

● SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: Martha is determined to make Bill forget his jealousy. She drives to camp, finds him in the guardhouse for rebelling against discipline. He accuses her of seeing Paul again and Martha's fury is released. She tells him she is through making sacrifices for him, that she is leaving Helen's, going back to her job. "Back to Paul," Bill says.

MARTHA GOES HOME

CHAPTER XXIV
The girl with the flying red hair, crouched over the wheel of the ancient car that rocketed

So They Won't Butch the Butchering



Unique in higher education is the course in Mess Management offered to advanced military students by the University of Idaho. Two hundred CCC enrollees in a nearby camp are the guinea pigs upon which 20 students are learning how to feed large groups of men. Above, an Army mess sergeant shows the boys how to butcher a quarter of beef.

THE FORD HAS BIGGEST BODIES!	THE FORD HAS LONGEST INTERIORS!
THE FORD HAS GREATEST TOTAL SEATING WIDTH!	THE FORD HAS MOST FRONT HEADROOM!
THE FORD HAS MOST FRONT LEGROOM!	THE FORD HAS MOST GREAT KNEEROOM!
THE FORD HAS WIDEST FRONT AND REAR DOORS!	THE FORD HAS BIGGEST WINDSHIELDS AND WINDOWS

along the state highway so recklessly, was crying. She was crying although her eyes were dry, and her mouth was a hard and bitter line. She was crying deep inside herself—crying the soundless, agonized tears of utter desperation.

That was why she drove so fast and so wildly. That was why she skidded over the little wooden bridge on the outskirts of Bayville, and scarcely noticed that she missed a truck by inches. And that was why, when she pulled up with a scream of brakes, outside the bungalow on Grace street, the dog which came barking joyously to greet her slunk off, frightened and bewildered, as she pushed him aside.

Helen was sitting on the porch knitting, while the baby slept. She lifted her head. The knitting dropped to her lap. "Why, Martha, what's wrong?"

The sound of her sister's voice roused Martha. "Wrong?" she echoed harshly. "Nothing's wrong. Everything's beautifully right." She sat down on the glider beside Helen. "I'm going back to my job."

Martha did not think beyond that until her suitcases were packed and ready. Butch was in the back seat; she had kissed the baby goodby, and hugged Sister. She was shaking hands with Gene, trying not to see that Helen was still puzzled and hurt, when Eugene's matter-of-fact question came. "Are you sure Air Transport will take you back, Martha?"

For an instant she was stopped. Then she said, lightly, "Of course they will!"

Eugene's grin became sly and knowing. "Oh, I see. Your friend, Elliott..."

"Don't be a fool, Eugene!"

But while she drove back, that sunny afternoon, 24 whole hours after she had walked out on Bill in the guardhouse, she turned that over in her mind. Bill had been right, after all. Going back to Air Transport meant going back to Paul.

She played with the idea of trying for a job somewhere else. Her pressure on the accelerator lightened and she mentally skimmed a list of places where she might inquire. But almost immediately she knew she couldn't afford delay and job hunting. There was very little money in her bag. At Air Transport, she was a trained and valued worker. To some other firm, she'd be only an unknown quantity. Besides, her chin lifted to be afraid of going back to Paul was to admit that most of what Bill had said was true.

Unwillingly, she remembered Paul's voice saying, "As long as you're happy with Bill, I'm satisfied to remain out of the picture." Would he be satisfied if he found out the reason for her coming back?

"I won't tell him," she decided. "Oh, I mustn't think too much. I need my job. I need to be independent again—I need my self-respect and time to get over this. Time to—decide definitely."

She drove straight to Mrs. Larkin's house. The lady was glad to see her, comfortably unaware of the strangeness about her return.

"I've got your same room, still empty. Mrs. Marshall. Is your sister all better now? That's good. I wanted to tell you, the night the wire came, that worrying never does much good. All kinds of times, in a lifetime, I always say. The ups and the downs and your sister, having three young ones and all—why, you'd almost expect something like that."

Her voice flowed on, while she stretched fresh sheets on the bed and helped Martha unpack the suitcases. "You take me, I had my share. I can tell you. Five children, I had. And Mr. Larkin, God rest his soul, no help at all when I was sick a day. The man couldn't lift a finger around the house without he broke something. If I'd had a sister to come and help me, a lucky woman I'd have thought myself! And the airplane factory, too—such nice folks to work for—letting you stay away weeks at the time..."

Mrs. Larkin was so busy talking she almost overlooked Butch. Finally, of course, she got around to him. "This your dog you were boarding at that kennel place? Not thinking of keeping him with you now?"

"Oh, no. I—I believe I'll take him over to the farm right now." She felt guilty, as Butch leaped happily back into the car. "Poor boy, I do drag you around, don't I?" As soon as he got comfortably settled in one sort of life, she was taking him off to another. She thought, suddenly, "Suppose we had a child, Bill and I?" People who quarreled—people who separated—did to their children exactly what she was doing to Butch.

Tears stung her eyes, then. The first tears since she had walked out of the guardhouse, yesterday. "But you're not a child, Butch. You're lucky not to be a child," she sobbed idiotically. "I'm a fool, and you're a dog—and—and—oh, Butch, Butch!"

At the farm, however, it seemed not nearly so tragic to be bringing Butch back. Because a small tan fox terrier greeted him with delighted barks from behind the wire fence, and the old man who ran the farm patted Butch affectionately. "We've missed you, boy. Missed us any?"

The old man shook his head over the state of Butch's coat. "What's this, chewing gum? And what've you been feeding him?"

"It probably is chewing gum," Martha told him. "My sister's children..."

She watched from the back porch as Butch trotted in to join the tan fox terrier. He was going to be all right. If only she her-

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self could slip so easily back into the routine of the days before she went to Bayville!

The next morning, she dressed briskly for her return to the office. The smart dark dress, the crisp white collar, the neat gabbardine-and-patent shoes for which she had had little use in the bungalow, and which had not been festive enough for Sundays, seemed to armor her once more with their working mood.

But when she was actually going through the big double doors that led to the reception room, she quaked a little. Maybe Air Transport didn't want her back. Perhaps they had gotten along very nicely indeed without Mrs. Marshall, thank you.

The girl at the switchboard cried, "Look who's here! Of all people! I thought you retired."

"I thought so, too. Is the Chief in?"

The Chief was in. He came bursting out from his private office when he heard her name, and he wrung her hand in such honest pleasure that all misgiving left her.

"Martha," he said, "before you say one word about only having stopped in for a visit, I beg to look at me. Look at me hard and see the new gray hairs in my head and the bare spots where I've pulled out the rest."

"Martha, that girl from Sales who took your place was the world's prize lame brain. She went into tears every time I dictated a word over two syllables. The one after that was even worse, and Saturday I got rid of the one who followed her."

"Martha, you must take pity on us! Engineering secretaries don't grow on bushes. We'll give you a raise, we'll put fresh flowers on your desk every morning, we'll serve you free lunches."

"Stop!" she laughed. "Stop, Chief, please!" She laughed until the tears came—laughed with relief and thanksgiving. "That's what I came for. To get my job back."

The astonished switchboard operator was forthwith treated to the spectacle of the austere and whipcracking chief engineer—the very same man who roared into telephones and swore when she couldn't put through a call to the west coast in 15 seconds—throwing his arms around Mrs. Marshall and dancing indecorously away with her to the whistled tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again."

(To be continued)

POWELL'S
FOR FISHING TACKLE
245 N. Jackson St., Roseburg

Explosion of Locomotive Injures 22 Persons

DENVER, Feb. 4.—(AP)—At least 22 persons were injured, some seriously, when a large Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad passenger locomotive blew up this morning as it was being pushed into the railroad yards in the southwest industrial section of Denver.

Several of the persons injured

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CANDIES	Beef Roast Guaranteed tender steer beef, lb. 18½c	Bacon Eastern sugar cured, by the piece, lb. 22½c	5000 CASH PRIZES For Naming Our CHERUB MILK BABY
CHOCOLATE DROPS Hard Mix Candies Lb. 10c Pkg. 10c	Sirloin Steak Tender and juicy every time, lb. 25c	Pure Lard Kettle rendered, 4 lb. 33c	
CHOCOLATES Fancy Box 2½ lb. 43c	Pork Roasts Picnic cuts, lb. 14½c	Bacon Squares Fine for seasoning, lb. 9½c	Easy to enter — easy to win! Get full details at Safeway today. Cherub Milk Case of 48 4 Tall cans, 95¢ cans 27c
	Pork Sausage Freshly ground, lb. 17½c	Smelt Columbia river, 3 lb. 25c	
	Corned Beef ANGLO 12-oz. can 16c	TIDBITS STOKELY PINEAPPLE CAN 6c	
	Royal Satin SHORTENING 3-lb. can 39c	Su-Purb Soap 24-oz. box 19c 50-oz. box 29c	
	Tomatoes GARDENSIDE No. 2½ cans 3¢ 25c	FLOUR KITCHEN CRAFT Fancy Home-type 49-lb. sack \$1.33	

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Tomato Juice 46-oz. can **15c**
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Starr Tomato Juice full can **5c**
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GRAPEFRUIT —Large size, 10 for 25c	CAULIFLOWER —Head 9c
ORANGES —Fancy large size, dozen 25c	SWEET POTATOES —6 lb. 23c
POTATOES —U. S. No. 2, 50 lb. 39c	

Centerbury Black Tea 1½ lb. **25c**, 49¢
Sanka Coffee Drip or Reg. lb. can **28c**
Wheaties or Corn Mix, 2 pks. **21c**
Roma 1 Meal, 2-lb. package **29c**
H-O Oats, quick, reg., lg. pkg. **25c**
Paradise Dill Pickles, 32-oz. jar **15c**
Puss 'n' Boots Cat Food, 8-oz. can **5c**
Sunbrite Cleanser 3 cs **11c**
Sweetheart Soap, 3 bar pkg. **18c**

ADVERTISED PRICES for Friday and Saturday, February 7th and 8th

Tang—Pure Pork, 12-oz. can **20c**
Soup—Hormel's Mince, 3 cans **25c**
Macaroni Dinner—Kraft Pkg. **9c**
Snowflake Soda Crackers, 2½ lb. **27c**
Ritz Crackers, large package **21c**
Real Roast P'Nut Butter 2-lb. jar **25c**
Jell-Well Asst. Flavors, 3 pks. **10c**

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