

Women

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor, Phone 4566

8 The Guardian, Charlottetown, Thurs., Feb. 26, 1959.

HAPPENINGS

Leading Seaman Reginald I. Doiron has recently been promoted to Petty Officer in the Royal Canadian Navy. Mr. Doiron has just returned from Labrador where he spent two years on the survey ship. After this promotion Mr. Doiron is leaving shortly from Halifax for Bermuda where he is stationed for another two year period.

Petty Officer Doiron is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Doiron, formerly of North Rustico and now of 72 Grafton Street, Charlottetown.

Miss Barbara Johnson, employee of the Imperial Oil Company Ltd., Halifax, N.S., arrived by plane on Monday to attend the funeral of her grandmother, Mrs. D.W. Johnson which was held on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Johnson was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson, Sidmount Avenue, City. She returned to Halifax by plane on Wednesday morning.

CARLETON SIDING W.I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Carleton Siding W.I. met at the home of Mrs. Avalah MacCallum on Wednesday evening, February 4th. The president presided and opened the meeting by singing the Institute Rally song, followed by the collect. Roll call was responded to by thirteen members with two new members joining.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer gave her report. Correspondence was read and discussed. It was decided to give a plant to Mrs. Frank Quigley, Mrs. Annie MacKinnon as they were members of the Institute. The school committee gave their report and the new committee is Selva MacCaul and Laura Haslam.

The sick committee reported taking five treats and cards. New committee for the sick is Marie MacDonald and Marjorie Paynter. The blanket committee, Mrs. Harold Muttart and Mrs. Boyd Lowther decided to send to Fairfield for a shipment of blankets March 20th. Selma moved and Edna Myers seconded that expenses to the musical festival be paid.

Mrs. Jim Paynter is the new chairman of the Red Cross campaign. Program committee for next month is Marie MacDonald and Edna Myers. Lunch committee is Mrs. Frank Bell, Mrs. Chassion, Mrs. Jim Paynter. Priscilla invited the members to her home for the March meeting. Roll call to be answered by naming a Cabinet Minister and tell what he does. The meeting closed with The Queen. Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

ST. CHARLES C.W.I.

The St. Charles Parish Council of the Catholic Women's League held their regular monthly meeting on February 8th, at 2 p.m. The President, Mrs. William Cahill occupied the chair. The meeting opened with Prayer led by the Director, Rev. Charles Gallant.

The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting which were approved as read. The Treasurer then gave her report. Spiritual convener had no report. Social action convener reported having sent some articles of clothing to a needy family.

The Press and Radio convener was asked to write a card of praise to the "Ave Marie Hour" radio station in Antigonish. Two Ladies are to visit the school during Education Week.

It was suggested having a card party to raise funds for the Maryknoll Mission Sisters. And it was decided that this card party would be held sometime soon.

The Director, Rev. Charles Gallant congratulated the women on the fine work that they are doing. There being no further business, meeting closed with Prayer.

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Dear Mary Haworth: Your Jan. 7 article, discussing a mother's problem, of her 16-year-old son's compulsive gambling compels me to answer. Because just the day before, on the Art Linkletter radio show, Mr. Linkletter interviewed a man introduced simply as Harry, who is founder of a new organization called Gamblers Anonymous. Perhaps this bit of information will help the mother. The group may be reached by writing to: Mr. Harry, c/o Art Linkletter Show, CBS Radio, Hollywood, California, P.G.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

It's Only Humble Fare But It's Given With Good Heart

"I'm thinking I'll soon have to try some other line of work" a farmer commented with a half-smile when he stopped by this afternoon to chat a while with James. He had come in hopes of obtaining a pair of piglets, unaware that here, the planned Spring increase is to come later on in the year.

It was our supper hour then, that convenient time when we try to inveigle James indoors to let in that interval between a spell of cattle-care at the stables and that which could take him to feed the sows in the piggeries about. It is a time we enjoy. The day, a little wearied then has helped paint the sunset hues and now pauses beneath the fading colors, awaiting the night-spillways to open for the twilight shadows too flood.

If we chance to miss this opportunity, if we so much as let him come to open the cellar hatch by the back verandah and set foot on the old stone steps leading down to the mangel bin, our hope to sup in this delightful time is gone and we must later come to a lamplight meal. Not that this is not also pleasant, though not so much now as in the Fall. Then the brightness shuts out the gloom of the quiet dampish days, but now that the countryside is gently lovely with Winter we would stay the hours of daylight. The visitor joined us at our meal.

"It's only humble fare we have," James smiled, "but it's given with a good heart—and isn't that always the best part of a shared meal?"

A vegetable soup, home-made, was our initial fare. And collecting the makings from the refrigerator after dinner, from the jar of saved soup-stock of the last scrap of cooked vegetable there, and adding by way of more nourishment and also as a thickener, a leftover of this morning's porridge, we had smiled to think that of all soups this one would indeed "have everything in it."

Soup. And after it slices of the cold roast beef left from dinner—because we knew the stable and master who had fattened it. And with this, a ruby sauce, made with the extremely large berries which find their way to us from Maine maybe, or other farmed cranberry swamps across the

border, south. An old-fashioned tapioca pudding then, made from the soaked "fishes' eyes" of childhood's days, an extra egg added for goodness, and for fruit the canned plums, of that large yellow variety Ontario sends in baskets to Island housewives in the harvest-time to add tasteful substance to their winter stores.

"There was a day when a man could make a comfortable living off a small farm" our visitor offered "but I'm afraid those times are about gone."

"Oh I don't know," James replied with a chuckle, "in my day I've seen more than one man retire from what you might call a small farm, and with very comfortable nest-eggs too! I'd stick by the farming" he nodded.

A crystal days this—of glossy branches, and mists on the hills. And February, preparing to be presently up and away.

Until tomorrow — Diary—good-night.

THE VALUE OF SILENCE

Do you know the value of silence. A few moments now and again. In an uncluttered haven of silence. Away from all worry and strain.

Have you ever sat in silence with a dear friend And felt a companionship rare. An unspoken understanding. That no eloquence could share.

For chatter and talk may be commonplace, And we hear it on every hand. But the dignity of silence, One must feel to understand.

It is the time we spend in silence That makes our lives complete. Those reverent magic moments. When we hear "Our Father" speak.

And character grows in silence. While power flows into the soul. A great wisdom is born in silence That carries us on to our goal.

So plan a few moments of silence Each day in some quiet retreat. You will find your outlook brighter. You will triumph over defeat.

E. M. MACLEWEN

COVEHEAD ROAD W.I.

The Covehead Road W.I. held their February meeting at the home of Mrs. Seymour Birt with seven members and one visitor present. The meeting was opened by each member reciting a Valentine verse. Roll call was answered with "A Donation for Pantry Sale".

The minutes were read, approved and signed. Correspondence was read and discussed and copies of Institute News passed around. Mrs. Ernest MacMillan and Mrs. Phillip Mac Innis volunteered to canvass the district for the Red Cross. A discussion then followed; topic, "Conservation". One member re-joined.

Committee gave their reports. School committee reported the need of a Dictionary in the Senior School-room. It was put to a motion that a Dictionary be purchased for the Sr. room. Motion carried.

For the programme Mrs. Harold MacDonald conducted a contest which was won by Mrs. S. J. Birt.

Next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Harold MacDonald. Meeting closed by singing the National Anthem. Following the meeting Mrs. Harold MacDonald very capably auctioneered the articles brought for Pantry sale, and the sum of \$4.00 was realized. Lunch was then served by the hostess.

YORK POINT W.I.

The February meeting of the York W.I. met at the home of Mrs. John MacKinley with twelve members and one visitor present. The meeting opened by singing the Ode followed by the creed in unison. Roll call was answered with an article for grab bag.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Reports were heard from the various committees. It was moved and seconded that Mrs. Gordon MacEwen and the teacher, Mrs. Charles Hyde see about purchasing a teachers desk.

Supervisor Theresa MacLeod gave an interesting talk on Institute work, she also showed

HOUSEHOLD HINT

A fiber broom will be revitalized with a bath of ammonia water (2 quarts warm water to 4 tablespoons household ammonia). Let bristles soak in this solution for half an hour, then rinse and hang broom up in a cool place to dry.

