

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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(Continued from page 1)

haps Suzanne has other notions. He and Suzanne came up frequently for dinners and bridge and dancing to the radio. The four of them had watched football games and movies together. Yet somehow, they'd never been anything very serious about it. Martha couldn't quite put her finger on it, but she'd sensed it.

Bill, who was stupid that way, said, "Suzanne would jump at the chance. The gal's nuts about you."

Paul raised an eyebrow. "Pass me the eggs."

It was true, of course, Suzanne was in love with him, all right, even if he didn't seem to be especially in love with her. Martha remembered how Suzanne looked at Paul, sometimes when she was unaware of being observed. She remembered the trembling of Suzanne's white fingers on Paul's sleeve, and the way she closed her eyes, and almost held her breath when they danced.

"You could do worse," Bill was insisting, idiotically. "Blonds like that don't grow on trees. Think of the Decker dough! That's what I should have done. Married money." He took an enormous bite of his toast, shook his head sadly. "Yes, sir, if I had to do over again, I'd insist on a wife with money."

"I've got money," said Martha. "Forty dollars every Saturday. And I might get a raise."

Martha worked for Air Transport, the sprawling factory on the edge of town where the great silver airliners were built. They were switching to bombers, now.

She was Paul's secretary. Paul was assistant to the chief engineer. Paul gave her dictation full of words like "propulsive efficiency" and "airfoil boundary layer" and "translational velocity." But these days he never stopped in the middle of a sentence to say, "Your hair's fire in the sun, honey."

And he never kissed her, behind the file cases, any more either. All that was part of the past. It had ended the night he said, "Martha, this mug is my old pal from school. He used to smoke all my cigars, wear my shirts, spend my money."

Martha was never to forget the moment she first looked up at Paul's old college chum. Something happened that never happened before in all the months of wearing Paul's ring—in all the hours of laughing with Paul, of saying, "Quit making love to me. This is office hours."

The bluest eyes in the world looked down into her own brown ones, and a shiver coursed through her. A shiver that was cold and yet somehow warm. Her smile faded, her breath caught, her heart began a frightened pounding. The tall man with the lean brown face couldn't seem to tear his eyes away.

Then he said, "Paul, I never borrowed your girls before. But there's always a first time."

"Hey, wait a minute! We're engaged!" But in the end, when Paul saw how it was—and in two weeks, even a blind man could have seen it—he was awfully decent. He stood in his office, turning the ring over and over in his fingers. "That's all right, Martha," he said tonelessly. "I guess you couldn't help it. I guess it just—just—"

Her cheeks were hot, and her lips quivered. "Paul, I'd give anything in the world not to be doing this to you. But Bill and I—"

It was as if all the months before had never happened. As if she'd never planned to marry Paul, as if the girl who'd laughed with Paul and worked with him and kissed him had been a different girl from the Martha Bill Marshall had pulled in to his arms last night.

"I know I can't hold a candle to Paul," Bill said, "I don't make as much money, never will. I haven't his brains, and—and he saw you first. But, darling, I love

you so. From the first moment I saw you, I knew."

"I knew, too," she whispered. So now she told Paul steadily. "Bill and I are going to be married right away. But, Paul, can't—the three of us still be friends?"

"Yeah," he said oddly. "Paul, the guy who brought you together. Good old Paul. You'll teach all your kids to call me Uncle." His lips twisted. "Sure, we can still be friends."

Paul was best man at the wedding in the parlor of the minister, that Saturday night they'd driven across the state line. Paul brought them the absurd square dishes with the yellow daisies off which they were eating breakfast, this minute. Paul and Suzanne tore around getting the gas and lights turned on in the apartment before they came home from the week-end honeymoon, and Paul helped Suzanne orol the steaks for their coming-home dinner.

Martha had thought, then, that maybe Paul hadn't minded so much after all. He'd found Suzanne quickly enough. But as the blond girl explained later, "I've known Paul always. We used to run around before he met you."

Bill's voice brought her back to the little blue breakfast nook and the reality of the present. "Quit dawdling, Martha. Paul and I must hasten to present ourselves, give our pedigree, all for the glory of the cause."

They trooped out of the apartment as the part-time maid came in. She was a dowdy old woman who sent Paul a sharp glance. "You stay here overnight?" she asked. "Have I got to make up that living room couch?"

"Relax," said Paul, slipping her the dollar she'd expected. "Just extra breakfast dishes."

Bill started Peg, amid the usual thunder, and they drove off jerkily. "If I could just afford a new car."

"When you're in the army, darling, earning \$21 a month, we'll buy a Rolls."

"Say, you don't really think they might take me?" Bill asked, in mock alarm.

"Sure they might! With a self-supporting wife, and a job where you're not even useful in defense. What on earth has a credit manager to do with defense?"

"Assistant credit manager," said Bill. "Gosh, I bet they do draft me, a'er all!"

They were to remember that, later, when the questionnaire came. Because Bill Marshall's serial number had been among the first drawn in the national lottery in Washington.

"They won't take you," Martha said. "You're a married man. It was just—chance—that they drew your number."

Paul laughed when he heard about it. "Hi, General!"

But he didn't think they'd take Bill, either. It was only when Bill was ordered to report for a physical examination that they became uneasy. "And I'm so damn healthy!"

"Wait," Paul comforted. "Wait till they get a load of your knock knees."

"I'll have you understand," Martha informed him primly, "my Bill has beautiful knees."

She wished, unhappily, they weren't quite so beautiful when Bill returned to tell her: "I'm in class L."

"Oh, Bill, no! You're married. You can't be drafted."

"But I can. You can hardly be classed as a dependent, earning almost twice as much as I do. You got along all right before we were married—there was no bitterness in his voice—and, I hate to admit, you contribute more to the support of the household than I do."

"But, Bill, you'll be credit manager in no time. And I can quit my job." They had discussed all this before they married. "But the army won't wait. I couldn't lie about it, Martha. I had to admit the facts. You don't need me. I'm physically fit. My

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Around the County

Glide

GLIDE, Jan. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hartz and baby son have returned to their home in Cavalier, turned to their home in Cavalier, the holidays with Mrs. Hartz's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. McCord.

James Marr, Bob Hickman, Harold Miles and Dale Blakely have returned to Camp Murray, Wash., after spending the holidays here.

Lyle and Harold Blakely are making an extended visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Blakely, before returning to school in Salem.

All of the college students have left to resume their studies. LeRoy Bond, Raymond Marr, Margery Price and Watson Talcott are enrolled at Oregon State college; Myron Vleck at Monmouth and Helen Smith at Northwestern Christian college and the University of Oregon.

Wanda Moore returned to N. C. after spending a few of the holidays visiting friends. Prior to her visit here she spent several days with her parents at Athena, Ore.

Mr. and Mrs. John LaBonte and two small sons motored to Camp Murray to visit Mrs. LaBonte's son, Eli Dumont, who was confined to the hospital and was unable to come home for the holidays.

Arlos Ann Greene visited during the Christmas and New Year's vacation at the home of her sister, Mrs. Robert B. Blake-ly.

Miss Stella Woods is now working in Garden valley for Mrs. Bashford.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Cox spent the holidays with Mrs. Cox's parents in Washington. Mr. Cox is pastor of the Christian church.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Blake-ly and Miss Arlos Greene were dinner guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Helvey.

David Asam, who has been visiting at Oakridge for several days, returned Monday evening accompanied by Loren Wilson. Mr. Wilson is a former resident of Glide.

The church bells of the Christian church were rung vigorously to welcome the New Year when a large group from the two Glide churches united in the parlors of the Christian church on New Year's eve. Games, refreshments and an interesting program were enjoyed while awaiting the arrival of the New Year.

Miss Carol Jean Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carol Johnson and sister of "Mercy hospital's first 1941 baby" has been unable to see the new arrival, Donna Fae, as yet. The day the baby and her mother came home Carol Jean was taken to Roseburg to stay with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Johnson. Carol Jean has the chickenpox.

Most of the Glide homes are suffering from a case of the flu or chickenpox.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Fleming have moved into their new home. Mr. Fleming has until recently been employed on the Robinson ranch on which they made their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Verl Miller and son, Dick, are now residing on Lane mountain. The Millers came here recently from Albany.

Miss Margaret Blakely is working at the Glide store.

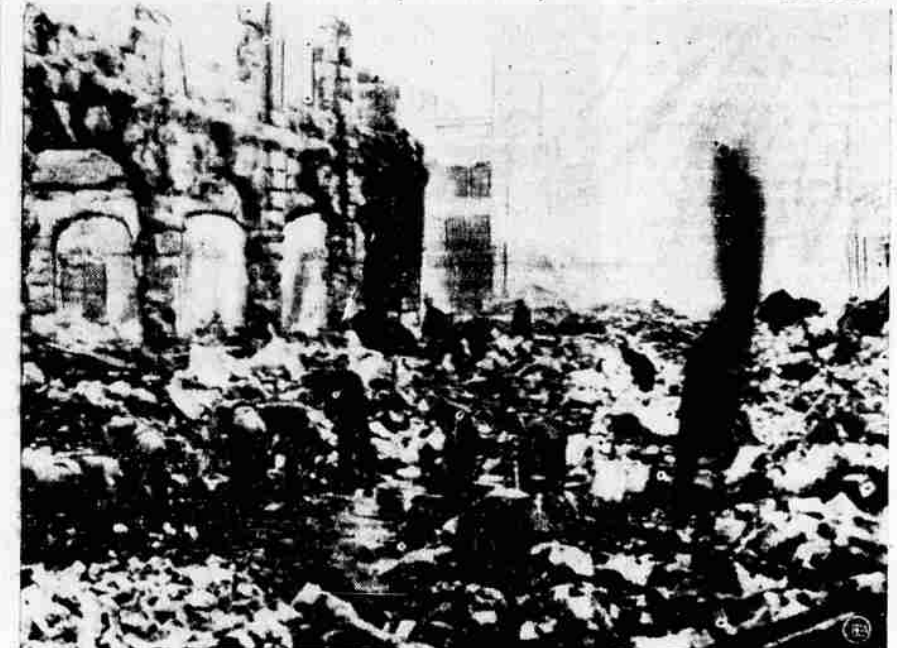
Bob Reinert, navy recruit, who has been in training at San Diego, is visiting at the Paul Simpson home. At the termination of his short leave he will be assigned to the cruiser, Portland.

Riddle

Billy Wilson, who spent the holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Wilson, left New Year's day to return to Camp Murray, Wash., where he is stationed with the national guards.

Mrs. Arthur Robbins has been in Roseburg the past few

First Picture Tells Graphic Story of Havoc in London



When facilities for transmission of radiophotos were restored from London to New York for the first time since the disastrous incendiary raids of Dec. 29, this picture was one of the first sent across showing, according to British censors, "a general view of a ruined street in London." German bombers completed a picture of complete devastation and havoc.

"Dress Me or I'll Sue," Avers Binnie



Here's part of the scene in a forthcoming motion picture which Binnie Barnes says just must come out—or she'll sue the studio. She charges she was duped into appearing on the screen clad only in black panties and a black brassiere with Melvyn Douglas. Her husband is kicking, Binnie says, and demands Columbia Studios put more clothes on her, or face an injunction suit. "And this is no publicity gag, either, avers Binnie, who recently became a bride."

First Aid Class Will Be Started Here Next Week

Sponsored by Douglas county chapter of the American Red Cross, a public class in first aid will be started next week. The first class will meet at the basement of the South Methodist church at 7:30 p. m. Tuesday, Alan I. Reich, certified Red Cross instructor, employed at the veterans facility here, will direct the class. All persons desiring to take the course are requested to register immediately at the Red Cross office in the courthouse.

Roosevelt Tells Petain Of His Hopes for France

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—(AP)—President Roosevelt told Marshal Petain, chief of the French state, in a new year's message made public today, that he prayed that France might soon again "enjoy the blessings of peace with liberty, equality and fraternity."

The slogan of the French republic—"liberty, equality and fraternity"—was disregarded by the new French state when it dropped the designation of republic.

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"Steele" Harmony on the Air



Steel yourselves, brothers, for a glimpse at three little packages of loveliness—the Steele sisters, harmony trio of "Musical Steelmakers," outstanding variety show heard Sundays at 2 p. m. on KRNK and the coast-to-coast Mutual hookup. Left to right, they are Harriet Drake, Lois Mae Nolte and Lucille Bell. "Musical Steelmakers" is one of the country's most unique radio programs, in that it features a large, all-employee cast of the Wheeling Steel corporation.

weeks assisting in the care of her daughter, Opal, who is convalescing from an operation for appendicitis at Mercy hospital.

Mrs. A. P. Johnson entertained the Ladies Aid society at her home Thursday afternoon. She was assisted in serving refreshments by Mrs. O. V. Logsdon.

The members of the Community club in the southern end of the valley gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henslee New Year's eve and enjoyed a watch party. About twenty were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Casati, who expect to leave soon to make their home in Los Angeles were given a farewell party at the close of the business session at the last regular meeting of the Riddle grange. A short program was given followed by a social hour and refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Casati will be greatly missed both in grange and social circles, as both have taken prominent parts. Mr. Casati served as master of the grange last year and Mrs. Casati was chairman of the home economic committee.

Early Rising Habit Is Cause of Death by Fire

NORTH PLAINS, Ore., Jan. 9.—(AP)—The habit of Joseph B. Fair, 89, of rising at an early hour and putting around his tiny home by kerosene lamplight cost him his life today.

Coroner F. J. Sewell said a fire

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Advertisement for Blitz-Weinhard Beer. The ad features a large image of a beer bottle with the text "Make the SECOND BOTTLE test!" and "Blitz-WEINHARD BEER". Below the bottle, it says "SATISFY YOURSELF that one bottle doesn't take the edge off your enjoyment of the next one! Next time 'Try Two'". At the bottom, it reads "Blitz WEINHARD GUARANTEED SATISFYING BEER".