

The Journey Home

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by ZELDA POPKIN

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX
DON WAS rubbing his thumbs, rubbing them hard, as though this time he meant to rip flesh from the bones.

For a long while, she just sat and stared until she could stand it no longer: "Stop that!" she cried. "I can't bear what you're doing." She covered her eyes. Through her muffling sleeve, once more she begged: "Oh, please stop."

"You wanted it, baby. A story to tell the MPs and their friends at bars. I met a war hero on the Florida train. He told me what it was like to bomb cities." She had started to cry. She was shaking all over with big wrenching sobs.

His insides were clenching so terribly that he saw only a blur of raspberry and gold. It took minutes before he became aware of how bitterly she was weeping and at first he was startled, then baffled and then he felt sorry for her and remorseful that he had hurt someone he'd liked. He inched slowly toward her until he could smell the Chanel Number Five. His arms went around her small, quivering body.

She snuggled against him, her head on the blue of the Unit Citation. He kissed her lips. She lay passive, not responding or rejecting. He bent down again. His hand moved over her shoulder. His fingertips sank into softness. His whole body tingled, every nerve pushing, demanding. He turned her to him and crushed her mouth with his own.

Dr. Peck fell in with Corbett on the platform of the Savannah train shed, his arthritic limp not quite in step with the airman's long stride. "Have a good afternoon?" he inquired socially.

newspaper chain might have meant something. Now it was merely intrusion. Like the talkative presence of the stocky, spectacled man shuffling beside him.

"Big shots on this train." The doctor panted a little with the effort of keeping step. "Ordinarily they give me the pip. But when they let their hair down, I get a great kick out of listening to them. Learned how America's thinking—or isn't. He caught Corbett's arm at the elbow. "Not so fast, if you please. This is no way to get to New York." He chortled.

"They've certainly fought a rough war from those Florida cabins. Their hindsight is staggering." Corbett yanked his arm free, pulled out his ill-fated cigarette package, removed the last smoke, crushed the wrapping and hurled it away.

"The doctor kept still, watching his face while he took the first puff. Then he asked: "Have you had your dinner?" Corbett growled: "No."

"Then, why not? Make a dash for the diner." Dr. Peck stopped under a bulb, pulled out a round platinum watch, snapped its case open, held it up to the light. "I'm probably the last man in the country who uses a turnip." He whistled. "Ten minutes to eight. We're more than an hour and a quarter off schedule. Might make up some time overnight." He put the watch back in his vest pocket. "They may still be serving. Why don't you try?"

growled: "Maybe. I'd better go on." Dr. Peck held his arm. "I wouldn't. Get all the fresh air you can." He paused, catching his breath. "My, do you realize before we wake up, they'll be turning aside to avoid bumping into a crouching figure. A man was bent double along the side of the wheels. "What's that for, do you know?"

Corbett struggled. Dr. Peck tapped the man on the shoulder. A brown, tired face turned up. "Cap, what do they call what you're doing?" "Cheekin' jujunai boxes." "Is that so?" The doctor laughed. "I know just as much as I did."

The man grunted: "Grease on the axles. Can't run 'thout it." "True enough." The doctor moved on. "Have you ever thought—his manner was reflective—how much were at the mercy of human capacity. All these lives on this train—on one man's too tired or too careless—" He stopped, glanced at Corbett's grim profile and took a fresh tack. "Say, I sat with an odd little fellow at dinner. One of those queer characters you don't often meet. Ducks horses, makes a profession of following the races. You'd have found him amusing."

"I've got money. I just am not hungry." It sounded ungracious, he knew, but even the heat of them couldn't get over the notion that a serviceman always expected a handout.

Dr. Peck cleared his throat as though he had read Corbett's thoughts. "But you'll be hungry. There's a long night ahead. Do I see a cart up there by the coaches? They sell some food, I believe. Sandwiches. Milk. Fruit. How about it?"

"I'm not hungry," he repeated. He moved toward the train.

Dr. Peck edged around to the inside before Corbett could start up the steps. "Oh, don't go in yet. It's a balmy spring night. Feels like May. Get all you can of this air. I hear they have snow in New York." Without deliberate rudeness Corbett couldn't push him aside to get on. "Savannah's beautiful. Ever been there? Old south. Gracious, friendly. Of course you never can judge a place from its train yards. If it weren't so dark, I'd show you a hell-hot. Right by these tracks. Frogtown, one of the places where their colored folk live. Sometimes, I've thought it would be a Godsend if someone had blasted our slums off the map the way they did London's."

Corbett's teeth clamped on his cigarette. He coughed when the smoke filled his throat. "You haven't caught cold?" This was his chance. He

Work Begun On Room In Schools

Institute Will Be Enlarged In Time For Fall Opening

Work was begun today on an addition to Henderson Institute, colored high school for Henderson and Vance county, which is intended to afford partial relief in the effort to locate quarters to accommodate during the coming school year nearly one thousand Negro school children bunched out of a building a fire a month ago.

The new wing at the institute will provide three class rooms, and after permanent new school buildings have been provided, will become a vocational department for the colored high school. Superintendent E. M. Rollins said.

This will not solve the problem arising from the fire emergency, however. Plans are under consideration the superintendent said, for other facilities.

