ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"WE'RE BEING MARRIED — BUT DON'T LIKE THE SAME THINGS!"

"Dear Anne Hirst: My fiancee says she will follow your advice, no matter what . . . We have been engaged for a year, and hope to marry in the fall. I am at my wits' end how to keep her happy afterward—

"For we do not enjoy the same recreations. Sports, the theater and dancing are her pet indulgences. These all bore me stiff. I've never cultivated any one of them. An old beau of hers has been taking her. I like him, and I trust them both. But do you think this is fair?

"In every other way, we are like one person.—Belong to the same church, love concerts and good books, and are popular with many friends. We get along swell with each other's families, too. What I want to know is, how will it be after we get married?

"Don't you think she should give up these recreations which mean nothing to me?

"I too, however, promise to do what you advise.

Confused fiance"

COMPROMISES IN ORDER

Compromise is the most endu ring basis of any companionship when two people like to be together, whether they are married or not. I urge you to weigh the idea thoughtfully, chiefly for this reason:

It is not likely that this girl you love will surrender without regret the three recreations she enjoys most. Once the novelty of keeping house wears off (and believe me, in a couple of years that is natural) she will still yearn to dance, attend sports, and go to the theatre. As her husband, it is your place to escort her, and in good humor. You two can still find mutual pleasure in music and reading, but I'm afraid they alone will not suffice to keep her contented.

Perhaps this illustration of a similar situation (a true story) will help you both:

Several years ago a friend of mine, who loved to dance and hated sports, married a man who hated dancing and loved every kind of game. They loved each other enough to want to spend every leisure hour together. So before they married, they made an agreement to please the other.

He (much against his inclination), went to dancing classes until he mastered the art. She accompanied him to games he wanted to watch, and for a while she took along a magazine to read. Within a few months she found the contests irresistible; and, as he explained the rules, she became almost as enthusiastic as he. He never did enjoy dancing — but the point is, he took her when she wanted to go.

The result? They never had to be apart unless they chose to. Their marriage has lasted 10 years, and is still an inspiration to their friends.

It is true that these two were older than you and your fiancee. But I sense you both are more mature than your ages, or you would not be worrying about the future, which she is thinking about, too. Why shouldn't you adopt this idea?

Later on, you may find you can enjoy a concert or a good book alone at home, while your wife goes dancing or to other places with a group of friends. These things work themselves out — if both are equally determined to make their marriage last.

Think it over, and talk it over.

* * *

People who fall in love often discover, to their chagrin, that they have dissimilar tastes. If there is love enough, things can work out . . . Tell Anne Hirst your problems, and know you can trust her sympathy and her judgment. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Blame Television Not Harry Truman

We know what has happened to handicrafts as modern mass-production industry rolls over them. They have disappeared except as hobbies and outlets for artistic creativeness. But what happens to the arts in the face of electronic gadgetry?

A general impression seems to be that the radio, phonograph, television, and sound movies have sent the amateur performer down the same road as the home weaver and the cabinetmaker. What actually appears to occur, however, is a brief hiatus during which people are satisfied to listen (or watch) a few top professionals rather than to "get in the act." Then comes the urge to do.

Little Egbert and Clarissa, so it seems, are not awed by the sight of a piano virtuoso on their television. (Perhaps it is little Egbert's and Clarissa's parents who are not awed.) Anyhow, more hopefully, young and old, are taking piano lessons today than ever before in history.

At least, so says the National Association of Piano Tuners in convention assembled. And it credits not the influence of one Harry S. Truman, now free to circulate among his fellow citizens, but television—flatly.

Are piano tuners themselves joining the throng? Apparently not. After you've been tuning a half-dozen pianos a day, says one of them, you've had all the bong-bong-bong you can stand.

We know what he means.

From:
The Christian Science Monitor.

"I find television very educating. Every time somebody turns it on, I go into the other room and read a book."—Groucho Marx.

589
SIZES
2—10

by Laura Wheeler

Easiest embroidery — simplest sewing—prettiest dress! Mom, it opens flat—iron it in a jiffy! Use gay remnants, make one with embroidery—another without!

Pattern 589: Children's Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern; embroidery transfer. State size.

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EXCITING VALUE! Ten, yes TEN popular, new designs to crochet, sew, embroider, knit — printed right in the Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book. Plus many more patterns to send for —ideas for gifts, bazaar moneymakers, fashions! Send 25 cents for your copy!

Sun-Wrap!

Mama's Little Anchor—Patty Lou, Dalmation mascot of Engine Company No. 2, won't be answering alarms for a while. The reason: Eleven new pups.

