"The Jarvis Record"

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A. L. MILLER, Editor

LITTLE WOMAN SCORES AGAIN—

THE TRAGEDY of the tearful bride who can't cook is an outmoded drama in the modern kitchen. In these days she doesn't have to.

If there was any doubt about that it was swept away by the latest prepared food development — mashed potatoes that a bridge-playing housewife can whip up in a minute.

They are, of course, only the latest move in a trend that makes housekeeping easy for even the dumbest bride. Added to cake mix, tea biscuit preparations and frozen vegetables and meats, they promise a tearless bride in every bright, new, labor-saving, electrical kitchen.

Is that good? Frankly, we don't know. What we had of the prepared foods has been. Frozen vegetables are as tasty as those fresh from the garden. Cakes and tea biscuits made from prepared mixes are fine, too, and so is frozen pie. Not as good as mother used to make, of course, but good.

Whether the housewife will profit from the trend is another matter. What is she going to do with the time saved? If she uses it profitably, all well and good. If she doesn't, her poor husband will be shortchanged, if not on quality and taste of his food, then because prepared food costs more.

To get back to the mashed potatoes—there's not a scraped finger in a bushel. They're peerless, lumpless and guaranteed to give every woman an extra fifteen minutes at the bridge table. Pop the powder in boiling water, add milk and butter, whip them a bit and there you are.

It may be that they will carry woman's emancipation from the kitchen a bit too far.

O O O O

GOLF BALLS ON A TENNIS COURT—

— By Lewis Milligan —

A KINDERGARTEN TEACHER friend of mine was giving an object lesson to her class with pictures. And in order to discover how much the children had grasped of her explanations of each picture, she put questions to them. When she came to the picture of "The Gleaners," by Millet, she pointed to the stooping figures and asked, "what are these women doing?" There was a brief silence. Then a little girl at the rear put up her hand, shaking it excitedly. "Well, what are they doing, Mary?" said the teacher. "Looking for golf balls," the child replied.

I was reminded of this incident while reading the poetry of T. S. Eliot, who was recently awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. In a poem referring to the brevity and vanity of the life of tennis players, "in the land of lobelias," Mr. Eliot reminds them that some day the rabbit will burrow and the weeds flourish on their tennis court, and he concludes:

And the wind shall say: 'Here were
decent godless people:
Their only monument the asphalt road
And a thousand lost golf balls.'

The answer of the kindergarten child was an innocent one. She was not trying to be funny or facetious. But Mr. Eliot's sudden drop from the sublime to the commonplace was obviously studied for effect, and it was not very clever to introduce golf balls into a deserted tennis court. The only reason for doing so is that they last longer than tennis balls.

Mr. Eliot is fond of dropping suddenly from the sublime; but it is not a new trick even in serious verse. Wilfrid Gibson did it much more cleverly in real poetry before Mr. Eliot left the United States and took up permanent residence in England.

Since Mr. Eliot has received so high a mark of distinction as the Nobel Prize, it may seem a piece of impudence on my part, as a common scribe, to question the decision of literary experts. I have read most of Mr. Eliot's verse, and have discovered poetic feeling in some of his erratic lines. But that can be said of most minor poets. As Doctor Johnson once remarked, if a man writes some hundreds of lines of verse, it would be remarkable if he did not write an odd line of poetry.

So great an authority on poetry as Quiller Couch, when asked what he thought about Mr. Eliot's poetry, said: "Has Mr. Eliot ever written three consecutive lines of poetry in his life?" The "modern" school of poets would, of course, dismiss Quiller Couch as old-fashioned, and point out that Mr. Eliot's work should not be judged by classical standards. In this connection it should be stated that the Nobel Prize was awarded "for his remarkable efforts as a trail-blazing pioneer of modern poetry." A trail-blazer is one who makes a path through a dense forest along which others may follow, or by which he may return. If "The Waste Land" is an example of Mr. Eliot's trail-blazing, it is the most tortuous and confusing trail I ever ventured into. That poem seemed to have been written by one who was lost in the woods and was going round in circles.

