

THE MIST AND ALL

Dixie Willson

I like the fall,
The mist and all.
I like the night owl's
Lonely call —
And wailing sound
Of wind around.

I like the gray
November day,
And bare, dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it —
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall —
The mist and all —

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the author's name. The correct name is Mrs. C. Butt (not Burt). We do apologize for this misprint and suggest that readers make the correction on their copies of the paper. Ed.

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In our last issue we published Victory Institute's recommendation of a film, "Stand by for Life" and we asked that the secretary let us know where this film could be obtained. We now have this information from Mrs. Blasing, P.R.O. for Hampden. Institutes interested in a showing of the film should get in touch with their local hospital or with Public Relations Department, Ontario Hospital Association, 24 Ferrand Drive, Don Mills, Ont.

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A delegation from Alton Institute called on the Caledon Council with a resolution asking for stop signs on the township sideroads, Mrs. Steven Lowe reports. The resolution was well received and the councillors promised to work on it. At this Institute's December meeting the roll call is answered with a gift for the senior citizens' home.

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Mrs. L. Ducharme, District President of Rainy River East Women's Institutes, reports that Mrs. Nick Pihulak, a member of Miscampbell Institute and representing the Rainy River East Institutes on the Rainy River Agricultural Committee, was sent by the committee to the provincial Folk School at Orillia — a folk school made up largely of Indians and planned mainly to study the use and misuse of human resources in rural communities. Mrs. Pihulak was adopted by the Onedia band and was given the name Gajikaraka, meaning "White Flower" or "White Rose." She says that "after studying the Indians' problems with them for a week she felt that she was actually

one of them." Mrs. Pihulak's parents came to Canada from Italy in 1922; she herself was born in Canada.

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St. Paul's held its Public Relations meeting in the local Rest Home for elderly people and twenty-five of the thirty-six patients were able to sit in at the meeting and to enjoy the social hour following the program.

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In a talk on Public Relations at Stirling-Lyons Institute, the convener Miss Flossie Hodgkinson said: "Public Relations is not a policy, a plan or something which can be controlled by a given set of directives. It comes from the behavior and attitude of individuals, one to another within the organization and to others with whom they come in contact . . . We are concerned with the Public Relations of the Women's Institute and as you all know, the aims and objectives are to obtain and preserve a high standard in our homes and to help develop a more abundant life for our people as a whole, to discover and stimulate leadership and encourage an appreciation of things near at hand. If we believe in the principles for which we are striving it will not be hard to pass our enthusiasm on to others."

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Mrs. Leslie Nixon, District President of Prescott Women's Institutes writes to say that it was Mrs. Wm. Boa of Lookout Bay branch who at the Ontario area convention last fall introduced the idea of having a bus trip from the 1964 Officers' Conference at Guelph to the Adelaide Hoodless Homestead. After some discussion in the conference committee a bus trip was arranged for the evening preceding the conference. Then so many of the conference delegates wanted to visit the Homestead that a second trip had to be arranged. Four busloads went from Guelph to the Homestead on Tuesday and five on Wednesday between the afternoon and evening sessions of the conference. Over 400 conference delegates visited the Homestead on the two evenings.

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THE NEWER VAINGLORY

By Alice Meynell

Two men went up to pray; and one gave thanks,
Not with himself — aloud,
With proclamation, calling on the ranks
Of an attentive crowd.

"Thank God, I clap not my own humble breast,
But other ruffians' backs,
Imputing crime — such is my tolerant haste —
To any man that lacks.

"For I am tolerant, generous, keep no rules,
And the age honors me.
Thank God I am not as these rigid fools,
Even as this Pharisee."