WALKER - YOUNKER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Walker were wed recently at the home of the bride's parents. The bride was the former Bessie Mae Younker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Younker, Charlottetown. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Walker, Cherry Hill.

Pictured with the bride and groom are Mr. Joe Mooney, groomsman, and Miss Eleanor Younker, bridesmaid, sister of the bride.

WOMEN'S PAGE
GRIL IS A
MARY HAWORTH

Girl Is A Wet Blanket

Dear Mary Haworth: This is my first year in college and I have run into a serious problem, it concerns dating fraternity men.

It seems now that warmer weather is here, they want only to go on picnics. Some of these picnics get out of hand and heavy necking seems to be the thing.

I don't mean to sound prudish but a girl likes to go out and have a good time, rather than always go on a picnic. How can I explain to my dates that I'd rather go to a show than a blanket party?

I am not the only girl with this problem. Our whole sorority worries about this. Sincerely, C.S.

MAN TAKES LEAD

Dear C.S.: In marriage it appears to be the man who takes the lead, in terms of consciously assuming responsibility for social decisions affecting team welfare.

However, it is different in bachelorhood. An unmarried man instinctively expects the lady to set the pace of social interchange with him—to indicate what is acceptable to her and what is not.

And in the event the unmarried woman—his girl friend or sweetheart—surrenders her self-protective obligation (as he sees it) in this respect, and lets him take the reins in hand, he is likely to pursue a course more careless and selfish than considerate, insofar as she is concerned.

He is apt to infer (without thinking about it) that she isn't a quality character; that she hasn't much force, doesn't put much value upon herself, lacks social know-how in taking care of herself, etc. In short, that she's "easy" — and therefore doesn't elicit his respect, nor the respect of other men.

KNOW YOUR MIND

Intuitively, inarticulately he figures that the too-pliable girl friend lets him down, by not definitively and magnetically requiring him to live up to the higher possiblites of human nature—a performance of which he feels nobly capable, given due incentive. But he expects the girl to be the standard bearer; and takes for granted he'll lead her astray, on the descending route, if she permits.

So, your reliable defence against blanket parties—or compromising behavior, should you venture such excursions — is simply to know your mind, about what you do and don't like; will and won't do, etc. When you're clear on these points, you become a woman with whom a man can be comfortable; because when he knows where you stand, and what you stand for, he can adjust to suit himself.

He either accommodates your views and policies, lives up to your standards in your company, and finds enjoyment in the adventure of being a specially fine version of himself, in this association. Or he by-passes you — as "out of his class"—and candidly looks further for more congenial playmates.

DEPENDS ON EACH OTHER

So I think it's unfair to the boys, to blame them for the girl's own lack of conviction, and lack of self-confidence, in these matters. Don't complain that the boys are not giving you girls a decent break—when it's just as much the other way too. They need and want (unknowingly, perhaps) the help and support of your clarity of purpose, in doing "the right thing."

How explain that you'd rather go to a show than a blanket party? Just say it: and if the lad asks you to spell out the reasons, tell him: "Skip it." He'll know what you mean. M.H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write to her in care of this newspaper.

ELLEN'S DIARY

"For Johnny's Sake" By "Johnny's Mom" Is Good

This afternoon brought the district school-closing. The event was celebrated, as has been the custom for some years, by a picnic in the Island's National Park, attended by a happy group of children and loved ones. A favorable turn of circumstance at Alderlea, suspended the shearing and took away on the outing, the children and their elders from the house across the lane, including the grandmother who visits with us over the season of Granddaughter's birthday. It was a cool day at that far shore, nevertheless one to be remembered happily down along future years by those the occasion foregathered.

And now the school-year, is ended, it's passing as usual leaving its changes, its maturings and promotions and graduations, its partings as well. The young wondering beginners of last Summer, are now well on the way to begin veterans. In the months since, they have learned much not only of text book and class routine but also something of that spirit of co-operation needed to fit them in comfortably and pleasantly with the other pupils of the school.

We can appreciate that it was with some uneasiness their mothers sent them off that first morning. With a tear dropped possibly over giving up what had been pretty much theirs, to a strange and not always kind world, and a teacher maybe new and unproven. Now they may look back with warm hearts and gratefully to that girl or woman whose kindly ways have endeared her to all.

Saved to our scrapbook, we re-read today this excellent tribute to one such, penned some years ago by an anonymous mother at the close of her son's first school year. "For Johnny's Sake" by "Johnny's Mom" it reads: "Dear Teacher: "This is just to tender my grateful thanks for the year you have given my small son. I know that you were hired by the board because of your first class qualifications, that to some people your monthly cheque is ample payment for value received. This is just to tell you my appreciation for all those little extra things you did "beyond the line of duty.'

On that bright September morning when I brought my son to school to being that new exciting episode in his life, you didn't see him as any different to all the other eager little six year old. You had no way of knowing that as we walked to school that morning with his little fist in mine, that I was giving thanks to the Good Father up above, who first gave him to us and then spared him.

I was remembering those months when he lay wasted, and looking not likk a baby but like a wasted little old man. The many doctors we tried, and all their gloomy predictions, and the hope that led us on to another one and another treatment, so that sometimes our bill at the drug store was more than our food bill.

He seemed allergic almost to life itself, from the food he ate, the clothes he wore and even the room he slept in.. We tied his hands and feet so that he couldn't scratch, and then, when he looked at us with reproach we sat and held his hands long hours instead.

This I was remembering just once more, for it doesn't do to remember life's trials and they are best forgotten. I remembered the sun rising at a different place in the room as the seasons came and went, the great weariness I felt and the dreams of sometime going to sleep for a whole night. I was remembering. . . "But,

Until tomorrow — — — Diary —
Goodnight. . . .

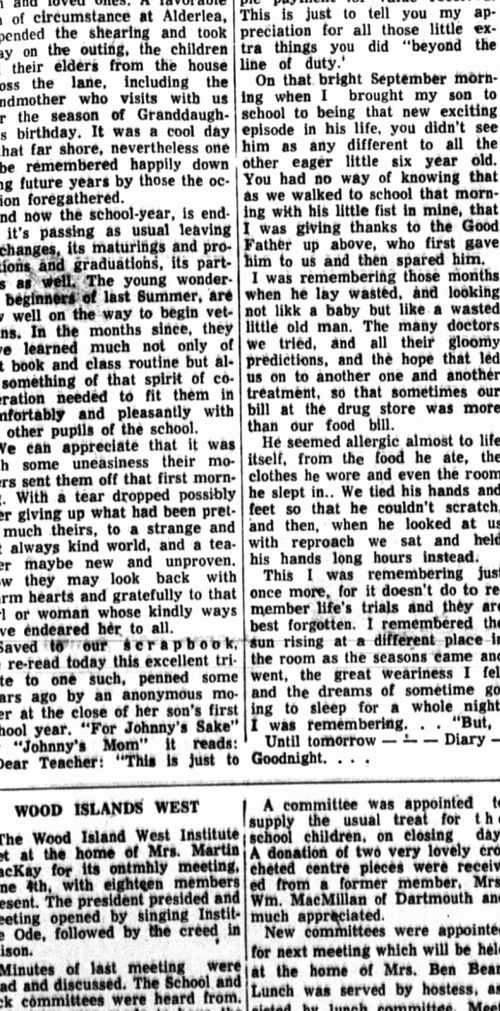
WOOD ISLANDS WEST

The Wood Island West Institute met at the home of Mrs. Martin MacKay for its ontmhly meeting, June 4th, with eighteen members present. The president presided and meeting opened by singing Institute Ode, followed by the creed in unison.

Minutes of last meeting were read and discussed. The School and sick committees were heard from. A decision was made to have the electric lights put in our school, and later approved by trustees at school meeting.

A committee was appointed to supply the usual treat for the school children, on closing day. A donation of two very lovely crocheted centre pieces were received from a former member, Mrs. Wm. MacMillan of Dartmouth and much appreciated.

New committees were appointed for next meeting which will be held at the home of Mrs. Ben Bear. Lunch was served by hostess, assisted by lunch committee. Meeting closed by singing National Anthemn.



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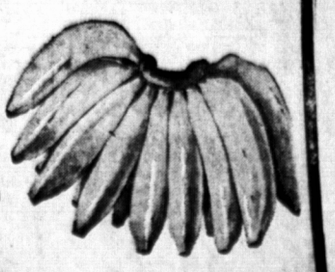
HEINZ—READY TO EAT
SPAGHETTI 2 15 OZ. TINS 37c

FOR DISHES—LAUNDRY—BATH
VEL LIQUID DETERGENT LARGE 37c
OLD FASHIONED NUTTY
Peanut BUTTER 16 OZ. JAR 29c
SILVERLEAF
PURE LARD 2 LBS. 39c

FOR JUICE
ORANGES 2 doz. 69c
COOKING
APPLES 3 lbs. 29c
MEDIUM CRISP
CUCUMBERS 2 for 29c
CHOICE FRESH
GREEN BEANS lb. 29c
FRESH LOCAL
SPINACH lb. 19c
RIPE
BANANAS LB. 21c



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