Tumbling Walls In Tokyo

Going out to buy carrots for dinner used to be an ordinary chore. How often, in America, I would run to the corner grocery, snatch up a bunch, and return home, undiverted from my thoughts, and so impartial to the trek that, stopping to re member, I could scarcely recall having gone. Except that the carrots lay like jackstraws in the sink, waiting to be picked up and scraped.

Since we have lived in Tokyo such short treks have become the most essential moments of my days.

Stepping from our small yard into the alley-street, I am surrounded by walls and fences which line the narrow way. Some are formidable concrete or stone; some are thin wooden slats and others heavy, handsome pieces of wood. When I feel shut out by the walls I think of Frost's "Good fences make good neighbors." Or I translate them into symbols; the thick walls are the language which even after eight months is still an enigma to me; the thin slats whimsically half hide the gentle beauty which one must learn to feel more than to see; the handsome wooden pieces are the substance of generations of tradition and beliefs.

Sometimes I imagine that I, like those delicate tea roses which have scaled one great concrete wall and bloom exquisitely along the top, can through smiles and compassion and patience, scale or break through my three walls.

But my short treks are filled with encounters with people and they open delightful doors through the walls. If Mrs. K... passes me on her way home from market (carrying vegetables in small three-sided bags made of newspapers) we exchange quick, shy bows. Since she cannot speak English, nor I Japanese, we may never have a full, neighborly conversation. Still there is a quality in our self-conscious bowing which I cherish—a mutual consent to be respectfully curious about each other.

It is similar with the goldfish seller, the fishmonger, or the wife of the Shinto priest. I am as much a novelty to them as they are to me, and each time we bow we cement this common bond. But it is the children I meet on my walks who make many of the walls tumble down.

I am usually greeted at our gate by two intensities who are not yet learning to count in school (ichi, nichi, san, she, go) but spend their hours hanging on our gate or peering at me through the fence. The clippety-clock-clock of their getas has become part of the atmosphere for me. They are bursting proud of their English and hail me with a hopscotch of "hullo"; and when I smile "Hello, how are you?" they giggle and clasp each other and dart ahead of me down the alley, writes Nancy Nelson in The Christian Science Monitor.

We pass through groups of children playing dodge ball, bat-ball, roller skating. On some days their eager eyes invite me to play with them. Someone misses a ball, and I catch and toss it back. "Sank you," he calls, blushing at his own daring to speak English, and then warming my heart when he echoes my "You're welcome," or "That's okay."

Some days I am ignored along with the other adults who pass by. And on some terrible days I am silently stared at for my whole long walk down the street. Then I try to stare at myself too and see how strange I must look to them. I imagine them looking at a picture book and, finding an American, pointing and commenting to a school friend, "We have one on our street, just like that."

I cherish most those two boys who rose beside me down the alley one day testing English phrases from their schoolbooks. I was pushing the baby carriage and they pulled up beside me on their bicycles. "What time is it?" the taller one asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know." The boy was disappointed in me; it was not the time he wanted, but talk. "I am a boy," his friend said in measured rhythm. Finally I understood. "Yes, and I am a girl. This is a boy too, a baby boy," and I pointed into the carriage.

They grinned. Their English textbook was coming alive. "I go down street," the tall one went on. "You go down the street," I reminded him, "on a bicycle," and my friend laughed.

But the other boy was troubled. I sensed he was searching for a word, mentally going over lists of vocabulary. Finally he burst out, "I am a boy; baby is boy. You are not girl; you are a mother."

He laughed, and his friend cuffed his shoulder, laughing. Then as abruptly as they had come they nodded "good-by mother," and peddled off.

Two-Parts Perfect

PRINTED PATTERN

4773
14½–24½
by Anne Adams

If you're shorter, fuller — sew this slenderizing version of fashion's favorite jacket dress. Printed Pattern is proportioned to fit you at shoulders, waist, hips — no alteration problems.

Printed Pattern 4773; Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 16½ dress, 3¼ yards 35-inch; jacket, 2⅝ yards.

Printed directions on each pattern part. Easier, accurate.

