CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

All our wheat is cut and stooked and about thirty loads in the barn. The next thing we have to worry about is getting it threshed. I wish that little job were already done. What a busy time this is, what with the harvest work going on outside and canning and processing going on inside—and of course the excessive heat we get every few days seems to be the order of the day. We had one very heavy storm last week with some hail but not enough to do any real damage.

* * *

Sandwiched in between other jobs Cicely and I picked and canned raspberries, cherries and beans. I experimented with the beans—which were later taken to the locker. Some were scalded, chilled and packed in a two percent brine. Others were merely cut and packed in cartons without any liquid. This was after I had been told that experiments had been conducted at the O.A.C. along these lines and it was agreed that the only advantage to the scalding and brine-packing method was that the beans retained a more attractive colouring. Well, the proof of the beans will be in the eating, regardless of colour.

* * *

Yes, we have certainly been busy, Cicely and I—but still we managed to find time to have a little fun with Whisky and her kittens. The kittens, by the way, have presented us with a striking example of what happens when a mother does not t[illegible] [illegible]ut a fear complex to her offspring. Canines and felines are supposedly natural born enemies. Tippy, and Whisky and her kittens, have exploded that idea. The first time the kittens left their box and began exploring the woodshed Tippy-dog was there as an interested spectator. Mother Whisky sat on the steps watching her babies on this their first adventure into the unknown. Tippy stood near her, also watching—ears cocked and a mystified expression on his face as if wondering what these queer little things were that were wabbling in and out around his legs. He followed their every movement, smelled them curiously but made absolutely no attempt to touch or molest them. Whisky, proud that Tippy should deign to to notice her offspring, purred contentedly and rubbed herself ingratiatingly against him. Naturally, since Tippy and Whisky are such friends, Whisky did not transmit any fear of him to the kittens. So the kittens felt no enimity towards Tippy because he was a dog and so there were no arched backs, or spitting or swearing from any of them.

* * *

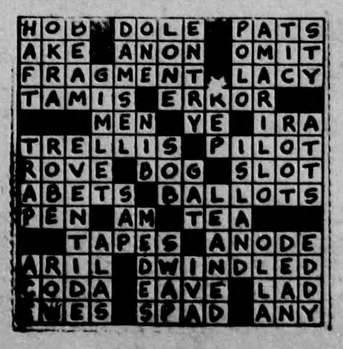
Now for quite a different topic. Cicely was showing me some of the clothes she had brought with her—and I was surprised to find how good they were and how many she had been able to accumulate. That is in the way of dresses, coats and such like. But then we came to pyjamas—"These would really take a prize," she explained, "you see it takes so many coupons for everything we have to buy that we can't afford to use them on things that don't show!"

So this is what her pyjamas are like . . . she doesn't mind my telling you. One pair has legs made of ordinary factory cotton, with a jacket fashioned from an old shirtwaist blouse of a blue check material. The next pair has legs made from an old pair of casement curtains dyed old rose while the jacket has been fashioned from an old silk blouse also dyed rose. They were both very respectable and decidely ingenious except that in the dying process the silk and cotton had come out in different shades of pink! One pair has a finishing touch which I though was particularly British—as a joke someone had embroidered Cicely's initials on the breastpocket of the makeshif jacket.

Farm Magic

Two boys were visiting a farm for the first time. Supper was passed up in order to watch the cows get milked and the calves fed. During the late meal, the seven-year-old exclaimed. "I don't see how they get so many pailfuls from that little squirt." Then the five-year-old said, "They put it through the grinder (separator) and then throw it back to the cows." The final remark was, "I don't see how they get white milk when they eat green grass."

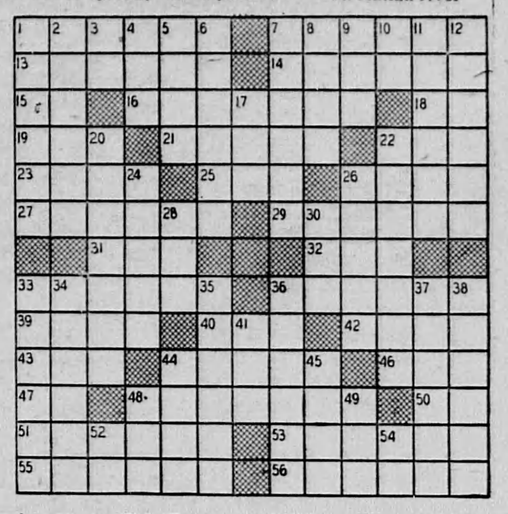
Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Painter
7. Velocities
13. Lodger
14. Package
15. The object
16. Nut confection
18. Thus
19. Weaken
21. Call forth
22. Small candle
23. Discordia
25. Sheep
26. Existed
27. Sweet liquids
29. Shafts of feathers
31. Land measure
32. Gone by
33. Measuring instruments
36. Places of action
39. Across
40. Sailor
42. Counsel (archaic)
43. Small mass
44. Sharpened
46. Indian
47. Fish
48. Greeted
50. Earth goddess
51. Oil of orange flowers
53. Absconded
55. Felt
56. Bristly

DOWN
1. Springs up
2. Revolving
3. For
4. Demon
5. Dry
6. Crossbeams
7. Heavy nails
8. Glass sheet
9. Before
10. Out of (prefix)
11. Wish
12. Slants
17. Soft
20. Published without authority
22. Testifies
24. More certain
26. Bet
28. By
30. Auto
33. Cutting
34. Shirker
35. Impassive
36. Mountain ridges
37. Proverbs
38. Withdraw formally
41. Babylonian deity
44. Healthy
45. Cancel
48. Soak
49. Dowry
52. Artificial language
54. Italian river



Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Next Week

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Dressings make the salad! If you keep these favorite homemade dressings on hand, and if greens are washed well in advance and crisped in the refrigerator, tempting salads can be made in a jiffy. Even leftovers can be turned into interesting salads that will tempt jaded summer appetites.

