# THE MORRISBURG LEADER

VOL. 95, NO. 2. MORRISBURG, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1957 $2.50 YR. IN CANADA; $3.50 IN U.S.A.


## MORRISBURG COUPLE GET MESSAGE FROM QUEEN ON SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Millward, of Morrisburg, celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on New Year's day at their home on Main Street, West.

A family dinned was served at noon and in the afternoon the happy couple received their many acquaintances and friends from town and district.

The rooms were decorated with mums and other flowers and the tea table with yellow mums and long white tapers, was centered with a large wedding cake.

The bride of 60 years ago, is teh former Eliza Monteith, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Monteith of South Mountain, while the groom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Millward of Hoasic.

Their marriage took place in St. James Anglican Church, Kemptville on January 1st, 1897.

Their entire married life has been spent in and neear Morrisburg.

Their family consisted of seven children, five of whom are living:—Welby and John of Kingston; Basil of Cornwall; Orval of Morrisburg; and Mrs. Charles Wells (Cora) of Syracuse, N. Y.

A son and a daughter,, Ernest and Mabel predeceased them.

There are also nine grandchildren and six great grandchildren. The children and four grandchildren were present for the anniversary.

The honoured couple were the recipients of many gifts, one of which was a television set from their children.

Among the many congratulatory messages received was one from Her Majesty, ueen Elizabeth, one from Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, one from Premier Frost, one from Reeve George Beavers and one from their grandson. Karl Millward, who is stationed in Germany with the Canadian Armed Forces.



## MORRISBURG'S 1957 EXECUTIVE BODY AT INAUGURAL

**Pictured here are the men who will be doing Morrisburg's municipal business for the next year. The photo was taken at their inaugural meeting on Monday last.**

**From left to right they are: Mac Wilson, A. E. Edgerton, W. Guay, Reeve George Beavers, Harry Duval, Rev. F. L. Howald, who conducted prayer at the opepning meeting, and Municipal Clerk Lloyd Barkley.**

—Photo by Smith, Morrisburg.—Plate courtesy of the Standard Freeholder.

## LOTS NOW READY FOR SALE IN EAST WILLIAMSBURG SUB-DIVISION

The East Williamsburg Sub-Division, parcel and pplpan is now ready for the sale of lots to the public. This sub-division is under the supervision of the municipapl Council of the Township of Williamsburg and firstly for the replacement of residents of the Township who are forced to move due to the construction of the St. Lawrence Power Project. To this date, these people have been contacted and 32 lots have been spoken for.

However, there are still many more lots of any size that you may wish for sale to the public as a whole and the Council of the Township of Williamsburg invites you to contact Mr. George Jowett, Morrisburg, R. R. 1, (Telephone Morrisburg 327-J) and he will be glad to explain any detail, or show you the plan or the site of the sub-division. This sub-division is stuated a very short distance from the St. Lawrence River on a very likeable tract of land and will be protected by a land use and sub-division control By-law, impplemented by the municipal council and the Department of Planning and Developmpent. Also a plan for the distribution of water and sewage is now under discussion by Hydro Engineers and a decision is expected at any time.

If you are thinking of buying a lot take a look at what we have to offer before you make any decision.

Municipal Council of the Township of Williamsburg, Keith Schell, Clerk-Treas., Williamsburg, Ontario.

## REID — HOLMES

Morrisburg United Church was the scene, Saturday, December 15th, of the marriage of Helen Eileen Holmes and Jack Pennington Reid.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. William Casselman and the late Mr. Casselman of Morrisburg. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Reid of Morrisburg.

Green fern and white chrysanthemums banked the altar for the candle-light, double ring ceremony performed by the minister, Rev. J. Maxwell Allan. Mrs. Geo. Smith, played the nuptial music and accompanied the soloist, Mr. Gordon Thom, who sang "The Lord's Prayer" and "Because" during the signing of the register.

Given in marriage by her brother, Gordon Casselman, the bride was charming in a floor length gown of ice blue rose p oint lace over ice blue satin. The lace bodice was designed with long tight-fitting sleeves that came to points over the hands, and a scoop neckline, trimmed with medallions of irridescent sequins. The full circle skirt was styled with a band of wide insertion of tullle just below the hipplipne and trimmed with appliques of handcut rosepoint. Her fingertip veil of ice blue illusion tulle, was attached to her period cap of ice blue rosepoint and trimmed with irridescent sequins and seed peparls.

She carried a cascade bouquet of red roses, white gardenias and stephanotis.

The bride was attended by Mrs. Harry Mitchell of Cherry Valley, as matron of honor and Misses Marjory Stoddart of Prescott, Helen Cryderman of Aultsville and Blanche Casselman of Morrisburg, as bridesmaids. Their impoted waltz-length gowns were in harmonizing shades of golden yellow, tropical rose, periwinkle blue and mint green, net over satin with decoletage neck lines, trimmed with sequins and pearls. They wore matching halos, lace mitts and carried cascade bouquets of pink and yellow roses and white baby mums.

The three little flower girls were quaintly attired in nylon organdy dresses of blue, pink and yellow. Thesir gowns had full gathered skirts tiny puff sleeves and dainty Bertha Collars of white organdy, eyed with lace. Their headdresses were small chiffon butterflies outlined with silver and they carred hosts of some married people.

Harry Mitchell, of Cherry Valley was best man, and ushers were Ellery Casselman, Carl Casselman, William McIntyre and Pedcy Markell, of Morrisburg.

Mrs. Casselman, mother of the groom, wore a gown of teal blue lace over taffeta. her accessories were navy blue, with a corsage of red roses.

Mrs. Reid., mother of the groom, chose a gown of turquoise with black accesories and a corsage of red roses.

The reception for over 200 guests was held in the Auditorium of the new Morrisburg Public School with Morrison-Lamothe catering. The bride's table was centered by a five tier wedding cake surmounted with gardenias and a miniature bride and groom. The cake was decorated by Mr. Tote of Brockville.

Rev. Allan proposed the toast to the bride and Mr. Reid, the groom responded.

To travel, Mrs. Reid donned a grey tweed suit, muskrat jacket, aqua hat with feather trimming, broadtail shoes and purse. Her corsage bouquet was of yellow roses.

After a brief honeymoon in Eastern Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Reid returned to Morrisburg where they will reside.

The groom's gift to the bride was matching luggage and the bride presented the groom with a gold wrist watch.

Gifts to the bridesmaids were gold compacts and to the best man and ushers sets of gold cuff links and tie clips.

The little flower girls received dainty gold crosses.

## Jogging Around

A business depression is a state of affairs where you never had it so good before, and you never got rid of it so quickly and easily.

No one has said definietly to date that there will be a national election this summer, but listen to this, if it counts. The Liberal government, and the opposition, Progressive-Conservativ)e, C.C.F. and Labor Progressive parties have allagreed on one thing during the Debate in answer to the speech from the throne—that is that Old Age Pensions, Veteran's Allowances and Family Allowances should be upped by a considerable amount. We would like to seen just oneparty come advocatting abolition of these tax consuming gambits, but we doubt that this will happen in the forseeable future.

A number of towns which have arenas similar to the one in Morrisburg, have recently had them converted to public ownership. As such they can qualify, as community centres, for substational pprpovincial grants. We don't nnow how this proposition would strike some of the larger shareholders of the present Morrisburg Arena Co., but we suggest it as a proposition which might be taken up by the Chamber of Commerce. A few smaller shareholders have already indicated that they willingly would turn over their shares to a community ownership. There are few professions today which offer such good returns to a young man of limited education as professional hockey. We have had many potential hockey stars of possible N.H.L. calibre on Morrisburg teams during the past few years, but they have been stymied by the short season provided with natural ice. A substantial government grant would probably make popsible the installation of an artificial ice plant in the local arena, and the extension of the skating and hockey season.

Sympathy is extended to Editor Fern Workman of the Winchester Press, in the death of his mother, Mrs. William Workman of Midland, which occurred recently.

A bill has been introduced into the Federal Government asking for prpovision for a life sentence for anyone convicted of trafficking in drugs. We arae wondering who will have the temerity to suggest that the first 'victims' of this proposed law should be the heads of the various provincial liquor commissions.

The past year has been a mighty hard one on both the health and the aspirations of Conservative leaders in widely separated parts of the world. In Canada, George Drew, leader of the Conservative Party, and admittedly one of the most clever Parliamentarians ever to grace the halls of that august body, never quite "took" with the rank and file of the party, saw himself gradually losing prestige, and with it his health, resigned as leader of the Opposition, and as a Member of Parliament. In Britain, an equally clever man, Sir Anthony Eden, who had been handpicked by his predecessor, and carefully groomed for his exaletd position for the past twenty five years, likewise had a breakdown in his health and has resigned as Prime Minister and as a Member of Parliament.

## LIBRARY CORNER

THE DUCHESS by Helen Howe is a brilliant perceptive novel written wiiwtwh just the proper dash of bitters to increase its flavour. I has tenderness too and also wisdom.

It iis Miss Howe at her best.

## TOWNSHIP OF WILLIAMSBURG

Applications will be received by the undersigned until six o'clock p. m. on the 21st day of anuary, 1957 for the position of Assessor for the Township of Williamsburg. Appliants must state age, education, assessing or municipal experience and salary expected.

KEITH SCHELL, Clerk-Treas., Township popf Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Ont.

2-3c.





DOMINION

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You'll find RICHMELLO fresher too! It's baked fresh daily and rushed to your DOMINION only hours from the oven. Pick up two or three loaves this week. Your family will love it.

DAVID'S 1 Lb. Pkg.

**Ginger Snaps 25c**

KRAFT
CHEESE SLICES, 8 oz. pkg. . . . . 37c

CHASE & SANBORN
INSTANT COFFEE, 6 oz. jar . . . . . $1.62

FRESH, SALTED, CLUBHOUSE
BLANCHED PEANUTS, 14 oz. pkg. . . . . 35c

PARTY TREAT
CHOCOLATE MALLOWS, lb. . . . . 39c

CRINO
EVAPORATED MILK, 16 oz. tin . . . . . 13c

MAPLE LEAF
**BOLOGNA 25c lb**

MAPLE LEAF
SAUSAGES, lb. . . . . 49c

Values Effective at Dominion Stores, Ltd.
From Jan. 14 to Jan. 19th, 1957.

HEINZ KOSHER FRESH PACK 16 OZ. JAR
**Dill Pickle Chips 21c**

LYNN VALLEY
STANDARD PEAS, 20 oz. tin . . . . . 2 for 37c

LIPTON
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP MIX, pkg. . . . . 2 for 25c

MONARCH
MARGARINE, 1 lb. pkg. . . . . 31c

AYLMER
TOMATO CATSUP, 11 oz. bottle . . . . . 23c

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IMPORTED
RIPE TOMATOES, tube . . . . . 19c

Cut Food Costs at DOMINION

# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Never before have I consulted a stranger, but your column has often impressed me as wise and honest. . . .We have been married nine years, and I cannot approve of the way my wife is handling our two youngsters. I was brought up to respect my parents and to believe in their kindness and justice, and today in my own home I see these virtues confused.

"My wife and I have different ideas about child-training. She overlooks offenses which I feel are fundamental, and then punishes the youngsters for what I call minor pranks. She is dictatorial by nature, and our many conferences usually end in her having her way and my swift retirement from the scene.

"How can I reconcile her decisions and make her see how unreasonable they often are? I know I am not always right, but this continuing contention is getting me down; I know it is not fair to the children. I love them all deeply, and if you have any suggestions that would bring more frequent agreement, I would appreciate them.

**PUZZLED DAD."**

* * *

**LEARN TO CONCEDE**

A mother's instincts and methods usually are sound. Your wife is with the children most of the time, and she knows them better than you, with all your concern, possibly can. Most mothers sense the need to approve here, to discipline there, because they understand the children's individual personalities and differing reactions. Except for week ends and vacations, what opportunities have you to study them except for a few hours each night?

When you and your wife disagree, don't take it for granted that she is always wrong. Ask her to explain her decisions, and discuss them openly and in good humor. The siutation is too vital to the children's proper development for her decisions to be repeated issues between you.

Both of you want to prepare the children to get the most out of life. They must be taught the right of others, the elements of fair play and co-operation, the need for obedience. It is vital to their emotional security that their parents agree on the pattern decided upon, so they will respect their elders' judgment, accept it as final, and not run from mother to father to gain their ends. Children are quick to recognize justice, you know, and divided opinions undermine the confidence they should have in their parents' wisdom and kindness.

If more fathers were as concerned as you are for their children's character and development, there would be fewer delinquents in our country. A closer co-operation, and mutually recognized reasonableness between you and their mother, should establish a friendlier solution to your problems.

* * *

**HUSBAND BORES HER**

"Dear Anne Hirst: We married nine years ago, and have a daughter of eight. After the first two years I fell out of love and I don't know why; I've never thought of another man, but my husband and I don't see life as we used to, and have many differences. He is 10 years older, and just wants to sit home all the time, while I want to enjoy life; I love people and gaiety, and I feel I am just wasting myself now. Maybe I married too young?

"I don't want a divorce, because of our little girl; she adores him and they are great freinds; and I think she'll need him even more as she matures. . . . Shall I try to stick things out, or leave now?

**MARIE."**

* * *

I hope you will compare your marriage with less satisfactory ones, and cease regretting it. How much worse it could have been! Your husband is faithful and kind, he supports you well and seems to have no vices. If both would try to be more congenial, your life together could be wonderful.

You are restless, I believe, because he doesn't take you out regularly. He may prefer his own fireside, but a man his age shouldn't be too exhausted to take you dancing, visiting friends, or enjoy other recreations with you. If only for your little girl's sake, you both should be building an active life for her to step into in another few years. If you suggest such a program with her future in mind, it is very likely your husband will co-operate fully, and find himself enjoying outside activities which can refresh you both. Forget divorce now, and start playing together for a richer ife for you all.

