

Father of the Bride

By EDWARD STREETER. Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

GETTING DRESSED FOR THE WEDDING

(Installment XVIII)

Mrs. Pultaski, who had made over Mrs. Banks' wedding dress for Kay, had insisted on coming to the house that afternoon to be sure that all was in order.

"Good grief!" said Mr. Banks to the world at large, "this is a swell time to find out if it fits her. What's the woman going to do? Start making alterations now? Do you people realize it's a quarter to three and that there's a wedding in hour and forty-five minutes?"

Any allusion to the passage of time always called forth a protest from Ben and Tommy.

"Gee, Pops, you might think it took us an hour to dress."

"Why, I can be dressed in ten minutes," Tommy stretched out languidly on his bed. "It won't take me ten minutes to get into that old fool suit."

"Hi, Pops, this kind of a shirt has to have studs. Got any?" He felt himself going rigid again.

"You must have some. Your mother gave you a set for your evening shirt."

"I know Pops, I can't find 'em. Must have gone to the wash."

In his bedroom Mr. Banks pawed vainly through the jewel case. No collar buttons.

His voice sounded strained and unreal. "Listen, you've got two buttons to think of this. You take Ben to the church. Then go and get your damn collar buttons—and swallow them."

Tommy opened his mouth to protest at the injunction, but he saw an expression on his father's face that made him think better of it. He went out, closing the door quietly behind him.

A moment later Mrs. Banks entered the room and Mr. Banks forgot everything else. He knew that he would never be able to remember what she was wearing. He knew also that, if he saw her, he would never forget her as she stood, framed in the doorway, waiting for his approval—slim, graceful and lovely. All the beauty of her own wedding day lay upon her, tempered by a serenity and dignity that made Mr. Banks feel suddenly shy.

She saw the startled admiration in his face. "Don't say any more, darling," she said. "You like it. I saw that. You'll spoil it if you try to tell me why. And for heaven's sake don't muss my hair."

"Kay is ready," announced Mrs. Pultaski. They filed down the hall after her. She paused before Kay's door and threw it open dramatically. Kay was standing in the middle of the room, her train and veil carefully arranged behind her, a long, elegant brown-haired girl of five feet four, but a princess from some medieval court. Her head was thrown back lightly and she watched the effect upon her courtiers with the calm assurance of one born to the cloth of gold.

Mr. Banks would not have been surprised if she had extended her hand for him to kiss. His eyes became suddenly blurred. Good grief, this would be a hell of a time for him to start crying. What was the matter with everybody today?

"You're wonderful, Kitten. Wonderful!"

She squeezed his hand. "Thanks, Pops. For an instant her eyes met his—not as a daughter but as a woman. Now, on to the slaughter," she said.

He looked at his watch. "It's five after four."

"The cars must be here," said Mrs. Banks. "I ordered both of them to be here at five sharp." She looked out Kay's window into the empty street.

"I'll call the garage," said Mr. Banks. "I'll give them a piece of my mind. Before he was halfway downstairs the telephone rang.

"Hello—Yes. Speaking—WHAT? WHO? Wait a minute." He covered the receiver with his hand. "It's those two cousins of your from Baltimore. They came as a surprise. They're down at the station and there aren't any taxis. Well, what'll I tell them? They're your relatives."

"Call them—Oh, tell them to jump in the lake and swim."

If Mrs. Banks had done a hand stand on the banisters she could not have started her husband more. "Ellie can't be disturbed at the moment," he said apologetically to the telephone. "I'm sure there'll be a taxi along in a minute. Tough. It was good of you to come."

(To Be Continued)

"Why, I can be dressed in ten minutes," Tommy assured him.

"We'll be there, Pops. Don't worry. Just relax."

Mr. Banks gave up and went to his room to dress. Somehow he felt alone and out of the picture. Mrs. Banks was dressing in the guest room which adjoined Kay's. He made his preparations moodily. He was not nervous, as he had feared he might be, only confused and ill at ease. While he regarded himself gloomily in the mirror Tommy burst into the room.

"Hey, Pops, I haven't anything but soft shirts. These stiff collars won't fit on soft shirts. What am I going to do?"

If Mr. Banks had had a blunt instrument in his hands he would undoubtedly have used it. As it was he merely stared at Tommy without affection.

"What size do you wear?"

"Fourteen and a half."

"Well, wear fifteen and a half, so that's that. Haven't Ben got a shirt without a collar?"

"Yeah, but he's got it on."

"Didn't you have an evening shirt?"

"Yeah, Mom put it in the wash. Can't I wear a soft shirt, Pops?"

"No," shouted Mr. Banks.

"Well, what'll I do?"

"Take the car and get one," yelled Mr. Banks. "Good grief, it's quarter after three. You and Ben are due at the church in forty-five minutes. Have I got to think for—"

But Tommy was gone. Mr. Banks resumed dressing. When he had finished he surveyed himself in the long mirror and found the sight rather pleasing. Not many of his friends could wear their old cutaways at their daughters' weddings. If he didn't move impulsively it was perfect.

"I got it," Tommy panted from the door of the bedroom. I had to take a taxi. A cop stopped me, but I talked him out of it. Gee.

"THY LITTLE CAKES WITH ICE CREAM IN 'EM—SOMETHIN' SPECIAL—JUST A DOZEN—ONE FOR EACH AND ONE TO SPARE—THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT."

"BUT THEN DAN BRINGS HOME THAT JACK BAK! WHAT AN APPETITE—AND DAN INSISTS THAT HE AND JACK EACH HAVE SECONDS ON THY CAKES—"

"SO MRS. DRIFT AND I CLAIM WE DON'T CARE FOR ANY—OH, WELL—THE WORLD'S FULL OF GUYS LIKE THAT, I'M TERRID—GUYS WHO'D GIVE MAN THE SHIRT OFF THEIR BACK—ONLY WHO WANTS THAT?"

"[CHAIT—THERE'S A WELLS—LOOKIN' OLD CRUMB COMIN' UP THIS ALLEY!]"

"I'LL BEAT HIS BRAINS IN, AN' ROB HIM!"

"I—I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE BIG GUY CAME FROM—BUT, THERE'S TWO OF 'EM NOW! I'D BETTER SCRAM!"

"AH, DON'T KNOW WHY AH LETS YO HANG AROUND. YO CERTAINLY HAIN'T NO GOOD 'T ME!"

"WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP THERE, BURT?"

"IT'S THET CASSIDY FELLER, HE'S ROAMIN' 'ROUND UP HERE HE—"

"YIPE!"

"YOUR FRIEND GETS DIZZY IN HIGH PLACES, DIAMOND."

"GET HIM, MEN, DEAD OR ALIVE!"

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"HERE'S THE SIGN MR. BRUSH PAINTED, PARTY AND I CHOSE THE NAME. I HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT!"

"IT'S A BEAUTY—THE PAINTING, I MEAN."

"FINE! THE FRAME'S ALL READY."

"SAY! THAT'S A SANDY AND A SWELL NAME!"

"BOY! DOES THAT LOOK GOOD!"

"SUPER!"

"WELL, BOYS, I GUESS YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I BENT FOR YO OVER HERE IT IS. THERE'S A YOKI STARTING AN EATING PLACE TOO NEAR HERE. I DON'T WANT HIM TO STAY IN BUSINESS."

"AND WITH EACH BOX WE GIVE YOU A LOVELY INCENSE BURNER FREE!"

"NO, THANKS!"

"SHE WAS AWFULLY PRETTY, I WONDER..."

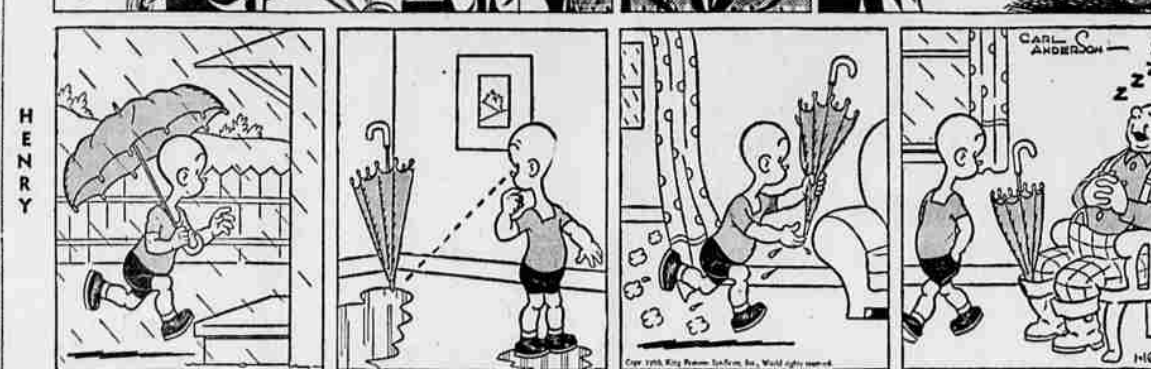
"DONALD DUCK!"

"HMM! JUST AS I THOUGHT!"

"HAVE FUN TODAY, YOU TWO! I MUST GET DOWN TO THE SHOP. AUNT MARY—SOMETHING TELLS ME JIMMY DALE NEEDS AID! ... FIRST AID, THAT IS!"

"I DO HOPE HE HIT ON A PLAN TO ADVERTISE THE CONTACT LENSES, BRICK!"

"HMM! THE PLACE IS DESERTED! MR. PURCHES MUST'VE CALLED IN THE STAFF TO WITNESS AN EXECUTION!"



RADIO PROGRAMS

MONDAY—P.M.

KGW 620 NBC	KOIN 970 CBS	KEX 1100 ABC	KSLM 1200 NBC	KOCO 1400 Kc
5:00 The 3 of Us	Knox Manning	Challenge of Yuku	B-Har-B	Band of Day
5:15 News of the Week	Little Show	Sky King	B-Har-B	Band of Day
5:30 Voice of Folsom	News	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Band of Day
5:45 Voice of Folsom	News	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Band of Day
6:00 Musical Solres	Radio Theater	Edwin C. Hill	Gabriel Heater	Candlelight & Silver
6:15 Musical Solres	Radio Theater	Home Edition	Med. Romances	Tello Tom
6:30 Musical Solres	Radio Theater	Med. Romances	Med. Romances	Serenade
6:45 Musical Solres	Radio Theater	Med. Romances	Med. Romances	Serenade
7:00 Martin & Lewis	My Friend Irma	Lone Hanger	Murder Experts	Pat O'Brien
7:15 Martin & Lewis	My Friend Irma	Lone Hanger	Murder Experts	Pat O'Brien
7:30 Dave Garraway	Bob Hawk	Ethel & Albert	Clara King	Clara King
7:45 Dave Garraway	Bob Hawk	Ethel & Albert	Clara King	Clara King
8:00 Sinatra, Kirst	Lawell Thomas	Kate Smith	Let Glee Do It	Track 1400
8:15 Sinatra, Kirst	Jack Smith	Kate Smith	Let Glee Do It	Track 1400
8:30 Railroad Hour	Heald Scott	John Taylor	The Salt	Track 1400
8:45 Railroad Hour	Talent Scouts	John Taylor	The Salt	Track 1400
9:00 Telephone Hr.	Inner Sanctum	Speaking Songs	News	Williamette U.
9:15 Telephone Hr.	Inner Sanctum	Speaking Songs	News	Williamette U.
9:30 Danes Orch.	Club 16	John Norman	C. of C.	Chief Robie
10:00 Sam Hayes	Star Final	Richfield Rep.	Fulton Lewis	Frank Race
10:15 Sports Final	You & World	Intercom	News	Frank Race
10:30 Danes Orch.	Orchestra	Serenade	Music	Mus. You Want
10:45 Danes Orch.	Orchestra	Serenade	Music	Mus. You Want
11:00 News	Gen. Marshall	Concert Hour	I Love Mystery	Nocturne
11:15 Waz Museum	Gen. Marshall	Concert Hour	Treat. Varieties	Nocturne
11:30 Waz Museum	Gen. Marshall	Concert Hour	Treat. Varieties	Nocturne
11:45 Waz Museum	Gen. Marshall	Concert Hour	Treat. Varieties	Nocturne
12:00 Sign Off	Sign Off	Ntra Hour	Sign Off	Sign Off

TUESDAY—P.M.

8:00 Under Podge

8:15 News

8:30 Farm Time

8:45 Farm Time

9:00 Early Bird

9:15 Sports

9:30 Sam Hayes

9:45 Eddie Albert

10:00 News

10:15 News

10:30 News

10:45 News

11:00 Marriage for 3

11:15 Double or Nothing

11:30 Double or Nothing

11:45 Double or Nothing

12:00 Kansas News

12:15 Kansas News

12:30 Kansas News

12:45 Kansas News

1:00 Backstage Wife

1:15 Backstage Wife

1:30 Backstage Wife

1:45 Backstage Wife

2:00 A Girl Marries

2:15 A Girl Marries

2:30 A Girl Marries

2:45 A Girl Marries

3:00 Welcome Trav.

3:15 Welcome Trav.

3:30 Welcome Trav.

3:45 Welcome Trav.

4:00 Love & Learn

4:15 Love & Learn

4:30 Love & Learn

4:45 Love & Learn

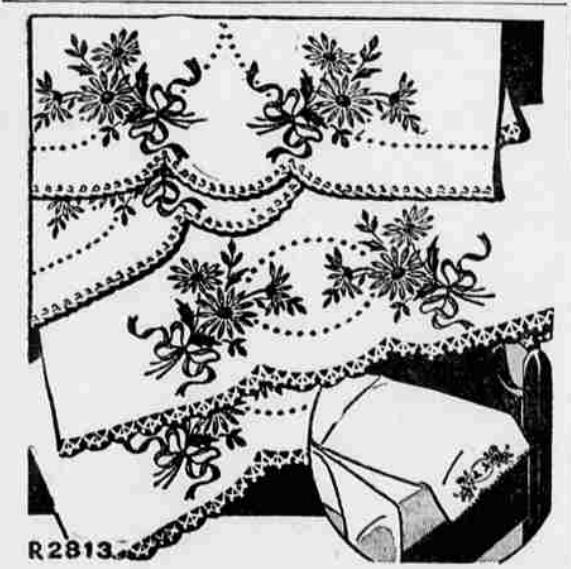
5:00 Paul Stone

Amity Lions Club Sponsoring Scouts

Amity — The Amity Lions Club held its first semi-monthly dinner meeting at Wilcox cafe with 20 men present. Earl Johnson presided.

A movie on baseball was shown.

Phil Frost, representative of Boy Scout activities was guest speaker. He will organize a Cub Scout troop here with the Lions club as sponsor. The Lions club will also sponsor the March of Dimes drive in Amity with Bernard Kosia, chairman.



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Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Ward of valor
- English letter
- Wrenched
- Left-hand
- Irish exclamation
- Very Scotch
- Age
- Succession
- Kind of pastry
- Massachu-
- Settle cape
- Clustered
- Possesses
- Bitter vetch
- Wife of the scale
- Offer to pay
- Wing
- Exist
- Wrinkle
- Tranquility
- Ribbed fabric
- God of love
- Hollow

DOWN

- Dance step
- Wrath
- Article
- Showers
- Public conveyance
- Cake frosters
- Crazy slang
- Division of a city
- Half em
- Decayed
- Comprehensiveness
- Mind
- Yale
- Beard of grain
- Cry of the sea
- Lengthy
- Game fish
- Orchid
- Slumbering
- Alarm whistle
- Variant
- Come back
- To mind
- Winter course
- European river
- Lance measure
- Wary
- Exist
- Successes
- Negative prefix
- Insect
- Leave

AP Newfeatures 1-16

Nicholson Residence Scene for Parties

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kanoff, Mrs. T. A. Boothe, Mrs. Mary Nelson, Mrs. Eddie Stone, Mrs. Paul Cree, Mr. and Mrs. Ed McGriff of Oswego and Luther's mother, the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson also were hosts in their home with a watch party. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cree, Mr. and Mrs. Vergil Cribbs, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gnuschke, Mrs. Mae Cribbs, also Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cribbs of Dallas and Mr. and Mrs. Solon Echerd of Molalla.

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

YES, THERE IS THE PRESTIGE AND HONOR OF PUFFLE TOWERS AND ALIST PROTECT AND UPWARD SO THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED TO PUT THE QUESTION DIRECTLY TO MR. SNORGEEGLE AS TO THE NATURE OF HIS MYSTERIOUS BUSINESS!

AS HEAD OF THIS MANSE I HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW THE CHARACTER AND MANNER OF LIVELIHOOD OF ANY LODGER WHO HARBORS! WHEN HE COMES OUT I'LL CONFRONT HIM!

WHAT'S IT, ASK HIM BLUNTLY!

WORTH

WORTH