

• SERIAL STORY

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, remote island in the Pacific where his unit of the Coast Artillery Barrage Battalion is based. Information leaks are suspected. After Beth overhears the mysterious Lita Benton persuade Brit 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 discovered missing. Beth decides to do some sleuthing on her own. She sees Brit meet Lita and Rick secretly.

SPY SUSPECT

CHAPTER X

BRIT, Rick, and Lita stopped for a moment and chatted. Beth could not hear what they were saying. Then, with Brit leading the way, they walked in the opposite direction from headquarters, passing within a few feet of where Beth had hidden herself.

In a few moments they had disappeared into the light tropical shrubbery which fringed the beach.

Beth waited tensely until their footprints were no longer distinct. Then she gathered herself up carefully and brought herself to her feet. No, that would never do, she decided. It was creep and crawl, as she had learned that soldiers at the front must do. She forgot her uniform, forgot the problem of how she would explain the disarray if she were to meet Brit or some other officer when she returned. She forgot even the damage to her stockings, and went forward among the bushes along the edge of the beach, moving as fast as she could from one protective clump to another, sometimes crawling, sometimes creeping, sometimes running with her body as low as possible.

Lita, Rick, and Brit had stopped. "I do not blame you for wanting to safeguard the secret of your island," Rick Moth said. "You should feel glad that Lita and I are two loyal Americans who do not wish to divulge even a hint as to its existence."

BRIT laughed. It was a short laugh, expressive of nothing except that he was thinking of what had been said.

Lita's voice could be heard now. "I'm almost jealous of you, you darling boy—bringing a woman clear out from the mainland just so you could be with her on this tropical isle."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Lita," he said. "She was sent here under orders from headquarters. She's a soldier."

"Women talk on the radio. . . I suppose it's their right to join the WAACs if they wish," Lita said. It was like a deliberate taunt, hurled directly at Beth. It was almost as though Lita knew Beth's ears would hear it.

"I am not entirely sure I approve of women joining the armed forces, even in a noncombatant capacity," Rick Moth said. "Or perhaps I should not say 'noncombatant.' I'm told by no less an authority than yourself that Lieutenant Carter distinguished herself with a machine gun on the way over."

There was no compliment, but rather sarcasm, in his tone. "She did distinguish herself," Brit said. At least, he was praising her.

"I would much rather think of a woman distinguishing herself with an eggbeater or a frying pan," Rick said. "How the world changes!"

"I have no doubt Lieutenant Carter could show ability with cooking utensils, too," Brit defended.

LITA spoke impatiently. "I don't see why we're wanting time talking about that child," she said. "Weren't we going to discuss . . . a big story?"

"Oh, yes," Brit answered. "You wanted some inside dope on when to look for a raid on Japan."

"Not a raid," Lita corrected. "A series of widespread and devastating raids that will help materially to put Japan out of the war is what I thought you said."

"So I did. First I must have your assurance that you'll not use the story in any manner so that it would be traceable back to me."

Beth could hardly believe her ears! What Brit was doing was no less than violating his oath as an officer in the United States Army. He was about to reveal secret information which, if the enemy re-

ceived it, might mean the failure of an American task force's mission and the death of many American soldiers!

"You have my word," Lita said. "Surely, darling, you can trust me!"

"Yes," Brit said, "surely I can trust you."

The three turned in the moonlight. Beth could see them clearly. She had crept to within a few yards of them.

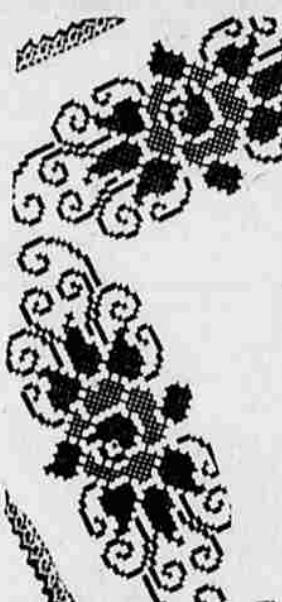
Lita's next words were addressed to her.

"Stand up, Lieutenant Carter. We know you are there. Stand up, before Major Jackson is forced to shoot!"

Brit had drawn his pistol. It was pointing at the ground just in front of Beth. She stood up.

"You talked about spies a few minutes ago on the plane," Lita

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by Alice Brooks

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"That's enough! Stop trying to get in the last word!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"I don't know who he is, but he comes down every day with that dummy, practicing back platform speeches."

said to Brit. "There is your spy—a dirty little spy hiding in her country's uniform. You should have looked for your treachery from within."

(To Be Continued)

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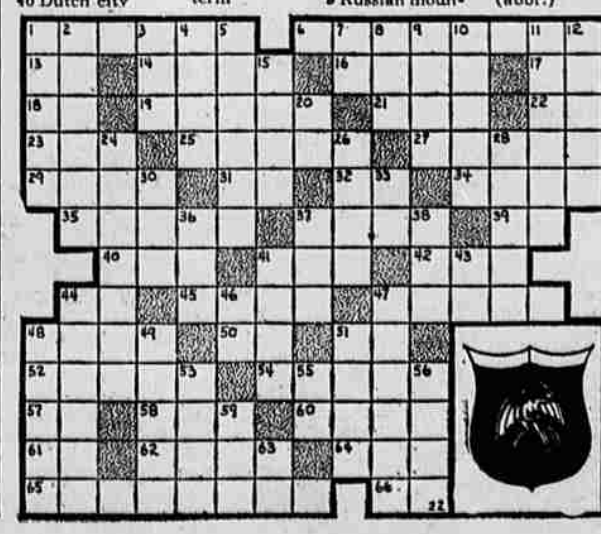
THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Nose first, with the tail in a spinning motion.

NEXT: Freaks from "down under."

NAVAL AIR UNIT INSIGNE



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



We are in the presence of changes as great as the change from barbarism to feudalism in the 11th century. The new civilization must center around fellowship, not around competition. — Sir Richard T. D. Acland, founder British Common Wealth party.

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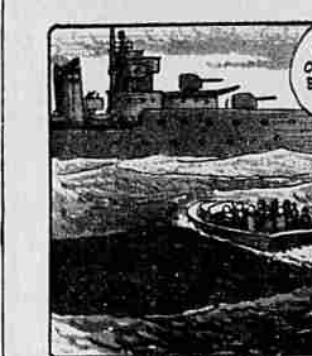
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Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie

