

SERIAL STORY
Beth Carter, WAAC
BY LORETTE COOPER

LOST
CHAPTER XIV
THE Japanese fired and Beth felt something pluck her left sleeve, as though someone had stuck a pointed instrument through that part of her uniform. The shot had come close.

She swung over the top of the two plugging, rolling, fighting men in the center of the cabin. The plane was getting difficult to control. The Jap turned momentarily to the controls, then back to Beth. He had delayed too long.

Beth was fighting with all her strength. She had heard of judo and the supposed advantage it gives to the man who knows it—and she did not doubt that this Japanese naval officer was surpassingly expert. But if she could only keep him occupied until Brit could subdue Rick. . . . If she could only do that, even if it cost her her life!

The plane was doing a number of crazy things now. The Jap no longer was speaking English, he was talking excitedly in his native tongue.

Brit and Rick were rolling around again. Rick was snarling in a language Beth did not recognize. Now Brit was up. He held Rick's arms firmly. Rick kicked viciously. Brit swung him around toward the end of the cabin, away from Beth and the Jap.

As Rick and Brit neared the end of the cabin they gained momentum. Brit pulled Rick's body around so that when they hit Rick took the full impact of both of them on the top of his head. He crumpled to the floor, stunned. Brit yanked off his tie and made Rick's arms secure.

Then Brit turned to the battle for the seaplane's controls.

THE Jap fired again, and yet again. Then he was overwhelmed—not only by the two Americans but also by the weight of Rick's body, which had come pitching down onto them.

Brit grabbed the pistol from the Jap's hand and brought it down on his head. He wasted no extra strokes. The pistol blow did what was necessary—it was as quick and much safer than attempting to shoot in that mass of four tangled people.

Then Brit shoved the Jap from the pilot's seat and grasped the controls. At first it seemed they were jammed. Finally they responded. Just when it appeared that the seaplane was about to plunge to its destruction Brit got it out of its dive and under control.

"Tie up the Jap," he ordered.

BETH pulled herself from the place where she had been wedged between the two insensate bodies of her enemies. She yanked Rick Moth away from the Jap, then tied the Jap's hands in the same way that Brit had tied Rick's.

"He's tied, Brit," she reported.

"Check the back compartment door, Beth," Brit said.

She did. Lita was cursing and screaming.

"Miss Danton doesn't like it back there," Beth said.

"It's more comfortable than the cell I'm going to take her to—or the firing squad all three of these spies ought to get," Brit said grimly.

"Rick Moth is really Ulrich von Moth, who disappeared in Mandalay about a year ago while doing a job for you know who. I don't know how Lita got tangled up with him, but I'll bet it wasn't because she wasn't willing."

"What do we do now?" Beth asked.

"We're going back. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

"That part is. Do you suppose our secret is safe?"

"That's puzzling me," he said.

"I haven't the faintest idea where this plane was headed. It's only by dead reckoning that I can figure out where we came from. We should get back in a couple of hours. But whether we're going to be able to land, or whether we're going to be merely the harbingers of a swarm of Jap planes after we do land, I can't say now."

He pulled a switch, and the interior of the plane was dark. Beth had forgotten completely that they had been traveling at night.

Her eyes adjusted themselves, and she looked out onto the Pacific, as bright as it ever could be under the full moon.

"Can we spot the island in this light?" she asked.

"We can spot it all right, but maybe spotting it will just get us blown to bits by one of our own anti-aircraft guns. You know, there are two sides to this spotting business. . . . the airplane pilot's, and the ground gunner's. A plane this slow would be a clay-pigeon target."

Brit left the lights off, except for the instrument panel. They cruised for some time—Beth's watch said it was long after midnight. In another couple of hours it would be dawn.

Her eyes wandered over the panel. She saw something and realized that Brit must have been looking at the panel and must have seen it, too; for he pointed to the gasoline indicator expressively.

"We've only got gas for three more hours," he said. "My navigation had better be correct and we'd better be awfully lucky."

