REUNION AT CHRISTMAS

By HELEN PETRONE

Janet opened the door to her apartment, thinking as she did so that it had been only a week since Craig and she had shared this apartment they called their "ivory tower," named that because of its odd shape. It had been a storage room until the housing shortage became prevalent. Then Old Mrs. Root, feeling sympathetic toward the plight of Janet and Craig Norris, newly married and homeless, had cleared it out, partitioned it off into two small rooms and rented it to them.

That was just 13 months ago, Janet remembered, dropping her gloves on the table and lighting the lamp with the same gesture. They had been married only three weeks, just long enough to realize they were imposing on Craig's family who were cramped for quarters themselves.

* * *

Just a week ago they had the quarrel that had sent Craig from the apartment. It had been a blow to his pride from the day of their wedding that Janet should continue working. She enjoyed her position in the advertising firm where she had risen from a clerk to copy writer in just two years. Since she left the house after Craig in the morning and returned before him at night, she never felt her working interfered in any way with her household duties. But friends had spoiled everything with their snide remarks about "poor Janet still working," and it was more than Craig could bear. "They think I can't support you!" he'd storm at her, but the more he pleaded the more adamant she had become. And now he was gone.

* * *

The whole thing seemed so unimportant now. She glanced at the telephone, half-inclined to call him home, but her own recalcitrant nature refused to allow such a move. She turned on the radio instead and pretended the tears that welled in her eyes at the strains of "Silent Night" were merely tears of weariness after the preparation of the office party that morning. Deliberately she opened the dresser drawer to put away last night's ironing. Her souvenir box loomed temptingly before her. Lifting the cover, she stared at the items she had collected: Craig's class ring, exchanged for a diamond after their graduation from college; a pressed orchid, one of those she had carried at her wedding; various cards, Christmas, anniversary, birthday, valentine. She picked up a small gift card and read again, "To my dear wife, Janet on our first Christmas." It was the card with the watch he had given her last year.

* * *

Trembling, she closed the box and turned quickly from the dresser. She had been a fool, she decided. Without Craig, Christmas could never hold the same meaning for her as it once had. She didn't stop to lock the door for there was nothing of value anyone could steal from her. Even her $100 Christmas bonus lying on the table went unnoticed. The one thing she must not lose was happiness, and that was no longer in her home with Craig gone.

She hurried into her coat as she started breathlessly down the 3½ flights of stairs. Tears coursed down her cheeks and she prayed with fanatic zest that she was not too late. As she reached the last flight of stairs, she crashed into a figure who was hurrying up, as oblivious of his surroundings as she. She gasped at the impact, but the man quickly regained his balance and caught her before she could fall. "Janet!" he cried.

* * *

She looked at him almost in disbelief. Then, throwing her arms about him she gave vent to her tears. "Oh, Craig! Darling, I was just coming for you."

He kissed her and held her tightly. "Janet, I've been such a fool. I didn't realize until tonight what an awful thing pride can be. Will you ever forgive me?"

She sighed. "There's nothing to forgive, Craig. I was the one who was wrong. I'm going to quit my job right away."

"No, you mustn't. I don't want to deprive you of any happiness and if you want to work, I'm not going to stop you."

She laughed shakily. "We'll argue that out later, shall we?"

Arm in arm they climbed up the stairs.

☆

Different

"They tell me she makes people happy wherever she goes."

"You mean 'whenever'!"

★

CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Tomato Juice with Parsley Garnish
Roast Turkey with Rice Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes — Giblet Gravy
Buttered Green Peas
Cranberry Christmas Mold
Honey Fig Pudding
Beverage

'Tis the season to be jolly and the air hums with festive plans for the coming yuletide, but the big event will be, as always, Christmas dinner.

You'll have traditional turkey, or goose maybe, or chicken, or perhaps a roast of beef. You'll include all the family favorites, of course, and here are some new ideas for trimmings for your Christmas dinner.

* * *

Rice Stuffing

½ cup diced celery
¼ cup chopped onion
⅓ cup fat
1 cup cookeed rice
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup water
3 cups oven-popped rice cereal

Brown celery and onion in fat; stir in rice, parsley, seasonings and water. Crush cereal into coarse crumbs; combine with rice mixture.

Yield: 2½ cups stuffing.

Cranberry Christmas Mold

1 cup corn syrup
1 cup sugar
2 cups water
1 2-inch stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon whole cloves
4 cups fresh cranberries (2 lbs.)
2 envelopes plain unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water

Boil syrup, sugar, water and spices together for 5 minutes. Remove spices. Add cranberries, cook without stirring until cranberry skins pop open. Add gelatin, first softened in cold water; stir to dissolve. Cool. Pour into 1½ quart star-shaped mold; chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmold, garnish with holly sprigs, if desired.

