ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

SHE'S 11 YEARS OLDER SHOULD THEY MARRY?

"Dear Anne Hirst: The man I've loved for five years is 29, and I am 40. Almost from the first he has begged me to marry him, but I have hesitated because of our ages. He declares that doesn't matter, and if I didn't know his age I would think it was my own because we are so at home together. But I have to be fair, and perhaps he should find someone younger.

"You should know that I am a widow with two teen-age children; he loves them, and they think he's wonderful. (He was married at 19 and lost his wife.) I have stopped seeing him several times, but we found ourselves completely miserable apart. Now he is pleading some more. He needs a wife and that it is me he wants. But if I don't make up my mind soon, he will leave town for good; the suspense is telling on him.

"I have read your column for years, and now he is reading it, too, and thinks it makes sense. We are putting it up to you. From your long experience, is 11 years too great a span to conquer when we are both so much in love? I'm not getting younger, and I never thought of marrying again until I met him. We ask your most thoughtful counsel.

IN DOUBT"

HOUR OF DECISION

Isn't five years long enough to test this man's devotion and faithfulness? He is responsible, single-hearted, impatient to marry. If you waited another year woul you know him any better?

You both have been married before. You are rich in experience, familiar with the complications of family life. He is eager to share your responsibility for the children. If you had the faintest doubt that he would make his own place with you all, I would not suggest marriage. But you say he and the children get along as though he were already their father.

The man is obviously older than his years. Your heart is young; and you two enjoy the same things, have similar ideals of marriage. The trust you have in each other has been unswerving almost since the beginning.

I agree that the man you love has waited long enough. For once I can enjoy the pleasure of recommending the marriage a reader desires. Go ahead.

* * *

YOUNG LOVE

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 17 and all mixed up. I am in love with a boy a year older, but there is another one who thinks he is in love with me, although he knows I don't return it.

"My sweetheart thinks I should stop seeing this young man because if he gets to care more for me he would be hurt worse when I must send him away.

"What do you think? Isn't it all right to date him so long as I don't lead him on?

WONDERING"

If you are engaged to the boy you love it is not considerate to date anyone else. If you and he are not pledged to marry, however, you are free to see anyone you wish.

At your age it is smart to accept the fact that the boy you are in love with may not become your husband; either one of you can change your mind in the next year or so. If this happens and you have given up other friends, you'll have to start finding new beaux all over again. Meantime you'll have no dates at all. That isn't practical, is it?

If this other boy wants to date you, knowing you are in love with someone else, that is up to him.

* * *

When doubts assail you, turn to Anne Hirst. Her opinions are sound as well as honest, and she will disagree with you if she must. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

"Do you think you can make a good portrait of my wife?" said a prospective client to an artist.

"My dear sir, I can make it so life-like that you'll jump every time you see it," was the reply.

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4621
36-50
PRINTED PATTERN

Our new PRINTED Pattern—In a dress that's wonderfully becoming to the larger figure! An insert of contrast fabric points up with smart diagonal bodice; slimming side-pleated skirt.

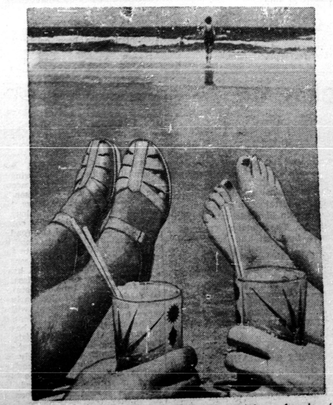
Printed Pattern 4621: Women's Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; ⅝ yard contrast.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, faster, accurate.

Send **FORTY CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly your **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS** and **STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

BARBECUE—Bandleader Spike Jones demonstrates that he's serious about reforming his band — and his wardrobe. Spike and his wife, Helen, "barbecue" his loud plaids in the backyard of his Beverly Hills home. It's navy blue cashmere from now on for Spike, who's determined to get rid of his "musical clown" title. He says his television audience "likes the old favorites."



