



He can't build for Victory without You



HE'S working like a Trojan and eating 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 food—farmer, food worker, grocer, homemaker—shares the responsibility of supplying the bodily "ammunition" to the millions of unswerving 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!

Get Chef BOY-AR-DEE Spaghetti Dinner, complete with tasty spaghetti sauce (low in ration points). One handy package contains firm durum spaghetti . . . sauce ready to heat and serve . . . grated Parmesan style cheese. An inexpensive meal for 3 or 4, ready in 12 minutes.

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc., Milton, Pa.



BOY-AR-DEE
QUALITY FOODS
FOR THE HOME AND THE HOME FORCES

GOOD FOOD BUILDS THE BUILDERS OF VICTORY

43D

The old countess barely allowed the priest 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 doorway.

"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 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 excuse us?"

"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 aisle as they came out of the sacristy. 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 you get to England?"

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

"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 eerie creaking, a portion of the wall swung outward and there was a wooden door, worm-eaten and rotting.

WHILE they stood silent and wondering, 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 myth."

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

"It is still the secret of the church and the Gremouilletes," Raoul exclaimed 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 casks
countess looked after the
"I would like my grand-
son know that you are my
her:

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

Father Aumont stared at
they made their farewells
meet the injured eyes of the

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

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

When they came out into
the little Jewish girl was
garden holding the yellow
rose and made her solemn
day all the families are
together," she explained
was all alone."

Nicole looked at the priest
am so lonely. May I talk
with me?"

"Would you like that,
priest asked.

She nodded with a
"Could the little cat come

Father Aumont watched
the old countess walking
head held high; and behind
and the little Jewish girl
kitten.

WITH the coming of
police again stationed
outside the church but the
past them to the village to

For the first time he met
with the fateful order. And
that there had been demon
villagers jeering at the police
them with vegetables. From
visiting Jewish mothers and
hide their children. But the
them through hopeless eyes
nothing to be done. Through
at one policeman only
more.

He called on the Seigels
seemed overnight a stoop
All life and hope had gone
This time it would never
he was going there would
calves with broken legs.

Madame Seigel sat dully
She barely lifted her head
entered.

There was little to say
words of the morning
vain and empty braying. So
that Ruth was spending the
Nicole Blanchard and was
"The young man?" Dr.

"He got away," the priest

"Good," Dr. Seigel nodded
am glad for him." And the
eyes travel to a small bottle
that stood on the table. "Me
away too . . . by our own
Father Aumont reached

"No," he said.

Dr. Seigel shrugged. "You
well leave it. I know so much

"No," the priest said,
dropped the bottle in the
cassock and it struck against
key the old countess had
delivered to him. And her words
ears. "The church and the
lets . . ." The key was in-
insignificant, ineffectual
might be, to the village
the church.

"See that no more of you
come desperate," the priest
sternly. "There may yet be
"I cannot see it," Dr. Seigel
lessly.