

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

When a man goes out to lunch with other men, what does he like to eat? A one-woman survey made by asking chefs and headwaiters in hotels, clubs, and restaurants in a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants brought the answer — STEW!

More men order stew than any other one thing for lunch. Many men like many other foods — roast beef, fish, salad, sandwiches, spaghetti and meat balls, etc., but the majority want stew.

"They like the meat cooked slowly until it's tender. They like plenty of vegetables—especially potatoes, onions, and carrots. They like it laced together with thick, savory gravy," one chef told me. "They like big plates of it, too!"

Stews are meat-stretches; stews are sure supers for vegetable eating; and stews are especially good one-dish meals for busy days. Brown the meat first for a richer appearance and taste, then simmer it until tender.

Beef, lamb or veal may be used for stew and shoulder meat cut into 1-to-2-inch pieces is just right. Remove all gristle, excess fat, and bones. Roll each piece of meat in seasoned flour to coat evenly. Brown slowly in a little hot fat, add liquid—water, broth, or tomato juice, whichever you prefer, to not use too much. A cup of liquid for a pound of meat is just enough.

Add seasoning—a pungent bay leaf, a shake of meat sauce, or a pinch of herb. Cover and let it simmer, but never boil, for 1½ to 2 hours. Add more liquid if needed to keep the pot bubbling.

Add prepared pieces of vegetables—man like them zucchini, potatoes, carrots, celery, onions, lima beans, green beans, or just one of the bold-flavored vegetables—parsnips, turnip, or cabbage, if you like. Cover and cook another half hour — then let your artistic sense tell you how to arrange the stew in your platter.

BEEF STEW
2 pounds beef stew meat
2 tablespoons fat
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper
1½ cups orange juice
1 clove garlic, chopped fine
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 small carrots, cut in ½-inch pieces
1 medium onion, cut up
1 cup celery pieces, ¼-inch thick
Melt fat in a deep kettle. Combine flour, salt, and pepper. Roll each piece of meat in flour mixture. Brown on all sides in the fat. Add orange juice, garlic, and Worcestershire sauce. Cover. Cook over low heat 2 hours. Add carrots, onion, and celery. Cover. Cook 10 minutes. Cook about 20

minutes or until tender. Stir occasionally.

LAMB RIBLET STEW
2 pounds lamb riblets
3 tbsps. lard or drippings
Salt and pepper
Water
4 medium potatoes
4 medium onions
4 medium carrots, sliced
1 cup fresh or frozen canned peas

Brown lamb riblets slowly in lard or drippings. Season. Cover with water. Cover and cook slowly 45 minutes. Add potatoes and onions and continue cooking for 45 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. About 20 minutes before cooking time add sliced carrots and peas. Arrange on warm platter. Thicken cooking liquid for gravy.

Brunswick stew is an old-time favorite. Make it with a tender stewing chicken for a real delicacy.

BRUNSWICK STEW
1 chicken (4-pound cut in pieces)
1 medium onion, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
3½ cups cooked lima beans
1½ cups whole kernel corn
4½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Cover chicken with boiling water and cook about 1½ hours; add onion, salt, and tomatoes and cook 30 minutes longer. Remove chicken from stew. Strip chicken from bones, chop, and return to stew. Add corn, lima beans, pepper, and sauce. Cook until thickened.

If you want to serve stew as a pie put it in a casserole, cover with a crust, and bake until the crust is golden brown. A rich, flaky crust calls for pie dough and a less rich one is produced by using biscuit dough.

If you like an open pie, use individual pastry shells into which to spoon hot stew. A very easy method of making crust is to use leftover biscuits or rolls, if you do this, split and butter the biscuits or rolls to top your pie with them. Put in the oven just long enough to heat through.

Mashed potatoes, cooked rice, or cooked noodles may also be topping. In most cases the topping of this type is only a wreath made around the edges of your filled casserole and then heated.

Corn-bread topping for meat pie is a favorite in some sections of the country. Here is the way to make it.

CORN-BREAD PIE TOPPING
¾ cup corn meal
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon baking powder
1 egg yolk, beaten
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted butter
Sift together dry ingredients. Combine beaten egg yolk, milk, and melted fat. Add to dry ingredients, mixing only until moistened. Pour batter evenly over meat and vegetables in casserole. Bake at 400°F. 10 to 25 minutes, or until corn bread just starts to shrink from sides. Serve six.

FISHY EVIDENCE
Divorce court judges in the United States can add yet another crazy excuse to the long list presented to them from time to time by injured parties. An aggrieved petitioner, suing for divorce, explained tearfully that her husband "when he came home, talked only to our goldfish."

But not at Mrs. Solem's. "Don't track up my kitchen," she warned me. "Stand there on the rug!" She hurried to find her parcel of work handed it to me, and told me to run along. I hesitated for a moment. Mamma and Mrs. Solem had offered to finish some sofa pillow covers and I must take them.

This time to my relief, my good friend Miss Jennie was there, bending over an embroidery hoop while Mrs. Solem showed her an intricate design.

"I'm new at all this kind of thing," Mrs. Jennie was saying. This was true, of course. In fact, I knew I shouldn't call her Jennie at all, for she was young Mrs. Olson now. But she had been my dearest loved teacher and it was Mamma who had taught her to bake and cook.

Mrs. Solem had evidently interrupted baking operations to teach Miss Jennie the stitch, which she was working on the table with baking materials at hand.

I tried to think of something pleasant to say and managed to nit upon exactly the wrong thing. "Practicing your cake for the bazaar?" I asked.

"My cake doesn't need practice," said Mrs. Solem, giving such a chilly look that I hurried to the door.

Miss Jennie rose too. "Well, I'll be glad to help with these, Mrs. Solem," she said. "Wait, Alta, I'll go with you."

It was when Miss Jennie came upstairs for a bit of a visit after finishing her trading with Papa that Mamma asked, "Are you going to enter a cake for the prize?"

"Mer? A prize? I'm just a beginner, Mrs. Halverson. And I haven't any prize recipes."

"I'm not going to compete. And I'll tell you my best recipe — the hickory-nut cake with maple frosting," said Mamma. "And I have a few secrets I'll show you."

Of course no one knew this was exactly the kind of a cake Mrs. Solem intended to make. They went to work that very day, and before long Miss Jennie was producing cakes of such feathery lightness and fine texture, with frosting piled high in such dainty whisks that there was no question in my mind as to who should win that prize.

Neither was there in Mamma's. A few days before the bazaar, Miss Jennie brought in her latest cake to display. "Here it is," she said proudly. "Let's call Mr. Halverson up to sample it."

"Here he comes," said Mamma, as footsteps were heard on the stairs.

But it was not Papa who stood in the doorway. It was Mrs. Solem, with a parcel of work, and her eyes were fastened on Miss Jennie's cake. "So-o-o," she said, and looked from one to the other of us accusingly. "So that's where it went!"

"That's where what went, Mrs. Solem?" asked Mamma in surprise.

"My recipe. It disappeared the day Mrs. Olson was there—and your Alta. It was my prize recipe. I've used it before and I always win with it. So that is the way things are done here in Deer Forest!"

Miss Jennie's cheeks were pink and her eyes very bright, but before she could speak Mamma said quietly, "This is a recipe that belonged to my mother, Mrs. Solem. Maybe you'd better look once more for yours."

"Well — we went on to Mrs. Solem's and found her with her baking things out on the table. All of a sudden my eye caught sight of something sticking out a little on the under side of the baking board. I said, 'That couldn't be your recipe just there under the board, could it?'"

"There's nothing under the board," she snapped back and turned it over to show us, and there was the recipe, sure enough — stuck on with a little bit of wax!

Papa laughed heartily and we all joined in. "Oh, it's good to laugh!" said Mamma. "Of course we couldn't even smile then. We didn't want to embarrass her any more. Mrs. Knutson began some tale of the same thing happening to someone she knew and when Mrs. Solem got back her voice she said well anyway she was going to enter another kind of cake, and she didn't think a raffle would be a good thing for a church bazaar, and I said I didn't either, and Mrs. Knutson said she forgot the raffle and just gave a prize."

"Mrs. Solem, you go ahead and win that prize," advised Papa.

Neither Mamma nor Miss Knutson said one word about the prize recipe, but somehow bits of the story leaked out and got pieced together. Perhaps a little girl, busy with errands, told more than she realized. At any rate, the cake booth was certainly the big attraction at the bazaar and no one seemed surprised or disgruntled when the judges gave Miss Jennie the blue ribbon.

"All about Those 'Silverfish'!"

In even the best-kept houses, elusive little insects called "silverfish" pop up to harry the housewife and nibble holes in books, curtains and clothing. In case you have yet to meet your first silverfish, it's carrot-shaped, about three-eighths of an inch long and has three long, tail-like projections at the hind end of the body and two long, slender feelers at the head. The name "silverfish" comes from the pest's silvery scale-like covering. The silverfish doesn't seem to be fussy about his environment. He thrives best in damp, warm, dark places, but he also appears mysteriously in the brightest, best cared-for places and in attics and country houses which are far from warm. Today's best-constructed and evenly-heated buildings make him especially happy!

In apartment houses, silverfish are most abundant in basements and from there they follow pipe lines to apartments on the lower floors. You may find surprisingly large numbers of them in new buildings, the walls of which are still damp.

Silverfish enjoy the dark. When you turn on a light they're out of sight quick as a flash. That's why you seldom see them until they have become very abundant. They like quiet, too, and if they could choose they'd pick the bedrooms and the more sedate, dimly-lit cocktail lounge. These salamander-like pests are particularly fond of eating high quality papers with glazed surfaces, bookbindings, wallpaper, and anything held together with paste or gum. They play havoc with starched clothing, especially starched curtains. Fortunately, they have no taste for the new synthetic fibres.

Housewives are effectively waging war on silverfish with modern pesticides. A household spray containing DDT keeps them under control. It comes as an aerosol can and by just pressing a button, the pesticide is released in a mist-like spray. Apply it anywhere you suspect your uninvited guests have taken up residence.

Silverfish are hardy and probably won't disappear immediately, but keep after them. You soon convince them that your home is no place to raise a family!

ONCE SCRUBLAND GROWS RICH CROPS

A step by step story of how a 10-acre plot of useless scrub and swamp was converted into 60-bushels-per-acre wheat land, was given recently on the farm of Arnold Metcalfe near Wheatley, Ontario.

In 1947 this 10-acre plot was covered with trees and brush and much of it was water-logged. Mr. Metcalfe decided to bring it under cultivation. A bulldozer was brought into operation and uprooted the scrub and pushed it into rough piles. The following year the piles were pushed into windrows so tilling machines could pass through. With the tilling completed, attempts were made to burn the scrub piles but were unsuccessful so the windrows were all pushed into one large pile in the centre of the field by the bulldozer. The land was then broken up by a heavy bush-broke plow and, gradually, the brush pile was eliminated by burning and drawing it away.

In the spring of 1952 the land was prepared for corn. Mr. Metcalfe realized that new soil is not necessarily high in all three of the major plant food elements — nitrogen, phosphate and potassium. One of his first steps was to take soil samples and have them analysed at C.I.L.'s soils laboratory at Chatham, Ont. The test showed his soil needed about 40 more pounds of nitrogen per acre, 60 pounds more of phosphate and 80 pounds more of potash. He supplied this need by an application of 530 pounds of 12-12-16 fertilizer and later a side dressing of 33 pounds of nitrogen per acre. His first crop yielded 69 bushels of shelled corn per acre.

In the fall the corn stalks were shredded and plowed under with a broadcast application of 10-10-10 at 200 pounds per acre.

Next spring a soil test revealed that the fertility of the land had improved but more nutrients were necessary. Mr. Metcalfe worked in 550 pounds of 2-16-8 fertilizer per acre with another 25 to 30 pounds of nitrogen. The yield was again 80 bushels of corn an acre.

The 1954 crop was soybeans. Following a soil analysis, 540 pounds per acre of 0-16-8 were applied. The yield was 34 bushels of soybeans per acre despite a very dry summer. In the fall he planted the 10-acre plot in fall wheat of the Genesee variety, fertilizing with 250 pounds of 4-12-10 per acre.

The yield was 69 bushels in the house for the first time in the summer of 1955.

Mr. Metcalfe now feels he has been well repaid for the expense and work he put into walking 10 acres of brush and swamp land through the most important phases of his testing which guided him in using correct fertilizer mixture.

Ate Shirt With Mashed Potatoes

During the first few months of their marriage a handsome young American ex-aviator solemnly promised his pretty bride a trip home to Britain every time she had a baby.

Well, he has faithfully kept his promise, but it's already cost him a small fortune to do so. Recently the twenty-nine-year-old wife boarded a plane to England for the fourth time.

With her few the four reasons for her journeys — her first daughter Terry, aged two, her sons Jeffrey and Mark, aged nine and five, and a baby daughter Dale, aged two. They stayed in Britain for a month at the home of the wife's parents.

Although this man has found it comparatively easy to keep his promise, other people's marriage promises have proved much harder to fulfill.

Few of the congregation in a fashionable church in Calne, a sunnny morning in April, 1954, knew of the promise being kept by the lovely bride who walked with firm and steady steps up the aisle to marry the man she loved.

Only five months before, while busying herself with plans for the wedding, she had an accident. As a result her right leg had to be amputated.

Her distraught husband-to-be realized that she would either have to hobble on crutches or be wheeled to the altar.

"Don't worry, dearest," whispered his fiancée. "I'll promise you that I'll learn to walk with an artificial leg so well that nobody will guess I have one on our wedding day."

He promised to grant her request, never, in any circumstances, to leave the house after her funeral had taken place. He kept his word. He discharged their maid and arranged to have a store of canned foods, shut himself up in the house for the rest of his life.

A fantastic promise was made some years ago by a Texas man. He said that if the baby his wife was expecting proved to be a girl he would eat his shirt. It was a girl.

"All right, I'll keep my word," said the man.

He chopped the shirt he was wearing into tiny pieces and ate them — with mashed potatoes!

PUT OUT

Peering into his driving mirror, the driver of a lorry noticed that his vehicle was on fire. Pulling into the side of the road he hastily summoned the fire brigade.

Firemen from Melbourne, Australia, soon had the blazing under control and managed to save the load which, ironically enough, was a delivery of patent fire extinguishers.

Good ventilation will help to avert fatigue. During the night, the bedroom window should be open, so that there is a good circulation of air, which is helpful to health sleep.

SCENT'S WORTH \$\$\$ — Being noisy is Ken McCoy's business. A leader for Cargill, Inc., McCoy determines quality and purity of grain by scent. His company, one of the largest grain handlers, risks a great deal of money on McCoy's nose.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

8. Extremely (5)
9. Swaggered (5)
10. Collection (5)
11. Short for a woman's name (5)
12. Short slices (5)
13. One's name (5)
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40. One's name (5)

Answers elsewhere on this page.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

One of nature's most costly and destructive phenomena, hail, may be partially or totally controlled in the future as a result of experiments and studies undertaken in central Alberta this year by two separate organizations.

In the experiments and studies, which will be continued until definite conclusions are indicated, the Alberta Research Council is conducting a study into the formation and life cycle of hail-bearing storms. The Water Resources Development Corporation of Alberta is employing a cloud-seeding procedure which, according to some observers, appears to modify hail precipitation.

The hail suppression experiment being conducted by the WHDC in the Didsbury district of central Alberta since July 20 has apparently proven successful. For the first time in a number of years, there has been no hail damage reported in that district, which boasts one of the richest soil belts in Alberta and the not-so-avoidable record of 45 miles an hour in three sections of North America's worst hail areas.

More than 800 Didsbury farmers, weary of heavy crop losses because of hail damage year after year, joined together to form the Mountain View and Kneehill Hail Suppression Association. It is a co-operative enterprise which has been assessed \$15 per acre to cover the cost of hiring the Denver corporation to tackle the problem.

The test area covers a rectangular district 12 miles wide and 30 miles long. Half the test area is in each of the Mountain View and Kneehill municipalities.

Forty-two "hail suppressors" have been installed in the district, most of them far north and west of the "target area." The suppressor unit is basically a furnace burning coke impregnated with silver iodide. The silver iodide vaporizes due to heat, forming minute crystals. Vertical air currents, always present during an impending storm, carry the crystals aloft.

It is believed that the silver iodide crystals, similar in size and formation to natural ice crystals, cause a large number of small ice crystals to form in the clouds. Without this man-made boost, moisture in the clouds condenses to form a relatively small number of large drops. These can freeze and become hailstones of varying sizes.

Since the hail suppressors have been in operation, several bad storms have struck the surrounding district. Some hail damage to crops has been reported at Bowden to the north,

largest stone, lightning, and winds. Farmers of any unusual phenomena accompanying a storm also were requested.

The pattern of hail storms is being given close attention in the study. Officials are making an effort to determine why certain areas seem to be more susceptible to hail over a period of years, than other nearby districts.

These officials now feel that an extensive storm, cutting a wide swath up to 100 miles in length, probably consists of a series of small individual storms or cells, each of which goes through its cycle in a relatively short period of time, perhaps half an hour. There is evidently a link between each such cell and the next one, as if the end of one cell "triggers off" a new one nearby.

Just how, why, and where this chain reaction begins in the first place are problems that remain to be investigated.

Don't Try To Beat A Cheetah

While a naturalist is driving in the county recently a hare suddenly jumped out from a hedge and sped away up a road in front of the car.

The naturalist decided to check its speed. The car was accelerated to 30 miles an hour, but the hare kept well ahead. Then it vanished into a field. At no time did the hare appear to be unduly exerting itself, reported the naturalist.

Closed observers of the speeds achieved by wild animals point out that the hare's heart is "tuned up" by nature to enable it to reach top speed in a second or two.

A New Zealand motor cyclist in 1922 saw a hare start up before him on a dead straight road. For half a mile he managed to keep "on the hare's tail" and his speedometer showed a record of 45 miles an hour.

Rabbits are slower than hares, but a Swiss observer checked the speed of one in 1929 and found it exceeded 34 miles an hour when it was going "all out."

Cheetahs are speedsters. Derby winners and greyhounds are "also rans" compared with them. From a standing start, a cheetah can attain a speed of 45 miles an hour in three seconds. It can sprint without difficulty at 70 miles an hour.

AND EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT — Only in this case it isn't a Mary and it isn't a lamb that's following her to school. It's "Donald," pet duck that trails Jacques Thompson, 11, to her sixth grade class at school and incidentally creates a traffic headache for Mrs. Marion Wallace, crossing guard.

HIS FRIEND IS GONE — The body of Fannie, the elephant who died of lockjaw at the Paul Kelly Animal Farm, lies on the ground as her watchdog, Charlie, keeps a vigil. Charlie went without food to stay near Fannie during her illness. Only when the 13-year-old elephant was placed in its grave did the dog leave its side.

THE SUFFERING SERVANT
Isiah 53

Memory Selection: He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. Isiah 53:5.

The business man with whom I was chatting on the train remarked that his Bible was the Old Testament. At once I knew he was a Jew. "Well," I said, "I have a warm feeling for your people. We owe a great deal to you. Our Bible, both Old and New Testaments, was written by your people. The One whom we hold as our Saviour was born of a maiden of your race."

We talked freely of our beliefs. He did not think that Jesus had come as a man as the Messiah. "How do you think he will come?" I queried. "I don't know," was the reply. I asked what he thought of Isiah 53, our lesson for today. He was not familiar with it so I read it to him. He reserved comment but said he might read it for himself when he reached his hotel room.

If one reads this prophecy and then reads the New Testament he can scarcely help but see in Jesus a striking fulfillment of the prophecy. Jesus was despised and rejected, afflicted, cut off from the living and with wicked, and was buried in a rich man's tomb. By coming to know Him many have been justified, that is, cleared of their sins.

But Isiah is not just sketching in advance the life of Jesus. He points out repeatedly that this Sufferer would bear our sins. His stripes were for us. "It was for our sins that Jesus Christ is the Son of God who died for our sins and rose again the third day."

Food has a lot to do with that tired let-down feeling. A balanced diet will help to give extra energy and a general feeling well-being.

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