



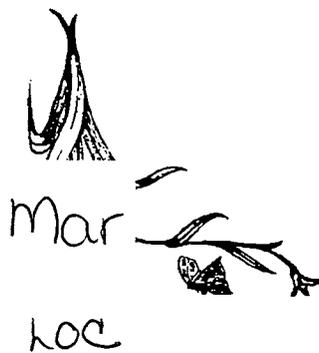
# *Conversation Pieces*

*by  
Helen Marsh*



Vol. VII  
January 1, 1953-  
September 2, 1954

Marsh Collection Society  
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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## Conversation Pieces



In 1941 Helen Marsh gave up her teaching position at the Amherstburg Public School to join her brother John at the *Amherstburg Echo*, where she remained until 1980 when illness compelled her to retire at eighty years young.

The *Amherstburg Echo* of September 26, 1941, announced a new feature page entitled, "Of Interest to Women" ...

*We are going to try and make this as interesting as possible for the ladies - and for the men, too, if they're curious about what the womenfolk are doing - and they usually are. It will contain topics of current interest, hints for the homemaker and suggestions that might help the hand that rocks the cradle to rule the world. Women are taking an active part in the affairs of their communities and in the Empire today and we will endeavor to chronicle the doings of those in the Harrow and Amherstburg districts...*

The name of the page changed from "Of Interest to Women" to "Of Thrilling Interest to Women" to "Of Thrilling Interest to the World of Women" and finally "Of Interest to the World of Women." The latter name remained for many years. However, Helen Marsh's miscellaneous column entitled "Conversation Pieces" was first presented in 1942 and remained a constant, interesting weekly feature until her retirement. In the following pages we present these columns, only slightly edited where absolutely necessary.

**January 1, 1953**

Happy New Year to all.

Headline news, a group of children were skating on Big Creek Monday morning - that patch of ice was a joy to those who got new skates for Christmas.

The new year makes me want new clothes and hats. And I understand, any shade of pink is to be the spring hat color. That's a dandy accessory color with a snow background, I've always thought.

Mrs. John Bates and Mrs. William Braun saw a robin in a tree in their yard on Monday. The poor thing evidently thought he'd brave our Christmas weather, being fooled by the cloudy and mild weather reports. He'd better get going southward.



**January 8, 1953**

The Harrow I.O.D.E. members are to have a young Harrow lawyer speak to them at their next meeting on jury duty, wills, etc. A good idea, I thought, for this jury duty business is new to women and most of us don't know the first thing about it.

Because, my friends, this is going to be a straight, narrow-skirted spring (narrow straight skirts and box coats) there will be many a reducing diet followed and many a smiling girdle manufacturer when the sales sheets reach his desk, I'll wager.

The Christmas cards were so beautiful this year, as were the Christmas flowers, the holly and the red candles, that I was loathe to take them down on Monday. But all good things come to an end, and other beauties and interests, such as the cold winter sun shining on the snow flakes Tuesday morning, take their place.

It was a dull day Friday when the sky brooded all day. B.B. threw a new seed catalogue on my desk, the anemones, lipstick petunias and gloxinias in color on the envelope did a marvelous sales job for Spring, even though at that time Winter, our

real Canadian Winter, hadn't appeared on schedule.

If any women readers are planning on attending a formal dance, the jeweled coronets being shown for hair decoration this coronation year will give a fairy tale queen appearance. I've been watching various styles in the magazines and think they are beautiful. So wear jewels in the hair with your formals, and listen to compliments fly.

Fred Beekhuis sent a picture of the Detroit River light after the steamer [E.J.] *Kulas* had rammed and tilted it last fall, which his parents had clipped from a pictorial in Holland and sent back to him here in Amherstburg. Mr. Beekhuis said in part, "I thought you would like to know Amherstburg news even gets in my home town papers in Holland."

Mr. & Mrs. John Cooper were hosts to Christmas dinner in their apartment in Fort Lauderdale for Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ingram, Burt Johnston and Captain and Mrs. J. Earl McQueen. On New Year's Eve the McQueens entertained the group aboard their yacht, the *Priscilla*, which is moored in Bahia-Mar Yacht basin. At this time Ross Ingram in true Scottish tradition (being a dark[-haired] man) "first footed" the *Priscilla*, bringing good luck for 1953 in the form of a chocolate bar for each.



**January 15, 1953**

Mrs. Burt Hoag is to give an illustrated talk to the members of the Detroit Community Club next Tuesday on the subject "Anybody can Paint". Just too bad that all of us who are interested can't get up to hear it.

Last week we spoke of packing away the Christmas cards on Twelfth Night and I've thought so much this week about the things we didn't pack - that is, the friendships and the fact that everything around Christmas is a proof of belief - the belief of a free people expressing ourselves unafraid at Christmas.

There is one late Sunday morning radio program called "Mother's Album"

which appeals to us. It did long before we got to know the arranger of the program and the announcer, but now, of course, knowing them brings it closer. This past Sunday, a quartet interpreted that beautiful hymn "In the Garden" to our liking - that hymn does a lot toward straightening out the puzzling things in life.

Although the mercury was on the skids Monday morning the sunrise (combined with snow and sleepy trees in the park) was so overwhelming and so beautiful that my ideas about change of seasons are reaffirmed. Not that I wouldn't like to take a swim at Paradise Beach in Nassau right today, but simply that the change of seasons and the changes each day brings is a need for me.

People are noticing (and we quote Lotta Dempsey) the way women walk, and holding themselves (particularly in the new slim silhouette for Spring). She said that she heard recently about an important woman executive in a big Toronto company who came to work some years ago as a messenger girl. She carried herself in so queenly a fashion that she stood out from all the newcomers. It wasn't her carriage that got her her present job, but the men she works with say it certainly helped to get the brains she also had recognized early in her career.

Recently Mrs. Evelyn S. Tufts retired after years in the Parliamentary Press Gallery at Ottawa where she achieved prominence as a reporter. Throughout her years in the gallery Mrs. Tufts was as well informed on political, economic and associated affairs as any of her male associates. One editorial writer said of Mrs. Tufts on her retirement, "In the hurly-burly of life as a reporter she never lost the delicate grace and charm which distinguishes her sex. She has been one of the busiest and most fascinating women of her era." To me that was the highest type of compliment.



**January 22, 1953**

The inauguration has given world-wide elegance and new importance to two colors - pink and pale gray. Mrs. Eisenhower's choice of colors portending a pink and pale gray season wouldn't be hard to look at, I don't think.

Have discovered recently that glass bowls are better for plants that live in water, like my philodendron, than pottery bowls - as there is no seepage in glass. Many people grow philodendron in earth, but we've had better luck with it in water.



Be definite, be particular, be explicit, be clear as crystal - said I to myself after a telephone call on Friday, and we quote, "Was the found-skirt advertised in yesterday's *Echo* a skirt for a car or a skirt you wear?"

A while ago a little Munger girl in Harrow (the daughter of Jack and Barbara Reese Munger) had a birthday and her little friends were invited to come dressed in their mothers' clothes. From what I understand, it was a funny sight to see all the small stuff dolled up in long skirts with jewelry to burn. A clever idea which pleased the five to eights.

Mrs. W.S. Wigle and Miss Frances LaLonge were in Grimsby this week attending the play "Open House," which was produced by the Players' Guild. Mrs. John R. Morris (Marion Wright) has a prominent part in the play and when given for the Guild and friends in December, she received a favorable press. The play last night was adjudicated for entry in the Western Ontario Drama League Festival.

New words certainly spark the common speech these days. Watch for a new one: "3D" (three dee) - I've read it several times lately but have never actually used it. I've used what it means in this column, third dimensional or three dimensions, when speaking of some pictures I saw of Mexico last year which we looked at through special glasses to bring out depth in the pictures. But now that Cinerama has made such a success in New York, also *Bwana Devil*, a three-dimensional full-length feature, more and more big name movie producers are interested in 3D's or roundies (another new one). So pretty soon 3D will be as commonplace as TV.

The Bank of Montreal building has always stood, in my mind, for solidarity in our way of life and in that of our forefathers who came out from the old country and pioneered their new country. When I was able to go to Great Britain I saw solid buildings with chimneys similar to those on our B. of M. corner. This old style architecture with those four chimneys, which from our building present a clean cut,

squared off silhouette against the southern sky and always have appealed to me as long as I can remember, is to be torn down, to be replaced by a modern building.<sup>1</sup> Another change which gives a twinge of regret to this old idealist and sentimentalist. Sound just like a person who believes in "good old days were better" but that doesn't enter my thoughts as I don't believe that at all - it's the sentiment, the fun of color behind that old building and the association of a lifetime with those four chimneys that I'm going to miss. But each change in life brings new interests so ...



*January 29, 1953*

I am getting acquainted again with the enchanting world of colour through the eyes of little four-year-old. I'm rediscovering colour, for I never knew the Valentine was so red, nor a sky so blue nor a grass so green. I'd really forgotten how wonderful colour was as seen by a little child.

Monday, a bunch of pussy willows for my desk partially opened, cut at noon and not forced indoors. A daffodil or two and three sprays of iris added to them would say that winter is waning. The mud and the glowering disposition of several days last week made me more convinced that April weather in January doesn't suit me; that winter climate, spring mild, is an anesthetic; and that April might readily put on that wolf-January's clothing. A little snow right now would please me and make a lovely Christmas card world.

A Greek friend of Bill Bailey's, Theodore Lazaro, formerly of Collingwood, now of Windsor, was down on Sunday and told Bill and family interesting stories of his life in Greece during World War II. It seems that Mr. Lazaro and family went to Greece in 1939 and got trapped there during the war. When they were going home Mr. Lazaro took along Swiss chard seeds because he was particularly fond of this vegetable, which was unknown in his native land. It thrived beautifully in the

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<sup>1</sup> **Editors' Note:** The building Miss Marsh refers to was built in 1849 by Thomas Paxton for a shop/residence on the southeast corner of Dalhousie and Richmond Streets. It was occupied by the Bank of Montreal around 1924. The "new" building is still in use in 2003 as the Bank of Montreal.

soil there and now, he said, is grown all over the country.

Am very much interested in the club in Windsor for Parents of Retarded Children. Evidently this group of intelligent, long sighted parents, which has only been organized one year, is doing right thinking along the line of making a place in society for their children who are retarded mentally. They are studying the problems together. When Dr. Amoss of Hamilton, an expert in work with retarded children, spoke in Windsor the other night he said that in his estimation the education of retarded children should be the responsibility of the community, but in Windsor it is the parents who have assumed the responsibility by hiring a teacher and teaching their children themselves so that their children with a mental handicap who are their responsibility, of course, will get a proper steer into life and won't feel too different - one handicap conquered.



*February 5, 1953*

Maybe with such a fine library as we have, a magazine exchange in town wouldn't be necessary, but I was interested in E.T.C.'s comment on a magazine exchange in West Lorne to relatives in Harrow that "every month the *Journal* comes new and fresh, then later I send it on our local magazine exchange, so many more unknown people also enjoy your present. So you also have thanks from them." Such an exchange might not be practical here but on second thought a church group might be doing a great service by operating a magazine exchange.

