

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Meat dishes from various countries is my "bill of fare" today and I'm sure you'll find these somewhat different ways of serving up the familiar pork, veal and so on well worth trying.

SWEET-SOUR SPARERIBS
2 pounds pork spareribs
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 small piece ginger root
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 cup water

Cut spareribs in 1-1/2 pieces and place in large skillet. Cover with hot water, bringing to boil, and simmer 10 minutes. Drain and dry thoroughly. Heat oil in skillet and add spareribs. Turn to brown on all sides. Peel ginger root and chop fine. Place in bowl with garlic. Add all dry ingredients, then the liquid ingredients. Stir until smooth. Pour over spareribs in skillet and simmer 20 minutes. Serve hot. Serves 4.

VEAL SCALLOPINE
1 pound veal, sliced very thin
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup grated cheddar cheese
Dash pepper
1 cup sliced mushrooms
1 cup butter or margarine
1 can condensed bouillon (1 1/2 cups)

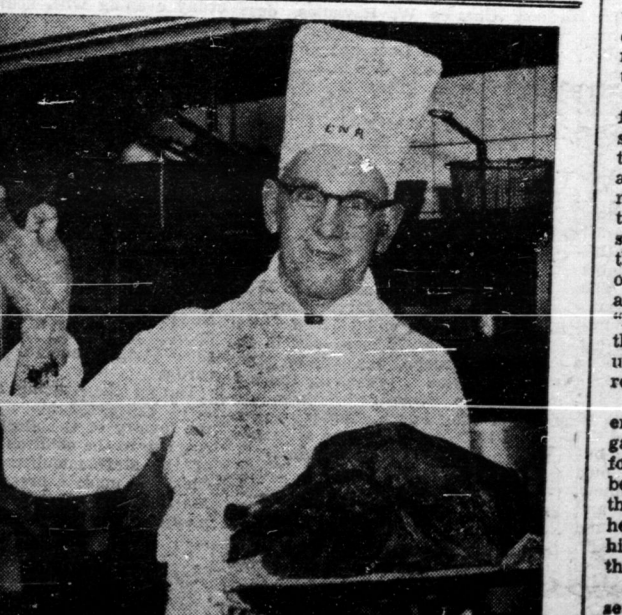
Cut veal into pieces about 2 inches square, pound well with mallet or edge of saucer. Mix flour, cheese and pepper; dredge veal in this mixture. Brown veal and mushrooms in butter in heavy skillet. Blend in remaining flour-cheese mixture and bouillon; heat and stir until sauce starts to thicken; cover; simmer 5 minutes. Garnish with stuffed olives. Serves 6.

CHICKEN ALMOND—CANADIAN VERSION
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/2 cup celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
1/2 cup sliced onion
2 cups diced, cooked chicken (turkey or veal is good too)
1/2 cup canned mushrooms
1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 cup clear chicken consommé
1 cup unsalted toasted almonds

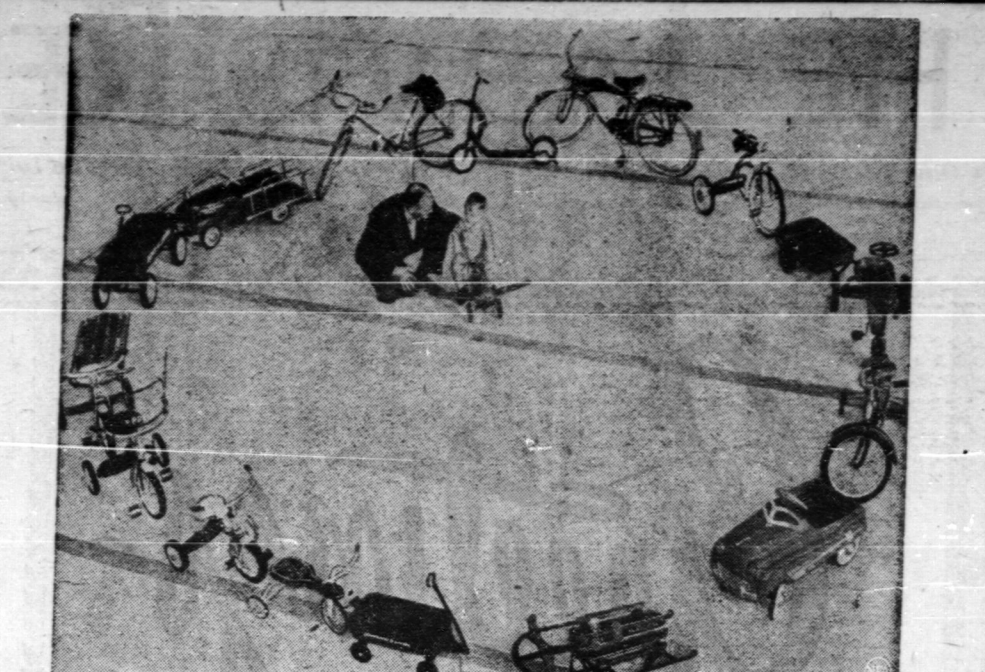
Melt butter in skillet and add celery and onion. Stir and cook 2 minutes. Add chicken and mushrooms. Heat 3 minutes more. Combine cornstarch, soy sauce, and consommé. Stir slowly into chicken mixture. Stir and heat carefully 5 minutes. Stir in almonds. Serve over hot fluffy rice. Serves 6.

FIVE-IN-ONE
As the result of three years of experiments a Bury St. Edmunds farmer now has a stock of 5,000 fruit trees, each single tree producing five separate varieties of the same fruit—apple, pear, or plum.

Real Cool—Robert E. Hopp models the gasheated work suit he designed for cold-weather wear. Hot propane gas, supplied by a 2 1/2-pound metal unit clipped to the belt, is circulated through the suit in rubber tubes. The suit, which weighs 10 1/2 pounds with the heater unit, can keep a man warm for 12 hours in 30-degree-below-zero-weather.



TEN TONS of succulent turkey, like the one proudly shown here by Roman Churov, chief instructor for the Canadian National Railway, will be served at C.N.R. dining cars this Yuletide. More than 20,000 special Christmas dinners will be served over the holiday season, topped off with plum pudding as a C.N.R.'s own special recipe.



Christmas-On-Wheels For The Next 10 Years — J. T. Callahan points out to Raymond Geist some of the toys the two-year-old boy will receive each Christmas for the next 10 years. This Christmas he'll receive an airplane and automobile both large enough for him to ride, as well as a tricycle, kiddie-car, wagon and sled. He is being given the transportation toys to honor his being the one-millionth person to ride on the latest form of transportation... the world's first moving rubber sidewalk, installed at the B. F. Goodrich Co. exhibit in Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry.



News Trickle — New Yorkers at Times Square reach for copies of the Sunday Herald Tribune — the first Manhattan paper to be published in a week. The usually thick edition was limited to eight pages.

Admiral's Love For Fruit Cost Two Warships

When a British naval squadron arrived at a seaport in Chile during the 1914 war, the Admiral in charge sent his steward to buy fresh fruit.

Ashore, however, the steward got very drunk, and had to be bundled by comrades into the ship's boat, which pushed off for the flagship, leaving the basket of fruit behind.

Waking later, he remembered the fruit, and, fearing the Admiral's wrath, begged the wireless operator to ask a collier to bring the basket to their refueling rendezvous off the coast the next day.

No one suspected that, about one hundred miles away, several German ships were making for Valparaiso. The Gneissau's radio caught the message: "Bring out the Admiral's basket of fruit!"

Direction-finding equipment indicated the position of the British squadron, and within four hours the Germans had sunk the Good Hope and Monmouth. That basket of fruit cost us two good ships and 1,200 lives!

Cdr. A. B. Campbell, serving at the time in H.M.S. Otranto, disclosed this in his engrossing reminiscences, "When I Was in Patagonia."

One amusing story is that of a fakir who came aboard the troopship Orient at Bombay to entertain her company. He hypnotized a dozen volunteers made them mark time, take off their jackets, then their pants. "Jump over the side," he next ordered, and, as they raced to the port rail, "The other side," then as they turned and raced to the starboard side, "Back again!" Finally he lined them up and said to each, "Wake up, my man," and they came round.

The captain ordered the masts-arms to see him down the gangway and give him something for his show. Later, Cdr. Campbell asked, "What did you give that fakir?" "Give 'im 'Whisky, sir," he replied, "I give 'im a good hiding for mucking about with the Army!"

When Campbell first went to sea, ships didn't carry a surgeon; only a medicine chest containing numbered bottles, plus a chart showing a man with small numbered circles marked over his body. When a man reported sick, you asked him where he felt ill.

THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

A cow's rumen is its number one stomach where billions of microscopic plants (bacteria) and other "micro-organisms" break down, by a fermentation process, the cellulose in the roughage eaten by the cow. In addition to furnishing food for the micro-organisms, the fermentation process provides organic material simple sugars and amino acids which are absorbed by the cow. At the same time the micro-organisms themselves serve as a source of protein.

An important discovery recently was the fact that an increased supply of nitrogen made it possible for microscopic plants in the rumen to make more effective use of roughage supplied to them by the cow. According to C.I.I. animal nutritionists, experiments conducted with synthetic urea feed compound which contains 42 per cent nitrogen, disclosed that this product helped stimulate rapid bacterial growth in the rumen which in turn brought about a more efficient breakdown of cellulose. With synthetic urea in their feed, cattle can eat and digest roughage previously considered of little value. Such roughage includes corn and stalks, wheat straw and timothy hay.

Hints For Safer Winter Driving
Stick In Snow? Don't race that engine—you'll only get in deeper. Rock your car back and forth by gently accelerating in Low and Reverse alternately. Don't let your wheels spin and you'll usually manage to get free.

Starting On Ice? Stay out of low gear—that just makes your wheels spin. Try second gear, or even "high," then accelerate very slowly and evenly. You'll get better traction this way and start off without slipping.

On The Skids? Never jam on your brakes suddenly when you're travelling on icy pavements. Pump the brake pedal up and down gently to bring your car to a gradual stop. If you start to skid, always turn your wheels in the direction of the skid until you're straightened out.

malade now, I laugh so much I have to wipe my eyes before I can read the paper!"

On Easter Island, Campbell once saw a Kanaka funeral at which, after the Catholic service and burial, relatives and friends round the open grave gave three hearty cheers. Some time previously, he learned, they had heard three cheers given by a ship's crew for an anniversary. It seemed a fitting conclusion to any special occasion, so was adopted for burials!

Among the first-class passengers in one of Campbell's ships heading for Timor from Adelaide was a well-known racehorse owner. Watching a deck service conducted by a clergyman in chocolate and gold hood and stole, he suddenly exclaimed: "That's a coincidence; the fellow taking the service is wearing my racing colours. Come along to the wireless room," he added, "I want to send a radiogram... I've a horse running at Adelaide tomorrow and I think that parson's gear is a decided tip."

It won't at five to one. He sent for the parson, told him "I've made a bit of money out of you," and handed him £25, saying, "I bet five pounds to win for you."

Campbell himself once dreamt, before the Derby, that a grey horse romped home with a 50-yard lead, but thought it nonsense because the jockey was talking French all the time. Some clubmen to whom he mentioned the dream aloud shouted, "Don't you know that the jockey who is riding the grey has been racing in France for the past two years, and speaks French fluently!"

They at once laid a large sum on the fly Tagale. And she won the Epsom classic easily at 100 to 8.

Another well-known Australian bookie took a large party of

Safe Christmas Is A Merry One — It's not pleasant to think of a gaily decorated Christmas tree on an instrument of destruction. But your beautiful tree is a serious fire hazard. Because of its natural pitch and resin, it is highly combustible, and once ignited it is almost impossible to extinguish by ordinary methods. Illustrated are "do's" and "don'ts" to observe in the handling of your tree, as suggested by the National Safety Council.

Inspect wiring before putting lights on the tree.

When needles start falling discard the tree immediately.

After opening the package dispose of all the paper.

Electric lights are fun, but are dangerous around the tree.

The lights approved by the Underwriters Laboratories.

When you leave the house make sure the tree lights are out.

Oh The Tree — Paddle Ears, a baby chimpanzee, has his dinner light off a banana tree in the jungle gardens of Ponca de Leon Springs, Fla. Holding the chimp is Nancy Stech.



CHRISTMAS MEANS MANY THINGS . . .

Soon we will hear again the ancient Story—by candle light in church, or as Dad reads to the family before the fire. Once more we will remind ourselves that the Peace on Earth promise can come true. But we know that this won't happen until we've learned to spread Christmas good will through all our days and years, over all the world, and humbly try to work that war, hate, and hunger still sicken our selves. We wonder how people, and nations, can continue to be selfish, suspicious, and fearful . . . generosity and tolerance come so naturally at this season of Christ's birthday!

And we pray that, when enough Christmases have come and gone, we'll have learned the lesson the Nazarene taught to love God, and to love our neighbors as ourselves.

Our celebration of Christmas may be as reverent as a surplised do find us working on that lesson.

We make a family ritual of bringing in the tree. We fill boxes for overseas, baskets for neighborhood door steps. We take toys to the Children's Hospital, put on a program for shut-ins, or make up a box of candy for the mail carrier.

We all get underfoot as Mother pulls pin-needles from the turkey. We breathe down her neck as she knits and purrs last rows in Dad's Christmas sweater, or runs seams in the Wise Man's robe for Dick's part in the Christmas play.

We freemindedly, but lovingly, scrawl notes to go with our greeting cards; make long, improbable shopping lists; put fruit cakes and homemade jam into gift packages; ferret out old-fashioned stockings for the children to hang.

We throw open our doors to our friends—plan a sleigh ride, skating frolic, or after-church snack. We go singing, muffled to the ears against the frosty night.

And who's more a symbol of good will than Santa Claus? He pops up everywhere—tending coin ketles on the corners in town; ostentatiously leaping to department stores; and (looking suspiciously like the janitor) handing out presents from under the school's Christmas tree.

There's nothing new or spectacular about our ways at Christmas. But while doing these good, familiar things, we carry out our best—practicing toward a time when we may become perfect in brotherhood, and have peace in our world.

THE GREEN THUMB
Expert Advice For Our Gardener

At long last here is a book for the Canadian gardener — not a book which is a rehash of material better suited to our climate, or one containing a grain of useful advice to a bushel of stuff alien to our soil — but a volume packed with the very sort of information most of us have, up to now, vainly desired.

It is called A GARDENER'S SOURCE BOOK, by G. H. Hamilton, 288 pages, published by Dent, and worth many times its price of \$4.50 per copy.

As W. Sherwood Fox, reviewing it in the Toronto Globe & Mail, says, it will be welcomed because it has been prepared expressly for amateurs by a Canadian whose point of view is consciously Canadian and who is eminently qualified to write such a book. The author, G. H. Hamilton, is a scientific botanist who has long been officially associated with the extensive garden projects of Ontario's Niagara Parks Commission. Thanks to him our amateur gardeners need no longer flounder in bewilderment with guides to gardening primarily designed for other latitudes or for professional-ists.

Through his ability to organize facts and to write clearly Mr. Hamilton has succeeded in compressing a host of essential details into the compass of a modest book. In each department their range is practically complete: from soil, fertilizers and other basic things to ways of controlling pests and diseases; from window boxes and house plants to spacious planned beds; from kitchen herbs to the showiest blooms of annual and perennial shrub and tree.

As for times and seasons, the author guides the reader round the whole cycle of the year—month by month, even week by week. He tells him not only at what stage of the year to expect usually flowers and fruits but when, far in advance of maturity, to begin preparing for them. His instructions are cast

in lucid English which often sparkles with flashes of relevant humor. Do not fail to read the truth about the shamrock and the thistle.

Reinforcing the running text are many excellent illustrations and useful tables. The titles of some of the tables are significant: Favorite perennials for northern gardens; favorite deciduous trees for northern gardens; wintered-over herbs for northern gardens; flowering for northern gardens. The reviewer regrets the lack of a table of native shrubs and trees comparable to the table of wintered-over plants. He also misses fuller directions for cultivating our beautiful native, the flowering dogwood.

The publishers are to be highly commended for the book's attractive appearance, handy format and readable type.

The man solved the problem by tipping an Austrian peasant and leaving his pet temporarily with him 150 yards from the frontier post. He himself crossed into Germany and then he gave a loud, familiar whistle.

The peasant slipped the lead and the dog raced across the frontier into Germany!

Willed His Fortune To The Queen
Queen Mary left a fortune of £406,407 (£379,884 net) but, as precedent decrees, no details of her will are to be published. Undoubtedly there will be windfalls for many members of the Royal Family, the Queen included, but it is unlikely that any testament can ever again affect the reigning sovereign as did the will of the Buckinghamshire miser, John Camden Neild.

A barrister, schooled at Eton and "finished" at Cambridge, he spent the last years of his life money-grubbing. He eked out his misery by never brushing his one blue swallow-tail coat for fear of destroying the nap. He slept, if not by coddling a bed from his tenants, then on bare boards in a large, ill-furnished house in Chelsea. Still, crusts, hard-boiled eggs and butter-milk kept him alive until his eighteenth year. Then, dying in 1826, he bequeathed his fortune of £500,000 to Queen Victoria.

She, rather surprisingly, accepted this neat sum, but used some of the money to provide legacies for Neild's neglected dependents. Also, she raised a remembrance fund for the poor and staid glass window to his memory in Northampton Church, Buckinghamshire, in the chance of which he was buried. So, despised in life, he bequeathed himself a royal salute in death.

DOG DEFIES FRONTIER
When a Munich bank clerk decided recently to spend a week-end in the Austrian Tyrol, he planned to take his long-haired spaniel with him. But at the frontier he was told he must not cross with a dog. A kindly inn-keeper on the German side offered to care for it while his master was in Austria.

The dog had other ideas. Two hours later it made a dash across the frontier and traced the bank clerk to a hotel twenty miles away where he had sought shelter during a thunderstorm.

The dog and his master were arrested together. They arose the question: how could the dog be got back across the frontier into Germany?

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Take Off — The photographer got this straight from the corn's mouth as he moved in for this picture of the London, England, zoo. Although too close for comfort as far as the photographer was concerned, George is a favorite of children who visit the zoo.

A SHEEP STORY

When my great-grandfather was a lad in the eighteenth century, he was once sent to breakfast to let out the sheep inside the barn so that they could reach the watering trough. He opened the door, went to the trough, and stood aside to watch the flock, led by the majestically authoritative ancient ram.

But he did not go out. When the old ram who was their dictator-leader came to the open door, he halted, shaking his great horned head in uncertainty. Behind him, all the flock stood still—patient, inquiring, docile, awaiting the orders of their Duce. The farm boy, who was my great-grandfather, pushed his way through the submissive sheep till he could see what the ram saw: a just-risen sun sent through a knothole in the barn wall a long ray across the opening of the door. In the dusty air of the barn, it looked like a solid yellow bar, about the height of the shoulders of the sheep.

As my great-grandfather looked, he saw the ram realize his responsibility for those "followers" of his, who depended upon him to lead them. Gathering his haunches under him, he launched himself into the air, sailed over the impassable ray of light as though a wooden rail—and trotted across the barnyard to the watering trough. The sheep behind him did not question his decision. If their Duce ordered a leap it was for them to leap. The next one in line sprang high, and triumphantly cleared the airy bar of translucent sunshine. The third sheep rose into the air, his forelegs doubled up under him to avoid knocking against the ray of light, landed on the other side, proud of his feat. My great-grandfather began to laugh. One by one every sheep accepted the dictum of their ruler: that only by a mighty leap could the watering trough be reached.

Not a generation of our folks since then, but have heard that story as a sharp-edged warning about the ram, futile and often a deadly quality of the refusal to question the party line—any party line. From "Vermonter Traditions" by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, 1933, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Little, Brown & Co.

Industry for many years has used X-rays to inspect packaged items like cereals, candy, nuts and fruit and ensure that products are free from foreign matter.

For some purposes at least, it constitutes too great a health risk to permit its use in the manner now advocated for controlling insects which affect man," said Dr. Kipling. "The attack goes on despite the insecticides' fine record in protecting people throughout the world from disease-carrying insects. Yet, to my knowledge not one death (excluding accidental deaths) or serious illness has been caused among the peoples exposed to the insecticides in connection with household pests."

All previous wars, Dr. Kipling pointed out, caused great increases in the incidence of insect-borne diseases. During the last decade, however, unprecedented and successful use of insecticides has protected Allied soldiers and citizens of allied countries from malaria, louse and mite-borne typhus and other diseases transmitted by insects.

"DDT has come under heavy fire from those who believe that it is a health hazard," said Dr. Kipling. "The attack goes on despite the insecticides' fine record in protecting people throughout the world from disease-carrying insects. Yet, to my knowledge not one death (excluding accidental deaths) or serious illness has been caused among the peoples exposed to the insecticides in connection with household pests."

A 10 to 30 per cent solution of copper sulphate used as a foot bath can help control foot rot in dairy cattle, according to tests made at the department of veterinary clinical medicine, University of Illinois.

Four-fifths of a pound of the chemical in one gallon of water will make a 10 per cent solution. A 30 per cent solution is obtained by dissolving two and one-half pounds of copper sulphate in a gallon of water.

"The chemical will go into solution much easier if hot water is poured over the powdered crystals."

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Snow Family — Patience pays off and these two girls finally get their man — their snowman, that is, as their town is blanketed with snow. The happy girls are Dolores Conroy, 13, kneeling, and her sister, Dorothy, 11.