

JUNIOR WOMEN'S INSTITUTES REPORT

Miss Marion Ruttan, Junior Women's Institute Board Director reported re the Junior Women's Institute activities in the province and the active part they take in their communities as they become useful citizens through helpful programs and projects.

In addition to studies on nursing, narcotics, alcoholism, travel, First Aid, etc. they held valued demonstrations on party ideas, flower arranging, paper flowers, etc.; exhibits were placed at Fall Fairs, and many social activities were held together with Junior Farmers.

JUNIOR INSTITUTE CONVENTION

The Third Junior Women's Institute Convention was held September 12-14, 1969 at Albion Hills Conservation School. The theme was "Communications", with Doreen Harrop, Halton as Chairman, assisted by Sylvia Shaw, Peel; Sharon Passmore, Huron; and Jean Jenkins, Elgin.

A get-acquainted party, film and vesper service opened the convention. On Saturday, Dr. W. R. Mitchell, University of Guelph gave an illustrated address and demonstration on the theme. Later the girls learned how to spin wool and make beeswax candles, satin flowers, and do gift wrapping. Mrs. Zoeller addressed delegates and guests at the banquet, giving some highlights of her trip to Europe and encouragement for the girls in programming. She conducted election of officers for the Junior Women's Institutes.

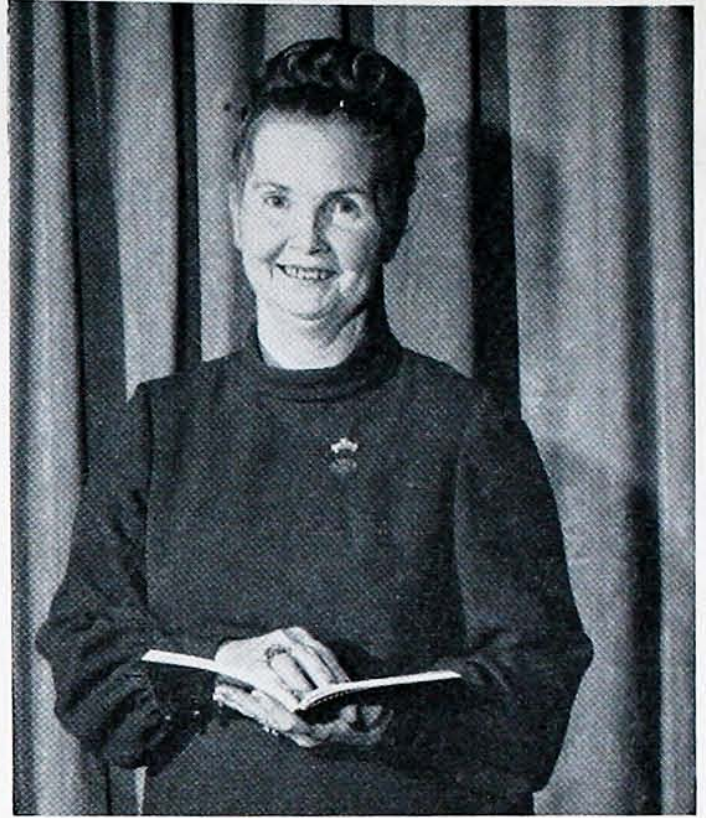
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Freedom and responsibility are like Siamese twins; they die if they are parted.

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Miss Marian Ruttan — Director For Junior Activities — F.W.I.O.



Mrs. William Miller — newly elected Secretary-Treasurer for F.W.I.O.

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COME NOT THE SEASONS HERE

Comes not the springtime here,
Though the snowdrop came,
And the time of the cowslip is near,
For a yellow flame
Was found in a tuft of green;
And the joyous shout
Of a child rang out
That a cuckoo's eggs were seen.

Comes not the summer here,
Though the cowslip be gone,
Though the wild rose blow as the year
Draws faithfully on;
Though the face of the poppy be red
In the morning light,
And the ground be white
With the bloom of the locust shed.

Comes not the autumn here,
Though someone said
He found a leaf in the sere
By an aster dead;
And knew that the summer was done,
For a herdsman cried
That his pastures were brown in the sun,
And his wells were dried.

Nor shall the winter come,
Though the elm be bare,
And every voice be dumb
On the frozen air;
But the flap of a waterfowl
In the marsh alone,
Or the hoot of a horned owl
On a glacial stone.

—E. J. Pratt

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