Both Rotary Camps - boys and girls - were very successful projects. I was wondering if an occasional Saturday Rotary Camp Alumni meeting wouldn't keep alive the spirit stimulated during the camp weeks and would tend to interest more and more parents and adults in the project - especially if each camper brought a non-camper to the meeting. The non-camper would, I know, get a kick out of watching the campers go through a camping program at the High School gym. That Campers' Alumni would become a club and what child doesn't want to belong to a club?

The president of the University of Toronto suggests the incomparable precision and logic of Latin might be the best way to correct sloppiness and guesswork in the

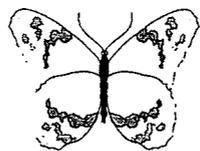
use of English. Dr. Sydney Smith, in his annual report, said there is a strong case for the view that precision in one's own language can best be attained through study of a foreign language. He said that even a rudimentary knowledge of Latin cuts at least by half the labor and pains of learning almost any other subject. Many High School students of today don't agree with Dr. Smith or can't seem to see how a dead language can help them. In conversation with several I noticed that even the mention of Latin was as obnoxious as smallpox.

During the current Essex County Scout campaign for funds, the Scout committees are hoping to raise enough money to pay a permanent Essex County Scout field man - a man well versed in Scouting who will help volunteer leaders and lend a hand with Scouting problems anywhere in the county. In most centres the boys are ready and willing to join troops and packs but there is a lack of leadership. There are people of course, like Alan Buchanan, who is unpaid (except for the satisfaction he gets and the good he does) for the hours and hours he gives of himself to Scouting. A permanent Scouter in a county like ours would, I feel, make for good scouting.



### *February 12, 1953*

The fickleness of the Banana Belt weather after a preview of Spring Wednesday was grey, rainy, snowy and east windish - a robin (I'm sure) was sending out distress signals in the park.



Why go south? Mrs. Ollie Guay of Crystal Beach, Colchester South, caught a butterfly Tuesday, which was just as active as it would be in the summer.

St. Valentine's Day is in the offing and with it comes nice thoughts, nice acts and spring flowers. Once it was a day for children but now adults like this Day of Loving Hearts, too.

Pearls with tweeds, rhinestones and sequins sprinkled on cotton clothes and jewelled sweaters, seemingly incongruous combinations - but so effective, I'm

delighted that designers are sprinkling women's clothes this spring with more and more glamour.

Try it sometime, Saturday week. I listened to the dramatization of "The Little Lame Prince" and through this charming story of many years ago was brought back to the days before TV and comics (I'm not comparing or even intimating that they were good old days) when children in my world read and glorified in stories like this one which, as an oldster, I found refreshing and interesting.

Winter motif in the Banana Belt these pre-Valentine days of 1953 has a tang of spring, sunshine, Mediterranean blue river, sun actually taking away morning dark, sunlight Monday morning making the trees in the park in accent (surprise at weather on the date) and Mr. St. John at the park, instead of trying as he has all winter to get some ice on the rink, was raking up leaves.

That the world is becoming a neighborhood is being demonstrated again by the profound sympathy for Holland, England and Belgium since the terrible loss of life, homes and land as a result of the storm and floods a fortnight ago. The Dutch, whose low coastline and flat coastal country was completely inundated, suffered horrible losses. When disaster or sorrow strikes people are at their best, they want to help and they do. If this spirit, this small town help-one-another spirit, can get a fast root in the world, we are all going to better for it.



### *February 19, 1953*

One way of putting it - Former Governor Doyle E. Carlton, president of the United Stetson Alumni, said: "I was the kind of a boy my mother would not let me play with."

What could be lovelier for a trousseau tea than arrangements of pure white tulips and snapdragons and further bouquets of white gladiolus. Snow white flowers always amaze me with the purity that oozes from them.

At last - the kind of serene winter picture I like looking westward Monday night

- dark backdrop, new moon riding on its back like a capricious puppy with its paws in the air, flanked by the lively winter evening star, the snow in the foreground and ghost ice flows sliding along.

The coronation and the Queen's styles are to affect us in many ways, we know, even to our hair styles, I understand. No more pony tails, nor poodle cuts, nor busy little curls - but short, simple, smooth, sophisticated hair styles for old and young. Seems the young monarch's soft, wavy hair style is becoming even more the rage than Mrs. Eisenhower's bangs. "Sculpture curls" is the name of the hair style for Spring.

Although Mrs. Fred Beekhuis' relatives do not live in the flooded areas of Holland they told something of the frightful devastation and the loss of life in that fertile northern park, in a letter to her this week. They wrote that Sweden had sent 50,000 blankets to the Flood Relief. But, they said, money is much better than food parcels or clothing, that our money goes so far in Holland and sufferers can buy what they want to rehabilitate themselves if they have money, especially Canadian or American dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reese of Harrow are wintering at Fort Pierce, Florida. In a dandy letter from her last week, she told me many, many interesting things (as only Mrs. Reese can) and I'm going to pass along a few conversation bits:

*The Royal Palm, the train we came away on, was five hours late in leaving Cincinnati, owing to the storm holding up other connecting trains, and all through Kentucky the ground was covered with snow and icicles six inches thick and fifteen inches long hung from the craggy hillsides as we sailed over that State and brought to my mind the old song that told of 'Meadow Grass So Blue'. That condition prevailed right into Georgia and belied the tradition of the 'Sunny South' but the signs of the railway platforms that proclaimed to all and sundry that one end of the station was reserved for 'White Only' and the other 'colored' left no doubt in our minds that we were indeed in the 'Land of the Free'. Ho hum, I guess I'll never get to be a real Southerner. We have been to church this morning and heard an excellent sermon delivered by a very able speaker. Church*

*was packed, a large one too, with a heavy percentage of men, of which our churches are sadly lacking. Bright summer dresses were colorful and pretty. It is over seventy five in the shade today and seems to be warming up every hour. The folks here, generally speaking, are very friendly and one never lacks for companionable conversation, we have met quite a few Canadians and naturally have more in common with them when we can get together. The C of C have a very nice building which sponsors various clubs, Fishing, Pine Needle Club, Tourist Club and by no means the least of these is the Square Dance Club. They really go to town every Thursday night, we have been down to watch them a few times. They are colorful and pretty and they do some very fancy figures that seem to bother them not at all, a small lad, high school age, calls, he's marvelous and puts them through new movements every evening, figures are more intricate that I used to remember, they are more like the old lancers. The newest style of dress with a great majority of the dancers is made of most flamboyant colors, the ladies' skirts and the men's shirts are made of the same material; skirts are very, very full, and you can just imagine how pretty they look as they whirl around to the gay music. Heaps of the dancers are well into their seventies and it's fun to watch them for they do have a good time.*



**February 26, 1953**

Sap's running - when? Thursday, the 19<sup>th</sup>.

"House of Wax," with Vincent Price in one of the star roles, is scheduled to be Warner Bros.' first three dimensional picture.

Another February 1953 surprise - in the late afternoon sun Monday, a kite was gaily flying at the Tillsons' near our home.

March roared around a bit prematurely Saturday to open the way for the first

crocus. Then on Monday late, April gave a preview of her loveliest side, warm blue sunshine.

Was interested in the picture released last week of the world's first space suit, produced after nine years of experiment by scientists associated with the U.S. Navy. The suit looks much like popular conceptions of how a man from Mars might appear (real comic strip like). It is of rubber, topped with a glass helmet. The suit carries its own atmospheric pressure oxygen, air conditioning and permits complete mobility by the wearer. Devices embodied in the apparel remain a top Navy secret.

Friends of Miss Peggy Woof, the young Amherstburg mezzo-soprano, who were privileged to hear her recital Saturday night, were delighted with her lovely voice. This 19-year-old Miss presented an ambitious varied program and, according to musical friends, handled each solo, including French and German numbers, beautifully - her gift is remarkable. Miss Woof is going to Toronto in March to continue her studies in voice at the conservatory. We wish her well and hope that she has a wonderful career in her chosen field and that her future will be happy and successful. This young woman is at the threshold of a life in the world of music - she's worked hard and will, we know, make the most of her opportunity and talent.



### **March 5, 1953**

Winter with snow whirled on Wednesday morning and a freighter loaded with cars saluted and as if in defiance continued lake bound.

This is one way to coin a word, or should I have said legislate a word. It seems that Georgia legislators voted a new word: andor, meaning "either, or, either or or, and, and or." Reason: To get away from and/or. Dictionary experts said only time - and usage - would tell if the word sticks.

The little Red Squirrel of the Nursery tales is playing around our house these days. There have been plenty of black and grey squirrels round-about and now a lively reddish brown one has turned up and I feel like paging Thornton Burgess or copying his style with a wee tale about Reddy Squirrel of North Dalhousie Street.

When Barbara Clarke, the granddaughter of Oscar Tingen of Colchester South, left with her new husband for the Laurentians on Saturday, she wore a grey suit and hat and shoes made of Black Watch plaid. At the time, I thought that a smart, really smart idea, hat and shoes to match. The very next day I came across an advertisement for made to order, shoes-to-match. I read that it takes one-third of a yard of fabric for a pair of the classic pumps. Barbara's smart accessories for her travelling costume deserve applause.

As our mother comes from pure Irish stock, and the green day March 17 is in the offing for us, the following editorial entitled "Erin Go Blah" in Monday's *Detroit Free Press* tickled me no end. Here goes:

*A brave man indeed is Prof. Cecil P. Martin of McGill University, Montreal, who asserts that there is no such a person as a "real Irishman." The eminent anthropologist declares that an Irishman "is just a person who lived in a certain climate for a certain period of time and acquired certain surface habits and characteristics." And don't you go accusing him of being a jealous Englishman either, for Prof. Martin is a native son of the Auld Sod, hailing from no less a place than County Wicklow, Ireland, home of the shillelagh. With a disdainful glance at the shamrock, Prof. Martin firmly concludes: "To look on the Irish as a people with definite racial characteristics is nonsense." Shucks, Professor, we could have told you that a long time ago. Being Irish isn't a matter of race - it's a state of mind.*



### **March 12, 1953**

Colchester South friends, take note - Colchester in Essex, England, which is Britain's oldest recorded town, dates from 40 A.D. It is said to be the home of the mythological Old King Cole.

The puffs of snow blooming the bushes at the south side of our house Sunday

morning did not please me as much as they would have two months ago.

Make your old suit into a strictly 1953 job by lining the coat with a gay print, then make a blouse of the rest of the lining material.

For several years we have advocated a "Sold-in-Amherstburg" type of fashion show and this week our orchids go to the members of the C.W.L. who are presenting not only Amherstburg-sold fashions but all Amherstburg musicians in a Musical Fashion Tea. We commend them for giving us a chance to see and hear our very own. So often we overlook the fact that what we have right here is often bought from the same companies and the same travellers as goods in big metropolitan stores. There are good smart clothes in Amherstburg and at the Tea we're going to see what's what for Spring.

