

AIR FORCE-GIRL

By Ren'ee Shann

CHAPTER I

Stella said for the third time: "I wish you'd tell me where you're going this evening."

Jane leaned forward for a better view of herself in the triple mirror on Stella's dressing table. She was pulled on her little new blue hat thinking that if she had only known she would not have bought it. Heaven only knew when she would have the chance to wear it again! Or the new blue dress that went with it. "Please tell me, Jane."

Jane laughed gently. "Darling, can't a girl enjoy her last night of freedom without being asked a hundred questions?"

Stella ran a comb through her hair. She said unhappily, "I wish I didn't have to go to this wretched first night. I'm feeling perfectly miserable about you."

Jane sighed. "I needn't be. I assure you I'm going to have the time of my life."



Ten minutes later she was seated opposite him.

After all, Jane reflected honestly, it was entirely her own fault that she was going to spend the evening alone. There were a dozen people she could have seen if she had only consented to make arrangements to meet one or other of them. She knew that it was since her break with Tony that she'd found she preferred her own company, unless perhaps she could be with Stella. There had been, it was true, that brief hectic affair with Clive Forbes, but the less she thought about that the better.

Jane was a fashion artist, and Stella a free lance journalist. They had shared an apartment together for some three months, Jane was making much money in those days. Jane was at the bottom of her particular ladder and Stella trying valiantly to get a foothold on hers. Little by little Jane had learned what she had done to Stella. Jane only knew that there had been a husband who had let her down so badly that he had completely robbed Stella of her belief in human nature. She had divorced him after a brief six months of marriage and even though he was fairly well off she refused to take a penny from him.

Though Stella, in her worldly contacts was having a success, she had a gentle understanding side that no one else saw. It was Stella who saw Jane through that ghastly time when her engagement to Tony Rees was broken. It was Stella who, a year later, brought Jane up with a jolt when she learned that she had been running around with her head very nearly persuaded her to slip across to Paris with him for a week-end.

She prevented it by the simple expedient of quietly appropriating Jane's passport. They had had a bitter quarrel and Jane threatened to apply for a new one, but somehow she didn't and before many days had gone she had changed her mind. She had a little shamefacedly, saying that of course she'd been right. She hadn't really known what had come over her.

Now Stella would be going to live alone, and Jane would be leaving her because tomorrow she was joining the Women's Auxiliary Air Force! Always Jane had said that if war came she'd feel she must do something more than sketch than sketching hats and dresses. The blitz only strengthened her determination, and at last she said to Stella, "I'm going to join up in one of the women's services. There must be some useful work that I can do."

The W.A.A.F.'s were appealing for girls of good education and irreproachable integrity for special services. She went to the Victory House, was approved by the board there and told to undergo a medical examination, which she passed. Now she was to report for duty at ten-thirty tomorrow morning.

There remained only this last evening of freedom. . . .

"May I borrow your flashlight?" she asked Stella. "The battery of mine is dead."

"Yes, of course. Rupert's calling for me and he'll bring me back here. I shan't need it. Darling, I wish you'd dine with Rupert and me. You know we'd love you to. And we could probably get an extra seat for 'Wild Parties'."

Jane shook her head. "Two's company," she said with a little smile.

Stella told her not to be absurd. "Rupert Grant," she began.

"I know. He's an old friend. Three won't be a crowd, and you think it's a grand idea. No, thank you, my pet. As I said before, I've made my own plans for this evening."

She picked up the torch as she spoke, told Stella she hoped she'd enjoy the theater, sent her love to Rupert Grant and left the apartment. Down in the hall the doorman sprang to open the door for her. "Taxi, miss?"

"No, thank you. I'd rather walk."

She emerged into the gathering gloom of a darkening London. Nice to be living in the heart of the West End, she reflected, thinking that she and Stella had certainly progressed in their mode of living since those early days when they'd first taken an apartment together.

Then they had had two rooms and a kitchen with a bath in it, on the top floor of a dilapidated house in Bloomsbury. They'd bought twenty pounds' worth of furniture on the installment plan and their curtains had cost a shilling a yard and had been made at home. Now they were in a modern apartment hotel a stone's throw from Piccadilly. Their combined incomes made this possible.

Jane had felt a little worried about the financial end of things when she had come back from Victory House with the knowledge that she was to report for duty so quickly. Stella had told her well and steadily that she was doing very well despite the war. And if things went against her—well, she'd just have to find a tenant for the apartment. Whatever happened Jane wasn't to worry on that score. What did worry Stella, was how Jane was going to manage on one and fourpence a day.

