

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

A year ago I met a fine lady with whom I have fallen in love. She is in her early 40's; I am 56. She has a lovable nature, a fine education, and not a fault that I can see; her personality and her keen humor make me feel so at ease, perhaps because I am very much in love. But she will allow no mention of either love nor marriage!

"Twenty-one years ago she married, and I understand it was a tragic failure that ended in divorce. We enjoy so many, many things together that I am sure I can make and keep her happy. Financially she is well off, and so am I. . . . At the moment she is visiting friends in another town, and her letters are delightfully witty — but never does she say she even misses me. Whenever we are together she is invariably kind and sweet, but this is the only indication that she is fond of me.

"Could the difference in our ages be the barrier between us? Perhaps she is reluctant to say

so? (My health is perfect.) After dating her regularly for a year, haven't I the right to know how she feels? Please do not think of me as an old man with silly ideas, but I feel that I must know where I stand.

ANXIOUS FRIEND

TIME TO SPEAK

• It is not only young men in love who grow impatient of delay; older ones do, too. Your house and your heart await the woman who will share them, and you long for this one who you believe can make that house a home. I agree that the time has come to speak, and for her to answer.

• Her reluctance to discuss the future may be caused by the memories of her tragic marriage. Yet that was years ago, and it sounds incredible that she can misconstrue your assiduous attentions since you met. She does enjoy your friendship, and she is apparently satisfied with the status quo. It does not satisfy you.

• The difference in years might have been vital when you both were younger, but as the years fly by, that should matter less and less. Then one considers the other as a mature companion, and temperament and character are the deciding factors.

• Whatever her reason for delay, however, when you tell her frankly that you want to marry her, she cannot gracefully withhold her answer. Go ahead, and good luck.

JEALOUSLY THREATENS MARRIAGE

"Dear Anne Hirst:

The only rift in our six-year-old marriage is my husband's crazy jealousy. Our quarrels are bitter, and end with horrible accusations which he must know have no basis of truth. He has told me to leave more than once, but I have no intention of giving up this sweet home I've worked so hard to get.

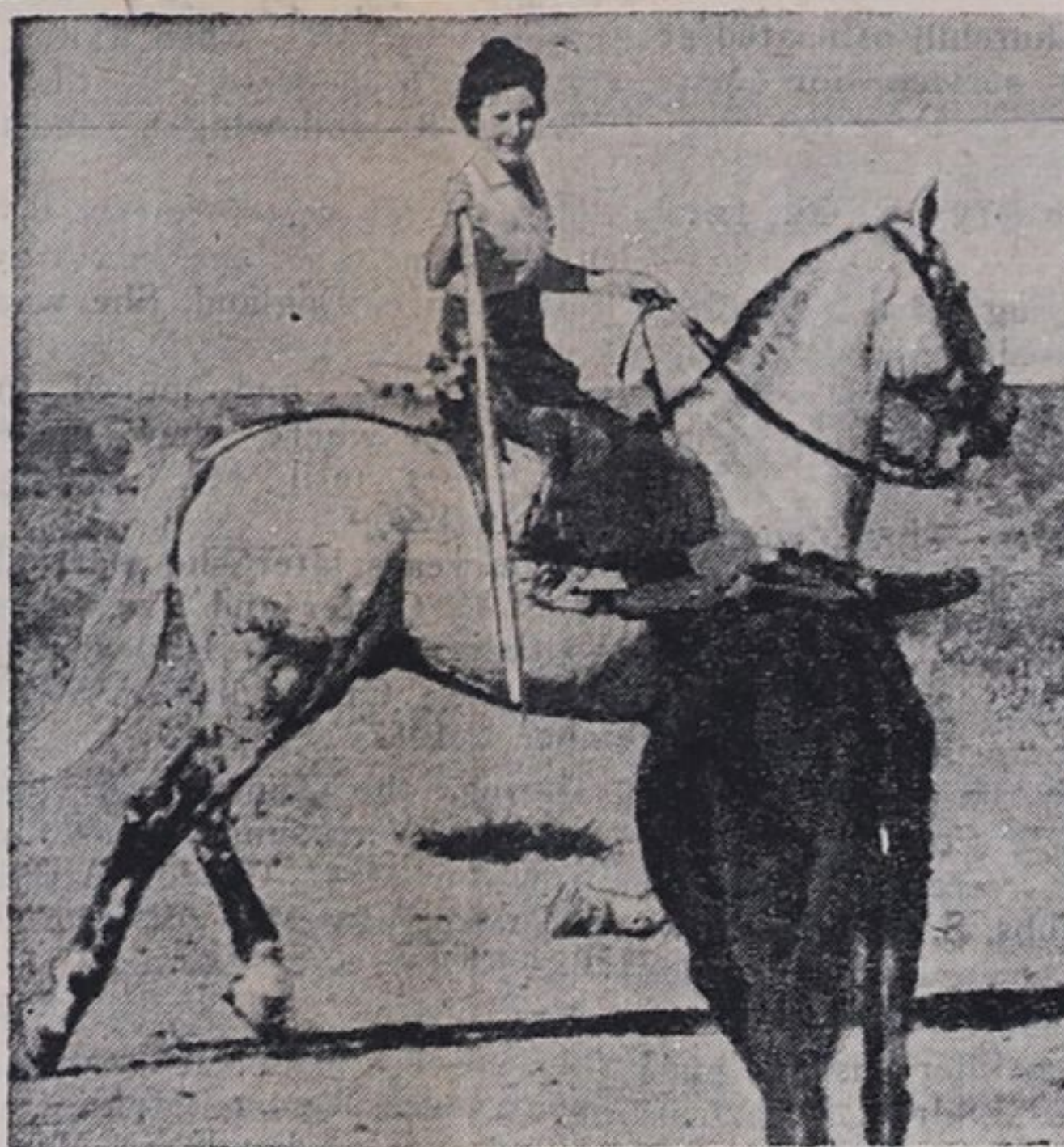
"It certainly looks as though he is searching for a reason to divorce me and is furious because he can't find one. . . . Yes, I suppose that beneath this soul-shocking pattern I still love him some, but honestly, Anne Hirst, most of the time I despise him.

