Sold in hundreds of millions

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: When we married a year ago, we lived with my husband's mother for three months. Then she asked us to leave . . . Her other children say she is hard to get along with, so I don't feel I am entirely to blame.

"Now my husband sees her every night, and leaves me at home alone I don't mind this too much, but he buys gifts for her without telling me! I always find out, and cry myself sick.

"I've not had good health, and this has not improved it. What shall I do?"

ETHEL M.

BE HER DAUGHTER

* A husband has the right, certainly, to take his mother gifts so long as he is not depriving his wife of necessities. But what a pity the presents do not arrive in your name, too.

* You may say, "I didn't marry his family!" but you owe his mother and his father respect and courtesy, if not true friendliness. You must have behaved badly for her to ask you to leave so soon; after all, you were a guest there, with a guest's responsibilities. Instead, you apparently made no friendly gesture, showed no intent to cooperate in doing your part as her son's wife. Do you think she would have let him leave her house if she could have found a way to get along with you?

* I do not place all the blame upon you, for I know that many older women are hard to live with. But they are quick to recognize a young wife's desire to be popular with her husband's people, and gi..n a chance, they respond to any good will she shows.

* You are not welcome in your husband's family home. You expect to be married for the rest of your life; much of the pleasure in your marriage will be lost if you do not get back in his mother's good graces. Tell your husband you are going to try to.

* Instead of resenting his gifts to her, go with and help choose the next one. Ask him to tell his mother you did, and send it with your best wishes. Now that you are his wife, your thinking should be "we" and ours." and "us"; I'm afraid it has been "I" and "mine" and "me."

* A few gestures like this, and I think you'll be invited to accompany your husband on his visits. When you do, put your best foot forward. Tell his mother, humbly, how sorry you are if you offended her, that you love her son, and want to love her. Few mothers can resist such a plea. From there on, you can win her over. Ask her advice and take it often. Show her the respect you want your husband to give your own mother. Go out of your way to do little kindly, thoughtful things for her, and show that you want her for your friend. If you really love your husband, this attitude will prove it.

* This is a large order for a girl in your mood. But it can be done, and you will be wise to start it immediately.

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have read your column for over 10 years, and I think it is one of the best parts of the paper. I have no problems to bring you, I just want you to know that I think your counsel is fair and wise, and you are always kind.

"I have been happily married for nine years, have two lovely children, a beautiful home all our own, and a kind husband. I wonder what more one could ask of life? When I read some of the sickening heartaches you publish, I only wish I could pass on to such people part of our happiness. We seem to find each year more lovely than the last, and I do give thanks for our blessings. I wish you continued success.

CONTENTED WIFE"

* Your letter gives you away — how sweet to want to share the joy you have known for nine years! I expect that generous spirit is partly responsible, at least, for the wonderful life your family knows.

* It is good of you to have written me. I thank you.

* * *

As a new member of your husband's family, do all you can to make them like you. Forget your prejudices and any jealousy, and try. Anne Hirst will be glad to help, if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Some Do's And Dont's For Picnickers

DO — Plan picnic meals to contain a variety of foods. If food poisoning should develop, symptoms will be less severe if other foods are eaten with an infected food.

* * *

DO — Pack sandwiches and other picnic foods in small packages so the cold can penetrate each package when refrigerated. All picnic foods should be refrigerated immediately after preparation and kept as cool as possible until eaten.

* * *

DO — Add plenty of pickles, salad dressing, vinegar, lemon juice or other acid food to your sandwich filling mixtures during hot weather. The danger of food poisoning bacteria developing will be less since they don't grow well in acid media.

* * *

DON'T — Buy unwrapped bread or other unpackaged fresh foods in an unfamiliar store. Play safe and buy sanitary wrapped bread, packaged cookies, canned meats and other foods in cans or packages when away from home.

* * *

DON'T — Taste food suspected of being spoiled. Many food poisoning bacteria and toxins are tasteless and odorless. It is best to discard or burn the suspected food.

* * *

DON'T — Use foods highly susceptible to food poisoning bacteria, if you must prepare your picnic ahead of time where refrigeration is not available. Cheese and peanut butter, with or without pickles, jam or marmalade, are the safest sandwich fillers.

* * *

DON'T — Be afraid to freeze most kinds of sandwiches for the picnic or motor trip. Out of the freezer and into the picnic basket, they'll keep cool and fresh on the warmest day.

And the Roof Came Tumbling Down—The 600,000-pound concrete roof of the new Sierra High School is shown being hoisted into position by powerful jacks mounted on supporting poles. Moments later, the roof swayed and crashed to the ground injuring seven workers. Officials drill through 10-inch slab, bottom, to make sure no one is trapped beneath it.

