DESERT MULLIGAN — NOT A PICNIC

Huddled around a campfire, members of an anti-tank crew, on the march near Safi, Morocco, cook up a stew while one of their members peers throughfield glasses as he stands guard.

The War Against Mrs. Hadley

Adapted from the MGM Picture by WILLIAM McCORMICK

SYNOPSIS:

Mrs. Stella Hadley, a Washington society matron and a staunch Republican of the old school, is celebrating her birthday with a luncheon on December 7. Present are Elliott Fulton, a friend of the family; Mrs. Hadley's daughter, Patricia; her son, Ted, who works for Fulton at the War Department; her physician, Dr. Meecham and her best friend, Cecilia Talbot. Mrs. Hadley is annoyed when news of the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor disrupts the party. She is even more annoyed when Fulton tells her he cannot let Ted leave the office on Christmas Eve. She does not know that Ted, a dissipated youth, has not been working late at the office each night as he has told her. Nor does she know — yet — that Fulton is going to have Ted transferred to active duty.

* * *

CHAPTER TWO

Mrs. Hadley — very much the grand dame distributing largesse —had handed out the last of the Christmas presents to the staff. She turned to the maid.

"And now, I've saved the best present till the last," she said. "For you, Millie. I asked Mr. Fulton to make inquiries about your brother at Pearl Harbor. He's well and safe."

Millie burst into happy tears.

"You may take the evening off to break the good news to your mother," Mrs. Hadley told the beaming girl.

"Could I speak to you a moment, Mrs. Hadley?" asked Peters. "I had word from the Draft Board today. They've reclassified me in 1A. I'm to report for service next week."

"You mean, you'll be leaving me?" asked Mrs. Hadley incredulously.

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. Hadley."

"I'm sure that won't be necessary. I'l speak to Mr. Fulton about it."

"I'd sooner you wouldn't do that," said Peters uncomfortably. "If they need me, I feel I ought to go."

"You may go at the end of the week, but I do think you could have given me a little more notice."

"But, Ma'am, I only got my notice. . . ."

"We won't discuss it. You may tell Bennett to give you two weeks salary before you leave."

Pat entered the room dressed in a Red Cross canteen uniform.

"If Teddy has a breakdown, I shall hold Elliott Fulton responsible," Mrs. Hadley told her daughter. "He has to work again tonight. Elliott might have some consideration for me, even if the Government hasn't."

"I'm sorry I couldn't be here to help you with the Christmas presents. I had to dig up an extra girl for canteen duty tonight."

"Patricia, is that the canteen that Laura Winters is running?" demanded Mrs. Hadley suspiciously.

"She's just helping, mother."

"I shouldn't think you'd want to associate with the wife of the man who contaminated your father's newspaper," Mrs. Hadley countered.

"I must run now," her daughter said, planting a kiss on her forehead. "It's Christmas Eve for the soldiers, too."

As Pat was leaving, Bennett apologetically halted her.

"I just wanted to tell you, Miss, that . . . well, I didn't care to tell Mrs. Hadley . . . I thought it might upset her . . . but if I'm missing some evening I wanted you to understand. I'm an air raid warden."

"Good for you, Bennett."

"Thank you, Miss. You won't mention it to Mrs. Hadley, will you?"

* * *

Pat assured the butler that she would not and made her way to the canteen. Just how she met Michael Fitzpatrick has never been quite clear to her. Somehow, from the jam of uniformed men clamoring for coffee and doughnuts, the happy smile and broad Irish features of Mike suddenly seemed to stand out. Somehow, the handsome young Irish-American private managed to ask disarmingly, "What's your name?"

Her name, of course, evoked a grinning, "Mine's Mike—we ought to get together."

"Say, couldn't you come over on my side for a while?" he wheedled.

"Not while this rush is on," Pat smiled, "why don't you come over to my side?"

Mike vaulted over the counter without further invitation and Pat shoved an apron at him.

"What's that for?" he asked, backing away suspiciously.

"So you won't spoil that nice uniform. Once across that barrier you're a worker. You're going to help me wash the dishes."

"What—wait a minute."

"Of course," said Pat coldly, "you can always go back."

There was a moment's hesitation, then Mike said decisively, "You're a hard woman. Gimme that gimp."

* * *

Pat led Mike from behind the counter amid the howls and wisecracks of the other soldiers. She led him into a little alcove with a sink piled high with dirty dishes.

"All right, Mike, you can't take it," she told him as he surveyed the dishes ruefully. "Go on back."

