



CHAPTER II

Airline stewardess Sally Alliston arrives at La Guardia field. Dashing First Officer Jimmy Kennedy offers to give her a lift to the city, but she says she already has a date. To his discomfiture she walks over to a limousine, and is driven by a chauffeur to the Jethrup mansion, where her mother is house-keeper. There she meets her mother and Philip Jethrup, who is engaged to a society girl. Philip admits to Sally that he is not happy.

"It was a very nice negligee, dear. Though I must admit that it's a bit too much on the modern side for me."

"Roger will love you in it." "Sally!"

"Mother, stop pretending. You know perfectly well that Roger is simply crazy about you. He's trying to get up enough courage to propose."

"I am sure he is not that stupid, dear. Uncle Roger, as you call him, knows perfectly well that he can never be anything more than good friends."

A little of the buoyancy went out of the girl. "But why not? Mother, I've told you over and over again that you're sacrificing yourself in vain. Grandfather Jethrup would never let Philip marry me. Not in a million years."

"The decision will be Philip's, my dear. And I am confident"

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that he will some day realize that he loves you. I will not make matters difficult by giving him a chauffeur for a father-in-law."

"Mother, did you ever stop to think that I might not be in love with Philip?"

Mrs. Alliston smiled serenely. "It isn't always a question of love, Sally, but of intelligence. Philip is right for you, therefore you must marry Philip."

And still smiling serenely, Mrs. Alliston left to inform the Jethrups that she was now ready to have her party begin. It was a good party despite the little fact that her mother contrived to throw Sally and Philip together whenever an opportunity presented itself. Never had food been tastier, never had company been gayer, and never, never had Grandfather Jethrup told so many interesting stories about the "good old days."

Letting herself into the apartment overlooking Central Park, later, Sally grudgingly admitted to herself that she really liked the old cogder. When she was a child, living with her mother at the Jethrups, she had always been somewhat afraid of Grandfather Jethrup. He had a way of barking at her that especially disturbed her that afternoon he'd overheard Philip telling her about the house he intended to buy for her some day! But he'd mellowed somewhat since then—or was it simply because she had agreed with him, let him have his own way? She shrugged her shoulders, dismissing the whole business as red-headed Helen Stafford came out of the kitchen. Why go into details? Why try to analyze a simple thing like that? She was fond of Grandfather Jethrup and that was that.

The bed sagged as Helen added her weight to it. "Do you think I ought to make a play for Philip?"

"Huh? What happened to your high sense of honor?" "In a way, Mother is right."

what is there ahead but years of working and doing without?" "Mr. Perkins would collapse with horror if he heard you hinting that Comet Airlines doesn't pay enough."

"Oh, I don't mean the salary is too little. I mean doing without luxuries. I'd like to wear a mink coat and have a chauffeur the way other girls do. And Philip could give me those things, and many more, beside."

"I think you really better go to sleep, Sally." Helen was good-humored no longer. "You've had a hard day. You're too tired to wrestle with problems like that."

"What, is this conversation embarrassing you?" Helen hesitated after she had switched off the light. Then surprisingly, she said, "Yes, Sally, it is. I like to believe that all my friends are decent."

"Silly Helen, I was just talking to hear myself talk."

"That's better." Restless, Sally rolled over onto her back and stared at the piece of moon visible through the curtained window in the wall opposite. Philip, Philip Jethrup. No longer a kid to best at games and such, but an important man, a handsome man, a rich man who was unhappy and liked her. Of course, Grandfather Jethrup would be serious opposition, but her mother was right in one respect. Ultimately, the decision would be Philip's to make. A little work on him, a little sympathy when he required it, a little encouragement, a few words of flattery—she could do it, do it as easily as snap her fingers. Wasn't she pretty enough to attract Jimmy Kennedy?

Mike, of course, spotted them the instant they made their appearance on the brick terrace of the cafeteria. He sprang up and bowed very deeply, first to Miss Whoops, then to Sally. His eyes lingered on her as he helped them into seats. "I know, Mike, blue is my best color. But I wouldn't have worn this dress if I hadn't been browbeaten into doing so."

"Miss Whoops, the lunch is on me." "Lunch?" Miss Whoops rose from the table with a twinkle lighting up her face mischievously. "But I've already eaten, Captain White, and I have considerable shopping to do. Please excuse me, Sally, I'll see you again."

Before the girl could stop marveling at the old nurse was tripping briskly away. "Mike, you put her up to it!" He laughed, waving his hand in a gesture of denial. "I did no such thing, Sally. I was surprised when I saw you."

"She thinks we ought to fall in love with one another. You know, I'm slowly but surely getting angry. Mother, and now Miss Whoops. What's wrong with being a bachelor girl?" "Nothing." He picked up the menu and handed it to her as a parakeet scolded raucously. "I suppose you know, though, that Jimmy intends to do something about correcting your present state? He bragged that he was taking you out this evening."

