

# HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

**SYNOPSIS:** How fast a Farnsworth has found refuge in the home of her old friend, Tecla Sorbi, near Astoria, she feels safe from her "relations." These last are apparently the heirs of Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth. Anne has learned that she is a "daughter" after all, and she was not even adopted. Instead, she is the daughter of Tecla's late husband, and she may tell John Neuman Anne's story.

## CHAPTER 15

ANNE looked at the man standing before her and surprised something in his eyes she had never seen in Rob's during the weeks of her bereavement, a tender compassion without pity.

"I'd like to tell him," she agreed, wondering at the sudden trust she was placing in this stranger.

"Always, we tell John," Tecla declared.

Anne remembered Tom Farley's ridicule of the fishermen's trust in John Neuman. She realized now that it was not because he was a college man, and spoke both the language of the fisherman and of the cannery owner, but because there was a sympathetic wisdom about him which invited confidence and trust.

"I need advice, Mr. Neuman," Anne continued.

"You need food, first," interposed Tecla, and ladled the fish stew into heavy crockery bowls, cut thick slices of home made bread, disappeared into a dark closet to return with a jar of huckle-berry jam.

Anne surveyed her bowl with apprehension, as she sat down at the table in response to Tecla's order. She dipped a spoon into the savory mess, toyed with cubes of red salmon, onions and potatoes which floated about in the creamy liquid, then tasted it.

"Why... it's good," she exclaimed with such surprise that both John and Tecla laughed aloud.

"You think Tecla, give you something not good?"

Heartened by the food, Anne turned to the fresh ordeal of retelling her story. But somehow, with the attentive John as listener, her troubles seemed of less and less importance.

"And so," she concluded, "now that I know that I'm neither the daughter nor the heir of Luke Farnsworth I want to hide away until I can decide what I'll do with my future."

"And this man, this Rob Crocker, what will he think of your running away?"

"Mr. Crocker understands," Anne said solemnly, "he... that is, we are not going to be married."

"But—" Neuman was interrupted by Tecla, who spat out a word.

Weeks later, Anne was to find that phrase in the little English-Finnish dictionary she was studying, but by then some of the heartache had been numbed by time and she knew Tecla had been right when she classified Robert Crocker as a "gold-digger."

"But of course Farley and the Farnsworths are going to want to know where you are," observed Neuman, after a pause. "They'll probably start a search for you if you don't tell them something."

"I hope not," Anne said, "and I don't believe they will. They're going to be so glad to be rid of me with—"

"What do you mean?" queried Tecla with interest.

"When people adopt a child, they go before a judge, and papers are drawn up."

"You see, Tecla," Anne explained further, "Tom Farley says there are no papers and none can be found, so it can't be proved that I'm legally adopted. Of course that won't matter for five years, and within that time I may be able to learn something more about my parents."

"So," murmured Tecla.

"Not that I care for the money," Anne hastened to say, "and if I have to fight for it, I don't want any of it. Now all I want to do is rest and forget about everything that's happened. But if you think they'll track me here I'd better go away."

"No," Neuman answered, too hurriedly.

"No, you're going to be safer here than almost anywhere else. Tecla you had a brother south, or east or somewhere, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered Tecla, "he is far away, why?"

"Couldn't you intimate that Anne here, was his daughter? Our people would probably know it wasn't true, but should anyone ask questions, they'd identify Anne that way."

"We're clanish people," he explained, apologetically, "but if you'll study our history you'll understand. From earliest times we were so surrounded by enemies we learned to trust only our own people and to build up fortifications of silence against outsiders. They'll protect you with these."

"Now the Lee Farnsworths, I understand, have moved to Portland and I imagine the Tom Farleys will spend their time there, also. Do you know many Astoria people?"

"No, I've scarcely been here since I was a child."

"Then we have only your car to consider. Of course they could trace that. The woman at the service station had an inkling of who you were when you screamed. She'd gladly tell everything with elaborations."

"How does this sound? You say you were born in Crescent City. Wouldn't it be the natural thing for you to go there in an effort to trace your parents? Then suppose I drive your car down there right away, tonight, or rather this morning, as it's past midnight now. I have a friend in the garage business there. He can either leave it in his garage, or drive it back to Portland over the inland route."

"In this way, if the car has been traced they will believe you drove along the coast road to Crescent City, and disappeared from there."

ANNE didn't need words to express her belief in the plan. She leaned back in her chair, suddenly tired. This man who had saved her from the river by his quick thinking, would handle this new dilemma with equal skill. She need worry about nothing for a time.