In his later poems Mr. Eliot appears to have got out of the woods, but it was not by blazing a new trail, but rather by following a very old one. From agnosticism he turned to extreme orthodoxy and, as it seems to me, he is lost again in the bogs and fogs of mysticism. Take the following example, which is described by one of Mr. Eliot's admirers as "an explicit statement":

"There is, it seems to us
At best, only a limited value
In the knowledge derived from experience
The knowledge imposes a pattern, and falsifies,
For the pattern is new in every moment
And every moment is a new and shocking
Evaluation of all we have been."

That statement is not explicit; it reads more like an excerpt from an academic lecture on psychology, and it is not even good prose, much less poetry. But I am old fashioned, and I prefer Tennyson's simple and pregnant line: "I am a part of all that I have met."

O O O O

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE—

PEOPLE MAY SAVE themselves a lot of worry if they keep their eye on basic factors of life today, and not get panicked at surface disturbances which can be ironed out.

Take economic life, the day-to-day buying and selling, growing and harvesting, manufacture and movement of goods, which keep the weekly pay cheque coming in.

Since late 1946 there have been predictions of a recession or depression. One might have put up a good argument for a recession in 1947, except for two or three things which made it virtually impossible for it to occur.

These were the urgent needs of nearly the whole world for goods, and the fact that it was almost certain the means was coming up to make the need effective, in particular the European Recovery Program.

As 1947 rolled out one could be pretty sure that recessionary signs already beginning to appear would be about balanced by the impetus of E.R.P. In fact, a further factor entered, rearmament, and this sent 1948 into new peaks of activity.

By the 1948 year-end, however, the North American economy was beginning, without much strain, to take care of domestic demand, E.R.P. and re-armament at its present stage, with perhaps a little to spare.

Does this mean that a recession at last is at hand? It depends upon what you mean. If you mean a lowering of prices, stringencies here and there which require adjustments, a return to competitive conditions requiring quality and reasonable price, perhaps the present situation may be a recession of a sort.

Probably most people welcome it so far as it has gone. They worry that it may go too far.

A new look at basic factors at this point should give some comfort. There still is need in the world, and the demands of re-armament, and measures arising from new social thinking, continue. Means still operate to keep demand effective, and there is every sign that they will be kept operating. The pressure of world political circumstances almost forbids a depression.

Canada seems to be entering the period when greatest demand will be made upon her resources, and she has vast expansion programs under way.

All in all this seems no time to be gloomy, so long as one is prepared to take problems in one's stride.

O O O O

EVERYBODY BENEFITS—

BECAUSE neither they nor their children have a university education, some people are inclined to feel they get no benefit personally from these institutions of higher learning. How wrong these people are.

If we added up all the persons who benefited from the educational and research services of our Canadian universities and put this total against the total of actual university graduates, the balance is overwhelmingly in favour of the great masses of the people who never get inside a college door.

Does a mother whose son was saved from death on the battlefield by the use of penicillin thank a university research lab for developing this life-saving drug? Does she thank a medical school for training a qualified physician to be on hand in the emergency? Does she thank a theological college for providing a young minister to comfort her when things look black? Does she thank an Arts faculty for training a high school teacher to give her youngest girl the best educational opportunity in any country?

Universities contribute heavily to public service, for it is upon the universities we lean for scientific, spiritual, physical and humanitarian leadership. But universities need more money today to meet higher operating expenses. Queens University in Kingston has just launched a public subscription appeal for a little more than three million dollars for construction, endowment and maintenance costs. They well deserve all the support the people of Canada can muster.

O O O O

START AT COMMUNITY LEVEL—

HOW TO DO IT is a good subject for discussion in community meetings and forums, not only in country districts but in towns and cities. We are all in the same world boat, with limited supplies of food. Businessmen, housewives, farmers, transportation workers and miners — all are on one level when it comes to need of food and preservation of world order.

The most critical danger is that we may forget how short we are of time. Today's crisis calls for an immediate uprising of the idea of conservation and development. Productivity needs to be increased by provision of modern scientific knowledge and modern tools, and by inspiring them to so work as to become a new source of wealth.

