

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: When my wife died two years ago, her parents took our two youngsters to live with them. I have since fallen in love with a fine girl, and I want to marry her in a few months. My wife's parents have met her twice, and while they don't prominence a dislike for her they do object to the idea of my marrying. Unfortunately, they are trying to influence my children, too. Would you advise my taking them to live with us immediately?"

"Or must I give up this lovely girl and try to find someone who might be acceptable to my first wife's people?"

WORRIED AND LONELY

"Don't be hurt because these older people oppose your marrying again. That frequently happens, and it is no reflection on the girl you have chosen: they would resent anyone taking their daughter's place. Also, perhaps they are reluctant to give up the children. The welfare of your children is your first concern. Your fiancé will do all she can to win them and when that happens the grandparents will, I expect, come to accept her, too. Why not delay marriage until the girl can get to know the children? Take them to visit her on week-ends and spend afternoons together."

"What do you think about it?"

ROY

"From your long letter (which I had to edit) I feel that once this girl is free, you two can enjoy a wonderful friendship which can lead to marriage when you are both ready for it. I urge you to remember that while she is bringing suit against her husband she must conduct herself discreetly. You should not show her such frequent attention; she must not be seen often with any one man, so don't embarrass her by urging more dates. She seems to know her way about, and I think you can safely leave the initiative to her. Be just a good friend. That is your role now. The better you play it, the better your chances with her when she is free."

"From teenagers to grandparents, folks of every age send their problems to Anne Hirst. She understands the situations which confront each generation, and her sympathy and guidance are at your service. Write to her at Box 1, 123 Eighth St., New Toronto, Ont."

CANADA FOURTH IN BETTER CLOTHING

Among the nine better producing countries of the world Canada ranked fourth in domestic disappearance in 1953 with a per capita figure of 21 pounds.

SAVING SALES

I stayed overnight at Bourne-mouth with my sister-in-law. As longer stay was not possible as she was going to Norway the following morning. Bourne-mouth is a fashionable seaside summer resort on the South coast. It is very beautiful but you can't go in or out of it without climbing terrific hills. The residential district covers a wide area—of hills, of course. We went on a sight-seeing bus to nearby Bournemouth and the driver went for at least one and a half miles in low gear through a residential area with several hairpin turns on steep hills. Certainly Bourne-mouth is a beautiful place but I wouldn't live here for anything other than the hills!

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"when possible, so they will associate her with the good times you all enjoy. Have you considered settling in another part of town when you marry? Then the four of you will not be under such close surveillance. You will see that the children visit their grandparents frequently, and include your wife. As they see the youngsters happy in their new life they will more fairly credit your wife with her efforts. It usually works out that way, and I hope it will for you. It is not always possible to please the entire family, but any marriage, particularly a second one."

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am very much in love with a young woman who expects to get a divorce soon. I see her several times a week and call her daily. Her family are fine people and I feel they approve of our marriage. I would like that to be soon, but as yet I am in no position to take on the financial responsibility. There seems no doubt she will get her divorce without difficulty, though she still worries about it. She sees her girl friends regularly, and I always call to take her home. If we had to part, it would be the end of everything for me! I do everything to keep her mind at ease, yet sometimes I fail. "What do you think about it?"

ROY

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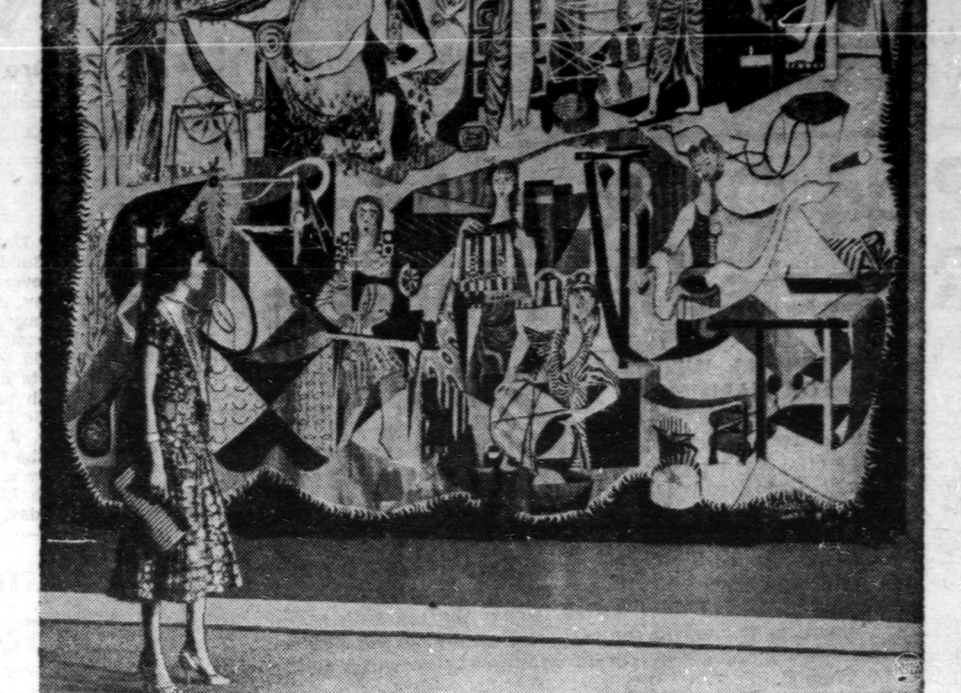
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BELGIAN WEAWE—This huge tapestry, a woven copy of a painting by Belgian Painter Exulid, was part of the 700 textile industry's display at the second International Textile Exhibition in Brussels. Some 700 entries representing 18 countries were shown.



Chronicles of a Ginger Farm by Gwendoline P. Clarke

From The South of England

Now I am really seeing England! Not the England of big cities and busy traffic but England with its white cliffs, irregular rugged shoreline washed by the incoming tide. England with its hills and downs and ancient little villages with narrow winding country roads.

I travelled by motor-coach from London to Bournemouth and the drive was unbelievably beautiful. Very few straight line fences, instead miles and miles of hedgerows, very often a solid mass of rhododendrons, of a most beautiful shade of mauve. The parks and in the grounds of large estates the rhododendrons are cultivated and the colours are then more varied—red, old rose and different shades of mauve. Russell lupins are everywhere and the roses are in full bloom.

In the fields there is plenty of Queen Anne's lace, mustard, and to my delight, occasionally a patch of red poppies. But of course, not a bit of chicory! Birds... I am too late for cuckoos and nightingales and there are plenty of singing blackbirds and magpies.

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Wrote His Will On Postage Stamp

A will written on a postage stamp has been filed for probate in a Chicago court. The testator, a man named [Name], died in a Chicago hospital. His will, which was written on a postage stamp, was found in his pocket after his death.

A North Country man actually wrote his will on a postage stamp. The man, who was [Name], died in a Chicago hospital. His will, which was written on a postage stamp, was found in his pocket after his death.

While skating on a frozen lake, a man named [Name] fell through the ice. He was rescued by a group of people who were skating nearby. The man was taken to a hospital, where he died.

After all, there never has been more than one Rube Waddell or Ossie Schreckengost at a time. (It was Waddell whose contract provided, at his roommate's insistence, that he must not eat crackers in bed, and it was Schreckengost, the roommate, who once nailed a steak to the hotel dining room wall in eloquent criticism of the delicacy.)

Over the years, the zanies and characters have come along in single file, and they're still coming. Before the 1955 season is done, there'll be tales told about some worthy inheritor of the cap and bells worn successively by Waddell, Bugs Raymond, Van Lingle Mungo, Dizzy Dean, Bobo Newman and, if you like, Yogi Berra, writer Red Smith in "Home and Highway."

Perhaps the most imaginative raconteur of them all was Harry Steinfield, infielder with the old Reds and Cubs, though that claim may be disputed by anybody who has had a dish of tea recently with Al Schacht or Lefty Gomez.

Steinfeld told admirably of a second baseman in the Texas League who was spiked making the putout on an attempted steal. He limped about for a moment, rumpled play. He handled every fielding chance faultlessly, made a home run, double and two singles in four times at bat.

He and Steinfield started off the field together after the game. "Wait a minute," said the second baseman. "Feels like there's something in my shoe." He sat down, removed the shoe, and shook out two toes.

There was the spring when Clark Griffith took his Washington team to camp in Charlottesville, Virginia, and made each player deposit all his money in the hotel safe on arrival. This was to protect them against temptation.

