

THREE TO MAKE READY

BY W. H. PEARS

turning furiously on Jenks. "I see now why you wanted to take me to that meeting. You planned all along to get me in the picture."

"Why, honey!" Jenks simulated horror. "I wouldn't make a stooge out of you. Besides, you wanted to protect your boy friend here."

Chris stood up, one big fist cocked. "You asked for it, mister!"

Paula grabbed for Chris, but succeeded only in slowing up the blow. Jenks tumbled over a table and sat down hard, blinking foolishly.

Chris picked up the check. "Come on, Paula, let's get going."

He was moodily silent all the way home. Paula could see that he was stung by Jenks' taunt about the League. When she left him she said, "Chris, isn't it funny that Kilo should be friendly with Jenks? After what happened!"

"Oh, don't harp on that, Paula!" he snapped. "I feel like a heel for running out on Kilo."

Paula said quietly, "I'm sorry . . . and thanks for the nice ride."

THE telephone was ringing as Paula entered the house.

"Will you answer that, Paula?" Tony Beale's been trying to get you all afternoon."

Paula raised the receiver, unable to account for the sudden hammering of her heart at the sound of Tony's quiet voice.

"A swell way to prepare for finals," he jibed.

"Gee, it's good to hear from you," Paula said. "I was asking Chris about you today."

"Oh, no, Tony, it's not that!" Paula said earnestly. "It's just that . . . well, I've promised—"

"I get it, Paula. I—I don't blame you for not wanting to make Chris see. Well, no harm in asking. See you soon."

"Wait, Tony," she begged. "You mustn't be peeved at me. Or Chris. It's just one of those things. I'm terribly sorry."

"So am I," Tony said evenly. "but I'm not peeved." His voice softened. "There's nothing you could ever do that would peeve me. Try it some time if you don't

think so. Good night, Paula."

Paula let the receiver slide back onto the hook. Quick tears came to her eyes. She had hurt Tony after swearing to herself that she wouldn't . . .

FOOTSTEPS on the porch interrupted her thoughts. Paula switched on the vestibule light. She took a step backward as she saw the silver-blond head framed in the doorway.

"I'd like to talk to you," Kilo said crisply. She wore a scarlet sweater of brushed wool. The collar of her smooth skin was broken only by a gash of lip rouge.

"Alone."

Paula nodded, concealing her surprise. "Won't you come inside?"

"Thanks, no," Kilo said. "I don't want all the dear little sorority sisters listening in. Do you mind walking?"

A few minutes later they were on the campus, Paula waiting for Kilo to speak.

"Are you in love with Chris?" Kilo asked suddenly.

"That, I believe, is strictly my own affair," Paula retorted.

"You're wrong," Kilo said. "Maybe you're afraid to admit it, but I'm not. I'm in love with Chris and I don't care who knows it!"

"Oh," Paula said, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" Kilo flung herself in front of Paula. "Well, you needn't be. Not yet. You think I haven't a chance, but you're wrong. Oh, you've got him now, but you won't keep him."

Paula restrained her anger. She must keep her head, not say a lot of things she'd regret. She felt a little sorry for this fiery girl at her side.

"You're not being fair," she said calmly. "Suppose I do love Chris? I can't make him love me. Chris isn't the type to be forced. He makes up his own mind."

Kilo's eyes in the moonlight were deep green pools of resentment.

"I suppose he made up his own mind to give up the League?"

"I talked to him about it," Paula admitted. "I showed him where he was making a fool of himself."

"You would say that!" Kilo flared. "You just don't want Chris to do his own thinking."

"His own or Big Barney Sherwood's?" Paula asked softly.

Kilo gasped. "W-what do you mean?"

Paula said, "I'm going back to the house. Good night."

Kilo grasped her arm and spun her around. "Before you go, let me tell you this: You think you can hold Chris, but you can't. I have to, I can make Chris come to me!"

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

LA PLATAS IN ONE OF THE REGULAR EMERGENCY ROOMS—HE'S GETTING THE BEST CARE POSSIBLE BUT IT'S HOPELESS. I'M AFRAID—

NO DOUBT—HEAD BADLY CRUSHED, EH? BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM. IF YOU DON'T MIND, DOCTOR—

CERTAINLY, DOCTOR THERON—BUT I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE HE HAS NO CHANCE—

AH, YES—LET'S SEE THE X-RAY PLATES—THEY SHOULD SHOW SOMETHING—

YOU SEE, DOCTOR THERON—THAT'S WHAT I MEAN—SKULL CRUSHED LIKE AN EGG SHELL—

YES—ISN'T IT! AH—I PRESUME, DOCTOR, YOU RECALL THE FABLE OF HUMPTY DUMPTY?

