

The Runaway

By DEE CAMPBELL
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It was ten minutes past midnight when Big Mike Condon saw the boy in the dim glow of his big truck's headlights. Immediately his large foot pushed on the brakes. The boy wore the white hat and blue pea-coat of a sailor. Big Mike had a friendly feeling for bluejackets; his kid brother was one.

The truck smoothed to a stop. "Hop in, Mac."

The sailor leaped into the seat, placing at his feet the small bag he carried and tiding his hat to the back of his curly brown head.

Big Mike gave him a quick comprehensive glance. "Pretty young to be in the navy, aren't you, Mac?"

"I'm seventeen," the sailor answered shortly.

Big Mike kept his eyes on the gray concrete ribbon that retreated dizzily beneath the hood. "Cigarette?" He turned and offered his pack.

"Thank you — I — I — don't smoke." There was a moment's pause and then the boy went on hastily. "Of course I really do smoke — it's just that — I don't want one."

"I think I know what you mean," Big Mike said meaningfully. Then he changed the subject. "How's the navy treating you? His keen eyes didn't miss the way the boy's mouth stiffened stubbornly. "Not exactly 4.0, huh?" Big Mike probed.

"No," the boy replied emphatically. "No, it's not." His eyes held a frightened look.

The zipper of the bag had jammed halfway and through the opening Big Mike could get a jumble of socks, unfolded dungarees and ski-vis shirts. It had obviously been packed in a hurry. He said quietly, "So you're running away — or as you boys say, you're going 'over the hill'?"

The boy swung around. "Yes," he said defiantly, "for good!"

"Well," Big Mike began, "that's a pretty big thing to do."

The sailor interrupted. "There's no use trying to stop me, either! I know the line about serving my country and being patriotic! Well, I'm sick of it! I'm sick of standing watches and being bawled out and not seeing my folks!" He swallowed hard and went on. "Anyway, Dough tried to tell me all that — Dough's my buddy back at the base. He thought he'd talked me out of it too — but I waited until I was sure he was asleep and took out. So you see," he turned back to Big Mike, "nothing you can say will make any difference!"

Big Mike turned to him with a little smile. "That's exactly what I wanted to find out. How would you like a job? It'd be safe enough. You'd do all your work at night — like me, see, driving a truck."

The boy looked at him straight. "Hauling what?"

Big Mike grinned knowingly. "Well — you know, Mac — what you were talking about — all this nonsense about patriotism and so on? Well, I feel the same way. So when this scrap started I figured there was ways of making it pay off — and there is! Know what I got back there? Tires — new rubber tires I'm making big dough! Sometimes I haul — beef. Ever hear of the black market? Yeah? Well, that's the racket!"

"So you're running a black market? I've heard of them — sure I have!"

"I'm offering you a chance, kid. And right now is the time to look out for yourself. Oh, yeah, I know you hear that stuff on the radio about the fighting men needing food and rubber for jeeps and planes. — so what? I'm looking out for myself and not a bunch of rum-dum soldiers in Italy or Alaska! It's me I'm interested in!"

Without warning the boy swung. His fist struck Big Mike squarely on the chin jerking back his head. Before he could recover the sailor struck him again, this time in the eye. "Black market, eh? So you don't care what happens to our soldiers —"

The big truck swerved and left the road. Big Mike jammed the brakes and it lurched to a stop. "O. K., kid," he panted. He was trying to ward off the blows and manage the wheel at the same time.

The sailor got out. "Anyway you showed me something," he said grimly. "Guess I never knew there really were people like you!" He took his bag. "I'm heading back to the base in case you're interested."

Big Mike looked at him. "I'm interested," he said. There was an odd look on his face. "Here's something I want to show you."

He took out his billfold. The sailor stepped close to look. Then he gasped. "Why, that's Dough's picture!"

"Sure," Big Mike grinned. "My kid brother. You see, he didn't fail to stop you. He knew that I carry defense material every night and so when he saw you pack your bag he just gave me a ring before I started. He figured I'd be along in time to pick you up. Things worked out fine too, except," he rubbed his chin, "Dough didn't say anything about that right wallop you pack!" He opened the door. "Get in, Mac," he said. "I'll drive you back to base."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD I. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for September 24

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RELIGION IN THE LIFE OF A NATION

LESSON TEXT—II Samuel 7:17-29.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord shall be with thee in every way, and thy God thy glory. Isaiah 62:12.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation" (Prov. 14:34). True religion is vital to the life of a nation and is the only foundation for national stability and growth. David, the man after God's own heart, knew this, and was not content that the ark of God, the center of the nation's worship, should be without a suitable house. He was not one to be content with a fine palace for his own comfort while the ark of God had a temporary abiding place within curtained walls (v. 2).

