TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Susie bounded into the kitchen with more than her usual amount of vigor and vitality. "The gang are going into town roller skating and want us to go. How much money have you?"

"30 cents", I replied. "Anyway I don't know how to roller skate. Only kids go in for that stuff."

"Here is two dollars for helping with the dishes for the past month," offered mon. "You go along. You've been dragging around here all day and the excercise will do you good."

"Oh super'," purred Susie, "the gang will call at seven. See you then."

* * *

As we entered the roller rink, I felt a little nervous down inside. A guy can get hurt at this business, I thought. Imagine having four steel wheels run over your neck, especially with 200 pounds on top of them or worse still, if some galoot suddenly lost balance and planted his skates in the middle of your bread basket. Oh horrors, what have I let myself in for?

The man taking tickets, stopped me with, "you can't wear braces in here son."

"Well how am I going to keep my pants up?" I asked.

"Run home and change," he replied.

"But I can't, it's twenty miles away."

"Well we'll let you off this time, but remember in the future - no braces."

"Oh gosh, I'm so excited," cried Susie, "listen to that swell music, and look at all those people."

Above the roar of steel on wood, I could hear the faint sound of an organ. Yipe, I thought, if that herd of galloping madmen ever broke loose a person would be mincemeat.

"I think I'd better go around alone first," I said to Susie. "Sort of get my bearings. We can have the next skate."

* * *

I slithered out onto the floor and headed for the wall, so I would have something to hang onto. Somebody gave me a push from behind and I crashed into the wall, landing in a heap on the floor. Dazed and shaken, I felt helpless as an instructor picked me up and gave me a little shove to get me moving with the throng.

In a few minutes I had the hang of it and was gliding around the rink,—well anyway I was on my feet again. Nearing the south corner, I could see Susie watching for me. As I came around in front of her, I waved. With that some horse shoved his skate between my legs. My feet went up in the air, I lunged out and grabbed a fat girl in front of me. The guy behind grabbed my braces. I could feel them stretching - stretching. Then there was a snap like a gun report. Smack! and something hit me full force in the back of the neck. I lost balance, tripped the fat girl and we went down together with me on the bottom amidst gales of laughter and shouting.

* * *

Minutes later, a nurse was bending over me with smelling salts or something. As I came to, the laughter and applause was still audible.

"Let me through here" came a man's voice. "Let me talk to that boy."

Looking up, I beheld a well dressed man of about 55. "I'm the manager here," he announced. "I saw that act and could use you in my new "Roller Review".

"Oh how simply super," cried a faint voice. It was Susie. "You were wonderful Barry. Anything for a laugh, that's you."

"That's what I want him for," stated the well dressed man. "He'll lay them in the aisles."

"But —" I started to argue, "that was no—"

"A hundred a week, while the show's on," said the man. "Good. I ca... see you never turn down a good thing."

* * *

I felt my head, my stomach where the fat girl landed and my you know what. Jeepers I have to take all this punishment, night after night? I thought.

Susie helped me off the floor. I limped to a chair and started to take off my skates. "I've had enough for one session," I announced.

"Oh there you are," said the well dressed man, pushing his way through the crowd. "Say son that deal is off. One of my instructors just told me you can't skate with two people holding you up. He saw you go out on the floor tonight. I thought that act was for the benefit of the onlookers."

"I tried to tell you it was no act Mr." I replied.

On the way home, I rubbed my sore spots which seemed to multiply every five minutes.

"Well never mind," consoled Susie." There was no one else there tonight who got an offer like you did - even if it only lasted for four minutes.

The British Admiralty in 1840 decided that oak was superior to iron and refused to accept the metal for shipbuilding.

"As the Twig is Bent, So Is the Tree Inclined," goes the ancient saying. Badly bent in a storm of many years ago, this tree on the Milton-Acton Highway refused to give up. Instead of growing downward, back to Mother Earth, it made a new start, and now stands, twisted but sturdy, against any wind that blows.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARMS

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

I never knew it to fail! Not so much as a sniffle do I ever get when I stay around home but let me go to the city and it's another story. Sometime last week when I was travelling around in those crowded street-cars I picked up a very active little germ, brought it home with me and it had me by the throat all day Monday and Tuesday, leaving Partner to manage as best he could in the capacity of house-keeper.

* * *

Wednesday morning I was pushing myself around when the phone rang and the message I received was that Bob had been hurt and was in hospital. It wasn't long before I was down there. He had been loading logs on his truck. They were extra big logs and in loading one of them the chain broke and the log dropped from the height of the truck down on to Bob's foot. Three bones are broken but they can't be set nor the foot put into a cast yet because of swelling and bruised tissue. And Bob has been given fair warning that he will have to wear a cast for at least two months. However it will be a walking cast so he hopes to be able to get around to a certain extent. Of course it will be a great inconvenience and a big expense but it could certainly have been a whole lot worse. The man who was with Bob said he didn't know why he wasn't killed.

* * *

Yesterday I took him down his radio after inquiring what the hospital rules were regarding its use. "Oh yes, he can have his radio but only on certain conditions," the nurse told me. "And what are they?" I inquired. "It must be kept low - and no modern music!" I laughed. Bob I knew would comply with the first order but not the other. After all what's the good of a radio if you can't listen to "A Four-leafed Clover"? Personally I can listen to that any time.

* * *

With both the boys away Partner and I had a nice little chore to ourselves this morning. It was the day of the first spring rain. And what a rain! At our place it rained inside as well as out. The kitchen roof decided it was high time it was reroofed, patched, or something, and it put on a demonstration to prove its point. A gentle rain doesn't affect it but with a deluge like we had today it seems there is a leak in every square inch of room. We had wash tubs, dishpans, preserving kettles, boiler, wash basins and pails on the kitchen floor and up in the attic. We mopped floor and table in turn, emptied pans and hunted new ones as fresh leaks developed - and that seemed to be about every five minutes.

