



Secretary of State, Judy LaMarsh (seated) and other judges of the 1966 FTD Canadian Mother of the Year campaign go over details with Jack Passmore, Canadian director of Florists' Transworld Delivery Association, sponsors of the annual event. LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Passmore, Mrs. H.J. Robichaud, Mrs. Grace MacInnis and Mrs. Margaret Rideout. The judges will choose the Canadian Mother of the Year from hundreds of letters being mailed to Ottawa, Box 4044. Deadline is March 31st. (Photo by MALAK, Ottawa)

Three Judges Have Been Selected For "Mother Of The Year" Campaign

OTTAWA — Three women members of Parliament and the wife of a cabinet minister were officially installed Monday as judges of the 1966 Canadian mother of the year campaign.

They included secretary of state Judy LaMarsh, who quipped "I don't know much about mothers except that I had one of my own."

Other judges installed in the brief ceremony were Margaret Rideout, Liberal member of Parliament for Westmorland and mother of three; Mrs. H.J. Robichaud, wife of the federal fisheries minister and mother of nine; and Mrs. Grace MacInnis, New Democratic member of Parliament for Vancouver-Kingsway.

The married women joked with spinster Miss LaMarsh about her new role as a judge in the Mother of the Year campaign.

Jack Passmore, Canadian Director of the Florists' Transworld Delivery Association, sponsors of the campaign, presented each of them with a garden corsage.

"We'll share our children with you," laughed Mrs. Rideout as Miss LaMarsh joked about her "lack of qualifications."

"You should be mother of the year," Miss LaMarsh beamed at Mrs. Robichaud, the mother of nine. "You must be the champion of the Cabinet."

"I wouldn't pay a cent for another one, but I wouldn't give one away either," laughed Mrs. Robichaud.

The other judges of the campaign are: Mrs. J.J. Green, wife of the federal minister of agri-

culture, Senator Elsie Inman, and Mrs. P.A. Gagliardi, wife of B.C.'s highways minister.

Last year's winner was a Weyburn, Sask., mother of five children, who adopted two others and still managed to be a leader in the community.

Mrs. Henriette Van der Breggen was brought to Ottawa for a week as will be this year's winner, to meet the Prime Minister, and other political leaders in the capital.

The mothers are nominated through letters to FTD, Box 4044 Ottawa and hundreds have already been received. The deadline is March 31.

Mothers from all walks of life are nominated and the letters come from across Canada, written by children of the nominees, mayors, clergymen and even entire classrooms of students.

One of the early letters nominated Mrs. Gagliardi. The backers had to write back and explain she was not eligible because she is a judge.



MEMORIAL pays tribute to Florence Nightingale for caring for the wounded during the Crimean War (1854-57) and laying the foundations of the nursing profession. It is located in an out-of-the-way English cemetery in Istanbul. (CP Photo)

Monument In Istanbul Honors Nurse Nightingale

By MARGARET NESS

ISTANBUL (CP) — It seems odd in this fascinating Turkish city of more than 500 mosques and the ornate palaces of former sultans and their harems to find a link with an English nurse.

But it was here that Florence Nightingale came in the autumn of 1854 to organize the care of the wounded from the Crimea and to found modern nursing procedure.

Ask about Florence Nightingale here and you will be proudly told of the new hospital in the city suburbs named after her. But if you want to see where she actually worked you have to be a sleuth.

You learn from An Encyclopedic Guide to Istanbul that you can make a round-trip from the city by ferry to Uskudar with its sensational mountain-top view and drive along the Asia Minor side near "the barracks of Selim where Florence Nightingale during the Crimean War (1854-57) started the nursing profession." You continue to the town of Kadikoy and then take another ferry back to the bustling harbor of old Istanbul.

This reporter planned to stop off and see both the barracks and the "Crimean cemetery" where the memorial of Queen Victoria.

BARRACKS WAS HOSPITAL

The 20-minute boat trip to

Uskadar (called Scutari by the English during the Crimean War) and the local bus ride to the barracks, built during the reign of Sultan Selim II (1789-1807), had been hurriedly turned into a hospital for the wounded, brought across the Black Sea from the Crimean Peninsula where England and Turkey were fighting Russia.

An officer later informed the writer they are the largest in the world. It was easy to believe. The four wings, built around a large open courtyard, are three to four blocks long. When Florence Nightingale and her 38 nurses arrived, there were four miles of beds jammed side by side along the corridors. The bloody battle of Balaklava was just over.

In the barracks an English-speaking Turkish officer said they had maintained Florence Nightingale's room. But visiting hours were over. Besides, that wing was being redecorated.

But he relented and escorted the writer personally to the third-floor corner room in one of the four solid towers that give the barracks a fortress-like appearance.

The room is comparatively small. From one window Florence Nightingale could have watched the landing wharf and seen the stretchers being carried up the quarter-mile steep slope. She could also have looked across the water to Istanbul's minaret skyline. On one wall is a framed photograph of Miss Nightingale. Underneath is a bowl of everlasting flowers.

CEMETERY WELL HIDDEN

Here, in this room, this heroic 34-year-old woman managed, by determination and independent funds from well-wishers, to bring order out of chaos. As the poet Longfellow wrote, she was the Lady of the Lamp, a ministering angel who glided through the hospital at night, bringing comfort to the wounded. But more important was her ability to fight stupid government red tape and a slipshod medical system.

Then the writer set off to find the English cemetery. No one at the barracks knew how to get there, although they said it was somewhere on the hill behind the nearby big general hospital. Finally the search was abandoned for that day.

Next day brought better luck. At the Haydarpass railway station near the barracks there was an English-speaking guide. He led the way to a tree-obscured, narrow path which led uphill to the first of two English cemeteries. This was for the First World War dead. Separated from it by trees and shrubs is the old Crimean section. Both are cared for by a resident Turkish caretaker and his eight dogs.

REFUSED PAY

After a long chat the caretaker invited the writer into his cottage where his wife served Turkish coffee, sweet and thick and served in small cups. He refused to accept any pay for his time, saying he was paid by the Queen and was delighted to entertain any of Her Majesty's subjects.

The next objective was the memorial column. At the four corners of its base are symbolic angels, encircled by their folded wings. On the base is a plaque, placed there on the 100th anniversary of Florence Nightingale's arrival at Scutari. It reads:

"To Florence Nightingale whose work near this cemetery a century ago relieved human suffering and laid the foundation of the nursing profession 1854-1954. This tablet cast in the coronation year of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II has been raised by the British community in Turkey in her memory."

Florence Nightingale is indeed the founder of nursing. For until then nurses were poorly educated and often drunkards. Her well-to-do background and her Crimean reputation brought "gentlewomen" into the nursing ranks. And here, on the Asir Minor side of modern Istanbul Florence Nightingale is still remembered.

GIVES FASHION TIP

CARACAS, Venezuela (AP) — Princess Margrethe, heiress to the throne of Denmark, asked what she thought of the fashion for bare knees when she arrived on an unofficial visit Saturday, said: "There are few knees that can bear it."

ELLEN'S DIARY

Baring Lofts, Granaries Mean Dwindling Bedding

"Let me hold your hand" Peter said this evening, when we were leaving the door to enter upon that route which would take the little lad home. Nights come down dim, and vast, and lonely, and more or less frightening to such small ones, do we not remember? How far up are the stars? And between the lights left behind and those in that dear heaven that is home, the distance has increased now well beyond that of the day.

"You're not afraid, are you?" we queried.

"No, not exactly," he replied, hand resting snugly in ours. "But," he shrugged, "I don't feel the same when alone as when I have somebody with me."

The white kitten of some angora ancestry, a pet of the place out for an evening stroll paused at a crossroad of paths, awaiting there the flash of the green light so she might proceed home.

"The kitten is not afraid in the dark," we pointed out.

"I know! But see how quick she can climb a tree if she happens to meet up with a..."

"A bear?" we chuckled lightly.

"Well, I know there are no bears on Prince Edward Island but... now don't just stop here and call to me! Come right home to our door!" And presently a door opened. A light streamed across the snow. A laddie had come home.

And it was a winter night not of remembered years: gently d-d-m "as it is when fields are white-spread. And toward the west moved a small box of young moon. When at length this would grow and wane, the following Lady Moon would light us into the springtime! Then winter, with among other things and in what fortunately is a rare happening for Island farmers accustomed as a rule to abundant crops, their concern over baring lofts and empty granaries would be about over and Spring's dainty footprints would be showing on the fields. In another harvest, we fancy, more thought will be given to its gathering than in some years before this. Any abundance will not be taken casually. Every last broken bale and d flake of hay and straw will be gathered in for if need be a backlog, because folks will have learned a lesson the hard way.

"There's no bedding of cattle up to their knees this winter!" James commented to a farmer come by today, his smile wistful. "Farmers will be happy to see the stock come to the graz."

"We surely will!" the other agreed. "If we could have some of that hay left on the fields in good years, or the straw from the threshings, we just didn't know what to do with we could use them now!"

There was a silence.

"There's always the ebb tide!" James nodded. "And let us hope this summer won't be a repeat of the last."

"It's good, Ellen," that cold snap is over!" he offers now from the old arm-chair. "It's nice to have what we call seasonal weather again. Do you notice what time it is?" he inquires. He sighs. "Another day is done!"

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

Mission Letters Read By UCW

The afternoon unit of the Bedouin United Church Women met in the Church Hall recently. Mrs. P. MacPherson led the devotional and Mrs. Ernest Johnson read scripture.

The subject of the meditation was "The Bible and how it speaks to us," telling not only the history of God's chosen people but laying down the principles and instructions for today's Christians.

Prayer for Dr. Huston, missionary in Nepal, was followed by the business portion when extracts of letters were read from Dr. Huston, and from Dr. Florence Murray in Korea, which told of the continued need of used nylons and warm clothing. A report of the recent presbyterial in Kensington was given.

Fredericton WI Purchase Books

Mrs. N. A. Cutcliffe entertained the Fredericton Women's Institute at her home recently when the roll call was answered with a card to be sent to a sick child in the community.

Mrs. Knud Jorgensen reported that a new globe had been purchased and placed in the school. Two supplementary reading books had also been purchased.

It was noted that program books for the year had been completed.

A "Tree Courtship" contest, conducted by Mrs. Hyatt Haslam was won by Mrs. Clare Judson and Mrs. Folmer Jorgensen.

Prayer Service Included Special Music Selections

The World Day of Prayer was observed in Emsdale United Church Friday afternoon. Leadership was given by Mrs. MacLean Horne, Mrs. H. W. Matthews, Mrs. Lloyd Wilkie and Mrs. Wendell Wilkes. Scripture was read by Mrs. Alfred Foley and Vera Williams. Prayers were offered by Mrs. E. F. Kerr, Mrs. W. R. Oulton, Mrs. Harold Horne and Mrs. Charles Johnston.

A fine address on the theme of the service, "Ye are my Witnesses," was given by Mrs. Ernest Linton.

There were two special selections: "The Light of the World is Jesus" was sung by Mrs. Basil Matthews, Mrs. Myrl Matthews, Marion McEwen, Eileen Murray and Joan Gulliver. "When I Kneel Down to Pray" was sung by Mrs. Gordon Cotton, Mrs. Elmer MacDonald and Anne Stewart.

The offering was received by Mrs. Alvin Adams and Mrs. Brendon Wallace.

BAN SINGLE MOVIE

The Norwegian state film control office banned one of 336 movies, in 1965, compared with four of 344 in 1964.

HAPPENINGS

Audrey Jenkins, Women's Editor, Phone 4-5506

Mrs. H. James Gallant, Alberton South was hostess to a CWL card party last week when nine tables were in play.

First prizes were won by Mrs. George Gallant and Brydon Smith. Consolations were presented to Phyllis Avery and James Moore. Freezout was won by Mrs. Wyman Milligan and Mrs. William Gionet.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Gajlant, Mrs. Michael Kinch, Mrs. John Gavin, Mrs. Reginald Fraser, Mrs. Merritt Callaghan, Mrs. Herbert Avery and Mrs. William Gionet.

Mrs. Robert Boyce of Bradford, Ont. the former Melda Hutt of Alberton South, was guest of honor at a post nuptial shower in her home community last week.

Hostesses were Mrs. James Gallant, Mrs. Basil Matthews and Mrs. Kenneth Hutt.

The bride's chair and the basket in which gifts were presented were attractively decorated in pink and white. Gifts were brought in by Diahna Matthews and Shelley Hutt. In opening Mrs. Boyce was assisted by Wilhelmina Skerry who cut the ribbons, Faye Fraser, who unwrapped the gifts and read the verses, and Cheryl Hutt who passed the gifts.

Games and contests were enjoyed and refreshments served.

Crafty Frenchmen Employ Suspense Creating Rules

By JEAN SPRAIN WILSON NEW YORK (AP) Within the month since designers introduced new collections in Paris the fashion industry has built up suspense with the craftiness of an Ian Fleming.

Today the mystery comes to a solution. This is the official release date for fashion photographs.

The secret to the French suspense-creating technique is to act cloak-and-daggerish about the matter, but to let their secrets leak like a government-planted rumor.

