

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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THE STORY: Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major. Beth Carter, "one-man" staff on the Pacific coast where he is in the Coast Artillery Barrage Battalion is based. 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 interrupted by the appearance of a strange young woman who immediately takes possession of Beth. The next day Beth overheard Lita Danton persuade Beth to give free passage to the plane that brought her and her companion, Rick Moth, into a forced landing on the island. An important paper is missing!

MYSTERIOUS STEPS

CHAPTER VIII

BRIT's tone had been unmistakable. Beth was being accused. "I haven't seen it, Major," she said, seriously, reverting to the official address in her own concern over the situation. "I haven't been away from my desk since I sat down to work this morning, and no one but you has been in here with me."

Brit studied her face a moment. "You're sure?" he asked. "You're absolutely sure?"

"To be exact," Beth answered, "I did leave the office on two occasions. Both times I placed every paper on top of this desk in the safe and locked it. I am positive no paper escaped me."

"It's incredible," Brit said. "There's only one thing I can suggest," said Beth. "Someone got into the safe and took the directive before the papers were removed this morning, or it was taken during one of my absences."

"Impossible," Brit said. "All right, it's impossible," Beth looked Brit straight in the eye. "You told me that I might have to do a little detective work while I was here."

"I didn't say exactly that. I think I said that treachery from within was suspected, and you were to help me prevent it."

"In this case, Major, it sums itself up to the same thing. Will you give me permission to offer an opinion?"

BRIT smiled, but it was no smile of mirth. In it there was weariness and some desperation.

"Go ahead. Only if I don't think it's good, I'll do what I'm thinking of doing anyway—I'll search everyone and everything until that directive is found."

"That's a very poor idea. It would be better to permit no one to leave this island or communicate with anyone off the island until the directive is found."

Brit narrowed his eyes. "I think I know what you're hinting at."

"I'm hinting at nothing specifically. That is a good general procedure, regardless of who is here."

She paused. She decided she might as well say it. "Since you brought up the subject, Lita Danton and Rick Moth..."

"How would Brit take this?" "Go on," he said.

"I'd like to point out that Lita and Rick might have had opportunity to investigate this safe. I remember now that once when I went out of the office Lita Danton was identifying herself to a guard at the end of the corridor—I didn't see Mr. Moth with her but he might have been nearby or I might not have noticed him."

"Maybe Lita has been a little overzealous to get a scoop," he said. "Maybe the safe was left open sometime when neither of us realized it. Maybe..."

"Brit, you're a major and my commanding officer, and I'm a third officer and not supposed to be giving orders. But if I were in command here, regardless of whether I suspected anyone particularly, I'd put into effect that order I suggested a little while ago... and I'd order every especially that the Danton-Moth plane should not be allowed to leave."

She swallowed hard.

BRIT looked at his watch. Then he gathered up all the papers. Beth's notes included, and put them into the safe. "Be sure the doors are closed," he said to her. She made certain. He motioned her to his side. In a whisper, he said, "I'm changing the combination. Listen closely."

It was difficult to memorize the new combination. Here was proof that he still trusted her.

After supper, Beth took a walk. While she was strolling on the far side of the cove, she made her decision. She would do some sleuthing on her own.

She could see the seaplane which carried Lita Danton and Rick Moth riding on the water a couple of hundred yards away. Beth turned back and, strolling, retraced her steps until she entered the bower which covered the path. Then she moved swiftly off along a side path which led around the cove. In a few minutes she was on a small, foliage-hidden knoll just above the portion of the beach off which the seaplane rode at anchor. The plane itself was within 50 yards, yet she was hidden.

She watched the plane intently. A light shone for a second, but it was extinguished almost immediately. The moon had risen and the night was bright, brighter by far than the last night she had spent on the mainland, only 48 hours before.

FASHION FOOTNOTES IN JIFFY CROCHET



by Alice Brooks

Smart footnotes for your crochet needle—in colorful slippers! They cost little to do in rug cotton, with the soles crocheted of rags. Why not make the moccasin style for boudoir wear; the sandals for playshoes? Pattern 7226 contains instructions for slippers and soles in small, medium, large sizes; 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!



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"I finally decoded the secret message—it says, 'Where have you been all my life?'"

Her concentration on the seaplane was interrupted by the unmistakable sound of footsteps coming toward her.

(To Be Continued)

When we have settled with enemy number one, we will go to the aid of the gallant Anzacs and Americans in the east and purge the world there also of human rattlesnakes which have brought so much misery to mankind.—British Undersecretary of War Lord Croft.

Always read the classified ads.