The head of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, has been added to the traditional hallmarks and is to appear on all gold and silver assayed this year. Pearce Lettner, speaking at the Fort Malden Museum residence last Wednesday, casually mentioned this coronation year hallmark and said that it is an unusual procedure. I ran across the picture of this special coronation mark this week after Mr. Lettner spoke of it, but haven't seen any silver marked with it yet. There are, as you know, centuries of tradition behind markings on silver and gold. Since the latter part of the 15<sup>th</sup> century, gold and silverware have been hallmarked by the guilds of Goldsmiths to tell its quality, marker and origin. The story behind these markings was very well told by Mr. Lettner.



### **March 19, 1953**

St. Patrick's Day in the morning was a preview of Spring - the crocuses in front of the L.J. Fox home were showing off their beauty, much to the delight of all the passersby.

The chimes on Wesley United Church organ pealed out an old favorite hymn Saturday afternoon and gave a sample of the lovely music we can expect when the amplifier is completely installed.

When the sun came out at 11:15 Sunday morning and the fog disappeared, the drops of rain on the pussy willow tree at our back door became precious jewels - alive like a diamond display from Cartier's.

Talked to Mrs. Maurice Atkin of Detroit at the Fashion Show Sunday afternoon and she said, "The Amherstburg clothes were very smart, I guess I'll have to come down here to buy my hats after this." - and she meant it, as there was no reason for her to say it to me if she didn't.

Being a catalogue or a magazine gardener, I'm delighted with the white scabiosa named Peace which is making a sensation. It is acclaimed as a favorite in cool-looking flower arrangements for hot summer days. This old-fashioned Pin-Cushion Flower is always a well-behaved orderly plant in the garden and I do like it in summer bouquets.

Last week we commented on Miss K.V. Moore's play "When Rivers Cease to Flow," which was read March ninth to the members of the London and Middlesex Historical Society. This play is historically accurate and centres around the election of 1848 in which the Baldwin-LaFontaine government was elected. Mrs. Neil F. Morrison, Miss Moore's sister, attended the reading of the play and said that it certainly was enthusiastically received.

Rural women from all parts of the world, delegates of the Associated Women of the World, will meet in Toronto August 12-23. This world-wide organization was founded in Stockholm, Sweden in 1933 by the late Mrs. Alfred Watt, a Canadian, who took the Women's Institute idea from Canada to Britain. A few years ago the Rotary had Myrtle Labbit of C.K.L.W. fame down to speak on her trip to Denmark as a delegate for Michigan to the annual meeting of the Associated Country Women of the World. I remember that Mrs. Labbit gave a wonderful resume of the meeting. As the meeting this year is to be held in Toronto, I imagine that many from this district will be taking in some of the sessions - a grand opportunity to see and hear what women are doing in parts of the world which are still just spots on the map to us.

Oddments from the fashion show - the ohs of delight when model Mrs. Keith

Foreman took off her lavender coat to reveal a purple suit (how we turn to those colors with Easter coming on) - the delight from the daffodils on that slate grey windy afternoon - the smartness of the women in the audience - the fun when Mr. Silas Beaudoin won a permanent - the wave of laughter when Yvonne Pouget (the hairdresser) got the shampoo and wave given by Gibb Beauty Salon - the Greenway mother and daughter team in handwoven peasant skirts and stole in heavenly blue - the intimacy and friendliness of the whole affair because of our friends, our musicians, our young accompanist Fred Beneteau, our shops, our clothes, our models, our flowers, our hats, our jewelry and our dancers.



*March 28, 1953*

B.B. (Banana Belt) headlines - Earle Honor had lettuce up in his garden in Malden over the weekend.

Came across a dandy idea for a child which we'll call, "Let him catch a rainbow." A glass prism being in a sunny window makes a gay rainbow on walls or floor. Let your child try to catch the rainbow on a white paper. Surprise! You'll enjoy it too.

The golden sunrise Monday morning was glorious, as if King Midas went about turning the glass in the windows to gold. In fact the sparkling golden windows became so alive that in Colchester South the fire department was called out by neighbors because they thought the nearby house was afire.

Although H.M. the sink scrubber doesn't like one particular brand of cleanser, for two years come spring, I've had to buy and use it to get labels to get seeds for B.M. [Bessie Marsh]. Flower lovers will fall every time. Recently I found another such person as B.M. right here in our office, who had to take up that seeds offer. Nice people, these flower lovers, who can usually laugh at themselves.



We saw Easter in the Western sky at sunset Friday. A wide ribbon of the palest

of shell pinks, horizon high, supported an unmarked delft blue sky.

Easter - the joyous season of hope and faith - is here. It is only through each of us living up to our obligations in every way in the little things as well as the major things in our everyday living, that Easter in its true meaning is revealed and fulfilled.

"Coloring books for children are now frowned upon," said Dr. D. Gaitskell, director of Art for the Ontario Department of Education, speaking on Art and the Young Child at the Nursery Education Association meeting in Toronto Saturday. "They (coloring books) are harmful first because they do not suit the child's muscular development and secondly they interfere with his thinking because they are designed by adults at a stage far beyond the development of the child. The end product of the art program," he continued, "without which no education is complete, is the development of the child, not the painting or drawing he does, these are simply by-products," the art director contends.



*April 9, 1953*

Bill Bailey was the first philatelist to buy the new issue of Canadian stamps at the Amherstburg Post Office Monday morning. No, they don't appeal to me, it's the colors, not the design, of course.

Detroit is the third largest port in the U.S., running third to New York and New Orleans. Every once in a while I pick something interesting to me out of a bunch of boring statistics, and this is it for now, because of our beautiful Detroit River being a lovely related idea.

Tuesday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, will be observed as a public holiday in Canada in honor of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. States one weekly newspaper: "Now every municipality can get busy and decide whether to celebrate the important event on Saturday, Monday or Tuesday." "Surely not," say we.

Funny creatures, we - at Christmas the music, the flowers, the spirit and The Day made, as I thought, the best time of the year. But do you know, over the Easter weekend with white hydrangeas acting as a shot in the arm and other glorious flowers everywhere, with the music, the crowds of worshippers renewing hope and faith, and the laughter over the hidden eggs, I thought Easter with Spring on the Calendar is The Best.



*April 16, 1953*

Well!! Found in the sixty years ago file of the *Echo* - "Essex County pays the highest salaries to female teachers of any county in the province. The average is \$324."

Rev. Thomas B. Mailloux, C.S.B., son of Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Mailloux, Anderdon, wrote the music for the new Assumption College song, which was introduced and sung for the first time this past week. Father Mailloux is an accomplished musician.

Understand that the 3D film "Cinerama," currently shown at the Music Hall in Detroit, is amazing - really a must. Friend G.E.W. said that when the picture opened with a roller coaster ride, she was right there in one of the wee cars and scared stiff, because this three dimensional filming is so well done.

Friday in the wind and bleak biting cold I certainly thought old April Fool as back plotting with March, for the signs of Spring appeared then disappeared. The one and only daffodil which popped out with incredible immediacy on the south side of our house brazened the foolishness out and wasn't half as concerned as I was.

This funny little mother's lament is a trifle hard of those poised and gay 1953 14-year-olds I see strolling in good looking sport clothes to and from the High School, but it might have been written about me at 14 changing nylons and lipstick, of course, "She uses my nylons, My choicest perfume, My powder and lipstick But never my broom!"

Know how the cat felt who swallowed the canary after two meals of the delicious little silver fish, smelt, over the weekend - thanks to the generosity of that genial sportsman, the Scotsman, Alex Gardener. I've never had the thrill of smelt fishing but the taste certainly tickled my palate. Funny, too, how tastes take you back to childhood and security, for when eating smelts I spun back to the "before deep-fat or pressure cooker days" to the "iron frying pan crisp-brown fish days" - maybe all this belongs in the No Comment Department.

Every time I sit quietly and have the experience of watching our beautiful friendly old Detroit River at night in the shipping season (as I did Sunday) I feel sorry for those of you here in Amherstburg who have never done this. There's nothing like it for a sedative in my estimation. The majesty of the long ships quietly sailing along, alight from stem to stern - and the serious gayness of the important (and they seem to realize their responsibility) red and green channel markers, winking at the ships, is a wonderful experience. We on North Dalhousie have the advantage of being able to see upbound freighters in the foreground and downbound in the Livingstone Channel, so on the bank of the river at the Museum is a good place to stand some evening to see what I mean.



*April 23, 1953*

One shiny black crow has been sauntering around our place morning after morning of late like the cock of the walk - evidently satisfied with treatment and food.

It's tulip time in Holland, Michigan - from May 13 to May 16 inclusive when flower lovers and garden enthusiasts will flock to the interesting spot on Lake Michigan to take in the beauty.

Sunday as I looked at the spring flowers literally dancing to keep warm in the snowy wind and the snow out of keeping with the film of green around the bushes, the laughs really developed when parkways there were the boys practicing baseball, catching and batting snowflakes.

Understand that Amherstburg will be represented at the Coronation June 2 by Miss Betty Marra, who is travelling abroad with a friend for three months. Miss Marra and friends have seats in the Westminster Abbey for this historic event and will be witnesses to history-in-the-making.



*April 30, 1953*

Humor in the *Echo* of 60 years ago - The hoopskirt, which is now in style, will be handy for smuggling hams and such.

The Best of the Show - that's what I thought of a tiny bouquet of short stemmed violets we had last week - also several limp dandelions in a jelly glass have won my honorable mention.

Any man who is too big for the little things of life is likely to be too small for the big things. For it is often the little things that give life its true quality and balance.

I like the glitter on the cotton dresses this spring - in the coronation mood, I suppose. Saw rhinestone centered white daisies growing around a low square neckline of a blue and white gingham and it was yummy.

The small brown fists of tight shut apricot buds are beginning to open and the effect along the Front Road Friday in the bleak cold rain was wonderful in my books. On Tuesday my world (between Amherstburg and Harrow) looked as if loveliness was there, but April was just saving it a bit longer.

Saturday - dear town fathers - a friend of mine came to town and tried to find Ramsay Street. She drove around, having been given general directions, but could not locate the street. Finally on inquiry a man directed her to Rankin Avenue. In disgust she left town after a half hour tour, without carrying out her errand. From what she said we need better street markers and more of them because the time has passed when everyone you ask a question of on the street is a native or even has a

workable knowledge of the town layout.

When Mrs. Douglas Goodwin brought in an 1896 American five cent piece recently, which her boys had found in the ground in the back yard at their home, Dalhousie at Rankin, I sent her up to David Botsford at the museum to see if it was worth anything. That Dave is the fountain-head of all knowledge, it's a good thing we have him around - coins, stamps, family trees and things historical are all up his alley.

One of the chief inconveniences of modern communications, the unanswered telephone, is on the way out. Development of a new device has effectively replaced the uncomplete phone call with efficient 24-hour-a-day telephone answering. I'm not laughingly talking through my hat really, I'm talking about a new Telephone Answering Set developed and used in Boston. This set has been receiving phone calls a 24-hour-a-day possibility in both homes and offices without the slightest inconvenience to the subscriber. There are only as yet about a dozen of these sets in operation, but the demand is exceeding the supply.

The townsfolk who are making heirlooms are to show them off at the Fort Malden Museum residence this weekend. Come and see some of the beautiful things being created by the members of the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts. There will be, I know, an interesting picture or two painted by the president, Mrs. Burt Hoag, who expresses herself in several ways, on canvas, in clay and in flower arrangements. When her great-great granddaughter shows off the picture Mrs. Hoag will exhibit this weekend, many years hence, she will say, "This heirloom was passed down to me. It was done when great-great granny lived in Amherstburg." The exhibit of crafts will be good.



*May 7, 1953*

Mrs. F.E. Wilson had the fun of watching a flock of Cedar Waxwings cavorting in the evergreens outside her sunroom window Friday. The migratory period brings many interesting birds, if we only look for them. She got a laugh out of their saucy "berets."

I'm very fond of women's trend toward the little white hat with dark clothes; French women have worn the black summer street dress and the white hat for years (it is almost uniform fashion in Paris) and they have been noted world-wide for chic.

In 1933 at Easter, a single advertisement in a Toronto daily for a teacher for the school in the McMurchy settlement near Collingwood brought 200 replies. This spring an ad in the same paper for a teacher at the Potlake school, according to Colchester South friend, didn't bring one reply.

When the world gets as breathtakingly beautiful as it was Monday at noon when the sun spotlighted the blossoms and the grass and the soft greens of the new leaves and the dandelions and the birds on the wing and the river, instead of thinking in terms of the poets I think of the children's jingles of my teaching days. "Now all the world is fresh and green" etc.

It is always nice for me to discover that people enjoy doing the small things which make life more pleasant. It is even better when they make a business practice of it, too. An example is a single rose bed which a New York florist has worked into a specialty at his flower shop. This florist treats the purchase of a single rose with the respect he believes it deserves by having slender little boxes custom made to fit one rose and is amazing how his single "remembrance" roses have caught on for small greeting which can be given with a flourish. At our house we have known for some time the joy of the occasional single rose which goes in its own special crystal goblet on a special day - Mother's Day for instance.

Confidence plus - A lad named Joe, who is De Ray Hunt's apartment-mate in a town near Los Angeles, was at the university in L.A. and got in conversation with the secretary of the Newman Club who runs the Culture series - a delightful woman who knows top producers and stars and many intellectuals personally. In the conversation, quite by accident, Madame Secretary found that Joe's roommate was a Hunt from Amherstburg. She was surprised and told of living in Amherstburg across from the convent where her grandfather had a blacksmith shop and that her mother was Nellie Tomlinson. Her name was Nora Shannon now Beckwell. It was in 1938 that Nora went to California to visit her aunt Mrs. Walter Bertrand and has stayed there.



We were proud as punch of all the little and big musicians from the Amherstburg district who took part in the music festival in Windsor last week. It was impossible to keep track of every entrant, class and results but know that the young musicians from here excelled themselves in the various departments. There was even a nine-year-old director, Margy Sustar of the St. Anthony's choir. The training all these young people get in a music festival is invaluable to them. I asked young mother whose daughter was in a nine and under piano class if she wasn't tired listening to the same selection 13 times. She said, "Not at all, you'd be surprised at the various interpretations; not one of the 13 played it the same way." I really never thought of Amherstburg being classed as a musical town, but I guess it is - and good too.

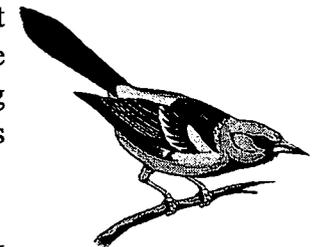
The current exhibition of Arts and Crafts at the Fort Malden Museum Residence is a must for anyone interested in seeing what townspeople are doing in the creative line expressing themselves by using several media. The pictures hung by Mrs. George Somerton were, in my estimation, well done. She has a gift of reproducing nature's greens on canvas. The two bowls, especially the one turquoise-lined, made by Mrs. Percy Waldron were lovely and the material (dark red with a green and a white over thread) loomed by Mrs. E.D. Hutchinson for a coat for herself was a fine piece of the weaver's art. As mentioned before (after a previous exhibition) the exquisite little pieces of sterling silver made by the silversmith Hazen Price show fine finished examples of this craft.



*May 14, 1953*

We forget too soon. That's what I thought last Thursday, May seventh, when several persons asked what the Canadian Legion was parading for. We forget about the anguish 10 years ago and about the prayers of thanksgiving only eight years ago, May 7, 1945, when World War II was ended in Europe.

Beauty is the one prerequisite of Spring and nothing



could be lovelier than when the wind breathed on our cherry tree Sunday afternoon and whirled the snowy petals off slowly as two pair of Baltimore orioles, the males flashing like gleaming gems, were busy on bird-business in the tree. To add to the picture a peach tree was puffing pink in the background.

No comment department - A plea that all women attending the coronation on June 2 should wear small hats has appeared in the *Times* of London. Unfortunately, fashion illustrations portray big summer hats and outstanding plumes on small ones. "A campaign on the subject of hats would be merciful to men and women," the writer to the *Times* says.

The granddaughter of two well known families of old Amherstburg, the Burks and the Duncansons, was in Amherstburg last week. She was Kathleen Burk Porter of Cleveland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Burk and granddaughter of Mrs. J. D. Burk, now of Toronto. Kathleen had lived in Amherstburg years ago when she was small. She was delighted with the beauty and charm of the town and the river and wants her husband to see it. She said that all her life she had heard of Amherstburg and its people from her relatives and was disinterested but now she knows what they are talking about and has become an Amherstburg enthusiast.

The General Amherst High School Cadets Dance Friday night was a delightful affair for the students and was handled well by the committee in charge. The girls in lovely colors and their escorts, most of which were in uniform, certainly seemed to be enjoying the music, the flowers and the thrill of the After Cadet Inspection Dance. Several of the teachers and their wives were present and entered into the fun. It was an almost impossible task for the judges to pick a Queen, as really each girl there in her own way was a queen - so sweet were they all. But finally Mrs. Kenneth Saltmarche, Mrs. E.D. Hutchinson and the scribbler, H.M., picked out several lovelies. These young women were called to the platform and the "garden of beauty" applauded. W.E. Ayerst then drew the Queen and Miss Christina Nedin was crowned by principal W.K. Sidey. Her ladies-in-waiting, shall we call the others, were Miss Adeline Helnsky, Miss Nancy Anderson, Miss Sandra McDonald, Miss Carol Finlay, Miss Johanne Hamilton and Miss Marilyn Young.

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*May 21, 1953*

Ever since the G.A. High School Cadet Inspection I've thought of the girls' P.T. using the Margaret Morris Movement as taught by Iris Holdup. All the girls were in white for the demonstration and the rhythm, the control and coordination, the breathing, the beauty of the various exercises, was lovely to watch and certainly must have been good for them.

Well, the May 18<sup>th</sup> holiday is over and it did give a long weekend, but what of sentiment and tradition, are they to be pushed aside altogether in our modern living program? What does the holiday mean? we are asked. Well, we answer, it's Queen Victoria's birthday, but it isn't really. And it's Queen Elizabeth's II's birthday, but it isn't really, and in our confusion we say, well, it was just a holiday - forgetting that the old 24<sup>th</sup> was in celebration of the birthday of the Queen in whose reign the British Empire became a power, for if I remember my history right, the Empire when Victoria came to the throne was at a pretty low ebb. As for the present lovely young Queen it seems to me that her birthday in April is her birthday and when we get so lacking in sentiment and so practical that a long weekend is the ultimate, we had better start thinking things over. I probably am a little disgruntled because the 24<sup>th</sup> belongs to my happy childhood as a day to go to the woods for wild flowers, to have a picnic and to open the swimming season.

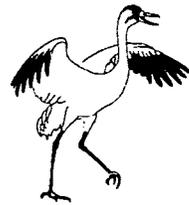
Mrs. Howard Heaton, Harrow, has a wealth of old valuable papers and Canadiana around which history is made. Recently she came across a diary which belonged to her father Captain C.H. Bassett in 1882. The entries are in pencil and quite legible. On March 2 he entered, "Went out to see Susan (Iler) came back and went down to Mr. Birches, gave him the marriage license, cost \$5.00, got Nell's horse and buggy, went out to Susan's, from there to Mr. Birches, got married, came back to Nell's. Boys gave us a shivaree, did not amount to much." As a sequel Mrs. Heaton has a post card written June 23, 1888 by her mother to her father who was master of the *Fayette Brown*. The card was sent to the Canal Office, Sault St. Marie. After the description of the heat in Detroit and anxiety for him in the thunder storm which followed Mrs. Bassett adds, "Mr. Morrison came in Wednesday to see the baby (Mrs. Heaton). He thinks she is awful nice. I had her out three times. She likes to go. She is getting along nicely. All is well." The matter of factness amused me no end.



May 28, 1953

There was a rainbow in the west Thursday morning - according to many this fortells bad news and there was a tornado in Sarnia later in the day, so said Harrow friend.

The recent Canadian issue of stamps bearing our young Queen's head gave me a surprise. Miss Angie Denunzio of Amherst Fuel might easily have been the model for the picture of the Queen, their resemblance was so plainly shown, to me at least, on the stamp.



To the gallant tug *Atomic*, to Captain J.E. McQueen, Captain Jake Penner and the crew - the best of luck - and the England trophy and the winning pennant after the tug boat race Saturday. You can do it if all goes well and your town is behind all of you, pushing while that fine tug slices the river cleanly and safely over the finish line - in the lead, of course.

Casting sweet fragrance in homes and gardens for the past week have been the lovely lilies of the valley. The pure white bells have been giant this Coronation year, as if trying to do their share in ringing out the glad news. Then too the deep royal purple lilac plumes prancing in the wind outside our bedroom window also looked as if they too were part of the event.

All the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men can at long last be seen in all their story-book splendor by all children in TV zones on Coronation night. Should I say "children" - no, by all of us, who are anxiously awaiting the day when for the first time we will actually see a Coronation and all the attendant "pomp and circumstance." The cat looking at the queen will be no longer a saying.

On Tuesday at her coronation Queen Elizabeth II will dedicate her life anew to the service of her people. As long ago as last Christmas Day she said to them, "I want to ask you all ... pray for me on that day - to pray that God may give me

wisdom and strength to carry out the solemn promise I shall be making, and that I may faithfully serve Him and you all the days of my life." And people the world over, whether or not of the British Commonwealth of Nations, will prayerfully support her. "It is heartening and encouraging to see the leader of a great nation turning with such humility and sincere faith to God for the strength and wisdom to perform her tasks with uprightness, honesty, and justice," says the *Christian Science Monitor*. Although the outward display of pageantry, color and magnificence will play a prominent part in this traditional ceremony, many will with gratitude grasp the deep spiritual significance of the occasion, remembering that it but symbolizes the great spiritual fact that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." (Revelation 19:6).



June 4, 1953

North America's largest migratory bird, the whooping crane, is still seriously threatened with extinction. A survey by the Fish and Wildlife Service shows that only 21 of these birds wintered in the United States, most of them at Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas Gulf Coast.

