

# Santa and the SECRET ROOM

by LUCRECE HUDGINS BEALE

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Synopsis: Gustavus the Giant carried us to one end of the rainbow. There we were greeted by the fairies who guarded the rainbow and the pot of gold at the end of it.

## CHAPTER 16

### THE POT OF GOLD

The Goldies stared at Gustavus. Their wings fluttered gently. "All our gold? You want all our gold?"

"Oh yes, please," I broke in. "You see we have to have it to save Santa Claus or there'll never be Christmas again and if—"

I stopped because suddenly I had a funny feeling in my nose and ears. I reached up and felt them. They had turned to stone. "Oh, hurry!" I cried. "Please give us the gold!"

Then Calhoun McGillicuddy told them the whole story. As soon as they had heard it the Goldies took our hands.

"You may have it all!" they cried. "What use would the gold be to anyone if Santa and Christmas were gone?" They led the elf and me up the arch of purple and yellow and blue. It was like walking in a dream. I had no weight but just drifted along up, up into the very top of the sky we went. Then the arc curved and we went floating down. At the bottom we found we were in a marvelous fairy land and there, at the end of the rainbow, was a tiny pot of gold.

Small But Not Empty  
"It's so small!" I exclaimed. "Are you sure this is it?" "It is small," said the fairies, "but it is never empty. No matter how much we take out it is always full to the brim. Now take it all, it is yours."

I reached down to pick it up. It was too heavy. I could not lift it. McGillicuddy put his strong arms around it and heaved. It would not move. Then the fairies tried. Then all of us together. We pushed and pulled and lifted with all our might. It would not budge the tiniest bit.

I turned away. Now it was all over. Santa would never be saved. Not the princess, Nor I.

But suddenly Calhoun McGillicuddy was pounding me on the back. "If you can't take the pot of gold to the sorcerer," he cried, "go bring the sorcerer to the pot of gold!"

"Don't you see? All the sorcerer wants is to look at gold, to run it through his fingers and pile it up and count it. He can do that here. He can be the gold keeper for the fairies and be happy forever. Don't you see?"

My Legs Were Still  
"We see! We see!" cried the fairies happily. "Go quickly, Alexander, and bring the sorcerer to us."

But I could not move. My legs were stiff and there was something hard in my chest. I knew my heart was turning to stone. "I can't move," I sobbed and I fell to the ground.

McGillicuddy leaped forward. "I'll go myself!" he shouted. He charged furiously away but as soon as he set a foot on the rainbow he sank over his head into the blue and gold mist.

Two fairies rushed to rescue him. "You can't cross the rainbow without our hands to hold you," they chided him. Then they brushed the colored flakes from his eyes and guided him safely over the arc.

Time Is Nearly Up  
I turned my head and spoke to the fairies who stayed behind. "The sorcerer said if he didn't get the gold in three days he would not give me the cream that would turn Santa back to life. The time is nearly up for I am nearly stone."

But the fairies weren't listening. They were taking gold out of the tiny pot and piling it up. Presently I saw they had made a house of gold.

"What's that for?" I asked. "For the sorcerer. So he'll be happy here and never cause trouble again."

My eyelids grew heavy. "Too late," I whispered. "Too late." Tomorrow: A Merry Christmas To All



It was like walking in a dream.

## BUSINESS MIRROR

### Copper Slowdown Will Be Only Temporary, Says Tycoon Cates

By SAM DAWSON  
NEW YORK (AP)—The current slowdown in the copper business is likely to be both shallow and short-lived. The crisis in Europe—which may be much worse than we think—is the biggest bugaboo in sight.

That's the view of one of the few remaining veterans of the copper industry's early and brawling days—Louis Shattuck Cates, Phelps Dodge chairman, who this week celebrates his 75th birthday in his 54th year as a mining man.

Demand for copper—often considered as one of the barometers of the industrial weather—has slackened in recent weeks. This has been the more striking because of the preceding months of tight supply that saw a flashy rise in its price. Production has been cut back now in many mines, mainly in the form of elimination of overtime work.

"The cutback in industrial production in Europe due to the Suez Canal crisis may depress the market for a time," Cates said in a birthday interview. "This could turn some British-mined African metal toward the United States at a price lower than the 26 cents a pound we are now getting."

"But I can't see anything but increased demand for copper over the long run. The electric utilities and phone companies are extending their lines all the time. And atomic power is going to spread our market someday. They will be putting up atomic utility plants in distant regions where coal is too expensive or water power unavailable. And then utilities will start up there—all of them using copper."

The profit picture has been pleasant this year for copper men. "At 26 cents a pound most copper companies can make good money," Cates points out. "Even

at the 23½ cents the British are now asking, the profit margin is good. I think that for the year Phelps Dodge's earnings should be around 100 million dollars, on a cash basis after paying 62 million income taxes."

