THE MORRISBURG LEADER

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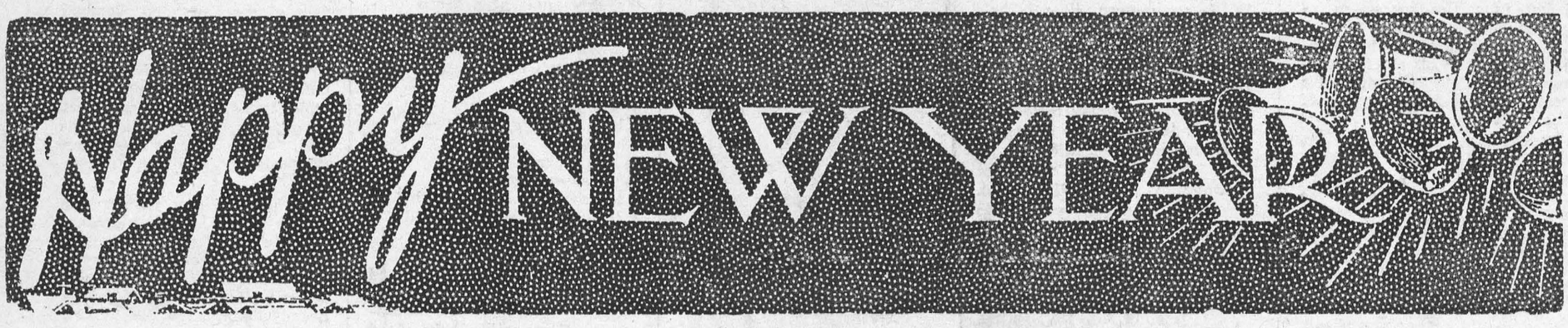

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

ST. LAWRENCE POWER PROJECT

CHANNEL ENLARGEMENT AT POINT THREE POINTS

SEALED TENDERS, in quadruplicate, addressed to the undersigned, 620 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, and clearly marked "TENDER FOR ST. LAWRENCE POWER PROJECT CHANNEL ENLARGEMENT AT POINT THREE POINTS" will be received up to 4.30 o'clock p.m., Eastern Standard Time, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1957, for approximately 1,730,000 cubic yards of common excavation.

THE work comprising clearing, wet and dry excavation, disposal, salvage and distribution of materials and other incidental work, shall commence fifteen (15) calendar days after notice of the award of the contract and shall be completed by December 31st, 1958.

COPIES of the tendering documents may be obtained on or after Wednesday, December 19, 1956, at the office of the Director of Supply, 620 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, on payment of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) for each set. This charge will not be refunded.

TENDERING Documents may be inspected at the above address and at the offices of the following: the Commission's Field Office, Cornwall, Ontario; Power Authority of the State of New York, 270 Broadway, New York 7, New York; and Uhl, Hall & Rich, 230 Congress Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts.

EACH tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque drawn on a Canadian chartered bank for a sum calculated as follows:

ON tendrs up to $500,000.00 the sum shall be 10 per cent of the total amount of the tender; on tenders over $500,000.00, the sum shall be 10 per cent of the first $500,000.00 and 5 per cent of the excess over $500,000.00. Provision for the return of the cheques appears in the tendering documents.

THE successful tenderer will be required to furnish a performance bond in the form approved by the Commission and issued by a bonding company licensed as such in the Province of Ontario and acceptable to the Commission for one hundred pepr cent (100%) of the total amount of the contract.

THE lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

E. B. EASSON,
Secretary.

52c.

MRS. MARY E. McINTOSH

On Sunday evening, December 1 there passed peacefully away after a lengthy illness at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Armstrong, a respected citizen in the person of Mrs. Mary McIntosh, known affectionately to her many friends as "Aunt Mary" in her 73rd year.

She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Merkley of Dunbar. After her marriage to the late Donald McIntosh they resided at their farm at Elma until 10 years ago and on account of ill health moved to the home of her sister and brother in law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Armstrong. She was a member of the United Church and W. M. S.

Mrs. McIntosh possessed to an unusual degree the divine gift of friendship and seemed always the foe of any spirit of darkness, or defeat or despair. She loved God and her fellow man and gave herself without stint in loving service thru' life leaving a memory that will be long cherished and revered throughout the district in which she lived.

The funeral was held at the White Church, conducted by the Rev. Dangerfield, assisted by Rev. Smith, rector of St. John's Church by prayer at the funeral home. A beautiful hymn "In the Garden" was sung by Mrs. Eddie Williamson.

Those that are left to mourn are two sisters, Mrs. Charles Armstrong and Mrs. Oral Casselman, and a large number of nieces and nephews. Interment was made at Fairview Cemetery, at Morrisburg. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

Pall bearers were: Vivian Ault, Charles Shaver, Arza Shaver, Harold Hodgsosn, Austin O'Dell, Mike Herman.

THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

ST. LAWRENCE POWER PROJECT

CHANNEL ENLARGEMENT VICINITY OF MORRISBURG

SEALED TENDERS in quadruplicate addressed to the undersigned, 620 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, and clearly marked "TENDER FOR ST. LAWRENCE POWER PROJECT CHANNEL ENLARGEMENTS, VICINITY OF MORRISBURG" will be received up to 4.30 o'clock p.m., Eastern Standard Time on TUESDAY, JANUARY 29th, 1957 for approximately 1,046,000 cubic yards of wet and dry excavation, the removal of crib and masonry structures and control works at lock 24, and other incidental work.

THE work shall commence fifteen (15) calendar days after notice of the award of the contract and shall be complpeted December 15, 1959.

COPIES of the tendering documents may be obtained on or after Wednesday, December 19th, 1956, at the office of the Director of Supply, 620 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario, on payment of twenty-five dollars ($25.00) for each set. This charge will not be refunded.

TENDERING documents may be inspected at the above address and at the offices of the following: the Commission's Field Office, Cornwall, Ontario; Power Authority of the State of New York, 270 Broadway, New York 7, New York; and Uhl, Hall & Rich, 230 Congress Street, Boston 10, Massachusetts.

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E. B. EASSON,
Secretary.

52c.



NEW HYDRO CHAIRMAN INSPECTS HOUSE MOVER

JAMES S. DUNCAN, newly appointed Chairman of the Ontario Hydro, poses in front of the large house moving machine used in the relocation of houses on the St. Lawrence Power Project. The Hydro Chairman completed a two-day tour of the Power Project which was highlighted by a demonstration of the house moving equipment in action. While on the Project, Mr. Duncan met with municipal officials and key engineers in Hydro's Rehabilitation program.

(Ontario Hydro Photo)

FRANCIS L. OSHIER

Frnacis Leonard Oshier, 69, died at his home on Franklin Road, Waddington, N. Y., Saturday, December 15th, at 9.30 pp.m. Mr. Oshier suffered a cerebral haemmorage Monday and a second one Saturday morning.

The funeral was held Tuesday, from the family home to St. Mary's Church, Waddington. Burial was made in St. Mary's new cemetery.