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

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

Q. Our high school class is going to have a dance, and several of us fellows would like to know whether we should ask our dates what kind of flowers they want to wear on their dresses. Can you answer this for us?

A. The best plan is to ask your girls what color dresses they will wear, then you choose flowers to harmonize.

PLAYING BY EAR — This tiny violin and bow set is for real. It was made by Mrs. Harriet Babcock Neil, 68. She and many other older people showed the products of their unusual talents at a hobby show for older persons. A visitor to the show plays himself a cheerful little earful with the elfin instrument.

BEAT GENERATION — These tigers are really dragging on arrival in Dallas, from the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago. The Siberian animals, worth $4,000, turned out to be both males — much to the disappointment of Dallas zoo officials — and seem destined to spend bachelor lives in their new home.

The CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

I imagine a lot of mothers — and maybe a few grandmothers too, including myself—were not too pleased with the weather during the Easter holidays. Wet weather and children at home is not a happy combination. We volunteered to have David here to help him recuperate after the measles. We thought fresh air and sunshine as well as the change would do him good—the swings were ready and waiting to encourage outdoor exercise. But as you know it was cold, wet and windy. But now, with the Easter vacation over the weather is grand so we are going to keep Dave for a few days longer. Daughter has no objection as the other two little fellows are still croupy and restless at night. David is no trouble at all except for his meals. What is the matter with children nowadays? By the time I have tried to get a meal into Dave I feel too frustrated for words. We never had that sort of trouble with our two children. I gave them what I thought they should have and that was that. Anything that was left came up for the next meal. Dave doesn't care whether he eats or not—preferably not. However, I am hoping he will improve as I got him some chemical food—a vitamin and mineral tonic. I had it as a child, so did our daughter, and now here is our grandson having the same tonic. I imagine it must be good since it has been on the market all these years.

Before David arrived I got in half a day at the National Home Show in Toronto. Actually I wasn't too anxious to go but once there I found it paid off. There are various extras we still need around here and at the Home Show I was able to compare one make with another, bring back a report to Partner and after that we decided on the best type for our purpose. Not only that but I was able to get particulars about a few installations that were here when we took over the house, the mechanics of which we had never properly understood. Now that we do understand it will simplify the necessary cleaning and care tremendously.

And then in my wanderings I found myself right on the spot when C.B.C. was getting ready to televise "Open House"—one of my favourite TV programmes. It took over two hours to set up the cameras and other equipment in the Model House before it went on the air. Fred Davis was very busy conferring with technicians and those taking part in the programme, including Frank Moritsugu, that genial Japanese artist in home decorating who is also managing editor of Canadian Homes and Gardens. I had an opportunity to ask his advice on a little home problem which wasn't quite in his line. Since he wasn't sure of the answers he promised to have a member of his staff send me the required information. This was done and told me exactly what I wanted to know.

Of course Anna Cameron was on the set, looking very charming in a tailored grey suit and a pink, close-fitting flowered hat. After the broadcast I had a few words with Anna. And you know I felt as if I knew her so well it seemed almost strange to think that she shouldn't know me! I found her just as natural and friendly as one would expect from her broadcasts.

At that same time, a short distance from the Model House the stage was being set for Front Page Challenge that same evening. I was tempted to stay and then decided I might just as well get home in good time and see it on television at home. Partner was surprised to see me back so soon but I had seen about everything, found out a lot about a number of things — all in a matter of hours. You can accomplish so much more if you start out with definite ideas about things you want to know about. Wandering around aimlessly can be very tiring and not too rewarding.

One thing amused me: I was having a light lunch at the cafeteria. Sitting at the next table were two very fashionably dressed ladies—one of them loaded with diamond rings and double chins. She turned to her companion and said — "Don't they have a bar around here at all?" The poor dears, wasn't it a shame they had to miss their cocktails!

