

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 engage a commission for him, his sister Barbee secures a job in a plant that makes gas masks. The Keller tests. She finds the presence of Ken Carter, tough young factory foreman, vaguely disturbing.

NOT IN UNIFORM

CHAPTER VI
BARBEE found that there was a lot of detail to the test she was to learn. By noon time she had a sinking feeling that she'd never master it. She wasn't mechanically minded, and the maze of glass tubing, rubber connections, stop cocks, and flow meters which constituted the testing machine, each of which had to be watched constantly for leaks and kept adjusted to a fine exactness, was confusing to say the least.

Altogether Barbee was glad when 3 o'clock came and with it quitting time. She trailed after the other girls into the crowded dressing room and politely waited her turn at the wash basin and mirror. When at last she looked in the mirror she received a shock. Her face was dirty, smudged on forehead, nose, and cheeks with carbon wherever her hands had touched it during the day.

Taking her time to clean up delayed her long after the other girls had gone. She walked alone to the bus stop. There was a bus coming. She stepped to the curb and signaled it. It passed as if the driver hadn't seen her. A second and a third bus passed without even slowing up. Barbee looked around. There was a standard bearing the words, "Bus Stop." She couldn't understand it.

A CONVERTIBLE started around the corner and then slid to a stop in front of her with an unpatriotic disregard of tires. A male voice inquired, "Which way you going?"

Barbee stared haughtily. She wasn't in the habit of being picked up on street corners. The man in the car leaned toward her so that she could see his face. "I'm Ken Carter, remember? I'll give you a lift if you're going my way."

"I'm going north," she said. "Fine. Hop in." He swung the car over wide and waited for her to clamber in.

"Why don't the buses stop at that corner?" Barbee asked, as Ken got the rather disreputable car under way again.

"Because they're already jammed to the doors, didn't you see? Pick up all they can carry out at the airplane plant."

"Well, how do the girls from the lab get home then?"

"Most of 'em ride with fellows from the plant. Where did you say you live?"

Barbee gave him her street and number.

"That's fine. You can ride with me every evening. I board close to there. I'd be glad to bring you in the mornings, too. Only I come to work earlier than you do."

"I can get here all right in the mornings," Barbee assured him. She stole a sideways glance at him. Susan had said that he was good looking when he was dressed up. He wasn't exactly dressed up now, but he had taken a shower, his face was clean, his hair neatly combed, and he had discarded his overalls for a pair of gray slacks and a sport shirt open at the neck. He wasn't bad looking, and his eyes were the bluest Barbee had ever seen. Decidedly the type that would appeal to a giddy girl like Susan Keller, Barbee thought. And would have left it there.

BUT Ken Carter didn't. He seemed to feel that she was interested in his life's history, and he willingly obliged with the details. In the next few minutes, Barbee learned that his home was in Georgia—no wonder he talked like a dandy—that he'd come north to work because there weren't many defense jobs in the south, and that he hadn't been back, that he wanted to go for a visit though, as soon as he could get a few days off from the job. He didn't get much news from home. "Granny" who had raised him couldn't write.

Barbee was shocked into sudden attention. He had a grand-

mother who couldn't write. She looked at him with the same curiosity she would have accorded a strange animal in a zoo.

The young man however was fortunately oblivious of the reason for her regard. "Nice place you've got here," he observed, stopping the car in front of the attractive stone house at the address Barbee had given him. "Live with your family?"

Barbee smothered her resentment at his familiarity and assured him that she did. "With my father and brother. He's in the Army now. I suppose that's where you'll be soon."

SHE LOVES ME... SHE LOVES ME NOT



7600

by Alice Brooks

Every one loves a daisy! Capture them for good by embroidering these in white with green leaves against a colored ground... on cloths, lunch sets or softly tinted towels. The effect is fresh and lifelike... and they're so quick to do. Pattern 7600 contains a transfer pattern of 14 motifs ranging from 6 x 10 1/2 to 1 1/2 x 2 inches; 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."

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!



"Hey, are you going to stay on the night shift on your vacation, too?"

She knew instantly that she had blundered. His face darkened painfully.

"They won't have me," he said thickly, after a long moment. "Won't have you—!" Barbee blurted tactlessly in her surprise. Ken looked away from her. "I was in an automobile accident some years ago. Broke a leg and it wasn't set properly. It's as strong as ever, but I limp a little. You can hardly notice it," he added angrily.

