

Wife Protests At Hazards Of Invitation

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: As a daily reader of your column, and one who enjoys your wise observations, I would appreciate your comments on the following matter: My husband has recently joined a very well-known national organization which, like so many, has beautiful ideals and purposes; and which is restricted to members of a certain religious persuasion. The initiation consisted of several parts; and the last step completely dismayed and disillusioned me. Of course I know nothing of the ritual, which is secret, I only saw the result. When my husband returned after three hours, he was half sick from exhaustion—after what initiation. I can't understand what such an exercise is supposed to accomplish—unless to give pleasure to a few sadistic men.

WHAT'S THE GOOD? It revolts me to think that such savagery is part of an organization's procedure. What possible good can come of it? I can't get it out of my mind, as I think what could happen to an older man with a weak heart. How do the members reconcile such behavior with their professed religion—when they are subjecting the dignity of man, with his God-given soul, to humiliating abuse, in the name of good fellowship? I can only think of the "initiators" as adult delinquents. If teenagers inflicted such abuse on their members, I am sure that grown-ups would denounce them as being senselessly cruel.

My husband isn't a weakling, morally or physically. But I know from his silence how he feels on the subject. Thank you for letting me sound-off. I shall be looking for your response. C. Y.

CLASSICAL STAND DEAR C. Y.: It is understandable that a devoted wife would feel outraged to the core, and would wish to organize a campaign to prevent such stupidity, on seeing her husband in a horrifying condition of physical shock—as the price of joining a secret society, of supposedly "idealistic" calibre. In crying out against such practices, which your husband has stoically endured, you are touching on an aspect of human nature, wherein the female of the species differs radically from the male. The woman, being primarily the creator (and hence by instinct the conservator) of the race, is profoundly disturbed by and burning to oppose to injurious treatment of human beings, for any reason.

Whereas males, on the other hand, down through the ages, have connived in their ridiculous and (in part) morbidly cruel secret rituals, since time immemorial—as if trying to prove to themselves, and each other, that they aren't afraid of hurt. And that they don't fear the possibility of personal death, destruction, maiming, etc.

INNER MEANING I think this business of trying to prove something—though what it is, they don't actually know—is back of the initiation game. The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that their demonstration of guts amounts to "protesting too much." If they weren't afraid (and afraid of being found out in their fear), they wouldn't be at such pains to "prove" the contrary! Their attitude towards fear is both ignorant and neurotic. The faculty of fear is an essential part of normal man's survival kit, whether in confronting so-called natural or spiritual forces in the universe. It is a faculty he should recognize, respect and intelligently utilize; not a feeling to be dispensed, desecrated, swept under the rug, etc. I see no sanity whatever, in secret rites that make a mockery of trying men's souls with abominations. M. H.

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

Beautiful Proof Of Scientific Dieting

By Ida Jean Kain

Pull up a chair, overweights... let's talk about eating to control weight. The hardest part of being a dietician is trying to sell you on the idea that you can eat to lose weight, and that reducing meals need not take the joy out of eating.

Countless overweights have written in response to the column about the two friends, each weighing 170, who started to reduce together. One followed a speedy type faddy diet, and quickly abandoned it. The other followed a scientific plan of eating. Well, our scientific reducer now weighs a trim 125 pounds, while her friend is still 170. MINIMUM OF FATS If you are like the friend who didn't lose, let nutrition science help you. Here is the pattern: Step up protein, cut fats to the bone, and have a moderate amount of carbohydrate to burn the fat. In terms of food, have an egg a day, one-half cup of cottage cheese, two glasses of skim milk or buttermilk and a generous serving of lean meat, fish or fowl. Those foods furnish protein which is the backbone of a reducing diet. To keep fats to a minimum, trim off every particle from your meat—eat only the lean part. Avoid fried foods and skip the gravy, Mayonnaise and French dressing.

and butter or margarine come under the classification of fats too, so these must be trimmed. Bear in mind that most fats count 100 calories per tablespoon; leaving them out is the fastest way to subtract 100 calories.

LOW IN CALORIES To get that nice full feeling, use some space-filling bulky vegetables, such as celery, tomatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, string beans, asparagus, etc. Have generous portions. These vegetables are so low in calories you can eat as much as you please, provided no fat is added.

