

Of Interest to Women

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Hints and Suggestions

FIFTY FOODS FOR NINETEEN FORTY

By Betty Barclay

Make 1940 a "variety year" with at least one new dish each week for your family or guests. These recipes may be used for that big holiday dinner, or for any of the cold-weather meals that are yet ahead.

MAGIC EGG NOG

2 tablespoons sweetened condensed milk
1/2 cup water
1 egg
Few grains salt
Nutmeg

Blend sweetened condensed milk and water. Add well-beaten egg and a few grains of salt. Beat with egg beater. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. Serves 1.

ORANGE PRUNE CHEESE SALAD

(Serves 4)

4 to 5 navel oranges, peeled and sliced

20 prunes, cooked

1 cup cottage cheese

Arrange 5 orange slices in circle on lettuce-covered salad plate. Centre each with a prune stuffed with cheese. Serve with any desired dressing.

Variations: Stuffed prunes with cream cheese or peanut butter, moistened with orange juice.

ROAST LAMB, FRENCH STYLE

Prepare leg of lamb in the usual way for roasting. Make an incision in knuckle end of leg and insert 1/2 clove of garlic. Place on rack of roasting pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Put into a hot oven (500 degrees F.) reducing heat after 15 minutes. Baste frequently with fat in pan. If more fat is needed, use butter or dripping of fat salt pork. Allow 20 minutes to a pound for roasting. When roast is cooked, remove to platter and keep hot. Pour off part of fat, leaving about 2 tablespoons. Add 2 cups-cooked, dried lima beans, stir carefully or shake them in the pan until all the browned liquid is absorbed. Add pepper and salt if needed. Serve around lamb on platter, sprinkling with minced parsley.

BROILED EGG-NOODLE NESTS

Perplexed housewives with three tempting and nutritious meals to prepare daily will welcome this suggested wheat-egg-meat combination that has eye-appeal, sates appetites and saves both work and worry.

1/2 lb. egg noodles

8 strips bacon

1 dozen stuffed olives

1/2 cup butter

Seasoning to taste

Boil egg noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Toss egg noodles in seasoned, melted butter to saute all strands.

Make a circle of each bacon strip by fastening ends with toothpick. Fill centres with buttered egg noodles. Cut olives in halves and arrange point downward in clover fashion in centre of mounds. Broil till bacon is done. Serve with remaining egg noodles. For a change, substitute macaroni or spaghetti for the egg noodles.

PINEAPPLE FRUIT BREAD

1 cup chopped dates

1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice

2 tablespoons butter or other shortening

1/2 cup honey

1 egg

1/2 cup sifted flour

1 cup nut meats

1/2 teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons baking powder

Heat pineapple juice, add the dates and cook over a low fire, stirring occasionally until mixture is thick. Cool.

Cream honey and shortening. Add beaten egg and date mixture and nuts. Sift together dry ingredients and add. Pour into well-greased loaf pan 10x4x3, the bottom of which has been lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees F.) for one hour.

Yield: 1 loaf.

GOLDEN MOUNTAIN RENNET-CUSTARD

1 package orange rennet powder

1 pint milk

2 teaspoons lemon juice

1/2 cup apricot pulp

1/2 cup sugar

1 egg white

Mix rennet-custard according to directions on package. Then chill in refrigerator. When ready to serve, beat egg white until stiff. Add sugar gradually until thoroughly blended. Add apricot pulp (prepared by rubbing cooked apricots through a sieve) and lemon juice. Heap the glasses of rennet-custard with apricot whip, and if desired, garnish with sections of diced orange.

RATHER CATTY

"How do you like this dress I got for my eighteenth birthday?"

"Hm-m. It certainly has worn well."

Hints on Fashions



Wide Range

The fur-trimmed accessory is popular this winter. Here are some of the reasons for the fur craze. First is the sweater with fur collar and pockets. The sweater is laced with a zipper fastening, and the fur is moulin in beaver color. The simple black suede bag has a flap covering the zipper-closing, with three mink tails slipped through a gilt ring. The beige gauntlet glove has a bracelet edge of mink. Next is something snug and cozy: a bottle of black leather with top and turned-down cuff of leopard. At top of the sketch is a silver earring in the shape of a wing. It has a drop set like a tear. The bracelet is of gold and has gold links set with different colored stone cabochons.

ONCE A YEAR

Once in a year in our hand is laid. An uncut book by the Master made; Unread are the pages written there. Twelve new chapters clean and fair. Once a year when the glad bells ring. And the Old Year nods to a baby King. Fresh in our hands with the title clear. And the leaves uncut is an Unlived Year.

An Unlived Year! Ah, stained with tears. Is the well thumbed volume of other years! Soiled by blunders and black regret. Are the pages we read with our eyelids wet. Close in our hearts as the leaves are turned. Is the record of passions that flared and burned. Now laid away with our doubt and fear. As we open the book of an Unlived Year.

Once in a year in our hand is laid. An uncut book by the Master made; It is ours to read with eyes that cling. To flowers that blossom and birds that sing. Light and shadow, and hope that wakes. Like a song in the heart when the glad day breaks. Dreams that beckon and ghosts that leer. Look out from our book of an Unlived Year!

—Carey Holbrook

Wife Preservers



You can remove fish odors from a frying pan by pouring a little vinegar into it while it is still hot.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

This is the day after Christmas. At Ginger Farm it is a quiet day. The hub-bub and excitement of the last few days, the extra work, the preparing for Christmas dinner, wrapping presents, the comings and goings—all have simmered down to this quiet after-its-all-over feeling.

Daughter and her girl friend are out visiting other friends. Son is trying out a Christmas present set of wrenches on his car. Partner just came in with a plucked chicken that had been ordered and then we sat and talked for awhile. And I—well, at present I am busy writing, fortified by the presence of a two-pound box of chocolates, a present to Partner and myself. "Yum—and are they good!" I just told Partner he had better come in and help himself to a chocolate occasionally because when I am in the house most of the time I am liable to succumb to temptation rather frequently and thus get ahead of him.

Outwardly, yesterday was much the same as other Christmases. Breakfast over and the chickens sizzling in the oven, we sat and listened to the King's stirring Christmas message. Then we had the Christmas tree—a tree that was not as well laden as usual because several parcels were missing. There had been no mail from England, not even a card. We are frankly worried, fearing anything that has been sent may be lying at the bottom of the ocean. For ourselves we do not mind, but we hate to think of our friends in England spending money, which, probably, they can ill afford, and then have it all spent for nothing. And so the war has far-reaching results, even if to other people a minor nature, to us the significance of the missing presents had the effect of casting an unacknowledged gloom over our homely festivities. We wondered what they were doing over in England... would there be air raids... or ships blown up by a mine... would they have enough Christmas cheer to make it seem like Christmas? Thinking all these things, Partner sent Son down to the Post Office for our mail. But there was nothing—nothing that is, other than the paper.

We have also had other family problems, so that Christmas, 1939, will not be recorded in family history as the happiest Christmas we ever spent. However, we have much to be thankful for, and there is a New Year dawning!

May I thank all those readers who have remembered us this Christmas by sending greeting cards. It is heart-warming to know you think of us sometimes. Thank you very much, we appreciate your kindness more than I can say. And in return for your Christmas wishes may I wish you one and all a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year. We also hope you had a lovely Christmas, with all your family around you. That is really what makes Christmas, don't you think? It isn't the presents or the feasting, is it? It is the thought behind the giving of the presents... the getting together of the family or clan, the friendly feeling we all have for one another. In other words, the spirit of Christmas, as I was trying to explain last week.

I don't think there is any time I like better than the beginning of a New Year. With the work and worries of the old year behind me, I feel myself possessed with new energy. Energy to attack jobs that loomed like mountains towards the end of the old year and which now appear as little things I can just take in my stride as I go along from day to day. Have you ever considered how monotonous life would be if time were not divided into weeks and months and years? Imagine time as one long succession of days! It doesn't sound very alluring does it? There is something almost inspirational in starting a new week a new month and particularly a New Year. It is adventurous. Anything may happen. And as we approach the end of 1939, in which so much has happened, we look forward to the future, hoping against hope that 1940 may bring reason and understanding to the hearts and minds of covetous dictators; that the suffering of innocent people may come to an end, and that, in the human understanding of all people may come to an end, and that, in the living under the British flag, may arise a new realization that personal sacrifice from everyone will help more than anything else to bring about ultimate victory.

Don't let us forget—if we want peace we must work for it! And so—a Happy New Year to everybody.

SHE WATCHES PROFITEERS



Mrs. M. Newman, the only woman member of a committee of nine appointed by the British government to keep an eye on the profiteers, is shown at her home in Plumstead, knitting as she reads. Mrs. Newman is a Labor Alderman of the London Civic Council, and a member of the Woolwich borough Council.

MEXICAN TOREADOR'S BULLS REFUSED AS AIR BAGGAGE

Disappointment was the lot of a toreador who jauntily turned up at an airport in Mexico the other day with two fighting bulls which he insisted were personal baggage. The Mexican Aviation Company was sympathetic but firm. No bulls could fly in its airplanes. The toreador went up in the air in another way, as a hot-blooded bull-fighter might be expected to do under the circumstances, but that was as far as he got. No such problems are presented to the Trans-Canada Air Lines, according to traffic and operating men here. Flying "freight cars" operated by other air lines into the northern areas of Canada have been known to transport even, but the T. C. A. rules say: "Animals, birds and pets will not be carried on planes of Trans-Canada Air Lines, with the exception of 'Seeing Eye' dogs, which may be carried in the passenger cabin with their masters." And as far as they know, toreadadors are few and far between in Canada.

COULD IT BE?

Little Jennie was watching some farm hands spreading out a stack of hay which was heating and might take fire. Why, after taking the trouble to build the stack they should be taking it to pieces, she could not understand. At last she asked politely, "Is it a needle you're looking for?"

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Action on the Western Front



Forty-eight gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military College, Kingston, received their military certificates from Major-General T. V. Anderson, Chief of Staff, and will soon join 43 comrades who graduated in November to accept commissions in His Majesty's Forces. The graduates are shown, Top Left, following the colors into the Sir Arthur Currie Hall, while Company Sergeant-Major I. G. A. McNaughton, son of Major-General A. G. L. McNaughton, is shown, Bottom, receiving his certificate from Major-General Anderson. Colonel A. Fortescue Duguid, creator of the battle flag of the Canadian army, is shown, Top Right, with his son, Lance-Sergeant A. W. Duguid who was among the graduates.

Stalwarts of Canada's 1st Division Land in England for Final Training



Arriving at an unnamed port in the British Isles, soldiers of Canada's First Division are shown, Below, as they stepped ashore to carry on where their fathers left off 21 years ago. Under the guard of the Royal Navy, the vanguard of Canada's new army quietly slipped into their berths and the Canucks disembarked before news of their arrival was made public. Waving farewell to Canada, the Canadian stalwarts are shown, above, aboard one of the transport ships as it left the point of embarkation in Canada.



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By WALLY BISHOP



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