* * *

**Agreement on the children's upbringing is a MUST for all parents. It establishes harmony and trust among the family, and prevents discord all around. Anne Hirst's understanding can be valuable in this situation. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.**

## Healthy Village

Any man or woman who seriously wants to live to be a centenarian should go to live in the little village of Cologna Marina, on the Adriatic coast of Italy. Scientists who have been trying to find out why the villagers live to such ripe old ages confess that they're baffled.

Is it something in the sea air that produces so many centenarians? The scientists would like to know, since they just can't find any reasonable explanation for the villagers' longevity and extraordinary vitality.

When the village's oldest inhabitant died two years ago he was 106. A number of the 500 people he left behind are centenarians or in their nineties. Illness is practically unknown there. Some of the centenarians are so spry that they get up at 5 a.m. to attend church on Sundays.

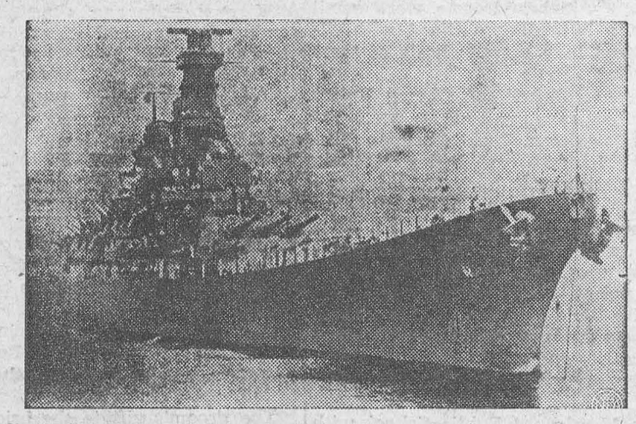
One of the villagers, Giovanni Boni, a mere "youngster" of ninety-four, reflects the youthful outlook of the community when he says:

"It's always been my ambition to fly in an aircraft. I'm saving up for this treat, and I reckon that by the time I reach my 100th birthday I'll just about have enough to pay for a long flight."

SALLY'S SALLIES



"Just think, dear, this may be our last kiss . . . in 1956."



**INTO HONORABLE RETIREMENT** — The veteran battleship, New Jersey, is off to join the mothball fleet for the second time. When launched Dec. 7, 1942, the 45,000-ton, three-blocks-long New Jersey and her sister ship, Iowa, were the largest warships afloat. In 18 months of World War II combat in the Pacific, she took part in nine major operations. She was first mothballed in 1948, but recalled to service in 1950 at the outset of the Korean War, in which she was damaged in combat.



**PAIR OF QUEENS**—Radiant charm of two British queens sparkles as Queen Elizabeth II, right, and the Queen Mother arrive at the Royal Academy in London to attend a reception. Ermine for wraps and jeweled tiaras complement the regal setting of royal limousine.



# CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

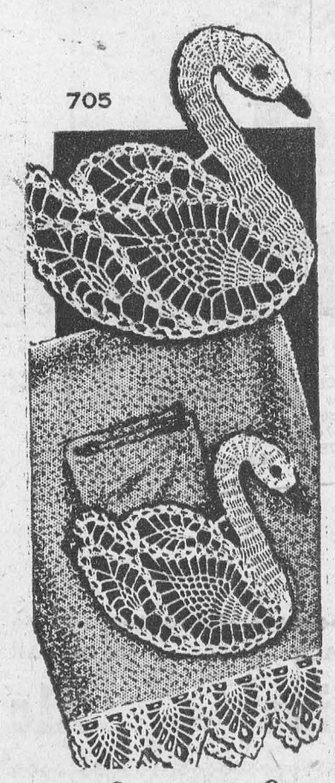
All last week the telephone repair men were busy stringing extra wires from pole to pole alongside the cable. Now wasn't it nice of the Bell Telephone Company to adopt our suggestions so quickly! Of course we don't know exactly what is being done—or why. We can only hope it is another step towards keeping the line in good working order. Years ago the telephone was more or less of a luxury; now it is a necessity—one reason, we depend on this one necessity to keep our luxuries in order. Or do we have luxuries any more? Have all our luxuries become necessities? I wonder. Hydro, for instance. In the populated areas of Ontario the percentage of homes without electriciy must now be very small. Even with Hydro there have been many changes. At first farm folk were satisfied if all they had was electric light in the home. But eventually, with power easily available came an increase in conveniences both at the house and the barn. Now in some farm homes, besides the usual gadgets and appliances, you find home freezers, automatic washers, oil-burning furnaces and even air-conditioning. (But not at Ginger Farm, I'm afraid.) At the barns, of course, there is a motor for this and a motor for that — for chopping, milking and separating. Yes, it is a far cry from the days when Hydro was first installed. Which brings us back to the telephone. The more electrical appliances we have the more chances there are of something going out of order — and the more we are likely to need the telephone. Perhaps the milking machine refuses to function; the television blacks out; the controls on the electric stove stop controlling or maybe a bad storm hits a transformer. Whatever the trouble we run to the telephone. If the line is out of order we feel completely lost. Or there may be other emergencies . . . we need a doctor in a hurry, or a vet, or the fire reel. Actually it could be a matter of life or death. So isn't it only reasonable to want — and expect — that our rural lines be maintained with maximum efficiency? Every effort is usually made to keep them that way. We know that. There is also a tremendous expansion program in progress. I am referring to the importance of the telephone only as a reason for emphasizing that efficient service is an absolute must.

Well, there hasn't been any drastic change in the weather around here for over a week. Driving conditions on the highways have been good but on the sideroads very bad. Sometimes I wonder whether it is really an advantage to live close to a main highway. It makes you forget that all roads are not equally good. And that's how city visitors driving to the country often get caught napping. Last week I had to make a call about twenty miles away. To cut down on the mileage I drove across country. It was a grim experience. Where it wasn't slippery it was slushy. At one point I met a truck going so fast that it completely splattered my windows and windshield with slush. I couldn't see a yard ahead of me. How I kept out of the ditch I'll never know as I couldn't apply the brakes. Just one more instance of how easily an accident could have happened through the carelessness of a thoughtless driver. Believe me, I didn't take any more chances on narrow cross-country roads that day. I came back by the highway.

The country, as I write, is looking dreary and bleak without a vestige of snow and so on some farms young cattle and horses are roaming the fields. They don't seem to mind it at all. I suppose they are conditioned to all kinds of weather. With the milking cows it is a different story. They are the farmers' babies. For them winter time is a lazy time — and they make the most of it. They have no worries whatsoever. All they can eat and drink is placed right in front of them. They take their fill and then contentedly chew their cud or go to sleep. They are disturbed only at milking time and when the stables are cleaned. Under these conditions cows in normal good health respond by being the most contented creatures on this earth.

