VACATION DIARY

BY JEAN SEIVWRIGHT

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CHAPTER VIII

TUESDAY: Days fly like the wind ... too busy to make a note of all the thrilling things that are happening at The Golden Anchor and in its environs. Summer colony all excited about Serene Shores. Asker Cal why he says the police are watching it. He says that it is linked up with a gang international smuggling ring, but they can't get the goods on them. He declares that some excitement may be expected there any day... Seth Mathew, the original owner of the property, sold it to some New York man for a summer home before he went for the Far East...Coming home unexpectedly, he discovered that the buyer was only a dummy buyer, and now the question is, who is the real owner and just what sort of a resort is it?

Cal declares there's a mighty pretty girl who is very interested in one young man who's vacationing there . . . "The fellow that brought you the note about ater that day he swam out into the lake," was how he described him. . . Of course that's Peter and from something Peter said I am certain the girl is Angela. Wonder what she is doing there . . .

Must check up on that; but what's the use!

Later. Went out with Dick again tonight . . . didn't want to stay at home with my thoughts . . . it didn't do me much good though for we'd hardly got into his car till he said:

"See the papers today?"

"No. I'm giving newspapers a vacation just now."

"Too bad . . . there was something you should have seen . . . might be convinced you that I know what I'm talking about."

"Better tell me . . . you know I can't bear to be kept in suspense."

"Afraid I can't quote to you verbatim, but I guess it's only a question of hours till Angela's engagement to Roger will be announced."

"Is that so?" I said, rather fatuously. "Wonder if we'll get invitations to the wedding?" I know it sounded silly, but I did not want Dick to know how desperately I felt. He teased me more than once about Roger being his rival.

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"Everyone knows it's Angela's money that's the drawing card there," he said in a smug tone. He's made up his mind to get ahead and I guess he realizes you can't go far in New York—or anywhere else for that matter—unless you've lots of cash behind you. Isn't that so?"

For a moment my heart rebeled. It was as though the future spread out before me and I saw Roger going farther and farther away from me.

"Guess you're right, Dick, about the money. It's terribly necessary."

"Well, how about helping me spend mine?"

"Oh, that mightn't be such a bad idea," I remarked, trying to forget that I had ever loved Roger.

"Of course it's not, darling, for I'm wild about you . . . there isn't a thing I won't do for you, if you'll give me a promise to marry me."

He slipped his arm about me, and held me close. "Tell me you will," he pleaded.

I knew I should have said, "No!" for I don't love Dick, but even as I said, "Yes," I felt this might truly be my answer if I saw an announcement of Roger's wedding to Angela. So now I'm engaged . . . Dick wants me to marry him right away . . . tells me we'll start at once on a year's honeymoon around the world . . . I told him I'd have to stay here till September. "If that's all you're worrying about, I'll fix that," he declared . .

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Somehow I don't quite like this plan, in spite of my girlish dreams of a lover who would simply sweep me off my feet and carry me away to his castle without so much as a "by your leave" . . . am I getting too old, or is there some reason for the feeling of suspicion that comes to me now as I sit and write this entry in my diary?

Peter told me that Ted and he have rigged up some sort of tower in their fortress . . . suppose I ought to go and see that it's all right . . . I don't want any broken bones for those youngsters . . . Ted declares you can see for miles from their tower . . . can even see the teahouse.

When I spoke to Cal about Jigger he said he'd done some work for the man, when he first came up here . . . tidied up the garden or rather cleared away some of the brush that was growing right near the door . . . he'd promised him some work, but when Cal asked him about it one day when he met him in the village he pretended he'd never seen him before, informed him before, informed him he didn't want followers like him prowling around his place.

"So, that's what he said, Miss Angela, and I can't understand it, unless there's something else! Jigger usually comes on up at the old farmhouse."

"Do you think there is, Cal? Did you ever see anything when you went up there that was a bit queer?"

"Funny asked, no, Miss Jay. When I did that work for him he hadn't moved into the house . . . said his things were coming by truck . . . wasn't bringing much stuff anyway . . . only moving up here for the sake of his friend's health. I told him he couldn't find a better place than right there in the woods . . . a fellow would soon be well out there in the fresh air and sunshine. He said he more than he promised gave me a five-dollar bill . . . I'm going to give it to the wife to save for her birthday."

