

## Prince's Morning Run Will Be No Cinch

In the accounts reporting the news that Britain's heir apparent, Prince Charles, as did his father, is to receive his further education at Gordonstoun School in Scotland, much has been made of the rigors of the twice daily cold shower and the character building involved in sailing, even basking in blustery weather in the Moray Firth.

Most of these reports also made due mention of the run which every boy has to take on getting up in the morning. However, not one of these accounts really explains the true nature of this exercise which is no speedy dash around the running track, suitably sweated against the Scottish chill to leave the participant glowing warm, his circulation stimulated and his appetite whetted.

Morning run is performed — there is no other word for it — stripped to the waist, dressed merely in a pair of thin running shorts and gym shoes.

Nor is this a run in the sense that a runner attempts to cover the maximum amount of ground in the shortest possible time. Just the opposite: the object is to take the maximum amount of time over the distance involved, which is, or was in Prince Charles' father's day, a distance of approximately half a mile.

Again, morning run is not a race in the sense that there is a winner who comes in first. There are no winners except possibly the school.

On particularly chilly mornings in the late dawn of winter when even the senior man in charge of the run, understands-ably enough, may speed up the pace and fall to make certain his charges are lifting their knees to the proper height, the only thought is to get the thing over and back to the relative warmth of a sweater.

Then, at such times, from out of the gray, stone-walled mansion, across the gloom of the reluctant dawn, a stentorian voice would reach the stun, running figures. "Slow-er," roared, berated among the turrets of the house. "Not so quickly," each syllable accented for emphasis. "High-er... Slow-er."

It was the headmaster, Dr. Kurt Hahn, shaved, dressed, the newspaper read, looking out of his first floor window making sure that the run was performed according to specifications.

And the little group of hunched figures would reduce their progress to a slow motion film, raising their knees almost to their chests, groaning inwardly yet thankful that at least they had got almost half-way round before being called to order.

Dr. Hahn is retired now. He spends, I believe, most of his time near Baden in Germany where more than 40 years ago he first started a school at nearby Salers.

I am not sure that the present headmaster, F. R. G. Chew, keeps a similar supervisory eye on the morning run or even that the matter if it is still taken around the great south lawn.

But certainly morning run at Gordonstoun is still done stripped to the waist with only the most inclement weather causing it to be canceled. And equally certain someone from time to time makes sure that it is run in slow motion, the knees high, and the head up, even if Kurt Hahn is not there to watch from the first floor window and there is no echo against the gray-stone walls.

But I have no doubt that the Prince's most vivid memories of the great south lawn.

When Prince Charles does his first morning run at Gordonstoun this month, however, it will be in the bright daylight of a northern summer, sun already well up, birds singing, only the rich grass as a reminder that the hour is still early. Far from a hardship, it is a better beginning to a day than falls to many of us.

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morning runs will be those made in the last weeks of the winter term before he goes home for Christmas—only days before the winter solstice. Then it is dark, often cold, occasionally there is a little snow on the ground and one can hardly see the white shorts of the runner ahead.

Morning run is supervised, as are many activities at the school, not by a master but by a senior boy. This boy is responsible for a group of juniors, makes sure they are present at the time the run is to start—quarter past seven—and may, if the weather is sufficiently bad, cancel the run although he should obtain a housemaster's permission before he does so.

At the appointed hour he strips to the waist and leads his shivering contingent, who have also disrobed their upper bodies, at an easy canter down the prescribed course.

During the run, he will make sure that it is being correctly done. That the pace is not too fast; that the feet are lifted well off the ground bringing the knees up to at least the level of the groin, the head held high and the chest out, writes Charles Markwick in the Christian Science Monitor.

When Prince Charles' father was at Gordonstoun, morning run was done around the great south lawn in front of the arch-itecturally erratic Scottish manor that forms the headquarters of the school even although some boys may sleep a distance away, as Prince Charles will do, in a small cottage about half a mile from this main house.

But one memory Prince Charles will not have in common with his father.

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ROVER — English sheep dog, Zero Zero, gets around the modern way, with the help of his pretty mistress, that is Zero Zero has his own special sidecar.

## TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

If you wish to give a shower for your favorite bride-to-be — a shower to help her on her way to a new home — you will have a wide selection as to the type of shower you can give: kitchen, cocktail, china, linen, or personal.

Keep your shower simple, especially if you are working all day and have to rush home to get things ready for the party. Spring flowers, in bloom almost everywhere now, make a lovely centerpiece for a shower table. If you want a conventional piece, combine them in a many-colored effect, or choose one color — yellow or pink or blue or red — and carry that color through your other decorations and even your food.

Or design an original one to suit the type of shower you are giving. I heard of one the other day for a kitchen shower that was unusual. Guests were asked to bring a pot or a pan, a fork or a spatula, a strainer or a grater, etc. The tablecover was newspaper, and the centerpiece was made of a pile of pots and pans arranged in somewhat the same artistic paintings and sculpture. It was a subject of interest and laughter during the simple refreshments of cupcakes and fruit punch.

However, most girls like to have their showers daintier and prettier than the one I have just described, which was one of a long series that had been of the dainty type and the hostess told me she was striving for a change of pace, writes Eleanor Richey in the Christian Science Monitor. Crepe paper is always good for a colorful tablecloth; also there are many colorful cloths to be found in the stores now if you do not find the right color among your own linens. Match it with your dish-ware, match candles to them both, and arrange your flowers to match the general over-all color scheme, and you'll be sure your table is right.