Although the prophet Nathan encouraged him in his plan (v. 3), the Lord revealed to the prophet that David was not to build His house (see I Chron. 22:8, 9), but to prepare the materials so that his son Solomon could do it. David's response to that message reveals the true religious attitude of a king and a people who fear and worship God. They were ready to do as the Lord commanded.

I. Receive God's Grace (vv. 18-22)

The great Day of the covenant, which is yet to have its final fulfillment in David's greater son, our Lord Jesus, was made with him at this time. He was promised that the throne of his kingdom was to be established forever (vv. 13-15), a prophecy to be fulfilled in Christ.

But there was also the great promise of blessing upon David's son Solomon, and the reminder of God's grace upon David, the one brought up from the sheepcote to be king (v. 8).

In humility of heart David received this grace and thanked God for it. Note such expressions as "Who am I?" "What is my house?" "What can David say more?" and "For thy word's sake thou hast done these great things." David knew and admitted his unworthiness; he realized that this was indeed unmerited favor from God, but he accepted it as God's gift.

II. Recognize God's Power (vv. 23, 24)

Israel had seen the mighty hand of God at work on their behalf repeatedly, since the day God had brought them forth out of Egypt. God had literally redeemed them for Himself, a purchased possession, protected by His limitless power.

That redemption was not only national but spiritual—they were set free from the gods of Egypt (v. 23) and confirmed to the Lord (v. 24).

It is a great and noble thing when a nation recalls its past and thanks God for His powerful hand upon its destiny. It has been said that a nation which does not remember its past will not have a future worth remembering; and when it remembers, let it recognize God in its history. He is the God of the nations as well as of individuals.

III. Rest in God's Promise (vv. 25-27)

"Do as thou hast said." That is a perfect prayer for any nation. Let the will of God be done, and all will be well—now and in the future.

There is nothing commendable about doubting God's promise or limiting Him in fulfilling it. It glorifies God and magnifies His name to take Him at His word and to confidently expect Him to fully meet His promise. To do anything else is to reflect on His power and His integrity.

It was the prayer of David that the Lord's name might be magnified forever in the keeping of the covenant which He had made with him. That squarely put all of the authority and dependability of God behind the keeping of the promise.

David found peace of heart there. May not we do likewise, resting on the promises of God?

IV. Rejoice in God's Blessing (vv. 28, 29)

David praised God for the assurance that His words were true, and claimed the promise of a blessing upon his house. "That it may continue forever before thee."

He evidently saw beyond the immediate fulfillment of the promise in Solomon to the coming of Christ (cf. vv. 18, 19; Rom. 4:5-8). And his heart leaped for joy at the unspeakable honor which had thus come to him.

This is substantiated by the translation of verse 19 by the Hebrew scholar Adam Clarke: "O Lord God, thou hast spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me in the arrangement about the MAN that is to be from above, O God Jehovah."

Little wonder, then, that David raised his voice and heart in praise and worship. His "adoration and thanksgiving at the revelation of this great truth is beautiful. Its humility, faith, and gratitude reach a sublimity unequalled since Moses" (James M. Gray).

Elderly Pair Write an Epic Of Britain's Little Heroes

(By Margaret Ecker, in the Toronto Globe and Mail)

It's going to take a long time to write the epic of the little people of Britain in this war, the sombre little heroes no one ever hears about, who gave everything they had.

Two elderly women on the south coast of England are our nomination for this roll of honor.

When you got to know them they asked you to call them Tet and Greg, and, ludicrous as the names were, they suited them.

Greg was the widow of a British Army captain whom she had followed into every nook and cranny of the Empire. When the war started he used to look out from the cliff toward France and ache to be back in the fight.

He died just about the time the cloud of invasion hung heavily on those same cliffs. "I think it was partly broken heart," Greg often said. "He couldn't bear not being able to do his part in this war and they told him he was too old."

Tet was the maiden sister gay and witty at much past 60.

The war brought Canadians to that little south coast village and some of the people in the big red brick houses behind the iron gates weren't very happy about the whole thing.

But Tet and Greg were. Before travel was restricted in Britain, after the captain died, they'd taken paying guests, a couple at a time, to help their tiny pensions meet the expenses of the pretty house with its windows looking out to sea.

These paying guests didn't come any more—German planes often strafed this part of England—but Tet and Greg didn't notice much. They were too busy having Canadians to tea—giving the boys in a tank corps, officers and men alike, a tasty dinner of steak pies of a Saturday night, hot raisin biscuits with jam at Sunday

teatime.

True, it pinched the rations a bit, and sometimes Greg and Tet didn't see sugar or butter in the middle of the week—but they always had some for the boys.

Where Canadians Found Home

We came back late one June evening to see Tet and Greg, because their home had been home at Christmas time when Canadians away from home need a home most. On the gate was a grim sign: "Auction sale here on Tuesday."