"Oh, no you don't. You can't fire me without notice. And from the looks of it, we'll be here at least two weeks." He rolled up his sleeves. "I'll wash, you dry," he instructed.

"Oh no, we'll both wash."

They stood side by side at the sink, washing. Mike broke the silence.

"Shhh," he cautioned.

"What's the matter?"

"I thought I heard the baby crying."

"It couldn't be — I doped his nine o'clock bottle."

"Good girl."

There was another moment's silence, then Pat stated factually, "that's my hand you're washing."

"I wondered why it didn't clink," replied Mike just as factually.

"You've still got hold of it."

"Do you mind?"

"No, I've got one left," replied Pat. They both laughed.

Pat was smiling happily as Mike drove her home that night. "Do you realize if you had taken me home before the other girls, you could have saved yourself a lot of driving?" she asked with mock severity.

"I don't know Washington very well," Mike replied ingenuously.

Pat smiled, then issued an abrupt, "Turn left!" command.

"Stop here," she instructed as Mike swung the station wagon around.

"What for?"

"This is where I live."

"In there?" asked Mike in obvious disappointment. "It's awfully big."

"It isn't really."

"It looks awfully big to me," Mike insisted stubbornly. "Well, I guess you must be kind of tired. It's been swell meeting you. I suppose I'll be seeing you at the canteen sometime."

"Stop acting that way," said Pat angrily. "Just because I happen to live in a big house is that any reason to treat me as though I had the measles? What difference does it make?"

* * *

Mike looked at her a moment, then his face broke into a smile. "I'm sorry. It wouldn't make any difference," he said happily. "Not with a girl like you."

"Where do you live?" Pat asked.

"Clary Street. At least Mother lives there. That's where I was born."

"I thought you said you didn't know Washington," Pat accused.

"I never really did — until now."

Pat looked up at him, touched and flattered by the sincerity of his remark. Their faces drifted very close together.

"Do you mind?" Mike asked humbly, almost fearfully.

"No—I don't think so," Pat whispered, surprised at herself.

He put his arm about her and drew her close. Just as their lips met there was a sudden crash and they were jolted away from each other. They turned in amazement. A sporty looking roadster had crashed into the rear end of the station wagon. Ted stuck his head out of the offending car.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" he demanded drunkenly.

"I'll kill him, so help me," said Mike furiously, climbing from the car.

"Mike, no!" Pat cried, rushing after him. "Mike! He's my brother."

"Oh!" Mike reacted. He turned cordially to Ted. "Glad to know you."

"Patricia, who is this mugg?" demanded Ted coldly.

"Do you want me to help you get him inside?"

"I don't need any help," Ted insisted. "Go on, soldier. Back to the war."

"Good night, Mike," said Pat sadly. "I'm sorry it had to end like this."

"What do you mean, 'end'? It's only the beginning. Merry Christmas, Pat."

Pat looked after him smilingly, as he hurried off toward the station wagon.

A look of incredulity was on Mrs. Hadley's face as she read the official looking card the next morning.

"But, it's impossible!" she exclaimed. "They can't put you in the Army. You're in the War Department."

"No more, I'm not," replied Ted bitterly.

"Darling, you mustn't upset yourself," his mother worried. "I'll phone Elliott right away. All he has to do is tell the Draft Board that you're essential to him." She went to the telephone and started dialing.

"But I'm not."

"Then Elliott will have to give you greater responsibility," Mrs. Hadley insisted. She spoke into the phone: "Hello? This is Mrs. Hadley. I'd like to speak to Mr. Fulton. Oh! Well, ask him if he will be good enough to phone me just as soon as the conference is over. Thank you. Goodbye."

(Continued Next Week)

TOTS' BUTTON-FROCK

By Anne Adams

Children will love this button-front dress 'cause it lets them dress themselves. Mothers will like Anne Adams Pattern 4213 for its easy making and novel style. Edge the smartly shaped front panels with ric-rac or have them in contrast.

Pattern 4213 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6, all one, takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch; 1¾ yards ric-rac; other version, 1⅝ yards 35-inch; ¾ yard contrast.

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.

Christmas Eve In Hitler's Reich

Will Be Neither Tranquil Nor Holy This Year

Christmas Eve has always meant much to Germans, says the New York Times. Every family feasted and looked forward to a cheerful new year. Accordingly Hitler's government is doing its best to make the most of the traditional spirit. There are to be special rations for the civilian population and one kilo of peas or beans, one of flour and sugar and a large sausage for every soldier on leave, while Czechs, Poles, Greeks, Frenchmen and Yugoslavians starve. All this, Germans are already told, is made possible by good harvests at home and the exploitation of occupied countries. Thus are conquest and Hitler's conception of peace on earth and will toward men to be justified.

