



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.

"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 we 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."

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

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.

Letting herself into the apartment overlooking Central Park, later, Sally grudgingly admitted to herself that she really liked the old codger. When she was a child, living with her mother at the Jethrups, she had always been somewhat afraid of Grandfather Jethrup.

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 meant 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, besides."

"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."

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."

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.

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 sounded 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.

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"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.

"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.

"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 at dashing 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)

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. Cox'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. Presnell, 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. landmark, 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. morning, 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.

OFFICE SUPPLIES We carry a good many of office supply items and can order others that we do not have in stock. This is rendered more as a service. Our prices are low. Letter & Bill Files, with Index CARBON PAPER OF ALL KINDS Typewriter Carbon, 3 sheets, 10c; Box, \$2.00, up Letter Size, \$2.00 Legal Size, \$2.50 TYPEWRITER RIBBONS \$1.00 each ADDING MACHINE ROLLS, 15c MERCHANTS SALES BOOKS Plain, 5c; doz. 50c—Name and Address imprinted. Low Prices! LETTER FILE FOLDERS, box \$1.75 RUBBER STAMPS—RUBBER STAMP PADS LEDGER BOOKS AND LEDGER SHEETS The Alleghany News

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To The Farmers of Alleghany County: Keep On Digging Burls We are in the market for solid and well-trimmed burls. Get the best value for your stools while prices are still high. Call or write: CAROLINA BRIAR CORP. West Jefferson, N. C. Telephone: 127, 129-W TODD DRUG COMPANY West Jefferson, N. C. Telephone: 100-B Carolina Briar Corporation ROCCO CUTREI, President.

For Sale 26 1/2 acres land adjoining the A. V. Choate dairy farm and Reid Fender property on Rt. 2, Sparta. 4 Room House with Electricity. Good barn, other out buildings. Price \$1,600.00 Also: 1 '34 Chevrolet Truck and 1 Wood Saw. Frank Tester

The Middles GEE, SPEED OUT OF THE SPENCER, THE SMOOTHEST I HAD IT MANN SCHOOL, I FRAMED AND WHERE'D I'M GOING TO GET IT? HANG IT IN MY BEDROOM. GOLLY, THERE HE IS NOW! HELLO, SPEED! WELL, WELL, THE RUSTY HEN! H'YLIH SPOOK! HMM—STILL GOIN' T' HANG IT IN YOUR BEDROOM? YES!

By Bob Karp 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.

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