



The Friends
We've Made

LESLIE M. FOSTER, M.D.
WESTBRIDGE, CONNECTICUT

Dear Friends of "Those We Love":

It's a great pleasure to send you this book I made about the people you and I know in Westbridge.

As you know, this book, and our radio visits at your home each Monday night, are both made possible by your day-to-day purchases of Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Powder. When you buy these fine aids-to-beauty, you are giving your friendships for all of us in Westbridge.

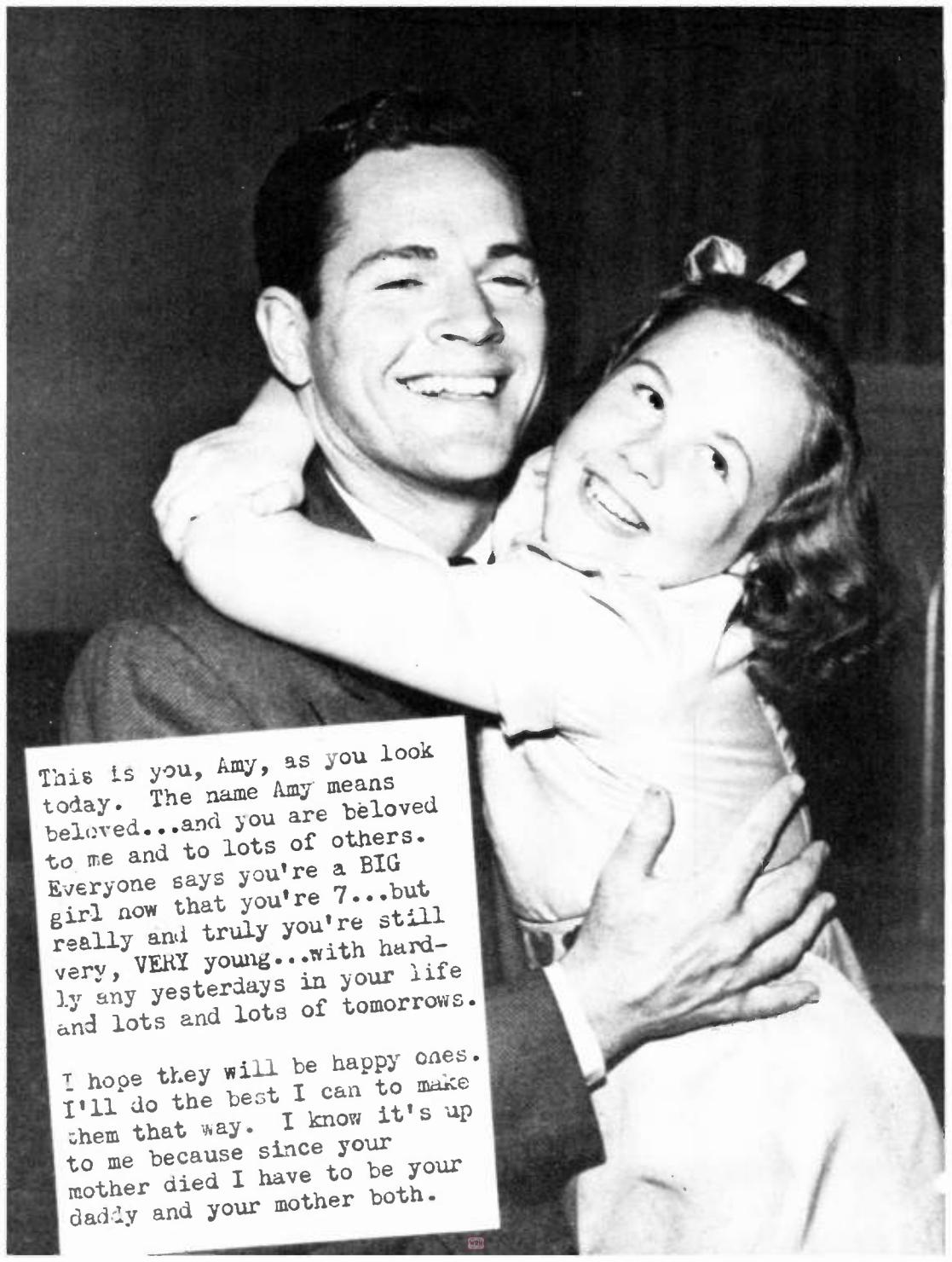
Kathy, Kit and the rest join me in warm good wishes.

Faithfully,

Leslie Foster
and A M Y.



This book is for my
AMY
and is written by her
adoring dad
to tell her more about
the friends we've made
since we came to Westbridge



This is you, Amy, as you look today. The name Amy means beloved...and you are beloved to me and to lots of others. Everyone says you're a BIG girl now that you're 7...but really and truly you're still very, VERY young...with hardly any yesterdays in your life and lots and lots of tomorrows.

I hope they will be happy ones. I'll do the best I can to make them that way. I know it's up to me because since your mother died I have to be your daddy and your mother both.



Sometimes you're so good and sometimes you're so bad, you seem like TWO different girls, the GOOD Amy and the BAD Amy. I told you that once, and the next time you broke a dish and I asked who did it, you said "The Bad Amy."

Then I said, "Well, why didn't you stop the bad Amy from doing it?" And you said, "When the Bad Amy did it, I wasn't even there."

Do you remember those wonderful fairy stories you and I like to read...the ones by Hans Christian Andersen...about the Ugly Duckling and the Little Sea Maid, and all the rest? Well, Hans Christian Andersen once said that every life is a fairy tale written by God's Fingers. Your story is being written every day, and the Friends We've Made in Westbridge are in that story.

Here are their pictures.





First of all - Kathy Marshall. Kathy was born and brought up here in Westbridge. She has roots here. Not real roots like a tree, but roots of friendship and memory.

She can see the place where she went to school, and think of what happened there. She can remember her first kiss, and where it happened, even though the boy who kissed her has gone away to the city to become a great lawyer.

Every Sunday, when she sings in the church choir, she can see the faces of people she has always known...and her father looking at her so proudly. That's what it means, having roots. Some people aren't so lucky. They move away from their home. They have no old friends to go to when they're especially happy or especially sad. And they get confused and lonely.

But people who don't have roots can start to grow them. And I'm glad you and I are going to grow them here in Westbridge...near Kathy.



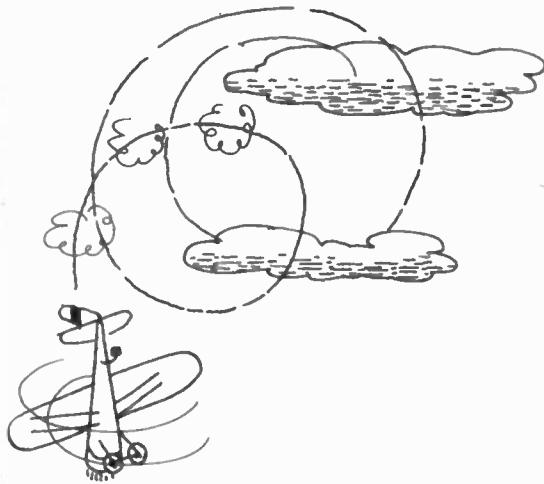


This is good of Kathy, don't you think?
She looks serious here, but she's usually
smiling. And lots of times she laughs.
Laughing, you know, is just setting a
smile to music.

Her brother Kit calls Kathy "The
Duchess". A duchess is not a Dutch-
man's wife, Amy. She is a lady who
is very lovely, like a princess. Kit
also calls Kathy "Funny face".



M. G. G.



This is Kit, Kathy's twin brother.

He was graduated from college this spring. Kit has had a hard time making up his mind whether he wants to be a lawyer or an aviator. He says flying is exciting...it makes you feel powerful...as if you were holding lightning in your hands.

Once he went flying with a woman who liked him too much, and a man who owned the plane and didn't like him at all. They crashed. The man and woman were killed. Kit nearly was... and he had to grit his teeth and be brave for months before he could even walk. He had so many bandages Kathy said he looked like a big rag doll.

I know you like him, Amy. Do you remember when we came into a room full of people and I told you to say hello to everybody and you said "Hello, Kit."? He likes you too. But I think he likes all the girls...Elaine and maybe some others too.





Kit and Kathy read a lot of books. Some of the ones they have liked best are
GREEN MANSIONS -Hudson
GOODBYE MR.CHIPS
-Hilton
THE YEARLING -Rawlings
LIFE WITH FATHER -Day.

Kit and Kathy pretend to be mad sometimes, but really they love each other very dearly.



Kit also likes to eat. He's an ice box raider. When he was hurt, and on a light diet - broth and crackers and so on - he was very sarcastic. "For dessert" he said, "I suppose I'll get a slice of strawberry."



And here is John Marshall, Kit and Kathy's father. He is a lawyer. A law, Amy, is a rule that everyone helps to make...a rule on what is fair. Then after we make the laws, we all try to live up to them. In that way people don't do things to us that they shouldn't, and we don't do things we shouldn't to them.

Some people think Mr. Marshall is sort of stern, but really it is just dignity and dignity is not as bad as you might think. A lot of nice people have been dignified. George Washington was.



Mrs. Marshall isn't alive any more, but her sister, Aunt Emily Mayfield came to help take her place. Aunts and uncles are nice, don't you think? Sometimes I think that God gives people brothers and sisters so their children can have aunts and uncles, especially nice ones like Aunt Emily.

Mr. Marshall is neither very rich nor very poor, as far as money goes, but he is very rich in another way, because he has a brave son and a fine daughter. Here is the family all together.





This is Elaine Dascom.

Your Daddy knew Elaine and her brother long before we moved to Westbridge. People say I was in love with her and followed her here. That isn't true. I didn't know she was here. But we do like her, don't we - and we know the sorrow she had.

Just think what happened to Elaine. She had a golden voice and would have been a great singer. Then there was an accident and she couldn't sing again ever. But we did fix her throat so she could speak.

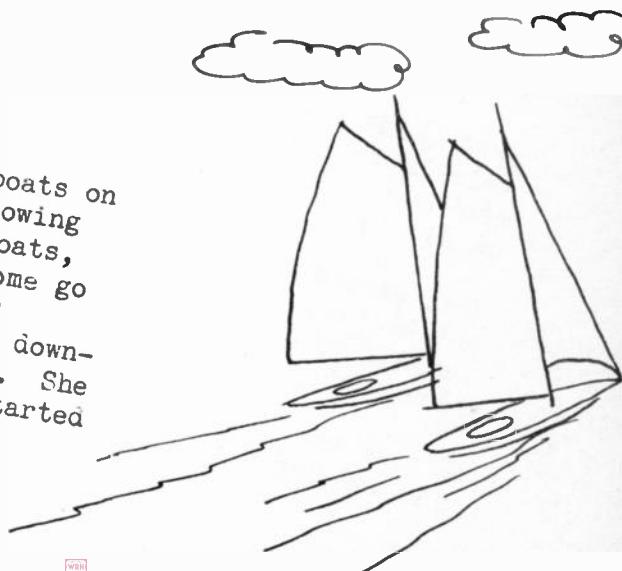
Most people would just give up when that happened. But not Elaine. She decided to pass along the things she'd learned by teaching Kathy how to sing. Kathy sings beautifully now.

Elaine has learned interior decorating, too, and now she and Kathy have their own shop here in Westbridge.



Here are Elaine and Kit thinking things over. They like each other quite a good deal, and sometimes she plays the piano while Kit plays his violin. When you play music with people or sing with them, you can get quite well acquainted without even talking.

Did you ever see the sailboats on the river? The wind is blowing the same way for all the boats, but some go upstream and some go downstream. After Elaine's trouble she could have gone downstream too. But she didn't. She set her sails, smiled and started going up the river.





Well Amy, here you are in the Marshall's kitchen. And here is Martha! How she can cook! She's given us some of her recipes, too. I've pasted them in another page of the book, so other people can enjoy them too.

I asked her if she could cook for company and she said she could cook for them either way...either so they'll come again or so they'll stay away. I guess she does her "come-again" cooking when you and I are around.



She's been at the Marshall's ever since Kathy and Kit can remember. How she fussed over Kit when he was getting over his flying accident. He said she gave him egg-noggs 'till he started to cackle!

Mrs. Emmet takes care of you. You are lucky, because she is so kind. And perhaps it will help you forget that you're missing the nicest kind of love there is...the kind of love a real mother gives her little girl.

That kind of love is like soft, beautiful music and warm sunshine ...like cool little showers when the earth is dry...like flowers and sunsets and starlight...and you've missed it, dear.



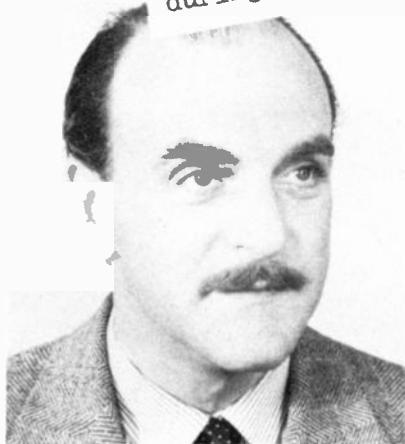
But Mrs. Emmet loves you a very great deal, and that is a lot to be thankful for. You say your prayers together, and she tucks you into bed. Then you close your eyes, and your mind begins to make those wonderful moving pictures that we call pleasant dreams.

People



Amy Foster - and
her doctor Dad
who can always
find happiness
together.

Uncle Jerry -
John Marshall's
brother - who
was cracked up
during the war.

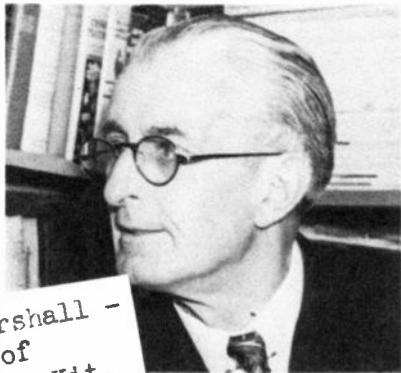


Kit Marshall -
Kathy's twin bro-
ther. He's impul-
sive sometimes but
always kind and
charming.

Elaine Dascom -
Kathy's friend -
who has not let
trouble spoil her
loveliness.



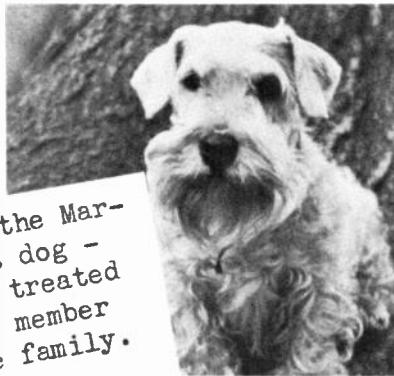
John Marshall -
father of
Kathy and Kit.



Aunt Emily -
who has taken
care of Kathy
and Kit since
their Mother
died.



Rags - the Mar-
shall's dog -
who is treated
like a member
of the family.





ALMANACK



THE ALMANAC OF "THOSE WE LOVE"

May 5, 1774 or about then anyway Marshalls settle in Westbridge, Connecticut to do farming.

August 10, 1892 John Marshall is born in Westbridge.

January 4, 1894 Katherine Mayfield is born near Westbridge.

October 1, 1896 Jerry Marshall is born

June 3, 1913 John Marshall marries Katherine Mayfield, at Westbridge.

June 22, 1916 Kit and Kathy Marshall are born at Westbridge.

June 30, 1917 John Marshall and Jerry Marshall go to war

December 12, 1918 Katherine Marshall, wife of John, dies.
Her sister Emily comes to the Marshalls to help take her place

August 4, 1931 Amy Foster is born.

May 30, 1937 Amy Foster and her daddy come to Westbridge.

June 22, 1937 Kit and Kathy's 21st birthday.

June 23, 1937 Amy's daddy meets Kathy

June 28, 1937 Our old friend Elaine Dascom is in Westbridge, too!

July 5, 1937 Kit is badly hurt in plane crash.

July 8, 1937 Martha's birthday. She won't tell which birthday.

October 5, 1937 Housewarming. Amy is badly hurt in auto crash.

June 20, 1938 Kit graduates from college.

June 23, 1938 Aunt Emily sets Elaine and Kathy up in business in Westbridge.

AMY and KATHY

(And here is the poem you and Kathy wrote one rainy afternoon. Do you remember the rules? You write the letters of your name. Then you think of your favorite things that begin with those same letters. Then you make a poem of them. It's hard, but it's fun.



A is for Acrobats on a trapeze

Also for Apple pie, served with some cheese.

M is for Mail, and the Man in the Moon

And Mistletoe, Magic, and Meadows in June

Y is for Yellow-birds, Yards-where-you-sit

And Year-books, and Yachts, and Yarn-that-you-knit.

* * *

K is for Kindness, and Kisses, and Kings

For Kittens, and Kites, and a Kettle-that-sings.

A is for Airplanes, for Air-castles bright

For Angels and Aunts and a good Appetite.

T is for Turkey, and Tea when it rains,

And Taffy, and Tinsel, and Tulips, and Trains.

H is for Haystacks, and Hedges with snow

For Happiness, Health, and a pleasant Hello!

Y is for Yawning and Yesterday too.

And best of all Y means a person named You.

The things they've

My Father



Dad's a rather unusual person. He never lets his dreams get in the way of other people's lives.

How We Met A Sorrow



Those first few days after Kit was hurt ...when we were waiting to know whether he'd live or not...were like some horrible nightmare...too dreadful to be true. Dad went around winding clocks, and putting out the rubbish on Tuesdays and Fridays...and locking up at night. We all went around doing the little things, the little usual things as though they were some sort of charm against the unreality. A sort of desperate hold on things as they'd always been. We brushed our teeth, and made the beds, and fed Rags. Sometimes we did it twice...one time right after the other.

About Back Doors

I like back doors. They're so much more neighborly than front ones. You see, I grew up in the country. I discovered very young that it's back doors where they hand you out cookies and bread-and-jelly and things.

said —



Aunt Emily



John Marshall



Elaine

On Doing for Others

Don't you think it's a very poor world if we can't do for each other? That's why the Lord made so many of us, so there'd be plenty to help the others when they needed it.

His Advice to Kit

There are two things that are most important in a man's life: the woman he marries — and the work he follows. A wrong choice in either case is tragic.

Don't mistake a romantic fascination for something better. Remember that today's thrill is tomorrow's commonplace. You can see how that might happen with a woman. And it's just as true of the work you choose.

If You Love Music

You may not be a great musician, but if you have a love for music, and a little talent it's well worth working over. It's like garden flowers. None of them's an American Beauty or an orchid. And little musicians aren't Kreislers — they're the ones that play in homes or little concert halls, or sing in churches. But they're lovely. They make people happy and that's what counts.

Fudge Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa
2 cups pastry flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk

Mix together first two ingredients and stir over low fire until smooth and thick; cool. Sift together the flour, soda and baking powder. Cream butter; add sugar a little at a time, and beat in well. Add eggs one at a time, unbeaten; beat well after each addition. Stir in vanilla extract. Add the sifted dry ingredients, a little at a time, alternately with the milk. Stir in the cocoa mixture; mix well. Bake in greased layer-cake tins in moderate oven at 350° F. about 20 minutes. Spread Fudge Frosting between layers, and on top and sides of cake. Makes two thick 9-inch layers. May be baked in three layers, if desired.

Fudge Frosting

2 tablespoons corn syrup
2 cups sugar
3 squares chocolate
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix first four ingredients in saucepan and, stirring occasionally to prevent burning, cook over low fire to 232° F. or until it forms a very soft ball in cold water. Remove from stove and add lukewarm. Add vanilla and beat vigorously until thick enough to spread.

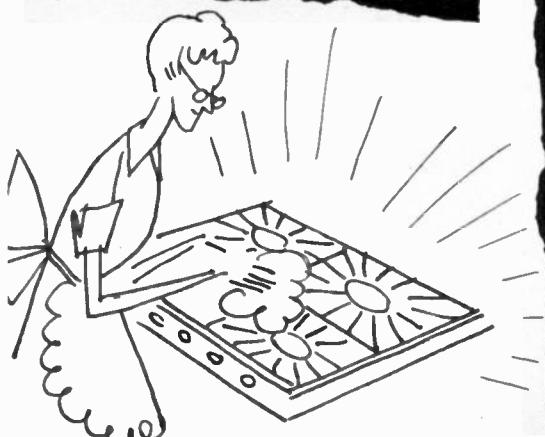


Martha's Favorite Recipes

Fluffy Gingerbread

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons ginger
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted shortening
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup boiling water

Mix dry ingredients together and sift. Mix together the brown sugar, molasses and melted shortening; add beaten eggs. Mix in dry ingredients. Add boiling water last. Bake in well-greased shallow pan in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 minutes. Makes 16 portions. Delicious served warm with sweetened whipped cream or pudding sauce.





THE STRANGE CASE OF WILFRED WHIRLPENNY

YOUR FAVORITE BEDTIME STORY



Ages and ages ago - that is, at least 40 or 50 years ago - a baby boy was born. He was named Wilfred Whirlpenny, after his grandfather. This pleased his grandfather beyond words.

Wilfred didn't have much to say about it, one way or the other. He wasn't old enough to talk.

Now, Wilfred Whirlpenny was a most unusual child. He didn't like milk. He didn't like spinach. He didn't like cereal.

Instead, he ate pins and glass and buttons. Both he and his mother were quite upset. There are no vitamins in buttons.

Just how Wilfred managed to grow so strong no one ever knew. Maybe, it was because of the nails he had for breakfast. They gave him extra iron.

Well, Wilfred Whirlpenny grew and grew. And the more he grew, the more he ate. Of course, he never cared for meat or potatoes, but he did enjoy the silverware and dishes. So, it cost a lot to feed him.





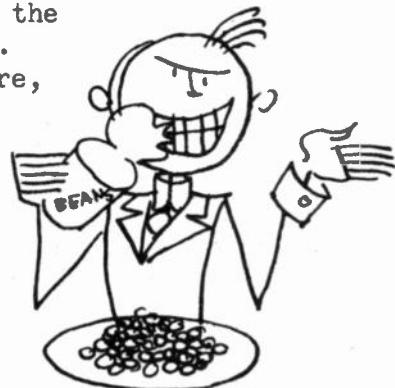
In school he never learned to write. He always drank his ink. He chewed up pencils, lead and all. For dessert, he had erasers. They never did him very much good. Wilfred made mistakes.

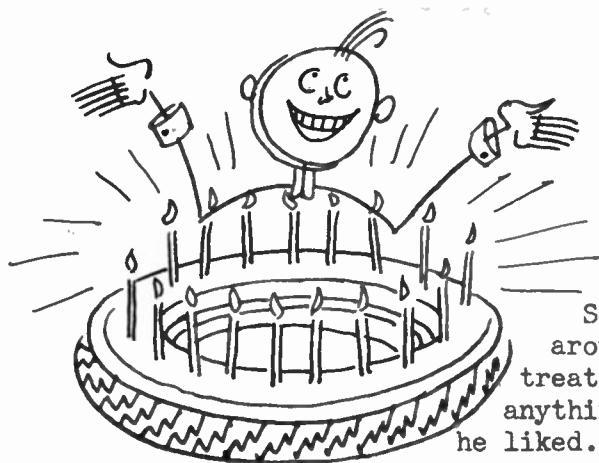
Now, when he had grown to manhood and it was time to marry, Wilfred ate the wedding ring instead of wedding cake. His bride was rather surprised.

So after they had settled down, in a cottage all their own, his wife did everything she could to break him of this habit. She cooked a can of pork and beans. She baked an apple pie. She stewed some prunes and apricots and hardly burned a thing.

But Wilfred made her cry with grief. He really seemed quite cruel. He never touched the pork and beans. He ate the can, instead. Then, he ate the pie tin and prune pits by the dozen. And when he'd finished all there were, he looked around for more. Mrs. Whirlpenny was very sad.

Every day, for nearly a year, she cooked what most folks eat. But, it didn't do a bit of good. Wilfred just turned up his nose.





So, when his birthday came around, she offered him a treat. She said she'd cook him anything if he'd tell her what he liked.

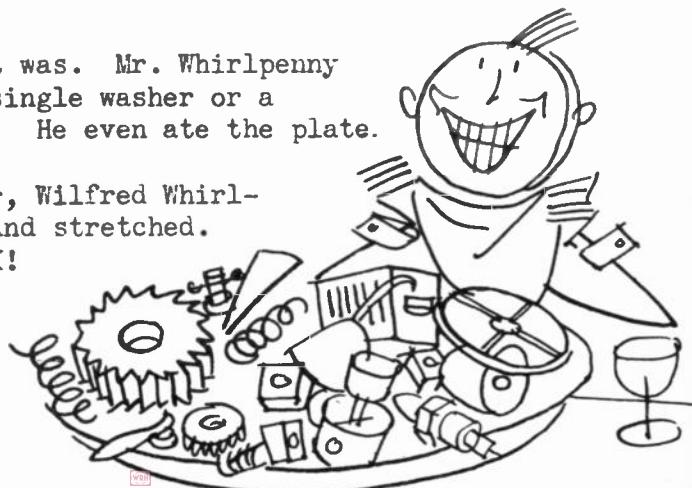
Wilfred Whirlpenny grinned from ear to ear and swallowed the box of tacks he had in his mouth. All in one gulp, at that.

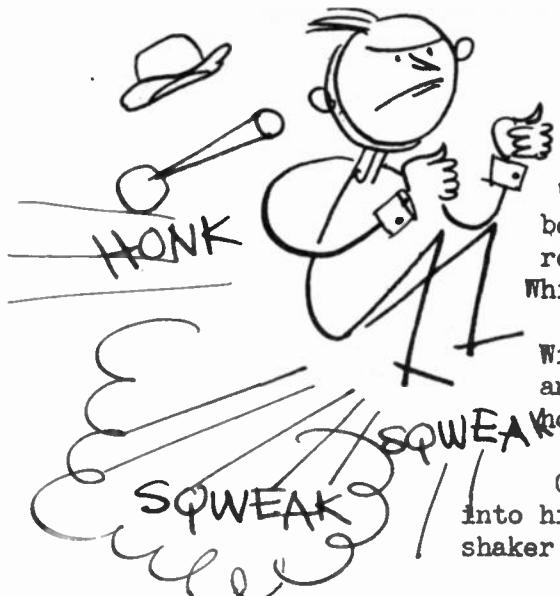
He said, "I'd like an automobile stew with some chopped-up steering wheel. And how about some baked brake linings with some nice clear windshield sauce. I'd also like horn on the cob with assorted nuts and bolts. Perhaps you'd fix a salad, too, of cogs and gears with grease. For my dessert, a tire and tube with a dash of headlight lens."

Mrs. Whirlpenny shook her head. "Remember not to eat the paint on the fenders, dear. It never agrees with you."

What a meal that was. Mr. Whirlpenny didn't leave a single washer or a morsel of steel. He even ate the plate.

After the dinner, Wilfred Whirlpenny stood up and stretched.
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!





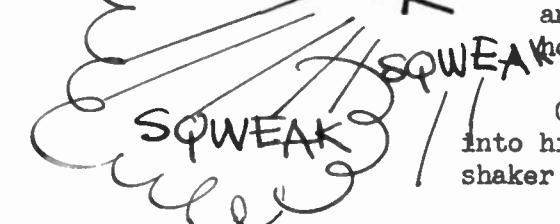
HONK

"Better have more grease before you start down the road," suggested Mrs. Whirlpenny.



SQUEAK

Wilfred just said, "BRRR," and sped right out of the house.

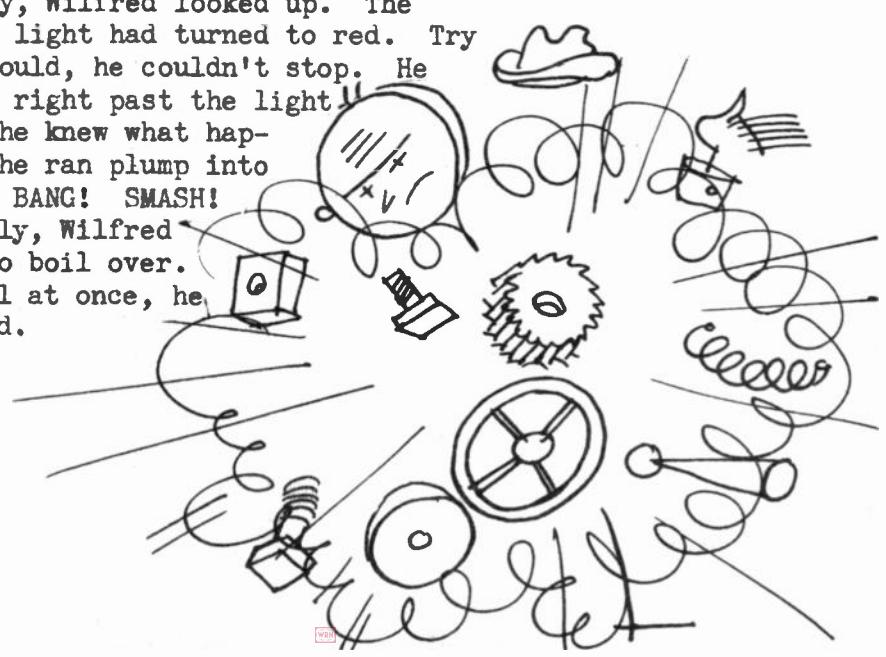


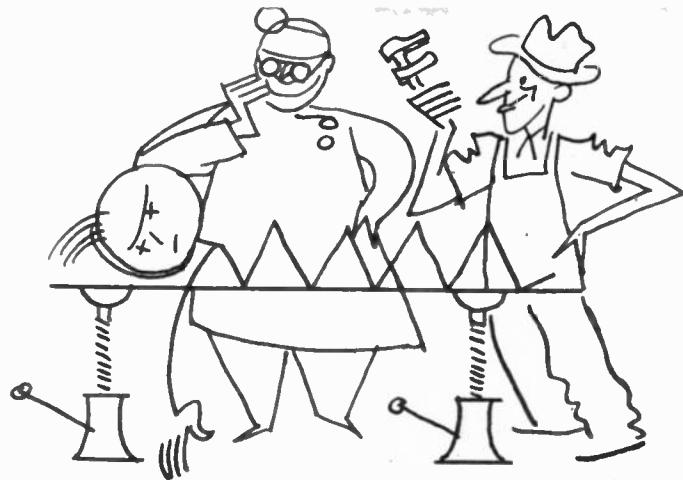
On Main Street he bumped into his old friend, Mr. Handshaker.

"How are you these days, Wilfred," said Mr. Handshaker. "I'd like to see you at your office, today!"

"HONK! HONK!" said Wilfred. "I'll see you tomorrow at SQUEAK o'clock. Oh me! Oh my! My clutch is slipping. HONK! HONK!" And away he went.

Suddenly, Wilfred looked up. The traffic light had turned to red. Try as he could, he couldn't stop. He whizzed right past the light. Before he knew what happened, he ran plump into a car. BANG! SMASH! Instantly, Wilfred began to boil over. Then all at once, he exploded.





They took him to the hospital - but Alas, Alack! Not a doctor there knew how to fix him. He really needed a mechanic.

So they sent for the man from the garage who jacked Mr. Whirlpenny up on the operating table. Then with the doctor's help, the garage man fixed Wilfred Whirlpenny so he'd run as good as new.

When Wilfred Whirlpenny was back in repair, the doctor told him that he'd better give up things that seemed to upset him so - and warned him never, never to try eating airplane relish.

For a while, Wilfred Whirlpenny was both sad and hungry. But Mrs. Whirlpenny cooked so many nice things that she soon had him eating what he should.

"After all," said she, watching him eat his mush,
"It's just a matter of habit
whether you act like a goat or eat like a rabbit."



“THOSE WE LOVE”

THE POND'S PROGRAM

Be sure to listen Monday evenings

NBC Blue Network

STATE	CITY	STATION	STANDARD TIME
Calif.	Los Angeles	KFI	5:30
	San Francisco	KPO	5:30
Colo.	Denver	KOA	6:30
Conn.	Bridgeport	WICC	8:30
D. C.	Washington	WMAL	8:30
Ill.	Chicago	WLS	7:30
Ind.	Fort Wayne	WOWO	7:30
Iowa	Cedar Rapids	WMT	7:30
	Des Moines	KSO	7:30
Md.	Baltimore	WBAL	8:30
Mass.	Boston	WBZ	8:30
	Springfield	WBZA	8:30
Mich.	Detroit	WXYZ	8:30
Minn.	Minneapolis-St. Paul	WTCN	7:30
Mo.	Kansas City	WREN	7:30
	St. Louis	KWK	7:30
Nebr.	Omaha	KOIL	7:30
N. Y.	Albany	WABY	8:30
	Buffalo	WEBR	8:30
	Jamestown	WJTN	8:30
	New York	WJZ	8:30
	Plattsburg	WMFF	8:30
	Rochester	WHAM	8:30
	Syracuse	WSYR	8:30
Ohio	Cincinnati	WCKY	8:30
	Cleveland	WHK	8:30
	Toledo	WSPD	8:30
Oregon	Portland	KGW	5:30
Pa.	Philadelphia	WFIL	8:30
	Pittsburgh	KDKA	8:30
R. I.	Providence	WEAN	8:30
Utah	Salt Lake City	KDYL	6:30
Washington	Seattle	KOMO	5:30
	Spokane	KHQ	5:30

Kathy of “Those We Love” is NAN GREY,
lovely star of Universal Pictures

