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Girl Guide News

NEWS FROM CATHOLIC GUIDE CAMP AT RUSTICO

Parents will be interested to read of the happenings at Rustico Guide Camp. Our Provincial Field Secretary visited on Saturday and reports that it would be difficult to find a happier group on the Island. There are 44 Guides, including two from Souris, 18 from Rustico, 9 from St. Vincents Orphanage and 15 from Charlottetown. The Camp staff consists of Miss Lucille McQuaid of Summerside, Camp Commandant, Miss Iphigenie Arsenault, Assistant, Miss Lois Arsenault, swimming instructor and Mrs. Charles Laskey as Q.M. Other able helpers are Miss Peggy McQuaid of Kensington and Miss Joan McPhee of Summerside. It may be noted that Mrs. Charles Laskey of Rustico has been recently appointed Captain of the 1st Rustico Guide Company. Mr. F. O'Keefe, camp manager wielded discipline in a far too genial manner ,but appeared to be very capable and was most popular with the campers (I wonder about that!) Other staff that were appreciated was the cook and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher, whose cooking on tested samples was a credit, and all the campers report increased weight in themselves. The cook's seven month old baby had been adopted as the camp mascot and Shirley certainly reflected the happiness that shone from everyone. The camp was fortunate in securing the services of Father Sharkey as Chaplain and he surely worked hard at the ball games.

Every one knows of the lovely surroundings at this camp and the 100 acres of land that are enjoed by the campers. Sanitary arrangements are also very good, so often a point of doubt with parents, but no worries are to be met with here. The day's activities are planned by a Court of Honor in the morning, and usually include two swimming periods, treasure hunts, scavenger hunts, baseball and a good rest period is insisted upon in the afternoon. Shore suppers and overnight hikes provide more fun and variety. The only complaint heard was, that the time was too short and that the last day will be a sad one. 'Ferdinand the Bull' apparently complained nightly by his mighty bellows, no doubt at the snoring that emanated from a certain tent and, disturbed his usual peaceful rest.

Many Guides were working for the Athletes and Pioneers badge and also the 2nd Class tests. Tent pitching classes were conducted by Miss L. McQuaid and the Guides acquitted themselves well. The Camp has been re-named "The Milky Way" and from that evolved, Little Bear, Tent No. 1, Corona, Tent No. 2, Pegasus, Tent No. 3. Patrol Leader Shirley Vessey, Capella, P. L. Eliz. Doyle, Gemma, P. L. Mary Creighan, Venus. Special mention must be made of Jupiter, Lois Arsenault, and her twin sons, Peggy and Joan. Initiation ceremony for campers commenced on the first night and was understood to be still continuing.

"Camp Scandals"

Mention of that "Star Boarder" Crew Cut Murphy was nearly forgotten and considering his usefulness, or is it uselessness, that would have been serious. His co-partner and assistant cook, John Mullally also provided atmosphere around the camp. What was that pump house story, it did appear on the showery side, it is a spot that apparently it would be wise to avoid at the Milky Way. Is Frank still training for the Olympics concerning the occupant of a certain house, he sure looked in good form. Lois and Peggy especially Joan should beware of those ditches way home from the village.

Lots of fun for the remaining days of camp, and Guides, do not forget a grand "thank you" to your splendid staff and helpers.

Wisdom's Gate

By
Margaret Ayer Barnes

"Aunt Jane!" cried Jack affectionately, rising from the armchair and pushing past his children to kiss his former mother-in-law.

Mumsy's composure, thought Cicily, was a credit to her. "Jack, my dear boy, you look very well."

Sis and John were chattering, one on each side of Jack, about the plans for next summer. Bertie gazed up at them, envy in his eyes. Robin, however, was attracted by the sandwiches. He walked over to the tea table.

"Who's this?" asked Robin, his mouth full of sandwich. He was staring at the snapshot propped up against the sugar bowl.

Oh, God! thought Cicily. How could she have forgotten it? Her eyes sought Jack's once more, in dismay. He looked taken aback, and she didn't wonder. After a pause that was more than perceptible. "She's a girl I know. Well what do you think of her?" Jack asked his elder son.

The boy seemed surprised by his father's question. "Why, she looks all right."

Cicily felt that she must put a stop to this. "Children," she said seriously, "your father came here today to tell up that he's going to be married to the girl in this picture—" John's arm jerked suddenly away from her clasp as he turned toward his father.

"M-married—?" he stammered.

"To that girl?" cried Sis, her voice blank with amazement.

John's face had whitened and he did not smile, Jack, obviously disconcerted and reading all their faces, seemed to become conscious of his eldest son's consternation, to wonder how to deal with it. "Aren't you going to wish me good luck, old man?"

The boy stared violently. "Oh—yes," he muttered. "Of course — why, certainly—he looked painfully embarrassed.

Mumsy, on that, arose from her chair. She joined the group around Jack and said very pleasantly. "Let me see the picture." She turned a little away from them to gaze at it silently "Jack" she said gently, "she looks like a sweet girl. You deserve to be happy and I hope that you will be. I'm going home now." she added with a serenity perceptibly steeled by a tacit determination. "And the car's outside, Jack, I can drop you at the station."

Cicily thought Jack looked quite ready to go. Smiling, she extended her hand. "Well—good luck, Jack. Try to take care of yourself. Albert will be sorry not to have seen you."

"Oh—" said Jack "I forgot. He called meu pt his morning. I'm lunching with him tomorrow."

CHAPTER XXIII

It wasn't until Mumsy's limousine had receded down the drive that Cicily realized completely the finality of Jack's departure. She was staring at its tail light, a spark of ruby in the darkness, when Robin said gloomily, "You know she'll spoil everything. I mean next summer. A strange woman around".

"I wish he hadn't done it." said Sis, with conviction. Then, "Mummy, I'm freezing."

They reentered the hall.

John moved silently in the direction of the stairs.

"John—" Cicily detained him.

He paused reluctantly.

"Don't let this upset you. It's natural that your father should want to marry again."

He spoke with some embarrassment. "I know he has a right to—to do what he likes. Maybe it is natural. It's just that he seems different."

"John, dear, you really must try not to feel like that." She stretched out her hand in a gesture of sympathy. She knew her insistence offended his reticence, but her eyes still questioned him.

He blurted out impatiently. "Oh, Mother, let it drop." Then penitently offering further explanation: "I guess I made him up—the sort of man I thought he was. I suppose, now he's fallen in love with that girl, he's glad you divorced him—" his voice choked up suddenly. "I don't know why I care. If you don't and he doesn't—"

The words piedced her heart, but before she could answer them, behind them a latchkey clicked in in the door. It swung instantly open. Albert stood on the threshold In the pause that followed, no more than instantaneous, the yelps of the puppy, far away in the laundry welcomed Bertie's companionship.

Robin called from the living room. "Is that you, Uncle Albert?"

Albert did not reply. He stood looking at Cicily, and from her to John, and slowly apprehension dawned in his eyes. "Has anything happened?"

"No. Jack has just gone."

"And what do you think?" shouted Robin excitedly. "He's going to be married!"

"Is he?" said Albert quickly to Cicily.

"Yes," she said briefly.

John had turned away and was walking upstairs.

Albert drew a step nearer. "It seems to have been a shock to you."

Bertie and the puppy came tumbling out of the back hall. "Daddy." shrieked Bertie, "he really knows me now!"

Over Bertie's head Albert's eyes were on Cicily. "You knew he was bound to. You could hardly expect—"

(To Be Continued)

The New Highway

(Uncle Joe)

At long last that atrocious stretch of highway between North River and Cornwall Village is in the process of being rebuilt.

Last spring when motorists were travelling between these two points, there was no end to the abuse heaped on the shoulders of the Jones Government by an indignant public. But the abuse was timely and well deserved for what with quagmires, deep depressions, rocks which stuck up through the mud like reefs in shallow waters, it was as much as one's life was worth to venture forth on a trip to the Queen City of the Maritimes.

All parties agreed that a new road must be built before the snows of another winter; all agreed that the dream of a brand-new highway must become a reality or else; and we all voiced our approval of an up-to-date road—that is, a thoroughfare of standard width, with the proper slops and drainage to carry off the freshets of spring.

Well, the hopes and dreams of a long-suffering people is fast becoming a reality. Modern machinery is now at work tearing up trees, rocks, bridges and what have you. Persons living close to the highway are being asked in a nice friendly way to accept with good grace the loss of a few beloved shade trees, a parcel of land, or maybe a well manicured lawn and flower beds. All for the sake of the new highway, the super trail which everybody hoped and prayed for only last spring.

But experience has taught me long ago that pleasing the public is something that just can't be done. Ask any schoolteacher, minister, or public servant, and I am quite sure they will tell you the same thing.

And Governments are no exception to the rule. The Government is again coming in for a drubbing from those same people who decried the terrible condition of the roads last spring, the people who did hardly any driving at all being loudest in their protests. Why?

Of course, one can sympathize with those who must suffer the loss of a few shade trees or a patch of lawn that has been tenderly cared for over a period of years, but we should never lose sight of the fact that no true progress can be made without sacrifice. Indeed, life itself is made up of sacrifice and as we journey along its highway we must try to forget self-interests and agree to the things which will benefit mankind most.

And while there is at present weeping and gnashing of teeth over the trees, lawns, etc., I for one, am quite certain that when the new highway will have been completed those regrets and loud protests will change to shouts of joy and the time we spent digging our cars out of the mud can be gainfully used to plant other shade trees and seed other lawns.

Here's visual proof that you can lead a h..... to w....., but you can't make him d..... Little Janie Irvine, of Pass-a-Grille, Fla., led her h..... to the w....., but he just wouldn't d..... Probably because the h..... knew it was salt w....., and no self-respecting h..... would d..... salt w.....

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C. W. L. MEETING

On August 2nd the C. W. L. ladies met in the vestry at Kensington to hold their monthly meeting. Prayer by the president opened the meeting. In the absence of the secretary, minutes were taken by Mrs Edgar Hickey.

As reported by corr. secretary, two cards of sympathy were sent to members. At this point Miss Gillis was asked to interview pastor and purchase Catechism prizes.

Correspondence included a letter from Diocesan president Mrs. Henry Trainor, re convention delegates, and the president, Mrs. James Pendergast was appointed with Mrs. Edgar Hickey as alternate.

It was decided to remember a member, who is leaving the parish, with a gift.

Members voted for the purchase of linens for the altars at Indian River and Kensington, with Mrs. Condon and Mrs. Hickey to purchase same.

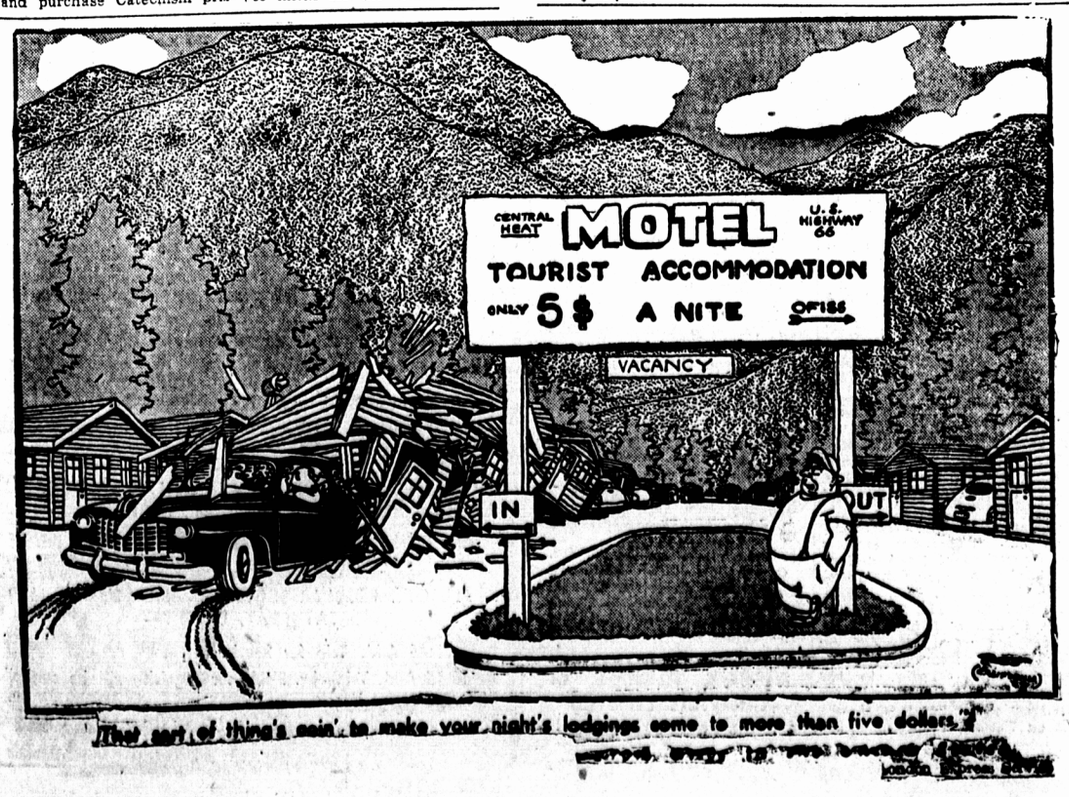
With the recent ice cream festival such a success, money previously voted was ordered paid.

A discussion concerning cleaning of churches for the coming mission of Aug. 8th to 15th, resulted in the volunteering of all ladies to assist, and a day set to do the work.

Meeting closed with prayer.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — Major Hoople

OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams



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