

# WOMEN

Tuesday, April 12, 1955 The Guardian Page 3

MRS. GORDON MACMILLAN

## A COUNTRY GARDEN

EARTH'S LYRIC

April, You hearken, my fellow,  
Old slumberer down in my heart?  
There's a whooping of ice in the  
rivers;

The sap feels a start,  
The snow-melted torrents are  
bawling;  
The hills, orange-misted and blue,  
Are touched with the voice of the  
rainbird  
Unsettled and new.

The houses of frost are deserted,  
Their slumber is broken and done,  
And empty and pale are the por-  
tals  
Awaiting the sun.

The bands of Arcturus are slack-  
ened;  
Orion goes forth from his place  
On the slopes of the night, lead-  
ing homeward  
His hound from the chase.

The pleiades weary and follow  
The dance of the ghostly dawn;  
The revel of silence is over;  
Earth's lyric comes on.

A golden flute in the cedars,  
A silver pipe in the swales,  
And the slow large life of the  
forest  
Wells back and prevails.

In those vernal seasons of the  
year, when the air is calm and  
pleasant, it were an injury and  
sullenness against Nature not to  
go out and see her riches, and  
partake in her rejoicing with her  
earth.

In these early spring days there  
are many tasks to be done for  
the garden and to speed the work  
in the busy season. Grass seed  
has been sown in a sunny corner  
where some large barberry bushes  
had grown too large for the space  
allotted them.

Early daffodils are ready to  
open their buds and crocus and  
anemones are blooming in the sunny  
rock garden in the shelter of the  
evergreen hedge. Of course pan-  
sies and violas have been bloom-  
ing each month since last autumn.  
Whenever the snow left a warm  
corner there they were.

This morning a songbird was  
heard, and looking in the bird  
book of Prince Edward Island  
written by Francis Bain I find  
that he describes the song spar-  
row as belonging to the Finch  
family and he writes:

"The sparrows form a familiar  
little group of this family, inter-  
esting on account of their in-  
timate association with the  
scenes of our every-day life, their  
familiarity, and their musical  
voices."

The Song Sparrow (*Melospiza  
fasciata*) is the first to tune his  
notes round our doors in the  
spring. Now he is out with his  
clear, musical ditty and his social  
ways, to warn us that the season  
is coming with the softening  
sky and the budding willows  
and the robin's loud call in the  
grove. The nest is built on the  
ground, sheltered by a clod or  
stick, and composed of grass and  
hair. Sometimes it is placed on  
a low bush if the intelligent bird  
has been often disturbed on the  
ground.

It was sweet to hear the small  
bird singing in the early morn-  
ing. No sound of voice or flute is  
like to the bird's song on awaking  
on a spring morning; there is some-  
thing in it distinct and separate  
from all other notes. . . . The  
bird on the tree utters the mean-  
ing of the wind — a voice of the  
grass and wild flowers; they  
speak through that slender tone.  
It was good to hear that little  
bird singing this morning!

Seeds have been sown in a hot-  
bed made of a window sash placed  
on the top of large box which  
was filled with good sandy loam  
with rotted manure in the bot-  
tom of it. Snapdragons and stocks  
were sown and more will be done  
as time permits. As soon as the  
frost is out of the ground and it  
is possible to dig up small ever-  
green trees is the time to plant  
the hedge or specimen evergreens  
you have been planning on.

Garden visitors to this garden  
admire our evergreen hedges  
more than any other feature of  
the garden. They make a good  
background for the flowers and

also protect them with the snow  
that gathers around for the win-  
ter season. It is necessary when  
digging the small tree to dig up a  
good ball of earth with it and  
plant immediately before any dry-  
ing out occurs. A mistake was  
made here in not allowing enough  
space between trees by the steps  
leading to the lower garden from  
the terrace. All of eight or nine  
feet was given them but now it  
is impossible to walk down the  
steps and so another way must  
be used to get to the south gar-  
den looking toward the wide river  
and our best view. Through the  
years they grow very wide and  
so much room must be allowed.

Proper trimming is needed from  
the beginning to make a beautiful  
hedge that grows down to the  
ground in lovely green sweeps of  
fragrant spruce. In my early home  
and in my grandparent's home  
there were lovely evergreen  
hedges made of the native white  
spruce and it is good to have  
them here.

A walk around the garden shows  
many new perennials that have  
come through the winter in fine  
shape. Drainage is the most im-  
portant part of gardening and  
here there is good natural drain-  
age. It is possible to make pro-  
per drainage by filling in low  
places with stones or other mater-  
ial and now is a very good time  
for this work.

Snow may come again any day  
but plants are growing and on  
partake in her rejoicing with her  
earth.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

—John Milton.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

It was with much regret that  
we at Alderlea got the news to-  
day of Sir Winston Churchill's re-  
tirement from office. Not that we  
could hope that this man already  
full of years and apparently some-  
what weary of late, would con-  
tinue to guide the ship of Britain's  
state much longer at best, but  
that with his stepping aside it  
seemed as if something good and  
enobling had gone from our day  
and our way of life.

He was—and is—a great man,  
one it would seem especially fit-  
ted and set apart for service to  
his country, a veritable Moses of  
the century among his people.  
No craven warrior he. No leader  
ordering "Go!" but always a com-  
panionable and unafraid "Come!"  
A good man if we may judge  
by his speech and walk—puck-  
ish-humored it is true but always  
cognizant that back of everything  
in this old world, behind the de-  
lightful scenes he set down on  
his canvases, beyond every com-  
monplace and momentous hap-  
pening, there is very definitely a  
Providence, a Divinity which  
shapes and does.

How admirably he filled his  
difficult role in a beleaguered Bri-  
tain, tried and retribed by fire  
and destruction during the war  
years, his voice challenging and  
reassuring as it entered this and

these bright flowers is very in-  
teresting, ageratum makes a  
good complementary color to use  
with pink begonias or you can  
use salmon pink begonias or mixed  
colors.

Six months of beautiful bloom  
and easy culture and no spray-  
ing makes me sure that tuberous  
begonias are the finest, most  
satisfactory flower in my garden.

Sometimes in apple country you  
may see

A ghostly orchard standing all in  
white,  
Ales of white trees, white  
branches, in the green,  
On some still day when the year  
hangs between  
Winter and spring, and heaven  
is full of light.  
And rising from the ground pale  
clouds of smoke  
Float through the trees and hang  
upon the air,  
Trailing their wisps of blue like  
a swelled cloak  
From the round cheeks of breezes.  
But though fair  
To him who leans upon the gate  
to stare  
And muse "How delicate in  
spring they be,  
That mobled blossom and that  
wimpled tree,"  
There is a purpose in the cloudy  
aisles  
That took no thought of beauty  
for its care.  
For here's the beauty of all coun-  
try miles,  
There rolling pattern and there  
space:  
That there's a reason for each  
changing square,  
Here sleeping fallow, there a  
meadow mown,  
All to their use ranged different  
each year.  
The shaven grass, the gold, the  
brindled roan,  
Not in some search for empty  
grace.  
But fine through service and in-  
tent sincere.  
V. Sackville-West.

Apple trees are lovely in spring  
and in blossom but now there is  
always much pruning and trim-  
ming to do. In beautiful illus-  
trations of country gardens in  
the old land many daffodils and  
crocus are naturalized under the  
trees, I think every gardener  
longs for drifts of early spring  
bulbs in woodland and orchard,  
making beauty at small cost of

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millions of homes around the  
world. The night was upon us,  
much shadowed, terrible, but  
sooner or later we should come  
to the brilliant sunshine of sum-  
mer, because the cause was right,  
James counting "lost," another  
day of his period of bettering  
illness in bed, sighed at the news,  
sorry as were we that change  
must be, that the ageing must  
step down, valiantly we suspect-  
ed, to make room for a younger  
man, we recalled a veteran of  
state affairs in his own right,  
though unproven in this.

