

Comes the Resolution—to Exercise

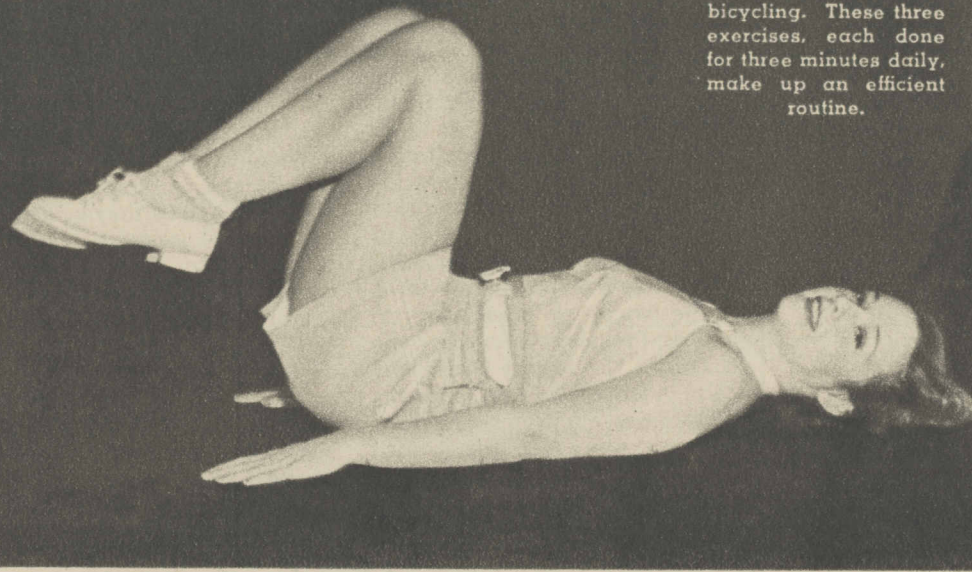
1 A simple hip-slimmer, involving nothing more than stretching flat, crossing the legs alternately, and rolling hard and fast on the hips.
(RKO-Radio photos, posed by Rita Oehman.)



2 Braced on the elbows, draw up the knees and kick upward, first one leg and then the other. It limbers leg muscles and flattens the abdomen.



3 The good old exercise of upside-down bicycling. These three exercises, each done for three minutes daily, make up an efficient routine.



Three Simple Routines to Reduce Those Hips

By ELEANOR NANGLE

WANT slimmer hips for 1939? One resolution will take care of that problem, providing, of course, that you don't let it go the way of so many resolutions sworn to in January, buried in February. Resolve to get up ten minutes earlier. You can do your hip reducers while you're in bed, but it's better to take to the floor. Here are three of the easiest of all to be done about three minutes each:

1. Stretch flat on the floor. Cross the legs alternately and roll on the hips. Roll hard and

fast, keeping abdomen flat and shoulders on the floor. The midriff bulge will melt.

2. Brace yourself on your elbows, draw up the legs with knees bent. Kick upward, first with one leg and then the other. Try to straighten the knee completely as you kick. This flattens the abdomen and limbers the "hamstring" muscles along the back of the legs.

3. Lie flat again and do some bicycle exercises in quick but smooth rhythm, bringing the knees right up to your chin with each pedaling movement.

I Knew Hitler—Too Well!

(Continued from page three.)

out through the small guardhouse at the front entrance of the camp, the troop leader on duty there said that Adjutant Daniels had just telephoned an order that we were to return that evening by 10 o'clock.

This new development might ruin everything; the hue and cry must not begin so early as tonight. On our way to the station I tried to figure out what could have happened. Was it just spite on Daniels' part? Or had there been a message from the Gestapo, or perhaps from the chancellery—and the fool hadn't told me? I decided I must find out—it might be something that would affect my whole life. From the station I had telephoned to the home of the kommandant; his wife said he had just left.

We walked back to the camp. It was a hard decision to take, for I had not dared call the Berlin number of Roehm's man to say that I would be delayed. If I escaped the number could have been traced. Moreover, he probably had already left home.

