Time To Plan War On Crows, Starlings

The starlings have not yet begun to make nuisances of themselves, but Nature-lovers have already had occasion to notice the increasing depredations of crows, the black, ugly birds which each year do a great deal more harm than good, both from the farmer's and the naturalist's point of view, says the Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Now would be a good time for naturalists, fish and game enthusiasts and urban and county officials to get together to plan a sound campaign against both starlings and crows. The vile mess and the unholy racket of the starlings are still vivid memories from last summer and fall; every effort should be made to prevent a repetition of the plague. And anyone who has watched a crow rob nests, pillage crops and be a general nuisance will agree that an anti-starling campaign could very well be expanded to include a drive against crows.

* * *

Only a day or so ago we received a letter from a corrospondent which will bear repeating in part:

"One morning last week I had occasion to go out on the bus, and just west of the city a very large flock of crows was circling around. There must have been hundreds of them, and it reminded me of the times I have run out to scare them from the robins' nests in our orchard, where I have seen them make off with little birds in their beaks.

"I called Mr. Dutton and had a talk with him about the matter and he says the great horned owls, the birds intended to keep the crows limited in number, have been shot off to such an extent that the crows have multiplied out of all proportion and there is a very great danger that they may exterminate our song birds if nothing is done to stop them.

"A few men try shooting these crows in nesting time but what is needed is a determined drive throughout the countryside such as is put on for jack rabbits"

India Must Be Strong, United

Mahatma Gandhi, leader of more than a quarter of a million Hindus, said over the week-end that India must be strong and united when that country assumes its independence in June of next year, also the departure of the British will merely pave the way for the arrival of some other power to dominate the country.

We are glad to see, says the Lethbridge Herald, that Mr. Gandhi has seen much of Asia brought under the domination of one great power which, acting as a dictatorship and with a state police force to do its bidding, is a past master of infiltration. The weakness of India with its castes, factions and general lack of cohesion would be an open invitation.

The world would like to see India free. But the world would not like to see the British depart only to have another power walk in. Neither would the Hindus and Moslems.

NEW TERRORISM EXPLODES IN PALESTINE

British soldiers examine wreckage of a barracks that was blasted when two Jewish terrorists blew up a police station beside British headquarters in Tel Aviv, killing four British policemen and injuring five others.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Signs of spring at Ginger Farm! One daffodil in full bloom; three stalks of asparagus two inches high; a few clusters of rhubarb leaves; 300 chicks — minus six — running around in the brooder pen; two new calves at the barn; an almost empty coal bin; a mother robin sitting on her nest over the front door on the outside; a long black cobweb hanging from the front door on the inside; the beginning of daylight saving time—and the date on the calendar.

Signs that are not of spring! At night—out of doors—one's breath is as visible as the steam from a boiling kettle; white frost on the roof tops and on the grass; thin ice on puddles and water furrows; goose flesh on one's person as one rises in the morning to put on the fires; bare trees and a cold wind blowing; and . . . oh well, let's skip it — let's talk about something pleasant.

* * *

Something pleasant? Sure that's easy. Last Thursday, for instance, I was invited to a special meeting of a local branch to celebrate the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Women's Institute in Canada. I was a little dubious as to whether I should go since I am not in the habit of leaving chicks for any length of time for the first two weeks. However, Partner thought he could look after them—so away we went (my hat and I!) with another member for company. I was glad I didn't miss it. It was a wonderful meeting; friendly, well organized, a good programme provided, and finally there was the tea, which was well served, dainty and abundant. I describe the tea in that order because, to my way of thinking, it is a matter for comment.

* * *

Probably everyone has been at teas and lunches where the food supply was more than enough but where the service was very poor. Haven't you had the experience of turning down cakes and cookies galore as they were passed to you while you thirsted for the second cup of tea that never same? Or perhaps the tea arrived but the cream and sugar didn't. Don't you think at all these social affairs the tea or coffee should be the first consideration? Generally the room or hall is crowded; one gets hot, tired and thirsty, and one anticipates longingly that good, hot cup of tea which we hope is in the offing. More than once when 'eats" have come around time and again without the cups being replenished I have felt like shouting—"Give me tea or I die!"

* * *

However, at this tea there was nothing like that. Everything was just perfect—including the marvellous birthday cake which was made by one of the members. There were also African violets—in pots—to decorate the tea table. Big, full-blooming plants that were the envy of nearly every woman present.

The guest speaker chose as her topic the evils of self-pity as compared with the fulness of life which comes from living and working for others. If an illustration were needed it could surely have been found in this particular branch of the W.I. This birthday celebration couldn't have been planned if the women had indulged in self-pity. In fact the branch, as a whole, which is now a live and energetic organization, is actually in existence because women during the past fifty years, had given of their time, their work and their enthusiasm.

* * *

Listen—I hear a tractor! That means one of our neighbours is out ploughing. Partner must have heard it too for he has just announced he is going up to the back field to see what the land is like. Farmers are all alike. Let one of their number start ploughing, seeding, mowing, or cutting crop, and the rest cannot be happy until they are at it too. I have seen it happen so often.

Harking back to this crime of self-pity. I must confess I have been indulging in it quite freely while typing this copy. The reason? Yesterday I cut my finger on a sardine can. The cut is deep, ragged and right on top of the finger. Try typing some day with a sore finger and you will know what I mean. Even when I sort of wrap it around the next finger it gets in the way. And if I accidentally use it to tap a key . . . ouch!

Partner is back from his tour of inspection. He reports the remains of a snowbank in one fence corner, hepaticas in another and more work everywhere than he likes to contemplate. But the ground is definitely not ready to plough.

Lost Spring

"Measure your health by your sympathy with morning and spring. If there is no response in you to the awakening of Nature, if the prospect of an early morning walk does not banish sleep, if the warble of the first bluebird does not thrill you, know that the morning and spring of your life are past. Thus you may feel your pulse."—Henry D. Thoreau.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Today we turn the spotlight on Gordon Sinclair Jr., of Etobicoke High School. The younger Gordon has been filling the shoes of his famous father, Gordon Sinclair as a newscaster at CFRB, Toronto, while his pa is on vacation in the States.

Gordon Jr. handles the newscasting very well, and, if he so desires, will likely wind up with just such a job some day. Besides attending Etobicoke High School as a student, he is co-editor of the school paper, writes a column for Canadian High News and another weekly and then does the daily broadcasting stint in the bargain. In his late teens, young Sinclair is on the threshold of a good journalistic career and no one can argue but that he is off to a good start. Best of luck, Gordon.

* * *

Also in the spotlight this week is Mary Lou Dilworth, teen-age student of Oakville Collegiate, Toronto, who writes a cupid-advice column for the Canadian High News, a student weekly that circulates the province. Mary Lou was recently featured in a two-page spread in the New World magazine .On top of that, she appeared a few weeks ago as a guest on the CBS programme, "We the People," and had a nice trip to New York out of the deal. Seems as if quite a crop of juniors are aspiring to the writing field and, believe me, a by-line at the top of a regular column at 17 and 18 is nothing to sneeze at, and doesn't go unnoticed either. Many of you reading this, have already written to Mary Lou for advice on your love mix-ups and what-nots and the little gal that jots down the answers is doing a swell job of it.

* * *

The Weston teen-club recently hit the news pages the hard way, with some of the members having number nines planted in their faces and their noggins bumped against the floor. You no doubt heard about it. A few rowdies decided to enter a dance the club were having, (loaded down with laughing soup) and when refused admittance, started to play rough house. A night in the cooler no doubt made the bad boys feel different about the whole thing.

* * *

We are in receipt of a poem from a local who dared us to use it. Although a little zany it contains a little truth, so here it is:

'TIS SPRING

The snow is gone and spring is here,
The rains have come and it is drear,
The grass is turning and the buds are out,
Mom's a cleaning, pop has the gout,
The clouds go sailing far and near.
But anyway, spring is here.

* * *

According to some figures we read recently (and we can't remember just what they were) crime is on the down-swing. Believe it or not, there were fewer arrests in 1946, than in '45 in one of Canada's largest cities. Crime among the juveniles is letting up at last. Fewer cases of break-ins, drunkenness and the sordid type are reported, all of which is very nice to hear. How Canadian youth compares with that of the U.S. in crime actions at the moment, I don't know, but let's all work together to keep all Canadian crimes on the down-swing.

* * *

Down near the south-west corner of Ontario is a place known as Kingsville. To most of America it is not known as Kingsville, but the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary. If any of you teeners are planning a trip this summer in that vicinity, by all means go down there and visit this famous spot. Big plans are being made for the sanctuary by Manley F. Miner, son of the late Jack Miner. This memorial to a great lover of birds is one of the beauty spots of our province. We haven't been there for a number of years either, but through literature in the mails we keep up with the doings down there and we know that if you visit the Jack Miner estate you will remember it as a visit well worth the time.

* * *

It seems as though we just get started on this column when we have our space filled, so we'll run along for now. Don't forget that those bird houses you built last winter should be out now. Almost any night from 10 p.m., on you can hear the Canadian geese honking overhead as they fly to their northern playground for the summer. If you can remember, bend an ear some night and when you hear that sound from above it will give you a thrill—see if it doesn't.

Sounds Libellous

The average housewife leaves half a million germs on a dish after washing it, says a bacteriologist. Germs should be rationed.

—Hamilton Spectator.

ISSUE 19—1947

Hipline Variety

There is endless variety in hiplines, from the full skirt that stands out below a little flared peplum or cutaway jacket, to the more intricate drapery which swathes the hips. Skirts, jackets, dresses, coats, all share in hip importance, and because of some of the hip treatments, coats look like suits (when they're fitted and have a little peplum), and suits look like dresses.

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

On 'CERTAIN DAYS' Of Month?

This fine medicine is *very effective* to relieve painful distress and tired, nervous, irritable feelings, of such days—when due to female functional monthly disturbances. Thousands report benefit!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

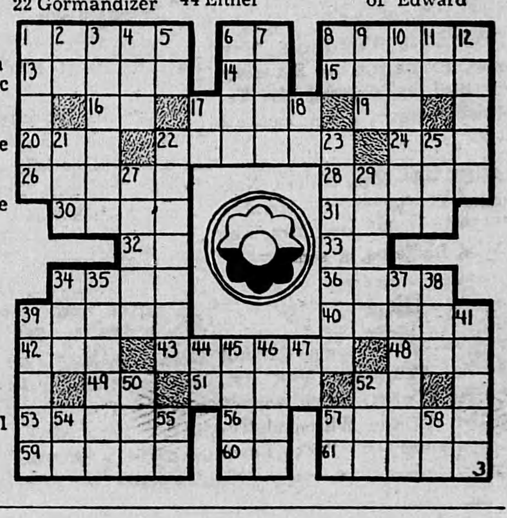
U. S. Army Unit

HORIZONTAL

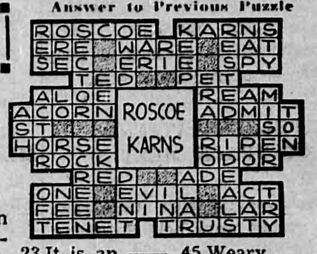
1 Depicted is insigne of U. S. Army —— Division
6 Spain (ab.)
8 Behind
13 Silly
14 Early English (ab.)
15 Postpone
16 Baronet (ab.)
17 Simple
19 Cloth measure
20 Self
22 Zodiacal constellation
24 Lincoln's nickname
26 Insurgent
28 Cognomens
30 Elder son of Isaac (Bib.)
31 Let it stand!
32 Great (ab.)
33 Type of moth
34 Formal public assembly
36 Chew upon
39 Spanish name
40 Asiatic kingdom
42 Sheltered side
43 Information
48 Before (prefix)
49 Near
51 Ceremony
52 Symbol for tellurium
53 Pertaining to a tela
56 Musical note
57 More rational
59 Masculine name
60 Babylonian deity
61 European fish (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 Finer
2 Within
3 Wealthy men
4 Powerful explosive (ab.)
5 Him
6 Appear
7 Persian fairy
8 Paid notice
9 Honey maker
10 Ablaze
11 Symbol for iron
12 Attempts
17 Myself.
18 Half-em
21 Driving command
22 Gormandizer
23 It is an —— of the U. S. Army
25 Wager
27 Excited
29 Make amends
34 English river
35 Patterns
37 Subjoin
38 Armed conflict
39 Greek philosopher
41 Looks askance
44 Either
45 Weary
46 Genus of willows
47 Symbol for cerium
50 Philippine peasant
52 Greek letter
54 Symbol for erbium
55 Registered nurse (ab.)
57 Senior (ab.)
58 Diminutive of Edward



Answer to Previous Puzzle



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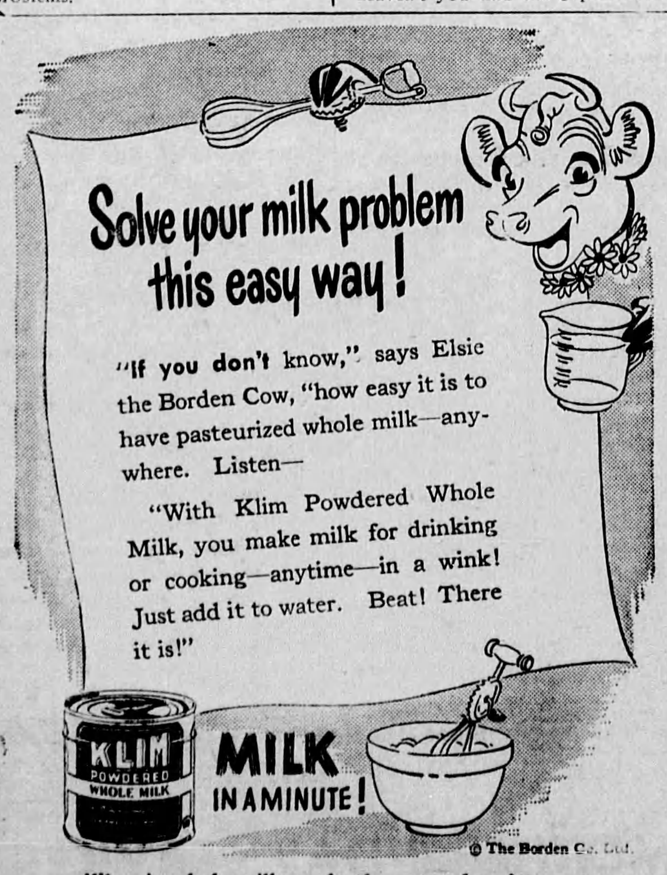

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