Young Nazi Soldier Spanked By Briton

The newspaper Limburgsch Dagblad reported recently that a lone German soldier who attacked a British tank armed only with a rifle was spanked by one of the tank crew when the Briton discovered the German was a 16-year-old boy. Then the tank crew led the prisoner to headquarters and ordered him to stand in a corner. This was too much for the young Nazi who demanded he be executed. Instead, he went to a prison camp.

521

The popular pill-box hat—so flattering to teensters and their mothers, too—with matching bag. A set you'll be proud to own.

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ISSUE 4—1945

PALS AT FIRST SIGHT

The fearsome face of "Mr. Propwash,' English bulldog, didn't faze 3-year-old John (Pepper) Fusselman, who immediately became palsy-walsy with the dog when it landed at Hamilton Field, Calf., with a bomber crew. Pepper is son of S/Sgt. Harry G. Fusselman, Army photographer.

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER VI

The lawyer nodded curtly, but he turned in his chair and followed the young man with his eyes. For the first time a doubt had stirred in him. Plenty of innocent people suffered—but, pshaw! This boy had been fairly tried. It was a plain murder for money. He was hard up at the time, and he was his uncle's heir. Fosdick pursed his lips. He had not tried to claim the fortune yet; it was rolling up; but he would—of course he would! He nodded to himself and went back to his work. He had always believed Mark guilty.

Mark had set his face westward. It seemed the natural destiny of men such as he.

* * *

He went steadily about it; he had long ago half shaped his probable course. Now he looked up localities, recalled the advice that his friend, the warden, had given him, and even went so far as to inquire the price of railway fares. Yet he did not go. Days had passed and he had held to his resolution. He had never returned to the Burleson house. Better that Pam should think him uncouth, uncivilized, than that he should transgress again. The thought of his reckless entrance there, his violation of all the amenities of social life, made his cheeks burn. He loved the girl; it was no romance of a day; and because it was real, because it was a thing above and apart from the rest of his life, he would see her no more. The suffering and annoyance might be hers, but she would soon forget! To go away from the city where she dwelt would be exile. There was always a chance here of a glimpse of her, himself unseen. Once he saw Pam on horseback in the park. Screened by the trees he watched her in the sunshine and thought her the most beautiful thing in the world! That day he nearly broke his resolution. It seemed as if he must speak to her. That night he summoned himself to the bar of his own judgment and condemned himself. No honest man would have gone into another's house under a false name and made love to an innocent girl. He would go West in the morning.

* * *

He was on his way to buy his ticket when he came suddenly upon her. It was fate, he thought, that she chanced to be out at the time. She was not angry, only surprised. She blushed furiously.

"Where have you been? We've wondered!" She held out her hand, smiling, her soft eyes kind. "You've treated us shabbily," she chided him lightly.

Mark did not go to buy his ticket. He walked at her side. The city street became an enchanted path. All his resolutions melted; his heart sang in his breast. He had seen joy flash into her face when she saw him. They walked a long way together; what was said did not matter — their eyes spoke. Then they came to a corner where there was a clock and she looked up at it, caught by the admonishing hands.

"Good gracious; it's quarter to two;" she gasped. "What am I thinking of? I was to meet Aunt Lynn at one, sharp, for lunch! It's down at Monstresi's, she—" Pam laughed nervously — "she must be raving! I'll have to get there—"

"No, you won't," said Mark, firmly, "you're going to lunch with me. I've always known it, only we've delayed, but you can't break that engagement with me!"

* * *

Her face was glowing above her furs, she shook her head, but her eyes laughed. "I can't!" she protested, "not today."

"Yes, today!" He was determined. He was piloting her through a crowd and she could not escape easily. "There are never any tomorrows — it's today with me. What's this place? I'm a stranger, I don't know, but it looks good to me."

"Oh, but I must go; I must meet Aunt Lynn—" the girl protested, the she laughed, for he had her inside the doors and was selecting a table.

She laughed again easily — she was happy. She had been wondering for days why he had deserted; now she saw it did not matter; he had been running away from himself!

He leaned toward her and she saw the flame that leaped into his eyes. "I was going away today when I met you; going as far away as I could."

She was startled. "Were you?" Then she looked down at the table, trifling with her glass of water. "You're not going to stay in New York, then?"

"God knows!"

* * *

She lifted her eyes and met his. A soft flush crept up to her hair. She looked adorable, and he groaned under his breath.

"I can imagine that a man like you wouldn't care to stay here long," she said unexpectedly.

"What kind of a man do you think me?" he demanded, "too uncivilized for urban life?"

She smiled, her eyes shining. "I wouldn't have said that; but perhaps I meant it! You know you're perfectly extraordinary — If you weren't, I should be down at Monstresi's now with Aunt Lynn.

"Would you rather?" he challenged her.

She shook her head.

"I wonder if you'd speak to me if I told you the truth?" he said. "I wonder if any woman on earth knows the man she's talking with?"

She looked at him across the teathings, suddenly grave.

"I know you've been tremendously unhappy."

"Good heavens; am I as cheap as that? Appealing to your sympathy — your pity?" he exclaimed.

"You know I didn't mean that!"

He was enraged at himself. Had he been playing on this young girl's sympathy? 'Pity's akin to love!' he thought furiously, and reddened to his hair.

"I've got to go West," he said bluntly, not looking at her; "I've got to take up a new life out there. I wanted to tell you about my coming to your uncle's house; it was—" he broke off for she interrupted him softly.

"Oh, Mr. Fosdick!" she said, looking around at the old man beside her chair.

Mark was taken aback. The lawyer had risen from a table in the farthest corner. It was evident that he had been watching them.

