to be a doctor over at the asylum."

settled on his heart, and with it came a quick, keen wave of home-sickness for Vienna. Vienna had meant friends, a comfortable something that was almost home —Vienna was—he shook himself

free of the thoughts.
"Parris!"
"Randy—my dear!"
"Oh, Parris, I'm so glad to see

Randy had just started out when she met Parris. She swung the white-painted gate open again, "Come on in. Drake will be crazy,

Randy opened the door. Parris held tight to Drake's hand and looked down into the

start off on?

"Yep."

"Well, now! Government job to

BY HENRY BELLAMANN

HOMECOMING

CHAPTER XXVI CHAPTER XXVI

RANDY spread out the sheets
of Parris' letter on the kitchen
table. The letter had come two
days ago, and she had read it a
dozen times, but she returned to
it again and again for the warmth
and comfort, the sense of security
and safety that she derived
from it.
"I am sure that you have al-

it again and again for the warmth and comfort, the sense of security and safety that she derived from it.

"I am sure that you have already made Drake feel that he is needed and wanted in the world. I am writing him in this same post that he is certainly needed and important in my life. We can't give him legs, but we can keep his mind and personality, and soul, if you wish to call it that, whole and well.

"I recalled last night that a long time ago Drake talked of real estate projects of some kind, I don't remember just what the ideas were. The main point is to get his mind going on something definitely constructive.

"Drake has been more than a brother to me, and from this mo-

brother to me, and from this mobrother to me, and from this moment on you are more than my
sister. In you two I feel that I
have more than a professional
reason for coming back to Kings
Row. You know, of course, that
I have always hoped for an anpointment at the State Hospital
for the Insane. I have kept Dr.
Nolan informed of my progress.
He has promised to recommend

Noish informed of my progress. He has promised to recommend my appointment when I have finished my work here in Vienna."

Randy folded the thin sheets of paper carefully. It was strange, she thought, how well she knew Parris Mitchell.

GRADUALLY, as the weeks went by, Randy pressed the suggestions Parris had made in his first letter. She was amazed to w Drake fell more and more easily into the pattern she so care-

see now Drake leil more and more easily into the pattern she so carefully planned.

One day, following her carefully disguised leads, Drake recalled the old project for reclaiming the creek-bottom lands nearby. He alighted upon it with joy. He had begun from that day to move toward a normal life. Sometimes, as Randy studied the sharp-cut profile, it seemed as though this catastrophe had burned Drake clear of every trait that had been a little careless and coarse.

"I'm going to move you downstairs next week, Drake."

He frowned. "Where?"

"The front room. That's going to be our living room, and the little room off to the side that never has been anything but a storeroom will be our bedroom."

He thought a moment. "It sounds pleasant."

"There is just one front win-

"There is just one front window. It looks into the front yard. There's a big cedar tree outside, and across the road you can see around Harper's Hill on out into the country. It's quieter, too. You don't hear the switch engines as you do back here."

you do back here."

Drake's face contracted suddenly. "I'll be glad to get where I don't hear them so plain. Sometimes I dream—I guess I'll always have dreams like that."

"I don't think so, Drake." Randy spoke very calmly, but her chest was tight. "You'll have a lot of other things to think about."

"Randy!"

"Remember this always. You've had a terrible accident and all that, but you're just Drake Mc-

that, but you're just Drake Mc-Hugh. You're no different. You can arrange your life anyway you want to. I'm here to see that it's

done the way you want it, butyou are Drake, and I love you. Do
I have to tell you that every day?" to tell you that every day? THE late-afternoon train clanked

and rattled its smoky, grimy way from Camperville towards Kings Row.

The passengers sat in the anti-The passengers sat in the anti-quated coach, avoiding, as much as possible, the touch of the gritty, red-plush seats. They wore a look of patient misery—all but one. He was a young man who had stepped from the Chicago express just in time to catch the Kings Row local. At the station he looked with some surprise at the new brick ome surprise at the new brick

"Hack, sir?"
"Why—the Central Hotel, There is still a Central Hotel, I sup-

"Yes, sirree. Only one, in fact. Dis way, suh."