Some starch is needed in the scientific pattern. Take starch in your favorite food, potatoes, bread, rice or corn. Have only one starch with a meal, and keep starch to 50 or 75 calories at a meal. A sweet at the end of the meal is comforting, but limit every day desserts to 100 calories. Fruit is first choice, as it furnishes vitamins, too. A peppermint cream or a small piece of hard candy can provide a satisfying "sweet taste" to finish off a meal. Let it dissolve slowly to saturate the taste buds. If you have never tried scientific slimming, you really have a treat in store.

ELLEN'S DIARY

The Glory Of New Green

These calm June mornings, when the sun laves the fields and out, gently with its first gold, the millpond below the meadow is a mirroring pool. It is an engaging place of light and shadow, edged by the green leaves of the alders that bending catch their lacy reflections there. Here and there too is the slim grace of a maiden-of-birch and the sturdy dark of the spruce.

The white bridge of road along which presently the first and it may be the only carriage of the day will pass—the mailman outward bound to the corner-store to pick up his treasure-trove of mail, is painted on the still surface below in detail. And down the pond, the mill with its windows, its quaint half-doors and its gables, its spillways and length of dam are reflected beautifully there. And sometimes breaking the placid surface, a muskrat on a morning excursion leaves a rippling trail behind him to tell of his passing. Swallows dip and skim above and often a quick and hungry, trout leaps and falls in momentary disturbed eddies there. And even as we "stand and stare" loving the scene, familiar yet ever new to us, a heron or it may be a pair of them, comes up from the river, and descending silently to this fishing-ground, add an intriguing touch to the pretty picture already there.

And presently a little breeze lands too out of the nowhere to touch lightly the surface here and there into ribbons of silver, to

caress gently and go and returning caress again, an affectionate zephyr of morning come in time to write characters there for our farmers to read. "I reckon, Ellen," James reading it will say, "this is going to make a fair-good day after all. I guess we'll get something done today! It's a west wind, I see."

And the grainlands all about now put on the glory of new green-leathery soft, is that velvet and good to the eyes of the sower. We talk of it at breakfast, the table drawn close to a window lest we by our indifference should chance to miss any of the June-loveliness about-speak too of the plans of the day, our part to leave it all to the farmers yet do what we can as farmwives to help and further their hopes in this season of cropping. They come to us—the cropping-days, fresh and new and overlaid with June's magic. And so soon, too soon indeed are gone, edging into night-shadows to be quite lost to sight as this one. —Diary— Good-night....

Six N.S. Women Make Souvenirs For Tourists

SHIP HARBOR, N.S. (CP)—Six women in this small Halifax county village are leading the way in a project to tempt the tourist trade with souvenirs of Nova Scotia. Working in their own homes, the women are turning out a variety of items to an ever-growing local market. Examples of hand-wrought silver jewelry, wood-turning, leather craft and pottery are all being produced. Weaving is a big part of the handicraft business and items like placemats, handbags and towels, all readily bought by tourists, are being concentrated upon. The souvenir work on looms rented from the handicrafts division of the provincial trade and industry department, but plan to buy their own soon. This shore community was chosen this year for an exhibition of handicrafts because of the enthusiasm that local women have shown. Once a community of mills and shipbuilding projects, Ship Harbor has suffered from lack of activity in such businesses and residents feel the handicrafts industry will take up some of the slack.

Young Vancouver Women Become Movie Executives

VANCOUVER (CP)—Two young Vancouver women who trained for different careers have become movie executives here. Mrs. Sheila Reljic, who was an actress, is film editor of the Parry Films Ltd. Studios here, and Mrs. Marguerite Roozeboom, who studied to be a landscape artist, is the company's art director. The company turns out documentaries and industrial films, some of which have won merit awards. Mrs. Reljic said she works with the director in assembling the film after the original footage is shot. "The film must be cut to action. If the film is in color, a black and white copy is made. This is cut

COOK'S CORNER



PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES 1 cup white sugar 1 cup lard or butter 2 eggs beaten 2 cups flour 1 teaspoon baking powder 1 teaspoon vanilla 1/2 teaspoon salt Mix in order given, put on a cookie sheet, press down with fork. Bake in moderate oven 350 deg. about 15 minutes or less.

