

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne" Hirst. Nursing my mother brought on a breakdown six years ago, and when I recovered I moved to my married brother's home, where I improved. I would have stayed but his wife made it intolerable — to get rid of me, she confessed later. I wanted her to like me, so she worse she became the kinder I was. I worked part-time, paid my board, helped with the house work and the children, and did my own cooking and laundry, but I was so miserable my mother made me consult a psychiatrist, which made me more despondent.

"Now I am back just where I started, physically, emotionally and spiritually ill. My faith in everybody is falling: I see others, selfish and cruel, who are healthy and contented. I've done my best to be good and kind, and all I've got is poor health and misery and an abnormal life."

"I know you cannot have any solution but I've got to tell somebody, and I'll certainly appreciate any comment you may print."

DEPENDENT

FAITH HELPS — It is hard to believe that you, an intelligent young woman pursued by trouble and confusion, will let yourself be defeated by circumstances you cannot change. Where is your self-respect? Everything depends on your attitude. Come these super-sensitive tendencies that plague you. First, in my opinion, you need a strong sense of self-worth. First few steps ahead, and it is likely that it is all you require just now.

"I urge you to talk this over frankly with your minister. He will show you how to regain self-confidence and give you positive assurance that we are not given burdens we are too weak to carry. Regular church attendance is a firm belief in the power of prayer have brought peace to many a troubled soul and renewed their faith in themselves and all mankind. With your minister's help, it should be the same for you. He can suggest activities within the church that will lift you out of your sea of troubles and give you the importance of being a friend. You will meet some kind souls with a warm, helpful heart. Then you will forget your own difficulties and taste the joy of service and the satisfaction of feeling needed."

Cool for Summer

PRINTED PATTERN

When life and love have let you down, turn for comfort to that understanding unseen friend, Anne Hirst. Her sympathy and wisdom will throw their light on your darkened path and help guide you toward peace. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto.

One Year Of Life Spent On 'Phone

When you make a 'phone call you're REALLY moving... around 100,000 miles per second in fact, at least, that's the speed your voice is travelling. And furthermore, you're probably going to spend a whole year out of your life on that telephone... about 8,760 hours. Staggering! Not when you think how many hours it saves you. You can be an armchair shopper... call the folks miles away... chat with friends on the other side of town... reach the doctor, police, fire department... all through the magic of your telephone.

Dental bills in Canada run over 70 million dollars a year. There is only one dentist to every 3,000 Canadians. Fluoridation of communal water supplies has reduced tooth decay by as much as 69 per cent in some areas. Fluoridation has been recommended by leading authorities, but has been blocked by misinformed people.

With PRINTED directions on each pattern part — this sewing just couldn't be easier! Make a cool, smart sundress with scoop neck, wide-flaring skirt. Use the pattern again next season — for a jumper with companion blouse! Printed pattern 4500. Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 takes 4 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, faster accurate. Send FORTY CENTS (postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



HE WONT SURRENDER — Bill "Patchy" Cook, 73, comes to the door of an abandoned Army pillbox at Therford, England, to receive a gift of milk from neighbors. The old gentleman keeps the home fires burning in his unique diggings rather than give up independence for security of an old folks' home.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Locally, the big news this week is centered around centennial celebrations at Milton and at Oakville—in both of which we are slightly involved. We didn't get to the official opening of either but on Saturday we went to Milton and saw the big parade. The rest of our family was there including our three grandsons. It was really a wonderful parade with floats and antique vehicles, bands, Indians from the Brantford Reserve, war veterans, guides, scouts, fire brigade, town council, 4-H Clubs, and of course, the inevitable Beauty Queens. Usually one parade is much like another but there seemed to be something a little different about this one. It shows more imagination and ingenuity than that of. For instance, there was an old demagogue drawn by team of mules. Where they got them from I don't know for mules these days are few and far between—that is, the four-footed variety; the two-legged type are not quite so scarce. Probably the young people had never seen a mule before in their old days. It was the favorite conveyance for taking the family to church.

There was a genuine old stage coach that had already been touring various towns, cities and villages advertising the Milton centennial. Its passengers were dressed in 19th century costumes and really looked the part. There was also a covered wagon, complete with pioneer settlers and their children just as they must have appeared a hundred years ago. Possibly a few details were not quite perfect but the effect was the same. There were genuine old-type fire reels followed by others comparable to the changing years.

It took about an hour for the entire parade to pass the spot where we were standing so that is surely an indication of its size and length. There were, of course, a number of clowns and I am beginning to wonder if clowns are such a good idea. Some of our former neighbors were with us, among them a five-year-old girl, Mary, who is absolutely terrified of clowns. At one Santa Claus parade a clown came up and took her hand and she was almost petrified. This time directly she saw clowns on the road she started to scream and ran off and hid behind a car. There she stayed throughout the parade. She just wouldn't come near the road again. David wasn't too happy about the clowns either but he stood his ground. Plenty of other children I noticed were more or less scared so I am wondering if something should be done to change the situation. Couldn't they be required to stay in the middle of the road where their antics would probably amuse but not frighten the children. It is the close approach of the clowns that scares the little ones. I felt so sorry for Mary missing all the fun because of her fear of the clowns.

Queen of color — the peacock displays all its vivid beauty in this embroidery design! Many different colors, each a lovely decoration for towels, scarfs, cloths.

Pattern 622: Transfer of 9 peacocks 5 1/2" x 6 1/2" inches. Embroidery you'll be proud to show!

Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern to Laura Wheeler, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Two FREE Patterns as a gift to our readers—printed right in our NEW Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book for 1957! Dozens of other new designs you'll want to order—easy, fascinating handwork for yourself, your home. Be sure to send 25 cents for your copy of this book now — don't miss it!

Typical BALenciAGA MAGIC is a \$30,000 necklace in the drape of this flesh-pink flecked organza bodice of an evening dress. His best trick, however, is showing buyers four weeks before the press gets a look.

French High Fashion Creator Really Puts On Le Chien

PARIS.—(NEA)—Twenty years ago, 27-year-old Spaniard, Cristobal Balenciaga, put up his shingle in the swanky Avenue George V and went into the High Fashion business. Today Balenciaga is considered by most people in the business as the greatest creator of women's fashions in history.

His name has also been called the "designer's designer" for the very good reason that most of the silhouettes and trends he has launched have influenced the world of fashion.

This he has accomplished with practically no publicity. He happens not to believe in the power of the pen. He has had fashion writers would not be allowed to see his collection until four weeks after he had shown it to his buyers. People held their breath and wondered whether the man was big enough to be so independent. Balenciaga is still in business in Paris preparing for another opening.

He was born in a fishing village called Guejaria, near San Sebastian. His father was a sea captain, his mother a dressmaker. She worked for some of the ladies of the Spanish court who spent the summer in the fashionable resort.

At 10 he created his first model — a coat for his dog, complete with set-in sleeves. He learned to sew his first lesson in the "architectural" of dress when the pup ran off and the garment burst at the seams.

But both papa and mama agreed their son was a born dressmaker and at 14 they sent him to Barcelona for an apprenticeship to a fashionable tailor.

Two years later he had managed to save the third-class fare to Paris. He decided then that one day he would have a fashion house of his own in Paris. He

achieved his dream 24 years later.

From the day of its opening the Paris house flourished, one through the war years. Today he employs some 350 workers, 20 saleswomen and 6 managers. The world's best-dressed women and the most important American and European buyers have passed through his salons since the decorations have scarcely changed in 20 years.

It has been said that a woman does not go to the house of Balenciaga just to buy clothes. She is likened to a priestess who takes part in a sacred rite. And those who come to see his collection out of curiosity are soon discouraged by the indifferent, to say distant attitude of his staff.

