



# See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

## CHAPTER XIV

"Sergeant, for days I round up news from battery reporters. There is always too much or too little. When there is too little, I have to write what is needed. When there is too much, I have to choose which battery reporter is going to horse-whip me for leaving his copy out."

"The chaplain is right up the street," the sergeant said.

"Then I have to edit all the copy, delete all classified military intelligence and take out all nasty cracks at first sergeants. Then I have to write headlines for all the stories and place them in whatever space I can find for them. Then I must draw everything up into pretty little pages. This is tedious and nerve-racking work."

"The chaplain will give you a sympathetic ear," the sergeant said. "I will give you only KP. Does anything you are saying relate to what we're talking about—why you weren't in the mess hall yesterday afternoon?"

"I was getting around to that, sergeant. On the day before the paper is issued, I have to go into Fayetteville to keep a careful watch over the printers, to see that they don't put Third Regiment news on the Fourth Regiment page. If I am not there, they may even mix headlines and put church notices under 'Service Club Activities.' It is necessary that I be there."

The sergeant coughed. "I feel for you, Private Hargrove; I deeply sympathize. I wouldn't think of putting you on KP—"

"You wouldn't?" I gasped eagerly.

"Don't interrupt," the sergeant barked. "As I was saying, I wouldn't think of putting you on KP—if you hadn't committed a breach of etiquette by failing to RSVP the invitation. You didn't tell us you weren't coming. Or why."

I was dozing peacefully at my typewriter the other morning when there came a knock on my elbow and a bright young voice shouted "Hey!" at me. I looked up into the impish, cheerful, and unquenchably mischievous face of the boss's daughter, Miss Sidney Winkel, age four. Miss Winkel was dressed like the Navy and looked entirely too energetic for such a drizzly morning.

"I'm going to have my picture taken with Spud Parker," she added. Spud Parker is the general's son and is considered quite an eligible bachelor by the younger set.

"Is Spud Parker your boy friend?" I asked her sleepily.

"Oh, no," she said. "Johnny and Tom Mulvehill and Lieutenant Meek and Captain Wilson are my four best boy friends but you're not my boy friend at all because you make faces and stick out your tongue and maybe if you could behave yourself you could be my boy friend."

"Pure fiddle-faddle," I told her. "I didn't ask to be your boy friend, anyway. I could have nine hundred girl friends if I wanted to—prettier

than you. Sticks and snails and puppy-dog tails, that's what girls are made of. So there."

Her only reply was an airy, "my-aaah," but you could see that she was affected. The old indifferent treatment always gets them.

"There's Tom in the cafeteria," she said. "Let's go see Tom."

Thomas James Montgomery Mulvehill, Pfc., was apparently making his morning rounds in search of news. He was, at the moment, engaged in his daily research in the Service Club's toast and coffee.

"Hello, sis," he said. "Hello, McGee. Pull up a chair. McGee, get the lady a drink. Something tall and cool. Such as a chocolate milk. What's the deal, sis?"

"I'm to be the Valentine," she said, "and Johnny's going to take my picture and old Hargrove has to take care of Johnny's stuff until Johnny comes and I don't like him anyway because he makes faces and sticks out his tongue and says sticks and snails and puppy-dog tails that's what little girls are made of and he's not my boy friend anyway."

"No punctuation," I said. I wagged my ears and stuck out my tongue at her.

"The next time I come," she said, "I'm going to bring some soap and every time he sticks out his tongue I'm going to put soap on it because it isn't nice to stick out your tongue." She emphasized her statement by paralyzing my wrist with her fist and sticking her tongue out at me.

"Let's have no unnecessary vibrations, McGee," said the Lieutomas, looking up reproachfully over his glasses. "Coffee is five cents the cup." He beamed at her. She beamed back at him.

"I have seven boy friends," she said, raising one forefinger delicately and rubbing the other against it in a highly jeering gesture. "I have seven boy friends and you're not one of them and you're not anybody's boy friend." She hit me this time on the elbow and I made a horrible face at her.

"Myaah," I said. "Who wants to be your boy friend anyway?"

"I wish you wouldn't blow smoke," she said. "It makes me cough and it's not nice to smoke anyway. Old cigarettes!"

I wearily crushed by last cigarette in the ash tray. "Women, the eternal reformer," I sighed. "It wasn't like this in the Old Army."

Miss Sidney Winkel took off her sailor cap and arranged her big red hair ribbon. "You're a nasty old thing and you're not nice like Johnny and Tom and Lieutenant Meek and Captain Wilson and all my other boy friends," she said. After a pause she added, airily, "And Major Long and Captain Quillen, too."

"Myaah," I sighed, wrinkling my nose more violently.

"Oh there's Johnny," she suddenly cried, "and he's going to take my picture and—" She tripped off with a bewitching smile for Bushemi and a running line of babble.

"No punctuation," I said to Mulvehill.

"It's a woman's world, McGee," he said, reaching for another slice of toast.

"Get him away from me, Bushemi!" roared Private Thomas James Montgomery Mulvehill. "He's got that gleam in his eye. Get him away!"

"You're just being difficult, Lieutomas," I told him. "Just sit down and relax." The Lieutomas laid his enormous frame on the bunk and started slapping his knees in

utter despair.

"What kind of deal are you trying to swindle this time?" he asked.

"Let's be reasonable, Private Mulvehill," I said, patting him reassuringly on the shoulder. "As you know, I am now working on Captain Winkel's sympathies to get a furlough some time in February. . . . the first half of February."

"I know what's coming," he screamed. "And I won't do it! I can't do it!"

"Now, as you know, furloughs are laden with little expenses—necessary little expenses. To help me along with the load, Sergeant Sher and Private Bushemi have already made philanthropic little loans. I have your name on my honor roll here Lieutomas. What's the donation?"

The Mulvehill cringed and edged away. "What do you need—from me?"

"Well," I estimated, "I should say that ten dollars."

"Great gods and refugee children," he gasped. "Ten dollars he says yet! Why don't you ask me for my life's blood? Six dollars he owes me already and now he's asking—oh, I can't stand it! I can't stand it! Take him away!"

"My life's blood," he moaned.

"Where's the six I lent you two months ago?"

"That was only five weeks ago," I reminded him gently, "and I've already paid two of that back. Three weeks ago I paid it back."

"Yeah," he protested, "but you borrowed it back the next day." He rose and paced the floor. "What are you doing to me? My life's blood they would draw from my veins? Thirty-six measly little dollars a month I make—and he wants ten dollars! Maybe I'm Winthrop Rockefeller I should lend out ten dollars a clip! Thirty-six dollars, and he wants half!"

"You see, Lieutomas, a sad and work-worn creature—an Alice sitting-by-the-fire whose only hope for the future is in the faint glimmering hope of a furlough. Day after day, week in and week out, I have worked my frail fingers to the shoulder blade to make things pleasant for you and Bushemi and Bishop. I have patched your quarrels with the mess sergeant. I have saved you from the terrible wrath of provoked Rebels. I have sat here at night, sewing buttons on my blouse so that you wouldn't have to wear it hanging open on your merry jaunts to town. Money could not pay for the things I have done for you and Bushemi. And now this, Ten dollars between me and spiritual starvation—and no ten dollars. How sharper than a serpent's tooth."

"Don't talk like that, Hargrove," he said, his voice cracking. "Put me down for ten."

The mighty Mulvehill walked down the barracks aisle, muttering to himself, "I'm being crucified," he bellowed and fell, a crushed hulk of humanity, to his bunk.

There was a little note stuck in my typewriter when I came back from prowling for news. It looked like Private ("One-Shot") Bushemi's typing. "The stockholders of the Union of Hargrove's Creditors," it read, "will hold a business meeting this evening about seven o'clock in the latrine of Barracks No. 2, Headquarters Battery. Please be present or we will beat your head in."

It was the day before my furlough, so I got the general drift. The vultures who were contributors to the furlough would probably stand around frowning and figure out some sort of budget for my vacation. I could picture the blue-nosed demons slashing away at my enjoyment.

The meeting had an unexpectedly small attendance: Maury Sher, mess sergeant of Battery D of the Third and chairman of the ways and means committee of the Union; Private Bushemi, principal stockholder and president; and Private First Class Thomas James Montgomery Mulvehill, chaplain.

Private Mulvehill beamed. "Sergeant Hart sends his regrets. He has a heavy heavy in Lillington. He is with us in spirit, though."

"Come in, drip," said Bushemi.

Sergeant Sher got down to business. "I've got to hand it to you, son," he said. "Gone through this much of the month and still haven't tried to get any of your furlough money back from the chaplain! We're all proud of you."

"Shucks," I blushed. "Twern't nothin'. I was able to bum a cigarette here and there."

"McGee," said Mulvehill, clearing his throat, "you leave tomorrow for New York, where there are many snares to trap the unwary. Don't buy any gold watches in the park or any stolen furs anywhere. You know, I presume, about buying the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Now, we don't have any restrictions about the way you use your money," said Bushemi. "Only

last time you spent too much money on taxicabs. You'll have to use the buses and subway more this trip. All the shows you want to see, all the books you can buy—but taxicabs only for very special dates."

"Somebody has been exaggerating this taxicab—" I began.

"Taxicabs," Sher broke in, "only for very special dates. You may go to the opera once if you sit down stairs and twice if you sit in the Family Circle. You are not to buy more than six theatre tickets. In uniform, you can see all the movies you want for two bits each."

"And be conservative in tipping the waiters," said Mulvehill, tapping his glasses on the window sill. Very conservative. Short-change them, if necessary."

"Tell him about the budget," said Bushemi, with unnecessary impatience.

"As the matter stands on the furlough deal," said Sher, "you owe Bushemi 22 dollars, me 10, Mulvehill 10, Hart 10. That's 52 dollars. Counting the ten you'll wire Bushemi for before the week's over, it's 62. With what money we have taken from you and given to the chaplain during the past few weeks, you should make out all right."

"Must I be treated as a child?" I asked.

"Okay," said the sergeant, as if I had not spoken, "that's 62 dollars on the red side. Now, on the credit side, you have your wages of 42 dollars for February—minus a dollar and a half for laundry and a couple of bucks for cleaning. Debts that we can bank on your collecting on payday, 20 dollars. That's \$58.50. From 62, take \$58.50, leaves three dollars and a half we ain't got."

"We can cut it down to size," I said wistfully. "I'll give you three and a half of my furlough money."

"Fit the income to the budget," said Bushemi, "never the budget to the income."

"I can get four dollars for my coin collection," I sighed.

"When you get back broke, McGee," said Mulvehill, "you are not to eat breakfast at the Service Club. You are not to take out any post exchange books. You will get your cigarettes from Sergeant Sher, who will ration them out to you as per budget."

Sergeant Sher, Private Bushemi, and the other members of the Union of Hargrove's Creditors would have been quite pleased at the sight. Instead of spending their money lavishly on taxicab sightseeing trips and expensive shows, I was dining quietly in a conservatory grillroom with the Redhead. We weren't even discussing ways to spend their hard-earned money.

"Little man," she said, "will you please ask the waiter for more water?"

"I beg your pardon," he said rather unctuously. "There is a

**ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE**

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Sallie Pettit, deceased, late of Jackson County North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Sylva, North Carolina, on or before the 10th day of November, 1943; or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 10th day of November, 1943.

JANE COWARD,  
Administratrix of the Estate of Sallie Pettit, deceased.  
No. 8—Nov. 10-17-24 Dec. 1-8-15

**NOTICE IN THE SUPERIOR COURT NORTH CAROLINA, JACKSON COUNTY.**

WALTER P. JONES vs. NITA COLLINS JONES.

The defendant, Nita Collins Jones, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Jackson County, North Carolina, being an action for the purpose of obtaining an absolute divorce. And the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in Sylva, North Carolina, within thirty (30) days from the 23rd day of November, 1943, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This the 29th day of October, 1943.

ROY M. COWAN,  
Clerk, Superior Court, Jackson County, North Carolina.  
No. 7—Nov. 3-10-17-24.

**NOTICE**

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in section No. 2435 of the Code of North Carolina, the undersigned will offer for sale and will sell at public auction at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday, November 15, 1943, at the front door of Cogdill Motor Company, in Sylva, North Carolina, the following described personal property:—

ONE 1937 MODEL FORD TUDOR AUTOMOBILE MOTOR NUMBER 34-122596.

This sale is made for the purpose of satisfying a mechanic's lien for work done and labor performed in the repair of said automobile.

This the 14 day of October, 1943.

Cogdill Motor Company  
By S. C. Cogdill  
No. 6—Nov. 3-10.

## TIMELY— Farm Questions and Answers

**Question:** Bone meal is hard to find so I would like to know if there is anything I can use in my feed mixtures to take its place?

**Answer:** Deflorinated rock phosphate may be fed as a substitute for bone meal, according to Dr. A. O. Shaw, head of the Animal Industry Department at State College. This material should not be used in excess of 2 percent by weight of the total grain fed. In other words, do not use more than 2 pounds of deflorinated rock phosphate with every 100 pounds of grain fed. This material is cheaper than bone meal, and should be available from feed manufacturers.

**Question:** How long can I wait after my lespedeza seed have matured or frost has killed the plant before harvesting the seed crop?

**Answer:** Seed of the Common lespedeza and Tennessee 76 varieties will shatter very soon after they ripen, around the first of No-

ember. These varieties should be harvested just as soon as possible after ripening or killing frost. Seed of the Korean lespedeza do not loosen enough to permit the use of the seed pan until three to four weeks following ripening.

Store all table fats in covered dishes in the refrigerator. Place them on the shelf next to the freezer.

Use a transparent ruler for marking hems or measuring buttonholes, it will make the sewing job much easier.

If your scissors develop a catch when you're cutting, borrow an old-time trick from the tailors, open them wide and draw them over your hair in the back, turn them over and do the same with the other side. This oils the blades just the least bit, enough to make them work smoothly.

fifteen million gallon shortage in water at this very instant. On the other hand, madame, all supply ships to Great Britain use Scotch whisky as ballast for the return trip. Perhaps madame would like a glass of Scotch whisky?"

The Redhead lifted an eyebrow. "I wonder," she said, "what they use in the finger bowls here—rubbing alcohol? I do not want Scotch whisky. I want water."

"It is as madame wishes," the waiter said, bowing from the knees. He walked away and returned again to lean against a post. The Redhead drummed her fingers on the tablecloth.

"Don't be afraid of him," said the Redhead. "Call his bluff!"

(To be continued)

## State College Hints To Farm Homemakers

By Ruth Current  
N. C. State College

If not for this year, then for next, line a stone crock with grape leaves, fill it up with green tomatoes and dill. Use the same strength brine as you would for cucumbers. The finished product resembles small green olives.

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er compartment. Keep them away from foods with strong flavors and odors.

Return them to the refrigerator immediately after using, and do not leave cooking fats standing on the stove.

Save pork, beef, and ham fats for cooking eggs, seasoning vegetables, and for baking beans and peas. Store them, covered in the refrigerator.

To save chicken fat, strain it and pour it into a bowl, and allow to congeal. Remove the congealed portion and store, covered, in the refrigerator.

For Sale—A violin, by a young man in good condition except for a loose peg in the head.—Wabash (Minn.) Herald.

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27x27 Bird's Eye <b>Diapers \$1.59 doz.</b>	Hanes Knit <b>Sleepers - - - 98c</b> (Extra pants 48c)	Infant Outing <b>Gowns - - - 39c</b>

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