

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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THE STORY: When Ned French announces that he has been drafted and refuses to let his well-to-do father finance a commission for him, his sister Barbee realizes that she, too, must do her bit toward winning the war. She asks old friend Charles Mowry to let her take his special course in analytical chemistry laboratory studies.

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN

CHAPTER III

CHARLES MOWRY might not understand what was in Barbee French's heart that morning but he could at least read the determination in her face.

He capitulated. "I'll be glad to have you in the class, Barbee. You know that." Warm lights danced in his eyes as he looked down at her. But he could be determined, too. "Remember, if you enroll you'll have to take a job when the course is finished."

"That's what I want," Barbee told him firmly.

He told her where to go to sign up, and stood watching while she swung down the corridor. Barbee found that class work didn't start until the following week, and she was glad of that. It would give her more time to spend with Ned during his last week. But as it turned out she saw surprisingly little of him. He seemed to have a thousand things to do. He was on the go almost constantly. Even his last morning had to be shared with someone else.

Barbee and Molly together had made quite an occasion of his last meal at home. Molly cooked the breakfast herself, and there were all of Ned's favorite dishes. So many of them that Ned laughed. "You trying to feed me up for the duration, Molly?"

The old colored woman chuckled. "Yes suh, Mister Ned. And Ah'll send you a box of cookies, jest as soon as Ah gets youah address."

"Now you're talking, Molly," Ned approved. "Every week. Remember."

"Yes suh, Mister Ned. Yassuh." Molly lifted the corner of her apron and furtively wiped her eyes.

It was Barbee who first spied the tall athletic girl waiting on the station platform. Even then it didn't occur to Barbee that she was there to see Ned.

"Ned, isn't that Della Over—" she started to say, and then the tall girl saw them and came quickly toward them.

She and Ned caught hands and clung together rather breathlessly for a moment. "I cut my classes this morning," she explained. "I had to see you leave."

"You know Della Overstreet?" Ned turned to his father.

Mr. French acknowledged the introduction and Barbee murmured a rather stiff, "Good morning." For a moment she resented the other girl's intrusion.

And then she saw Ned's face and was ashamed of her selfishness. "I must be glad about anything that makes him glad," she told herself coolly. He was so young and perhaps with so short a time for happiness. From the way he looked at Della here being there to tell him goodbye certainly added to that happiness.

Barbee soon found that the chemistry course wasn't going to be a snap. There was practically a year of chemistry crowded into concentrated 10-week course. And that time was further shortened by pressing need for technicians in the war industries. Personnel men from ordnance plants came to interview the girls about employment and Charles Mowry, as instructor in charge, recommended the most advanced students in the class for jobs before they finished the course.

Barbee was in this group. She knew it was largely due to Charles' friendly help in class and at home evenings that she had done so well, and she didn't want to disappoint him. But taking a job out of town presented difficulties that she hadn't counted on. With Ned gone, she hated very much to leave her father alone, and spoke about it to Charles.

"Isn't there any place here in town that needs laboratory technicians?" she demanded plaintively.

"We've had a call from one local plant," Charles admitted. "But you wouldn't be interested in it."

"Why?"

"It's a factory where they make gas masks. You'd be testing carbon. Incredibly dirty work."

Barbee's face flushed angrily. "Charles, when will you under-

stand? I'm not looking for a white collar job. I want a real job, a war job, and I don't care how dirty it is."

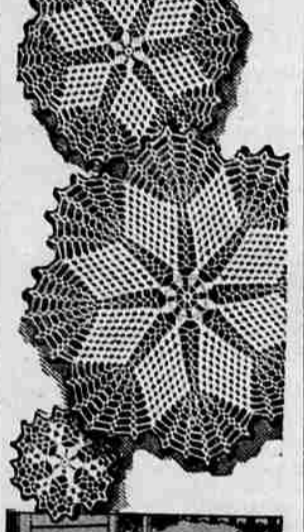
Charles gave her a long speculative look. "All right," he said at last. He took a card out of his pocket and wrote something on the back of it.

At first glimpse the Duncan Brick Company wasn't at all prepossessing, a smoke-shrouded cluster of buildings inside a high barbed wire fence with a squat guard house at the entrance.

A man in uniform stopped her at the gate with a brusque: "Who do you want to see, Miss?"

"STARS" IN CROCHET FOR LOVELY DOLLIES

7050



by Alice Brooks

As the stars lend loveliness to the night, these enchanting doilies will glorify your table, your rich buffet... your silver and glassware. Best of all you can crochet them so quickly... with a bit of mercerized cotton! Pattern 7050 contains instructions for making doilies; stitches; photograph of doily; 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. 7050, to _____ followed by your name and address."

Because of the slowness of the mails, delivery of Herald and News Household Arts patterns may take two weeks to reach you after your order is mailed in. We're sorry.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"You can loan me one of those homes—my wife's relatives are coming for a visit!"

"Mr. Kent, the chief chemist," She showed the guard the card Charles had given her. He seemed doubtful. "Wait here. I'll call the laboratory and see."

He was back in a moment, a shade more courteous this time. "This way, please." He led her through the guard house and pointed to a muddy roadway between dark buildings. "Back that way. You'll find the laboratory door marked."

She found it almost at the end of the road. It was a plain wooden door, crudely hand lettered with the single word, LABORATORY. Barbee reached to open it just as someone inside yanked it back. Caught off balance she stumbled into a man's arms.

(To Be Continued)



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



QUOTING ODDS

SOLDIERS MAKE AN AVERAGE OF ABOUT EIGHT MOVES BY RAIL BETWEEN INDUCTION AND TIME FOR DEPARTURE OVERSEAS. UNNECESSARY CIVILIAN TRAIN TRIPS TRIP OUR TRAINING.

SOME COMPANIES EXPAND BY CONTRACTING. Says HERBERT HAMILTON, Springfield, Missouri.

"HEART'S-EASE"

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured colorful flower
- 6 Cook in hot fat
- 9 It is a garden
- 14 Run away to marry
- 15 American humorist
- 16 Musical production
- 17 Welsh homeland
- 19 Range
- 21 Tardy
- 23 Upon
- 24 We done!
- 28 Plant seed
- 30 Summer hats
- 32 Seine
- 34 Solar body
- 36 Also
- 38 God of war
- 42 Dine
- 44 Nickel (symbol)
- 45 Increases
- 47 Touch lightly
- 49 Transpose (abbr.)
- 51 Mountain path
- 54 Profit

- 25 Right (abbr.)
- 26 Area measure
- 27 Virginia (abbr.)
- 29 Moist
- 31 Seek damages
- 33 2000 pounds
- 35 Short sleep
- 37 Waterproof, cloth
- 38 Silver (symbol)
- 39 Railroad (abbr.)
- 40 Dawn (comb. form)
- 41 Compass point
- 43 Strike lightly
- 46 Delay
- 48 Stories
- 50 Rhode Island (abbr.)
- 52 South America (abbr.)
- 53 Opening
- 54 Skill
- 55 Fall by way of
- 56 Fall behind
- 58 Before
- 59 Observe
- 60 Legal point
- 62 Measure
- 64 Musical note
- 66 North Dakota (abbr.)

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

PURPLE HEART
CURATE
SITTAR
DENIS
EIDE SA
EVEN
KEYS
MITE
MARINE
INSRIPTION



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THEY'VE MADE A SORTA MONUMENT OF THAT OLD SHAPER TO COMMEMORATE WHERE THE OL' MAN AN' OTHER DIGNITARIES OF THIS NOW FAMOUS PROFESSION GOT THEIR START.

BUT LIKE ALL BIOGRAPHIES OF GREAT MEN, THEY CHEAT—NOW THERE THEY'VE LEFT OUT TH' PADDED KEG SEAT FOR TH' DAY SHIFT AN' TH' BOARD WITH A WASTE PILLLOW FOR TH' NIGHT SHIFT.

WRONG GUESS

NEW YORK, (AP)—Magistrate Charles Solomon told Sam Levine he would suspend sentence on a charge of enticing patrons to a "guess-your-age" establishment at Coney Island, if Levine could guess his age within two years.

Levine eyed the magistrate in his best professional manner then barked, "forty-eight."

"Wrong," retorted the judge, "two dollars please."

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



I HIT MY DIRT IN TH' YUKON, DETCHESS! I'LL NEVER HAVE TO NURSE ANOTHER CON!

SOMEBODY MIGHT RELIEVE YOU OF THAT DUST IF YOU HANG AROUND TOWN! SOURDOUGH DAN!

WHY DON'T YUH VISIT PAINTED VALLEY A WHILE AN' REST YOUR NERVES?

AN' EAT YORE CHOW AFTN' I SHORE WILL, DETCHESS!

SO SOURDOUGH SHOT AT ME CAUSE HE WAS UPSET!

THAT'S A MIGHTY UNHEALTHY WAY TO BE UPSET, LITTLE DEEVER!

UH-HUH!

UH-HUH! BUT SOMEONE ON THIS ISLAND KNOWS A QUICKER WAY TO A MAN'S HEART!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



I GOT UP EARLY AND CAUGHT THESE FRECKLES! CAN YOU MAKE A FIRE, BOY SCOUT FASHION?

AND HOW!

SHALL I CALL THE OTHER KIDS?

NOT YET! I WOULDN'T WANT TO SPOIL HIS DREAM OF ROMANCE WITH THE SMELL OF BARBECUED FISH!

THIS IS ROMANTIC, ISN'T IT?

UH-HUH! BUT SOMEONE ON THIS ISLAND KNOWS A QUICKER WAY TO A MAN'S HEART!

Wash Tubbs

By Cran



LOOK OUT, EASY! SHE HAS A GUN, TOO!

?

?

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



STUNNED AIN'T LAZY, HAHN! HE JUST DON'T FEEL YOU AN' STUNNED SOMETIMES

WILBUR, I WAS TALKIN' TO BOOTS ABOUT YOU AN' STUNNED.

MY GAWD—I KINDA HAD MY HEART SET ON THIS COUNTY, HAHN! THE BEST RECORD IN TH' STATE—YES SURE!

BUT IF YOU BONGS FALL DOWN ON TH' JOB, WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! I BEEN THINKN' THOUGH.

AN' I BELIEVE I KNOW HOW TO GET SOME BONGS OUT OF THAT LAZY BROTHER OF YOURS! BOOTS WILL COOPERATE.

Allep Oop

By Martin

GOLLY, BOOM, LOOK! EM COME! THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS AN' NOT ONE OF OUR GALLEYS IS PUTTIN' OUT TO STOP 'EM!

LEAVE THAT TO ARCHIMEDES, ACCORDING TO HISTORY, HIS MACHINES STOPPED THEM COLD—I MEAN HOT!

WELL, MY FRIEND THE CRITICAL HOUR HAS COME... AND THE GODS OF WAR ARE WITH US. ALL IS IN READINESS!

AVE, KING HERON. THE SUN SHINES ON THE ROMANS' COON.

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

ARE YOU SURE MR. AND MRS. SPANGLER ARE STILL IN GOONEYVILLE AND EXPECTIN' US?

OH, ABSOLUTELY—I PHONED SPIKE AND GALLY AND TOLD THEM ALL ABOUT YOU—

DID JA MENTION SANDY, TOO?

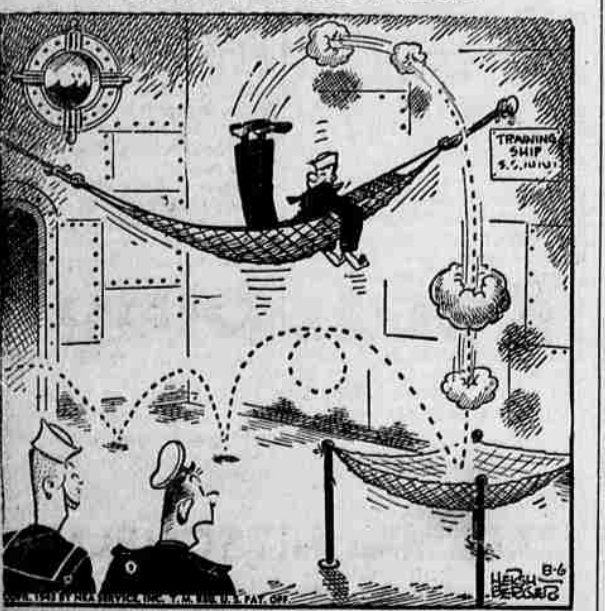
I SURE DID—THEY SAID NOT TO WORRY ABOUT BONES FOR SANDY—THEY KNOW A BUTCHER—

WOW! HEAR THAT, SANDY? YOU'RE GOIN' TO LIKE GOONEYVILLE—

WHEN DO WE START? ARFI!

I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO WITH YOU—BUT I'LL SEE YOU AND SANDY ONTO THE TRAIN—AND THEY'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU OUT THERE—

FUNNY BUSINESS



"Getting into the hammock's a cinch for him—he's from a circus-tumbling act!"