

Chronicles

**of
Ginger Farm**
Written Specially for the Acton
Free Press by
Gwendoline F. Clarke

Last week, if you remember, I was wishing we could have just a little more snow. We got it all right but it wasn't "just a little". Now the lina has filled in too much for me to attempt taking the car out—although I noticed a picture in the paper the other day showing a little English car like ours making its way gaily through deep snow while bigger cars were getting stuck. Just for fun I would like to see what our car would do. In fact I would try it if it were not for giving Partner the trouble of hauling me out, supposing I got stuck.

Right now I am working with one ear cocked for a telephone call as we are expecting visitors this week-end—and frankly, I am a little worried. Trying to heat the house against high winds and zero temperature is hard enough when we are alone but to have visitors and not be able to keep them warm and comfortable is a headache. For one thing people always feel they could more away from home, as they are naturally less active with no ordinary every-day chore to do. Well, for goodness sake, it isn't a telephone call—~~it's a visitor~~ but our visitors—~~themselves~~—at least this very minute a taxi is chugging up the lane—whether it gets through or not is a question. Bye for now.

The foregoing was written Friday night. What follows is one of those dreadful tragedies that sometimes strikes with unbelievable swiftness.

Partner's brother Colin and his wife Jessie arrived on our doorstep, carefree and happy, apparently in the best of health and prepared to enjoy a quiet family week-end. We sat around talking until nearly twelve o'clock and then went to bed. Sometime during the night Colin called out to me—
"Come Gwen, come and look at Jessie—there's something wrong—she can't speak to me."
There was indeed something wrong. Poor Jessie was quite unconscious. We sent for the doctor

and he had to walk up our long lane at 12 below zero. Unfortunately, he said there was nothing he could do until she regained consciousness and that we had better make preparations for getting her to hospital first thing in the morning.

Preparations included getting a snowplough in to open up the lane; an ambulance to take her to hospital; long distance calls to her daughters and to maintain a constant watch at her bedside.

By ten next morning Jessie was in a hospital bed and receiving the best of care. Colin came back to dinner as he felt he was only in the way and could be no help at all. Shortly after dinner he was recalled to the hospital—his wife was sinking fast. Hurry! how we wanted to hurry! But the car wouldn't start—12 below had been too much for it. There are all kinds of taxis in town but not one could we get. Colin started out walking—I followed half-an-hour later.

At the hospital we sat by Jessie's bed—watching and waiting—wondering if it would be too late when the girls arrived. The bus was due in at 3 o'clock—it was ten minutes late—just when every minute counted. One daughter was in time but not the other two. Betty arrived by plane from North Bay. Joy and I drove to Malton, to fetch her. But here we ran into difficulties again. Knowing we could not be there in time we had telephoned ahead to have her paged and advised to wait until we came. She did not get the call and had gone on to Toronto. By means of a lot of telephone calls between the airport and Toronto we finally located her.

Skinny men, women gain 5, 10, 15 lbs.

Get New Pep, Vim, Vigor



What shall I say? I have lost all my pep, vim, vigor. I feel like a half-starved, sickly "beast" look like a thousand girls, women, men, who are proud of their "beastly" health looking bodies. They think the "beastly" health looking bodies are the result of a "beastly" diet. I have lost my pep, vim, vigor. I feel like a half-starved, sickly "beast" look like a thousand girls, women, men, who are proud of their "beastly" health looking bodies. They think the "beastly" health looking bodies are the result of a "beastly" diet.

and she came back to Malton. So now all three are here: our daughter came with one of the girls from Toronto and Bob arrived from Malton during the night.

The funeral is on Wednesday, so I need hardly say how busy we expect to be from now until then. What struck us all so very forcibly at this time is the amazing kindness of our friends and neighbors. Jessie was only known to a few of them yet there are offers of help in the way of accommodation and extra baking coming from so many quarters. Sometimes we are inclined to think that in this day and age, people everywhere seem to be growing apart—but in a crisis we find there is still plenty of kindness—just as much kindness and help as there always was. And we are very deeply touched and appreciative. It is something we shall always remember. To Colin and his family—it has meant a lot—to know that Jessie's last resting place will be among kind and friendly people.

T.V. O.K.

The American public spent \$1,500,000,000 during 1950 for television sets. Frank M. Folsom, president of the Radio Corporation of America, reports. To meet public demand, television manufacturers stepped up production schedules so that, in a single month, more sets became available than during the entire year of 1948. Set purchases increased more than 100 per cent. over 1948, according to Mr. Folsom.

