ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Why will a husband go so crazy over money that he makes his family miserable? When my husband gives me some on Saturday he always says I'll waste it, and he stays mad till Monday; I only pay bills with it and this year my doctor's fees have been heavy. I am devoted to our two children, and until this year I was devoted to their father, but he is so cross with us all that my nerves are going fast, and my doctor is alarmed. (This irritates my husband, too.)

"I don't spend money on clothes except for the children; my mother has given me everything I've had this year. If I were able to work, I'm sure my husband would be different; but I am sick, and he takes every advantage of it.

"If I get better, I can go to the city and work with my cousin there, but I'd hate to leave the children, and my mother begs me not to. Yet how can I stay on here and be continually accused of extravagance?

"My husband's family keep us both miserable telling him what to do. They write him regularly for things they think they need — and never mention my name. His mother wants to visit us, but because of my health I cannot have her — and for that reason he is mean to my mother, who has been so kind to us all.

"Many other things I could tell that are destroying my peace of mind, but please comment on these.

ELEANOR"

Husbands who don't do the family shopping these days can have no idea of the increasing living costs. Since your husband is avid on saving money, your best chance to refute his charges of extravagance is to keep a weekly budget and show him its figures every Saturday. They will convince him better than any argument how well you really are managing.

Remind him that if things were going more smoothly at home, there would be fewer doctor's bills to irritate him. Arrange for him to go along on your next visit, so the doctor can explain how much you need appreciation and serenity. This gesture has made many a husband more understanding and cooperative.

Why not get the habit of sending his mother a friendly letter regularly, reporting especially on the children's progress? It will create a more friendly feeling among you all. Intimate that when your nerves grow calmer you are looking forward to a short visit from her.

Don't think of leaving home now. For one reason, you would worry too much about the children; your place, I feel, is with them and your husband. Working together toward a more pleasant life, facing your problems by talking them over quietly, seems to be the best prescription now. If you will try out these ideas, I think you will find yourself in a few months a stronger and a happier woman.

"Dear Anne Hirst: The young woman I love is expecting her divorce soon. We see each other several times a week and I call her every day. Her family are very nice people, and I feel they approve of me. I would like to marry her, but I'm in no position to do so yet.

"She has all the necessary grounds for divorce and a good chance of getting it, but she is still worried about the outcome. She sees her girl friends often, and I always take her home. If we had to part, it would be the end for me. I do everything I know to make her happy yet sometimes I do fail.

"What do you think about us?

R. T"

From your long letter (which I had to edit) I feel that once this girl is free, you two can enjoy a fine friendship which may lead to marriage when you both are ready for it.

Meanwhile, remember that while she is bringing suit against her husband she must conduct herself most discreetly: I urge you not to force your attention. She must not be seen frequently with any man, so be careful not to embarrass her by urging more dates. She seems to know her way about, and I feel you can safely leave the initiative to her.

Being just a good friend is your role now. The better your chances with her when she is free.

So many of us are too close to our problems to get a helpful perspective. Telling a friend about them often clears them up. Anne Hirst is your unseen friend, ready to listen and sympathize. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont.

Men are not good or bad: they are good and bad.

Half-Size Duo!

4773
14½—24½

by Anne Adams

From this minute on, you'll wear and love the slenderizing sheath dress with the box jacket. Make it in cotton linen, or faille. It's easy to sew — proportioned to fit and flatter the short fuller figure. No alteration problems.

Pattern 4773: Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 16½ dress takes 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric; jacket, 2⅝ yards.

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (35¢) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Interested Spectator — As Sister Mary Jacqueline displays near-perfect bowling form, the ball she started to throw sits on the floor behind her, apparently watching the nun's follow-through. The ball slipped from her grip in the alleys of Lewis Aeronautical College where several nuns took their turns on the alleys.

The Queen And The Crow — Pretty Lorna Pettis holds Hopper, a tame desert crow, as she sits, next to a prickly cactus. Lorna is now reigning as this year's Sweetheart of the Victor Valley Future Farmers of America.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

Gwendoline D Clarke

Partner says he has had his summer vacation! His "vacation" consisted of a trip last Wednesday to visit friends at a beautiful spot near Shelburne, and on Saturday half a day's visit to his brother's place in north Toronto. Now he says he is ready to work again.

The Shelburne trip was planned on the spur of the moment as other friends who came to visit stayed overnight on condition that we take a trip with them the next day. We had just finished drawing in our last field of hay so I guess Partner was in the mood to celebrate. There was a fine drizzle of rain most of the next day, but we found it much easier on the eyes than glaring sunshine would have been. Anyone who has been in the Orangeville-Shelburne district will know it was lovely country we passed through — hills, streams and wooded valleys. Ideal grazing country for cattle and sheep. However, we did see quite a bit of cultivated land and Partner said he wouldn't want to drive a tractor on 'them thar hills'! Our destination was a summer home beside a privately owned lake. It was a beautiful spot. The big, English-style country home had been built half-way down a high bank overlooking the lake. Behind the house there was a retaining wall of solid stone about twelve feet high in front of which flowers and shrubs grew in great profusion. Across the lake was a fine stand of evergreens. The furnishings of the house were simple, but in excellent taste. There wasn't a room that was cluttered up with unnecessary knick-knacks. The sort of house, although it was so big and rambling, that could be taken care of quite easily and time left over to enjoy the scenery, the fishing, the boating and bathing — just so long as one could stand the blackflies. One of our friends had an eye almost closed by a bite the week before. It was a hard place to leave after just a couple of hours' visit — two months wouldn't have been too long. But it had to be.

Coming home we took a different route from Orangeville, coming through Erin, Terra Cotta, Glen Williams and Georgetown — familiar territory to us but all new ground to our friends. They expressed great surprise at the lovely country we passed through. They thought they knew Halton County and yet had no idea it was so thickly wooded with so many little creeks and streams. I felt a thrill of pride, as I always do when returning to our own county, because to me it seems that Halton is one of the loviest counties in Ontario. Few people who travel our busy highways realise how much unspoiled beauty is still to be found away off the beaten track.

We arrived home in plenty of time to milk the cows and feed the hens.

Then came Saturday. Joy and Bob were here in the morning so after dinner we set out for North Toronto to visit Partner's brother in his new home. I was particularly anxious to go so that Bob could show me the easiest way of getting there. We went by Malton and then along No. 401 to Avenue Road. It was the first time we had seen that part of our colossal highway system. Highway 401 seems literally a road on stilts. Last time we were over in that direction Wilson Avenue was at the grading stage. Now the whole area — 401 and 27 — seems to be a network of overpasses, underpasses, cloverleaves and service roads. We looked at 401 and wilted, realising it is the same highway that will eventually come through our own farm — unless the Department of Highways changes its plans, which wouldn't upset us a bit. We foresee an overpass extending from the railway track at the back of our farm to the cloverleaf on the highway that runs in front of it. By the time they get through grading there won't be much farm left.

And just to think it is the motor-age that has brought these super-highways into being. And there is Malton — approximately twenty-five years ago we were driving along country roads — and I do mean country — and we saw the first of the plowed fields levelled by a grader for future runways. Now there are huge hangars, planes coming and going; grounded sabre-jets ready to take off at a moment's notice. Industrial plants, immense parking areas and housing projects. We were glad to get away from it all and looked forward to getting back to our own peaceful surroundings. Peaceful! In our absence it had been anything but! The whole farm was literally strewn with tree limbs and the oat field knocked flat. A huge limb off the chestnut tree at the back of the house. An elm tree split in half near the barn. One side of a dozy maple tree touching the ground, although, curiously enough, it had not broken away from the root. The telephone out of commission but hydro service had already been restored. By getting in touch with our neighbours we learnt that all this was the result of a terrific localized hail and windstorm lasting about fifteen minutes. Fortunately I had closed all the windows in the house before we left home so there was no other damage. But we certainly got a surprise as there was no evidence of a storm until we were less than half-a-mile from home.

