

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

Dear Anne Hirst: I confess that my worst fault is my inclination to be jealous. I tell myself how wrong it is, but you know how little remarks stick in your mind. Telling you about it will help... My husband works where there are a lot of women. He often talks about how much fun they all have, and I am beginning to wonder whether he does, too. He claims he never flirts, but you know how a man loves to be noticed, and a clever woman can always flatter him into having an affair...

WORRIED WIFE - Dear Anne Hirst: My husband draws a veteran's disability compensation, but he is making one awful mistake. He doesn't know what he owes our five children. As each one reaches high school, he has them into getting a job, and three of them have already left home. I am desolated. "I can't do anything with him. He won't give me money or anything beyond barest needs. I never can go anywhere, and one of my youngsters has seen a movie. My 16-year-old has just left for service. My youngest is six."

MRS. F.R. - Your husband is a short-sighted man to deny his children the education that would fit them to hold profitable positions later on. To snatch them out of grammar school and force them to go to work is cheating them out of the fuller life that most parents want to provide.

FAVORITE CAPE - Graceful cape to star atop fashions - in pineapple design combined with easy shell-stitch. Pattern 617: Crochet directions for sizes small, medium, large included. Use 3-ply fingering yarn or mercerized crochet and knitting cotton. Easy; lovely.

SHADY LADY - Well protected against the wind on the sun, this modest miss pauses during work at an air base at Talan, Formosa. Formosan boys believe that a lighter complexion gives them a better chance for marriage.

THE CAMERA WORKED - Caught in a dramatic close-up of the United Nations, N.Y., is Soviet Foreign Secretary Andre Gromyko. He asked the photographer if his camera was in good working order. When told yes, he said, "Well, then, you should give it a rest."



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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Along the back of the vegetable garden we have a row of huge sunflowers. From some stalks the golden heads are still hanging, their weight bending the stems. In the early days, when the birds were first attracted to the heads because of their great weight, but that doesn't hinder the birds at all. Blagays at this moment are clinging spidder-down to the heads in their determination to get at the succulent seeds. We don't mind; that's why we grew the sunflowers, just to attract the birds. Flowers and birds are both cheery to look at. Here comes a yellow-billed sapsucker and, I think, a killdeer, all pecking away and fighting for position at the same six or seven sunflowers, the only ones on which the seed is ripe. The startlings don't seem to be interested. And do you know, we hardly have any sparrows here at all. Canaries, orioles, cedar waxwings and the birds previously mentioned, but very few sparrows. At the farm they were flitting around by the hundred, but now they are scarce.

Modern Etiquette by Roberta Lee - Q. When a man is invited to be the guest of a woman at a banquet or similar affair, is it proper for him to bring her a corsage? A. Only if the affair is to be a formal one, and he knows she is wearing an evening dress. Q. When attaching a card to a wedding gift, is it necessary to write the bride's name on the envelope? A. Although it is not necessary, it is all right to do so. Obey the traffic signs - they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

Real Life-NCT TV Cr. Mov.es

"One of us," Link Williams had said, "will go out feet first." The two men met face to face under a hot sun on a dusty road in eastern Oregon's Fox Valley. A cattle land of stunted juniper and sagebrush with the Blue Mountains above it. Link Williams, a tall, lean, 47, carried a rifle and two six-shooters. The other man was his brother-in-law, Bob Sproul, a short, rugged 44. Sproul carried a rifle, too, and a Luger. It was 9 o'clock in the morning—otherwise the grim scene could have come straight out of "High Noon."

Behind that morning's meeting by a family feud that had smoldered for about fifteen years, Williams and Sproul had acquired their adjoining ranches under a somewhat smaller than Bob's acreage and partially surrounded by it. Link resented that. Link, a bachelor, still stood Sproul had immediate plans for a new home. He called Bob "yellow." Bob resented that.

What brought matters to a head between them was the question of Cummings Creek Road, the track that connected parts of Bob's holdings. It was convenient for Bob to use it. Link said he couldn't. To make his point clear, he threw a barrier of boulders and logs across the road, a short way from the fence that divided their ranches. That was last June.

A few days later, the two men happened to encounter each other. "Link," said Bob, "I'm coming in there next Saturday and clear off those rocks. If you do," said Link, "be there with a Winchester." And that was when he added: "One of us will go out feet first."

On Saturday morning, June 21, Link was waiting at the barricade. With him was a brother, Dolly Williams, who had come along hoping to smooth things over. Dolly looked at Link's rifle and at the two pistols tucked into his belt. What, he asked, was Link going to do? "When Bob Sproul comes through that gate," Sproul said, "I'll show you."

Bob Sproul drove up in his car from his own side. He got out with the Luger in a holster dangling around his neck. The holster was cut away at both ends so he could shoot without drawing. When he saw Link's rifle pointed at him, he reached back into the car and brought out a rifle of his own. Then he walked through the gate.

Link kept his rifle raised as Bob walked steadily toward him. Bob's rifle was lowered. As the two men drew closer together, Dolly Williams endeavored to get them into conversation. The conversation was short. Bob said he was going to clear the road. "If you do," said Link, "I'll kill you." He moved toward Bob, rifle leveled. Bob slowly backed away.

Partners in Dock

Of horror broke from the lips of the policeman as he saw the torch through the battery and lit up the face of an old man. Joe Bedford, the principal owner of the police dock at Portside, had been making his rounds through the dock of November 13th. He had been trying to see if the dock was in good shape, seeing they were a hot day when he came to see the dock.

