

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
Associated Newspapers—WNU Features.

NEW YORK.—Possibly there will be a touch of Sweden's "middle way" in Paul V. McNutt's new man power commission which is recruiting skill and drawn for war production. An unlooked for appointment on the board is 36-year-old Wendell Lund, Michigan-born son of Swedish immigrants, representing the Labor Production division of the WPB, succeeding Sidney Hillman in this capacity.

Mr. Lund emerges as a new and powerful figure in the war-labor lineup. Impressive in physical bulk and with a record of achievement to match—a record quite remarkable for his years.

Citizens of Swedish birth or ancestry have been cheering for their Wendell Lund for quite a few years and picking him as the most likely to succeed in the domain of useful public service. He is the son of Dr. C. A. Lund, Lutheran minister of Escanaba, Mich., president of the Augustana synod of Lutheran churches.

Wendell Lund won the Michigan state high school oratorical contest and was graduated at head of his class, at the age of 16. Getting through Augustana college, he worked as a laborer in a flooring mill and foreman in a railroad tie yard. On Saturday nights, he worked in a store and earned \$5 a week editing college publications. Again he was graduated at the top of his class. He took his master's degree at Columbia university and snatched a doctor's degree from Princeton in a brief two years.

In 1934 he was co-operating with the department of the interior in conservation work and in reshaping the depressed economy of the Monongahela valley.

In 1935, he organized and directed a section of the division of subsistence homesteads, engaged in a wide range of similar governmental projects and worked a night shift in which he took a law degree from Georgetown university, in 1937. In January, 1941, Governor Van Wagener of Michigan made him secretary of the state administrative board at a time when corruption had been prevalent in the \$22,000,000 state purchasing budget. He cleaned that up nicely and was appointed executive secretary of the Michigan unemployment compensation commission. This job was a stepping stone to his new post in which getting the right man in the right job is as important as getting the right shell in the right gun.

THAT air power will bring some drastic changes both in every day living and in fighting, or primarily survival techniques, is the theme of "Our Only Safety Is In Better Planes," by Maj. Alex. Seversky. Seversky's new book, "Victory Through Air Power." It is a book which would stir even a wooden Indian out of any undue complacency about the shape of things to come. His argument that we will live in the future only by bigger and better airplanes may be refuted only by experts, considering the major's professional standing as an aviation engineer, builder and inventor.

Flying for Czarist Russia, he got only a wooden leg out of the First World war and thinks we will be lucky to come off as well in this one, unless we wake up. Arriving here, in 1918, he acquired a \$5,000,000 airplane factory and a beautiful wife, the former Evelyn Oliphant of New York.

Dog-fighting the Germans, his ship was dropped to the Baltic. One of his own bombs exploded. Regaining consciousness, clinging to a wing, he made a tourniquet of his trouser leg. He had swooned again when a Russian destroyer picked him up, his leg blown away. In Washington, he became consulting engineer for the United States air service, building amphibian planes, a master of stunt flying with a dead motor. He has filled out an illustrious career as a designer and builder of planes. He is no arm-chair air strategist.

A FRIEND who recently traversed North Africa and the Near East told this writer he found everywhere diligent and curious British Intelligence officers but none of the USA. He thought we ought to be picking up more gossip in those parts. Reports accumulate as to the increasing efficiency of the British secret service. They tag Maj. Gen. Hastings Lionel Ismay as the man provisionally at hand to guide and stimulate these efforts. He is credited with much swift legwork in getting at enemy secret-

Household Hints

by Lynn Chambers



Keep on Your Toes With Enriched Bread!
(See Recipes Below)

Bread 'n Butter

Bread is one of our oldest and best-liked foods. But bread, like many of our other foods, has changed considerably during the last two years. You haven't noticed? Well, it's been enriched and fortified with the B-vitamins, often called morale builders because of the fine things they do for your system, digestion and disposition.

Iron, the magic helper that peps up your system by making hard-working red blood cells, has also been added to bread along with vitamin B.

But not just bread has these new, essential elements. Flour that you use for your own baking has been fortified with the B-vitamins and iron. There isn't much difference in enriched flour or bread in ordinary bread or flour, except in some cases where the color is slightly creamy. But the nutritive value is so much greater that it's to your advantage to use it.

Although Saturday baking and the resultant shelves and pantries filled with crusty, sweet-smelling loaves of bread are becoming things of the past, perhaps you still feel the occasional desire to turn out a silky textured, moist, delicious loaf of good bread.

Rhythmical kneading is the secret of good bread. Rock the dough under the palms of the hands in three-quarter time until it gets the satiny-like sheen.

*Twisted Loaf.

(Makes 4 1-pound loaves)
2 cups milk
¼ cup sugar
4 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening
2 cups water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
12 cups sifted flour (about)
Scald milk. Add sugar, salt, shortening and water. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast which has been softened in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Add flour gradually, mixing it in thoroughly. When dough is stiff, turn out on a lightly floured board and knead until satiny and smooth. Shape into smooth ball and place in a greased pan. Cover and let rise in a warm place (80-85 degrees F.) until doubled in bulk. When light, divide into four equal portions. Roll each portion into a smooth ball. Cover well and let rise 10 to 15 minutes. Mold into loaves. For a twisted loaf, roll dough under hand to 2 rolls about 2 inches thick and longer than the length of the pan. Twist the 2 rolls around each other and place in greased pans. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot (400-425-degree) oven 40 to 45 minutes.

A nutritious coffee cake that is a tried and true sugar skimmer adds zest to breakfasts. Made with either of the two dried fruit fillings given here, it is delightful:

Sweet Yeast Dough.

(Makes 2 12-inch rings or 3½ dozen rolls)
2 cakes yeast

Lynn Says:

Good things come in little packages. This little saying applies perfectly to the concentrated foods like dried fruits—prunes, apricots, figs, apples, pears, raisins and peaches.

Now more than ever before you'll want to use more of them because they can solve your sweet tooth problem, in addition to acting as important blood builders and keeping your body in good working condition because of their important vitamin and mineral values.

You can appreciate why they do all this for you when you realize that to make one pound of the dried fruit it takes several pounds of fresh fruit. For example, prunes require three pounds of fresh fruit to make one pound dried; raisins, four pounds fresh fruit, apples, six to nine pounds fresh fruit, pears and figs both require three pounds of fresh fruit, while apricots and peaches five and one-half pounds of the fresh to make the dried product

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Collapse of German Morale Seen Possible In December . . . IF AEF Had Reached Ulster Sooner . . .

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.

WASHINGTON.—In view of the clamor of Soviet sympathizers in Britain for the opening up of a second front against Germany to take the pressure off Russia it is interesting to examine all the "facts" we have in regard to what may happen when the mud on the Russian front becomes passable.

First we must remember the surprise of last summer. Both the British and United States intelligence staffs were certain that the Reds could not last much more than four weeks. High army officers lost bets on it with Russian enthusiasts.

One wager, made on army "information," was that the Nazis would defeat Russia and win peace by September 1. This writer won such a wager, but must confess that he figured the Russians would be driven back to the Ural mountains by that time!

When it must be remembered that at no time have the Soviet successes in driving the Nazis been anything like as great as most of our people have assumed.

The best evidence of this is that the Germans prepared a line of defense, after they realized they would not make the breakthrough for which they had hoped, and at only two points along the whole line, from the Arctic to the Black sea, have they been actually forced back to that line.

Soviet Generals Now Know

Assuming that the Nazis have no important new surprise weapon or method, the Soviet generals are familiar with what they have to face, know how to fight a sound retreating action when attacked by superior force at any one place, and how to make every Nazi gain expensive in man power.

How long this war will last is very likely to depend on the success of the coming German offensive. If their losses should be as heavy as they have been this past winter, and as they were during their successful advance last summer and fall, and if they should not make a really spectacular success, the Germans might surprise the world by staging a morale collapse by December—this year.

As a matter of fact this is the confident expectation of some very well-informed people. It should be added that this is not wishful thinking, on their part. It affects some manufacturers who are wondering how they can protect themselves from serious losses IF the war should end, suddenly, before the general expectation.

Even such a desirable development does not mean that the United States and Britain would have peace by the end of this year.

But a collapse in Germany would leave British and U. S. power free to concentrate on the Far East.

It is this conviction which has led so many prominent persons, in the United States and in Britain, to urge the "second front" against Germany. It is on the Russian front, they think, that the war can be won, and won this year. They are figuring on the state of morale inside Germany when next winter closes in, with no brighter prospects of ultimate victory for the Germans than they had last winter.

"I know the Russians can go on taking it, and can win if we give them help," said a high official to the writer. "I am not sure the Germans can stand a continuance of their losses on the Russian front."

Reasons for British Activity in N. Africa

Since Dunkirk, Britain has lived in daily fear of a Nazi invasion via Ireland. This is the key to the puzzle which has caused so many uplifted eyebrows—and worse—in America since the announcement that a strong United States expeditionary force had landed in Ulster.

"Why," critics all over this country have been asking, "have we not sent troops to help General MacArthur instead of to Ireland?" There are two answers. It was considered, during the period between Pearl Harbor and the time troops were landed in Ulster, that to attempt to send transports loaded with troops across the Pacific to Manila would be inviting disaster—the drowning of thousands of troops without doing MacArthur's heroes any good.

The sending of troops to Ulster was motivated by strategy which has been explained only partially to the American people. Had those troops been sent three months earlier, there might have been a very different story in North Africa. Field Marshal Rommel might be a prisoner today, his command killed or captured, had that been done.

Things for You to Make

complete the set. It's one you will want in your own kitchen, or to make as a gift.

Pattern No. Z9262, 15 cents, brings these 9 motifs in the new hot iron transfer that can be stamped several times. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name.....
Address.....



Pattern No. Z9262

HERE are some new tea towel designs that are truly different. Grapes and jam pots, oranges and a juicer, apples and a fruit jar—from these and cross stitch triangle backgrounds, tea towels are to be decorated. Four more tea towel motifs and two panholders (one fruit, one vegetable)

Legal Holidays

According to the Constitution neither congress nor the President has the power to prescribe legal holidays except in the District of Columbia and the U. S. territorial possessions, says Collier's. Nevertheless, congress has recognized the following days as public holidays: New Year's day, Washington's birthday, Memorial day, the Fourth of July, Labor day, and Christmas.

Since most of these holidays have been declared local holidays by the individual states, they can be said to be national and legal holidays. The President proclaims Thanksgiving a holiday.

THE PRAIRIE MOTHER

She came to rock the cradle of a new empire. Adventure calls to men, but duty summons women. And so, when the time was ripe to breed new stars for the flag, she set forth from Maine and Ohio and Killarney's loveliness and her Swedish village and her fjord home to mother the wilderness.

Only God and she knows the fullness of her giving to the young Northwest. She lived in sod houses and hay-rooted huts, with the newest neighbor often a day's trudge away.

She had no deceptions. She did not even know the luxury of floor or fireplace. Her meal was ground in a hand mill and her baking range was a make-shift oven in the yard.

She helped in the fields—at the plowing and the sowing, and she helped to scythe the crop and bind the sheaves.

She watered stock and spun and knitted and tailored. She made a garden and preserved the winter food, milked her cows and nursed her children. The sleepy-eyed sun found her already at her tasks, and the midnoon heard her croon the baby to rest.

Her "beauty sleep" began at ten and ended at four. Year in and year out she never had an orange, a box of sweets or a gift of remembrance.

She fought drought and death and savages and savage loneliness. Her "Sunday best" were calico and linsey woolsey. She grew old at the rate of twenty-four months a year at the grubbing hoe and the wash tub and the churn.

