

A Father's Search for a Little Son He Has Never Seen

Little Boy Lost

By MARGHANITA LASKI
(Author of "Toasted English")

SYNOPSIS: It is 1945. The war is over at last. And Hilary Wainwright is searching France for his lost son, the child he had by his wife Lisa who was killed by the Gestapo in Paris. After Lisa's death the child disappeared. Hilary's French friend Pierre has traced the boy from Lisa to her friend Jeanne, and a boy who may be Hilary's son. A good cure who saved many children from the Gestapo and finally to Madame Quillebois, the Cure's kindly washer-woman who put the boy in an orphanage at A—. Pierre urges Hilary to hurry to the orphanage. But Hilary is strangely reticent. He thinks that perhaps this may not be his son. Now go on with the story—

CHAPTER 9

"Tell me," Pierre was saying in a changed voice, "what are you going to do with the child if he's really yours? Have you got a home for him, or are you still living in your mess?"

"No, I was demobilized last week," Hilary answered, "but even so I don't quite know what I'd do with the child. At the moment I'm sharing a flat in a house off Regent's Park—but it's not the sort of place where one would want to keep a child."

He recalled with pleasure the beautiful little Regency terrace house, the books, the gramophone records, the privacy and seclusion. Life in the flat would be safely unemotional. It was unthinkable that a child should invade this refuge. "Besides," he added, "there's no one to look after him."

"What about your mother?" Pierre suggested. "In my experience grandmothers are usually only too anxious to take care of their son's children."

"I'm afraid that would hardly do," Hilary said coldly. "My mother and I don't get on well together."

Pierre said, "Forgive me, Hilary, I'm intruding, but have you ever thought of getting married again?"

Hilary answered, "I have, and then a longing for consolation made him say in a voice half eager, half frightened, 'Do you mind if I tell you about it?'—Her name's Joyce. I met her during the war. She's been married before to some journalist fellow, just after she left Oxford. It didn't work out at all; anyway she got divorced very soon after. She's twenty-eight."

"And what's she like?" Pierre asked.

"She's a very nice girl," Hilary said. "She's intelligent, well educated, competent, good, kind. Also, she's in love with me."

"But it all sounds admirable," said Pierre, feeling in his heart an immeasurable deep relief. "I should imagine you could have a very happy life with her."

"That is what one would imagine, isn't it?" agreed Hilary bitterly. Pierre said sharply, "What is there in the prospect of marriage with this Joyce that seems so displeasing to you?"

Hilary said in a low voice, "It's three years since you came to tell me that John was lost. Just before you came, I was longing for him. I can't tell you how much I was wanting him then."

Now that he had started to explain, he could not stop. "It was twice," he said, "twice within a year. First Lisa was gone and that was agony—you know what agony that was," he said accusingly, looking suddenly up at Pierre. "After Lisa had gone," he said, "I could still believe that one day there would be some warmth and comfort again because the boy was still alive. He was mine and Lisa's, part of ourselves. He said that he was gone too, and there was nothing, nothing ahead of all."

"I've had three years," he said with despair, "three years to stop feeling anything. I could tell you said—imagine how Lisa died—I couldn't think about it. I could not think about the boy being lost, how he'd wonder what had happened, how people might be cruel to him, how lonely he'd be." He raised an anguished face to Pierre and pleaded, "I don't want to think about it now."

"But perhaps it is all over now," Pierre said softly. "Perhaps the boy is found."

"It's too late," Hilary said in a dead voice. "I don't want to feel anything any more. Before I met Lisa, I had never felt anything but tenderness or love. Then I met Lisa and you know how happy we were, how perfect it was. But after you'd gone, I thought it would have been better never to have been happy, never to have felt love and tenderness and all those things, than to have known them and then lost them."

Pierre said in the same soft voice, "If the boy is found, those things will be found again too."