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"Well, that was rather nice. Maybe his friend doesn't like having everyone around if he's real sick." The thought of that . . . but then he would have told me. I wouldn't have minded that . . . besides, now there were an hour at the teahouse I might have a minute to work for some else. There's one thing that's proven beyond kind of doubt to me—I'm cut out for the stuff in the middle of the night.

"Oh, the talks that live about a quarter of a mile down the road along the road that leads up to his place told me. Old John was sick, and his wife was up looking after him . . . went to the window after she gave him his heart medicine . . . saw a big truck parked near the bend . . . heard swearing and arguing . . . then saw the truck turn into the old road . . . ain't much more than a path nowadays."

"Good gracious, Cal, I think we'd better call it the Mystery House. Aren't there any policemen around here?"

"Yes, we're a constable in the village, but he's mighty busy looking after the traffic when the summer folks are around . . . besides, he always says he ain't going poking his head into places where he's not wanted so long as folks mind their own affairs."

"But is Jigger minding his own affairs?"

Cal shrugged his heavy shoulders. "He ain't interfering with anyone around here as far as I know," he answered.

"Well, that's quite a story, Cal," I said, remembering the scarred tree, the fresh ruts in the overgrown road. "Does Jigger have a car?"

"Don't know about that. That old woman I spoke about was gathering kindling in the woods one day . . . told me she saw new tracks on the old road . . . says cars often turn in there, but always at night!"

(To Be Continued)

Walterville School Will Have New Bus

WALTERVILLE, July 23.—(Special)—At a board meeting Wednesday night members of the McKenzie high school district made arrangements for a new high school bus. It will be a 48-passenger carrier, meeting all requirements of the new law on school busses, according to school board members. One member of the board was absent.

Laurel Edith Willian, who underwent an operation at the Sacred Heart hospital, is reported getting along satisfactorily.

Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Iverson are the parents of a daughter born July 20.

Carol Iverson was struck by a car Wednesday as he stepped off a sidewalk in Eugene, and had his collar bone broken.

Several from here are planning to attend the Oregon Trail Pageant in Eugene. Some of the musicians in the vicinity are playing in the old fiddlers contest.

Deerhorn Votes New School Bus

DEERHORN, July 23.—(Special)—A special meeting of the McKenzie high school board was held Wednesday at Deerhorn school. Several bids were submitted for a new bus for transportation to Springfield. The board accepted the bid from Ed Clark, the bus to be delivered Sept. 1, and have seating capacity for 45 persons. The old bus, used the past six years, will be conditioned and used to carry students who will not have access to the McKenzie highway. Several other districts on the route may take advantage of the busses, pro-rating the cost. Mrs. Clara Stacy, clerk of the board, Lester Millican, chairman, Mrs. Rennie Koozer, Deerhorn, Marion Chase, Camp Creek, and Dick Hart, Cedar Flat, attended the meeting.

Stories in STAMPS

Men Who Lobbied The First Land Deal

THE Northwest Territory, that now is Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi, came into possession of a group of ambitious pioneers through the first high-powered lobbying that the new Congress of the United States ever faced.

The capital was still New York, when several officers of the American Revolution, led by Brig. Gen. Rufus Putnam, founded the Ohio Company of Associates, and sent the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler to obtain the release of western lands. As a result of his smooth and efficient lobbying, Dr. Cutler obtained the passage of the Northwest Ordinance of 1787, by which the Ohio Company obtained nearly 5,000,000 acres of land for about $450,000 in specie, which they had bought at 10 cents on the dollar. Thus the land cost them less than 1 cent an acre!

General Putnam led the first party into the new territory and founded Marietta, Ohio. Both his portrait and that of Dr. Cutler flank a map of the Northwest Territory on the new stamp just issued in commemoration of this event.

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U. S.—1937
Northwest Territory
issue
3c purple

