British Phones — An American View

British pay telephones have several complications unfamiliar to most Americans. In addition to putting the money in the slot and dialing, you have to contend with two buttons, marked "A" and "B".

When your party answers, you press the "A" button and they can hear you. Until you press it, you can hear them but not vice versa. And once you press that "A" button, your money is gone for good. It can be confusing if you forget to push. Once in Birmingham, I yelled fruitlessly over the phone to an apparently deaf press officer who kept saying, "Hello, Hello, is anyone there?" Then he hung up, for I never did remember that "A" button. But it was my fault; there were instructions galore in the booth.

"B" button is for getting your money back if you get the wrong number or no answer. It does not suffice merely to hang up the receiver or jiggle the hook. However, the money that clinks back is four large copper pennies — about five cents American — which means the call cost you half what it would in the States.

On the other hand, those pennies are big and heavy, especially if you have numerous calls to make. They can wear holes in pockets. Four coins — and four chances to miss the slot — on each operation!

Telephones are nationalized here, owned by the government and operated by the post office. They make a tidy profit, nearly £17,000,000 ($47,600,000) for the 1959-60 fiscal year. My family now understands why — those trans-Atlantic telephone calls do mount up when you have someone in school on the other side. Moreover, charges for trans-Atlantic calls now are reversible, a point every parent needs to know.

You sit in London, perhaps a little lonely yourself and the phone rings.

"Will you accept a collect call from St. Louis?" the operator asks.

"Er . . . of course," you stammer. Who knows what the dire need may be at the other end of the line? It's £1 per minute, you remind yourself, and then the seconds start ticking away. The polite formalities are scarcely over before you hear an ominous "beep, beep, beep."

We all know what those beeps mean — three minutes have fled past. We have conversed nearly 10 dollars' worth, yet this conversation has not yet got down to brass tacks. Nevertheless, firm contact is established, and several sets of beeps later, the fond farewells can be completed.

As I said, telephones chalk up a tidy profit.

Perhaps it would be a good idea if advance dialogue scripts were required from both parties before any call could be placed. After all, that would prevent wasted words and those awkward pauses when you can't think of anything sufficiently weighty to say, writes Henry S. Hayward in the Christian Science Monitor.

But don't get me wrong. Do I enjoy talking to St. Louis? You bet I do — every wandering, unplanned moment of it! It's not what you say; it's hearing the voice of a loved one that counts.

Moreover, we really are fortunate. Officially 49,000 Britons will have to wait a long time before their phones can be installed, and another 106,000 still are in the process of getting theirs. This is despite the fact that 400,000 new phones are installed here each year.

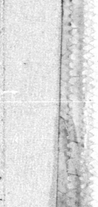
The problem is that the post office estimates every new phone installed for a new subscriber costs about £120. Officials say an average of only one or two calls per day are made from each private phone as it is. People will have to do better than that, and my family for one is cooperating, as I intend to bring up the national average.

Oddly enough Britain is not one of the foremost telephone-owning nations. In the United States, there is a phone for 38 out of every 100 persons. Here, it's only 14 out of 100, ranking this country behind Sweden, Canada, Switzerland, New Zealand, Denmark, Australia, and Norway, but ahead of West Germany. Italy has only 6 phones per 100 people, but Italy is installing new phones faster than anyone else.

Another British telephone practice that surprised us is that the bills come in only every six months. However, within the next four years, a great effort will be made to ensure that everyone gets his bill every three months instead.

I don't know whether to be happy or sad about this.

Two-Needle Set
936



by Laura Wheeler

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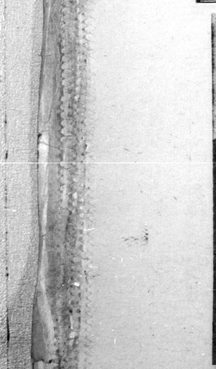
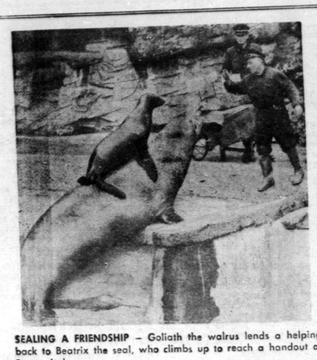
Modern Etiquette
By Anne Ashley

Q. Is it considered really proper for a man and his wife to kiss when meeting or leaving in public?

A. There's nothing at all wrong with this, but be sure it's a "public" kind of kiss. Long, tender kissing is better done in private.



