

SERIAL STORY

SKI'S THE LIMIT

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sally Blair—heroine. She had everything that popularity could win her, except—

Dan Reynolds—hero. He might have had Sally but while he was king on skis.

Corey Porter was king of the social whirl. So . . . But go on with the story.

Yesterday: As Corey dates Sally, she is more and more sure of her love for Dan, that her kisses are alone for him.

CHAPTER X

Sally's father was as good as his word. Before a week had passed, through his lawyer, Dan Reynolds was offered a position in a Boston brokerage house. It was such a good offer, with opportunity for advancement, that no young man would be slow to turn it down. Especially a young man who did not have any other prospects.

"I like the lad's spunk," Sam Blair chuckled over the reply his lawyer had received. "He says he accepts, but only because he feels obligated to accept any offer made by his benefactor—and only on condition that he be paid just what he owes to be worth." Not many young men would have put in such a stipulation. There was no doubt about it, this lad in whom Sally had taken such an interest was made of the right stuff.

To say that Sally was thrilled at the thought that she would see Dan again would be putting it much too mildly. After her father told her that Dan was expected the following Monday, Sally scarcely could sleep a wink. Only 48 hours and Dan would be in Boston. Only 24 hours and he would have started on his way. Only 12 hours, only eight—and at last Monday had arrived and although she had not seen him, Sally could hug the thought to her heart that Dan was living nearby, was working in one of her father's offices.

However, therein lay the "hitch," as Sally expressed it.

Dan did not know that he was employed by Sally's father. He must not find it out, which only served to strengthen the aforementioned "hitch."

And even that was not the worst of it. Now that Sally had Dan so near at hand, how was she going to manage to see him? She puzzled her pretty head over this for several days. Then Corey, who still was squiring her around, collecting his debt, gave her the solution.

"You'll never guess who I ran into today," Corey said. This was at a gathering of "the gang" in the big recreation room at Babe Fairchild's house. "Right here in Boston," Corey added. "You could have knocked me over with a feather."

"I'd like to try that," Pudge said. He doubled his fists and gave Corey a poke in his ribs. They pretended to spar for a minute or so, with Pudge staggering to his corner after Corey administered a knockout blow. Pudge always played a willing "stooge" for Corey's clowning.

"You didn't say who it was you saw," Sally reminded, after she had controlled her laughter. There was no doubt about it, Corey was fun. He always managed to be the life of the party.

Sally put her question in all innocence. It never occurred to her that Corey's answer would make her heart start thumping madly and offer the solution to her problem.

"It was Reynolds," Corey said. "Limp and all." Corey did not mean to be callous or poke fun. He merely endeavored to be amusing. "I hardly could believe my eyesight at first. Thought maybe I'd had one snifter too many. Had just left the Mandarin bar. But no, it was old Danny in person. I pulled up at the curb and offered to give him a lift."

"He was the wonder on skis, wasn't he?" Babe asked. "Sort of a Greek

god with a Barrymore profile and a touch-me-not air."

"He was the guy who saved Sally's neck," Pudge put in. He made a gesture as though cutting off his own neck with an imaginary and magnificent flourish. "What in heck is Reynolds doing in our fair city? Thought he hailed from the fair city in the backwoods somewhere. He had to drop out of college after his accident, you know."

"Did you give him a lift?" Sally asked. They did not know how their light remarks struck home, bringing the warm color into her cheeks, a sharp pain in her breast.

Corey shook his head. "He wouldn't let me," he said. "Insisted he preferred to hoof it, even though he had a bad leg."

"Do you have to keep harping on that?" Sally broke in. Her dark eyes flashed. She pulled away from Corey, whose arm circled the back of the couch on which they were sitting. She got up and crossed the recreation room to shut off the interminable record machine. "This eternal racket makes my head ache," she explained. It had been a gay dance tune and it made Sally's heart ache, as well.

"Well, I'll be—" Corey muttered. He simply could not understand Sally lately. She must have the jitters over something. Maybe she still felt she was to blame for Reynolds' smashup. Which was silly. It was just the break some people got. Sally ought to know that.

He pulled himself up from the couch, too, went over to her. "See here, Sally, my sweet," he lowered his voice, "you aren't taking this to your slender shoulders, are you? Reynolds' bad luck, I mean. He'd be a heel if he held it against you. And you'd be one if you let him."

