

Not Love Calls But Fight Challenges

The piercing shrieks and anguished howls of tom-cats, perched on roofs and walls at dead of night have disturbed the sleep of the human race right down the centuries. At last the scientists have realized that here is a problem that needs painstaking investigation. They are now trying to find out why tom-cats have to make such an unpleasant row.

It was formerly supposed that the howling was the tom-cat's love-call meant to attract a mate, but Dr. R. Aronson, an American investigator, refutes this theory.

He has spent countless evenings studying the behaviour of tom-cats, and has concluded that the weird and wonderful noise they make is to let other tom-cats know they are spoiling for a fight and are ready to take on any challenger.

As the tom-cat's war whoop shatters the still night air an answering call is often heard, beginning very low and rising quickly like a siren.

This is an acceptance of the challenge issued by some neighbouring battle-happy Tom.

Both the challenge and the acceptance are repeated again and again until the two tom-cats face each other at close quarters. Then the noise stops abruptly for one minute while the two fighters size each other up.

Suddenly there begins a period of scuffling, spitting, grunting, and anguished screams as the two furred warriors wade into battle. This only ends when one turns tail and flees.

Dr. Aronson claims that it is the sheer love of fighting that gives rise to these tom-cat conflicts.

He says it is just one curious trait in the "very strange social behaviour of cats which has not been extensively modified since they lived with the early Egyptians."

The presence of female cats seems to have nothing to do with it.

Dr. Aronson brought together a dozen large tom-cats and three female cats in one room. Challenges rang out and were accepted. One tom-cat sparred with another. Claws were bared and fur flew but neither victor nor vanquished took the slightest notice of the female cats.

These strolled casually about the battlefield, disdainfully stepping away from the fighting toms as the conflict flowed and ebbed.

Neither is the tom-cat's fighting spirit aroused by quarrels over food, as is often the case with dogs.

A mixed bag of cats, including several toms, was kept without food for thirty-six hours, by which time they were pretty hungry.

Herded together in one room they were each given a fried fish. The hungry animals patiently waited their turn, quivering with eagerness yet accepting their given portion without complaint or comparison.

Each found its own corner and ate the food. There was not a single fight. Nor did one cat try to steal from the other.

It was only after the meal had finished that the toms started howling their sleep-destroying challenges.



Jock's Pack To Back—Scottish Pvt. John Stitt, with British forces in Korea, uses a native "A" frame to carry his battle pack. Original caption did not state what, besides the furnishings for a five-room house, Jack has in his pack.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

I don't know if advice on how to get thin properly belongs in a Cookery Column; but this method has aroused so much interest among my friends since I spotted it a couple of weeks ago that I just cannot resist passing it along.

First I might explain that Cedric Adams, of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, is one of the most widely-read and frequently-quoted columnists in the business. So here is his weight-shedding recipe, exactly as it appeared.

Hey, Chubbies, I have just the thing for you—a two-day diet that will knock off eight pounds. But remember, there's no variation, no salt, no pepper and not even the thought of a cocktail. You can stand it for two days, can't you? This is what you eat: Breakfast—two soft boiled eggs and a cup of black coffee; lunch—all the broiled steak you can put away and black coffee; dinner—a dish of half a dozen stewed prunes. Bear in mind that your eggs must have no salt, no pepper, and the same goes for your steak. The diet is based on a chemical reaction, so don't go adding a piece of toast, a salad, a canape. Stick to the items listed for two days. Average weight loss is eight pounds. If you don't drop the maximum, your stomach will enjoy the rest, anyway.

Cleaning out some cupboard drawers the other day I came across a copy of an old Toronto news-

There isn't any. The quicker we get that straight the sooner we may get realistic about the shrinking food dollar.

Let's face it. The practical answer has a touch of austerity. Here it is without any meringue—more production, less spending money, and more time in the kitchen.

I know that from experience and my grey hair testifies to how many years I have lived through. Yes, I'll admit more time in the kitchen sounds fantastic today. But despite the rising tide of quick and easy dinners our habits must change in a state of emergency.

If we are going to make the shrinking food dollar do the job of keeping the nation strong, then men and women, both, must give more thought and time to feeding their families.

