

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: Alone on the terrace, Brock broods over the loss of his leg and what it means to Thayer. He tortures himself with doubts. Moya, his childhood sweetheart, breaks in on his reverie. She is determined to win him back from Thayer, feels that her chance has come.

VIII

MOYA laid her hand over Brock's. "It's like old times knowing you're here. It's as if all my little world were right again. Is it wrong to tell you that, Brock?"

"How could it be wrong, Moya?"

"Would Thayer be angry?"

"I hope not. I've known you so long, so well. Always, really. And I was lonely while you were gone, Brock."

"Better if I'd never come back."

"Brock! When it means so much to so many people."

"How many people?"

"The sensing the outreaching of his spirit to her comforting. A warm glow spread through her. All of us who knew you beat the real you. Not the you keyed to that terrible pitch of a year ago. That Brock was a stranger; I-I was afraid of him." She made a little gesture. "I never could have lived up to him."

"Was I keyed up, Moya? Was it a sort of glorified jag of patriotism?" He asked it eagerly. "Wasn't that me? What is me, anyhow?"

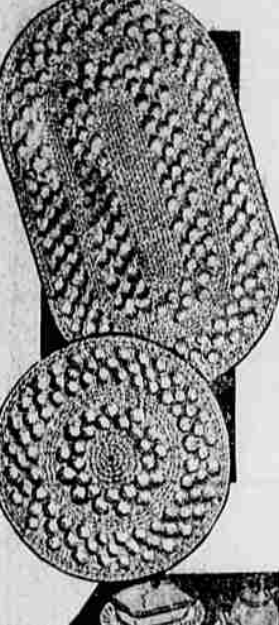
"This," she told him softly. "Puppy and cranky and crazy—and dear, remember all the goofy things we used to do?" Her voice related an old escapade.

"That was kid stuff. But he was grinning."

"He smiled. 'Maybe, but who wants to be old? I hope I shall never be old and serious—and demanding. Or expect anything of another person except to be himself, and let me be that way, too.'"

"He said slowly at last, 'There are those in our lives who have the right to make demands. As we have the right to meet them. If we fail...'"

"Popcorn" Mats



5263

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

A set of three thick, good-looking table mats will afford perfect insurance against hot dishes and platters leaving heat rings on your table. Crochet them of heavy white or ecru thread. Oval mat is 11 by 6 inches—the two round ones are 7 inches in diameter. If you can't locate the old-fashioned asbestos mats to slip inside them you can make pads of thick cardboard.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the set of three Popcorn Mats (Pattern No. 5263) send 15 cents in COIN, plus 1 cent postage, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERN NUMBER.

U. S. Army Leader

HORIZONTAL

1. 7 Pictured
2. U. S. Army leader, Maj. Gen.
3. Draw back
4. Recipient
5. Mineral rocks
6. Great Lake
7. Bird
8. Shield band (her.)
9. Knocks
10. God of love
11. Exits
12. Note of scale
13. Goddess of chance
14. Dickens character
15. Honorable (ab.)
16. Tary
17. Plover
18. Exclamation
19. Thus
20. Livings
21. Handles
22. Insects
23. State
24. On the sheltered side
25. Resting place
26. Greek gulf
27. Honor
28. Dutch province
29. Cherish

VERTICAL

1. Gain
2. Schism
3. Chills
4. Smaller
5. Hypothetical structural unit
6. Equal
7. Toss
8. Dregs
9. Exempli gratia (ab.)
10. Partner
11. Brain passage
12. Orange oil
13. Chosen part
14. Sun god
15. Greek letter
16. Garden tool
17. Finish
18. He is administrator of (ab.)
19. Bronze
20. Obtain
21. Ought to
22. Malt liquor
23. Property
24. List
25. Paleus strip
26. Tail
27. Lane
28. Century plan
29. Us
30. Slave
31. Obtain
32. Vipers
33. Neuter (ab.)
34. Nilton
35. (symbol)
36. Daybreak (comb. form)

Deeds Filed

Lec B. Bouvy et al to city of La Grande, portion of SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 6, Twp. 3 S, R. 38 E, \$1 and other considerations.

Francis L. Wade to Albert Rydzam, Lot 4, Sec. 4, N 1/2 NE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 5, Twp. 2 N, R. 40 E, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 28, E 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 29, SE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 31, NE 1/4 NW 1/4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 32, W 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 33, all in Twp. 3 N, R. 40 E, \$1 and other considerations.

Federal Land Bank of Spokane to Era W. Keen et ux, portion of NE 1/4, Sec. 33, Twp. 2 N, R. 39 E, \$1 and other considerations.

School district No. 5, Union county to Margaret Callihan, Lots 4, 5, Blk. 3, Sec. "D," second addition to Union cemetery, \$20.

George W. Zimmerman, by administrator, to Robert L. Williams et ux, W 1/2 of Lot 8, Blk. 7, Coggan's addition, La Grande city, \$3,700.

Official Records

Water turned on, Sept. 7: Mrs. Leslie Keffer, 1306 Ninth street; James H. Abbott, 1417 X avenue.

PLAN HOMECOMING

SALEM, Sept. 8 (UP)—Willamette university will observe its annual homecoming festivities Sept. 14 and 15, more than a month before the start of the fall term, homecoming manager Fenton Ford announced today. Homecoming activities will include an all-navy football game, an alumni reunion and a masquerade ball.

