

# FAIR FORCE-GIRL

By Ren'ee Shann

## CHAPTER VI

Jane, a fashion artist, shares an apartment in London with Stella, a free lance journalist. Jane joins the WAFF. The night before entering service she walks through dim streets and collides with a flight lieutenant of the RAF. She accepts his invitation to dinner but refuses to see him again. Her training finished, Jane is assigned to an airframe where the lieutenant is stationed. Meeting by accident, he asks her to marry him. She agrees to dine with him later in London. Stopping to break her engagement with Stella she discovers that the lieutenant, Timothy Pool-Sanders—nicknamed "Tips"—is Stella's divorced husband. She meets Tips at Kettner's. Hearing that Tips may soon fly over Germany, Jane tries to see him but hides when he enters a car with Mrs. Iris Stanton, wife of Guy Stanton, another RAF flyer who is also watching the couple. Jane tells Tips she does not care for him.



"Is Tips here?" demanded Jane sharply.

Iris rose to her feet. She knew this was a rebuff but she didn't mind. "Chicken and salad it shall be," she said with a smile. "Come along, it's all ready."

But they couldn't eat chicken and salad all the evening. Iris realized this almost with regret and decided that it hadn't after all been such a good idea to drop in on Iris. He tried to put all thoughts of Jane from him if he could only manage this he and Iris might even yet have quite a good evening. He glanced at the time as they returned to the sitting room, and saw that it was nearly half past eight. "You wouldn't like to go to the pictures?"

Iris looked at him from beneath lowered lashes. "I'd absolutely hate to go to the pictures."

Tips sighed. "I was afraid the idea wouldn't appeal to you."

"Why did you suggest it then?"

"Because it rather appeals to me."

"She wrinkled her nose at him. "You're not very nice to me this evening."

He lighted another cigarette and helped himself to another drink.

"Tips?"

"What is it?"

"You're different."

"I'm sorry."

Iris drew a quivering breath. She wondered if this was an occasion for frankness. She knew it didn't pay as a rule, but it might be worth trying. "Tips, darling," she whispered softly, "you do love me just a little bit, don't you? I'm so crazy about you."

Tips sat down beside her and said she was sweet and of course he was very fond of her. He told himself that surely this must be true. Otherwise he'd never have spent so much time with her. Only now there was Jane... but he couldn't explain this to her.

The ringing of the telephone bell mercifully interrupted what threatened to become a difficult situation. Iris rose to her feet and now Iris could hear her talking in the next room for some time. At last she returned. He looked up at her as she entered the room. "Anybody interesting?" he asked lazily.

"No. Only some dreary woman asking me to lunch tomorrow. She stooped to poke the fire to a blaze. He noticed in a vague kind of way that her face was pale and her hands were shaking. She was talking very fast and very volubly, insisting that he must have another drink since the night was yet young. What was the time? Only quarter to nine. When he said that perhaps after all he should be getting on his way.

"I'm due back at the airframe at eleven," he said, "and I'm leaving here at ten thirty."

She leaned on her elbow and stared at him with something mysterious in her eyes. "Eleven o'clock did you say you must be back?"

"On the dot!"

"That's all right. I'll see you go in time. Don't worry. I won't let you be late. I promise you."

Hunter closed the front door behind her and said that it was as cold as charity outside. She looked at Jane and Sparks, who were in the kitchen making tea, and said that she had an idea that she was hungry.

"Have a piece of cake," said Sparks warmly.

"Thanks. I'll have some tea too if there's any going."

"There will be in a minute."

Hunter nunched the cake, said that it was good and asked how long they had before they went on duty.

"An hour," said Sparks. "Where have you been since we saw you last?"

"Having drinks up at the officers mess." Hunter closed the kitchen door. "There's something on tonight—that stunt I told you about the other day. They are taking off at ten o'clock."

A chill shiver of fear caught at Jane's heart. Ten o'clock. Oh, why hadn't she gone to dinner with Tips, gone up to town and had a grand evening so that he might come back late?

Sparks said anxiously, fear in her eyes. "Let's hope they all get back safely."

