

more or less along the Mackenzie from Fort Smith to Quktoyaktuk, as I visited them, and by writing. Yes, I had misgivings and forebodings, but they gradually disappeared as I met with Institutes, and together we took a look at their needs, interests and suggestions. Then we started planning and drafting a convention program that might help meet at least some of their expressed wishes. As we planned and worked together, the convention became "their convention" and they readily accepted responsibility for various phases of it. It could not have been a purposeful convention without their involvement in the planning and carrying it through. Setting up the program could not have been accomplished in six or sixteen weeks without their participation, guidance and readiness to assume certain responsibilities.

### Northern Hospitality

There were great distances to cope with, and few delegates had met before. All but two delegates were airborne to the convention, not to save time, but it was largely the only means of transportation. The neighbour Reindeer Station Institute delegate arrived by a three-hour boat trip. Since there are not daily flights from all places, some had to leave home on Friday to reach Inuvik for Tuesday afternoon and could not return until the following Tuesday. This required special arrangements for the family, usually including small children. I am still embarrassed over my greeting to the Fort Norman and Fort Good Hope delegates whom I found at the airport when I went to meet Mrs. Matheson and Mrs. Wilson—"Oh, you here?—you were not to come until Tuesday." They had not received my note saying that a charter would be picking them up on Tuesday. Both planes and mails were frequently unpredictable. Taxi service was inadequate that Saturday night, but friends and the Sisters from the Hostel soon were looking after Mrs. Matheson and Mrs. Wilson, and in due time we all arrived at the Hostel. These early-comers soon forgave me and were a great asset as they straightaway took on special duties helping with final preparations.

I made Inuvik my headquarters and I was forever grateful to Inuvik Institute members who worked with me in putting together suggestions and helping in detailing the program as I returned from time to time from Institute visits.

Like Women's Institute members everywhere, many were working while others had little families with many demands on their time. Summer days were getting fewer and shorter and there was much to do to make ready for the long winter ahead. Sunny

August days call for catching, drying and smoking fish, for food for the family and frequently for the dogs as well.

Working delegates arranged for time off, as did Inuvik Women's Institute members, in as far as possible in order that they might attend sessions as visitors. Mrs. Leland, President of Inuvik Women's Institute took time off throughout the conference. This little Indian lady somewhat boasted of spending nights in gaol. She was the night matron for the women inmates. It was a great delight to be met at the airport by Mrs. Leland. Looking shyly at me, she asked if I were Miss Eadie and told me who she was. Later she said she was shy and it was a bit hard to speak to me. She thought I would be wearing the North West Territories Institute pin (unfortunately, I wasn't). But she had little difficulty in identifying me, since I was an older person with white hair. The same little lady extended the welcome to the delegates at the opening session on behalf of the host Institute.

### Colorful Handicraft

It was evident, as delegates arrived with their handicraft and started setting it up, that they were women ready to assume responsibility and anxious to make their convention worthwhile. What a colorful, beautiful display it was! They knew how to set up most advantageously even without the use of Ontario Home Economists' stands. It was a gorgeous array with articles representing the special

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### THE LAST CORN SHOCK

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

I remember how we stood  
 In the field, while far away  
 Blue hazes drifted on from hill to hill  
 And curled like smoke from many a sunset wood  
 And the loaded wagon creaked while standing still;  
 I heard my father say,  
 "The last corn shock can stay."

We had seen a pheasant there  
 In the sun; he went inside  
 As if he claimed the shock, as if he meant  
 To show us, with the field so nearly bare,  
 We had no right to take his rustic tent.  
 And so we circled wide  
 For home, and let him hide.

The first wild ducks flashed by  
 Where the pasture brook could hold  
 The sunset at the curve, and drifting floss  
 Escaped the wind and clung. The shocks were dry  
 And rustled on the wagon. Far across  
 The field, against the cold,  
 The last shock turned to gold.

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