

## Turned Bigamist To Save Nurse

The attractive young German nurse looked with loving eyes at the wounded soldier, but now all was chaos. The Red Army had stormed into her native city of Mecklenburg. It was a time of pillage, plunder and agonizing rumors.

So, as many feared, curt orders came from the Russian commander, requiring all single women between twenty-one and thirty to report to their local labour offices, bringing only personal belongings in readiness for their deportation to Siberia.

It would be better to be killed the nurses whispered among themselves. But there was a way out, at least for one lucky girl. A hospital official told August Schroeder, the wounded soldier: "You can save that nurse if you marry her."

August furrowed his brow, for he had a wife and children in Upper Silesia. But he quickly subdued his conscience, reflecting that the nurse would probably have been killed by the Soviet panzers crashed triumphantly into Germany.

So, relaxed and smiling, he took the girl into his arms. After all, but for her devotion and care, he told himself, he would not be alive. The pair quickly found a priest who married them.

Thus, bigamy spared the nurse the terrible fate that befell so many of her colleagues.

August moved his new "wife" westwards to the safety side of the Iron Curtain. For a time the pair were very happy. Then August discovered that his wife and family were still alive. He sent them money and food parcels, but not even a regular supply of gifts eased his troubled conscience. At last he surrendered to the police and confessed to his "crime."

The sequel came recently, when he was brought for trial as a bigamist before a Cologne court. The judge heard his case sympathetically, remarking that it revealed a "refreshing touch of romance and pathos."

The court, compelled to take a serious view of bigamy, sentenced August to eight months' imprisonment, but this was suspended and he was released immediately on probation.

Now his advisers believe that his wife will divorce him. He will then be able to put his marriage to the nurse on a proper legal footing.

Conscience has a very strange power. In another recent case, a priest at Canale, a town in North Italy, went to a worker and handed him a silver watch. "Why, that's mine!" said the



**HAPPY BIRTHDAY** — Princess Margaret Francis of Ireland is shown in an official portrait for her 17th birthday. She's one of four daughters of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard.

worker, examining the watch carefully. "It belonged to me when I was a boy. You don't mean to say you've suddenly found it, Father, and by some miracle identified it as being mine?"

The priest shook his head. "No my son," he said, "the man who stole it from you eighteen years ago asked me to return it to you. Apparently, the thief could not sleep properly. Gradually, over the years, his dreams came to be haunted by watches. He awoke in a cold sweat, a ticking sound throbbing in his brain."

"So, he made confession, brought the watch with him, and hoped that by restoring it with my help, he would once again sleep quietly and at peace."

To go on "living a lie" proves in the end too much for many people. It proved too much for a young infantryman who in April, 1948, after serving for a year in Palestine, deserted from a famous regiment.

Later, he joined the Jewish Army. Then, in 1950, he married an Israeli girl and worked on a collective farm. Twelve months later, he inherited by his marriage a farm of his own. He and his pretty young wife, working long hours, and in all weathers, made it pay, too.

But deeply embedded in his mind was the thought that he had let down his country.

Finally, his conscience troubled him so much that he could ignore it no longer.

So, much against the advice of his new Jewish friends, he brought his young wife with him to England and surrendered. Court-martialed, he was sentenced to a year's detention.

Sometimes a man's conscience speaks through a girl. A 21-year-old Glasgow boy deserted from the Black Watch. Though he kept his equipment, he retained the idea of surrendering to the police, determined to keep his new-found freedom.

He now had a civilian job, bringing in £8 a week, and with his father and mother both seriously ill, he was able to send them £3 a week instead of the £1 he'd been able to spare from his national service pay.

But he'd won the love of an honest girl. She knew that, deep inside him, he was a very troubled man. "Why don't you make a clean breast of it?" she warned.

But he still shook his head dumbly.

Without saying another word to anyone, she went to the police and got him arrested. He was court-martialed, and given nine months' detention. To-day, however, he is very glad that his girl had the courage to act on her own, and remove a great weight from his mind.

Among the spate of robberies now troubling the police, many thefts occur almost daily. Old people and even disabled ex-servicemen are robbed of their life savings.

But sometimes the thief is troubled by conscience and makes amends, returning a batch of savings certificates or a cashbox.

Sometimes tragedy results because someone allows a trifling matter to prey on the conscience until even health is undermined. A greatly respected nun had given the date of her birth as 1894 although she knew it was 1891.

To her, this fairly common feminine deceit appeared as a heinous crime. She confessed it to her convent priest who told her not to worry. But she went on fretting, feeling that her whole religious life had been a lie.

Finally, she went to one of her convent's outhouses where she splashed coal-oil over her clothes and set light to them. It was her conscience that killed her.



