

WOMEN

Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1954 The Guardian Page 3

LET'S EAT

Some Scotch Recipes

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

A NEW YEAR's letter has arrived from our friend in Scotland, Mr. Ian A. G. Easton, the young minister from Dumbarton whose hobby is cooking.

"Perhaps your widespread American audience would care to sample some more authentic recipes of my native country," he writes. "In Scotland, no New Year is considered complete without the ancient custom of 'first footing,' which is to say, visiting your neighbors with a gift as soon as the first hour of the New Year peals at midnight.

"First of all, comes shortbread. 'The recipe is at least 150 years old.'"

Scottish Shortbread: Place 1 lb. butter and 1 cup granulated sugar in a mixing bowl. Cream together until thoroughly blended with a large slotted wooden spoon, or by hand in the Scotch manner.

Sift together ½ tsp. salt, 3 cups already-sifted enriched flour and 1 cup rice flour, or use 4 cups enriched flour. Gradually add to the creamed mixture, blending until the dough is smooth.

Shape into four round cakes a scant inch thick. Place on oiled pans. Crimp around the edges with the thumb and forefinger to make a fancy edge. Trim with thin slices of candied orange peel inserted on top.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Husband Can't Forget Wife's Flirtation

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Some time ago my wife had a six-month romance with one of our mutual friends—not an affair in the adult-sense, but she believed that she was in love with him. It all came out in one of those "telephone calls from a friend" that I received.

Anyway, we ironed it out, and actually have had a better married life since—except for one thing. I can't help feeling depressed when this other couple is in a social gathering with us. My work is professional, and my wife and I are required to go out socially a good deal; and I maintain that if we are to have a harmonious personal life, we ought to steer clear of this couple.

My wife insists that the romance is long over; that there was nothing to it, so why should it bother me now? But how can your heart reason this way? I love my wife dearly, and to be reminded of an unpleasant episode in the past seems senseless to me.

The other couple is the type that is tolerated but not liked; and my wife wasn't the first outside interest for the fellow. He was involved with other women several times before, but not in our group. I don't want to be uncharitable, but neither do I want to go on getting hurt—and the same old feelings come over me when he is around. Please give me your opinion on how to handle such a matter.

"Grave Digging" A Big Mistake

DEAR G. B.: As matters stand, you are woefully refusing to close the book on a painful chapter of experience, that might be absolutely and harmoniously outlived (already) if you would completely let go of it, in the right attitude of mind.

In the words of Emmet Fox, the metaphysical sage, you are "grave digging" in pre-occupying yourself with unhappy defensive thoughts and feelings about "the other fellow." This is a serious spiritual mistake—not simply as an offense

TOMORROW'S SCOTTISH TYPE

DINNER

Grapefruit
Coffee Tea Milk
Loch Lomond Stew
Creamed Whole Potatoes
Escalloped Tomatoes
Cabbage Salad
Snow Pudding with Canned Peaches

Loch Lomond Stew: Cut 1½ lbs. thin-sliced beefsteak into 2" squares. Add 1 chopped peeled onion. Brown together in 2 tbs. butter in a heavy stew pan. Add 4 c. beef stock or broth (or use 4 c. water and 3 beef bouillon cubes) and 2 diced peeled carrots, 1 c. diced turnip and a "fagot of herbs."

Cover and simmer 2½ hrs., or until very tender. Combine 1 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1½ tsp. rice flour (or cornstarch or potato flour), 2 tbs. mushroom ketchup (or tomato ketchup), ½ tsp. allspice and 1 tsp. curry powder.

Stir into the stew. Simmer 20 minutes longer. Serve with whole potatoes rolled in thick cream sauce and dusted with minced parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

FAGOT OF HERBS FROM THE CHEF

Tie together 3 sprigs parsley, 2 sticks celery, 1 leek, ¼ a bayleaf and a sprig of thyme, and cook in a soup, stew or sauce for fine flavor.

against charity; but rather, and more deeply because of the self-damaging potentials implicit in negative thought-feeling about anything.

To dwell on a past injury or disappointment or injustice, either resentfully or in lurking fear of its recurrence, is grave digging in this sense: The emotional repercussions thus refueled tend to dynamically revive and perpetuate (perceive in more violent form) the "wrong" that sticks in mind—or an approximate facsimile of same. Hence the profound wisdom inherent in the moral commandment to forgive and forget. True forgiveness is a personally protective safeguard, not just a noble exercise of goodness.

Inner Meaning Of His Misery

In my opinion, it would be constricting your life in a futile way, solving nothing, to make a point of avoiding this man's path. It were self-to-know why you feel at such a disadvantage, so heartick, who you happen to reflect on his overtures to your wife. Your dismay at sight of him consists of a blend of remorse, anxiety, wounded complacency and hidden anger, probably—and if you could clear up this purely personal complex, the supposed problem of what to do about him would vanish into thin air, I think.

It seems significant that you've "had a better married life" since you got wind of the flirtation and ironed it out. This suggests that you've been a negligent husband before, carelessly taking your wife's devotion for granted; and perhaps this accounts for your remorse and anxiety—by-products of a bothered conscience. Also for your wounded complacency; and for your anger—directed at the man, for exposing your dangerous selfishness to yourself, thus throwing you into a great fright, from which you haven't recovered yet.

For reassurance, read "Power Through Constructive Thinking" (Harper & Brothers) by Emmet Fox; or "God's Reach" (Macalaster Park) by Glenn Clark.

Mr. Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian.

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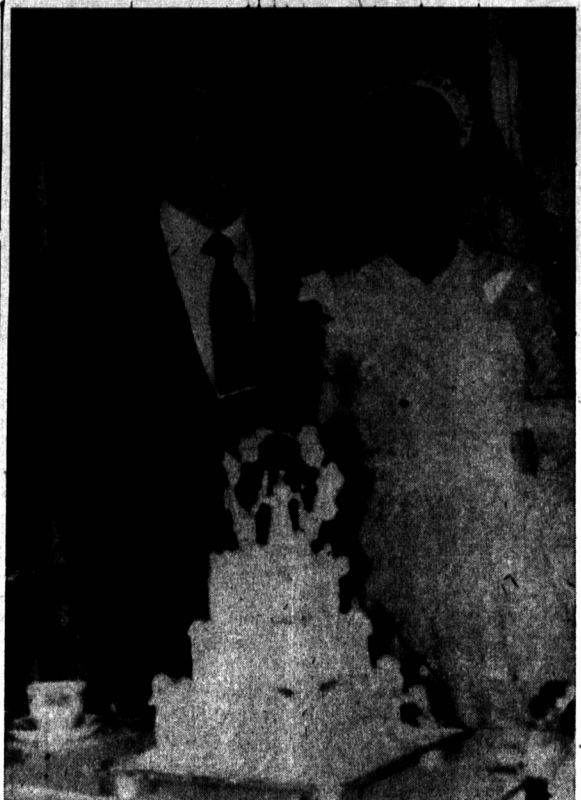
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HOUSEHOLD HINT

Always wash your coffee maker well after each use. Fats and oils which are extracted from coffee during the brewing remain on the inside surface of the pot. If you don't get rid of this residue, you'll be sorry. Bitter coffee!



4780
12-20
30-42
by Anne Adams



Rev. Charles Gerald Dickieson, M.A., B.D., RCEME, and his bride, the former Miss Florence Faulkner, who were married in St. Luke's Anglican Church, Kingston, Ontario.

Rev. Charles G. Dickieson Takes Bride in Ontario

The wedding took place in St. Luke's Anglican Church, Kingston, Ont., recently, of Miss Florence Faulkner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Faulkner of Kingston, to Rev. Charles Gerald Dickieson, M.A., B.D., RCEME, Kingston, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dickieson, of New Glasgow, P. E. I. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. H. Braman.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white net with lace bodice and jacket. Her fingertip veil fell from a head-dress of seed pearls, and she carried a nosegay of red roses and white 'mums'.

Miss Louise Enman of Toronto was the bride's only attendant. She wore a gown of jade green net over taffeta, with matching head-dress, and carried a nosegay of yellow 'mums'.

Mr. Arnold Dickieson of Toronto was groomsman, and the ushers were Mr. George Faulkner and Mr. Lloyd Faulkner of Kingston.

The reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where 150 guests were received. The bride's

mother was in a gown of navy crepe with pink accessories and a corsage of pink roses. She was assisted by the groom's mother in a gown of black figured bengaline and a corsage of pink roses.

For a wedding trip to Montreal, the bride wore a Bermuda blue dress with navy accessories. On their return Rev. and Mrs. Dickieson will reside in Kingston.

Out-of-town guests were from New Glasgow, P. E. I., Lillaloe, Gananoque, Toronto, Windsor and Renfrew.

KEEP IN TRIM

Why Don't You Stand Up?

By Ida Jean Kain

Teenagers, try this posture description on for size. . . you stand up to every inch of your height, you lean against your own backbone instead of your waistband, and you walk with rhythm. Recall the description of the heroine in a story: "The way Katie swung along with that airy lift of her head, you'd swear she heard a band playing."

Catch that quickening of the spirit. . . and you'll never settle for a dummy posture!

A school teacher once lamented that out of a class of 130 girls, less than 30 had good enough posture to model in a school fashion show. Well, where do you stand? In the distinctive 30, with the posture of a princess—or in the run-of-the-mill 100? It's really all up to you!

True, you cannot always just "will" perfect posture. If your shoulders are stooped and you don't feel like standing up, find out

Why? It may be deficient musculature caused by lack of exercise. By the way, do you cut gym classes on the slightest excuse, and when you attend, go through the motions with about as much spirit as a wet mop? Try a fresh approach. Ask your gym teacher to show you exercises to correct your posture faults; and then follow through.

All the thumping on the shoulders and "for-heavens-sakes-straighten-up!" exclamations won't help a whit. You are the only one who can change your posture.

Check on your food habits. Do you slough breakfast, complaining that you "just can't eat in the morning"? If you wake up tired, do to bed an hour earlier. Then get up fifteen minutes earlier in order to eat a good morning meal. Regardless of your weight, you NEED breakfast. You'll do better in school and learn easier. If you are pathetically thin, a good breakfast can help you to feel like a new girl. If you are too chubby, it can keep you from piece-meal-losing later.

All you thin girls have to do is to make up your mind to eat breakfast and you'll build the appetite. Ask your mother for a hot whole grain cereal, and eat a big bowl of it. Fruit juice, cereal, buttered toast and milk will give you a fine start for the day.

If your weight is on the plump side, have eggs for breakfast, not fried, two pieces of lightly buttered toast, fruit juice and a glass of skim milk. Alternate with cereal instead of eggs, but add whole milk, not cream. Just skip the 400 calorie chocolate bar at recess.

Girls, get a picture in your mind of the way you want to be—weight at healthy normal, posture on the beam, with a hand-playing walk. You can be that girl if you "will" to be. But nothing just happens—you have to make it happen!

QUESTION AND ANSWER
Mrs. H.: What would cause swelling of the breasts in a boy twelve and one-half years old? Is it a gland condition?

Answer: Swelling of the breasts in a boy is not unusual prior to the beginning of the maturing period. It is no cause for concern.

What To Do
Check his temperature first. Use a rectal thermometer (both ends are rounded). Now this, in itself, won't make him feel better, but it will give you an idea of how ill he is and what is the best thing to do for him.

Normal rectal temperature is 99.6 degrees. If his fever is 103 degrees or so, he will probably be pretty restless and unable to sleep.

Cool Sponge Bath
You can make him more comfortable by giving him a cool sponge bath. Patting him gently might also help soothe him.

The main thing, of course, is to keep him quiet so he can fall asleep. You may have to hold him for awhile before he dozes off. Maybe a couple of his favorite toys will help calm him.

Your youngster may vomit, he may have diarrhoea or he may have both. If he does suffer from both, don't feed him anything.
If he suffers diarrhoea only, you can give him small amounts of boiled or specially prepared commercial nursery or baby water. You'll have to stop even this, however, if he begins to vomit.
You can try the water again if he does not vomit for about two hours. But if this again causes

Ruhamah Scheinfeld Frank

We And Our Neighbors

ON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

In a few days on the stroke of midnight, New Year's resolutions will fly thick and fast. Some will undoubtedly take root, but more will be gone with the wind before the week is over. Is breaking or keeping such a resolution a real test of your self-control—of your strength of character?

Not necessarily so, say the psychologists. It all depends upon the nature of the habit you wish to give up (and whether you really do wish to part with).

Every habit serves you in some way (of this more later) or it would have died automatically of disuse. The habit may reach far into your past and have become a basic part of your personality—or it may be just another pleasant surface device to relieve tension.

For example: Should you decide this New Year's Eve to stop being a worrier, you are almost certainly doomed to failure. Such a habit has a long and complicated history and may involve problems you refuse to acknowledge as well as those you know about and feel unable to cope with. Or it may be based on nothing in particular.

Or suppose you really want to give up your habit of losing your temper when you are thwarted. Like worrying, this habit too may go back to your early childhood and it will need a great deal more than a New Year's resolution to ensure a mature way of handling the frustrations that come to everyone.

On the other hand, if you decide to give up smoking, your chance of success is good. We all have friends who made such a resolution on New Year's Eve and haven't touched tobacco since. They had a strong motive, of course, and loyal supporters who followed their progress with interest.

In much lighter vein, perhaps you intend to make a New Year's resolution always to tell the truth! But what about the effect of absolute truth-telling on other people? That may give you pause.

Must one always tell the truth? Years ago I asked this question of a wise old Hebrew scholar, himself noted for his strict adherence to the truth. He smiled and told me the following story from the Talmud (a collection of works con-

taining the Jewish laws and ceremonies together with the commentaries put into writing between the second and sixth centuries).

One of the most beloved of the Hebrew sages was Rabbi Hillel (born about 75 B.C.) He was famed for his gentleness, loving-kindness and patience. Once an impudent young fellow, named Adam, decided to test these qualities.

Late at night when the light by which the Rabbi studied was no longer burning, Adam shouted under his window, "Rabbi, Rabbi!"

"What is it, my son, can I help you?" asked the Rabbi (Rabbi, denotes "teacher-master" who aroused from sleep, had hurried to the window without waiting even to draw a shawl about his shoulders against the cold winter air.

"I just wanted to tell you," cried the brazen one, "that you are getting balder every day."

"Thank you, my son," said Rabbi Hillel mildly. "Good-night. Sleep well."

Half an hour later Adam repeated the performance this time telling the Rabbi that his shoulders were getting more bowed all the time. Again Hillel thanked him and bade him a good night.

When for the third time the young ruffian aroused the Rabbi to inform him of his laughter-provoking limp, the neighbors who were of course all awake but had kept quiet out of respect for the Rabbi, made ready to catch the rascal and give him the beating he deserved.

But the Rabbi begged them to go back to bed, and spoke to Adam, in a tone as kindly and unaffronted as ever, "Let us not disturb these hard-working people any longer. Please come to me in the morning and tell me anything further that is on your mind. Thank you, my young friend. Sleep well."

"At this," concluded the old scholar, "the rough fellow was so abashed that he begged forgiveness and was ever after a devoted follower of the great and good Hillel."

"And as for your question, (he continued and his eyes twinkled), 'Must one always tell the truth?' The truth is sacred indeed, my daughter. But it isn't written anywhere that it is necessary to wake one out of a sound sleep to tell him an unflattering truth!"

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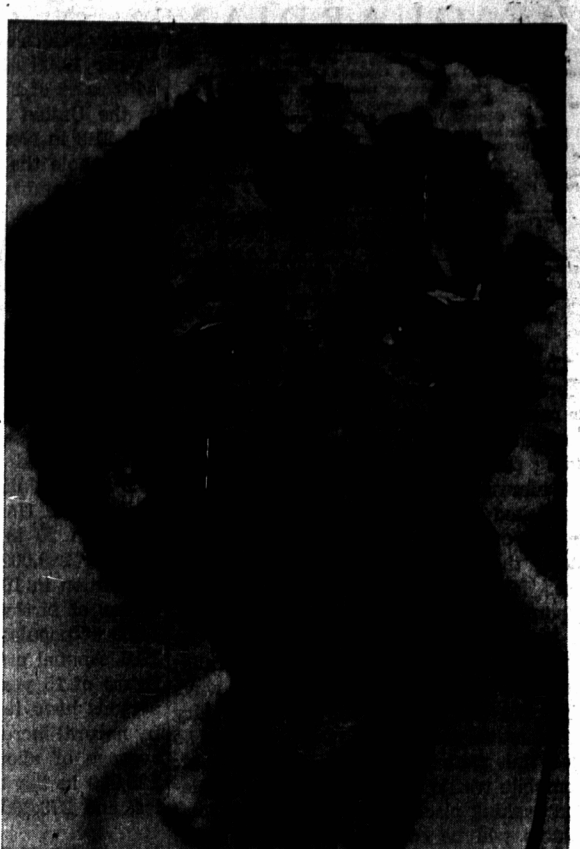
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MORNING SMILE

The family and the dinner guest had seated themselves at the table, when the lady of the house noted an important omission. "Betty," she asked her little daughter, who had helped set the table, "why on earth didn't you put a knife and fork at Mr. White's place?"

"I didn't think he'd need them," Betty replied. "Daddy said he eats like a horse."

7000
by Alice Brooks

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