

FROZEN ANGEL DESSERT



Easy...no cooking...
just mix and freeze

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 can (1½ cups) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 can Baker's Angel Flake Coconut

Combine graham cracker crumbs with two tablespoons sugar and melted butter. Press mixture on bottom and sides of lightly buttered refrigerator tray; chill. Beat egg yolks till thick and lemon colored. Combine with Eagle Brand Milk. Stir in lemon rind and lemon juice until thick.

Stir in 1 cup Coconut. Beat egg whites till stiff but not dry; gradually beat in rest of sugar. Fold gently into lemon mixture. Pour into tray. Sprinkle top with remaining coconut. Chill in freezer until firm, about 4 to 6 hours. Garnish, if desired, with whipped cream.

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Sweetened
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American women have telephonitis

by SOPHIA LOREN

AT EVERY press conference, some newspaperman inevitably asks me: "Sophia, what do you think is wrong with American women?"

He's always surprised when I tell him that the American female is a charming creature in all respects. Yet I do have one "beef," as you put it. *American women spend half of their lives on the telephone.*

Even next-door neighbors chat on the phone when all they'd have to do is walk outside and gossip over the fence.

The American housewife denies herself even the most fundamental pleasures, such as marketing, because she relies on the telephone. To an American woman, marketing consists of calling the grocer. To me, it means a stroll to the market to choose wares with my own hands and haggle over prices.

My secret life for the FBI (Continued)

was a florid-faced man, but he turned almost white as we stood in that narrow doorway and stared at one another. Hate shone from his eyes—and I suppose from mine, too. We never spoke. After staring at me for a few seconds, he turned and left. I didn't see him again until I pointed him out in the hearing room as a leading Chicago Communist.

I was on the witness stand for about three hours, telling my story, naming names, and trying to explain the intensity, fervor, and entrenched strength of the Communists. I publicly identified all the people I knew to be Communists through my long association with them. Many of my former Red cohorts sat in the same room, staring straight ahead. When they were called to the stand, they all took the Fifth Amendment.

Then the session was over and I was surrounded by reporters. It's been like that ever since. This is exciting and stimulating and heart-warming. So are the hundreds of letters I've received from all over the country and the fact that overnight I've become a hero to my family and to many of the people whose

respect I lost during my years as a Communist.

BUT ALL THIS, strangely enough, hasn't solved the basic problem of earning a living for my family. An Armour representative asked me at the hearings whether I wanted to go back to work there. I told him I couldn't—not unless they moved me into the office. My life wouldn't be worth a nickel if I had to work with the men in the Packinghouse Workers Union again.

So, as I write this, I've taken a temporary job. But I'm hoping for a permanent job that will enable me to give my family some of the things I've had to deny them for 16 years.

Now that it's all over, my wife and children have told me some of the thoughts they had during those 16 years—thoughts they never even considered telling me at the time.

The kids spent a lot of time speculating about what was going on with me. They had to talk to one another; there were times when they were hardpressed to find anyone else who would talk to them.

Bernadette told me: "We all de-

cidated that you couldn't really be a Communist. It was contrary to everything you'd ever taught us before all this started. That's why it was so hard to have people calling us 'Commie' all the time. We couldn't fight back. We just had to take it."

It was hardest on my wife, Antoinette. She got it from all sides—the neighbors, the people she worked with, and our old friends. But she would say: "It isn't true what they say about Joe. He's a good man."

It was hard for Antoinette never to know when—or if—I was coming home from the many Communist meetings I had to attend. Often I would come home late at night and find her sitting up waiting for me—even though she had to go to work in a few hours. When I finally appeared, we'd both go silently to bed—and to our private thoughts.

This was the hardest part of all: knowing that Antoinette and the children were suffering for things I was doing which they simply didn't and couldn't understand.

Looking back, I think I've been most surprised at the number of people who have asked: "Why did you do it? Why did you subject yourself and your family to 16 years of hell?"

When I ask them: "Wouldn't you