

Dear Mary Marker

Among those invited to contribute to the media issue was Mormondom's own Ann Landers in the person of Ramona Cannon, whose "Confidentially Yours" was carried by the *Deseret News* from 1947 to 1973. She responded with a brief biographical sketch and some letters from her column. Now a spry ninety, she began the column as a sixty-year-old widowed English teacher. She was drafted to the position by Wendell Ashton, who had directed her writing assignments for the *Millennial Star*. Although reluctant to accept the task, she began to educate herself in the ways of the lonely, the lovelorn, the puzzled and the sorrowing. She took courses in psychology and sociology, traveled and read, and finally became established as a one-woman clearing house for the needy.

In giving advice, she usually outlined more than one alternative and emphasized the values of home life and old fashioned entertainments like taffy pulls and waffle parties. Although not given to witty ripostes, she was always thought-



ful and always ready with a generous dose of common sense.

A few of her favorite exchanges—including one with a future editor of *Dialogue* follow:

Dear MM:

I simply don't understand what is going on with young people today. I asked my two teenagers if they would like to go to a good movie at a drive-in. They were absolutely revolted at the notion. When I asked the younger daughter why this was so awful, she said that if any of her friends knew she was going with her mother, she would lose her friends. What is going on?

Bewildered Mother

Dear Bewildered:

Your parent-children-gap problems stem from a lack of communication. Perhaps you should rise above your hurt and let her know her fear was also a nightmare of your own youth. Then suggest that a friendly, hospitable home is a genuine aid to popularity. Encourage your daughters to welcome her friends into your home.

MM

Dear MM:

I am a coed at the University and my best friend always goes out for whatever boy

she knows I like. She always gets him too. When I talk to her about it, she acts innocent. What should I do?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated:

I'd stop considering that girl my best friend and keep her from knowing which boys I like.

MM

Dear MM:

Doesn't friendship have any rights? I mean like between a man and a woman when the man recently married and the woman hasn't? The man I have known since childhood got married and his wife hangs onto him like a leech. I would never think of trying to break up a family, but I would like to continue my friendship with this man.

A Lifelong Friend

Dear LF:

Of course friendship has rights, and an intelligent wife would not try to destroy her husband's old friendships. But a day is only 24 hours long, and many men have obligations in business, church and civil life with very little time for old friends—however delightful they may be. A happy solution would be if the man's former friends and the wife's friends become friends after marriage. Marriage and friendship are both great entities—but to each his own.

MM

Dear MM:

I am a girl of 17 who after finally attaining the state known as high school seniorhood, finds that she is also a woe-begone wallflower. This bothers me since I am not used to this status. I've always gone to dances and had dates. I am not exactly a Frankenstein, and I know plenty of boys, but it seems the soph and junior girls have reached first base ahead of me. I love dancing and other pastimes, but I haven't had a date for months. Several other seniors find themselves in this predicament. Must we sit idly by and hope for the best?

Worried Wallflower

Dear WW:

I really can't think your lull in popularity is anything but temporary, if this letter is a sample of your conversational ability. Your touches of humor would certainly brighten the dreariest situation. These dateless weekends are largely the result of having known the senior boys for 3 or 4 years, and now the faces of the newer girls catch their fancy. Remember that in maturity and breadth of experience you have a slight edge. Use it to dream up novelties to attract the wanderers: imaginative treasure hunts, progressive dinners, roller skating parties, bob-sledding and after skiing candy pulls. Or waffles.

MM

Dear MM:

I have just watched another marriage go down the drain. The man's wife was ill, so a neighbor widow posing as a friend brought desserts, which the man relished, and flattery and guile beginning with small caresses, which he relished even more.

The man's wife will not take him back. His imagined bliss has turned to public shame. He does not like himself and friends do not seek him out.

Hurt for a Friend

Dear Hurt:

We hope your letter will prove a shock treatment for any husbands who may fall into the coils of amorous imagination run wild. What a tempted man needs is not riotous imagination, but a clear unimpassioned eye in search of truth, such truth as the shoddiness of the cheating temptress, the long-proved loyalty of a good wife, the irremediable hurt that a faithless man inflicts upon his wife and children.

MM