

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

Dear Anne Hirst: That article you printed about a stepmother's troubles rates my gratitude. I could have written myself, for I've been in the writer's shoes for nearly a year — only my shoes hurt even more than hers do. I should have foreseen the problem, because my husband's family informed me about the rules they were using to bring up his five-year-old son, and said frankly they expected me to follow them. "The boy was dreadfully spoiled, but they seem proud of their system; even when he became so obstinate there was no managing him, they never acknowledged their responsibility for the first I liked the child and thought I had won his affection; but he has used all the shabby little tricks to defeat my discipline, and even boasted about what he got away with."

"It is heart-breaking to stand by and see the life and soul of a child twisted into wrong-doing, especially deceit. If these people had his good at heart they would let us alone now, for only that way can I make anything decent of him. My husband thinks his family is wonderful, and takes their part. I shudder to think of the consequences if they don't stop their interfering; his father will not look ahead and see the grim picture that I'm afraid awaits him. I love my husband, and I would save him from the remorse he must surely feel later on."

Your husband has taken the



PRINCE TO MARRY COMMONER — Asia's biggest marital guessing game ended Nov. 27, when a future bride was named for Japan's Crown Prince Akihito, 25, (shown above) with Miss Shoda, 24. The Prince's bride-to-be was found to be Miss Shoda, a commoner who was chosen by the Prince over stiff objections from some members of the imperial family. Miss Shoda, daughter of a Tokyo flour company executive, will be the first commoner to reign as Empress of Japan in the 25 centuries of its history.

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DISOUBRAGED

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am nearly 17, and have been dating a boy for about two months. He'd make dates and not show up (and I remember other faults, too, now) but when I was with him I didn't care. "A week ago he said good-night, and that he wouldn't be back. I don't understand why — "Unless because we were just sweethearts and not real friends. We parted a lot, but now I see we had nothing else in common. I do miss him, but he doesn't even speak to me now."

"Two girls friends have told me how to get him back, but you are older than they are, so please advise me. **LONELY**"

The boy is gone, and let it be for good. He has taught you a lesson you should have known.

You cannot hold a boy's interest by petting. Too many other girls try to, but unless they have other attractions the boy is off to new conquests. Kisses should be saved for real friends, not casual acquaintances, and when a girl's year is so ardent it indicates she has nothing else to offer.

Similar tastes and ideals, and respect for each other, are essential to real friendship. Aim first for these, and don't indulge in petting until you are old enough to realize its proper place. Almost any attractive lad can give you the same thrills, but the girl who only depends on the mind of another Partner want in the mind of a smart young man and soon finds herself alone — and talked about.

Trials of a stepmother double when her husband or his family will not recognize her authority. Anne Hirst understands family differences, and can offer sympathy and guidance during troubled times. Write to her at **Box X, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.**

CHINESE CUSTOM

To denounce is one of the most important duties of the brave new Chinese. Children denounce their parents, employees their bosses. In a village in Kwangtung Province, travelers allege, an old woman gave the remains of her bowl of rice to her cat. One of the neighbors came up to her and said: "I saw you give rice to your cat. I have to denounce you to the police because if someone else saw you, too, he will not only denounce you but me, too, for not denouncing you."

A clever young woman was asked to attend a public function. She was given a place between a bishop and a rabbi. It was her chance to break into high company, and she meant to use it. "I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and New Testaments," she said with a giggle. "That page, madam," replied the rabbi, "is usually a blank."

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Real November weather has finally arrived. It's a white world outside with lots of snow swirling past the windows. We could hardly believe it when we woke this morning. Glad it didn't come last week as we had quite a busy week — if you can call being on the go a busy time. I started with a long-distance call Monday night. . . . Friends wanting to visit the Royal Winter Fair — could they stay overnight and would we go with them to the night performance. Well, they can and Partner went but I stayed home. I was just afraid they wouldn't get tickets and I didn't fancy being on my feet all night. But at a price — the only one available. The other two enjoyed Arthur Godfrey but Partner wasn't too impressed — said he made a better showing on television.

