So Sweet Is Home Among The Amish

The past months have seen Anna and Chris getting nicely ettled in their farm home. Their trame construction house sits to the front of their "85 paid-off acres" and is painted drab gray according to custom. Yet there is nothing drab about its appearance. Anna's windows twinkle and shine with polishing behind the bright-blue blinds of Amish tradition. Her nicture-book vegetradition. Her picture-book vege-table garden, close to the high-way, flaunts a vivid border of coxcomb, begonia and geranium. Chris keeps the lawn mowed to velvely smoothness. It is, withal, a place to take delight in.

Already Anna has a loving, intimate name for every room in her home, and the quiet pride and joy of a true haustrau as she speaks of "the little east room," "the south bedroom," or, wonder of wonders, "the breakfast room." True to custom, the letchen is known simply as "the room." Kitchens in this locale deserve a special designation, being as they are the very heart of the home, and go where you will in Amishland, you find that 'the room" always means the

of neatness, with "show towels" in bright colors and wedding china in glass-fronted cupboards. Much of the furniture came from the Zaugg attic, and all of it is painted in harmonizing colors, with decals which feature the tulip, the dove, and the five-pointed star. Collectors of Early Americana would sigh with pleasure at the sight of it.

On the outside are to be found the features which make a farm typically Amish. The windmill, so necessary for power for pumping water for the stock where electricity is Verboten, as well as the alternate planting of apple and peach trees in the or-chard, which is an example of Dutch practicality. Chris explains the planting, his sensitive face beaming with the loving interest he gives to each operation on his tidy farm. "Peach trees mature fast," he tells us, "while the apples are still growing, and the fruit from them we will have for a long time before the apples come in. Later on, the worn-out peach trees will be taken out, leaving plenty of room or the heavy-bearing apple



by Anna Adams Soft pleats give a skirt such a lively sweep and swing! Be a vivacious lady wherever you go

ase print plainly SIZE. NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER

ISSUE 37 - 1961

is the water wheel in a stream which runs through the farm, and which is used to pump water to the 1-mse. We strive to take in all its component parts as Chris explains them. First there must be a simple dam in the stream to cause a waterfall. Then a channel above the dam, and a baylike construction to house the a channel above the dam, and a boxlike construction to house the water wheel. Wire, fastened to the wheel, is attached to a shaft and extended to where the pump is located in "the room." The whole is operated when water which the dam holds back forces through the narrow its way through the narrow channel and into the boxlike construction. The pressure of water coming in with considerable force causes the wheel to turn; the rotary motion of the wheel propels the shaft, causing the wire to move up and down, and the steady movement of the wire operates the distant pump.

"All that trouble for just water?" some might say. Yet, think-ing of how utterly helpless most of us are without electrical power, we are moved to say, "Very ingenious!" It was with vast satisfaction

that Anna and Chris had their first harvest meals this summer when they made use of the local baling crew. Various relatives and near neighbors also came to help in the haying. ("A whole lard can full of applesauce with cream in two days." Anna reported glowingly when telling how heartily the men ate.) Cold, smooth applesauce, made from Transparent or Early Harvest apples and sweetened with sugar, plus a generous sprinkling of candy redhots, is served with a dollop of sweet cream on its pinkish surface. It is a delicate at any time and most establishment of the surface of the s cacy at any time, and most especially to men who work long, hot hours in the prickly hay, writes Mabel Slack Shelton in the Christian Science Monitor.

Even with the most modern equipment, farming is not easy.
With primitive tools, it is often
back-breaking work. Yet the
very rhythm of Amish toil reflects a quiet Christian grace.

