

ELLEN'S DIARY

Farm Work Continues In Spite Of Showers

And now the week brought a damp day, dropping showers between us and the mist-scattered hills. . . One of the compensations of a rainy day, and naturally there are many others, is the break of the clearing: the parting of the gray clouds to reveal the blue undergarment of the sky. Above comes the sun's smiling face. And this evening as it happened, the glory of the sunset, which unfurled wide and colorful banners, orange and crimson and purple above the autumn hills, that presently faded to the pastel shades, gold and coral and lilac, before softening the evening shadows. Or so beautiful too it is, when night brings the clearing. When the dark clouds open, and stars prick-out in the night's blue, and the Lady Moon lifts aside daintily, the wisps of raggedy streamers veiling her face, and the world becomes all silvered and bright.

Cool our afterglow was, the air presenting a challenge to those, who scarfed and jacketed would walk abroad in it. It is easy on a farm to find an excuse to come then to the outdoors. Has the door of the chickens' house been closed? Do we need an extra armful of wood for the box? Are there sticks of kindling in for the morning's first fire? Are there apples to gather up, now that the wind has retired over the fields? Or do we come only to enjoy the evening's peace spread up and down the valley? To watch the shades of the afterglow melt, the hues overlapping and intermingling in a splendid mosaic against the silver of sky, while beneath it spills the empyrean dusk? In any event, just to come away from one's round to the silence

and loveliness obtaining, we count a privilege indeed.

Showers today. Yet the farm-work continued. The morning saw odd ones of the cow-kind gathered up and trucked off to market. Shingles were brought in to be roofing on the extension to the pole-barn, now in the course of construction.

"That's going to be a great help to us. That extra space, with feed and bedding handy, will ease the choring considerably," Mack said this evening.

"When I was over on the mainland, I visited several setups of loafing barns, pretty much like it. No fine fancy buildings like we see in some pictures of farms, but just useful ones such as the ordinary farmer, who wants to make a success of his farming would need. It's all very well to look at those grand ones on paper," he smiled, "but, well, there's a number of things a farmer must consider, about almost every move he makes."

"And Peter, looking up from arranging tiny animals on his farm on the kitchen table, to Alex, playing with the dark kitten on the couch offered,

"This seemed to be a longer day didn't it?"

"That's because we missed the school-hours" Alex said.

"And besides" Peter nodded, "it rained. Tomorrow, if the sun shines, will go faster."

"Our tomorrows are usually great days, aren't they?" we said. "Good to anticipate - to look forward to."

"But today" Peter said soberly, "except that it seemed a little long, was a nice day too!"

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night. . .

HAPPENINGS

Andrey Jenkins, Women's Editor, Phone 4-8508

Mr. and Mrs. William Blakey returned recently to their home in Kensington from a trip to Boston and vicinity where they visited relatives and friends.

Mrs. Leo Reid returned recently to her home in Hope River after spending the past five months with her brother in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Fannie Jackson left on Thursday to return to her home in Winnipeg after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. S. Stirling MacKay, Clinton.

Frank Gillispie, Christine McKay and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bernard left last week on return to their homes in San Diego California after vacationing here. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bernard, French River, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown, New London, and visited other relatives and friends.

Mr. Gillispie was the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Heath Montgomery, Park Corner, and other relatives and friends and Miss MacKay was the guest of Mrs. Montgomery and other friends.

The following ladies from Tignish Branch Liberal Women's Organization, attended the annual meeting held in Charlottetown, on Saturday, October first Mrs. E. C. Perry, president Tignish Branch, Mrs. Russell Callaghan, Mrs. Harris Callaghan, Mrs. Fred E. Thibodeau, Mrs. Jos. T. Arsenault, and Mrs. Herbert Gavin.

Carol MacNeill, Cardigan, recently returned home after vacationing in Vancouver, B. C., and in the United States. While in Vancouver, Carol was the guest of her uncle, Angus MacKenzie and family, and of other relatives.

Women

6 The Guardian, Charlottetown, Fri., Oct. 7, 1966.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Cornmeal Spoon Bread Superb Fluffy Omelet

BY IDA BAILEY ALLEN
Nothing new under the sun. Just try our new Cornmeal Spoon Bread Souffle featured today and you'll change your mind. It belongs in the glamour class.

Measurements level; recipes for 6

¼ c. enriched cornmeal
1 tsp. salt
1 c. cold milk
1 c. milk, scalded
1 tsp. butter or margarine
4 egg yolks
1 tsp. baking powder
4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Preheat oven to mod. (350 degrees F.). Combine cornmeal, salt and cold milk in bowl. Add to scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook 5 min. or until thickened, stirring often. Remove from heat. Stir in butter.

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Stir about 1-3 c. of cornmeal mixture into egg yolks; then stir egg mixture, stirring constantly. Pour mixture into 2-qt. large bowl; stir in baking powder. Fold in beaten egg whites.

Pour into not-oiled ¼-gal. casserole dish. Place in shallow pan; pour in hot water to depth of ½". Bake 50 to 60 min. uncovered in preheated oven (350 degrees F.) when it should be puffy and light-brown. Serve immediately with fried chicken and mustard greens; or for brunch with crisp bacon or ham slices, or creamed dried beef.

CAUTION: This cornbread is new and is really a type of delectable souffle. Do not open the oven door while baking, as a draft of cool air may cause the spoon bread to fall.

SUNDAY DINNER

Spicy Tomato Juice
Cornmeal Spoon Bread Souffle
Mustard Greens; or Spinach; or Kale
Baked Applesauce (previously columned)

SPICED BUTTER-PECAN COOKIES

(The Third in Our New Cookie Series)
2½ c. sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. cream of tartar
¼ tsp. salt
1 c. room-soft butter or margarine
1-3 c. light-brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tsp. ground sugar
¼ tsp. ground allspice
¼ tsp. ground cloves
2 large eggs
1-3 c. fine-ground pecans
54 pecan halves for garnish
Sift flour with cream of tartar

TAX RELIEF FOR NORWAY

OSLO (Reuters)—Norwegians were promised tax relief in increased family allowances, better roads and more money for education and research under the 1967 state budget submitted to parliament Thursday. Defence spending will increase by five per cent and more money will be appropriated to aid developing countries.

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Do you long for relief from the agony of rheumatic and arthritic pain? Thousands get speedy relief from their suffering by using T-R-C's. Don't let dull aches and stabbing pains handicap you any longer. Try TEMPLETON'S T-R-C's. Only \$5.00 at drug counters everywhere.

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SNAKE POISONS DRINK

RATNAGIRI (Reuters)—Seven persons died after drinking a homemade alcoholic brew into which a poisonous snake had fallen and drowned, police reported in this Indian city Thursday.



MR. AND MRS. HAROLD LEARD MARRIED IN BORDEN

Married recently in the United Church, Borden, P. E. I., were Arlyn J. MacLeod, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett MacLeod, Borden, and Harold L. Leard, son of Mr. S. Hector Leard and the late Mr. Leard of Central Bedouque.

The officiating clergyman was Rev. Ronald Cameron. Following a wedding reception at the Borden Legion hall Mr. and Mrs. Leard left on a honeymoon to the White Mountains and Montreal. They are now residing in Central Bedouque.

Your RED CROSS is Serving Today Ready for Tomorrow Support United Appeal

Gregory-Flynn Ceremony Held At St. Teresa's

The wedding took place recently at St. Teresa's Church of Irene Marie daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Flynn, Peakes Station and Edward Thomas Gregory, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gregory, New Zealand. P. E. I. Rev. Eugene Murray celebrated the nuptial mass and officiated at the double ring ceremony.

St. Teresa's Church choir sang appropriate hymns during the mass and the signing of the register. Mass was served by D. J. Gregory, brother of the groom and Donald O'Brien.

The bride wore a floor length gown of lace over satin, with shoulder length veil of tulle illusion. She carried a bouquet of red roses. Her attendants, Lorraine Gregory, the groom's sister as maid of honor, and Amelia Flynn, the bride's sister as bridesmaid, wore street length dresses, of yellow and wedding ring headresses with matching veils. The flower girls, Sandra Flynn and Lorna and Melvina Gregory wore nylon dresses of white, pink and blue, and carried baskets of mixed mums.

Arthur Flynn, the bride's brother, was best man. Ushers were Kenneth Gregory and Basil Grant.

A reception was held in Murrell Hall where the toast to the bride was proposed by Walter Dingwell. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory left on a short honeymoon to Nova Scotia.

MR. AND MRS. CURTIS RUPERT Rupert-Doucette Marriage Solemnized In September

St. Dunstan's Basilica, Charlottetown, was the scene of a September wedding when Lorraine Ada Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Doucette became the bride of Curtis David Rupert, son of Mrs. Laura Rupert and the late Mr. Rupert of Liverpool, N. S. The double ring ceremony was performed by Msgr. P. F. MacDonald.

The wedding music was played by Mrs. Joseph Dougan and Mrs. Jack Roberts sang "O God of Loveliness" during the ceremony and "O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine" during the signing of the register. Baskets of mixed fall flowers decorated the Church and guest pews were marked with lilies-of-the-valley with white satin bows.

The bride given in marriage by her father, chose a floor length sheath gown with empire waist line, with white velvet trimming, ruffled sleeves, bateau neckline and a Watteau train ruffled at the bottom. Her shoulder length veil was held in place by a cluster of white roses. She carried a bouquet of two shades of pink roses, centered with white roses, with trailing ivy. Her only jewelry was a string of cultured pearls, a gift of the groom.

The matron of honour, Mrs. James Cullen, sister of the bride, and bridesmaids, Brenda Doucette, sister of the bride, and Judie Gaudet were gowned alike in floor length dresses of French rose peau de sole with Empire waists and short sleeves. Their headresses were roses on petal leaves of matching material, holding short veils

They carried nosegays of white carnations and pink roses. The bride's cousin Charlene MacKinnon as flower girl wore a white organza dress with a sash of French rose peau de sole with a matching rose at the waistline. Her headress was a white organza band and she carried a basket of white carnations and pink roses.

Christopher Roberts, a cousin of the bride, was ring bearer. The best man was Kenneth Brown, and Jim Cullen and Paul Haverstock were ushers.

Mrs. Doucette, the bride's mother received wearing a beige two piece suit of lace, with brown accessories and a corsage of orange roses.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held for 100 guests at the Basilica Recreation Centre. The toast to the bride was proposed by Msgr. P. F. MacDonald. Mrs. Thomas King was in charge of the guest book and Earl MacKinnon, cousin of the bride was master of ceremonies. Music was played for the occasion by the Tartans.

For the honeymoon trip to Cape Breton and around the Cabot Trail, the bride wore a beige suit with brown alligator shoes and purse and a beige and brown picture hat. Her corsage was of orange roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert are now residing at 188 Euston Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Out of province guests included: Mr. and Mrs. Stewart MacLaughlan, Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Earl MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Romkey, Tom St. Ange and Jerry MacCormack.

MARY HAWORTH

Man's Non-Stop Work Leaves His Family Out

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: Your commentary to Mrs. CB, who sympathized with Mrs. V, about their respective husbands' pursuit of hobbies while neglecting family, was instructive to me.

I began to see that if one has been married for years to the same man, whose special interests shut out his family, then it is the wife's cue, in self-defense to make a constructive personal adaptation to the situation. This is better than waiting, in vain, for the old dog (husband) to learn new tricks which he has no intention of doing.

My husband works days and night, a habit pattern of staying away from home that began in our early married years, when he was a student with a part-time job.

At first, I tried to close the breach by making his home more interesting. Comfortable surroundings, gourmet cooking, gracious entertaining. But, as he told a psychiatrist we both consulted recently, none of this mattered to him. His point: He wanted me to do things for myself, not for him. To which I replied: What I did for him was for us.

He makes absolutely sure he must work non-stop by buying foolishly, going in debt just when we are becoming solvent. Yet if we need an essential replacement item, such as a washer, he resists until I am desperate. Meanwhile he brings home a costly record player or other such luxuries.

Finally, when he thinks I've given up, he goes alone to buy an expensive monstrosity washer that I'd rather not have. Until now I've acted grateful, trying to harmonize our relationship, but I am beginning to have some un-Christian feelings.

We have been married 16 years and have four lovely children. Church, doctor and psychiatry have helped, and without this help I might have despaired. I have tried working outside

the home, actually sparking community projects to keep occupied, but it wasn't for this I married him.

We all need helpmate companionship, without which life is pretty meaningless. I read extensively and have many busy-busy hobbies. But what I really need is my husband. Can you help me?

DEAR E. G.: Your letter is self-contradictory. You begin on an optimistic note, as if you felt you had the problem in hand at long last, thanks to insights gained from advices directed to two other housewives.

However, you then turn your mind to a thumbnail sketch of your husband's habitual "ioner" performance in marriage and wind up with a bid for help in transforming him into a positively cooperative domestic partner, which he doesn't choose to be.

In short, you first voice a wretched willingness (theoretical willingness, at least) to address yourself to psychological change in a growth effort to achieve a peaceful, positive reconciliation between your feelings and your feelings and your circumstances, marriage-wise.

But then you switch, in closing, to a do-beat cry of wanting your husband to become the mate companion you feel you must have for meaningful living.

So I wonder, are you as out of touch with yourself as you are with your husband? Just when you profess to be facing in a certain direction, standing for a specific principle of self-determination, in relation to your problem, you switch like a weather vane into announcing for something else. That's what you've just done here.

Your church counsellors, family doctor and psychiatrist could hardly make a difference for the better in your design for living, no matter how capably they try, when the resource material you personally bring to the

MR. AND MRS. COLBY LEWIS Golden Wedding Ceremony Takes Place At Freetown

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Lewis celebrated their golden wedding on Tuesday, September 27th, with an afternoon and evening reception at their home in Freetown, and a family dinner at Small's in Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have spent all their married life in Freetown where Mr. Lewis was born and brought up, and the love and esteem in which they are held was attested to by the number who honored them on this occasion, between 300 and 400 signing the register.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis' five children were all present, one other: Elsie Jean Lewis Longworth died 10 years ago serving in a Latin-American mission field; 18 of their 23 grandchildren were also present. Family members attending were Mr. and Mrs. Ira Lewis, and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lewis, York; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lewis, Freetown; Rev. and Mrs. Bruce Moore (Shirley) Moncton, N. B. Mr. and Mrs. Garth Linkletter, (Mary) Summerside.

Also present were the following relatives: J. B. Lewis, Freetown; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon R. Holmes, Charlottetown; Mrs. Ira Holmes, Saskatoon, Sask.; Mrs. Grace Holmes Hodges, Calgary, Alta.; Mr. and Mrs. Don Kinley and Virginia Kinley of Pasadena, California.

Other guests from a distance were: Mr. and Mrs. John Milton, and Mr. and Mrs. George Milton of Malden, Mass.

For the reception the rooms were decorated by Mrs. Ralph Burns and J. B. Lewis, with late summer flowers and colorful autumn leaves.

Assisting with the serving of refreshments were: pouring, Mrs. D. Kinley, Mrs. John Milton, Mrs. George Milton, Mrs. Ralph Burns, Mrs. Fred Hooper, Mrs. William Donald, Mrs. Laura Lidstone, Mrs. Alvin Stetson, Mrs. Gordon Holmes and Mrs. Ira Holmes, and assisting with serving and various other duties were: Mrs. Preston Ramsey, Mrs. Elmer MacEachern, Mrs. Ray Rayner, Mrs. Grace Hodges, Virginia Kinley, and John Milton, George Milton and Don Kinley.

Among gifts received by the celebrants were special presentations from the Freetown districts and the Bedouque Women's Missionary Society.

Family gifts were presented at the dinner in Summerside where Ira Lewis was emcee. Here I Love You Truly was sung by J. B. Lewis and the blessing asked by Rev. Bruce Moore.

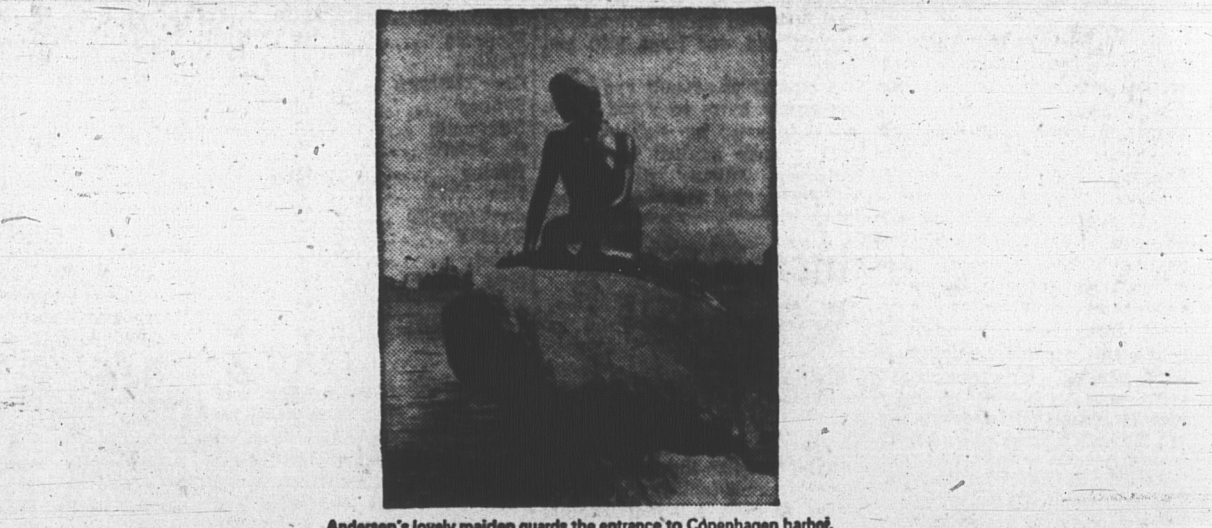
J. B. Lewis read telegrams and messages received during the day: from Governor General Vanier, Lieut. Governor W. J. McDonald, Prime Minister L. J. Pearson, Premier Alexander Campbell, Don Longworth and family of Costa Rica, and from many other well-wishers.

