

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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THE PROPOSAL

CHAPTER X

ALONE there in the dark she forced herself to face the unenviable truth. If she wasn't in love with Ken she was dangerously close to it. He was constantly in her mind, she couldn't forget him. The remembered hurt in his eyes last night made her ache with misery.

She pressed the cool palms of her hands against her feverish head. What was she going to do? There was only one thing to do... cut this foolishness out of her heart, Barbee decided.

Armed with that determination she went to work the next morning. She'd avoid Ken as much as possible. She'd refuse to have any more dates with him. In time her infatuation would die a natural death. To her great surprise and chagrin Ken himself saved her the trouble.

She saw him the moment he came into the lab, saw him head toward her, and braced herself against any show of friendliness.

"Hello, Ken."

"Barbee, there's been a change in my hours. I've been made second shift foreman. Sorry I won't be able to take you home any more, but I've arranged for one of the other boys to give you a ride." His voice was casual—too casual. He'd rehearsed that speech for hours.

"It's fine, Barbee told herself, it's just what she wanted. Not having to ride home with Ken will make the break with him complete. But anger choked her. It hurt her pride for Ken to have been the one to end their friendship. She was even angrier when she learned from the boy who drove her home, that Ken had asked to change hours with the second shift foreman. She knew then that it was a deliberate move on his part to avoid seeing her.

FORTUNATELY for Barbee there was the excitement of Ned's being at home to tide her over the break. There was something doing every evening, a dance, party, or dinner. Since Ned and Della were inevitably coupled together now in all invitations, Charles Mowry was included as Barbee's escort. They became an inseparable foursome.

The last evening of Ned's all too short furlough the four of them spent at home to be with Dad. They played bridge for awhile, and then just talked.

Ned clapped Charles on the shoulder. "Has he told you yet what he's been up to?"

"What is it, Charles?" the girls chorused.

Ned answered for him. "He's got himself a commission in the Chemical Warfare Service."

"That's fine, Charles," Barbee said quickly, wondering why he looked so crestfallen. "I suppose you'll be going away then, too."

Ned laughed uproariously. "That's the funny part of it. Old Charles had visions of being shipped overseas right away, rather fancied himself as a hero, didn't you?"

"Oh shut up," Charles growled good-naturedly.

Ned was still laughing. "And where do you think he's going?"

"We'd like to know," Barbee said a little impatiently.

"He's been assigned to that place that makes gas masks, right here in town. The place where you work, Barbee."

They all laughed, even if it was at Charles' expense. It was one of those unprecedented jokes of wartime. But for Barbee it deepened a sudden complication.

Ned had taken Della home and Charles lingered with Barbee. "You know how I feel about you, don't you, Barbee?" he began rather abruptly.

Barbee yanked her treacherous thoughts back to her immediate surroundings. She had been thinking about Ken, she hadn't seen him since that morning when he had told her that his trick had been changed. That was nearly a week ago, now. Her thoughts had a habit of slipping away to him the moment they weren't fully occupied.

SHE looked at Charles, silent for a moment, and then truthfully, "Yes, I think I do, Charles."

"I haven't said anything before,"

he went on eagerly, "because, well, because everything is so uncertain in these war days. But now, if I'm to be stationed here, there's no reason why we couldn't be married. That is—that is—if I—"

She stumbled to an awkward halt seeing the lack of response in her face.

She got up from the davenport, walked to a window, stared out into the night, unable to face him for a moment, until she could collect her errant thoughts.

Every instinct in her urged her to say "Yes" to Charles' proposal. She wasn't in love with him, she

wouldn't be ecstatically happy as his wife, but she'd have the kind of a life she'd grown up to expect. She'd have security, and decency, and respect.

And the fact that she didn't love Charles wouldn't make any difference to him. He'd be willing to accept whatever she had to give. She knew him well enough to be sure of that. She turned back to him.

"Forgive me, Charles, I—I didn't mean to be rude. It was rather sudden, I have to have a little time to think about it—"

He took her hands, and drew her gently beside him. "Take all the time you want to think about it, Barbee darling. I'll wait—you know that, don't you?"

Barbee drew a deep breath. "Thank you, Charles, I'll think about it."

(To Be Continued)

Looking like a Hollywood starlet in a pin-up pose, Army Nurse 2nd Lieut. Catherine Sindle relaxes in swimming pool at Maxwell Field, Ala., where she is stationed at the base hospital.

