

Report of the County Clerk of Douglas County, State of Oregon, for the Year Ending December 31, 1940.

Table with columns: Clerk's Bal. Dec. 30, 1939, Tax Collected, Interest, Land Sales, Other Revenues, Transfers, Warrants Cancelled, Credit Total, Warrants Issued, Cash Payments, Interest Rebates, Transfers, Totals, Dec. 31, 1940 Clerk's Balance, Outstanding Warrants, Jan. 2, 1941 Treasurer's Balance. Rows include General County Funds, Market Road Funds, District Road Funds, etc.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF DOUGLAS, SS.

I, Roy Agee, County Clerk of the County of Douglas, State of Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing is true and correct statement of the several funds of Douglas County, State of Oregon, for the year ending December 31, 1940, as shown by the books and reports in my office, care and custody. As I verily believe,

WITNESS my hand and official seal this 16th day of January, 1941. (Seal)

ROY AGEE, County Clerk.

RECONCILIATION WITH TREASURER table with columns: Bank balances, Dec. 31, 1940, Cash in till, County School Fund Securities, Coles Valley Cemetery Securities, etc.

RECONCILIATION WITH TAX COLLECTOR table with columns: Taxes accounted for, Interest on delinquent taxes, Less statutory rebates, Actual tax money received.

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: After her visit to camp, Martha settles down to a quiet life, takes up bowling and knitting. Paul doesn't call often, apparently accepts the situation. But one night he drops in. "You're going to the country club dance with me," he announces. Martha is glad he insists. The party will be fun.

The tempting picture of herself in the white gown—the alluring promise of dancing and laughter—was suddenly too much for her. "All right, Paul. I'll go with you."

The country club was blazing with lights as Paul drove the car into the long, curving driveway. The white building with its tall columns stood out against the dark sky, on the slight rise of hill, like a southern manor house in a moving picture.

Martha Marshall, her red hair piled high in curls, Paul's orchid on her shoulder, caught her breath with a sudden, guilty start. "I'm here, all dressed up and going to have a good time, while Bill's in that camp!"

But a moment later, as Paul was helping her out and they mounted the stairs together, the guilt died down. She had been so starved for fun, all these weeks! Paul smiled down at her. "You'll be the loveliest thing here."

Martha knew she looked well. The white dress, with its softly draped V and its tiny stars twinkling among the wispy folds of the full skirt, had always been very becoming. Her silver sandals were new. She felt light as a feather, poised, happy.

A girl in glittering sequin jacket looked at her curiously for a moment. Martha saw the fleeting homage in her eyes—the homage that one woman pays to another who looks even more beautiful. She was ridiculously pleased, and a little smile tugged at the corners of her lips.

Paul was saying, "I've reserved a table. That is, we're with a party. Ted Willis and Madge, and the Graces."

"Oh," he hadn't told her before, because she had known

Tax Collector's Report table with columns: State & County, Interest, High School Tuition, N. U. Dia. Lake Rd., Elkhead Special, Tiller Special, etc.

Douglas County, Oregon. Filed Jan. 7, 1941. Roy Agee, County Clerk.

them all only during the time when she had been engaged to Paul. They were his friends, not hers. Bill had never met them.

"I'll be glad to see them again." She mustn't let embarrassment, any foolish self-consciousness, spoil her magic evening.

But Madge Willis was cordial, and her husband, Ted, claimed Martha at once for a dance. I don't get a chance like this often. Say, you're looking marvelous!"

Mary Grace only smiled at her lazily. Mary had always been like that—off-hand, casual, accepting things at their face. Probably nothing interested her very much except clothes. She and Jack were immensely wealthy.

It was good to be dancing again. Good to be part of this gay, carefree crowd, good to hear music and smile up at a partner who hummed under his breath and had nothing more important on his mind than enjoying himself.

"Long time no see," Ted said, after a while. "What happened to the husband?"

It was not that he cared, especially. In this country club crowd it was extremely usual to attach no importance to the fact that a married woman appeared at a dance with an old friend.

"The husband's in the army," she laughed. "Didn't you know?"

"No, I hadn't heard." He shook his head, in exaggerated concern. "Country's going to the dogs. They'd better not get after me!"

"I thought people weren't supposed to cut any more," Martha said. "It was too collegiate, or something."

"Rules are made to be broken. Ah, this is what I call dancing!" "Look out," she warned him. "Paul's coming back!"

"That," said Jack, "is much too blatant an infraction of the law. Out the door, baby." Expertly, he danced her through the open French doors to the veranda.

"We'll admire the moon." "No, you don't!" Paul said, behind them. "Give her back, sir!"

It was silly, maybe. But it was fun. When Paul left her for a moment to get her something to eat, a red-haired young person sidled up and suggested, "Run away with me? This is my evening for running away."

"I'd love to," she laughed. "But I'm chained. Besides, we'd look so odd. Two brick tops."

"We'd look beautiful together!" he said. "If you won't run away, at least dance with me. That'll give my girl something to think about."

"What did she do, run away with someone else?" "You're a mind reader!" Paul rescued her, two minutes later. "Madge and Mary want to go to the Tortilla."

Martha realized, with amazement, that it was nearly 1 o'clock. "Where did the time go? We just came!"

She held out her hand. "My hankie, please!" In lieu of an evening bag, she had wrapped her compact and comb and the girl tube of lipstick in a wisp of chiffon, which Paul had obligingly stowed away in a pocket. "I must look a fright. I haven't

repaired my complexion all evening." "Three freckles," Paul admitted, "have worked loose."

She darted under the looped velvet into the powder room. Mary and Madge were already there. A maid was on her knees beside Mrs. Grace, taking a firmer stitch in the draped girdle around her waist. "That fool, my husband, has a clutch like a gorilla!"

Madge was touching up her mouth. "Hello, Martha. My, you certainly moved down the stag line tonight!"

"Thanks. I think it was a conspiracy. Be kind to working girls' night."

"With those eyes," said Mary Grace, calmly, "you need never worry."

"Eyes my foot! It's the girl's, liltesome grace." Madge tittered. "I've gained two pounds and it's keeping me up nights."

"There's an exercise for that. You turn your head slowly from side to side when they bring up the whipped cream, darling."

The Club Tortilla, at 2 in the morning, with Ricardo and Regina whirling in a rumba, was hard to leave. That's how it happened that dawn was definitely streaking the sky when Paul left Martha at her door.

"It's been wonderful, Paul!" "You'd better sleep all day tomorrow."

They were Harold J. Sturtevant, 19, of Haverhill Mass., formerly on the destroyer Craven, and Ervin Glenn Lackey, 20, of Charlotte, N. C., until recently on the destroyer Perkins. Each has about a month to serve of his enlistment.

They were convicted of malicious mischief, for which the maximum sentence is six months in jail.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 23. (AP)—Two young navy men who ripped a nazi swastika flag from its staff at the German consulate here were given suspended sentences today of 90 days in jail and were turned over to the navy which promised they would be "adequately dealt with."

The flag incident, staged before a throng of some 2,000 persons here last Saturday, resulted in a stern protest from Berlin and a statement of regret by this government.

The two sailors were on leave from a navy hospital where they had been under observation in the psychopathic ward, when the incident occurred. They were not in uniform.

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BALLOON DANCE Fun At Oakland Music by Bill Black and His Orchestra FOLLOW THE CROWD Saturday, January 25 Gentlemen 45c including tax Ladies 10c