"Our little son is beginning to be distressed by all these scenes. I do hope you can help me, for I am really — FED UP"

• A jealous person is a most miserable creature. Obsessed, usually by a sense of inferiority, or the memory of once being jilted, a man refuses to believe that any woman can be loyal. Such men are almost hopeless, but there is one thing you can do about it—

• Keep your quarrels to yourselves. Leave your husband talking to an empty room, and go out of the house if you have to. If he resumes when you return, do not answer. Go about your duties as though he were not there.

• Can you remind him how cruel it is to expose his little boy to such anger? What a distorted view of marriage he will acquire! When parents deny children the emotional security and mutual respect they deserve, they are not fit to be parents. Appeal to his fatherhood, and see whether that works. It has with other men.



BEAUTY AND THE BULL—Moody motion picture star Ava Gardner is reportedly conferring with beaticians, doctors and make-up men about removing evidence of a recent disagreement with a fighting shorthorn bull in a private bull ring. Ava, long an avid fan of bullfighting, is shown jousting with a young cow in Madrid, Spain, just before the accident. She says heavy make-up conceals the "dimple" in her face remaining from the reported butting she suffered.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM by Gwendoline P. Clarke

We can really enjoy our television now. We were only half enjoying it before. The other half of the time we were irritated and frustrated. Why? Because we were trying to operate it with "rabbit ears". We did get excellent reception but only with Channel 6. We brought our aerial from the farm but did not put it up for two reasons — we couldn't decide definitely where we wanted the set and the lead-in wire, nor just how and where to install the aerial. Television is one of those things . . . you don't want to be without it and yet it disrupts living-room arrangements more than any other piece of furniture. You just have to sort of build around it. I don't wonder so many people put their set in some room other than the living room especially when there are several in the family. But we happen to want ours in the living-room so we tried it first one place and then another and the aerial waited until we were sure we had hit on the least inconvenient location. Partner wouldn't have the aerial put on the roof — afraid it might cause leaks. So we decided on a chimney mount but not the kind that has straps of metal around the chimney. This is a new contraption that fits inside the chimney and requires no tools, drilling or cutting but yet anchors the aerial firmly to one corner of the chimney. Our antenna is only about ten feet above the chimney and works fine. That, however, might not suit everyone — it all depends on the location of your home; its distance from station transmitters and its height above sea-level. If you happen to be interested in this type of aerial installation inquire at your television store for "an internal chimney mount". Thought I would just pass the word along in case anyone might be interested.

Of course we haven't reached perfection yet — we still can't get Channel 17 — our set doesn't run to that — but we are not going to worry about it — at least not until our present set gives up the ghost. Sometimes I think it won't be long until that happens as the picture seems a little darker now than it should be. Oh yes, and before I leave the subject of TV aerials I should mention that quite a few of our neighbours have their aerial installed in the attic. The reception is very good but we didn't fall for the idea because we imagined there might be a greater fire hazard. We couldn't see that it would be properly grounded. Perhaps we are wrong but that was our impression anyway.

Now I am going to tell you about a very different piece of equipment and the reasons that led to its installation. This is not in the same category as television. It is not a luxury but rather a necessity for healthy living conditions. We felt the need of it long before we left the farm but here it seems doubly necessary. What is it? What is it? A portable humidifier no less — to counteract the

dry air in the house. At the farm we had a quart-size waterpan on the furnace. We also had small pails of water placed inside the registers and of course with the good old kitchen stove going there was always a certain amount of steam arising from tea kettles and boiling pots and pans. Here there was nothing at all to create moisture. In the morning Partner would wake up coughing and I would wake during the night with a throat like a nutmeg grater. So we knew something had to be done and started making inquiries. We found that a self-feeding waterpan could be installed on the furnace — which, incidentally, many people already have and do not use. While we were considering this type I remembered that several years ago friends of ours had bought an electric humidifier and thought it wonderful. I phoned Mrs. N. . . . and asked for more particulars. "Oh, yes, they still liked it — wouldn't be without it for anything — never have colds any more." So we contacted a home appliance store and had a similar one sent up on trial. It looks like a space heater, plugs into any outlet and holds about 2 gallons of water. A small meter comes with it. It records the amount of moisture in the air. Dry is 30; normal 40 to 60; moist 60 to 80. To start with it registered 30. It took two or three days to get the moisture content up to 45. The result? Almost unbelievable! No coughing or parched throats. Even so, after a week we decided a larger one was necessary to take care of the whole house as we have it plugged in in the hallway. We made the exchange and now we can keep the whole house at 50 degrees of moisture quite easily. The cost was not prohibitive — about

Donkeys Sold For Sixpence

Whoever started the story that donkeys are stupid was himself rather stupid, a professor of natural history said recently. Donkeys have brains of a high order and have proved time after time that they can use them in an emergency.

Not long ago a donkey saved four people from almost certain death in a blinding snowstorm on the Swiss mountain, the Jungfrau. Overtaken by the storm, they decided to try and reach their hotel alone and not wait for a guide, so they set off with the donkey.

As they stumbled along blindly the donkey suddenly stopped and refused to budge. All the party could do was to huddle together and await the arrival of a guide three hours later. They then found that the donkey had halted them on the edge of a very deep crevasse hidden by snow.

A man living in the Outjo district of South-West Africa traveling to town in a cart drawn by two donkeys when three lions appeared in the roadway. The donkeys unhesitatingly charged the lions at breakneck speed, dragging the cart with them.

The lions fled, leaving the donkeys to continue their journey peacefully.

Yes, it's a mistake to underestimate the donkey. Most of the donkeys in Britain today were bred in Eire, but their numbers are declining. Are donkeys doomed to become extinct in this country? a naturalist asked recently.

A donkey is a comparatively rare sight today, though down on the south coast you can see plenty of them taking part in the very popular donkey race meetings which were featured in a recent Tit-Bits article.

In Victorian times hundreds were seen in the London streets. The old costermongers could buy a donkey for £2 or £3 and called him a "moke".

A census of London donkeys

a quarter of what you would pay for a TV set — and the returns certainly compensate for the initial outlay. Partner and I agreed it should be our Christmas present to ourselves. Our doctor-neighbor says it is a wise investment; that half the coughs and colds are the result of dry, overheated houses. I know Daughter has a small vaporizer always on hand for the children. At the first sign of a croupy cough on goes the steamer and it never fails to bring good results.

some years ago revealed that not more than 50 were left. Yet in Cape Province, South Africa, a few years ago, donkeys were so plentiful that they were being sold at sixpence each.

Smart Flattery PRINTED PATTERN



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ISSUE 5 — 1958

Beginner Easy



by Laura Wheeler

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PICTURE WINDOW—Scorning canvas, Bulgarian artist Assen Peikov paints on framed glass in his Rome Studio. A famed sculptor who has made a life-sized statue of Ava Gardner among other works, Peikov says the glass is less of an obstacle to artistic expression than canvas.



BEST OF PALS—Think this mouse is about to end up as a quick snack? Not a chance. The cat, Prince Mickey, a Russian Blue shorthair, and his rodent pal, Mousey, are the pets of Mrs. Evelyn Adams. Strangely enough, they're friends.



JAPAN'S ROYAL FAMILY—Relaxing in the garden of the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, Japan's royal family focuses attention on a household pet, held by Prince Yoshi. Standing, from left, are Crown Prince Akihito, Princess Suga, Empress Nagako and Emperor Hirohito. The Emperor, a noted biologist, prefers his garden to be kept natural and untrimmed.