Catchy Catch—It looks like some fisherman made a lucky catch, but don't be fooled. That's darlin' Kathy Darlyn adorning the sands with an attractive beach robe of shimmering fishnet made of metallic thread.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Gwendoline P Clarke

The long-awaited armistice in Korea has finally become an accomplished fact—and I am sure we are all giving a sigh of relief. The on-again, off-again negotiations that have prevailed during the last few months have been sufficiently discouraging to make us wonder whether there would ever be peace in this world again.

Peace . . . isn't it a wonderful word?—and if there is anything tired nations need right now, more than anything else, it is peace. Peace . . . not only from war but from every kind of conflict. Peace within families; peace within industry; peace in agriculture; in politics; peace among the warring elements of Nature, and, most of all, peace in our hearts—a "peace that passeth all understanding."

Taken by and large peace has a far deeper meaning than cessation of hostilities. Canada, for instance, may not now be actively engaged in war on a battlefield but as long as there is conflict between labour and management; or between producers and consumers, or disagreements within families, there can never be actual peace—peace that is defined as harmonious relations among people. I know peace of mind is what I crave for more than anything else in life —and I imagine many other persons feel the same way. But that kind of peace is only possible if everyone is working to accomplish it. How many are doing just that, I wonder?

Last night we had another disturber of the peace — a sharp thunderstorm. When we heard the rain pelting down we hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry. Glad for the sun-baked gardens and fields, or sorry because of the baled hay still out in the field. We had a big field of hay baled last Friday and we expected to get a lot of it on Saturday but for various reasons the help we had expected didn't show up so there was only Partner and a neighbour to deal with over 700 bales of hay. The boy who usually drives the tractor was sick so I volunteered to take his place. Not because I wanted to but because I couldn't sit quietly by watching the man in the field hopping on and off the tractor and handling bales as well. The men always say driving a Model M. is just like driving a car. To them maybe it is—but not to me! The noise of the tractor bothers me and I am always afraid of doing something wrong or unexpected that might cause an accident. My trouble is not ignorance of danger but of being too aware of it. Besides that I don't possess a pair of slacks or overalls. Skirts on a tractor, especialy in a wind, are somewhat of a menace—and certainly an embarrassment! Maybe I had better invest in a pair of slacks—just in case. Better to be safe than sorry.

Remember the time when the farm was a nice, safe place for children to spend a holiday? Where they could even help with the chores or the haying—just so long as they kept away from the bull-pen, or the horse's hind feet, or didn't try walking the high beams in the barn. It isn't a safe place any more. Children have a natural love of machinery, boys and girls alike. Nothing pleases them better than to ride on the tractor with Daddy — if Daddy is foolish enough to allow it. Children are quick to pick up the mechanics of driving but they naturally haven't the foresight to appreciate its potential danger. Many mothers, through lack of knowledge, are also sadly lacking in this respect. A mother who would be horrified if Johnny climbed the gate of the bull-pen, will watch without protest as Johnny climbs aboard the tractor, or rides the tongue drawing the hay-wagon. Too many little boys are also allowed to drive farm tractors—He can handle the tractor as well as his Dad" is a phrase one hears all too often. One father, just recently, had to make a trip to town and came home to find his seven-year-old son driving their high-powered tractor up and down the back lanes, with two neighbour-children, four and five years old, riding with him. Too sharp a turn of the wheel and one hates to think what might have happened to all three children.

There is a law to prevent young people driving cars on the road, but there is no law to prevent a child from operating a tractor on the farm. That is entirely up to the parents. It is their responsibility, and theirs alone, to keep young children away from tractors and other mechanized farm machinery. Accidents can happen so easily and a young life snuffed out, or a little body crippled for life, just because someone failed to appreciate the danger.

Irish Tinkers On The Way Out

Ireland's colorful tinkers — those knights of the road whose multihued carts and caravans have lent a touch of romance to the contryside for centuries — are threatened by progress.

It is estimated there are about 5,500 tinkers in Ireland and half of them are women. Wandering and carefree by nature, many lose patience with their ways, but there also are many in the world outside their own who defend them.

Sometimes the tinkers are called gypsies. Such a careless reference however, can lead to a real feud.

Tinkers — always ready for a drink or a fight — have different meanings to different people.

Farmers denounce the tinkers, who live off the countryside, and keep a close watch on their crops and cattle when they swarm near.

Poets and songsters see these lean men and women of the road as romantics. Playwright Justice Donagh MacDonagh once described them as "God's gentry." Bryan MacMahon as "children of the rainbow."

Historians are not quite sure where the tinkers came from.

Some say they are the descendants of the armorers of the ancient Kings of Eiroland who took a wandering when the kingly system broke down; others think of them as descendants of Raparees, the Robin Hoods of Ireland who waged war on foreign soldiery.

These nomads are versatile mystics and card sharks, healers, all-around odd-job men; and not beyond begging for a cup of "tay."

Among themselves they have have their own secret language that's never been decoded by an outsider.

They marry young and live by a strict moral code.

They have their own courts to deal with any breaches of the law — that is their own law for they don't recognise any other.

Any attempt to bring the tinkers into normal society is sure to meet opposition, however, from those who regard them as the last of romantic Ireland.

Was Joan of Arc Really Burned To Death?

Everyone knows that Joan of Arc was burnt to death at the stake. But was she? Ancient documents brought to light centuries after her supposed execution have raised doubts in the minds of some antiquaries.

Is it possible that a common criminal was put to death in Joan's place? Did she regain her liberty after the death of her old enemy, the Duke of Bedford, in 1435?

If not, how can one explain the young woman, who, dressed as a man, presented herself in 1436 before the magistrates of Metz, and calmly announced that she was Joan of Arc?

She certainly looked and spoke like the Maid. But, of course, nobody could credit such a preposterous claim. The girl was detained while the justices sent for Joan's brothers, Pierre and Jean, who hurried to the city to expose this "impudent impostor."

Impossible to Fake

Instead (relates a contemporary record by a Father Rigeur) they recognized her immediately as their sister and embraced her joyfully. Apart from facial characteristics, there was that curious little birthmark, impossible to fake, behind her left ear.

Documents produced by the girl were subjected to the closest scrutiny, but no forgery could be detected.

Convinced at last that Joan of Arc stood before them, the city authorities tried in every way to make amends for their early suspicions. Various noblemen presented her with new clothing, while one gave her a magnificent horse, and she was entertained like a princess.

Received With Honours

Cheering crowds acclaimed her everywhere as she rode through Lorraine. She always seemed to be quite at ease as, talking in her mystical way, she conversed with people who had known Joan best in the old days. All were certain of her identity.

She was received with honours wherever she went. Visiting Germany, she was even consulted officially in a difficult problem concerning two rivals for the Archbishopric of Treves. Ulrich, Count of Wurttemberg, himself escorted her to Cologne.

Back in France she received a handsome money present from King Charles VII (the former Dauphin, who owed his coronation to the Maid), and he ennobled Joan's family with the stately appellation of "de Lys."

Madly In Love

About this time, the girl met the handsome young Chevalier Robert des Armoise, one of the wealthiest men in Lorraine, who soon fell madly in love with her. Eventually, amid great popular rejoicing, they were married, and a copy of the marriage contract, describes the bride as "Jeanne d'Arc, la Pucelle d'Orleans" (Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans)

Among the archives of the city of Metz is a list of guests at the ceremony and another of the numerous wedding presents.

It was only natural, of course, that the people of Orleans should want to see their heroine again, and the young married couple accepted a pressing invitation to spend a few days there in 1439. A series of great banquets was given by the civic power in their honour, and nobody who remembered the Maid appears to have doubted for a moment the identity of the chief guest.

The council, says a record, ed that a sum of 219 livres equivalent of about $3,000 be presented to her "in for benefits she conferred the city during the siege." this was duly presented a dame des Armoise at a sp ous farewell dinner.

If this young woman w impostor, she must have be consummate actress, well with many details of Joan's vate life, and gifted with ed self-confidence.

Discussed Old Town

One day she hailed a for through Anjou to call on Baron Gilles de Rais, who side by side with Joan h a hard battle. He receive with open arms. After old times together, they on the friendliest terms, w suspicion on the Baron's

By degrees the sensation by the story of Joan's ance died down, and it that Madame des Armoi quently settled to a life of ary mediaeval domesticity on record that she bore husband with two sons, but that little is known of he

There is a story, somew cure as to its origin, that lates that she was subse convicted before parlem impostors. If true, it is amu ing that details are lacki sibly this extraordinary la something to the unwilli people to believe that Joa could be mistaken on a su such magnitude as Joan

It only remains to be a competent archivists wh ined the records satisfie selves that the young w claim to be Joan of Arc w substantiated, while others only say they did not kno to think.

Some quiet evening when girl has stayed home to her hair and there is not the movies you haven't se don't you sit home and out how many different hands can be dealt to fou ers. If you'd like to work by yourself don't read Co Shepard in Auction Brid zine says that 653,017,3 ferent hands may be dea

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Keep Moving, Miss—Joon Anderson, 17, thought she'd cool off the heat in a park as temperatures soared into the 90's. She found her lying on the grass near a "no parking" sign was the policeman Roland Rylund who told her to "move on."

SPORTS & [illegible]
by A SIXBIT CRITIC

A young member of our family has something of a craze for collecting books and magazines about sport — which is Okay with us, seeing that he pays for them himself. But we are rather amazed at the continuous flow of such literachoor which pours from the presses of various publishers.

Of course much of the material contained in such books— we are not referring to sports fiction — is by no means new; in fact some of the tales, such as the one about Babe Ruth's "calling his shot" before parking a homer in the Chicago ballparkers — have been told so often that we feel like screaming when we sense it coming again. So the interest to be found in such books, especially those about baseball and boxing, depends not on what is told, but how the telling is done.

One book we can recommend, although it is by no means new, is Damon Runyon's "Favorite Boxing Stories." The eminent Mr. Stern is not always strictly accurate, it is said, as to his facts. His judgments do not always coincide with our own — which doesn't mean that either of us is right. But what he has to describe he tells in a highly readable manner, and if you're looking for a book to slip in the pocket for when the fish aren't biting, you can't do better.

All of which, as you've probably guessed, is just a nice way of getting around the fact that we're about to purloin one of Mr. Stern's stories. So — here it is:

No bandit ever left a town more completely looted than Jack Kearns did when he was the manager of the great champion, Jack Dempsey. The town that Kearns picked clean was a little place called Shelby, in the sovereign state of Montana.

* * *

It seems that a pretty good heavyweight named Tom Gibbons was hot on the trail of the then champinon of the world, Jack Dempsey. Kearns was smart enough to know that the fight, if arranged, would not amount to much. Gibbons was a fairly clever boxer but he was far from being a match for the fiery, hard-punching champion. Still, business was business. If any promoter felt sassy enough to put on the match, Kearns was willing to listen to reason, reason meaning money, of course.

* * *

Enthusiasm among the entrepreneurs was far from high. The fight did not promise to draw much at the gate, and the offers were none too liberal.

* * *

It was at this point in the proceedings that the little town of Shelby, Montana, stepped into the picture. Not satisfied with remaining the happy, prosperous little place that it was, Shelby sought fame and prominence in the world. The leading citizens of the town made a startling bid for the fight between Dempsey and Gibbons. For the defense of his title, Dempsey was offered $200,000 on the spot, and an additional $100,000 on the day of the fight.

* * *

No more welcome music had ever sounded in Jack Kearn's ears. The offer was snapped up before you could say sucker. The fight was set in Shelby for July 4, 1923. The townspeople congratulated themselves on the prize plum they had plucked from the fistic tree. Little did they know what misfortune they had brought down on themselves.

* * *

As the day of the fight approached, the people of Shelby, Montana, finally came to realize that they had overstepped themselves badly. The balance of money that was due to Kearns could not be raised.

On the eve of the fight, the local promoters came to Jack Kearns' hotel with their troubles. There was a fine sum of $43,000 available to pay him off; would it be enough?

* * *

Kearns sneered at the offer. He waved the contract before their faces and demanded the hundred thousand due him. They begged him to take what he could get and let the fight go on. Kearns said no money, no fight. The local folks said the town was stone broke. Kearns lit a fresh cigar. Voices began to rise. Words were said that might better have been left unsaid. A terrific battle followed, fists flew through the air, heads were conked. In the excitement, the sheriff of Shelby who was acting as chairman, got in the way of a stray bullet.

From all the ruckus Jack Kearns emerged triumphant, as usual. The town, at the end of its resources, somehow found the money to pay him off. The fight took place and it was a dull affair won by Dempsey on points. When it was over, Kearns and his crowd took the first train out of Shelby. Behind them they left a ruined, busted town. The leading bank had closed its doors. The citizens had lost their savings. It was a fearful price to pay for a bunch of soon-to-be-forgotten headlines.

* * *

A cynical film writer says: "Hollywood is a city lined with palms—all of them itching."

Look Hoo's There—These two screech owls give each other the eye in no uncertain terms. The fluffy little birds are misnamed, according to bird experts, who say their cry is a series of clear, tremulous and plaintive notes rather than a screech.

Now — Bread That Never Gets Stale

A revolution is beginning in the bread industry. American housewives will benefit first, but the idea was born in the Arctic when Admiral Byrd on his last expedition found that some bread left in a hut under 20 feet of snow for years before was still edible and fresh.

When a loaf is baked its greatest loss of flavour and "newness" takes place in the first 12 hours after leaving the oven. This can be prevented by freezing bread immediately it has been baked.

A large baking company in New York State is putting frozen bread on the market. They intend to distribute bread throughout the United States, transporting it in refrigerated trucks and keeping it in cold storage.

Far from increasing bread costs, they believe it will bring down the price of a loaf. Bakers will not have to work overtime or at week-ends and holiday times. The heavy wastage of stale bread will be eliminated. Shops will be able to stock bread once a week or once a fortnight and it will remain fresh in their cold stores.

It is also claimed that the housewife will be able to buy a week's supply of bread at a time, but this seems doubtful. Will the refrigerator be big enough to hold the week's supply of loaves and rolls as well as other foods? However, some experts in the bakery trade believe that frozen bread will be commonplace in five years' time — and the bread on the table will always be "new."

YOU'D PROBABLY BE WRONG

If you were to ask the average person participating in an opinion poll which he thought would be the higher: the profit made by industry, or the taxes taken by government, it is certain he would plump for profit. And if you were to ask what he thought the amount of profit was, his estimate would probably begin at 10 per cent.

On both counts he would be wrong.

The education committee of the Canadian Manufacturers Association has just completed a nation wide survey. Mr. W. E. Weaver, the committee chairman, has released the figures which show that for every one dollar of sales of Canadian manufactured goods in 1952, profit amounted to only five cents. Of that five cents, 2.2 cents went out in dividends, and 2.8 cents were ploughed back into the business.

And what about taxes?

Federal and provincial taxes on manufacturing income average out at 5.1 cents per sales dollar. Taxes thereby beat profits by one tenth of a cent per $1 of sales.

This C.M.A. committee started making these surveys five years ago, to combat public misconceptions about the size of manufacturing profits. It is noteworthy that in 1948, profit was 6.2 cents. In 1950 when corporate taxes were lower, it jumped to 7.1 cents. In 1951, with taxes still rising, it dropped to 5.8 cents and in 1952 with taxes still on the rise, it was five cents.

The Monetary Times

Modern Etiquette

Q. When the brief form of introduction is used, such as, "Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith," in what way can it be made apparent who is being introduced to whom?

A. The more important person's name should be accentuated so that it will be as clear as though the words, "May I present," were used.

Q. When eating a baked potato, is it correct to take the potato from the skin and mash it on the plate?

A. No; the proper way is to split the potato and then eat it directly from the skin.

Q. Whose place is it to set the date of the wedding, the bride or the bridegroom?

A. After the prospective bride and the bridegroom have decided between themselves that circumstances are favorable for their wedding, it is up to the bride and her mother to decide the exact date.

Q. Is it proper for a married woman to send a gift in her name only to a bride-elect?

A. No; she should always include her husband's name.

Q. In a restaurant, when your napkin falls from your lap to the floor, do you pick it up and use it again?

A. No; the waiter should pick up the fallen napkin, and give you a fresh one.

Q. Is it proper to ask a married man to serve as best man at a wedding?

A. Yes; but be sure to include his wife in any of the festivities that the bridal party may engage in.

Q. Is it considered all right to use the abbreviation "c/o" when writing to somone in care of someone else?

A. It is better to write the words out, "care of."

Q. Is it correct to use a fork to place jelly on bread?

A. No; the knife should be used for this purpose.

Q. What should a man do if a woman makes a social call at his office, and keeps talking and taking up his time?

A. He may, at first opportunity, rise and tell her he is glad she stopped in to see him — or, if this has no effect, he may tell her he has an urgent appointment.

Q. Is there any difference in the pronunciation of "fiancee" (feminine) and "fiance" (masculine)?

A. No; both are pronounced as fee-ahn-say, with an accent on last syllable.

Q. On which arm of her father should a bride proceed down the aisle of the church?

A. On his right arm.

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Can't Keep Him "Grounded"—Quadruple amputee Clarence (Red) Mosley waits behind the wheel of a specially equipped automobile as he prepares to take a driver's test. Mosley, 22, suffered multiple wounds when shot down over Korea.

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FOR SALE Dairy farm with field mill equipment. Situated in Algoma District one half mile from Trans-Canada Highway. Full information write, Sod Like Farms, L. L. Mailloux and Sons, Walford Sta., Ontario.

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SAMOYEDS — registered puppies, grown dogs, young pets, all white, reasonable. Tom Brandon, King Street, Midland.

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WANTED, qualified Protestant teacher for S.S. No. 9, Township School Area of Camden East, in the County of Frontenac. Post Office 1,000 yards from school, Good Scenery. Situated in Algoma District one half mile from Trans-Canada Highway. Grades 1 to 8. State qualifications, salary expected and name of last inspector. Duties to commence, Sept. 1, 1953. Apply J. R. Hughes, Sec.-Treas., Arden, Ont.

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