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### THE AUCTION

By Maryn Pardy

They sold Aunt Mary's things today.  
I'm glad she wasn't there.  
It would have torn her heart to see  
Her luster jug,  
Grandfather's clock,  
The old worn rocking-chair  
All sold;  
And scattered yon and hither,  
With only me to care.

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cident in the life of the family. Much interest is reported in music, from choral singing to a Christmas Carol Festival. Interest, both financial and cultural, has been shown by branches in music festivals. Art appreciation has been stimulated by the Oil Painting project, "The Song My Paddle Sings." Mrs. Panting drew attention to the Study Kit available from the Loan Library, "Canadian Art and Artists."

### On the Lighter Side

Miss Florence P. Eadie called at the Board meeting and we spent an enjoyable hour traveling by picture and listening to the talk of her recent trip to the Northwest Territories as a field worker for F.W.I.C. Miss Eadie was wearing the Women's Institute pin from the Territories, the midnight sun flanked with a maple leaf.

A reception sponsored by Peter Martin Books and F.W.I.O. was held in the Gold Room of the Park Plaza Hotel, November 28, to honor the author of "From a Roadside Window," Miss Ethel Chapman. Miss Chapman's book was on display and the Board members were able to see it for the first time. Books are available in the paper back edition from the F.W.I.O. office, 20 Spadina Road; price \$2.00.

On the first evening of the three-day meeting, the Board Members were dinner guests of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. Mr. R. G. Bennett, Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture acted as host until the Minister arrived on his return from the federal provincial conference in Ottawa. Mrs. Haggerty, F.W.I.C. President spoke briefly about the national organization and her recent trip into the N.W.T. The guest of the evening, Mr. Harry J. Boyle, author of "Homebrew and Patches" read from his book and delighted the guests with the stories of rural Ontario during the Depression years. Mrs. Trivers thanked the Department of Agriculture, the speaker and all who had participated in providing a lovely evening.

### For Future Reference

Names of Board Members and Officers are given on the Contents Page of this issue.

The next Board Meeting will be held at the Federated Colleges, Guelph, from April 28 to May 1, 1964.

The Officers' Conference — this year for District Directors — will be held at the Federated Colleges, Guelph, on May 6 and 7. The Pooling Fee will be \$30.

Notice of Motion from the Spring 1963 Board Meeting was approved, changing the Women's Institute Membership Fee to \$1.00. (Of this dollar F.W.I.O. gets 50 cents; F.W.I.C. 25 cents; A.C.W.W. 2 cents; the Branch Institute 23 cents.)

The International Scholarship Fund set up by F.W.I.O., requires a capital fund of \$20,000. Of this there is still approximately \$4,000 to be provided. All members are urged to make an effort to complete the project.

Applications for Provincial Secretary-Treasurer: Mrs. Gerald Holder, the present Secretary-Treasurer will complete her term of office this year and a new appointment must be made. By-law concerning Secretary-Treasurer appears in the Hand Book, page 51. A dossier of duties will be drawn up and circulated upon request. Applications are now receivable.

**A.C.W.W. Essay and Song Writing Competition:** Printed Rules and Conditions are available on request. Both competitions are to be judged at District level and the winning essay and song sent on to F.W.I.O. office (20 Spadina Road, Toronto) by July 1st, 1964. The prize at F.W.I.O. level to the top three in each group will be a cup and saucer.

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### COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE

By Harvey Wagner Flink

It ought to be time for school to begin;  
But there isn't a soul in sight,  
And the ramshackle schoolhouse on the hill  
Dreams in the mellow light.

There's no path now to the padlocked door,  
And no path now to the spring.  
The playground is a riotous wild garden  
In late-summer flowering.

The black-eyed Susans have yellow lashes,  
And the chicory blossoms are blue,  
Like the wide-awake eyes of the children  
The little schoolhouse once knew.

The building is old and full of chinks,  
And they may as well tear it down,  
For the district now owns a fine new bus  
And hauls the "scholars" to town.

Nobody comes and nothing happens;  
But the dark and light eyes stare  
Out of the tangle of the sunlit jungle  
With an expectant air.

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