Delicious!

"SALADA"
TEA

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: For two years I have been ill with an incurable disease, and for many a year I suffered without knowing the cause. During all our marriage (29 years) my husband has always been unsympathetic and critical. He has nagged incessantly, finding fault with me about inconsequential things and keeping me nervously upset. He is so jealous he has accused me of dating my own relatives! Incidentally, he gives me no spending money; I have to buy my own clothes, fortunately, I have a small income.

"I have raised five wonderful children (all are married) and I am proud of them. I worked hard for the first 12 years to help pay for our home. I have exercised all the patience I could in order to have peace, but nothing has softened my husband's carping. . . .

"For years I've read your column every day, and I have had so much help from it. Now I am ready to give up.

AT THE END"

BEYOND ENDURANCE

The responsibility of raising such a large family has been your only incentive, I expect, to put up with your husband all these years. There comes a day when even a woman of your courage can take no more.

Send for your children and discuss it frankly. Long ago they must have known how callous and cruel their father was, so you should have their sympathy and moral support to put an end to this unbearable situation. Your physical suffering is enough to bear without being exposed to husband's heartless persecutions and suspicion.

He should be advised of the nature and extent of your disease, and your physician is the one to tell him. He will remind him that unless he ceases his inhuman behavior your health will deteriorate more rapidly. What you need is tenderness and understanding, and your husband is the one to supply them. Whether after all these years he will, only he can prove. If he refuses to try, then your children should take things into their own hands and see that you are protected from any further indignities

This is the time you need sympathy and kindness. If your husband will not give them, then these children you are so proud of cannot, in all decency, refuse to supply the need. I have no doubt they will act swiftly in your defense.

It is deplorable that a man can be so heartless to the one he is supposed to love the most.

* * *

SHY BOY

"Dear Anne Hirst: I'm in high school, and there is a boy there I like real well. By his actions I know he likes me and he tells my friends so. But he is so shy he just can't say anything!

"This has been going on for a long time. What can I do? I'm afraid to start anything for fear he might get the wrong iimpression. UNSIGNED"

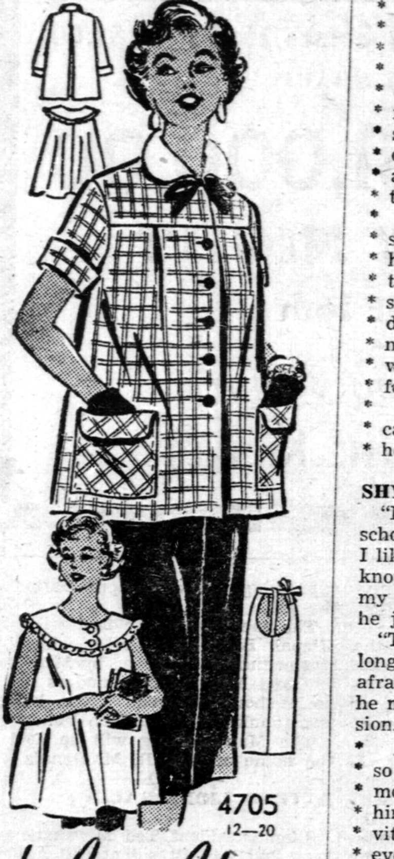
A shy lad is self-conscious, so be careful not to make any move that could embarrass him. Of course you could invite a few classmates in for an evening and include him, which gives him the chance to ask to come again.

Why not trust to his present liking for you and let things ride as they are? Going with other boys is always helpful; it proves you are attractive and it should stimulate his eagerness to know you better. He will outgrow his shyness one day, and if you have been cordial meanwhile he should naturally turn to you.

* * *

When a wife has given years of her life and love to raising a fine family, she has earned the sympathy and appreciation which her husband promised in his vow to cherish her. If these are withheld, she is bereft indeed . . . Anne Hirst has given many a disheatened wife the courage to escape from such cruelty. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont

Stork-Time Styles



4705
12—20

by Anne Adams

What to wear? Mom-to-be, don't worry! Whip up a new top or skirt in a day with this sew-easy pattern! For casual wear, sew the checked version with or without the Peter Pan collar. For cool comfort on 90-degree days, choose the scooped-neck, cone-shaped top. Make it in a glamour fabric too, for evening! Send now!

