Stewart Says: Be Glad That You Don't Live In Capital

By CHARLES P. STEWART
(Central Press Columnist)

Washington, June 17.—Washington, according to Secretary Harry Walker of the Maryland Retail Grocer's Organization, is going, if not to the national asylum, to the city lunatic asylum, to be managed and run by its own inmates.

It, by its own mayor, Henry refers to the city's government, if any, he does not [illegible] at that. Heavens above! This town is the place [illegible] socially elected officials [illegible] over the country. [illegible] locally [illegible]. A warm welcome [illegible] Podunk [illegible] who [illegible] Washington [illegible] on the [illegible] THEY [illegible] numbers [illegible] them. Why [illegible] yowling [illegible] to Portland [illegible] on down by Mt. [illegible] Seattle [illegible] ward to San Diego [illegible] intermediate [illegible] and diagonal points. A [illegible] they stand [illegible] on such a [illegible] of a [illegible].

Now, [illegible] is serious [illegible]. Washington [illegible] dictions, [illegible] occasions.

Doubled in Size

New [illegible] Washington [illegible] degrees [illegible] but [illegible] crowded [illegible] tied in [illegible] sais doesn't [illegible] growth like [illegible] census [illegible] Now, [illegible] horrible.

To say that folk live in shacks doesn't express it. They live several families in a shack. They haven't toilet accommodations—not only no baths, no anything else.

The health authorities are scared.

But THEY can't dictate. To a [illegible] appeal to CONGRESS—and Congress, as [illegible] remodeled, is [illegible] Seattle, Portland [illegible] San Diego et cetera. And what do THEY care about the [illegible]?

A few [illegible] are already. They're aroused that while legislators THEY [illegible] some of the gravy. Generally, though, they're [illegible] and resented [illegible] "Oh, they can beat it, let them run their [illegible] surroundings."

[illegible] There [illegible] could run any [illegible] city [illegible] a [illegible]—but we've plenty [illegible] over it we conceive it. The [illegible] has been wildly [illegible] Possibly all this's part [illegible] exaggeration. It concentrates [illegible] Washington though.

And again. It's surrounded at [illegible] Eastern Officer [illegible] that we're an outright [illegible] It's reformed but the [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] being represented [illegible] the big to provide storage [illegible] and [illegible] supply.

Hard to Correct

[illegible] Dies [illegible] and everything else.

[illegible] Washington [illegible] mess.

If you're a Washington old-timer and you have business to transact with an old-time Washington agency, that you're acquainted with, you can do it.

But if it's a new, emergency agency—Heaven help you.

The agencies that tell you where to go to see the RIGHT agency, have got it on any governmental agency ever invented heretofore.

The thing was completely itself in 1914-18.

The suppressedly informative officers now, not the [illegible] in [illegible], they're impossible.

The [illegible] you investigate the less you know.

Britain Ambassador Lord Halifax has on his desk a motto that covers the ground—

More people know less, don't more things than ever before in history."

RATION VIOLATORS LOSE GAS SUPPLIES

Washington, June 17.—(AP)—The Office of Price Administration took drastic action yesterday to halt what it described as improper gasoline sales by stopping deliveries to 14 filling stations in the New York and Philadelphia areas.

The stations were accused of selling gas without requiring ration cards. OPA officials disclosed that 2,000 OPA workers and volunteer citizens had made the "spot checks" which resulted in the suspensions, and said that this system would be used throughout the 17-State Eastern rationing area.

The so-called "decoy" motorists, who drive into filling stations without ration cards and attempt to buy gasoline, undoubtedly will be continued after July 15, when the permanent program goes into effect, officials added.

Forty-one railroads enter the city of Chicago and represent 40 per cent of the mileage in the United States.

Romance Thumbs a Ride

by ALLEN EPPES

RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

SYNOPSIS

DIAN WESTON, attractive Ardendale girl, is jilted, and her aunt,

MISS MARTHA WESTON, tries to persuade her to marry.

JEROME CARR, a local banker, Dian claims that it would be more appropriate for her aunt to marry him.

