WOMEN

LET'S EAT

Imagine! No Macaroons In This Macaroon Pie!

By Ida Bailey Allen

"This recipe for macaroon pie is absolutely unique, Chef. I mean not only unusual, but the only one of its kind that I have seen. It was graciously contributed for use in our special club columns this week by Mrs. R. I. C. Prout, First Vice President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"As you can see, the pie has real elegance, yet it is not too expensive for occasional use. It does not contain a single macaroon!"

Macaroon Pie: Beat 3 egg whites stiff. Sift together 1 c. granulated sugar and 1 tsp. baking powder; fold in. Roll fine 10 square salted crackers; add 1 c. chopped walnut meats and fold in. Add ½ tsp. vanilla. Transfer to a well-buttered 9" pie-plate; bake 30 min. at 375 degrees F. Cool. Serve with stewed fruit or sweetened sliced strawberries, and a topping of whipped cream or ice cream.

"Ah, now I see, Madame! It is the combination of ingredients and the texture when baked that give this pie its name. We must plan an especially fine dinner to do honor to Madame Prout's delicious Macaroon pie."

DE LUXE DINNER

Tossed Green Salad with
Pimento Strips
Butter-Roast Chicken
Fresh Mushroom Sauce
Potatoes Parisienne
Spinach Savory
Macaroon Pie
Coffee Tea Milk

SPINACH SAVORY FROM THE CHEF

Wash and clean 3 lbs. fresh spinach. Rinse in tepid water to remove any grit.

Meantime, melt 3 tbs. butter in a large saucepan. Dice and add 1 peeled small onion and 3 sliced stalks celery; add ½ tsp. sugar. Saute until the onion turns color. Add the spinach (no water), 1 tsp. salt, and ⅛ tsp. pepper. Cover and steam-boil 12 minutes, or until leaves and stems are barely tender.

Chop medium-fine with a pastry blender. Stir through 2 diced fresh tomatoes. Steam-boil 3 minutes more. Drain any liquid from the cooked spinach, save, and add to tomato juice cocktail.

Lloyd - Clark Nuptials

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Protestant Chapel, R. C. A. F. Station, Torbay, St. John's, Newfoundland, on April 9, when Gwendoyln Alice, daughter of Mrs. Albert E. Clark and the late Mr. Clark, Summerside, became the bride of Flying Officer Harold Blake, son of Mrs. Gladstone Lloyd and the late Mr. Lloyd of Schomberg, Ontario.

The double-ring ceremony was performed by the Padre, Rev. J. A. McKim with appropriate organ music by Flying Officer Earl Crane.

The bride, who was given in marriage by the Commanding Officer W/C W. P. Pleasance, wore a strapless ballerina dress of honey suckle faille and taffeta with a matching bolero. Her headdress and mitts were of the same material. She carried a white bible with white gardenias and ribbon streamers.

Mrs. Melvin Freeman, her only attendant, wore a strapless ballerina dress of printed taffeta on white with a black velvet bolero and matching accessories. She carried a spray of mixed flowers.

Flight Sergeant Melvin Freeman of R. C. A. F. Station, Torbay, was the groomsman and Flying Officer Donald Loggie acted as usher.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the Officers' Mess with 50 guests present. Receiving with the bride and groom was the groom's mother, Mrs. Lloyd, wearing a beige suit with brown accessories and a corsage of white carnations and Mrs. Pleasance wearing a black baby cord bengaline with velvet accessories and a corsage of white carnations.

The young couple are residing in St. Johns', Nfld., with the m connected with the R. C. A. F. Station at Torbay.

Cook's Corner

GRAHAM MUFFINS

1 egg
¾ cup white sugar
1 cup sour cream
1 cup buttermilk
2 level tsp. soda
1½ cups flour
1 cup graham flour

Method—Beat egg, add sugar, blend well, then sour cream, buttermilk. Measure flour and sift with soda, salt. Add graham flour last. Do not sift graham flour. Raisins if desired. Bake in moderate oven, in well-greased muffin tins.

MAR. HAWORTH'S MAIL

Has Good Husband-Woman Is Bored

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: At 35, I have a good husband and two wonderful children; but after 14 years' marriage I am completely dissatisfied and unhappy. I am talkative and at ease when first meeting people, but never seem to arrive at really intimate friendships.

The few couples who seek us out we find uninteresting; and those I should like to cultivate are already too rich in friendships to need ours. My husband is perfectly content in our rut, as he doesn't need people; and, in fact, due to limited schooling, he isn't at ease with the persons I ad-

I've tried expending my energies in study courses and women's club work, where my efficiency is applauded but I never feel accepted for myself — only for what I can do for the organization. There are occasional party invitations which I reciprocate, but after the first exchange we are usually through . . .

How to Find And Give Love?

Coming as I do from a broken home which offered little love, I have lavished affection on our children, and our family life is unusually congenial. Dick and I never quarrel and while he seems to me boring in every way, we are able to talk out our differences and I don't consider divorce because of the children.

Dick feels that we anal... too much and that I should be content with my lot in life. He is a good provider and a good father and asks only that I be happy as his wife. He refuses to alter his own personality but is willing to see a marriage counsellor. Also he would like me to see a psychiatrist, but I am reluctant to spend that kind of money . . .

I have no specific goals in life and feel that I am handicapping my children too, because I am not inner-directed. How does one find and give warmth? How does one become close to women one admires and respects? V. C.

DEAR V. C.: Summing up your reflections, here condensed, you say: "I have no strong feelings towards anything. Can't seem to find faith (or religion) . . . I have read books, searching for myself — but just find words." And so on.

This and other testimony suggests a disorganized personality—disorganized, quite literally, in the sense that your forces (your energies and intelligence) aren't unified and confidently focussed on feasible goals. Unfortunately you are a house divided against itself; this is the real source of your intense dissatisfaction and frustration, your feelings of inferiority and failure.

As to why you are inwardly disorganized, despite an outer show of busy purpose, I should say it is a legacy from your parents. It is due partly to their poor example, and to the disturbing repercussions of their instability. And still more due to their unsympathetic attitude towards you — whose existence added to their problems, from their view, no doubt.

Handicapped By Parents' Failure

In years when your parents constituted your entire world, they psychologically rejected you — "offered little love," as you say — thus making it almost impossible for you to believe in yourself as a loveable human being, or to approach others in a loving spirit. On the one hand, your sensibilities were damaged; and on the other hand, you suffered a special deficit in early emotional experience. Your parents' failure to embrace you in a warm cordial relationship has left you without positive instinctive know-how in giving affection or courting deep friendship.

This accounts for your baffled, stymied, halfway approach to persons you'd like to cultivate. They feel your self-doubting inner tension and soon pass on to more comfortable associates. It is axiomatic that he who would have friends must show himself friendly — in a relaxed but persistent and self-confident way, I may add. It is my observation that persons who latch on to the friends they want usually succeed by campaigning bluntly, with a blithe rather thick-skinned optimism, never standing on ceremony or adhering to precise exchange.

Your husband is right — you should have psychiatric help in re-educating your sensibilities for an organized try at satisfactory living. If Dick is willing to foot the bill, it is cowardly of you to bleat about expense. Step up to your problem and deal with it. Random reading and talking and outside club work won't spark insight or understanding, hence are a waste of time as would-be therapy. M. H.

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

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

"And why don't you use the food mixer? You promised you would one of these days. Do!" she smiled. "I'll take it out of the carton and . . . But perhaps I had better call Mother to help us."

She was back in no time, Jeanie with her. Mack sensing some excitement in the house followed presently. And as it happened "to see how the afternoon's going" James came to the doorway. "Hush!" we whispered to the rest.

"We're setting up the food mixer" Mack said, face beaming in anticipation of a new field of learning to conquer.

"What food mixer?" James queried.

"You remember—It mixes cakes and frostings!" Mack nodded.

"It would be something like that your Grandmother would be at today—something useless when she could be out with us getting some experience helping us tidy the yards" James said . . . "It'll take half a day to clean that afterwards?" he, nothing if not practical, observed. "Watch out for the youngsters, Ellen! And" he added "better plug that thing in there" he nodded "that's the heavy-duty service outlet, remember?"

"It's going to be a heavy batter!" Jeanie chuckled. We laughed as the door closed, a bit excited over it all. Then remembered the copy-book heading of a young page we once wrote: "He laughs best who laughs last." There were certain hazards to this, and rules to be observed.

"Now whatever else you do, Ellen, don't start this machine when there's no one else about!" sister-to-us had advised. We could hear yet the tones concerned on our behalf. "And when you do" she had added "see that the children don't get their fingers caught in the beaters!"

We were not alone. But the children where they now sat perched on the round kitchen table not far from the mixer, were perhaps too close for their safety.

"Perhaps you two had better move back" we suggested.

"If we move back, how then shall we see?" Granddaughter queried. "Might as well be outside as away back here" she said moving a littl distance away. Well, modern educationists set great store in visual education. We would not press the matter.

* * *

"I want to plug her in!" Mack said. "It's my turn—You let Her plug in the washing machine the other morning." . . . "Adults never know how and when they teach children the fundamentals of good living. It may be by a word or an action—a single action, and they gain an impression which lasts all through life" we remembered something we had read.

"Yes, Dear" we nodded, "We must always be fair."

"Well then" he said getting down from the table, connecting-cord in hand "watch out! Here she goes!"

With a gentle hum, the beaters were in service, the mixing begun.

Unti ltomorrow — — — Diary
— — — — Good-night . . . . .

MORNING SMILE

Bob—I gave that man fifty cents for saving my life.
Sam—What did he do?
Bob—Gave me back twenty cents change.

Household Hint

Badly soiled furniture can be cleaned by washing with soap and water to which two or three tablespoons of kerosene or turpentine have been added. Rub dry with a soft cloth, then polish or wax.

Words Of The Wise

Hurry is the weakness of fools. —(Baltasar Gracian).

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