

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

COPYRIGHT, 1942, NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE STORY: Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major Brit Jackson's "housewife" and the only woman on the tiny, unincorporated island in the Pacific where his unit of the Coast Artillery Barrage Balloon Battalion is based. The duty of the balloon battalion is to protect military operations from enemy air attack. Major Jackson tells Beth she is to assist him in tracking down suspected information leaks but that no one else on the island knows in what capacity she is there. Their talk is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a strange young woman.

PLAYING SOLDIER?

CHAPTER VI

THE young woman in the gay dress moved swiftly to Major Jackson's side.

There was a possessiveness about her whole attitude that tried Beth Carter.

"Lieutenant Carter, this is Miss Lita Danton," Brit said.

"How do you do," Beth said.

"You dear girl—you're dressed so oddly," was Lita's answer.

Beth stole herself and kept back the remark.

Lita knew instinctively that her presence disturbed Beth, and she was satisfied in the recognition. Perhaps this girl's anger would prove useful someday, she thought. Besides, who was any girl to take a moment of any man's time if Lita wanted that moment?

"It seems so odd, calling a woman by an army officer's title," Lita continued. "So out of place you know. Oh, I suppose I'm old-fashioned, and believe a woman's place is in a man's arms."

Beth made no reply. Major Jackson was maneuvering Lita Danton away.

"Lita, how on earth did you get here, and what are you doing in this part of the world?" Jackson asked.

"You thought I was 5000 miles away, didn't you?" Lita asked.

"I confess I did."

BETH felt very uncomfortable. Lita was monopolizing Brit now, and there seemed no part of the present instant that belonged to Beth.

"No, my darling boy, I'm not 5000 miles away. I'm like the proverbial bad penny."

"Yes," Beth thought, "and perhaps in more ways than one."

"I told you I'd show up just when you least expected me to," Lita purred. "You've lost track of me, but I've followed you all these years—through your joining up and getting a commission and being promoted to a major's rank."

"I was lucky!" Brit said.

Brit's thoughts went back to the time he first knew Lita. She had been a glamorous woman reporter when he was still an undergraduate at Berkeley. Lita Danton was sophisticated and worldly wise even then, and he had felt quite sophisticated himself escorting her to the rough-and-tumble waterfront dance halls that came back to life with 3.2 beer.

"From second lieutenant to major in a year," Lita spoke flatteringly. "Why, you were only a second lieutenant three months. I think you are someone worth watching."

"Better get the FBI, then," Brit joked.

Beth fancied she saw a trace of a shadow cross Lita's face. But it disappeared into a torrent of light conversation.

Beth tried to estimate the woman. She was furious at Lita for her deliberate sarcasm and snubs. She was furious at Brit Jackson for letting Lita get away with it. And finally she was furious at herself for allowing the incident to hurt her. It was a situation hardly prescribed for in Army Regulations.

Brit had told Beth she was the only woman on this remote Pacific island. Now Lita had appeared. Was Brit's surprise entirely real? "How's everything back in San Francisco?" Brit asked Lita.

"I haven't been there for the longest time," Lita answered, affectedly. "I've been working out in the Orient. Very interesting work. Brit, dear, I've learned a smattering of two languages since we last saw each other."

"Your progress is amazing," Beth said.

LITA turned toward her with a "What, are you still here?" glance.

"Yes, I think so," Lita said. "I think so. And I think a considerable number of other persons think so, too."

"I'm sure they do," Beth said. Now she was angry at herself again, for entering into such a verbal exchange.

Lita took Brit Jackson's arm. "We must go for a stroll. We haven't seen each other for so long," she said. "Where do you want to take me—down this path, or to your headquarters?"

"Well, to tell you the truth . . . I never like the truth . . ."

Lita said gaily. "It will be your headquarters." She turned to Beth.

"Goodbye Lieutenant . . . Lieutenant . . . Oh, Lieutenant What's Your Name. Sorry I forgot, but I never remember women's names. No difference, I can always call you Lieutenant. I presume you and the major always call each other by your military titles, don't they?"

DAINTY FLOWER-GIRL JABOT AND SNOOD

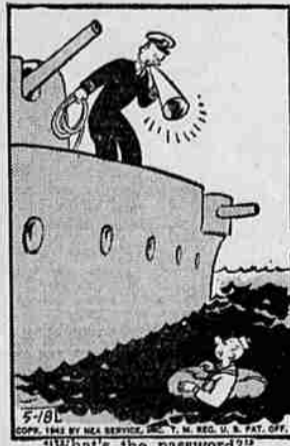


7548 by Alice Brooks

A flower-shower crochet set to make you look bewitching! Both the captivating snood and the jabot are made of inexpensive string. The fresh, perky flowers are simple to cut out from pique. Make several sets in a variety of lovely colors. Pattern 7548 contains directions for snood and jabot; illustrations of stitches; list of materials needed.

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."

HOLD EVERYTHING!



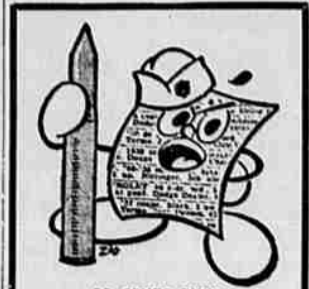
"What's the password?"

you?" She smiled saccharinely. "I'd be so-o-o jealous if I thought my precious Brit was being un-military with some little girl playing soldier."