Confident that none of his heroes was able to buy his way into trouble, Griffith was preparing for tranquil rest one evening when, musing at his window, he saw two men tottering out of the hotel under a weighty burden. He recognized Eddie Ainsmith, his catcher, and a playmate, totting the safe away in a quest of a cracksmen.

There was also, in fairly recent times, a four-eyed pitcher named Walter (Boom-Boom) Beck whose earnestness was not always matched by his effectiveness on the mound. He was working for Brooklyn in Philadelphia's Baker Bowl, a tiny house, when he pitched a six-inning game. His face, right field fence resounded resoundingly when batsmen like Chuck Klein or Lefty O'Doul flogged line drives against it.

Hack Wilson, playing right field for the Dodgers, had devoted the previous evening to pursuits of his own taste, and was hung over like a portiere. He grasped and heaved his catcher, who was chasing down hits that ricocheted off the wall. Max Carey, the Brooklyn manager, made several visits to the mound to suggest that Beck relinquish his place to a relief pitcher, but each time Boom-Boom begged for and was granted another chance.

Bang! went the line drives. Boom! And Wilson—huffed and puffed and panted in pursuit. Again Carey called time, and Beck took a breather, feet wide, hands on knees head hanging low as he sucked in deep breaths. Firmly his right arm was through. In furious protest, the pitcher flung the ball away, toward right field.

Hack heard it slam the tin wall behind him. He lifted his head, wheeled in panic, scooped up the ball on first bounce and fired to second base—the best throw he had made all day.

We still have the Beck and Wilsons, Steinfields and Waddells—but it requires a little time to appreciate them. It was only last fall, for example, that some of the newspapermen covering the World Series heard from Branch Rickey, Jr., what it's like to be the employer of one of these baseball whacks.

A newspaperman had been recounting how Branch Rickey, Sr., who could give William Jennings Bryan twenty pounds and outdo him in persuasive eloquence, had been talked to the edge of despair in a wage discussion with a rookie named Dizzy Dean. Young Branch chuckled.

"I wonder if that was the same day a little thing happened at home," he said. "Why, I was still a young fellow. Dad came home for dinner one night and he wasn't like himself. He was always a handy man with a knife and fork, you know, but this night he just picked at his food and he kept muttering over his plate."

"I heard him say, 'But I'm an intelligent man.' " "What did you say, dad?" But he kept talking to him self. I know I am," he said. "That's what worried me," said self.

"Listen," I said, "what's going on, anyhow?" The old man slammed his palm down on the table and all the dishes jumped. "But he said, 'I spend five hours talking to a Dizzy Dean!'"

OUCH!—Waldo Cortes doesn't even clinch his fists as a Volkswagen auto runs over his pillow-covered head in Wiesbaden, Germany. Of course, a Volkswagen is not the biggest car around, but would you like to try the trick?

Baseball's Most Known

The late Uncle Wilbert Robinson, who died in a Chicago hospital, was a famous baseball player. He was known for his leadership and his ability to motivate his team.

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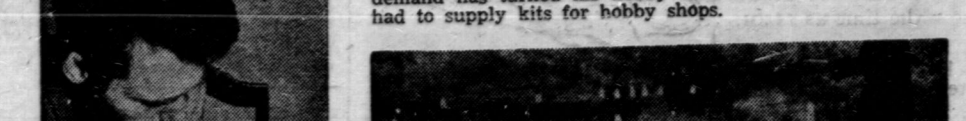
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He Gets a Bang Out of Life—

It began when Harold H. Hard first saw an ancient cannon in a West Coast museum. The instrument engineer decided then and there to make a miniature of it from metal. He did, and ever since has been building shooting and selling what he calls the "world's smallest real cannon." Public demand has turned his hobby into a business. He's even had to supply kits for hobby shops.



Harold H. Hard checks the scale of one of his tiny cannons. His working miniature range from 1/8 inch to 1/16 inch. He has even had to supply kits for hobby shops.

The "little big shots" can be fired just like a real cannon. Powder, paper wad and ball are rammed into the muzzle. The charge is touched off with a smouldering punk. They have amazed artillerists with their accuracy. One-inch balls-eye at 200 yards are commonplace. Two of Hard's cannons are being fired at targets in above photo.

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