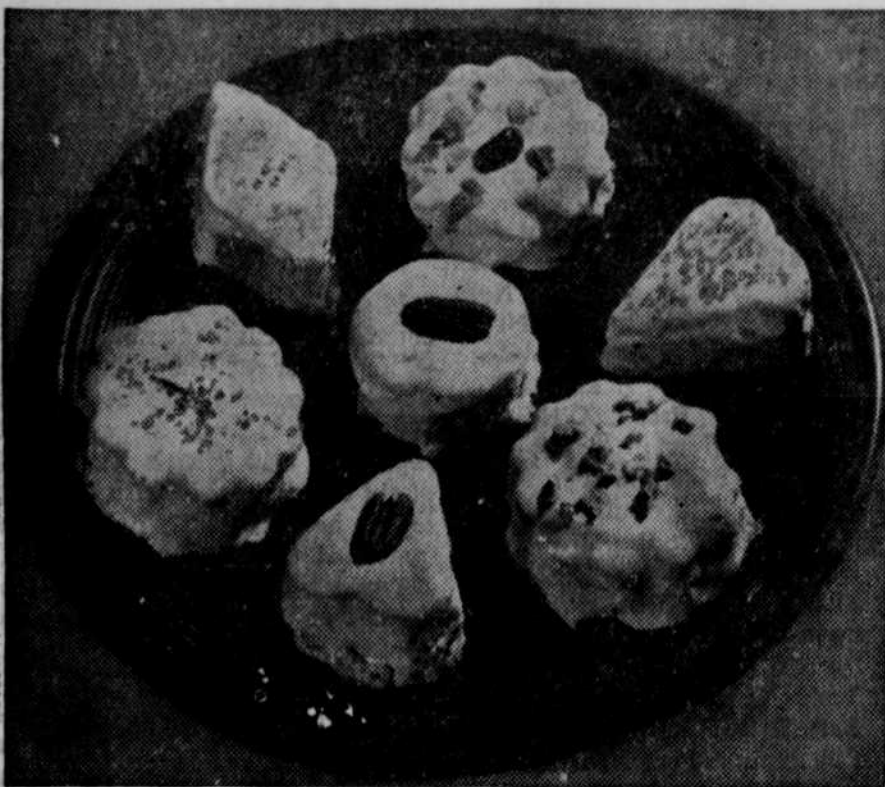


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Little Cakes Are Short on Sugar
(See Recipes Below)

Little Cakes, Cookies

Haven't you noticed what a nice spot little cakes, cookies and tarts fill in the daily diet? They can be tucked into the lunch box to round out the menu, used as snacks for the afternoon or evening, or kept in a covered container, ready to serve for unexpected guests.

Most little cakes and cookies need but little shortening and sugar, and, for this reason, they are highly adaptable to these days of shortages. Then, too, fruit sauces and other mixes can be used in them to save on sugar.

One of the most delightful cakes in this department is a cup cake made with applesauce. It has sweetness; it stays moist; and it requires no icing:

- Applesauce Cup Cakes.**
 1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1 egg, beaten
 2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon baking soda
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon powdered cloves
 1 cup seedless raisins
 1 cup nutmeats, chopped
 1 cup sweetened fresh or canned applesauce

Cream the shortening and sugar until thoroughly creamed. Add egg. Sift the next five ingredients and combine with raisins and nuts. Heat applesauce to the boiling point, then add to sugar mixture alternately with the flour mixture. Turn into a greased loaf pan or muffin tins and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven. A loaf will take 1 hour and 15 minutes to bake; cup cakes, 45 to 50 minutes.

If you have some leftover egg yolks, you'll find a very special use for them in these Sunshine cup cakes. Frost them with a lemon butter frosting and decorate with pieces of citron or candied lemon and orange peel, and you have a very welcome snack for company:

- Sunshine Cup Cakes.**
 1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 6 egg yolks
 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
 2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
 1/2 cup milk

Cream the shortening and sugar. Beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon colored and add to the creamed mixture. Sift the dry ingredients three times and add alternately to the first mixture with the milk. Fold in flavor and beat until smooth. Pour batter into greased and floured muffin pans and bake in a moderately hot (375-degree) oven for 20 to 30 minutes. This will make 2 dozen cup cakes.

Children prefer spicy, chewy cookies in their lunch. Smart mothers will keep the cookie jar filled—this being easily done if one or two large batches of cookies are made once a week. You'll want to use molasses, spices and brown sugar for cookies that youngsters crave:

- Molasses Hermits.**
(Makes 4 dozen cookies)
 1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup molasses
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup seedless raisins

LYNN CHAMBERS' MENUS

- Corn Fritters Buttered Onions
 Baked Tomatoes
 Grape and Orange Salad
 Hot Muffins
 Butterscotch Tarts Beverage

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

INSTALLMENT ELEVEN

In the Soviet Union about 180,000,000 people have been on an even lower living standard for twenty-five years, and only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter-century the Soviets have controlled one-seventh of the world's land surface, rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had almost a quarter of a century of peace—which is a long time.

Temporarily, money has little value. Everyone has far more than he needs to buy his ration limit. The unofficial currency in Russia is vodka. The average citizen may buy a pint a month for about \$5, but if he does not care to drink, it has a very high trading value.

There are several categories of rationing corresponding to different strata of the Soviet caste system. The Red Army is extremely well

fed. And Soviet officers enjoy a 50 per cent discount at the commercial stores.

The Kremlin is luxuriously fed through its own commissary. To foreign embassies the Kremlin obligingly provides delicacies otherwise unobtainable in the Soviet Union at any price.

Foreigners are about as well fed as the top Bolsheviks (except, of course, for the very top, in the Kremlin).

For ordinary Soviet civilians, there is a sliding scale, which may be pretty well judged by the bread ration. A first-class warworker gets 600 grams a day—more than a pound. A second-class worker gets 500, an office employee (not an executive) gets 400 and a dependent (old people, children, cripples) gets 300 grams.

Writers, actors, singers, musicians, and other artists are in a special luxury category, for food, clothing and living quarters.

The estate of a czarist nobleman is now a museum. When Peter the Great was forcing Russia to turn toward Europe, this nobleman sent several hundred of his young serfs to Italy to learn the arts. They returned as architects, portrait and landscape painters, sculptors, opera singers, and actors. They renovated his palace in the Italian style. It became a forest of slave-produced statuary and paintings and included a theater for the ballet.

The slaves had learned a smooth technique and certainly no one could criticize their volume. We pass down lanes of Venuses, Neptunes and swans tampering with the honor of Leda. But as art it is as dead as the autocracy which inspired it.

The old, courtly caretaker and his wife bow us out after we have signed the guest book. Jennie whispers, "They are of the old regime, those two."

"You have seen them before?"
 "Never. But I know by the way they speak Russian, and their manners. One can always tell the former people. They are of the old times."

Probably an old lawyer, or an old teacher and his wife, who found for themselves this little haven against the social storm which destroyed their class. To find such a haven was not easy, for an estimated 20,000,000 people died during the civil wars—most often from starvation. And of these, few were rich aristocrats, for before the first world war only 30,000 people had taxable incomes of more than \$5,000.

A society called Voks, organized by the government to maintain cultural relations with the outside world today honors Eric, accompanied by Joyce and me, with a party. Not more than twenty-five Russians are there, but the list includes every well-known Russian name in the arts. There is, of course, the composer Shostakovich, the sculptress who did the gigantic statuary group for the Paris exposition of 1937, and the immensely popular writer Ilya Ehrenburg, of whom I have also heard much from the correspondents.

He served as Tass correspondent in Paris, the only Western country

with their possession of Slavic blood, they take the further logical step of concluding that something is wrong with you not similarly blessed. This popularization of the old medieval Slavic skull-busters resulted naturally in a rising contempt for Jews.

The anti-Semitism did not directly embarrass the Kremlin for, since the purges of 1937, very few Jews remained in high government positions. They have recently taken steps to correct the trend by soft-pedaling publicity about the Slavic skull-busters of antiquity. The czars often encouraged anti-Semitism, and one of the admirable things about the Soviet regime is its uncompromising attitude toward any form of race prejudice which it holds down with a firm hand; no small task in dealing with the Russian people, in whom anti-Semitism has been a tradition for centuries.

But the government has done a good job in keeping it down with the result that anti-Semitism is no stronger than it is in America.

The people during the Moscow panic were also sore at the army. For twenty-five years they had sacrificed to maintain the biggest one in Europe, and had been told it was the best equipped. But since June it had been kicked out of one defense line after another, and now beaten back to the outskirts of the capital.

The whole thing seemed hopeless to many, and since they were also frightened by the continual bombing, they felt the sooner it was over the better. My informant-friend with one blue eye and one brown, had the habit of wearing in his button-hole a small replica of the well-known flag of his country in red, white and blue enamel. It also happened his country was then being highly praised in the Moscow press for the aid it promised to Russia, and the people were being assured that much more would soon arrive.

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But my friend had to take off his little enamel flag because it got him into too many arguments.

Strangers would come up to him on the street or on the subway and say, "Why are you silly people sending help to the regime? Don't you know you're only prolonging the war? If you'd mind your own business, it would be over sooner."

And if anyone started making a patriotic speech, someone might remark sourly, "What's the matter with you, anyway? Are you a Jew?"

In general, the evacuees were not popular. Rumors circulated as to enormous prices they were paying for automobiles to make their getaway, and other rumors to the effect that peasants were stopping them on the highways to relieve them of hoarded valuables.

The situation got worse. The militiamen on the corner had disappeared. Also those guarding vacant embassies against looting. Levies of green troops hastily raised to defend the capital, had broken at Mojhaisk and run away.

There were near-riots at food stores. Russians are not by nature an orderly people and as soon as they discovered the militia was gone, the slow-moving food queues became pushing crowds. There were rumors that Jews were being beaten in the subways.

Three things stopped the Moscow panic. First, the government on October 17, ordered all stored food dumped on the market, allowing

the Moscow panic described for me began October, 1941, as the Germans approached the town. The foreigners and the government had gone. As the fighting got closer rumors arose.

People began destroying all evidence which would prove they were ever sympathetic with the Party. They burned up those pictures of Stalin, Lenin and Molotov which are in many Russian homes, and burned their Communist books—doing such a thorough job that it is still difficult to buy this type of literature—because of the paper shortage the government has not got around to replacing it.

The Germans were dropping not only reprints of Winston Churchill's early speeches attacking the Bolsheviks—but also attacks on Jews. But German propaganda was not solely responsible for the rising anti-Semitism in Moscow; Russian propaganda also contributed.

In an effort to arouse patriotism in the Russian people, the Bolsheviks had turned to history, repopularizing the discarded heroes of czarist times, generals and czars who in the past had heaved out invaders in the name of Holy Mother Russia.

"We know," reasoned a prominent Bolshevik, "that the people are not fighting for Communism; they are fighting for Russia." It was true, and the Bolsheviks capitalized on it. But pride of race cuts both ways: if you convince a people that an unusual amount of heroism goes along

people to buy in unlimited quantities. If the Germans were to take Moscow, it was better to have it in the cupboards of the people than in warehouses for the Germans. The people were so busy scrambling for this food that they had no time for rumors.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Sevastopol, typical of ruined Russian cities.

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