Hearts Bleed Longest

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IX

"IT seems to me," Hildred said, her voice crisp but her eyes kind, "that the mistake you all make is in skirting the subject of Brock's injury or refusing to mention it at all. Brock's future must be lived face to face with the fact that he'll never have another natural leg, and pretending the situation doesn't exist won't clear it up. I've talked to Dr. Lacey—he's worth six of Henry Pelham no matter what Corinne thinks!—and I asked about cases like Brock's. He said all men go through a bad time at first, but when he gets his artificial leg the time will come when he'll forget for hours and then for days that it is not his own. Eventually he'll make it his own."

"If I could make him see that."

"Try, Thayer. It's Corinne who's your real problem. She's enjoying the situation."

"Enjoying! Aunt Hildreth, she's heart-broken."

Hildreth shook her head. "This injury brings Brock back to a state of dependence upon her. Thayer, if she has her way she'll keep him like this."

"Oh, Aunt Hildreth, she loves him . . ."

"She loves her domination," stated Hildreth dryly. She rose as Thayer did and took the girl's hands in hers. "I sound like the jealous, childless aunt, but I've a better chance for the long view than you have, my dear. I want to see you happy; I believe you love Brock; I know he needs you." She walked to the door to say goodby. "Talk to Brock, Thayer; don't let him shut himself behind that wall." She fixed a thoughtful gaze on Thayer. "Might be a good idea if Corinne went out tonight. Seems as though you young people need an evening to yourselves." She winked deliberately as Thayer went down the steps.

SO—Aunt Hildreth had managed. Thayer, meeting Brock's eyes could not keep a twinkle from her own. Somehow dinner was a gayer meal than any she remembered.

Which helped give her the courage to talk to Brock as Hildreth had counselled.

All during dinner Brock was conscious of the quickened tempo, and conscious each time he looked at her of his pride in Thayer. Donating at the Blood Bank without a word! It wasn't quite clear in Brock's mind but something in the knowledge that both Thayer and he had given their blood in a common cause brought them closer. Suddenly he was impatient for his mother to be gone, and when at last the front door closed behind her, it was his suggestion that he and Thayer go out on the terrace. For the first time since his homecoming she seemed neither distant nor unattainable; for the first time in his awareness of his wife he forgot the crutches beside his chair.

And then Thayer opened the subject hitherto unmentioned. A chance sentence precipitated it. He said, "Today has gone so slowly." He intended to add, "because I missed you."

But he had paused, and her voice broke in, grave, intent, as if she spoke of something heavy on her mind which must be said. "Brock, all the worst is behind you really, if you can just see it."

"Sure, I know. I wasn't meaning to complain. It's just . . ."

"Brock, when you get your artificial leg it will be no time until you learn to use it as your own. You'll be able to do most of the things you used to do."

"Sure." But I haven't got it yet, is that it? Was she trying to hold him away from her? Unwillingly his gaze fell to the pinned-up trouser leg and awareness came sickeningly of the stump it covered. Then bitterness began to churn in him, because he dared not let her see how much it mattered. "Who's the pep talk for, Thayer, you or me?" He should have bitten out his tongue before he said that, but the sight of her standing there, so *whole* . . .

• • •

HE heard her catch her breath. "Did you think I needed one, Brock?"

"Oh, forget it, I didn't mean it."

"Brock," Thayer said desperately, "don't turn away from facing things. Not with me. What has happened doesn't change you, the real you. Brock, can't you see that?"

"What was the real me, Thayer?"

Taken off guard she fumbled to put into words things she had been too shy to bring into the open. "Why—why . . ."

"I bet it had two legs." His fist struck the chair arm. "Oh, hell, what's the use!"

"Brock . . ." It was a whisper. The things he wanted to say and could not came hotly into his throat. It hurt as if he might cry but there were no tears. Never had he seen her more beautiful than standing there in the half light. Momentarily, despite everything, he forgot, completely forgot. He moved to rise, and found himself imprisoned in his chair. Stunned he sat there looking up at her. As if his mind were past believing, he tried again, then sat straining forward, fingers white-knuckled in their grip upon the chair arms. The night wind had risen, sweeping against her, revealing the outline of her young body, giving to her the attitude of someone poised for flight. A trick of the wind, yet his reaction as he sensed his helplessness wrenched the words from him in a sort of fury. "Don't stand there as if you were ready to run. I'm harmless."