Our Queen is crowned - and the service as broadcast was beautiful in the majesty of the words and music. I felt Tuesday morning the humblest of the Queen's subjects and in my prayers for her was the hope for peace and understanding and simplicity of thought for the world during her reign.

East German Communists have ordered Hans Christian Andersen's and Grimm's Fairy Tales rewritten because of their "capitalistic" nature, the United States High Commission in Berlin has reported. Characters like Cinderella, the Lead Soldier, and Rumpelstiltskin will be purged of "romantic bourgeois tendencies" and invested with "social-realist values." The revised version makes Cinderella's young prince a revolutionary who eventually rejects his "fruitless parasite existence."

From my imaginary place in the Coronation route on the Mall in London, England, Tuesday so that I could see the procession before and after the service in Westminster Abbey. I wonder if Miss Betty Marra, my neighbor, who is actually

attending the Coronation, was reacting to the crowds as I was. Nowhere can one find such a well mannered crowd of people as in England. I've seen it in a small way when sitting on a folding stool waiting in line for the theatre and watching the sidewalk artists entertain the crowds. The crowning of our young and clever queen is the beginning we hope, of a solid framework of happiness in our relations to others for generations to come.



*June 18, 1953*

Last week I went hedge-hopping in a bus to Williamsburg, Virginia, to see the restoration and reconstruction of that charming old Colonial town. En route I was in Charleston, West Virginia and from there saw a bit of the coal mining district. Then on through the Allegheny Mountains when as the bus twisted and turned that old hillbilly song of my youth, "He'll be coming 'round the mountain," cropped in my mind and made me laugh inside. I enjoyed hearing the people talk around me on the bus. The way they slur their words, put accents on different syllables of words than we do and their colloquialisms interested me. On we rolled, through historic beautiful Virginia to Lexington, then on to Staunton and Waynesboro in the Blue Ridge Mountain district where I glimpsed the Shenandoah Valley and crossed the famous Sky Line drive. At Charleston I visited Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson; Ash Lawn, James Munroe's home; and the University of Virginia with its old cloisters and buildings and college green (an English school in the New World). History abounds in Williamsburg and I gloried in the work of restoring the town to what it was in Colonial days when it was the capital under the British rule. Two centuries melt away when you walk on Duke of Gloucester Street and see the Capital at one end with the Union Jack flying high and turn and look at William and Mary College at the other end with its famous and old Wren building, designed by Sir Christopher Wren and built in 1695. You certainly enter into a different way of life there. The gracious costumed hostesses in the exhibit buildings, the liveried attendants, the picturesque craftsmen at work, including the Colonial printer, the famous buildings, the Colonial homes and gardens, the Colonial flower arrangements, the horse-drawn coaches, the beautiful Burton Parish Church, the Court Church of Virginia, and church yard, all conspire to permit you to bask in the authentic atmosphere of those who built the foundations of our way of life. It was

only in 1926 that the late Dr. W.A.R. Goodwin, rector of Burton Parish Church, outlined to Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. his dream of bringing back the old capital of Virginia to its 18<sup>th</sup> century appearance. For it was from 1699 to 1780 that Williamsburg was the great Colonial capital, "one of the most valuable gems in the Crown of Great Britain." So through Dr. Goodwin (who is buried in his church) the restoration and reconstruction began. This program entailed much research, study and world wide search for authentic furniture, glass, silver, brass, etc. for various houses and buildings. One woman said that in 1926 there were only 800 persons in Williamsburg, no industries. Many original homes, foundations of the Capital and governor's palace showing the layout and two of the original streets, Duke of Gloucester and Francis Street, and the palace green were still in use. Added to that the British governors and Lieutenant-governors in those old Colonial days were requested to keep detailed accounts of everything in the buildings and Capital, from which manuscripts men and women working for Colonial Williamsburg (the company formed to restore and reconstruct the town) were able to draw accurate pictures of the interiors and exteriors of the original buildings. What I had read and seen through the years in such magazines as *Life*, for instance, do not do it justice in my estimation, for the warmth and enthusiasm of the people there add greatly to its charm, as do the tree lined streets, the brick sidewalks and the atmosphere of peace, kindness and gracious living. From there I went out to Jamestown to see where the first permanent English settlement was established in 1607 and on to Yorktown where Earl Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington. It was in a small room in Moore House there on the battlefield that Cornwallis in 1781 signed the Articles of Capitulation. From Virginia I went up to New York to end my holiday in a different mood by seeing "The King and I," a delightful play based on the book, "Anna and the King of Siam," and doing up that wonderful city in a general fast way which included the United Nations building, drooling over the Queen Mary berthed in the Hudson River, and browsing up and down Fifth Avenue. And home by train, refreshed, mind filled with new things but still delighted with Amherstburg and our river and our trees.

When people come to visit our town we call them tourists, while in Virginia they call us guests and their hospitality shows that they are very sincere in their attitude toward their visitors as guests. We tasted a sample of that Southern hospitality last week and I was ashamed of my attitude here towards our visitors. We fail to realize, because we're too close to it, that Canada to many American

visitors means Windsor or Amherstburg or county points and that the impression they get of our country is our doing. How many of us as natives smile at the occupants of a Missouri car or direct them to the waterworks to watch the ships? We need, of course, along with a re-education of ourselves, a central information bureau, benches here and there along the streets and also a large sign along the waterfront to tell our town's name to boat travellers. I feel that all are "musts" for the immediate future.



*June 25, 1953*

Did you read this? and we quote: "Somebody told a columnist [not H.M.] of an American woman who thought she knew all the movie stars but after seeing the Coronation picture asked, "Who is that actress who played the part of the Queen? Her face is familiar but I can't think who she is."

Mrs. E.L. Paquette, who hails from Lunenburg, N.S., introduced a bridal confection into the tea food for her party for bride-elect Joan Reaume last Wednesday, which made a decided hit. Mrs. Paquette made her small heart-shaped cookies and wrote "Joan" on some and "Tom" on others and tied the Joan-Tom pair together with white ribbon and served them thusly. A clever Lunenburg idea that delighted Amherstburg.

Two new books have pleased me to no end, "The Great Lakes Red Book of 1953" so that I can keep track of great ships on our doorstep and "Towards the Last Spike," E. J. Pratt's verse panorama of the building of the C. P. R. When J.A.M. [John A. Marsh] was in Chatham recently, Mr. Pratt of Victoria College, Toronto, whose majestic poetry has charmed me for years, spoke at the newspaper luncheon, so J.A.M. brought back an autographed copy of Mr. Pratt's latest work.

For a while everything in these bits will centre around my trip to the east, I'm afraid. So on the distaff side I did not see one sleeveless dress tripping around on my six day trip east. Now, I like them and wear them, mind you, so I'm not critical and I knew that occasionally one was hidden by a buttoned jacket. I did see however, stunning sport clothes, beautiful narrow tailored belts, brown and white

or navy and white spectator pumps, small up-in-back and down-in-front untrimmed white linen hats and bracelets. I realized that the majority of the women who were dressed as described above were natives of Virginia or New York, but the "guests" didn't sight-see in sleeveless outfits - instead lovely tailored things which made me drool.

The Stratford festival - Public interest seems high in the Stratford Shakespearian Festival, the remarkable summertime project for Stratford from July 15 to August eight. Talked to Amherstburg friends who are going to see the two plays in the repertory which will be presented on alternate nights. The plays will be "Richard III" and "All's Well that Ends Well," the directors will be Tyrone Guthrie and the stars are to be Alex Guinness and Irene Worth. A tent theatre has been built with a permanent structure contemplated for years to come. Staging is to be modern-Elizabethan and there will be 1400 seats. Stratford, in Ontario, is a delightful town which like its immortal namesake in England lies beside a river named the Avon. In my opinion the coming event is one of the most important things to happen in Canada. Mrs. John F. Adamson, sister-in-law of Dr. Neil Morrison, PhD, is lecturing four evenings a week to Stratford groups re the plays "Richard III" and "All's Well that Ends Well" and the Shakespearean era. Stratford people are very enthusiastic about this drama festival. As Lotta Dempsey wrote in her "Person to Person" column in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*: "Away went the bridge cards, down went the knitting needles and the days of the First Elizabeth commenced to live again. It's hoped that the dramatic glow and glories of the Elizabethan age will return to all Western Ontario.



*July 2, 1953*

The shasta daisies, Madonna lillies and blue delphinium of the summer gardens showed me how to remain poised in 90 degrees heat early Sunday afternoon - to emulate them would be wonderful.

There were ships of every size and shape on the lovely old Detroit River Sunday afternoon - an education, surely - the town from the river is beautiful but I still maintain that it should be identified from the river.

Canada was 86 years old yesterday. Canada, our wonderful country to which the countries of the world are tipping their hats out of respect because of her strong position in world affairs. Canada's potentialities are untold and unthought of - so on her 86<sup>th</sup> birthday her present strength is being felt. I'm proud to be able to say "To My Country - Happy Birthday ...!!!"

I don't like it - the other evening I was at a concert which commenced with "Canada" played on the piano, which no one sang and ....just ended period. A four-year-old nearby said, "When are we going to sing 'God Save the Queen'?" but we didn't. My personal opinion was one of concern - surely, I thought, tradition is stronger than this.

In these nose-for-news bits of conversation last week I spoke of smart narrow gay belts for tailored dresses and quite by accident found similar to those I saw right here in Amherstburg. Although we often have blind spots about those far-away fields - there's home and its advantages that are so important. As J.A.M. would say, "You can't see the woods for the trees" - and how true (that narrow view is too prevalent in all our lives).



**July 9, 1953**

Margaret Callam Goebel, daughter of the late Captain A.C. Callam and Mrs. Callam, has a good article entitled, "Call It Grand" in the June copy of *Town and Country*. Mrs. Goebel writes extremely well at her home city, Grand Rapids.

The afterglow (royal orange, cream and blue) at nine Monday night was breathtaking and would have been enjoyed till the last spot of color drained behind Grosse Île if those dive-bombing mosquitoes hadn't used me as a target operation - H.M. was successful.

Mrs. Walter Wigle's feeding tray for birds in her garden is a popular and interesting spot. The other afternoon we watched a male cardinal feeding its young from the tray and a saucy blue jay filling up, unconscious of the watchers admiring the gay plumage.



Early in the A.M. cool of the summer air Saturday, I took my breakfast out and sat on the back step and enjoyed the dense green foliage of the rounded top linden tree on the mound. Try eating outside at that time of day before you begin the hustle - it's very nice.

Because there are several teachers in this district who, along with others, are interested in four- and five-year old children getting a chance to work and play in a group, there just might be a nursery school in Amherstburg next year. So mothers of four- and five-year-old children who might be interested in the formation of a private nursery kindergarten for Amherstburg, Anderdon and Malden are asked to attend a meeting to be held in the library basement this (Thursday) evening at eight o'clock.