ER—WELL, YOU MEAN THAT ALL THE KINGS HORSES AND KINGS MEN COULDN'T PUT THE EGG TOGETHER AGAIN?

YES—BUT HORSES AND KINGS MEN WERE UNDOUBTEDLY PRETTY CLUMSY AT SUCH BUSINESS—NOW, SUPPOSING A TRAINED SURGEON—

POPEYE

Now Showing—"A Job To Do On Popeye." Tomorrow—"A Right Hook To The Head!"

By E. C. SEGAR

LUNCH IS SERVED IN MRS. DAWY JONES' TEA-ROOM

MISSING! MISSED!

VER BEEN ASTIN' FOR A FIGHT AN' NOW HER'LL GET ONE

WELL, I HITCHA AN' I YAM FEELIN' OKAY

AHOY IN THE LOCKER, I'LL NEED MY TOOLS

TOOLS COMING UP DAWY

Secret Agent X-9

By Robert Storm

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE "LADY" FROM THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, X-9?

SHE ENTERED THE COUNTRY LEGALLY UNDER HER MARRIED NAME OF COUNTESS DE BRUXELLE, CHIEF

THERE'S NO CHANCE OF OUSTING HER AS A SPY UNTIL WE'VE PROVED IT, CHIEF!

YES, THAT'S OUR PROBLEM!

APPARENTLY THERE'S NO SECRET ABOUT HER WORKING HERE IN HER COUNTRY'S EMBASSY! ON THE FACE OF THINGS, IT'S ALL LEGITIMATE—WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

WE HAVE TO WATCH OUR JURISDICTION IN EMBASSY MATTERS—THE BEST WE CAN DO IS GIVE HER FRIENDLY WARNINGS!

THAT'S THE IDEA! KEEP IT ON A FRIENDLY BASIS AS LONG AS YOU CAN!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

It's Awful

By MARTIN

I SAY, CORA—THERE'S AN EXCELLENT MAKE-UP AT THE CORNER SWAN—WE GO?

OH STEPHEN—I'M SORRY—I THOUGHT YOU WERE

I'M GOING WITH BEAU TO HIS FRATERNITY DANCE THIS EVENING! THERE ISN'T ANOTHER SOUL WE COULD TAKE—AND I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND—

SEE WHIZZ, BOOTS! I WISH YOU WERE COMIN' HOME?

EH? OH, WHY—ANY BUNY NOW? YES!

I SURE WOULD LIVE A DATE WITH HER FRAGMENT!

BEHOLDING I THINK PERHAPS AN ATTEMPT IN THE MORN'G MIGHT HAVE TAKEN A HOPEFUL STEP TOWARD YOU—AND YOUR PROBLEM!

WASH TUBS

One Down

By CRANE

THE WELCOME TINKLE OF DINNER DISSES STOPS OUTSIDE THE CASTRO SUITE

HEY, GET OUT OF THE SHOWER, EASY, HERE IT IS

YOU ORDERED DINNER, SIR?

YES, COME RIGHT IN

WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE FOR US TO SET THE TABLE, SIR?

WHY, OVER BY THE WINDOW, I GUESS

THANKS!

ALLEY OOP

In the Mood

By V. T. HAMLIN

WELL, MATE, THAT WAS QUITE A BATTLE, BUT WE STOOD UP TO THE BEST OF US! PLENT!

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I'M SKIPPED, DIDN'T SINK THEIR SHIP?

OH, WELL—IT'S NOT A MUCH MORE'N A HELPLESS HULK NOW, ANYHOW!

AND TO THINK WE NEVER LOST A MAN!

LOOK AT THAT TREASURE! WOW! WHAT A HAUL!

HOW ABOUT A ROUND OF GROG?

YEH, AN IF WE HADN'T GOT RID OF THAT MUG WHO TRIED TO BE CAPTAIN, WE'D NEVER OF GOT IT!

THAT SWAB! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM! GO BELOW AN' FETCH HIM AN' HIS TWO MATES UP HERE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

I COULD GO FOR A NICE PLANK-WALKIN' PARTY RIGHT NOW!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

EGAD, FOR OUR \$5 ON THAT STERLING THOROUGHbred, OLD GUS, WE REAP A BUMPER HARVEST OF \$21.50!—NOW WE CAN PROCEED TO CINCINNATI IN REGAL FASHION!—HAW! A TIDY BIT OF HANDICAPPING, WAS IT NOT, RUBE?

IT'S AS EASY FOR YOU AS SPOONING A PICKLE AT A PICNIC, MAJOR!

THAT'S THE FIRST RACE OLD GUS WON SINCE 1935!