The kommandant was not there. When he finally arrived, saw me in the corridor, and asked why I had not left, I told him through a throat almost closed by nervousness.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You go ahead. *Viel Glueck und Auf Wiedersehen*," and he turned away. Apparently on afterthought, he called me back. "Wait a minute; I'll talk with Daniels," and he walked into Daniels' room. In a few minutes he came out. His word stood, he said. I would have two days as promised—and we shook hands.

But by now I had missed several trains. Expected in Berlin at 9, I did not get there until 11:30. And Roehm's man was nowhere in sight.

Through all that anxious day I tried to get in touch with him. At last I had him on the telephone; he had left the station after waiting two hours. It was decided that he would pick me up later in the evening and drive me to Roehm, who was out of town.

Meanwhile I had got rid of my sanitaer, off for his date with his girl friend. But the day had started wrong and continued to go wrong. It was impossible to get Rosenberg; he was somewhere in Bernau, making a speech. His secretary said she expected him any minute. My need to know what had come of his interview with Hitler was so imperative that I risked waiting in his office. In growing

agony I waited and waited. Finally I left, but when I reached the spot where Roehm's man was supposed to meet me I was ten minutes late. My breath almost stopped—for there was no car, no sign of him.

Holding my wrist watch in my hand, I paced up and down the dimly lit street. It was drizzling and the pavement was wet. Fear and suspicion began to choke me. Every man who approached might be the Gestapo! Those two there, standing at the corner in front of the cigar store



(Associated Press photo.)
CAPTAIN ROEHM

—did they have their eyes on me? I must know; I had resolved to kill myself rather than be rearrested. My hand gripping the little Browning in the pocket of my coat, I walked toward them—but they didn't even look at me.

I tried the telephone again, but Roehm's man didn't answer. Now he was almost an hour late, and I was desperate indeed.

Suddenly I realized that I must go it alone after all. I remembered my old Brandenburg plan for escaping through Czecho-Slovakia. Perhaps I could still make the last train to the Czech border. Should I risk it? I tossed a coin. "Go!" it said. Still I lingered. I heard voices approaching from behind a door, and again I hung my fate on crazy chance. If they walk toward the zoo, I'll go—if they turn the other way, I'll wait.

The man who came out walked toward the zoo. I ran, and jumped into a taxi round the corner.

"To the zoo station—hurry!" As we neared the station the large clock under the bridge showed that I could just make it.

I walked briskly to the counter, and as casually as I could I bought a second-class ticket for Goerlitz in Silesia, only thirteen miles from the Czech border.

When I bounded up the stairs my train was just thundering in. I slowed down, and as I

passed a news stand Rosenberg's Blut und Ehre glared at me. I bought it and climbed into a carriage.

At last the train started to move. I had settled behind a newspaper in a corner of my compartment. Those two young men at the window in the corridor, that round-faced, genial looking pastor over there, that tight-lipped old woman across from me—they were no agents of the Gestapo. But the terrible feeling that some one was watching me persisted.

After changing trains I reached Goerlitz at 4 in the morning. I watched too long to see if I was followed, and the town's two taxis left with customers quicker than I. But a porter told me the taxis would return; he would let me know. So I went into the railway restaurant, which was jammed with noisy people. I drank a cup of coffee and wrote a note to Roehm's man, giving a forwarding address in Geneva and saying I would write from there. The porter approached, I paid my check and followed him outside, furtively slipping my letter into a mail box on the way.

It was a battered vehicle, but the young chauffeur beside it looked all right. He had a frank face and an infectious smile, and he would be pleased to drive me. My rôle now was that of the jovial traveling American, and apparently I was carrying it off. I got in.

"Schloss Schmiedeberg?" he said. "Sure, I know it. It's right near the border. Hindenburg had his headquarters there during maneuvers. Many tourists go there."

It was from Schloss Schmiedeberg that I had intended to cross the border when I had planned my escape from Brandenburg. But when we got there it looked wrong. There was the castle moat, the little bridge, the high wall. But the gate was closed. And where was the path across the park leading to the border?

