CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

It was Sunday afternoon and I was very busy. First of all I washed the sitting-room floor and then I washed a dress. "My goodness—whatever next—washing floors and doing laundry on a Sunday!" I can just hear you saying it—but then, you see, you don't know the whole story.

* * *

I didn't start out with the idea of doing such jobs—that is hardly my idea of a pleasant way to spend Sunday afternoon. No, my original plan was to write letters. And that's where I met my Waterloo. I was reaching for another sheet of paper from my desk, my sleeve caught the handle of the pen which was sticking out from one of those desk-set affairs—a combination inkbottle and pen — and away went the whole contraption. The ink spilt all over the front of my dress before it hit the floor where it spread itself out into a nice little pool. So I ask you, what else could I do but spend the rest of the afternoon cleaning up the mess? A good way to start the new year, wasn't it? Believe me, the ink was no blacker than my thoughts for the space of half an hour or so. Fortunately, the floor had a linoleum covering and the only trace left of the disaster is a slight stain. The dress is none the worse either, but to get the ink out I had to run it through at least ten or twelve waters.

* * *

The next morning we almost met up with disaster again, but of a different nature. It was not quite daylight when Partner called me to the window. "Now if that isn't as pretty a picture as you would want to see," he exclaimed. "Come and look at it."

I came, and there, just as busy and contented as you please, was the biggest skunk I ever saw. And believe me, it did look pretty. It was very busy nibbling away at something or other on the ground. I remembered afterwards it was a relic Tippy had left behind.

"What do you think I had better do?" asked Partner, "do you think I should shoot it?"

* * *

It was really quite a problem. For one thing Partner was still in pyjamas, and another thing, the pretty little animal had not yet announced its presence so it was quite possible that if we left it alone it might amble off without leaving a calling card. However there was always a chance it might come back when there were chickens around so Partner got the gun. Very softly, and I have no doubt, in fear and trembling, Partner stepped outside. But by this time Mr. Skunk had moved and was behind a big tree on the front lawn. So Partner skirted the tree but so did the skunk and in this way Partner couldn't tell in which direction it went. But I was watching from the window and whether it heard Partner or whether it just sensed that someone was around I don't know, but that skunk sure moved faster than any animal of its species that I ever saw before. In no time it was away over the field but without leaving any trail at all behind it.

Pyjamas and bedroom slippers not being the ideal attire for hunting in winter, Partner returned to the house. And I believe we were both glad the incident turned out the way it did because the little creature was really doing no harm and it did seem a shame to shoot it down in cold blood.

Strangely enough, a few days before this happened Partner and I had been to a show—"The Courage of Lassie" and if you have seen it, you will remember that in one of those beautiful nature shots, the little lost puppy meets up with a skunk. In due time the skunk goes his way, ambling off at a great rate. I said to Partner at the time "You can hardly call that true to life. I am sure I never saw a skunk that big nor one that moved so fast." But now I take it all back. Our little pet the other morning was just as big, and moved just as swiftly, as the one in the show.

* * *

Our next excitement was the following day when we shipped out a couple of cows. There was only Partner and the trucker to load them and they proved to be contrary (the cows, I mean) that I was called in to give a little assistance. So you see, you never know what's ahead of you. You may start out as a farmer's wife and add truck-loading to your other duties.

An average of 41 tons of steel is used in the construction of one mile of standard two-lane concrete highway.

AUSTRALIAN ADMIRES ONTARIO HORSES

Chips Rafferty, star of "The Overlanders", saga of the famous cattle drive across Australia, took time out upon the occasion of his recent visit to Canada to admire the prize-winning Palomino horses at Charles Mavety's Circle M Ranch at Kleinburg. He enjoyed a ride on King's Glow, which took the Canadian championship at the Royal Winter Fair, and asserted that it was the best stallion he had ever seen.

