

LAB GIRL

By Rene Ryerson Mart

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CHAPTER XI

THE next morning Barbee saw by the bulletin board that she and Sue were marked up for the second trick the following week. It was their routine turn to take that trick but she bit her lip in vexation. It meant she'd be seeing Ken.

It was worse, however, than Barbee had anticipated. He came into the laboratory grinning in his customary way. Then he saw her and his smile altered. He nodded briefly. "Working this trick, now?"

Barbee crimsoned furiously. Surely he didn't think she'd had her hours changed in order to see him. "We have to take the second shift every third week, you know," she explained coldly.

He nodded again and walked over to Sue, impudently yanking at her shirt where it had worked out from the top of her slacks. "There's a swing shift show at the Camden tonight. Like to go after work?"

"Sure, big boy," Sue giggled. "Right-o. See you at eleven."

He turned to Barbee. "Want to ride along? I can drop you at your house first. This is a bad neighborhood for a girl alone at night."

Barbee was trembling. She didn't know whether Ken was making this play for Sue in order to pay her back for the way she had hurt him, or whether he honestly preferred the blond girl's company.

She said, "No," shortly. "I have a way home." It happened to be the truth. Her father had insisted that she drive the car since she was working late.

WHAT happened the next day didn't help either. Sue came in giggling. The other two girls who were also working the afternoon shift and Barbee were in the dressing room changing into their work clothes. Naturally they wanted to know what was funny.

"You should have seen Ken Carter last night," Sue giggled. "We went to a show and then we went over to the Gloria for a couple of drinks . . . only Ken didn't stop with a couple. He got so tight I had to drive the car and take him home. I bet he doesn't come in at all today."

Barbee turned away. Ken didn't come to work, and Sue seemed to enjoy telling everyone why not. Barbee listened to the story of the drinking party a dozen times, and with every hearing her disgust grew. She was sick of Ken, she was sick of Sue. She wished she didn't have to see either of them again.

At her first opportunity Barbee went over to the chief chemist's desk. "Mr. Kent, I was wondering if you wanted to put me on another job now. I've learned the chlorine test, and it really doesn't take two of us to run it."

"Well, maybe later," he agreed. Barbee was insistent. "I'd like to be changed as soon as possible." Dave Kent was curious. He probed. "Why?"

"There was no point in beating about the bush, Barbee decided. She'd be more likely to gain her request if she told him the truth. "I don't like Sue Keller. I don't like to work with her."

He looked worried. "I don't blame you, Miss French. Susan isn't all she might be. I've heard stories. This is wartime, and some girls seem to think that morals went out with silk stockings."

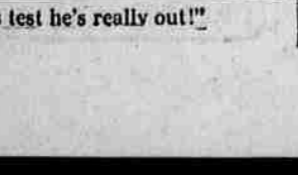
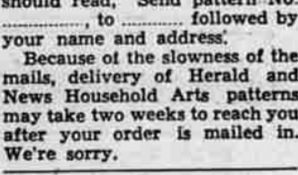
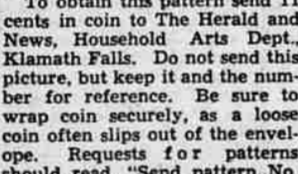
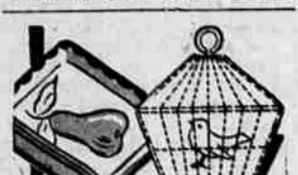
He built a pyramid with his hands, looked down at them, the worried frown cleaving deeper in his forehead. "In fact, too many people go having under the strain of war work. Take Ken Carter. He used to be one of the best men we had in the shops. Now he gets drunk every night, and comes to work with a hang-over. A man isn't reliable in that condition. We'll have to fire him if he doesn't straighten up."

