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TEA

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Your Family Counselor

... "Dear Anne Hirst: Since my wife died four years ago, my little son and his sister have lived with her parents. Over a year ago I fell in love with a grand girl, and we are anxious to marry to make a home for the children. My wife's family have met her, but they oppose the idea of my marrying again, and unfortunately they've tried to influence the youngsters.

"When we do marry, shall we take them to live with us right away, or wait a while?—Or must I give up this lovely girl and allow my wife's family to run my life?

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MAKE HASTE SLOWLY

It is not uncomnon that older people resent anyone taking their daughter's place; also, they are probably reluctant to give up the children. Wouldn't it be tactful to wait until your fiancee can know these parents, and also the children, better than she does now? Once she wins the affection of the youngsters they all will feel differently toward her.

Take the children to visit the girl on weekends, so they will begin to associate her with the pleasures you provide for them. When the day of your marriage arrives, of course they will attend the ceremony.

Have you thought of settling in another part of town when you remarry? If this is practicable, the four of you would not be under such close surveillance. The children can visit their grandparents regularly with you and your wife; as they see the youngsters happy in their new life they will more fairly credit her efforts. It usually works out this way, and I hope it will with you.

I trust you will not consider giving up this fine girl. It is not always possible to please the entire family in any marriage, particularly a second one.

* * *

WIDOW IS LONELY

"Dear Anne Hirst: Since my husband died three years ago, I have come to this city from the middle west to be near my married son. I hasten to say that we all get along wonderfully. But I, personally, am so lonesome! I am NOT out to marry again; I just want companionship of my own age.

"I've heard that in some towns there are nice clubs where older people meet each other. Is there one here that you can recommend?

MRS. F. R."

Your problem is a common one. No matter how interested in her children a widow is, she misses the friendship of those of her generation.

In many cities I know clubs exist to encourage older people to meet each other. Most of them are well managed, and a boon to middle-aged men and women. I am not, however, familiar with any in your town.

I suggest you call up the editor of your newspaper. If he does not know of one, he can find out if any exist, and I know he'll be happy to do so.

* * *

If a delicate situation confronts you, ask Anne Hirst's opinion. Her understanding of family relations makes her peculiarly successful in guiding her readers. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT—Angus, a mixed-breed dog, belonging to the Rod Van Avery family, got the shock of its life when this rat jumped off the piano right in front of his nose. The rat is one of five that the family is taking care of during midyear school examinations.

IT'S ONLY PLAYTIME — Polly the parrot and Pluto the kitten have a nightly cut-up. The seven-month-old kitten climbs atop the parrot's cage and slaps at Polly, while Polly gets into the fun with a few gentle nips at the offending kitten.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

This is the first day for a week without an early morning subzero temperature. Yes, it has been cold — but we were afraid to wish for a change in the weather in case it might be for the worse! You never know, we might get a storm from the east and be snowed in — and then what? Even though the highway is cleared, there is still one's own lane to contend with.

What with one thing and another, last week was quite a week. While it was so intensely cold, Partner developed an acute attack of neuritis. One day we had to get someone in to help at the barn with the chores, especially as a young heifer chose that day to have her first calf. However, mother and son came through all right and Partner has more or less returned to normal.

Saturday Bob and Joy were here for supper. Bob looked over all the 60 cycle motors and was satisfied they were all in good running order. It comes in handy sometimes having a mechanically-minded person in the family. He also brought along some kind of stuff for my car that acts as a cleaner and conditioner for the motor.

On Sunday, Dec. Arthur and Dave arrived for a short visit. Dave made good use of his legs, exploring every nook and corner and going about a mile a minute. He just loves the dogs and the dogs are equally delighted to have him around. But we couldn't make a fuss of him at all, as he was far too busy to want to be bothered with his grandparents. The pump handle in the kitchen was a great attraction. He also thought it a good idea to squeeze his way into inaccessible places—behind the chesterfield and under the coffee table and chairs. We brought out his Christmas present, kiddie-car, but he is still a little too small for it. So, not being able to ride it properly Dave decided it was more fun to carry it around. This he did until he got tangled up in the pedals and fell over it a few times. As the weather was still very cold yesterday, they started for home before dark. Just a short visit but long enough for us to keep track of our grandson's development.

Well, now — that always helps! Mitchie-White has just jumped up on my desk and sprawled himself across the top of it regardless of typewriter, pentrays, notepads and a few other odds and ends. His plaintive me-ow is an indication he is prepared to be petted or played with, whichever I prefer, just so long as he get some attention. Sorry, Mitchie, I'm afraid the attention you get will be a removal to the kitchen.

Mrs. R . . . Illinois — thank you so much for your nice letter and kind words. Hope you enjoyed the books. Another I am sure you would like is "Love is Eternal" by Irving Stone. It concerns the family life of Abraham Lincoln and is both entertaining and informative. Reading it, one can be thankful that civil wars are no longer a threat.

At the present time everyone is feeling uneasy about the Formosa situation. All democratic nations are anxious for a world at peace. We get very weary of continual conflict, which, it would seem, should be avoidable among civilized people. And yet there is hardly a period in history without its record of war, either on land or at sea. War between nations is bad enough but, as I said before, we can be thankful civil war is a thing of the past, insofar as English-speaking nations are concerned. Civil wars ceased as people came to have a better understanding of the problems affecting both sides. Maybe global war will likewise cease when international problems are more clearly understood. And contributing towards this better understanding is the Women's Institute of Canada. That one really appreciates in reading through that excellent little magazine "For Home and Country" especially in regard to International Day programmes. Many branches report addresses by New Canadians at their meetings.

I do hope every W.I. member takes time to read "Home and Country" from cover to cover. It is packed full of worthwhile information. "Here and There With the Institutes" is a challenge in itself. You scan it hastily at first, seeking the name of your own branch. If it isn't there you ask yourself why. "Could it be that our Branch was not considered worthy of mention? If not, why not — and what can we do about it?"

Incidentally I wonder how many W. I. members appreciate the tremendous amount of work and expense of "Home and Country." Do you know that 40,000 copies of each issue are sentout and that the publication cost of even one issue is approximately $3,000? And yet, for a nominal subscription sent in by each branch, every member of the W. I. is entitled to a copy of "Home and Country" free of charge. The least we can do is give it the careful reading it deserves, don't you think?

Hundred-Million Treasure Hunt

For years men have searched, and are still searching, for the fabulous gold mine that lies hidden in the barren, rattlesnake-infested Superstition Mountains of Arizona. The "Lost Dutchman" it is called. Its existence is certain. Yet since 1895 everyone who has set out to find it has met with a violent end.

The outer reaches of the Superstition Mountains resemble the walls of a mediaeval fortress, says Sims Ely in his enthralling book, "The Lost Dutchman Mine". Towering over the desert, they enclose hundreds of square miles of tortured land that was once the haunt of the predatory Apache, a country of soft pudding stone, gashed and carved into fantastic shapes, criss-crossed by yawning chasms.

Bare of vegetation, almost waterless in summer, it's a place where shadows lengthen eerily at sundown, where compass directions are undependable, where a man can easily become lost or a prey to ambush.

Such a man was Adolph Ruth, who ventured there alone in June of 1931, never to return. With his dismembered skeleton were found notebook jottings, including Julius Caesar's celebrated quotation: "Veni, vidi, vici" (I came, I saw, I conquered). Was it a triumphant cry that he had discovered the location of the mine? It's a question—like the question of his murder—that may never be answered, the author says.

The first American white man to see gold from the "Dutchman" was almost certainly Dr. Abraham D. Thorne, who was forced to play a sort of "blind man's buff" for it when he was led there, blindfolded and on horseback, by Apache braves back in 1865. He had doctored the families of the Apaches, curing their children of eye trouble, and as a reward they took him to a place where there was "gold on the ground."

There was, too. When the Apaches removed his blindfold Thorne found himself in a canyon with a pile of almost pure gold at his feet. A sackful was thrown across his saddle and he was led away—blindfolded. He never was able to find his way back.

Two men who undoubtedly did know the whereabouts of the mine were Jacob Waltz and Jacob Weiser, who were taken there in 1871 by its owner, Miguel Peralta, after they had saved his life in a Mexican gambling fight. The mine had been in his family since 1748, when Ferdinand VI of Spain had bestowed 3,750 miles of what is now Arizona on his grandfather for services to the Crown, plus the resounding title of Baron of the Colorados.

In the late 1860's a Mr. James A. Reavis caused a tremendous stir by laying claim to the Peralta lands, the mine worth some 100 million dollars. But when his evidence—ancient Spanish documents—were scrutinized by legal experts they discovered that, held up to the light, they bore a modern watermark. As for Mr. Reavis, he turned out to be the ex-conductor of a St. Louis horse-bus.

Their share in gold of that first visit to the Dutchman was worth $30,000 to Waltz and Weiser. And, back in Mexico, Peralta told them that if they made the money over to him the mine was theirs to work. Naturally, they jumped at it.

"The ore was so rich you just wouldn't believe it," Waltz said later. "The nuggets of gold simply fell out when you crushed the rock with hammers." He described the mine as "a large pit shaped like a funnel with the large end up."

But on their second visit to the "Dutchman" deadly disaster dogged them. As they approached they saw two men hammering there, brown-skinned, stripped to the waist. Apaches, they decided — and shot them dead. Then saw to their horror that the men were two of Peralta's peons . . . but worse followed.

They had recovered sufficiently from the shock of their cold-blooded murder to start digging gold out of the mine, when their mule ruined their flour supply, eating some of it, trampling on the rest. Waltz decided to ride off to the nearest mill and get some—a four-day journey. He was held up through no fault of his own. And when he got back—a day late—he found to his terror that the Apaches had been. The camp was a shambles. All that remained of his partner was his shirt—hanging on a tree.

"Because I took the fifth day I caused the death of my partner, just as sure as shootin'," Waltz said later. "Leastways I've always felt that way. I caused the death of my best friend and I've never forgiven myself."

It weighed so heavily on his conscience that he lost all interest in the mine. And when he died, twenty years later, the last claim to ownership of the Lost Dutchman—and the secret of its whereabouts—died with him.

Many have tried to find it since . . . and have met violent deaths. The last serious attempt was in 1947, when James Cravey was flown into the Superstitions by helicopter. His beheaded skeleton was found some months later. To the reader's inevitable question—Why, even with modern resources, is the Dutchman so difficult to locate?—Sims Ely provides a convincing answer. To do so he goes back to the year 1912 when an ageing Indian, known as Apache Jack, revealed how, many years earlier, when he was only a boy, a number of Mexicans were working the mine. The Apaches always stayed near the Mexican camp because of the food that was handed out to them . . . until one of the gold-crazy Mexicans molested an Apache woman and a terrible running fight lasting three days ensued. Eventually most of the Mexicans were wiped out.

And it was then that, having seen how gold can inflame white men's minds, the Apaches decided to obliterate all surface signs of the mine so that it could never be found.

The squaws worked "all one winter," Apache Jack said, showing "into the hole" everything movable, then smoothing the whole surface over until it looked like the surrounding country.

Sims Ely's book is a true, exciting adventure story that conveys to the reader not only his own conviction that the Dutchman Mine exists, but also that one day it will yield up its fabulous wealth and secrets.

THE END—You won't be seeing Mamie Van Doren posing with her mouth open in the future. In response to reports that she's another Marilyn Monroe, Mamie says: "I'm keeping my mouth shut in cheesecake photos until they quit saying such things."

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THE Calvert SPORTS COLUMN
by Elmer Ferguson

(This is the first of two parts on Canada's popular sport of curling.)

Part I:
HOW CURLING CAME TO CANADA

If you asked the average sports fan: "What is Canada's most popular winter sport?", he undoubtedly would reply: "Hockey." On the basis of participant activity, he would be completely wrong.

Probably 50,000 boys in Canada play hockey in some form or another. But 200,000 men, women and children are curling addicts. It is questionable, indeed, whether any other participant sport in North America attracts so many ardent followers.

It is well over a century ago that the Royal Montreal Curling Club began to issue franchises to members transferred to different parts of Canada. The ancient club was then acting as headquarters of the Royal Caledonia in Canada. Since then other provinces have set up their own curling headquarters although Montreal, the eastern part of Ontario and Quebec generally are still part and parcel of the Scottish organization, which took the "Royal" title in 1842 when Queen Victoria visited Scotland, and attended a curling contest.

Many clubs in Canada can boast of having achieved the ripe old age of 100 years, or more. A popular tradition is that members of a Scottish regiment stationed at Quebec introduced the game to Canada, using cannon balls cut in half to spin along the ice surfaces.

Factually, it is known that the Montreal Curling Club was founded in 1807, and records indicate that the first intercity curling match was played in 1835, between teams representing Montreal and Quebec City.

In proverbially Scottish eastern Nova Scotia, particularly in Pictou county, curling came into being more than a century ago. Scots who settled at Albion Mines soon after 1827 were first to play the game in that country, and minutes of the Bluenose Club in New Glasgow date back to 1853.

