



# See Here, Private Hargrove!



THE STORY SO FAR: Private Marion Hargrove, former newspaper feature editor, has been inducted into the army and is nearing his completion of basic training at Fort Bragg, N. C. He has been classified as cook and in addition his failure to master some of the fundamentals of army training have resulted in considerable extra KP duty for him. He has also learned the finer points of "gold-friking" and "shooting the breeze."

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.

### 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 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 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' daughter, Miss Sidney Winkel, age four.

"Let's be reasonable, Pvt. Mulvehill," I said. "As you know, I am working on Capt. Winkle's sympathies to get a furlough."

Miss Winkel was dressed like the Navy and looked entirely too energetic for such a drizzly morning. "I'm to be the Valentine," she said, "and Johnny's going to take my picture and you're to take me up to the Service Club and carry Johnny's things for him and wait for him to get there so you'd better put on your jacket and cap and let's go."

"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. "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 smails 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

"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 my 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 sometime 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 they 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 sit-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."

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."

quarters 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."



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

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 downstairs and twice if you sit in the Familie Circle. You are not to buy more than six theater 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. "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 conservative 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 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)

## 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 October 10

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#### REVERENCE FOR GOD

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 20:3-7; Matthew 4:10; 6:9; John 4:23, 24. GOLDEN TEXT—God is a Spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4:24.

The first three commandments bring man into the presence of God, where he is taught how to worship God in spirit and in truth.

"The first commandment (Exod. 20:3) bids us worship God exclusively; the second (vv. 4-6) bids us worship Him spiritually. The first commandment forbids us to worship false gods; the second forbids us to worship the true God under false forms" (Farrar). The third commandment (v. 7) indicates that true worship will deal reverently with the name of God.

Israel had lived among the Egyptians, a people known for their worship of images, and were about to enter into Canaan where there were many false gods. The Lord was therefore careful not only to forbid the worship of other gods, but also to forbid the making of images of any kind, whether they represented the many gods of heathendom, or were attempts to symbolize the true God.

#### I. The Command to Worship (Exod. 20:3-7).

God first claims the entire devotion of man. If He is Jehovah, the Lord God, it is obvious that there can be no other god before Him. He is a personal God (v. 2) with whom it is possible for man to have fellowship. He must come first in our thought and our love.

The second commandment expressly forbids idolatry in any form. The injunction is twofold. (1) Men are forbidden to make any material likeness which to them represents a being to be worshiped. It matters not whether it be an image or what men believe God to be like, or the image of an angelic being, a heavenly body, in fact, "anything that is in the heaven above," or on the earth—such as a man or animal; or under the water—such as a fish. (2) If such objects have been made either by ourselves or others we may not bow down to them, nor render any service to them. Let us all examine our religious ceremonies and practices in the light of God's commandment.

Observe that obedience to this command brings rich blessing to "thousands" (v. 6), whereas disobedience is a curse not only to the man who disobeys, but also to his descendants.

The careless, vain or irreverent use of God's name is forbidden (v. 7). How common that practice is today, even among Christian people. If we do not actually use His name, we use some slang expression which stands for His name.

Now we turn to two passages from the Gospel of Matthew to see how Jesus practiced these commandments.

#### II. The Example of Christ (Matt. 4:10; 6:9).

To the temptation of Satan, offering rich reward for an act of worship to himself, Jesus gave prompt and effective reply by quoting Deuteronomy 6:13. Thus He gave His approval to the command that all our worship and service is to be given to God.

This spirit shows itself in the reverent devotion of the prayer (6:9) which Jesus taught His disciples. The name of God is to be hallowed—that is, to be regarded as holy. No one set a higher example of that than our Lord, Himself God, He was obedient to the Father, even unto death, always doing those things which pleased Him and honored His name (John 8:29; Phil. 2:8).

#### III. The Manner of True Worship (John 4:23, 24).

God is to be worshiped in spirit and in truth, not in dead formalism or by empty ritual. There must be reality in such devotion.

One would suppose that a truth so obvious and vital would long since have completely saturated the life of the church as well as of the individual believer. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Even today, countless men and women still believe that worship has something to do with place (vv. 20, 21) or race (v. 22) or some other external device or formula. What a pity, when the gracious and delightful way to worship is through personal spiritual communion between God and man.

Deadening formalism is not our only enemy. There is the powerless preaching of modernism—and in all honesty must we not admit that even some so-called fundamentalism has in many respects lost the true spirit of the faith for which it rightly contends.

We see then that the commandment of God regarding reverence is not just a law on a faded page in an ancient manuscript. It is a living, vital reality, operative today.

## You Can't Keep a Good Ship Down

The Japanese bombs on Pearl Harbor which ignited a war flame in America also disabled every United States battleship in the Hawaiian area and destroyed 80 naval aircraft of all types. The aircraft were all replaced within a few days. Within a year most of the damaged vessels were repaired and back in action. Today, almost two years from December 7, 1941, the United States navy has come back to defeat the best that Japan can throw against it. According to authorities there is no navy in existence today that can match the combined size, experience, and air strength of Uncle Sam's fleets.

This war has brought about new feats of naval salvage operations of which Pearl Harbor is an outstanding example. The rapid work of naval salvage workers exceeded the most hopeful expectations and the speed with which they repaired broken ships is symbolic of the navy's spirit which is carrying it to the shores of Japan for a final accounting.



Top left: A diver at Pearl Harbor is pictured just after ascending from the oily interior of the sunken battleship Arizona. Right: The barnacled deck of the Oklahoma breaks water for the first time since the Jap sneak attack.



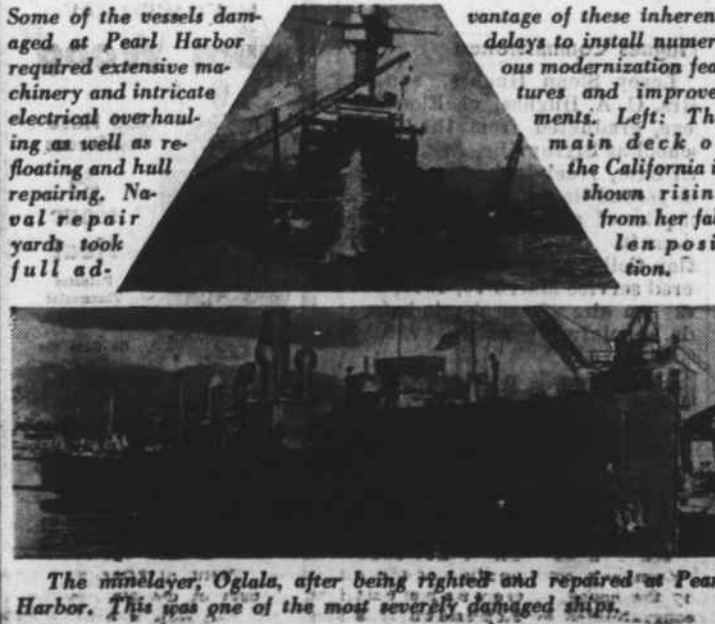
Damage and corrosion to the superstructure of the Oklahoma are quite pronounced in this picture. Inset: Some of the navy ship yard workers are women. Dorothy Waiwaiole, Hawaiian, is shown cutting steel to be shipped back to the mainland.



Valuable parts of the 26-year-old Arizona are salvaged daily by divers shown ascending from her sunken hull.



Salvage work is in progress elsewhere also. A bridgehouse from a sunken ship off Staten Island is hoisted to a barge.



The midget Oglala, after being sighted and repaired at Pearl Harbor. This was one of the most severely damaged ships.

## Paint and Chintz Transform Chair

THERE is a knack about selecting the right thing from the assortment of junk in Mother's attic or a second hand furniture store. Here is a rocker not at all



quaint but just awkward to have around.

Off come the rockers and on go a set of casters and a seat cushion to make it the right height. That will make it useful but still no beauty. A remnant of flowered chintz will cover the cushion and the objectionable part of the carved back. Paint to match the soft blue background of the chintz will bring the whole thing together and soften too prominent curves.

NOTE—This sketch is from BOOK 5 in the series of booklets prepared for readers. BOOK 5 also contains more than 30 other ideas for transforming old furniture and making fascinating things from odds and ends on hand. To get a copy send 15 cents with your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYTHE SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 18 Enclose 15 cents for Book No. 5. Name Address

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"Cereal Brought Relief from Long Siege of Purgatives!"

Here's a sincere, unsolicited letter every disappointed "doer" will want to read:

"I was a sufferer from common constipation. Took pills or medicines of some kind but got no lasting relief. Finally, I tried KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Have been eating it about 2 weeks now, and have stopped taking pills and things. My bowels move regularly every day. I am a KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN eater from now on!" Mr. Earl Brown, Warren, Ark.

How do scientists explain KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN'S gentle-acting, amazing relief, so familiar to thousands? Simply this: Lack of certain cellulose elements in the diet is a common cause of constipation. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is one of Nature's richest sources of these elements—which help the intestinal flora lighten and fluff up the contents of the colon, for easy, natural elimination. Not a purgative, that robs the system of water. Not "roughage" that acts by "sweeping you out!" ALL-BRAN is a gentle-acting, "regulating" food!

Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly. Drink plenty of water. See if it doesn't give you the relief you've dreamed of. Insist on genuine ALL-BRAN, made only by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Words in Reverse In the language of a sect of people in the Caucasus, daddy means mother and mama means father.

## Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. That means stomach acid causes painful, cutting gas, sour stomach and heartburn. Doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known. See Kellogg's All-Bran. It's the only medicine that's gentle, harmless, non-toxic. Relieves gas in 5 to 15 minutes or double your money back on return of bottle to us. No oil or drugs.

## SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Heat and friction are the greatest enemies of rubber. Tires tread wear out five times as fast in a temperature of 100 degrees as when the thermometer registers 40 degrees. Rubber previously used for garden hose will provide for tires on cartolags of 8,500 "75's" and 6,800 37-mm. anti-aircraft guns and 600 pontoons for Army bridges. Samuel Peol was granted the first rubber patent in England in 1791. It covered the water-proofing of leather, cotton, linen, etc.

In war or peace B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER