# The War Against Mrs. Hadley

**Adapted from the MGM Picture by WILLIAM McCORMICK**

SYNOPSIS

**Mrs. Stella Hadley, a Washington society matron and staunch Republican of the old school, feels that the war is directed against her personally. She has lost a man servant in the draft; her daughter, Patricia, works at a canteen; the family's best friend, Elliott Fulton, is always busy at the War Department and her son, Ted, has just been drafted, even though he is working for Fulton at the Department. Stella has just called Fulton to ask him to have Ted deferred. Fulton is in conference and she leaves word for him to call, not knowing that it was he who arranged to have Ted drafted because the boy has been neglecting his work and dissipating. Many more rude shocks are in store for Mrs. Hadley. She does not know that her butler, Bennett, has become an air raid warden, nor that Pat has met—and fallen in love with—Private Michael Fitzpatrick.**

CHAPTER THREE

"Madam," said Bennett hesitantly, "would it inconvenience you if I went out for a while this evening?"

"Why, no—of course not. But isn't it a rather odd time to go out—during a blackout?"

"In a way, Madam—yes. But—well, it's quite important."

"Very well, Bennett. You know best," Mrs. Hadley replied.

Pat brought Mike to her home that evening. Mrs. Hadley acknowledged his introduction vaguely and it is doubtful if she would have remembered him if he had dropped out of her life—and Patricia's—then, which, of course, he was not to do.

"Now I know where you get your good looks," Mike told Pat after meeting her mother. "She's lovely."

"She's really a darling."

"She's passed that on to you, too," Mike told her as he kissed her goodbye.

Pat encountered Ted in the living room.

"I've been drafted," her brother told her. "I'd say it was Elliott's subtle way of firing me."

"Elliott doesn't work that way," Pat said in bewilderment, "unless—unless he's trying to keep Mother from knowing why you're being fired."

"Well, why am I?"

"You ought to be able to answer that one yourself," Pat replied. "Ted, did you tell Mother about suspecting Elliott?"

"Not yet. I want to make sure first. She's going to ask him to get me out of it. If he refuses, that means he got me in."

"Ted, if Elliott turns Mother down, she'll never forgive him. Don't let her ask him."

"I couldn't stop her now, if I wanted to," her brother pointed out.

* * *

Cecilia Talbot came to spend the night with Mrs. Hadley. She and Stella, in negligee, were seated in Mrs. Hadley's fluffy, feminine bedroom drinking cocoa later that night when Cecilia said hesitantly: "A group of the girls are getting together to take first aid and —and someone asked me if we'd like to join."

"Who asked you?" Stella demanded.

"Laura Winters," Cecilia admitted. As Stella assumed a sternly disapproving look, she added hastily: "She wanted you particularly."

"You know how I feel about that woman, Cecilia. I certainly don't need Laura Winters — and neither do you."

"No, of course not," admitted Cecilia, cowed but regretful. "I think, if you don't mind, I'll run off to bed. Goodnight, Stella."

Bennett, wearing a steel helmet, his civilian clothes and an air-raid warden's arm-band on his coat, was patrolling the area around the Hadley residence during the blackout. A large and very efficient middle-aged warden approached him through the almost complete darkness.

"Whose house is that?" demanded the large and efficient warden, pointing an accusing finger toward a bright light.

"It belongs to a — a Mrs. Hadley," Bennett admitted fearfully.

"Well, go in there and tell her to put out her lights."

"Y-y-yes, sir. Very good, sir," said Bennett, unhappily.

* * *

Bennett, of course, knew from what room in the Hadley home the offending light was shining, but he did not know that room was being occupied by Cecilia Talbot. He threw open the door and recoiled as he saw Miss Talbot, sleeping soundly — a book on the bed indicating she had fallen asleep while reading. Bennett started to back hastily from the room, but Cecilia woke with a scream before he had extricated himself from the predicament.

"Good heavens, Bennett! How you startled me! What are you doing in that ridiculous hat?"

"I'm an air-raid warden, Miss, and I shall have to ask you to turn out the lights."

"And be in the dark with you in your condition? Certainly not!"

The door flew open and Stella appeared in nightgown and robe, followed by Pat. The hall was ablaze with lights.

"Cecilia, what's wrong?" demanded Mrs. Hadley. She suddenly saw her butler. "Bennett! What are you doing here? I gave you the night off."

