Distr. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Jonathan Blake is an elderly doctor in the small town of River Gap. With the help of his sister, Matilda, he has raised his two orphaned granddaughters, Meredith and Rosalie. Meredith, now 24, has been away for some time, studying to be a doctor. She has just completed her internship and is expected home soon. Jonathan and Matilda are very proud of her and eager to see her. Rosalie, 18, beautiful, light-hearted and saucy, thinks she is in love with Lieutenant Tim Abernethy, whom she has known only a few weeks. And she hopes he's in love with her. Matilda scoffs at the idea of falling in love on such short acquaintance, and is somewhat worried by Rosalie's impulsive, madcap ways. At lunch on the day that Meredith is expected, Matilda voices her worries about Rosalie to Jonathan, but he says they'll have to let her lead her own life and can only "stand by and pick up the pieces."

CHAPTER II

WHEN Jonathan had attended to his last patient that afternoon, he stood in the little waiting room outside his office and looked toward a door that opened at right angles to his own. Lettered on the door in paint very fresh and still a trifle damp, were the words, "Dr. Meredith Blake, Private."

He went over and opened the door, revealing an office that matched his own only in size and shape. His office had a battered old desk, glass cases filled with much-used instruments and an examining table that was obviously ancient. But this office he had fixed up for Meredith was as bright and fresh as the paint of her name on the door.

Meredith's desk was of dark shining wood; the examining table was the latest and most modern; the instruments in shining order on the glass shelves of the case were also most modern. And there was a handsome black leather instrument case—the "little black bag" that is an inevitable part of the equipment of a doctor. It was lettered in gold, "Meredith Blake M.D."

"I declare," Matilda had fretted when she first saw the office, "it does look to me like Merry could have got along without all these expensive trappings."

Jonathan had chuckled and reminded her, "When Merry was nine and insisted that she was going to be a doctor, I took out an insurance policy that matured a year ago. That money was to fit up Merry's office and equip it. She's got to start off *right*, Matty."

And Matilda had nodded and forbore to protest further. The office was a handsome sight, she agreed, and any young doctor would be thrilled at sight of it.

Jonathan stood there now looking it over. Merry must be happy here; she was the one who would take up the torch of healing when the time came for him to lay it down. It was his privilege to help her, to guide her, and nothing had ever given him such intense pleasure as fitting up this shining new office for her.

MEREDITH'S train was late. Jonathan kept looking at his thick, old-fashioned gold watch, and hopin, that the call to deliver Mrs. Hastings' fourth baby would not arrive until after Merry's train. It would be almost more than he could endure not to be here to greet her on her arrival. Why, he hadn't seen the child in two years!

The train came into sight at last around the curve below River Gap. It thundered in, pausing disdainfully at this little village in the Blue Ridge foothills, to discharge two passengers.

Jonathan looked at the very smartly dressed girl who stood hesitant for a moment beneath the yellow light of the station's lamps; and then his heart rose and he found it difficult to say more than her name as he took a step toward her.

"Why, Dr. Farley, I thought you didn't approve of women doctors," she said teasingly.

Merry's face lighted up and she cried, "Jonathan, darling!" and was in his arms.

Then she drew back and turned to the tall, handsomely tailored young man who stood a little behind her.

"This is Dr. Evan Farley, Jonathan. We've worked together this last year and I owe him a lot."

Jonathan wrung the young man's hand. "A pleasure to meet you sir—a very great pleasure," he said. "Mighty nice of you to take care of my girl."

Evan Farley laughed a little. "Oh, nobody dares to take care of Meredith. She's much too independent and self-reliant for that. It's a great pleasure to work with her. She's a brilliant young woman. I assure you."

Jonathan turned aside as a small boy tugged urgently at his coat. Then he turned back to them scowling.

"Dadrat it, wouldn't you know Mrs. Hastings would decide to have that baby *now*? I'll have to send you folks on to the house and follow you later." He ushered them toward a car parked beside the station. "You two run along. I'll get Bud Hawkins to drive me out to the Hastings' place—"

"Nonsense, Jonathan! We'll walk," protested Meredith. "I'd like Evan to see River Gap, anyway."

Jonathan chuckled. "Well, by walking home, you'll let River Gap see Evan, too—and the town will like that!"

They watched him drive away.

AS THEY stepped from the station platform Meredith lifted her head and sniffed with delight.

"Smell that, Dr. Farley? That's fresh mountain air, uncontaminated by city smoke and carbon-monoxide."

"Very nice," Evan agreed. "I like it—in small doses. But me—I'm a cliff dweller. No music like the scream and clatter of a big city."

Meredith laughed and matched her step to his as they went along River Gap's main street, a long, winding street that went placidly around great oak trees and up hill and down. The spring dusk was deepening and store windows were lighted. Beyond "the down-town section," the buildings dwindled and became homes.

Almost at the end of the street a mile from the station, they came to the big old red brick house set well back from the street and enclosed by a neat iron fence. A wide gate standing open invited one along a bricked walk bordered by tulips and budding verbena. Further along, another gate opened onto a walk that led to the small white frame house where Jonathan had his office.

Swinging above this gate, there was an old black and white sign that read "Jonathan Blake, M.D." And beneath this a smaller newer sign read, "Meredith Blake, M.D."

"Well, this is it," said Meredith lightly, in front of the gate that led to the brick house. "And there's Jonathan's office—"

The words died and she stared, incredulous at the small new sign hanging beneath Jonathan's weather-beaten one.

EVAN'S eyes followed hers and he said sharply, "See here he doesn't think you are going to *stay* here?"

"Of course not! Goodness, how could he possibly have gotten such an idea?" protested Meredith, yet her eyes held a look that was almost frightened. "He just did that for a little joke. He thought it would amuse me."

Evan said almost sternly, "Now see here, Meredith, you're not going to turn all sentimental, are you? I mean you're not going to let him dominate you? Drag you back to this—this hole?"

Meredith laughed a little. "Don't worry, Dr. Farley. Your new assistant will be right on hand two weeks from Monday, full of vim and vigor after a vacation in the old home-town—provided I can stand two weeks of it." She flushed. "That's pretty rotten of me—after Jonathan has been so grand to me all these years. I love him dearly, and of course I want to see Aunt Matilda and my sister — but oh Evan, I'm so excited about the new job with you! We're going to do big things, aren't we?"

"Of course we are," Evan assured her. His hand closed hard over hers. "And some day, when we can escape the patients long enough, we are going to sneak off and be married, and that will be the biggest thing of all!"

Meredith's color deepened and there was a shining glint in her golden-brown eyes as she laughed up at him.

"Why, Dr. Farley, I thought you didn't approve of women doctors—especially married ones!" she said teasingly.

"I don't, but you're an exception! You're a very exceptional woman, darling, the only woman I've ever known who could be a good doctor and a good wife all at the same time."

Meredith said unsteadily, "You are sweet, Evan!"

He bent his head and kissed her. "So are you, my dear."

Meredith broke away from him after a moment looking very young in her confusion.

"Goodness! Matilda will be shocked speechless if she sees us doing a love-scene here at the gate!"

(To be continued)
(The characters in this serial are fictitious.)

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U. S. PRISON CAMPS OPERATE STRICTLY ON GENEVA RULES

Prisoners Treated as Soldiers—Opportunity Given For Outside Work, Pay.

By Gaylord P. Godwin
United Press Staff Correspondent

Prisoner of War Camp, Scottsbluff, Neb., Dec. 28—(U.P.)—As I left this camp, an Italian of princely lineage strolled to the stockade gate. He was sorry, but that was as far as he could go.

The Italian was an inmate of the big prisoner of war camp located in the sprawling sandhill and bluff country of western Nebraska, thousands of miles from the North African battlefield where he surrendered to American forces.

Free Inside Gate

Behind the stockade gate he and thousands of compatriots live a daily routine of eating, sleeping, recreation work and study. He and his companions are free to live almost as they please, up to a certain point—the stockade gate.

This prisoner of war camp is one of the largest of its kind in the United States. Its operation is a model of efficiency. The commander is Lt. Col. Clyde B. Dempster, Beatrice, Neb., who was a manufacturer before he entered the army.