"He wouldn't hold that against me," Sally returned. What Dan held against her went much deeper. But she did not want Corey, or any of the others, to know how much that mattered to her. She picked up a ping-pong racket, served a ball neatly over the net. "My shoulders are broad enough to take what's coming to me," she told Corey. "Even though I am just a party gal on the surface."

It was then the answer to her problem as to how she was to get to

see Dan presented itself to her. "Which reminds me," she raised her voice so that the rest of the young people could hear. "I'm throwing a party Saturday night. To round off the spring vacation festivities. Incidentally Saturday also happens to be my birthday, so all of you are hereby invited." This was greeted with a shout of approval from everyone, during which Sally again lowered her voice, and turned to Corey.

"I want you to do something for me. As a special favor," she dimpled at him. "I want you to promise you'll bring Dan Reynolds to my birthday party, Corey."

"I'll do that little thing—since you put it that way," Corey said lightly. But he saw through Sally now. She had taken the blame for Reynolds' accident upon her own shoulders. Unless he missed his guess, which usually came close, there was even more to it than that. "I'll bring Dan along all right," Corey said. He, too, picked up a ping-pong racket. "Come on, my sweet. I'll beat you at this game."

And he would beat her—or anybody else—at any other. For Corey Porter felt he had no rivalry to fear from Dan Reynolds, who could never amount to a great deal in any place now.

Sure, he'd bring Dan to Sally's party—Dan could hardly refuse, if Corey invited him. Sally would see then that a fellow like Dan could not fit in with their gay crowd. She would see that the poor lug was a washout now.

She probably had admired the King of Skis; maybe even imagined she had lost her heart to him. No doubt she mistook pity now for something else. But it should be simple for Corey to set Sally right again.

(To Be Continued)

SCOOTERS UNNERVE DRIVERS

Shafter Migratory Camp, Cal. (UP)—Scooters have been officially tabooed for the 200 youngsters of this camp by the camp council. They scooted around the camp in such a manner that they had all of the auto drivers in jitters.

Sport Parade

By Henry McLenore
(United Press Staff Correspondent)
Hollywood, Cal., Dec. 21 (UP)—One of California's celebrated "nests" of pelted down in torrents on the clubhouse roof.

Outside, the fairways and greens ran rivers, and the caddies huddled beneath their shelter like wet birds.

Inside the members of our foursome pulled up chairs and began to lie about the scores we would have had if it hadn't started "misting."

The locker room boy turned on the electric phonograph and Bing Crosby's sweet and throaty voice filled the room.

"Shut off that crooner!" the man next to me said. "I'm so tired of hearing that guy I could yell."

"Okay, Master Crosby," the locker room boy said. "I'll shut it off if you say so. But I think you sing mighty pretty."

The music stopped, and Bing settled back with a sigh.

"Now we can talk in peace," he said.

With the opening of Santa Anita little more than a week off the talk drifted from golf to horse racing, and Crosby, as a man whose silks will show there, was asked about his stable.

"Which stable?" he asked. "I've got three now."

Bing said this more in a spirit of resignation than of boasting.

"On stable is the Binglin," he said. "That's the one I own with Charley Howard's son, Lin, and which sounds like the name of a Chinese laundry."

"Then there's the Bobble stable, which my wife owns with another Howard, boy, Bob. They haven't even got a horse apiece. There is only one horse in the stable."

"Then there is the Crosby stable. That's the one with the blue and gold silks. I got those colors from the theme song I used to sing."

Here Bing settled back and sang a few bars of "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day."

Johnny Weissmuller, who was to have been my partner at golf, interrupted with:

"Shut off that crooner! I'm so tired of hearing that guy sing I could yell."

"Nuts to you, Tartan," Bing said. "Go climb a tree."

As a matter of fact, Crosby has no reason to speak with a designed voice when he talks of his tables. His horses have shown a profit for each of the four years he has been in the game, and if Seabiscuit decides to do his winter running in Florida, the Binglin's stable's South American horse, Ligarotti, will be the favorite in the \$100,000 Santa Anita handicap in March. Ligarotti is the horse that won \$30,000 last year and was nosed out by the Biscuit in the sensational match race at Bing's Del Mar track.

