

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I have just welcomed my married daughter into my home; she could not accept her mother-in-law's interference any longer. For over two years my girl has held a position and paid nearly all their household expenses to help her husband support his mother. She runs up bills in his name which their combined incomes cannot meet.

"Her mother-in-law has two other married children, both of whom have lovely homes, but because this son is the youngest she demands everything from them. When he married my daughter he told her his house belonged to him; it turned out to be his mother's, and if anything happened he would have nothing. Yet he and my girl have been supporting her entirely, even to her medical expenses.

"My daughter loves her husband, but she wants to live alone with him. He declares he will never leave his mother. So I told her not to go back to him while his mother lives there. I do hate to see her marriage go on the rocks, yet what other advice can I offer?

"She should, however, consult a lawyer to find whether she has grounds for legal separation, if that is what she is considering.

"If her husband were a man instead of his mother's little boy, he would admit he is not providing a home for his wife in the real sense of the word. She is under his mother's thumb in more than one way, and she has none of the rights which, as his wife, she merits. She and her husband cannot get ahead financially unless he does not mention her constant interference. Things can only go from bad to worse, unless he decides that his wife is more important to him than his mother's. It could be for himself? It could be that he should insist that the other children share their mother's living expenses no matter what arrangements are made for the future.

"Wouldn't it be better for your daughter and her husband to find a small apartment for themselves? It could be nearby, so he can visit his mother regularly. That would give your daughter a real home, and relieve her of the older woman's impositions.

"It does seem up to her husband to choose between his mother and his wife, and a cruel choice it is for any man. But if his love for his wife is equal to hers for him, there is no question where his loyalty belongs.

"WORRIED MOTHER"
Your girl has my sympathy.

Cross-Stitch Pets

589



"Last year about this time he asked for a date, but I was going steady with somebody else. I couldn't accept. Now I'd give anything to go with him!"

"STILL HOPING?"

"Some day soon mention to me that English is one of your toughest subjects, and you wonder if he would help you now and then? Choose a few timely questions, and maybe he will feel flattered to swallow the bait."

"Yes, the girl usually speaks first when they pass in the hall. Good luck!"

by Laura Wheeler

Love at first sight—that's the way teenagers respond to this cute and cuddly pair of pets.

Easy—all 8-to-the-inch cross-stitch set of two pillow pictures to frame. Pattern 589: dog transfer 10½ x 12½, kitten 11½ x 13½ inches; color chart, key.

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 the PATTERN NUMBER, and 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 due to your home, gifts, bazaar items. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book today!

"What is he doing?—Nothing."

"What are you doing?—Practically nothing."

"What do you think of the Pirates?—Practically nothing."

"Any good hitters at your batting range?—One."

"Why don't you sign him for the Pirates?—I am too old!"

"How is your brother Lloyd?—Fine, thank you."

"What is he doing?—Nothing."

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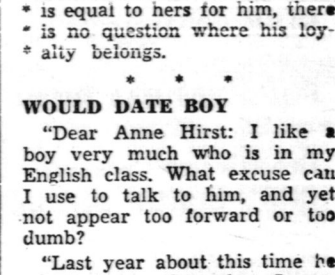
"Why don't you sign him for the Pirates?—I am too old!"

"How is your brother Lloyd?—Fine, thank you."

"What is he doing?—Nothing."

Wardrobe Wonder

PRINTED PATTERN



4605
SIZES
10-18

by Anna Adams

Make a wonderful new wardrobe from this Printed Pattern. Vary the neckline from narrow collar to low square beauty sleeves in three versions. Easy to sew, joy to wear—pure flattery for your figure!

Printed Pattern 4605: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

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BRITAIN CLAIMS MILITARY PLANE EDGE—This is the Blackburn NA-39 bomber, Britain's newest military plane. British authorities say that the plane, capable of delivering nuclear weapons, represents a three-year lead "over every other country". Its makers say the twin-jet craft is suitable for land or ship-based operations.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

At last we've had some rain — a good, warm rain. Now everything looks so green. Newly planted shrubs, trees and garden plants have lost their sad, wilted appearance. Discouraged green peas and beans are showing more signs of life and we hope other garden stuff will soon be coming through.

Field crops, too, will benefit from the rain — spring grain certainly needs a good soaking, as did the wheat and forage crops. Partner and I find it hard to remember any year when the spring has been so dry. However, even weather conditions don't seem quite so important compared with a situation we ran into last week.

You may remember I was at Guelph, to a W.I. Conference. Partner came with me as far as Hespeler where he visited some friends living on a farm. So he was back again with the cows, the hens, and all the incidental farm chores. Also plenty of children. Now just read what had happened. Besides the regular family on the farm there was a married daughter, her husband and four small children. They had arrived one night about ten o'clock. No clothes, no furniture, no personal possessions. All had been lost in a fire that completely gutted their home — the far side of Stratford. Contents were only partly covered by insurance. They lost a new deep home-freezer, electric stove, refrigerator and television set. Bad enough, but worse, the children were playing outside when the biggest boy noticed a bright light inside the house and ran in to look for the reason. He soon found out and began screaming for his mother who was down in the cellar unaware of the tragedy. Had the child not gone in she would have been trapped as there was no exit from the cellar except through the kitchen which was soon a mass of flames.

The cause of the fire was thought to be defective wiring. It is a family story—old but true. Original wiring, meant only for lighting purposes and minor equipment. Added to the home one by one were the heavy home appliances now in use in most homes. The wiring became overloaded and in time overheated. An outbreak of fire was the inevitable result. Later in the week we called briefly on some former neighbours near Ginger Farm who had recently installed similar new equipment but had taken the precaution of having their wiring inspected. The over-hauling and additions cost them well over two hundred dollars but that was certainly cheaper and safer than risking a fire.

We made a quick visit to Ginger Farm that same day. Such changes — we hardly knew the place. Grading was well underway; bulldozers and dump trucks continually at work. By the time I came away I felt as if I had eaten dust for years. From the garden we managed to salvage a root of double lilac which I had always greatly treasured. Also some common flax which had probably been there since the farm was home-steaded. After visiting the farm we always come away with a slight feeling of nostalgia, which, I suppose, is understandable. However, home is where you make it and every time you turn to where we are now we find it bigger to look and feel more like our true home — especially now with everything so green and the birds fitting back and forth.

This week-end we did not expect any of the family here. Bob, Joy and Ross had gone; Daughter and her family were off to Midland for the day so we took a ramble through the country along the back concessions. On one road in Trafalgar Township we saw a sign which read "The Cemetery around the Corner." That, of course, had to be investigated. We found the cemetery and there must have been four or five hundred little graves, complete with inscribed tombstones — some big, some small. Not all were dog graves. There were a number of cats, two rabbits and a monkey. Several dogs had been 18 years old and some of the tombstones told their own pathetic little story. As for instance "In memory of Trixie and Rex who were killed by an unknown motorist" and "Two German shepherds" who died defending their master's property during a robbery." And one of a "seeing-eye" dog greatly missed by his master. There were quite a number of new graves, minus tombstones, but with wreaths of flowers in loving memory.

I suppose the idea of a Pet Cemetery sounds somewhat extreme to materialistic people. There is little doubt the loss of a faithful pet can be a great grief to the owner and perhaps have its grave marked and cared for is some consolation. I know we left several dog and cat graves at Ginger Farm. Poor high-strung Tipper was the last, our faithful old collie who finally died of pneumonia; wagging her tail feebly right to the very last in recognition of our loving care. Rusty, I am glad to say, is still alive and well. I paid him a visit last week. We do not forget the dogs we couldn't keep.

Such splendor I had never seen before and may never see again. The Abbey is wearing a new dress. Along its aisle appears a seamless carpet of cerulean blue, changing at the Theatre's Formentor. The glamour of pale honey. Clustered lights hang low at triforium level shedding a dulcet glow. The glamour of color in dress and uniform is already here, and from my privileged seat in the Queen's Box I can see every happening and every arrival. Soon I shall be seeing the dress I have made, being worn by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second for her Crowning.