"We treat the prisoners of war as soldiers," Dempster said. "They live a military life. They are fed, recreational facilities are provided, and they may do outside work if they choose. They are paid a nominal sum for any work they do, other than their own camp maintenance and policing. They are not coddled.

"We live up strictly to the letter of the Geneva convention regarding treatment of prisoners of war."

Few Speak English

Less than one per cent of the prisoners speak English. Those who want to learn are encouraged to attend the English classes conducted by one of their own men, whose grammar is excellent but vocabulary limited. Many of the prisoners have asked the internment officer if they can become citizens.

Prisoners who ask to work outside their regular camp duties are allowed to do so. They helped harvest potatoes, corn, sugar beets, wheat and tomatoes. They harvested 754 carloads of potatoes and 613 carloads of sugar beets in the Scottsbluff area during September and October.

Many have done maintenance work on an irrigation project, railroads and highways.

The prisoners were paid prevailing wages for their work, of which they were allowed to retain only 80 cents in credit and canteen coupons. Some offered to put part of their earnings in war bonds, but were prohibited from doing so by a U. S. treasury ruling which limits purchases to residents of the United States, citizens abroad and non-resident aliens who are employed by the government.

Salutes Traded

The prisoners have military contact with American officers. Salutes are not mandatory, but invariably they are given—and returned. Many have adopted the American type of salute, but the majority use the arm wave of the Fascists.

The officer prisoners regarded the inspection party as their personal guests. One officer told camp authorities that next summer he would have a garden next to his quarters.

The prisoners appeared happy. Groups arriving at the stockade gate after working in the field all morning were singing and laughing.

The prisonerr represent a cross-section of all Italy and Sicily. All appeared well fed. The infirmary had no occupants the day I visited the camp.

The men are allowed to write one letter and one card home each week. They play soccer and boccie, a bowling game. They have no interest in baseball or football.

Our Bread Disliked

The only American food the Italians do not like is our bread. Now, under supervision of an American mess sergeant, they bake their own. Prisoner cooks prepare all their food.

They are allowed hammers, nails, saws, sandpaper and levels, but they must use their ingenuity for work requiring additional tools. They are slower than American workmen, but, as the interpreter pointed out, time means little to them.

The only complaint was the universal gripe of all soldiers of all nationalities—they don't get enough mail.

PORTLAND MAYOR HAS LAST WORD WITH DWORSHAK

Portland, Dec. 28—(U.P.)—The mayor of Portland and the congressman from Idaho were at it today, with Mayor Earl Riley having the last word—at this writing—over Rep. Henry C. Dworshak.

The name-calling started when Republican Dworshak said in Washington the Office of War Information had been "indiscreet" in sending Republican Riley on a recent tour of Britain.

To which Riley replied perhaps Idaho had been "indiscreet" enough to send a man to congress "who is not sufficiently familiar with world affairs to know that Winston Churchill is a great and beloved prime minister and that his abilities and friendships are recognized and appreciated in America."

Riley was referring to the congressman's objections to Riley's quoted remarks that Churchill is a great statesman and that he and Roosevelt could change places to the benefit and satisfaction of both nations.

Riley also commented he had never heard of Dworshak before. (Burley, Idaho, Chamber of Commerce please note.)

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify, 5:30 Saturday afternoon—Please remember

THE GRANGE

Roxy Ann Grange

Roxy Ann Grange held its annual Christmas party Friday evening. A beautifully decorated tree was loaded with gifts for all.

Singing of Christmas carols with Virginia Luman leading and Lillie Rose at the piano was an interesting part of the program. Treats were enjoyed at the close.

Thursday evening the pupils of Lone Pine school presented their Christmas program at the Grange hall.

The newly elected officers for the year are to attend the joint installation at Central Point Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8 p. m. It is urged that all plan to attend.