The Hamilton Thistle Club is 101 years old. Before this club was founded, there was some scattered curling in the district. As far back as 1838, Hamilton curlers were at a loss how to get stones. A woodworker in nearby Fergus made a set of "stones" from curly maple, and these were used for years.

Next week: Part II—Curling's Modern Growth

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-&c
by A SIXBIT CRITIC

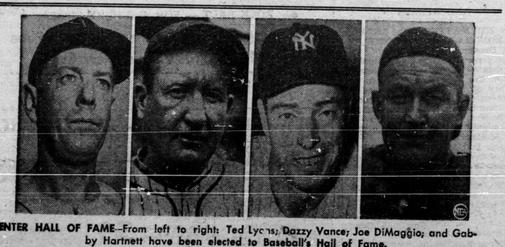
For the past year or so sports columns have been full of tales concerning record-breaking feats. You could hardly pick up a paper without seeing headlines proclaiming that somebody had set a new mark for running, jumping, tossing the ball or some such. And yet until we looked in the columns—of all places!—of the Christian Science Monitor—we are unaware of what was possibly the most unusual feat of all.

Figure it this way. The number of those who have dreamed about breaking four minutes for the mile would run into the thousands—and the same for the two-miles, weight-lifting and so forth. But literally millions of indoor athletes have visioned themselves scoring a "possible" in snooker pool—a break of 147. And yet, until just recently, not a single one of them had made it. The man who accomplished it was Joe Davis. And Mr. Davis has this satisfaction. Some day, somewhere, somebody will undoubtedly break Roger Bannister's one-mile record. The same goes for all the others. But—unless they change the rules of the game—nobody, nowhere, can ever hope to do better than tie Joe Davis' proud mark. Fancy that, Armand!

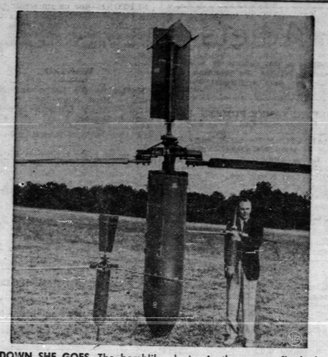
And now, for the low-down on what it is all about, we turn you over to Sydney Skilton.

Comedian-faced Joe Davis whose cue artistry has delighted Britain's billiards and snooker's pools fans for upwards of 30 years, treated us to his broadest grin when he became the first man in the world to make a maximum 147 break.

That smile radiated pride of accomplishment because more than 575 times the green baize maestro from Chesterfield has exceeded the century break and twice has he reached 146. The smile also radiated all the warming characteristics of a man whose charm and modesty and ability and achievement have placed him among the nation's greatest sports entertainers of all time. For 20 years he reigned undefeated as world champion at snooker. Then he resigned to "give the youngsters a chance" but he still kept on for the joy it gave him. And the joy it gave others.



ENTER HALL OF FAME—From left to right: Ted Lyons; Dazzy Vance; Joe DiMaggio; and Gabby Hartnett have been elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame.



DOWN SHE GOES—The bomblike device in the center, flanked by two scale-sized models, is a supply parachute with helicopter blades. The device provides pin-point dropping of supplies into confined areas with greater accuracy than parachutes. The blades unfold from the sides as the unit is dropped from the bomb rack of an airplane, lowering the device at a slow speed. Material to be dropped is loaded in the nose, which sticks into the ground on impact.

sus, dominating it like Bobby Jones did golf and Paavo Nurmi did athletics. You can gauge his superiority from his collection of 575 century breaks. No other player, professional or amateur, has yet made 100 hundreds. His world championship reign, followed since by an almost non-stop run of victories against challengers on a handicap basis, is a further example of his supremacy.

* * *

Joe's snooker pre-eminence follows a sound grounding at billiards, the 3-ball precision game which the 22-ball bright and breezy snooker ousted from the tables. Back in his boyhood Joe was a member of the local church institute at Chesterfield. It boasted a billiards table and every spare minute young Joe had was devoted to the study on it of ball control. He was never satisfied with less than six hours practice a day and when Davis senior was convinced that junior was really set on billiards a cue was purchased at a second-hand store. That cue became Joe's prized possession and it is what he used the other day for the 147 break.

* * *

After becoming English national junior professional champion Joe at the age of 20 years came to London and challenged for the senior title. He received a severe chastening from the reigning champion, Tom Newman, and went home for more practice. Four years later Joe was back again and so marked was the improvement that Newman was nearly toppled. The year after that, in 1928, the name of Davis was inscribed as champion. It remained there until displaced by the Australian, Walter Lindrum, in 1933.