Poultry, too, must surely prefer winter weather. Most birds can stand cold better than heat anyway. But, alas, hens can be killed with kindness. Left to their own devices they become fat and lazy. So young birds are encouraged to be active — to get up early and go to bed late. Older birds — if they are held over — are allowed a little more leeway to get over the moult. But if they don't rejoin the production lines in reasonable time it's the stewpot for them. Recently from one such hen I got a pound and a half of rendered fat. The fat makes excellent cakes and cookies, which, incidentally disappear in a hurry when we have all the family here. And that happened yesterday — so the cookie jar is empty again. Even Edward shares in the spoil — possibly to exercise his brand new teeth!

## Useful--Decorative




by Laura Wheeler

This graceful swan is a pocket for facecloth—matching edging, a pretty decoration. Easy to crochet in favorite pineapple design.

Pattern 705: Crochet directions in mercerized string, for "swan" pocket 7½ inches. For pocket on smaller towels, use No. 30 cotton.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS.**

Our gift to you — two wonderful patterns for yourself, your home — printed in our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book . . . Plus dozens of other new designs to order — crochet, knitting, embroidery, iron-ons, novelties. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW — with gift patterns printed in it!

## Reluctant Hero

Riverside promenaders saw an elderly man struggling in the swirling waters and heard his shouts for help.

They crowded round as a young man suddenly dived fully dressed into the sea and brought off a gallant rescue, amid cheers.

Everybody showered the rescuer with congratulations. A proposal that the hero should be honoured was received with acclamation.

"Oh, well, it's all right with me," said the young man when they finally allowed him to speak, "but what I'd like to know is — who pushed me off the bank?"

ISSUE 2 — 1957

**NEW PRINTED PATTERN**
**EASIER—FASTER**
**MORE ACCURATE**




**PRINTED PATTERN**

With PRINTED directions on each pattern part — sewing just couldn't be easier! Make a date-dress, or jumper and blouse; its lovely lines are ideal for winter-cotton, corduroy, rich velveteen!

Printed Pattern 4500: Misses' Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 jumper requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 1⅝ yards.

Directions printed on each tissue pattern part. Easy-to-use, accurate, assures perfect fit.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS** and **STYLE NUMBER.**

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



**AS THE PINCH BEGINS TO HURT**—In England, the lineup of autos at gas stations grows larger each day, as the British government makes additional slashes in gasoline for private motorists. London garages are now serving only "regular customers."



**CHRISTMAS CAME TO THE PEN, TOO** — Obscuring the barred windows behind them, these Nativity scenes stand atop the Ohio State Penitentiary's administration building. They were recently completed by three inmates, who worked six weeks on the 40-foot display. It features life-sized figures and a lighted star on the prison wall in background. This is the first year the prison has had such Yule decorations.

## Wedding Day In Brazil

The guitar nestled close to his chest. His hand caressed the strings that sang the things his heart could not say in words. Upward, his hand followed the straight neck of the instrument. He began to hum. Words formed in his mind and came out in song.

A finger slipped from the strings and rested against the opening of his worn shirt. He found a hole in the cloth.

"Perhaps I ought to buy another shirt before the wedding. A man should have things of his own. Not only a toiling raft with a sturdy mast, a patched sail, a basket for the fish, and a violao." He laughed good-humoredly. "Not even a bed I own! Only my boat, my guitar, and my knife. Before the wedding, perhaps I will buy another shirt and another pair of trousers. Marilia likes a man to look clean." Languidly his fingers strummed the strings of the guitar. The sound of lazy, sad minors surged above the angry rush of the waves.

"Marilia has never said a word about a man looking new and important with a clean shirt on. Perhaps she did not want to worry me. She knew I have but one shirt, one pair of trousers." He laughed a low, intimate laugh. "Perhaps I have always seemed clean to her. The foam of the waves is better than the soap the women rub on their clothes. Still, I like the smell of things clean. I like the way Marilia's kitchen is. I have never seen the table bare, as in the hut of Cravina, with the marks of Juca's fingers showing on the wood. Marilia's white cloth with lacy endings makes the kitchen a place where a prince would come to eat. When a man sits at a table that has a cloth like Marilia's, a man ought to have his fingers clean.

"She has knives and forks, too. Cravina says it is because Marilia thinks herself above the others of the village, but I know it is because she likes her fingers always to be clean. Then, too, Marilia has often been at the house of Dona Vera. My woman must have gathered some of her good manners from the fine ladies of Olinda." His voice hummed slowly the melody of the strings. "Perhaps I should buy a pair of shoes, too. But only for the day of the wedding." He spread his free toes in the sand. "Never have I walked with anything tight around my feet. Nor a hat above my forehead. I like to leave the head bare, under the skies, so that I may feel the drops of rain coming from the clouds. A man does not make a sacrifice in all his ways because he is going to marry himself with a woman, even if the woman is as good as Marilia. Shoes perhaps, but a hat I will not buy. From "White Shore of Olinda," by Sylvia Leao.

## Fascination Of Deep Sea Shells

I have often been asked, "What is the best time to collect shells?" There is no "best" time anywhere. Shells are to be found at all seasons in all latitudes and as some species are to be found at one season or even during a short period in one season, and are absent at other times, the collector should endeavor to hunt shells at all times. Very often some species of shell will be abundant for a day or two and then completely vanish. Neither is there any one stage to the tide which is the "best" for collecting. Some shells are to be found only at low tide, others at high tide, others at the turns of the tides.

Also, many species of shells are nocturnal and only appear very early in the morning before they have hidden away, or late in the afternoon when they begin to come forth from their hiding places.

If you are lucky enough to live within reach of the shore, or spend your summers by the sea, or go to Florida, the West Indies or California or some other warm place for the winter, you will find the "shelling" is a most fascinating occupation.

A great many shells live in the short, dense sea grass that carpets many mud flats and shelly, sandy bottoms. Here is where you will find the ark shells or blood clams, many species of periwinkles and Naticas, a number of nice bi-valve shells, and if you are collecting in a locality where they occur, Murex and [redacted] gathered here and there, and everywhere become transformed into lovely, colorful, clean specimens such as you see in the exhibits in museums. From "Shell Collector's Handbook," by A. Hyatt Verrill.

[redacted]

tobacco cigaret-fashion and pushing it into a small tube in the end of the fruit, the Belgian Congo natives transform the calabash into a highly serviceable pipe.



**TROUBLE-SHOOTER** — Year-old Janice Brazeau has a professional air as she probes the inside of Daddy's tubeless television set with a screw driver. Even if set were working, you couldn't get a prettier picture.

## Sat On Spy To Prevent Capture

Violette Bushell—English father, French mother—had been a slip of a Brixton shop-girl. Early in the war she had fallen in love with Etienne Szabo, a gallant young officer of the Free French Forces in England, married him and borne him a daughter.

When he was killed at El Alamein she joined the A.T.S. to dedicate her sorrow to the service of her country, helped to man an ack-ack battery on the Mersey, then, on account of her knowledge of French, was invited to enrol in the Special Operations Executive as a F. A. N. Y. officer. It was one of the most dangerous jobs a girl could undertake.



