

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I'm not writing to ask you how to get this boy back, I don't want him. But I do want to know how a girl can tell when a boy is just seeing her a line, or is really sincere. I went steady with this one for three weeks. I know now she was silly, but he told me right away how much he loved me and he drew a rough picture of our future."

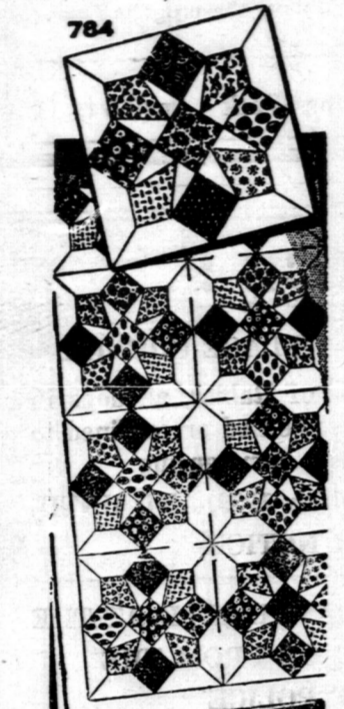
"Then suddenly it was all over. He walked out. He said he just likes to date a girl a dozen times or so and then ditch her. Later I learned he was that kind."

"Are all boys like that? Do they just string you along until they have you at their feet and then walk out? A decent girl can't like a boy she's afraid to trust."

"How can a girl know when a boy is telling the truth and when he is not? I'm only 17, but honestly I feel like 90. I'm fed up with them all. Are they all like this one?"

OLD LADY
No, my young friend, all of them do not fit from one girl. The specs. boasts a larger membership than we like to admit. Concealed as a peacock, she likes to show off. Another trying out various shenanigans to win her over, and they file the results with the smug comment, "That was wise, considerate, and someone she's worth all your time and even then she should be only on probation."

Four Gay Patches



by Laura Wheeler

Colors run riot in this quilt made of scraps the more the merrier. It's just four patches, easy-to-piece. Use one block alone for a pillow cover.

Pattern 784: charts, directions, pattern of patches, yardages for single, double-bed size.

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. PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Send for a copy of 1959 Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book. It has lovely designs to order: embroidery, crochet, knitting, weaving, quilting, toys. In the book, a special surprise to make a little girl happy — a cutout doll, clothes to color. Send 25 cents for this book.



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not concerned at all with the girl's state when she tosses her a careless goodbye.
You served this boy as Ex-hibit 9 or 10 in his book. Let that truth lie there, but use it to your advantage.
To go steady with a boy from the very first date is to know now she was silly, but he told me right away how much he loved me and he drew a rough picture of our future.
Then suddenly it was all over. He walked out. He said he just likes to date a girl a dozen times or so and then ditch her. Later I learned he was that kind.
"Are all boys like that? Do they just string you along until they have you at their feet and then walk out? A decent girl can't like a boy she's afraid to trust."
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REBELLIOUS DAUGHTER
"Dear Anne Hirst: I am only 16, and was looking forward to a fine summer with nothing to do but fun. But my father has asked me to work in his office part of the time. I don't like it. I was mad about the whole idea and I told him so, but of course I will do it.
"Last term I studied hard, and I think the family owes me a good time till school starts again. I love my Dad, but I think he is being unreasonable. How do you feel about it?"

DISGUSTED
Your letter was far too long to print, but from it, I gather that you are so interested in your father's business that when you graduate from college you hope to take charge of its women's department.
Then why do you object to learning what you can during this coming summer? Look ahead. The more you learn about the business, the faster you will get ahead in it. You will be surprised how much you can pick up even in half-days now. Your approach to it now is childish; you are not being a good sport.
I expect that your father as a boy worked every summer through with never two weeks off for fun. Remember that, and be fair; it will show you respect for his judgment, and bring you both closer to each other. If you are to be partners some day, that courtesy should not begin too soon.

To Every Girl Who Wants to Be Popular: It isn't the number of boys you date, it is who they are that counts. Make sure your new acquaintance is worth your time. Anne Hirst has helped have the kind of fun that lasts. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

A joint checking account is never over-drawn by the wife. It's just under-deposited by her husband.

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But suddenly, when the car was already half-way across the road, the sun's rays played a dramatic part in the proceedings.

