

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 island of the Pacific where his unit of the Coast Artillery Barrage Balloon Battalion is based. Information leaks are suspected. After Beth apprehends the mysterious Lita Barton, she is forced to give free passage to 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. He seems about to divulge important military information when they suddenly become aware of her presence.

IN JAP HANDS

CHAPTER XI

BETH stood before them. Never had she felt such chagrin and shame as now rushed over her. Of course Brit would believe Lita now! Beth knew she probably would be placed under immediate arrest. She might be court-martialed, and very likely would be dismissed from the service, or at least sent home in disgrace. What else could Brit think, after he had caught her spying on him?

To add to her shame, Lita was castigating her.

"Brit told me he had lost a secret document, but I don't think he'd have believed you were connected with its loss unless he could have caught you like this."

"I didn't..." Beth started to say.

"Step this way," Brit ordered. The menacing pistol still pointed in her direction. Beth obeyed.

She was at the edge of a small cleared space. Brit had moved slightly toward her and away from Lita and Rick.

"Now," Brit said, and his tone of voice was controlled and very distinct, "remember that everything that has occurred will have its proper importance in a court-martial, for the people on this island are subject to military law."

He swung around so that the pistol was pointing at Lita and Rick. "Hands up! No, don't reach for your pocket, Mr. Moth, or I shall shoot."

WITH obvious amazement, Lita and Rick raised their hands. Brit kept his eyes focused intently on them. But his lips spoke to Beth.

"You're entitled to know about this little drama, Lieutenant Carter," he said. "I thought over what you told me this afternoon. I devised a ruse to investigate that possibility thoroughly. I found that—to my amazement, for it was hard to believe even after the proof was unmistakable—that your reasoning was correct. You see before you two very clever spies. I knew you were watching the seaplane, because I followed you and noticed you at your hiding place. Then I returned to headquarters area and came down the beach—not noisily enough to make it appear I was innocent of all design, but nevertheless making just sufficient noise so that I knew you could not miss observing me. I went to the seaplane. Mr. Moth and Miss Danton do not know it, but I have in my pocket the document they stole. I have almost placed it in my mind the precise hour when they stole it—and I am confident that while Mr. Moth may not be an ex-cracksmen, as you suggested the thief might be, he certainly has had considerable experience at opening even the more difficult types of safes."

"Your wall safe proved no severe test of my ingenuity at all," Rick Moth volunteered, coolly. "I opened it while Lita engaged a guard by showing him her credentials. It was only a matter of a few minutes... less than 10, I believe, from the beginning to the end of the transaction."

"Very good of you to confess," Brit said. "I hope you took all that in, Beth. The truth is, I betrayed you—I told Lita and Mr. Moth you were watching us, because I felt that this further ruse would enable me to lead them here, where they could be captured while off guard. What better way of drawing my pistol without danger, than to have them think I was pointing it exclusively at you?"

SO suddenly that he was caught off balance, a form hurled itself onto Brit and he went down, pinned from behind. Beth turned to fight, but Lita and Rick quickly grabbed her and she found her arms pinioned and useless.

"You will stay there, please,"

a suave Oriental voice said to Brit. "I will tie you in a moment."

Lita laughed harshly.

"It looks like the tables are turned, Major Smart-Aleck Jackson. And as for you, Miss America in Khaki, I think your days of usefulness to anyone, including your brilliant Brit, are pretty well nearing an end. You see, we think of everything."

There was no reply possible. Brit and Beth were bound and gagged and were marched, with pistols at their backs, hurriedly to the beach and the boat.

On the seaplane, the gags were removed, but not the bonds. Beth and Brit were put unceremoniously into the baggage compartment.

"I took care of one of your sentries, too," Rick boasted. Then he closed the compartment door.

