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Born of the Storm By SIDNEY B. CARTER

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wolld be, though Prischa, hor-raine is Mother's perfect daughter and on her wedding day she will be even more perfect, if possible, in Mother's eves. "Really, Priscilla." exclaimed her mother in the voice reserved for her second daughter, "you're seven-teen now. You're not a child any longer, or rather you shouldn't be. Now you get yourself dressed in five minutes or you'll hear from your father. "Priscilla alloped the dress over her head and stood in front of the long morror. She was tall and her figure filled out the dress in the right places. Her hair was a golden shade darker than the curis of her childhood and her eyes were a magnetic blue. She made a charm-ing picture standing there, her full akirt swaving slightly in the mild June breeze that came in at the window, the sunlight spilling gold into her thick, wavy hair. What's the matter with me? Why an't this my wedding day? As Priscilla to sing, And then her fund at the sing day for the the opening strains of "Oh, Promise Me." That would be Nancy at the indouble bein to sing. And then her mother, standing in the guests grouped in the living room, would undoubledly begin to cry over the loss of her favorite daughter, an idicite procedure. Priscilla thought, since James and Lorraine were go-ing to live there. "Thegin port the bride. Priscilla to the prine fir ponts for the bride. They were during to live there. "The giri m pink is Priscilla thought, since James and Lorraine were go-ing to live there." "The giri m pink is Priscilla thought, since James and Lorraine were go-ing to live there. "The giri m pink is Priscilla thought since James and Lorraine were go-ing to live there."

They were dancing together in the living room . . . no one else was around . . . they were in a world apart . . . he so handsome in his lieutenant's uniform . . . she with her bright hair against his shouder . . . sweet music sending them . . . Suddenly the radio was snapped off. Dennis had released her. Pris-cilla looked up at him in surprise. "We're not going to dance any more," he said, and his voice was not genite. the way she had re-

more," he said, and his voice was Address Capital Journal 552 Mis not gentle, the way she had re- sion St. San Francisco 5, Calif.