"I'm just trying to get Miss Talbut to put out her lights," said Bennett, petrified with fear.

"He's drunk," Cecilia accused.

"Bennett's an air-raid warden, explained Pat laughingly. "He's just doing his duty."

"Oh, thank you Miss," Bennett said devoutly. "Now, Mrs. Hadley, may I please turn out the lights?"

"All in good time, Bennett," replied Mrs. Hadley severely. "You still haven't explained . . ."

* * *

Mrs. Hadley's reprimand was interrupted by a loud knocking at the door and the tough voice of the warden, demanding, "Hey What's going on here? There's lights all over the house. Turn 'em out "

Other male voices chimed in to create a bedlam of sound. Pat quickly turned out Cecilia's light and the women and Bennett scattered in the dark.

"Oh dear," mourned Cecilia fearfully as the shouts continued from outside the house, "it's — it's just like the French Revolution."

Ted visited Patricia later that night, "I saw Elliott at the Department tonight — cold sober," he told her. "He was responsible for having me drafted."

"You seem awfuly calm about it. Something's happened to you. Ted, you don't mean you've changed your mind — that you want to go?"

"I guess it won't hurt to tell Mother one more lie and say I do."

Stella Hadley visited Elliott Fulton at his office the next day.

"Elliott, I want you to have a talk to Teddy," she said.

"I had quite a talk with him last night."

"Really?" said Mrs. Hadley in surprise. "Strange he didn't mention it to me. Well — then you know all about this ridiculous notion of his?"

"Yes. If Teddy feels he wants to join up I'm pleased that he has the character and courage to want to go. I wasn't sure he'd feel that way."

Stella's eyes opened wide. "You mean — you knew about this?"

Fulton realized he had blundered, hesitated a moment — and decided to tell the truth. "Yes, Stella," he admitted.

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Fulton realized he had blundered, hesitated a moment — and decided to tell the truth. "Yes, Stella," he admitted.

"But — but — if you knew — why didn't you put a stop to it?" As Fulton didn't answer, she continued frantically, "Elliott, you've got to stop it!"

"There's nothing I can do," replied Fulton unhappily. "If Ted were my own son, I'd do just what I've done."

"And what if anything should happen to him? That doesn't matter to you. I — I never want to see you again!" she cried as she stamped from his office.

That same day Pat and Mike

That same day Pat and Mike stood before a charming little house in a middle-class neighborhood. "This is it — the family estate," Mike told her.

"I love it," Pat said sincerely.

"All right. You've passed the first test," Mike agreed as they reached the steps. "Now for Mother."

* * *

The door was opened by a large, earthly Irish woman, with the same kind of impudently ingratiating face as Mike's.

"Mother, this is Pat Hadley," Mike told her proudly.

"As if I didn't know," Mrs. Fitzpatrick beamed. "Why are you standing there gawking?" she affectionately chided her son. "Go get the tea and don't hurry back. We want to get acquainted."

"She has the soul of a top sergeant," Mike grinned as he left them.

"I must remember never to take his picture," Pat smiled.

"You know something?" Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked after they had been seated in the comfortable living room. "You're the first girl of Michael's he's ever brought home?"

"He's had a lot of girls?"

"Thousands."

"Oh, dear."

"That sounds as though you liked him," Mrs. Fitzpatrick smiled.

"Begging your pardon, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, I love him," Pat smiled. "I hope you don't mind."

"Why should I mind with a fine girl like you?"

"Some mothers might object to their sons marrying a girl they don't even know."

"You're getting married?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick in amazement.

"Please don't tell Mike. He doesn't even know it. He hasn't asked me yet."

"Well — what's the matter with him?" demanded Mrs. Fitzpatrick vehemently. "I won't say anything to him, but if he doesn't marry you, I'll beat his brains out."

Mike appeared, carrying a tray. "Well, are you acquainted yet?" he asked."

"Acquainted?" replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick slyly, "I'm practically like her own mother."

(Continued Next Week)

## NEAT COLORFUL APRONS

By Anne Adams

Stitch up these gay, well-fitting aprons for special gifts — Anne Adams Pattern, 4265. tSrawberry appliques add color; ruffling or ric-rac are optional.

