

Secret Orders

BY ELEANOR ATTERBURY

YESTERDAY: Stephanie Merrill met Capt. Kurt Knudsen because she tried to kiss a dog in the road, and smashed her car. At first she disliked him, and then she almost fell in love with him. But her cousin, Vicky, has cut in on that and appears to have plans for further cutting. So Stephanie seems to be relegated to the attention of Henri de la Pagerie, whom she likes well enough, but does not quite trust.

Stephanie could have strangled her. Nice work, cousin. She was making Stephanie feel exactly like an Amazon. It took all she had to shrug carelessly. "Don't be silly," and walk off after her ball. But, she determined, she was not going to let Kurt see her temper again. Not even if he mistook her for a feminine Samson. Besides, maybe if she gave Vicky enough rope, she'd hang up her own silly strategy for Kurt to see.

Chapter Four
Golf Game As Bait
STEPHANIE was just turning out her light when she heard Vicky's silvery laugh followed by the slamming of a car door. A moment later she came up the stairs.

"Stevie dear," she called softly, tapping at the door. "Are you awake?"

For a moment, Stephanie was tempted not to answer. Listening to all the details of Kurt's capitulation wasn't going to be any pleasure. Then, with a grimace, she answered:

"Come in. Have a good time?" "Oh, simply divine," Vicky perched on the edge of the bed. "Didn't you?" and then without waiting to hear, "Isn't he simply adorable?"

Stephanie's smile twisted. "Adorable" was hardly the word to describe Kurt.

"It's so terribly good-looking and such a divine dancer and you know," Vicky purred her lips thoughtfully. "I don't think I've ever met a man who is really intelligent as he is."

Something inside Stephanie began to ache.

"And you know, angel, I do think he's interested in me," Vicky's eyes misted dreamily. "I think I'll be married in palest pink satin."

"Well, aren't you rather counting your bridegroom before he's hatched?" Stephanie laughed but her own persistent hopes silently folded their tents and slunk away.

Vicky wrinkled her nose, fanned off the bed. "You'll see! Then, brushing a kiss against her cousin's cheek, she said, "Get some sleep, angel. We're playing golf with Henri at six in the morning."

"Six! We are?" Stephanie gasped. "Since when have you taken to rising before dawn?"

"Since—tomorrow," Vicky smiled knowingly.

And not until the next morning as they walked through dew-wet grass approaching the Mayfair's tricky third hole did Stephanie begin to understand Vicky's little scheme. At best, Vicky's game was erratic but this morning it was simply wild. She already had two balls and since she'd insisted they play without caddies, she spent most of the time searching "out in the rough."

Finally, Stephanie saw why. Beyond a water hazard and a sand trap and just putting onto the fifth green, was Kurt Knudsen.

Surprise?
"WHY—there's Kurt Knudsen," Vicky echoed her thought aloud with so much innocent bystander would have been completely fooled. "And he's playing alone, too. Maybe he'd like to join us!"

Vicky called, waved and Kurt, missing his putt, looked up scowling. But, instantly, a smile appeared. He picked up his ball, walked toward them.

The best-laid plans of a witty woman, Stephanie thought, as she sliced her own ball disastrously, went off like clockwork. And, for all his intelligence, Kurt Knudsen was certainly falling for some pretty old tricks.

Stephanie drove again. This time her ball soared beautifully straight toward the green, rolled obliquely into good putting range. "Beautiful shot!" Kurt's deep voice just behind her.

Stephanie flushed. "Thanks. It was—just luck."

"Indeed it wasn't," Vicky defended her with suspicious ardor. "Stevie's a marvelous golfer. She does all the sports so well. I envy you, angel. Truly I do. You have so much strength."

Stephanie ground her teeth, and tried hard to make her concern pass for genuine. Tried hard not to see the way Vicky's arm curved around Kurt's neck the way ten-year-old concern had written itself into his face.

He carried her straight to his own car. There, he put her carefully into the seat, pulled off her shoe, examined the injured foot.

"Nothing broken, anyway," and smiled up at her as he knelt to massage the ankle, to bind it quickly, skillfully.

"There," he said finally, "that will do until you get a doctor."

"Oh, it feels much better already, Kurt. You've just helped it wonderfully. Thank you so much."

