

# AT THE MOVIES

IN CHERRYVILLE

**LESTER** Thurs.-Fri.—Jack Carson and Jane Wyman in the Comedy—"Make Your Own Bed"



**ONE DAY** only—Sat. at The LESTER—Action Thrills in "The Last Ride"—Richard Travis, Eleanor Parker



**STARTS** L. S. Sun. Nite "White Cliffs of Dover" With Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal



Alan Marshal and Irene Dunne in a tender scene from "The White Cliffs of Dover," inspiring story based on Alice Duer Miller's famous poem.

**WOOD** TAKES TRUCKS & PARTS TO AFRICA



Official Signal Corps Photograph 176796  
American soldiers uncrating truck parts, Casablanca, French Morocco. Your trees will furnish lumber to create material like this.

**BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

# LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

By CHARLES SPALDING AND OTIS CARNEY

**CHAPTER III**  
Barred from the Navy's V-7 program because he lacked two years of college math, Lester Dowd tries to enlist in the Coast Guard but is turned down because of a "facial squint." The doctor refuses even to examine him. Commander Whitman, an old friend of the family, endeavors to get a waiver for Lester so he can join V-7, but after weeks of waiting Lester learns they still insist on two years of college math. He is successful in joining the V-5 Naval Aviation and is sent to Anacostia Naval Base.

The instructions went on in the same chilly vein to explain the arrangement of articles about the washbasin.  
"Towels will be stowed in locker. Washcloth will be hung on gooseneck."  
The gooseneck, reflection made it plain, was the nub of things. I didn't know what the gooseneck was. There had been up to this moment no reason for traffic with goosenecks. If basins wanted to go around in goosenecks it was perfectly all right with me. They could wear slacks if they wanted. I approached the mate of the deck on the subject.  
After almost choking to death on a lump of bubble gum the size of a tennis ball, still suffering from shock, took my hand and led me ceremoniously to the basin.

"This is the hot water."  
"This is the hot water," I repeated as if reciting after nurse, Chapter One in the Big Animal Book.  
"This is the stopper."  
"This is the stopper."  
Then leaning over he pointed underneath at an iron intestine. "And that's the God-damned gooseneck!" he shouted.

Once things were on a friendly footing with the plumbing, I turned to the stowing of belongings in the bureau and then waited for inspection. Except that my khaki shirts were cozily snuggled next to my black socks in the second drawer, instead of under my shorts in the third drawer, all was well until a fine interpretation of the rules turned success into disaster. The boudoir booklet stated in its intimate way: "Toilet articles shall be stowed in the top drawer. Bottom drawer shall be reserved for miscellaneous."  
My equipment was well housed in a shaving kit, which I placed without much thought in the top drawer.

During inspection Ensign Fitch browsed around the bureau. Opening the top drawer he came across the shaving kit.  
"My God," he screamed. "What's this doing here?"  
"I have my shaving things in it sir, and the rules—"  
"I don't care if you have a skull in it!" he bellowed. "All kits are regarded as miscellaneous in the Navy and so stored in the bottom drawer. This is a final warning."

The next day Lieutenant Sands U. S. M. S. had the inspection. Coming to my bottom drawer he stepped away as if he had found his wife at the Astor.  
"My God!" he shrieked. "What is this shaving kit doing in the bottom drawer?"  
"A kit is a kit sir, and the rules state—"  
"I don't care. It has shaving things in it and as such should be stowed in the top drawer. This is your final warning."  
Semper fidelis!  
The only way I kept myself out of trouble was by answering, "Well, Ensign Fitch says . . . or, "But Lieutenant Sands says."

The showdown came when the men arrived together for Saturday's grand inspection. The kit was in the first drawer.  
"My God!" shrieked Fitch "Again."  
"I told him to put it there," said the lieutenant.  
"You did, Mr. Sands?" Mr. Fitch was incredulous. "After all your training."  
"A study of Rule 13, sub-head 2, will disclose that shaving equipment properly goes in the first drawer," said the Marine acidly.

I winced. The loser would certainly salve his wounded pride at my expense.  
"So it does," Fitch was jocular. Great fighters, the Marines. Always gave a good account of themselves. Unquestionably, well disciplined, but you couldn't expect Navy insight or finesse from such men. "A kit, old man, is a kit," he kindly declaimed. "If you put your hands in your shoes that doesn't make them gloves, does it? He drove the point home with this mental nail. "The kit goes in the bottom drawer," he said imperiously.

"And if you fill a potato sack with apples you still sell them over the apple counter." The Halls of Montezuma rang with the challenge. "The kit goes in the first drawer," said Sands, folding his arms and looking toward Tripoli.  
Ensign Fitch was shaken by the last charge.  
"Do you really think it goes in the first drawer?" he asked, admitting the need of discussion.  
"I'm not sure at all," said the lieutenant, giving a little ground himself. "It's the most ticklish issue I've had to face in the service."

