



The very next afternoon, Bertram's girl-friend was shopping in town. The kindly little man at the same counter was very embarrassed as he bought some silk things for his wife, but he heard her mention to the salesgirl that her sweetie was leaving Friday morning.



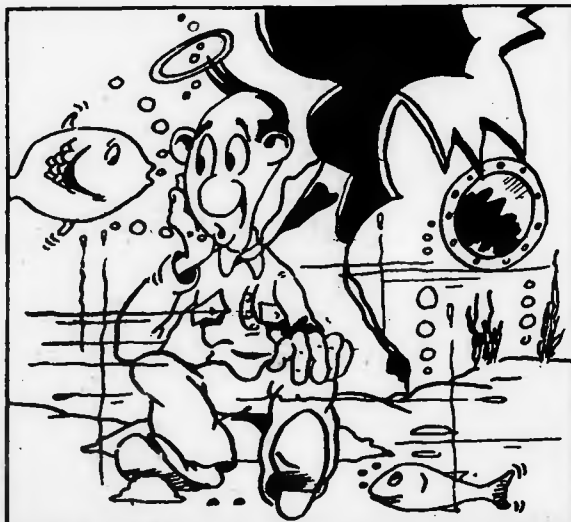
The kindly little man, whose name was Mr. Jones (in case you're really interested) went into a local snackery for a glass of milk that same evening. Bertram's Army friend was seated at the bar telling another pal all about Bertram and the 300 men who went with him.



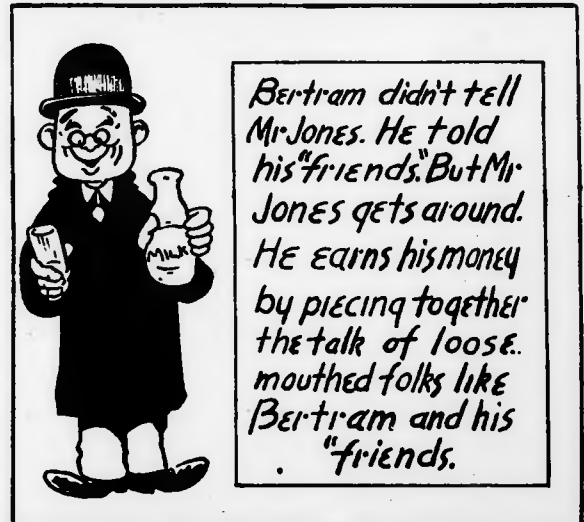
This is a picture of three telephone booths. The two soldiers are calling up girls whom they hope will soon be dates for that night. The kindly little man on the left is calling up what sounds like his wife. One will get you ten, it isn't.



That, friends, was the ship that Bertram, his 300 Army friends, and many hundreds of other soldiers were on. We say WERE. A torpedo has just hit the ship, and it's going down rapidly. The torpedo came from a submarine, but where did the submarine find out about Bertram?



That's what Bertram wonders too, as the fish circle slowly around him at the bottom of the ocean. Bertram will never fight the Axis again. He isn't going to fight off the fishes either. And the glow on his halo has gone completely out. Bertram, friends is dead.



*Bertram didn't tell Mr. Jones. He told his "friends." But Mr. Jones gets around. He earns his money by piecing together the talk of loose-mouthed folks like Bertram and his "friends."*

This is a picture of Mr. Jones, the kindly little man who keeps very busy listening to things people tell him. He works it like a jig-saw puzzle, you know. And when it's completed, he doesn't have a pretty picture before him, he has plans for death. Are you making Mr. Jones' job easy for him?