# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 23. I left my position to take care of my ill mother and the house but I grew so nervous that I became ill, and it was decided I'd have to live somewhere else. A married brother took me in, and I improved immensely. I would have stayed there, but his wife made my life intolerable — to get rid of me, she admitted later.

"The more she hurt me, the kinder I was, for I wanted her to like me. I worked part-time in an office, and helped her with the housework and the children, did my own cooking and laundry, and my mother paid her for keeping me there. But I was miserable.

**MORE DISTURBANCE**

"Circumstances made it possible for me to move into a downstairs apartment. My sister-in-law resumed her persecution, which frustrated me so I had to give up my job. I lived almost like a recluse. Mother forced me to visit a psychiatrist, but that only made me more despondent.

"The situation is intolerable. I am back where I started six years ago, suffering physically, emotionally and spiritually. I am losing faith in mankind. All around me I see others who are selfish and mean, yet they are healthy and happy; I have tried being kind and good, and all I've got is ill-health, unhappiness and an abnormal life. I cannot tolerate myself!

"I know you have no solution, but I have to tell someone. Any reply you give will be appreciated. **MISERABLE"**

Will you, a young woman of 23, let yourself be defeated by circumstances you cannot change? Trouble and confusion have besieged you, but where is your backbone? Everything depends upon your will to overcome these supersensitive tendencies that plague you. What you need first, in my opinion, is a guiding hand to point the way.

I urge you to talk this over frankly with your minister. He can help you restore faith in yourself and your future, show you how to regain self-confidence, and to give you positive assurance that we are not given burdens we are not able to carry. Regular church attendance and a firm belief in the power of prayer has brought peace to many a troubled soul, and renewed their faith in mankind. With your minister's help, it should do the same for you.

He can suggest activities within the church that will lift you out of yourself and open your eyes to the importance of friendship. You will meet some people who are worse off than you, and in helping them you will forget your own difficulties and learn the joy of service and the satisfaction of feeling needed.

As to your sister-in-law, she is as she is. Certain temperaments can never assimilate with opposites, and it is up to the victim to make allowances and suffer without bitterness. You have made encouraging progress toward that goal, and if you build an armor about your self her slurs cannot penetrate it.

Perhaps your mother or your minister knows some nearby family who will welcome you as a paying guest; there you would share a normal affectionate family life as you should make long strides toward a happier outlook on the world you live in. The idea may not be welcome, but it is worth considering.

Naturally, you will keep in touch with your physician and have the required check-ups to measure your improvement. Meanwhile, seek help through faith. Cultivate an interest in other people, and if you will to, you can dig yourself out of this self-pitying slough into a useful and fuller life.

**Peace of mind can be achieved by renewing one's faith in herself and others, using one's will power and trusting in prayer. Anne Hirst's understanding can steer you on the right course. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.**




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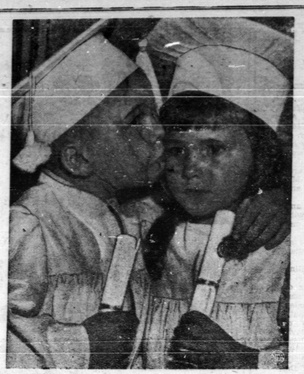
LIFE'S A SERIOUS BUSINESS, THESE DAYS —Photo by Ron Scuthorp



**On Graduation Day** — Five-year-old Larry Duncan is so happy about graduating from kindergarten, he kisses Janice Bryan, 5, a fellow graduate. From her facial expression it appears that Janice isn't too happy about the idea.

## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM
Gwendoline D Clarke

"It is an ill wmd that blows no one any good". No doubt wet weather and delayed spring seeding was one reason for the large attendance of women at the W.I. Officers' Conference held in Guelph last week. Another reason would be that no one entitled to go would want to miss the Conference, especially as it is one of those things that every year, in every way, gets better and better. One day — Friday — was all the time I could manage — but what a day it was, never a dull moment, except for the weather, and that didn't count.

No doubt you who are W.I. members will get a full report from your president at your next meeting, but I would like to give a few of my own impressions.

The theme was "Start Where You Are With What You Have" — excellent advice at any time. The importance of studying the handbook was particularly emphasized. Where better can you make a start than from the handbook? A properly conducted meeting is always interesting. It is only when the business session is allowed to drag that it becomes boring. Mrs. Clarence Hayes gave the how and why of her report of the discussion reports held the previous day. It is several years since I had heard Mrs. Hayes but I found her just as interesting as always. Mrs. Hayes never pulls any punches. She has a way of making you wonder whether you measure up to what is expected of a good officer or W.I. member. Her questions and remarks actually become a challenge.

