

Secret Orders

BY
ELEANOR
ATTERBURY

Chapter Seven News From Kurt

THE loft like room in the tall Market Street office building was practically deserted by noon. Except for Stephanie and the woman in charge of her division in the Motor Corps, only a few of the Red Cross workers sorted stacks of clothing and yarn on the rough wooden tables. A boat loaded with supplies for England had left only an hour ago. And Stephanie, exhausted with the frenzied activities of the morning, sagged wearily in her chair.

"Darling," a familiar voice in the doorway, "you look simply deflated!"

Stephanie glanced up with a tired smile. "Hello, Vicky." Then wryly, "And you look simply devastating. Now suit!"

"Heavens no. It's ancient. I'm on a shopping tour right now. Come have lunch with me and help me decide about an adorable hat at Mimi's."

Automatically, Stephanie shook her head. "Sorry, I—." Then she changed her mind. Why not? There'd be nothing doing here at Headquarters for a few days now. Besides, she was tired of being the drudge. "All right, I will."

The St. Francis was awash with pretty women, buzzing like a giant bee-hive. Many of the workers in uniform like herself. The others in smart suits and sables.

"You know," Vicky said when the headwaiter had found them a table, "I have the most thrilling news. From Kurt!"

Stephanie felt her heart leap to attention. "Yes?"

"Oh, he's done the most thrilling thing. That order he got out at the Club Sunday was about a secret flight to San Diego. It seems the F.B.I. got wind of some plot to bomb some airplane factories and planes from Lafayette Field were sent down to do some scouting. And who do you suppose actually located the enemy planes?"

Stephanie forced a calm, "Kurt, of course."

"Isn't he simply unbelievable! He'll probably be promoted to major now or something wonderful and of course to hear him tell about it, you'd think he'd done absolutely nothing."

Vicky stopped to light a cigarette, let her glance wander with deceptive carelessness about the crowded dining room. Grateful for the moment in which to regain composure, Stephanie finally managed. "Then you've—seen him?"

Invitation

VICKY nodded. "I just happened to be in the garage in Peralta and I heard someone asking about your car. I had no idea it was Kurt until I went in to see what was what. By the way, you didn't mention having had an accident."

Stephanie flushed. "It was nothing. Just a dent in the fender."

"Well, anyhow, we got to talking and he told me everything about his flight," Vicky went on. "And Stevie darling—guess what?"

"I couldn't."

"He's invited us to dinner at the Officers' Club next Saturday night. Isn't that thrilling?"

"Us? Are you sure I'm included?" Stephanie asked and wished she could find courage to refuse. It would only be asking for misery.

"Of course. He mentioned you especially. And Henri can drive you up," she explained enthusiastically. "Everything just works out beautifully."

"I see. Well, I'm not sure I—." "Oh, you must come. I'm seeing Henri this afternoon so I'll tell him to give you a buzz."

She decided over coffee and French lemon pie that she didn't want to drive to Peralta with Henri de la Pagerie. But when he telephoned later that evening,

she actually heard herself accepting.

"I know you are anxious to see your father, Stephanie," Henri was saying in his precise English. "I hoped that perhaps you would let me motor you to Peralta by way of Titan. We could leave early on Saturday afternoon."

"Oh, Henri, I would like to do that," she said warmly. He was a nice person, really.

But when they arrived at her father's office Saturday afternoon Stephanie wasn't so sure surprising him had been a really good idea. He was very busy, his secretary said. He would be free in about an hour if they cared to wait.

"Of course we will wait," Henri insisted. "We have plenty of time. Suppose we just look around the plant here."

Stephanie had been over the plant dozens of times with her father, and she proved an excellent guide. Not that she could answer all the questions Henri could ask. For a diplomat, he seemed to know an amazing lot about explosives, she told him once, laughing.

"I've always been fascinated by the subject," he explained smiling. "As a boy, I wanted to be a scientist, but—" he shrugged eloquently—"my parents had decided on the diplomatic career."

Cool Greeting

I THINK this is about as far as we should go," she said finally. "That row of buildings there, most of them practically underground, is where they store the dynamite. Dad never lets anyone near them without his permission."

"Your father must be very efficient. I consider it a privilege to have this opportunity to meet him."

Stephanie glanced at him, saw instantly that she had not been mistaken about the strange eagerness in his voice. It was written into his expression, a sort of tense excitement. Then Henri felt her glance, turned smiling toward her and the tension was gone.

"There's Dad now," and she nodded toward him, walking along the wharf toward them, a battered felt dragged over one eye, his head tilted against the stiff wind blustering in off the Bay.

He waved, smiled as he recognized her. "Hello, chicken. How did you get here?"

"Henri drove me up," she smiled, turning to the tall man beside her. "Daddy this is Henri de la Pagerie."

Guy Merrill's smile gradually dissolved as he turned to the younger man. For an instant, Stephanie had the appalling notion that her father was not going to shake hands with Henri. Then, of course he did. But there was no heartiness in his "Glad to meet you, sir."

"The honor is mine, Mr. Merrill," Henri said in his stiffest foreign manner.

