



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM D. SMITH
NEWLY MARRIED

The Sacred Heart Church, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryden Albertson, was the scene of a spring wedding when Erma Eileen Hardy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Haroy, and Mrs. William D. Smith were united in marriage to William David Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bryden Smith, also of Albertson. Rev. Gerald Steele performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. E. E. McKillop. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Saint John, N. B.

Women

The Guardian, Charlottetown, Mon., June 27, 1966. 7



MR. AND MRS. BLAIR DOUCETTE
RECENT WEDDING

The marriage took place recently of Cheryl Reid, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Reid, Wellington, P. E. I., to Blair Doucette of Charlottetown. The ceremony was performed at the Immaculate Conception Church, Wellington, by Rev. Leonard MacDonald. The couple are residing in Parkdale. (Photo by D. W. Sears)

MARY HAWORTH

Betrayed Wife Advised To Change Perspective

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I have the problem of an unfaithful husband, which probably has existed longer than I've known of it. The other woman isn't young or tremendously attractive. In fact, she is around my husband's age. I gather they have been having a very close alliance for more than two years. Their affair, I suppose it is an affair in the usual sense of the word, doesn't seem to be a passing fancy. I have been making threats to get a divorce, but because of the younger children, I don't carry through. We have five children, ranging from 11 to 21 years of age. Jeff and I have been married 23 years, as happily as most couples. I would have said, recently, however, there is constant tension, hickering and coldness between us, caused by my unhappy awareness that his

Youthful Volunteers Have Firm Sense Of Obligation

NEW YORK (AP) — They come from the years of good life, and from the moments of their own self-doubt. They have just one call in common. They are young, and they know their youth is a precious, and fleeting thing. And one after another they say, "I'll never do it now. I know I'll never do it." So they go to put the years of their young lives on the line, to serve in jungles and river towns of distant places, or in the jungles of their own cities, and the rural wasteland of the United States.

Some are Peace Corps volunteers. Some are volunteers of Vista, the domestic Peace Corps. Some serve through smaller groups that spring from college campuses and college consciences.

These are of the generation of "doers" — those who have spurned the apathy and the grey flannel suit ideals of a previous generation — seeking to shape the world in which they will have to live. Sometimes their words are drowned out in the uproar of rebellions on college campuses; sometimes their deeds are overshadowed by the picket signs and protest banners that have blossomed on the campus.

They see that there is not only much to be done, but they believe this is the time to do it. **YOUTH HAS SPIRIT** Suddenly youth has a job to do, and a spirit to do it with, and they carry that spirit with them.

So it is with Karen Behling. She is 21, a brown-eyed, ash-brown-haired senior at the University of Wisconsin. She is warm-natured and pretty. She lived until college, in a town of 2,300 people, Oconto Falls, Wis.

When she was much younger, she used to tell her father that one day she would go to Peru. He used to laugh.

"But then," she says, "I started taking anthropology, and he didn't laugh about it anymore." Now Karen is a peace corps volunteer, going probably to Peru to work in urban development. Karen is aware that her father has been a good life. Her father is a lawyer. She has two younger sisters. Their home is a comfortable contemporary house with white siding in the wooded hills that frame the Oconto River.

Karen feels a built-in obligation to offer to others some of her own good fortune, to give of herself, and to leave some mark of her own on the world.

POVERTY STARES BACK You don't have to go to Peru to find another world. On the north side of Chicago, behind the Lake Shore Drive facade of fancy apartments, is a dingy section where the wind whips sharp, stinging street dirt into your face, and poverty stares back at poverty.

This is the other world for Susan King. She's 19, from Glendale, Calif., a Vista volunteer who stepped out of college after three months partly because she was tired of hearing the teen-age dramatics of "Joey didn't call. I'll never go out with Joey again."

At "the Outpost" she brings her warmth to young girls who live in the cold uncertainty of not enough money, not enough jobs, not enough self-respect. To

with your knowledge of the affair. The fact that he stays on as a you belabor him with your furious unhappiness and gloomy ultimatums, suggest that he likes you, is hoping that time unravel the problem without dissolving the marriage.

As matters stand, you are in the position of having to make the best of a bad situation. And making the best of things, in the circumstances, certainly doesn't include leaving home in a miffed and punitive mood, when actually you've got no security provisions elsewhere to bank on. What you can and should do, I think, is to discontinue the ultimatum-giving, which puts you in the light of being the barking dog that never bites.

Make up your mind to stay with the ship and ride out the storm, no matter how long it takes. Let your husband be the one to pull up stakes and leave, if your paths must part.

Don't say another word to him, ever again, about his affair. Bring your anxiety, anger, unhappiness, all your downbeat feelings about the affair, under surface control at least, so that he will see you calm, polite, composed, noncommittal. In your routine dealings with him hereafter.

As a constructive personal change of pace, forcibly switch your attention from passive brooding to active pursuit of ways and means of improving your general appearance (health, posture, weight, hair-do, clothes), while also building a repertory of perfectly proper places to go and things to do, on your own.

In short, cash in on being Jeff's wife, insofar as the total resources of the marriage will permit. Jeff will like you more for it, if only because your laconic initiative will ease his conscience a bit, while also fanning his respect and curiosity. For further help, go to church, learn to pray, study the Scriptures, and go to sleep — for strength and light — and talk things over with a pastoral or family relations counsellor. Thus however the cards finally fall in this triangle, you'll be growing towards peace of heart in your own right, which nobody can take from you.

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

TAKE LONG WAY HOME

She lives on a street lined with signs that say "baited for rats." She and her roommate, Susan Beeby, 18, of Santa Cruz, Calif., walk home the long way to avoid the skid-road that is half a block away from their apartment, which is the focus of their lives after working hours.

The psychiatrists who have to pick and choose between those who volunteer to serve can catalogue the stated reasons. The kids want to help people; want to do something worthwhile; want to travel and see exotic places; want a new challenge, or perhaps they are only staving off that last requirement — perhaps they fear it — fear slipping into a mould, fear becoming part of the organization, or seek one last fling before becoming part of the 9-to-5, married, walk-the-baby-at-2 a.m. generation.

One expert sees beyond these reasons. "I think they are people who have not completed the work of adolescence," he says. "That's not to say anything bad of them. Some of their contemporaries have never taken up the work of adolescence — or they have ended or interrupted it for some other expediency."

Perhaps, he says, they are taking the lids off their consciences. They have grown up with parental order, told how the world will be, told how they should be within the world. But now they are a little older, faced with some frightening drives within themselves, child-like views of sex and aggression and hostility. And now they have to have a time apart to discover within themselves channels for these drives.

S. Queen's WI Convention Held At Vernon R.

South Queens Women's Institute held their district convention in Vernon River Hall on Tuesday, June 14th when twelve institutes were represented. Mrs. Perley Drake presided and Mrs. Raymond Wood acted as secretary.

The hall was attractively decorated for the occasion with cut flowers and streamers in the institute colors of blue and gold.

The meeting opened with "O Canada" followed by the Mary Stewart Collect. The president extended a cordial welcome to all present which was responded to by a member from Uigg. Minutes of the last convention were read, and approved, following which each institute gave an interesting report of the year's work. Resolutions were then presented by the delegates. These resolutions will be forwarded to the provincial convention for further consideration.

The guest speaker, Mrs. Anderson who was introduced by a member from Earncliffe Institute, chose as her topic "Mental Health".

Miss Hamilton gave an interesting demonstration concerning the choosing of fabrics and patterns.

The convener of health, Mrs. Drennen gave interesting information on the Home Economics course.

During the session a sing song was conducted by Mrs. Murdoch McLeod accompanied by Mrs. W. J. Mutch at the piano.

Beth Lea, Vernon River entertained with a solo accompanied by Marilyn Drake on the piano.

Mrs. Blanchard brought greetings from the Women's Institute branch and gave information concerning various aspects of institute work.

A fine display of handicraft was displayed by Cherry Valley Women's Institute.

Mrs. L. G. Ramsay gave a very informative talk on "My Trip to Ireland" which was enjoyed by all. A collection which was donated to the Institute of the far north was received by Summerhill Women's Institute. A member from Millview Women's Institute graciously thanked all those who had taken part in the afternoon's program, and the convention closed with the national anthem, and a turkey supper was served by the members from Vernon and Lake Verde Women's Institute.

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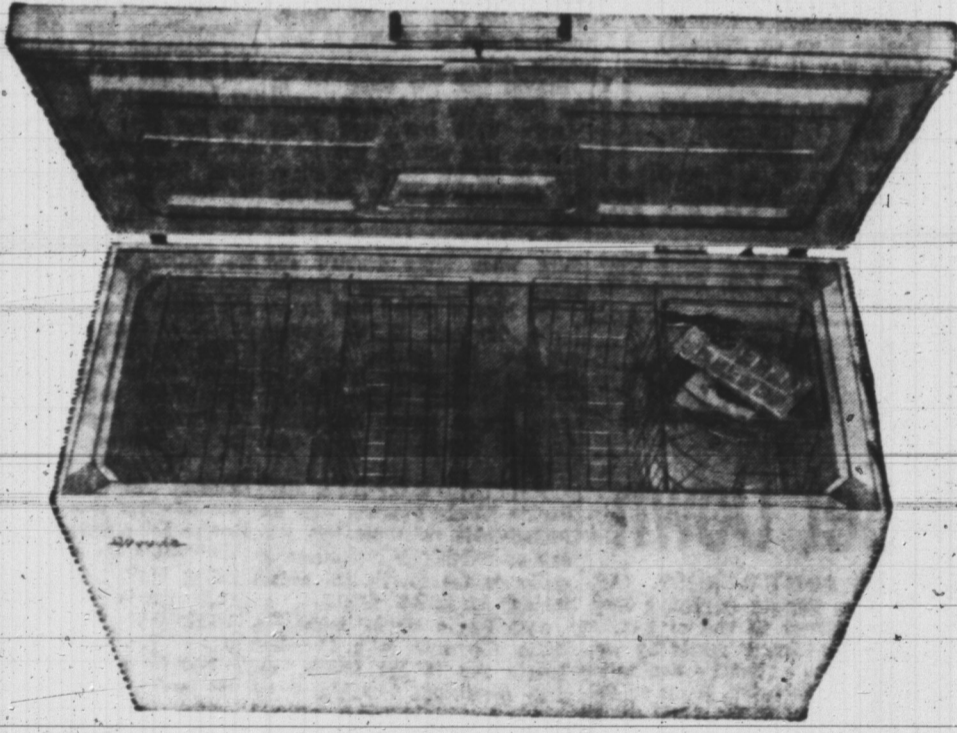
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