

Of Interest to Women



THE MIXING BOWL
By ANNE ALLAN
Studio House Recipes

Hello Homemakers! Owing to the present conditions, such as over-taxed transportation facilities, labor shortages and other wartime difficulties, green vegetables might well be expected to be high-priced. In fact we could expect these summer vegetables to be scarce and also beyond the possibilities of the average food budget.

However there are plenty of nutritious greens available now—within the reach of many of us. We all know dandelions and watercress. They are good and you can obtain them free of charge—picking them yourself.

The favorite busy-day dish is hot potato salad to serve with these greens. Cheap too. You make it this way: Peel and cube potatoes. Cook in a small amount of water. Meanwhile fry a cup of diced salt pork. Carefully pour in one-quarter cup of vinegar and one-quarter cup of water. Add salt, pepper and any other seasoning such as onion, watercress or celery tops. This is enough dressing for four cups of potatoes. Drain potatoes and pour over the dressing. Mix lightly and serve.

Hot potato salad and cooked greens are delicious with wieners or veal chops. A good milk pudding will top this easy to prepare dinner, you'll agree.

CARROT LOAF

2 cups cooked rice, 2 cups of sliced young raw carrots, 1 small dry onion, ¼ cup celery leaves, 3 eggs, 1 cup evaporated milk (undiluted), 2 teaspoons salt, few grains of pepper, 1/16 teaspoon chill powder, green peas for filling.

Cook the rice and drain. Put carrots, onion and celery leaves through a food chopper, using the fine knife. Beat the eggs well and mix all the ingredients except peas. Fold in the rice and pour into a greased mould. Bake until mixture is set at 350 degrees F. for about forty minutes. Loosen gently and turn onto a heated platter. Fill the ring with peas or sliced brown potatoes.

DANDELION GREENS

Wash greens in several waters, washing each stalk through the water and looking it over carefully for dirt. Cut off and discard the tough stem ends. The washing is really the most time-taking step in the preparation.

To cook drain the greens carefully from the last wash-water, pack into a large kettle. Cover and place over a low heat until the stems wither and water collects in the bottom of the pan. Then remove the cover, turn up the heat and cook quickly, five to eight minutes, no longer. Season with salt during the last five minutes of cooking, one-half teaspoon of salt is sufficient for one pound of greens. Stir it into the vegetables well. Drain the greens by lifting them up with a fork, letting them drip in the kettle a second, then transfer at once to a hot vegetable dish. Serve immediately, plain or garnished with wedge-shaped pieces of lemon.

SPINACH TIMBALES

2 cups cooked spinach or greens, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup grated cheese, ¼ teaspoon salt. Drain spinach well and chop fine. Separate eggs. Beat yolks, add milk, melted butter, grated cheese and salt and mix well. Stir in the spinach. Beat egg whites stiff, fold into the first mixture. Turn in greased mould. Set mould in pan of hot water to a depth of one inch. Bake in a moderate electric oven, 350 degrees until firm. To test for doneness, insert a clean knife in the center of mould. If it comes out clean the tins are baked.

TAKE A TIP:

- Use the heavy frying pan to bake top-stove scones.
- If you can spare a little fruit juice—pour over spare ribs, cover and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours.
- Make a thin creamed sauce for scalloped potatoes.
- Make commercial mayonnaise go further by using some condensed tomato soup or a relish or cream cheese with it.

THE QUESTION BOX

Mr. W. A. asks: How do you store maple syrup?—ours has a mould on it already.
* Answer: Sterilize small jars with rubber rings, thoroughly. Heat some syrup in a large kettle, stirring it frequently. Pour into the jars just before it comes to a boil. Seal tightly and store in a cool, dark place.
Mrs. G. S. says: I plan to steam a couple of puddings when I boil up soup bones. The batter is put into two greased-baking powder tins, covered with waxed paper and tied on securely. Then placed in the stock mixture.

TALKS PRODUCER



Joan Yvonne Dangelzer is a young Canadian who bears natural allegiance to Britain and France. She was born in England during the first world war, in which her French father gave his life. She spent her childhood in British Columbia, received training in American and French universities. Today she is producing talks for the CBC English network from the Montreal studios, being equally at home in the French and English tongues.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Almighty Father, make me worthy of the infinite trust in my baby's eyes. Let me never fall him when he becomes perplexed and discouraged by life's difficult questionings. Help me to give him the understanding and sympathy that will enable him to choose always that which is right and good in Thine eyes. And above all, give me strength that I may ever instill in him a constant faith in Thee, so that he may turn to Thee in prayer for the help, courage, and guidance which Thine alone canst give. Bless Thy child, keep him always in Thy sight, and bring him at last to Thy Heavenly Kingdom. I ask this for the sake of Thy only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

IN OTTAWA CIRCLES

Almost every Canadian has run across the expression, "in Ottawa circles," at one time or another. Perhaps the clearest conception of just what this can mean comes through recounting what happened some months ago. A senior official in one of the departments asked an editor to have a photograph of himself for publication. He called in his secretary and told her to send one over to the waiting editor.

It must be admitted that this particular official was no publicity-seeker, and after an unsuccessful search of the files the secretary discovered who just did not have a picture. An enterprising girl, she called this government corporation's publicity department and asked for a print of Mr. B. "Right away" came the reply. "The fact that the official was a particularly retiring fellow must have dawned on the publicity department when they found that even they had no picture on file. But they were full of action. They got the Wartime Information Board on the phone immediately and asked them to rush one right over. A scant ten minutes later the phone jangled in the records' office of the National Film Board. It was the W.I.B. asking for a rush print of the official; they did not seem to have him covered in their files.

When the Film Board man turned up a bank in his own records he took the one course of action that would occur to any ex-newsman. He grabbed the phone and called Mr. B. "Wonder if we could have a photograph of you, Sir. It's a rush order."

Mr. B. was regretful that they did not appear to have one available in his office at the moment. "But," he said, "I've got one on order for another chap, and as soon as he's through with it I'll pass it along to you."

"Thanks very much, Sir."—The Printed Word.

HORSE SUPPLY IN U.S. LOWER

NEW YORK (CP)—The supply of horses on United States farms declined during 1943 for the 29th consecutive year, according to a national survey. The number dropped from 9,875,000 head in 1942 to 9,330,000 at the beginning of 1944. The peak was 1915 with 21,431,000 head. Mules on farms slumped from 3,704,000 in 1942 to 3,559,000 last year, the 19th annual decline. Mule population was highest in 1925 with 5,918,000.

WORK ON FLORIDA FARMS

NASSAU (CP)—With the active encouragement of the Bahamas government, some 5,000 workers have been recruited in the colony by the U.S. Labor Administrator for service on the land in Florida.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

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

We had a surprise this week—and a very pleasant one. A telephone call from Toronto... and our son's voice saying he was on his way home. We knew he was due for a furlough, but had not expected him so soon. And he arrived just as Partner was ready to start on the land—so we had someone to drive the tractor for us after all. Of course we thought our seeding would be finished in double quick time. But no—one field was too wet to work and then before it had a chance to dry it rained again. So here we are with one field partly sown and that is all. On Monday, son Bob leaves for Quebec. He has a feeling that if the invasion gets under way it is quite possible men on furlough may be recalled. And when a visit to your best girl is at stake, there is no sense in taking chances. Imagine a fellow being recalled before he had had a chance to see his girl. Being a soldier is a tough business sometimes, isn't it?

By the way, Bob was very much amused at his sister and I thinking him "safe" as long as he was on Vancouver Island and not overseas. By the time he had finished telling me a few things I realized that all the casualties are not on the battlefield. It put me in mind of a stupid little rhyme I used to say as a child—especially if I were up to some sort of mischief—"If my mother only knew, her heart would surely break in two."

Our boys in training—and on operational duty, as Bob is—might often think that—and with some reason.

Our spring flowers are just coming into bloom with more buds showing than I have seen for a good many years. We have daffies and narcissi along the edge of the border from one end of the garden to the other. And they are really lovely. Then come the flowering shrubs but after they are done our garden has little to commend it because I have so little time to attend to it. Yesterday I visited a nursery in search of ornamental evergreen and shrubs—but it was raining and too wet for digging, so I just had to go catalogue shopping and that didn't get me very far at all. What I wanted was growing but not listed.

Won't it be nice when everyone has time again to do the things he or she wants to do; to get help when it is needed and to spend a few hours in the garden at will? As it is one can only take time to do what is absolutely necessary for ordinary tidiness—to cut the grass and keep the weeds from developing into a miniature forest. Even that takes considerable time. I realized that yesterday as I raked and mowed the lawn for the first time this year. Our new puppy helped me with the job. He is getting to be quite a dog and losing a lot of his timidity. There I go again—calling it "He". I am afraid I shall never remember to call it "she". However, whether I call it he, she or it, you will know it is still the same little dog. Oh, and by the way, we are going to call it "Tippy" or "Tippy". Not Lassie because Partner thinks Lassie is a hard name to call. So Tippy it will be on account of the little white tip he has on the end of his tail—and it is a name applicable to either sex—so that lets me out on that score.

The chickens are having a great time. They have the run of the farm for the first time to-day. They have been limited to an outside scratch-pen until now. But am I going to have a problem from now on to see that Tippy treats the chickens with respect!

Last night we were feeding the hens, Tippy and I, and all at once she started growling and barking ("she" that time!) I looked around to see what all the fuss was about and there was a neighbor dog in the yard—a big, full grown collie. He stopped.

Tippy stood rigid, still growling. Presently the big dog turned tail and fled. It was too funny for words. If you could only have seen the difference in the size of the two dogs. Dignity and Impudence—and Impudence won out!

I am typing and talking to Bob at the same time. He just told me that he ran into Major Paul Triquet, V.C. in B.C.—quite by accident, and was talking to him for a few minutes. Quite interesting, eh?

PREFERRED ANONYMITY

LONDON (CP)—Paymaster, Lieutenant-Commander Lor Seby's name is not in the White Paper List of peers serving in the forces because he joined the navy as "Thomas Gully," his family name.

British Farmers Hear Blunt Talk On Cattle Herds

Agriculture Minister Hudson Urges Industry to "House in Order"—Says Opportunity May Not Come Again

TONBRIDGE, England (CP)—"I hate to have to admit it," said Robert Hudson, "but from what I have heard from competent observers recently returned from the United States and Canada we no longer lead the world in the general standard of our cattle herds, either in breeding, in type or in performance."

A few minutes before he had said, "I am not going to say that British agriculture is efficient to-day when I don't believe it is. It has increased its efficiency compared with pre-war, more than other industries, but I am only interested in results."

From the United Kingdom's minister of agriculture these were blunt and challenging words. From Robert Hudson they came as the beliefs, too, of a millionaire-farmer to a mass meeting of Kent farmers, land owners and farm workers.

In quick succession he came out with these statements: "Agriculture has had four years and now it has another four years (in reference to a four-year production plan he has outlined before) to put his house in order. That opportunity may never come again."

The ministry of food is losing \$720,000,000 a year. There was a slight loss on Empire wheat, but a bigger one on home-grown wheat which represented about 60 per cent of the loaf. The ministry made a small profit on foreign meat, but were losing more than \$30 a head on British cattle slaughtered and 10 cents a pound on British mutton.

"These," he said, "represent definite subsidies to the farmers."

Appeal Disregarded
Mr. Hudson recalled that a year ago he had urged farmers, in their own interests as well as in that of minimizing the meat shortage that seemed bound to occur in 1946 and 1947 to rear as many calves as they could.

"Imagine, then, my feelings when I find that instead of responding to my appeal, actually fewer calves have been reared in the past six months than in the corresponding period last year. The figure of calves sent for slaughter were no less than 57 per cent higher than two years before my appeal was made."

"The urge to get milk has led many farmers to ignore the progeny of their cows and use cheap and unsuitable bulls, in many cases quite irresponsibly. As a result the average herd is far too often a nondescript collection of animals of varying breeds and crosses."

One rebuff to Mr. Hudson came the next day from the Glasgow Herald with the observation on his reference to subsidies that: "Surely it is both imprudent and inaccurate to talk of money spent by the government on food subsidies as 'lost' by the ministry of food and even to describe such expenditure as subsidies to British farming. It is the deliberate policy of the national government to hold the cost of living during this emergency."

From the representatives of an industry that has long been critical of the government and himself, the minister drew a large barrage of heckling. The farmers of Kent threw at him a series of questions but Mr. Hudson brushed them aside with his insistence that they should be put in writing.

Audience Critical

His words, throughout the farming world, were bound to fall on resentful ears because men to whom quantity has been preached as a wartime creed would listen with no pleasure to criticism of their quality. The chairman of the meeting said as much with the statement that "it is time that less was said about the inefficiency of agriculture and more about the increased efficiency that is now in evidence."

Mr. Hudson, frequently criticized because the government of which he is a member had laid down no agricultural policy for the peace, had this to say:

"My discussions with the National Farmers Union on the possibility of relating the system of fixed prices and an assured market more closely to the four-year production plan, including the harvest of 1947, are proceeding in a cordial and helpful spirit. I am very hopeful that it will be possible for arrangements to be made which will ensure economic stability to the industry over the next four years."

There are views on the shortage of calves other than he expressed. G. Hibbard, chairman of the N.F.U. a livestock committee sees these as reasons:

Government insistence that as much milk as possible be used for human consumption rather than calf-raising; ploughing-up of grass, meaning less pastures; a big increase in

the number of calves born, combining with the difficulties and costs of rearing to make it necessary to sell more; lack of good quality feeding stuffs after they were six months old.

Other experts said small farmers had been unable to improve stock because pedigree bulls fetched "fantastically high prices."

JAIL TERMS FOR SIX IN GAS COUPON RING

Six men have been sentenced to prison terms and two more are awaiting trial in Toronto courts on charges of trafficking in loose or counterfeit gasoline coupons. Heaviest penalty went to David McDowell of Windsor who was convicted of distributing counterfeit coupons. McDowell went to Kingston penitentiary for two years. Two men convicted of purchasing loose coupons received sentences of three and six months. Terms of nine months and one year went to two others for selling loose coupons. One man was sent to jail for one month when he was found guilty of having loose coupons in his possession.

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BERLIN "REAPS THE WHIRLWIND" R.A.F. DROPS BOMBS



The German capital is learning the full meaning of the words "Germany has sown the wind, she will reap the whirlwind" spoken by Air Marshal Harris, British Bomber Command Chief some time ago, at Rotterdam and Warsaw, Coventry and London the Luftwaffe "sowed the wind". In a series of raids described as the heaviest of the war R.A.F. bombers have dropped thousands of tons of explosive and incendiary bombs at the rate of 77 tons a minute on Berlin. The vital railways, war ministries, factories of the big industrial city are devastated. Fire has laid waste one-third of the city. And this is not the end.

Picture taken during the night on the return to a heavy bomber station in Britain of some of the crews that took part in the greatest raid of the war on Berlin shows: Just after midnight on the dome "D" for Donald with landing lights on and guided by the Flight Sergeant holding torch in either hand taxis up the runway after a perfect landing on the return from Berlin.