(To Be Continued)

The Goose is a twin-engined amphibian which is used for patrolling our shores on the lookout for U-boats. It specializes in rescue work.

Girls and women are being recruited in increasing numbers as workers in automobile repair shops.



10 CENTS BUYS FIVE CARTRIDGES

Five cartridges might save the lives of five Americans—Might shorten this war by five Japs or five Huns.

I urge you to let me turn your discarded things into War Stamps to buy cartridges to help win this war. I'm a Herald and News Want Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused things into cartridges!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



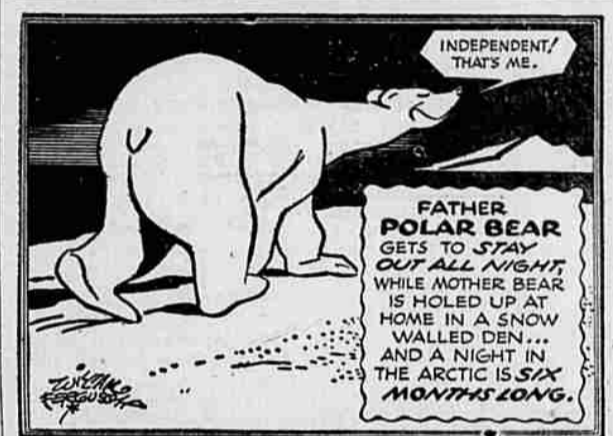
Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Midway Islands.

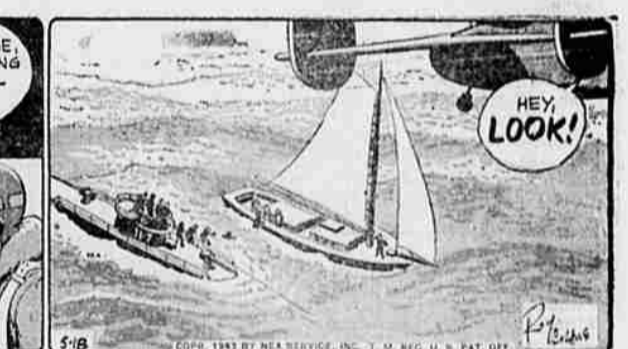
Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allop Oop

By Martin

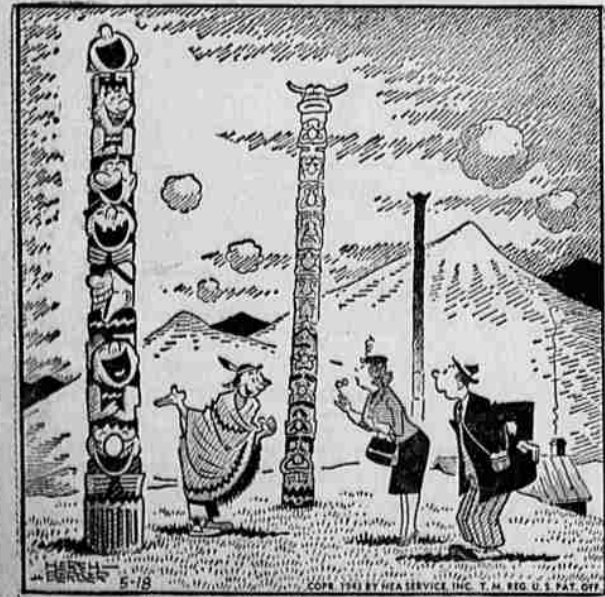


Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



FUNNY BUSINESS



"My ancestors heap happy tribe!"

SOUTH AMERICAN LEADER

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Pictured South American leader, **WAN HEFLIN**

13 Roamers **ENROBE**

14 Presser **SO IT AMEN**

15 Of a venum **NODS**

16 Termination **ENEMY**

17 Precipitous **M SHED**

19 Half an em **UR ERE**

21 Symbol for iridium **WINGS VAN**

22 Nickel (symbol) **RARELY**

23 One (Scot.) **OC A**

25 Symbol for tellurium **NEGUS HEFLIN**

26 Out of (prefix) **TO**

27 Hen product **ST TYROT GAMMA**

28 Near **TOTE ON OH NEAR**

30 Bone **ALOR**

31 Portal **ATON**

32 Male child **STOLEN ELM**

33 We **RAGS YOGURT DEY**

35 National Recovery Act (abbr.) **TO**

36 Toward **TO**

VERTICAL

10 Within **11 Born**

12 Indian ceremonial dance **15 He is a leader of**

18 He is — of that country **20 Strip of honors**

23 Greek market place **24 Endures**

27 Eternity **29 Also**

34 Modes **37 Trapper**

40 Waste matter **41 Wand**

42 Irish saint **43 Symbol for**

37 South Dakota 59 Nets

(abbr.) **60 Reply**

38 And (Latin) **1 Pacific**

39 Accest **2 Sun**

44 Compass point **3 Grandparental**

45 Constellation **4 Noun suffix**

48 Eat into **46 Flower**

49 Word particle **5 Measure of**

51 By one's self **47 Against**

53 Harem room **6 Point of the compass**

54 Graph **7 Middle**

55 Compound ethers **8 Suffix**

57 Put into notation **9 Dower property**

58 Upon

Crossword Puzzle

Grid with letters and numbers 1-60.