Brosly owes his racing luck to South America. With Lin Howard, who learned the country in his search for polo ponies, he was the first to tap the great horse breeding sector. Tremendously wealthy, the Argentine sportsman buys the best of the English dams and stallions. Two things make their farms a sweet source for American buyers. In the first place, the rate of exchange is 1 to 4, which means that an American quarter is worth four times its weight in the Argentine. In the second place, there are but two days of racing a week around Buenos Aires, and the Argentine owners soon become sur-

feited with good horses. The first South American horse to come to this country was brought by Bing and Howard. His name was Sabueso, and he won five of his first seven races, and still holds the mile record at Tanforan. Crosby just received a new shipment of South American runners, and Charley Howard just got Sortado, the champion 3-year-old of the Argentine. Sortado won all the Argentine stakes, yet cost only \$35,000.

The rain stopped, the locker room

emptied in a rush for the first and tenth fees.

Our foursome was the last to leave, and as we quitted the doorway we heard Crosby's voice floating out from the victrola.

Grantland Rice spoke up.

"Shut off that crooner."

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BOY, 3, MILKS COW
Chesville, Wis. (UP)—Three-year-old Joseph Bernigen is a veteran milker. Twice daily he milks a 12-year-old cow, Blackie.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the county court of the State of Oregon for the county of Deschutes appointed administratrix of the estate of W. S. Bennett, deceased, and all persons holding claims against deceased are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at the office of Ross Farnham, attorney at law, in Bend, Oregon, within six months after the date hereof.

Dated and published first time December 14, 1938.

EVA M. BENNETT,
Administratrix of the Estate of
W. S. Bennett, Deceased.

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1. Grandma M. was blue. Imagine spending Christmas day in a hospital. The fun of Christmas was the excitement, the noise, the aroma of turkey and pies. She didn't pay much attention to the doctor as he examined her chart. The first time he said, "I think you'll be as well off at home now. But you'll have to go in an ambulance," she didn't hear him. When the message penetrated, she exclaimed, "Don't tell the folks I'm coming. Let me surprise 'em!"

2. The doctor called the Highway Patrol. But their car, which had to serve as his ambulance, as it did in many small towns, was miles away—wasn't due back until evening. It would be too bad to keep Grandma waiting since she expected to leave at once. What to do? Why—call on Pacific Power & Light Company, of course. Their service trucks had done ambulance duty for him before. "Sure," answered the P. P. & L. manager, "we'll be glad to help. I'll round up some of the fellows to handle the stretcher, and we'll be along in a jiffy."

3. Tucked safely in her own bed again and surrounded by her excited family, Grandma smiled at the P. P. & L. men who were preparing to leave and said, "You boys helped make this my happiest Christmas. Now I really know the meaning of that slogan of yours—'Always at Your Service!'"

Most of the 761 men and women who comprise the Pacific Power & Light Company organization live and work in small towns. They are frequently able to be of assistance in community emergencies because meeting emergencies is part of their regular work.

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LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

WHAT NOW, AXEL? HOW CAN WE HOPE AGAIN TO PICK UP HER TRAIL?

PATIENCE—SHE WILL NOT TARRY LONG IN THE WOODS—A LITTLE WHILE, YES, TILL HER PANIC HAS SUBSIDED—

BUT SOON SHE WILL WISH TO GO FAR AWAY—SHE WILL BELIEVE SHE IS SAFE—WILL VENTURE FORTH—WILL SHE TRAVEL BY THE FIELDS? FOR A LITTLE WAY, PERHAPS—

BUT, HIGHWAYS ARE SMOOTH AND STRAIGHT—EASIER WALKING—SO WE SHALL ROAM THE NEAR BY HIGHWAYS AND SOON OUR VIGIL SHALL BE REWARDED—

NIX, GANDY! NIX! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT ROAD—NO TELLIN' WHO IS IN AN AUTOMOBILE—COURSE WE'VE GOTTA CROSS ROADS TO GET ANYWHERE—BUT NO WALKIN' ALONG ROADS OR BEIN' SEEN FROM 'EM—NOT YET AWHILE, ANYWAY—