Lifelong Wait For Lost Sweetheart

Who was the beautiful guest for whom an American waited for thirty-seven years in a luxury yacht off the Essex coast?

We shall probably never know. The man who waited all those years is dead and he carried his secret to the grave.

The yacht Valfreyia first made her appearance off Brightlingsea on the Essex coast in 1889. On board was the owner, McEvers Bayard Brown, an American multi-millionaire, with his full staff. And for the next thirty-seven years the Valfreyia was kept in readiness to sail at a moment's notice.

Built originally for King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, the Valfreyia was bought by Brown for $125,000 especially, it is believed, for his beautiful guest. In England he had met a girl with whom he had fallen in love, and legend has it that she and Brown had had a tiff, but that she had promised to meet him at Brightlingsea if she should change her view about living in America.

Brown endeared himself to the hearts of the Brightlingsea folk when, during the harsh winter of 1891, he distributed money to the people to ward off the hunger which threatened them owing to the bad oyster fishing season.

No women were ever allowed on the yachtfi and once when a distant female relative of Brown's arrived, he met her at the foot of the gangplank and told her: 'Your train leave in thirty minutes, madam."

Newspaper reporters from London received short shrift. No interviews were allowed. Once a well-known reporter asked him, "For whom are you waiting, if you are waiting for someone?" To which Brown replied, "Aren't we all waiting for someone?"

In 1911 the British Government sued him for income tax, maintaining that he was liable as he was within British territorial waters. He lost his case and had to pay. In 1914 he offered the Valfreyia to Britain for war use and after the war resumed his vigil on the Essex coast.

As he aged the millionaire grew more eccentric. In the town of Wivenhoe, near Brightlingsea, he was walking along a street one day when a woman, leaning over a garden gate, smiled at him. "Madam," Brown snapped, "if I give you five pounds, will you take your face away? I don't like your looks." The amazed woman took the £5 and ran inside.

A few days after his seventy-seventh birthday in March, 1926, he was found stricken on his cabin floor. Semi-paralyzed, he was nursed carefully. But on the morning of April 8th a cabin steward found the old man half-sitting on the floor against a chair

In his right hand he held a photograph which he had endeavoured to destroy by burning. Although charred, the photograph was distinguishable as that of a young woman, and on the back a few words were legible: "Love . . . Patric . . ."

Brown was dead: the long years of waiting for Patricia had ended.

WHY HE CHANGED

Johnnie Johnston swears he hear two cowboys talking one night in a Manhattan bar, and the convecsation went like this:

The first cowboy introduced himself: "My name's Tex."

The second one said, curious, "You from Texas?"

"Nope," said cowboy number one, "I'm from Louisiana, but who wants to be called Louise?"

Expecting Someone?

4844
SIZES
12–20
by Anne Adams

Mom-to-be, look young and pretty while waiting! Sew these smart, new tops to add variety to your wardrobe. Make shirt-jacket, tie-top blouse in broadcloth, cotton tweed, or linen! Mix-match with cut-out skirt.

Pattern 4844: Maternity, Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 tailored top takes 2½ yards 35-inch; skirt 2⅝ yards.

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

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Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

"Atom"izers for the Navy—With all hatches, ports and vents buttoned up, the light cruiser Worcester steams through maneuvers in Caribbean waters with her "atom"izers going full blast. The sprinkler system, which is designed to free a ship of contamination when it is subject to effects of radioactive dust and mist from an atomic explosion, was developed during recent bomb tests in the Pacific.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

All around us these days there is a typical story-book smell. By that I don't mean the atmosphere of books but the smell that is spoken of romantically in books — the smell of new-mown hay. Yes, I must admit fresh cut hay is sweet and fresh-smelling before the dew rises. After that it becomes pungent and somewhat heady. In fact, insofar as I am concerned a little of it goes a long way. I am more concerned these days as to how and when the hay will be taken off the field and moved away in the barn. The weather, as I write, is very sultry and thunderstorms are forecast, so anything can happen. But of course, we always hope for the best — that is part of farm folk philosophy. Without it we could not farm. What I mean is so well given by a little poem by Norman Gale, quoted in the current issue of Home and Country:

"God comes down in the rain
And the crops grow tall.
This is the country faith—
And the best of all."

That much I had written last Friday. Friday night it rained again. More wet hay. Bad for the hay but it made it easier for me to take my annual three-day holiday! When it comes to the last minute I hate leaving home and generally feel like backing out—and probably would except that Partner, knowing this, insists on my leaving things ready for him and carrying out my plans. Every farm wife who is the only woman in the house will know what I mean.

This holiday of mine was in the nature of a convention—Toronto and Niagara Falls, with various invitations for lunches, dinners and sightseeing tours. The Niagara trip was wonderful. We were taken to see the new Power Development project—but not all of it as there wasn't time. Like you I had read about it but seeing it was something else again. Saturday night we had dinner at the Refectory overlooking the falls. From the same place we also had a splendid view of the illuminations. As if that were not enough each guest received a complimentary ticket for a trip on the Maid of the Mist and also one for the Scenic tunnel — with the compliments of the Niagara Parks Commission.

The next morning I was the first one down for breakfast—or I should say 'up' as breakfast was served in the Rainbow Room at the Sheraton-Brock Hotel—ten floors up. It was the most wonderful experience. There we were in a spacious dining-room with huge picture windows from which we looked 'down' to the tops of the trees, and over the trees to the Canadian and American Falls. To me that early morning breakfast was one of the highlights of my little holiday. There was hardly a car to be seen and very few people. It was obviously not the sightseeing hour for honeymoon couples. The paucity of people was such a contrast to the day and evening crowds that it was almost unbelievable. Certainly after that experience I am convinced that sight-seers should travel before dawn if necessary and view the falls in the early morning hours.

I lingered for an hour over breakfast and I was particularly impressed with the difference between the American and Canadian sky-line which isn't so noticeable from ground level. Beyond the falls on the American side there are tall chimney stacks, neon signs and unsightly factories and industrial plants. On the Canadian side there are beautiful parks, gardens, wonderful shade trees and restaurants and hotels that are architecturally attractive. For all of which we have to thank the foresightedness of the Niagara Parks Commission, who, seventy-five years ago reserved 3,000 acres for park lands, these are self-supporting — no expense to the Ontario taxpayer. This vast area has been preserved partly in its natural beauty—as along the River Road to Fort Erie—and partly as remarkably well—kept boulevards, gardens, scenic roads and parks, and the Niagara School of Gardening. Looking down upon the scene from a tenth story window it was easy to visualize what this wonderland might have been had it not been so well planned and controlled

After tearing myself away from this vision of enchantment I joined fellow-travellers for our trip on the Maid of the Mist and from the spray-washed deck of the "Maid" we got a close-up view of the mighty power and majestic beauty of the Falls of Nigara. Then we went down to the Scenic tunnel and stood at one of the lookouts under the Falls as the thundering waters came tumbling down just as they have been doing for hundreds—perhaps thousands of years. One needs to give one's imagination full vent to appreciate the awe-inspiring phenomenon of the mighty Falls.

But enough for the present. It is Monday—we are expecting the baler in and I have strawberries to can. 'Bye for now.

HIS RECORD

"The defendant is so crooked," began the D.A. in his opening to the jury, "that when he gets up in the morning, he has to screw his socks on. He lived in one home for twenty years. Had to there yet if the governor hadn't pardoned him."

Summer Snow—A touch of winter is featured in this Adele Simpson brief-jacketed suit of snow-flecked tweed. Prevued at a summer showing of fall and winter fashions, the contour jacket is finished with the new "Cavalier" collar, and tops a slim skirt with a walking pleat.

This "Ark" Is Still Waiting For Flood

In the tiny German village of Kempten, there are a number of very worried people, and their worries began when the world did not come to an end with a second flood, in December last year. All of them belonged to a strange religious sect which calls itself the Chosen Sons of Kempten.

The sect made itself knon for the first time in 1947. Joseph Prinz, the sixteen-year-old son of a Kempten widow, died, and shortly afterwards his mother called on Father Reber, the parish priest. "You must make Joseph a saint," she said.

The priest, deciding that she did not literally mean what she said, replied there was no doubt that her son was in heaven. "No, no," she said, "he's a saint; he has been proclaimed one by the Chosen Sons of Kempten. You must set up an altar for him in the church, and tell the Pope to proclaim him, too."

The following day Father Reber had another visitor. This time it was an old man with long, flowing white hair and beard, called Peter Triller. Triller made the same demands as the woman the previous day. "I," he said, "am St. Peter, and I know how things are ordered in the Kingdom of Heaven. All this is the will of the people of Kempten, who have voted thus."

When the priest refused to listen to him, he found that his congregation dropped almost by half. Instead the Chosen Sons set up a "shrine" in the room where Joseph Prinz had died. It cost a mark to go in, and Peter Triller, "Saint Peter," "cast out demons" for another ten. A second "altar" was established under the widow Prinz's kitchen table, because her son had once fallen down there in what appeared to be a fit, and the Chosen Sons could be seen crawling industriously under the table.

In due course their "prophetess," a certain Maria Stork, announced that the world was going to suffer a second deluge on December 26th, 1953. Only the Chosen Sons of Kempten would be saved, by having recourse to their ark. This ark was none other than a house in the village, No. 15, Saenger Street. The faithful were to take shelter there on the day, and they were to occupy themselves with how the ark would float; it was ordained that it would float.

The results were remarkable. Peasants gave up going to work; many people sold their property. Many others incurred debts and obligations which they could not possibly fulfil. The day duly arrived; a handful of journalists appeared in Kempten; the faithful took shelter in No. 15 Saenger Street. And nothing happened.

For many of the chosen the position now is grave indeed. They have sold all their goods. They have given up their jobs They face legal actions for debts they never expected they would have to pay. And the "ark" remains obstinately upon dry land.

FOOLISH QUESTION

A guy walked into a restaurant one day, sat down at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee. To the amazement of the man next to him, when the coffee arrived he very carefully put seven spoonsful of sugar into it. Then, without stirring it, he started to drink.

"Why don't you stir your coffee?" the other man said.

The guy shrugged. "Who likes it sweet?"

HER DEFENDER

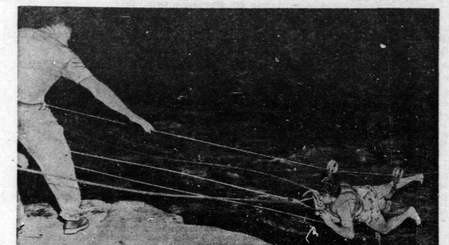
"When, darling," the girl whispered tenderly, "did you first know you loved me?"

The boy thought. Finally he said: "When I began to get mad when people said you were brainless and ugly."

From South Of The Border — Recognized as one of New York State's speediest stock car jocks Tony Occhino can always be counted on finishing well up at Toronto's C.N.E. track.

Rescuers Rescued After 11 Hours - It was a close call for Tony Pizatella and Nick Biafore who were trying to rescue a stranded swimmer above the falls of the Tygart River. From a lifeboat the pair tried to stretch a rope to the swimmer, who was standing above the brink of the falls in waist-deep water, unable to move because of the swift current. Their boat was caught in the current and swept over the falls. They managed to reach the safety of a rock near midstream where they were marooned. After 11 hours they were rescued by a rope and pulley rig. The boy who was the object of their rescue grabbed the rope as it swept by him and was pulled to safety.

Deputy Sheriff Tony Pizatella, left, and Nick Biafore cling to rock after being swept over falls.



Nick Biafore is pulled to safety by an unidentified rescuer using a pulley.

SPORTS & *by A Sixbit Critic*

If you're a snooker fan you probably know that the great Joe Davis is the only man ever to accomplish a break of 146 — 1 point short of perfection.

"Is" did I say? Sorry. "Was" is the right word. For Joe's great feat has been equalled by a lad not even old enough to vote. Here's how it came about:

The starlet who accomplished this break of 146 in the game that has ousted English-style billiards from the tables is Rex Williams, of Blackheath, Staffordshire. He is only 20 years of age but the real significance of the achievement is that only one other man in the thousands of centres this fascinating 22-ball game is played — mostly throughout the British Commonwealth — has ever before managed it. That one other man, as if any snooker fan wouldn't know, is Joe Davis, today a hearty 53 years of age and playing as well as ever he did when officially world champion for 21 years, from 1927.

* * *

The Chesterfield maestro retired as world champion in 1946 to give, as he said, "the youngsters a chance." But the youngsters did not, or could not, take the chance. They took it in turns to wear the crown discarded by Davis but in challenge matches he kept beating them all, even on a generous handicap basis.

Now, at long last, there has emerged young Rex who at the outset of his career has managed to equal the best old Joe ever did at any one single visit to the table in more than 30 years. And all over the snooker world they are asking if this youngster of all British professional cuexists is going to be the one to succeed the man who has strode Colossus-like through snooker as Bobby Jones did through golf and Paavo Nurmi through athletics.

* * *

To close students of snooker, Williams' rise has not been exactly meteoric. He has been at the game ever since he was table high. In 1950 Rex was the English youths' billiards champion. The following year he retained that title and added to it the snooker one as well. Thus at the early age of 17 years he started carving niches for himself because never before had one player managed to win both titles in one year.

* * *

On deciding to take to the cue for his living, young Rex had also to decide to follow the popular pattern of snooker instead of billiards—if he wanted his bread buttered. Both are played on a table with six pockets but snooker instead of being the stern and often tedious test of mathematical exactitude in the application of dynamics that billiards is it works out to be mostly a matter of potting balls. With 22 instead of three to play around with there are so many more alternatives to choose from. And therefore so much more fun.

* * *

The game, which is said to have got its name from "snookers" (young cadets) who first introduced colored balls on the table as a variation from the normal three-ball billiards game that helped to pass away their time in India's rainy season, starts off with one white ball and 21 colored. The white is always the cue ball and the others, 15 red, one black, one pink, one blue, one brown, one green and one yellow each has its value.

* * *

Highest for Maestros

Each red ball remains down once it has been "pocketed" and after doing so a player takes a pot at a color of his choice. For mere tyros it is usually the nearest but for the maestros it is invariably the highest. That is to say the highest in scoring worth. The value scale is seven for the black, six for the pink, five for the blue, four for the brown, three for the green and two for the yellow. Each red counts one. After a color has been put down it is returned to the table and a player must put another red down before trying another color.

* * *

Thus you will see it is possible for the black to be potted 15 times before all the reds have been deposited. Then the colors are put down in sequence of their ascending value - The maximum score is 147, although by a freak chance of being given a free ball from a faul shot by the opponent before any of the reds have been put down it is possible to reach 155 But the chances are several millions to one against it ever happening. So 147 remains the accredited maximum.

* * *

That "maximum was actually attained by a New Zealander, Clark McConachy, during a match at the Meaufort Club, London, on Feb. 19, 1952. As however an official measurement of the pockets afterward found them to be slightly over standard measurements the record was disallowed. The old record of 146 established when Joe Davis played the Canadian champion, George Chenier, at Manchester, England, in February, 1950, still stood. Now it has been equalled by young Rex Williams.

Queen Dislikes Riding Side-saddle

The Queen had some last-minute practice riding side-saddle for Trooping the Colour. She did it in Windsor Great Park just before the actual ceremony in London's Horse Guards Parade.

Normally the Queen leaves Royal Lodge by a little-used side entrance to ride out towards Virginia Water and across the wide expanse of Smith's Law, the Great Park Airfield. And normally she wears jodhpurs and sits astride.

But for her last ride at Windsor before the ceremony she went out riding side-saddle and headed her horse down a sloping ride leading away from Royal Lodge's main entrance towards the Home Park and Castle.

The Queen was accompanied by a male groom and not one of her girl grooms, as has been customary lately. She was not on her usual mount, and the groom several times advised her on certain points of riding her horse.

The Queen does not really like riding side-saddle, but always makes certain that her performance at Trooping the Colour will be perfect by practising shortly before the day of the ceremony.

NEEDED SYMPATHY

"My lawyer thinks I can obtain redress," wrote the client to the automobile salesman. "But, personally, I'd be satisfied if you just repeated what you told me when you sold me this used car. I'm getting dreadfully despondent."

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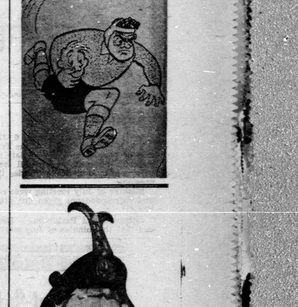

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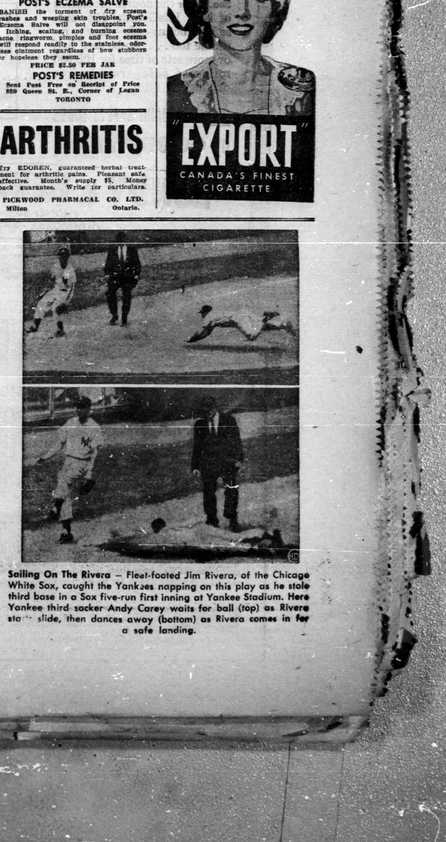

Sailing On The Rivera — Fleet-footed Jim Rivera, of the Chicago White Sox, caught the Yankees napping on this play as he stole third base in a Sox five-run first inning at Yankee Stadium. Here Yankee third sacker Andy Carey waits for ball (top) as Rivera steals, then dances away (bottom) as Rivera comes in for a safe landing.