# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:
Is 33 too old to try to find happiness again? My divorce was granted over a year ago. I have only one child who is dependent on me, the others married young and are happily on their own.

"My husband gave me such a raw deal that I believed there were no good men left—

"But now I think I have found one. I know I could love him. He says he has been searching for years for a woman like myself and I think he will soon propose. We are thoroughly compatible, and I believe we can help each other to find a more complete life together. I don't go around much, I just work and try to make a home for my young son. He, by the way, thinks my friend is tops.

"My other children know him, of course, and feel as though he were already a member of the family. Do you think people would call me foolish at my age to accept him?

"Once while I was married you answered my appeal for guidance, and gave me the courage I needed. May I have your opinion now?

WONDERING"

ACCEPT GRATEFULLY

Where on earth did you get the idea that the 30's are too for marriage? Some of the happiest wives I know did not marry at all until they were your age. You are too wise to be deceived a second time; you have learned this man's character, weighing all his qualities thoughtfully, and everything you tell me favors your accepting him.

As for what people will say, those who love you will rejoice in your newfound happiness, and the others do not count. After all, your life is yours to live, and it is your heart that will dictate your future. You have had your share of tragedy. You deserve a good partner who will take care of you, and provide the companionship and affection you have been missing. Congratulations!

* * *

"I WAS A FOOL!"

"Dear Anne Hirst:
I hope no other man makes the stupid mistake I made; he might not be so lucky as to get the second chance I got . . .

"When I married a girl of a different faith, the ceremony was performed in her church, and our children were all baptized there; I even attended services with her occasionally. But after awhile people jibed at me and poisoned my mind; I began to argue with her, and would not give ear to her reasoning. I got both of us in a desperate state . . . She left me.

"God must have given her special grace, for she has finally listened to my pleas and we are back together. We all attend her church regularly, and once again I am alive. I realized what a fool I was to let those interfering people influence me. But I feel I can never make up for all the heartache I caused her.

ANOTHER FOOL"

**"What will people say?" sometimes is a safeguard against hasty action. Yet when it comes to marriage, it is one's heart and wisdom that supplies the answer. When any vital decision confronts you, ask Anne Hirst's opinion; it will be honest and helpful. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., Toronto, Ontario.**

## Color Beauty

622

by Laura Wheeler

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## Best Dressed

Again, for the fifth year in a row, Mrs. William Paley, New York matron, has been dubbed "best dressed" by a group of self-appointed judges. And again we are forced to file a demurrer, principally because the term "best dressed" is too indefinite. Best dressed for what? For cooking a turkey, changing a baby's diaper, waiting on table, selling dry goods? What is best-dressed for, let us say, sitting up at night with a sick baby is not best dressed for eating at Toots Shor's or Sherman Billingsley's place. And vice versa, of course.

We have long labored to put some sense into these best-dressed contests by having them divided into categories, the least of which would be the purely ornamental. One category might be "Best dressed on 40 bucks a week." Or another, "Best dressed with the stingiest husband." Or even: "Best dressed in your local supermarket."

When you come right down to it, all these things are subjective. Probably William Paley agrees with the decision, but who else does? We don't, for the simple reason we have our own choices and can back them up with as much stuff as the people who picked Mrs. Paley.

—Hartford Courant

## GRIEVANCE HAD AN AIRING

Probably the most perturbed group of people in the world were Toronto parents who recently convened a meeting to discuss the disciplining of children.

When the meeting was over the parents discovered that the air had been let out of some twenty-four cars. The culprits: undisciplined children.

**LATE LATIN LOVER** — Giving with that soulful look is a bust of the Roman Emperor Vitellius who reigned for only a few months in the year 69 A.D. Famed as a pleasure-seeker, Vitellius would undoubtedly have been pleased by the caress given him by a pretty garlanded miss in Rome 20 centuries after his death.

**CUTE COOKIE** — This little angel got her head stuck in an angel food cake pan. Kathy West, 3, pulled the pan, with a removable bottom, over her head in the kitchen of her home. Unable to remove the pan, her mother called the rescue squad, who freed the little tot. Kathy didn't even cry.

# CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

One day, years and years ago, we had a little grey kitten. We hadn't an idea what to call it but, since we got it the day of a certain provincial election we said we would call it after whoever was announced as the winning candidate. And so our kitty-cat went to bed that night with the name of "Mitchie". It was a nicer name than "George" any way. And Mitchie was still with us long after Mitchell Hepburn had gone back to growing onions.

Last night, I would have you know, was the wind-up of the 1958 Liberal Convention, which as you are aware, Lester B. Pearson was chosen as the new Party leader. Just after the televised programme had started and we were waiting anxiously to hear the choice of the party, Ditto, our little tortoiseshell cat decided she wanted to go out. Without any misgiving I opened the front door and away she went. After the TV session was over I remembered Ditto and went to call her. But Ditto had vanished and we haven't seen a sign of her since. Never before had she been away for more than an hour at a time. So, in the future, whenever we think of the Liberal Convention we shall remember it as the night our little kitty-cat went away. Her name couldn't have had any significance anyway because we can't imagine the new leader ever being called "Ditto"—much as we admire him. So there it is —next time we have a cat we'll make sure it doesn't get mixed up with politics, that way we may keep it around a bit longer. Or shall we take Ditto as an omen of what the future holds in store? Shall we say that if Ditto comes back Pearson may be assured of victory—or that if we never see her again he is doomed to defeat?

This morning I drove here and there along the roads and onto the highway but never a sign of a cat could I see, either alive or dead. If we only knew what happened to her it would not be so bad. I can only hope, since she was such a friendly little thing, that someone may have taken a fancy to her and taken her in. Or it could be she had a date with a boy friend. Anything—just so long as she wasn't run over and killed.

That is one disadvantage of living in a built-up area—domestic pets, either cats or dogs, are liable to have a short life. That is what our neighbours tell us anyway. Across the road there have been three dogs and two kittens since we came here. Next door the people are trying to raise a kitten for the third time. Another family gave up and settled for goldfish and yet another has two little Budgie birds. Neither birds nor fish appeal to me too much as pets but a puppy or a kitten I can never resist. It seems so quiet today without Ditto racing through the house, running off with my knitting wool or chasing a paper ball. However, I am still hoping she will come back—hoping but not expecting. In any case we may be disappointed—considering the political implications.

On the farm when Mitchie was missing we might find him up a tall tree, or on top of the roof from which he was afraid to come down. True to his name he was always getting into difficulties. One time Partner found him stranded on the cross-beam that held the hayfork track. Somehow or other Partner managed to rescue Mitchie—follishly perhaps—he might have landed on the barn floor. And then I would have had a cat and maybe lost a husband. But we all do foolish things if it means saving a life—animal or human.

Well, there seems to be stormy weather right across Canada but we have yet to have our first snowfall — although it looks threatening right now. However at the moment there is only a slight dusting of snow on the roads. Maybe I shall know in a day or two what snow really looks like as I am expecting to make a trip to Peterborough to help Klemi sort out things so he knows what to put in storage. For a time he will be getting a room with friends. I may get a car ride up on Sunday or I may go on the "Day-Liner" early in the week. That Day-Liner is really wonderful—Toronto to Peterborough in an hour and twenty minutes. That's what I call travelling in comfort. Last trip I took my knitting with me and had time to do only two inches of ribbing on the sock I was making. Partly, perhaps, because I was too busy watching the scenery. From what I could see there was plenty of reforestation but very little ordinary farming, due, no doubt, to the hills and moisture. I did notice one farm in particular where hilly fields had been ploughed. The need for contour ploughing was obvious. But no, the hills had been ploughed up and down as usual. It made me dizzy to even imagine a man on a tractor going down that awful slope. And just think of all that has been written and demonstrated in favour of contour ploughing. There must two classes of farmers — stubborn and progressive!

### ENVIOUS

An Indian in New Mexico was smoke-signalling love messages to his Indian girl friend a few miles away. Suddenly an atom bomb test was made covering the the sky with smoke for several miles.

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

"Split personality, you say? His, I assure you, is too small for that!"

## Alarming

With the arrival of the darker mornings, more and more alarm clocks are used, especially in France where they have always been more popular than in any other European country.

One Frenchman who was a notorious late-riser can always rise promptly nowadays because he has invented his own novel alarm clock.

When its bell rings a light flashes on and the bedclothes are whirled off. Another home-made alarm clock lights a spirit lamp to boil the water in a kettle, pours out a cup of tea and extinguishes the flames as the kettle tilts.

When a Frenchwoman was arrested by a shop detective and charged with stealing some jewellery, she denied the theft indignantly but — unluckily for her — an alarm clock which she had stolen with the jewellery suddenly sounded.

She was searched. Three tiny alarm clocks and the jewellery were found in a specially-made pocket inside her capacious skirt.

Police in Yorkshire were baffled some years back by the activities of a specialist thief who broke into houses and stole only alarm clocks, ignoring more valuable loot. One of the stolen clocks played the American anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," after striking the hour. As a result, every city policeman spent hours while on duty listening for that tune, but neither the thief nor the clocks were ever traced.

## Modern Etiquette . . .
by Roberta Lee

**Q. Is there any rule as to who should make the introductions at an informal home gathering, the host or the hostess?**

A. No. Either may do this.

**Q. When a dinner course is finished, should the hostess' plate be removed first, and if not, whose plate?**

A. There is no rule governing the order of removing dinner plates.

**Q. Is it necessary that a woman traveler wear a hat to the dining car of a train?**

A. This is entirely optional.

**Q. When a salesman enters an office where women are employed, should he always remove his hat?**

A. He should remove his hat even if there are no women employees present!

**Q. I noticed at an airport recently that the men boarding the plane didn't allow the women to enter first, but took their turns as they fell into line. Was this proper?**

A. In order to load a plane most efficiently, and in the hurry and bustle of travel, it usually isn't practicable for the men to stand aside to wait for the women to go first.

**Q. I have heard that postscripts to letters are in poor taste. Is this so?**

A. There is nothing wrong with postscripts, when necessary. It is better, though, to take pains while composing your letter to include everything you wish to say. Postcripts tend to indicate haste and carelessness in the original composition.

**Q. When selecting monogrammed handkerchiefs for a man or woman, which initial should be selected, that of the first or the last name?**

A. For a man it is always the last. For a woman, the last is customary, but the first is permissible.

**Q. Is a bride obligated to give gifts to her attendants?**

A. This is not so much a question of "obligation." It is a long-standing custom, and therefore accepted as good form.

**Q. Is it proper for a salesman to say "good-by" to the reception girl when leaving a business office?**

A. This is not only courteous, but also tactful. A little thing like this is often remembered the next time the salesman pays a call.

## Jumper Or Dress
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by Anne Adams

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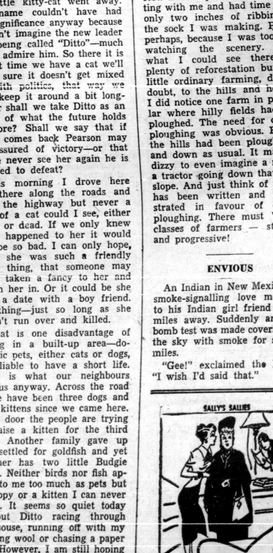

**PUTTING ON AN ACT** — The long and short of a circus act these two buckaroos team up in Paris. Six year-old Bimbo is just knee-high to his buddy, Bimbo, who towers more than seven feet. Dressed as characters from the American West their act is part of a German circus currently playing Paris.

## Campanella—Man Of Many Friends

It was a couple of fellows named Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson who opened the gates for the Negro player in organized baseball.

But it was Roy Campanella, the rotund catcher, as much as anybody, who took the seriousness out of the Negro's place in the national pastime and gave it a smile.

In fact, in the beginning, even Roy's critics had to smile, because, with that chunky build of his, he looked far more like a participant in a neighborhood game between the married men and single men than he did a big leaguer.

They wondered how that roly-poly man could ever move fast enough to keep the major pace.

But he could, and did — well enough to be the backbone of championship Dodger teams and to win the most valuable player award three times in the National League—the same league that had a Willie Mays, a Stan Musial and a few other greats of this modern era.

"Campy" was big league in a number of ways, but what his pals remembered most about him in the stories which came out immediately after his automobile accident recently was his wonderful sense of humour and warm personality — his sincere love for the game that has meant so much to the Campanella family.

Roy was one of the highest paid Dodgers, yet he probably thought less about that side of it than anyone else on the then Brooklyn roster. He admitted, and meant it, that he would have played for nothing.

When Jackie Robinson quit the game, they wrote stories about his managerial possibilities — the first Negro with the potential to pilot a ball club writes Rumill in The Christian Science Monitor.

But those close to the Dodgers felt that it was a case of mistaken identity. While Robinson might have made the grade, teammates contended that Campanella had a far better chance.

Dr. Ogden says that parental neglect can mean not only moral neglect, but neglect of physical handicaps, such as squinting, crooked noses, limps, ugly scars, badly healed fractures and other complaints.

Such disabilities usually cause embarrassment to youths who try to cover their very natural resentment with an "over-compensatory aggression."

Of youths who had deformities of the nose corrected, only one in eight had been reconvicted after two years.

"In one stroke a source of chronic physical discomfort and emotional embarrassment has been removed," says Dr. Ogden in his report.

**"TELL THEM TO BE CAREFUL"**—Dean Bisbee tries to comfort his son, Lynn, 16, as the youth receives emergency treatment at Denver General Hospital after a home-made rocket exploded and blew off part of the boy's right hand. "Just tell the other kids to be more careful when they're working with explosives," the science student asked. Lynn's words of caution were echoed by Maj. Gen. H. N. Toffoy, commanding general of Redstone Arsenal, who issued a stiff warning urging amateur rocketeers to use "extreme" caution in making homemade rockets.

## Beat Temptation By A Nose

Is a crooked nose liable to turn a youth crooked? Recent research indicates that in certain cases this may be so.

Many juvenile delinquents who have had such physical afflictions corrected during their term in reform institutions are making good on release at a rate of thirty-three per cent, better than youths who had not received attention, says Dr. D. A. Ogden, medical officer to Portland Borstal Institution and Verne Prison.

## Time To Fly

Turk's was a farmyard-built airplane. In those days you bought blueprints for airplanes the way you buy blueprints for barbecues today. . . .

Our first wings were covered with a heavy balloon cloth. They had such an exaggerated curve that they clutched onto the air like a hand holding onto a cliff, rather than split it, like a wing of modern design. They were called clutch-grip wings. The little four-cylinder engine with a toothpick propellor had a cough that sounded so much like a plane. When they worked at all, they landed so slowly you could almost step off and run along beside them. But weight and ignorance usually either kept them on the ground or brought them back to it fast. If they did get into the air, the pilot was faced with the imminent danger that he would run out of knowledge, the ship would come apart at the seams or the engine conk out.

Adding to the confusion was the number of designs on the market. Oddly enough, there were more types of airplanes for sale in those days than there are now. Each type of machine had its own type of control. A pilot who learned to fly one type couldn't fly another. A left-handed pilot was no good in a right-handed ship. Even such a change as the location of the throttle created difficulties. . . .

The operation of those old-time ships didn't require much knowledge or flying ability. You'd steer with the rudder bar, pull the stick back to ascend, shove it forward to nose down. Your shoulder harness was connected by means of a wire to the flexible trailing edge of the wing tips. To bank you just hunched your shoulders. But you always kept your eye on the "telltale," which was the sole flight instrument of its time and the original turn-and-bank indicator. It was nothing more than a ribbon streamer tied to the bamboo shaft directly in front of the pilot. As long as the streamer blew directly toward the pilot it indicated a properly banked turn, but when it trailed toward the outside it warned of a slip. If it fluttered toward the inside of a turn, the ship was skidding. . . .

I was a flier. I had no thought for the after years. I wanted to fly because it was the most exciting thing I'd ever done. I didn't even come close to visualizing the air's being full of airplanes someday. The possibility that they'd ever be used commercially never occurred to me. They were made for fun, and I was going to have plenty of it.

—From "Under My Wings," by Captain Basil L. Rowe.

## Mars No Venice Say Scientists

There is life on Mars, that strange red planet 63,000,000 miles away which is the earth's nearest neighbour, apart from the moon. An international team of scientists working at an observatory in the Pyrenees say so. They believe they have observational proof that life exists there. But what kind of life? Living, thinking Martians? Or vegetation? Or both?

"We don't know," say the experts. But they do know, after studying markings on the surface of Mars, only forty miles apart, that changes take place at various seasons in the planet's soil. These changes in brightness and colour could mean that some kind of plants grow there.

With the dawn of 1958, astronomers all over the world are planning to take new steps to solve this age-old mystery of Mars. In recent months they have discovered that if spacemen from earth do get to Mars they will not find "canals" there. It is now almost certain that no artificial canals exist on Mars.

Way back in 1877 astronomer Schiaparelli started the canals notion. He found that dark patches that earlier observers had called "oceans" were connected by narrow streaks, sometimes thousands of miles long.

He called these streaks "canales" (channels) but bad translators made them "canals" though they were obviously many miles wide. Association of ideas did the rest and for years even learned astronomers got into the habit of talking about the canals on Mars.

On August 10th, 1971, Mars will be only 35,800,000 miles from the earth and the latest radio-telescopes available then are likely to add greatly to our knowledge of the planet. Its distinctive red colour comes from the barren deserts in the northern hemisphere, but the southern hemisphere is girdled by strange, dark green areas which might be vegetation.

"Has Mars ever been inhabited by intelligent beings?" an astronomer was asked recently. "Probably not," was his cautious reply. He added: "If living creatures do exist on Mars today, we shall find out within the next quarter of a century. But for reasons of climate, atmosphere and so on it is unlikely that such beings would bear much resemblance to ourselves."

Astronomers say that the Martian atmosphere is similar to that 100,000 ft. above the earth's surface.

**CHESS TIME** — It takes more than winter temperatures to check these chess enthusiasts in New York's frigid Central Park. The only way to keep warm is to keep moving but the player in the foreground at left seems to be frozen as solid as the stone table at which he's playing.

## Every Village Has An Orchestra

The Balinese are a people possessed by a passionate love of music and dancing. Every man, whether he is a prince or a poor rice-farmer, seems to have the ambition to perform in his village orchestra or dancing group, and those who are not talented enough to do so count it a privilege to subscribe what they can afford to help in the purchase of costumes or fine instruments.

Even the poorest, smallest village owns, communally, a gamelan. This is the traditional orchestra of Bali. The majority of its instruments are metal ones—large hanging gongs, smaller ones set horizontally in racks, tiny cymbals and many different variants on the dulcimerlike instrument we had seen in the ceremony at Denpasar. In addition to these, there may be a rebab, the two-stringed Arab fiddle, bamboo flutes and, always, two drums.

Most of these instruments are extremely expensive. Balinese smiths are able to forge the bronze keys for the dulcimers, but the secret of making the clearest-sounding and most musical gongs is possessed only by the craftsmen of a small town in southern Java and a fine gong is therefore a treasured possession, worth a great deal of money.

The music produced by the gamelan is of the most ravishing kind, full of subtle percussive rhythms, plangent ripples and crashing chords. I had expected that I should find it too foreign, too exotic, to give any real pleasure. Yet it was not so. The musicians played with such verve, conviction and dedication, and their music was alternately so exciting and so tenderly contemplative, that we were enraptured by it.

Twenty or thirty people are necessary to play the full gamelan, and they perform with a precision and accuracy of timing which would do credit to any European orchestra. None of their intricate compositions is ever written down; the musicians carry them only in their memories. Furthermore, every orchestra's repertoire is so extensive that it is able to play for many hours on end without repeating any one composition.

This high professional skill is only gained by arduous practice. Each night as dusk fell the village musicians gathered in a pavilion to begin rehearsals. As the tinklings and sonorous crashes of the orchestra rang around the village, we, with Mas as our sponsor, sought out the rehearsal pavilion to sit and listen. The leader of the gamelan is always the drummer and it is through the beats of his drum that he is able to control the orchestra's tempo. Ususally, however, he is an equally skillful performer on all the other instruments and he often stopped the music and walked over to one of the dulcimer players to demonstrate exactly how a theme should be played.—From "Zoo Quest for a Dragon," by David Attenborough.

### MUSICAL DRIVE

A police road patrol in Cincinnati stopped the driver of a car which they had tailed on its erratic course for over five minutes.

The driver explained that, apart from an occasional tug at the steering wheel, he had been using both hands to demonstrate to his girl friend how the chords of "All Shook Up" should be played on the guitar.

### MERRY MENAGERI.

"Hey, that gives me an idea —how about a father-and-son banquet?"


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## How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

**Q. How can I treat a vase that has an uneven bottom and scratches the furniture?**

A. Cut a piece of felt from an old hat or house slipper and paste it on the bottom of the vase. A thick piece of blotting paper will serve the purpose if no felt is available.

**Q. How can I make olive oil palatable for one who must take a wineglass of it daily?**

A. Many people who will not take olive oil on account of its not being palatable have found if a pinch of salt is added to a wineglass of oil, this is overcome.

**Q. How can I remove castor oil stains from washable fabrics?**

A. Try dipping the goods in alcohol before laundering.

**Q. How can I remove old putty?**

A. Pass a hot soldering iron, or red-hot poker, over the putty. Do not let the iron touch the glass, or it might crack it. Or, cover the putty with soft soap and allow it to stand for several days; it can then be removed with any sharp instrument.



**UNUSUAL EXHIBITS**—A wide variety of features and attractions, including many unusual exhibits, will be seen at the 1958 Canadian National Sportsmen's Show which will be held in the Coliseum, Toronto, from March 14 to 22. Among highlights will be Canada's biggest boat and marine show, an International Motor Show, travel show, three dog shows, bowling competitions and a thrilling stage and water revue. Here Joan Hunter, with Indian head-dress, and Marianne Lenchak, study terrifying mask of Indian medicine man which will be on display.