CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

I tried to write this column yesterday but it simply couldn't be done—two days of almost continuous rain just about congealed every thought I ever had. Now the sun is shining and I feel much better—at least I do as long as I stay indoors. A little while ago I went to feed the chickens and in the yard it was like walking on an oversized slimy, slippery sponge. Why all the chickens don't die in this weather I'll never know. We give them the best care we can but when they are running in and out in the wet the bedding gets damp just about as fast as we put it down. And yet we have lost comparatively few. This has been an ideal year for the development of coccidiosis but we have also managed to keep away from that, mainly, I think, by not feeding the chicks too heavily at any time. In fact we have revolutionized our chick feeding methods altogether this year.

The price of commercial feed, as every poultryman knows, is entirely out of proportion to what we get for chickens and eggs. So, instead of giving the chicks high cost feed we give them one feed a day of growing mash, after that the troughs are filled up with a mixture of rolled wheat and oats—from our own grain of course—at night they are fed straight wheat.t That has been their menu since they were four or five weeks old. Up to tha time they were fed commercial chick starter. Oh, but I forgot one important item—they get all the sour skim milk they will drink—and that is plenty! We pour it into the troughs—wooden troughs—along with the rolled grain. What will be the final outcome I don't know. I epect the chicks will mature more slowly—perhaps the pullets won't lay as early nor the cockerels develop as fast, but at least they won't have eaten up all our profit in feed.

* * *

Then there are the calves. One of the little rascals went out last week but there are still six running around—and lively little acrobats they are. One morning Partner suggested that I run four of them back to the pen where they belong and tie them up. Looking at them somewhat dubiously I thought I had better tackle the smallest one first. The first thing was to catch it as it gallivanted in and out among the cows and heifers. Then I caught hold of its collar — they all have straps around their necks like dog-collars so there is always something to hang on to. Immediately this little red fellow felt my hand on his collar he got contrary. The more I pulled the more he pulled—only in the opposite direction. Then he changed his mind and fairly raced through the stable with me hanging on to his collar like grim death. At the entrance to his pen he balked again, gave a sudden twist which loosened my grip so that only my index finger was left holding the collar. Then he did another merry-go-round—but of course in the opposite direction—and I thought my finger had just about had it. However, it only got a bad twist but when I finally had him tied in his stall I decided that that was enough for me so I told Partner he could put the others in himself.

Incidentally, I was just telling Partner I was writing about my tussle with the calf and he said—"What are you talking about "him" for—that red calf is a heifer!"

Oh well . . . they are all calves anyway.

* * *

My robins over the front door have left their nest. It was fun watching them. Mother Robin hardly stayed with them at all the last few days—and the fledglings were fighting among themselves as the nest became over-crowded. Naturally as they jostled for position they forced each other out until there they were, out sitting on the ledge over the door. On it they teetered back and forth, far more uncertain of their feet than their wings. Presently I opened the front door to see if Mother Robin was anywhere around and to my surprise the young robins flew, scolding, to the ground. Mother Robin was right on hand to protect them and they all sought the shelter of the shrubs. That was the last I saw of them but I still hear them in that same vicinity.

Authors Honored — These books, the possession of which meant concentration camp or death in Germany under Hitler, are back in circulation. On May 10, 1933, these same titles were burned by the order of the Nazi government in front of Berlin University. Fourteen years later the day was marked by a celebration in honor of the authors of the books on the same spot where their works had been burned.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Thousands of teeners have just finished writing their final exams. Their next step is in choosing a profession. And right here the trouble starts. For a long time we have been thinking about writing on the above mentioned theme and we feel that now is the time to do it. We have asked a large number of teeners during the past few weeks just what they were going to do on leaving high school or collegiate. Some of them know what they want; some of them don't. The stickler with them all is not so much what they want to be, but will there be a place for them when they graduate in four or five years. It doesn't seem to matter so much any more about how much education you have it's how much influence you have and that's where the beef comes in.

I agree that this is a little off my usual line of guff, but we young people do think a little on the serious side at times and many of us are doing just that at the present time. However, back to the theme. A young fellow I know, of European parentage, tried for a good position with a city firm recently. He was turned down. Not on the grounds that he couldn't handle the job, nor that he didn't have enough education; but rather because of his racial descent. It was a great blow to him. Why wouldn't it be? He was very clever at school and so were his sisters. He has finally landed a job and seems very happy. I hope that some day the man who turned him down because of his creed will realize what a mistake he made.

* * *

In conversation with a group of young university men recently, I learned that what they feared most after graduation was: If I can get a little pull ahead of the other fellow, the job will be mine, but if his dad knows somebody there, I'm sunk.

