

SERIAL STORY

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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Chapter I

THE city was blacked-out that night but to Third Officer Beth Carter of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps it was more glamorous than the Great White Way.

As she looked from the window of the top story of the Tower, she could see in the bright Pacific moonlight the outlines of a great bay.

She remembered, from her brief glimpse of the city during daylight, what was down there; but she knew that her glimpses had only given her the faintest of hints of the vastness of the United States Army and Navy installations which the night was hiding.

Somewhere down there, she knew, were trains unloading men and equipment at docks. Somewhere down there were troopships going out with the tide. She thought of them as being like that tide—flowing across all of the regions of the world, irresistibly strong, as powerful as destiny itself.

Yes, she knew how powerful destiny could be, for it had taken her from behind a typewriter in a small automobile agency in a tiny town in Nebraska to the WAAC Officer Candidate class at Fort Des Moines.

Now that she was a full-fledged Women's Army Auxiliary Corps third officer, she knew that she had only half understood her real reason for joining—that her understanding of it had been more intuitive than intellectual. Now she realized how tremendous had been her latent desire to have a share in this war for the humanities, as big a share as she could possibly handle.

LIEUTENANT CARTER!

"Yes, sir," she said. "A young man with gold bars on the shoulders of his dress uniform smiled at her.

"General Tallice will see you now, Lieutenant Carter." "Yes, sir." She followed the second lieutenant through a dimly lighted corridor to an office where it was obvious work never ceased. The officer at the desk wore the three silver stars of a lieutenant general.

Beth saluted snappily. The general smiled and returned the salute. The second lieutenant waited for a moment, then was dismissed.

"Lieutenant Carter," said General Tallice, "this is a very dangerous and a very secret mission you are about to perform. I understand you volunteered for it?"

"Yes, sir." "Do you still wish to go?" "I shan't turn back now, sir." "I felt you wouldn't, Lieutenant."

General Tallice handed Beth an envelope. "Here are your orders, Lieutenant Carter. I am afraid you will learn nothing from them. Your destination is secret, and these are merely sufficient to put you on the pay roll when you arrive. You will work directly under Major Jackson."

General Tallice pressed a button on his desk. The young lieutenant reappeared.

"Send in Major Jackson," the general commanded.

In a moment the major was there.

"Major Jackson, this is Lieutenant Carter. She will accompany you."

Beth and the major shook hands. It was a strong, friendly handshake, and she gained confidence in him immediately.

"Are you ready to go?" the major asked.

"Yes, sir," Major Jackson said to the general, "with your permission we will be on our way tomorrow after dark."

"With my blessing, you mean," the general said. He shook hands with both of them. "Good luck and God bless you."

BETH spent the next day at the airport, watching with interest the thousand and one details that preceded the take-off of a giant plane. At nightfall she and Major Jackson boarded a Fortress. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Beth could see nothing but the moonlit bosom of the Pacific.

There had been no chance to talk with Major Jackson—very little chance even to see him. She was conscious that soldiers looked at her with queries in their eyes, that the Fortress crew had regarded her a little curiously.

"Maybe they've never seen a WAAC," she said to herself in amusement. Then she thought it through soberly and realized that perhaps that very thing was true—that these Fortress men, fighting men from a front so far away it challenged imagination and now perhaps returning to that front, had barely heard of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

She was almost too wide awake to want to slumber, but Major Jackson insisted on it. As she lay down, her head pillowed against a parachute, she said a little prayer that her uniform would not be too rumpled in the morning. Then she dozed.

The Fortress sped swiftly on toward adventure, toward danger, toward a tiny island that seemed almost too small a speck in the vast Pacific to provide a landing field.

Beth opened her eyes in a mysterious new sunshiny world. This was it... the Pacific theater of war.

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER. CANADIAN NATIONAL AIR, WAS INSPIRED BY A LARGE MAPLE LEAF THAT FLUTTERED DOWN AND SETTLED ON THE SHOULDER OF A TORONTO SCHOOLMASTER, ALEXANDER MUIR, AS HE WALKED ALONG A LEAF-STREWN STREET IN AUTUMN. -1967.

