

# See Here, Private Hargrove!

by Marion Hargrove

**THE STORY SO FAR:** Private Marion Hargrove, former feature editor of a North Carolina newspaper, has been inducted into the army and has spent some time in training at Fort Bragg. In his story he has given prospective inductees considerable advice. Immediately before induction he advocates a period of "painting the town red." Once in, the new soldier should "keep an open mind" about what he learns because "the first three weeks are hardest." Private Hargrove has been missing the point of some of his essential training and as a result he has had considerable KP duty. Some of his friends have been advanced to Corporal and his Sergeant has asked why he was not promoted.

**CHAPTER V**

"Me?" The idea had never occurred to me. "I'm just not the executive type, I suppose. Back at the News, the boss told me that if I stayed there six years, I'd never get promoted. I'm just not the type that gets promoted."

"Let's look at the record," said the sergeant. He pulled his little black notebook from his pocket.

"On the drill field Saturday morning, you pulled forty-eight boners out of fifty marching commands. Everything you did was backwards."

"Friday morning you fell out for reveille without your leggings. Saturday you had your leggings but no field hat. Monday morning neither of your shoes was tied and none of



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your shirt buttons were buttoned. Tuesday morning it was without leggings again."

"I'm never really awake," I protested, "until ten o'clock."

"You ain't awake then," he scoffed. "Every Monday morning without fail I have to wake you up at least a dozen times. I have to look behind all the posts around here to see which one you're sleeping against. You snore and disturb your classes, too!"

He was exaggerating there, I told him, I don't snore. And I'm sleepy only on Monday morning. The rest of the time I'm alert and energetic.

"You're too energetic sometimes!" he roared. "Just this morning, when the lieutenant was coaching the platoon in rifle sighting and you were on fatigue duty as usual! That was a pretty one! You ran up and down the battery street twenty-two times in thirty minutes and you saluted the lieutenant every time you passed him! Do you think he ain't got a thing to do but return your salutes all morning?"

This was evidently a rhetorical question, so I didn't answer it.

"You don't salute an officer every time you see him when you're right there at his side practically all day. You salute him the first time you see him and the last time you're going to see him."

"And then when the lieutenant explains that to you," he sighed, "then what do you do! The next time you see him, you salute him again and then ask him was you supposed to salute him that time!"

He put his head in his hands and drummed sadly on the toe of his foot locker. He raised his head after a time and looked into the notebook again.

I knew what was coming next and I edged toward the door.

"And then you low-rated the mess sergeant's recipe for creamed beef on toast and told him his chow was the worst in the Army. And you said you was going to start eating in the next battery. That hurt his feelings so bad that he burned the potatoes for the next three meals!"

I promised to apologize to the mess sergeant. The sergeant read out of his notebook for five or six minutes more, enumerating the things I had consistently done wrong.

"Now, do you know," he asked wearily, "why you don't get the red stripes when they give them out?"

"I suppose I'm just not the executive type," I told him.

A mess sergeant, according to military legend, is a cook whose brains have been baked out. This does not apply to the mess sergeant in our battery, whose feelings are easily hurt by cruel remarks and who weeps tears into the mashed potatoes when he's picked on. This is simply the old Army definition of a mess sergeant.

All of us rising student cooks are eligible to become mess sergeants. Staff Sergeant Adams told us in our first cooking class yesterday morning. Then we can sit out in

the cool dining rooms and yell back orders for the cooks to yell at the student cooks to yell at the kaypees.

This is not the beautiful goldbricking life that it seems, though. The mess sergeant has to make requisitions and keep records on all the rations, he has to make out the menus, see that the food is prepared properly and supervise the work of the cooks, the student cooks, and the kaypees. Besides this, he must listen to all the gripes about his food and to the threadbare jokes about cooks who get drunk from lemon and vanilla extract.

All this he must do, with his brains baked out.

The cook, lucky little rascal that he is, also leads an ideal life. He is allowed to believe that he knows more about cooking than the mess sergeant will ever know, although he is not supposed to tell the mess sergeant that he does. He works one day and sleeps the next two.

If the cook is not feeling cheerful, he can pick on at least one student cook and at least five kaypees. On the battlefield, he is in the safest position behind the lines, since the food is endowed with more sentimental value than the top sergeant.

The jokes about Army cooks being shot at from both sides are not based upon fact.

However, friend cook has to greet the morn before the morn gets there. On the days when he works, he has to get up between 3:00 and 3:30 o'clock in order to prepare a substantial breakfast for about two hundred healthy, growing boys whose appetites are exceeded only by the size of their mouths and the power of their lungs.

Yesterday we started to school, with cookbooks and manuals and loose-leaf notebooks for our homework. The only way in which it differed from public schools was that the naughty boys didn't have to go and sit with the girls. Also, the dunce seat, instead of being in the corner of the classroom, was said to be behind a large sack of potatoes in the battery kitchen.

