ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselot

I am the only child of my widwed mother, and I am 17. Four nonths ago she married again. sters and they run riot and get their own way in everything, but he has forbidden me to go out with boyfriends as I have done since I was 16. My mother let me have two dates without his permission, and when I got home he administered physical punish-ment! Now I am refusing all dates, and I haven't spoken to

"My own father and I were real pals, and when he was alive I was a high-school honor student. Now I can't take any erest in studying at all. As you can guess, I am miserable. and I can see only one answer—
"Last summer I met a nice
boy. He wants me to run away and marry him. I'm afraid I would except I am sure my stepfather would find a way to bring me back . . . I don't know which way to turn, but I know I can't stand living like this. Please guide me. YOUNG READER"

* Your mother is your natural guardian, and she should not permit her new husband to lay down the law to you. His punishing you was presumptu and you have the right to feel

* It is your mother's responsi-Wardrobe Wonder

PRINTED PATTERN call me teacher's pet. she'd only laugh. I have tried

dating boys I used to know but I always think of him, so I don't have a good time. I don't know WORRIED MARIE"

* reputation and your social * standing will depend on the good will of your fellow students and their parents. Don't risk alienating them now. If you have read this column * as long as you say, you know * I deplore any girl thinking twice about a married man. When she is as young as you, the chance of her emotions running away with her are

you. Stop it!

Toronto, Ontario.

Foster, Colonel?" asked a lady of her dinner partner.

"Then," said the Colonel, kind of person she is."

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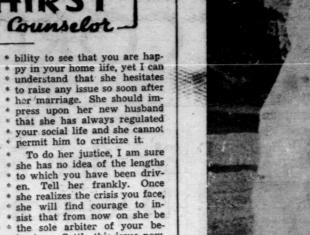
NUMBER.

Toronto, Ont.





MATCHED SET-Having a little trouble with their can-can slips Jennifer and Antoinette Penzabene have passers-by seeing spots before their eyes. A playful breeze uncovered the red and white polka dot style that each of the sisters favors.



MEMORIES OF HOME-Frances Walker of Sydney, Australia,

employe of the Australian Chancery in Washington, examines

a snow kangaroo built by her co-workers after nearly a foot

CHRONICLES

OF GINGER FARM

by Guendoline P. Clarke

birthday of the Christ-Child was

ushered in before we, as chil-

dren, became excited with the

fantasy of Santa Claus - of

"Father Christmas" - as we

And then I think of our first

Christmas on the prairie. Mail

Christmas without a word from

was delayed. The thought of

let us be warm for Christmas!"

He brought the coal and some

balloons for the baby. We hung

them from a string above her cot. It was a wonderful Christ-

mas. We forgot about the last

could not foresee the ones to

come. We were happy, warm and

Three years later came our

first Christmas in Ontario - at

Ginger Farm. It was a happy

day - two children now. But

the next day, sadness. A cable

passed away - on Christmas

Day - which was also her wed-

ding anniversary. For years after

that, for me Christmas was al-

ways a mixture of sorrow and

Another year I specially re-

member . . . the children were asleep, a stocking hanging at the

head of each bed. About ten

pitiful, heart-breaking sobs. I

rushed upstairs - "What is it,

pet . . . why are you crying?

Have you got a pain?" Between

sobs came the answer - "Santa

Claus hasn't put anything in my

stocking!" (remember - it was

who thought Santa had forgotten

her, has stockings to fill for her

own three children. And Bob

and his wife will have their first

And now that same little girl,

only ten o'clock).

o'clock I heard Dee crying -

season's crop failure and we

called him in England.

of snow struck the nation's capital.

It doesn't seem posible but

it actually is .. . time to once again wish all the readers of

this column a very Happy

Christmas. I do hope the fact of

Christmas coming in the middle

of the week will not make it

impossible for sons aud daugn-

ters living away from home to

get back for Yuletide celebra-

tions. For what would Christmas

be without a family? Greeting

cards, presents, festive fare, par-

ties and fun are just the Christ-

mas trimmings; the outward ex-

pression of a deep abiding love

that is the basis of all happy family gatherings. None of us is

perfect; we may irritate each

other upon occasion but it makes

little difference to our affec-

tions, does it? We love, and are

loved, not for any of our odd

little ways but in spite of them. Uncle Bill may be a terrific one

to argue and Cousin Emma too fussy for words, but bless their

hearts, we know they are as

loyal and kind as anyone could

be. If you have an Uncle Bill

I am sure you will agree. Christ-

out them, would it?

