CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

What women will do! Yesterday I was talking with a little old lady over 80 who said that her daughters often wished she would get a permanent wave. "But I don't think I could sit that long," she said.

"And why would you?" I asked. "Anyone with soft, wavy hair like yours doesn't need a permanent."

"Oh, but I put it up in curlers every night," she said, and laughed at my surprise. Imagine—eighty-odd—and all that patience! But then the little old lady told me a better one. She said a friend of hers still wears her hair in ringlets and puts it up herself every night, and makes it into curls every day. And that little old lady is 93!

* * *

The foregoing was written Saturday. This morning—Monday morning—I didn't spend much time thinking of little old ladies either with or without curls. But the thought did cross my mind that I could write a pretty good story on "What does a Farmwife do that a City wife doesn't have to"—if you get what I mean. Yes, and I really think today would supply a pretty good answer to that question.

First I should tell you that son Bob is away for the week-end. There didn't seem any reason why he shouldn't go—the weather being what it is made getting on the land impossible. And of course a farmer must always take his holidays in bad weather. No basking in the sun for him—sunny days are working days. So Partner and I and the chores were here to ourselves. Sunday was uneventful — and of course—wet.

* * *

Monday morning was even better, so we did not feel in any particular rush. Of course we knew that even if we only attended to our chores, they alone would provide us with enough work for most of the day. But on a farm you never can tell . . . five minutes after he had gone to the barn Partner was back again. "Call the vet.," he said to me. "that red heifer is having trouble. Put some water on to boil and then you had better come to the barn."

So I called the vet.—and I rather fancy I got him out of bed. However, as I went to the barn with the hot water he was coming up the lane. Naturally I thought my services could now be dispensed with. But no—the vet. took one look at the heifer and called to me —"Don't go away, Mrs. Clarke, it will take three of us for this job."

* * *

So that was that—and there was nothing for it but to forget my natural squeamishness at what might be required of me. At long last the heifer was delivered of a calf—but the calf was dead. It was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. It was just one of those things—an abnormal birth — which will happen occasionally in the best of well regulated barnyard families. But it threw the whole day off schedule. We were late with the milk, late with the chores, late with breakfast—and certainly slopping around in the mud didn't help things at all. But the other calves were not worrying. We have several that are being raised for veal. They are taken back to their mothers twice a day for a meal but the rest of the time they are kept tied up. Leading them back and forth is remarkably good exercise, I can assure you. The antics of those calves is something to marvel at. How anything so young can be so strong! This morning Partner was taking one back to its pen while I took another—or rather it took me. Presently I heard Partner say—"Darn you — can't you step anywhere but on my feet!"

* * *

Later in the morning the trucker arrived to take one of the little acrobats off to market. I watched it go and regretted that anything so full of life must be sacrificed before veal steak can be fed to hungry people or money handed over to provide us with the wherewith-all to purchase the necessities of life.

Of course in between trips to the barn I was attending to my chicks. They should be running out but the weather forbids. Since they cannot get to the grass the best I can do is cut grass and take it to them. And do they love it. Which reminds me—I have yet to make a trip to town to get more feed for my biddies. Three-ninety for a bag of feed and it lasts five days. Pretty soon it will take two bags a week to feed them. There isn't much change from the weekly egg cheque when one has chicken feed to buy.

* * *

By the way—and in connection with the weather—the Globe and Mail must be developing a sense of humour. This morning, up in the corner where it gives the weather probs. it said—"Wash Day —wet and cold."

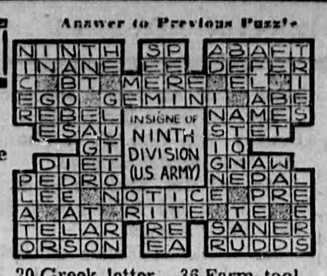
Ability Undisturbed

Despite all their setbacks, Britons have something to be thankful for. They haven't lost their ability to muddle through. —

—Kitchener Record.

Leads Canada's First

Answer to Previous Puzzle

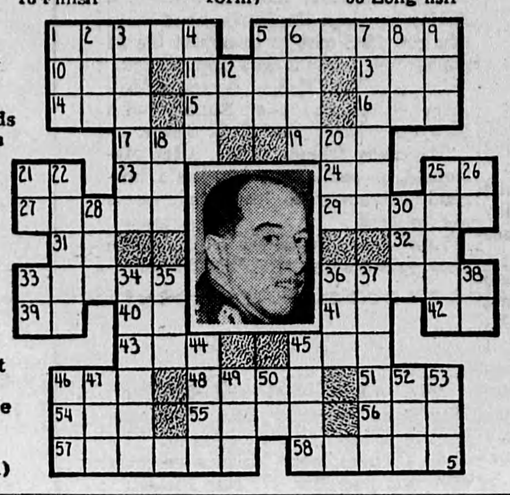


HORIZONTAL

1,5 Pictured Canadian commander. Maj.-Gen —— —
10 Native metal
11 Great Lake
13 Winglike part
14 Beverage
15 Existence
16 Five and five
17 Relative (ab.)
19 Hawaiian garland
21 Measure of area
23 Half-em
24 Toward
25 Behold!
27 Whiskers
29 Building addition
31 Written form of Mister
32 Upon
33 He commands the Canadian —— Army
36 Convenient
39 Near
40 Transpose (ab.)
41 Either
42 Southeast (ab.)
43 Chest bone
45 Lion
46 Narrow inlet
48 On the sheltered side
51 Indian
54 Boundary (comb. form)
55 Seines
56 Observe
57 He is a native of ——
58 Outer covering

VERTICAL

1 Torrid
2 Before
3 Closer
4 Shout
5 Cost, insurance, freight (ab)
6 Stagger
7 Share of food
8 Malt drink
9 Sped
12 Rhode Island (ab.)
18 Finish
20 Greek letter
21 Bachelor of Arts (ab.)
22 Send in payment
25 Loans
26 Animal
28 Arrival (ab.)
30 Negative word
33 Musical note
34 Stress
35 Three (comb. form)
36 Farm tool
37 Awaken
38 Biblical pronoun
44 Orchestra
45 Fewer
46 Sinbad's bird
47 Man's name
49 Meadow
50 Ard (Latin)
52 Telegraph (ab.)
53 Long fish



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

I hurried into the newspaper office and knocked gently on the editor's door. Ye editor looked up as I entered and a scowl took the place of the smile usually seen on his very pleasant face.

"Well, where have you been?" he demanded, "press time and you as late as usual."

"Here's my column," I replied, "just finished it a few minutes ago."

The editor reached for it. "What have you got this week? Let's see now. It says here": Well, the middle of May is here, and the warm weather is welcome. Teeners are getting committees drawn up for the graduation dances, and everyone is in there pitching. Final exams are being crowded for time and the young uns are going around these days with a somewhat perplexed and worried look, as if they wonder what some of the stuff in those books is all about. We have noticed one young fellow, several mornings of late, sitting beside the bus stop, with a book on his knees trying to catch up at the last minute.

* * *

While we are near the subject of graduation dances, we might mention that several of the high schools now have their own live bands and have no further worries about who is to supply the music. One of those towns that boasts its own band is Brockville. Bruce Ker and his seven solid senders are making a name for themselves, not only in Brockville, but in many of the towns in the eastern section. Another eastern outfit made up of teen-agers is Murray Harris and company who are constantly in demand wherever teeners are dancing. Up north at Owen Sound a group of young fellows, with a girl bass fiddle and girl pianist under the direction of Lewis MacDonald, are getting around plenty. This band is strictly on the side of "sweet music" and the leader says that sweet music is much in demand up there. Not to be outdone by the smaller centres throughout the province, Toronto has an up-and-coming band under the leadership of a young fellow named Don Hackett of Western Tech. Don organized this band last July and since that time they have been very busy filling engagements in and around the city.

* * *

"Well, that's interesting news for young people," said the editor. "Now what's this stuff here?"

Many of the gals who have taken a fancy to the jewel-specked sun glasses will be unhappy to know that sun glasses should not be worn at all. unless an eye specialist has specially advised them. Indiscriminate use of sun glasses tends to lower the tolerance of the eyes for light. The trouble is—and we quote this from the Department of National Health, Ottawa—"Sunglasses should not change the hues of natural colours." Too bad, and sometimes we think we are going Hollywood with those fancy cheaters.

* * *

Changing the subject again, we have been told that the new picture the "Egg and I" is chuck full of laughs. Well, it must be very different from the book. It was chuck full of smut. We saw the picture "The Sea of Grass" last week and once again we felt that Spencer Tracy is the greatest actor in Hollywood. We'll never forget him as Father Flannagan in "Boys Town." After the show the other night, we said to Susie: "There is a man I would never want to meet personnally, for fear that he was not the same in real life as on the screen."

* * *

"Now this column isn't bad, so far", piped ye editor. "Take that first page to the composing room, while I finish reading this."

"H-mmm," he purred. Murkar suggests that young people get out on bike hikes this summer. It's good living and good living means good health. Sunshine is vitally important to everyone. Ontario Holiday, the weekly radio program, will give you free details concerning youth hostels, if a gang of you decide to tour the province or part of it on your holidays. This is a grand way to vacation. There is plenty of fun in it and you can do it cheaply if a group go together on the idea. The program, Ontario Holiday, is heard over CFRB and is under the direction of Barry Wood—a man who really knows the vacation spots of Ontario.

"Well this column is alright," the editor told us as we came back from the composing room. "But, that column two weeks ago, where you started giving advice about kissing, wasn't so not. Leave that stuff to somebody that knows what they are talking about."

"Okay, okay," we shot back. "I'll be in early with my copy next week."

"You had better be, or you'll be out of a job," warned ye editor.

And with that we left him to finish his pipefull, and "Teen-Town Topics."

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No Wedge Allowed

"I say with all sincerity that our policy with Russia must be one of honorable friendship from strength. It cannot be cowardly appeasement from weakness. It must be absolutely clear that we shall allow no wedge to be driven between Great Britain and the United States of America."—Winston Churchill.

TABLE TALKS

Rhubarb Time

Five canning coupons will become valid in May, some of which will take care of the first fruit, rhubarb. Although rhubarb is often canned without sugar, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, say that a little sugar gives better results, in colour and flavour, than none.

They recommend using a medium syrup, that is a syrup made with 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water. The rhubarb should be thoroughly washed, then cut in 1-inch pieces. The cold pack method s preferred for rhubarb. Pack the jars, cover with boiling syrup leaving a headspace of half an inch. Process in the boiling water bath pint sealers 1o minutes, quart sealers 15 minutes. If an oven with automatic heat control is used, pints are processed 20 minutes and quarts 25 minutes.

After numerous experiments the Consumer Section has found that the use of tin cans for rhubarb is not as satisfactory as sealers, and that only enamel tins should be used.

Rhubarb Conserve

14 cups rhubarb (4 lbs.) cut in ½" pieces
3 cups raisins
7 cups sugar
Juice of 2 oranges
Rind of 2 oranges, thinly sliced
1 cup walnuts.

Combine rhubarb, raisins, sugar, orange rind and juice. Let stand ½ hour. Bring to boil and boil, uncovered, 40 minutes, stirring frequently. Add walnuts, coarsely chopped, and boil to jam stage—about 5 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilized jars. Cool and seal. Yield: about 12 cups.

Rhubarb Cream

4 cups diced raw rhubarb
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 egg yoks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Mix diced rhubarb, flour, salt and ½ cup sugar. Let stand one hour then cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolk until light. Pour rhubarb sauce over egg yolk, stirring meanwhile, then return to double boiler. Cook 3 minutes. Fold in meringue made with stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Six servings

Dandelion Greens Good, Cheap Food

With pussy willows popping, it is almost time for that table delicacy, the dandelion green. Or don't people eat dandelion greens any more? asks The New York Sun. Perhaps the cultivated palate yearns for more substantial fare these days. Probably our modern hostelries do not include the dandelion on the bill of fare. But the world is the worse for it, for a lot of people are losing out on some good, cheap eating pleasure.

To get the dandelion at its best, it is necessary to take to the fields long before the blossoms appear. The blossoms may bring joy to the poet, but they add nothing to the eating qualities of the weed. Loosen the earth around the root of the dandelion with a dull kitchen knife. Scrape a little of the earth off the white root and toss the dandelion in a tin pail. Preparation of dandelions for the table requires no special qualifications. Dandelions are at their best boiled with pork rind and served with vinegar. The result is a dish that has a good tangy flavor with just a taste of tartness that the commercial greens cannot produce. And in an early "mess of dandelions" even the epicure might well satsify a jaded palate.

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ISSUE 20—1947

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REG'LAR FELLERS—Spring Fashion Plate

By GENE BYRNES