

**THERE IS TODAY**

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

CHAPTER VII

Big hearted Sarah Daffodil acts in every capacity for the four family house in Gausee after her fatherly Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn husband's death. The frugal, elated and the newly wed Andrew and Candace Thane occupy the two top floor apartments and below them middle aged Mrs. Fitts and his wife—who is too engrossed in war activities to care for her home—and King Waters, veteran of World War I and his wife Emma, a devotee of fine stitching. Toni Fitts censures Candace for refusing to devote evening hours to volunteer war service and Mr. Waters sneers at Andrew for marrying when he may be called for selective training.



I know what you want," Andy said. "You want something to remember."

The great lumbering bus lurched to a stop. Candace felt herself hauled aboard, wedged in the center of a fighting furrow that had panted and struggled for a foothold on the step, in the determination to be the first to enter.

Candace, who could not hope to reach a strap, steadied herself by grasping the back of a cross-seat. There was something almost—almost vindictive in the attitude of these women, she decided suddenly and smoothly something she had read in the paper on the night before slipped into place in Candace's mind. She touched Mrs. Waters' arm. "Silk stockings," she whispered. "They must be gone to buy silk stockings."

Mrs. Waters' faded eyes narrowed behind the thick mask of her veil. "For heaven's sake where have you been? What do you suppose I'm doing out at this time in the morning? They say you won't be able to get a pair of silk stockings for love or money."

Pat, ridden by his owner, A. A. Lockman, of Lincolnton. Third honors went to McDonald Chief, owned and ridden by C. R. Doggett of Shelby and fourth to Two-Tone, owned and ridden by George W. Wray, also of Shelby.

PLEASURE CLASS

Stewart Dellinger's big, black Sir McAlvann, ridden by his owner, placed first in the pleasure horse class. The Dellinger family of Stanley kept top honors in the family in this particular event, with second prize going to Mack Dellinger's Beauty Hutchison. Third honors went to Buddy Allen, owned and ridden by Ambrose Cline of Shelby, and fourth to Roving Tom, owned and ridden by Lee Scarborough of Gastonia.

Powers Girl, owned and ridden by C. R. Doggett of Shelby, was the blue ribbon winner in the gentleman's three gaited competition. Second prize went to Ralph Leonard's Golden Dawn, third to Mrs. James Rhyne's Gail, ridden by her husband, and fourth to Ed Chapman's Queen Victoria, ridden by Ed Cline.

With Zither to help, Candace Thane declared, the Thanksgiving dinner would be easy to get.

They were short of chairs, Andy reminded her. Why don't we go out to dinner, just you and I? No bother, no fuss, and you save your strength and time.

Candace refused to consider such a plan. Their first Thanksgiving, she said, meant too much. She wanted to have dinner in their own home, she was determined they should have guests. "I want to do all the things women for generations have done to get ready for Thanksgiving. We'll have two kinds of pie, shall we, and let's ask Mrs. Daffodil for her recipe for stuffing a turkey."

"I know what you want," Andy said. "You want something to remember."

For the Thanes, the question of whom to invite to their first Thanksgiving dinner revolved around such details as the number of chairs available, the etiquette of piecing out their supply of silver by borrowing and the amount of money in the budget envelope marked "Margin". They decided that six at table must be the maximum number to avoid overcrowding and that they must manage to seat eight for the simple reason that they wanted to ask three couples instead of two.

"We'll have Leila and Kurt, of course," Candace checked. "Leila won't be happy with or without Kurt if she has dinner with her relatives. They might go to a restaurant, but that's dull. They can get a restaurant dinner any day in the week." Andy suggested that they invite Minnie Davis and Halsey Kenneth. "The poor guy won't be very gay, but at least he'll be glooming among friends. Between watching his father's business evaporating like mothballs and not knowing when Minnie will give him the air, he's in a fine state. What he needs is to be allowed to watch me carve the turkey—if that doesn't settle his nerves, nothing will."

Toni Fitts, who had brought the check, down for the November rent, curled up on Sarah Daffodil's big couch and stared moodily into the fire. "I suppose Candace Thane will work up to the last minute. Unless her husband should be called for training it's quite the thing for women to go to business up to a week or so before they are called. It's surprising that employers stand for it," she said.

"The way I feel about it is that it's the worst possible time to bring children into the world," Toni stated, applying fresh lipstick. "Were on the verge of war and Mr. Waters tells me that most of these young mothers will find themselves in the service." She started into the morning in a snatching her thin face, with a smile in spite of the new foundation cream. "What do you suppose people are thinking of to have children now?" she demanded. "They can't have any consideration for the poor little ones, or any respect for their fathers. Mr. Waters says it's meaner woman in the last war."

Sarah said, "Toni, do you have to be a perfect fool? I don't think that a woman who will never have a child is competent to pass judgment on excellent mothers. And while I'm scolding off, let me say that the criticism of young people who aren't just military age is quite fair to me. It also strikes me as being in extremely poor taste."

After a moment, Toni murmured uncertainly, "Well, Pa sure . . ."

"They didn't see eye to eye," it was foolish to bicker. Sarah then posed, "I thought you came down to tell me about the parade. How did it come off, or didn't it?"

"There had been a parade. Toni grimaced. She scratched her long slim legs and advanced her ankles. "My uniform looked swell—it ought to be made for dollars to have it fitted. But the other women—those doesn't. No one knew what it was, they should have plained better to try to organize a delegation of women to parade who had not the slightest idea what was expected of them. Out of three hundred supposed to appear, thirty had turned up."

"And they turned up at intervals if you know what I mean?" Toni scowled. "While I was waiting for them to assemble, some officious creature from some other unit came over and informed me that we were scheduled to march in her unit. That's a minute," I said. "I'm Toni Fitts and I'm heading my own unit. There is the car with the banners now."

The banner had proved a nuisance from the start, confessed Toni, now well harbored on the recital of her grievances. In the

first place it had been packed in the back of a truck and the driver refused to haul it out until he delivered the banners nearer to the doors.

"It was one of those long streamer effects," Toni recounted, "and the women were to hold it in front of the as they marched. Most of them wore big hats— heaven knows why, and of course it was a nasty windy day—you remember?" So they eddied their hats with one hand and the banner with the other and every time an extra heavy gust came they grabbed their skirts with their banner hands so that instead of marching they did a kind of Sarah protested. "You're making this up. Who wears a large hat with a uniform?"

Uniforms, unmitigated, cost around thirty dollars and few of the women had bought them. Toni disclosed they were waiting to see if they remained in the O.C.D. "A little resign every day or so, after a row. But more come in. I tell them that not everyone can be an executive type and that if they're really interested in serving for defense they'll put their names behind them."

"You're an executive?"

She had been in the movement from the start, Toni reported proudly. "I'd like to see any woman who relies on her social connections to land her a key position, show me around. Some of the girls coming into the work now don't want to do anything but drive effects around. I tell them to leave that to the older women who have more poise—there's plenty of clerical work for kids can do."

"About the parade?" said Sarah.

"Oh, why we got started, finally, but my thirty didn't keep in line, for alone in step. She had lined them up in five rows, six abreast. Toni related, with the banner held by the first row. I led them, marching alone. The first time I looked around at them they were so far apart that the outside women were walking in the gutters. So I motioned to them to close in and all they did was to nod and smile—they thought I was insisting them."

After that the afternoon had been a succession of disasters. Toni groaned, she could sympathize with the general who had to give to command. Several of our women marchers had worn high heels and they had soon slipped. When she finally succeeded in persuading the ranks to rise up, they shut up like accordion pedals and couldn't be pried apart again. But the worst moment had been before the reviewing stand.

"The Mayor and his staff were on the city hall steps as we came around the corner. I looked back to make sure the banner wasn't being held inside down—it had started off that way. Well, heavy only days, every woman in my unit was a block behind—not one of them anywhere near me. I didn't know what to do—drop out, wait for them, or march on ahead. I kept marching and I must have looked like a fool. Picture me passing the reviewing stand all by myself! I went home after that and on one knows what became of the banner. We played plenty for it too."

This is not the time for unseasoned mirth, Sarah admonished herself, but she could not forbear asking, "Do you think it necessary for women to parade?" "Well, I certainly do," Toni hissed. "Lots of women would never know about our work if we stayed in a chimney corner and drooped. Besides, there's such a thing as inspiration, you know—a good hand and snappy marchers are attractive. They draw recruits."

"Don't forget the uniforms," Sarah murmured.

Uniforms improved morale. Toni insisted, they conferred a feeling of importance on the wearer. "Our main trouble is that everyone applying now is determined to be an executive—from the beginning we've been swamped with natural born leaders and no will admit she's willing to take orders. The younger crowd thinks that a long bob and a twenty-four inch waist entitle them to a place right out in front."

She thought so herself, Sarah said, duty might be more attractive if pleasant to contemplate. "The O.C.D. doesn't happen to

be a musical comedy," Toni repeated sharply. "If you were a little more interested in defense work you wouldn't be so ruddy to the doors."

Riding bareback on her fleet-footed Mexican pony, Silver, Miss Barbara Robinson of Dallas won the "thrill race" of the show well named because it provided thrills for the spectators in the only event for the show in which riders were allowed to give their mounts full rein. The ward met with thunderous applause from the crowd, with whom Miss Robinson and her pony, Silver, were prime favorites. Second thrill race prize went to Mrs. Rhyne's Goldie Gail, ridden by her husband; third to Trigger, ridden by his owner, D. P. Ragan, Jr., of Gastonia, and fourth to Dan, owned by W. T. Long of Gastonia and ridden by Chester King, also of Gastonia.

Stewart Dellinger's Sir McAlvann placed first in the walking horse class. Second was Ralph Leonard's Golden Dawn, Lee Scarborough's Roving Tom was third and Mack Dellinger's Beauty Hutchison fourth.

Three gaited and five gaited stakes sweeps, open to previous winners in their own classifications, closed the show on a note of keen competition.

Three gaited stakes blueribbon winner was C. R. Doggett's Powers Girl. Second honors in this class went to Ralph Leonard Golden Dawn, third to Mrs. Rhyne's Goldie Gail, and fourth to Ed Chapman's Queen Victoria.

In the five gaited stakes Dr. F. M. Houser's Bob, ridden by Rev. Mr. Fisher of Kings Mountain, took the blue ribbon. The red ribbon went to George Derr's Lady Crockett. Third honors to Doggett's McDonald Chief, and fourth to A. A. Lockman's Pat.

**—MORE ABOUT—  
Tri-County Horse  
Show**

(Continued from front page)

PEANUT HAY

Peanut hay is good this year and central buying stations are being set up at Tarboro, Williamston and other points to provide a market for the crop, reports H. L. Meacham, State College marketing specialist.

**Ex-Governor a Gob**

Lewis O. Barrows (left) former governor of Maine, is a temporary reservist in the Coast Guard. He helps Edward N. Herriman wash dishes as part of his regular duties.

so interested in swabbing that the first thing you know you've got a dancing floor."

"You be careful you don't go on your ear," Andy warned. "Don't trust the rugs either—a rug let me down."

He still didn't understand, Andy expostulated, why so much had to be done that had no connection with the dinner. "Do you honestly believe all this flurry is necessary? Are you doing it because you like to fuss, or to impress our company?" Andy drew his dark brows together. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, diligently rubbing the spoon "that all women everywhere act like this when they're expecting six people to dine?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**LETTERS OF THANKS  
—TO—  
AMERICAN LEGION**

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo  
November 24, 1948  
American Legion  
Cherryville, N. C.

Dear Hubert:  
I want to thank you for the gift that I received from the Legion. It was greatly appreciated. I think the work you fellows are doing for all the boys will be a great inspiration.

Thanking you,  
Pvt. Judson Rudolph Black

Nov. 12, 1948

Dear Sir:  
Received your most wonderful Christmas gift and thank you more than words can express. I sure wish other service men could be as fortunate as I, those who are really doing their part at the front. Maybe soon we all will be together for Christmas again. I say thanks as I close; sure wish I could repay this to you in some way. Maybe by helping some one who is in need. Hope you have the most enjoyable Christmas that exist and a Happy New Year.

Again I say thank a lot.

As ever  
Richard Reynolds, a sailor  
P. S. The boys liked the peanuts, especially those Yankees. I told them they were Rebels' peanuts, Ha, ha.

November 20, 1948  
The American Legion  
Cherryville, N. C.  
Dear Legionnaires:  
Thank you for the cigarettes you sent me. It makes you feel good to know that the people at home are thinking of the boys in service and doing all that they can to keep their spirits up.

Even though this will not be my last winter, I will always feel at Christmas time. I know that this will be some boy's first Christmas away, and I know how good the Christmas package you send will make him feel.

I am getting along fine in my work and am staying very busy. I hope it will not be too long until the war will be won and we can all come back to Cherryville to stay.

Thanks again for the package.  
Respectfully,  
BEN R. RUDISILL  
4208 Oma Alto  
Dallas, Texas.

Thomasville, Ga.  
November 20, 1948  
American Legion  
Tryon Post No. 100  
Cherryville, N. C.  
Gentlemen:  
Your kind thought of me expressed with cigarettes was very joyfully received last Friday and in very good condition. It is extremely gratifying to know the people back home are thinking of you. You can be assured the home town is never forgotten. I dare say you cannot listen to a group of servicemen talk for five minutes without hearing some fond expression of "My Home Town." Yes we are all happy to be remembered by the folks back home and after all it is because we love our home back there that we are separated from loved ones.

Thanking you again for the cigarettes and most of all for thought behind it.

My kindest regards to the many of you which help form a group I call "My Home Town".

Yours very truly  
BOB BOGGS

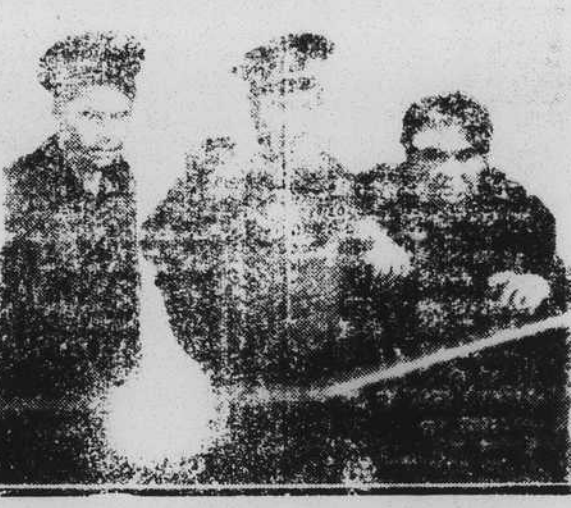
Mr. A. K. Melton has received the following letter from his son, Major Romie Lee Melton:  
November 11, 1948

**At The Movies  
IN CHERRYVILLE**

AT THE LESTER — ONE DAY — SATURDAY  
Chester Morris in "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME"



AT THE LESTER STARTS L. S. SUNDAY NITE  
12:02 & Monday-Tuesday, Dec. 5-6-7  
"DESTROYER"—Starring Edward G. Robinson



AT THE STRAND MONDAY & TUESDAY  
—A Big Double Show—  
"LURE OF THE ISLANDS" & "TAXI, MISTER?"



Margie Hart gyrates nicely as a Hula dancer in Monday's picture. Aventure yarn, 'Lure of the I.' (L)

**A 62-Year Record  
of 2-Way Help  
FOR WOMEN  
suggests you try  
CARDUI**

"See directions on label"

**THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS**

I JUST WANT TO LOOK AT THOSE CHILDREN'S WARE BARGAINS IN THAT WINDOW—

DEPARTMENT STORE

—HOW FAR D'YA THINK WE MIGHT GET IF WE WASTED OUR TIME LIKE THAT?—

IF-UST THOUGHT I COULD SAVE YOU A FEW PENNIES, DEAR.

I'M SORRY DEAR.

THERE'S A TIME FOR WINDOW SHOPPING; BUT IT ISN'T NOW. —OH, OH— JUST A MINUTE—

HARDWARE

OH BOY! WHAT A SWELL SET OF WOOD DRILLS... I MIGHT NEED SOMETHING LIKE THAT SOMETIME.

—AND I WAS APOLOGIZING

**LETTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS**

Keep on **LAUNDRY MAIL** with WAR BONDS

**FOR GOOD**

SHOE REPAIRING  
At Lower Cost, See **COLEY'S SHOE SHOP**

AT FIRST SIGN OF A **COLD** USE **666** TABLETS

**By MAC ARTHUR**