

● SERIAL STORY

HIS CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY ADELAIDE HAZELTINE

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THE STORY: The terms of Andy Dearborn's will specify that his secretary, Carol, and five other employees, shall judge whether or not his playboy son, Andy, is running the business according to his father's policy of "service to the people." Carol, who has loved Andy since girlhood, in a difficult spot. Although the will has not been found, Carol knows its terms, and her heart aches when Andy, currently involved with a girl named Mary, turns management over to unscrupulous Mr. Herriek, whose only idea is to make money. Herriek turns down Bill Reer, an employee in love with Carol, and repudiates the terms of the will. As Herriek's policies begin to take their toll, Carol makes cash adjustments to several customers to uphold the store's reputation, knowing it will get her in trouble with Herriek but will stand Andy in good stead when the will is found. Herriek's policy is to fire Bill when toyland elevator falls, injuring Nicky, but the newsboy finds out from Carol and Mary, her roommate, that Bill was not to blame. Herriek also takes credit for adjustments Carol has made. Andy asks her if she'll wear a blue dress to the store party.

CAROL IN CORNFLOWER BLUE

CHAPTER XI

THE morning of the party, Carol helped Andy collect souvenirs for his half-n-half stunt. She went through every department of the store and visited several outside shops before she found enough.

She came back with her arms full. Andy unwrapped the packages, exclaiming over her choices. There were gold horns that really tooted; miniature drums in red, white and blue; crazy, hilarious hats that would turn the partygoers into mock Napoleons or Buster Browns.

"I'll need a truck to carry all of this," Andy laughed. "I guess I'll borrow a pack from Santa Claus."

"Oh, no, Christmas is over," Carol protested. "Let's see. What kind of a vehicle would be appropriate?"

"I have it. We'll get the biggest wagon in toyland and turn it into the spirit of Mr. Half-n-half on wheels!"

And they did just that. Andy borrowed artificial snow and tinsel and covered over side of the wagon with it. Then he cut a calendar into individual months and pasted them on the other side. The tongue of the wagon Carol covered with stars. "Just for luck!" she laughed.

They were as delighted as two children with the product of their imagination. Carol could hear the cry of approval it would bring when Andy pulled it through the crowd at the party. They would all know that he had entered into the gaiety of the occasion. They would see that he was wholehearted about it.

But the more she thought of the party the more the idea of a blue dress tempted her. That Andy remembered the color of her old one was almost too good to be true.

She didn't need a new frock, yet by afternoon she found herself in the dress department fingering a soft crepe with tiny rhinestone buckles at the throat. It was her shade—cornflower blue like the one she had worn six years ago.

Faced with an uncertain future, she shouldn't buy it. But she did. It was the only way to quiet that inner urge to look lovely this once more. Lovely in blue.

SHE did look lovely. When Bill came for her and Mary he stopped to admire the two of them. He stared at Carol. "You're different," he told her.

She smiled and thanked him. She felt different. She had pushed the depressing business of the store far down within her. Like Cinderella, she was determined to have one perfect evening as a gay interlude in her unhappy life. Tonight she would forget. In spite of the will, in spite of everything, she would be carefree and young!

Tonight—yes, she admitted it. Tonight she would be the Carol she had been six years ago!

The store's big tea rooms had been cleared of furniture and transformed into a fairyland. Huge white bells which the decorators had used in the windows last year now hung from the ceiling. Compo board Christmas angels floated ecstatically on tissue paper clouds beside nude infants blowing New Year's horns. The walls were lit with a congenial generation of every left-over properly the store afforded. Half of the lights were draped with mistletoe and holly. The others were hung with streamers welcoming 1942. There was no color scheme. There was little rhyme or reason to any of it. But it was typical of Dearborn's half-n-half party and Carol liked it.

With Mary and Bill she stood in the doorway and watched the dancers. Almost everyone was there ahead of them. Everyone but Andy and Mr. Herriek.

Mr. Herriek wouldn't come. He had said so yesterday. Secretly, Carol was glad of that.

But she watched eagerly for Andy.

Presently he came. His eyes swept the room until they found hers.

"My dance," he said as soon as he reached her, asking permission of her and Bill at once. Bill turned away with Mary and left them together.

Carol slipped into Andy's arms. They whirled off. His dancing was smooth, sure. It should be, she thought resentfully. He had taken plenty of time to improve it.

She shook off her irritation and followed him as if they were motivated by a single heart.