U. S. Naval Air Unit

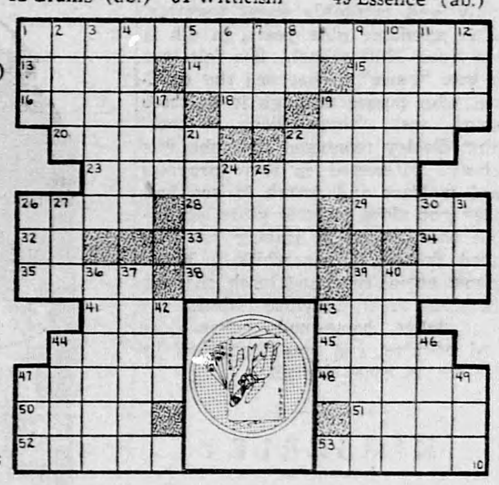
HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted is insigne of —— —— Squadron 115, U. S. naval aviation
13 Was indebted
14 Nevada city
15 Heavy blow
16 Natives of Media
18 Delirium tremens (ab.)
19 Ship spars
20 Darlings
22 Foundation
23 Abscondings
26 Points a weapon
28 Eject
29 Plant part
32 Railroad (ab.)
33 Cereal grain
34 Negative
35 Plateau
38 Pertaining to an era
39 Endure
41 Mimic
43 Fish
44 Mature
45 Makes mistakes
47 One who ails
48 Roman magistrate
50 Portico
51 Nights before events
52 Ward off
53 The —— of its planes are courageous men

VERTICAL

1 Mother
2 Inspired reverence
3 Ransom
4 Perfections
5 Symbol for erbium
6 Provided with food
7 Interest (ab.)
8 Proceed
9 Drinks to
10 Be persistent
11 Seines
12 Grains (ab.)
17 Theatrical sign (ab.)
19 Male
21 Ask (var.)
22 Species of pepper
24 Prince
25 Mineral
26 Limb
27 Anger
30 Abstract being
31 Witticism
36 Mariner
37 Seem
39 Pantry
40 Reach destination
42 Ever (contr.)
43 Driving command
44 Cosmic order
46 Has slain
47 Snake
49 Essence (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Russia Training Elks In Harness

The use of domesticated elks as a substitute for horses is being seriously considered in Moscow as the result of successful experiments in harnessing these powerful beasts, carried out by a Russian scientist who had previously contrived to make sables breed in captivity—an achievement from which furtraders are already benefiting. About 20 elks at an experimental station near Moscow have been trained to take the bit. One of their main difficulties arises from their impetuous speed, a trained elk having recently covered a mile in about one minute and a half. But, as the professor has pointed out, if elks should prove unsatisfactory as draught animals they make excellent eating.

Chinese Coolies Rebuild Roalroad By Hand Power

During the war Chinese coolies, including their womenfolk, carried out some prodigious jobs of road building, hundreds of thousands doing everything by hand, and it is not surprising to learn that up to 50,000 men have just finished a great task of rehabilitating the railroad between Canton and Hankow, a length of 1,085 miles, in six months, over some of the most mountainous territory in the world, relates the St. Thomas Times-Journal.

* * *

The Chinese destroyed large stretches of the track in order to prevent the Japanese using the railway, and so destructive were the natives that the Japs were only able to use short sections of it. The Chinese blew up 102 of the lines main 119 bridges, including the concrete foundations.

They blew up scores of tunnels, and they built sidings up to the tracks and then rolled the rolling stock down into gullies. The system was a thorough mess when they were through with it.

* * *

An example of the ingenuity of the Chinese was the erection of a bridge from a river bed witnessed by a correspondent. The bridge weighed 238 tons, and the only "machinery" the Chinese had were four jacks. The crews jacked the spans up on ever-rising stacks of railroad ties until they had them in place eighteen meters above ground level. The job took them six months, and they were fighting flood water a good part of the time. At the peak there were six or seven hundred men working there and they used 60,000 ties for the raising process.

It is not surprising to learn that there were nearly 600 fatal accidents among the coolies.

Pension Stopped

The Government, overriding opposition cries of "paltry meanness," decided Dec. 3 to discontinue a £5,000 ($20,000) annual pension set up 140 years ago for the descendants of Lord Nelson — Britain's greatest naval hero. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Dalton, said Lord Nelson in his will asked only to have Lady Hamilton and their child cared for.