Fear of the influence the other fellow has through his own or someone else's connections is hard on the nerves of a young man who has spent four or five years of exhaustive study, only to be flunked because some lame-brain's old man knows somebody who knows somebody.

Some will argue that the boy or girl with the brains will win over influence. Don't kid yourself. Every man has his price and if your pop is buying from a certain firm and then tries to get you a job with that firm, I'll bet dollars to bubble gum, you'll be hired in place of the person who has more between his ears than you have.

* * *

This game of life is no easy game, and I've been around only a little—but long enough to know that few care about you, but yourself, and when it's all boiled down, it's every man for himself. A short time ago I tried to get a job as a reporter on a city daily. The city editor told me there wasn't a chance—they were filled up. Well, I knew a lady who was a friend of the associate editor and had her speak to him. In less than five days I was part of the fixtures of the editorial room. Does influence count? You bet it does. My advice—if anyone cares for a little—is to get your big fat feet in there solid and stay anchored. If you have a certain line you want to follow start now to make post-graduate reservations and then you'll be sure.

* * *

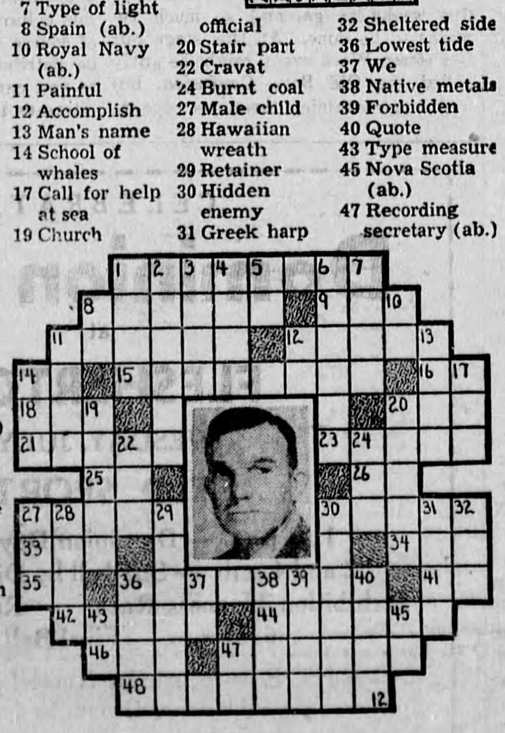
Let's face it. When these thousands of veterans finish their courses along with all the civilians who seek higher education, there's going to be some fun trying to place them all. If you are there first—you'll no doubt be the lucky one and if you miss—well, let's face it again. There was a time, not so long ago, when men with degrees were digging ditches, with their diplomas plugging up the holes in their pants. Yes kiddies, now is the time to think—and think hard. Get your foot in now at the early stage, and when the flower blooms, you'll get a snifter of it. Education vs Influence is hard to cope with, but you'll have to—so make your mind up to it.

I sure hope you stayed with me long enough for me to wish you the best of luck and also to remind you that we are still open for comments, re this column. Until next issue, happy holidays.

U. S. Air Unit Head

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured commander of U. S. 10th Air Force, Maj.-Gen. Howard C.
8 Alarms
9 She
11 Season
12 Mother of Aphrodite
14 Depart
15 Small spoon
16 Manuscript (ab.)
18 Exist
20 River (Sp.)
21 Dissolves
23 Brads
25 The gods
26 Steamship (ab.)
27 Glossy
30 Outer covering of nut
33 Over (contr.)
34 Cereal grain
35 Nickel (ab.)
36 Nervous
41 Note of scale
42 Oozes
44 Spoliation
46 Girl's name
47 Wagers again
48 Force

VERTICAL
1 Soil
2 Arabian gazelles
3 Large vein
4 Suffix (pl.)
5 Dal segno (ab.)
6 Native of Ohio
7 Type of light
8 Spain (ab.)
10 Royal Navy (ab.)
11 Painful
12 Accomplish
13 Man's name
14 School of whales
17 Call for help at sea
19 Church official
20 Stair part
22 Cravat
24 Burnt coal
27 Male child
28 Hawaiian wreath
29 Retainer
30 Hidden enemy
31 Greek harp
32 Sheltered side
36 Lowest tide
37 We
38 Native metals
39 Forbidden
40 Quote
43 Type measure
45 Nova Scotia (ab.)
47 Recording secretary (ab.)



Answer to Previous Puzzle

The Bookshelf . .

Victory Cook Book

In 1942, when the war was raging, the Carleton County women's Institutes (35 branches) decided, through their county organization, to publish a cook book, the proceeds from the book to be utilized to purchase an ambulance for the Carleton & York Regiment.

Members gave their fovorite recipes, paying 10c to have them placed in the cook book.

700 copies of the book were given to the Institutes to sell. They sold rapidly and all money ($2,900.00) was turned in to the Central Fund.

On publishing the second edition, it was decided to share the profits with individual Women's Institutes, the county organization to act as distributor, and local branches, by selling books, to get a small profit for their own branch.

When these books are all sold, the Carleton County Institutes will have sufficient money to augment their funds, so that they can give a $100.00 yearly scholarship, to the child of a veteran of Carleton County. The money may be used to further their education, or to take training for any occupation. They must have completed Grade IX and be 17 years of age, furnishing certificates of health and character. They are recommended by the local W.I. A Women's Institute Committee makes the award.

Victory Cook Book
Compiled by the Women's Institute of Carleton County, New Brunswick
Price .....50 Cents

Holland's Industries Rapidly Recovering

Wollen mills in Holland are now producing 120 percent of their 1939 output records. Their cotton mills have reached 60 per cent of prewar levels. That's a record established against overwhelming odds by a country which knew the crushing effects of the German military heel early in the war.

It's apparent that the Dutch, while willing to accept a helping hand, are not above helping themselves. Thy offer an example in which many another nation might well find inspiration.—Kitchener Record.

Keep Away From It

"For safety's sake, hold your nose when you jump into deep water," advises a writing doctor. For greater safety's sake, don't jump into deep water.

—Kitchener Record.

U.S. Farm Workers

The number of farm workers in the United States today is estimated at 9,242,000, compared with 9,121,000 at this time last year and 12,052,000 before the first world war, the Department of Agriculture says. Of this number about 7,500,000 are designated as family workers and about 1,700,000 as hired hands. The average wage, not counting board, today is $4.77 a day, compared with $1.44 during 1935-39.

GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD...

This fine medicine is *very effective* to relieve pain, nervous distress and weak, "dragged out" restless feelings, of "certain days"—when due to functional monthly disturbances. *Worth trying!*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

50,000 GALLONS

Interior WAR ASSETS Exterior

Paints, Enamels, Lacquers, Varnishes

The manufacturers are Lowe Bros., C.I.L., Scarfes, Sherwin-Williams, Berry Bros.

Suitable for Wood, Cement, Metals, Etc.

OLIVE DRAB PAINT—5 gallon can ..... $1.50 gal.
DARK GREEN PAINT —5 gallon can..... $2.50 gal.
MEDIUM GREY PAINT—1 and 5 gallon can ..... $2.75 gal.
BLACK ENAMEL—1 and 5 gallon can ..... $2.00 gal.
MED. BROWN PAINT—5 gallon can .....$2.00 gal.
RED OXIDE PRIMER—1 and 5 gallon can ..... $2.50 gal.
ZINC CHROMATE (all purpose primer) 1 and 5 gallon can .....$2.50 gal.
ZINC CHROMATE THINNERS—1 and 5 gallon can $1.75 gal.
ALUMINUM (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can ..... $3.00 gal.
PEA GREEN (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can ..... $2.50 gal.
BUFF (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can ..... $2.00 gal.
DARK EARTH (dark brown spray paint)—5 gallon can ..... $2.00 gal.
LIGHT GREY (lacquer paint)—5 gallon can. ..... $2.00 gal.
MAROON (enamel)—5 gallon can ..... $2.50 gal.
CLEAR LACQUER—5 gallon can ..... $2.50 gal.
LACQUER THINNERS—5 gallon can ..... $1.75 gal.
CLEAR "COPAL" VARNISH—1 gallon can .....$2.50 gal.
CLEAR "COPAL" VARNISH—45 gallon drum .... $2.25 gal.
3" PURE BRISTLE PAINT BRUSHES, SUBS .... 75c each
4" PURE BRISTLE PAINT BRUSHES, SUBS ....$1.50 each

THE ABOVE PRODUCTS ARE THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY—THE GOVERNMENT USED THE BEST—TRY A SAMPLE ORDER
CLIP OUT THIS ADD FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

4 Gal. HEAVY DUTY
Safety Gas Cans, with detachable 18" spout.
Each .. $3.25

ARMY TOOL BOX
21 inches long, 9 inches wide, 9 inches deep. Cost the Government $7.00 to manufacture.
Only. Each 90c

YOU MAY SEND A DEPOSIT OR REMIT IN FULL THE BALANCE WILL BE SHIPPED C.O.D.

SHERMAN'S HARDWARE
537 Queen West Toronto, Ont.

REG'LAR FELLERS—End of the Limit By GENE BYRNES