WOMEN

Page 8, The Guardian Friday, June, 15 1956



SIMMONS-INMAN

Baskets of pastel spring flowers and lighted candelabra provided a picturesque setting at the Summerside Trinity United Church on June 7 at 1:30 p.m. for the marriage of Beth Marlene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Victor Inman, North St., Eleanor, and Charman, North St., Eleanor, and Charles Gordon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Simmons of Summerside. Rev. C. Daniel Matheson officiated at the double-ring ceremony.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was gowned in French Marquisette and fleur-de-lis design fitted bodice with flowing skirt flattering neckline formed over shoulder to make cap sleeve with French embroidery edging to carry out the motif of the dress. Her finger-tip veil of tulle illusion was held by a bandeau of white net embroidered with seed pearls. She carried a cascade bouquet of yellow roses with feathered carnations. Mrs. David Morrison, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and Miss Audrey Horne, R.N., bridesmaid. They wore identical gowns of white organza with scoop neckline and cap sleeve, fitted bodice, blue cummerbund with large bow at back, full waist length skirts with large picture hats. They carried nosegays of blue and white carnations.

Mr. Donald Simmons, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. Walter Simmons, also the groom's brother, and Mr. Maynard Schurman ushered the guests to the pews which were marked with nosegays of sweetheart roses and gypsophylla with white satin streamers. Miss Ruth Simmons sang "Wedding Hymn" previous to the ceremony, and during the signing of the register Miss Audrey Horne sang "Because". Miss Mary Geddard was the organist. For her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Inman chose a dress of Cuban helle baby cord bengaline, plain lines with matching lace trim, a black picture hat, with black and white accessories and a corsage of white feathered carnations. The groom's mother wore a dress of navy floral nylon taffeta with white accessories and pinned on a corsage of yellow roses.

A reception for 100 guests was held at Mulberry Lodge. The bride's table was centred with a three-tiered wedding cake and candelabra, flanked by silver vases of carnations. Mrs. Allison Beck, aunt of the groom, and Mrs. Keith Mann, aunt of the bride, poured. Rev. Sam Holmes of Wolfville, N.S., proposed the toast to the bride which was responded to by the groom. The Misses Mary MacGougan, Doris Heckbert, Nanne Coles, R. N. Florence Dunbar, R.N. Helen Cameron, R.N., Florence Coffin R. N., Barbara England, R.N., Dorothy Cannon and Mrs. Warren Lord, R.N. served. Mrs. Edith Woodside was in charge of the guest book. Following the reception Mr. and Mrs. Simmons left on a motor trip to the United States, the bride travelling in a dress of printed white and cocoa with cocoa duster, large picture hat, brown accessories and a corsage of yellow roses. On return, the couple will reside in Halifax where the groom, a graduate of Acadia University, has taken a position with Imperial Oil Co. Mrs. Simmons, a graduate nurse of the P.E.I. hospital, has joined the staff of Grace Maternity Hospital, Halifax. Out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Allison Beck and daughter, Kay; Mr. and Mrs. William Crandall, and Miss Joey Bret, all of Moncton, N.B.; Rev. Sam Holmes, Wolfville, N.S.; Miss Audrey Horne, Miss Helen Cameron, Miss Barbara England; Miss Nanne Coles, Miss Florence Dunbar; Miss Frances Coffin; all of Charlottetown; Mrs. Warren Lord, Cape Traverser. Sears Photo.

Curley-Hidber Wedding Celebrated In Br. Columbia

St. Joseph's Catholic Church at Smithers was the scene of a pretty wedding Easter Monday morning, April 2nd, 1956 of Rose Marie Hidber, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hidber of Telkwa, B.C., to James Leland Curley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Curley of Clermont, P.E.I.

Rev. J. Callaly conducted the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, daffodils, and tulips. The bride entered the church on the arm of her father who gave her in marriage. Miss Cecelia Hidber, aunt of the bride sang, "En Ta Peravi." (I Put My Trust In Thee O Lord.). A mixed choir sang "O Salutaris Hostia," followed by "Oh Lord I Am Not Worthy."

The bride was beautifully gowned in broad satin lace and net. Her matching petticoat over-jaquet was topped with a Peter Pan collar trimmed with sequins and pearls. A tiered train held her finger-veil in place. She carried a white prayer book and a silver rosary, a gift of the groom. Her bouquet was red roses. Matron of honor was Mrs. Ida Schibli, sister of the bride. She wore a semi-formal gown of pink matching balero. A pink coronet hid her shoulder length veil in place. She carried a nosegay of white carnations.

