

## Cabin Cruising Down To Quebec

In Quebec we were to find all that we sought and more. In her cities the tone of time, with overtones of history and medievalism. In her sweet valleys a nostalgic lost paradise. In her forests and on the shores of her far-off seas a last frontier.

Always, everywhere, waters, shores, rivers of thrilling scenic grandeur. Everywhere, always, a fine people, but half-known and less than half understood, with rare qualities of courtesy, generous helpfulness, simplicity and pride.

You'll love Quebec first, if you are like us, for her sheer beauty of mountain and river, lake and island, green countryside, stoned city stone and shrine. How thrillingly we remember beauty of strangeness and the tone of time, of color and form and range, of a time and place and uncrowded spaciousness! Flower-patterned green fields on the South Shore, prairie fire of autumn foliage sweeping the Gaspé, the battle-scarred charge of Percé Rock, blue Laurentian peaks marching down to dip their feet in the St. Lawrence, Saguenay's capes towering in majesty above Eternity Bay, gray-green and twin-pink solitudes of Côte Nord with its trout and salmon rivers, white star-arts foaming and flashing in a wilderness, trickles winding among islands like sleeping sea monsters, snowflakes of sea birds, heavenly kaleidoscope of cloud and sunset and moonrise and Merry Dancers, Quebec City's Medieval bastions and churches, Mount Royal's vision of the world and the kingdoms thereof — we could (but won't) go on for pages!

The physical charm of the Quebec scene leaps to the eye. Yet in so short a time we loved her way of life even more. In Quebec City, standards are unexcelled, tastes simple, pleasures natural and inexpensive as those of Americans in the small communities where we two grew up. There seems to be nothing feverish, artificial, inflated about the daily life of French Quebec. Men and women like to take long walks, to sail boats built by the owners still so near the city — and to exist in their beauty.

These people have a gift for the personal relationship amounting to genius. The good manners that come from the heart rule in city or country. . . . Just as no courtesy to a friend is too small to neglect, so no service is too big or troublesome to perform. The first time we met Captain Gauthier, former Commandant of the Naval District, he said: "If your boat ever needs repairs, bring her right to the Naval Basin."

He proved he meant that after our little Margot was caught in a wild blow and a collision some weeks later. Lying cheek by jowl in Louise Basin with a Fairmile (Canadian PT boat), we were made shipshape in short order and nothing to pay. "Glad to do it," the urbane and handsome Captain insisted. . . .

And we are not wealthy, important persons — just an American couple with a thirty-foot cabin cruiser which we like to work into strange waters. We carried no introduction except the Stars and Stripes flying at our stern. Experience has convinced us that being an American is the only introduction necessary in Quebec. — From "We Fell in Love With Quebec," by Sidney W. Dean and Marguerite Moores Marshall.



Birds In The Tree? — At first glance, it looks like this winter-bare tree is sporting a flock of shivering birds. But another look reveals that the creatures aren't birds at all, just a group of youngsters playing in the snow.

## Canned Meat Ideal for Quick Meal on Cold Nights

BY DOROTHY MADDOX

FOR cold nights when there is not much time to get dinner, use canned meat. Or serve canned beans, either New England style or packed in tomato sauce. Give them distinctive flavor by adding a little molasses.

Here are three combination recipes that save you time yet give the family good hot food when the wind blows cold.

**Savory Baked Beans**  
(4 generous servings)  
One quart can unsulphured molasses, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1/4 teaspoon Tabasco sauce, 2 pounds cans baked beans, 1 onion, sliced.

Combine unsulphured molasses, vinegar, mustard and Tabasco; stir well. Empty beans into skillet or casserole; stir in molasses mixture. Arrange onion slices on top of beans or layer with beans. Simmer in skillet on top of range 10 to 15 minutes, or bake in casserole in hot oven (325 degrees F.) 30 minutes.

**Luncheon Meat—Sweet Potato Puff**  
(6 servings)  
Two pounds sweet potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons unsulphured molasses, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 cup raisins, 1 can luncheon meat, 1 orange, peeled and sliced; 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Cook potatoes in boiling water until tender. Drain and peel. Mash potatoes. Add butter, molasses and salt; beat until light and fluffy. Stir in raisins. Place potatoes in a shallow casserole. Cut luncheon meat into 1/2 slices; arrange meat on top of potatoes with halved orange slices. Sprinkle meat with brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 20 minutes.

**Vienna Sausage Dinner**  
(4 servings)  
Four and one-half cups dry whole milk, 1 1/2 cups water, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 1 1/2 pounds small white onions, cooked; 2 cans Vienna sausage. Sprinkle dry skim milk on top of water. Beat slowly with rotary

beater until dissolved; reserve. Melt butter, add flour, salt and pepper; stir to a smooth paste. Add reserved liquid and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and comes to a boil. Add onions; heat. Heat Vienna sausage in own liquid. Turn creamed onions into serving dish; top with Vienna sausage.

**Combine the two mixtures, beating with drier beater. Pour into ungreased pie shell; bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350° F. and finish baking (about 25 minutes). Test filling with a silver knife.**

**PECAN PIE**  
Temp.: 450-350° F.  
Time: 40-45 min., or until done  
Pastry for a 9" pie  
1/4 cup butter  
1/4 cup light brown sugar  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 cup corn syrup  
3 eggs, well beaten  
1 cup pecan nuts (halves)  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Method: Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry; flute pastry edge. Cream together butter, sugar, salt and corn syrup; add remaining ingredients. Pour into unbaked shell. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking 25 to 35 minutes, or until a silver knife inserted in filling comes out clean.

**LEMON CHIFFON PIE**  
Baked pastry shell, 9" 1/4 cup cold water  
3 eggs, separated  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
1/4 cup corn syrup  
1 cup hot milk  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon butter  
1/4 teaspoon vanilla  
1/4 cup white sugar

Method: Soften gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Slightly beat egg yolks; add brown sugar, corn syrup, milk and salt. Blend with drier beater. Cook in top of double boiler, over boiling water, until mixture comes to a boil, stirring occasionally. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add 1/4 cup of egg whites, lightly with remaining lemon juice. Chill in refrigerator until set.

**CUSTARD PIE**  
Temp.: 450-325° F.  
Time: 30-35 min.  
Pastry for 9" pie  
1/4 cup cold water  
3 eggs, separated  
1/4 cup brown sugar  
1/4 cup corn syrup  
1 cup hot milk  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon butter  
1/4 teaspoon vanilla  
1/4 cup white sugar

Method: Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry. Bake in 400° F. oven for 5 minutes; remove from oven. Mix together the sugar, salt and corn syrup. Add slightly beaten eggs and hot milk. Blend well with drier beater. Pour filling into pre-cooked shell; bake in 350° F. oven for 30 minutes.

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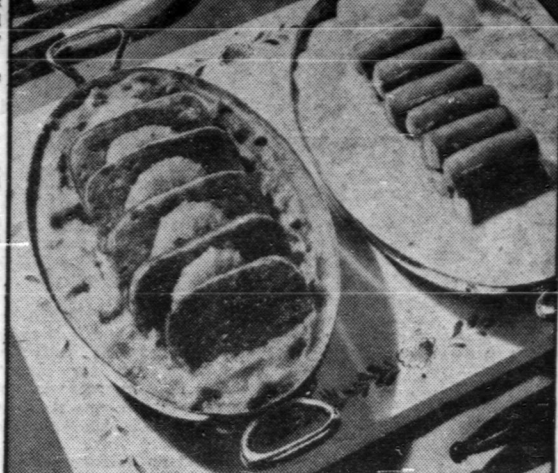
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## THE FARM FRONT

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A less lethal variation concerned a woman of Nantes, whose husband, a broadminded, jovial fellow, felt it safe and sound to let her be, as the saying is, "a free woman."

"How charming," said the wife, "No doubt she hopes to restore your lost youth, Henri. I'd be overjoyed to meet her. Perhaps you'll bring her along to supper one evening. We'll uncork our best vintage wine and celebrate."

The café girl, an untidy, well-proportioned blonde, duly appeared. "Perhaps you'd like to leave your hat and coat upstairs," suggested the wife, and the way, Hardy went "in" inside the bedroom, however, that she snatched the girl, who slumped in a heap to the floor. "She's faint!" cried the doctor, Henri, in the resourceful wife.

Then, in his absence, she grabbed her scissors and began snipping off the other's blonde hair in handfuls. "You're making a mistake," cried the doctor, Henri, in the resourceful wife.

When Henri returned with the doctor, she exclaimed: "You shouldn't advise your wife to cut her hair. Poor fate, mine! To the unutterable freedom of their fellows, they make conversational capital out of . . ."

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And so it goes on. However, for the height of trouser-wearing acts, think of the dentist's wife in Warsaw. Her husband's small-talk, always of his teeth and diets, first sickened, then crazed her. So, one day she enticed him into his own dental chair and put him to sleep with gas.

Freud, she whipped out two of his teeth, and was vigorously tugging at a third molar when he came to and, with an agonizing yell, bounded out of his chair.

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So, at freshening time, the low-fed heifers were actually 500 lbs. lighter. And they were noticeably smaller. But they don't appear to be permanently stunted. After they calved, we fed them liberally for growth and top production, and they've picked up fast. They pulled about ten per cent heavier with the normally fed heifers at the end of their first lactation. However, the heifers that got above-normal amounts of feed weighed about 300 pounds more when they calved for the third time.

As we said before, all three groups have milked about the same. The ones that have finished two lactations have all averaged about 9,000 lbs. milk, and 340 lbs. fat, on first lactation, and about 10,500 lbs. milk, and 390 lbs. butterfat, on the second lactation.

As you might expect, the low-fed heifers, after calving, ate more feed in proportion to the milk they produced than did the other two bunches. That's logical—they had to catch up on their growth.

But they still had eaten \$100 or more less feed than the normally-fed group, and about \$250 less than the cows that got the over-generous early feed. We now wonder if heifers don't grow about as efficiently between 22 and 44 months as when they're younger.

(Upside down to prevent peeking!)

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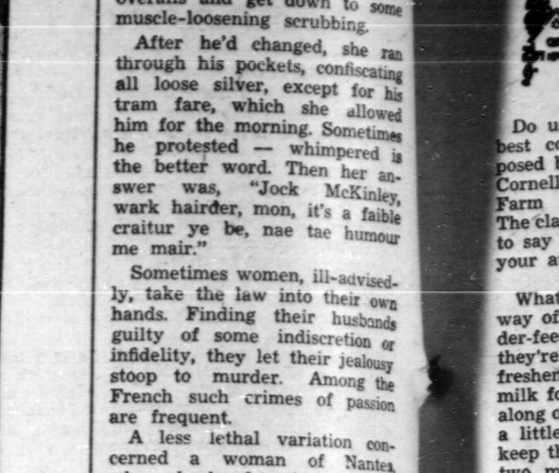
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