MAN OF CENTURY — Former President Harry S. Truman was named 'Man of the Century" by the National Israel Bond Organization at a dinner in his honor. He was presented with priceless objects from ancient Israel by Abrahem Harman, left, Israeli Ambassador to United States.



SEALING A FRIENDSHIP — Goliath the walrus lends a helping back to Beatrix the seal, who climbs up to reach a handout at Rome, Italy, zoo.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
Gwendoline D Clarke

Come and pay us a visit and you will see "how to live better e-lec-trically"! Which doesn't mean we have suddenly acquired a lot of unnecessary newfangled gadgets. We don't possess an electric wiener grill or an electric can-opener or anything fancy like that. We are still capable of turning the lever on a hand-powered can-opener and the oven or a pan of boiling water continues, to satisfy us for cooking a few hot dogs. However, where a small outlay really makes for comfort and convenience we are all for it. So, my bedroom-den has become quite a family joke. The room started out as an ordinary den, then, because I am so restless at night I set up a single bed in it. That way Partner and I don't disturb each other. Partner sleeps like a log anyway — and can you tell me, to a restless person, of anything less conducive to sleep than to have a room-mate in a state of deep-breathing oblivion.

So the den has gradually become workroom, bedroom, study, or what have you, and is generally spoken of as "mother's room". And, the number of electrical conveniences it contains has, as I said before, become a family joke. Here they are. An expanding desk lamp, a bedside reading lamp and a night-light — plus the usual permanent overhead fixture. I also have my electric sewing machine, record player, clock and bed-side radio. And to ease my old and aching bones an electric blanket and a warming pad — sometimes both in use at the same time. Tomorrow, to my way of thinking, comes the last word in convenience — a "princess" extension telephone. All things considered, from now on, it shouldn't be too hard to do what the doctor ordered — that is, stay in bed until the old ticker has simmered down and learnt to behave in an orderly manner. So that's where I am, right now.

Oh, I had it coming to me, believe me. I had been given repeated warnings to slow down . . . or else. But like so many other people, as long as I can stay on my feet I keep going. High blood pressure was in the insidious complaint — generally a person acts and appears to be perfectly well, one of the side effects being any amount of restless energy. And there is a compulsion . . . just as one naturally drives a car faster when the gas is running low. I was well aware of the chance I was taking so I was constantly on the alert for danger signals. By that means I was able to pull up just short of the border-line. However, only the fact that there wasn't a vacant bed saved me from being sent to hospital. That, and because I wasn't yet an "emergency". To stay home is far more convenient as it doesn't leave Partner entirely on his own. We are really getting along very well. Dee and family were here Friday night with a good supply of groceries and reinforcements for the "frig" — plus a savoury meat loaf. It made me feel hungry just to smell it. Our only worry was the telephone. Partner isn't in the house all the time and for me, getting out of bed every so often isn't exactly convenient or advisable. But with a bedside phone I'll be living the life of Riley. Daughter said I should have a portable TV ! That, I would consider, an unjustifiable extravagance. Anyway I manage to get out to the livingroom for an occasional half-hour programme. If not, I can live without it. I can read, write, knit, do needlework and listen to first class music by record or radio. What more could a person ask?

Partner is still able to take on baby-sitting jobs. This morning he was over to a neighbour's at 6.15 a.m.! The man of the house had to catch a plane at Malton, en route to the far North where he has a special electronic assignment. Naturally his wife wanted to see him off at the airport and was prepared to take the two children with her — just under two and four years. When we knew what she had planned Partner insisted on going over so she wouldn't have to wake the children. As it happened Partner took on more than he knew. Yesterday these same neighbours adopted a seven-weeks old puppy of undetermined origin. The children slept but the puppy didn't. Partner was quite busy with newspapers and an old floorcloth. However, our young neighbour got her farewell trip over in comfort — despite the early hour and a howling wind. She doesn't expect to see her husband again until mid-March. But she is good stuff — no complaints or self pity. She accepts the fact that in her husband's line of work he must go where he is sent — even to the Arctic. Two years ago he was in Regina for several months. That time he rented his house and took his family with him. It turned out not to be such a good idea. The tenants skipped out one night leaving hydro and telephone bills and two months rent still owing. The police never were able to catch up with them.

"Mr. and Mrs. J.L.B." — my ever faithful fan-mail friends, where are you? This is the first time in ten or twelve years I haven't heard from you at Christmas time. I do hope you are both well. I missed your letter and card.

When The Queen's Train Was Late

It's happened to most of us at one time or another — being becalmed in a train for what seems like ages due to an engine failure of some sort.

But when it happens to the ruling Monarch in her own country — well, that's different!

And happen it did to Queen Elizabeth II on a recent evening. She was bound back to Sandringham after a short visit to London, and her royal coach was attached to the regular 4.36 train from Liverpool Street Station to King's Lynn, hauled by a British-built diesel locomotive.

Just south of Audley End, in the Essex countryside, 42 miles out of London, Diesel No. D-5057, coughed to an unscheduled halt a half mile from the station.

To paraphrase "Casey Jones," Hogger Stan Fenn looked at the old-pressure gauge, and the oil pressure was low. In fact, it was nil.

"I felt awful," confessed Stan afterward. "I kept thinking of Her Majesty sitting back there and probably wondering what a clot I was."

There Stan and the Queen and everyone else in the train sat for what seemed like a very long and embarrassing 50 minutes. Except for the guard, who sprinted 300 yards along the track to a signal box to give warning up and down the line that the Queen's train was stalled.

We are not told what Her Majesty did during the delay. Perhaps she continued with her work on state papers, read a book, or just gazed dreamily out the window at the same strip of countryside and wondered when the train—royal trains normally are "dead on time"—would get rolling again, writes Henry S. Hayward in The Christian Science Monitor.

The latter is what some of us would do, of course, and as an old train enthusiast myself, I really don't mind when there's a delay; it means prolonging a method of transport which I enjoy that much longer.

At any rate, when the Queen finally alighted at King's Lynn, she smiled at the crowds. And everyone was sure they'd hold dinner for her at Sandringham. She may even have had a snack on the train, during the wait.

Oh yes, as seems usual on such occasions, the rescuer of the Queen's train was a reliable steam engine that sprinted up from Cambridge and took over from Stan's deflated diesel.

So the good old Iron Horse, now nearly extinct, triumphed again. From Stan, no comment.

Easy-See Diagram PRINTED PATTERN 4828

SIZES 2–10

by Anne Adams

See the diagram — even a beginner can stitch up this pretty jumper in a day! Curved neck reveals blouse beneath; back has inverted pleats and half-belt.

Printed Pattern 4828: Children's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 jumper takes 1¼ yards 54-inch; blouse takes 1 yard 39-inch.

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"Pardon me, but can I interrupt your social conference?"

ISSUE 4 — 1961

British Youngsters Get Off Streets And Into The Jungles

By TOM A. CULLEN,
Newspaper Enterprise Assoc.

London — For British youngsters who want to fell trees in the Borneo jungle, the nation's "little peace corps" provides a necessary outlet.

Surprisingly, there are more than enough youths who want to do this or:

Wire a village for electricity in Ethiopia.

Introduce softball in the Northern Rhodesia copper belt.

Lead an expedition in the mountains of the Southern Cameroons.

Build bridges in Nigeria.

Try a million and one other tasks in faraway places with strange sounding names.

Americans, contemplating a peace corps of their own, might take a lesson from the British program behind all this, the Volunteer Service Overseas.

The V.S.O. started two years ago with the support of the British Council of Churches, the Royal Commonwealth Society and the British government.

At present, the organization has 85 British boys and girls in 25 countries and plans to send another 150 abroad later this year.

There is a long waiting list of applicants for V.S.O. About half are high school graduates seeking a period of adventure before embarking on university careers; the others are industrial apprentices and trainees.

The only material compensations offered these youths while abroad are room, board and pocket money. These are provided by the government or agency in the territory where they work. Their fares are paid by the V.S.O. or British concerns which employ them.

They must be between 18 and 24, physically fit, with average academic ability and good character. Parents' consent is required for those under 21. All of these volunteers serve a minimum of a year.

BRITISH YOUTH teaches play in Northern Rhodesia

Applicants are "invited" into the program by the participating governments. They know from the start why they are wanted and what is expected of them.

Participating governments are told that the boys and girls generally have little experience but a strong sense of service, idealism or eagerness to learn. Typical of the volunteers is David Howell, 18, an apprentice who went from the work bench of a Manchester engineering program to an industrial training center in the slums of Nairobi, Kenya.

David teaches African trainees how to use tools; he barters with Indian contractors for raw materials. He converted an old fire engine into a truck because his center could not afford to buy one.

In the evenings David teaches boxing and gymnastics at a boys' club in the slums.

Another youth, Colin Henry, built himself a house 50 miles from the nearest white man in British Guiana before turning his attention to the Amerindians on his reservation.

Before leaving, he constructed a new wharf, laid the basis for a small timber industry, set up a village council, opened a training center for women, started a housing program. In his spare time, he taught.

Volunteers sent to the furthest point in the program, the Falkland Islands 8,000 miles from Britain, have travelled on horseback to teach children of shepherds and shear sheep in their spare time.

"Young people must be given the opportunity to prove themselves," says Alec Dickson, 44, the V.S.O. founder and an admitted "do-gooder." At the same time they can bring the world's peoples closer together."

Will Try To Break Underwater Record

The world's first underwater endurance competition, with some of the greatest skin divers from different nations participating, will be held in conjunction with the 1961 Canadian National Sportsmens Show in the Coliseum, Toronto, from March 10 to 18. This spectacular feature will be under the joint auspices of the Canadian National Sportsmen's Show and Supreme Divers. Contestants will vie for cash awards and equipment valued at more than $7,000.

At least 10 of the world's greatest skin divers, all of whom already hold underwater endurance records, will be chosen by Lou Singer, President of Supreme Divers, and his selection committee, to participate. All will attempt to shatter the official world record of 101 hours, 13 minutes presently held by 22-year-old Ben Thornton of Port Arthur, Texas.

Throughout the competition twelve qualified safety divers and a medical practitioner will be in attendance 24 hours daily in the event of illness or injury to any of the contestants.

All of the latter will be required to use uniform equipment of fins, mask, snorkel, tank, regulator, depth gauge, compass, watch and wet suit provided by the sponsors. Three oxygen compressors, two to serve as emergency units, will be especially installed to refill the tanks of skin divers while they remain underwater.

A special glass tank has been designed and is being constructed for this unique competition. It will utilize in excess of 15,000 gallons of water and will contain a special filtering unit and heating system.

While underwater the contestants will write letters, read books, play cards and resort to other recreations and amusement to idle away the time without expending excessive energy.

Strange Noises Puzzle Scientists

People living in some rural parts of Kent were puzzled not long ago by what they described as a succession of strange and loud humming noises which they constantly heard while out walking. Others said they heard them in the sky. The cause of the sounds remained a mystery.

Mystery noises of a similar kind were reported from parts of Sussex about thirty-six years ago but went unexplained. In areas of the West of England, too, continuous humming noises heard over a long period before the first world war were never satisfactorily explained.

Some came from a lovely gorge which had the reputation of being haunted but even the superstitious scoffed at the idea that the sounds were caused by ghosts.

Some of the inexplicable noises which have been reported from abroad at various times have seemed to be subterranean. Scientific investigation has usually failed to account for them. They have been heard in Italy, Holland and parts of the United States.

In North Georgia is a chain of precipitous mountains known as the Blue Ridge. There, at many different points and in all kinds of weather but invariably towards evening, sounds described as resembling those of distant cannon were reported over a number of years, but no one ever discovered what caused them.

