

4-H Homemaking Club members Rebecca Beardy and Eva Rabbitskin, with their leader, Mrs. Donald Stewart, model hats, scarves and purses made in their club project, "Accent on Accessories."

Photo Courtesy Sault Star



An Indian Girls' Club

By Lillian Archibald,

Algoma District Home Economist

WAWA, a mining town 140 miles north of Sault Ste. Marie, and Hawk Junction, a railroad town 15 miles further north, are making their debut in 4-H Homemaking Clubs this spring. Mrs. R. D. Pratt who was employed as a part-time secretary for the Home Economist in Sault Ste. Marie, moved with her husband to Hawk Junction when he was transferred with the Algoma Central Railway. Through her enthusiasm, Mrs. Pratt was instrumental in finding leaders for the seven clubs now operating in this area.

Also making a debut in club work are 37 Indian girls who came to Sault Ste. Marie to go to school. They board in private homes and range in age from 14 years to 21 years. Their leaders are mostly boarding mothers and ladies who work closely with the Department of Indian Affairs. The girls have been very enthusiastic and the challenge of learning to sew and the fact that they had new accessories for Easter is shown in the photograph.

Since 1964, Algoma has gained 15 Homemaking Clubs and 100 new members.

This summer, 13 clubs and 80 girls are studying the Home Beautification phase of the 4-H Homemaking Garden Club as their third project. Garden Clubs have not been active in Algoma District since 1958. Everyone is keeping their fingers crossed hoping this year will not be a repeat of the cold wet weather of the past two years.

There are more areas farther north in Algoma District where 4-H Homemaking Clubs

have never been heard of. Previous to this year all the work was confined to 120 miles along Highway 17 East. Now, since the Highway north has been extended, we hope that more communities will become interested, although Women's Institutes are not present.

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AT SIXTEEN

Irene McDermott

The street lamp held us in its circle glow
The way it draws gray moths around its
light

In summer. It was time for you to go,
But still you stayed. I marvelled at the white
Befathered flakes that tangled in your hair.
One crystal star got caught on up-curved lash;
And clung precariously, then melted there.
It looked so like a tear in its wild dash
Across your scarlet cheek, I knew a mad
Impulse to kiss its wetly coursing flight—
But caught myself in time, for if I had,
You might have vanished whitely with the
night.

You hugged yourself and tap-danced on the
street,

For it was cold. Your breath was little puffs
Of misty vapor. Both my hands and feet
Were numb, you pushed your hands inside
your cuffs

To keep them warm. But it was getting late,
I had to make the plunge or never know:
Some mumbled words fell out about a date
For next week's game. You said you'd love
to go:

And then the door to your house opened
wide —

You laughed and guessed you'd have to go
inside.

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