Must Smarten Up

R. J Dinning, Calgary, head of a large packing firm, says, "Canada is definitely losing her hold on the British bacon market." Mr. Dinning knows whereof he speaks. Canadian producers still have a big opportunity, but they will miss it if they fail to turn out the product the British market demands and for which it is willing to pay.—Brantford Expositor.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Wash off the pucker paint and settle down fellows, New Year's Eve is over. Ah me, what a night! I never realized Perry Como could sing so well until Susie (that's my best girl) looked me in the eye and said, he sounds just like you. Well, you know how it is on New Year's Eve. After the hop at the local club, we piled into pop's blitz buggy and went down to the Corner Casbah (local hangout to you) and everyone started to make New Year's resolutions. Most of them were broken before we got home. This is the only night in the year that pop doesn't put on a curfew.

Last week at this time we were playing Santa Claus to the family, as you probably were. I like Christmas—always have. It's the only day in the year I can pass out pop's smokes like a big guy and not get a dirty look. Things went a little differently at our house this year. Right after the "Big Dinner" we all made a wish. Pop wished that the indigestion would hold off; mom wished we would be more quiet and I wished for snow—to try out my new hickories. While all this was going on, my little niece was running around pulling her new toy carpet sweeper with my gold chain wrapped neatly around the roller. I immediately changed my wish — but after all Christmas belongs to the children doesn't it?

* * *

We are finding that this first column is a toughie to write. This is the second attempt. The first one was thrown in the stove with some other old papers, I mean old papers. The editor asked that I write like I talk, then changed his mind and said, write it so that teen-agers can understand it. I'm obeying orders and if anyone can't savvy my slanguage — well take it up with somebody, I don't care who. Yours truly will be in this corner every week with a column of newsy chatter (we hope) and from time to time will pass along the latest on what's worth reading (books), what's worth listening to (records and radio) and what's worth seeing (movies). We want you to feel that this is your column and invite you to pass along any suggestions, criticisms or compliments. I like that compliment stuff. We intend, too, to have a spotlight, when we will publicize any teen-ager who is making a name for himself or herself in sports, music, art or any other field. If you have any such person in your neighbourhood, send us the details, mentioning of course their chosen vocation, hobbies, school record, likes and dislikes. Send all communications for this column to Box B, Pickering, Ontario.

"Shut off the sky juice and send down some snow", is the cry of young people across the province, who anxiously await their first ski. This is a wonderful sport for two reasons. If you can stay away from trees, it's good for the health and if you can't, it helps pay the doctor's rent. If you haven't been on the hickories before, we suggest you stick to the small slopes until you get your ski legs, or 'Jackson, you have a date with Dr. Kildare. We pass this advice along to the novice ski enthusiasts: To avoid appearing like a dope on the slope, practice and practice and when you have finished this — well practice some more. The government is planning to erect ski lodges across the province, so that the average salaried person can enjoy the facilities and still not burn the pocket book on both sides. All this means to you and me (how far could we go on a dollar a week?) is that the close-to-home slopes won't be so crowded. In that way we'll benefit.

* * *

Last week the Junior Wolf of the family went to a jam session at a nearby teen club with some of his gang and reported a real good time. This idea of members of one club being the guests of another is alright. Yes, my friendlies, it's okay. It keeps the locals and the guests on the beam with one trying to outdo the other in social etiquette. Supervised teen-clubs are becoming popular all over the country. We can still have a good time with an older person giving us the eye so get in there and keep the works wound up.

Well, gang, we have to close shop for this week. I have a date with Susie in half an hour for a bottle of fizz. Before closing may we ask, dear reader, if you have any way of budgeting a dollar a week. I've tried and tried and always end up in the red. Oh, well, maybe you have the same trouble. So-long for now.

German Ships Will Sail Again

Germany's merchant navy, a fleet of 500 vessels manned entirely by German crews, will be on the seas again in a matter of a few weeks.

This fleet will be flying a new flag. The flag has not yet been seen, but it will bear the international flag-code letter C, with V cut out. The ships will sail between Baltic, West European and British ports, carrying vital foodstuffs to the Reich in exchange for as much timber and minerals as the battered German industries in the British and American zones can deliver.

