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"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

CHAPTER 1

"I regret to state, Gentlemen," said the commodore presiding at Troopship Convoy MX Conference, "that the British Intelligence has obtained positive information that a Nazi agent will be among the 20,000 troops sailing with us tomorrow . . ."

Across the expanse of mahogany table the Sea Dogs' bronzed faces failed to register any emotion. Only by their neglected cigar ashes and strained postures could you detect the suppressed excitement among the gathering of Canadian and British naval officers. Their goldbraided sleeves revealed three held the rank of captain. The speaker and one other were "Wavy Navy" men—admirals of 1914-18, who had taken voluntary demotion to commodore rank in order to serve again.

"This Nazi agent," the marble-faced commodore continued in a dull monotone, "is reported to be a member of one of the units. It is obviously impractical at this late date to start an investigation of the 20,000 soldiers, so he'll have to come along. His mission is possibly designed as a suicide chore—most likely to get information to the enemy in some fashion that will bring about an attack on the convoy.

* * *

"Sinking a troopship under full naval guard would undoubtedly please Mr. Hitler no end. Your alertness at all times during the voyage should prevent any such unfortunate occurrence. Now . . ." the commodore fingered a sheaf of papers.

"Now I have a surprise for you. there is lying in the basin a large merchant ship convoy waiting to sail. It will start at dawn. The 11 troopships will leave on a separate schedule later in the day and join the merchant men at a rendezvous as provided in your Sealed Orders and then take up Formation L . ."

There was a murmur of protest. These Sea Dogs knew the perils of this unprecedented move—fast ocean greyhounds and ponderous freighters milling around perhaps in a heavy sea. The commodore let the kettle boil before resuming:

"It's unprecedented and the Navy realizes the task lying ahead but it is all part of a plan the nature of which I am not at liberty to divulge. I shall now usher in the captains of the merchantmen sailing with you for the purpose of discussing convoy details."

* * *

The gold-braided officers rose as a group of weather-beaten skippers, many fidgeting in unaccustomed storched collars and wearing shiny blue serge suits, entered the board room. Shyly they took the places offered them, and you could sense the common bond between these humble rulers of the plodding freighters and the neatly groomed commanders of the sleek warships. They were cooperating factors in keeping the Atlantic lifeline open.

The skippers to whom adventure had long since become routine found supreme satisfaction in every cargo delivered. The naval officers, they knew, stood ready to die in their defense. A lieutenant-commander called the roll in crisp tones:

"Master Lowestoft, Landover Castle . . Master Peterson, Maidstone . . .Master Tangmere, Dover Queen . . Master Samuels, Cheltenham Maid" . . . and as he did so, each Master replied "Aye, aye, Sir!"

* * *

Four mimeographed sheets were passed to each man in the room. They carried the names of the vessels, the time schedule of leaving the basin, the time gap that would result if any ship failed to follow its preceding ship sharp on the minute, the course to be followed after passing the submarine gate, when the joint convoy would form and what signal code was to be followed, in zig-zagging across the ocean.

"The freighters take the outer lanes," the commodore stated in discussing the items, "to provide added protection for the liners. In return you will be protected by the heaviest naval escort in history!"

The commander of the Atlantic Coast was then called upon to describe the protective measures under his jurisdiction . . . the flights of Stranraer flying boats that would be combing the inlets while the minesweepers worked ahead of the convoy out of the harbor . . . the R. C. A. F. bomber-reconnaissance planes flying almost to mid-ocean as an anti-sub measure. He concluded by introducing Captain Leedscourt, V.C., who would command the escorting warships.

* * *

Captain Leedscourt was amazingly unlike a naval hero who had won the Victoria Cross in 1917 for sinking an enemy battleship in its home harbor by tying a torpedo to the side of a motorboat and entering under cover of darkness. Only about 43, he wore old-fashoned "sideboards" down each cheek. He flipped a white silk handkerchief from one sleeve and coughed into it lightly before arising to begin semi-apologetically:

"It will be my job, gentlemen, to protect you if attacked . . ."

Without employing a single excess word he outlined a plan of action "that has already met with considerable success." He explained that if attacked by surface craft he "would hit with the full force at my command while you must follow your Sealed Orders."

"And now you are asked to listen more closely—this is an important command to all cargo-carrying ships in the convoy as well as the troopships. If one or more of you should be attacked by a submarine, all other vessels must proceed at full speed AWAY from the torpedoed ship or ships, leaving the survivors to their fate—temporarily at least. The purpose is to curtail loss to an absolute minimum. Stationary ships would provide too good a target for even the poorest of U-boat marksmen."

The commodore tugged at Capt. Leedscourt's sleeve. They whispered together for a few seconds before the captain spoke again:

"I have just been reminded, gentlemen, that one of you ship masters commands a trawler . ." He looked around the room. A deep voice boomed from the far corner:

"Aye, sir, I command the Loch Lomond."

The Scot's rich burr seemed to please the captain.

"My compliments, sir, to yourself and the good Loch Lomond. I'm sure any vessel bearing so stout a name would relish the task I have in mind. Would you volunteer to sail at the extreme rear of the convoy and pause to pick up any survivors in case of emergency? It is barely possible that a submarine would risk staying behind long enough to attack a trawler—that and the lowness of your vessel in the water would make the target a poor one for him. However, it is entirely voluntary and I cannot . . ."

The old tar was on his feet, beaming like a harvest moon:

"On behalf of the Loch Lomond, sir, I accept the post. She's always happy to help out the Navy!"

* * *

The room echoed with deep-throated, good-natured laughter. The friendly rivalry between the two services was never so superbly evident. The captain flashed a smile at the commodore.

"And the Navy is grateful," his tone sobered. "In conclusion, I must point out to you that should your vessel or vessels be overtaken by serious engine trouble, or should faulty navigation or bad weather cause you to lag behind the convoy, you must proceed as best you can to whatever port you may choose. The escort's duty is to remain with the main convoy and stragglers cannot be given protection.

"Somewhere around mid-ocean, a heavy escort from the Royal Navy—probably accompanied by an aircraft carrier, will meet the convoy. They will relieve the Royal Canadian Navy escort as well as some of the Royal Navy ships assigned to special duties from that point."

* * *

The commodore took over.

"There is only one more matter to bring before this conference. You are under strictest secrecy orders in being informed that we have good reason to believe a very forceful attempt is to be made by the enemy at some time during this crossing to attack the convoy—and particularly the troopships.

"I cannot divulge any further details but the information is sufficiently urgent to prompt an order from the Admiralty that all freighter captains be given full opportunity to withdraw from the convoy without any reflection upon themselves. If they remain they must do so under complete authority of the escort command and be prepared to sacrifice themselves, if need be, for the safety of the troopships. If any desire to withdraw, please do so now."

He looked around the room. No one moved. A salty smile wrinkled the captain's "sideboards":

"In which circumstance, gentlemen, I find nothing further to occupy this conference's attention other than the happier business of joining in a toast to our safe passage together. If you will all step into the lounge, you will find the essential liquids awaiting your pleasure."

(Continued next week.)

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ISSUE 13—'42

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By Anne Adams

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Pattern 4006 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

MAPLE SYRUP TRIFLES

Bright sunny days, moderately cold at night, then gradually milder—all this is synonymous with maple syrup days. After a long and monotonous winter nothing is quite so refreshing as maple syrup and the many appetizing dishes it suggests.

Homemade bread and butter or rolls, accompanied by maple syrup is not bad fare and is an excellent way to introduce this favorite Canadian spring delicacy. Probably the next thing which comes to our minds is pancakes and waffles.

As a request for waffles has been waiting for sometime, we will give it here.

WHOLE WHEAT WAFFLES

¾ cup whole wheat flour
¾ cup sifted white flour (pastry)
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites stiffly beaten
½ cup milk
½ cup cream
4 tablespoons melted butter

Twice sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Then mix thoroughly with the whole wheat flour. Beat egg yolks well, mix with the milk and add to dry ingredients. After mixing thoroughly add the melted butter; mix again and fold in egg whites stiffly beaten. Bake on hot waffle iron which has been oiled with olive oil.

MAPLE SYRUP SAUCE

Of course plain maple syrup served with these well-buttered waffles is always a relish, but for variety here is your requested sauce.

Two-thirds cup maple syrup, 1½ cups brown sugar, one-third cup water, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 tablespoons heavy cream. Boil first four ingredients until sauce is a heavy syrup. Cool; add vanilla and cream.

WHIPPED CREAM SAUCE

Another very delectable sauce is whipped cream to which has been added grated maple syrup. This also makes a splendid addition to cake icing.

MAPLE BAVARIAN

1 tablespoon granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup milk
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup maple syrup
½ cup chopped nut meats
1 cup heavy cream

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Scald the milk over hot water and add a small amount of it slowly to the egg yolks. Return to the milk remaining in the double boiler and cook until the mixture coats the spoon. In the meantime stir in the salt and maple syrup. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken fold in the nutmeats and the cream, whipped. Place in individual molds and chill thoroughly.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Industrial casualties are just as serious as killed and wounded soldiers, sailors and fliers.

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Value Of Service Teach Our Youth

Students of Appleby College Urged To Plan Lives of Usefulness

"This world's problems will never be solved by taking the attitude, 'Every man for himself'," J. M. Macdonnell, chairman of the board of trustees of Queen's University, and president of the National Trust company, declared in Oakville last week. He was addressing the boys of Appleby college on "Responsibilities and Privileges of Democracy." (Appleby is a private school, situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, near Oakville.)

"Not only during the war, but when peace comes, we shall have such formidable problems that only by a vast deal of public spirited devotion to the common good shall we come through," Dr. Macdonnell said. "We have allowed ourselves to regard the state not as something we work for, but as something we should get something from. That must all be changed."

The speaker's advice to the students was to study the lives of the world's great leaders — past and present. "You boys are being taught while still young what democracy really means, a thing many older folks still don't know," he stated. "You have the advantage of living at a residential school with its own community life resembling the larger life outside. Some of you already ex-

Made In Japan

We've heard from a naval officer who got promoted recently, which necessitated a re-shuffling of his insignia. When his stars were removed, he found, on the back of each, a label reading "Made in Japan". He sent one to us, for evidence. You can come and look at it, but we wouldn't part with it for anything.—New Yorker.

Greatest Producer

The gross value of all commodities produced on Canadian farms in 1941 is estimated at $1,375,066,000—highest since 1929—compared with $1,259,377,000 in 1940.

Eire will permit the entry into the country of only 80,000 hats, hoods, shapes and caps for women and girls between January 1 and June 30 of this year.

TASTY ALL-BRAN BACON MUFFINS

Meals, like women, need glamour even in wartime! For dull meals the miracle worker is a batch of sweet-smelling, golden brown home made muffins. Made with bran they contribute to the day's vitamin and mineral score. But when chopped bacon is added to the ingredients they have a flavor and a taste that are unforgettable. The recipe is simple . . . just follow it and success is yours!

All-Bran Bacon Muffins

2 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup crisp, diced bacon

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2¼ inches in diameter).

Note: When sour milk or butter milk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

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