

Intestinal Fortitude

By Harold Garnett Black

Broad-shouldered, red-headed Tom Pringle, back home from long months of paratrooping in Korea and later months of occupation duty in Tokyo, was his mother's boy all right, having been brought up to depend upon and follow her judgment in everything. She had always made his decisions for him but had been crafty enough—perhaps it was only maternal instinct—to hide that fact and make him think all his personal decisions his own.

"You like that gray suit better than the blue, don't you, dear? I know you do," she had once said to her adolescent son, and he unwittingly believed her. He actually thought he liked the gray better without realizing that he didn't! His mother's psychology made him think so. Blindly to accept her say-so as final and authoritative had become a habit, for he had never known her judgment to be fundamentally bad.

DATED SUZANNE

"Ask Suzanne to the senior prom; don't bother about that other girl" she had once advised while he was still in high school. And automatically, he had dated Suzanne.

Yes, Tom was an obedient son and easy to get along with at home, for he never crossed his mother in her decisions. After all, why should he? Wasn't she always right? It was this willingness to be dominated by his mother that made some of his friends think him a biological freak—with a wishbone instead of a backbone.

AFTER KOREA

Back from digging Chinese Communists out of Heartbreak Ridge bunkers and with Army severance pay and GI allowance, Tom Pringle had resumed his schooling and begun the college freshman work that three years of military service had denied him. "What course are you taking?" asked a fraternity brother one day.

"Business administration," said Tom. "I guess I picked a toughie, but I think I'll like it. A fellow can get ahead in business—that is, if he minds his own business, so to speak, and makes a career of it."

Among the out of town guests were Viola, Buddy and James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Munro Wheeler and Miss Bessie Wheeler all of Toronto; Miss Margaret Cameron, Halifax; Miss Audrey MacDougall, Boston; and Mrs. Stella Archambault, Los Angeles. Prior to the wedding, showers for the bride were held in Toronto and Caledonia, Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod will reside in Grandview.

Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod, spent their honeymoon in the New England States. For travelling the bride wore a green paisley design dress of nylon over taffeta with white accessories and a corsage of white carnations.

Following the reception an enjoyable evening was spent at the home of the groom's parents.

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sortority gal at another college but was now a secretary in a downtown lawyer's office. Before he realized it, he had fallen madly in love with her. She fell too—but more slowly, though eventually just as hard. It was an ardent love affair, the kind found in confession magazines.

"Tom wants me to marry him next month," confided Sandra to her mother one night after she had come home particularly late. "Why, child," exclaimed her surprised parent, "you couldn't possibly do that! Weddings—the right kind—are serious things and take a lot of thought and time and preparation. There are a thousand things that have to be worked out. Wedding Day is the Big Day in a girl's life, and I want it to be that way in yours."

"HE'S IMPETUOUS"

"You're right, Mother dear," agreed Sandra. "I guess Tom is in too much of a hurry. He's impetuous, you know."

And so it was settled that and there: there must be a six month interval before venturing into the matrimonial sea. Many details must be discussed and decided upon: date and place of wedding; invitations and announcements; dresses to be made and fitted; the choosing of the matron of honor, bridesmaids, and ushers; floral decorations, wedding corsages, church music, and rehearsals; bridal showers to be given, little gifts to be selected and bought, and dozens of other things. It was a super-busy time. But one by one these problems were solved—and quite amicably, for the mothers of the young couple vied with each other to see which could be the more helpful in easing the heavy matrimonial load.

That the youthful lovers were experiencing the real thing and were supremely happy was obvious to all their friends—indeed would be even to a confirmed bachelor! The gentle pressure of hands, the unusual sparkle in the eyes, the soft murmurs in a half-darkened living room, the tenderness of goodbye kisses, the genuine concern for each other's comfort—all these spoke of an affection delightful to see.

WHERE TO LIVE

Yes, mother's boy was going to be married after all and to set up a new home somewhere in the city, even though at the moment Tom faced several years of college life. But where? That was the \$84,000 question. The solution of this apparently simple domestic problem was to be more than ordinarily significant.

Both mothers went searching—searching—searching for a suitable apartment for their two darlings whenever newspaper ads seemed to offer something promising. For weeks they searched eagerly but in vain. There was always something wrong: owners wanted too much rent, showed homes too small or too dirty; would make no concessions on time; sometimes showed apartments with outmoded furniture, or poor bathroom and kitchen

of white carnations.

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conveniences, or inadequate transportation facilities.

All except one place, a rather bungalow built in the rear of the lot on which stood the owner's house, but unfortunately Mother Pringle did not like it though Mrs. Wilson did, for it was cute, modern, and almost spotless.

"This place will never do," declared Mrs. Pringle, addressing Mrs. Wilson. "The floor is too cold. The children can't stand the cold; it will ruin their health. And the incinerator is too near and will smoke up the place. I'm sure your daughter won't like the kitchen table and chairs. Besides, I don't want them to be living in someone else's back yard, do you?"

"Why, I don't think that that is particularly objectionable," replied the other. "It seems to me that the place is quite cute and very attractive. It's far better than anything else we have seen. It isn't as if they expect to spend all the rest of their lives here. Let's have the children themselves look at it tonight anyway."

Accordingly Tom and Sandra inspected the bungalow very carefully that evening. Sitting together on the day-bed, they discussed the kitchen facilities, the furniture and pictures, and the unusual cleanliness exhibited everywhere. Especially did they admire the fine decor. The wall paper had a professional look.