Even before the press is invited to visit the collection openings at all but the newsworthy houses of Givenchy and Balenciaga, Paris is rife with guesses—some of it supplied by the designers themselves—as to what budget-wrecking style revolutions are in the making in those workrooms.

Once the shows are on, the press is invited and encouraged, to write, talk, sketch hazily. But no pictures, please.

The purported purpose of the delayed photo deadline is to protect the copying rights of well-paying customers until they can rush their Paris-style purchases to cutting rooms, sewing machines and ready-to-wear racks as line-for-line or adapted French fashions.

GOAD CURIOSITY

But the bonus of this practice has long been a Madison Avenue type publicity build-up, goading the curiosity of women who must see for themselves whether all those fashion rumors are true.

As of today these truths will be self-evident:

The waistless dress is here to stay. A catastrophe when the Dior house introduced it a decade ago, it is now a success as a trapeze-like doll baby dress, a tent, a tubular affair, a smock, a skimmer or a shift.

This is not a year to be modest. The plunging neckline is de mode. Now the style motto is "The Nuder the Newer" as dresses bare shoulders, midribs, backs, much of the abdomen and nearly all of

Women

6 The Guardian, Charlottetown, Tues., March 1, 1966.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Swiss Souffle Partners Potatoes And Cheese

In Switzerland, potatoes are appreciated. They are beautiful, luscious, pale yellow-tinged with a fine full flavor.

Potatoes in Switzerland, as in this country, are budgetwise. So are the Swiss homemakers. Often they combine their tasty potatoes with their proud product—Switzerland Swiss cheese, one of the best natural protein foods.

Substantial Enough

Put the potatoes and Swiss cheese together, add eggs and milk and "marry" into a souffle substantial enough for dinner—a real gourmet treat. Yes, it's really budgetwise.

Start the meal with a substantial soup made with only 1/4 lb. ground beef. Add a salad, and finish with chunky applesauce and oatmeal cookies for dessert.

Measurements level; recipes for 6

CHEESE-POTATO SOUFFLE

(Specia from a Swiss home economist)

2 1/2 lb. white potatoes
4 eggs, separated
3 c. milk
1 1/2 tsp. flour
8 oz. Switzerland Swiss cheese, grated
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 1/2 tsp. Butter

"Peel potatoes; cut into large pieces and steam or boil until soft. Drain as necessary. While they are cooling off, beat egg yolks with milk. Pass potatoes through a sieve; add egg yolk and milk mixture; shake and season with salt and pepper. Finally fold in egg whites, beat on stiff."

"Pour mixture immediately into a well-buttered 2-qt. baking-dish. Flake butter over this and put into warm oven (350 degrees F.) Bake 1 hr.

"To test whether the souffle is done, insert a pick. If it comes out dry, the souffle is baked through, and ready to serve at once."

MONDAY DINNER

Meat Ball Soup (see Chef)

Swiss Cheese and Potato Souffle

Green-Bean Salad California

Chunky Applesauce (homemade or canned)

Oatmeal Cookies (homemade or purchased)

Coffee, Tea, Milk

REFRESHING GREEN-BEAN SALAD FROM CALIFORNIA

1 can (1 lb) cut Blue Lake green beans
2 grapefruit, pared and sectioned
2 tbsp. diced pimiento
1 small onion, peeled and sliced into thin rings
1-3 c. Italian or French dressing
Iceberg lettuce

'Hot Flashes'

You can get help with Lydia E. Pinkham

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

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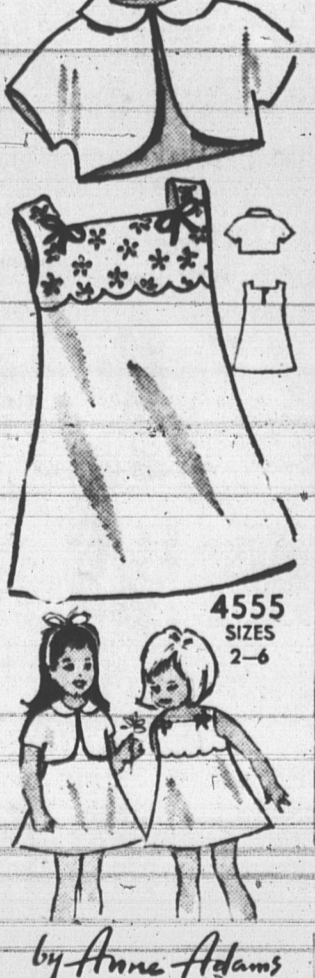
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