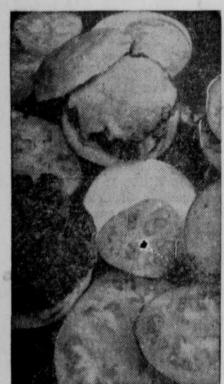


### Sandwiches, Salads Form a Basis for Nourishing Lunches



Hot sandwiches are a welcome treat for quick lunches. They may be prepared with ground meat, cheese or cold meats and flavorfully garnished with tomatoes, mustard, onions or mayonnaise.

It's eat and run in most households for lunch time because the children must run

back to school or husbands must hurry back to work. If foods are prepared in

advance, however, even the quick lunch can be nourishing and satis-

Sandwiches, of course, are an old standby, but they should be rounded out with soups and salads instead of just a beverage and a piece of cake. Cold meats are easy to use, but they can be served warm to add more appetite appeal to the noon-day meal.

Left-over vegetables from the night-before dinner, when well chilled and mixed with crisp greens, make an appetizing salad. They may also be used, along with leftover meat, for delicious soup which is so welcome with a fairly dry food like a sandwich.

If sandwiches are served, the dessert should be preferably a pudding or ice cream to give contrast. These, too, are easily prepared in the morning and will be ready to serve for lunch.

I have chosen a number of sandwiches called "burgers" which I think you will find highly suitable for that quick noon-day get-together.

## Hamburger.

Combine 11/2 pounds of ground beef with 1 egg, 11/2 teaspoons of salt and 4 teaspoon pepper; mix thoroughly but lightly. Shape into large patties about 1/2 inch thick. Heat bacon drippings until sizzling hot in a heavy skillet, lay patties on it and brown quickly on both sides. Reduce heat, cover and cook slowly about 8 to 10 minutes. Place on plain or toasted bun, serve with tomatoes, onion, mustard or mayonnaise.

## Liver Sausage Burger.

Remove casings from slices of liver sausage and brush both sides with butter. Pan fry in heavy skillet, turning to brown on both sides. Pan fry bacon until crisp. Arrange bacon and liver sausage on split plain or toasted bun. Serve with mustard or mayonnaise.

\*Cheeseburger. Mix 11/2 pounds of ground beef



teaspoons horseradish. Pan fry meat patties in bacon drippings or butter slowly for 10 to 15 minutes. turning several times as they cook. Spread with chili sauce and horse-

# Lynn Says:

Make the most of your fruit: Apples for baking are more attractive if the skin is peeled in stripes from the upper half of the apple. Use a moderate oven for baking.

All fruits should be washed before using. Spraying of the leaves often leaves a deposit on the fruit.

Bananas will not darken if dipped in lemon juice when peeled.

Grapefruits and melons will keep fresh if wrapped with waxed paper when cut. Roll oranges and lemons until slightly soft before squeezing. The

juice will flow more freely.

Lynn Chambers' Menus.

\*Pepper Pot \*Cheeseburgers with Buns Tomatoes Cookies \*Cranberry Parfait Beverage ·Recipe given.

radish and top each pattie with a melts. Serve on plain or toasted buns with tomatoes, onions, relish or mayonnaise.

Here are two rich hearty soups which you might like to serve with any type of sandwich. These, of course, may be made ahead of time as soup will improve in flavor on standing.

\*Pepper Pot.

1 onion, sliced ¼ cup celery, diced ¼ cup chopped green pepper

1/4 cup butter ¼ cup flour 11/2 quarts of meat stock 11/2 cups diced potatoes

1 tablespoon salt 1 teaspoon chili powder 1 cup cream, whipped

Simmer onion, celery and green pepper in butter about 15 minutes. Add flour and stir until well blended; then add meat stock, potatoes and seasoning. Cover and allow to simmer one hour. Add cream just before serv-

Corn Chowder.

l quart potatoes, diced 2 cups boiling water 2 tablespoons salt pork 1 medium onion, chopped

No. 2 size can of corn 2 cups milk tablespoon salt 14 teaspoon pepper

2 tablespoons chopped parsley or celery leaves ½ cup cream

Cook diced potatoes in boiling water for 10 minutes. Cut salt pork piping hot.

