

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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THE STORY: Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major Brit Jackson's "one-man" staff on the tiny enclaved island in the Pacific where his unit of the Coast Artillery Barrage Battalion is based. The duty of the 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 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 who immediately takes possession of Beth.

LOST—OR STOLEN?

CHAPTER VII
THE next day Beth began her duties. She arose at 6:15 and breakfasted at 7. At 8 o'clock she was at a desk in the office adjacent to Brit Jackson's.

He was there before her. "Good morning," he greeted, smiling.

"Hello," she replied. "I'm ready for work, sir."
On top of her desk were some papers, arranged in stacks, with weights on them. They went through them together. It was not long before she realized why her task was so secret and so important. Here was a master plan—not as such, for it was not in "plan" form; but it was in its outlines a plan anyway—for a tremendous phase of the South Pacific war, and for eventually carrying that war straight to Tokyo.

"YOU'RE to help me correlate these," Brit said. "They're never... NEVER... to be out of our hands. Either I have them or you have them or we both have them, or they are in that safe over there." He pointed to an opened wall safe, built to fit deep in the concrete. "This headquarters is closely guarded. There is no one whom I specifically distrust. Yet Brit handed her a letter off the top of the last pile. It was a smaller stack than the rest but, she learned, it was more important than any one of the others. She read, and a single sentence stood out as though it had been printed in block capitals: "You will take every precaution, particularly against some enemy from within, whom, for want of more complete information, we cannot at present name."

"I meant to ask you," Brit said, "whether you'd seen anything or anyone yet who excited your suspicions."

Beth's mind instantaneously reverted to Lita Danton's unexpected (or was it?) appearance. She almost said, "Lita Danton." Then she did not. She silently taunted herself for knowing jealousy to overcome reason.

"No," Beth replied.
"Be sure and tell me if you do," Brit said.
Beth went to work. Her first task was to digest out of each of the papers its prime reason for existence. It was Brit's order that the sum of all the information should go into a single page of typewritten matter. Once it was thus condensed, all of the original matter was to be destroyed. Beth was told that if she could finish her job by evening, the originals could be burned when certain other documents were burned under official supervision the next morning.

Beth concentrated so completely on her work that she hardly knew when lunchtime came—and when it did, she asked an orderly to send some coffee and a sandwich to her desk.

In midafternoon, she had progressed enough so that she felt that accomplishment was possible by evening. She relaxed a moment, and as she did so, she realized that a conversation was going on in Brit's office.

LITA DANTON was talking, and her shrill voice penetrated the doorway that joined the offices just as though there were no barrier between them.

"We're Americans and we're entitled to courteous treatment and quick passage. We didn't come here deliberately. We got lost. Now listen here, Brit Jackson, I'm going to lose my job and Rick Moth will lose his, too, if we aren't in Auckland in another few hours. You've got to let us go."

"Will morning do?" Brit asked.
"Yes," Lita's indignant tone changed. She could not conceal her delight.

So Lita Danton was with a man named Rick Moth. Beth wondered what he looked like. Now she

heard his voice.
"Thank you so much, Major Jackson," a man said. "I felt Miss Danton could convince you. Very embarrassing for our plane to go astray—but we feel fortunate we found an island, and did not get lost out on the waves."
Beth heard a door open and close. Then Brit entered her office.
"Darned bad," Brit said. "Those two certainly put me in an odd place. I suppose I'm going to have to let them go." He idly looked through the papers on which Beth was about to start work. "You're getting along fine. You're almost... Say, where's that decoded directive that was in these papers?"
Beth caught the note of sudden alarm in his voice and read concern in his eyes.
"I don't know, Brit. I've..."
"Beth, this is serious! For

heaven's sake, you can't just carelessly lose a thing like that. You're doing a job that involves secrecy and trust!"
(To Be Continued)

The elimination of imperialism through the complete victory of the United Nations in this war should restore to Poland her birthright to freedom and security. And that is the foremost aim for which Poland is fighting and suffering—Polish Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski.

Mountain goat parents, in order to teach their young the art of safe landings, push them over cliffs.

Our tanks rolled right over some anti-tank positions, crushing the German gun crews under their treads before they had a chance to break and run.—Armored command sergeant on Bizerte advance.

We are not fighting with Russia, Great Britain and China because we love them. We respect them, but we are fighting for our own self-preservation.—Navy Secretary Frank Knox.

Always read the classified ads.