HER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

Our Boarding House

does who can, Brock; it's little enough."

"But you never told me."

"Well, gosh—you don't go around talking about it."

Suddenly he felt closer to her than he had at any time since his homecoming. "Thayer..."

HIS mother appeared in the doorway. "Dinner," she announced brightly. "You're late, Thayer. Oh, has Moya gone? I was going to ask her to stay."

The moment was spoiled. Brock felt a momentary impatience, then was ashamed by the sweetness of his mother's smile. He rose and went on his crutches into dinner.

"I'm thoroughly annoyed," Mrs. Kittredge announced later, and at the words Thayer pricked her ears. "Kittredge phoned. It's that bridge club of hers and someone has disappointed her. She simply demands I fill in." Her gaze rested on Brock. "I don't care to be away from home."

Thayer hid a smile. Good Aunt Hildreth.

Brock said heartily, "I'll be good for you, Mom."

Thayer had run into Hildreth shortly after coming out of the Blood Bank and Hildreth had taken her in charge at once. "Come along home; I'll make some tea."

So within half an hour Thayer had found herself in a comfortable chair, a cup in her hand and her sharp-eyed hostess opposite.

"I never get a chance to talk to you, child. How are things going—and why are you keeping on with the job?"

"It's hard to put in words, Aunt Hildreth. I know if I weren't there they'd find someone." She put down the cup. "Maybe it's because it's the one familiar thing I have to cling to. Nothing else is the same."

"I was afraid it was like that," Thayer said. "I—I can't reach Brock. He holds me away from him. He is—well, it doesn't seem I even know him."

Hildreth said soberly, "Thayer, you'd need to know a lot more about Brock than you do now to understand him now. Do you mind if I—"

"I want you to," the girl replied.

(To Be Continued)

With Major Hoople



EGAD, SIR! YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR—DID YOU EVER VISIT WALES? I AM DR. GUSTAVE LLEWELYN, NOTED WELSH DENTIST, AND THIS IS JASON, MY VALET—I WAGERED WITH HIM YOU'D HAVE HAM AND ROASTING EARS FOR SUPPER—DO I WIN?

Out Our Way



I THOUGHT YOU HAD THE HOSE READY FOR ME—TO TAKE HOME—WHY, YOU DIDN'T EVEN DISCONNECT IT!

OH, I BEG PARDON! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO USE OUR WATER, TOO! I'M SURE TH' HOSE'LL STRETCH TO YOUR HOUSE!

Boots and Her Buddies



YOO, HOO!

BOOTS—HEY! GIVE US A LOOK!!

Freckles and His Friends



I NEED YOUR HELP, MELLOW MAN! CAN WE GO SOMEWHERE AND BE ALONE? I WANT TO MAKE WITH THE WORDS!

WHY, SURE, YOOHOO! JUST NAME IT AND WHISTLE THE PATTERN!

Red Ryder



WHILE RED RYDER MAKES HIS WAY BACK FROM THE BADLANDS, A CONVERSATION TAKES PLACE IN RIMROCK...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR BLACKMAILING, TOL TOLY, I'LL...

TAKE IT EASY, BLACK TONY! I'M FASTER THAN YOU WITH A GUN!

Wash Tubbs

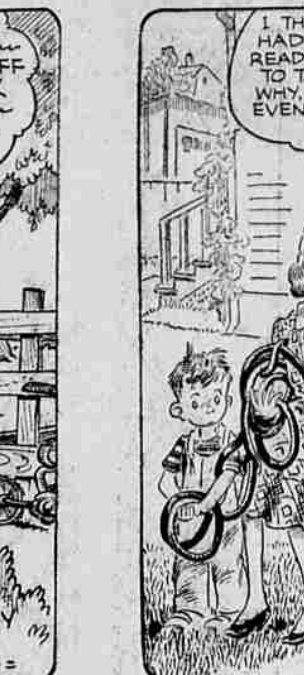


AM SORRY TO REPORT NO PROGRESS MADE IN QUESTIONING TINA RYAN'S BROTHER.

HM! UNFORTUNATE DEVELOPMENT HAS OCCURRED... MISS RYAN ESCAPED, PROMPTLY AFTER ARREST.

A THOROUGH SEARCH HAS REVEALED NO TRACE OF HER, BUT SHE CANNOT GET FAR... ALL FUJIWARA IS ON THE LOOKOUT—ALSO WE HOLD BIG TRUMP CARD...

Alley Oop



COOP HAS COME UPON DR. BRONSON'S PLACE OF ENSLAVEMENT, BUT BEFORE HE COULD ACT, THE JAPS WERE CONFUSED BY A MYSTERIOUS BOMBARDMENT OF ROCKS.

BEHOLD, THE UNSEEN ONE STRIKES AGAIN!

THE FOURTH ATTACK TODAY! NINE OF US IN ALL!

THIS CAN'T GO ON, RETURN THE SLAVES TO THE STOCKADE TILL WE CAN FIND THE ASSASSIN!

Man Solos Plane At Age of 83



LOS ANGELES, Sept. 8 (UP)—James W. Montee, 83, who migrated to Salem, Ore., in 1887 and later settled in southern California, boomed this week at Vail field near here.

Montee is the oldest student pilot in the United States. "You're never too young or too old," said Montee. He claims his greatest accomplishment took place in Kansas in 1871, at the age of 14, when he set a world record by plowing with oxen at the unprecedented speed of two and half miles an hour.

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