ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have been married for 11 years, and now I am the most unhappy woman I know. My husband is a grand person and is good to me, but our married life has been a series of ups and downs. I determined to see it through, and I have—up till now.

"My trouble is another man, of course. He is married and has two children, yet he says he never loved anyone as he loves me. I have tried to stop seeing him, but he makes me. I've been horrid to him, I've told him I was through, but he will not let me go.

"I am almost dying with shame to deceive my husband as I am doing. I never thought I could sink so low!

"The man is crazy about his children (I have none) and he tells his wife he still cares for her. But she thinks I'm trying to get him. Can you tell me what to do?

Ashamed.

A Shocking Story

How can you, a woman of 35, be so adolescent? You are trying to escape your infatuation as a naive young girl would deny she deceived her parents when they have found her out.

How can you claim that the man MAKES you see him? No man can see you against your will. You can refuse to meet him, stay away from places he frequents; you can lock your door against him, and tell him if he approaches you again he will be arrested. Though you know his influence is evil, you have enjoyed yielding to it. Unless you take strong measures, you are headed for a scandal that will drag your good husband with you.

Already the man's wife is talking—and why not? How long do you think it will be before the truth is publicly known? As for you, you know of the man's other affairs, and where those women landed. Do you want to join them in the discard?

I am sorry for you. You have had the courage to stick to an unsatisfactory marriage for years, but now you have sunk deep in the depths of self-deception. No wonder you have no peace! Why can't you see the facts as they are?

I urge you to rise above this temptation. Regain your self-respect—and you can, if you are really sincere in your desire to escape from the hold this man has upon you . . . Go back to your church; talk with your minister. Pray for the strength you need, and have faith that it will come.

* * *

HASTY YOUTH

"Dear Anne Hirst: My fiance and I had a quarrel over nothing a week ago; he said unkind things, and I broke the engagement. I heard he went out and got drunk.

"I have been sick over the whole business. I realized I was as much to blame as he; I am overly sensitive, and lost my head. I would have written an apology if he hadn't taken too many drinks after he left. He never did drink that I know of, and this I cannot forgive.

"He called me two days after, and apologized for being rude, but I would not listen. Don't you think I was right? Drinking is something I cannot overlook.

MISERABLE"

You do not say how old you are, but you must be very young to refuse this man your forgiveness. You were equally to blame in the argument, you admit. It is his getting intoxicated that you will not overlook.

Under such stress, taking one drink too many seems, I am sorry to say, a popular way to induce forgetfulness and bring momentary comfort to an emotionally upset young man. You should have overlooked the incident and accepted his plea. After all, he is not a drinking man.

Better sit down and write him an apology for ending the engagement, and say that you understand his reaction to the shock. When he reappears, you two can talk things over and straighten out the whole matter.

We are never tempted beyond our strength to resist—IF we honestly want to resist. Self-respect, love, courage, and prayer combine to build an armor against evil . . . Anne Hirst understands the weaknesses of humans, and will rally to your aid. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eichenth St. New Toronto, Ont.

SEW-EASY to make a little girl's story-book dreams come true! Just make this old-fashioned wardrobe for her favorite doll! Besides the prettiest party dress in the world, there a cummerbund, petticoat — and PANTALOONS! Bonnet, bag, mitts, too!

Use your scrapbasket remnants! Pattern 4546 in doll sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, or 22 inches. State size.

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

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

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

"Joe's getting a commission when he enters the Army. No flat salary for him"

Golden Fish 'n' Batter

Heat shortening (it should be at least two inches deep) to 370° in a deep-frying pan. (If a fat thermometer is not available, test fat temperature with a cube of bread—the bread should brown in 60 seconds). Cut 1 pound fillets of any suitable fish into serving sized pieces and sprinkle lightly with salt. Mix and sift into a bowl 1 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or ¾ cup once-sifted all-purpose flour), 1½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder and ½ tsp. salt; stir in ¾ c. very cold water and beat until batter is very smooth. Dip fish pieces in batter and then fry in heated shortening, turning once, until golden. Drain thoroughly on absorbent paper, sprinkle lightly with salt and keep hot until all fish has been cooked. Yield—4 servings.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Always Dependable

. . . Fashion Hints . . .

Date dress by Herwitz and Duberman in Chantilly type lace of Acetate and silk. Acetate satin cummerbund tops the very full skirt.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM
Gwendoline D Clarke

To you who read this column Christmas is now just a memory. It is with us too—but a more recent one.

