

SECRETARY HAWKINS CLUB

THE GHOST BELL
By Secretary Hawkins

That night we got into our canoes and paddled down the river. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as soon as we had slipped away without being seen by the Pelham boys across the river, we started singing:

"The night is bright and clear,
The moon is up, the stars are beaming;

Sweet music fills the air,
With joy and love our hearts are teeming.

And as I listened, I thought to myself whether or not we would feel like singing on our way back. But I didn't say anything about my thoughts to the other boys. Jerry Moore came in with his low bass solo:

BIRTHDAY CLUB
Lawrence F. Ciszewski, 1521 Grand avenue, is 12 years old.

Wayne Max Emerson, 161 Eighteenth avenue south, is 13 years old.

Betty Jane Feenstra, Route 2, Milldore, is 8 years old.

Wayne Austin Atkins, Eighth street south, is 12 years old.

Marilyn Mae Peck, Route 3, is 4 years old.

"Then, boatman, row us o'er the stream
With steady hand and splashing oar;

We'll glide beneath the moon's soft beam again we'll be, once more."

We glided beneath the moon's soft beam at last upon the sandy beach of the island and I was hoping we would be able to glide away again without any trouble after this night's business was over. A firefly flashing showed us where Norman was waiting for us above, and presently he came running down to the sandy beach with his electric flashlight.

"Glad you're here!" he exclaimed. "We'll go back to the log house right away—but first, Hawkins, take a look at this."

He moved over a bit and played his light upon an impression in the sand.

"The giant's footprint," I said. "Come on, let's follow the trail."

It was impossible to trace them farther than where the woods began, even in daylight; and now, in the dark, what could a fellow do? We went with Norman over the beaten path that led to the log house. I could see no light as we neared, but when we got in the log house we saw that the windows had been covered with dark cloth. And ordinary lantern was lighted, there.

"You see," explained Norman, "I don't want to lead them to our hiding place. And light in any of our windows would do that, very thing. Hello, Davey. Here's Hawkins and his fellows."

David was sitting by the lantern on the table. He was passing his finger-tips over a page of raised writing in a book that lay open before him. He did not turn when we entered, but I could see by the smile on his lips that he was glad we had come.

"David's learning to read with his fingers," said Norman, and we all crowded round and watched him. He was just beginning to learn, explained Norman, and then he asked David to read some of it to us. Which he did, and it was such an interesting story that I finally looked up at his face to see if he wasn't making it all up himself. But no, he never spoke a word until he first felt the raised printing on the page with his finger-tips, and he had come to a certain page after a pause when he suddenly said:

(Continued tomorrow)

OFA CAUGHT WITH POINTS DOWN

Johnson City, Tenn. — (AP) — Two checkers for the Office of Price Administration, hunger-bound in an isolated country store, decided to lunch on pork and beans and cheese. But they had no ration books. "No points, no cheese or canned beans," said the proprietor. The checkers dined on rationed crackers and candy.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

HIT THE RIVET, SISTER

By Ann Pendleton
Copyright 1944, Maxwell Studio, Inc.
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The real-life adventures of a society girl who goes to work in a war plant.

LADS AND LASSES

The fat man's name is Willy. He is my partner now and, at last, I have a job that is almost all drilling. Only, alas, temporary. There are about 20 of us, "oldtimers," "experienced girls" (did "experienced" mean years instead of months?) that they shift around from job to job. Some day, when the Draft has captured the Leadmen, we will, I suppose, be "Lead-ladies" and our crews all-female. Not soon, I hope. Out where all those Sunday Supplement articles seem to be written, Women in Industry may be "better than men." Right here, I must admit, we distinctly are not.

There's Evelyn, for instance. Evelyn comes to work with a red rose tucked in her golden hair. She wears white shoes, rather dressy, and pastel-pink socks, and above her powder-blue flannel slacks she repeats the pink motif in a puffed-sleeve blouse. Most of us, by supper time, look as though we had worn our blouses for a week and had never washed our hands. Evelyn is always fresh from the handbag.

Evelyn doesn't do a great deal of what you might call heavy work. Betty, on the other hand, is always eager to "get at it." She'll dash up and down from the stockroom, carry finished ships off to Inspection, push jigs with the best of them. In spirit, she's right up in the top flight of workers. But Betty's hand, holding a drill-motor, has no conviction in its grasp. Betty's gunset assumes a life of its own and "goes" and marks the rivet—mean old thing!"

The attitude of the "fellers" towards us females is a mixture of exasperation and indulgence, usually with indulgence triumphing. We are not expected to be able to adjust our dimples, get our sets loose from the squeezers, get paint-stuck nuts "started." The "fellers" live in a wonderful atmosphere of homage and appreciated superiority. A few of them—mean guys—will say, "It's your job, sister," but the majority are willing enough to help us out. They should be. Jim, six-foot, heavily-muscled, takes the wrench that ninety-five-pound Carol has been tugging at and, with a nothing-to-it air, turns the bolt loose. "Oh, Jim, aren't you wonderful!" Carol cries. "Anne, did you ever see any guy as strong?"

Heady wine, this.

"What does you girls find to talk about all the time?" my partner, Willy, asks. I have often wondered myself. Except for the moments of actual gunning, when making yourself heard is nearly impossible, almost all of us are always chattering. We keep up a running commentary on the work we are doing: "Gee, looks that hole!" . . . "There, them rivets is okay!" We keep up a more spirited commentary on the doings of our fellow-workers: "Say, look at Gwen and Bill, will ya? Looks kinda serious, don't it?" . . . "Take a look at Harry. Boy, is he burned up!" . . . "Say, did ya hear about Anne being sick?" We tell long stories of our pasts, or of other people's.

Occasionally the story is so engrossing that we forget to work, and stand, motor arrested in midair, but



Q'S AND A'S

What European king was elected by the people to be the first of a hereditary royal line?

A—Haakon VII of Norway, elected in 1905. He is a Dane.

Q—What is desperation in the food industry?

A—Removal of oxygen from foods for fresher storage.

Q—What is the caliber of our "eight-inch" artillery rifle—big brother of the 150 mm. Long Tom in use in Italy?

A—200 mm., or 7.87 inches. Its shell weighs 250 pounds, carries 35,000 yards; muzzle velocity 2850 feet a second.

Q—How long has the nation been operating under the four standard time zones?

A—Since 1883. Before that, there were some 30, set up arbitrarily.

Q—What new use might the army soon make of salt?

A—Experiments are being conducted with salt solutions as a substitute for blood plasma.

Not, of course, on every job. It depends on what you're doing. And, to some extent, on whether you and your partner "click."

Willy and I "click." That is, we're not always at cross-purposes, both reaching for the drill at the same moment, never being ready simultaneously with our gunning and bucking. We have the same "style" in riveting: when I expect Willy to hit hard and short, he usually does, when I'm not sure of myself and want a light tapping, he doesn't misunderstand and give it a "blast." We change around, swap gun and bar back and forth between us. Most girls, Willy has observed, don't want to change. "They think they're gunners, and (unprintable suggestions) they ain't gonna do nothin' but gun—never!"

Pete refuses point-blank to have a girl for a partner and, so far, has had his way. Willy says any man would rather have a "feller," of course. I inquire into it and it turns out that one of the reasons female partners are considered a pain is that a "guy's gotta be always watchin' out what language he uses." As Willy's vocabulary is, to put it decorously, picturesque, I wonder a little what his remarks might be, freed of my presence.

(To Be Continued)

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