German skippers, engineers and crews, who are being processed daily to discover whether they are adherents of the Nazi movement, are praying that nothing will happen to throw a monkey wrench into the works.

They are afraid of last-minute hitches at the four-power discussion table which will hold up this vastly important plan to ease the British and American transport burden and to speed up commerce between Germany and the countries to which she owes so much.

The four-power authorities have their problems regarding this little shipping deal. There is the question of how German captains and crews will be treated when they arrive as a former enemy or at neutral ports.

A Sheep A Second

At Ross, Tasmania, Allen Hayes broke his own Tasmanian record last week, when he sheared 318 sheep in a day of eight hours. The sheep were well-grown Corridales.

This record is within three sheep of the Australian record, made by Jack Howe at Alice Spring, Queensland, in 1892. Hayes' previous Tasmanian record of 311 was made four years ago. He averaged a sheep every 100 seconds in his latest feat.

Use of Insulin Adds Years of Life

The occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of insulin, by the late Sir Frederick Banting and Dr. Charles Best, of Toronto, has been marked by a review of the benefits the drug has brought to diabetics, comments the Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Statisticians of the Metropolitan Life report that studies at a Boston clinic show that the death rate among diabetic patients treated has dropped ninety-five per cent at ages under forty. Among the middle-aged, the reduction has been two-thirds, and among older patients the death rate has been cut in half.

In the past twenty-five years methods of diagnosis have improved, with the result that the number of diabetics has shown an apparent increase.

Control of the disease has improved greatly, and further advances are anticipated. Untold thousands, who before insulin would have been condemned to suffering and death from diabetes, will lead fairly normal lives.

Settlement

About 3,000,000 acres of land have been submitted by the states for soldier settlement in Australia. Of this amount, about 80 percent has been approved by the Government.

MACHINERY
NEW AND USED
Of Every Description
Phone EL. 1271
H. W. PETRIE CO., LTD.
147 Front St. W. - Toronto
'WE BUY & SELL'

You Will Enjoy Staying At
The St. Regis Hotel
TORONTO
- Every Room With Bath Shower and Telephone
- Single, $2.50 up—Double, $3.50 up
- Good Food, Dining and Dancing Nightly

Sherbourne at Carlton
Tel. RA. 4135

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up

HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
OPP. — C.N.R. STATION

"Why Didn't I Do This Before!"

If your nose ever fills up with stuffy transient congestion—next time put a little Va-tro-nol in each nostril. Quickly congestion is relieved, breathing is easier. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is to relieve distress of head colds. Try it! Works fine! You'll like it!

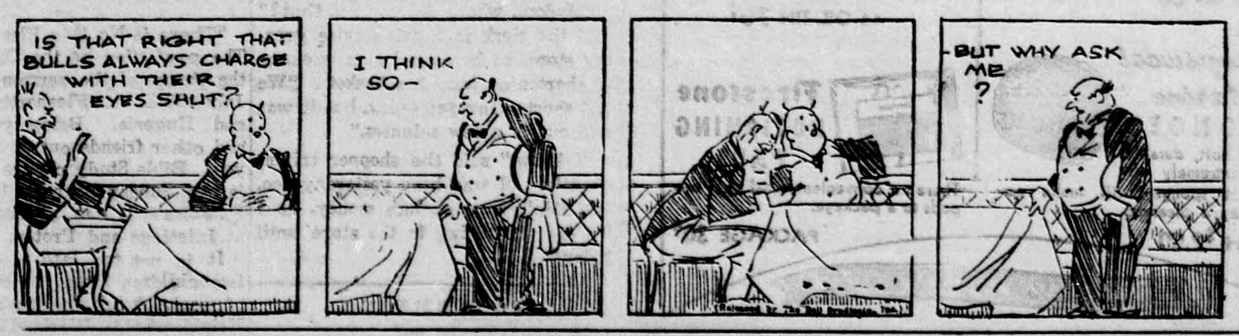
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

ISSUE 1—1947

ROLL YOUR OWN BETTER CIGARETTES WITH

USE CANADA'S AIR LINES COAST TO COAST EVERY DAY

EXTRA MILD

POP—Double Check

By J. MILLAR WATT