

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: This winter I plan to marry a young man I've been engaged to for nearly a year, but as the time approaches I am realizing how different our concepts of married life are. Don't misunderstand me — I don't doubt his love, and we have wonderful times together. But marriage should mean more than that."

"I've known that he likes to drink too much now and then. I've also seen how close he is to his men friends, even breaking our dates to play cards with them. They are all single, and I'm wondering whether, as his wife, I'd spend more evenings waiting for him to come home. That isn't my idea of being married."

"I want a home with him, not without him. I love children, and I want mine to have a father they grow up with. He and I have had few evenings to discuss things that matter — planning our house, talking about his business affairs, and the intimate give-and-take of two people who expect to spend the rest of their lives together. Most evenings we've been at parties or shows, always on the go (his choice, not mine), and without that communion of spirit on which a sound marriage should be built. We don't even go to church together. . . . In other words, I see how little we

have in common, and I am uneasy."

"He declares if I don't marry him he doesn't want anybody else. . . . Is there anything I can do to arouse his love for a real home life? Do you think I can find it with him?"

"FRICTION"

"DANGER SIGNS"

It is not necessary that a man and his girl have everything in common, but to marry one whose pattern of living is so opposed to your own is to start a battle of temperament that could well lead to disaster. Your picture of marriage is sharing a home with your husband, raising a family, and making that home the centre of your life and theirs.

There must be love, of course, but love alone cannot guarantee a good life for either of you. If your fiancé expects to continue finding his pleasure mingling with his men friends, you two would be in conflict from the start.

What you want is contentment within your own walls, a sense of well-being, a sense of spiritual companionship, a sense of well-being, a sense of spiritual companionship, a sense of well-being, a sense of spiritual companionship.

Can it be that you two differ so widely that you haven't a physical love? Gather up your courage and find out whether he intends to be a part-time husband whose home is a place to eat and sleep, or if he is willing to give up play- ing at life and follow the de- sign of mature couples who find their reward in a rich family relationship for them- selves and their children.

"SHE MISSES HIM"

"Dear Anne Hirst: I'm afraid I've lost my boy friend. Some- how he got the idea I wanted to get steady, he didn't, so we parted. I see him often, though. He doesn't avoid me, but I miss him so!"

I'd be thankful if you could tell me how I can find out if he still likes me, and how to get him back. I know he doesn't go out much with any other girl. There are two other boys that want to date me. Shall I accept their offer?"

"LONESOME"

Girls your age have lots of fun and are more popular if they don't give the impression they want to monopolize all a boy's time. Boys in their teens aren't ready to settle down and they resent possessiveness, so the girl who seems too eager puts them on the spot. Keep in mind that it is his place to suggest going steady, and you'll save yourself — and your beau — a lot of misunderstanding.

This boy may grow inter- ested again when he sees you are smart and do that. If he should call you, have a convenient engagement time, and hereafter let him realize he is just one of several friends. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll not have him take you out again.

"Marriage is not for adolescents where happiness consists of good times. It is for grownups ready to settle down and share the richest experience life holds for any of us. Anne Hirst will give you her opinion on your problem if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont."

New "Needle Art"



737
by Laura Wheeler

"Paint" a colorful picture with needle and wool — fascinating hobby! Simplest stitches form this lovely scene of woodland life.

Pattern 737: Transfer of picture 15 x 19 1/2 inches; color chart and directions. Very easy to do, using wool or six-strand cotton. Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for pattern to LAURA WHEELER, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Our gift to you — two wonderful patterns for yourself, your home — printed in our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft book for 1966: Dozens of other new designs to order — crochet, knitting, embroidery, iron-ons, novelties. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW with gift patterns printed in it!



CRAZY GOLF—IT'S COOL, MAN! A white putting green calls for an orange golf ball. At an Arctic ice pack north of Point Barrow, Alaska, the "ball" is a real orange. Chief Warrant Officer William C. Crews lines up an on-ice shot, right, as caddy John W. Ledger looks on. The sailors are with the Navy icebreaker Atka, participating in the resupply of the distant, Eury Warming radar network, which stretches across the top of North America.



