

Marion Hargrove See Here, Private Hargrove

This is one of a series of articles first printed in The News when Marion Hargrove was writing for First Flight. These articles appeared in The News under the heading "See Here, Private Hargrove" and immediately reached the best-seller class. Hargrove, now a sergeant attached to the Tank Army newspaper, left the News in July, 1941, to enter the Army.

I was dozing peacefully at my typewriter the other morning when there came a knock on my elbow and a bright young voice shouted to me. "See here!" I looked up into the impish, cheerful and unchangeably mischievous face of the boss's daughter, Miss Sidney Winkler, age four. Miss Winkler was dressed like the Navy and looked entirely too energetic for such a drowsy morning.

"I'm to be the Valentine," she said, "and Johnny's going to take my picture and you're to take me up to the Service Club and carry Johnny's things for him and walk for him to get there so you'd better put on your jacket and cap and get go."

"I'm going to have my picture taken with Spud Parker," she added. Spud Parker is the young fellow who is considered quite an eligible bachelor by the youngsters.

"Spud Parker your boy friend?" I asked her sleepily.

"Oh, no," she said. "Johnny and Tom Mulvihill, Lieutenant Meek and Captain Wilson are my four best boy friends but you're my boy friend and stick out your tongue and maybe if you could be my boy friend."

"Pure fiddle-faddle," I told her. "I didn't ask to be your boy friend, anyway. I could have nine hundred other girl friends if I wanted to—pretter than you. Stick and snarl and puppy-dog eyes."

"I wish you wouldn't blow smoke," she said. "It makes me cough and it's not nice to smoke anyway. Old cigarettes!"

I wearily crushed my last cigarette in the ash tray. "Women, the eternal reformer," I sighed. "It wasn't like this in the Old Army." Miss Sidney Winkler took off her sailor cap and arranged her big red hair ribbon. "You're a nasty old thing and you're not like Johnny and Tom and Lieutenant Meek and Captain Wilson and my other boy friends," she said. "And you're not like Johnny and Tom and Lieutenant Meek and Major Long and Captain Quillen, too."

"Myahh," I sighed, wrinkling my nose more violently.

"Oh, there, Johnny," she suddenly cried, "and he's going to take my picture and—" She tripped off with a bewitching smile for Bushnell and a running line of bubbles.

"No punctuation," I said to Mulvihill.

"It's a woman's world, McGee," he said, reaching for another slice of toast.

A TOUCHING SITUATION
"Get him away from me, Bushnell!" roared Private Thomas James Montgomery Mulvihill. "He's got that gleam in his eye. Get him away!"

"You're just being difficult, Lieutenant," I told him. "Just sit down and relax. The Lieutenant said his stomach frame on the bunk and started snipping his knees in utter despair."

"What kind of deal are you trying to swindle this time?" he asked.

"That's be reasonable, Private Mulvihill," I said, patting him reassuringly on the shoulder.

"As you know, I am now springing on Captain Wilson's sympathies to get a furlough sometime in February. . . . the first half of February."

"I know what's coming," he screamed, "and I won't do it! I can't do it! I won't do it!"

"Now, as you know, furloughs are laden with little expenses—necessary little expenses. To help me along with the food, Sergeant Sher and Private Bushnell have already made philanthropic little loans."

"The Mulvihill cringed and edged away. "What do you need—more?"

"Well," I estimated, "I should say that ten dollars."

"Great gods and refuge children," he gasped. "Ten dollars? Why don't you just take me for my life's blood? Six dollars he owes me already and now he's asking— I can't stand it! I can't stand it! Take him away!"

"My life's blood," he moaned. "Where's the six I lent you two months ago?"

"That was only five weeks ago," I reminded him gently. "I've already paid two of that back. Three weeks ago I paid it back."

"Yeah," he protested, "but you borrowed it back the next day." He rose and paced the floor. "What are they doing to me? My life's blood they would draw from my veins? Thirty-six measly little dollars a month—my life's blood—my life's blood!"

"Maybe I'm Wintrop Rockefeller, I should lend out ten dollars a day. Thirty-six dollars, and he wants half!"

"You see me, Lieutenant, a sad and work-worn creature—an Allice-by-the-fire whose only hope for the future is in the faint glimmering hope of a furlough. Day after day, week in and week out, I have worked my frail fingers to the shoulder blades to make things all pleasant for you and Bushnell and Bishop. I have patched your quarrels with the mess sergeant."

"I have sat here at night, sewing buttons on my blouse so that you wouldn't have to wear it hanging open on your merry jaunts to town. Money could not pay for the things I have saved you and Bushnell. And now this. Ten dollars between me and spiritual starvation—and no ten dollars. How sharper than a serpent's tooth."

"Don't talk like that, Hargrove," he said, his voice cracking. "Put me down for ten."

"The mighty Mulvihill walked down the barracks aisle, muttering to himself. "I'm being crucified," he belched and fell. A crushed hulk of humanity, in his bunk. (To Be Continued.)

Next Instalment: Stockholders Meeting.



CAMP PHOTOGRAPHER—Women photographers are not a rarity in these days of manpower shortages, but the servicemen at Camp Davis, N. C., believe they have one of the few official women camp photographers in Natalie Dickson Westbrook (above), whose husband is a sailor. She is shown here on the Camp grounds making her rounds.

More Cadets At Davidson

Air Corps Sends Pre-Flighters

DAVIDSON—Another contingent of pre-flight students arrived at Davidson yesterday to receive their training in the Davidson Pre-Flight School of the Army Air Corps, 24th College Training Detachment.

The new arrivals will replace a group of like number who left Davidson last Saturday, after having completed their training here. They have been moved to an Army Aviation Center for more advanced training.

Churchill Tells Chiang Day Will Come When Japs Will Quit China

Secretary Meet Here July 25-27

WASHINGTON—Prime Minister Winston Churchill has informed Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that "the day will come when we shall rejoice at the fall of arms of the United Nations which will surely drive the Japanese invader from the soil of China."

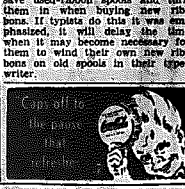
The British leader was replying to a message of congratulation from the Chinese Generalissimo on the Allied victory in Africa. His words served to underscore indications that he and President Roosevelt, in their war strategy conference here, might be plotting new, massive blows at Japan.

Typists Urged To Save Spools

The War Production Board agency here today asked everyone in the state using a typewriter to save used ribbon spools and turn them in when buying new ribbons. If typists do this it was emphasized, it will delay the time when it may become necessary for them to wind their own new ribbons on old spools in their typewriter.

Plant Disease Is Discussed

A decision of methods of controlling plant diseases and insects was being held at County Courthouse this afternoon under the direction of an entomologist from State College. Victory Gardeners and all vegetable growers were involved.



McWhirter Rites Held

Redhead Officers At Funeral Services

Funeral services for Mrs. Samuel Stevens McWhirter were held this morning at 11 o'clock at the Douglas & Sling Mortuary, Dr. John A. Redhead, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, officiated. Interment was in the Rocky River Presbyterian Church Cemetery.

Mrs. McWhirter died at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at her home, 1714 E. 8th St. She had been ill for three weeks, seriously ill for three days. She was born Jan. 20, 1886. A native of the Rocky River Section of Cabarrus County, she was formerly Miss Alice Davis in 1881 she was married to Mr. McWhirter. She was the next to the oldest member of the Second Presbyterian Church and was very active in church work until ill health forced her retirement. She was a member of H. S. Spencer's Bible Class.

Surviving are four daughters, and one grandchild. Three sons died several years ago. Pallbearers at the services were: H. E. Fox, W. J. Spoon, H. J. Spencer, A. V. Russell, Nat. G. White and George J. Miller.

RECREATION OFFICER—NEW YORK—Lieut. Fred Frankhouse, former pitcher for the Cardinals, Braves, Dodgers and Cubs, is the recreation officer at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn.

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