Next morning our friends wanted to do some Christmas shopping so I took them over to Dixie. Why anyone near Dixie should want to shop anywhere else I don't know. I always think Guelph has plenty to offer at moderate prices except parking! However, I suppose it's a case of distant fields. Thursday I took off on the bus — main reason was to help Dee take the three boys to the Fair. They are all crazy about animals but it looked like quite an undertaking for me to take, and Art couldn't get away in the daytime. We had quite a good time, going here and there, looking at what we could buy. They didn't miss a trick. Even Jerry took it all in from the safety of his go-cart. They were thrilled with the horses, cows, sheep, chickens and bunnies, but the big pig Eddie didn't like at all. When they squealed and grunted he clung to his mother and hid his face. The farm machinery was quite a thrill. The boys "drove" big tractors side by side, just like Grandpa's, said Dave. One time Dave was roaming farther afield and we didn't want Eddie to follow so we put him in one of the manure spreaders. It made a good play-pen until he discovered how to work the paddles. About six o'clock we called a cab and were soon home with three tired but excited little boys who had plenty to tell Daddy as soon as he opened the door.

Ah, yes, and here is something else I mustn't forget. We were watching a sow with her litter of pigs busily getting their supper. Standing next to us was a man and his wife, obviously taking a special interest in the pigs. . . why not, they had four hundred dollars in them. Small world, isn't it? I find it quite a thrill running into someone from here I found that Mrs. H. is a reader of this column. Small world, isn't it? I find it quite a thrill running into someone by accident like that who has been following this column from week to week, but it good or bad. The more readers I know the

Modern Etiquette

by Roberts Lee

Q. Is it permissible to cut a croquette with the knife?
A. No. The fork is used to break it. Then, with the knife, use the fork to convey the food to the mouth.

Q. Should the napkin be used for removing a woman's take food from the mouth, such as a bone or inedible portion of meat?
A. Never. This is done with the fingers and then, of course, the napkin is used for wiping those fingers.

Q. Is it proper to wear bracelets and rings over one's evening gloves?
A. Bracelets may properly be worn over the gloves — but never the rings. Leave your rings inside the gloves, where they belong.

Q. Should a man, who is negotiating a woman, take her arm when negotiating a slippery walk or other difficult going?
A. A man should never TAKE a woman's arm, but should, in the circumstances warrant it, OFFER her his arm.

Q. If one has received an announcement of a marriage, is one not invited to either the wedding or reception, is it supposed to send a gift?
A. Not usually. It's up to you.

Bride Is Centre Of Tug 'O' War

By spending more than three years travelling thousands of miles back and forth across the Arctic with a score of note-books, a Canadian professor has written a new history.

It is made up of twenty-four Eskimo dialects which he has cleverly welded together so that Canada's Eskimos, for the first time in their history, may have a common language—a kind of Arctic Esperanto which they can learn easily. Why do they need this new language? Because, says the professor, Dr. Giles LeFevre of Montreal University, "civilization is still striving rapidly into Canada's wild northland, there is still great confusion in trying to teach illiterate Eskimos to read and write."

These Eskimos still cling to their age-old social customs. The sexes are absolutely equal. Marriages are perfectly free and usually regarded as business partnerships. Some men have more than one wife and some intellectual women possess more than one husband.

There is little or no sentiment and kissing is unknown. If a couple cannot live together amicably, they just separate.

Even to-day an Eskimo occasionally secures his wife by force, not by a playful tap on the head, but by good-natured fun and in open competition.

Clad in her finery, the woman stands in the centre of a ring. Each suitor takes a firm grip on her arm and, in a given signal there is a grand tug 'o' war.

The young Eskimo who succeeds in tearing the woman away from his rivals is allowed to carry her off and she becomes his recognized wife. This is still considered quite a legitimate way of obtaining a partner.