On any given day the horses are groomed, the cows milked and the chickens fed and watered before breakfast. These are daily chores. After the breakfast (always hearty) comes the appointed day's work. If it is haying season, the girls may be called to help fork the long windrows of limp hay into piles for the baler after the most pressing household chores are done. They are excused in time done. They are excused in time to start the big noon meal. Ev-eryone works until five o'clock, then the horses are unhitched and the harness removed. After the sweaty collars are lifted off, the horses' shoulders are washed with warm water and carefully dried to prevent chafing. (Animals are gifts of the Great Pro-vider and must be looked after tenderly.) Then they are fed and

watered. Meanwhile the womenfolk have again fed and milked the cows, gathered the eggs and made supper by adding whatever seems required to the dishes erved for the noon meal. After this last meal of the day, the work still goes on. If tomorrow is market day, the whole family pitches in to prepare the vegetables, gathering, scrubbing, siz-ing and tying them in bunches. The eggs are crated, per are carried to the cool stream in the springhouse. At last comes evening devotionals, with the father or a grown son reading high-German from the big Book, and ending with sentence prayers from everyone down to the smallest child.

A full day of hard work is behind the family, yet there are no cases of overwrought nerves or frayed tempers. There is the soothing knowledge of tasks well done to speed them to their rest. This is the simple life. It will produce no renowned artists, no great writers nor, indeed, any written records of the people's daily lives except that done by others. The Amish write nothing down except the names of their children in the big family Bible. Yet who would say they are not adding to the culture of America with their peaceful, pastoral pursuits?

Feminine Voice on the Bus: "With everything being reduced to compact size these days why is it household bills remain so





SAY "WREN" - When Jenny Wrenn starts to ring the HMS Wren bell at Wren training headquarters in Burghfield, England, there is bound to be some confusion. Jennifer Wrenn is a member of the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS), often called WREN by Britons, and Jenny Wren is a British nickname for a wren (the bird, that is). The bell is from a sloop HMS Wren. Any questions?



And still the hot, humid | and I, for one, had a delightweather continues. However, we ful time. know it can't last forever. Some day it will turn fresh, cool and invigorating and we'll get all the things done we've been put-ting off until cooler weather. Trouble is some things have to be done at a specific time -

like going to the Exhibition. Every year, along with other members of the Toronto Wo-men's Press Club, I get an invitation to a tea at the Queen Elizabeth Building. This year was no exception. Although I wanted to go the thought of taking a bus and wearing hat and gloves all day almost got me down. But everything worked out fine. A neighbour, driving in about noon offered me a ride, returning home about 7.30. That was one difficulty solved. There was still the hat to worry about. My only two presentable hats are both scoop-shaped and almost suffocating on a hot day. So I went to a little store near here and bought a bandeau -

you know one of those little affairs mostly ribbon bows and veiling that passes as a hat. Thus
I went to the C.N.E. tea. And it was fun. I met fellow members there whom I had not seen in years as I haven't been getting out to the meetings lately. Maybe those of you who follow the activities of the many who contribute to press and radio might be interested to know a few of At our table there was Lyn

those who were there. Harrington — you are all tam-iliar with the delightful travel articles written by Lyn and Richard Harrington. There is never a dull moment when Lyn is around. And there was Leeta Cherry, editor of "Glad Tidings" former columnist to the old Canadian Countryman, And Laura Chisholm - author of many delightful gardening articles, Anne Merrill was also there. I am sure those of you who take the Globe and Mail enjoy her birdwatching column. And Ruth Hammond, free lance writer and torrific talent for organizing. Also Esther Heyes, author of a

recently published historical book on "The Story of Albion" - (Peel County) Constance Lea, free lance writer of many years standing. And Agnes Swinnerton, recently retired editor of the United Church Publications. And last but not least, Laura Schippers, a lady from the Netherlands, very much in the limelight these days because of her controversial commentaries by

press, radio and television. She is a delightful person to meet, full of fun and excellent company. Also present was Rosemary Dudley, in Public Relations for the Ontario Government. Margaret Zieman, free lance writer and lecturer - and the present president of the Toronto Women's Press Club, was one of those pouring tea. Of course there were many others there whom I have not even mentioned, some I knew only by sight. All we did for about a couple of hours was sit around and talk shop, stopping briefly to admire and applaud each time a manne-quin passed by modelling the latest in women's fashions. It was all very informal and friendly

When the tea was over I wandered around a bit — visit-ed "Mediscope" which illustrated very clearly why one has to pay \$10 for such things as blood counts, allergy tests and smear cultures. The public seemed to be genuinely interested — especially in "The Birth of a Baby" — a demonstration so crowded I didn't make any attempt to get in. So I still don't

know very much about the birth

find?

And now a word to the Board

of Directors of the C.N.E.

wonder if it would be possible

to put a few benches inside the

foyer of the Queen Elizazbeth

building so that those waiting to

attend a tea or luncheon might

have somewhere to sit Last Fri-

day I saw two ladies, both of

them crippled, sitting on the

stairs at the entrance to the

Fashion Show. They were asked

to move but there was nowhere

else for them to sit. I, too, could

Modern Etiquette

Q. How do the bridesmaids

carry their sheaves of flowers

A. If they are walking two

their flowers on their right arms

the left-and those on the left

abreast, those on the right hold

the stems pointing downward to

hold them in their left arms,

stems pointing down to the right.

Bouquets or baskets, however,

Q. Is it considered proper to

use the spoon to test the temper-

ature of the coffee at the table?

after one little "taste-test," the

spoon should be replaced in the

Q. When a house guest wishes

to give his hostess a little gift of

appreciation, when should he

A. He may bring it along and

or send it to her soon after his

present it soon after his arrival,

return home. This, of course does not excuse him from writ-

ing that all-important bread-and-butter latter to his hostess

A. This is quite all right. But

are held in the front.

saucer and left there.

present it?

By Anne Ashley

have done with a seat!

of a baby - including my own! From there I went to the Salada Tea Gardens, a delightful little oasis of peace, away from the heat and crowds. Men and women of vision must have been responsible for the creation of that much needed restful spot. The only thing that marred it was the noise from speed boats, racing along the water-front My last stop was the Scadding Cabin which I never miss visiting. Why, you ask, there's never anything new? Oh, but there is. This year there is an old book, published in the 17th century and printed in old English. A treasure, if ever there was one. And how do you think the

York Historical Society came across it? Well, one of their members was at the Annual Rummage Sale sponsored by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and among the relics she spotted this book. No doubt it had been in someone's attic for years and

With such results behind then General Oai's workers hope to destroy the anopheies mosquite Heroes Who Don't Get Headlines!

To achieve this, eradication Among the thatched huts of a Mekong Delta village near Saigon, a mosquito-control team of eight men fanned out to spray DDT in South Victnam's constant fight against malaria. When the health officer in charge sounded the lunchtime signal, only six men returned. Three days later, the bodies of the two missing men were found floating in the palm-fringed Binh Chanh River. According to peasants, the two malaria fighters were killed by heard of twenty men. presumleams are surm not as serious, as the ever let teams into the a band of twenty men, presum-ably Communists, who wore dark clothing and carried daggers. Though lamentable, these re-

cent casualties were hardly extraordinary to those acquainted with the peculiar hazards of combating malaria-bearing mosquitoes in tropical Vietnam. Other reports about that strange battlefront last week from Newsweek's correspondent Fran-

cois Sully: Six native anti-malaria workers carrying out spraying operations 100 miles northeast of Saigon were kidnapped by Communist-infiltrated primitive bushmen. Fate: Unknown,

In Cangioc, 10 miles south of In Cangioc, 10 miles south of Saigon, "South Vietnam Liberation Front" rebels ambushed a six-man mosquito-eradication team, destroyed their equipment while threatening worse if they tried to continue the job. The mosquito-killers, said the ambushers were making village bushers, were making village maps that might be used to track rebel guerrillas.

Since February 1958, when President Ngo Dinh Diem launched a massive drive against the malaria-bearing anopheles mosquitoes in South Vietnam, twen-ty eradicators have been killed and 20 others kidnapped. But as disheartening as this toll appears, it pales beside the yearly 30,000 deaths and 600,000 hospital cases attributed to malaria in that Country. With these appalling statistics in mind, Diem's health officials were determined not to let guerrilla violence slow their drive against one of the country's greatest health menaces. Gen. Tran-Tu-Oai, chief administrator of the anti-malaria campaign, said: "We have no intention to quit. This war against disease has to be won."

To win it, General Oai has been dispatching an army of 2,000 brown - uniformed DDT sprayers to the remotest spots in his rugged country, in trucks and jeeps; on motorbikes, even, where roads allow; in outboardpowered cances where streams permit. (The U.S. contributed \$11 million, mostly in equipment, to the fight.) In jungle-thick Vietnamese Cordillera, teams leave their trucks for slower but more dependable elephants. Every hut is a target for DDT or a comparable mosquito-killing insecticide; and in an average year the workers give 1,250,000 dwellings some protection against the debilitati-

ing disease.

Now, the drive is paying off. North of Saigon, where roughly 92 per cent of the dwellings (occupied by 6 million people) have been treated, officials have reported a sharp drop in malaria infection (7.22 per cent in 1958 to 1.48 per cent this year) found

Travelling The Old Pony Express Trail

At Shell Creek (California) At Shell Creek (California), there is intact not only the adobe building that was used as a Pony Express and stage station, but also the log blacksmith to the stage walls and cast-iron doors of Fort Schellbourne are here to greet you. We were shown to greet you. We were shown to greet you. Ruth Russell, around by Mrs. Ruth Russell, owner of the ranch, who told us that she and Mr. Russell are proud of these historic items and intend to preserve them. We picked up horseshoes and other relics of the Pony days. It seemed as though the Gosiute Indians napping. Farmers, fearful that DDT will poison chickens or spoil their tobacco leaf, try is drive away the sprayers; tough half-naked tribesmen refuse is let teams into the sacrosses. huts where local spirits are supposed to dwell. But in at least one jungle village, eradicaton have been cheerfully welcomed discovered that DDT, used on a bait of rotten meat is great for killing tigers. ed as though the Gosiute Indians might come riding over the near-

"How will my girl friend treat me after we're married?" sig a reader. Try listening to her talking to her little brother

by Saura Wheeler

Ho-hum-sleepy boy! Just the

right doll for a sleepy child to cuddle. He's a sock doll and has

a sister in this pattern. And

One or pair will delight a child. Pattern 896: directions; pattern for 2 dolls, pajamas.

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she's wide awake!

DRESS.

DRIVING OR FLYING? - The answer is "both," when you speak

of how actor Robert Cummings gets to and from work.

top, Cummings is all set to leave airport near his Beverly R. Calif., home in plane with detachable wings.

Below, a day's work

day's work on TV location at Palm Springs, Commings drived

his auto-plane to a nearly airport. He'll fly hane in 30 minutes

Fort Churchill is in ruins. One of the buildings used to have a marker in front of it designating it as the Pony Express station, but, apparently, it has been sto-len even though it is in a state park. The only thing we found in Carson City is a marker on the lawn of the capitol building, 896 The state museum, in the old Federal mint building, is excellent but has nothing about the Pony Express. At Genoa (California) we found another almost hidden marker. Through the steep drive marker. Through the steep drive called Kingsberry Pass, one can see the trail almost all the way. This is a beautiful scenic ride and comes out on U.S. Highway 50, with Lake Tahoe glimmering ahead. The Pony Trail did not go to Emerald Bay, but we did -and so will most camera-

est ridge at any instant.

and air of an old Western town. At Folsom, the Pony station still There were two Pony Express
offices in Sacramento. Both
buildings are still standing, but in a shabby district of the city. Majors & Waddell used a corner building as their office; Wells
Fargo moved the Pony near the
center of the same block to a
more ornate building, which still has some of the original iron grill-work on it. (The State Historical Society and local historians hope to save these buildings and eventually develop them into museums.)

men. On into Sacramento the

station sites are well marked.

