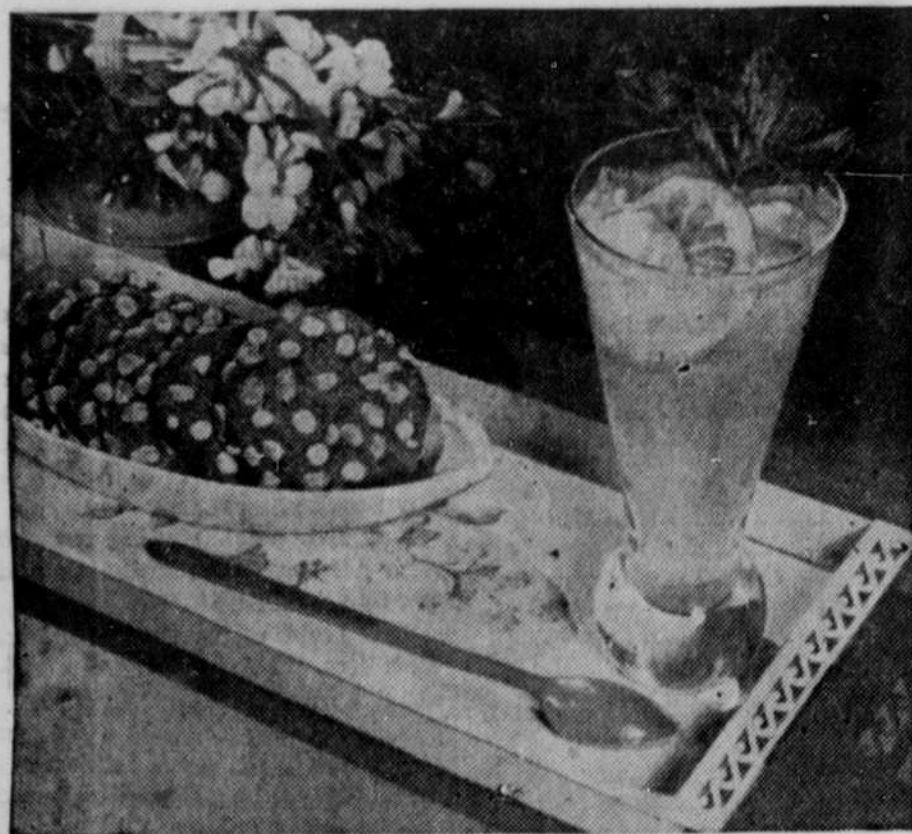


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Frosty Thirst-Quenchers Are Party Fare (See Recipes Below)

Light Refreshments

Looking for an easy way to return your social obligations? This is the season for it, because entertaining can be cool, simple and still lovely.

All food can be point easy and fun to fix because it does not require standing over a hot stove to have it ready. For the simpler type of party, rely heavily on cooling thirst quenchers with perhaps a few cookies or small cakes arranged attractively on a platter. If the party takes the place of dinner, you might have several substantial salads. Try serving on the lawn or garden, but-keep style, and save strain on house-keeping.

You will want to suggest coolness in your table settings. Blues and greens are very comfortable and you can relieve the monotony by having flowers in whites, pink or yellow, whichever goes best with what you have.

I've picked out some especially good beverages for this season. Don't use your supplies of canning sugar for such things as this. If you can manage to purchase ice cream and sherbet for the drinks, do so and save the sugar where it's most needed.

Orange Cream.

(Serves 6)
4 egg yolks
4 1/2 cups orange juice
1 1/2 cups cream or rich milk
Sugar, if desired
Beat egg yolks until light, add orange juice and blend thoroughly. Pour into glasses and stir in cream. Sweeten to taste, if sugar is needed. Serve at once.

Party Punch.

(Serves 8 to 10)
1 cup freshly made tea
1 cup sugar
2 cups water
1 cup orange juice
1 cup sliced, sweetened strawberries
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 pint carbonated water
Pour hot tea over sugar, add water. Cool. Add orange and lemon juice and strawberries. Just before serving, add carbonated water. If served in punch bowl, add thin slices of orange.

Orange Punch.

(Serves 6 to 8)
1 pint orange ice
4 pints dry ginger ale
Crushed ice
Maraschino cherries
Beat orange ice and ginger ale together. Serve in glasses with crushed ice and cherries.

Fruit Lemonade.

(Serves 6 to 8)
1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
1/2 cup water
Juice of 2 lemons
Juice of 2 oranges
1/2 cup pineapple juice
4 tablespoons cracked ice

Lynn Says

Easy Sips: Next time you have iced tea, flavo with honey instead of sugar and serve with lemon and orange wedges. It's delightful.

If you have leftover fruit juices, coffee or tea, make ice cubes with them. Then frosty drinks will not have that watery flavor. Bits of fruit, berries or mint sprigs may also be frozen in ice cubes to make them attractive.

For a good afternoon pick-up, try chilled tomato juice with ginger ale; or, use apricot nectar with a dash of lemon juice.

Iced coffee takes on a party touch when topped with meringue and sprinkled with cinnamon.

Lynn Chambers' Refreshment Suggestion

- *Party Punch
- Assorted Finger Sandwiches
- *Fudgies
- Assorted Mints or Small Candies
- *Recipes Given

4 cherries
Few slices of banana
1 1/2 cups ginger ale

Boil together syrup and water for 2 minutes. Set aside and cool. Pour one-half cup of the cooled syrup into shaker or large jar, add fruit juices and ice and shake. Fill glasses about half full of the mixture and complete with ginger ale, remaining syrup, sliced cherries and banana.

Cookies to go with the cool drinks should be tasty but sugar-saving. You'll like both of these suggestions:

Fudgies.

(Makes 4 dozen 2-inch cookies)
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
2 squares chocolate
2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1/2 cup nuts

Cream together sugar and shortening. Add syrup gradually, beating after each addition. Blend in vanilla. Add egg and beat until light. Add melted chocolate. Sift together all dry ingredients, then add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk, beating until smooth after each addition. Blend in nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven. (One-half cup cocoa may be used in place of chocolate. Sift with flour, soda and salt.)

Almond Jam Bars.

(Makes 2 1/2 dozen medium-sized bars)
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup corn syrup or honey
1 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 egg
1/2 cup jam

Mix together shortening and extracts. Add syrup, mixing well. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and cloves. Add to shortening and mix until crumbly. Beat in egg, mixing well. Spread half of batter on greased, shallow pan. Spread jam over batter. Cover jam with remaining batter. Bake in a moderately hot (400-degree) oven 25-30 minutes. Cut in bars.

Here's a light layer cake that's lovely for more elaborate parties. Spread marshmallow filling in between and on top, then sprinkle with shaved nuts and candied cherries:

Swedish Layer Cake.

5 whites of eggs
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup cocoa
1/2 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat eggs until foamy, add cream of tartar, sugar and cocoa and beat well very stiff. Add vanilla, fold in sifted flour and place in 2 shallow, buttered pans. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven about 20 minutes.

A good cookie type of sweet for summertime is this one that is sugar-saving, too. Melt about 2 1/2 cups of semi-sweet chocolate chips in the top part of a double boiler and then mix in 3 1/2 cups wheat flour. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper and allow to cool. Or, spread in a greased, shallow pan and cut into squares.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

CHAPTER I

Elizabeth Herlong looked across the coffee-cups at her husband. "Feel better, Spratt?"

He began to laugh. "Yes, I do. Talking to you is such a relief. You're good to drop everything and drive all the way here just to listen to me."

"You know it's no bother," said Elizabeth. "I rather enjoy being a wastebasket for you to toss your troubles into."

"Call it that if you like," said Spratt. "Anyway, you're always there when I want you."

They smiled intimately at each other. They had been through this a hundred times in the past twenty years, since long before Spratt Herlong became a major producer of pictures at Vertex Studio. It was always the same, with minor variations—a picture that simply would not get itself made, actors who quarreled with the cameraman, writers who couldn't write, directors who antagonized everybody on the set, unexpected costs straining the budget, release dates creeping madly closer, and Spratt desperately grabbing the telephone. "Elizabeth, if I don't get out of this place and see a reasonable human being I'm going wild. Meet me for lunch, can't you, and let me talk?"

She always responded. Since gasoline rationing began she had taken care to keep a few coupons in reserve, riding her bicycle on errands to the village, so she could always drive out to meet Spratt at the studio gates when he called her. She could rarely offer any concrete advice, for he knew his business a good deal better than she did, but she had a sympathetic ear and a sense of humor, and she knew how to keep silent about what he told her. She had, in fact, exactly what he needed. Spratt remarked,

"Now that I've got it off my chest to you, I'm beginning to see daylight. This new German writer ought to be a help. He's starting out like a pretty smart fellow."

"Can he write English dialogue?"

"Oh yes, funny expressions sometimes, but any competent collaborator can fix those. He's been in this country two or three years, in the New York office awhile and then on pictures here. I gave him this script to read and he's coming in this afternoon to tell me what he can do with it. Tough story. Also some scenes about motherhood that can be good if they're right and awful if they're wrong."

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled across at him as she sipped her coffee. "Don't expect any suggestions from me, darling. If you want somebody to get romantic about motherhood, ask a man, who's never changed a diaper."

"I don't want him to get romantic," Spratt retorted, "and as for you—"

"—as for me, I'm no help whatever." Her attention caught by a sudden clatter of china, Elizabeth began to chuckle. "Spratt, on the way here I noticed a shop with the sign 'Henry K. Dishington.'"

"What's that got to do with anything?" Spratt inquired.

"Nothing, except that I amused myself all the rest of the way by thinking what fun it would be to find a partnership, especially a restaurant, called Washington and Dishington."

Spratt laughed again. "You've never learned anything about pictures, but you do take my mind off them."

"Let's hope the German writer is more sympathetic. Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Farnsworth," Elizabeth broke off brightly, as Spratt sent her a Good-Lord-what-have-I-done-to-deserve-this look and the cushiony wife of one of the Vertex directors billowed down upon them. Spratt got up, trying to hide his annoyance, while Mrs. Farnsworth began telling them they simply must come to a party she was having at her house for the benefit of the Greek War Relief.

"And don't keep standing up, Mr. Herlong, I'll just sit down a minute and tell you about it," she exclaimed, spreading herself over an extra chair the waitress had left at their table. Spratt sat down again, politely assuring the lady that he expected to be working the night of her party.

"Oh, but don't you, either of you, want to do anything for the war?" she persisted plaintively, ignoring that they both wore silver buttons indicative of their having given three pints of blood apiece.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Farnsworth," answered Spratt. "Of course I understand the Greek War Relief is a deserving cause, in fact, I've already made a contribution to it. It isn't necessary for me to attend a party to appreciate the need."

"But that's not quite the idea," urged the worthy creature. "It's what your presence will do for the cause, don't you understand? We want prominent personages to be there. And it will be a very good party—first-class bartenders, and professional entertainers—" She paused expectantly.

"Why don't you just give the war relief all it will cost for the liquor and entertainment?" Elizabeth inquired. She knew it was a useless question. But she was not always as good as Spratt about being polite to bors.

Aggrieved, Mrs. Farnsworth exclaimed, "But you don't understand!"—which Elizabeth reflected was quite true. She did not understand people who got drunk for the sake of the starving Greeks. Before she could say anything else, Spratt interrupted suavely.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Farnsworth. I can't come to your party, since I'm close to a shooting date and have to spend a great many evenings at the studio. But I'll be glad to give you—" he took out his wallet—"twenty dollars to be added to the funds raised by your entertainment."

"Why thank you, Mr. Herlong, how good of you!" she cried beaming, accepting the bill he handed her. "I knew you'd understand the need when I explained it to you. And if it happens you don't have to work, I do hope you will come, you

husbands are in the same studio you and I will be seeing a lot of each other."

Elizabeth nearly answered, "Not if I can help it," but she lied brightly and said she hoped so, and added no, she couldn't possibly drive back to town with Mrs. Farnsworth, because she had called for Spratt at the studio and had to drive him back there. Spratt put a bill on the table to pay the check, and without waiting for change he and Elizabeth got out to their car.

"Oh Lord!" he groaned as he sank into it. "Haven't I got enough to put up with without having to run into fools like that?"

Elizabeth got in under the wheel. "I was wondering," she remarked, "when you said Dick shouldn't be ashamed to be courteous to anybody, if we shouldn't be ashamed to be courteous to her. This town really has more than its share of overfed imbeciles. What sort of man is her husband?"

"A very good director, thanks to her," Spratt returned. "He works himself to death to keep from having to go home. That's why she'll believe any yarn about night work."

"Why on earth is he married to her?" Elizabeth wondered.

"God knows. Maybe she was cute and cuddly when she was eighteen, and now she's so excessively virtuous he can't get rid of her. And she cost me twenty dollars."

"It's not quite lost if any of it gets to the Greeks."

"It won't," said Spratt. "It will go to buy Scotch for her party. Don't you know how those things are run? They pay for the liquor out of the contributions, and if anything is left over it goes to the cause."

Elizabeth began to laugh. "Forget it, Spratt. Twenty dollars is a small price to get away from her. My Aunt Grace was like that. Right now she's probably having a lovely time in heaven, organizing a campaign to get brighter haloes for the lesser angels. Do you still feel better about the picture?"

"Yes, in spite of that nitwit." He grinned at her as she guided the car along the boulevard. "Maybe I need a brush with some dame like that once in awhile to appreciate my own good fortune."

"That's a left-handed compliment, but thank you. I'll keep my fingers crossed for your refugee to have an inspiration."

"I rather think he will. He's a good fellow. You should meet him sometime."

"Bring him to dinner."

"I will, one of these days. I imagine poor Kessler could use a little amusement. He's a cripple—can hardly walk, and only one hand."

"What a shame. Did the Nazis do that to him?"

"I don't know. I suspect they did. He doesn't say so, but he turns a sort of furious greenish white whenever anybody mentions them. Anyway, he does have ideas. I hope he has one today." Spratt turned toward her and repeated, "And thanks for coming out."

"You know you're welcome."

She took her eyes from the traffic for an instant to give him a comradely smile. Spratt smiled back.

"We do have a pretty good time, don't we?" she said, looking down the road again.

"Yes we do. In spite of war, meat shortage and bores. Elizabeth."

"Yes?"

"You're not worried about Dick, are you?"

"I try not to be," she returned briefly.

"Don't be. He's got to go next year when he's eighteen, you know."

"I'm trying not to think about it until then."

"That's all right. Just remember this. He's had a good life, he's a mighty decent kid, we never did expect to keep him at home forever. Besides, this war is about something."

"Yes, it is," she answered in a low voice. "But I'm not going to pretend it doesn't hurt. I wish Cheryl had been the oldest, so both the boys would be under age. That's cowardly, isn't it? I've had a good life too, and one reason I've had it is that I happened to be born in the United States. I ought to be willing to give something back to my country. But—well, I think I can promise that when it happens I won't be a weeping little mother, but you know how it is."

"Sure I know. I feel like that myself. But we might as well figure it this way. Nothing we can give up to win this war can be compared to what we'll give up if we lose it. Don't forget that."

"I won't. I really don't think about it very much, Spratt."

"Okay," Spratt said understandingly. "One day at a time. That's enough."

They were passing the high wall that surrounded the studio lot. Elizabeth turned the car in at the gate, stepped on the brake and changed gears while she paused a moment for the officer on guard to recognize them. He glanced into the car. "Oh, I see, Mr. Herlong. How are you?"

Covering the Globe

Today they are serving the flag on all the far-flung fronts where duty has called them. They are flying airplanes, burrowing into foxholes, helping to man carriers, battle-

ships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines. They're accomplishing dangerous missions with cameras, waging the deadly war of propaganda in which our American ideas and ideals are the high explosives.

Where are their children going to be 25 years from today?

Our statesmanship of today is America's legacy to its young men and women of tomorrow. Where is it going to lead us?

You might be surprised to realize how many toddlers cooing and gurgling in Hollywood nurseries today have a life and death stake in the answer to those questions.

Surprised? When I compiled a list of Hollywood babies born in 1944 and 1945 I was astonished.

I'm not drawing any distinction where babies are concerned, but one can't name them all. This war has taught us that we are really and genuinely a democracy; that our army, navy, and marine corps represent the people and are in very truth the people.

Alice Faye Harris and her husband, Phil, have two baby girls. Same for Betty Grable and Harry James. Orchestra leaders both, the fathers, and famous, too. Glamour boys. So's Dick Haymes a glamour boy. He and Joanne Marshall Haymes greeted a new baby last summer.

Girls and More Girls

My! Look at the baby girls in my list! Here's Ann Sothern with another; the father, Lt. Robert Sterling. Ken Murray comes along with a boy. Good for you, Ken. Martha Raye and Nick Condos had a girl. So did Jean Rogers and Danny Win-

kler.

And what's this? Nancy Coleman delighted Whitney Bolton's masculine pride by presenting him with twin girls.

Veloz and Yolanda produced a son. Benita Hume and Ronald Colman countered with a daughter.

Here's Ruth Hussey and Lt. Bob Longecker adding to the female population; also the Eddie Brackens, Donna King and Lt. James Conklin, the Bob Crosbys and the Gregory Pecks relieved the monotony—their babies are boys.

And so we come into 1945. Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles were the first big time Hollywood mamma and papa of the year, and theirs is a girl, Eleanor Powell and Glenn Ford countered with a boy. Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow promptly announced a feminine addition to their growing family, but Susan Hayward hit the jackpot with twin boys. Jess Barker's the father. The Jack Carsons added a baby daughter.

Looking Into the Future

What a responsibility rests upon these young Hollywood fathers and mothers of little ones brought into this disturbed world!

We hear on all sides that what the world needs and is crying aloud for is leaders. Leadership. That, I think, no one will deny.

Fathers and mothers of this day, if you don't want to go through a repetition of broken hearts, sorrow, maimed bodies, wrecked minds and nerves a generation from now, better be looking alive right now!

And 'Twas Ever Thus

I asked Gene Fowler how he was coming along with "Goodnight, Sweet Prince." He said, "We're at a complete standstill. I may have to sell the thing after all. Isn't it funny? It's like a man standing on a street corner selling \$5 gold pieces for a buck and nobody will buy. I've had fabulous offers for it, but nobody is willing to take it free." He wants all the profits to go to the motion picture relief home. . . . Lana Turner now refuses to do bathing suit pictures for magazines.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hedda Hopper: Looking at HOLLYWOOD

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

A WORLD-WIDE audience and hence a world-wide influence is claimed for the product of the Hollywood studios. There is ample external evidence that this claim is not exaggerated. Indeed, it's only in the last few years that the public has become even dimly aware of how far-reaching the screen's influence really is.

And of course we of the industry itself are the last to learn these things. We can't see the forest for the trees.

Well, there are a few fundamentals that we can't get away from in evaluating the state of the world, present and future.

One of them is that if we're going to go on having wars all of us are going to suffer no matter who wins the victories.

Have you ever stopped to reflect that back in 1917 and 1918, when our country entered upon its first exalted crusade to make the world safe for democracy, nearly all of the present leading stars of motion pictures either were not born or were pretty young? There are some exceptions, of course.

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