Just try it!

"SALADA" TEA

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Six months ago, I discovered that my husband was seeing another woman. . . . I told him he must give her up, or leave our son and me. He promised he would not see her again, and so did she. Now I find they did not stop meeting —and she tells me she loves him, and doesn't think she is breaking up my home! Incidentally, she owns her home, holds a good position, then gets an allowance for her child. We own nothing, not even our furniture.

"Last week, after a long period of unemployment, my husband got a position. I've been working to help out, but we are behind in our bills. He says when we're on our feet again, he will leave! . . . I know he is selfish. For years he hasn't taken me anywhere; it seems I'm only good enough to cook, to work, wash and iron. In spite of this, I still love him. If I didn't, it would be simple.

"I am desperate. I've tried everything but nothing helped. Once I pretended I had a date, which did seem to upset him. I believe there is good in him, and I have faith. He says he loves our boy, but I don't know. . . . Now I am thinking of moving out, and letting him go. It wouldn't be any worse torture than seeing him dress to take her out, and not even pretending he isn't! What do you advise?

S. M. O."

MORE OF THE SAME?

Take the practical view, first.

What future can you expect for you and your son when your husband does not support you now, and assures that he intends to walk out as soon as he can? He is completely indifferent to what happens to you and your son. He tosses aside your love with practically a snap of his fingers; you can plan your own tomorrows — they are not his responsibility.

Since you have to work anyhow, why not work for yourself and your boy, instead of supporting a man who is not only unfaithful but boasts about it? So long as you stay with him, aren't you asking for just what you've been getting? I am afraid the only kind of woman he can be faithful to is one who will make him toe the mark; and that, it seems, is not in your nature. You counted on your love; it isn't enough.

You will miss him, of course, and long to see him. But alone with your son, you will find a peace you have missed, and be spared the torture as you say, of seeing him leave you regularly for another woman.

A word of caution: Since your own circumstances are not too satisfactory, I urge you to take legal advice concerning your rights. Your husband should be made to assume part of your support, at least.

I am so sorry.

* * *

PARENTS SEPARATE COUPLE

"Dear Anne Hirst: My wife and I have been separated for two months. We were just about to go back to each other when her Dad broke us up again. He won't let her out of the house (he's afraid she'll come back to see me) and he has threatened to shoot me if I go there.

"Neither my wife nor I want a divorce, but her Dad is going to make her get it anyway. . . . I asked him to come down and talk things over, but he won't even do that.

"I love my wife enough to do anything to straighten this out, but I don't know what to do. That's why I am writing you.

J. D. D."

Why don't you consult a good lawyer to find out whether your wife's father is within his rights in preventing her from seeing you? After all, she is married to you, and should be able to see you if she wants to. Also, perhaps the lawyer will advise you whether your wife can be forced to sue for divorce against her will; I doubt that.

Since you cannot go to her, ask a girl friend of hers to take your message: That you love her as always, you want her back, and you are taking steps to free her to come to you.

Her father must be a tyrant indeed, to think he can keep her from you, unless he has sufficient reason to prove you unfit to be her husband. — Which, I assume from your letter, is not true.

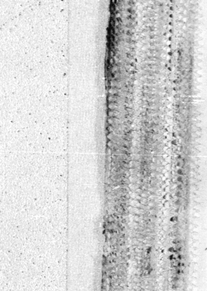
I do hope things will be straightened out soon.

* * *

Sometimes it seems that the wives who give most, get the least return. . . . If your lot is growing worse, tell Anne Hirst about it. Write her at Box I, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

* * *

Iron-on Designs in Glorious Colors



580

by Laura Wheeler

No embroidery—just iron on! Luscious roses in two shades of rich red with soft green leaves transferred on sheets, pillowcases, scarves, spreads, towels and many, many other items! Easy to wash—the colors stay vivid and glowing. Quick, send now.

Just iron on! Jiffy! Washable! Pattern 580 has 14 motifs. From 2¼ x 1¼ to 3¾ x 4½ inches.

Send **TWENTY - FIVE CENTS** in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

EXCITING VALUE! Ten, yes TEN popular, new designs to crochet, sew embroider, knit—printed in the new 1953 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book. Plus many more patterns to send for — ideas for gifts, bazaar money-makers, fashions! Send 25 cents for your copy!

GETS DIPLOMA

Pretty Sue Brin, 18, combined high school days with Broadway nights, and successfully. Sue wears a mortarboard and holds the diploma awarded her when she graduated from Rhodes School. At night, she dances and swims in the Broadway musical "Wish You Were Here."