This was worrying Jane too. Still there was nothing she could do about it. What really mattered was that deep down in her heart, once she embarked on this new life tomorrow, would be the warm glowing feeling that she would be helping in her own small way in this gigantic struggle that her country was undertaking.

So intent was she on her own thoughts that she blindly turned a corner not noticing where she was going. An Air Force officer, hurrying along, head bent, collided violently with her. So sharp was the impact that the little blue hat went flying and had he not put out a swift arm to catch her Jane would have gone flying into the gutter after it. As it was she regained her balance, feeling bruised and shaken and very much as if a tank had come hurtling at her.

She reached for her hat, but he picked it up before her. "I say, I'm most terribly sorry," he said earnestly. "Did I hurt you?"

"That's all right. It was my fault really. I wasn't looking where I was going."

"That's very generous of you. But I was brought along much too fast."

"He smiled suddenly. "To be honest I was in the devil of a temper. I was trying to walk it off."

She smiled too. "Did you manage it?"

"I'm not sure. I say, are you quite sure you're not hurt?"

"Quite."

"Well, at least you must feel a little bit shaken. You must let me get a taxi and drop you wherever it is you're going."

Jane looked at him. She remembered that this was her last night of freedom and that Stella had often said she was far too shy and retiring. She smiled. "That's very kind of you but, you see, I just don't happen to be going anywhere."

He laughed. "In that case—look shall I tell you? You were just on your way to meet me. And I was hurrying to meet you and we were going to dine at Kettner's. I've already booked a table." He stopped a passing taxi as he spoke and held open the door for her. "Hop in! We're going on to 'Black Velvet' after."

Ten minutes later she was seated opposite him and the waiter was taking their order. A table had certainly been booked for him. The maitre d'hotel clearly knew him. He had bowed them through the restaurant, removed the little card with "Reserved" on it as they sat down and asked what he could get for them.

"Two champagne cocktails, please, and make them snappy. Or would you rather have something else?"

Jane took off her gloves, laid them beside her and the waiter at the table and said a champagne cocktail would be lovely. She hoped that he wouldn't think she was in the habit of dining with strangers. He hadn't consulted her with regard to what she would eat or drink beyond one or two crisp inquiries, but the dinner he'd chosen

seemed somehow to comprise all her favorite dishes.

She heard herself saying out of a blue sky, "Why did she let you down?"

His eyes darkened. "Some other fellow, I imagine. She said she had a cold."

"I see. One man's meat . . ."

He said swiftly, "I am too. Gosh, I'm glad I ran into you, though it was a bit unfortunate for you!"

She laughed softly. "I could find it in my heart to wish we'd met some other way. We could have been introduced, for instance . . ."

He shook his head. "That would have spoiled it all. But we can introduce ourselves now . . ."

She made a quick dissenting gesture. "No, let's just dine together, go to a theater together and then I'll say, 'Good night and thank you very much' and that will be all there is to it."

She glanced up to find his eyes fixed on her intently. They were the bluest eyes she had ever seen. "Why do you say that?"

She gave a little shrug of her slender shoulders. "Does that matter?"

"Yes. If we're not going to meet again, we may as well be frank with each other. We'll have to get enough for a lifetime into a very little while." He paused. Then he said gently, "Please tell me, I don't believe it's just a whim."

"I hesitated. She had a little pattern on the tablecloth with her fork. She said slowly, "There's a little saying, a burnt child . . ."

"You're very honest."

"I was ever badly burnt."

"So was I, once. This evening. The girl who let me down . . . that was nothing." He laughed. "It merely put me in a bad temper, but if I were to see very much of you . . ."

She shook her head. "You're not going to."

"No. And more insistently, 'No, no, no!' She gave a low laugh. "And that being settled, let's talk about ordinary sensible things. Tell me, do you like flying? Will it be a long war? What's your rank? Not your name—your rank."

"I've been nearer to her. 'I love flying. God knows it'll be a long war. I'm a flight lieutenant. And where shall we lunch tomorrow?'"

The waiter removed their plates at that moment. She said when they were alone again, ignoring his last question: "I see, I was wondering what those two stripes indicated. What sort of aircraft do you fly?"

"A Spitfire as a rule. Now I'm down in town for a few days' leave."

