

DEATH WRITES THE LAST EDITION

By Adeline McElfresh

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GEORGE RAND

CHAPTER IX

THE murder of Randolph Atherton left things in a worse mess than before, or so it seemed to Pat as she sat at the window of her living room, idly watching passersby. Her ankle, now neatly bandaged by Dr. Meade, gave her an occasional twinge that reminded her of the scolding expression in the family physician's eyes as he dressed her foot.

"Young lady," he had growled at last, "you certainly punished yourself. You stay off that foot for three days. Understand?"

Pat stretched luxuriously and settled back in her chair, but her thoughts kept straying back to the subject uppermost in the mind of every person in Midvale: Who had killed Joe Parker? And Randolph Atherton? What, if any, was the connection between the two?

Elinor Roberts came in at noon. "How are you, Pat?" she asked as she seated herself by the fire. "Dave said you were pretty upset last night."

"I was. Dr. Meade fixed my ankle, then made me drink some vile tasting stuff to settle my nerves." She made a wry face. "It worked, though. I slept like a baby."

Elinor smiled. She opened her purse and took out a folded piece of paper.

"Here," she handed it to Pat. "Dave sent you a note. I told him I was stopping by on my way home."

A quick thrill leaped through Pat. She unfolded the paper.

"Hi, chicken," he had scrawled. "How does it feel to be a lady of leisure? May I come over tonight? Just tell Elinor the verdict. Dave."

She gave the note to the other girl, who grinned impudently when she read it.

"Shall I tell him you said 'Yes' after long and serious thought?" Elinor chided, mischief dancing in her teasing blue eyes. "Oh-oh, you're blushing. Why, Pat?"

MIDVALE'S police chief, Sam Blair, was disgusted. He and his lieutenant had spent most of the morning in a fruitless search of the woods around the spot where Randolph Atherton's body had been found in the car Pat had driven there. Then they had gone into the construction camp and questioned the bridge workers, also without success. None of them had ever seen Atherton.

Work on the new bridge was going on as though nothing had happened. From where he stood beside an empty gravel truck, Blair watched the men shuttle back and forth at their various tasks, concerned, apparently, with nothing but the job at hand.

But Sam Blair was suspicious. Some one of those men, perhaps more than one, knew something about Randolph Atherton. Something big enough to make him commit murder. And, he figured shrewdly, that same man had killed Joe Parker.

The roar of a mighty motor brought Blair's troubled thoughts up short. He watched the heavy truck zoom down the incline and roll to a stop not far from the men who were busily checking what appeared to be time sheets. The man looked up from his papers, said something to the raw-boned giant who got out of the cab, and went back to work.

"There," Blair informed the policeman with him, "is one man we have not talked to."

The cop nodded abruptly as his chief turned away.

"Hello, bud," Blair greeted the man. "I'm Blair, police department."

The fellow jerked his head by way of answering, and Blair went on:

"We've talked to everyone else. Just routine questions, of course." "Oke," the man grunted, fumbling in the pocket of his plaid mackinaw for a pack of cigarettes. "Have one?" He offered the smokes to Blair.

BLAIR took a cigaret more as an opportunity to study the man than anything else, for he preferred cigars, but something about this man puzzled him and he welcomed the second or two of closer scrutiny. But the enigmatic gray eyes that met his over the lighted match told him nothing.

"None of us men saw Atherton out here yesterday," Blair finally

began, "so I don't suppose you did, either, Mr.—"

"Rand," the stranger supplied, "George Rand. And I did see Atherton."

The straight-forward answer set Blair back on his heels. He had expected the same denial that he had received from the other men.

"Where?" he asked bluntly. George Rand puffed two or three times on his cigaret and flipped it away.

"On the highway between here and the detour," he said, then when Blair started to say something. "Just a sec, now, don't go jumping at conclusions. He was

very much alive when I saw him."

"Oh?" Blair left the way open for Rand to go on.

He did, immediately, in the same slow, aloof manner.

"Atherton was in his car, driving too fast for any man. He didn't even glance at my truck when we met."

The policeman rolled the explanation over in his mind. "Did you see Miss Cleveland following him?" he asked. "The girl in the blue coupe?"

"No, Blair, I did not. I wasn't going to town. I took the detour over to Harrisburg."

Blair dismissed him, but he was far from satisfied. Had he imagined it, or had George Rand hesitated just a split second before he denied seeing Pat Cleveland?

(To Be Continued)

PAIR THESE UP

7609



by Alice Brooks

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



"What worries me is what we're gonna do about this soap shortage!"

FUNNY BUSINESS



"It's put an end to that old squawk about joining the Navy and not seeing the world!"