Godmother — Queen Elizabeth II holds her godson, Christopher Smith, after christening ceremonies at the Queen's Chapel in London's St. James Palace. The baby's mother, Mrs. Abel Smith, is a lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Husband Gave His Wife The Hiccups

You can be in love with your husband and yet allergic to him — literally. In Canada you probably wouldn't get a divorce on these grounds, but at least four have been granted in the United States. Ruled the judges: if a husband brought his wife out in an allergic rash, that constituted cruelty.

A pretty blond called Louise Law gained her divorce after doctors had stated that if she continued to live with her husband the allergy would be aggravated.

The exact way in which she suffered wasn't reported, but in the case of Mrs. Grace Grost, of Des Moines, Iowa, the trouble in the first place was a rash. She unsuccessfully petitioned for a divorce on this ground, but two years later managed to persuade the courts to reverse this decision. On this occasion she explained that every time she saw her husband, she started to hiccup violently.

Twenty-year-old Phyllis Pew's complaint was that living with her husband brought her out in a rash. Away from him she was perfectly well, indeed, only just missed winning a beauty contest.

"I got nervous upsets, constant headaches and skin eruptions," she informed the judge. A specialist in allergies supported her case. "Her health would be completely broken down if she was forced to remain with her husband," he said.

A divorce was granted, too, to Joyce Holdridge. Joyce quite genuinely thought a great deal of her husband, Nolan, but whenever she was near him a rash spread over her arms and body. To begin with, a Los Angeles judge maintained that the husbands wasn't guilty of cruelty. The decision was reversed two months later.

A few years ago in London, a young wife visited a specialist because she was worried about the state of her skin. The specialist passed her on to a psychiatrist, after finding out that the rash became worse when she was with her husband.

There was no divorce. It was discovered that the wife had a guilt complex because she had once been unfaithful. She was advised to confess, the husband forgave her and the rash disappeared.

Husbands can be allergic to wives, to. One American obtained a decree because his wife's hair made his asthma worse.

Certainly, genuine allergy seems a more reasonable ground for divorce than some of the reasons produced in British courts recently. A Peckham wife accusing her husband of cruelty, failed to convince the judge. The alleged cruelty? That he had told her what clothes to wear to chapel. But a Bristol man won his case because his wife punctured his bicycle tires.

CHALLENGE

On Red Skelton's first ocean voyage, he spent about five minutes watching the waves go by and then, as the water became a little choppy, retired into the dining salon and began to turn various shades of pale green. The dining steward hurried up to him, insisting, "Come, sir, you can't be sick here."

Skelton looked up painfully. "Can't I?" he asked. "Watch."

Team Work — Louis St. Laurent (left), Canada's Prime Minister, New York's Gov. Thomas E. Dewey (center) and Leslie M. Frost, Premier of the Province of Ontario, team up to do the honors during ground-breaking ceremonies for the St. Lawrence River Project at Cornwall, Ont.

Ever Get Caught In A Shower of Frogs?

Weather students who keep careful records of weather phenomena in all parts of the world noted with special interest a recent report that black radioactive rain had fallen in Calcutta. The news was later confirmed by the Institute of Nuclear Physics of Calcutta University.

So to the long and authenticated list of strange showers was added radioactive rain. Soot, sand, ashes have figured in freak showers in the past, but queerer phenomena have surprised people at various times.

It's never rained cats and dogs but it has rained sprats and frogs. The naturalist, Thomas Cooper, described how he was once caught in a frog-storm in India. The frogs had been whisked by a whirlwind from a large pond, taken for a ride in the clouds and had then showered down on a village. One report said three were thousands of them.

Fish showers have frequently descended inlanded. In 1828 at Fodderty, in Scotland a farmer saw a hailstorm of herrings on part of his land. Each was three to four inches long. "Rains of fish" were first mentioned by a Greek writer nearly 2,000 years ago.

A cloud of millions of grasshoppers, about an eighth of a mile wide and three miles long obscured the sky above Pontiex, Saskatchewan, for three hours in 1923. The insects, blown along by a wind about 100 feet above the ground were carried for miles before falling on to farmland and villages.

Zoo Parade!

654

by Laura Wheeler

See how fast Baby makes friends with all these farm and circus pets! Before long, he'll know each by name. Use scraps for gay, little animals — fun to make!

Zoo parade quilt! Pattern 654 embroidery transfers, appliqué pieces for quilt, 32x44 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**.

Don't miss our Laura Wheeler 1954 Needlecraft Catalog! 79 embroidery, crochet, color-transfer and embroidery patterns to send for — plus 4 complete patterns printed in book. Send 25 cents for your copy today! Ideas for gifts bazaar sellers, fashions.

One of the pleasures of age is looking back at the people one didn't marry.

SPORTS &c
by A SIXBIT CRITIC

The following description of the last battle fought by one of the ring's all-time "Greats", written by an eye-witness and appearing in The Police Gazette, should be of interest not only to the old-timers, but to some of the modern generation of "long-distance" boxing fans.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons, then a veteran, was hammered by Philadelphia Jack O'Brien at Mechanics Pavilion, San Francisco, Calif., on Dec. 20, 1905, until he collapsed. Fitzsimmons did not fall to the floor while the fighting was in progress. He reeled feebly to his corner at the end of the thirteenth round.

* * *

He had reeled, to be sure, but everyone expected he would come up for the fourteenth round, when suddenly a dazed look came into Bob's face, and he slid from his chair until his knees touched the mat. His chest heaved, and his chin was covered with the flood that welled from his lips. He was lifted back into his chair, and Bob tried to pull himself together. It was futile. Again he slipped from the seat. Referee Graney rushed over to Bob's corner, and the former champion whispered in his ear. "Eddie, I'm all gone."

* * *

A bracer of whiskey aroused him temporarily and he shook hands with O'Brien in a sportsmanlike manner, but he then dropped back into his chair and buried his face in his hands. Fitzsimmons made a pathetic sight in the ring. Old friends were about him, friends who had seen him in his prime and gloried in his ability.

"It was a left to the stomach that distressed Fitzsimmons," said Graney. "He held himself together until he reached his corner, but then he became nauseated. He took a terrible beating; finally nature gave out."

The fight isn't a hard one to describe, for just as long as O'Brien wished to act on the defensive, Bob could not lay a glove on him.

When finally Jack elected to take chances and Bob was too feeble to accomplish anything, the fan-famed Fitzsimmons wallop had lost its sting. He closed Bob's eyes and pecked at his face until it was gashed and puffed.

In the main, O'Brien did all the damage with straight lefts.

* * *

Fitz was knocked down for the first time in the third round. In the following period he fell twice while rushing at Jack. During all this time Bob's blows either missed Jack by a big margin or were stopped by his arms or shoulders. In the fifth round O'Brien varied his left to the face by smashing Fitz in the body. On the sixth the veteran champion began to reach O'Brien's ribs with right-handers.

* * *

O'Brien took to holding and the crowd showed its partiality to Fitz by hooting the Philadelphian for his clinching tactics. Jack appeared not at all discomfited by the fact that he had earned the displeasure of the crowd.

* * *

A bigger crowd gathered at the Pavilion than was looked for by either the fighters or the promoters. The gallery was filled to capacity at an early hour and hundreds had to be turned away from the upstairs ticket office.

Eddie Graney, the referee, got a hand when he appeared for his duties dressed in a brand new tuxedo. He called the fighters to the center of the ring and discussed the rules with them. The candidates for the world's light-heavy-weight championship posed for a flashlight photograph. Fitz, who was evidently in good humor, chaffed the Philadelphian, and the latter returned the compliment.

At 9:25 the fight began.

* * *

The Fight—Round By Round

Round 1 — Both men feinted and danced around. O'Brien landed a left on the throat and then clinched. O'Brien reached the face lightly with left and clinched again. Jack rammed a straight left to the mouth, and instant later received one on the ribs. A clinch. Fitz tried to corner O'Brien, and Jack ducked under a right-hander. Bob missed with both hands repeatedly. O'Brien got in with a left on the stomach and clinched. Then came the only real blow that Fitz landed in the round, a right to the ribs.