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MR. AND MRS. WENDLE CUDMORE

Charming Young Couple Exchange Wedding Vows

A very pretty wedding of interest took place recently at the Holy Redeemer Rectory, Charlottetown, when Margaret Murlila, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pound, Charlottetown, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Wendle S. Cudmore, also of Charlottetown.

The bride was attended by her sister, Helen Ann Pound. The groom was ably supported by Leonard Walsh. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the Old Spain for forty guests.

MARY HAWORTH

Wife Wants To Be Near Her Folks—Husband Disagrees

Dear Mary Haworth: For some time I have been watching the case of a husband who will not permit his wife to be "too friendly" with anyone but himself and his own people. Even intimacy with the wife's parents is not permitted.

Doesn't such an attitude of mind seem incredible to you? And how could anyone expect to accomplish such selfish aims, without bringing unhappiness upon himself eventually?

By restricting love, one restricts the love given to oneself, or so it seems to me. Also, the young child growing up in such an atmosphere will be affected by it.

How would you label the man's motivation? As jealousy, insecurity, or just supreme selfishness? Your comments and views will be much appreciated. O.J.

POLICY SEEMS CRACKPOT

Dear O.J.: The man's social policy for his wife, as described, is just short of crackpot, in my book.

Certainly it signifies that he has no confidence in his love-worthiness, and assumes that the moment his back is turned to his wife's family and friends, they are talking against him. So he hopes to insulate her against such criticism, by restricting her association to himself and his folks (who are on his side, to his way of thinking, I suppose).

Well, if he had tried deliberately to prove the truth of the cracks he fears, he couldn't have done a better job of it.

In effect, his actions (cited here) advertise his mean, un-social, greedy, grabby, self-centered clutch on a woman's love, who is fool enough to invest in him. But I think a wife of proper spirit wouldn't put up with this brand of hamstringing, once she got the drift of it.

SPUNKY WIFE

Using either finesse or forthright courage, she ought to pursue a wholesome interchange with family and friends and let

him take it or leave it—either get used to it or break up the team of his own volition.

It is unwise of a wife to subscribe to destructive demands from a jealous mate — and destructive it is for a man to try to eradicate filial feelings in his wife, on the theory that her love of family automatically lessens her giving to him. Just the opposite is true, of course, as you say — the more persons we care about rightfully, the more love we have for each and all.

If you wish to fortify the wife with clear thinking about her status, you might present her with a copy of Wingfield Hope's book "Life Together" (Sheed and Ward)—one of the best about marriage that has come to my attention. M.H.

GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS

Dear Mary Haworth: Your Jan. 7 article, discussing a mother's problem, of her 16-year-old son's compulsive gambling compels me to answer. Because just the day before, on the Art Linkletter radio show, Mr. Linkletter interviewed a man introduced simply as Harry, who is founder of a new organization called Gamblers Anonymous. Perhaps this bit of information will help the mother. The group may be reached by writing to: Mr. Harry, c/o Art Linkletter Show, CBS Radio, Hollywood, California, P.G.

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CRUSTY DINNER ROLLS

Measure into a large bowl 1/2 c. lukewarm water; crumble and add 1 cake Best Yeast—or stir in 1 tsp. granulated sugar and sprinkle with 1 envelope Best dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Add 1/4 c. lukewarm water and 1 tsp. salt. Add, all at once, 3 1/2 c. once-sifted all-purpose flour and work in with the hands; work in 3 lbs. soft shortening. Knead on lightly-floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough in bowl, fold over, cover and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 2 equal portions; shape each

portion into a long roll about 1 1/2" in diameter. Cover with a damp cloth and let rest 15 mins. Using a floured sharp knife, cut dough into 2" lengths and place, well apart, on ungreased cookie sheets. Sprinkle rolls with cornmeal and let rise, uncovered, for 1/2 hour. Brush with cold water and let rise another 1/2 hour. Meanwhile, stand a broad shallow pan of hot water in the oven and preheat oven to hot, 425°. Remove pan of water from oven and bake the rolls in steam-filled oven for 1/2 hour, brushing them with cold water and sprinkling lightly with cornmeal after the first 15 mins., and again brushing them with cold water 2 minutes before removing baked buns from the oven. Yield—18 rolls.