

# Help Yourself To A Prettier Figure



## Slim and trim yourself with salads made extra tasty with Heinz Vinegars

You get more enjoyment on fewer calories when you serve yourself crisp Pretty Figure Salads perked up with sparkling Heinz Vinegars.

Heinz Vinegars are mellowed in wood — just as fine wine is mellowed — so they have an exceptionally smooth taste and aroma that bring out the subtle, hidden flavors of your salad ingredients as no other vinegars can.

Use only finer, mellowed Heinz Vinegars in your salads. They reward your taste as you help yourself to a prettier figure.

### Rainbow Salad

(Illustrated above) In large bowl, combine 1 cup each of the following: shredded cabbage, chopped green pepper, grated carrots, sliced celery, chopped lettuce, tomato chunks, cooked peas, grated American cheese. Add ½ cup each of chopped cucumber and sliced onion, separated into rings. Add 1 tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. pepper to ½ cup Heinz Wine Vinegar. Pour over salad mixture. Toss lightly.



Heinz Wine Vinegar is made with Carignane Burgundy Grapes for superior bouquet and flavor. Other Heinz vinegars are

BOOKS *continued from page 11*

cute. Dog stories, especially those where the dogs take on human characteristics, can become cloyingly emetic, but *The Little Kingdom* by Hughie Call (Houghton Mifflin) has somehow managed to steer clear of too much animal sweetness, and it is a charming and heartwarming book. Miss Call makes few pretensions to literary elegance, and the book is slim and totally lacking in a message of any kind. It is essentially nothing more than the report of a young girl brought up on a sheep ranch in the high country of Montana whose days were filled with the companionship of animals. There were a pinto pony, an absurdly vain wild goose, a romantic ram with a wandering eye and a herd of turkeys. Perhaps the most important thing the book accomplishes is the illusion that a window has been left open and fresh air from Montana has begun to fill the room. Breathe deeply.

Early forecasts for Erich Maria Remarque's new novel, *The Night in Lisbon* (Harcourt, Brace & World), have been strikingly fulfilled. The author—a man of perception and strong views—would undoubtedly like the book to be judged as an exercise in historical interpretation, for it has been written boldly and with a historical technique. Played out against the background of war-torn Europe, the novel follows the efforts of a German refugee to escape across as many borders as he may find necessary in order that he and his wife may somewhere stumble upon a country willing to offer them asylum and security. The full horror of Nazi fanaticism persisting while all of Europe was falling apart is almost equaled by the admiration and cooperation of the Spanish, the duplicity of the French and the indifference of the Swiss.

Remarque has written calmly of the panic, the suicides, the bureaucratic incompetence of refugee camps and the routine necessity of carrying poison capsules as today one would carry aspirin. It is a superb novel.

It was inevitable that the posthumous publication of Ernest Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast* (Scribners) would move American critics to exaggerated acclaim, and it is a melancholy circumstance that so much is being made of so little. It is a third-rate book, and had it been written by anyone other than Hemingway, it would have been destined to go unnoticed.

*A Moveable Feast* is Hemingway's memory of Paris in the 'Twenties, when with other literary expatriates he made his headquarters in Sylvia Beach's famous bookshop, Shakespeare and Company, on the Left Bank. He presents them all again, these figures that have been paraded so tiresomely before us many times: Gertrude Stein, Ford Madox Ford, James Joyce, Scott Fitzgerald and Ezra Pound. There are no surprises in this small-range portrait, unless the reader is sufficiently unfamiliar with Hemingway to be surprised by his boyish disrespect for other writers and his seignorial attitude toward his own sins and incompetence. His tone is often irritating, and his mischievous glee in

that dozen or so extra pages of food, has written a 200-page book called *Map of Aix-en-Provence* called *Map of Aix-en-Provence*. Little, Brown. The book is 200 pages long. Mrs. Fisher spent years in Aix-en-Provence, is a vibrant and beautiful portrait of the Provence.

Mrs. Fisher's ability is uncanny. In speaking of the map of Aix, she declares: "My whole map has been made up of course, apart from a few like the firm, delicate fish stalls piled with seaweed animals of the Mediterranean: the dark-brown greasy doctor's corridor . . . or olive-oil shop. There is made up of the best and the tall trees and with sweet fresh vegetable markets. I feel quite sure be teleported, blind, to a have known, that smell truest one to my inner

James Beard, one of the noted food authorities, many of his observations *Delights and Prejudices* (which he claims that, all lived for extended periods in England, France, Italy and Paris, has influenced his food as much as the Oregon he spent his youth. Then the salmon "flowed into the hold as though it were a Columbia River."

Today's restaurants in French countryside, Mr. Beard, have changed with the most marked change since 1950. "Tourists in numbers," he declares, "and who can make demands of wealth or position, have taurant traditions and throughout the entire business in Europe." He is when he shifts his view. "With all of my restaurants have come to learn regret that it is so," he great restaurants, good poor restaurants, but any better than the can exact from it by the maitre d'hôtel or the restaurants are few go unknown and unserved good food."

The rather aggressive thing funny to say the Jack Douglas, the author of *Huckleberry Hash* probably reveals, more else, why there is a sh today. E. B. White, with great tenderness knows as much about of our time, contends mysterious thing and much poking around pokes around.

Huckleberry Hash author's 17-month-old companies Douglas and his