

can't build

for Victory without.

HE'S working like a Trojan and cating like a wolf—this man of yours who'd be furious if you called him a hero. He doesn't expect any medals. But he does want plenty of good, nourishing meals.

Cooking dinner for a hungry man may not seem like war work. Yet when you build up his reserves of energy and staying-power, you share in the heavier building he must do. For yourself and every worker in your family, remember: Good food builds the builders of Victory!

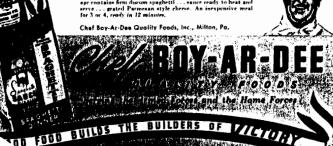
The Army Behind the Armies—the "FOOD FRONT"



From the kitchens of America will come the feast of Victory. Every soldier of foodfarmer, food worker, grocer, homemaker shares the responsibility of supplying the bodily "animunition" to the millions of unsung heroes who produce America's war weapons. The Food Front must not falter!

A Meal Low in Ration Points-Low in Cost-High in Food Value!

Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner, complete with a spaghetti saure (low in ration points). One liandy pack-contains firm durum spaghetti ... sauce ready to heat and k... grated Parmean style cheese. An inexpensive meal



The old countess barely allowed the riest time to remove his vestments before she burst into the sacristy.

"You were very foolish this morning," she said. "I don't know what got into you or what the consequences will be. Nevertheless, I can't think of that now.

Come, let us go to my grandson."

But Nicole was standing in the door-

way.
"Come in, Nicole," the priest invited. Nicole smiled at the old countess and would have touched her but she drew herself up haughtily. "I suppose you have come for your money." And then

herself up haughtily. "I suppose you have come for your money." And then peering more closely at the bruises on her face, "Has Alphonse been beating you?" "Not Alphonse," Nicole said quietly. "I shall give Father Aumont the money and he will pay you," the old countess told her. "And now will you

"Nicole has a right to stay," the priest protested.

"A right?" the old countess echoed.
"Yes," the priest said though Nicole was shaking her head wildly. But he was content not to tell the whole story. "Nicole loves your grandson."
The old countess snorted, "I have no

doubt of it. He is a man.

The little Jewish girl was standing in the aiste as they came out of the sac-risty. When she saw the priest she dropped her odd little curtsy. "Now I can tell them that everything will be all right," she said joyfully.

"Just what miracle are you going to work for the Jews?" the old countess demanded when Ruth had gone and they were descending the steep stairs to the cellar. And the priest had no answer.

Raoul was waiting patiently for him behind the huge and dusty casks. The old countess threw herself into his arms but his eyes went out to Nicole and held her in their warm embrace. Nicole held up her hand and touched her third finger and her lips formed an imploring "No."

The old countess had brought money "If you could reach the seacoast, could

"Yes," he said. "There is a system of boats and I have friends. But with the police like ants, how could I reach the

"You can reach the seacoast," the old countess said. "The church and your ancestors have provided for you.

It was like a play the priest had seen when he was a little boy and a troupe of players had come to his village. It was like something out of the novels of Dumas that he still read on winter

nights.
From one end of the cellar the old countess walked, tapping and counting the great stones. And suddenly, with an cerie creaking, a portion of the wall swung outward and there was a wooden door, worm-eaten and rotting.

WHILE they stood silent and wonder yy ing, she took from her enormous pocketbook a rusty key. She unlocked the

door and there was a dark passageway and the smell of earth and dead centuries. "The cardinal's tunnel," Raoul breathed. "I always believed it was a

You would have known in time," the old countess told bim. And then she looked resentfully at Nicole, "For almost five hundred years it has been the secret of the church and the Gremouillets.

"It is still the secret of the church and the Gremouillets," Raoul exulted but Nicole's eyes pleaded for silence.
"Did Monseigneur Bibeau know?"

the priest asked in a small hurt voice.
"Of course Monseigneur Bibeau knew," the old countess replied crushingly. "He was a man of sentiment and imagination. He explored the tunnel to the sea. And now, Raoul, you had better go . . . and my heart and my prayers go with you.'

But Raoul drew Nicole into the shad-

ows of the dusty cashs countess looked after the

"I would like my gr know that you are my

But Nicole wouldn't has already so much to the us wait until you come be

Father' Aumont stared they made their farew meet the injured eyes of the

And then Raoul and peared and the priest the alive and shining they gripped his hand and grandmother and looked And Nicole didn't we of his footsteps had died

The old countess with a held out the rusty key Since you know, it is in That is the custom."

When they came out in the little Jewish girl was garden holding the yello rose and made her solem day all the families are gether," she explained ap was all alone.'

Nicole looked at the pri am so lonely. May I tak with me?"
"Would you like that

priest asked

She nodded with a "Could the little cat come Father Aumont watch

the old countess walkin head held high; and behin and the little Jewish girl

WITH the coming of police again statio outside the church but the

past them to the village to For the first time he rea with the fateful order. that there had been dem villagers jeering at the polic them with vegetables. Pra-visiting Jewish mothers and hide their children. But the them through hopeless eye nothing to be done. Throw at one policeman only b

He called on the Seigel seemed overnight a st All life and hope had gon This time it would never he was going there wo calves with broken legs.
Madame Seigel sat dull

She barely lifted her hour entered.

There was little to say words of the morning vain and empty braying. \$6 that Ruth was spending Nicole Blanchard and "The young man?" Dr.
"What happened to him?

"He got away," the price
"Good," Dr. Seigel node
am glad for him." And the eyes travel to a small bott that stood on the table. "M

away too . . . by our own Father Aumont reached 'No," he said. Dr. Seigel shrugged, "

well leave it. I know so m
"No," the priest said
dropped the bottle in the
cassock and it struck again key the old countess had no livered to him. And her w ears. "The church and the lets . . ." The key was in Insignificant, ineffectual

might be, to the village he the church. "See that no more of y come desperate," the sternly. "There may yet "I cannot see it," Dr.