Science may have, as suggested earlier, some algebraic "X" it is about to solve, but its discoveries are unpredictable. Meantime there is stirring need for laymen and women to work with the ABC's of the problem: Advance education and industry; Balance deficiencies with surpluses; Conserve soil and resources.

Pen, Scissors and Pastepot

The urge to prepare a column this week is entirely lacking. In fact the urge to do anything this week is entirely lacking with us. That probably accounts for the reason we are clipping a part of Jack Horne's column in the Delhi-News-Record where he describes a day in the life of a room three student at the Jarvis Public school back a couple of decades ago. It seems Jack entertains that same respectful feeling about the teacher at that time that practically all of his old students do so it will be appropriate to give it to our readers on the anniversary occasion which the teacher, Mr. Ernest Walker, is now celebrating.

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(By J.K.H., Delhi News-Record March 31)

ANNIVERSARY — Mr. Walker will celebrate his golden wedding anniversary next week. Mr. Walker was our public school teacher for goodness knows how many years, more than the ordinary at any rate. His eventual guidance of us through the somewhat intricate channels of public school life was a masterpiece of self-control and psychology. Behind his back we now call him Mr. Walker, which is a reversal in form from our occasional demeanour in earlier years. Some time after we vacated the guidance of Mr. Walker and were invited to absent ourself permanently from high school, we commenced to realize what a splendid instructor we had been privileged to learn under as a budding dunce. Mr. Walker was, and we feel confident hundreds upon hundreds of others who passed through his hands — and we mention hands literally for he had huge ones — will back us up, one of the finest school teachers we have ever met. He had his own methods of promoting educational advancement and he ruled with a wise and experienced manner. We can pay no finer tribute to him than the fact that we passed our entrance. While recalling with a sense of nostalgia the times he pressed the cornet of a razor into our shoulder blade and with a grinding motion gradually impressed us with the importance of absorbing what was going on, we extend our most sincere wish to Mr. and Mrs. Walker for a happy fiftieth anniversary and the hope there will be many more.

P.S.—The above, and this particular time of year, bring back another memory rather vividly. Mr. Walker was the teacher and we were the reluctant pupil, dreamily gazing out of the school window into the soft, spring sunshine. We had lost all knowledge of what was going on about us in class and were rehearsing the croak of a huge bullfrog we had admired the previous evening while setting out muskrat traps. As we gradually lapsed further and further into a state of complete daydream, our mental rehearsal became vocal. We were, as an old saying goes, out of this world completely. Eventually the pregnant silence struck us full force and we looked up to see our schoolmates turned admiringly in our direction while, over our shoulder, stood Mr. Walker with a slight smile on his face. He suggested that since we were so proficient at imitating a frog we should get up in front of the class and give a full-scale rehearsal. We have never felt more foolish in our life and we declined modestly. However, Mr. Walker urged us to display our talents to the class. We declined again. Mr. Walker persisted and, finally, strode toward his desk where, we well knew he stored his persuader. That was enough! We took our place at the front, opened our mouth, nothing came out. We glanced at Mr. Walker and he smiled encouragement, at the same time reaching toward the dreaded drawer. We opened our mouth again, and again nothing came out. Blushing furiously we sneaked another look at Mr. Walker. His stomach was bobbing up and down, his face was red and the severe look of his lips was belied by the chuckle in his eyes.

"Recess is declared," he said quietly.

There were other times when the end was a bit more dramatic.

Still and all, we wish him a happy anniversary.

O

THE SIMPLE TALE OF YOU

— By Joseph Lister Rutledge —

Could we suppose, for the sake of an argument, that you are a small storekeeper? You weren't always that. You were once a man with an idea, and the store was that idea. To make it come true you went with out a lot of things you might have enjoyed, while the fellows who didn't do without them, enjoyed them. So one day, you had the money for the store that you had dreamed about so long.

But, after a while, you found that, what with the saving and the worrying and the planing, you weren't quite as equal to the work as you had been. Perhaps the business had grown too big for one man anyway. So you got in a couple of bright boys to run the store. You were glad to find jobs for them and you took a bit of pride in being able to pay them more as they learned more. But there was a difference between them and you. It wasn't their money that was sunk in the business. They spent their money as they went, and once the store was locked up for the night, they went about their own affairs and forgot about it until next morning. But you didn't. You still had to plan ways to make it more profitable. You had to remember that you still owed money, and had to be sure to have it. You had to keep abreast too of what was doing in the business, lest one day you should wake up to find yourself left behind in the race.

Now, what we would like to ask all who have followed us so far, is this. Do you think that because the clerks do most or all of the physical work, they should have all the earnings of the business? Would you think that the merchant who took the chance and sank his money in the business and who planned and dreamed and fought for it, should get nothing? Of course you wouldn't. But how much should he get? Would you think if for every $150, he paid his clerks, he gave himself $10, would that be too much for creating a business and thinking for it and protecting it? Just one dollar out of fifteen. Is that too big a share?

Of course you don't think so now, but what about when the figures get bigger and the friendly owner is more distant? For you see, that is just what is happening and nothing else. In 1947 the salaries and wages that were paid to you and me — the store clerks — totalled just short of $6¼ billions. The total dividends — the bit that you recognized the owner should have out of what he had created — reached $408 millions. Huge! you say. But remember you didn't say that about the storekeeper. Divide it out for yourselves. It is just a little less than $1 out of every $15; or the $10 out of every $150 the clerks were paid. Remember?

Biography of Rt. Hon. Louis Stephen St. Laurent

PRIME MINISTER AND PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

RT. HON. LOUIS S. ST. LAURENT, M.P.
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

Louis Stephen St. Laurent was born in Compton, Quebec, on February 1st, 1882, of French-Canadian and Irish-Canadian parents. He educated at St. Charles College, Sherbrooke, Quebec and at Laval University, Quebec City, where he graduated in law. In June, 1914, he was appointed professor of law at Laval.

He has been awarded LL.D. degrees by six universities; Queen's University, 1930; University of Manitoba, 1939; University of Montreal, 1940; McGill University, 1943; Dalhousie University, 1947 and the University of Ottawa, 1947. On January 1, 1941, he was made a member of the Privy Council.

Mr. St. Laurent has served as president of the local Quebec Bar and president of the Canadian Bar Association. He has argued many important cases before the Supreme Court of Canada and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He served as counsel on the Rowell-Sirois Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations immediately prior to the war.

On December 10, 1941, Mr. Laurent succeeded the late Rt. Hon. Ernest Lapointe as Minister of Justice and Attorney General for Canada, was elected to the House of Commons in the Quebec East bye-election, 1942, and in general elections in 1945.

On September 4, 1946, Mr. Laurent's appointment was announced as Secretary of State for External Affairs. He continued to hold the Ministry of Justice until September 10, 1946, when he relinquished that post to devote himself entirely to the External Affairs portfolio.

Mr. St. Laurent was deputy chairman of the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco in 1945, and of the Canadian Delegation to the First Session of the U.N. General Assembly in London, early in 1946.

During Prime Minister Mackenzie King's absence in the United Kingdom in 1947, Mr. St. Laurent was Acting Secretary of State for External Affairs, and in the summer of 1947 when King was away at conferences he served as Acting Prime Minister.

Mr. St. Laurent was Chairman of the Canadian Delegation and chairman of the First Session of the United Nations General Assembly in New York in October 1946 and of the Second Session of the Assembly in September, 1947.

At the national convention of the Liberal Party, summoned by the National Liberal Federation, in 1948, to select a successor to the retiring Liberal Party Leader, Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Mr. St. Laurent was chosen to succeed Mr. King in that office.

On September 10, 1948, Mr. St. Laurent again became Minister of Justice and Acting Prime Minister while Mr. King was at the session of the General Assembly of the United Nations in Paris. Illness prevented Mr. King from attending the meeting of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, which opened in London on October 11. Mr. St. Laurent replaced him during this part of the conversations.

On November 15, 1948, Mr. St. Laurent became Prime Minister and President of the Privy Council.

Mr. St. Laurent is married to the former Jeanne Renault. They have two sons and three daughters.

HAGERSVILLE ROD & GUN CLUB MONTHLY MEETING

The monthly meeting of the Hagersville Rod and Gun Club was held on March 24th with sixty-five members in attendance. President Orland Dilello occupied the chair for the evening's business. We are pleased to report that about twenty Junior members have been added to our membership.

Game Warden Roy Finch did a land office business in Ground Hog Licenses and Tommy Mack from Cayuga, sold quite a number of Smelt Fishing Licenses.

It was decided to take the junior members on a Smelt Fishing expedition some suitable Friday evening within the next month. So be ready boys, because you will have very short notice when the time comes. After the fishing, a fish-fry and lunch has been planned.

Pheasants were again on the agenda and a report was given by Peter Laidlaw, Chairman of the Pheasant Committee. No birds have started to lay as yet but should any day now. Our incubators are all arranged for and nearly everything is in readiness for "Operation Pheasant". For information of the general public, the Hagersville Rod and Gun Club wish it to be known that they are one hundred per cent in accord with the Game Warden's actions in regard to the Pheasant situation of the past, when a hen pheasant was shot, and furthermore, let it be known that we the Hagersville Rod and Gun Club have set out to stock at least this end of our County with pheasants and that individually we know it is our duty and our job to see that no person or persons shall interfere in any way, not only our Pheasant program but with the general conservation of Wildlife in Haldimand County.

Moving pictures from C.I.L. were shown on several interesting subjects.

HALDIMAND W.I. SPRING RALLY

On Monday afternoon, April 4 the Officers of the Haldimand W.I. held their Spring Rally at Kohler Youth Centre. Plans were drawn up for the W.I. Fair to be held along with the Farmers' Picnic at Kohler on June 16th. During the afternoon Mrs. McKertcher of the Dept. of Agriculture, gave pointers to the delegates on hints for the W.I. Fair exhibits. Mrs. R. A. Miller and Mrs. R. O. Hurst were appointed as delegates to attend Officers Conference in Guelph. Mr. Gordon Skinner spoke briefly thanking the members for their support in the Project Clubs which numbered 105 members and also for their work in connection with the Night Classes held in the Youth Centre during the winter months. Approximately 270 enrolled for these classes. Miss E. Wilson teach er for the Project Clubs made a report announcing that Achievement Day will be held at the Youth Centre on May 14th. The first project, "Cottons may be smart" were grouped in eight clubs with forty-two members and the second project, Meat in the Menu had an enrollment of seven teen members under four clubs. Members for the Garden Club are still enrolling and Mr. Skinner hoped that this project would enlist a good enrollment.

The club wishes to thank Mr. Skinner for his assistance in operating the projector.

Draw tickets were distributed to most of the members and reports were selling good. The draw will be on display shortly at Kiefer's, Roy Simington's Grocery and the Royal Cafe.

The teams for the Pot Pourri Contest were chosen and are already turned in.

A Bird House Building Contest being put on for all School boys 16 years and under in the Township of Oakland, namely, Waterford, North Cayuga, (South of the River) and Rainham Township including the Villages and Hamlets therein. The bird houses must be built by the pupils themselves and must be brought to our meeting on April 28th for judging. Prizes are $5.00, $3.00 and $2.00 for the erection of all houses built under the supervision of the teacher.

Lunch was served by Mrs. Ross and Cliff Bott.

JANE WESTON

CBC commentator who broadcasts a Monday-to-Friday program of human interest stories and about interesting people and places in Toronto, at 10.45 A.M. on the Trans-Canada network of the CBC. A native of Toronto, Miss Weston is famous for her city's out-of-the-way places, has an unusual story can do, and she has a knack for finding and holding celebrities who make news.

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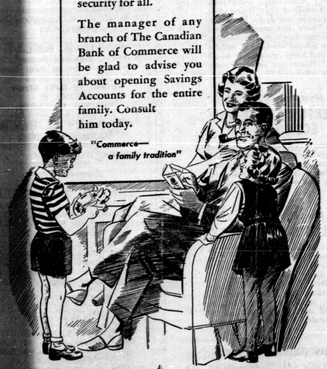

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On The Farm Front

BRIEF NOTES FOR THE BUSY FARMER

— By Haldimand Harry —

During the week ending March 16, 62 more herds of cattle were completed in the second general T.B. Test. This included 892 cattle with 19 reactors being found in four herds The total compensation allowed was $700.00. Up to that date a grand total of 482 herds, representing 6,340 head of cattle have been tested. 97 reactors or .89 per cent. have been removed from 27 herds. The total compensation allowed has amounted to $2066.00.

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Latest figures would indicate that Canada's hog population has decreased to the extent of 770,000 head during the past year. In Ontario the decrease has amounted to 168,000, which is slightly less than one per cent. To offset this, the statistics show a considerable increase in the number of sows expected to farrow. As a matter of fact for the Dominion the expected figures are 21.9 per cent

-oOo-

It wouldn't be surprising if all of this bacon will be needed if we are to fill the 1949 contracts with Great Britain. These stand at 160,000,000 pounds or bacon, although this is 35,000,000 pounds less than for 1948. The agreed upon price is $36.00 per 100 pounds of top quality bacon.

-oOo-

This year's agreement provides for 46,000,000 dozen shell eggs or the equivalent in the form of dried, whole or frozen whole eggs for the eleven months; February 1st to December 31st. This is less than for the same period in 1948.

-oOo-

With Haldimand producing around 80,000 pounds of creamery butter per month, the farmers of this County stand to loose over $9,000.00 per month as a result of the oleomargarine importation. This figure is based on the drop in butterfat prices from around 74c per pound to 60c per pound. This drop would not have been occasioned had oleomargarine not been introduced into Ontario.

-oOo-

In some quarters an argument has been advanced that oleomargarine is still a product of the farm. Latest figures would reveal that from oleomargarine the farmer obtains roughly 8c per pound for his part of the product, whereas in the case of butter the same farmer would obtain 50c per pound of the product.

-oOo-

More about butter. The domestic consumption of creamery butter during February (the last month for which figures are available) showed a decline of 16¼ per cent as compared with the same month a year ago. This is another indication of the effect of the introduction of margarine.

-oOo-

How good is your Water Supply? This question is asked not only with reference to the production of water but as to its quality from a health point of view. Are you sure that the water which you are using in your household comes up to the minimum health standards? In Ontario we are fortunate in being able to have our water supplies tested quickly and cheaply. Application should be made to the Department of Bacteriology, O.A.C., Guelph, for water sample bottles and for instructions on taking the sample. On submitting these samples to this Department a report can be obtained to show whether the water is fit for human consumption. Applications for such bottles can be made through the office of your Agricultural Representative.

THIS IS DICK NELSON

Alias Pierre, the versatile Frenchman whose path crosses that of comedians Wayne and Shuster so often they're beginning to think he's tagging them. When Frankie and Johnny take imaginary jaunts to strange places in their weekly show (on Thursdays at 8:30 P.M. on CBC Trans-Canada), Pierre is certain to turn up as a French used-car salesman sweating out a living in the African jungle, or perhaps as the President of France vacationing at Sunnyside Beach, Toronto. Dick Nelson's wide range of impersonations has been featured in network broadcasts ever since hee returned to Canada in 1947 after fourteen years in stage, radio, film and night club acting in the United States.

NO WHERE TO GO

Mr. and Mrs. C. and their four children shared a small apartment with relatives. They had nowhere else to live. The relatives had come to the place where they wanted to get rid of the C's at all costs and Mrs. C. went everywhere trying to find a place to take her family but without avail. Finally discouraged by the continual quarrelling at home and the hopelessness of her search for a home, she walked out on her family. Mr. C. brought the children to the Children's Aid Society as the relatives had refused to allow them to remain any longer. The Society found Foster homes for them After considerable time Mr. and Mrs. C. were able to find a home again, took the children back and are working hard to re-establish their family life.

This little story is but one of many which illustrates the work that the Children's Aid Society is continually doing in this County to provide some ground for the re-establishment of families broken up by the housing shortage. And this is but one of many fields of service by which the C.A.S. is serving our people. And such work is the responsibility of all since the Children's Aid Society is supported largely by private contributions.

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