

SERIAL STORY

CHRISTMAS RUSH

BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY: Christmas day is packed with excitement and surprises. After dinner, Martha notices Jerry appears worried. He calls a family conference, announcing: "I'm not going back to school."

JERRY MAKES A DECISION CHAPTER IV

"You're not what?" For the first time in his life Hugh Connelly roared at his son. Jerry's knuckles whitened as he gripped the mantel. "I'm not going back to medical school, Dad. I'm through. I'm quitting."

"Jerry—Jerry. His mother pleaded. "Don't say such things. You're tired, upset. You've been working too hard. You can't give up now."

"That's it, son." The doctor's arm went around his tall son's shoulders, held him tight. "You need a rest. How about a hunt, a big trip? I'll get you a gun, we'll get away for a few days. Fill you up on good food, and you'll be anxious to get back to work again..."

Jerry shook his head. "Thanks, Dad. But it's no use. I like school. I feel swell. It's not that. It's just—well—I'm going to be married."

"What?" Hugh Connelly roared again, disbelieving. "You're going to get married? Instantly? She was on her feet."

"I think you want to discuss this alone, Mrs. Connelly," she said. "If you'll excuse me—" She ran up the stairs.

There was a long silence. The doctor left his son standing alone before the fireplace, and slumped in his favorite chair. "Now, Jerry, let's have the whole story. Maybe this can be straightened out."

"Jerry, you haven't done anything," Martha hesitated, half afraid.

"No, Mother," Jerry answered tenderly. "Class. I should be ashamed of falling in love."

"It's that Valerie Parks—I love her!" Sheila broke in.

"Let's hear what Jerry has to say first, Sheila," her father commanded. "All right, Jerry, let's have it."

"It is Val," Jerry began. "I'm in love with her. She loves me. We want to get married. There's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"But we don't even know the girl—her family. Jerry, how can you do this to us?" Martha sobbed.

"You'll love her, Mother. I can promise that. She's coming to-night. Wait till you see her."

"Not tonight, son," Dr. Connelly counsel. "This has come pretty sudden to your mother and me. We'll see the girl later."

"What about this sudden decision to give up medicine? It means ending your career. Have you thought of that?"

"I've thought of nothing else. I know how you've counted on my becoming a doctor, how you planned on my coming back here, working with you. But you've at ways promised if I decided not to be a doctor, you'd let me quit. I want to quit now."

Hugh Connelly was silent, nibbling his hurt, afraid to trust his voice.

"But this girl—this Valerie—who is she?" Martha questioned.

"The girls have told you she drives a big car, that she has a bunch of boy-ents—That's true. Her family is rich. Her father is the head of one of the biggest corporations in the state. Her mother is independently wealthy, and Val has a large income from a block of oil wells."

"She's a wonderful girl, Mother. She's real, she's true—everything you could ask for in a daughter-in-law." He dropped to his knees beside Martha, pleading, "Please try to love her, Mother—for me."

"I'll try, Jerry. Bring her over tomorrow."

"But Jerry, have you considered all the angles?" Dr. Connelly interrupted. "How are you going to live? You have no money—no job."

"I know that, Dad. But I'll get a job. I'll drive a truck, run a filling station. We'll get along. He was smiling now."

"How about Valerie? Will she be willing to live like that—as the wife of a truck driver?"

"Val would live in a tent. If we could be together—she said so. He rose, kissed his mother, and turned to leave. "Then it's all right? I can tell Val you don't object?"

"If you've made up your mind you want to quit school—get married—your mother and I will help all we can. If you're sure—but you'll have to earn your own way."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry to tell Valerie," Martha cautioned. "Yet your father and I talk this over. Run along now. I don't want to meet her tonight."

Hours later, when the shadows of Christmas night had closed in around them, Hugh and Martha Connelly reached a decision. Jerry had gone to meet Valerie, the twins had hurried off to a dance.

They sat before the fire, as they had sat so many evenings before, planning the future for their children. This had not been included in that plan for Jerry, but it was a situation that must be faced.

