

WOMEN WON'T TALK

BY RENE RYERSON MART

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THE STORY: Derek Grady has been found murdered on the grounds of Kraiktower. The police recognize him as a man wanted for kidnaping. Miss Kraik admits he was the grandson of her housekeeper, Margaret Grady, but says nothing about the attempted elopement years ago of Derek and her granddaughter, Kathy. Connie, married to Kathy's father, has been acting strangely.

"MY POOR LITTLE BOY"

CHAPTER VII

I NOW know that while Chief Deputy Shaw was in the house that afternoon taking down our formal statements, the other deputy was still in the ravine going over the vicinity where Derek's body was found with a fine tooth comb as the saying is.

And what he found there was enough to start the telegraph wires humming between Liston, the village where we get our mail when at Kraiktower, and Chicago where Derek Grady was last seen alive. As a result one message came through that set cocky, young Sam Shaw by the ears. It blew to bits the only obvious reason for the removal of Derek Grady from this mortal scene.

However, neither Shaw nor the other deputy said anything of their finds in the ravine that afternoon. I suppose Shaw was still sore because we had deceived him about knowing Derek, and figured that if he asked any more questions we wouldn't tell him the truth anyway. And, too, at that stage, the evidence in the ravine must have seemed purely incidental to him, too.

So the two officers took photographs, packed some things in the back seat of their police cruiser and left shortly after Sam Shaw gave up trying to question Margaret.

All I had to worry about as I went around that afternoon trying to steady my household back into its accustomed groove and to persuade the distraught Sarah and Clara that murder or no murder we would expect to have dinner as usual was the fact that Derek had shown up at Kraiktower—for the first time in years—right after Kathy had come down. That fact was more disturbing to me than the fact that he had been murdered. Maybe the past hadn't buried itself. I began to imagine all sorts of goings-on.

CLINT MATTISON dropped in on his way home from the hospital with his arm in a cast and self-conscious air about him. He said he had stopped to see if there was anything he could do. I noticed him eyeing Kathy with a hang-dog air.

"My grand-daughter, Miss Kraik, Mr. Mattison," I said pettily. "I don't suppose any one thought to introduce you two this afternoon."

"I've already had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kraik," Clint Mattison said surprisingly. "But I don't suppose she remembers me."

He blushed and looked at Kathy apologetically. "It was at a party in Hollywood, Miss Kraik, last winter. I was out there for a while; they were adapting one of my stories to the screen."

Kathy smiled brilliantly at him. "I'm afraid my memory is rude, Mr. Mattison. I don't remember you. But I am glad to meet you now."

My opinion of Clint Mattison went up several degrees. So... he had had a story screened.

AFTER dinner I went up to see Margaret and took her a bowl of soup. She hadn't been out of her room since I had told her about Derek. I pushed on the light and arranged the tray of food temptingly on a table by her bed.

"Miss Marthe," she remonstrated feebly, "you shouldn't have brought my dinner up. It ain't fit for you should wait on me."

"Never mind about that," I said over the lump in my throat. "Just try and eat a few bites."

But she wouldn't. She said the sight of the food made her feel worse, and begged me to take it away.

I know then she was thinking of the mischievous boy with the laughing Irish eyes to whom we had all lost our hearts, and not of the vicious, violent man who had met death in the ravine. The police officer had said Derek was wanted for kidnaping. I wondered if Margaret knew about that. If she didn't I wasn't going to tell her. He had already heaped shame enough on her poor old head.

After a little while Margaret quit crying and asked me in a muffled whisper if I would take care of Derek.

I told her, yes, that I'd make arrangements for his funeral, and asked her if she wanted him buried in the village cemetery. Michael is buried there, he wanted to be near Kraiktower. Margaret nodded her head, yes.

As I left Margaret's room I almost bumped into Connie. She was coming out of mine, directly across the hall, and when she saw

me her face flamed. She made some excuse about looking for a book that she thought had been left in my room when her things were moved.

"Did you find it?" I asked. "No." She looked miserable. Somehow I got the impression that she hadn't been looking for a book at all, and I wondered about that. What had she been searching for with that desperate look on her face?

A little chill crept up my spine. (To Be Continued)

"French Agree to Fight to End"—Headline. To the end of Germany and Japan.

There is no such thing as a "down and outer." We must recognize that there are persons who for a variety of reasons have become "sociological orphans," incompetent of managing their own affairs but nevertheless capable of performing useful tasks. Society must discover these skills and put them to constructive, intelligent use.—Dr. Siegfried Kraus, New York City college sociology instructor.

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE OFF DAY

Our Boarding House

By J. R. Williams



6-11

YOU DON'T NEED CASH AT SEARS-USE PURCHASE COUPONS

Just once to get a book full of coupons... then you spend the coupons just like cash all through the store. There's no fuss or formality, no signing sales slips, no mail down payment and monthly repayments. Usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT YOUR SEARS CREDIT OFFICE

ONE-A-DAY DESIGNS FOR KITCHEN TOWELS

This bashful sailor lad spends a busy week in these amusing embroidery motifs. He scrubs the deck, does his laundry and goes a-courting—all in the simplest stitchery. There's a design for each day. Pattern 6946 contains a transfer pattern of 7 motifs averaging 6 x 7 1/2 inches; list of materials needed; stitches; color schemes.

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."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

TORNADOES HAVE TAKEN THE LIVES OF OVER 5,000 PERSONS IN THE U.S. IN THIRTY YEARS... BUT AUTOMOBILES KILL THAT NUMBER EVERY TWO MONTHS.

WOOD DUST IS SAWDUST AND SAWDUST IS IRON FILINGS," Says STAN SCHIRMACHER, TEMPE, ARIZONA.

WINK-OOPS

IT TAKES ABOUT 20,000 LETTUCE SEEDS TO WEIGH ONLY ONE OUNCE.

WOOD DUST IS SAWDUST AND SAWDUST IS IRON FILINGS," Says STAN SCHIRMACHER, TEMPE, ARIZONA.

U. S. GENERAL

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

- 14 Pictured U.S. Army man, Maj.-Gen. — C.
- 9 Paving substance
- 12 Seine
- 13 Balls of yarn
- 14 October (abbr.)
- 16 Period
- 18 Single
- 19 Native metal
- 21 Forenoon (abbr.)
- 23 Produced
- 25 Epidermis
- 26 Erbium (symbol)
- 27 Spill
- 29 Tone E (music)
- 30 Age
- 31 Aircraft
- 33 Sad
- 35 Accomplish
- 36 District Attorney (abbr.)
- 37 Coquettes
- 41 Relaxes
- 44 Lion
- 45 Livonian river
- 46 Eternity
- 47 That thing

VERTICAL

- 1 Within
- 2 Bright color
- 3 Small particle
- 4 Out of (prefix)
- 5 Species of plant
- 6 Cognizance
- 7 Female sheep (pl.)
- 8 Rupees (abbr.)
- 9 Ripped
- 10 High card
- 11 Right (abbr.)
- 15 Sloping way
- 17 Domesticated
- 18 Lubricants
- 20 Entreat
- 22 Bad (prefix)
- 24 Roman god of the underworld
- 26 Make a mistake
- 28 Wireless
- 30 Expunge
- 32 Neither
- 34 Poem
- 37 Toss
- 38 Permit
- 39 Appendage
- 40 Was seated
- 41 Shower
- 42 2000 pounds
- 43 Fall in flakes
- 46 Malt drink
- 48 Reverberate
- 50 Soft mineral
- 51 Suffering
- 53 Three (prefix)
- 55 Standard of value
- 57 For
- 58 Father
- 59 Calif (abbr.)
- 60 Knight of the Elephant (abbr.)
- 62 And (Latin)

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Probably lost his ration book!

FUNNY BUSINESS

Mouse!

Red Ryder By Fred Harmon

WHY NOT WHOLE TRIBE LOOK FOR OUR FRIEND, RED RYDER?

TRIBE PLENTY BUSY MAKE-UM RUGS! LITTLE BEAVER AND PO-KO CAN DO ALONE!

WORRY NOT, MADRE NID—WE KNOW-UM TRAILS!

FIRST WE RIDE TO WHITE MAN'S TOWN! MEBBE RED RYDER HAVE BAD CHIEF IN JAIL!

THEN WE TAKE-UM TRAIL OVER LONE-GAP PASS!

HOURS LATER... HEY! YA-HOO-O!

BUT WILL LITTLE BEAVER HEAR RED'S WEAKENED VOICE?

Freckles and His Friends By Blosser

I'M IN A JAM, BUD, AND I'VE GOTTA SOLVE THAT MURDER MYSTERY. JUST WHAT DID YOU HEAR THAT MAN SAY?

HE SAID—"OKAY, LEFTY—GIVE HIM BOTH BARRELS!" THEN I HEARD TWO LOUD REPORTS—AND TWO MEN DROVE AWAY!

IT WAS KIND OF A DIRTY TRICK TO GET HIM IN THIS JAM, JUST BECAUSE HE TOOK LANA AWAY FROM YOU!

PIPE DOWN!

CAN'T I TELL HIM THE REST OF WHAT I HEARD?

LISTEN, IF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I'LL CLOSE YOUR EYES! REMEMBER THAT!

Wash Tubbs By Crane

OF ALL THE LUCK! WE LAND ON TOP OF A NAZI PATROL!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TIPPED OFF... SOMETHING'S GONE WRONGS!

SOME O' THOSE FELLAS ARE WOUNDED. I'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

I RECKON I'LL STAGE A LITTLE FLANK ATTACK.

Boots and Her Buddies By V. T. Hamlin

OH, YEAH? SO YOU THINK IT'S KID STUFF?

SHORE DO! HAW HAW!

Allep Oop By Martin

NICE GOING, OSCAR... WE SURE GAVE OUR TN SOLDIER FRIENDS TH' SLIP!

AND THANK HEAVENS THEY HAVEN'T ANY RADIO TO WARN THE NEXT OUT-FIT DOWN THE ROAD.

REPORT FROM POST XIII: ENEMY APPROACHING... BLOCKADE ROAD AND MAN BARRIED WITH ENTIRE GARRISON!

MEBBE THEY HAVEN'T GOT RADIO... BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT SUMPIN'!

AND NEITHER DO WE HAVE A TANK WITH CATERPILLAR TREADS... BUT WE'RE GOING TO EXECUTE A TANK MANUEVER RIGHT NOW! HANG ONTO YOUR HAT!

Little Orphan Annie By Harold Gray

B-B-BUT, HERR SCHUFT! DOT RED HEADED VUN, ANNA! SHE ISS NOT IN DOT-RAT TRAP—BUT SHE ISS IN THIS CASTLE—

YA! I KNOW! BUT WHAT COULD SHE DO?

BUT DOT BIG GEORGE M'T HER! DER LATE HERR SALTS COULD TELL YOU VAT HE COULD DO—

NONSENSE! HERR SALTZ WAS CARELESS—

THEY'RE TRAPPED UP ON THE ROOF SOMEWHERE—DONT DARE SHOW THEMSELVES—OUR GUARDS WATCH!

AS SOON AS WE'RE GONE, WHAT DO WE CARE WHAT THEY DO OR WHO THEY TELL, EH?

YA—DOT ISS RIGHT—HA! ALREADY OUR OPERATIVES BEGIN TO ARRIVE—

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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 66