"Better you go to bed," observed the watchful Tecla, and hurried away to prepare her room.

"I don't know how I'll ever thank you," Anne ventured, as she accompanied John to the door, "and I do so need to be free of those people."

"You can thank me by not worrying while I'm away," returned John. Then he smiled, caught her hand in a firm clasp, and hurried down the stairs.

Anne stood at the door a moment looking down on Union Town, scattered lights blinking in the dark night. A far away clock chimed the hour of two. At two o'clock last night she had been lying in her bed reading to fill the empty hours.

But she had not been altogether unhappy. Rob and security lay ahead. Now she had nothing, and despite Tecla, she was nobody, just Nikki. But Tecla had said she was never to say that again, and surely with John Neuman willing to spend the night driving south for her she wasn't without friends.

Without friends? She turned as Tecla came into the room, a hot water bottle in her hand. She filled this at the stove then motioned Anne to follow.

Wearily Anne obeyed, climbing steep wooden stairs, turning down a hallway and into a cubicle-like room where Milna, smiling sleepily, was spreading the bed with fresh linen.

Anne couldn't help noticing the linen, hand woven, the edges of the pillow case and sheet frosted with hand made lace, inches wide.

As soon as she had slipped into her night robe, she found Tecla waiting, hot water bottle tucked in a knitted wool bag. This was arranged and rearranged until the nurse was satisfied.

She turned off the light, dropped the lone window of the room, letting in a gust of rain-washed air, then with a pat on Anne's shoulder and a "sleep well," she tiptoed out as though her charge had already obeyed her command.

"Sleep well," echoed Anne, to herself. As if she could ever again sleep at all. Bits of sentences, spoken that day (or was it the previous day) spun through her consciousness. The loyalty and love of the servants, the triumph of Sharlee, the queer hatred of Charlotte and poor, troubled Lee, who had defied his wife, probably for the first time in his life, to safely convey Anne out of her home.

Rob! But she must not think of him. Only, how could she help it! He had been shocked by what she had told him.

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Anne gets a new name, tomorrow.

## FIRST FEDERAL IS NO. 1 ON HOLC LIST

Under a new federal law, savings and loan associations have been granted the power to receive federal loans and to distribute the funds to local property owners under the Home Owners Loan Corporation, the familiar H.O.L.C. The First Federal Savings and Loan association of Med-

ford, Robert E. Kyle, secretary, was one of the first to apply for such funds.

Recently they were granted their application, and the registration was number one, for the entire United States. While this distinction is no particular honor, it is unusual, and the company officials are quite well pleased.

The First Federal Savings and Loan association has increased its assets over 100 percent in the last year, Kyle announced Saturday and the net income of the firm has increased over 400 percent.

"People are in a better position to pay this year than they were last."

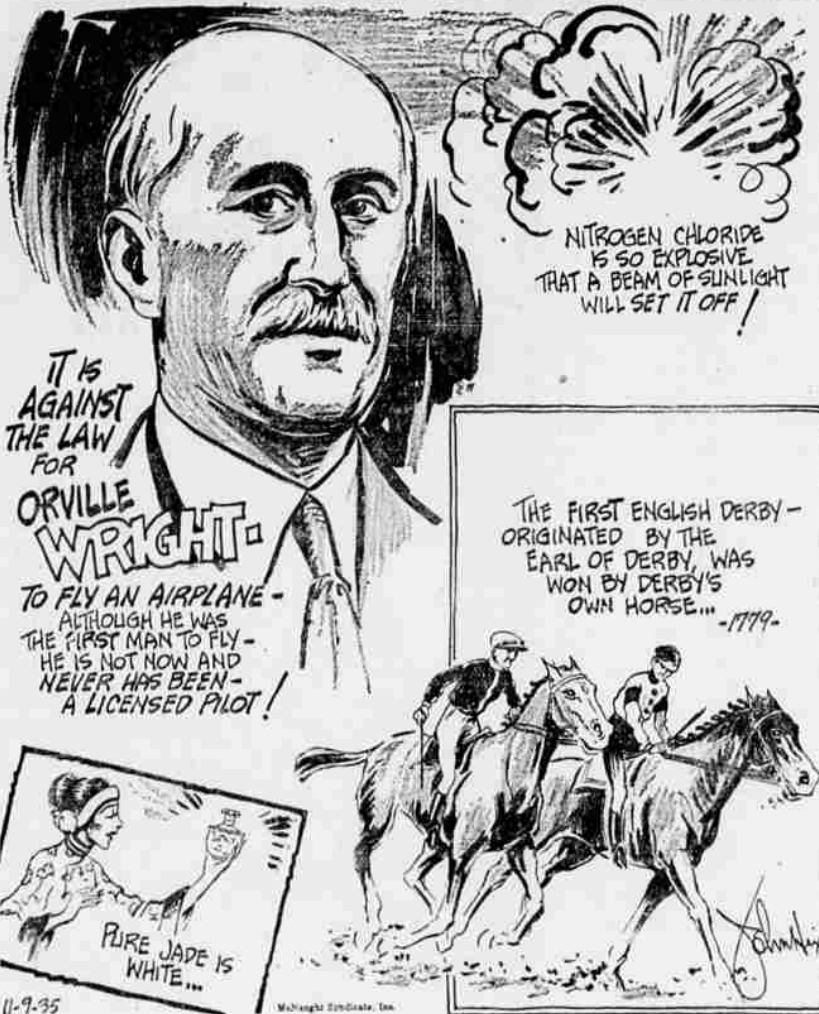
Kyle said, in explanation of the tremendous leap. "People will always pay if they have the money, and there is more money in circulation this year than for a long time."

