

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Genevieve D. Clarke

"One man's meat is another man's poison." How true—and how fortunate. If we all liked the same kind of meat and it was equally good for everyone there, would never be enough of it to go around. And by "meat" I am not thinking of what we eat but of work, pleasure, governments, climate—in fact anything and everything that concerns our way of living. Sometimes, in that connection, you wonder at a person's choice of work as his or her way of making a living. For instance, if you have no liking for the type of work they do, you might wonder why anyone would want to be a doctor, a nurse, a telephone operator or a dentist. Yet all such work must appeal to a great many men and women or they wouldn't be doing it. And isn't that fortunate for us? However, there is one other thing to remember—often choice of a vocation is as much a matter of fashion as diamond socks and shortie coats. Young folk, in their formative years, get a notion for doing just what the other fellow is doing—which often leads to round pegs in square holes. Remember the period when most young fellows leaving school wanted to be bank clerks and most of the girls either a school teacher or a nurse. Later there was quite a run on insurance agents and travelling salesmen, while every other girl thought a stenographer's desk was the place for her.

Now there is a great increase in the variety of jobs available—now some girls think longingly of a job as stewards on an airline, or of being operators or transport drivers. Just a few of them—both boys and girls—think farming might be all right.

The same thing applies to pleasure. No two people can exactly the same idea as to what really constitutes pleasure. A quiet evening at home or among friends may be more satisfying to some folk than all the highlights of the city.

As for government and party politics... well, we had better skip that one. But wouldn't it be good illustration of one man's poison? Poison... all right, yes!

Take climate... why is it that people choose to live in any particular country or district? Why choose an isolated area when you might live in a well-populated community? Or why choose quarters as cramped as the proverbial sardine can when you could if you so desired, live out in the country? Or again, why live in the Northern Ontario backwoods when you might get a job in the city and live where there is plenty of life and enough noise to deafen you?

Well, I guess you see what I am



My Son, My Son—After a 42-year separation, 83-year-old Isaac Neubart was reunited with his only surviving son, Leon, who arrived with his wife and child aboard the Gen. Blatchford. Leon was located in Germany by the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society. He was six months old when last seen by his father and the only member of the German clan to survive World War II.

driving at. What actually started this train of thought was a letter we got from Bob. Bob, apparently, is in his glory—living and working in all kinds of heavy construction machinery. Noise all day and all night. Trucks with tires so big it takes five strong men to tip them up on end. And the price of them around \$120 a piece! Buckets on the power-shovel enough for a man to crawl around inside them. And the weather—so cold the men are working in zero temperature a good deal of the time. And Bob has been on what he calls "the graveyard shift"—which wouldn't make it any gentler. The plant runs down for Christmas and then all the trucks had to be towed before they could start again; the shovels also refused to operate.

At Christmas Bob went to visit his uncle at La Cava. Drove there and had three flat tires on the way, caused by the extreme cold. At 2 a.m. he was changing a tire at 25 below zero.

And yet he is happy... that is the life he likes. Oil and gasoline seem as necessary to him as fresh air to a farmer. Why anyone should prefer that kind of life to farming is hard to fathom. But so is the more I think of it the more I understand the feelings of the mother hen who hatched out of the egg. Partner has never wanted to do anything other than farm so Bob can hardly be called "a chip off the old block." Unless one might say there is a similarity even though circumstances are different. You see, Partner was the only one in his family who wanted to go farming—and his family could never understand why. Nor could we. Partner has never wanted to be a farmer's wife. But there you are—farming was our "meat"—and could we go back 30 years we would probably make the same decision again. True, it has sometimes been pretty "tough meat," but it has never been "poison."

Illegal Parkers Read and Shudder

Maybe the city council of Spalding, England, has hit upon the perfect device for making motorists behave. If Spalding motorists don't pay their 35-cent municipal parking charges, a policeman will detain their cars.