Two desserts which come to mind for meals such as I've just Moscow and those are picked with described are a Cranberry Parfait the greatest care. The American and a Fluffy Fruit Ice. They are films best known are Chaplin's light enough to contrast well with "Gold Rush" and "The Dictator." soup and sandwich luncheons and easy to make.



Light, fruity desserts offer taste and color contrasts to rich, heavy meals. Here, Cranberry Parfait is served in tall glasses topped with a square of jelly to make the dessert more attractive.

\*Cranberry Parfait. 1/2 can cranberry sauce 2 tablespoons powdered sugar 1 egg white 16 pint cream

1 teaspoon almond extract Beat the cranberry sauce and ters. powdered sugar with a fork. Whip the egg white and cream. Combine the two mixtures. Flavor with the almond extract and chill. Serve with

a square of cranberry sauce. Fluffy Fruit Ice.

2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin 2 tablespoons cold water 2 tablespoons sugar 16 cup water

1 cup syrup from mixed fruit 2 tablespoons lemon juice 1/2 teaspoon salt 1 egg white, beaten

1 tablespoon sugar Soften gelatin in colu water. Bring sugar and water to a boil. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add syrup, lemon juice and salt. Pour into refrigerator tray. Freeze until firm. Place in a chilled bowl, break into pieces, and fold in egg white which has been beaten with remaining sugar Return to refrigerator tray and freeze until firm. Mixed cooked or canned fruit may be served as a garnish.

Released by Western Newspaper Union



Russian newspapers and newsreels carry only small amounts of make. news about the outside world, and never anything which might arouse internal discontent with the Party's slice of cheese. Broil until cheese rule or the Soviet Union's standard of living. Now and then, of course, there is a slight miscalculation. For instance. Soviet newsreels, which specialize in strikes or disorders in the Western countries, ran many feet showing the Detroit race riots, including a vivid closeup of a cop beating a young Negro. The effect on the Soviet audience was electric. Some Russians even stood up. "Look"-they cried-"at that wonderful pair of shoes the Negro is wearing!"

Almost never do the authorities admit any book or movie which would give a straightforward picture of American life and the average American living standard. It read and appreciate the artistry of | don't bother him too often. "The Grapes of Wrath."

These curious, insubordinate malcontents would arouse little sympa-



Russians welcomed news of Stalin's meeting with Roosevelt.

in 1/4-inch dice, saute and add onion. thy in the Soviet Union, and the only Continue cooking until pork is brown possible happy ending would be to and crisp and onions are soft and have one of the younger boys join yellow; then add these, with the the Komsomols out in California, not keep faith-scraping their mancorn, to the potatoes. Boil gently loyally squeal on the whole disrupuntil potatoes are tender; add milk, tive tribe, whereupon the NKVD salt and pepper. Bring to the would give chase and after excitboiling point again and add parsley ing sequences, overtake and liquior celery leaves and cream. Serve date them at the base of the statue of Stalin.

> Few American films are shown in a Sonja Henie skating picture and Deanna Durbin's "One Hundred Men and a Girl," after the Russian subtitles were written in to bring out a heavy class-exploitation angle.

When I was in Moscow, the most popular foreign pictures were "Junwere heavily attended. With the usual Hollywood skill, the scene of one is a Hindu village and the other is medieval Bagdad, neither portrayed normal life in the Western world and so were safe.

I did see, however, one excellent the language to understand and be moved by it. The story concerned a green cadet, very much on his good behavior, who arrives with his kit bag to join a veteran fighter squadron. He is at first genially hazed by the rest, gradually gets experience, shows his mettle and is slowly accepted. It depicted some highly corned-up and improbable shots of air fights, but these flights of fancy were no more distorted than the ones dreamed up in Hollywood swivel chairs.

All nations tend to play up their their Allies, and America is, in this respect, a frequent offender. But certainly Red Army advances are decently covered in stories. maps, and pictures both in American newspapers and newsreels.

The Soviet Union, by contrast, almost never shows pictures of foreign battle fronts in its popular thea-

Anglo-American landings in Normandy were shown to the intelligentsia and to high Red Army officers, who might have a technical interest in how we handle landing operations, but they were not released to the general public.

