

## Our Friend Mary Firth

ON MY VISIT TO FORT McPHERSON it was a great delight to be taken about by Mary Firth and find her beaming and enthusiastic about her trip to F.W.I.C. Convention. She continually recalled so many pleasant things that happened to her — the kindness and consideration of people everywhere. She was forever grateful to the Edmonton women who met her plane, took her to the hotel and helped her to get adjusted to all that was new, strange and frightening. They were on hand on her return and took her to the Camsell hospital to see her sister-in-law. Kindness and service everywhere; even to umbrellas at the airport when it was raining, was quite overwhelming and all in all it was a most happy experience, long to remember and talk about.

The MacDonald Hotel at Edmonton is large. The coffee shop is many floors from rooms, around corners, and somewhat difficult to locate. In Guelph, I asked how she found it for breakfast. "Oh," she said "a man came and took me down." That was just another thoughtful arrangement by the Edmonton women.

She has enjoyed so much, hearing from many of you and greatly regrets she cannot write to all of you. As you know, writing is difficult for her and she has to depend on her family for assistance. The other week I had a short, cheery note thanking me for pictures which I had sent her. She was planning to show them at the next Women's Institute meeting. The Ontario delegates with cars excelled in taking her places and doing many things for her.

In the occasional notes I receive, she wishes me to thank you all again for your kindness to her. So do accept her thanks and delight, in hearing from you, and I am sure you will wish to keep on writing to her now and again.

You who heard about her hope to stop off at Hay River and see her daughter will be pleased to know she managed to do this. This was another highlight of her trip.

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My grandad, viewing earth's worn cogs  
Said things were going to the dogs;  
His grandad in his house of logs,  
Said things were going to the dogs;  
His grandad in the Flemish bogs  
Said things were going to the dogs  
His grandad in his old skin togs,  
Said things were going to the dogs;  
There's one thing that I have to state —  
The dogs have had a good long wait.

Unknown

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This picture was presented to the Centennial Library at Inuvik by Mr. and Mrs. Hill. It was painted by Mona Thrasher, a noted Eskimo artist.

## F. W. I. C.

THE FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES OF CANADA have sent \$100 to the Trinidad-Tobago Federation of Women's Institutes. This is to go toward the fund that is being used to erect a building for their headquarters. It is planned to use it also as a centre to train leaders for their extension program in the two Islands.

The Trinidad-Tobago FWI is a Constituent Society of the Associated Country Women of the World, as are the Women's Institutes found in many of the islands of the West Indies. Members in Canada have always taken a keen interest in their sister groups in this area. This was evidenced at the time of their support of Unesco Gift Coupon Plan No. 400, in aid of the Extension Service of the University College of the West Indies, Jamaica 1961. Nearly \$7,000 was raised as the programs of that service are used by women's groups there.

Books are also shipped from time to time by many of the Provincial Units of FWIC and a few exchange visits have been made. It is hoped that both projects may be extended, as strengthening still further the traditional ties between the two Commonwealth countries in the Western Hemisphere.

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The birds came, but my eyes were sealed;  
The wind flowers danced about my feet;  
From leafy dell and smiling field  
The vernal airs blew sweet.  
Yet deaf and blind, with spirit bleak,  
I passed upon my stolid way;  
But when the first snowflake smote my cheek,  
I mourned for my lost May.

—Doris Kenyon.

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