

★ ★ ★

PLANTING TREES

V. H. Friedlaender

Today six slender fruit trees stand
Where yesterday were none;
They have been planted by my hand,
And they shall dazzle in the sun
When all my springs are done.

Two apples shall unfold their rose,
Two cherries their snow, two pears;
And fruit shall hang where blossom blooms
When I am gone from these sweet airs
To where none knows or cares.

My heart is glad, my heart is high
With sudden ecstasy;
I have given back, before I die,
Sure thanks for every lovely tree
That dead men grew for me.

★ ★ ★

closely at the effects of these mass media which are now being pumped into our homes all over the place. A few years ago music was something which you listened to peacefully. Today, music has become a constant dripping tap in our lives, used to pack in all the little crevices in our minds in case we might have a desire to sit and think.

"I believe that human beings are potentially creative. We can all remember when it was accepted that every human being 'did' something. A man made furniture for his home; a woman did embroidery. Every member of the family did something outside the ordinary conduct of everyday life when it was believed that people should make something that was not absolutely necessary but added an extra quality to life."

Learning

While every phase of the A.C.W.W. program and the projects referred to under the heads of food, friendship and leisure are in some degree involved with education, some of the specific educational undertakings were named in these excerpts from the official triennial report:

"In response to memoranda outlining possible assistance offered by UNESCO, a number of A.C.W.W. societies sent in both applications for help and offers of help in providing travel and study opportunities for women in countries in Asia, Africa and the South Pacific. There were five applications for travel grants; awards were made for three of these, one for two Indian women to study in Ceylon, one for a woman from Tanganyika to take advantage of an offer of a year's study and hospitality in Sweden, and one for a Fijian woman to visit New Zealand for a study course.

Already one girl has visited New Zealand for a study tour at the expense of the Women's Division, Federated Farmers of New Zealand;

and two girls from the Lanka Mahila Samiti have studied in India under the auspices of the Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association. The Uganda Council of Women's scheme for territory-wide English classes for adult women won a grant from UNESCO for material costs and was recommended for a Technical Assistance grant for an expert's salary. We are still trying to find the money for a salary for a trainee in the territory. The Uganda Council of Women and A.C.W.W. have both done an immense amount of work in preparing and submitting this scheme; even before the grant has been made, the Uganda Council of Women has set to work organizing English classes.

"The Nyasaland Council of Women put forward a scheme for enabling suitably qualified women to accompany their husbands on study trips. UNESCO was not able to make the necessary grant, but the Extension Sub-Committee urged that money be found for this purpose, and the Gulbenkian Foundation most generously made two grants to bring Mrs. Makwakwa and Mrs. Chimwaza to England while their husbands were studying there. A.C.W.W. arranged their programs and A.C.W.W. Member Societies provided hospitality and study.

"We are engaged in a study, based on a questionnaire, of Access to Education—especially adult education—of women and girls in rural areas. Mrs. Turnbull is now working with Mlle. Chaton of the International Federation of University Women on the report."

★ ★ ★

CHARITY WARD

Esther Weakley

Patient:

My land, a body'd think I was a queen
the way they've waited on me, hand and foot;
it's good to rest from all the scrubbin' floors
and washin' clothes and choppin' kindlin' wood
and feedin' pigs and hoein' in the patch
(Jake's always ailin' and his back is weak.)
Wonder how's he's makin' out — I baked some
bread
and there's canned beans and taters in the bin —
men are so helpless when we ain't around.
There's a nurse with blue eyes; she looks just like
my baby woulda looked if she had lived
(the doctor said I worked too hard — before.)

Nurse:

God, she'll be with You soon — she doesn't
know —
and please, God, not a harp! Her hands are
gnarled;
they'll be too stiff and rough to play a harp.
Just let her sit near You and rest, or let
her care for some wee girl — one with
blue eyes . . .

And God, when Jake comes up, put him to work!

★ ★ ★