(To Be Continued)

STRAWBERRY TIME FOR NEEDLEWOMEN



7552 by Alice Brooks

These "scrap happy" strawberry designs make a lovely trim for your linens. They're a combination of appliqued strawberries and leaves done from scraps, and of delicate flowers in outline stitch or applique. Pattern 7552 contains applique pattern pieces of 12 motifs ranging from 3 1/2 by 7 to 3 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; directions for making.

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!



5-27

"Private Skweez will now render some new wrinkles on his 'scordion!'"

The more bloody and bitter the war becomes, the greater is the popular demand that when hostilities are over the principal concern of the peacemakers should be not with the redrawing of territorial boundaries or access to raw materials, but with that too often forgotten element in international relations—human welfare. — Dr. Vera Dean, of Foreign Policy association.

Long as everything in the town was running smoothly, I thought I should do something to help my country as well as my city. So I sold the grocery store and started to help build these big planes.—Mayor Alvin Crosswell of Alvarado, Tex.

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Out Our Way



In France it was nothing like this. Our men fought every yard of the way back and they had none of these things (guns) to fight with.—British mayor in Tunisia.

We're sorry we didn't get a chance to hit them. We've seen the Jerries run but they never ran before as they ran yesterday.—British corps commander on Tunis victory.

Our Boarding House



GAY, CHIEF BIG-NOISE! YOU'RE SELF-ELECTED MEDICINE MAN IN THIS TRIBE—GO FIND OUT IF MISS FRANKY KNOWS WE GOT PICKED UP IN A BOOKIE RAID!

IF SHE DOES, RUN OFF THREE REELS IN TECHNICAL-COLOR ABOUT BEING THERE LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO HAD FROGS FOR SALE!

UHP! NO, FATHER, NOT THAT! I'D RATHER ELBOW A MOTHER BEAR ASIDE TO KIDNAP HER CUB!

EGAD! I HOPE OUR MISHAP BLIGHTS THAT SILLY ROMANCE!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, PAPA!

Red Ryder



IF YOU ARE BURNING RUGS, MISS, AN CAN BE OF SERVICE TO YOU AND YOUR RED-HEADED FRIEND!

THAT'S KIND OF YOU, DOCTOR, AND I'M GUILTY HE WON'T MIND YOUR JOINING OUR PARTY!

YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF INDIAN SCIENCE SHOULD—OH, HERE'S RED RYDER NOW!

RED MEET DOCTOR ADLER! HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT INDIAN RUGS AND WANTS TO GO WITH US INTO NAVAJO COUNTRY

GLAD TO MEET YOU, DOCT!

YOU MAY KNOW ALL ABOUT RUGS BUT I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THESE INDIANS TO NAVY WITH BEST GO ALONE! SORRY!

By Fred Harmon

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IT TAKES ONLY ONE-HALF SECOND FOR A BASEBALL TO TRAVEL FROM THE PITCHER TO THE BATTER!

THE BALL TRAVELS ABOUT 100 MILES PER HOUR, AND A FAST-SWING BAT MOVES AT A 200-MILE SPEED.



AN \$18.75 WAR BOND WILL BUY A FUR-LINE JACKET TO KEEP A FLYE WARM WHILE HE'S MAKING IT HOT FOR THE AXIS.

AN EPAULET IS A BALLET DANCE A CHEESE PREPARATION AN OFFICER'S SHOULDER ORNAMENT

ANSWER: An officer's shoulder ornament.

NEXT: Do whiskers grow faster in hot weather?

SOUTH AMERICAN STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL

1,6 Pictured South American leader, Dr. del Rio

11 Uncommon

12 Ambary

13 Behold!

14 Kind of gull

16 Upward

17 Irish fuel

19 Lash

21 Type of moth

22 Ever (contr.)

23 Nine and one

25 Kind of nut

27 Florentine iris

30 Overthrow

32 Sacred song

33 King of Judah (Bib.)

34 Portuguese money of account

35 Center

38 Restrain

40 Breathing noise

41 Taxi

44 Follows eighth

45 Scottish

Answer to Previous Puzzle

LOCKHEED HUDSON
OWE ARMY US ONE
SNAP RYE TUB CE
ESSAY SRS RATED
EROS SIMPLE
EH INNS NE LOCKHEED
BUNS AWAKE HUDSON
BEE PIE ST
WALLED SODA
AISLE TRI DITTO
RN LAP ATT STUD
ATE SA MEED IND
BOMBER AMERICAS