"O, no, *mein herr*, there are marshes all round. The border is several kilometers from here." There stood the Worldly Wise Man and didn't know what to do. It was misting, wet and chilly. In my hopelessness I was half inclined to drive back to the city and take the first train to Berlin.

But I pulled myself together. The feeling that I was alone against the world suddenly gave me new strength.

"Let's go somewhere else. I want to write a line about this place for my American paper, but I suppose we'll have to re-

Cooking Trend Is to Leftover

By MARY MEADE

IN THE wake of New Year's, just as in the wake of Christmas, come leftovers. These leftovers must be eaten if the expenditure for New Year's dinner is going to be justified. Eating them is pleasurable if they're served up as something newly cooked rather than as leftovers.

Scraps from the roast or fowl and the leftover vegetables will find family favor if their reappearance is in potato boats. And a half-eaten pot roast, as well as a fresh one, will taste better if it is reheated or cooked in tomato soup.

To make potato boats like the ones pictured, select uniform long baking potatoes, wash them well, and rub the skins lightly with butter or oil. Bake at 450 degrees about fifty minutes, or until tender. Cut in two lengthwise, scoop out the potato, and mash it. Add seasonings, butter, and hot milk and beat until fluffy. Refill potato shells, leaving a trench down the middle of each. Fill the trenches with creamed leftover turkey, chicken, or other meat, and with buttered leftover vegetables. Meat and vegetables may be mixed, or served in separate boats. Slip the filled boats back in the oven long enough to become thoroughly hot and a bit browned on top. Then serve them.

If you have leftover pot roast, add a can of tomato soup to it and reheat in the oven. Try the soup some time on a fresh pot roast, too. It gives a fine flavor. Here's the method for a pot roast cooked this way:

POT ROAST WITH TOMATO SOUP

Wipe a four-pound rolled pot roast (rump, chuck, or shoulder) and dredge it in flour. Brown on



Above: Leftovers from the New Year's dinner may be served in potato boats.

At right: Leftover or fresh pot roast, cooked with tomato soup, is delicious.



turn later. Let's get something to eat. Do you know this neighborhood here?"

"Of course I do. I know every stone around here. I was born and raised in Seidenberg, a little town near by, right on the border. You'll get a good breakfast at the hotel there—it's only ten kilometers from here." Right on the border! Could I trust him, I wondered, or did he suspect me? Had I better let my little Browning persuade him to lead me across?

"Okay—drive to the Seidenberg hotel." We clattered past bleak, wintry fields, bounced across the market place of Seidenberg, and stopped at the little hotel on the corner. We got out, and my driver pounded at

the door. To my relief, there was no answer.

"Where does this street go?" —pointing after a bicyclist disappearing in the foggy darkness. "To the bridge, *mein herr*. See where it turns? Then comes the bridge. . . . Yes, the border line is right in the middle of the bridge. Maybe the Hotel Rose on the other side is already open."

"Let's walk over and see. If it isn't, we can come back and then perhaps somebody here will be up."

We walked down the street. The misty contours of the bridge began to emerge.

I walked faster, with each step finding it harder not to run. Now I was on the bridge, with not a soul in sight. The toll bar was down. I pushed through the turnstile for pedestrians. One more step. . . . It was done.

So easy! And I had thought that I should have to sneak across the border like an Indian and tramp for miles and miles through snow and woods!

"Yes, Hotel Rose is on the Czech side. It's there to your right, along the stream. . . . Sure, I will bring your things."

For a fleeting moment I saw my Germany in his honest face. "I trust you—" But my voice broke, and I gave the astonished youth a bill, and an-

other, and another. He turned back, almost too dazed for thanks.

It was exactly 6 o'clock. I had got over none too soon, for just then a big light went on over the bridge. I ducked and darted away. Two shadows emerged from the fog, and I hid behind a fence until two Czech gen darmes had passed.

I wiped the tears from my eyes and walked straight ahead.

(So ends the story of a man who "grew up" with the Nazi party, was its representative at Washington, D. C., and finally fell victim of one of its purges. From Czecho-Slovakia Kurt Ludecke went into Switzerland, then to France, and finally to America, where he now lives.)