

WOMEN

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History of Santa Claus Goes Back 16 Centuries

A few years ago, some globe-trotting Americans were enjoying the unique experience of swimming under a hot sun on Christmas Day. Pleasant as it was, it didn't seem on a day that conjures up visions of snow scenes, reindeer and, above all, a rotund man muffled up in a bright red suit. Despite its great beauty, no setting, it seemed to them, could have been less appropriate for Santa Claus than the sandy and sunny shores of the Mediterranean along Turkey's southern coast.

After hearing the Americans' comments, a Turkish friend smilingly bundled them into a car and drove a few miles inland. Before realizing what was happening, and much to their surprise, they soon found themselves wandering through the countryside where Santa Claus was born, lived out his life and where he became a legend. St. Nicholas was what he was called in those days.

Perhaps, the proverbial good nature of St. Nicholas is not so surprising considering the radiant land he was born into some 1600 years ago. It was here that his reputation for generosity got its start. A tale tells of how he endowed three worthy, but poor, unmarried girls with the dowries that enabled them to find husbands. This act seems to have made a strong impression on our ancestors as he is often depicted in old pictures holding three gold balls. These symbolize the bags of gold he tossed into the window of the impoverished father of the spinsters. He thus became the patron saint of unmarried, and virtuous, ladies. This is all the more remarkable in view of his popularity with sailors.

Plan Christmas Party For New Canadians

RIVERFIELD, Que. (CP)—A 50-cent Christmas present and \$1 bus fare may be the key to a merry home-like Christmas Eve for lonely new Canadians in Montreal.

Those are the only needs to attend a party at Elizabeth McKell's home in this little village 30 miles south of Montreal.

Miss McKell, a schoolteacher in her 20s, took a year off from teaching duties to do "something worthwhile." This is one of her projects.

The presents will be placed under the Christmas tree in her family's home and then distributed to the 35 new Canadians she hopes will come to the party.

"I think I first got the idea from the 'bring Christ back to Christmas campaign' sponsored by students in Montreal," she said. "It must be terribly lonely by yourself in a strange town with everyone so happy."

Wife Preservers

Rinse an egg beater at once after using it, and use cold water. Next crack the blades through hot soap suds without letting the eggs and handle become soaked. Dry well.

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by Anne Adams

the pirates respected him as their patron saint, though they expressed their respect in a curious way. In the year 1067, the Church of St. Nicholas at Myra, where the good man was once bishop, was broken into by pirates who carried back to their home-port most of the Saint's remains which were buried in a sarcophagus in the Church.

His popularity was so great in the Middle Ages that hundreds of churches were named in his honor. More than that, his fame had penetrated secular circles, as well. One ever since, it has been its identifying mark. It was the pawnbrokers who took the three gold balls and who made Nicholas their patron saint realizing that dignity would accrue to their profession if they could associate their activities with his name.

The days of St. Nicholas were not always happy ones. He lived at a time when the goddess Diana was the object of worship throughout the Mediterranean area. The Roman Emperor Diocletian, a devotee of the goddess, seeking to extirpate Christianity, then only three centuries old, imprisoned the already well-known Bishop of Myra. The persecution only served to increase Nicholas' fame, and when Constantine came to the throne, the future saint was released with honors by the man who made Christianity the official religion of the Empire.

The years that followed Nicholas' death in the middle of the fourth century saw his popularity grow to immense proportions. He became the patron saint of Russia, and remained so until the downfall of the Tsar. Throughout Europe, his Day was observed with merry festivities and gift-giving.

In some of the leading English schools, notably Salisbury, a boy bishop was elected each year and, gotten up in the likeness of St. Nicholas, presided over festivities that extended from December 6th — St. Nicholas Day — to December 28th — Innocent or Childermas Day. It was thus that festivities for the Saint became part of the Christmas season.

The festival of St. Nicholas became very popular in Holland. When the Dutch came to America and founded New Amsterdam, which later became New York, they brought the festival with them. As a matter of fact, an image of the Saint formed the figurehead on the prow of the first Dutch immigrant ship that touched Manhattan Island, and Nicholas was promptly accepted as the patron saint of the future metropolis.

The Dutch name for Saint Nicholas soon became "Santa Claus," which was easier to say, and it was under this name that he became widely known throughout the Colonies.

The St. Nicholas country — Turkey's province of Antalya — is one of the most beautiful places in the world. Like its eastern Mediterranean counterpart, the French Riviera, it is remarkable for its variety. Mountains cut off the cold winds from the north, creating subtropical valleys where bananas and oranges grow. Many streams, teeming with fish, rise in the Taurus Mountains, and the hills themselves, are alive not only with hares, geese and quail, but with bears and leopards, as well.

Travelers are beginning to discover the almost forgotten little town of Myra, now called Demre. In recent years, the Turkish Government has made strenuous efforts to safeguard what remains of the old Church of St. Nicholas, and

for Christmas Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce

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Ocean Spray the growers' own brand is TOP QUALITY—and has the Good Housekeeping and Parents' Magazine seals of approval. Perfect partners for turkey and chicken.

DEEP CAVERNS Tourists in the Carlsbad caverns of New Mexico descend as much as 829 feet from the entrance level.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL — Fears Telling Wife Of Youthful Divorcee

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I am a married man, 55, and have four grown children, all married. About a year ago I met a young woman, 24, and have been seeing her once or twice a week since then, mostly at her home. She is legally separated from her husband and has three young children.

I did not intend to be serious with her, but she grew to love me a lot. I still love my wife and children and am afraid to tell my wife about this affair. Please tell me how I can make the young woman realize that I am too old for her. She is so persistent, and I am sick with worrying.

R. Y.

He's Ashamed Of Selfishness

DEAR R. Y.: I gather you are clinging to the argument that you are too old for the girl, mostly to conceal from her your casually selfish exploitative attitude in the first place—in entering the affair with an intention of taking her seriously.

Since she is the persistent wooer in the exchange, we may assume that she subtly initiated the illicit undertaking, without exploring your motives—putting temptation in your way persuasively, helping you to make a habit of her. Perhaps she felt confident that if she became interested in permanency, her youth and the pull of habit would give her enough leverage to take full possession of you and break up your marriage, eventually.

As to whether she loves you a lot, as you say, that depends upon one's definition of love, I think. Obviously she lives quite precariously, and presumably would like to have external protection and anchorage given her—in preference to solving her problems at their roots, namely, in her own mixed-up psychology and grabby expedient approach to life.

Maybe you look like family security to her in terms of social and financial solidity—at least, compared to anything she has known, in relation to her parents and former husband. Or possibly, in her loneliness and guilty liaison, she has begun to feel poignantly attached to you, in a frightened way—as her prospective deliverer from a nightmare sort of life, that seems to be darkening, rather than improving, in consequence of the affair.

Candor Required To Save Marriage

In any case, it seems you realize now that you aren't altogether a free agent in the proceedings—that you aren't so much hunter as you were pursued in the proceedings. And, evidently the girl is stubbornly resisting your chicken-hearted attempts to educate her to look further than you for the answer to her needs.

Apparently also the thought has arisen—"But what if your wife finds out about this?" Is the girl unwitting to do the talking, to "help" obtain your release from your wife? Or have you begun to yearn for your helpmeet's time-tested counsel and backing, in extricating yourself from a bad situation that gets more worrisome? And thus come face-to-face with the sudden fear that she'd never forgive or understand your predicament?

Now for advice: The girl clings to you compulsively, for neurotic reasons, hence argumentation is wasted on her. If she is fighting dismissal, your best chance of saving your marriage, by securing your wife as an ally, consists in sketching the problems to her. She will rise to the rescue, I am sure, when she learns that a young divorcee is on your trail. Admitting your folly won't be easy. Patience and fortitude may be required to assure yourself. But the chastening experience of humble confession ought to serve as a lasting reminder to bypass temptation in the future.

M. H. Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian.

has built a shell around it to protect it from the onslaughts of weather. Old Saint Nicholas has happily captured the imagination of millions of people the world over. Whether he wears a red suit or a bishop's robe, whether he lives in the icy wastes of the North Pole or along the sunny shores of southern Turkey, this delightful saint is a colorful and remarkable propagator of cheer and good will; indeed, as colorful and remarkable as the land he was born in some 1600 years ago.

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MR. AND MRS. GREGORY ADAMS CORBETT

Exchange Vows at Bedeque

Bedeque United Church was the scene of a wedding on Tuesday, November 23, when the Rev. George K. Ward, in a double-ring ceremony, united in marriage Harriet Louise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Craig, and Gregory Adams, son of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Corbett of Halifax.

The wedding music was played by Mrs. Walter Craig and Miss Frances Craig sang "A Wedding Prayer" immediately before the ceremony. During the signing of the register she sang "The voice that breathed o'er Eden."

The bride was given in marriage by her father. She chose for her wedding a gown of chantly lace over satin sleeves. Her fingertip veil of French tulle illusion was fashioned in a joliet cap and she carried a bouquet of white pansies.

The bride was attended by Mrs. A. C. Clark as matron of honor and by her sister, Miss Catherine Craig, as bridesmaid. Both attendants wore matching gowns of red rose taffeta fashioned on princess lines with boleros and matching headpieces. They carried nosegays of yellow 'mums.

The groom was attended by Mr. Kenneth Fram. The guests were ushered by Mr. Arthur Craig and Mr. Eric Lamb.

A reception for 60 guests was held in the Church hall. The Edith Thompson Young Women's Auxiliary catered. The bride's table, adorned with flowers and ivory tapers in crystal candelabra, was centered with a three-tier wedding cake which was cut by the bride and groom in the traditional manner. The toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. W. J. Reid and responded to by the groom. Telegrams of congratulations from relatives and friends were read by Mr. Kenneth Fram. A happy incident of the day was the unexpected arrival, shortly before the ceremony, of the bride's brother, F./Lt. John M. Craig, from the R. C. A. F. Station at Trenton, Ontario.

For travelling, the bride wore a navy costume of wool with white accessories and a corsage of red roses.

The young couple left amid showers of confetti and good wishes for a short honeymoon in Montreal and New York. On their return they will reside in Halifax.—S.

The Legend of Pine Cones at Christmas

Once upon a time—according to Harz mountain legend—a poor miner's wife was gathering pine cones in the forest. It was just before Christmas, her husband was ill, and there was no money in the house for food. So she gathered the cones and sold them to the villagers for kindling—obtaining enough for the day's necessities.

One morning while she was looking for such cones, a little imp jumped out of a huge fir tree.

"Here, here are the biggest, driest cones of all! Take them!" he shrieked, jumping up and down excitedly.

Suddenly, there was such a shower of cones that the poor woman was frightened. She tried to run away, but could not move until the little imp had filled her basket. And, having started home, the basket grew heavier and heavier—she wished the elf hadn't disappeared, he might have helped her. When she finally reached her hut she called the children to help carry the basket inside. Emptying the basket, they found that every cone was made of solid silver.

Commemorating these legendary silver cones, gilded pine cones are sold in modern stores, to decorate our homes—to burn and crackle gaily in our Christmas fires.

Herman N. Sundesen, M. D.

Buy Practical Toys For Baby's Safety

With Christmas only a few days away, you'll probably want to buy some toys for that new baby.

Maybe he's your own, or maybe he belongs to a relative or a friend. But there's usually somebody's baby on every Christmas gift list.

Choosing Baby's Toys

Baby toys require some thought. While some are practical, and will be welcomed by the baby and his parents, others might prove injurious.

Of course, all babies like rattles, but the wrong kind of rattle can be extremely dangerous. Don't buy rattles filled with stones or shot. If the baby breaks or bites through it, he is liable to choke.

Toys to Avoid

Toys with rough surfaces, sharp points or edges, tin toys or wooden toys that splinter easily should also be avoided. Marbles or small beads are not for babies either.

Other toys on the "should not give" list are:

Loose-jointed toys with parts that might break off; toys made of lead or painted with ordinary paint containing lead; glass bottles of any kind; woolly hairy toys which catch dirt and cannot be kept clean; toys that are so heavy the baby might injure himself playing with them.

No Trains, Pop!

And finally—and this probably will be a blow to Pop—no mechanical toys or trains which must be operated by a grownup. These may amuse the baby for a few seconds, but they'll soon bore him. Wait until he gets to be about four or five years old.

Toys a baby can enjoy without danger are safe plastic rattles filled with plastic materials, large rubber dolls, soft balls, unpainted blocks and even empty spools. As for colors, an infant prefers red, blue, green and yellow. He likes strong, clear colors better than pale shades.

These Are Good Choices

When a baby begins to walk, he'll especially enjoy some sort of toy he can pull behind him. A large rubber ball is an ideal gift for babies between one and two.

One more tip for parents. If your baby receives a lot of toys this Christmas, put some of them away immediately. You can give them to him when he tires of those you do let him play with.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

L. H. Are stomach ulcers dangerous? Are cigarettes bad for them?

Answer: Stomach ulcers may lead to serious difficulty since complications may occur, such as rupture of the ulcer or even the development of a tumor in the ulcer location.

As a general rule, it is advisable that a person with stomach ulcers should not smoke.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

Sewing needles that stick when you insert them in materials may be rusty. Try pressing them in a bar of soap to remove the rust.

LET'S EAT

Makes Food a Picture A Hungarian Caterer

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Flaming red candles in silver candelabra; a hospitable table covered with embroidered linen; at one end a coffee service, tea tray opposite.

Plates of assorted canapés; hot finger-rolls; a shining jellied lobster salad; a stuffed pear-pineapple platter; Christmas sweet breads and holiday cookies.

Centering the buffet, a big, glamorous, oblong cream-covered three-layer strawberry shortcake, clustered with fresh berries and galax leaves at the corners.

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Mixed salad; lamb and vegetable stew; hot biscuits; pumpkin pie; coffee, tea, milk.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add a pinch of dried dill to the dressing for lobster or crabmeat salad.

MORNING SMILE

The little old lady, having just bought her first plane ticket, was asked by the airline clerk if she'd care to buy an insurance ticket.

Little old lady—Land a-sakes, no! I've been takin' tickets on things all m'life and I've never had any luck yet!

CHRISTMAS BUFFET SUPPER

Strawberry Sponge Shortcake (as a Table Center Piece)
Lobster or Crab Meat Salad
Hot Finger Rolls
Stuffed Pear-Pineapple Platter
Christmas Sweet Breads
Butter Cookies
Viennese Coffee
Tea

Strawberry Sponge Shortcake: Make twice the recipe for a standard sponge cake or use a mix. Bake in 3 oiled 9" layer cake pans lined with waxed paper.

Whip 2 c. heavy cream with 3 tbs. sugar, and 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin, first softened 5 min. in cold water, then dissolved over steam. Put layers together with a mixture of ½ the whipped cream and the drained mashed contents of 1 pkg. thawed frozen strawberries. Spread and cover the sides of the shortcake with swirls of whipped cream. Refrigerate until almost firm. Decorate center with a cluster of fresh strawberries and 3 galax leaves, or washed and dried holly leaves. Chill and serve on a tray covered with aluminum foil.

Stuffed Pear-Pineapple Platter: Slice the green top from a fresh pineapple. Pare; remove the "eyes," and cut pineapple into 8 wedges. Mix together ½ lb. cream cheese and blend with ¼ c. plain cream. Put wedges together with this. Fit on the top with cream cheese. Chill;



CHEESE RAMEKIN

½ lb. soft rolled cheese
1 egg
2 cups milk
Few slices bread
Strips of bacon
Salt
Pepper
Dry mustard
Line a two quart baking dish with bread buttered on both sides. Then cut up cheese in this. Beat egg and milk and pour over cheese. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and dry mustard. Put a few slices of bacon on top and drape bacon over sides of bread around sides of dish. Bake until cheese, egg and milk are like a thick custard and a nice brown.

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