

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

ANNIE thought of her foster uncle, Lee Farnsworth. She went back in memory to her earliest recognition of him as part of her world. She had never known him to do an unfair, unjust act. She had never known him to be unkind. His only fault had been his good-natured, easy going disposition.

Chapter 27 FIRST STEP

But he had stood by her that one time. He had defied Charlotte, at what must have been considerable cost to his peace of mind. Perhaps if he realized what was going on he would fight to see that Luke's wishes were carried out.

"How can I reach him, without revealing my whereabouts," she pondered. "I don't want to risk seeing him, though I would if it were necessary."

And then she decided she could write to Judge Kellogg, who, having read the will, could approach him on the ground of the canneries' failure to obey the terms. It would save her writing direct, for she wasn't sure the letter wouldn't be waylaid so he would never receive it.

Satisfied with her decision, she looked up. John was standing near, watching her. "Feel better?" he asked.

Anne nodded and just then a call came from George. It was time to haul in the catch and John sprang into action. Even Milna, who had been curled up on the galley bench asleep, stood by.

Anne watched entranced as the net was hauled in, the steady glare of the boat's searchlight playing on the fish as they came flipping over the side. A giant chinook hopped out of the net and Orv uttered a cry of triumph. A good omen for the boat. It was all of thirty pounds.

George tossed a flat flounder back into the water. "Plag!" it went and Anne laughed as she imagined it cutting the lower waters like a blade in its rush to reach the shadowy security of the bottom. There was a sturgeon, too, to be taken home and baked by Tecla.

It was a good haul; a good omen. Satisfied, they put back to town, nosed into a wharf from where Anne, huddled in John's coat, could see the Farnsworth Fisheries, the silver letters of the sign gleaming out beneath the wharf lights.

She thought of another time when she had looked up at the long green buildings. So much had happened in the short span of time between; so many things which Luke had given the best of his life to perfect were being undone. And she was helpless to interfere, her hands literally tied by the will Luke had left.

And yet, Anne felt that there was something yet to come, some crisis for her to meet. Standing in the prow of the boat, her face lifted to the cool, night wind, she wondered if she would have the courage, the high courage, to meet it.

THAT night she lay in her narrow bed and thought of the things John had told her. Somehow she could not doubt him. It clarified the mystery of Luke's actions, it explained Rob's reaction to her loss of the estate.

And she thought of John's concern over some possible danger to her. Foolish that, but pleasing. He had asked her to trust him. She did, though she wondered how she could trust anyone after the way her implicit faith in Rob had been shattered.

Anne awakened the next morning with the realization that she had been at the Sorkis an entire week, and that she was that morning to unpack the things sent down from Portland.

After hurrying through breakfast and the housework, she and Milna rushed up to the cottage where John had left the boxes, barrels and trunks, opened and ready for them. Anne had one moment of panic as she saw the crowded room and realized that here were things which would definitely tie her to memories of the past.

There was the great cedar chest with its neatly packed layers of lin-

ens; the barrel of dishes. And there were odds and ends of furniture. Smoking stands, coffee tables, book and wall shelves, a radio, and one deep chair with an ottoman to match.

Anne looked at the chair and wished she might do away with it. It was to have been a birthday present to Rob. When she had bought it she had imagined she could see him; dark head against the cushioned rest, herself sitting on the ottoman looking up at him.

That was it, always with Rob she was looking "up." He had demanded it, and because of his years of seniority he had given it. Never had they met on common ground such as she and John were meeting on daily. But why compare Rob and John? She wasn't in love with John.

She would give the chair to Lisa, surely the sight of Lisa's top-knot sliding back and forth would serve as an antidote for any unhappiness she might have at seeing it in the room.

Lisa was delighted when Anne presented it to her that noon. She was delighted with everything. She marched from room to room with pencil and pad, as Anne sat writing a letter to Judge Kellogg, which Lisa would take into town to mail.

The letter off, Anne relaxed. Uncle Lee would arise to this challenge. The fishermen would be treated fairly and she... well, somehow the days would pass.

THE days did pass. Closed season came on and the boys were free to help with the new home, and "the boys" included John. Not that he was there too often, for there seemed always to be someone calling him to attend to this or that. But it was often enough to make the house seem lonely without him.

And the days passed without hearing from Lee Farnsworth. Judge Kellogg wrote once, and eagerly Anne took his letter to her room to scan it.

