

SERIAL STORY

BLACKOUT

BY RUTH AYERS

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY CARROLL—American fashion expert, in London during wartime. VINCENT GREGG—soldier of fortune, in love with Mary. CARLA MARCHETTA—a mysterious London socialite. DR. GILBERT LENOX—surgeon serving with British army.

Moravia to America.

The joy of this thought suddenly swept away all the fright and foreboding of the night. Gone was the haunting fear that had kept her awake half the night. She had imagined Vincent in Carla's home—Vincent, completely enamored by the personal magnetism of this strange woman.

Her blue eyes lighted on the card atop her dressing table. Its terse message—"At Midnight"—no longer frightened her.

"What a ridiculous old Mother Worry I was," she chided herself as she reached for her slippers.

Last night, those two words had flooded her mind with nameless terror. But this morning, it all seemed far away and unimportant. The message might have meant the time of a radio broadcast or a train departure or something equally harmless.

"And there I was," she reflected, "thinking up all kinds of mysterious rendezvous and secret meetings."

She had barely closed her last piece of luggage when a knock sounded on her door.

"A letter, Miss." She found a sixpence for the bearer and her trembling fingers tore open the envelope. She read:

"Sweetheart, sorry had to drop off on last minute commission. Don't worry, I'll make the boat without fail. All my love,

"Vincent."

Mary's lips quivered as she studied the note. Suddenly, all the shadowy fears of last night returned. For the first time since she had known Vincent, the chill of doubt struck her. Oh, of course she knew he was a gentleman adventurer and a soldier by profession. He'd never denied it. But until this minute Mary had never questioned. Now she fought back her suspicions.

At noon, when the boat train from London pulled into Southampton, Mary's heart began to beat

expectantly. She would soon be with Vincent. She presented her ticket and her passport and followed the steward up the gangway. A huge bulk of the Moravia loomed like a towering monster up from the water.

"I deck, three flights below and to the left." The porter knew where he was going. "Here you are, Miss." He swung open a door. "I'll be your parson, Miss," he addressed an unseen person in the cabin. "Sorry for not knocking."

"It's quite all right," a low quaver came from inside the cabin. When Mary stepped in she saw a frail girl in gray. Red-rimmed eyes betrayed recent tears.

"Oh, hello," Mary said. "We're college mates, I guess. I'm Mary Carroll."

"My name's Anna Winters. I live in Bonnemouth. The boat's so crowded—I hope you won't mind."

Mary paid scant attention. Only one thing was important—to see Vincent. The girl went on:

"I've put my things over here. I'll be glad to unpack for you."

Mary smiled absently. "Thanks." She said and tossed her luggage boxes onto the bunk beside Anna.

"I'm going up on deck to wait for my chance."

There was a bustle of goodbyes to the passages and the beating of gongs. Page boys' calls, laughter and zobs all blended together in a confused babel. Beneath all the din came the thrub of the engine.

With difficulty Mary edged her way to the gangplank. "Howe, please and shove and shove" by the crowd, she waited for Vincent as the minutes dragged.

Afraid she might have missed him in the jostle, Mary made her way to the officer's office. It was nearly an hour before she moved to the window.

"Has Mr. Vincent Gregg come aboard?" she asked the harried Britisher.

He made an expert search through a pile of documents.

"His ticket isn't here, Miss." Seeing her disappointment, he added consolingly, "There's still an hour before sailing."

Mary pushed back to the gangplank, a thousand fears mocking her. When a double blast of the ship's whistle announced only a half hour remained before sailing she realized there was only one thing to do. She was not going to cross the Atlantic on the Moravia alone!

Turning, she fought her way through the swarming crowds.

"Look smart there, Miss," a luggage carrier warned as she tripped over a mound of baggage. Picking herself up, she finally gained the companionway and the three flights to D deck.

"Quick," she cried to the gray-clad girl in her cabin. "Give me my bags. I'm not sailing, Harry!"

One glance about the cabin and Mary realized that Anna Winters had faithfully kept her promise to unpack Mary's belongings.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Carroll. I have everything put away."

