



HOME IN NUERNBERG . . . War correspondent with Hertha Strobl and her mother. The Strobls make their home in what is left of a castle gate house. This is in the American zone of occupation.

EUROPE'S LITTLE PEOPLE — 1946

Bombed German Family Lives Amid Ruins of Famous Castle

By PAULINE FREDERICK  
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NUERNBERG.—In 1938, in a humble home in the shadow of a great castle, a little German girl was born. Her name was Hertha Strobl. I saw Hertha today as I stood in the biting winter wind on the hill that commands the ruins of the legendary old inner city of Nuernberg. Hertha had run out of the shambles of the castle to ask me for chewing gum. I couldn't help following her back. That's how I found out that a lot of things have happened to her in eight short years.

When Hertha was born she had a seven-year-old sister. The simple Strobl home was on a narrow street at the foot of the castle in the quaint old city whose walls and towers once appeared on Christmas cards the world over, and where Albrecht Durer lived and painted. But there were other things going on in Nuernberg when Hertha was born. An evil man by the name of Julius Streicher had started here a fire of anti-Jewism that was sweeping Germany.

One day Hertha's father had to leave his humble job as a packer of dental supplies and go to the Russian front as a soldier. But Hertha was too young to know much about this. Soon after the days of the fairy tales came to an end. Hertha told me about them in the kitchen of the place where they are living, with her mother and sister adding a word now and then. The home is a little three-room gatehouse built into one of the towers of the castle wall which miraculously stands in the bomb-shattered ruins. Over the doorway there is a Latin motto etched into the stone and dated 1561. Roughly translated it says, "There is nothing greater to be desired than to deserve well from the state."

Hertha's sister was sitting at the window peeling potatoes and her mother stood beside the little stove on which there was a pot of cabbage cooking. The two small rooms that ran across the back of the kitchen held single cots with feather-beds. The windows opened onto the shattered spires and towers of the old city below. A crude, wooden-wheel doll carriage with a rag doll in it held a place of honor among the spare neat furnishings. There was no heat in these rooms.

The tears came to Hertha's eyes as though she were angry when she told about the time she was in the hospital when a bomb struck it. Then, one day when she was back home, the great horns sounded again, and her mother hastily took her and her sister to the basement



CHOCOLATE . . . This little girl, Hertha Strobl, is clutching a precious chocolate bar. She wants to run a chocolate store when she grows up.

"We Bombed First," Chorus German Boys

I learned from two little boys that they had nothing to do because there was no fuel to heat the school house that day. I asked them what they thought of the trial of Nazi war criminals. Echoing sentiments that seemed a little beyond their years, they said that the trial was "too good for them." I asked what they would do and one of them, betraying a streak of blood-thirstiness that seemed to indicate the unhealthy influence un-

der which he had been living, said: "They should be broken up in pieces and carried out of town and thrown on the dump." I wanted to put one more question to these young Germans. I asked them if they didn't dislike the British and Americans for all the destruction that had been done to Nuernberg. Somewhat like little parrots they said in unison, as though they had said it before: "We did it to you."

of their home. When great blasts shook the house, Hertha said in her childish German, "I thought I was going to be dead." When the bombing stopped and they came up to look around, there was no longer any Strobl house — there were not many houses at all left in the city. Even the greater part of Hertha's beautiful castle was in ruins. But what broke her heart most was that her precious doll and doll carriage were gone.

Frau Strobl took her two daughters and went to an air-raid shelter nearby to live for a while. That was 50 feet down in the ground and in a concrete room where there was only electric light and no heat. When Herr Strobl came back from Russia, he found the little gatehouse at the castle and the family moved in there, but there are still a lot of others living in-bunkers.

Hertha and her mother and sister were warmly dressed in heavy clothes that did not look worn and they had on leather-soled shoes. Like many Germans in this sector the appearance of the clothing is good, and there are any number of furs, especially red fox, here in Bavaria. But these are the last of the clothes — there is little or nothing to change to. However, children under six are permitted one pair of shoes a year.

But if Hertha's mother was endeavoring to make ends meet, there was one thing that Hertha was hoping with all her heart would be changed soon. Last Easter there was no candy, but just before Christmas there was a small allotment and this Easter there probably will be some. I asked Hertha what she wanted to do when she grew up, and without a moment's hesitation she said, "Keep a chocolate shop!"

There was one other question I was interested in putting to this little German girl. The names of the prisoners in the dock of the International Military tribunal outside the walls of the old city did not mean anything to her, although she said she had heard of Julius Streicher. She had never seen any of the Nazi leaders. So I asked if her teacher were to tell her to draw a picture that represented war to her, what she would draw. She thought for a minute and then she said firmly, "I would draw a castle and houses — and the houses would all be bombed."

