

AIR FORCE-GIRL

By Ren'ee Shann

CHAPTER VIII

Jane, a fashion artist, shares an apartment in London with Stella, a free lance journalist. Jane joins the WAAF. The night before entering service she walks through dim streets and collides with a flight lieutenant of the RAF. Stopping to break her engagement with Stella she discovers that the lieutenant—Timothy Poel Sanders—nicknamed "Tips"—is Stella's divorced husband. Jane hears that Tips squadron flies at 10 o'clock and that they are searching for him. She pedals to the home of Mrs. Stanton, where she finds the fier. He leaves at once. Mrs. Stanton accuses Jane of sending Tips to his death. Tips misses the flight from which Flight Lieutenant Stanton and Jimmie Stafford fail to return. Stafford's sweetheart accuse Jane of warning Tips so he would miss the flight.



She struggled hard to get free of him.

"That's all right. I didn't mind for myself. But when it came to Tips..."

Hunter's eyes hardened, her voice too. "Iris, of course, never gave me Guy's message! She lied to Guy when she told him Tips wasn't there."

Two other girls burst into the kitchen at that moment, clamoring to know if there wasn't any tea going. Jane poured more hot water in the teapot and said she thought two cups might be managed.

The next day from eight in the morning until eight in the evening the girls in Jane's watch were off duty. At first Sparks had said she would go to London with Jane. But at the last moment she changed her mind and said she'd prefer to stay in bed. Jane said that of course she didn't mind. She hadn't seen Stella for some time. It would be good to meet her and see how she was faring.

She set off to walk to the railway station, some two miles away. She trudged on, thinking what a heavenly day it was; and thinking that it was so warm it might be April or May instead of early March. Turning suddenly she saw a car slowing up beside her and Tips at the driving wheel. "Going to catch a train?" he asked. "May I give you a lift?"

She hesitated. Then she decided it was absurd to cut off her nose to spite her face. "Thank you," Tips said conversationally as she sat down beside him. "I've not yet had the chance to thank you for coming to fetch me the other night. You heard, of course that I arrived too late?"

"Yes." "I drove into a ditch in my hurry and that delayed me." "Oh!"

The car sped on for a few moments in silence. "It's a fine day," said Tips at length. "Very."

"I'm glad I ran into you just now. I wanted to ask you something. Aren't you due for twenty-four hours leave soon?" "I'm taking it next Thursday."

"Grand. I'm due for twenty-four hours too. I'm going home. My people have a rather pleasant place in Sussex. I'd like to take you along with me. After all I ought to introduce them to the girl I'm going to marry."

"And I have other plans, thank you," said Jane coolly. "Cancel them."

"No." Tips shot a glance at her. She looked at him and caught it. She turned away from him again. As they reached the road to the station, Tips suddenly shot off in the opposite direction. Jane said sharply, "This isn't the way."

"I know it isn't." "Well, what are you doing?" "Taking you for a ride." Jane drew a swift breath. "Would you please turn right around. There's a train at ten-fifty and I propose to catch it."

"Not on your sweet life! I have other plans in mind." Jane gave him a withering look. They drove swiftly along the wide arterial road and then turning off suddenly wound their way down a narrow lane. They went on until at last they came to a dead end at an open clearing. Tips brought the car to a standstill and stopped the engine. "This is a nice quiet spot. Very few people know of it." He took her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled hard to get free of him. He held her tightly, but she managed to extricate one hand and she slapped his face and told herself she felt much better.

He let her go abruptly. "That, my sweet," he said reprovingly, "is positively old-fashioned. I'm disappointed in you. Girl's don't do that these days."

"Don't they?" said Jane venomously. She slapped his other cheek even harder. She said bitterly, "You can try your caveman stuff with your other women, but I'm not going to stand for it."

"No?" He laughed shortly, but his eyes burned suddenly as if they were lit by fires from within. "Don't be so silly! You perfectly well you're thoroughly enjoying it."

Jane's eyes flashed. "I..." she began. But she got no further. Again she was in his arms and he was kissing her, and this time there wasn't much use of

struggling. He released her and in a flash she was out of the car. She stood on the grass verge of the lane, her face white with fury.

"Well," he said mildly, "what do you think you're doing there? He pressed the self-starter. 'It's all right. You can get back. I shant kiss you again. I haven't time. I'll probably disappoint you to hear it, but I too have an appointment in town. I'm due there before twelve. If we start now we can just make it.'

"With Iris Stanton, I suppose?" flared Jane, and could have bitten her tongue off the minute she had said it.

He smiled. "Quite right. Though mind you I might try putting her off if you'd be a bit more friendly to me." He started the engine and was swinging the car around and drawing up beside her. Are you coming with me? I'll drive you to the station."

"No." "It's a long walk." "I don't care."

"Right. Follow this lane back to the main road. Then it's about five miles down. Of course you may get a lift."

She stared at him. He couldn't really mean this. She'd thought of course that once again he'd tell her not to be silly, hold the door open for her and say, "Come on, jump in quickly!" Sitting beside him in the car again, she might even have brought herself to tell him that she was sorry, that she knew she'd gone too far.

Already the car was streaking down the lane. He didn't even look back as he whisked around a corner. A dreadful feeling of tiredness overcame the anger anger she felt at being so ungraciously deserted.

Iris was sorry for Guy's sake that he'd failed to return on that fateful night now nearly a fortnight ago. But for her own... her heart beat more quickly. It suited her very well to be free. Her face was pale, her eyes were large and dark and they were the eyes of a woman who'd gone through a great deal of suffering. She'd worn that look for the past ten days. It had been, she had thought, most effective.

A clock nearby struck seven. Tips would be calling for her in a few minutes. She had come up to town yesterday because she'd wanted to do some shopping. At least that was what she'd given to all those well meaning friends at the airrome. Actually, when she'd learned that Tips was due for twenty-four hours leave, she had phoned to Mary Leighton, with whom she always stayed when in London, and asked if she could put in a night with her. She'd said to Tips before she she left, "If you're going to be in town, couldn't we perhaps meet on Friday and come back together?" Tips had said that he wouldn't be in town. He'd promised to spend his brief leave with his people in Sussex. Then seeing, she supposed, her look of disappointment, he went on, "I'll tell you what I'll do if you like, Iris. I'll come back via London and we'll dine together and I'll drive you home afterwards. I'm afraid, my dear, I can't see you earlier."

She'd jumped at this suggestion, though it hadn't been at all what she'd wanted. She'd hoped they might have spent the day together, that at least he'd have come up in time for them to meet for lunch. Still, this was certainly better than nothing; he would be calling for her any moment now.

Mary had told her at breakfast that morning that she was afraid she wouldn't be in that evening. She was due at a cocktail party at six o'clock.

Iris heard the front door bell ring and the maid going to answer it. The next moment she could hear his voice in the hall. "Is Mrs. Stanton here?"

"Yes, sir, would you please come in?" She picked up her mink coat and bag and gloves. He was standing warming his hands by the fire when she opened the drawing room door. He turned and her heart leaped at the sight of him. "You're beautifully punctual, Tips."

"Am I? That's good. You're going to need that coat, Iris. It's bitterly cold tonight. I'm afraid we may have rather an unpleasant drive back."

"I shan't mind that." She smiled at him: "Have you enjoyed your little rest?"

"Very much, thanks." "She'd not seen a great deal of him since that fateful night. She wondered in sudden panic if Sally Hunter's stories could have reached his ears. Sally had come to her three days ago and accused her of keeping Tips back from the big raid. She'd learned from Jane Lambert, Iris had guessed—that he'd been with her when Guy had telephoned and that purposely she had kept back the message. Sally had stomped and wept and accused her bitterly of being responsible for Jimmie Stafford's death. "But for you," Sally had flung at her wildly, "he would be alive today. If you'd only told Tips he was wanted..."

She told Sally quite coolly that she'd had her own reasons for not telling Tips that Guy had telephoned. Then quite suddenly she lost her temper with the younger girl, took her by the shoulders and shook her violently. She said threateningly, "If you dare to say one single word about this to a living soul you'll be sorry for it. Do you understand me?"

Sally had understood all right. She new Iris would be as good as Iris, extremely sorry.

She looked at Tips now and wondered how she could get back to their old footing.

She said hesitatingly, "Don't think me very dreadful, Tips, but I am enjoying this evening so much. These last few days have been such a strain. You see, well..."

"I can be honest with you, can't I, darling? You wouldn't want me to be anything else, would you?"

He looked at her sharply, his brows drawn together. He wasn't so sure about this. "I can't quite see what you're getting at."

Her eyes met his, telling him exactly. "Can't you? Can't you really, Tips?" she said softly. "You see, Tips, though I was desperately sorry that Guy lost his life, I just can't pretend to you of all people that it meant personally so very much to me. You... surely you realized that for a long while now Guy and I..."

Tips had a sudden revulsion of feeling. He shouldn't, he supposed. "Iris, don't let's talk about Guy. I feel pretty bad every time I think about him."

