

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Careful Mixing, Accurate Measure Make Fine Pie Crust



Deep-Dish Pie made of cherries or rhubarb is a colorful treat for any supper. Time can be saved by mixing the crust ahead of time and using canned fruit put up last summer.

Everyone who has ever bit into a piece of pie knows the value of good pie crust. No matter how good the filling, the pie will not be up to standard if the pie crust falls down on flakiness or crispness or taste.

However, it is a very simple matter to make a good pie crust, even if one is a beginner, provided accurate measurements are used and the cook does not become too ambitious. Good pie crust requires only enough mixing to cut the shortening into small pieces, the size of green peas, and to coat them with flour. Then, just enough water is added to make the mix hold together. Some women are so afraid to use water in pie crust, that they have a crumbly instead of a flaky crust. The ideal way is to use just enough, and to work that in thoroughly.

It is not necessary to use more than one-third cup of fat to one cup of flour. Salt and water are the only other ingredients. If desired, the fat can be worked into the flour which has been salted, and the mixture allowed to stand in the refrigerator until it's time to make the pie.

To blend fat and flour together, a pastry blender is a great help. This should not be attempted by hand as the hands are always warm, and this will cause the shortening to melt and give a less flaky result.

No definite guide can be given as to the water which must be added. Most recipes say from five to six tablespoons of cold water for 2 cups of flour, but this may be a little more or less since flours vary in their rate of absorbency. An all-purpose flour is more suitable for pastry than cake flour, because it has more gluten and will give a flaky in place of a crumbly crust.

Apples are generally available throughout the year and form the basis for one of our most delicious pies. Here is an open-faced apple pie which you will enjoy:

- Apple Pie. 3 cups fresh apples, 1 cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, Cinnamon or nutmeg.

Peel the apples, core and cut into eighths. The pieces of apple should be at least 1/2 inch thick. Apples should not be too thinly sliced as this will prevent the pie from being juicy. Combine sugar with flour. Add the ap-

LYNN SAYS Let's Clean House: If windows and mirrors are not badly soiled, they may be cleaned satisfactorily with warm, clear water. If soiled, windows may be cleaned with a solution of vinegar or ammonia—4 tablespoons to each gallon of water. Woodwork should be dusted often so that the dirt does not become imbedded in it. When washing it use soap jelly with warm water and apply with a soft clean cloth or sponge. Rinse with clear, warm water and dry thoroughly. Wipe varnished floors once a week with a mop wrung dry after dipping in warm soapy water. Polish lightly with an oiled cloth or mop. Do not leave excess oil on varnished surfaces. The floors may be cleaned with a gentle scouring powder. Water should not be allowed to stand on these floors as it will loosen the cement. Wipe dry immediately after cleaning.

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

INSTALLMENT SEVEN

Our Leningrad trip comes to a climax with a big dinner given in Eric's honor by Popkov, whose title I suppose would be Mayor of Leningrad. Anyway, he is head of the local Soviet and more important still, he is for this region Stalin's right bower in the organization of the Communist Party, second only to Zdanov. Like an American city boss, he runs the town, regardless of what title he holds.

Popkov apologizes because his wife and family were evacuated and cannot meet us. It is the first time this has happened in Russia. So far, these important Bolsheviks have entertained us like Moslem princes—without mentioning their hidden families.

Then at Eric's request he tells of the siege. He was in command the whole time.

The palace dining hall and table were what you would expect, something out of an eighteenth century set in the movies. We were impressed and showed it, and this



Signboard on way to Viipuri.

pleased Popkov, who had settled into his great throne at the head of the table. The dinner now began to jog along. Popkov turned loose with a couple of Soviet funny stories, one of which was mildly dirty and the other mildly anti-Semitic.

"It seems," said Popkov, or rather the interpreter for him, "that the First Imperialist War of 1914-1917 created such a rumpus that it penetrated Heaven, so the Lord God sent Saint Peter down to find out what was the matter. Next day he got a telegram: URGENT. NOT HAVING PROPERLY COUNTER-SIGNED TRAVEL PERMIT HAVE BEEN THROWN IN JAIL BY THE CHEKA. PLEASE OBTAIN RELEASE EARLIEST. PETER."

"The Lord God sent Saint Paul, and next day got this telegram: WHILE MAKING INQUIRIES FOR PETER ENCOUNTERED CHEKA POLICE AND NOT HAVING PROPER IDENTITY PAPERS AM HELD IN JAIL FOR INVESTIGATION. IMPORTANT SEND HELP AT ONCE. PAUL."

"So the Lord God sent Saint Jacob, this also being a common Jewish name in Russia, and the following day opened this telegram: PETER AND PAUL RELEASED WITH APOLOGIES SITUATION COMPLETELY IN HAND. AWAIT YOUR FURTHER ORDERS. JACOB, CHIEF OF THE CHEKA."

Popkov, by now, was reasonably mellow, leaning back in his chair. He said he was delighted to have us with him. He hoped we were learning about Russia, which we hadn't understood. Now, for instance, he said, there were some things he certainly didn't understand about our country.