Let's talk about the men first. Husbands must be educated in current food costs. My father used to say, "What's good to eat, a man should have." He meant thick steaks and chops.

But few men today can have those things often. Take them shopping and they will get their eyes opened. Then they'll stop expecting women to serve the same kind of meals for the same budget as before.

I did that with my 26-year-old son. He's a big eater and had no conception of the jump in food costs. But he learned the hard way—at the butcher's counter. Now he



Beth Bailey McClean—She shops the butcher case "the same way I would window shop for my new spring outfit."

paper. A food store advertisement caught my eye and, that evening, I handed it to the man of the house without comment.

"Read 'em and weep," he said, after scanning the different items, "that must have been twenty-five or thirty years ago. When I showed him the date of the paper—January, 1941, or just a bit over ten years ago—he could hardly credit it. And it does seem hard to believe that only that comparatively short time back, we were offered foods such as the following.

Fresh Lamb Chops, Loin, 25 cents per pound; fresh Lamb Chops, Rib, 29 cents per pound; fresh Lamb Chops, Double Loin, 35 cents per pound; fresh Lamb Front, 17 cents per pound; Sugar-cured Smoked Ham, half or whole, 25 cents per pound; fresh Roasting Chickens, 25 cents per pound; fresh Capons, 28 cents per pound; fresh Boiling Fowl, 21 cents per pound; Rump Roast Beef, 25 cents per pound; Prime Rib Roast Beef, 25 cents per pound; special thick Sirloin Steak, 32 cents a pound; Beef Tenderloin, 59 cents per pound.

There were plenty more items, just as temptingly priced, but I'll desist before I have you all feeling too sorry for yourselves. "Read 'em and weep," indeed! However, today's prices are today's prices and, by all accounts likely to go even higher; there doesn't seem to be much we can do about it except keep stretching that food budget till it groans; which might be a good time to pass along to you some advice on the subject from the noted housekeeping expert, Beth Bailey McClean, who writes as follows:

Everybody wants an easy answer to rising food prices.

says, "Okay, Ma, you win. I'd rather have a big hamburger than a little steak at any time."

I think there should be a family conference every night on the next day's meals. Let men realize in advance what can and cannot be done with the food budget.

Let's not fool ourselves. The budgeteer's job of feeding a family adequately is getting tougher day by day. The time has passed when a woman can dash home from the office or a card game and run up a meal just before her husband gets home. At least, not unless she has an elastic budget. Any good meal that can be thrown together in a few minutes is bound to cost a lot more than one which takes planning and careful preparation. As the food dollar buys less, more time is needed to market. It is possible to keep the nutritional and taste standards up to normal with less money but only by a thorough study of all food values on sale.

I just returned from visiting a modern market where all meats are butchered beforehand, wrapped in cellophane and displayed in an open refrigerator case, marked for weight and price. There were 66 kinds and cuts in that case.

I spent a full half hour shopping that case, the same way I would window shop for my new spring outfit. That's what we all must do—shop the butcher's case to find the kind and cut which will be the best for our budget, taste, need of variety and cooking ability.

If you see an unfamiliar cut that looks good and is reasonable, learn how to cook it before you get the stove hot. Don't gamble with your skittish food dollars. Ignorance of modern cooking methods that conserve food values is costly.

Our way of life is changing under the pressure of a world crisis.

THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

Want some good advice about how to make sure of bountiful crops this year? All right, here it is.

"On the day when the seed breaks through the ground, say a prayer to the Goddess of Field Mice and other Vermin that might harm your grain."

Let me hasten to explain that this advice does NOT come from our Agricultural Experts on Capitol Hill or Queen's Park. It is from what is supposed to be the oldest Farm Bulletin in existence—a 3700-year-old document recently unearthed by archaeologists working in Iraq.

The ancient Bulletin told the farmers of that bygone day how to sow their crops, how to irrigate, how to harvest and—as already stated—what to do about the vermin problem. It was discovered near Nippur, in Iraq, and was written in cuneiform script on a clay tablet. The language is Sumerian, which can be translated by only a dozen or so scholars in all the world. So far as I know the complete text hasn't been published as yet; but here are some of the highlights.

Seeding, of course, was mostly by hand in those times; so "Keep an eye on the man who puts in the seed, and have him put the seed in the ground uniformly two fingers deep," advises the Bulletin.

Still, it can't have been all hand-work because, in another section, the Bulletin tells of a seeder, which seems to have been a plough with an attachment which carried the seed from a container, through a narrow funnel, down into the furrow.

They seem to have had four different types of furrows, but there is no information, so far, as to the exact nature of each. But the farmer was told to plough eight furrows to each strip of nineteen-and-a-half feet of ground.

Naturally, in that sort of climate, irrigation was highly important; and the Bulletin says that "it is time to irrigate when the grain has grown so that it fills the narrow bottom of the furrows." The farmer was also advised to take great care, when the grain was ready for harvesting, that it didn't bend under its own weight.

The Bulletin concludes with a piece of advice which is just as alive and useful today as it was almost

That means many of our fixed eating habits and inherited food prejudices must do a fade-out if good eating is to survive.

Go find recipes for the more abundant and therefore cheaper foods even though you have rarely used them. Learn how to prepare good dishes using the humble lamb shank, the oxtail or veal knuckle. Take a flier in meals planning by using kidneys, heart, tripe and other meat specialties that cost less but carry their full quota of nutrition and potential fine flavour.

Don't worry too much about the menfolk. After a few educational trips to the market with you they will lose some of their attitude about what they will and will not eat. Furthermore, many of them do eat these foods at their restaurants at lunch time and seem to like them. Better ask the restaurant how to cook them.

Does this practicality of mine sound uninspired when civilization is being threatened? Well, I can't help getting more and more practical as the news gets worse.

You see, I don't excite easily.

four thousand years ago. "Cut your grain at the right moment" the Sumerian farmer was told. Just how to tell when the precisely right moment arrives isn't explained. Probably the Iraq grain raiser had to figure that out for himself—even as you and I.

Forest fires are bad enough, as we all know, and thousands of square miles of our Canadian bushland prove. But according to the Agricultural News our forests have an enemy even more deadly than fire, and infinitely more difficult to fight against. This enemy is the gigantic army of forest insects which destroy millions of cords of our precious and fast-dwindling timber every year.

Here are just a few examples of the damage that has already been done.

The spruce budworm has attacked 300,000 square miles of forest land in Canada in what is considered epidemic proportions. In the last 10 years this insignificant-looking caterpillar cost the country 12,000,000,000 cords of wood.

In the same 10-year period the spruce saw fly destroyed 1,000,000,000 cubic feet of timber over an area of 150,000 square miles. The birch dieback infected some 300,000 square miles—an area as large as New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Alberta and Prince Edward Island combined. Recently, a warning was issued by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests that the forest tent caterpillar will be more widespread in the province this year.

The federal government, provincial forestry departments and private industries have done considerable work fighting this menace. Forest insect laboratories have been built. Infested areas have been

sprayed with insecticides from the air. Proper forest management is being taught.

But the battle is just beginning and every Canadian should be prepared to pitch in and share in the protection of one of the richest natural resources he possesses. One way is to report to the nearest forestry official any new infestation. Another is to support such legislation as the Canada Forestry Act which will permit closer co-operation between federal and provincial forest services.

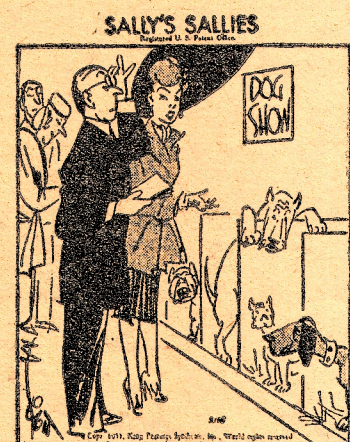
Mr. Forsythe was visibly distressed as he staggered into the clubhouse. "What's the matter?" asked a member sympathetically.

"I've just killed my wife," said Forsythe.

"Good Heavens! How did you do that?"

"I was over on the practice tee and didn't see her coming up behind me. I took a back swing and hit her on the head. She dropped dead."

"That's tough," said the other member. "What club were you using?"



"I entered her so she could meet some of her Society sisters."

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