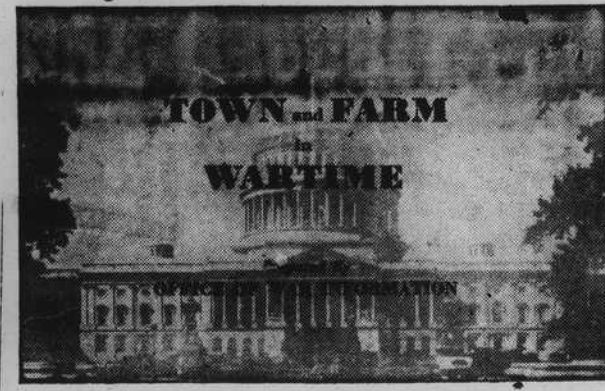
Iris' eyes filled. Her lips trembled. This conversation wasn't going at all the way she wanted. She feared suddenly seized her. She faced a fact that she'd been refusing to face for some time. He felt a soft cool hand touch his. He heard a pathetic voice say, "Tips, darling, I just can't bear it if you turn against me."

Tips squeezed the hand and released it. "I'm not turning against you, my dear."

"Aren't you? You—you've been so different since Guy..." She broke off, her lips working. A tear fell down her cheek.

Tips said in sudden exasperation "Iris you can't cry here..." She made an effort to pull her self together. "I—I'm sorry. I don't want to. But it's your fault, darling. I feel so utterly wretched!"

As they drove home, Iris decided miserably that she wished they hadn't dined together. Skimming swiftly through the moonlit countryside, she felt just as wretched as she had back in London. They reached the house and he stopped the car. Iris



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 date 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 through 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 No. 15 and 16 are good for five 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 (L.P.) is valid through October 31.

STOVES—Consumer purchases of rationed stoves must be made with a certificate obtained at local war price and rationing board. M.E.A.T. ETC.—Red stamps X and Y 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.

HERSHEY SHOWS ORDER OF INDUCTION

"The selection of men needed for the armed forces and the deferment of men required for agriculture, war production and war supporting activities are much more difficult than in the days when we had ample men from which to choose," said Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service in a recent letter to local boards. He said available men will be called for induction in the following order: (1) Single men without dependents; (2) single men with collateral dependents; (3) married men without children; (4) men with children (nondeferable activities and occupations); (5) Men with children.

SMALL ENGINES TO FARMERS

Distribution of about 37,000 air and liquid-cooled internal combustion engines of 20 h. p. and under will be controlled by county farm rationing committees. Preference rating certificates will be issued to farmers or operators of farm machinery for hire, based on the need for the engine in essential production of crops, livestock and livestock products, poultry and eggs, and bees. When the farmer receives such a preference rating certificate, he can take it to his local dealer and buy the engine.

Drops Bombs—Gathers Corn

When the B-24 Liberator bomber, "Lemon Drop," of the U.S. Army Ninth Air Force came back from its mission of bombing Rumanian oil refineries at its bomb bay doors. The bomber, Capt. Stalks were clinging to their seats. Captain Herbert Light, Ames, Iowa, observed: "Why back in Iowa you'd have to fly 25 feet off the ground to get above the corn tops. No risk involved in that. But when you're heading for a target in the Rumanian oil and corn country you've got to tear along about six feet off the ground to skim the corn tops."

Tax Reports for September

Many farmers will be among the 15,000,000 Americans required to file a declaration of estimated income for 1943 and make a payment on that basis under the pay as you go plan

turned a hand on his arm. "You'll come in for a drink, Tips?" "I don't think I will tonight. If you don't mind. It's pretty late." (TO BE CONTINUED)

which become effective July 1, this year. September 15 is the date for filing declarations, except that farmers if they wish may wait until December 15, since they receive the bulk of their income in the fall. Generally speaking, all single persons earning more than \$2,700 a year and all married couples who are earning more than \$3,500 will be required to file declarations. In addition, individuals or couples with an income of \$100 or more from sources other than wages are required to file, if their total income is such that they must pay an income tax. Individuals who were required to file an income tax return in 1942 and whose wages subject to withholding in 1943 will be less must also file.

Hog Cholera Serum Output High

The serum used in combatting hog cholera is now being made in record-breaking quantities, according to the Department of Agriculture. Output of the protective serum between July 1, 1942 and June 30, 1943, was 25 per cent above last year's high output. The current supply represents large-scale production against hog cholera, the most formidable swine disease, for the vast number of hogs now being raised in the U. S.

MILKWEED IS SUBSTITUTE FOR KAPOK

Since kapok is no longer imported from the Netherlands East Indies, the common milkweed, which provides milkweed floss, promises to become one of America's important wartime plants. Milkweed floss is needed to replace kapok in life preservers and marine mattresses, for airplane insulation, and for many other important military uses.