**Nab Clackamas Slots**  
OREGON CITY, Nov. 9.—The Clackamas county campaign against slot machines had resulted today in two more convictions. Cecil Hallinan and Lester Beckman were convicted by a circuit court jury of owning and operating slot machines. The jury deliberated less than 20 minutes. The state law penalty calls for a fine of from \$10 to \$100.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Strange as it seems, Orville Wright, the first man who ever flew an airplane, cannot now legally fly one—he is prevented by federal law which declares that no person without a license may fly. And Orville Wright does not have a pilot's license or student's permit of any kind. Nor, according to the registration section of the Bureau of Air Commerce in the Department of Commerce, is there any record of Orville Wright's ever having had any kind of a flying license.

When the Wrights were doing their first flying—and for more than 20 years afterwards—there were no federal regulations on flying. If you could fly you were a pilot—no tests, no permits, no qualifications were necessary. If your ship could get off the ground, you could use it at your own discretion—there was no inspection for air worthiness.

Thus Orville Wright's pilot days were over before there was any such thing as a pilot's license—and today it is against the law for him to operate the very machine he and his brother invented.

Jade is a mineral occurring in three forms called Nephrite, Jadedite and Chloromelanite. It is much prized as an ornamental stone, particularly by the Chinese and Japanese. Although it is commonly thought of as green, pure jade is white. Admixtures of impurities, which do not necessarily detract from its value, give many jade pieces their greenish color.

Monday: Rock of Remembrance

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—For Better Visibility!



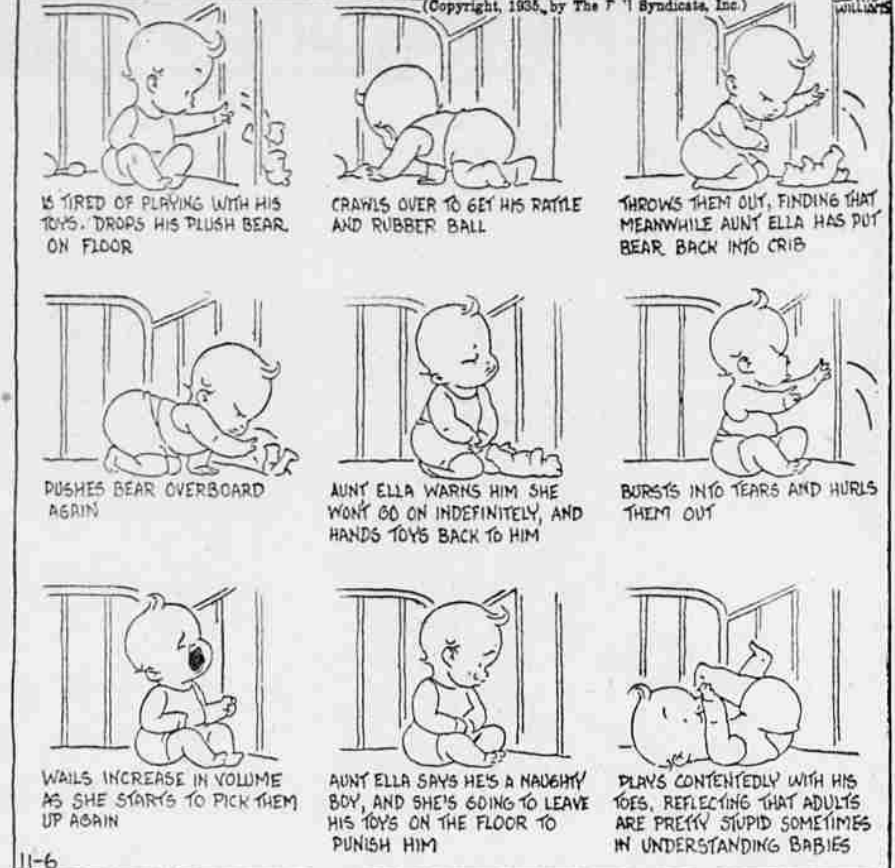
## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—World's Record



