CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last week we were worrying about floods, this week we are hugging the hot air registers—and tomorrow is April 1. Next week... well, who can tell about next week? The most we can do is look at our coal bin and hope for the best.

* * *

Second Niece is staying with us for a long week-end and I'm thinking she may feel she has been given a cold reception. And it's all on account of the coal bins. Not because we cannot get coal but because Partner wants to rebuild the bins—and how could he do that if they were half full of coal?

So we are scratching up the residue of the winter's supply, using some Pocohontas, some cinders, and a bit of wood. That, my friends, is what we are doing from choice and to suit our own convenience but very often when I am scratching away down in the cellar I visualize the same condition in England—but there it is from necessity. Thank heaven, for the sake of the folks over there, that we can soon say "The year's at the spring."

* * *

The spring . . .England in the spring! Narrow country lanes; hedgerows dotted with primroses and sweet scented violets; the woods fragrant and gloriously coloured with a thick carpet of bluebells. Lambs frisking in the pasture; cows lazily browsing alongside gently flowing rivers that wend their way through blue-green meadows. Apple trees in bloom, in vivid shades of pink more like the peach blossom in Canada.

That is England in April—and I suppose it is as natural for a person knowing England to remember it, "now that April's here" as it is for a Canadian-born person to associate Canada with the first clean snow of early winter.

* * *

Not but what Canada is also lovely in the spring but when spring lingers over-long one is apt to remember other countries where flowers may already be in bloom.

Excuse me . . . I've got to do a bit more scratching in the coal bin. I'm just about freezing.

Ah, that's better—now. I'm thawed out, we can carry on.

Partner and I are in the fashion these days—we both have terrific colds. Bob had it first, and, like the generous boy he is, he brought it home and shared it with us.

* * *

Do you know, sometime if I get mad enough, I am liable to throw a heavy book-end through two of our living-room windows. And the reason? Well, from where I am sitting I look through the three lower panes of one window and the middle one is fine but the other two just about put me cross-eyed. You see the middle pane is comparatively new—I think if I remember rightly Bob put a baseball through the old one—but the other two have probably been on since the house was built, and that is a long, long time ago. One pane makes the cross-bars on the hydro poles look double and the other gives everything a permanent wave. Which just goes to show how the quality of manufactured glass has improved even in this decade. And that, of course, is true of so many things.

* * *

As to that I think we get a much better understanding of the advantages of the age in which we live by reading books that carry us back in detail to the day when the telephone was a novelty, bathrooms almost unheard of and medical science unbelievably crude.

I have just finished reading two such books—"The Man Miss Susie Loved" and "Miss Susie Slagle." They have as their background the founding of the famous Johns Hopkins University.

* * *

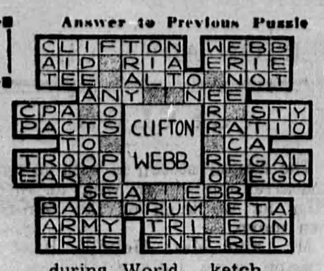
The foregoing was written last night—and then I went to bed. But not to sleep. I took the worst chills I ever remember. I stuck it out until 5.30 then I wakened Partner and asked him if he would get me a hot cup of tea. He got up and in a little while was back, but not with tea. It was hot whisky and water that he brought! I turned away in disgust, but there was no moving Partner. He stood over me and made me drink the blame stuff. Believe me I am ready to sign the pledge any day. Imagine drinking that by choice! But I must confess it did the trick. I was warm at last and eventually the fever broke. By noon I was up although just sitting around. Tomorrow I expect to be as good as new.

Blissful Ignorance

People who are busy writing Britain's obituary notices, said Mr. Chuter Ede, the British Home Secretary, recently, should remember what the French Marshal Soult wrote to his master Napoleon, reporting his defeat at the battle of Albuera: "I had the English beaten. They were such fools. They did not know it, and they declined to run."

French Statesman

Answer to Previous Puzzle

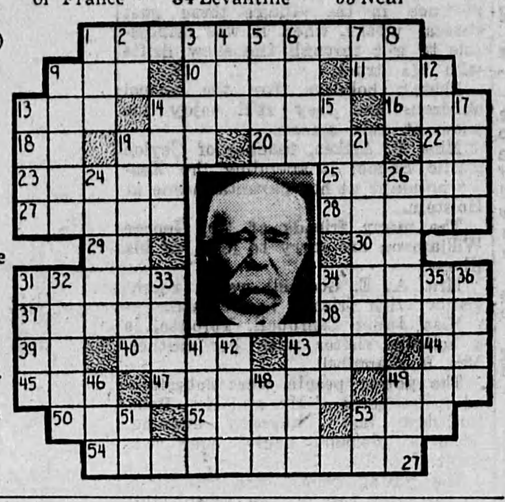


HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured former French statesman. Georges ——
9 And
10 Operatic solo
11 Inquire
13 Steal
14 Publishes
16 Compass point
18 Part of "be"
19 Dance step
20 Royal Italian family name
22 Babylonian deity
23 Draws closer
25 Penetrate
27 Onagers
28 Posts
29 I am (contr.)
30 Coast Guard (ab.)
31 Wireless
34 Stairs
37 Prince
38 Eagle's nest
39 Symbol for selenium
40 Storm
43 Disencumber
44 French article
45 Powerful explosive (ab.)
47 Of Lamaism
49 Goddess of dawn
50 Diamond-cutter's cup
52 Mohammedan priest
53 Skill
54 Covenants

VERTICAL

1 Male swan
2 Behold!
3 God of war
4 Silkworm
5 Number
6 Feline animals
7 Rough lava
8 Employ
9 Volumes
12 Bend the knee during World War I
13 Genus of frogs
14 Go by
15 Plant part
17 Auricles
19 He was —— of France
21 Made into law
24 To one side
26 He was known as the "—— of France"
31 Pause
32 Correct
33 Verbal
34 Levantine
35 Airman
36 Observes
41 Pace
42 Girl's name
43 White frost
46 Child
48 Dutch measure
49 Bitter vetch
51 Measure
53 Near ketch



... TABLE TALKS ...

Juices for Variety

A few decades ago, leading food authorities recommended the use of fruit and vegetable juices in the daily menu. At that time, many a person considered this recommendation merely a fad of the hour. However, homemakers have learned to value these juices for their nutritional balue, as well as for the flavor and color which they add to a meal.

Speaking of juices native to Canada, tomato juice and apple juice are the two which are used to the greatest extent, being served most often at the beginning of a meal. Grape juice is also popular while many like the blended vegetable juice, a refreshing combination of two or more juices made from garden fresh vegetables, such as tomatoes, celery, carrots, lettuce, beets, spinach, parsley, and watercress.

Serving a five ounce glass of vitimized apple juice or tomato juice at breakfast is an excellent way to get each member of the family off to a good start for the day, for this amount of vitamized apple juice will provide half of the daily requirement of Vitamin C, while the tomato juice will give approximately one third of the amount needed for the day.

When buying apple juice, be sure to read the label on the can. If the juice has been vitamized, you will find the word "Vitamized" on the label. The label will also tell you whether the juice is of the clear or unclarified type. Read the labels on cans of tomato juice too. Both apple and tomato juice are graded and sold as "Fancy Quality" and "Choice Quality".

The home economists, Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, suggest a few ways of using apple and tomato juice, in addition to serving them just as they come from the can. Many delicious moulded salads may be made by using tomato juice or apple juice in the gelatine base. Furthermore, apple juice makes a delicious pudding sauce, its tangy flavor making it a very acceptable partner for sweet puddings.

Mulled Apple Juice

1 20-oz. can vitamized apple juice (2½ cups)
½ teaspoon cider vinegar
6 cloves
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon sugar.

Combine ingredients in order given. Bring to the boiling point and serve hot.

Jellied Cheese Tomato Salad

2 tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 20-oz. can tomato juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons vinegar
Salt to taste
1½ cups cottage cheese
½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ cup mayonnaise

Soak gelatine in cold water. Heat tomato juice with Worcestershire sauce, vinegar and salt to boiling point. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved. Pour half the mixture into a lightly greased mould and allow to set until firm. In the meantime blend cottage cheese, onion juice and mayonaise until light and fluffy. Season to taste. Spread over tomato jelly to within 1-4 inch of the sides of the mould. Pour remaining half of the tomato jelly over the cheese and let stand until firm. Unmould on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise and sliced hard-cooked egg. Six servings.

THE BOOKSHELF

New . Just Mary Stories .

By Mary E. Grannan

Here they are "The New Just Mary Stories," with new nonsense . . . new magic, but the same old JUST MARY charm. Between these covers you'll find all kinds of adventures and characters. You'll discover WHY O'CASEY BARKED AT THE MOON. You'll laugh at the antics of THE PRINCELY PIG. You'll thrill to the hazards of ADMIRAL NELSON. You'll love little KATE HANEY who swept a goblin path on Hallowe'en. There's a story for Mother's Day too . . . for Easter . . . for Valentine's. These stories suit every season of the year.

And they're read-aloudable, because they're radio.

Mary E. Grannan is a native of Fredericton, New Brunswick. Before joining the staff of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Miss Grannan taught school in her native province. It is her wide experience with children that gives her that certain something that children like.

New Just Mary Stories . . . By Mary E. Grannan . Thomas Allen, Limited . . . Price $1.25.

Wales' Loss

This year's floods and snows have cost Wales £12,000,000 in lost cattle and sheep alone, the Welsh committee of the National Farmers Union declared.

Experts, the announcement said, would need at least a further two weeks to assess damage done.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

We heard the other day of two teeners we know, who have started out to cross Canada, and travel down through the U.S. by means of the thumb. They had the urge to see a little more of the country than the story books give out with, and have started hitch-hiking out to B.C. They plan to work here and there along the way, and when they have a few dollars will push on to the next place. That is a wonderful life if you can drop everything and go. We have always had the desire to get out and travel the hard way, but as yet the desire can only be satisfied with—well maybe some day.

* * *

A neat way to keep the dust off those records of yours is to take a piece of felt about two inches long, slit it and place it over the arm of your player. As the arm rides the record, the felt picks up all that dust that otherwise ends up on the needle We hear that there is a varnish out now that can be used on records to cut down the wear. Ask about it at your local dealers.

* * *

The recent release of the new picture, "The Beginning of the End", has turned out to be a decided flop. The picture is based on the story of the atomic bomb and Hollywood apparently thought it had something. One critic explains the lack of enthusiasm: people do not want to have to think while they are being entertained. They want to relax and let the simple, the humorous and the tragic unfold, in a manner that a five-year-old could understand. He also states that people are not anxious to know very much about the atomic bomb—maybe because of fear of the unknown.

Another mess in the way of a picture is the current release of "Lady in the Lake" where the movie fan uses the camera for eyes and is supposed to get the crack on the jaw, the blast of a gun and the kiss. The only trouble is, that when you look at the gun, you can imagine you are peering into a tunnel; when the fist comes at you it looks as though a wall was falling, and when those great big 10-foot wide lips sail up to you—well brother, that's where I came in.

* * *

In answer to a few letters we have received:—

S.M.—A February issue of Maclean's carried a full story on Betty Anne Scott. Think you will find your answers there. Thanks for writing. G.F.—The subject you suggest we write on is too personal to appear in a column of this kind. We quite agree with all you say and think something should be done about it. Separate letter going out to you. Thanks. B.L.—Thanks heaps for the swell compliments. A lot of people seem to agree with you, and there will be more items on Susie and I and our messes. You ask if Susie is real or fictitious. Well, what do you think? S.B.—Sorry about the picture. A lot of people we know would have a big laugh if they knew someone requested a picture of us. You'd probably die laughing if you saw one. We may get a few some day—some day that is.

* * *

We heard some news the other day that didn't sound too good. The editor told us to drop around and see what was currently topping the list on the local juke box. When we arrived there, the man who changes the records was practically inside the thing. He told us that (here it comes) there was quite a possiblity of the five cent record play being taken out and the dime a play supplemented. This has not gone through yet and let's pray that it doesn't. A dime to hear Phil Harris sing, "Woodman Spare That Tree", when we can play it at home for nothing is a little too much. Hoagy Carmichael records are having a big run at the moment. Tex Beneke is getting his share of the silver, too.

The gals may not like it, but a newspaper survey says the men will. It seems that toeless shoes are going out. Thank goodness. We never liked the look of toe nails anyway. Very few have any beauty to them and when a dainty little foot is marred by a shoddy toe nail—well, well just well. I varnished an old pair of shoes the other day to bring up the dullness. It did and now they look like moving footlights.

"Whoa, Bessie"

The newest washing machine will be receiving such affectionate names as Bessie and Dobbin from its owners. Like Dobbin, it has two speeds—slow and fast. After it washes your sheets, pillow cases, shirts, and work clothes at high speed, a turn of the switch and a "Whoa, Bessie" will slow it down for your fine silks, rayons, wollens, and curtains. — Christian Science Monitor.

Eating Porridge With Chopsticks

Breakfasting in London's Soho, a Scot decided to see how well he might fare at a Chinese restaurant.

He found himself in an atmosphere of dragons and incense. Then a cat-footed waiter brought a nice plate of porridge. It was real porridge and could not have been served more pleasantly in Glasgow—except that chopsticks came with it. After a minute's struggle the visitor gave in and demanded a spoon.

London Chinese have taken to porridge since the rice shortage, and they often take milk and sugar, too. They can also clear their plates with chopsticks. Spoons are kept for helpless foreigners.

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REG'LAR FELLERS—Properly Propped Up

By GENE BYRNES