

The GIRL From The DOUBLE R

BY BETTY BLOCKLINGER

CHAPTER X

"Oh, no," protested Rusty. Why these ranchers and the association men have lived here always."

"And does living here make them immune from thievery?" Doctor Westmore was away that night and the next morning, and Adelaide presided at the hospital in his place.

Rusty shopped for the house that morning. At the butcher's, she eyed the meat counter thoughtfully.

"I'd like that tenderloin butt," she told the butcher, "but first I'd like you to show me the side from which you took it. I want to see the government stamp."

"Look," drawled a tall, blonde girl next to her, "take what you can get and eat it. This meat rationing is all a lot of hokey. The big ranches are holding their cattle so they can make more money on them."

Rusty shook her head. "When we buy black market meat, we may be buying stolen goods, and the fellows from whom it was stolen is the loser."

"A lot you know about it," scoffed the blonde. "These cattle barons can stand it. Why say the money they make—Well, what's so funny?"

Rusty was chucking. "I happen to be one of the cattle barons," she explained.

"Here you are, lady," said the butcher in a bored voice, and heaved a side onto his block. "Or would you like me to prove that butt came off this—"

"She'd know," laughed the blonde. She SAYS she runs one of the big ranches."

The butcher scrutinized Rusty, then grinned. "Well, I'll say she does! Didn't recognize you, Miss Rowland. Any chance you selling straight? I could sure handle some of that Double R beef."

"Get thee behind me," begged Rusty. "But no—I'd rather wait until my stock is in the prime."

"What did I tell you?" demanded the blonde. "If this doesn't prove the cattlemen are holding out—"

"It doesn't," Rusty flashed. "Our men overseas are going to

need food next winter. If all the cattlemen sold their stock when it was one-third its potential size, they'd be cutting the needed supply of beef just two-thirds."

She took her package and left. Westmore returned home that afternoon looking grim and very tired. Adelaide literally drove him into the house to rest, saying that she could do the hospital work.

"If ever a human needed a complete rest," she said worriedly to Rusty. "I wish he could go off on a hunting trip, far away from telephone bells."

"If only he were a surveyor," mused Rusty. "I could fix up a trip for him."

"But he is!" exclaimed Adelaide, sitting up. "Or he was. That's how he happened to become a veterinarian."

Rusty blinked, trying to fathom the relation between a surveyor and a veterinarian.

Adelaide laughed, then explained. "He graduated from college as a civil engineer and immediately joined a crew building a highway across a section of the Rockies. He was in the advance group, which had to ride in on horses. The terrain was impossible. Everything that could happen happened to their mounts and their pack horses. It was a nightmare to any one loving animals. All they could do was kill the unfortunate beasts."

"Herb realized that, if any of them had had even the rudiments of veterinary skill, many of the animals could have been saved. And so, the next year he enrolled in the school I attended. At that time I believe, he intended to return to engineering, using his veterinary training merely as a supplement. However, for some reason, he later decided to make a profession of it."

Rusty sat silent, considering the possibility of asking Doctor Westmore to act as her surveyor on the trip into Low Valley. Ralph had written her to be careful whom she chose. But surely, Herb could be trusted not to tell any one of her project.

In the end, she told Adelaide about it and about the importance of keeping it secret, so that the

rustlers, would not learn of the new pasturage for her yearlings.

"If I could induce Doctor Westmore to do the surveying for the trail into the valley," she said eagerly, "it would be wonderful! It would solve my problem, and though it wouldn't exactly be a vacation for him, it would get him outdoors and give him a change. He and Uncle Jed and Hank and I could make the trip, leaving Piney to handle the ranch. . . . Then, the light died from her eyes. "But I suppose we couldn't persuade him to take the time off. We'd be away for at least two weeks."

Adelaide was staring into space, a speculative expression on her face.

"If I were to tell him that his work was suffering because he was nervous," she murmured, "we might—well, we'll see. Let me talk to him. . . ."

The next morning, Doctor Westmore conducted his first class in elemental veterinary training for the cattlemen of the surrounding ranches. The first week was devoted to lectures. The next week, the group made the rounds of the near-by ranches, first watching the doctor give subcutaneous injections to cattle, then giving them themselves under his watchful eye.

That completed the short course but, after the rest of the class had been dismissed, Rusty decided to stay on at the Westmore place for a while longer, for there was more that she wanted to learn.

Then, one day, while the doctor was out, Decker came to see her. He wanted to know when she was coming home.

"You said you were coming here for only a week—" he said.

"Two weeks," she corrected.

"Well, anyway, this is the third week. Have you any idea how your ranch is being run in your absence?"

"With you as a next-door neighbor," she retorted, "with one eye over the fence, nothing serious could happen."

He frowned, then blurted. "If isn't the ranch I'm thinking about, Rusty. It's the idea of you in here where that fellow can make love to you every hour of the

day!"

"Make love!" Rusty jumped up angrily. "Why, you—you idiot! If you'd spend just one day in this place you'd learn that a veterinarian hasn't time even to think of anything but grief. Love indeed!"

Yet she turned away quickly to hide the flush on her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But listen, Small Fry, there's a reason why I don't like your being here. There's something queer about this place. I've heard rumors at association headquarters. Look—on the nights of the raids, is the doc ever in?"

"He was here the night your ranch was raided, wasn't he?"

"I've never said my ranch WAS raided," he objected. "Mother jumped to the conclusion when she heard the fracas. I've never got to the bottom of it, but I believe that Slim Jack had been playing a crooked game of poker with some of the other boys. You can guess the rest. But to get back to the point, I wish you'd come home. Why don't you pack up and come home with me now?"

"No," Rusty said firmly.

Decker sighed. "Well, all right. But if you insist on staying, keep your eye peeled, will you? I mean take in all you can and if you see or hear anything suspicious let me know."

"The idea!" she protested angrily. "So you want to make me a super-snooper—a guest spying on her host!"

"Isn't it justified if it means learning—" Decker broke off. "But never mind—forget it. It's just that I've been singling out by the association to run down certain things."

He left soon after that and when he was gone, Rusty sat for a long time considering what he had said. She couldn't believe that there was any truth in his implications, and yet his words left her disturbed. She'd better get home, after all. She'd leave tomorrow.

Then, she thought of his outburst about Westmore making love to her and, again, a flush came to her cheeks. Her retort had been sincere but, nevertheless, she realized that there had been times when she had caught the doctor looking at her in a way that had made her heart pound. Could it be that she had been lingering on here because SHE was falling in love with HIM? But no—that was ridicu-

lous!

That evening, after dinner, Rusty wandered over to the hospital to find Westmore working over a dog and muttering to himself.

"If only pet owners would use a little sense!" he complained. "Look at this leg, inflamed to the shoulder. A foreign object in the paw. If the owner had brought the dog in at once, it could have been removed. But no—some idiot had told him slivers and the like dissolved in pus, so he let the infection travel while he waited for the cause to dissolve."

For no apparent reason, Rusty began to laugh.

Westmore looked up. "Why the hilarity?"

She couldn't tell him what Decker had said—that he didn't like the idea of the doctor having a chance to make love to her every hour of the day. If this was love—

"I just remembered something," she evaded. "No connection. By the way, I've decided that I'd better return to the ranch tomorrow. I've been away long enough."

His reply surprised her. "I expected that, after Mr. Decker's visit today. His dislike of me is equalled only by my dislike of him."

"But I came for only two weeks," she reminded him.

He turned away from the dog and looked at her. "I know, but having you here, though I haven't had time to see much of you, has meant—well, it has meant quite a lot to me—" he floundered.

Rusty saw again that look in his eyes, and her heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

Then, Adelaide came in to tell him he was wanted on the phone in the house—and the spell was broken. Immediately, his manner became businesslike again.

"Adelaide," he said, as he turned to answer the telephone, "our assistant is leaving us tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Must you go, Rusty?"

"I'm afraid so," said the girl.

"We'll miss you. However, if you must go, you'd better come into the garden and help me select those herbs your mother wants."

In the twilight garden, as Rusty bent over the herb plants, she thought of that floundering little speech that Herb had made. Had it meant anything?

"Rusty," Adelaide murmured, "you can depend upon the doctor's making that surveying trip with you. I'll arrange it. . . ."

That night, when Rusty retired to her room, her heart was singing. She would spend another two weeks with Herb Westmore. She didn't care what Decker said. She knew Herb was right—that it would be perfectly safe to let him in on her secret plans in regard to Low Valley.

She was sound asleep when Adelaide awakened her to bring her sitting upright in bed.

"Rusty—I've just been talking

to your mother on the phone. Your Uncle Jed has been shot. One of the ranch hands is bringing him into the city to the hospital. I've called a cab to take you there."

"Is—is Herb—" Rusty faltered.

"I'm sorry, child—he's out on a case."

Rusty, with Hank beside her, sat at the end of a hospital corridor and waited anxiously for a report on Uncle Jed's condition.

She had been at the emergency entrance when he was brought in. She had had only a glimpse of his white, unconscious face. Then, he had been whisked away. Now, she sat waiting with Hank, who had brought him from the ranch.

"Tell me what happened," she said. "Was it a raid?"

(To Be Continued)

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks for the kindness and sympathy shown at the death of our husband and father, C. E. Waddell; also for the beautiful floral tributes.

The family.

Burls Wanted

I will pay \$25.00 per ton, 2,000 lbs., for well trimmed Ivy, Kalmia, Mapel, Sourwood, Rhododendron and Dogwood burl.

Delivered at my scales, Cherry Lane, N. C.

BRING ME YOUR BURL

South Briar Co.

CASH ON DELIVERY

By John T. Miles

Commissioner's SALE

—OF THE—

Charles J. Phipps' Valuable Farm
KNOWN AS PART OF THE J. D. PERKINS FARM

Wednesday, October 17, 1945
10:00 A. M., Rain or Shine
On The Premises

Terms of Sale: One-fourth Cash, BALANCE IN ONE, TWO AND THREE YEARS' TIME

By virtue of authority vested in me by decree entered in the chancery cause of FRED R. PHIPPS, Guardian for Lindsey Jackson Phipps, infant, vs. FRED R. PHIPPS, Administrator de bonis non of Charles J. Phipps' Estate, et als., at the JUNE TERM, 1945, appointing me Special Commissioner to make sale of the land described in said cause, I will, on the above date, sell the same.

Description and Location:

221.5 acres, on the road leading to old Kindrick Post Office, about 3 miles Northwest of Mouth of Wilson, and one mile of one of the best schools in the county—Oak Hill Baptist Academy. Good dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings on this land.

This farm is subdivided and one of the best farms in Grayson County. It's in a high state of cultivation.

— Respectfully —
J. M. Parsons,
SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

PARSONS AUCTION COMPANY WILL ASSIST COMMISSIONER PARSONS IN MAKING THIS SALE.

Bond, as required by law, has been given by J. M. Parsons, Special Commissioner in the above styled cause.
JOE W. PARSONS, Clerk, Grayson Circuit Court.

Administrator's Sale

—OF—

Valuable Personal Property

BELONGING TO THE LATE CHARLES J. PHIPPS AND JESSIE PHIPPS

Will be Sold by the undersigned Administrator at the Same Time and Place.

TERMS: EASY, MADE KNOWN ON DAY OF SALE.

Description:

3 Jersey Cows; 1 Jersey Heifer; 1 Team of Horses; 1 Mower; 1 Rake; 1 Sweeprake; 2 Plows; 1 Harrow; Lots of Small Tools; 16 Stacks of Hay; 1 Straw Rick; Corn and Fodder; Lumber; Posts; 2 Stands of Bees; Large Wood Pile; Refrigerator; Washing Machine; Range; Tables; Chairs; Heaters; Large Heatrola; Bedroom Suites.

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE.

All this Property will go for the High Dollar on This Day, Lunch Served on the Premises by the Ladies of the Church at Fox.

— Respectfully —
Fred R. Phipps,
Administrator of Charles J. Phipps and Jessie Phipps, Deceased.



Hey, Fellows . . .

Look What I Found At Smithey's

Boy's Reversible Coat
Water Repellant - Wind Resistant
Only \$5.65

Boy's Mackinaw
66% WOOL
Only \$9.47

Men's Socks
15% Wool
Only 19c Pair

Children's Leggins
100% Wool
In Blue, Grey, Tan and Wine.
\$4.95

Blankets Indian Design—Deep Nap. \$2.19

Give To Your Community War Fund

Alleghany's Quota Is \$1,850.00

Do Your Part - Do It Today!

Don't think that just because the war has ended that you have finished . . . remember those boys that are still over there . . . and the hungry peoples of the earth who must be clothed and fed . . . remember all these and make your contribution a generous one in this last United War Fund Drive.

SMITHEY'S STORE

SPARTA, "THE PLACE FOR BARGAINS" NORTH CAROLINA

SPARTAN Theatre

SPARTA, N. C.

FRI.-SAT. OCT. 12-13
Matinee Every Sat. 1:15
Charles Starrett
—in—
SAGEBRUSH HEROES
Chapter 8
"Manhunt Mystery Island"
Also Comedy

MON.-TUES. OCT. 15-16
Lana Turner
Laraine Day
—in—
KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY
Latest News

WED.-THURS. OCT. 17-18
Bargain Days
Admission 15c & 20c
Erich Von Stroheim
Mary Beth Hughes
—in—
THE GREAT FLAMARION
Chapter 12
"Monster and the Ape"
Plus Cartoon

Notice: Theater Opens 6:45 P. M. Show Starts 7:00 P. M.