And the principal thing, he said, squinting at us, was this: Here we were, fighting a war together, or anyway Russia was fighting, and maybe we would be soon. But in spite of that, we let a Fascist Press exist in America, clearly fascist because it frequently criticized Russia. That, he said, he certainly could not understand; why we let Russia and her leader be criticized in America.

Now, of course, this was Eric's show, but I wanted to handle this one and signaled as much to Eric. He gave me a nod to go ahead.

I said I could well understand his confusion and perhaps could clear it up because I was not a business man but ran a newspaper. America was a free country, and therefore had a free press. And while most Americans supported both President Roosevelt and Russia, all of us would fight anyone who tried to stop criticism of them. Because a country where criticism is dead, is not free. The right to criticize, I said, is the most important freedom for which we are now fighting.

Then a curious thing happened. Some of Popkov's henchmen at the table were old-timers—men in their fifties and sixties. They were smiling and nodding approval. One thin old man even had his hands poised to clap, but then he looked at Popkov and he didn't clap.

At this point Joyce got up and said that in a free country we always criticized our friends. We had been supporting and criticizing the British ever since this war began in 1939, and we saw no reason why we shouldn't do the same with Russia.

Then Eric got up and smoothly settled everything, freedom of the press, Russia, England, and even Popkov, who had been a little bit taken aback by it all, and who now said that this freedom to criticize was a most interesting thing, and he hoped we didn't mind that he had himself used some of this American freedom to criticize America.

So then he filled up his glass and mine, and grinning, said he suspected me of being a khitre moujik, a back-handed Russian slang compliment, which means "sly farmer"—one who knows more than he appears to.

So I said I was sure he was a khitre proletarian, and after that we got along very well. We talked Popkov. He meets you head-on. He is tough but this is a tough country and only tough men can ride this broncho. Talkers don't last. Kerenky and Trotsky weren't quick enough on the draw. These combination city-manager-Little Caesar types are the only ones who can handle it.

We start for the Finnish front and the reporters, against all experience, are hoping. All previous front trips have gone no further than the headquarters of a general. But Eric Johnston, even in America, was promised a look at the fighting.

We drive over one of Russia's few paved highways—from Leningrad to Viipuri, until 1940 Finland's second largest city. Russia took it by the treaty of that year.

In 1941 the Finns again reoccupied it, continued to their old frontier and then dug in a few kilometers beyond. In these trenches they stayed during 1942, 1943, and half of 1944.

They were there until a few weeks ago, when the Russian drive easily crashed through their first carefully prepared defense line, and then their second. We are told that they have now been pushed back to their third, just outside Viipuri.

The Russians profited greatly in experience by that little war. They were badly mauled in the first months of fighting because, being overly impressed by the success of German tank tactics in flat, treeless Poland, they had tried to copy them in Finland, a rolling, heavily forested country studded with lakes and swamps.

After early setbacks they corrected their errors. They abandoned all open tactics, brought up their big guns (which are excellent and which they possess in great numbers), tanked them hub to hub in front of the Mannerheim line and blew it to bits, after which the Finnish infantry could offer only token opposition to the Red Army masses.

On June 22, 1941, Hitler attacked Russia. As his armies crossed the border he spoke over the radio. Several paragraphs were devoted to praise of Finland's 1940 resistance to Russia. Germany was ready to defend the integrity of little Finland, he said. And even now German troops were on Finnish soil.

Technically this was true. It had been explained to the Finns, who had no foreknowledge of the attack on Russia, that these German divisions were only en route to Narvik.

But the Russians jumped to the conclusion (as Hitler intended they should) that Finland was already in the war. The Finnish version of events is the Russians immediately began bombing Finnish cities, that the Finns sent unanswered notes of protest. Historians will settle this point. At present we only know that the Finnish declaration of war on the Soviets came four days after Hitler's attack, indicating the obvious reluctance of many Finns.

It was a beautiful June day, and the countryside was vividly green. The land is rolling, with patches of woodland and not many houses. We share the road with truckloads of Red Army boys rolling toward the front. None of them seemed to have steel helmets, also rare in Moscow.

Then we pass a curious sight—to our Western eyes—the wounded coming back from the front—heads in bloody bandages, arms in slings, but jolting along in horse-drawn carts. They are the kind we often whisk back across the Atlantic by plane.

Maybe it was not typical. From three creaking wooden cartloads it is not safe to assume that human suffering is so cheap in Russia that you take a man to battle by truck but, once his fighting usefulness is gone his time is not valuable, and a horse cart is fast enough. Only there were the trucks and the carts on the only front I saw.

We mount the crest of a hill, and below us in the valley and on the hill opposite we see the outworks of the Finnish defense line, behind which they camped from the fall of 1941 until June 12, 1944—about a week ago. The valley is thick with barbed-wire spun like spider web on a stubby forest of waist-high posts. The green hill beyond is scarred with zigzag trenches. A number of Russian tanks pass, big ones and good-looking, on their way up to the front.

Behind us comes a dull roar and we look up to see a formation of Stormoviks on their way toward the Viipuri front.

