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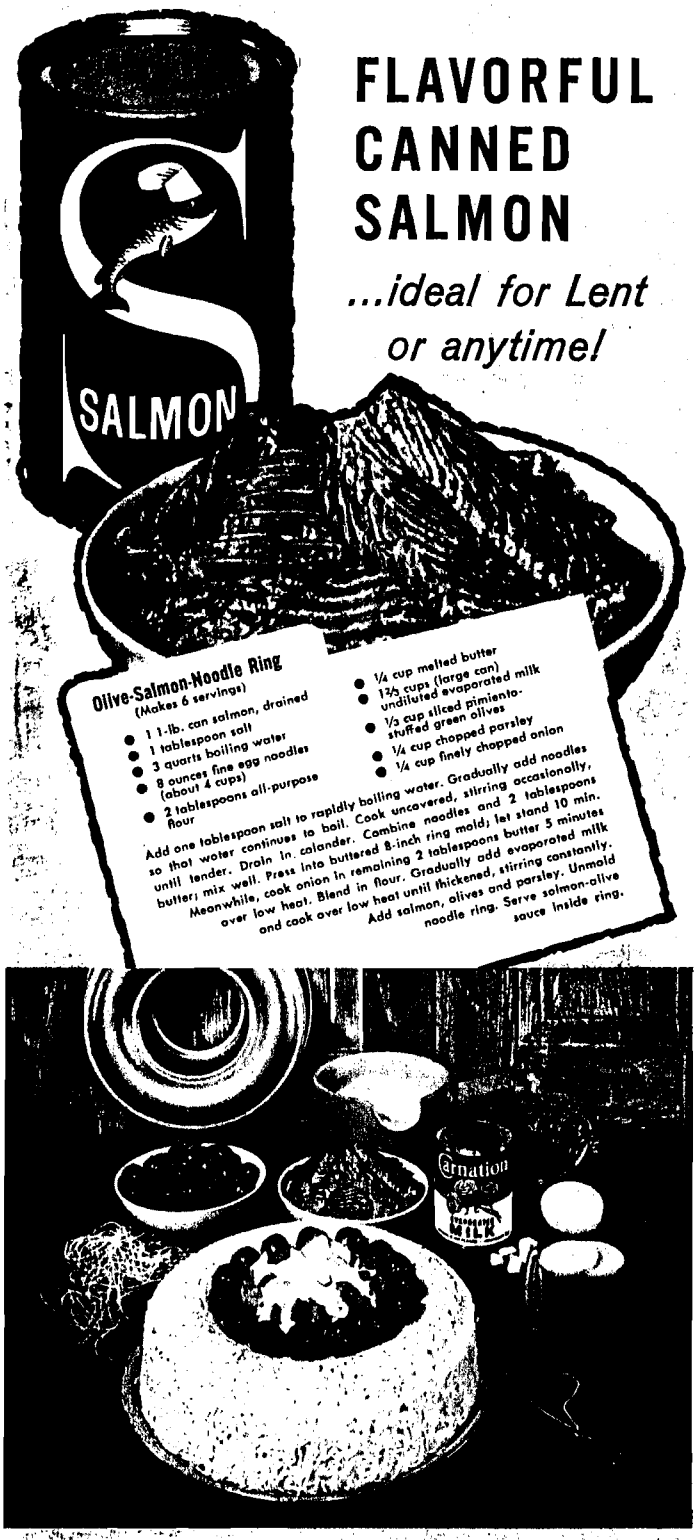

FLAVORFUL CANNED SALMON

...ideal for Lent or anytime!

Olive-Salmon-Noodle Ring
(Makes 6 servings)

- 1 1-lb. can salmon, drained
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 8 ounces fine egg noodles (about 4 cups)
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1⅔ cups (large can) undiluted evaporated milk
- ½ cup sliced pimiento-stuffed green olives
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion

Add one tablespoon salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add noodles so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Combine noodles and 2 tablespoons butter; mix well. Press into buttered 8-inch ring mold; let stand 10 min. Meanwhile, cook onion in remaining 2 tablespoons butter 5 minutes over low heat. Blend in flour. Gradually add evaporated milk and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Add salmon, olives and parsley. Unmold noodle ring. Serve salmon-olive sauce inside ring.

FLAKY, NUTRITIOUS CANNED SALMON sparks that wonderful imagination in you . . . lets you create tempting casseroles, souffles and muffins. And it's delicious right from the can as is —in salad or sandwich. Try it tonight!

CANNED SALMON INSTITUTE
911 REPUBLIC BUILDING • SEATTLE 1, WASHINGTON

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FLIGHT INTO DANGER

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pilots has satisfied himself that they are running O.K. he takes off. Airlines have to be fussy that way, thank goodness."

"You sound as though you knew a lot about it."

"Not really. I used to fly fighters in the war, but I'm pretty rusty after ten years."

"Here we go," commented the doctor as the engine roar took on a deeper note. A powerful thrust in the backs of their seats told them the aircraft was gathering speed on the runway; almost immediately they were air-borne and the engines settled back to a steady hum. Still climbing, the aircraft banked steeply and Spencer watched the receding airport lights.

"You may unfasten your safety belts," announced the public address. "Smoke if you wish."

"Never sorry when that bit's over," grunted the doctor, accepting a cigarette. "Thanks. By the way, I'm Baird—Bruno Baird."

"Glad to know you, doc. I'm George Spencer, of the Fulbright Motor Company."

For some time the two men lapsed into silence, absently watching their cigarette smoke rise slowly in the cabin until it was caught by the air-conditioning stream and sucked away.

The couple in the seats across the aisle were still engrossed in their sports papers. The four in the seats behind were starting their third paper-enclosed round of Rye. Three were of the usual type: beefy, argumentative, out to enjoy themselves with all the customary restraints cast aside for two days. The fourth was a short, thin, lean-featured man who spoke with a Lancashire accent. "'Ere's t'Lions t'morrer," he called, raising his paper cup. His friends acknowledged the rubric solemnly. One of them passed round his cigarette case and remarked, "I'm starving. When do they bring round the grub?"

"Should be along soon, I reckon."

"Never mind. 'Ave a drink while you wait," suggested the Lancashire man, who rejoiced in the nickname of 'Otpot.

The rest of the fifty-six passengers, who included three or four women, were reading or talking. From the port windows could be seen the twinkling blue and yellow lights of the last suburbs of Winnipeg, before they were swallowed in cloud as the aircraft climbed.

In the galley Stewardess Janet Benson prepared for dinner, a belated meal that she should have served over two hours earlier. Janet hummed contentedly to herself. Waitressing was the least attractive part of a stewardess' duties, and Janet knew that she was in for a very exhausting hour, but nevertheless she felt confident and happy. At twenty-one, Janet was just tasting life and finding it good.

Forward on the flight deck, the only sound was the drone and throb of the engines. Both pilots sat perfectly still, their faces faintly illumined in the glow of light from the myriad dials on the instrument panels. From the earphones half covering their ears came the sudden crackle of conversation between another aircraft and the ground. Round their necks hung small boom microphones.

Captain Dunning stretched himself in his seat, flexing his muscles. He looked older than his thirty-one years.

"How are the cylinder-head temperatures on Number Three engine, Pete?" he asked, his eyes flickering momentarily to the first officer.

Pete glanced at the panel. "O.K. now, skip. I had it checked at Winnipeg."

"Good." Dun peered ahead at the night sky. The aircraft began to bump and yaw a little as she hit a succession of thermal currents and for a few minutes the captain concentrated on correcting her trim. Then he remarked, "Are you taking in this ball game in Vancouver?"

The first officer hesitated. "I don't know yet," he answered. "I'll see how it works out."

The captain looked sharply at him. "What d'you mean? See how what works out? If you've got your eyes on Janet, you can take them off. She's too young to come under the corrupting influence of a Casanova like you."

Few people looked less deserving of this description than the fresh-faced, thoughtful-eyed first officer, still in his twentie

skipper," he protested. "I neve

anyone in my life."

"Jeepers, that's a likely story.

aim to start with Janet." The capt

"Half the airlines personnel of Ca

it as a permanent assignment to try

Don't make life hard for yourself

Twelve feet away from them, c

side of a sliding door, the subject

versation was collecting orders for

meal.

"Would you like dinner now

asked quietly.

"Eh? What's that? Oh, yes, pl

nudged Spencer, who was practic

"Wake up, there. Want some din

Spencer yawned and gathered

gether. "Dinner? I sure do. You'r

aren't you? I thought I'd missed i

"We were held up in Toront

haven't served dinner yet," said Ja

"What would you like? We've la

grilled salmon."

Spencer came fully awake. "I'll

"Me too," said Baird.

Back in the galley, Janet was o

the next half hour in preparing

meals. Eventually she was free to

telephone in the galley and press t

buzzer.

"Flight deck," came the voice

"I'm finally serving dinner,"

"What'll it be—lamb chop or grill

"Hold it." She could hear him

question to the captain. "Janet,

he'll have the lamb—no, he's

mind. Is the fish good?"

"Looks O.K. to me," said Jar

"Had no complaints."

"Skipper will take salmon, t

make it two. Big helpings, mind."

"All right—double portions a

She quickly arranged two tray

them forward. Pete had come to o

ing door for her and relieved her

The captain had completed his sw

automatic pilot and was now halfw

his routine radio check with Cont

nipeg.

"Height 16,000," he continue

into the tiny microphone held

mouth on a slender plastic arm. "

true. Air speed 210 knots. Groun

knots. ETA Vancouver 05-05 Pacif

Over."

He switched from transmit to

there was a crackle from his earp

acknowledgment came on. "Flight

Winnipeg Control. Roger. Out."

Pete was starting to eat, a tray

pillow laid across his knees.

The captain chuckled. "You'd b

that waistline, Pete." He turned

ardess. "Everything O.K. at the b

How are the football fans?"

Janet shrugged. "Very quiet now

wait at Toronto must have tired

Four of them have been knocking b

pretty steadily, but there's been

speak to them about it. It'll help to

quiet. How's the weather?"

"Oh, general fog east of the

nearly as far as Manitoba. There's

bother us up there, though. It s

smooth ride all the way to the co

"Good."

She slipped away, made her way

passenger deck, taking orders for

within a short while brought a tray

to the pilots. Dun had by that tim

dinner, and he now drained his

satisfaction. Pete had taken the co

was intent on the instrument dials

tain got to his feet.

"Keep her steaming, Pete. I'll ju

customers up for the night."

Pete nodded. "Right, skipper."

The captain followed Janet ou

brightly lit passenger section, and

at the seats occupied by Spencer

"Good evening," said Dun. "Ev

right?"