The rather decrepit hack swung

around the corner and clattered along lower Union street. At the hotel desk, a thin mousy-looking clerk bowed with an imi-tation of briskness, "I'd like a suite, please." "Suite"

"Suite?"

"Yes, Sitting room, bedroom, bath."

"Well—we haven't exactly got that kind of an arrangement. I could throw two rooms together for you."

He watched as the newcomer

wrote: "Dr. Parris Mitchell, Vi-

The clerk turned the register The clerk turned the register around, wrote a number opposite the name. "Here, boy, take Dr. Mitchell's baggage to 217. Going to go into practice here, Doc?"
"At the State Hospital."
"Sure enough! Doctor at the asylum, eh? Well, well."
"Send the baggage up. I'm going out first to—to look around."

Out on the sidewalk Parris stopped and slowly drew on his gloves. Two men sitting in split-bottom rocking chairs just outside the hotel door stared and glanced at each other. When Parris walked at each other, when Parris walked away, one of them spoke slowly, "Say, did you see that fellow, put-ting on gloves?"

"Gloves-in August!" "Dr. Mitchell. Used to live here. Parris Mitchell."

"What's he wearing gloves for?" "He's been living over in Europe —in Vienna, for five years. Maybe that's the style over there. Going

Drake moved his lips, but no mask of thin stone. He shifted a little like an embarrassed child and turned his face away.

Parris sat down on the edge of the bed and laid his cheek hard

against Drake's.

Randy backed out of the door and closed it behind her. She went to the kitchen and sat down in a low chair behind the stove. (To Be Continued)

These rampant totalitarian military forces seek to and can dethrone Christ and then shout as the pagans of the past, "there is no other god but Caesar."— Msgr. Michael Ready, general secretary of National Catholic Welfare council, observing third anniversary of coronation of



8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Autumn . . . and harvested in summer.

NEXT: Dan Cupid files the airlanes.

## CIVILIAN DEFENSE GROUP

HORIZONTAL 1,6 Depicted is

insignia of the U.S. Civilian 12 That thing. HENRIK 13 Metal. IBSEN 14 Fruit stone. (suffix).

15 Made of 16 Residence (abbr.). 18 Sheltered side

20 They function with the — help during blackouts.
force. 40 Age. 1 Bushel (abbr.) 2 Genus of Cenus o

ative side. 22 Beach, 24 Looks askance 25 Black bird,

53 Fuss. 26 Greek letter. 28 Symbol for 54 Males. sodium. 55 Beverage. 29 African tree. 57 American 32 Rugged moun-

tain crest. 36 New Zealand

faced utensil weight 38 Rough-surfor grating. 39 They -

EASE REPEL LEAD TREE BO RO EMUS PLAYWRIGHTS 42 Strokes lightly 45 Pope's triple crown. 49 Subside.

4 Trouble. 5 Crudely. 54 Males. 55 Beverage. Free. 9 Doctor of Theology (abbr.).

(abbr.).

poet. 58 Symbol for 20 Aramaic

weight, 63 Uses. 64 Keeps.

34 Bind. VERTICAL 35 Ever (poet.). 42 Pasty. 43 First man. 44 Toward. 46 Within. shrubs. 46 Within. 3 Right (abbr.). 47 Symbol for 48 Toward the sheltered side. 50 Upward. 7 Genus of bees.

Answer to Previous Puzzle 21 Symbol for

praseodymium

watch for air raids. 27 Diminish, OD 28 Very rich man T 29 Banking (abbr.).

23 Deliberations.

25 They keep

30 Swiss river

31 Turkish

weight, 33 Sprite.

radium.

51 Permission to

use. 52 Not as much. 54 To low, as 10 Roman ground parrot. 59 Mountain pass 11 Earth's wintry 56 Entomology 37 Misrepresent, 60 Finale. blanket. (abbr.). 17 Symbol for tin 59 Symbol for 19 Eye (Scot.). chlorine.

61 Danish

(abbr.).

25 26 27 32 39 40 42 43 49 50 51 55 57 63

**OUT OUR WAY** 

By J. R. Williams

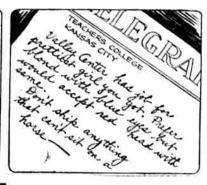


RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

THANKS, BARBER!
YOU'VE MADE ME
LOOK ACTUALLY
HANDSOME, AS
TRAMPS GO HOW
ABOUT YOUR BILL?



OH, DR.
ZEE TOOK CARE
OF ALL, THATSAID YOU WERE
TO HAVE A SHAVE
EVERY DAY-



THANKS, BUD! NOW THESE CANES - TIL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT, I GUESS - SURE BEEN NICE TO ME. NURSE - GIVE MY CURSE TO DOC, DUBB-

ER--YOU--YOU'RE GOING---ER---TO----TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM? YEAH! WHAT ABOUT IT? BILL'S PAID! AM I RUNNIN OUT ON DOC ZEE D'YUH MEAN? WHADDYUH THINK? O.K.! NOW THINK AGAIN!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

BUT I SAY, TWIGGS !-- YOUR TRIVIAL MESSENGER CHORE

IDEAS STEAMING THROUGH

MY MIND! --- A GUN THAT

UP ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE,

ATING THE NEED FOR

THEY

THINK OF

EVERYTHING =

SHOOTS A CURVE, A PATENT-

ED CHIMNEY THAT BELCHES

SPONGY PAVEMENTS ELIMIN-

SEE ....

RUBBER TIRES

ANDWLETS

UM-KARE!

WHAT ELSE?

DERAILS A TRAIN OF BIG

BLACKOUT TONIGHT, BOYS --- HERE'S YOUR

ARMBANDS ! YOU TWO TOE DANCERS

PUT THESE ON AND

NEXT TWO BLOCKS,

ORDERING ALL

BETWEEN

LIGHTS OUT

BALLET AROUND THE

**BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES** 

3-21-42



MISS B. DAT BOY IS BACK! SHALL I BRUSH 'IM OFF? "UOP" REALLY GAVE HIM THE SWEET NO, WATTI MG.

TLL HAVE TO SEE HIM



I, TOO, WAS THERE AND SAW. I TELL YOU IT WAS BISHU! I HAD NO GLN...

I COULD DO NOTHING

**6** 

0

WASH TUBS



STOP IT!
YOU HAVE
AID ESCAPE OF
AMERICAN AND
YOU PAY
PENALTY! IT WAS BISHU AND THE COMMANDER WHO PERMIT-TED THE ESCAPE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SOLDIERS YOU INVITED FOR DINNER ? I NEVER HEARD OF HEALTHY YOUNG SOLDIERS PASSING UP HOME-COOKED FOOD!



I KNOW! I WHAT THEY WHAT THEY MOST, BEING AWAY FROM HOME /



BISHU HAS INFORM ME WHAT HAPPEN. HE WAS THERE. HE SAW



ALLEY OOP



ME, WITH YEARS OF EX-INTRIGUE ... BAH! I'LL SHOW THOSE DULLARDS WHO'S MASTER OF ENGLAND!





IF WE FIND SOME CHUMP

WITH A

LUMINOUS

BLACKOUT,

DO WE

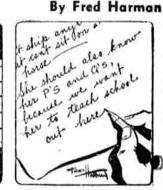
TAKE TH

WATCH ?

03

DURIN'TH

WRIST WATCH



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane

I WENT WITH THE AMERICAN
APTER HIS ESCAPE, YES. BUT
WHY? ONLY BECAUSE I THINK
IT IS OPPORTUNITY TO GET
MESSASE. PUNISH ME BECAUSE
I FAIL, BUT NOT BECAUSE
OTHER'S PERMITTED HIS
ESCAPE ESCAPE

By Blosser

By V. T. Hamlin