

## Of Interest to Women



### WHAT DID YOU SEE THIS MORNING?

It's amazing how many things we could see if only we kept our eyes open. Then too there are the eyes of the mind. Let us use both to make life fuller, richer, happier.

It was a quarter to eight as I came out of the apartment block where I live. The night had been hot, the pulse of a tired city throbbed slowly back to life. Birds chirped their morning matin. A black squirrel leaped across the corner of the street. Barely had I seen one out so early. The heat may have given him a restless night. A child cried softly from an upstairs window. Hot weather is hard on the very old, the very young.

I looked down the street towards the House on the Hill, the place where Mr. Hiley delivered his bread. He quickly ate at each hour without rest in the heat, about taxes I guess. At that moment it was quieted. A milk wagon trundled along on rubber wheels. Three little Maids moved by on their way to school, one pedalled a bicycle.

There was a great four-block ahead. I saw a yellow dog. I wonder who she was and why she was yellow. I thought vaguely too that I knew the one who wore a white coat with a red and white striped skirt, the stripes running diagonally forward. I could see her face, her head that may have influenced my judgment. Men are poor judges of clothes, women what?

The pace quickened, more traffic was moving. I passed an older woman who walked slowly very, very slowly. Her hair almost covered her face, her hands were clasped in front of her. She was working despite the heat.

He felt happy. Little men are quickly dull. I feel sorry for the retired civil servant he is apt to feel inferior in life.

I met two elderly women one plain dressed one carrying a jar of flowers. They came I think from the morning staff of the Parliament Buildings. The tempo of life after I left I noted. More people were coming out of houses and apartments.

**Street cars sounded closer as I came**

towards the heart of the city. I looked up at the tower of the Parliament building, a mast was rising from the river at its back not high enough to cover the clock in the tower sufficiently to provide a background. I care for the buildings.

The nest started a strange nostalgic memory. I remembered the old farm back home a heavy deer on the grass,

the sunshades across the hills, a fog rising from the river, a grandfather watching the new day. He imagined now I could hear his throaty chuckle as he took a fresh stance preparing to disappear into his den if I showed the slightest belching sign.

A street car changed a warning note, an auto was coming close behind it as I crossed the street. I made a quick instinctive move. I must not think on city streets of open fields of basswood trees or groundhogs, they carry with them a reverence for the country and the people who live in it. So, in memory, now and then, I slip back home, feel once more soft grass under bare feet, smell the blossoms on the "haw" trees, touch the water in the old swimming hole and awake to find myself still in the City of OTOAWA.

**COWBOY PASTOR BACK IN SADDLE**

DELRAY BEACH (CP) Rev. John R. Martin, pastor of the First Baptist Church here still rides the range as he used to although he's given up breaking outlaw horses.

The 33 year old minister, also former lifeguard and army polo player, occasionally takes part in rodeos, too just for fun.

He is a native of Fort Pierce, Fla., schooled in Daytona Beach. He was a ranger rider for the United States government working on a tick eradication program from 1927-29. He rode 10 to 13 hours a day, seven days a week hunting cattle that hadn't been dipped. He started riding in rodeos and breaking horses but then joined the army for a three-year hitch and went to Fort Sill.

There he became Sgt. Martin and played on the enlisted men's polo team. He left the army in 1936 entered a seminary at Fort Worth, Tex., and returned to Florida the next year after being married.

He still has cattle and horses in Volusia County and every year he goes back on the range for the summer roundup, always carrying a pistol because of snakes and panthers.

"The cowboys have a lot of fun with me," he says. "They like nothing better than to put rockbombs under saddle just to see if I can still stay on my horse when he bucks."

**PEACH MARSHMALLOW DESSERT**

2 tbsps shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup light corn syrup, 1 beaten egg, 2 cups cake flour, 2 tbs baking powder, 1/4 tsp salt, 1/2 cup milk, 8 cooked peach halves, 1 tsp butter, 1/4 cup brown sugar, 1/4 tsp cinnamon, 8 marshmallows.

Cream the shortening, sugar and syrup, add egg; beat well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk. Pour into a greased 8x12-inch pan. Arrange peach halves cut side up, on top of batter and space for individual portions. Blend butter,

brown sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle over the peaches. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 40 mins. Remove from oven, place marshmallows on each peach half. Return to oven, brown lightly. Serve eight.

### Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written especially for  
The Acton Free Press by  
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE



If you stand out in the evening on some important highway in a district that is fairly thickly settled, you will probably be impressed by the great number of automobiles which pass. Thing traffic is heavy while people are coming home from work late in the afternoon. It is likely to continue steadily through the evening, and to some extent until a late hour at night.

Some may ask what takes so many of them away from home. Some are returning from work, and some have business errands. Probably the large majority have been enjoying an evening of recreation at the movies or some entertainment, some have been attending a dance, some have been visiting friends, and some youths have been taking the girl friend out for a sentimental excursion. As the autumn nights come on many will have been attending meetings, rehearsals for some entertainment, or meeting with some committee.

If I had the energy and the ability I could sit down right here and now, and compose an ode "To the Old Model A". How many times our old faithful has come to the rescue! I wouldn't know, but check it at again.

Daughter and friend Bert were coming for the holiday weekend. "If the car didn't set up again" Apparently did so, they didn't if you get what I mean. Now it is Sunday and Bert and nice boy are away after their shopping along the road with the old Model A.

Almost I dozed the day away with her, not that we expected to get away from home, at least the modern evening activities sends people back to work the next day in a proper frame of mind. They have had a respite from the affairs of the day, and it has plainly affected their thought.

It is claimed that many spend too many evenings away from home, at least the modern evening activities sends people back to work the next day in a proper frame of mind. They have had a respite from the affairs of the day, and it has plainly affected their thought.

So the automobile brings people to a very wide range of entertainment and it makes possible a great deal of community organization and planning. The hunting cars of the evening suggests how many people have been doing interesting things.

### INDIAN HARVEST TIME

Autumn was a time at which the Indian warrior returned from raiding enemy camps and the leaders from traffic with their allies. The women of the tribe by now were busy engaged in harvesting the maize and storing it away. One interesting Mohawk family group in the Ontario gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum shows the members hard at work, the men making bows and sap troughs the women pounding maize into flour and weaving baskets. All looked forward to the time when the fall tasks were completed, and the rest of the year could be devoted to hunting, fishing and festivities.

On cold damp days if you want to start out in a hurry and the motor plotters and stalls, you know all you have to do is turn the choke a little more and there's never a doubt in the world you'll get wherever it is you want to go, and maybe you will pass and not exactly envy a streamlined job or two on the road. Light, lowed in for repair?

Yes an old car is like an old friend, you get to know her faults as well as her virtues, and allow for them. Get another car and it takes time to learn both. Anyway while steel strikes are in progress and good cars are just something to dream about I guess we shall continue to be very thankful for our own Waltzing Matilda Model A specials.

As to that we had a visitor the other day who arrived in a horse-drawn buggy so we are still one jump ahead. Another day we had a visitor who evidently didn't believe in the modern trend towards mechanization. He said he hadn't got hydro, and didn't want it. There wasn't anyone that he knew of that was any better off for having it! I don't know whether it made any difference but Partner certainly tried to convince him that electrification on farms was worth every cent that it costs, and them's my sentiments too!" If only every farmer's wife could enjoy its advantages before hard work had taken its toll of her health and strength. I am quite sure there are very few women who would say "they wouldn't have hydro if they had the chance." No sir women have more sense than to be that stubborn.

Of course hydro has its disadvantages too I'll admit that but then you have to allow for them. Last Thursday for instance, I was just about started canning a bushel of tomatoes when the power went off and stayed off all the morning. It was a nuisance but still I wasn't stuck and didn't have to light the fire because I had the oil stove to fall back on. If I had electric stoves and hot plates in every room I would still hang on to my oil stove. The big problem now is to always remember to have a few gallons of coal oil in the house. Unless it is in constant use that is the easiest thing in the world to forget.

Well the holiday is over the Torontonians are back at their respective jobs. Bob is away to the tractor. Partner and I are carrying on as usual and Bert has not yet come to life again.

I imagine our idea of a holiday yesterday would have struck some people as rather queer. A man came along to do some work in the stable so Partner and Bob were helping him.

The girls and I did a big washing and ironing. Bert painted the kitchen ceiling. And yet we all had a good time with lots of fun going on while we were working. I might also add that at supper time we wound up with a really heated discussion on over strikes and the labor situation in general. And no one changed his or her views as a result!

**DIVIDE YOUR DOLLAR WITH YOUR NEIGHBOUR**

Everybody has a certain amount of civic pride --- that sort of pride which helps make a village a town, and a town a metropolitan city.

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**Eyes**

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