Mr. Oshier is survived by his wife, Mrs. Rose Estelle Oshier; a son, Benson J., Waddington, five daughters, Mrs. Merritt Sherman (Virginia), and Mrs. Wm. A. Stone, (Rita), both of Waddington; Mrs. Francis Dewey (Geraldine), Utica; Mrs. James Alexander (Jewell) of Rockland Lake, and Mrs. John J. Lunkwicz (Rose), De Ritter, La.; a sister, Mrs. Allan Driscoll, Potsdam; a brother, George, Canton and 15 grandchildren.

He was born three miles east of Waddington on September 30, 1887, the son of James and Mary McCord Oshier. He attended Waddington High School. On October 5, 1914, he married Miss Rose Estelle Leland, daughter of Louis J. and Octavia Reffue-Leland of Wales, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Corbett McRae at Our Lady of Grace Church, Dickinson's Landing. The family lived in Chesterville until 1932 when they moved to Waddington. Mr. Oshier was a barber all his life and retired two years ago. He was well known throughout the district as a beekeeper.

He was a member of the Waddington Chamber of Commerce, Fish and Game Club, St. Lawrence Barbers' Association, St. Mary's Church and Sacred Society of that Church. Mr. Oshier's oldest son, Leland F. was killed in action in World War II.

CHRISTMAS PARTY HELD BY REBEKAH 373, MORRISBURG

On Monday evening, December 17, after their regular meeting, the members of St. Lawrence Rebekah 373, enjoyed a Christmas Party and also celebrated their second bibrthday.

A programme, arranged by the Entertainment Committee, of carol singing, monolokues and readings, and games was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Refreshments were then served by the Social Committee.

NEWS OF THE ROARING GAME



By the time this is ready we will know who will be the winner of the Calvert Trophy. However, since this article has to be in to the press by Thursday morning, this report cannot congratulate the winner (Ed. Note: Don Rutherford's rink won the trophy).

It was interesting to watch four rinks slug it out in the semi-finals last Wednesday night. Doc Louden's team was running neck and neck with Jeff Christensen's team on ice number one, and Norm Clarke was asserting himself against Don Rutherford on ice number 2. The winners of these games were scheduled to fight it out on Thursday night for the Calvert Prize. All things considered the struggle for the Calvert Trophy was a good series of games. It is encouraging to see our newcomers becoming familiar with the game They give plenty of promise of being successful curlers and should be a good help to the Club as the season progresses.

At this season of the year, the President and Executive hope you have had a Happy Christmas and wish all Members and their families a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

THE HYDRO ELECTRIC POWER COMMISSION OF ONTARIO

BUILDINGS FOR SALE AND REMOVAL

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, at its Rehabilitation Office in the Village of Morrisburg, will receive from parties interested offers covering the purchase and removal of numerous buildings (barns, sheds, dwellings located in the St. Lawrence Power Project Area, between Mille Roches and Iroquois.

The buildings will be sold individually, and by tender.

Interested parties desiring to purchase more than one structure should specify price on a unit basis.

Further information, tender forms and lists of particulars for buildings now available may be obtained by writing to or calling at

Ontario Hydro, Rehabilitation Office,
High Street, P. O. Box 310,
Morrisburg, Ontario, Telephone No. 546.

Tenders should be mailed to The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, Rehabilitation Office, Box 310, Morrisburg, Ontario, Attention: Mr. J. H. Jackson.

Tailored To Measure

Annual Clearance

SALE

At

SAVERS'

Starts Dec. 31st
Ends Jan. 14th

30

PER CENT OFF

TIP-TOP TAILORS

Lost

A LARGE SUM OF MONEY IN MORRISBURG ON SATURDAY NITE

SUBSTANTIAL REWARD IS OFFERED

NELL'S BBEAUTY SALON
MRS. CLAUDE BARKLEY,

Queer Quirks of Great Authors

Some authors are queer coves. Arnold Bennett once told Frank Swinnerton that he had a weakness for buying pictures, but his French wife objected, so he would bring a new one home secretly, hide it under the bed, and six months later hang it on a wall.

"Marguerite sees it, and says: 'Oh, you have a new picture!' I say: 'No, I've had that . . . for months!'"

But it wasn't as secret as he though for within twenty-four hours Mrs. Bennett was telling Swinnerton: "You know what Arnold does? He buys a picture. He hides it under his bed. Soon, he hangs it on the wall. I say: 'Oh, Arnold, I see you have a new picture.' He says, very innocent: That? I've had that a long time!' But I know!"

John Galsworthy, author of the famous "Forsyte Saga," wrote a short story, "The Stoic," in which an old, sick man, who knows that a single meal of rich food will instantly kill him, eats a suicide dinner.

Soon after the story appeared he met Bennett, who said: "That meal was a meal!" Galsworthy at once asked him to dinner and gave him, in miniature, the very meal described in the story.

When they were both war-correspondents, H. W. Nevinson demanded of Sir Philp Gibbs that he should accompany him on a walk up and down an open Belgian esplanade under German fire, to show that they were not afraid. "But I am afraid," Gibbs protested — in vain; they had to parade until Nevinson decided they had proved their courage.

H. M. Tomlinson, as a young journalist, was told by a friend that a big ship was to sail a thousand miles up the Amazon into the heart of South America. Incredulous, Tomlinson said: "A ship with that draught can't do it."

The friend replied: "Come and see for yourself. We have a spare cabin."

Accepting the offer, Tomlinson recorded what he saw in his successful book, "The Sea and the Jungle."

Swinnerton says in a well-written literary memoir of the last fifty years — "Background with Chorus" — that poet Robert Nichols rarely completed the masterpieces he planned. He once confessed that he had seven desks in his workroom, each with the beginning of a potential classic; but although he paused a while at each desk, savouring what he'd written, he eventually found he did not have sufficient talent to finish them.

Harry Lawrence and A. H. Bullen, former publishers, once imported French plates for a luxury erprint of a certain bawdy work, but before they could dispose of the edition they received, to their dismay, a letter from the secretary of a league for the protection of public morals, saying he believed the book to be highly objectionable and his chief inspector would therefore call on a certain day to inspect copies of the book.

Frantically, they had the stock crated and sent to France at considerable expense, but no inspector arrived on the stated day. The next morning came a further letter saying he'd been prevented from calling as arranged but would come a week hence.

When he did arrive he proved to be an old playwright friend, who had sent the letters to give them a fright. Delighted with the success of his joke, he refunded all expenses.

A tragic life-story was that of novelist George Gissing. Lonely as a college boy in Manchester, he picked up a young, loose-living girl and, to save her from ruin, bought her a sewing machine taking money from the overcoat pockets of fellow-students.

Found out, he was sent to the U.S.A., where he spent long months in semi-starvation. Returning to England, he married the girl and tried to keep them both by such work as a boy of twenty-one could do, but she vanished and went back to the streets.

When she died he was touched to discover that she had kept to the last his photograph and a little picture he'd given her. He wrote "The Unclassed," based on the experience, and other novels about the London poor.

Desperate again with loneliness and overwork, he ran out into the street one day and asked the first girl he met to marry him. It was not a happy marriage; illness eventually robbed the wife of her reason.