20 A-tiptoe

22 He is president of

24 Getting closer to

25 Milkman's hand carts

28 Dyestuff

29 Odorous

29 Worker in metals

31 Expire

36 Sleeping visions

37 Sidelong glance

38 Cut

39 Jungle beasts

41 Measure

42 Slit

43 Wide

46 Vestment

48 Paid notice

49 Three (prefix)

51 Onager

53 Driving command

54 Standard of value

55 Symbol for iridium

57 Any

61 Whirlwind

2 Area measure

3 Reiterate

4 Harlem room

5 Perched

6 Vestment

7 Fish eggs

8 Musteline mammals

9 Biblical pronoun

10 Limit (comb. form)

11 Symbol for ruthenium

15 Negative

18 Sea eagle

11 12 13 14 15

16 17 18 19 20 21

22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29

30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40

41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55

56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65

FUNNY BUSINESS



"He's welcoming his first radish!"

Freckles and His Friends



I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM LANA, DIDN'T I, FATSO?

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ARGANSING MY DATES?

I'M JUST WARNING HIM, THAT'S ALL!

YOU CAN'T TALK TO LARD THAT WAY, CAN HE, LARD?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I WASN'T LISTENING—I DIDN'T WANT TO EAVESDROP!

WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP, JERRY?

By Blosser

Wash Tubbs



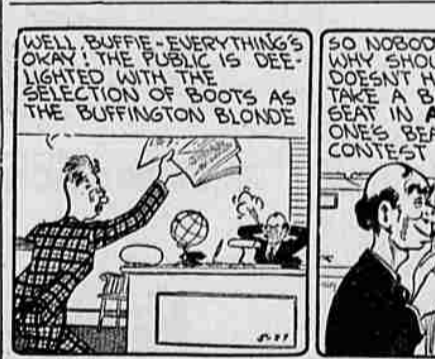
I SAY, GIVE US A HAND, YANK! WE'VE PICKED UP SOME SURVIVORS FROM A LIFE RAFT!

THIS ONE'S A GIRL, SIR. I'LL HAND 'ER DOWN

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT... I MEAN, I HOPED... YOU WERE SOMEONE I KNEW

By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies



WELL, BUFFE EVERYTHING'S OKAY, THE PUBLIC IS DELICIOUS WITH THE SELECTION OF BOOTS AS THE BUFFINGTON BLONDE

SO NOBODY'S KICKING! WELL, WHY SHOULD THEY? BOOTS DOESN'T HAVE TO TAKE A BETA SEAT IN ANY-ONE'S BEAUTY CONTEST

WELL, BOOTS AND I HAVE A DATE NOW WITH THE CAMERAMAN

By V. T. Hamlin

Allop Oop



YOU AND YOUR BLASTED GNEEZES! HOLY MACKEREL! LOOK AT THOSE TIN SOLDIERS BOILING UP AROUND US... LET'S GET OUTTA HERE FAST!

WELL, NO, I CAN'T SAY I GET TH' WOULD AFIRE !! THEN WHAT'S TH' USE OF RUNNING?

THEY'LL ONLY CATCH UP WITH US WHEN YOU'RE ALL CLATA BREATH... AN BREATH IS WHAT YOU'RE GONNA NEED!

By Martin

Little Orphan Annie



TH' DICKENS THEY DON'T KNOW THIS PLACE-- LOOK AT 'EM-- HEADIN' HERE FOR TH' RATTRAP...

QUICK, COLONEL ANNIE-- GET YOUR COMMANDOS OUT THAT BACK PASSAGE!

RIGHT! BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

By Harold Gray



AH! ALREADY THEY ARE ENTERING FROM THE OLD TORTURE CHAMBER! QUICK! BACK! RUN, ANNIE!

WOW!