As a result, the average Russian firmly and logically believes that his government has until recently borne. not most of the war burden, but all

of it. From time to time Stalin makes statements which are both realistic and generous to his Allies. Rather recently he predicted that Soviet soil would soon be cleared of the invader and the armies could then proceed to follow the Fascist beast and crush him in his lair, adding that this would not be possible without the combined efforts of all the

This was, of course, printed in Pravda but the average reader, sat- its loud speaker is aimed at Eric beauty turns out to be mythical in urated with news of the Red Army, and it begins to play, "Oh, Johnny, overburdened with personal prob- Oh, Johnny! How you can love!" lems, and ignorant of the extent of An excited male voice begins to sing of fresh fruit and tomatees the Anglo-American sea air, and the words breathlessly, as though he

land effort, probably dismissed it as I had first been chased around the the kind of perfunctory gesture block. which all statesmen occasionally

Today another thundering big dinner at Spiridonovka to which Eric, Joyce, and I are asked. This time only as humble spectators, for it is given by Molotov and the guests of honor are the British and American ambassadors to celebrate the anniversary of our aid agreement with England.

Any artist could draw Molotov with a ruler-a square body on short legs, square head, jaw, nose, and eyes, and there he stands. This square face is as devoid of expression as an Indian chief's.

Litvinov is also present-a keen face, thinning, sandy hair-intelligent, alert-a benign volcano. The reporters say he is the only accessible Kremlin resident. He will give any of the more serious one hour or so, explaining Soviet policy and is true that Soviet intellectuals have problems-provided, of course, they

> The dinner is like Mikovan's, even to the climatic suckling pig-or rather his cousin, similarly shaved and boiled. I am next to another Foreign Office boy (Russians apparently keep their wives and daughters away from ravening capitalist | years. wolves).

They are tremendously formal people-not because they are Communists but because they are Russians. When they throw an official shebang, everything must be just so, from oyster forks to medals. No wonder they were offended when Winston Churchill, visiting Moscow during the raids, turned up at Stalin's dinner in his siren suit. A czarist grand duke might be understood, but not these earnest Socialists. As Russians they must be spectacularly lavish: as Communists they must worry about the forks.

In the middle of the good will toasts, Molotov breaks a big piece of news; tells us that today they are launching an offensive to co-ordinate with our Anglo-American landing

in Normandy. In the major drive which presently followed toward Warsaw and East Prussia, no one can say they did power barrel, throwing war-cripples, semi-invalids, and boys into the line. Their sacrifices from the standpoint of manpower have been ghastly. Back of the front you see no young men who aren't either in uniform or limping with a wound, except the few who are in high administrative jobs. And you see absolutely no men between sixteen and forty at

the factory benches. Following the Molotov dinner, we told the correspondents of the announced attack, since it had already been launched and, of course, they filed the story. It was then stopped in censorship. The censors pointed out it had not yet appeared in Pravgle" and "Thief of Bagdad." Both da. It is a rule of Russian censorship that nothing is officially true which has not been printed in a Russian paper. Pravda got around to printing the news of the offensive

three days later. "Tomorrow," said Kirilov, "we go for ride in private steamboat down Russian picture, and did not need to Volga River and return." He stops. "There will"-and here his large sleepy eyes seem to be doing their best to gleam-"be girls."

Even our Russian hosts realize that after our busy schedule, we need a rest. Our idea of a program for this would be a milk toast diet. Theirs, of course, wins and differs slightly. It is a trip by boat down the famous canal connecting Moscow with the Volga River. Some correspondents are also invited.

We are driven to the landing place-a huge and almost completely deserted station about the size of own battle exploits and to neglect the Kansas City or the Cleveland Union Terminals. Its architecture is pretentious. It is over-ornamented and built with shoddy materials.

It towers dramatically above the canal, which is reached by a preposterously wide flight of steps-I would guess fifty of them-which are dominated by a titanic statue of Stalin. At the bottom is our boat, a streamlined version of a Mississippi River steamer.

To entertain us they have brought three of the plump operetta artistes, They were better by candlelight. Now we see a few double chins we had overlooked. They arrive in very formal dresses, but soon change. It's like date night at the Old Ladies' Home. Yet everybody is trying pathetically hard to show us a good time.

The paddles are churning through the new, white silk curtains I see the bank moving so I go on deck. On one of the long padded wicker divans, Johnston is already stretched out, shirtless for a sun bath. Two sailors, under Kirilov's supervision, come trundling out a radio-phonograph trailing a cable. This is set up in the middle of the

"Now," says Kirilov, "we will

White

The banks sliding by might be illustrations of a fairy tale. There are tall birch forests and if it were night, I am sure a distant light would appear and walking toward it we would find the old witch and her house of stick candy. Now and then we pass a clearing

and a village of logs, with those beautifully carved doors and window frames characteristic of Old Russia. Occasionally naked girl swimmers duck down as we go by.

This canal probably isn't quite as wide as the Panama but two of these great steamers can pass. About every fifteen or twenty miles there is a loading station almost as big as the one where we came aboardbut no towns are in sight. At each station a mammoth metal statue of either Lenin or Stalin commands the canal. They hold the same poses here and throughout the Soviet Union. Stalin, in his heavy overcoat and cap, strides along, swinging his arms; Lenin always gesticulates with arms outstretched.

How was the canal built, I ask. By 3,000,000 political prisoners, working with picks and shovels, and it took them only a little over two

We float for a while through soft birch forest and sure enough, another statue looms ahead. For us they disfigure the Russian landscape but I suppose we are no more annoyed than Russians would be at the billboards which line our highways. However, the artists who paint our cigarette ads are more skillful than the monumental masons who designed these cigar-store Indians.

One of the British correspondents who lives up on the fifth floor of the Metropole invites me and half a dozen other correspondents up for a party, and I take as a contribution my Bolshevik factory cake.

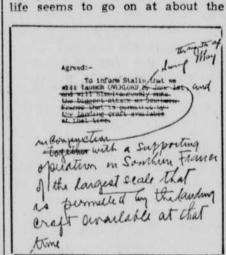
The party starts about 10 o'clock with sandwiches and black coffee, brewed over an electric stove-and my cake. The host has persuaded the Metropole maid, an old lady of seventy named Nina, who has looked after him for several years, to serve and wash dishes afterwards in his bathroom. At about ten-thirty a couple of Russian girls arrive. One is touching thirty, with the usual sallow, pimply Moscow skin and shabby clothing. The other is about twenty-four and the prettiest Russian girl I have seen. But the amazing thing is how in Moscow she has found enough vitamins to clear her

Our host calls for Nina to bring cake plates and coffee cups for the girls. Nina eyes them with intense disapproval, shoves the plates into their hands and goes out banging the door.

Our host laughs. "She's adopted me. When, now and then, a Russian girl does spend the night. Nina puts the picture of my wife and kids where it's the first thing I'll see when I wake up.'

Now for a note on sex in Russia. In the outside world Russians have an awe-inspiring reputation for promiscuity. It is unfounded. It grew up in the days when the Bolshevik Party denounced fidelity as a bourgeois fetish and proclaimed the new freedom in these matters, along with legalized abortion and post-card divorce. But even in those days the reputation was unfounded, for although divorce could be had for the asking (and some individuals got dozens), the rate for Russia as a whole was less than the American divorce rate. The average Russian seemed reasonably content with one

Now divorce is difficult and abortion illegal in Russia and promiscuity politically unfashionable. Yet



Roosevelt tells Stalin of Normandy

same cadence that it always did. One gathers that these matters are governed by deep instinct and are little affected by the official preachings of church or state, and that this is true not only of Russia, but for the rest of the world as well.

Having said this, I must add that the Moscow foreign colony is definitely underprivileged in this field. In part this is due to matters of have American music." Whereupon taste, for the legendary Russian Moscow; at least she does not exist in the absence of adequate amounts

TO BE CONTINUED.

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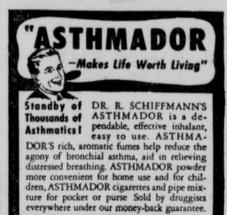
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