Neckties Should Be Seen, Not Worn

A maker of neckties, appealing to the present Christmas trade, is marking his product with a helpful tag that tells you the color scheme. You turn the tie over, and a little tag says, "Wear with brown suit." So, I think it is time to draw the line. If the necktie code has been carried to such length, a rebel voice is needed.

I happened to have a thirteen-volume encyclopedia published by Carey and Lee in Philadelphia in 1830. They tell me it would fetch a pretty penny, as it is in excellent condition, but I plan to keep it because it is fun to read. As to neckties, it pleases me much, for I find my own sentiments under "cravat." It runs: "CRAVAT, an unhealthy, uncomfortable, unbecoming article of European and American dress. The ancients were unacquainted with this ridiculous and injurious style of handling up the neck. Etc."

In spite of this, I happen to have a necktie. Country living is not too demanding, so whenever I wear it, I wear it with my suit. If the color scheme is askew, that's too bad. If I found "Wear with brown suit" on my necktie, I would be in trouble, for my suit is black. Thus it is.

When I see the present youth riding happily to school, their garb relaxed and indifferent, I notice the necktie has fallen from fashion. In my day we always wore one. If you forgot to put one on, the girls would dance around you at recess chiming, "Johnnie forgot his necktie!"

Those were the days of the detachable shirt collar — you'd get at least two days from one shirt — and if you left off your necktie there would be your big brass collar button sticking out in front, shining in the morning sun and lighting you all the way to school. The girls seemed to think this was funny. There were no sports shirts then, and a collar open at the neck was "gormy."

I was good at tying my tie. My program was to get up, dress loosely, and get into overalls for the barn chores. After chores I'd clean up at the kitchen sink, have breakfast, and then tie my tie just before walking to school. I had mastered this last duty so I didn't need a mirror, and this impressed Mr. Moulton. Mr. Moulton was an older neighbor who walked up every morning for a quart of milk, and he was all thumbs on neckties.

This was before the dairy business became a legal technicality, and it was allowable to fill Mr. Moulton's tin container directly from the milk pail. He used to leave five cents on the sink shelf every morning to pay for this service. Then he'd sit on a kitchen chair and wait for me to tie my tie. He'd waggle his head and express amazement. He couldn't even tie one looping in a glass, and usually had to have Abbie do it. But here I was, not even looking! For some eight years Mr. Moulton watched me tie my tie every schoolday morning.

I never had so many ties that I needed advice as to when and how to wear them. Keeping a subdued one for Sundays, I would wear the other one until it had accumulated a sheen and patina, and a disciplined reflex so it almost tied itself. It would get washed once in a while — but I think I can make the point that wearing a tie was much more important than what it looked like while you wore it.

I don't think I've ever bought a tie in my life. I made one, once. I knit it from grain-bag strings, and Mother threw it in with some rug rags so it came out dyed a walnut brown This was pure whimsy. There was a "gag" running around then, to wit: "Do you make your own ties?" I suppose the rock-and-roll era has some similar devastating remark. It seemed to me a wonderful answer to this wisecrack would be a plain, "Yes, I do." So I made one, and the next time they asked me. I said yes.

I never made but the one, and all the other ties I've owned were given me. On gift days I'd get a couple or so, and my recollection is that nobody ever expended the slightest thought as to colors. A generous aunt would fix me up with a gay foulard in bright yellow squares, set upon a green field with alternate maroon dots, and I'd wear it with a Swedish-stitch pullover sweater in cinnamon and bright red It made quite a noise, but by the standards of the time I was dressed.

