

**Picture Story**



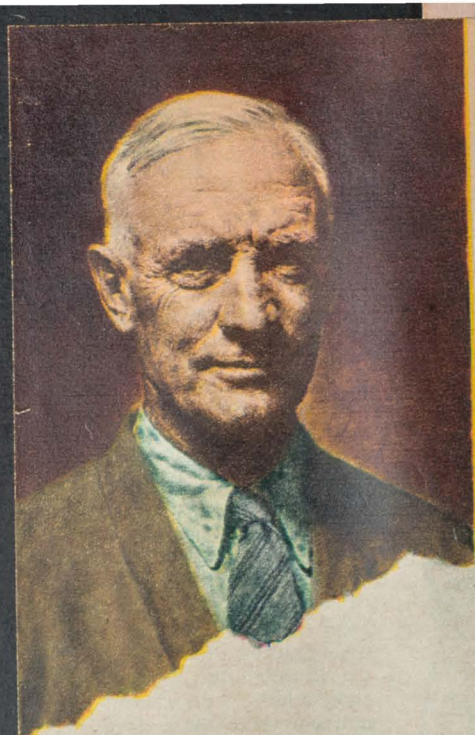
## Good Night, My Son

Seeking an effective pictorial treatment of our home front during this war, it was inevitable Coronet should come to the work of Douglass Crockwell, whose paintings have for many years caught in color and line the American ideals of which we all are vaguely aware, yet seldom really see. Finally, ten paintings were chosen—paintings which had been done originally for *Country Gentleman*, for Republic Steel and for Wyeth, Inc. As a commentary to accompany the illustrations, the editors chose a letter—the kind many mothers write these days—filled with the pleasant trivia which spell “home.”

Dear Bill,

As I sit here writing to you, I wonder where you are tonight-- in the darkness-- some where on the other side of the world -- or is it daylight there? I forget. Before me --





is your picture. The last one you took before you went away. I can't help thinking how much like your Dad you're beginning to look -- in your eyes and your chin and there's even something about the way you tie your necktie.

Today was Children's Day at church and they practically turned the

service over to the kids. You'll probably never forgive me for bragging, but the minister insisted on speaking a little piece about your silver star and how wonderful you are, and how he remembered you just Children's Day in church.





But at that you didn't quite steal the show. The kids sang and a fancy that Jim and Judy were just a little louder than the rest.



Nothing much new during the week. We just work



and then at night we all relax together Remember





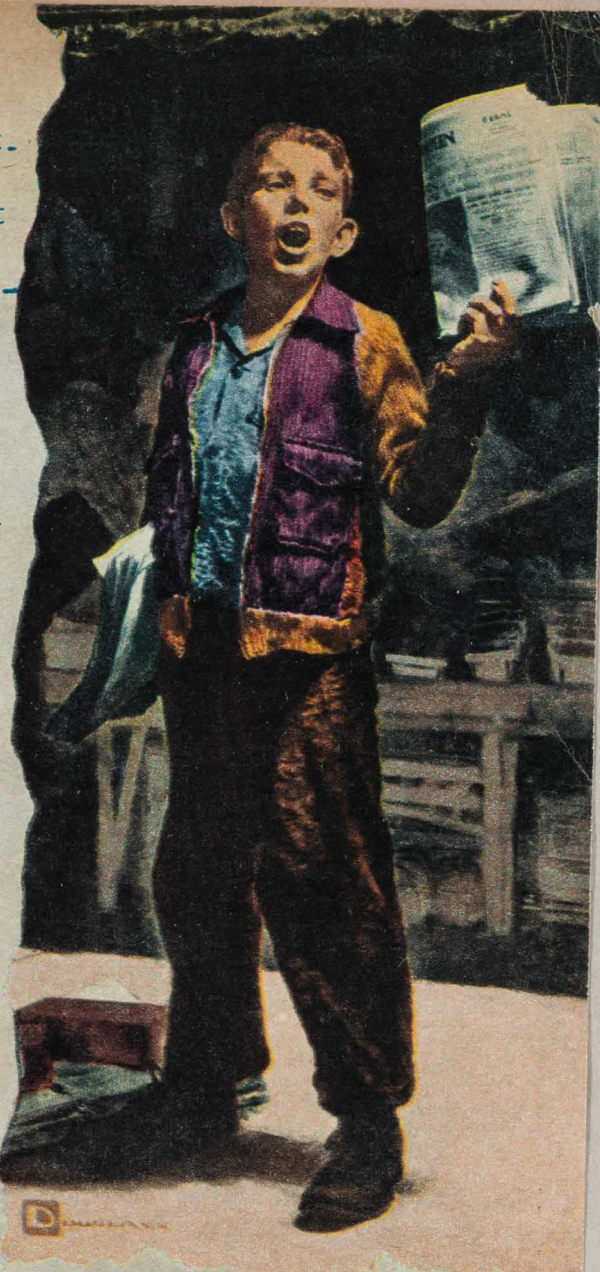
Phil Holmes? He said good-bye to his new baby



Judy went down to the Red Cross today. She

she insisted on donating her blood-not just some of it, mind you-but all of it! They told her hers was a very special type and they took her name "in case". she wasn't fooled a bit, though, and is quite put out about it. That really is about all for now-except that we're doing our best to keep things pretty much the same way you left them. And

even Johnny, who once sold you your morning paper, promises he'll be waiting for you at the same spot.







Your old chum, Bob, came home on fullough the other day -- with a shiny souwrier. It's a man now. you can see it in his eyes. I'll say a prayer tonight - to make it possible for you to come home too. I know it won't be long.

Good night, son,  
and all our love,

Mother