He saw Bedford, the old man, short-sighted, looking through his glasses at the clock. But here he was, still on show ground—bits of iron—bits of steel—bits of wood—bits of concrete—bits of stone—bits of brick—bits of mortar—bits of plaster—bits of paint—bits of wood—bits of metal—bits of glass—bits of paper—bits of cloth—bits of food—bits of drink—bits of everything—bits of nothing.

One man accused of murder had gone into the witness box and, on oath, accused his fellow prisoner of the crime. But the other not only denied the crime, but he had managed to borrow \$23. Probert's overcoat was so wet that Parker lent him his. When he put on the overcoat, he noticed there was a button missing.

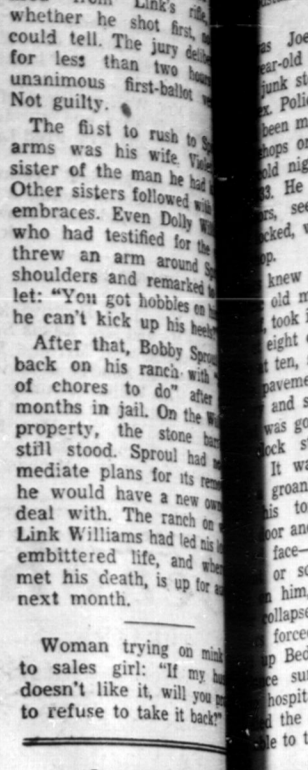
The question of the borrowed money was important, for the following reason. Between November 7th and November 13th, both Probert and Parker had been very hard up. Not only had they pawned their clothing, but they were unable to pay the rent for the night of November 13th, they obviously had money.

The police became interested in the story. They were told Probert and Parker had bought new suits and shirts. While the two were in the shop, Probert told Parker that a button was missing from the shop's assistant said the establishment had plenty of similar buttons in stock, and very helpfully sewed on one.

The police remembered the button that had been found on the overcoat in Bedford's shop. Not only was it exactly like the button on the overcoat, but it was made of the same material as the pieces of the jigsaw had come away with it. The pieces of the jigsaw fitted in faster and faster; the pieces of the jigsaw fitted in faster and faster; the pieces of the jigsaw fitted in faster and faster.

So the police had assembled, in addition to the clue of the missing button, the following items of damning evidence: (1) Accused identified as having been seen close to the vicinity of the shop were Bedford.

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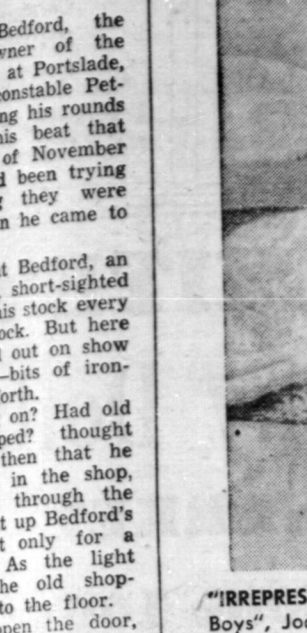
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STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC - The current hula hoop craze has reached even the hallowed halls of ivory, where it is now regarded as just a matter of Newton's laws of motion. At Southern College in Memphis, Tenn., President Peyton N. Rhoads believes the physics he formerly taught to whirling the hoop is an unbelievable good source in the background. Below is Dr. Rhoads' explanation of how it's done.

PHYSICS AND THE HOOP - Actually, what is involved is the conservation of angular momentum, something that should certainly be conserved by all and sundry. It is merely necessary to start a small, but carefully regulated impulse (the product of force X time) by allowing a hypersensitive acrobat to engage on a small portion of the interior periphery of a short section of the hoop. The impulse, applied with some discretion, serves to produce a change in the angular momentum of the hoop, and if the force of this impulse is so directed that there is a small vertical component of this momentum opposing the force of gravity which acts normally over the plane of the hoop, then the whirling horizontal motion will be maintained with very uniformity to the amazement of on-lookers who do not realize that the whole deal is just as easy as falling off a log.

How Dog River Got Its Name



Visitors to cosmopolitan Beirut—capital city of the Lebanon which is so frequently the scene of our countrymen—usually hear the legend of how the Dog River, which flows near the city, got its quaint name. The story goes that many centuries ago an enormous stone figure of a dog stood high on a cliff close to the mouth of the river. It had a great hollow head.

When the wind blew from a certain direction this hollow head would emit weird howls which terrified the then small population of Beirut. The howls kept everyone awake at night and only the oldest people ventured near the Dog after dark. The superstitious declared that the Dog was always inhabited by a devil between midnight and 5 a.m.

"We have got to stop this terrifying noise and kill the superstition," the leaders of the people declared. So, early one morning a brave party of thirty volunteers climbed up to the dog and, by a tremendous joint effort, pushed it off the cliff into the sea below.

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Check Parking Violations

A new "pay as you go" system for parking violators, complete with "courtesy check" attached, was examined by St. Louis Police Sgt. John Bauer. The violator, in the name of his bank, mails the check for \$2, and then himself a trip to the police station.

IMPRISONABLE - In her new picture "Rolly Rarred the Frog, Boys," Joan Collins plays a predatory, no-holds-barred femme fatale chasing Paul Newman. "But," she says, "sex isn't the word for me." What is, then? "I like the word 'imprisonable,'" says Joan.

PROTECTIVE HALO - Newest Italian safety device for sleepy motorists consists of a metal ring which fits almost flush with the underside of the steering wheel. With a normal grip (drawing, top) nothing happens. But as the drowsy driver's hand relaxes (drawing, bottom) the metallic halo sets off the car horn and automatically engages the brakes.

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