Pattern 4265 is available in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38), large (40-42), extra large (44-46). Small size, view B, takes 2⅝ yards 35-inch; 1⅝ yards ruffling; view A, 2⅝ yards 35-inch; 1¼ yards ric-rac.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

ISSUE 1—43

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## WOMEN OF STEEL

Behind Britain's firing line, the women of the production lines are taking an ever-growing part in war work. Today, women such as these make up more than 13 per cent of all the workers in England's steel and iron industry.

## Looks Like Hard War For Hitler

It looks as if Herr Goebbels may finally be on the right track in analyzing the American-British war effort. Recognition of this comes from no less a personage than Lord Halifax, British Am-

Halifax pointed out in Baltibassador to the United States.

more that German radio propaganda beamed for the United States has said that "England will fight to the last drop of Iowa blood", while similar broadcasts directed at Britain have said that "the United tSates has resolved to fight to the last Tommy."

"Well," concluded Halifax, "if we are going to fight to the last drop of Iowa blood and you are going to fight to the last Tommy, it looks like being a hard war—for Hitler."

Here's hoping that German radio listeners can add one and one and get two.

Pottery-making is one of the oldest forms of human industry. In Egypt it was practised in the 20th Century B.C.

## SIDE GLANCES — By George Clark

"Do you mind if I'm next? I'm double-parked."

## Bats Return Home 'Ere Winter Comes

**Sometimes Fly 100 Miles To Old Cave**

Bats need no home during the lush summer nights when the air is full of edible insects, observes Time magazine. By day they hang in convenient roosts—trees, chimneys or barns. But when the chill months come and insects disappear, torpor comes over them and with it a longing for their own cave, the same spot where they have spent previous winters. Bats sometimes fly 100 miles to find their old cave and sleep in it until spring.

Charles E. Mohr of Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences, reported in "Frontiers" on his ten-year study of the homing urge of the common (Little Brown) bat. Most bats can be caught only in caves when hibernating. No one has yet devised a bat trap for catching them on the wing. But in winter they can easily be picked from their underground perches and fitted with light aluminum bands for identification. Mohr has been banding bats for years.

**One Intruder Found**

Last winter a group of Cornel students joined Mohr in a thorough exploration of the bat caves in Center and Mifflin Counties, Pennsylvania. The limestone ridges there are honeycombed with small caves. All banded bats were found in the same cave as in previous years. Even bats that had been carried off and released far away were back again. Only once did Mohr find an intruder: this stray bat's own cave had been sealed by a rockfall during the summer.

Charles Mohr is not the only bat-bander. Don Griffin, of Harvard, has banded thousands of bats in New England, had also noted the homing urge. Bats from a cave near the coast were released 15 miles at sea. Two days later they were back in their own cave.

**Nearly All Bats Hibernate**

Curiously, the caves are not used for accouchements. In early summer female bats congregate in hollow trees, barns or vacant houses, (Male bats are excluded.) Here each gives birth to her live young, only one per year, with occasional twins. The baby clings to its mother as long as it is suckling, but the mother leaves it hanging from the roof or wall while she goes on brief foraging expeditions.

There are a few varieties of bat which do not hibernate, including the Red Bat, the Hoary, and the Silver-haired. Some live in the forests of Washington or Canada, eating insects during the summer, but when winter comes they migrate southward.

## Japs Move 1,000,000 Troops In Manchuria

A Chinese Government review of conditions in Manchuria said about 1,000,000 Japanese troops now are concentrated in that region and Japanese military preparations there have been increased considerably in the last year.

(The estimate of 1,000,000 Japanese troops in Manchuria has not been confirmed by other authorities and is about double earlier estimates.)

The review said the Japanese had built fortifications along the southern bank of the Amur River and the western bank of the Ussuri, both of which form boundaries between Japan's puppet empire of Manchukuo and Russian Siberia.

The review said Chinese workers employed on Japanese military installations had been killed afterward to prevent the leakage of secrets. The Japanese had recruited labor for Manchuria by press gangs operating in North China Provinces, it was said.

Chinese youths also were being forced into military service ostensibly in armies of various Japanese puppet regimes, the review said, but the Japanese have placed little confidence in these levies, estimated at about 300,000. About two-thirds are being used for garrison duty in China, but some have been sent to the Southwest Pacific war area, it was reported.

## They Heil Hitler

When a lecturer in a British war camp casually mentioned Hitler's name recently German prisoners jumped to their feet and cried "Heil Hitler."

## Armed Cargo Ship Sinks Axis Raider

**U. S. Merchantman Fights To Finish In South Atlantic**

Fighting to the finish, a United States merchantman took one enemy surface raider to the bottom with her and left a second severely damaged in the South Atlantic, the Navy Department disclosed.

It was the first reported instance of an armed merchantman sinking a surface craft of prey.

Battered from stem to stern, her engines crippled, she traded shell for shell with the raiders for a furious thirty minutes.

As she slipped under stern-first, the smaller — but more heavily armed—of the raiders was a mass of flames, with survivors clambering over the sides to be picked up by the larger and severely damaged raider.

Only 10 of the 41 members of the merchantman's crew and five men of a navy gun crew survived the last September battle and the 31 days in an open boat before survivors reached the South Atlantic coast.

The out-gunned merchantman was hit by four salvos. The large guns of the smaller raider apparently were fired together from a central control system.

Finally a direct shell hit on the magazine, put the after-gun out of action. Five shells were not exploded by the hit. Captain Paul Buck, listed as missing, gave the order to abandon ship.

Only one lifeboat had come through the battle unbattered, and it had drifted away from the ship. Many survivors were unable to reach that comparative safety.

The boat headed for the South Atlantic coast, its course set by only the most rudimentary navigational instruments. Squalls and high winds beset the craft. Exhausted men bailed until their arms were numb. But the squalls brought rain and drinking water to keep the men alive. Several of the more seriously injured men died, notwithstanding first aid treatment.

After 26 days one of the men saw a butterfly. Another saw two moths. Land was near. The color of the water changed from dark blue to light green. Five days later there was this brief entry in the lifeboat's log — "Hooray; sighted land at 4 a.m."

Fifteen haggard men staggered ashore, reached a small village and were taken to a hospital.

## Draw Air Recruits From Air Cadets

Wing Cmdr. W. H. Aslim, deputy director of manning for the R.C.A.F., predicted that within the next year or two the R.C.A.F. would get from 10,000 to 11,000 air crew enlistments a year from the air cadets alone Air cadet membership totals 20,000 at the present time.

The University Air Training Corps now has squadrons at 11 universities in the Dominion with a total enrolment of some 2,000, he said.

## Advice On Buying And Darning Hose

Always buy two or more pairs of stockings that are just alike, then if one stocking wears out you can replace it without sacrificing the pair. Wash daily and they will wear longer. Finely darn the heels and toes before they have been worn at all. When holes appear, tack a piece of coarse net lightly to the stocking over the hole on the wrong side, then darn over the net. Do this when darning large holes in the knees and heels of children's stockings.

## How To Glamorize The Baked Potato

Laura Pepper, chief of the consumer section, Department of Agriculture, comes up with a suggestion for glamorizing baked potatoes, which have more vitamin C value if cooked in their skins. Slit your potatoes when baked and insert a sliver of butter and a square of quick-melting cheese—put the potatoes back in the oven just long enough to melt the cheese. Incidentally this is saving on the butter.

## *GOOD EATING NEWS*

How to make a meal out of four pork chops is good news to every war-time cook. The secret lies in the following recipe for Pork Chops with Corn Dressing. Notice that the dressing goes into the pan first, with the chops on top and that the whole business is baked. Here are the directions:

**Pork Chops with Corn Dressing**

| | | | |
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| 4 | cups soft bread crumbs | ¼ | teaspoon pepper |
| 1 | cup All-Bran | ¼ | teaspoon poultry seasoning |
| 1 | tablespoon chopped onion | 1 | cup drained whole kernel corn |
| ¼ | cup chopped celery | 1 | cup stock, corn liquid, or milk |
| 2 | tablespoons fat | 4 | pork chops |
| 1 | teaspoon salt | ½ | teaspoon salt |

Combine bread crumbs and All-Bran. Cook onion and celery in fat until lightly browned; add to bread mixture with seasonings, corn and stock or other liquid. Mix thoroughly. Press into baking dish, arrange chops on top of dressing and sprinkle with salt. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 45 minutes; uncover and bake 15 minutes longer.

Yield: 4 servings (8-inch baking dish).