An extra strong gust whipped into the cockpit, under the driver's goggles and lifted them off his forehead. He took a hand off the wheel to push them away as that he could see. The movement caused his foot to shift slightly on the accelerator. The car slowed almost imperceptibly as it neared the end of the measured distance.



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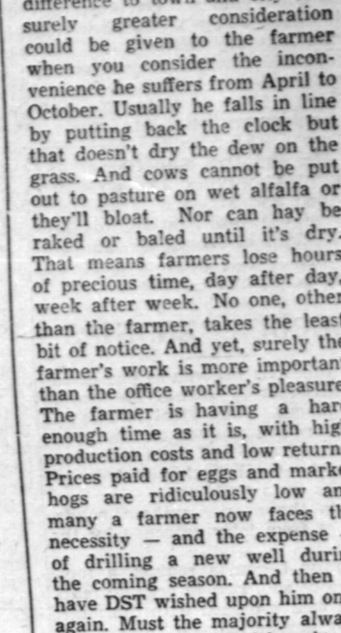
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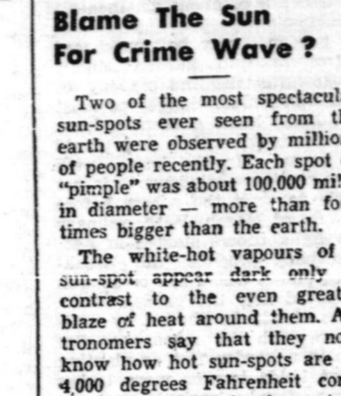
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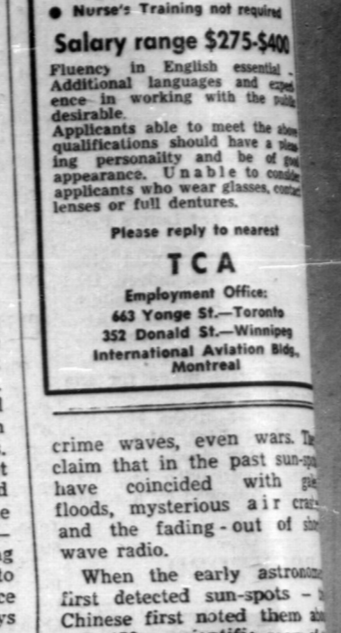
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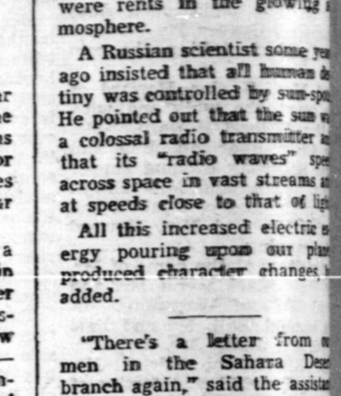
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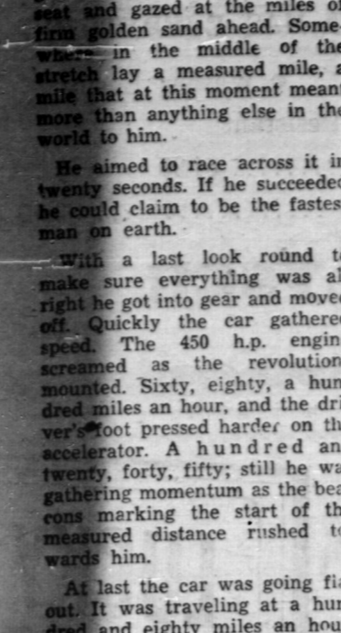
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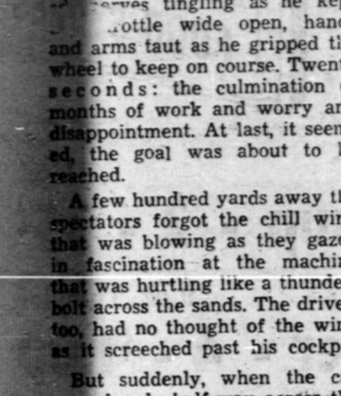
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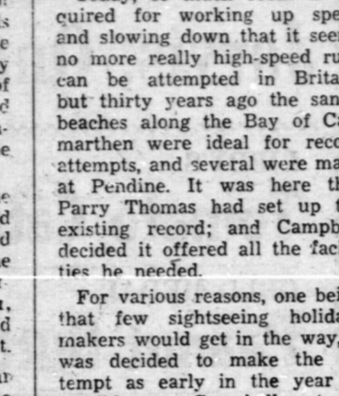
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A Russian scientist some years ago insisted that all human activity was controlled by sun-spots. He pointed out that the sun's rays radiated electric energy, and that its "radio waves" across space in vast streams at speeds close to that of light was hurting the earth. The driver, too, had no thought of the wind as it screeched past his cockpit.

