

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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THE STORY: Ned French announces at the dinner table that he has been drafted. He refuses to let his well-to-do father handle a commission for him.

TO HELP WIN THE WAR

CHAPTER II
WITH A sense of unreality, Barbee listened to the conversation between her father and brother.

"Ned—this is no time to joke. Of course, you're not going into the Army as a private. You're too valuable a man." Archibald French spoke with utter conviction. The sons of all his friends were officers. There was no reason why Ned shouldn't have a commission, too.

But Ned shook his head again. "I'm sorry, Dad—but I mean it. I've no particular training to fit me as a private. So I'm going in as a private. Then if I show any ability I'll be recommended for Officers Training. That's the American way to do it—the democratic way."

Mr. French dabbed jerkily at his mouth with a napkin. "There's no sense in being foolishly idealistic about this, Ned," he opposed. "In the first place, you've no idea of what you're letting yourself in for, if you go as a private. The hardships—"

"That's just the point," Ned broke in. "Too many officers don't know what the life of a private is. If I know, I'll be a better officer when my time comes."

Charles Mowry spoke up. "I think Ned's right, Mr. French. It's a fine thing he's doing. It's a disgrace the way every man with a little education or money is grabbing a commission."

"It's no use talking anyway," Ned said. "My mind's made up." Barbee saw the opposition growing in her father's face. She made her decision quickly. Slipping from her chair, she ran around the table to Ned, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. With her arms still around Ned's neck she smiled at her father, exerting all her charm to win him over. Whatever happened there mustn't be a quarrel between her father and Ned now.

"I'm proud of him, Dad. Aren't you?" Mr. French wavered and was lost. When the two of them sided against him, he was rarely able to hold out. He swallowed hard. "All right, son. If that's the way you want it, I only hope you don't regret your decision."

Ned's face lit up. "I won't, Dad."

BARBEE went back to her seat, her eyes very bright with unshed tears, and pretended to listen while Ned and Charles and her father talked over Ned's immediate plans. But she wasn't really hearing what they said.

Over and over in her head tolled the dreadful words: "Ned is going to war! Ned is going to war! My brother is going to war."

Ned and Charles went out immediately the meal was over. Archibald French shut himself up in the library. Barbee had a feeling that he wanted to be alone, wanted to adjust himself to the idea of his son going into the Army as a private. That hurt his pride, Barbee knew. As president of the town's leading bank, and with his finger in half a dozen financial and civic enterprises he could so easily have made the contacts necessary to get a commission for Ned.

Soberly she climbed the stairs to her room and closed the door behind her. Her own reflection looked back at her from the mirror opposite. It seemed so long ago that she had stood there preening in her new dress, a silly, frivolous girl interested only in clothes and looking pretty. Now so many other things were more important.

The thought served as a spring to action. Purposely she took off the blue dress, replaced it in its box, smoothed the protecting tissue paper over it and fastened the lid. She'd take the dress back to the store tomorrow. The \$25 that it cost would buy a war bond.

The simple act of renunciation helped a little. But she was still too restless to read or listen to the radio or write letters, the activities that usually filled her evenings at home. She had to keep moving or she'd cry, and she

didn't want to do that. She and Ned were unusually close for brother and sister. Perhaps the fact that their mother had died when they were very small had had something to do with drawing them closely together. At any rate she had always patterned her behavior after Ned's, and she felt a compulsion to do so now. He was happy and eager about going into the Army. She must at least try to be happy about it.

Slipping into a robe she went into his room. She hung up the clothes that he had left scattered around the room when he dressed for dinner. She turned down his bed, laid out his pajamas, tidied his desk. Above it in a cressent were ranged the pictures of some girls. Barbee knew most of them. There was pretty red-haired Madge Sanders, dark Carrie Craig, blond Joan Carby, that rather plain looking girl who had the nice personality, Della Overstreet. Ned dated them all occasionally, but went with none of them steadily. In fact he took Barbee to dances and parties more often than any other girl.

And that brought her right to her big problem. She was going to miss Ned terribly. She simply couldn't mope around the house, worrying about him, waiting for the postman. She'd have to do something. Do something to help win the war.

Her spirits soared and then sank with a new depression. What could she do? She had no practical training along any line whatsoever. An expensive girl's

LOVABLE RAG DOLLY WITH YARN BRAIDS



7439 by Alice Brooks

Anytime is doll time for that little girl. So get started now on this rag doll with yarn hair to braid and unbraided. Her chubby body is made of just two pieces.

And such fun you'll have selecting the fabric for her dainty wardrobe from your scrap bag! Pattern 7439 contains a transfer pattern and instructions for doll and clothes.

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Out Our Way

finishing school didn't fit one to help win a war. Her chin took on a determined slant. After all there must be something she could do. She was young, healthy, strong. And then she remembered the conversation at dinner. Charles had been talking about a chemistry course to train women for war jobs. There was the solution to her problem.

She saw Charles about it the next morning. She'd gone over to the chemistry building early and had to wait. He was in conference with the professors of the chemistry department and a government man from Washington. His face lit up when he came out into the hall and saw her. He was also surprised.

"I haven't much time, Bee. We're organizing the course I'm to teach. What was it you wanted to see me about?"

She told him briefly. He didn't react as she had expected him to. His voice was troubled. "I don't know, Bee. I—I hardly think this is the thing for you."

"Why not?" She explained it patiently as one would to a child. "The women we train here will go into laboratories in war plants. The jobs they accept will be hard, dirty, sometimes even dangerous. That isn't for a girl like you."

Charles didn't know her very well, Barbee decided. A hard job, a dirty job, a dangerous job was just what she wanted. Ned had made his choice by going in the Army as a private. Well, she wanted to show him that she had the stamina to do a hard job, too. Later she heard Ken Carter refer to this quality as "guts," and was to wonder what Charles would have thought if she had used the expression that day. But she didn't know Ken then, didn't know his pungent way of talking, she only knew what she wanted.

(To Be Continued)

Out Our Way



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Our Boarding House



UNK IS CATCHING SOFA FEVER

DOG TAGS

WICHITA, Kas. (AP)—Identification marks painted on the chests of tiny twin daughters of Mrs. Edgar Burton melted away. A comparison of footprints by a police fingerprint expert and a doctor has again identified the three-month-old girls to the mother's satisfaction. Now she knows which is Evelyn Dale and which is Elaine Gail. To avoid future mix-ups, they will wear bracelets.

Red Ryder



Red Ryder



Red Ryder



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



A WALKING-BICYCLE, WAS A POPULAR MODE OF TRANSPORTATION ABOUT 1820.



THE ARCTIC REGION WAS NAMED FOR THE BIG DIPPER CONSTELLATION... OR THE BIG BEAR 'ARCTOS' AS THE GREEKS CALLED IT... WHICH HOVERS OVER THE NORTHLAND.

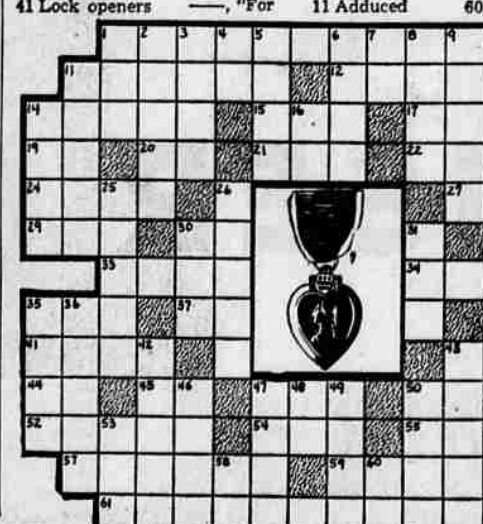
A NIGHT CRAWLER IS: ANGLEWORM COMMANDO DESERT TORTOISE?

ANSWER: An angletworm.

NEXT: Costly mosquitoes.

U. S. ARMY MEDAL

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| HORIZONTAL | Answer to Previous Puzzle | 13 Plant part |
| 1 Depicted medal of the Order of the | WILLIAM BENDIX | 14 Lateral |
| 11 Clergyman | VIANE RISEN ARE | 16 East Indies (abbr.) |
| 12 Anesthetic (pl.) | AL TEAR ADAM NO | 18 Smooth |
| 14 Oriental | SIKY ANY MISS SIR | 25 Foot |
| 15 Body of water | ESAU WILLIAM SCAN | 26 Hindu queen |
| 17 Artist's frame | PI PAE DENOX | 28 Animal |
| 19 That one | OS | 30 Weight of |
| 20 French article | URN TOT TRIS TUB | 31 Talent |
| 21 Courtesy title | LOUNA EAST PA | 35 Gold Coast |
| 22 Doctor of | EASE CLEAR ROOM | 36 Coarse cotton |
| Medicine (abbr.) | MOVIE COMEDIAN | drilling |
| 23 Measure | 43 Step | 39 Range |
| 24 Lair | 44 Within | 40 Surrender |
| 27 Bridge | 45 Symbol for tellurium | 42 Harsh |
| 29 Dutch city | 47 Abstract being | 43 Inner courtyard |
| 30 Symbol for samarium | 50 Ambar | 46 Goddess of discord |
| 32 Malt drink | 51 Alleged force | 47 At all times |
| 33 Level | 52 Chimney cowl | 48 Symbol for sodium |
| 34 Sped | 54 Large tub | 49 Staff part |
| 35 Total up | 55 Storehouse | 50 Half (prefix) |
| 37 Of the thing | 57 Maritime | 53 Indo-Chinese language |
| 38 Distinguished Service Cross (abbr.) | 59 Kind of fur | 56 Girl's name |
| 41 Lock openers | 61 Its reverse bears the | 58 North Carolina (abbr.) |
| | "For | 60 Right (abbr.) |



FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's the only way we could keep our help during the vacation season!"

Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Boots and Her Buddies



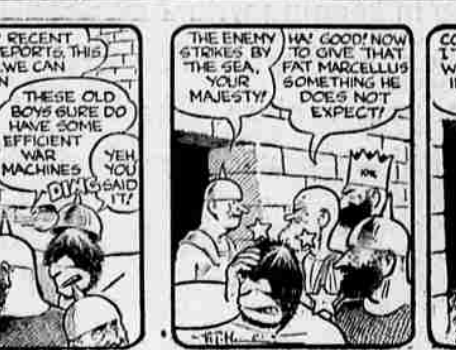
Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Allep Oop



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie



Little Orphan Annie