STO BUYS TWO STEEL HELMETS

Two steel helmets might stop two bullets and save two priceless American lives! War stamps buy steel helmets.

Wouldn't it make you feel good, even if it inconveniences you, to rent your spare room for extra war stamp purchases?

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124, and I'll turn YOUR spare room into steel helmets!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

What are you laughing at us for? We're going to New York. You're going to Italy!—Italian prisoners to wisecracking American captors in Tunisia.

About the only way for the Germans to go is into our lines—with their hands up.—Allied spokesman in Tunisia.

The Greek mathematician, Pythagoras, advanced the theory that the earth is round about the 6th century, B. C.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA, VICTORY GARDENERS ALREADY HAVE REAPED ONE GOOD HARVEST! AFTER THE RECENT OVERFLOW OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, RECEDING WATERS LEFT A CROP OF FISH IN THE FURROWS AND ROWS OF THE NEWLY PLANTED PLOTS.

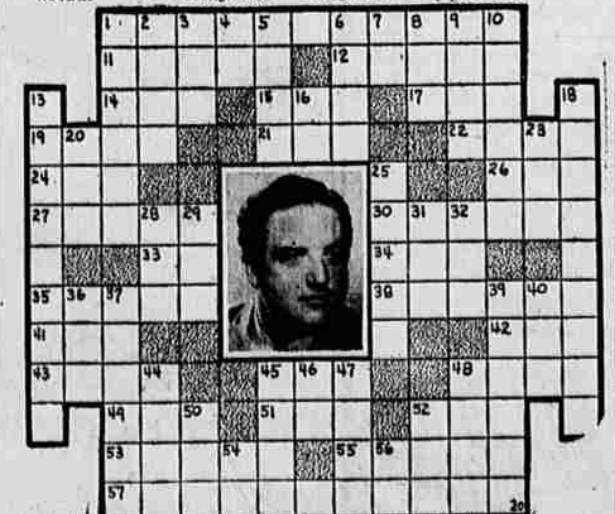


ANSWER: Remember, it takes around \$3,000,000 a day to feed the U. S. service men.

NEXT: The white cliffs of Dover.

HUGE ACTOR

HORIZONTAL									
1 Pictured screen star, Samuel	21 Greaser	22 Public storehouse	23 Mineral rock	24 Constellation	25 Jewel	26 Goose's sound	27 Gallon (abbr.)	28 Bargain event	29 High card
30 Drone bee	31 Make new again	32 Anthem	33 Symbol for sodium	34 Girl's name	35 Coarse	36 Prostrate	37 Important metal	38 Hawaiian wreath	
39 Consumes	40 Collection of sayings	41 Asiatic weight	42 Coal scuttle	43 Pointed part	44 Cabin	45 Manifesto	46 American frontiersman	47 He is the most	
48 Conscience	49 Ventilate	50 Island (Fr.)	51 Music note	52 Pull along	53 Genuine	54 And, (Latin)	55 Joke	56 Mimics	
57 In	58 Made anew	59 He is a							



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



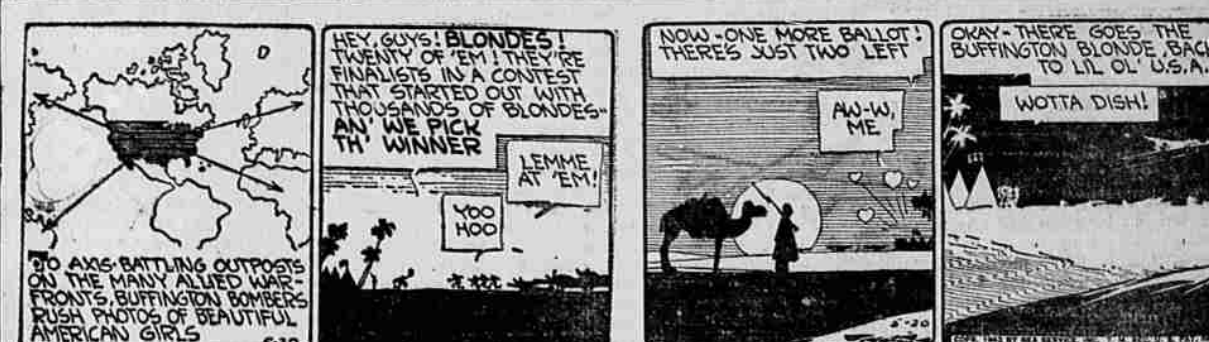
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



FUNNY BUSINESS



"I bought it from a crystal gazer for my final exams!"