"That was Helen. Sometimes people can become a pain in the neck, Mike." "Including the skipper?" She studied him and smiled.

"What, so far in the rear? Really, Jimmy, do you always have to be a penny-pincher?" "Huh?" He looked at her startled.

"Oh, never mind." She sat down with a little gesture of resignation. "I daresay only Philip knows how to treat a woman right."

"Look, darling, did you ever get a pop in the nose in public?" "Disgraceful," muttered a woman behind them. "I agree with you, madam," Sally announced.

"Treating a nice young woman like that," continued the woman with a look of hearty approval. "I dashed Jimmy. 'Disgraceful!'"

Jimmy chuckled and Sally was very glad that the house lights dimmed at that point. Then she promptly forgot about Jimmy as "The Romantic Blitzkrieg" for whom the show had been named walked out onto the stage. Tall and blonde, with wide, flashing green eyes and the most seductive figure Sally had ever seen—no wonder the papers were filled with talk of her! Drona Moore, the darling of the servicemen of the world, deserved to be the darling of the whole darn universe.

"Holy cow," murmured Jimmy. "And I've been wasting my time with you!" (To Be Continued)

"Of course not. You're one of my favorite people. Quiet, gentle, considerate, courteous. I'll pay for my own lunch, though. There's a limit to courtesy."

"Yet who can tell? Perhaps under this exterior is a man you don't know. A passionate, brutal man who's biding his time. Maybe I'm smart enough to know that you're not ready for romance—yet. Maybe this big brother business is just a clever act."

"Jimmy should take lessons from you, then. He might do better in the long run."

"I never knew that Jimmy wasn't doing all right."

"You heard him yesterday," she said with satisfaction.

"So he wins this evening." "Does he?" she asked, all mischief.

"You mean you're going to turn him down again?" "You bet I am. If there's anything I dislike, it's wolves."

A little declaration which would have surprised Jimmy Kennedy very much had he heard it, because that evening dislike very definitely was not in the kiss she gave him at the door.

Promptly at six-thirty, as he had told the proprietor of the Happy Evening Dine and Dance establishment, he and Sally appeared to claim their table near the dance floor. It was a rather tiny table, which suited him just fine. He took her hand and gave it a squeeze after they'd been seated, all softness now, all suav-ity.

"I'm sorry, Sally." Her eyes widened in astonishment. "Sorry?"

"I really had no business kissing you like that. I don't know what got into me. The old urge to conquer, I guess. You made me a little sore yesterday."

"It served you right. You had no business betting Mike that you could date me."

"Oh, that?" Jimmy's gesture was of the perish-the-thought variety. "I meant your attitude made me sore. After all, I'm not as heartless as you made me out to be. Sure I date girls. Why not? That's natural. Why snap at me for being natural?"

"Look, folks," a husky voice said very sharply, "give me your orders and then have your quarrel."

It was a long meal, and they lingered over it and their final cup of coffee. Jimmy wanted to dance again, but she cut that request of his short with a vengeance. Give him another opportunity to make her feel like two cents? Oh, no. As a matter of fact, this was going to be one evening he would not enjoy. She raised her nose superciliously when they went to the theater, speaking very loudly to embarrass him.

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Directory Of The Church Services

SPARTA BAPTIST CHURCH
Rev. F. G. Walker, Pastor
N. D. Fox, Supt.
Sunday School each Sunday, 9:45.
Church service each Sunday, 11:00.

Young Peoples' Meeting
6:30 each Sunday Evening
MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH
Rev. G. R. Blackburn, Pastor
Sunday School each Sunday at 10:00 a. m.

Church Services:
Mt. Carmel, First Sunday, 11:00 a. m.
Bellview, Second Sunday, 11:00 a. m.
Liberty, Third Sunday, 11:00 a. m.

Chestnut Grove, Fourth Sunday, 11:00 a. m.
SPARTA METHODIST CHURCH
C. R. Allison, Minister
Sunday School each Sun. at 10

Charles R. Roe, Supt.
Church service, 1st & 3rd Sun., 11
Epworth League each Sun. 7:30
Sarah Warren, Pres.

SPARTA CIRCUIT SERVICES
Shiloh, 2nd Sunday at 11 A. M.
Piney Creek, 2nd Sun. at 3 P. M.
Gentry Chapel, 1st Sun. at 2 P. M.
Walnut Branch, 3rd Sun. 3 P. M.

Gox's Chapel, 4th Sun. at 11 A. M.
Potato Creek, 4th Sun. at 3 P. M.
SPARTA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

E. W. Tompson, Minister
Church service 2nd & 4th Sun. 11
Glade Valley, 1st Sun. 11 & 7:15
Glade Valley, 3rd Sun. 11 & 7:15
Rocky Ridge, 2nd Sun. at 3 P. M.

