ALL HANDS PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR

In an emergency every man aboard a fighting ship must know his station. The above photo shows the crew of a Canadian destroyer during "aband on ship" drill. A leading-seaman checks with the officer in charge of this particular station and ma kes sure every man is on hand.

VOICE OF THE PRESS

A REPORTER JOINS UP

When an R.C.A.F. mobile recruiting unit stopped off at Kirkland Lake, Ont., a while back, the editor of the Northern News sent Stew Bridges, his star reporter, to cover the event. In the due course Stew Bridges returned to the office wearing a pleased expression. "Where's the story?" his editor demanded. "Oh, the story?" mumbled Stew Bridges. "Sorry, I forgot all about the story. We got talking and the first thing I knew I had joined the R.C.A.F.

—Maclean's Magazine.

—o—

EACH OF US

The thought of the week comes from Brooke Claxton, Montreal M.P., who said in a speech at Cleveland: "The Government can order, control, tax and ration, but the extra effort which measures the difference between democracy and dictatorship, between victory and defeat, can only be given freely by each of us."

—London Free Press.

—o—

INEFFICIENCY

The nicest indictment of medieval inefficiency we've seen for some time is that of a transport authority who points out that the 19 stone piers of Old London Bridge were "constructed without engineering experience adequate for the enterprise" so the bridge functioned only 600 years.

—London News-Chronicle.

—o—

JUST REVENGE

Porcupines don't know there is a war on. Otherwise they might have spared the tires of a Plummer, Idaho, man's car. Instead, one animal stuck in a couple of quills and put two tires out of business. Its action was in revenge, of course, for being run over.

—Lethbridge Herald.

—o—

MORE THAN SANG FOR SUPPER

Casting bread crumbs on the lawn is almost as self-rewarding as casting your bread on the waters. A robin in Kentucky drops a dollar bill on the back porch of a man who fed the birds, thereby doing more than sing for his supper.

—Hamilton Spectator.

—o—

HARD-BOILED TEA

All this advice about how to brew a good cup of "the beverage that cheers" from a minimum of tea is going to be wasted, we fear, on Jim Curran of the Soo Star, who says tea isn't worth a hoot unless it's boiled twenty minutes.

—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

—o—

IT'S AWFUL

Now it's the men who are being hit. The number of fur felt hat shades is to be reduced from 42 to 18 and wool felt shades from 18 to 10. Boys, it's awful!

—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

—o—

THE FUNNY SEX

Funny sex: They paint their legs to look as if they wore stockings or they wear stockings that make their legs look bare.

—Brandon Sun.

Ceylon, which was an ancient centre of civilization, has been held in turn by the Portugese, Dutch and British,

Swiss Maintain True Democracy

Self-Government Has Worked For 651 Years, Says The Cleveland Plain Dealer

More than 4,250,000 people have just paid homage to a successful idea—the idea that men do not have to speak the same language to dwell in harmony as a nation; that free men are capable of defending themselves and that democracy is the best form of government.

These people knew what they were doing, for the idea has worked for 651 years. It works today although their land is surrounded on all sides by an enemy who stands for the antithesis of everything they cherish. Yet this small nation has much to teach the great powers of the world, for Switzerland has stood as a beacon light through Europe's stormy history.

Perpetual Pact Formed

It was on Aug. 1, 1291, that the men of the mountain regions of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden formed a perpetual pact to defend themselves against the tyranny of the then dominant House of Hapsburg. Other men joined them until the Swiss confederation was formed. Today its people speak four languages, 2,900,000 Germans, 890,000 French, 240,000 Italian and 44,000 Romansch. Yet few nations in the world are as unified as is Switzerland. The secret may be the high degree of self-government which the Swiss still hold their own.

The Swiss still hold their own air Parliaments in their cantons. But this earliest form of democracy is no barrier to swift action when it comes to protecting the country. Hitler and the detractors of democracy are completely refuted by the example of the confederation in defence. Every Swiss serves in the army.

Completely Mobilized

When war came in 1939 Switzerland mobilized completely. Since June, 1940, the number of men in active service has been reduced to 200,000. The cost of this is heavy on a small country, particularly one which depended so much on tourists and the luxury trade as did Switzerland. Yet the people bear the cost cheerfully, for they know that nothing could repay them for the loss of that liberty which they have maintained and defended since 1291.

Butting Sheep Wins Bout With Bear

Probably it never happened before and never will occur again, but it is reported from Sussex, N. B., that a sheep did knock out a bear. Bruin, spying the tethered sheep in a field owned by Adam Hughes, charged. The sheep also charged, butting bruin between the eyes. Down went the bear. He lay dazed for a few moments, then struggled to his feet and ambled away in search of an easier meal.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT — By Fred Neher

"Never mind how long I've been here. . . . Get me down!"

REG'LAR FELLERS—Question No. 5,726

By GENE BYRNES

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

As Global War Enters Fourth Year? Are Allies Turning Tide Of Battle

Three years ago last week the Nazi legions poured across the frontiers of Poland to loose upon the world the second great conflict in a generation, says the New York Times. A European war at first, it became a world war after Japan's Pearl Harbor attack last December.

Last week as the war's third year was ending, British bombers were taking off to pound German ports and industrial centres with a view to relieving pressure on Russia. In Egypt there was ominous quiet as the armies waited for the zero hour that might determine the fate of the Middle East. In China, the Japanese were in retreat, possibly with drawing forces for attacks elsewhere, and in the South Pacific they were hard-pressed as the first American offensive threatened their position in the Solomons. India was tense for the blow that may come in November when the rains end. On the other side of the world Brazil, by entering the war, had supplied new and strategic bases for fighting the Battle of the South Atlantic.

The War Spreads

This was the world war picture last week as the third year of the war drew near its end. The fires the Germans had lit when they marched into Poland in the early hours of Sept. 1, 1939—had spread around the globe. On that first morning there were just two nations at war, Germany and Poland. The number of nations involved has risen from two to forty-two, thirty-one of them on the side of the United Nations, eleven on the side of the Axis.

It is a war that has spread in waves. Poland was engulfed in the first wave, Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium and France in the second, Yugoslavia and Greece in the third. Minor wars—Finland and Russia, Italy and Greece—sprang up and were incorporated into the big war. It beat against the defenses of England in the west, turned east onto the steppes of Russia. Battles were fought in North Africa and Western Asia and sea fighting brought the war to South America. Germany's partner, Japan, carried it on to the other side of the world, linked it with the war in China, made it, save for the fragile peace existing between Russia and Japan, all one.

As Fourth Year Begins

The prize for victory, then, became the world. But for Adolf Hitler, with three years of many victories behind him, that goal still seemed far from realization. Before him, still in being despite herculean efforts to destroy it, was the Red Army, and behind him a growing Anglo-American strength. In the Far East the Japanese, after five years of war with China and almost eight months of war with the Western democracies, faced American power on one side and on the other a Chinese Army that would not stay beaten.

These were the problems the Axis nations must try to solve in the fourth year of the war. From their very nature they raised anxious questions in the United Nations. Can the Russian armies continue to hold out against the Wehrmacht and launch new blows of its own? Has the growing strength of the United Nations reached the point where an invasion of the European Continent becomes possible? Can the British hold the Italian-German forces in Egypt away from Suez? Where will the Japanese launch their Fall offensive and will there be forces enough there to turn it back? The fourth year will provide answers.

Stalingrad Stands

Out of the fighting that rages over the long Russian front one solid fact stands out. The Russians still hold Stalingrad. The Volga city controlling the vital artery of water communication in Central Russia is this year's main German objective. The German High Command announced that it would fall last week. Afire and in ruins, it still resists the invader.

Hitler must have Stalingrad to pen the Russian armies behind the Volga and exploit his gains in the Caucasus. It will not suffice to pass by such a stronghold and strike directly at Astrakhan and the Caspian Sea. This explains the massive assault and the tremendous sacrifices the Germans are making. A week ago, when Nazi tanks swarmed across the Don elbow, Stalingrad seemed doomed. But in the interval the Russians summoned fresh reserves. Now they may have a chance to repeat the indomitable defense of Leningrad and Moscow.

Reich Hit From Air

From Royal Air Force headquarters in Britain last week came a grim estimate of the damage that had been inflicted on Germany since the beginning of the year. Five square miles spread about in nine of Germany's large cities had been wiped out. More than 1,000,000 persons had been made homeless. More than 500 war factories had been destroyed.

Reich Marshal Goering made a boast at the beginning of the war, that no enemy planes would be allowed to penetrate the German anti-aircraft defenses. The Reich was now being hit from the air from two sides. R. A. F. bombers were striking with increasing force from England in the west; from the east, planes of the Red Army were carrying out raids from East Prussia to as far as Berlin, attacking the new centres of production which have been established since the R. A. F. began hitting the Ruhr and Rhine districts.

American bombs on Tokyo last April awakened Japanese leaders to the danger of future raids from Chinese bases within easy striking distance of flimsy Nipponese cities. Two such bases were at Chuhsien and Lishui, amid the tea plantations and terraced mountains of Southeast China. The Japanese war machine was set in motion against the airfields; 100,000 troops pressed toward them in a pincers move along a 250-mile stretch on the Chekiang-Kiangsi railroad still held by the Chinese. By mid-July the whole rail line had been occupied and the Mikado's legions were in possession of both bases. Tokyo declared that the air-raid danger had been eliminated, spoke of using the captured rail line as a link in an all-land route to Singapore.

Last week it appeared that the Japanese boasts had been premature. Once more China had turned the tables on her enemy. Japan was in rapid retreat. In six weeks Chiang Kai-shek's men had recaptured fifteen cities, among them Chuhsien and Lishui, had retaken 200 miles of the Chekiang-Kiangsi railroad; claimed 40,000 Japanese casualties. The sudden change of military fortune puzzled observers in China. In part it was attributed to the bombing of Japanese airfields by American planes, in part to the fighting qualities of the Chinese soldier. But these factors, it was held, could not wholly account for such major withdrawals.

Chinese military experts were inclined to attribute the Japanese retreat primarily to a change of policy by the Mikado's war lords. In their opinion Tokyo has decided to strike elsewhere, is giving up a conquest in order to shift troops to the new scene of action. Military experts pointed to four possibilities: (1) That Japan, her hand forced by the approach of Winter in Siberia, was making ready a long-delayed stroke against Russia; (2) that the general staff, alarmed over American invasion of the Solomons, was about to reinforce Nipponese defenses in the Southwest Pacific; (3) that Japan planned to take advantage of Indian disorders and strike at the subcontinent; (4) that a new offensive in North China, aimed at cutting the road to Russia, was to begin.

Meanwhile American aviation continued to aid. Last week American bombers blasted the Nipponese air base at Lashio, Burmese terminus of the now useless Burma Road. And in Chungking the arrival of the first group of Chinese fliers trained in America was a further symbol of Chinese-American collaboration.

The importance of Brazil's entrance into the war should not be minimized. For one thing, it will now be possible for the United States to collaborate in the construction of great bases, both sea and air, in Brazil, and they will be adequately protected. Again, the psychological effect of Brazil's action will be felt throughout Latin-America and in all the Latin sections of Europe. Why did Hitler declare to goad Brazil into active warfare? There seems to be only one reasonable explanation, namely, his conviction that this would force a further diversion of American supply and necessitate transfer to Brazil of essential equipment that would otherwise have gone to the European and other fronts. Undoubtedly, there will be a marked stepping-up of shipments to Brazil (and from Brazil) but, on balance, the development is decidedly favorable to the Allies.

Getting Rid Of Bats In House

The first step in getting rid of bats in an open attic must be to close all openings by which the bats can get in. Small bats can get through holes hardly one-half inch across. The best material for the job is oakum, which is tarred-felt fiber. Bats dislike the odor and will keep away from it. During the day all but two or three of the principal openings should be closed. These should be left open for a night or two until the bats have learned to use them, and should then be closed several hours after dark when all the bats have gone out. When bats collect within walls or under floors, they can be driven out by the liberal use of moth flakes, which will be effective even in the daytime. Openings should not be plugged when there is a chance that bats are remaining within the house.

SCOUTING . . .

A birthday coincidence, probably unique in the world, is connected with the life of Lord Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement. Lord Baden-Powell's birthday was February 22nd, and that of his wife, the Chief Girl Guide, the same date. Their son Peter Baden-Powell was born on the same date and married a young lady also born on February 22nd. To make the sequence even more unique their first child, a boy, was also born on the same date as his parents and grand-parents.

* * *

When a Boy Scout Headquarters in much bombed Malta was destroyed recently a framed picture of the Scout Founder, Lord Baden-Powell, came through unscathed. A newspaper photograph received recently from Malta shows Rev. Bernard Hersey of the Grey Friars rescuing the picture of the late Chief from the rubble. Assisting him in salvaging effects of the building are a Boy Scout and a Sea Scout.

* * *

"When I see a Scout Troop at work I think to myself, 'By Jove, here's another group of Commandos almost ready to take their place in the fighting line' wrote a British Scoutmaster, now a member of a Commando unit. "I am very thankful to Scouting. Each man in a Commando has to go through the training a Boy Scout goes through from the Tenderfoot stage, with a few additions."

* * *

The Cornwell Decoration, which perpetuates the memory of Jack Cornwell, who won the V.C. in the First Great War when he lost his life in the Battle of Jutland, has been awarded to Scout Jimmy Cluff of the 30th Stepney Troop, London. Jimmy lost a leg and suffered other injuries while on duty in a Nazi air raid and displayed the same heroism as that exhibited by his Scout hero, Jack Cornwell.

* * *

The world's first Boy Scout Troop was organized at a camp on Brownsea Island, Dorset, on July 25th, 1907, by Lt.-Gen. R. Baden-Powell, for the world's first Boy Scout camp.

The sole surviving member of the camp staff, "P. W. Everett," now Sir Percy Everett, and still active in Scouting as Deputy Chief Scout, paid a visit to Canada shortly before the war.

Make the most of your Tea.. use BOILING water

"SALADA"

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

CHAPTER I

In the bleak Newfoundland predawn, swirling snow slashed and bit at the huddled group of official witnesses awaiting the execution of Lemoy Statler. It was the morning of December 6, 1941.

Over the rim of the high stone fence surrounding the penitentiary jail yard, the witnesses could see the lightening outline of Quidridi Lake.

To their rear, house lights were winking into the murkiness to join the lonely street lamps of St. John's. From the Atlantic wastes three miles to the east moaned a melancholy, salty wind.

"Dammit!" snapped one of the shivering figures, "Why don't they bring him out and get it over with?"

"Aw relax!" rasped another. "If the poor beggar isn't in a hurry why should we be?"

The door into the jail yard opened.

Framed in the light was a uniformed man with a broom. He half ran to the portable scaffold erected close to the jail wall and hurriedly began sweeping the steps leading up to the trap door.

"Very thoughtful," commented a witness, "it would be tough if Statler slipped and sprained an ankle on his way up. . . ."

Sudden silence fell as a group of dark figures surrounding a scatless man with opened collar appeared in the doorway. The swishing of the broom on the scaffold steps took on an exaggerated sound.

Quickly the procession was formed outside the door. The jail chaplain was praying in a low, flat monotone. Tall members of the Newfoundland Constabulary fell in on either side of the condemned man. Immediately behind him was a plumpish, red-faced man wearing a cap—a Canadian hangman imported for Newfoundland's first hanging in decades. Three officials completed the procession.

As they mounted the steps, two muffled figures stepped through the door and stood in the shadow of the scaffold. As one held up a match to the other's cigaret, their faces were revealed in the flare. One was a distinguished-looking, white-haired man in his sixties, the other a bronzed, handsome man in his middle thirties.

"Ghastly business, Dawson," the first one growled. "Wish the plane from England had been delayed. This would have been something I'd rather have missed. You chaps in the Intelligence Department get hardened, I suppose, but . . ."

"But never that hard, Sir Frederick," interrupted Clyde Dawson. "In fact, this business hurts me more than you can imagine. You see . . ." he paused for a second, "I actually grew very attached to Lemoy Statler and cursed the necessity of seeing him killed off—"

* * *

He halted abruptly and pointed to the scaffold. In the eerie light of a single electric floodlamp the hangman was strapping the condemned man's feet together. Quickly he followed with the hood and slipped the noose carefully into position—knot directly under the left ear.

Through the hood, clearly and without trace of faltering, came the condemned man's voice:

". . . as we forgive those who trespass against . . ."

In one fast motion the hangman's hand swept back to the lever and the trap door clanged open. Lemoy Statler's body hit the end of the rope with a jerking thud.

You could almost hear the snowflakes fall.

Two of the witnesses, evidently doctors, walked toward the body, tugging stethoscopes from their pockets.

Clyde Dawson turned to the door. Sir Frederick Lemsborough, governor of Newfoundland, followed him. In the chief jailer's office they shook hands with an American colonel.

"The colonel worked on the investigation with the Newfoundland constabulary and myself," explained Dawson. "You see, one of the murdered men was an American soldier."

Sir Frederick nodded:

"Yes, I knew that—most unfortunate."

"Well, sir," Dawson said, "the case was clear cut. Lemoy Statler was caught red-handed by a constable as he dashed out of a speakeasy early one morning last September. A woman's scream—she ran the speakeasy—prompted the constable to hold Statler. In his pocket was a still-smoking revolver, and a good supply of money in a wallet stamped with the name of Capt. Gilbert Cathcart.

"Cathcart was found upstairs, shot through the head. With him, also dead, was an American soldier. Investigation revealed they had both been killed by Statler's gun.

"We found that Statler had apparently gone to much trouble to cultivate Cathcart's friendship at the Newfoundland Hotel. Cathcart was drinking heavily as the autopsy revealed and, while Statler had also appeared badly intoxicated, a test made immediately at Police Headquarters showed he had been feigning drunkenness, obviously for the purpose of winning Cathcart's confidence.

"The woman speakeasy keeper testified she heard Cathcart yell: 'You dirty thief, I'll . . .' then came the gun shots. We don't know how the American soldier fitted in but have every reason to believe the poor chap just happened to be on the scene and stopped a bullet.

"Statler's passport was found to be a phony. It was his registration card. He had no police record but refused to give the minutest hint of his identity. In fact, he didn't even take the stand.

"And I must explain something else—would you mind leaving us for a moment, Chief? Dawson smiled an apology to the chief jailer and waited for the door to close. "There is a story behind the story. What we have told you was what the jury heard. The rest we suppressed for reasons which, we feel confident, you will approve."

Sir Frederick's eyebrows lifted.

* * *

"In the wallet, besides the money . . ." Dawson's words fell slowly and methodically, "was a large quantity of data of the most secret technical nature pertaining to the Royal Air Force Ferry Command service . . ."

"What?" cut in the governor, "Yes, most vital data. Captain Cathcart was an important civilian technician of the Ferry Command."

"And Statler, you presume, an enemy agent?"

Dawson and the colonel nodded.

"There would seem every indication that such was the case. His personal baggage, while telling us nothing of his identity, showed he was well off financially. And he was of the cultured type best described as 'cosmopolitan.'"

"Tell me," asked Sir Frederick, "how did he act at the last?"

"That's curious," Dawson commented. "The Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington was also interested in that point. Statler was icy nerve itself. I secured permission to sit out the night with him in the death cell in the hope that he would drop some clew. But he chatted breezily about everything else but himself and the case. He refused the chaplain and wouldn't even leave a letter for any relatives . . . by Jove, I forgot . . ."

The calm air of professional investigator abruptly dropped from Dawson. Excitedly he reached into an inside pocket and drew out a white envelope.

"Just two minutes before the death march," he explained tensely. "Statler handed me this with a wide grin on his face. He asked that I open it only after the 'show' and I was so edged up the incident slipped my mind until this moment."

* * *

He had been running a penknife along one end of the envelope as he talked. Gingerly he squeezed it open and drew out its lone content—a colored snapshot.

Eagerly the three men bent over the table . . . staring up at them was a remarkably beautiful girl with black hair and a superb figure. She was dressed in neatly fitting sport slacks and leaning against a green boat.

"Strange," said the colonel, "she seems vaguely familiar—I've seen that face somewhere before."

Dawson had turned over the snapshot. Suddenly he laughed outright.

"I was thinking the same thing—the explanation is on the back in Statler's writing."

Again they bent over the snapshot.

"If you ever meet this girl just say the other half of the reunion date couldn't make it—unexpectedly tied up, you know. But he really missed her—and plenty. P. S. to Dawson: Don't get excited, old man, she is NOT Hedy Lamarr."

(Continued Next Week)

"A.M. FROCK" IS NEAT AND TRIM

By Anne Adams

It's 8 a.m. and you have a busy day ahead! But being busy is no excuse for not being well-groomed — especially since you can get such pretty, modern home frocks like this one designed by Anne Adams. Pattern 4003 slims you down just at the most strategic places—the bias side sections come below the waist and give you a longer-torso effect that is charming, wearable. Do make the frock in checks or small plaids to show off this effect! A scalloped neckline and scalloped short sleeves are feminine . . . Point them up with ric-rac! Two other sleeve lengths are optional; an all-around belt is too. To make the back view as slender as the front, a neck-to-hem panel is used.

Pattern 4003 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

British Destroyed Burma's Oilfields

The British did a good job of destroying anything of value in Burma before they relinquished the country to superior Japanese forces. Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who was governor of Burma told of the "absolute devastation" wrought in Burma, and said the job of destroying the oilfields and plant was in charge of W. L. Forster.

He described Forster as the "greatest saboteur in history."

"Whatever little mistakes he made when he destroyed oilfields in the Dutch East Indies he corrected in Burma and I am told some of the Burma oilfields may never come back into production," said Sir Reginald.

Dieppe Race Track

British pilots, back from the Dieppe raid, told how a United Nations task force went ashore, captured the Dieppe race course and converted it into an emergency air field. At least one pilot, forced down during an action, landed on the field, destroyed his plane, and returned to England with the commandos.

Jamaica is the largest and most valuable of the British West Indies.

ISSUE 37—'42

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TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

THE FRUIT SEASON IS HERE

These are the days when our local fruits are ripening and when we should take advantage of their deliciousness by canning some for the winter months which are to come. The subject of canning is such a broad one that it is impossible to treat each method properly in such a small space. Briefly the following are the best methods:

Preparation: All fruit should be picked carefully and then prepared according to type. Large fruits should be cut in pieces and if dry and pulpy, such as apples and pears, should be covered with water before simmering until tender. Small juicy fruits require no water.

Open Kettle Canning: If fruit is moderately acid and very juicy use no water but cover with sugar and let stand over night. In the morning cook until tender with as little stirring as possible. Fruits less juicy should be covered with a sugar syrup and cooked until tender.

Hot Pack: Fruit is prepared as above but cooked for a shorter length of time. Pour into hot sterilized jars to within about ½ inch of the top. Adjust rubber rings (dipped in boiling water), cover with sterilized top seal and leave jar ring partly screwed (if spring top is used do not adjust second spring). Place jars in rack in the kettle; cover well with water at same temperature as jars and bring to a boil. Boil for required time and be sure that the jars do not touch each other. If this process is done in the oven have a carefully controlled temperature of 275 degrees. Remove from water bath, tighten and seal. Invert jars while cooling to test leaks. If using steam pressure cooker follow directions given by manufacturer.

Cold Pack Canning. Pack fruit into jars (sterilized) to within one inch of the top. Place fruit and sugar in alternate layers in proportion to the desired syrup. (Thin syrup ½ cup sugar to 1 of fruit and heavy syrup 1 cup sugar to 1 of fruit). Cover with cold water until overflowing. Adjust rubbers and tops as for hot pack. Place on rack and cook slowly as in the hot pack method.

Jams and Conserves: Measure fruit and cover with enough water to simmer until tender. Add warmed sugar providing ¾ cup to one cup of fruit. Continue to simmer until thick, stirring frequently. Skim. Turn into sterilized jars and cover at once with a thin layer of hot paraffin. When cool apply another layer of paraffin to assure perfect sealing.

Jellies: Select fruits that are not dead ripe. Clean and cook until very tender. Pour into a scalded jelly bag and allow to drip into a scalded container. Do not squeeze the bag. Heat juice to boiling point and simmer ten to twenty minutes. Add warmed sugar allowing ¾ cup of sugar to one of juice. Stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Boil gently (skimming as necessary) until a few drops of the solution "sets" when tested in cold water.

Jellies With Pectin: Fruits such as blueberries and raspberries require the addition of pectin to make them jell. The best advice for these fruits is to adhere strictly to directions given with Pectin or any similar commercial preparations.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your experiences." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Two-Man Plant Leads War Drive

60-Year-Old Man and 79-Year-Old Helper Work 105 Hours A Week

The two-man production staff of a plant at Bay City, Mich.—a 60-year-old employer and his 79-year-old employee—received a large American Flag poster, official recognition as a labor-management production drive committee, and a letter from Donald M. Nelson commending their efforts.

Jake Sparling wrote President Roosevelt that he and Percy Fogelsonger, his entire "staff," had been working an average of 10 hours a day, seven days a week, and had made 18,000 steel flanges for war machinery.

Mr. Sparling said "the old gent and myself" would like a pennant.

Mr. Roosevelt sent the letter to Mr. Nelson, Chairman of the War production Board, who not only sent a large American Flag poster surmounting the inscription "Give It Your Best," but ordered Mr. Sparling's name to lead all the rest of the plants formally entered in the war-production drive "in recognition of the example the entire working force of your plant is setting for the rest of the nation."

Mr. Nelson suggested the working schedule of Mr. Sparling and Mr. Fogelsonger was "a little too strenuous for some even younger workmen to maintain, even though you two gentlemen seem to thrive on it."

The Sparling-Fogelsonger "labor - management committee" makes flanges used on wooden pipes that are installed in large defense plants.

Mr. Sparling ran the tiny shop by himself before the war, making pulleys and doing odd jobs repairing machinery. His "expansion" for war production consisted of hiring Mr. Fogelsonger, who had been in the habit of spending much time in the shop.

Labor - management relations have been "ideal," according to Mr. Sparling. When they need money, he explained, he goes to the pipe company which uses their flanges to "take out what we need for grub and living expenses and buy bonds with what's left."

A Bit Of Humor In Dieppe Battle

There was a bit of grim humor aboard a British destroyer as hundreds of four-inch shells were being fired into German strong points along the coast at Dieppe, a British naval observer revealed recently.

He stood on the bridge of one destroyer and said he listened to a first lieutenant of only 23 giving spotting directions to his officer of quarters, an even younger sub-lieutenant.

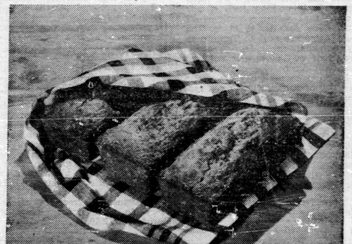
Once, the observer said, he heard the first lieutenant remark:

"Albert, your shots are falling short on the cliff face. It may be an idea to bring the enemy down with the cliff but I think it is rather a long-term policy."

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its brand of oven-popped rice. Get some today.

SO CRISP THEY C-R-A-C-K-L-E IN CREAM!

HOME BAKED BRAN NUT BREAD



For the older generation one of the pleasantest memories of childhood is baking day when a warm fragrance of crisp golden loaves filled the kitchen.

Today home baking is staging a revival, but fortunately "quick" breads are usurping the place of the old fashioned leavened bread. Popular is All-Bran Nut Bread. This glorious tasting loaf is both rich in vitamins and magnificent in flavor. Actually, it's good enough to take the place of those rich desserts that have been banished from the war-time dinner table. Directions for making this bread follow:

All-Bran Nut Bread

1	egg	¾	cup All-Bran
¾	cup sugar	2¼	cups flour
1	cup milk	1	teaspoon salt
2	tablespoons melted shortening	3	teaspoons baking powder
	¾ cup chopped nut meats		

Beat eggs and sugar until light. Add milk, shortening and All-Bran. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; combine with nut meats; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Bake in greased loaf pan with waxed paper in the bottom, in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Yield: 1 loaf (4½ x 9½ inch pan).

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