

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Last month I left the husband I married in September. I could not stand his crazy jealousy. We had gone together four years, and I thought I knew him through and through; yet just a month after we married he said a friend swore he saw me out with another man! When I denied it, he refused to believe me.

"Soon after our marriage he began getting home late, would not sit down to the dinner I had ready, and half the time put his things on again and left the house. I could fill a book with the mean little slurs he cast, the arrogant way he behaved . . . I love him dearly and I have done everything I knew to make him contented. My nerves are strained to the breaking point, and I feel so helpless.

"I have left him. I am back with my mother. And what a changed man he is! He is just as he was when we were dating. He takes Mother and me out to dinner as often as we'll go; he brings us theater tickets; even drives us to church, and he hadn't gone since we were married there. I am up a tree. I am almost tempted to go home with him as he begs, yet I am holding on to my common sense.

"I couldn't go through all that misery again, and I've almost decided to divorce him. (He is 49, I'm 25). What do you think?"

MARY FRANCIS.

ANOTHER CHANCE?

Some men are so unfortunately made that they cannot be contented away from the one they love, yet cannot make her happy with them. Your husband's being so much older accounts for his jealousy, I should say, and that is almost impossible to dispel. If he were more objective, he would know the surest way to hold your love is to keep you serene, which he does not do. The humiliating scenes he forces upon you, his keeping you on the defensive with fantastic charges, leave you outraged yet helpless.

From more of your letter (too long to print), I picture you as an eager bride who used all her talents and ingenuity to make her marriage permanent. Your husband lives in a home that you redecorated for him, where he was served delicious meals. You have no other interests than your man and your

church. Why doesn't he hurry home every night to be with you, and stay there? Instead, you must listen to trumped-up quarrels, unfounded charges of disloyalty and his unexplained absences — leave you miserable and frightened.

Surely you have cause for divorce if that is to be. Yet his ardent attentions since you left him, his promises to trust you entirely, may really mean he has finally begun to appreciate all you are and all you've done for him, and that he only awaits your consent to prove it. Perhaps, your leaving was the shock he needed. Besides, you still love him.

There is only one way to find out whether he can keep his word. Go back to him. If he fails you again, at least you will know you were charitable.

Some readers will say that I am condemning you to the same problems you ran away from. Yet it seems worthwhile to me to give the man a second chance, hoping for his happiness you thought was assured.

TOO MANY ARGUMENTS

"Dear Anne Hirst: I'm 16, and in love with a boy two years older. He is friendly with everybody, he dresses nicely, and all the family like him a lot. But we've been having differences of opinion lately.

"He doesn't think I care for him. How can I show him I do without being forward? I'd like to get serious, but I know I'm young for that.

"Every time we settle one thing another crops up, and then we get mad at each other all over again. I'm jealous when he talks to another girl, though he never dates any of them. Please advise me.

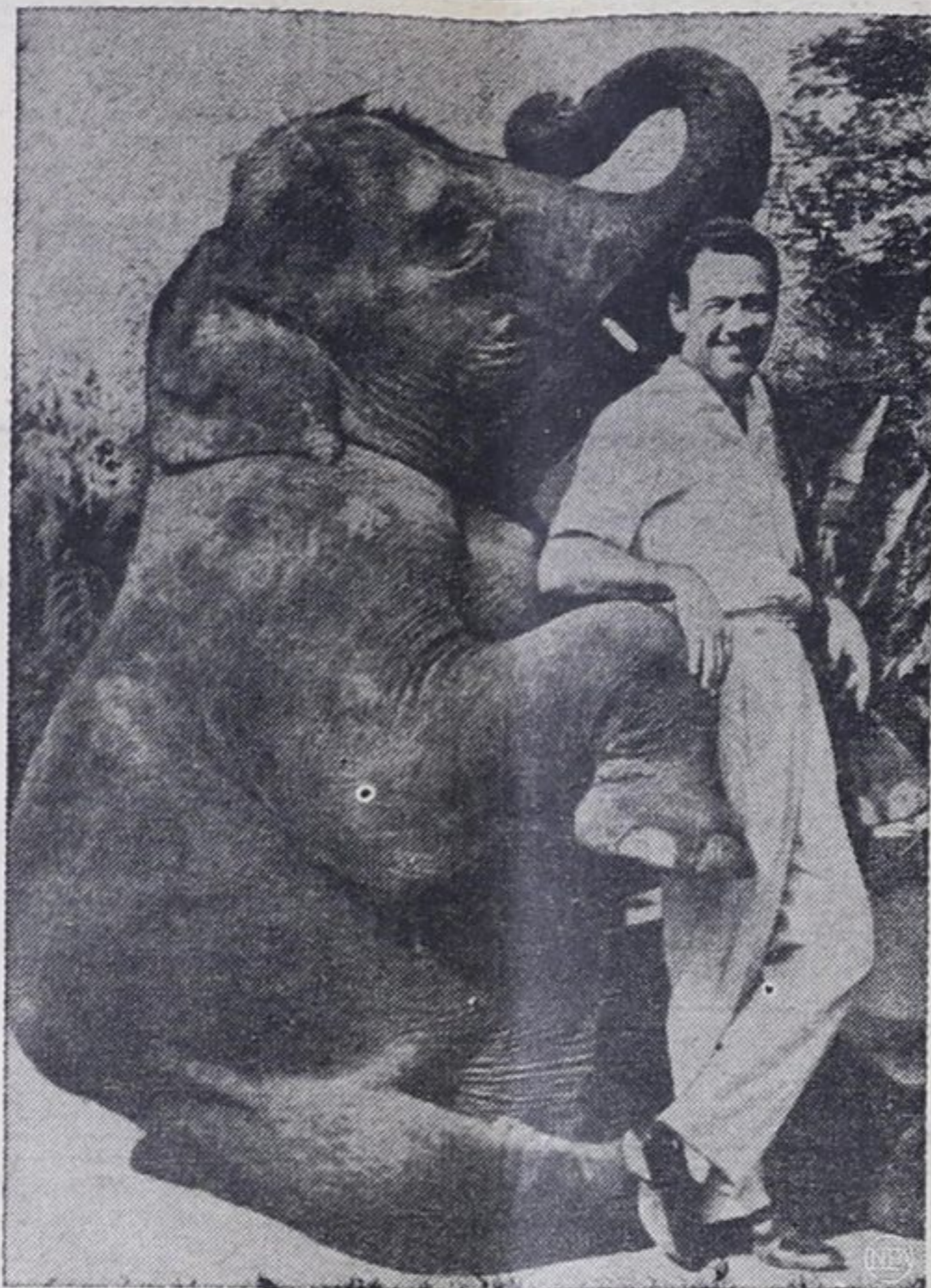
WORRIED."

Perhaps you are seeing this boy too often. Though you care for him, at your age it is smart to have more than one boy to take you out; comparing this one with others is salutary and wholesome. I advise you to see him less frequently, and cultivate other friends.

Watch this jealousy. Boys soon desert a girl who gets possessive, and you are likely to lose him if you aren't more careful. Why should he give up all his other friends? If you keep on watching every move he makes he will grow resentful, and that's the beginning of the end.

If a girl and boy your ages agree on all subjects all the time, life would be duller than you think. As you both grow up you are bound to have differences on a number of things, but if you keep your temper and don't make issues of every little argument, you'll run a better chance of holding him.

The teen years brim with problems. Yours are slight compared with others. Remember, though, there is safety in numbers, and play fair. Don't let it be said of you that you refused the one you love a second chance. No one who professes to be a Christian can afford to turn her back on such a plea. If the circumstances make you doubt, write Anne Hirst about them and receive her sympathy and counsel. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



DIG THAT CRAZY BOOKENDI — That's a real live elephant Screen Star William Holden is cozying up with while on location near Colomb, Ceylon, for the movie "The Bridge on the River Kwai." Maybe the big fellow is whispering a request for an autograph.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

All across Ontario branches of the Women's Institute are celebrating the Jubilee of their organization. Not all branches are observing the occasion in the same way but a great many are finding it a good time to make it a social occasion for members and their families. Possibly the most notable gathering was at Stoney Creek. And rightly so for it was here that the Mother Institute came into being. On February 19, 1897, Mr. Erland Lee gathered together a group of enterprising women at Squire's Hall in Stoney Creek to hear an address by Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless. Mr. Lee had heard Mrs. Hoodless speak at the Farmer's Institute in Guelph and was much impressed by her ability and enthusiasm as she endeavoured to create greater interest and responsibility in the women of that day in matters of health, education, home and child-care, and sanitation, so vital to the welfare of all, but particularly to the children.

It is quite possible other women in rural Ontario at that time were also aware of the need for an improvement programme, but then, as always, it required someone with courage, initiative and selfless devotion to lead the way. Mrs. Hoodless, first through her own need, became that woman, and through her the countrywomen in and around Stoney Creek became pioneers in an organization to work for the betterment of "Home and Country." It was thus the Women's Institute of Ontario was born.