Barbee thought of Ned and how proud he was to be doing his part. Funny, she had never thought of this, how a man might feel if some physical disability kept him from it. Ashamed and inferior. She felt suddenly very sorry for Ken Carter.

(To Be Continued)

Road to Comiso



Overturned Italian tank is one of the many interesting sights noted by American soldiers on the white-walled road to Comiso, Sicily.

It is believed that the equipment of the American army is superior to that of other armies. This is particularly true of American transportation, which has continued to stand up under almost inconceivable conditions. Lieut.-Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Second Army commander in Tunisia.

Falls killed one-half of the 32,000 persons who died in home accidents in the United States during 1941.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



BARNACLES ARE HELPING THE ALLIES!
THESE CRUSTACEANS COLLECT ON ALL SHIPS... BUT AXIS VESSELS, BEING FORCED TO REMAIN MORE CONSTANTLY AT SEA, ARE UNABLE TO HAVE THEM REMOVED... AND A BARNACLE-INCORPORATED HULL LOWERS THE CRAFT'S EFFICIENCY.

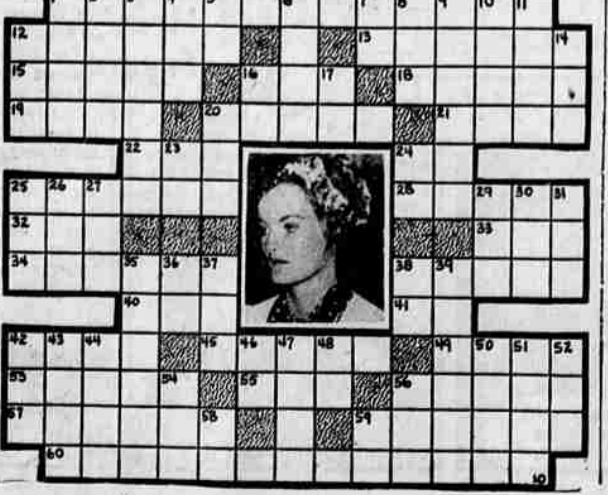
ALASKA SEALS
IS THE ONLY FUR THAT IS OWNED, CONTROLLED AND SOLD BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

ANSWER: Brazil... in one of the important seaports far up the Amazon.

NEXT: Do you like the new pennies?

HEIRESS

1 Pictured heiress, Duke	2 Sweethearts	3 Revoked	4 Sultanic decree	5 Amount (abbr.)	6 Goddess	7 Story	8 Smudge	9 Indian	10 Silkworm	11 Rough lava	12 Season	13 Thrall	14 Winking part	15 Is able	16 Confine for grazing	17 Harasses	18 Dutch city	19 Symbol for tellurium	20 Young salmon	21 Blackboard	22 Castle ditch	23 Diminutive	24 being	25 Blackbird	26 Swarm	27 Soils	28 Keep	29 Amusement	30 VERTICAL	31 Girl's name	32 Ellipsoidal	33 Ransom	34 Anger	35 Steamship	36 Italian city	37 Written form of Mister	38 Marry	39 Epic	40 Shakespearian king	41 Narrow path	42 Ignited	43 New Guinea	44 Part of "be"	45 Symbol for tantalum	46 Courtesy title	47 Kind of leather	48 "Pelican State" (abbr.)	49 Handle	50 Palm lily	51 Algerian city	52 Entrance	53 Nine and one port	54 Compass point	55 Dress edge	56 Senior (abbr.)	57 Registered nurse (abbr.)
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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



NATURE STUDENTS

SURE, THEY OUGHTA BE KILLED, I'VE HEARD THEM ROAD RUNNERS EAT QUAILS! EGGS AN' YOUNG QUAIL!

HAVENT YOU ALSO HEARD THAT THEY EAT MANY DESTRUCTIVE BUGS, SNAKES, CUTWORMS, GRASSHOPPERS, SNAILS AND MOTHS!

WELL, IF I WAS A QUAIL HUNTER I'D BE AGIN HIM, AN' IF I WAS A FARMER I'D BE FER HIM-- BUT AS I EXPECT TO BE A POLITICIAN I'LL LOOK INTO IT AN' SEE WHO HAS TH' MOST VOTES!

Our Boarding House

With Mejer Hoopie



HE'S DINING IN DREAMLAND

TWO FLATS, NO SPARE, NO REPAIR KIT! -- AND I'M GO HUNGRY MY JOWLS ARE HANGING LIKE A TOREADOR'S CAPE!