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST CHURCH
Eld. C. B. Kilby - Eld. A. J. Pressnell, Pastors
Church service 3rd Sat. at 2 p. m.
and Sun. at 11 A. M. in each month.

REG. BAPTIST CHURCHES
Little River Ass'n
Big Springs, 2nd. Sat. and Sun.
Double Spring, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Hammark, 4th Sat. and Sun.

Laurel Glen, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Mountain View, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Arat, 4th Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Carmel, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Mt. Olivet, 3rd Sat. and Sun.

New Bethel, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
New Salem, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Pleasant Home, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Prather's Creek, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Roaring Gap, 1st Sat. and Sun.

Saddle Mountain, 4th Sat. and Sun.
South Fork, 4th Sat. and Sun.
UNION BAPTIST CHURCHES
Cherry Lane, 4th Sat. and Sun.

Glade Creek, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Liberty, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Mount Union, 1st Sat. and Sun.
Pleasant Grove, 3rd Sat. and Sun.
Saddle Mt., 3rd Sat. and Sun.

Whitehead, 2nd Sat. and Sun.
Welcome Home 4th Sat. and Sun.

In Memoriam

In sad but loving memory of our dear father and grandfather, who passed away two years ago on May 19, 1944.

Today sad memories come to us, Of one who's gone away. God called our dear father home just two years ago today.

A voice we loved from us is gone, A voice we loved is still. A place is vacant in our hearts, That never can be filled.

Two years have passed since you went away. To be with him on high. Tho, lonely and sad the road each day, We'll meet you by and by.

Our hearts still ache with sorrow, As our eyes dim with tears. Only God knows how we miss you, In the passing of the years.

The time passes slowly, As our hearts long for you. They say time heals a broken heart, But that is so untrue.

We miss your footsteps, your loving smile. Your cheerful voice and grace. We miss you, Dad, but after while, We'll meet you face to face.

We are so lonesome for you, dear Dad, Our hearts are crushed with pain. The pleasures we've had together, Can never come again.

The tender flower we loved so much, God transplanted in his garden above. To blossom inside the Eastern gate, In the sunlight of his love.

For everyone you had a smile, A heart as pure as gold. For those who knew and loved you, Your memory will never grow old.

Written by his daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. Page Wilson, and Miss Wanda Jean Wilson.

Two Ministers Graduate at ASTC

Appalachian State Teachers College, although devoting its energies to teacher training, has attracted other professions into its student body. Two members of the graduating class of 1946 are ministers in active service in the Western North Carolina conference of the Methodist church. They are: Rev. Worth Sweet, of Route 5, Mt. Airy, serving the Ararat charge in the Winston-Salem district. This is considered quite an important assignment. Mr. Sweet is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Sweet of Cornelius, N. C.; Rev. Curtis Murray, of Boone, is serving the Linville Falls charge in the Marion district.

The first week of the 30-cents per bushel bonus for wheat produced only two million bushels for export.

Pleasant Home, 2nd Sat. and Sun. Meadow Creek, 1st Sat. and Sun.
LAUREL SPRINGS BAPTIST CHURCH
Van Miller, Supt.

Sunday School each Sunday at 10 A. M.
Church service 1st Sat. night before 3rd Sun. morn. 8:00 p. m.; 1st Sun. night 8:00 p. m.; 3rd Sun. morn., 11:00 a. m. Rev. F. G. Walker.

OSBORNE MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH
Turkey Knob
Rev. E. B. Barton, Minister
Church service 1st Sat. night 8:00 p. m. and Sunday, 11:00 a. m. and 3rd Sat. night, 8:00 p. M.

In Memoriam

of Wade L. Miller who was killed on Okinawa May 14, 1945

One year ago my blue star turned to gold. When God called my loved son to his fold. Our home is lonely still, Someday we know we'll understand.

Why it should be God's will. Anxiously we waited a letter, Hoping that all was all right. But our Jesus had a purpose, For taking you from the war and strife.

More and more each day we miss you, Friends may think our wound is healed. But few can know the sorrow That lies within our hearts concealed!

The blow was hard, the shock severe. Only those who have lost can tell The pain of parting without farewell.

Some may think we are not lonely When at times they see us smile. But little do they know the heart-aches; We suffer all the while.

Each day things come that we want to tell you, And suddenly we realize with this life you're thru. And yonder in that Heavenly land You are waiting and waving a beckoning hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller and family.

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Frank Tester

The Middles

GEE, SPEED OUT OF THE SPENCER, THE YEARBOOK SMOOTHIE I HAD IT MANN SCHOOL, I FRAMED AND WHERE'D I GOING TO GET IT? HANG IT IN MY BEDROOM.

GOLLY, THERE HE IS NOW!

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