Will the German people content themselves with this? They know that the little extra mea to be doled out comes from cattle slaughtered for lack of fodder, that six million foreigners who are forced to labor must be fed, that thousands of Ukrainians and Russians brought into Germany must be provided with shoes, that the health of the country is in a precarious state, and that the strictest control is necessary even in foreign countries to prevent inflation. Worst of all is the problem of national health. With only one physician left for every 12,000 civilians, Germany faces a medical collapse which must have far-reaching effects on war production. The tuberculosis rate is rising so rapidly that a new national organization has been created to take the place of divers state, private, city and party institutions. Diphtheria, pneumonia and other infectious diseases are taking more than the usual toll. The death rate for live births and for the age group between one and 20 years has been rising alarmingly. Such is the shortage of medicines that the lines at drug stores are as long as those at food shops. Hospitals are so overcrowded with wounded soldiers that civilians must be cared for at home, chiefly by their families.

Despite the attacks on the church, Germans will sing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" (Silent Night, Holy Night) as of yore. But this Christmas Eve will be neither tranquil nor holy. The older generation will heave a nostalgic sigh when it contrasts it with its predecessors of happier times. "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht"—the sentiment must seem a mockery now. And all because a ruling clique led by a fanatic has yet to discover that the precepts of the great religions express age-old convictions of civilized mankind and stand for something more than the imaginary predestination of any one nation to rule the world.

Nazis Requisition France's Trains

Germany has requisitioned more than 1,000 locomotives, 800 passenger coaches and 40,000 freight cars from French railway lines in recent months, Secretary B. S. Townroe of the United Associations of Great Britain and France, told his organization.

The association is one of the principal organizations for promoting goodwill between France and Britain.

He said the German requisitioning, coupled with serious shortages of oil and coal and persistent R.A.F. attacks on trains, had caused a serious transportation crisis in France which "is leading to bad distribution of food supplies and greatly increased sufferings of the French during the coming winter."

ISSUE 52—'42

Ontario Hospital Plays Dual Role

Hospital For Sick Children, Toronto, Needs Help

It sometimes happens that very young babies, who have been abandoned by their parents, find their way to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

Not long ago a three-weeks-old baby girl was found late in the evening, crying on the doorstep of a private dwelling. The infant was wrapped in warm clothes and appeared to have had the best of attention. There was no clue as to the parents.

Police were called, and the baby was taken to the Hospital for Sick Children, where she was given a warm welcome by the night staff. "Welcome little sister," said the nurse who took the infant from the coat and two blankets in which it was wrapped. "Kick around and enjoy yourself," the nurse continued, as the little one laughed at her in glee as if she knew she had found a new home.

Who knows what tragic story lies behind this incident. But perhaps it brought some grain of comfort to the mother's heart to know that her little brown-eyed baby was in such capable hands.

How wonderful it would be if every case ended as happily as this one! But all too often there is a sombre side to the story.

For well over half a century the Hospital for Sick Children has been a sanctuary for the sick and crippled children from every part of Ontario. Accident cases; children with deformed backs and limbs; defective eyesight; rare diseases and physical disabilities; all are cared for and nursed back to health, regardless of race, creed or the ability of parents to pay the cost of hospitalization.

This worthy institution which accepts its little patients regardless of race, creed or financial circumstances has just started its annual Christmas appeal for funds to meet an unavoidable deficit, and to enable its work to be continued in just as effective a manner as in the past.

This year $138,000 must be raised. Government grants have not risen with the tremendously increased costs of the past three years of war.

No help is received from the Toronto Federation for Community Service because of the fact that patients are admitted to the Hospital from every part of the Province.

There is dire necessity behind this appeal for help. Little children depend on it for their chance for health. Your gift should be mailed to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College Street, Toronto.

A chance for health and happiness is the greatest possible gift to little children.

All Battleships Called Warships

All battleships are warships, but all warships are not battleships, says the Windsor Star.

Every vessel of war is called a warship. But, the battleships are the big warships. They are the giant fellows of from 25,000 to 50,000 tons. They carry 12-inch, 15-inch, or 16-inch guns as well as smaller armament.

In the United States, the battleships are named for states. The aircraft carriers are named for battles. The cruisers are named for cities. And, the destroyers are named for people.

The battleships are the capital ships of the line. They are the warships which form the backbone of a fleet.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Happy New Year To All

I feel I could do no better than repeat to you for New Years the message for Christmas. There are so many, many reasons for which to be happy in this Christian land of ours, in spite of much sadness and anxiety. To make this happiness real may we all resolve with all earnestness to do our part to be worthy of the "Brotherhood of Man," and be worthy of the Victory, which we know is going to be ours.

NEW YEAR'S DINNER MENU

Grapefruit and Orange Cocktail
(topped with cherry)
Roast Goose Savoury Dressing
Giblet Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Glazed Onions
Tomato Jelly Salad
(Served on lettuce with salad dressing)
Mock Mince Pie
Beverage of Choice

Savoury Dressing

Mash potatoes finely, season with onion, sage, salt and pepper. Apples may be substituted for the potatoes. Do not fill the fowl more than two thirds full.

Glazed Onions

24 small white onions
2 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons water

Peel onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Melt butter, add sugar and water; add onions. Simmer long enough to glaze and brown the surface of the onions.

Mock Mince Pie

1½ cups seeded raisins
4 medium-sized tart apples
Grated rind of 1 orange
Juice of 1 orange
½ cup of fruit juice or cider
¾ cup sugar (less if fruit juice sweet)
½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon mace
3 tablespoons finely crushed cracker crumbs
2 tablespoons white corn syrup

Chop the raisins; pare, core and slice the apples. Combine raisins and apples. Add orange rind, orange juice and other fruit juice.

Cover in saucepan and simmer until apples are soft. Stir and add sugar, spices and cracker crumbs, blending well.

Sufficient filling for 1 medium sized pie.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn 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.

Best Wood Fuels

The best hardwood fuels are beech, yellow birch, rock elm, hickory, hard maple and oak. It has been shown that about one and one-quarter cords of such wood have the same heating value as one ton (2,000 lbs.) of coal.

CHRISTMAS DINNER UP-TO-DATE

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

The Christmas dinner includes, of course, the proverbial turkey and dressing, cranberries, steaming plum pudding or mince pie, but there are new versions of even these traditional dishes. Try Spiced Oven-Popped Cereal with the tomato juice for the first course. The turkey will be something more than super stuffed with a fluffy cereal dressing. Chiffon Mince Pie is a modern recipe for an old favourite. Here are some up-to-date additions to the festive meal:

Spiced Oven-Popped Cereal

2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon mustard seed
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
Few grains pepper
8 cups oven-popped cereal
1 cup roasted, salted peanuts

Melt butter in heavy frying pan; add mustard seed, cover, and cook until seeds begin to pop. Add curry powder, salt, cinnamon, pepper, cereal and peanuts. Stir constantly until cereal and peanuts are thoroughly heated and combined with seasonings. Serve as an appetizer.

Yield: 10 servings.

Oven-Popped Cereal Stuffing

⅓ cup rice
8 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ cup fat
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup chopped onion
5½ cups (1 pkg.) oven-popped cereal
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup stock or water

Wash rice thoroughly in a sieve; drain well. Add rice to boiling salted water slowly so that water continues to bubble. Boil rapidly 15 to 20 minutes until rice is tender; drain in sieve.

Brown celery and onion in fat; stir in rice and mix well. Crush cereal into coarse crumbs; add parsley, seasonings, and stock; combine with rice and mix thoroughly. Sufficient stuffing for one fowl. Stuffing may be baked in a covered casserole in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes.

Yield: 3½ cups stuffing.

Fluffy Mince Pie

4 cups corn flakes OR
3 cups oven-popped cereal
⅓ cup melted butter
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
1¾ cups water
9 ounce package mincemeat
2 eggs, separated
3 tablespoons melted butter
⅓ cup lemon juice
½ cup sugar

Roll cereal into fine crumbs; combine with butter and sugar, mixing well. Press mixture evenly and firmly around sides and bottom of pie pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for about 8 minutes; cool before adding filling or pie shell may be thoroughly chilled without baking.

Soften gelatin in ¼ cup of the water. Add remaining 1½ cups water to mincemeat and cook until mixture thickens slightly. Beat egg yolks, add butter, lemon juice and sugar. Add to mincemeat. Continue cooking until mixture thickens. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved.

Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into crumb pie shell and chill about 1 hour or until firm enough to cut.

Yield: 1 9-inch pie.

Note: If homemade mincemeat is used, reduce water to ¼ cup and use 2 cups mincemeat.