● SERIAL STORY

Beth Carter, WAAC

BY LORETTE COOPER

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VICTORY

CHAPTER XX

WHEN Beth regained consciousness, she was back in the hospital.

"Can't I stay out of here?" she complained.

"Not as long as your commanding officer is foolish enough not to lock you up during an air raid," Brit Jackson said.

Beth felt her head. There was a big bandage on it.

"I'm not hurt," she said.

"It's lucky you weren't killed. When I spoke to you during the battle I should have . . . well, spanked you and sent you back to safety."

"Just try spanking me," Beth replied.

"No, thanks—not after seeing what a hellcat of a fighting woman you are." They both laughed.

"Did we come out all right?"

"Not a one got away," Brit said. "One hundred per cent for our side. I didn't expect to do a third as well. Those are darned good gunners and balloon men Uncle has working for him out there."

"Tell me about it."

"You saw it all. I don't know what there is to tell—except that the din of the bombing was nothing compared to the noise of the cheering when the fellows in the pits and the foxholes realized those last two had been bagged. I thought they'd go crazy."

"Did we lose many . . . men?"

"Very few, considering. You're a casualty, though."

"I'm still alive, at least," she said, turning her head. "Some of the others . . ."

"Aren't so fortunate." The note of cheer was out of his voice now, and he was facing the soldier's sober realization that the battle, however victorious its ending, had left its mark. "Since I have to count my dead, I'm glad there aren't many to count."

"What's next?" Beth wondered.

"The men are binding up their wounds, and are making ready for another attack. Only I don't think we'll get one right away. We've made the first one sufficiently costly so that the enemy will think twice. In another 72 hours it won't make an difference if they send the whole Jap air force over here—in fact, we'd almost be glad if they did. I got a message in code from General Tallicoe just after the fight."

• • •

BETH was silent while she thought back over the few days since she had been handed her traveling orders by the general those thousands of miles away. The things that had happened to her were a dream, and now she was awakening.

"I've lived pretty excitingly," she said. "I'm afraid after this things will seem drab."

"They're never drab to a soldier who's interested in his job," Brit said.

"You talk as though you know."

"I've been soldiering quite awhile."

"Are you going to quit?"

"Of course. When this mess is settled. You know, when Mr. Hitler is papering the inside of a jail, and Mr. Hirohito is leading a parade to a nice prison, and one or two others are getting what is coming to them. I've got a . . ." his voice trailed, hesitated.

"A what?"

"Haven't I ever told you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I've got a little ranch out West. It was a nice place before the war and I think it'll be a nice place after the war."

"It sounds swell."

"What will you be doing after the war?" Brit asked.

"Oh, I suppose I'll go back to the automobile agency—if autos are being sold."

• • •

THE doctor stepped up to Beth's bed and checked her bandaged head, then her ankle.

"If you don't put your foot into trouble, you stick your neck out," he joked.

Beth and Brit laughed with him. Then the doctor walked away. "I'm leaving her to you for a few minutes, Major," he said. "Think you can take care of her?"

"I'll try," Brit said.

He reached down and took Beth's hand tenderly in his own.

"Beth," he said, "I—I hardly know how to say this. But—you've done as good a job of soldiering as anyone could."

Beth's heart stood still, waiting for his next words. She wanted, for the moment, to forget soldiering.

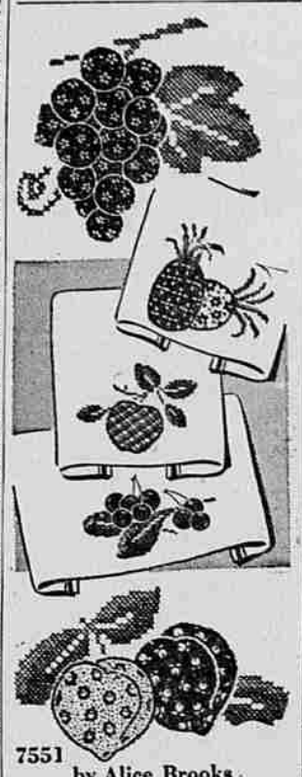
"I'm sending a message to headquarters in the city tonight recommending that you be promoted to a captaincy."

"I'm glad," she murmured. "Thanks." She smiled up at him, encouragingly.

Brit Jackson groped for words. He half rose. Then he sat down again. "Beth," he said, "I—there's something else I want to say. Do you remember all the things I told you when we were tied up in the seaplane? I meant every one of them. I—Beth—I love you."

All the weariness in her faded away, but she closed her eyes and sighed. Gently, Brit Jackson kissed her.

THE END



7551

by Alice Brooks

Here's a call to color for your linens—in bright fruit designs. Use applique patches or simple outline stitch for the fruit; make the leaves and stems in cross-stitch. Very gay! Pattern 7551 contains a transfer pattern of seven motifs averaging 4½ x 6½ inches; applique pattern pieces; list of materials needed; illustration of 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!

"How many 'n's' in 'monotonous'?"

FUNNY BUSINESS

"I wear it to keep from exaggerating the size of the fish I caught!"

OIL AHEAD

The year 1943 is expected to break all records in U. S. production of fatty oils, with the total output reaching 11.7 billion pounds. There will be some 800 million pounds of margarine, 400 million pounds of peanut oil, 1.4 billion pounds of cottonseed oil, and 3 billion pounds of lard. Soybean oil production will be in greater volume than all previous fat and oil imports combined.

