

DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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THE STORY: Joe Parker, well-loved editor of the Midwest Express, has been found stabbed to death. Clem Evans, sports writer, and Pat Cleveland, society reporter, and a threatening, unnamed letter among his papers. Driving past Joe's empty house that night with Dave Elson, ex-serviceman, Pat notices a light flash on and off. They go in to investigate. Someone hits Dave over the head.

A VOICE TO REMEMBER

PATRICIA screamed. She saw a shadowy figure turn from Dave Elson's prostrate body. Rather, he turned from the place where she knew Dave must lie. "Who are you?"

The sound of her voice amazed her. It was so cool and even. No hint at all that her heart was pounding like a riveting machine. Nothing but a terrible silence answered her. Then—

"Out of my way, you!"

Pat started. That voice! There was something about it, a certain husky appeal, that told her she would know this man the next time they met. It was a voice to remember.

It seemed like ages to Pat before the sound of his footsteps died away down the hall and she was kneeling beside Dave Elson. Some of the tightness went out of her heart when she felt the even beat of his pulse. She stumbled through the darkness toward Mr. Parker's desk and groped around for the light she knew to be there.

Dave Elson was sprawled on the floor, face down, arms outstretched. A little trickle of blood stained his brown hair. Pat gasped at the sight of it.

"Dave!" she cried, shaking him a little. "Dave, can you hear me?"

When he didn't stir, Pat knew absolute terror for the first time in her life. She bit back a sob. If he would only move!

She ran across the hall into the living room, turned on the lights and picked up the telephone.

"1831-31" told the operator, and waited impatiently. "Clem," she said when he answered, "Clem, this is Pat."

Quickly, she told him what had happened, heard him shout to his wife to get his hat and coat in a hurry.

"I'll be right there, Patricia," he assured her. "You get back to Dave. I'll have Mary call the police."

DAVE was sitting up when Pat went back into the study. He rubbed his head and grinned sheepishly.

"As detectives we're not so hot," he informed her. "Are you all right?"

Pat nodded. She could not speak for an instant. She was too glad to hear his voice, to see him sitting there.

"Give me a hand, Pat, will you? I'm a bit groggy. That guy had his own ideas."

By the time Sam Blair and three police officers arrived, Dave's head was bandaged, rather awkwardly, with Pat's white silk scarf. He had recovered enough to look around the room for anything the prowler might have left, but there was nothing. All the evidence he had was a rut on the head.

Pat was telling the police chief what had happened when Clem Evans burst into the room.

"Thank God you're all right!" He was breathless after running the six blocks from his house. "Did you recognize him, Patricia?"

Pat hesitated. She heard again the "Out of my way, you" that had burned into her mind. She wondered if she should tell Clem and the police.

"Of course she didn't recognize the guy," Dave answered for her. "How could she? It was dark as pitch and things happened pretty fast. Didn't they, Pat?"

"They sure did," she agreed with a laugh, but she threw him a look of gratitude. "Gosh, was I scared!"

THE Express office was deserted when Pat reached it the next morning. She unlocked the door with the key Joe Parker had given her when he hired her.

Pat smiled to herself as she went inside. She had never ceased liking it; in fact, it had grown on her. She loved the Express and what it stood for.

She felt all that now, for the quiet building, minus the clatter of the machines and the buzz of conversation, had become a monument to the man who had made it all possible. When work on today's edition got under way it would be more than a monument.

Then the soul of Joe Parker would be there again. For the Express had meant more than life to him. "That civic-minded paper of yours," his murderer had called it. Pat felt a twinge of pride. How little he knew!

"The early bird gets the worm and all of that, Pat."

The girl turned. She had not heard Dave Elson come in, but his own version of the age-old axiom made her feel better. She smiled.

"Good morning, Dave. How's the noggin'?"

"Fine, thanks to your ministrations. You missed your calling. You should have been a nurse."

Pat hung her coat and hat on

EMBROIDERY PLUS BRIGHT APPLIQUE



By Alice Brooks

Just too impish for words... these bunnies—the plain one a simple applique patch—the other, easy stitchery. The garlands lend further color. Put these motifs on linens or nursery accessories. Find gay pieces in your scrap-bag for the applique—let color run riot! Pattern 7597 contains 8 motifs ranging from 7 1/2 by 8 to 11 by 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!



"Florence is patriotic—instead of a corsage, she's wearing a victory garden!"

the halltree and put her purse in a desk drawer.

"Was there something familiar about that man, Pat?" Dave asked bluntly.