Dear Anne: I saw Lee, yesterday. Had a time seeing him because Farley found out, by some hook or crook, that I was in the outer office and insisted upon attending to Lee's business for him. Farley looks pretty disintegrated. He needs a Luke to keep him straight. However, eventually I reached the lion in his den; not the lion, he was like a lamb. Poor Lee, his combs over you were getting on. I told him you were getting along as well as could be expected. I could have been kinder but I thought your plea would have more weight if he felt everything was expected of him. I told him, I had received a report that Crocker owned the traps. He didn't seem angry, but I insisted I was mistaken, that the report doubtless came from Crocker's enemies. I also told him of the trap preference and he said he would call Farley and prove that untrue, as Farley was in charge and would know what was going on. However, he consented to make a secret investigation and upon this you will have to pin your hopes.

There was more but Anne paid little attention to it. She would wait, she decided, and give Lee time for his investigation. Then if things didn't change, she would act. How she didn't know, time to worry about that later.

It seemed to Anne she had never been on as many picnics; that these Finnish people made a picnic of everything. There were trips to a deserted quarry for old stone with which to build the fireplace; there were picnics inland for plants for their rock garden; and there were picnics along the beach to gather drift-wood which must be stacked and dried and cut.

Sometimes Anne wondered at the happiness of these people with their simple pleasure, wondered, and grew radiant with them.

"If only I didn't have to go away," John said to Anne the Sunday before he sailed. They were aboard the boat, heading for a picnic in a cove up the river. "I wish I hadn't signed on, and yet I'm going to need the money. I'm going to buy that trawler because I want to work for myself."

Anne smiled at him, unable to put into words the desolation she felt at his going.

They beached the boat on smooth sand, built a fire for the inevitable coffee, then sat in the sun talking while the younger children scurried along the beach picking up shells, making sand houses for the waves to wash down, wandering inland for spring flowers.

Tecla and John's mother, a tall, red-haired Irish woman, sought the shade of a tree for their knitting and gossip. Lisa soon joined them, leaving John and Anne alone.

For a long time the two lay stretched in the sand in the shelter of a rock, listening to the slap of tiny waves.

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Nikki runs away from John, tomorrow.

CCC Builds Park Saddle Mountain SEASIDE, Ore., Nov. 20.—(AP)—Two hundred and twenty CCC workers at Saddle Mountain, 22 miles southeast of here, are turning the spot into a public park.

Capt. J. M. Battles and Lieut. G. W. Bartlett, in charge, predicted it would be one of the finest recreational spots in the state. Workmen are improving a road from the highway to the park. Clearing and beautifying the park will require about two years.

GIRL IN GYPSY CAMP ADMITS KIDNAPING OF LITTLE ARIZONA BOY

OAKLAND, Cal., Nov. 20.—(AP)—Found in a gypsy camp with a child police said she admitted abducting from the home of her parents in Phoenix, Ariz., Mrs. Stella Cutting, 17, was arrested here today. The girl, Police Inspector E. J. Summers said, admitted she carried the child, 2-year-old James Fox, away from his home at Phoenix. Summers said the young woman, who also gave the name of Williams but declared her husband was John Cutting of Phoenix, told him she was formerly a maid in the Fox home. "I couldn't bear to leave the baby," Summers quoted the woman as saying, after explaining that she met Pete Jones, a member of the gypsy group, in Phoenix five months ago and decided to run away with him. "So we decided," she was quoted as adding, "to take the baby along." Jones was also taken into custody and held, Summers said, for possible prosecution by federal authorities for alleged violation of the Mann act.

Pioneer Railroad Builder Summoned

LONGVIEW, Nov. 20.—(P)—Wesley Vanderhook, Sr., pioneer railroad builder and one of the oldest Civil war veterans in the United States, has answered his last battle call. Death today summoned the 92-year-old retired Longview resident at the home of his son, Bogue Vanderhook. During his active engineering days, Mr. Vanderhook located or helped construct railroads for the Cheyenne & Northern (now the Union Pacific), the Rock Island & Pacific from Des Moines to Council Bluffs, Iowa, and many other lines.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—TABLE LEAVES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CALLS TO WILFRED TO COME HELP HIM PUT THE LEAVES IN THE TABLE, UNCLE BEN'S FAMILY ARE COMING TO DINNER.

GETS AT ONE END OF TABLE, WITH WILFRED AT THE OTHER END, AND PULLS TO OPEN IT UP, NOTHING WHATEVER HAPPENING

CONTINUES TO TUG, TABLE SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING FLYING APART, CATCHING HIM IN THE PIT OF THE STOMACH

AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY DECIDING WHICH WAY THE LEAVES GO IN, GETS THEM PROPERLY PLACED

PUSHES TO CLOSE TABLE, NOTHING WHATEVER HAPPENING

DECIDES THE LEAVES DON'T FIT PROPERLY

AT THIS MOMENT WILFRED GIVES A GENTLE PUSH, TABLE IMMEDIATELY CLOSING, NIPPING HIS FINGERS

WIFE CALLS FROM HALL THAT AUNT EM JUST PHONED THAT UNCLE BEN HAS A COLD AND THEY CAN'T COME SO HE CAN TAKE THE LEAVES OUT

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 11-16 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

A PICKLE THAT HAS BEEN PRESERVED FOR 81 YEARS IS OWNED BY Mrs. Alice Climb Green Springs, Colo.