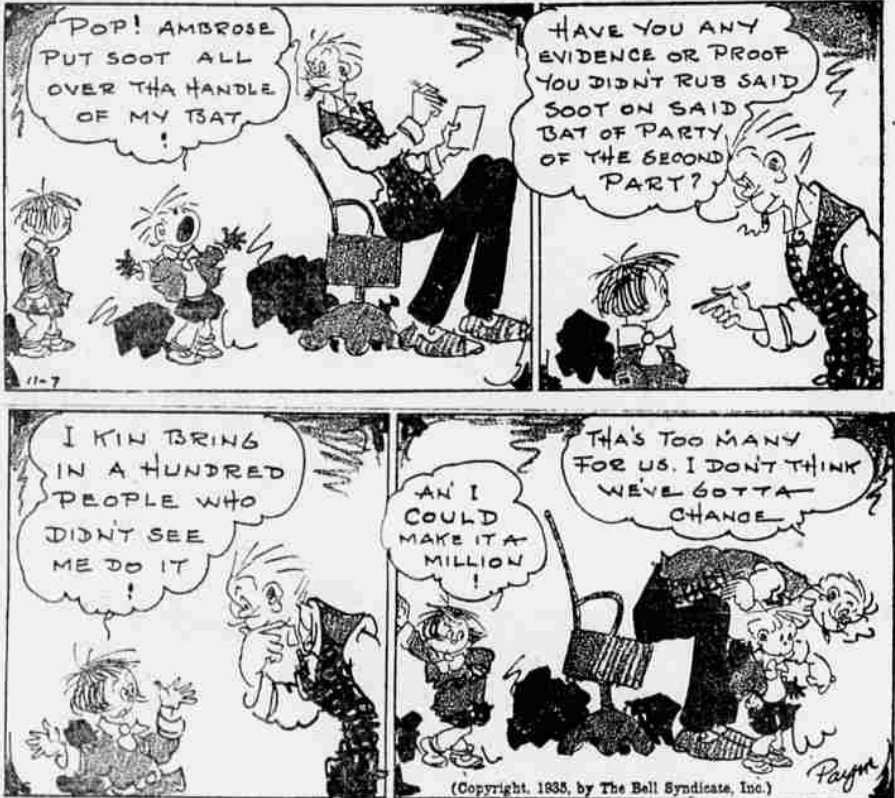
## THE NEBBS—A Good Resolution



## TOYS



## SMATTER POP—



## SONS CAST WILL STAGE 'CANDIDA'

ASHLAND, Nov. 9.—(Sp.)—"Candida," one of George Bernard Shaw's most popular comedies, will be presented at the Lithia Springs hotel by Angus L. Bower of the Southern Oregon Normal school drama department on December 5, 7, 13, and 14. Since the nature of the production calls for a limited audience, at least four productions will be necessary. The show will be given again during the first part of the year as a feature of the drama conference. Also, tentative plans have been made for trouping the play.

Those chosen from the fifty students who turned out for try-outs are; Proserpine—Roberta Nourse, Ad-

## ELECTION TUESDAY AT PHOENIX GRANGE MEET

PHOENIX, Nov. 9.—(Special)—At the regular meeting of Phoenix Grange Tuesday evening officers will be elected for the coming year. The serving committee includes Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hockeathorn, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Quackenbush and Mr. and Mrs. Delno Sloan.

Wood Price Stronger  
BOSTON, Nov. 9.—(Sp.)—U. S. Dept. Ag.—Wood prices were quite strong the past week without a great increase in volume of sales.