

The Nice Long Vacation

By William Neubauer

AP Newsfeatures

CHAPTER 11

The following week saw the first great influx of summer campers. Thanks to Mr. Forsythe's superb direction and the hard work done by every member of the staff, the camp was in readiness for the season. The first of the women campers and the grins of their husbands, brothers and boy friends rewarded everyone who had taken a part in whipping Camp Joy into shape. Even Jane, who was now more preoccupied than ever with her dream, her eternal dream, felt rather proud of herself as the business of helping people to have enjoyable vacations got off to a flying start. Looking across the mess hall at Evelyn, one night, she forgot that her tent-mate was angry with her and smiled and nodded. Evelyn simply sniffed and averted her eyes, but that didn't perturb Jane in the least. After supper she followed the girl along the path to Officers' Row and sat down beside her on the bench overlooking Lake Champlain. "Nice evening, don't you think?" she began. "The moon is just what I need. It was once a time when I was always humbled by the magnificence of an evening sky. Then I got to thinking that I like the moon as a part of the whole Creation and therefore, in a broad sense, the equal of the sky in majesty, in beauty, in purity. Evelyn's eyes flashed. "The word purity is ill-advised, I should say." She looked on the bench. "I was never so surprised in my life. You never impressed me as being the sort who would make love to another woman's husband. Strange, I don't know the very beginning of it, but you were one of the finest girls I've ever met."

Jane sighed. "You're terribly young, aren't you? Black and white and black and white. But how nonsensical! Very often the end justifies the means. Evelyn, her face pale, rose to her feet. She was so angry she quivered. But when she spoke her tone was steady. "All week long I've been trying to decide whether I was not a tattletale. But on the other hand, I'm not a girl who can condone such behavior. I won't live with you any more."

"As you choose," Jane hitched up her slacks. "Do I move out or do you?" It caught Evelyn completely by surprise. She had hoped that somehow she could bring Jane back to her senses. But this! She sat down, shaking her head. "You haven't a shred of decency in you, have you? You live for yourself alone. To the dickens with me or with his wife or with anyone who stands in your way. You try to bring you to your senses."

But Jane, being human, could endure just so much. "I think I should remind you, Evelyn, that you are poking your nose into something that doesn't concern you. But if you wish to tell Mr. Forsythe, you may and if you wish to move out of the tent, you may do that, too. As for the rest, I am not interested. I am not interested."

Headless of the girl's outcry of rage, she turned and struck off along a path that led up toward a little hill that gave one a grand view of the vast purple and flame lake. Here, where Evelyn couldn't see her, she gave expression to the agitation which had been churning through her almost from the first moment she had seen George Poppleton again. She did not bother to wipe away the tears, either. A long time ago she had discovered it was wiser to let them flow unchecked. When she reached the summit at last and sat down, she had the view she had wanted and the beauty of nature as she had wanted, and the peace and quiet and the opportunity to think that she had wanted.

George Poppleton. She remembered him as he had looked that day last week when he had come to Officers' Row with Mr. Forsythe. She had been afraid

that he would have changed so much since the last time she had seen him in France that she would scarcely be able to recognize him. But that hadn't been the case at all. The same man, except that now he had a wife and didn't seem quite as eager for the Army nurse's kisses as he once had been. She bit her lips, feeling furious with him. Five long, long years, and all that he had been able to say was that he was in love with the English woman he had married! She marveled now that she had been able to control the impulse she had to slap his face. Never had she been so angry with a man as she had been then. If it had not been for the desperate longing within her, her sharp,aching need of him, she would have abandoned him to the horrible fate he had prepared for himself. But at the back of her mind had never been the knowledge that he had never, never known what was best for him. The salty tang of his kiss still seemed to linger on her lips, the warmth of it still seemed to course through her body. The memory of that brief moment of rapture and the effect of putting an end to her tears. Suddenly her vision cleared, suddenly the great lovely world before her came back into focus. Startled, she herself rose, then sank back onto the grassy pulpe she had found to sit on. "You walk very quietly," she said to the tall, wiry man who was standing under a spruce, looking at her. "Have you Indian blood in your veins?"