"I'm glad you wore a blue dress," he said, but his eyes told her more.

She let a provocative smile linger on her lips.

"I like you this way," he said.

"Much better than the Carol of the Dearborn office." She couldn't help retorting. "I'm not trying to reform you now!"

"I'm hopeless, can't you see that? Let's agree to leave me in that state."

"No." Seriousness crept into her voice. Already she was disregarding her pledge to forget business this one night. "You could do so much—"

"It's like sailing a boat, Carol. You need a few sessions with the navigator before you can understand the compass. Let alone try to set the course."

She looked away, her eyes misty with the haunting memory of a "navigator" from whom he had not bothered to learn the course.

The moment passed and she again abandoned herself to the spirit of the party.

She danced with Bill, with a dozen others. Twice Andy claimed her, the last time for the climax of the evening, a starlight dance.

The music crooned softly. The brilliant lights in the room began to darken. As they did, the ceiling glowed with artificial stars. Their mysterious dimness cast a spell over the dancers. The pulsing melody of the orchestra was accentuated only by the rhythm of moving feet.

Carol closed her eyes, hugging the romance of the moment to her heart. The starlight dance with Andy!

Unconsciously, she must have leaned against his shoulder. His arms tightened.

Then, startlingly swift, his eager lips touched hers. Touched and

lingered. She opened her eyes only to close them again. Andy was kissing her.

She was filled with glowing happiness, but only for a brief, unreal moment.

The starlight dance was over. The lights flared up. She and Andy were almost in front of the door and standing there, a look of complete disgust on her face, was Linda Julian.

(To Be Continued)

One of the beautiful qualities about America is that one can be among her devoted children and still retain in one's heart a love for the land of one's birth. There is no disloyalty there.

—Henri Bernstein, exiled French playwright, now seeking American citizenship.

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AT CASH PRICES!
YOU DON'T PAY 1c EXTRA

- * No Interest
- * No Carrying Charge
- * No Red Tape
- * As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT
Clothing

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

GARGANTUA,
MOST MURDEROUS-TEMPERED GORILLA IN CAPTIVITY TODAY, WAS ONCE A HOUSE PET!

BATS
FLY MORE EXPERTLY THAN BIRDS!

SALVADOR
IS ON THE EAST, WEST NORTH OR SOUTH COAST OF SOUTH OR CENTRAL AMERICA AND TOUCHES THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

ANSWER: Salvador, is on the south coast of Central America, touching the Pacific.

NEXT: Looking ahead on the Burma Road.

LATE BRITISH PEER

HORIZONTAL

1,5 Pictured late ex-viceroy of India.

14 The constellation Ara.

16 Part of foot.

17 Weird.

18 Symbol for tellurium.

19 Network (anat.).

21 Chestnut-colored horse.

23 French article.

24 Beneath.

25 Separates.

26 And (Latin).

28 Ever (poet.).

30 Japanese measure.

31 Round hand.

33 Narrow inlet.

35 Frozen.

37 Universal language.

38 Winding course.

39 Iridium (symbol).

40 Genus of frogs (pl.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

8 Sweet secretion.

9 Close to.

10 Docile.

11 Doctor (abbr.).

12 Lubricant.

13 Required.

15 Ransoms.

20 Thrive (music).

22 Cereal grass.

27 Precept.

29 He was a statesman.

30 Molasses.

32 Not (prefix).

33 Light blow.

34 Paid publicity (pl.).

35 Molar tooth.

36 Cover.

40 Hare.

41 Pertaining to atoms.

44 Natural.

45 Few aloft.

47 Snake.

51 Stocking wit, a short leg.

54 Heart.

57 Ocean.

59 North America (abbr.).

61 Compass point.

VERTICAL

1 Opposed to former.

2 Palm leaf.

3 Right (abbr.).

4 Mended.

6 Aqueduct of Sylvius (anat.).

7 See!

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

NOW LISTEN...I'M GOING OVER TO YOUR SISTER'S TODAY-- AND IF YOU'RE AROUND, THAT BAG IS FOR THE LAUNDRY MAN AND THOSE OTHER PACKAGES ARE FOR THE SALVATION ARMY, IF THEY CALL!

OH, WELL, WE'RE O.K. THEN! I THOUGHT THIS WAS STUFF YOU WAS TAKIN' OVER TO SISTER'S AN' I WAS JS GONNA GIT A BOWFUL OUT SO WE'D HAVE SUMPIN TO EAT TONIGHT FER SUPPER!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hooplo

MARTHA, YOU'RE MAKING A HOG O' ME, BRINGING ME ALL THESE PANCAKES!

I'VE LUNGED AT THE LAST THREE PLATTERS, BUT MISSED EVERY TACKLE! YOU GO AND CROUCH ON THAT SIDE OF THE TABLE, CLYDE, AND WE'LL TRY A PINCHER MOVEMENT ON THE NEXT BATCH!

I'VE SIGNALLED FOR A MOUTHFUL BY HOLDING THE SYRUP PITCHER AS IF I WAS GETTING READY TO POUR, BUT HINTS ROLL OFF JAKE LIKE OYSTERS OFF A DRESS SHIRT!

TOO BAD THEY LACK FOOTBALL TRAINING

RED RYDER

YOUR COPPER-FACED COMPANION HAS A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, MR RYDER, SUH... I'VE BEEN INDEED!

WE'VE GOT A HABIT OF LOOKING A GET HOSS IN THE MOUTH!

I'VE SAID 'TWO FEATHERS' AND THE OTHERS AT DANCE FOR A THOROUGHSHEDS FROM HOSS KENTUCKY, WE'LL ALL BE RICH!

OR CRAZY!

THEY MAY NOT BE LIKE YOUR KENTUCKY THOROUGHSHEDS, COLONEL, BUT THEY'RE TOUGH!

WESTERN MEN BEST TO SUNNIM, TOO, YOU BET--LIM!

By Fred Harman

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

OF COURSE SHE HAS MISSED MUCH OF THE WORK, BUT I'M SURE SHE'LL CATCH UP VERY SOON, DOCTOR.

I'M SURE SHE WILL, MISS ROBIN-- SEE YOU LATER, ANNIE.

SCHOOL DAYS! I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN MY SCHOOL DAYS... SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE...

By Harold Gray

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

GLORY BE! H'YAH-- GET THINGS READY!

MISTON JEFF AM ON DE WAY HOME! HALLELUJAH!

AH SEES 'EM-- HEAR DEY COMES.

AW-WJ YOU IS TETCHED IN DE HAID, UNCLE TOBE! DAT'S A GULL!

By Martin

WASH TUBBS

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE FELLA IN THE NEXT ROOM SOUNDS AS IF HE'S STRAINING HIS LING!

By Crane

BUY THE LATEST GREAT BOOKS FROM THE NEW BOOKS!

PING!

BLAZES! INSTEAD OF PLAYING SAFE, HERE I GO STICKING MY NOSE INTO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BOY, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW DID YOU KNOW WE'D BE HERE, POP?

WE JUST PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER!

AND TOMORROW YOU CAN PUT TEN AND TEN TOGETHER AND SETTLE YOUR BILL AT THE BLUE ROOM!

THEY KNOW ALL, FRECK-- THEY KNOW ALL!

By Blosser

LATER

WELL, DADDY, IT'S PRETTY LATE... ARE YOU GOING TO SCOLD ME NOW OR WAIT UNTIL BREAKFAST?

I HAVE ONLY ONE THING TO SAY!

THERE WOULDN'T BE SO MANY BOOKS WRITTEN ON CHILD PSYCHOLOGY, IF BIRCH SWITCHES GREW IN EVERY BACK YARD!

ALLEY OOP

WOPPO AN KING JOHN TOGETHER! BOY, WHAT A BREAK!

YOUR HAIR TURNED WHITE OVERNIGHT, GENERAL! WHAT HAPPENED?

A CALAMITY OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE YOUR CRACK BLACK GUARD WAS WIPED OUT TO A MAN, ONLY I ESCAPED AND THAT BY A MIRACLE.

THE BARONS HAVE ORGANIZED AND ONLY BY IMMEDIATE ACTION AND IN GREAT FORCE CAN YOU HOPE TO STAVE OFF A CATASTROPHE!

By V. T. Hamlin

YOU'RE TOO LATE, MY FINE-FEATHERED FRIENDS! WHO IS THIS?

I KNOW HIM NOT, YOUR HIGHNESS-- ONLY THIS NIGHT HE HAS PROBABLY SAVED ENGLAND!

YOU SAID IT, GENTLEMEN-- OR I WILL HAVE BEFORE BY NIGHT'S OVER!

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE WAY HE SAID THAT!