The Spalding city fathers have a sense of proportion worthy of the great Mikado who, in G and S's of the same name, proposed to make the punishment fit the crime.

And make each prisoner pent unwillingly prisoner. A source of innocent merriment!

Oh innocent merriment! The Mikados of Spalding, under such a system, could work out a list of penalties for various offenses for which motorists are noted. And policemen whose (parking) lot has not been a happy one might begin enjoying themselves.

The Spalding experiment is notable for harnessing a natural urge in behalf of law enforcement. As Sir Walter Scott put it, lives there a man who never to himself hath said, "I wonder what the driver of that car would say if he came out and found all four tires flat?"

When the United Nations finds so apt a penalty for aggressors, and so delightful for law enforcement agents to apply, motorists with unpaid parking lot charge soon will be.

—The Christian Science Monitor

Curious Grounds For Divorce

The ease with which divorce can be obtained in the United States is resulting in an increasing number of applications based on more and more curious claims.

One of the latest is the application of a Detroit parson on the grounds that his wife refused to read him the Bible.

A Michigan man has sued his wife for divorce on the grounds that she had refused to read him the Bible.

Strangely, of course it is, but not more so than the reason for which a Los Angeles woman actually did get a divorce—her husband called her a fool when she trumped his ace in a card game.

Nor is it more absurd than the reason for which a man from Yarmouth, in Maine, was granted a divorce—his wife gave him too much pea soup.

One can sympathize with some applicants, however. There was the man who found out after he had married that his wife had twenty-seven pet cats.

And there was the woman in Chicago who had little difficulty in getting a divorce on the grounds that her husband's pet dog and pet monkey made life unbearable because of the latter's habit of throwing stones at her.

It seemed she was afraid of them, and when they tried to come near to her she threw small pebbles at them. For a while this kept them at a distance until the monkey learned the habit of throwing them back.

One of the latest divorce applications is from a man in Tennessee on the grounds that she was too young when she married to know what she was doing. She has been married two years and her age at the moment is 13.

Perhaps the answer is given in the bylaws of Nevada, where a residence of six weeks is necessary before qualifying for a divorce, but six months is required before a fishing licence can be issued.

Memory Selection: Take heed what you hear: with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you: and unto them that shall more be given—Mark IV:24.

Jesus Christ was the Greatest Teacher of all time. He spoke as never man spoke. In today's lesson He teaches concerning His kingdom by means of parables. A parable has been defined as an "earthly story with a heavenly meaning." But we must not think of the earthly as the source of the heavenly. Rather, "The Lord is King, not borrowing this title from the kings of the earth, but having lent His own title to them; and the 'kingdom of God' is, in fact, a moral expression; it is rather the earthly kingdoms that are figures and shadows of the truth."

The parables are simple so that even a child may understand. When we succeed in employing enough of simplicity to engage the mind of a child, our sermons will reach a level that strikes the heart of the adult: "for the children's heads are just about level with the hearts of adults."

The kingdom of God becomes very great when what seems to us as a very insignificant beginning. Certainly when Jesus was crucified there seemed little likelihood that His followers would rise to spread His truth around the world. But that is the case. The Christian faith is the most powerful force in the world today. Evil still exists, but in its midst God, as Lowell has said, keeps His own.

"Classless seems the Great Adventer. His pages too record One death-grapple through the ages."

"Twist old systems and the Word. Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne. Yet that scaffold always the future. And behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow Keeping watch above His own." Some day truth will be on the throne.

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ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have a husband who does not trust me. I am so fed up I don't know which way to turn!"

"Before I married, I was off on the wrong track. My husband knew about it — and has never let me forget it. Since meeting him, I have never cheated. He does not believe it. While he was abroad and in service he had several affairs, and he accuses me of the same sins at that time."

"Day after day, I hear the same thing. He doesn't even trust me to go shopping by myself!"

"He is a wonderful provider. He never lets our children or me do without anything we need. He doesn't drink and he just likes to spend his time at home with the television. He leads a hermit's life, and feels I should too."

"I have no girl friends. The only place I visit is my mother's or his, and then I have to take the children. I like visiting for I am home all week with the children."

"I should be thankful to have a husband who takes care of us. But I am so miserable I sometimes feel like walking out I still love him, but not like I used to. I know if he keeps up these accusations I'll be a wreck in a few years."

"I'll do whatever you suggest."

Take a STAND Unless you want to keep on living this sort of life, you will have to take a stand.

You will have to tell your husband you cannot bear it any longer. Having to defend yourself constantly against his insulting accusations is warping your nature so that your health is being endangered. You cannot be a good mother, nor a normal wife, when you are under continual suspicion. For the children's sake, as well as for your own, you must effect some change in your way of living, and quickly.

If he will not go out with you, you will take the children and go alone. You will make new friends, and invite them to your home; if he is sulky and inhospitable, let him be. You will take the children to movies, too, and give them little parties, so they will have a more normal life with their friends.

It is not enough for a man to provide for his family's material welfare. He owes them spiritual satisfaction, too. And he owes his wife his complete faith. It is his duty to make sure she is enjoying

being married to him, and making a home life for them all that is right and rich and full.

—Or would your husband rather have an invalid wife on his hands?

Which is your way of making people happy—wherever you go or whenever you go?

A man who does not enter into the social life of his family and who deprives his wife of human contact, is cheating them all of their due... Anne Hirst will help you in your problems. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

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Can't think of anything but CROWN BRAND n' Pancakes

638

Saura Wheeler

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THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

"We are proud of our dairy cattle here in Canada," the speaker said, and those attending the meeting of the Eastern Branch of the Agricultural Institute of Canada probably thought they were in for one of those back-slapping, "everything-is-rosy" sort of speeches. They were soon disillusioned.

"But," the gentleman went on, "the average producer in Ontario is a disgracefully low. Holland carries more dairy cattle with an average production of 8,000 pounds of milk and 340 pounds of butter-fat per cow per year. New Zealand milks more cows with an average annual production of 6,000 pounds of milk and 330 pounds of butter-fat. Ontario has an average production of 4,500 pounds of milk and only 150 pounds of butter-fat per cow per annum."

That speaker is a man who should know what he is talking about. He is Dr. E. S. Archibald, and he made those statements while on the occasion of his retirement as director of the Experimental Farm Services at Ottawa.

While Dr. Archibald's remarks were pointed at one province they could well refer to the rest of the Canadian provinces which, in fact, have lower milk and butter-fat production averages than Ontario.

The agricultural scientist's statement surely indicates that Canadian dairymen should put more effort into increasing the production of their herds. How it could be done is told by Dr. Archibald himself:

"With increased dairying, the trend is and should be an intensive grass-land agriculture. This means greater soil conservation, more intensive use of our soils, better crop selection, contour culture where necessary and greater use of fertilizers. A properly planned agriculture involving these factors calls for government co-operative activities amongst those engaged in farming, education, production, storage and marketing."

While our herds may never reach the average level of production of those in Holland, and the Canadian dairymen if they came anywhere near it.

If they can only devise some sort of machine that will lay the eggs practically the entire operation of raising chickens will be done mechanically, and a really modern poultry plant will have as many as 100,000 birds in production.

Latest development along this line is using infra-red lamps—the same kind they have to bake the enamel on newly-painted automobiles—to keep the chicks warm and cozy. Tests conducted down in Delaware, baby chicks were placed in a refrigerated room 12 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. With infra-red lamps as the only source of heat, it was found that the chicks thrived under the heat lamps even at this low temperature.

As a result of these tests, a large poultry farm installed an infra-red heating system in its new 20,000-chicken broiler house using 228 lamps placed 19 inches above the floor. As the chicks grew and required less heat the lamps were regulated by a thermostat.

Then just to show how hard it all is we remind our visitors that

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