But suddenly, when the car was already half-way across the road, the sun's rays played a dramatic part in the proceedings.



NO NEEDLE USED — This young man is getting his polio vaccine in a much more pleasant way than the usual shot in the arm. He's testing a cherry-flavored, one-dose serum that is taken orally.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We didn't think it could happen — but it did. We got water in our basement — that was the night there was a three-quarter inch rainfall in many Ontario districts. I woke up in the night and heard a terrific wind driving rain against the roof. Fifteen minutes later from the window I could see floods everywhere, including the road. Presently I went downstairs, found the sump pump working all right and only a small trickle of water across the floor. I thought there wasn't too much to worry about and went back to bed without waking Partner. About five o'clock he was awake and downstairs and by that time it was raining. Water was coming in at several places. Worse than that the sump-pump wasn't operating properly. We couldn't take a chance on that quitting so a plumber was sent for. He put on a p.w. switch and then it was all right. We thought we were lucky not having to buy a new pump. But even that would have been better than a flooded basement. However, there was still work to do — sweeping water away from the furnace and over towards the drain. Later on Bob came to the rescue, fixed a pipe across the floor so there was better drainage. With that done we were able to sleep in comfort. Next morning after listening to the radio and hearing of the flood damage in so many districts we were ashamed to feel sorry for ourselves.

For instance, one morning at the hairdresser's the entire conversation was about flooded basements and even of ground floors being under water. At one drugstore eight inches of water at the street level and six inches in a nearby restaurant. One woman said come spring there would be a "For Sale" notice up outside their house. I can't see much point in that. I would say far better to reinforce the walls against flooding. To sell one place and buy another might be jumping from the frying pan into the fire — or maybe from a stream into a lake would be a better simile. We may never have a situation like this again. After all it is only the result of so much frost in the ground there is no natural drainage for the super-abundance of surface water.

And do you know what? When the rain stopped and the sun came out, I went sloshing through the water to get the mail and there, if you please, was a crow strutting around in our backyard and a robin singing lustily from a tree-top. Insolent creatures — it might be spring for them but it wasn't for us. They were both wrong anyway — it wasn't spring for them either. The next day we were back to winter again.

Yesterday afternoon Dee and family came in for a visit. I told her to bring skates for the children as we had plenty of ice. But by the time they got here the ice was covered with snow. Such quick changes — looks as if we can never guess right. At-

angelic smile, of course. This morning I was lying awake thinking about what I'd been saying which will soon be with us once again. And I was thinking what a handicap it is to the farmer and how little difference it makes to anyone else. And because it makes so little difference to town and city folk surely greater consideration could be given to the farmer when you consider the income. Usually he falls in line by putting back the clock but that doesn't dry the dew on the grass. And cows cannot be put out to pasture on wet alfalfa or they'll blast. Nor can hay be raked or baled until it's dry. That means farmers lose hours of precious time, day after day, week after week. No one, other than you consider the least bit of notice. And yet, surely the farmer is more important than the office worker's pleasure. The farmer is having a hard production and low returns. Prices paid for eggs and market hogs are ridiculously low and many a farmer now faces the necessity of a new well during the coming season. And then to have DST wrenched upon him once again. Must the majority always win when the decision is so definitely against the interests of the minority — that is, the farmer?

Blame the Sun For Crime Wave?
Two of the most spectacular sun-spots ever seen from the earth were observed by millions of people recently. Each spot or "pimple" was about 100,000 miles in diameter — more than four times bigger than the earth. The white-hot vapours of a sun-spot appear dark only in contrast to the even greater blaze of heat around them. Astronomers say that they know how hot sun-spots are — 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit compared with 5,000 in the rest of the sun.

Sun-spots are great tornado-like storms within the sun's atmosphere. Intensive study by scientists of the sun's behaviour shows that these internal hurricanes operate in cycles of about eleven years.

Some people blame them for bad weather, trade depression, crime waves, even war. They claim that in the past sun-spots have coincided with plagues, mysterious air raids and the fading-out of radio waves.