**MAN TRAP** — Bachelors beware! Tread ever so lightly on this snare and voom! — 13 jagged teeth spring into your leg, rendering you helpless in the face of husband-hunters. The fiendish device, being pondered over by Chris Cominel, was once used to ensnare poachers on an English estate.

Not by the wildest stretch of imagination could the slightly-built shop-girl have foreseen the role she was to play in German-held Normandy just after D-Day. Her second mission there was a parachute drop on June 7th, 1944, to join a Resistance group and help sabotage in every possible way the German defences.

With the chief of the local Maquis, "Anastasie," she had to contact groups in neighbouring sectors for a concerted plan of operations. It meant a perilous car journey over guarded roads which were being used by the Germans to rush up reserves—and there was a price on Anastasie's head.

At Salon-la-Tour they ran into an ambush. Anastasie leapt out with his Tommy-gun, Violette with her Sten, while others in the party scattered. Then followed a desperate running fight across fields which R. J. Minney describes graphically in his story of her life, "Carve Her Name with Pride."

Bullets rained on them from about thirty Germans who were soon joined by the advance guard of an S.S. Panzer division sweeping the villages to clear the road. Violette received a wound in her left arm, then was brought down by an ankle which had been injured during her training jumps. Anastasie picked her up, but she struggled to get free.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "We can't both be saved. You won't stand a chance if you're caught. Besides, you've got work to do. Go on. Get out!"

She beat his shoulders with her fists, kicked and wriggled, brought them both down into the standing corn.

Bullets were pinging all round them now. She limped off to an apple tree, an easy target. It was a miracle she wasn't killed. Standing up, she blazed away at the oncoming Germans, about 400 in all.

"Run!" she called. "Run! It's your last chance!"

As two armoured cars converged towards them he managed to reach a farmhouse and worm his way into a pile of logs. The farmer's two daughters, who knew him, came out and quickly piled more logs on top of him. Seeing a foot still exposed, one of them promptly sat down on it to hide it, a ruse which eventually enabled him to escape.

Violette, her Sten gun magazines empty, was cornered and seized. As she kicked and fought back with her fists, two German soldiers pinioned her and half-dragged her—exhausted and in great pain—to the heap of logs where Anastasie lay hidden.

"I like your spirit," the young armoured-car officer told her. "You put up a wonderful fight—right up to the end." He took a cigarette from his case, stuck it between her lips, but she spat it out. "You dirty cowards," she raged. "I don't want your cigarettes!" Then she demanded that the men let go her arms so that she could light a cigarette of her own.

As the two armoured cars turned into the village street hundreds watching from their windows saw her go by, shouting death and damnation to her captors: "Your fate is already sealed. The end is drawing near. It won't be long now. Then you swines will get your desserts in full!"

During months of captivity—at Limoges, Fresnes, Ravensbruck and elsewhere—Violette maintained her attitude of defiance. Questioned and tortured at the Gestapo H.Q. in Paris, she steadfastly refused to betray her Resistance colleagues.

At Torgau prison labour camp she planned to escape with a masterkey that a man in the precision tools section made for her, but she was searched, and the key was found. Punishment: ten strokes and solitary confinement.

At Koenigsburg, where she had to fell trees and clear the ground for a new airfield, she endured three bleak winter months of privation, and often for insubordination and contempt was beaten and denied her scant rations.

Eventually, at Ravensbruck in February, 1945, she was taken out and shot in the back of the neck with two other prisoners—Lillian Rolfe and Danielle Williams (real name Bloch) — by order of the German Secret Police. "All three were very brave and I was deeply moved," said camp commandant Schwarzhuber in a report made later under oath. She was only twenty-three, the first British woman to be awarded (posthumously) the George Cross.



**THREE ON AN ELEPHANT** — The mahout keeps a regally bedecked pachyderm on a steady course as Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, left, and Tibet's Dalai Lama, centre, find out the meaning of the phrase "elephant walk." The stroll took place around India's Presidential Palace in New Delhi.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**ISSUE 2 — 1957**

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## Painful Profits

Ever heard of the Accident Racket? It's a form of fraud by which artful people fake accidents and injuries in order to claim compensation.

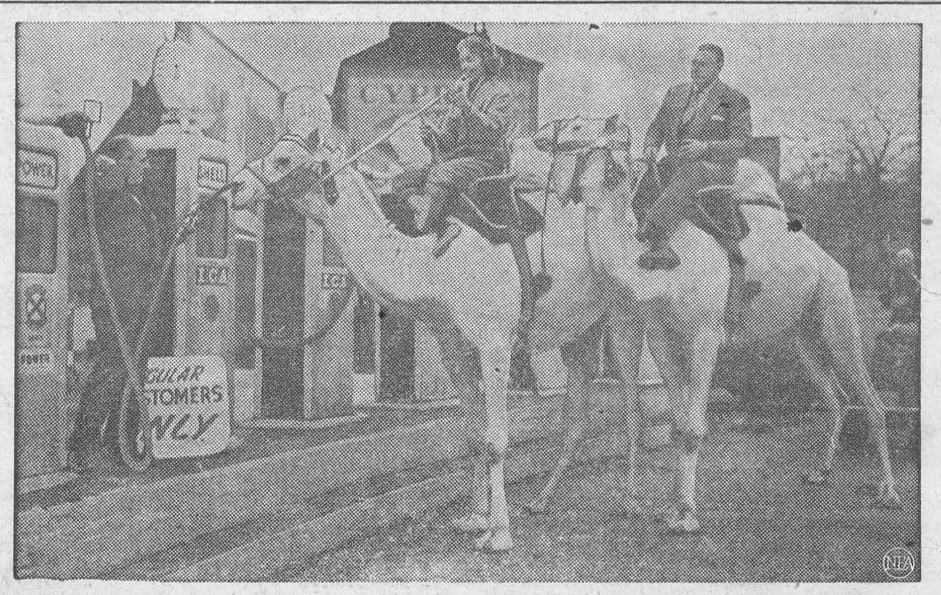
A Frenchman made a set of imitation horse's teeth from wood, clamped it on his arm until the flesh showed the marks of a painful "bite" and then claimed damages from a big firm of haulage contractors.

He made quite a nice living until one day he showed on his arm the marks of a perfect set of horse's teeth, but the vet, who examined the old horse accused of savaging him found that it had only half a set of uppers!

Another shady character used to make money by falling out of a moving train and then claiming damages. He was always breaking an arm or a couple of ribs. But the lucrative racket was painful, so he decided to "die" of his injuries. He "died" several times, until one of his claims was dealt with by an official who had previously worked for another insurance company and had handled an earlier death claim for the same man. As two deaths per person was more than an average risk, the official called at his address and found the "corpse" enjoying his dinner!





**THEY'D WALK A MILE FOR A GALLON OF GAS** — A good thing this London gas station owner sells to "regular" customers only, because here he's confronted with a pair of very irregular non-regular ones. Somebody dreamed up this circus-camel gag to get a chuckle out of British autoists' plight.