FOUR FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL—Foot-loose and fancy-free here's a vacation scene from a vacationer's eye-view. The cool drinks and lower extremities belong to a pair of contented visitors in Daytona Beach.

Canadian Woman Saves Babies From Living Death

Heroism is a diamond with many facets. And I have known many "diamonds" — people who, at one time or another in their lives, have performed heroic acts.

In the Bolivian Andes I saw a white man face up to a drug-crazed crowd of Aymara Indians with nothing more than a riding crop in his hand. In the Gulf of Mexico I watched a chap dive overboard to rescue his pet pup that was being circled by a tiger shark. The dog was saved, the man lived but lost a leg.

And during a South American revolution, from an upstairs window I once watched a courageous young army lieutenant hold the presidential palace for three hours, his machine-gun burning his hands, while the president and his family escaped through a back door.

These are just a few of the acts of heroism that I have witnessed. But there is, I am convinced, a true type of bravery; the kind that makes a man or a woman face up to danger and horror, not once in a while, but every day for years on end.

That particular kind of courage is personified in a frail Canadian woman called Helen Mackenzie.

When she was a young girl in Western Canada, Helen dreamed of the day when she would marry and raise a family. The neighbours knew they could always count on her for a stint of baby-sitting. The girl's love for little ones, her natural ability to pacify and handle them, was well known, and if Helen had fewer dates than most of her girl friends, it was only because most evenings found her busily engaged in child care.

In the passing of years Helen's urge to befriend babies and children did not lessen, and after she graduated as a nurse she joined a world wide evangelical organization and asked to be sent where she could apply her talent to child welfare.

"Would you consider," she was asked, "West Africa, Portuguese Guinea, where fifteen per cent. of the Negro population suffers from leprosy and where the summers are long, horribly hot and humid?"

Her answer was: "Where is my ticket and when do I leave?"

On arrival at Bissau, Helen was informed that the Colonial Portuguese Government had just given its consent for the mission to care for the babies of leprous parents. Would she take over?

Helen did so.

Children of leprous parents are born healthy and do not catch the disease unless they live in close proximity to the sufferers. But the Negro lepers, both through the influence of their witch-doctors and because of their reluctance to believe in white men, were loath to part with their babies, and couldn't understand that mothers who kept their little ones at their sides were passing the "living death" on to them.

Helen had the dual task of visiting remote jungle villages and trying to convince sullen, antagonistic parents that they should give up their new-born children, and caring for those babies that were handed over to her.

Often she was threatened, frequently she was refused admission to a village, and the price she paid for success was poor food, sleeping on ice - infested straw mats or the bare, damp ground, writes J. Mortimer Sheppard in "Tit-Bits."

Usually she travelled alone in a small car, but this transportation was only good for limited distances; the dirt roads, deep in summer dust or winter mud, did not extend far, although the village or isolated shack that she was seeking might be scores of miles away in the interior brush country.

Sometimes Helen rode a bicycle; at others she walked, and the babies that she brought back to the mission with her were usually delivered by the village nurse as well. She had to use the skill of a diplomat together with the knowledge of an obstetrician and the courage of an explorer.

Babies born of lepers, who are free from leprosy if taken at once, are almost invariably weaklings and require expert feeding and medical attention. Some of these babies died, despite every effort to save them, and village headmen and witch-doctors were quick to blame Nurse Mackenzie, and claim that the white woman had murdered the child.

Cannibalism is still practised in parts of the West African Guineas, although the Portuguese know it and do all possible to eliminate this horrible custom. And some of the natives were quick to claim that Nurse Mackenzie and her mission associates stole newly-born Negro babies in order to eat them.

It is almost impossible to believe, much less understand, how this great - hearted Canadian woman could carry on against such odds. Yet she did, and still does. When I visited the mission, there were fourteen little ones, some of them well into their third year, and more scheduled to make their appearance in the coming weeks and months.

Helen had to obtain, through her own private "grapevine," advance notice of a baby's coming, so that she could endeavour to persuade the expectant mother to give up her child, arrange to be on hand for the arrival, deliver it and remove it from the family danger zone within a matter of hours at the most.