I promised to tell you how we fared at Ginger Farm, but first I would like to thank my column friends who sent cards, letters and kindly greetings at the holiday season. It was nice of you to think of us and we do appreciate your interest and good wishes. It is things like that, the dence during the family celebrations — which, I suppose, were much the same as in other families. However, in our case, a few unscheduled events took place, the chief of which happened about 5 a.m. the day after Christmas.

Partner and I have a bedroom downstairs. Dee and Art and the baby were immediately above us and we were all still sleeping. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. I waited breathlessly. Had David's carriage-bed fallen off its improvised stand? Was he hurt? I listened for cries. I heard none. All right, but it wasn't the baby crying. It was Dee and Art laughing! "Good Lord," said Partner. "That darn bed must have collapsed!" That is just exactly what had happened.

The bed, a lovely antique, of the spool variety—a family heirloom, given to us by a descendant of a pioneer family. This bed had wooden slats, on top of which, to give it modern comfort, we had placed a steel spring and a coil-spring mattress. Thus it had given us good service for a number of years. But alas, the bed had evidently reached the limit of endurance. All the nails on one side of the slats gave way. The slats dropped to the floor — as did the spring, the mattress, and its occupants. As I said to Daughter afterwards, it was a mercy it happened after the baby was born and not before.

The second minor accident was this morning. At night we always leave a 7-watt bulb burning and it gives enough light for anyone to find their way around the house in safety. But light bulbs don't last forever either. This morning it was burnt out and Partner walked straight into the sharp edge of an open door. He now has a bruise and slight cut over one eye, giving him the appearance of having celebrated not wisely but too well.

Now everything is quiet. Dee and family went home yesterday. In addition to all the bulky stuff they brought with them they had equally bulky presents to take back — a high chair, bottle sterilizer, blanket and 72 a dozen jars of fruit. The kittens were crated and almost escaped before they reached the car. Looking at the loaded vehicle I made one earnest request — "Phone us when you reach home — we would like to know if you arrive safely." The call came through about three hours later.

How To Save Money and Get Fast Cough Relief

Here's an old, tested, home mixture your mother knew . . . still a most dependable remedy for distressing coughs. Fast and effective, children *like* its pleasant taste.

Make a syrup by stirring two cups of sugar into one cup of water until dissolved . . . no cooking needed (or you can use maple syrup or honey instead). Now pour 2½ ounces of PINEX CONCENTRATE into a 16 ounce bottle, and add the syrup you've made. You'll have 16 ounces of fast acting, pleasant tasting cough medicine, more than you could buy for four times the money, with effective relief for the whole family.

Pinex—a special compound of proven medicinal ingredients—must help you, or money refunded.

PINEX IS EASY TO MIX—FAST ACTING—EFFECTIVE

Modern "Robinson Crusoe" Claims Our Civilization Is Doomed

A modern Robinson Crusoe, who seeks a Stone Age cure from the world's worries, is 33-year-old Danish civil engineer, "Tavi" Kauffmann. Hard working and intelligent, he bids to renounce civilization and spend the rest of his life cut off from all human contact on a lonely Pacific islet.

There, 13,000 miles from Copenhagen's twinkling lights and cigar-smoking girls, he intends to live after the style of his Stone Age ancestors. He will not set up stone cult circles to worship the sun, or indulge in sacrificial rites, but cling to his own peculiar interpretation of Christianity.

His name "Tavi" is the Polynesian substitute for his baptismal name; his adoption of it symbolizes his renunciation of his European upbringing. It means blood brother of Maui—the legendary fisher up of islands from the Pacific's coral-haunted deeps.

The young Dane's conversion to Stone Age "simplicities" represents no sudden fanaticism. For eight years, since graduating in engineering science at Copenhagen University in 1945, he has been working steadily towards his goal.

First, he saved up sufficient to emigrate to the U.S.A. In San Francisco, he savoured modern civilization's "delights"—its speed craziness, cinematic artificialities and press-button comforts—but found all such diversions devilish.

"The atomic age is bankrupt," he announced. "I tremble for its future. Civilized society will be man's ruin, unless he escapes from it and rediscovers, before it is too late, his true-destined affinity with Nature, her works and God-inspired sublimities."

He bought a 26-foot sloop and set sail, with an American friend, to discover a perfect island retreat. The two sailed first via the Marquesas to Tahiti, then to the Cook Islands, the Tongan Group and Fijis. They lived on coconuts, fruits and vegetables.

The prospect of voluntary exile proved too daunting for Kauffmann's friend. He quit. Undeterred, the Dane decided to pursue his experiment lone-handed.

Wisely, he set about adapting himself to Pacific Island life before stepping back 2,000 years.

At Suva, the Fijian capital, he heard that Queen Salote's Government at Tonga needed a consulting engineer. He took the job for ten months; then turned in his sloop—Queen Salote's own household use it today as their royal barge—and asked that, as reward for his services, he should be allowed to live rent-free and unmolested on one of Tonga's unoccupied 150 islets.

The very place for him was found at Hunga, an uninhabited volcanic islet, about a mile long and a third of a mile wide, some forty miles from Nukualofa, the Tongan capital.

No Tongan ever visits it, believing it haunted by dead and uncharitable spirits—an island of sulky skulls. And there, as an enthusiastic recluse, this Danish engineer Crusoe went a few weeks ago into lifelong exile. He prepared his new homeland a little in advance, however, persuading a Tongan agriculturist to help him plant breadfruit trees on the islet.

Palm trees grow plentifully. But because they are commercially valuable and might attract future prospectors, Kauffmann intends to cut them down and leave sufficient only to keep him in cocoanuts. His Eden lacks any fresh water springs, so he must slake his thirst either on cocoanut milk or by collecting rainwater as it trickles through cavern roofs. In these caves, too, he can shelter when hurricanes lash and roar against his retreat.

Doesn't Want a Wife

He has taken thirty books with him. They include the Bible and Spengler's "Decline of the West." Asked if he wanted a wife, the young bearded Dane, a towering specimen of blue-eyed Nordic manhood, shook his head vigorously, exclaiming: "Like any seeker after pure truth, I seek first inward peace, not the distractions or allurements which the battle of the sexes gives to modern society."

In 1962, Hunga's submerged volcano—it lies about a mile offshore—is due to erupt afresh. He looks forward to experiencing at first hand all the primitive grandeur of fire and fury belching from its hissing, wave-lapped cone. By that time he will either have discovered bliss as a hermit or will have tasted the disillusionment that has overtaken so many eccentrics who, turning their backs on civilization, have found merely fresh dregs of remorse.

Jane Ashley Says

"Try my favorite recipe for the month"

LEMON PUDDING

½ cup granulated sugar
6 tablespoons BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch
¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups milk
2 egg yolks, well-beaten
½ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

MIX sugar, BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch and salt in top of double boiler.
ADD milk slowly; mix until smooth.
PLACE over boiling water, cook until thick; stir constantly.
COVER, cook 10 minutes; stirring occasionally.
REMOVE from heat, pour over well-beaten egg yolks slowly; stir constantly.
RETURN to double boiler; cook 2 minutes longer, stir well.
REMOVE from heat; add juice and rind.
FOLD hot mixture slowly into stiffly beaten egg whites.
COOL, chill; serve with Custard Sauce.
YIELD: 8 servings.

CUSTARD SAUCE

1 tablespoon BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch
¼ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
2 cups milk

COMBINE BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch, sugar and salt in top of double boiler.
ADD egg yolks; mix well; stir in milk slowly.
PLACE over boiling water; cook until thick (about 5 minutes), stir constantly.
COOL, add vanilla; chill. YIELD: 2¼ cups.

For free folder of other delicious recipes, write to:
Jane Ashley,
Home Service Department,
THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED,
P.O. Box 129, Montreal, P.Q.

THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN
by Elmer Ferguson

● **Canada's biggest sports event this year will be the British Empire and Commonwealth Games. From July 30 to August 7 the sun of Vancouver will be shining on 750 athletes from at least 22 of the 26 nations in the Commonwealth. They will compete in nine events.**

Never before have so many amateur athletes from so many countries gathered in one Canadian city at the same time. In 1951 when the Games were held in New Zealand, 13 countries were represented.

Planning anything as large as this is a tremendous job. A full time paid staff has already been working for more than a year organizing the Games in Vancouver. Dozens of business men have been devoting time, money and energy in a strictly voluntary effort.

One of the biggest jobs has been the preparation of facilities for the various events. Vancouver has had to raise money to build a 35,000 capacity stadium, a 6,000-seat swimming pool, a 5000-seat bicycle track, and, 50 miles from Vancouver, the great Vedder Canal had to be put in shape at a cost of thousands of dollars for the rowing events. Of course, when the Games are over, those facilities will remain. Their value totals more than $2,000,000

The stadium being built for the Games will be the largest in Canada, and the most modern. Later, it will become the home of the British Columbia Lions' football club in the Western Federation.

The cycle track, now completed, is said to be the fastest in the world, and certainly the best in Canada. The swimming pool, built at the University of British Columbia, will be the finest in North America, and it's an official Olympic pool.

It's impossible to estimate the number of spectators and tourists who will flock to British Columbia for the Games. But those who should know estimate an influx of probably 75,000 over the usual number who visit British Columbia during that part of the year.

And, of course, many of them will be Americans, who will combine a spend further weeks (and dollars) in other parts of the Dominion.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 431 Yonge St., Toronto.

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AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO

.. PLAIN HORSE SENSE ..
By BOB ELLIS

With the new year the season of annual meetings and conventions has arrived. All over the country farmers are getting ready to take a couple of days off from their daily chores to go to town and attend the yearly gathering of their specific producer group.

Presidents and secretaries, conveners and treasurers are putting the last touches to the speeches and reports which will ring through the halls of the Royal York and the King Edward Hotels in the next two months.

Much Has Been Done

Much has been done in the past year which wants to be brought to the attention of the rank and file to enable them to form their own opinion on what needs to be done in the future.

It is the future to which the conventions should devote most of their time. If the reports were shortened to the bare facts and the perfunctory greetings and speeches of most of the very important personages cut out entirely, more space could be given on the agendas to "new business."

More To Be Seen

Evaluation of past experiences, constructive criticism, new ideas, discussion of future plans from the floor of the house should all be welcomed by a progressive and alert leadership.

Farmers are getting familiar with the idea that they can solve many of their problems themselves, but more, much more, has to be done to give them the confidence in their own collective strength and the faith in their leaders and fellow members, needed to do the job.

Co-operative Action

We are living in a social order which favours the growth of monolithic industrial corporations and giant occupational groups with dangerously great powers concentrated in the hands of a few; powers so great that they necessitate frequent intervention of the State to prevent their abuse and to protect the common good.

Under these conditions the individual farmer cannot expect to get his fair share of the national wealth and a just return for his labour. Farmers can, of course, look to more or less benevolent governments for handouts with the inevitable consequence that they will sink lower and lower in the estimation of governments and people, until they end up as hewers of wood and drawers of water.

The recognition of this danger led last year to the first large scale undertakings of co-operative action in the marketing of hogs and cheese.

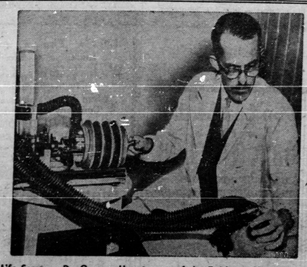
Keep Pitching

To stay free and to be masters of their own fate, farmers will have to continue on this road. But to co-operate does not mean to sit at home and let George do it; and then squawk because George did it differently.

It means that everybody pitches in, makes his financial contribution and takes his little share of responsibility. If it is only by coming to the meetings and taking part in the decisions.

Let's get out, friends, and get action.

This column welcomes suggestions, wise or foolish, and all criticism, whether constructive or destructive and will try to answer any question. Address your letters to Bob Ellis, Box 1, 123 - 18th St. New Toronto, Ont.



Life Saver — Dr. Goeran Hagstroom, of the Epidemic Hospital of Gothenburg, in Stockholm, Sweden, demonstrates a new lightweight portable breather. Called a "Takator", the machie weighs less than six pounds and is entirely hand drivenl

It's Well Appreciated — This Korean waif finds it hard to believe his eyes as he receives a man-size drumstick from Cpl. Joseph Gallipoli. The boy was among thousands of children who were guests of soldiers stationed in Korea.

SPORTS &c
- by A SIXBIT CRITIC

Calling on an old friend over the Christmas holidays, he handed us a bunch of ancient turf and sporting magazines he had dug up while cleaning out his cellar. Some of them were dated back as far as 1909, but the names in those would mean nothing to most of our readers, although we did happen on the chart of a race won by a two-year-old called PAN ZARETA. Remember PAN ZARETA, anybody? If you do, don't admit it, because it was quite a while back, and no fooling.

* * *

However, in one magazine dated October, 1932, there were plenty of names and pictures that still have a certain interest. There was a shot of Tod Sloan, at one time the most publicized and successful jockey in the world. By 1932 Sloan had sunk pretty far down, and the picture shows him acting as starter for a turtle race. (Not the sort of turtles we sometimes bet on, but the actual reptiles.)

* * *

Then there was a picture of Steve Donoghue congratulating another English jockey who had just accomplished the unusual feat of riding 100 winners in a season. The young man's name was Gordon Richards, who is now, of course, "Sir Gordon" and who still boots his hundred or more per year. Some of them last longer than others as, for instance, a photo of a familiar-looking face with the caption "P. Remillard led all the riders by a wide margin at the Maryland half-mile circuit." The same Pat who still gets the occasional winner home although — except at Dufferin, of course — not on the half-milers.

* * *

"Where in the name of Heaver, have all the fighting youngsters of this supposedly virile nation gone to?" — sounds just like the start of a present-day column bewailing the lack of boxing talent, doesn't it? But here's the way that particular paragraph goes on. "Mickey Walker, a real veteran, fighting Max Schmeling, a lad from Germany; aged and feeble Benny Leonard mixing it with Jimmy McLarnin, not so spry himself any more; Johnny Dundee coming out of the grave to be smacked around by a preliminary fighter. Why, I'm ashamed of my own people. Why can't we have youngsters doing our fighting? It's no sport for old folks like Leonard and Dundee."

* * *

Which should prove—if anything—that even if the fighters change over a twenty-year stretch, the sports writers still keep moaning on the same note.

* * *

Here, in another paragraph, is something that has a familiar ring. "That guy nobody likes—Rogers Hornsby—is again out at work. Funny about Hornsby, he's been canned in St. Louis, New York, Boston and Chicago, and now he wants to try his luck in the American League." That, we repeat, was more than 21 years ago—but Hornsby, the last we heard of him, was still getting "canned"!

* * *

We would like to go on and on quoting from this old magazine, partly because it's full of interesting stuff and partly — well, because quoting is a whole lot easier than trying to grind out original matter. Still, we must recall to you an incident mentioned there, one of the most unusual happenings in horse-racing history. A good title for it might be "LITTLE WILLIE WAS TRYING ANYWAY."

Harry M. Savage, who has just been appointed publicity director for the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair. A former newspaperman who served in the Public Relations Branch of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Canada, England, France and Belgium during World War II, Savage succeeds G. M. Brown. The latter recently resigned the post to take up residence in Vancouver.

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The "Willie" concerned was Wee Willie Garner, later to become a top race-rider but then, in 1926, an apprentice or "punk". The occasion was the Queen City Handicap at Latonia, and Garner had the mount on ROLLED STOCKING, one of the favorites to take the race, although pitted against some of the best colts in the business.

* * *

It was a nasty afternoon. For nearly a week it had rained or drizzled, and the Latonia track was fetlock deep in mud. ROLLED STOCKING didn't get any the best of the break, but Wee Willie guided him like a veteran. Down the back side he kept his mount out of pockets and free of interference and when they had turned into the straight and were an eighth of a mile from home ROLLED STOCKING was well out in front. Two lengths from the wire they were in the clear and Willie was dreaming of victory in his first big stake and his share of the $17,000 purse—which was a lot of money in those days, and still is if you ask us personally.

* * *

Then, without warning, it happened. ROLLED STOCKING stumbled and fell. Down went the two of them, the horse sliding and the jockey thrown clear. Too surprised to move, ROLLED STOCKING just lay there. But not Wee Willie. With the angry mud streaming from him Garner got to his feet. The second horse, General Haldeman, still was three or four jumps away.

* * *

Garner grabbed the reins of his fallen mount and tried to stretch him four or five inches further, which was all that was needed to put the horse's nose over the wire. Had he been successful it would have given the judges something to puzzle over, because the horse whose nose first hits that imaginary line is the winner. But ROLLED STOCKING plain refused to cooperate. He flipped his head back, not forward, and Wee Willie couldn't slide him any further in the mud.

* * *

And, naturally, General Haldeman copped the race.

Still, as we said before, you'd have to give Willie Garner full marks for trying!

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