Cardinal Dressing

Put into jar ¾ cup salad oil, 6 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon minced onion, few grains each, paprika and pepper, 1 peeled clove of garlic and ¼ cup catsup. Cover tightly; shake well. Chill several hours. Shake thoroughly before using. Excellent for simple green salads, vegetable and chef's salads.

Old-Fashioned Cooked Dressing

3 tablespoons corn starch
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons dry mustard
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Few grains Cayenne
½ teaspoon paprika
1¼ cups milk
2 egg yolks
¼ cup vinegar
½ cup salad oil

Mix first seven ingredients in a small amount of the milk until smooth. Add remaining milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; gradually add to egg yolks. Return to heat for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and gradually beat in vinegar with rotary beater. Add salad oil; beat until smooth. Cool. Makes 2 cups. Use with potato or fruit salads.

Spicy Dressing

½ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 drops Tabasco sauce
½ cup salad oil
1 cut clove garlic

Put all ingredients into a jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill.

Potato Salad

4 cups cooked, diced potatoes
4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
½ cup finely chopped onion
⅓ cup chopped cucumber
1 cup chopped celery
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Mix all ingredients, moisten with mayonnaise and chill until serving time.

Hearty Salad Bowl

Cook ½ pound long spaghetti in boiling, salty water until tender; drain and rinse in cold water.

Toss together the following:
½ head curly endive
½ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
6 radishes, sliced thin
⅓ cup coarsely chopped cucumber
2 cups leftover meat
2 teaspoons salt
¾-cup French dressing

Add spaghetti and mix lightly. Chill and serve in lettuce cups. Garnish with wedges of tomatoes.

★

Too Many Culprits?

Robert came home from school and told his mother that the teacher had put him in the corner because he talked too much. "But," he added, "I didn't stay there long because they needed the corner."

★

Whoa, Gal!—The very latest in cowgal fashions is modeled here by Dorothy Malone, movie feature player. The white shirt is of heavy, rough crepe, with gold nailheads across the yoke line. Frontier pants are of beige gabardine. Ten-gallon hat and white string gloves with chamois palms complete the ensemble. Giddap, gal.

The GREEN THUMB

by Gordon Smith

This is the season when some of the most "pestiferous" weeds go to seed—and those that you allow to do so cause just that much more work for you next year.

Number One Enemy of most lawns is crab grass—and it, especially should not be allowed to seed. In most cases pulling it out by hand, or with a wire rake, is not too big a chore; and since crab grass will not flourish in shade, keeping your lawn grass about 2½ to 3 inches high will tend to discourage its growth.

* * *

Speaking of rakes, here's a little tip which might be useful to some of you. If you have one of those bamboo rakes, and the tips have become badly worn down, this is all you have to do in order to bring it back to usefulness. Just dip the tips into really hot water for a few minutes—or until the fibres become soft—then bend into the proper shape with a pair of pliers.

* * *

It's much easier to protect your grapes from birds and other "thieves" than it is cherries and other fruits. A small cellophane or paper bag, slipped over each bunch and then tied around the stem, will do the job and guard the fruit well. The bags may be put in place any time after the grapes are pea-size.

* * *

Either for planting or for moving your tall bearded iris, this is the best time of year. By setting them in the ground now you give the plants almost a year in which to anchor their roots firmly, and otherwise make themselves comfortable before blooming time comes around again next summer.

Transplanting iris is a fairly easy job as there is little fear of them wilting, even in hot weather. But just how deep the roots should be placed is a matter over which there is considerable argument.

Some experts claim that it is best for the thick, bulblike part of the iris to be barely covered with soil. But others maintain just as strongly that the iris benefits by exposure to sun and air, and that the "bulb" should be halfway out of the ground.

Whichever method you adopt, your iris will be all the better if you give the soil thorough preparation before planting or moving them. A foot is not too deep to dig and a trowelful of bone meal for each plant not too much in the matter of fertilizer. This should be thoroughly mixed with the soil—and if you happen to have any wood ashes handy, another trowelful of these will improve the next year's bloom.

Holding the "bulb"—the actual name is rhizome—just about at the surface of the ground, you then spread out the fibrous roots that extend from it in the planting hole. Fill in the enrichened soil, then tamp down firmly. And don't forget that the plants, once they are in place, should be thoroughly watered.

If you are moving old iris plants, they will require dividing. The central rhizome, with few if any leaves attached, might just as well be discarded. The other pieces should be cut with a sharp knife—you'll easily find joints in the rhizome, and make your cuts along them. As a rule there are so many divisions from a single clump that you can toss away many of them, choosing for planting pieces that have big, healthy fans or leaves, and large, solid rhizomes.

* * *

"Probably there is no feeling in the human mind stronger than the love of gardening, and at all times and in all ages gardens have been among the objects of the greatest interest to mankind."

Cashew and pistachio nuts belong to the same family group of plants as poison ivy.

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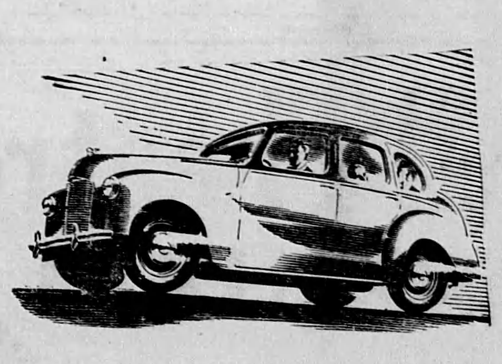

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