7242

by Alice Brooks

He's the symbol of Happiness, this busy little fellow. What's more, he seems to be showing us that the secret of Happiness is industry! Easy embroidery makes these charming tea towels easy to turn out at a fast pace. Pattern 7242 contains a transfer pattern of 7 motifs averaging 5 1/2 by 6 1/2 inches; stitches; list of materials.

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."

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"I haven't said anything before,"

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



"THE BROOM TAIL" 8-14

A SCALE THAT "TALKS"

Indicating the correct weight by a buzzing sound instead of visible numerals, an "audio" scale can be operated in total darkness, as in film rooms, or by a blind person.

We shall not forget that Eire, a country which has fought many a battle for what it conceived to be the cause of liberty, indifferent to this, one of the most dramatic and fateful struggles in the history of mankind. —British Home Secretary Herbert Morrison.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



8-14



8-14

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



8-14



8-14

Wash Tubbs

By Crane



8-14



8-14

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



8-14



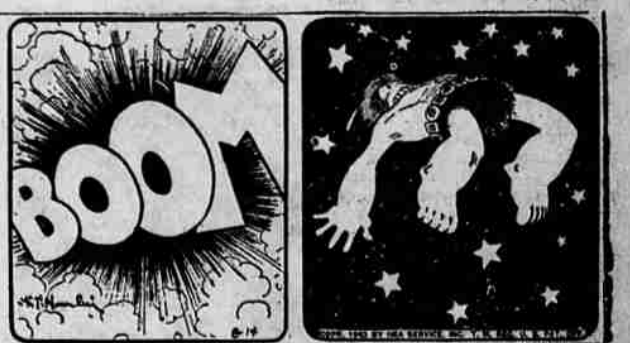
8-14

Allep Oop

By Martin



8-14



8-14

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



8-14



8-14

FUNNY BUSINESS



8-14

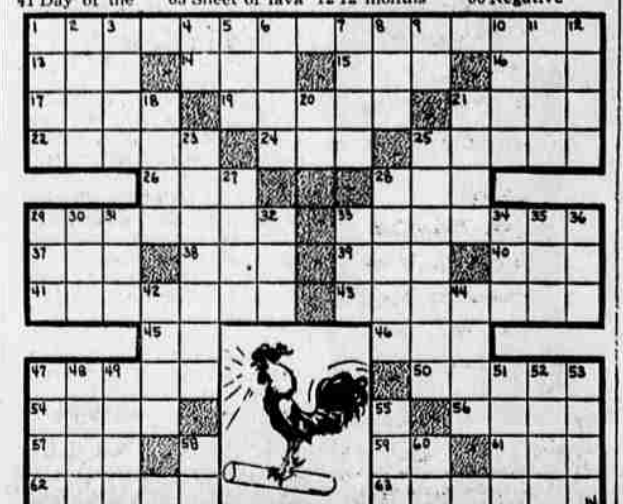
NAVAL AIR UNIT INSIGNE

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Depicted in insignie of USS	MESSKIT	CLEANED	18 Harvest
Unit, U. S. Naval aviation	EN, BOTH	EARN, NO	20 Exist
13 Exercise	RET PER	DIE, SOU	21 Location
14 Paving substance	GRIP MUSED	PLUS	23 Slim
15 Sped	EGGS MAD	LOGE	25 Stays
16 Fish eggs	YEAST D	WRATH	27 Silkworm
17 Employer	LEER LEAN		28 Ocean
19 African seaport	PATEN P	TWEED	29 Was seated
21 Caterpillar hair	DOME BOA	THOU	30 God of the sky
22 Flowers	EMTR CLIFF		31 Dessert
23 Bear part	LAD LIE	MESS	32 Pig pen
26 Malt drink	ET SETA	ER	33 Measures of area
28 Wager	SOLDIER	RT	34 Short sleep
29 Diggers of mines in warfare			35 Suffix
33 Ancient country			36 Also
37 Blackbird			42 Stalk
38 Insect egg			44 Nickname for Peter
39 Narrow inlet			47 Cast off
40 Girl's name			48 Story
41 Day of the week			49 Great Lake
43 Bengal quince			51 Russian city
45 Symbol for tellurium			52 Climbing plant
46 Compass point			53 Grafted (her.) ingredient
47 Western cattle			58 We
50 Range			60 Negative
54 Injure			
56 Ireland			
57 Yale			
59 Any			
61 Entomology (abbr.)			
62 Achievements			
63 Sheet of lava			
12 months			

VERTICAL

1 Good to action	2 And	3 Cereal grains	4 Size of shot	5 Boat paddle	6 Snatch	7 Russian mountain	8 Make an edging	9 Within	10 Angers	11 Carry (coll.)	12 Months
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8-14