CHAPTER XII

FOR the past few hours, that embryonic hope which had lurked within Pat Friday had been growing. It was an unadmitted hope but a very real one; a hope that Jimmy Carr might think she was a woman to treat as a woman, a somebody to be loved, instead of a cute little-sister somebody to be teased. Not that she disliked the teasing—indeed she loved it!
—but now she knew that teasing

had been the sum of it all. "He gave you this!" she mur-mured, stupefied, to Loraine Stuart there in the Chicago hotel

Loraine didn't answer.

Loraine didn't answer.

"Where did you—this order—"
Pat wasn't coherent because her
mind was whirling. And yet, she
could remember enough.

There had been two hours since
she saw Jimmy. At the great
Chicago airport where their sailplane landed, crowds had engulfed
them. Reception committees had
things in hand. Jimmy had technical aspects of the flight to see
to, reports to make to Army officials and the like, while she acted
more as front for the public to
see. It was a part of their prearranged plan. And so it had
been two hours since she left
Jimmy at the air field.

That was time enough for Loraine to have followed him and
gotten the order. Of course. Loraine was originally scheduled to
be Jimmy's passenger. Loraine
was his fances. Of course.

Jimmy's passenger. Loraine s his fiancee. Of course. . . .

plane that had brought Loraine west.

"Good—good luck, Loraine,"
Pat repeated, not seeing her.

"Take good care of Jimmy. Take good care of him."

She was out of the door again, and all at once the fatigue returned to her, engulfed her, left that horrible sensation of loneliness intensified. She, Pat Friday, had no parents, no relatives except a beloved brother on an airplane carrier somewhere near Australia. And except for Jimmy Carr, she really hadn't made any friends lately, either. Life had been too rushed, duties too stern. And she had had only four hours' sleep in 36 hours of strain and hurry. She managed to get a taxi without further recognition. The reception committee that brought her had dispersed.

In the taxi, going toward the strain of again, she wished she

In the taxi, going toward the airport again, she wished she might at least see Jimmy. She wanted to tell him it was all right. wanted to tell him it was all right.
Everything was all right, even if
he—if he did feel it necessary to
demote her, in effect. Even if he
didn't quite have the—well, the
nerve, or something—to tell her
face to face. Perhaps he wanted
to spare her any embarrassment.

Sure, that's it. Jimmy
wouldn't want to hurt anybody.
Better just send a signed Army
order, formal and all. He—he
couldn't—couldn't have known
that Loraine—would put on a
crazy act with a gun.

TUSTIFYING Jimmy Carr, she

JUSTIFYING Jimmy Carr, she was almost in tears. It would be good to fly again. She hoped the pilot was all ready and waiting. They would be back in Elmira before too long. Maybe she could sleep a liftle en route, then go to bed and forget the whole thing. But no. No, she would hevor really forget this experience. Not if she lived a billion years.

The airplane pilot turned out to be homely, friendly Ed Bryan, who had often towed Patsy in a sailplane.

sailplane.
"This is a heck of a note, Miss

"This is a heck of a note, Miss Friday," Ed drawled his speech, "You reckon everything's okay?" That surprised Pat a little, "Surely, Ed," she said, "It's all right." She tried, weakly, to be facetious about it. "C'est la guerre."

"I guess so. But—it wasn't all

"I guess so. But—it wasn't all just regular. I'm talking about my scootin' over here with that Stuart dame, and such."
"What do you mean, Ed? Reg-ular?"

"Well, I tell you. If I hadn't known she and the captain was known she and the captain was engaged—you see, the order came to me by relayed telephone, there in Elmira. She brought it to me. She said we had to hurry. She's on the field herself, you know; and they're engaged."
"Yes, of course, Ed."
"And when we landed here, she disappeared and said she was go-ing right over to get the order

ing right over to get the order signed and official. But I haven't

while, at hyan was thinking, worrying.

When they had landed, both dead tired now, he asked Pat to let him see that signed order.

When he had read it through he studied it even more in detail, standing there near the hangar with Pat.

ter, will be brought to Walla Walla county to help fill agricultural manpower needs, R. B Collins, chairman of the agri-cultural war board, told a meeting here this afternoon.

In order to produce this district's quota of war crops, la-bor needs, in addition to those which can be supplied locally, said, "but first-did Captain Carr will be 600 in April, 1300 in May, 2600 in June and 3100 in tell you he aimed to do this?"
"No. No, he didn't. But I'm "No. No, he didn't. But I'm sure—"

"He never told you he aimed to put Miss Stuart in your place? Looks like he would have mentioned it, or left some word."

Pat stood up for Jimmy.

"He took off in a terrible hurry, Ed. Miss Stuart was unavoidably delayed back at Elmira, and there had to be a woman passenger to save embarrassment all around. Don't you see?"

The pilot didn't answer at once. He had opened his flying jacket and taken another Army order out. Under the light there on the landing field, he studied first one paper then the other.

"I ain't right bright, Miss Pat, but you know I'm yours and Captain Carr's friend, and—well, to tell you the truth, I used to be a policeman. Detective bureau work, a little down in Allanta Ga." July and August, Collins said.

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POOLE'S

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

policeman. Detective bureau work, a little, down in Atlanta, Ga." "But, Ed—what—?" Pat was astonished.

astonished.
"I got another Army paper here
that Captain Carr signed. About
something else, But I saw him
sign that one. And it ain't the
same writing that the other one is.
Miss Pat, this order Miss Stuart
gave you is forged!"

[To Be Captains all the content of the content o

(To Be Continued)

Work on Washington

WALLA WALLA, March 16

(P) — Japanese-Americans from Tulelake, Calif., relocation cen-

Newell Evacuees To

Farms, Says Board

By William Ferguson



NEXT: Growing Mt. Everest.

