

# LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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**THE STORY:** When Ned French notices that he has been well-to-do father hangs a commission for him, his sister Barbara realizes that she, too, must do her bit toward winning the war. She takes a special course in analytical chemistry and then applies for a job at a plant that makes gas masks. She has been warned that it will mean incredibly dirty work.

**KEN CARTER**

**CHAPTER IV**

The man who had come out of the laboratory door as Barbee tried to open it in overalls with a smoke blackened face. He glared at Barbee with a grimy paw on her sleeve.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. I didn't hear you coming." He spoke with a southern drawl.

Barbee backed away from his touch and looked with dismay at the black dust imprinted across the front of her suit where she had brushed against him.

"It's all right," she said in a muffled voice. "It will brush off."

"I'm afraid not, Miss," the man informed her. "Carbon dust don't come off, it just sticks."

She looked up at him angrily, and saw for the first time that he was young, and that his eyes, startlingly blue in the griminess of his face, were looking her over with a lively appreciation.

He felt that she was upset. "I'm really am sorry. Would you let me pay the cleaning bill?"

Barbee stiffened. "Certainly not." Her most immediate desire was to cut this conversation short.

"I'm looking for Mr. Kent. Is he in?"

"Dave—yes, he's in there." He stood grinning after her as she flounced through the door.

Her entrance was unnoticed in the noise and confusion of the place.

Through a blue haze of some acid smoke that stung her eyes Barbee made out tables cluttered with dirty glass apparatus, a long row of hooded, strange-looking machines along one wall, and cabinets, once presumably painted white, now a dirty drab color, where through grimy glass doors could be seen rows of bottled chemicals.

Slowly without her usual self-assurance, she made her way toward a man sitting at a desk.

"Mr. Kent?"

He looked up at that, pushed his hat back on his forehead and tilted his head to get a better look.

The guard sent me back to see you. I—came about a job."

"Oh—yes." His glance continued to appraise her, moved down from her face, took in the smudge of dirt on her suit. Involuntarily he smiled.

Barbee relaxed from her unusual tension. She smiled, too.

"I ran into a man at the door."

"Oh, that must have been Ken Carter. He just went out of here. He's an assistant foreman out in the furnace room." Belatedly he remembered manners. "Sit down, won't you." He indicated a chair beside his desk.

Barbee took it and handed him the card that had already gotten her past the guard.

The chemist read it quickly and looked back at her with renewed interest. "We can use you," he said promptly. "We need more technicians than we can get. However," smiling ruefully, "I'd better tell you just what you're getting into. We don't want to train anyone who won't stay with us."

His glance again went over her well-tailored light suit, her expensive shoes, the ring on her finger.

"This is dirty work. The women wear old clothes or smocks. They usually tie a bandana over their face to keep it from getting dusty. We men," apologetically, "wear our hats for the same reason. We run two shifts here in the laboratory, one from 7 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon; the other from 3 until 11. Each worker has to take the second shift every third week."

"Think you want to try it?" he finished abruptly.

Barbee swallowed hard and her stubborn little chin went up. "Yes—and I'll stick. You don't need to worry about that." Her words were a promise.

**RIDING** into town on the bus her spirits began to rise. Perhaps it was distance lending enchant-

ment. At any rate the laboratory that had shocked her with its dirt and grime now seemed a fascinating place. She began to feel an eagerness to get on the job.

She was still bubbling with that eagerness when she sat across a luncheon table from Charles Mowry a little later. "You've no idea how thrilled I feel—and important. Yes, that's it. For what I do in that laboratory will really help us win this war."

As Charles watched Barbee's shining and eager face, his own grew troubled. "You make me ashamed—you and Ned. I feel like

## MORNING GLORIES TO GLORIFY LINENS



by Alice Brooks

Morning glories in shades of rose or blue add a cheery fresh look to linens. Embroider them on your crisp white towels, lunch sets, dresser scarfs. The easy embroidery gives a new impetus to your summer needlework. Pattern 7594 contains a transfer pattern of 11 motifs ranging from 10 by 11 to 24 by 24 inches; list of materials.

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## HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Think you'll stay a while, Rookie?"

a slacker staying in school to graduate when there are so many others sacrificing their personal ambitions for the duration."

"That's sheer nonsense." She touched his hand with a warmly impulsive gesture. "You know you'll be much more valuable when you get that degree in chemistry."

She had leaned across the table toward him in her earnestness. He has blue eyes, too, she thought, but not as blue as that man's at the lab.