"And you are a very brave little girl," Henri offered, still carrying Kurt's golf bag and Vicky's as well as his own.

Call To Duty
ETTU, Henri! Stephanie thought and despised herself for being mean about it all. But when even worldly sophisticates like Henri made pack-horses of themselves to please Vicky, things were certainly pretty hopeless.

"Oh, I'm not a bit brave, Henri," Vicky's blue eyes widened. "I'm just an awful baby. I'm afraid."

Stephanie glanced at Kurt. Surely Vicky was over-playing her hand this time. Surely any reasonably intelligent male could see through that. But Kurt's blue eyes didn't betray even the ghost of a smile.

She was grateful then, that a boy from the club ran toward them shouting Kurt's name.

It was an order from Kurt's superior officer. He was to report, in uniform, at once.

"I'm sorry," Kurt apologized. "I'll have to leave immediately. He turned to Henri. "You'll see that the girls get home safely, won't you, sir?"

Henri bowed. "But of course." And then to Stephanie, Kurt said, acting as if she were Vicky's mother instead of her cousin, "And you'll see that Vicky's foot is properly attended to?"

For an instant, Stephanie met his eyes, tried in vain to see something there to revive her own secret hopes. "Certainly," she said finally. And then watched Kurt pick Vicky up again and with incredible gentleness, transfer her to the seat of Henri's car.

As he swung into his car, drove off, Stephanie remembered the way she'd been hunting for almost from the moment she'd first looked up at him. Viking. He looked, she decided, like a hero straight out of Beowulf or off an ancient Norse battlefield.

And so what! she demanded of herself furiously. There was certainly nothing particularly virile about the way he'd let Vicky wrap him around her little finger. And doing a lot of wishful thinking about him wasn't going to improve the situation any. She might better concentrate on charming Henri just—she added wryly—to convince her own wounded ego that she was still not exactly a wallflower.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALB (NHC) 1230, Portland
KJL (NHC-HS) 1190, Portland
KGA (NHC-HS & MBS) 1510
Spokane: KGO (NHC-HS) 810
San Francisco: KGW (NHC-HS) 630
Portland: KJR (NHC-HS) 1000
Seattle: KSN (CBS) 1020
Los Angeles: KOA (NHC-HS) 850
Denver: KOIN (CBS) 970
Portland: KOMO (NHC-HS) 930
Seattle: KPO (NHC-HS) 680
San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Flying Patrol, KOMO; Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KJR; Flying Patrol, KEX, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KSN; Voice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Star Spangled Memories, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Music by White, KGO, KEX; Treasury Star Parade, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—For America We Sing, KGO, KEX; Dr. L. Q. Jim McCall, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Monday Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Freddy Martin's Orch., KSN, KOIN, KSL; Contested Hour, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Blondie, KEX, KSL, KJR; Cavalcade of America, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Jimmie Fidler, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Edward Tomlinson, KGO, KJR, KEX; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:15 p. m.—Irene Rich, KGO, KEX, KJR; Lanny Ross, KSN, KOIN, KSL; Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Gay Nineties, KEX, KSN, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, Buddy Franklin's Orch., KJR, KEX; I Was There, KEX, KJR, KSN; Excursions of Science, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Noah Webster Says, KPO, KGW; Hollywood Showcases, KEX, KOIN, KSL, KJR, KEX; Off the Record, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO; Sonny Dunham's Orch., KGO; Alvino Rey's Orch., KSL; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGO; For America We Sing, KJR; War Time Women, KOIN; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Music and Moonlight, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR, KSN; Reveries, KOMO; News, KGO.

Timeplay

5:00 p. m.—Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL, News, KOIN; Musical Portrait, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Bob Burns Show, KSL; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bill Henry, KOIN; News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KSN.

6:00 p. m.—Burns and Allen, KPO.

McLeod

McLeod, April 13.—(Spl.)—McLeod Extension unit met at the home of Mrs. Isabella Lavin April 8 all day. Present were Clara Ditsworth, Pauline Walker, Dee Roth, Edna Von Stein, Carrie Harding, Mattie Byrd, Gladys Koger and Isabella Lavin. Next meeting will be May 13 at the home of Mrs. Clara Ditsworth and it will be an all-day affair with a sack lunch at noon. Everyone welcome.