And probably she would include in the destruction, a doll carriage with a doll in it. A little girl of tender years who knows the true meaning of war. There is more in the American zone — in all four zones in Germany — to take care of than just seeing that there is enough food and housing and clothing for the people through the winter. There is a lot of wrong thinking that has to be taken care of, too, and that care has to start with the youngest who has never lived under Nazism. The planter of this harvest of hate may be dead, but the tares he sowed still could choke out the good seed.



SOMETHING NEW IN POLITICS . . . S/S Carl E. Mau, extreme right, is shown with members of his entourage in Marcus Hook, Pa., as they prepare to break pup-tent headquarters and start a cavalcade through various Pennsylvania cities to present Mau's G.I.-for-Governor case to the Republican electorate of the state. Others, left to right, Tony Cordille, Mike Machman, Christy Gullio, Abe Guberman and Mike Rath.



GRASS ROOTS LOBBYISTS URGE OPA EXTENSION . . . Members of a delegation of self-styled "grass roots lobbyists," representing every state in the Union and bearing placards with slogans urging the extension of the OPA while it was being debated in congress, photographed against the background of the great dome of the capitol building, before marching on the hill to button-hole their representatives. After this photo was taken they were joined by representatives of labor and a number of veteran organizations.



BASEBALL SEASON STARTED . . . President Truman throws out the ball as the 1946 baseball season opens at Griffith stadium, Washington, where the Senators clashed with the Boston Red Sox. Some 236,739 fans thronged eight major league parks for season inaugurations. Along with President Truman, 39,372 fans watched the Red Sox win 6 to 3.



ARCHERY COMPETITION IN CALIFORNIA . . . Nearly half-hundred "bow-and-arrow" contestants took part in the Occidental college, Los Angeles, spring archery competitions. Named best archer was Dorothy Alice Benson, 19, art student, who scored bull-eyes with ease. Photo shows Miss Benson as she displays her skill before lineup of co-ed archers who take their cue from her technique.



U. S.'s FIRST SAINT . . . This statue of Mother Cabrini, the first American woman to be named for sainthood by the Roman Catholic Church, will be placed in a niche in St. Peter's Basilica upon day of canonization.

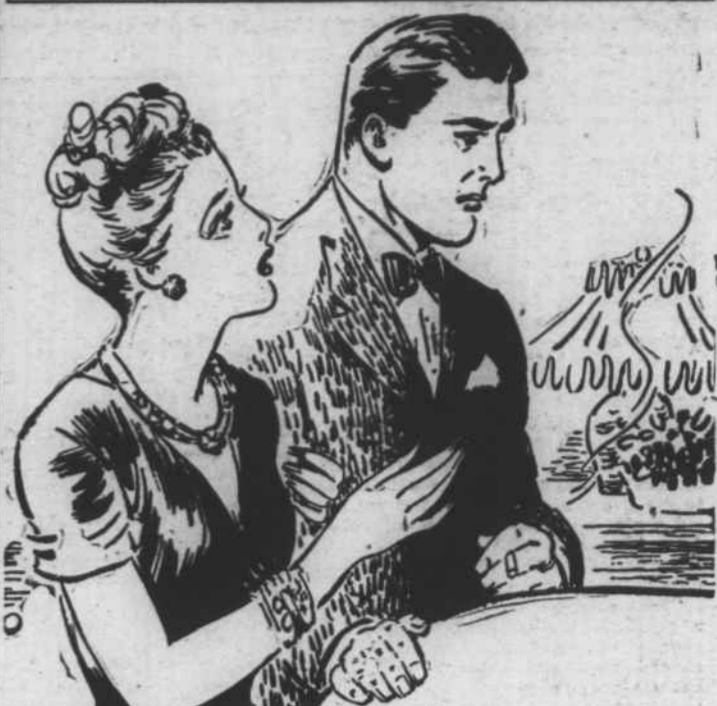


PLANE BY CHUTE . . . For the first time in aviation history, a plane with the pilot in cockpit was successfully landed by parachute. Pilot Gerard Brudler, Glen Ridge, N. J., is shown landing at Farmington, N. Y.

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Much Younger Husband

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"What can I do to hold this young husband of mine, whom despite all his unkindnesses, I love so passionately?"

