

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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FALLING IN LOVE?

CHAPTER VIII

BARBEE tried to justify herself to the flushed-faced girl in her bedroom mirror.

It didn't mean anything. Ken Carter had kissed her and then they'd laughed, and he had driven her home.

Kissing didn't mean anything to a man like Ken Carter. It was just part of an evening's fun.

"Forget it," she told herself as she sank into the soft bed. "Forget it. It didn't mean anything to him—it doesn't mean anything to you. Just fun . . ." She drifted off to sleep.

And because the evening with Ken had been fun, she hesitated only slightly when he asked her to a dance a few days later.

He was a surprisingly good dancer in spite of his slight lameness. They got along famously from the very first down beat. "Take me a little bit!" he asked audaciously as they danced cheek to cheek.

"Un-huh," Barbree murmured noncommittally.

Ken's arms tightened around her. "I could really go for you, baby. In fact, I've been looking for a girl like you ever since I came north."

Barbree thought she saw trouble ahead. "It's awfully warm in here. Let's get something cold to drink."

But Ken wasn't easily put off. Across a table he pursued the subject. "You know, I've gone with a lot of girls since I came up here—Barbree could easily believe that. He was the type who attracted girls without effort. She flushed, remembering how she had let him kiss her on their first date.

SHE brought her attention back to what he was saying. "Maybe I've been unlucky, but most of the girls I've met here so far have wanted to see how much money I'd spend on them so they could tell their friends about it the next day. Now you're different. You haven't asked me to take you to dinner at the Manor House . . . you were satisfied with a steak sandwich on a tray."

Barbree barely suppressed a laugh.

But Ken was too serious to notice her concealed merriment. He went on talking in dead earnest. "After all, a man wants to be liked for himself. When you're going with a girl you never know when you're going to fall in love with her . . ."

Barbree cut in, "But an intelligent person doesn't fall in love like that. I mean, one picks out a person who is one's equal in every way, in breeding, in education, a person with more or less the same background, before one even allows oneself to think about falling in love."

Ken's eyes began to glow. "Does one? Maybe I'm not intelligent, then."

She spoke slowly, almost reluctantly. "You see, Ken, maybe the reason I didn't ask you to take me to the Manor House is because I dine there quite often. It wouldn't have been any fun. And when one has money one doesn't think about having some one spend it on one."

"You mean you have money, that's why it isn't important to you?"

She nodded. There was no use in Ken's getting ideas about her. In some ways he was a strange young man. He didn't seem so very impressed by what she told him. In fact, he kissed her on the way home as casually as he had that first night.

She hoped Ken was put in his place. There was no use in him getting ideas about her. In some ways he was a strange young man. He didn't seem so very impressed by what she told him. In fact, he kissed her on the way home as casually as he had that first night.

STRANGELY enough Barbree didn't see the real danger signals until the night Charles Mowry phoned and asked her to go to a lecture with him at University Hall. A famous war correspondent was to talk. Barbree usually enjoyed that sort of thing. She accepted with alacrity. It was with surprise that she found herself getting bored and restless as the man talked, and glad when the lecture was finally over.

It was a lovely warm night with a moon. Charles was going to call a taxi, but Barbree impulsively took his arm and said, "Let's walk." Charles liked the idea, too. They walked slowly, talking of his affairs at the university, about Ned, about her work, about what he would do when he graduated. Charles walked her to the door and lingered for a few minutes to finish his talk. Barbree hardly heard what he was saying. She was suddenly conscious of an overbearing curiosity. Would he kiss her? He never had, although she was certain he was in love with her. But tonight with that moon overhead and the scent of

EASY TO CROCHET EASY TO WEAR



7598

by Alice Brooks

Today's fashion dictates the light, airy note that these crocheted beanies can give . . . As a compliment to the functional simplicity of suits and dresses. And you can make them so easily, so economically just with a bit of straw yarn or wool. Pattern 7598 contains directions for hats; stitches; 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. Request for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. _____ to _____ followed by your name and address."