An Edinburgh W.I. visitor spoke briefly. She was of the opinion that we do not have as much fun at our meeting as they do in the Old Country. No doubt she is right — so what can we do about it? Pepped up business sessions would certainly provide more time for social and recreational periods. And the "pepping up" process depends not only on the president but on all members of the branch.

When it comes to fun what a time we would have if there were even one member in each branch capable of creating enjoyment as does Padre W.A. Young of the O.A.C. His spontaneous gaity as he leads the community singing bubbles up and spills over so that he carries everyone in the audience along with him. Actually there may be W.I. members who could do just that if they could forget to be self-conscious and just let themselves go. And if there is fun and laughter in our hearts was there ever a time more necessary than now for sharing it with our friends?

Miss Ethel Chapman was another speaker whom everyone enjoyed. There is never any lack of attention when Miss Chapman is speaking — and last Friday was no exception. I have heard her speak many times but I think possibly this last address was the best yet. It was sympathetic, provocative, helpful and humourous — and certainly abreast of the times. Miss Chapman quoted this little verse from "The Farm Wife" in connection with the one-time isolation of countrywomen.

"She never climbed a mountain, she never heard the sea.
But always watched a winding road that ended aimlessly."

Then added Miss Chapman — "The farm wife doesn't stay at home any more watching the road . . . she is on it — usually in a good cause." The proof of that statement was in the attendance of hundreds of women at the Conference.

Then came Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, M.P. Hamilton. An excellent speaker and extremely diplomatic. She trod on nobody's toes. From her remarks it would have been impossible to guess at her political affiliation. She stressed the importance of family life; of parents training their children to form opinions. She spoke of untrained thinking as "a dangerous process"; that children should be taught tolerance; to approach problems of the day with an open mind; to turn youngsters out into the world who had not been trained to think was like sending a person out with a car without previous lesons in driving.

R. B. Currie, Chief of National Defence and Welfare, spoke on civil defence in Canada. Not specifically of bomb attacks and air raid drills, but rather what women could do towards civil defence in times of emergency, in peace and war. To train themselves in mass production of meals; in caring for those in need of shelter and clothing. Mr. Currie, without being an alarmist, left us with the impression that, in this day and age, complacency was as much a threat to our safety as communism.

And now a word about Miss Anna P. Lewis. I sometimes think we are inclined to take Miss Lewis a little too much for granted. The success of the W.I. and the F.W.I.O. during the last few years has been, to a great extent, the result of the untiring leadership of Miss Lewis. Since she took office in 1945 she has had a great deal of heavy responsibility. In 1947 there was the 50th Anniversary celebration and in 1953 the Conference of the ACWW in Toronto, both major undertakings. So I think we should all take our hats off to Miss Lewis, Director of the W.I. Branch and Home Economics Service of Ontario

## "Bikini" Swim Suits Are Old Stuff

Proof that more than 2,000 years ago young and shapely women enjoyed displaying their figures when they went for their daily swim has been found by a party of archaeologists excavating the site of a prehistoric city in India.

Their spades "surfaced" a wonderfully graceful life-size stone statue of a beautiful Indian dancer aged about twenty-two.

What do you think she was wearing, ladies? A super-quality bikini-style bathing costume far more attractive than the most exatic twentieth-century swimming wear.

It was fashioned with thread of pure gold and, despite the dust of twenty centuries, it glistened in the sunshine as the statue was carefully excavated. Statue and costume were in a wonderful state of preservation. The golden "bikini" must be worth a fortune.

Said an official: "It would be hard to find a more fashionable bathing costume even on the "rench Riviera."

## "Wreck" Of Whale Makes Grief A-Plenty

When is a whale not a whale? When it's a wreck. That, at least, is the conclusion reached reluctantly by the Receiver of Wrecks at the Custom House in Ireland.

Earlier this year, as the sun was setting over Galway Bay, a seven-ton whale was washed ashore near Aughrisberg, Cladaghduff, in wild Connemara.

Nicknamed "Winnie," the whale was an object of interest for sightseers for long enough, until the local authority decided it should be removed.

But that was easier said than done. Winnie — all 70 feet of her — defied all efforts to cart her away. Then the matter went before a higher authority, and the solution was left to the Galway County Manager, Mr. C. I. Flynn. But there was no paragraph in the book of rules telling what should be done with washed-up whales.

There was only one heading under which Winnie could be classified. So now to the Custom House here has come a letter stating that in due course an order will be made directing that "Form A" be served on the Receiver of Wrecks requiring him to dispose of the carcass of this particular wreck within a time to be specified.

Soon Winnie will be gone — together with the wind that reminded people of her presence when it blew in a certain direction.

## *Unsolved Murder Was She Guilty?*

So many questions remained unanswered when Hannah Dobbs was found not guilty — so many might haveb een answered had judge and jury known what was subsequently to be revealed.

Miss Hacker was herself a strange woman — sixty years old, deformed, friendless, mean to the point of madness yet rich enough for meanness to be called eccentricity.

In the year 1878 she arrived in London from her native Canterbury to become a lodger in the house of Mr. Severin Bastindoff and his wife at Euston Square. Among the belongings she took with her was a large cash-box containing — so Bastindoff declared later — a substantial sum of money in five-pound notes.

On October 14th, a Sunday, she was alone in the house for some hours with Hannah Dobbs, the Bastindoffs' attractive, twenty-four-year-old servant.

By this time she was, for some unknown reason, in arrears with her rent, and on Monday morning Bastindoff remarked on the fact to his wife and said that it must be paid. Without hesitating, the servant Hannah offered to collect it, and rushed past her master up the stairs. In a few minutes she returned holding a five-pound note. Bastindoff gave her the change to take back.

Later that morning Hannah remarked to her mistress that the old lady was offended and seemed likely to move out "in fact," she added, "it's my belief she's already gone. I haven't heard her moving about in her room."

Miss Hacker had indeed left.

You may think that Mrs. Bastindoff was not a very efficient housekeeper, for she did not enter the empty room until two days later. She saw a stain on the carpet, which was wet beyond the edges of the stain, as though someone had tried to wash it out.

By May 9th of the following year, 1879, the Bastindoffs had a new lodger. He bought his own coal and asked for a space to be cleared so that he could store it. There was a large cellar under the house, filled with lumber that had accumulated over the years. Bastindoff employed men to clear a space and other child she had given a large broken cash-box. Shortly after October 14th she had been seen wearing a watch and rings which had belonged to Miss Hacker.

The evidence against Hannah Dobbs at the Old Bailey in June of 1879 was purely circumstantial, and the chief witness were the Basindoffs. For the defence it was argued that a slight girl could never have committed the murder and then dragged a heavy body down to the cellar unaided.

Mr. Mead, who defended, also made a great point of the Bastindoffs' lack of curiosity about the sudden departure of their wealthy lodger. The jury gave Hannah the benefit of the doubt — and she was found not guilty.

When Hannah Dobbs was released she became a popular heroine, with a certain section of the public. Among her admirers was a Mr. Purkiss, who was the proprietor of the 'Police News.' Before long this journal published a pamphlet which purported to be the true life-story of Hannah. Among the allegations contained in it was a statement that Hannah had been the mistress of Severin Bastindoff.

Bastindoff retaliated by instructing his solicitors to apply for a High Court injunction to prevent any further publication of the pamphlet, in connection with which he filed an affidavit denying the allegation. Mr. Purkiss was equally swift in his action. He took out a summons against Bastindoff for perjury. Bastindoff appeared before a magistrate and was committed for trial.

The case was heard at the Old Bailey before the same judge who had tried Hannah Dobbs for murder. The situation was reversed: Hannah stood in the witness-box, and her late employer stood in dock. It was a very different Hannah from the drab figure who had pleaded not guilty to murder, for she was now fashionably dressed and full of confidence.

This was shaken a little when, in cross-examination, she was forced to confess that at one time in her life she had been convicted of theft

She had first met Severin Bastindoff when she was a servant in Torrington Square, and fellow-servants described how the pair had gone out together by night. Even more conclusive was the evidence of a Mrs. Carpenter who owned a small hotel at Redhill. Mrs. Carpenter identified the pair as having spent the night at her hotel.

Severin Bastindoff was eventually found guilty of perjury and was sentenced to twelve months hard labour.

There the case ends so far as the courts are concerned. Somebody murdered Matilda Hacker; somebody got away with murder.

What is your verdict?

