

LITTLE SPITFIRE

By Jean Randall

Chapter 32 Spitfire At Work

WELL, Mac hasn't lost his job—entirely," Eric said in answer to Brenda's question. "That is—I mean to say—well, the nephew is here, all right. Maybe they're keeping Mac on to coach him a bit."

Anger began to kindle in Brenda's eyes. "Why don't you say straight out he's been fired? Bringing the boy here is the equivalent of it. I wonder that Mac stays on after being insulted like that! He ought to have turned on his heel and marched out and let the nephew go to the dickens with his old accounts!"

"What a little spitfire you are, my dear!" Eric said admiringly. "Temper becomes you, too, if I may say so. But about Mac, he couldn't walk out on his job like that, you know. It wouldn't be square. No matter whether he likes it or not, Mac's not the sort to leave things in a mess."

"And I suppose you haven't tried to help him?" It was an accusation rather than a question. "You haven't seen this Mister—Mister—"

"You know his name is Hopkins, Brenda!" Eric said. "Well, Mr. Hopkins, then! I suppose it never occurred to you to go and speak a good word for your friend—!"

He laughed in genuine amusement. "What could I have said? Hopkins knows a darn sight more about Mac's ability than I do. Of course," he went on kindly, "I could have mentioned that he always leaves the bathroom tidy, and that his table manners are good, and that—"

She turned on a vicious high heel and walked away. "Men," she said coldly, "are absolutely spineless! They are utterly without resource!"

"M'm. Try your hand at helping old Mac, why don't you? I know for a fact he won't be let out before the first of the month, and that's eighteen days from now. Time for plenty of action."

Brenda, her head held high, was thinking the same thing as she marched away. She had had a vague plan in the back of her mind all along, she now realized. It seemed the time had arrived to put it into execution.

In her own room, she opened one of the drawers of her bureau and beneath piles of fragrant silken things, she drew a neatly tied package. It was what Mac called a "layout." He had considered it the best thing he had ever done in that particular line. So, also, it seemed, had the villainous Mr. Hopkins. A number of details had been changed so Mac made two sets. Brenda had salvaged this from the wastebasket where he had thrust it.

Now she wrapped it more carefully and addressed it to a man she knew in New York. "I'll write him to hurry the answer back at once, and then pooh for you, Mr. Hopkins, sir! Mac'll have a job twice as big and important as the one you took away from him!"

Better, Then Worse
WHEN both package and letter were gone, she felt better; at least for a few days. Then she felt very much worse. Before even she had expected it, the answer came from New York. "Good work," was the brief comment. "Your man has brains without doubt. But I couldn't get my own brother a job here right now, supposing I had a brother, and he needed a job in anybody's advertising department!"

She crept about the house crushed. She had shot her bolt and it had come back and rapped her smartly on the head. But Brenda never remained crushed over long. Corklife, her mind bobbed up and set to work anew on the problem.

"Eric, how is young Hopkins getting along?" she demanded on an evening perilously close to the first of the month.

"Not too well, it seems. I was talking to Mac today. We lunched to get her. I honestly believe the old man would send the boy back to his first job—if someone who counted applied a little pressure."

"Mac?"
"Good Lord, not even a girl ought to know Mac's the last one who can do it."
"You, then."

He shook his head. "Hopkins knows I'm Mac's friend. I explained that to you before."
"Who, Eric? Could Hugh Salust? Judge Harper?"

"He doesn't know either of 'em from Adam. Moreover their opinion wouldn't count with Hopkins." "Whose would then?"

"Somebody in his own field, I suppose. Forgive me, Brenda, but you know that letter and package you gave me to mail last week? I couldn't help but recognize the name and address. It an expert like Wilkinson boosted Mac's work—"

"He did! Oh, he did! Wait! I'll show you." She ran upstairs eagerly and brought down the letter. "See, it says it's good work and Mac has brains!"