In addition to anecdotes of famous authors, the book contains criticism and inside stories of Mr. Swinnerton's own life as an eminent bookman.

FELL IN LOVE WITH A PICTURE

Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves was so flattering that when he saw it, Henry VIII at once became eager to make her his queen, and sent his ambassadors to escort her to England. But her appearance did not live up to the portrait and Holbein — a man of many ups and downs — was once more in disgrace.

Messy or Wet, They Both Lose

'Pie-eyed" or wet feet, it's the choice of the lesser of two discomforts. Georgine Johnson, right, is vicepresident of the UCLA sophomore class. She's shown with the remains of pie and mud on her face, after she and her classmates met the freshmen in a pie-eating contest. Georgine really tasted defeat. F. James Barnes II, below, isn't much better off, as he slips into the watery depths of a Daytona Beach, Fla., pool. Barnes was on the weaker side of a tug-of-war, at a convention of the National Association of Travel Organizations.





TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Europeans often use fruit with ice cream in the opposite way from which we use it. Instead of putting it on top of ice cream and calling it a sundae, they place the ball of ice cream on the fruit and use many different names to describe it. In one of the S.S. Queen Elizabeth's recent trips to Europe we were served crushed pineapple topped by chocolate ice cream. Almost any variety of fruit is used, either alone or mixed with any flavor of ice cream. Inevitably, it is topped with whipped cream and served with a little wafer.

In England a dessert that appealed to the 20 members of the party I am travelling with was apple and blackberry pie. The fruits were combined, the liquid thickened and then put between crusts. I had this combination in a pie in the world-famous London restaurant, Simpson's-in-the-Strand (I had roast saddle of mutton with red currant jelly first), and also at Old House in Windsor where it was served with clotted cream — a full pitcher for each diner, writes Eleanor Richey Johnson in The Christian Science Monitor.

In Switzerland, thickened fruit was topped with a meringue instead of crust for a dessert that was popular with Americans. The dessert that has brought more oh's and ah's than any other in my several weeks of travel on the continent was a refrigerator pudding we had at the Hotel Metropole in Brussels. Ladyfingers had been used for the base, lining a bowl, and filled with a combination of custard and whipped cream. It was served with a scarlet sauce that was half cranberry and half strawberry. It was served quite cold, and was frothy, sweet, and satisfying.

* * *

The bread puddings of today are often rich and fancy — a far cry from those bland affairs that jokes were made about a few decades ago! For instance, the following one should be served hot out of the oven, all puffed up with its exciting new macaroon topping. This is a ruby-red pudding: a thickened cherry sauce is blended with bread crumb meringue and gaily topped off with great snowy balls of the same meringue. It is flavored with almond extract.

* * *

CHERRY MACAROON BREAD PUDDING

¼ cup butter
2 tablespoons flour
Dash salt
¾ cup sugar
1 can (No. 2) sour pitted red cherries, water packed
½ teaspoon red food coloring
4 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 quart coarse, dry bread crumbs
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Combine all ingredients and stir until well blended. Bring to boil and stir until thick.

* * *

If you'd like to combine fresh pears and apples with whole-wheat bread in a baked pudding, try this apple-pear bread dessert.

APPLE-PEAR BETTY

2 cups soft whole-wheat bread crumbs
¼ cup melted butter
3 cups (3 large) tart sliced apples
¾ cup sugar
¾ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
3 cups (3 large) firm sliced pears
¼ cup boiling water

Combine bread crumbs and melted butter; place ⅓ of mixture in a 1½-quart buttered casserole. Cover with all the sliced apples. Combine sugar, nutmeg, and lemon rind; sprinkle half of this mixture over apples. Cover with ⅓ of crumbs. Cover with the sliced pears, then add the remaining sugar mixture. Pour boiling water over all. Top with remaining crumbs. Cover. Bake 30 minutes in a preheated 375°F. oven. Remove cover and bake 20 minutes more, or until brown. Serves 6.

* * *

For the men in your family who always want chocolate desserts, here is a chocolate bread pudding.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 square baking chocolate shaved or grated
2 cups milk, scalded
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg, well beaten

Mix bread crumbs with shaved chocolate and add to scalded milk in saucepan; stir over low heat until chocolate is melted. Add butter and cool slightly. Add remaining ingredients and mix well.

Pour into well-greased 6-cup casserole and bake at 375°F. for 1 hour, or until a sharp knife inserted in the centre comes out clean. Serve hot with slightly sweetened whipped cream or hard sauce. Serves 6.

LEMON HARD SAUCE

¼ cup butter, softened
1 cup confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon granted lemon rind
1-1½ teaspoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon lemon flavoring

Work butter until light and creamy. Add other ingredients.

DEAD HORSE KICKS MAN

"Never say die until you're kicked by a dead horse!" is an old Australian saying. A farmer, near Bellingen, New South Wales, felt a little strange about the saying recently. He shot a horse, cut its throat and was skinning the left leg when it jerked loose and whacked him on the chin. The farmer had to have six stitches taken.

Institutes' Head Backs Attack On Accidents

"Heartbreak or happiness — the choice is often up to the hostess who entertains during the Christmas and New Year's holidays", declared Mrs. J. W. Adams, Ethelton, Sask., president of the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada in a pre-holiday statement.

"Canadian housewives must realize the heavy responsibility which rests on their shoulders during this holiday period", she said, "and they must accept this responsibility and act accordingly."

Traffic fatalities during this festive period have been on the increase in recent years, Mrs. Adams pointed out, and many of these accidents could have been avoided if more thought had been put into the planning of holiday parties and the refreshment served at them.

In the gaiety and warmth of family reunions, and the visits of dear and old friends, caution is sometimes "flung to the winds" and what started out to be a wonderful evening often ends in tragedy.

In concluding, Mrs. Adams suggested a few simple rules to be followed by the Canadian hostess this year in order to ensure a happy and safe holiday season for all:

1. Always have food available for your guests. Tasty spreads and dips for crackers and potato chips, cold meat cuts and a variety of cheeses are always welcome and easy to serve.

2. If you are among many Canadians who serve alcoholic beverages, keep the safety of your guests in mind and be moderate. Give them a cup of hot soup, chocolate, coffee or other alertness beverage before they leave.

3. Night driving in the winter on icy roads or in the glare of snow packed roads is hard on the nerves and the eyes. Suggest to the wives that they take a spell at the wheel if any distance is to be covered.

4. Listen carefully to weather reports on your radio before your guests leave and invite them to stay overnight if a snow-storm is predicted. Saving their lives is worth any inconvenience to you.

5. Suggest to your guests that they carry with them a thermos of coffee to provide a break when they have to travel in isolated areas. This will help them stay alert and alive.

With road conditions the way they are at this time of the year, a driver needs all of his faculties, says Mrs. Adams. Not only must he take utmost care with his own driving, but must constantly be on the watch for the often hazardous driving of others.

Isn't it the truth? "The driver is safer when the roads are dry. The roads are safer when the driver is dry."

THEY COULDN'T HAPPEN—BUT DID!—The goofy things that can happen to people! There's a flock of freak accidents every year and, about this time, the National Safety Council rounds them up for you. Below are illustrated a few of the Council's 1956 collection of cockeyed catastrophes.



Many a golfer shoots a birdie, but not as literally as 12-year-old Rick Pickard of Baldwinsville, N.Y. Young Rickie, playing his first golf game, did the first two holes in routine fashion. At the third hole, he teed off, hit a whizzer down the fairway, hit a bird in flight and killed it.



Mrs. Mary Hastings Bradey, of Chicago, is a noted author and big game hunter. She has survived six African safaris without injury. But in the calm of the trophy room of her own home, she tripped over a lion's head and broke her arm. It wasn't even her lion—it had been shot by her husband.



Richard Fleming, of Woodland, Calif., had reason for losing his head while driving. A woodpecker was pecking away at it. The bird, a family pet, was in his son's lap when it mistook Fleming's skull for a tree and went to work. The car left the highway and rolled over twice. Neither Fleming was hurt. The woodpecker found a tree.



Golden Gibson, of Knoxville, Tenn., is now a hearty supporter of those states that prohibit the indiscriminate sale of firecrackers. One day he reached absentmindedly for a cigaret and stuck a two-inch firecracker in his mouth and lit it. From his hospital bed, Gibson mumbled through his bandages: "I swear off smoking!"



ROADLESS WONDER — No roads are needed for this vehicle. The Transporter can haul a 70,000-pound cargo over steep embankments and ditches, through mud, sand or snow. Powerful electric motor is geared directly to each wheel to provide the Transporter with all-wheel drive.



VENETIAN SCENE — Looking like a vista along the Grand Canal in Venice is this picture of a flooded street in Port Said, Egypt. Civilians try to salvage their belongings from wrecked buildings while a British tank stands guard.

What's New About Shopping Centres

Not long ago a man drove his mother-in-law to Shopper's World, an ultra-modern shopping centre in Framingham, Mass,. there to browse among its glittering stores. When she emerged some time later, arms laden with packages, she discovered that the scamp had driven off and left her.

At length the lady took her problem to an official of the shopping centre. "What can I do?" she asked plaintively. He summoned an automobile and chauffeur, waiting and ready for just such emergencies.

"Where do you live, madam?" the official inquired. She told him and was promptly driven home—all the 200-odd miles to Barre, Vt.

The incident is related at shopping centres all over Canada and the United States as a sort of moral of the trade, for it is precisely in this fashion—by going out of their way to please the customer—that shopping centres are revolutionizing North American buying habits.

The most striking example of this departure is the very location of these 20th century bazaars. Across Canada, in the past five years, stores have closed up shop downtown or branched out to join in the great trek to suburbia. Their new stand is the shopping centre, a meticulously planned and integrated group of establishments—usually dominated by a massive department store or supermarket—catering to the suburban householder with everything from minced steak to mink coats. "Merchants are now going to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to them," says Carl Peppercorn, executive vice-president of Fairweather's, an old Toronto firm that now does business in eight shopping centres. "And we like it that way."

And so do the people. In the past year Canadians spent close to $250 million—about four percent of the national retail sales—in 30-odd shopping centres from Vancouver, which boasts the first in Canada, to Dartmouth, N.S., which has one of the newest. And this, evidently, is just a start. Scores more are rising in subdivided turnip fields on the fringes of our major cities. The biggest single builder is Principal Investments Ltd., of Toronto, which operates 10 shopping "plazas" in Ontario. By 1960 its officials expect to have a nation-wide chain of 40 or more, with their collective cash registers ringing up sales of about $400 million annually. By then, too, if the present trend continues, about 100 shopping centres across the land will be grossing in the neighborhood of one billion dollars.

One of the surest signs of the new trend is the fact that the two giants of Canadian merchandising, Eaton's and Simpson's, are joining it. Eaton's has opened its first suburban store in a $12 million centre that Principal Investments is building outside Oshawa, Ont., and Simpson's is already at work in the Greater Hamilton Shopping Centre, an $18 million creation of financier E. P. Taylor.

Though the idea of shopping centres is only slightly younger than the wheel — the ancient Greeks and Romans having built some dandies — their phenomenal growth in recent times can be traced to one of the wheel's most modern applications—the automobile.

In Canada's postwar expansion, the auto's mobility enabled hundred's of thousands of people to find more breathing room — to hold down jobs in overcrowded cities and yet take out ranch-style mortgages in the burgeoning suburbs. But the blessings were not unmixed. For if Trillium township lacked such urban defects as smog and "No Parking" signs, it also lacked one of the city's major conveniences—handy shopping facilities.

Here was a vast new market and enterprising men were quick to grasp it. Real estate developers went out into the erstwhile sticks, erected strips of a dozen shops and leased them to grocers, druggists, haberdashers and bankers. For the suburban housewife it meant that Main street was coming to her, and she responded with dollars.

Today these community strips are giving rise to mammoth regional centres, 50 or 60 varied stores that draw upon a metropolitan area of 300,000 yeople or more and provide—significantly —acres of free parking space for the cars that carry them.

Thereby a paradoxical situation has been created: although shopping centre merchants originally went out of their way to serve the customer, today many customers —city-dwellers— are driving out of their way to patronize one-stop suburban market places, thus avoiding the crush in long-established in-town and downtown shopping districts.

Naturally, the effect of this is being felt in the city. Some downtown merchants, unable to beat the suburban competition, are joining in. But many others are fighting back, wooing the buyer with everything from improved services and free transportation to singing commercials and gaudy give-aways.

While shopping centres have burst upon the scene with all the chrome trappings of a modern phenomenon, they are, in fact, anything but new. The early Romans went by chariot or afoot to the fora, the city square where legal, cultural and mercantile business was carried on. The Greeks also had a word for it, the agora. But whereas these market places were laid out to serve city folks, today's shopping centres are designed primarily for people who prefer to live outside town.

Ever increasing thousands do so. Between 1941 and 1951 the population of Canadian urban areas increased 27 percent. Of these new residents, 68 percent moved into the suburbs. In the same period, automobile registrations increased 63 percent. More people were escaping to dormitory suburbs by night; more cars were clogging downtown streets by day. In many major cities, shopping became an ordeal of milling crowds, dented fenders and frayed nerves.

The first merchants to catch the commercial possibilities of this situation were the big grocery chains. They put up giant supermarkets in the roomier suburbs and provided, along with the crunchy-munchy cereals and quick-frozen TV dinners, the acres of parking space that downtown couldn't hope to match.

These suburban groceterias were an instant success, drawing shoppers even from the cities that bred them. A key reason is given by Scott Feggans, director of advertising and public relations for Dominion Stores. "When people are setting out in the family car to spend $15, $20 or $30 on food," he says, "they will go an extra distance to shop in a one-stop store."—By Don Davidson in Imperial Oil Review.