All of Hugh's hopes had been centered in his son. From the day he had bought Jerry his first book on anatomy, carefully directed his boyish study, Hugh had longed for the day when Jerry would come into the office, a full-fledged physician, ready to take his share of the burden.

That was Hugh's dream. In its realization, he had promised himself a rest, time to do the myriad things he had never been able to squeeze in. He and Martha could buy that north woods cabin, he could go hunting and fishing with out a constant worry that someone at home was needing him.

But that was selfish of him. There could be no thought of that dream now. Jerry was, as always, his first consideration. "If he is determined to do it, there's nothing we can do to stop him," Hugh said at last. "He would hate us always, if we broke up his marriage. The girl may be as he says. We'll have to see."

"But he's giving up everything—his career—he's wrecking his whole life," Martha argued. "Maybe not. His happiness is our first consideration. He might never be happy without this girl. Now it's getting late. I have to drop in at the hospital. You go on to bed. I won't be late."

It was after midnight when the doctor returned. He left a light for Jerry, seawardly climbed the stairs. He had counted so much on this son of his. Too much, perhaps.

He glanced in the twins' room. Both beds were empty. He walked down the hall to his own room, wincing his watch. The sound of someone sobbing disturbed him.

"Martha? No, she was asleep. The sobbing persisted. It seemed to come from the guest room. He knocked gently, then opened the door.

Valerie Warde lay across her bed, sobbing as if her heart were broken.

(To be continued)

Officers Elected By Teachers Assn.

PORTLAND, Dec. 27. (AP)—General sessions of the Oregon State Teachers association began here today, following annual elections.

Mrs. Isabelle Brinker, Klamath Falls, advanced automatically from vice-president to president, and Austin Landreth, Pendleton superintendent, won election to the vice-presidency over J. M. Burgeon, Milton superintendent, and R. H. McAtee, Prineville superintendent. Trustees named for two-year terms were:

Frank Bennett, Salem superintendent, for district 1; C. R. Bowman, Jackson county superintendent, for district 2; J. L. Brockenridge, Hood River superintendent, for district 3.

A retirement system for all public employees in Oregon received approval of the representative council.

Members said the plan had drawbacks, but Dr. J. F. Cramer, Eugene, said the proposal was "the only kind... standing a chance of enactment—and its chance is slim."

Pensions would follow the federal social security schedule with a 1 per cent contribution from employees' salaries being matched by governing bodies. Most employees would retire at 65 and policemen at 60.

Spain Plans Capture of Latin America Prestige

MADRID, Dec. 27. (AP)—The Spanish government set aside \$100 million to rush enlargement of Valia harbor and simultaneously the Falangist newspaper Arriba declared that Spain aspires to be a great Atlantic seaport to protect both herself and Latin America.

Arriba said the idea was to build such a "powerful" Hispano-American base that the present Pan American fleet (advocated by the United States) would no longer be "collocated on the other side of the Atlantic."

When this plan is effected, the newspaper said without mentioning the United States, there will be no more "listening to the for- eigners."

Junior Hostess Wanted For Colored Soldiers

PORT LEWIS, Dec. 27. (AP)—The nation's northernmost major military post has posted a public appeal for a junior hostess to provide recreational, social and cultural leadership for its colored troops.

Because of the scarcity of negro communities in the Pacific northwest, army officials said applicants for the job, which pays \$1,620 a year, are scarce.

The number of colored soldiers at Fort Lewis has increased rapidly during the past three months. The junior hostess must be between 25 and 45 years of age, a high school graduate and must have had a year's experience as a hostess.

Whistle While You Work

LOUISVILLE—Question: What happens when a locomotive gets its whistle stuck?

Answer: You let it proceed until the engine's steam is exhausted. Result: Swamping of police and newspaper telephone exchanges by annoyed and curious folk.

It happened yesterday to a Big Four locomotive when a valve in the trailing apparatus broke. The thing couldn't be shut off for 55 minutes.