My mind goes back to the dim and uncertain days of 30 years ago when, on St. George's Day, the 23rd April in 1923, I resolved to establish myself in London. In June of that year I designed my first dress for my first humble customer.

I think of those years of struggle and disappointment and I remember the three pounds a week I used to earn and how I lost that job one Christmas Eve; and I wonder irrelevantly if the Number 16 omnibus still rumble up the Edgware Road.

I think, too, of all the kindness I have known and of all the women and craftsmen who have worked to prepare the dress the Queen is now wearing.

I think of the long road behind me, leading up to this honor and bringing me to Westminster Abbey. What I suffered, learn I and enjoyed on the way, is the story I presently tell.

—From "Silver and Gold," by Norman Harnett.

"BOATCROPPER?" — Trying a new version of the "Look Ma, no hands" routine, aircraft designer Igor Bensen shows off his new helicopter boat. Bensen says the rotor-lifted craft, towed by a motorboat, is as easy to handle as a bicycle.

As a result of all the publicity, good and bad, the advance ticket sale, which began six months ago, soared beyond \$400,000. Price for a bootlegged first-night pair \$140.

It was said that Shaw, who had such a great personal admiration for money, could as he on hand to use some of his new stuff himself. From the looks of it, he would be whining enviously in his grave for a long time to come.

—FROM NEWSWEEK

"Fair Lady" Goes Big In England

London Bridge could have been falling down last week and no fair lady would have noticed. The really big noise in town was the opening at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

"No show can possibly live up to the advance raves of 'My Fair Lady,'" wrote The Daily Herald critic next morning. He then went on to paraphrase a lyric from the show: "But by George, they did it. Yes, they did it!" Fellow critics were almost unanimous in their salutes: "Rousing," "lilting," "exhilarating," "glittering." The sidewalk watchers massed outside the theater an hour before curtain time to star-gaze at the attending celebrities, among them Ingrid Bergman, Sarah Churchill, Kay Kendall, and U.S. Ambassador John Hay Whitney.

Applause exploded the moment the curtain swung around again and for the entrances of Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway, and Robert Coote all of the original Broadway company. At the end the audience stood and cheered for four minutes and ten curtain calls. Only the orchestra's "God Save the Queen" could and did finally stop them.

This was the most impressive musical to hit town since "Chin-Chow" in 1941, and London had never seen such an advance build-up. Despite the protection of copyright laws that forbade the playing of the show tunes and the sale of sheet music and records, "I Could Have Danced All Night" and "On the Street Where You Live" were almost staples for dance bands at private parties and in clubs. Commercially bootlegged show albums sold readily for \$1.12 (as opposed to a legal \$3.85 in the U.S.).

The press had long been ecstatic. After all, though the show was an American production, everybody felt it was British who made the thing go—Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Cecil Beaton, Stanley Holloway, Robert Coote. The press was also full of "Fair Lady" odds and ends. It was right for Eliza Doolittle to step out of character to belt out the bellicose "Show Me" song? Can one really see St. Paul's from Covent Garden, as the show suggests? (Answer: Yes, from the roof.) An actress named Frances Day reported to a gossip columnist that she had got in touch with George Bernard Shaw's ghost, and he had been very amiable with the whole project. Everybody read that the London version would have a bigger chorus than the New York production, and Cecil Beaton's costumes would not only be present in greater profusion but with considerably wilder chic.

The advance publicity had not been all good. Stanley Holloway, who plays Eliza's father, had something to say about Rex

Harrison: "Two years we were ad together and never once did he visit my dressing room. Of course, he's such a hit in the show because he's really playing himself — an intolerant, slightly boucherish character with his mouth closed. He seemed out of breath. That's the worst of these Continental holidays," he wheezed. "His fellows are just about exhausted after all that touring."

He mopped his face with his handkerchief, then heaved his suitcase onto the desk. "Here you are," he chuckled. "Do your worst on that."

The Customs man looked at his genial customer. "Would you mind stepping this way, sir?" he asked.

"What for," demanded the man, all trace of his previous bonhomie disappearing. "I haven't done anything."

He was taken to a small room at the rear of the Customs hall. There he was searched. He stood, guilty and angry-looking, as a belt of wrist watches and jewelry got whisked away from around his waist.

It was revealed he had been carrying no less than \$6,000 worth of smuggled goods. Not only the officer's sharp eye had prevented him getting away with it.

Handcuffed like him are caught every year. Over \$1,800,000 has been taken in goods confiscated and sold by the Customs and Excise in the past two years.

More respectable and often wise law-abiding citizens seem to regard the Customs as fair game. It has been estimated that at least one in three people coming into Great Britain try to smuggle something through—if only for the fact that they can best to their friends in the pub of their achievement.

Few of them get away with it. If they do it once they are caught the second time. The "half-fish-well-met" and the "couldn't-care-less" type are all well known to Customs men. They are trained to spot almost in one glance the too-ready smile and shifty eyes of the amateur smuggler.

One seemingly respectable business man was caught while converting with an official because he kept nervously fingering his collar and tie. A normal gesture, you would think. But the official was curious and asked to see the collar.

He asked to see the tie. In the lining, rolled into tight wads, he found a strip of five pound notes. There were more in the shirt.

"I only did it for fun," pleaded the man. His "fun" cost him his job as an accountant.

Most of the small-time smugglers aren't worried whether they are caught or not. They cheerfully say good-bye to the article and pay three times its duty value. It's the professional who keeps the Customs on their toes. A constant state of war exists between them with each side trying to outwit the other.

A big closed car came up the front of officials at a south coast depot recently. With its well-upholstered interior and its general air of smartness, it looked as though it was the pride and joy of some car enthusiast.

The Customs men went to work. The arm-rests were taken out—underneath were hundreds of Swiss watches.

The same went for the seats and dashboard. One thousand pounds worth of currency was found in the lining of the tires and inner tubes. Soldered under the chassis, officials found hundreds more watches.

By the time the search was over the car looked as though

Loose Screw Nails Customs Smuggler

A stocky, rather paunchy man approached the Customs desk at a busy port on the English south coast. He seemed out of breath. "That's the worst of these Continental holidays," he wheezed. "His fellows are just about exhausted after all that touring."

He mopped his face with his handkerchief, then heaved his suitcase onto the desk. "Here you are," he chuckled. "Do your worst on that."

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By the time the search was over the car looked as though

a bomb had dropped on it—torn upholstery and twisted metal lay everywhere. But it had yielded thousands of pounds' worth of smuggled goods.

All types seem to like trying their luck against the Customs. When a homely-looking, grey-haired woman made her way to the bench at one busy airport, officials scarcely gave her a second glance. She looked just like another careworn mother returning from her first holiday for some time.

Casualty, she was asked the routine questions, and the officer began to chalk her case. Suddenly he jugged his finger on something sharp. He ran his fingers quickly along the seams of the case and felt a loose screw.

He gave it a jerk and the lining of the case fell away. Tacked to the inside of the interior he found nearly \$5,000 in notes.

At London Airport recently one of the passengers from a newly arrived flight made his way to the Customs. He was a big man and his precise steps looked rather unusual.

He was asked to remove his shoes. He protested and said he was having special treatment for his feet—that walking slowly was the only way he could get relief. He even produced a medical certificate to prove it. But the Customs man was adamant.

In the specially designed heels he found several valuable gold watches. He had trouble with his feet at night—several hundred pounds' worth of watches.

The Customs and Excise are often at work as a suspect step of his "plane or boat."

Some weeks ago a well-dressed, elegant-looking man tripped confidently down the landing stage of a "plane" just arrived from Brussels. He adjusted his hat, patted his overcoat and made his way to the Customs.

There, to his apparent bewilderment, his overcoat and hat were taken from him and searched. Woven into the lining were found hundreds of pounds of English currency.

How had he been spotted? A Customs man with a pair of binoculars had been on the roof of the airport reception centre and had seen him give that reassuring pat to his coat.