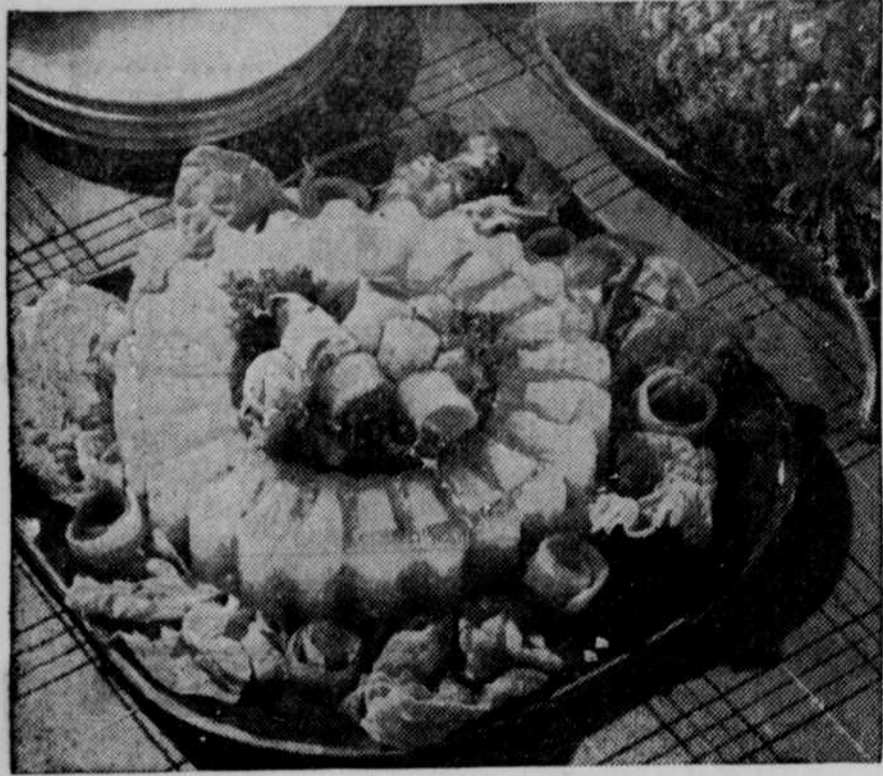


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Sunshine Salad—Carrots, Orange and Pineapple
(See Recipe Below)

Springtime Salads

With warm weather already here, and warmer breezes just around the corner, what family's interest doesn't turn to cool, lovely salads? The thought of jewel-green vegetables resting like gems on lighter green leaves of lettuce and endive, or brilliantly sparkling fruits on the dark green of watercress or frilly leaves of garden lettuce are certain remedies for getting rid of sweltering heat waves.

I know of some families who make salads the main ingredient of the menus during the really warm weather. Not enough protein, did I hear you say? Oh, but yes, for you can put enough meat, fish and cheese into the salads to give them that "stick-to-the-ribs" quality. Keep your salads crisp and fresh-looking. Wash the lettuce as thoroughly as you can, letting the cold water trickle on every leaf. Keep your salads as pretty as picture plates. Even a tossed salad which is sort of thrown together can be lovely, as long as you don't fuss with it until it looks weary.

Mold them, too, for a change, using fruits or vegetables or both, for pretty molds are again reaching the markets. Unflavored gelatin can be used with tomato juice and fruit juices if you want to have a bit of color on the salad plate.

A salad that looks like a sunburst itself is this one with tiny wedges of pineapple and carrot curls:

Sunshine Salad.

(Serves 6)

- 1 envelope plain unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup hot pineapple syrup, drained from can
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup mild vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup grated raw carrots
- 1 cup orange segments, cut small
- 1 1/2 cups canned pineapple, cut into small pieces

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot pineapple syrup. Add orange juice, vinegar and salt. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in carrots, orange and pineapple. Turn into a mold that has been rinsed out in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold onto greens and serve with mayonnaise.