"I don't want them," Hilary cried harshly. Now he was saying much more than he had intended, but he could not stop himself. "I can do without those things," he cried. "I couldn't endure being hurt again; I'd sooner feel nothing. I don't like children as such; they bore me. I used to think that a child of my own would make me happy, but now I know that isn't true any more. I've got nothing to offer a child and I've got nothing to offer Joyce. I just want to be alone so that I can't be hurt again."

Pierre sighed. "Poor little boy," Hilary realized that the sympathy was not for himself but for the lost child. Secretly he knew that he had let himself talk so that Pierre's sympathy would be all his and with the discovery that this was not so, his growing resentment against Pierre mounted into anger. Abruptly he demanded, "Tell me how it is that you manage to seem so happy and so—so confident?"

Pierre paused, and then offered, "I imagine it isn't in my nature to live in the past."

"Have you fallen in love again?" "Oh, no," said Pierre, "that does not seem to be in my nature either. Mind you, I agree, 'I don't mean to suggest that I practice celibacy. No, it is simply that that part of my life seems no longer to hold the possibilities of interest.'"

Now Hilary envied Pierre. He had not himself practiced celibacy. But he had never been able to be happily casual. Despite his conscious determination to seek nothing but physical satisfaction, he was still unconsciously always looking for some indefinable transcendental comfort in his relationship with the other sex and, never finding it, was always disappointed and dissatisfied. Pierre had sensed Hilary's withdrawal. He said anxiously, "The

Albany Group Granted Exchange Charter

Albany—Presentation of a National Exchange club charter to the newly formed Albany Exchange club will take place Saturday, July 15, it was announced Tuesday by Jim Kern, chairman of the charter meeting, following receipt by him of word from Herold M. Hartley, Toledo, O., national secretary.

Representing the National Exchange club in the presentation will be Albert F. Canwell of Spokane, Wash., chairman, citizenship study panel of the National Committee on Education. Acceptance will be made by Larry D. Roth, president.

The meeting will be held in the Cascade room at the Albany hotel, and members of the Exchange clubs from this area will also be in attendance, it was announced. The Albany club is sponsored by the Corvallis National Exchange club.

Farmers Union Picnic

Central Howell—The annual picnic of the Central Howell Farmers Union was held at the Silverton city park on Sunday, July 9th. Lloyd Beutler made the coffee, Ted Hobart reserved the tables and Roy Rutschman was in charge of the ice cream. Following the basket dinners, juniors present enjoyed a ball game previous to swimming.



Sun Back Special—Back interest comes to this versatile bare top dress—via a rustling bustle bow! Cover-up bolero also included in pattern. No. 2937 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, dress and bolero, 5 1/2 yds. 35-in.

Send 25c for PATTERN with Name, Address and Style Number. State Size desired. Address: Capital Journal, 214 Mission St., San Francisco 3, Calif. Patterns ready to fill orders immediately. For special handling of order via first class mail include an extra 50 per pattern.

STEVE ROOPER TALLULAH ORPHAN ANNIE LILL ABNER HOPALONG MUTT & JEFF RUSTY RILEY DONALD DUCK MARY WORTH

STEVE ROOPER: STEVE—IT'S Vinnie—THERE WAS A ROCK-FALL—HE'S TRAPPED IN THERE!

TALLULAH: RUN BACK AND TELL KLIPPITY TO FIND SOME LOGS TO SHORE UP THE ROOF—I'LL DRAG THESE STONES IN TO PROP.

ORPHAN ANNIE: THIS TOOTHPOWDER CONTAINS A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY! IT DOES? AND WHAT IS THIS NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY CONTAINED IN THIS TOOTHPOWDER? THAT, I CAN'T TELL YOU... IT'S SO NEW THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED WHAT IT IS, YET!

LILL: SARAH! OLLIE! OLLIE! SARAH! YOU'RE PRETTIER THAN EVER! WHY, YOU DANCED OLD LAR, OLLIE! SAME OLD SOFT SOAP! BUT I LOVE IT— WANT YOU TO MEET LITTLE ANNIE— ANNE! WHY, I'VE HEARD O' YOU YOUNG'N! SHORE HAV! THAT HAIR! IT'S GOLD, LEM! BEAUTIFUL AS SPUR GOLD. SHORE IS, SARAH!

