CLARK GABLE, MOVIE PRODUCER

Capt. Clark Gable, U.S.A.A.F., is pictured above, seated at the waist gun of a Flying Fortress, chatting with a couple of soldiers, "somewhere in England." An aerial gunnery specialist, the former film star has flown on one combat mission, and now is engaged in making an army training film on air gunnery.

OTTAWA REPORTS

That the General Safety of the Canadian Nation Has Been Well Served by Parliament

There probably never has been a session of Parliament during which the institution which has been constituted the democratic machinery for control of national administration has not been subjected to criticism for tardiness and verbosity. The present session of Parliament, opening January 28 last, and just recently dealing with its War Appropriation measure, is no exception.

And yet, impatiently as we may hear or read lengthy discussions on this or that item of administration — some of them admittedly of no general importance—it will be well for members of a democratic society to remember that all of the advantages of the British Parliamentary system are not wrapped up in its legislative deliveries—the number of new laws that are passed or old laws amended; or even in the degree of detailed attention given to items of past and proposed expenditure.

• • •

For Parliament's biggest single advantage to the people of Canada at large lies in its fulfilment of the function of a safety valve against simmering discontents, misconceptions and misunderstandings, as well as political aberrations of one kind and another—some of which, after all, may be accepted as orthodox in the tomorrow. In other words, even when Parliament is not ticking off actual legislative accomplishments, it is providing to every element or group which feels itself at odds with things as they exist the means of letting off "steam."

• • •

A few members may be charged with talking too much, and undoubtedly there are those who take up a relatively large portion of Parliament's time; some particular item or measure may be debated and discussed at a length that a majority of Canadians will regard as totally unjustified by its general importance; some attitudes may be adjudged to be dictated by "politics." And yet it seems to this observer, after looking at Parliament for a good many years, that it all comes out right in the "wash" of debate and in the ultimate exercise of the keen judgment of the electors who are required to pass on the personnel of their national assembly. And it has seemed over a long distance that the general safety and well being of the Canadian nation has been pretty well served in all the processes that have gone to fill the pages of Hansard.

• • •

This column does not for a moment submit the view that the electorate in the Canadian democracy can safely sit back and fail to scan and study the doings and the sayings of its members and the Ministry which happens to be in power; indeed its urge is in the opposite direction. Only as an electorate understands things can a democratic society function well. Instead of accepting dogmatic denunciations of the Institution which is his safeguard against tyranny the democratic elector should be prepared to do his own thinking and arrive at his own conclusions.

• • •

Every one of the 245 members who constitute the House of Commons is sent there by a majority vote of the people in the constituency which he represents. The member cannot help but have intimate knowledge of the interests and the wishes of the particular group of people for whom he speaks. The degree of independence of party which he should or should not exhibit in the House of Commons is another subject altogether, and worth considering, but from the standpoint of time taken to discuss local matters in Parliament, if easterners are to become impatient and intolerant of time taken by westerners, or urban dwellers critical of time taken to discuss items of peculiarly rural interest, or indeed if there is any considerable intolerance by the majority against time taken by minorities, then an extremely important function of Parliament may suffer.

THE BOOK SHELF

CAPRICORNIA

By Xavier Herbert

This novel of life in Northern Australia won the Commonwealth Literary Prize Competition on the occasion of Australia's 150th Anniversary. The author must now be counted amongst the great natural story-tellers of our time.

The story is built around the efforts of a halfcaste, the son of a white man and a bush woman, to win a place for himself. It is intensely interesting, bursting with life, tough, full of humor and violence, and provides as authentic a picture of Australian frontier life as has ever been made available.

Of his book Mr. Herbert writes: "My 'Capricornia' is a hymn book written in adoration of Australia, . . . The Land of the Unshackled Southern Cross, the Australian earth itself, out of a passionate love of which alone can a true Australian Nation grow."

Capricornia . . . By Xavier Herbert . . . The Ryerson Press . . . Price $3.75.

Token Of Gratitude To Gen. Montgomery

In "one world," Wendell Willkie reports that General Montgomery's library, the collection of a lifetime, was destroyed as the result of a German raid over England.

A movement has been begun in New York; relates The Toronto Telegram, to replace the library as a token of the gratitude and admiration of the American people. In addition to finding duplicates of the volumes destroyed, it is planned to include a collection of Americana, with the books autographed by the authors, the selection of these books to rest with a committee of representative intellectual minds.

VOICE OF THE PRESS

VICTORY GARDEN ETIQUETTE

Assuming that some of our Victory Gardeners may not be familiar with the dictates of etiquette in certain eventualities, we pass this along from a correspondent of The Kansas City Star: "Our neighbor's rooster was over this morning for a lettuce breakfast, and we're having him stay this evening for a chicken dinner."—Ottawa Citizen.

POST-WAR PROBLEM

Sir Gerald Campbell, British Minister in Washington, recently spoke thus on the prospects in the post-war world: "Disagreements may arise from time to time. There is nothing so terrifying in that—provided we learn how to disagree without being disagreeable."—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

"KAMERAD" IN ITALIAN

Rome reports have Mussolini trying to figure out a formula for peace. No use struggling, Benito. The only way is to come in like all other gangsters do—with your hands up.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

EXPLOSIVE VEGETABLES

Asparagus left in the oven too long in a Kansas City home exploded and blew out the kitchen windows. Boy! Think what might have happened if it had been spinach!—Windsor Star.

HE'S EARNED IT

Coal miners in the United States are again on strike, and almost any day now John Lewis should be receiving his Iron Cross from Hitler.—Hamilton Spectator.

WEEK OF SUNDAYS

Housing conditions are so bad that people are sleeping in the churches on week days, too.

—Winnipeg Tribune.

Dutch bulb growers have given the name "Spitfire" to a new tulip, and the Nazi authorities are incensed.

Great Britain's Forestry Plans

2,500,000 Acres To Be Added To Forestry Resources

British timber imports before the war cost over $300,000,000 a year, home consumption only contributing four per cent of the domestic requirements, states the St. Thomas Times-Journal. Sir William Jowitt has announced in the House of Commons that the Government will embark upon a vigorous forestry policy, which will one day supply one-third of national requirements.

The Forestry Commisions proposes, with the assistance of a committee which will investigate and co-operate with private woodlands, to add 2,500,000 acres to the national forestry resources. This will take a long time, the plan being to bring to production 1,000,000 acres during the first decade after the war, at a cost of $200,000,000, and 1,500,000 acres during the next ten years, the State bearing one-fourth of the cost of planting and maintenance until the areas become self-supporting. At the present moment the Commission has some 200,000,000 young trees in various stage of growth.

Tree Seeds Collected

To cope with a vastly increased planting campaign, preparations are being made for a large increase of nursery stocks. The Commission during the winter organized a collection throughout the country of last year's tree seeds. It now holds adequate stocks of Norway spruce, Scots pine and hardwood seeds, as well as considerable quantities of larch. Supplies of Sitka spruce and Douglas fir seeds have been obtained from the United States.

Britain will still need, in spite of that vast program, to import two-thirds of her lumber requirements, and we trust the Dominion and provinces will put themselves in a position to secure the bulk of that market.

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

Anything Short Of All-Out Victory Will Bring Another War Upon Us

Should she lose this war Japan will begin to plan for another conflict, Hallett Abend, far Eastern correspondent and observer of Japan's rise to military might, said in a recent address.

"The cgafty calculations of the leader in Tokyo," declared Mr. Abend, "are to the effect that after the United Nations have finally brought Hitler to unconditional surrender, the American people and their allies will be so war weary that they will insist upon a compromise peace in the Far East—a compromise leaving Japan in possession of at least half of her present gains."

An inconclusive peace of this kind, Mr. Abend added, would actually be a victory for Japan.

"She would prepare and wait for a new opportunity and attack us again at some period when, in stark times of peace, we seemed to have lost most of our present allies," he went on.

"Anything short of an all-out victory in this war will bring another upon us—probably within less than twenty years.

"If we permit the Japanese to keep half of what they have won, if we permit them to remain the rulers of part of East Asia and to brutalize 200,000,000 subject human beings, they will continue to use the resources of that area, and that brutalized manpower, in a war of revenge against us. There will be no security for the Four Freedoms until the Jack-the-Rippers among nations are disarmed and punished."

Turn In The Pacific

Until a month ago Australian leaders and spokesmen at General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters were expressing alarm at the prospect of an imminent invasion of Australia by the Japanese. Official reports spoke of the establishment of Nipponese airfields capable of basing 1,500 airplanes in the islands curving north of the continent. As if to point up the threat, Port Darwin suffered an air raid by at least fifty Japanese planes early in May, not long after seventy to 100 planes struck, hard at the Allied base at Milne Bay, New Guinea.

Last week, by contrast, the official tone in Australia was one of utmost confidence. Prime Minister Curtin said in Canberra:

The pressure on this country is to be thrown back on the enemy. The bolding war that was imposed on us under circumstances of great difficulty has been an obligation under global strategy which has been discharged.

Australia as a Base

The Prime Minister went on to say not only that he did not think the Japanese could now invade the country but also that Australia could be used as a base from which to launch "both limited and major offensives" against Japan.

In Washington Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox spoke of steady additions to the American sea strength in the Pacific—a strength which already commands the sea, according to Prime Minister Curtin. The Army announced that new forces of American troops had arrived in New Zealand, and in Australia it was announced that the R. A. A. F. had been built up to a point where it exceeds American air strength quantitatively though not qualitatively.

Action Impending

To these factors great weight was given by observers who have for some time expected an Allied move to break the long period of quiet in the South-west Pacific. Only in the air has action been pushed recently. Americans are established in Northeast New Guinea and on Guadalcanal and the Russell Islands in the Solomons and from their air bases they have been pounding steadily at Japanese installations. Last week their big planes rained forty tons of bombs on Rabaul, on the northern tip of New Britain, key base of the whole Japanese strategical structure north of Australia. The first such heavy attack since March 22, this, too, seemed a possible portent of imminent action.

In Russian Skies

The war in Russia last week was predominantly a war in the air. Both the Luftwaffe and the Red Air Force traded heavy blows by day and by night.

Nazi fliers stayed two massed raids on Gorki, upper Volga city noted for its automotive and munitions plants. A fleet of 500 Soviet bombers smashed back at rail junctions behind the enemy lines in the vicinity of Orel, Nazi strongpoint linking the central and southern fronts. Germans retaliated by raiding Yaroslav, 150 miles north-east of Moscow. Russian pilots countered with a series of mighty blows at Nazi airdromes and communications. One of these, on Thursday night, employed 700 Soviet planes in what was called the greatest Russian aerial attack of the war. It resulted in the destruction of 150 German planes and numerous ground installations. The scope and ferocity of the air battles were indicated by a Moscow summary covering the first week in June. This claimed a bag of 752 Nazi planes to a loss of only 212 Soviet aircraft.

The Edge in Battle

To foreign correspondents in the Russian capital it seemed clear that the Soviet air force held the edge over the once mighty Luftwaffe. In a recent dispatch, The New York Times correspondent C. L. Sulzberger thus summed up his impression of the waning power of the Nazis in the air:

The eve of what is expected to be Germany's third effort at a crushing offensive against the Soviet Union finds Reich Marshal Herman Goering's vaunted Luftwaffe gradually changing from an offensive to a defensive force in its essentials. Thus, although the major part of the German air strength is still concentrated on Adolf Hitler's most vital front—that is the east—it would appear to be a virtual certainty that unless the Reichsfuehrer has a trick left in his bag that no one has heard about, his aerial striking power will be relatively weaker than in either 1942 or 1941.

New Soviet Planes

This is what the same correspondent had to say in a later dispatch about the Soviet air strength:

The Red Air Force . . . is probably more dynamic than in 1941, when it was untried, or in 1942, when it was outnumbered and the partly evacuated Soviet aircraft industry was not yet in full production and Allied supplies were not yet important. Already this Spring the Russians have unveiled two brand new models and thrown them into action . . . This in itself may be somewhat significant, since until the present moment not a single new German type has appeared here in 1942.

Soviet Optimism

Thus it appears that the great battles expected on the Russian front this Summer may lack at least one of the principal weapons that brought the fall of France in 1940 and enabled the armies to sweep deep into the Russian homeland in 1941. Provisions the Wehrmacht is mighty. It is believed still capable of massing powerful blows. But without control of the air, at least locally, military experts think it but an outside chance that past victories on the eastern front. In such evaluation of the prospects is believed to lie one of the chief reasons for the prevailing optimism as the hour of decision draws near.

Problem of Caring For War Captives

Must Be Fed, Clothed and Carefully Guarded

Think what it means to have German and Italian soldiers as prisoners in ten days or less, the remainder of the army dependent upon the vagaries of rations for food, clothing, shelter, says the Ottawa Journal.

Here is a captive army of an equal in numbers to the entire population of Hull and all the men, women and children, and equal perhaps to the able-bodied male population of Ottawa.

Here are 175,000 hungry men to be fed, to be clothed, to get medical service when they are ill, to be provided with sleeping accommodation—should they be guarded. They must be housed in a military zone, where an escaped prisoner might do harm. Ships are needed to carry them with the necessity of considerable military and naval guard duty. These new mouths augment enormously the problem of the vast numbers of other hundreds of thousands prisoners in Africa—because most of them are Germans.

Shipping Problem

The disposition of these vast masses of men must be a cause of concern to Allied cities. Many prisoners of war have been sent to prison camps in South Africa, but there must be limits to this movement. The question has been made more acute by the latest batch be brought to Canada and the United States, because of the problem of shipping them again. Already in this country we have camps of prisoners of war and the occasional escape occurs. When that happens we all feel angrily that these men should be kept more securely. Are we prepared to manage perhaps one or two hundred thousand prisoners of war? Some of them work on Canadian farms. That might do with Italians, perhaps not so satisfactorily in the case of Hitler's fanatics.

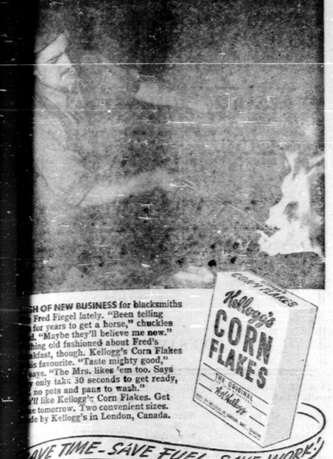
FUNNY BUSINESS

"I've got a husband that whistles, a dog that barks and a parrot that screeches—now I want something that stomps!"

REG'LAR FELLERS—Seeing Double

By GENE BYRNES

DOBBIN'S COBBLER



...SH OF NEW BUSINESS for blacksmiths ... Fred Riegel lately. "Been telling ... for years to get a horse," chuckles ... "Maybe they'll believe me now." ...ing old fashioned about Fred's breakfast, though. Kellogg's Corn Flakes ...s favourite. "Taste mighty good," ...ays. "The Mrs. likes 'em too. Says ...only take 30 seconds to get ready, ...no pots and pans to wash." ...'ll like Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Get ...e tomorrow. Two convenient sizes. ...de by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

...AVE TIME - SAVE FUEL - SAVE WORK!

THE HILT

By
...cival Christopher Wren

...d seemed best to General ...s to send for Sybil, give ...e letter without comment ...ve her alone in the library ...

...ur girl," growled the General ...self. She had evidently been ...od of the fellow. Not un...dy, as they had grown up ...r. But on the whole, since ...ible a thing had happened ...man, this was perhaps the ...ay out of it.

...point of fact, it might have ...clever form of suicide, the ...thing that Richard Wendover capable of doing if he ...to commit suicide and was ...ined that no one should be ...of the fact.

...possible, for he was unde...tough lad.

...little Sybil. Still, she'd get ...and this would put an end ...that nonsense about believ...m innocent and wanting to ...m.

...of "poor little Sybil" in...with her double burden to ...the loss of the friend whom ...d loved all her life, and the ...on of the normal daily ... — hiding from relations ...friends, from acquaintances ...enemies, the fact that she had ...ed an all but mortal blow.

...father, who probably both ...and understood her better ...dd her mother, realized ...ing of what she was suf...and admired the stoicism ...gratitude with which she was ...ing.

• • •

...he watched her carrying on ...the common task, the trivial ..., taking her share in the ...life of the house and of ...circle, helping her mother to ...ain guests, apparently cheer...ight-hearted and carefree, he ...a tribute to her courage.

...somewhat unusually imagin...and understanding type of man ...soldier, he was able to some ...t to do more than sympathize ...offer empty consolation. Wise...e forebore to ridicule her re...even now, to believe in the disgrace and death of the man whom she loved, and he encouraged the habit she was forming of coming and sitting on a fireside stool in the library, a room sacred to her father, on her way up to bed, instead of merely looking in to say good night as had been her custom.

Leaning against his chair, she would talk of the subject ever uppermost in her mind and he would encourage her to do so.

"Daddy," said Sybil one evening, "I don't believe two things."

"I don't believe millions, my dear. Have a cigarette."

The girl took one from the proffered case. The General lit it, saying as he did so, "I know what you mean. You don't believe the finding of the court martial was just, and you don't believe he's dead."

"I'm perfectly certain, Daddy."

"Well, my dear, as I've said before, the evidence points to his death but by no means proves it."

• • •

"No, of course it doesn't. I was thinking only last night that supposing we gave an old shirt of yours to a tramp, and months and months later he fell into the river while wearing it and his body was found, the police wouldn't immediately decide that it was you, would they? There wouldn't be a notice in the newspapers that you had been found drowned."

"No, of course not. And if there were, I'd stoutly deny it. And we needn't give undue weight to the fact that Wendover hadn't denied that the shirt was his. Because it is entirely possible, in fact very probable, that he'd be only too glad for people to suppose that that was the end of him."

"Yes. Yes, that's exactly what I am building on. Dickie wouldn't stoutly deny it. Naturally he wouldn't if he had planted the shirt with the intention of creating the belief that he was dead. And if there was nothing of that sort, he wouldn't contradict the rumor of his death because he'd be only too glad for everyone who knew him to imagine that he was dead. Then he could really start afresh somewhere else and build up his life again. That's what I think he'd try to do," she continued. "But what sort of new career would he try to start and where would he go? If one could only guess that, one would have some idea as to what to do."

• • •

The days and weeks and the months rolled by and the light of Sybil Ffoulkes's faith began to burn a little dim, her hope to grow fainter. The answers to her father's letters written to each member of the court martial, had made it perfectly clear that no shadow of doubt remained in the minds of the writers about the guilt of Richard Wendover, and as to his ultimate fate none could give any other information than that he never occupied the berth that he had taken on the ship that should have borne him from Kilindini, the port of Mombasa, and that he had simply vanished.

Gradually General Ffoulkes adopted the line that everything possible had been done, no stone left unturned, and inasmuch as no news was forthcoming that gave the slightest reason for hope, the only thing to do now was to accept what was evidently the fact, that Richard Wendover was dead.

"We mustn't let it become an obsession, my dear," he said one night as Sybil sat beside him.

"An obsession!" exclaimed Sybil in her low, slightly husky voice. "Dickie isn't an obsession with me! He is me, if you can understand. He isn't something stuck in my mind. He is my mind, I don't think of him. He is my thoughts. He is myself, my life, my world. Just exactly fills my universe. And I'll tell you what's a funny thing. I feel glad that I can never really know it, supposing he were killed and buried in East Africa. Do you understand what I mean?"

• • •

More moved than he cared to show, the General gently patted his daughter's shoulder.

"I know, my dear. Nobody who ever knew him has seen him dead and therefore there will never be any proof that he is dead, eh? And so you can go on hoping that he isn't. But I don't want you to go on hoping too long, hoping all your life so that it slips by and one fine morning you discover that you are an old maid who has deliberately wasted her life, thrown it away waiting for a dead man to speak."

"My dear, if Dickie is alive, I shall get in touch with him somehow. If Dickie is dead, then I shall do just what you said. Wait. Wait—for the rest of my life. But I'll tell you something you are losing sight of, Daddy, and that is the intuition, instinct, whatever you call it, that I have about it. It is a certainty in my mind, at any rate, that Dickie is not dead."

The General sighed heavily.

The library door opened. "You are wanted on the telephone, sir," said the footman.

"Excuse me a moment, Sybil." "I'll come too—in case."

For nowadays she haunted the neighborhood of the telephone cabinet whenever there was a call—only to depart on hearing the first few words—fool that she was, she acknowledged. What did she expect to hear? Someone answering in Dickie's voice which was saying that he had come home alive and well?

"Oh, hello! That you, Harrington-Spens? . . . Very good of you to trouble . . . I'll take it down . . . Yes.

"Wendover alive and well. Seen Persian coast month ago. Write Thorburn, Napier's Horse. Signed Ganesh".

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE No. 26—43

C

...ACDONALD'S
...ine Cut
Makes a Better Cigarette

MECCA OINTMENT
for Burns, Sores, Cuts, Etc.

Camouflage Paint Fools Foe's Camera

Camouflage paint that will fool enemy cameras is now being produced by the Du Pont Company.

While ordinary camouflage will fool the naked eye of a pilot, this new dark green paint applied to material that is to act as a disguising subject will show up on a camera plate as a light rather than a dark value. Hence, it reflects the infra-red rays which, including the ultraviolet rays, composes three-fifths of sunlight. Ordinary green paints, which absorb sunlight, show up as dark values on camera plates disclosing to photographic experts that their use is in camouflage purposes rather than genuine vegetation or foliage.

Camouflage, of course, discloses to the enemy the location of various installations. He may not be able to detect it himself but his cameras can. Hence, military targets blended into the landscape by the use of hodox green paint may not escape lens disclosure. Use of the new paint, however, now puts American camoufleurs one jump ahead.

Air Attack Termed Wedge Of Invasion

Allied air power has begun the invasion of Europe on a schedule planned months ago and "the next phase will be the final phase—land, sea and air power combined," Brig.-Gen. Daniel Noce, United States staff officer in the European theatre, said in a recent radiocast.

"Here in this theatre," he said, "the invasion offensive has been under way for some time. In this combined operation, we are leading off quite obviously with air weapons. Each step or everything that has happened and is happening was planned months ago. . . .

"The next phase will be the final phase—land, sea, and air power combined. There will be complete unity of our arms and our Allies and the end will be unconditional surrender."

Farmer-Airmen

The Air Ministry has come to the rescue of convalescent airmen who feel they are not doing enough towards the war effort. It has asked the National Farmers' Union if farmers are willing to take them on the land for three-month work periods.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

THE PROLIFIC RHUBARB

Rhubarb Upsidedown Cake

Make your favorite plain cake recipe (light cake or cottage pudding batter), first melting a tablespoon or two of butter in bottom of baking dish; sprinkle a good layer of brown sugar over all. Add a thick layer of sweetened rhubarb sauce. For an extra zest add equal quantities of strawberries cooked with the rhubarb. Pour on the batter and bake in moderate oven. Serve with or without sauce or cream.

Rhubarb Delight

Wash rhubarb and cut in small cubes. Steam rhubarb and when soft add sugar to taste. Rub through a sieve, re-heat and add 1½ tablespoons gelatine which has been soaked in ½ cup of cold water. Place in refrigerator and when it begins to set beat until light and fluffy. Fold in whites of two eggs which have been beaten until stiff. Chill thoroughly. Use the yolks of the two eggs to make a custard sauce, using 1½ cups milk, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Chill the sauce thoroughly before serving over the rhubarb snow.

Surprise Rhubarb Pie

2½ cups rhubarb diced
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar

Mix the rhubarb, flour, sugar and salt. Cook over low heat about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour the hot mixture gradually into the beaten egg yolks, then return to the heat and cook until the mixture begins to thicken. Cool and place in a baked pie shell. Cover with a meringue made from the egg whites and 6 tablespoons sugar and place in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes until a delicate brown.

Rhubarb Betty

Use enough rhubarb when cut into ½ inch pieces to make 2½ cups. Clean and wash ¾ cup of sugar with a dash of cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Layer ingredients in greased pudding dish, first the crumbs, then rhubarb and raisins, then sugar mixture until all is used, having crumbs on top. Dot with a little butter. Cover and bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Remove cover and bake until crumbs are nicely browned. Serve with any creamy sauce.

Meat Loaf

Here is the recipe for another meat loaf to help solve the meat problem.

1½ lbs. ground meat
¼ lb. beef
¼ lb. veal
¼ fat salt pork
1 medium sized onion
1 green pepper (optional)
1 egg
1 cup of soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1¼ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika

Put the veal, beef and pork through the food chopper; add the onion and green pepper, finely chopped; next the beaten egg, bread crumbs, minced parsley and seasonings. Try a dash of tabasco too. Mix very thoroughly, then form into a loaf. Place in greased pan and bake for 45 minutes. Serve hot with gravy made from juices in pan. The loaf may also be served cold.

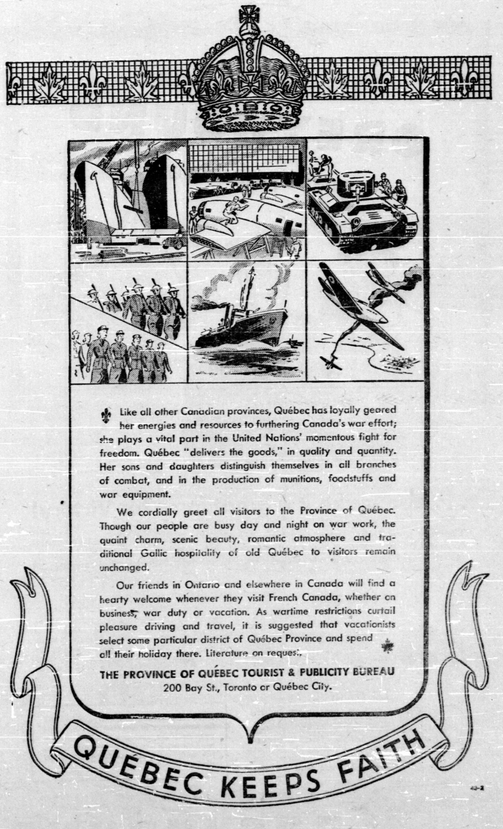
Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St.,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

All-Bran Cherry Party Bread

1 tablespoon butter
¾ cup light brown sugar
• • •
2½ cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
1 egg
• • •
½ cup chopped Maraschino cherries
¾ cup chopped nut meats
• • •
1¼ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup All-Bran
½ cup chopped Maraschino cherries
½ cup chopped nutmeats

Melt butter in loaf pan and sprinkle sugar, cherries and nutmeats evenly over bottom of pan. Sift flour with baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg; add milk and shortening; stir into flour mixture. Add All-Bran, cherries and nutmeats. Pour over cherries mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour. Remove at once from pan. Cool before slicing. Yield: 1 loaf (5¼ x 9½-inch pan). Note:—"Loaf may be baked omitting cherry nut mixture in bottom of pan.

Big Mailing Job

Distribution by mail of 120,000,000 copies of War Ration Book Three, with application cards, will involve the biggest single mailing job ever handled by the United States Post Office.

In Martinique in the past 300 years there have been 33 hurricanes, seven earthquakes, 11 tidal waves, two famines and one drought.