

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

Chapter 25
HOUSE-RAISING

THE water hissed on the stones, the steam rolled out in billows. The others were singing a Finnish folksong and Tecla was beating time with a bundle of cedar boughs, sending their spicy fragrance through the air.

Rob Crocker had loved Anne Farnsworth. Now he loved Sharlee. Anne sat up straight. Rob Crocker had loved the Farnsworth Fisheries. She might as well face the truth. The quick pang of jealousy which had cut through her at the sight of the two changed to content.

Rob Crocker had seen Anne only in the reflection of the fisher's net. Now that she was no longer connected with them and Lee was in control, he was turning to Sharlee, who stood in the spotlight Anne had commanded.



They drank cups of steaming hot coffee.

"Time for shower," Tecla announced. Anne, who had copied the others in flaying her skin with the boughs until it was rosy pink, gasped as the ice cold drops cut down from overhead. She could hear the laugh of others from their cubicles, hear them call in Finnish over the low partitions, but it all seemed very unreal.

Tecla appeared at the door of her shower with a sheet. "The towel is for your hair," she explained, "wrap in this."

"But I'm wet—"

"Like velvet your skin when it dries of this," Tecla promised, and with Anne feeling like a Roman senator, draped in the sheet, she preceded her to a little room lined with bunks.

Anne lay on one of these, smiled at Tecla's insistence she relax. She focused her gaze on the rough boards of the wall and pretended to obey.

She could feel the sting of Sharlee's triumph at having won her fiancé. She didn't love him, and yet... her mouth curved into a piteous smile as she thought of a caricatured scene, Crocker, his arms around the fisher's rather than around Sharlee.

THE aching muscles were easing, the gnawing hurt that the sight of Crocker had brought was dulled. Anne snuggled her head into the pillow. The blessed realization was coming to her that at least she didn't have to face others while she watched Sharlee and Rob; that she wouldn't have to watch them at all, here in this haven.

"Nice nap?"

Anne opened her eyes. The others, fully clothed, were standing beside her bunk laughing. Lisa's top knot, triumphantly erect and gleaming with the strenuous brushing it had received, seemed to join in her amusement.

"Was I asleep?" she asked in surprise.

They were still laughing when they left the bathhouse, and all about her Anne heard soft chuckling sounds of amusement, peppered with Finnish words.

Like a crowd of schoolgirls, they

trooped to a coffee house built out over the water, sat on high stools at a long counter and drank cups of steaming black coffee, and munched on frosted cakes.

It was here the boys found them. Marching in like a triumphal procession they came, surrounded by friends.

"We've got her," Orvi announced, "she'll be the C F 54, but we'll call her 'Nikki!'"

"And Monday, we'll go for a trial cruise," George assured them.

"They mean the boat," explained John Neuman.

"You think it is a good boat?" Tecla asked him seriously.

"Fine," Neuman agreed and Tecla nodded with a satisfaction that was amusing to Anne, who saw in it perfect confidence in John's word.

The morning following came the house-raising, although to Anne it seemed more like a tearing down. John, at the request of the others, took charge and Anne understood why. It seemed to her that he was born to command. Under his direction the wall between the two front rooms was leveled. Arch-like struts were slipped in to brace the ceiling, the debris swept away and the holes the partitions had left were quickly patched with plaster.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



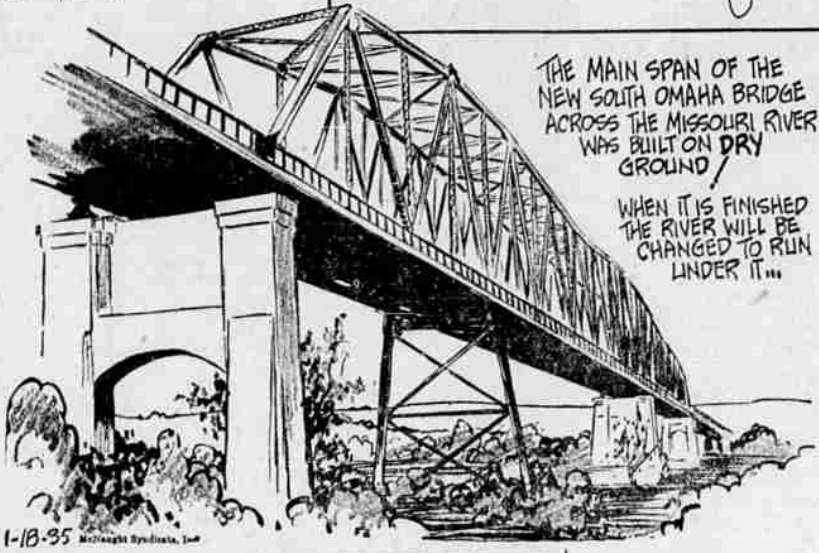
MOST HAVANA TOBACCO IS NOT GROWN IN HAVANA—IT COMES FROM OTHER PARTS OF CUBA...