BAWLING AND BOREDOM AT BABY SHOWS—Baby shows engender the oddest reactions from these tykes, above. Left, one-year-old James Bonfield starts to cry after winning the smile contest. Coming to the aid of the chagrin grin king are Joseph Whalen, 11 months, and Donna Dupont, 17 months. Right, this toddler saw little of a baby show in London, England, and cared less. At least the adults were attentive.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

I am very happy to say there was quite a lot of thrashing done in this district during the latter part of last week. It is not finished by a long way but at least there was a little progress. Here's hoping the weather stays fine so that all farmers can salvage what's left of their spring crop. It was also good weather for the wind-up of the C.N.E. From all accounts it was a very good show but I cannot speak from experience as this was one time we did not go—these seemed so many other things this year to take up our attention—business affairs, visitors coming and going, peaches and fixing fences. Even though we are no longer engaged in farming on a full time basis there is still plenty to do. Perhaps too, we see and do more in other ways. And it may be we are learning more about our own village. As to that how we'll do any of us know the district in which we live? I was wondering this the other day when I was looking for peaches — there wasn't a peach in town. Knowing this a friend said to me—"Why don't you get peaches from the S. . . farm — they have lovely fruit!"

That was news to me although the S. . . farm is only about six or seven miles from here and they have been growing orchard fruits for quite a number of years. So there you are, good fruit right in our own neighbourhood and I didn't know it. But I do know quite a lot of folk are still driving all the way to the Niagara fruit belt just to get a few baskets of peaches. That is only one example but enough to prove that it might be worth our while to make a few inquiries and explore the possibilities of our own district before travelling farther afield.

Of course it didn't take me long to spread the good peach news around in our own immediate family. As a result Bob and Joy came up and we went

after more peaches. But it wasn't a straight trip there and back — not with Bob driving! We climbed the "mountain" by one road and came down by another. If it could be called a road, to be it was more like a rocky winding trail through the bush. Of course the view was magnificent—the view always is from practically anywhere in the district. At the foot of the hills we found many isolated ranch-type houses built among the shelter of the trees. Very nice, especially in summer — if that is what a person likes. But in winter . . . I took one look and had visions of the farm in snow. However, it is a case of everyone to his taste. I suppose, come to think of it I visited one family last week who had found the happy medium. It was a farm house, well hidden from the road and yet only the distance of the farm lane stood between the occupants and a very busy two-lane highway, well serviced by buses running north and south.

It took me a W.I. meeting that took me to this very nice country home and it was one of the best meetings I ever attended. Good because the members were so alert to the important part of W.I. work and also to affairs pertaining to country women as a whole. This was evident by the intelligent discussion of resolutions sent in from the District area pending their pre- senting at the forthcoming Convention. The pros and cons of every resolution were considered in detail, and the discussion which arose was most enlightening. Another thing I liked . . . evidently a few minutes at studying the Institute Handbook. That is a very wonderful idea. Too many members have only a hazy idea of what lies between the covers of that most

Different!

Add sparkle to any meal or snack with delicious Bran Gems. Always, generously spread with fresh butter! Easy to make! Always . . . when you use dependable Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast for your home baking!

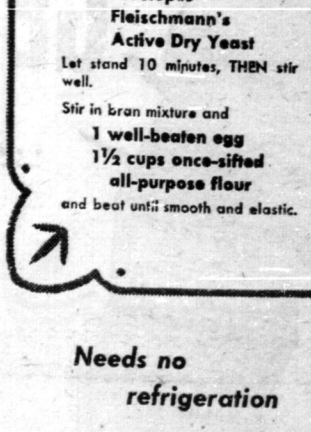
Bran Gems

1. Scald 1/2 cup milk. 1/2 cup shortening. 1/2 cup granulated sugar. 1/2 teaspoons salt. 1/2 cup bran flakes. Cool to lukewarm.

