

Of Interest to Women



THE MIXING BOWL

By ANN ALLAN
Radio House Successt

Hello Homemakers! Some girls wear smart print dresses all day, some wear war-service uniforms, others business skirts, and others denim jeans. Their problem is shared by every woman—how can they keep their clothes in order. They want an answer to "Which one of my dresses is clean, pressed and ready to wear?"

It's true that regular care makes the problem easier. That is: always use a hanger for your clothes, turn inside out and air them frequently, brush daily, and keep fasteners sewn on securely.

But to be well-groomed send them to the dry cleaners regularly—never let pressing take the place of laundering or dry-cleaning. Keeping the clothes clean and fresh is one of the first rules for looking well dressed as well as for making clothes last longer.

Then press often, to keep looking well groomed. Begin with the sleeves. It is easiest to press them on the right side; but of course, you should use a pressing cloth to prevent shine. If you have a sleeve board or an ironing board with a small end, you can easily press the thick cap of the sleeve over it. Otherwise, roll up a small Turkish towel and slip it inside the shoulder and the cap of the sleeve, and press these sections. Then move the towel up and down and press the sleeve. This will avoid creasing. Turn the dress inside out. Now press the fabric itself. In pressing woollens or crepe weaves, use an up-and-down stamping motion to prevent stretching; but with smooth fabrics press with an ironing motion. Never forget to press the seams flat, for this gives your dress that well-tailored look. Now turn to the right side, and finish pockets, double thickness, and trimmings, using the pressing cloth to avoid shine.

Keeping trimmings slim. Collars and cuffs and dickyys make us trim and spruce-looking when they are crisp and immaculate. Use starch to keep them perky. Put about 2 tsp. in a gallon of water and dip in after rinsing—and iron the pieces while damp.

To keep that original, snowy look with white accessories, use a bleach. (Do not bleach silk or wool.) Follow directions on the bottle of bleach for the right amount. Soak the pieces for 15 minutes and rinse several times.

Before you wear a new dress or coat, go over all the buttons with strong thread. Another tip on good grooming is to keep hat veils pressed, belts clean and uncrushed.

TAKE A TIP

1. Don't drop your iron.
2. Don't chafe the cord.
3. Don't use a cord with a loose plug.
4. Don't let starch or soil collect on sole plate.
5. Don't let cord touch hot iron.
6. Don't leave connected when not in use.
7. Don't iron over buttons and fasteners.

THE QUESTION BOX

Oatmeal Bars

(Requested by Mrs. C. R.)
 1/2 cup shortening, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1/2 cup corn syrup, 1 cup of rolled oats, 1 cup sifted flour, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, salt, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup chopped raisins.
 Cream shortening, blend in sugar and syrup. Add rolled oats. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Stir in the raisins. Spread on greased baking sheet. Bake in an electric oven at 250 degrees for 45 minutes. Cool and cut in bars.

Apple Graham Fluff

(Requested by Mrs. N. E.)
 1 cup Graham cracker crumbs, 2 tbs. melted butter, 1/2 cup of brown sugar (sifted), 1 egg white (stiffly beaten), 3 cups slightly sweetened applesauce, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon.
 Mix crumbs and butter and brown sugar. Pile on a pie plate and bake in a slow electric oven at 275 degrees for about 10 minutes. Cool. Fold beaten egg white into the sweetened applesauce. Put a spoonful of the graham cracker crumbs on the bottom of serving dishes, fill up with the applesauce mixture, sprinkle with cinnamon and top with more crumbs. Chill in electric refrigerator.

Mrs. C. asks: "Why are apple pies soggy in the lower crust?"
 Answer: Pastry requires a high temperature (425-450 degrees) for 30 minutes. The pastry should be well cooked and chilled quickly when taken from the oven.

FREETOWN (CP)—The British Treasury has lent \$1,158,200 to Sierra Leone, and made a grant of \$167,300 for the drainage and irrigation of swampland where rice is being planted.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Acton Free Press by
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

We have a very lively increase in the family—in fact there are two hundred and fifty of them, all of them babies and as cute as can be. It is fun to watch our new family—the only trouble is, to watch takes time. But then "that is life, if full of care, we have no time to stand and stare"—whether it be at chickens or sunsets. Both are lovely. And do you know, you can almost watch chickens grow in intelligence as well as in size. Or perhaps I should say—observe their instinct develop—because chickens never have very much intelligence at any time.

For instance, the first day we had the chicks, I could catch, squeeze, hang away at the stove or do anything at all and the chickens took no notice whatsoever. The second day, when I shook the fire down, the little things stood absolutely still, as much as to say—"What's going to happen to us now?" The third day they were used to stove noises but when I sneezed, rather violently, and twice in succession, they made one wild scramble to the far corner of the pen. And they didn't come out until they were sure that the noise they had heard had no relation to St. Vesuvius in eruption.

Then I got some new drinking fountains—different from the one already in the pen. Several of the more venturesome chicks crowded around the fountains, got very close to the saucers, and then backed away. That would happen time and again. Then one, with more courage than the rest, gave one quick peck at the water and then backed away quicker than ever. He shook his head and really looked quite surprised. "Why that is only water in that queer looking thing, he apparently thought to himself, "I'll try it again!" So he came back, and his return gave the others courage. Pretty soon all the chickens were scrambling over each other to get to the water. After a while, having fed their fill and quenched their thirst, they are ready for an after dinner nap. Some doze off sturdily up but finally sink to the floor, others would settle down comfortably before going to sleep and appear like dopey half dead chickens, until a few of their wide-awake brothers and sisters would run over the top of their sleeping bodies without so much as saying "By you leave". Up jump the sleeping chickens, now very alive and awake, shake themselves, run a few steps, and then settle down again, to sleep until once more disturbed.

You know, I am really having rather a funny experience; at least that is the way it strikes me when I attend to the furnace and then the brooder stove. Like going from the sublime to the ridiculous in size—the one is so big and the other so small.

Oh yes, I had to mention the furnace again. And why not—it is still on my mind. You see the plumber became ill and the only time he was able to come this week was Saturday morning, so the installation of the furnace is not much nearer completion than it was a week ago. However, we are able to get the full benefit of it in nearly all our main rooms so we haven't much to grumble about.

In the meantime I finished my Red Cross collecting, which in this district was unavoidably delayed. I found the response very gratifying, far more so than in any previous year. It is not necessary now to tell people what the Red Cross is doing. In fact, some people, after giving generously, say they wish it were possible for them to give twice as much.

Yesterday we had a very unhappy experience. We had to destroy our dog. We were specially grieved because he belonged to our soldier son, and they were the greatest of chums. But Rusty had recently taken up with bad company and the two dogs went on the rampage and badly mauled a neighbour's geese. Naturally, no matter what Rusty meant to us, we could not keep a dog that gave trouble, and would probably give more, to any of our neighbours. We had already done what we could to cure the wander-lust, except in winter Rusty was tied up as much as possible and was always in at night. But what kind of a life is that for a dog?

So we did what we thought was only fair to the neighbours—got rid of the dog. But if you have ever loved a dog and incidentally its owner, then you will probably know how badly we feel about losing Rusty, who, except for that one bad trait he developed, had the best disposition of any dog we ever owned.
 Now we want to get a pup as soon

as we can. A yellow and white collie pup, from a good cattle dog, from one that is also a good watch dog but yet not cross. Does anyone own a pup answering that description for whom they would like a good home? We feel absolutely lost without a dog around.

Daring Experiment Proves Successful

Tiny Artificial Feet Give Blitz-Deformed Boy Nearly Normal Life

LONDON (CP)—At the height of an air raid three years ago Tony Hyett was born. His feet were hopelessly deformed, due doctors said, to the shock to his mother of the nightly bombings.
 At that time it was expected he would never walk. So the doctors made a daring experiment. They sent Tony to hospital when he was five months old and cut off his feet above the ankle.
 Months later he went home, fitted with one of the smallest pairs of artificial feet ever made. Today he gets around almost as well as any other child, riding his tricycle and even climbing.

8th ARMY OFFICER WINS THREE HONORS

LONDON (CP)—Gen. Montgomery's chief of staff in the 8th Army, Maj.-Gen. Francis de Guingand was decorated three times by the King at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace.

He received the CB, CBE and DSO. "Thank you for all you have done," the King said to the general, as he shook hands and congratulated him.
 Gen. de Guingand's decorations are a history in miniature of the 8th Army and its victories.
 "I won the DSO before Alamein," he said. "The CBE after we had fought our way to Tripoli, and the CB for the campaign in Sicily."

Maybe Noah Laughed at These

Worshipper: "I was given to understand that you had a mixed choir here, but I noticed they were all males."
 Curate: "Nevertheless it's mixed. Some of them can sing and some of them can't."

"If I were you I wouldn't be a fool," said one man to another with whom he had been having a heated discussion.
 "True," replied the other, calmly. "The unfortunate part of it is that you are yourself!"

The occupant of a ground-floor flat said to the postman: "You always seem to have something for the man in the top flat."
 "Yes," replied the postman; "I once had a row with him, and ever since he has sent himself a postcard every day, just because he knows I have to climb five flights of stairs to deliver it."

Teacher (questioning class after lesson on preservation of food):
 "Mary tell me one way of preserving meat."
 Mary: "Putting it in ice, teacher."
 Teacher: "What do you call that?"
 Mary: "Isolation, teacher."

"Where's your pencil Alf?"
 "Ain't got one, teacher."
 "How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, they haven't got one—"
 "Well, where are all the blinks' pencils?"

COLLECT WILD RUBBER

LILJULI, Northern Rhodesia (CP)—African workers in Burotschuld have just collected five tons of wild rubber and presented it as a contribution to the war effort: The rubber has been sold and the proceeds paid to war charities.

TRAVELS 30,000 MILES

LONDON (CP)—Miss Irene Ward, Conservative M. P. for Walsand, has returned from a visit to China. She travelled 30,000 miles mostly by airplane and in seven months visited Persia, Iraq, Afghanistan, India, Turkey, Malta and Gibraltar.

TO POPULARIZE FISH

LONDON (CP)—Herring are more nutritious than eggs, says the Herring Industry Committee, appointed by the government a year ago, in a report recommending a \$10,000,000 program to popularize the fish and expand herring fishing.



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First Objective



IN these decisive months all Canada's effort is concentrated on one great objective—the attack that is to destroy the Nazi menace and all that it represents. Years of work have gone into its preparation. The best of our young men are staking their lives on its success.

We in Canada must support and strengthen this attack with all our effort. This one purpose must command our work, our minds and our hearts.

We must not permit any scramble for private gain or individual selfish ends, to distract us from our main task. If we concentrate on seeking, individually or jointly, higher prices,

higher pay or higher profits, we shall be diverting our attention from the main task at this critical time. We shall also endanger the stability of prices which we in Canada have achieved after great difficulties—a stability that is essential to efficiency and fairness in war, and to peacetime prosperity afterward.

Our young men are fighting for a Canada and a world in which all men can have faith, hope, and security. Each of them wants to come back to a job—or a farm—with a future. We at home must keep secure for them a strong and stable foundation on which alone a post-war period of promise and achievement can be built.

This advertisement is one of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.