

RIVAL TO MY HEART by Ann Pinchot

© BY AUTHOR; DISTRIBUTED BY KING FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
Lucienne was waiting in the Palm Room, sitting at a window table, sipping her cherry. She wore a black woolen frock, exquisitely cut to bring out the best features of her slender body. She had a black choker on her golden head, tipped at a rakish angle, and a short mink cape over her shoulders.

"My dear," Gail said, as she sat down opposite her. "You already look like the smartest young lady in town."

Compared to Lucienne, Gail felt rather middle-aged and dowdy, suddenly conscious of the unfashionable length of her brown tweed skirt which she'd meant to have short-trimmed. She pulled down the cuffs of her bottle-green silk shirt. "I suppose you've all been rushed to death, getting ready for the wedding?"

Lucienne looked down at the diamond ring on her left hand. "We certainly have been! Of course, Agnes insists everything is under control, but there are still a million things to do! Look at this!" She took out a long list from her black sash bag. "I have to go to the florist to decide on my bouquet. Then the Vogue Shop is redoing my veil—it was my own mother's, you know. And my going-away suit isn't finished. Do you think a light green too summery?"

"I don't think so," Gail said amusedly. "You'll wear it under a fur coat, won't you?"

"Yes, daddy is giving me a new Persian lamb." Lucienne smiled impishly. "Agnes says I'm too young for Persian—but she said the same thing about this mink cape."

They ate their lunch; bouillon, sole, green salad and fruit compote. For once, Lucienne paid little attention to the food. She was too busy chatting.

"Mr. Niles is giving Ralph a fortnight's vacation—even though they're short of doctors at the hospital. So we're going to have a real honeymoon! We've made reservations for a ranch out in Tucson. The season hasn't really begun out there, so it'll be almost deserted. Father is sending me seats on a plane, he can get almost anything, even with the war on! Gosh, it's going to be wonderful for Ralph! He'll learn to ride—"

"Oh, doesn't he ride?"

Lucienne missed the sardonic note in Gail's voice. "No," she replied. "Ralph has worked so hard, you know. He's never had time for any fun!"

After lunch, Gail accompanied Lucienne on a shopping expedition. Other brides—war brides—might be planning simple weddings, receiving practical gifts. But not Lucienne. . . . Finally Lucienne said,

"Let's run down to the factory a minute. I want to see daddy." They were stopped at the gate of the Thayer Jellie plant, but the guard let them through after recognizing Lucienne, and after cautioning them: "No smoking, please. They're putting in storage drums near the new wing."

They were shown to Howard's office. "Mr. Thayer is in the plant. He'll be back in a few minutes," his secretary said.

Howard Thayer came in soon, a shy, pleased smile on his gray face. Lucienne jumped up and kissed him heartily. She went on talking about her plans, and he sat in his chair, beaming at her.

When Lucienne paused for breath, Gail said, "Howard, is it possible to get a report on one of your men?"

"I think so," he answered, "Which one?"

"A young fellow by the name of John Sermalino. As a matter of fact, I got you to give him a job."

"Anything wrong with him?"

"A lot of things," she said gravely, "but I don't know whether anything can be done about it."

The report told her that Johnny was a pretty good worker, but was given to sudden moods, and insolent to his superiors. He had twice been reprimanded for smoking. There was nothing about his physical condition.

"I'm interested in his child," Gail explained. "His wife is working here too, now, and the little girl is neglected."

Normally, Howard would have said, "Is there something I can do?" But his mind was on something else. For, as they got up to leave, he beckoned Gail to stay, while Lucienne went into the outer office to phone.

"It is rather fortunate that you dropped in," Howard said. "I had been planning to call you."

She was filled with premature fear. "What about?"

His face flushed with color. "It's about your position as Health Officer in Springdale. You see the Women's Club has been discussing it, and they are—well, of the opinion that a man would be more suited for the job. I'm very sorry, Gail."

She stared at him, numbly. All of her fine ideas, the Milk Fund, the Day Nursery, the Playgrounds, gone. It couldn't be true. They couldn't take away her last bulwark!

There was nothing left for her in Beauchamp. She was no better off than Lily Lanahan. Except that she had Burke Gentry.

Burke was working hard. He expected to be called up any day and he wanted his affairs in order. He had been commissioned a captain and, though his mother asserted she

was proud of her brave son, she was often in hysterics. So Burke felt it his duty to stay at home and comfort her.

Gail hadn't seen him for three days. But early Saturday morning, she got a call from him.

"Gail," his voice was tense, but excited. "I've got my orders. I'm due in Louisiana, Fort Martin, Monday morning!"

