

"SUEZ"

—A Pictorial Serial of the 20th Century-Fox Film



FERDINAND quickly was given his first taste of the tricks of the diplomatic trade. His father, the Count, set him to work cultivating the friendship of Prince Said (J. Edward Bromberg), son of Mohammed Ali. Said would some day be Viceroy of Egypt, and his friendship would be useful. Ferdinand found Said was interested in learning to box. He offered to teach the Prince.



THE political situation in Paris caused the elder de Lesseps to return there, and Ferdinand was left in charge of the consulate. One day, while riding with Toni, he was trapped in a storm. When the rain ceased, the old Gulf of Pelucium was flooded. In a flash, he saw that it would be possible to connect the gulf with the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by a canal without locks.



ENTHUSIASTIC at the prospect of what the Suez Canal would mean to Egypt and to the world, Ferdinand laid his plan before the Viceroy. And there he received a setback. England, the aged ruler told him, would never permit it. She wanted no such valuable project controlled by another nation. But, a few days later, the old Viceroy promised to do his best to win approval if Ferdinand could raise the funds. Ferdinand was delighted.



BACK to Paris hurried Ferdinand, to lay his scheme before the governors of the Bank of France. They conceded that it had merit, but explained to young de Lesseps that, unless President Bonaparte approved, they could not undertake to finance the venture. Ferdinand had no love for Bonaparte, who had caused de Lesseps's transfer to Egypt to remove him from competition for the beautiful Princess Eugenie di Montijo. The ruse had worked, and while Ferdinand was away, Eugenie had married the President of the Republic. (To be continued.)

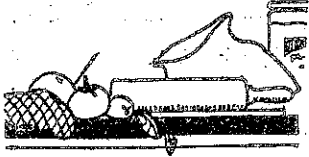
AUNT DAISY'S MAIL-BAG

THE first letter Aunt Daisy found in her mail-bag this week was one which had been forwarded to her by "Radio Normandie," for whom she recorded a series of "Aunt Daisy Session" during her stay in London.

"These sessions have been very successful," says Aunt Daisy, and I have had several letters from listeners asking for information about conditions in this country. You see, I gave them recipes which had been sent to me from such lovely places as Whangarei Heads,

Piha, the Bay of Islands, and so on; and I described the place as well as giving the recipe! I told them all about our session, too, and how it is really the means by which the women of New Zealand, from North Auckland to South Otago, help each other out in household difficulties, and share their little discoveries and favourite recipes, and send messages to their sick and elderly people.

"I can assure you that everybody at Home thought it a grand



idea. Even the operator who recorded the sessions was spell-bound, and kept on saying, 'Tell us some more, Aunt Daisy.' And now for the letter:—

Stuffed Onions

Dear Aunt Daisy,—Owing to visiting the dentist recently, I fear I missed your particular recipe on "How to make a cake on a gas ring." Perhaps you would be so good as to send me it. Doubtless, you will have heard of stuffed onions, but since we are always pleased to see them turn up as a winter's eve supper, I venture to pass on our method.

Prepare some large onions, by taking out the centre with an apple-corer, and stuffing with either fresh, minced or cold meat. Tuck in the ends of the cored centre (chopped in two). In the pan place a very little fat, then water—not much—as liquid comes out of the onions, and simmer them gently for about one and a half hours, taking care to see that the water doesn't boil away, thus burning the bottom of the pan.

May I say here, how much I have enjoyed, and benefited, from your talks.—Ethel Middleton (London SW8).

Of course, the "Radio Normandie" Service had already sent her a copy of the recipe—which was really our old friend "Fudge Fingers for Flat Dwellers." It was good of them, for they had to copy it down by playing the record. In case any of you haven't it, I append it now. Bring

to the boil a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, and one tablespoon of cocoa. Remove it from the fire, and add one well-beaten egg, one cup of chopped walnuts, and half a pound of round or vanilla wine biscuits, which have been broken into small pieces. Pat it down in a tin lined with grease-proof paper, to about three-quarters of an inch high. Put it in a cool place. When it is quite cold, it should be cut into fingers. It can be used at once, but it is better if it is left for two or three days. There is no oven-cooking you see.

Danish Cheese

Dear Aunt Daisy,—

I wonder if any of your Daisy Chain would be able to help. My husband is Danish, and he loves cheese. I always get the ordinary cheese in packets, but he is always saying that he would love some cheese that his mother used to make, with caraway seeds in it. He calls it Kommen Ost. If I could get the way to make it, I would love to give him some as a surprise. With all good wishes.—"Stella of Kingsland."

Well, I appealed to one of our staunch links in the chain—the "Old Bachelor." He is a retired chef, and comes from Denmark, as well. So I besought him to send me the recipe for Kommen Ost, and here it is.

"This is the method employed by the old-fashioned housewife in Denmark, in using sour milk. If a dish of milk turns sour, leave it to set for a day, or so, and then pour it into a colander lined with butter muslin. Hang it up and drain thoroughly for a day or so. It is important that it be well drained. Put the curds into a basin and flavour with salt, pepper, and a pinch of ground ginger. Mould it into shape, and leave it for a day or two. Put it back into the basin, and knead again, this time adding some caraway seeds and, perhaps, a little more salt. Mould this into the desired shape, and put away on a wooden slat to dry. This takes some time, from six to eight days, and it is necessary to turn the cheese several times and, if necessary, re-mould it. The longer these small cheeses are kept, the fuller-flavoured they become. They are at their best when dry enough to grate."

Thank you, "Old Bachelor"—what should we do without you? This is something like the German Earth Cheese, which someone sent in to me about the same time. I will give it to you, too.

Take two pints of fresh cream, and add to this a little salt and some caraway seeds, according to taste, and fill it into a muslin bag about the size of a handkerchief. Tie up

the bag, turning the ends back over the rest, and wrap the whole packet into a larger clean cloth. Now dig a hole in the garden, preferably in sandy soil, about a foot and a half deep. Bury the bag in this hole, but be sure to mark the spot well, for it would be sad to lose the cheese at this stage! Leave it buried for from six to eight days, according to the temperature—in the summer, it takes less time than in the winter. Then lift the cheese out. The moisture will have been absorbed by the soil, and there remains behind in the bag a delicious cream cheese which can be served without further preparation.

Navy Raincoats

Dear Aunt Daisy,—In answer to your SOS for renovating navy raincoats, I have tried this and found it most successful.

Take one cake of navy dye—a good dye—and make according to directions, for ordinary dyeing. Put a little in a saucer, and go all over the coat with the nailbrush, just rubbing it in evenly. It is quite easy to do, and very lasting, and does not come off even after heavy rain.

The remaining dye can be bottled for future use. Trusting this hint will prove of use to some one. I have had many useful hints from you, so am glad of this opportunity of passing one on.—"One on the Road" (Auckland).

Thank you very much for letting us know. It is always so reassuring to hear from someone who has actually been successful with a method.

Cleaning The Car

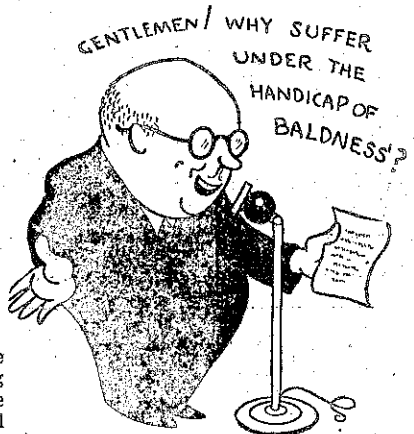
Dear Aunt Daisy,—I am writing to see if your Daisy Chain will help me. My husband has bought a second-hand car; it is very nice outside, but when you open the door you see that it is very badly soiled. It is a light grey plush, I think. It will take a lot of stuff to clean it, but I don't mind that.—"Auckland."

I suppose all the holiday makers who have been camping, and picnicking, find that their upholstery is rather grubby too—the children climb over the seats, and their little shoes and knees get a little dirty playing on the beach, and their fingers get sticky. So here are one or two ways you can all try. Make a pad with a soft cloth, dip it in turpentine, and rub this all over the dirty marks. Then another way is to dissolve some soap in warm water, let it get almost cool, and add a few drops of ammonia. Dip a soft rag in this, and rub all over the material. Of course, if the upholstery is velvet, or plush, you must be careful not to have the rag too wet, as it would spoil the pile. Then there is always carbon-tetra-chloride to fall back on. It is wonderful really, and will always remove grease without leaving a ring. It is not inflammable, either—in fact, quite the contrary—it is often used for putting out fires. One of the men at 22B told me that his motor bike caught fire once, and he had a large tin of carbon-tetra-chloride handy,

and so poured that over. When it is heated, it gives off a heavy gas which sinks down and excludes the air from the flames. Also, at most garages, you can get a patent spot remover, which will take out almost anything in the way of marks on motor-car upholstery.

Soap Went Wrong

Dear Aunt Daisy,—I'm away down here, and I am wondering if you can, and will, please help me. This problem is worrying me



Yes, television would have its disadvantages.

somewhat. You are usually the answer to puzzled folks' prayers, so here goes.

I made sixteen pounds of fat into soap a while ago, and evidently I didn't boil it enough, because the washing powder put in did not mix properly, and can be seen in lumps through the soap. That is not my problem, though. This is it. The soap is absolutely no good like it is. The recipe was a good, oft-tried one; I've made it since twice, and it has turned out all right. The first lot has no lather whatever, and is just like fat in the water. Useless! Now can you tell me of any way I can re-make it up? There is a way, I am sure. If you cannot help me, I'm going to put it out, but feel very wasteful every time I see it.—"Gladys" (Rakaia).

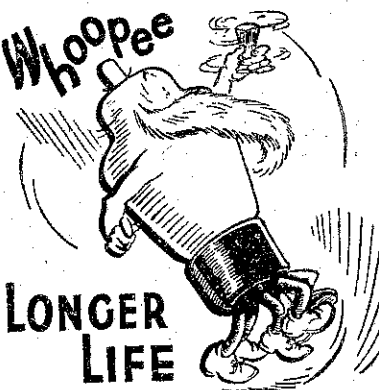
What can this lady do? Melt it all down with a little water, and re-boil, perhaps? Will somebody come to the rescue?

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