Aware that something was terribly wrong and quite in the dark as to what it might be, Stephanie tried to bridge the awkward moment with chatter.

"We're on our way to a party at Peralta, Daddy. A friend of Vicky's has invited us to dinner at the Officers' Club. We've just been looking around your old plant while we were waiting."

"So I see," he said with curtness so unlike him that Stephanie stared at him, puzzled, even irritated that he should act this way.

"Are you all right, Daddy?" she asked, still trying to put the puzzle together.

"Certainly I'm all right. Now you run along to your party."

"Why—Daddy?"

"I'll be home in a few days. Go along now. Skip." He dismissed her with a ghost of his old smile.

"I'm sorry," she apologized as Henri put her into his car. "Dad is so terribly worried, I guess."

"Please do not mention it," Henri begged. "I understand perfectly."

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland
KSL (NBC-Blue & Music) 1510
Spokane: KGO (NBC-Blue) 810
San Francisco: KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland: KJR (NBC-Blue) 1090
Seattle: KSN (CBS) 1070
Los Angeles: KDA (NBC-Red) 850
Denver: KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland: KOMO (NBC-Red) 950
Seattle: KPO (NBC-Red) 650
San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday
8:00 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KSL, Eyes of the World, KOIN; Dance Orch. KOMO; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

8:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KEX; People's Platform, KSL, KOIN; Masters of Music, KPO; Afternoon Dances, KEX; Streamlined Fair Tales, KOMO.

9:00 p. m.—Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Voice of Victory, KGO; Old Times, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Big Town, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Music by Bovero, KGO, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

10:00 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Valley Program, KGO, KEX, KJR; Glenn Miller's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Frank Fay, KPO, KGO, KOMO, KGW; Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KEX, KSL, KOIN; KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dorothy Thompson, KGO, KJR, KEX.

11:00 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Stair Les Boulevards, KGO, KJR; Lazy Rosa, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX.

11:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KEX, KOIN; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Your Blind Date, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

12:00 p. m.—News, Buddy Franklin's Orch., KEX, KJR; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Maudie's Diary, KSL.

12:30 p. m.—Elery Queen, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Maudie's Diary, KEX, KOIN; News, KJR, KSL, KEX; Home Offense, KGO.

1:00 p. m.—America's Town Meeting of the Air, KGO, KJR, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Five Star Final, KOIN.

1:30 p. m.—Stan Kenton's Orch., KSL; Wings Over the West Coast, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; War Time Women, KOIN.

2:00 p. m.—Swing Your Partner, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KOIN; News, KEX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Friday
8:00 p. m.—Kate Smith, KSL; Ed Stoker's Music, KOMO; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

8:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Flannery, KEX; Bill Sabranaky, KOMO; Children's Playhouse, KGO; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; March of Time, KEX, KGO, KJR; What's On Your Mind.

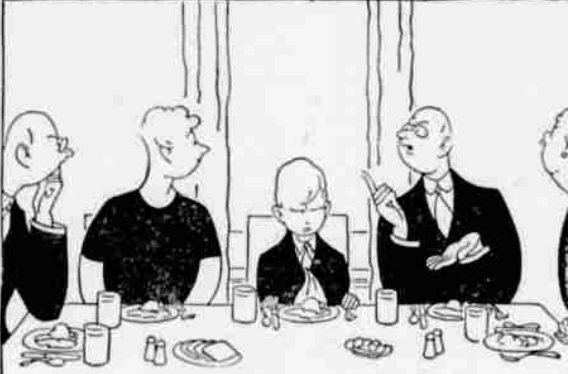


SOUNDS ALL RIGHT—Corporal Bolo strings along approvingly with Emanuel Feuermann, cellist, who recently played for the officers and men at Cavalry replacement training center in Fort Riley, Kas. The corporal is two months old.

KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Celebrity Theater, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KEX, KOIN; Ernie Smith's Sports Quiz, KGO.
9:00 p. m.—Ella Maxwell's Party Line, KGO, KJR, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KSL, KOIN, KEX.
9:30 p. m.—Bob Hawk Quiz, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Golden Gate Quartet, KEX.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



MISERY OF A VERY HUNGRY SMALL BOY WHO HAS BEEN WARNED NOT TO START EATING UNTIL THE GROWN-UPS DO, AND WHO HAS TO SIT WHILE ONE OF THE GUESTS HOLDS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION WITH HIS VIEWS ON THE UVAR

(Reprinted by The New York Times, Inc.)

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

Silent Treatment



LIL ABNER—A Mammy's Mistake

By Al C.



THE NEBBES—Gentleman of the Press

By



ARMY NEEDS MORE—Staff Sgt. Michael Russo (left), graduate of the Paine Hall school in New York City where courses have been reorganized to turn out faster the laboratory and X-ray technicians badly needed by the U.S. army, takes a soldier's blood at a large army camp. Left to right: Pvt. Edward Napolichne, Pvt. Aldo Dellantonio, and Pvt. Joseph Holka.