W.S. Woof returned home from a trip to London, England, Sunday night. While in London Mr. Woof walked over the Coronation route and was telling that the decorations were beautiful beyond description, that London outdid anything Hollywood could ever think up for extravagant, breath-taking effects, in such good taste embodying great beauty. Mr. Woof commented especially on London in Coronation dress at night, the annex at Westminster Abbey and the Abbey itself. There were so many sightseers in London after the coronation, Mr. Woof said, that the first time he went to the Abbey he couldn't get in and the second time he queued for 45 minutes. On Saturday I overheard Mrs. Hammond (who lives in one of those lovely houses on the river bank directly opposite the distillery) telling of their trip to London for the Coronation. She said that their seats were on the Mall and that the procession was wonderful and the Queen was very beautiful and gracious.



**July 16, 1953**

The blue hour between twilight and evening always has been a favorite time of day with me, but Sunday it was so particularly beautiful looking riverward that I was right under summer's spell.

Saw the wee Coronation Day baby girl, Caroline Elizabeth Butt of Harrow, with her aunt Miss Marie Butt when they were at the Sweet reunion in our park recently

and little "Lilibet" was a honey child.

Mrs. Anna Kopacz has a real green thumb and her garden of old fashioned blooms of every kind imaginable delights me.

When I was coming home from New York, I talked to a girl of 12 from North Dakota who asked if I knew where she could get a Pen Pal. Right away I was set back in mind to my early teens when we watched for addresses of Pen Pals in the old *Family Herald and Weekly Star*. That was a part of my growing up experience that I had pigeon-holed. I advised her to go to the library and look at the children's page in the *Christian Science Monitor*, for I often see Pen Pals listed there.

In S.S. #3, Colchester South the teacher, Mrs. Lauzon, has introduced square dancing to the pupils. She has a set of six- and seven-year-olds who are, I understand, as cute as cute when they do their sets but they take it so seriously and want to be so perfect that they don't smile very often when they're dancing. The seriousness of little children when they have anything to do is so sweet. To go on, this particular little group of square dancers appeared on television recently and the announcer, according to one mother, had to keep at the group to smile. But that was serious business for them and to smile was hard going. I can appreciate that. To think of feet, position, hands, music and calls was enough and wasn't a smiling matter. However, the group dancing is wonderful training and the spontaneous laughter as they doh-si-doh, will come later.

A woman is as well groomed as she looks from the rear, which fact many of us forget - crooked seams, run over heels, a skirt that's shorter in back, untidy hair at the back hair line, powder on our collars, dandruff on the back, all spell a seemingly well turned out face and becoming dress front. All this leads up to a much travelled delightful woman who was here recently who had a smart walk-away look even to small jeweled clips at the top of each plain black opera pump right beside the back seam of her shoe.



*July 23, 1953*

"Vincent Price to Be Put on Totem Pole" - Vincent Price, the only Hollywood

star with a 25-foot totem pole in his back yard, has launched plans for a remodeling of the unusual art object. A likeness of Price as the human monster in "House of Wax," true 3-D Natural Vision thriller in Color, will be added to the pole.

The election lethargy is serious - Look in J.A.M.'s "With the Tide" in the section entitled "Food for Thought" and carefully read what a German immigrant says about voting, and don't say, "It can't happen here."

The heavy golden month of July seemed relaxed and sleeping Sunday afternoon as the thermometer on our west porch became giddier and giddier. On sweltering Friday afternoon J.A.M. walked in with the books of Christmas cards and that idea of getting one's mind off one's self didn't work, I was too mired in self pity and stocky clothes. So will tell about cards for Christmas 1953 after the heat's been turned off.

Did you read this? - "Among the many examples of the outstanding camaraderie shown by the crowds in London on Coronation Day in spite of their drenching, I have this story from a friend who was watching in Pall Mall. At the first heavy shower of rain, everybody in his stand who had an umbrella passed it down to the crowds below. When the rain stopped not one failed to return."



*July 30, 1953*

Cards from Mrs. Murray Smith told of their wonderful experience of being in Edinburgh during the Little Coronation and its attendant gaiety.

The fall night music has begun around our house and it was the heady full moon this week, I guess, that gave me the impression that crickets in the bushes at the moat's edge were sawing away on a barn dance tune.

Hurrah! The jersey turban has been rediscovered, women friends. That style of his was so comfortable and when I used to wear them I felt as neat as far as hair was concerned at the end of a Harrow day as when I left home at 8:45 a.m. Now, I understand, the turban is returning to favor.

"Juke Box Keeps Quiet - for a fee"- was the heading which caught and held me - and the dispatch from London read, and we quote: "A British Juke-box firm has announced it is supplying clients with a model which will deliver three minutes of absolute silence. Putting a coin in the slot and pushing the proper button will turn up a record which just spins, emitting neither music nor conversation."

When I was away (my long trip, remember?) I had a charming young Virginian woman from Staunton say to me, "You don't sound Canadian," in her soft, well modulated voice that put my voice to shame. It was then I realized that the only word I used with the English pronunciation was schedule (shed) - that the Oxford dictionary is and has been my standby for spelling, but I've evidently swallowed a Webster until it's become part of me. Not that it matters, really, it's the way you say what you have to say that counts - but it does count to be a Canadian (I found that out too when travelling abroad) so it was a shock to hear that I didn't sound like one.

The following, entitled "A Matter of Vision," was clipped, but I liked it so am passing it along:

"You can make life fuller and happier for yourself and others if you have the right point of view. A small boy learned this when he asked his playmate, 'Wouldn't you hate to wear spectacles all the time?' 'No,' answered the playmate, 'not if I had my grandma's kind. You see, she sees how to fix a lot of things and sees lots of nice things to do on rainy days; she sees when folks are tired of sorrow and that'll make 'em feel better; and she always sees what you meant to do even if you haven't got things just right. I asked her one day how she could see that way all the time, and she said that it was the way she learned to look at things as she grew older. So it must be her spectacles.'"

Lingering Fragrance - a potpourri is a subject of recurrent interest - especially at this time of year. Commenting on the statement, "the fragrance of a potpourri will last for many years," I came across the testimony of a 75 year-old-woman who would like to testify to the fact that the fragrance of a potpourri can last for more than 100 years. Says the woman,

*When I was a child my mother kept in her "best room" a beautiful glass jar, lined with gold and filled with a potpourri prepared by her*

*grandmother, my great-grandmother, and I am now 75. The odor was so sweet I used sometimes to rob a tiny bit to put in my pinafore pocket. Some years ago, I saw the same old jar with its same old contents at my brother's home, and it still retained its sweet odor. Here is my grandmother's recipe: "Put well-dried rose leaves, orange blossoms, brown carnation and lavender flowers into a china or glass bowl and mix with half an ounce of salt. Cover it well and let it stand for 48 hours, stirring twice a day; then spread it on a clean paper in a shady place, cover it lightly and turn it now and then. When dried again, put it in a glass bowl, add 1 ounce can sugar, 1 ounce of shredded stick-cinnamon, 1 ounce ground clove, stir well. Moisten with Eau de Cologne; when thoroughly moist, add 1 ounce of oil of cloves and 1 ounce lemon oil; fill into closed glass jars, shake well and put them by - if after a long time the potpourri should be extremely dry, moisten it with a little Eau de Cologne."*



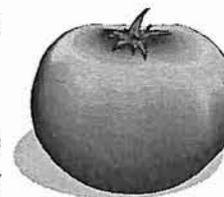
**August 6, 1953**

When Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Kendall were on their recent trip east, she was walking down the street in Montpelier, Vermont, and ran into friend Bob Park of Laird Avenue, neither knowing the other was away from Amherstburg.

Did you read the Council of East Budliegh, Devonshire, England, had promised a silver spoon to the first baby born after Coronation Day? So far, the 850-person population remains the same.

Last Saturday those tremulous white discs (Queen Anne's Lace) gave a summer-snow-effect in the field off Laird Avenue, so we picked some for our gay Italian pitcher and the effect was a flower showpiece.

A person after my own heart. Friend, whose children in the southern states wanted a taste of our luscious Essex County



home-grown tomatoes, bought 27 cents worth of the beauties last week and paid over three and one half dollars air mail special delivery postage to send them. But I'll wager the young people thought they were worth every penny.

One of our most precious privileges as Canadian women is to be able to vote - to vote by secret ballot - to vote as we see fit - to think for ourselves and vote. Voting Day is Monday and I do hope that the women of Canada get out to vote so that the Dominion-wide percentage of voters will be high. What will the suppressed countries think of our way of life if it isn't? We will lose face.



*August 13, 1953*

A picture and small write-up of Miss Mary Murray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Murray, appeared in the "Meet Your Teacher" column of the *London Free Press* one day last week.

This is the week for the sky scanners to watch for shooting stars. Also, August is the month to get up early and show the children both Mercury and Venus as morning stars.

Understand that after fair books, Dr. A.J. Cronin has come up with a dandy, "Beyond this Place."

From our house with the green maple leaf lace pattern draped down in the foreground, Cliff Wigle's coral-coloured house with its lime trim looks mighty nice.

Each of us has weather stories to tell this summer. As for me, the all-time uncomfortable weather low came last Tuesday after our Harrow trip. For although there was a teasing breeze, the heat and humidity made me melt, swelter and sizzle. Horrible combination for a business woman. So glad that the erring and the sizzling finally levelled off with that beautiful movie, "The Queen is Crowned," which took us from Amherstburg and its heat to London for the coronation.

Every once in a while busy city people who are so involved on a big scale and

do interesting "big" things, err (remember last Tuesday), or maybe it's a take-for-granted attitude or too small a question to be asked. Anyway, what I mean is - that Friday one of Detroit's best dailies carried a story of the ship *R.E. Moody* on ground off the B.M. dock, "one mile east of Amherstburg." That brought up a long-forgotten chuckle of the Detroit woman "who did such interesting things," commenting to us as we stood on the river bank at sunset time, "I never saw the sun set in the north before" - and then went rushing on in her conversation which was charming and entertaining. Sometime somebody will remind both the reporter and the club woman of their local geography.

In the debate which seems to wax hot and heavy so often these days on the subject of the youth of today vs. the youth of the good old days and which was better, I've always been on the side of today's youth. They are a fine lot and the shocking things which are done by some aren't any worse than things which were done in my generation by some who lacked guidance or were weak, or things that were done 60 years ago, as the following taken from the *Echo* file of August 11, 1892, will show: "Some boys and young men seem to think it great sport to change wheels on the buggies at the Malden Methodist Church while the people are attending the service. The offence has been committed several times and unless discontinued, someone will get into trouble."



*August 20, 1953*

Marguerite Gignac and John Bernard as young children were neighbors on the Anderdon front. They went to the same schools. They grew up and Marguerite went on with her musical education and last year received a scholarship to study voice in Italy. John joined the American Army and has been in Nuremberg, Germany, with the Army of Occupation. John is particularly fond of visiting Salzburg and Bertchesgarten when on furlough. When he and a pal got a three-day pass early in August they headed for their favorite spots. They arrived in Salzburg only to find they had missed the Bertchesgarten bus so had coffee in a café next to the Mozartium, the school of music. John looked in the music school and there was his old playmate and schoolmate Marguerite, who is studying there on her tour of 60 opera houses in Germany. John immediately went in to see her and they spent

two and one half hours together and had a wonderful time - after all they grew up together and knew all the same people so they had a lot to talk about. She told John that she was hungry for some good American food which as a civilian she never saw, so being in the army he quickly took care of that and at the American PX they had steak and American coffee and more talk.