Here's one of the things you can do with a cake mix in very short time. You can change the fruit to fit the season, your color scheme, or the taste of your guests — your efforts at decoration can be varied and easy. This particular cake is made with a lemon cake mix. There is a lemon filling between the 2 layers and a glaze on top of the fruit. If you're in a big hurry, the glaze may be omitted, or, of course, but it does add a gleam to the dessert. With this cake, a beverage — hot or cold, as you prefer — is all you need. However, a sherbet of ice cream may be served.

LEMON CAKE SUPREME  
1 package lemon cake mix  
Filling  
2 eggs  
1 egg yolk  
¼ cup sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
¼ cup lemon juice  
2 tablespoons grated lemon peel  
¼ cup butter

Garnish  
Assorted fruits, such as mandarin orange sections, pineapple wedges, banana slices, and marshmallow cherries.  
Glaze  
1 cup fruit juice  
2 teaspoons cornstarch  
Prepare and bake cake according to package directions. Cool.

In top of double boiler con-

necting sugar, lemon juice, lemon peel, and butter. Cook over hot water, stirring until thickened (about 10 minutes). Cook. Spread filling between cake layers. Decorate with fruit and brush with glaze.

Glaze: Mix cornstarch with a little of the juice and stir into remaining juice. Sweeten to taste, if sweetness is needed. Bring to a boil, stirring, until glaze is slightly thickened. Serves 10-12.

If you'd like to make your dessert the day before the shower and keep it in the refrigerator, here is a recipe using ladyfingers and chocolate chips. It serves 8.

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR CAKE  
1 package semisweet chocolate pieces (6 ounces)  
6 eggs, separated  
2 teaspoons vanilla  
1 pint whipped cream  
8 down ladyfingers

Melt chocolate pieces over hot water; add egg yolks, 1 at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla, remove from heat. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold in chocolate mixture. Line a small loaf pan with strips of foil or waxed paper. Split ladyfingers lengthwise; spoon a layer of ladyfingers on bottom and around sides of pan. Fill with chocolate fluff. Top with ladyfingers. Chill for several hours or overnight. Use paper lining to lift cake out of pan; remove and discard paper. Top cake with the whipped cream and garnish with chocolate chips or strawberries or cherries.

Graham cracker crumbs make a convenient and delicious crust for a fruit pie or dessert. Here is a shower dessert using non-fat milk powder. It serves 6.

ICE BOX DESSERT  
1 cup graham cracker crumbs  
1 cup melted butter  
1 tablespoon plain gelatin  
¼ cup water  
½ cups cooked or canned fruit  
Pinch of salt

Soak graham cracker crumbs in butter. Soak gelatin in ¼ cup of the water for a few minutes; dissolve over hot water. Cut fruit in pieces; add salt, sugar, and gelatin. Cool until slightly thickened. Add lemon juice and milk powder to the remaining ¾ cup water. Whip until stiff. Fold in fruit mixture. Smooth half the crumbs into bottom of pie pan or shallow loaf pan. Add filling, and top with remaining crumbs. Chill until set.

German records from the War of 1914-18 provided a record of a non-dramatic spy, J. C. Silber, was a German living in America. He had knocked about the word, and was a good linguist. He crossed into Canada and came to England as a Canadian.

His plan was simple, but masterly. Above military age, he volunteered to work as a censor. "Security" in those days was even more elementary than it is now. He was accepted, and his steady and capable work pleased his chief. Before he left the U.S. he had established contact with a German military attaché, and had communication. Now he was in a wonderful position.

Not only could he pick up information from "careless talk" in letters, but he could send on his own reports to neutral addresses under his own censor's stamp! Here was the simplicity of genius.

One of his "covers" was a non-existent prisoner of war in Germany. All letters to this address were immediately handed over to his censor, and for some time he depended upon memory.

Silber's methods were most ingenious. He could not make notes in his censorship office, for fear of being observed, so he had to depend upon memory. He could not make notes in his censorship office, for fear of being observed, so he had to depend upon memory.

He used no dramatic methods. His spy work was "dry" — he never used a revolver or a dagger in the espionage work. Yet his exploits rank very high in the espionage world. He was a brain in which he was well equipped.

He served his country well. He used to be a I often wonder what flickers up in the mind's eye of a spy as they look out from their window. A spy, it is sometimes of dubious repute, and perhaps a spy's mind is not a very clean one. Our tavern was a place of great danger. As light relief, I mention a few unusual ideas which Silber picked up from letters from America to the British Admiralty.

One American scientist suggested in all seriousness that British submarines should cruise and feed scorpions. A constant succession of news items, necessarily very mixed in subject and potential utility, were sent to Germany in this way. His high watermark of success was reached in 1915. In the course of his duties he was reading a letter from a girl to her friend. The girl was a nurse in the Navy, and she had already been decorated for gallantry. Had been appointed to a point near home, so that she could see him more often.

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## Germans Blame Spy For Not Doing More

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Contrite, and grateful for the courteous official for his help, he stood at the door, the girl's eyes freely as he led her to the car. She could not fill in a letter, but she established contact with him. He crossed into Canada and came to England as a Canadian.

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