They have Many A Day Between Pay Days

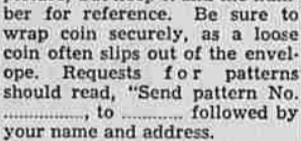


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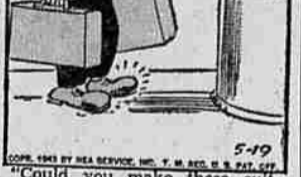
THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



Sparkling, individual-looking linens can be yours—with the aid of this pattern. It brings you a large selection of colorful and fascinating designs in a variety of stitches simple enough for even a beginner. Pattern 7245 contains 29 motifs ranging from 5 1/2 x 8 inches to 1 x 1 inch; materials needed; stitches; color schemes.

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. 7245 to _____ followed by your name and address."

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FUNNY BUSINESS



"The boys are testing a little item they invented in case they capture Hitler!"

Out Our Way



DIVIDED WE FALL

By J. R. Williams



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Our Boarding House



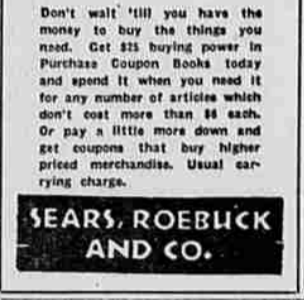
THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

With Major Hoople



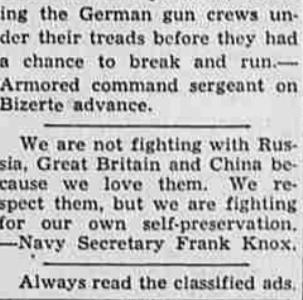
THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Red Ryder



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

By Fred Harms



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Freckles and His Friends



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

By Blosser



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Wash Tubbs



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

By V. T. Hamlin



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

U. S. ARMY BOMBER



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted plane, Martin B-26A
8 It is a
13 Dried
14 Identical
15 Mineral rock
16 "Old Dominion State" (abbr.)
17 Wander
19 Chief
20 Us
21 Writing tool
22 Sovereign
24 Perusing
26 Hawaiian wreath
27 Sturdy
28 Trial
31 Tiny (colloq.)
33 Picked out
37 Court
38 Scrap of cloth
39 Anger
40 Formerly
42 Uncovered
44 Boll slowly
45 Blessedness (abbr.)
47 Bustle
49 Refuse
52 Burn slowly

VERTICAL
1 Female horse
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THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Little Orphan Annie



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

By Harold Gray



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Allep Oop



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

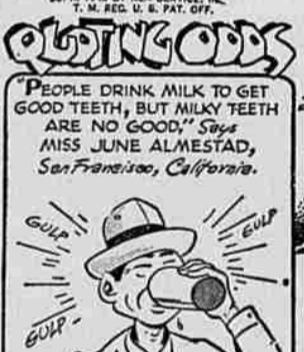
By Martie



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

QUTTINGOODS

PEOPLE DRINK MILK TO GET GOOD TEETH, BUT MILKY TEETH ARE NO GOOD! Says MISS JUNE ALMESTAD, San Francisco, California.



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

QUTTINGOODS

THE SO CALLED "BLUE RACER" SNAKE IS A WESTERN COLOR PHASE OF THE BLACK SNAKE.



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Wash Tubbs

HEY! THAT'S THE SUB WE ATTACKED... THE 1-71 SHE'S IN BAD SHAPE, LADS. I THINK A DESTROYER COULD CAPTURE HER.



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Boots and Her Buddies

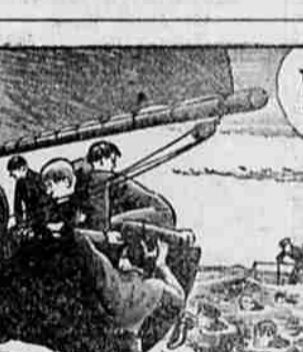
WELL FOLKS—THE LAST EXAMINATION ENTRY FROM AN AMERICAN FLYING FIELD JUST ARRIVED!



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Allep Oop

IM SORRY, DOC, BUT YOU'RE IN A JAM!



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

Little Orphan Annie

AND FURTHERMORE, WITHOUT ME AT THE CONTROLS OF THE TIME-MACHINE, YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE OF EVER SEEING BOOM AGAIN!



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

U. S. ARMY BOMBER



THEY EVEN FORGET THE LANDLORD

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