

Hearts Bleed Longest

by Denis Hume © 1945, NEA SERVICE, INC.

XIII

THE car sang with speed now as his new foot bore down on the accelerator. He wanted to go faster, to get away forever from Drumhead Hill. The road topped the divide before Brock brought the car to a stop.

"Well..." Moya said and he turned toward her soft laughter. "It's like old times." Suddenly she slid her body over against him. They were knee to knee, shoulder to shoulder. Her head was up and back, her eyes dark, expectant, her mouth waiting. Her arms reached up as his went around her, and drew his face down. He kissed her with a sort of fierce abandon, as if with every kiss he would burn from memory the things he wanted to forget.

"Darling!" Moya laughed and there was triumph in it. "You haven't changed a bit. But I knew you hadn't; not really."

"You're the only one who did know it then."

"Am I, my sweet? Kiss me again. I think I've been terribly patient with you, taking all in all."

HILDRETH said, "Thayer, what is the matter? You're going all to eyes. No job's worth it. You did intend giving it up."

"I know. And then when Mr. Tipton came down with meningitis... I've been in the department the longest. And somehow assurance that things would continue without loss of momentum was tied up with his getting well." Thayer lifted her shoulders with a deep breath. "So I said I'd stay." Momentarily her eyes met Hildreth's. "Now I'm glad. It's-it's become important to me, too."

"What do you mean, Thayer?" Her voice was low, tight. "Well—I'm making good at something." Hildreth's sharp gaze bored into her. "Surely things are better between you and Brock."

Thayer said slowly, "In the beginning there were two against me: Mrs. Kittredge and Moya. Two convinced that my marriage to Brock was a mistake."

"And now?"

"Now there are three."

"I can't believe that, Thayer. That boy loves you."

"Does he? The first day he came home wearing his artificial leg he slipped in front of me. He looked at me as if he hated me."

"Oh, I know, child; he's young and foolish—and proud."

"So am I proud, Aunt Hildreth. I must go."

"Don't go. Talk to me, Thayer. You need someone..."

"No—no, I can't talk. I've got to work things out myself."

Then she swung suddenly to the older woman. "You see, I knew the other Brock, Aunt Hildreth. That's why I haven't quit. I'm working at the plant—to give Mr. Tipton a chance; I'm sticking here—to give Brock his. His mother loves him, Moya loves him; all right, but it isn't the kind of love that will make him want to stand up and fight back at life again."

Her hands clenched tightly. "It's important that Brock be that sort of person again. He's got to be. It's important..."

"Thayer..."

The girl's voice broke suddenly. "Don't keep me. I've got to go."

She was down the steps before Hildreth could speak. She did not look back. Tears were blinding her eyes. "It's important," she whispered to herself chokingly. "It's important..."

THE big Kittredge house seemed deserted and still as Thayer let herself in. Ahead of her the stairs showed their polished

treads. To climb them seemed suddenly too great an exertion. In a little while maybe. Wearily she turned and went through the French doors to the terrace. Then she stopped, like some held motionless in the cobweb of a dream. Two figures were standing in close embrace. Da...

Thayer saw the upreaching of Moya's face, the arms about Brock's neck with which she strained him to her.

Some awareness of an intruding presence touched them. For an instant the scene was a tableau, then they drew apart, stood facing her. There was neither guilt nor fear in Moya's face; Brock's was blank, washed of all expression.

Moya spoke first. "Well, Thayer, after all, pretenses are foolish. And you've really known all along, I guess."

"Known that from the day Brock came home you were determined to get back what you'd lost? Yes, I've known that, Moya. That you'd try it on the basis of old-time friendship; yes, I knew that. I knew, too, that I couldn't compete with you on those terms."

"Could you on any terms, Thayer?" Cool and triumphant, the voice.

"I thought so. Because you see, Moya, the Brock I knew was not the one you knew at all. You loved a boy; I loved a man. And so I wanted from him the things that a man can give."

"Well, if you think..." Moya interrupted.

Thayer went on as if she had not spoken. "You're satisfied with the little Moya. You and Brock's mother. I'm not; I never shall be. This isn't the Brock I knew. If there were no more to it than that, you could have him—and welcome. I wouldn't want what you've got now. This is today; it's tomorrow that I want. For that other Brock is there—under all that sympathy you've weakened him with. To me he's worth fighting for. Once maybe, I wouldn't have had the courage for such a fight, but I have now. So you see, Moya, I'm not stepping aside. I'm fighting to the last ditch, not for the Brock you think you've won, but for the man I married."