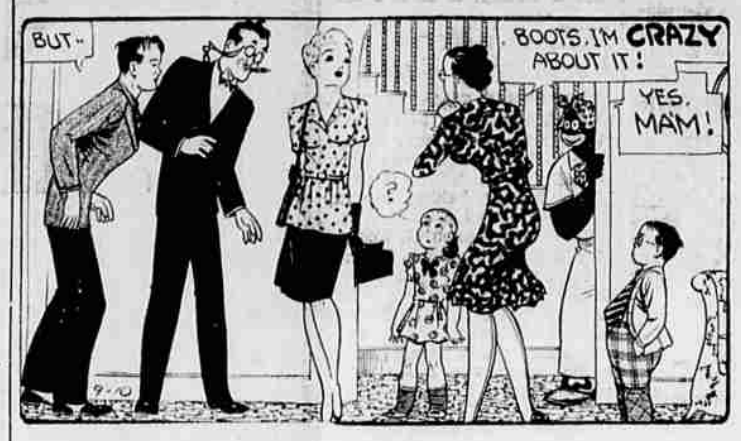
For a moment she just stared at him; he felt rather than saw the anger gathering in her dark eyes. "No," she said in a low tense voice, "you're not harmless; you've an amazing capacity for hurting people." Before he could answer she turned swiftly and went through the screen door into the house.

(To Be Continued)

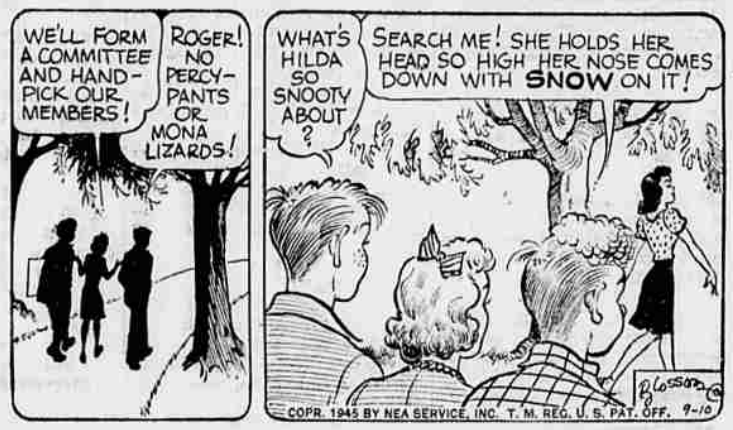
Our Boarding House — With Major Hoople

Out Our Way — J. R. Williams

Boots and Her Buddies — By Edgar Martin



Freckles and His Friends — Merrill Blosser



Red Ryder — Fred Harman

Wash Tubbs — By Leslie Turner

Alley Oop — By V. T. Hamlin

Exquisite Nighty

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

Romantic puffed sleeves tied with velvet or moire ribbon—a demure neckline—beautifully fitted, smooth waistline—it all adds up to one of the smartest nightgowns on the market! Make it in pastel or white crepe sprigged with tiny flowers. Use orchid, lavender, American Beauty, old blue or magenta ribbons for the ties.

To obtain complete pattern, finishing instructions for the Flowered Nightgown (Pattern No. 5034) sizes 14, 16, 18 included in pattern, 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.

Driver's Search for Valuables Cause of Death in Tunnel

VENICE, Calif., Sept. 10 (UP)—John A. Spangler, 38-year-old truck driver, habitually searched the tunnel of the giant dipper, Venice pier roller coaster, for lost valuables from riders' pockets. But Saturday he started his search too early. Today he is dead.

A watchman found Spangler's mangled body in the tunnel yesterday. He died several hours later in Santa Monica hospital. Police said Spangler apparently was struck by one of the cars while he was in the tunnel.