"Monday morning?"

"That means I've only today to get ready. I'll have to shove off tonight. Gail, I'll be over at noon!"

She was in the kitchen with Katie when he turned up. He sat on a kitchen stool and ate a cookie and drank a glass of milk, and talked.

"I've had a heck of a time with the tailor. My uniforms weren't supposed to be finished until Tuesday, but I made them step on it!"

Watching him, Gail was reminded of a small boy on his way to summer camp. He was really looking forward to Army life. It meant a respite from business cares, from a loving and nagging mother and—from Gail!

No, that was unfair. For now he motioned Gail to the sitting room, away from Katie's curious ears.

"I called the Commissioner before I came over here," he said. "The license will be ready. We'll get married this afternoon."

Married! Gail and Burke to be married this afternoon.

She moved away from his arms to the window. She looked out into the dead garden.

Married. . . . She turned around. "Oh, Burke—" she cried.

At ten o'clock that evening, Union Station was not crowded. As Gail came in she saw Burke immediately standing at the Information Desk, handsome and impressive in his new uniform. Beside him, his mother seemed shorter, plumper, and more helpless than ever. . . .

Gail piled her load of magazines and a box of cookies into his arms. "I don't know whether it is the correct thing—sending a curtain off with a box of cookies, but Katie insisted—"

"Why you never eat them at home, Burke—" his mother said reproachfully. "Nora'd be delighted to bake anything you like. I'll mail you some things on Monday—"

"Take it easy, mother," he begged.

"I'll miss you so," she went on. She was holding on to his arm, and a magazine fell down, cluding his grasp. Gail picked it up and said embarrassedly, "I'm afraid I got just about every magazine on the stand. You'll never finish them before you get to camp."

(To be continued)

THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office)



ETTA KETT



THE GUMPS—THE CAVEMAN QUARTETTE



Meet Predicaments With God, Urges Rev. Mr. McInnis

"Meeting Life's Predicaments" was the subject of the sermon at the First Presbyterian church Sunday morning. The sermon was based on the miracle of the feeding of the 5000 as recorded by St. John in the sixth chapter of his gospel.

"Predicament," the minister said, "is a part and parcel of life. They are among life's inescapables. Some of us find the early disciples of our master found this to be true as, for instance, when they found themselves faced by a multitude of hungry people and no food with which to feed them. So do we more than often find ourselves caught up in the midst of some demanding dilemma. The all important and determining thing, however, is not the fact that predicaments are inescapable, but how we react to them and how we meet them."

"Some do little or nothing more than reemphasize over and over again the predicament they find themselves in. When one is in trouble it is a good thing to talk it out with some one whom he knows and loves and trusts. It is a psychologically good. It has a therapeutic value, but to go around talking to everybody about your troubles and pains and sorrows, is only making yourself very unpopular. It is, as a matter of fact, nothing more than pure selfishness."

"Again there are those who, when life takes some sudden turn, take inventory of what they have to meet the unexpected dilemma with, find that it is very small, and immediately jump to the conclusion that all is hopeless and helpless. Philip is an illustration of this type of person. He said to Jesus after surveying the difficulty at hand, 'There is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two fishes.'"

"We might well wish he had stopped there, but he didn't. He had to show the poverty of his faith by asking one little question. 'But what,' he asked, 'are these among so many?' He believed that 'meat' resources were too small to meet their emergency. That, more than often, is our trouble."

"But their eyes were opened, and when they were, what did they see? Well, they saw for one thing that Jesus had a plan. He knew beforehand how to meet the emergency. All of which goes to show that no matter how untowered circumstances may be, everything is in the will and plan of God."

"And, finally, they were made to see that the solution of their difficulty lay not so much in their own resources but in their willingness to submit what they had to Christ. If we are but willing to give ourselves to him fully and completely, he will work for us as he did for those in the long ago—a miracle."

W. S. C. S. In May Meeting Monday

The May meeting of the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the First Methodist church was held

Monday afternoon at the church with Mrs. G. R. Allen, presiding.

Circle No. 4 was in charge of the program with Mrs. J. T. Dickson as leader, the topic for the afternoon being, "At the Door of Our Home." The hymn, "Living for Jesus," opened the worship service, followed by prayers for the broken families of the world and for all kinsmen. A talk on "Sanctity of the Christian Home," by Mrs. J. C. Mann, brought the program to a close.

During the business session, it was decided to change the hour of the meeting to four o'clock for the remainder of the summer. A prayer by Mrs. C. L. Finch concluded the meeting.

