

HAPPENINGS

Audrey Jenkins, Women's Editor, Phone 4-8506



MR. AND MRS. JOHN IRWIN

Charlottetown Couple Wed In Zion Church Ceremony

Zion Presbyterian Church, Charlottetown was the scene of a lovely candlelight summer wedding on July second at seven p.m. when Lana Gay Meredith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Meredith of 17 Felling Street, Charlottetown, became the bride of John Douglas Bates Irwin, son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Kent Lyall Irwin of 16 Crestwood Drive, Charlottetown. The bride, given in marriage by her father, entered the church to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march played by Sue Brenton.

Rev. Dr. D.A. Campbell conducted the wedding ceremony. Edward Woodruff was soloist and selections sung were "O Perfect Love" and "Because." The church was decorated with peonies, snapdragons and pink weigela and white tapers in silver candelabra.

The bride wore a street length gown of mauve de sole with lace, in French Empire style. Her veil of French illusion was held in place by feathered lilies and crystal teardrops. She carried a shower bouquet of golden delight roses and Stephanotis.

The bridesmaid, Carole MacLure, Charlottetown, wore a two piece street length dress of muted red chiffon, with matching shoes and headress and carried a bouquet of white feathered carnations.

The groomsmen were Ronald Boyles and the ushers were the groom's brother Robert Irwin and John Rogers.

The mother of the bride chose a dress of pale pink linen with lace trim, with accessories in pastel pink and green shades and a corsage of pale pink roses. The groom's mother wore a two piece

ensemble of beige shantung with two toned accessories in beige, and a corsage of yellow roses.

Following the service a reception was held at the home of the groom's parents. The groom's sister, Beth Irwin, circulated the guest book.

The bride's table was centred with a three tier wedding cake, encircled with the bride's mother's wedding veil.

The toast to the bride, proposed by her cousin Hal Semple, was responded to by the groom. Telegrams of best wishes and congratulations were read by the best man.

Tea was poured by Mrs. James Atkinson and Mrs. Carl Robertson while friends of the bride served.

The bride chose for her travelling costume a two-piece suit in a green print with beige hat and accessories. Her corsage was of pink roses.

Following the honeymoon the young couple plan to live in Charlottetown.

Out-of-province guests included: Mr. and Mrs. Hal Sampel of Saint John, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Patterson of Moncton, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Robertson of Moncton, N.B.; Mr. and Mrs. W.C. Bates of Moncton, N.B.

(Photo by C.D. MacKay)

Women

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MIRIAM HYDE WILLIAM LANK

TO BE MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hyde, Meadow Bank announce the engagement of their daughter, Miriam Sarah to William Windsor Lank, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Lank, West Royalty. The marriage will take place Saturday, September 3, at Cornwall United Church at 3 p.m.



DON MACCORMAC KATHY MCGINN

AUGUST WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McGinn of Charlottetown wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Margaret to Donald George MacCormac, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred MacCormac, Albany, P.E.I. The marriage will take place August 27th., 1966 at the Holy Redeemer Church, Charlottetown.

ELLEN'S DIARY

Home-Grown Vegetables Have A Special Flavor

This was the summer day — we recall now the happy young smiles that attended the event — the Tomson kitten, the white cat's one and only, commenced to purr. The fact was of course duly written into his records, added to such incidentals of musing, as "played by himself today" and "unassisted, got down from the couch." A plump, silver-furred kit-cat he is, face gold striped on the dark, and privileged above others in that his least mew is observed and interpreted by the younger sons of the house across the lane. And even if those bewildering occasions arise in our housewifery when we say, "cl'ar dem creatures outta dis kitchen!" we must own that kittens like babies, regardless of color, have a way of one's notice and affection.

So this youngest kitten of all, purring today. As did also the machines of our haying, so that the last mowing of all the fields, is due presently. "Even so, Ellen!" James reminded us at dinner, "when the last mowings and balings are done, we still have a nice lot of saving to do!"

Steak was our meat. And oh, the choice vegetables! Island gardens now offer, their "pocket" that of the fence rails, dambkins come to regard us curiously, or perhaps a personable lady of sow, already has contributed many a green salad to our menus. And that to the rear of the buildings, a few steps up the field's lane, has also given its tasteful rewards.

Last summer, and on through the winter, because of last summer's disappointing garden due to drought, we at this farm, were happy to come by our winter vegetables mostly from store-bins.

They were uniform as to size, and good. Withal there was makeup. There is, we find, a quality which can not be caught up in a package of such. It is that elusive something which has to do with the satisfaction of the rows from his own plot of land.

So these come now to our tables, tasteful, and as charming in color and varied, as the roses that come to these days to our meals. Gold-green of peas, amber of beans, green and white of onions, orange of carrots, blood-red of beets. How beautifully the gardens give of their growings to be staples at present, and also to store, after some favorite method of saving, against barer days ahead.

You're scraping the bottom of the barrel, Ellen! James ofered this morning, when he noticed us gather to the dustpan, last bits and pieces of sticks from the woodbox, to put on the fire. "It's not a nice thing to have to do — any scraping that indicates a scarcity."

"Remember the wish written in the long ago, in autograph albums?" May the rags never leave their nests? we chuckled.

"It did give one a desolate feeling then, to know the flour-barrel was empty, and the new wheat not yet harvested."

"Now where?" we wondered at a thought, "did the old scoop that lifted the flour from the barrel for the bakings, and the old-time sifter go?"

It is amazing how many items of the everyday living of once the years have lost up along the lanes of time.

"Better bolt the door, Ellen!" James grins now. "Here's another day gone!"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Brown leather shoes that have been stained with salt water may be cleaned by dissolving a large piece of washing soda in one cup of hot milk and rubbing this solution well into the leather. Then polish with a good leather polish.

A room may be rid of flies by placing at various spots around the room, dishes containing a mixture of cream, ground black pepper and sugar.

Water in a cistern may be purified by throwing about one quart of charcoal into the cistern.

Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia will remove paint from clothing even if the paint has hardened.

The Magic Of Her Loom Is Felt In Two Continents

By IAN W. MURRAY
CARNOSTIE, Scotland (AP) — They call it Callay Cottage in the Highlands of Scotland, but to Mrs. Mabel Pritchard it is the home of the loom.

Somehow, the magic of Mrs. Pritchard's loom binds together two continents—borrowing from a herb farm in Rhode Island, to tend to a Suburban home in Texas and the well-clad shoulders of men and women of America.

The story of Callay Cottage began in 1642, more than a century before Bonnie Prince Charlie's ill-fated rebellion against the English and nearly 250 years before its present mistress was born.

It was then that the humble cottage was built in a forest clearing on a mountainside above the cathedral town of Dunkeld, Perthshire. In the way of the time, it had two rooms, one for the builder and his family, the other for livestock.

Highland clansmen drove their cattle through the forest to the Lowland markets, and the cottage came to mean different things to different people down the years. To the cattle-herder it was a place of refuge; to the stray traveller it was a means but hospitable inn; and to one man, it was the setting for a murder—he killed his wife with an axe.

HOUSED STILL

For many years to the prying eyes of the tax collectors, it was a source of annoyance. The lean-to chicken house at one end of the building was also an illicit still.

Yet, perhaps, the most remarkable of its tenants is the lady who occupies it today, the 78-year-old Mrs. Pritchard, a college graduate, bank manager's widow, a queen among weavers and a one-woman industry.

Through her veins flows the blood of two diverse centres of weaving—the isles of Shetland and the dales of Yorkshire in England. Generations — old secrets of dyeing have been handed down to her and are carefully logged.

Her interest in weaving was rekindled in the Second World War when she lived in Hoylake, Cheshire. Her husband made her no fewer than 11 looms. Friends made door-to-door collections and discarded silk stockings and from these she wove a thick warm material for blankets to warm Liverpool blitz victims.

When her husband died after they retired to Scotland, Mrs. Pritchard moved to Callay Cottage and turned her hobby to good purpose. She had several of the looms, along with her spinning wheel, packets of seeds, plants and containers of multi-colored dyes.

From her garden she gathers the leaves, bark and flower petals from which her dyes are blended. There's flavine from North America; larch from India; weld, a yellow mignonette from Holland; cochineal from the West Indies; cudbear from lichens imported from Norway; madder from the Levant; ground Brazil wood; and the now almost unobtainable kermes — "the most beautiful dye in the world, a red of the old masters," says Mrs. Pritchard.

PREFERS HER OWN

All of these she has in store, but she prefers the elixers which can be boiled down from plants in her own back yard. She roams the region with a wheelbarrow collecting bark, pine cones, lichens and, in season, the brown curling tips of the bracken which covers the surrounding countryside.

Into the barrow, too, go nettles, pear tree leaves, log wood and wild berries.

Working from 6 a.m. into the kerosene-lit hours, she spins, dyes, and weaves a hundred patterns inspired by the beauty of her surroundings—cardigans, stoles, scarves, sweaters, shawls, skirts, suits, tartan and hat.

As the reputation of her hand-made clothes spread, visitors began to pick their way up the stony path to her home. One of them, Drusilla McCormick, who lives in Harlingen, Tex., was so enchanted by what she saw that she later wrote and asked if she could name her own home after Callay Cottage.

Even the custodian of an herb farm on Rhode Island sends wild seeds to Mrs. Pritchard to help dye the yarns of her loom.

And also from the New World come orders from would-be Scots-folk without the slightest link with Scotland, for a family tartan in their chosen colors.

Says Mrs. Pritchard, "All I need are the colors, preferably sample threads. Anyone who wants a family tartan can have it."

A Normal School System Is Goal For Each Patient

By JANE BECKER
EDMONTON (CP)—Michael Glengrose is 10 years old and looks younger. His home is Old Crow, a remote Indian settlement on the Yukon's northern fringe. Because he has severe arthritis, Michael is probably one of the best-cared-for children in Canada.

As a student-patient at the \$3,500,000 Glengrose School Hospital in Edmonton, Michael has had the benefit of all the medical treatment a team of Edmonton doctors and therapists can devise, and the special education services of the Edmonton public school board. It is a setting made possible by the substantial resources of the Alberta government.

