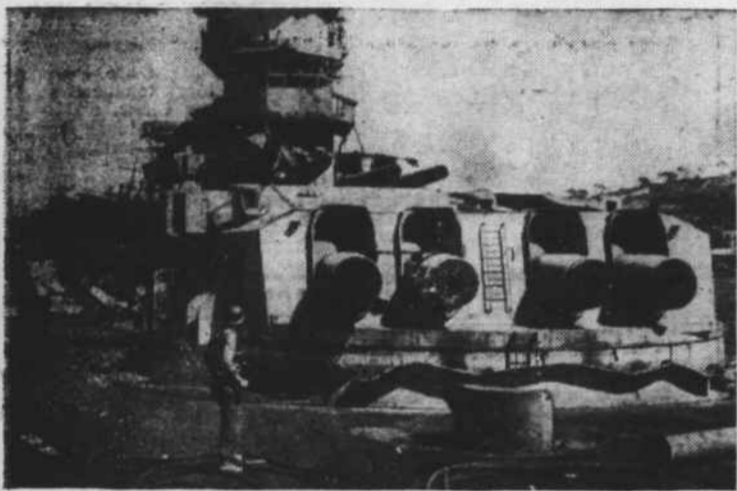


Verdun Visited by GI Nurses



Capt. Edalia S. Ruckinski, Gardner, Mass.; Lieut. Ellen Ludwig, South Williamsport, Pa., and Lieut. Margaret White, Norristown, Pa., all army nurses corps, walk down a row of graves at the cemetery of Boncourt, near Verdun, France. These are graves of soldiers who died in World War I.

Strasbourg Scuttled by Nazis



An American soldier looks over the Strasbourg, scuttled by the Germans, which lies beside oil docks in Toulon harbor, France. This view from below shows the four lower turret guns, the ends of which have been cut off as well as the four guns above. It is being recon-structed by Allied troops.

MacArthur Waves Farewell



General MacArthur has landed with his troops or visited them on every island that they have taken from the Japanese. Above he is shown as he waves to his men on the beach at Morotal from his landing craft after making a tour of the islands, northernmost of the Halmahera group, after marines had landed.

Prince Felix Returns Home



An enthusiastic crowd of Luxembourg citizens is carrying Prince Felix of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg upon his arrival in the liberated capital with Allied troops. Even the youngsters are held aloft to get a glimpse of the soldier prince, who wears the beret of a commandant.

Innocents Suffer



The tide of war has rolled on far past Naples, but the children still show the indelible marks of that period of terror and death, as shown by the tot left alone. Thousands have been left without homes, parents or food. One of the biggest problems on civilian affairs is the providing of suitable relief for these tots.

Auxiliary Head



Mrs. Charles E. Gilbert, Norwich, Conn., new president of the American Legion auxiliary, has two sons in the armed forces. She formerly served as national chairman of the auxiliary's rehabilitation committee of the legion.

New Fleet Deputy



Vice-Admiral R. S. Edwards has been named deputy commander of the fleet and deputy chief of operations. This means that the navy is getting set for new blows against the Japs in the Pacific area to back up MacArthur.

Brazilians Greeted



Massarosa is the first Italian town to be occupied by the Brazilian army. Brazilian troops in an armored reconnaissance car are eagerly greeted by the Italians as they occupy the city.



Milk Standard Can Be Raised by Flavor

Odor, Flavor and Grade Controllable by Farmer

Farmers are improving milk at a rapid rate. Grade A milk meets the standards of the certified milk of 30 years ago. In another 30 years the improvement will be even greater. Further advance will be aided or hindered by flavor of milk.

The producer can exclude abnormal flavors and odors from the milk. While it is generally known that wild garlic flavors the milk to such an extent that it will be objectionable, and usually rejected by receiving stations, there are other factors that should be watched.

A rye pasture is capable of imparting to milk very undesirable flavors. Silage and flavor-producing substances should be fed after milking, or not less than five hours before milking. Alfalfa, ladino clover, silage and certain weeds will give flavor to the milk. Common concentrate feeds may be fed before milking. Milk from cows late in lactation or those having mastitis should not be mixed with the regular milk.

Barny milk is one of the most uncommon of all these defects. It



is also the easiest to do away. Proper sanitation, good ventilation and clean utensils will eliminate this trouble. If silage can be fed away from the milking barn it will aid in eliminating barny milk. Grains and dry hay in addition to the concentrated foods, are safe to be fed in the barn.

Agriculture In the News

Sheep's New Jobs.

Like many other farm animals, sheep are beginning to come into their own. The U. S. army has found that the sheepskin is the warmest of all furs and an up-to-date tannery has been erected in Australia to make leather of sheep pelts, a product formerly wasted.

The intestines of sheep are used to make surgical sutures. An expensive-looking fur is now being made from wool. The synthetic furs are said to be more durable than the genuine article. The chambray skin is made from the skin of sheep. A new wax is a wool product, as is also a vitamin D product.

New processes have been discovered to make wool shrink-proof, non-irritating, wrinkle-proof and sterilized.

Strange as it may seem, wool is not the natural covering for sheep. In the dark ages the wool was a kind of under-fur or down, but was developed by selected breeding.

Storing Potatoes

Cut, skinned or bruised potatoes should be culled out of those intended for winter storage to protect the remainder for long range holding. Vegetable specialists report potatoes dug during hot, sunny weather are likely to rot in storage unless picked up within a half hour.

Skinned or slightly cut potatoes can be "cured" if, immediately after digging, they are placed for 10 days in a very moist atmosphere as close to 60 degrees F. as possible, it has been found. A corky new skin will form that is a good substitute for the original, not only keeping out rots but also preventing undue shriveling during storage. After the curing period, the same temperature should be maintained but only a moderately moist atmosphere is needed.

Cottonseed Handling

Cotton farmers and ginners can increase returns from both fiber and seed by preventing field and storage damage of the seed. The cotton should be harvested as soon as possible after the bolls open, should be dry when harvested and should not contain more than 12 per cent moisture when stored or ginned. Weathered and unweathered pickings should not be mixed. Well-dried seed should be stored in tight bins or metal containers.

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Adopted Daughter Speaks

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"At another time a girl friend said of me affectionately to my mother, 'Fan is always so gay—everyone loves her'"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

MANY hundreds of mothers, in the course of the last twenty years, have written me of the problem of the adopted baby. Here is a letter giving the opposite angle, a letter from a girl, now 26, who was adopted when she was a founding three weeks old.

"Natural parents," writes Frances Evans, "may or may not welcome the baby. It may represent an expense, responsibility and incumbrance from which they would shrink if they could. But with adopted parents it is different. They go out of their way to find the child of strangers, they want it enough to risk all the dangers of its possible parentage and inherited weaknesses, they announce themselves fit and ready for the cares of parenthood.

"Therefore, it seems to me, they should feel an additional obligation to be wise and good in their parental care. There can be great shame, bitterness and resentment in the lot of an adopted child; there should be a corresponding attitude of bracing, affectionate, sensible understanding on the part of the adopted parents; to meet it.

"In my case there was real suffering. The man and woman I called 'Daddy' and 'Mother' felt that they had done me a great favor, in picking me up as a desolate and deserted baby, and all their friends praised them continually for it. When I was about five they felt it wise to break it to me that I was not actually their own child, and I was told that I must always be an especially good little girl, to repay them for their extraordinary kindness. They said all this in the approved manner, of course. Mother had good advice on the subject. She told me lovingly that other little girls were born of their mothers, but that as God wouldn't send her and Daddy a baby, they had gone out and found one that they thought the sweetest baby in the world.

"Even at five I was impressed by their goodness, and as I grew a sense of obligation grew with me. This was fostered by aunts and cousins and by my own curiosity. Why had my own mother wrapped me in a blanket and left me in the dressing-room of a department store? Why hadn't she loved me? What was different about me?

Suspected of Theft.

"Presently, getting into the teens, I noticed that any mistake of mine, any youthful desire or foolishness, was quietly attributed by my anxious parents to my inheritance from unknown forebears. Once, when I was thirteen, a five dollar bill was missing from mother's purse, and I was questioned several times, and reminded that possibly a tendency to steal was in my blood. 'We don't know, dear,' said mother in distress. When the five-dollar bill was found in her evening purse and she remembered hiding it there, she playfully spent it on a sweater for me, 'to make up for suspecting my good truthful Fan!' But the sweater wasn't warm enough to warm my heart.

"At another time a girl friend said of me affectionately to my mother, 'Fan is always so gay—everyone loves her!' Later my mother said seriously, 'I wish Daphne had not used the word gay. I'm afraid per-



"Normal, human treatment..."

BE SYMPATHETIC AND UNDERSTANDING

Childless couples who adopt babies from an orphanage are considered generous and noble. They are, it is true, but they are also seeking someone on whom to lavish their affection and care. They are generally richly repaid for all that they give.

But what of the adopted child's reactions? In this article a sensitive girl, now married herself and a mother of two children, tells of her own painful early years. Her foster parents provided for all her material needs, and were kind enough to her, but they kept her conscious of her origin. She was made to feel that she should be grateful for everything that she had received, and that she was under obligation to be far more obedient and restrained than other girls of her age. Little comments not intended to be malicious rankled in the girl's soul.

Miss Norris urges foster parents to be warmly sympathetic and understanding, as well as tactful, in their relations with their adopted child.

haps your mother was gay, too, Fan. We have to watch out for that."

"Well, perhaps your readers will say that these embarrassments and humiliations are little enough to pay for a good home, love, care, education, and eventually an engagement and marriage carried out with as much beauty and generosity as any real daughter's could have been. My own life has already been blessed with two small daughters, and a third child is on the way, so that there seems no probability of my adopting a child, although I would love to, some day. His background might be quite as good or better than my own, but for many reasons some discouraged and overburdened mother might try to find for her child a home of comfort and security and opportunity rather than subject it to the crowding and penury of her own poor home.

"I think I know enough to handle the whole thing gaily, on a basis of 'you needed someone and I was lucky enough to be that someone, I wanted you and waited for you, and you were sufficiently precious to your city to have the authorities exact all sorts of promises from me before they would consider me good enough to have you. You've paid your way from the very beginning in joy and delight to me, and now it only remains for me to bring you to the years when you can strike out for yourself, with very much the same heritage of good and bad and strong and weak and spiritual and earthly that I myself brought into the world.' You may think this ungrateful and petty," ends this letter, "but there are many adopted sons and daughters who will agree with me."

There are, indeed, Frances, and I agree with you too. Most adopted sons and daughters have received a little more normal and human and generally intelligent treatment than you did, but there are also many others who have suffered from the same pin-pricks.

Mothers and fathers with adopted children, please take note.

Correct Use of Table Knife

The knife is used for cutting food too firm to cut with a fork. It is held in the right hand with the end of the handle in the center of the palm and with forefinger resting lightly on lower side of the handle.

When cutting, keep elbows as close to the body as possible. Cut only one bite at a time. Then, transfer fork from left hand to right hand for conveying food to mouth. The handle is held between first finger and thumb, with the tines turned up to hold the food more easily.

Blake Howard, The Second

By CLARA BRAUTOVICK
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

KAY hurried along through the misty shipyard, trying to catch up with the launching party ahead that was being guided to the Liberty ship S. S. Blake Howard. She was late because she'd been caught in the melee of tin-helmeted men and kerchiefed women coming off the graveyard shift. Approval lighted the tired eyes of the younger men as they passed her.

Carlene, Blake's sister, must have suggested her name, for the invitation from the shipyard read, "Guest of the sponsor." Carlene never resented her as the older Howards had.

It might embarrass the family to have her here. It wouldn't hurt her—for suffering had drained her dry of emotion. She had lived in a vacuum ever since word had come that Blake had lost his life in covering the Pacific war as a foreign correspondent. She didn't even care now who won. There could never be any sort of victory for her.

Ahead, a long sleek car halted. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Carlene stepped out and led the way. Kay stayed in the rear. As she rounded a corner she saw the shining new stern of a Liberty ship, and on its side the name Blake Howard. She lost some of her numbness and was afraid she would cry. "Not now!" she told herself severely.

Winding steps mounted to a platform built to the keel. The faces of the workmen were expectant and proud. From beneath the great hull came the sound of blocks being removed. The Howard's ascended to a smaller, higher platform. The women carried large sprays of red roses. Blake had always brought just such roses to Kay. . . .

Cameras clicked. Of course newspapermen would be at the launching of a ship honoring a reporter who'd been killed covering the biggest story of all!

A shipyard representative showed Carlene how to hold and swing the red, white and blue encased bottle of champagne. Then, trotting to the microphone, he boasted that this ship had been built in twenty-six days and that well over three hundred and fifty had gone down the ways since the war began.

Then a noted editor spoke of Blake Howard, the man. It was hard to hear everything above the roar. But Kay did get the references to "the curly-headed kid with the shining eyes." He told of the great stories Blake had written. But nothing of the woman he'd loved—the most important part of a man's life! The first speaker explained that the steel plates were all that now held back the ship. He said he'd count as torches burned through them. "Burn number one!" he cried dramatically.

Till now Kay had kept out of sight of the Howards. Interested, she stepped forward. Her name was called and she glanced up. Mrs. Howard, holding out a thin hand, said, "Come quickly!"

Someone prodded Kay from behind. She found herself mounting the steps as the second order came, "Number two!"

Carlene, poised the bottle, yelled, "Take this, Kay. You're the one who should launch this ship!"

"No!" Mrs. Howard grabbed her hand and pulled her to Carlene's side. "Both of you hold on!" she ordered. Kay's old awe of Mrs. Howard made her obey.

"Number three!" The ship began to tremble and lurch forward. As it started to move away Kay swung the bottle. It crashed against the hull and the champagne foamed in a weird design. The second Blake Howard slipped away from her to go into active service. Only this time Kay was glad! Looking at the bottle that she still clutched tensely, she was suddenly aware that it had broken in a perfect deep "V."

Kay thought, I've launched a ship—Blake's ship! For Carlene had taken her fingers off. Suddenly Kay felt alive. Her eyes met the friendly ones of the Howards. "They don't resent me any longer!" she told herself, and watched the ship float away.

Someone said, "Now she goes to the fitting-out dock and in two weeks she'll be ready for service."

Ready for service! Blake had been ready. Was Kay?

Men and women had fallen into their places and were already working. They were building another Liberty ship, started even before the S. S. Blake Howard hit water!

The necessity for speed, the thought that every second counted because the enemy also had that second in which to work, struck Kay all at once.

As the shipyard representative thanked her and presented her with a gift, Mrs. Howard asked Kay to go home with her.

"Thanks, but—" "We objected to Blake's marriage but now we want to thank you for having made Blake happy."

Kay kissed the leathery cheek. "I'll come soon, but not now. I've something to do." She motioned toward the overalled women, riveting. "I'm ashamed of all the days I've wasted. I'm going to the employment office to ask the name of a school where I can learn to do my part."