

Secret Orders

BY
ELEANOR
ATTERBURY

Chapter Nine

Accident

IN SPITE of pride that kept her chin up, her smile smiling Stephanie's eyes followed Kurt. Her pulses like some faithful barometer, reported his movements through the crowded room. And though she stood talking animatedly with Henri the moment Kurt spoke to an officer and then strode quickly from the room, her heart told her he had gone. It told her, too, the moment he returned, stood watching the dancing couples from the doorway. Like a magnet, she felt her eyes drawn to his. Then, amazed, realized that he had been looking for her. He crossed the room quickly toward her.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, laying a hand on Henri's arm. "I have a message for Miss Merrill. Then, with that quick, infectious grin, "I promise to bring her back to you right away."

Mute, Stephanie let him guide her out of the lone room into the deserted library. By the time he turned to face her, to take her hands in his, she had her trembling under control.

"Stephanie, I wanted to tell you," he began, his blue eyes searching hers. "I've just had orders we're to leave tonight. Secret orders of course. Only the Colonel knows where we're going. But I've a hunch this is no joy ride. I wanted to say—goodbye."

"Goodbye?" she—holed in a dry little whisper. "How—long do you think you'll be gone?"

He shrugged. "Who knows?" His fingers tightened around hers. "That's why this is—goodbye."

"Good luck, then, and—she dragged her glance away from his—happy landings."

"Thanks. I've got to skip back to quarters now and get my gear packed up. Will you make my apologies to Vicky and the others?"

Stephanie concentrated on the second button of his coat. "Certainly. They will all want me to thank you for a lovely evening. A lovely evening, she wept silently.

The Kiss

SUDDENLY, one finger under her chin, Kurt tilted her face until she had to look at him. "You're so damned sweet," between clenched teeth. Then he kissed her. A swift crushing caress that bound her to him forever even as the gesture of the next moment put him out of reach forever.

"Forgive that one, Stephanie," he apologized instantly—and heartbreakingly. "And—goodbye now."

"Goodbye."

For a long moment she stood staring at the doorway that had swallowed him up. He had gone. She would probably never see him again. Ever. And with him, she realized suddenly, had gone part of herself.

Henri found her then, carried her back to the dancing, the laughter, the gaiety. And finally she found poise enough to give them Kurt's message.

"Oh how infuriating," Vicky frowned. "That means his whole squadron will probably be sent and that absolutely demolishes my cocktail party tomorrow."

Stephanie laughed, an acid imitation of her real laugh. "That is a disaster!"

"Well it is. I've planned this party for weeks."

"And now?" Henri smiled apologetically. "I'm afraid I, too, will have to express my regrets, Vicky."

Vicky turned to him, her lovely brows arched. "You too? But surely you aren't flying under any secret orders tonight?"

Flying under secret orders? Stephanie repeated that silently while Henri explained about his sudden urgent business in the city.

And later when she'd undressed, stood a moment at Aunt

Allison's guest room window watching the moon silver the broad fields stretching toward the Bay was suddenly aware of the growling, thunder of airplane motors. Like a giant swarming of Gargantuan bumble bees, the drone came out of the north. Westward now—high over the Golden Gate—out over the vast black world of the Pacific.

"Goodbye, Kurt," she whispered. "Good, see, you safe—my love. And turning, stumbled to the bed where she buried her sobs in her pillow.

Vicky's party was very gay. An hour of telephoning that next morning had soon filled the gaps in the guest list that Kurt's Squadron had left. And Vicky, looking her best in a lovely fuchsia tea-gown, seemed already to have forgotten Kurt and the others. But Stephanie hadn't. She even felt a growing irritation that the party should succeed, that life should go on so calmly when fifty boys were "somewhere in the Pacific" risking their lives because their duty demanded it.

On the Pier

SHE passed hors d'oeuvres docilely and wished that something would happen to grant her an excuse to leave. The something did happen.

One of Aunt Allison's white-capped maids brought summons to the telephone. It was Maguire calling from Titan. There'd been an explosion. Her father was hurt. They were sending him to San Francisco at once, in the power launch.

By leaving a note for Vicky with the maid and by driving one of Aunt Allison's cars practically in defiance of all laws of gravity and state highway, Stephanie got to the pier just as the launch from Titan pulled in.

"Daddy!" she called as she recognized Guy Merrill's tall figure on the foredeck.

He looked up, grinned, waved a bandaged hand toward her. "Daddy, are you hurt badly?" she called and raced down the dock.

He shook his head, climbed over the side slowly but unhesitatingly. "No, honey, just a bad burn on my arm here. Nothing that won't be all right in a few days."

"Are you sure?" She took his good arm, hurried it close. "What happened? Tell me."

