CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

So — it's here at last — cold, stormy weather—and how much we would like to know if it is here to stay. We would know then what to do about a number of things. Whether to shut up the pullets for good, and whether the cows should be stabled—they have all been running out so far in the hope that we might cut down a little on the feed bill. Oh, that feed bill! Four bags of laying mash that cost $10.80 in September is now $15, and fattening mash that used to be $2.50 now costs us $4 per hundred. And yet the price of eggs and chickens has dropped. Dairy concentrate, without a doubt, is correspondingly high but so far we haven't bought any. Buying concentrate, supposedly, increases the milk flow, but then what a farmer gets for the extra milk is used up paying for the cencentrate. The same applies to poultry and poultry feed. How long farmers can continue to rob Peter to pay Paul is questionable. Rumor has it that milk is due for another price increase. We would much rather see the price of milk stay where it is and some of the things we have to buy go down.

* * *

How long families with small fixed incomes can stand the high cost of living is something we are all wondering. However, I read the other day that according to statistics we have just about reached the saturation point. I don't pretend to know much about it but I like that expression—"the saturation point." It sounds as if a huge, dry sponge had been thrown into our economic set-up and was absorbing the life-blood of the nation. But now if the saturation point has been reached, or nearly so, then a change must come and it would seem that the sponge must be squeezed to release to the public some of that life-blood that has been so greedily absorbed.

Which is worse, I wonder, austerity or inflation? An austerity program such as Britain is experiencing today is hard on everyone—but yet that same fact creates a common bond of sympathy. People have a way of realizing that many have troubles greater than their own and they set about trying to help each other if they can.

* * *

Inflation produces inequality and discontent. Those who already have much, get more; those with little, get less—and if there is a surer way to breed discontent I have yet to meet it. There is also distrust, jealousy, and certainly a great deal of ignorance concerning the other fellows' problems among the various types of wage earners. Farmers lose patience with striking industrialists; wage earners have an idea farmers are sitting pretty, living off the fat of the land with little or no expense. White collar men consider their inadequate salary—at least, to them—and figure they would be better off laying bricks. Store keepers, builders and plumbers grumble at the high cost of trucking, truckers complain at what they must pay for tires, licence, insurance, repairs and labor.

* * *

And housewives—well, there is no limit to their budget worries. However, no more sugar rationing certainly gives us a wonderful break. I have a feeling it won't please the bakers quite so well.

No one has really suffered under sugar rationing but without it housekeeping is certainly going to be a lot easier. Home-made brown sugar syrup comes in very handy at times, and is much cheaper than corn syrup. Poured hot over stale sponge cake or rice pudding you have a dessert that children love. And, of course, it will take the place of the more expensive maple syrup to serve with pancakes. Fudge also is now a possibility instead of eight - cent chocolate bars. Incidentally, what could be better for packing in boxes for Britain than home-made candy?

Retort Valiant

Mrs. Lester could not endure the thought of remaining uncaptured, so when she encountered Mr. Telverson, single and quite cheerful about it, she could not avoid archly remarking, "Forty years old, Mr. Telverson, and never been married? It's really too bad. But surely you have not given up hope?"

"Oh, no, indeed," rejoined Mr. T. "I hope I am safe for another forty years, anyway."

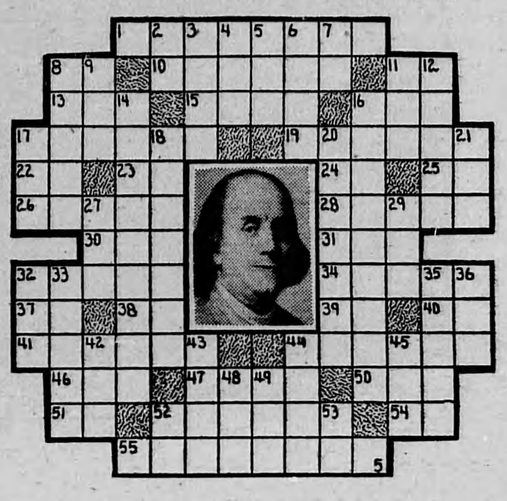
MOUTHS WATER when the fragrance of Maxwell House fills the air. This wonderful blend of coffees is *Radiant Roasted* to develop to the full all its *extra* goodness.

Early Statesman

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured early U.S. diplomat, Benjamin
8 South Carolina (ab.)
10 Succession
11 Like
13 Beret
15 Rodents
16 Be seated
17 Fruit
19 Rag
22 Either
23 Thus
24 Symbol for sodium
25 Daybreak (comb form)
26 Lariat
28 Fixed look
30 Legal point
31 Marry
32 Air raid alarm
34 Treatise
37 Id est (ab.)
38 Symbol for iron
39 Ream (ab.)
40 Myself
41 Animals
44 Indians
46 Relative (ab.)
47 One who mimics
50 Convent worker
51 Symbol for tin
52 Experiments
54 North Dakota (ab.)
55 Artists

VERTICAL
2 Rupees (ab.)
3 Airplane
4 National Recovery Administration (ab.)
5 Equipment
6 For fear that
7 Exists
8 Shop
9 Eccentric wheel
11 River islet
12 Direct
14 Imperious
16 He was an early U. S.
17 Pinnacle
18 Toastmaster
20 Replies
21 Fish eggs
27 100 square meters
29 Paid notices
32 Be sick
33 Looks askance
35 Rectify
36 Affirmative
42 Males
43 Hindu garment
44 Shield bearing
45 Weapon
48 Metal fastener
49 Dine
52 Symbol for tantalum
53 Senior (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

One of the most heart-moving stories we have read in many a moon was the piece by Billy Rose about the man and wife who were listening to the voice on the radio; telling them to forget the war and get back to normal. With that the phone rang. It was their son about to be discharged from the army. He wanted to bring a chum home with him. They had been through a lot together. Seems like the son's friend lost a leg and an arm, and he wanted to bring him home until he got adjusted. Well, the father felt that the boy should go to veterans' hospital as that was the best place for him. The son said okay if it would be too much trouble and hung up the phone. The next morning the parents received a telegram saying that their son had committed suicide. They couldn't understand it. Not until two days later, when the body of their son arrived. They understood then. There was an arm and a leg missing. You should get the point of this. If you don't, we imagine it is because we have loused up the re-telling of it so much.

New Club To Start Soon

We note in the Jarvis Record, that the young people are trying to organize a Teen Club. A meeting for this purpose was held two weeks ago. We hope that when the club gets going, they will appoint a correspondent for Teen-Town Topics, so that we can keep posted on the happenings down there.

Jarvis Gals Can Plow

While on the subject of Jarvis, we would like to mention a gal from that town that can hop on a tractor and plow a furrow as straight as . . . well anyway very straight. Her name is Vera Jaques and she won the championship in her class at the International Plowing Match at Kingston a few weeks ago. Only 17, Vera is as much at home in a pair of slacks and riding a tractor as she is in the kitchen of her home, wearing an apron. Another girl who won honours for herself was Joyce Toner of Napanee. 15 year old Joyce was the favourite subject of the photographers at the match.

You're Right Joe

Joe E. Brown, the famous film comedian, recently wrote an article for a church periodical called, "Thank God for Laughter". It was a moving piece of literary work. In this story Joe said real ambition is not wanting. It means loving the thing you are doing, loving it enough to work, and call that work play. Well chosen words, Joe, and we pass them along to the kids who read this column and hope that they will digest all you say. If you wish to read Joe's story, look up the Oct. 1st, issue of the United Church Observer.

TEEN-TOWN REPORTERS

Plattsville — Edith Hall — Hi everybody. A week ago our Hi Crowd held a Hallowe'en Party. Those goblins, witches and unexpected, uninvited ghosts surely made certain that we would get our share of frightening scares. The kids had a genuine House of Horrors. We walked up boldly to the door and after being hoodwinked, stepped blindly into an electric wire to feel a shock charge merrily through our bodies. We came out with sticky porridge up to our ears and elbows. Many parents and friends gathered to watch the colourful procession of chicks and chucks parading in the grand march before the judges, while the Plattsville Continuation School orchestra played. Prize winners were chosen from the masqueraders. Kisses (in paper) were sold and fortunes were told. Sweet apple cider and delicious doughnuts were served. No wonder the kids straggled homeward. Bye for now, — Edith.

