

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: Kent goes on, criticizing April—the Glitterbug—as selfish, vain, spoiled. April, still posing as Ann, is hurt, but the analysis has an amusing side, too. April keeps her secret, though, knowing what this day means to Kent. And she adds a final “No matter what happens, I love you.” And means it.

APRIL MEETS TROUBLE

CHAPTER IX

Now the thing to do was to harden her heart.

April didn't look at Kent after she stepped into the roadster. The day was over, the game ended. She had played her part right up to the last tag-line.

Tomorrow, Ann might come home. If she did, April would tell her what she had done and make it perfectly clear why. “He doesn't mean anything to me,” she would say. “I only wanted to help you.”

If Ann didn't return, there'd be some way she, April, could avoid seeing Kent.

She began to think of Ann, Ann the gentle one, the sweet one with the silver voice who'd have her great chance tonight.

“Steady there,” Kent advised as the roadster rocked on the red road.

“I'm trying to beat the storm,” Kent said. “For a minute it felt as if we were headed for a spill.”

“No, we just missed one,” she scanned the skyline. Clouds were marching around the tents of the hill, gray and menacing. “Funny,” she said, “how a day can start all sunshine and then get to floundering around in clouds and darkness.”

“If you'll overlook my being lyrical, I could say it always grows bright again.”

“For you, it will.” That was safe to say. He could take it the way he wanted. She must keep everything impersonal between them, impersonal as the weather. The speedometer danced.

And all the time, her mouth settled in a hard line and her heart grew more stoney.

“I feel like an out sitting here while you do all the driving,” Kent said. “I ought to be taking the wheel for the trek home. It's too much for you, Ann.”

“Not at all,” she bit off the words. “I like it.”

The top was up but already the first sweep of gale force at the side of the car. Nip, the wire-haired, snuggled close at April's side. Kent hunched forward, straining as if he couldn't hear his helplessness.

“If I could only see you for one second,” he said. “I bet your eyes are sparkling and that there's a charcoal smudge on your nose. I like to look at you when you're intent on something, Ann. You have a lift to your head that I'm crazy about.”

April fought down an urge to say, “Yes, you would like to see Ann now. Five hundred miles away and as intent as all get-out on an audition with the great Vivano tonight.” But no, she clamped her lips and made the speedometer dance a little faster.

Dusk blurred the daylight; night came on. The wind was a roaring cavalcade behind them, pushing them on. April knew she must reach Kent's home before the storm broke. If she timed it right, she'd have a perfect excuse for leaving him at his gate without further farewells.

On and on, the miles sped but even on the short cuts they seemed twice as long as they had been this morning. Once the engine balked. Once she stopped for gas. Another time she tried to slip past a truck and almost sent the car in a ditch.

All the things Kent had said about her came back. It was soothing to think of Hal Parks. Hal was sophisticated, smart, worldly and he liked her. And yes, blast him, he was the one who indirectly had started her on this ill-fated fling when he'd said there were other things you could be drafted for besides the army. Drafted for love! It sounded swell but she'd been turned down, rejected, service deferred.

“We're sure playing tag with the storm,” Kent said, innocent of the storm that shook her to the core.

“You bet!” She felt his eyes on her as the car raced. Ann never drove spectacularly.

“Where are we now?”

“Only about five miles to go,” April said. Three and then as she reached the hill road that led to Pattonville she could pick out

the lights of the town far below. Perspiration was on her face, her hands trembled when she finally slowed the car.

“At last!” Her words were a long sigh.

“Swell going,” Kent said. “If I hurry, I can make it to my home.”

As she spoke, there was a warning rattle on the hood, a spattering on the canvas top. “Hailstorm,” Kent was brief. “We'll make a dash for the house.”

April spoke above the wind. “I'll take you to the gate and then scram. Mother and Dad, they'll be worried.”

But even in his sightlessness, Kent had leaned over and was enfolding her in strong, sure arms.

“Come along, Nip,” he called and bore April triumphantly through the gate and up the brief walk to the door.

Laughing down, he said, “Ann gal, anyone would say you were a lunatic. Think I'm going to let you go off alone in a blitzkrieg?”

“No, Kent. I want to go home, I must!” The wind threw back her voice.

For April knew once she crossed the threshold of the Carter home, disaster awaited. Great Aunt Elizabeth Carter would know she wasn't Ann Burnett.

She tried to remember what Ann had said about Auntie Carter but it seemed now as if the hailstones were pelting her brain and blotting out every thought.

“There,” Kent said, half carrying her across the threshold after he'd opened the big, gridded door, “this is what you might call symbolic.”

Nip squeezed in and made a great to-do about shaking the sticky ice stone from his fur. Kent reached to help April off with her coat. The hood toppled with a splash of drops. “You're shivering,” Kent said, “we'll go back to the library where a fire's burning.”

“No, I'm not cold,” April chattered. “I'll stand here just a minute—then I'll have to go.”

In the shadows of the cavernous hall, April saw the parlor leading off to the right. It, too, was cavernous with heavy carved furniture, oil paintings and a massive square piano.

And over the mantle was a mirror. April's eyes met April in the mirror and she knew with her coat and cap off, no one could ever mistake her for Ann, no matter how dim the light.

But except for the fire hissing somewhere at the other end of the house, there wasn't a sound. Perhaps she wouldn't have to see Auntie Carter after all!

“Kent,” she began, “I'm a sight. Please, I couldn't see anyone looking the way I do.”

As if this had been an invitation to catastrophe, a voice spoke out of the silence of the upper hall.

“Kent, is that you?”

“Yes, Aunt Elizabeth.”

April followed his eyes in the direction of the stairs where a small, erect figure was poised.

(To be continued)

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OUR SCARDING HOUSE



Jubilee Singers to Return Here



The Spiritual Jubilee Singers of Chicago, above, well known locally because of their week's stay here a year ago, will spend another week in Roseburg, from April 7 to 14, it was announced today by the Rev. H. P. Sence, pastor of the First Baptist church.

The group of colored singers will present a program each evening of the week, starting at 7:30 p. m., in connection with a devotional message by the pastor. The entertainers also will be heard in radio programs and will appear at the high schools and before service clubs.

Beatty	168	157	196	521	Stevenson	135	116	189	460
Totals	879	790	897	2566	Rice	149	121	151	421
Shell Oil					Totals	869	758	953	2573

Handicap	99	99	99	297	Union Oil				
Beckley	142	126	145	413	Handicap	46	46	46	138
Wilcox	173	103	107	383	Gardner	135	184	133	452
Laurance	164	151	129	444	Roadman	126	143	153	422
Pounds	159	136	120	415	Carr	150	172	173	495
Goodman	150	167	161	478	Morris	218	177	163	558
Totals	887	782	763	2423	Richter	179	176	158	513

Hansen Motors:					Totals	851	898	826	2578
Handicap	79	79	79	237					
Wiley	218	151	186	555					
Baker	138	145	167	450					
Vrooman	101	157	148	406					
Broughton	133	114	150	397					
Mabry	123	164	174	461					
Totals	792	810	904	2506					

Douglas Flour Mills:									
Handicap	74	74	74	222					
Aten	127	163	123	413					
E. Thiele	132	164	136	432					
P. Thiele	179	142	141	462					
Wellman	148	132	153	433					
Haigh	157	142	142	441					
Totals	817	817	771	2405					

Standard Oil:									
Handicap	104	104	104	312					
Gilkeson	146	133	137	416					
Lafferty	114	146	156	416					
Hildeburn	182	122	173	477					
Compton	135	166	197	498					
Laird	145	144	145	434					
Totals	846	815	814	2475					

Safeway:									
Handicap	86	86	86	258					
Blohm	168	135	243	546					
Dunning	157	149	143	449					
Nicholson	147	151	141	439					

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WATCH FOR THIS SIGN in your feed dealer's store. It is your guide to a feed that is not just "mash" but built on a "balanced ration" to fill the requirements of your chicks during their first eight weeks of growth.
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With Major Hoople

Conn Vs. Barlund, Baer Vs. Nova On Fight Card Tonight

CHICAGO, April 4.—(AP)—Billy Conn goes out tonight to convince everyone but himself that he is ready for a championship showdown with Joe Louis in June.

The 23-year-old Pittsburgh boxer takes on the veteran Gunnar Barlund in a 12-round match here.

It will be Conn's eighth bout since turning heavyweight and it may go a long way toward deciding Chicago's prospects of getting the Louis-Conn title fight, for which it is bidding.

Conn is a 7-1 favorite.

NEW YORK, April 4.—(AP)—Two of the fistful bone-yard's best products, Lou Nova and Max Baer, battle it out in Madison Square garden tonight for a chance to take on Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship in September.

They'll start their 12-rounder about 10 p. m. (eastern standard time).

Nova is favored at odds of 5 to 7 to repeat his victory of 1939, when he stopped Baer in 11 rounds with a cut mouth.

Coast Baseball To Start Saturday

SAN FRANCISCO, April 4.—(AP)—Unless the current rainstorm extends into the week-end, the Pacific coast league's 1941 baseball campaign will get under way tomorrow, with all eight clubs shaping up fairly even.

First loop in the country to open and last to close, the league will start off with inaugural doubleheaders slated for four California parks.

Here's the opening day program:

Seattle at San Francisco.

Portland at Los Angeles.

Oakland at San Diego.

Hollywood at Sacramento.

Seattle, piloted by a new manager, Bill Skiff, is the favorite to repeat this season and make it three flags in a row. The Rainiers have perhaps the best pitchers in the circuit and power at the plate. Besides, they have a smooth fielder and strong hitter in First Baseman Les Scarcella, late of the New York Yankees.

Two Coquille bowling teams, one of men, the other of women, will come to Roseburg Sunday for games with picked teams of Roseburg players. Games will start at 2 p. m. These matches Sun-

Roseburg Bowlers to Play Coquille Teams

Two Coquille bowling teams, one of men, the other of women, will come to Roseburg Sunday for games with picked teams of Roseburg players. Games will start at 2 p. m. These matches Sun-

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Attends to Business—L. A. Smith, of Riddle, was a business visitor in this city Thursday.

War Dept. Able to Run Struck Plants, Stimson Warns

WASHINGTON, April 3.—(AP)—Secretary Stimson said today he believed the war department was "equipped" to operate such a plant as the Allis-Chalmers, Milwaukee, establishment which has been kept idle by a strike for ten weeks.

Expressing a belief that strikes were "getting rather worse" from the defense standpoint, the secretary of war advised against misconstruing "Uncle Sam's patience for weakness."

Without forecasting federal action to take over the Allis-Chalmers plant, Stimson told his press conference he believed the war department, if necessary, could operate such a plant.

"I have an idea we might find a force right nearby," Stimson said.

He cited the use of federal troops in the Pullman strike in Illinois more than four decades ago as an example of possible forcible federal intervention.

"The patience of Uncle Sam is very long, and rightly so, for the power of Uncle Sam is so great it ought to be used very carefully," Stimson said.

"But nobody makes a greater mistake than to misconstrue Uncle Sam's patience for weakness."

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