"I don't know. It was his voice, the way he said 'Out of my way, you.'" She paused, then went on: "Dave, if I ever meet that man, I'll know."

"Let's hope you never do," he said fervently. "Oh, not that I don't want to catch him, Pat, but to have you in danger..." He shook his head by way of finishing his statement.

"Don't be silly!"

"I'm not being silly. Any man who would conk me with—uh—his flashlight, maybe, is not a

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GET YOURS TODAY AT YOUR SEARS CREDIT OFFICE

healthy guy to know. And he can't hang any more for two murders than he can for one." (To Be Continued)

SUNDAY PICKUP

A new magnetic scrap pick-up makes the rounds of the yards and parking fields of a war plant every Sunday.

In addition to saving workers' tires from tacks, the collected more than 8000 pounds of scrap in six Sundays.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

ACAT, ON STEPHEN ISLAND, NEAR NEW ZEALAND, IS CREDITED WITH BOTH DISCOVERING AND DESTROYING A SPECIES OF WREN!

ALL SPECIMENS OF THE BIRD EVER SEEN BY MAN WERE BROUGHT IN BY THE CAT, AND EVERY LIVING WREN ON THE ISLAND IS THOUGHT TO HAVE BECOME ITS VICTIM.

THE AVERAGE PERSON (IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED) HAS 18 MOLES.

ONE TWO THREE

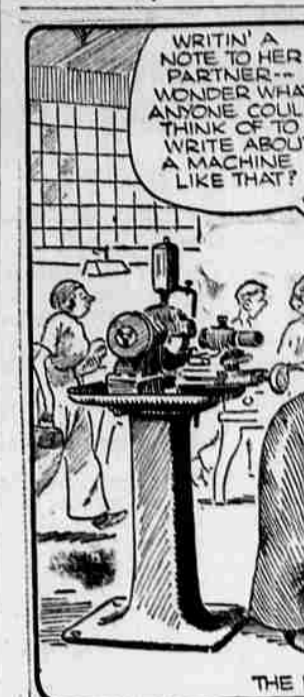
TO KEEP YOUR UPKEEP UP YOU MUST KEEP YOUR UPKEEP DOWN. SEE PETER N. KHOURY, LICHA, NEW YORK.

FAMOUS ATHLETE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 14 Pictured athlete | 25 Boat paddle |
| 10 Inquires | 27 Negative |
| 14 Employ | 28 Her |
| 15 Western sports competitions | 29 By |
| 18 Slide | 30 Meadow |
| 17 Late Latin (abbr.) | 32 He is a famous hero |
| 18 Standard of pay | 34 Paid notice |
| 19 Greek letter | 35 Legal science |
| 21 Dined | 36 Slang |
| 22 Affirmative | 38 Road (abbr.) |
| 24 Changed position | 42 Frozen water |
| 26 Upon | 44 Print measure |
| 28 Health resort | 47 Compass point |
| 29 Place (abbr.) | 48 Weird |
| 31 Bone | 49 Transparent |
| 33 Announce (abbr.) | 51 Prefix |
| 37 Ever (poetic) | 52 Let it stand |
| 39 Measure of cloth | 53 Impair through use |
| 40 Sunrise sunset | 54 Simplicity |
| 41 Wireless | 55 Male offspring (pl.) |
| 43 Selenium (symbol) | 56 Fine fluid |
| 45 Us | 58 Verbal |
| 46 Weep | 59 Dull color |
| 47 Dry, as wine | 62 Narrow inlet |
| 48 Tone E | 66 Tellurium (symbol) |
| | 68 Doctor of Science (abbr.) |
| | 69 Member of Parliament (abbr.) |
| | 72 Employ busy 23 Therefore |



Out Our Way



By J. R. Williams

WRITIN' A NOTE TO HER PARTNER—WONDER WHAT ANYONE COULD THINK OF TO WRITE ABOUT A MACHINE LIKE THAT?

SHE'S PROBABLY WRITIN' TO SAY SHE WAS SO BUSY SHE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DUST IT OFF—TH' DUSTIN' WOULD TAKE ONE MINUTE AND TH' NOTE WILL TAKE TWENTY MINUTES. THE ALIBI IS MORE WORK THAN TH' JOB!

Red Ryder



By Fred Harmon

SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT SOURDOUGH DAN—IF HIS CLAIM IS GOOD, WHY DOES HE WANT TO SELL A PART TO 'THE DUCHESS'?