Parry Sound — Audrey Harris— On Friday , October 31st, the executive was elected for the new Archery Club started in our school by Neil McNaughton. Neil is president, Jim Wier is vice-president (Jim's father has a summer resort near here and has a 28-target archery course). Audrey Harris, your correspondent is Secretary-Treasurer. Most of the members have had no experience. Jim's brother is going to make the bows and arrows, and being an experienced archer, is going to offer instruction. The club has about fifty members. Friday, October 31st, the Fri-Nite Club held its masquerade Dance. The best costumes were worn by Shirley Christenson in a "Gay Ninety's" costume and Ross Bagam in silk hat and tails. Winners of contests were: Ed McGill, apple bobber; Mary Lou McMaster and Morris Lamore won the dance with a potato on a spoon. Lunch was served and we danced until one a.m., thoroughly enjoying ourselves all the time.

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SOME HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

One of the sad parts about all these soaring prices is the fact that Chirstmas is approaching faster than most of us like to think about. The Christmas present dollar, which never seems to go very far anyway, is slated to go a shorter way than ever this season.

All of which, naturally, turns many women to thoughts of handmade Chrishmas presents.

Those covered wooden bowls that hubby's shaving soap comes in needn't be discarded as useless. For instance, with paint or enamel, they make quaint powder holders for the dressing table—the inexpensive gift with the personal touch that means so much. The same little bowls, shining with fresh paint, also can act as containers for hooks, buttons and other small sewing gadgets.

A plain wooden box, which the man of the house could whip together in short order with a few tools, can become an artistic decorative container for a package of facial tissues. A slot cut lengthwise through the cover allows withdrawal of the tissues. Finished in a single appropriate color or trimmed with a stencilled or haandpainted design, such a gift might well grace the dressing table of a friend.

Then there are bottles. Fancy shaped and gaily painted gift bottles are selling at premium prices these days, but think of all the dozens of shapes the bottles in which you get your jam, pickles and other foods. At comparatively little cost you can decorate them handsomely to make attractive additions to anyone's china cabinet—particularly after they have fitted with smart stoppers which can be purchased from the hardware store.

The possibilities are endless when you start to think about them. Flower pots and wall-holders for flower pots are popular in colors. So too are such personalized gifts as hand-painted shoe-trees, towel racks, clothes hanger and hat stands . Small bookcases, wall brackets, bookends, tables, trays are all things that can be purchased in unpainted form and finished at home.

Yes, Christmas shopping is going to be an expensive proposition this year but at least some of the cost can be offset with a little ingenuity and modest outlay for paint and some work which is practically 100% fun.

When your little one catches cold—

Tonight . . . do what most mothers do to relieve miseries of children's colds: Simply rub warming Vicks VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub's special relief-bringing action starts right away and keeps on working for hours during the night *while the child sleeps.* Often by morning most misery of the cold is relieved. Remember, Mother . . . when your children catch cold . . . be sure you get time-tested Vicks VapoRub.

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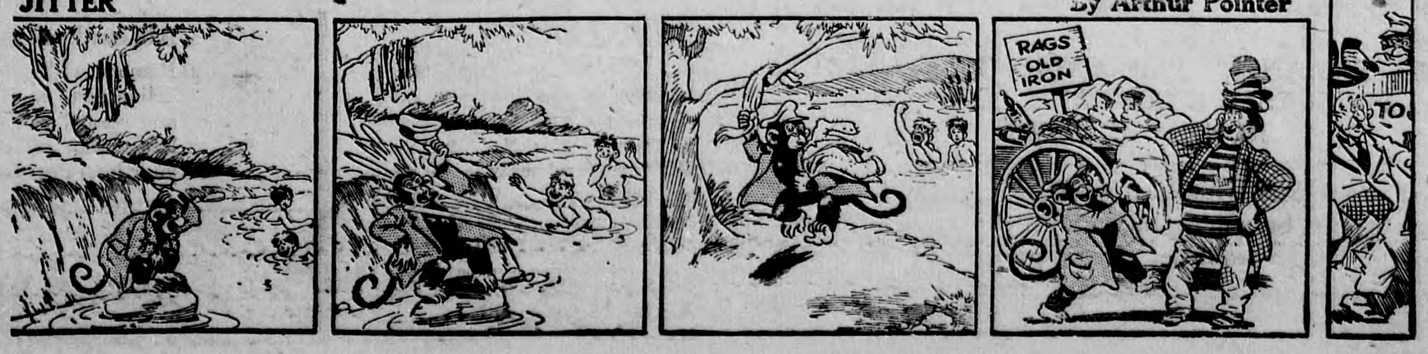
JITTER By Arthur Pointer