

# Of Interest to Women



## THE MIXING BOWL

By ANNE ALLAN  
Home Economics Columnist

### MAKING SOUPS THE BACKBONE OF YOUR MEALS

Hello Homemakers! Why is it that everyone utters a big "a-m-m" when the family gathers around the table where big bowls of soup are steaming. Is it the aroma and the glimpses of steam from each grey bowl? And there will be more exclamations — if your soup is really good. How satisfying, how delicious soups can be savoured with the simple seasonings every homemaker can keep on her pantry shelf. Serving hearty and wholesome soups often during the snappy, cold weather will benefit the health of your family — and your budget. So let's plan soups as a main course — an easy and satisfying meal.

The water in which vegetables are cooked, left over vegetables, scraps of meat, meat stock, gravy, left-over rice, macaroni — these should never, under any circumstances, be wasted. Keep them in a jar in your electric refrigerator overnight.

As a good foundation for many nutritious soups use 2 pounds of neck of mutton or shin of veal. Have the butcher saw the bones into small pieces. Cut up the meat and brown half of it along with a diced onion in a little fat. This gives better flavor and color to stock soup. Soak the remaining meat and bones in cold water about an hour. Then bring quickly to a boil, using "high" heat, but turn back to "simmer" at this point to steam for about two hours. An hour before removing from heat, add vegetables and seasonings, using a cup filled with diced carrot, turnip, onion and celery, a sprig of parsley, one bay leaf and three peppercorns. When done, skim off fat and drain. The possibilities of using this stock are endless: add macaroni, noodles, rice, barley, bean peas, lentils or sliced vegetables.

A Nutri-thrift menu suggestion is: a hearty bowl of soup accompanied by cheese biscuits or rolls, a dish of fruit for dessert and milk as the beverage unless you are selecting one of the tasty cream soups given below:

#### RECIPES

**Curried Onion and Rice Soup**  
2 lbs. baking fat, 1/2 cup finely chopped onion, salt, 2 lbs. flour, 1/2 cup curry powder, 1/2 cup peas, rice, 4 1/2 cups milk, few grains pepper.  
Add onion and 1/2 teaspoon salt to melted fat. Cover and cook over low heat until soft, stirring constantly. Turn electric element to "Low," add flour, curry powder and rice and mix well. Add milk gradually, and cook stirring constantly until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Six servings.

**Cream of Cabbage and Lentil Soup**  
1/2 cup dried lentils, 1/2 lb. salt pork, 1 cup salt, 1 1/2 cups finely sliced rice, 4 1/2 cups milk, few grains pepper.  
Add onion and 1/2 teaspoon salt to melted fat. Cover and cook over low heat until soft, stirring constantly. Turn electric element to "Low," add flour, curry powder and rice and mix well. Add milk gradually, and cook stirring constantly until thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Six servings.

**CLEAR TOMATO SOUP**  
1 qt. brown soup stock, 2 1/2 cups tomatoes, 1/2 tsp. peppercorns, 1 small bay leaf, 3 cloves, 3 sprigs thyme, 4 lbs. baking fat, 2 sprigs parsley, 1/2 cup each onion, carrot, celery, raw ham (diced), salt, pepper.  
Cook onion, carrot, celery, and ham in baking fat five minutes. Add tomatoes, peppercorns, bay leaf, cloves, thyme and parsley. Cover and cook slowly one hour on small electric element. Strain carefully, add hot stock and season with salt and pepper. (This recipe may be used for jellied soup or for salad.)

**THE QUESTION BOX**  
Mrs. N. C. asks: "Is it all right to make sauerkraut at this time of year? How much salt is necessary and how long should it stand before using?"

Answer: Yes. Use 1 lb. of pure salt (not iodized) for 40 lbs. cabbage. Be sure salt is evenly distributed through the cabbage. When the crock is nearly full, press cabbage down with an enamel or heavy porcelain plate. Keep weighted down and allow to stand for several days until cabbage looks grey-white. Set crock in a cooler place to prevent any more scum forming. Melted wax may be poured over it at the end of a week and the crock of sauerkraut left for 1 month before using.

Anne Allan invites you to write to her, Care of The Acton Free Press. Send in your questions on homemaking problems and watch this column for replies.



Young Jules Upton, created the role of Joe, the Canadian boy, in the CBC series, "Our Canada," which concludes this week with a tribute to Canadian composers. The program will be heard Sunday, January 31 at 10:15 p.m. EDT, 11:15 p.m. ADT. Jules Upton was born in Vancouver and from primary school days wanted to act, and did. He came east two years ago after experience on the legitimate stage and in radio drama. Today he is heard in *Comrades in Arms*, *The Magic Carpet*, *Soldier's Wife* and *Dramas From the Bible*. When he isn't before the microphone he is likely to be found happily absorbed in the sound effects.

## Red Cross Rises To Emergency

It is 4:30 a.m. on a Sunday morning two days after Christmas. A telephone rings, stridently, urgently, beside a bed where a woman lies sleeping, tired out after the rush and bustle of a busy Christmas. She lifts up the receiver and an excited voice says, "This is the Civic Hospital speaking. There has been a bad train wreck at Almonte. We need at least forty blood donors at once. Can you help?"

The woman is Mrs. Dunn, Assistant Commandant, Ottawa Detachment Canadian Red Cross Corps, (Office Administration Section). She goes to the files of blood donors kept for just such emergencies as this. Two hours later there are forty people at the Ottawa Civic Hospital awaiting their turn to give their blood to the injured coming in by train and ambulance.

Officials at the hospital consider that at least thirty-five of the injured owe their lives to the blood donors and to the Red Cross organization for rounding up the donors and bringing them in to the hospital.

The tragic wreck at Almonte served to illustrate the fact that the Red Cross Society, in spite of the tremendous press of wartime activities, is still carrying on all its usual peacetime emergency services. The speed with which aid was despatched to the scene of the wreck amazed many people. A train left Ottawa within half an hour, taking doctors and nurses and all the available supplies of stretchers and first aid equipment to Almonte. Emergency hospitals were set up and work was started on the difficult task of notifying the relatives of the injured persons. This prompt and efficient service comes from long years of organization in fighting the effects of famine, flood and fire both in peace and in war. The Red Cross is always there when needed.

## Grandma's Troubles With Her Stockings

She Was Advised to Use Gin. Or Call or What Had She for Cleansing Purposes

(By The Canadian Press)

Think of washing instructions for the new rayon stockings are complicated? Then take a look at the instructions issued in grandmother's day for the correct cleansing of silk stockings. Following is an excerpt from a "Handbook for the Use of a Lady in Folite Society," published in Boston in 1872:

"To wash silk—Half a pint of gin, four ounces of soft soap, and two ounces of honey, well shaken; then rub the silk with a sponge (wetted with the above mixture), upon a table, wash through two waters, in which pour two or three spoonfuls of ox gall, which will brighten the colors, and prevent their running. The silks should not be wrung, but well shaken and hung up to dry and mangled while damp. The writer has had green silk dresses washed by this recipe, and they have looked as well as new.

"For black silk—slice uncooked potatoes, pour boiling water on them; when cold sponge the right side of the silk with it, and iron on the wrong side."

## Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press by GWENDOLENE F. CLARKE

Well, what was your experience last week amid the storms and blizzards? If you live in town it was one thing; if you live in the country it was something else again. It seems to me that that was one time when Old Man Winter caught most of us flat-footed. I was one of those stranded overnight away from home. It happened that I had to go to town last Tuesday and there was no way of getting there except with the sleighs.

As the weather became progressively worse I began to get cold feet about the trip but Partner said "Oh don't worry about it, I'll get you there all right!" So, at one-thirty Partner went to hitch-up and then I was faced with the problem of fighting my way to the sleighs. And believe me, it was a problem. People in town have no idea what it means to face the storm in open country. The short way to the sleighs was already cut off by huge snowdrifts, so with a feeble blanket wrapped around me, head and all, I stepped out. The storm was terrible. I couldn't get my breath nor see where I was going—and the blanket started to slip. I clutched it frantically, without it my last hope would be gone. By this time the sleighs seemed miles away and to finally reach them I must head into the storm cross the barnyard, I couldn't do so I headed for the stable, the blanketed trailing. Partner was just bringing the horses out. "Get into the stable!" he shouted as well as he could. "I'll bring the sleigh around." Eventually we got away and once down the lane the wind was in our back, which, of course made all the difference. But Partner had his own time coming back. He said he made no attempt to drive as he couldn't see where he was going anyway so the horses went where they liked. Partner was supposed to come back for me around six-thirty but... well, I don't need to tell you the rest. It was five-thirty the next day before he was able to make the grade. I was quite comfortable in town—but just about frantic at what might be happening at home especially after Partner had phoned that our water system at the barn had frozen solid.

I paraded the streets in town the next morning hoping to get a ride home but at that time nothing was able to get through. I even went and bought overalls for protection and tried to walk home but a little way out of town the huge drifts turned me back. So there was nothing to do but wait until Partner could get through. But even storms can laugh. When Partner was coming for me he found the milk still at the gate so he put the two cans on the sleighs with the idea of delivering them at the next farm where they belonged. But when he saw the other road he changed his mind so the cans were still with us when I was going home. They were slipping about quite a bit so I did what I could to hold them. And then as we skirted a snowbank away went one can. "Stop," I yelled, with visions of myself drowned in milk. "Stop—the cans are going!" But Partner went right on driving. "Let 'em go," he said, "they're frozen anyway." And sure enough they were. There were the two cans rolling around in the sleigh and not a drop of milk oozing out from either of them! It struck me as being really funny.

All the way along the road cars and trucks were stranded, buried wheel deep in snow, and many of them in outlying districts are there yet. We are more fortunate than some as this line has been opened up and since the snow-plough went through there has been one continual stream of sleighs and cutters with farmers getting chop for their cattle and provisions for the home. One woman told me she never wanted to see a biscuit again! They had lived on biscuits for three days after the bread supply gave out.

Now the weather has moderated considerably and we are beginning to think about floods. At least Partner is—I say "sufficient unto the day."

Well, it was quite a storm while it lasted—the nearest thing to western weather that I have seen since we left the prairie. But there is one big difference. Out West we took such storms for granted and could always last out without too much inconvenience for a week, or even two weeks, if necessary. Down here we have become accustomed to bread, meat and groceries being delivered once or twice a week in the country, and so bad weather is apt to catch us napping.

Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief.—Shakespeare.

## It Was An Adventure Then

In the days when winter was winter few American homes were what we should call cozy and well heated. They were not well aired, either, because fresh air was cold air. A good many people thought that the air which had been good enough for their fathers and grandfathers was good enough for them. In those days a house with a coal range in the kitchen and a pot-bellied affair in the sitting-room offered a wide range of climate. The temperature near these stoves, at about supper time, would have risen to 75 or 80 degrees. Thence it would grade down to 50 in the corner by the north window. Bedroom temperature at any time depended on the weather. When it was very outside it would be around 32 degrees Fahrenheit inside.

Going to bed was an adventure comparable with exploring the North-West Passage in a bathing suit. One could warm up a little by shivering, but not much. One explored the lower recesses inch by inch. In the morning the situation was reversed. The bed was then warm, but nothing else was. Not even the kitchen.

These, too, winters were colder in the old days. Snow came at about the first of December, and by December 17 the thermometer might fall to 10 above in cities like this, and to that much below in some of the more mendacious suburbs. Everything was more difficult: transportation, getting certain kinds of food, such as beefsteak, bananas and fresh vegetables, getting enough fuel.

The old-fashioned winter, in short, was pretty tough. It is fortunate that we modern sojourners do not have to face such winters.—New York Times.

## Walking Is The Best of Exercise

A recent article by Dr. Thomas Hale, Jr. in "The Military Surgeon" on the art of walking healthfully is quoted in the current issue of "Good Health," official organ of the Race Betterment Foundation.

"Since the arrival of the bicycle and the more recent arrival of the automobile," says Dr. Hale, "the use of the legs has steadily diminished. At the present time there is in use in the United States one automobile for every five or six persons. Pedestrians have practically disappeared from public highways except in towns and cities. The feet of civilized man have long shown evidences of functional decay: through the lack of use, as shown in the loss of a joint in the little toe, diminishing size of the great toe, the loss of prehensile power possessed by many primitive races, and the wearing of artificial shoes. If the present trend continues, man will ultimately become toothless as well as footless."

The doctor goes on to assert that walking is one of the best of all exercises. The increase of professional and sedentary occupations seriously damages the health and efficiency of millions in modern highly civilized countries, he says.

Dr. Hale gives the following important instructions on walking: "The feet were meant to be used as propulsive levers, not as pedestals. The knees and big toes should be used in walking. Before the forward foot is placed on the ground, the knee of the rear leg should be fully straightened and the front part of this foot should give a shove to start it on the next step. In walking, therefore, the body should be fully straightened so that the weight of the body is borne on the forward part of the foot. When this is done, the person leans slightly forward and must tense his abdominal muscles a little to keep his balance. One who walks on his heels holds himself perpendicular or leans backward to maintain his balance. The result even in thin persons is to develop a protruding stomach."

**QUEBEC-BRED GOATS GO ON WAR SERVICE**  
Quebec-bred goats have been called for war service abroad where war conditions have caused a shortage of fitch cows. Six choice specimens from Dr. Barlow's farm at Laurel in the Laurentians, shipped by Canadian National Railways Express on the company's fast "Scotian" for an Eastern port, their destination being Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I. They are consigned to the Jamaican Government the agricultural department of which is embarking on a program of goat breeding to meet a domestic milk shortage. These Laurentian goats travelled in special crates and with them went a plentiful supply of alfalfa. Fresh water was furnished at all divisional points. A representative of The Canadian National Express will travel on the train to see that feed and watering is according to schedule.

**MOTORIST MUST PAY DAMAGES TO RAILWAY**  
The Grand Trunk Western Railway region of the Canadian National Railways sued for damages when a towing truck caused damage to track and safety equipment at Schoolcraft on the company's Chicago-Montreal main line. The Kalamazoo Circuit Court granted \$1,062.29 to the railway and the Supreme Court here recently confirmed the decision.

## Dried Foods Save In Shipping Costs

A recent news item in The London Times Weekly states that prior to the war Great Britain brought in with her food imports no less than 3,000,000 tons of water a year. Now a number of imported food commodities, says The Times, come in dried form, thus saving an immense amount of shipping space.

For example, a quart of milk when fresh weighs some 41 ounces, and has a volume of 69 cubic inches. As a powder, it weighs 53 ounces, with a volume of only 15.6 cubic inches. If the powder is compressed into a block the volume is further reduced to 7.7 cubic inches. This discovery, says the item, makes it possible for rich spring and early summer milk to be preserved for winter use.

It is estimated that during 1943 Great Britain will import 100,000 tons of dried egg. The equivalent importation as egg in shell would be more than five or six times as much in bulk. Already, says The Times, samples of dried meat have reached Great Britain from New Zealand, Australia, Argentina and the United States. This is literally meat minus moisture. Not only are dried meat and egg economical for shipping space, but they do not require refrigeration for transport or storage.

The item goes on to say that scientists both in Great Britain and the Dominion have co-operated to produce a method of shipping and storing butter without refrigeration. By removing the water and non-fatty solids, a pure dry butterfat is obtainable which is relatively non-perishable, cannot be spoiled by micro-organisms, and will keep for months without refrigeration.

Great care has been taken to ensure that the full nutritive value of dried foods is retained, says the item, and in general it can be said that if their palatability is retained, so also is their nutritive value. That they do retain their vitamins during drying, and storage has been thoroughly tested. Manufacture is now in progress in the Dominion, Canada, the United States, Argentina, Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain itself.

## Valentines Go To One's Head On Spring Hat

Hats for Easter to Recall the Gay Nineties With Versions of Sunbonnet Sue and the Merry Widow

By DOROTHY ROE  
A. F. Fashion Editor

Yes, girls, it's been a hard winter, but Easter is just around the corner. Coming on April 25 it's as late as it can ever be on the Gregorian calendar. Just think, it might come some other year as early as March 22 and would we be ready for it? Not with the freeze-ups, sundry varieties, of 1942-43.

Talking of hats? Yes—we're just coming to that. You've heard of Sunbonnet Sue—She's first cousin of the Gibson Girl and younger sister of the Inuit girl. She's a girl on the bicycle-built-for-two. She's the girl all the song-writers were mad about in the Gay Nineties, and she's back with us to-day or will be in the spring wearing the brand new sunbonnets of spring, 1943.

As always in wartime, there's a nostalgic air to fashion. Designers put a new twist on old favorites; hands play the sentimental tunes of yesterday.

**Romance of 1913**  
Romantic as an old-fashioned garden are the hats that will shine in this year's Easter parade. With oops accord milliners have agreed that girls must look pretty this spring, and they have designed hats that are young and appealing; hats that are planned to frame a pretty face; hats swathed in tulle, like the motoring velle of 1900, and hats blossoming with spring flowers.

One New York milliner shows 1943 versions of the Merry Widow sailor, along with minute tinfole hats with petticoat veils. Another highlights "Victory Garden" hats laden with flowers and accompanied by flower muffs and chokers. One uses old-fashioned ball-fringe on a pert padour hat, and another goes frankly and dreamily sentimental with "crests" of flowers which fit into rather than on the coiffure, like a coxcomb. An horticulture-minded expert uses flowers with a lavish hand on fluttering confections with a candy-bar charm.

**RUBBER FROM BRAZIL?**  
NEW YORK, (CP)—Word here is that Brazil is experimenting with an elastic producing growth—the magnesia — never previously developed, with the idea of a basic material for rubber.

**SWEET CAPORAL**  
"THE PUREST FORM IN WHICH TOBACCO CAN BE SMOKED."

## RAIL MAN IS CONDUCTOR OF HANDS, NOT TRADES

Many railwaymen have hobbies and in the case of Augustus Hughes, stationery storekeeper for the Canadian National Railways here, retiring after forty years' service, it runs to music. Trained as a violinist, Mr. Hughes became a conductor of orchestras and bands including the Canadian National Railways band organized by workers in the company's Timmins shops, and that of the Canadian Legion. A native of Great Chesterford, Essex, England, Mr. Hughes, who brought with him to Canada a keen interest in cricket and that forms a second hobby.

## ARMY SEND CABLES TO OLD HOME TOWN

Wire traffic over the lines of Canadian National Telegraphs greatly increased during the past year. One cause for increased business was the large number of men from the British Isles and the Dominion transferred to Canada under the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme, every man jack of whom sends a cable on arrival and periodically thereafter. The arrival overseas of new contingents of the active army is always followed by the receipt in Canada of a large volume of cables with consequent increase in the traffic carried by the Canadian National land-wire.

## Inside a British Troop-Carrying Glider



Two members of a British Glider Regiment, wearing full equipment, in the interior of a troop-carrying glider. To make Britain's Airborne Troops an independent unit, the I.A.F. is training N.C.O.'s of the Army Corps Glider Regiment to pilot gliders. From flying light powered aircraft pupil pilots pass on to the "Hotspur" troop-carrying glider, then, after a period of final instruction, qualify for their wings.

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