ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: That reader who can't hold her man has my sympathy. I can't either . . . There are three men I could have, but there is only one I want. We've gone together regularly for over two years. He says he still loves me, and promises he'll marry me some day, but he isn't affectionate any more, and I never know when he is coming. When we do go out he brings me home early so he can join his men friends until midnight. He says he is with them every single night!

"I know most of them and they're nice guys, but now they have become competitors, I can't take it. If he paid me half the attention he shows them I'd be the happiest girl alive.

"I don't want to be selfish, Anne Hirst, but something is wrong and I want you to tell me what it is. SO UNHAPPY"

ONE SMART GIRL

When the times comes that one's fiance (upon urging) declares that he "still" loves you and "some day" he will marry you, why shouldn't a girl worry? Her romance is withering before her eyes. Unless his complete devotion can be revived, the end is not far off.

So long as the man was uncertain of you, he was on his toes. When you finally consented to marry him, he relaxed. Now he is showing you a true picture of the life you would lead if he condescended to marry you today.

No girl with any self-respect will play second fiddle for long. If your fiance has become so dependent on his men friends, he should not think of marrying. It is his choice, of course, but you may have to prod him.

No matter why his affection has cooled (and how can I tell why?) he has found he can neglect you with impunity, and he sees you will be waiting for him whenever he designs to drop in — while you wear your heart out, wondering.

Now let him worry!

Whether you mean all, or nothing, you have the right to know. Anything is better than the turbulent anxiety you are enduring.

* * *

SHE DOUBTS HUSBAND

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am so worried about my husband! I have always loved and trusted him, but lately he joined a men's club. I know he gambles sometimes, but now I think he is interested in some other woman.

"Once several years ago I saw him with a girl, who turned out to be a friend of his brother's. I did not accept his explanation, so now I think he is seeing somebody else. Everytime the club meets he comes home late, and I am so uneasy I can hardly bear it. What is your opinion?

BURDENED"

I think you are hunting for trouble that does not exist.

You have gone far into the past in your search, and created a situation out of a mere incident. If you persist in such nonsense your husband will rebel and why not?

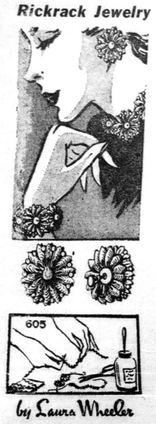
It is foolish to think that the nights your husband's club meets he would take time out from the men to date any girl; he goes there to be with his men friends and talk man-talk —

And I suggest that on those evenings you and a woman friend visit together, or take in a movie. That is the practical answer to your "problem," which is no problem at all. Be smart, and accept it.

* * *

Some selfish men want to have their cake and eat it, too. No self-respecting girl will permit that for long . . . If this situation troubles you, write Anne Hirst about it. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont.

Rickrack Jewelry



by Laura Wheeler

Easy as 1-2-3 to make rick-rack jewelry. So pretty, so inexpensive to make, you'll want set of earrings, pin, necklace. Add pearls for glamour.

Pattern 605: directions for easy-to-make rick-rack jewelry. Thrifty for year-around wear.

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**.

As a bonus, TWO complete patterns are printed right in our LAURA WHEELER Needlecraft Book. Dozens of other designs you'll want to order—easy fascinating handwork for yourself, your home, gifts, bazaar items. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book today!

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS YOUNG—People repair roofs every day, but few women of 75 clamber about on the slick surface of a housetop. For Mrs. Verdie Scott, above, of Midland, Texas, doing her own repairs is nothing new. She is a licensed plumber and does electrical work. These skills were developed through necessity. During World War II, Mrs. Scott and her late husband operated a tourist court. Mr. Scott was in bad health and they couldn't get help, so Mrs. Scott took on the patch-up chores. She's been doing her own carpentry, plumbing and electrical work ever since. With that mouthful of nails she looks like a professional carpenter.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

The weather is a lively subject for discussion these days. It means different things to different people. So far around here, we are experiencing an open winter but that isn't a matter of rejoicing for everyone. For those who have to travel the highways, yes, but for farmers whose income during the present year depends on field crops and milk cheques it isn't so good. Without a protective covering of snow what will happen to the wheat and forage crops? Particularly the forage crops. Without snow, pastures and seeded down fields may be winter-killed. That, eventually, will mean poor pasture and very little hay.

Farmers as a class have a reputation for never being satisfied. They have earned that reputation first because what appears wonderful weather to business people and pleasure-seekers alike is seldom right for the farmer. For instance, snow-filled roads are a headache to motorists but they mean money in his pocket to the farmer. I doubt if urban and rural folk will ever understand each other because their basic needs are so entirely different. Take eggs as a sample. We don't use many eggs now so I hadn't been paying much attention to the price lately. But yesterday I came to with a jolt—by a price-tag in our village store. "Grade A large, 39c." I support it's a case of once a farmer always a farmer. I didn't think to myself as a person in town might do — "Thirty-nine cents, that's wonderful." No, my reaction was one of deduction. "Thirty-nine cents! Heavens, that means farmers are getting only 29¢, or possibly an average of 25¢ from the graders."

Why, oh why, should farm produce be so low and other prices so high? Four dozen eggs to pay for a haircut; the price of a grade cow at the stockyards to buy a man's suit. Children now look on a "quarter" for spending money as a mere pittance but mother knows that with every quarter away goes the gross receipt for a dozen eggs. And the wages for hired help! Five dollars a day in winter is the very least. I know it doesn't sound too much insofar as the help is concerned but it is absolutely out of balance with the farmer's income. What happens? Many a hundred-acre farmer does without help, puts in longer hours himself and works to the point of exhaustion. We know . . . Partner has done it — and so have many others. Last week we visited a young fellow working a farm on shares. He was putting out seven cans of milk a day and yet found it impossible to hire help worth the wages they were asking. He looked just about dead on his feet. Why wouldn't he, working from five in the morning until seven at night? There must surely be something wrong with our economy when one man works fourteen hours a day to make a living and another only six. Of course there will come the inevitable retort —what about the unemployed? Yes, what about them? If the farmer who needs help and the man who needs work should get together, something might be accomplished for the benefit of all concerned. Five dollars, plus two meals a day ought to look good to a man out of work — except that many a man can make that much drawing unemployment insurance.

Oh well, I suppose every age has its problems — some big, some small. And sometimes our eyes see things out of focus. Small problems we look upon as big problems and big problems we often regard as beyond our understanding. That is often too true but it doesn't excuse lack of interest. For instance we may know little about how government affairs are run but we should at least have some idea of the type of men and women we want in office to run things for us. At a recent municipal election near here only four per cent of the eligible voters cast their ballots. That is surely a disgrace and a reflection on our use of democratic rights.

Well, I had just finished writing the above when we were confronted with three "problems" of our own. Three small grandsons, no less. Dee, Art and the boys arrived soon after lunch. It was several weeks since they had been out with the children. Jerry, three months old, is as good as gold. David seems suddenly to have jumped from a toddler to a little boy. Eddie, not yet two, is the one who keeps everyone on the jump. Independent, adventurous and happy. No matter how mischievous he is you just have to love him. They all brought their skates as we have a patch of ice at the back of our lot. Dave is just learning to skate; Eddie slides along on bob-skates, so the whole family had lots of fun for about an hour—including grandpa—but minus skates. Then came an afternoon nap—and peace reigned supreme.

It is wonderful to have an opportunity to watch our grandchildren grow up. Instinctively we hope against hope that the uncertain times in which we live will eventually simmer down to a less turbulent and peaceful era. Perhaps the Liberal Convention now in progress will point the way. I wonder!

Modern Etiquette . . .

by Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for a hostess to place the food on the individual dinner plates and have everything ready when her guests sit down, or should she always have the food on platters for passing around?

A. In a home without servants, arranging food on the place plates is a very practical idea, and certainly is not improper.

Q. Should a girl wear an evening dress to a dance when she knows that her escort is going to wear a business suit?

A. Not unless it has been agreed beforehand by other feminine members of the party that they are going to wear gowns, despite the fact that the men are all wearing business suits.

Q. Is it necessary for a woman to rise from her chair when acknowledging an introduction?

A. While not considered necessary, it still indicates a more genuine pleasure over the meeting when she does rise.

Q. My husband and I have been invited to a double wedding ceremony. The one couple are very good friends, but the other we know only slightly. Are we obligated to send wedding gifts to both couples?

A. A gift to your very good friends is the only requirement. Of course, a little gift to the other bride would not be improper, but it isn't expected.

Q. How should one handle the spoon when partaking of soup?

A. The spoon should, of course, be held in the right hand. It is dipped into the soup with an outward sweep, then taken from the side of the spoon, never from the tip.

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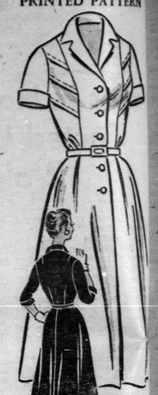

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Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier,accurate.

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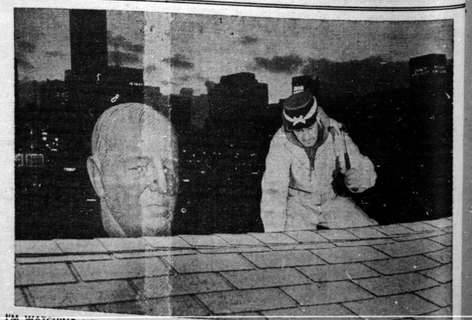
ISSUE 6 — 1958

NEVER FORGOTTEN — Commemorating the early Christian martyrs who were put to death in Rome's Colosseum, a stone cross rises amid the ruins of the ancient pile. Framed by the weathered archway, the new memorial replaces a smaller cross which stood at the spot for hundreds of years.



I'M WATCHING YOU—Scrutinized by a bust of the late merchant John Wanamaker, carpenter Harold Smith works through the predawn Chicago darkness shingling the roof of a house being constructed in the Merchandise Mart Plaza. The $17,500 split-level, six-room house was put together by a team of nifty nail-pounders in 48 hours. Built in conjunction with a home furnishings show at the Mart, the home will be awarded to a contest winner.

NICE TRY — Even though snow is unheard of at the Valley of the Sun resort, pretty Barbara Koile, 17, does her best to build a "snowman" She puts the finishing touches on a "tumble-weed man," It's not quite the samt, but who cares?

Grim Jests

The late Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist, enjoyed a joke. On one occasion Spilsbury was attending at a coroner's court when another witness, a young doctor, was overcome by the stuffiness of the court and fainted. He was carried out and, of course, Spilsbury, as the nearest available medical man went to attend to him.

The young doctor came to and found himself laid out on a slab with the serious face of the pathologist bending over him. The young man must have imagined that he was to be the subject of a post-mortem for he yelled in horror and jumped up and fled.

Another person who got a shock was Spilsbury's cook. The great man once brought home a specimen from his laboratory —a human arm or leg—and left it under a cover in the kitchen. The cook found it, and had hysterics.

Railway detectives played a joke, and it brought results. They had been worried by luggage thieves who somehow got into the luggage compartments of long-distance trains and rifled the suitcases.

One day a large trunk labelled "This Side Up—Handle With Care" was put on board just before a train started. The detectives were suspicious but had no time to examine it. So they told the guard to place it upside down.

In a few moments there were loud yells for help from inside the trunk. It contained a well-known thief whose intention had been to slip out of hiding when the guard's attention was distracted and collect anything of value from the other cases in the compartment. He had planned to climb back into the trunk with his loot and patiently wait until it was delivered to the address of one of his friends.

Don't Mess With Nature!

The momentum of man's progress has come to be an awesome thing, sometimes with man making an illogical fool of himself. No sooner has his ingenuity whipped up something epochal like the missile than he puts himself in the task of making an antimissile to eliminate the missile he made in the first place.

In his efforts at self-government we see him setting up laws then straining to find loopholes in them, so as to escape their effect. It's grubs for money to enhance his well-being, but is never satisfied until he has more than he can use, then lives in fear of losing that excess.

But it is when he starts messing around with nature that man pulls such boners that even he begins to worry about ultimate results. Only recently has he discovered he can't destroy forests, overwork lands, transpiant flora and fauna carelessly, without suffering unnatural consequences.

Somebody tried to beautify the Congo with water hyacinths, and now it is clogged with them. Birds imported from Europe to America likewise thrived and became a nuisance even while the passenger pigeon and the whooping crane were being wiped out. Now man can wipe out man.

Here in our mountains, the coyote has to go because he preys on domestic livestock. But the coyote also preys on mice, so it follows that the fewer the coyotes, the more mice and other rodents, and something must replace the coyote, otherwise we will get a pest even more troublesome.

Now on the brink of space exploration, man is also on the verge of learning to control his weather and the climate of the earth he lives on. This may be his fatal mistake . . .

It would be distressing enough to see the Russians or anyone else smear the moon with signpainter's ink. But it would be more outrageous if any man were to flood the Sahara, send blizzards to the valley of the Amazon and melt all the snow and ice at the North Pole. Horribly enough, such stunts appear to be coming into the realm of possibility.

Great as is the present rate of expansion of human knowledge, it must ever be only a little knowledge, and dangerous when applied to seeking loopholes in the laws of universal nature.

—Denver Post.

DRIVE WITH CARE!

MERRY MENAGERIE

"He's trying to break his human of that go-fetch-the-paper stuff!"

CALCULATED CRACKUP — The 1957 Ford above roared down a South Carolina hill at 75 miles an hour, hit an obstacle, lurched out of control, skidded 175 feet, hit a ditch, spun out for 150 feet more, bounced seven feet into the air and overturned in a holocaust of sparks, flame and smoke. Then the door opened and the driver (arrow) wiggled out — with a satisfied grin on his face. He was Carey Loftin, 44-year-old ace Hollywood stunt man and cracking up cars like this is his bread and butter. His careful calculation landed the wreck within 18 inches of where he had told the director it would end up. You'll see this crash in "Thunder Road," where it brings sudden death to Bob Mitchum.

Flaming Torch To Thaw Gasoline!

The wind tore rents in the curtain of snow to display to the captain of the Mary Ellen an occasional glimpse of the white blanket that was the shore. No sign of any activity on its desolate stretch met his straining eyes. Nothing but silence as tons of snow fell and melted in the water, deepening on the deck of the vessel — and on the cases piled there.

Inching his way into harbour, Manny Zora "smelt" that something was wrong. His sense of danger, sharpened by years of smuggling activity, warned him off, and he decided to make for a tiny island north of the mouth of the inlet. Here the crew of the Mary Ellen unloaded their cargo of contraband.

Manny Zora returned to the mainland to find out what had gone wrong with the organization and the lorries which were to pick up his cargo. After leaving instructions for the vessel to head out to sea and wait, he untied the dory from the ship's stern and pulled for the shore. The blurred outlines of another dory appeared through the swirling snowstorm and the distance between them closed. There was no response to his shout: "Hey, there!"

Manny shipped his oars and waited. The other dory slid alongside, and Manny's fears were realized as he had a close-up of three tough members of the Coast Guard.

Life for Manny Zora was full of brushes with coast guards during the prohibition era in America's thirsty history, and "The Sea Fox," by Scott Corbett, with Captain Manuel Zora tells the stirring, rollicking adventures of a bootlegger who matched his wits against authority by ferrying its supplies of illegal spirits from Rum Row, the rendez-vous of a fleet of old liquor-carrying schooners and rusty freighters anchored a few miles off the coast of America.

Many of the rum-runners were Portuguese who had settled in America and, to allay suspicion, did a certain amount of fishing in small ships. The introduction of the gasoline engine as motive power was welcomed with all the confidence of total ignorance! When a motor was fitted the owner was instructed how to crank it until it started, how to cut it, and that was that.

One morning, a frosty one, two men boarded their dory prior to a day's work. The captain cranked until he was exhausted. His one-man crew watched in silence until he was ordered to have a go. He cranked until he could crank no more; but the engine stayed silent. The captain tried again, without success.

Getting his breath back, the "crew" offered the suggestion that without a doubt the gasoline was frozen. The captain agreed — and went to work unfreezing it with a two-inch thick flaming torch. There was a sudden explosion, both men flung themselves overboard and the dory went up in flames.

On another occasion the engine failed when a local was far out at sea. The skipper stopped his frenzied cranking to implore: "Please, Saint Peter, make this boat start and I promise when I get in I'll bust it to pieces!"

Presumably St. Peter heard, for the motor eventually started. True to his word, the skipper's first job when he made land was to ask for a hammer and with it proceed to smash the engine!

An ever-present annoyance to the rum-runners were the hijackers — crafty, cunning prowlers both by land and sea, who waited and watched where the loads were hidden ashore, then raided the hideouts.

Papa Perera was cunning; but his memory was short. A man of the soil, he successfully foiled the hi-jackers — and on many occasions himself, too; For often he forgot where he'd interred a quart bottle.

Even when prohibition had become but a memory, he would strike a bottle with his spade while turning over ground to plant corn or potatoes, often with fatal results to the bottle!

Captain Zora was a thorn in the sides of officialdom; but he was a sharp thorn, and knew just to what extent he could foil the law and its officers.

Returning in the darkness to the pier with a cargo of crated of beer, Manny Zora tied up and was all set for off-loading when, from the wharf above, the beam of a powerful flashlight settled steadily on the cargo.

A surprised Captain Zora padded off to investigate. Behind the flashlight was the chief of police — in civvies. Manny retraced his steps to the Mary Ellen.

On board again, he glanced up at the dark outline behind the torch and brazenly requested: "Good, chief, thanks. Keep the light on so that we can see what we are doing." Coils of rope were dug out and cases of beer secured at intervals along the lengthy lines of rope.

The task completed, the Mary Ellen set off back to the supply ship, moored safely beyond the penetrating beam of the flashlight. The crates were dumped overboard and the free ends of the lines secured to the ship's mooring, where they could be retrieved at leisure.

Manny Zora returned to the pier with an empty vessel, happy in the knowledge that the authority of the chief of police ended at the pier. He had no right to board a ship; that was the coast guard's job.

ROUND AND ROUND

The doctor was puzzled. "You ought to be better by now," he said. "Have you carried out my instructions?"

"Well, doctor," said the patient, "I've done most of them, but I can't take the two-mile walk every morning you ordered. I get too dizzy."

"What do you mean — dizzy?"

"Well," said the patient, "perhaps I forgot to tell you, but I'm a lighthouse keeper."

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Long Living Birds And Animals

Experts have pointed out that some domestic animals are much longer-lived than we imagine and that there is a tendency for them to live longer nowadays.

The average life of a dog is 15 years and a horse between 25 and 30 years. There are records of cats living to the age of 20 and over, but most cats die before they are 15 years old.

Pigs will often exceed 20 years of age, but five years is a fair average for a rabbit and seven for a hare.

Lions do not often live beyond 20 years. In captivity they usually die before the age of 17. Leopards, jaguars and hyenas live to be approximately 25. The elephant's normal life-span is 75 years, but sometimes he is "not out" at a century. Camels are often old and bent at 35.

Man-like apes seldom live more than 30 years, Mickey, a London Zoo chimpanzee, died of senile decay when 26 years old. Age limits for some other beasts include: rhinoceroses, 45; hippopotamuses, 40; bears, 35; giraffes, 30;kangaroos, 20; seals, 25.

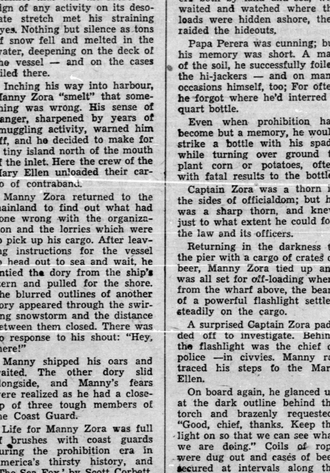
Walruses certainly live to 50 years of age and possibly much longer, while a seal has lived in captivity for over thirty years.

Reptiles are very long-lived. Among tortoises, those inhabiting the Galapagos Islands weighing five to six hundredweights are reputed to attain great ages. One is said to have lived 200 years.

Parrots and cockatoos are among the longest-lived birds. Although fabulous ages should be taken with a grain of salt, there is a well-authenticated instance of a parrot reaching 102 years. When he was turned sixty, Cocky, a sulphur-crested cockatoo, took part in a TV show.

One of the longest-lived domestic birds is the goose which sometimes lives to the age of 40. Hens have lived to 19, ducks to more than 17 and a cock pheasant has survived in natural surroundings to 22.

Small birds live much longer than is generally supposed. A goldfinch has lived in an aviary for 24 years and, stranger still, a nightingale lived for 25 years.



PEEP SHOW—Aqua the sea lion gives a fair imitation of a Peeping Tom as he peers through a window at the Seaquarium. Actually, he's peeping on eye on his trainer, Adolph Frohn, who's cleaning up the animal quarters inside.

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ISSUE 6 — 1958

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