ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Never before have I consulted a stranger, but your column has often impressed me as wise and honest. . . We have been married nine years, and I cannot approve of the way my wife is handling our two youngsters. I was brought up to respect my parents and to believe in their kindness and justice, and today in my own home I see these virtues confused.

"My wife and I have different ideas about child-training. She overlooks offenses which I feel are fundamental, and then punishes the youngsters for what I call minor pranks. She is dictatorial by nature, and our many conferences usually end in her having her way and my swift retirement from the scene.

"How can I reconcile her decisions and make her see how unreasonable they often seem? I know I am not always right, but this continuing contention is getting me down; I know it is not fair to the children. I love them all deeply, and if you have any suggestions that would bring more frequent agreement, I would appreciate them.

"PUZZLED DAD."

LEARN TO CONCEDE

A mother's instincts and methods usually are sound. Your wife is with the children more of the time, and she knows them better than you, with all your concern, possibly can. Most mothers sense the need to approve here, to discipline there, because they understand the children's individual personalities and differing reactions. Except for week ends and vacations, what opportunities have you to study them — except for a few hours each night?

When you and your wife disagree, don't take it for granted that she is always wrong. Ask her to explain her decisions, and discuss them openly and in good humor. The situation is too vital to the children's proper development for her decisions to be repeated issues between you.

Both of you want to prepare the children to get the most out of life. They must be taught the right of others, the elements of fair play and co-operation, the need for obedience. It is vital to their emotional security that their parents agree on the pattern decided upon, so they will respect their elders' judgment, accept it as final, and not run from mother to father to gain their ends. Children are quick to recognize justice, you know, and divided opinions undermine the confidence they should have in their parents' wisdom and kindness.

If more fathers were as concerned as you are for their children's character and development, there would be fewer delinquents in our country. A closer co-operation, and mutually recognized reasonableness between you and their mother, should establish a friendlier solution to your problems.

HUSBAND BORES HER

"Dear Anne Hirst: We married nine years ago, and have a daughter of eight. After the first two years I fell out of love and I don't know why; I've never thought of another man, but my husband and I don't see life as we used to, and have many differences. He is 10 years older, and just wants to sit home all the time, while I want to enjoy life; I love people and gaiety, and I feel I am just wasting myself now. Maybe I married too young.

"I don't want a divorce, because of our little girl; she adores him and they are great friends; and I think she'll need him even more as she matures. . . . Shall I try to stick things out, or leave now?

MARIE."

I hope you will compare your marriage with less satisfactory ones, and cease regretting it. How much worse it could have been! Your husband is faithful and kind, he supports you well and seems to have no vices. If you feel you would try to be more congenial, your life together could be wonderful.

You are restless, I believe, because he doesn't take you out regularly. He may prefer his own fireside, but a man his age shouldn't be too exhausted to take you dancing, visiting friends, or enjoy other recreations with you. If only for your little girl's sake, you both should be building an active life for her to step into in another few years. If you suggest such a program with her future in mind, it is very likely your husband will co-operate fully, and find himself enjoying outside activities which can refresh you both. Forget divorce now, and start playing together for a richer life for you all.

* * *

Agreement on the children's upbringing is a MUST for all parents. It establishes harmony and trust among the family, and prevents discord all around. Anne Hirst's understanding can be valuable in this situation. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Healthy Village

Any man or woman who seriously wants to live to be a centenarian should go to live in the little village of Cologna Marina, on the Adriatic coast of Italy. Scientists who have been trying to find out why the villagers live to such ripe old age confess that they're baffled.

Is it something in the sea air that produces so many centenarians? The scientists would like to know, since they just can't find any reasonable explanation for the villagers' longevity and extraordinary vitality.

When the village's oldest inhabitant died two years ago he was 106. A number of the 500 people he left behind are centenarians or in their nineties. Illness is practically unknown there. Some of the centenarians are so spry that they get up at 5 a.m. to attend church on Sundays.

One of the villagers, Giovanni Boni, a mere "youngster" of ninety-four, reflects the youthful outlook of the community when he says:

"It's always been my ambition to fly in an aircraft. I'm saving up for this treat, and I reckon that by the time I reach my 100th birthday I'll just about have enough to pay for a long flight."

PAIR OF QUEENS—Radiant charm of two British queens sparkles as Queen Elizabeth II, right, and the Queen Mother arrive at the Royal Academy in London to attend a reception. Ermine for wraps and jeweled tiaras complement the regal setting of royal limousine.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

All last week the telephone repair men were busy stringing extra wires from pole to pole alongside the cable. Now wasn't it nice of the Bell Telephone Company to adopt our suggestions so quickly! Of course we don't know exactly what is being done—or why. We can only hope it is another step towards keeping the line in good working order. Years ago the telephone was more or less of a luxury; now it is a necessity—one reason, we depend on this one necessity to keep our luxuries in order. Or do we have luxuries any more? Have all our luxuries become necessities? I wonder. Hydro, for instance. In the populated areas of Ontario the percentage of homes without electricity must now be very small. Even with Hydro there have been many changes. At first farm folk were satisfied if all they had was electric light in the home. But eventually, with power easily available came an increase in convenience both at the house and the barn. Now in some farm homes, besides the usual gadgets and appliances, you find home freezers, automatic washers, oil-burning furnaces and even air-conditioning. (But not at Ginger Farm. I'm afraid.) At the barns, of course, there is a motor for this and a motor for that — for chopping, milking and separating. Yes, it is a far cry from the days when Hydro was first installed. Which brings us back to the telephone. The more electrical appliances we have the more chances there are of something going out of order — and the more we are likely to need the telephone. Perhaps the milking machine refuses to function; the television blacks out; the controls on the electric stove stop controlling or maybe a bad storm hits a transformer. Whatever the trouble we run to the telephone. If the line is out of order we feel completely lost. Or there may be other emergencies . . . we need a doctor in a hurry, or a vet, or the fire reel. Actually it could be a matter of life or death. So isn't it only reasonable to want — and expect — that our rural lines be maintained with maximum efficiency? Every effort is usually made to keep them that way. We know that. There is also a tremendous expansion program in progress. I am referring to the importance of the telephone only as a reason for emphasizing that efficient service is an absolute must.

Well, there hasn't been any drastic change in the weather around here for over a week. Driving conditions on the highways have been good but on the sideroads very bad. Sometimes I wonder whether it is really an advantage to live close to a main highway. It makes you forget that all roads are not equally good. And that's how city visitors driving to the country often get caught napping. Last week I had to make a call about twenty miles away. To cut down on the mileage I drove across country. It was a grim experience. Where it wasn't slippery it was slushy. At one point I met a truck going so fast that it completely splattered my windows and windshield with slush. I couldn't see a yard ahead of me. How I kept out of the ditch I'll never know as I couldn't apply the brakes. Just one more instance of how easily an accident could have happened through the carelessness of a thoughtless driver. Believe me, I didn't take any more chances on narrow cross-country roads that day. I came back by the highway.

The country, as I write, is looking dreary and bleak without a vestige of snow and so on some farms young cattle and horses are roaming the fields. They don't seem to mind it at all. I suppose they are conditioned to all kinds of weather. With the milking cows it is a different story. They are the farmers' babies. For them winter time is a lazy time — and they make the most of it. They have no worries whatsoever. All they can eat and drink is placed right in front of them. They take their fill and then contentedly chew their cud or go to sleep. They are disturbed only at milking time and when the stables are cleaned. Under these conditions cows in normal good health respond by being the most contented creatures on this earth.

Poultry, too, must surely prefer winter weather. Most birds can stand cold better than heat anyway. But, alas, hens can be killed with kindness. Left to their own devices they become fat and lazy. So young birds are encouraged to be active — to get up early and go to bed late. Older birds — if they are held over — are allowed a little more leeway to get over the moult. But if they don't rejoin the production lines in reasonable time it's the stewpot for them. Recently from one pullet we got a pound and a half of rendered fat. The fat makes excellent cakes and cookies, which, incidentally disappear in a hurry when we have all the family here. And that happened yesterday — so the cookie jar is empty again. Even Edward shares in the spoil — possibly to exercise his brand new teeth!

Reluctant Hero

Riverside promenaders saw an elderly man struggling in the swirling waters and heard his shouts for help.

They crowded round as a young man suddenly dived fully dressed into the sea and brought off a gallant rescue, amid cheers.

Everybody showered the rescuer with congratulations. A proposal that the hero should be honoured was received with acclamation.

"Oh, well, it's all right with me," said the young man when they finally allowed him to speak, "but what I'd like to know is who pushed me off the bank?"

ISSUE 2 — 1957

NEW PRINTED PATTERN
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With PRINTED directions on each pattern part — sewing just couldn't be easier! Make a dotted dress, or jumper and blouse; its lovely lines are ideal for winter-cotton, corduroy, rich velveteen!

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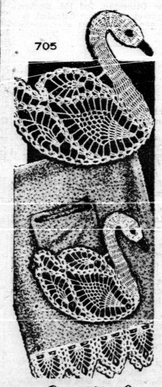
Useful--Decorative



by Laura Wheeler

This graceful swan is a pocket for facecloth—matching edging, a pretty decoration. Easy to crochet in favorite pineapple design.

Pattern 705: Crochet directions in mercerized string, for "swan" pocket 7½ inches. For pocket on smaller towels, use No. 30 cotton.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

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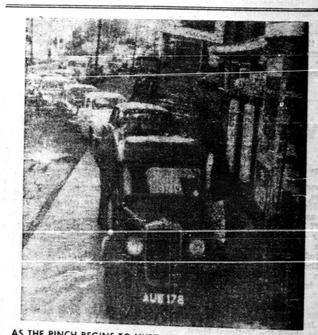
SALLY'S SALLIES

"Just think, dear, this may be our last kiss . . . in 1956."

INTO HONORABLE RETIREMENT — The veteran battleship, New Jersey, is off to join the mothball fleet for the second time. When launched Dec. 7, 1942, the 45,000-ton, three-blocks-long New Jersey and her sister ship, Iowa, were the largest warships afloat. In 18 months of World War II combat in the Pacific, she took part in nine major operations. She was first mothballed in 1948, but recalled to service in 1950 at the outset of the Korean War, in which she was damaged in combat.



AS THE PINCH BEGINS TO HURT—In England, the lineup of autos at gas stations grows larger each day, as the British government makes additional slashes in gasoline for private motorists. London garages are now serving only "regular customers."

CHRISTMAS CAME TO THE PEN, TOO — Obscuring the barred windows behind them, these Nativity scenes stand atop the Ohio State Penitentiary's administration building. They were recently completed by these inmates, who worked six weeks on the 40-foot display. It features life-sized figures and a lighted star on the prison wall in background. This is the first year the prison has had such Yule decorations.

Wedding Day In Brazil

The guitar nestled close to his chest. His hand caressed the strings that sang the things his heart could not say in words. Upward, his hand followed the straight neck of the instrument. He began to hum. Words formed in his mind and came out in song.

A finger slipped from the strings and rested against the opening of his worn shirt. He found a hole in the cloth.

"Perhaps I ought to buy another shirt before the wedding. A man should have things of his own. Not only a toiling raft with a sturdy mast, a patched sail, a basket for the fish, and a violao." He laughed good-humoredly. "Not even a bed I own! Only my boat, my guitar, and my knife. Before the wedding, perhaps I will buy another shirt and another pair of trousers. Marilia likes a man to look clean." Languidly his fingers strummed the strings of the guitar. The sound of lazy, sad minors surged above the angry rush of the waves.

"Marilia has never said a word about a man looking new and important with a cleah shirt on. Perhaps she did not want to worry me. She knew I have but one shirt, one pair of trousers." He laughed a low, intimate laugh. "Perhaps I have always seemed clean to her. The moult of the waves is better than the soap the women rub on their clothes. Still, I like the smell of things clean, and I get Marilia's kitchen is. I have never seen the table bare, as in the hut of Cravina, with the marks of Juca's fingers showing on the wood. Marilia's white cloth with lacy endings makes the kitchen a place where a prince would come to eat. When a man sits at a table that has a cloth like Marilia's, a man ought to have his fingers clean.

"She has knives and forks, too. Irving says it is because Marilia thinks herself above the others of the village, but I know it is because she likes her fingers always to be clean. Then, too, Marilia has often been at the house of Dona Vera. My woman must have gathered some of her good manners from the fine ladies of Olinda." His voice hummed slowly the melody of the strings. "Perhaps I should buy a pair of shoes, too. But only for the day of the wedding." He spread his free toes in the sand. "Never have I walked with anything tight around my feet. Nor a hat above my forehead. I like to leave the head bare, under the skies, so that I may feel the drops of rain coming from the clouds. A man does not make a sacrifice in all his ways because he is going to marry himself with a woman, even if the woman is as good as Marilia. Shoes perhaps, but a hat I will not buy. From "White Shore of Olinda," by Sylvia Leao.

Fascination Of Deep Sea Shells

I have often been asked, "What is the best time to collect shells?" There is no "best" time anywhere. Shells are to be found at all seasons in all latitudes and as some species are to be found at one season or even during a short period in one season, and are absent at other times, the collector should endeavor to hunt shells at all times. Very often some species of shell will be abundant for a day or two and then completely vanish. Neither is there any one stage to the tide which is the "best" for collecting. Some shells are to be found only at low tide, others at high tide, others at the turns of the tides.

Also, many species of shells are nocturnal and only appear very early in the morning before they have hidden away, or late in the afternoon when they begin to come forth from their hiding places.

If you are lucky enough to live within reach of the shore, or spend your summers by the sea, or go to Florida, the West Indies or California or some other warm place for the winter, you will find the "shelling" is a most fascinating occupation.

A great many shells live in the short, dense sea grass that carpets many mud flats and shelly, sandy bottoms. Here is where you will find the ark shells or blood clams, many species of periwinkles and Naticas, a number of nice bi-valve shells, and if you are collecting in a locality where they occur, Murex and Cymatium, as well as the Astraeas or star shells, the dial shells, and if you are lucky, the strange carrier shells already described.

A great many desirable species of shells rarely venture into shoal water but inhabit the sea at depths from one to hundreds of fathoms. Of course it is quite out of the question for the ordinary collector to capture these very deep-water shells, for heavy dredging equipment and a good-sized vessel are needed to accomplish this. But it is a fairly easy and not an expensive undertaking to dredge in moderate depths of from ten to twelve feet to forty or even one hundred feet, and a vast number of shells inhabit these depths both in the north and in the south.

But if you really love shells or are interested in them and are serious about making a shell collection, you will not mind the drudgery, time, and patience necessary. In fact you will come to enjoy the work, for there really is an immense amount of satisfaction in seeing the dirty, unattractive - looking shells, gathered here and there, and everywhere become transformed into lovely, colorful, clean specimens such as you see in the exhibits in museums. From "Shell Collector's Handbook," by A. Hyatt Verrill.

PIPE THIS PIPE — With a pipe fashioned from a calabash, this dreamy-eyed Baluba native enjoys a casual smoke. By rolling tobacco cigaret-fashion and pushing it into a small tube in the end of the fruit, the Belgian Congo natives transform the calabash into a highly serviceable pipe.

THREE ON AN ELEPHANT — The mahout keeps a regally bedecked pachyderm on a steady course as Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, left and Tibet's Dalai Lama, centre, find out the meaning of the phrase "elephant walk." The stroll took place around India's Presidential Palace in New Delhi.

TROUBLE-SHOOTER — Year-old Janice Brazeau has a professional air as she probes the inside of Daddy's tubeless television set with a screw driver. Even if set were working, you couldn't get a prettier picture.

Sat On Spy To Prevent Capture

Violette Bushell—English father, French mother—had been a slip of a Britton shop-girl. Early in the war she had fallen In love with Etienne Szabo, a gallant young officer of the Free French Forces in England, married him and borne him a daughter.

When he was killed at El Alamein she joined the A.T.S. to dedicate her sorrow to the service of her country, helped to man ack-ack battery on the Mersey, then, on account of her knowledge of French, was invited to enrol in the Special Operations Executive as a F. A. N. Y. officer. It was one of the most dangerous jobs a girl could undertake.

MAN TRAP — Bachelors beware! Tread ever so lightly on this snare and voom! — 13 jagged teeth spring into your leg, rendering you helpless in the face of husband-hunters. The fiendish device, being pondered over by Chris Cominel, was once used to ensnare poachers on an English estate.

Not by the wildest stretch of imagination could the slightly-built shop-girl have foreseen the role she was to play in German-held Normandy just after D-Day. Her second mission there was a parachute drop on June 7th, 1944, to join a Resistance group and help sabotage in every possible way the German defences.

With the chief of the local Maquis, "Anastasie," she had to contact groups in neighbouring sectors for a concerted plan of operations. It meant a perilous car journey over guarded roads which were being used by the Germans to rush up reserves—and there was a price on Anastasie's head.

At Salon-la-Tour they ran into an ambush. Anastasie leapt out with his Tommy-gun, Violette with her Sten, while others in the party scattered. Then followed a desperate running fight across fields which R. J. Minney describes graphically in his story of her life, "Carve Her Name with Pride."