KNAVE AND ADVENTURER

1,7 Depleted 15th century adventurer. 13 Type of song

14 Corrected. 16 Part of "be." 17 Symbol for iridium. 18 Sesame. 20 Accomplish. 21 Music note. 22 Peruse. 24 Acts as leader.

moisture. 30 West Point cadets. 32 Symbol for

samarium, 33 Spain (abbr.) 34 French plural article. 35 Symbol for

selenium. 63 In a hous 36 Four (Roman) 66 Abandon. 37 Like. 39 Whirlwind.

40 Fiber knots, 42 Siamese coin 44 Kind of beet 46 Threefold.

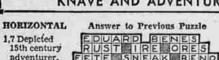
signed and official. But I haven't seen her again."

"Oh. I see. Well, it's okay, Ed. Sure is too bad to run you around the country this way, just hauling girls. I could have gene back on the bus or train, seems to me, too. But, Ed, here's the signed order. Miss Stuart gave it to me."

"Well—well, all right, then. If you're ready, we better head back for home."

They took off easily. And the night flight eastward to Elmira again was uneventful. But all the while, Ed Bryan was thinking, worrying.

standing there near the hangar with Pat. "I'll see you to your home be-cause it's so late, Miss Pat," he



LT FIRE TERM, EL 27 Heart (Egypt)
ESS PER SLY FRY
29 Celerity.
31 Pry bar.
31 Pry bar.
31 Pry bar.
37 Performer on
a stage.
NIT ND BENES UTAVE 38 Apportioned.
GRAF S WREN 30 Musical instruments.

SLEW OWN SEER dynasty, 2 Cloth measure 12 and 20.
49 Genus. 3 Slips. 45 Any.
53 Bargain event. 4 Swiss river. 47 Parent.
54 Either. 5 Road (abbr.). 50 Native of 57 Lamprey.
58 Note in family.

Guido's scale. 59 One (Fr.). 60 Play anew. 63 In a house.

67 He was called 11 Fish. "the Machia- 12 Hawl vellian ——," 13 Poets

VERTICAL 1 Picture-taking

Latvia. 51 One (Scot.). 52 Slide, 56 New Guines 8 Mystic syllable, 9 Crimson. 10 Diminutive beings. 12 Hawks' nests. 13 Poets.

58 North Caucasian language. 61 Early English (abbr.). 62 Symbol for 15 Impermeable. chromium. 64 Near (abbr.) 19 Indian army (abbr.) 65 Ocean (abbr.).

23 Three-toed

sloth. 25 Used in first

of broken

instruments. 41 Engine part.

aid treatment

Out Our Way

THAT ARTIST DIDN'T KNOW HIS SUBJECT-THEY CARRIED NO SABERS IN THAT FAMOUS BATTLE! I'VE READ MANY THERE I WAS, REARED BACK OH, THE OL DOG SNOOZES, AN'TH' BUTTERFLY FLITS, AND TH' BEES SPATTERED SAREDS THEY HUM WHILE 'AN' HERE COMES THIS WELL READ GUY AN' RUINS ACCOUNTS OF THAT ENGAGEMENT, AND THEY ALL INSIST EVEN THE OFFICERS HAD NO SABERS! SITS! # LITTLE ANDPIPERS WADIN'LONG TH' BROOKS, THE ARTIST, RUINS IT FER ME AN'ALL WHO AIN'T WELL READ! AN' THEY'LL ALL BE HAPPY TILL THEY GO TO READIN' BOOKS' 2 J.P. WILLIAMS THE DAMPER

Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Six weeks from now you'll be the toughest bunch ever to go out of this camp!"



Dress up your household linens—or add refreshing notes to last season's frocks—with these lovely flower designs. They're simple to embroider and wonderfully realistic. There are twelve different garden favorites, and two of each variety. Pattern 7508 contains a transfer pattern of 24 motifs averaging 3 by 3 inches; materials needed.

by Alice Brooks

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envel-ope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No..., to followed by your name and address.

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed We're sorry.

We must never underestimate the fighting ability of the ene my, as a foe or as an individual. But in my short experience with the Japs out there (Guadalcanal) I found nothing to build up a bogy as to invincibility.-Maj. Gen. Alexander A. Vandergrift.

Every day there is more in-dication that we're not going to let the Germans, Japs and Italians make our Statue of Liberty a memorial.

Having a swelled head is a fine way to get yourself in a tight place.

Red Ryder



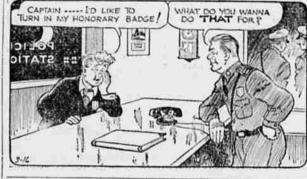
\$000 1943 \$1 MA MANUEL INC. 5 M MIC U. S. PAT



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

By Fred Hormon

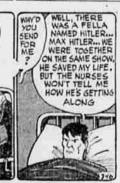






Wash Tubbs





By Crone LOSS OF BLOOD... INTERNAL HEMORRHAGE... WE DIDN'T GET HIM WI TIME. WE WERE ABLE TO DO A GOOD JOB ON YOUR LEG... BUT... RUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN PERFORM SURE, DOC! I... I UNDER STAND! MRACLES, YOU KNOW

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin







Allep Oop

By Martin FER PETE SAKE! TH' POOR DOPE ACTS LIKE HE'D BEEN HALF SCARED TO DEATH!! MORE THAN HALF,

Little Orphan Annie







COURT 1943 BY 1124 BERVICE THE T. M. BEIL IL & PAY

By Harold Gray