* * *

Round 2 — Both men feinted and O'Brien got through with a left on the face. He tried again and Fitz countered with a left on the jaw. Jack landed his left on the nose and Bob ducked another left. Fitz feinted with his left and then landed a right uppercut to the jaw that brought the crowd to its feet. Jack then brought forth a terrific right that landed on Fitz's temple, but Jack came back with a left on Bob's right eye. Fitz was short with a left, and as he bent down O'Brien cuffed him on the ear with his right.

* * *

Round 3 — Bob rushed and tried his left shift for the body O'Brien blocked him with his forearms, then stepped back and laughed. O'Brien feinted several times and Fitz missed repeatedly. A powerful left from Jack's mitt landed square on Bob's nose. He staggered back, then pressed O'Brien to the ropes, scraping the skin from his forehead with a left hook. Fitz then caught him on the head with a right.

O'Brien's seconds yelled, "Be careful, Jack." Fitz threw a hard left to the body, while his opponent stood close and jolted him with lefts and rights. A straight left from O'Brien which landed directly between Bob's eyes sent him tumbling to the canvas. He raised his legs in the air and grinned. The gong rang when Fitz was down.

* * *

Round 4 — Bob rushed and swung his left and right so furiously that he lost his balance and went to his knees in a corner. O'Brien danced clear round the ring with Fitz a close second in the race. Jack then stood his ground and pounded in lefts and rights. Bob's nose was bleeding. O'Brien put in two punishing blows, a left and a right that were hard ones, and made the veteran's face bleed more.

* * *

Round 5 — O'Brien got to work with a straight left. He scored twice and they clinched. O'Brien kept right along with his straight left, slamming it into Fitz's face. Bob tried stiff arm punches, but Jack avoided them, and still continued his straight lefts which brought more blood. Fitz scored with a short right jolt to the neck, but apparently there was little steam behind it. O'Brien seemed to have no fear of Fitz. He slashed hard rights into the veteran's wind.

* * *

Round 6 — O'Brien was cautious. He skipped around the ring and Fitz tried in vain to reach him. Jack poked in a left and clinched. Then he ran away again and Fitz missed several times with his right. O'Brien stood in again and poked. Fitz tried repeatedly with an overhand right, but kept missing. He fell to his knees at the ropes while swinging.

* * *

Round 7 — O'Brien danced around with Fitz after him. Jack put in one straight left and ducked repeatedly as Fitz swung with both hands. O'Brien jumped in with four straight lefts in succession. Fitz caught him with a right on the body and a left on the side of the head, and there were roars from Bob's adherents.

* * *

Round 8 — O'Brien used a straight left until Fitz sent a right to the stomach. Then Jack was cautious. They swung their rights at the same instant. O'Brien landed first and Fitz went down. He staggered when he got up. O'Brien struck several body blows and Fitz overreached while swinging his right. Apparently Fitzsimmons was in a bad way.

* * *

Round 9—O'Brien landed a left on Bob's right eye. He ducked and clinched when Fitz tried with his right. O'Brien jabbed him in the face with a left and ducked a left which was started at the same time. Bob rapped Jack midships with his right, but there was no force in the blow. O'Brien's face wore a confident look as he skipped around the Cornishman. Jack smacked Bob with a right to the body, and then nailed him with a straight left and two hard rights to the jaw.

Round 10—Bob blocked a right and they clinched. O'Brien ducked away from a left hook. Jack caught him with a straight left on the nose and swung his right to the cheek after avoiding a wicked swing. Bob rammed his right to the ribs as Jack came toward him, but it did not seem to have the usual weight behind it. O'Brien kept shooting his left O'Brien with a right on the ribs.

* * *

Round 11 — Jack crouched as Fitz swung, but came forward again, crouching. He landed a straight left and Fitz caught him with his right in the wind. O'Brien hung on in the clinch that followed, and some of Fitz's blows passed over him. Jack again resorted to straight lefts to the face and the crowd hooted.

* * *

Round 2 — O'Brien was there again with his straight lefts. He forced the veteran to the ropes. Fitz rushed O'Brien with rights, and the crowd hooted the latter for running away. He then stood his ground, pummeling Fitz with straight lefts that hurt. O'Brien side-stepped and broke away when Bob tried to corner him. The crowd hooted him.

* * *

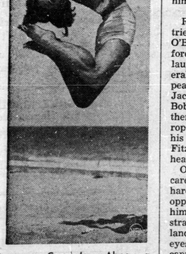
Round 13 — Fitz sent O'Brien back with a left swing to the jaw and a moment later scored with a left to the face. O'Brien blocked several lefts and then sent two rights to the face. Fitz sent a left to the body and they mixed it up, landing short left and right blows over the heart. It was a hard round and one, surprising as it may seem, in which Bob seemed to have the upper hand.

* * *

While resting in his corner Fitz suddenly collapsed and the fight was ceded to O'Brien.

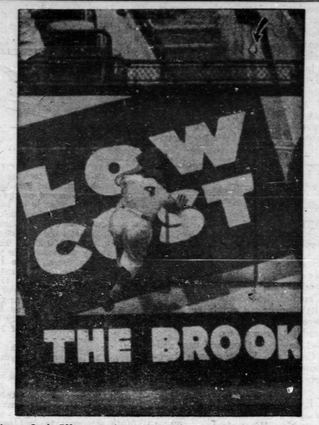
* * *

Fitzsimmons fought on for nine years after this defeat, but was never his old self again. His last fight was a no-decision affair with K.O. Sweeney in 1914. He died of pneumonia on Oct. 22, 1917.



Bouncy — Carol Jean Abney, a pretty acrobat, makes it look easy to reach back and grab a footful of her hair as she apparently hangs from a beach ball.

Pistol Packer — Nobody'll ever accuse Mrs. Margaret Culbertson of lacking an aimless life. Here she is practicing to defend her title as 1953 National Woman's Pistol Champion at this year's National Rifle Association matches.



Large-Scale Effort — Duke Snider of the Brooklyn Dodgers makes like a human fly as he scales the center field wall at Ebbets Field in a vain attempt to grab the high-flying ball (arrow). It was a double by Ralph Kiner of the Chicago Cubs.

Left His Skull For Use On Stage

A pathetic story of long-frustrated ambition fulfilled at last was related by an American actor when he lectured recently to New York audience.

John Reed, he said, was a stage electrician with a great love of the stage and everything connected with it. For years he longed secretly to appear in some role in a play, however humble, although in his heart he realized he had no real acting ability.

As he grew older he yearned more and more to play one particular part, that of the Prince in Hamlet. This ambition eventually dominated his whole life.

But his wish was never fulfilled. He died a most frustrated, moody and very unhappy old man.

But when his widow read his will, she had a surprise. He had bequeathed his skull to a Philadelphia theatre with the solemn request that it should be used in every future production there of Shakespeare's tragedy "Hamlet," as the skull of Yorick to which Hamlet addresses an immortal soliloquy.

The old man's request was granted. At long last he was in the play.

Ran Sweepstake The Prize - Herself

Only woman in the world to offer herself as first prize in a sweepstake was a lovely, dark-haired girl named Marie Fabre-Hoffer.

At nineteen she found herself the sole support of her crippled, widowed mother in Dijon, France. They were penniless. And Marie dared not take a job; for attention to her ailing mother occupied all her time.

So, well aware of her charms, Marie decided that by organizing a sweepstake with herself as prize she could gain sufficient money to keep her mother in comfort for the rest of her life. She sold hundreds of 2,000-franc tickets.

The lucky winner was good-looking Marc Gros. Directly he learned the reason for the lottery he generously offered to release Marie from her extraordinary self-imposed bargain.

But love had already dawned and Marie replied: "No, please take me as your bride." Six weeks later they married.

That was in 1888. Today Marie is 85, Marc nearly 90. Their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren total more than a hundred.

Says old Marc: "Marriage has always been called a lottery. But in our case — what wonderful prizes we both drew!"

Nothing makes a woman look better than three drinks inside a man.

High Hat — A new interpretation of the Mexican hat dance is given by Sarah Lee Lynch as she balances on the edge of a large sombrero to make a pretty spicy picture.

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