Last year there were 1,706,000 homes on Canadian farms, a million less than in 1948.



JOHN MILLS (above), starring in "Morning Departure" showing at the Roxy, Acton, Wednesday and Thursday gives one of his best performances in acting on the screen. "Morning Departure" is a masterpiece of acting of a true story.

MAIL BOOM

The increase in postal business is one of the impressive features of Canada's economic development during the past 15 years. The Post Office Department delivered an estimated 2,400,000,000 items of mail annually and its net income is \$20,818,402 (for year ended March 31, 1949).

The Chinese fly kites which have strings stretched across openings in the paper, produce the effect of an aerial chorus.

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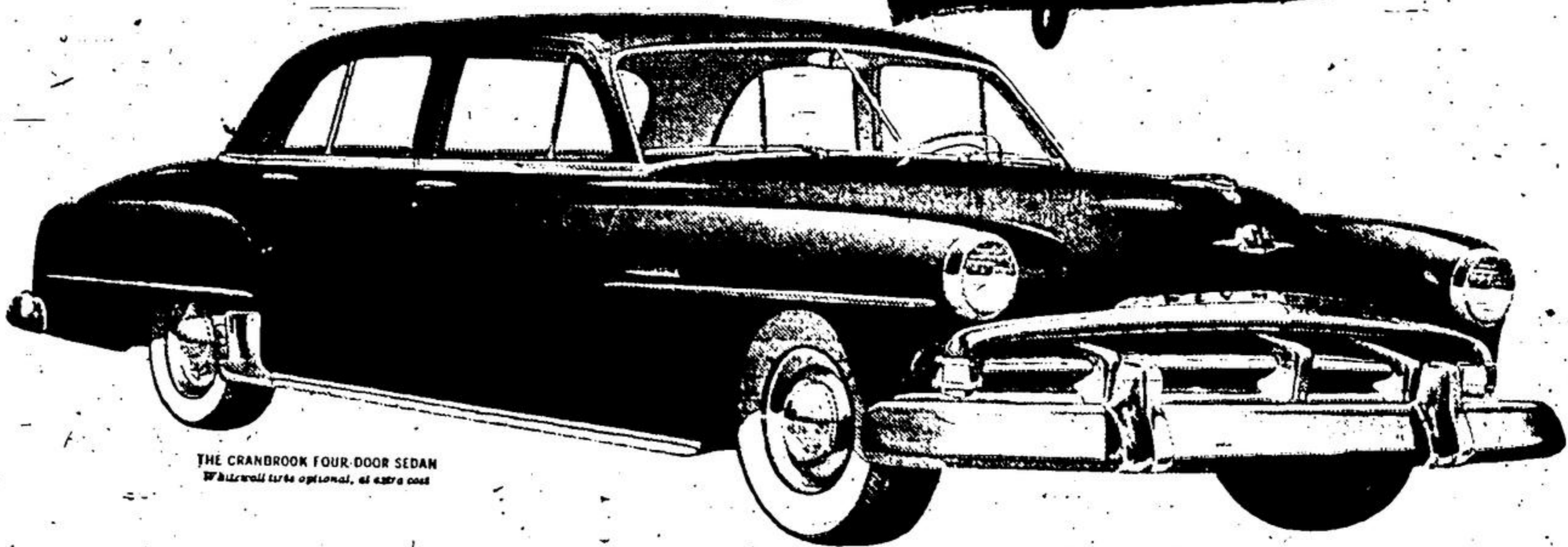
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An exciting thought, isn't it? But of course you know the odds are hopelessly against your being that lucky. In fact, you don't expect life to hand you even a very small fortune on a platter. Do you?

Take old-age benefits, for instance. Undoubtedly many older people really need help. But no over all security plan is going to provide all the income you and your family will ever need in the future. Things just aren't going to be that rosy.

Five million Canadians, among whom you are probably one, want and expect

security and independence in their later years. And they are planning for it now, in a way that suits their own individual and family needs.

These far-sighted men and women are enjoying more of the good things of life than ever before, and at the same time protecting their loved ones now and building security for their old-age with life insurance.

Surely you want to help build this kind of future security for yourself and your family. Nearly 5 million Canadian life insurance policyholders are doing it now!

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