or a cousin Emma in your family

Christmas, most of us think,

has become altogether too com-

mercial. That, unfortunately, is

There is too much Santa Claus

and too little attention given to the Christ-child's birth. And yet,

however little we recognize it

the Christian influence is still

there. Can you imagine living

n a country where the miracle

of the Saviour's birth is no

longer recognized? It would be

wouldn't it - at any time, but

more especially at Christmas. And do you know, I always

think the farm is a grand place

o be at Christmas. The story

way, with music and song, the

of the Nativity has a special

a very pointless existence

Especially for children.

Idn't be the same with-

feeling all around. Running away from trouble * never solves anything, par-* ticularly in marriage. You perhaps do not know that in your state you cannot marry anybody without your mother's consent for another year, and * I doubt she would give that; for one thing, it would reflect * upon her.

haviour. Settle this issue now, before it breeds further bad

Besides, how dare you com-* mit your future to a young man * you hardly know? Look for-* ward to marrying someone * you love later on, when the rriage can be solemnized * with proper dignity.

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am in love with one of my teachers . He is married and has a baby, but I know he loves me. He lets me do little errands for him ,and never scolds me for low marks as he does the others. I am 15, and most of the kids "I'm afraid to tell my mother,

You are looking for touble. * For the next few years your

multiplied and she is at the mercy of the man concerned. If this one is encouraging you * to the degree you describe, he shows a shocking lack (i character; and if you allow this * to continue, you risk the friendship of your classmates, * who are really laughing at

Concentrate on your studies, if only to show all of them how mature you are. Date nice * boys you know, and get back with them and girls your age. Be one of the crowd again, since this is the quickest way * to obliterate the unfortunate impression others now have of

Teen-agers are encouraged to confide their troubles to Anne Hirst. She is on their side when she honestly can be, and has guided thousands of them through adolescent pitfalls. Write your problems to Anne Hirst, 1, 123 Eighteenth Street,

"Oh, you know," replied in Colonel, "the sort of person who calls a table-napkin a serviette." "But I always call it a servi-

blandly, "you know exactly the





where he saw her with a man.

The judge commented that the husband had "an ultra-suspicion

"People say that jealousy is the greatest symbol of love, but they are wrong. Jealousy shows a selfish spirit and shows doubt and uncertainty. Perfect love

is never petty. It rises above little doubts and relies upon trust

Jiffy-Slippers

by Laura Wheeler

Easy! Easy! Just TWO main

pattern parts to cut out, stitch

up. Make 2 pairs of pretty TV slippers in jiffy time! Use scraps

add colorful embroidery.

Pattern 762: pattern pices,

directions for small, medium,

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as its greatest asset."

husband living in a Hamburg luxury flat with his somewhat dowdy wife could hardly con-ceal his delight when she announced at tea-time. "I shan't be back tonight, Herman, so don't wait up for me. Mother's not well, so I'll stay the night with her."

She waved him goodby and within minutes he was on the phone, fixing up a drinking spree with an office pal and two attractive frauleins.

They arrived at his flat later that evening and for nearly three-quarters of an hour the four made merry-dancing, sipping wine, kissing and laughing out of a cupboard, her face red with jealous fury.

"I've overheard everything," she shouted, swiping the astounded husband with a stick after driving out the others. "I've suspected you for a long time and felt sure I'd catch you by inventing that story about visiting my mother." Most of the great lovers of

history have been very jealous, including the French author, Victor Hugo. He loved beautiful Juliette Douret so much that at one time he jealously refused to t her walk through the streets of Paris alone. When a woman gives way to jealousy, sparks usually fly.

A jealous woman once interrupted a wedding cermony by cusing the bride of "stealing" her man. She then tore off the bride's veil, ripped her wedding dress and blacked both her eyes. Jealous husbands have been known to go to elaborate lengths to spy on their wives. On his seventh wedding anniversary a man bought a cap, spectacles and moustache and started a little amateur detective work on his wife, it was revealed in a divorce case. He followed her from her place of employment to a cafe

Christmas with a baby in the house. A wonderful thrill.

And so the years go by and we measure time by what hap-pened at Christmas time, ten, or twenty years ago, which makes Christmas a cumulative occasion. Looking back we treasure the joys, while time mercifully dims the sorrows. This, I am sure, is a common experience. And so once again let me

home was hard to face. And then, on the twenty-fourth, the letters came. Partner phoned me wishes to you all and "God from the village . . . there was a money order from home -Bless us, everyone." what should he do with it? "Coal . bring home some coal -

postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly the PATTERN NUMBER, and your NAME and ADDRESS. Two FREE patterns as a gift to our readers—printed right in our latest Laura Wheeler Need-lecraft Book. Dozens of other designs you'll want to order easy fascinating handwork for finish this column with best | yourself, your home, gifts, ba zaar items. Send 25 cents for



HELPING HANDS NEEDED—These empty gloves in the cab of a New York subway car can't run the train by themselves They needed hands in them, as did the more than two hundred other empty pairs of motormen's gloves.



WHAT CAUSED IT?—A doctor, engineer and psychologist are adding their effo. 1. to the police probe of accidents like this as part of U.S. study of the highway safety picture.

Jockey's Reward— Glass Of Sherry

There was even more excite ment than usual as the big field lined up for the start of the shire. For everyone n the betting world knew that the greatest gambler of all time. Charlie Hannam, was in deep water and had chosen the big handicap as his last despairing "get - me - out - of - trouble"

He owed the ring \$180,000. And he had plunged desperately on Gordon Richards' mount, Domaha, to win him \$200,000.

As they streaked up straight, three horses forged the front, flashing past the post together. Domaha was one of them, and with no photo-finish in those days, 1938, a good many unters thought Gordon's mount had won. But the judge placed him third ;and gave the race to

Hannam was finished. He vanished from the racing world forever after a battle with the bookies that had lasted 40 years, ever since, as a humble bookmaker himself, he suddenly realized that his lightning-quick brain could make him more money backing horses.
His yearly betting turnover was more than \$10,000,000. Some-

times, for weeks on end, he would gamble \$5,000 on every race. "There's no such thing as luck in steady betting so long as a man can judge which race will give him a chance and can calculate correctly the odds against him," he said.

"Yet Hannam's gambling was not confined to racing," says Meyrick Good in "The Lure of sheyrick Good in "The Lure of the Turf", a well illustrated and fascinating book covering over 50 years of racing activity. "He loved a game of billiards and thought nothing of backing him-self for \$1,500 or \$3,000. The more at stake the better he would play. There was one one would play. There was one occasion when he lost \$50,000 on a game of darts in a Liverpool

Meyrick Good nominates the late Joe Owers, of Sutton, as the most astute gambling character he ever met. He had to borrow \$500 to get to Monte Carlo for the first time. But after that he went there year after year and never brought back less than \$30,000 with him. He, too, had a wonderful brain for figures and he soon dis-covered a secret that made him thousands. He noticed that the eroupier in Trente et Quarante always showed the last card, after cutting them, before placing it back in the pack. Owers never wagered until the turned up card had been dealt. Then he

memorized the rest of the pack and placed his bets accordingly. Unwisely, after a few drinks, he disclosed his secret to a party of Greeks who formed a syndicate and reaped a rich harvest until the Casino officials discovered the flaw. After that he cut card ceased to be shown. Once Owers was "caught" for \$500 by a man. He got his own back, however. He bet him the ame sum that he could estimate more accurately than the other the weight of a huge salnon that was laid out in their He won getting the weight right to within a pound — which

as hardly surprising since he had already got the chef to put he fish on the scales for him! Though not much good at golf, he could never resist gambling and usually losing - th ands of dollars at the game. His most freakish match was when he contracted to drink a whisky t every tee. It's reported that he reached the fourteenth green, where he had driven his ball into a banker. He went in after t - and stayed there!

"When a jockey wins the Derby he looks for a present of at least \$3,000 or ten per cent of the stakes," says Meyrick Good. W. Bullock, who won the Turf's



IMCRACK, a great race horse in 18th century Britain, was portrayed for posterity by George Stubbs. It is one of more an a dozen pictures in the Georgian show which will interest horse breeders and livestock men. The exhibition of 18th century British painting includes 86 masterpieces and is at the Art Gallery of Toronto January 11 to February 16.

well, on Signorinetta, in 1908, for the Chevalier Ginistrelli. All

he received from the grateful owner was a glass of sherry! On the subject of the Epsom classic, the author recalls how St Amant won in a raging thunderstorm, with lightning flashing over the famous Downs. The colt, owned by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, got away like a bullet and never faltered until the post was reached.

Most people thought he had won because he was scared out of his wits by the storm. But his trainer, Alfred Hayhoe, could have refuted that theory. In order that his horse would not be put off by the storm, he'd taken the precaution before the "off" of stuffing its ears with

> His greatest thrill, says Merrick Good, during a career on the Turf lasting sixty years, was when he was asked by the late Lord Derby, in 1921, to go to his private box at Ashtree and "call" the race for a distinguished guest: King George V. The experiment was such a success he was asked to repeat it three more times. When Master Robert won, in

cotton wool!

1924, the King, who had backed the winner, shook Mr. Good warmly by the hand and told him how much the race had thrilled him. 'King George liked to have an occasioal wager of five or ten pounds," he says. And he adds: "His Majesty believed in moderation in all things, especially in smoking. "Just after Master Robert had

passed the winning post, the King took out a gold cigarette case . . . I thought he was going to ask me to smoke, but instead he took a cigarette from the case and broke it in half. One half he put in his holder, the other he put back carefully into his case. And I didn't get my cigarette after all." fifty-eight Derbys, tells in his book many such lively stories

Meyrick Good, who has seen of the leading Turf personalities he has known.

1/ Date 3

TRANSPLANTED? - Strongly re-

sembling the Eiffel Tower, this

new TV station in Tokyo, Ja-

pan, shown here in artist's

sketch, will be the second high-

est structure in the world when

it is completed in December

1958. It will rise 1,982 feet,

almost 100 feet taller than the

for a nice drive. Or so the boy believed-flattered, no doubt, by the apparent friendship of these two older

But at eighteen Nat Leopold and Dick Loeb were already satiated with the good things of

thrill; the committing of a per-The smiling, happy fourteenyear-old was their chosen vic-

They stopped the car at a lonely spot, battered little Bob-by Franks' head in and thrust his body into a culvert.

Then the killers experienced a violent reaction. Not from pity or regret—but fear of the

Was this "the perfect mur-der"? Doubt seized them. They panicked. They made all the The boy's body was found. The chisel which inflicted the fatal blows was found. The perpetraced and arrested.

Court photographs taken dur-ing the early hearing of their trial show two handsome, immaculately-dressed youths seated on either side of a sad-faced sel, Clarence Darrow, the most famous barrister Both youths are grinning

The good fairy who had been so lavish with gifts at their birth had apparently omitted to give either of them any sense

of decency or justice. Chicago demanded death for both killers. The whole of the United States endorsed that demand. For a crime so heinous only the electric chair was sufficient penalty. The vast wealth of the Leopold and Loeb families was

Clarence Darrow. Both must plead guilty if he was to handle the case. The last chance was to be his plea in mitigation. Darrow defended many murderers, and made some of the greatest defence speeches in the annals of the American Bar. This was his greatest triumph, for in the face of sizzling public fury against his clients, he saved them from the electric chair. Each received instead a ninety-

nine-year sentence of imprison-

Richard Loeb is now dead.

He was murdered in prison by fellow convicts in 1936. But Nathaniel Leopold is still living. He is now fifty-two years old. To-day, the gilded youth of 1924 is a grave-faced scholar. He is short and stocky. The dark hair is receding from his brow, his eyes are black, large and luminous. But over the regular features of the oncehandsome youth there broods an expression of abiding sad-



TOUGH TO BEAT-Wilt (The Silt) Chamberlain, seven-foot Philadelphian, makes Kansas basketball fans happy by outleaping two Northwestern University players to grab off a rebound.

THE END—Grimly humorous is location of this "Dead End" sign on a street beside a cemetery. Indeed, for some it will be "the last stop".

Killer Now A Champion Scholar

mitigation at the trial, Clarence Darrow claimed that both men

would be fit for parole at fifty.