"I DON'T blame him altogether." Dave Kent went on. "I know damned well how he feels. It's hard on a man to be a civilian now. Too many people wondering why he isn't in the Army. Too many wise cracks from those who don't know the facts. I've even heard that Ken's been going around to bone specialists trying to get one of them to re-break

his leg and re-set it, so that he can get in the Army if it heals straight."

Dave Kent hadn't been talking to Barbee as much as figuring things out for himself. He straightened with a little jerk and tried to make his smile as cheerful as usual. "Don't worry. I'll fix it so that you won't have to work with Sue. Stick it out this week, and I'll arrange a different schedule."

Barbee went back to her work in a daze. Ken getting drunk. Ken trying to have his leg re-set. Somehow these things just weren't like Ken as she had known him. He had resented the fact that his slight lameness kept him out of the service, but he hadn't been either morose or desperate about



The funniest thing about it was that she had a feeling of guilt, as if she were somehow to blame for Ken's strange behavior. Why—she didn't know. She had hurt his feelings by refusing to invite him to Ned's party, but that could have no connection with this—or could it?

She had a sudden glimmer of the truth. What if Ken had misunderstood her reluctance to have him meet her family? What if he had thought it was because he wasn't in the Army, that she'd been ashamed of him?

The more she thought about it, the more convinced she was that she had stumbled upon the truth. (To Be Continued)



YOU DON'T NEED CASH AT Sears-USE PURCHASE COUPONS

You go to the Credit Office just once to get a book full of coupons . . . then you spend the coupons just like cash all through the store. There's no fuss or formalities, no signing sales slips, small down payment and monthly repayments. Usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



WALRUS LIVED IN WHAT IS NOW FLORIDA DURING THE ICE AGE, AND MOOSE THRIVED AS FAR SOUTH AS KENTUCKY.

SCIENCE NEWS-LETTER MAGAZINE RECEIVED A ONE-DOLLAR BILL FROM AN OUT OF TOWN SUBSCRIBER . . . AND THE BILL WAS CLIPPED TO AN ORDINARY BUSINESS REPLY POST CARD.

FISHERMEN OFTEN PUT THEIR SPIRITS UP, SAYS DENTON STILLWELL, Cooperstown, New York.

Next: When does twilight end?

MATINEE IDOL

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle (abbr.)

1 Pictured movie matinee idol of yesterday. (abbr.)

14 Sea eagle. (abbr.)

15 Wear away. (abbr.)

16 Close to. (abbr.)

Out Our Way



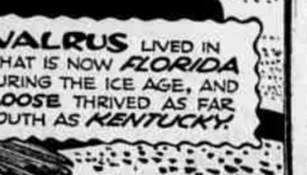
HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN

First large indoor football game was played at the Chicago Coliseum on Thanksgiving day, 1896.

First inland salt water aquarium was installed at Chicago in 1893, for the Columbian Exposition.

It has been estimated that 70,000,000 tons of soot fall on American cities annually.

Red Ryder



THE DUCHESS HAS DECIDED TO MORTGAGE PAINTED VALLEY TO BUY A SHARE OF SOUTHWEST ALABAMA GOLD CLAIM!

I DON'T THINK GOLD FEVER WOULD EVER GET A LEVEL HEAD LIKE YOU, DUCHESS!

IT'S MY RANCH, AIN'T IT?

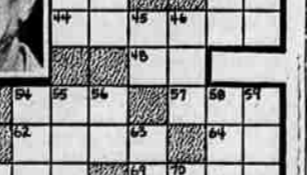
DUCHESS GOT-UM LOCO IDEA--LITTLE BEAVER MAKE-UM QUICK THINK!

UM-M-H BUT ME CAN'T THINK WHEN SMELL-UM PIE!

ALLONS ENFANTS, DE LA PATRIE!

Next: SWEET! AD-O-O-LINE.

Red Ryder



By Fred Harmon

Our Boarding House



WHEN'S HE GOING TO SOUND TAPS? I'VE BEEN RIGID ON MY PERCH UPSTAIRS FOR TWO HOURS, AS POP-EYED AS A STUFFED OWL!