We shall leave the Man of Des-  
tiny to his less burdensome hours.  
May the years ahead deal kindly  
with him, who did so much for  
sovereign and country giving the  
very best he knew, himself un-  
stintingly, to the demands of his  
every day all down the years.

Another strange day we have  
had at Alderlea, the cold wind of  
April about the chimney making  
James more resigned to his pres-  
ent enforced rest. . . . Rob must  
attend today to the shipping-out  
of hogs, the cab holding besides  
himself, a smallish, Scottish  
grandfather from an island farm-  
one much esteemed by kin and  
friends for his kindly ways. As  
well there was his little grand-  
daughter who must go to attend  
her clinic, a brave uncomplaining  
child smiling and bright.

And this Granddaughter—what  
of her? In the busy-ness about,  
she set out for school on foot by  
way of the milldam below the  
front meadow. In the interests  
of her safe faring, now that wat-  
ers tumble a bit noisily there,  
her mother accompanied her be-  
hind the first wastegate a bon-  
fume.

"What I like best about this  
room of mine, is the peaceful  
splashing of the waterfall under  
the window" the Duchess of  
Windsor tells in a magazine ar-  
ticle which describes nicely "Our  
First Real Home." This is a  
mill-place, the Moulin de la Tul-  
lerie, remodeled and decorated  
and set in charming surroundings  
only "an hour's drive from  
Paris."

The waterfall Granddaughter  
must walk above this morning  
is troubled these days. But even-  
ings later, when the frogs tune  
their lays, or the birds are into  
their evening, then indeed how  
peaceful will be the sound of it's  
dropping.

So bettering we are . . . and  
all's well tonight or nearly so,  
at Alderlea.

Until tomorrow — — — Diary  
— — — Good-night . . . .

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MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

## Resents Girl's Bid To Discuss Problems

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: My  
son John, 17, a freshman in col-  
lege, going with Sue, 18, who  
is pretty, poised, and well dressed.  
She uses heavy make-up, is body-  
conscious, is majoring in drama-  
tics and play-acts all the time.  
She is an only child, spoiled and  
indulged. Her father is an al-  
coholic and her mother has had  
two nervous breakdowns.

John is the eldest of several  
children and always has been seri-  
ous, obedient and ambitious. But  
I don't think he is emotionally  
mature or able to cope with a  
bad situation.

Sue went with college boys all  
through high school; then in her  
senior year felt left out of things  
and managed, through friends, to  
get a date with John, who never  
had dated except for proma.  
They've been going steady ever  
since. Sue is always coniving  
to be alone with him, and avoids  
the fun and activity of their old  
crowd. His marks aren't too  
good, yet he rushes home every  
week-end to see her.

Is This Proof Girl Is Leech?  
We've been generous in giving  
John educational and social privi-  
leges we could ill afford; but re-  
cently I've flatly refused, twice  
in succession, to let him drive  
the car 10 miles on a round trip  
to Sue's school.

Now I have a letter from Sue,  
insisting she must see me to dis-  
cuss (1) how much I dislike her;  
(2) how John is torn between love  
of his parents and her; and (3)  
how terribly I hurt her when I  
wouldn't let him drive up to see  
her play, and again to fetch her  
home. Her parents drove up to  
see the play, so he might have  
gone with them.

Sue's letter, ridiculous in it-  
self, confirms my earlier suspi-  
cion that she has fastened on  
John like a leech and won't let  
go. I feel this thing should be  
broken up, and quickly — yet  
John resents anything I say,  
though I feel he is involved in  
something he'd like to escape,  
and can't. I don't think he's  
strong enough to resist her. His  
dad and I are stymied. Friends  
of both families warn me that  
John is "being taken." Why, I  
don't know. Please help us. V. Y.