Balenciaga creates primarily for the carriage trade, ignores current trends. Every year at least he has launched which women to insects, plants, flowers or letters of the alphabet. He is particularly fond of Dior. His aim is to clothe women bet. Balenciaga disdains the "ready-made" of the fashion world. This is probably one of the reasons why he chooses mannequins who, when not frankly ugly, are definitely inferior. They sit through the long, narrow aisle almost "at the double" and make one think of Amazons who had parked their javelins just behind the silk curtain through which they appear.

This season like every season it is anybody's guess what will do with waistlines that will do the former where it normally does for and winter. As for the matter of record, he has not shouldered but always a bit more interested in the precise woman lovely Norah Doker is worth. The world is content to have her just as she is—scarcely demonstrating how to play marbles slapping faces at Monte Carlo and always fabulously blending caviare and controversy.

"Fashion should never be static," declares Balenciaga, "it create you must be something of an architect—for proportion—color range." He is particularly interested in the precise woman lovely Norah Doker is worth. The world is content to have her just as she is—scarcely demonstrating how to play marbles slapping faces at Monte Carlo and always fabulously blending caviare and controversy.

It is common knowledge, however that her first husband left her a fortune of \$1,750,000 and that her second husband left her \$55,000. Her first husband was a musician who she despised. Her second husband was a musician who she despised. Her first husband was a musician who she despised. Her second husband was a musician who she despised.

Before we watched the parade we went up to Ginger Farm and found the house occupied by a young couple with four small children. They had moved in only the day before so of course they were only half unpacked. But, oh dear, the things that happen when a place is left unoccupied. Plants and shrubs had been lifted and taken away. And, in spite of the fact that the house had been boarded up, the motor and parts of the water pressure system had been taken away. And yet, in all the time we were living there, we could never touch or do anything to the place unlocked and nothing was ever touched or done.

We were glad to find someone in the house because they have already adopted Joe. Poor Black Joe was a problem. He was such a nervous cat we knew he would be a nervous cat in new surroundings so we left him to his old haunts but went up once a week to take him food, which, incidentally, he never seemed to want. He was fat and in good condition but we thought it would be finally be necessary to have him mercifully put to sleep before the cold weather came around again. Now we don't need a dog. The family has a cat and Joe has a family.

On Sunday we went to Oakville for the day and Bob and I took the train to see the unveiling of an addition to the Cenotaph and the ceremonial parade of seven bands, headed by the Lions Scouts with their kilts and bagpipes, with the usual following of veterans and others. That is something we really enjoy, although it means one's heart ache to see the brave showing the "vets" put on parading the "old soldier" of World War I, some of them limping and shuffling and doing their best to hide it, trying to keep step with the military music — still defended of the Commonwealth at heart, brave testimony to the fact that "old soldiers never die" — they are just getting on.

Today I take my part as grandmother on a float representing our Scotch Black Women's Institute. I feel quite qualified to take that part!

Living with her mother in a tiny flat in Bayswater, Norah thought it was to be uncomfortably poor. She took a job in a big department store, selling hats, with a sales commission of a penny in the pound.

She was told there was a "Merry Menagerie" in the neighborhood. It was a place where one could see a variety of animals. Norah was very interested in the animals and she decided to see the menagerie.

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WEDDING DAY — Cleveland Indian's pitcher Herb Score and his bride, the former Nancy McVomara, smile after their marriage. The southpaw's right eye showed no signs of the injury he received when he was hit by a line drive in a game with the Yankees.

Secret of The Fabulous Lady Decker

Lady Decker believes that a woman's first duty is to be a woman, and look as glamorous as she can afford to.

Most people find her gaity quite infectious, and she makes it very evident that she thoroughly enjoys being a Cinderella of real life.

To understand Norah Doker you have to remember that her father died when she was only sixteen, and that she and her mother faced a bitter struggle to keep things going.

They had to move from their big house at Edgmont, and her mother ran a small hotel. Hard times continued and Norah thought they could do better in London.

It was during the dance-mad twenties, and Norah fancied her chances as a professional dancer. She spent far more on a course of lessons with Santos Casani. "Norah was my best dancer," he recalled. His ambitious pupil, however, soon discovered that there were far too many dance teachers and too few pupils.

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