(To Be Continued)

North Howell

North Howell—Mr. and Mrs. Loren Rohre are the parents of a baby girl named Kelly Lee, born May 31. The Rohres have a boy, Rod. Grandparents of the baby are Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Espe and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Robe of Tillamook.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Espe are dinner guests at the John Michelson home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Espe are remodeling their kitchen. Those doing the work are Jerome Epling of Salem and H. C. Espe. Gary Stack, from Sweet Home and Donna Sawyer from Silverton are spending a week with their grandparents, the Lewis Sawyers.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Strachan had as their supper guests Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bandel from Salem.

The North Howell home economics club will meet Thursday, June 12, at the home of Mrs. Jim Jackson with Mrs. Will Oddie co-hostess.

Postal Savings at Albany Decrease

Albany—Post office receipts and cancellations showed an upward spurt of 17 per cent in May, but the postal savings balance dropped again, Albany Postmaster Tom Palmer said. Palmer reported receipts of \$12,966 during the month, \$2288 greater than in May of last year. In the postal savings department a loss of \$38,254 in balance due depositors since May, 1951, was reported. The balance at the end of last month was \$724,783.

A steering oar is considered more effective for small boats than a rudder.

Carol Curtis Pattern



2446
SIZES
12 - 46

Smart Yet Slimming!—Diagonal detail (buttons sewed to one side) is smart looking—yet does much to minimize the figure! Try this dress as a short sleeve shantung or three-quarter sleeve print. Rolled collar version, also included.

No. 2446 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

Send 25c for PATTERN with name, Address, Style Number and Size. Address: PATTERN BUREAU, Capital Journal, Box 42, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.

Patterns ready to fill orders immediately. For special handling of order via first class mail include an extra 5c per pattern.

The SPRING-SUMMER FASHION BOOK brings you dozens of pretty and wearable fashions for cottons, from cool, cool casuals to town styles; plus the most inspiring suggestions for your vacation wardrobe. In all, over 125 easy-to-make pattern designs for all ages and occasions. Order your copy now. Price just 25 cents.



RADIO PROGRAMS

ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE SALEM TIME
MONDAY—P. M.

KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO
12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00
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FM Mer.: KOIN 10 1.1, 6 a.m. to 12 p.m. KEX 6.2, 8 to 9 p.m.

TUESDAY—5 A.M. TO 11:45 A.M.

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Dutch Army Tries to Draft U.S. Sergeant

With U.S. 45th Infantry Division, Korea (AP)—Sgt. Geert Hazenberg of Lynden, Washington, learned Monday he had been inducted into the Dutch Army and was supposed to report for duty more than two weeks ago.

Hazenberg was drafted into the U.S. army in 1950. He just received a letter from the Mayor of Ulrum, The Netherlands, saying he was to report for duty in Ulrum, May 8.

Hazenberg went to the United States from Holland with his family in 1947. He said he took a physical examination before leaving The Netherlands but heard no more from the Dutch government until Monday.

He said that after he leaves Korea he wants to obtain U.S. citizenship and re-enlist for duty in Europe. Hazenberg, a member of an artillery battalion, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harm Hazenberg of Ferndale, Wash.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS	DOWN
1. Jump	1. Owns
2. German river	2. Those who give sharp blows
3. Part of a shoe	3. Turns inside
4. American author	4. Put cargo on a ship
5. Concealed	5. Land
6. Central American tree	6. Compass point
7. Finished edge	7. Ship
8. Dr.	8. Encourages
9. Wood	9. Greater amount
10. Flower	10. Moving wagon
11. Representative	11. Measure
12. Contends	12. Print
13. Wheeled vehicle	13. Part of a store
14. Garden implement	14. Dislike
15. The hero	15. Implements
	16. Fencing sword
	17. Sets fire to
	18. Three of a kind
	19. By birth
	20. Pamper
	21. Belongment
	22. River; Spanish
	23. Part of a church
	24. Bill
	25. Obstruction
	26. Cut
	27. Southern constellation
	28. Biblical king
	29. Old horse

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14			
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45				46	47			48	49	
50				51				52		
53				54				55		

AP Newsfeatures 6/7

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

