

Canada's young family magazine:

LIBERTY

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MISTER ED: my pernicky palomino - - by Alan Young

How to cheat at cards

Are you one of Canada's spare-time Samaritans?

Poisonous killers lurk in your home



Satirist MORT SAHL: Was he too saucy to survive?



'Hoedown's' HAMES SISTERS: They've got the country by its ear

Sleeve holdout which slides
ace in and out of hand is
dandy aid in improving the
odds on winning at poker.



How gamblers cheat you at cards



by ROSS BERTRAM, professional gambling investigator

Even 'friendly' bridge & poker games nourish cheats. Here are ways they operate — and how to spot them.

UNDER THE HARSH overhead lamp seven men sat eyeing one another through a haze of cigar smoke across a green baize table that held a poker pot of several thousand dollars.

One of the men was a cheat.

One of the men was myself—a professional gambling investigator, with 30 years' experience at exposing card sharps.

Three days before, a wealthy Torontonian had brought me his problem. He'd recently introduced an acquaintance to his club, where poker games for high stakes were often held.

"The fellow's luck has been a bit out of the ordinary, and there's a rumor he was accused of cheating in London. I'll get you into a game," he said. "Find out if Fenwick cheats. If he does, get him out of the club without exposing him. I don't want any scandal."

THE FIRST PART was simple. Fenwick was a cheat, all right, though not particularly skilful. A "paper hustler", he used marked cards, but wasn't good enough to be rated a "mechanic", or skilled cheat. He'd switch one of the club's decks for his own marked pack, and that was about it. His marked cards were standard, using a well-known system.

Easing him out of the club without a fuss was tougher. After some thought, I got a pack like those used in the club, and marked them in the same places as Fenwick's, but not according to his system—not according to *any* system, in fact. Nobody, including myself, could read them.

Next evening, I sat in the game. The first couple of hours, play was honest. Suddenly, I saw the telltale move that meant he'd switched packs.

I had my pack ready. When the deal came to me, I switched it for Fenwick's, and placidly dealt the cards. Fenwick was a picture of bewilderment when the marks on the card backs didn't correspond to the faces.

A peek from under the table shows cheater at work



Bottom deal for high card



Ace was held up sleeve



Ace palmed during a cut



Switching a marked pack

Finally, he realized the deck had been switched. Then it was his turn to study *me*. I saw horrified recognition in his eyes. He'd evidently seen a picture of me somewhere. Shortly after, he excused himself, saying he felt ill—and he looked it. Not long after, he left town for good.

DISHONEST DOUGH was Fenwick's line; with the other players at the table, gambling was, in varying degrees, an obsession.

There's a thrill in risks, taking them or watching others take them. Gambling fascinates most people, whether they play or not.

If you've ever played marbles, bought a raffle ticket, passed on a hill, bought insurance, or left your raincoat home on a cloudy day—you're a gambler.

If you *do* play cards you're almost certain to run into cheats; knowing how to recognize them could save you

money.

"How did you get started as a gambling investigator?" people invariably ask.

My introduction to crooked gambling was through a practitioner who needed someone to show off to. A clever "mechanic" puts in endless practice acquiring the skill to defy detection. Naturally, he likes to brag how good he is. But, by the nature of his work, he has to keep his mouth shut.

In my late teens, I was demonstrator in a magic store in the old Yonge Street Arcade, in Toronto. A stranger shuffled in and asked if we had any "readers". I showed him the only marked cards we had—a specially-printed deck sometimes used by amateur magicians.

Scornfully he waved them away. "No, no! Readers like that ought to be in the public library. I want handwork like this." He pulled out a pack of cards and handed them (Continued on page 34)

Mort Sahl

continued from page 26

never got past rehearsals for a scheduled Perry Como show. He lost his NBC spot with: "Well, kids, if we're good today, General (NBC chairman) Sarnoff might like us, and if he likes us, he'll go to Charles Van Doren and get us more money."

CONTRARY to legend, the wiry 36-year-old humorist was not born in a sweater in San Francisco. He was born in Montreal, only son of a clerk who moved to the U.S. when Mort was four. Sahl got his Bachelor of Science in City Management and Engineering at the University of Southern California, then went to nearby Berkeley for graduate studies in statistics.

While starving, Sahl worked in 1953 at "The hungry i" (for "intellectual"), a San Francisco cellar club catering to bohemians. "I laid a big egg at first," says Sahl. "They thought I had no right to be so caustic when I didn't show any self-confidence, even though I had a latent Christ-like image of myself. Then, one night, somebody laughed and the whole thing started building. I stayed eight months."

Sahl played the west coast three years before venturing into the east. Immedi-

ately, his troubles with censorship began. In Chicago, an owner pressured him: "Trade that red sweater for a jacket". Says Sahl: "You're out there telling them to overthrow the government and they worry about a sweater."

ALL SAHL'S JOKES have a political or moral point, and celebrities flocked to listen. Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy (then a senator) became Sahl's close friends. As the London *Observer* put it during the comedian's British stint in 1959, Sahl's routine was "all straight chat, smart and sardonic"—and it was largely at the expense of the Eisenhower administration.

Then came the 1960 presidential election. Mort Sahl had wealth and fame and his friends were in power. So what was left to be funny about?

The Kennedy administration, that's what.

He's no longer as welcome in high places as he once was. Many former Sahl admirers aren't disposed to laugh about J.F.K. the way they did about Ike and Nixon.

Now that the TV networks are more anxious than ever not to offend, Sahl's just too hot to handle as a regular performer. So if you're to find him at all these days, he's likely to be addressing himself to the eggheads in some far-out club or doing one-night stands in

college towns, as he did in Toronto a couple of years ago. To a Massey Hall audience, he quipped, "You know what Canadian foreign policy is? To make the world safe for Americans."

"Socialized medicine," he said, "is a dangerous trend toward health." Of *The Bomb*, he soothed. "There's no appreciable increase in radiation activity—but don't plan large families."

OF HIMSELF, Sahl says: "I'm the only political humorist in this country. There's really no one to talk to, no gods to look toward, no stimulus from competition. This is an era of no values and of apathy. If I criticize, it's because I have higher hopes for the world."

Because he wants "to bring sense to a public bargaged with bombast", he'd like more TV exposure. And the many fans who want more of Sahl than recordings and re-runs of his two movies, *In Love and War* and *All The Young Men*, are hoping the test film his production company made last month will result in a TV series by 1964.

Because of—or in spite of—his refusal to compromise for the sake of an "in" audience, Sahl's star may be rising again. But who can plot the whims of success? As Sahl says of sex: "There's no use discussing what you can't document." ♦♦

Card Cheats

continued from page 15

to me. I looked carefully, but could see nothing wrong. (This was before I'd heard about "going to the movies"—riffing a marked pack and watching the pretty spots jump back and forth.)

The stranger began to read their backs like lightning. He rapidly dealt himself half a dozen winning hands, while I watched fascinated.

After that, one gambler led to another. I met most of them through "mechanics" I already knew; but sometimes someone would come up to me after I'd given a show, and ask if I knew Mr. Hemingway (a password card sharps use). Usually I'd grin and say I didn't exactly know Hemingway, but I'd heard a lot about him. Then I'd mention one or two card sharps around town, and I was in.

IT STRUCK ME that this country could use a gambling investigator, both to expose cheats and lecture on the wiles of the crooked gambler. I'd gathered a collection of marked cards and loaded dice as a hobby. Gradually, I added the devices used by cheats. I made a color movie to give audiences a close-up of deals off the bottom, and switching dice. To both movie and lecture I gave the title, *Don't Bet on It!*

Most of my work comes from organizations that want the lecture simply as

entertainment; but sometimes, as with Fenwick, I'm called in as a sleuth.

Where does the cheat get the gadgets he needs? Several supply houses stand ready, at the drop of a money order (no cheques, please), to supply whatever he needs—at fancy prices. Of course, their catalogues insist: "Goods in this catalogue are not sold to perpetrate a fraud or for any illegal purpose." Some even offer a written guarantee with every purchase—if the buyer stays out of jail long enough to collect his refund.

Often, a crook gets clipped himself by outfits that supply him with crooked equipment.

One supply house lists three-card monte, done with faked cards, for \$2; you can get the same trick from a magic dealer for a quarter. Or you pay \$3.50 for the three shell game, and get three ordinary walnut shells, the pea (a small piece of sponge rubber) and a sheet of instructions.

Some gunk called "No Miss" is sold for \$5, so a gambler's fingers can deal the second card without a miss. As Frank Garcia points out in his recent book, *Marked Cards and Loaded Dice*, you can get better stuff, used by bank tellers or anyone who handles papers a lot, for 50¢ from a stationer.

There's "Slick Ace Compound" at \$4; a bit of car wax will serve the same purpose. A card trimmer sells for \$125 (an ordinary paper trimmer can be adapted to the same work). To round the corners of cards, after they've been trimmed, there's a \$75 gadget.

K. C. Card Co., in Chicago, a big gambling-supply house, devotes 10 catalogue pages to marked cards alone, ranging from specially printed magician's cards to "Natural Perfection Bee 67". The latter is a marked pack that isn't really "marked" at all. The cards are just as they came from the manufacturer—but they didn't all come from the same pack. Hundreds of packs are sorted through to find tiny variations in the pattern. The packs are then re-assembled so the backs make natural readers. Price: \$5.50 a pack.

The weirdest marked cards are "luminous readers", made up only in red backs, and read with special glasses or visors—and no self-respecting crook would deign to use them.

For \$160 you can buy a pair of "New Improved Triple Curve Contact Lenses". With these, plus a pack of "Contact Lens Cards" (at \$8) the hustler is in business.

A FEW YEARS AGO, an imaginative Montreal gambler called "Steamer" Riley worked a unique confidence game. His nickname came from his fondness for steaming open new packs of cards, to improve the design on their backs.

To carefully selected suckers, Riley confided that the backs of a certain brand of cards, widely used in gambling clubs, could be read by those in the know. He insisted the head diemaker of the card company had been paid a fabulous sum by a gambling syndicate to change the dies that printed the backs. The key to these marks was a most

Fotofun

closely guarded secret. He'd paid \$25,000 for it, Riley said, and that was a bargain.

The Steamer was a persuasive man. He'd let the fellow buy a pack of the cards himself, then would apparently read their backs with ease—actually using a small mirror in his left palm to reflect the corners of the cards. Or, if opportunity offered, he might switch the ordinary pack for a marked one of his own. Sometimes he planted the readers in the store beforehand.

Drooling at the thought of fantastic profits with no risk, the sucker would make a cash offer. At last, the gambler would agree to impart the secret—"But only because I gotta get out of town. It's getting too hot for me here."

For whatever the traffic would bear—in one case, \$12,000—the sucker got a neatly marked pack of cards and a sheet of instructions, worth \$3 in a gambling supply house.

Riley, as he said he would, left town.

As well as "readers", aspiring cheats can pick up packs of "strippers". These cards slip out of the pack at a touch, enabling the mechanic to cut them to either top or bottom.

Certain cards—say the aces—are slightly wider than the rest of the pack at one point. The cheat runs his fingers along the sides of the cards while cutting. He can either strip them out onto the right hand pile, or he can hold them back so they stay behind. Thus, the stripped cards finish up on top or bottom of the pack.

A "Radio Cue Prompter" will set you back only \$350. This little gem consists of two units, each the size of a pack of cards, for secret communication, using a dot-dash system.

Used with the Prompter is "Peepo". ("Here is the light fixture everyone has asked for," says the catalogue.) This fluorescent fixture has a clear "look-out" glass. A man in the room above the gaming room can see all the hands at the table; using the Radio Cue Prompter, he signals his accomplices the number of aces the sucker (also known as the "mark", "lamb" or "monkey") is holding. Peepos run at \$60.

It's not always convenient to chop a hole in the floor of the room upstairs, so gamblers may seat the mark in a chair with his back to the window. Armed with powerful field-glasses, and a Radio Prompter, an accomplice across the street reads the cards in the mark's hand.

IN A CALGARY apartment, not too long ago, an oil millionaire was being operated on for removal of the bank-roll, using this setup.

Suddenly, instead of the dot-dash messages, the cheater got a series of urgent beats, indicating a raid. A stride to the window, a quick look down confirmed that a dozen policemen were sprinting through the front door. Poker chips and money disappeared. By the time police got to the apartment, the men were innocently playing rummy.

When the frustrated cops left, the mark asked a question that was nagging

LIBERTY'S PHOTO-OF-THE-MONTH



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Charles Osland, Oakville, Ont.



JUST POTTERING AROUND
Mrs. H. Curry,
Peterborough, Ont.



NOW BLOW!
Cyril Haden,
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him: "What made you go to the window, just at the right time?"

"Why, we keep a lookout in the room over there," the gambler said matter-of-factly. "He gave me the signal." Picking up his cards, he added: "That's why you're smart to play in a well-organized game, mister. You get protection."

A good professional gambler can use your own cards and finish up in the money.

The honest professional gambler—and there are a few—has gained a card sense and a knowledge of gambling psychology no casual player can hope to equal. If he's really scientific, he's memorized mathematical odds that tell him just what his chances are of filling any given hand.

In *Oswald Jacoby on Poker*, the author advises a serious player to keep track of the exact amount in the pot, know what the odds are against drawing the cards he needs, and calculate whether

the pot is big enough to justify calling the bet.

Let's say you have a four-card open "straight" to draw to. Of the 47 cards not in your own hand, 8 will make your straight, 39 will not. So, odds against success are 39 to 8 (about 5 to 1). If it costs you \$2 to draw a card, follow Jacoby's advice: throw in your hand unless there's at least \$10 in the pot.

I know one honest small-time gambler who played strictly by percentages, and did quite well. His ambition was to get into big-money games and make a killing. He carefully saved his money. At last, he wangled his way into a game where the chips were blue indeed. Alexander Pantages, the theatre magnate, was one player; all the others were millionaires or better.

With high hopes and 30,000 painfully-saved dollars, he entered the game—and left it, a couple of hours later, flat broke. The other players could afford

to toss away a few thousand if they felt like it; they played for fun, and not always according to common sense. It threw the scientific gambler's play out of kilter. Given time and a bigger bankroll, he could have cleaned up; but one of those runs of bad luck all players have washed him up. When last seen, he had become a mechanic—in a garage.

THERE IS a secret advantage a gambler can take, in the border zone between honest play and outright cheating: remember the order of any significant exposed cards, in hopes the shuffle won't separate all of them.

Suppose in a game of stud you see a pair of aces showing. You note the card lying before the first ace is the four of clubs. That's all you remember—one card. Suppose in the next hand, sitting on the dealer's left, you have an ace in the hole, and the dealer has just dealt himself the four of clubs. Before the shuffle there were two aces after the four; so there's a fair chance the next card you get is going to give you a pair of aces.

Things seldom work out as smoothly as that—but remember, the professional gambler does his memory work on every hand. In thousands of hands, he hits it right often enough to gain a significant advantage.

The outright cheat doesn't trust to luck that combinations will stay together—he makes darn sure of it. Before his own deal, he memorizes his own hand, and leaves his cards on top of the deck. In a riffle shuffle, it's easy to leave the top cards undisturbed by holding them back and letting them fall last.

He then offers the cards to be cut for a game of stud. If the player on his right waives his privilege of cutting (something one should never do when playing for money), the cheat is in clover—he knows the hole cards of the first five players.

Even if the cut is made, he may still cash in on his secret knowledge. As soon as the first card of his known run turns up, he knows the next four cards that will be dealt.

To get the most out of a pack of "readers", a cheat has to be able to deal seconds—that is, to pretend to deal the top card but actually deal the second one. When he comes to a top card he wants, he deals "seconds" until he can deal it to himself.

A more useful (and difficult) trick is dealing off the bottom. An expert "subway dealer" doesn't bother with crooked cards; he doesn't need to. Gathering up the discards for his deal, he gets two or three aces or kings to the bottom, keeps them there while he shuffles, and then deals them to himself.

THERE ARE several ways of getting around the cut. Though not sure-fire, the least suspicious is for the cheat to first cut the cards and square them up after the shuffle—putting a small bend in the packet that goes on top. When the pack is cut, chances are good it'll be cut right where he put the crimp.

Puttering around

keeping winter stains off rugs

by PEGGY STEWART

ABOUT THIS TIME of year, thousands of mothers across the country decide they might as well scrap their decorating schemes in favor of dirt-colored rugs. How else can you keep up with tracked-in salt, ashes, and mud, and the rug stains that go along with the winter party season and more time indoors for the whole family?

By now, of course, most moms have learned to lay scatter rugs at all entrances, because no matter how helpful salt and ashes may be on the street, they're murder for rugs. Both can lead to severe discoloration and fibre damage. If either of them get scattered past your scatter rugs, and don't get caught before they've left a mark, here's how to treat the soiled area.

For **salt** (which attracts and holds moisture and can result in brown stains), remove as much as possible with a damp cloth (white or colorfast): then sponge several times with water. Turn a fan, hairdryer, or vacuum cleaner blower on the spot, to dry it as fast as possible. If a spot still remains, sponge it with a solution of ammonia and water (1 tbslp. ammonia in 1 qt. cool water), then sponge again with clear water and dry as before.

To remove any stain left by **ashes** (which are usually alkaline and harm dyes), rinse the soiled area with cold water, then apply either vinegar (1 tbslp. in 1 qt. cool water) or lemon juice with

a sponge, and rinse again with cold water.

Mud shouldn't be rushed at. Let it dry thoroughly before trying to remove it. If brushing or vacuuming doesn't get out the last trace, sponge the stain with either clear water or detergent and water. Sponge really stubborn mud with diluted alcohol.

To remove another of the most common winter stains—**coffee**—stretch the stained area of the rug over a deep bowl and pour boiling water through the stain from two or three feet above. Repeat several times if necessary. An alternative is to rub glycerin into the stain, leave it in the fibre for several hours, then sponge it off with clear, warm water. The same treatment works for **tea** stains. If there was **cream** in the coffee, remove the grease spot with cleaning fluid after the coffee stain has dried.

Sponge off stains from **alcoholic beverages** and **soft drinks** with a mixture of two parts water to one part alcohol. To remove **wine** stains, sprinkle them with salt and use the boiling water method recommended for coffee stains.

Always work from the outer edge of a stain toward the centre to keep the spot from spreading—and never rub rugs hard.

(For more information on household stains or rug and carpet care, see *The Betty Bissell Book of Home Cleaning*; 35¢, Bantam.) ◆◆

Or, he can try to reverse the cut while picking up the pack (a difficult manoeuvre); or he may palm the cards he wants, and replace them after the cut.

Undoubtedly the most difficult sleight is the middle deal. The few who can do it perfectly have other players at their mercy. They need no other sleights or devices, except an easily acquired ability to cull wanted cards from the discards, and keep them at the bottom while shuffling.

Then, the middle-dealer hands out the pack for cutting. Reassembling the two halves after the cut, he holds a slight break between them; when he wants a card for himself, he deals it from above the break—that is, from the middle of the pack.

Even a riffle shuffle can be used to stack cards. Put four aces on top of the pack, and do two "perfect" riffle shuffles. The aces will be spaced out every fourth card, ready to deal to yourself in a four-handed game. Three such shuffles place them every eighth card.

The sharper can mark cards during the game. He puts inconspicuous fingernail nicks on the edges of high cards; or he pricks the cards slightly, making a minute bump on the back with a tiny needle point taped to his finger with a Band-Aid.

To read unmarked cards, all the sharp needs is a shiner—a tiny concealed mirror. One of the neatest shiners is a sequin, stuck to the side of the second

finger near the tip, but it needs a fiendish amount of practice to use without slowing the deal.

Watch the man who makes a big fuss about "keeping the game honest". One legendary Negro gambler announced: "Boys, this here game's gonna be on the up and up—and lemme introduce you to the enforcer." He opened a deadly-looking straight razor, and laid it on the table. There it stayed, keeping other players on their good behaviour. A very shiny razor, it gave its owner a beautiful view of the undersides of cards he dealt.

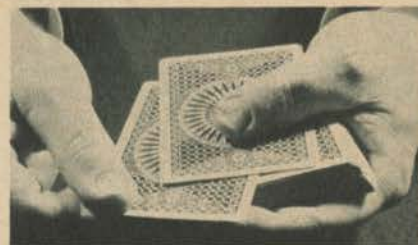
GADGETS called "holdouts" range from a simple clip fastened under the table, to a complicated mechanism called a Sullivan holdout. The gambler need only take a deep breath to bring two or three aces from his sleeve to his hand. And, as Frank Garcia says: "A man who has one or two aces comfortably stashed in his sleeve plays a relaxed, happy, successful game of cards."

In a card game, watch for the special way of holding the pack known as the "mechanic's grip". If you see anyone holding the pack like this, with fingers curled up around the pack to conceal the edges of the deck, you can be reasonably sure he is a second or bottom-dealer.

If you suspect "seconds" are being dealt, listen as the cards come off the pack. Because a "second" comes out from between two other cards, it makes a swishing sound. But a good second-dealer will make every card swish off



'Mechanic's' grip hides edge of pack.



Top card is held back, 2nd card dealt.



Bottom deal is shielded by top card.

A LIBERTY SELF-ANALYSIS QUIZ

Can you 'see into' people?



THE GREAT and near-great have often tried to re-live their interesting existences by writing autobiographies — their own life histories. Test your knowledge of well-known personalities; match the titles of autobiographies, listed in the first column, with their authors listed in disorder in the second column.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|---------------------|
| 1. My Wicked, Wicked Ways | () | Brendan Behan |
| 2. The Story of San Michele | () | Alexander King |
| 3. Full Circle | () | Clare Boothe Luce |
| 4. A Child of the Century | () | Ben Hecht |
| 5. The Diary of a Young Girl | () | Axel Munthe |
| 6. Autobiography of a Super-Tramp | () | Errol Flynn |
| 7. Borstal Boy | () | Edith Head |
| 8. I'll Cry Tomorrow | () | Anthony Eden |
| 9. Ambassador Extraordinary | () | W. H. Davies |
| 10. Mine Enemy Grows Older | () | Fanny Hurst |
| 11. My Life and Hard Times | () | Lillian Roth |
| 12. The Public Years | () | Michel del Castillo |
| 13. Anatomy of Me | () | Anne Frank |
| 14. The Dress Doctor | () | James Thurber |
| 15. Child of our Time | () | Bernard Baruch |

SCORING: one point for each correct answer. 1. Errol Flynn; 2. Axel Munthe; 3. Anthony Eden; 4. Ben Hecht; 5. Anne Frank; 6. W. H. Davies; 7. Brendan Behan; 8. Lillian Roth; 9. Clare Boothe Luce; 10. Alexander King; 11. James Thurber; 12. Bernard Baruch; 13. Fanny Hurst; 14. Edith Head; 15. Michel del Castillo. 12-15 right: people tremble at your perceptive gaze; 8-11 right: you're average; below 8: don't be fooled by what you see on the surface. ♦♦

the pack, so there's no difference in sound.

Watch the dealer's thumb. Because it is merely moving the same top card back and forth, it doesn't lift off the pack.

Best way to judge if marked cards are being used is to observe the pattern of play. If your suspect often calls—and wins—when common sense would dictate folding his hand, or if he shows an unnatural confidence in betting, there's a good chance he knows more about your hole card than he has any right to.

A stacked deck is called a "cold" deck because, having been out of play, it feels cold. Don't count on detecting it by that means, however. To switch a deck, the hands have to go out of sight a moment. So, if you see a lucky stranger's hands go out of sight with the deck for any reason, beware of a stacked or marked pack.

IT BOILS down to this: you *can't* be sure, you can only be careful.

The old advice, "never gamble with strangers", is sound. But the truth is: far too many neighbourhood poker sessions, far too many locker-room crap games, have their cheats.

Even such small-time gambling as matching coins has been gaffed—not only with the well-known two-headed coin, but with sleight-of-hand that enables the tosser to show heads or tails at will. Even a game of bingo may be faked by a greedy operator who isn't satisfied with his legitimate percentage.

There is only one absolutely sure-fire piece of advice.

If you're betting heavily on what looks like a sure thing—don't bet on it!

Though cards are my profession, I very rarely play with my friends. What's the use?

If I win, they think I'm cheating; if I lose, they say I've lost my touch. So you see—even I can't win. ♦♦

Poisons In Your Home

continued from page 19

into an empty pop bottle. Next spring, his three-year-old daughter found it sitting forgotten on a dusty two-by-four. She sipped it, and died with a throat too burned away to scream.

FORTUNATELY, such tragic deaths are relatively rare among the more than 7,000 cases of accidental poisoning in homes reported in Canada every year. Usually the patient is treated in time, but sometimes there are permanent after-effects. Occasionally—about once in 500 cases—the patient dies.

Homes have always been the world's most dangerous place for accidents. But now, with the thousands of new wonder products of chemistry pouring out of the laboratories to make our modern life brighter and easier, the poisonous pitfalls around your house have multiplied beyond measure.

One key factor in controlling the death and suffering that carelessness can bring has been the 196 Poison Control Centres, set up in hospitals across Canada since 1957. Since fast effective treatment depends on immediate identification of the poison swallowed, a central bureau in Ottawa keeps a file of well over 6,000 patent medicines and household chemicals, listing their contents and appropriate antidotes.

Typically, at the Poison Control Centre at London, Ont., 76 percent of patients were under 16. According to Dr. J. C. Rathburn, who made the study, two-year-olds are the most likely to poison themselves.

Peak poisoning times are around 10 a.m., and again about 5 p.m.—when mother is busiest with household chores. Among danger-spots in the home, the bathroom ranks first; the kitchen a very close second; bedside tables are also special danger traps for curious kids.

Surprisingly, 60 percent of poisonings occur in "careful" homes, where poisons are usually kept carefully out of reach—but have been used momentarily and left out. Of 7,000 cases studied, 58 percent involved prescription drugs or patent medicines; 42 percent household chemicals.

Too few people realize that any drug powerful enough to do good, is almost automatically powerful enough to do grave harm if used in excess. Consequently, some of our most common and beneficial drugs give Poison Control Centres their worst problems.

Despite years of public warnings by manufacturers to keep pills out of the reach of small children, enough criminally careless parents still leave them around to put them at the top of the list of poisons accidentally taken by small children.

"People just aren't aware of the potential danger ordinary pills and medicines can hold for young children," says Dr. Robert Imrie, Director of the Poison Control Centre at Toronto's giant Hospital for Sick Children.

Ye Olden Days of Canada



Saskatchewan Ladies' Social: 1898

Social get-togethers were treasured by lady pioneers in 1890's. Mrs. Howard Old, of Davidson, Sask., says her grandmother, one of this happy foursome, came from Iowa to homestead in Saskatchewan at turn of century. ♦♦

Do you have a nostalgic or amusing old photograph revealing Canada's social scenery of yesteryear? We'll pay you \$10 for each old photo we use. Send prints with stamped self-addressed envelope, to OLDEN DAYS, LIBERTY, 55 YORK STREET, TORONTO.