



Mrs. Marshall (right) leading the club members as they entertained the guests at the Girls' Conference banquet.

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

Again it was raining, but inside the War Memorial Hall June was having its day with Mrs. M. R. G. Marshall, A.T.C.M. of Fergus introducing the girls to this happy song. Miss Foster was at the piano and the girls with the urging of Mrs. Marshall were trying to decide if they were sopranos or altos and were delighted to produce some very sweet sounds when they managed to open their mouths wide enough and to breathe properly.

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Dr. Chapman *cont.*

"Answer — Young people should do a lot of double dating and in this way get to know each other without the tension of being alone together. Girls should let boys know where they stand regarding sex. No parked cars. Girls and boys should take their friends to their homes and involve each other in family activities."

The name of Dr. Ethel Chapman may not have been very well known to some of the girls before they attended the Girl's Conference, but the girls left Guelph University with some long, long thoughts on the things that Dr. Chapman told them, and a reverent admiration for the woman who understood so well the problems they were facing in their everyday lives.

Dr. James Moffatt's Translation of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, Chapter XIII.

"Love is very patient, very kind.
 Love knows no jealousy,
 Love makes no parade,
 Gives itself no airs,
 Is never rude, never selfish, never irritated, never resentful.
 Love is gladdened by goodness
 Always slow to expose,
 Always eager to believe the best,
 Always helpful, always patient.
 Love never disappears."

—Quoted by Dr. Ethel Chapman at the Girls' Conference 1968

AN IDYLL OF THE FARM

There's joy in every sphere of life from cottage
 unto throne,
 But the sweetest smiles of nature beam upon the
 farm alone;
 And in memory I go back to the days of long ago,
 When the teamster shouted, "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

I see out in the logging-field the heroes of our
 land,
 With strong and sturdy faces, each with hand-spike
 in his hand;
 With shoulders strong as Hercules, they feared no
 giant foe,
 As the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

The logging-bees are over, and the woodlands all
 are cleared,
 The face that then was young and fair is silver'd
 o'er with beard;
 The hand-spike now holds not the place it did long
 years ago,
 When the teamster shouted, "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

On meadow land and orchard field there rests a
 glory 'round,
 Sweet as the memory of the dead that haunts some
 holy ground;
 And yet there's wanting to my heart some joy of
 long ago,
 When the teamster shouted "Haw, Buck!" "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

Demosthenes had a silvery tongue; and Cicero
 knew Greek,
 The Grocchi brothers loved old home and always
 helped the weak;
 But there's not a Grecian hero, nor a Roman high
 or low,
 Whose heart spake braver patriot words than
 "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

They wore no coat of armour, the boys in twilight
 days —
 They sang no classic music, but the old
 "Come all ye" lays;
 For armed with axe and hand-spike, each giant tree
 their foe,
 They rallied to the battle-cry of "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

And so they smote the forests down, and rolled
 the logs in heaps,
 And brought our country to the front in mighty
 strides and leaps,
 And left upon the altar of each home wherein you
 go,
 Some fragrance of the flowers that bloom through
 "Gee!"
 "G'lang!" and "Whoa!"

Thomas O'Hagan

Panel members discussing "Careers"—left to right—
 Miss Brenda Gorman, Mrs. W. J. Krepo, Mrs. Ian
 McAllister, Miss Rosemary Clark, Miss Janet Henderson,
 Mrs. Joan Jenkinson.