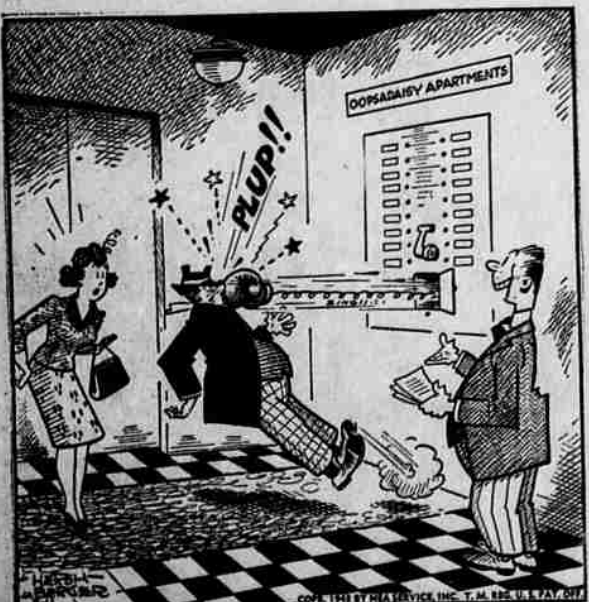
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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Your furlough pass, please!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"And for \$5 a month extra your apartment gets the use of this anti-bill collector device!"

summer roses heavy in the air? He didn't. He bid her good night, held her hand for a brief moment and was gone. She felt frustrated and angry with him and with herself. He wasn't the kind who would kiss a girl—a nice girl, that is—until they were en-

Spotting Japs



American on Rendova scans the skies for Jap planes. Five miles away is Munda, enemy air base now under attack in the central Solomons.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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THE BROWN TROUT WAS FIRST BROUGHT TO THE U.S. FROM EUROPE IN 1884, AND NOW IS FOUND IN ALL BUT ABOUT TEN STATES.

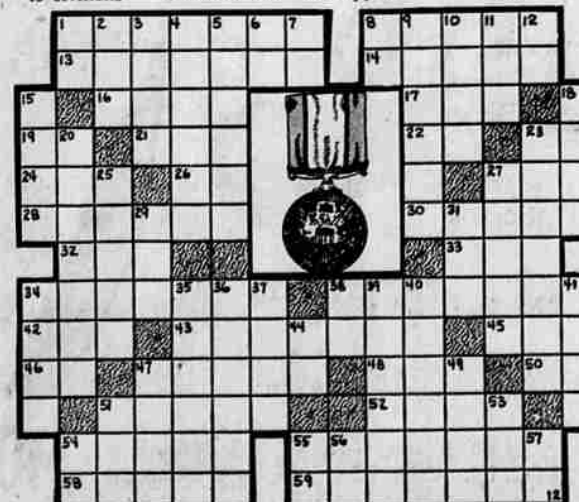


ANSWER: Because they use their stings only on other queens.

NEXT: Is the Bible printed in Braille?

REWARD FOR SERVICE

HORIZONTAL		Answer to Previous Puzzle		20 Applauders (slang)	
1,8 Depicted in the U. S. Army Distinguished—	FRANK FRITSCHE BE	FRANK FRITSCHE BE	FRANK FRITSCHE BE	23 Turned away	27 Plait
13 Scooped	LANES	LANES	LANES	29 Exist	31 Possessed
14 Papal cape	OG WAD	OG WAD	OG WAD	34 Frolic	35 It is a
15 Genus of orchids	TOD PI	TOD PI	TOD PI	for meritori-	36 Eludes
17 Tear	IF M	IF M	IF M	ous service	37 Painful
19 Area measure	HELOT STRIP TAB	HELOT STRIP TAB	HELOT STRIP TAB	38 Average	39 Harvester
21 Standard (abbr.)	ALLIES RENEW NO	ALLIES RENEW NO	ALLIES RENEW NO	40 Emits	41 12 months
22 Like	US LEAGUE SOLAR	US LEAGUE SOLAR	US LEAGUE SOLAR	44 Lord (abbr.)	47 On the
23 Rough lava	LE SNIVEL TEASE	LE SNIVEL TEASE	LE SNIVEL TEASE	sheltered side	49 Poker stake
24 Steal				51 Female saint	53 Selection
26 One (Scot.)				54 Be quiet	55 Grand Master
27 Besta Virgo				56 International	
28 Maria (abbr.)				language	
29 Hornlike sea				57 Doctor of	
skeletons				Science	
30 One and two					
32 Sailor					
33 Swiss river					
34 Esteems					
38 Dryness					
42 Mineral rock					
43 Derives					
45 English river					
46 Manuscript (abbr.)					
47 This medal may be—					
ed to civilians					



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

gaged. Charles was a gentleman. She was too restless to try to sleep. She tried to read, gave it up, and turned on the radio. When a dance band came on she began to dance softly by herself there in the long living room dimly lit by the reading lamp. Closing her eyes she could imagine she was in Ken Carter's arms swaying and floating to the soft cadence of the music. Suddenly she stopped and stared bleakly in front of her. Could it be . . . ? It couldn't be. Impossible! Ridiculous! (To Be Continued.)

Red Ryder



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Wash Tubbs

By Crane



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

