Tomorrow is Forever

by Gwen Bristow

...t, I understand and agree ... you," Kessler was looking at ...face. "But this is very charm-...

...s yes, so it is, but this one ...he wall looks more like her. ... here by the door. Those are ...children with her."

...esler followed Spratt and look-... the picture on the wall. "Yes, ...he said with involuntary eag-...that, I am sure, is more ...her."

...It was like her, he knew that ...out having seen the original ... long. The picture had been ... somewhere outdoors, per-...on a ranch. Either Elizabeth ...her children did not know ...were being photographed, or ...photographer was a genius at ...ing an unposed effect. Dress-...a sweater and skirt, her hair ...ing, Elizabeth sat on a fence ...ed which grew an orange ... a young girl leaned on the ... near by, while a tall youth ...looked very much like Eliza-...was standing by the tree, ...g its branches forward be-...his mother and sister so they ... pick off the fruit, and a ...boy, sitting on the ground in ...of the fence, was already ...g the skin off an orange. By ...ent or design, all the children ...looking at their mother, and ...were all four laughing. It ...a group of healthy people who ...ed one another and were very ...about it. No wonder Spratt ...ried it to the studio por-...on his desk. That was Eliza-...as she appeared to other ...her private life discreetly ...aled behind a pleasant tran-...of eyes and lips, but this ...Spratts wife as he loved her. ...ing at the group, the outsider ...Germany knew more pro-...ly than he had ever known ...how much he had given ...oth when he had made up ...mind to leave her free of his ...wreckage. He glanced at ...t, who was looking not at him ...at the picture of his family, ...for a moment he hated Spratt ...rcely that he could have kill-...him. But that passed quickly; ...discipline had steadied his ...ions as much as his conduct, ...after that moment of hatred ...felt nothing but gladness that ...gift to her had been as great ...he had meant it to be.

...day, alone in his office, he ...his memory go back to the ...when he had realized he had ...to this because he loved Eliza-...too much to do anything else. ...first days after the battle ...nothing but confusion, fever ...pain. He was in a place ...re there were a lot of other ...on other cots, and women ...pale harassed faces trying to ...care of them, but he could ...understand anything that was ...g said or anything that was ...e. He was strapped up in ...dages that were far from ...m, and among the people ...and him was a man gaunt as ...ascetic, who came over now and ...and did various horrible things ...him. He did not know then that ...those closing days of the war ...Germany there was not cloth ...ugh for fresh bandages or soap ...ugh to wash those that had ...n used, or drugs to relieve suf-...g or that his attendants had ...he faces and shaky hands be-...they were not getting enough ...at. Even when he began to ...ver this he did not care, be-...by that time he had begun ...discover also the extent of the ...ge these Germans had done ...him. He had no doubt that he ...going to die, and the only ...he was strong enough to make ...that he might die quickly and ...e over.

...bbling in the only language ...new, he begged the gaunt ...man to let him alone. At ...the doctor seemed to be ...ng no attention, but one day ...patient observed that he was ...ng, and after several repeti-...the ungainly syllables ac-...ed meaning. The doctor was ...ng, "Forgive me that I hurt ...

...accent was so thick as to ...almost unintelligible, but the ...that he had any English at ...gave a flash of hope to the ...ugled object on the cot. Any ...t was torture, but if this fool ...doctor could be made to un-...and that a dying man want-...nothing more than to be left in ...it was worth the effort. His ...words were muffled because ...he bandage on his chin, but ...managed to get them out.

...sten to me. I am not one of ...countrymen—you know that, ...you? My name is Arthur ...ridge. I am an American. ...enemy—don't you get that? ...going to die anyway. Why ...you just let me do it?"

...the doctor said something. ...ur did not understand it until ...had been repeated several times, ...when he finally caught the ...he they were not worth the ...ble of listening, for all the ...or said was, "Quiet. You be ...."

...thur tried again, desperate ...pain and weakness. "Do me a ...ness. Give me something to ...k, won't you?—Please listen ...I'm talking as plain as I can! ...sh it. That's not much to ...k is it?"

...ain the doctor said, "Quiet." ...you don't care about doing a ...ness to me, do it for somebody ...can get up again—one of your ...men. Why should you let ...fill up a bed when German sol-...are lying on the floor? Or ...e food on me when you haven't ...ugh for your own? Don't ...me—"

...words ended in a gasp of ... But he still looked at the ..., too weak to say any more ...conscious enough to plead with ...eyes. Whether or not the doc-...had understood all his words, ...had grasped enough to know ...Arthur wanted. He shook his ... "No," he said. "No." Ex-...ted as he was, Arthur could ...him groping for more words, ...ering all his strength, Arthur ...aged to say again.

...am going to die anyway."

..., no. You are not going to ...

(To be Continued)

...VERPOOL, England - (CP)— ...200 English brides of Nor-...iane living here are going back ...school. From the English wife of ...wegian sailor they are going to ... how to shop in Norway, how ...ehave in the home and how to ... the national ...

"THAT'S RIGHT - I'm Shorty Smith"

JUST ONE of thousands who joined up in '39. In a way I wish I was home. But in another way I don't want to come home until this job is finished. We've got to smash the Jerries once and for all. I'd hate to think that my boy would have to go through it all over again in another twenty years.

And that reminds me. The other day, our fellows were buying more Victory Bonds. And we sure did buy them. Every Bond we buy brings us that much nearer home. We buy them just like you, by deductions from our pay cheques.

You folks at home simply can't send us too much stuff. It's not until you've *been through it* and seen pals wounded and knocked out that you realise what it means to have enough stuff to smash the Jerries . . . it's either you or him every time — make no mistake about that. When our planes and guns blast the life out of them, it makes it safer and better for us foot sloggers.

There's also another reason why I'm buying Victory Bonds. I figure on buying a house when I come home, and the wife and boy will need lots of things they've been going without since I've been away. And they're going to have them. But it all takes money. So that's why I'm soaking away every dollar I can spare in Victory Bonds.

Give my regards to pals in the firm. I guess you're doing a bang-up job in buying Bonds . . and that's all to the good because we need everything you can send us . . . no kidding.

Yours,

Shorty

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