Some of the more intelligent Negroes could be convinced without too much difficulty of the need to part from their children. Others would refuse flatly, and no amount of sound argument could influence them. Portuguese district officers would give Helen a hand when they could, and tried to make it clear to the natives that this woman was not to be harmed. But the fearless nurse has often entered jungle regions where even the police hesitated to probe, or rarely did so.

While Helen Mackenzie's first concern is the saving of babies, she has also become very knowledgeable in the treatment of leprosy. When making the rounds of Negro villages, she carries with her the latest drugs used to combat the disease and gives regular injections and treatment to a large number of sufferers.

Many of her patients have shown marked improvement and these people have helped Helen in her ceaseless efforts to make other lepers believe in her primary mission to save little ones.

This woman's life is given over to self sacrifice; to a hardship that few would or could endure. Hers is a vocation that needs the utmost in steadfast courage.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Here is an item of news that should be of interest to anyone living in an area where a new hospital is under construction. Last Saturday I went to the cornerstone ceremony of the South-Peel Hospital just two miles from our new home. I went because up to that time I hadn't been able to get any factual information about the hospital at all. Now I at least know a few of the details. For instance I discovered it is to be a 125-bed hospital with possible expansion to 250 beds if and when that becomes necessary. The first meeting called to consider the building of a hospital was held as far back as March, 1953. Committees were set up and the work of planning and development begun. As a result structural progress is now underway and completion of the hospital is expected in January 1958. In addition to the Board of Directors there is also a Women's Auxiliary with a paid-up membership of 1900! The membership fee is $1 per year per person.

The chairman for the official ceremony on Saturday was Gordon Jackson, Q.C., chairman of the Board of Directors. Thomas L. Kennedy introduced Lieutenant-Governor Louis O. Breithaupt, who was presented with a silver trowel by the architect, Chester C. Wood, with which the cornerstone was formally laid. A copper box inset in the corner-stone contained a number of items — a set of 1957 Canadian coins; copies of the Toronto Star, the Port Credit Weekly and the Streetsville Review, all containing news reports relating to the hospital — names of directors, and minutes of the first meeting. I mention this as it may be an idea for other districts under similar circumstances. And do you know, according to the chairman the Board had no financial worries! However he admitted there might be some at a later date "when the time came to equip the hospital." "But that," said Mr. Jackson, "is a worry that we shall pass on to you, the people!"

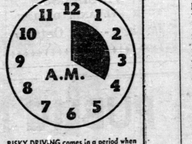
It was a very nice little ceremony, although held under threatening skies. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Breithaupt were attended by Lieut-Colonel J. G. McInnes and drove up in a beautiful black Cadillac. Mrs. Breithaupt and Mrs. Jackson were presented with gorgeous bouquets of red roses. There were quite a number of platform guests but I noticed there was only a mere sprinkling of people among the general public. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it — but I doubt it. If people really want to go anywhere they just go, regardless. It is hard to understand the apathetic attitude so many people take in regard to the building of a hospital in their own district. You would think it didn't affect them at all. And yet there is hardly a person who hasn't been, or probably will be, a patient in a local hospital. Small towns and districts are rapidly becoming bigger towns and bigger districts and the faster they grow the more urgently hospital facilities are likely to be needed.

South-Peel, for instance, serves a populated area of 65,000 people. On the basis of population one wonders how a 125-bed hospital could possibly be large enough to accommodate those in need of nursing and surgical care — especially when the average life expectancy is being prolonged.

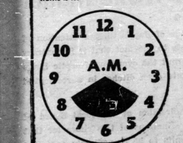
In that regard last week I heard quite a lot about older people and their care as I sat in on some of the sessions at the "First Ontario Conference on Aging" held at the University of Toronto. The conference was well attended. Most people are becoming conscious of the fact that problems connected with aging citizens have to be faced. One of the speakers I heard was Dr. E. L. Bortz from Philadelphia who got most of his points over in a humorous but convincing manner. He said we need to change our way of thinking; that too many people allow their minds to dwell too much on the subject of sickness; that people eat twice as much as they should, do not get enough exercise, become over-weight, and overweight causes blood vessels to break down. By adequate exercise, correct diet, proper elimination, nerves, muscles and circulation are kept in a healthy condition. If more of us lived as diabetics live — that is, in regard to diet — avoiding overweight, then we might dodge many of the illnesses that so often beset people in their later years. With proper living life might be extended to 120 years. "However," said Dr. Bortz, "life isn't a matter of quantity but of quality."