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



I'm sure Hitler is saying "I wonder what those rascals (FDR and Churchill) are up to now. What new trouble is to descend?"—British Home Secretary Herbert Morrison.

In the South Pacific we have had success but we are a great many miles from Tokyo, our objective, and there is a lot of trouble in between.—Navy Secretary Frank Knox.

Shotgun shell prices remain about the same as last season.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IF A SNAKE BITES YOU AND LEAVES A HORSESHOE-SHAPED WOUND, OR A SERIES OF SCRATCHES, YOU WON'T BE POISONED!

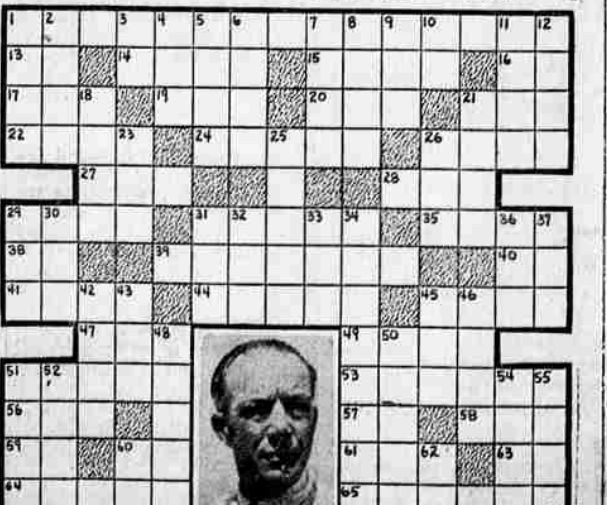
POISONOUS SNAKES STAG WITH THEIR FANGS, AND LEAVE TWO SMALL RUNCLE WOUNDS!

THE GERMAN DRIVE TO MOSCOW WILL END IN BERLIN! Says MARTIN LEE COHEN, PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

NEXT: Our jitterbug earth.

BASEBALL TEAM MANAGER

HORIZONTAL									
1	Pictured ball club manager.	2	Answer to Previous Puzzle	3	SILVER STAR	4	STREET SPIGOT	5	11 Conjunction
6	13 That one	7	12 At this place	8	18 Pleasant	9	21 Portend	10	23 Fishing stick
11	14 Chime	12	20 Portend	13	23 Fishing stick	14	25 Flower part	15	26 Pull
16	15 Cut	16	29 Dirt	17	30 Period of time	18	31 Drudge	19	32 Literary collection
20	16 Him	17	31 Drudge	18	32 Literary collection	19	33 Grow old	20	34 Tanned skins
24	17 Lair	18	33 Grow old	19	34 Tanned skins	20	36 Fear	21	37 Crimson
28	18 Digit	19	36 Fear	20	37 Crimson	21	42 Background	22	43 Child
32	20 Make a mistake	21	42 Background	22	43 Child	23	45 Nickname for Daniel	24	46 Therefore
36	21 Sand mound	22	45 Nickname for Daniel	23	46 Therefore	24	50 Wooden shoe	25	51 He manages a baseball
40	22 Prince	23	50 Wooden shoe	24	51 He manages a baseball	25	54 Ireland	26	55 Coarse grass
44	24 Narrow fillets	25	54 Ireland	26	55 Coarse grass	27	60 Myself	28	62 British
48	26 Sound	27	60 Myself	28	62 British	29	65 Twist of rope	30	Opera (abbr.)
52	27 Corn spike	28	65 Twist of rope	29	Opera (abbr.)	30	Opera (abbr.)	31	Opera (abbr.)
56	28 Young flower	29	Opera (abbr.)	30	Opera (abbr.)	31	Opera (abbr.)	32	Opera (abbr.)
60	29 Sow	30	Opera (abbr.)	31	Opera (abbr.)	32	Opera (abbr.)	33	Opera (abbr.)
64	31 Mortal	31	Opera (abbr.)	32	Opera (abbr.)	33	Opera (abbr.)	34	Opera (abbr.)
68	33 Tackle	32	Opera (abbr.)	33	Opera (abbr.)	34	Opera (abbr.)	35	Opera (abbr.)
72	35 Either	33	Opera (abbr.)	34	Opera (abbr.)	35	Opera (abbr.)	36	Opera (abbr.)
76	39 He is — of the St. Louis Cardinals	34	Opera (abbr.)	35	Opera (abbr.)	36	Opera (abbr.)	37	Opera (abbr.)
80	40 Us	35	Opera (abbr.)	36	Opera (abbr.)	37	Opera (abbr.)	38	Opera (abbr.)
84	41 Spear	36	Opera (abbr.)	37	Opera (abbr.)	38	Opera (abbr.)	39	Opera (abbr.)
88	44 Helmet	37	Opera (abbr.)	38	Opera (abbr.)	39	Opera (abbr.)	40	Opera (abbr.)
92	45 Act	38	Opera (abbr.)	39	Opera (abbr.)	40	Opera (abbr.)	41	Opera (abbr.)
96	47 Dine	39	Opera (abbr.)	40	Opera (abbr.)	41	Opera (abbr.)	42	Opera (abbr.)
100	49 Czar	40	Opera (abbr.)	41	Opera (abbr.)	42	Opera (abbr.)	43	Opera (abbr.)