Well, so much for that — now on with the work. Dave to go out. Ditto needs feeding, one of the kittens needs an eye-wash—one eye gets stuck up and won't open. The sunshine is lovely . . . robins, orioles and song-sparrows warbling with joy. Frogs are singing, grass is greening, in fact spring is bursting out all over. Partner is outside cleaning windows, Dave with him. Daughter just phoned to say the little boy with whom Dave generally plays has chicken-pox. Poor mothers, what a time they have nursing their children through first one contagious disease and then another.

Bye — I can smell my roast — maybe I forgot to turn the heat down!

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for your safety.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am a woman 19, and have been married four years. We have two lovely children whom I love dearly. I was very young to get married, but I didn't know what love was —

"But now I think I am in love, and with my husband's brother! He is not married; he likes me, I expect, just as a sister-in-law.

"My husband is building us a lovely home, and gets us everything we want. He doesn't know about his brother, of course . . . Once my husband said that if anything like this happened, he would not let me have the children!

"Shall I stay with the husband I don't love — or tell his brother how I feel? Help me, please!

MRS. C. D."

HOW CAN YOU?

* If you want to toss brothers
* at each other's throats, break
* up your home, and lose these
* children of yours, tell your
* husband, but first go to your
* room and see what the future
* holds.

Where is your conscience?

You have an indulgent husband, you are about to move into a finer home, your children look to you to be a model mother. (How could you go on without them?) Your brother-in-law would probably be so horrified by your news that he would clear out fast, and that would be that. Your husband's faith in you would be destroyed, and for the rest of his life he would despise you.

Put yourself in his place. What would he do without you, how bring up the children — and where would you go? Disgraced in your husband's eyes, scorned by his brother, bereft of your children, what place on earth is left for you to hide?

It is sometimes hard for a woman who married so young to stay to the course. She has lost the first thrills of marriage. She sees her husband as a stodgy, hard-working man, and forgets he is the provider of all the good things in this life she has without even asking.

You wrote me under stress. You think you have found romance, but what you feel is sinful and destructive. Empty your heart of such wicked notions, and be thankful there is still time to be the good wife you intended to be when you took your marriage vows.

Go back to your church and pray for the strength to thrust this infatuation out of your heart. Count your blessings — and resolve from now on to keep your husband so contented that he will never guess how close you came to deserting all those you promised to cherish.

* * *

BOY INTIMIDATES HER

"Dear Anne Hirst: Once you wrote that boys take their social cues from the girls they date. One boy I dated just twice surely must have gone with the wrong girls. He said things with double meaning, and trying to be pleasant, I just laughed at them . . .

"I soon sent him off — and now he threatens to tell stories about me! Unfortunately, he knows a lot of the other students at school. How can I stop him?

FRIGHTENED"

* This young man needs a threat from one in authority.

Tell your father or your brother the truth; if there is no male member in your family, tell your mother. She will know how to silence this vulgar creature.

Either he is too ignorant of such a denunciation and the lawful punishment he faces, or too spiteful to care. In any event, it will be out of your hands.

* * *

If the day should come when you think real romance awaits outside your front door, picture the devastation you would cause if you yield. Write Anne Hirst fast, and ask her for help. She will give it. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Needle Painting

618

by Laura Wheeler

Just a little embroidery for these two pictures. They will add beauty to any room. Use natural coloring, or just black or brown as in an etching.

Pattern 618: transfer of two pictures 9½x11¾ inches (embroidery size); color chart.

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, Ontario. 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!

FOR MIDNIGHT DIPS—Something new in bathing suits are these two from the spring collection of Parisian designer Pierre Cardin. They are intended for romantic midnight bathing parties on the Mediterranean coast or anywhere else that smart women gather. Model at right wears the new "combination" creation in elasticized sculptured nylon in cream and gold with matching turban. Golden satin fashions the broad straps and edges the ankle-length pants. Suit at left is in the same elasticized nylon in a rich shade of orange glinting with gold thread.

Bred to be Savage But Gentle Now

The bulldog was bred to get its teeth into a bull's nose and hold on — and it has become a symbol of ferocity and courage. But these dogs today are not ferocious. They make gentle pets.

The breed originated in Britain in the 16th century when bull-baiting was a popular pastime. It was for this sport that the bulldog was bred and given its name.

Coming from a long line of fighting ancestors, bulldogs possessed extraordinary courage, and were so savage that they seemed insensible to pain. To tackle a bull, they had to be low to the ground, their squat build enabling them to avoid the horns of the bull. The protruding, undershot jaw allowed the dogs to breathe while holding on with a "bulldog grip" to a bull's nose.

The sportsmen who kept dogs for bull-baiting found it an expensive sport, for many of the dogs were killed. Sometimes the enraged bull would toss a dog thirty feet into the air. But once a bulldog had taken a grip the bull rarely shook it off.

In 1835 bull-baiting became illegal in England, and bulldogs might have died out if a few dog lovers had not banded together to save this fine breed.

The Bulldog Club, founded in 1875, was the first specialist club for any breed of dog.

Today, bulldogs bred for show purposes have all their most pugnacious looks exaggerated, so that they look even more savage than their ancestors who had to do battle with the bulls. But their undesirable characteristics have been eliminated and the bulldog has become one of the finest physical specimens without its original viciousness. The present breed is gentle, good-natured, affectionate and loyal — but it still shows great courage when it fights.

Since 1890 bulldogs have ranked among the most expensive breeds, many champions fetching more than $3,000.

They were first brought over to the United States by the early English settlers, and large breeding kennels were established in Virginia. In the middle of the 19th century they became the most popular breed for the dog fighting contests that were the rage among New York sportsmen.

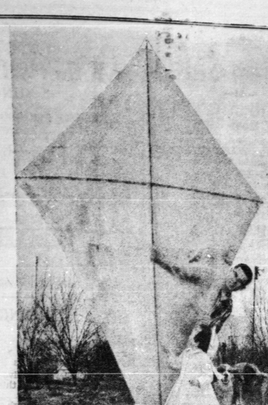
Bulldogs are now among the top 20 most popular breeds in America.

The perfect bulldog, according to the official standards set by the American Kennel Club, must be of medium size and smooth coat; with heavy, thick-set, low-swung body, massive short-faced head and wide shoulders.

Q. How can I make a polish for metal and glass?

A. An excellent polish can be made by mixing one part of wheat flour to five parts of potter's clay. Apply with a damp woollen cloth. This compound will also remove tar and grease from the glass and metal parts of an automobile.

FOR COCKTAILS — Slim pants, scoop neckline and a well-defined waistline in between, make an attractive cocktail ensemble by Mayogaine of Paris. This striking outfit is done in a bronze and silver nylon print.



MAN-SIZE KITE—Russia may have had the biggest satellite up, but Ross Byers, who lives in Knox County, claims the biggest kite in his area. It's 10 feet high and 7 feet wide at the cross-arm, and looks big enough to carry its little admirer, Susie Myers of nearby Vincennes. Plastic covered, the giant kite requires a heavy nylon cord to hold it in flight and 150 feet of tail to balance it. In a heavy breeze it's necessary to fasten the cord to a post. The other admirers are Bonnie and Prince, Byers' collies.

Crooks Didn't Have A Dog's Chance

On a night of dense fog Police Officer Arthur Holman was called out, with his famous Alsatian, Rex III, to find a man who had attacked a woman on Mitcham Common, London.

Reaching the footpath, he ordered Rex to "Find him." The dog led him through bushes towards the electrified railway, then looked about him, undecided.

Hoping to find something the man might have dropped in the struggle, Holman told Rex to "Fetch it," knowing he would first bring anything dropped recently, still bearing a human scent.

First he retrieved a cotton-wool pad smelling of chloroform, next a navy-blue raincoat belt, then a man's glove, and finally—the most vital clue of all—an envelope bearing a man's name and address.

C.I.D. officers went to the address and found that the man was already under arrest. It appeared that he had at once cycled to another part of South London, committed a similar offence, and been quickly apprehended. Rex's expert finding of the articles enabled the police to charge him with the earlier assault, and he was sent to prison for five years.

This acute sense was demonstrated on patrol during the early days of Rex's service, when Holman went into the Tooting and Mitcham Football Club. "I've heard a lot about these dogs," said groundsman Jack Locke, adding that he wasn't at all impressed by the claims made for them.

"The next time you go down the field on the roller," Holman replied, "drop a live match. Rex will find it for us." After criss-crossing the large field, Locke returned, saying, "I've dropped it." Holman then ordered Rex, "Fetch it," and although it took him twenty minutes, Rex brought it in.

In "My Dog Rex" Holman tells other remarkable stories of "the dog that never put a paw wrong," never missed a day's duty through sickness in nearly seven years' service, and made 125 arrests.

At Sutton two men had smashed an outfitter's window, scooped forty suits, and made off. A passerby said that one had turned down a side-street, shouting to his mate: "You go and get the car!"

Running down the street, Holman saw a man leave the side of a pub and scamper off. "Stop him!" he ordered, but as Rex bounded in pursuit a big sheepdog dived through a gate, barking and jumping at Rex.

Holman wondered if Rex would stop to fight, and be hindered long enough for the man to escape. But, hardly slackening his pace, he threw off the sheepdog with a mighty shake, kept on after the man, and pinned him in a doorway.

His share of the clothes was found by the pub where he'd been waiting for his mate. Fierce in cornering crooks, Rex never fought another dog unless sorely provoked.

One night they were called to an engineering works by the Thames at Battersea. About forty policemen were assembled outside, including plain-clothed C.I.D. men. "What's the use of calling a dog?" one of them asked while others looked on, amused.

"Three men were disturbed by the watchman at about 2.50," the inspector in charge explained. "They've burned a hole in the safe with one of the firm's oxy-acetylene burners. They ran from the offices to the yard at the back, and although we've been searching since three a.m., we can't find a soul. I think they've gone."

"We'll soon find out," Holman replied. "But you'd better get everyone out of the yard. I don't want Rex attacking a detective."

Rex raced only thirty yards, then skidded to a halt and began barking. Running to the spot, Holman saw a man lying along the arm of a small crane.

Rex then went off on the scent of the other two, streaking over riverside factory walls. At last he reached a steel ladder and tried to climb it, but the rungs were iced over, and he kept slipping back. "Can we get to the roof from inside the building?" Holman asked.

"Yes," he was told. "We've already searched up there. All the same, up to the roof they went, and there Rex cornered the two men, bent double behind a wall, "Call the dog off!" screamed one. "I'm afraid of dogs!"

A terrifying experience followed a call to Clapham Junction goods yard at two a.m. just before Christmas, 1952, when a signalman had seen a man tampering with a wagon. Rex raced off into the black maze of lines, with Holman running after him. Soon he heard a rattle and rumble — not of goods train but of a passenger express, and realized with horror that they were among the electrified tracks!

Heavens, he thought, Rex might be killed.

He was trembling with fear when Rex suddenly bounded to his side. Holman grabbed him by the neck, pulled him close. But what now? Move or stay? They were between two tracks. How close would the train pass?

A beam of light swung across the darkness towards him "Keep still!" screamed a voice. Holman clasped Rex tightly and closed his eyes. The train thundered past with a blast of air that nearly knocked him over. Holman was shivering now, and soaked with perspiration. "Keep still!" the voice roared again. "We're coming to you!"

The yard foreman who led them to safety said: "You were both lucky. It was a miracle that neither of you trod on a live rail."

Every night for two weeks Holman, with Rex, had to keep watch on a factory estate from dreary, swampy waste land like a refuse dump. Factories had been broken into, watchmen attacked, large quantities of metal filings stolen. It was agonizingly cold.

"Flat on my face on the damp ground," the author writes, "shivering, yet unable to slap warmth into my chilled bones . . . tortured by a near-crazy desire to stretch my limbs, desperate to the sound of a human voice, a cup of tea, a cigarette . . . revolted by the rats, hedgehogs, and other vermin foraging among the muck . . ."

But in the end Rex was off after two youths, whom he cornered in the darkness. Both wore overalls. One, whom Holman recognized as a criminal he'd arrested two years earlier for breaking into a factory, had wire-cutters in his pocket.

Holman gives an absorbing account of Rex's training, besides describing his exploits, in a book that will engross all dog-lovers.

The GREEN THUMB

by Gordon Smith

Most of us are inclined to plant seeds too close together and sometimes with very fine seed sometimes it can't be helped. But the more tightly crowded the plants the less vigor any one of them can maintain. shortly after the seedlings have shown their first set of true leaves and before crowding becomes critical take out the excess plants in both the flower and vegetable garden. If you have need for them elsewhere in the garden these thinnings can be transplanted readily at this stage.

For flowers that grow to a relatively low height like Alyssum, Dwarf Marigold, African Daisy, Wallflowers or Lobelia, you should leave ony a few inches space between plants in the row. With larger flowers like Zinnias, Asters, tall Marigold, Petunias, Dahlias, Cosmos or Snapdragons there should be a minimum of a foot between the row. With larger flowers like Sunflowers and Tithonia should have at least two feet space between. Carrots and beets should have an inch or so between them. Remove half of the plants later on for the first meals.

WATCH FOR BUGS

With so many easily applied chemical mixtures on the market, there is little if any excuse for having our flowers and vegetables damaged by insects or disease. It is no longer necessary to prepare various concoctions. All that one has to do is to go to the nearest seed store, tell them our troubles and get some handy preparation which is simply dusted or sprayed on. For every bug or disease there is a specific cure or control. The main thing is to start control measures just as soon as the first injury appears. Treatment is not expensive.

A healthy, clean and vigorously growing garden is the best insurance against injury. Well spaced, well cultivated plants are far less susceptible to trouble than neglected plots overrun with weeds. Prompt clean-up measures, after harvest or blooming, and in the blooming, and in the spring and fall will also help greatly. Many bugs and diseases live over in the ground, or in weeds along the edge of the garden. Cleaning these up regularly will help substantially in keeping a garden healthy.

NO HURRY

Do not fret if the spring is late in your part of Canada this year. In the first place fretting will not help bring the warm days any faster and secondly there is still plenty of time anywhere in Canada to have a fine garden, even if we can't get a spade in the ground until late May. Indeed there are several quick growing things which will make abundant bloom or fine meals for the table even if planted in June. The experts, incidentally, always warn the beginner to take it easy, to prepare the soil well, and wait until the spring weather has really arrived. Of course, one should get nursery stock and some of the hardier sorts of flowers and vegetables planted as soon as possible, but the main sowings are best postponed until around this time or even later.

Spreading the plantings, too, over a fairly long period, right up to early July in the warmer parts of Canada, is always advisable. In this way the harvest of flowers and vegetables is spread out too.

FOR EASY RECOGNITION

Sometimes it is pretty hard to seedlings of flowers or vegetables or flowers or vegetables and the ever-present weeds. You can make the task easier by planting evenly spaced in rows and putting a stake at each end of the row. Then, by sighting along the row between the stakes, you can find the kind of seedling that appears only in that line and readily remove weeds. Or with seeds in a flower bed you can sow evenly in regular circles around a stake and anything that appears out of line is removed.

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TWEDDLE CHICK HATCHERIES LTD. FERGUS, ONTARIO.

How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

Q. What can I use as a substitute for egg in puddings?

A. One teaspoonful of gelatine dissolved in hot milk is a good substitute for two eggs when making puddings or cake.

Q. Is it injurious to moisten the hair with water too frequently?

A. Yes; if this is done too often it causes the hair to become harsh and dry, making it break easily.

Q. How can I make perforations in home-made paper patterns?

A. This can be easily done by running the patterns through the sewing machine, without using thread.

Q. How can I easily remove the string from beans?

A. Every bit of string from the string beans can be removed if after thoroughly washing they are plunged into boiling water for five minutes and then drained.

BOOKS

"JACKAROO IN Australia" Book of photographs, strong young men on sheep and cattle stations, $2.00. Fred Woodgate, 19 Brisbane Street, Tamworth, NSW, Australia.

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