Mrs. Betty Coble spent Easter with friends at Klamath Falls.

A surprise party was given Mrs. Katie Ash at her home March 28 in honor of her birthday. Invited were Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cushman, Mrs. Francis Ash, Mrs. Sagny and daughter, Darlene, Mrs. Snaberg and daughter, Nita Mae, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Ash and Mrs. Betty Coble. Thayer Carlton ran into a horse one night recently, badly wrecking his car.

Mrs. Ethel Casey has gone to San Francisco to visit her daughter for a few weeks.

Mrs. Mary Smith has gone to Los Angeles to work.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Byrd and daughter, of Ashland, spent Easter Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Bill Byrd and family.

The high school play "Don't Take My Penny," given at the school April 3 was a huge success. After the play Mr. and Mrs. Herb Carlton entertained with ice cream and cake for Mr. and Mrs. Sam Redding and family and Miss Wanda Reid of Grants Pass, Inez Sinclair and George Knowles.

Dal Loper has gone to Eugene for a short visit.

Mrs. Ann Briggs has been teaching Mrs. Hoffman's pupils at Elk creek school, owing to the illness of Mrs. Hoffman.

Washington, April 13.—(P)—Interior Secretary Ickes said today that reports circulated here and in Alaska that Ernest Gruening would be replaced as governor of Alaska were without foundation.

Suburban Heights

By GUYAS WILLIAMS

FROM LONG EXPERIENCE, FRED PERLEY HAS LEARNED THAT WHOEVER FIRST SWINGS THE HEAVY STATION DOOR OPEN WHEN THE 8:15 PULLS IN, EITHER HAS TO GO ON HOLDING IT OPEN WHILE THE PASSENGERS RUSH OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIM AND TAKE ALL THE SEATS, OR LET IT SWING SHUT, GRAVELY RISKING INJURING SOMEBODY.

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Clarion Call

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SOCE Registration

Will Start June 8
Southern Oregon College of Education, Ashland, April 13.—(Spl.)—Registration for the first summer session at the Southern Oregon College of Education will begin on Monday, June 8. A wide variety of courses are being offered for beginning teachers, in-service teachers, candidates wishing to meet the requirements for the bachelor of science degree in elementary education and for those who wish to qualify under the certification law in order to teach in Oregon.

Summer bulletins and schedules of classes for the first summer session are available from the registrar's office.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to classify 12:30 p. m.

PANTS

With Cuffs
Sold Exclusively by—
GUS THE TAILOR
419 E. Main

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

TEXAS T. WEIGEL, WHOSE NAME IS LISTED IN THE COLUMBUS CITY DIRECTORY, IS A DOG!

THE FLAG—
AT TAOS, NEW MEXICO, HAS NEVER BEEN LOWERED, DAY OR NIGHT, FOR 80 YEARS... BECAUSE DURING THE CIVIL WAR KIT CARSON NAILED THE STARS AND STRIPES THERE TO KEEP 'EM FLYING! 1862...

TOMORROW—
TRAIN WRECK IN A CEMETERY!

EVER FLYING FLAG
In 1862 Kit Carson and a group of Union soldiers stationed at Taos had trouble when Indians repeatedly lowered the flag. So Carson nailed it to the pole. Since then, only when each succeeding flag finally worn out by wind and rain has been replaced by a new one, the flag has never been hauled down!

BEAR FAMILY
Dolt Wilson's son is also a bear hunter of repute, but his grandson is in a fair way to break the family tradition. He has shown, in his 12 years, a preference for shooting squirrels!

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

Brownsboro

Brownsboro, April 13.—(Spl.)

—Easter services were enjoyed by a good attendance at the school house last Sunday with a picnic lunch at noon and an egg hunt for the children. At the close of Sunday school a short program of songs and recitations was given. Rev. D. D. Randall, missionary of Medford, and Rev. E. Martin, superintendent of the Sunday school union for Oregon, Washington and Idaho, gave interesting talks on their work.

George Martin, who is entering the Union Sunday school work gave the Easter message in an interesting manner. Members of Brownsboro Sunday school appreciate the help these missionaries gave in making the day a success.