Red Ryder



I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, SQUADROUGHS!

OKAY, RED! I AIN'T SORE ABOUT THAT TROUBLE WE HAD!

AFTER ALL, I'D HATE TO FLEE WITH TH' NEPHEW OF MY NEW PARTNER, TH' DETCHES!

AT LAST I'M SET! I'M GONNA BORROW MONEY TO BUY TWO SQUADROUGHS CLAIM!

WE TRYIN' EVERY TRICK TO STOP HER FOR RED RYDER, BUT DUCHES VAMOOSE!

WE OUGHTA BE SHOT! DID YOU FOR ENGINEERING THIS GAG, FRECK!

ON LARD'S FACE? SEE THE EXPRESSION!

WELL, WE STILL HAVE A FEW MORE DETAILS TO HANDLE! LET'S GO, NUTTY!

REMEMBER, SELMA! WHEN HE BRINGS LARD IN HERE YOU KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

OKAY, CHUM!

BUT WHAT DID WE DO? BENEDICT ARNOLD WAS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY—AND YOU HAVE ALL HIS TRAITS!!

PENNY FOUND THIS NOTE IN HER PURSE, SUH. IT MAY HAVE SOME CONNECTION WITH THE NAZI TIR-OP ON THE GOTHBURG RAID!

I'LL CALL MASCOTT—HE'S A FORMER G-MAN. MAYBE HE CAN FIND OUT WHO WROTE THIS!

SHOULDN'T WE KEEP THIS TO OURSELVES, SUH? THE NAZIS TRIED TO PLANT A SPY IN PENNY'S PLACE—MAYBE THEY SUCCEEDED ELSEWHERE!

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT, CAPTAIN, HOW DO I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WRITE THE NOTE?

Wash Tubbs

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

SMARTER, FAT—AREN'T YOU GOING OUT TO THE FARM TODAY?

NOPE.

BEEN THINKING! IT'S SORTA SELFISH OF US TO SPEND ALL OUR SPARE TIME IN THE COUNTRY WHEN WE ARE HERE AT HOME TO HELP TOO!

FOR INSTANCE, YOUR YARD NEEDS CUTTING!

AW, GEE, WHAT'S CUTTING GRASS GOT TO DO WITH WINNING THE WAR?

PLENTY! WE GOTTA THINK OF THE BACK HOME FRONT!

OKAY! THEN YOU TAKE THE FRONT—AND I'LL TAKE THE BACK! THAT YESTERDAY!

Allep Oop

WELL, MY LAD HERE THEY'RE BACK SAFE AND SOUND!

I SEE! THAT SHOULD SORTA RESTORE THE CHIEF'S FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE!

MY THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE! OH, WELL, I WAS EXPECTING YOU! WHAT'S COOKING?

YOU ARE! I TAKE IT, G. OSCAR BOOM!

RIGHT! AND I'M BACK WITH THE STUFF TO MAKE UNCLE PAIR HAIR BOY IN AERIAL BOCKER WARFARE!

WELL, THE WAY THINGS STAND, CON, I THINK UNCLE PAIR IS GOING TO LIKE THAT!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

HEY, ANNIE! IT'S MARRIOTT! HE'S COMIN' HERE TO SEE YOU!

YEAH? NOW WHAT?

WELL! WELL! WELL! WHAT A MARVELOUS WORK ANNIE! ABSOLUTELY SUPERB! I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU IN PERSON!

THANKS, MARRIOTT! THANKS A LOT!

BUT, O' COURSE, I'M ONLY ONE—IT'S TH' JUNIOR COMMANDOS WHO ARE DOING ALL THEY CAN—MOST OF 'EM MOREN' I'M DOING—

AN! YOU POSSESS THAT GREATEST OF VIRTUES, MY CHILD—TRUE MODESTY! GOONEVILLE IS PROUD OF YOU! THE PEE-PUL ARE PROUD OF YOU! I AM PROUD OF YOU!

ORPHAN ANNIE

By Harold Gray