Today, near the Strawberry site,

there is a fine modern inn Pla-

cerville still has the appearance

While Sacramento is the offieial western terminus of the Pony Express, the first rider and horse to arrive from the east was ferried across the bay to San Francisco. We, too, went to San Francisco, but by bridge. Even in 1959, the end of the Pony Express trail called for a weekend of snoozing. We could better appreciate the herculean job the men of the Pony Expo the men of the Pony Ex-press had to face, as well as the hardships of the early wagon trains and stage travellers. We had had some idea of all this beforehand, but only a trip of this kind can make one realize its greatness and rugged reality this kind can make one realize its greatness and rugged reality. It is no wonder the Pony Ex-press will live forever in the hearts of men. — From "Hoof-beats of Destiny: The Story of the Pony Express," by Robert West Howard.

DRIVE WITH CARE!



year-old El Segundo, Calif., boy named Stephen Jensen walked into a restaurant while wearing this "Dracula" costume. When arrested by po-lice, he explained that he had working for five days on e outfits which he planned to wear in a high school play and wanted to test the public's

RIDE 'EM COWBOY - This modern-day cowboy hangs tightly to the steering wheel of a wide-tired vehicle called Dese

This Hotel Was Too Popular!

It isn't true that all the olives in the martinis at the Fontaine-bleau in Miami Beach are uncut emeralds, but there are enough real-life attractions to have made the huge hotel a mecca for wellheeled vacationers ever since it opened in 1954. Aside from the largest private beach in the area and acres of cabanas, it often features "gala" shows with bigname stars such as Frank Sina-tra and Sammy Davis Jr. More than bringing in paying uests, all this has also put the Fontainebleau high on the tourist's list of places to visit. As many as 8,000 persons have jammed into the hotel at the same time most of them just to take a look

But there will be no mob scenes at the Fontainebleau this winter. President Ben Novak last month turned the Fontainebleau into a private club and health resort, closed to all but paying guests and their friends.

Anyone coming in to look over
the new bowling alleys, tennis courts, ice-skating rink, and indoor pool will have to sign up for a room first, at \$27 to \$35 a day per person (with meals), thus becoming a member of the private club. Novak explained the switch by noting that "there is a definite need (in Miami Beach) for a spa," where a guest

can get low-calorie reals, a medical checkup, and a daily massage.
That wasn't the entire story, That wasn't the entire story, as another executive of the hotel made plain: "Paying guests had become a minority group and weren't getting full use of our facilities." Presumably, the paying guests were getting annoyed and moving to other hotels.

Space And Silence Far In The North

The ice-cold water was mirror calm, and our bow wave crinkled the pencil-sharp reflections of the mountains. Surprisingly we ran into huge swells inside the fjord. There was little to see because of the heavy mist blowing down over the coastal moun-tains from the hinterland of ice. It was the time to sleep. I went down to the cabin and climbed into my bunk, not bothering to undress. As I dozed I heard Mr. Shirer saying something about a box of prunes he had bought at the store in Longyearbyen. It made me contented and I immediately fell into a deep sleep.

Next day we sailed into Kongs

fjord. This was the most beautiful fjord we visited. Glaciers, several miles wide, filled the several miles wide, filled the head of the fjord. Mountain peaks, their black tops looking like polished marble, showed only a few hundred feet above the thickness of ice. Ahead of us in the blue distance were the three 4000 foot high crownthree 4,000-feet high crown shaped peaks of Svea, Nora and Dans, famous landmarks of Spitsbergen. Some parts of the Spitsbergen. Some starply from view by protruding headlands of rock. The fjord was almost hardof drifting ice; some pieces hard-ly showed while others were nearly as long as our ship. Although the sun was hidden by ribbons of cirrus clouds, the larger floes still sparkled and

reflected the green sea.

We were surrounded by inter minable space and silence. it is this feeling of space, of the big-ness and strength of the land-scape, that dominates one in the Arctic. Certainly, there is beauty of colour and shape, which alone would be enough for pleasure. But the very centre of your being stirs. You

ed the dainty Arctic phalarope as it waded about searching un-der the pebbles with its long beak, looking for food. As we steamed along the coast we often met this small wader, skimming over the water at great speed and calling with a high piping

sound. There were numerous elegant and friendly waders, but they all looked the same to me, with their gray bodies and red

Further up the fjord the drained slopes and warm gullies were covered with grass and flowers. The most abundant flowers we saw were the white and yellow poppies, short stalked and delicate looking. There were several varieties of saxifrage, growing together with pink stitchwort on thin soil between rocks. On the floor of the gullies, mosses and lichen grew amongst small clumps of reeds. Around the edges of the ponds and in the swampy ground the fluffy heads of bog-cotton looked like thistledown .-- From "Land of the Bog-Cotton," by Russell Sutherland.

A Most Worthy Son Of A Great Father

The late John Lardner was only 47 when his career ended in 1960. He possessed one of the most sophisticated senses of hu-mor of the current journalistic generation. His prose was sinewy and spare, according to modern tastes, and moved in lean, brisk

Yet he managed to leave a curious impression of belonging to a richly romantic past. A to a richly romantic past. A faintly exciting promise in all he wrote suggested that he found himself in a fading but golden world peopled by the final but not unworthy representatives of a legendary race. Whether dealing with hard-bitten marines of World War II, flat-faced prize-fighters or even television perfighters, or even television personalities, he could place a certain honest aura about the peo-

ple he liked. Lardner wrote about war as a combat correspondent; about prominent people and habit patterns as a social historian; about theater and television as a critic. All areas except the theater are represented in this collection of essays entitled The World of John Lardner. But, like his father Ring

Lardner, he never abandoned for long the field of sports.

The world of John Lardner may be said to rest on the un-articulated but firm code of the sportsman. Honor, at least within one's given set of rules, and courage: these were the impor-tant virtues.

The people Lardner admired

have innumerable faults, and their often narrow areas of excellence vary astonishingly. But they all share the sportsman's ability to be charming in victory and stoic in defeat. The people to whom he did not respond -Lindbergh and Jack Paar, a strange pairing, are the notable examples among these essays he judged as either graceless winners or poor losers.

He prized childlike exuber-

ance; he did not particularly value restraint beyond its preence in a craft. (On the topic of drinking in the United States, for instance, he could be distressingly casual.) He loved a gorgeous sort of self-dramatiza-tion; he could not abide people who took themselves solemnly.

Lardner's pieces are essentially portrait sketches: from the daffiest of the Dodgers, Babe Herman, to the young GI on the Iwo Jima beachhead, it is the diversity of human temperament diversity of human temperament that fascinates him. Like his father, he had an exact ear for speech and even more, a deadly sense for just

what it betrays. (The parody of Mr. Paar is devastating precisely MERRY MENAGERIE

"Dunno how I'd ever have made it across if you hadn't

because of its tonal accuracy.)

Lardner was a sharp rather than a profound commentator. He wrote from a pose of mildly bored nonchalance, good-humor ed skepticism, and lightly ac ed skepticism, and lightly acquired learning, as if he were an undergraduate working for a gentleman's C. He assumed, probably correctly, that readers who were interested could discern the conscientiousness and craftsmanship behind the pose.

All journalists have a temptation to turn life into a good story. Leadner with his gift for

story. Lardner, with his gift for storytelling and his genially bi-zarre wit, must have experienced this temptation more than most. But when the people he wrote about imperceptibly became wry myths, it seemed less a matter of professionally pumped-up enthu-siasm than the uncalculated quite resigned to his times. And perhaps this is the best tribute that can be paid him as a writ-

Making It Easy To

Own Death Weapon Every now and then a new car comes down the pike with such modishly classic lines and hummingly tuned engine that auto buffs as well as Sunday drivers pause to look and hanker. There was the Stutz Bearcat in 1913, for instance, the Lincoln Continental in 1939, the Mercedes 300SL in 1952. And in 1961, there are the new Jaguar XK-E's. Only time will tell if these English sports cars with the dazzling looks and speed (150 m.p.h.) really belong on the illustrious list of great cars, but they have undoubtedly got off to a racing start.

