

WOMEN

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LET'S EAT

Crab Apples Add Color To Crown Roast Pork

By Ida Bailey Allen

The Chef took a big, browned, succulent crown roast of pork from the oven.

"It looks very appetizing, Madame," he said. "Yet it is comparatively inexpensive. Big enough to serve twelve persons once, or six persons twice. To make it look more glamorous, I shall stick one of these spicy red crab apples on the end of each rib.

"Shall we use your best silver platter, Madame?" he asked.

TO PICK UP COLOR

"Instead, let's use that big red-edged platter of heat-resistant glass," I told him. "It will pick up the red of the crab apples. We'll use matching plates, too. What are you going to use as a border to the roast?"

"Mashed sweet potato seasoned with butter, salt, pepper and orange juice, Madame. I shall add no sugar. Sweet potatoes are so sweet in themselves, adding sugar spoils the natural flavor."

SUNDAY DINNER

Honeydew Melon, Crown Roast of Pork, Mixed Vegetables, Orange Sweet Potatoes, Lemon Fruit Whip, Coffee, Tea, Milk.

All measurements are level unless otherwise specified.

Crown Roast of Pork: Order a crown roast of pork, made by bending and tying together 12 to 14 loin pork ribs to form a circle, with the rib bones exposed.

Place, with fat, in a small roasting pan. Dust with 2 tsp. each salt and monosodium glutamate mixed with 1/4 tsp. pepper and 1 tsp. fine powdered sage. Roast 3 to 3 1/2 hrs. in slow oven, 325 degrees F., or until meat thermometer registers 185 degrees F.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Wife Wonders If She Should Leave Husband

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I can't decide whether to insist upon separation from my husband—whose attitude is "You are stuck with me and you'll stay that way." Once when I said, "Our marriage is a failure," he replied: "I don't see that; our home is paid for and we have money in the bank." And he would say nothing further.

We have been married 32 years and have raised a daughter and twin sons. In recent years the children have given me spontaneous unsolicited advice (several times) to separate from dad.

We had been married three years and had our first child when I first admitted to myself and to Ray that I didn't love him. I had wanted a home and children and he was a "good" man who wanted me, so I had persuaded myself I loved him when actually I was in love with the idea of marriage. When I told him the truth he said not a word about it, then or since, and in fact seems unable to discuss anything pertaining to human relations.

I suggested separation and offered to support myself and the child, but he said I couldn't take her from the home he provided; that he would fight me through every court in the land if need be. I couldn't desert her, so decided to make the best of a bad situation. He seemed not to care that I was unhappy. His first wife left him—he had been much in love with her. He once told me.

HAS NO FRIENDS

I believe he was looking for a mother and housekeeper when he married me. He has always called me Mom and refers to me as "the wife." He once said: "All there is to marriage is, you keep house for me and I work for you." There has been no intimacy between us for years. He has said if I pass away first, he will advertise for a wife! He has no friends and can't keep any.

Is it dependency and financial considerations that hold us together? He would object to dividing property or income, because we can live more economically together than apart. . . . It all comes down to this: If two people are unhappy together, and one doesn't want a separation, is the other justified in demanding it? I don't want to take a step which would cause me guilt feelings later. . . . I will appreciate your comment.—E.B.

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CASE FOR PSYCHIATRY

DEAR E. B.: This is a depressing picture of masculine meanness in double harness. Obviously your husband has callously, even mockingly, evoked and enforced an atmosphere of hateful stress. You say the "frustrating, irritating" married situation is upsetting your health; your digestion is always disturbed and doctors claim the cause is emotional. So the wonderment is, why have you stayed on, perennially, feeling as you do?

Studying the story, it seems to me the only positive (or good) reason for remaining with Ray, all things considered, would be out of compassionate concern for his welfare—because he does feel helpless need of a woman's care, even though he spitefully uses the opposite sex. His manifest resentment of womanhood includes his own daughter, whom he always belittled, you say—and who hates his bad manners and cordially dislikes him, in consequence.

In all the years you've been living (if one can call it living) with Ray, he has been a suitable candidate for psychiatric help. As you've sensed, he hasn't wanted a bona-fide marriage partner—only a Mom-type housekeeper, who was to be punished indignantly, as a symbol of the sex who "done him wrong" in his cradle days. Presumably he exercised the same compulsion in relation to his first wife, who properly refused to put up with it and left him.

MAN HAS CHEATED

Very likely your disposition towards him was hopefully fond at the start of your marriage. But he running true to form, made it impossible for ardent affection to flourish—so that eventually you decided you never had loved him. He cheated himself of your love, and he cheated you of your nature as well—then slyly let you plead guilty of short-changing him.

As to whether to separate or not, that is a question which you must decide. Others can't serve you as prophet or conscience in the matter. To reach a constructive decision, you first must achieve some real insight into the nature of your attachment to Ray. "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"—the ancients said. Free, that is, to do the right thing. My advice is to explore the story firsthand with a specialist in human relations.—M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column not by mail or personal interview. Write to her in care of (this newspaper).

COOK'S CORNER



BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE OR DRINK

1 1/4 cup brown sugar
2-3 cup corn syrup
4 tbsps. butter
1/2 cup cream
1/2 cup milk

Put sugar syrup and butter into saucepan. Bring to boiling point and boil to a soft ball. Then add cream and milk.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

"Why are woodpeckers always tapping?" Mack queried coming by this afternoon to stop for a chat. The sunset-time it was then, the sky "wreathed in rose and amethyst" and a dozen other beautiful colors and shadings. The autumn shades are richer than those of summer; lovely the clouds of violet and purple, of orange and crimson which too soon fade now in the west.

Mack had been with the men in the fields but tiring of this had come away from there. And striding along meadow and farm-lane singing, we knew, a little song to himself, he made his way home.

"Reckon they're always hungry?" we chuckled. "That's why they tap: to find insects to eat."

"Well, there was one back there this afternoon where we were at the burning. He was up on a dead tree. Why is he the color he is, and a bluejay mostly blue?"

"Why are kittens the colors they are?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I

guess" he nodded. "It's because God likes it that way."

So, today, the burning in the stumpland was again a major interest of the farm and with it in a field close by there, red furrows were laid in the first of the plowing at Alderlea.

And even while the October sun smiled its brightest and a scented breeze roamed the fields and our world was peaceful and lovely, we knew that some on Island farms would not be enjoying it as we were. There were the ill and suffering. Not for those would the hours pass with the swiftness of those which come to folks privileged to take up their usual round of work.

And somewhere, there was sorrow over a parting, where a loved one or good friend had gone from them of late, facing steadfastly toward the veiled shore; an older one perhaps (as a ripe sheaf) long loved and respected. Or one of younger age, in our minds, an untimely passing, but already it

MORNING SMILE

A gentlemen wishing to settle a point or two on art approached the information desk of a certain public library.

Gentlemen—Where shall I find something on Correggio and his "Flight Into Egypt?"

Clerk—Everything about aviation in Room 121.

must have been with missions of earth fulfilled. Or maybe it was a child taken, one little more than a babe, perhaps, and exceedingly precious and dear. Taken, we know not why. Lent for a while, then reclaimed. Doubtless to bring Heaven nearer, to make of it a far flowered meadow where heavenly children come together in eternal happiness to play.

Dim now our fields and the groves. Dark. But tomorrow there will come another dawn, hopeful, fresh, and new. The sun will climb above eastern hills and at length seep goldenly into every shadowy depth. And everything—sun, shadow, light, dark, gain, loss, joy, sorrow, given, shall we know work together for good? For us because as Mack said, "God likes it that way."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.....



Graduates

Miss Anne Marie Pineau daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Urban Pineau of Bloomfield, P.E.I. who is a graduate in the 1955 class of Verdun General Hospital, Montreal. Miss Pineau took her classical course at Bellevue College, Quebec City. At present she is on the staff at Verdun General Hospital.

KEEP IN TRIM

Middle Spread Unhealthy

By Ida Jean Kain

The worst thing about middle-age is not the spread—it's the feeling of middle-age. Unhappily, that middle-age feeling is part and parcel of the spread. It's a sure sign the most important muscles have gone flabby and are no longer a match for gravity. Gradually fat settles amidships. When you can no longer wear youthful styles, naturally this affects your viewpoint.

But you feel middle-aged physically because of what happens inside. Flabby muscles in this area let the organs sag and crowd against each other, which interferes with circulation, digestion and elimination. You're slowed up—no wonder you look and feel older.

Why does this happen? Largely because our everyday activities do not afford the type of exercise needed. Indeed, modern living affords very little exercise for the big figure-controlling muscles, particularly those that form the muscular girdle. Flabby muscles invite fat, and the abdominals in particular have an affinity for fat storage. When this happens, the spread is on. If you are unwilling to put up with it, take action—in the form of toning exercises.

GIVE A LIFT

First, give the abdominal organs a lift. . . . Position: Lie on your back, legs across seat of a straight chair with bend of knee at chair edge, arms down at sides.

Movement: Pull firmly up and in with the abdominal muscles and raise hips off the floor and hold as you fling your arms back overhead. Lower hips to floor. Repeat 6 times, later 12.

More toning for the girdle muscles. . . . Position: Lie on your back, both knees flexed to chest, left knee clasped in hands.

Movement: Keeping the left leg clasped to the body, slowly raise the right leg up in the air. Now slowly lower the leg to the count

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Between washings or cleanings, you can air or fluff blankets or woolens in your automatic clothes dryer. Tumble them for 3 or 4 minutes. Feather pillows can also be aired in this way.

of 10, lowering not clear to floor but to a low foot stool. Keep knee straight. Flex knee back to chest and again raise and lower leg. Repeat 3 times with each leg—keep building up each day until you are performing 10 times only.

Take this test. . . . Position: Lie on back, arms outstretched back on floor, legs straight down.

Movement: Come up to a sitting position and go on over to touch outstretched fingers to toes. If you can do this exercise three times without your feet coming up off the floor, your muscles are in pretty fair tone. No? Then tone the middle muscles by anchoring feet under a piece of heavy furniture and repeating exercise three times, adding one count each day up to 12. As the muscles get stronger, you can do the exercise without the feet anchored.

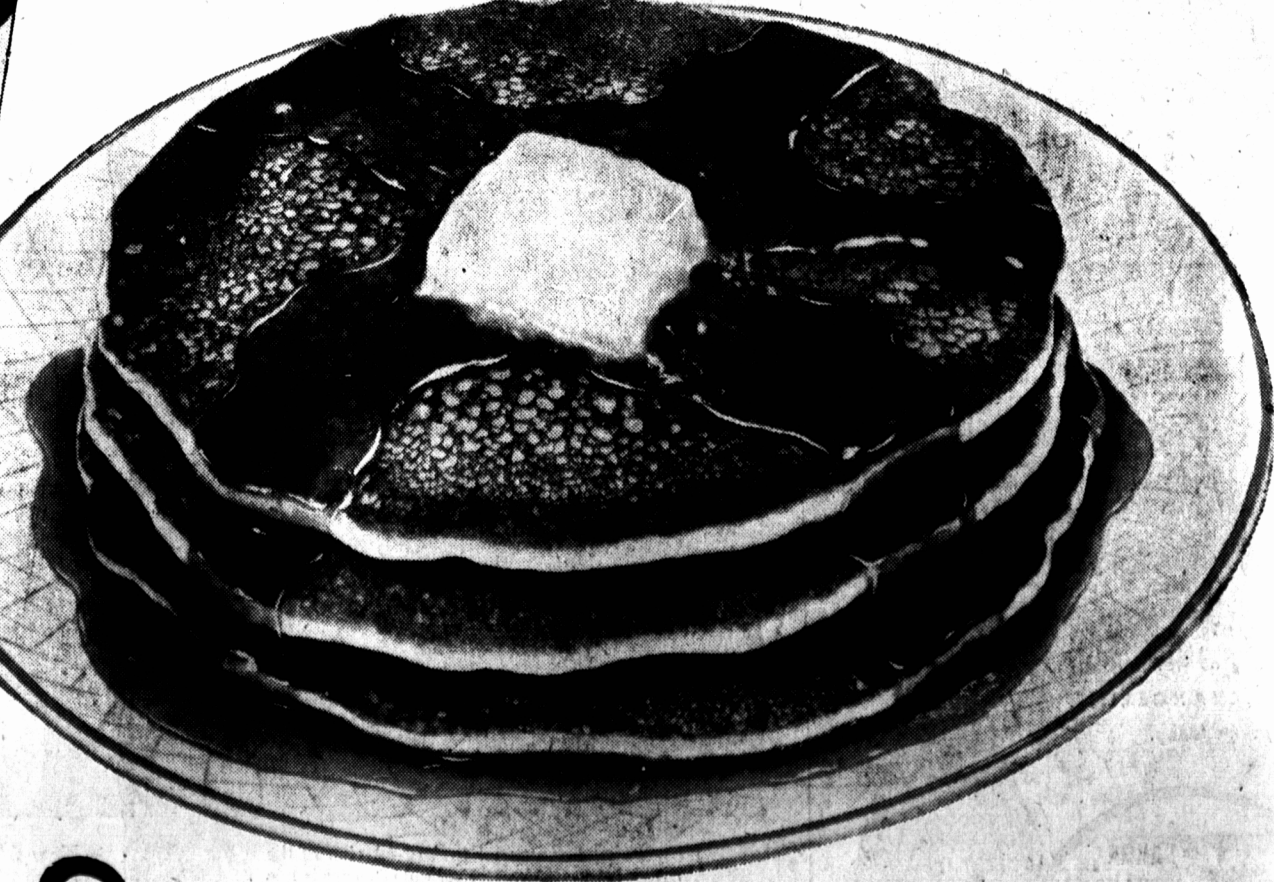
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