2. Measure into bowl 1/2 cup lukewarm water. 2 teaspoons granulated sugar. Sprinkle with contents of 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, then stir well.

3. Stir in bran mixture and 1 well-beaten egg. 1/2 cups once-sifted all-purpose flour and beat until smooth and elastic.

4. Punch down dough. Roll out on floured surface. Cut each roll into 8 equal pieces. Cut each piece into 3 and form into small, smooth balls. Place 2 balls in each section of greased muffin pan. Brush balls with milk and egg mixture. Cover. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 15 minutes. Yield—16 gems.



Needs no refrigeration

EVERYBODY WILL LOVE TASTY Bacon & Cheese Ring!



Fry together: Ham drain well. 1 slice c. top-side bacon. 1/2 cup finely-chopped onion. Mix in: 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour. 1/2 c. once-sifted all-purpose flour. 4 tps. Magic Baking Powder. 1/2 tsp. salt. Few grains cayenne.

Cut in flaky: 1/2 c. chilled shortening. Mix in: 3/4 c. shredded cheddar cheese. 3 tps. finely-chopped parsley. Note well in dry ingredients add: 1/2 c. milk and mix lightly with a fork, adding salt, if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead 10 seconds on floured board. Roll out to 9-16 inch rectangle.

Spread on dough, beginning at a long edge, roll up jelly-roll fashion. Bring ends together to form a ring; seal. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Cut 1-inch slices along through to centre with scissors; turn each slice partly on its side. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, 15 to 20 minutes. Yield: 1 ring.

MAGIC's steady, even rising action brings out the best in your other fine ingredients. Get lighter, more delicious baked goods... buy MAGIC Baking Powder today!



FOR THE BIRDS—That's what many Common English, seem to like of this statue. Called "Bird Making," it represents a woman examining a bird's nest and God's work of modernism in the grounds of a new apartment complex. It's viewed skeptically by Mrs. June Rosdale and son, James.

Make Her Laugh — And Win \$5,000

Had a good laugh lately? If so, you ought to be feeling pretty good about your own human comedy. Laughter's not only a tonic, but it's also a life-lengthener, according to an expert who has conducted exhaustive research into the value of laughter.

So serious is a Paris professor about this laughter business that he has been giving lessons on how to laugh. First he gets his "pupils" — mainly first business men and women — to relax. Then he plays a laughing record on a gramophone and soon every body is laughing.

If people would only exchange more jokes and have more fun in all they do, misunderstandings would vanish from the world, thinks Mr. George Lewis, chief of The National Laughter Foundation.

What is laughter? Take a deep breath and read this amusing technical description: "It's a spasmodic movement of various muscles of the body beginning with those which hold the head steady and those which draw back the mouth and then open it. It exposes the teeth, next affecting those of respiration so as to produce short, rapidly succeeding expirations accompanied by a sound. . . . So now you know a small outbreak of Ceylon, known as the Vedda, never laughs. When asked why, they reply: 'What is there to laugh at?'

A sum of \$5,000 was once offered to anybody who could make a certain woman laugh. Hundreds of people tried to win the prize, but no one could. She died with a serious case of laughing. The prize was awarded to a New York comedian who cracked — and never even smiled.

Nobody won the prize. The reason? Because she was incapable of laughter. Her facial muscles had been paralyzed ever since she was a girl.

Make Her Laugh — And Win \$5,000

important little book—until they are called on to take office. Then it is more than likely the incoming president or secretary gets in a panic and studies the book from beginning to end. But however much she studies, she cannot, in one gulp, gain the same amount of knowledge from the book that she would have done had it been taken in small doses over a period of years. Maybe the W.I. Handbook should carry an additional slogan besides "For Home and Country." Perhaps it should carry the advice—"This book to be read, marked and inwardly digested"—by easy stages."