FOUR-SEASON MOTIFS FOR "SHOW" LINENS



7554 by Alice Brooks

Plant these beautiful, big flower bouquets right on your show towels—and receive a shower of praise for your handiwork! There's a charming group for each season. A lovely note for scarfs and party cloths as well as towels. Pattern 7554 contains a transfer pattern of four motifs averaging 7 1/2 by 10 inches; list of materials; stitches.

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!



"And this is the master's den—they say it has a secret entrance!"

The plane motor sputtered, then the sputter smoothed into a roar. Beth and Brit were jostled together as the plane left the cove. (To Be Continued)

The war department suggests post exchanges patronize local breweries as much as possible. But that doesn't mean beer.

The war has made more people than ever come down to earth—out in the garden.

Always read the classified ads.



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No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

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By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Red Ryder

A substitute for tea in Belgium is made from a mixture of finely chopped leaves of the strawberry plant, hazel tree, raspberry bush, mulberry tree, and a variety of blueberry.

In the first year of war the fire loss to critical materials and factories in the U.S. was \$100,000,000.

Women are not what they were 20 years ago. Some are 10 years older.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



QUOTING ODDS

"WHEN A RADIO ANNOUNCER SAYS 'WE NOW LEAVE OUR STUDIOS,' HE STAYS THERE," SAID J. ARTHUR JAMES, Rhinelander, Wisconsin.



NEXT: How do birds change the color of their plumage?

NEVADA HAS ONLY ONE INHABITANT PER SQUARE MILE, WHILE RHODE ISLAND HAS SIX HUNDRED SEVENTY-FOUR.

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HOLLYWOOD ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL	Answer to Previous Puzzle	21 By
1 Pictured Hollywood actress	MARINE SCOUTING	23 Light brown
12 Inquires	AL WONT CARE	25 Hen product
13 Make a mistake	LI AUSTER RAIN	26 Coal residue
14 Woody plant	END EIDER LETTS	28 Concise
15 East Indies (abbr.)	SEERERS AATILE	30 Stir
16 Measuring device	SMOKE ANSATE	33 Mover's vehicle
18 Symbol for lithium	DEE ART ILL	35 Indian
20 Possesses	PRINLE EMEER	38 Drink slowly
21 Tablet	ARIDSSON	39 Age
22 Dine	FATES OMITS	40 Finish
24 Ocean	TI TUI O LIO	41 Disposition
27 Suffix	ES EPTTS SCR	42 Anger
28 Tellurium (symbol)	REIPRTEVEE	43 Grain
29 Vehicle		44 Observe
31 Guinness (abbr.)	47 Mineral rock	50 Nevada city
32 At no time	48 Biblical pronoun	52 Either
34 Sufficient	49 Standard of value	53 Soft mineral
36 Area measure	51 Period	54 She is a well-known star
37 Note in Guido's scale	55 Sea (Dutch)	58 Metal
38 Feeling	56 Cloth measure	59 Bulgarian coin
41 Hoarders of money	58 Furious	60 Life (prefix)
45 Iridium (symbol)	60 Rhode Island (abbr.)	69 Narrow inlet
46 Half an em	61 Afraid	81 Antemeridium
	63 Book (Gypsy)	9 Three (abbr.)
	64 Chinese (comb. form)	10 Long fishes
	66 She is now staging her	11 Music note (abbr.)
		16 Mother stibium
		17 Speed contest
		19 Fowl
		15 Mark of approval

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



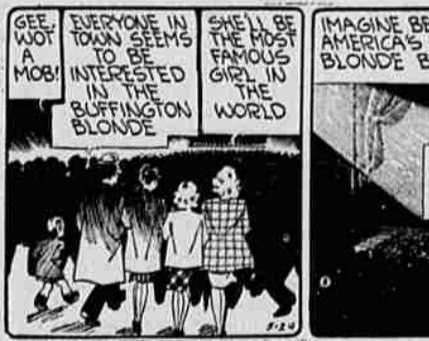
Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



FUNNY BUSINESS

