

the white women who belong besides being regular members help in an advisory way whenever they can.

In March Miss Eadie had a letter from Mrs. Alice Mains, reporting the progress of the new organization. We quote from the letter in part:

"I have to admit I was wrong when I thought that the women would soon lose interest in the Women's Institute as they seemed to have so little interest in anything else. I was at the first meeting in the fall where there were twenty-seven women—naturally everyone was curious as to what it was about. I went in February and was so surprised at the keen attitude of the seventeen members present. If this does nothing else, I think it is forming a bond of understanding between the white and Eskimo women.

"At the February meeting the Eskimo women had wanted to learn how to cut dresses out of material using patterns. They know how to make 'Mother Hubbards' and parkas but in making dresses they are lost. (The young girls going to school are learning, of course, but the older generation had little or no schooling.) Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Clark helped the ones who had brought material. Everyone was down on the floor with patterns, those who hadn't brought material looking on. This month there was another sewing demonstration and also one on tanning caribou skins by an Eskimo woman for the white women's benefit. I hope to see more exchanges like this.

"The Roll Call in February was 'Customs I am glad have died out'. The answers, such as: being glad baby girls aren't killed any more, glad old people don't have to be left to die, glad people don't have to move all the time looking for food, and so on, were so interesting to the 'whites' that we have asked that it be repeated next month. When you think of how far advanced these people actually are after only about eight years' contact with our civilization, it is amazing. I don't think the women are ready yet to tell stories of their way of life, but they are gradually losing their shyness, so in a few more months or a year they should be able to.

"I should warn you, if you are to drop in again, that any resemblance between the way the business meeting is run here and 'outside' is purely coincidental! However, the women are running their Institute themselves. We are enjoying good meetings and I see no reason why they shouldn't continue to be good."

Roll Call at Tuktoyaktuc

TUKTOYAKTUC WOMAN'S INSTITUTE in the North West Territories was organized last fall by Miss Eadie. In the reports sent to Miss Eadie since the new branch has been holding meetings there is an interesting account of a Roll Call: "An old custom I am glad we don't follow any more." These are some of the responses, most of them made by Eskimo women:

"I am glad old people are no longer killed off when they are of no use any more."

"Years ago a young girl ready to be married had to make a one-piece garment out of reindeer skins. Wearing this she was pulled about by whatever men wanted a new wife and the strongest got her. I am glad this custom has gone."

"I am glad our parents no longer choose our mates."

"I am glad witch-doctors are no longer consulted."

"I am glad that new-born babies, male or female, are no longer killed or thrown away when the family is traveling—as for example on the trap lines."

"I am glad that a son no longer leaves an old father naked in a snow house to die."

"I am glad the mortality rate has dropped."

"I am glad that the man no more completely rules the home."

"I am glad that girls are free to get an education and to work."

"I am glad that a woman is no longer left alone in a snow house to have a baby, tying the cord with a braid of her hair, fed only with food put in at the door. No one came near her until the cord had dropped off."

"I am glad wives are no longer offered to visiting strangers."

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS

By Patience Strong

Sometimes it's a change of job that brings a friend your way — a journey or a party or a summer holiday. You turn a bend upon the road and suddenly you find — you've met a kindred spirit . . . thus the threads of fate unwind. Your path is crossed by someone who was meant to meet with you — and everything takes on a sweeter tone, a brighter hue.

Old associations may be dear unto the heart — but life is short and soon or late the best of friends must part . . . The road grows dark and lonely as the journey nears its end — So see you never lose the chance to make another friend.

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