

Of Interest to Women



Hello Homemakers! Some of our readers who wish to use left-overs without following a recipe have requested information on standard proportions and substitutions.

We promise to publish this from time to time, so if you are interested clip this week's column.

May we thank those who wrote asking for this guide, because we feel it should be useful to many other homemakers.

GUIDE TO PROPORTIONS

- Use 4 egg yolks to 1 quart milk for boiled custards.
- Use 1/4 cup cornstarch to 1 quart milk for blanc mange.
- Use 3 tps. baking powder to 2 cups (1 pint) flour.
- Use 1 tsp. vinegar to each cup of milk substitute for sour milk.
- Use 1/2 cup uncooked rice to yield 2 cups cooked rice.
- Use 1/4 cup flour to 1 quart liquid for white sauces, etc.
- Use 1 tsp. salt to 1 quart water for boiling vegetables.
- Use 1/2 tsp. pepper to each tsp. salt.
- Substitute 1/2 cup lard plus 1/4 tsp. salt for 1 cup butter.
- Substitute 2 1/2 tps. cocoa plus 1/4 tsp. shortening for 1 square chocolate.
- Substitute 1 cup milk for 1/2 cup evaporated milk.
- Substitute 1/2 tsp. soda and 2 tps. cream tartar for 1 tsp. baking powder.

CHOCOLATE CREAM ROLL

CAKE

4 egg whites, 4 egg yolks, 3 tps. cold water, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1 cup cake flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 2 tps. baking powder.

Add the salt to the egg whites and beat until foamy. Add one half of the sugar gradually, beating to a meringue in which peaks will stand up when a spoon is lifted from them.

Beat the yolks slightly, add the remaining sugar and beat until thick and fluffy. Add the flavoring, and cold water and mix well. Fold in flour and baking powder which have been sifted together.

Push the meringue to one side of the bowl and put the fluffy yellow batter beside it, then fold the two mixtures together carefully. Pour into shallow tray (about 13x16 inches) lined with waxed paper well greased. Bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees F. about 10 minutes. When done turn out onto a cheesecloth. Remove the waxed paper. Trim off the edges of the cake with a sharp knife. Spread with cream filling. Roll and pin the cloth to hold the roll until cold.

FILLING

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tsp. butter, 7 tps. cornstarch, 2 cups milk, 1 tsp. vanilla, 1/2 tsp. salt, 2 squares chocolate, melted.

Sift the dry ingredients together and add the well beaten eggs, and mix well; add the milk gradually to make a smooth paste, stir and cook until thickened and thoroughly cooked. Remove from the stove, add the melted chocolate and the butter, beat thoroughly let cool slightly and add the vanilla.

SUPPER SPECIAL

1 pound shell macaroni, 2 pounds fresh broccoli.

Drop the shell macaroni into a large quantity of boiling salted water, and cook about twenty minutes, or until tender. Drain, rinse in cold water, and reheat. In the meantime prepare the broccoli and cook in boiling water until it is just tender. Drain and cut the stalks crosswise in inch lengths, reserving the heads for garnish. In the serving bowl place layers of the macaroni alternately with layers of the cut broccoli; arrange the heads of the broccoli on the top. Accompany with cheese sauce.

CHEESE SAUCE

4 tps. baking fat, 1/4 tsp. salt, 2 cups milk, 1 onion, minced, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1 1/2 cups cheese, diced, 4 tps. flour, 1/2 tsp. curry powder.

Melt the fat, and in it cook the onion, stir in the flour mixed with the salt, pepper, and curry powder. Add the milk gradually; when the mixture is smooth add the cheese and place the sauce over hot water until the cheese is melted.

TAKE A TIP

- Paint the lower step of your cellar or garage stairs with white enamel. It may prevent a bad fall as it can be seen in the dark.
- Try varnishing your old copper screens to make them last one more year.
- Remove rust stains produced by leaky pipes by rubbing with a cloth dipped in vinegar and salt.

SAINT JOHN N.B. (CP)—Largest theft of silk stockings ever reported here involved 4,500 pairs stolen recently when a thief broke into a store where the shipment was stored. Three thousand were recovered shortly after the theft.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

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

Yesterday I called at the newly installed frigid locker plant in our near by town. Opening our own locker I took out two frozen packages of meat and took them home. They were all ready for the oven yet we had had no part in the preparatory work of the meat. We had neither butchered, made the sausage or cured the hams. And I thought as I drove home how greatly living conditions have changed for nearly all farm people.

A hundred years ago or even fifty, farm folk prided themselves on their self-sufficiency. On nearly every farm butchering was part of the winter's work. Farm women baked their own bread, churned their own butter, carded their own wool, later making it into homespun blankets and heavy clothing. Delivery of goods was almost unheard of except for the occasional travelling salesman.

Yet with all the hard work and lack of conveniences, large families were raised and a tough breed of men were left to carry on the old traditions.

Now, in spite of modern conveniences around the home, the majority of farm folk are almost as dependent upon outside help as anyone in the city. We pay to have work done which was formerly regarded as part of the day's work. We pay to have our butchering done; we store the meat in lockers instead of the old brine barrel. We pay for processing and smoking, in fact all we do for ourselves is cook the meat and eat it. And, in regard to other provisions in many districts bread, groceries and butter are delivered right to our door.

And now something else has cropped up. In our local paper I noticed the town council had given permission to an applicant for the erection of a chicken killing plant. I said to Partner, "What is the idea of that?"

"do you suppose the fellow intends running a plant for custom killing?"

"Maybe," answered Partner, "But I know one thing if we can't pick our own chickens we'll quit raising them."

Well, that was Partner's reaction, mainly, I suppose, because the idea was new. Even at that, there might be a time when we shall be only too glad to take advantage of just such a plant.

What I am really driving at is this: In this age of specialized jobs, when we can have almost every kind of work done for us if we wait long enough - is the pendulum swinging too far the other way? By being less self-reliant are we progressing or regressing? That, by the way, might be a good subject for a debate.

Certainly while the labor shortage must still be contended with, the more one can get done by outside help the better. And perhaps after the war when home freezing units become a part of many farms, home butchering will stage a comeback. Personally, not being a descendant of pioneer farming stock, I am well content to let someone else wrastle with pig's heads, sausage making and all the fuss and muss that goes with butchering. But then I'm a lazy farmer's wife. I admit to these jobs but I don't want to do them myself. No sir, after twenty-five years of doing my share at pretty nearly everything there is to do on a farm I am all for the soft spots that is after the war. That is why I am so glad there is some hope of getting hydro at last. However, getting the hydro is one thing - getting things to work with is something else again. Has anyone got a washing machine in cold storage? If so, I would be very glad to warm it up once a week. Right now my electrical equipment is limited to an iron and a pair of curling tongs. That is about on a par with the time I was married when all I had in my "hope chest" was a pair of stockings and a meat grinder.

Well, the weather has turned warm again and once more we are thinking about spring work. Last week when it was so cold we thought we were back to winter again. One morning I went out and found the daffodil buds absolutely stiff with frost and the flowers that were in bloom, flat on the ground. I thought that was the end of them. To my surprise it wasn't. The flowers perked right up again and the buds are now out in bloom. To-day we let the chickens out for the first time and what a time they are having! I am very pleased with my little wee pullets - so pleased that I don't think I shall ever want mixed chickens again. They eat less, grow faster, and do better in every way when they are free from being bossed around by greedy little cockerel brothers.

Short Speeches Or None

By **R.J. DEACIMAN**

A country paper makes the suggestion that political speeches ought to be banned from the radio except during elections and certain specific occasions when some all-embracing public issue demands clarification.

There is wisdom in this but I beg leave to move a modification. Political speeches over the radio should be frequent but short, not more than ten minutes.

All speeches in the House of Commons should be short, very short. Preparing short speeches would be hard work for the members, but it would induce clear thinking, a truly vital necessity.

Short speeches would intensify interest in events. Instead of having a Hansard of 5,000 pages, which no one ever reads, we should have a nice handy volume of about 300 pages, which might become a best seller. I'm all for the short speech, the short session, and a Hansard, more or less, pocket size.

Now how can we bring this about? The people must be made aware of the fact that, quite often, the value of a speech is in inverse ratio to its volume. Every possible encouragement should be given to the man who can state a good case in a few words. Why not a national campaign in favor of making the Canadian people, including the members of Parliament, famous for the wisdom and brevity of their remarks?

But right here I have sinned against my own god. There are two hundred and eighty-five words in this story it should have been done in a hundred. It took two minutes to read. I might have saved a minute of reading time if only I had cut it in two. Rewrite it in 100 words and see how much better it becomes.

Easy for Gossip to Become a Disease

Writing in an amusing style, but with serious intent, Michael Dury suggests that "just for the fun of it" go over the last eight hour. Remember to whom you talked and about whom. Isn't there something you wish you could take back, something you'd rather not have said?"

At home we have a favorite saying when criticism of friends or bits of gossip tend to creep into the conversation: "If you really can't say anything good about a person, don't say anything at all." Sometimes the children protest - half humorously, half indignantly. "But we weren't saying anything mean, really. It was just in fun." But not good, clean fun, nevertheless. And it is very easy for criticism to become a habit in the young. And for the seemingly harmless to become an invidious disease.

Mr Dury says, for instance: Criticism is nine-tenths gossip, and vice versa. . . there is no such thing as harmless gossip. By definition gossip according to Webster, is idle, petty, groundless rumor or scandal, accompanied by what Webster calls "a running about." These are not harmless words. Don't try to make yourself believe they are. Sister of the "harmless gossip" school is the "constructive criticism" one. You can test yourself on that by this rule: Is your criticism spoken directly to the person or persons offending, and are you in the same breath explaining how to mend the trait, misdemeanor or whatever it is? Then and only then is it constructive.

"Gossip and criticism drain off more valuable time than it is comfortable to contemplate."

And have you ever noticed that the very things you criticize in others are often in time revealed in yourself? As to gossip, even if the story related to you is true, isn't it better not to repeat it? That is probably the best medicine for the disease called gossip.—Family Herald and Weekly Star.

NO ROLLING STONE

ST. THOMAS, Ont. (CP)—No rolling stone is Wellington Wesley Stewart, who recently started his 61st year on the same job in the "back shop" of the St. Thomas Times Journal. Beginning January 1885, he has served ever since as a printer and proofreader, first on the St. Thomas Times, then on its successor, the Times-Journal.

Soviet scientists have developed a paste of pressed milk which is effective in curing wounds. In a Novosibirsk hospital were several men whose wounds healed very slowly, neovascular blocking ultra violet ray treatment, antiseptic and permanganate baths not proving much value. The special milk paste was applied and the wounds were soon well again. During the Leningrad blockade, this paste was used in all the Leningrad hospitals.

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FRENCH UNDERGROUND AT BBC



Vera Lindsay (right), war correspondent and producer of the BBC Radio Newscast, heard over the BBC Trans-Canada network nightly at 11:00 p.m., is shown with three young Frenchwomen, former members of the French underground movement, on a recent visit to the BBC in London. The girls went to England to give lectures on their experience under German occupation.

THIS STORY IS BASED
ON AN ACTUAL CASE



*"Tough years those...
but the BofM saw me through"*

JOHAN HALEY, retired farmer, was talking to his son who was now running the farm.



"Yes, Ronnie, they were tough years—but that was before you were born. Your mother and I came here back in 1900 . . . all we had was this square mile of land with a shack, a ramshackle barn and a bit of fence . . . oh yes, and a mortgage. And we had to haul water two miles and drive twenty to market."

"Gosh, Dad, it must have been mighty hard sledging . . . guess I have a cinch today."

"Well," said the old man, "it would have been a sight harder sledging if that young manager of the Bank of Montreal hadn't stuck by me. There were some years when I had bad luck with my little herd and the crops were poor, when I'd have just gone under if he hadn't given me a hand."

"Funny, you know, he always used to say I was a good credit risk because I used to haggle with the people I bought cattle from and when I wanted a loan

to buy feed I almost always asked the Bank to advance money for just part of the cost.

"Anyway, good risk or not, the Bank stuck by me, and if it weren't for that you wouldn't be running this 640-acre farm today and getting first prizes for your Avonshire, and—what's more—doing a good war job."

This true experience is typical of thousands of customers' relations with the Bank of Montreal. The John Haleys get on in life because of their determination, enterprise and self-reliance. It is they who have made Canada what she is today—the third greatest trading nation of the world.

If you need a loan for the better operation of your farm, or for assistance in your personal affairs, we will be glad of the opportunity to discuss, in confidence, your plans and problems with you.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Acton Branch: W. H. CLAYTON, Manager