Bridesmaids were Miss Glen Curley, sister of the groom and Miss Betty Martin of Prince Edward Island. Miss Curley wore a semi-formal blue brocaded lace over taffeta gown with matching balero. She carried a nosegay of pink carnations. Miss Martin wore a semi-formal turquoise gown of brocaded lace over taffeta with matching bolero. Her nosegay was of yellow and white carnations. The bridesmaids veils and coronets complemented their gowns. Miss Hedy Schibli, aged seven, and Miss Judy Hidber aged nine, nieces of the bride were flower girls. They wore pink and yellow dresses with matching hats and carried pink and yellow nosegays. They also carried silver rosaries gift of the bride and groom. Best man was Mr. Oscar Hidber, Jr., brother of the bride. Ushers were Mr. Harold Bates and Mr. Stanley Pidsandy. The wedding dinner was held at the Telkwa home of the bride's parents. Guests were received by the bride's mother who was gowned

Curley-Hidber Wedding Celebrated In Br. Columbia

for the occasion in royal blue crepe. Her corsage was of red roses. During the evening a reception was held at the Anglican Hall, Smithers. The bride's table was centered with a lovely three-tiered cake topped with a miniature bride and groom, made by the bride's uncle Mr. A. Gmur. Mr. Graham Collison was master of ceremonies and proposed the toast to the bride to which the groom responded. Many lovely gifts received and opened by Mrs. Louie Hidber and Mrs. Frank Hidber. Dancing followed to music furnished by the "3 hits and a Miss" Orchestra.

Out of town guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Martin and daughter Betty of Prince Rupert and Mr. and Mrs. H. Schibli and children, of Kitimat and Miss Glen Curley of Vancouver. For their honeymoon the bride wore a blue grey suit topped with a white wool coat. Her accessories were red. They will reside in Smithers where the groom is on the school teaching staff.



VIRUS LEUKEMIA

Dr. Steven O. Schwartz, of Cook County Hospital, Chicago, in a report to the third National cancer conference in Detroit, has presented evidence that leukemia—blood cancer—is caused by virus and may be controlled by a vaccine. The doctor said he has made such a vaccine and used it successfully in mice. At present, leukemia is 100 per cent fatal.

ELEANOR ROSS Housewives Pool Ideas To Make Chores Easier

We were interested recently to hear about a small group of periodically to help each other do a more efficient job of running the home. None of these women is a professional home economist. They are just friends and neighbors who decided to pool their knowledge and problems and let each one help the other.

Each one takes her turn as hostess. Refreshments are served so that there's a social tone to the gatherings. GOOD IDEA The idea certainly does make sense, for some women are good at organizing housework, others are kitchen wizards, others have a knack for decorating, while still others have a knack for speeding up the family laundry. Some of the specific ideas that were pooled and put into practice dealt with the latter chore.

Each member of the group has four big covered baskets to sort laundry in—one for white things, one for colored clothes, one for bulky items and one for baby's laundry. This method saves the time-consuming sorting job before a load can be put in the washing machine. Another idea is to post instructions for using the laundering equipment in easy sight above the machines. Labels that give specific instructions on how to wash certain fibers and fabrics are pasted up, too. This way there's no rummaging around madly for that fabric tag. Methods of planning easy-to-wash replacements for hard-to-wash clothes were also figured out. It was suggested that the ironing board be set up and the iron ready while doing the laundry, so anything that practice dealt with the latter chore.

Mending equipment is also on their list of things to keep handy near the washer and dryer, so that any rips or missing fastenings can be attended to at once. HOME TASKS Important, too, for all phases of the home tasks, is a kitchen bulletin board, one of ample size, to keep up with grocery items, phone calls, errands to be done and general reminders. If there is room for it, the kitchen should include a small desk or an improvised desk shelf to keep up with bills, accounts and such. If all the little things, as far as possible, can be properly organized, they somehow do get done—and without making a wreck out of the woman who must do every one of them.

HOLIDAY LAND P.E.I. is a holiday land. Won't you come over and get a sun tan? You may rent a boat if you wish or sit all day on the bank and fish. The country is pretty as it can be. The people are friendly as you can see. Our sandy shores are smooth and bright. And you may swim by day or night. The above poem was written by Catherine Shepherd 10 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shepherd, King St., Charlottetown. Catherine is in Grade Five Rochford Square School, Charlottetown.

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