

# WOMEN

Page 12 The Guardian Thursday, June 30, 1955

LET'S EAT

## Two Recipes To Try From An 1820 Kitchen

By Ida Bailey Allen

Marigolds and zinnias were bursting into bloom along the pebbled walk leading to the front door of the quaint old Lippitt homestead at the Farmer's Museum of Cooperstown, New York.

From the barn and grounds came the cackle of hens, honking of geese, quacking of ducks, the raucous call of the peacocks. Nearby sheep were grazing and cows, lying in the fields, were chewing their ends.

### Housekeeping in 1820

My knock was answered by Miss Virginia Parslow, a young woman who keeps house in the old home as they did in 1820.

"We're ready for you," she smiled. "Here's a long linen tie-on apron like mine, hand-woven, too. Now we'll go to the kitchen." There, on the big, hand-made kitchen table, we started yeast-rye bread to bake in the ready heated brick beehive oven and mixed gingersnaps by an old-time recipe. The cookies were placed on hand-made pans and baked in

### SUNDAY DINNER

Cucumber-Scallion Saladettes  
Roast Pork Loin with Potatoes  
String Beans ... New Beets  
Raspberry Sherbet  
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

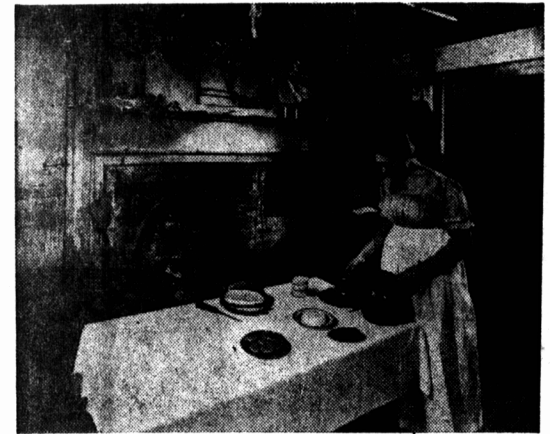
Fish was a mainstay food in Colonial days. Small herring, smelts and alewives, packed in pottery crocks, were spiced, covered with vinegar and slow-baked for hours in the brick ovens, ready to keep and use for weeks.

"Today, our nearest approach to old-time potted fish is sardines."

### TOMORROW'S DINNER

Chilled or Hot Cream of Tomato Soup  
Potato-Egg-Salad Loaf  
Maine Sardine Platter  
Lemon Wedges  
Deep Custard Pie  
Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

Deep Custard Pie: Line a deep 9" pie-plate with American pie pastry. Dust with 1 tsp. fine dry bread crumbs; press in lightly so



WHILE A DELICIOUS AROMA WAFTS from the iron pots hanging over the open fireplace, Virginia Parslow prepares old-time dishes.

an iron Dutch oven that swung over the glowing fire on the hearth.

### Century Ago

I hope that when you are motoring in the vicinity of Cooperstown, you and your family will take time out to visit the Lippitt Farm House, a living replica of home-life more than a century ago.

the crust will be crisp and not soggy when the pie is baked.

For the filling, beat 3 eggs with 1/4 c. sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, and 1/3 tsp. nutmeg. Add 2 c. cold milk. Pour into the crust-lined plate. Grate over a little nutmeg.

Place in a hot oven, 400 degrees F., for 10 min. to set the crust. Then reduce the heat to 350 degrees F. and continue to bake 35-40 min., or until a sharp knife when inserted near the center comes out clean.

The pie should be lightly browned on top. At no time should the oven be so hot that the pie filling boils while baking. Cool at once. Chill and serve the day it is made.

### TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add a dusting of minced fresh dill to sardines.

### MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

## Happy Wife Dreams Of Who Got Away

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I consider myself a happily married woman, as I have a wonderful husband and everything a woman needs for complete satisfaction. There is just one fly in my ointment—I dream constantly of John, who quite literally is "the one who got away."

I can't deny that I loved John very much at one time, but he always managed to steer clear of the marriage question. He must have enjoyed my company, however, as he hung around for three years; but the fact remains that he never did propose.

I wasn't getting anywhere, pinning away for John; so I met and married my husband. That was eight years ago, I said. I was happily married, and I am. If only I could stop dreaming at night.

You'd think eight years of love and kindness with my husband would erase these foolish thoughts of John; yet I waken each morning depressed and longing to see him again. Which is impossible as well as ridiculous since he is now married and living on the coast. Is there some simple explanation for all this? C. Y.