GROWING OUR OWN

African mahoganies are being successfully cultivated in Florida. Trees planted 12 years ago are now 40 feet high, with trunks eight inches in diameter. This is twice the diameter of pines twice as old.

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A limited number of copies of this fascinating book by DUPONT available for the asking.

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GOVERNMENT WORKERS

There were one million civilian employes of the federal government in June, 1940. In November, 1942, there were 2,750,101. By June, 1943, the rolls will have swelled to 2,970,000, and by June, 1944, a record number of 3,572,000 will have been reached.

MEDICAL CARE

American troops, at home and abroad, have nearly three times as many doctors per thousand men administering to their needs as do axis troops.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: The study of the moon's physical features.

SCREEN ACTRESS

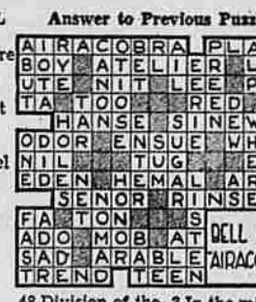
HORIZONTAL

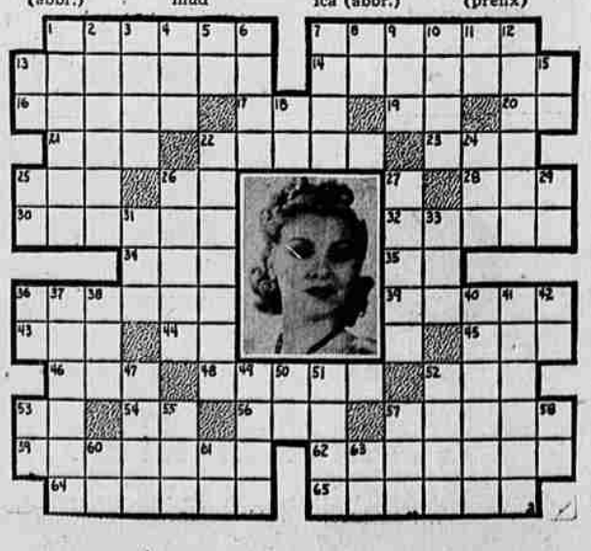
1,7 Pictured motion picture actress
13 Red
14 Lincoln's first name
16 Forgive
17 Wayside hotel
19 Exists
20 Symbol for cerium
21 Annular die for making drain pipe
22 Maxim
23 Dutch city
25 Belonging to him
26 Doctor of Science (abbr.)
28 Footed vase
30 Guides
32 Apparel
34 Prevarication
35 Whirlwind
36 Weight on a fishline
39 Hymn
43 Collection of sayings
44 Right (abbr.)
45 Seine
46 Female saint (abbr.)
48 Division of the calyx (bot.)
52 Essence (abbr.)
53 Him
54 Common Pleas (abbr.)
56 Gibbon
57 Expunge
59 She is a well-known ——
62 Earned
64 Small wig
65 She is a —— star

VERTICAL

1 Trust
2 Growing in mud
3 In the middle of
4 Devotee
5 International language
6 Wife of Geraint in Arthurian legend
7 Surgeon fish
8 Symbol for rubidium
9 Silkworm
10 Urn
11 Exclamation
12 Speeders
13 Credit (abbr.)
15 Myself
18 North America (abbr.)
22 Affirms
24 Inevitable
25 High school (abbr.)
26 Device for drying
27 Choose
29 Nova Scotia (abbr.).
31 Wapiti
33 Legal point
36 Symbol for samarium
37 Gnat
38 Burmese wood spirit
40 Having a handle
41 Make less
42 Mount (abbr.)
47 Unbleached
49 Otherwise
50 Parent
51 Limbs
52 Great Lake
53 Laughter sound
55 Energy
57 Make a mistake
58 Editor (abbr.)
60 Toward
61 Compass point
63 Out of (prefix)

Answer to Previous Puzzle





Out Our Way — By J. R. Williams

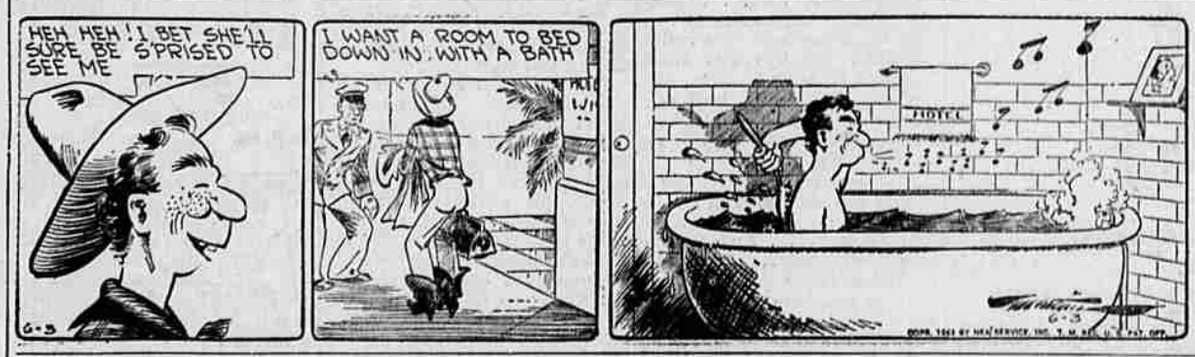
Our Boarding House — With Major Hoople

Red Ryder — By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends — By Blosser

Wash Tubbs — By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies — By V. T. Hamlin



Alley Oop — By Martin

Little Orphan Annie — By Harold Gray