I'VE SLEPT THROUGH DINE-BOMBINGS, BUT THIS LULLABY WOULD CHASE A STONE LION OFFA THE LIBRARY STEPS! MAYBE WE CAN GET A NAP IF I CAN GET HIM TO SPIN ONE OF HIS BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH BOER WAR YARNS!

Next: SWEET! AD-O-O-LINE.

Our Boarding House



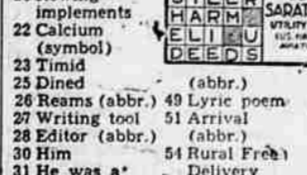
By Major Hoopla

FUNNY BUSINESS



DESERT MANEUVERS TO-DAY

HOLD EVERYTHING!



It's such a nice day I decided to go for a walk!

By Alice Brooks

There's gold in them thar hills. Yes, if you mean your attic . . . your scrap-bag! You'll find material in them for a smart coffee table, wall cupboard . . . for decorated coasters and many another lovely article for home or bazaar. Instructions 7411 contain directions for 15 articles; materials needed; pattern parts where necessary.

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.

OUR PRIMARY TARGET IS THE RHINE, THEN N.E. TO OBJECTIVE . . . POSSIBLE INTERCEPTION NEAR KRAUTSTRASSE . . . APPROACH TARGET AT 26,000 FEET . . . PROBABLE SCATTERED CLOUDS.

EXPECT HEAVY FLAK AND FAIRLY STIFF FIGHTER OPPOSITION . . . POSSIBLY FIVE N.E. SQUADRONS IN THE AREA. LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS, AND HURRY BACK!

OKAY, EVERYBODY! LET'S GO!

Wash Tubbs



By Blosser

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By V. T. Hamlin

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, JOE JINKS?

LOOKIN' OVER SOME OF TH' OTHER FARMS IN TH' COUNTRY.

THIS CONTEST OF OURS HAS SURE GOT EVERYBODY MET UP--SPECIALLY TH' SINGLE FELLERS!

TH' PROSPECT OF BEALIN' YOU TO TH' BIG DANCE HAS EVEN GOT STUNNE EVANS WORKIN'!

Little Orphan Annie



OH, I GUESS WE'VE BECOME SO USED TO OUR CARS THAT WE THINK WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM--

BUT IF OUR BOYS NEED THE GASOLINE TO WIN THE WAR, WE'LL ALL BE GLAD TO WALK, NO MATTER HOW FAR--

SURE--HEY! LOOK! WHOSE SWELL SPORT CAR IS THAT, GOIN' BY?

OH, THAT'S MR. FLASH--HE'S ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS OF COURSE--HE HAZ TO DRIVE.

I'LL BET HE HATES THAT! I THOUGHT HIS CAR WAS A SEDAN--

OH, THE SEDAN BELONGS TO MRS. FLASH--SHE NEEDS IT FOR SHOPPING AND FOR ESSENTIAL ACTIVITIES.

OH--

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

Matinee Idol



By Martin

THEIR 20TH CENTURY SPONSOR, DR. WORMMUG, RECEIVES A VISITOR IN HIS TIME-MACHINE LABORATORY. I'VE HAD NO LUCK, BUT I'LL KEEP TRYING. I DUNNO WHAT'S UP DOC, BUT THE DOGS SAID TO GET BOOM OR ELSE!

BOOM!

LOOK! A MIRACLE! THE WALLS CRUMBLE! SURELY THE CITY WILL FALL NOW!

AYE! IT WILL--TILL YOU REACH THE RHINE, THEN N.E. TO OBJECTIVE . . . POSSIBLE INTERCEPTION NEAR KRAUTSTRASSE . . . APPROACH TARGET AT 26,000 FEET . . . PROBABLE SCATTERED CLOUDS.

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