ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

How does a girl get rid of a young man who bores her? For two years now I've been dating one, and I can't seem to shake him. Since last Christmas we've gone out together just five times; every other evening that he comes, he just sits.

"How I fell into this habit I can't even remember, but I am evidently stuck with him. He thinks radio or television are child's play; he has no intellectual resources, he just disagrees with practically everything I say; he is dictatorial and argumentative, and is impervious to any hints that I am not, to put it bluntly, crazy about him. I don't like to be rude, and I know he has few friends; maybe I'm just sorry for him?

"Last time he was here I tried to get over the idea that I was seeing him too often. He said if I turned him down he would kill himself! How can I let him down gently without feeling responsible?

All Through"

Especially for one so sensitive as you, it is easy to drift into such a habit. But really, life is too short to give so much time to an uncouth male who is so self-centered. Why didn't you tell him long ago that you were too busy to see him regularly? Did his persistency flatter you, or hadn't you any other boy friend?

Tell him now. Be our when he calls, but if you happen to be at home, ask your family to co-operate. If he telephones, hang up. He will not perish from disappointment; in fact, you may be a bit aggrieved how soon he finds another softhearted girl to bore.

Stop fearing his threats. Make a quick, clean break and get it over with.

* * *

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I love my young man intensely and we want to get married but I need my mother's consent, and she will not give it. (Even if I were of age, though, I wouldn't want to get married without her approval.)

"We don't want to waste our youth apart, but my mother has a strong will and I don't know what to do. She and my fiance's mother are good friends, so she hasn't anything against the family. Please advise me. My mother was married twice, and unhapy both times.

Geraldine"

Your mother's own marriage experiences make her afraid that you might repeat her history, and she would save you from that danger at least until you have more judgment. Perhaps your fiance's mother can influence her to approve your marriage as inevitable and right, when the time comes for it.

Waiting until you are of age will not only draw you two much closer, but help prove to your mother that you trust each other. Nothing else will so soften her attitude. Why not plan it that way?

* * *

Anne Hirst is here to guide you through your troubled times. Write her your problem at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario, and know you can trust her judgment

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by Laura Wheeler

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A NEW 1959 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book, JUST OUT. has lovely designs to order: embroidery, crochet, knitting, weaving, quilting, toys. In the book, a special surprise to make a little girl happy — a cut-out doll, clothes to color. Send 25 cents for this book.

Tattoo Tragedy

Who wants to be tattooed? Not only seamen or servicemen, anxious for fiery dragons to be transplanted on to their man'y chests and forearms, but scores of pretty girls in Britain are now booking appointments with professional tattooists.

They are going in for romantic engravings such as "Sandra loves Sam" signs, or complicated heart-shaped patterns picturing undying love for one particular boy.

Later comes the reckoning and sometimes tragedy. The same girls, their fancies changed, flock to the casualty wards of hospitals asking for the tell-tale marks to be erased.

It is no easy operation. Some can be blotted out by a series of injections. But in most cases, plastic surgery alone can do the trick effectively.

'POLICE CHIEF RESIGNS' — Lura Patricia Counts, front center, announces in Chicago that she will not accept Aurora, Ill., Mayor Paul Egan's appointment of her as police chief of that city following a dispute with the present chief. She is shown in a Chicago night club with waitresses who might have been part of her police force. From left, Mryna Haylor, Meg Myles and Marilyn Houde.

HIGH HAT — Making the most of a sunny day at Nassau, in that Bahamas, French beauty Christianne Preiss watches and wonders how she'd look in her island-made "smuggler" hat.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

What a change one night can make. Yesterday the flower-beds were still a mass of bloom — geraniums, nasturiums, cosmos and various perennials. This morning, only in protected spots are the flowers still bravely blooming. In the vegetable garden tomato foliage is blackened by frost. But not the tomatoes— we picked them green and left them to ripen in the basement. We also picked the citron but there are still a few beets and carrots to use at our leisure.

Yesterday there was a cold, high wind which took most of the leaves off the ash trees. So now we know it is really fall. And yet the day before was a glorious day. So warm and bright Art decided it was too good to miss and suggested that we go up to the cottage at Stoney Lake to make sure everything was all set for the winter months. This we did and had a wonderful trip and two meals at the cottage. The boys had their first boat ride on the lake and were thrilled. Dee and I were soon busy looking over the contents of the cottage. And Partner, by means of axe and saw, soon had us warm and comfortable, getting the dampness out of the house. We were disappointed in only one respect—we were ahead of the frost so there was very little colour in the trees. But you can't have near-summer weather and autumn colouring too. On the whole we were well satisfied with the cottage and its surroundings, so now we are looking forward to next summer when we hope to really enjoy it.

Of course, knowing the Peterborough district to be an historic environment I have been refreshing my memory by looking up the history of Stoney Lake. Apparently it was an Indian stronghold, originally called Salmon Trout Lake. It was here the Stricklands, Traills and Moodies established summer homes. Although the chain of islands are described as bordering Stoney Lake it would be hard to find loose stones anywhere. "The shores are composed of banks and hills of solid red granite, entirely naked except for an occasional oak or cedar in a crevice, rising to a considerable height, in others sloping away gradually until lost in the woods." So wrote Major Samuel Strickland in the 1830's. He claimed Stoney Lake was onb of the most beautiful spots in Ontario. Native Indians were very jealous of Stoney Lake as they used it as a natural hospital where sick and wounded braves were sent to recover health and strength. To discourage the invasion of the white man the Indians told hair raising stories of wild beasts and rattlesnakes. It was also from these islands that the natives obtained their wampum-grass and the best birch-bark for their canoes, as well as fish, game and berries for food. A chief known to the first settlers as "Handsome Jack Crow" was head of the tribes in that district from whom Jack's Creek and Jack's Lake take their names.

Well, that is just a smattering of Stoney Lake's historical background. Probably there are many readers of this column who know far more about it than I do. Perhaps some of you might even like to drop me a line telling me where to go and what to look for next summer. Until then I haven't a doubt I shall find plenty to occupy my time around here.

Yes, indeed, when you consider that Christmas, as I write, is little more than two months away. Isn't it awful the way the years roll by? No sooner is a year begun than it seems to be on the wane. We should be planning our Christmas gifts, shouldn't we? Maybe you have already done so. So far I have only one gift purchased and one in the making — a knitted cot-cover for Ross's crib. And there are three birthdays before Christmas to think of too. Jerry will be a year old next Sunday; David five on the 27th, and in November Partner will be one year nearer the old-age pension! No need to have knitting needles idle for very long with four grandsons to keep supplied with woolies. But I have mangged to get a cardigan finished for Partner—at least it is all done except for the buttons.

Last week, in addition to wee Eddie being here, we had a friend from Hornings Mills staying with us. A week away from home was all she could manage. Even at that she was wondering how the new litter of pigs was coming along and if her husband was keeping himself warm and well-fed. She was fearful in case he might have trouble with something or other—cows, pigs, chickens or water supply. I suppose it is natural for a farmer's wife to worry. As long as she is around she knows her husband has someone to fall back on—if only to call the "vet" in a hurry. You know how it is—if a farmer wants the phone the line is always busy. The air gets a trifle blue as a result—and who can wonder at it.

When Women Lose Their Tempers!

Lightning flashed in the sky. Rain came down in torrents. But the young man on the motorcycle did not stop.

Riding on the pillion was the German girl he had married when he was a British Army corporal. "Stop. We must stop!" she cried. But her husband had but one thought in mind — to reach Manchester that night, so that he could keep a business appointment early the next day.

Suddenly, his rain-drenched bride gave him a clout on the head, a real right-hander. The shock and force of it caused the man to lose control of the bike.

Over he went, spinning into the bank at the side of the road.

As he fell, the bike bounced and pitched on to him, breaking his left leg below the knee.

His wife was unhurt, but he spent the next four months in hospital . . . and no ore could have waited on him more tenderly or solicitously than his fiery-tempered wife.

She felt no contrition, however, for her heavy-fisted outburst. It was, in her view, fully justified. Such is a woman's utterly illogical reasoning!

When women lose their temper, anything can happen. For instance, look at what occurred in a Scottish household recently when the husband, a pitman, found fault with his wife's new hat.

"Call that a hat?" he said, disparagingly. "It looks more like a coal hod to me."

Instantly, his wife's temper flared. She picked up the coal scuttle and — as her husband sat over his evening meal of baked herrings—poured the contents over his head!

Few women can bear to be laughed at. And fewer still have the gift of being able to laugh at themselves.

There was a terrible scene early this year in a Detroit drawing-room. A woman whose daughter had just been married spotted a wedding guest wearing a gown identical with the "exclusive" model she had bought for the occasion.

The dressmaker must have betrayed her. But that thought did not enter her mind then.

Blind rage seized her. "You've stolen my copyright!" she stormed at the other woman. As the guest drew back, so the other's hands shot out, gripped the neck of the guest's gown—and tugged.

There was a sound of tearing silk and seconds later the guest had fled with a scream — in her underclothes.

Even on the stage, when acting serious roles, women have gone berserk over trifles. Sometimes a mere mouse can cause consternation. Once such an intrusion made a fan-dancer drop her fan and flee from the stage in terror.

But a call boy got more fun than he bargained for when he put a mouse into a chorus girl's handbag. Later, simulating innocence, he asked her for a cigarette.

She opened her bag, and out popped the mouse. But seeing the boy's smile of triumph, she recovered swiftly from her fright and pounced on him with almost demoniacal rage.

"It was only a joke, miss," he yelled. But, remorselessly, she slapped his face, tore at his hair, kicked his shins and scratched his cheeks, behaving like a mad thing.

"I'll report you to the animal cruelty man, treating a poor innocent mouse like that," he spluttered. "You might have smothered it in my bag!"

Younger girls, too, can be as outsize wreckers when they feel peeved or frustrated. A mother and stepfather of a 17-year-old London girl took her court recently because she was beyond their control.

She had wanted them to go on her abroad, so that she could live with relatives. They refused.

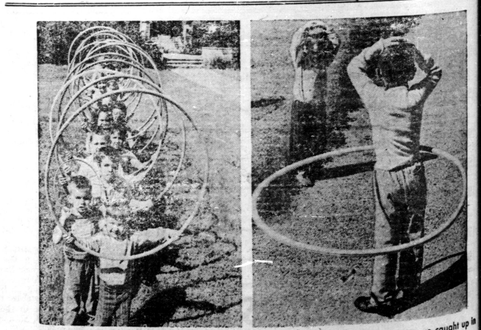
So, to force them to change their minds of thinking, she had gone berserk amok at home. She had broken furniture to pieces, pinched heels and soles off her mother's shoes, and snipped with scissors all the clothes she could lay hands on.

Soon her stepfather had had a sound garment to call his own. The magistrates made an order for her to be placed in the care of the local authority.

Then there was the case, at a Continental "home" exhibition, when a lovely blonde German girl ran amok while playing the role of an Eskimo in an expensively-furnished house.

She had been sacked after refusing to work unless she got more pay, whereupon, her temper boiling, she rushed into the perfect home and began to wreck it in full view of the public.

For a few moments, pandemonium, punctuated by shrieks, bangs, crashes and flying splinters. Then two attendants arrived on the scene and removed her on a stretcher.



GOING AROUND EN-CIRCLED — It's hoop-de-do time where these youngsters are caught up in the latest craze, "hula-hoops." The hoop idea, which a West Coast firm introduced in midsummer, is taken from bamboo hoop twirling which has swept Australia. Whirling the hoop around the hips is displayed by the young expert, right photo, for the benefit of three-year-old Charmaine Pawlak. How do parents feel? One father says, "My kids were all acting underprivileged till I promised to buy them some."

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Of A Motch Crook

had the gall of a brass and his bland, wiry little ed eyes and a shock of ing flaming red hair. ecified him "Stuttering the police records ed the Harry Steed," he of the greatest of the safecrackers. In between he spent in some of the ger best penitentiaries, sworth and Joliet, he ty with at least $1 mil-

ove the police wild, but en Steed and three of his ve given the gamblers even Kid Dimes, known from d of the country to the ne of the greatest rou- ave fixers of all times, evel fixers of all times, ed his pals; Joseph (The ed Weil, a swindler ersions made Charles look like a petty pick- was another; the third Deacon Buckminster, as a grifter as ever sold d mine."

gambling houses — since ove Illegal — had protec- ments that would have de- ents but in the dark of ght Harry Steed would his way in, picking the so carefully that he left no or presence; then Kid would go about fixing the e wheels. (Or rather, re- them from the way the ed them set.) Then, after Dimes had picked up the crooked dice and thought- substituted his own, the would vanish. Bright and the next day, Kid Weil and Buckminster would be ostentatiously; they would stay and cleared the joint out. erally, word that this quar- was operating in a city got ed. Apparently it was so fast, so they had to keep ; but even today old- still talk about the hauls made in New Orleans and

of Harry Steed's most fa- safe-blowing jobs never ht him a nickel; to this it remains a mystery. With ous Tommy Touhy and er thug named Skip Lin- Steed went to Marion, Ind., e early 1920s, where the sters of the Ku Klux was located there. Steed the Klan's safe, and the walked off with all the records.

one ever found out what ened to the Klan records or was behind the burglary. later days, in the North Loop Bar where he hung in Chicago, Harry Steed used ke to reminisce about the But he always left the big tions unanswered.

e had to go," was all he ed ever say. "It was a non- ob." It was a nonprofit, fact, that the boys stopped en their way out of town to k over a grocery-store safe pay expenses," and that was he cops got on their trail.

ly Harry Steed ever knew e Harry Steed came from, ho his parents were. He was picked up in Chicago in , when he was 19, on a burg- charge and was sent to the ac Reformatory for four s. (A year after getting out, was back for stealing a e.)

e was in prison—"in college," he put it—at least eighteen s. He devoted his time there keeping his wiry little body top physical condition and figuring ways of breaking out. was good at that, too. In one -year period, from 1921 to 0, he broke out of jail five es.

As the years went by, Harry ed was heard of less and less. e lived in a tiny room in the rtin Hotel, on Chicago's South e, hanging around the bar- oms, reminiscing about the old s.

When Steed fell ill and enter- Chicago's Cook County Hos- al to die, he listed his "best end" as Andrew W. Aitken, a

VERY SMOOTH — It would seem that Australia's ace miler Herb Elliott can't be bothered combing his own hair, preferring the smoothing touch of Jean Fraser, artist and hair dresser. Actually — Miss Fraser is combing the hair of a wax dummy of Elliott in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks in London, England.

King Built Town To House His Wives

Until air travel came Siam was right off the beaten track. Ships on their normal routes went to Singapore and thence to Hong Kong. Those who wanted to visit Siam had to change boats at Singapore and travel for four days by sea, a tedious journey. And what for? Unless one had some business there, one didn't go.

But to-day, Bangkok, the capital of Siam (or Thailand) is one of the most important air junctions of the world and hundreds of tourists visit the country. Almost every 'plane going to Singapore or Hong Kong, to Australia, Borneo or New Zealand, lands at Siam, and one can see, as the 'plane descends, the golden spires of the temples, the wide and lovely river and the vast numbers of canals, which have given Bangkok its name of the Venice of the East.

When the now-famous Anna was teaching English at the court of the King—less than a hundred years ago—there was only one road in the entire capital. This stretched for only four miles from the centre of the city to the palace; all other journeys had to be made by boat.

The city was criss-crossed by canals. The huts, in which the people lived, were built on stilts and opened on to the canals.

Many of these canals still remain and life goes on as it always has. But the town is fast being modernized. Big business has come to it. There are some fine, impressive hotels. The one I stayed in is one of the most modern and comfortable hotels in the world, with a blue swimming pool, where American visitors can bathe all day long under a warm, cloudless sky, writes R. J. Minney in "Tit-Bits."

For these visitors, and for the purposes of a greatly expanded trade, roads are now being built. Many of them run alongside the old canals, so that one can see the ancient life with its primitive charm and, a yard or so away, high-powered cars dashing by.

From these roads to the houses that lie beyond the canals, long humped - backed bridges provide access. Some are strong enough to take cars, others are simply planks that sway dangerously under your feet.

I saw two boys wheeling their grandfather in a tumbledown wheelbarrow which was no bigger than a soapbox. They tore across the planks, the barrow tilted, and grandpa fell thirty feet into the water.

But no one was alarmed. Instead, since the Siamese are an exceedingly gay people, there was a burst of laughter and a hurrying forward of neighbours and of passers-by, not to help in the rescue of the man, but to stand by and laugh uproariously!

Meanwhile, the old man in the waster gasped and spluttered and laughed, too. Had he drowned I have no doubt they would then have fished him out and lamented as noisily over his corpse.

The Siamese are the happiest and friendliest people I have met. They have every reason to be. Their country produces food in plenty. Life is leisurely. There is some poverty, but it isn't as bad as in so many other places I have visited in the tropics.

The day's activities begin with the first streak of dawn. At this hour the boats are astir, each of them a floating market. They travel along the canals, stopping when hailed, to sell to the residents of the waterside hus—curry, cool drinks, fruit; indeed, every trade has a dozen or more boats—the butcher, the baker, the vegetable vendor, and so on.

It is one of the most fascinating sights of the city to set out, as I did, before dawn and travel in a boat along the river and the canals. The water is thick with boats, each laden with children, for the vendors would not dream of leaving their families at home.

The palace of the King stands in a walled enclosure. It is immense, for the white walls encircle not only the royal residence, the audience halls, the temples, the guards' quarters, the elephant lines, with a special hallowed sector for the white elephants, but also a vast arena where the women live.

The Kings of Siam are allowed as many wives as they like position in Southern Ontario, married with children. Write C. Skov, Borden's Dairy Farm, General Delivery, City View, Ottawa, Ontario.

The present King, who is devoted to his wife, to whom he is devoted, She is young and beautiful and there is a close companionship between them.

One surprising thing about Siam is the vast number of priests. This is because every man must serve in the priesthood—a sort of national service. Every member of the royal family has to do the same, even the King.

They are generally attached to one of the temples, but those who intend to remain priests go into a monastery. One monastery I visited in the north at Chiengami, had a thousand young priests, some of them only eight to ten years old.

They all shave their heads and wear saffron robes and have to beg for their food from door to door. Food is abundantly supplied, for it is a way of attaining merit for your soul to give food to a priest.

The country is ridden with superstitions. The people believe that evil spirits creep into the house during the night. That is why, first thing as they wake up, they let off fire-crackers from every house in order to scare away the spirits.

Otuside every house there is is a spirit shrine—a small box rather like a brightly painted dovecote.

Here a good spirit is expected to take up his dwelling. Food is offered to it daily and flowers are placed in the shrine.

If bad luck comes to the home, it is assumed that a bad spirit has taken up his residence there instead. They can only drive it out by getting rid of the shrine.

A priest is called and the tiny dovecote is floated away along the river or the canal, and a new shrine, brightly coloured, is set up in its place it the hope of attracting a better spirit.

The love for children is so great that, in addition to having large families, most couples, young and old alike, are constantly adopting children.

I met a young newly-married couple who within the first three months of their marriage adopted as many as five children, all boys. To this they hoped to add, either by having children of their own, or by adopting more. This they keep on doing all through their lives Consequently, couples aged seventy may still be seen with a young family of seven or more children, some infants in arms, others toddlers.

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Oh, My Poor Seven Hundred Feet!

How many legs has a millipede — that creepy, crawly, long- bodied little creature that wriggles through the earth, gnawing the roots of crops?

A scientist in Panama has just provided the answer. He recently found a millipede with 700 legs, a hitherto unknown species. He reports that its body consists of 175 segments, each with four legs and each capable of partly independent action.

Another painstaking investigator has recently found, to ais cost, that millipedes are not non-poisonous, as was supposed. There is a tiny poison gland in each segment of its body.

"The millipede can deliver a fan-like spray from its whole body," he reports. While investigating, he was temporarily blinded in one eye and partially paralysed on one side of his face by a millipede which resented his presence. Luckily, the scientist recovered from these "wounds".

What about centipedes? It's always been known that **they** are poisonous. Some species have up to a hundred legs.

Centipedes are tiny but fierce creatures which lurk beneath stones, the bark of trees or other secret hiding places, stirring out only in the dark to hunt their prey. But there are much larger species abroad.

Tropical centipedes are sinuous, scaly creatures varying from six to nine inches in length. Those in such places as the Solomon Islands can paralyse a rabbit instantly by a touch of their poison and will sometimes bite unwary natives.

"A white man bitten by one of these pestilential creatures, which have scores of nasty, scrambling legs, has been known to plunge his hand into boiling water as a counter-irritant, after being rendered half-crazy with pain," reported a man who was living in the Solomons before the war. "The attempted cure was more disastrous in its effects than the original injury.

PUPS "SOCKED IN" — Dutchess, the three-year-old Boxer owner by Lloyd Likins calmly waits for her eight pups to dry out on the washline.

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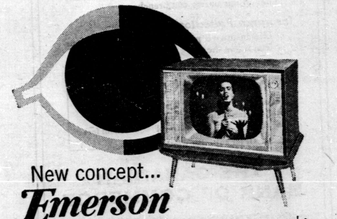

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