* * *

YESTERDAY: Dian decides to get away from it all by going out to the farm left her by her grandfather. Seeing a car that she thinks belongs to a friend, she unhesitatingly throws a shoe at it when it doesn't stop.

CHAPTER THREE

DIAN CAUGHT her breath, her heart in her throat. And then, when she saw that there wasn't going to be a wreck after all, she slammed shut the suitcase, picked it up, and ran down the walk for all she was worth.

She was sorry she had hurt Joe—and apparently the shoe had hit him on the back of the head—but there was no time to lose. Making him stop had been absolutely necessary. She simply had to get away before Aunt Martha returned. Aunt Martha was a determined person, and there would be a scene and arguments. And she was sick of arguments—of going around and around in circles saying the same things over and over, and getting nowhere at all. Even as she ran out into the street with the suitcase, Dian knew that she would have to deal with her Aunt Martha sooner or later, but she was in no mood for that sort of thing now.

The farm was calling! The farm—peace—quiet—a chance to think calmly and sanely. And she had to get out there as quickly as possible. Everything was set! Here was good old Joe Algood and his roadster. She hoped she hadn't hurt him so badly he couldn't drive. But even so—she could drive.

She dashed across the street and stopped, breathless, beside the car she had forced to come to a standstill—almost nudging the bark of the large elm tree.

"Joe Algood!" she cried. "Why on earth didn't you stop when I calls?"

The man in the car groaned. He was bent over, one hand pressed against the back of his head.

"Oh, did I hurt you that badly?" Dian cried solicitously.

"Did you?" said the man in the roadster. "What in the devil happened, anyway?"

"I—I—hit you with my shoe," said Dian.

"What?"

The man straightened up and saw Dian. He gasped. So did Dian. The man in the roadster was a total stranger. Dian had never in all her life seen him before.

It took some seconds for either Dian or the man to recover sufficiently from the shock to speak coherently. The man was the first to locate his voice.

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me you deliberately hit me?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Dian meekly. "I'm terribly sorry."

"You should be!" the man snapped. "Do you realize you nearly wrecked my car? I let go the wheel to grab my head, and all but hit this tree."

"Well, I said I was sorry, didn't I?" said Dian crossly.

"A lot of good that does!" The young man got out of the car and walked about looking it over. "A few inches farther and I'd be hanging up on one of the limbs of the tree," he said. He faced Dian, frowning. "Driving along—minding my own business—and some darn-fool girl starts throwing shoes. What's the big idea, anyway?"

The man in the car groaned. He was bent over, one hand against his head.

"I thought you were Joe Algood," said Dian.

"Who in heck's Joe Algood?"

"A friend of mine. Your roadster and his are exactly alike."

"Well, do Joe Algood and I look alike?"

"No, you don't. Joe's dark, and—"

"So am I."

"But Joe wouldn't be thinking about his old head and his old car, if I'd hit him."

"Just what would he be thinking about?"

"About me. He'd be wondering if I was in some sort of trouble."

"Oh! Say, I never thought of that. Are you in some sort of trouble?"

"Yes, I am," said Dian, glancing toward the house. "Have you plenty of gas?"

"Plenty. Had the tank filled this afternoon. I was on my way to New York."

"Oh, fine!" Dian smiled. "I mean—about the gas." She leaned close to the young man, appeal in her eyes and voice. "You WILL take me with you, won't you?"

The young man caught his breath. "You mean — to — New York?"

"Oh, no," said Dian. "Just out to the farm. I'm running away."

The man eyed her suspiciously. "Running away from what?" he wanted to know.

"Please don't ask questions," Dian begged. "I'll tell you all about it later. I've got to get away at once—right now. It's only a few miles out to grandfather's. It won't take you long, and then you can go on to where you were going when I stopped you."

"Okay!" The young man shrugged. "Hop in. As a matter of fact, I'm running away myself."

"Oh!" said Dian. For a moment she was panicky. Suppose the man was an escaped criminal or something of the sort. Or suppose— But she couldn't back out now—not after she had begged the man to take her, and he had consented. She swallowed hard, and said: "Maybe I—I—I'd better not inconvenience you."