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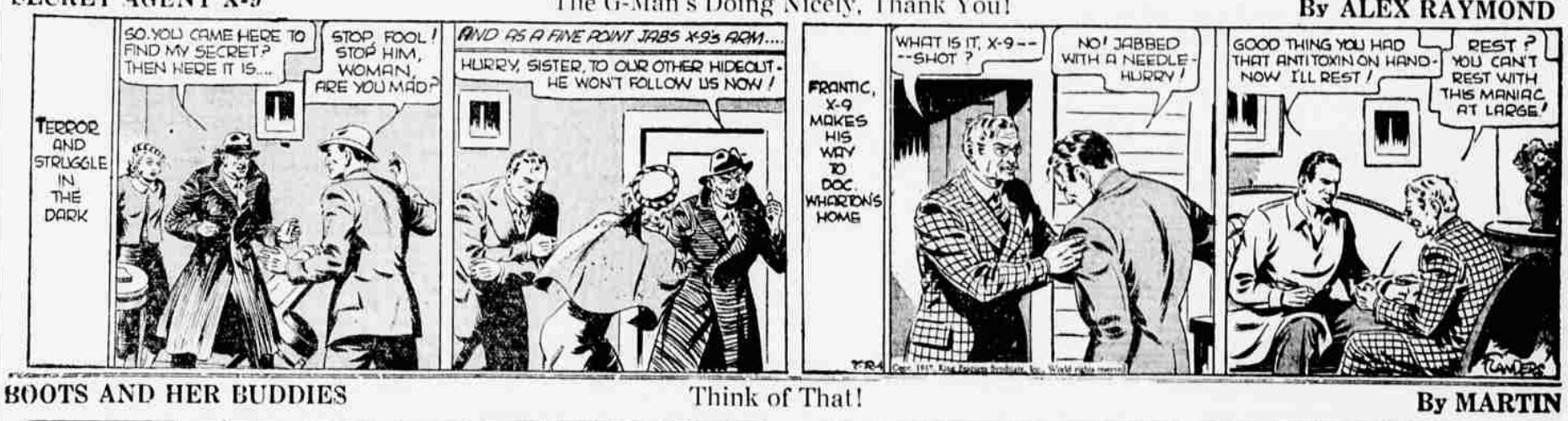
MEN'S STORE
873 Willamette

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Riotous Farewell — By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — NOW SHOWING: "IT ISN'T POLITE TO POINT" — MONDAY: "TOO MUCH CARBON" — By E. C. SEGAR

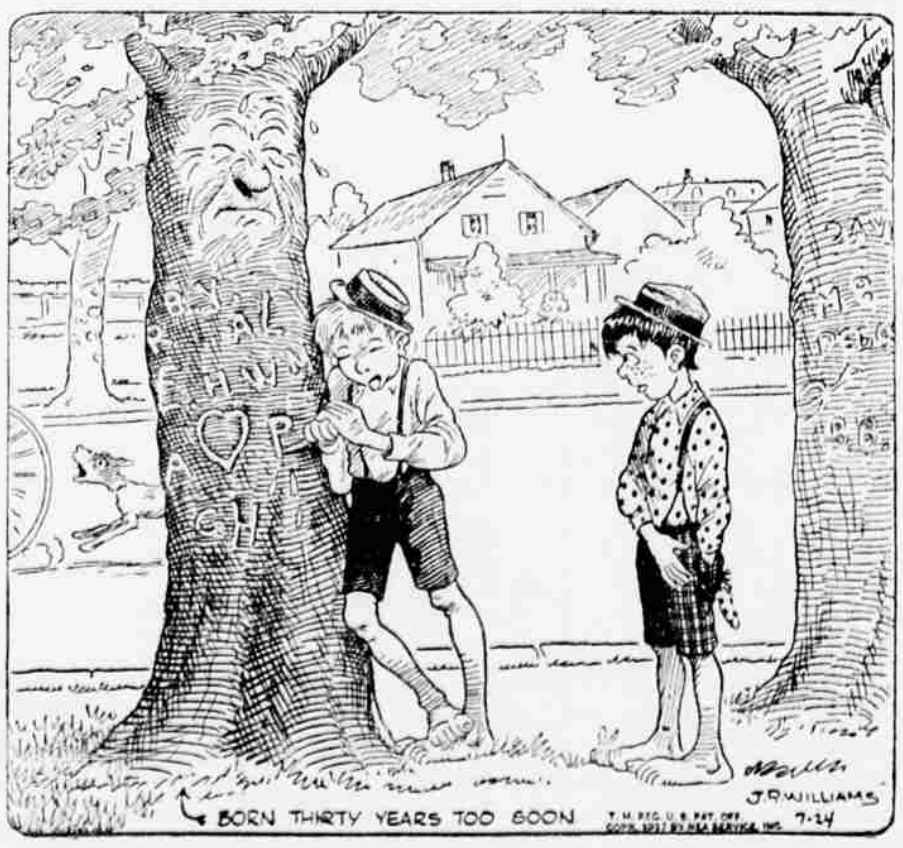
SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Man's Doing Nicely, Thank You! — By ALEX RAYMOND



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Think of That! — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Two Sheets in the Wind — BY CRANE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople