

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Luscious Ice Cream—Favorite Summertime Dessert (See Recipes Below)

Select Desserts Carefully

The choice of dessert should be a careful one — a light dessert if the meal has been rich and hearty; a substantial one if the menu has been on the light side. A dessert should be the perfect close to a meal, not just something thrown in because we think there ought to be an "ending" to eating.



One of the best ways to selecting the appropriate dessert is the guide that the seasons offer. In summer we can depend upon fruits and berries, plentiful supplies of eggs, milk and cream. In winter, of course, there are some fruits, but it's a good idea to make puddings the mainstay.

Ice cream is a perfect choice for warmer weather. If you want a dressed-up dessert, you can round it out with cake and berries; for simplicity, just serve the velvety mixture with fresh berries or crushed fruit sauce.

Here is a Lemon Cream that has a piquant flavor and is a perfect close to a light, cool supper when served with fresh berries:

Lemon Cream. (Serves 6)

- 2 well-beaten eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1 cup milk
1 cup light cream
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup crushed, sweetened berries
Whole berries for garnish

Beat eggs and sugar. Mix corn syrup, milk, cream and lemon juice. Add to egg mixture. Freeze in automatic refrigerator tray until just set. Beat until light. Add crushed berries. Continue freezing until firm, about 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Garnish with whole berries.

An unusual sherbet with a tang that is bound to please is the following, using ginger ale:

Ginger Ale Sherbet. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup hot water
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 cup lemon juice
2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup water
1 pint pale, dry ginger ale

Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add sugar and stir until it dissolves. Cool; add lemon juice, water, pineapple juice, and ginger ale. Freeze in ice cream freezer until crank turns hard. Remove dasher and pack.

Let stand 2 to 3 hours before serving.

Have you ever thought of using candy as a sweetener? Here is a suggestion for a deliciously flavored dessert that uses no sugar at all.

Lynn Says

Make New Things From Old: Old wornout oil tablecloths can be made into attractive place mats by cutting them into squares with pinking shares.

If towels have faded, dye them in colors to match the bathroom. Old shower curtains can be cut down in size and used as curtains in the pantry, bathroom or kitchen.

When shades become discolored and old, they may be covered with attractive prints in cotton, cretonne or chintz to match the room's decorative scheme.

Wornout pajamas with the leg parts still good can be used to pad out the ironing board by cutting, into dishcloths.

Discarded curtains make nice pot holder filler, or they may be sewed together (six layers) after cutting, into dishcloths.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Ham and Egg Souffle
Green Lima Beans
French Fried Onions
Molded Apricot-Grape Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream with Jam Beverage
Nut Bread

It's combined with chocolate for a flavor combination hard to resist:

Peppermint Wafer Dessert. (Serves 9)

- 1/2 pound peppermint stick candy
1/2 cup light cream
1/2 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 1/2 cups evaporated milk, chilled and whipped
1/2 pound chocolate wafers

Crush candy; add light cream. Heat in double boiler until candy dissolves. Add gelatin softened in cold water. Chill until partially set. Fold in beaten, chilled evaporated milk. Break chocolate wafers in half and stand around outside of a 9-inch pan. Place layers of wafers on bottom; spread with 1/2 of the gelatin mixture. Top with second half of wafers and spread with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill for 12 hours. Cut in squares and serve.

Cherries are another great favorite for dessert. The family will enjoy these tarts made with either fresh or canned cherries:

Cherry Tarts (Serves 6)

- 2 cups canned or fresh sour, pitted cherries
6 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons currant jelly
6 baked tart shells

Drain cherries. Mix together sugar, cornstarch and salt in saucepan; add cherry juice or a small amount of water (1/2 cup). Cook together 15 to 20 minutes until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire; add butter and jelly. Fold in cherries. Pour into tart shells. Bake in a hot oven (475 degrees) about 5 minutes.

There are some evenings when most of us enjoy a bit of well-chilled fruit with a few crispy cookies. In this case, you will want the cookie jar full with these Orange Honey's that taste better as they mellow:



Orange Honey's (Makes 7 1/2 Dozen)

- 3 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup honey
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup chopped candied orange peel
1/2 cup chopped candied lemon peel

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream together shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla extract. Beat well. Add flour mixture, nuts, orange and lemon peels to creamed mixture. Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls into well greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for 10 minutes.

Marguerites. (Yield: 2 1/2 dozen, 2 inches in diameter)

- 2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup flour
1/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
1/2 cup whole bran

Beat eggs slightly; add remaining ingredients in the order given. Fill small buttered pans 3/4 full of mixture. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven about 15 minutes. Cool slightly before removing from pan. Dust with powdered sugar.

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Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, married Elizabeth after her first husband, Arthur Kiltrege, had been reported killed in World War I. Elizabeth had been orphaned when a baby and raised by her aunt and uncle in Tulsa, where she met and married Arthur. Shortly after their marriage, Arthur enlisted, and soon afterwards was reported killed. Elizabeth moved to Los Angeles, where she met and married Spratt. Elizabeth overheard her children reading about and laughing at the World War I days. Kessler, a German refugee working on a motion picture script, and his daughter were coming to dinner. Dick was to stay and entertain the daughter.

I think—I think that for the first time in my life I've nearly had hysterics.

"Elizabeth, what—" "Please don't pay any attention to me. I'm behaving like a moron. But it is funny, Spratt. We're sitting on the edge of a volcano dangling our legs over the crater, and Dick knows it—I've just heard him talking, so grim and hard he frightened me, and in fifteen minutes nothing was important to him except that that German girl was eight years old and he didn't have to take her out. Oh, that resilience! Did I ever have it, I wonder?" She began to laugh again, this time more softly. Spratt shrugged, went into the bathroom and turned on the water. When he came out Elizabeth, having made herself be quiet, was wiping her eyes.

Spratt stood over her, shaking his head in confusion. "Did anything happen this afternoon, Elizabeth? You can tell me."

"Not a thing. I came home and got dressed for dinner and lay on the chaise-longue in my room till it

Kessler, you took a load off my shoulders in our conference yesterday. You understand stories—I wish you could tell me how to make all these English grammar writers understand them."

"Perhaps it is only sometimes viewing situations as other people would view them, and not entirely from the unchanging viewpoint of one's self."

"Am I supposed to tell that to the inhabitants of this ego-ridden capital?" Spratt laughed ruefully and shook his head. "Yes, Lydia?" he said as his secretary came in.

Spratt's visitor answered for him. "He wants to see the sketches, and we are no longer in conference, Miss Fraser." He moved forward in his chair, placed his heavy hand on the head of his heavy cane, and pushed himself into a standing position. It was not an easy movement, but he accomplished it with the skill of long practice. Lydia opened the door for him. A clever girl, she managed to make it look like a gesture of deference instead of necessary aid. Their new writer could not stand without the support of his cane, and since he had only his right hand this made it impossible for him to open a door without pushing a chair toward it so he could sit down. Spratt had risen too, and walked over to the entrance.

"Then I'll pick you up at your office this evening, as close to six-thirty as I can, and we'll go to my home for dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Herlong." He smiled courteously at Lydia. "And thank you, Miss Fraser."

Lydia went with him to the outer door of the bungalow, then returned to Spratt's inner office with the set sketches in her hand. "A remarkable man, Kessler," Spratt observed as he took the sketches.

"Isn't he? To sink into that script forty-eight hours and come up with a solution. And him half dead, too. Did the Nazis beat him up, or was he in the war, or what?"

"I've no idea. You don't ask about those things, though you can't help wondering. Maybe nothing but an auto accident."

"He does manage to bow from the waist in spite of it. Do you suppose he's going to continue forever calling everybody around here Mr. and Miss?"

Spratt laughed a little, and shrugged. "Probably. Germans are very formal. Never mind. I like him."

"So do I," said Lydia.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation walked to his own bungalow, which was conveniently located next door, since his power of walking was limited to very short distances. Explaining to his secretary that Mr. Herlong was to call for him later, he went through the reception room into his private office beyond.

He went over to the mirror on the wall and stood there looking at his reflection. It was not possible that she could recognize him. Between them lay not merely twenty-four years, but the wreckage made by that shell at Chateau-Thierry, which had destroyed him so terribly that it had taken one of the greatest surgeons in Germany five years to put together the semblance of a body that he now possessed. A makeshift that had been uncertain enough in normal times, this frame of his could hardly, after the effort to which it had been forced when he had to get out of Germany, be expected to last much longer. It was only because he was sure he could not last much longer that he was willing now to let himself see Elizabeth. He had never expected to see her again. In those frightful days in the German hospital, he had not wanted to. He had wanted her to be rid of him, as desperately as he had wanted to be rid of himself. Even now he trembled when he remembered that slow, tortured rebuilding, insertion of metal strips to replace shattered bones, stretching of shrunken muscles, inadequate food and inadequate anesthetics, his own screams and curses at the man who persisted in keeping him alive when he wanted to die.

How that doctor had kept at him, with implacable hands that he himself could see only as instruments of horror, forcing into him the life he did not want, and slowly, through all of it, giving him against his will that was really life—not mere physical existence, but a personality and a will, a re-creation so profound that it seemed quite natural, when he began to realize what was being given him, that along with all the rest he had a new name. Kessler—thank heaven, he had thought then, it was easy to say, for in those days the new language had seemed very difficult, though now it was so much his own that when he first came back to the United States he found that he had half forgotten the old. The doctor's name was not so easy. Jacoby. How he had dreaded that man at first!

He remembered Jacoby, in the days when he himself did not know a word of German, struggling through a scanty knowledge of English to make him understand what was being done to him, which he did not understand and hated Jacoby for doing, never dreaming then that he was meeting the greatest man he was ever to know in his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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SNAPPY FACTS

about RUBBER

A Boeing Superfortress lands on enough nylon to make 4,000 pairs of stockings. B. F. Goodrich builds Superfortress tires reinforced with nylon cord.

California not only has more passenger automobiles than any other state in the Union but also has more than any foreign country.

Using a road magnet, the Michigan State Highway Department recently gathered 400 pounds of nails, tacks, and other metal objects from 200 miles of highway.

Put a few pieces of charcoal into glass in which a hyacinth bulb is planted to keep the water sweet.

To exterminate white flies on house plants, cover with a newspaper canopy and have someone blow smoke under it.

Wipe off the fruit you have bought with a clean, slightly damp cloth before putting it away. This will clean it and check any rot that may have gotten on it from other fruits.

To keep a hem even, in a dress or other garment, after you have sewn an inch or two, insert a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and about six inches long and slip it along as you sew.

Keep cooked meat covered. Chopped and sliced cooked meats spoil more quickly than meat in the piece. Cut or chop just before using. Keep meat sandwiches and salads cold right up to time of serving.

Don't throw away lemon and orange skins. Bake them in a moderate oven until very crisp. When cold grate or grind them and store in a well corked bottle. A pinch in a pudding or cake makes a great improvement.

Moderate heat should be used to preserve the life of your porcelain enameled utensils. When the contents have reached the boiling point, the flame may be lowered even more. This is a fuel saving tip also.

Ball Players' Weight

In major-league baseball this year, the 554 players range in weight from 140 to 230 pounds, averaging 183 pounds; and they range in height from five feet five inches to six feet six inches, averaging exactly six feet.

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