

AIR FORCE-GIRL

By Renee Shann

CHAPTER IV.

"Down to your airdrome. Or at least to a cottage quite near-by. Isn't that grand? Guy's been transferred there."

Tips was turning to Jane now and introduced them to each other. "Jane, this is Mrs. Stanton. Iris, Miss Lambert."

"How do you do?" "How do you do?" Iris Stanton smiled brilliantly.

"Miss Lambert is at the station also," said Tips.

"Really! You must bring her along to see us, Tips."

"Thank you," murmured Jane politely.

Mrs. Stanton turned back again to Tips. "I mustn't stop any longer now. But I'll be seeing you soon. Sunnlands is the name of the house we've taken. Come in tomorrow evening for a cocktail."

"I'll see, Iris. I'm not certain. I'll give you a ring."

She made a little face at him and swept away with a short good-bye to Jane and a much warmer one to Tips. Jane rested her elbows on the table, cupped her chin in her hands and looked thoughtfully at Tips. "You know her pretty well, don't you, Tips?"

"I know her fairly well, yes. Her husband was stationed at the same airdrome I was at up north. I met them both up there. The husband's a very decent chap."

"If I married you," said Jane slowly, "I'd fully expect you eventually to be talking to some other woman just as you're talking to me. But don't let's argue about it. I'm due back at ten and we don't want to spend the time wrangling."

But they did and were still doing so when Tips brought the car to a standstill some little distance from the airdrome shortly before ten o'clock. "Well, here we are," he said lightly.

"Yes. Here we are."

"I've never kissed a girl who didn't want to kiss me."

"You wouldn't be doing so now."

He said at last, still holding her closely. "You let me kiss you and yet you won't agree to marry me."

"That was just a moment of madness."

"I don't believe you. You let me kiss you because you're in love with me."

This was true, of course, but all the time she denied it. Before he could argue with her further, she said, "There'll be a row if I don't get out of this car right here and now and hurry. Fraternizing with the officers is forbidden and if I'm caught . . ." she was out of the car as she spoke.

There were twenty-four Waafs at the airdrome. They had come in batches of twelve, she and Sparks having arrived with the second contingent. The first, they'd soon discovered, had been sent to their special training immediately on joining the service, thus missing their fortnight of life at the camp near London, which had been devoted solely to disciplinary training, and assuredly this had been a pity. Jane, in the first few days on the station, had realized quite dispassionately the difference between the girls who had arrived with her and those who had been sent on earlier.

Sparks murmured to Jane, "Bluebell-darling is off again." Bluebell-darling was eighteen. She was the loyliest thing Jane had ever seen. Her hair was almost silver it was so fair and her eyes, fringed with thick dark curling lashes, were as blue as her nickname.

Jane paused in the important business of cleaning her buttons, deciding with satisfaction that they positively shone like gold. The door burst open and two more girls appeared, Hunter and Brett, who were bosom friends.

"It's the hours that'll kill us off," said Hunter wearily. "I'm so dead tired I could lie down and die." She fished her make-up out of her bag and began to re-do her face. It was a very pretty face and she knew how to make it even prettier. Her father was an M. P. She claimed to know everything that was going on and had never been taught the meaning of the word discretion.

She was chatting now nineteen to the dozen, not bothering terribly whether any one wanted to listen. "I've got a school friend who's just moved down here. Have any of you noticed that new officer? The tall dark one round about forty. He and his wife have taken a cottage over at Stretton, that pretty little village some five miles away."

Brett said she'd noticed the officer and added that he'd left her cold.

"I know, Guy's deady. But his wife's fun. She'll liven things up

I've known her 'for ages." The next moment she knew about whom Hunter was speaking. I'll bet Iris has pulled some wires to get Guy transferred down here. She's absolutely crazy about Tips Poel-Sanders. She was up north when he was stationed there and most of the time Guy was away on some job or other. And did those two get around together!"

"I wouldn't mind getting around with Tips Poel-Sanders," murmured Brett.

Jane looked at her watch. "Well, I don't care what the rest of you do, but I'm off. We're due in the Ops. room in just five minutes."

Sparks strolled across to the square concrete building with her, the two of them ahead of the others. "Don't you know Tips Poel-Sanders?" she asked.

"I've met him. Yes."

"I thought I saw you talking to him the other night."

Jane said Sparks was right. "Only don't tell the others."

She'd seen Tips and Iris Stanton once or twice herself. In the days that followed she saw him often, but only rarely to speak to. But this wasn't his fault. He tried to persuade her to meet him but she wouldn't. She was afraid to see much of him. Despite the resentment in her heart against him, she knew if they were to meet often it would be disastrous. So she made excuses. She was working when he was off duty. If she wasn't she was too tired.

"I could get you transferred if you married me," he said one morning when she met him as she'd met him on that first morning in the narrow passage leading to the Ops. room.

"So you said before. But I don't want to be transferred."

"You want some sleep. There are dark shadows under your eyes."

"I know. I don't care. I'm doing a useful job of work."

"Jane, darling, please . . ."

She fled. His voice did things to her. It made her want to give in, made her almost forget Stella and all she'd suffered because of him. Then that afternoon she saw Iris Stanton drive up to the airdrome and the two of them go off together. This hardened her, this and all the gossip that was rife now, according to Hunter who knew so much.

Hunter insisted on joining Sparks and Jane one day when they went off for a bicycle ride and took them round by Stretton and pointed out the Stanton's house to them. "Let's call in and see if Iris is at home," suggested Hunter brightly. "I know she'd love to meet you both."

But Jane took one quick look house and said she didn't feel like meeting anybody. "Let Mrs. Stanton alone I'm too tired to make polite conversation."

Hunter left it at that. They rode on through the village. "I never thought I'd live to ride a bicycle again," said Sparks, puffing and blowing from sheer exhaustion.

"It's good exercise," murmured Jane.

Hunter skimmed in between them. "If I tell you two something, will you keep it to yourselves?"

The two smiled.

"There's something big pending. It's all terribly hush-hush, but it might happen any night now."

"Do you mean Adolf is going to pay us a visit?" asked Sparks with interest.

"No. We're paying him one. Jimmie Stafford told me. He's not going. He says he wishes he were. But Tips Poel-Sanders is and Guy Stanton and . . ."

Sparks, pedaling hard, broke in on her indignantly. "You know you ought to get a prize for careless talk!"

Hunter looked at her reproachfully. "I like that! I'm only telling you two under the strictest secrecy. Why shouldn't I tell you two? You've promised not to say anything to anyone else."

"That's not the point. The point is . . ." Sparks looked at Hunter and wondered if it would be sheer waste of breath to try and make

her see what she was doing. She said to Jane later that afternoon when they were preparing to snatch a few hours' sleep prior to going on duty at midnight: "You know, if we did our duty we'd report Hunter."

"I know. But it would mean an awful row."

"Of course it would. And so it should. Remember how we were all sworn to say nothing? That girl's a public danger. She knows too much and she talks too much. And how that silly young fool Jimmie Stafford can have been such a nitwit as to tell her what he did I simply can't imagine."

Jane couldn't either. But she wasn't caring about Jimmie Stafford. She was worrying terribly about Tips and wondering when the "something big" was coming off. She wished suddenly from the very bottom of her heart that she'd not been quite so strong-minded about him. After all, that night they'd dined together at Kettner's — the night after she'd seen Stella — she'd made up her mind to quite a different course of action. Then she'd decided to see him just as often as she could but to make sure that she never took him seriously or allowed him to hurt her. Instead he had been the one who was going to be hurt one day. She'd throw caution to the winds.

But she hadn't seen him often. Nothing but little fleeting moments with him had come her way for the last two or three weeks and now tonight it made her feel no happier to realize that they had been only by her own

choosing. She glanced across at Sparks who was sleeping peacefully.

Very quietly she swung her legs over the side of the bed and, stooping, found her shoes and put them on. She slid into her skirt, shirt and tunic and found her big coat and cap. Very quietly she opened the door. She slipped out and sped swiftly across toward the officers' quarters, uncertain how she would let him know she was there and wanting to see him.

There were cars outside the officers' mess. She could see men moving about in the comfortably furnished room. She walked up and down wondering what to do next, scared that at any moment one of the Waaf officers might see her and ask her what she was doing.

Then the door of the officers' mess opened. In the light shed from within she saw Iris Stanton and Tips come down the steps and walked toward her car which was very near where Jane was standing. Instinctively she drew back into the shadows, sharp tears stinging her eyes and a dreadful feeling of desolation filling her heart. They passed quite close to her. She heard Tips say, "What about Guy? Shouldn't we wait for him?"

Iris gave a light rejoinder to this. "He can't come yet. He's working this evening. Come on, Tips. Get in." And a little reproachfully, "Darling, you didn't use to take quite such a lot of persuading."

It seemed he didn't take a great deal now. He got into the car and a moment later Jane heard the purr of the engine. She watched them drive with increasing speed down the long asphalt road leading from the main buildings. Then she turned and would have moved swiftly away, but she stopped short. A man was standing a few paces from her. His eyes were on the retreating car, his brows were drawn together. In a flash she recognized Guy Stanton, the husband who, Hunter suggested, was so absorbed in his work that he was oblivious to what his wife was up to.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

About 1 and one-fourth billion pounds of food and other agricultural commodities were delivered to shipside during July for export to allied fighting fronts and such shipments will probably increase from month to month.

Cries Of Liberty

(Editor's Note: The following poem is written by Mr. U. S. Myers, of Laurel Springs, who over a period of years has written a number of poems, songs, hymns, and other literature, some of which may be published later in this paper:

Awake! Awake! Arise from your slumber
Asleep ye long enough have been!
Liberty our goddess, is in the throes
Of death, and her cries are calling for men!
Men, who are not content with folded arms
To sit in luxurious ease—
But men who are willing to use their brawn
And if needed to cross the seas.
Men who are willing to toil 'til the last
Vestige of energy is spent.
And sacrifice their luxuries, their pleasures
Their fortunes, if needed, and be content.

Mothers are not excluded, no one who
Is able to give or toil
The call is to all who love freedom,
Or live on Columbia's soil.
Yet she cries—her cries ascending come
From across the oceans wide.
Many have answered—many have gone
To her rescue—our boys—some have died,
While millions have gone to her rescue—
Millions have suffered, bled and died—
Millions have given up their loved ones,
Who made the sacrifice on the other side.

Liberty, bought with a price—the price
Of suffering—the price of blood, of
Anguish in body and mind;
Purchased as our fathers marched barefoot
In frozen snow, leaving trails of blood behind—
Is now being strangled by tyrants!
Struggling—gasping—she sends forth
Her woeeful cry.
Shall we respond? Shall we answer or
Shall we lull ourselves to sleep?
Gracious God! Shall we let her die?
Shall the Axis sound the knell!

No, ye gods! 'Not by the blood of our sires
Nor the blood of our sons as well!
We'll do and die! Shall be our cry, till
We blast the demons to death and hell!
We'll strike with all our might, we'll cross the mighty seas—
We'll break the despots' iron chains
And bring the Axis to their knees.
We'll put them begging—begging to
Miss Democracy, but she'll not wed
Till the very last of Hitlerism is dead.

Yes, Victory—victory is ours—has been
Ours when we willed to strike a blow.
'Twas ours in 1812 when "Old Hickory" struck
The British and gave them showers of lead
Till the plains of New Orleans lay thick
With Redcoats, numbering two thousand dead!
'Twas ours, in 1898, when we lost our beautiful battleship "Maine,"
When we went to suffering Cuba and
Blasted the tyrant Spain.

It must be—shall be—ours, when these present horrors cease,
When the Axis might has been destroyed
And the world's again at peace.
When sisters lament and weep no more
At parting with their brothers;
When the "boys" have lain their armor down
And returned to their wives, sweethearts, and mothers.

Pleasant Grove News

Mr. Sylvester Blevins spent Sunday with George Cleary.

Wake and Ada Brinegar visited Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Petty at McGrady over the week end.

Reba and Tom Wayne Upchurch visited their grandmother, Nora Richardson, Sunday evening.

Mr. Tobias Pruitt spent Sunday with his son, Colonel Pruitt, here. Ben Osborne spent the week end with friends and relatives in

Wilkes. Frank Richardson made a business trip to North Wilkesboro, Thursday.

George Richardson visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Petty, Sunday. Mrs. Jane Cleary spent Thursday night with Mrs. Ada Brinegar.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnander Osborne, of Sparta, spent Friday night with Mr. Osborne's sister, Mrs. George Richardson.

Roy Wagoner, of Whitehead, spent a while Friday at the home of Mrs. Cal Richardson. Those who attended service at

WANTED DOGWOOD STICKS

4 1/2 INCHES AND UP DIAMETER

for making shuttle squares for weaving cloth for uniforms and other equipment for our Army and Navy. Highest prices and spot cash immediately on delivery at our mills at:

West Jefferson, N. C. Mill Next to Dollar Service Station

Galax, Va.

Mill Located in Front of Railroad Station

For specifications and price, call at mills or write:

Medgentra Limited (USA)

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

For Quick Results, Use The News' CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES
1c per word. Minimum of 25c first insertion. More than 25 words 1c for each additional word.
4 insertions for price of 3.
8 insertions for price of 6.
Terms: Cash.
Cards of Thanks 25c.
Memoriams & Obituaries \$1.25

TO BUY—TO SELL
TO RENT—TO FIND
Everybody
Reads The
Classifieds

FOR SALE — 100 Seloux thoroughbred Plymouth pullets. Mrs. K. G. Jarvis, Sparta, N. C. 10-14-IT

FOR SALE — Genuine Engraved Calling Cards. 100 cards and plate, only \$1.75. Alleghany News. 1f

Boilers, Saw Mills, Wood Working and Road Building Machinery, Well Drilling Machinery, Gasoline Engines, etc. R. P. Johnson, Wytheville, Va. 4-T

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for their kindness and sympathy at the death of our mother, Mrs. Lena Southers. Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Southers.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to say to my many friends that I thank you all for your help and kindness you have shown me in the death of my dear companion. And if I can help any of you in any way I will be glad to do so. And if it never falls my lot to help you, may God bless each and every one of you is my prayer. Allen Evans.

Furches News

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Stanton, of Philadelphia, have returned home, after spending a week with Mrs. Stanton's mother, Mrs. E. V. Richardson.

Pvt. and Mrs. Ross Jones spent the week end with Mrs. Jones' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gentry, of Nathan's Creek.

Mrs. J. K. Taylor has returned home, after spending a few days with her daughter in Statesville.

Mrs. Ralph Richardson, of Detroit, is visiting his mother, Mrs. E. V. Richardson, this week.

Whitehead church Sunday from this community were Mrs. Mary Petty and daughter, Grace, and Ruby Anderson.

Paul Brinegar, of Springfield, spent Monday with Mrs. Charlie Brinegar.

AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD USE 666
666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

Sparta Business Directory

Monuments



D. F. STURDIVANT Sparta, N. C.

FLOWERS for Every Occasion



B & T DRUG CO., SPARTA

Reins-Sturdivant Funeral Home

Licensed Embalmers and Funeral Directors
Phone 55
SPARTA, N. C.

The HOUSE of HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur