ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I wish you would write a piece straight from the horse's mouth about those mothers who insist on living with their children when they marry. It may clear the way for an engaged couple I know who foresee trouble with a capital T. I fear for the poor man. His fiancee's mother, who is well-off, is planning to live with them!"

"Even now, he and she don't get along too well. She is with them every chance she gets; she tries to go along every time they leave the house, and when they don't, she sits in the parlor until he leaves. Besides, she talks too much.

"She lavishes expensive gifts on the girl, who dares not decline them. It makes her fiance furious; he likes it as a personal reflection on his slim income.

"Another couple, married nine months, live with his mother, but if they stay there they won't be married long. They are in their late 20's, and both want a family. His mother is literally appalled at the idea, but if they suggest leaving she throws a dramatic scene.

"We all need our mothers, their affection, their advice, often their help; but most of the mothers I've observed are born bosses, they stick their noses (and their tongues) in where they're not wanted, and only make trouble. Why don't they stay in the background where they belong? **INDIGNANT'**

* * *

Here is a true story:

A dear friend of mine lost her husband two years ago. Their only son had been married less than a year. After the funeral my friend told me excitedly that she was going "They really want me, Anne, to move in with the children: and they mean it. I can do the marketing and have dinner ready (the wife still teaches) and relieve them in so many ways. Aren't they wonderful?" And tears ran down her cheeks.

I was appalled. I slipped into another room where the son and his wife were. "You two can talk to me, you know. Now, the truth!" They looked at each other, and the boy said, "We do want Mom, of course, but you know we'd rather be alone."

Mom and I had a long talk. I recalled the trouble her own mother-in-law had caused, and I knew my friend's temperament. I left her with, "You'll decide for yourself, of course." . . . Some weeks later she was sharing her apartment with a woman friend and had got herself a good position that employs her many talents. The children come to dinner once a week, she visits them now and then. Meantime, she lets them alone.

A few months later she told how beautifully things were working out: "I'm so relieved that I decided to stay here. I just bet I couldn't help trying to boss them!"

What a pity more mothers are not as wise. Children do need their mothers, as you say, but they are the ones to decide when.

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst:

Congratulations on tat article you wrote about grandmothers-in-law. Everything you said is so true! It would be well if young mothers would read it more than once.

"I am happy to say that it does not reflect on me; the grandchildren really love and trust me, and I am grateful to be just a good friend they can turn to when things go wrong, but I have seen and heard so much about the other kind that I must thank you again for giving the topic space

"So often it seems to me that the only time in-laws are wanted is when the youngsters need money, or a babysitter for free. **ADMIRER"**

* * *

If children are old enough to marry they are old enough to run their own lives. Don't move in unless you must — and then don't dominate them . . . Anne Hirst's counsel is at your service. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

Problem Drivers

Americans tend to seek simple answers to complex social problems on the basis of merely passing a law . . .

This tendency was plainly at work the other day when a group of members of a special committee of the Utah Safety Council, meeting at the Capitol, recommended a number of changes in Utah's driver license laws . . .

These are all questionable revisions of Utah's driver license laws for the simple reason that they do not get at the heart of the problem.

The essence of the driver control problem is not the great mass of good drivers.

Most drivers are responsible. Most usually obey traffic laws and follow sound driving practices. They make mistakes, of course. They are guilty of some violations. They do have accidents.

But they are not dangerous, problem drivers, and they do not need specialized enforcement and control.

Problem drivers, on the other hand, do need special attention. And they're not getting it—or not getting enough of it—in Utah today.

Far too many of them are getting slap-of-the-wrist punishment for frequent misdeeds because of police or prosecutorial or judicial laxity.

Far too many, despite suspension or revocation of their licenses after serious violations, are receiving "restricted" driving privileges.

Far too many, despite loss of license, continue to drive.

Chef's Favorite PRINTED PATTERN

Plenty of protective cover for kitchen chores makes this a favorite apron. For bathing baby, sew apron in splash-proof terry cloth. A sew-easy Pattern.

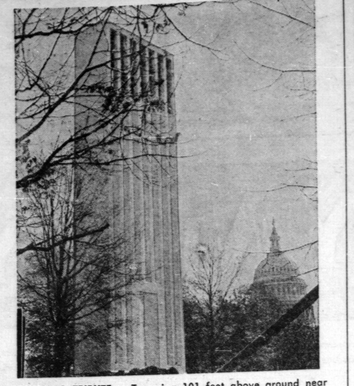
Printed Pattern 4769: Misses' Sizes Small (10,12); Medium (14, 16); Large (18, 20). Medium size takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

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

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

ROSE BOWL QUEEN — Pamela Elaine Prather, 19, charms the lens right off the camera to show you how pleased she was to be named Queen of the Tournament of Roses.



TOWERING TRIBUTE — Towering 101 feet above ground near the U.S.A. Capitol is the Taft Memorial Bell Tower. Constructed of marble, it was erected in memory of the late Sen. Robert A. Taft. Cost of some $900,000 was met with voluntary contributions.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

The old year is practically gone; the New Year is almost with us and so it is time to extend to you my very best wishes of the season. I hope, too, that you had a most enjoyable Christmas; that it will be one more happy memory to carry along into the new year.

December 31 and January 1 are two days close together in time but worlds apart in significance. At the end of the old year inevitably we realise that a lot of things we worried about never really happened. We tried to cross many bridges before we came to them. Looking back we see how foolish we were. But, by and large, it wasn't such a bad old year, was it? But we naturally hope the New Year will be even better. To the old year belong whatever there was of good and bad; to the New Year belong, as yet, only hope, determination and opportunities. For what? That depends on ourselves, doesn't it? We don't all hope for the same things; we don't all recognise opportunities when they arise, but we all have a certain amount of determination. Oh, yes, the New Year is a wonderful time so let's greet the little fellow with a cheerful grin and make him as welcome as we can. Might as well, he's going to be around for another twelve months anyway.

Of course I am of necessity ahead of time in my writing. This column has to sort of project itself into space for publishing requirements. So, as I write we haven't even had our Christmas and that makes it a little awkward — in more ways than one. But we're getting there and no doubt when the New Year dawns I, too, shall be able to look back with a spirit of thankfulness for a Christmas of joy and gladness and look forward to a New Year that could quite easily be better than the last.

As I write I know it is going to be an eventful year. In fact it is a safe bet that all years from now on in this nuclear age are bound to be eventful. Quite apart from world affairs we may see a lot of changes in various localities. There are bound to be, with so much road work in progress, mushroom towns, subdivisions and shopping centres. Time was when a farm was a farm and likely to be for years to come. It might change ownership but it still remained a farm. Fields were ploughed, cattle pastured, pigs bred and raised, chickens up with the sun, diligently laying eggs as their share in providing a living for the farmer and his family. Prices were rarely what they should be but there was a permanence about the old farm that gave the family a feeling of security. Now in the more populated areas that permanence has all but disappeared. Many a hundred-acre farm, which, likely as not dates back to the Crown, has now an uncertain future. In a few years time it could be a cloverleaf, a gas station or maybe the site of a new factory, depending on its location. Old buildings disappear, new ones come into being and each time that happens something very precious is often completely lost. By that I mean the early history. Nothing is left to remind those who come after that they are travelling roads that were once Indian trails, and later the early roads of the pioneers — those valiant souls who braved wind, weather and sickness to wrest a living from the soil and to pave the way for generations to come. Progress is desirable and inevitable but it seems to me every township should do something to preserve its own history. There should be a printed pamphlet available at cost to all those who are interested — and certainly for use in the schools. It need not be elaborate — just an outline of the district, the names of its first settlers; the location of old mills, churches, taverns and pioneer industries. So much is being lost.

Even now construction has already started on a new bridge on No. 5 Highway in Trafalgar Township — at one time called Dundas Street, or sometimes Governor's Road, as it was originally intended as a military road by Governor John Graves Simcoe. The bridge will span a huge ravine. Motorists will drive over it, as they do over the present bridge, and few will know that down in the ravine there was once a thriving pioneer village called "Proudfoot Hollow" Here William Lyon Mackenzie is said to have hidden and evaded his pursuers after the disastrous Battle of Montgomery's Tavern. The Triller residence where he once lay hidden in the attic while soldiers played cards on the ground floor, still stands overlooking the ravine. Dundas Street is steeped in history and Proudfoot Hollow should certainly be given recognition as an historic site before its history is completely forgotten. Already much has been lost. One of the earliest post offices — "Postville" was recently demolished and a gas station erected on the site. Cars are now serviced where the Stage Coach changed horses before making the perilous journey through Proudfoot Hollow.

Modern progress speaks for itself; History depends upon us for its preservation. Shall we sit back and let the past be more and more obliterated? Surely not.

Land of Patriarchs

If we draw a line from Egypt through the Mediterranean lands of Palestine and Syria, then, following the Tigris and Euphrates, through Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf, the result is an unmistakable crescent.

Four thousand years ago this mighty semicircle around the Arabian Desert, which is called the "Fertile Crescent", embraced a multiplicity of civilizations lying side by side like a lustrous string of pearls. Rays of light streamed out from them into the surrounding darkness of mankind. Here lay the center of civilization from the Stone Age right up to the golden age of Greco-Roman culture.

About 2000 B.C., the farther we look beyond the Fertile Crescent, the deeper grows the darkness, and signs of civilization and culture decrease. But over the eastern Mediterranean, already a light is shining. It is the heyday of the Minoan kings of Crete, founders of the first sea power known to history . . .

In the Fertile Crescent and in Egypt . . . cultured and highly developed civilizations jostled each other in colorful and bewildered array.

Peace and prosperity must have reigned in this world of Nile, Euphrates, and Tigris, for we have never yet discovered an inscription dating from this period that records any large-scale warlike activities.

Then suddenly from the heart of this great Fertile Crescent, from the sandy sterile wastes of the Arabian desert whose shores are lashed by the waters of the Indian Ocean, there burst in violent assaults on the north, on the northwest, on Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine a horde of nomadic tribes of Semitic stock. In endless waves these Amorites, "Westerners" as their name implies, surged against the kingdoms of the Fertile Crescent.

The empire of the kings of Sumer and Akkad collapsed in 1960 B.C. under their irresistible attack . . .

Meanwhile one of these tribes of Semitic nomads was destined to be of fateful significance for millions upon millions throughout the world up to the present day. It was a little group, perhaps only a family, as unknown and unimportant as a tiny grain of sand in a desert storm: the family of Abraham, forefather of the patriarchs . . .

"Now the Lord had said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee. (Gen. 12:1.)"

The country of which the Bible is speaking in this case is Haran. Terah, his son Abram, his daughter in law Saral, and his grandson Lot lived there (Gen. 11:31.)

What was actually meant by Haran was until recently almost entirely unknown. We knew nothing of its early history. But the old Babylonian documents were silent about the middle reaches of the Euphrates, Mesopotamia, the land between two rivers, where Haran once stood.

A chance find led to excavations in 1933, which here at last gave rise to a great and exciting discovery and added considerably to our knowledge. They brought the Haran of the Bible and the kind of life lived by the patriarchs quite unexpectedly into a historical context.

—From "The Bible as History," by Werner Keller, translated by William Neil.

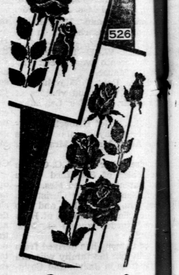
Bonus For Weight

The eldest of the 12 regular **sedlarli,** the plodding men who bear the Pope in his portable throne, is Pio D'Eusebio, a graying, 52-year-old Roman. One of the great honors which came recently to Signor D'Eusebio and his colleagues was to carry Pope John XXIII from the Sistine Chapel to St. Peter's and back again, a circuitous trip of nearly one-half mile, on the occasion of the coronation.

Last month the popular Pontiff took note of their labors. Reportedly regretting that his weight (about 200 pounds) was greater than that of his predecessor (about 140), John granted the **sedlarli** bonuses of 15,000 lire ($24).

Signor D'Eusebio, whose father carried five Popes, and who himself has carried three, could not recall any precedent for such consideration. "It was a grand and noble gesture," he said.

Modern Wall Drama



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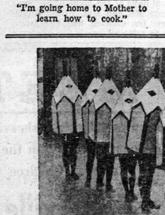
A NEW 1959 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book, JUST OUT, has lovely designs to order: embroidery, crochet, knitting, weaving, quilting, toys. In the book, a special surprise to make a little girl happy — a cut-out doll, clothes to color. Send 25 cents for this book.



"I'm going home to Mother to learn how to cook."

THERE'S A POINT TO IT — Pencils go on parade in Oslo, Norway. Students of the Norwegian Art and Craft School are all sharpened up in these costumes to advertise their annual exhibition. Proceeds from the sale of their works means new equipment for the students.

Boss's Grand Scheme

Is Canada next on Jimmy Hoffa's unionization timetable? Yes, says Peter C. Newman in the current issue of Maclean's magazine. In an interview, the rough-and-tumble boss of the racket-ridden International Brotherhood of Teamsters told Newman:

—"The continued growth of our union in Canada . . . is of vital importance."

—"We reserve the right to organize anything that's not organized, regardless what it's in."

—"We're going to spend whatever dollars are necessary for this job."

"Hoffa's ambition," says Newman, "is to enlist a quarter of a million Canadians in his Brotherhood within the next ten years. He is prepared to pay $3 million to get them."

Where does Hoffa stand now in Canada? The Teamsters Brotherhood is the country's sixth-largest union. "Its more than 40,000 members," says Newman, "drive most of Canada's intercity transports, include more than half of the country's 8,000 breadmen, the majority of the milkmen." They also include the girls who fill chocolatiers at the Moirs plant in Halifax, N.S., and the disk jockeys at station CFCO in Chatham, Ont. In Montreal, Teamsters' organizers are getting into a new field: They're signing up the city's hearse drivers.

"To Jimmy Hoffa, a teamster is anybody who sleeps on a bed with movable casters," one unionist explained.

"The ultimate plan of the Teamsters Brotherhood," says Newman, "is to establish a U.S.-Canadian power bloc of 50 transportation-union alliances. That would give Hoffa effective control over the movement of everything on wheels, in a continent that moves on wheels."

To spearhead his Canadian operations, Hoffa has chosen I. M. (Casey) Dodds, a deceptively mild-mannered former Windsor, Ont., bus driver who has been mainly responsible for doubling the number of Canadian Teamsters in five years. Dodd's first target: The warehouse and transport workers along the new St. Lawrence Seaway and the Great Lakes. He is preparing to launch in March a massive campaign that "will make a lot of employers lose a lot of pounds."

—From NEWSWEEK.

The Bright Army

The flowers that bloom in the Spring Tra la
Have nothing to do with the case,

sang Gilbert blithely. Not this case, perhaps. But they have everything to do with ours.

London at this time of year would be in a sorry case without them. A thin yellow fog seems to hang permanently over the city. Daylight creeps into its tunnel like a tired dog earlier each afternoon. A rawness sweeps across the open parks, and in the streets people huddle deep into their overcoats.

Even the dogs shiver, and a few are pushed unwillingly into absurd little coats and jackets. Cats have withdrawn from doorsteps and are flexing their claws sleepily on fireside rugs. The last American has spread his jet wings for New York or the sunshine of California. England is in the grip of winter's siege.

Except for the flowers that should ordinarily bloom in the spring, but have been coaxed by clever florists to bloom now. Like a relieving army they rush into shop windows at Berkeley Square, Baker Street, and South Kensington. The top end of North Audley Street is ablaze with them. They fling down the gage in Piccadilly, and Wigmore Street has seen their bright challenge slashing the drab of traffic. Even little local streets have felt their impact.

Sedate ranks of chrysanthemums are pierced and scattered by mimosa. Azaleas, forced to perfection, spread their lovely little branches in miniature shade. Prim violets in tiny bunches wait to be pinned onto a lady's coat or to nestle on her dressing table. Multifarious colored polyanthes toss lightheaded heads, and daffodils are trumpeting gloriously that they have done it again, earlier than ever. Narcissi droop modestly but smell more sweetly. Stiff hyacinths parade like guardsmen, blue and red and purest white. Roses are royal all the year round, gracing only gala occasions, writes Rosemary Cobham in The Christian Science Monitor.

The flowers that bloom in the spring are the secret agents of the antiwinter warfare. They can capture a heart singlehanded; roll up an army of gloomy thoughts; tear down winter's blackout and fling color into every window. They liberate the captive dullard, and cause children to laugh with glee. Even the baby will pause in his private confabulation with himself and clutch greedily at their bright banners.

Winter is no longer an enemy, but a backdrop to this glorious pageant. This is London's victory parade; its army of liberation anticipating the armistice. These early spring flowers are both the diversionary troops and the assault troops.

They take winter by surprise each year; and they take us by surprise also. They are the recurring miracle that smudges the seasons into one blur of happiness. Pushing back the chair from our desk, we stuff the housekeeping money into our pocket and make for their stronghold. For what can keep house better than a massed battalion of anemones, and what more delicious to feast upon than daffodils at dinnertime?

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY — Sunlight and shadow produce like a paper cut-out in this photo taken through a giant window. Perched nimbly on his ladder, the silhouetted window washer s-l-r-e-t-c-h-e-s acrobatically to sweep over the glass.

ALL BALLED UP—Balancing neatly on one leg, a crane tucks its head among its feathers at a zoo in Chessington, England. Could be the bird is shy, or else just doesn't like to be photographed.

Is The Cat A Walking Compass?

Standing in a quiet country lane in Devon recently, a schoolteacher from Middlesex gave a peculiar whistle. Out from a hedge bounded a lean, grey cat . . . the family pet the schoolteacher had lost in that lane a year earlier.

Last year, when his car had overturned there he and his son were injured and had to spend weeks in hospital. Mitzi, the cat, fled from the car and vanished.

This year the school-teacher went back to the lane, after making vain inquiries elsewhere for the missing Mitzi. The cat answered his whistle and is now safely back home. It is believed that it fed on scraps provided by kindly householders living near the scene of the crash, which it was reluctant to leave.

Cat experts are puzzled by this incident. They say that most cats have strong homing instincts and will usually attempt to return to their old homes, however great the distance may be.

A famous British naturalist vouches for the story of Snooty, a four-year-old black and white cat who was born at Windermere, who went with his owners when they moved to Sandbach, in Cheshire travelling by car, and after three days in Sandbach, disappeared. That was in September, 1952. The following February, Snooty arrived back in Windermere. His 120-mile walk had taken him five months.

Fabre, the great French naturalist, records that a cat belonging to him was carried four and a half miles in a basket. Upon arrival it was confined to the house for a week in the hope that it would become used to its new home. But directly it was released the cat returned to its old home; when it arrived it was wet to the skin, and its body was smeared with red earth, evidence that it had crossed a river which had barred its way and afterwards gathered up the dust of the fields.

When Professor Herricks, another naturalist, tried to probe the mystery of homing cats he came to the conclusion that neither sight, smell nor hearing enables a cat to return to familiar surroundings.

"Instead of any of these senses, the cat's inevitable return is due to a mystrious power of memory of its muscles," he decided. "It is as though within the muscles of the cat there is a compass whose needle points steadily homeward, no matter how many twists and turns the animal undergoes in its journey away from home."

BOTANICAL BARBER — What's he doing? Why, he's giving a rack-of-barley a haircut. Research fellow Joseph Klingenmith of the University of Michigan, trims the roots of a barley culture at the university's radiation laboratory. He's working under Prof. A. G. Norman in a project to learn how roots absorb minerals and feed them to a plant.

Memories Of Two Great Players

For one travelling the American League with the Red Sox, it was always a pleasure to invade Cleveland's Municipal Stadium or Detroit's Briggs Stadium a couple of hours before the game, because there was the chance you might run into Tris Speaker or Mel Ott.

Sitting on a photographer's bench on the field or in a front-row box during batting practice, Speaker loved to talk about the young players of today and, for those who could remember, about some of the great games and stars of a new forgotten era.

Eating a pregrame snack or playing a friendly card game at the downstairs press room at Briggs Stadium, Ott was of the same mind. He would talk for hours about his days with the Giants, under McGraw, and it was a feather in the cap of any newsman who could get Mel and Ted Williams into a discussion of hitting.

Tris and Mel — baseball was their life. They could have stayed away when their playing days were over, but they preferred to come back — preferred to mingle with the young men now playing the game and, occasionally, to run into a friend who had been a part of their playing generations.

There will be something missing in Cleveland and Detroit, something that warmed the heart of a visitor who admired these two gentlemen and their feeling for baseball.

Ott, of course, went several weeks ago, but Speaker's passing has just now saddened the hearts of all who knew him.

Before settling into a scouting-coaching post with the Cleveland club, Speaker, like Ott, wrote one of the really great stories of baseball history. Tris was a center fielder, and the standard he set at that key outfield position has been used as a yardstick down through the years.

There have been the defensive skills of such as Terry Moore, Jimmy Piersall, the Di Maggios and a few others, but those who saw Speaker in most of his 22 years with the Red Sox, Indians, Senators, and Athletics say that there has never been his equal in all-around performance.

Tris could go and get the ball and he could throw it, but he could also swing a potent bat—.344 for 22 big league years.

He posted such averages as .366, .386, .388, .378, .380, and .389, and would have won a string of batting crowns instead of just one (in 1916 at Cleveland) if Ty Cobb had not been around, writes Rumill in the Christian Science Monitor.

Speaker broke in with the Red Sox in 1907 and was still active while managing Newark in 1930. He played on three world championship clubs, at Boston in 1912 and '15, and Cleveland in '20. He managed the Indians from '19 to '26. Tris had a .306 batting average for World Series play.

Noted for his shallow position in center field and his ability to go back for a fly ball, Speaker was the middle man on what is still considered by many to be the greatest outfield of all time. With Duffy Lewis in left and Harry Hooper in right, Tris was part of a unit which Fenway Park still talks about.

In recent years, though it has never been written, Speaker did much to help Jimmy Piersall walk the comeback trail. At every opportunity, while the Red Sox were at Municipal Stadium, Tris would sit down with Jim, talking like a big brother, building up his confidence.

Jim would listen like any eager kid would have listened to the counsel of the great Speaker, absorbing every word, every gesture. Tris always had time for a young player, to praise his strong points and suggest ways of overcoming his weaknesses. From his seat in the press box once the game got under way, Tris often added weight to the stories of the scribes.

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MERRY MENAGERIE

"Poor Hank—got bumped into by an owl! Didn't know his tail light was out!"

How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent the ink from spreading, when marking linen?

A. Use a lead pencil for drawing the letters, then trace exactly over these lines with ink.

Q. How can I tighten the blades of the scissors that have become too loose?

A. Try pressing a hot poker, or similar instrument, on each side of the rivet that holds the two blades. The rivet will expand and fit the hole, thus tightening the blades.

Q. How can I prevent lumps from forming in brown sugar?

A. By keeping the sugar covered with a damp cloth, and in a cool place.

Q. How can I remove grease spots from the painted wall above the gas range?

A. Wipe the wall with a cloth moistened in kerosene. Dry with a clean cloth.

Q. How can I make an emergency candle?

A. Heat a cake of paraffin until it is pliable, then wrap it around a heavy cord, and your candle is ready for use.

Q. How can I disinfect the carpet in a room, after a person has been ill?

A. Tear some newspapers into small pieces and soak them in a solution of formaldehyde and water. Wring out the paper and scatter over the carpet. Then sweep them off with a broom.

Q. How can I keep the hands soft, and prevent chapping?

A. Rub Indian meal on the hands after soaping them for washing. It will not only cleanse and soften the skin, but will also prevent chapping.

HELP WANTED

GRADUATE NURSES! New 80 bed hospital. Evening and night positions on O.B. Wing, $350.00. Apply Director of Nurses, Memorial Hospital, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

MEDICAL

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