Pattern 4705:: Misses' Maternity Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 skirt, 2 yards 35-inch; top with pockets, 3 yards; ¼ yard contrast.

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

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

Self-Iced SPICE CAKE

Sift 3 times, 2¼ c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 2 c. once-sifted all-purpose flour), 2½ tsp. Magic Baking Powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1½ tsps. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. each of ground cloves, ginger, allspice, nutmeg and mace; mix in ½ c. seedless raisins and ¼ c. chopped walnuts. Cream ⅔ c. butter or margarine and blend in 1¼ c. lightly-packed brown sugar; beat in 3 well-beaten egg yolks and ½ tsp. vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with ⅔ c. milk; spread batter in greased 9" square pan lined in the bottom with greased paper. Beat stiff, not dry, 3 egg whites and a few grains salt; gradually beat in 1 c. lightly-packed brown sugar and spread over cake; sprinkle with ½ c. chopped walnuts. Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, 1¼ to 1½ hours; cover lightly with brown paper for last half hour.

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NUTS TO NEUBERGER

SHELL GAME—English walnuts pour from a bag, compliments of the "Nuts to Neuberger" committee of Portland, Ore. The nuts were sent to Sen. Richard L. Neuberger in mild protest to his recent objection to "trapping" of squirrels on the White House grounds. Pouring is Ruth Switzer of McPherson, Kans., a secretary in the senator's office.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

With all the various things there have been to comment on just lately, like winter weather and summer thunderstorms, I seem to have forgotten one or two changes that have taken place at Ginger Farm as a direct result of Tippy's death. The first was a realization that we must have another dog — a watch dog. The next problem was the kind, and where to get it. We thought we had solved it by making arrangements to adopt a year-old collie whose owners had sold their farm and were moving to town. But it didn't work. The dog would not make friends at all and since he had never been tied up nor even had a collar on, it was hard to know how to handle him, or how to keep him from running away before he got accutomed to us. So we had to let the young lad come and take him home again. We were sorry because he was a lovely dog — if we could have trusted him. Previous to this, Dee and Art had taken Honey to Toronto, thinking we could handle one dog better than two. So now we haven't a dog at all.

The breed I have always wanted if we had to get another dog was a Welsh Corgi—but how or where to get one is the question. Corgis are not too common in Canada. We could get a German Shepherd quite easily but we are a little afraid of not being able to train it properly. So here we are sitting on the fence, undecided whether to get a puppy, a half-grown dog, Corgi, a collie or a German shepherd.

In the meantime Honey has settled down quite happily in Toronto, much to Davey's delight. Dave loves to put both arms around Honey and give her a bear-hug, which Honey graciously permits. And then they play ball together . . Honey always did love to play ball. But that ball is hers and she won't let Dave have it. So, while resting between capers, Honey lies with it between her front paws. But Dave is just as cute; watches his opportunity and when Honey is half asleep he creeps up and snatches the ball away.

When Daughter goes shopping she has Dave with his harness in one hand and Honey on a leash in the other. I imagine she has quite a time. Last night Bob and Joy were in Toronto and Honey did her hula-hula wiggle the minute she saw Bob. Dee thinks she will probably go crazy the first time I show up. But I don't know . . . Honey is happy with anyone who will make a fuss of her. And, in spite of the fact that she is in a city home, I imagine, with Davey's help, Honey gets more exercise now than she did on the farm. All she did her was eat and sleep—she would not stay outside by herself. Incidentally her absence saves me time. Long-haired dogs make a lot of work.