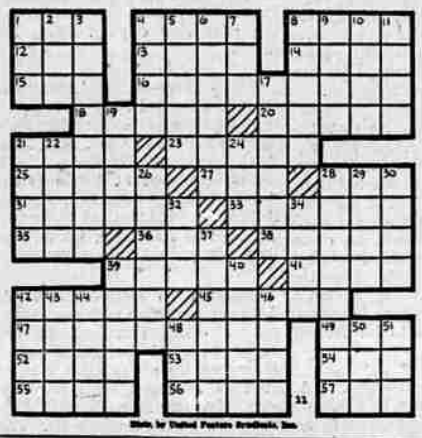
Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1—Horse fly
4—Facts
8—Central points
13—Wander
13—Woe is me!
14—Dry
15—Meadow
16—Moderate
18—Cubic meter
20—Bottoms of shoes
21—Hurt
23—Hint
25—Fastens
27—Huge wave
28—Lair
31—Ship's wheel
33—Thin
35—Some
36—Tub
38—Levels
39—Lawful
41—Siberian river
42—Flavor
45—Grasses
47—Comforts
49—Sick
52—Compass point
53—Spreads for drying
54—Born
55—In addition to
56—Gaelic
57—Catch



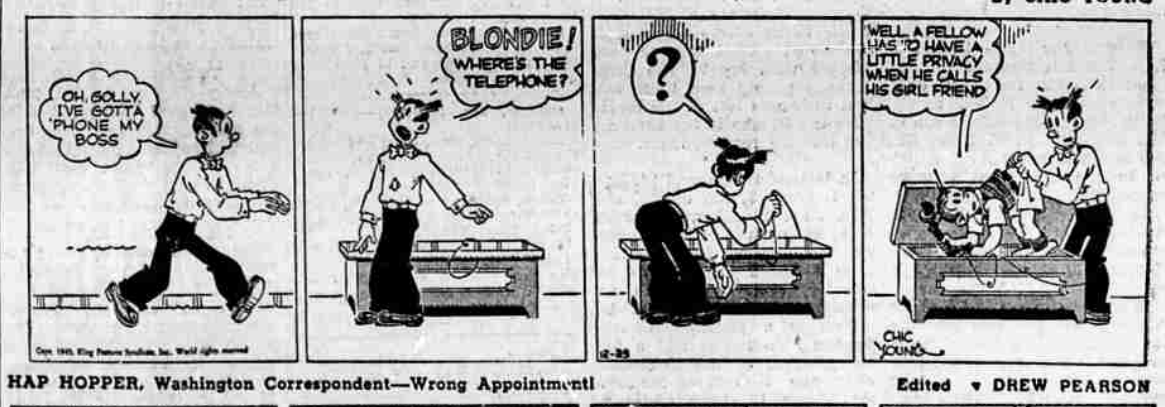
ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

DOWN

1—Babylonian god
2—Unrefined metal
3—Slovenly
4—A fruit
5—Wary
6—Animal trainers
7—Sergeant
8—Islands north of England
9—Spoken
10—Point out
11—15th of March
17—Evade
19—Relate
21—Pilaster
23—Victor in first recorded fight
24—Roman bronze
26—Cuts
28—Poultry stuffing
29—Medieval slave
30—Bird's home
32—Teller
34—Greedy
37—Road worker
39—Reluctant
40—City in England
42—Throw up
43—Turkish regiment
44—Waistcoat
46—Actual being (L.)
48—Western Indian
50—Sheltered side
51—Permit

BARNEY GOOGLE and SNUFFY SMITH—A Familiar Image.

BLONDIE—Alexander Has a Line All His Own. By CHIC YOUNG



HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Wrong Appointment! Edited by DREW PEARSON

L'IL ABNER—Strictly From Hunger. By AL CAPP

THE NEBBS—On the Spot. By HESS

On the Radio Chains

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Time Shown Is PWT

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Terry and Pirates, BN; Galen Drake, CBS.
5:15 p. m.—Dale Cross Orch., NBC; Dick Tracy, BN; Superman, MBS.
5:30 p. m.—Horace Heidt Treasure Chest, NBC; Jack Armstrong, BN; Harry Flannery news, CBS.
5:45 p. m.—Capt. Midnight, BN; News, CBS.
5:55 p. m.—Bill Henry, news, CBS
6:00 p. m.—Mystery Theater, NBC; Three Romeos, BN; Gabriel Heatter, MBS; Burns and Allen, CBS.
6:15 p. m.—Gracie Fields, MBS.
6:30 p. m.—Fibber McGee and Molly, NBC; Spotlight Bands, BN; Forum of the Air, MBS; Report to Nation CBS.
7:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, NBC; Raymond Gram Swing, BN; Romance, CBS.
7:15 p. m.—Fulton Oursler, MBS
7:30 p. m.—Red Skelton, NBC; Red Ryder, BN; Joy Orch., MBS, Congress Speaks, CBS.
7:45 p. m.—Guy Lombardo Orch. CBS
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, NBC; I Love a Mystery, CBS
8:15 p. m.—Fleetwood Lawton, NBC; Big Town, CBS; Lum and Abner, BN; Harry James Orch., CBS.
8:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, NBC Big Town, CBS.
9:00 p. m.—Salute to Youth, NBC; News, MBS; Judy Canova, CBS.
9:25 p. m.—Joseph C. Harsch, CBS
9:45 p. m.—Fulton Lewis Jr., MBS
10:00 p. m.—News, NBC; Henry King Orch., MBS.
10:20 p. m.—William Winter, CBS.
10:30 p. m.—Edwin C. Hill, CBS; America Tomorrow, BN.
10:45 p. m.—Voice of a Nation, NBC; Harry James Orch., CBS.
11:00 p. m.—Biltmore Hotel Orch., NBC; This Moving World, BN; Sinfonietta, MBS; Henri Busse Orch., CBS.

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Galen Drake, CBS; Terry and Pirates, BN.
5:15 p. m.—Superman, MBS; Rhythm and Romance, NBC; Dick Tracy, BN.
5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong, BN; Harry Flannery, news, CBS.
5:45 p. m.—Louis P. Lochner, NBC; Norman Nesbitt, MBS; Capt. Midnight, BN.
6:00 p. m.—Eddie Cantor, NBC; Gabriel Heatter, MBS; Band Wagon BN; Three Romeos, BN.
6:15 p. m.—Gracie Fields, MBS.
6:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney NBC; Jack Carson, CBS; Soldiers With Wings, MBS; Spotlight Bands BN.
6:55 p. m.—Harry Wismer, sports BN.
7:00 p. m.—Kay Kyser's Kollege NBC; Moments in Music, CBS; John B. Hughes, MBS; Raymond Gram Swing, BN.
7:15 p. m.—Fulton Oursler, MBS
7:30 p. m.—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, NBC; Paul Neilson, news, BN; I Love a Mystery, CBS; Main Line, MBS.
8:15 p. m.—Fleetwood Lawton, commentator, NBC; Lum and Abner BN; Harry James Orch., CBS.
8:30 p. m.—Beat the Band, NBC; Battle of Sexes, BN; Dr. Christian CBS; Bulldog Drummond, MBS.
8:55 p. m.—Joseph C. Harsch, CBS
9:00 p. m.—Mr. and Mrs. North NBC; Sammy Kaye Orch., CBS; News MBS.
9:30 p. m.—Scramby Amby, NBC, General Malone, MBS.
9:45 p. m.—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS
10:00 p. m.—News, NBC.
10:20 p. m.—William Winter, CBS
10:30 p. m.—Ted Powell Orch., CBS
10:30 p. m.—Harry James Orch., CBS.
10:45 p. m.—Voice of a Nation NBC; Buddy Rankin's Orch., MBS.
11:00 p. m.—Biltmore Hotel Orch NBC; Halls of Montezuma, MBS, This Moving World, BN.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

BUS DRIVERS GIVEN RETROACTIVE BOOST

San Francisco, Dec. 27—(U.P.)—Increased mileage rates of eight per cent were in effect for Pacific Greyhound bus drivers in five western states today, retroactive to Oct. 15, 1942.

A board of arbitration approved the drivers' union request for a pay adjustment because of the 25 mile an hour speed limit ordered by the Office of Defense Transportation.

The increase applies to California, Oregon, New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS