

Of Interest to Women



THE MIXING BOWL

By ANNE ALLAN
Radio Home Economist

Hello Homemakers! Strawberries are the star of the berry family. They are perishable though and should be treated wisely. Use strawberries as soon as possible after gathering or purchasing, and don't wash or hull them until just before using. It is wise to spread the berries on a platter and keep in the electric refrigerator.

No need to mention the delight of strawberries served 'au naturel'—whole, unshelled berries served with sugar and cream. No sugar and cream? Here are two worthy substitutes which our folks think flatters the flavor of the fruit. The first is made by beating sufficient milk into cream cheese to make a sauce thin enough to pour; for the second, beat creamed cottage cheese flavored with orange juice with a rotary or electric beater until smooth, adding enough top milk to make it a 'pour' sauce.

Grown-ups get as excited as children over strawberry ice cream. If it's homemade you have all the glory. We're including two good frozen desserts in the column.

Now when it comes to strawberry short cake, don't be hidebound by tradition! We admit that there is probably nothing better than the old fashioned version—warm, light as a feather biscuits, split and heaped with crushed, sweetened strawberries—but a slice of delicious butter cake makes a pleasant change. And instead of the usual cream, serve with whipped cream cheese.

In your enthusiasm for strawberry shortcake, don't neglect strawberry pie. Our favorite is made this way: select the choicest berries from one quart box and cover the bottom of a baked pie shell. Crush remaining strawberries and heat to scalding point; strain through cheesecloth; add water to make two cups liquid. Blend two thirds cup sugar with one quarter cup cornstarch; add liquid and cook in double boiler until thickened; add one tablespoon lemon juice one teaspoon butter and a few drops of red coloring; cool, then pour over berries in pie shell. Serve with a little whipped cream or whipped cheese.

If you want to make a similar pie with gelatin, use the above procedure except soaking a tablespoon of gelatin in one quarter cup cold water and dissolve it in the hot juice, omit the cornstarch and chill until syrupy then pour over berries. Let stand for one half hour in a cool place.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

1 box strawberries, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tbs. lemon juice, 1 cup cream. Clean and crush berries with sugar, add lemon juice and fold in whipped cream. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until firm. Stir at end of first hour (the control should be set at the coldest point one half hour before mixture is put in).

STRAWBERRY MALLOW

Crush two boxes of berries, add six tbs. sugar and a dash of salt; heat until sugar is dissolved, add 40 cut marshmallows and stir until they are melted. Pour this mixture into electric refrigerator freezing tray and let stand in freezing compartment overnight. In the morning, whip 2 cups cream, add to strawberry mixture and beat well. Pour back into freezing tray, set control at coldest point and freeze until firm. Stir once at end of first hour.

The Question Box

Mrs. M. A. says: Mayonnaise thinned with strawberry juice goes well

SPOTLIGHT



Singing of romance is one of the Latin American specialties of Alys Robi, French-Canadian radio star, who is currently featured in the variety program, "In the Spotlight." She gets down to business and sings "Amor, Amor, Amor," in this week's broadcast, to be heard Sunday, June 18th, at 7:30 P.M. over CBC's Trans-Canada Network.

with any fruit salad; or you may cut up pieces and fold into boiled dressing.

Mrs. D. E. says: We make delicious Strawberry Sun Preserves each year by boiling one quart berries, one quart sugar and two tablespoons lemon juice together eight minutes. Then pour on platters, cover with glass and put out in sun for three successive days.

Garden Plots Hold Prehistoric Clues

British Victory Diggers May Disclose Secrets of Ordinary Life Long Ago

LONDON (CP)—The wartime Smiths and Joneses who are feverishly digging for victory in their allotments or cabbage patches are to be enlisted after the war by the Council of British Archaeology to carry out plans for a nation-wide survey. These amateur archaeologists will act as observers and may be lucky enough to find one of the missing links in the details of Britain's history. There is no sex or age bar to volunteers for this work. It may be a clerk of works in a new construction scheme, a workman digging a trench for drainage, a schoolboy living near the Surrey chalk downs or a gravel pit, a householder levelling off his garden or trenching for sweet-peas. Or it may be someone who wants an absorbing way of spending a Saturday afternoon.

In this way, the ordinary people of Britain, men, women and children, will help unearth the secrets of the ordinary people who lived hundreds of years ago.

Local authorities are telling observers some of the things they can look for wherever the earth is disturbed:

Any foundations or floors—they may be, only beaten earth, stained black with charcoal or with elaborate mosaics; holes in the earth which suggest that once posts stood there—they may be links with prehistoric history; pottery of all sorts, broken or whole. Medieval pottery is usually green-glazed and prehistoric pottery rough and ill-baked.

BAD FOR FUTURE

A "Me First" frame of mind today holds out little prospect for building an unselfish, sound post-war world tomorrow.—Mollie (Man.) New Era.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

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

Sometimes we think we have too much work to do—and no doubt most of us have these days—but if there was ever a time when we should be thankful for work—and the ability to work—it is now. Can you imagine anything worse than to have time on your hands—time to listen to the radio; time to sit and think; to let your imagination run riot, conjuring up all the possible and impossible things that may be happening on the beaches of Normandy and the battlefields of Italy? Of course we all like to listen to the news some time during the day—but I must confess that when D-day finally arrived I arranged my work so that I could work and listen too. I had the choice of several jobs that day. I could work in the garden, wash or paint the pantry. I chose to paint the pantry and in that way I was able to listen to the radio most of the day without wasting any time. There were very few bulletins that I missed and I was always ready and eager to relay the latest news to Partner any time he came near the house. Incidentally, the band music which interspersed the news, I found to be a splendid accompaniment to painting. Try it sometime—you will be surprised how well your paint brush slips along to the time of marching music.

That same night I went down to the special D-day service. It was good to see how many people responded to the call for special prayers. I think, too, it filled a need for self-expression for many persons—it was something THEY could do—a definite link between the battle and the home front.

And now time marches on. We have more or less got over the initial excitement of the invasion with most of us making some attempt to carry on as normally as possible—hoping and praying for maximum results with a minimum loss of life.

Well, as I was saying, I started to paint the pantry on D-day and took the rest of the week to finish it. You know how it is—you can't paint the woodwork until the walls are dry; you can't do the "trim" until the woodwork is dry; you can't enamel the shelves until the trim is dry and you can't get things back on the shelves until the enamel is dry—4 hour enamel which took longer than overnight to harden. I tried to create some sort of a color scheme and yet use what paint I had in the house. So, to do the walls I had a very little shutter green and put it into a quart of white and that gave me a pretty green tint.

But color schemes don't always come up to one's expectations. Take our dining-room for instance. I didn't tell you about it, did I? The coloring is buff and cream with a touch of red here and there to brighten things up a bit. You know—red in the wallpaper border, red in the cretonne curtains and a red flowered border to the new tablecloth that Daughter had given me. And then I washed the curtains—and believe me, they needed it. The soft coal had made them so black I soaked them in cold water overnight. I got them clean all right but they came out of the wash a nice, pretty pink. What am I going to do about it? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The curtains are still quite good and when things are so hard to get one cannot discard anything unnecessarily. So we shall have to look at pink curtains and a red trim for the duration, I guess. Maybe not for the duration of the war but for the duration of the curtains. Unless I dye them... but no—after what happened in the wash-tub there is no telling what I might make of a dye bath. I don't think I dare tackle it.

I suppose all you good people are busy in your Victory garden? Ours is coming along fine—what there is of it. We nearly always have more garden stuff than we can use or give away so, with future hoeing in mind, we put in less this year than usual. After all, there are only two of us most of the time, and we are neither of us rabbits. Which reminds me, I saw two rabbits in the field quite close to the garden. If they find it... well, there will probably be even less hoeing than we bargained for.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

The idea of a letter being mailed in Arichat for Rocky Bay and Cape La Ronde on a Friday not reaching its destination until the following Tuesday, a distance of from six to eight miles, seems that we have not yet emerged from the dark ages—Arichat (N. S.) Richmond County Record.

Lone Beaufighter Attacks Six Nazis

Banff Airman on Coastal Patrol Downs A JU52 in Courageous Action

WITH THE R. C. A. F. IN COASTAL COMMAND, Somewhere in England (CP)—Sometimes in Coastal Command it is not strictly a case of looking for a fight. Sometimes you run right into them and, like Warrent Officer J. H. Hayes of Banff, Alta., you come out all right.

Hayes was out in a Canadian Beaufighter on patrol when he encountered six enemy JU52's which had been rigged for aerial sweeping. They were proceeding in formation along the coast of Heligoland. In the end he knocked one of them down into the sea and scored hits on another. Here is how he described the action:

"I was at the end of my petrol and was turning away from the German coastline when I found my route barred by six JU52's which appeared to be on mine-sweeping work. It seemed hopeless to try and get around them. They had seen me and were already flying towards me so I turned to face them and went right through their formation. This seemed to surprise them because when I got within firing range they broke up formation and turned away.

"I continued going through watching for a chance to attack one and the last aircraft of the formation presented a good target as he tried to get away. In a second or so a fire had got him and I called over the top of him."

The navigator, an Englishman, saw the enemy go down and hit the sea. Hayes is 22 and before joining the R. C. A. F. was a ski instructor.

CENTRALIZED STRENGTH

History in the cattle industry was made in Kamloops, B. C. . . when B. C. Beef Cattle Growers Association became an entirely different body in set-up. It is no longer composed of individual cattlemen; they now hold membership in purely local associations in each of the cattle-growing districts. . . The B. C. association is now the central organization made up of representatives of the local associations. . . Conditions changed and cattlemen felt they wanted something to cover the field more fully, so the old set-up gave way to the new.—Kamloops (B. C.) Sentinel.

MAKES FOR UNITY

When D. Leo Dolan, director of the Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa addressed the Rotary Club here, he touched on a subject that has been evident for some time, when he urged Canadians to travel more extensively throughout this Canada of ours as soon as war conditions permitted. There is a need for greater co-mingling of Canadians, he said, in emphasizing the desire for an even greater unity among Canadians.—Gannaque (Ont.) Reporter.

Today, as always, the 'Salada' label is your guarantee of a uniform blend of fine quality teas.

"SALADA" TEA

INDIAN GUNNER ON 8th ARMY FRONT



Following the taking of Orton by the 8th Army on December 28th, 1943, troops of an Indian Division advanced and held positions a quarter of a mile past Villa Grande four miles inland. The village was occupied during the night of 28th December, 1943. The men consolidated their positions while the Germans held positions about 1/2 mile away, and had the Indian's position under observation. Picture shows: An Indian Bren gunner on alert for signs of the enemy.

HYDRO Lightens The Way!

Electricity is essential to commerce!

Imagine, if you can, a towering skyscraper deprived completely of electricity. It would be nothing but a black, dark block of stone, steel and concrete... lifeless, unserviceable.

It is Hydro that puts life into skyscrapers, warehouses and factories, or any other building. For electricity transforms darkness into light... moves elevators swiftly and silently... performs the hundred tasks that bestow upon a building the throbbing pulse of life.

Hidden in the walls of tall buildings are hundreds of miles of wiring... a veritable network, travelling from a master switchboard to

wherever light and power are needed. Busy telephones... chattering teletype equipment... business machines, and other mechanical, time-saving devices that serve the many needs of commerce... are powered by electricity.

In Ontario... in business and home... in industry and on the farm... Hydro lightens the way. It powers the machines that produce the goods we need... it brings us entertainment... it makes our work-day easier, our life more comfortable.

Plan for better living and more leisure after Victory, by taking full advantage of the benefits that can be yours through the use of electricity.

ROYAL VISIT TO RED CROSS CLUB



King George and Queen Elizabeth received a great welcome when they visited the American Red Cross Montyn Club, Portman Street, London.

Picture shows: The King and the Queen shaking hands with Sergeant Wilburn Bank, of Chicago during their visit to the Club. Sergeant Bank, who had been travelling all night, was asleep when the King and Queen arrived and awoke to find their Majesties waiting to be introduced to him. The King remarked "This must seem like a dream to you."