* * *

I set dinner on a card table in the living-room - the dining-room was too close to the kitchen for comfort. We were both tired and maybe not in the best of humor but when we listened to the news and heard of the flood damage in other areas we couldn't even begin to feel sorry for ourselves. We haven't even got water in our cellar. At the same time it was a great relief when the rain stopped. I said to Partner as we mopped up water in the kitchen - "This is the time when prospective buyers should be around and inspect any property they might be thinking of buying." Almost any property looks all right on a nice bright day in spring but a rainy day has a way of revealing things that an agent doesn't think to mention. After all you could hardly expect him to point out disadvantages in what he is trying to sell. That is what the new owner finds out after living on a place for about six months.

Do you know what? There is a red, red robin hopping around on our front lawn!

... TABLE TALKS ...

Steamed Puddings

A steamed pudding is simple to make, satisfying to eat. If you haven't a quart mold, use a 1-pound coffee can or baking powder tins and cover with waxed paper held in place by rubber bands. For a first try, Steamed Fruit Pudding or Steamed Carrot Bran Pudding will reward your efforts.

Steamed Fruit Pudding

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well-beaten
½ cup molasses
1¼ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup All-Bran
½ cup boiling water
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup currants

Blend butter and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in molasses. Sift flour with soda and salt; mix with All-Bran. Add to first mixture alternately with boiling water. Stir in raisins and currants. Pour batter into greased 1-quart mold, cover tightly and steam about 1½ hours. Serve with Hard Sauce or other pudding sauce.

Yield: 6 Servings.

Steamed Carrot Bran Pudding

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup grated raw carrots
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup All-Bran
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cloves
1 cup seedless raisins
¼ cup chopped candied citron
¼ cup chopped candied orange peel.

Beat eggs until light; add sugar and beat until fluffy. Add carrots, milk, shortening, All-Bran and bread crumbs which have been mixed with salt and spices. Add raisins, citron and orange peel. Mix well. Fill greased 1-quart mold or 1-pound coffee can three-quarters full, cover tightly and steam about 3 hours. Serve hot with hard sauce or any desired pudding sauce.

Yield: 8 servings.

Note: Pudding may be steamed in greased custard cups for about one hour.

For Eczema— Skin Troubles

Make up your mind today that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Go to any good drug store and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil—it lasts many days because it is highly concentrated.

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Baby-Care Advice For Mothers-to-be

Waiting for your first baby to arrive? Like other mothers-to-be, you're probably a bit overwhelmed a the prospect for caring for a tiny, helpless mite. No wonder — being the guardian of another person's health, happiness and general well-being is quite a job! It's much easier if you know the facts.

How to interpret the baby's crying, for instance. The trend is away from the let-him-cry-it-out idea. Baby's crying is a definite signal that something needs to be done. He may want to be turned over, to have his diaper changed, to be given a drink, or maybe just to have some companionship.

If he continually cries near mealtime, chances are his schedule needs to be revised. If he continues to cry after all his needs are tended to, consider the possibility of illness.

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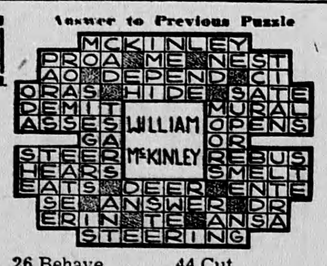
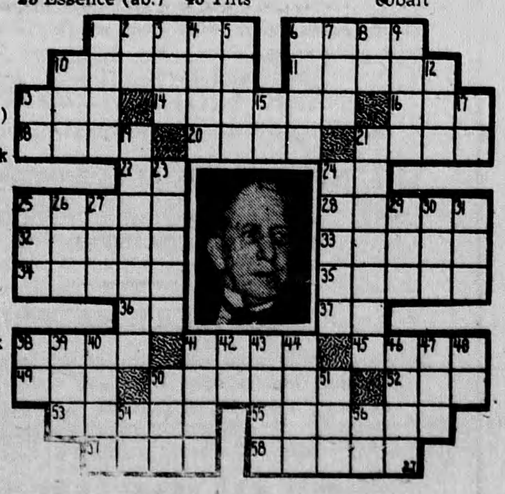
U. S. Senator

HORIZONTAL
1,6 Pictured U. S. Senator
10 Noted
11 Forward
13 He was formerly —— of his state (ab.)
14 Releases
16 Tear
18 Cattle
20 Rinse (Scot.)
21 Notion
22 Like
24 Exist
25 Soil
28 Lance
32 Scrub
33 New Hampshire city
34 Cubic meter
35 Heating devices
36 Edward (ab.)
37 Dutch (ab.)
38 Musical work
41 Kitchen utensils
45 Kind
49 Obese
50 Ventilating
52 Contend
53 Thick
55 Patched
57 Wound mark
58 Animal trail

VERTICAL
1 Den
2 Long meter (ab.)
3 Pronoun
4 Presses for payment
5 Glimpse
6 Body part
7 Exclamations
8 Recipient (suffix)
9 Measure of length
10 Tod
12 Expire
13 Leave
15 Half-em
17 Parent
19 Dispositions
21 Momentum
23 Scrap
24 Requested
25 Essence (ab.)
26 Behave
27 Fish eggs
29 Even (contr.)
30 Literary scraps
31 Legal point
38 From
39 Cushion
40 Indians
41 Breakwater
42 Either
43 Tilts
44 Cut
46 Above
47 Free
48 Tellurium (symbol)
50 Man's name
51 Earth (comb. form)
54 North Carolina (ab.)
56 Symbol for cobalt

Answer to Previous Puzzle





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LITTLE REGGIE — By Margarita