"Oh, just a stupid accident." He glanced around then smiling but Stephanie caught the wary alertness in his eyes.

More than a stupid accident, all right. She knew that. And knew also that he didn't consider it wise to discuss it here where they might easily be overheard. She followed his glance now to the deck of a small fishing boat lying alongside the launch. A stole Japanese fisherman sat cross-legged on the deck mending a net. The stiff bay breeze brought the sharp smell of fish and Stephanie wrinkled her nose.

"Goodness, let's go."

As they walked back along the dock toward the street, their heads bent against the battering wind, someone in a dark blue overcoat strode past. From the tail of her eyes Stephanie caught something familiar. Turning, she looked back over her shoulder.

A tall man, strangely familiar, walked casually to the edge of the dock, stood a moment studying the dinky little fishing boat. Then, glancing up as if to make sure he was not observed, he looked squarely at Stephanie.

It was Henri de la Pagerie.

He smiled then, waved, started toward her. But even as she answered that smile, she could not forget that strange notion that impeccable Henri, the perfect diplomat, had certainly intended to board that smelly little fishing boat! That, despite his smile, seeing her was not exactly a pleasant surprise!

To be continued

GRAIN PRICES UP ON NIPPON RAID

Chicago, April 18.—(AP)—Grain prices hit the recovery trail today, wheat, rye and soybeans leading the rally with an advance of about a cent at times, but the gains were whittled down before the close.

Reports of a bombing raid on Japan and strength of securities stimulated the buying, most of dealers covering previous short which represented purchases of sales. Milling and flour trade activity remained quiet, although some interests were believed to have taken advantage of prices posted at yesterday's close, when wheat was the lowest in about five months.

Washington, April 18.—(AP)—A navy spokesman today cautioned relatives of seamen and officers lost in the vicinity of Java against being misled by Japanese propaganda broadcasts describing rescues of the crew members of American warships.

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Probably our last BIG shipment of Elastiglass!

Suspenders \$1.00
Belts \$1.00
Belt Folds \$1.00

Barber's
Store for Men

ONE-MAN DICTATORSHIP SEEN IN LEWIS' ACTION

Washington, April 18.—(AP)—An advocate of new legal curbs on labor practices told congress today that John L. Lewis' move to organize dairy farmers "implies the possibilities of social revolution under a private one-man dictatorship of America."

W. P. Davis, of Reading, Mass., manager of the New England Milk Producers association, made the statement to the house judiciary committee.

Indianapolis, April 18.—(AP)—Prison terms and fines were imposed today on two officials of a Boonville, Ind., automobile sales firm in the government's first prosecution under the federal rationing regulations, but one sentence later was suspended.

Judge Robert C. Baltzell sentenced Charles L. Hart, 54, president of the LaSalle Motor Sales corporation to 28 months in the Terre Haute federal prison and fined him \$500. Russell W. Baker, 43, secretary-treasurer of the firm was fined \$250 and sentenced to a year and a day, but the prison sentence was suspended for three years. The corporation itself was fined \$1,000.

STREET CAR BOOM

Portland, April 18.—(AP)—Mushrooming of war industries and restrictions on use of private automobiles caused the Portland Traction company's streetcars and buses to carry 36 per cent more passengers during March than for the same period last year, President Gordon G. Steele said today.

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

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KSL (NBC) 1230, Portland
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1510
Spokane: KGO (NBC-Blue) 810
San Francisco: KJW (NBC-Red) 670, Portland
KJR (NBC-Blue) 1070, 1090
Seattle: KNA (CBS) 1070
Los Angeles: KGA (NBC-Red) 550
Denver: KGO (CBS) 970, Portland
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950
Seattle: KPO (NBC-Red) 680
San Francisco: KSL (CBS) 1160
Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Sunday