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Alley Oop



Out Our Way

J. R. Williams



By Edgar Martin



Merrill Blosser



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Easy to Make



5038

Little girls usually ask for "lots of dolls" for Christmas—now is the time to start building up a family of dolls which will delight young hearts on Christmas day. The one illustrated has a sturdy, fifteen-inch body. Make it of pink or beige saten if possible—of white cotton if you cannot obtain saten. Hair can be either yellow blonde or auburn colored cotton yarn. Features are embroidered on. Make the cunning little dress, petticoat and panties of dainty cottons or rayon crepes. Shoes and socks are sewn on.

To obtain complete pattern for

'Till We Meet Again' One of 'Top Pictures'

"Till We Meet Again," starring Ray Milland and Barbara Britton, is playing today and Saturday at the Liberty theater.

It is important for the light it sheds on the work of France's amazing Maquis—the almost untrained and unarmed army.

"Till We Meet Again" describes the thrilling escape of an American aviator through the French underground. Active in the movement are the nuns of a French convent, led by the Mother Superior, played by Lucile Watson. A young novice, played by Miss Britton, is assigned the greatest share of responsibility with the duty of escorting Milland, the Air Force Captain, to the coast with important Nazi plans which are in his possession.

Some of the most amazing performers in the animal world are featured in "Are Animals Actors?" amazing Warner Bros. short subject also on the liberty program. Produced by Gordon Hollingshead and narrated by Knox Manning, this spectacular offering spotlights such four-legged wonders as Daisy the Terrier (who has an important part in the "Blondie" series), Rin Tin Tin and Tom Mix's beloved horse, Tony.

doll body, finishing instructions, actual size chart for embroidering features, patterns for clothes for the Curly-Headed Doll (Pattern No. 5038) send 15 cents in COIN plus 1 cent postage. YOUR NAME, ADDRESS and the PATTERNS NUMBER to Anne Cabot, The La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission street, San Francisco, Calif.

For Tots



8745

2-6 yrs.

By SUE BURNETT

This bewitching little party frock will delight every little girl's heart. She'll love the snugly fitting waist, pert ruffles and gay button trim.

Pattern No. 8745 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material. 2 yards of machine made ruffling is required.

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

Wainwright Takes Rest After Honors

NEW YORK, Sept. 14 (UP)—Gaunt, weary, Gen. Jonathan W. Wainwright surrendered today to the pleas of his family to rest.

Last night he told those who cheered him as the hero of Corregidor not to forget the lessons of war, not to be too kind to a deceitful enemy and not to sink the base level of that enemy in exacting revenge.

"It is not important now what happened to me," he said, "but I think it is very important the American people understand the nature of this people we have beaten."

Building Permits

Ray Goodnough, alter and repair two-story brick shoe shine parlor, 122 Adams, \$50.

Official Records

Water Turned Off, Sept. 13: W. E. Wilkins, 2462 Ash street. Water Turned On: Harry R. Belt, 1315 Z avenue.

U. S. Army Group

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
| 1 Depicted is insignia of U. S. Army Cavalry Division | 1 Look over |
| 11 Malayan dagger | 2 Presses |
| 13 Type of cap | 3 Symbol for xenon |
| 14 Army order (ab.) | 4 Scatter |
| 15 Mockers | 5 French river |
| 18 Symbol for selenium | 6 Duration |
| 19 Compass point | 7 Possesses |
| 21 Ransom | 8 Within |
| 22 Provided with food | 9 Stair part |
| 23 Observe | 10 Exploit |
| 25 Blemish | 12 Before |
| 26 Low haunt | 13 Honey maker |
| 28 Feline | 16 Fish |
| 29 Symbol for ruthenium | 17 From |
| 30 Onward | 18 Married |
| 31 Strike | 22 Obese |
| 32 Seed container | 24 Weird |
| 34 Female deer | 25 Large landed estate |
| 35 Scepter | |
| 37 Slight taste | |
| 38 Artillery piece | |
| 44 Priority (prefix) | |
| 46 Any | |
| 47 Bruised | |
| 49 Early English (ab.) | |
| 50 Right of holding property | |
| 52 Antenna | |
| 54 Expunge | |
| 55 Stainers | |