

Twenty-Four Hours Leave

BY RENEE SHANN

CHAPTER X

Cherry Pycroft, member of the Waafs, hurries to London to the apartment of her friend, Denise, who had married the man she loved. On arriving she learns that Denise no longer loves Simon and that she is leaving that night to avoid meeting him on his return from a trip to America. Cherry admits she has been in love with Simon, Denise asks her to stay and greet her husband with the bad news. Simon arrives but Cherry withholds the news. Learning that the train to Bristol has crashed — the train that Denise took — Simon and Cherry drive there, identify Denise's charred suitcase, and assume a badly burned body is hers. Months later Simon and Cherry are married, but Cherry's happiness is spoiled at Simon's engagement ring in a drawer — still alive. Cherry finally shows Simon the ring and tells him all the facts. He is very bitter about it and they separate. Later, Cherry asks for a few hours leave to see Simon in London. Leave is granted and she meets Simon, who greets her coldly.

"I enabled a man I knew in New York. I found he was a friend of that fellow Schenck." "Toddy Schenck?" "The man Jerry Miller told me had had a fling with Denise." "Somehow she couldn't bring herself to say it to him," had gone off with Denise." "She didn't know how she felt about it, how badly it still hurt."

"He nodded. "Yes, that's the man. I've learned that he was on his way back to England about two months ago. The ship was torpedoed and he lost his life. So that puts an end to that matter."

"Their chance of finding out definitely if Denise were alive or dead was even further from them than ever. Disappointment swept over Cherry, swamped her and anger followed. It was easier to allow her to believe all might be brightened out, and then to be able to tell her nothing. Tears stung her eyes, but she forced them back. She said to Toddy, "But, Simon, what good does it do us? We know no more than we did last time we met."

"He lit a cigarette slowly and threw away the dead match. "I know, Cherry, but I've been thinking that perhaps I made a mistake in suggesting to you that I should let it make any difference. She thought angrily. Here's my opportunity. I can have him back. We can be together again. He wants me, too. He's miserable without me. As miserable, I believe, as I am without him. It's not that he doesn't love me."

"Yes, she knew, perfectly, that how the chance was hers, she couldn't take it because there wouldn't be any real happiness between them. Always there would be that awful doubt. It hadn't mattered so much when she had been the only one who felt it. But if it were both of them, if it were Simon, Simon now was suggesting something that was really against his better judgment, suggesting it because he loved her. If she and Simon resumed their married life there would always be a ghost between them; Denise's ghost that might any day, any hour, cease to be a ghost any longer and become a living person."

"Simon said, "Perhaps now you have changed your mind." "She wrung her hands. "Darling, it's not that."

"Then what is it?" "Oh, Simon, can't you see? It's so difficult to explain."

"His brows drew together. He said calmly, "Do you prefer this present state of affairs? Perhaps you're having a good time without me."

"Of course I'm not," she said angrily. "It's simply — or Simon dearest, when things come right between us, I don't want the least doubt in your mind as to the rightness of our being together. You won't be happy otherwise."

"Don't that for me to decide?" She leaned toward him. "Simon, look at me." And his eyes met hers. "Can you tell me honestly that you won't always be worrying, that you'll be completely sure that it's right for you and me to be together?"

"He made an impatient gesture. "Oh what's the good of analyzing it in this way? Don't you think I've gone all over this countless times since that ghastly Sunday? Can't you just agree with me that it's better to be together under any circumstances than to be separated as we are now."

know quite what. All she was sure of was that it was her turn to make some kind of effort. Simon glanced at his watch. "I've got things to do before I catch my train. I'm sorry but I ought to go and see about them."

"She flushed. She felt herself dismissed. Tears sprang to her eyes. So once again it was goodbye! And this time it was her fault. She rose to her feet. "I'll go, then, Simon. You — you'll let me know how you are? I've been worrying about you, wondering how you were getting along. Not knowing..."

"I've been all right. And you? "I've been all right too." "What were they, two polite friends about to say goodbye to each other? They'd be shaking hands, next. "Good-bye Mr. Lindon — Good-bye, Mrs. Lindon."

"Let me know when you're back in London." "Why, yes, I will, we might lunch together."

"He took a step toward her. "Cherry — Cherry, Pie..." "She drew a quick breath. Every trace of color drained from her cheeks. For a moment she hesitated. Again came that dread full weakness, as if every bone in her body were melting. She loved him so. He loved her too."

"Then resolution came back to her. Blithely she turned from him without a word and went out in to the blazing sunshine of a warm summer day, knowing only in her heart that deeply though she was hurting herself and him — she was right in believing she had no alternative."

"Cherry, Valerie, Lane and Elaine had a day out together the next time they had their customary four or five hours of leave. "We'll just be four girls together," Blake said cheerfully when they planned what they'd do. "and if you ask me I think it would be far preferable."

"They had decided that they'd have a picnic and a delivery wagon obligingly gave them a lift to the first ten miles. They and sandwiches and cake and apples in their respirators and at lunch time they would stop and picnic by the wayside."

"At tea time they were within half a mile of Cherry's cottage. She thought with longing of the green beneath the apple tree, of the peace and quiet of tea in her beloved garden. Mrs. Greene lived nearby. She'd slip in and get it for them. Mrs. Greene would bring cakes from her own place. Trust Mrs. Greene to look after them!"

"They hesitated when they came to a crossroad. This was, said Cherry. "Valerie looked at her. "Why this way more than that?" "Wait and see!"

"Soon they came upon the cottage smiling at them in the sunshine. "Lane panted, "What an adorable little place!" "Cherry smiled. "I'm taking you all to tea there."

"Valerie remembered that Cherry and Simon had a house within easy motoring distance of the airfield. "Oh, Cherry, what a grand idea! When did you think of it?"

"Only when I found out how near we were." "A head appeared at one of the upstairs windows, then disappeared and the next moment there was Mrs. Greene at the front beaming at them."

"Well, m'm, this is a pleasant surprise. I'd just popped in to take a quick dust around. There, now, all you young ladies will be wanting some tea. I'll be bound."

"Cherry smiled. "We would love some, Mrs. Greene, if you can manage it." "The girls admired everything mentally pretending that they didn't know there was any French between her husband and Cherry. Lane said, "If only Derek and I could find a little place like this to come to when we're both off duty!"

"It crossed Cherry's mind to say bitterly they could come to this one if they wanted, now that he and Simon were no longer together. She glanced from the window and saw Mrs. Greene taking the deck chairs out into the garden. "Come along, girls," she said. "Tea will be ready in a minute."

"Did it refer to the ring Denise was wearing at the time of the accident — this was what she must find out. She must go to the jeweler and show him the ring that was here at the cottage. "Is this an original or a copy?" "And whatever he might answer, "Did you make one like it? Look can you trace down the ring mentioned in this bill?"

"Was it possible that here at last was a way to learn the truth? Mrs. Greene looked intently at Cherry. "Is there anything there worth keeping, m'm?" "I'm not sure, Mrs. Greene. I rather think I've found something of the greatest importance. Oh, Mrs. Greene, if I have..."

"Mrs. Greene poured boiling water into the teapot and decided that it was just as well she had not thrown away the papers. It was only a toss-up that he had not done so. If Mrs. Lindon had arrived just a half-hour or so later..."

"In the meantime, Cherry raced upstairs. She pulled open the little drawer in the dressing table, rummaged for the box and found the ring. She or Simon should have put it away some somewhere safer, but both had felt too sick at heart on that ghastly Sunday to care what he came of it. She had merely stuffed it back again where she had found it. But now..."

"Generally she tucked it away in a corner of her respirator. It would be quite safe there. Tomorrow she would have to be the next day when she had a whole afternoon off duty. She'd manage without sleep and go straight to the jeweler."

"She heard Mrs. Greene's voice coming up the stairs. "I've taken the tea out into the garden, m'm. When Cherry returned then it struck all three that she looked suddenly brighter, happier. They wondered why. What had happened since she'd gone out?"

"Hello, yourselves," everybody," she said after she'd passed them their tea. "Lane, would you like to check me a some?"

"It was nearly seven before at last reluctantly they decided they must leave. Getting back to the station was extremely problematical. They had to trust to luck. But they were lucky. First came a motorcyclist, then a little sports car driven by a young army officer. Before long they were back at the airfield, eager to catch some sleep before they went on duty."

"So, K?" "Yes, m'm, fine. Oh, John, you are a friend to need!" "John grinned down at her. "That's just as it should be. Well, off we go, London next stop."

(To Be Continued)

"What has come to what as food for soldiers, food for livestock, industrial alcohol, synthetic rubber, smokeless powder, and as shatter-proof glass, the chemists tell us."

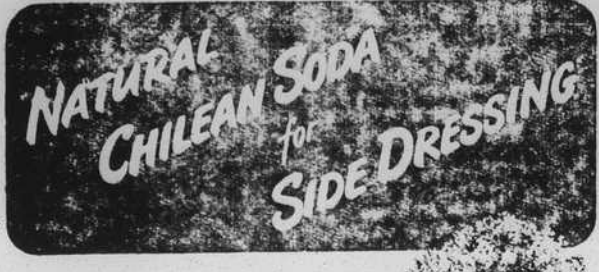
State College Hints

By RUTH CURRENT

Bad temper? Look to the diet. I think we have all seen homes where people are constantly bickering each other, shouting, "bickering back." Perhaps, if we look into the diet, we may find the answer — for human beings need as good food as the pig and the cow and other farm animals.

Don't waste anything today — even cake that has gone dry. It can be made to taste like it has just been baked. Wrap it in a clean cloth and put it in a slightly warm oven until the cloth is dry. Just like new, try it!

To repair edges of a rug that are worn or frayed, buttonhole the edges with heavy yarn or a heavy cord placed along the edge and bound to the rug with yarn.



Natural nitrate of soda shipments from Chile are arriving on satisfactory schedule. Chilean nitrate of soda is already being distributed and ready for delivery. Another 200,000 tons are expected to be ready for shipment in the next few days.

If shipping estimates hold, there will be about as much Chilean nitrate of soda and side dressing as last year. But because all of it is being distributed under the government's allocation program, it may be impossible to supply all sections in the same quantities as last year.

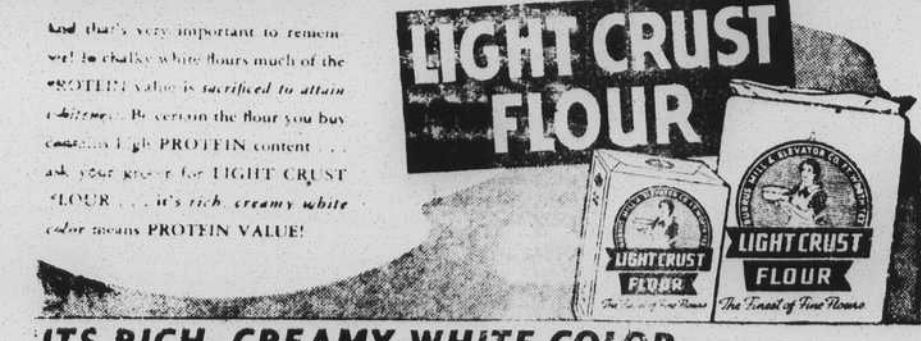
If you cannot get Chilean nitrate when you want it, remember the inconvenience is only temporary — one of many dislocations due to war.

Chilean nitrate is in substantial quantity, but like every good soil fertilizer where it is sold and when it is sold by the government.



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More Town and City Gardens Are Needed

Commercial vegetable growers and canning plants will probably not be able to produce and conserve as much food this year as they did last because of the labor shortage. The situation will become more critical as additional men are drafted.

Reports are reaching the State College Extension Service that many town and city people are thinking of not growing a garden this year because of the dry weather last summer and the fact that they were unable to get all the vegetables they needed. Director J. O. Schaub wants to urge such folks to grow and conserve. But it is not only a matter of vital necessity to grow a garden. Last year more than one-half of our fresh vegetables were grown in home gardens and the need for home gardens and the need for more gardens and not flower gardens is emphasized by the Director.

all records were broken in the number of gardens grown and the amount of the food produced. In North Carolina alone it is estimated that there were at least 544,948 gardens, producing approximately \$68,118,500.00 worth of food.

Schaub recommends that everyone in the towns and cities make an effort to produce some food, even if only on a very small plot, and that farm gardens be enlarged where the need exists. He also recommends that a succession of crops be planted in the garden so as to give a continuous supply of food through a large amount of extra food that they were unable to get all the vegetables they needed. Director J. O. Schaub wants to urge such folks to grow and conserve. But it is not only a matter of vital necessity to grow a garden. Last year more than one-half of our fresh vegetables were grown in home gardens and the need for home gardens and the need for more gardens and not flower gardens is emphasized by the Director.

POTATO TESTS The State College Extension service is comparing fresh cut potatoes with suberized and whole seed potatoes in a series of tests, reports J. Y. Lassiter, Extension horticulturist.

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they say:
"WIND WAGON" for airplane
"BULL HORN" for the carrier's loud-speaker
"CAMEL" for the favorite cigarette with men in the Navy
"JEEP" for a small escort carrier

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Conoco Nth motor oil, for your needed Spring change, at once brings your engine internal OIL-PLATING — the foe of cursed engine acids. These unavoidable "leftovers" of combustion were a menace even when partly driven off by the steady heat of long trips. But rationing brought short jumps, with overcool operation that magnified acid attacks. It's high time now — in any car, under any conditions — to check rampant acids. And you'll succeed with Conoco Nth oil, containing an advanced synthetic. This acts "magnet-like"... makes metals attract and hold their acid-resistant shield of OIL-PLATING.

Though your engine's cool or hot — running or not — the OIL-PLATING doesn't all promptly drain down to the crankcase. And where there's OIL-PLATING, the acids that want to destroy are told to "Keep Off!" That's how Conoco Nth oil can advance your car's chance to keep going. Change for Spring today at Your Mileage Merchant's Conoco station. Continental Oil Company