Tet and Greg explained. Their resources were gone. They had to sell their home, their hunting prints, the big deep chair by the fire where so many Canadians had sat and talked of Kamloops or Belleville. They were going to salvage what they could and live in rooms, in somebody else's house.

They'd never admit it, but the winter had been an expensive one. "I could never refuse to give a boy in uniform a meal," said Greg. Prices had gone up and up, the paying guests hadn't come.

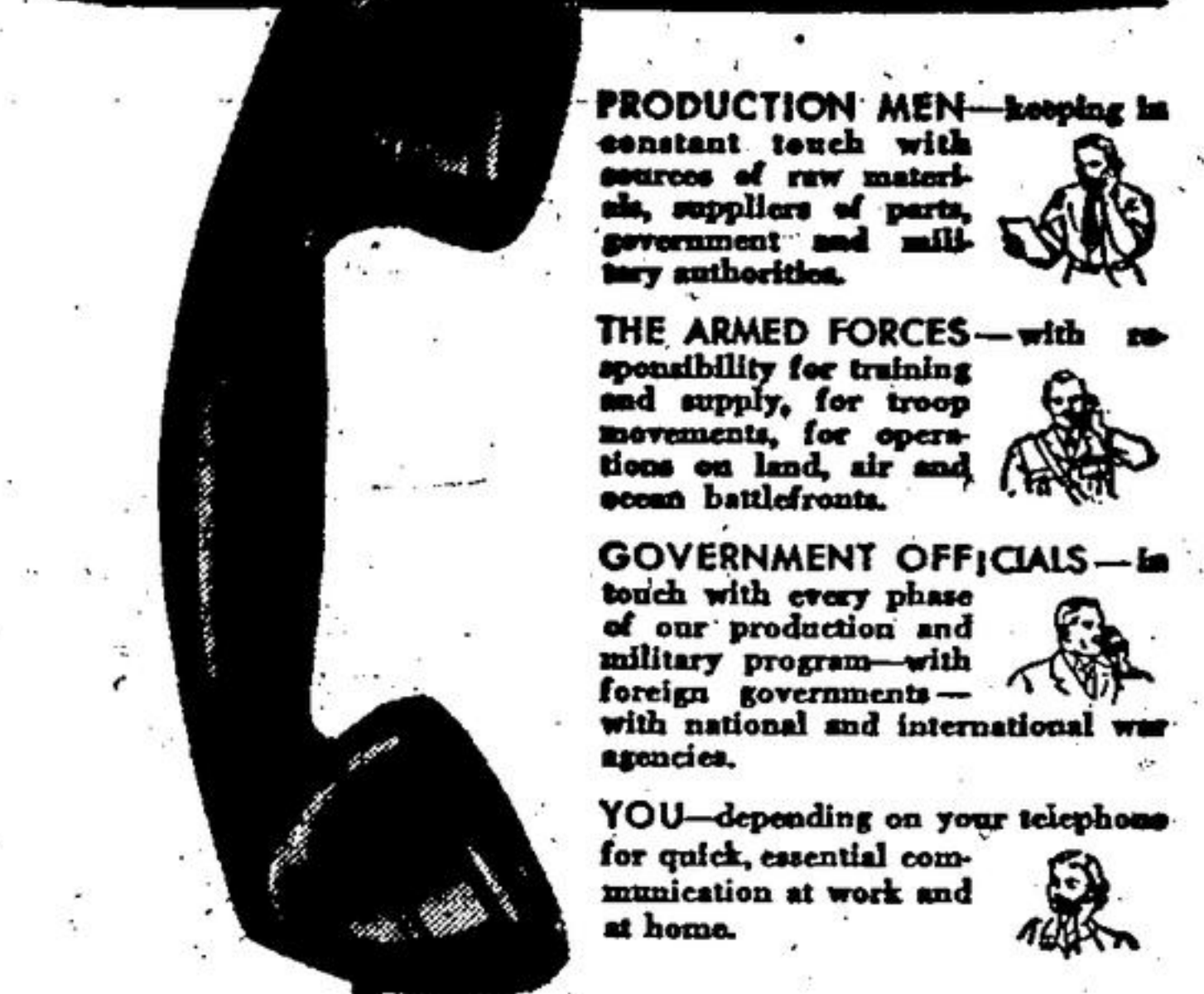
"We've had it," said Greg, and her eyes didn't smile as her lips did. "But we're better off than lots of people. Think of the poor souls in London bombed out. They lost everything."

Hundreds of thousands of tons of war shipping space have been saved by scientific methods of loading and packing supplies.

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On Active Service Giving Wings to Words



these
TWO
go together!

You can't have one without the other... you can't share in the Victory unless you are ready and willing to take your place with the boys who are earning it.

The fight is overseas—in the face of the enemy—and you must be an overseas soldier to get into it.

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And when you come home again, you'll be one of the boys to lead the Victory Parade!

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FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE