# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 17, and we've been married exactly three months. I told my husband we were too young, but he said he wouldn't wait another day. Now he wants to get rid of me!

"Last week he told me to leave and grow up. (I didn't go; I'm writing you instead.) He says I talk too much and nag too much and he's tired of saying where he goes whenever he leaves the house. . . .

"He is right. I do complain and I do ask questions. But it isn't jealousy, really. It's just that I love him so much I want to be with him all the time, and all day I think about things I need to tell him about.

"If he'll only give me another chance, I could be a better wife! Suddenly I do see what he means, and I am surprised he has stood me for this long. How can I make him see that? He says I've got to go on my own, it's the only way I'll ever settle down. Anne Hirst, I've never worked in my life, I didn't even graduate from high school. . . .

"I am scared and my heart is breaking. What shall I do?

FRANTIC"

**TEEN-AGE CHALLENGE**

Your marriage is being attacked by growing pains, a natural consequence when two immature youngsters take on the manifold obligations of adults. You have been blind to all your duties except those of love, and you couldn't see that loving your husband includes an appreciation of understanding him.

When he was dating you, he listened to your chatter, but now it bores him to distraction. So he escapes — perhaps just goes out for cigarettes — but why must he tell you where he goes? If he were older, he would know that he should, if only so you wouldn't worry. But he is too annoyed to think of that.

Now you begin to see why he feels that way, and you intend to do what he asks — grow up. He owes you that chance, of course. I do not believe he meant that you go, for he knows that you cannot earn a living; he was in a temper and said the first thing he thought of.

Why don't you enter a business school? It will give you something real and practical to do, and soon you will understand your husband's impatience and be more interesting to live with. When he sees you are, he'll begin talking of his office problems and find you a sympathetic listener. Tell him, then, that you are staying where you are, and all you ask is that he be patient enough to watch you prove your serious intentions.

None of us has the right to absorb another's individuality. Each has various facets of personality to cultivate; as we do, we mature normally, develop character, and discover provocative ideas to interest those we live with. Most couples in this way avoid the boredom which saps the spirit of so many marriages.

Begin now to make your home the place where your husband prefers to spend his evenings. Invite mutual friends in, get to be part of the group you knew six months ago. Your husband will co-operate in making a well-balanced life for you both, and realize you and he are socially attuned in a pleasurable marriage.

* * *

**HE STOPS COMING**

"Dear Anne Hirst" What can I do? I'm 21, and love a fellow very much. He says he loves me and hasn't dated any other girl. Now I'm beginning to wonder. I don't hear from him as often as I did; it's been two weeks since I went out with him. If I'd only known him a couple of months, I wouldn't think much of it; but we've gone together over a year.

"If he doesn't want to continue our relationship, couldn't he have called me up and told me? Shall I write or call him and see what's what? I just can't pass this off lightly — I love him too much.

CONFIDENTIAL"

Don't write to this young man, and don't call him. No matter what he says, I'm afraid you would be just as badly confused.

He knows he has neglected you, but if you expect him to explain why, you don't know much about men. They usually lack such courage. Whether he's been escorting somebody else around, or has just grown bored, doesn't matter; what does matter is that he is not as interested as he was, and probably can't find the words to explain it politely. He takes it for granted you will get the idea.

You take it for granted he is not coming back, and try to interest yourself in other friends. Sometimes it is wise to imagine the worst and accept it; it leaves you free to keep in circulation. In a little while, if he does not reappear, your outlook will brighten and you will find life is far less complicated without this gnawing anxiety.

* * *

**Whether you are 17 or 70, you will find Anne Hirst a warm-hearted friend who will approach your problem with sympathy and understanding. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.**

## Modern Etiquette

**Q. When should a dinner guest who has finished eating place his napkin on the table?**

A. Not until the hostess has placed her napkin on the table.

**Q. Should each guest seat himself at the dinner table as soon as he arrives there?**

A. No, until the hostess seats herself, everyone should stand quietly at his place.

**Q. I often receive social letters in which the writer begins by making excuses for having been too busy to write earlier. Is this good form?**

A. It is much better taste to avoid this. If you are really embarrassed about your delay in writing, say you are sorry, then plunge into your letter.

**REIGN AS REINDEER** — When is a burro not a burro? When it's masquerading as a reindeer for a Christmas parade. These two burros pulled Santa's sleigh and later gave rides to all the kids who clustered 'round for a close-up of "real reindeer from the North Pole".

**OH, SHOE, SHOE!** — Actress Marie Windsor isn't just horsing around for a publicity picture — she really knows how to shoe a horse. And she can tune up a car like a garage mechanic. She picked up the skills when she lived on her parents' ranch.

# CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Don't you think a brand new year is the most exciting thing that ever was? Just think of it—three hundred and sixty-five unlived days—and every one of those days can be a new beginning, as it were. The old year has passed . . . gone . . . taken with it all the hope, fears, joys and disappointments that belonged to it. All we can do now is review the past twelve months; throw into the discard the trivial things; the grudge that we may have felt against this person or that; the hurt that grew and grew in our imagination, although the reason for it didn't really amount to anything anyway. Far more important things belong to our memories of the old year—world affairs, unrest among nations, our national economy, the agricultural situation, spreading inflation and our own very special family affairs. All these matters we can now regard with a detached point of view—they belong to Yesterday — what concerns us now is Today. In that regard Sir William Osler once said — "the chief worries of life arise from the foolish habit of looking before and after . . . I urge you to live with 'day-tight compartments' to ensure safety . . . shut out the yesterdays, bury them deep in the oblivion of each night. The load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, if carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past. Waste of energy, mental distress, nervous worries, dog the steps of the man who is too anxious about the future."

That was Dr. Osler's advice as it concerned his day and age. If he were alive today I think he would repeat that advice. But definitely.

Bring that same philosophy into our own everyday lives and what a difference it might make. I was speaking to a woman the other day whose doctor had advised her she must prepare for a major operation somewhere around next April. The idea is to build up her strength but, from present indications, that same person is undermining her constitution by worrying about the operation to be. Her worry is understandable but it certainly cannot do any good. Planning to meet an emergency is one thing; useless worry is something else again.

We can all cite instances of events that have happened in our past — of things we worried about that never happened. I well remember one time when our family doctor called me into his office and warned me that in all probability Partner had only six months to live. That was ten years ago and Partner is with us yet. But you can imagine the needless worry I went through until further tests proved the first diagnosis to be wrong. And last spring, if you recall, we were very concerned about Daughter before the second baby was born. But the baby arrived on schedule; Daughter got along fine and the baby was the best ever.

More recently I was in a dither about Christmas . . . who wasn't? . . . we were sure nothing would be ready. Well, you know what happened. If anything was missing nobody knew it. There may have been a chair or two that didn't get dusted — but who noticed? Everyone was well and happy; the homecomers arrived and also got back again safely—and wasn't that all that really mattered?

As for world affairs and what may happen in the Middle East and in Hugary, I couldn't hazard a guess. History is being made so rapidly that anything I might say could be sadly out of date by the time it got into print. So I'll leave it at that. You know, and I know, that we are all greatly disturbed about the dark war-clouds that are gathering so I know you will not take my lack of comment as lack of interest. That being understood I will confine my remarks to matters nearer home.

Now it is after Christmas we find more or less of a relaxed feeling in almost every home. We have time now to think and talk about all that happened during the Christmas season. And while we are putting our house in order it would really be a good idea to put some of the children's toys away in a box — reserve them as special treat for wet days and sickness. The same thing might apply to what is left of the pastries, cakes and candies. A dose of magnesia might be more welcome than a continuation of Christmas fare ! And how about answering some of those letters while the home news is fresh in our minds. (I am really hoping to take my own advice on that one — not only to answer family letters but also those received from kind readers of this column. You don't know how I appreciate those letters.)

Well, I think all that remains for me now is to wish you all a very Happy New Year. I sincerely hope that 1957 will bring happiness, good health and good fortune to each one of you. It may be a difficult year but remember, the Good Book says — "As thy day so shall thy strength be." What more can we want?

—Red Skelton

---

On TV, I saw one British movie that was so old the part of Henry VIII was played by Henry VII.

## Drive With Care

**HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN** — With bitter memories of the terror and flight from revolution-torn Hungary in the background, these young Hungarian refugees have fun in a hand-truck around the grounds of Foxlease, Lyndhurst, England. Foxlease, home of the Girl Guide movement, is used to house some of the many refugee families that sought haven in England.

## High Salaries For "Low" Jobs

Under "Help Wanted, Male," a Toronto newspaper recently carried a classified advertisement for "young men," 16 to 18 years of age, to act as "truck helpers." No particular education or skill was required. No previous experience of any kind was necessary. The job paid $40 for a 35-hour week to start, with time and one-half for overtime.

The boy who took one of these jobs would be earning, before overtime, only $29 a week less than a policeman does, only $26 a week less than a fireman does, and only $14 a week less than a public school teacher does, when they begin work in Toronto. Yet all of these others put in a considerably longer week than the truck helper would. And if the boy chose to work overtime he could—as truck helpers are doing —raise his wages by $20 or $25 a week. He could thus be making substantially more than a teacher; approximately as much as a policeman or fireman.

Under "Help Wanted, Female," there was another advertisement offering $222 a month to young girls who could type 40 words per minute (somewhat less than the average for experienced typists) and were prepared to take telegraph messages over the phone. Practically next door to it was an advertisement offering a registered nurse with operating room experience the "high salary" of $287 a month.

The truck helper's job and the telephone recorder's job are by no means exceptional examples of high wages being offered and paid for inexperienced labor. At the Ford Motor Company plant in Oakville, a mail boy, with junior matriculation or its equivalent, can earn between $50 and $60 a week to start. If he is willing to work in the plant he can earn more than that. (And not just at Ford, but at almost every major factory in and around this city.)

At Bell Telephone, operators start at something like $38 a week but, because of shift-work, they average $42.50. Railways will hire unskilled boys for about $44 to be mechanical apprentices, and will promise them increases every year.

High Schools report that after four years there (and often after only two) students take jobs which pay an average wage of between $40 and $55. For part-time work last summer, students were earning an estimated average of $47.50 a week. Furthermore, anyone who is willing to deliver telegrams in Toronto can make $5 cents an hour to start, and can put in as many days' work as he likes—this in a job which asks no other qualification these days than that the employee can walk.

It is not many years since jobs such as these were paying—and youngsters who took them were accepting—sums like $10 a week (during the depression) and $15 a week (during the first years of the war). The 1941 census reports that in June of that year, the bulk of workers in Ontario aged 14 to 19 were earning less than $450 annually, and the bulk of those aged 20 to 24 were earning less than $950. So it is safe to say that earnings of unskilled high school graduates (and non-graduates) have almost tripled in the past 15 years—years during which the average wages of all Ontario workers did little more than double.

The factors behind this extraordinary rise in prices paid for adolescent labor appear to be purely economic ones. Canada's expanding economy is today creating more new jobs, at a faster rate, than ever before. This alone would be sufficient reason for an acute shortage of manpower of every kind. But coupled with it is the declining birth rate of 16 to 20 years ago which is acting to create, now, an abnormally acute shortage of new recruits for the labor force.

At the same time that the supply of young workers is unusually small, the amount of work being assigned to their particular group is unusually large. Earlier retirement, for one thing, is tending to lower the average age of the whole working force. Pension plans, for another, are tending to make it difficult to engage anyone but the very young and the very old. These, together with the scarcity of manpower in general—and of skilled manpower in particular—are forcing the employer to cut age, skill and experience requirements for his workers, thus upgrading them into jobs which they, in the past, would have been thought unable to handle. And through it all, automation is busy making work easier and easier to do. So today the jobs which are open to young, inexperienced people are more varied and numerous than they have been in years—and more remunerative and attractive than they have been at any time.

Yet even at that, even at $40 and $50 and $60 a week, even with requirements lowered almost to the point of inefficiency, companies which hire young people in quantity report that they are continually short of them. One telegraph company says it would hire a dozen boys and girls on the spot, if it could find them. Another firm, ready to hire about 100 girls, ready to pay them about $40 a week, ready to accept them with four years' less schooling than it really wants, is unable to meet its quota.

*— by Muriel Snider in the Toronto Globe & Mail*

## Empire-Sheath!

4789 SIZES 12—20

PRINTED PATTERN

Our new PRINTED PATTERN — in the season's liveliest new silhouette! It's the Empire-Sheath— all long, slender lines; cleverly banded 'neath the bosom for the new high-waisted looked. Pure flattery for your figure!

Printed Pattern 4789: Misses' Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Directions printed on each tissue pattern part. Easy-to-use, accurate, assures perfect fit.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

ISSUE 1 — 1957

## Clowns Of The Boxing Ring

As far as Archie Moore is concerned, he had been heavyweight champion of the world ever since Rocky Marciano retired and anybody else is "just a pretender to the throne."

Plenty of fans backed up Archie's self-confidence. They had a sentimental leaning toward the pudgy-faced, shrewd-looking veteran with the bebop goatee and face-splitting smile because they felt it was about time the once-glamorous heavyweight division again had a rollicking ruler with a sense of humor.

Archie fits in with Maxie Baer, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, King Levinsky, Tony Galento, Battling Siki and other screwballs of the past. But he has more talent than they had and doesn't go in for their zany activities. Yet he has his own way, and when he's around, whether at Epsom Downs or some musty, dusty, rundown gym, you're sure to know it.

The swells at swank Epsom Downs knew it last June, for example. It was the day after Archie had belted out one Yolande Pompey at London's Harringay Arena in defense of his light-heavy crown. Archie had heard that the Derby was to be run off, so, accompanied by trainer Cheerful Norman, a huge six-four, 250 pounder, and sparmate Clint Bacon, he hied himself off to an outfitter's shop in Convent Garden, rented top hat and swallow-tail morning coat, had his mustache and goatee trimmed, and strolled through the fashionable pavilion. Up went the lorgnettes and monocles.

"A delightful day," cooed Archie as he sipped his tea regally.

Not long afterward Archie journeyed to Toronto, where he disposed of James J. Parker, the inept Canadian giant. Archie was pleased as punch to perform before an appreciative crowd which included Canada's leading socialites clad in white dinner jackets and evening gowns. Even some boxing writers wore white ties — as provided by the promoter, of course — but some matched the dinner jackets with brown shoes Archie was aghast.

"Simply not done," he commented.

The evening before, Archie, guest of honor at a reception at the plush Royal York, strolled into the banquet room clad in top hat, tails and white tie. He was as much at ease as a Duke at the Savoy.

"High style goes with fighting and showmanship," explained Archie.

The night he met Bobo Olson, Archie wowed the crowd at Yankee Stadium by stepping into the ring draped in an eye-catching white and gold robe. It was custom-tailored white flannel, imported from England, lined with gold satin, and trimmed with 10-carat gold braid. Designed by Archie, naturally.

Before his light heavyweight title bout with able Harold Johnson at Madison Square Garden, Archie strolled down Broadway to the Garden for the weigh-in ceremony wearing a black cowboy suit trimmed with white, a black sombrero and brightly polished high-heeled cowboy boots. The wisp of hair, as big as a horsefly, between his lower lip and chin, and his moustache, were carefully cropped.

These carefully calculated costumes, his amazing ability to shed weight in a hurry, his extraordary poise and glibness, as well as his master craftsmanship in the ring combine to make the ancient gladiator a colorful figure.

A natural 185 - pounder, the fortyish fighter has shed as much as -30 pounds in less than -50 days for light heavyweight title bouts, causing women the world over to ask:

"How does he do it?"

"It's a secret I learned from an aborigine in Australia," says Archie with a grin. "I'm not telling anyone about it. When I finally hang up my gloves in another ten years or so, I'll write a book about it."

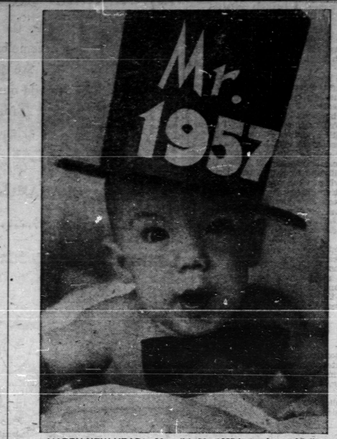
When Archie trained for his important fight with Nino Valdes, the Cuban Giant, at Las Vegas last year, he travelled around with a vacuum bottle in a leather container slung over his shoulders. Occasionally he took a swig from the bottle, making sure sports writers saw him. The bottle contained nothing but beef broth, but when visiting writers hit the camp, they fell for the hokus-pokus and asked Archie what he was drinking.

"It's a secret strength builder—a kind of goose juice—that I got from the natives while I was boxing in Argentina," replied Archie.

But despite all the flim-flam which Archie invents to draw attention to himself and build up gates, he never forgets for a moment to get in tip-toep shape for his fights—and he gets all her can out of his aging body.

It wasn't so with handsome Maxie Baer, the "Body" of the ring. The big, curly-haired Californian never fully exploited his potential, though he did win the heavyweight championship from Primo Carnera.

Maxie was strictly a clown—a fun loving character who hated to train. Maxie loved practical jokes and he loved the dolls almost as much as himself. Even when he was training for his big moment—his crack at Carnera and the heavyweight crown—Maxie couldn't change—It was at Asbury Park, N.J., in 1934, when Maxie almost drove his handlers mad. He was involved in several romances, and he did everything but cut a leg off to get out of training. He even faked a sprained wrist.




**HAPPY NEW YEAR!**—Man, this Mr. 1957 in top hat and tails folax, dapper in the jazziest yet. I mean he's like on the Hippy New Year bit. So get with it, daddio, at least halfway, and play ball with this cool cat in the '57 hat, yeah, yeah.


# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

*Condensed Annual Statement*

30th November, 1956

**ASSETS**

| | |
|---|---|
| Cash on hand and due from banks (including items in transit) | $ 585,749,787 |
| Government of Canada and provincial government securities, not exceeding market value | 715,005,707 |
| Other securities, not exceeding market value | 492,218,158 |
| Call loans, fully secured | 165,289,376 |
| Total quick assets | $1,958,263,058 |
| Other loans and discounts | 1,295,093,026 |
| Mortgages and hypothecs insured under N.H.A. (1954) | 186,200,416 |
| Bank premises | 30,690,073 |
| Liabilities of customers under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit | 93,174,380 |
| Other assets | 7,877,367 |
| | $3,571,298,320 |

**LIABILITIES**

| | |
|---|---|
| Deposits | $3,278,375,435 |
| Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit | 93,174,380 |
| Other liabilities | 13,046,872 |
| Total liabilities to the public | $3,384,596,687 |
| Capital paid up | 50,298,893 |
| Rest Account | 135,737,122 |
| Undivided profits | 665,618 |
| | $3,571,298,320 |

**STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1956, after provision for depreciation and *income taxes and after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans | | $12,467,268 |
| Dividends at the rate of $1.80 per share | $8,299,783 | |
| Extra distribution at the rate of 25¢ per share | 1,260,000 | 9,559,783 |
| | | $ 2,907,485 |
| Transferred from inner reserves after provision for income taxes exigible | | 3,000,000 |
| Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1955 | | 918,133 |
| | | $ 6,825,618 |
| Transferred to Rest Account | | 6,160,000 |
| Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1956 | | $ 665,618 |

*Total provision for income taxes $13,410,000

JAMES MUIR, Chairman and President — K. M. SEDGEWICK, General Manager



# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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ATTENTION TRAPPERS! New Instant Killing trap. The Canadian Association for Humane Trapping now sells the following instant-killing traps: Wil-Kill, size 1½, $1.50 each $15.00 dozen; size 3, $3.75 each; Sawyer, size 1½, $1.30 each, $12.00 dozen; Bigelow, size 1, $1.40 each, $14.00 dozen. Order from C.A.H.T. 23 Vesta Drive, Toronto. No C.O.D.

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WANTED — Heavy duty gasoline and/or electric welder, good condition. Write particulars to Urbaitis, P.O. Box 827 Geraldton, Ontario.

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HEAVY breed cockerel bargains Light Sussex, Light Sussex X Red, Rhode Island Red Light Sussex, Red X Rock and other popular breeds, day old $4.95, week old $5.95; 3 week old $7.95; 4 week old $8.95, assorted breeds $1.00 per hundred less. Free folder.

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FOR Sale five Aberdeen-Angus bulls eleven months to sixteen months. Kenneth Quarrie, R.R. 5, Belwood, Ont.

REGISTERED Holstein bull born Jan. 24. Seven nearest dam average 16503M, 704F. Younger bulls from V. G. dams with similar pedigrees. John Yocum, Toledo, Ont.

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CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



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Everybody gets a bit run-down now and then, tired-out, hazy-headed, and maybe bothered by backaches. Perhaps nothing seriously wrong, just a temporary toxic condition caused by excess acids and wastes. That's the time to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's stimulate the kidneys, and so help restore their normal action of removing excess acids and wastes. Then you feel better, sleep better, work better. Get Dodd's Kidney Pills now. Look for the blue box with the red band at all druggists. You can depend on Dodd's. 52



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ISSUE 1 — 1957