If fresh pineapple is used, cook the fruit a few minutes. The acid of fresh pineapple prevents gelatin from stiffening.

To make this salad as pleasing as it appears in the photograph, serve the salad on greens and fill the center with carrot curls. These latter are made by cutting the carrots in paper thin slices (try a potato peeler), wrap tightly around the finger and chill in ice water. If

Lynn Says:

Watch Those Bread Crumbs: Although rationing is over, we are still being called upon to conserve vital foods. This time it is the breadbox which is under strict observation.

Don't throw away those dry crusts of bread. Let them accumulate in a paper bag until you have enough to put through a meat grinder. These will be very fine and tasty to use for bread-

ing.

Leftover bread crumbs, seasoned well, may be used as topping for casseroles.

Eat rye, whole wheat or bran bread when white bread is not available. Don't throw away a slice.

Lynn Chambers' Menus

- Rice and Eggs Baked in Cheese Sauce
- Raw Spinach and Carrot Salad
- Bran Muffins
- Asparagus
- Banana Cream Pie
- Beverage

you place the carrots close together in a glass of ice water, they will not come apart or need toothpicks to hold them together.

If you're getting into the habit of serving something pretty but simple for Sunday night suppers—which, by the way is a good idea for saving yourself work—try this salmon salad which is a meal in itself:

Buffet Salmon Salad.

(Serves 8 to 10)

- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
- 1 pound salmon, cooked and flaked
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Olives, sliced
- Pimiento strips
- Lettuce or watercress

Soften gelatin in cold water. Mix sugar, salt and mustard thoroughly. Combine vinegar and egg yolks in double boiler. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add horseradish. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Add salmon and celery; fold in cream. Place olive slices and strips of pimiento on bottom of an oiled fish or loaf mold. Turn mixture into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold onto platter and garnish with watercress.

Note: Smoked salmon, trout, sturgeon or shrimp may be used in the above recipe in place of salmon.

Two very pretty salads which might be served as tidings of spring are these:

Strawberry Cheese Salad.

(Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 pint strawberries
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 4 three-ounce cakes cream cheese
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Wash and stem berries. Crush with sugar and lemon juice. Mix small portion at a time with cream cheese until well blended. Fold in whipped cream. Place in freezing tray and freeze.

Ham and Tongue Slaw.

(Serves 6 to 8)

- 1 cup cooked ham, in strips
- 6-ounce can tongue, cut in strips
- 1 small onion, minced
- 4 cups cabbage, shredded fine
- 1 egg white
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise

Mix ham, tongue, onion and cabbage and chill. Beat egg white, fold in mayonnaise and mix with cabbage, etc. Serve from salad bowl.

Here is a good salad dressing which is tart and light. You will like it for all types of fruit salads:

Fruit Salad Dressing.

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Juice of 1 orange
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup whipping cream

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Mix fruit juices and add to dry mixture. Cook in top of double boiler for 20 minutes. Remove from range and add well-beaten egg yolks. Let cook for 5 minutes longer, then let cool. Fold in beaten egg whites. This may be placed in a jar and refrigerated until used. Before using, add whipped cream.

REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS.....

by **W. L. White**



INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN

The thing I liked best of all about the Soviet Union, and it is one we would do well to copy, is the intelligently decent Russian attitude toward minority races. They are helped without being patronized, and they have developed self-respect and an understandable gratitude. If they have no real freedom, neither do the Russians.

While this Soviet racial-colonial policy may not be so good as our handling of the Philippine Islands, it is infinitely better than our bungling and thoughtless treatment of the Negro.

We fly south out of Siberia, down into the ancient Oriental peoples now ruled by the Soviet Union.

Suddenly we are crossing a huge blue lake. It is so big that when land drops away behind us we still cannot see the shore ahead. When it does appear, we see the beginning of a rolling desert. On our left a chain of blue, snow-capped mountains rises like a fence. Geologically, they seem about as old

those of New Mexico (lacking only the strings of red peppers) to a great Soviet experimental station—one of four in the Kazakstan Republic. Kazakstan is four-fifths the size of all Europe exclusive of Russia, but it is largely arid like our American dust-bowl.

This is a fruit farm, where under irrigation they raise apricots, peaches, cherries and plums. They are keenly interested in the plum, which they recently brought here from Canada, and is already producing more than twenty-five pounds of fruit per tree. In this particular orchard they use the most modern pipe system of subterranean irrigation. They are proudest of their vineyards; in 1914 they had 3,000 hectares of land in grapes. Now they have 30,000.

Workers on this state farm get only 300 roubles a month in salary, but at the end of the season they get a produce dividend of about 700 kilograms (roughly 1,500 pounds) of vegetables, which includes corn, melons and pumpkins. Then each has his own irrigated garden plot—about a quarter of an acre for each worker. They may sell the produce dividend on the free market, at prices lower than the Moscow free market.

The director gets 1,700 roubles a month and pays monthly 35 roubles for two large rooms in a big house he shares with someone else. The rent, he says, is figured on the basis of 1 rouble, 30 kopeks, per square meter of dwelling space. In American figures, this is about 10 cents a square yard.

Eisenstein is of German-Jewish origin. He is a short, fast-thinking, friendly little man. He and his staff wear colored polo shirts with short sleeves in the Hollywood manner, and Eisenstein wears a well-cut white linen suit.

He is filming the life of Ivan the Terrible. Ivan is one of the newly resurrected Soviet heroes. Eisenstein speaks fluent English, with a slight but agreeable accent.

The name of the President-Premier of Kazakstan is Nutras Undasnov. He is a pleasant, kindly old Comanche or Sioux, who except for his European clothes, might be the dignified tribal chief you would meet on any Indian reservation. Most of his cabinet ministers are also Kazaks, but there are a few blue-eyed, blond Russians present. The Russians, however, are in the background.

The Kazaks tell us the people racially belong to the Turkoman-Mongol group, and fought for independence as early as the twelfth century, when the southeastern part of the present republic was under the rule of the Chinese Seventh Dynasty. Later they adopted the Mohammedan religion. The title of the hereditary ruler was the Khan—as in Kublai Khan and Genghis Khan. The Mohammedan religion is still popular—many people go to the mosque.

But Kazakstan is now one of the Soviet republics and has a great measure of independence; recently it was given the right of a separate foreign minister.

Joyce, turning to the premier says, "You say now this is an independent republic; well, tell us about some of the conflicts you've had with the central government."

The premier says there haven't been many conflicts, and lets it rest at that.

"You say that you have the right to send ministers to other countries; who will you send them to? Will you send one to America?"

A big Russian down at the end of the table, hitherto silent, now tactfully leans forward and suggests that such ministers will be sent to those countries most useful to them commercially.

Joyce turns back to the premier. "Are you going to send one to America or not?"

Of course, that would be decided in Moscow, the premier explains.

The premier explains at the time of the 1917 Revolution the people were 93 per cent illiterate. Today illiteracy is gone, and the Soviets have built many theaters and schools. Naturally, the people are grateful, so why should there be any disputes with the Moscow government?

The premier explains that the people elect delegates to a regional Soviet, who send delegates to the Kazakstan Soviet, who chose him as premier.

"All right. Now ask him how Stalin got his job; we want to understand it. Ask him that."

The handsome Russian down at the end of the table leans forward and explains smoothly and briefly the intricacies of the Soviet electoral system. He did it politely and there was no feeling that he was brushing the premier aside; only helping him over the hard places.

Likewise when we ask how many refugees are here, it is the alert and friendly Russian who tells us that a million are still here, al-

though many have already gone back to the reoccupied territory.

They now present Eric with a complete Kazak costume which consists of a gold-embroidered robe more gorgeous than anything I have seen this side of a Shriner's convention. But its crowning glory is a hood of red velvet, with ear flaps the size of soup plates, and the whole, including the ear flaps, is lined with silver fox fur.

The party they gave us at the hotel that night was the most pleasant we attended in the Soviet Union. It was the most informal. The dinner was elaborate as usual, but it wasn't stiff. The local notables were easy, friendly notables.

There is an attractive girl—she teaches dancing at the local academy and she speaks fairly fluent good English but curiously awkward. She explains she learned it from books and until now has never spoken with an American or an Englishman.

There are vice premiers, councilors and members of the local government, some Russian and some Kazak. There are also half a dozen stars from the local opera—all Kazaks. There are twin boys in their teens, who sang last night, now resplendent in twin Tuxedos, of which they are very proud. There is a Kazak girl of about twenty, who danced the role of the Oriental princess with the cruel father. She could be any of the pretty Indian girls who, when Indians had oil money, were sought after by sororities at the University of Kansas.

Then there are two older artists—women in their forties, who, except that they look like sisters-in-law of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, could be any of the Russian artists who have entertained us in the other towns. Their evening dresses are just as good, they have as many gold teeth, but in addition they wear beautiful Oriental jewelry set with precious stones—old Kazak workmanship worthy of a museum.

Most of all, we liked them as people. They were gentle and friendly, and obviously had never been warned against foreigners. Almost the same thing could be said of the Russians. That invisible barrier of tension and suspicion which separates Russians from all foreigners had been slowly dissolving since we left Moscow. Here in Kazakstan, it disappeared entirely.

We have now left Kazakstan and enter the neighboring Socialist Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan, whose capital is the ancient Mohammedan city of Tashkent. I am riding in the caboose plane with the correspondents. The buffet service is as good as in the plane ahead. It even includes fresh strawberries, taken on at Alma-Ata. Dick Lauterbach pays a visit to the toilet and returns shaking his head.

"I'll never get used to them. Five thousand feet above a howling desert they serve us strawberries, caviar and champagne, and then I go back there and find nobody has remembered to empty the chemical bucket for three days."

The crowd of airport-greeters, at Alma-Ata, are wearing white silk suits. Again half are Russian and half local Orientals. The local boys are known as Uzbeks. The jackets



American mission to Russia in 1941 included Gen. James H. Burns and William L. Batt.

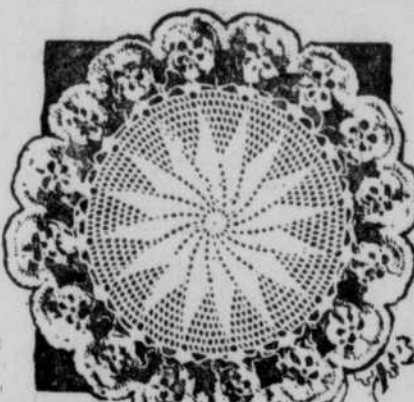
of all Russian white silk suits button up to the collarbone and have high turned-down collars like the Chinese. They wear caps of the same white pongee silk.

The cap, incidentally, is a relic of revolutionary days and was symbolic of the working class, since only bourgeois exploiters wore felt hats. Recently, the government began making felt hats, explaining that in the new Russia, they need no longer be regarded as a badge of shame. However, all the old-time Bolsheviks still cling to caps. Nesterov always wears one. Mike Kalugin wore one. And, of course, Stalin, in all his pictures. As a hall-mark of the old Bolshevik aristocracy, the cap is probably politically safer than the hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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For snow-whiteness—add a slice of lemon to the water in which cauliflower is boiled.

Your dinner napkins will last longer if you fold them in quarters at one ironing and in thirds at the next, thus alternating each time.

If a turkish towel has been cut—not torn—mend it with a bit of net. Place the net, bring the edges of the cut together, and machine stitch back and forth across until no hole remains. Makes a neat job and prolongs the life of the towel.

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