



From left, Mrs. Errol Boa, president Prescott County District Women's Institutes, with Miss Sheryl Ryan of the Plantagenet 4H Homemaking Girls' Club.

★ ★ ★

SEPTEMBER WINDS

O mad wind,
Glad wind,
That sways the purple plumes
Of nodding asters, row on row,
In late September's afterglow,
My heart has heard you call!

O mad wind,
Glad wind,
My feet would roam with you
The wildered paths of tangled fern
Where bright the scarlet berries burn
And falling leaves are brown.

O mad wind,
Glad wind,
Come, bugle up the sun
That leaves a radiance rare and pale
In golden-rod along the trail
Upon the misted hills.

O mad wind,
Glad wind,
This fire is of your kin
That flames in crimson splendour where
Fleet Autumn glides with unbound hair
Along your woodland ways.

O mad wind,
Glad wind,
She is your breath in form.
The music of her light steps beat
Triumphal marches low and sweet
Of Life fulfilled by Love.

—A. M. Stephen.

★ ★ ★

continued from page 38

(we had fifty-mile-per-hour winds along with a three-inch snowfall that day).

The two members, the ten-year-old, the neighbour and two men made short work of cleaning the tables and stacking the dirty dishes. The men put the sleigh in the hall on cardboard as it couldn't be taken home over the drifts. We then started for home. The member who was being chauffeured by her ten-year-old son had to go in a different direction from the rest and some concern was felt for their safety; however, after promising to phone when they arrived home so that a search party could be sent out if they didn't arrive within a period of time, we set out.

Having been the member who was being driven by a ten-year-old, I can now say with conviction — never underestimate the ability of a ten-year-old farm boy. We were stuck twice, badly, and the rest of the time we managed with the boy's skill to shake the machine loose or to otherwise let it work itself out. The windshield of the machine became covered with sleet, as did our helmets and goggles. We also had the problem of our eyelashes becoming glued together in the driving snow and sleet. We had to pull and tug the heavy machine back and try another path up the drifts when it became stuck. It is surprising what a woman and a boy can do when they have to. The other member and her husband arrived home safely as well and we concluded from our experience that it really isn't always so tame being a member of the Women's Institute.

(Editor's Note: This story was written by Mrs. Ross Bagler, Secretary of MacLennan Women's Institute Branch in the Algoma North Shore District.)



Members of the Delta branch at the celebration of their 60th Anniversary. From left, Mrs. Soderberg, Mrs. T. R. Sheridan, Mrs. E. Ready, Mrs. J. Dean and Mrs. McElroy.