After an Eskimo marriage there is no honeymoon; the young couple simply set up their home among their own tribe. In the igloo, in winter, husband and wife usually sleep in one large sleeping bag made of caribou skins.

The orderly officer was going his rounds at breakfast and stopped at one table with the usual inquiry, "Any complaints?"

One man jumped to his feet and said: "Yes, sir, this tea tastes of chocolate. The man who made the coffee took the mug, sniffed the contents, then sipped delicately. "Nonsense," he said, "that's caribolic."

Treasure From The Ocean Floor

Among the strange flora which the ocean floor has yielded is a crop of manganese nodules which look like "mammillated" black-brown objects, which range from walnut size to 2 feet in diameter. Oceanographers are now finding at the center such common ocean-bottom debris as a shark's tooth, the carbone of a whale, or a basaltic fragment, around the nodules, however, are rich layers of manganese and other minerals.

On the basis of recent cruises, oceanographers now estimate that a fantastic hundred of billions of tons of the nodules—averaging 20 per cent manganese—litter 40 million square miles of ocean bottom. For the U.S., which has almost no domestic manganese ore of commercial grade, and is short on copper, cobalt and nickel (all of which the nodules contain), the prospect of mining the nodules from the sea is an enticing one.

For deep-water mining missions engineers envisage a number of highly specialized craft. Among them might be remote-controlled trawler units, surface scrapers up nodules, and surfacing, manned bathyscaphes raking the bottom; huge submarines pumping nodules into storage chambers. More immediately, two University of California scientists explained last week how the nodules might be mined using existing hardware. Dr. Herbert E. Hawkins and John Mero of California's Institute of Marine Research think it can be done economically with drag dredges, simple scoops pulled across the ocean bottom. Although this would be the simplest scheme, they favor a more sophisticated method, hydraulic dredging.

Present hydraulic dredges, which suck up objects like a vacuum cleaner and pump them to the surface can lift granitic boulders up to 18 inches in diameter. But because the pump and motor which operate them are at the surface and subject

These Teen-agers Try To Help

Three years ago a group of young Pasadena started an organization called Ala-teens, a sort of Junior Alcoholics Anonymous, which is spreading with great rapidity. Banded together for mutual help in coping with the problem of alcoholism in their homes, they meet weekly, in serious discussion of how best they can help understand their ill parent and become reconciled to the confusion and tension in their homes.

Their program is founded on the basic principles of Alcoholics Anonymous, but has their own adaptations to suit their circumstances. A number of AA members as well as members of Ala-teens (an affiliated family group), have given aid and advice to these youngsters, but make no attempt to govern them.

Weekly meetings are held with group participation, covering typical situations in their lives. Dealing with a drunken parent, shame at bringing home, disruption of their home studies, obeying unreasonable demands, meals unprepared, and in serious trouble, but all are disease of alcoholism has caused in their homes, and which they must meet and resolve. Another phase of the meeting is the open discussion of a member's particular difficulty in adjustment to society. Some of these youths are quite maladjusted, some have been in rather serious trouble, but all are helping each other to face facts and reality.

There are now 10 or more Ala-teens groups in Southern California with increasing membership. The groups are meeting with remarkable success through their program founded on love of neighbour, spirituality and anonymity.

In these groups, there is the assurance of anonymity and the participation in a group which understands their fears and emotions and talks in a language they understand. With this mutual help they achieve an outlook which gives them the security and serenity otherwise difficult to attain. They come to a better understanding of the problems of the alcoholic parent and can help him or her in combating the disease.

The likelihood that these young people will become delinquents is greatly lessened, as are the alcoholic tendencies growing out of self-loathing and feeling that they are misunderstood. Their increase in spiritual health cannot be minimized in importance. Home life becomes more tolerable under the Ala-teens way of life. — California Health Department of Public Health.

CURTAIN CALL

Though he appears to be trying to scratch a hard-to-reach place, this penguin is really attempting a graceful bow after a clever water performance at a London zoo. He's apparently left his grace in the pool.