Bullets rained on them from about thirty Germans who were soon joined by the advance guard of an S.S. Panzer division sweeping the villages to clear the road. Violette received a wound in her left arm, then was brought down by an ankle which had been injured during her training jumps. Anastasie picked her up, but she struggled to get free.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "We can't both be saved. You won't stand a chance if you're caught. Besides, you've got work to do. Go on. Get out!"

She beat his shoulders with her fists, kicked and wriggled, brought them both down into the standing corn.

Bullets were pinging all round them now. She limped off to an apple tree, an easy target. It was a miracle she wasn't killed. Standing up, she blazed away at the oncoming Germans, about 400 in all.

"Run!" she called. "Run! It's your last chance!"

As two armoured cars converged towards them he managed to reach a farmhouse and worm his way into a pile of logs. The farmer's two daughters, who knew him, came out and quickly piled more logs on top of him. Seeing a foot still exposed, one of them promptly sat down on it to hide it, a ruse which eventually enabled him to escape.

Violette, her Sten gun magazines empty, was cornered and seized. As she kicked and fought back with her fists, two German soldiers pinioned her and half-dragged her—exhausted and in great pain—to the heap of logs where Anastasie lay hidden.

"I like your spirit," the young armoured-car officer told her. "You put up a wonderful fight—right up to the end." He took a cigarette from his case, stuck it between her lips, but she spat it out. "You dirty cowards," she raged. "I don't want your cigarettes!" Then she demanded that the men let go her arms so that she could light a cigarette of her own.

As the two armoured cars turned into the village street hundreds watching from their windows saw her go by, shouting death and damnation to her captors: "Your fate is already sealed. The end is drawing near. It won't be long now. Then you swines will get your desserts in full!"

During months of captivity—at Limoges, Fresnes, Ravensbruck and elsewhere—Violette maintained her attitude of defiance. Questioned and tortured at the Gestapo H.Q. in Paris, she steadfastly refused to betray her Resistance colleagues.

At Torgau prison labour camp she planned to escape with a masterkey that a man in the precision tools section made for her, but she was searched, and the key was found. Punishment: ten strokes and solitary confinement.

At Koenigsburg, where she had to fell trees and clear the ground for a new airfield, she endured three bleak winter months of privation, and often for insubordination and contempt was beaten and denied her scant rations.

Eventually, at Ravensbruck in February, 1945, she was taken out and shot in the back of the neck with two other prisoners—Lillian Rolfe and Danielle Williams (real name Bloch) — by order of the German Secret Police. "All three were very brave and I was deeply moved," said camp commandant Schwarzhuber in a report made later under oath. She was only twenty-three, the first British woman to be awarded (posthumously) the George Cross.

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ISSUE 2 — 1957

Painful Profits

Ever heard of the Accident Racket? It's a form of fraud by which artful people fake accidents and injuries in order to claim compensation.

A Frenchman made a set of imitation horse's teeth from wood, clamped it on his arm until the flesh showed the marks of a painful "bite" and then claimed damages from a big firm of haulage contractors.

He made quite a nice living until one day he showed on his arm the marks of a perfect set of horse's teeth, but the vet. who examined the old horse accused of savaging him found that it had only half a set of uppers!

Another shady character used to make money by falling out of a moving train and then claiming damages. He was always breaking an arm or a couple of ribs. But the lucrative racket was painful, so he decided to "die" of his injuries. He "died" several times, until one of his claims was dealt with by an official who had previously worked for another insurance company and had handled an earlier death claim for the same man. As two deaths per person was more than an average risk, the official called at his address and found the "corpse" enjoying his dinner!

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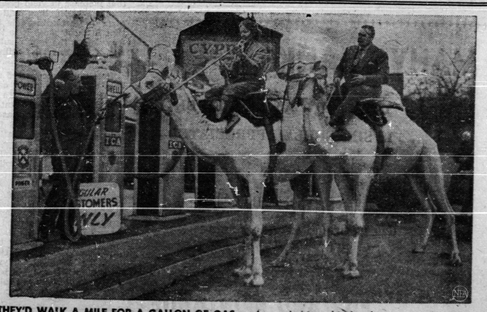
"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



THEY'D WALK A MILE FOR A GALLON OF GAS — A good thing this London gas station owner sells to "regular" customers only, because here he's confronted with a pair of very irregular non-regular ones. Somebody dreamed up this circus-camel gag to get a chuckle out of British autoists' plight.