

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst I am torn two ways—between love for my present husband and a roster future for my little girl who wants to live with her father. After I divorced him, I was restless and lonely until I met this man I married. I love him dearly, he is so good and kind and loyal. But he has no ambition! He does not mind the three of us living in a furnished two-room apartment surrounded by most undesirable neighbors; this makes things difficult for my little girl. Also, these two are both jealous, each wanting my whole love and attention. I sympathize with the girl, she seems so neglected in important ways.

"Her own father is ambitious, a good provider, really a fine and gentle man. I just never really cared for him. My daughter visits him regularly and loves him dearly.

"Last fall we both visited him. I haven't been happy since. He can give her all the things which are rightfully hers. I feel so

selfish staying here with the husband I love so much, while she begs me to go back to her father. We could return to him any time, his place is always open, but to close my present door behind me seems like giving up the life of my life.

"Must I give up the man I love for the sake of my little girl's happiness? Or watch her grow up here—and perhaps come to hate me later? I'm afraid I haven't the intelligence to do what is right. I shall appreciate your help.

WONDERING

* Doing what you think is right does not necessarily depend upon intelligence. Moral courage is the quality one needs, and to make this painful decision will take all you have. If you acknowledge it is the right thing to do, however, you will find the strength.

* You all suffer under the strain of your husband's and daughter's jealousy. If this feeling could be overcome, your little girl might acquiesce to staying where she is, with regular visits to her father; as she grows older, it can readily happen. The present situation which causes you such distress will, I am afraid, deepen as the days pass. Shall you and your husband give up your personal happiness for her sake? If you do, what will your future be?

* You do not actively dislike your child's father; living with him could be agreeable and rewarding, for you both are devoted to your little girl.

* Knowing she has the material advantages which mean a great deal, and the devotion of her father, would console you somewhat for the sacrifice you make.

* It is a problem for a present-day Solomon.

ONE WIFE'S WAY: The wife who signed herself "Desperate" has my sympathy. I, too, lived with a jealous husband for nearly a year before I learned how to handle him. Arguments, tears, nothing helped. Until finally I tried not talking at all, some time for two or three days.

"I believe men are more impressed by such treatment than any other. At least it worked for me.

COLLEGE WIFE:

* Few attitudes baffle a bewildered man like complete silence. He cannot bear to be ignored, and he finds no satisfaction in tirades addressed to deaf ears. He talks himself out, and then if he is smart he starts thinking.

* I am sure "Desperate" will appreciate the hint.

If Anne Hirst has no solution for your situation, she will stress the advantages of either decision and so simplify your problem in your own mind. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist fashions out of the chaos of the world in the torment of his soul.

—W. Somerset Maugham.

IRON CURTAIN RAISES UPON REDS' SPRING FASHION SHOW



Fashions pictured above are being modeled in Moscow this spring for those with enough rubles to pay for them. At left, traditional Russian folk pattern is motif for blouse of two-tone silk summer ensemble. At right, two-piece suit features ocelot trim and lining for the jacket, which has a wide fur collar. Matching skirt and turtleneck jersey complete the outfit. Style information and pictures are from an official Soviet source.



Snatched Friend From Tiger's Jaws

Some folk spend their lives saving others—men like Jacques Fosse, a staid business man of Beaulieu. He taught himself to swim and made his first sea rescue at the age of ten, and from that moment he seemed to be on the spot whenever anyone in France was in danger of drowning.

At twenty he saved two circus performers and their bear. While doing military service he saved five artillerymen and two horses that fell overboard during a terrible flood on the Mediterranean coast he worked for eight days and nights without sleep and, unaided, saved 880 drowning persons.

During his life he saved altogether 882 people from drowning. Yet he would allow none to praise him. He looked upon it as just a job of work well done—the way so many other unaided heroes do.

Twenty years ago Sam Brook was driving his rail saving engine near Mirfield, York, when a steam pipe burst, spraying him with scalding water. He staggered back over the footplate. He could have jumped clear of the train, but his first thought was for the passengers in his care.

So he dashed back into the blistering spray, applied the brakes and saved their lives, burning himself severely. When asked how he forced himself to do so, he replied simply, "It was my job."

Every year folk win medals for gallantry given by bodies like the Royal Humane Society and the Carnegie Hero Fund. In wartime their deeds would command glowing headlines, but in times of peace they are usually dismissed in a few lines in an insignificant paragraph.