MERRY MENAGERIE



"Well, I found out why we (brrr) hibernate!"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Offer to buy
4. Resinous substance
7. Pronounce holy
12. Jiffy
13. Biblical ruler
14. Opponent
15. Retrieve
17. Saying
18. Solemn wonder
19. Sack
21. Scotch river
22. Summon publicly
24. Move up and down
25. Finest
26. Past
27. Threaten
29. Game
31. Make sorrowful
35. Banished
37. Red deer
38. Shellfish
41. Performed
42. Rave
43. Support
44. Stake
45. Spot on a playing card
46. Staring openmouthed
48. Hydraulic motor
52. Of the morning
53. Night before
54. Lately acquired
55. Beg
56. Beam of light
57. Turn right

DOWN

1. Tribunal
2. Solid water
3. Ten-sided figure
4. Reside
5. Have being
6. Chemical element
7. Boast
8. Cover
9. Shirk
10. Wise men
11. Frozen rain
16. Be indebted
20. Humbled
22. Gentle stroke
23. Grow old
24. By the side of
25. Garden plot
27. Mingle
28. Bounder
30. Bird's beak
32. Hanging loosely
33. Eternity
34. Openwork fabric
36. Scattered rubbish
38. Device for fastening
39. Kingly
40. Marble
42. Chest bone
44. Curve
45. Victim
47. Himalayan marmot
49. Pulpy fruit
50. By birth
51. Sheep



Answer elsewhere on this page.



TRIGGERS A CHUCKLE — A movie poster adds a note of humor to the grim Suez Canal situation. This British soldier in Port Said has decorated his armored vehicle with an ad for the film "Fastest Gun Alive".

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

The following article from "The Rural New Yorker" is about as good a portrayal of the producer - consumer problem which bedevils farmers — and those who consume farm products — just as much here in Canada as it does south of the Border. Therefore, I'm passing it along to you.

* * *

The response to the Rural New Yorker's letter contest on ways and means to improve producer-consumer relations was beyond our most sanguine expectations. It takes a good deal of time to think out a problem, and more time to set it down in black and white. Many folks have the urge to write but, what with one problem or another in the home or on the farm, just cannot find the time to get around to the job. An allowance of only 10 days to write and send in letters did, we realize, work to many folks' disadvantage. Equally well appreciated is the fact that the cash prizes offered — $25, $15, and $10 — did not represent the proverbial pot of gold. But this decision was deliberate on our part. We believed that the best letters would be written from the heart, not for the pocketbook. In view of the enthusiastic response from readers, we feel that our small effort has been amply rewarded. . . .

First-Prize Letter

The unvarnished truth of producer-consumer relations is that the farmer wants as much as he can get for his product, and the the consumer wants to buy it as cheaply as possible. On the surface it would appear that their interests are divergent. This was the theory of Lennin who formed soviets of city workers, exalting them at the expense of the farmer. The result has become the greatest single problem behind the "iron curtain" today — Russia's ever-recurring agricultural crises.

Actually, producer and consumer are dependent to a great extent on each other. The city worker needs the farmer to produce his food. The farmer does this so well that it is the cheapest item on the wholesale market. When it is retailed, the price is usually doubled. The farmer needs the city worker, for he is the customer for farm products. When his wages are high, he can afford to buy. When they are low, he cuts down and the groceries pile up on the store shelves.

The farmer wants as much as he can get, but what he gets is a mass of technological invention and new machinery to reduce labor. He winds up working like a galley slave to pay for them. Because of his increased efficiency he is penalized in the marketplace for producing so-called surpluses.

The consumer buys as cheaply as he can, which is hardly ever. He pays Alaska prices for everything he buys. No, they don't do so well pitted against each other, the city mouse and his country cousin. Their hard-earned money seems to float off into space where the space men (the middlemen) pile it as high as the moon.

The farmer-consumer problem is like the weather. Everyone talks about it but no one does anything about it. Therefore, I would like to present an idea that has already been tried with good results in the Scandinavian countries — the cooperative system.

In Norway, Sweden and Denmark, farmer cooperatives and consumer cooperatives function together to their mutual benefit. We also have numerous examples of successful cooperatives in this country. Many possibilities are opened by using this approach. For instance, when home freezers first appeared, various "food plans" were proposed to the public. But to my knowledge they were never used by farmers to sell their products by cooperative contract to the consumer. It could be tried. A consumer co-op. could contract for a food item with a farmer co-op. Perishable products could be merchandised in frozen form.

The joint cooperative could serve the same function as a labor union. The very presence of a labor union in a particular field has a tendency to raise wages even in non-union areas. Producer-consumer co-operatives could have the same effect. Successful, efficiently managed producer consumer cooperatives would help to insure a fair price to all. By using such a cooperative plan we could refute the ideas of Marx and Lenin that the peasantry (farmers) must be crushed so that the proletariat (city workers) can rule the world.

We have a chance in America while we still have freedom of choice.

I guess sardines are one of the few families that consider dad a success when he gets canned.



DOGLOMAT — Putting on the dog in top hat, tails (well, one tail anyhow) and pants (he's been running), this envoy extraordinaire "pawses" between planes at an air terminal in Miami, Fla. The pooch, passport and all, was on his way to join Hugh Woodward, at the U.S. Embassy in La Paz, Bolivia.

Winter Was Winter Way Back When

At the time when the white gate meant most to me, I was between nine and twelve years old, and those years lay between 1896 and the turn of the century. In those years on the coast of Maine there were no automobiles, almost no telephones, no gasoline engines, no electric lights, almost no bathrooms, or furnaces, or refrigerators, no running water, no boughten bread, no paper towels, no egg beaters, no soap flakes. In place of these amenities, which today make the running of a household compartively easy, there were hard work in which all had a share, the comfortable knowledge of what one's days would be like, for they were usually very much the same, a sense of security . . .

There was also the constant excitement of the weather . . . Its tyranny over us was most evident, of course, in the winter; but in the year 1896 and for many years following, Maine winters claimed more than half the number of the months. Late September and all of October meant sharp frosts and early lamplight; November, high, biting winds and the first drifting snowflakes. From December until April, except for an occasional and brief January thaw, we were buried in snow, which lay three or four feet deep over fields and pastures and through which oxen, yoked to heavy sledges, plunged to their shoulders and men with shovels plowed to their hips in a fierce battle to break the roads. The mercury dropped to zero and below and remained there for days; the ice sealed our bay for seven miles out to sea and cracked with the sound of guns as the tide crept in and out beneath it; the timbers in our attics snapped at night; the air was cut by the blue, wavering breaths of muffled, venturesome people; children undressed by kitchen stoves or roaring fireplaces and, clasping hot flatirons or soapstones wrapped in cloths or in newspapers, dashed upstairs to huddle between blankets and under patchwork quilts in frigid rooms with tightly closed windows . . . When we went to school on bitter days (though in deference to the weather there was no primary or grammar school in January and February), bundled up in knitted hoods and heavy reefers, woolen mufflers and long black leggings, we carried hot baked potatoes in our mittened hands and kept these warm on the top of the schoolhouse stove against our return home. And whenever the weather allowed us to drive in our two-seated yellow pung behind our two black horses, we fondled these hot potatoes while my father in his bearskin coat and cap held the reins in his heavy fur gloves, and the sound of sleighbells cut the piercing air.

From "The White Gate,"
by Mary Ellen Chase.

These brisk winter winds are treacherous. A friend got something in his eye, discovered it was a foreign sports car.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev R. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.

The New Heaven and Earth
Revelation 21: 1-8, 22-27

Memory Selection: I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death. Revelation 21:3-4.

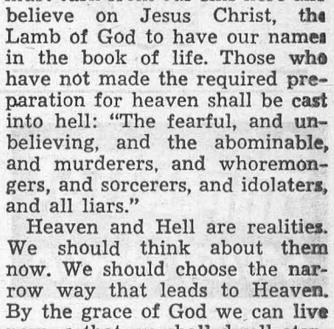
One preacher thought it was terrible for young people to be bothering about Heaven and Hell. He said, "It is a form of escapism. Religion is something to make them different here and now, and not worrying about Heaven and Hell. — Whether there is a Hell as a state after death is a question upon which Christians differ."

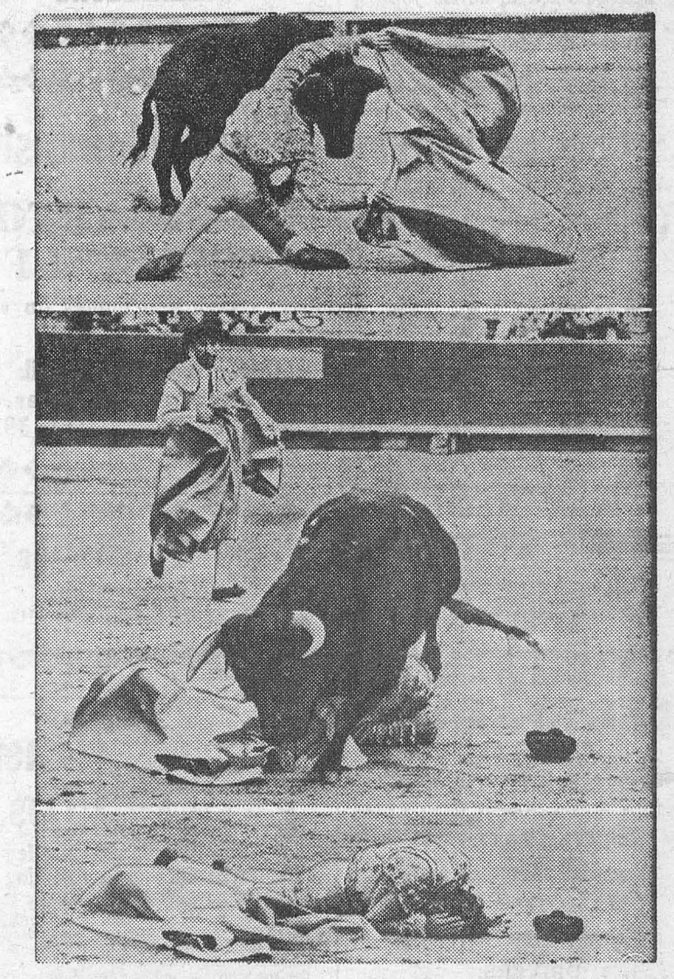
Scarcely anyone objects to preaching about Heaven but many object to the mention of Hell. Jesus taught as realistically of one as of the other. So does John in today's lesson. If we reject this teaching we might as well reject the whole Bible.

Heaven is a place of incomparable beauty. Sorrow, pain and death cannot enter there. Heaven is a holy place. "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." We must turn from our sins here and believe on Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God to have our names in the book of life. Those who have not made the required preparation for heaven shall be cast into hell: "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars."

Heaven and Hell are realities. We should think about them now. We should choose the narrow way that leads to Heaven. By the grace of God we can live now so that we shall dwell eternally in the presence of the Lord and serve Him continually. The man who has no thought for the hereafter will live for this world. "But what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Let us get our eye on the heavenly goal. Then we will live a life that will be a blessing to our fellow man right now. I wouldn't want to miss heaven. Would you?

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





HE GOT UP TO WIN — The news-camera catches some dramatic moments in Mexico City's bull ring when Chano Ramos, a promising novice matador, had a close brush with death. In top photo, the bull charges just as Ramos attempts a "farol", a difficult cape movement while on his knees. Ramos was tossed and in center photo he crouhces underneath the maddened animal as an attendant rushes to the rescue. In bottom photo, Ramos lies motionless in center of the ring. He rose and killed the bull. Judges awarded him one of the bull's ears — token of an exceptionally fine performance.

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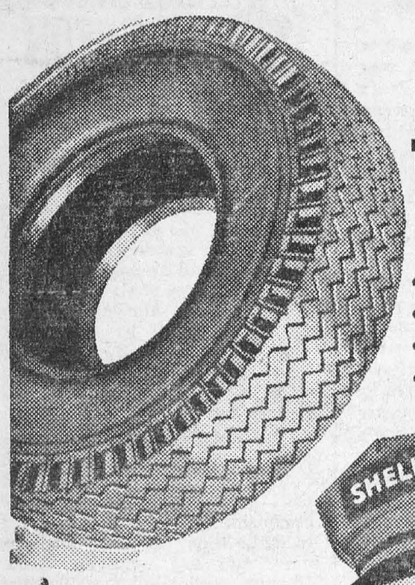

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GLEN BECKER

A Happy New Year to the Editor of the Leader and all its readers.

Christmas visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Saddlemire and family were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Leonard, Mr. and Mrs. ePter Easter and O vid all of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Saddlemire and family of Williamsburg and Mr. and Mrs. Rae Casselman, Brian and Elaine of Winchester Springs.

Mr. Alex English returned home after spending several months at Vancouver, B.C.

Visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Saddlemire Christmas Day were Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McHaffie and family and Mr. Raymond Guindon of Prescott, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Casselman of Aultsville.

Mrs. Gertrude McHaffie and son, Gerald, Montreal, Mr. John Saddlemire of Humboldt, Sask., are spending the holidays with friends here and at Prescott.

Miss Linda McHaffie, Toronto, is holidaying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd McHaffie and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Hitsman and Linda of Brockville, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Shannette and family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Saddlemire were Christmas guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Scott and family at Morrisburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Shannette spepnt Christmas with lhe tatter's sister, Mrs. Rae Seeley, Mr. Seeley and family at Rowena.

Messrs. Frank Kennedy and Ernest McShane of Brockville, were callers at Mr. Dalton Saddlemire's on Saturday.