A Real Elegance—Elegance for important evenings ahead, fashion creation by Bill Mintz features a slim front-view moulded into shirring at the hiplines which flows into sweeping fullness at the back. The scooped neckline is trimmed in matching velvet with nylon tulle inset. In Bruck's yarn-dyed acetate taffeta it is styled in navy or black.

Modern Etiquette

Q. When attending a church wedding and the usher places you in a seat where you haven't a good view, isn't it all right to change your seat?

A. No. The usher probably has his instructions as to seating, and you should remain where you are seated in order to avoid any possible confusion.

* * *

Q. Is it all right, when dining in a public room, to wipe off the eating utensils with the napkin?

A. Never! If one notices that the utensils are not perfectly clean, one should always call the attention of the waiter to this and have them exchanged for clean ones.

* * *

Q. Is it proper for a business man to rise when a woman visitor enters his office?

A. Busy though he might be, the man can certainly afford to rise when a woman visitor enters. He does not rise, however, if the woman is an employee of his company.

Wedding Blues—Mrs. Alfred Wilson looks mighty sad and you'd be sad, too, if you were in her position. Shown above gazing at the remains of a $5 bill—part of some $428 chewed up in her washer. She just forgot to take Mr. Wilson's billfold out of his overalls before throwing them in her washing machine.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Last Wednesday this district, in company with many other districts, all the way from Toronto to Niagara, experienced a terrific electrical storm lasting several hours. For over an hour I watched dark, forbidding clouds gather in the east and I was fervently hoping Partner would be through milking before the storm broke. Suddenly the cows began bawling. Are they somewhere they shouldn't be, I wondered? Or is it one of the heifers with her head caught in the fence again? I ran out to investigate but there was nothing wrong that I could see. So I went down the barn — maybe Partner would know what all the bawling was about. He did. "It is Jane," he said, "with a new calf, out in the back pasture. We shall have to get her home — can't leave her all night without being milked, not in the shape she is in — too much chance of milk fever." I said nothing, although I was almost petrified. Go after a cow and calf and the storm likely to break any minute! But you know how it is — as a good farmer thinks first of his livestock — and for a job like that two people are better than one. So presently we were out in the pasture, I watching the clouds which Partner didn't seem to see at all. Jane soon led us to the back of the field where she had hidden her calf. Then began the slow journey home, Partner driving Jane and the calf ahead of him — except when they decided otherwise — and I keeping back the heifers and cows that were also in the same pasture. As soon as we were in the back lane cows from the other field came racing over to the lane fence to investigate. You never heard such a bawling setout. Finally we got Jane home, and, after much twisting and turning, into the stable, with the calf close beside her. Then I left Partner with the sweet job of milking Jane while I headed for the house. Before I reached it thunder was cracking sharply overhead and the rain came down in sheets! It almost seemed as if Providence had held back the storm until our job was done.

The next morning . . . fields flooded, creek running swift and strong like a spring freshet, tree limbs scattered here and there; on some farms bridges and culverts had been washed away and a few hydro transformers had been blown out. Of course we had hay out — a big field cut but not raked. In fact the alfalfa in this one field is so heavy it will be enough to see us through the winter — IF we can get it in. But that is a big "If," in fact farming these days is one big if after another. But there is still hope if farmers making out all right if we can keep our overhead down. And that is the biggest "if" of all. With labour costs and capital investment so high the margin of profit is naturally very slim. Wheat going down and bread going up is another little problem that is hard to fathom. Yes, I know the answer can be found in world trade agreements, and in the U.S. embargo on dairy products, but it all seems very involved to average farm folk — and so little we can do about it — except to keep down that overhead. But the urgency to get things done has taken the place of everyday economy; saving time has become more important than saving money, if you know what I mean. That is, we often spend a lot of money to save a little time. Keeping pace with new methods of farming is also an expensive business. For instance the Oshawa district is planning bulk milk collection system. The initial cost to the producer for equipment so that he can take advantage of this scheme will run from $1,600 to $2,200. Extra dition farm lanes and lanes yards must be put in good condition to accomodate the 2½ pound tank-truck necessary for collecting the milk. One man agreed the benefit to the shipper would hardly make for the investment required . . . what happens to the shipper? Then we have the proposed Co-operative Milk Plus Plan at Toronto, the estimated cost of which is $750,000

Come on, Bossies, if you want anything to do with this new plant you had better get busy and will take a lot of milk to finance an undertaking like that. However, it may be that more milk will soon be bought by Mrs. Housewife, "if" an experiment now underway in the U.S. does prove successful — that is, dried cream powder, which they claim is as good as fresh cream, and mixed with water; and if it does it solves the problem of keeping cream sweet. So perhaps the Milk Surplus Plant will become the idea and put dried cream powder on the Canadian market before the chain stores start importing it from the States.

Now if it pouring with rain . . . no baling hay again today.

Week's Sew-thrifty

4582
3-4

by Anne Adams

Midriff top! Shorts! Slacks! Shirt-jacket! All in one pattern! Whip up this SEW-EASY wardrobe of play-mates for your little girl and boy—mix 'n' match all summer long. Make them of no-iron seersucker or terry cloth.

Pattern 4582: Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6 bra, ⅝ yard; inch; shorts, ⅞ yard; skirt, ¾ yards; shirt-jacket, 1⅞ yards.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Its complete illustrated instructions

Send **THIRTY - FIVE CENTS** (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to, care of Box I, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Concrete Beauty—Screen stars Marilyn Monroe, left, and Jane Russell have their hand-prints preserved for posterity at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, home of Hollywood's Hall of Fame. Traffic police were busy as bystanders fought to see the gals give the cement a beauty treatment.

SPORTS & by A Sideline Critic

Comparing athletes of bygone days with those of today is a favourite—and useless—sports pastime. Personally, we generally end in with those who say that there never was a ball-player to compare with Ty Cobb, a fighter who was as good as Jack Johnson, and all like that.

But when it comes to golf—well, you younger fry can take your double order of back-patting from Ben Hogan is undoubtedly the finest exponent of cosy-passer pool that ever dug a divot and a lot of aqua-not-so-pura is able to run through the St. Lawrence Waterway ere his final comes along.

When golfers discuss Ben Hogan, the question they ask first is: "Is he human?"

Many of them are convinced he isn't. They gave up long ago trying to win tournaments in which the "Little Man" is entered.

* * *

They call him "The Little Man" with respect and awe. The sports at Carnoustie who watched him win the British open last week, on his first try, have their own name for him: "The Wee Ice Man."

He's the only golfer in the world I'm scared of," once said Lloyd Mangrum.

* * *

"I'll never win an open until he retires," said Sam Snead, runner-up for the fourth time this year at Oakmont as Hogan won his fourth crown.

On the golf course, Hogan reminds you of a tailor weaving a dark cloak of defeat for his victims.

* * *

He is grim and tight-lipped. He never sees anything or anybody, they say, except the fairway and the pin. You can almost see the wheels grinding away in his head as he makes shot after shot with unbelievable precision.

* * *

"Golf," said Hogan after winning the Masters this spring with a record score of 274, "is 20 per cent skill and 80 per cent management."

There are several golfers with the skill of Hogan. None can match his management.

Whereas most golfers are hitters, Hogan is a fitter. He puts the ball exactly where he wants to make his next shot easier. In that respect he is like a fine billiards player.

* * *

What distinguishes Hogan from other golfers of the era? A won't-be-licked spirit and unmatched concentration.

In 1949 he was almost killed in an automobile-bus accident which left his legs badly injured. Some said then he might never walk again, much less play.

But a year later he came back. Playing on legs which had to be strapped up at night, he won his second National Open in 1950. Then in the spring of 1951 he won the Masters, and later the Open again.

* * *

Hogan doesn't talk much but when he does it's not like tinkling cymbals or sounding brass. Every word—like every golf shot—is to the point and has a purpose.

There are some who have found Hogan cold. He isn't at all. He is one of the nicest and most considerate of all tournament golfers. He never "blows off," as the expression goes.

* * *

Perhaps he was a bit hard to approach or understand before his automobile accident. If so, it might have been attributable to his rough early life. He and his brother quit school as children to support a fatherless family. He found life hard and he met it the same way.

He hellowed a lot after the accident. "I found the world was full of nice people," he said afterwards.

* * *

Hogan's victory in the British Open followed a familiar pattern. He opened back in the pack and then finished with a spectacular rush. That's the way he's won most of his tournaments—a great, pressure windup.

* * *

They say if he needed a 60 to win at Carnoustie, by some means he would have got it.

Personally, we haven't a bit of doubt that he could.

YOUR CHANCES

Have a yen to go driving in the country during August? Ride in the hammock instead. This is the most perilous month of the year. The safest months are February and March. We can also recommend 5 a.m. to 8 a.m. Thursday morning as the safest hours of the week Your chances of having an accident in clear weather are 2½ to 1 over that of having trouble in bad weather. And if you take all these facts into account and still get caught in an accident, it would still be a safe bet for us to offer you 4 to 1 your car was in good mechanical condition.

On The Glory Road—75,000 Strong—Above is a dramatic picture of the Cotton Bowl, packed with 75,000 people who came to hear Billy Graham, world-famous evangelist. It was called the largest single evangelistic audience in church history. The most dramatic moment came when the 34-year-old preacher asked that all stadium lights be extinguished. Each person struck a match, and the stadium was once again alight. Graham then asked the people to pray that the flame of freedom will burn forever throughout the world.

He Cornered The Market In Model-T. Ford Cars

The weather-beaten little sign hanging above an otherwise undistinguished door, stated with wistful candor: Spare Parts For Model T Ford.

A scrawled arrow pointed toward a stairway leading down into a basement. I followed the direction, thinking that any man who had spare parts for the Model T would also have unlimited spare time. As I went down the steps I remembered vaguely that the last Model T Ford had come off the production line in 1927. From the beginning in 1908 to that date, Henry Ford had produced 15,000,000 automobiles.

My curiosity was aroused. I wanted to see a man who could make a business out of parts for a car, now seldom seen, and which had been out of production for nearly a quarter century writes Ed Wallace in "Pageant" Magazine.

What I discovered in that musty basement, beneath an old house at 1322 Myrtle Avenue in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, were the last vestiges of an American era and an 80-year-old man, who assured me with an elfish grin that the business kept him hopping like a cranberry merchant. William Scharff then cleared up for me just how busy a cranberry seller is supposed to be.

He picked up a pile of orders, 20 or more, and said they had all come with the morning mail. He explained that he would be busy all day filling the orders from his stock and would come back after supper to wrap and address the packages.

Piled on the floor around him and hanging on frames over his head were dozens of cylinder rims, probably the most cursed piece of automotive equipment in history and certainly the most cantankerous part of the old Ford. Completely lining the walls were row upon row of boxes filled with bushings and bearing, gaskets and gears and hundreds of other motor parts which made the Model T the goingest little bit of machinery that ever rattled along country lanes and city pavements of America. On a high shelf were scores of old headlights, and just below them were as many red-eyed kerosene burning tail lamps, all very old but still glossy black and unused.

Mr. Scharff leafed through the day's orders. A man in St. Joseph, Missouri urged him to rush out a set of brake shoes for Model T of vintage 1915. A doctor in a little Virginia town had written in the most hopeful tone, asking if Mr. Scharff could supply him with radiator for a Ford he had been driving since 1917. From Little Rock came a long chatty letter from an old customer, asking Mr. Scharff for ideas on how to get hot rod speed from a Model T.

"Way back yonder, when I was still pretty much of a young fellow, the Ford came along and put me out of business," Mr. Scharff said. "My father and I used to sell buggies and harness in this same neighborhood. Then the Ford came along. We had to give up. Funny, now that I'm 80 the same Ford has given me a business."

He explained how it came about, and probably Henry Ford himself never played a longer nor a smarter hunch. When the Model T was discontinued Mr. Schraff began buying up stocks of spare parts. Ford agencies and parts dealers were amused and delighted to find somebody to buy their tons of obsolete stock. Mr. Scharff cached it away in nooks and corners and waited.

For 10 years the Ford company continued to supply parts, but that did not worry Mr. Scharff. He kept buying wherever he found old parts. He watched the new Model "A" come, and he saw it go. Then the modern Ford appeared on the scene, but the search for Model T parts continued. Occasionally in some old warehouse he would come across a hundred steering wheels and a dozen transmission switches, a pile of magneto boxes and coils. He bought them and put them away. Orders began to come in for a steering wheel, a radius rod, clamps and springs, a clincher rim and other such odds and ends.

Once in awhile, along with the small orders, he would get a letter from a junk dealer or some person tearing down an old garage, asking coyly if Mr. Scharff wanted to buy a batch of parts. Playing it just as coyly, he bought the stock and let the sellers think they were putting one over on the old man. At the same time more and more orders were arriving at his basement. All over the country Model T owners were learning about him, and just in time since even the hardiest of the old cars had begun to break parts like buttons popping from an old shirt Local supplies had become exhausted and one man in a Brooklyn basement had gained great importance for an old guard of automen who had absolutely refused to give up Ford's basic formula for transportation.

From such odd sources of supply there are intriguing problems of supply and demand. Just now Mr.Scharff is hard pressed to find even a few ignition switches for the cars built between 1909 and 1912, but from somewhere, now forgotten in an old store room or loft, he is sure that more switches will turn up.

There is seldom a week that Mr. Scharff does not have visitors from across the country, people having other business in New York, who come to see his strange treasury and buy parts they have been seeking.

"They're the most grateful people in the world, the ones who find a part that will put their T back on the road," he said. "I've had wealthy fellows who buy new Cadillacs every year, shake my hand and thank me for running this business. They think more of their Model T than the Cadillac."

Mr. Scharff has hundreds of letters expressing gratitude, but there is one short telegram which he keeps handy to show all visitors.

The telegram asks: "Can you supply carburetor for 1915 Model T." It is signed: Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Michigan.

"Now there's something a man can be proud of," Mr. Scharff says. "They made fifteen million Model T's, and now they come to me for a carburetor. I guess that ought to prove where I stand."

Let Me See—When Paul Delaney, four-and-a-half months old, donned glasses, he wasn't kidding—he's wearing them on his doctor's orders. He is the youngest wearer of glasses in the history of the Massachusetts Eye & Ear Infirmary.

In Baseball, Peanuts Are Big Business

In baseball today, peanuts are big business.

"The ball club that doesn't have concessions just doesn't make money," said Danny Goodman, self-styled 'peanut man' of the Hollywood baseball park and longtime field manager of enterprises in Jacobs Bros., farflung concessions empire.

Many Items

By 'concessions' are meant billboard and scoreboard advertising, seat cushion sales, souvenirs, food and drink staples and so on. Last year, according to Goodman, the Pittsburgh Pirates realized $130,000 from scoreboard advertising alone. At the Hollywood Park, total concessions from baseball totalled some $250,000, writes Frank Waldman in The Christian Science Monitor

"Concessions have changed a lot since the old days," Goodman remarked sadly. "We used to make more money selling hot dogs at 10 cents a piece than we do now for 25 cents. Nowadays fence advertising and programs make the difference between profit and loss.

The Baseball Hall of Fame has not yet gotten around to recording Danny Goodman the recognition he deserves for his part in one of baseball's most notorious World Series. In the 1934 Series between the Cardinals and Tigers, Danny ran concessions in the bleachers at the Detroit park. Goodman's field kitchen thus supplied ammunition for the famed "vegetable" barrage that Tiger fans unloosed upon the person of St. Louis outfielder Joe Medwick.

Small Pies

"I had 5,700 small pies on hand," Goodman recalled. "Most of them the fans threw at Medwick, That was a good Series from a concessions point of view," Danny related happily. "People were in the park and eating by nine o'clock in the morning. We even had good weather."

The Detroit portion of the Series launched Goodman off on one of the most famous non-stop missions in concessions history. Because of his labors during that one, hectic week, Danny stands today as kind of an "Iron Man" McGinnity of the concessions business.

"As I remember," Danny said, "The Series ended on a Thursday. That night, I hopped a plane to Pittsburgh for a Friday night football game Duquesne had at Forbes Field. I went to work there before checking into my hotel. After working the game I helped move all of our equipment up to Pitt Stadium for the Pitt-Minnesota game Saturday afternoon. Mind, all of this time I hadn't even been to bed.

No Comparison

"We finished work around 1 o'clock in the morning. A couple of times I fell asleep standing up. Sunday morning we hauled all our stuff back to Forbes Field for an exhibition baseball game that afternoon between the Dean brothers and Satchel Paige."

Gruelling as was that experience, it cannot compare with Danny Goodman's private July 4th in Baltimore during the otherwise celebrated year of 1929.

"I was in charge of the Reading, Pa., ball park at the time Jacobs' brothers used to bring in all of their men from a 200-mile radius to work the big Fourth of July parade in Baltimore They used to plan it just like a military campaign. Over 250,000 people used to come in for the parade.

"On this particular Fourth I'm in charge of a popsickle truck.

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HIT THE DIRT!

Moose McCormick, the famous old right-fielder of the New York Giants, left his present post at Lafayette College to take in a horse race. He had sworn to himself that he would do no betting that afternoon, but he'd always been tempted by long shots and when he saw one horse quoted at 100 to one, he couldn't resist putting down $5.00 on the nose. The nag gave him a wonderful run for his money and led, as a matter of fact, right down to the stretch. In the last hundred yards, however, the favorite came up fast and pulled into the lead. As the horses came down to the wire almost neck and neck, McCormick could contain himself no longer. He jumped to his feet and bellowed at the top of his lungs, 'Slide, you bum, slide."

MERRY MENAGERIE

"Junior! What did I tell you about bubble gum ?"

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If life's not worth living it may be your liver!

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