"I come here for tea; it's the only place where I can get the kind I like," Mark heard him explaining to Pam, as if he knew his presence in a tearoom was amazing. As he spoke he looked at Mark — looked through him and did not see him.

Pam thought they were not acquainted, and Mark heard her presenting him as "Mr. Byram."

Fosdick stared hard at him, seeing him now. "Byram?" he repeated dryly — bitingly.

(To Be Continued)

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TABLE TALKS

Vegetable Cooking Methods Important

Vegetables can and do suffer more than any other group of foods in the hands of the cook. Nature packs them with health-giving vitamins and minerals, adds gay, bright colour for good measure. We come along, boil out most of the minerals, kill the vitamins, destroy the lovely fresh colour and present the depressing looking result to our families with the words —"Eat them up. Vegetables are good for you!" It doesn't make sense does it? And if some families are 'difficult' about vegetables, we wouldn't blame them.

Overlooking and 'Drowning'

When vegetables are limp, flavourless and a poor colour after cooking, it is safe to say they have lost a large part of their food value. Overcooking and 'drowning' are the two most frequently committed sins against vegetables. Cooking until just tender, by whatever method, and the use of only enough boiling salted water to prevent scorching, preserves food value, colour and flavour. If any liquid is left, remember it is a vertitable mineral mine. Never discard it. Serve it with the vegetables, add it to gravy, soup, sauce or tomato juice.

Casserole Cooking

Have you tried casserole cooking for vegetables? It's good on all counts, food value, appearance and flavour. The vegetables are prepared and sliced, cubed or shredded. Boiling water to a depth of ¼ inch is placed in the casserole, the vegetables and salt added, the casserole closely covered and baked until just tender. The vegetables will accommodate themselves to the temperature required to cook the rest of the dinner and may be cooked from 300 to 400 F. Combinations of vegetables may be cooked together. Turnips and carrots; potatoes, onions and carrots; carrots and celery are all good.

Panning

First cousin to casserole cooking is 'Panning' which is especially good for spinach, gale, cabbage, summer squash and thinly sliced, tender beans. Prepared vegetables are measured. To each quart of vegetables allow two tablespoons of fat—bacon fat drippings or butter. Melt the fat in a heavy flat pan, add the vegetables and salt, cover closely to hold in the steam and cook on top of the stove until just tender, stirring occasionally. Season with salt and pepper.

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We went to TOWN last Friday —that definitely should be written in capitals! Partner wanted chop and there was other business to attend to, so I went along too.

There had been quite a bit of snow overnight but the lane looked much the same as usual. So away we went with the team, sleighs heavily loaded with grain to be chopped, and Partner, John and I perched atop the load. I said to Partner—"Do you know, I haven't seen a team or car on the road today!" We were soon to know the reason. The cut between the snowbanks on the road was practically filled in with fresh, loose snow, reducing the roadway to a mere trail. The whiffle-trees, in many places, touched the hard-crusted snowbanks on either side. But the horses plunged along quite happily. It wasn't too cold and I was really enjoying it until Partner, in answer to an inquiry said—"Yes, we'll be all right so long as we don't meet the snowplough!" Well, just as we got near the Base Line I said to Partner—"Look what's coming!" Sure enough it was the snowplough. Partner was too busy with the horses to say anything. Fortunately the driver on the big machine knew enough to stop until we had turned the corner and passed him. The horses were side-stepping and cutting up like a pair of colts. But I knew Partner could handle them so I just hung on to the back of his coat and hoped for the best. There is so little to hang onto atop a load of chop!

* * *

We were in town a little over two hours. Two hours—let me emphasize that. Hardly had we started home when we met friend B— with his team and sleigh—but the only load that he had on was his wife. He laughed when he saw us and called out—"You'll never get home with that load." Then we passed neighbour C—, and he called out—"You won't get home!" and added something about the plough. We thought by that the plough had been up the line and was on its way down and that we would have to wait until it had turned the corner.

* * *

But it wasn't that at all. The plough had never made the grade—it had stuck very soon after it had started up the line. And there it had been all the time we were in town. We could see it ahead of us. None of us did much talking but I know we were all wondering how we could possibly get by—no room to pass, banks of snow on either side, and deep snow filled ditches beyond the banks. Neighbours B— and C— had got by out with empty sleighs—and with horses that were probably more used to traffic.

Suddenly Partner said "I believe it's moving!" We watched, and sure enough the great machine was beginning to creep. We were saved — we knew now that we could get home because there was nothing big enough to stop the plough from where it was to our own gate. We followed slowly behind her and saw where our neighbours had had to take to the ditch — and I can tell you we were mighty glad that we and our load didn't have to do likewise.

A little way past our gate the plough stalled again. Later it gave up completely and a bull-dozer was brought in to finish the job.

The irony of it struck me as being rather comic. The great machine that we saw was sent out to clear the road — instead of that it blocked it!

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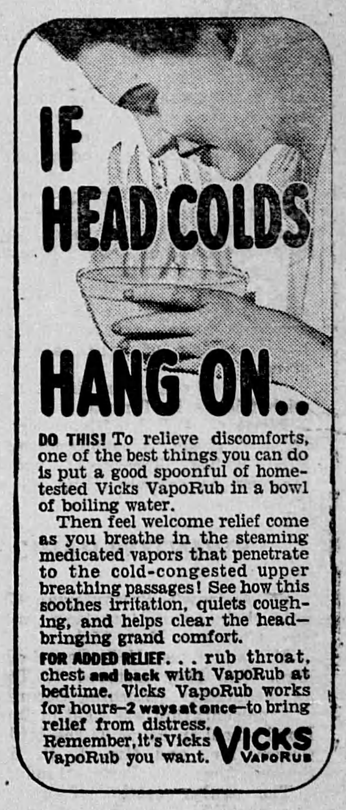

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