At the Commemoration Dinner held in Stoney Creek last month 150 members, dignitaries and guests assembled to honour the founders of the W.I., including five of the seven surviving charter members. Congratulations came in from all around the world. It must have been a proud and inspiring occasion for the women of Stoney Creek. Only one branch in Ontario can claim the distinction of being the first, but all branches, whenever and wherever situated, can be justly proud of belonging to an organization that has developed into such a tremendous power for good among the rural population of Ontario. And not only in Ontario. Just as a pebble thrown into a pond makes circles in the water ever-increasing in size, so the Women's Institute, by its affiliation with the Associated Countrywomen of the World, has increased in power, strength and numbers, widening the scope of its influence to many quarters of the world.

Last Saturday our local branch, the Scotch Block W.I. had a Jubilee turkey supper and social evening for its members and their escorts. According to an unofficial count there were about eighty-five present. It is twenty-four years ago this month since our branch had its

first meeting and I am happy to say several of the charter members were present. Our branch has experienced the same ups and downs, common to us all. Some previous members moved to other districts; some have regrettably passed away, but many, many others have come into the fold and become active members of our branch. Looking back over the years it seems almost incredible that one group of women could have raised so much money, done so much work and yet with it all had such a wonderful time together. During the war years we were actively engaged in making quilts, packing bales, knitting and sewing. Now our main project is to assist in the establishment of a local hospital, badly needed in this district of which the Institute is a part. All in all it was a heart-warming and most enjoyable evening. Partner and I came away before they started playing cards as we do not take too kindly to late nights away from home, especially as we expected some of the family the next day.

Came Sunday — a lovely spring-like day — cars travelling the highway past here in a constant stream. Presently one turned in at our gate — and the Toronto folk had arrived. They all came into the house except Dave. He amused himself outside. After awhile Grandpa took him for a walk across the fields and along the creek. At first all went well and then like a bolt from the blue Dave said "I want to go for a swim" and headed for the creek. Fortunately Partner just managed to grab him, told him he couldn't go swimming, the water was too cold. And then Dave took to the yelling "I want to go swimming!" It wasn't a happy occasion for Grandpa as Dave is a big boy for his age and his three-and-a-half year old strength was greater than his grandfather's. But they arrived home safely, both of them a little the worse for the tussle of wills. Then his Dad took Dave for a walk. Poor little chap, he is like something let out of a cage when he gets to the country and ends up by getting overtired. At supper time he leaned his head against his Dad and actually went to sleep. Art carried him to the couch and he slept until it was time to go home. After that we were glad to relax and to watch "Cinderella" on television. It was good. Then came the "Challenge" and like Dave, I fell asleep.

"Why didn't you report the robbery at once?" an insurance agent asked a woman claimant. "Didn't you suspect something when you came home and discovered all the drawers opened and the contents scattered?" "Not really," she replied, "I thought my husband had been looking for a clean shirt."

Will Probe Secrets Of The Green Slime

Above the chanting of thousands of fascinated onlookers, who made no effort to intervene, could be heard the terrified shrieks of lovely young girls who were being hurled to their death at the bottom of the sacrificial well.

The procession of death wound its way to the edge of the well from the temple near-by, and the kicking, screeching beauties struggled frantically in the tyrannical grip of their merciless captors.

The grim and horrifying ritual continued until over five hundred lovely young girls had been sacrificed—to appease the dreadful monsters that were thought to dwell on the bed of the death-pit.

So anxious were the superstitious Mayans to please the awful creatures believed to lurk in the depths of the well, that only the most beautiful maidens were sacrificed. Doting parents even pray for their daughters to grow into dumpty, plain girls, in order that they might escape the notice of the temple priests who made periodic raids in search of "appasement" for the horrible beasts they feared.

To make the lovely offerings more acceptable, each maiden was adorned with beautiful jade carvings suspended on golden chains, heavy gold bracelets set with precious gems, bangles, anklets and glittering rings.

Historians who have studied the customs and lore of the Mayan people, who inhabited the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico at about the time the Normans were conquering Britain, are convinced that during these sacrificial ceremonies vast wealth was consigned to the murky waters of the sacrificial well.

The waters are so deep, however, that efforts to wrest the fabulous treasure from the mud have so far met only with partial success, and experts claim that today more than three million dollars' worth of treasure still lies there. And a further attempt is to be made to raise the polished gold, precious gems and carved jade that the Mayans gave to the monsters of the pit.

