

## PACKAGE FROM HOME



"WELL, well, see what Wilbur's got," growled Pvt. George Mahon, better known as Butch. He sat upright with interest.

Pvt. Red Carson, his buddy, who had been lounging with him in the warm sun behind the barracks, rolled over on his stomach and studied Wilbur's approaching figure. "Looks like a package," said Red. "So what?"

Butch grinned. "Yeah. But it's not an ordinary one. It's from home. Maybe it has some cookies in it." His mouth watered at the mere thought.

Red rolled over on his back, uninterested. "I still say so what? He's got it. We haven't. And after the way we've razed him, I can't picture him dividing with us of his own free will."

He sat up and looked at Butch. "But . . .," he said.

"Why, we might kind of persuade Wilbur," Butch looked speculatively at his fists. "I'm sure he'll understand."

"Nope, not for me," said Red, shaking his head. "Have you forgotten what Sergeant Herriott promised us the next time we stepped out of line? And the old man, well—"

Red stopped at the very thought of what Captain Bellows might do. "How are they going to know, unless Wilbur tells them? Don't worry," Butch advised, "I'll put such a scare in him he won't dare say a word." He glanced at the rapidly approaching Wilbur. "Well, are you in or not?"

"O.K.," said Red, standing up and dusting himself off, "but I hope we won't regret it."

Butch sniffed scornfully. "We'll slip around on the other side of the barracks and grab him as he passes." He pushed Red before him.

"He's almost here," announced Red as he stole a quick look from their ambush.

Red nodded his agreement, two socks in his hands. Butch stood poised with an open bag as Wilbur swept past. With the speed of two Rangers, Red and Butch were upon Wilbur, silencing his "Fellow! Wait! Let me—" The socks in his mouth cut him short. Butch retrieved the dropped bundle and tore



Butch and Red greedily consumed cookies.

the wrappings off as he seated himself on Wilbur's thrashing body.

A few minutes later, Butch sighed contentedly. "O.K., let him up now." He stood up contentedly munching the last of the cookies.

Wilbur gulped and looked at the lone cake, the mutilated box and crumpled papers on the ground.

"I forgot," Butch went on sarcastically. "Red, give Wilbur the box and wrappings, too. He ought to have everything that belongs to him."

Red presented the broken box to Wilbur and carefully folded the torn coverings. "Here, Wilbur," he said with a deep mock bow, "here's the—" he stopped, with bulging eyes. "Butch," he gasped. "Butch!" But he couldn't say another word.

Wilbur nodded his head sorrowfully. "That's what I tried to tell you. Gosh, fellows, what'll you do now?" he wailed.

"What's this all about?" Butch demanded. "Red, what's the matter?"

Silently Red held the label so that Butch could see it. Butch's heart sank to his shoes as he carefully spelled out, "Captain John Bellows." And below, "Christmas Package."

Dimly Butch and Red heard Wilbur's voice. "I tried to tell you, but you didn't give me a chance. Sergeant Herriott just gave me this to deliver to the captain. It wasn't mine at all."

## Santa's Big Problem

With more than five million extra children added to the toy age population as a result of the high birth-rate during wartime years, as compared with the average of the preceding peacetime years, Santa Claus is likely to have trouble supplying specific requests, although he will have some toys and games for all.

Science toys will be available in slightly larger quantities. Hobby kits will feature airplane, boat and "build it yourself" models.



## All Over But the Richard Powell~ Shooting

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY STARRING ARAB AND ANDY BLAKE WNU FEATURES

### CHAPTER XIX

I knelt beside Joey for a moment, then straightened. He had been dead when he hit the floor. Renee was still waiting by the desk. The fist doubled against her side seemed darker. Her body swung lightly up into my arms. I carried her out into the corridor. We were lucky. The smoke wasn't suffocating, and the flames had started on the top floor and hadn't gnawed their way down yet. I started downstairs.

"Bob," she said suddenly.

"Sorry. This is just Andy."

Her eyes opened. "Bob used to carry me like this."

"Did he?"

"He used to say I ought to try out for the ninety-pound team."

"You could still make it."

"I mustn't talk about myself," she whispered. "You still have work to do. Did you understand that he went into the powerhouse? He took the black-light set with him. He can attach it and signal through one of those slots near the roof. Don't let him tell the men on the U-boat about the convoys."

"We'll take care of him."

"The door will be open, Andy. He expected Joey and me to follow him."

"I'll make sure he doesn't get lonely."

I picked my way through a jumble of furniture on the first floor, kicked the back door open. The guard, the man who had kidnapped Paula Thompson, was still huddled beside the steps. But he was off the books as completely as Joey. His head lolled at a queer angle. Apparently the fat man didn't like to leave unsolved problems lying around; the guard might have talked, later. I carried Renee well back from the house and placed her gently on the sand.

Her eyes were feverish, and she gasped, "I used to be afraid. Afraid of dying. Afraid for my people in Brittany. Afraid that the Germans could not be beaten. Now I am not afraid. It is worth dying to beat the Germans. Tonight I stood at the window and when the guns fired the third time I found that I was no longer afraid."

I said gruffly, "You always did have what it takes."

"I—I'm sorry you saw how I acted with . . . with—" she nodded toward the powerhouse—"with him. It wasn't really me."

"I know it wasn't."

"Will Bob understand?"

Feet scuffled in the sand and Arab ran up to us. She dropped to her knees, spilling an armful of loot.

"How is she?" she gasped. "I grabbed a tablecloth. You'll have to rip it into bandages, Andy. My fingers—"

Renee pressed the stained fist into her side. "Let me alone," she said sharply. "The U-boat. You must warn the ships about it. You must go after that man in the powerhouse."

Arab bent and kissed her. "I brought Joey's flashlight," she said. "And I brought that international code book you were using. I can work the flashlight with my thumb and warn the destroyer. Andy will do the rest."

Renee smiled. Her head drooped onto the sand. Her lips moved. I leaned close. She was crooning an elfin melody. For a moment I could see Renee and her big Dartmouth kid hanging over their balcony, watching moonlight on the Seine and humming a quaint little college tune. I don't think there could have been any homesickness in the way Bob had sung it, because there wasn't any now. She whispered it softly: Dartmouth will shine tonight, Dartmouth will shine . . . Dartmouth will shine tonight, Dartmouth will shine . . . Dartmouth will shine tonight, Dartmouth will shine . . . When the sun goes down and the moon comes up . . . Dartmouth . . . will . . . shine . . .

It was almost gay, almost a challenge. The elfin whisper faded. She lay there quietly, smiling up at the Dartmouth moon. From the look on her face, Bob must have been waiting.

I got up stiffly.

"Take the shotgun," Arab said. "I can't handle a shotgun. Let 'em know about the sub."

She pushed something into my hand. "Take this, then. Please take it, Andy."

It was the hand grenade from the fat man's arsenal. I stuffed it inside my undershirt, remembering my trouble earlier in trying to untangle a gun from my pocket. I walked across white sand to the powerhouse, adjusting the blacklight set to bear out through a seaward loophole. Light from a single electric bulb flashed on his glasses. The room was filled with the shudder and whine of the dynamo, and at first I could not hear what he was saying.

Finally I caught a sentence. He had said, "This time we will not be interrupted."

I moved carefully toward the platform. There were steps leading up to it but this time I wasn't going to hand him any presents by making a rush. The platform wasn't side. I could stay on the floor and yank him down. When he saw I wasn't charging he started down the steps. His round polished head hunched between his shoulders. The long fat arms swung out, fingers stroking the air ahead of him. He was three steps up when I reached the bottom



I carried her out into the corridor.

of the stairs. Suddenly he whirled, dropped to his hands. A foot lashed at my throat. I was waiting for it. I jerked back my head, caught the foot with my left hand and flipped it. The fat man crashed down.

I locked a foot around his ankle to steady myself, ripped hooks into his left kidney with my free hand. His bent back was a sweet target. Like socking a drum, I pounded him three times. He grunted, jerked upright. Something tore agonizingly at my locked arm. I dug into his kidney once more and then he whirled around and let me fly off at the wall.

It wasn't a clean toss. I hit spinning, felt skin burn off one shoulder. But I kept on my feet. My right forearm ached. A curved flap hung loose three inches above the wrist. It was lucky, though. His teeth had missed the artery . . . and rabies takes a long time to kill a man.

"Just for that," I mumbled, "we'll see how you like blinking glass out of your eyes."

And suddenly he broke and ran. Ran sobbing along the wall and up the steps onto the platform. At the top he swung around. I could hear

his breath whistling above the dynamo. He jerked and tore at a pocket. For a second I goggled up stupidly at him. He was yanking out his gun. His hand wavered up, faltered, rose again. The slide of the automatic had a greasy blue shine.

I ripped open my undershirt and clamped my fingers around the waffle pattern of the hand grenade. It felt good. It would raise hell in this concrete room. I wouldn't have picked a room like this for my first lesson in using a hand grenade, but the selection was limited. He had the gun up now. It steadied on me. I cocked my arm and thought: this is for Dartmouth. And I burned it down the groove at him.

Flame slashed at me. A blast of noise seemed to stave in my eardrums like old barrels. I closed my eyes and let things go dark . . .

When I opened them again, ages later, I heard myself mumbling, "I got the guy I got the guy I got the guy I—"

Someone tugged at my arm, argued with me.

For some reason I was walking. I complained, "Why don't you let a guy stay in bed after he's blown to bits? This is a hell of an army walking a guy around and around . . ."

"Andy! Oh, Andy, please."

The fog swirled around in my head and smoked quietly away. Arab was clinging to my arm, laughing and crying. We were walking through sand. The fragment of moon I had seen ages ago was still skimming through the night sky.

I growled, "Where's the hospital? What am I doing here? That grenade tore me to bits."

"Oh, Andy," she choked, "it didn't go off! You aren't really wounded. Just a bitten arm and a lot of bruises and—"

"Just that, huh? And why didn't the grenade go off? One of your lousy defective Ordnance grenades. I'll get off a military letter with nineteen indorsements and see about these defective grenades."

She nuzzled my arm and quivered with an assortment of laughs and snuffles. "They don't ever go off unless you pull the pin," she moaned. "You didn't pull the pin!"

"They ought to print directions on the things. How would I know you had to pull a pin? What happened to the fat man?"

She shrugged slightly.

"Well?"

"Andy, you hit him with it."

"Did I hit him hard?"

"If you can always throw grenades as hard and straight as that, we'll have some special ones made up for you, without pins."

"Yeah, but I saw a flash and there was an awful bang."

"A forty-five makes an awful racket in a closed room."

"He missed me, huh?"

"Yes, darling. And I've been walking you up and down for five minutes to wake you up."

Arab took a deep breath and clung to me. Her lips felt cool and soothing.

"Andy," she whispered, "I won't ever try to stir things up again. From now on I'll be a mouse."

I scrubbed a hand over my aching face, peered at the flaming house and distant depth charges. "If you're going to be a mouse," I said solemnly, "God help the cats."

(THE END)

## SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

### Daytime Frock That Fits Perfectly A Smart Junior Two-Piece Dress



1417  
11-18



8937  
34-48

#### Excellent Lines

A GRACIOUS, distinctive-looking daytime dress for the matron with excellent lines and perfect fit. Shirring on shoulders and sleeves gives a soft feminine touch. Pretty in a scroll or floral print or solid tones. Accent with a favorite piece of jewelry.

Pattern No. 8937 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, three-quarter sleeves, takes 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material.



A paste made of baking soda and water will remove coffee stains from enameled kitchen ware.

Fingernails are a menace to rubber gloves. To prevent their cutting through the rubber, insert wads of cotton in the finger tips of the gloves.

The amount of light and glare in a room should determine the tone of paper used on the walls: a light tint which reflects well for a dark room and a restful shade for a brilliant room.

Binding scallops may give you a little trouble until you learn, in basting, to ease the binding gently over the scallops and draw it tight at the inner corners. Single binding should always be used.

Cut an old rubber stair tread or doormat into strips and tack these to the steps of your step ladder. These treads prevent slipping. Then tack other pieces on the bottom of each ladder leg. These prevent the ladder's slipping.

If you are able to obtain a yam (southern sweet potato) prop it up in a jar of water covering about half the yam, and watch it sprout into a vine from one to two yards in length. Its life will be limited to a couple of months.

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YOU'LL rate more than a passing glance in this smooth junior two-piece with scalloped closing and pert flared pleum. The gored skirt is simple and flatters every figure. An ideal twosome for gay holiday festivities.

Pattern No. 1417 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 16 and 18. Size 12 needs 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch fabric.

Due to an unusually large demand and current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.  
149 New Montgomery St.  
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Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.  
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## OVERNIGHT GUEST

By Ben Arnes Williams

What happens when one of America's most beloved fiction characters finds a corpse under his bed. A new adventure in the lives of Inspector Tope and that shrewd and efficient lady—Mrs. Tope. Read this sensational mystery story—

IN THIS PAPER

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