

DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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THE BLUE COUPE

CHAPTER VII

PAT stared, dumfounded, at Randolph Atherton's departing back. Why should he deny sending the flowers? Surely there was no reason for it. And, if he had not sent them, why should anyone sign his name to the card?

Atherton slammed the front door behind him. Pat shook off the astonishment that had held her in its spell and hurried to the window. She could see him rushing, almost running, across the street to his office.

But he did not go in. Instead he jumped into his car which was parked in front of the building, and backed out into the line of traffic. Pat waited until she saw him speed out Main street, then she grabbed her hat and coat from the halltree. She snatched up her purse as she passed her desk.

"Elinor," she called to the girl in the circulation department, "give me the keys to your car, quick!"

Once out of town, Pat relaxed a little. She saw no sign of Atherton's big black sedan on the road ahead of her and wondered, for the first time, if he had followed this route.

She sighed, leaned back against the cushions. She had been so sure that Atherton was heading for the highway bridge that his company was building!

Then she saw the big sedan. It was far ahead of her, going up Indian Hill, and burning the wind. Twenty miles ahead, she knew, was the Atherton construction camp and the new munitions plant.

The little blue coupe leaped forward like a frightened pony as Pat jammed the accelerator to the floor. She had to see whom Atherton talked to at the bridge. It might mean a lot, for she was beginning to have suspicions. Could it be that... She pushed the thought from her mind. It was too horrid!

ELINOR ROBERTS finally located Dave Elson and Clem Evans at the school building, where they had gone to talk to several of the teachers who had not seen Dave since his return from New York.

"It's for you, Dave," Principal Jones said as he handed him the telephone, then stared, pop-eyed, at Dave's shout:

"What? Where, Elinor?"

He listened intently for a moment, then:

"Thanks, kid. Call Sam Blair. Tell him we'll pick him up in the evening flat." He banged the receiver back on its hook. "Come on, Clem," he snapped. "Pat's just pulled one."

Clem Evans was at his heels. When they were at the car, Clem puffed:

"Mind telling me what this is all about?"

"I'll drive."

Dave slid under the wheel without giving the sports writer a chance to remonstrate. He started off with a jerk.

"Atherton came in," he explained tersely. "After he'd gone, Pat tore out hell-for-leather in Elinor's car. She went east on Main, Elinor said."

"How do we follow?" Clem asked after he had thoroughly digested the scant information. He winced at the thought of his precious time as the car slid to a stop at the police station.

One blast of the horn brought Blair out, his ruddy face puzzled. "Get in, Sam," Clem invited, moving over to make room for him. "We're traveling fast."

The policeman listened closely as Clem recounted Pat's wild departure and Dave's suspicions regarding Atherton. When Clem finished, he nodded.

"Something screwy, all right," he admitted, "only—Say, Atherton is building a bridge out this way. The one at the powder plant. He might be heading that way."

PAT cut the ignition and let the car roll to a silent stop. Just around the next turn was the Atherton bridge crew—and Randolph Atherton, she hoped.

There was small chance that anyone would see her car, for regular traffic was routed around the construction project while the new bridge was being built. It was half a mile to the gravel road that was the detour. Of course,

a truck might pass, but she would have to chance that.

She slipped out of the car, leaving the door open so there would be no telltale bang, however slight, and ran down the road. Almost at the turn she cut into the brush that grew in a tangled mass at the edge of the woods.

Briars tore at her hair and her clothes. Her dress and coat were being picked to ribbons by the stubborn brush, but she pushed on.

The wind seemed colder here on the hill than it did down in Midvale and the snow, covering thick layers of fallen leaves, sifted down into her black pumps.

By now she could see the half-finished bridge. The workers were

CUDDLY POODLE



7611

by Alice Brooks

Cute, isn't he? Why not make him for a toy or mascot? He's simple as pie to do—just four pattern pieces, quickly sewn together of a gay print—the shaggy ears are "trimmed" with rug cotton and you're done; and your pet poodle stands squarely on his four little feet. Pattern 7611 contains a transfer pattern and directions for dog.

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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"You rang, sir?"

scurrying back and forth, operating their various machines, apparently engrossed in their job that would soon be another improvement in Halstead county's system of better roads. Or would it?

She heard a truck rumbling down the road where she had left her car. As soon as it came into sight below her, she left her lookout post and struggled back through the woods. There was a little tug of fear at her heart as she wondered if the driver had been curious about the car.

A few seconds later she was on the highway. Never was there a more welcome sight than that blue coupe!

Then icy fingers clutched at her heart. She choked back a scream. Slumped over the steering wheel was Randolph Atherton—dead.

(To Be Continued)



Pvt. Paul J. Agnew received this Purple Heart after braving enemy fire on the Sicilian front to bring a sergeant of his unit to safety.

Award for Valor



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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Red Ryder



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



TOADS AND FROGS HAVE NO NECKS AND CANNOT TURN THEIR HEADS... HENCE, BEFORE SHOOTING OUT THEIR LONG STICKY TONGUES AT INSECTS, THEY MUST AIM THEIR BODIES, MUCH AS A GUN CREW LINES UP A GUN BEFORE FIRING.

SKUNK CABBAGE

IS RICHER THAN MANY OF OUR DOMESTIC VEGETABLES! IN VITAMIN C.



NEXT: Eavesdropping in Sicily.

BALKAN COUNTRY

1 Depicted European country	23 Furniture for sleep
6 Its capital is _____	25 Everything
11 Hops' kiln	26 Female deer
12 Truck	28 Its _____
14 Oil (comb. form)	30 Eating place
15 That one	33 Unit
16 Evil spirit	35 Bend
18 Mother	38 Falsehood
19 Possessed	39 Tavern
21 2000 pound	40 Sun
22 Head (slang)	41 Tuff
24 Child	42 Knock
27 Whether	43 Monkey
28 "Ozark State" (abbr.)	44 Target
29 Spread for drying	49 Abstract being
31 Behold!	51 Moo
32 Bend down	54 Touch lightly
34 Can be eaten	55 Fiber knots
36 Greek letter	56 Upon
37 Negative	58 Bundle of sticks
38 Legal claims	60 Music note
41 It was a happy country in _____ days	61 Bow of ship
45 Within	63 Evergreen
46 Toward	64 Stun
	66 Give proof of
	67 Numb
	68 Numb
	69 Numb
	70 Numb
	71 Numb
	72 Numb
	73 Numb
	74 Numb
	75 Numb
	76 Numb
	77 Numb
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	100 Numb

FUNNY BUSINESS



"He stuck those phony feet on the outside to get sympathy from the visitors!"

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



SOUNDS LIKE WORK OR FIGHT=

Red Ryder



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ORPHAN ANNIE



"He stuck those phony feet on the outside to get sympathy from the visitors!"

By Fred Harmon

By Fred Harmon

By Blosser

By Crane

By V. T. Hamlin

By Martin

By Harold Gray