



GREETINGS

Christmastide is here once more, and again we would thank you all for your patronage. We would bring to you best wishes for a

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year ---

and the assurance of continued high quality and courteous service throughout 1942 — and all the years to come.

Best Wishes S. A. MacDonald

TAKE CHILLY WINTER
LEEDS, England — (CP)—Miners at several Yorkshire plants will endure chilly houses in order to make more coal available for war needs. They are giving up part of the "home coal" they receive as part payment for their work.

Three Traveled East

By RUTH AYERS
Author of "Meet Me At Midnight", "Blackout", "Drafted For Love"

CHAPTER XXX

They were dressed and ready early, Connie and the little boy. On yes—no morning shut-eye with a three-year-old squirming around, asking questions, making such discoveries as that about the toy which woofed and wagged its tail.

But she loved him, was happy, more tranquil than she'd been for a long time. And she had an answer when he asked, looking out the window on the streets below where the holiday traffic was already snarling a special Christmas symphony of its own, "Where is we now?"

"We're on our way to your mummy—and I think the hardest part of the trip is over."

Constance was reconciled. If Jerry came, she would know he loved her—and after all they had been in love once, and perhaps could recapture it again.

If Jerry didn't arrive, she would deliver Skippy and go home back to The Sentinel. During the long night hours she had settled many things in a mind which couldn't be at rest. One story didn't make a reporter. She would go back to work, not counting on the magic Dawson name—not trying to be the glamor girl of the staff. And some day she'd write Pat, perhaps—tell him she hadn't walked out on him all the way.

Bags were packed, breakfast over—and still no phone call or familiar tap on the door.

"We go now, huh?" Skippy tugged at Connie's skirt.

"Very soon, Skipper."

She wore the diamond clips; watched them sparkle as the sunlight began to fill the room. But deep in her heart, with every passing minute, she was sure that Jerry had made his decision, too. Perhaps he understood they were not the same two who had been in love, and was taking this way to let her know.

So when the telephone did ring at last, she hesitated a second before she lifted the receiver. Was this to be the answer?

It was the operator informing her—"There's a gentleman in the lobby to see you, Miss Dawson."

"I'll be right down."

Perhaps it was Jerry. Perhaps he was waiting downstairs, ready to drive her and Skippy to the air field—ready to fly back through the bright blue ceiling of the winter sky to Pittsburgh.

She took Skippy's hand, and walked slowly out of the room. She wasn't sure yet—she wasn't even certain whether she wanted it to be Jerry.

When they reached the lobby she looked around. No familiar tall figure here now—no remembered flashing smile. In fact, there wasn't anyone in sight whom she knew.

She started to walk to the desk when someone touched her arm. Skippy let out a welcoming hoot, and in somewhat garbled fashion said, "It's Easter cards man."

The drummer! Yes, it was the drummer who had been on the bus, inseparable sample case in one hand, cigar held rather nervously in the other. He stared at Connie as if he didn't quite recognize her in the smart tailored clothes and the jaunty fur jacket.

Then, "Miss Dawson, if I may have the pleasure."

She smiled and said, "Sit down—It's nice to see you again."

And it was nice, too. He was one of the very people she had tried to describe to Jerry Marsh the night before—one of the simple, everyday, man-on-the-street people. He wasn't important, he didn't do big things but Connie was remembering the way he'd ransacked his sample case that day in the schoolhouse for Skippy.

"Didn't expect to find you here, Skippy," he said, looking at the little boy.

"I'm taking him to his mother in Pittsburgh."

The drummer hazarded a puff on his cigar, nodded. "Guess I have no business bothering you like this," he began, "but in my line we have to be go-getters and it makes us kinda nervy. I've seen your pictures in the paper—know you're going to be married. Congratulations."

"Why, thanks. (That's kind of you.)"

The drummer puffed again and through a big haze of cigar smoke said, "On account of it being Christmas, I thought maybe you'd have time to stop in and say hello to Pat—just for old bus time's sake."

"Pat! Pat Patterson?"

"Look, Miss Dawson, he doesn't know I'm here. And he wouldn't want you to know where he is. But he never went on that job as newspaper correspondent. He's been in a hospital, way downtown, suffering from an infection which started after his hand was frostbitten up there in the mountains."

"What hospital? Please tell me, where is he?"

The drummer told her, "See, he had a newspaper photograph of you. He didn't mention your name and I didn't either. But you know, ever since that morning up in the Alleghenies when I said that Pat had gone to town with our life histories in his pocket, I felt as if I'd sort of talked out of turn—maybe got you steered on the wrong trail."

"It doesn't matter," Connie said, standing up. "You're good—you're very good to come and tell me this. Of course I'll see him—I'll make him see me."

"It's being Christmas and all," the drummer was going on, but Connie didn't hear. She was already halfway out the door, Skippy in her arms, and on the way to the taxi cab.

"Hurry," she said, and gave the driver the hospital address.

Holiday traffic halted them—holiday shoppers got in their way. And when they did reach the hospital at last, holiday visitors stood a mile deep in line. Connie pushed past them—got to the information desk. "I'd like to see Mr. J. J. Patterson," she said.

The information girl checked and then smiled. "Mr. Patterson was one of our patients discharged



While shepherds watch their flock

FOR MANY, the bountiful blessings of Christmas 1941 will be tinged with sadness and anxiety because gallant sons, husbands and brothers are far away facing danger and hardship. To these we say—be of good heart and cheer. Our boys would want it that way. They will be happy in the knowledge of our happiness and safety. And the lovely tradition that is Christmas is one of the things we must not lose.

So, Christmas Greetings to all. Our good wishes and thanks to many friends and customers for their patronage. Our thanks to our employees for their loyal services. We look to the New Year with confidence, secure in the knowledge that Victory will eventually crown the united efforts of all free peoples.



Christmas

Your Choice for Christmas Dinner
TURKEYS — GEESE
DUCKS — CHICKENS
BABY BEEF
J. M's MEATS PHONE 1810-1811

this morning so he could be home by telephone and timetable. "To the bus station at West Forty-second street," she said when she and Skippy and the red toy fire engine were finally in a cab. "And there isn't any hurry."

"Is Christmas awright?" Skippy observed.

And it was. The bus station was milling with people, home and homeward bound for Christmas. In this crowd, perhaps it would be hopeless. But she and Skippy were battlers, both of them, at such a time. And at last they stood on the platform where a big silver streamliner was loading. Connie's heart stopped still for a minute as she looked into the windows and then it began to pound.

Pat Patterson was there, sitting alone. A little thinner, a bit more shabby, but the same Pat. She let Skippy get on first and run to him—and then she followed.

He looked up, Connie!

"Yes, Pat—it's I!"

"You came down to say good-bye?"

She sank down in the seat beside him, put her arms around him and cried—tears of happiness and great relief. He bent and kissed her, the same gentle tender kiss—but this time, possessive, too, as if he would never let her go.

And then the driver stepped on and the announcer called "All aboard. Bus leaving!"

Connie lifted Skippy into her lap and settled herself comfortably. Then she reached for Pat's hand, the one still swathed in bandages. "We're going along, too," she said, a smile tugging at her lips. Strange, how she and Pat had both thought they wanted to go far places. She had given up the job for him—and in the end, he had given it up, too. Yet here they were, content and at peace. Even Skippy's little upturned face was radiant.

The bus began to move slowly out of the station, out into the Christmas streets.

Connie looked up at Pat. "Remember what you said about three traveling east?"

"Yes, I remember," he nodded. "If they went east they had to come back again, didn't they?"

He got it. "Going west," he said. "Going home. The three of us—going home for Christmas."

—THE END

TILLIE THE TOILER—Hurry, Hurry!

By Westcott

THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY, BUBBLES. LET'S CELEBRATE WITH A DINNER.

SURE, MISS HEIRLESS. I'LL GET MY COAT AND HAT.

I FORGOT I HAVEN'T MUCH CASH.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'LL HAVE THE FIFTY-CENT LUNCH.

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT OLD QUIRKLEY? HE LEFT \$10,000 TO A GARDENER WHO SAVED AN APPLE TREE OF HIS THAT WAS DYING.

OH, LET'S ORDER THE BEST THEY'VE GOT. MAC WILL LEND ME A FIVE.

SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A FIVE—YOU CAN GIVE US A MEAL ON YOUR YACHT.

IF QUIRKLEY LEFT \$10,000 TO A MAN WHO ONLY SAVED AN APPLE TREE, HE SHOULD LEAVE YOU PLENTY.

YES, HE THOUGHT I SAVED HIS LIFE.

I AMMR. GENKS.

HOW DO YOU DO? MOTHER, THIS IS MR. GENKS, THE LAWYER.

MISS JONES, THIS IS YOUR INHERITANCE FROM THE QUIRKLEY ESTATE.

HOW DO YOU DO?

I'M SO EXCITED.

A NICKEL!