She stopped her thoughts angrily. Why in the world should she be comparing quiet, conscientious Charles Mowry with that



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## THIS CURIOUS WORLD



**THE GIANT TUNA**, WHICH WE BUY MOSTLY IN LESS THAN HALF-POUND CANS, SOMETIMES WEIGHS THREE-FOURTHS OF A TON.

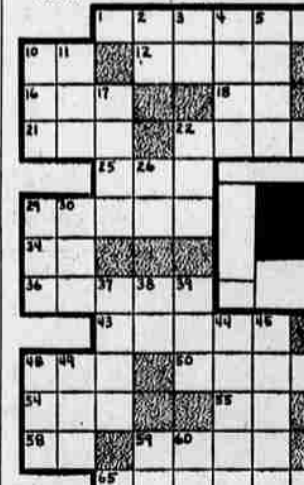


**WEED SEEDS** OF SEVERAL DIFFERENT KINDS WERE FOUND TO GERMINATE FREELY AFTER BEING BURIED IN BOTTLES FOR 60 YEARS.

**ANSWER:** Matches. Then he's sure they're out.

## "FLICKERTAIL STATE"

- |                      |                                  |                   |
|----------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| <b>HORIZONTAL</b>    | <b>ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE</b> | <b>VERTICAL</b>   |
| 1 Depicted state.    | 17 Drivel                        | 20 Internal decay |
| 10 Indian mulberry   | 20 In fruit                      | 22 Six and four   |
| 12 Organ of smell    | 21 Wale                          | 23 Auricle        |
| 13 Turkish coin      | 22 Harem                         | 24 Bin            |
| 14 Accomplish        | 23 Parent                        | 25 Merry          |
| 15 Bow slightly      | 24 Cereal grain                  | 26 Newt           |
| 16 Area measure      | 25 Man's name                    | 27 Way            |
| 17 Measure of cloth  | 26 Long meter (abbr.)            | 28 Was seated     |
| 20 Undeveloped shoot | 27 Footlike part                 | 29 Music note     |
| 21 Also              | 28 Dry                           | 30 Harem          |
| 22 Molasses          | 29 Harem                         | 31 Bin            |
| 24 Conducted         | 30 Part                          | 32 Part of Troy   |
| 25 Article           | 31 Language                      | 33 Spinning toy   |
| 27 Mimic             | 32 Czar                          | 34 Fish           |
| 29 Color             | 33 At this place                 | 35 Fish sauce     |
| 31 Musteline mammal  | 34 Slay                          | 36 Neither        |
| 34 Ah! alas!         | 35 Either                        | 37 Lock opener    |
| 35 Symbol for iron   | 36 Symbol for samarium           | 38 Symbol for     |
| 36 Shouts            | 37 Social insect                 | 39 Candlepower    |
| 40 Babble            | 38 Card game                     | 40 (abbr.)        |
| 43 Accumulate        | 39 Payable                       | 41 The gods       |
| 46 Western cattle    | 40 Uneven                        | 42 Street (abbr.) |
| 48 Important metal   | 41 Bismarck is its               |                   |



## Out Our Way



**COW PUNCH DRINK**

black-faced rough-neck who had nearly run over her at the laboratory door?

**ICE AT 375 F.**

At Harvard university, ice has been produced at 375 degrees Fahrenheit—far above the ordinary boiling point—by subjecting water to pressure of 40,000 atmospheres, equal to that 1000 miles below the earth's surface.

## Red Ryder



**PAINTED VALLEY RANCH CELEBRATES THE RETURN OF RED RYDER, LITTLE BEAVER, AND A FORMER COWHAND, SOURDOUGH DAN.**

**ALASKA'S A TOUGH COUNTRY, DETCHES--**

**YUH GOTTA GO ON, PETE--YUH'LL DIE HERE!**

**I CAN'T MAKE IT, DAN! GO ON WITHOUT ME!**

**-PETE FOUND TH' TRAVELIN' DOUGH FOR HIM GOIN' LIP CHILKOOT PASS--**

**WELL, THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT, LANA! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT AND LIKE IT!**