To assure an adequate supply of this wartime substitute, the Department of Agriculture is cooperating with the War Production Board in sponsoring a three year program to encourage collection of pods from wild milkweed plants and to create conditions suitable for their growth.

SOME BOOTS RATION-FREE

Certain kinds of boots useful in farming and similar work but no longer being manufactured for general use have been released from rationing by a recent OPA amendment. All olive drab, clay, or khaki colored rubber boots, all over the shoe rubber boots and all light weight ankle-fitting rubber boots which depend upon stretch at the ankle for fitting are included in the order. However, quantities will be small because dealers do not have complete stocks on hand.

TO HELP YOU GET TIRES

If you own a truck and have fire rationing certificates but cannot locate the proper tire within your county, you may apply to the nearest Motor Transport District Office of the Office of Defense Transportation for assistance. The ODT has reported.

Price Support for Sweet Potatoes

To encourage farmers to cure and store as much as possible of this year's expected crop of 81 million bushels of sweet potatoes, farmers will be assured a minimum of \$1.50 per bushel for U. S. No. 1 or better grade cured sweet potatoes properly packed in bushel crates, baskets or hampers and offered during January and \$1.65 per bushel beginning February 1, 1944. Prices of U. S. sweet potatoes containing not less than 75 per cent No. 1 quality will be 15 cents per bushel less than the above prices. Farmers desiring information concerning the handling of sweet potatoes are requested to get in touch with their state or county agricultural war boards.

Farm Help from Latin America

A total of 57,489 workers from Mexico, Jamaica and the Bahama Islands have come to this country for agricultural employment. Marvin Jones, War Food Administrator recently praised the ability of these workers and described their efforts as being of the utmost importance to the production of food

and fiber for war needs. Most have been employed largely in the east-coast states and in the Middle West. The workers have come into this country to relieve farm labor shortages in critical areas. When the need for their services has passed they will be returned to their home countries.

Peace to Reay for Lend-Lease

"The congress in passing and extending the lend-lease act made it plain that the United States wants no new war debts to jeopardize the coming peace," President Roosevelt declared in his 11th annual report on lend-lease letter transmitting to Congress July 31, 1943. "Victory and operations for the period ended July 31, 1943. "Victory and a secure peace," the President added, "are the only coin in which we can be repaid."

"S. R. O." ON TRAINS

If you are planning to take a train trip over Labor Day, you probably will have to stand in the aisles, O. D. T. officials say. Passenger trains throughout the U. S. continue to run heavily loaded, with standing in the aisles occurring frequently on some trains, particularly at week-ends.

BETTER RUBBER FOR RECAPS

Rationing restrictions of the use of grade C camblock for recapping have been removed, according to OPA. Grade A camblock, previously available only for the largest bus and truck tires, may now be obtained for recapping tires on all trucks and buses, although it is still subject to rationing.

WAR-USEFUL JOBS NEED 2,600,000

Between now and next July, "a rock-bottom minimum of 2,600,000 persons" must transfer to war-useful jobs, according to Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission. "There are acute shortages of laundry workers, teachers, nurses, doctors, bus and delivery drivers and others whose services are needed by civilians," Mr. McNutt said. The War Manpower Commission advises those in doubt about the war-usefulness of their jobs to consult the U. S. Employment Service.

CHAPLAIN HELPED ATTU WOUNDED

Chaplain Julius S. Busse, reporting to the War Department on his service in the Attu campaign, said the chaplains had many opportunities to help the wounded. Chaplains, he said, should travel light. "If you are loaded down there are many times when a lagging soldier can be helped with his load and if you have a heavy load you can't support a wounded man." Every chance he had, Chaplain Busse said, he filled his pockets with "D" ration and a few packages of cigarettes for the men. Troops appreciate the presence of a chaplain in the tense moment of waiting orders to advance," he said.

Des Moines, Iowa, was commended for his courage and service in combat by his commanding officer. While the chaplain was aiding the wounded, two bullets passed through his raincoat, and later a bullet smashed his eyeglasses.

TO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666

Liquid for Malarial Symptoms.

From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

One of the best-liked farmers in these parts is Bert Childers! And he has the best way of beatin' the man shortage, too.

Come husking time, Bert invites all of his farmer neighbors over to have a glass of beer. When they ask politely "Where's the beer?" Bert points to a bucket-full of frosty bottles in the middle of the field.

"All you got to do," he says, "is work your way out to it."

Well, Bert's idea has caught on all over the countryside.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



By MAC ARTHUR

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