Last week we had a variety of experiences. While it was still cold we ordered an extra ton of coal—to be delivered early, before the frost was out of the ground. The coal was sent up in a one-truck. Instead of staying on high ground the driver took a wide turn in the field, dropped into a dead-furrow and got hopelessly mired. He sent for a big truck to pull him out. The big truck got stuck. Then along came the manager to supervise the proceedings. He left his car in the lane. Partner came along with gravel, ashes, boards and an extra logging chain. At long last they were extricated bu to get out of the field they had to come over a low spot—they got stuck again. This time a tow-truck was sent for. About two hours from the time the pickup came in, the car and the three trucks went rolling down the lane. Incidentally the coal was unloaded in the field and carried in canvas bags to the cellar window. As for the ruts in the fields . . . they are beyond description.

The next excitement was the de-horning of three heifers. Thinking my services would not be needed I went to Guelph that day. But one heifer hemorrhaged and required veterinary first aid. Partner wished I had been here because I knew better than he how to handle the party-line telephone. And believe me, one does need a little experience in dealing with a party-line. We have also had visitors here for nearly a week, but, being an ex-farm couple they take farm emergencies in their stride, and help out when possible.

Warm weather is with us yet and the bird population is increasing. Three blue herons were down at the creek today; a lone killdeer flew over yesterday and a perky little robin is making himself quite at home. Speaking of robins, a correspondent sent me this original little poem:

"No Housing Problem"

"He builds without priority
At home beyond the strife
Of C.I.O. authority
For himself and wife.

He hops about his neighbours' yard
To market, while his wife
Flutters about their nest to guard
And warm the coming life.

And when the mouths are opened wide
For a fat squirming meal
Joy and security abide
In this straw domicile."

O.A.R.

GR-R-R — "Tipper" figures he ought to have special equipment if he's going to be a professional hound-dog. That explains the comic teeth cluttering his mouth. The nine-month-old beagle will do his hounding around West Sand Lake.

ISSUE 17 — 1955

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strength to life,
only moderation
gives it charm.

Jean Paul Richter

The House of Seagram

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THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN
by Elmer Ferguson

• Hockey players have been glorified and idolized by the score. But little is ever written in appreciation of hockey's lonely men, the referees.

This is a grave injustice. Somebody should write a piece about the trials and tribulations of the men who dodge from point to point, aloof from all human contact so that no shadow of suspicion shall be cast upon their calling. They come almost furtively into the cities where they are assigned to do their duties, brave the mass loathing, then make their mouse-like exits to repeat their heroic chores elsewhere.

These thoughts occurred with the announcement that Bill Chadwick, after 16 years of braving the hostility of fandom and the whimpering of players, decided to call it a career. For 16 years he has been travelling 50,000 miles per winter season. When he quit, he had covered about 700,000 miles, had refereed in every Stanley Cup play-off since 1939, and had never missed an assignment.

Referees today never travel with the teams, nor do they stay at the same hotel occupied by a visiting club. They talk to no one. They travel and live a solitary life during the hockey season.

Referees in the big league today have it somewhat easier in one respect than their predecessors of an earlier era, like Mike Rodden, Cooper, Smeaton, Bill Stewart, the late Lou Marsh, and Ion. Today's referees are not generally exposed to violence

Mike Rodden, tough and game as they come, was punched in the back by a spectator at Montreal's old Mount Royal Arena one night. He wheeled, and lashed out at the party he thought to be guilty. Next time Mike visited Montreal the recipient of his light blow had Mike arrested. League heads had a busy time getting Mike out of the hoosegow in time to referee.

Lou Marsh was almost mobbed at the same arena one night. The crowd rushed on the ice, but Marsh shrewdly tripped up the leaders, who fell in a heap Those behind, skidding uncertainly, fell over them, and Lou skated blithely to the dressing-room while his assailants untangled themselves.

But even without the threat of physical violence big league refereeing is a lonely job. Referees are the unsung heroes of hockey.

