CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, friends, how goes it with you? Have you settled down to the fact that we are pretty well launched on another year, and have you greeted it with a song in your heart, or accepted it with foreboding—or, just accepted it? Maybe like us, you have been too busy to even attempt much in the way of speculation as to what 1947 may bring forth.

You know I really like January and February. The first of the year we can enjoy Christmas and all its excitement in retrospect; we can let our minds relax and we can take time to catch up on the things that the festive season crowded out. There are always plenty of odd jobs that have to be looked after, isn't that so? I know my mending basket, if it could speak for itself, would surely shout to the housetops—"You said it!" All right—all right, M.B. — I know you are just about bursting with socks and stockings. Matter of fact, until yesterday I thought I would have to do something about it, and then in the mail, came a present for Bob—four pairs of socks. Yes, a present for him but a reprieve for me.

* * *

What have I been doing? Well, what does anyone do after having the house full of friends and relations? You know only too well, don't you? Unfortunately the weatherman was definitely against me. Last Tuesday morning for instance, there was water on the stove, hot and waiting for the huge washing I had promised myself would be done. But when we got up the power was off and we started the day with candles. By nine o'clock it was on again and away we went, the washing machine and I, trying to make up for lost time. But at eleven o'clock off went the power again for nearly an hour—and two more tubfuls still to go. By the time I was through the weather was really roughing it up. So much so that it was two days before the sheets could be hung outside and the small stuff of course, had to be dried in the house. What with ironing and mending it was the end of the week before that wash was out of the way. And how we women like a job that hangs around like that! But save the mark—I still see that pile of socks even from where I sit. Something tells me I should move the basket.

Partner had plenty of extra work at the barn too. Shovelling snow and pushing milk cans out to the road. (I forgot to tell you, we are back in the milk business again. The dairy was short of milk so we were asked to come to the rescue).

* * *

Another of my problems was how to get to town. The lane was impassable. Bob leaves the car at the road at night and is away with it all day. I don't want it when roads are bad anyway. But I just had to get down to the bank. So, one day, when it wasn't so cold I started hoofing it. Started, yes, and finished it too! Soon after leaving our gate I heard a car behind me. I looked back hopefully. I didn't exactly stick my thumb out because I thought my beseeching look would be enough. But not a bit of it. That car went whizzing by as if I didn't exist. And in it were two MEN, they certainly were not gentlemen. Or were they? Maybe they were gentlemen and had an idea I wasn't a lady. And maybe they were right because the thoughts I had of them after they had passed were certainly not those of a lady. My faith in the milk of human kindness having received such a jolt I hired a taxi to bring me home.

* * *

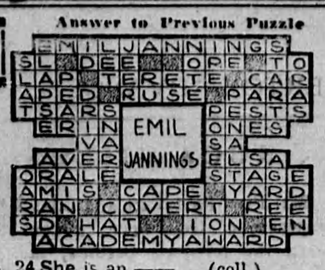
Here is a very different little incident which may give some of you an idea if you should be visiting in a home where there is only one woman to do the work of a big house. Before she left, the last of my visitors took the vacuum cleaner and gave, not only her own room, but all the rooms upstairs a thorough going-over. Believe me, such thoughtfulness was a tremendous help and was certainly very much appreciated.

* * *

And here is a thought on our new citizenship status. When we think of ourselves as Canadians we might also remember that we share that honour equally with all others who qualify as Canadian citizens. The Jewess who rides with us on the street car; the Frenchman on the train; the Italian at the corner fruit store; the Chinaman at the restaurant: the porter who carries our bag through the subway; they too, are CANADIAN CITIZENS. Properly speaking I should refer to them only as Canadians but to make my point clear I thought it necessary to mention their racial origin.

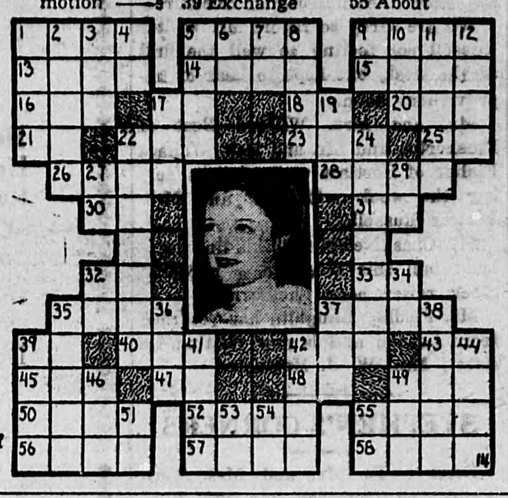
Movie Actress

Answer to Previous Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1,5 Pictured screen actress
9 Chief
13 Christmas carol
14 Musical sound
15 Against
16 East southeast (ab.)
17 Palm lily
18 Weight (ab.)
20 Number
21 Us
22 Standard of value
23 Ocean
25 Myself
26 Slide
28 High cards
30 Alternating current (ab.)
31 Transpose (ab.)
32 Ruthenian (symbol)
33 Daybreak (comb form)
35 Nee
37 Inquires
39 Senior (ab.)
40 Dine
42 Twice
43 Tantalum (symbol)
45 Grief
47 Italian river
48 Paid notice
49 Auricle
50 Ventilates
52 Close
55 Leave out
56 Small plot of ground
57 Withered
58 Pelts

VERTICAL
1 Afresh
2 Organs of smell
3 Born
4 Morindin dye
5 Mix
6 Toward
7 Half-em
8 Current events
9 Mother
10 Insect
11 News notes
12 Five and four
17 Strike lightly
19 Beverage
22 She plays in motion —s
24 She is an —— (coll.)
27 Louisiana (ab.)
29 Erbium (symbol)
32 International language
34 Sign of approval
35 Grill
36 Short sleep
37 Help
38 Step
39 Exchange
41 Units of weight
42 Nude
44 Skills
46 Age
49 Australian bird
51 Street (ab.)
53 Electrical engineer (ab.)
54 Measure of area
55 About



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

A good many of the young fry are guilty of being inconsiderate and impolite. An elderly lady told me that last week and, as I mentioned, I am going to try to straighten out the situation by pointing out some of our evil habits and how best to remedy them.

First of all, we are noisy in public—by that I mean in theatres and restaurants. We chew gum in church. The boys fail to doff their hats to ladies and the girls greet their elders with a smack of the bubble gum. Oh yes, and we crowd people off the street and we dress too sloppily. Oh my gosh, we're awful.

* * *

I agree partly with the above criticisms, but not altogether. Why, I know a fellow on our street and he's very polite. For myself and inconsideration: I think my worst habit is that of waiting until there is a lull in conversation and then blowing my snozz—raising everyone about two feet off their chairs. I often drown out Jim Hunter with a blasting honk that makes my father turn blood-red with anger. I don't wipe my feet and I leave pop's electric shaver sitting around instead of putting it back in the case. (Okay, okay, even peach fuzz looks better trimmed). Being honest about it, the most of us could find a number of faults that would be better left in some ash can.

* * *

Here are a few suggestions that should help to make us better ladies and gentlemen:

1. If wishing to speak to a friend in a theatre or restaurant, use a megaphone and get it over with in a hurry—this saves a lot of repeating and things get back to normal sooner.

2. Never chew gum in church. It may give the minister the idea you are cursing under your breath. Park it behind your ear or on the vestibule door and collect same on the way out. Above all don't put it under the seat—you may forget it and the gum is still hard to buy.

3. In regard to dressing, we could smooth out a little. Especially the boys. Let your pant cuffs down —your legs don't look that nice, and wear your hats right side out. People may mistake you for a character from Mars.

4. Girls should try to remember that a greeting mixed with a smack of bubble gum could sound like anything. Please don't do that.

5. And last, about herding down the street like a load of runaway elephants. When meeting an older person on the sidewalk, step smartly into single file until all danger is passed. This gives the pedestrian a much better chance of making the home portals without loss of limb —or even of life.

Well, I think Uncle Barry has covered the situation fairly well. I may have left out a few items, but if the above are watched more closely. I'm sure the nation will receive us with more pomp and dignity, and what could be better than being received with more pomp and dignity.

* * *

I hope you have been out enjoying the snow and the wonderful skiing. Pushing cars out of drifts and shovelling until the back felt like it would fold has really been worth it.

The second time I was out on skis this winter, I almost landed in the hospital—that may be a bit exaggerated, but it lends colour. I was showing off in front of Susie. She was climbing up the hill as I was coming down. As I passed her I took a bow and doffed my hat, my right ski went through the crust sending me spinning like a top and landing me neatly on my head. Susie thought I had been taking lessions from some acrobat. My ski strap was broken (costing me 75c) and my ankle twisted, which only proves that showing-off should be done in the front parlour or some safe place.

* * *

The other day I chanced to call at a friend's house as he was putting the finishing touches on a bird house. He showed me two others he had just finished from boards. The one I liked was made from a limb of basswood. It was about four inches long and about four inches across. He had split the wood and bark down through the middle, hollowed it out and then nailed it back together. It had a flat-board base and roof; and a twig for a perch, in front of the entrance. You may be looking for something to do on a winter evening, and what could be more interesting than building a bird house. They add beauty to your home and surroundings and offer a splendid way for fattening the pocket book. Almost every family is in the market for a new bird house —or dog house, so get busy and make your stay-at-home nights profitable.

Over-Exertion

Warning against over-exertion and strain at work or play is contained in a health bulletin from Ottawa. "You wouldn't expect a row-boat to tow a battleship, so why ask your body to tax itself with tasks only a horse should perform?" ask National Health experts. They advise care in lifting and moving heavy objects.

FOR THAT COLD RUB IN...

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

... TABLE TALKS ...

Flavourful Soups

Meat soups, that is soups made with bones and meat trimmings, not too much fat please, and pea soup are best if cooked slowly, really simmered for a long time The meat and bones are covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then simmered for two, three or four hours. Whole vegetables like carrots, onions, turnips, celery stalks and leaves may be put in with the meat for added flavour. The stock obtained can be easily clarified by adding crushed egg shells, bringing the stock to the boil and then straining it through cheese cloth. From the stock, which should be kept in a closed container in a cool place, a great many varieties of soups can be prepared.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture give recipes to make meat stock and to use it.

Beef Stock

2 lbs. meat trimmings with bones
3 small carrots
3 small onions
3 stalks celery
2 quarts water—cold
¼ teaspoon whole peppercorns
½ bay leaf
1 spray of thyme or
⅛ teaspoon dried thyme
1 sprig parsley
Salt and pepper to taste

..Put beef, carrots, onions, celery and water in kettle and bring slowly to a boil. Tie spices and herbs in cheesecloth bag , add with parsley to soup mixture and simmer, covered for two hours. Strain. Yield: 6 cups.

Russian Beet Soup

3 large beets (3 cups peeled and finely shredded or chopped)
6 cups meat stock
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper to taste
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice

To the prepared beets add 2 cups stock and cook 15 minutes. Add remaining stock and cook until the beets are soft — about 30 minutes. Add butter and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add sugar and vinegar or lemon juice and allow soup to simmer for at least 20 minutes. Six servings.

Note: 1 tablespoon sour cream may be added to each plate of soup. This soup may be made with vegetable or poultry stock instead of beef stock.

Barley Broth

1 quart meat stock
1 tablespoon white navy beans
1 tablespoon turnip, diced
1 tablespoon carrot, diced
1 medium onion, chopped
½ cup pot barley

Add beans to cold bouillon or stock, bring to boiling point and add veegtables and barley. Cover and simmer 1½ hours. Season to taste. Makes about 5 cups.

Chicken Gumbo

1 small onion, finely chopped
2 tablespoons chicken fat
2 tablespoons flour
4 cups chicken stock
1 cup cooked chicken, finely chopped
½ cup canned corn
2 cups canned tomatoes or tomato juice
Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Cook onion slowly in chicken fat for about 5 minutes. Blend in flour. Add stock and other ingredients, seasoning to taste. Bring to boiling point and simmer for ½ hour. Serves eight.

Trade With Former Enemy Countries

Resumption of trade with former enemy countries must be considered and considered immediately, states the Windsor Star. This question of German and Japanese trade is not one of generosity to beaten foes. It has a distinct economic bearing on world prosperity. So far as Canada is concerned, it must plan on buying from these two countries, as well as selling to them. The alternative is to relegate them to a permanent status of serfdom, and to leave them out of the picture as if they did not exist at all. Such a course has been considered, but only briefly. It soon became apparent that any such policy could not safely be countenanced.

Flying at Speed Of Over 750 M.P.H.

In tracing the evolution of flight at supersonic speeds Brig. Gen. Malcolm C. Grow predicted at Cambridge, Mass., last week that probably would be necessary to refrigerate the cockpit because the heat generated by friction of a plane's "skin" at a speed of over 750 miles an hour is more than enough to boil water, states the New York Times. The general had military planes in mind. Also important is the matter of escape. The maximum naked windblast that a man can withstand is reached at about 500 miles an hour, which can easily be exceeded now. Unless the whole person is encased in a capsule the air blast at supersonic speed would burst lungs, cut and distort faces and possibly break arms and legs.

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Pop—Torture

By J. MILLAR WATT