

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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BATTLE STATION CHAPTER XVIII

OVER her meal, Brit assigned Beth to new duties. He took from his pocket the American forces' tactical plan.

"Our problem in tactics was worked out long ago," he said. "Yes, I know."

"The problem now is one of logistics. You're right about every man helping—even the chaplain!—be out there, encouraging the men. We've got to get emplacements fixed in a hurry—more emplacements than we had yesterday by a whole lot. This island has only two defenses from an air attack: antiaircraft artillery and barrage balloons. We don't have a fighter plane, or, for that matter, an airplane of any sort here. They'll be here in time, but not time to save us unless we figure out a way to survive the blasting we're undoubtedly going to get sometime soon."

"Can guns and balloons win for us?" Beth asked.

"I don't know what Washington has to say on that subject, but I think they can. Look what they did for London and a hundred other English cities! If they're good enough for a Britain battered by hundreds of raiders in a single night, we ought to be able to figure out a way to make them good enough for us against a raid of perhaps 20 planes."

"What do you want me to do, Brit?"

"Just this: I want you to stay in headquarters, right on the end of that field telephone. You know what the tactical plan is. You may have to wait hours, but when the proper moment comes, I'll be depending on you to give the order that will put everything we have into the fight. Do you think you can do that?"

"It's a tremendous responsibility," Beth said.

"Everything will depend on you."

"I'll do my best," she said.

"That will be enough."

SHE turned her head and looked past him at the concrete wall which was designed to protect headquarters against bombs. She knew that it was thick but she also knew that it was not thick enough to withstand a direct hit. It was up to the Coast Artillery to see that no direct hits came. This nerve center of a future American offensive in the Pacific must come through. It must continue its work toward the day when victory could be advanced with one mighty thrust at Japan's heart.

"Where will you be?" she asked. It was not a doubting question, or a critical one. It was simply that she wanted to know—far, whether he knew it or not, her heart would be with him.

He did not answer for a moment. Then he made the longest speech she had ever heard him make.

"Out here in the war zone everybody does what he can. I'm responsible for everything that goes on here. I can delegate authority but I can never delegate responsibility.

"I'm going out and make my way from emplacement to emplacement, from foxhole to foxhole, from gun to gun, from balloon bed to balloon bed.

"If some place a man is needed right then to help lift a gun into place, I'm going to be that man. If somewhere else a man is needed to swing a pick or hoist a shovel for five minutes, I'm going to swing that pick or hoist that shovel. I'm going out there and do everything I can to make sure we are prepared the best we can be."

He left her. She did not mind his going, even though she wanted to talk to him. She knew how he felt. She had that feeling now, too. They were all one army, and whether they wrestled with training problems at Fort Des Moines or supply problems in Algiers or problems of bombs and bullets in some remote battleground like this, they were all fighting for the same cause and the same flag.

BETH finished her coffee. She smiled to herself. Then she said one sentence aloud, musing. "I won't let you down, Uncle," she promised.

She balanced herself on the crutches that had been given to her. The pain was still in her an-

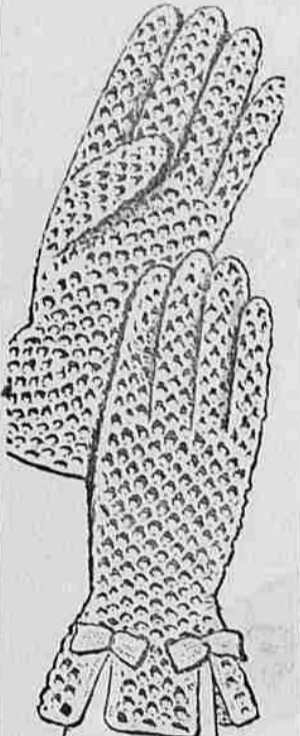
kle but it was nullified by an excitement and an exaltation in her soul. She went clumsily toward the major's office but no one noticed her clumsiness.

She sat down in Major Brit Jackson's chair, at his desk. She laid the tactical plan he had given her atop the desk. She pulled the field telephone close and then placed a test call over it. She was reassured by the knowledge that she was connected directly with the island switchboard, and that the phones from every major area on the island were plugged in so that she could talk to all of them simultaneously.

She sat, at first tensely, then little by little relaxing. The hours passed. She did not want them to hasten by. She wanted every one to be long enough so that a mountain of work could be done. For it must be done.

Finally the message she was waiting for came.

(To Be Continued)



7560 by Alice Brooks

Be smart to your very fingertips this summer—and wear these cool crocheted gloves. They're delightfully feminine made of string in dainty pique mesh. They're so quick to do, mesh, you'll want to make several pairs, you'll want to make several pairs in colors and in white. Pattern 7560 contains instructions for gloves in small, medium, large size; 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!



6-1 "It's a habit—the general is always reviewing somebody!"

Unless the peace recognizes that the whole world is one neighborhood and does justice to the human race, the germ of another world war will remain as a constant threat to mankind.—President Roosevelt.

Water makes a clear leap of 1360 feet, a world's record leap for waterfalls, in the upper part of the Yosemite falls.

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A chinquapin is a nut-bearing tree of the chestnut group.

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Population of Africa is estimated at about 160,000,000.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD



THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC WAS KNOWN AS NEW FRANCE, 1535 TO 1763, QUEBEC, 1763 TO 1793, LOWER CANADA, 1791 TO 1846, CANADA EAST, 1846 TO 1867 AND THEN QUEBEC AGAIN.

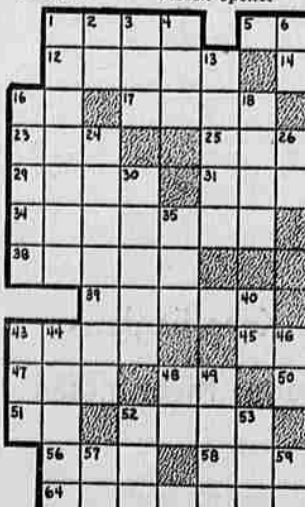
KENT ROYER
at a cost of \$10,000,000 down, and an annual payment of \$250,000, the U.S. has what might be called a "partial lease" on this area.



ANSWER: Panama Canal Zone.
NEXT: The long arm of the Aleutians.

ONE OF FIVE

- | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 26 Exists |
| 15 Depleted body of water | MONTY WOOLLEY | 28 Metal fastener |
| 12 Rugged mountain crest | ARISE ALAIDE | 30 Insert in a pattern |
| 14 Female deer | ATVALISE DIAL | 32 Test solution (abbr.) |
| 15 Beverage | SHARPSACTRIY | 33 Accomplish |
| 16 Common meter (abbr.) | PIALS ARTINE | 35 Cras mane sumendus (abbr.) |
| 17 Ell | SIRLS MONTY MAIN | 37 Spinning toy |
| 19 It is 923 feet | ONSET EMPIRE | 40 Symbol for selenium |
| 21 Parent | HER WOOLLEY TUD | 41 Clue |
| 23 French plural article | RELO BEARD | 42 Liquid part of fat |
| 25 Silkworm | ILLTOP CELLOI | 43 Siouan Indian |
| 27 Doctor (abbr.) | PEEL AFRAID ON | 44 Bread maker |
| 28 Companion | CELLIE STEER | 46 Verso (abbr.) |
| 29 Against (prefix) | TREMBLE TERNE | 48 Home of Abraham |
| 31 Ship part | | 49 Indo-European language |
| 33 Appliance | | 52 Ampere (abbr.) |
| 34 Mimeograph | | 53 Honey makes |
| 36 Surgical thread | | 55 Negative word |
| 38 Sacred song | | 57 The (Fr.) (abbr.) |
| 39 Endures | | 59 Average (abbr.) |
| 41 Skip | | 61 Symbol for antinium |
| 43 Execute the commands of | | 62 Cloth measure |
| 45 Wicked | | 63 South Carolina (abbr.) |
| 47 Paving material | | |



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House

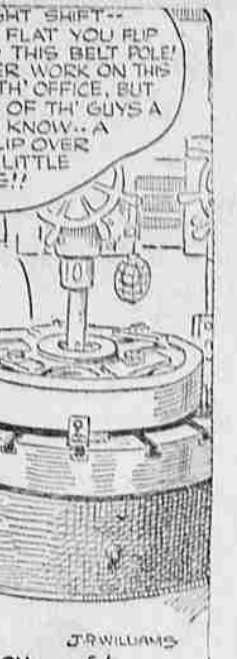
With Major Hoopla



DO ANY OF YOU BROTHER OWLS KNOW JUDGE RENCHY?—SUPPOSE ONE WERE GLATED TO APPEAR BEFORE HIM ON SOME TRIVIAL CHARGE, HOW WOULD ONE SWAY HIM TO A SPIRIT OF COMPASSION?

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



HEAR, DOC—AN' THIS IS TH' ONLY SPOT THEY CAN CROSS OVER TH' DIVIDE!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



WHAT BODY, LARD? WHO'S BEEN SHOT?

Wash Tubbs

By Crono



YOUR PRIVATE OFFICE IS ON THE SECOND FLOOR, GENERAL

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

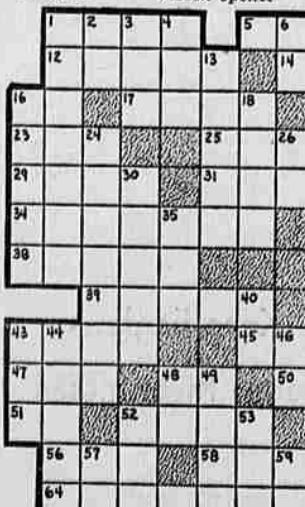


THANKS FER TH' LOAN OF YER BARN, BUD

FUNNY BUSINESS

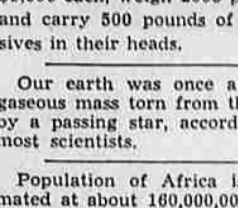


"John has great things planned for him when he grows up!"



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THANKS FER TH' LOAN OF YER BARN, BUD

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



"DER ADMIRAL—DEAD? BUT HOW?"

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



"DER ADMIRAL—DEAD? BUT HOW?"