Dr. Barbara Shenfield, London, England, stressed the importance of making older people feel wanted — a part of the community, with confidence and an interest in life. It was all very interesting — to the young with aging parents; to the old, comforted by the fact that aging is getting some attention; and to the middle-aged, because forewarned is fore-armed. How to meet old age is more practical than trying to forestall it — and not nearly so pathetic.

SAFEST TIME to drive is between 8:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M. Study shows that although the flow of traffic is heavier during these hours, the risk per unit of traffic is less



RISKY DRIVING comes in a period when only five per cent of the traffic volume is on the roads. Thirteen per cent of all fatal traffic accidents happen between midnight and 3:59 A.M.



SAFER DRIVING hours are between 4:00 A.M. and 7:59 A.M. In this period 10 per cent of fatal traffic accidents happen, with only eight per cent of the traffic volume on the road.

MOST LETHAL time of day to drive is after 4:00 P.M., because that's when the chances for fatal accidents are greatest. Between 4:00 P.M. and 7:59 P.M. is when 27 per cent of fatal accidents happen.

H.E. Newchart

SAFETY TIME — Did you know that the safest time to drive your car is when the traffic is heaviest? That's the surprising conclusion drawn by Dr. A. R. Lauer and C. O. Swanson of Iowa State College's driver-training laboratory following exhaustive studies. This and some of their other findings are illustrated on Newschart above.

MINIATURE MILLINERY—Jane Blank, a freshman at Our Lady of Cincinnati College, has a unique hobby. She makes miniature hats for hard-boiled eggs. It all began several Easters ago when Jane decided she had had enough of bareheaded hard-boiled eggs. As the hobby expanded so did the models—hen eggs are now the large plastic ones used to trick unsuspecting hens. Each egg stands on a paper collar, trimmed with a neat bow or net to match the touches on the hat. It takes Jane about three hours to whip up one of her Dache-like creations.

Likes Williams but Not Rabbit Ball

Ted Williams, says Ty Cobb, is one of the nicest fellows he ever met, a boy with a tremendous heart and a healthy, down-to-earth outlook on life.

So said the greatest player in the history of baseball, at Kansas City for an old-timers' night before a game between the Red Sox and A's.

"There has been an attempt in the past to build up a sort of feud between Williams and me," began the man whose records still dominate the Little Red Book. "But anything in that vein written in the newspapers or sent out over the radio is most unfair and entirely incorrect.

"I remember the first time I ever met Ted. It was before a World Series game between the Yankees and Dodgers. Grantland Rice and I were walking up a ramp and 'Grant' spotted Ted ahead of us. When Rice introduced us Ted asked me if I could teach him how to hit to left field. I said I couldn't teach him, but I could tell him how I did it.

"Well, the next day — and I still don't know how they got any part of the story, because they didn't get it from Rice — a story came out that when I tried to show Williams how to hit to left field, he popped off and belittled me, as well as all old-times. It wasn't true. I have talked with him two or three times since and he has always been just as nice to me as anyone could be."

Cobb was told that Williams has been hitting to the left side more than ever this season, one of the reasons his average has been over or around the .400 mark. "I figured Ted loses about 20 base hits a year because they shift on him," Ty said. "In one game alone I saw him hit three line drives right at the second baseman, who was playing in short right field. But as I've always told him, he can break it up if he hits to the opposite field. Babe Ruth did. The Babe would even bunt when they shifted on him.