the road soon, designed specifi-cally with the British market in

mind. Sir William Lyons, founder,

don Motor Show in October, but

he's perfectly willing to settle for

a later date if need be. As al-

ways, he would rather let a cus-

If the proof is in the payoff,

no one can argue with him. With

production running 15 per cent

ahead of last year's 25,000 cars,

the company expects to surpass its banner fiscal year of 1959 when it earned \$3.9 million. This

year may even outshine 1957, when the company picked itself

out of the ashes of a devastating fire and got back into full prod-

Fogging the Issue of

Fluoridation

The United States Surgeon

General Luther L. Terry, in an

article in the current journal of

the American Medical Associa-

tion, has seen fit to attack the

opponents of fluoridation of the

public water supply as peopl

who "befog the issues and harass those who want its protection

available to whoever wants i

and without the public water supply being fluoridated, it is obvious that any attempt to

compel the fluoridation of the

public water supply is nothing

other than an attempt to compel all people to submit to the will

of those who desires to improve their own health in their own way have already been comple-

tely satisfied.

This attitude of the Surgeon
General is therefore ridiculous.

What the man is actually
saying is that the will of a mi-

nority should be imposed on the majority, and that when the per-sonal desires of the minority, so

far as they themselves are con-

cerned, are already completely

much as fluoridation

for their communities.

tely satisfied.

uction within twelve weeks. From NEWSWEEK

tomer wait than "skimp on quality." "The success of Jag-

uar," he says confidently, due to our quality."

SATISFY YOURSELF — EVERY SUFFERER OF RHEUMATIC PAINS OR NEURITIS SHOULD TRY DIXON'S REMEDY. After a sneak preview in Geneva, the XK-E's—a hardtop MUNRO'S DRUG STORE selling at \$5,970, and a roadster 335 ELGIN, S1.25 Express Collect priced at \$5,670-were officially unveiled at the International Auto Show in New York last POST'S ECZEMA SALVE POST'S ECZEMA SALVE

BANISH the torment of dry eczema
rashes and weeping skin troubles.
Post's Eczema Selve will not disappoint
you litchia, scalding and burning eczema acne. ingworm, pimples and foot
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POST'S REMEDIES March. Before the show closed, \$30 million in orders had been written up, nearly as much bus iness as all makes had done at the show a year earlier. Since then, the Jaguar plant in Coventry has been on an overtime basis. But Jaguar production still lags well behind demand. Only 60 of the hand-tooled XK-E's came off the assembly 1845 St. Clair Avenue East TORONTO

ARTHRITIS line last week, though by late next month output is scheduled to reach the 150-a-week mark. Try "Edoren"! Reliable herbal tr ment for arthritic pains. Pleasant, s effective. Month's supply \$5; mo back guarantee. Write for particular effective. Month's support particulars. back guarantee. Write for particulars. PICKETT'S DRUG STORE PICKWOOD PHARMACAL CO. LTD., MILTON, ONTARIO Much to the chagrin of British sportscar lovers, who have been doled out a mere 60 XK-E's so far, 80 per cent of production is ticketed for the U.S. But there may be a brand-new Jaguar or

capable of full satisfaction.

It is no less senseless than it would be for those who are opposed to fluoridation to demand legislation that would prevent those favoring it from buying fluoridation pills or having their least the sense of with other forms of Sir William Lyons, founder, chairman, and managing director of the Jaguar Car Co., may replace the Mark IX, a bulky sedan that sells at an equally bulky \$6,100, with a smaller, faster, ultra - streamlined sedan. It would weigh less than 2,000 pounds (under Britain's new deflationary budget, the maximumeeth treated with other forms of suitable. Such an attitude as that would be insufferable.-Alameda Star (Calif.) size car that a businessman can write off as a tax-deductible expense). Sir William may introduce the new Jag at the London to the control of the control of

How Can I? By Roberta Lee Q. How can I remove son

A. A strong solution of baking soda will usually do a good job in my French-fried potatoes? A. If the potatoes that are to be French-fried are allowed stand for at least a half-hour in

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