**ANYBODY GOT A YACHT?** — Freda Jones is all set to go yachting in Florida waters. Just one small detail is missing.



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We are buying eggs now instead of selling them as we've done for years ago. Even so I would much rather eggs were sixty cents a dozen than forty, which is what we are paying at the present time. At sixty cents a dozen, a farmer has a certain margin of profit but at forty he has none. Even at sixty cents it should be remembered the only time a farmer gets top retail price for his eggs is when he is selling to private customers, going from door to door with a basket. But for the most part, he is selling to wholesalers, collectors, pick up the eggs ungraded, returning the following week with a cheque and a grading slip. The eggs have been graded and graded according to quality and size. The charge for this is four to five cents a dozen, but the farmer gets a better retail selling price. Naturally if the price is low — say twenty-five cents to the farmer — the charge of five cents a dozen for grading is more noticeable than if the price is fifty cents. And the farmer is entirely at the mercy of the grader. If he is honest, well and good. If he is not, the farmer has no proof that his eggs should have been given a higher grade and consequently a better price. Even Gordon Sinclair is concerned over the present low price of eggs to the farmer. "Why don't you make a clean breast of it?" she warned.

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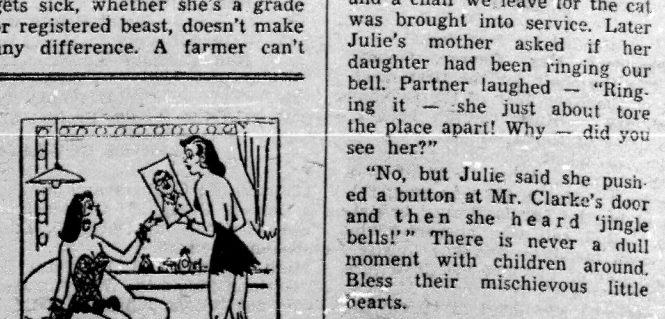
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## How Kimberley Gets Its Diamonds

The Rand is the basis of South Africa's power and prosperity; but Kimberley is the basis of the great gold magnates, bolstered by the ebullience of Rhodes and his peers, and enticed the first vivacious flood of adventurers and fortune hunters to South Africa. They find diamonds in many other places, too. They even manufacture them nowadays. The Cullinan, greatest of them all, was discovered in the Transvaal. In South-West Africa they pick them up in handfulls from the beach. In Tanganyika they guard the deposits with radar mechanisms. But Kimberley is the most famous, the most suggestive of all diamond cities, and to the world at large its name remains more or less synonymous with the allure of precious stones.

A plateau of bleak no-man's-land surrounds our mine at Kimberley. Within its fence the whole process of diamond production is conducted. There are the mine-shafts (for it is underground mining nowadays, down the deep diamondiferous pipes); and there are the big crushers which pound the rock when it comes to the surface.

To the crowd he still looked the same old Jimmy Wilde, a frail little figure whose skinny arms seemed packed with dynamite. Though old for a boxer (he was thirty-one) he appeared as perfectly trained as always.

None of the crowd knew that for the first time in his life Jimmy Wilde was going into a fight lacking confidence in himself. Only he, his manager and Mrs. Wilde, who was at the ring-side, shared the secret that he had lost the miraculous timing hand he had made him so successful.

In training he had discovered that no longer was his brain working at its usual lightning speed. Even worse, he was not connecting properly when practicing the punches. He had evidence that his punching had lost its snap.

It took Villa just three minutes to realize this. Several times in that first round Wilde hit him, but failed to inflict any damage. To the Filipino and his seconds it seemed too good to be true. What instructions he was given at that minute's interval can only be guessed, but it is obvious that he was told to give his veteran opponent no rest.

For practical purposes the fight ended in the second round. Throughout it, both men fought hard. Neither gave ground; Wilde because his fighting heart refused to acknowledge that he was up against a better man, Villa because he was not receiving the usual punishment meted out by the victor's opponents.

In the third round the ring-side veteran might have produced a surprise. But he never had the chance. As the bell sounded the end of the second round and Wilde turned to go back to his corner, Villa swung a terrific punch that landed just below the left ear.

There was no doubt that it was a foul blow, delivered after the bell had sounded. Yet the referee took no action, probably because Wilde showed no resentment or visible effect. What no one realized was that the punch had sent Wilde into a trance. Years later he said that his corner suddenly seemed a long way off and his seconds like figures in a dream.

But his wife knew something was wrong when, in the first few seconds, he was forced back on the ropes. This was something that had never happened before.

A man telephoned the police to report that thieves had tampered with his car. "They've stolen the steering wheel, the brake pedal, the accelerator, the clutch pedal and the dashboard," he complained.