* * *

Meantime snooker's pool, a game said to have been invented by British subalterns in India, suddenly began to find favor after being scorned by the staid-like Victorian and Edwardian English The cathedral-like atmosphere prevailing for billiards play was not a bit necessary with snooker and the younger players fell for it. Professionals, Davis and Lindrum among them, sensing the swing, tried snooker as a fillip at the end of sessions. The variety and entertainment the pros were able to introduce in contrast to the exactness and, too often, dullness of billiards was an instant success.

* * *

Another reason for snooker's popularity is its simplicity. There are 22 balls to play around with and, consequently, many more alternatives than billiards. Snooker is largely a matter of potting balls into pockets and controlling the ball with which to do it. To the billiards purist snooker is a sacrilege but to Joe it has become merely another method of displaying his cue and ball control. And how superbly he does it!

Numerous times I have watched him do the impossible. His trick shots never cease to amaze and he can make a ball rest on a postage stamp after traveling six times round the table and sometimes off of it. He makes it all look so simple, especially that favorite of his when he measures up with his eye, poises his cue on the ball, turns to engage in conversation and "pots" the ball while looking away. Always it's a winner. And so was his 147!

SPRING "THONG" — For young bucks to admire on those cool, sunny spring days is this warm, yet light, beige wool coat with buckskin-strap closing and collar edging. It's being shown in Paris, France.

Jackie Robinson Looks Things Over

In spite of the opposition still voiced by a minority group on the appearance of the Negro in professional baseball, Jackie Robinson is convinced that players of his race are in the game to stay.

"The fans have made it so," declared Robinson, in Boston as part of a nationwide tour for the National Conference of Christians and Jews. "They have accepted the Negro and permanently established him in baseball. They want him, so he will stay."

Jackie's job of pioneering the arrival of the Negro in the big leagues is one of the greatest stories of all time and is told, at least in part, by himself in three installments of Look Magazine.

When asked to pick out one or two men most influential in helping establish him as a major leaguer, Robinson replied: "Peewee Reese helped me the most on the field. He was wonderful. I remember the very first day I started at second base, eight years ago. I think it was right here in Boston, against the old Braves. Players were giving Peewee a pretty rough riding from the bench and he knew what it was all about. He, a southerner, playing beside a Negro. But Peewee stopped it quickly by walking over, putting his hand on my shoulder and saying something in my ear. That's just one example. There were many others."

Jackie is a stanch supporter of the Little League program for kids. "It's being criticized because of the affect it has on the kids who lose," he said. "But there's nothing wrong with teaching a kid the winning habit. It's the American way. I hope they don't disband the Little Leagues. If there are problems, there must be solutions.

"The Little Leagues are great for the pro game, too," he went on. "It's a program engaged in by the entire family and that's a fine thing. Eventually, mother, dad, and the kids pay their way in the pro parks."

Speaking of the pros, how did the Brooklyn Dodger veteran see the 1955 National League race?

"Well, we've got a well balanced league," he replied. "I think the Dodgers are going to win, naturally, in spite of a few question marks. I don't think the Giants will win the big games as often as they did in '54. Milwaukee will be tough. So will the Cardinals and Cincinnati, if they get some pitching to go with their power. Pittsburgh figures to be much improved. There just aren't any breathers in our league like there are in the American.

"Losing Roy Campanella last year hurt us, but so did your Podres, who was seven and two on the mound before forced out by an injury," Jackie continued. "We didn't have that good left-hander that's needed against certain clubs. I think young Spooner is going to help us. He throws a fast ball at lot like Robin Roberts. It's always moving. You think it's going to be a strike, but it's a ball.

"I'd like to see Cleveland win again in the American League, but I don't think they can. I think you may see the Yankees back in there. Chicago could be trouble if it gets pitching. Ralph Kiner may help Cleveland more than people think, however. I haven't seen it written anywhere, but he was slowed by injuries all last season."

What about Jackie Robinson in '55?

"Well," he said, smiling, "I had only about two weeks last season when I wasn't slowed by injuries. The rest of the time it was rough. If I had another year like that, '55 would be my last. When I quit playing, I'll step out of baseball. I have a job lined up, but can't talk about it now. I have a nice home, wonderful family and a lot of good friends. Baseball has been very good to me."

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