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## INSTALLATION OF DIAL SWITCHING EQUIPMENT NOW UNDER WAY HERE

A vital step in preparation of the conversion of Morrisburg's telephone system to dial operatin — the installation of dial switching equipment is now under way in the community's new telephone exchange building.

S. W. Major, Bell Telephone manager for this region, said this week, that crews of Northern Electric craft smen have begun the complex job of installing the apparatus which will take over the task of connecting all local calls in the Morrisburg exchange area, starting in March.

Switches, known as line finders, selectors and connectors, are being set up in a series of columns in the equipment room of the new building. With their metal covers, they look somewhat like rows of canned goods on a grocer's shelves. The switches act when they receive electrical impulses sent out the turning of the dial. As the digits are dialed by a telephone user, the switches seek out the line of the called party and make the connection.

The equipmpent which is being installed here was specially designed and manufactured to meet Morrisburg's telephpone requirements. The delicate mechanisms will have to be kept in an air conditioned room because even a few specks of dust can interfere with their operation.

Asembling and connecting the intricate apparatus are specialized tasks. By the time the exchange is ready for operation, thousands of individually soldered connectons will have been made and miles of connecting wires put in place.

All telephone lines will be connected with the dial equipment well in advance of the cutover, but the switches will be kept out of operation during the painstaking testing period by means of plastic insulators called "blocking picks". At the time of the cutover, these picks will be removed simultaneously, so that all telephones can be converted to dial operation in less than two minutes. Dial equipment initially installed in the new building will be sufficent to serve 1,200 telephones. This will allow for growth of the local telephone system for some time afterwards.

Coincident with the cutover, all telephone numbers will be changed to consist of the prefix Kingsdale 3 followed by four figures, to conform with the uniform numbering plan which is becoming standard throughout the United States and Canada.

Mr. Major added that many other engineering, construction and installation projects must be carried out as part of the dial conversion program, and that each of these projects is progressing according to schedule.

## ANNUAL MEETING HELD AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

The annual meeting of St. Paul's Lutheran Church was held in the Cas tleman Memorial Hall on Wednesday evening, January 9th. The Pastor, Rev. F. L. Howald occupied the chair and all members of the Church Counil were present.

The ladies of the congregation furnished and served a delicious supper which about 75 members and iends sat down, after which the ear's business was discussed. For ir spiritual and material guidance, v. Howald read, from Acts 2—1:4 d Acts 5—1:6, followed by his parial report, and thanked the congation for permitting his absence ing his trip to Germany.

he Congregational Treasurer gave ery encouraging report, and was the recipient of many compliments on his ability as a treasurer.

Each organization reported a successful year with a substantial balance on hand.

With regret the Board accepted the resignation of Mr. K. Beckstead, due to impaired health. Mr. Harvey Barkley was appointed in his place.

The responsibility of appointing auditors, reporters and canvassers was given over to the Church Council. The meeting was closed by singing the Doxology and prayer by the Pastor.


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No. 7 Personnel Depot, Wolseley Barracks, Oxford & Elizabeth Sts., London, Ont. Telephone 4-1601 Local 135
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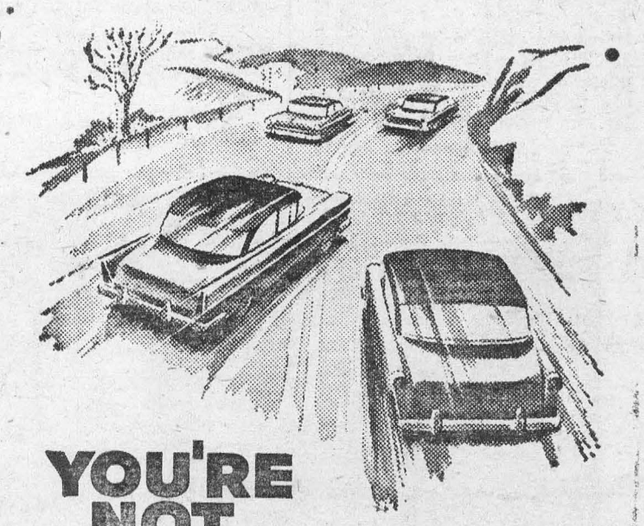


YOU'RE NOT A GOOD DRIVER

IF YOU CUT IN ON TRAFFIC

Passing cars when there is barely enough room to avoid oncoming traffic causes countless highway accidents. Make certain you have plenty of time to pull out, pass and regain your place in line. You will lose only seconds of time but you may save a life.

HOW GOOD ARE YOUR DRIVING HABITS?

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAYS—ONTARIO

## Made Fortune By Taking Day Off

A dignified man placed his hands on little Bernard Baruch's head. His sensitive fingers felt the ridges and undulations. He turned to Barney's mother. "Madam," he said, "your son may be a fine classical scholar, but his head indicates that he is a financial genius. Train him either for finance or politics."

That interview with the phrenologist sealed the fate of young Baruch. Today, at the age of eighty-five, he is one of the richest men in the world, his fortune being estimated at up to $75,000,000.

At eleven he was stubby, fat and nicknamed "Bunch" by the lads in his street who ran their fingers up the back of his head as he passed. This riled him, but he took boxing lessons and lost both his fat and his quick temper, for it's easier to be calm when you can meet personal insults with a handy left hook.

So good was he with his hands that Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighter, advised him to take up boxing as a profession. But as he could speak French and German fluently, and read Latin, Greek and Hebrew, he put his name down for West Point. One deaf ear, however, prevented him from becoming a soldier.

Then his mother remembered the phrenologist's advice and got her son into a Wall Street firm where his job was to convert dollars into foreign currency. Soon he could beat the calculator machines!

As routine work irked him he trekked to Colorado and, during the summer of 1890, dug ore in a mine shaft. Then with his savings he bought shares in an adjacent mine and thought he was on the road to riches.

But the ore was so bad that the mine closed down and he learned his first lesson—never buy first and investigate later.

That autumn, almost broke, he returned to Wall Street as a $5 a week broker's clerk, filling inkwells, running errands and studying the markets. He had such a brain for figures that other clerks found it saved time to ask him rather than look up the answers. Unlike them, he pored over law books, studied bookkeeping and became so useful to his firm that soon he was earning five times his starting salary.

Meanwhile, he had met a pretty girl, and asked his boss to double his salary. "No," was the answer, "but will you accept a junior partnership instead, which on last year's figures means at least $30 a week?" Baruch accepted—it was a good wage in those days.

Later, with an inborn shrewdness and intuition, he calculated that the U.S. Congress would not cut the sugar tariff; he gambled on it and made $100,000. With $95,000 he bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Next year, while holidaying in New Jersey, his partner 'phoned to say that Commodore Schley had destroyed the Spanish fleet at Santiago Bay. The market was closed, for it was the long week-end of July 4th, and he knew that when business began it would go mad. So he hired a locomotive and a single coach and dashed to New York. As the office was locked, he lifted his son through a small window to let him in from the inside.

Then he telephoned the tip to the firm's customers and cabled London to buy American stocks the moment the London Stock Exchange opened. On Monday stocks surged up and he made a bundle.

Once, Baruch made a lot of money by accident. It was when big financiers were fighting for control of Northern Pacific Railroad. Baruch bought as stocks were rising, but knew that the stock he was buying was unsound and intended selling the next day. In the morning his mother 'phoned and said sternly, "Bernard, have you forgotten what day it is?"

It was Yom Kippur, on which no orthodox Jew may transact business. Yet if Baruch did not sell, he would be ruined when prices fell.

"I expect you to stay at home," said his mother.

"All right, Mother," he promised.

Had he been able to use the 'phone on Yom Kippur he would have made a few thousands; as it was, shares kept rising and through no skill of his own he netted $750,000.

By the time he was thirty-two he was worth a million dollars for every year of his life.

When he became a multi-millionaire he bought a 10,000-acre estate, well stocked with deer, wild turkey, duck, quail and other game. Here the famous visited him, and once an admiral who was possibly the worst marksman since the invention of the shotgun, spent a week firing hundreds of rounds without hitting anything.

Then a guide led him to a tree and pointed to an enormous turkey perched on a branch. The admiral let fly. Down thumped the bird, but when he ran to it in triumph he saw a card tied to its neck. On it was written: "With the compliments of Bernard M. Baruch."

Baruch knows how to turn everything to profit; even deafness. His deaf aid has a secret cut-off switch. Asked what he thought of one politician, renowned as a bore, he chuckled: "I've heard nothing he's said to me since 1935."

Money, as such, means nothing to him. "You can't eat it," he says, "and when you have enough, the remainder is merely a liability." He gives away immense sums, and for years has done government work without pay. Once he gave a million dollars to the Red Cross and no one knew of the gift for more than twenty-five years.

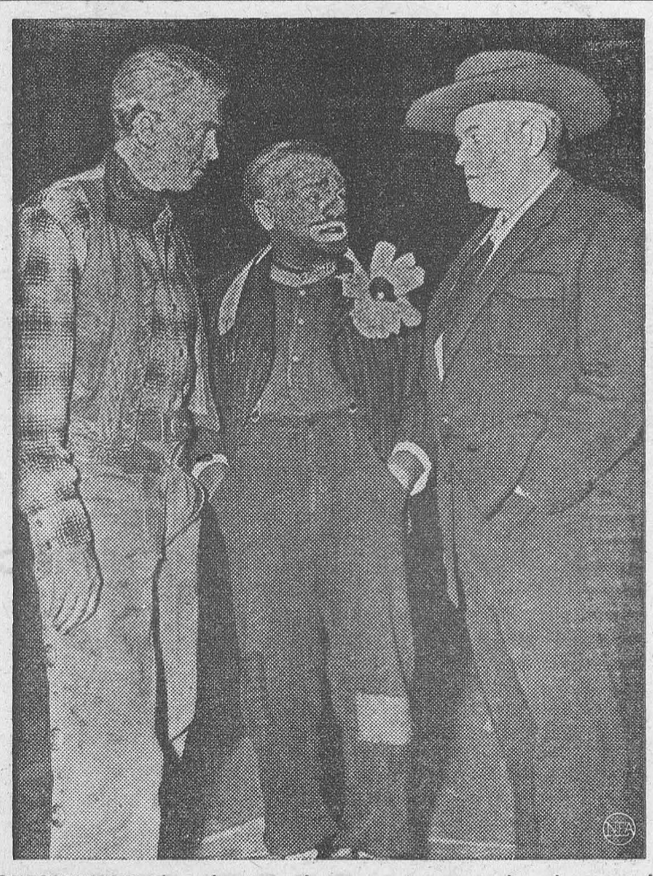
But he has such a genius for making money that he has little fear of poverty. "Right up to the day they put the coffin lid on me," he says with a grin, "I'll always have a dollar more than I need."

### PERFECT ANSWER

Although there are many centenarians living to-day in the United States, it's said that a clerk in an employment bureau in New York was astounded when she noticed recently the figures 110 and 107 in the spaces reserved for "Age of Father, if living" and "Age of Mother, if living" on the document which had been handed in by an applicant for work.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" asked the surprised clerk. "Surely your parents aren't that old?"

"No," replied the applicant, "but they would be—if living."



**GUESS WHO?** That clown in the center is none other than tough guy Jimmy Cagney, made up for his role of Lon Chaney, in "The Man of a Thousand Faces". Visiting him on the set in Hollywood are actors Jimmy Stewart, left, in costume for "Night Passage" and Orson Welles, complete with plastic nose for his ranch-baron role in "Pay the Devil".



**12 INJURED IN TRAIN DERAILMENT** — This was the scene after a New Haven Railroad passenger train jumped the tracks, injuring at least 12 persons. The train was en route to Montreal from New York.

## Jail—Bards

Francois Villon, King of the Beggars of Paris, was also a thief and a poet. A good example of his modern imitators comes from the U.S.A. where a gang of chicken thieves, after raiding the local chicken houses, left behind a hen and a rooster in each, with the note:

We steal from the rich
We steal from the poor,
We leave this pair
So you can raise some more!

Many sweet lines have been written in prison. It was while he was jailed that Oscar Wilde wrote his famous "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Charles Peace, who had a taste for versifying, devoted some of his spare time in prison to writing hymns and even composed his epitaph. Let's hope that his hymns were of better quality than another prison epic:

O who can tell the pains I feel
A poor and harmless sailor.
I miss my grog and every meal—
Here comes the blooming jailor!

A case which attracted much medical interest concerned the finding of two bodies in a lake. By some property in the water the bodies were extremely well preserved. The advice of an expert from the medical faculty of a certain university was sought by the police. The professor's students gleefully recorded their chief's interest in the case with:

Two bodies found in lonely mere
Converted into adipocere.
Harvey, when called in to see 'em
Said, "Just what I need for my museum."

## Carpets of Moss

The country around offered a scene very uncommon and to us quite new. The moss on which the reindeer feeds covers the whole ground, which is flat and only skirted by hills at some distance; but these hills also are clothed with this moss. The colour of the moss is a pale yellow, which, when dry, changes to white: the regularity of its shape, and the uniform manner in which the surface of the ground is decked with it, appears very singular and striking: it has the semblance of a beautiful carpet. These plants grow in a shape nearly octagonal, and approaching to a circle; and as they closely join each other, they form a kind of mosaic work or embroidery. The white appearance of the country, which thence arises, may for a moment make you imagine that the ground is covered with snow; but the idea of a winter scene is done away by the view of little thickets in full green, which you perceive scattered here and there, and still more by the presence of the sun and the warmth of his rays. As this moss is very dry, nothing can possibly be more pleasant to walk upon nor can there be anything softer to serve as a bed. Its cleanness and whiteness is tempting to the sight, and when we had put up our tent, we found ourselves in every respect very comfortably lodged. I had many times before met with this moss, but in no place had I found it so rich. It was the only produce here, which nature seemed to favour and support: no other herb was growing near it, nor any other vegetable on the spot, except a few birch trees, with their underwood, and some firs, dispersed on a hill by the river side. All these seemed to vegetate with difficulty, as if deprived of nourishment by the moss, and appeared withering and stunted. Some trees, indeed, which grow very near the water, had the appearance of being in a flourishing state, perhaps owing to the moisture they derived from the river: but, in short, this moss appeared to be the royal plant, which ruled absolute over the vegetable kingdom of the country, and distributed its bounty and influence amongst a particular race of men and animals. — From "Travels Through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape," by Joseph Acerbi.



# TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

**According to Kipling there are "nine-and-forty way of constructing tribal lays," and I'm sure there are at least that many recipes for making pancakes, flapjacks or whatever you like to call them. But here's a kind that were new to me, until recently — a Danish variety that I'm sure you'll find well worth the little extra trouble of making them.**

* * *

At least once during the Christmas season we have aebleskiver. They are the little round Danish pancake balls that are delicious with jelly and butter. The whole family endorses them as a breakfast treat; and they are equally good for afternoon or evening refreshments, served with jam or fruit and a beverage.

Perhaps the custom came to us through a San Fransisco boarding house where my landlady used to prepare these delectable morsels during the holidays. But my appreciation for them goes back even farther than that. My Danish school friends introduced them to me, writes Evelyn Jensen in The Christian Science Monitor.

Once I remember visiting a friend while she was baking the pancake balls. Fascinated, I watched her carefully grease each depression in the aebleskiver pan, then fill each three-fourths full of batter. She waited until bubbles appeared on the surface, then with two forks flipped each ball so it could cook on the other side.

"Are they hard to turn?" I asked.

"You can try the next batch," she asked.

With some trepidation I took the forks. My movements were clumsy, but I got them over. Not only that, mine came out almost as fine and round as hers. Her young brother stared at me in amazement. "Why, you can do it, too!"

We all laughed, but I must confess that up until that moment I'd shared his conviction that turning aebleskiver was an exclusive Danish accomplishment. Right then I made a decision. An aebleskiver pan would be included in my future household equipment!

An indeed it is. We purchased our from our local hardware dealer during the early years of our marriage. Mine is cast iron, which keeps a steady heat, and has seven depressions. As in baking regular pancakes, the pan is ready when drops of water bounce on its surface, or when it just barely begins to smoke. It mustn't be too hot.

A mixture of half butter and half lard is used to grease the depressions. I keep it warm in a flat-bottomed aluminum measuring cup and dip it out with a teaspoon as needed.

Knitting needles will turn the balls as well as sharp forks. If you want to be sure there is no uncooked dough in the centre, test with a knitting needle or cake tester. Experience will soon teach you when they are done.

If you are wondering about pronunciation, it's abe-la-skeever, with the accent on the first syllable. (Or at least that's about as close as most of us can get.) Even if you resort to calling them "dingle berries," as some of our friends do, you'll enjoy them!

Here are three of our favorite batters.

* * *

**AEBLESKIVER**

**Separate 6 eggs. Beat the whites until stiff**
**Put the yolks into another bowl and beat slightly**
**Sift together**
**3 cups sifted bread flour**
**4 teaspoons baking powder**
**2 tablespoons sugar**
**1 teaspoon salt. Add the dry ingredients to the yolks alternately with**
**2 cups milk and 2 tablespoons melted butter**

Fold in the beaten white. (I usually halve this recipe for my family of four.)

* * *

**AEBLESKIVER WITH SOUR MILK**

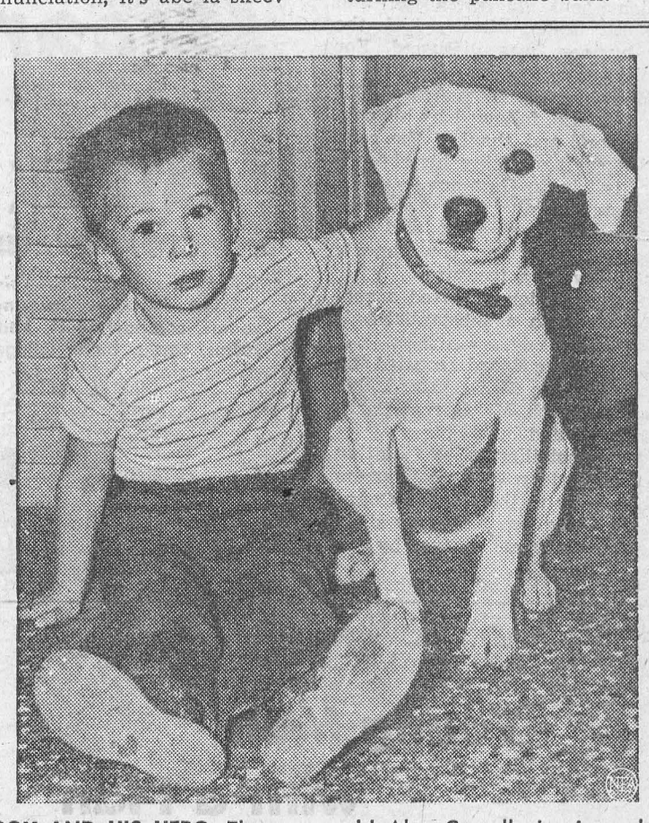
**3 cups sifted flour**
**3 teaspoons baking powder**
**½ teaspoon baking soda**
**½ teaspoon salt. Sift into a bowl. Add**
**½ cup sour milk or buttermilk**
**2 tablespoons cream or melted butter. Start stirring.**
**Add 1½ cups of sweet milk or enough to make a batter the conisistency of waffle batter**
**Flevor with 1 teaspoon lemon extract**
**A little nutmeg**
**Add 3 egs, beaten light, the last thing.**

* * *

**AEBLESKIVER WITH YEAST**

**Heat 2 cups rich milk to lukewarm**
**Crumble into this one yeast cake**
**Add 1 tablespoon sugar**
**½ teaspoon salt**
**1 cup sifted flour. Beat. Then add, one at a time, beating between additions**
**4 eggs**
**Add 1 cup more of flour. Beat. Let rise about 2 hours before baking .**

Any of these recipes may be varied by adding lemon, nutmeg, or cardamon. Currants, seedless raisins, small cubes of raw apple, or bits of cooked prune may be dropped into each individual section just before turning the pancake balls.



**BOY AND HIS HERO**—Three-year-old Alex Carroll, Jr., is probably too young to appreciate his luck, but he knows grownups are making a fuss over "Bubbie," his pet mongrel. Alex, too lightly clad for winter temperatures, wandered down to Bullskin Run, a creek near his home. He fell in, but Bubbie's barking had moved a neighbor, Mrs. Howard Bush, to keep an eye on him. She ran to the creek, pulled out the blue-cold youngster, took him home and dried him out. He was none the worse for the accident.



**NEHRU WELCOMED TO WHITE HOUSE** — India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru is greeted by President Eisenhower outside the White House. At left is Nehru's daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandi, and Mrs. Eisenhower.