*August 27, 1953*

The lazy frolicsome days of summer are nearly over, so my nose told me the other day when our office was filled with the smell of catsup.

The bustle, bristle and beauty of our river seemed to bombard me late Sunday and later the lovely blue hour seemed to be topped with lavender, then unblemished pink, making a surprising effect.

Well! the first three winners in the Baby Show at the Leamington Fair this year were boys. I felt like appealing the decision when I read that but cooled off a bit when later on in the article saw that the first winner, Kevin Geddes of Coatsworth, teamed up with his twin sister Karen and they walked off with the prize for twins.

Mrs. Malcolm Fox of Harrow came into a tea party which I attended in Harrow recently with her two daughters, aged about six and two years; all three wore the same smart dress and the mother and daughters' outfits certainly tickled this scribbler.

The parents of retarded children as a group in various centres, Windsor district included, are doing a great deal of study and work to fit their children for their place in our social structure. Now I see that London's first school for retarded children, operated and controlled by parents and other interested groups, will open September seventh. When John Hodgkins, a former Linotype operator at the *Echo*, was here last Saturday he told that his mother is a captain of a Girl Guide Company in London now for cerebral palsy girls. I often think that no one, men or women, need to get in the lonely "I walk alone" state, when there is so much that one can do for the other fellow, along this line. Groups like the retarded children, the cerebral

palsy, are crying for helpers.

One of Amherstburg's most accomplished young pianists, Miss Juliet Gabus, made such a hit when she played the Warsaw Concerto at the Essex County Night of Music Under the Stars in Windsor recently that she was asked to repeat her number two weeks ago, after which she received the following letter from Robert Oliver, assistant director of Public Relations for the sponsor of Music Under the Stars, the Ford Motor Company, and we quote: "We are pleased indeed you were able to fit Sunday evenings into your schedule for we have rarely received as many tributes to any number as your rendition of the Warsaw Concerto. The wind proved an unfriendly element at Music Under the Stars Sunday evening but even the wind did not mar a fine performance."

"Bob" Hamilton, who got his start in the printing business in the old *Echo* office on Ramsay Street, passed away in Detroit a fortnight ago, in his 80s. Mr. Hamilton was the son of James Hamilton and half-brother of the late Mrs. J.A. Auld. The Hamilton home was on the east side of Ramsay Street, about where Mrs. Charles Harris lives now. It was in his father's home that the first Methodist Church meetings were held in town. Mr. Hamilton, who was an old friend of our father, rose in the printing world in Detroit until on his retirement he was treasurer of the well-known printing supply firm Gregory, Mayer and Thom.

A few weeks ago, when Dr. Arnold McCormick died in Windsor, I was making enquiries about the background of the McCormick family and after two calls to Harrow I found exactly what I wanted in a "Commemorative Biographical Record of Essex County Families" published in 1905, and the book was right in our own sunroom. The families in this book should be brought up to date in some kind of a supplement and many, many others who have made a contribution to the progress of the County in every way added.. Why is it almost half a century since this invaluable book was written and much information will be lost if some person or organization doesn't do something about it soon, in a general way, I mean. David P. Botsford has many genealogical tables and information about Essex County families but his information is here at his office in the museum. The authors of the book in 1905 probably lost money but it's a dandy who's who.

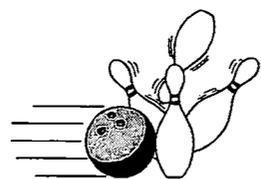


September 3, 1953

E.W. Simons of Toronto spent 12 days recently with Charles E. Bonsor. Bob Saito was Mr. Bonsor's weekend guest. He has gone on to the Toronto Exhibition.

Judy Dennison got home from a trip to Europe on Thursday. She was literally caught in France during the general strike in that country and from all accounts is lucky to be home so soon because of the disorganized state here.

Overheard at a wedding in Windsor on Saturday when three Detroit women were chatting: "This is the first Canadian wedding I have ever attended and I am impressed by the solemnity, the dignity and the tradition combined with the gaiety. I like Canadian weddings."



The bowling season is in the offing and the powers-that-be have changed the pins around so that there will be uniformity in the five-pin game across Canada. Now the five pin stands majestically in the middle and to score 15 a bowler has to get it. I fear that mediocre bowlers, such as I, are going to see averages slide.

In the sizzling heat Saturday morning I saw two older women getting out of a car up Dalhousie Street, both in smart pure white sundresses, and they looked as cool as ice cream. White really is the most becoming summer color to most of us and none of us wear enough of it because it's too hard to keep pure white - that's my reason.

On Thursday we had a couple of Canadian Comstock men working in the office because of the changeover Monday. When the younger man came in again he said that his pal Bob Stewart had passed away in his sleep Saturday at Port Stanley and added, "He sure didn't leave any enemies behind." That's a sincere tribute to a fellow worker.

This is the time of the year to think of Madonna lilies for next June. This lovely lily needs early planting, long before other lilies, to perform its best. I understand

that the Cascade strain of Madonna lilies is a new disease-resistant strain - so often as many of you gardeners know, Madonna lilies are attacked by disease so the Cascade strain sounds promising.

I found the following in the *Echo* 60 years ago this week and was highly amused: "Owing to the plethora of marriageable single ladies in town, we find the term 'old maid' is being discarded for that of 'girl bachelor'." In case you didn't know what editor J.A. Auld or editor W.D. Balfour meant by "plethora" (as I didn't), old faithful Oxford dictionary says "unhealthy repletion" - or in my language, more girls than men.

I was really deeply moved by a book which we have just read called "The Sojourner" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, the author of "The Yearling." This was the story of a good man, Asahel Linden, who lived on a farm in one of the central Atlantic states during that period from 1880 to the Second World War. This is Mrs. Rawlings' first book in 10 years and is excellent reading.

"City in Ice," a snapshot submitted to the *Detroit Free Press* by Donn M. Chown [and] reproduced in Sunday's paper, was judged winner in Scenes and Still Life class. After September sixth the judges will pick four grand prize winners from the 52 prize winners during the summer contest and these will be entered in the 1953 Newspaper National Snapshot contest. Mr. Chown, who is on the staff at WJR radio station, and his family have been our summer guests for several seasons and are favorably known here. He is an amateur photographer and has an eye for beauty and certainly knows how to catch his subjects, animate or inanimate, to make a fine study. We wish him well in the national contest. This picture, "City in Ice," was taken looking down their street in a sleet storm last winter after the street lights were on - and the result was good.



September 10, 1953

Mrs. Ray Duby's gladioli won the first prize at the Essex Scottish Flower show in Windsor last week. For her beautiful display Mrs. Duby was awarded the Liscombe Trophy.

Delighted at the following fashion note: John Frederics (the designer) makes the turban in many versions - striped cotton, striped and plain jerseys, printed corduroy. Some have high crowns to be worn back on the head, others smooth fitted crowns, draped and moulded to the head.

The best of the Summer Show of Sunsets was on display Friday evening after the long-drawn-out, over-90-degree heat wave broke and the welcome rain of the late afternoon was over. The west was ablaze with gorgeous gold and the golden rays of the burning sun lighted the trees and grass in spotlight effect, making a spectacular almost breath-taking stage setting all around. To cap it all there was a perfect rainbow.

Fish stories are floating around these days. It seems that when Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Stevenson were holidaying at Honey Harbor she caught a 15-pound fish and was thrilled no end - surely it was a maskalonge, she thought. She asked the old-timer about it and he deflated her badly by saying, "Oh! A dog fish, nothing to do but bury it." Mrs. Stevenson found out later after consulting the dictionary that the dog fish is a species of shark.

Much to the surprise and consternation of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Shay, right after their marriage in St. Alban's Church Saturday week co-workers of the groom at McDonald Trucking Company had a gaily decorated truck waiting for them as they came out of the church to take them to Harrow. So, accompanied by their wedding party, parents and the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Levergood and Mrs. and Mrs. Oliver Hubbell, they rode in state to the home of the bride's great-grandfather, Mr. Adrian Levergood, so that he could see his bride great-granddaughter and have a part in the happiness of her wedding day.



*September 17, 1953*

Plastic measuring spoons in red, blue, yellow and green tied together with a small bell on a long string make fascinating toy for a tiny baby. Colored plastic

measuring cups strung across the crib on a string also make a delightful clang.

Thoroughly enjoyed the following story entitled, "Stop! Thief!" from Provo, Utah. And we quote: "Sterling Ercanbrack planted half a bushel of tulip bulbs in his garden last fall. But the choice bulbs were stolen. The mystery cleared when the bulbs blossomed high on a mountainside above Ercanbrack's canyon home. Squirrels had cached them for future use."

Iris Holdup and her two children are returning home to Amherstburg next Tuesday by air from England, where they have spent the past two months. Mrs. Holdup sent me a card from the Margaret Morris Summer School at Haslemere, Surrey, England, where she was spending two weeks taking a refresher course. "First," she wrote, "we have a limbering class where everybody joins in from four to 60." And, continuing, said, "Then we adjourn to our standards. This is taken by men and women. We also paint and have classes to mime and relaxation and musical evenings. I have my two children with me and they are partaking Margaret Movement at the children's classes."

We're fast getting from the summer flower stage into the chrysanthemums and the bulb planting - for spring stages. The lovely tulip bloom which in the fall live in imagination only give a great deal of pleasure as the bulbs are planted in clumps for the reserve fund of beauty in the spring. Tulips belong to the lily family and grow wild in Turkey and all through Asia Minor and into Siberia. They were brought to northern Europe in the 16<sup>th</sup> century by an Austrian ambassador to Turkey and swiftly captured the hearts of Netherlanders, who have been raising them ever since. Holland-grown bulbs still are considered most choice and are probably the kind your dealer sells you, wherever he may be.



According to the National Kindergarten Association, there is such a terrible need for more preschool classes in the U.S. today that "as least two million 5-year-olds" will not be able to find kindergartens which have room for them this fall. The National Kindergarten Association, organized in 1909, has just issued an interesting statement that formal education should begin before a child has to register for grade school. The child who attends kindergarten and who has perhaps attended nursery

school has learned how to do his own thinking to a certain extent. Children who have had no experience with strangers, who had been kept close to home with only adults to amuse them, find it very difficult to let their mothers leave them, while the youngsters after nursery or kindergarten training get that training in the beginning of self reliance, which is invaluable. I'm very pleased with the Nursery-Kindergarten School which has been organized in Amherstburg and hope that the children enjoy working and playing and learning together with others of preschool age.

In the world of women. This fall and winter season we can sparkle all we want. I'm delighted with the glitter on sweaters, hats (even sparkle-studded veils), suits and shoes.