The new salvage operations, which will cost about \$65,000 are being sponsored by Mexican bankers and businessmen. Hydrologists, engineers, divers and frogmen will be recruited from many countries to probe the secrets of the well, which was found in the ruined temple of Chichen Itza in the heart of the Yucatan jungle.

A connoisseur dive has given rise to expectations that several hundred female skeletons will be found in the silt which is ten feet thick. These will be consigned to a drier burial place nearby.

Much of the treasure, believed to be still adorning the bones, will find its way to museums all over the world, for the craftsmanship of the Mayans is hailed by connoisseurs as excellent, and it is expected that record bids will be made for some of the gems.

It was at the turn of the century that the famous American archaeologist Edward Thompson made an attempt to recover the "treasure of the gift virgins." His finds, valued at over \$750,000, rests today in Boston's Peabody Museum, and include golden dolls, jade carvings, emerald-

studded figures, gold discs and sacrificial knives encrusted with amethysts.

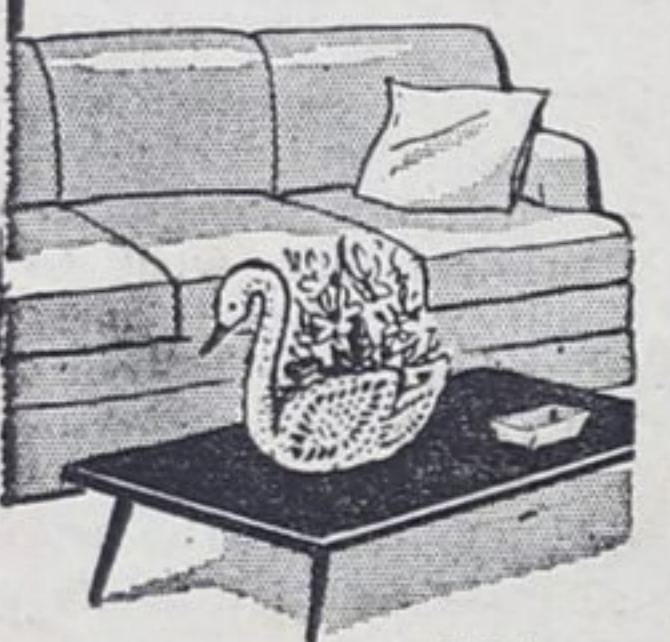
Yet the experts are confident that the main bulk of the treasure remains at the bottom of the well.

Many contend that Thompson's search was too hurried and not sufficiently thorough. To support this claim, they produce gold and jade relics recovered by sifting the piles of silt dumped by the American's search team. One of these finds was a skilfully fashioned frog of gold valued at thousands of dollars.

After early explorations by divers, suction pumps will attempt to draw out the water from the depths of the pit. This is thick and stagnant, indicating that it is not being fed by any stream but is maintained by rainfall.

When the slimy water has been siphoned off by the engineers, the silt will be dredged for odd valuables though most of the treasure is thought to be wedged in the cracks of the rocks on the bottom.

Lovely Centerpiece



581

by Laura Wheeler

Elegant centerpiece for your dining table! A graceful swan crocheted in pineapple design — fill it with fruit or flowers.

Pattern 581: Crochet directions for swan centerpiece; body about 12x6 1/2 inches. Use heavy jiffy cotton — starch stiffly.

Send THIRTY-FIVE CENTS (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) to Laura Wheeler, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

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ISSUE 17 — 1957

Week's Sew-Thrift



4766 2-8

by Anne Adams

Sew this adorable frock for daughter in a jiffy! See the diagram; it's the EASIEST! She'll love the style; cool scoop neckline, saucy bow trim of contrast binding. Make several in easy-to-laundry cottons — keep her smartly dressed every day this summer!

Pattern 4766: Children's Sizes 4, 6, 8. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send FORTY CENTS (40c) (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Please print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123, Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.



FATH FOLDS FASHION — Mrs. Genevieve Fath, widow of the late fashion designer, Jacques Fath, is shown in the studio of her world-famous Parisian fashion house, which is soon to close its doors. Mrs. Fath carried on the business for three years after her husband's death, and its expected closing in June will leave Christian Dior as Paris' No. 1 fashion arbiter.



FRONT-LINE FEMALES—Young Syrian girls parade grimly down a Damascus street swinging Czech-made submachine guns in celebration of the "cultural unification" plan linking Syria with Egypt and Jordan. As members of a militarized youth organization, the girls receive military training just as do their Israeli counterparts.