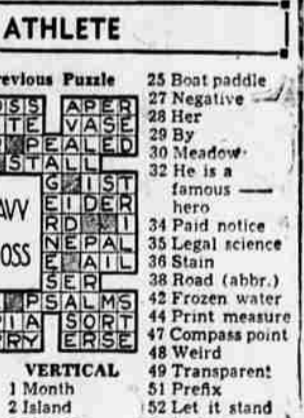
MEDDLE HIM GOT NO GOLD CLAIM!

FINES HAVE A HABIT OF WORKIN' OUT—OR GETTIN' JUMPED!

HERE COME MESSY BATH-TUB RUN!

RED! THE DUCHESS IS GOING TO MORTGAGE THE RANCH! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HER!

Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

MY GOODNESS, LARD! WHAT IF IT'S A REAL PIRATE'S TREASURE CHEST!

I'D BE WILLING TO TRADE IT FOR A SANDWICH!

IT'S FOOD! IT'S A CASE OF CANNED GOODS, WITH THE LABELS WASHED OFF!

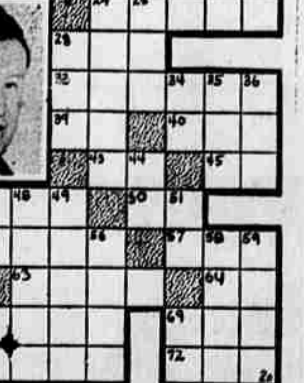
WHAT KIND OF FOOD?

I'LL FIND OUT, JUST AS SOON AS I CAN KNOCK THE LID OFF THIS THING!

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST CANNING PARSNIPS!

???

Wash Tubbs



By Crane

ON THE TARGET... STEADY!

BOMBS AWAY!

CHUCK!

Boots and Her Buddies



By V. T. Hamlin

THE YOUNG FARMER WHOSE WORK WAS MOST IMPRESSIVE TO THE MEMBERS OF YOUR COMMITTEE—

IS A MEMBER OF OUR COMMUNITY WHO HAS BEEN HELD IN HIGH ESTEEM BY HIS FELLOW FARMERS FOR MANY YEARS—

THAT LETS YOU OUT, FAT

Allep Oop



By Martin

HOW ABOUT IT, OSCAR? IS THAT TH' STUFF WE CAME HERE TO GET FOR YOUR ROCKET?

I CAN'T TELL, COULD THIS SMOKE BE GETTIN' ME—I CAN'T SEE!

OH, OH! SHE'S BLOWIN' HER TOP! WE'D BETTER GET OUTA HERE QUICK!

GOSH! I SWEAR, BOOM, AIN'T WE HAVIN' US TH' DOGGONDEST TIME?

HOT DRINK!

Little Orphan Annie



Our Boarding House



By Major Hoople

MY WORD, TWIGGS! LACK OF METALS HAS PRECIPITATED A SHORTAGE OF MOUSE TRAPS!

WHY, WE COULD LOSE THE WAR IF THE NATION WERE OVERRUN BY RODENTS!

HAK! CAN'T SOME GENIUS DESIGN ONE OF WOOD?—EGAD! I AM THAT MAN!

A WOODEN MOUSE-TRAP? THAT SOUNDS EASIER THAN DIPPING YOUR NECKTIE IN THE CONSOMME!— YOU COULD MAKE IT UP RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HEAD!

YOU PUT UP 75—SAM ADDS 25— YOU'VE GOT 100!

WE COULD MAKE IT OF REINFORCED SPIDER WEBS—

FUNNY BUSINESS



By Harold Gray

ALL THE FORMS AND QUESTIONNAIRES YOU MEANT? OH, THERE MUST BE SOME REASON FOR IT ALL—

BUT HOW CAN YOU FIND TIME TO GET ANY BUSINESS DONE?

WE JUST HAVE TO DO THE BEST WE CAN—TILL THIS WAR'S OVER! I'M NOT QUIVERING ABOUT ANYTHING.

SURE—I SPOSE THAT'S THE RIGHT WAY—

YOU WERE A SOLDIER IN THE LAST WAR, WEREN'T YOU, UNCLE SPIKE?

OH YES—I SOLDIERED TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY—

AND THE FOLKS BACK HOME BACKED US UP FINE—WELL, THIS TIME, (IN ONE OF THE FOLKS' BACK HOME—

YOU BET— WE'LL BACK OUR MEN, ALL TH' WAY— OUR FIGHTIN' MEN!



By Harold Gray

"He got this idea for sentry duty while spending a furlough at Atlantic City!"