



Ordinary refrigerator rolls can be made more attractive by spreading a generous amount of shortening in a pan, covering with molasses and nuts and placing the rolls in the Invert after baking for serv-

Best Cooks Brighten Common Foods With Subtle Flavor Touches

Even the best cook sometimes notices that her family doesn't seem to be eating as well as it usually does. Is it her fault? Many a woman has asked herself this question at one time or another and occasionally she comes to me with this problem.

Well, this is just a little bit difficult to answer. Perhaps Dad is busy or has a



touch of the spring fever and just doesn't care for heavy foods. Or, the youngsters may be having a rugged time at school, and food does not appeal to them. Then again, no

matter how good a cook you are, you may have fallen into a slump.

Yes, the food may be cooked as well as ever, but perhaps there just | ternately with isn't enough variety. You may be making all your own favorite dishes just a little too often, and they voring. Bake in just don't seem as wonderful served once too often. Could that be it?

Well, if the latter is your prob-1em, you'll particularly want to look at these recipes today. They're all designed to take the doldrums out of your meal and make even the most jaded appetite perk up and take an interest.

What about a lovely frozen salad as a harbinger of spring? It is colorful with fruit and creamy cheese and perches beautifully on a curly bed of greens:

Frozen Fruit Salad. (Serves 6)

6 ounces cream cheese 1/2 cup salad dressing 4 cup chopped nutmeats 2 tablespoons chopped green

pepper 1¼ cups sliced mixed fruits (canned)

14 cup cream, whipped Salt, if needed Lettuce or endive Maraschino cherries

Blend together cream cheese and salad dressing. Add nutmeats, green

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 en-

dive, garnished with the cherries. What about adding a little variety into the bread department? Here's an orange honey bread that can be

Lynn Says

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

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

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

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.

Lynn Chambers' Menus

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

served with cream cheese for a

Orange Honey Bread. 2 tablespoons butter or substitute

1 cup strained honey legg tablespoon grated orange rind

2¾ cups flour 21/2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon soda 1/2 teaspoon salt 34 cup orange juice

34 cup chopped nutmeats 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 nutmeats and mix well. Bake in a greased loaf pan, in a very mod-

erate (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 1½ cups sugar 2 large eggs

2 cups sifted flour 1/2/ teaspoon baking powder 34 teaspoon baking soda 1/2 teaspoon salt

1/4 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 al-

milk. Fold in bananas and flawell-greased layer cake pans in a moderate (350degree) 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

1/4 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Combine coffee and milk and

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



Bread pudding brightens up when it has a mocha flavor. Fluted whipped cream or a meringue topping sprinkled with bits of shaved of a simple food.

salt and vanilla. Pour into a greased baking dish or individual custard cups and set in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate (350degree) oven for one hour, or until a knife inserted comes out clean. Chill, then serve with plain or whipped cream or peppermint flavored custard sauce. Released by Western Newspaper Union.



INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN

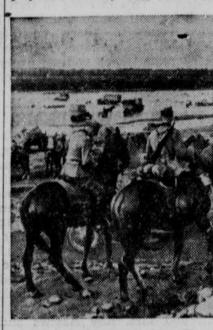
I told him what I was doing here and that this was Omsk.

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

"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



Lack of highways and motor transportation prove handicap to Russian development.

ve were foreigners, and anything we did they must report. Very sus-

"At their mines they sure do things different from what we do. Instead of having big construction firms, they call them trusts-and most of them are branches of one big central trust."

"Any ten-year-old American child with a Meccano set," said Ed, "will start at the bottom and build up. But these Russians always start at the top, build the roof first and then raise it."

"And work like hell, so they can throw up some kind of framework that they can hang a red flag on the tip of and make speeches," said

"They've got no respect for materials. They have no conception of how much work has gone into making them. They unload valuable pipe from a flat car by just rolling it down an embankment-smashing hell out of it. And fire brick for smelters the same way. The way they'd heave it off, about 25 per cent would be damaged."

"When we'd try to stop it," said Ed, "they explained they had a law in Russia because of the freight-car shortage, that they had to be unloaded within two hours after arrival. No one seemed to see it would take more cars to bring more

"We were only consultants," said Tex, "and if they got tired of us hollering, they'd get around it by not supplying us transportation out to the job. They'd say our chauffeur couldn't be found. Which was nonsense, because he was picked by the NKVD, and if he took a five-day vacation, he'd be shot."

'They don't understand mechanical stuff. They put things up out of plumb and then blame this trouble on poor American design. So they take it down and start all over. Once we saw them assembling a complicated steel frame out in a field, instead of on its foundation. They said they wanted to be sure it would

"I think their system," said Ed. "doesn't give them the personal ambition, the incentive that ours does. And it's so complex-they have to talk to so many people before anything gets done. They could never be a competitive threat to America. We can always build in a year and a half anything it takes them ten to do.

"You see," said Tex, "in Russia they don't have our penitentiary system. They herd prisoners into labor gangs, and the NKVD, which has charge of them, has developed a fine engineering staff. They bid chocolate make a company dish out on construction jobs, supplying both the engineers and prison labor. Often the engineers are also prisoners."

"Politicals get the roughest deal." said Ed. "They have NKVD spies in the markets and hanging around the store counters, waiting for someone to pop off. They usually get ten years chopping wood with no correspondence, and 500 grams of bread a day. If you are husky and can work hard, they'll give you more."

"If you miss getting typhus and

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 leftwing government adorned its diplomatic staff in Moscow with a special labor attache, 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 cordon 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 Bolshe-

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

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 trudge 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 undersized man in his forties, with wide cheekbones and a shock of curly hair-quick as a fox terrierwho 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 dis-

trict 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

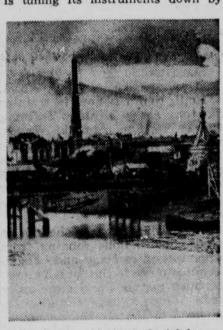
outside an impressive, modern building. The architecture is dramatic-high ceilings with sweeping vistas, but the materials are second-rate. It is shopworn already, but the effect is beautiful. The crowd is fascinating. One

great hall is roped off for women with babies and small children. There are no seats. Their mothers sit on the clean-swept terrazza floor. There are polished wood benches in the spacious main waiting roomonly 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 Kazakstan 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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