Encouraged by recent oceanographic probes which uncovered abundant nodule deposits in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, they feel the U.S. could be supplied "for many hundreds of years into the future with the metals extracted from deep-sea nodules." — FROM NEWSWEEK.

An Indian in New Mexico was smoke-signaling love messages to his Indian girl friend a few miles away. Sudden, a test nuclear explosion went off, covering the sky with smoke for miles.

"Gee," said the Indian, "I wish I'd said that."

Sweet Sentiments

Shopkeeper at Southampton is Alf (short for Automatic Letter Facer) a three-ton giant, six feet tall and three feet long. Alf stacks letters, scans them front and back for stamps, faces them, counts them, then cancels their stamps.

He does everything but steam open their envelopes and read them.

But if Britain is counting on Alf to spare the postman his fallen arches, I would say that the postman's flat feet and all, will be with us for many years to come. For Alf is high-strung and temperamental.

"Alfie hates squares," the Southampton foreman confided to me, in explaining the machine's operation. I turned, half expecting to find the 30-foot leviathan twitching to the rhythms of rock-'n'-roll.

But no — the "squares" that Alf hates are square envelopes. These flummox the monster which is trained to grope for the long edge of letters in order to face them with the stamps in the same corner. The Post Office now has a plan to standardize envelopes (there are 67 different sizes in current use).

And not only squares, but Alf hates color postcards. Inasmuch as Alf's photo-electric eyes are highly sensitive to color, using this means to identify stamps, he goes quickly mad when a color postcard is placed in his hopper.

Nor can dummy mail be used to test machines like Alf. "New mail is lively, while the dummy stuff is dead," the foreman explained. "When you compress the air out of letters they become lifeless, and the machines don't get the proper feel of them."

When Alfie was first unveiled, he was unable to distinguish between the two-penny stamp on newspapers and other printed matter and the three-penny stamp of ordinary mail, but this difficulty has since been overcome.

Post Office engineers experimented for nearly two years before they hit upon a method of giving the two-penny stamp a special distinguishing characteristic. The solution finally arrived at was to print on the back of the two-penny stamp a graphited line, which is easily detected by a high voltage scanner.

Nowhere else in the world but in Southampton, where Alf is being tested, are graphited stamps on sale to the public.

Electronic sorters are also in operation in Southampton. These enable a postman, sitting at a keyboard, to sort letters twice as fast as by hand and to break them down to three times as many selections. Forty-eight is the limit of the pigeon-holes a postman can reach conveniently by hand, whereas the machine sorts to 144 selections.

The next step will be to complete Robot Sorter which will read the addresses on envelopes, then sort the letters automatically. This will involve coded addresses, and the Post Office is now taking a poll to determine how far the public is willing to cooperate in the use of postal codes.

Her Majesty's Mail Goes Automatically

by Tom A. Cullen
NEA Staff Correspondent

Southampton, England — Having fathered the post office in 1871 and given the world its first gummed postage stamp in 1840, Britain now leads the world in postal automation, with the robot postman just around the corner.

Actually, the machine has yet to be invented that can walk up a garden path to deliver a letter, but General Post Office engineers are working on the problem.

At Dollis Hill outside London, where the Post Office has its experimental laboratories, the talk is of helicopters, rockets and guided missiles to carry Her Majesty's mail.

As far back as 1934 a German enthusiast experimented here with mail-carrying rockets. Ernst Marples, the present Postmaster General, claims that the idea cannot be dismissed lightly. Marples goes on to predict that the day is not far distant when a letter posted in London at 8 a.m. will be delivered by rocket in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 11 minutes.

Meanwhile in Southampton, the part of all of the big trans-Atlantic liners, the latest in automated postal equipment is now for the world to goggle at.

In the past year postal representatives of 20 countries have been on a path to the door of the Southampton post office, where the machinery is being tested, before to view the latest engineering marvels.

Red Sox Will Miss Jimmy

The trading of Jimmy Piersall by the Red Sox to the Cleveland Indians for first baseman Vic Wertz and outfielder Gary Giegar has done little to ease the baseball fan's pain with a lump in his throat, for Jimmy was one of the most popular boys ever to wear a Boston uniform.

Though seldom a batting king in the Red Sox story, Piersall's fielding around countless thrills at Fenway Park at times it went beyond the spectacular. It was remarkable. Such experienced judging as Casey Stengel and Ted Spivey have called Jimmy one of the finest fielders in American League history.

Jimmy, with his brilliant glove and endless hustle, has left the Red Sox. But the memories he leaves are among the most vivid in Fenway history.

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ISSUE 51 — 1958

MERRY MENAGERIE
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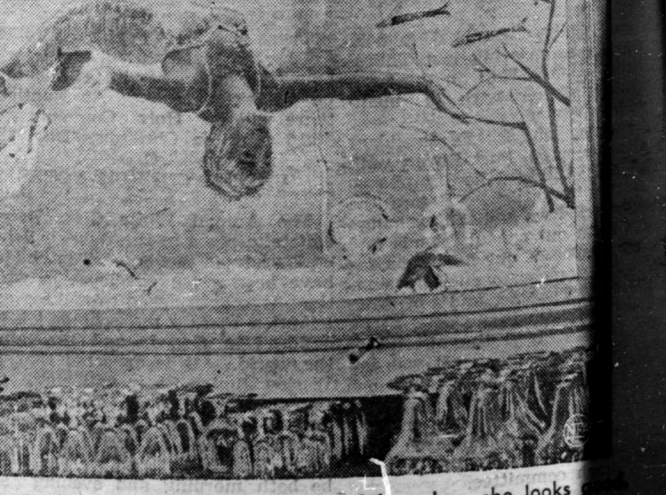
ADDITIONAL LINCOLNIANA — A part of Daniel French's framed statue has been sketched by Fritz Busse for a new four-cent Lincoln stamp, above, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of his birth. One-cent, left, features the famous "beardless" Lincoln portrait painted by George Peter Healy just after the 16th president's first inauguration in 1860. A facsimile of Lincoln's signature is reproduced on both stamps. They'll go on sale May 30, 1959.



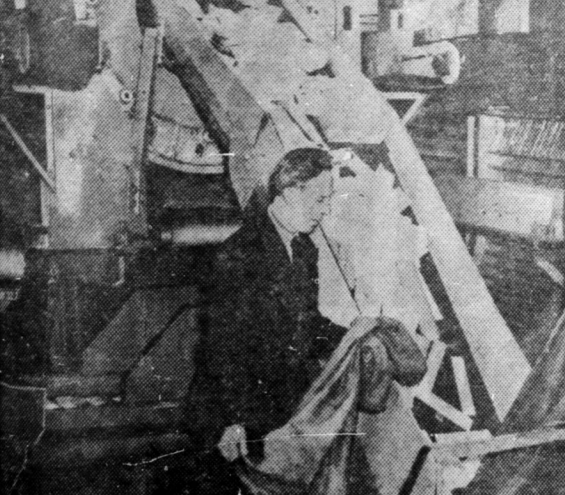
AWAITING TRIAL — Cable company president, Malcolm White, 48, is comforted by his wife after a preliminary court hearing in Monroe, N.Y. White is charged the killing of Alfred Dugan, 52, ex-convict labor organizer. Dugan was fatally shot following a dispute over picketing at White's plant.



A GOLDFISH'S LIFE — Right side up, upside down—any way you look at her, she looks like Marilyn Taylor, performing in an underwater ballet in the above-glassed-in pool of the Marine Grill at Fort Montagu Beach Hotel, Nassau, Bahamas. Huge picture windows allow dining 1 x 1 guests and visitors to view the ballet, staged times a day.



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UNITED STATES POSTAGE

POSTAGE

4c

Lincoln