YEAH! YOU COULDN'T GIVE THAT BURRO DUNCE—BUT IT WINS, DON'T IT?—US SMART GUYS PROOF-READ THE FORM AND ALL WE GET IS DANDRUFF!

5-21

MEET ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE AT A RACETRACK =

WHY I NEVER SAW YOU ANXIOUS TO MAKE DRILLS BEFORE—YOU ACTUALLY SEEMED TO HATE IT!

I DID, BUT I FOUND THAT MY SISTER LIKED TO SEE ME MISS CALLS SO I'D GET EXTRA KITCHEN POLICE AN' SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO IT! NOW I'M REALLY GITTIN' TO LOVE DRILLS!

I GUESS IT DOES HAPPEN THAT THE SKUNK IN A FELLOW'S NATURE CAN BE THE MAKIN' OF HIM

THE ORNERY STREAK

Real Estate Deals

For May 5

DEEDS:

8 Hallock et ux to Hazel—Lt 2 Blk 2 Hallocks

H Walker to Agatha—Pt 1 Blk 33 Fairmount

Baldwin to Earl Baldwin—Tp 17-3W—\$10

Baldwin to Earl B Baldwin—8 Blk 18 Packards Add—\$50

Benson to Christine Nielsen—8 Blk 11 Washburne & Add to Junction City—\$10

W Engle lking et ux to—Tract in Tp 18-12W

Earl Byrom—Lt 6 Hillenbeck Add—\$475

A Rodman et ux to Lula—Pt 1 Blk 9 Skinners

Correll to James A Rod-

ODD MARRIAGE CUSTOM

In Lapland, a suitor proposes marriage by requesting to cook coffee in the bride's home. If refused by the parents, he is rejected as a suitor; if permitted to enter the house and cook and serve coffee, he is considered acceptable as a son-in-law.



Bridal Shower Given

HARRISBURG, May 21.—(Special)—Mrs. Mae Evans was hostess at a bridal shower, recently for her great-niece, Miss Zelma Thompson. It was held at the Lake Creek grange hall.

Miss Thompson, who is a teacher at Gold Beach this year, was born and raised in this community. Her marriage is to be an event of the near future. Miss June Truax of Halsey presented the guest of honor with the gifts.

Those present were Mrs. Eliza Brandon, Mrs. Essie Bass, Mrs. Herbert Peterson, Mrs. Wayne Barber and daughter Peggy, Miss Velma Owen, Mrs. Fred Smyth, Mrs. Alice Hardy, all of Halsey; Mrs. T. J. Jackson, Mrs. R. L. Blyeu, Mrs. John Miller, Miss Bernice Owen, Mrs. Wilbur Evans and Janice, Florence and Bobby, Mrs. C. R. Evans, Mrs. Clarence Williams, Mrs. Roscoe Sisk and children, Mrs. Scott Nicewood, Mrs. Henry Brock, all of Lake Creek; Mrs. Louie Thompson, Mrs. E. I. Don Thompson, Miss Sarah Jane Thompson, all of Leona; Mrs. Percy Dodd of Irish Bend; Mrs. Johnnie Meyers of Eugene; Mrs. Fanny Toth, Mrs. Albert Foot, Junction City; Mrs. T. J. George, Harrisburg, and Mrs. Fred Moody of Peoria.

Mrs. Warren Isom entertained for her daughter Kaye recently at their home north of Harrisburg. Pupils of the first grade, their teacher and Mrs. Alden Potter were guests. Games were played and refreshments served.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. H. Wampler and family left last week by auto for Iowa where they will visit for several weeks.

Mrs. Albert Greenwood and baby of Santa Monica, Calif., arrived Monday morning for a visit at the Frank Dempsey home.

The bridge club was entertained at the home of Mrs. Elliott McWilliams in Junction City recently. Mrs. W. J. Price and Mrs. George Scott were special guests.

IRVING GRANGE MEETS

IRVING, May 21.—(Special)—The Irving grange met Friday evening, starting with a potluck supper. Following the supper pictures were shown to the group by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nombalasi of Eugene. Mrs. Cecile Kelso reported the last Home Economics club meeting. Lunch for next meeting will be pie and coffee. The agriculture committee report was given by Raymond Johnson on the wheat allotment. A report on "Co-operative Marketing" was given by Fred Chambers. The legislative report was given by Paul Bishop, on closing the smaller rivers to commercial fishing. Mrs. Minnie Plank was voted in as new lecturer, succeeding Mrs. Mae Anderson, who is leaving soon to make her home at Marshfield.

The eccentricity of the earth's orbit is but .01877 from being a perfect circle.