

PT3 12/44

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inutes. But when  
he could contain

"Eleven."  
"No kidding?"  
"I said eleven! How about you?"  
"Nine." Howie dropped his eyes. "Go-  
ing on ten."  
"Oh!" Now the other grinned broadly.  
"Who you looking at?"  
"You."  
"Like what you see?"  
Howie crimsoned. The other was eleven.  
"I guess so."  
"That's better," Eleven said triumphantly.  
"Say, are you Langley?"  
"Yeah."  
"Here's the telegram they asked me to  
give your mother." Playfully he thrust the  
envelope at the boy, struck Howie across the  
chest and rode off.  
"Come back here!" Howie shouted. He  
tucked the telegram into his pocket, shot his  
fists up and stuck his jaw out. "Come back  
an' I'll pulverize you!" He ran after the  
bicycle for half the block, while the con-  
scripted messenger merely jeered.  
Howie gave up near the Walsinghams'  
place. Puffing, he walked around through  
the back, where Mrs. Walsingham, who was

In desperation Howie fetched his coaster  
wagon. He hoisted the old hulk upon the  
wagon and dutifully dragged him the pre-  
scribed four blocks up and four blocks back,  
while Joseph looked on with drooping eyes.  
"How far did you take him?" the mistress  
asked when they returned.  
Wearily, Howie bounded the limits of the  
trip. His shirt was wet with perspiration.  
"Good!" said Mrs. Walsingham. "Now  
you poor, tired fellow"—to the dog—"you  
must rest. He hasn't walked so far since we  
came back from Miami." She studied the  
boy. "I have something for you, Howie."  
"Yes'm."  
"Guess."

HE WAS too polite to guess. A catcher's  
mitt, a fielder's glove or a basketball? "I  
can't guess, Mrs. Walsingham."  
With a little squeal she lifted her huge  
purse and produced it. "A picture of Joseph  
in a leather frame. It was taken when I first  
got him."  
The boy looked dumfounded. A picture of  
that fat old cow when he was a skinny little  
dog!

"You've been so nice to Joseph that I  
want you to have it for your room. Like it?"  
"Uh-huh."  
"I'm glad."  
"Thank you very much, Mrs. Walsing-  
ham." As he went through the gate he  
thought Joseph, again slumped in an un-  
lovely heap at his mistress' feet, was grinning  
maliciously.

Muttering to himself, Howard sauntered  
toward Flutterbach's Fancy Fruits and Gro-  
ceries. He threaded through the customers  
to the back counter. "Mr. Flutterbach,  
want me to deliver anything for you?"

"Sure thing, Howie." The proprietor  
sputtered while his palsied fingers counted  
blue ration stamps. "Why you didn't want  
to work last week?"  
"Last week wasn't my birthday."  
"And this week?"  
"You know."  
"How should I know?"  
"It's my birthday."  
"And so you want to deliver. Three dozen  
eggs, maybe?"

"They just dropped, Mr. Flutterbach."  
"Or when you left Mrs. Zagreb's order on  
the curb to pinch-a-hit in a baseball game?"  
"Someone stole the groceries that time.  
Gee, you don't want me, Mr. Flutterbach?"  
"Who said that?" the other groaned.  
"Here, deliver a five-pound sack of sugar to  
the Gradys. And please, Howie, don't put it  
down in a rain puddle."  
"Who? Me?" asked Howard, and he  
toiled faithfully most of the afternoon. He  
carried flour and sugar and, easiest of all, he  
helped to watch the baby buggies when the  
mothers were inside the store.

"If you go scrub your hands," Mr.  
Flutterbach called wisely, "you can take  
samples from the bulk raisins and from the  
medium-size prunes too."

Howard moved quickly. He enjoyed  
working in the grocery.  
"Here's fifty cents," said the proprietor at  
the end of two and a half hours.  
"Fifty!"  
"Too much?"  
"I'm nine years old today, Mr. Flutter-  
bach, and I thought —"  
The grocer shrugged, but his eyes twinkled.  
"Well, eggs you didn't break today. Here!  
Ninety cents, right?"  
"Oh, boy! Gee, thanks."  
"All right, it's all right. Happy birthday,  
Howie!"



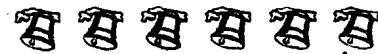
*Santa Claus,  
Please Listen*

BY VIRGINIA SCOTT MINER

Who was that woman who used to  
say  
"Give me a giddy gift any day—  
Give me things that sparkle and  
shine  
With a uselessness almost divine;  
Give me things that I'd like to try  
But never, never would just go  
buy?"

Who was she? Well, I might  
remember,  
But, Santa, *this* is a new December.  
The things I want are brand-new  
tires  
And sun-porch screens made of  
copper wires;  
I could use rib roasts for the  
yawning roaster,  
And how I'd love a pop-up toaster.

I'd almost settle (oh, change most  
utter)  
For some country eggs and a pound of  
butter!



an elderly widow, usually ate candy as she  
read under a parasol. Often he crept in un-  
der the hedge and shouted "Boo!" and she  
leaped up with her hand over her bosom and  
screamed. When she saw who it was she gig-  
gled until tears trickled down her crimsoned  
cheeks. Today she was eating peanut brittle  
with her paper-backed mystery.  
"Mrs. Walsingham! Can I walk your  
dog?"  
"Howard Langley!" she shrieked. "For a  
moment I thought it was 'The Horror'!" She  
heaved a sigh and raised her spectacles from  
her nose. "Well, it is nice of you to drop in."  
"Howie!" she said, "I'd like to see you."

44 AD  
*You know what  
I'd like best  
RIGHT NOW?*



*..One of Mom's nice  
cold tuna salads!*

"Home" and "Mom's cooking"  
are the two things that millions of  
Service men want most. And, high  
on the culinary list are dishes,  
either hot or cold, made (as only  
Mom can make them!) of these  
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For these quality tunas are  
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packed. No wonder "G. I. Joe"  
dreams of "one of Mom's nice  
cold tuna salads"!

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