### Youth Draws I-14 Years in Arrow Attack

LOS ANGELES (AP)—An 18-year-old San Diego youth, convicted of a felony charge in the bizarre crossbow shooting of a liquor store clerk, faces a prison term of one to 14 years.

Superior Judge Louis H. Burke found Michael Yosick guilty Thursday on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder.

Judge Burke set Jan. 16 for sentencing and consideration of probation.

William E. Allen, 20, was seriously wounded when a steep-tipped hunting arrow, shot from a distance of about 50 feet, struck him in the back during an attempted liquor store holdup Sept. 19. Allen has since recovered.

Investigators said Yosick, who waived a chance to testify on his own behalf, admitted to them he used the primitive weapon because it was silent. Yosick submitted his case to Judge Burke on the basis of a transcript of testimony before the grand jury.

### NAVY MAN HOME

MOLALLA (Special)—Leland Mitts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Mitts, arrived home Monday for 10 days leave. Leland has been in Japan and Formosa in the Navy.

### Think Before You Ditch the Boy Who Is Devoted to You

By DOROTHY DIX

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I never had a happy or secure home life. We lived in a tumble-down house; mother and dad quarreled all the time. When I went to high school, I latched onto the first boy who seemed to offer happiness and security.

We graduated, he got a job in a local store, I went to work in an office. As I met new people, I realized that Sim lacked many things I wanted in a husband. I doubt if he'll ever move up from his present job. He's jealous, has bad manners, is loud and boisterous.

As for good points, he's very devoted to me and would, I know, make a good—though improvident—husband. It would be hard to break with him, as we've gone together for six years. Millicent

DEAR MILLICENT: Since it's a poor economy to discard serviceable objects, especially when substitutes are not readily available, I suggest that you think twice before ditching the boy. Your objections to him are superficial; these qualities can be changed. Dependable devotion is something that cannot be easily replaced.

Encourage the lad to attend night school. To be really helpful, go along yourself. Discuss the problem with a faculty adviser who will guide Sim to a trade or profession that will appeal to him.

Has it occurred to you that you aren't the only one who needs security? Your boy friend could use some, too.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: After a whirlwind romance, I married a divorced man ten years my senior. Now I am pregnant. My husband is considerate and loving, but this doesn't seem to be enough to please me. I have had a more extensive education, am a better conversationalist and find him a dull companion. He doesn't know my feelings; I haven't the courage to come out and say I don't love him. What do you suggest I do?

DEAR SALLY: The very essence of education is to promote better relationships with our fellow men, not to utter sweeping condemnations of those with less schooling. Would you prefer a Ph.D. who was cold and callous to a man with no degree but much devotion?

You look too much for surface qualities, while disregarding the essentials. Use some of your vaunted intelligence to build a good life for your family, instead of seeking to tear it apart.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Tommy and I went together for five years. He worked away from home for awhile, met another girl and married her. Recently he told me he had married her for spite, but really loved me. He says if I'll wait, he'll get a divorce. I'd do anything in the world for him. Do you think I should wait?

DEAR GILDA: A boy who can be so easily swayed the minute he's let loose won't make a very reliable helpmate for life.

Tommy belongs to someone else now, and if you have any pride or self-respect you won't sit around waiting for the knot to be untied. This is a sad experience for you, but it might have been much sadder had you married Tommy.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: A year ago my husband got involved with another woman, neglected his business and ran into debt. Now he swears the affair is over, but wants me to get a job and help pay the debts. He claims our two children, 8 and 11, are big enough to care for themselves. I disagree.

Mrs. D.  
DEAR MRS. D.: You are right. Your husband got himself into the mess and your cooperation at home is all that should be expected. Youngsters that age should not be on their own. Your husband should know that!

Send your problem to Dorothy Dix. Or write for her free leaflet D-27, "The Shy Beau." In all cases, be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and seal request to her, one of the following:

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### 2 Hungarian Border Guards Reach Oregon

PORTLAND (AP)—Two Hungarian border guards were among a group of 10 more refugees to arrive here today to start new lives.

The new arrivals brought to 104 the number of Hungarian refugees to arrive in Oregon.

The two guards, who had helped hundreds of their countrymen across the Austrian border, were given the pseudonyms of Louis Horvath and Tabor Kemery to avoid reprisals against relatives still in Hungary.

Both are 22 years old. They had been buddies in the Hungarian army for 26 months.

They said that in 1949 the Soviet Union ordered Hungary to lay minefields along all the borders as part of a "protective policy."

When Russia adopted a new "soft policy" some months ago, the Hungarians were told to dig up the mines. The two soldiers were among those having the job of picking up the mines along the Austrian border and were still at it when freedom revolts broke out.

They said they couldn't estimate how many persons they had helped reach freedom.

"They came in groups of 60, 70 and 80 at a time," one of them said, through an interpreter.

The group arriving today included eight men and a young married couple.