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He Can Take It—Or Leave It Alone



When it comes to hitting the bottle, 15-day-old Carl Dane Thugard, Jr., can take it or leave it alone. His father, Carl Thugard, of Jamaica, L. I., rigged up this gadget so that (1) Papa Thugard wouldn't get a backache bending over to feed Junior, (2) Junior could take a nip now and then and know where to find the bottle when he wants another snort.

Takes Important Italian Command



F. L. Knowlton, O. S. C. Poultry Expert, Passes

CORVALLIS, Dec. 27. (AP)—Frank L. Knowlton, 48, Oregon State professor of poultry husbandry, died at the Portland veterans' hospital Christmas day.

Knowlton, widely known in Oregon as an authority on poultry breeding, joined the college staff in 1920 as a research assistant. A graduate of Cornell and Wisconsin universities who saw service in the world war, Knowlton for many years was secretary of the Oregon Poultrymen's association.

Surviving are his mother, Mrs. Rena Knowlton, Corvallis, three children, and a sister. His wife died three years ago.

Chapman's Drug Store will be OPEN This Sunday Hours 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.

In drastic takeover of Italian army high command, Gen. Ettore Bastico, above, was put in charge of the strategically important Dodecanese Islands, Companion of Premier Mussolini in early Blackshirt days, and veteran commander of Ethiopian and Spanish wars, he is considered an exponent of smashing blitzkrieg attacks.

annoyed and curious folk. It happened yesterday to a Big Four locomotive when a valve in the trailing apparatus broke. The thing couldn't be shut off for 55 minutes.

COLD WEATHER SPECIALS Hot Chocolate, Fudge, Fudge Caramel and Holiday Fruit SUNDAES 15¢ DOUGLAS COUNTY CREAMERY

Reduction Looms In Meat Rations For British Folk

LONDON, Dec. 26. (AP)—Britain's meat ration is likely to be reduced from that purchasable for one shilling tenpence (about 37 cents) per week to purchases of one shilling sixpence (about 30 cents) per week per person early in January, it was reported reliably today.

(Britain rations meat by price rather than weight. The one shilling tenpence allowance bought about a pound and a half of beef, pork, tripe, kidneys, liver and sausages, which hitherto have not been rationed, now may be part of the ration. Members of the fighting services, who until now have enjoyed larger rations, are expected to take a cut in proportion to that given the civilian population in the new order by Minister of Food Lord Woolton.

Lord Woolton turned down a suggestion that restaurant patrons should have coupons clipped from their ration books, as was the procedure in the last war.

A food ministry official said there might be a temporary reduction in the present allowance of two ounces of butter if envoys were delayed, but that "even so Britons will receive a larger fat allowance than any of the inhabitants of enemy countries or enemy-occupied countries."

He said the output of vitaminized margarine had doubled in the past few months and that the fat situation generally was "very rosy."

Bacon is the only other food which he said might have to be curtailed early in 1941. The present ration is half a pound of bacon and ham per week.

Traffic on S. P. Sets New Record in 1940

Volume of freight traffic handled by Southern Pacific lines in 1940 was the greatest in the company's history, ten miles having exceeded even the heavy traffic volume of 1929, A. D. McDonald, president of the company, said today in a year-end review.

"However," he pointed out, "the company received about one-third

of a cent less revenue on the average for each ton mile in 1940 than it did in 1929, equivalent to a reduction of 23 per cent. If the 1940 revenue per ton mile had been the same as in 1929, freight revenues during the past year would have exceeded the total actually realized by more than \$50,000,000.

Clothing Workers End Strike Over "Fast" Man

LONDON, Dec. 27. (AP)—Five thousand clothing workers decided today "in the national interest" to end their six-day strike over an army uniform factory's refusal to dismiss one man, Albert Lazenby, after he had been expelled from his union for alleged "breaches of union discipline."

Lazenby asserted that the union expelled him because he was "cutting too many pairs of khaki trousers an hour."

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