TEST SPIN — Marine Col. John Glenn, one of the seven astronauts training for Project Mercury at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Space Task Group, wears his space suit while sitting in the capsule of the Mercury Procedure trainer. The trainer is used to train the astronauts in the use of manual controls to keep the space capsule in proper altitude while in orbital flight.

Stay In School Or Live To Regret It

There is a grim warning to teen-agers in the survey of school "drop-outs" just completed by the United States Department of Labour. They are going to have a tougher and tougher time getting jobs. Also they will earn much less over their life spans and job satisfaction will be appreciably lower than it might have been with a finished high school education.

The Labour Department studied 26,000 students in seven widely scattered areas of the country. The conclusions of the survey are plain and unequivocal: Less money; less skilled jobs; less rapid advancement, greater chances of unemployment.

One of the surprising items turned up in the survey is the reason most youngsters leave school early. It is not economic necessity. It is just plain boredom. In part this may be due to the lower IQs (on the average) of those who fail to finish high school.

In Minnesota, a state advisory committee on employment of youth already is working on a state program to meet the challenges of youth employment in the 1960s: It is well recognized that the untrained and the unskilled will have a much more difficult time of it from now on. In a highly technological society there will be fewer and fewer unskilled jobs available.

The bright side to this picture is that the demands for the trained, the educated, the competent promise a good future to almost any youngster willing to prepare himself. Studies show, in fact, that the demand for skilled youth will exceed the supply in the next decade.

The warning is plain: Stay in school, get a high school diploma, go to college if you can, make a definite preparation for your lifework. This would be good advice any time, of course, but it is particularly compelling in this fast moving, rapidly advancing age in which we live.—**Minneapolis Star.**

Cynic — A sentimentalist whose feelings have been hurt.

'LULU' IS A DEADLY LADY — "Lulu," the U.S. Navy's atomic depth bomb, is shown hanging from an HSS-1 anti-submarine helicopter. The bomb can be handled by nearly all Navy aircraft and its "kill radius" gives enemy submarines virtually no chance to escape.

Economy Flight Over From Britain

"I told our Alice I didn't want any fish an' chips tonight. I know they'll serve a meal as soon as we get away from Manchester, or after we leave Prestwick."

I looked at the woman beside me on the plane. Straw colored hair, pink cheeks; even features, fine wrinkles of experience under shrewd, gray eyes; and neat, small ears pierced with tiny chip diamond earrings. We sat three abreast, and she was wedged in the middle.

"They sure pack them in on these economy flights." This from the man in the aisle seat. I sat by the window. We fastened our seat belts, in accordance with instructions.

"You're from Lancashire?" I ventured, as my neighbor propped her left shoe on my right foot and said, "Ee, by gum!" when her other shoe slid out of sight under the seat in front of her.

"Aye. But I've lived in Toronto since I was wed. Me daughters were born there, and me grandchildren. I just 'ave to get this jacket off."

I helped her out of the heavy sports coat.

"It's a lad's jacket really," she confided, "for me fifteen year old grandson. Six foot two. I'm fair drowned in it. Didn't want it weighed in."

"Wot a dreary 'ole that Manchester airport is. And on sooch a night. It's been a right wet summer 'asn't it?"

I agreed.

"But I'm sorry to be leaving," my Lancashire neighbor added. "I've 'ad a champion time with me sister and 'er family. Now we're going to get our dinner."

The stewards and stewardesses were pulling down the trays at the back of the seats and supplying the passengers with cutlery.

"Turkey," said the man on the aisle end of our row, "a regular dinner, and it's nearly midnight."

"We shall get breakfast too," our experienced Lancashire friend informed us, "before we get to Boston. Happen at three in the morning. We're due there at five. I 'ope that turkey's tender, on account of me new teeth. That's one thing I went 'ome for this year. I needed a new set and got 'em free."

Then it was true! One of my Yorkshire friends had told me, "The Americans are coming over here for free teeth and spectacles and operations." "Americans" to him included Canadians. I couldn't imagine any of my friends in the United States trying to get either medical or dental care free, especially after seeing the queues outside the surgeries. The reports had varied:

"If you want to go on the panel," one Yorkshireman said to me, "you don't really know that you'll get a proper examination. We've two doctors for the panel in my district. One English, the other a Pole. We all try to get the Pole. He don't examine you. Seems to care about you. Aye, aye, I know there's always a long queue, and a lot of folk that never would have gone to a doctor before go now if they've nobbut a scratch on their finger."

"Our Alice's lasses are going to university," my Lancashire plane companion informed me, hastily withdrawing a turkey drumstick from the tip of my nose and drawing her elbows closer to her side. I tried to work my arms loose for action on my own dinner.

"They can go free can't they? That's wonderful."

"Aye. That's grand — right through high school and university. When I was a lass you'd to pay for both."

Miss Ramsey had talked to me about that, I recalled the week before. My former Latin teacher, now retired, happily engaged in papering and painting her own house, and taking lessons in dressmaking at the Technical College, had approved of the free education but deplored the willynilly allowances for children. "Getting paid large sums just for having children," she complained, "it's unjust to the spinsters. There's a family in the next street. With allowances for school children and some of them are teen-agers earning high wages, they've a total of forty-five pounds a week coming in. And the elderly spinster next door to them, with an income of two or three pounds a week, has to pay the same taxes."

I remembered asking her why people did not take such things up with their representatives in government. "Well," she said slowly, "I've thought about doing that, myself. But, really, their common-sense should tell them, shouldn't it? They should know what's wrong without any letters from me."

"How do you like the painted doors?" I asked my seat companion, to take her mind off the fact that I was gently removing her overnight bag from between my feet and depositing it between her own feet.

FASHIONABLE — Ondine (real name: Anne Marie Sille) is a new star among Paris fashion models. She models the creations of Serge Matta.

Top Cowboy — From New York State

The first time Harry Tompkins rode a horse was almost the last. A short, slender 14-year-old, growing up in Peekskill, N.Y., he cleaned out stalls at a local riding academy to earn a free ride. "I thought you just got on and did it," Tompkins recalls. " I found out different. Afterward, I had to hold my pants away from my legs where the skin was rubbed raw."

But he came back for more and last month, as the National Finals Rodeo wound up in Dallas, 33-year-old Tompkins, who never stepped out of New York State until he was 20, was firmly established as the top rodeo cowboy in the U.S. With close to $35,000 earned in 1960, Tompkins replaced Oklahoma's Jim Shoulders as the national all-around rodeo champion. "Harry," drawled Shoulders, a leathery cowpoke, "is the best Yankee I ever saw."

After his introduction to horses, Tompkins rode every chance he found. From cleaning out stalls, he graduated to a job on a dude ranch near Peekskill and then, in 1947, entered the rodeo at New York's Madison Square Garden. "I figured you did it just for fun," he said. "I didn't know you could win money."

But Tompkins, without experience, won $315 riding bulls and decided to try the rodeo circuit. In 1948, his first full year of competition, he became bull riding champion. He repeated in 1949 and 1950 and, in 1952, won the bull riding and bareback bronc titles.

Through his balance (perfected by tightwire walking) and his surprising strength (he is only 5-foot-8 and 152 pounds), Tompkins has gained a reputation as the most stylish of bull riders. "He thinks faster than 99 per cent of us," says Bill Linderman, who has won almost a half million dollars in twenty years at rodeo. But last year, in Hutchinson, Kans., Tompkins was almost knocked out of rodeoing. Riding a tough bronc, he tore a cartilage in his knee and had to have it removed surgically. "You better find something else to do," his doctor advised.

Tompkins ignored the advice and enjoyed his finest year in 1960. Does he worry now about injuries?

"The most dangerous part of rodeoing," Tompkins said, "is going from one rodeo to another — by car or plane."