Hunter's face was long. "Not a hope in a million, Jimmie Stafford told me so this evening. And he knows what he's talking about."

"He didn't expect to be. He may not even now. The trouble is that Tips Pool-Sanders went off duty just before the order came through if he doesn't come back in time Jimmie's got to take his place. At the moment everyone's trying to find him. Personally I hope someone does. I'm rather fond of poor old Jimmie. Mind you, Jimmie says he's crazy to go but then he'd be bound to say that even if he were a little scared. And after all he's terribly young. He's not twenty. He's been saying good-bye to me the last two hours. He says he has a nasty premonition. Still, Tips may turn up. The general idea is that he'll be wild if he comes back and finds they've all gone off without him."

Jane came to life. Her head lifted. Those words had penetrated her distracted brain. "He won't be. He'll be furious."

"Oh, of course, you know him don't you?" said Sparks.

"I've met him once or twice."

"So it was you!" exclaimed Hunter, forgetting the possible loss of her beloved Jimmie now that she was making an interesting discovery. "That reminds me Iris said yesterday she'd seen him dining with one of the Waafs up in London. She wanted me to find out which one it was. I didn't recognize you from her description. But then Iris always was a cat. She said your hair was mousy. I don't think Lambold's hair's a bit mousy, do you, Sparks?"

Jane didn't care about Iris Stanton or how she described her. "Who's trying to find Tips?" she asked breathlessly.

"Oh, I don't know. Several people so far as I can gather, I even heard Guy ringing up Iris and asking her if she was there."

"And wasn't he?"

"No, he wasn't."

Jane said to Sparks, "See you later, I've got a telephone call to make."

She sped swiftly along the dark road and out of the gates past the sentry on duty. She fumbled for two pennies and found them. She wished she didn't feel so impelled to do what she proposed doing. All of them Jane knew from what Tips had told her, were only too anxious to have a crack at the enemy.

Also, she thought with pride, Tips was probably badly needed. He was acting Squadron Leader now—she'd heard someone mention it only the other day. They might not do so well without him.

She had to ask the exchange for the number. "I'm afraid I don't even know the name of the house. But Flight Lieutenant Stanton is living in it and it's in Stretton."

The girl said after a moment, "Stretton 435 I'll ring them for you."

"Thank you."

She waited. She could hear an odd buzzing and then the girl's voice after what seemed an eternity. "I'm sorry, but they don't answer."

Jane's heart sank. She begged the operator to try again. But at last she had to give it up. She came out of the booth and wondered what to do next. How can she find out if Tips was with Iris Stanton?

A clock nearby struck the hour nine. She wasn't on duty until ten. An idea came to her and it grew more feasible the more she considered it. There was her bicycle in the shed near the billet. Surely she could get to Stretton and back in an hour. Hurriedly she raced back to get it. She had difficulty with the lamp but at last got it going.

She pedaled steadily not going too fast to begin with, certain a swift pace at the outset would be difficult to maintain and get her there no more quickly than a moderate easy one. But somehow she seemed to be going on forever. Unless she was quick and made a better speed she'd never be back in time to go on duty and Tips would be unable to reach the airframe before the squadron actually took off.

Jane had to push her bicycle up a hill and paused a moment at the top to get her breath. She pressed her hand to her side where a violent stitch was becoming almost unbearable. All the same she must go on. At last she saw the house, long and oblong and without a flicker of light. She leaned her bicycle

against the fence and ran up the path to the front door. She rang the bell and waited. She could hear it echoing through the house. For a few moments there was no sound within. She pressed her finger on the little brass knob and rang and rang again, her temper rising.

At length she heard footsteps approaching and the sound of Iris's voice. "Whoever's here seems infernally impatient." The front door opened. She peered out. Standing as she did, silhouetted against the light of the hall, Jane took in at a glance the rumpled hair and the brightness of her eyes. "Who is it? Who's ringing like that?"

"Is Tips here?" demanded Jane sharply.

