A New Day is dawning, and a great stillness, as if the whole world had suddenly stopped breathing, awaits her coming. A clinging mist from the canal shrouds the sleeping town of Merville, France. An outer door bangs and footsteps echo down the empty cobble-stone streets. Slowly the Eastern sky pales in anticipation and then, ruby-lipped, rises to greet the dawn. The tall Flemish poplars sway gently. The early morning breeze softly chases the cold mist to her bed in the river, while birds circle joyously against an opal heaven.

Quite suddenly the dawn gives birth to day. Brightly colored shutters are flung back by sleepy-eyed townsfolk. A tumbril filled with turnips clatters down the main street. Our soldiers begin to busy themselves about their morning duties. Soon the whole town is astir. Civilians hurry through the narrow streets to open shops and schools.

A handful of speculators waits patiently until midday brings the inevitable rush of uniformed men, tired and thirsty after their morning’s work on parade. While tillers of the soil long since have made their way to where fields of wheat stand ripening in the sun. Here, out in the country, a warm breeze carries to the passer-by a delicious odor of mellowing fruits and crops. In cottage gardens ripe plums and apples nod carelessly. Down a dusty road comes a troop of cavalry at the trot. Three or four heavy motor lorries rumble lazily after them, followed by a significant fleet of swift light cars with red crosses painted on their sides.

Eighteen years later Basil Rathbone looks through the window of the past upon a day in July, 1917, when the Horsemen of Death rode the world.

The author of this distinguished story as he appears in “Anna Karenina”.

Stars Own Stories

HOLLYWOOD
**Parade of Shadows**

*(Continued from page thirty-two)*

stops and there is no sound but the faint murmur of approaching day, and the head bowing down to young woman in a rain coat.

- A Cock crows in the yard outside, and is answered a moment later by the rooster of the other roosters not far distant. Someone moves in the room above me; a dull indeterminate sound. I am reminded of my school days when, waking early, I would hear the maid rising and a cold fear—a presentation of imminent danger would creep over me. I always knew when there was trouble in store for me at school, even before I had committed the fault for which I was eventually punished.

On Sundays at home the maid slept late and it was my mother whom I would hear moving early. On these cold dark winter mornings I would lie in bed and think how good it would be to be so still and safe, while my mother and sister went out into the raw damp air to take the Holy Sacrament at St. Luke’s Church.

My mother’s room was next to mine. My sister’s at the end of the house, and my brother’s upstairs, above my mother’s and father’s—the gardens with its high red brick wall covered with soft moss, ivy and rambling roses—the garden where, under a shady old elm tree, we had read Grimm’s Fairy Tales when we were children—the garden where, every spring, snowdrops, crocuses, bluebells and violets contested for supremacy; where hollyhocks and sunflowers, geraniums and daisies all slept so peacefully on warm summer nights, where “Rags,” our fox terrier, ineffectually chased lawless sparrows and stray blackbirds when they visited us after soft rains had made our lawn a happy hunting-ground.

- My Brother’s room, like mine, is now empty—empty but for its memories, and he will not come back to it. On his bed sits a saddle and a white toy monkey with only one eye—the other eye, a boot-button, had been lost and never replaced. As a child he had loved monkeys, and now, after all, they sit on his bed, waiting. Through days and nights, for weeks and months they sit waiting. But he will not come back. I had told them so when I was still a little girl, and they did not believe me and still continue to wait for their master.

In the closet in my brother’s room there hangs several suits of his clothes, a heavy topcoat—an old hat lies on a shelf, and an odd assortment of boots and shoes are neatly arranged in a corner. My mother is the epitome of tidiness, and she keeps my brother’s room spotless and just as he had left it. I had spent much time alone with my mother on my last leave. Like two people in a dream, we had talked of my brother, my mother and I. Like strangers, we were over polite to one another, even considerate of each other’s feelings, and neither of us knew, or dared to ask, how deep was the pain of our individual and unspeakable loneliness for him.

Once more the rumble of heavy artillery. I listen for awhile, a little apprehensive. Is it our guns or theirs?—“Mother—mother, do you hear me?” I whisper. “Listen, my darling, I want to be a little boy again and forget all this—just for a moment I want us all to be able to weep together.” With my whole being of tea in the garden on Sundays in summer. Of the woods at Easter so full of flowers, and you, of the three, sweeter and more tender than any. Of cold nights in winter when you used to light the fire in my room, turn out the lights and sit on my bed and talk, andperk at 3:00 AM, and now you sit on his bed, waiting. Through days and nights, for weeks and months they sit waiting. But he will not come back. I had told them so when I was still a little girl, and they did not believe me and still continue to wait for their master.

- **Cantor vs. Cagny—It’s to the Death!**

*(Continued from page thirty)*

- **Cantor Sickness, then turned toward the door of his bungalow office, where his daughter Marjorie was hammering a typewriter, and yelled:**

  "Marjorie!"

  "The dark and pretty Marjorie entered, smiling.

  "Yes, Dad?" she questioned.

  "How many pictures of Cagny are there in our house?" he demanded.

  "Each one, Dad," she added, "except Janet, and she doesn’t like him—"

  "Good," snapped Cantor, "Remind me to buy her pictures like I expect. So there are FOUR pictures of Cagny, yes?"

  "No," corrected Marjorie. "There are FIVE. I got a new one this morning and hung it on your desk—"

  "FIVE, HUH?"

  "Five at home, and the two blank. I just hung up here in the office—"

Cantor Ran out of the room into the office, to see for himself.

During his brief absence Marjorie confided that little Janet has "a terrible crush on Crosby and is ever so sorry that Daddy can’t sing like him. And Janey loves all that guy’s songs, and sings ’em," said the bellinger-est Cantor. "But she doesn’t know one of mine—NOT ONE! And I was plugging songs when Crosby was well, doing whatever Crosby was doing when I was plugging songs. But it’s this Cagny guy that’s the trouble. It’s my existence. He’s all I hear at home.

"Can you blame me for planning his assassination?"

- **Marjorie had returned to her typewriter, and while on the subject of his children, we asked Eddie to tell**

HOLLYWOOD