ABNER: AH, I'M SICK O' NASTY LIT. FURNISHERS SAYIN' US EARTH-FOLKS IS IN THE IDIOT ERA. I WISH THERE WERE ANOTHER EARTH-FOLKS HERE TALK TO IT!

HOPALONG: WE'LL WHISK ONE RIGHT UP WITH OUR COMBINATION ANTI-GRASS RAY AND MARSH MALLOW TOASTER.

MUTT & JEFF: HERE YOU ARE! HE MUST BE A RICH ONE! HE'S WEARING A FUR COAT. APE—S—SORRY, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. THE MAIN THING IS, YOU BOTH LIVE ON THE SAME PLANET. TALK TO EACH OTHER, ENJOY YOURSELVES. AH, REFOOZES! TALK NO APE! HE'S INFERIOR T ME!! ??-THE APE IS STRONGER— HE'S BETTER DRESSED— AND HE DOESN'T KILL THOUSANDS OF HIS FELLOW APES EVERY YEAR WITH AUTOMOBILES— AND YET YOU CONSIDER THE APE A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE IDIOT ERA!!

RUSTY RILEY: JUMPIN' JACKRABBIT! THAT'S RAMEZ' VOICE ON TH' OTHER SIDE O' THIS WALL. RAPIDO, AMIGOS! THE SOONER YOU OPEN THESE ONE LAST WINE CASK, THE QUEEKER WE SHAKE YOUR MILKIN' APACHE GOLD! H-HEY, THEY'RE STARTING TO SMASH THEIR WAY THROUGH! WELL, SOMEBODY'S IN FOR A SURPRISE, AND IT WON'T BE US!

DONALD DUCK: THIS BUSINESS OF TAKING A TRIP IS O.K., BUT WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT FOOD? I CAN'T OFFER YOU HAM AND EGGS FOR BREAKFAST BUT I CAN GET YOU A CUP OF MILK! GOOD! I'LL WATCH THE CABOOSE SO NONE OF THE TRAIN CREW WILL CATCH YOU MILKIN' THE COWS! ALL IS CLEAR! AH, JEFF CALLS! BREAKFAST IS SERVED! SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE THIS GUY ARBITRATE!

MARY WORTH: YOU JES' HIDE IN THERE TONIGHT, RUSTY, AN' YOU'LL GEE THAT SPOOK HOSS I TOL' YE 'BOUT—BEATIN' HIS HOOF'S RIGHT ACROSS THIS HERE BATTLEFIELD VALLEY! GOSH! GOLLY! PLAIN SUPERSTITION, RUSTY! OLD JAKE'S GOT A SLICK IMAGINATION! I WONDER WHAT HE THOUGHT HE SAW, TEX! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK, ANYWAY! OLD JAKE MUST'VE SEEN SOMETHING!

DONALD DUCK: I'D LIKE A DEMONSTRATION OF THOSE REINFORCED STEEL JOISTS FOR WORKMEN! THE ENTIRE T.O.E. IS IN STEEL—IT'S NOT A DENT! HIT IT WITH SOMETHING BIGGER... I'VE GOT TO BE SURE! MY, I'LL BET YOU WORK IN A FOUNDRY! NOPE, BUT I'LL TAKE A PAIR! GOOD DAY, MADAM—I'M THE...

MARY WORTH: IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO HAVE A FUTURE HEMINGWAY ON 'LUNCHEON AT MARGO'S, MR. FORD. WE'LL BE SEEING YOU ON THE BEST SELLER LIST! AND AS A MARK OF OUR ESTEEM, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR WHICH A KING WOULD BARTER HIS CROWN! TWO TICKETS TO THAT HISTORY-MAKING HIT 'INTERLUDE IN BALI'!

DONALD DUCK: FINE THING, GREG!—WE NATIVES WILL GET TO SEE THAT SHOW SOMETIME NEXT WINTER... I HEAR IT'S WONDERFUL...!

RADIO PROGRAMS

(Below Schedules are based on Daylight Saving Time)

THURSDAY—P.M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
6:00 The 3 of Us	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News
6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News
6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News
6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News
7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News
7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News	7:15 News
7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News
7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News	7:45 News
8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News	8:00 News
8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News	8:15 News
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11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News
12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon

FRIDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News
6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News	6:15 News
6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News	6:30 News
6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News	6:45 News
7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News	7:00 News
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11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News	11:30 News
11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News	11:45 News
12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon	12:00 Noon

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Thursday P.M. 5:00. Children's Theater: 5:15, On the Spot: 5:30, 400 Sports Club: 5:45, News: 6:00, Dinner Melodies: 6:30, Round Camera: 7:00, Headlines in Chemistry: 7:15, The Farm Hour: 7:30, Variety Time: 7:45, Artistry in Classics: 8:30, Yet News: 8:45, News & Weather: 9:00, Music That Endures: 9:15, Up to the Valley: 9:30, Music of the Masters: 9:45, Adventure: 10:15, Serenade: 10:45, News: 11:00, Sign Off.

KOAC Friday A.M. 10:00. News and Weather: 10:15, Serenade: 10:45, News: 11:00, Concert Hall: 11:00, News: 11:15, Farm Hour: 1:00, Ride 'em Cowboy: 1:15, Variety Time: 1:30, Melody Lane: 2:00, Especially for Listeners: 2:30, News & Weather: 2:45, Music of the Masters: 3:00, News: 3:15, Music of the Masters: 4:00, Adventure: 4:15, Serenade: 4:45, News: 5:00, Sign Off.

Trio Honored at Party

Independence—Mrs. Mary Burch of Dallas, Mrs. Fannie Skinson of Rickreall and Mrs. Ed Rogers of Monroeville were the guests of honor last week at the home of Mrs. Harry Dempsey, when she entertained with a 1 o'clock pollock dinner. She was assisted by Mrs. John Riney. The afternoon was spent playing cards and doing fancy work. Guests were Mrs. Art Beaver, Mrs. Forest Price, Mrs. John Winn, Mrs. Deb Shelton, Mrs. George Santan and Mrs. Jess Ragdale of Rickreall and Harrison Brant, Mrs. J. S. Robble, Mrs. Clark Irvine and Mrs. Walter Smith of Independence.

Off for Washington Stay

Rickreall—Mrs. Raymond Claggett and Steven, Miss Doris Dawson and Mrs. W. Carothers of Triangle lake left Monday to spend several days with Mrs. Edith Dawson of Washuena, Wash. Diane Claggett is in Portland visiting Mrs. Minnie Patzer.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Jump
- Try the flavor
- Endeavor
- Derived from
- Flan eggs
- Pinocchio score
- Anger
- Technical
- Jargon
- Railroad fare
- Utter
- That man
- Join
- By
- Toward the
- Age
- Silkworm

DOWN

32. Oriental drum
33. Highway
34. Singsong letter
35. Chinese dynasty
36. Of musical sound
37. Compass point
38. Rusted
39. Chinese
40. Kind of soil
41. Numerical
42. Research
43. Rowing
44. Implement
45. Slow musical
46. Be the matter
47. With
48. Fertile spots
49. Meadow

AP Newsfeatures 7-13

ROOM AND BOARD By Gene Ahern

HAW—MY EARS STILL RING WITH THE TALANTS AND JIBES FROM VOI CYRCA CROUS BECAUSE I BOUGHT A SHOOTING GALLERY!—HAW—I RECALL BEING DUBBED THE PRINCE OF PLYTHEDS BECAUSE OF MY LACK OF BUSINESS SENSE—HAW—WELL, I SOLD THE GALLERY FOR A PROFIT!

THAT'S GOOD! BUT BEFORE YOU LET TH' MONEY TAKE WING AGAIN, GIVE ME A CHANCE TO BAG SOME... I'D TO BUY A HALF-BURNED FIDDLE THAT USED TO BELONG TO NERO?

RICH AGAIN—