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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Sports Yarns

One day a travelling salesman, driving by a ranch in California, was forced to stop his car when his radiator began to boil over. He started to trudge to the nearest house to get some water, when suddenly he was startled to see, in the nearby spinach patch, a human figure flying through the air. The salesman forgot everything and tiptoed closer to watch.

As he approached he saw a slim youngster with a second-hand bamboo pole take off again down a home-made runway and sail over a makeshift cross-bar. The salesman, who happened to be a track fan, was amazed to note that the bar was over 13 feet above the ground.

The salesman rushed off to the office of his friend, Flint Hanner, track coach at Fresno State College, with his story. Bursting it on him, he shouted, "I've just seen a farm boy vault 13 feet in a spinach patch!"

The coach piled into the salesman's car and together they made a run for the ranch. There the two men crept up to the spinach patch to watch the farm boy pole-vault. Coach Hanner caught just one leap. Then he headed for the ranch house where he tackled the boy's father with the proposition that the boy be enrolled in Fresno State.

The coach was persistent when the boy showed little eagerness for a college education. He pleaded, coaxed, and tempted the youngster. Finally the father said to his son, "You'd better get yourself a college education or we'll never get rid of that man!"

So Cornelius Warmerdam went to college to begin a career in pole-valting that has never been aqualled or surpassed. He was the first man in history to vault 15 feet.

* * *

Thirty-nine years ago an English Bishop had a son who was a track star. Although the Bishop disapproved of his son's interest in sports, the young lad went on to Sandhurst, Britain's West Point, where he distinguished himself, not only as a fine runner, but also as an excellent cricketer and soccer player.

When the first World War broke out, the Bishop's son went to war. He landed in France in August, 1914, and by October he was a captain and had a decoration for gallantry.

One day he led a bayonet charge against a machinegun hill. Halfway to his goal, he pitched forward on his face with a slug in his lung. After the battle was over, he was carried back to a hospital where he was pronounced dead.

On the way to the cemetery, a Red Cross worker happened to look at the corpse and was startled to see its eyelids flutter. The gallant captain was hurriedly taken back to the hospital for treatment. And the Bishop's son was restored to life after narrowly escaping being buried alive.

The Bishop's son never ran again. But he did go on with his military career. He became a great general in World War II, and contributed to a very great extent to the winning of the bloodiest war the world has ever seen. It seems that the miracle that had snatched him from death gave Britain its greatest commander on the field of battle. And all the world is grateful that he was spared to do so much. His name will ring down the ages. For his name is Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery.

FIGHTING SAUCERS—The little men from Mars aren't responsible for the flying-saucer effect, nor is the right uncorked by Alonzo Joiner, right, as he hammers at Rudolph Corney. Saucers were served up by the photographer, who made a double exposure during the Golden Gloves bouts.

TWO-WAY TREAT—Terry Bretzke likes flapjacks, as anyone can see. The eight-year-old Boy Scout dug in not only to fill his tummy, but also to fill the coffers of a fund to build a crippled children's summer camp. The Lions Club invited Terry's Scout troop to a pancake-eating contest and donated 50c to the camp for each flapjack the boys ate.

How Boy Movie Star Got His Chance

Just a year ago, in "The Kidnappers," a couple of small boys from Aberdeen were alternately touching our hearts and making us roar with laughter over their efforts to keep a baby they found on the moors as a substitute for the dog they'd always wanted.

What has happened since to Jon Whiteley, the solemn-eyed older one of eight, with the tousled mop of fair har, and Vincent Winter, five and a half, with the chubby cheeks, determined manner and rich Scots accent?

Both boys have already made good their early promise and will soon be seen again on the screen. Jon Whiteley, who had starred in "Hunted" with Dirk Bogarde and so was a veteran when he made "The Kidnappers," has just gone home from Hollywood after playing a big part in "Moonfleet," a romantic adventure story of the turbulent eighteenth century.