"It's quite all right," said the young man. "I'm not a Bluebeard—or a gangster—so don't be frightened."

"T-h-thanks," said Dian, and got into the car. Then when the suitcase was tucked at her feet, and the owner of the car was sitting beside her, she said, "You'll never know what a good deed you are doing."

The young man grinned. "Just a hangover from my boy scout days," he said. "I'm miserable until I've done my daily good deed. . . . What direction? North—south—east—or west?"

"Straight ahead," said Dian. "I'll give you directions as we go along." She watched her companion release the brake, and saw what a grand profile he had, and the kind look about his mouth. If he was some sort of escaped criminal, she thought, then criminals certainly did come looking like Hollywood leading men. "Do you always turn up at the psychological moment like this, Mr—"

"Rollins is the name—William James Rollins. But of course most people call me Bill. You can call me that also, since it's silly to be formal with a man you're running away with."

"Oh, but I'm not running away with you!" Dian said.

"Then I don't know what you call it, Miss—"

"Weston—Dian Weston," said Dian. Then, determined to act as though she hadn't a fear in the world, she said, "Lots of people call me Di—but I loathe it."

"So do I," said Bill Rollins. "Hello, Dian!"

"Hello, Bill! They both laughed, and Dian said: "Can't you go faster?"

"Sure!" said Bill. "Much faster. This boat can do ninety if urged."

"Sixty will do," said Dian.

Bill pressed his toe down upon the accelerator. "You asked for it!" he said.

(To Be Continued)

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DIAN WESTON, attractive Ardendale girl, is jilted, and her aunt,

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* * *

YESTERDAY: Dian discovers that the stranger with whom she more or less accidentally got a ride to the farm is Bill Rollins.

CHAPTER FOUR

DIAN JERKED off her perky little hat and let the wind blow through her silver-blond hair. How nice to be out in the open like this. Heaven alone knew what she would have to face later on, but just now that didn't matter. Nothing mattered really but that she had at last escaped a house that had grown extremely unpleasant. She stole another look at the man beside her. Fetchingly tanned, he was. Thick dark hair, something like Robert Taylor's, only no widow's peak. Practically everything a girl could ask for, so far as looks were concerned. But you never could tell by appearances. Again she felt that sense of fear—being off in the country with a perfectly strange man, and one who was running away from something he didn't want to talk about. Or anyway, he hadn't talked about it.

"To save me," he said, breaking the silence between them, "I can't imagine why a girl like you should be in such a hurry to get to a farm."

"I like it there," said Dian. "I mean, I like to get out there to think things out. Didn't you ever have a problem you had to work out all by yourself?"

"Did I?" Bill said. "If you'll pardon me, I've got a devil of a problem right now."

That Dian believed, was what he was running away from. She was dying to ask him right out to tell her about it. But she didn't. She sat perfectly still, hoping and praying the man would go on—would open up and talk about himself. And when he didn't, she decided to do some talking herself.

"I suppose everyone in the world has a problem sooner or later," she said.

"Doubtless," said Rollins. "Well, for one thing, I'm hungry. And believe me, I certainly could do with a little of your much-talked-about southern hospitality. After what happened tonight, I'm about convinced there isn't any such thing."

Dian gave him a quick look.

"My goodness!" she said. "You do sound upset."

"I am," said Bill. "When a man drives all the way from New York to—" He stopped, shrugged, and said: "Oh, forget it."

"Go on," Dian urged, "what happened?"

Bill didn't reply at once. He stared straight ahead, a deep furrow between his brows.

"Pardon me," said Dian softly. "I didn't mean to sound curious, or anything like that."

"Oh, that's all right," said Bill. "Forgive me for sounding so peeved. But being jilted is no fun."

"What?" Dian gasped.

"Jilted. I've been jilted."

"Well, for—heaven's sake."

"Jilted by one of your Scarlett O'Haras," Bill went on. "It happened just before you hit me with the shoe."

Dian tried to think of something to say, but all she could do was laugh.

"What's so funny about being jilted?" Bill demanded.

"The—the coincidence of it," said Dian.

