

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Lynn Chambers' Menus

- Crown Roast of Lamb
- Hashed Brown Potatoes
- Brussels Sprouts
- Asparagus Salad
- Bran Muffins Beverage
- Butterscotch Ice Cream
- Cookies

served with cream cheese for a change:

Orange Honey Bread.

- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 1 cup strained honey
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts

Blend the softened butter with honey. Add beaten egg and orange rind and mix well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the orange juice. Add the nuts and mix well. Bake in a greased loaf pan, in a very moderate (325-degree) oven for 1 hour and 10 minutes. Serve with cream cheese or cheese mixed with orange marmalade.

Bananas and whipped cream, two of our favorite foods which all but disappeared during the war years, have returned to grace the table. I know you'll enjoy them both in this food-of-the-gods combination:

Banana Cake.

- (Makes 2 9-inch layers)
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup sour or buttermilk
- 1 cup mashed bananas (2 or 3)
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together shortening and sugar; beat in eggs. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Fold in bananas and flavoring. Bake in well-greased layer cake pans in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

You will need 1 cup cream, whipped, and 2 bananas, sliced, for the filling. Or, part of the cake, preferably the center, may be filled with whipped cream and bananas and the rest of the cake iced with chocolate frosting.

We sometimes tend to overlook the simple dishes in our search for something really fresh and inviting. You'll know what I mean when you look at the next recipe for simple foods flavored with something special:

Mocha Bread Pudding.

- (Serves 6)
- 4 tablespoons coffee
- 1 quart milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 2 cups coarse bread or cake crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Combine coffee and milk and bring to a boil slowly. Let stand 10 minutes. Strain, add butter and chocolate to the flavored milk. Cook over boiling water until chocolate melts. Beat eggs, add sugar,

Blend together cream cheese and salad dressing. Add nuts, green pepper and fruit; mix well. Fold in dash of salt and whipped cream. Pour into individual molds and freeze 3 to 4 hours. Serve each on a portion of lettuce or curly endive, garnished with the cherries.

What about adding a little variety into the bread department? Here's an orange honey bread that can be

Vegetable Variety: Now that fresh, spring vegetables are arriving at the markets, you'll want to doll them up in their very best dress.

Cook fresh, tender green asparagus until just barely done and serve with lemon-chive butter, cheese or sour cream sauce. Dust with paprika before serving.

Hot, cooked green or waxed beans may be served with a tablespoonful of chili sauce or combined with one of these other vegetables: carrots, celery, peas, lima beans or onions.

When creaming green beans, add a little nutmeg, parsley, horseradish or mustard to the sauce.

Lima beans are especially savory when served with a few sauteed mushrooms; or, serve with a cream sauce to which a little mustard and lemon juice has been added.

Beets will come back for a return engagement if they are served cooked, scooped and stuffed with the following: cottage cheese seasoned with chili sauce, onion, diced, cooked bacon, salt, pepper and lemon juice. Brown in oven before serving.

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....



W. L. White

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

I told him what I was doing here and that this was Omsk.

They told me they'd been assigned as technical advisers on a big war construction project. "A mine up north," said Tex. "And now we're going out."

Ed said, "At this little burg, they set up a whole Intourist Hotel to take care of us. Brought in wine, cheese, cigarettes, candy, noodles, and dried eggs. For the rest, we were supposed to scavenge off the country. They sent in a cook and an assistant cook, a bookkeeper—in all about ten people taking care of us."

"We really didn't get to know many Russians," said Ed. "Except it was different with the girls. They have some fine girls and nobody seems to mind if you take them out. They might have been assigned to us. Or anyway had to tell the NKVD whatever we said."

"We know they gave the hotel employees a lecture," said Tex. "Said

live out your sentence," said Tex. "they turn you loose, but your passport has a red line through it. That means you can never get a house or a good job—you've got to keep moving."

"Or you may not get sentenced," said Ed, "just arrested and investigated. If things don't look quite right, then you get a passport with letters in front of the numbers. This means that you are under some suspicion, and you can never hold a key job."

"You see a mining engineer gets about 1,800 roubles a month," said Ed. "They get one room for which they pay about 30 roubles. All they can buy on their ration cards amounts to 400 or 500 roubles a month. Then they must go to the free market for enough butter, eggs, meat, or fish."

Now for a note on Russian suspicion of foreigners. Russia does not yet trust the outside world. Diplomats are just as closely imprisoned in Moscow as are correspondents. At the time of our visit, the current British ambassador had been unable to secure permission to travel outside the capital. One of the Allied countries which has in power a left-wing government adorned its diplomatic staff in Moscow with a special labor attaché, and appointed to this post an important union official. He came to extend the hand of fellowship from the toilers of the West to their fellow workers in Russia. The Soviets gave him countless banquets but let him see nothing. This lack of freedom has so warped his viewpoint that he now insists that the Soviet system of unions is only a scheme to get the last ounce of work out of labor.