By the way, how are all the television fans liking the new Channel 6? We are absolutely disgusted. With Channel 9 we got a marvelous reception. With Channel 6 it is painful to watch the most of the time. It is particularly annoying because CBLT has always been our favourite station. Now the poor reception is driving us to Buffalo.

I have a figured lamp I wish to place in front of a picture window. Should it be placed in the living room or the outside?

The decoration should face the living room.

Courtroom Comedy

"If you want sensation and shock, look to the Old Bailey, and if you want human comedy, look to the local courts," said a lawyer who has passed since a few years ago. "I have seen more of those words, but they are just as true today."

Especially were they true in a London court, where a magistrate asked a wife why her husband refused to answer a charge.

"Because," she explained, "the men and women — to relate to me — do here is talk, and the talk is the case of the County Magistrate who asked a novel way of paying a £5 fine for poaching. He asked the magistrate if he could pay in goods as he never had money."

The magistrate agreed; and next day the labourer delivered his coat as his fine.

One of the funniest court cases of the past few years was that of a motor cyclist who had been arrested because his motorcycle combination was too noisy and disturbed the peace. So he showed the combination the most than he asked the magistrate to let him have his motorcycle.

WORLD'S OLDEST LIVING MAN? Javier Pereira is reputedly the world's oldest man—over the tender age of 167. The wrinkled, pint-sized South American Indian from Bogota, Colombia, stands four feet four inches tall and weighs 75 pounds. He was flown from Barranquilla, Colombia, to the United States for an intensive scientific study on his condition at the Cornell Medical Center, Ithaca, N.Y. Above, Javier, who may have been born in 1789, calmly sits on ice cream cone in Miami, Fla., first stop on his trip to Cornell.

The magistrate said he had not and dismissed the charge. He said, but a minute later there came an infernal racket outside.

The magistrate yelled: "Bring me back!" But nobody moved from the court. The noise of the starting cycle was deafening that nobody could hear the magistrate's words. A few days later the magistrate had occasion to shout up a grocer appeared before him on black market charges, and asked if he might whisper to the bench on a very personal matter.

The magistrate agreed, bent forward and the grocer whispered in his ear. Then the magistrate's face crimsoned, and he yelled: "No! I don't want five pounds' worth of black market butter. Pay a hundred pounds for trying to bribe the court!"

Magistrates and judges are always willing to help those who bring before them. A Both African judge told a grocer charged with stealing that he could be tried by the judge or, if he wished, by a jury of his peers.

"Peers?" queried the Negro. "There's no justice," the judge explained. "You come. Men from your own walk of life."

"You try me, judge," the Negro blurted out. "I don't want to be tried by no thieves!"

A judge in Chicago asked a new-witted hoodlum last year why he had stolen hair a million in bonds. The hoodlum thought a moment, then, "Why, because I was hungry, judge."

A Texas motorist refused at Houston to pay her doctor's bill after her son had had measles. She tried to explain, she told the court.

"My son had measles first week in June. The doctor made him eat, watching her for another hour, and there I sat with him, shivering."

Finally, to my relief, the ice was cleared as the last session ended, and Dick went to change. As I waited for him by the door, he strolled past on the arm of her hockey player, and I had to admit that she was what certain citizens might term a lush. Dick emerged from the changing room, and we walked out into the street.

"How about that pint?" I asked.

He grunted. His mind was on other things.

"Lovely night," I said. He grunted again, and nearly walked into a lamp post.

"The moon's bright green," I said.

He didn't even bother to grunt. "Her name's Sadie," I said. He stopped dead. "How do you know?"

"He frowned 'Oat!'"

"Look," I said, "let's not get personal."

"Him, I mean," said Dick. "That muscle-bound hockey player?" He crushed an offensive mailbox with his heel. Then: "How long does it take to become an expert skater?"

He thought for a moment. "But if one spent all one's spare time, every day, practicing hockey, I don't see how it could be a waste of time. By the time you can do a figure four, even, she'll be a veteran member of the Housewives' League."