QUIPPOODS. A SCIENTIST HAS FIGURED THAT THE MEADOWLARKS OF SACRAMENTO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, DESTROY 193 TONS OF INSECT DAILY... WHEN FEEDING THEIR YOUNG.

AMERICAN WARPLANE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for American warplane. Clues include: 1 Pictured warplane, the...; 12 Small; 13 Wager; 14 Love to excess; 15 Greek letter; 16 Et cetera (abbr.); 17 Side protected from wind; 18 We; 20 Leave out; 21 Pay attention to; 22 Parent; 23 Erect; 24 Mix; 25 Seine; 29 Single; 30 Sailor; 31 Writing fluid; 32 Beverage; 34 Auricle; 37 Rowing implements are flown by the; 39 Mother; 41 Egyptian sun god; 43 One time; 44 Pint (abbr.); 45 Labor; 47 Pertaining to wings; 49 Editor (abbr.); 50 Bolivia (abbr.); 51 Scatter; 53 These planes are flown by the; 55 Naked; 56 Sash; 57 Small particle; 58 It is one of the most; 59 Vertical; 61 Negative; 62 Poem; 63 Part of motor; 64 Street car; 65 Aid; 6 Encountered; 7 Engrave; 8 Unemployed; 9 Girl students; 11 Compass point; 18 Vase; 19 Observe; 22 Fastener; 23 Exist; 25 Perfume; 27 Sign; 32 Spinning toy; 33 Consume food; 35 High card; 36 Bright color; 38 Gale; 39 Mill (abbr.); 40 Singing voices; 41 Wireless; 42 Morindin dye; 43 Colloq. speech (colloq. form); 46 Oil (comb. form); 48 Arabian; 50 Sheep's call; 52 Recede; 54 Pro; 55 Bold face (abbr.); 58 Master of Science (abbr.).

AND NO INSURANCE CHICAGO (AP)—A 3-11 alarm brought fire apparatus into the 6000 block on Winthrop avenue in a tangle of engines, trucks, hose, ladders and the usual curious fire fans. The blaze was extinguished in a few minutes and a fireman remarked the only damage was to a roast. "But," said the owner, "it was a 31-point roast."

BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME AUSTIN, Tex. (AP)—The state treasurer reported the deficit in the general revenue fund stood at \$20,993,281, the lowest in more than two years. The treasurer's name? Jesse James.

Always read the classified ads.

SEARS. PURCHASE COUPONS \$25 TO SPEND WITH ONLY \$5 DOWN. So your kiddies need shoes and you don't have the money? Use Purchase Coupons. Get \$25 worth today and use them, when it's most convenient, for purchasing any number of articles costing \$5 each or less. Don't miss a buy or a bargain; keep coupons on hand. Usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office. (To Be Continued)

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

THE SWING SHIFT. NO, I HADN'T NOTICED HIM TRYING TO LEARN THE SOFT JOB—WHY? WELL, WE REPRESENT THE WAR EFFORT—HE'D LOSE IT, YOU'D WIN IT, AND I COULD MESS IT UP!

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

BOY SCOUT MEETS GIRL. OH, MR. HOOPLA! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE THE MAJOR'S FATHER! YOU'RE GO VIBRANT AND YOUTHFUL—WHY, YOU COULD PASS AS A BOY SCOUT! WELL, I ADMIT I'VE HAD TO SHAVE A FEW TIMES, BUT I CAN STILL FLY A KITE PRETTY GOOD!—HOW ABOUT ME CALLING YOU MADGE? IMAGINE THE OLD FROG, REDDER THAN RIPE APPLES!—AND SHE'S MAKING THAT DROOPY FACE LIKE A TIRED CAMEL!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

Plenty of seats inside! Plenty of seats inside!

WE'RE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN NOW, RED RYDER, AND I'D LIKE TO BRING YOU TO THE OFFICE. YEAH, BUT NOT FOR HALF AN HOUR—IT'S PLANNING A SURPRISE PARTY!

FIRST, I'LL INVITE YOU TO COME WITH ME AND ARREST THE SHERIFF! MARSHAL, I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME AND ARREST THE SHERIFF!

THAT SHERIFF? AGE 100, SADDLE-SILLY, COWBOY?