"Couldn't the Skipper handle this? Captain's mast or some such—the Ensign grasped for straws.

"What do you think, Dowd?" asked Fitch, remembering that an occasional gleam of intelligence shone in the ranks.  
"It seems to me, sir," I said straining every muscle to stay off the report, "that it is neither besh nor fowl and should be stowed in the middle drawer with the underwear."  
"No compromising," snapped Lieutenant Sands.  
"Remember Munich," added Ensign Fitch.  
Both were gallant gentlemen. "I suppose it will have to go to Washington?" I asked.  
"That's it," cried Fitch. "The Bureau!"  
"The Bureau!" cried Mr. Sands. Both men swore to see the thing through, come hell or high-water.

"Where shall I stow it for the next inspection?" I hoped the closet would do until the heat was off, but they left me to shift for myself. Shaving under these circumstances had become too much of an ordeal. At first I was for throwing the kit into the Potomac like Excalibur and going off on the magic barge with Singing Sam, the Barbosol Man. The choice ultimately fell between a guaranteed depilatory or the new electric razor with four blades that made twenty-five hundred contacts with the beard per second. I settled for the latter. It went in the gear room with the vacuum cleaner, and there were no questions asked.

Following the midday meal, the mail was parceled out in the bunk room. The Divine Plan provided, according to some, a particular girl for every male, and a such was making headway. Every man was equipped with a number-one woman who wrote to him on an average of every other day. He might hear occasionally from any number of satellites, but these were held of no account because in their turn they each were harnessed to an opposite for whom they regularly filled reams of pink paper.

Sometimes, as with "Sheep" Morgan, this routine was carried to beautiful extremes. "Sheep" played Apeland to a pretty thing who put out at a rate of two letters a day. She printed her name and address, "Miss Pat Clarendon 205 Hollyhock Avenue, River Valley, Va." At the top of each effort, which looked suspiciously like a large scale advertising scheme to the skeptics. They argued that Morgan, the cavalier, unless he had a mind like a sieve must have known the whereabouts of his lovely. In the end, however, a correspondence that was estimated in tonnage proved her fidelity, and the inevitable name of the left-hand corner was taken to be one of those unaccountable "little things" that made him love her so.

Miss Clarendon's regular expressions of passion were scented with a gas that screamed, not whispered. "A woman is passing by," and if the manufacturers gave this a name it might have been "L'Audace." The letters themselves were never brief, simple notes recapturing illusory sensations born of the heart's yearning. Her billets-doux came under the heading of freight. They were essays, wrist-thick, that described in studied detail the condition of a soul that suffered exquisitely twenty-four hours a day. "Sheep's" effect was cyclonic. The sweet sickness consumed her like a Nessus shirt. He had reduced the poor girl, if the length and frequency of her letters were any indication, to round-the-clock recording of her love-drugged being.

"Sheep, my dearest," she invariably opened, letting a rocking chair melancholy to the flood of tender introspection that followed. "This morning before breakfast I feel electric-currents running through me."  
By high noon there was usually a violent turn for the worse. "The thunder that is my own Sheep peals within me," she wrote as all hell broke loose.

The afternoon journal which carried well into the night described post-matin developments. In the evening she knew comparative peace as he came to her "in an April way," but if the moon, in any stage of its cyclical development, showed in the sky her prose dissolved into a baleful wail.

Sheep read these volumes as solemnly as if they were copies of the Volstead Act. Then, convinced that he still possessed the same old wham, he prepared to compose some himself. Unlike his beloved, Sheep did not burn continuously, but by staring at her picture for varied periods of time he could flare up at will. Fired by this Yogi-like exercise, he was able to match her stormy recitals as our training progressed. I thought he was forced to wait longer and longer for inspiration I often wondered if he would not be turned into stone before her image while she perished from malnutrition, and they both lived on, a lovely legend in the Air Corps. However, he married her secretly one week-end, and it is probably much prettier that way.  
The six weary weeks of preliminary ground school finally passed and one morning before daybreak we were herded into a requisitioned bus and driven to the flying field. The overland route passed right through the heart of Anacostia, a little suburb of the

city, wound around the Maryland countryside and ended up at a dismal plot of land known as "Hyde Field." I took a seat right behind the driver, an enlisted man who was spurred on to madder and madder things by wild cries of exhortation from the cargo.

"C'mon, fearless," they hollered at the helmsman, whose driving had become legend. "You can get sixty out of her, boy."  
"Pass him, Fearless, he's holding up the way effort."  
"I wasn't prepared for this sort of thing so soon after breakfast, and clawed at the seat cover as the bus roared down a steep grade. Fearless, realizing he was giving one of his four-star performances, turned back to me.

"Some ride, eh, Mack?" he said delightedly, using the Navy's informal "thou."  
"Some ride, Jack," I agreed through clenched teeth.  
"I really make her dance, dont I Mack?"—he added another burst of throttle.  
"You really make her dance, Jack."  
"Jeez," muttered Tim Carpenter, as he was wont during periods of great strain.

We rushed on a sharp corner. There was a screeching of brakes on an uncertain moment on two wheels, then a triumphant racing turn into Hyde Field, and two blasts on the horn to announce us.

Fearless looked at his watch. "Forty seconds off my record," to fight, Mack, but, by God, I'll be sworn. "They say I'm too old see you boys, don't lose any of your flying time."  
"Bless you, Jack," I murmured, pulling myself together.  
"Keep 'em flying, Mack," and off he raced.

Fearless disappeared over one hill as the sun's red rim edged above another. The outline of the field emerged in the early morning light, and down at the far end the mechanics began tuning the planes up.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Medical Society To Meet November 8th

The Seventh District Medical Society will meet in Albemarle on Wednesday afternoon, November 8th, at 4 o'clock. The meeting will be held in the Education Building of the First Lutheran Church with the banquet at Hotel Albemarle at 7:30 P. M. Dr. H. C. Whims, of Newton, will speak on "Poliomyelitis"—An Acute Emergency and Dr. L. A. Crowell, Sr., of Lincolnton will give the response to the Address of Welcome.  
Major John McKee, Moore General Hospital, Swannanoa, will give a scientific address "Psychiatric Casualties of the Present War."

Remove lightning struck or other damaged pines from the farm woodland to prevent beetle attacks, says R. W. Graeber, Extension forester at State College.

## ALKA-SELTZER BRIGHTENS MY DAY



OCCASIONALLY, I wake up in the morning with a headache. It sometimes wears off along the middle of the forenoon, but I don't want to wait that long, so I drink a glass of sparkling ALKA-SELTZER. In just a little while I am feeling a lot better.  
Sometimes the week's ironing tires me and makes me sore and stiff. Then it's ALKA-SELTZER to the rescue—a tablet or two and a little rest makes me feel more like finishing the job.  
And when I eat "not wisely but too well," ALKA-SELTZER relieves the Acid Indigestion that so often follows.

Yes, Alka-Seltzer brightens my day. It brings relief from so many of my discomforts, that I always keep it handy.  
Why don't you get a package of ALKA-SELTZER at your drug store today?  
Large Package 60¢, Small 30¢.  
Visit your school Thursday, November 10, 1944.

## CHURCH NOTICES

### First Baptist Church

REV. E. S. ELLIOTT, Pastor

Sunday, 10 A. M. Sunday School. We had a good attendance last Sunday. Let's make it better this Sunday.

11 A. M. The pastor will preach.

7 P. M. Training Union. You are invited.

8 P. M. Preaching service. The pastor will preach.

Circle meetings Monday afternoon at 4:00 o'clock.

Baptismal service at the close of the preaching service this Sunday night.

The Lord has blessed us, and we have had a great meeting. May there be many others who will give their lives to the Lord, and come ready to be baptized Sunday night.

### 2nd Baptist Church

W. Luther Hawkins, Pastor

John McGinnis, S. S. Supt.

Sunday School 9:45 A. M. A class for every age

Morning Worship 11:00 A. M. Davis Trio, Guest Musicians

Second anniversary of pastor. Training Unions 6:30 P. M. Evening Worship 7:30 P. M. Message and drawing by the pastor.

### MORE ABOUT COL. RIDDLE

the first services in the Anglo-American Church in more than three years.  
The Colonel wears the European Theatre ribbon with four campaign stars, the Purple Heart and the Bronze Star for meritorious service and the Presidential Citation.

Before entering the service, Chaplain Riddle was Presbyterian pastor in Cherryville, North Carolina. He is a native of Clover, South Carolina, where his wife and daughter now reside.

Close the back and side ventilators of the laying house as the nights begin to get cooler. Pullet will get colds unless drafts are prevented.

## Presbyterian Church

J. WALTER COBB, Pastor

The Sunday morning service is to be unusual in that there will be a dedication baptismal service for infant children, and in that the newly organized Junior Choir will have charge of the singing in place of the regular choir. Special invitations to the parents of the members of the Junior Choir are being mailed out, and invitations to parents who have children who have not yet reached the age of accountability and who have not been baptized to bring their little ones for this dedication service.

Sunday School at 10 A. M. W. W. Browne, Supt.

Two young people's groups. Two Young People's Groups at 7 P. M., the "Juniors" and the "Pioneers," Mrs. Hugh Sneed, Director.

Woman's Auxiliary at 7:30 Monday in the church, Mrs. Grace Crocker, President; Mrs. E. S. Sellers, Leader; Misses Clemmie and Emma Browne and Mrs. E. M. Browne, Hostesses.

Choir rehearsal on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. E. W. Carson, Director.

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# TAX Notice!

I NOW HAVE 1944 TAX BOOKS OF GASTON COUNTY AND AM NOW PREPARED TO GIVE A RECEIPT FOR YOUR TAX.

## J. C. JENKINS

TAX COLLECTOR CHERRYVILLE TOWNSHIP