

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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THE STORY: Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major Brit Jackson's "girl" who has been sent to the Philippines. Information leaks are suspected. Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major Brit Jackson's "girl" who has been sent to the Philippines. Information leaks are suspected. Beth Carter, WAAC, is Major Brit Jackson's "girl" who has been sent to the Philippines. Information leaks are suspected.

RENDEZVOUS

CHAPTER IX
THE footsteps accentuated the mysterious and adventurous qualities of the situation. Beth gathered herself up slowly into as compact a mass as possible, and stayed as close to the sandy soil as she could.

The footsteps came nearer. They were not so rapid now. Beth could see a human figure in the moonlight. It was that of a man in uniform—the cut of the clothing was unmistakable. He seemed to be hesitant, and acted almost as though he were afraid of being observed. He stopped on the beach between Beth and the seaplane and watched the flying boat for a moment.

Beth heard him whistle. His back was to her. She knew now that he was not only a member of the armed forces, but that he was a commissioned officer for the moonlight was reflected by his collar ornaments.

He whistled again. There was activity of some sort—Beth could not detect what on the seaplane. Then he called softly but clearly.

"Lita," he whispered—and now Beth felt a sickening sensation paralyze her soul—"Lita, it's Brit."

"Just a minute, Brit," Lita called back.

IN less than a minute a small boat was launched. In it were a man and a woman, the man playing the oars expertly.

"What do you want?" Lita Danton asked.

"I want to talk with you . . . alone," Brit Jackson said.

He entered the boat and the three returned to the seaplane. For an instant a light went on, and then it was blacked out by the drawing of a blind.

"I'm spying on my commanding officer," she told herself. "I have no right to do that."

She watched the seaplane with fixed gaze as it rocked gently on the tide.

She wondered what was being said behind that drawn curtain. She found herself wondering what the interior of the seaplane was like. Then her mind reverted to the lost directive. Had Brit known where it was all along? Did it ever even exist? Was Beth being framed? No, no, no, her heart shouted at her reason. Everything would be all right! She must have faith. Then she was calm again.

Was Brit laying a trap? Of course his purpose was honest. But whom did he suspect? Suppose that the directive really was lost during the daytime. Did Brit still believe she was at fault?

She remembered how he had made such a point of changing the safe combination, yet letting her know the new one. Did he suspect her, and was he laying a trap for her?

After all, she reflected, he knew nothing about her before they had met in General Tallioce's headquarters. She was just another WAAC to him, and he admittedly knew nothing of WAACs at all. A young woman playing at being a soldier, Brit had said.

BETH looked back down the beach. There was nothing of human shape or form to be seen, nor was there any human edifice. The camouflage was more complete by night than by day. No light showed, no sound was audible—though this last was because of the distance, and not because of any prohibition against making ordinary sounds.

The white top of the surf, the clean sand, the curve of the beach—these were part of this Shangri-La! It was more beautiful than she had dreamed.

Beth's position was cramped, so she shifted slightly. She heard some native noise—she guessed it was a nightbird's call—back in the island's jungle, which began just behind her and increased in

thickness the farther it receded from the beach.

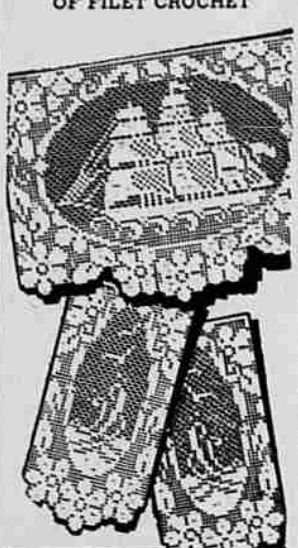
A half hour elapsed. The light appeared again for a second on the seaplane—a door was opened briefly, then closed. Three persons entered the boat and it moved slowly toward the beach.

When it reached the beach, Beth saw that the trio was the same that had gone out—Lita, Rick, and Brit. The two men were almost the same height, but Rick was easily distinguishable because he was wearing white.