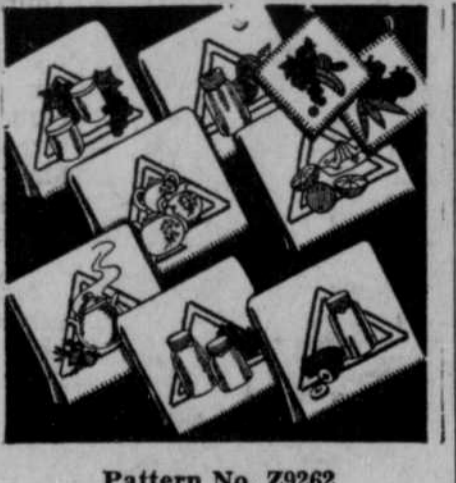
She bore her burdens alone and buried them on the frozen prairies. But she asked no pity for her broken arches, her aching back, her poor, gnarled hands. Or for the wistful memories of a fairer youth in sweeter lands. She gave America the great Northwest, and was too proud to quibble at the cost of the stalwart sons to whom she willed it.

She mothered MEN!—Herbert Kaufman in the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune. Or they may recall this poetic tribute:

A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

I walked with quick steps up the coulee trail;
I had to hurry lest the creeping dark
Would catch me and my nervous hands
would fall
To find the wire gate that closed the
park
Against stray cattle. Here my cabin
stood,
In a small wilderness of quaking asp;
Here I "homesteaded." No one thought I
could.
Two years ago, but now I calmly pass
A bristling porcupine, a rattlesnake,
The watching eyes of some wild, hid-
den thing—
A coyote sneaking near the dried-up lake.
A row of stunted pines where inches
sing,
The mule-eared deer that often come to
sup,
And nuzzle one another at my spring
(Which, after cleaning, is but just a cup).
And, yet, tonight, how glad I was to
bring
My hands in contact with the wire light
That held my gate. I thought, "Real
homesteading!"
I hate the dark; I only love the light!
Quickly I shut the door and slid the
draw
Across the iron latch, and dropped the
clamp.
Firmly in place, but not before I saw
Near Tiger Butte the glimmer of a lamp.
I stood a moment puzzled by the light—
Started, perhaps, and curious as a deer
That lifts its head to catch the rushing
flight
Of a young grouse. And then my silly fear
Vanished like mountain mist. My
lamp! A match!
To cheer that other soul I knew had come
To plough and fence; to have a garden
patch:
To live with God as I and build a home.
—Lillian Leonard in Scribner's Magazine.
Besides such tributes as these,
the memory of the pioneer mother is
perpetuated in various parts of the
country in bronze and stone. Several
years ago the Daughters of the
American Revolution marked the
National Old Trails route from the
Atlantic to the Pacific with heroic
statues of the women who followed
that trail across the country. Twelve
of these statues, each 18 feet tall,
are today standing along the trail in
the states of Maryland, Pennsylv-
vania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana,
Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado,
New Mexico, Arizona and California.

THINGS for You TO MAKE



Pattern No. Z9262

HERE are some new tea towel designs that are truly different. Grapes and jam pots, oranges and a juicer, apples and a fruit jar—from these and cross stitch triangle backgrounds, tea towels are to be decorated. Four more tea towel motifs and two panholders (one fruit, one vegetable)

Legal Holidays

According to the Constitution neither congress nor the President has the power to prescribe legal holidays except in the District of Columbia and the U. S. territorial possessions, says Collier's. Nevertheless, congress has recognized the following days as public holidays: New Year's day, Washington's birthday, Memorial day, the Fourth of July, Labor day, and Christmas.

Since most of these holidays have been declared local holidays by the individual states, they can be said to be national and legal holidays. The President proclaims Thanksgiving a holiday.

THE PRAIRIE MOTHER

She came to rock the cradle of a new empire. Adventure calls to men, but duty summons women. And so, when the time was ripe to breed new stars for the flag, she set forth from Maine and Ohio and Killarney's loveliness and her Swedish village and her fjord home to mother the wilderness.

Only God and she knows the fullness of her giving to the young Northwest. She lived in sod houses and hay-rooted huts, with the newest neighbor often a day's trudge away.

She had no deceptions. She did not even know the luxury of floor or fireplace. Her meal was ground in a hand mill and her baking range was a make-shift oven in the yard.

She helped in the fields—at the plowing and the sowing, and she helped to scythe the crop and bind the sheaves.

She watered stock and spun and knitted and tailored. She made a garden and preserved the winter food, milked her cows and nursed her children. The sleepy-eyed sun found her already at her tasks, and the midnoon heard her croon the baby to rest.

Her "beauty sleep" began at ten and ended at four. Year in and year out she never had an orange, a box of sweets or a gift of remembrance.

She fought drought and death and savages and savage loneliness. Her "Sunday best" were calico and linsey woolsey. She grew old at the rate of twenty-four months a year at the grubbing hoe and the wash tub and the churn.

She bore her burdens alone and buried them on the frozen prairies. But she asked no pity for her broken arches, her aching back, her poor, gnarled hands. Or for the wistful memories of a fairer youth in sweeter lands. She gave America the great Northwest, and was too proud to quibble at the cost of the stalwart sons to whom she willed it.

She mothered MEN!—Herbert Kaufman in the Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune. Or they may recall this poetic tribute:

A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

I walked with quick steps up the coulee trail;
I had to hurry lest the creeping dark
Would catch me and my nervous hands
would fall
To find the wire gate that closed the
park
Against stray cattle. Here my cabin
stood,
In a small wilderness of quaking asp;
Here I "homesteaded." No one thought I
could.
Two years ago, but now I calmly pass
A bristling porcupine, a rattlesnake,
The watching eyes of some wild, hid-
den thing—
A coyote sneaking near the dried-up lake.
A row of stunted pines where inches
sing,
The mule-eared deer that often come to
sup,
And nuzzle one another at my spring
(Which, after cleaning, is but just a cup).
And, yet, tonight, how glad I was to
bring
My hands in contact with the wire light
That held my gate. I thought, "Real
homesteading!"
I hate the dark; I only love the light!
Quickly I shut the door and slid the
draw
Across the iron latch, and dropped the
clamp.
Firmly in place, but not before I saw
Near Tiger Butte the glimmer of a lamp.
I stood a moment puzzled by the light—
Started, perhaps, and curious as a deer
That lifts its head to catch the rushing
flight
Of a young grouse. And then my silly fear
Vanished like mountain mist. My
lamp! A match!
To cheer that other soul I knew had come
To plough and fence; to have a garden
patch:
To live with God as I and build a home.
—Lillian Leonard in Scribner's Magazine.
Besides such tributes as these,
the memory of the pioneer mother is
perpetuated in various parts of the
country in bronze and stone. Several
years ago the Daughters of the
American Revolution marked the
National Old Trails route from the
Atlantic to the Pacific with heroic
statues of the women who followed
that trail across the country. Twelve
of these statues, each 18 feet tall,
are today standing along the trail in
the states of Maryland, Pennsylv-
vania, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana,
Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado,
New Mexico, Arizona and California.

TRY THIS NERVOUS
on "certain days" of month
If functional monthly disturbances make you nervous, restless, high-strung, cranky, blue, at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years—to help relieve such pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."
Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Well worth trying!

Other's Failing
We carry our neighbor's failing in sight; we throw our own over our shoulders.

CRISP TO THE LAST SPOONFUL

UNIQUE FLAVOR + LASTING CRISPNESS

A BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S UTTERLY DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU EVER TASTED!

"I SEND HIM CAMELS REGULARLY. THEY'RE FIRST WITH MEN IN THE SERVICE"

★ With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

Special Service Carton — Ready to Mail

Camel THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCO'S