endeavor is so lacking in dependable adherence to planned positions and stated purposes. If I could help, it would be in terms of wakening you to the all importance of learning to know and be yourself, in relation to your husband, and beyond him, in relation to all whose lives touch yours. It is that kind of honest, integrated outgoing personal-aliveness that makes life meaningful in whatever circumstances.

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

COPENHAGEN-MOSCOW

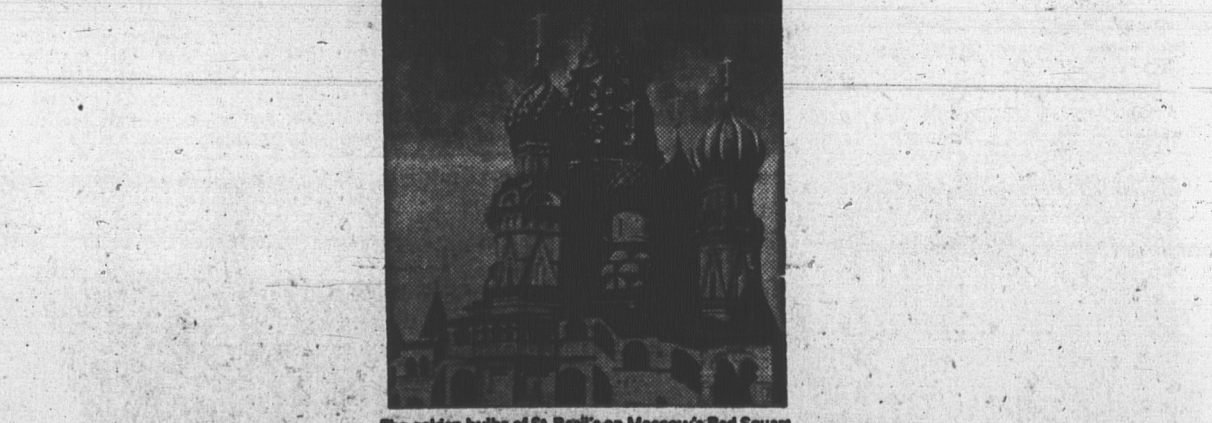
From Montreal starting November 1st Air Canada adds two fascinating destinations to its international system. The inauguration of a new service of major importance marks a remarkable step in Air Canada's continuing growth.



Anderson's lovely maiden guards the entrance to Copenhagen harbor.

Fly Air Canada to Copenhagen, open door to all Scandinavia: a wondrous world of good taste, good food and good fun.

In Copenhagen old salts rub shoulders with silversmiths, cabinet-makers open their shops to visitors, some menus are four feet long, jolly matrons prepare scrumptious smorrebrods and Tivoli Gardens have a monopoly on laughter. A skip and a jump: boats, trains and connecting airlines take you to the fjords of Norway, the avant-garde world of Sweden



The golden bulbs of St. Basil's on Moscow's Red Square

Air Canada: first North American airline to fly to the U.S.S.R., —and without change of plane!

On Tuesday evening, November 1st, a DC-8 bearing the Maple Leaf emblem leaves for Moscow's Sheremetevo airport. This inaugurates, with Aeroflot (the national airline of the Soviet Union), the first and only same plane service between Canada and the U.S.S.R. From then on Air Canada's route system will stretch from the shores of the Pacific, half way around the world, to the heart of the Soviet Union.

Overnight the Canadian traveller will find himself by the Kremlin's ancient brick battlements, peering at the golden bulbs atop St. Basil's, shopping at the G.U.M. and sitting for a dazzling performance at the Bolshoi Ballet. So, suddenly an old cliché comes to life: go to Moscow . . . "It's the trip of a lifetime!"

Your travel agent is an expert: he will give you all the details about your trip to Scandinavia or the U.S.S.R. Or call Air Canada

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