Exciting Chase

Young Jon shares many of his big scenes in "Moonfleet" with Stewart Granger, with whom he struck up an immediate friendship. Granger and the boy have a tremendously exciting chase sequence, over 400 yards of beach — with a former champion sprinter hot in pursuit. No ordinary extra could keep up with them, so the runner had to be engaged specially for the part. Then there is a tense moment when Granger lowers Jon down inside an ancient well in a bucket— one of the trickiest scenes ever photographed in CinemaScope.

The well-house on the surface was built on one stage at M.G.M.'s studios, the vertical well shaft itself being constructed on a loftier stage, where it came to within a few feet of the ceiling. The camera was mounted on a lift contrivance that moved it up and down to follow Jon's bumpy progress in the bucket.

On the set young Jon made friends with co star Joan Greenwood, making her first Hollywood film, too His great delight was to measure himself against Joan almost daily, for she stands only five feet one inch, and Jon is going to be taller than she is any minute now. Weekends he spent visiting Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons at their home Granger devoted a lot of time to giving the lad swimming lessons and was responsible for what was probably the most exciting moment of the whole Hollywood trip

One day Jon came back to the set after lunch and found, all laid out on a huge table beside his dressing-room, the largest, most beautiful model electric railway in the world — Granger's way of commemorating a good friendship.

It was the way he recited the Edward Lear poem, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," on the radio that first won Jon Whiteley a chance to become an actor. This pleasantly unspoiled, friendly son of an Aberdeen schoolmaster has learned to love acting better than anything, and takes each scene and every part very seriously indeed.

The same could not possibly be said for Vincent Winter, Jon's one-time partner in crime. At the ripe old age of six he now plays Joanne Dru's son in "The Black Prince" — by the simple and highly effective expedient of being completely himself and playing an interesting charade-like game in funny clothes.

People ask him to say things, move this way or that, but it remains a game for Vincent. A wonderful game, too — in which he was allowed to ride on a huge charger and to make friends with a large black Labrador dog Between takes he spent a great deal of time consuming cream cakes and drinking vast quantities of milk.

"I don't think he realizes he is being filmed," his mother remarked in her pretty Scottish voice, as she sat on the set, quietly watching her little son going through all the symptoms of young joy

When the director says "Cut" that's the signal for Vincent to hurl himself on his mother and demand that she read him one of his favourite Wild West stories.

"Dowsing" For Buried Treasure

Tests by a diviner recently revealed "strong indications" of gold, silver and lead under the altar of a Devon church, once one of the wealthiest in the West Country. It is believed that excavations might reveal a Saxon or mediaeval crypt containing treasures.

Bishops were probably buried there with their rings and other valuable symbols of office. Before the Reformation this church was rich in plate and mediaeval glass, much of which may have been buried.

A preliminary exploration will probably take place some time this spring.

"Dowsing" for buried treasure with special divining apparatus which indicates the presence of large quantities of buried metal is on the increase all over the world. Treasure hunting machines which saw war service as land-mine detectors are being used by some diviners to good effect.

On the site of an old Spanish fort in South America not long ago a father and son operated their metal-divining machine so accurately that they located an ancient casket filled with jewellery, old swords, flint-lock pistols and pewter.

A man who inherited a plantation near Vicksburg, Mississippi, had believed for years that a great quantity of valuable silverware was buried there. He spent two fruitless days trying to divine it with apparatus he had invented.

On the third day he rested the machine against a gnarled old oak tree while he ate some sandwiches. To his amazement, earphones on the apparatus suddenly began to hum violently.

Investigation revealed that eight feet below one of the tree's great roots was the treasure he sought. It has made him rich for the rest of his life.

Metal-divining apparatus was used by the French after the first world war to locate buried shells. While working with it, one dowser was approached by an old peasant who asked him to try to find a large box of gold coins—his life's savings—which he had buried at the outbreak of war and now could not find.

The dowser ultimately located the gold under another field some distance from the one where the peasant had buried it. A shell had blown it into the air and buried it again at the spot where it was eventually recovered.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o'mine!
—Burns.

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'Tis sweet to hear the watch-
dog's honest bark
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we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an
eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter
when we come.
—Byron

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