CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Every once in a while somebody manages to take the joy out of life for many of us by saying or doing something mean and contemptible. And that is what happened just recently in connection with the berry patch where we have been wont to pick.

It was the grandest patch—the walking not to rough; the mosquitoes comparatively well behaved and the berries so plentiful that there was enough and to spare for all who came. Many of us who lived in this district have picked in this particular patch for several years. We knew the patch pretty well; we also knew that cattle were pastured there and for that reason we were particularly careful of the fences. Many, like myself, looked for places along the wire fence where there was room enough to roll underneath; others looked for a strong place reinforced with an anchor post and climbed over. Either way would not be likely to damage the fence if proper care were taken.

* * *

But alas, there were also others . . some who gave no thought to the cattle in the bush, or to the fact that wire fences cost money to build and maintain. They broke down fences or climbed over them in slack places, bending them over and making them slacker still. These people had no regard for the fence or for the bush as being private property. All they wanted was the berries and an easy way to get them.

According to grapevine information the present owner had acquired the property quite recently. This then was his first experience at what can happen to private property when berry picking is in season. Apparently he was amazed and appalled at the damage that was done. But the real climax came when someone took down the gap —and left it down—with the result that the cattle got out and went in search of pastures new.

It so happened I saw these same cattle on the road myself and wondered where they came from and to whom they belonged.

Was the owner mad? Well, what would you think? People around here were left in no doubt as to his reaction because the very next day notices were nailed up about every hundred yards along the bush which said—"Tresspassers will be prosecuted" and "Private Property — Keep Out" There was also a woman on horseback patrolling the roads and the bush as if the owner really meant business.

* * *

And who can blame him? But oh, those beautiful, luscious berries going to waste! I could quite cheerfully crown the person or persons whose thoughtlessness was responsible for the owner having to take such drastic action—except for the fact that I don't know who they were. The best I can do is hope they choke on their ill-gotten berries.

Looking back, am I glad I didn't lose any opportunity for picking berries when the going was good. And I had such splendid help—my sister-in-law, my niece, and, on two occasions John came with me and helped pick. I'm telling you those berries look wonderfully good to me in their sealers on my cellar shelf. But still, I am afraid every time I open a jar I shall remember how easy it is for one or two irresponsible people to spoil things for the rest of us.

* * *

Well, the junior members of our family seem to have developed a wanderlust. Daughter recently spent a week of her holidays near Val O'Or with her uncle and cousins. And son Bob is at present away some place the other side of North Bay.

I suppose we all have different ideas of what constitutes a holiday. Talking about that just recently I told my family my idea of a holiday for myself would be for the rest of them to go away and leave me at home alone. A whole week maybe to do what I liked—stay home when I liked, go out when I liked—with no meals to cook or dishes to wash. Now wouldn't that be something?

African Brave (?)

"My good man," said the missionary to the African chief, "it is wrong to have more than one wife. Tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

After a moment's reflection the chief replied: "You tell them!"

TOO WEAK TO DO ANYTHING

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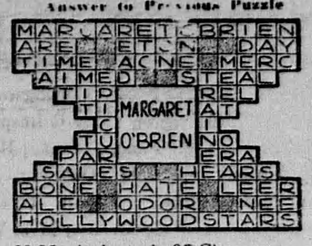
HORIZONTAL

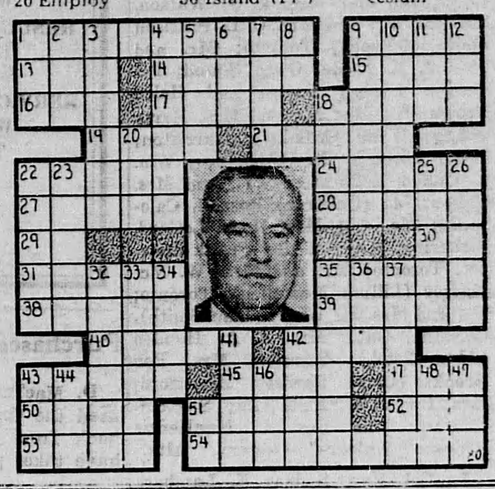
1 Pictured U. S. ambassador to exiled government of Yugoslavia, Col. Richard C ——, Jr
9 Scrutinize
13 Fish
14 Requisite
15 Step
16 Number
17 One who mimics
18 Writer's mark
19 A dandy
21 Trap
22 Irregular
24 Female ruff
27 Put in tune
28 Slaves
29 We
30 Steamship (ab.)
31 Distributed, as cards
35 Mourning Virgin
38 Compound ether
39 Pacify
40 Pester
42 To cut
43 Chirrup
45 Caterpillar hair
47 Feline
50 Ireland
51 Billiard shot
52 Malayan tin coin
53 Require
54 Excelled

