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A modern Canadian army division needs 2,100 motor vehicles to move and service its fighting men.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm
Written Specially for the Acton Free Press by
Gwendolyn F. Clarke

START BANNOCKBURN FORUM IN '49 CONTINUE BUSY ROUND OF ACTIVITIES

During the farm forum season just closed, forum members were asked to compose an essay entitled, "The Story of Our Forum," and present it to the Farm Radio Forum office, Toronto. This was to be a competition and a prize given for the best essay, according to the judges' opinions.
In Halton county, five essays entered the contest and although none were successful in winning the high awards, all were good essays. For this reason, these essays will be published, one weekly for the interest of readers. This week is the Bannockburn essay.
The Story of Our Forum
Some 10 years or more ago, a movement was organized in parts of Ontario to improve the outlook of rural life and develop farm living for both men and women.
Pamphlets from Head Office in Toronto were sent to Bannockburn Women's Institute. A meeting was called to be held in Bannockburn School on January 31, 1949. All rural organizations and members of all rural homes were invited to attend. 32 people attended and Bannockburn forum was organized.
Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Brown of Halton Federation of Agriculture were invited to explain the meaning of the forum and to help organize the same. The first president was J. Fox and the first secretary was Clarence Cole.
The "Marketing Scheme" was the subject for the first broadcast. The meeting was divided into groups and reports recorded. It was decided that there should be no surplus when so many were starving. Still the same discussion goes on. Mr. and Mrs. Heatherington attended our first rally. He spoke on "Hospitalization" and showed films to help along our work in the farm forum.
Once a year the township of Esqueving farm forums meet in Stewarttown Memorial Hall for a rally and invite a special speaker and Mr. and Mrs. Burt conducted the recreation period.
We felt that Clare almost belonged to our community. It was in Acton that Clare attended a three months' short course which was the beginning of his career. Following this, he attended the Ontario Agricultural College in Guelph. After graduation, he visited our township forums with the projector and films. Then he became secretary to the forums.
Five delegates attended an annual meeting in Unionville at the barn of the late Mr. John Madsen where a warm welcome awaited them. Delegates from our forum attended the annual meetings in Toronto.
Our meetings are held in the members' homes. We listen to the broadcast and follow it with discussion. These are lively and often bring forth heated arguments. All are urged to express their opinions. The answers are recorded and no ill feeling follows. We usually have a few games of euchre and checkers and lunch is served.
We find Monday night a very busy one owing to junior farmers' hockey schedule, church men's club and the Lodge. Our membership isn't as large this year. We have a few farmers who are very indifferent and hard to interest in these weekly meetings.
Our projects through the years include buying a radio for the school, helping three families who lost their homes with fire and buying chairs for the school. The farm forum co-operated with the Women's Institute and helped to clean up an old cemetery. The present project is to have all the mail boxes painted and the owner's name displayed.
In November, 17 members from our forum attended Halton county rally at Brookville hall. Each forum sent representatives and contributed one number on the program. Our number was the junior and senior square dance groups who had competed at the Royal Winter Fair. These groups practised in Bannockburn school.
Through farm forums the rural people have been given a voice to speak their opinions. We know our neighbors better and have found them to be the best in the world. Through working and playing together, we feel we have a better community, a better province and thus a better world.

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FIRM RIPE BANANAS - lb. 17c
FRESH DAILY—Radishes, Asparagus, Tomatoes, Celery, Lettuce, Cabbage, Cauliflower, New Carrots, Spinach, New Potatoes

The last few days our farm has looked like a real farm—or rather the way we used to think a real farm should look twenty or thirty years ago. It was six red hens that made the difference. Six quite ordinary New Hampshire hens. These biddies were all that remained of a pen of fat hens we were selling for boiling fowl. We kept a few back for ourselves but somehow we didn't get them killed.
Early last week, when the sun was warm and bright, I took pity on our six hens and let them out of the pen. To be perfectly honest I don't know whether I let the hens loose for their sakes or my own. But I do know I felt a thrill of satisfaction as I watched the hens scuttling around—so delighted they they to be free with all outdoors to scratch around in.
Michele—White thought it was lots of fun too and started chasing the hens. Honey wasn't quite sure whether that was allowed or not and stood anxiously by, waiting instructions from me.
Of course, having once tasted the joys of freedom, the hens were crowding around the door next morning waiting to come out. So—out they came. Later that morning I heard a bit of commotion and saw the hens running around and spreading wings, but since Michele White was quietly sleeping I came out to the conclusion the hens were just enjoying themselves. We had reason to think differently that night as one hen was missing. To a night two more were gone. Partner is quite sure we have a fox to thank for our loss. There is a bush just two fields away so a fox could quite easily follow the thicket fence and sink over to the pen without our seeing him.
Now my country idyll has lost much of its charm. Apparently the old picturesque way, with hens contentedly pecking here and there, as nature intended they should, is not to be. To survive the hens must be confined, since life with freedom so often brings sudden death. But I wonder what constitutes a hen's philosophy of life. Would it be for a short life and a merry one, or for a carefully guarded well-earned existence? Whatever choice our hens might make we certainly don't intend to provide food for foxes or probably a vixen with pups to feed. If three full-grown hens could be carried off so easily I hate to think what would happen to a pen of half-grown chickens.
The weather, thank goodness, has quietened down considerably. Three days of high wind is not exactly pleasant, especially when it leaves the fields and fences littered with paper and other junk blown across from the highway. You would wonder where it all came from. But the litter that blows across our fields is as nothing compared with what towns and cities have to contend with.
In Toronto last Friday I came from the Medical Arts on to Bloor and the street was alive with wind-blown papers. It was garbage day. Some containers had been bowled over by the wind so that besides air-borne rubbish cartons and such like were being swirled around on the pavement, with a few hats added for good measure.
It was a pretty rough day for ordinary people and yet, getting off one street-car that I was on, there was an elderly lady, unattended, carrying a white cane. She was attempting to change cars at a busy intersection. The conductor left his seat to help her off the car and was going to take her across the road when someone on the street came forward and offered to take charge of her. Truly, blind or otherwise handicapped persons, often put to shame those of us who are in full possession of our faculties. But it is heart-warming to see how quickly strangers come to the aid of those who need assistance.
This morning we have one day's food in bloom—a forerunner of many more to come. There are literally hundreds of buds in the garden so it looks like a good year for spring flowers. It is a wonderful time for country living. Sometimes I wonder why anyone lives anywhere other than the country. It isn't always circumstances that keeps people in towns and cities. Sometimes it is lack of courage or fear of the unknown.
Friends of ours in Toronto's Moore Park district must move. The man of the house, a retired business man, would prefer the country. His wife and daughter cannot visualize an existence away from the city, especially as Ann will be going to University next fall. So they have bought a house away out on Wilson Avenue. It will take them just as long to reach the city from there as it would from our place had they done as we wanted them to do—built a nice little house on the corner of Ginger Farm. But there it is—no two people can see alike, so we cannot truly say what is best for anyone else to do.
Six warships of the Royal Canadian Navy were assigned during the summer of 1952 to training University Naval Division Cadets with three cruises to Europe and three to West Coast ports from Alaska to southern California.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE CHANGES
Effective SUNDAY APRIL 26th, 1953

Full information from agents
CANADIAN NATIONAL

Poet's Corner
ACTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE
Fifty years of service. The W.I. has given you. To Acton and community. With help always coming through.
Last Tuesday was a grand success. All came to celebrate. Our fifty years of service. And help to eat our cake.
The gifts we gave to Acton. Gave pleasure to one and all. We are glad to give a helping hand. When duty does us call.
Few horses use the water trough. But now a tap has been supplied. To pedestrian and even the little birds.
The water is not denied. This poem was written by Mrs. R. L. Davidson, the President of Acton Women's Institute, following the celebration of the 50th Anniversary.

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