Honey Fig Pudding

¼ cup shortening
⅓ cup honey
1 egg
½ cup milk
½ cup bran
1 cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely cut dried figs

Blend shortening and honey. Add egg and beat well. Stir in milk and bran. Sift flour, soda and salt together and add to first mixture with figs. Mix thoroughly. Fill greased 1-quart mold ⅔ full, cover tightly and steam for 2 hours. Serve with hard sauce or other pudding sauce. Makes 6 servings. Note: If figs are very dry, cover with boiling water and let steam 10 minutes; drain thoroughly before cutting into pieces.

CANADA DESTINED FOR LARGER WORLD ROLE—GEORGE SPINNEY

BANK OF MONTREAL PRESIDENT URGES VOLUNTARY CURB ON PRICE-RISES

B of M Depositors Reach Record 1,600,000, Reports B. C. Gardner, General Manager

Montreal, Dec. 1.—"Destiny has inexorably cast this country in a larger role," stated George W. Spinney, in his presidential speech today to the 130th annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal. Tempering his confidence in Canada's future with immediate considerations, Mr. Spinney made two urgent pleas in his address. One was directed to management and labor for "self-imposed restraint from charging what the traffic will bear," as an aid in curbing high prices, and the other was in favor of a "vigorous, imaginative and highly selective" immigration policy.

Speaking at the same meeting, B. C. Gardner, general manager, reported a year of greater activity in all phases of bank operation, with depositors in Canadian branches topping the 1,600,000-mark, their funds in the B. of M. amounting to an all-time high of $1,783,000,000. Commercial loans in Canada amounted to $382,000,000, showing a marked increase over last year's figure of $277,000,000

Self-Restraint Needed

"The year has seen production and employment at high levels," Mr. Spinney declared. "Anything more unlike the widely feared post-war period of deflation and unemployment could hardly be imagined.

"Indeed, many of our immediate and pressing problems are of an entirely different nature, arising as they have out of instabilities characteristic of a boom."

Urging management and labor to help check swiftly-rising prices both in the individual and the community self-interest, Mr. Spinney said that at a time like the present, self-imposed resraint from charging what the traffic will bear, either for goods or the skill required to produce them, is as necessary, as practical and as prudent as fire insurance on a highly inflammable structure." No group, representative of labor or industry, could afford to ignore this safeguard, he added.

Urges More Immigration

"If ever there was a time when Canada should press forward with an immigration program, that time is now," the president maintained. "An influx of new skills will be of immeasurable aid in bringing about the further development of our industrial capacity, and thus helping to overcome some of the instabilities that are the inevitable consequence of our present relatively small home market and our over-dependence on external trade."

Referring to the slowness of recovery abroad, particularly in Britain, Mr. Spinney observed, "It is difficult for us in this comfortable country to realize the weariness and the frustration that are the legacies of ever deepening austerity. It is necessary, I think, to remind ourselves that economic isolation is no more possible than its political counterpart. All of us on this continent may well pray at this juncture for deliverance both from blindness of vision and from blindness of heart."

Another factor retarding recovery was the practical consequences of popular fallacies, the speaker maintained, particularly "the doctrine that, by some magical formulae of monetary manipulation and state control, a community may indefinitely consume more than it is able or willing to produce."

General Manager's Address

In his address to the meeting, B. C. Gardner, general manager, remarked on the B. of M.'s expanding post-war activities. He referred to the opening of 28 branches and sub-agencies, the increasing of staff to about 8,900 men and women, as compared with 8,400 last year and the adoption of improved operating techniques in handling routine transactions.

Enlarging on the B. of M.'s part in the unprecedented expansion of Canadian peacetime trade abroad, Mr. Gardner said, "We have found by experience that in utilizing the services of banks which have been long established in their respective countries, we are able to provide our customers with unexcelled facilities for conducting their import and export trade. Up-to-date information and reports on conditions and regulations abroad are fully at the disposal of our customers and are being increasingly availed of to facilitate their foreign operations."

In his closing remarks, Mr. Gardner paid warm tribute to the staff. Noting that numerous returned veterans on the staff already occupied important posts, he added that many new entrants engaged since the wa were also veterans. Mr. Gardner paid special tribute to the women employees who comprise some 56 per cent of the total staff.

"The organization and arrangements, relating to the development, the progress and the welfare of our staff are under continuous and careful study," Mr. Gardner said. "I know of no feature of our business that has required more care and consideration over the past year."

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

Subconsciously, I suppose, we all realize that every home is a complete unit, and every member of the family apart of that unit; what affects one affects the whole, and t whole is as important to one as the other.

We realize this more clearly when someone in the family is called away nexpectedly; becomes ill or has to attend to business away from home. Then there has to be a readjustment within the unit, other members of the family taking over duties which the ill or absent one has been in the habit of doing. If one knows beforehand that such a change will take place preparations can be made to take care of it, but if it comes as a bolt from the blue then the degree of disorganization depends upon the ability of those concerned to rise to the occasion.

* * *

All of which leads up to the fact that Partner is still on the sick list and we have had a little experience along the lines I have mentioned.