His arms and legs encased in splints, Michael goes to school by wheelchair in the bright new building which is home, hospital, playground and schoolroom to him. His classrooms are specially designed broad-loomed and color-keyed, with desks built so wheelchairs will fit under them.

He swims in a regulation pool with below-water bars to assist him, suns himself on a patio, goes to barbecue in a tree-decorated dining room, and sleeps in a study-bedroom.

FACILITIES TESTED

In September, about 60 other physically handicapped children between five and 17 years old and 40 who are emotionally disturbed will join Michael in the Glengrose's first full operating year.

Michael was one of the youngsters in a year-old pilot project, in which the Glengrose tested its aim of giving the chance they missed to children whose handicap had prevented them getting an education.

Premier Manning called it "the boldest, most far-reaching program of its kind ever attempted in Canada" when he announced plans for the Glengrose eight years ago.

People connected with the hospital and others who know it by reputation believe it is still that, thanks largely to the government's generous approach of its design and execution.

Concerned by the lack of suitable schooling for children with severe handicaps, the Alberta department of education launched the Glengrose idea. It is classed as a hospital partly because of matching federal

grants are available for hospitals though not for schools.

COSTLY PROJECT

Besides the capital cost, operating expenses for last year's pilot project were \$250,000. Officials estimate that, could soar to \$1,000,000 annually when the Glengrose is in full operation with 120 day youngsters as well as the 100 in-patients.

The Glengrose will accept children with such handicaps as cerebral palsy, polio after effects muscular dystrophy, severe asthma, cleft palate and hearing as well as juvenile paraplegics and amputees. Alberta's 13 thalidomide babies will be cared for when they reach school age.

The only entrance requirement is that a child be able to benefit from schooling and medical treatment.

"When we admit a child we are already planning his discharge," says Dr. J. E. Bradley, a greying physician of about 50 who left general practice six years ago to run hospitals and now is administrator of the Glengrose. "If there is no chance he will improve here, we won't admit him."

STAY IS LIMITED

This stipulation is to preserve the Glengrose's status as an active treatment hospital and prevent it facilities being swamped with hopelessly-retarded children.

The hospital's aim is to send every child to a normal school system eventually.

No child can stay at the Glengrose indefinitely. The time limit will probably be 18 months for the physically-handicapped, 2 1/2 years for the emotionally-disturbed.

Before being admitted, every child will be examined by a team of orthopedic surgeons, pediatricians, psychologists and psychiatrist to diagnose his handicap and see if he can benefit from treatment. Borderline cases will be admitted for a three-month trial.

Family Reunion At Elliotvale

Mr. and Mrs. John Whalen, Elliotvale, recently held a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Whalen. Attending with Mr. and Mrs. Whalen were their four daughters and their husbands: Mr. and Mrs. John Barrett, Boston, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. J.D. Fitzpatrick, Scarborough, Ont., Mr. and Mrs. Fonce McQuaid, Charlottetown, Mr. and Mrs. James MacLean, Charlottetown and their sons and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whalen, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. James Whalen, Avondale, P.E.I., and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Whalen, Elliotvale, P.E.I. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whalen, Vancouver, were unable to attend.

The couple have been married 46 years and have 33 grandchildren.

An evening of music and dancing was enjoyed and refreshments were served.

RECIPE CORNER

MAYONNAISE CHOCOLATE CAKE

There's a story current that a diner at an exclusive restaurant asked for this recipe when it was served to her. The chef sent the recipe — and a bill variously reported to be for \$100 and \$300. The recipe was very easy — the cake tender, with unusual and good flavor.

2 cups sifted pastry flour
1/2 cup cocoa
1 tsp. baking soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup cold water
1 cup modified mayonnaise
1 tsp. vanilla
Sift together flour, cocoa, soda, salt and sugar.
Quickly blend in water (mixture will be thick). Then stir in modified mayonnaise and vanilla. At this point, the batter is thin.

Turn into well greased and floured 8-inch square pan. Bake in rather slow oven 325 degrees, about a hour.

DUNDAS CENTRE

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Soward and son Stephen have returned to their home in Halifax, N.S. after spending a two week vacation on the Island where Mrs. Soward visited with her mother, Mrs. William Gillis, Forest Hill, and other members of her family.

Mrs. Elliott Murphy, Dundas Centre has been released from the Kings County Memorial Hospital where she has been a patient.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack MacKinnon left recently for their home in Somerville, Mass., after

MURRAY HARBOR

Mrs. Ada Biell, White Sands has as her summer guests, her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Buell and their daughter, Mrs. Earl Kaiser and her children, all of New Glasgow, N.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacFarlane, White Sands, have as guests, their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Terry Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Gundlack and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy LeBlanc and two children from St. John, N.B. are visiting at the home of Mrs. Evelyn Moore, Murray River.

SUNLIGHT DETERGENT

PURE CLEANING POWER

New Sunlight Laundry Detergent. Pure cleaning power in every pure white granule. Power to bring out the wonderful Sunlight "clean" in everything you wash. Just what you expect from a Sunlight product. At the price you expect to pay.