"Tips? Who is it?" and then apparently suddenly remembering her: "Oh, it's you!" Quick as lightning she started to close the door again. "No, he isn't. I'm sorry."

But Jane pushed her way into the hall. "He is. His car's outside. I've got to see him."

"Jane!" He was standing there in the threshold of a doorway, staring at her in astonishment. Her eyes met his and she told her self she hated and despised him.

"They wanted you at the airframe, Tips," she said curtly. "Something important's going on. I know they've been trying hard to find you. No one knew where you were, but I thought I'd take a chance..." Her voice trailed away.

"When did you hear they wanted me?" he asked quickly.

"About half an hour ago. I bicycled over here. I felt sure you'd want to know. They're taking off at ten o'clock. I understand. If you don't hurry you won't make it."

He needed no urging to be on his way. With a quick goodnight to Iris he snatched up his hat and dashed from the house. At the gate he turned and called back to Jane. "You'd better come along with me."

"I wouldn't go with you," stormed Jane bitterly. "If the airframe were a hundred miles away and I had to walk every inch of the way to get there."

"Oh, all right!" His voice was sharp with exasperation. "If that is how you feel about it."

She heard the door of the car slam, a rear as he reversed, and then he drove away. Clearly he had only one thing in mind now—to get back to the station as quickly as possible.

She turned and would have left the house, but Iris Stanton caught her by the arm and swung her violently around. "You little fool. How dared you come out here to fetch him! How dared you!"

"He was needed," said Jane coldly. "I knew he'd want to go."

"And you didn't care, I suppose, that he would probably never come back? You didn't stop to consider that? But I did. I knew too that he was wanted. Guy telephoned to me and told me so. He was trying to send him. But I wasn't going to send him to his death if I could prevent it." She burst into harsh ringing sobs. "And now—now if neither of us ever sees him again, it will be you who will have helped to kill him!"

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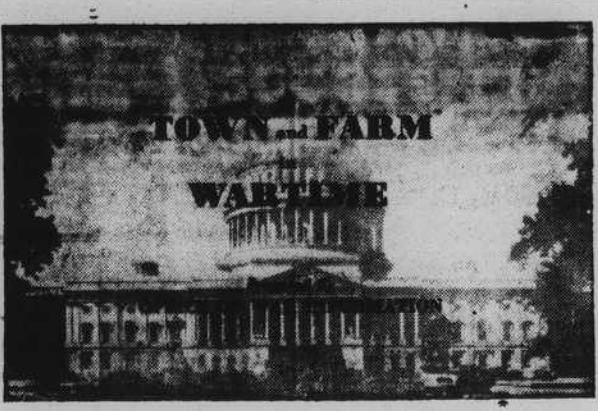
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(TO BE CONTINUED)



**RATION REMINDER**

**GASOLINE**—In 17 states of Eastern shortage area A-6 coupons are now valid. In states outside the eastern shortage area A-7 coupons are valid through September 21. B and C coupons expire according to dates on individual books. All gasoline coupons in the possession of car owners must be endorsed with the owner's license number and state of registration.

**FUEL OIL**—Period 5 coupons in old rations remain valid September 30. Period 1 coupons in new rations are valid now. Occupants of oil heated homes are urged to return their applications for next year's fuel oil to their ration boards promptly and when issued new rations to place orders with their dealers for summer fill-ups.

**SUGAR**—Stamp No. 14 good for five pounds through October. Stamps Nos. 15 and 16 are good for 5 pounds each for home canning purposes through October 31. Housewives may apply to their local ration boards for more if necessary.

**(SHOES)**—Stamp No. 18 (1 pr.) is valid through October 31.

**STOVES**—Consumer purchases of rationed stoves must be made with a certificate obtained at local War Price and Rationing Boards.

**MEAT, ETC.**—Red Stamps T, U, V, and W, valid through August 31; X valid through October 2. Y becomes valid August 29. Z becomes valid September 5 and both remain valid through October 2.

**PROCESSED FOODS**—Blue stamps R, S, and T remain valid through September 20. U, V and W become valid September 1 and remain valid through October 20.

**Urges Cut in Labor Day Travel**—Stay off trains and intercity buses over Labor Day week-end—this is the plea of Joseph B. Eastman, Director of the Office of Defense Transportation. Mr. Eastman in asking the public to spend Labor Day week-end at home, said that failure to follow this advice might result in travel congestion worse than that experienced over the Fourth of July out that transportation equipment formerly available for holiday travel is now in troop service or used to handle the greatly expanded military and essential civilian traffic.

**Jobs to Guide Father-Draft**—After October 1 when drafting of fathers begins, those in non-deferable activities or occupations, regardless of their order numbers, will be the first fathers called for military service. Those who transfer to essential occupations and thus release single men for military service help to decrease the need for drafting fathers. Generally speaking, after October 1 the occupation of an eligible registrant will determine whether he will be inducted or deferred if his number is called. However, the question of hardship to dependents must be given consideration in each case.

**Mail Christmas Gifts Early**—Christmas gifts to Naval and Marine personnel overseas should be sent between September 15 and November 1. This period has been designated by the Navy Department in cooperation with the Post Office Department. Parcels must not exceed five pounds in weight.

**SAVE ALL FAT'S**—With millions of pounds of waste kitchen fats still needed to meet wartime demands, Paul C. Cabot, Director of WPB's Salvage Division, recently urged housewives to remember that even if accumulated fats become rancid, they still retain a majority of the valuable glycerine that goes into war production. Some housewives, believing that rancid fats are valueless, have not. This has resulted in the loss of that could have been processed from those fats.

**ARMY SALVAGES FATS**—It is estimated that enough waste fats are salvaged in Army

camps within the continental U. S. to make 1,500,000 pounds of dynamite each month and still leave a residue of rendered grease from which 5,000,000 of soap stock may be made.

**NEW GASOLINE COUPONS**—Car owners who still hold the old type "B" and "C" gasoline ration coupon books should exchange them for the new mileage ration sheets of coupons between August 23 and September 1. OPA announced recently. Old type "B" and "C" coupons become invalid September 1, and gasoline dealers cannot accept them on and after that date. The old type coupons are identified by the words "Permits delivery of one unit of gasoline." The new type says "Mileage Ration," plus a large "B" or "C."

**WHEAT GOALS FOR 1944**—State wheat acreage goals for 1944, representing an apportionment of the national goal of 68 million acres—26 per cent above this year's seedings were announced recently by the War Food Administration. The county goals will be established on the basis of these state figures and will constitute the wheat goals farmers will be urged to meet in 1944. In broad terms the WFA advises farmers to plant as much wheat as possible without departing from sound farming practices and after reserving sufficient land for expanding other urgently needed crops.

**Address Overseas Mail Properly**—Because more than 10 percent of the mail destined for overseas is incorrectly or insufficiently addressed, the War Department has asked that the sender be sure to give the soldier's rank, name, Army serial number, organization, and Army Post Office number. Following is a model address:

Pvt. John Doe, ASN 1234567890  
Battery B, 227th Field Artillery  
Battalion  
APO 29, c/o The Postmaster,  
New York, N. Y.

The War Department also asked that families and friends of soldiers send clippings instead of periodicals whenever possible to save cargo space.

**FARMERS WILL NEED HELP**—Harvesting America's wartime food and fiber crops will require the employment of at least 750,000 more workers on farms by October 1. The farm labor force on August 1 was approximately 11 millions. Throughout the country, business men, Girl and Boy Scouts, townspeople, women and high school students have been helping farmers. To insure that there will be no important crop losses because of labor shortages, farmers will need the help of many thousands of U. S. Crop Corps volunteers. The Crop Corps is established now in most agricultural counties and civilian groups in most large cities have the machinery for enlisting volunteers. Recruitment of workers is handled locally by the agricultural extension workers and the U. S. Employment Service. Volunteers are paid established wages.

**SPECIAL RATION COUPONS**—Individuals who require special

**ONE A DAY VITAMIN TABLETS**—THINK of it! Your minimum daily requirements of A and D Vitamins or of B Complex Vitamins, in one pleasant tablet. Remember the name ONE-A-DAY (brand) Vitamin Tablets.

**DR. MILES NERVINE**—DO TENNES nerves make you WAKFUL, CRANKY, Restless? Dr. Miles Nervine helps to lessen Nervous Tension. Get it at your drug store. Read directions and use only as directed.

**Alka-Seltzer**—WHEN Headache, Muscular Pains or Simple Neuralgia, Distress after Meals, Gas on Stomach, or "Morning After" interfere with your work or spoil your fun, try Alka-Seltzer.

ial ration point allotments, such as persons in isolated areas who must buy large quantities of rationed food at one time, can be provided with a new type of ration coupon. These coupons, according to OPA. They will be used the same way as stamps, but will be good at any time. Ration coupons may be issued by local boards and OPA offices.

**MORE NURSES NEEDED**—Many American hospitals cannot maintain normal standards of service today because of lack of nurses, according to reports made to the U. S. Public Health Service of the Federal Security Agency. A year from now America will need 350,000 nurses—or 100,000 more than are now available. Of this number 66,000 will be needed for military service and 293,000 for civilians. Because of limited facilities, the maximum that can be trained within the period is 65,000.

**SEED FOR POTATOES**—To help potato growers get reliable seed for 1944 plantings a new seed classification—War Approved Seed has been created. The War Food Administration will identify that part of the 1943 late crop that is valuable for seed but that has a higher tolerance of defects than Certified Seed. Price ceilings, to be announced later by OPA, will be placed on both types.

**Parity Rates Set for 1932 Crops**—Parity rates applying to 1942 crops have been set by the War Food Administration as follows:

Corn in the commercial corn area, 72 cents per bushel.  
Wheat, 13.7 cents per bushel.  
Tobacco—cigar filler type 41, 22 cents per pound; cigar-filler and binder types 42-44, 46, and 51-55, 1 cent per pound.  
Rates of parity payments on 1941 crops were:

Corn in the commercial corn area, 11.1 cents per bushel.  
Wheat, 15.5 cents per bushel.  
Tobacco—types 23-44, 46, and 51-55, 7 cents per pound.

The commercial corn area includes all or part of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Kansas.

**Tacks Collector Is Self-Supporting**

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Besides contributing to war production by saving working automobile tires from tacks, nails and other pieces of metal, a new magnetic scrap pick-up built almost entirely of scrap metal makes the rounds of General Electric's parking field and yards, every Sunday, and collects the scrap for the war effort. During the past six Sundays more than 8,000 pounds of metal have been picked up—the small total cost of 60 gallons of gasoline plus time of operator.

The magnetic pick-up, developed and built by the company's works transportation department consists of more than 75 percent scrap parts, including the gasoline motor and generator. A tractor is specially fitted to tow it. The only new parts made are the frame holding the machine and the magnet coils, which were wound in a G-E shop.

Having a six foot swathe, the magnet is powerful enough to pick up a manhole cover. This makes it possible to pull out nails, tacks or bits of wire imbedded in the surface of the parking field and factory roadways. A trough-shaped box attached to the rear end of the pick-up carries the pieces of metal to the scrap pile.

Any excuse you can give for not tacking up your payroll savings will please Hitler, Hirohito and puppet Mussolini.

**HEADACHE IS SUCH A BIG LITTLE THING**

ALL SET for a good full day's work when a nagging headache sneaks up on you. You suffer and so does your work.

Ready for an evening of relaxation and enjoyment—a pesky headache interferes with your fun, rest, enjoyment or relaxation.

**DR. MILES Anti-Pain Pills** usually relieve not only Headache, but Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains and Functional Monthly Pains.

Do you use Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills? If not why not? You can get Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills as your drug store in the regular package for only a penny apiece and in the economy package even cheaper. Why not get a package today? Your druggist has them. Read directions and use only as directed. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

**Relieve COLDS WITH O.F.** money back GUARANTEED 25¢ or the Economy Size 50¢

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By **MAC ARTHUR**

## THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



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