By Fred Harmon

NEW CHAIR SET IN DAFFODIL DESIGN

by Alice Brooks. Every smart home boasts at least one crocheted chair set! But seldom have you seen as lovely and distinctive a design as this! It's in lacy filet crochet, with the daffodil motifs set off by a plain background stitch. Smart for sofa or buffet, too. Pattern 7542 contains charts and instructions for set, stitches; list of materials needed.

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A VEILED LADY, CAPTAIN COOK! THEN WHY DO YOU SAY SHE WAS SNOOPING AROUND ROOM 103 AT THE HIGH SCHOOL? WE PUT THAT ITEM IN THE SKIDDOW JUST TO CREATE A MYSTERY! BRING THE OTHER KID IN!

IT'S TRUE, CAPTAIN—WE DREAMED UP THE VEILED LADY! OKAY, SHERMAN, BRING HER IN! NOW SEE IF YOU CAN DREAM UP THE GUY WHO WAS WITH HER!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, BOYS! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSE! HEY, LOOK! LOOK!

By Crane

Wash Tubbs

WHOOOM! WHOOOM!

DUNNER VEDDER!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, BOYS! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSE! HEY, LOOK! LOOK!

By V. T. Hamlin

Boots and Her Buddies

LOOK AT THAT BUFFIE—REAMS OF PUNY—ALL OVER THE WORLD! HMPH!

BUT, GIRLS—MR. BUFFINGTON DOESN'T SELECT THE CONTEST WINNER! HE CAN'T SEE YOU AT ALL! OH NO! JUST GIMME TEN SECONDS WITH ME!

YOU'D BETTER RETREAT, ACCORDING TO PLAN, MR. BUFFINGTON, I CAN'T HOLD THESE BLONDIES MUCH LONGER!

YOU AND YOUR IDEA IT'S MY MASTERPIECE!

By Martin

Allep Oop

MY STARS, WARDEN! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THE INMATES OF YOUR OWN PRISON ARE DOING? CERTAINLY! I KNEW IT! I WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH ROCKETS, BUT COULD I KNOW HE'D GET IN THE FIRST PLACE! LET ALONE TURNED LOOSE IN THE LAB!

THAT GUY NEVER SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE GOOPY WARD IN THE FIRST PLACE!

WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU DEDUCED FROM THE AVAILABLE CLUES? THE ROCKET TOOK A COURSE JUST WEST OF DUE NORTH!

HAW! HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A MORE INACCESSIBLE AREA! A MOUNTAIN AREA OF VIRGIN TIMBER... NO ROADS SHORT OF THE TAMERVILLE JUNCTION JUST OVER THE STATE LINE!

By Harold Gray

Little Orphan Annie

I THINK I UNDERSTAND HOW BIG GEORGE FEELS—LET US GO TO SEE HIM ALONE, ANNIE— O. K.—THIS WAY—

GAD! JUST LIKE THAT! GOT TO KNOW YOUR WAY IN A PLACE LIKE THIS, EH? IT HELPS IF YOU DO—WATCH YOUR STEP—

HERE WE ARE... THEY AREN'T HURT—BUT WE COULDN'T LET 'EM MESS UP THAT RADIO—

HM-M-NO—I CAN SEE THAT—BUT WHERE IS BIG GEORGE? IT'S O. K., BIG GEORGE—THU COMMANDER IS A PAL O' MINE— THEN I AM GLAD TO MEET YOU, SIR—

NO MANNERS

NEW YORK (AP)—Thomas Levine was just an innocent bystander until he opened his mouth. He told police he was waiting for a streetcar when he saw a motor car knock down Lazarus Schwartz.

The driver went back to assist Schwartz to his feet and then Levine remonstrated with him. Whereupon the motorist kicked him and promptly drove away.

Police reported both hit-and-run and kick-and-run victims had to have hospital treatment.

CATCHING UP PHILADELPHIA (AP)—The Ketterlinus Lithograph Manufacturing company got around to mailing its 1943 calendars today, four months and 11 days after January 1. Busy on war work, the company explained.

She Picks 'Em



Up a tree is this Duarte, Calif., high school girl who is helping harvest the local orange crop.