"Eric's face underwent a sort of convulsion. He looked over Brenda's curls straight into space. After a moment he said: "Yes. Yes, I think we may take it for granted he has brains. Well, it's a pity Hopkins doesn't know about this letter. It might make all the difference."

She thrust it into his hand with feverish eagerness. "Take it to him! Make him read it!"

"No," he answered sadly. "Don't you see it wouldn't carry any weight in that case? Hopkins knows I've never been in New York; that I don't know Wilkinson."

"All Mixed Up"
BRENDA thought confusedly that there was a flaw in this reasoning, but she was too worried to hunt for it. She gazed at Eric sternly.

"Then I'll take it to him myself!" Eric jumped. "No, no, Brenda! I didn't mean that at all! What I meant is that if you'd show Mac the letter, and tell him how you wrote this Wilkinson, he could maybe—accomplish wonders with it. Anyway," he finished, "it would certainly buck him up to know you'd been trying to help him."

"You give it to him, and tell him!" Eric hesitated. "I'd rather not, if you don't mind. Mac would think I'd been appealing to you on his behalf, don't you see? You could explain it so much better. Brenda, I'll tell you! I happen to know he's going to be home tomorrow evening. There's a sort of lobby where he lives. How would it be if I borrowed Isabel's car and drove you down right after dinner? Just for a few minutes, you know."

Her dark brows drew together anxiously. "You're asking me all wrong about this, Eric. If Mac has the letter, I can't see what difference it makes who gives it to him."

"But after Eric had taken his departure for his office the next morning, she changed her mind. Afterward she blamed Adelaide's calendar for it. It hung in a conspicuous place by her landlady's desk in the library. Brenda, wandering restlessly about the lower floor of the house, was transfixed by the date which stared in accusing black numbers at her. Two more days left in the month! And then it would be the first of the next, and any business man (the unlucky Mr. Hopkins' business ability had long had a low rating with Brenda) but still he managed to keep afloat, it appeared) would certainly conclude any arrangements he might intend to make two or three days before a given date.

She made her decision on the instant. Running upstairs, she got into street clothes, examining with a sort of detached interest the small brilliant face above the collar of the fur coat Aunt Anne had given her last Christmas.

Half an hour later, she was being politely seated in a chair by old Mr. Hopkins' desk.

Continued tomorrow

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 920 Seattle; KPO, 430, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday

8:00—Cavalade of America, KPO, KFI, KGW: Time and Tempo, KGO, KEX, KJR: Vocalist, KOIN.
8:30—Auranti's Orch., KOIN, KNX, Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW, Fun With the Revuers, KGO, KEX, KJR.
9:00—Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
9:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Press, KGO, KEX, KJR, KJL.
7:15—Lanny Ross, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Gummin's Orch., KGW; Expositor Speaks, KPO.
7:30—Brease's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Byrne's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.

8:15—Newman's Orch., KEX; Baseball Game, KGO.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Barne's Orch., KJR; Professor Quis, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Humber's Orch., KPO.
9:30—Savitt's Orch., KGW, KFI.

Nichols' Orch., KNX, KSL; American Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—Concert Hall, KPO; Reporter, KFI, KGW; Bellasco's Orch., KJR; Kye's Orch., KSL, KNX.
10:30—Pearl's Orch., KGO, KEX; Piml. Jr.'s Orch., KPO, KFI; Richards Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.
11:00—Bud's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Bobie's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.

Wednesday

5:00—Star Theater, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Green Hornet, KGO, KJR, KEX; Musical Soiree, KFI; Introducing, KPO.
5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hurlburt's Band, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—Hurlburt, KFI; Kye's Pgm., KPO, KGW, KFI; Symphony Orch., KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Barne's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—What Would You Have Done? KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Fred Allen, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ben Bernie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Marriage Club, KGO.
8:30—Hines' Orch., KJR; Herbeck's Orch., KOIN, KNX.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ten Disciples of Rhythm, KJR.
9:30—Rayana's Orch., KFI; Nichols' Orch., KSL; Malbeck's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

U. S. Seen Next If Nazis Whip Allies

Portland, June 11.—(P)—Dr. G. Bernhard Noble of Reed College predicted today that Germany would be ready to "tackle the United States within a year if she wins the war" with France and England.

