

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Doris Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

XII
BROCK got his artificial leg in the late summer. He still used two canes but Dr. Pelham had assured Corinne Kittridge that in time he would learn to do without them.

His face was thin, fine-drawn. There was about him a tension, the same sort of tension she sensed in Thayer. Only when Moya was present did that tension lessen in Brock. And for a long time there had been growing in Mrs. Kittridge confirmation of her first conviction that Brock's marriage was a bitter mistake, bearing now the fruit of its folly. Mrs. Kittridge pictured him as trapped. That he was not making a more speedy recovery was due solely to his dilemma. Which made young Dr. Lacey's opinion most unwelcome when he paid a call on a day the older doctor was indisposed.

"There's more to this business than legs," he had said brusquely when Mrs. Kittridge had mentioned Brock's improvement. "They're making wonderful restorations in this war, but the real steps still have to be taken with the mind, never forget that."

"Meaning?"
"Physical injury can maim mind as well as body. More so, because we can see physical injury; the other can so successfully be hidden. Disastrously, of course. This deeper side is the job of you at home; tough job, too."

"My son has every assurance of love and understanding," said Mrs. Kittridge. "He knows his mother has never failed him—and will not fail him now."
"The thing is not to let him fail himself," Dr. Lacey said sharply. "See that he meets all the demands life has the right to make upon him."

"First we must get him well," Mrs. Kittridge said with dignity. "Then you will get him well," said Dr. Lacey as he took abrupt leave.

THE whole thing kept running through her mind today as she watched Brock's unrest. It was with relief she saw Moya's car drive in and she went at once to greet her visitor.

"Hello," Moya said, at ease in her knowledge of welcome. "Where's Brock? I'm running out to Corning—some Auxiliary stuff. I thought he might like the ride."

"Just what he needs," Mrs. Kittridge said. Her eyes and Moya's met, agreement in them and understanding.
"It certainly appeals to me more than sitting around," Brock said, overhearing as he came in.

Once in the open, some of the tension that bound the man escaped in speech. "Lord, but I'm glad you came along, Moya. I was about to..."

Her glance slanted toward him as she drove. "I didn't drop by on impulse; I planned all day that you'd go with me."

"Cool about it, aren't you?" But somehow their hands found each other and he felt the strong curling of her fingers around his own. They had often driven this way in the past, the dear crazy past so without complexities.

They were out of town now and the road ran by a tree-covered hill. Something stabbed through Brock. Not since his return had he come out the Corning road past Drumhead Hill. Under a distant tree someone was standing. He only glimpsed the figure but it was a switch thrown to set things in motion. Instantly upon the screen of his mind flashed pictures. Some emotion in him writhed and twisted, wanting to be free. There was upon him the need of more than this damned passivity that sucked at him like quicksand.

His words were a command. "Stop the car, Moya."
She obeyed with alacrity, turning to him in quick concern. "Is anything wrong?"
"Let me drive."

FOR an instant there was the stillness preceding movement, then wordlessly she stepped out and walked around the car to reappear at his side. He had already slid over into the driver's seat.

His heart banged in his chest. For days he had wanted to drive a car; now he had to, so that in activity he could forget what that figure standing there on Drumhead Hill had reminded him of.

Of Thayer, whom he had sent from him that morning weeks ago with the cold fury of his words. He had still remember—maybe some day he'd forget—how her face had crimsoned, then paled until her eyes were enormous. She had turned and walked away, pride in every line of her.

Two days later he had left for the hospital where he was to have further treatment and receive his leg, he instructed in its use.

He had stayed away longer than he need have, much longer, but at last he had come home secure in the knowledge that he appeared whole again. It seemed he could never grow tired of looking at the toes of his two shoes projecting from beneath his trouser cuffs. Two shoes—two feet...

He had wanted to swagger just a little that first night of his homecoming. Thayer was overdue from the office and he stood up for 15 minutes before she arrived so that her first sight of him might be that way. He began to grow tired with standing.

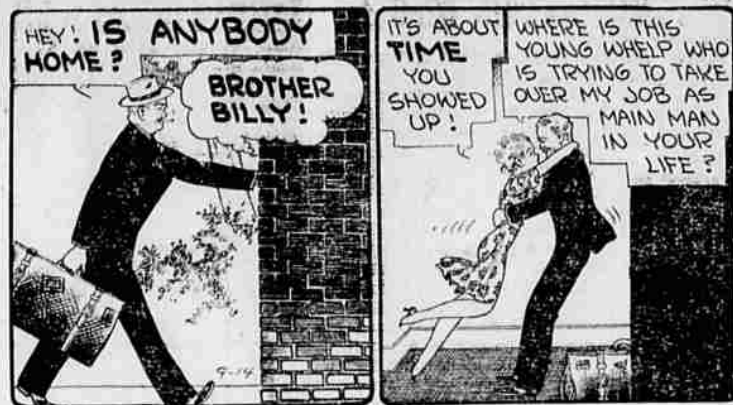
He was momentarily shocked to see how pale and tired she looked when she came. She said, "Brock—you're back..." and came toward him as if nothing had been wrong between them. He had been cautioned against too-swift movement; now he forgot. He never knew how it happened, how he slipped, blundered, caught himself and crashed foolishly into a sitting position in a nearby chair. Thayer cried, "Oh, Brock, are you hurt?" and he was right back where he had been on the night of his homecoming from Guadalcanal, imprisoned in a chair, looking up at her. Nothing was changed. Nothing.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