### Heart Sickness Compounds Itself

DEAR C. Y.: Your letter is typed on a largish single sheet of paper. The lower third of the page is missing—ruggedly torn off. You were chucking out a postscript, but the opening lines are still readable, along the ragged edge of the torn paper. It is interesting that in this postscript you were putting your finger on much of the reason for your "displaced person" feelings in marriage. In your husband's arms, you were saying, you sometimes find yourself imagining that he is John, a fantasy that pleases you. Then you add "but shame on me!" at which point the postscript disappears—into your wastebasket, I presume.

Evidently you want help in correcting a mistake you know you are making; yet you feel so guilty about the mistake that you can't speak of it, and probably won't let yourself think of it often. So you have a question here with, by adopting an innocent air of mystification about your frustration.

The sense of shame that you postscript hints at has to do with a sense of committing sin—as if you have sensations of being literally unfaithful to your husband when you embrace the illusion that he is John. However, this sense of sin is an illusion too. You are tormented by an emotionally sick version of neurotically mixed-up behavior. In short, your emotional sickness compounds itself.

### Wrong Consists In Fooling Self

Essentially the wrong you are doing is this—you just aren't relating yourself to real life. You aren't even aware of your husband's reality, but you are, though dependently committed to his care. Figuratively you are feeding on husks, when close by are the potentials of a healthful diet.

You are drifting in a fog of narcissism—in a fantasy world of childish erotic self-engrossment, in which you are the phantom lover of yourself, dressed in masquerade. Sometimes you fancy how it would be, if you were John, making love to you. This morbid and frustrating bias is a hangover from a love-starved ugly childhood, in which you strove to warm yourself with cooked-up imaginary ardor. Unconsciously you are still self-enclosed and compulsively self-loving—instead of relaxing into real exchange of devotional awareness with your good husband.

John grips your fancy not because of affinity but because the experience with him epitomized all the frustration that had gone before. Thus, in you dreams he personifies all the love the immature you wanted, "that got away"; and thus on waking you think of him with longing—not for himself, but for what he signifies to your unconscious. My advice is wake up psychologically and live. Read "Love and Marriage" (Harpers) by Alexander Magoun, to get the hitch of reality. M. H.

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



MR. AND MRS. K. W. DENNIS

Apple blossoms and ferns provided the decorative setting in Bedeque United Church on June 13 at 3 p.m. for the marriage of Hazel Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Jewell, to Keith William Dennis, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dennis of Port Hill. The wedding was performed by Rev. George K. Ward.

## Holden-Haslam Wedding At St. Pauls Anglican Church

St. Paul's Anglican Church, Charlottevian, P. E. I., was the scene of a lovely wedding on Saturday, June 4, at 2 o'clock when Norma Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Haslam and the bridegroom, Donald Richard Holden, grand-son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Holden, Shelburne, N. S. The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Canon J. T. Abbott.

The bridegroom was beautifully decorated for the occasion with ferns, yellow and red tulips and white callilies. The guest pews were marked with dainty bouquets of white satin.

During the signing of the register the Church choir rendered "O Perfect Love," "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden" and "The Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin were played by the church organist, Mrs. V. L. Dingwell.

The bridegroom, Mr. Donald Richard Holden, was wearing a floor-length gown of white brocade nylon tulle over a bouffant skirt of net and satin which featured fitted bodice and matching bolero jacket with long sleeves tapering to the wrists.

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## Just Two Inches Stand Between You And Smaller Dress Size

By Ida Joan Kain

There is nothing that sustains enthusiasm for slimming like being able to slip smoothly into the next smaller dress size.

Unhappily, some overweights become discouraged because this amount of weight lost has not changed their dress size. Their goal was within sight, but they didn't know it. Had they realized that another four to six pounds off would have brought them within the weight range of the next smaller size... this would have been all the incentive needed to keep on.

The standard number of pounds between dress sizes is ten to sixteen, depending on stature. It is so helpful to know the number of inches off that will allow you to slip smoothly into that smaller, younger size.

In general, the difference from one size to the next in misses' sizes is 1 1/2 inches through the bust, waist, abdomen and hip measurement. In women's sizes through 36, there is a 2 inch difference in all measurements between one size and the next. In larger sizes, there is a 2 1/2 inch difference through the waist and abdominal extension—for that's where the figure spreads.

The tape measure gives the unbiased facts about your figure. The object of the tape test is to enable you to see just which measurements need alteration. In measuring the bust, measure over an uplift bra. Circle tape



### Cook's Corner



### GINGER SNAPS

1 cup lard  
1 cup molasses  
1 cup brown sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 tsp. soda  
1 tbs. vinegar  
1 egg  
1 tbs. each ginger, cinnamon and allspice  
3/4 cups flour  
1/4 cup corn starch  
-Boil lard, sugar and molasses together. Add while hot 2 cups flour. Dissolve soda in vinegar and add. When cool, stir in egg, sift spices, corn starch and enough flour to make stiff dough and roll.

ions stack up. It's symmetry that makes for a beautiful figure, whether you are normally a size 12 or an 18. The chest and bust measurement is the gauge of your structure. The waistline should be 8 to 9 inches smaller than the bust circumference; abdomen, 1 to 1 1/2 inches smaller; and hips, 1 1/2 to 2 inches larger than the bust measurement.

With your weight at normal, those proportionate differences will give you a perfect figure.

### MORNING SMILE

A girl who had loved and lost many, many times finally became engaged to an x-ray specialist. "She's lucky," commented a friend, "none of the other fellows could see anything in her."

### HOUSEHOLD HINT

Tie a knot in clothes which are stained before you put them in the clothes hamper, and you'll be certain not to overlook them on washday.

### Words Of The Wise

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaning up the purpose he sees to be best. —(George Eliot)

### Wife Preservers



To keep your piano in good condition, have it tuned three times a year, and have it "voiced" every three years.

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## ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

Buttercups nod by the stream-side there for the children to gather. I hold them the golden cups beneath young chins and query with happy wondering smiles: "Do you like butter, or don't you?" New daisies unfold those engaging white petals made for girlhood to pluck shyly with a whispered: "Rich man, poor man, beggar-man..." There too are patches of fragile white-flowering chickweed, tangles of wild vetch and, at the moment, a Hawthorn hedge in exquisite bloom. All there in that meadow up "at the other farm" where the flocks of sheep pasture.

To that spot, this afternoon, when last turnip drills had been seeded and smoothed, our farmers went to the shearing. And there too, not as our conscience reminded us, the we really are engaged such leisure, but because in recent years we had not looked intimately at the sight, we after supper came with the rest.

The sun had set by then and that gentle summery veiling which precedes the falling of the purple twilight was commencing to dim the far hills. It was that serene hour of day when every thing about is caught and held in the hush and magic of approach dusk.

Earlier—at the beginning of the work, a number of ewes, lambskins in accompaniment had been penned in a corner of the pasture and the little truck close to a stop there on the roadside came by. "Guess I'd better give the shears a bit of a sharpening," James said, alighting from the rear of the vehicle where with three grandchildren he had ridden "second". Along the fields then having forded barefoot the millstream Jamie came from his home to join the party. It was "this one and that one"

of the ewes that was presently caught and expertly turned on backs on the sod, and the evening-shearing began. In little billows of white, like the fetching summer clouds which bear us off here and there on fanciful excursions, the wool fell back from the shears... Most of it would go to market to make comforts for northern winters, it came to mind—blankets and suits and sweaters and intriguing baby-wear.

"They're putting a fair-good sod on this field," James offered.

"Yes," the younger farmer agreed, "and they're great ones to clear away weeds!"

"They're nice things," Jamie said. "They're animals I like."

In the ditch at the rear of the truck Granddaughter, Gage and Mack busied themselves in the sand, absorbed in fashioning castles and forts and what-not, chattering all the while.

"I'm going to put a sign on my castle," we heard Granddaughter, much older in her ways than the other two chuckle. "It will be" she mimicked our repeated reminder, "merrily 'Watch out. Dears, for the passing cars and the trucks!'"

And it came to mind that it was of scenes like these, folks busy and content at every-day doings, children happy at pursuits of work and play of which this great Dominion of ours is comprised, which of course the farmer busied themselves in the sources and industries which combine to make it a fine and well-loved land. And how beautiful!

"All the world over are sights that thrill us," someone has said. "Some result from man's handiwork; some are Nature's own. From coast to coast our country, Canada, presents an endless panorama of scenic resources—sandy ocean beaches and narrow coastal fjords; rugged river canyons and quiet gently-flowing streams; snow-covered peaks towering into the heavens and softly rounded hillsides; endless miles of prairie, flat or rolling, brown in fallow, or green or gold with wheat."

### Wife Preservers



To make your kitchen safe for children and adults too, check its danger zones. Look to the storage of glassware, pots and pans, where poisonous fluids are placed; the condition of electrical units; the position of sharp instruments; the placing of curtains in reference to the range. Have first aid facilities always available in case of accidents.



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