A Nazi victory, he told a chamber of commerce meeting, would be followed immediately by increasing pressure on America. "We can expect to be deluged with propaganda," he added, and urged speed in building our national defenses.

Fewer Tourists.
Salem, June 11.—(P)—A total of 10,198 non-resident automobiles were registered in Oregon during May, compared with 10,801 in May, 1939. Registration so far this year totals 28,514, eight per cent under the similar period of last year.

FLOATING BRIDGE ON LAKE WASHINGTON TO BE OPENED IN JULY

Seattle, June 11.—(P)—The longest floating bridge in the world, and the first to be built of reinforced concrete, will be opened to traffic early next month.

The span, 6,561 feet long, crosses 20-mile-long Lake Washington, Seattle's "back-yard," which has been a natural barrier to a direct route to the interior.

The graceful structure, lying flat on the water, brings the vast hinterland of eastern Washington, with its huge stores of fruit, grain, minerals and timber 14 miles nearer to Washington's largest seaport.

A great celebration, bringing together the notables of eastern and western Washington, will dedicate the bridge July 2.

Constructed by the Washington toll bridge authority at a cost of almost \$9,000,000, including the span and a super-highway to connect with the present Sunset highway across the Cascade mountains, engineers estimate a million cars a year will use the project, paying off \$3,060,000 in bridge bonds by 1956. The remainder of the cost was borne by a PWA grant.

The world's largest gem is a 153-pound topaz discovered in Brazil and now in the Smithsonian Institution.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

HORACE E. RAND, Long Beach, Calif., "Tramcar Man," HAS MADE 75,000 TRIPS AROUND RAINBOW PIER!
OVER A MILLION PASSENGERS IN THE LAST 9 YEARS...



THE FOOD POUCH OF THE RORQUAL— species of Baleen-whale, IS SEVERAL FEET WIDE AND NEARLY 20 FEET LONG! IT IS SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE LOWER JAWS...

HE ROTATES HIS CROPS! FRANK W. ANDREW, Palmyra, Ill., farmer, WIRES HIS PLOW TO A POST AND LETS IT PLOW IN A SPIRAL ALL NIGHT— WHILE HE SLEEPS! HIS 40-ACRE FIELDS CONTAIN ONLY 2 ROWS OF CORN— EACH ONE 40 MILES LONG!

CROP ROTATOR
Frank W. Andrew, Palmyra, Ill., farms by "remote control." His tractor and plow are attached by cable to a fixed wheel, and the tractor goes 'round and 'round the field in a diminishing spiral until it reaches the center, when it shuts off automatically. Thus, Andrew can do his plowing while he sleeps. The device will disc, drag, roll, plant and cultivate as well as plow.

"This year I am reorganizing the farm into 40-acre fields," says Andrew. "This will give me a spiral field containing about 32 acres."

By putting the corner areas into grass or hay crops, or letting them stand idle, Andrew figures he automatically reduces the crop production to fit the government farm program TOMORROW: Arctic Utopia!

STUCK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

6-12
CREEPS OUT TO HEAD OF STAIRS
DECIDES HE WANTS TO GO DOWN THEM AND AFTER SOME EXPERIMENTING BACKS AROUND

SWINGS LEGS OUT AND OVER BUT CAN'T SEEM TO CONTACT THE NEXT TREAD
DOESN'T LIKE FEELING OF BEING SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR. BEGINS TO FLAIL LEGS WILDLY

DECIDES TO ABANDON WHOLE PROJECT. TRIES TO CRAWL BACK UP BUT CAN'T MAKE THE GRADE
ADMITS HIMSELF DEFINITELY STUCK AND CALLS FOR MOTHER

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Betty-Lou is Due For A Shock!