THE HUMAN HEART DEVELOPES COBBIT HORSEPOWER!



COUNT GEZA ZICHY—WHO LOST HIS RIGHT ARM AS A BOY—BECAME ONE OF THE GREATEST PIANISTS OF HIS TIME!

1849-1924



THE MAIN SPAN OF THE NEW SOUTH OMAHA BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER WAS BUILT ON DRY GROUND!

WHEN IT IS FINISHED THE RIVER WILL BE CHANGED TO RUN UNDER IT...

1-18-35 McLaughlin Systems, Inc.

Strange as it seems, the main span of the new South Omaha bridge was built to cross the Missouri river before the river was there to cross.

It was built over dry land west of the actual course of the river. When the project is complete the river will be brought under the bridge by a series of dikes and pilings, and the eastern approach to the span will be constructed over land on the old river bed. Thus the entire project can be carried out over dry land by simply moving the river out of the way where building is under way.

Expressed in terms of horsepower, the human heart may seem to be a machine of a very minor work output—but over a period of a day it delivers an amazing amount of energy. Scientists have determined that it operates at about fifty-seven thousandths (.0057) of one horsepower—it would take 10,000 such machines to equal one 57-horsepower engine.

Yet even at that rate it does work equivalent to about 11,000 foot-pounds per hour, a foot-pound being the amount of energy required to lift one pound one foot against the pull of gravity. In a day this force would be enough to lift half a ton to the top of a 25 story building.

WRIGLEY'S HAS LOADS OF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

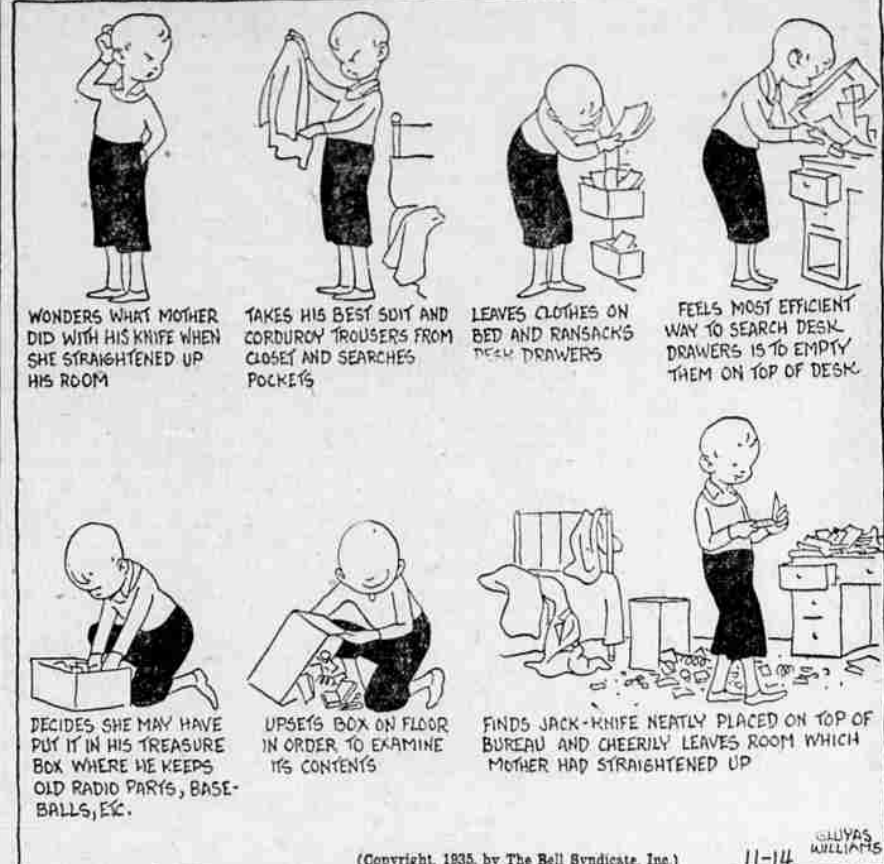
AFTER EVERY MEAL

Former O. S. Star Dies
INDEPENDENCE, Ore., Nov. 18.—(AP)—Floyd A. Williams, 55, former football player at Oregon State college and a track star there, is dead. A cablegram received by his brother, M. C. Williams, told of his sudden death in Leicester, Eng. November 12. Funeral services were held there.

"When In Rome, Etc."
ROME, Italy, Nov. 16.—(AP)—Four American musicians were beaten by blackshirts here, friends said today, after they laughed and failed to salute when a fascist funeral passed by.