Three rooms are to be made from space at Fulton hall at the institute. Already two additional rooms have been provided at the institute and two others in the colored Episcopal church on Andrews avenue to accommodate the first three grades. By running double sessions daily, these seven rooms would furnish a total of 14 rooms.

Nine rooms presently available in Henderson Institute, plus the three new ones to be constructed, would make a total of 12 rooms there, and by double sessions daily this would be 24 rooms.

It is proposed to run the high school grades at the institute to 12:30 p. m. daily. This department last year had an enrollment of 418 and an average daily attendance of 297. All grades from the fourth through the seventh would attend classes from 12:30 p. m. to 4 p. m. Central grade school last year had an enrollment of 998 and a daily average attendance of around 800.

These are tentative plans, Mr. Rollins said. But if provision is made for class room facilities, no furniture, such as desks, chairs and tables are available and cannot be had, he added. Temporary desk and seating arrangements will have to be made, the superintendent stated.

SOME PREFER 'EM BRUNETTE



THE TROPHY AND TITLE "Miss Santa Monica" is awarded to Mary Jo Devlin, 18, by Governor Earl Warren, after the brunette beauty was declared winner of the grand prize in Santa Monica's first annual beauty pageant. In the group are (l. to r.): actor Leo Carrillo, Miss Devlin, Gov. Warren, and Marsha Gayle, blonde runner-up. (International)

Penal Division and officers arrested him here yesterday and sent him back to finish out his sentence. Chillase had been working here with a bagging company.

J. E. SOWELL DIES AT RALEIGH HOME

J. E. Sowell, of 2213 Creston road, Raleigh, died at Mary Elizabeth hospital in Raleigh Sunday night about 10 o'clock after an illness of several weeks.

He was the brother-in-law of Mrs. Rufus Daniel, Mrs. W. T. Nuckles and Mrs. Nannie Ellington, all of Henderson. He had visited in the home of Mrs. Daniel here recently and had many friends in the city.

Funeral services will be held at the home tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock.

Escapee Taken Here Had Crime Record In Interim

After 17 years of freedom following escape from State prison while serving 22 to 30 years sentence for murder, Gurney Hinnant, alias Esau Chillase, colored, was arrested at his home on Charles street extension Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock by Police Sergeant Henry Hamm and State Highway Patrolman M. H. Bynum, of Lenoir.

Chillase was tried in police court here last Monday for non-support and also for aiding and abetting bigamy and was ordered to report to superior court.

During the 17 years following his escape, Chillase had been arrested several other times and once served a road sentence in Franklin county on an assault charge.

He escaped from a prison ward in the State Sanatorium on November 19, 1929, having served only two years of his term at that time. He was sentenced in Johnston county in 1927 for the murder of his brother-in-law.

Chillase was recognized from a photograph recently sent out by the Bureau of Identification of the State

REV. M'INNIS TO AID EVANGELIST

Rev. W. D. McRee, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Henderson, will assist Rev. I. W. Young of Stovall, in a series of religious services this week at the Oak Hill Presbyterian church near Oxford. Services will be held each evening through Sunday night.

Citizens Bank & Trust Co.

HENDERSON, N. C.
June 29, 1946

Deposits In This Bank Are Insured By The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation Up To \$5,000 For Each Depositor
Condensed Financial Statement

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$2,155,337.33
U. S. Government Bonds	5,723,050.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds	159,595.27
Other Bonds	360,000.00
Corporate Stocks	4,505.00
Banking Premises Owned	\$ 68,000.00
Less Reserve for Depreciation	8,820.00
Furniture and Fixtures	14,248.25
Less Reserve for Depreciation	4,704.20
Other Real Estate Owned	2.00
Cash on Hand and due from Banks	1,335,717.09
Other Assets	106,607.51
TOTAL	\$9,913,538.25

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock, Preferred	50,000.00
Capital Stock, Common	125,000.00
Surplus	200,000.00
Undivided Profits	239,210.81
Reserve for Preferred Stock Retirement	50,000.00
Reserve for Preferred Stock Dividend	750.00
Reserve for Taxes, Federal Deposit Insurance & Other Expenses	35,950.15
Other Liabilities	43,256.24
Deposits	9,169,371.05
TOTAL	\$9,913,538.25

The Above Statement Does Not Include Assets Of Our Trust Department
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E. C. Wells, Mgr. Insurance Dept.	E. C. Wells, Mgr. Insurance Dept.	L. H. Harvin, Jr.	E. F. Parham
Perry and Kittrell, General Counsel	Perry and Kittrell, General Counsel	Thos. G. Horner	B. H. Berry

POISON IVY

A U. S. GOVERNMENT Report announces the discovery of a new tannic acid treatment for ivy poisoning. The treatment has been found excellent; it is gentle and safe, dries up the blisters in a surprisingly short-time—often within 24 hours. These government findings are incorporated in the new product Ask for it at your drug store. 59c. **IVY-DRY**
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NOTICE!

This is notice to the public that I have sold my interest in the H. & B. Radio Sales and Service Company of Henderson, and that I will not be responsible for any indebtedness incurred after June 8, 1946.

Howard V. Harrell
HARRELL RADIO SERVICE
Oxford, N. C.
July 8, 1946.

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