

MARY MARTHA SAYS "CONSIDER THE MEN"

Dear women-folks:

Again I write to you from the mountains, but this time I am not sitting in the cool green shade by a rushing river, but in the slender shadow of a giant spar-tree, steadied with a web of shining steel guy-lines, from which vantage point I am watching a group of sweating, dusty loggers. I am supposed to remain here where I will be in comparative safety. The scene is so vibrantly alive and interesting to me that I fear I shall not accomplish much writing even though this letter must go in the mails tomorrow, but I do wonder, as I watch these men, if women really appreciate their husbands, the breadwinners of the family. Of course that does not refer to those wives who are so unfortunate as to have a worthless husband. This is written only regarding the man who accepts his responsibilities and endeavors to give of his best for his family. Far too often these men are not given the praise they really deserve.

I know some of the loggers who are working in the dust, which lies tawny-gold in the hot sunshine, and I know their wives and families. They are typical of such workers throughout the west; perhaps, fundamentally, of all workers throughout the world.

Women so often insist that they bear the heavier load in the partnership of life, and sometimes of course, they do, but a working man who loves his wife and children, or those dependent upon him and feels his responsibility for their welfare, bears a burden which makes him one of the unsung heroes on life's battleground. A woman desires above all things else, security for herself and her children, and the real meaning, the age-old basic reason for marriage is that desire, that need. That fact lies so far back in the real life of mankind that by some it is only vaguely realized, by others not realized at all. Very seldom is it put in words, but it is there, and you see it reflected in men's actions.

First we had a Mother's Day; then, rather as an afterthought or so it seemed to me, a day was named as Father's Day. Children are entreated to honor and love their parents, but too often the emphasis is laid upon the honor being paid to mother. You see Whistler's "Mother" everywhere, but how often is father's picture given a place of honor? You read of the sorrow and pain and self-sacrifice shown by mothers, but how much credit does Father receive when he works day after day, wears his old clothes, and goes without vacations because the family requires so many, many things? He has "given hostages to fortune" and can never break loose and know the joy of doing the things he dreamed of in his youth.

I wonder how many women, as they wash the dishes and follow the routine of off-times tiresome tasks, and in the doing feel that they are bearing the worst end of the burden and are hungry for adventure and the joy of freedom—how many I ask, ever stop their own responsibilities long enough to realize that their breadwinners may be feeling the weariness of life's routine? The same longing for new interests? For the strange sights and life of other lands, and the joy of freedom from responsibility?

Men have their dreams, even as we women, and just as often they have to hide them away and "carry on" in the work they must do for food and shelter.

We look with contempt upon the man too lazy to support his family, upon the father who, because he does not like unpleasant work, is content to have his name for ever upon the relief rolls. But we accept without any special commendation the thousands upon thousands of men who toil day after day, dirty and hot in summer, cold and muddy in winter, black with coal dust, drenched with rain, that their wives and children may have security against hunger and cold, and the dishonor of unneeded charity.

It is almost time for the quitting whistle to blow. Some of these men, whom I can see working with heavy lines and chokers, handling the giant machines, cutting wood hour after hour, will go back to bunk houses cluttered with the paraphernalia of three other men. They live thus in the camp because in some cases the wife doesn't like the roughness of camp life, more frequently because the children must be near a school. Other men will return to the little places they call home to find a slovenly, complaining wife, the house unkempt and a pan of dirty dishes on the kitchen stove. She has been too interested in a True Story Magazine or the latest camp gossip to do her housework. There will be a few—a very few—who are fortunate enough to have a real home to which they may return—a real home even though it is only a small house in a logged-off clearing, but it holds a woman who loves enough and is wise and honorable enough to do

The Cook's Nook

Recipes That Never Grow Old

Like the sunset that happens every night, like the friend you love the most—some things never grow old! It's the same with certain foods that have won a permanent place on our tables and in our hearts. As familiar as the paper on the dining room wall, and as homely as that crack in the kitchen sink, a few standbys in the food field appear and reappear, year after year, to win new friends and keep the old.

Of course, many of our old dishes are revised, and new improved recipes render them easier to make. Variations on the old "regulars" pop up every month or so, and are eagerly accepted for their sterling worth. Gingerbread for instance is so old that George Washington ate it as a boy, but now we serve it with ice cream and chocolate sauce and in all manner of ways that Mary Washington would have thought "new fangled"—but the flavor remains dear to our hearts.

Rice pudding, too! Nobody knows who made the first rice pudding, but it maintains its regular place on the menu, and boasts 200 variations of its original form. So it goes—baked beans, succotash, ham-gravy, oatmeal cookies—all are old familiar friends which you must have again soon, if you have neglected them recently.

Date Torte

(The Favorite Dessert)

1/2 cup flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs
1 pkg. dates (sliced)
1 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into mixing bowl. Slice the dates and mix, with nuts, through flour with finger tips. Beat eggs; add vanilla; beat in sugar gradually; stir in the flour, dates and nut mixture. Bake in a well-oiled shallow pan in slow oven (325° F.) 45 to 60 minutes. Remove from pan, cool, cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

Date Torte Variations

Use finely rolled cracker crumbs instead of flour if you like. Flavor torte with orange juice and rind for Orange Date Torte, or

her share in the making of a happy life.

The whistle is blowing. The men are wiping the sweat from their faces and picking up coats and lunch pails. The "mulligan car" is waiting to take them back to camp, but as it is crowded I shall take the trail through the woods. It is a three mile walk but the cool shade of the uncut timber will be sweet after the heat of the logged-off area, and there is a spring where green ferns cluster and a marsh where the cat tails are golden brown in the sun.

I send to you my greetings,
Lovingly,
MARY MARTHA

with lemon juice for a Lemon Torte. Hard sauce or hot sauce may be used for topping, and ice cream is especially good. Torte may be cut in cubes and piled in tall-stemmed glasses with ice cream.

Banana Peanut Salad

(The salad everybody likes)

Allow one ripe banana for each serving. Peel the banana, roll in mayonnaise and then in peanuts which have been finely chopped. Place the fruit on a bed of shredded lettuce or watercress.

Variations

The banana may be left whole, rolled in mayonnaise and then in chopped peanuts. Watercress is a good garnish instead of lettuce. The bananas may be sliced, marinated, and arranged in a circle on the plate with a mound of mayonnaise and chopped peanuts in center. Chopped salted pecans may be used instead of peanuts.

Old-Fashioned Baked Beans

(Take them on your picnic)

2 cups pea beans
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup dark corn syrup
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1 small onion, peeled
2 oz. piece salt pork
Wash beans, soak 12 hours (overnight) in cold water. Add soda and cook beans in same water until skins begin to loosen. Place 1/2 salt pork (sliced) in bottom of bean pot; add 1/2 beans and 1/2 the seasonings; add remaining beans and seasonings; bury onion in the beans. Drizzle corn syrup over the top, cover with salt pork. Add just enough boiling water slowly until it seeps through beans to top. Cover and bake in slow oven (300° F.) 4 hours or longer, until liquid is absorbed and beans dark and mealy. Fills 2 qt. bean pot.

New-Style Baked Beans

Put a can of ready-baked beans in a casserole; season to taste with dry mustard, salt, pepper, and a little minced onion if desired. Pour a cup of dark corn syrup over top and bake in a very slow oven until well mixed and heated through; you can't tell them from the home-cooked variety.

Blushing Rice Pudding

(The "jelly kind")

1/2 cup uncooked rice
2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 cup whipping cream
Red jelly

Wash rice and cook it slowly in the milk. Add sugar and beaten egg yolks; mix well. Beat occasionally as rice cooks. When cold, fold in whipped cream; add salt and vanilla. Put a layer of jelly into mold; pour on rice and chill on ice or in refrigerator. Unmold.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Haffner of Raleigh motored to Mt. Hood, Wednesday of this week.

Hazeldale Items

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heil and children visited Sunday at Timber with Mr. and Mrs. Courtney Syverson.

Mrs. G. F. Walker of San Francisco, Calif., was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Walker, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Taylor and children and Mr. Taylor's parents attended a picnic at Blue Lake Park, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Applegate (formerly of this place) are building a service station in Farmington beside the new bridge.

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The new bridge at Farmington was dedicated Sunday. About 200 attended and held a picnic dinner. The bridge was named the Harris bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Syverson from Gates, Oregon, visited with Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Syverson. Art Syverson returned home with them for several weeks.

Mrs. Mildred Baker and Miss Betty Sattler of Phoenix, Arizona, spent two days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Claud Webber. On their return home they visited Yosemite Park, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Miller and family visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Thornton in Portland, Saturday night. Virginia Miller remained there for a visit with her aunt and cousins.

WHERE TO GO

L.O.O.F. PICNIC

The Washington County Oddfellows and Rebekahs are holding a picnic Sunday, August 11, at Rippling Waters. Coffee and cream will be furnished free for the basket lunch.

In The WEEK'S NEWS

CURRENT EVENTS PHOTOGRAPHED FOR
THE REVIEW



SUCCESS—Fifth Avenue invades the night clubs. Miss Marjory Logan, society deb, makes her debut under the baton of Johnny Green, society's favorite director, and with Old Schenley drinks a toast on New York's St. Regis roof.



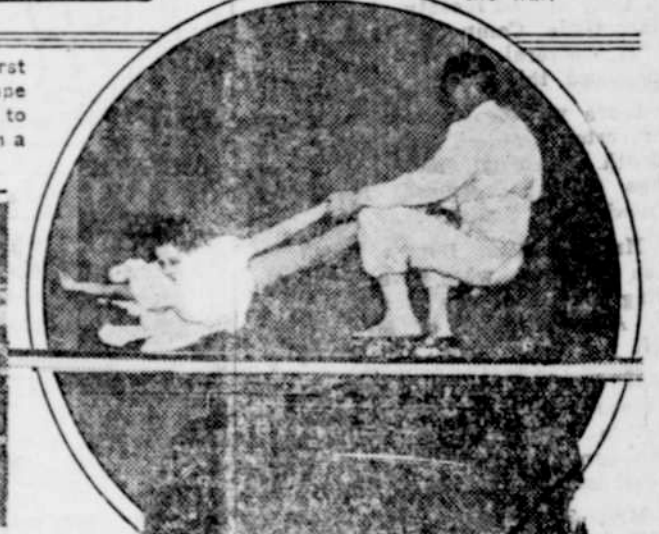
MAX AND HIS BRIDE—Max Baer, former heavyweight champion, and the former Ellen Sullivan of Ithaca, N. Y., after their marriage in Washington. She was formerly manager of a hotel coffee shop.



HOME—After her first vacation trip to Europe Myrna Loy returns to Hollywood to star in a new picture.



BREAK ENDURANCE RECORDS—The "Old Miss," endurance plane in which Al and Fred Key of Meridian, Miss., broke a world's record by staying aloft 27 days, 5 hours and 34 seconds. They flew far enough to have circled the earth twice.



LOTS OF FAITH—The two Kays, noted skating teams, perform the dangerous "air-plane spin" atop the seamless steel Fisher turret-top of a 1935 Pontiac. They skate on an 8-foot square platform and the act is performed with the car in motion.

What is the yardstick for a cigarette...

Take mildness for one thing—how does it measure up for mildness?

Chesterfields are *milder*—not flat or insipid, of course, but with a pleasing flavor.

Then take taste for another thing—does it have *plenty* of taste?

Chesterfields taste *better*—not strong but just right.

In other words, They Satisfy—
that's my yardstick for a cigarette.



Chesterfield... the cigarette that's *MILDER*
Chesterfield... the cigarette that *TASTES BETTER*