Normally Partner and the boys do the barn chores between them — the boys the heavy work and Partner the feeding. In the winter Partner also figures on looking after the poultry unassisted. And that, in case you don't know, is no small job!

When the boys are busy with a trucking job Partner will often say — "Never mind the night chores — I can manage. You go ahead with your trucking."

But last week he took to his bed — only not that quick. For a day or two he insisted on going to the barn — thinking like the rest of us do, that the heavens would fall if we don't throw in our two cents' worth to keep 'em up. In the end he had to give in and the feeding of the cows and poultry depended then upon the tender mercies of the boys. One day the young cattle did quite a bit of jumping around much to Bob's bewilderment — until he realized he was still wearing his driving cap — a khaki colour service cap which the heifers felt had no business in their domain.

* * *

The poultry was another worry. Bob looked after them before breakfast but he didn't realize how much attention they required during the day, so I was always shouting from the backdoor — "Pick up the eggs before you come in." One night the boys forgot to take a last look in the henhouse before supper — and I forgot to remind them — so there were six eggs frozen and cracked. If Partner had been on the job that wouldn't have happened.

* * *

As for me I have been busy in the house — busy with my usual work, plus caring for Partner. But as soon as he was able Partner was anxious to do things to help me. So yesterday I said — "All right, I'm going to make some pies — you can peel the apples." It wasn't long before I saw Partner sort of straightening his back, even though he was sitting. Presently he said — "Good-night, how many pies are you making — haven't I peeled enough apples yet?" I laughed as I answered — "Now maybe you'll understand why I think there is quite a bit of work to making apple pies. And you will notice they take far less time to eat than they do to make."

* * *

Came that night and I was busy darning socks — fine socks and oversocks. Partner watched for awhile then he said — "I used to darn my own socks in the army, let me have a shot at those heavy ones."

So I handed him a pair of socks and he got along very nicely. His only comment was — "I don't know how you tell when to stop darning — after you get through with the holes it seems there are thin places all over the sock!"

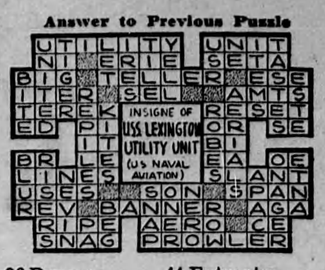
So with each doing a little of the other's work we learn something of each other's problems. That is the way it should be, but, being human I know that is the way it won't be — not around here anyway! Partner will be out again next week and I expect he will take over the feeding once again; the boys continue their trucking, and the heavy chores and I shall be left to battle alone with my pies and socks.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

"I'd like to put two dollars on the winner!"

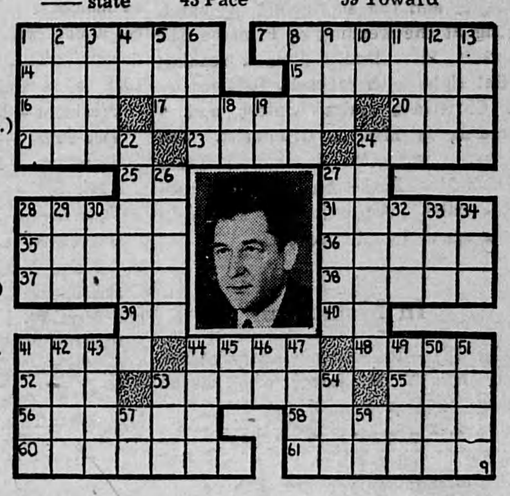
Ohio Governor

Answer to Previous Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1,7 Pictured governor, — — —
14 Gorge
15 Hercules (corruption)
16 Ear (comb. form)
17 Sinew
20 Independent Labor Party (ab.)
21 Cry
23 Shower
24 Physical part
25 Bone
27 Bushel (ab.)
28 Manufacturing city in his state
31 Pungent
35 Stop
36 Glide on ice
37 Typified
38 Judgment
39 Left side (ab.)
40 Grandchild (Scot.)
41 Simple
44 Wan
48 Terminals
52 Abyss
53 Nearly
55 Out (Scotch)
56 Fancy
58 Character
60 Columbus is the —— of his state
61 Ancestral founder

VERTICAL
1 Out of
2 Class
3 Assert
4 Nickle (symbol)
5 Knight (ab.)
6 Sneer
8 Eternity
9 Vase
10 South Carolina (ab.)
11 Muse of history
12 Retained
13 Glimpse
18 North America (ab.)
19 The gods
22 Slackly
24 His state is known as the —— state
26 Prunes (Scot.)
27 Bass voice
28 Feign
29 Lock opener
30 Knock
32 Sped
33 Belongs to it
34 English river
41 Heroic
42 Opera by Verdi
43 Pace
44 Entreaty
45 Exist
46 Behold!
47 Serf
49 Speech part
50 Rowboat
51 Stalk
53 Attorney (ab.)
54 Touch
57 Three-toed sloth
59 Toward



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