5:00 p. m.—Edgar Bergen, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX; World News Tonight, KEX, KOIN; Gospel Clinic, KJR; Ministerial Ass'n, KSL.
5:30 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KEX, KJR; One Man's Family, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Spelling Bee, KEX; Musical Highlights, KGO; Echoes of Opera, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—Fred Allen Show, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Concert by White, KGO, KEX, KJR; Manhattan Merry Go Round, KPO, KOW, KOMO.
6:30 p. m.—Let's Talk Over the News, KGO, KEX; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Conf. of Jews and Christians, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It or Leave It, KEX, KSL, KOIN.
7:30 p. m.—They Live Forever, KSL, KOIN; Walter Winchell, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Ingledown Park Concert, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KEX, KOIN; The Great Glendene, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Inner Sanctum Mysteries, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL, KOIN.
8:15 p. m.—Sunday Evening Service, KSL.
8:30 p. m.—Jack Benny, KGO, KEX, KJR; Dance Orch., KOIN; Hollywood Playhouse, KEX; Three Sheets to the Wind, KOMO; Beat Soir Musical, KOW.
9:00 p. m.—Carnival, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Grandpappy and His Pal, KGO, KEX; Captain Quiz, KJR; Photo Finish, KEX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; String Ensemble, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Teddy Powell's Orch., KGO, KOMO; What's It All About, KEX, KOIN; News, KEX, KJR; Royal Amblings, KPO; On Temple Square, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Screen Guild, KEX; Sonny Dunham's Orch., KGO, KEX, News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; National Vespers, KJR.
10:30 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO; Three Sheets to the Wind, KPO, Quiet Hour, KEX; Gospel Hour, KJR; They Live Forever, KEX; War Time Women, KOIN; Sabbath Reveries, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Manny Strand's Orch., KOIN; Al Donahue's Orch., KPO, KOW, News, KEX, KGO.

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KOMO, Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KEX; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGO; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Plannery, KEX; Voice, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

6:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Screen Guild, KEX; Sonny Dunham's Orch., KGO, KEX, News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL; National Vespers, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO; Three Sheets to the Wind, KPO, Quiet Hour, KEX; Gospel Hour, KJR; They Live Forever, KEX; War Time Women, KOIN; Sabbath Reveries, KSL.
7:00 p. m.—This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Manny Strand's Orch., KOIN; Al Donahue's Orch., KPO, KOW, News, KEX, KGO.

7:30 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KOMO, Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN, KEX; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGO; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
8:00 p. m.—News of the World, KEX, KGO, KJR; Harry W. Plannery, KEX; Voice, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Voices of Yesterday, KSL.

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent

SURVEY OF SNOW IS PICTURED IN LIFE MAGAZINE

Photos showing Arch Work, local irrigation engineer, and Jack Frost, national park ranger, in the spring snow survey in the Crater Lake area are featured in the science section of the April 20 edition of Life magazine.

The pictures were taken by Miss Hansel Mieth, staff photographer for Life, and by Mr. Work, Miss Mieth, an expert skier, spent a week in March with the two snow surveyors and with park officials in the vicinity of Crater lake.

One of Miss Mieth's photos, a panorama, shows Frost and Work skiing along a trail in the area. Three others illustrate the work of the men, measurement of snow depths and amount of water contained and analysis of snow layers.

Two pictures snapped by Work display the use of "Santa Claus" chimneys through which surveyors descend to well-provisioned supply cabins.

Final snow surveys are made in the west coast mountains each year during the first week in April. Information gleaned is of interest to farmers and gives the department of agriculture data for estimate of the amount of water that will be available to irrigate the lower valleys. Utilities officials, whose

The actual number of languages computed by the French academy is put at 2,796.

ILL WIND

By GUYLAS WILLIAMS



THE FAMILY GETS THE NEWS THAT BECAUSE OF THE TIRE SHORTAGE THE 'CELLO' TEACHER CANT COME TO THE HOUSE TO GIVE JUNIOR HIS LESSON AND JUNIOR CANT GO TO HIS HOUSE BECAUSE HE CANT TAKE HIS 'CELLO' ON HIS BICYCLE

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Misery Loves Company



LIT ABNER—B. Both of Us



THE NEBBS—Burned Up



electric generators will be turned by the flow, are likewise concerned.

Water run-off in the Pacific northwest, it is said, will not be so abundant as usual this year. Snow is at its average deepest on April 1.

The physical property of 1,434 colleges and universities in the United States is valued at \$2,556,074,871.

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

JAP DEAD STREW FIELD IN BURMA

Chungking, April 18.—(AP)—Many Japanese dead were left on the field of battle April 14 when Chinese troops halted one of the enemy thrusts in Burma 16 miles south of Loikaw, capital of Karenni Tribal State, the Chinese high command announced tonight.

This thrust is following the valley of the Salween river from Kawchi. A second column pressing toward Loikaw across country from Toungoo was still being held in the Yado sector about 40 miles southwest of Loikaw.

Trincomalee, Ceylon, is little more than a village, but it contains one of the six greatest natural harbors in the world.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



Chess Robot
Maelzel, a Bavarian, was the most famous exhibitor of the "Turbaned Turk," the chess playing automaton who baffled Europe for several decades. The figure of a Turk seated at a chess table was so arranged that a player could lie inside and control the automaton's movements. This feat required unbelievable skill and coordination, for the concealed player could not see out, and was obliged to follow the game being played by an ingenious arrangement of iron discs placed beneath the magnetized chessman. The secret of the figure was not discovered until it toured America.

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