"Help me get them together again," Mary sobbed. "I've got to get off this boat!"

Then sharp and clear in the passage came the steward's call, "All ashore that's going ashore." Beating gongs sounded louder.

For a minute, Anna Winters was too taken aback to make an utterance.

Then, as she flew to the cabin door, she became all sympathy.

"Oh," she stammered, "I'm so sorry. Your fiance hasn't come aboard!"

"No—something's delayed him. I won't sail without him. We are

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Of course, there's a lotta difference in our ages, but she's awfully mature for seven."

going to be married—very soon. If he's had to stay behind, I'm going to stay, too."

From the closet, came armfuls of Parisian frocks—Mary's trousseau. There was a sudden interruption in the flurry of this frantic packing, with a sharp knock on the door. Briskly, the steward called—"All visitors ashore."

Mary let the lovely gowns slip from her hands. "There's just time," she said. "I don't dare wait."

Without a backward glance or a goodbye, she ran out of the cabin and into the passage. The crowds had thinned. Farwell's voice over. Even so, the twisting stairs seemed endless as Mary raced the three flights.

When she reached A deck, the gangplank was already in the air. Pulleys easing it shorewards. For a minute, Mary was so stunned she could only watch as the last tie between her and Vincent vanished. Then, her startled cry brought a steward to her side.

"What's wrong, Miss?"

"I've got to get off. I'm not sailing."

(To be continued)

Idaho Hands O.S.C. First Defeat in Baseball Race

(By the Associated Press) The Idaho Vandals finally won a northern division, Pacific coast conference baseball game yesterday, handing the Oregon State Beavers their first defeat 3-1 in 10 innings in Corvallis.

The Beavers, who previously had won five straight, were held to four hits by Dick Snyder. The game was played on a sod practice field because of wet grounds.

The Washington Huskies, who took over undisputed possession of first place as result of the upset, were forced to postpone their

Hal Turpin Loses 15-Inning Battle

(By the Associated Press) The saddest man in Portland today was Hal Turpin, the Seattle Rainiers' twirler, who worked 15 innings of hard, fast baseball last night only to have the Portland Beavers win the Pacific coast league game 8-7 shortly before midnight.

Reiber, a pinch hitter sent in to bat for Pitcher Glen Gabler, scored Rosenberg from third base with the winning run.

Trailing 6-7 going into the ninth the Beavers managed to squeeze across a run to knot the count. The last seven innings were a pitchers' duel between Turpin and Gabler, who relieved Liska in the eighth.

Lawrence hit a homer for the Rainiers in the second inning while Frederick and Gill hit successive circuit clouts for the Beavers in the fifth. Coleman also got a homer for Portland.

Padres Beat Solons. In another extra inning contest the San Diego Padres defeated the Sacramento Solons 5-4 in Sacramento to regain first place. Hebert went the route on the mound for the Padres and then won his own game with a single in the 12th scoring Detore.

A lone run in the eighth inning on three bunched hits gave the San Francisco Seals a 1-0 victory over the Oakland Aorns in San Francisco. The Seals won a 1-0 victory over the Aorns to six hits.

The Hollywood Stars took a 2-1 lead over the Los Angeles Angels in their city series in Los Angeles when Ritter pitched them to a 2-1 victory.

"Eat Barbecue Sandwiches and Live Forever," C. A. Brand's on the highway.—(Adv.)

Under a revised schedule the Huskies will meet the Webfoots Monday and Tuesday, and will play the Beavers Wednesday and Thursday.

The score— Idaho 3 19 2 Oregon State 1 4 2 Snyder and Price; Shaw and Lovrich.

Baseball Standings

American League

Table with columns: Team, W., L., Pct. Rows: Cleveland, Boston, Detroit, Washington, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago.

National League

Table with columns: Team, W., L., Pct. Rows: Brooklyn, Cincinnati, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston.

Pacific Coast League

Table with columns: Team, W., L., Pct. Rows: San Diego, Oakland, Los Angeles, Seattle, Hollywood, Sacramento, San Francisco, Portland.

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