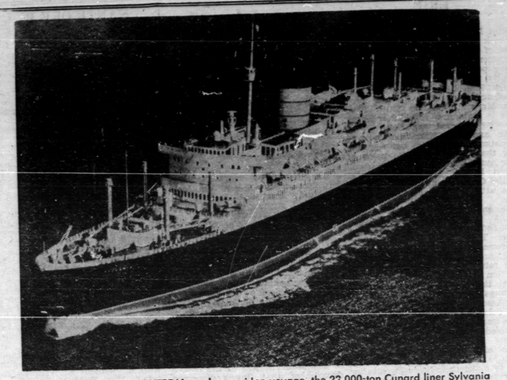
"I'm glad to hear Ted has been going to left more. That's all he ever needed to be one of the greatest. He has all the rest."

Cobb told how a California writer had called him on the telephone after Cleveland's Herb Score had been hit with a line drive. "The fellow wanted me to blame night ball for Score's accident, but I couldn't," he went on. "How can you rap something that has done so much for baseball — that makes it possible for the working man to go out to the park after working hours?

"The one thing I don't like about the modern game is the lively ball. It has taken away the value of the single run and eliminated the smart, scientific game. The low score, close game was a thrilling thing to watch.

"I often wonder what Larry Lajoie would have done against this lively ball," Ty said, smiling. "He had a wonderful stroke, like Williams, and would almost tear the legs off the third baseman, even with the dead ball."

Keep your better SILVER FROM TARNISHING by wrapping and storing it in aluminum foil. Heavier grade foil, such as the new quilted type, may be used again and again for this purpose.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR MONTREAL on her maiden voyage, the 22,000-ton Cunard liner Sylvania is put through her paces during her recent trials off the Isle of Arran, Scotland. Sylvania's debut marks completion of Cunard's 90,000-ton Canadian service building program which has delivered within three years the Sylvania and her sister-vessels, Saxonia, Ivernia and Carinthia.

Memories Of Those Penny Candies

From our home on Metropolitan Avenue, it was only a skip and a hop to the store. You never stuck to the sidewalk, however, for it was far more fun to walk along the gutter and break tar bubbles. The scorching summer sun formed them in soft patches of tar along the edge of the road. Some had beautifully curved, shiny black convex surfaces as large as a half dollar. One poke with a stick would release the trapped water, a sight that never failed to please. (Just why, I am now at a loss to state.)

Breaking bubbles prolonged the trip and your anticipation, but if you broke every bubble along the way, you could still reach the store in less than ten minutes. When you came to the corner of Metropolitan and Westminster, you crossed into the center of the street and entered the little park that creates an oasis of green.

The grass was a bit shabby to be sure, the young oaks although resplendent in their green garb usually had a broken lower limb or two, and the cross-paths were rocky, but it was a great spot just the same. Many a game of mumblety-peg had been played on the turf, many a broken jackknife blade resulted from striking a rock that prior desultory probing had failed to locate.

Directly across from the upper end of the park, stood a large duplex house. One corner room had been used as a grocery for as long as I can remember and it is probably so occupied today. As you entered the door, the penny candy counter with its sloping glass front, spotted with the semi-transparent impressions of small noses and sticky fingers, was at the left. As often as not, the room was empty, for the owner lived in an apartment above and behind the store. A small window in the rear wall opened into his kitchen. When the bell over the door jangled, a face would appear, and soon he — or she — would enter from a hallway at the right.

Time spent waiting for Mr. or Mrs. Pomer was never wasted. You had a great array of candy to look over, and if more than one penny was yours to spend, many difficult decisions to make, compounded by the numbers of coppers involved. I knew the contents of that case by heart and the precise location of each item, but this never seemed to lessen the magnitude of the problem.

There were many factors to be weighed. Some candies were three for a cent, such as the fragrant green mint leaves we all liked, others such as Boston Baked Beans were measured out in a small wooden bean-pot, and quite a number of delicious candycoated peanuts were yours for a cent.

Long strips of jet black licorice were a great favorite and probably gave you as much value for a penny as any item in the case. The real licorice was great, but I recall that the red and green items that assumed the shape of licorice whips had a taste that left much to be desired.

If memory serves me correctly, an all-persuasive odor of pickle lingered in the vicinity of the candy counter. It came from an ornate jar, once used for candy, that stood on top of the counter. A whole pickle was five cents; a generous slice was a mere three pennies. Pickles and I have never been great friends, but I'll readily admit that a candy counter can only be the real thing if you can sniff pickle smell around it.

Closing my eyes and scanning from left to right, I'd say the line-up in the Pomer candy case went something like this.

First came mint juleps, a tangy candy that was two for a cent and had a flavor that made them dangerous things to eat in a classroom. Any teacher could detect the smell of a mint julep, or the green leaves, at a good half mile. Or at least so it seemed.

Next in the row came non-pareils, the little chocolate wafers with the white jimmy. Next came bull's-eyes, which require no description. If you have never eaten a bull's-eye, you've never spent a childhood in Massachusetts. Maple sugar cakes came next, followed closely by little tin dishes complete with a small tin spoon. The dish was filled with a soft creamy mixture that usually proved to be tougher than the spoon. You wound up scraping the sweet from the tin with your teeth, but this was considered all part of the game.

One of my favorite candies was a small bar about two inches long, one-quarter inch square, a muddish brown in color and rather coarse in texture. Its flavor was a bit on the minus side, but its name made up for all deficiencies. With typical Yankee forthrightness it was called a mud bar, and it was worth a cent any day. In fact, I'd gladly pay almost any sum for one right now.

You can't write about penny candy and omit such items as the small candies which came fastened to a narrow strip of white paper. Memory fails to produce a name, but the amount of paper consumed along with the candy kept this item from being held in high esteem by my set.

Along the bottom of the case were such delicacies as imitation ice cream cones, Mary Janes, Bolsters, and small wax bottles which contained a sweet liquid. These "candies" gave you double value. You bit off the top of the bottle, drank the liquid, and then chewed the container until the wax crumbled to dust. Not one of my favorites at all.

Next to the wax items came the candy peanuts and bananas, and just past them the candy which every youngster liked — old fashioneds. Creamy white, they had a sort of bittersweet chocolate coating, an unbeatable combination.

One or two other select childhood sweets must be mentioned. There was Oh Boy Gum, a giant-sized stick in a brilliant yellow wrapper. It was probably the first appearance of bubble gum. Just the size of the stick alone made Oh Boy Gum a bargain; the fact that you could blow bubbles with it as well was sheer largesse delivered by a benevolent manufacturer. Oh Boy Gum probably got more youngsters into hot water in school than any gum since — but it was worth it.

* * *

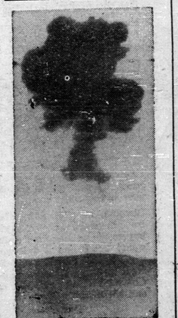
I only wish that my boys might have the pleasure of being able to buy penny candy at a neighborhood grocery. A grocery run by friends and neighbors, not strangers, who considered boys and girls with a smile on their faces and a penny clutched tightly in one moist palm as among their most valued customers. — From an article by Philip Brady in The Christian Science Monitor.

Long-Lasting Fire

While visiting Devon recently, a traveller discovered one evening a fire which has been burning continuously for 150 years.

It is in the parlour of a quaint inn on the rolling, heather-covered expanse of Dartmoor. Matches as we know them to-day had not been invented when it was first lighted. Flint and tinder were used.

Every night this non-stop fire is replenished with peat. There is a superstition among the local villagers that bad luck would follow if the fire were ever allowed to go out.



TESTS CONTINUE — The mushroom from the first atomic device fired from an anchored helium balloon rises over the Nevada test site five seconds after it was detonated 500 feet above Yucca Flat. The "low yield" nuclear detonation was the third in the current series.

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SHE'LL QUIT — Anna Maria Alberghetti says she'll quit show business when she decides to get married. Anna, who just celebrated her 21st birthday, says she's concluded that "a girl can't combine both" career and marriage. She's giving herself "a couple of years" to decide what she wants in a husband.

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