TRINIDAD WAS NAMED BEFORE IT WAS DISCOVERED!

MISS THEO HALL SERVED UNDER 9 PRESIDENTS AS POSTMISTRESS OF MEDICAL LAKE, MICH.

MENDELSSOHN BEGAN COMPOSING AT 9. HE WROTE MORE THAN 20 PAGES AT 12 YEARS, COMPLETED 6 SYMPHONIES AT 13, AND 4 OPERAS AT 15. HIS "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" OVERTURE WAS WRITTEN AT 17!

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In 1893, when Grover Cleveland was president, Miss Theo Hall was appointed postmistress of Medical Lake, Wash. For 42 years, until her death this year, she served in the same position in spite of the change of administrations that often result in changes of post office jobs. Her appointments were continued under Presidents McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Strange as it seems, Trinidad was named by Christopher Columbus before the great explorer knew that there was such a place as Trinidad. When Columbus set out on his third voyage to the New World, he vowed that he would dedicate the first new land he found to the Holy Trinity. When he discovered the island that is now called Trinidad, he named it Trinidad, subsequently shortened in English to Trinidad.

Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartoldy, the famous German composer, commonly known as Felix Mendelssohn, began his career of musical composition at the age of nine. He started taking music lessons at the age of four. Before he was in his teens he had written between 30 and 60 pieces for piano, violin and organ. At 13 he composed six complete symphonies, and by the time he was 15 he was the author of four operas. His "Trumped Overture" and overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" were written when he was 17. Tomorrow: The Cold Eclipse.

L CONDOR PROVED TO BE CAPTAIN JUAN ORTEGA, FORMER CHIEF OF THE NAZILIAN SECRET SERVICE, AND HE AND INEZ ARE REUNITED AGAIN; BUT THEIR HAPPINESS IS SHORT TIMED AS TOMMY DESCENDS FROM THE ROOF WITH BAD NEWS.

2349

TOMMY--YOUR LEFT ARM--IT'S BLEEDING--

HURT--BAD, PAL?

JUST A FLESH WOUND--BUT A BAND OF REBELS HAVE JUST GALLOPED UP--

SOMETHING MISSING?

YESSIR, MY FOOTBALL!

DID YOU SEARCH YOUR POCKETS?

NO SIR!

11-18

SMATTER?

AW-W!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY--CEASE FIRING

MEANTIME, BACK IN HADDOCKVILLE, CUTHBERT BOON WAS REPORTING TO HIS CRONY, AMOS SQUIGOS!

AMOS, IVE JUST--

SH-GH-GH! JUST GOT IN, EH? ALL RIGHT, WERE COMING DOWN--

SCORPION'S JUST ARRIVED AT THE RAILROAD STATION, ER, ER, I MEAN, NIGHTGOWN TO CALL HIM BY HIS NEW NAME AND--GAY, WHAT'S BITING YOU?

PLENTY!

I'M JUST BACK FROM THE WEBSTER KID'S RANCH AND IVE BEEN THE HORSE HE'S ENTERING IN THE SWEEPSTAKES--AMOS SOMEHOW OR OTHER THAT LITTLE BRAT HAS CAUGHT AND TAMED THAT WILD MUSTANG FROM THE VALLEY!

YOU MEAN THAT BLACK BOLT OF LIGHTNING YOU TRIED TO PICK OFF WITH YOUR RIFLE?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN!

PICK YOUR MEN CAREFULLY AND MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT--THEY WON'T SHOW US ANY QUARTER IF THEY CAPTURE US!

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER--Alarm Here, Too!

THE NEBBS--IT'S FOR MONEY

HELLO, EMMA, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE RICH AND RETIRED--AIN'T GOT TO WORK NO MORE.

HELLO, GREGORY, I AIN'T SO RICH--I'M LIKE YOU NOW--JUST LOAFIN', ONLY I DON'T GET PAID FOR IT.

HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT? I CAN GET PASSES

NO, I SAW THE SHOW THIS AFTERNOON

YOU NEVER PAID NO ATTENTION TO ME BEFORE. IF YOU'RE TRYIN' TO GRAB MY MONEY YOU GOT TO START WITH SOMETHIN' BIGGERN A DIME SHOW

11-19

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HESS

KEEP A JUMP AHEAD--CHEW WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

AFTER EVERY MEAL