VERTICAL

1 Deep hole
2 American humorist
3 Sinew
4 Eluded
5 Mature
6 Female saint (ab.)
Boat paddles
8 New line (ab.)
9 Bowling term
10 Tip
11 High card
12 Seine
18 Solicitude
20 Employ
22 Musical study
23 Wiles
25 Roman goddess
26 Treatise
32 Dress
33 Looked askance
34 Snare
35 Important canal
36 Island (Fr.)
37 Chooses
41 Son of Isaac (Bib.)
42 Cease
43 Century (ab.)
44 Hasten
46 Make a mistake
48 Exist
49 Small child
51 Symbol for cesium

Answer to Previous Puzzle





TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

If this week's column seems a little different from the ordinary corn, I'm very sorry. At time of writing, my throat is sore, my eyes are watering and I would rather be doing anything than sitting here pounding a typewriter. But when a deadline is staring you in the face and it's almost mail time —well, like it or not, here goes.

Why Not Try It?

Toronto's leading picture magazine (we think it only has one, after the Life design) welcomes picture-stories from amateurs as well as professionals, and pays full rates for anything used. This is worth a try for some of you kids out there who have taken some real shots. Dress them up, tag on a good story and send them in. Who knows?

Shirts, Shorts and Legs

We happen to live in one of those places where you find a good many summer people. Strangers to the town, they stroll up the main drag in flashy skirts, shorts and bare legs. Personally we don't appreciate seeing babes on the main drag of any town, decked out like this; but when they take the boy friend along and he, too, is wearing a flashy shirt and SHORTS; well brother that is too much for the stomach.

The Lady Behind It

No doubt you have all heard by now that there will be a "teen-town" in the automotive building at the C.N.E. this year They plan to have fashion shows with boys being the judges, also movies and radio broadcasts And a record bar where you may find one of your favourite orchestra leaders, if you happen along at the right time. Do you know who is responsible for the kids getting all this hepped-up attention this year? Well, I'll tell you. It's Mrs. Kate Aitken, Director of the Women's Division of the "Ex." Yes, Kate Aitken that can accomplish more in ten hours than 15 men, is behind the big show for the teeners. Seems strange, and yet so nice, to think that we are considered important enough to merit all this. Well, we may see some of you down in that section, and if we do, don't forget to say hello.

Drape Shape and Long Dresses

There are two distinct changes in clothes for guys and gals which, in case you weren't aware of it, are already in. For the boys, the drape shape has been buried and if you come out with a real drape in that new set of threads—well, brother, you might as well keep going. You are a has-been. The girls (bless 'em) will be seen wearing dresses that hang below the knees. Funny things about this, but one well known Canadian writer says that it's a sign of a coming depression. We think that the dress designers know there is still a little money in circulation and want to get some of it while it's still warm. Women have to be in style, so they'll run while the lettuce lasts and get the new longer-dresses Oh, you ladies, you!

You Have To Be Careful

Several weeks ago, following publicaion, a writer-friend of ours called up and proceeded to put us straight on the SLANGUAGE we use in this space. It seems that we used a term that could be used in a nasty book. We didn't think about it until we asked several others. They missed the point too, until told about it and then they agreed with the man on the telephone. I hadn't realized before that one had to be so very, very careful with these modern expressions. No offence meant and the editor didn't say a word about it, so from now on we'll watch things like that. Thanks a lot Horace for drawing the matter to our attention. It will save our face at a future date. Well, it's closing time. I'll whip this down to the post office and see you next week.