After the Revolution, Lenin invited foreign concessionaires to help get Russian industry back on its feet. Later they were thrown out. Stalin invited foreign engineers to build the great factories and dam rivers, but later put some on trial for espionage.

Of course, Bolshevik hostility aroused bitter counter-hostility. A crouched sanitaire was built around Russia. France supported Poland in a war against the Bolsheviks in 1921, and Russia was for over a decade excluded from the League and denied diplomatic recognition. So their suspicion of foreigners came to have some basis in fact.

This warped view of the world held by the Kremlin is slowly yielding to reality. After Lenin's death, Stalin won power and supported the thesis—gingerly at first—that socialism in one country was possible and Russia could dare to devote her energies to building up her own economic structure. World revolution he explained, was desirable, and he pledged himself to bend all efforts to bring it about. But for the immediate future, it was not indispensable to the Russian Bolsheviks.

In recent years there has been a further change. For publication the Kremlin has announced that world revolution is neither necessary nor desirable from the standpoint of the Soviet Union. And the ablest foreign observers in Moscow agree that these protestations are sincere. They point out that Russia has been terribly weakened by war and needs desperately a few decades of peace. They say she now realizes that Europe does not want to be "liberated" from capitalist democracy, and that this could be accomplished only by a further bloody struggle involving sacrifices which the Russians are both unwilling and unable to make. Russia wants, they insist, only a stable and friendly Europe.

Novosibirsk, Siberia's capital, lies in the center of this chill roof of the world, about midway between Berlin and Tokyo.

The feeling of this big, sprawling boom-town was like that of the West where the robust town-builders are proud of their city. West of the Urals, Bolshevik civilization has taken over the ancient towns and palaces and their new structures rise on the ruins of things they destroyed. Here in Siberia, they have chopped and blasted and dug their cities out of a virgin continent. And they have something to be proud of. Novosibirsk has almost a million people.

We are whisked across the town to our quarters. Tiny potato patches are along the highway shoulders and back in forest clearings. Big handsome girls, often barefoot, walk erect down the road with scarves around their hair and farm tools over their shoulders.

The patches have been assigned to workers in the city. Some factories maintain busses to take the workers out on week-ends to hoe the patches. But most struggle out from town, as we see them doing now.

Presently we ride along the banks of a river as wide as the Ohio at its mouth, but as yellow as the Missouri. We are told that it is the Ob, of which none of us has ever heard, and that it is the fourth longest river in the world.

We come to the dacha—a Russian word meaning country residence for

someone who normally lives in the city. It gleams new and white against the great trees which surround it and overlooks the Ob. The house would be indistinguishable from the great estates of the wealthy New York families along the Hudson. It has an equally large staff of servants. The rooms are as large, as clean and as luxurious.

Whenever the convenience of a high Communist is involved, these people can be as clean and tidy as the Dutch or the Swedes. So it is in this dacha.

Below the dacha a private bathing pier extends out into the Ob. Down the hill we see a well-kept tennis court, with flood lights for night games. To the right is a volley-ball court. We have a volley-ball game—Russians versus Americans.

There is considerable shouting. On the Russian side only one man does any shouting; the others play in grim Slavic silence. He is an under-sized man in his forties, with wide cheekbones and a shock of curly hair—quick as a fox terrier—who keeps up a running fire of command and encouragement to the Russian team.

He is strikingly un-Russian. Some odd combination of chromosomes has produced out here on the steppes a quick-minded, tough little Irishman—complete with wiry hair and jutting jaw. He even talks out of the corner of his mouth.

His name was Michael Kalugin, and although he turned out to hold no local office, it was easy to see how he had acquired the habit of command. He was Secretary of the Communist Party for Siberia.

Novosibirsk has a shopping district about the size of Wichita's. There is a beautiful new theater, for the ballet, but Moscow artists also occasionally perform there. Near by, a smaller theater is devoted to operettas, and plays are given at a third.

The post office is the usual Soviet shabbiness. The building is pretentious but the linoleum is worn through. In the halls, tiles are chipped and missing.

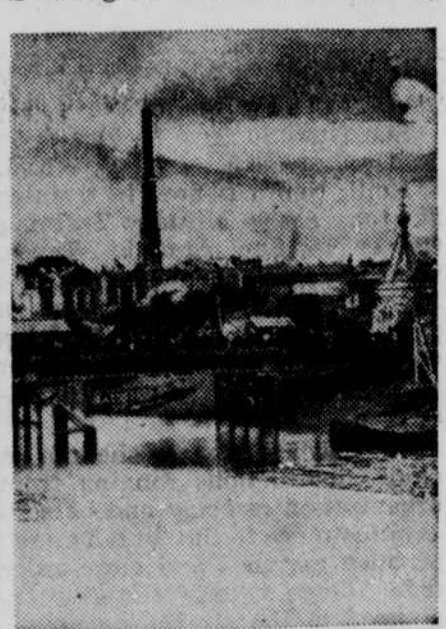
The railway station is from the outside an impressive, modern building. The architecture is dramatic—high ceilings with sweeping vistas, but the materials are second-rate. It is showy, but the effect is beautiful.

The crowd is fascinating. One great hall is roped off for women with babies and small children. There are no seats. Their mothers sit on the clean-swept terrazzo floor. There are polished wood benches in the spacious main waiting room—only this is reserved for wounded soldiers who sprawl on every inch of the space, their crutches leaning on the benches beside them or lying on the floor.

There must be between 500 and 1,000 of these weary men, most of them with an arm or leg missing. This is a normal hour of a normal day in Novosibirsk station.

In the main hall they even have Indians—copper-yellow faces with high cheekbones and straight, black Mongolian hair. These, of course, are from Kazakhstan down on the Chinese border. But I see no racial difference between Uzbeks or Kazaks and our Osages or Navajos, except that these Soviet Indians are not so well-dressed as ours. Like ours, they were fighting nomad Mongolian tribes until the Russians tamed them.

At the dacha a Red Army band is tuning its instruments down by



Omsk, one of the industrial centers visited by Johnston and White.

the water front. As it strikes up a military march a second band appears, in even smarter uniforms, and begins tuning up.

As we go in to dinner, a gleaming white river steamer ties up at the wharf. We are told that after dinner we will go for a ride on the Ob.

Mike Kalugin ushered us down the river bank and aboard the steamer. Mike waved us expansively to a row of deck chairs just forward of the bridge. The better of the two bands, lined up on the bow facing us, struck up as the boat moved out into the current. The band was magnificent. It was the official band of the Red Army.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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- 2 cups Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
- 1/2 cup molasses
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- 1 egg
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup chopped dates

Add KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN to molasses and milk and allow to soak for 15 minutes. Beat egg and add to first mixture. Add sifted dry ingredients and fruit. Fill greased muffin pans

two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes. Makes 15 light, luscious muffins.

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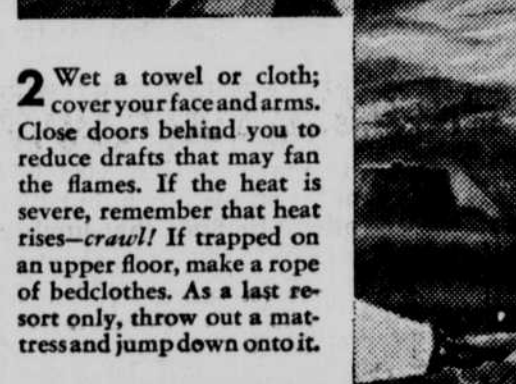
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How to Fight the Menace of FIRE



A Wet Towel and a Flashlight may save your life!—says the National Safety Council

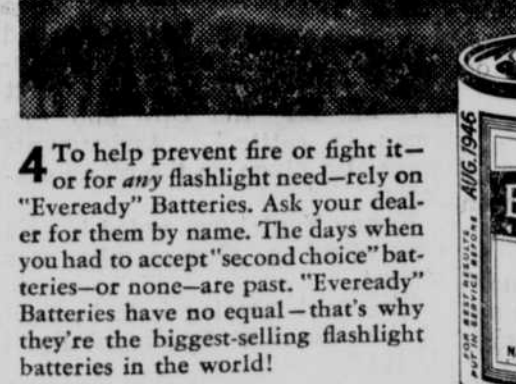
1 Call the fire department at first opportunity! Fire is always dangerous—especially at night! Most fires do occur at night! If you smell smoke, reach for your "Eveready" flashlight. Feel doors before opening them. If a door is hot, don't open it!



2 Wet a towel or cloth; cover your face and arms. Close doors behind you to reduce drafts that may fan the flames. If the heat is severe, remember that heat rises—crawl! If trapped on an upper floor, make a rope of bedclothes. As a last resort only, throw out a mattress and jump down onto it.



3 To avoid danger, you have to see it—so keep your flashlight with you until you're safe! Watch for collapsing ceilings... But the best way to avoid fire is to prevent it! Your flashlight gives a much better light than matches or a candle, and it's much safer tool



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