

Of Interest to Women



THE MIXING BOWL

By ANNE AMAN
Editor Home Economics

Hello, Homemakers! The chill winds of autumn inspire a revival of the heart-warming concoctions we call soup. Especially welcome are those varieties nourishing enough to raise the standard of our daily food necessities which keep us fit—most vegetables and milk.

Hearty soups include chowders, cream soups, and thick vegetable soups. Some of these soups, especially chowders, are meals in themselves with only a light antree or salad and a dessert needed for balance.

The art of soup-making as portrayed in the old cook books, takes time, many ingredients and much patience. But in these days when minutes are precious, short-cuts are allowed. For example, canned consommé or beef extracts may double for homemade stock. But when you buy a boned roast be sure to ask for the bones. To the bones, add some chopped onions, a few celery leaves and a sliced carrot. Cover these ingredients with plenty of water, then bring to a boil and simmer for two hours. Add salt, pepper and some herbs. Strain this broth and use it as a basis for special soups.

Foundation for Cream Soups
1 quart milk, 1 tbsp. butter,
1 tsp. chopped onion, 1 tsp. flour,
1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. white pepper,
1 speck of cayenne.

Scald milk with the onion. Melt butter, add flour and cook until frothy, but be careful not to let the butter brown; add 1 cup of hot milk slowly and cook together until thickened. Return to the double boiler. Add seasonings. It is now ready to finish in any way.

Omelet Soup
Soak six peeled medium-sized onions, sliced, in 3 tablespoons butter, or fat, over low heat about 10 minutes until very lightly browned. Then add 2 cans consommé and 2 cans water. Bring to a boil then allow to simmer for 20 minutes. Season with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Pour into bowls, and on top of each put a slice of sautéed rye bread and sprinkle with grated, nippy cheese. Serve very hot.

Hamburg Vegetable Chowder
1/2 lb. ground beef, 3 tsp. fat,
2 cups tomatoes, 2 medium carrots, diced, 1/2 cup celery, diced,
1 medium onion, chopped, 2 tsp. salt, 1/4 cup barley, 1/4 tsp. pepper,
1 1/2 quarts water, 2 cups potatoes, cubed.

Brown meat in fat. Put all ingredients except potatoes in a large kettle and simmer slowly one hour. Add potatoes and continue simmering an hour longer. Serve with toast or cracker as a main dish. Serves 6-8.

Chicken Gumbo
1 small onion, finely chopped,
2 tbsp. chicken fat, 2 tbsp. flour,
4 cups cooked chicken, finely chopped, 1/2 cup corn, 2 cups tomatoes or tomato juice, salt, pepper and parika to taste.

Cook onion slowly in chicken fat for about 5 minutes. Blend in the flour. Add stock and other ingredients, seasoning to taste. Bring to boiling point and simmer for half an hour. Serves 8.

TAKE A TIP
Sandwiches for "lunchers" should not be monotonous. For the small "luncher," tuck in a surprise—sensible or funny—every day or so. Here are a few:

1. A cookie man, a tiny popcorn ball, strips of candied orange peel, a colored hard-cooked pullet's egg.
2. A weiner made into a houseplant with a few branches of carrot silvers and parsley stuck in.
3. Write a riddle in a note, but give no answer till the "luncher" gets home.
4. Cut an unpeeled orange lengthwise into quarters.

THE QUESTION BOX
Mrs. B. A. suggests: Parsley Cole-slaw.

1 cup vinegar, 2 tbsp. granulated sugar, 2 tsp. salt, speck pepper, 1/2 cup salad oil, 1 mercurium onion, sliced, 6 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tsp. celery seed, 1/4 cup minced parsley.

Simmer together the vinegar and sugar, uncovered, 5 minutes. Add 1 tsp. salt and the pepper. Remove from heat and cool. Add salad oil and sliced onion. Chill in electric refrigerator at least 4 hours; then strain. In a salad bowl combine with this dressing the cabbage, remaining 1 tsp. salt, celery seed and parsley. Toss well and serve. Serves 4.

Mrs. J. C. asks: How may we prevent sweet potatoes from turning dark?
Answer: Put into salted water as each potato is peeled. Cook in enamel or enameled saucepan until tender. Overcooking tends to discolor foods too.

Red Cross Girls Fairy Godmothers To Men In France

Hard-Working Hospital Aides Win Praise in Field—Serve Tea—Write Home for Wounded

By MARGARET ECKER
Canadian Press War Correspondent

WITH A CANADIAN GENERAL HOSPITAL IN FRANCE (CP)—There's a new kind of fairy godmother in France these days. She's usually a pretty young Canadian girl in khaki battledress with a red cross on her shoulder and though she doesn't appear in a golden carriage, she looks just as good to wounded Canadian soldiers in hospitals over here as if she did.

You have to see the members of the Canadian Red Cross Corps at work at Canadian General Hospitals in France to realize what good little soldiers and what useful people they are.

A few days after I arrived over here I heard the first good words about the Red Cross Corps. Major Missa McLaren of Ottawa, matron of one Canadian General Hospital, stopped by my tent where I was pounding a typewriter one evening and said:

"I hope you're going to write about the Red Cross Corps. There are two or three girls with every general hospital and here in France they've really convinced us of their value."

"They do all the little things that should be done for wounded men just back from the front lines, important little things like handing out cups of tea, kindly chats, providing reading material and handiwork, things that nurses couldn't have time to do."

A convoy of ambulances carrying battle-shattered men was rolling into the field where the hospital stood. Waiting there, along with the stretcher bearers and the medical officers, were three girls in the same khaki as the nurses with Red Cross on their arms.

Write Home for Boys
As the wounded were being sorted, the girls went to work. Into the emergency tent behind the most seriously wounded went Mary Elizabeth Wright of St. Catharines to distribute cigarettes to the weary men as they waited their turn in the operating room.

Next door in the tent where the walking wounded were being interviewed by a medical officer, Dorothy Mundy of Montreal was putting the steaming mugs of tea into the hands of the men.

In the tent wards, here other wounded were being put to bed. Catherine MacDonald of Sydney, B.C. was passing out more cups of tea and cigarettes.

One boy pulled at her arm as she passed his bed. His right arm was in a cast and so was his leg. "Will you write to my mom and tell her I'm okay," he pleaded.

"I certainly will," said Cathie. "I'll be back in a minute with my writing pad."

In the next few weeks, I saw a lot of these girls, and others like them. They were always busy, and always cheerful. From early in the morning until late at night they were rushing about the hospital.

"I'm kinda hoping they leave me at this hospital until I'm better—it's so pleasant here," said Pte. John Lucki, Hawarden, Sask. "I guess folks at home couldn't realize what it means to a fellow having a place like this," said Ernie Laliberte, Bures, Sask.

Unaddressed Letter Finds Jungle G. I.

Mail Signed Only "Mother" Finds Son in South Pacific Theatre

SOMEWHERE IN DUTCH NEW GUINEA (CP)—A V-Mail letter—addressed simply to "My dearest son"—bearing no addressee's name and signed only "Mother"—was delivered in the jungles of Dutch New Guinea—and to the right soldier. But it took a bit of doing.

How the letter ever arrived at the Regimental Post Office is a mystery. But when it did, it was sent to the Divle Doodle, New Guinea Infantry Battalion publication which boasts a circulation of 850 and whose editors began a search for the owner. Only clue was a barely legible "1324 4 Place, Birmingham 6" and the name "Claude" which appeared in the letter.

But the records failed to reveal anything. The editors were just about to give up when the name of "Claude" clicked. They knew only one "Claude"—Claude Ryan. Looking up his service record they found the Birmingham address and the mystery was solved.

The letter from home was delivered to the soldier—and needless to say he was glad to get it.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

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

It happened at a euchre party. Someone approached the master of ceremonies and whispered in his ear. The M. C. promptly asked the people if there was anyone present with a car outside bearing the licence number 12B34. (The number is fictitious). If so, the owner was wanted outside.

No one moved... nobody spoke but I think everyone, including myself, was looking around to see who would answer the call. The players finally went on with their game.

Half an hour later the M. C. interrupted again. "There is a dog in a car outside and if the owner doesn't look after it the dog will choke to death. The licence number of the car is 12B34. Visible consternation among the players. Presently a young girl crossed the room... held a hurried consultation with an older woman who searched hastily through her purse. Car keys were unearthed from its depths and handed over to the young girl. Exit young girl!

Now I'm asking you—if someone called your motor car licence number would you know it for your own? On that occasion I knew the number called was not mine, but when I tried to think what my licence number was, for the life of me I couldn't remember. But a dog in a car—well of course, anyone would remember that.

By the way, in case dog lovers may imagine this was a case for the Humane Society, let me hasten to add, the dog was not choking to death. It was just a lonely little puppy raising its voice in protest as it waited to be collected by the person to whom it had been sold.

Well, the last three days on Ginger Farm have been a little out of the ordinary. One day we were getting ready to thresh; the next day we threshed, and to-day we are getting over it. Now there is plenty of grain in the bins to see us over yet another winter. Threshing is really a marvellous thing. You see the sheaves go into the great maw of the feeder where by some intricate mechanism everything is sorted out so that the grain goes into the bin via the grain spout, the straw through the blower to the back of the barn, the weeds drop down to the floor and the dust goes where the wind takes it. It is a dirty job and I never begrudge the work of getting good meals for the men. If they are good meals—that, of course is a matter of opinion. I do the best I can even if sometimes I appear to treat them badly. Yesterday, for instance, I forgot the bread at supper time. But I saw the men reaching for soda biscuits and came to my senses. That wasn't quite so bad as a friend of mine who forgot the pie! After the men had gone there were the pies, cut, but otherwise untouched, still on a side table in the dining-room. When the table is so crowded with men, food and dishes, it is the easiest thing in the world to leave something out.

There was quite a change in the weather last night, wasn't there? Maybe you had listened to the "probs" and knew it was coming. We were taken unawares. We had been too busy to listen to the radio. It was still quite mild when we went to bed, so, as usual, I threw the window wide open. We nearly froze. And yet we had both been too tired to realize the house was getting cold. You know how it is—you sort of know you are not really warm and yet you can't wake yourself up enough to do anything about it. We had no fire anywhere that night and with the cold, frosty air blowing in it was nice and fresh in the morning. I can tell you.

There is quite a wind blowing now, and I am afraid, so terribly afraid, that there will be very few autumn leaves left on the trees by morning. This fall the leaves were slow to color and quick to leave. Last year, if I remember correctly, it was just the opposite. Strange, isn't it, we so often think that fall is the loveliest time of all the year—until the following year—and then we think there is no time like the spring.

CO-OPERATIVE FACTORY
WINNIPEG (CP)—Canadian Co-operative Implements Limited, a farmers' co-operative, has purchased a factory in Winnipeg for \$400,000. The factory has operated for 35 years producing farm machinery and hardware.

VANCOUVER (CP)—Lighting restrictions in the Vancouver area will be lifted by the British Columbia Public Utilities Commission on V-Day for 36 hours immediately following the collapse of Germany.

A Message to Our

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