By then, he told the judge and

Nat Leopold and Dick Loeb were the sons of Chicago mil-lionaires. They had everything: vast wealth, good looks, brains, charm.

jury, both would have become, as it were, new men, no longer a danger to society, redeemed There were no follies marked up against them by the beginning of May, 1924. On the contrary, they were both undergraduates with fine scholastic records. a danger to society, redeemed by long years of punishment and the self-searching of their own hearts. records.

Has it gone like that with Nathan Leopold? Recently he applied for parole, and this is what he said: "I can look into my own heart and soul and know positively that I could and would become a useful, decent, law-abiding citizen. . . . How to prove that to others is another matter." Then one May morning a car sped through the city and out into the countryside. Smiling Nat and gay Dick were taking fourteen-year-old Bobby Franks

another matter."

It is improbable that Nathan Leopold will ever be given the opportunity to prove his worth as a free man. But he has al-ready proved his worth as a man while still serving his sen-tence in Illinois State Peniten-tiary, in Joliet. They lacked, they told one another, the final, the ultimate,

It is a record without parallel in prison history. What Nathan Leopold has achieved in thirty-three years as a prisoner it is given to few men to achieve in a long lifetime of freedom. He has made himself one of the greatest all-round scholars in the world.

He knows thoroughly no fewer than twenty-eight languages, including that ancient Greek in which, as an undergraduate be-

fore the crime, he shone above Useless knowledge in his position, you protest? Not at all.
With the sanction of the governor Leopold set up as prison schoolmaster. Among the prisoners serving long sentences for every kind of major crime

there are many clever men and some brilliant ones. Leopold offered a course first of all in ancient Greek, and rapidly his class-room filled with enthusiastic students. One idea led to another

There were other men of learn ing who also helped by teach

ing. But why courses only for men "inside"? Leopold explain ed a new idea to the governor That was in 1933, when Leopyears. The first prison-run correspondence school ever was th outcome. It succeeded from th first, led by Leopold and staffed by graduate prisoners a

Strangely enough, examina-tion results showed a higher score for prisoner students than mobilized for the defence. But for students working as free there was no defence, advised men. Soon a "pass" from Leopold's Joliet Correspondence School counted for higher educational purposes. Some universities even accepted it. You might think that enough

for one man doing a life stretch. But it is only part of the Leopold story. He worked for three and half years as a laboratory assistant when the director of the

lab, was seeking the cure for malaria. He mastered the technicalities of that work. He also offered himself for guinea-pig experiments. Shifted to the radiologica laboratory Leopold studied that science for fourteen years and

became a self-made radiologist Assigned to reorganize the prison library after a fire, this astonishing man did the job so thoroughly that he was made custodian of the books.

It is probably true to say th:

Leopold has worked out his own

redemption; that to-day, at

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world in 1924.

sire is to devote the rest of m

life to others as further expis

This amazing man recently finished his autobiography.

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"This is obviously genuine Queen Anne," said the furniture dealer. "Just look at the legs."
"What's the good of doing that?" retorted the sceptical client. "I never knew Queen Anne."

ent. "I never knew Queen Anne."

down ?"

tion for my crime."

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fifty-two, his crime has for him the aspects of horror and rev-ulsion it had for the whole Recently, a Jewish author published a novel in which this BE A HAIRDRESSER

terrible story is but thinly veil ed, under the title "Compul sion." Leopold wishes he had not done so; for, just when he Great Opportunity
Learn Hairdressing
Pleasant, dignied profession; go
wages. Thousands of successfu
Marvel Graduates.
America's Greatest System
Illustrated Catalogue Free is working to bring about his parole the now nearly-forgotten horror story is revived. "If I obtain a parole," he says, Write or Call
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358 Bloor St. W., Toronte wistfully, "I have an offer to work with a church organiza-tion in Puerto Rico. . My de-

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Of it he says: "My book describes my activities, my thoughts and my feelings about the world, the prison and my-That book should be worth

SWINE

ISSUE 1 - 1958



Wouldn't they be more useful





WARNING TO EARTHMEN - The American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators made a satellite-inspired plea for safe driving during the Christmas holidays. The Association proposed the four safety maxime, sketched above, in warning "earthmen propelling four-wheeled vehicles" that their cars have enough horsepower to "launch them on a career in the next

Canadian Correspondence Courses 1290 Bay Street, Toronto

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