

WOMEN

Page 8 The Guardian, Monday, June 13, 1955

LET'S EAT

To Buy Food In Advance Saves Preparation Time

The old adage "Make the head save the heels" is good advice for the 12 million career-homemakers carrying on this double job. One of the best ways to save time in meal preparation is to buy the food for the week in advance.

By planning to have the order delivered when there is time to check and properly put away the food, much future confusion and waste of time will be avoided. Preparing as many foods for subsequent use as possible, saves hours later on.

Some Suggestions

Here are some helpful suggestions:

Salad leaves and ingredients should be washed and put in a closely covered container or in polyethylene bags and placed in the refrigerator. After they are washed and ready to eat, fruits, too, should be refrigerated in polyethylene bags.

Put butter in a clean covered container. Wrap perishable meat or fish in waxed paper and place them in the coldest part of the refrigerator; or wrap-seal in polyethylene bags and store in the food freezer.

Remove Wrappings

Do not refrigerate foods in paper bags or in the wrapping paper in which they are delivered. This takes up valuable space and is not sanitary.

Arrange groceries and prepared foods in the cupboards so they can be quickly reached when needed. For instance, do not put foods required for the next meal on a shelf you can't reach and food needed for next week on the lowest shelf.

TOMORROW'S DOUBLE-QUICK DINNER

Beet-Scallion Saladettes
Roast Lamb and Gravy, or Lamburgers with Fried Onions
Pan-Cooked Potatoes
Quartered Carrots
Orange Gelatin
Whipped Prune Sauce
Hot or Iced Coffee Tea Milk

Prepare the gelatin the night before.

Half roast the lamb while preparing and clearing away breakfast. Forty-five minutes before dinner time, light oven, put in lamb and potatoes. Peel and cook carrots. Prepare saladettes. Whip up prune sauce to top gelatin. Set table and make coffee.

Recipes Proportioned to Serve 4 to 6

Lamburgers: Combine 1 1/2 c. enriched farina with 1/4 c. milk. Cook and stir until boiling. Add 1 1/2 lbs. ground raw lamb with 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate, 1/4 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. scraped onion and 1 tsp. table mustard. Form into flat round cakes.

Place on an oiled pan. Top with 2 lbs. butter cut in bits. Broil 8 min., turning once. Serve sizzling hot with fried onions.

Whipped Prune Sauce: Beat 1 egg white until almost stiff. Add 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 2 lbs. sugar and half the contents of 1 jar junior pruned prunes. Continue beating until very thick.

BEET-SCALLION SALADETTES FROM THE CHEF

Combine 1 c. shredded cooked beets with 2 shredded scallions and 3 lbs. French dressing and chill. Serve in lettuce nests.



MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

What Is A Nagging Wife? Asks Woman Who Wants Truth

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I would like to know just what is a nagging wife? I mean, what is your definition? or your daily readers might answer me.

I have been accused by my husband of being a nagging wife lately. That is something I don't want to be; and I didn't think I was. That's why I would like a good definition of the term so that I can correct the condition if it exists. Thank you, or anyone, for helping me better my ways — if I should. G. Y.

Joyless Attitude Marks the Nagger

Dear G. Y.: It is my understanding that a nagger is one who gives fretful attention to the flaws in persons and/or situations; and who irritates associates by persistent fault finding, scolding or urging.

The nagger is anxious and dependent in temperament, geared to perfectionist notions of how things (and people) should be — due to severe upbringing, usually.

Characteristically, the nagger is in a state of unrest and dissatisfaction, owing to the gap between (1) his ingrained standards and (2) his record of achievement. This unrest goes back to a sense of personal inadequacy and insecurity — so that he is always on pins and needles, as the saying goes, to do something more about his circumstances. And, being always goaded by his own stressful unconscious drive, he spontaneously and involuntarily goads his intimates also.

It isn't so much the actual word-content of the nagger's commentary, as it is the joyless pitch of his voice and personality that evokes obstinacy in others — thus involving the nagger in a conversational duel with whatever person he is trying to "teach". The nagger habitually feels unpleasantly disposed towards the lack of his existence, unfortunately — which makes him an emotional drag on a relationship, and therefore the object of mounting distaste or resentment, in most cases.

Guilty Conscience Passing the Buck? You may, or may not, be a nagging wife. It is a classic dodge of the troublesome party in double harness to wrongly accuse the justly reproachable spouse of being "a nagger". This is the standard excuse of the alcoholic husband, the philanderer, the financial wastrel, the childish, self-indulgent type who won't be a helpmate — the excuse of claiming that wifely nagging is responsible for his destructive, disoblising, uncontrolled behavior. It isn't at all.

A man or wife of substantially good quality won't let a mate's relentless nagging make him (or her) a bad actor. Rather, the righteous character deals constructively with that sort of thing insofar as he can — constructively in terms of being patient, conciliatory, extra-accommodating, etc., while also expounding his own theories of fair play.

Then, if his resources are overtaxed, if his patience is exhausted and his nervous health jeopardized by the nagger's performance, he takes a stand in self-defense — and obtains some redress. Either the nagger changes his tune, and gets specialist help in mending his outlook; or the team splits up. But nobody has to (and nobody should) let a nagging spouse goad him to self-damaging action — to philandering, alcoholism, financial folly, etc.

It is to your credit that you have taken your husband's accusation to heart; that you want to know if you are at fault. This open-minded attitude suggests you are teachable, reasonable, agreeably inclined — and that your husband is on the defensive, with a bad conscience, when he says you nag. M. H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of the Charlottetown Guardian.

Exchange Vows

The marriage of Winnifred Pearl Newman, daughter of Mrs. D. C. Montgomery, Hunter River, and the late Mr. Edison Newman, to Robert Major Moase, son of Mr. and Mrs. Major Moase, St. Eleonors, took place on June 4, 1955, at Hunter River United Church at 2:30 p. m. The double-ring ceremony was performed by Rev. C. R. Moase.

Miss Doris Andrew sang "Because" before the ceremony and "O Perfect Love" during the signing of the register. The organist was Mrs. W. I. Bowman.

The church was decorated for the occasion with potted plants and bouquets of tulips, pansies, cherry blossoms and daffodils. The bride, who was given in marriage by her step-father, chose an embossed floor-length gown of white nylon net over satin in red-tinge style. She wore a floor-length veil of French illusion net in circular effect, and carried a cascade of red roses.

The matron-of-honor, Mrs. Vernon MacLeod, wore a shrimp rose floor-length gown nylon net over taffeta with a bolero and a matching headress. She carried a bouquet of white and blue carnations.

The bridesmaids were Miss Eleanor Storey and Miss Beulah Montgomery. Miss Storey was attired in a blue floor-length gown of net over taffeta and matching headress; Miss Montgomery's floor-length gown was of buttercup yellow net over taffeta with which she wore a matching headress. Miss Storey carried a bouquet of yellow baby mums and Miss Montgomery one of mauve baby mums.

The bride's travelling costume was a powder blue suit with white of red carnations.

After a tour of the Maritimes Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moase will take up residence at 23 Roosevelt Drive, Halifax, N. S.

Out-of-town guests present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moase of Moncton, N. B. Previous to her marriage the bride, a former employee of the Royal Bank, Charlottetown and now an employee of the Spring Garden Road Branch in Halifax, was given several showers and received many beautiful gifts.

This spring the groom received his Bachelor of Arts from Acadia University and has accepted a position with Simpson-Sears, Halifax.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

What Is A Nagging Wife? Asks Woman Who Wants Truth

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I would like to know just what is a nagging wife? I mean, what is your definition? or your daily readers might answer me.

Joyless Attitude Marks the Nagger

Dear G. Y.: It is my understanding that a nagger is one who gives fretful attention to the flaws in persons and/or situations; and who irritates associates by persistent fault finding, scolding or urging.

The nagger is anxious and dependent in temperament, geared to perfectionist notions of how things (and people) should be — due to severe upbringing, usually.

Characteristically, the nagger is in a state of unrest and dissatisfaction, owing to the gap between (1) his ingrained standards and (2) his record of achievement. This unrest goes back to a sense of personal inadequacy and insecurity — so that he is always on pins and needles, as the saying goes, to do something more about his circumstances. And, being always goaded by his own stressful unconscious drive, he spontaneously and involuntarily goads his intimates also.

It isn't so much the actual word-content of the nagger's commentary, as it is the joyless pitch of his voice and personality that evokes obstinacy in others — thus involving the nagger in a conversational duel with whatever person he is trying to "teach". The nagger habitually feels unpleasantly disposed towards the lack of his existence, unfortunately — which makes him an emotional drag on a relationship, and therefore the object of mounting distaste or resentment, in most cases.

Guilty Conscience Passing the Buck? You may, or may not, be a nagging wife. It is a classic dodge of the troublesome party in double harness to wrongly accuse the justly reproachable spouse of being "a nagger". This is the standard excuse of the alcoholic husband, the philanderer, the financial wastrel, the childish, self-indulgent type who won't be a helpmate — the excuse of claiming that wifely nagging is responsible for his destructive, disoblising, uncontrolled behavior. It isn't at all.

A man or wife of substantially good quality won't let a mate's relentless nagging make him (or her) a bad actor. Rather, the righteous character deals constructively with that sort of thing insofar as he can — constructively in terms of being patient, conciliatory, extra-accommodating, etc., while also expounding his own theories of fair play.

Then, if his resources are overtaxed, if his patience is exhausted and his nervous health jeopardized by the nagger's performance, he takes a stand in self-defense — and obtains some redress. Either the nagger changes his tune, and gets specialist help in mending his outlook; or the team splits up. But nobody has to (and nobody should) let a nagging spouse goad him to self-damaging action — to philandering, alcoholism, financial folly, etc.

It is to your credit that you have taken your husband's accusation to heart; that you want to know if you are at fault. This open-minded attitude suggests you are teachable, reasonable, agreeably inclined — and that your husband is on the defensive, with a bad conscience, when he says you nag. M. H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of the Charlottetown Guardian.



ALICIA MULLALLY J. B. FLANIGAN

Wedding Announced

The marriage will take place at St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, Ont., on June 25 at 10:00 a.m. of Alicia Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mullally, Souris, P.E.I., to John Bernard, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Flanigan, Hamilton, Ontario. The bride-elect is a graduate of the Charlottetown Hospital School of Nursing and at present is employed in Staff Nursing at St. Joseph's Hospital Hamilton. — (Lindsay M. Scott, Jr.)

Former Islanders Wed In Toronto

On May 28 at 4 p.m. at the Church of Christ, Toronto, the marriage was solemnized of Norma Leona, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Pound, Fredericton, P.E.I., to Gordon Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Clark Stewart, Charlottetown. Rev. Leslie Jones was the officiating clergyman.

The church was decorated for the occasion with yellow and white peeps and snapdragons and the guests were marked with white satin bows.

The wedding music was played by Miss Marilyn Fuller of Toronto, and the soloist was Miss Patricia Guild of Niagara Falls.

Given in marriage by her brother Lloyd, the bride chose for her wedding a white ballerina-length gown of nylon tulle over satin with a three-quarter length tulip-cut overskirt of French lace. The fitted bodice was of French lace with a high pointed collar. Her waist-length veil of nylon tulle fell from a pearl tiara, and she carried a cascade of American Beauty roses, stephanotis and fern.

The matron-of-honor was Mrs. Ora Gass and the bridesmaid was Miss Leah Pickering. They wore similar Heaven Blue ballerina-length gowns of nylon net over tulle with three-quarter length tulip cut overskirts of French lace. Their fitted bodices of lace were fashioned with scooped necklines and they wore matching head-dresses and gloves. They carried nosegays of yellow mums and carnations.

The best man was Mr. Allison W. Concen and ushering the guests were Messrs. Frederick Weeks and Eric Gass.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the Clinton Hotel for approximately 50 guests. Mrs. Anne Concen was in charge of the guest book.

For a honeymoon trip to Northern Ontario the bride chose a light blue suit with navy and white accessories. Her corsage was of red Sweetheart roses.

Out-of-town guests present at the wedding were Miss Myrna Simons, Mr. Carmen Mancuso, Marion Lundy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Howell, Elizabeth Gyenes, Margaret Scowcroft, Joan Doer, Celestia Fiocco, Mr. and Mrs. C. Arsenault and Jean Gass, all of Niagara Falls.

KEEP IN TRIM

President Eisenhower Has Tough Time Curbing Calories

To the President of the United States... I doff my dietitian's cap. In spite of those daily business luncheons and famous stag dinners which send the grand total of calories soaring, Mr. Eisenhower has held the weight line.

It was my privilege to be seated beside the President the other evening at the Women's National Press Club dinner. Traditionally this is the gala evening when newspaper women put on a rollicking show before a star-studded audience. Between the vichyssoise and the dessert, the President and I talked of many things, including the philosophy and faith of his life. It was a rich and illuminating experience — one that I shall remember always with a warm glow.

Like millions of other Americans, the President would be happy to part with a few extra pounds. He eats lightly at breakfast, not from preference, but to curb calories. He told me that when he retires to that Gettysburg farm (he didn't say when) he looks forward to once again enjoying a man-size breakfast, for it's his favorite meal.

In the interest of reducing, he'll consider following my diet suggestions, provided I do not cut down on his steaks. Fair enough, Mr. President... eat the steak but trim off the fat. On the calorie score, fats count more than double. Here's a rule of thumb: every half ounce of trimmable fat deleted from meat subtracts 100 calories from the total. That can add up to a tidy calorie saving and a trim waist.

Mrs. Eisenhower, too, has to cope with calories galore. The First Lady's diet dilemma was amusingly depicted in one of the skits, set to the tune of "This Ole House"... "When I want to become thinner, eating egg white without yolks... why I have to eat big dinners... why I have four hundred other folks..."

In fact, extra curricular calories are a bulging problem to all official Washington. Mrs. Earl Warren, wife of the Chief Justice, my other dinner partner that memorable evening, expressed the wish that hostesses wouldn't serve so much food. So a tip to Washington hostesses — why not come to the aid of both parties by serving food that is not so fattening? The Press Club play was "Out of this World", the theme being a visit from a newspaper woman from outer space. Venus (on stage portrayed by beautiful Deena Clark) rocketed down to earth and got a scoop on Ike's plans for '56... in the play that is. When Venus promised to release the news only on another planet, on stage, tall, blonde Betty Beale who impersonated Ike, with a big grin, announced, "I'll risk it... I've just got to tell somebody!"

On that line, President Eisenhower at the head table threw back his head and roared with laughter.

At the finale, Elizabeth Carpenter, our Press Club president, suggested the Chief Executive let us all in on the secret he had whispered to Venus. But in keeping with the space ship theme, the skit and the President left the audience up in the air. It all added up to one enchanted evening. (Copyright 1955, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

MORNING SMILE

She — How much did your new hat cost you? Her — Nothing. The price was \$20 marked down to \$10 so I bought it with the \$10 I saved.

Cook's Corner

Grease muffin tins; put one thick slice of unpeeled tomato into each tin; season with salt and pepper; break one egg on top of each slice; again season with salt and pepper and put a small piece of butter on top of each egg. Bake in oven until egg is set but not hard. Serve on rounds of toast and garnish with parsley.

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

How the cherry blossoms are out on our trees by the lane-side is token of another birthday anniversary presently for granddaughter. Like her date, her ninth it will be. Her years have passed quickly. Only a short time it seems to us since that sunny day we left the potato-planting in a field up the rise and hurried to the House across the Lane to make her acquaintance, a babe in a basket.

We remember still how fondly, and reverently in the presence of the newborn, James a bit later turned back a corner of her covers to look in upon her, exclaiming softly over the sweet morsel of femininity all of whose life lay before. And "Will she be fair or dark, blue-eyed or brown, a big girl or small?" were among the questions we pondered.

As we came away from there, two oldish ones walking along the path between to this house that is Home, he offered: "It's kind of too bad Ellen, it's a girl, isn't it! Not that I shall like her one whit the less, you understand?" he nodded "but there's the farm to consider. It's been in the name a long time and I should like to think of it as continuing. Oh!" he shrugged away his concern "I guess it's just a notion of mine... and besides, we have Jamie—he's a good little fellow... She'll be lots of company for us."

She has been. From the time she learned on her own account to toddle along the path which lies between the houses to appropriate this place as another of her own, to chatter and amuse us with her young sayings and ways, until now when exceedingly dear to us she comes early to start away our day with her smiling: "Hi, Granddaddy, hi, Nana! How are we-all today?"

Slight, tallish, still with glints of gold in her hair though not quite so fair as it was, eyes of a blue, neatly freckled, in looks, to our mind favoring much her mother, she like most girls who have seen is an interesting mixture of emotions. Calm, excited, happy, forlorn, placid, spirited, she is by turns, too, industrious about her work and indolent.

We search these grandchildren of ours for inherent traits — characteristics, of the lines by whence they came the quirks and virtues which came to them down the strange channels of past generations. If she shows an aptitude sometimes for prosaic tasks, we put that down as belonging to her age. But when we see her come in and pick up a book or magazine and withdraw happily to the corner of a couch or the old armchair and become lost to her surroundings, we nod and smile to ourselves and move softly about. And are so glad that of all the fads and foibles of our make-up we may have given her, this liking to read is the best of all. It is something which we know will give her much enjoyment. She will be never lonely or alone, sufficient to herself if need be, in the company of books, throughout the years ahead.

So once more the cherry trees at Alderlea are in blossom, taking us in mind back to a sunny morning of a former June when Jeanie (A bit of pink blanket, in token of what was to be, caught in the closing of her suitcase) went outward bound to the hospital where the next day before dawn, a Sabbath child was born to be our only granddaughter, and exceedingly dear.

Until tomorrow — — — Diary
Goodnight. . . .

ANNE ADAMS PATTERNS

SMART SEPARATES

Season's smartest separates — to sew in gay contrasting colors, or one-piece dress effect! Graceful yokes detail the blouse; convertible-collared for cool comfort too. Classic skirt below, pleated for flattery, walking ease.

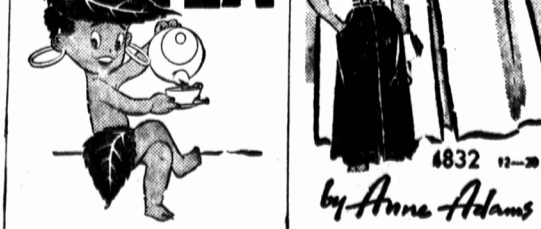
Pattern 4832: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 blouse takes 1 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric; skirt takes 2 yards.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, care of The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto.

Relax with TEA



4832 12-20 by Anne Adams

ALICE BROOKS DESIGNS

LOVELY OVAL RUG

Let this lovely crocheted rug add new beauty to your home! Combine gay colors—easy! Fun!

Crochet Pattern 7227: Only 11 skeins of rug cotton to make an oval rug, 22 x 36 inches. Send also for Pattern 7006: matching bath set! Each pattern, 25 cents.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins for this pattern (stamps cannot be accepted) to The Guardian, Household Arts Dept., 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Print plainly NAME, ADDRESS, PATTERN NUMBER.

ORDER our 1955 Alice Brooks Needlecraft Catalogue. Enjoy pages and pages of exciting new designs — knitting, crochet, embroidery, iron-ons, toys and novelties! Send 25 cents for your copy of this wonderful book now. You'll want to order every design in it!

Words of The Wise

The man who fears no truths has nothing to fear from lies. — (Thomas Jefferson).

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Cans and jars of food, especially those containing baby food, should be washed off before opening to prevent dust and dirt from contaminating contents.

So easy to starch! So easy to iron!

NO BLUEING NEEDED!

SAVES TIME!

NO WAX NEEDED!

SAVES MIXING!

NO MESSY POTS!

SAVES BOILING!

NO STICKY IRONING!

SAVES STRAINING!

1855 CHARLOTTETOWN CENTENNIAL 1955

Selection and Crowning of Our CENTENNIAL QUEEN

Queen Charlotte High School

Tuesday, June 14, 1955

8:30 P.M., D.S.T. Price 50c

Contestants will include the following:

Miss Rotary: Miss Noreen MacPherson (Outfitted by Moore & MacLeod Ltd.)

Miss Kinsmen: Miss Rita Shanahan (Outfitted by Holman's Little Shop)

Miss Kiwanis: Miss Barbara MacDonald (Outfitted by Eaton's)

Miss Lions: Miss Connie Chandler (Outfitted by Greendale Co. Ltd.)

Miss Centennial Y's Men: Miss Ruth Boswell (Outfitted by Sumter's)

Miss Jr. Board of Trade: Miss Nancy McNevin (Outfitted by S. A. McDonald)

CONTESTANTS WILL BE JUDGED IN (1) STREET CLOTHES, (2) BATHING SUITS, (3) EVENING GOWNS, and (4) For TALENT.

Specialty Acts between appearances of Contestants

PROGRAM WILL BE CLIMAXED BY THE CROWNING OF OUR CENTENNIAL QUEEN BY MAYOR J. D. STEWART, D.S.O.

Tickets on sale at Old Spain, Rendezvous, Foster's Drug Store and Hughes Drug Store all day Monday & Tuesday and at the High School on Tuesday evening starting at 7 P.M., D.S.T.