

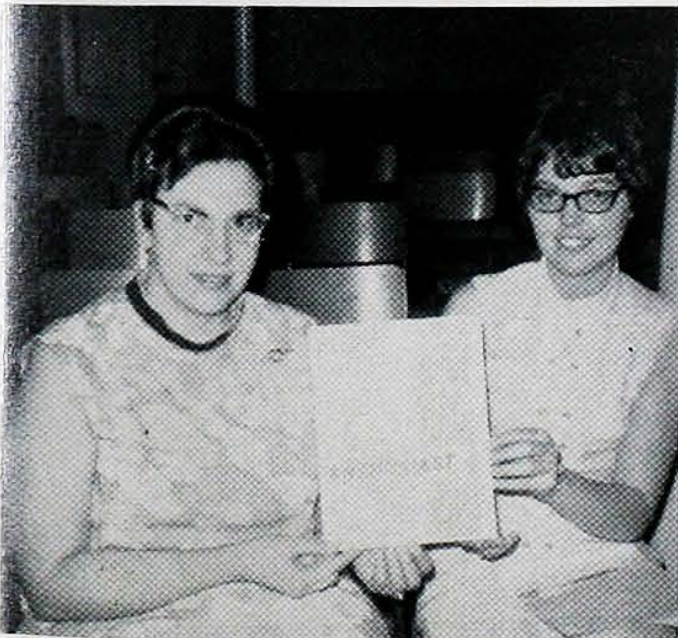
## FWIC Release

From the Bharatiya Granin Mahila Sangh in the Central State of Madhya Pradesh, India, comes word of the completion of the Training Centre on Rao Road, just outside the city of Indore. The Federated Women's Institutes of Canada voted \$900.00 at the National Convention in August 1970 to help to complete this Centre. A photo received of the building shows a very attractive one, that will be most welcome in the area.

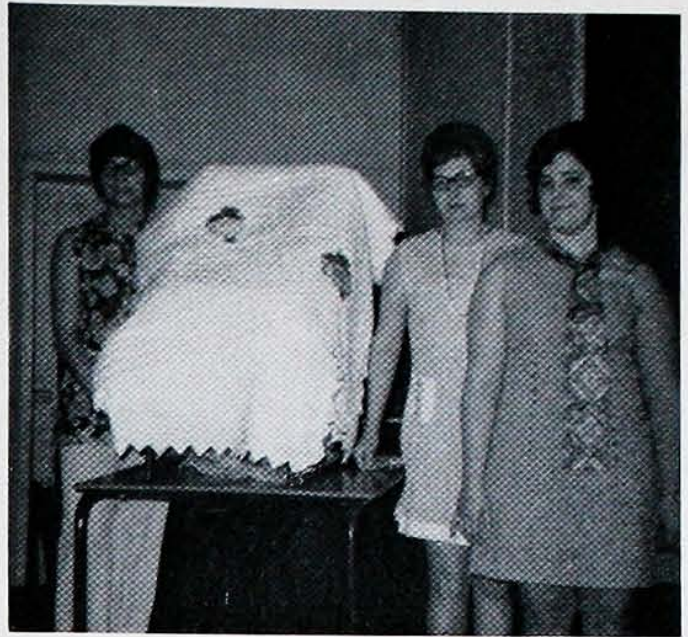
Mrs. Krishna Agarwal, State President of BGMS plans to bring leading village women to the centre for a period of training in child care, family planning, food preparation, gardening and all those subjects of interest and value to Homemakers. Housing is available in the immediate area for the trainees. TV is unknown and few radios make teaching programs most important in the Village Centres. Those taking the training courses take this knowledge back to the villagers.

This gift to India is in addition to the "Pennies For Friendship Fund" that supports the Associated Country Women of the World Program. This is a completely Voluntary Fund, well supported by FWIC members in Canada with donation in the five figures.

The 13th Triennial Conference of ACWW will be held in Oslo Norway, this August when Canada will be represented by 9 delegates from FWIC besides those from the provinces.



Delegates at the Junior Women's Institute Annual Meeting displaying the winning entry in the contest for The Junior Enthusiast, the magazine for the Junior Women's Institute members.



The quilt made by the members of the Teeswater Junior Women's Institute.

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### ON THE ROAD

Ever just over the top of the next brown rise  
I expect some wonderful thing to flatter my eyes.  
"What's yonder?" I ask of the first wayfarer I meet.  
"Nothing!" he answers, and looks at my travel-worn feet.

"Only more hills and more hills, like the many  
you've passed,  
With rough country between, and a poor enough  
inn at the last."  
But already I am a-move, for I see he is blind,  
And I hate that old grumble I've listened to time  
out of mind.

I've tramped it too long not to know there is truth  
in it still,  
That lure of the turn of the road, of the crest  
of the hill.  
So I breast me the rise with full hope, well assured  
I shall see  
Some new prospect of joy, some brave venture  
a-tiptoe for me.

For I have come far, and confronted the calm and  
the strife;  
I have fared wide, and bit deep in the apple of life.  
It is sweet at the rind, but oh, sweeter still at the  
core;  
And whatever be gained, yet the reach of the  
morrow is more.

At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summits  
to climb—  
The demand of my vision shall beggar the largesse  
of time;  
For I know that the higher I press, the wider I  
view,  
The more's to be ventured and visioned, in worlds  
that are new.

So when my feet, failing, shall stumble in ultimate  
dark,  
And faint eyes no more the high lift of the pathway  
shall mark,  
There under the dew I'll lie down with my dreams,  
for I know  
What bright hill-tops the morning will show me,  
all red in the glow.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

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