Draft Board Asks Correct Address Two Registrants

The local Selective Service Board today requested 100 of their registrants to report to the board, giving their new addresses. Mail to the two registrants has been returned and the board would like to get the correct addresses.

The two registrants are Clarence Williams Jones, colored, whose last address was given as Route One, Box 76, Kittrell; and John Williams, colored, whose last address is Route Five, Henderson, care of K. R. Twitty.

Cpl. John Davis In 8th Air Force Communications

An Eighth Air Force Liberator Station, England.—(By Mail)—Corporal John M. Davis, of Henderson, North Carolina, is one of the key communications men in the veteran 93rd Bombardment Group who operate and maintain the intricate tele-type system which links this B-24 Liberator station with Eighth Air Force and other higher headquarters.

Twenty-four hours a day, orders dispatching Liberators over Germany, battle reports from this airfield and vital intelligence data pass back and forth across teletype lines.

Before entering the Army in July, 1942, Cpl. Davis was a carpenter employed by Edwards and Morris, in Henderson. He arrived in the European theatre of operations in December, 1942, and joined the 93rd in August, 1944. His father, B. M. Davis, lives at 821 North William street, Henderson.

The 93rd Bombardment Group, oldest Liberator unit in the Eighth Air Force, is commanded by Lt. Col. Thomas D. Brown, of Plant City, Florida. It is a part of Maj. Gen. William E. Kepner's 2nd Air Division.

Even before Allied ground forces launched their invasion of North Africa, Liberators of the 93rd were hitting the enemy from the air. The group's bombers have attacked Nazi targets from Oslo, Norway, to the Ploesti oilfield area in Rumania, bombing the latter in the historic, low-level assault of August 1, 1943.

First Period Ten Scores Biggest Win In Softball

Scoring the biggest win of the softball tournament in progress at Henderson high school, first period boys yesterday took the fourth period for a loss of 29-1.

"Boyz" Robinson came in for the only run made by the fourth period team, scoring it in the sixth inning. All ten of the first period team scored runs.

The tournament is now moving up to the finals, with first period meeting fifth period tomorrow. A double elimination system has been used and the game tomorrow will determine whether fifth period will be the boys' champions or whether they must meet first period again.

In a game last week, fifth period won over first period 7-6 and the game tomorrow will be a close contest.

Girls softball teams will play today, but they have not moved as near the finals because bad weather has prevented their playing several games.

WEST END TEAM DEFEATS CLARKE

West End baseball team defeated Clarke street 4-1 in a game played yesterday at West End school.

Battery for Clarke street was Mullins and Guppen and for West End, Young and Scott.

Hal Bissett was umpire for the game.

LANE NEHI BOTTLING CO. Henderson, N. C.

THE OLD HOME TOWN



SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK



BARCLAY ON BRIDGE

PSYCHING FOR A LEAD
MAKING a third-hand psychic bid, of a suit in which you are blank, may have a double objective. Its primary purpose, of course, when your own holding is weak, is to obstruct the opponents and complicate their job of getting into the right declaration. If they wind up in the best spot, however, and it happens to be some other suit, a double by you will virtually compel a thinking partner to lead the suit you had psyched, enabling you to get a trick by ruffing.

East doubling the 6-Diamonds, and West was certain his partner was counting on a spade lead. He led the 5 of the suit. East ruffed and the heart K beat the contract.

South said after the hand that his redouble was a more or less frantic effort to try to make West think he did not fear a spade lead, but the try was worse than futile. All it accomplished was to increase the score made by his opponents.

Another of South's observations was that he considered taking out the double of 6-Diamonds into 6-Spades, so that a ruff of the opening trick would be impossible. North said he thought of that, too, but was afraid to try it with only two spades; if he had held one more, he might have done it, because he, too, saw through East's scheme to get a ruff. It would have done the side no good, however, with West holding five spades to the 10-9.

Tomorrow's Problem
Dealer: West, North-South vulnerable.
♠ AK3
♥ 75
♦ AJ5
♣ AJ1054

West 1 North 1 East South
Pass 1♥ 1♠ Dbl
Pass 2♥ 2♠ 2♦
Pass 2♥ 3♠ 3NT
Pass 4♥ 5♠ 5NT
Pass 6♦ Dbl Rdbl

South's double of the 1-Spade bid made it clear as a bell to West, with his five spades, that his partner, a wily strategist, had perpetrated a psychic bid of the suit, and the situation was confirmed when East then took himself out into his escape suit of clubs.

Add to that the final fact of what is the best bidding of this deal?

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.