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LET'S EAT

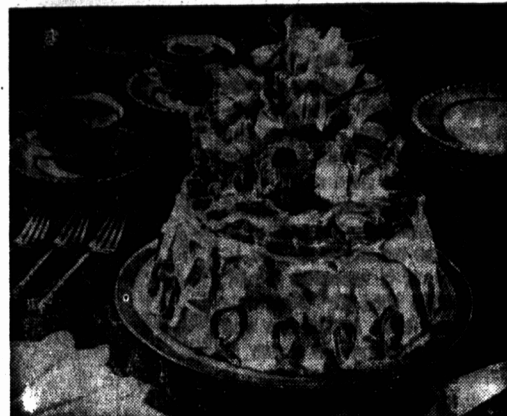
## Make a Daffodil Cake To Welcome the Spring

By Ida Bailey Allen

FROM THE CHEF

Let's take a quick flight in im-  
agination to the Puget Sound  
country of the marvelous State of  
Washington.  
Spring reigns in all its glory.  
Daffodils by the millions are glow-  
ing on the slopes of Mt. Rainier

To 2 qts. crisp cut spring salad  
greens, add 1/4 c. each sliced rad-  
ishes and minced scallions, 2 c.  
cut canned or cooked asparagus,  
chopped whites of 3 hard-cooked



THE TRADITIONAL DAFFODIL  
cake of Puget Sound's daffodil fes-  
tival will make a novel and delici-  
ous centerpiece for your next buffet.

eggs, 1/2 c. not-sweet French dress-  
ing blended with 3 tbs. mayon-  
naise, and a few grains nutmeg.  
Toss and arrange in salad bowl.  
Border with water cress. Over  
center rub hard-cooked egg yolks  
lightly through a sieve for that  
"mimosas" look. Exquisite!

Household Hint  
Shirts should be rotated so that  
each gets equal wear. You might  
number each shirt inside the  
neckband to help you keep track  
of them.

Fabulous Cake  
Let's visit one of the smorgas-  
bords for a snack. There you will  
find a fabulous daffodil cake to de-  
light your eyes and your palate.  
It's a cake you would love to bring  
home to share with your family.  
And now your wish can be easily  
realized!

Hurry into the kitchen and stir  
one up. Center it with a daffodil  
corsage for each person. What a  
sensational! A real climax to a gay  
buffet dinner.

Golden Future Daffodil Cake:  
Make your favorite angel, sponge,  
white or yellow cake, using a  
home recipe or a mix. Bake in a  
tube pan.

To Frost: Make up 1 pkg. of the  
new fluffy instant frosting mix fol-  
lowing package directions. Re-  
serve 1/4 c. to use for decorating.  
Cover top and sides of cake with  
fluffy white frosting.

For the green and yellow "daf-  
fodil" decoration, tint half the re-  
served frosting green, and the  
other half pale yellow using veg-  
etable colorings (not too much, a  
little goes a long way). When  
white frosting slightly "sets," put  
tinted frosting through a decorat-  
ing tube to make yellow loops or  
garlands at base of cake, and  
green garlands around edge of  
top.

In hollow center of cake, stand a  
water glass or bud vases filled  
with fresh daffodils and their  
leaves.

BUFFET DINNER FOR HAPPY  
EATING

Chilled Orange or Tomato Juice  
Turkey a la King on Heated  
Corn Crips  
Sliced Ham Platter  
Asparagus Salad Bowl  
Golden Future Daffodil Cake  
Coffee Tea Milk

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the U. S. and Canada.

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her particular type of beauty.

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too, the importance of good figure control  
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control, and assures a perfect fit for  
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can make this happy discovery  
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It's waiting for you at your favourite  
store in nylon, satin or broadcloth  
(in bandeau, cinch or longline).

'Petal Burst'  
the wonder of  
Wonder-bra!

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