

# Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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THE STORY: Beth Carter, WAAC, has volunteered for a dangerous mission. After she has received her orders and been introduced to her immediate superior, Major Britt Jackson, they board a Flying Fortress bound for a tiny island in the Pacific. Major Jackson has explained that he is commanding officer of a Coast Artillery Barrage Balloon Battalion whose duty is to protect military operations from enemy air attack. Information leaks have been suspected and Beth is to assist in tracking them down. Suddenly a pair of Jap fighters is sighted.

### ATTACK

CHAPTER III  
A PAIR of Jap fighter planes off the left wing! It took Beth a moment to realize what Major Jackson had said. When she joined the WAACs, Beth supposed she would "fight" the war at a desk, doing type-writing, just as she had done in civilian life until the automobile agency closed. Now she was in the thick of the war, even if from a statistical point of view this portion was not a very large one.

She arose and peered out of the side window. She had barely glimpsed the two attackers before Major Jackson had yanked her back down into the protected part of the Fortress.

"Don't do that," he yelled. "I don't want to lose you so soon." "I don't want to lose you so soon!" The sentence clung for a second to the recesses of Beth's mind. Then she cast it aside, almost with a guilty feeling. She had come out here to be a soldier, not to develop a romantic interest in the first commanding officer she met.

If she had not been told the Japs were coming in on the Fortress, she would have known in a few seconds anyway. She felt the Fortress momentarily shiver, and she heard the rattle of machine guns.

Britt Jackson had gone forward. She was alone. True, there were men around her, but each was so engrossed in it, that none had time for her. She was as safe as they could make her.

She heard the machine guns again, and saw one of the center gunners, his face grim, pivot his weapon around in pursuit of a Zero.

She saw his lips move. She knew by his face that he had missed. Disappointment packed every iota of space from the setness of his lips to the depths of his serious eyes.

The din was intermittent, but terrific when it came. Several times Beth realized that if it were not for the Fortress's armor, the fight would have been lost.

BY the angle of the floor she knew the plane was climbing steeply. It had shaken the Japs for a minute. Then the climb leveled off and ended.

Britt Jackson was still forward, but Beth hardly was thinking of him now. She was watching the runner intently.

He stood there, a huge man, appearing even larger because of his flying suit. He was working coolly and in a very businesslike manner, firing a few bursts, swinging his gun quickly, keeping a sharp eye out.

There were two gunners, working back to back. Others were elsewhere in the big ship, Beth knew; but these two were all she could see, and it was the one whose face was half toward her that held her attention. She could read every turn of battle in his eyes.

Now, in the midst of peril, she had a quick instant to reflect. She

could see her training at Fort Des Moines was directed toward making her the same kind of a soldier, from the standpoint of self-discipline, single-minded service, and intelligent action. Would her training ever be put to so great a test?

Suddenly the gunner's face lighted. One of the Zeros was gone, and Beth needed only one guess to tell whether its route.

There was one to be accounted for. It had swung away, but now was coming back—coming in on a hard-to-reach angle.

The nearest runner tried to get his weapon into position. It would not go quite far enough over. Just then a burst of machine gun bullets rattled against the Fortress.

THE Fortress lurched and the gunner fell. Beth thought, at first, that he had been thrown off balance. Then she saw that he did not rise, and she knew that he was a casualty.

The other gunner was too busy to notice what had happened. Beth rose from her seat. First she moved to the side of the stricken gunner. But she had not reached him before she knew that her mission was greater even than one of individual mercy.

She moved straight to the vacant machine gun.

Fearlessness and discipline were revealing the strong grips they had on her American soul. She steadied herself; and then she took hold of the gun grips and became the weapon's master.

Long weeks before she had been introduced to the operation of this gun—more because of the whim of an instructor than because anyone ever expected her to know anything about one.

The Jap fighter was coming back. It was coming back on Beth's side of the Fortress.

(To Be Continued)

### THE MOWER-DOWNER

BOISE, Idaho, (AP)—Sgt. William Ra of Birmingham, Ala., saw a power-operated lawn mower in action at Gowen field, so he bought one.

His first attempt resulted: Destruction of a picket fence, damage to two flower beds and a leg injury. The mower was wrecked, too.

Now he's looking for the kind you push.

In an automotive plant producing aircraft cannon, a method has been introduced which will do the job with eight machines instead of 64, save \$228,800 in machine costs, cut the cost per gun by \$12.65, and save 111 production hours per gun.

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### Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



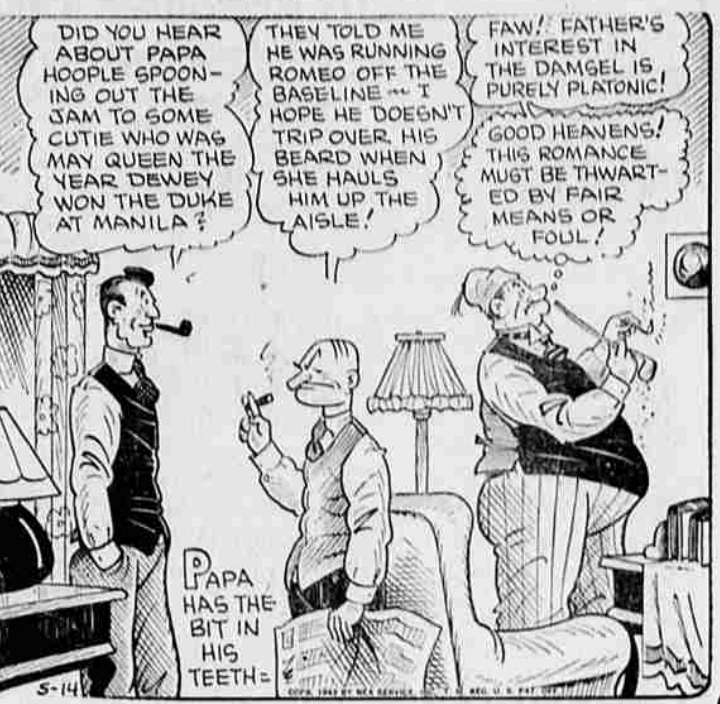
### Hold Everything!

Red Ryder



### Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



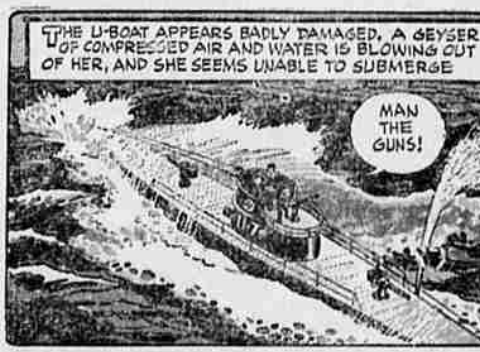
### Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



### Wash Tubbs

By Crane



### Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



### Allep Oop

By Martin



### Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



### THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



NOT UNTIL 1922 DID A PARACHUTE ACTUALLY SAVE THE LIFE OF AN AIRPLANE PILOT. LIEUTENANT HAROLD HARRIS JUMPED FROM A DISABLED PLANE NEAR DAYTON, OHIO, ...AND MADE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ALL OVER THE WORLD.

"Yes, I see her—but you still can't wear slacks."

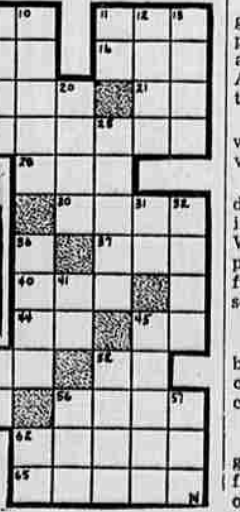
### GOOD-LUCK PATTERN FOR APPLIQUE QUILT



### SCREEN ACTRESS

- 1,6 Pictured movie actress
- 11 Solo
- 15 Wash lightly
- 16 Mineral rock
- 17 Manner
- 18 Dessert
- 19 Boy
- 21 Compass point
- 22 Upon
- 23 Charitable gifts
- 24 Prepared for publication
- 26 Concerning
- 27 Age
- 28 Observed
- 29 Lively
- 30 Citrus fruit
- 33 Queue
- 35 Him
- 37 At present
- 38 Heroic poem
- 40 Single
- 42 Jewel
- 44 Sun god
- 45 Like
- 46 Pertaining to tan
- 49 Plant

- 23 Curved structure
- 25 Cord
- 26 One time
- 27 Each (abbr.)
- 29 Rule
- 31 Missouri (abbr.)
- 32 Female sheep (pl.)
- 34 Upward
- 35 Ripped
- 39 Penny
- 41 Sodium (symbol)
- 43 Stuck in mud
- 45 Spaces
- 46 Gull-like bird
- 47 Operatic solo
- 48 Quote
- 49 Grow indistinct
- 50 Always
- 51 Music note
- 52 Insect
- 56 Before (prefix)
- 57 Dined
- 59 Military police (abbr.)
- 61 Note in Guido's scale
- 62 Size of shot



Of all things to find in a Victory Garden—Lynn Merrick! It could happen only in Hollywood. Lynn Merrick shows us the V-shaped potato she found in her Victory Garden.



Tiny enough to be hidden under a helmet, this booby trap of a half-pound of TNT is one of several used in demonstrations for armored force trainees at Ft. Knox, Ky.

### 7540

by Alice Brooks

Lucky, lucky you—to find this fascinating four-leaf clover design for a quilt! Make the blossom and leaf appliques in their natural colors for brightest effect. You'll find the quilt instructions very accurate and simple to follow. Pattern 7540 contains Block Chart; pattern pieces; quilt directions; yardage chart; illustration of quilt.

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 envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. \_\_\_\_\_, to \_\_\_\_\_ followed by your name and address."

### HOSIERY RUN

TACOMA, Wash., (AP)—Word got around that there were 134 pairs of women's silk stockings at the office of the National Association of Creditors—and the panic was on.

Stenographers left their typewriters, elevators were left without operators.

Association President Theodore Faulk took over the booming job of hosiery salesman. When the rush was over he reported the obligation of a defunct women's shop to the association was cleared.

Oil coolers are now being built of brazed steel, replacing copper tubing, to save 64 per cent of copper.

"Piggyback" training in single-seater fighter planes has cut flying accidents from an index of 6.5 to a new low of 1.15.