Athletes in Britain Denied Extra Food

A renewed attempt to get extra food rations for British competitors who will battle against world athletes in next summer's Olympic Games was defeated in the House of Commons when Food Minister John Strachey reaffirmed his recent statement that there could be no extra allowances, despite the fact that foreigners could bring their steaks with them.

Mr. Strachey pointed out that there was nothing to stop the British aspirants to Olympic honors from going into restaurants for their meals as often as they wished.

But So Appropriate!

A very small, not to say diminutive, man contracted a marriage with a widow who was unusually tall and large. A few weeks after the wedding one of his friends came upon him looking very glum.

"What's the matter?" cried the friend. "Isn't your new wife agreeable to you?"

"She's kindness itself," said the small one sadly

"Isn't she a good housekeeper—a good cook?"

"None better in the world," said the groom, drooping a little more.

"Then what is the matter?"

"I'd be perfectly happy," blurted the little man, "if people didn't call me 'the widow's mite'!"

One Better

Lulu: "If you were half a man you'd take me to the circus tomorrow."

Buddy: "Honey, if I were half a man I'd be in the circus."

Meat Scarce So Lion Eats Salads And Likes Them

Siegfried, the lion, is on his way to London town. The pride of one of Germany's finest zoos, Siegfried is making his personal invasion of Britain in search of good raw meat.

The Germans are parting with him and with several hundred other zoo animals, because of a shortage of food—particularly a shortage of meat for the carnivores, such as lions and tigers, says Magazine Digest. The parting has been made less unpleasant by the knowledge that, at last, in their New British homes the animals will have enough to eat.

The story of the exodus from Germany's zoos, and the surprising joker at the end of it, comes from a compilation of dispatches appearing in Swiss and British newspapers.

* * *

The zoo hardest hit by the food shortage is the world-famous Hagenbeck Tierpark at Stellingen, which had 3,000 animals before the war. The present total of 600 is to be reduced to 250; the Allied Control Commission is paying the full price for all animals acquired.

The export of zoo animals is compulsory. The Commission has ruled that the vegetables and meat now consumed by hundreds of wild and hungry animals would feed thousands of hungry Germans. It is felt that the reductions are only fair, since the number of agricultural livestock, such as cows and hogs, is already being reduced because of the fodder shortage.

* * *

And now from London comes word that the new arrivals are in for a surprise. For British zookeepers have learned that even wild animals can change their diet —when they have to.

The monkeys, formerly fed on apricots melons, and nuts, are now getting by nicely on vegetables. What is more, they seem to enjoy this much cheaper food. Even the meat-eaters, such as lions and tigers, have been forced to change their menu. The man-eating tiger of Bengal now reaches for a stalk of celery instead of a pork chop.

All the animals — except for some exotic equatorial species which preferred death to being vegetarians—have adapted themselves to the British diet. In fact, they have put on weight, and their skins and furs are much more beautiful now

The vegetables, which make up the bulk of the diet for the 9,000 animals in the London Zoo, come from a 100-acre farm nearby. Fish scraps are also included occasionally in the meals. Snakes and other small animals eat the rats and mice, plentiful in the zoo, which are trapped for them.

All the meat-eating animals are given, as an appetizer the remains of a horse between them — a sort of horse d'oeuvre. But it's only enough to remind the animals that once they were not vegetarians.

That's the joker in Siegried the lion's British passport. He's going to eat his salad, and like it.

Men Wear Too Much In Summer Weather

Men wear clothes, points out the Printed word, Toronto, but usually too much of them in hot weather. "Attempts to get men to accept more comfortable clothing succeed slowly, but a man dressed in the lightest tropical worsted suit is still carrying several ounces more weight than his womenfolk think requisite for either comfort or decency. Perhaps men would be better off if they gave more encouragement to the designers of their fashions. A little imagination applied to the business suit could work wonders."

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REG'LAR FELLERS—Bargain Day Ahead

By GENE BYRNES