 6 Postscript; 7 Symbol for calcium; 8 Russian city; 9 Dry; 10 Lonely; 11 Sprightly; 12 Forest creature; 13 Bard; 14 Egg (comb. form); 15 Skill; 16 Beverage; 17 Seed covering; 18 Touch; 19 Military cap; 20 Native of Latvia; 21 Swiss river; 22 Deceive; 23 Ocean; 24 Symbol for magnesium; 25 Non-m; 26 Ovoid scale; 27 Yule; 28 Road (ab.); 29 Shipreys; 30 Prince.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

Answers to the previous word puzzle: HORIZONTAL: 1. Depicted in insignie of Patrol Squadron - PATROL; 2. U. S. naval aviation - AVIATION; 3. Uncommon - UNCOMMON; 4. Ireland - IRELAND; 5. Facts - FACTS; 6. Postscript - POSTSCRIPT; 7. Symbol for calcium - CALCIUM; 8. Russian city - MOSCOW; 9. Dry - DRY; 10. Lonely - LONELY; 11. Sprightly - SPRIGHTLY; 12. Forest creature - FAUN; 13. Bard - BARD; 14. Egg (comb. form) - EGG; 15. Skill - SKILL; 16. Beverage - BEVERAGE; 17. Seed covering - SEED; 18. Touch - TOUCH; 19. Military cap - GIGI; 20. Native of Latvia - LATVIAN; 21. Swiss river - RHODAN; 22. Deceive - DECEIVE; 23. Ocean - OCEAN; 24. Symbol for magnesium - MAG; 25. Non-m - NON-M; 26. Ovoid scale - OVOID; 27. Yule - YULE; 28. Road (ab.) - ROAD; 29. Shipreys - SHIPREYS; 30. Prince - PRINCE. VERTICAL: 1. Merchant - MERCHANT; 2. Liquid element - LIQUID; 3. Expunge - EXPUNGE; 4. Compass point - COMPASS; 5. Affirmative - AFFIRMATIVE; 6. Either - EITHER; 7. More fastidious - MORE; 8. Make into law - MAKE; 9. Accomplish - ACCOMPLISH; 10. Father - FATHER; 11. Sine macula - SINE; 12. Sprightly - SPRIGHTLY; 13. Forest creature - FAUN; 14. Bard - BARD; 15. Egg (comb. form) - EGG; 16. Skill - SKILL; 17. Beverage - BEVERAGE; 18. Seed covering - SEED; 19. Touch - TOUCH; 20. Native of Latvia - LATVIAN; 21. Swiss river - RHODAN; 22. Deceive - DECEIVE; 23. Ocean - OCEAN; 24. Symbol for magnesium - MAG; 25. Non-m - NON-M; 26. Ovoid scale - OVOID; 27. Yule - YULE; 28. Road (ab.) - ROAD; 29. Shipreys - SHIPREYS; 30. Prince - PRINCE.

Official Records

Water turned off, September 6: Roy Magden, 1805 Madison avenue; R. J. Bovercamp, 607 Adams avenue.
Water turned on: Jean L. Brown, 2115 Ader street; O. B. Maxam, 1102 B avenue; Mrs. Paul Hanson, 1004 Washington avenue; Cecil W. Cooper, 1706 Oak street.

Portlander Found Dead From Smoke

SALEM, Sept. 7 (UP) - Clad in a bathrobe and slippers, Robert Stafford, 45-year-old Portland man, this morning was found dead in a smoke-filled room at the Marion hotel.
Coroner Lynn Barriek said Stafford had fallen asleep while smoking and his mattress had caught fire. Death apparently was caused by asphyxiation.
Stafford was to have appeared in Marion county circuit court on charges of obtaining narcotics by false prescription. He is survived by his widow.
Measure for measure, dry sand is heavier than wet sand, up to a certain percentage of moisture.

Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



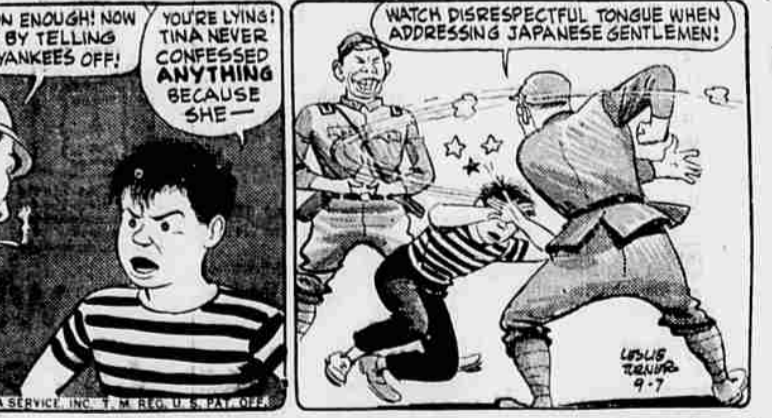
Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin

