CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Maybe I had better start a hospital for sick and injured birds. Last week it was a green linnet I rescued—today it was a young robin. I went out the front door and there was this poor little bird fallen out of its nest on to the step. So I got the step-ladder and by its help—and without breaking my own neck—I was able to put the bird back where it belonged. Of course Mother Robin was flying around chirping her protests, then as I put the little bird in the nest it started making all kinds of queer noises itself as if it were being hurt. You should have heard that robin! She circled around my head in a terrific fury. Had she been a bigger bird—a crow for instance—I would have been frightened myself, thinking I might be in danger of getting my eyes pecked out.

* * *

There were three little birds in the nest and I could see the ledge over the door was not really wide enought to hold the nest properly. So I got a shallow box, tore off the end and one side of it and then slid it under the nest, with Mother Robin protesting all the while. However, I think now they have a fence around the nest the fledglings should be all right. There is certainly nothing pretty about half-grown birds. At first sight I thought this little robin was some peculiar sort of frog. The way it was squatting with its head and legs tucked in gave it that appearance.

* * *

Last Christmas when we lost our fourteen-year-old Mitchie I felt pretty badly about it—and have not yet adopted another house-cat. But now that summer is here I find I am compensated for not having a cat by the increased number of birds that come around. The trouble is I often see and hear birds that I do not recoignize—and wish I did.

* * *

The other day there was a bird on the clothesline, mostly dark with a black head and tail feathers very daintily fringed with white. It was a bird I had never seen before. Another time I saw one with brownish back and wings, grey breast and black and white stripes along the side of its head. Yesterday there were a couple of cedar-waxwings making a real off the blossoms on the cherry trees. I tell Partner I should like to borrow "Mr. Wimple's" Bird-Book! Maybe it would give me a greater variety of birds than do the ones that I have. They are nice little books except that they deal more with the rarer species of birds. I would like to know more about the different kinds of sparrows, wrens and other ordinary everyday birds. For instance, are there two kinds of starlings—one with a yellow beak and one with black?

* * *

One day I saw a little brown bird fluttering around the lilac bush—it was so small I thought at first it was a humming bird and then I knew it couldn't be because I have always understood that a hummingbird is always on the wing whereas this little brownie would light on the branches just like any other bird. Perhaps it was a species of wren, but that's what I don't know. Another time, after a heavy rain, I looked out and saw two or three water-wagtails — they were the first I had seen since I left England. Time after time we see blue heron go sailing by and one time when I was feeding the chickens a big brown bird flew out from a nearby oak tree. It certainly wasn't a hawk but from the way it stretched out its neck, and from its size it could have been a bittern.

* * *

Well, we are told one can get used to anything in time and I am inclined to think that is right. Anyway we are getting more and more used to rain—to rain and mud and running ditches. In fact if we get two fine days in a row we think that is something to write home about.

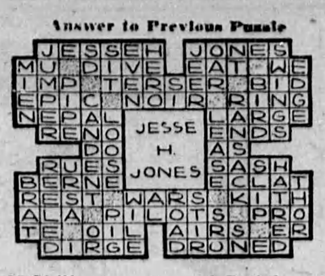
"Something to write home about" that, of course, is just a slang expression—and yet what a lot it can mean if we take it literally. I am thinking now of the number of students who have come to an end of their sweating for examinations. What a marvellous feeling it must give them to know they have passed. And is that something to write about! Our niece Joy, in her last year at McGill, is among those who now feel they can breathe more freely. Like many others she was just about on edge in case she was down in some of her subjects. But she wasn't—and now she can write B.Sc. after her name.

Chelsea Flower Show

After an interval of eight years due to the war, Britain has revived the Chelsea Flower Show. This is regarded by experts as the world's premier horticultural exhibition and has always been a leading event in the gardener's calendar, not only in Britain itself but also in many other countries.

U. S. Naval Air Unit

Answer to Previous Puzzle

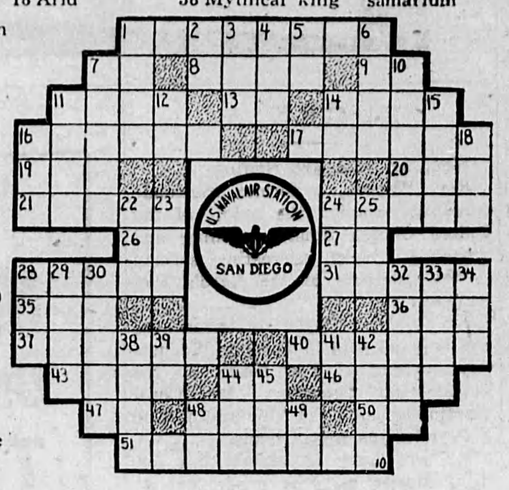


HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted is insigne of U. S. Naval Air Station
7 Chaos
8 Planet
9 Symbol for radium
11 Persian fairy
13 Biblical pronoun
14 Bucket
16 View with displeasure
17 Paid a visit
19 Entomology (ab.)
20 Hearing organ
21 Treatise
24 Intrepid
26 Of the thing
27 Sloth
28 Pains
31 Fear
35 Individual
36 Contend
37 Wood
40 Pompous show
43 Weary
44 Virginia (ab.)
46 Vein
47 Symbol for tantalum
48 Is indisposed
50 One (Scot.)
51 It is the insigne of one of the U. S. stations

VERTICAL

1 Certain
2 New Mexico (ab.)
3 24 hours
4 Anger
5 Electrical unit
6 Verbal
7 Birds' homes
10 One who ails
11 Writing tools
12 Within
14 Father
15 Conduct
16 Scottish sheepfold
18 Arid
22 Skill
23 Affirmative
24 Possessed
25 Ventilate
28 Torrid
29 Distinct part
30 Forgive
32 Avoid
33 Assistant
34 English river
38 Mythical king of Britain
39 Early English (ab.)
41 Indian mulberry
42 Bellow
44 By way of
45 Everything
48 Average (ab.)
49 Symbol for samarium



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Wait until I get my hands on that Susie. A fine thing! A guy asks a friend to do a little favour—like pounding out a thousand words of interesting copy and what does she do. Tells everyone that I'm nothing but a pack of trouble. Well, the next time we go to a show she can pay for the both of us instead of just herself. If I ever ask anyone to write a column for me again there will be two moons in the sky,

* * *

I'll have to tell you a little about the holidays. The fishing was good—but I didn't catch any. I'm not sunburned because there was no sun. I had a lot of fun though. There was plenty to eat and nothing to do. Anyone could have a good time doing that.

* * *

If any of you fellows out there are in the habit of reading the "Open Road for Boys" you will remember all the helpful little items that used to appear by Deep River Jim. Well Deep River Jim has written a book titled, "Outdoors Guide." It carries just about everything anyone would care to know about hunting, fishing, camping and woodcraft in general. Among the 60 odd chapters can be found articles dealing with tents, reading the weather, tracking game, fishing the wet fly, treatment for snake bites and how to free a snagged hook. This book would be enjoyed by any lover of the out-doors and makes an ideal gift.

* * *

There are always new doo-das coming along as post-war time-savers. One of them is the handy pocket pants-presser. This nifty little gadget, attached to a cord can be plugged in any wall or light socket and run up and down the crease. They are quite reasonable and are just the thing for the young man who is in a hurry to get dolled up. They aren't supposed to burn or scorch either.

* * *

A new fad among the girls is the painting of initials on the fingernails. Apparently Beatrice Kaye started this one as a novelty, and now it is catching on. With the warm days coming on, the guys will be back at the old trick of putting their initials on their backs by means of cutting them out of adhesive tape, sticking them on their backs and lying in the sun until they are par-boiled. The results are sometimes effective if you are the type that tans well.

* * *

ON THE SCREEN

Carnegie Hall—Here is one of the greatest musical pictures to come out on the screen. For truly great music and artists, Hollywood had to go to New York for this one. Almost the entire film was done in New York. The tone reproduction is the finest ever to be put on a sound track. The directors have cast more than a dozen distinguished musicians to recreate successes within the very walls that through the years have echoed with acclaim for them. The cast includes Walter Damrosch, Bruno Walter, Arthur Rodzinski, Lily Pons, Arthur ?6inwMGD Rubenstein, Jan Pearce, Leopold Stokowski and others. Injecting a few popular notes are the famous band leaders, Harry James and Vaughan Munrce. This picture contains a wealth of high-class entertainment.

* * *

The Macomber Affair — Ernest Hemingway has made another hit with another he-man story. Owing to the fact that Gregory Peck is the star, it should have some drawing ability for the gals.

Other good pictures currently on the go are: Farmer's Daughter with Joseph Cotton and Loretta Young; Blaze of Noon is an action thriller about air-mail pioneering; and the Late George Apley is a humorous show on the stuff shirted Boston society group.

It's always tougher to get stopped when writing this column than when starting it, but our space is gone for another week. The most of you will be in the middle of final exams at the moment and we wish you all the best of luck. We know just how hard it is on a person at this time of year. Plug hard and you'll make it.

No Sooner Said Than Done

"Let's go on a buyer's strike,"
Said the couple, one to another.
So they packed their things and went
To visit her father and mother.

"Gin Pills Helped my Sore Back"
says Montreal man.
"I had rheumatic aches and stiff back—could hardly straighten up after bending. A friend advised Gin Pills . . . now I'm ever so much better".—I.F., Montreal.
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Cat's One and Only Trick is Good One

Fluffy, a year-old cat owned by the Phillip Petersen familly, knows only one trick—how to get into the Petersen home without disturbing any one.

Fluffy climbs up the brick wall near the front door, opens the mailbox with her nose, and plunks herself in—just like a parcel. Then she leaps out of the mail box and down to the floor.

The Petersen children, Beverly, 7, and Bruce, 5, used to stuff Fluffy into the mailbox for their amusement but Fluffy now desmonstrates that she can get in that way unaided.

. . . TABLE TALKS . . .

. . Veal In Season . .

For the tender cuts of veal, which are legs, loins and shoulders, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, recommend cooking at a low to moderate temperature in dry heat. A moderate oven 325-350 deg. F. should be used for the entire cooking period. Since veal is a dry meat with really little fat, it is recommended that the top of the roast be lightly spread with fat. Pork fat, either fresh or smoked is excellent for the purpose as it gives a very nice flavour to the meat. It will also mean that more gravy of good colour can be made. Rolled or flat roasts are placed on a rack and rolled ones are turned every half hour. All veal roasts should be basted occasionally. For well-done veal, roast approximately 30-35 minutes per pound in a moderate oven 325-350 deg. F., which you will notice is longer than the time allowed for either beef or lamb.

Less tender cuts like breast, flank, neck or stewing veal require long, slow cooking in moist heat, this means either braising or stewing. When those cuts are ground they may be pan-fried or made into an oven-cooked meat loaf just like any other minced meat. In braising, the meat is seasoned, then browned in a small amount of fat in a heavy pan. The meat may be floured before browning if desired. The liquid, which may be water, meat stock, milk, water from cooked vegetables, tomatoes or tomato juice, is added, the pan covered and the cooking done either on top of the stove over very low heat or in a slow oven, 325 deg. F., until meat is tender. Raw vegetables are sometimes cooked along with meat. The liquid in the pan serves as the base for the gravy.

Veal Paprika

2½ lbs. of veal shoulder chops cut 1" thick
1 egg
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon water
½ cup dry fine bread crumbs
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup fat
1 cup water
1 cup sour cream
2 tablespoons paprika

Cut shoulder chops into serving pieces. Beat egg slightly with salt and water. Dip meat pieces in it, then roll in bread crumbs. Cook chopped onion in fat until golden brown, using heavy frying pan. Add meat and cook until lightly brown. Add water, cover and simmer about 1½ hours or until tender. Add sour cream but do not stir. Sprinkle paprika over all, cover and cook 15 minutes. Six servings.

Veal Shanks Piquants

6 three-inch pieces of veal shank,
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup fat
2 cups tomato juice
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons horseradish
1 teaspoon salt
few grains pepper

Dredge meat with seasoned flour. Brown in fat using a heavy frying pan or Dutch oven. Combine tomato juice, Worcestershire sauce, horseradish, salt and pepper, bring to the boil and pour over meat. Cover and bake in a slow oven, 300 deg. F., for 2 hours or until tender. Thicken gravy with seasoned flour left from dredging. Serves six.

Turtles return unerringly to their homes if removed many miles.

The Real Price

"Sure, the list price of the dinner is $2," said the waiter blandly to the new-car salesman, "but the flowers on the table bring it to $3.75."—Chicago Daily News.

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INSECT POWDER
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PARKER HOUSE *Rolls*

Better Bake Plenty

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 tbs. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ¼" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center heavily with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.

REG'LAR FELLERS—Not up to Size — By GENE BYRNES