In June, 1936, the executioner's Tashmoo was making her return journey down the Hudson when she hit an obstruction that sliced a gaping hole in her side. The water poured in.

"We must take to the boats," said the engineer.

"Boats?" spluttered the captain. "We haven't enough. There'll be a mad scramble and most of my 1,400 passengers will drown in the panic. Send every man below to patch up the hole 'and pump like the devil'!"

The passengers dived on the moonlit deck and the hand played on as if nothing had happened. The fish had been caught with a hook, but had obviously slipped through the door and floor. It was still alive, when found.

Outside his store he has installed a slot machine—an "automatic marriage maker."

A romantic girl inserts two marks, presses a button, lifts up a flap and finds a description of a young man who is looking for a wife. It gives the colour of his eyes, his height and other facts about him. But if it doesn't give his name and address.

If the girl is interested, she gets this from the grocer who also arranges when and where the couple shall meet and what colour hat or flower the girl shall wear in order that the man can recognize her.

At first the local frauleins were shy about taking advantage of this novel aid to matrimony. But when the news got round that several girls had found husbands through it they overcame their shyness and business is booming.

A young man can also meet a potential wife by putting two marks in another slot, so the grocery store is developing into a successful marriage agency. If the grocer thinks a couple would not suit each other he declines to arrange a meeting and no romance results.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing up from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

—Bacon.

Eventually, sinking lower and lower, the vessel drew alongside the dock and every passenger went safely ashore. Only then did the crew emerge, half dead with fatigue, and the Tashmoo settled gently on the bottom.

Another hero was a tiny Negro lad named Plato, who lived in the Deep South of the U.S.A. When a child fell down an eighty-foot well, he volunteered to go down after the infant. With a rope tied to his waist he climbed down the jagged crevice, badly cutting himself on the way.

He made the rescue, but his clothes were in tatters and his body was covered in blood. Sharp pieces of rock nearly put out his eyes.

He was recommended to the Carnegie Hero Fund who sent a commission to investigate his case. They told him he would get a medal. He grinned broadly and shook his head.

"All 'is wants," he said, "is a pair of shoes." Needless to say he got them—and a lot more besides.

The acts of many heroes go unrewarded. Jim Corbett, famous big-game hunter of the U.S.A., tells the story of two Indians who ventured into the jungle to gather wood.

A tiger leapt suddenly on one and carried him off. His unarmed friend pursued the snarling tiger and dragged his friend away—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We have at least one great 1500 metre prospect, R. Ferguson. We have some fine boxers and wrestlers, excellent swimmers, both boys and girls. Just what we have in Canada we'll never know until a better degree of competition is developed.

Our hockey supremacy is no longer a matter to be taken for granted. There is ample material, but a high degree of selectivity must be exercised here. For other events, track, field, swimming, gymnastics and the like, we believe that a series of Olympic preparatory tests and meets, with government financing in part, could develop a few athletes worthy to carry Canada's colours and compete with the best.

Your comments and suggestions for this column will be welcomed by Elmer Ferguson, c/o Calvert House, 41 Yonge St., Toronto.

Calvert Sports Column by Elmer Ferguson

The Olympic Games of 1956 are already giving cause for worry throughout the world democracies, raised by the threat of Russia's governmental mass development and subsidization of athletes. And we urge this is the time, in Canada as elsewhere, for action.

The British Empire, the United States among the free countries of the world in which sport flourishes as a natural, and not a forced growth, and all others in the same happy category, should be deeply concerned. Surely the democracies, Canada included, must send every qualified athlete to have a chance to match Russia.

We will never, of course, beat Russian propaganda in the Pravda. There is no official team score in the Olympic Games, and Russia can score as she pleases. Last time she was kind enough to give the United States a tie with computation known only to Russia, a system widely at variance from that unofficially and informally accepted in other nations—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We, in Canada, need money to send athletes, but first we need athletes to send. Time is short. Men not already in training will need to start an intelligent workout program and campaign immediately to have any chance of being worth anything in Olympic competition.

If we don't get it together now, we'll have few, if any, athletes ready in 1956. And those not well prepared to compete in November which is normally out of season in our lands.

This is something the Amateur Athletic Union should take up immediately, in a practical way, with practical men at the head of the organization, men not interested in petty sports politics, but men interested in development of our athletes through the medium of competition. This is the only way—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We have at least one great 1500 metre prospect, R. Ferguson. We have some fine boxers and wrestlers, excellent swimmers, both boys and girls. Just what we have in Canada we'll never know until a better degree of competition is developed.

A proud pioneering public school and Army club, the Wanderers won the trophy the first two occasions it was played for in 1912. Later, through 1916-7 they won it three times in a row and handed it back as a perpetual challenge trophy never to be won outright. Seventeen years later, however, it was won outright—by a light fingered gentleman who abstracted it from a Birmingham shop window where Aston Villa had it on exhibition. Aston Villa was fined and a new cup was donated to take its place.

This new trophy, an exact replica of the old one and costing only \$75 instead of the \$600 gold one advocated by a number of Football Association officials remained until 1910 when Newcastle became its last winner. In that year the F.A. withdrew No. 2 from competition and presented it to Lord Kinnaird in recognition of his 21 years valuable service as a player and administrator.

The third silver trophy, after the style of an antique urn, weighing 175 ounces and standing 19 inches high exclusive of plinth, also has a most magnificent history for Newcastle. No other club has held it more times and no club has accomplished the feat of Newcastle managed by consecutive wins in 1951 and 1952.

Manchester Favorite

Yes, Newcastle has a proud and honorable cup tradition. But despite it Manchester City is favorite to carry the glittering prize away from the hands of Queen Elizabeth on May 7. One of the main reasons for this fickle state of affairs is that Manchester is a much more consistent and incisive combination. The Lancashire club's record in league play this 1954-55 season has been far superior to Newcastle's and its cup play much more impressive.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Twice mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

—Byron.

England's Great Cup Final

After all the excitement and sensations of the seven earlier rounds, the sustained struggles of replays and extra replays, it is to be Newcastle United and Manchester City for the English Football Association Challenge Cup final at Wembley Stadium on May 7.

This is definitely "the" day in each English season. The appeal of it is felt in all parts of the world as soccer fans of 78 nations turn their attention to the country which gave them the game they all like, and play so well in England itself the enthusiasm for the great day is so tremendous that tickets could be sold 10 times over, even at enhanced prices. These tickets, however, never go up for sale to the general public. And only a small percentage of the supporters of the actual finalists who are allocated 15,000 each ever stand any chance of securing one of these precious pieces of pasteboard entitling them to a standing place at Wembley's 100,000 capacity stadium.

This year Newcastle will be making history as the first club ever to make 10 appearances in the final. At the moment it shares with West Bromwich Albion the record of nine Aston Villa stands next with eight and then come Blackburn Rovers and Wolverhampton Wanderers at seven apiece. Rival Manchester City is making its fifth appearance in the final, but its first in 21 years.

Having been to Wembley twice before in the past five years Newcastle is something of a regular customer, especially as both sides have ended with the trophy.

Matchmaking By Slot Machine

Thanks to the enterprise of a local grocer, many young women living in Lubek, Germany, now have a novel method of meeting the men who may be their future husbands.

Outside his store he has installed a slot machine—an "automatic marriage maker."

A romantic girl inserts two marks, presses a button, lifts up a flap and finds a description of a young man who is looking for a wife. It gives the colour of his eyes, his height and other facts about him. But if it doesn't give his name and address.

If the girl is interested, she gets this from the grocer who also arranges when and where the couple shall meet and what colour hat or flower the girl shall wear in order that the man can recognize her.

At first the local frauleins were shy about taking advantage of this novel aid to matrimony. But when the news got round that several girls had found husbands through it they overcame their shyness and business is booming.

A young man can also meet a potential wife by putting two marks in another slot, so the grocery store is developing into a successful marriage agency. If the grocer thinks a couple would not suit each other he declines to arrange a meeting and no romance results.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing up from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

—Bacon.

Eventually, sinking lower and lower, the vessel drew alongside the dock and every passenger went safely ashore. Only then did the crew emerge, half dead with fatigue, and the Tashmoo settled gently on the bottom.

Another hero was a tiny Negro lad named Plato, who lived in the Deep South of the U.S.A. When a child fell down an eighty-foot well, he volunteered to go down after the infant. With a rope tied to his waist he climbed down the jagged crevice, badly cutting himself on the way.

He made the rescue, but his clothes were in tatters and his body was covered in blood. Sharp pieces of rock nearly put out his eyes.

He was recommended to the Carnegie Hero Fund who sent a commission to investigate his case. They told him he would get a medal. He grinned broadly and shook his head.

"All 'is wants," he said, "is a pair of shoes." Needless to say he got them—and a lot more besides.

Calvert Sports Column by Elmer Ferguson

The Olympic Games of 1956 are already giving cause for worry throughout the world democracies, raised by the threat of Russia's governmental mass development and subsidization of athletes. And we urge this is the time, in Canada as elsewhere, for action.

The British Empire, the United States among the free countries of the world in which sport flourishes as a natural, and not a forced growth, and all others in the same happy category, should be deeply concerned. Surely the democracies, Canada included, must send every qualified athlete to have a chance to match Russia.

We will never, of course, beat Russian propaganda in the Pravda. There is no official team score in the Olympic Games, and Russia can score as she pleases. Last time she was kind enough to give the United States a tie with computation known only to Russia, a system widely at variance from that unofficially and informally accepted in other nations—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We, in Canada, need money to send athletes, but first we need athletes to send. Time is short. Men not already in training will need to start an intelligent workout program and campaign immediately to have any chance of being worth anything in Olympic competition.

If we don't get it together now, we'll have few, if any, athletes ready in 1956. And those not well prepared to compete in November which is normally out of season in our lands.

This is something the Amateur Athletic Union should take up immediately, in a practical way, with practical men at the head of the organization, men not interested in petty sports politics, but men interested in development of our athletes through the medium of competition. This is the only way—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We have at least one great 1500 metre prospect, R. Ferguson. We have some fine boxers and wrestlers, excellent swimmers, both boys and girls. Just what we have in Canada we'll never know until a better degree of competition is developed.

A proud pioneering public school and Army club, the Wanderers won the trophy the first two occasions it was played for in 1912. Later, through 1916-7 they won it three times in a row and handed it back as a perpetual challenge trophy never to be won outright. Seventeen years later, however, it was won outright—by a light fingered gentleman who abstracted it from a Birmingham shop window where Aston Villa had it on exhibition. Aston Villa was fined and a new cup was donated to take its place.

This new trophy, an exact replica of the old one and costing only \$75 instead of the \$600 gold one advocated by a number of Football Association officials remained until 1910 when Newcastle became its last winner. In that year the F.A. withdrew No. 2 from competition and presented it to Lord Kinnaird in recognition of his 21 years valuable service as a player and administrator.

The third silver trophy, after the style of an antique urn, weighing 175 ounces and standing 19 inches high exclusive of plinth, also has a most magnificent history for Newcastle. No other club has held it more times and no club has accomplished the feat of Newcastle managed by consecutive wins in 1951 and 1952.

Manchester Favorite

Yes, Newcastle has a proud and honorable cup tradition. But despite it Manchester City is favorite to carry the glittering prize away from the hands of Queen Elizabeth on May 7. One of the main reasons for this fickle state of affairs is that Manchester is a much more consistent and incisive combination. The Lancashire club's record in league play this 1954-55 season has been far superior to Newcastle's and its cup play much more impressive.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Twice mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

—Byron.

England's Great Cup Final

After all the excitement and sensations of the seven earlier rounds, the sustained struggles of replays and extra replays, it is to be Newcastle United and Manchester City for the English Football Association Challenge Cup final at Wembley Stadium on May 7.

This is definitely "the" day in each English season. The appeal of it is felt in all parts of the world as soccer fans of 78 nations turn their attention to the country which gave them the game they all like, and play so well in England itself the enthusiasm for the great day is so tremendous that tickets could be sold 10 times over, even at enhanced prices. These tickets, however, never go up for sale to the general public. And only a small percentage of the supporters of the actual finalists who are allocated 15,000 each ever stand any chance of securing one of these precious pieces of pasteboard entitling them to a standing place at Wembley's 100,000 capacity stadium.

This year Newcastle will be making history as the first club ever to make 10 appearances in the final. At the moment it shares with West Bromwich Albion the record of nine Aston Villa stands next with eight and then come Blackburn Rovers and Wolverhampton Wanderers at seven apiece. Rival Manchester City is making its fifth appearance in the final, but its first in 21 years.

Having been to Wembley twice before in the past five years Newcastle is something of a regular customer, especially as both sides have ended with the trophy.

Matchmaking By Slot Machine

Thanks to the enterprise of a local grocer, many young women living in Lubek, Germany, now have a novel method of meeting the men who may be their future husbands.

Outside his store he has installed a slot machine—an "automatic marriage maker."

A romantic girl inserts two marks, presses a button, lifts up a flap and finds a description of a young man who is looking for a wife. It gives the colour of his eyes, his height and other facts about him. But if it doesn't give his name and address.

If the girl is interested, she gets this from the grocer who also arranges when and where the couple shall meet and what colour hat or flower the girl shall wear in order that the man can recognize her.

At first the local frauleins were shy about taking advantage of this novel aid to matrimony. But when the news got round that several girls had found husbands through it they overcame their shyness and business is booming.

A young man can also meet a potential wife by putting two marks in another slot, so the grocery store is developing into a successful marriage agency. If the grocer thinks a couple would not suit each other he declines to arrange a meeting and no romance results.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing up from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

—Bacon.

Eventually, sinking lower and lower, the vessel drew alongside the dock and every passenger went safely ashore. Only then did the crew emerge, half dead with fatigue, and the Tashmoo settled gently on the bottom.

Another hero was a tiny Negro lad named Plato, who lived in the Deep South of the U.S.A. When a child fell down an eighty-foot well, he volunteered to go down after the infant. With a rope tied to his waist he climbed down the jagged crevice, badly cutting himself on the way.

He made the rescue, but his clothes were in tatters and his body was covered in blood. Sharp pieces of rock nearly put out his eyes.

He was recommended to the Carnegie Hero Fund who sent a commission to investigate his case. They told him he would get a medal. He grinned broadly and shook his head.

"All 'is wants," he said, "is a pair of shoes." Needless to say he got them—and a lot more besides.

Calvert Sports Column by Elmer Ferguson

The Olympic Games of 1956 are already giving cause for worry throughout the world democracies, raised by the threat of Russia's governmental mass development and subsidization of athletes. And we urge this is the time, in Canada as elsewhere, for action.

The British Empire, the United States among the free countries of the world in which sport flourishes as a natural, and not a forced growth, and all others in the same happy category, should be deeply concerned. Surely the democracies, Canada included, must send every qualified athlete to have a chance to match Russia.

We will never, of course, beat Russian propaganda in the Pravda. There is no official team score in the Olympic Games, and Russia can score as she pleases. Last time she was kind enough to give the United States a tie with computation known only to Russia, a system widely at variance from that unofficially and informally accepted in other nations—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We, in Canada, need money to send athletes, but first we need athletes to send. Time is short. Men not already in training will need to start an intelligent workout program and campaign immediately to have any chance of being worth anything in Olympic competition.

If we don't get it together now, we'll have few, if any, athletes ready in 1956. And those not well prepared to compete in November which is normally out of season in our lands.

This is something the Amateur Athletic Union should take up immediately, in a practical way, with practical men at the head of the organization, men not interested in petty sports politics, but men interested in development of our athletes through the medium of competition. This is the only way—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We have at least one great 1500 metre prospect, R. Ferguson. We have some fine boxers and wrestlers, excellent swimmers, both boys and girls. Just what we have in Canada we'll never know until a better degree of competition is developed.

A proud pioneering public school and Army club, the Wanderers won the trophy the first two occasions it was played for in 1912. Later, through 1916-7 they won it three times in a row and handed it back as a perpetual challenge trophy never to be won outright. Seventeen years later, however, it was won outright—by a light fingered gentleman who abstracted it from a Birmingham shop window where Aston Villa had it on exhibition. Aston Villa was fined and a new cup was donated to take its place.

This new trophy, an exact replica of the old one and costing only \$75 instead of the \$600 gold one advocated by a number of Football Association officials remained until 1910 when Newcastle became its last winner. In that year the F.A. withdrew No. 2 from competition and presented it to Lord Kinnaird in recognition of his 21 years valuable service as a player and administrator.

The third silver trophy, after the style of an antique urn, weighing 175 ounces and standing 19 inches high exclusive of plinth, also has a most magnificent history for Newcastle. No other club has held it more times and no club has accomplished the feat of Newcastle managed by consecutive wins in 1951 and 1952.

Manchester Favorite

Yes, Newcastle has a proud and honorable cup tradition. But despite it Manchester City is favorite to carry the glittering prize away from the hands of Queen Elizabeth on May 7. One of the main reasons for this fickle state of affairs is that Manchester is a much more consistent and incisive combination. The Lancashire club's record in league play this 1954-55 season has been far superior to Newcastle's and its cup play much more impressive.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Twice mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

—Byron.