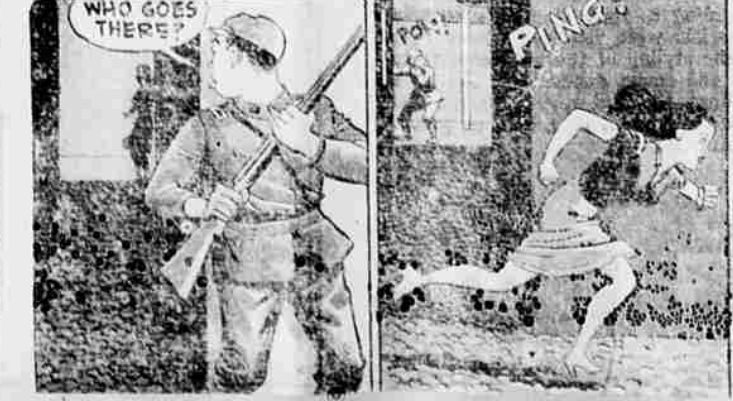
Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



Wool Purse



5305

By MRS. ANNE CABOT

As handsome a bag as you'll see in a day's march! Crochet the yarn loop effect on a base of giant filé mesh. Try it in black wool, in a brilliant color or in the exact shade of your fall suit or topcoat. Size is 15 by 11 inches. You can make it in one afternoon or evening.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Looped Wool Underarm Bag (Pattern No. 5305) 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.

Custom rules that a Korean passing his wife on the street, must ignore her as though she were a stranger.

Deeds Filed

Fay Brown to Henry Ehlers et ux, portion of Lot 3, Blk. 18, Cogan's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

M. Lucile Dixon et vir, to Edith H. Simmons et al, Lot 4, Blk. 62, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Maggie Crossen et vir, to Della C. Wagner, portion of Lot 11, Blk. 6, Romig's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

Charles H. Griffen et ux, to Frederick W. Hockey et ux, W 1/2 of Lots 1, 2, 3, Blk. 11, Romig's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

William H. Conrad to Ethel R. Conrad, N 1/2 of Lots 1, 2, 3, Blk. 38, Riverside addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

J. D. Rode et ux, to Ben Toombs et ux, N 1/2 NW 1/4, NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 16, Twp. 6 S. R. 42 E., \$10 and other considerations.

G. I. Hess et al, to Dudley Edward Bowen et ux, Blk. 16, Swackhamer's addition, North Union, \$10 and other considerations.

Oscar George Olsen et ux, to Paul J. Conley et ux, N 1/2 of Lots 1, 2, 3, Blk. 154, Chaplin's addition, La Grande city, \$10 and other considerations.

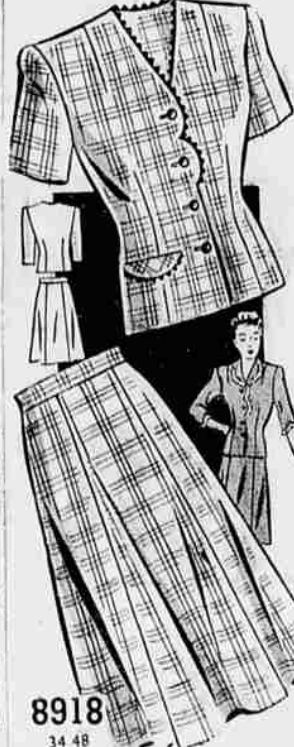
Larl Hansen et ux, to Elvin L. Maxon, S 1/2 of Lots 1 to 5, Blk. 71, Hindman's addition, Elgin, \$1,800.

J. A. Benson et ux, to Selden B. Stonedahl et ux, S 1/2 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 34, W 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 35, all in Twp. 4 S. R. 40 E. \$10 and other considerations.

Carrie L. Fisher et vir, to School District No. 23, Union county, Blk. 57, Hindman's addition, Elgin, \$3,800.

Ruby Bradshaw et vir, to Florence Hollins, portion of Blk. 30, Williamson's addition, La Grande city, \$1 and other considerations.

Two Piecer



8918

By SUE BURNETT

Simple and yet very distinctive is this full-cut two piecer for the slightly heavier figure. For a dressy version add a starched white collar edged in soft ruffling.

Pattern No. 8918 is designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, The 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.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

What looters? from the Russians! All had been stripped clean. Harriman kept muttering, "those Russians! What looters!"

Finally the party came to the glass works which the Russians had been through. They had removed most of the machinery, but had overlooked some finished fancy glassware on work benches. So when Ambassador Harriman left the factory, he took a few glass "souvenirs" with him.

One member of the party who had heard Harriman denounce the Russians looked at him critically. Laughing, the ambassador remarked: "I was talking about Russian looters, wasn't I?"

Building Permits

Rose Pratt, alter and repair two-story frame dwelling, 1503

Movie Actor

- 10 Horizontal
- 11 Pictured actor
- 12 Slack
- 13 Peruser
- 14 Light touch
- 15 Thoroughfare
- 17 Aeriform fuel
- 19 Poker stake
- 21 Fish
- 22 Pant
- 23 Play part
- 25 Change
- 26 Sounds
- 27 Made of reeds
- 28 Mountain (ab.)
- 29 Within
- 30 Chinese nettle
- 33 Lathers
- 37 Willow
- 38 Number
- 39 Exclamation
- 40 Not fast
- 44 Venture
- 45 Legal point
- 46 Rebut-tes
- 48 Harass
- 49 Live coals
- 51 Get up
- 52 Recipients
- 53 Irregular

Answer to Previous Puzzle



- 30 Bellow
- 31 Dormant
- 32 Malarial
- 33 Poison
- 34 French West African town
- 35 Expression
- 36 Plant part
- 40 Father
- 41 Not as much
- 42 Ocean (ab.)
- 43 Existed
- 46 Born
- 47 Courtesy title
- 50 Beside
- 52 Thus



- 1 Mexican river
- 2 Decayed
- 3 Zeus' beloved