The police sergeant said he would investigate. Then the telephone rang again.

"Don't bother," said the same voice with a hiccup. "I got into the back seat by mistake!"

Missing from Madame Tussaud's is Pandit Nehru, whose effigy was recently withdrawn following complaints that it did not do justice to the Indian prime minister.

Nehru's effigy bore "no resemblance to his dynamic and charming personality," complained 29 Indian crew members of the S.S. Corfu. "This pains the heart of every Indian who visits the exhibition."

Now Bernard Tussaud plans to wait until Nehru visits London for the Commonwealth prime ministers' conference in May, at which time he hopes to make a new model from first-hand evidence.

The daughter of a preacher had attended a dance, much against her father's wishes. When she appeared for breakfast the next morning he greeted her: "Good morning, daughter of Satan!"

"Good morning, father," she replied.

Q. How can I prevent the annoying case of discolored skin caused by my costume jewelry and bracelets?

A. By simply coating the pulpy surfaces of your jewelry with some colorless fingernail polish.

INVASION IN DETROIT — Among the latest neo-Nazi porcupheralia uncovered by police is this pile found in the home of a 14-year-old boy. He was the "Fuehrer" of a teen-age Nazi club. Some of the patches on the shirts are U.S. Army military insignia.

## Blow Won Championship

Jimmy Wilde, first flyweight champion of the world, and found for pound, possibly the greatest fighter who has ever lived, was knocked out only once in his career of over six hundred fights. It was the occasion when he lost his title, in June, 1923, but although the story of the fight is sensational enough, the story behind it is even more dramatic.

The little Welshman had virtually retired as no challengers had come along and, in fact, he had not fought for a couple of years when, out of the blue, an American promoter asked him to go to New York to defend his crown against Pancho Villa, a Filipino who had just won the American flyweight title.

Jimmy was not keen, and when the promoter asked him to name his own terms he thought he had effectively crushed the fight by demanding \$15,000 plus expenses — a fantastic sum those days. But the bluff was called, and after four months' strenuous preparation, Wilde stepped into the ring in the steamy atmosphere of New York's Polo Grounds.

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## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it considered unbecomingly to "reach" at the table?

A. While the old "reaching house reach" is still considered the sign of a chowhound, we can properly reach for things that we can get as easily as our neighbor can — instead of being over-keen and bothering him needlessly to pass them.

Q. When there is to be a supper for the bride party after the rehearsal at the church, is it necessary to invite the clergyman — and, if so, his wife?

A. If you know the clergyman well (in which case you would probably know his wife well, too), then both he and she should be invited. Otherwise, no.

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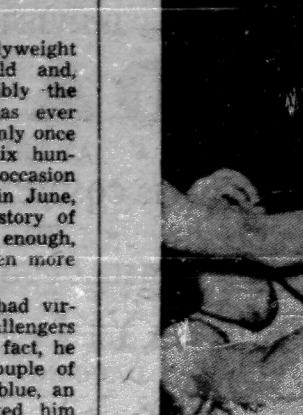
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## Arms and the Men

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## Truman Is The Worst-Dressed Man

By TOM A. CULLEN

Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

London — (NEA) — Someone should tell Harry S. Truman about that old double-breasted, gray suit he is wearing in Madame Tussaud's wax museum. It has earned him the dubious distinction of being the "worst-dressed man" in the waxworks.

Someone, likewise, should tell Secretary of State Christian Herter: not to give Madame Tussaud's the brush-off. The Tussaud people are hoping mad because Herter has turned down their request to do him in wax.

Pope John XXIII, Queen Elizabeth II, President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill apparently have no objection to being exhibited as wax dummies at the world famous wax emporium which is now celebrating its 157th year.

You can learn a lot of curious facts at Tussaud's; that Danny Kaye is regarded as something of an anatomical freak, that Marie Antoinette had a 42-inch bust measurement, that General Franco is a half inch shorter than Napoleon.

The waxworks has remained in the Tussaud family ever since it was founded in London in 1802. It is now run by Bernard Tussaud, the great-grandson of the original Madame Tussaud.

Tussaud's uses only human hair for its wax models, and this, in turn, comes from convents in Italy where the nuns have their heads shorn just before taking the veil.

Blondes are the hardest to match, according to Vera Bland, the Tussaud beautician who does the hair insertions. "Maybe it's because blondes don't enter convents," she explained.

Next to the hair, the eyes are most difficult to match. Tussaud's has the eyes of its models made specially by a London manufacturer of surgical glass eyes.

Stanley Wismark, who is known at Tussaud's as the "body builder," was in a tizzy because he had just been commissioned to do a plaster body of King Olaf of Norway.