YOU'RE STILL HEAVY ENOUGH TO LOPE OUT INTO THAT FIELD AND MUNCH ON OATS!

I'LL TRY TO REMEMBER MY BOY SCOUT LESSONS-- WHAT'S THE FIRST STEP WHEN YOU BARBECUE A CROW?

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



Red Ryder

PETE JUST DISAPPEARED-- CRET AWAY AN' DIED SO HE WOULDN'T BE A BURDEN TO ME! WHEN I STRUCK GOLD!



By Blosser

SOUR DOUGH, WHEN YOU WERE A COW-HAND HERE, YOU WERE TH' LAZIEST CRITTER THAT EVER ROPED A LAME STEER!

I DON'T HAVE TO PUNCH COWS NOW, DETCHES! I'M RICH!

YES! I WORKED HARD AN' YOU WERE LAZY! NOW I'VE GOT TROUBLE! AN' YOU HAVE GOLD! TAIN'T FAIR!

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Wash Tubbs

LOOK! THE WIND IS CHANGING -- IT'S BLOWING THE FIRE AWAY FROM THAT DRY GRASS!

I GUESS IT'S SAFE TO GO ASHORE AGAIN -- THE FIRE'LL BURN ITSELF OUT!

WE CAN CARRY WET SAND AND MAKE A FIRE-BREAK!



By Cran

I'M AFRAID TO GO ASHORE! MY CLOTHES MIGHT CATCH ON FIRE FROM A SPARK!

IF A SPARK LIGHTS ON WHAT YOU'RE WEARING I'LL SURE HAVE TO BE AN EXPERT NAVIGATOR!

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Boots and Her Buddies

IN PLANNING THIS RAID, WE MUST REALIZE THAT COMPLETE SURPRISE ON A BOMBING MISSION IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE NOWADAYS.

"NAT! RADAR WAGONS OF OUR APPROACH MANY MILES AWAY, BUT IT DOES NOT REVEAL OUR EXACT OBJECTIVE. THE ENEMY, THEN, MUST PREPARE TO DEFEND SEVERAL POSSIBLE TARGETS!"

IF HE COULD LEARN OUR REAL OBJECTIVE IN ADVANCE, HE WOULD CONCENTRATE TERRIFIC FIGHTER STRENGTH AT THAT POINT!

THIS, REGARDING A PROJECTED RAID IS VITALLY IMPORTANT!!



By Martin

GRANPA -- STUNIE EVANS IS WORKIN'!

HURRY, GIRLS! THE FARM TRUCK WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHO IS GOING TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE, BOOTS!

HEY, WHAT'S WITH THIS DANCE STUFF? I THOUGHT YOU WERE FARMING, NOT TRUCKIN'!

WHY, FER? I BELIEVE YOU'RE JEALOUS!

GIMME SOME CLEAN OVER A BIG STRAW HAT!

Allep Oop

By Martin



Allep Oop

WELL, MY FRIENDS, THE SHOW IS OVER.

ALL EXCEPT THE WORK OF THE MOP-UP SQUADS.

I BETCHA THEM ROMANS WERE A SURPRISED BLUNCH WHEN THEIR SHIPS CAUGHT AFIRE!

AND THOSE THAT ESCAPED HUNG UP ON THE HARBOUR CHAINS AT THE MERCY OF THE FLAME-THROWERS!

WELL, OOR, I YEH... IF HIS COOK IS HALF KIRK HERRON'S VICTORY AS ARCHIMEDES WAS AT HIS!

AVE, AS GOOD AS THOSE ROMAN LEGIONS ARE, WEVE WITHSTOOD THEIR BEST EFFORTS FOR THREE YEARS!

THREE YEARS?



By Harold Gray

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN GOONEVILLE, SANDY-- NOW, WHERE ARE MR. AND MRS. SPANGLE?

ARF!

THERE, SPIKE-- IT MUST BE ANNIE AND SANDY--

YES, SALLY-- THEY SEE US NOW.

HOW DO YOU DO? I'M ANNIE AND THIS IS SANDY--

IT WAS SUCH A LONG TRAIN, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CAR YOU'D BE ON--

BUT THERE'S NEVER ENOUGH OF A CROWD HERE SO ANYONE COULD GET LOST IN IT--

WE-- WE DIDN'T BRING THE CAR-- BUT IT'S ONLY A LITTLE WAY TO OUR HOUSE--

FUNNY BUSINESS



"My regular quota of beef goes farther with that display in the window!"