YOU WILL WRITE A NOTE TO YOUR SWEETHEART, TAILSPIN TOMMY TOMPKINS, AS I DIRECT, OR THOUSANDS OF THESE DEADLY ROBOT PLANES SHALL BE RELEASED TO DESTROY YOUR COUNTRY!

YES! YES! I... I'LL DO IT!

GOOD! YOU WILL WRITE HIM TO OBEY MY TELEPHONED WARNING... TO FORGET WHAT HE HAS SEEN... THAT THERE ARE NO MODEL ROBOT PLANES, WHICH ATTACK...

UH... OH, 'SCUSH ME, I...

HANK! HANK! GIRVISH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OH, HANK! IT'S... IT'S JUST A JOKE, BARNES! A MOMENT I... WAS WORRIED, BUT NOW...

IT IS NO JOKE, MISS BARNES! THE TRUTH, GIRVISH!

OOPS! WHO SAID WE'D SEEN THE LAST OF OLD MAN HASSETT?

YEAH? I JUST CAME BY TO ASK HOW THE BABY WAS AN' TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU AN' BEN, RUSTY—

KIN I COME IN?

WE AIN'T INTERESTED TODAY, MR. HASSETT, AN' YOU KIN—

—PEDDLE YOUR APOLOGIES AN' ANY OTHER FISH OR GROCERIES TO THE NEXT HOUSE DOWN THE STREET, SEE?!

THERE THE OLD BUZZARD SITS—WE DON'T WORK AND NESS CAN'T FILL HIS ORDERS

LOOK AT THE ORDERS, AND DOUGH WITH THEM—AND NO PILLS!! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

JUST SEND THE DOUGH BACK

AND WRITE THEM YOU CAN'T FILL ORDERS RIGHT NOW... OUR PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT IS MAD AT THE SALES DEPARTMENT!

THE NEBBS—It Looks Bad

FOR THE KIND OF DOUGH AT STAKE HERE YOU COULD MUMBLE A FEW WORDS OF APOLOGY

MR. SLIDER, MY SELF-RESPECT AND DIGNITY MEAN MORE TO ME THAN ALL THE DOUGH IN THE WORLD! NOW YOU RUN OVER TO THE NOXAGE PLANT AND SHOW SOME INTEREST IN SOMETHING YOU GOT AN INTEREST IN

German Art Objects Go Into Air-Raid Shelters

AP Feature Service
Berlin — Berlin's show-piece the costly Pergamon Great Altar of Zeus, lies hidden behind 30,000 sandbags to protect it against possible bombings.

The massive altar with almost 225 feet of reliefs, known to most American tourists, was restored and mounted in the Berlin museum after being excavated in the ancient city of Pergamum. Unable to move it, museum authorities decided to "sand-bag" the altar where it stands.

Whenever possible, however, valuable paintings, sculptures, wood-carvings, ceramics and other museum pieces have been scattered to reduce the danger of their destruction to a minimum.

Officials of the state museums and the Reich's Air-Raid Protection Society were entrusted with the work. Their task was not only to find bomb-proof shelters for the museum objects, but also to make certain that the proper climatic conditions and the possibilities for taking care of them were at hand.

The city of Halle, for example, removed its valuable art objects to the deep basements of a remote castle. There they will remain in chests lined with lead until the war is over.

German art centers in the west have removed their most valuable pieces to the nearby countryside.

Although the museums have been stripped of all their priceless works, their doors remain open. The empty niches have been filled with art which heretofore has been crowded into storerooms. Much of it never before had been on exhibition.

Thus in Vienna a show of "pianos out of the fifth century" has been opened. Many other museums are exhibiting the work of German artisans thru history. The National gallery in Berlin opened a painting exhibition called "Great Germany's First Battle for Liberation—1813-1815."

Salem, June 11.—(P)—Struck by an automobile driven by Mark O. Hatfield of Salem, Alice Marie Lane, 6, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lane of Salem was killed last night.

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