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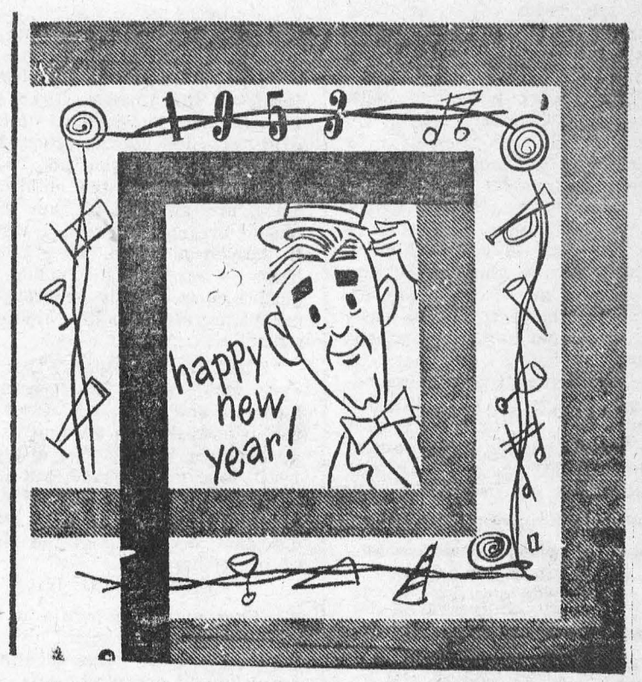

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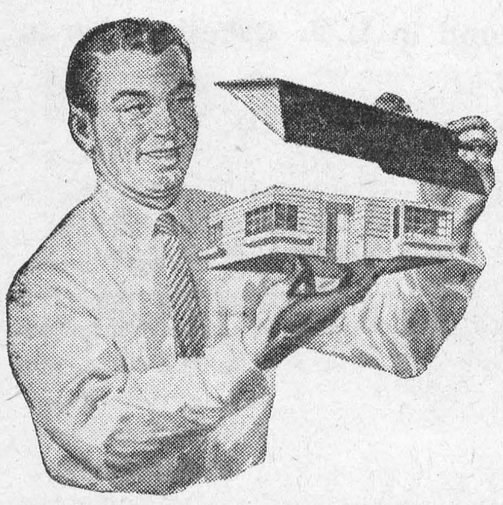

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"Dear Anne Hirst: What does a girl do who still loves her husband but who is slowly going crazy because he isn't the man she thought he was? When we were dating, he was always so kind and indulgent that I thought he was perfect. But after two years of living with him, he turns out to be a jealous fiend who is slowly killing the perfect love I had.

"I was a young widow with two small children when we married. He as wonderful to them then, but now he is only jealous. My elder boy, five, is his pet hate; the child can't play in the same room without having my husband yell at him or punish him — though the boy never was any trouble before.

"My husband is always casting up to me a man I was engaged to before we met; he won't let me visit my mother because he says I'll meet the former fiance there! He frowns on card parties, anniversary celebrations, or anything else that brings me in contact with old friends. I belong at home, where he can keep tab on me (he says).

"He can be darn sweet to me and the boy when he wants something, but once he gets it, he is on the rampage again. I cannot please him in anything I do. He keeps me in a dither, and with two active children and a young baby to keep up with, I can't hop around as I did. I am tired all the time — tired of household drudgery, tired of his excesses (he's worse when he drinks) and, Heaven help me, I'm even tired of the children. They are sweet kids, but my nerves are so shattered, I want to scream at them. One thing helps — my husband makes a good income and is generous—except he refuses to hire a baby-sitter.

"What do you think? Can I ever make peace between my husband and my son? I want the friends I miss so much! I could never love anyone else as I still love my husband, but I'm afraid I will stop caring for him altogether. He is neither just nor kind, and I am at the end of my tether.

EXHAUSTED WIFE"

* How a girl in love can be mistaken in her man! When you two were going together, he thought everything you did was so right, was kind to your children and your family. How could you believe that what showed then was not his true nature?

* It may be that jealousy alone accounts for all his prohibitions. He is still bitter about the man you once loved. Now he has projected that apprehension to all those who love you—your family, your friends, even your little boy. To justify himself, he has to keep you on the defensive. Spiritually and, alas, physically you are on the verge of a breakdown. You had better face him with the truth.

* Either he conquers these unfounded jealousies and trusts you to enjoy a normal life, or you are through. Remind him that he has always had your love; if he hopes to keep it he must be fair to your children and not interfere with their training. He must be made to see you are overworked and that if some help is not provided, you risk your health. If he will not give you the respect, the freedom, and the affectionate faith you deserve, then you married a man you did not know and you cannot keep on living with him.

* You have tried valiantly to live up (or down) to his demands. You find it impossible. It is he who can save your marriage. If he will not, you will have to escape through divorce or, perhaps, a trial separation.

* I know this is not the solution you wish, but from all you tell me, it seems the only one that can move him. You have my sympathy.

* * *

Why worry alone? If a friendship or marriage has reached a crisis, tell Anne Hirst about it. Let her weigh the situation and help you relieve it. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

We don't mind so much that out local postmaster read all our mail, but when he started answering it, we thought he went too far.

—Herb Shriner

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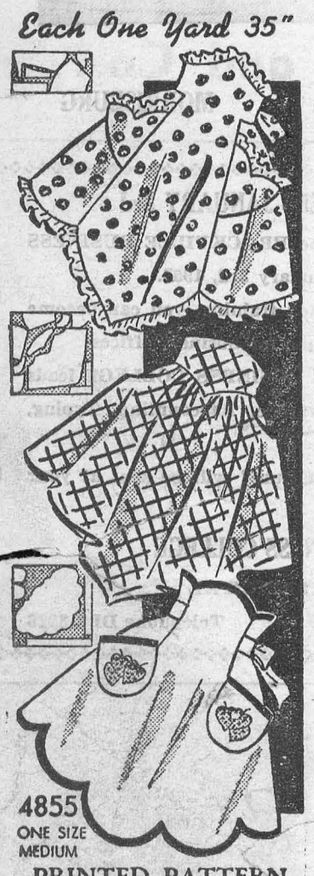
MORE ACCURATE

Each One Yard 35"



PRINTED PATTERN

Our newest Printed Pattern — JIFFY-CUT Paper pattern is all one piece; just pin to fabric, cut complete apron at once Each of these pretty little styles takes just ONE yard 35-inch!

Prined Pattern 4855 includes all three styles: Misses' Medium Size only. Each apron takes 1 yard 35-inch fabric. Applique transfer.

Jiffy-cut pattern is easiest to cut and sew. All pattern parts are printed on ONE tissuse piece!

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

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



WOODLAND MONARCH — Two-year-old Ona Caine points excitedly to Washington's 65-foot Christmas tree, quite a bit taller than she. Looming in background is Washington Monument, taller still.



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

It would seem that early winter finally caught up with us — and in no uncertain way. Gale force winds battered on the doors and windows last week, in many cases protected only by screens, which, until the day before, had been necessary to keep the flies out, so suddenly does our weather change. One day you couldn't keep the furnace low enough for comfort; the next day it was inadequate against the cold winds. There was no serious damage done around here except to knock our entire telephone line out of commission. It was two days before it was working again — which raises an interesting sidelight. The last two or three years there has been a lot of work done on telephone lines in this district. The old party lines disappeared. We were changed over to a dial system which was a great improvement. New poles were erected and miles and miles of wires and cables strung. We noticed these cables were hung very loosely, not taut from pole to pole the way the old single wires had been. This was meant to be an improvement of course — and apparently is — until something goes wrong. When that happens the trouble takes longer to find and entails more work. As one man put it — "it was easier to work on fifty miles of the old lines than five miles of this."

There must be factors on favor of this type of wiring but if it takes two days to fix one short line, what then? What will happen in real bad weather — in ice storms, for instance? How long will it take to fix the lines under such conditions? Could it be that cables are not satisfactory for the wide open spaces? Naturally this is a matter that concerns everyone, telephones being such a vital necessity in this day and age.

And here is another sidelight on present day problems. An old lady pensioner, living alone, needed new firebricks in her kitchen stove. Four years ago she had a similar job done and it cost her $12. Last week, the same job, on the same stove, cost her $20! In other words, half of one month's pension gone to pay for one small job. And not a thing she could do about it. It wouldn't have been safe not to have the stove fixed; she naturally couldn't do it herself and there was no hope of getting it done cheaper elsewhere. Doesn't it make you wonder how people with small incomes ever get along at all?

Well, I suppose we all have our problems wherever we live. On some farms, for instance, it is lack of water. On our farm we now have too much. That is because we have one overflowing well without a pump, the water flowing by natural gravity through a pipe to a tank in the stable and then to another tank in the barnyard and from thence through an overflow pipe to the outside. When we had 25 head of cattle the odds were even. Now we have more water than our few head of cattle can use. However, Partner thinks he has thought of a way of dealing with the situation to prevent the formation of a lake at the back of the barn. Well do I remember what happened some years ago when the outlet pipe froze solid and Partner was crawling around on the ice on his hands and knees until he had the pipe thawed out.

One problem we didn't have last week was how to get tickets for the Grey Cup game! You don't need tickets to follow the game on radio or television. But it was really funny. I was busy making pyjamas and Partner was putting on storm windows when I turned on the TV. Partner would come in, go down cellar for a window, bring it up, set it against a wall and then sit down and watch the game until there was another score. That would keep him satisfied for a little while so away he would go, put on his window, come back and repeat the proceedings. I, too, was dodging back and forth from the sewing machine to the living room. That is, until the last quarter. Then we stayed with it. I don't understand a thing about football but it didn't take long to catch the spirit of the game. Bob and Joy got here in the middle of the play. No one said "Hullo, how are you?" The salutation was "Hullo, what's the score?" And in how many homes, stores, farms and offices was the same thing happening? To say nothing of the 27,000 who actually attended the game.

And now to close, here is a hint for those who do their own sewing. As I said I was making pyjamas — for a man who falls through the jacket long before the rest of the garment is worn out! So here is what someone told me to do and I am passing the tip along to you. Make the back with double material from the neck to the waist. It makes a neat job and should surely prolong the life of the jacket. And much less work than patching afterwards.

Grandma Moses Starts Painting

I always liked to paint, but only little pictures for Christmas gifts and things like that. I painted for pleasure, to keep busy and to pass the time away, but I thought of it no more than of doing fancy work.

My husband Thomas never talked about my painting; he thought it was foolish. But one night, a few weeks before his death in January, 1927, he came in, it was after candlelight, and he asked, "Who did that painting?" It was one I had just painted .

"Oh," I said, "that isn't much."

"No, that's real good," he said.

The last few weeks, when I started to do a litle painting, he was right there watching, and liked it so much.

He never knew that he was going. And yet he made some very strange remarks that fall. Once he said, "I don't mind dying . . . but I can't bear the thought to go and leave you here. But if there is such a thing as coming back to this earth, I will come back and watch over you."

When I had quite a few paintings on hand, someone suggested that I send them down to the old Thomas' drugstore in Hoosick Falls, so I tried that. One day a Mr. Louis J. Caldor of New York City, an engineer and art collector passing through the town, saw and bought my paintings. He wanted to know who had painted them, and they told him it was an old woman living down on the Cambridge Road by the name of Anna Mary Moses.

He wanted me to paint more. He came back several times. He bought the pictures and paid for them. He took them down to New York to show in the galleries. Then, in October of 1940, I had the first exhibit of my paintings.

I am not superstitious or anything like that. But there is something like an overruling power. I never know how I'm going to paint until I start in; something tells me what to go right on and do.

It is just as though Thomas has had something to do about this painting business. I have thought: "I wonder if he has come back, I wonder if he is watching over me." — (From Grandma Moses: My Life's History.)

At college reunions you find that your classmates have gotten so stout and bald they hardly recognize you.

—General Features Corp.

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SIMPLE METHOD

A newly married accountant decided to set up an efficient, business-like household budget.

"Here's a hundred dollars, dear," he said to his bride. "And here's an account book. Now it's really very simple. I want you to write down how much I've given you on one side of the page, and on the other side write down what you do with the money. Then at the end of the month we'll be able to see where every cent has gone."

On the last day of the month the young bride proudly handed the ledger over to her eager spouse. Everything was done just as he had specified. On one side of the page was written:

"Reiceived — $100.00."

On the opposite side of the page, carefully printed, were the words:

"Spent it all."

A charwoman was telling a friend of her prowess in polishing floors.

"When I started to work here the floors were in bad shape, but since I've been doing them," she said with quiet pride, "three ladies have fallen down."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

Droll New Friends



by Laura Wheeler

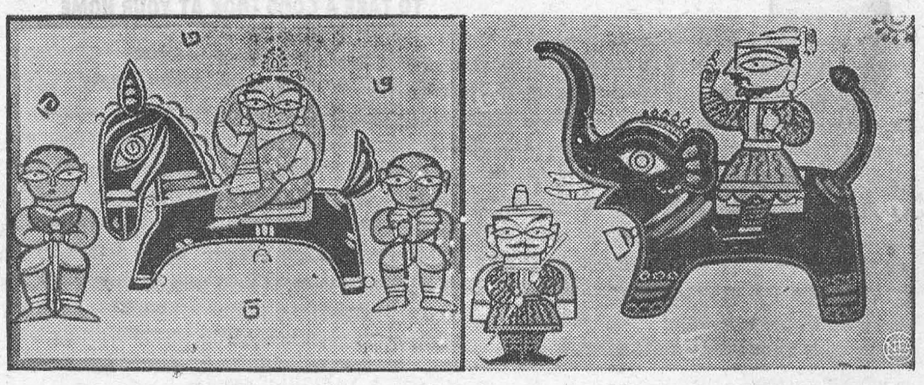
Little children love cuddling these animal pillows — big ones want them as a decoration. A wonderful new gift idea!

The stitchery is so simple and takes little time. Pattern 578: Directions for three 10-inch pillows; transfer of animal faces.

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 Needlcraft 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

'Round-the-World Holiday Mood in U.N. Greeting Cards



Shown here are some of the very colorful greeting cards the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) sold to provide food. medicines and public health equipment for the world's 600 million sick and needy children. As in other years, designs are donated by internationally noted artists. From Jamini Roy, of India. came the two above. On left card, a jet-black horse bears bears an Indian maiden garbed in jewel-bright robes. The other shows a trumpeting blue elephant with two youths in masquerade clothes. Card at right, by artist Joseph Low. depicts Italian children in a gay donkey cart, en route to a fiesta.





LOOK MA, ONE HAND — The graceful statue in Rockefeller Center appears to have no trouble supporting a huge Christmas tree. The 64-foot white spruce was being raised into position by crane when the photographer caught tree and statue in this interesting anale.