

Remember? - Isn't it strange, fellows, when we're all alone, that we think of the small and insignificant things - and we suddenly find that these are the things that count, and that these are the things that we remember for always! And they're such very small things, aren't they, but when the thought of these things suddenly flit through our memory, they bring back a flood of thoughts, so tender and so sweet.

And as we slowly stroll down "Memory Lane" this evening, it may be that one of you listening in will find some catch-word or phrase which will bring to your mind the thought of something, some place, or someone whom you hold dear.

Frankie, remember the record you and Pat used to play over and over again? Remember when you first heard it? Yes, it was at that school dance, wasn't it. And though you and Pat didn't say so at the time, you both felt the melody in your hearts, didn't you. And when you bought that record and took it to Pat's house, she was so surprised, because she had thought of buying one herself.

Yes, it just got to be sort of a theme song for you two, didn't it. And should you chance to hear it again - today, tomorrow, anytime in the future, it would bring back a flood of memories of Pat, wouldn't it. Sure, Pat ~~she~~ will be thinking of you, whenever she hears the strains of that song.

Seven o'clock in the evening. It comes every day, doesn't it. But it had a special meaning for you, didn't it Barry? Remember the first night you had a date with Connie? It was at 7 o'clock, wasn't it. And afterwards, when you went out together, it was always 7 o'clock, wasn't it. It wasn't long before Connie was saying, "Yes, Barry, I'll be waiting at 7." And even when you had to go to the coast on business, you always managed to ring up Connie - just at 7? Funny, isn't it, how such a commonplace thing as 7 o'clock should have so much meaning. Yet it does, doesn't it!

Chuck, remember the little calendar on your dressing table? You know the one - you push down a little lever and it makes the dates flip over. Remember, Chuck, how you used to watch Martha flip the dates over each morning as you got up?

And she'd smile at you, wouldn't she, as she pushed the lever down - as if saying that another day is here for just you and me. And that's what you'd be thinking too. Martha is waiting for you Chuck. She knows you'll be back. Though she flips over the dates on the calendar, she knows that there are thousands of other days coming on - days when she will be able to be close to you, Chuck. So go back to her, won't you, for she's counting the passing of the days.

(Fade into Auld Lang Syne)

A True Copy:


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