"You really like it, Sandra, well enough to take it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, I'm perfectly satisfied, dear. I love it!"

"All right, that settles it," said he, rising to his feet.

OBJECTION

And so the problem was solved. Tom phoned the owner that

he would take it and bring the rent early the next morning. But after breakfast, before he could get away from home, his mother expressed her profound displeasure over their decision.

"Don't take that place, Tom," she pleaded. "I'm sure we can find you a better place somewhere. Just tell the owner you have changed your mind."

"Changed my mind?" he echoed. "I haven't changed my mind. Besides, I passed my word and promised to take it."

"You can get over that easily," she explained. "People are always changing their minds. Tell the man you didn't see it in daylight. That will give you a good out. Give him five dollars or ten,

if you have to, to release you I don't want you to take that place—and live in someone's back yard. You mustn't do it. Please!"

"But Sandra likes it and says we'll be very happy there," argued Tom.

"Why, Tom," she remonstrated brokenheartedly, "whatever has come over you. You're not the same boy you used to be. What has happened? Tell me."

"Happened—did you say? Mother dear, you have forgotten Korea and that I am no longer a child. I learned to make my own decisions there. I had to—or else! And I expect to keep right on making them."

"Korea? My God!" she muttered—

ed—and burst into uncontrollable tears. "What did Korea do to you, my son?"

"I'll tell you one thing it did, Mother," said he. "Korea gave me guts!"

(Harold Garnett Black, 441½ South Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, California, is a brother of Charles H. Black of Charlottetown.)

EDEN RECOVERING

SALISBURY, England (Reuters)—Sir Anthony Eden Monday was reported recovering from the effects of a fever attack last week. The condition of the former prime minister is so much improved that no further bulletins will be issued.

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MR. AND MRS. ROBERT MACLEOD

Double Ring Ceremony Unites Young Couple

A pretty wedding was solemnized in the Caledonia Presbyterian Church on Saturday afternoon August 29th, when Sally, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart became the bride of Robert MacLeod son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard MacLeod, Kinross.

Rev. R.D. MacKenzie performed the double ring ceremony. The organist, Mrs. Allan Cameron, accompanied Mr. Lloyd Martin, uncle of the groom, as he sang "The Lord's Prayer" previous to the ceremony and "Oh Perfect Love" during the signing of the register. The church was attractively decorated for the occasion with baskets of gladioli and the guest pews with tiny pink carnations and white satin bows.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, was lovely in her wedding gown of lace and net over bridal satin with a slim fitted bodice and long sleeves. The skirt was bouffant. A crown of sequins and pearls held in place her fingertip veil and she carried a cascade of American beauty roses.

Miss Viola Stewart sister of the bride, was matron of honor and Miss Florence Stewart sister of the bride, was bridesmaid.

They wore identically styled gowns of mauve and yellow floral design nylon over taffeta with matching hats and mitts, and carried bouquets of yellow, mauve and white carnations and hums.

Mr. Keith MacLeod brother of the groom, acted as best man.

The ushers were Munro Wheeler, brother-in-law of the groom and Malcolm MacLeod.

Mrs. Stewart chose for her



MR. AND MRS. ERROL BLAIR FORD

Couple Wed In Ceremony At Clyde River Pres. Church

A pretty wedding was solemnized in Clyde River Presbyterian Church on August 22nd, 1959 at 9 p.m., when Helen Beryl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan, Bonshaw, became the bride of Errol Blair Ford, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Ford, North Milton.

Reverend George Killen performed the ceremony. Mrs. Gordon MacKinnon was organist and accompanied Mrs. Mervin Macneave, as she sang "O Perfect Love" before the ceremony and "I Walk Beside You" during the signing of the register.

The bride given in marriage by her father was lovely in her floor length gown of white nylon lace over taffeta and fashioned with a bodice and long fitted sleeves. Her shoulder length veil of illusion was held in place by tiara trimmed with pearls and quins. She carried a cascade of pink roses.

The bride's attendants were her sisters, Mrs. Blair Beull, matron of honor, and Mrs. Elford Ford as bridesmaid. They wore identically styled street length dresses of pink and blue

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| <p>Boys' Rubber Rain Coats</p> <p>With matching helmet, metal clasp fasteners. Corduroy collar. Colour, black. Sizes 8 to 16.</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, each 3.99</p> | <p>Women's Seamless Nylons</p> <p>Biege shades. Knit on 400 needle machine, mesh, substandards. Sizes 9 to 11.</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, pair 59¢</p> |
| <p>Boys' Reversible Windbreakers</p> <p>Corduroy to poplin. Sizes 10 and 12 only.</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, each 2.29</p> | <p>Twister Anklets</p> <p>Cotton and nylon. Stretch foot. Colour, white only. Fits sizes 8 1/2 to 9 1/2 and 10 to 11. Substandards.</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, pair 39¢</p> |
| <p>Boys' Jackets</p> <p>Suede and horsehide, mostly blue suedes. Sizes 8 to 16, (15 only).</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, each 7.79</p> | <p>Ball Point Pens</p> <p>Assorted coloured barrels.</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, each 9¢</p> |
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| <p>Roaster</p> <p>Covered roasters of speckled blue enamel. About 12 1/2 x 8 1/2."</p> <p>2 P. M. Special, each 99¢</p> | <p><</p> |