The only hope for an easy time in class was gone in this school. There's no percentage in bringing a shiny red apple to a teacher who has the key to at least one well-stocked pantry.

In the kitchen, they tell us, all the cleaning-up work is to be done by the kaypees, so that the cook may be doing more important things. This, unfortunately, doesn't apply to the daily task of cleaning the stoves thoroughly. The stoves, it says here in the books, are the cook's tools and he must do his own grinding.

It isn't worth the time to wait for the stoves to get comfortably cool before you begin the twilight beautification of these overgrown infernos. In order to avoid the rush at the theater, and to let the kaypees off early, start work now.

The stoves must be cleaned inside and out—thoroughly. First, shake down the fire. All the live coals must go into the ashpans under the grate. That much is simple. Then remove the ashpans, red coals and all. It must be dumped into the ash can out on the garbage rack. This entire procedure should be simple, too, it says here. All you have to do is catch the front handle with a heavy glove and catch the little hook in the rear with the far end of your cap lifter. Here we go!

Carry the ashpans well in front of you. Ain't it hot! When you get to the door, simply open it with the toe of your shoe. Like this. Like—Doesn't seem to work. Try again. Try pushing the right screen so that the left one will swing slightly toward you. Ready? Slightly push the right screen. Something seems to be wrong here.

During this time, you will become increasingly aware that the glove over the ashpans handle is becoming hotter and hotter. Just as you get your toe into the door, the heat penetrates the glove and you decide—very suddenly—that perhaps it's best to drop the whole matter. Drop it slowly, carefully, tenderly—if you can. Do not drop it upon the wooden floor. Look around, if you think you have time, and locate an overturned boiler on which to set it. Whew, that hand's hot! No boiler? Then drop it anyway!

You will find that dropping the ashpans, even though you did it gently, has released a small amount of floating ash, all of which will be absorbed into your mouth and nose. Patience, brother. See that the ashpans isn't lying where it will burn anything, such as a perfectly good wooden floor. Pour cold water on the glove, wait for the resulting steam to blow away, prop open the door as you should have done in the first place, and try, try again.

This time you will almost reach the garbage rack before the glove again gets hot. Slide, Kelly, slide! You won't get there without dropping the whole pan into the clean road, but at least you tried.

Beat the pan against the ash can several times for sound effect. Return to the kitchen, where the mess sergeant, who was watching you through the window all the time, will direct you to return and clean it up.

By the time you have finished and look about you, the kaypees have finished their work and are sitting around gaping at you as if you were a steam shovel. A very, very black steam shovel.

Isn't gas a wonderful fuel?

Private Sher and I were sitting out on the back steps to dodge the cleaning work going on inside when we saw the sergeant bearing down on us from the other end of the battery street.

"It's no use scooting inside, Hargrove," said Sher. "He's already seen us. Look tired, as if you'd already done your part of the work." Private Sher is the goldbricking champion of Battery A and always knows what to do in such an emergency.

We both draped expressions of fatigue over our faces and the sergeant skidded to a halt before us. He reached into his hip pocket for the little black book and aimed a finger at both of us.

"Bums!" he shouted. "Bums! I worked my fingers to the bone yesterday morning getting this platoon to pretty up the barracks for inspection. Comes inspection and two privates have dirty shoes lying sprawled all over the floor under their bunks! Private Hargrove and MISTER Private Sher! Report to Corporal Farmer in fatigue clothes!"

We reported to Corporal Farmer, who looked at his list of jobs. "As much as you don't deserve it," he said, "you two goldbricks are in line for canteen police."

Mr. Private Sher and I walked up the battery street toward the canteen.

"Is this canteen police business good or bad?" I asked.

"Oh, so-so," he said. "You have to clean up the papers and cigarette butts around the post exchange first thing in the morning. Then you come around and check up three or four times during the day."

I stopped, aghast. "What do you do between times?"

"Just be inconspicuous," said Sher. "That's all there is to it. Please pick up that candy wrapper over there. My back aches."

We cleaned up the grounds around the post exchange and sat for a while in the shade, watching a battery going through calisthenics. With beautiful precision, the soldiers swung their rifles up, down, to the right, to the left. They went through the quarter, half, and full knee bends and the shoulder exercises and the rest of the routine.

"Those boys seem to be improving, Mr. Sher," I said.

"Result of hard work," said Maury. "Personally, I get awfully tired watching this. We'll wear ourselves out. Let's go over to my kitchen and handshake for a bottle of milk."

"No," I protested. "We must go to my kitchen."

"To avoid a tiring argument," suggested Private Sher, "we will go to both our kitchens. We can't be thrown out of both of them."

After successful forays on both kitchens, Private Sher began to yawn with boredom. "My dear Har-



grove," he said, "we must stimulate our minds. Let us adjourn to my place for a game of checkers." Private Sher's "place" was only one flight of stairs removed from my squadroom, so we adjourned.

After two games of checkers, Private Sher waved his arms. "This is folderol," he said. "You are no checker player, Hargrove. You have no idea of tactics. Let us sit by the window and watch our comrades drill. There is something stirring in the sight of fine young men perfectly executing a marching order."

While we were sitting there being stirred, another corporal disturbed us. He wanted us to go with him to haul coal.

"Much as we would like to help you haul coal, my good man," said Maury, "we are now actively engaged in the work of policing up the post exchange. Feel free to call upon us at any other time."

The corporal placed his hands on his hips and stared at us. "You're being punished," he asked, "with canteen duty?"

"There's no need to be vulgar," said Sher. "If you will excuse us, it is time for us to go again to look for cigarette butts around the post exchange. Coming Mr. Hargrove?"

"Coming, Mr. Sher. And a good day to you, corporal!"

# Cunningly Styled Cottons

## Tune to Many-Purpose Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SUCH a breathtaking rush as is going on for smart, gay and versatile cottons these days! Whether you work or whether you play, designers have taken it upon themselves to turn you out in cunningly devised, intriguingly styled cottons that enter into the spirit of every environment and every occupation, no matter what, this summer. It's lots of fun these style creators of ours are having, making up chambrays and ginghams, seersuckers and sprigged dimities and glazed chintz and a host of other equally interesting cotton weaves that will tune picturesquely and faithfully to where you are and what you are doing.

No matter whether you are working in a factory, manipulating a typewriter, driving a truck, entertaining in a USO center, watering and weeding a Victory garden, giving a barbecue party in your own backyard or moving with rhythmic grace up the church aisle to the strains of a wedding march, it's cottons you'll be wearing if you are properly style-minded.

Now that most of us are destined to be stay-at-homes during the days to come because of traveling difficulties, it is with utmost enthusiasm that designers are letting imagination have full play in creating clothes that, while practical and functional, are of the "be pretty" type that make women look their most attractive selves. Which calls to mind the importance of that charming little newcomer in the field of at-home fashions—the brunch coat. In the brunch coat, cottons bright with color, show off for all they are worth; the more color, the merrier. The girl centered in the picture is wearing a most attractive brunch coat, just such as should be included in every summertime wardrobe. It is of rose-

strewn cotton oxford cloth and is vividly colorful.

In the costume shown to the left the colorful chambray skirt registers a most exciting new idea in the use of quaint ribbon-run beading to edge the capacious pockets and the free-and-easy hemline. With its demure and flattering white peasant blouse it is appropriate for a barbecue party, a walk or just summering on the home-front lawn. And she can sit on the grass if she wants to because bug and grass stains will "come out in the wash" of a chambray skirt.

After a decade, bareback dresses have again come into their own. The fashion is being greeted from coast to coast as very important because it is practical, being adaptable to so many occasions and places for the new-type bareback dresses all have matching jackets or boleros. There is just everything in the way of practicality to recommend the several-piece costume shown in the foreground of the illustration. Depend upon it, this skirt and halter will solve your dress problem for more occasions than one. From the front it looks like a suit, with three buttons making the halter look like a shirtwaist when the bolero is slipped on. There are side slits in the skirt which lead to roomy pockets. It has brief panties of jersey sewn right in the skirt and the ensemble might rightfully be called a one-minute wardrobe.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### Modish Black



Fashion decrees dark beauty for a sultry summer. You'll look cool and feel cooler in this linen-textured spun rayon garnished with crisp eyelet of pique. It's a smart choice for your conservation-conscious wardrobe, because it is made of stabilized fabric. Among the performance qualities for which this fabric has been approved are seam strength, non-shrinkage and stretchage and a high degree of color fastness to hand-washing and perspiration. The eyelet embroidery touch is a widely featured trend, and you'll love it on your black or navy spun rayon. A wide-brim black or matching navy hat makes for ultra high fashion this summer.

### Wartime Hats Have Changeable Trims

For hat-conscious girls and war brides who are making trips to camp, the big packing problem is hats. The story of crowded trains and lack of porters is well known this summer. Sally Victor, known in every style center the country over, has evolved the idea of one basic shape that becomes you most, supplemented with half-a-dozen or more trimming changes that require no special knack in adjusting. With this comes a double-ruffle brim of straw lace mesh which slips right over the crown of a straw or felt shape. Take it off in a jiffy, and in your ensemble you'll welcome a sequin beaded band that fits about the crown and so on. The group-trims include a feather sweep that can be clipped on, and other items that tune to time and occasion.

### Fringe Trimming Shown In Advance Displays

The newer incoming fashions bring the news of fringe trimming. Advance displays highlight afternoon and evening black crepes handsomely trimmed in fringe of varied description. The most exciting news, however, is that fringe is turning up in the sportswear realm. Loop-yarn fringe leads with fringe formed of self-fabric cord being a close second. Suede slashed into fringe trims the new leather jackets, hats and accessories. Upholstery fringe is used on smart cotton frocks. Also entire little hats are made of either straw or wool fringe sewed row on row.

### Motifs From Mexico

Accessories reflect a decided Mexican influence in color and motif. These Mexican inspired items include gay Mexican straw hats, Mexican plaid straw bags, and the Mexican peasant blouse in white cotton.

# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Lesson for August 8

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### GOD SHOWS HIS PEOPLE THE WAY

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 13:17-22; 15:17-22. GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation.—Exodus 15:2.

The destinies of the nations are in the hands of God. Warriors are mighty in battle, counselors are quick to declare their wisdom, and diplomats are clever in the manipulation of wealth and people. But when they have all exercised to the limit their ingenuity and power they have only succeeded in bringing us "blood, sweat and tears" as the portion of all mankind.

Israel was about to be delivered from the bondage of Egypt, and God through His leader Moses was ready to be their guide. Even so He guides every believer in Christ. We may learn three things from this lesson.

### I. God Has a Plan (Exod. 13:17-19).

There was a direct, easy road along the coast of the Mediterranean up to Canaan, but God with His pillar of cloud and fire did not lead out in that way.

How strange that He should take them by a longer, more difficult way! Not at all. He knew the danger of the easy way. It was there that the warlike Philistines would be lying in ambush. Such immediate conflict would discourage Israel and tempt them to return to the fleshpots of Egypt. So He took them the other way.

Note that God's guidance for them was one of intelligent planning, not just impulse or chance. He knew what to do, and He did it, for their good.

God has a plan, not only for the nations, but also for individuals, for your life and mine. Let us find His will for us, for it is good, acceptable and perfect (Rom. 12:1, 2).

Note the honoring of the faith of Joseph in God's promise (v. 19). The memory of his assurance was a blessing to his descendants, and they honored it and him. What will our descendants have to say about our faith in God?

### II. God Provides Guidance (Exod. 13:20-22).

God's plan is made known to His people as they follow Him step by step. This means that there must be guidance, moment by moment, if His plan is to be worked out. He gives such guidance and it is only when His children fail to follow it that the pattern of life becomes confused.

The field of divine guidance is one in which Christians have widely divergent experiences. Some know the sweet, unconfused daily experience of God's hand upon them, caring for even the minor details (or are they minor?) of life. Others have known the directive power of God in some life crisis, but not in the ordinary affairs of life. Many, and perhaps most, think of divine guidance as a spiritual theory of which the preacher talks, but know nothing of it in their own lives.

What makes this great difference? Faith—or the lack of it. Those who trust God accept and receive His blessed leadership moment by moment. It is as simple as that. Others reach out and take it when the pressure of life makes them cast themselves on God. Others simply muddle along "doing their best," which is not their best, for God is not in it.

The pillar of cloud, which became luminous at night, was ideal for the guidance of Israel. It provided shade by day from the hot sun, and a sure guide in the darkness of the night.

### III. God Gives Joyous Victory (Exod. 15:17-22a).

Israel soon came against the insurmountable barrier (humanly speaking) of the Red sea. Then Pharaoh, regretting that he had released them, came up after them—an impossible situation, and the people began to berate Moses. This time he stood fast in his faith and said: "Stand still and see the salvation of Jehovah!"—and it came!

Then followed the song of victorious joy, which Moses wrote and the people sang. Deliverance brings joy, and forget it not, God is able to deliver those who put their trust in Him.

The application to our spiritual lives is a blessed one. Setting out on God's way does not mean that one will not have trials. They come, and quickly. We do not get farther than our Red sea when the world sees an opportunity to draw us back and comes charging at us from the rear, like Pharaoh. What to do? Trust God, and He will drown the Pharaoh who pursues you in the very Red sea which is now your difficulty. He will bring you through dryshod if you count on Him.

Fearful, fretting, fussing Christian, why not "stand still" and let God work out your salvation. You cannot bear the burdens of all the world. He can, and will set you free so that you too may go forward for Him.

### Likely Hercules Knew Nothing About Cave Man

The aproned figure at the sink gazed sadly at the accumulation of plates and dishes, pots and pans: Was this all that marriage meant?

A heavy sigh, a rolling up of sleeves, and the kitchen was soon filled with the clatter of washing and scouring. The toiler paused from time to time to listen to the steady thrash of a typewriter in the next room.

Suddenly the noise ceased, and a large, spectacled woman, lofty of brow, appeared in the doorway. "Hercules, darling," she said, addressing the little man, "I never can remember—do you spell 'cave man' with or without a hyphen?"

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