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BANISH the torment of dry eczema rashes and weeping skin troubles. Post's Eczema Salve will not disappoint you itching, scalding and burning eczema acne ringworm, pimples and foot eczema will respond readily to the painless odorless ointment, regardless of how stubborn or hopeless they seem.
Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price
PRICE $3.50 PER JAR

POST'S REMEDIES
1665 St Clair Avenue East, TORONTO

MEDICAL

GOOD RESULTS — EVERY SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY.
MUNRO'S DRUG STORE
825 ELGIN, OTTAWA
$1.25 Express Collect

MONEYMAKING OPPORTUNITIES

HOW to win prize contests! Complete course $1.00. D & L Company, P.O. Box 2726, Soulard Station, St. Louis 4, Missouri.

NUTRIA

ATTENTION
PURCHASERS OF NUTRIA

When purchasing Nutria, consider the following points, which this organization offers:
1. The best available stock, no crossbred or standard types recommended.
2. The reputation of a plan which is proving itself substantiated by fifty satisfied ranchers.
3. Full insurance against replacement, should they not live or in the event of sterility all fully explained in our certificate of merit.
4. We give you only mutations which are in demand for fur garments.
5. You receive free from this organization a guaranteed pelt market, in writing.
6. Membership in our exclusive breeders association, whereby only purchasers of this stock may participate in the benefits so offered.
7. Prices for Breeding Stock start at $200 a pair.
Special offer to those who qualify: earn your Nutria on our co-operative basis Write: Canadian Nutria Ltd., R R. No 2 Stouffville, Ontario.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

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JOIN CANADA'S LEADING SCHOOL

Great Opportunity
Learn Hairdressing
Pleasant dignified profession; good wages Thousands of successful Marvel Graduates
America's Greatest System
Illustrated Catalogue Free
Write or Call
MARVEL HAIRDRESSING SCHOOL
358 Bloor St W., Toronto
or
44 King St. W., Hamilton
72 Rideau Street, Ottawa

PHARMACIST WANTED

Graduate Pharmacist

(Ontario Reg. or Eligible)
To assist in Hospital Pharmacy. Excellent salary range with good personnel policies, pension plan, vacations and sick plan. In reply give experience, references and state marital status to
DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL
KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
KINGSTON, ONTARIO

PERSONAL

HYGIENIC RUBBER GOODS

TESTED, guaranteed, mailed in plain parcel, including catalogue and sex book free with first assortment. 18 for $1.00 (finest quality). Western Distributors, Box 24-TFP, Regina, Sask.

PET STOCK

BEAUTIFUL Tropical Finches. Canaries. Budgies. Bantams. Also other birds. Reasonable prices. Free price list. Hamsters, Guinea Pigs. Free list. Catalogue 15¢. Salesmen wanted. Bourgalze, Cap-aux Os, Quebec.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FARMER'S CAMERA CLUB
BOX 31 GALT ONT.

Films developed and 8 enlarged prints 49¢
12 magna prints 69¢
Reprints 5¢ each.

KODACOLOR

Developing roll 20c (not including prints) Color prints 30¢ each extra. Anseo and Ekta-krome 25 mm 20 exposures mounted in slides $1.20 Color prints from slides 32¢ each. Money refunded in full for unprinted negatives.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

IDEAL location, Western Ontario; about 8 acres with large winterized residence, 2 large spring-fed ponds — room for another, stocked 3 years ago; fishing river 100 yards away; several more springs available. Government parkland being constructed nearby. Excellent for fishing club, motel or cottages; less than 100 miles from Toronto. Total price $16,000, reasonable terms. Send for details: Fred H. Reid, Broker, 43 Victoria, Toronto. EM. 3-6302.

STAMPS

I WISH TO BUY old stamps and envelopes, prefer material pre 1900. Write A. D. Day, 17 Lauralynn Cres., Agincourt, Ont.

AM breaking up accumulation of stamps of 30 years. British Colonies and USA only. 25 different 10c, 50 different 25c, 100 different 50c, 200 different $1. No junk. Add postage. Better grades and covers on approval. T. H. Graham, 296A Glenforest Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario.

ISSUE 4 — 1961

HEAP BIG SMOKE — Despite higher taxes and health scares, Americans smoked more cigarettes in 1960 than ever before. Department of Agriculture figures show that 489 billion cigarettes were sold during the year. This averaged out to 107 packs, see November above, for every person of smoking age in the nation. ...