Roller coaster attendants said Spangled usually entered the tunnel shortly after midnight, after the last ride had been run. They guessed his timing was off and he was struck by the last car.

Spangler's death was the fifth in southern California amusement centers within recent weeks. Two boys were killed in a fall from a Balboa ferris wheel, one sailor fell from a Long Beach roller coaster and another from a Venice roller coaster.

ADD TO BUILDING

SALEM, Sept. 10 (UP)—A general contract to construct a reinforced concrete one-story addition to the Salem Automobile company building has been awarded to Barham Brothers of Salem, architect L. P. Bartholomew said today. Owner of the building is Clifford Taylor.

Princess Set

By SUE BENNETT

The perfect jumper-jacket combination for days ahead. A style plus quality in a set of basic simplicity. And so easy to wear.

Pattern No. 8773 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. The jumper, size 14, takes 2¾ yards of 35 or 39-inch material; the jacket 1⅞ yards.

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.

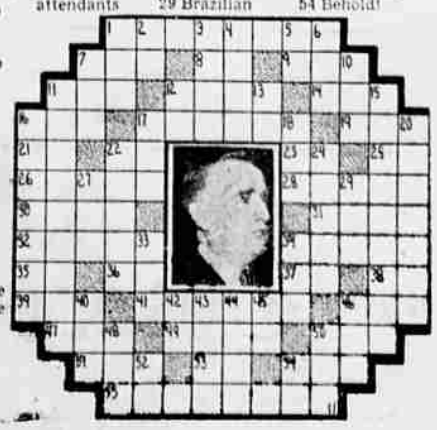
Send for your cupy of the new spring issue of Fashion—just off the press. Book full of smart, up-to-the-minute styles. 15 cents.

U. S. Senator

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured U. S. senator from Wyoming, Joseph C. ——
7 Abstract being
8 Upon
9 Encountered
11 Poem
12 Merganser
14 Male child
16 Before
17 Solid (comb. form)
19 Grab
21 North Dakota (ab.)
22 Tone E (music)
23 Solicitor general (ab.)
25 Symbol for tantalum
26 Pertaining to a tela
28 Engine and cars
30 Dry
31 Metal
32 Pertaining to the ileum
34 Carpenter's tool
35 Chinese weight
36 Month (ab.)
37 Morindin dye
38 Area measure
39 Coterie
41 Waver
46 Cloth measures
47 Drunkard
49 Precipitation
50 Bitter vetch
51 Type of cap
53 French article
54 Loiter
55 He has been reported as likely to succeed Ickes as Secretary of the ——

VERTICAL
1 Individual
2 Manuscript (ab.)
3 Domicile
4 Heavy blow
5 Type measure
6 Affirmative
7 Dutch city
10 Weight unit
11 Hospital attendants
12 Street (ab.)
13 Us
15 Citizens
16 Gives as an inalienable possession
17 Courtesy title
18 Hops' kiln
20 Flags
22 Feminine courtesy title
24 Gridiron
27 Falsehood
29 Brazilian macaw
33 Folding bed
34 Golf term
40 Child
42 Either
43 Story
44 Row
45 Half-em
46 Work unit
48 Porgy
50 Auricle
52 Symbol for manganese
54 Behold!



Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 8:
Mrs. F. M. McGee, 2812 street; Eastern Oregon college, 1311 O avenue.

Water Turned On:
Maurice Fincknell, 2702 Spruce street; Lionel Hoggott, 1216 Y avenue; Mrs. H. Wayne Halady, 2606 Fir street.

Building Permits

E. M. Hickox, alter and repair two-story frame dwelling, 1103 O avenue, $100.

TWO DROWN

SEATTLE, Sept. 10 (UP)—Harbor patrols today recovered the body of a man, believed to be Amil Drange, Seattle transit system driver, from Lake Union, and continued dragging for the body of his wife.

Recovery of the body followed finding of an empty green launch circling at full throttle 100 feet offshore Saturday night. Two coastguardsmen who found the launch, told the harbor patrol they heard a woman scream shortly before they saw the boat. A man's hat, a woman's plaid coat and white hair band were found floating on the surface.