England's Great Cup Final

After all the excitement and sensations of the seven earlier rounds, the sustained struggles of replays and extra replays, it is to be Newcastle United and Manchester City for the English Football Association Challenge Cup final at Wembley Stadium on May 7.

This is definitely "the" day in each English season. The appeal of it is felt in all parts of the world as soccer fans of 78 nations turn their attention to the country which gave them the game they all like, and play so well in England itself the enthusiasm for the great day is so tremendous that tickets could be sold 10 times over, even at enhanced prices. These tickets, however, never go up for sale to the general public. And only a small percentage of the supporters of the actual finalists who are allocated 15,000 each ever stand any chance of securing one of these precious pieces of pasteboard entitling them to a standing place at Wembley's 100,000 capacity stadium.

This year Newcastle will be making history as the first club ever to make 10 appearances in the final. At the moment it shares with West Bromwich Albion the record of nine Aston Villa stands next with eight and then come Blackburn Rovers and Wolverhampton Wanderers at seven apiece. Rival Manchester City is making its fifth appearance in the final, but its first in 21 years.

Having been to Wembley twice before in the past five years Newcastle is something of a regular customer, especially as both sides have ended with the trophy.

Matchmaking By Slot Machine

Thanks to the enterprise of a local grocer, many young women living in Lubek, Germany, now have a novel method of meeting the men who may be their future husbands.

Outside his store he has installed a slot machine—an "automatic marriage maker."

A romantic girl inserts two marks, presses a button, lifts up a flap and finds a description of a young man who is looking for a wife. It gives the colour of his eyes, his height and other facts about him. But if it doesn't give his name and address.

If the girl is interested, she gets this from the grocer who also arranges when and where the couple shall meet and what colour hat or flower the girl shall wear in order that the man can recognize her.

At first the local frauleins were shy about taking advantage of this novel aid to matrimony. But when the news got round that several girls had found husbands through it they overcame their shyness and business is booming.

A young man can also meet a potential wife by putting two marks in another slot, so the grocery store is developing into a successful marriage agency. If the grocer thinks a couple would not suit each other he declines to arrange a meeting and no romance results.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing up from beneath; the one informed by the light of nature, the other inspired by divine revelation.

—Bacon.

Eventually, sinking lower and lower, the vessel drew alongside the dock and every passenger went safely ashore. Only then did the crew emerge, half dead with fatigue, and the Tashmoo settled gently on the bottom.

Another hero was a tiny Negro lad named Plato, who lived in the Deep South of the U.S.A. When a child fell down an eighty-foot well, he volunteered to go down after the infant. With a rope tied to his waist he climbed down the jagged crevice, badly cutting himself on the way.

He made the rescue, but his clothes were in tatters and his body was covered in blood. Sharp pieces of rock nearly put out his eyes.

He was recommended to the Carnegie Hero Fund who sent a commission to investigate his case. They told him he would get a medal. He grinned broadly and shook his head.

"All 'is wants," he said, "is a pair of shoes." Needless to say he got them—and a lot more besides.

Calvert Sports Column by Elmer Ferguson

The Olympic Games of 1956 are already giving cause for worry throughout the world democracies, raised by the threat of Russia's governmental mass development and subsidization of athletes. And we urge this is the time, in Canada as elsewhere, for action.

The British Empire, the United States among the free countries of the world in which sport flourishes as a natural, and not a forced growth, and all others in the same happy category, should be deeply concerned. Surely the democracies, Canada included, must send every qualified athlete to have a chance to match Russia.

We will never, of course, beat Russian propaganda in the Pravda. There is no official team score in the Olympic Games, and Russia can score as she pleases. Last time she was kind enough to give the United States a tie with computation known only to Russia, a system widely at variance from that unofficially and informally accepted in other nations—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We, in Canada, need money to send athletes, but first we need athletes to send. Time is short. Men not already in training will need to start an intelligent workout program and campaign immediately to have any chance of being worth anything in Olympic competition.

If we don't get it together now, we'll have few, if any, athletes ready in 1956. And those not well prepared to compete in November which is normally out of season in our lands.

This is something the Amateur Athletic Union should take up immediately, in a practical way, with practical men at the head of the organization, men not interested in petty sports politics, but men interested in development of our athletes through the medium of competition. This is the only way—competition based on efficient modern scientific training methods.

We have at least one great 1500 metre prospect, R. Ferguson. We have some fine boxers and wrestlers, excellent swimmers, both boys and girls. Just what we have