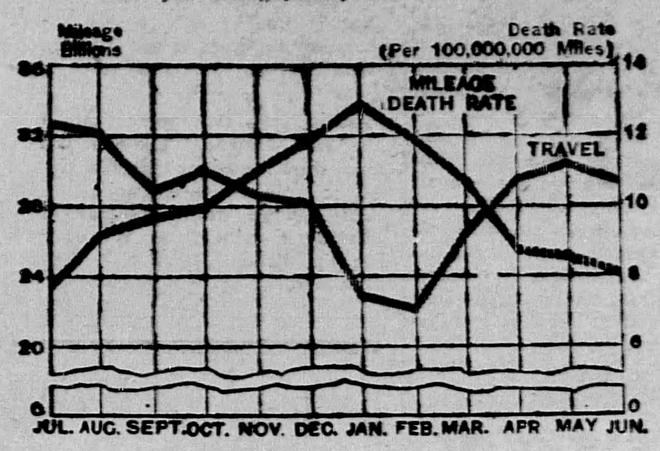
WHEN IT'S FREEZY, TAKE IT EASY

As the chart below shows, motorists travel fewer miles in the winter than any other time. Yet, the mileage death rate—the number of people killed per 100,000,000 miles travelled—reaches its highest point of the year during January and February.

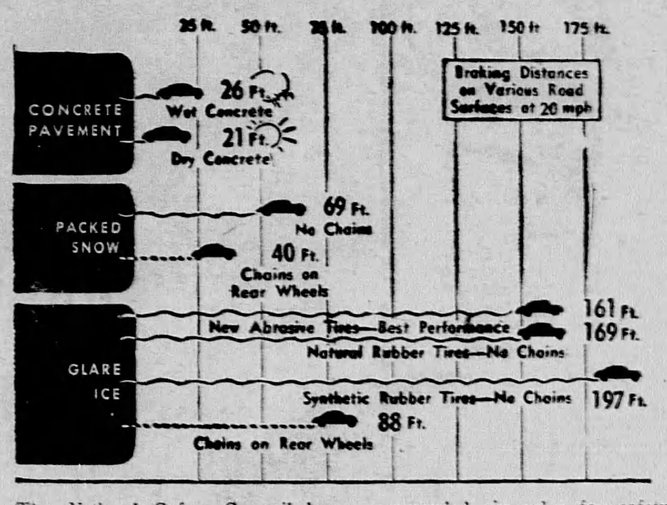


Get the "feel" of the road before starting.

Adjust speed to road, weather and traffic.

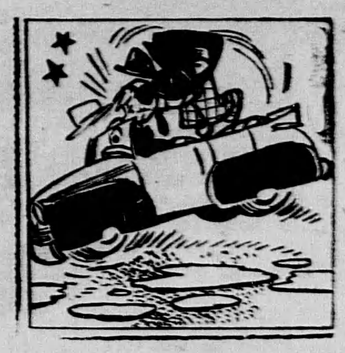
Use tire chains when roads are snowy or icy.

When there's snow and ice on the road, it takes a car longer to stop. Even with tire chains, a driver can't stop in the same distance he can when the road is dry. Chart below gives exact figures on stopping distances.

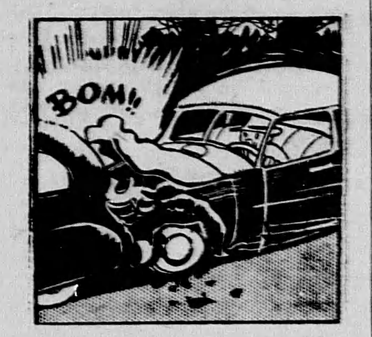


The National Safety Council has recommended six rules for safety during the winter. The six rules are sketched on the sides. It may save a life—and the life may be yours—to follow them.

Always keep the windshield and windows clear.



Pump, don't lock, your brakes on ice or snow.



Follow at a safe distance when road is slippery.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

Just the other day I was talking to a young chap who was leaving for another town to start a new position. "I think the family are trying to sabotage my going," he said. "Mother made a lemon pie that was about a foot across and six inches deep—and it's mighty hard to leave such things."

Which is true—for there are few things in the line of "eats" more tempting, both to the eye and the palate, than a really well-made lemon pie. Here's one which, if the directions are carefully followed, should turn out to be "just what the family ordered".

Lemon Chiffon Pie

1 nine-inch pie shell
1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
4 egg whites
Whipped cream—optional

METHOD. Sprinkle gelatin over the cold water. Beat egg yolks, add one half cup sugar, salt, lemon juice and rind. Cook and stir in double boiler until thick. Add gelatin and stir till it dissolves. Cool. When it is beginning to set, fold in the egg whites, beaten till stiff with the remaining sugar. Pour into a baked pie shelll. Chill. If desired, fold one half to one cup of heavy cream whipped, into the mixture or spread the finished pie with the whipped cream.

* * *

I seem to have started off "in reverse" today, beginning with a dessert recipe. Now, here's something of a more solid type. They tell me that Chop Suey isn't originally a Chinese dish at all. I really wouldn't know about that. But I do know that it's a tasty dish, and that of all the myriad varieties, this is one of the real favorites.

Pork Chop Suey

1½ pounds pork shoulder
1 cup water
1 large green pepper, cut in strips
1 large onion sliced
1 cup celery, coarsely diced
¼ pound mushrooms (if available) sliced
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons soy sauce—Worcestershire will do
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Bean sprouts, or canned green beans (sliced) if desired

METHOD. Trim the fat from the pork. Cut fat into small pieces and cook in heavy frying pan over medium fire until all fat is rendered from the tissue. Remove lean meat from bones and cut in thin strips. Add bones to one cup of water in a saucepan and simmer 30 minutes; there should be about three-fourths of a cup of stock remaining. (If very lean pork is used dissolve one bouillon cube in three-fourths cup of hot water.)

Remove fat tissue and cook till well browned, turning frequently. Add green pepper, onion, celery, salt, mushrooms, three-fourths cup stock and sauce. Cook, stirring occasionally, for 10 minutes. Now add the bean sprouts—or green beans. Add half cup of cold water to cornstarch gradually and blend in a little of the hot liquid. Return to chop suey and cook, stirring constantly, until all is slightly thickened. Serve with mashed potatoes or cooked rice. Makes six servings—and goes extra well on a chilly day.

These are the sort of evenings when most youngsters love to gather in the kitchen—or around the fireplace if you are blessed with one—and pop corn. Here's a simple recipe for that perennial popcorn favorite

Cracker-Jack

2 cups molasses
1 tablespoon butter
One-eighth teaspoon soda

Gently boil the molasses and butter, without stirring, till the hard-boil stage. Stir in the soda and pour over the popped corn. When thoroughly mixed press the mixture into a shallow greased pan, smoothing the top with a greased spatula. When firm, cut into squares with a sharp knife dipped into water. Cool. Wrap in waxed paper and store in covered container. (If yours is like most families, that last is unnecessary—they'll just go ahead and eat!)

Friendly Relations

"Now and again a telling point in the sermon evokes a grunt of approval from one of the deacons sitting in the front there. Old John Hicks is straining forward a little, his hand cupped over his ear, for he is eighty and somewhat deaf. It was John Hicks who at a recent prayer-meeting got down on his knees to pray, and in the middle of a fervent prayer ended it suddenly like — 'Ow! - Amen,' adding by way of explanation 'Cramp, Lord.' Bless him!"

Phillip Phillips talking about "A Village Church in Wales."

A Suffered

A symphony violinist was making such terrible faces while playing Brahms that the conductor stopped the orchestra and demanded, "What's the matter with you? Don't you like this piece?"

"Oh, it isn't that," replied the face-maker. "It's just that I don't like music."

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

The Dominion Department of Agriculture has put through new regulations — effective January 3, 1949—with regard to the marketing of cattle that have reacted either to the Tuberculin Test for Tuberculosis or the blood test for Brucellosis (Banf's Disease).

* * *

Formerly the letter "B" was tattooed in the right ear for Brucellosis, and the letter "T" punched — also in the right ear—for TB. But now all cattle which have reacted to the blood test must be branded with a "B" on the right hand cheek, this brand to be three and one quarter inches in height by two and a half inches in width. Reaction to the Tuberculin test is to be marked by a brand—height two and a half inches and the bar of the "T" to be the same length—on the left cheek.

* * *

Speaking of Brucellosis—or, to give it the better known name — Bang's Disease, there is a most interesting article on this subject in the current issue of Country Gentleman. It deals, not so much with the effects of this disease on animals, but on human beings.

* * *

Brucellosis today—that is among people—is primarily a farm problem, and no one knows just how many there are who suffer from it in one of its many forms, but it is recognized that four out of five of them live in rural areas.

* * *

It is an undulant fever, and can be a distinctly unpleasant and crippling disease. Sufferers from it, in its more acute form, are often miserably ill for many months at a time. From a single exposure, a patient has been known to remain ill for as long as ten years.

* * *

All authorities agree that the number of KNOWN cases represents only a fraction of the victims; and one expert states that the number of diagnosed human cases has increased sixtyfold in the past 30 years. Another authority puts the number of cases, in the United States alone, at over 130,000 every year.

* * *

Many people have the disease without being aware of it. The illness is often mistaken for chronic influenza or something of the sort. In some of the chronic cases the symptoms are so obscure that doctors decide that the patient is emotionally unbalanced, or suffering from neurasthenia. It is easy to make such a mistake as most victims suffer from extreme mental depression.

* * *

To try and found out just how many people may be suffering from Brucellosis, a Doctor Spink asked university authorities to let him make skin tests on all patients coming to the hospital's out-patient department. These included both city and country folks, and they worked at all sorts of trades and occupations. The only thing they had in common was that NOT ONE OF THEM thought that he or she had undulant fever. Yet, out of 553 tested, nearly one in five either had, or had at some time been exposed to, Brucellosis.

* * *

Many pass through the acute stage of the disease safely, but still retain it in a milder form for years. "I had an attack of flu, with aches and pains in my body—chills, headache, sweats and a little cough" is the way one describes it. "It cleared up in about ten days, but ever since I feel weak and tired. I'm nervous, have headaches, feel low in my mind and my appetite is poor."

* * *

As many of my readers no doubt know, undulant fever may come from drinking UNPASTEURIZED milk from cows with contagious abortion, or Bang's Disease. And because most urban markets insist on milk being pasteurized this form of disease is rare in towns and cities.

* * *

But because many farmers do not bother to pasteurize the milk kept for family use, the disease is rampant in many rural areas. Just how dangerous the milk-borne infection can be will be seen from what happened in a small Maryland town where, within a few days, 28 townspeople were stricken. Caught short of milk during a holiday period a local dealer had "helped out" with a small quantity of unpasteurized milk from an uninspected herd. Examined later, some of the cows in this herd were found to have Bang's Disease.

* * *

There's a new drug, called aureomycin, which promises to do great things in relieving—possibly wiping out—this menace to human beings. But, in the meantime it would be well for all who may be in the slightest danger to be extra careful. Sorry if this column should sound like a medical report—but I thought it important enough to bring to your attention. So, with thanks to Alfred H. Sinks, author of the article referred to at the beginning, that will be all for this week.

WILLIE WEATHER Says:

One of my female acquaintances is quite unusual. It seems that every time I meet this certain young lady, the wind is blowing at a terrific rate of speed.

That's why I call her my gale-friend.

Traitor's Trial

'Lord Haw Haw' was a household name in Great Britain during the war. It was a name bestowed in derision on the best broadcaster that the Nazis had. His curious rasping drawl was known to nearly every British radio listener, and as he announced 'Gairmany calling! Gairmany calling! Gairmany calling! Here are the Reichsender Hambourg, Station Bremen, and Station DXB on the thirty-one metre band. You are about to hear our news in English', he was to some as a red rag to a bull, but to most he was a joke. His nick-name, 'Lord Haw Haw,' was given to him by a newspaper and used as the title of a wartime London musical comedy, and imitations of him became part of the stock-in-trade of every mimic.

'Lord Haw Haw's' real name was as the world now knows, William Joyce. He was hanged for treason on January 3, 1946. Treason is the greatest of all crimes, and the trial at Old Bailey in London of this notorious little man, with his razor-slashed cheek and insinuating voice, attracted wide attention. The whole thing devolved on a question of nationality and the privileges and duties attached to the holding of a British passport. Though the guilt of Joyce was a fact of which no one had any doubt, the only people who can commit treason are those who owe allegiance to the Crown, and it was early found that the nationality of William Joyce was arguable. The case finally hinged on Joyce's possession of a British passport, which he applied for and was granted when he left Britain for Germany immediately before the outbreak of war, and the Judge ruled that beyond the shadow of a doubt the prisoner at that time owed allegiance to the Crown, and that nothing thereafter happened to alter that fact. At the trial, throughout the long and brilliant legal arguments, Joyce sat tight-lipped and absorbed, and he seemed to follow it all with almost professional appreciation. The programme includes actual records of passages from some of his broadcasts, including his last.

Scots Thrift

The wife of a recently-married Aberdonian had successfully undergone an operation for appendicitis. A day or two after the operation her husband was having a drink with the doctor, who in a moment of forgetfulness mentioned that the operation should have taken place two or three years earlier.

The father-in-law received the bill.

Operation Monkey Wrench

Keep your fingers crossed, chum, but it does look now as if Yankee nuts soon may be fitting British bolts by international agreement.

There's a machine-age miracle for you—simple as it may seem. Manufacturers of peacetime goods on both sides of the Atlantic have been trying to make it happen for 50 years. They couldn't get to first base. But now it's "an objective made urgent by military planning." So our United States State Department and National Bureau of Standards have been stirring their stumps, and so have British officials involved in comparable work. Long and complicated negotiations seem about to be crowned with success.

Why this internataional fuss about nuts and bolts? Don't we and the British both use feet and inches? This sounds like the sort of thing a few smart lads could arrange by air mail and settle in an hour by transatlantic telephone. After that, an American who lost a nut off a trunk handle in London could go to the nearest ironmonger—that's a bloke who sells hardware—and buy an English-made nut to replace it. The same would go for nuts and bolts on weapons, aircraft parts, and many other kinds of war goods which this country and Britain have been trying to put on a common basis since the start of World War II.

It's hard to read about such things without getting red tapitis. That's a dull feeling of utter discouragement in the seat of our intelligence. For half a century, the mechanical brains of two great nations have struggled vainly to make a British bolt fit an American pump handle. Yet both are eager to get the job done and each can say, "Please pass the monkey wrench" in the same language.

—Denver Post.

Propping Up A Famous Edifice—Actually, of course, it's just a trick photo, but it really looks as if the young chap were helping hold up the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa, which appears to be in even greater danger of falling than is usual.

JITTER By Arthur Pointer