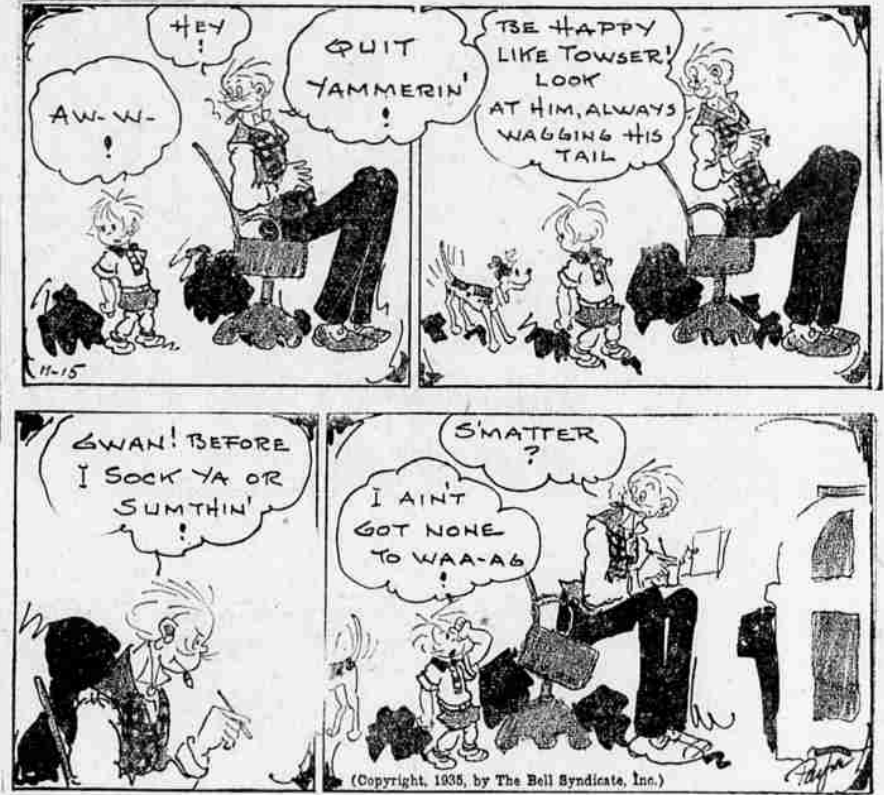
STRAIGHTENING-UP DAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SMATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



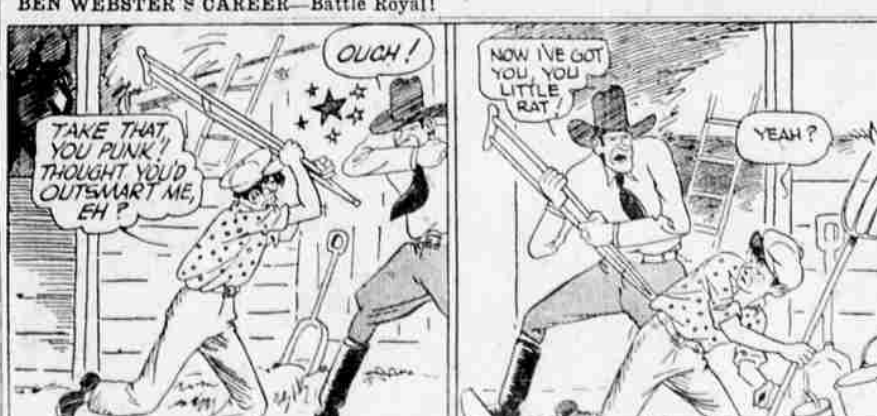
TAILSPIN TOMMY—EL CONDOR WARNS!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Battle Royal!



THE NEBB'S—That Will Be All



MEMBERS OF CCC WIN PROMOTIONS

CAMP WIMER, Nov. 18.—(Sp.)—Another Wimer man who took advantage of the opportunity offered by the CCC for self-improvement is former member Lawrence A. Dalrymple, who will soon be Lawrence A. Dalrymple, 2nd Lt. Inf.-Res. Dalrymple worked hard on extension courses while he was at Wimer and later when he was sent with a cadet to Camp Applegate where he acted as senior foreman. He took his final examinations Nov. 14 before a board of Medford officers headed by Major C. S. Petree, Inf.-U.S.A., and passed them successfully. It was announced today.

Other Wimer members who are taking extension courses with a view of entering the army are Donald Philip,

assistant educational adviser and William Barlow, company clerk.

Dalrymple, formerly of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, has been living recently in Medford and for some time in Oregon. His assignment to duty as a commissioned officer awaits the return of his papers from the war department.

Weather

Northern California: Increasing cloudiness with rain Tuesday and in north portion late tonight; slightly higher temperature tonight in south and central portion, increasing south-east wind off the coast, becoming strong.

Oregon: Increasing cloudiness in west portion tonight and Tuesday with snow next portion Tuesday; not so cold in southwest portion tonight; strong east and southeast wind off the coast, with occasional gales probable. Southeast storm warnings were displayed from North Head, Wash., to Port San Luis, Calif.

JUDY'S FIRST DAY OUT OF HIS APARTMENT