Finally at about noon we arrive at the little village of Terijoki, which I had visited almost five years before when it was a front-line town on the other side of the Russo-Finnish lines.

Kirilov leaves us to visit the local commander who will decide how much farther and by what road we may go to the front.

A quarter of an hour later, he comes back and imperturbably motions us to follow. We drive to the outskirts of Terijoki.

Kirilov strolls over. But the front, we ask.

"The commander has said today we can go no farther. There would be danger."

We argue, plead, expostulate. We express dismay, chagrin, consternation. We point out that we have been nowhere near the front.

"The commander has said no further. Now we picnic."

The Soviet standard of living is a shock to anyone from the Western countries. During the world depression, a number of young English and American workers, intellectually inclined, took passage to the Soviet Union because in this land there is always work for everyone.

Swept away by the enthusiasm of the first few weeks, they surrendered their British or American passports and took out Soviet citizenship. Within a year practically all of them were back, clamoring at the doors of their former embassies, pleading for help to get out of Russia.

It was, of course, impossible. They had freely given up their passports and with them their rights, and under any interpretation of international law they were indistinguishable from any other Soviet citizen, bound to their assigned jobs and with no hope of leaving.

And when they exercised their former Anglo-Saxon rights to protest about living conditions they got the treatment meted out to any other Soviet citizen who stirs up discontent: they were arrested and thrown into labor battalions. All trace of them was lost and no longer could they plead with their embassies in Moscow.

But one man's family made persistent inquiries for news of him, and his legation brought pressure to bear on the Russians for at least some information. So after some months, it was announced that the man had died in his labor camp, that according to law his effects had been sold, and the legation was given a check for 15 roubles to be turned over to his next-of-kin abroad. These relatives, however, would not believe that he was dead, and darkly suspected that it was worth those 15 roubles to the Soviet government to be rid of the tedious inquiries.

Americans frequently express amazement that the Red Army



Bit of Old Russia in Finn town of Viipuri in 1939.

should have been able to resist the German attack, and feel its exploits are a miracle.

The Red Army is good. Russians make good soldiers. They are well disciplined, competently led, and equipped with good rifles and plenty of heavy artillery which they handle with skill. But this is not all. Soldiers must be young, and the military strength of any nation is determined not only by its total population, but by the number of boys in their late teens and early twenties.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bats Use 'Radar' to Find Their Way About in Dark

Recent experiments by scientists show that bats have for ages been using the same basic principle as that used in radar. The scientists plugged the creatures' ears, and the flying mammals flew into cords stretched across a dark room.

Mere blinding of the creatures had failed to keep them from missing the cords. The scientists taped the bats' mouths shut. Again they hit the cords.

Sound was the answer. Further tests showed that the bats emit sounds pitched above human hearing. These noises are reflected from obstacles in the same way a short wave beam is reflected from an airplane in radio location.

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CHICK FEEDERS AS GIFTS ... GOOCH GIVES THOUSANDS

Modern Chick Feeder Is "Life-Saver" for Chicks in Getting Sound Start

Poultry Raisers Have Opportunity to Win Prizes In New Contest

GET FULL CONTEST DETAILS FROM YOUR LOCAL GOOCH DEALER

LINCOLN (Special)—By renewal of arrangements first made over a year ago, Gooch feed dealers will again this year give an improved chick feeder with each 10 lb. bag of Gooch's Best Starting Feed purchased by their customers. This feeder was enthusiastically received by users of Gooch's Best Starting Feed last year. Users liked it so well it was arranged to repeat his offer.

The gift feeder is of modern construction, having no rough sharp corners to injure chicks. Long in use at the Gooch Experimental Poultry Farm near here, this improved feeder accommodates 24 baby chicks at a time. Each chick feeds at a separate "window," two on each side.

Crowding chicks to get at their feed supply has been costly to many poultry raisers. The weaker chicks fail to get enough to eat, and this setback is repeated over and over while flock losses mount up.

The improved feeder given by Gooch Feed Mill Company through its dealers is designed to prevent such crowding. The ridged top tends to keep chicks from roosting on the feeder, and slanted roof additionally protects the feed. Users report a notable saving in feed, through prevention of waste.

Crisis for Chicks at Start

The day-old chick has already reached an important crisis in its life. It is fragile, yet capable of multiplying its hatching weight ten times within 8 weeks, if it receives the right nutrients uniformly well-balanced. Each chick must receive an abundance of vitamins, proteins and carbohydrates or it cannot make the quick start so vital to its future stamina, growth, and egg production. Gooch's Best Starting Feed supplies a rich blend of vitamins, carbohydrates, minerals and proteins uniformly well-balanced to give the chicks a quick sound start. The gift feeder makes it easy for every chick to get its full share.

Dealers Issue Paper The Spring, 1946, issue of The Chick News-Recorder carries full details of the Gooch dealers' gift feeder offer. It also carries particulars of an easy letter-writing contest in which poultry raisers may win valuable prizes.

If your copy of this Spring, 1946, newspaper-size edition of Chick News-Recorder has not reached you, ask your local Gooch dealer for your free copy. It contains much information of value to you on chick-raising. 46-50

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