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE problem of Marigold, aged 39, is that of a clever, successful woman who has married a man 12 years her junior. They have been man and wife for less than two years, and already Larry shows signs of restlessness. Marigold is frantic with helplessness and despair, all the more acute because she keeps everything bottled up inside her, and manages to keep a serene exterior before the watching eyes of the world. "When we were married," writes Marigold, "I was a different woman. I am healthy, an out-of-door sort of type, and at 37 I looked at least 10 years less than my age. Some years ago my parents left me a small farm; I was just home after glorious college years when they were killed in an accident, and idly, in the first summer of loneliness and grief, I secured a few small-girl boarders. From this grew my school, a school for so-called difficult and problem cases. I have been unbelievably successful, not only in a financial sense, but in the fact that I love this work. It is easy and natural to me, and repays me richly in friendships with children and parents.

A Very Handsome Man.

"Larry came to me three years ago as physical culture director. I knew he was less experienced and less useful than he had represented himself; I built him up. We studied his work together, he improved, he became a different human being. He is magnificently made and very handsome, and I fell in love with him long before he did with me—if he ever did. We were married, and immediately Larry began his attentions to other women. He opened adult classes in gym work, long country hikes that took place during hours when I was not free. After the first weeks of blissfully deceiving myself I saw that no one woman ever could hold him, but I hoped to be his rock of safety and understanding through all the storms of his undisciplined nature. "After the loss of my baby a year ago I was ill for a long time. Not sick in bed, but rather dragging myself about through my school duties, and not able to keep control as I should. Larry drew large sums from our joint account, and on one occasion signed my name to a sale of property without my authorization. At that time he moved to another room, and he has not returned to mine. "Now he tells me he wants to be freed, to drive about the country looking up pupils for a much enlarged school, and dreadful as it sounds I am afraid that he would not be alone; I think I know the charming young companion of 19 who would accompany him, although he tries to quiet my suspicions by saying that Miss M— has an agency for children's books and would be stopping in many of the towns he would visit, so that accidental encounters would be very natural.

"What can I do to hold this young husband of mine, whom despite all his unkindnesses, I love so passionately? I know I am not young and charming any more; I was never glamorous. But I am slim and tall

WINNING HIM BACK

When a woman marries a man much younger than herself, she is taking a chance. This is especially the case when he is handsome and flirtatious, as is Marigold's husband. She is 39 now, 12 years older than Larry. They met when he joined the faculty at Marigold's school for girls.

Soon after the marriage Larry began paying attention to other, and younger, women. He has drawn considerable money from their joint account, used Marigold's car for dates, and in general behaved in a way no good husband would.

Now he wants to go on a long tour of the country "to obtain new students for the school." Marigold suspects that he will be accompanied by a pretty girl of 19. With all his shortcomings, Marigold still loves Larry "passionately." She asks Miss Norris how she can "hold" her errant husband.

Miss Norris tells her that the best thing Marigold can do is to try to pretend she doesn't care what Larry does. If she busies herself with her own interests in the school, Larry will probably come back to her in due time.

and clean-looking, and my yellow hair is untouched by drugs or grayness yet. There must be something to me; the children love me, and so do their families. I am well again now, I'm not ready to be a broken, crying, wakeful failure as a wife. Help me to get back again."

Don't Take Him Seriously.

Help, my dear Marigold, has to come from within. When you make yourself a whole woman again, absorbed in other things than Larry's physical perfections and love conquests, you'll get him back. When you are always happily busy, amused, planning picnics for your charges, dressing with the old charm, enjoying the same old books and music, Larry'll see you as he used to see you.

Stop the crying, reproaching, lying awake nights, analyzing. Nothing is so fatal to married peace as the long "reasonable" talks in which a man and woman hurt each other's feelings deliberately and systematically. Forget Larry.

Yes, forget him. Listen to his complacent recitals absent-mindedly; have other things to think about. If he goes off with the car, see that he hasn't too much money. Suggest casually that he find a job as physical culture director in some other school. Explain that his flirtations are undermining yours. Laugh about it. Warn prospective students that he is youthfully amorous.

In other words, become yourself again, a charming, capable, successful woman, who knows how to live and help small unfortunates live on happier terms, who dresses well and has many interests. The sooner Larry drifts away to impose upon some other heart-hungry older woman, the sooner you'll regain your moral, mental, psychological and physical balance.

Using Up Dry Bread

Dry bread has many uses. It makes good french toast, hot milk toast, bread and custard pudding and baked fruit scallops. Turn odds and ends of bread into a supply of dry crumbs that every thrifty cook likes to keep handy for coating foods in frying and for topping baked dishes and stuffing vegetables or meat.

There are bread crumb specials too — pastry like cream pies and crumb cake and cookies. Toasted crumbs make good breakfast food.



A school for girls . . .