"Tell me more. I know so little."

He told her a lot more. He'd flown, it seemed, since he was twenty. He'd joined the Air Force on a short service commission and afterward had been on the reserve. He'd flown in Spain in the civil war and in China. There was a scrap going on, he liked to be in it.

"This scrap," Jane said grimly, "seems likely to be a sticky one."

"I know. But we'll get through all right."

"I hope you will," she said, and knew that from the very bottom of her heart she meant it. "Have you ever crashed?"

He laughed. "Lord, yes. Three times. I smashed up a Spitfire only the other day. But I have a charmed life. By rights I should have been dead long ago." His eyes met hers. "Now I know why my guardian angel was looking after me."

The color crept into her cheeks. Her hands trembled.

"You don't believe in fate?" he asked.

"Er—yes—I don't really know. I'm not sure I've thought a lot about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MURDOCK

By Journal Field Representative

Clinton Jones of South Bend was in Murdock on last Wednesday to see his father-in-law, I. C. McCrory about assisting in the shocking of some 35 acres of oats.

Some thirty-two members of the E.L.C.E. were meeting last Monday at which time Coral Bornemeier was elected delegate to the state meeting which is to be held at Milford on August 22nd.

Russell McGorthy who has been stationed at the Lincoln air base is liking his work and surroundings very much, word to relatives and friends state.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Sheldon of Lincoln, formerly of Alvo, were spending a short time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Craig in Murdock last week.

Wm. M. Zabel, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Zabel of Topeka, Kansas, was guest at the home of his parents in Murdock the past week.

Henry A. Tool and Lawrence Race, the garage man, were over to Lincoln looking after some business matters last Wednesday.

Lacey McDonald, who has been engaged in painting of the government grain bins at Murdock and Alvo has completed his work.

Leonard Jaye, of the Earl May Seed Company, was a visitor in Murdock the past week, gathering up and packing the seeds which they had placed with the local dealers, since the selling season has about expired.

Mrs. M. R. Smith of Waverly visited friends in Murdock Friday of last week.

Wm. Riester of Murdock and Peter Stander of Greenwood, were in Murdock last Tuesday each purchasing a combine.

John Buck was a business visitor at Ft. Crook on last Wednesday. Miss Geraldine Schmidt, the beauty operator, was enjoying a vacation last week.

Attends Church Meeting
Rev. Peter Krey, of the Trinity church, north of Murdock, and Rev. H. A. Cottat of the Louisville church, departed last week to attend the state synod of the church that is being held at Seward.

Harrison J. Livingston, of near Weeping Water, was in Murdock on Wednesday to secure some repairs for his harvesting outfit.

The Meredith Weddell and W. E. Lyons families of Lincoln, were visitors in Murdock Sunday, July 4th. Glen McDonald and wife were in Murdock for July 4th, guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Byran McDonald and family and Mrs. Hannah McDonald.

Attend Funeral
Marion Schewe of Florida and Donald Schewe, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, were here to attend the funeral of their brother, Lt. Norman Schewe, who was killed in an airplane crash. They and their wives were guests of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Schewe, while here.

Leonard Lau, who is located at Coffeyville, Kansas, was a visitor in Murdock for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Austin, of Lincoln, who have been employed at the farm of Herman Kupke, have moved to Murdock and are now occupying the house of W. T. Weddell.

Funeral of Soldier
Norman Schewe was instantly killed in his plane that crashed. He has been with the air forces over two years, he leaves a wife Theadora, Mother and Father, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Schewe and two brothers. Funeral was at Lincoln, Sunday, July 4th.

Dies In California
Mrs. Emma Rohrdanz wife of Henry Rohrdanz passed away at her home in Los Angeles, Calif. She lived near Murdock until they moved to Calif., where Mr. Rohrdanz was engaged. She is a sister of Matthew Thiguan and Selma Gakenier at Murdock.

Mrs. Everet Lindell, who was so seriously ill is again well on the road to recovery.

Supervisor Here
Irene Gakenier the Surgical Supervisor in one of the large hos-

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE MURRAY STATE BANK of Murray, Nebr.

Charter No. 578 in the State of Nebraska at the Close of Business on June 30, 1943.

Assets	
Loans and Discounts (including \$153.90 overdrafts)	\$210,492.44
United States Government Obligations, direct and guaranteed	312,602.05
Cash, Balances Due from Banks, Cash Items in process of collection	208,913.89
Bank Premises owned	\$1,700.00
Furniture and fixtures	\$100.00
2,100.00	
TOTAL ASSETS	\$734,138.38
Liabilities	
Demand Deposits	\$400,159.08
Time Deposits	196,983.19
Deposits of United States Government (including postal savings)	67,594.48
Deposits of States and Political subdivisions	23,815.25
Other Deposits (Certified and Officers' checks et al.)	559.73
TOTAL DEPOSITS	\$688,902.73
TOTAL LIABILITIES (not including subordinated obligations shown below)	\$688,902.73
CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	
Capital*	\$20,000.00
Surplus	22,500.00
Undivided Profits	2,735.65
Total Capital Account	45,235.65
TOTAL LIABILITIES AND CAPITAL ACCOUNTS	\$734,138.38

*This bank's capital consists of common stock with total par value of \$20,000.00.

MEMORANDA
Pledged Assets (Book Value)
U. S. Government Obligations, direct and guaranteed, pledged to secure deposits and other liabilities \$116,840.00
TOTAL \$116,840.00

Secured and Preferred Liabilities
Deposits secured by pledged assets pursuant to requirements of law \$83,954.21
TOTAL \$83,954.21

J. Charles H. Boedecker, Cashier of the above named bank, do hereby certify that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES H. BOEDECKER, Cashier.
Correct-Attest:
W. G. BOEDECKER, Director
E. S. TUTT, Director.
LEONA BOEDECKER, Director.

Subsidies Inflationary
Chicago, July 10. —(UP)—The United Dairy committee charged today that price roll-backs based on subsidies are "more inflationary than rising prices," and demanded that congress refuse to finance subsidization of food prices.

The committee, representing the nation's dairy industry, charged in a formal resolution that the subsidy and roll-back program was a "subterfuge," and that government food policies threaten to create shortages which will "undermine the health, strength and morale of our people."

The committee, concluding its annual meeting yesterday, also passed resolutions urging further government consideration of the manpower shortage and "immediate action to overcome the shortage of animal feeds."

Other resolutions opposed the roll-back of the butter price and demanded that the price be restored to the level "guaranteed by the secretary of agriculture until June 30, 1944."

Greenwood

Special Journal Correspondence

Funeral Services for Viola Brown
Funeral services for Viola Brown of Greenwood, who died July 4, were held Wednesday, July 7, from the Christian church in Greenwood, Rev. C. A. Parks officiated.

She leaves her husband, Jim; three small children; her parents; three sisters; one brother in Scottsbluff, and one brother in the army.

Burial was in the Greenwood cemetery.

Pallbearers were: James Graham, Wayne Wright, William Lesley, Aaron Wright, Warren Ellyson and Henry Wright.

Music was furnished by Mrs. Florence Armstrong, Mrs. Robert Burks, Mrs. Charles Martin and Mrs. Roy Comstock Elizabeth Martin at the piano

Sgt. Wayne Howard is spending a few days with his father, Watson Howard.

Miss Betty Card, celebrated her birthday last Saturday afternoon, with the M.W.M. club, at a pinocle party. The Jolly Jokers club were guests. There were five tables of players. A delicious covered dish luncheon was served at 5. Betty received many gifts.

Lawrence Coleman, was given the lockjaw serum Monday. He ran a nail in his foot a week ago and has not been getting along so well.

Mrs. Dorothy Cameron was honored Monday night with a party for her birthday, by the Jolly Jokers club, at an eight o'clock covered dish supper. The evening was spent playing pinocle. A nice gift was presented to her by the club.

Mrs. Hellen Erway, spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Kelly. Helen returned to her work in Lincoln Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Keller, Janice and Larry Lee of Havelock spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kyles. Evening callers were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hughes of Springfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Kinney and sons of Alvo.

Mrs. Florence Armstrong and Mrs. Wallace Holder spent last Thursday evening with Mrs. Ethyl Armstrong at Ashland.

Seaman Rudy Hraban is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hraban.

Breces - Olson
Miss Emma Breces of Havelock was married Tuesday, June 29, to Arthur Olson, son of Mrs. Maity Olson. They are at home to their friends on Mr. Olson's farm, one and one-half miles northwest of Greenwood.

Mrs. Ruth Leadabrand's sister, Miss Mariah Anderson, and nephew, George McLure, arrived from New York Saturday, for a visit.

Mrs. R. C. Burks, received word of the death of her niece, Lila Lee Stokes, who died in her home in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mick and baby of Falls City, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hughes of Lincoln, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mick.

Mrs. E. Landon and Mrs. Gay Wright were in Ashland Monday.

Miss Ruth Lambert, of Broken Bow, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. John Lambert and family.

Mrs. Nellie Montgomery, of Omaha, spent Saturday and Sunday with her brother, Ed Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Zinz of Sioux City, Ia., and Mr. and Mrs. Watson Coleman and family of Omaha, spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Hannah Sheffer.



Recruits Are Needed for



Earn the respect and the gratitude of those on the home front and our soldiers overseas! The farmers in your community need your help in harvesting the crops this year so that we will be assured of an adequate food supply. Put your summer spare time into vital work for the war effort and earn added dollars to buy those war bonds. JOIN THE LAND ARMY NOW!

PLATTSMOUTH CREAMERY

Home of CASCO Butter
Lower Main St. Phone 94

WOMEN

Are More Informed Today!
Yes, women are taking a more serious interest in world affairs than ever before. They are no longer merely ornamental. They know their foodstuffs, too; their vitamins and calories. And they know the best place to shop for them at lowest prices is Hinky-Dinky.

POTATOES Arkansas 10 Red Triumph Lbs 39¢	ORANGES California Sunkist 344 Size, dozen 24¢
CABBAGE Firm Solid Homegrown, Lb. 6¢	TOMATOES Texas Firm Red Ripe, Lb. 25¢

MILNOT Unrationed TALL CAN 8¢	COFFEE COFELT'S 1-Lb. Bag 25¢	WALNUTS Large English POUND 37¢
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SUPREME SALAD WAFERS 1-lb. Pkg. 17¢ 2-lb. Pkg. 31¢

FRUIT PECTIN LEADWAY Liquid 2 8-oz bottles 25¢

TENDERONI VAN CAMP'S For Jiffy Dinners 3 Reg. Pkgs. 19¢

I Q DOG FOOD A TREAT FOR PUPPY 2-lb Pkg. 23¢

FACE SOAP SEASON'S Bar 1½ with 3 4 Reg. Bars 18¢

HINKY DINKY

Plattsmouth Prices in this ad effective July 12 through July 14 subject only to market changes in fresh fruits and vegetables. We reserve the right to limit quantities. No sales to dealers.

Attend Family Gathering

The home of Mrs. Anna Gansemer, north of Murray, was the scene of a very large family party on Sunday, the relatives coming to honor Mrs. L. H. Puls, of Greeley, Colo., and Mrs. Laura Ringwood of Minneapolis, who have been here for the funeral of the late P. A. Hild. This is the first time in eight years that Mrs. Ringwood has been able to enjoy a visit with the members of the family circle.

All brought well filled baskets and a truly sumptuous feast was enjoyed by all of the members of

the party and followed by visiting and renewal of old times.

Those attending the reunion were: Mrs. L. H. Puls, Greeley, Colo.; Mrs. Laura Ringwood, Minneapolis; Mrs. Clara Puls and daughter, Hooper; Mrs. P. A. Hild, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hild and family, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hild and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hild and family, Mr. and Mrs. Verner Hild and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Puls, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Puls and family, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lutz and Marie, Michael Hild, Mr. and Mrs. John Parkening and family, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Hild, Council Bluffs, Mr. and Mrs.

Fred Hild, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hild and family, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fredrich and family, Mr. and Mrs. Verner Friedrich and family, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Kraeger and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Meisinger and family, Mr. and Mrs. Verner Meisinger, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Gansemer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gansemer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gansemer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Gansley, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wehrbein, Mrs. Franke, Mrs. Bessie Bourne, Miss Dorothy Wiles, Miss Margaret Moore, Miss Beverage, Cpl. Arthur Hild, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bringle.

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Supervisor Here
Irene Gakenier the Surgical Supervisor in one of the large hos-

WEDNESDAY SPECIAL

Clean & Press
Mens Suits and Top Coats and Spring Coats—Plain Dresses and Mannish Suits

\$1.00
Heavy Coats and White Garments Not Included!

Men's Felt Hats Cleaned and Reblocked like new

50c
Reg. Price, 75c—Save a Third

Same high quality work as at our regular prices. No one day service. Cash and Carry!
Lugsch Cleaners
429 Main St. Phone 166