**FISH-FISH-FISH! I HATE IT!!**

**I WAS PRACTICING RUBBING TWO STICKS TO--GETHER--AND I WONDER IF WE HAVE A HOSE AND A FAUCET?**

**I JUST SET THE ISLAND ON FIRE!**

**CAPTAIN EASY, THIS IS WING COMMANDER TOPPING**

**YOU CAUGHT A COUPLE OF INTERESTING BLIGHTERS, CAPTAIN**

**BUT WHY DID YOU TRY TO KIDNAP PENNY, SUN?**

**THAT WOMAN BEARS A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO MISS BURKE, CAPTAIN...**

**SHE'S A SPY, NO DOUBT, AND PLANNED TO MASQUERADE AS MISS BURKE**

**SHE'D NEVER HAVE FOOLED ME, SUN!**

**HEV'VE BEEN LOOKIN'!**

**PRIZE FOR MOST IMPROVED FARM IN COUNTY THREE WEEKS FROM TODAY! BE AWARDED PICNIC AND DANCE**

**WHY, IT'S JUST A GAG TO GET US TO WORK! LET'S SHOOT SOME TH' FARM**

**NAH, I GOTTA BE GETTIN' BACK TO MY FARM**

**STUNNED, I FOUND OUT WHAT THAT PRIZE IS GONNA BE FOR THE MOST IMPROVED FARM**

**YEAH, WHAT'S FER SUPPER**

**THERE, OUR CREWS HAVE GONE INTO ACTION... NOW WATCH THAT LEADING GALLEY!**

**WHY, TH' DAN'S THING'S AFIRE ALREADY!**

**GEE, I SORTA HATED TO LEAVE MR. MITT AND TH' CASTLE, AND ALL TH' FRIENDS WE MADE IN RIVERSIDE--**

**BUT THEY'LL GET ALONG WITHOUT US--AND WE'LL MAKE NEW FRIENDS IN GOONEYVILLE--HERE COMES TH' TRAIN--**

**GOOD-BY, ANNE--WHEN THIS WAR'S OVER, I'LL SEE YOU IN GOONEYVILLE--**

**ALL ABOARD!**

**GOOD-BY--AND BE OH, SO CAREFUL!**

**GOOD-BY! GOOD-BY! ARF! ARF!**

**ARF! ARF!**

## Our Boarding House



**THAT'S WHY WE GOT TO QUIT CALLIN' THESE LAY-OUTS COW RANCHES! IF YUH HIRE A DITCH-DIGGER HE'S GOT TO HAVE BOOTS HE CAN'T THINK IN, AN' GLOVES HE CAN'T WORK IN!**

**YES, I KNOW-- WE HIRE A CARPENTER AN' HE BROUGHT HIS SPURS BUT HAD TO GO BACK AFTER HIS TOOLS!**

**SINCE MAJOR HOOPLE'S BEEN HERE YOU'VE BEEN A DRONE IN THE HIVE, ROGER BUTLER!**

**BUT LAST NIGHT, AFTER YOU'D BEEN IN TOWN, YOU DUMPED A BUSHFUL OF OATS IN THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK!--WHEN DOES THIS HORSEPLAY END?**

**OH, DON'T GET SO HEN-FLUSTERED OVER A LITTLE FUN!-- AIN'T I ALWAYS BEEN AS STEADY AS A LIGHTNING ROD?**

**UM! SOUNDS LIKE SAILING ORDERS!**

**THEY'LL PULL ANCHOR TOMORROW--**

## Red Ryder



**NOW, SOURDOUGH-- TELL US ABOUT YOUR BIG GOLD STRIKE!**

**ALASKA'S A TOUGH COUNTRY, DETCHES--**

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## With Major Hoople



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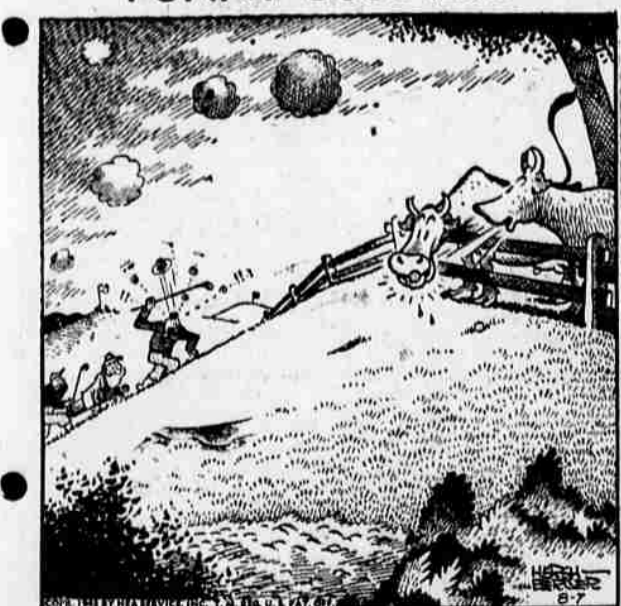
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## FUNNY BUSINESS



"I ate one like that yesterday, but I can't rave about them like those fellows do when they miss one!"

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