There was a virtue in this, all the same. Fais-ce-que-tu-veux was not predicated on wanton abandon, but carried the traditional requirement that a well-ordered citizen would not materially err. We were supposed to go to school looking as if some basis of proper human relationships were involved. The tie, itself, was merely a symbol of inculcated propriety On that basis, I think I'm willing to approve neckties But I think it's a curious way to make a point I keep my tie in the bureau drawer, and my suit on a hanger in the closet, and I wear them as seldom as I possibly can — yet I'm perfectly willing to admit the neckties was important in my growing up, and helped lead me into paths of thought which have proved useful. The objection I have is to this categorical conformity, new to me, that you ought to pay attention to the color. I believe a man can be a gentleman. If he wants to, on one tie and one suit. —By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

Be Dolly's Helper

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by Anne Adams

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REMEMBER WHEN? — A famous name from the silent era in movies, Dolores Del Rio, 54, drinks a wedding toast with Mexico City film producer Lewis H Riley after their marriage. It was her third marriage, his second.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

The press announcement said briefly . . . A 14-mile stretch of Highway No. 401, from No. 10 to No. 25, was opened yesterday." Other statistical data given — the number of bridges built, the width of the road and shoulders and the overall cost of construction. All this information was sent to Partner and me from the Department of Highways along with an invitation to attend the official opening and the reception to follow. It was a courtesy invitation because this particular section of 401 ended on the property where our farm life began — that is, in Ontario. We had previously farmed briefly in Saskatchewan. Partner was unable to attend so son Bob took his father's place and came with me.

It was a momentous occasion. There, on what we used to call "the field over the creek" the ribbon-cutting ceremony took place. A number of officials took part, chief among them the Honourable F. M. Cass, Minister of Highways. As I listened to his address I was particularly gratified to hear him pay tribute to the early history of the district After the opening I was able to obtain a piece of the white ribbon that had been stretched across the highway. This I later cut into three pieces as souvenirs for our family.

As my son and I stood on the elevated roadway I looked around and reviewed the history of the old farm.

Back in 1822 a canny Scot by the name of MacNabb had settled on this property, known then only as Lot 2, Concession 3, Township of Esquesing. Here he built his log cabin and commenced his settling duties. A few years later a meeting of the pioneer fathers was called -- their meeting place was along the wooded trail of what is now Highway 25. As a result of the meeting it was decided to build a rough log school house on the Macnabb property — the first to be built in what is known as the "Scotch Block District".

It was some years later before pioneer MacNabb applied for the Crown deed and about that same time he built a frame house close to the road. It sheltered his growing family until 1854 when the present house was built. It is a wonderful old house, built of hand-pressed brick on a solid stone foundation with two massive fireplaces, one complete with crane, big enough for burning the huge pine roots that were left as the land was gradually cleared of timber. The nails used in the construction were square, hand-cut nails, a number of which we saved as curiosities. The farm has changed hands only three times — from MacNabbs to a man named Inglis who, after four years, sold out to us — that was in 1923. At that time there was no hydro or plumbing and a furnace that was unsafe to use. And the main road — that is, the Second Line, was something to avoid! Here Partner somehow wrested a living from the soil; built up the land and fences, increased the acreage of cultivated land from 70 to 95 acres, ploughing up what was left of the rocit-riddled bush. Somehow we weathered the depression of the "Thirties Then came World War 2. Our son enlisted and our daughter left home to work in a munition factory. We got along as best we could with the help of a fifteen-year-old "home" boy. Prices for farm produce improved. What we made went back on the farm We put in hydro, a new furnace and a water-pressure system. We gravelled the lane, drilled a new well and put in new stabling. We had our share of family sickness and stock losses but we still couldn't imagine a better life than farming and we looked forward quite contentedly to living the rest of our lives on the old homestead. But, as the years passed rumours spread of a new highway crossing the township. Engineers were frequently seen in the fields. Eventually we were approached by the Department of Highways with an offer to purchase the property. We were not particularly elated. After 35 years our roots went deep. But there were other points to consider. The years had taken their toll; we were past hard work and neither of our children was interested in farming. So we sold, lock, stock and barrel. But the old farm is still dear to our hearts so you can understand that as we stood on familiar ground during the opening ceremonies my son and I cast many a backward glance to the old house in the background that had been our home for so many years.

The full story of highway construction cannot be told in contracts and costs. At the back of us an elderly lady could not bear the thought of bulldozers tearing up their Crown-land property. She thought her father would turn in his grave. Eventually she took a stroke and died. In other cases where the Department required only a few acres it was a windfall to the owners. Similar instances must apply along every stretch of our modern highways. While we welcome the convenience of good roads, as we travel their smooth surfaces, we might spare a thought to the pioneers who made our modern progress possible. Truly they (the pioneers) built "far better than they knew".

BRIGITTE GOES TO WAR — At war with the French Army over her "right" to see her husband, recently inducted, Brigitte Bardot is standing firm. She is shown with her husband, Jacques Charrier, in their recent film, "Babette Goes to War." Recruit Charrier was placed in the hospital with a nervous disorder shortly after his arrival at training camp.

READY FOR CHRISTMAS — Preparing for religious Christmas shoppers, a priest arranges a display of figures of the Infant Jesus in Rome, Italy. The dolls are used in traditional manger scenes.

Wintry Gales Pinpoint Courage

Every winter savage North Atlantic storms breed their new contingent of Captains Courageous — and this year has been no exception.

Take the skipper of the world's biggest ship — Cunard Commodore George Morris, captain of the mighty Queen Elizabeth (83,673 tons). He brought his famed express liner through cruel seas and gales that smashed portholes on an upper deck and made her 37 hours late at Southampton.

Although the elements had kept him on the bridge almost constantly, Commodore Morris turned his tremendous vessel around in the fast time of 25½ hours and uncomplainingly put back to sea.

For such men and ships, December's violent assaults are but part of the business, year after year.

Or take, as one of many, the skipper of one of the smallest. He is a Finn and his name is Capt. Johan Vurio. His ship's name is Anna, and she is an antiquated 63 and a tiny 1,045 tons.

At this writing, she lies stranded on the bleak Scottish coast of Aberdeenshire, battered there by merciless waves. One scarcely knows whether or not to refer to Anna in the past tense.

Anyhow, Anna was home to Captain Vurio. He had commanded her for the last 24 years. He owned shares in her. He said unabashedly that he loved her and looked upon her as his second wife. And so, when she was holed on a reef and ran ashore, he was reluctant to leave her.

The rest of the crew of 17 got ashore safely near St. Combs Head, but Captain Vurio for two days ignored warnings and appeals and remained with Anna. He set up headquarters in the old galley, with a coal fire and cheese sandwiches for breakfast, lunch and supper writes Henry S. Hayward in the Christian Science Monitor.

He rang the watch changes on the ship's bell. He kept the ship's log up to date. He ignored the ceaseless battering of the sea and sat with his Bible on his knees, reading.

Then, implored by his partner to abandon Anna, he shaved, put on a fur hat, and with tears in his eyes, walked around his wave-swept ship, saying good-by to familiar objects. He left everything behind, even his wife's picture in his cabin.

When his long, lonely vigil was over, he climbed into a breeches buoy. After he reached the shore, wet but safe, this old man of the sea could not bear to look back at Anna. "I could never love another ship as I loved her," he said.

Such are the stubborn, heroic tireless Captains Courageous of today.

Why People Blush

A girl's faint blush when a boy asks her to dance . . . The painful beet-red face of a gangling teen-ager when he trips over his own feet . . . The flushed features of a shy matron called to speak at a PTA meeting.

Why are these people blushing? Because they want people to look at them, Dr. Sandor S. Feldman told the American Psychoanalytic Association meeting in New York last month.

According to the Rochester, N.Y., psychoanalyst, who has been studying the red faces of his fellow men — and women — since 1922, blushers are people with inferiority complexes who 'desire attention but also dread it."

UNHAPPY RETURNS

Memphis, Tenn., police charged a 57-year-old man with larceny of a three-layer chocolate cake from a home. He was found eating the cake. He was drinking corn whisky. It was his birthday, he told police.

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ISSUE 1 — 1960

Airline Thief Gets Bad Break

The crate being carted off to the Air France baggage depot was labeled "glassware" in large red letters. "C'est fragile," explained Ange Fernel, the 24-year-old Frenchman to whom it belonged. Inside, however, was Ange's confederate, 31-year-old Fernand Romani, fortified by a loaf of bread, cheese, some sausage, and a bottle of cognac. As baggagemen for Air France, Ange and Fernand had cooked up a complex scheme to commit the prefect crime—in mid-air.

The plan, as police reconstructed it last month, was this: Ange would airship the crate containing Fernand along with two empty suitcases to Marseilles on the same flight that carried a $60,000 shipment of jewels bound for Algiers. Once the plane was in flight, Fernand would climb out of his crate, pinch the jewels, and put them into the empty suitcases. Then he would climb back into his hiding place and wait until Ange, a passenger aboard the same plane, retrieved both the crate and the suitcases at the Marseilles air terminal.

Fernand patiently waited in the narrow box for almost twelve hours before it was loaded aboard the plane. But in the air everything started going wrong. Pepped up by the brandy before climbing out of his crate, Fernand broke the top, so that he couldn't close it again. Instead, he had to pocket the jewels and make a break for it when he landed in Marseilles.

Fernand got away — with Ange hot on his trail. But when police examined the empty crate, they discovered that Ange had labelled it with his own name and address. There, police found some more baggage, a girl named Andrée. Her story led them to a Turkish fence in Marseilles, who had paid a mere $200 "advance" for the gems and still had them tucked away in his store. The jewels were safely returned — and only the two ingenious baggagemen, Ange and Fernand, were still missing.

Is The Paddle The Best Cure?

It is perfectly legal for a schoolteacher in Stamford, Conn., to paddle an unruly youngster — but "on the buttocks only." Since this Board of Education rule allowing teachers to use corporal punishment went into effect last April at Stamford's twenty public schools, about 30 out of a kindergarten to high-school population of 15,000 have been disciplined by spanking, with paddles of various sizes, shapes, and thicknesses.

But should these paddles be of uniform size? This bureaucratic question was raised by parents at a recent board meeting and in true red-tape tradition, a faculty committee was then appointed to draw up specifications. "There is a real problem of definitions," said Miss Helen Tobin, acting superintendent of schools, last month. "We think that everyone should think this through."

Yet to Joseph Franchina, husky, crew-cut principal of Burdick Junior High, the paddle-size issue was ridiculous. "Use a paddle that fits the needs," he said. Personally, he wields a half-inch-thick plywood job, 8 to 9 inches in diameter on the business end, and manufactured in the school shop.

"We've had some good reactions from students," he noted.

Q. How can I make the varnish I am using flow better?

A. Varnish will flow better and dry faster if you warm it before using. One good way is to keep the can or jar in a pan of hot water while you are working.

AND HE STILL HAD A WEEK TO GO — This department store Santa Claus appears to be feeling the wear and tear of his busy season as he uses a cane to totter to work.

Captured Jail Single-Handed!

The authorities in several American states felt considerably relieved when Tom Slaughter, the most notorious desperado in the South-West, was arrested near Sedan, Kansas, on October 20th, 1920. They could not know then that Slaughter was soon to build a reputation as America's No. 1 prison-escape expert.

Slaughter was originally wanted for robbing a state bank, but now there was a more serious charge against him. In a brush with police in Arkansas, he had shot and killed a deputy sheriff.

Slaughter lost no time in demonstrating his determination to escape. When being led away by his captors he wrenched himself free and drew a revolver, but was disarmed before he had time to use it.

Then, during his four-day trial, it was discovered that one of the window bars in his cell had been almost sawn through. A search of the cell revealed a collection of saws, knives and razor-blades.

He was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Little Rock penitentiary, and soon after his transfer there another escape plot was discovered and thwarted.

Slaughter then decided to adopt a more subtle technique. He promised to be a model prisoner and, as a demonstration of his "change of heart," revealed the details of another prisoner's escape plan to the authorities.

At the beginning of 1921, there was a change in the administration of the penitentiary and the "reformed" Slaughter was transferred to an open prison nearby. It was a costly mistake.

For several months he played the role of gentleman convict. He gave no trouble, worked diligently and gave every indication of having knuckled down to prison authority. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. The idea of escaping dominated his mind.

In September, 1921, he staged a desperate bid for freedom. Somehow he obtained a revolver, and shot and killed one "trusty" guard and severely wounded two others before he was recaptured.

Slaughter was tried for murder and sentenced to death. He was transferred to the death cell in Little Rock penitentiary and his execution date fixed for December 15th.

For most criminals the story would have ended there. But Slaughter was no ordinary crook. Calmly, he set about preparing what was to be one of the most audacious prison escapes of all time.

Only a dim light gleamed in the death cell on the evening of December 8th, 1921. All was silent except for the ringing footsteps of patrolling warders. At 9.20 p.m. Slaughter called to his guard that he needed an extra blanket because he did not feel well.

The guard sent for a blanket and accompanied by a colleague, took it to the death cell. It was too big to go between the bars, so, while his colleague covered him, the guard unlocked the cell door.

He had barely opened it when he heard Slaughter growl, "Drop that gun or I'll kill you." The guard looked down to see a black automatic glinting in Slaughter's fist.

The condemned man quickly disarmed the guards and forced them to walk ahead of him to the stockade. There he relieved the watchman of his pistol and locked all three prison officers in the cells. He then made for the prison hospital where a woman nurse was on duty. She was ushered out of the ward and forced to act as a shield for Slaughter as he made his way through the penitentiary.

In this way he systematically disarmed and imprisoned every guard he encountered. On his fantastic tour of the prison, Slaughter collected six convicts who chose to join him in the break-out.

Marching in single file behind the nurse, the sinister procession made its way to the quarters of Warden E. H. Dempsey. The warden, his wife and their three children, were herded from their beds and locked in the condemned cell.

Before incarcerating the warden, Slaughter compelled him to give the outer guard the signal to open the prison gates. He then disarmed the astonished gate sentinel and marched him to the death cell, too.

Slaughter and his six confederates were now the only free men in the entire penitentiary!

Completely composed throughout the whole operation, the condemned bandit was in no hurry to leave the jail. For five hours he ruled the prison enclosure and during this time he revealed another rarely-witnessed facet of his strange character.

He took a pot of coffee to the death cell and distributed drinks to the warden and his family.

Next Slaughter and his fellow convicts made for the prison store.

He and the others took their time selecting outfits of civilian clothes and changing from their prison garb. It was not until 2.30 a.m. that the seven made their getaway in Warden Dempsey's car and headed south.

As soon as he heard them drive away, Dempsey shouted to some convicts above him to cut a hole in the ceiling. Then he climbed through and rushed to the office. The telephone wires had been cut, so a guard was dispatched to the nearest telephone to alert the police.

Five of the men with Slaughter were Negroes, all but one under death sentence. The sixth man was Jack C. Howard, who had been serving a three-year term for forgery.

On the evening of December 9th the gang abandoned their escape car and made for some woods. They lit a fire and settled down for the night.

Slaughter had just dozed off when he heard Howard call him, Before he was properly awake three bullets smashed into his body from Howard's gun.

Slaughter died instantly, a victim of a cowardly attack from a man he had freed.

Howard later claimed that he and two of the Negroes had hatched a plot to kill Slaughter soon after leaving the penitentiary Wells and Taylor had disarmed the other three Negroes as they slept, then Howard had fired the fatal shots.

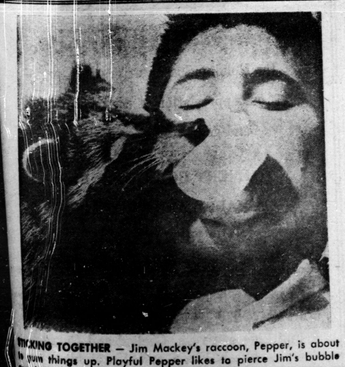
The Negroes not in the plot fled but were recaptured by a police party. Howard, Taylor and Wells collected all the guns together and went to a near-by farmhouse to surrender.

On the following day Slaughter's body was brought out of the wood. He had been shot twice in the head and once in the back. So great had been the public curiosity aroused that the police placed the body on a wagon and hundreds of sightseers were allowed to file past it.

Apart from the puzzle of how the gun and ammunition has been smuggled in to Slaughter while he was in the death cell, one more intriguing mystery remains.

Some weeks before his escape Slaughter had arranged to meet an insurance agent to tell him where he had hidden the loot from his many bank hold-ups. The appointment was made for December 13th, two days before Slaughter was due to hang.

But Slaughter's secret died with him. Somewhere in Arkansas, buried in a motor tire, he had hidden $600,000 worth of securities. So far as is known, it has never been found.



TALKING TOGETHER — Jim Mackey's raccoon, Pepper, is about to turn things up. Playful Pepper likes to pierce Jim's bubble gum playfully.

Duck Hunting Code Of Safety

Recommended by the inquest jury, investigating the accidental shooting in the recent Anderson-Curtice incident, for distribution to all hunting licence applicants.

1. CHOOSE A CAPTAIN

Duck hunters should decide who will be leader or captain of the shoot when hunting in pairs or larger numbers. This should be done before entering the blind or hide. The most experienced hunter should be chosen and if they are hunters of equal skill, the position should be alternated from day to day.

2. SIT CLOSE

Hunters in a blind or hide should sit close enough together when shooting in pairs so as to prevent either hunter from getting in front of the other hunter's gun muzzle.

3. RESTRICT YOUR FIELD

The field of fire for each hunter in a blind or hide should be agreed upon before shooting. The hunter's field of fire should not overlap his partners by more than a 45° angle measured from a centre line right-angled to the front or rear of the blind.

4. REST GUNS SAFELY

A gun should never be left in a position where the movement of a boat or a dog might cause it to fall down and discharge.

5. NEVER FACE EACH OTHER

Gun muzzles should be pointed away from other hunters at all times.

6. SHOOT YOUR OWN BIRDS

When hunting in pairs and a flight of ducks approaches from the right, the hunter on the right should take the rear of the flock and the hunter on the left should take the head. When the flight approaches from the left, this procedure shou'd be reversed.

Barnum Out Faked The Real Faker

The Cardiff Giant, supposedly either a statue of great antiquity or the fossilized remains of an authentic giant who walked the earth of New York State in ancient times, provided great excitement and amusement for many years from the middle of the last century until close to the present time.

George Hull was the originator of the hoax. After hearing a revivalist preacher speak about the giants that once trod the earth, he obtained, near Chicago, a 5-ton block of gypsum, a hard type of stone and had a sculptor make him "a naked giant." He had the statue crated and shipped East.

Then he buried in on land owned by a cousin, outside the village of Cardiff south of Syracuse, New York. Some time later, his cousin dug it up and announced his great discovery.

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, heard about the attraction, as did the entire country, and when the original faker, who was getting by with only a few persons expressing doubt that this was a fossil of a giant, refused to sell, Barnum had a fake of his own made by a sculptor and exhibited it in his museum in New York.

This is the only known example of two fakes being accepted simultaneously. A real fake and a fake fake.

Q. How can I remove beer stains from washable garments?

A. These can usually be removed by the usual laundering methods. A cloth dipped into soapy water will work on washables. If the stains are old, add a little ammonia to the wash water

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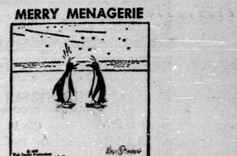
Q. Is there a recipe for a good "homemade" underarm deodorant?

A. One good one is comprised simply of bicarbonate of soda diluted with water. It is also good body deodorant to add a little bicarb to your tub of bath water.

ISSUE 1 — 1960

MERRY MENAGERIE



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