Medford's LARGEST complete stock of
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TWO-FISTED MOTHER
Portland, April 16.—(AP)—Mrs. Mary C. Carroll, who has one son in the Philippines and supports three other children at home, put on her helmet today and entered the shipyards. It was a welder's helmet, and she is among the first women to enter production work at the Oregon Shipbuilding corporation.

The population of New Zealand, mostly of British and Irish descent, about equals that of Detroit.

King's Orch., KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; Meet Your Navy, KJR; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Young Man With a Clarinet, KGO; Teddy Powell's Orch., KGW; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Studio Party, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO.
10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fight, KGO; Reporter News, KOMO, KGW, KPO; News, KNX; Masterworks of Music, KSL; On With the Dance, KEX; Shining Hour, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Stadium Fights, KGO; Unlimited Horizons, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Gene Grounds, KOIN; News, KNX, KGW; Folk Music, KJR; Series, KOMO.

Dairymen's Not Loss Was \$5000 Last Year

Portland, April 16.—(AP)—Testimony, in the form of a current

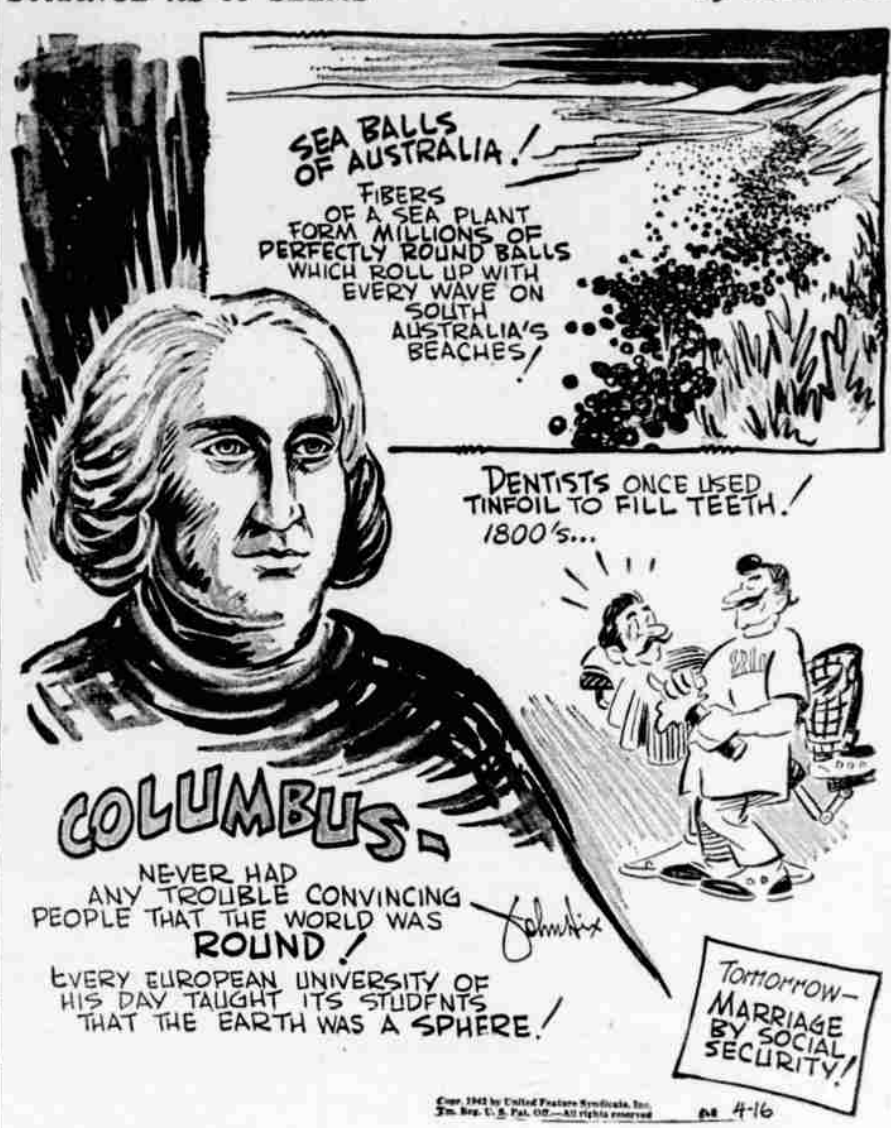
income tax statement, was submitted to the milk control board today showing that one dairymen took a net loss of \$5000 last year furnishing fluid milk to the Portland market.

The testimony was that of J. W. Stewart of Dayton, who maintains a herd of 100 on a 325 acre Willamette valley farm.

The board is hearing requests of both producers and consumers in the Portland milk shed for an increase of from 80 cents to \$1 in butterfat.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



WORLD OF COLUMBUS
Learned men of the 15th century realized the world was a sphere from seeing ships go "hull down" on the horizon, and seeing mountains "rise" as they were approached. Geography was thus taught in every university in Europe of that day!

SEA-BALLS
The balls of fiber washed up on Australian beaches may soon become a valuable commodity, for the fiber can be used for numerous purposes, including the upholstering of furniture. Sometimes the balls are covered with cloth and used as playthings for children.

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen