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# He-man Salad! Hearty and Cool!



## Wesson-Chef's Salad

This is the way men like salad: hearty meat and eggs, done up in greens (cool as Christmas)! And every serving from this summery bowlful tells you... Wesson Oil lifts flavors. Yes, clear light Wesson Oil sparkles up all the delicate garden flavors. Never "blankets" with a strong oily taste. Make your own delicious dressing with mild pure Wesson Oil—to make the most of salads in their wonderful variety.



- You fix it!* **WESSON-CHEF'S SALAD!** *He'll toss it!*
- |                          |                       |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 teaspoon sugar         | dash of paprika       |
| 1 teaspoon salt          | 1/3 cup Wesson Oil    |
| 1/8 teaspoon pepper      | 2 tablespoons vinegar |
| 2 teaspoons grated onion | 2 tablespoons catsup  |



Shake ingredients in a jar to make Wesson's delicate dressing—that lifts every fine salad flavor!

Place your favorite crisp greens in bowl... top with 3 tomatoes, quartered; 1 green pepper, cut in rings; 6 radishes, sliced; 2 carrots, cut long and slim; 4 hard-cooked eggs, quartered; and 4 cooked frankfurters, sliced. Add Wesson dressing and toss till every leaf gleams. 6 servings... in all their flavor glory, thanks to Wesson Oil—America's favorite salad oil!

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Now, your region"—he consulted one of the maps—"has one hundred and twenty-five families in it. And there are more than two hundred acres of shrine land in this section. Of course, not all that acreage is farming land. Also, the area around the shrine itself cannot be touched, nor yet the approaches. But still, perhaps sixty acres could be found for planting. Sixty acres divided among one hundred and twenty-five families would mean about one half acre for each family."

He paused while a ripple of excitement passed through the crowd, and then went on: "It is a matter of voting among yourselves in your Village Council. If more than half vote yes, then the Land Office will see that fair division of planting land is made. However, if too many on the Village Council do not approve, then nothing can be done."

The carpenter jumped to his feet. "My fathers and grandfathers," he shouted, "have lived here for more than three hundred years. I will not heap indignity upon them by departing from their ways and violating land they held to be sacred. The gods would surely poison the crops we steal from their land. That would be retribution."

There was frenzied affirmation by oldsters, frightened silence by undecided and younger ones.

From the other side of the room the storekeeper jumped up to shout. "I vote against it. The gods are jealous of their rights. They can wreak strange and horrible vengeance if they are crossed. I vote against endangering the peace of our valley."

There was a stampede of no's, and a despondent mournful sighing. In the midst of this the government man quieted them with the words:

"There is to be no voting today. That will come later. If you should vote to utilize this land, you will not be the first Japanese to do so. Other communities are already at work clearing their shrine land and making it into farm land."

HE turned and bowed to the third man, who stepped to the front of the platform. "My name is Horiguchi. I shall talk to you about the new status of women."

There was a titter, a snickering laugh. This wasn't crucial or calamitous. This was light, inconsequential, humorous.

The speaker acted as though he expected them to behave this way, and didn't let it interrupt him. He said, "Before the war Japan was medieval, while the rest of the world—that is, the western half—had progressed and become modern, not only in mechanical inventions, but in thinking. Our government says we shall be a backward nation until we also become modern in our thinking."

"Therefore we have acquired new... Henceforth, a woman is equal with brother and with her husband. But merely saying this is not enough to achieve equality. We must train the growing generation of children to think and be independent. They must be encouraged to do this at home, taught it in school. Right now in Sendai, the Imperial University, six women students have been admitted here for the first time in history. They are placed there by the Ministry of Education to study law, medicine, home economics, hygiene, nutrition and agriculture."

"It is so arranged that as these young women learn, they will also repeat the knowledge to groups in the region around Sendai. For instance, if your village should request it, one of these student-teachers would gladly journey here from time to time during the winter to explain and discuss the subject with you."

He stopped, and stood expectantly. In audience there were whispered questions, contemptuous snorts, chaffing quips.

Tomo waited likewise for someone to make the request. When no one did, she got to her feet. This time it was easier. She was in this room; that she needn't ever again ask a man's permission to speak! Or think! Or act! She was an equal!

The speaker held his hand up for silence and Tomo spoke.

"No doubt our men understand fully the new order of things. But I think we women are different. How fortunate if these student-teachers could come to us regularly through this winter and guide our thinking and stand us on the new path. I request—I do implore these knowledgeable ones to come talk to us!"

Her concern communicated to others; and the contagion spread. There were murmurs of "Yes!"... "That's right!"... "Good!"

The speaker said, "I shall convey your request immediately I return to Sendai this evening. However, to be completely official, the request must come to our office in writing from the Elder of your Village Council."

There was a general thanking and bowing. Whereupon the meeting broke up, and the government men went off toward town on their bicycles.

Tomo turned to go quickly before she had to endure Isamu's wrath. But several women closed about her on the steps. They were flushed, excited, some speaking out openly, others saying it with their eyes.

But back in the big room were knots of men. They snorted and ridiculed, laughed contemptuously at such harebrained talk.

Over and above this rumble of dissipation came Yamamoto's voice. "It is all right."



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