"Oh, shut up," he snarled, and I heard something about having to get home, he ran in a huff. It was the wrong one, but he was too dazed to notice. I had my



Just By Way Of Breaking The Ice

A Complete Story by JOHN JOHNS

She was definitely worth a whistle. And Dick was in mid-whistle when his legs gave out. The unequal struggle against gravity and he sat on the ice-drummer he had that glasses bounced in the fat fifty feet away.

Not that that worried him unduly. In the three weeks since he had begun to learn to skate he had accepted the fact that life's downs are more frequent than its ups. What really upset him, I could see, was her laugh as she swept by on the arm of a burly ice-hockey player.

I leaned over the rinkside barrier and pulled him to his feet. "Friends," I said, "keep your mind on your work."

He stared after her with an expression which in anyone else would indicate acute indignation, but in his case is simply wistfulness.

"A lovely girl like that with a moron like that!" he groaned. "There's no justice."

"Is that charitable?" I said. "He's probably kind to children and makes handsome contributions to the ice-hockey players' benevolent league. And anyway — some of my best friends are morons."

He ignored me. Clutching the barrier, he hobbled off the ice and sat staring hungrily as she circled the rink.

"I'm going to learn to skate," he said, "if it kills me."

"I like you better alive," I said. "Learn to skate and have a pint to reduce your blood pressure. There are as good fish off the ice as on it."

But he wouldn't move. There he sat, watching her for another hour, and there I sat with him, shivering.

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lasted just ten seconds—the time it took her to recover from the shock. Her right arm, and give Dick a slap in the face that echoed round the ice-drummer.

Five minutes later he walked rather than he limped—out of the rink for the last time.

Oddly enough, he seemed happier than he had been for weeks.

"I," he said, "have been an idiot. I can't think how on earth I fell for that bad-tempered witch."

He smiled broadly. "Come on, let's have a pint to celebrate my return to dry land."

The smile on his face, for a moment, back there on the rink, I had been afraid I hadn't pushed hard enough.

From "Till-Bits"

How Can I?

Q. How can I mend a leak in the umbrella?

A. First cut a piece of mending tissue a little larger than the hole. Then cut a piece of silk or cambric a little larger than the piece of tissue. Place tissue over the hole on under side of cover. Then place the silk or cambric over the tissue, tucking the edge under the tissue. Place a wet cloth over all and press with a hot iron.

Q. How can I make a good solution to keep on hand for removing grease spots from woolen goods?

A. Put 1 ounce of pulverized borax in 1 quart of boiling water. Bottle and keep in a convenient place for when needed.

Q. How can I prevent worn facets threads?

A. Be careful when scouring the faucets to clean away all scouring grit from the joints, or it will work into the threads and soon wear them.

Q. How can I make boys' pants wear longer?

A. When making pants for the boys, try cutting the backs of the pants double. When a wear appears, turn in the worn edges and hem down to the under goods. The two pieces will be folded alike.

Q. How can I clean the soiled edges of books?

A. Close the book tightly and erase the soiled marks with white ink eraser. Do not use this method if the books are gilt edged.

Q. How can I prevent waste when melting chocolate?

A. Much of the chocolate is wasted because it sticks to the sides and bottom of the container. This can be prevented by greasing the pan thoroughly before putting in the chocolate.

Q. How can I eliminate a ring or stain on goods that has been left after using a cleaning fluid?

A. First allow the spot to dry; then hold it over a steaming kettle until it disappears.

Q. How can I keep brown sugar soft?

A. Keep the brown sugar in an open jar in the icebox and it will remain soft. This keeps it from becoming lumpy.

Q. How can I repair the lid of a cooking vessel when the knob has come off?

A. Slip a screw through the hole in the lid, with the head on the inside of the lid, and screw a cork in the protruding end. This knob will not get hot and can be renewed when worn or soiled.

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