Brit got out first. "Thanks for the taxi," he said. Then he walked up the beach a few yards, looked around, and turned back.

"Come on. Everything's clear," Lita stepped from the boat, and then Rick. Rick dropped a weight

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



5-21

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which was attached by a rope to the bow of the boat.

"I think your plan is an excellent one," Lita said, her voice full of confidence. "I'm eager to help execute it."

(To Be Continued)
When total objectives are less than can be achieved under maximum pressure, then we are not mobilizing our full resources. On the other hand, if the objectives are too far beyond what can be attained, then all kinds of unevenness and lack of balance are sure to develop. — WPB Vice Chairman William L. Batt.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE WHITE CHALK CLIFFS OF DOVER, IN ENGLAND, ARE MADE UP OF FOSSILIZED SHELLS OF ANIMALS SO SMALL THAT OVER A MILLION ARE REQUIRED TO FORM A LAYER ONE INCH OF CHALK.

CRUISING ODDS
OH HH OH HH!
OH HH OH HH!

ABOUT 380 CARLOADS OF LUMBER COULD BE SAVED IF THE MATCH STICKS USED IN THE UNITED STATES IN A YEAR WERE SHORTENED ONLY ONE-FOURTH INCH.

IT DOESN'T COST ANYTHING TO GET SICK; IT COSTS TO GET WELL. Says MISS MONROE GUY, Globe, Arizona.

5-21

OLD-TIME SCREEN STAR

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured screen actress.

11 Pleasantry

12 Crafty

14 Move back and forth

15 Twilled cloth

17 2000 pound

19 Like

20 Fondle

22 Turf

25 Proceed

28 Shop

29 Fall

30 Tendon

32 Before

33 Charm

35 Aeriform fuel

36 Foot digits

37 Fly aloft

38 Observe

40 Doctrine

41 East (Fr.)

44 Shrewd

46 Expression contempt

48 Near

49 Moisture

51 Exists

52 Behold!

Answer to Previous Puzzle

L A I R O C R E G A R
O I L G R E T A P E
O R E A R A G E M V
H I S S G A M L S A L E
A C E J A M U E L S D O R
R E N E W A L A I D A D A A
A N A L A I D A D A A
C R A S S C R E C A D R E P E N T
T I N T I N L E I
E A T S A N A T A E L
R H O D N I B H U T E

18 At this time

20 Feign

21 Early English (abbr.)

23 Bone

24 Turn aside

27 Either

28 Church part

29 Besides

31 North America (abbr.)

33 Put

34 Portion

38 Devil

39 Half an em

42 Be still!

43 Claw

44 Taxi

45 Biblical pronoun

46 3,1416

47 She also — fame on the stage

50 Walk in water (abbr.)

54 Document (abbr.)

55 Cabin

57 Sprite

58 Toward

59 Type measure

60 Exclamation

VERTICAL

1 Litter

2 Within

3 Lieutenant

4 For fear that

5 Anger

6 Scold

7 Kind of stoneware

8 That one

9 San Francisco (abbr.)

10 Cabin

11 Beat with stick

13 Theater boxes

14 Existed

16 Rant

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



TEA TIME



5-21

DETERMINED WORKER
CAMP WHITE, May 21 (P)—An officer found Pvt. Anthony Philbin doing kitchen police duty.

"You were discharged from the army two days ago," the officer said.

Philbin learned he had been granted a certificate of disability discharge by a medical board but had not been informed through clerical error.

Should we fall, we must fall with honor and dignity.—Carlo Scorza, fascist party secretary.

Red Ryder

By Fred Harman



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



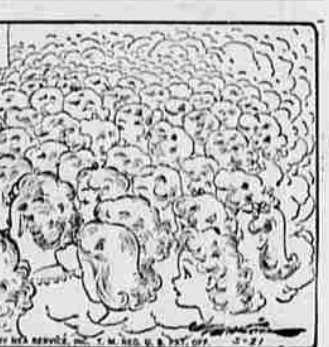
Wash Tubbs

By Cron



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martini



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



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Replacements in case he goes broke before the evening's over!