

Some reports were rather meagre and late in being submitted, especially reports of Tweedsmuir books. It would seem that this project should either be given more extensive leadership or should not be stressed as a project for each year. In many cases the interested people in a community have done their history-writing and the committees are at a loss to know how to stimulate the others. Following a suggestion by a member from South Huron that a Tweedsmuir History work shop be set up, the Provincial Convener did just that, and conveners of Historical Research and Current Events from the district attended a one-day work shop.

Since then Mrs. Walker has conducted several work shops in various districts. These were all day studies on compiling and assembling local material for the history book and proved most informative and interesting. They should form a basis for more uniformity in these books. Branches that have not done so are asked to register their Tweedsmuir History with the National Library of Canada. The Archives are most interested in knowing of these Histories and their content.

Area convener reports showed a much more varied historical programme covered throughout the Province. Many of the roll calls, mottoes, papers and demonstrations were quite different from those reported during either of the two previous years. There seems to be greater interest in a search for newer and different methods of portraying the past events of our various communities.

Papers given included the inspiration and writing of *The Maple Leaf Forever*, Old-time markets and supermarkets of today, Ceylon—its historical background, people, religion, customs and growth of the Women's Institute there. A nightshirt parade, with some dating back to 1870, was the highlight of one meeting. Many displays of other generations were shown at meetings including dolls, some a hundred years old; old remedies and recipes. A living room of fifty years ago was the setting for a 50th anniversary.

Interesting debates were also held in some branches, some of them being: Resolved that people were healthier 75 years ago than now, that wives are happier today than their grandmothers, that modern woman is of more help to her husband than her grandmother was, and that young people of 40 years ago were more content than they are today. In reading the area reports it is thrilling to see so many more debates, more public speaking contests among members as well as school children, more interesting Grandmother programmes, Tweedsmuir History teas, and the varied bus trips and tours of historical landmarks.

Mrs. Walker suggested that all branches

that have not already done so, give their Convener of Historical Research a membership in the local Historical Society.

The Board decided to appoint Mrs. Walker as Tweedsmuir History Curator. It is expected that through this appointment the Histories entered in the Provincial Tweedsmuir History Competition in 1959 will be very much improved in material and construction.

Citizenship and Education

"High on the lists of reports is the tremendous interest Women's Institute mothers are taking in the formal education of their chil-

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THE MOTHER BACK IN IRELAND

It's not myself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm complaining,
 (He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never felt his frown),
 But there's a sorrow beating on me, like a long day's raining,
 For the little wrinkled face of her I left in Kerrydown.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
 Do you mind the morns we walked to mass when all the fields were green?
 'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, or, me mother, mother, mother!
 The wide seas, the cruel seas, and half the world between.

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to up and follow —
 (It's a fair land we've come to, and there's plenty here for all).
 It's not the homesick longing that lures me like a swallow,
 But the one voice across the world that draws me to its call.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
 Do you mind the tales you told me when the turf was blazing bright?
 Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother, mother mother!
 The broad sea's between us, and yourself alone to-night.

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming and there's going;
 It's kind souls will be about me when the little one is here;
 But it's Her word that I'm wanting, Her comfort I'd be knowing,
 And Her blessing on the two of us to drive away the fear.

It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and no other —
 Do you mind the soft Spring mornings when you stitched the wedding gown?
 The little careful stitches, oh, me mother, mother, mother,
 Meself beyond the broad seas, and you in Kerrydown.

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