"What are you talking about?"

"You—me," said Dian. "I'VE just been jilted, also."

"You—jilted?"

"Yes," said Dian. "By one of our local Rhett Butlers."

For a moment or two it looked as though Bill were going to drive the roadster into a ditch. But he got hold of it and himself presently.

"Why in heck would a man jilt a swell girl like you?" he asked.

"More coincidence," said Dian. "I was wondering why a girl would jilt a nice man like you."

"Her old sweetheart came back," said Bill.

"The man who jilted me found a new sweetheart," said Dian.

"It was off with the new love and on with the old," Bill said. "At least Claire was original in that respect."

"Claire," said Dian. "You don't mean Claire Lester, do you?"

"I certainly do," said Bill. "Do you know her?"

"We were brought up in Ardendale together. She's been up in New York for some time." Dian was thoughtful. "She got back a few weeks ago, and there's been some talk of her having posed for an artist."

"She did," said Bill. "I'm the artist." He slowed the car down to make talking easier. "I asked her to pose for a story I was illustrating, and she consented. Result? I fell in love, asked her to marry me, and she said yes. So down I come to get her—the beautiful and desirable southern belle; and what do I get? The gate, no less!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Dian, and meant it. "Was the old sweetheart's name Paul Peters?"

"Yes. Do you know him too?"

"Yes. Paul, Claire and I all went to the same public school." Dian wanted to add that Claire was as fickle as she was beautiful, and spoilt like nobody's business. But there was no need going in for gossip. "Paul's been after Claire to marry him ever since they were in their 'teens."

"Well, he's won out at last," said Bill. "Claire said he'd come back unexpectedly today—and that they discovered they really loved each other." He shrugged. "So maybe you can imagine how I feel about going back to New York without my bride. And after all the big talking I did over winning the most beautiful girl south of the Mason and Dixon line."

"I CAN imagine," said Dian. "Perhaps you've forgotten—but a moment ago I told you that I'd been jilted also."

"No, I haven't forgotten," said Bill. "And forgive me for being so wrapped up in my own jilting." He glanced at Dian, discovered that she was extremely easy to look at, and smiled. "The man who'd jilt a girl like you ought to have his neck wrung. What was the matter with him—feeble-minded?"

"No," said Dian. "Moonlight—a ship returning from South America—and a New York glamor girl. Engagement, and the home-town paper playing it up." She sighed. "So here I am, on my way to a lonely farm where I shall plan my future life."

"You poor kid!"

"Oh, it's not as bad as that. Fred was a nice enough chap, but maybe he was right—about the propinquity."

"Then you're not — er — heart-broken?"

Dian shook her head. "No, only sort of mixed up," she said. "How's YOUR heart?"

"Beating," said Bill, "and rather normally." He stared at the road ahead, a thoughtful expression on his face. "Claire looked like a million dollars in my studio, and I built a lot of dreams around her. But down here—well, she somehow or other seems a little flighty."

Dian smiled to herself, glad to know that Bill Rollins wasn't going to be too miserable—glad that he had begun to discover what Claire was really like.

(To Be Continued)

Schaub Urges Rubber Drive

College Station, Raleigh, June 17.—Dean I. O. Schaub, director of the State College Extension Service, today called upon county farm and home agents to enlist the support of neighborhood leaders, and home demonstration and 4-H members, for the scrap rubber collection campaign during the next two weeks. He predicted success in North Carolina's campaign if the the 28,000 neighborhood leaders, 45,000 home demonstration members, and 90,000 4-H club members get solidly behind the rubber collection drive.

In his message to the Extension county farm and home agents, the State College leader said: "Give your full cooperation to this campaign. Your job is to aid in getting the message to every individual and urge them to take scrap rubber to their nearest filling station. If necessary, side-track other activities and the last family on the deadend road is contacted. If the people are asked, I am confident they will deliver the rubber." *

N. C. FARMERS LEAD REGION IN AAA PAY

North Carolina farmers made the greatest increase in percentage of maximum soil building earnings under the 1941 agricultural conservation program of any state in the east central region, acting Director of Extension Clyde T. Ellis, state AAA executive officer, said today.

For the region as a whole, the report showed, the earnings increased from about 71 percent of the maximum in 1940 to almost 85 percent in the 1941 program. Of the states and counties, 93 showed a higher percentage of earnings.

Mr. Flora said these payments under the 1941 program amounted to approximately $4,200,000 with about 215,045 farmers operating almost 95 percent of the [illegible] land taking part in the program.

ANOTHER LEXINGTON TO BE LAUNCHED SOON

Washington, June 17.—(AP)—The Navy announced today that another "Lexington" will be launched shortly to replace the carrier destroyed in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

The new vessel, now under construction at the Fore River Plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company at Quincy, Mass., has been scheduled for commissioning as the USS Cabot, the Navy said. But the name was changed, a spokesman explained, after 23,000 workers at the shipyards requested that she be christened the Lexington to "thunder destruction on the enemies of the United States."

TO ARMY

Oxford, June 17.—M. R. Vickers, who has been athletic director at the Oxford high school for 11 years, and Marion W. Rogers, a teller at the Union National Bank for several years, were among Granville county men to go to Fort Bragg for induction into the Army on Monday.

Some time ago, they volunteered and stood examination to enter the Officers Training School and were accepted. However, they will have to go through a three months training period in the Army prior to their entering the Officers Training school.

HERE'S HOW TO APPLY FOR A NEW 1942 OLDSMOBILE

-UNDER NEW LIBERALIZED RATIONING RULES

① ARE YOU ENGAGED IN ESSENTIAL WORK, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH THE WAR EFFORT?

If so, see if you can answer "YES" to any one of these questions -

They are the questions the OPA has recommended that Rationing Boards ask to determine whether applicants actually need new cars. Does any one of these questions apply to you?

1 Is it necessary that you travel quickly in connection with your work, and would you be better able to do so by automobile than by any other available transportation?

2 Do you ever have to transport passengers, or heavy or bulky tools or materials, in connection with your work?

3 Does it take you one and a half hours or more a day to go to and from your work without an automobile, and could you save at least forty-five minutes with one?

4 Do you have to walk at least 3 miles in going to and from work without a car?

5 Is your work arduous, or are your hours unusually long, or do you have to work late at night?

6 Are the local transportation services you would have to use to get to work, overcrowded?

7 Is your physical condition such that it would be a hardship for you to walk to work or use public transportation facilities?

8 Can you show that you clearly need an automobile because of other unusual circumstances?

If you can answer "Yes" to any *one* of these, that should be enough to prove your need for a new car. See "2" below.

SEE YOUR OLDSMOBILE DEALER You place yourself under no obligation whatever, when you let your Oldsmobile dealer help you apply for a Purchase Certificate.

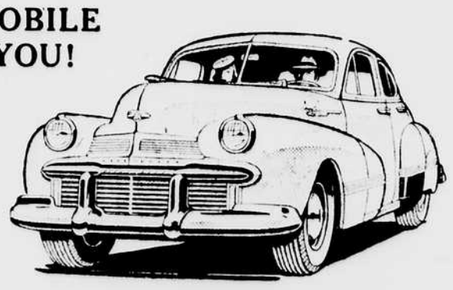
LET HIM FILL OUT YOUR APPLICATION Oldsmobile dealers have made a thorough study of rationing regulations. They know how to word your application *correctly.*

GO WITH HIM TO THE RATIONING BOARD Through his knowledge of Rationing rules, your Olds dealer is able to answer questions that come up.

DRIVE AWAY IN A BRAND NEW 1942 OLDSMOBILE. There need be no delays. Your new car Purchase Certificate will entitle you to own a brand new Oldsmobile without delay.

IT'S EASY WITH YOUR OLDSMOBILE DEALER TO HELP YOU!

And just think—what a fortunate position you'll be in, owning a new 1942 Oldsmobile. Brand new set of tires! Fresh new battery! New Econo-Master Engine to give you top-flight gasoline mileage! And remember—your Olds dealer makes new car-buying easy with trade-ins and terms on a liberal basis. So, come on in today!



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