

Publisher Pledges Full Support To Decency Organization

NEW YORK — Support of the Code for Clean Reading which has been adopted by the National Organization for Decent Literature was pledged by Hubert Hungerford, publisher of The Independent and Magazine Sales Guide, in a letter he has addressed to the more than 800 distributors who subscribe to the latter publication.

Mr. Hungerford has been active 40 years in the publication and distribution of magazines. His Magazine Sales Guide is a trade journal to which it is stated, more than half of the nation's distributors of magazines subscribe.

Mr. Hungerford wrote that he proposes "to cooperate in every way" with the N.O.D.L. "because I've always felt that indecent publications are not only degrading to those who read them, but are a disgrace to newstands and a detriment to wholesome publications."

He urged similar cooperation on distributors. Stating that he does not wish to have a part in promoting any magazines which "glorify crime or the criminal," "are predominantly sexy," "feature illicit love," "carry illustrations indecent or suggestive," or "advertise wares for the prurient mind," Mr. Hungerford said these are the five points of the N.O.D.L. Code. "I'm fully in favor of this code," he asserted.

Only Thinks So

A well-known Christian Scientist author had been trying for some days to convince his secretary that nobody is really ill; people only think they are. Coming into his office one morning, he found her looking sad.

"What seems to be the trouble?" he asked. "Do you remember Mr. Jones who was so ill?" she sighed. "Oh," he corrected. "You mean he thought he was ill." "Well," she replied, "now he thinks he's dead."

WILL AID RED CROSS PROJECT



Miss Margaret T. Lynch (left), Executive Secretary of the National Council of Catholic Women and Miss Mary Kelly, of Detroit, President of the National Council of Catholic Nurses meet in Washington where they mapped a plan of co-operation with the American Red Cross in a home-nursing project, which seeks the training of at least one member of each family to give a minimum of nursing care to that family. (N.C.C.W.C.)

A Short Story The Army Gets A Mother

(This story by Mrs. E. R. Madden, of Flint, Mich., won first prize in the national short story contest conducted recently by the Catholic Press Association of the United States.)

Mary Conklin put down her glass of orange juice and stared at her son in speechless fury. There was no one trying to talk. She couldn't and it was too late for talk now, anyhow. She left the house without a word and drove around the streets for an hour before going to her job. A bell talking with dull persistence reminded her of the day 15 years ago when her husband had been taken away from her. She could even smell the thick, heavy fragrance of the flowers. But, then she had Danny left, and a five-year-old boy is a big incentive to courage. So she had gritted her teeth, unpacked her nursing uniform and started again — just where she had left off — a nurse on the city payroll.

Today she was telling herself he tore with rage and fury and despair, because the dream air castles she had created and nourished and colored with beautiful gleams of promise had been crumpled and destroyed with cruel reality.

Danny was going to enlist. In fact, he had enlisted a week ago. He was leaving for Camp Something-or-other — she hadn't even wanted to hear where . . . and she slapped away an angry tear that slipped from her face and rolled down over her hand.

DANNY'S "PHOBIA"

She had always smiled amusedly over Danny's "phobia" as she had always called it . . . For long before Danny had learned to eat his vitamins he was playing soldier. And long before he had passed his first tests in school he was reading and telling war stories.

"I blame myself," she said half aloud, stepping on the gas in disgust. "It was virtually fed to him." . . . She knew one of the boy's earliest memories must have been of his father . . . tall, red haired, resplendent in his American legion uniform, bounding into the child's room, saluting Danny in mock solemnity, and Danny, thrilled, big-eyed, solemn, his chubby fat

snapping to his forehead as smartly as he could manage and calling: "Hi, Captain! . . . Yes, Danny remembered it as a holy memory . . . And HOW he had missed that idol of his. It had always been the heart of his young life . . . "My father was a soldier!"

BRAIN GOT NO PLACE

Another hot tear went tumbling over the tight corners of her lips. Well, this hour of faithfully driving herself and her brain had gotten her just exactly no place. She turned back to town, into the employees' parking place, and up the stone steps into the big hospital building.

Mary got through that day, somehow — by not thinking, by working mechanically in a narrow groove, by going on.

In the early dawn of the next morning she was awakened by Danny standing at her bed.

"I'm gone, Mom" and, although his voice shook ever so little and his chin trembled, Mary did not waken.

"GOOD LUCK"

"Good-bye, Danny. I hope you have good luck" and she turned her head to the wall.

"Aw, gosh, Mom. I wish you didn't feel like this. You know it's the right thing to do, Mom. You know it's what Dad would want."

"Oh Danny, please go, I don't want to hear any more. It's time for me to get up, and I have many things to do. Please go on, Danny."

"Well, good-bye, Mom" . . . For a moment his gentle, soft eyes made her weaker, but she crushed down the rising tide of conscience . . . "If he had to go, it would be different, but he didn't have to go . . . He's a mere child," she kept reminding herself over and over.

She drove around again for an hour until she was quite sure Danny's train had left.

HER WORLD SHOOK

She didn't remember much how she worked that day, and she never remembered clearly the next few weeks. Her world shook because Danny had gone.

Every day now she was assigned to the clinic where the grade school children were coming in for dental inspection, throat inspection, etc., and that made it harder. Her dreams for Danny had been born when he was like these little lads. Really, they dated from the Sunday when his beautiful boy-soprano voice had soared out and over the bowed heads in old St. Michael's church. . . "O Lord I am not worthy" . . . How she had cried that morning! But they were tears of joy.

AMBITION GREW WITH HIM

Sure, Danny was to have a profession, but he must go on with his music. And from his first year in school Danny had the best training she could afford. Before he was through high school his wonderful voice had definitely justified his mother's ambition . . . and her ambition grew with the boy . . . Far away in the future Mary could see her Danny . . . The best teacher she could get, then Europe, and . . . then, grand opera, why not? . . . For already the boy's glorious voice was a local pride.

But—Danny, not yet through his second year of college had enlisted!

"But, can't you see, Mom, we're in it now . . . Why should I wait?" Over and over Danny had put that plea to her.

"STRUT IN A UNIFORM"

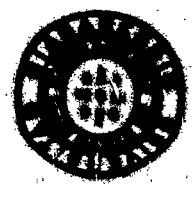
"I can only see that you've given up the opportunity of a life time . . . for what? Just to strut in a uniform . . . There are different ways of being a hero, and one of them is to take care of the business at hand. To do the work that

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