CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last Wednesday Bob and I drove to Malton and we were just in time to see the back of Barbara Ann Scott's fur coat disappear through the doorway of a Trans-Canada plane en route to Ottawa. It was a very nice coat!

What a difference a few minutes can make. "Just five minutes more" and we would have seen Barbara Ann just fine as there were very few people at the airport other than the official send-off committee.

* * *

We did so want to get a close-up view of her, particularly as we wanted to see if she were as natural and unaffected as she appears in the press pictures and reports — and which I think is her greatest charm. But while we were disappointed it just couldn't be helped. We left home in lots of time—that is for normal driving conditions. But we found they were anything but! Really the roads were terrible. In places the snowbanks were so high it was more like driving through a tunnel. Then there were parts of the road that were flooded and if neither of these conditions existed then the road was so full of pot-holes it would have made our bones rattle had they not been so well covered! Had we driven fast enough to reach Malton on time I am sure the old Model A would have disintegrated on the way. And we couldn't take a chance on that — not even to see the world's champion skater. Not these days we couldn't.

But we had a nice drive home as we stuck to the highways, on the theory that in this case the longest way around would be the shortest way home. Going over we drove across country. May I be forgiven if I say—"And how!"

All the side roads we passed were open but the ploughs must have done some awful shoving in places. Our own lane is still blocked, up near the house. It wouldn't be but for the fact that the snow piled up higher than the snow fence. Of course it could be dug out but Partner always thinks the snow gets away quicker during a thaw if it has been left alone. And by the way, we are really learning the value of snow fencing. It not only keeps the snow back but it also prevents flooding. In a thaw the water stays behind the snowbank and gets away underneath it without any fuss or inconvenience.

* * *

You know I can hardly believe that spring is almost upon us. The winter has seemed unbelievably short. I was telling Partner the other day that I would really enjoy the winter if it were not for the weather. And if there were a few more hours in each day I would be even better satisfied.

* * *

Oh dear, the radio is just telling us about the dreadful floods raging in England and Scotland right now. And we know so well what those floods can do and the rapidity with which they can rise. I remember going to see the floods about two miles from home when I was about ten years old. While I gazed in fascination at the swollen waters of the Stour River, flooding the low-lying houses on its banks, the streets behind me were suddenly flooded too and my way home was cut off. I had to wait until a temporary bridge was erected. That would be quite an adventure for me in those days.

* * *

You know I have often thought of those houses and the people living in them. The same thing happened almost every spring. The people knew it and yet as soon as the waters subsided they were back in their homes again, cleaning up the mess and counting the cost. What makes people act that way? Is it indifference to danger or love of taking a chance. Maybe we all have a bit of the gambler's spirit if we did but know it. One of the commonest ways of tempting providence these days is trying to beat one's gas supply. Why? Do we gain anything by it even supposing we win? And we are far more likely to lose. And it certainly costs more to have gas brought to a stranded car than to buy it at a gas station. I know because I have had it happen once. Like so many other people I took a chance. I knew my supply was low but for some unexplainable reason I didn't want to stop until I reached Hamilton. And then, how stupid I felt!

* * *

And do you know what? I am just about freezing because I took a chance on not looking after the furnace until I would be through with this bit of typing.

Works Both Ways

The little moppet upon going to bed always insisted that her bedroom door remain open. "Is it because you want to let the light in?" asked her mother. "No," came the amazing response, "it's to let out the dark."

Canadian Art Marches On

The oldest existing art society in Canada opened its 75th Annual Exhibition of members' and non-members' work on March 7th at the Art Gallery of Toronto and was attended by a record crowd of 1400 people. At the end of this month a representative collection from the exhibition will begin a tour of other cities in the Dominion.

The Ontario Society of Artists has broken many a lance for the arts and artists of this country since its first exhibition in 1872. The Royal Canadian Academy was organized at an O.S.A. meeting in 1870 and the development of a National Gallery, Art Gallery of Toronto and Ontario College of Art is the result of tireless effort of the Society.

Catholicity in Style

The O.S.A. Annual Exhibition is NOT a members show (a fact that is too often misinterpreted) but an opportunity open to all painters and sculptors in Canada to submit their works along with members of the society for selection by the Selection and Hanging Committee. A new jury is elected each year. It is their responsibility not only to select some 150 works from an average of 500 works submitted but to uphold the highest possible standard in painting and sculpture from the academic to the abstract. It is both interesting and encouraging to note that over 50 per cent of the work accepted and hung each year is the work of non-members.

Contribution to Art Libraries

A limited number of a very handsome and important catalogue commemorating this 75th Exhibition is now available through The Ryerson Press, 299 Queen West, Toronto. (Thin cover—60c, Stiff cover with spine—$1.00) Besides containing 18 reproductions of the contemporary work, the retrospective section of the exhibition from 1872 is covered by the first complete history and aims of the Society by L. A. C. Panto, R.C.A., O.S.A.

Badminton was played in India before it became popular in England in the 19th century.

CANADIAN STYLE

It's a far cry from the shapeless Mother Hubbard of yesteryear, this crisp Helen Morgan cotton house frock. Buttoned down the front, it has a narrow self belt and a perky bow tie at the neckline.

U. S. Naval Air Unit

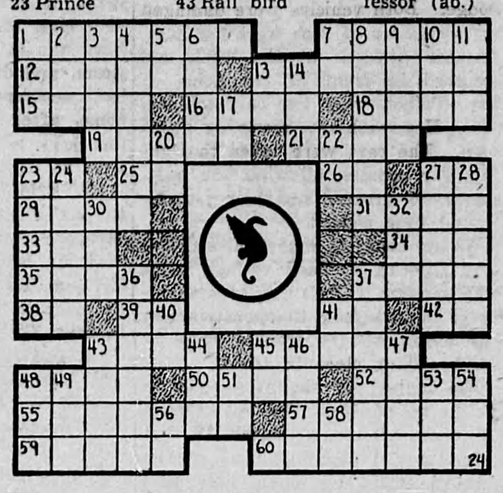
Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Depicted is insigne of —— Scouting Squadron —, U. S. naval aviation
12 Pilots
13 Tips
15 Coarse file
16 Leaping creature
18 Roster
19 Was sick
21 Limbs
23 Epistle (ab.)
25 Therefore
26 Whirlwind
27 Mother
29 Abundant
31 Snare
33 Self
34 Age
35 Lampreys
37 Equal
38 Right (ab.)
39 Symbol for tellurium
41 Father
42 Street (ab.)
43 Vended
45 Employers
48 Leo
50 Present month (ab.)
52 Pain
55 Rivers
57 Command
59 Irritate
60 Diminished

VERTICAL

1 Vehicle
2 Narrow inlet
3 Bear
4 Devilish
5 Symbol for selenium
6 Grafted (her)
7 Transpose (ab.)
8 Defensive head covering
9 Portuguese money of account
10 Abstract being
11 East (Fr.)
13 Symbol for calcium
14 Girl's name
17 Alleged force
20 Behold!
22 Universal language
23 Prince
24 Sound in Washington
27 Female horses
28 Separated
30 Mountain pass
32 Scottish sheepfold
36 Rocks
37 Pompous show
40 Cloth measure
41 Hebrew letter
43 Rail bird
44 Obscure
45 We
46 Portico
47 Disfigurement
48 Type of boat
49 Native of (suffix)
51 Nova Scotia (ab.)
53 Hasten
54 Conclusion
56 One (Scot.)
58 Regius Professor (ab.)



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Have you ever found yourself in hot water over an innocent book title? Was a book title ever responsible for you being kicked out of your girl friend's house? Well, I'm in trouble—plenty. With Susie and her pop and it all goes back to a book title.

Last night at Susie's, we were sitting around shooting the guff, with nothing else to do, and I happened to mention that someone had left a copy of Betty MacDonald's "The Egg and I" at our place. This immediately brought forth the bright idea of boiling some eggs and painting them for Easter. It was my bright idea.

"You get the eggs out from the bottom of the cupboard while I look for my old box of paints," suggested Susie.

I found six eggs in a bowl, and while Susie was rummaging around in the hall closet, I put them in a pan of water. After ten minutes at boiling point, I figured they were hard enough.

"We can give them to the neighbor's kids," offered Susie, returning with a battered box of paints.

We then mixed several colors in a cup of water and dipped the eggs. After this we painted stripes of yellow, green and red on them, set them back in the bowl and put them away in the cupboard to dry.

* * *

Everything was fine. We talked of the days when the kids used to look for Easter bunnies and how our parents would hide Easter eggs and on Easter morning we would hunt all over the house for them.

"The kids next door will have a great time when they find them," said Susie, "they'll probably try to eat shells and all."

Our conversation was interrupted by a voice from the kitchen: "I'm hungry, where's my supper?"

"It's just pop," whispered Susie, "he's late getting home tonight."

"For crying out loud, what's happened to these eggs?" roared a voice from the kitchen.

"Oh my gosh," yelped Susie, "pop's on a diet of eggs, and we've used them all."

* * *

We hurried into the kitchen, both quaking at the knees. Her pop, flushed from anger, was bending over the kitchen table, examining the colored eggs. He looked up as we entered, and the gleam in his eye made me quiver inside.

"Whose—whose idea was this?" he demanded, "all I can eat is eggs and I come home hungry to find these—these," his words died amidst coughs and sputters.

"Barry thought it would be—".

"You," he cut in, "I might have known. If you aren't stuck in the driveway, you need a jack to fix a tire. Every time you come around here something happens."

"I—I didn't know about the diet," I gasped. "Honestly we only painted the eggs for something to do, to put in the time."

* * *

Her father sank into a chair, muttering and stroking his forehead.

"Run next door and try to borrow two eggs," ordered Susie.

I ran next door, and to the next and the next. Finally at the fourth house, the lady let me have a can of powdered eggs.

"Did you have any luck?" asked Susie, as I came in out of breath.

"There's four eggs in there," I replied, handing her the can.

She got a bowl and started to take off the lid. Her father watched closely. As the lid came off and the powder started to come out, he roared at me, "Another of your smart alec tricks. Get out! get out!"

Susie followed me to the door. She was mad too.

"That was stupid of you," she said, "now I'll get it for letting you go to get the eggs." No use trying to explain, I thought.

* * *

On the way home, I thought of the evening's events. Do other guys get into trouble like I do, I wondered. Jeepers, I'm always in a mess. I know what I'll do. I'll take up a dozen eggs tomorrow night and that will fix me with her pop.

As I walked in the front door, I noticed a book lying on the table. "The Egg and I" was the title. Browsing through it, I noted the trouble the author had had with chickens and eggs. On the cover was a picture of the author. You and your eggs, I grumbled and trudged off to bed.

Rocket Precautions

Australia is tightening security precautions for the rocket experiment range in central Australia.

This move is an attempt to prevent repetition of the Canadian atom spy experience, when a number of persons were convicted of spying for the Soviet Union, Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, Minister for External Affairs, told the House of Representatives at Canberra, Australia.

... TABLE TALKS ...

... Buy By Grade ...

Grading of foods under Dominion Government supervision and marking of packages so that the consumer may buy by grade, is of definite assistance to the Canadian homemaker. Grading is of value to her whether she knows about grade regulations or not, but infinitely more so when she knows the grades for various products and looks for the grade mark before buying.

We in Canada enjoy a special privilege. Canada is the only country in the world where so many foods are regularly graded and marked for the retail buyer.

The slogan "Buy by grade—buy with confidence", has been adopted by the Dominion Department of Agriculture and the Home Economists of the Consumer Section say that real economy as well as satisfaction is the reward for buying by grade.

Eggs sold in Canada are graded. The highest grade A1 eggs are the finest quality obtainable. These are not always available and are of course high in price. Grade A eggs are also of excellent quality. Both these grades have firm jellylike white which hold its shape. They are therefore perfect for poaching or frying as well as cooking in the shell. Grades B and C—have less firm whites which spread when the shell is broken.

Some homemakers boast that they always buy the best. Grading of commercially canned fruit and vegetables makes it better buying in many cases to use the lower grade. To have the most suitable product for the special purpose, and at a low cost, is real economy. Fancy Quality canned fruits and vegetables are as nearly perfect as possible and therefore are to be used where appearance is important. Company desserts or salads are beautiful when fancy products are used. For family use in regular meals Choice Quality products are very satisfactory as they are good in appearance and tender and flavourful but not necessarily uniform in size or colour of pieces. Standard quality lacks uniformity. Pieces may be broken but food value is equal to the higher grades.

Baked Crispy Pears

6 canned pears (Choice quality)
¾ cup corn or wheat flakes
6 teaspoons red jelly (apple or red currant)
½ cup juice from pears

Drain pears—roll each piece in cereal flakes, place hollow side up in a greased baking dish. In centre of each put 1 teaspoon of jelly. Pour juice around pears. Bake in a moderately hot oven 375 deg. F. 15 minutes or until browned.

Corn and Cheese Souffle

4 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese
4 egg yolks
2 cups corn (Standard quality)
4 egg whites

Melt fat, add flour, salt and pepper. Add grated cheese and stir until melted. Pour over beaten egg yolks, add corn and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased casserole. Oven-poach in a moderate oven 350 deg. F. until set—about 50 minutes. Serves six.

Communists Claim 17,009,000 in World

Communists throughout the world now total 17,009,000 delegates to the Conference of British Empire Communist Parties were told in London, England.

Charts prepared by the Communist Party of Great Britain and displayed at Conference headquarters said 56 countries had parties which, though not necessarily calling themselves Communist, were based on the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin.

Soviet Russia, the charts said, has 6,000,000 Communists, Italy, 2,200,000, the United States, 74,000, and Great Britain 43,000.

Headache? Instantine BRINGS FAST RELIEF!
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"Why Didn't I Do This Before!"

If your nose ever fills up with stuffy transient congestion—next time put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Quickly congestion is relieved, breathing is easier. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is to relieve distress of head colds. Try it! Works fine! You'll like it!
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

RICH, SPICY CINNAMON BUNS

Recipe

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in ½ c. lukewarm water; add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let mixture stand 10 min. Then stir well. Scald ½ c. milk, add 3 tbs. shortening, ¼ c. sugar, ½ tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add 1 c. sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Add 2½ c. sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly, place in greased bowl. Cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light punch dough down; roll out into oblong piece, about ¼" thick. Brush with 3 tbs. melted shortening or butter. Sprinkle with ¾ c. brown sugar, 1½ tsps. cinnamon, ½ c. raisins. Roll up lengthwise in a tight roll; cut in 1" slices. Place cut-side up, 1" apart in greased shallow baking pan. Cover; let rise in warm place until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 425°F. oven about 20 minutes.

REG'LAR FELLERS—Endurance Test

By GENE BYRNES