**Anniversary** — The German Post Office will soon issue this stamp commemorating the 100th anniversary of Ottmar Mergenthaler's birth. He was the inventor of the Linotype machine which revolutionized newspaper typesetting.

**Who Won?** — This "Racetrack Hat," fashioned of burnt leghorn straw keeps the sun out of the eyes, all right, and also the painful sight of your horse coming in last. "Emme," millinery designer, used rope to trim the summery creation.

## THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN
*by Elmer Ferguson*

● **There is a popular notion that athletes can succeed where statesmen have failed; that good, clean rivalry in sports can clear the atmosphere of all International hostility and bring nations closer to one another.**

This writer does not necessarily agree. Sports have often brought the representatives of different nations so close to one another that the good offices of th local police were required to pry them apart again.

But there is something encouraging about Russia's latest efforts to establish closer ties this side of the Iron Curtain through the medium of athletics. The Russians have invited western track-field stars, soccer and hockey teams to play against Communist athletes on Soviet fields.

And more important still, the Russians have indicated that their athletic representatives may yet be permitted to compete in America.

**Let us hope this isn't all just propaganda. We don't have to be politicians to see that the sooner we get a chance to show young Russians what the western world is really like, the sooner will a important gain be made in international relations. That gain may be just a tiny seed, but tiny seeds often grow into trees.**

To be sure, we do not believe for one moment that the cold war will ever be settled on an athletic field. But it is a fact that Westerners and Russians got along better competing against each other in the Olympic Games than they ever did in political arenas.

No doubt, th professional diplomats have accomplished great things at times. But some results have been achieved through professional diplomacy alone. Sometimes the man-in-the-street is the diplomat, whether he knows it or not. The young Communist who took lessons from and like the athletes representing Canada, Britain or the United States, may be a political boss in his country tomorrow. He won't readily hate the men he knows personally to be good guys.

**We would like a chance to welcome Communist athletes to this continent. We want them to see for themselves what life in the western world is really like. If it won't end the cold war, it isn't likely to do any harm, either.**

*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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## Superstitions Criminals Hold

The murderers of Constable Gutteridge in a lonely part of Essex shot out both his eyes after fatally wounding him. Superstition was behind that atrocious act, for Browne and Kennedy believed that a murderer's likeness is retained as in a mirror in the dead eyes of his victim, and they feared that they would thus be recognized.

The superstitions connected with crime are often very ancient, and in the past were even used for purposes of detection. Because it was believed that the wounds of a dead man would bleed afresh if the body were touched by his murderer, it was a common practice to force a suspect to the Ordeal of the Bier, in other words he was compelled to touch the body in the presence of witnesses.

Similarly, the belief that sooner or later a murderer must return to the body of his victim is probably the reason why the bodies of the slain were exposed to public gaze in the Paris morgue—and the police carefully watched those who came to see.

A curiously morbid superstition was current in Eastern Europe that the right hand of a suicide was a protection to thieves, and the door if a house were rapped with it seven times, the occupants would be held in slumber, and would not hear intruders.

**Not In The Script** — Gordy Jennings ducks as Dick Walker (top, left) and Bob Collins collide in mid-air. The mishap occurred while the San Diego Water Ski Association members were tuning up for an exhibition. No one was injured.

## Boxer Was Knighted By Drunken Prince

Knighthoods are rarities in the realms of sport. Cricket can boast Sir Jack Hobbs and Sir Donald Bradman; the Turf has Sir Gordon Richards. Lawn tennis—Sir Norman Brooks and Rugger, Sir Wavell Wakefield. There may be others that do not come so readily to mind. But what about boxing?

Has the fight game ever been thus honoured? If you say "No" you are wrong and if you try to guess you'll probably fail.

Yet perhaps the first sportsman ever to be knighted was a prizefighter, none other than Dan Donnelly, the Champion of Ireland, who received the honour in 1819 after winning a famous victory at Crawley Hurst in Surrey, thirty miles from London.

Donnelly came to England from Dublin after winning the Irish championship and immediately issued a "manifesto to the milling world," in which he declared his readiness to fight any man in the country at his weight for a purse of £100 to £500.

The challenge was taken up by Tom Oliver, a Battersea gardener who had no pretensions to being a pugilist until, chancing to look up from a cabbage patch he was planting, he saw a bare-knuckle bout taking place in the next field and remarked at the finish: "Well, if they call that prize fighting I'll be hanged if I don't think I could do a bit myself."

The bout between Donnelly and Oliver aroused wide enthusiasm and betting was heavy. So great was Irish support for their champion that numerous large parties made the trip to England and laid two-to-one on Dan without the slightest hesitation, that Miss Hacker had been killed with a knife.

Most of them walked all night from London to Crawley Hurst in torrential rain, determined to be on hand when the men took the ring next day. It was still raining when they set up the ring and from all directions came excited spectators on foot, while a string of carriages of every description reached for nearly a mile along the nearby main road.

The fight lasted an hour and ten minutes and covered the best part of thirty-four rounds. It was a punishing bout, in which fortunes fluctuated, but in the end Oliver was exhausted and finally knocked insensible, leaving Donnelly the winner.

Both men were escorted to a neighboring farmhouse where they were put to bed and bled. In the course of half-an-hour they dressed, shook hands and drank each other's health. Dan returned to London where his friends feted him for a week.

The Prince Regent, who was living at Brighton, had betted heavily on the Irishman and sent word that he would like Donnelly to visit him. When Dan arrived at the Pavilion, the Prince, in a moment of bibulous hilarity, borrowed a sword, ordered Donnelly to kneel before him and, tapping him on the shoulder in the approved manner, said: "Arise, Sir Dan."

Thus the Irish champion became the first and only pugilist ever to be knighted.

Few in London society recognized the honour bestowed on Donnelly, but none could deny him the right to style himself "Sir Dan," a title by which he was known from then onwards.

Donnelly first saw the light of day in Dublin in the year 1788. He set out as a carpenter, but was soon attracted to fist fights, being tempted into the game by his friends who asserted that a physique such as Dan possessed was only meant for the prize ring.

A writer of the day decribed the Irishman's appearance in these words: "He is all muscle. His arms are long . . . his neck athletic and bold; in height nearly six feet; in weight thirteen stones (182 lb.) and his whole bearing that of a boxer with first-rate qualifications."

Of course, such a man attracted the ladies and Dan did not deny himself their company. When he was staying at the Castle Tavern in Holborn a porter came to tell him that his "wife" was at the White Horse in Petter Lane and wished to see him as soon as possible.

With great eagerness Donnelly asked, "What sort of a woman is she?"

To which the surprised messenger inquired:

"What, sir, don't you know your own missus?"

The champion, smiling recalled, "she's a big woman, dark or fair? Well, never mind, tell her I'll come and look, just to see if I know her."

In training Donnelly was a law unto himself and absolutely unmanageable. It was usual for a pugilist to have a companion to see that a regular schedule of exercising was maintained, but not so with Dan. Even had such a person been assigned to him it would have been little use, for the Irishman was quite beyond normal control.

While training at Riddlesdown for the Oliver fight, he would often take a drop of "stuff" with him to bed, to prevent his lying awake. At other times he would steal out at night to poach for petticoats" and the preserves of Croydon, it seems, supplied even more than his wants.

In Dublin, Donnelly opened a public house and there the sports thronged to pay homage to their great champion's prowess. Sir Dan's house overflowed nightly with company and he kept pace with the revelry.

Negotiations were opened to match him with John Carter, the champion of England, but before another bout could be arranged, the fistic knight was laid low by Fate itself.

For the undertaker eventually boxes the best of champions and one day, after drinking forty-seven glasses of whiskey, Sir Dan indulged in a fast game of fives which brought him to a great heat, whereupon he drank a copious draught of cold water. As a result of this he suffered an attack of colic and died, aged only thirty-two.

His was a magnificent funeral. A vast crowd, on horseback, in carriages and on foot, followed the coffin and some fought for the honour of drawing his remains to their last resting place.

**Island Beauty** — Hawaii's 63,000 Filipinos, who like their Filipinas young and lovely, chose 16-year-old Mildred Serra, of Honolulu, as their Cover Girl of 1954.



**Baseball's High-Flying And Woolly** — No wonder Umpire Nestor Shylak, above, is confused. He's used to ducking high flies, but not "flying tigers." In this case, it's Detroit Tigers' Second Baseman Frank Bolling who's floting through the air with the greatest of ease, chasing a wild throw from the plate during a game with White Sox at Comiskey Park in Chicago. Tigers snagged the game "on the fly," 3-2. Below, "Ethel" and "Albert" make life easy for Groundskeeper John Gery at Breadon Field, home of the Allentown, Pa., Cardinals. They keep the grass mowed, rain or shine, according to Gery.




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