

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 18, and hope to graduate this month. I have been having trouble with my parents. After school I do household chores at home, cleaning, cooking, etc. Then I like to go to my girl friend's house, or to a nearby confectionery store. My parents think this is wrong.

"I get home before 11 but they have come after me several times, and lately have forbidden me to go out at all. They think I'll get a bad name! Never in my life have I done things to be ashamed of, and I am tired and sick of this; something had better happen soon.

"Also, I am not allowed on dates, or at any social places where boys might be... What is the answer?"

DISCOURAGED

"Unless your parents are over-zealous, or regard you as a 14-year-old who can't be trusted, it is difficult to interpret their attitude. Why don't they allow you to meet nice boys? It is natural that you want to know where you are, but to shadow your footsteps and drag you home publicly is humiliating.

"Perhaps because you have got yourself in the habit of leaving home every night, you are in a dull rut. Why not encourage your girl friend to

"drop in at your house occasionally? It is too bad that there aren't others of your age to make up a group so you could have more fun. (Incidentally, a nice girl isn't seen regularly at corner stores or other public haunts; it does her no good. On that, I agree with your mother.)

"I wonder whether she would care to write me herself? Perhaps I could give her a few ideas that would brighten your pattern of living. You three might have a happier life together, undisturbed by these differences.

"Sit down with your mother and father and ask them frankly why they forbid you to date boys. There must be some in your neighborhood whose families they know? A girl 18, about to graduate, should surely conduct herself properly, and be entertaining friends, and be her own home.

"Don't be antagonistic in your attitude, though I understand the temptations; talk quietly, and let them see how much you want to cooperate. I hope you will be enjoying yourself soon, and with your parents' approval.

"Dear Anne Hirst: I dated a young man for nearly a year, and loved him so much I finally promised to marry him soon. (That would have been about a month.) But one night he didn't behave himself, and I sent him away without saying

Cinch to Sew



"Shouldn't I have explained? Can I now? We had never had any quarrels about anything... I am so confused (and so lonely) that I don't know the right thing to do. What is it?"

JACQUELINE

"Nothing. The young man knows why he was dismissed. If he had really loved you he would have begged your forgiveness and given his word that you could trust him completely. Certainly he would not have allowed a month to pass without trying to make amends. A man in love can make one mistake; he never offends again.

"You will not want to believe me, but I'm afraid he would have found some excuse to avoid marriage... I am so sorry! It is a devastating blow to realize he did not deserve your love.

Differences between parents and their daughters disturb a family's happiness. Anne Hirst has been able to explain the generations to each other, and will try to help. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

"My husband and I took some guests for an auto ride recently, and I sat in the front seat with my husband, our guests in the rear. I have been told this was wrong. Was it?"

A. Yes. You should have asked one of your guests to sit in front, while you sat in the back with the others.

Q. If one is eating in a restaurant where small butter pats are served in little paper containers, is it all right to let the knife rest on the pat when not in use?

A. Never. The knife, when not in use, should rest along the upper right part of the plate — and never, of course, with the handle of the knife resting on the table.



MY BOUNCY BUDDY—This straw-hatted beach ball only has eyes for Candis Scott—and with good reason. The painted-on smile is nothing to the real one Candis flashes at the photographer.



TWIN LOCATED BY PHOTO—in her Salt Lake City, Utah, home, Mrs. Alexandra Wegner holds a photo of her twin sister, Sophie. Soviet troops marched into their native Poland 13 years ago. Sophie, who would be reunited as a draftsman in the U.S. Army, recently learned from an aunt in Warsaw that Alexandra was living in the States.



CHRONICLES OF A GINGER FARM by Gwendolyn P. Clarke

If you are not interested in Women's Institute work don't bother to read this column because it is almost entirely about the W.I. You see, I am going back week to the Officers' Conference—not as an official delegate but as a newsmen, picking up little bits here and there to pass on to you in this column. Not a full report by any means — that I leave for the other articles in the W.I. magazine. I have no doubt she will come back with — and be able to pass on to you in this column, which to my wonderful organization which, to my way of thinking, has no equal. It is the one organization which brings together urban and rural members, helping each to understand the problems of the other. At one time the W.I. membership was comprised almost entirely of farm women, centered around problems of specific interest to those living and working on farms and in farm homes. Now the picture has changed. Articles of farm women have become more varied and progressive, in fact many of their interests are very little different from those of the city dwellers. W.I. programmes and projects have kept pace with the changing times embracing extra-curricular activities in urban districts. W.I. helps all women, rural and urban to become more efficient housewives; to save time and energy — and then helps them to put to good use the time that has been saved. Its motto is still for "Home and Country," not "country" in the rural sense but in its wider application in Canada, in your Country and mine.

Every time I go to any of these W.I. affairs I am amazed at the distance many of the delegates have come from. Renfrew, Kinrossville, Shelburne, North Bay... in fact the enthusiasm of these from a distance often seems greater than those nearer to the site of the Convention or Conference. Young and old, they all show an active interest.

And Smart! I'm telling you, you don't find many dandy farm women these days. True, I did see any "chemise" costume, but that is just another bit of evidence that W.I. members have a sense of the fitness of things. There were plenty of pretty dresses — pretty but conservative.

It was the first time many of the members had a chance to see and hear our new F.W.I.C. National President, Mrs. Keith Baird. Easy, charming and completely unaffected, she spoke to the members as one woman to another, understanding their problems, helping and inspiring them to greater interest in the work of the W.I. as a whole; keeping in mind the theme of

the Conference "The Challenge of Tomorrow" and emphasizing the fact that homemaking is more important than good housekeeping.

Other speakers and topics discussed were "Safety in the Home and on the Farm" by Mr. H. E. Belman, Bruce County, who said that most accidents are the result of carelessness, ignorance and indifference to the safety of others — as, for instance, shoes and boxes left on stairs for other people to trip over. Damage and total casualties from common accidents in any one year, said Mr. Belman, is usually greater than that suffered from tornadoes and floods. Tractors and farm machinery were the greatest hazard and the most common cause of injury in accidents among drivers and riders of ten to fourteen! Isn't that staggering?

Reports were also given on such projects as Auxiliary Classes for public school children; Maternal Care and Infant Mortality; T.V. and Radio Extension; Women Around the World in Picture and Story, presented by Mrs. Hugh Summers, Warden; Vice-President in the A.C.W.W., taken during last year's Tri-Annual Conference.

As I have mentioned, what might have been too much for me, was the excellent vocal solo, but what really brought the house down was the Golden W.I. Orchestra comprised of four women charmingly dressed in century-old costumes. One was a pianist, one an excellent violinist; another played the guitar while the fourth kept time on a washboard with tin patty-pans! Their selections were lively old-time musical numbers; their performance so good they were called back again and again.

Now here is something I must mention. On display were some lovely china cups and saucers meant specially for W.I. enthusiasts. Good china, cups a nice shape, tall enough to keep the tea hot (how I hate those, low flat cups). Design in blue and gold, tiny gold maple leaves on a white background; gold handle and edging and the W.I. crest on the cup and in the centre of the saucer. The only place where they are going like hot cakes. A nice gift for a special speaker or to say W.I. member as a token gift.

Now to summarize I want specially to draw your attention to one fact. That while W.I. activities are their primary objective ways and means to help farm women yet the topics discussed are, or should be, of interest to all women, rural and urban. Adult education, health, common safety precautions, cul-

Real Book-Worms

Friends of a man living in Indiana thought that he was just another book collector. They were amazed to learn that when he died the books were valued at a five million dollars.

Bookkeepers say that despite the rival attractions of television, radio and films, book collecting is as popular as ever, although rare books worth fortunes are harder to find than they were in Victorian days.

The possessor of a book which is believed to be unique was announced to hear that another copy of the book had turned up in a secondhand bookshop in Paris. He spent \$90 to buy it and brought it into the fire so that his own copy might remain untraced.

Machiavelli, a librarian and owner of Florence, lived, ate, drank and slept among his books. His house was the end—cramped in floor from floor to ceiling with books. The only place one could walk in his house was the narrow passage left between the books. Even the porch and stairways were crammed tight.

"This strange man always slept on a bed of books. He covered himself with a 'siderdown' of large, soft-bound volumes."

Seaman's Slang Stumps Lawyer

When a kitchen net is kitchen. When it's a galley. Almost everything on board a ship has a different name from its equivalent ashore. Floors are decks, heads, and the walls are bulkheads.

Why should this be? Well, galleys are galleys simply because that's what they've been called for centuries. That's why companionways are staircases, and ports are windows. Seamen are responsible for having handed down this jargon from another age.

A seaman who appeared as a witness in court was asked by a lawyer, "What was exactly the defendant when you first saw him?"

"The sailor looked blank: 'I'm sorry sir, I don't understand. What's the defendant?'"

With heavy sarcasm the lawyer asked the question. The sailor, brightly, "he was on the ship."

"Yes, sir, just about the binnacle."

"Be more explicit," snapped the lawyer, beginning to rdden as flutters rippled round the court.

"It was over the after end of the bridge — you know sir, just as the fore side of the rigging," explained the sailor — getting his own back with a vengeance.

"Order! Order in court!" called the usher as soon as he could control his own laughter.

A few seamen have sense enough to take steps to simplify these nautical terms for the benefit of the uninitiated. The west country burgee, for instance, is called "the white flag" among drivers and riders of ten to fourteen! Isn't that staggering?

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tures, all are of interest to women everywhere. Remember that if you are tempted to resign from the W.I. because you no longer live on a farm, intermingling of town and country women is essential to a better understanding of both.

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Dial Telephones In The Country

It suddenly occurred to me today that the rural telephone has again become a worthy subject of contemplation, although in different ways. This came to mind as the result of asking for University 5-2222. The operator, who has a distant voice and a close friend, is a distant voice in some unknown place, and she asked pleasantly, "And where is that?"

The ancient rural lines have been dialed, you see. And as the dial systems extended themselves into the remoter regions, all these synthetic exchanges have been thought up and foisted upon us. There is no such place, of course, as University 5.

But there used to be a pleasant little community known as Freeport — about 15 miles from here and a town we occasionally call. In its early days this may have been a free port, whereas other water-front localities charged a wharfage, but the local legend is that the town was named for Sir Frederick Freepport in the Spectator Papers of Addison and Steele. This is a pretty little letter, and deserves our support.

There was a long opinion, "Sir," said the operator, "and there was a long opinion, 'Sir.'" "Do you know what it's near?" she asked.

"I think it's near 'Prospect, Mystic, and Triangles,'" I said. "I was immediately connected with a downtown St. Louis number and the baby sitter said Mr. and Mrs. Foster were out for the evening and would be home late. I can explain how this happens. The operator, not knowing who I am a student of such things, University from another one, which she is not, makes a buzz and gets connected with a route specialist. She says, 'Route, please to Harvard 5.' Then the other operator says, 'Boston 125, plus 2-1, plus, etc.' This means two letters, '2-1' means two letters, 'plus' means two letters, 'etc.' means two letters. It is just as easy, therefore, to get a wrong number in Denver as it is to get a right one in Loucut.

I resent it very much when the operator implies that I ought to know where these exchanges are. I think SHE ought to know, or that the man who made the things up ought to be kept on 24-hour duty so he can tell her. True, telephone service has been much improved and the rates are healthy and strong. But when I meet a man on the train and we begin to talk, and we find we have common interests, and he says, "Here is my number, call me up when you have a hen hot, and I'll send you some goose eggs," I can put my number in my pocket without having any idea where he lives.

When I have a setting hen I dial the operator and say "RU 7-2345." So she says, "Where is that? I do not know, so I say I do not know. This makes me queer to the operator, who is a rational person and assumes that anybody making a call will have some idea as to its destination. 'Is that in Maine?'"

"I don't know if it's in Maine or Costa Rica, to tell the truth. RU 7-2345" is a telephone company place, and has nothing to do with me, goose eggs, hot hens, or rationality. "For all I know, it's in Timbuctoo," I say.

"Where is Timbuctoo?" she says. — by John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

There is a presumption on the part of the telephone company when they set up an artificial exchange for a well-known and busy town of long standing, and then ask the customer to identify it. I made a call recently to Loucut something or other, and the operator said, "Where is that?" I said, honestly, "I don't know. LOUCUT is a name your company postulated for its own use, and I cannot bound it or describe its natural assets. I

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French Riot in Algiers

Right-wing rioters overturn a car during violent demonstrations in protest against any compromise in the struggle with Algerian rebels. A mob of more than 50,000 French men and women gathered in a square while young rioters stormed the U.S. Cultural Center and occupied the French Civil Government headquarters.

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How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove the colored letters from empty four sacks?

A. Rub pure lard thoroughly into the letters and figures, soak in lukewarm water for a few days, then put in the boiler with soap flakes and boil. This treatment will remove all the lettering.

Q. How can I soften egg shells?

A. By putting the eggs in vinegar for about twenty-four hours, longer if necessary.

Q. How can I dry a sweater properly after washing?

A. Lay the sweater on a flat surface, turning from time to time. It will not stretch and will be soft when dry.

Q. How can I prevent the rusting of mattress springs?

A. Rub the springs occasionally with a cloth dipped into melted paraffin, and they will never rust.

Q. How can I make a rubber hot-water bottle last longer?

A. It will last twice as long if the steam is pressed out before inserting the stopper, if it is never filled more than two-thirds, and never with boiling water, and when not in use, the bag is hung with opening downward.

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Starlings Taken For Enemy Planes

New experiments with super-sonic devices inaudible to the human ear were made recently in vain attempts to break up enormous flocks of starlings, often numbering 25,000, which roost nightly on tall buildings in London and some midland cities. The birds have become a serious nuisance.

Starlings were also used to try to scare the winged invaders. The starlings were not deceived; they knew the owls were faked. Many showed their contempt by perching on them.

The starting population has been soaring since the end of the war. The rate of increase has amazed ornithologists. One flock which flew over a south country village was so large that some villagers at first thought it was a fleet of enemy aircraft and told the local constable.

Massed flights of thousands of starlings have become one of the modern "sights" of London. They settle on the ledges of big buildings, and after maneuvering in the sky with extraordinary precision.

Some experts describe the cheerful striding as a roving swag among birds. It loves man's company and can adapt its habits to the manager's mood. The starling is also a clever mimic, stealing phrases from blackbirds, curlews, lapwings and many others and often imitating mechanical sounds such as the tinkling of a bell.

Curfew shall not toll. The Dodger rook, brought up in a hurry to alleviate a pitching shortage, pulled into town at three in the morning. Since his orders were to report immediately to the manager, he asked the night clerk for Uncle Robbie's room and went up and knocked on the manager's door.

After a long interval, Robbie opened the door. His hair was tousled, his eyes half-closed. "Who are you?" he yawned.

"I'm the new ball player from Minneapolis."

Robbie cringed. But he kept control. What an out, he thought, but I might as well have some fun with you.

"Look, son," he said, "I want you to report to every player on the floor. Then come back and tell me what they said to you."

The kid left. A half-hour later, he was back.

"Well, Robbie said, 'what did they say to you?'"

"Nothing," the rookie replied. "What do you mean?" snapped Robbie.

"Mr. Robinson," the rookie gulped, "nobody is in yet!"

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Nowland's Their Man