

● SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Kent is home for three days. He was injured in the explosion of a dud bomb, but his sight is not permanently impaired. Doctors believe an operation will restore it. He talks on still believing Ann is beside him. He asks about April, calling her the "Glitterbug." April is furious.

ANN REFUSES TO RETURN CHAPTER III

April managed to leave Kent at his gate with a murmured answer. It was an answer that said nothing but promised much in the manner of all sweethearts. What mattered now was that she was tearing down the hill, escaping from what had been the strangest situation she'd ever known. The wintry air smelled good, free!

Kent Carter, temporarily blinded, had taken her for Ann, the sister with whom he was in love. Ann was away, but she'd be back tomorrow if April had to turn the world upside down to get her. She wasn't doing this for Kent. Not at all. She was doing it for Ann.

Glitterbug, indeed! Kent Carter would eat those words some day. Then she shrugged. What difference did it make what he called her? He was nothing to her.

Octavia was waiting, hovering in a way that made April alert. "How come you take so long, Miss April?" Octavia asked. "Dat train was on time 'cause Ah heard her tooting same's usual. You meet Mister Carter okay and give him the message?"

"Mister Carter is safely at home in the arms of Auntie," April answered. "And if you wonder why I'm late, you should take yourself downtown to see the traffic jam caused by the free barbecue in the bandstand square."

"Free barbecue?" Octavia was thrown at once off the scent, or rather thrown on it. The scent of ham and pork roasting on a spit.

Knowing she must get Octavia out of the house at all costs and at once, April went on. "You better join the jamboree, Octavia. There won't be a hambone left in another hour."

"Sure 'nuf?" Octavia's eyes rolled and her voice rolled, too, until she remembered that she had to be on duty while her "folks" were off camping. She said as much to Miss April.

"Just as long as you're home in time for breakfast," April said, "you can go your merry way with my blessing."

When the house was quiet at last, all the flippancy vanished from April. It was 9 o'clock. Within the next half hour the three handsome swains who were taking her to Casa Blanca would be ringing the bell. She must hurry to reach Ann by long distance, to make the homecoming arrangements, and then to figure some way out of tonight's date with Kent Carter to which she had committed herself.

In the dimly lighted hall where the telephone table stood, April looked up at the small oil portrait of Ann. An artist who had owed Dad money for settling a damage suit had painted it when the sister was 16. But Ann hadn't changed. There were her eyes, brown, wistful and appealing; there was the mole-brown hair and the quiet brow. "She doesn't need to be beautiful," April said half aloud. "She can sing—and how she can sing!"

"Here goes," April thought, and whirled the dial for long distance. "I want to place a call to New York."

Then almost before she could take breath, someone was answering at the other end.

"Hello," April said to the unfamiliar voice. "I would like to speak to Miss Ann Burnett."

"Ann Burnett? I'm sorry, but I think she's just gone out."

"Oh, no," and April, who had forgotten about placing the call in person to Ann, fairly wailed. "Please, I've got to get her at once."

"Wait a minute. Maybe I can catch her." The strange voice drifted off and even 500 miles away, April could catch the sounds of hurrying steps and a door opening.

And then, unbelievable but true, a voice came through the wire—the voice that might have been her own, so identical was it. "Oh, hello," Ann was saying.

"Ann, dear, this is April!" And then, because she was trembling, April cradled the telephone in her hand and curled up on the lounge.

"And you?" There was gay relief in Ann's question. "Oh, me. I'm my same gorgeous self, Annie. Reason I'm calling up has to do with you, Ann. You've got to come home at once—this very night, on the midnight train."

"But why? There is something wrong, then?"

"No, Ann, everything's as right as right can be. Better yet, Kent Carter came home today."

"Kent! You mean for good, from Fort Dodd?"

"No, honey, not for good. On leave until Monday night. Now listen quick, Ann, because every word I'm saying costs money. It was all unexpected, I mean Kent's coming home. Naturally, he's crazy to see you."

All the things she'd meant to say vanished in Ann's quick answer. "But April, I can't come home, even to see Kent." She paused briefly, went on, "As a matter of fact, if Kent only knew it, he was the one who spurred me on to take this New York venture. And now I'm having my chance at last. Tomorrow night I have an audition with Vivano—the great Vivano."

April clutched the telephone stubbornly. "It doesn't matter," she wailed. "You'll have to postpone it, cancel it, anything."

Ann might not have heard her. She was saying, "I've lived for this time, worked for it. It may be the making of my future. Yes, a chance of a lifetime, this audition for Vivano."

Ann's voice. Yes, while April and Ann talked alike and laughed alike, Ann's singing voice went away ahead and beyond April's. It was a lovely contralto, to and everything must be done to keep it that way.

Mother was always particular to have nothing disturb Ann before a recital. April knew if she told Ann now about Kent's blindness, her sister might go all to pieces. It might even spoil the audition. So instead, she almost bawled into the phone. "Kent loves you, Ann. He's crazy about you."

"Of course he is." Ann gave a small sigh and then with the quick little gasp characteristic of her, asked, "Did he tell you so?"

"Yes—no." April floundered and then, blessing of blessings, Nip came bounding to bark his "howlo."

When the barking was over, so was the bad minute. Ann, apparently being hurried away by someone who stood at her elbow in that hallway 500 miles away, spoke in her same, lovely, gentle lilt.

"You send word to Kent, April, that I'm hearbroken I can't make it. But don't dare tell him about the audition. That must be kept a secret until I know it's a success."

So that was that! She, April, was to send word to Kent Carter that Ann was hearbroken but couldn't get to Pattonville.

There were Kent's three days against the darkness! Out of her confusion and despair, a flash of sheer inspiration struck April.

(To be continued)

Slavery Quiz Jails 2 Sharecroppers

POPLARVILLE, Miss., March 27.—(AP)—A Mississippi sharecropper and his wife were held incommunicado in jail here today as state and federal officers investigated the strange story of a 33-year-old mother that she and her four children were kept in virtual servitude for more than a year on an island.

The case came to light last night with the filing of kidnap charges against Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Walker, middle-aged sharecroppers of Pearl River county, Mississippi, after officers had rescued Mrs. Cora Lee Davis and three of her children from Cow Island on the Mississippi river in Tennessee near the Mississippi state line.

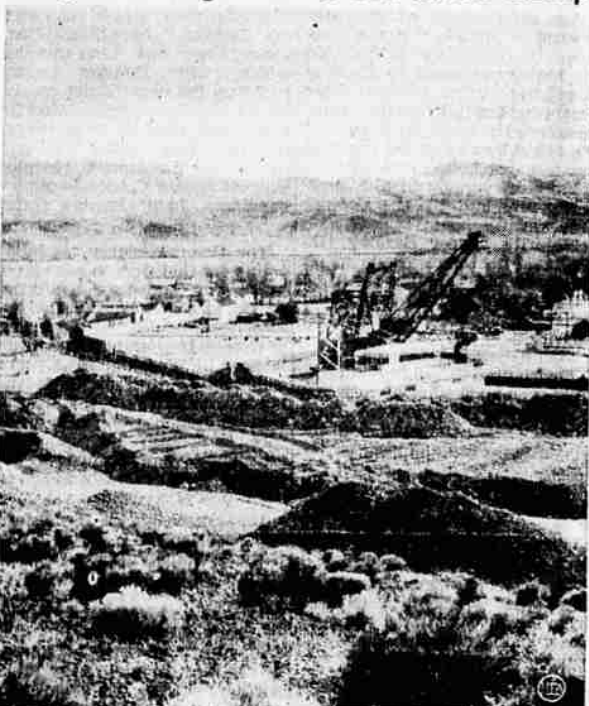
Mrs. Davis, officers said, was in Columbia, Miss., about 25 miles northwest of here, recovering from the birth of her fifth child in a Memphis hospital about two weeks ago. The Davis children also were in Columbia.

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With Major Hoopie



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Dayton, Nev., a town of thousands in the heyday of its mining operations, now numbers 300. But the old camp is active, as the world's largest dragline dredge tears up 20,000 tons of earth daily, seeking gold. Huge Westinghouse motors power the powerful operation.

Tons of Axis Propaganda In United States Seized

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27.—(AP)—Fifteen tons of German, Italian, Japanese and Russian propaganda have been seized at United States ports of entry, much of it on the Pacific coast, Postmaster General Frank C. Walker said here today.

Control of the influx of this matter is placing such a burden upon the resources of the department that it has been decided to ask congress for a 25 per cent increase in the number of postal inspectors, Walker said.

Next Batch of Douglas Trainees to Leave April 8

Douglas county's first selective service contingent for April, consisting of four selectees, will leave Roseburg at 12:45 a. m., April 8, it was announced today from S. A. L. M. Transportation schedules were announced today at state headquarters where it was reported that five men from Jackson county, three from Josephine county and the four from Douglas county will be transported on the train leaving Medford at 8:05 p. m., April 7, and arriving in Roseburg shortly after midnight.

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Douglas Writers Contribute To Oregon Magazine

Anne Applegate Kruse, of Yoncalla, daughter of one of Oregon's most noted pioneers, and a writer of considerable note, has contributed to April TUMBLEWEED, Oregon's only literary magazine, a most interesting story, "Rosehips"—a tale of southern Oregon. It is an Indian romance in which are given the habits and customs of the Umpquas of early days. Leading characters are Be-ell, son of Chief Hale of the Umpquas, and Sallsta, daughter of Chief Gray Wolf of the Umatillas, who meet at the fishing grounds on the Siuslaw, where Be-ell has gone to "buy me a klooehman" (wife).

Marjorie Hunt Pettit, poet and writer of Roseburg also contributes a story, "Emmy Foregoes Death," in the same issue of the magazine. An unhappy marriage, in which there was a love that even a big truck could not crush, is the theme of the story.

That western Oregon was once a great cow country is not generally known, yet there is evidence that the ranges of the mid-

dle west were stocked with blooded cattle from the Rogue, Umpqua and Willamette valleys. Eugene Woods, a research student of Portland, deals extensively with this subject in the April issue.

Will Spend Week-End Here — Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Clement, of Portland, are expected to arrive here tonight or tomorrow to spend the week-end visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. McEachern.

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