Mrs. Laura Trautman and Charles Foster of Sacramento, Calif., were guests of Mrs. Trautman's sister, Mrs. W. M. Hansen and family last week. Mr. and Mrs. Rohrer of Little

Shasta were guests at the Rohrer home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Marshall and Glenda of Reensburg were Easter guests at the Walter Marshall home.

Frances Nickell and Alex Culbertson left last week for army training.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Reikofski of Columbus Mont., are guests here of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wright.

Mrs. Sarah Sparrin of Hornbrook, Calif., arrived last week to be with her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Hansen, who is ill at Sacred Heart hospital. After spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hansen, Mrs. Lawrence Leonard returned to her home in Hornbrook.

Mrs. Fred Bloomingcamp and son Charles were week-end guests at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. J. Rohrer and Louis Rohrer March 29. Mrs. Lawrence Leonard and baby accompanied them here and visited with Mrs. Leonard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hansen.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Craig and Mrs. Ruby Wise made a trip to Grants Pass last Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Johnson and Kenny, who have been at Grants Pass since the death of Mrs. Johnson's father, Mr. Westfall, last Monday, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. W. M. Hansen was noxious to the Ladies club Thursday. Refreshments were served to Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. C. E. Craig, Mrs. Bonnie Emerick, Mrs. John Wilson, Mrs. Gerald Hansen, Mrs. Grace Marshall, Mrs. Milly Henry, Mrs. L. Rohrer, Mrs. Ruby Wise and the hostess, Mrs. Percy Henry will entertain May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Craig of Medford visited Mr. Craig's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Craig, last week-end. They were recently married in Reno, Nev.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m.—Too late to classify 12:30 p. m.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

CRISP GABARDINE SUITS FOR SPRING!

\$33.00 (All Wool)

Barkers Store for Men

4-15

BERLIN HAS ANNOUNCED THAT THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF AVIATION WILL MAKE A PLEA FOR PEACE—FROM BERLIN! ALL AMERICA SITS BREATHELESS BY ITS RADIOS—THEN...

WHAAM-M-M-M

4-15

HELLO, AMERICA...THIS IS WINGATE!

4-15

DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING THESE DEVILS TELL YOU! BY GEORGE, DON'T BELIEVE ME IF I TELL YOU ANYTHING EXCEPT...

4-15

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! --KEEP 'EM ROLLING! KEEP 'EM FLYING!--KEEP AMERICA--

4-15

YIP... THAT'S OUR TEDDY WINGATE!!

4-15

LIT' ABNER—Hoover Is War Yo' Finds It!

4-15

YO' MAY NOT UNNERSTAN' WHY AH IS AXIN' SECH A MESS AS YO' IS T' COME IN AN' WOO A SPELL!!

4-15

THIS IS ALL A HORRIBLE DREAM!! OUCH!! GULP!! N-NO DREAM!!

4-15

AH'VE LARNED THET TH' HANSOMER A BOY IS TH' MORE INSINCERE HE IS--BUT TH' HOMELIER A BOY IS TH' MORE SINCERE HE IS!! RECKON YO' IS ABOUT TH' SINCEREST BOY ON EARTH!

4-15

THANK YO, NAME OF DISGUSTIN' JONES!!

4-15

EF YO'D LIKE T' KISS ME--AH WONT DEFEND MAHSELF!

4-15

THE NEBBS--What's in a Name?

4-15

DO YOU THINK WELL LIKE BALMY BEACH, GEORGE?

4-15

MAH NAMES OSCAR AND I AINT NEVER STOPPED OFF AT BALMY BEACH

4-15

ALL OUT FO' BALMY BEACH!

4-15

COME ON, GIRLS--WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, GEORGE

4-15

PLEASE SUH, AH GETS TIRED BEIN' CALLED GEORGE, MAH NAME IS OSCAR

4-15

I JUST CANT WAIT TO BASK IN THE SUN--SHINE NEITHER CAN I

4-15

HERE YOU ARE, OSCAR--BUY YOURSELF A SUNLAMP

4-15

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SUH! NOW YOU KIN CALL ME 'GEORGE' ALL YOU LIKES--YAS SUH!

4-15

4-15

4-15

4-15

4-15

4-15

4-15