I've dreaded the day that the wrecking company would move into Amherstburg to demolish the old building which housed the Bank of Montreal. That building gave a definite old world flavor to the centre of the town and, in my estimation, was part of Amherstburg's charm. Well, the work on the demolition has begun, but the four chimney pots are still stretching high as I write. Even though architecturally the old building has been changed a bit since my youth, every time I go by I think of the dappled horse that stood inside on the Dalhousie Street side in Mr. W.T. Wilkinson's time and can imagine I smell the leather from his harness shop. This too will be gone soon, and soon the effect of the sky through those old world chimneys will be just a memory - but it was lovely to look at while it lasted.



*September 24, 1953*

Mrs. A.L. Sonley's deft miniature flower arrangements make a hit with me. Every house should have a music box, I think, for there is nothing like that sweet, tinkling music to drive cares away.

Being interested in women invading men's world and making a success, I've got a candidate for "What's My Line" - it's our young, attractive, deft-fingered Miss Lena Gumierato, a linotype operator at the *Echo*.

There was beauty in the 7:30 evening hour Monday as I looked at the Man in the full blown Harvest Moon over the park actually smiling at the generous sweeps of cerise, wedgewood blue and pink applied in modern fashion in the afterglow in the northwest.

Twins to me are interesting and I certainly get a laugh at myself over the identical grown-up twins, Mrs. Ball and Mrs. Doherty. I know Mrs. Ball but not her sister so when I make a friendly gesture to the woman in the car in front of the office and she thinks it's for someone else and disregards it, I know it's not Mike this time, but Ike.

Robert N. Noble of King St. South is president of the Bowmen's Association and under his direction there was an archery tournament at the Murray Mitchell farm a few weeks ago. It seems that Mr. Noble became interested in this sport 16 years ago when he tried his luck and aim with the bow and arrow at a concession in a midway for a nickel a shot. He is so enthusiastic about the sport that he has hunted deer with a bow and arrow in Northern Michigan.

After the simmering heat of late August, which is still a lively topic of conversation, I've been thoroughly enjoying the few occasions of gentle rain since, when (as Saturday morning) I could go coatless and let it fall on my arms and pat my face. I just can't seem to get enough of the soothing effect of the rain - probably because I'm one who loves a rainy day - it's like a "shot" to me.

A gorgeous new fiery red dahlia has been named for the late Malcolm Bingay of the *Detroit Free Press*, who, as most newspapermen would like if they had a choice, wrote 30 to his career and life while working at his desk recently. This fine Detroit newspaperman, whom we all knew through his writings on world events or the man in the street, enjoyed flowers and took time in his busy life to work with and appreciate them - so the new Malcolm Bingay dahlia is a fitting tribute.



*October 1, 1953*

The rustle of the wind fingering the brittle corn leaves in a field en route from

Harrow to Amherstburg on Friday certainly foretokens Autumn and tells of the nuggets which will soon spill into the cribs.

The enthusiastic Mrs. A.E. Pennington told of buying a blue spruce tree in the harvest moonlight last Tuesday - of the beauty of the moonbeams on the evergreens and also on the pears and plums in a nearby orchard.

We usually listen to "In Our Opinion" at 12:30 Sundays, and Sunday heard of the Brain Washing (I delighted in the definite clear understanding of that new expression to me) to be given the U.N. Soldiers indoctrinated with Communism while prisoners in Korea.

Visiting with friends is the best part of the Harrow Fair in my books. A chat and leisurely exchange of greetings is good for all of us in our busy life when going to see friends without reason seems to be becoming a thing of the past.

Last week when the late afternoon and also the moonlit world were so beautiful and the shadows long and dense, I thought that if only my geometry teacher had explained parallels, perpendicular effects, circumference of shade, angles, etc. using the early fall shadows as illustrations, I wouldn't have found the subject so abstract.

The new 3D film "The Robe," adapted from the book by the same name written by Lloyd O. Douglas, is making a hit, I read, with discriminating movie goers and with the sophisticated New York audiences. This beautiful, simple story of Jesus' robe and the people influenced by it made a fine book so the cinemascope should be excellent.



**October 8, 1953**

Saturday morning in the golden heat I watched three pairs of wild canaries in the cherry tree. They darted and whispered and chuckled and made sweet flute-like sounds - about their trip south, I presume.

The time of Thanksgiving is at hand - Thanks for the colorama - Thanks for the

harvest despite the dry weather - Thanks for the general good health of the community and thanks for our optimistic attitude for a good future.

When autumn comes it always seems that there is nothing lovelier than an autumn perennial garden. As we swing now into the climax of the year and the leaves are beginning to turn, the gardens glow, as I noticed Sunday in the Alma, Fort and Balaclava districts, with autumn colors that seem unsurpassed for glory despite our dry weather. The zinnias in the gardens certainly give a lift to the passerby and I chuckled as I admired when I thought of the woman who said, "I don't like zinnias. They stare." The chrysanthemums, I noticed, would soon be having their heyday. This important garden flower has been in cultivation in various parts of the world for 3000 years, for chrysanthemums are native to China, Mongolia, Korea, and centuries ago were introduced into Japan. The name itself is the Greek for "golden flower." In the same family is the little aster daisy, *C. arcticum*, of our rock gardens, the common white daisy of our fields, the pyrethrum painted daisy, and the handsome shasta daisy of our summer borders. In addition to the Korean hybrids in their beautiful bronzy tones, we will see soon, I hope, the quaint spoon and spider types of mums, the gay little button pompons and big cushion blooms of all the autumn colors, including the reds, golds, bronzes, mahoganies, plus whites and pinks.



**October 15, 1953**

Mrs. Rhona DeHetre, who is visiting in California, won \$500 on a recent Bob Crosby show.

A big white cactus, which only blooms once a year, and then only for an hour, delighted Mr. and Mrs. John Gray at the greenhouse Saturday evening at 10:30.

"The more you know her the better you like her" was the tribute paid a Harrow friend Tuesday, and I thought that that "Flower for the Living" was a wonderful compliment - for people who "wear well" over a long period of time and in all kinds of situations which crop up with close friends are hard to find.

Homer, the McKennas' South American alligator, which they brought home from Florida nine months ago, died Saturday. The alligator fed on minnows, lived in comparative good health in their sun garden for the past nine months but last week took sick and finally succumbed - and they all felt badly.

After seeing Cinerama the other night, I marvel all the more at the accuracy of our geographers through the ages before air travel. Cinerama is marvelous and its depth dimensional and wonderful sound qualities introduce its audience to the new type of entertainment, more than worth the effort of a trip to Detroit.

In the long ago days in Britain and in the new world in Colonial days, flowers were never used on dining tables because I believe the idea was that there was to be nothing but food on a dining table, so often centerpieces were beautiful arrangements of fruit or an epergne. At this beautiful Thanksgiving time in Essex County a fruit centrepiece could make dining a gracious event.

Speaking of our Thanksgiving weekend - the color round about was beautiful, especially in the evening Monday when the pink from the west seemed to be not only reflected on the river but on the golden carpet in the park and on the green, the bronze, the reds and yellows. I really feel sorry for the merchants, for who wants to think of winter togs with warmish, almost summer-clothes weather.

The Harrow B. and P.W. Club sponsored a series of lessons in ceramics last year with Mrs. Percy Waldron as teacher. This being Business Women's Week, the club, to show the public some of the activities, has an exhibit of the pottery done by the class in Cunningham's window. It is all handmade, the artists' creative efforts being their own ideas, and were all the way through from clay to finished product, and this reporter found the exhibit good and interesting.



*October 22, 1953*

The jade of the wheat fields (Harrow-Amherstburg, my beat) is lovely in contrast to the late October country side.

Margaret Callam Goebel has an anonymous article about her husband, the mayor of Grand Rapids, accepted for the November *Atlantic Monthly*.

We are enjoying garden huckleberries from the Leonard Bedal garden in Harrow. This type of fruit grows in clusters on a plant about as high as a tomato plant - and the fruit is so satisfactory in that it keeps well and is delicious for pies or preserves.

We had an enjoyable tour of our town and environs Sunday - (I still think some local society could make money on a town and garden tour). We went up the bank and down the bank looking at the colors, the new homes, the laughing river and the gardens. We went to the new town housing development, to see the new homes in Anderdon, to the King Flynn Subdivision and to the cemetery. We saw the growth and beauty of our community and were truly amazed.

It won't be long before the Christmas rush (that I revel in) and the Christmas card fun will begin - which reminds me that three or four weeks ago in the heat, friend said that she had all her Christmas cards ready for mailing - imagine that type of manager of self. As for me, the fun of the season I want to time properly. Which brings me to a point. Christmas card catalogues and also new wedding invitations (formal note paper styles) catalogues in modern type and size have come into the office - and we are all very pleased with their smartness in design.

Mrs. Walter Reaume, our librarian, brought in thumb-nail sketches of two new books in the library which we thought would give a dash to this column - Here they are - "The Vermillion Gate" by Lin Yutang. The story begins in the Far West of China in the ancient capital of Sion. Here there are few of the sophisticated Chinese. Joan, the lovely heroine, is the woman indomitable. Le Tei, her lover, a brilliant newspaper correspondent. Her father a pathetic scholar and her cousin a slick new Chinese business man. Many comic scenes and the description of natural scenery are vivid, at no point is the dramatic unfolding of the love story permitted to lag. "Come My Beloved" by Pearl Buck. India is the setting for this story of three generations of men who, each in his own way, struggled to attain the highest good and in doing so struggled also to help others. David, an American millionaire, tried to help the Indian poor by means of his wealth, but was enraged when his son decided to live in India as a missionary. The grandson went a step further by living

with the villagers in their mud huts. This is a very understanding and moving story.



*October 29, 1953*

Saw blue mist over the river at its best Monday at six.

Mrs. John Readman sent me a "Last Rose of Summer," a Pres. Hoover rose, Tuesday - and Mr. Readman said that there were still 18 roses on the bush ready to salute November.

The All Saints' Church Choir of Detroit, with Ian Thomson directing, will present the cantata, "The Prodigal Son" in Christ Church, Amherstburg, Sunday evening, November the 15<sup>th</sup>. This musical treat is following the dedication of the Memorial Sanctuary in Christ Church on the evening of Remembrance Day, so that music lovers can enjoy the cantata in the new setting.

It's what you put into life that you get out of it - I feel. The little kind, inconsequential (to the doer) things that a person does come back fourfold sooner or later. When I hear that friend Mrs. Guy Brush in Harrow has received over 800 cards and has had over 300 visitors since her hip operation (she will be in a complete body cast until Christmas), I say, "Friends are just getting back at her for her thoughtfulness and kindness to so many people through the years."

The famous Sadler's Wells Ballet from England is on its American tour and will be in Detroit for two nights next week. This company presents the very finest in ballet, I understand. The first night will be devoted to the new production of Tchaikovsky's entire "Swan Lake" in four acts. The Thursday program will offer the ballet first presented in honor of Queen Elizabeth, "Homage to the Queen," staged by Frederick Ashton to a new score by Malcolm Arnold.

Banana Belt Stop Press news in the flower world - nasturtiums in profusion almost hidden by windswept leaves which banked over them - nasturtiums in turquoise blue bowl which were enjoyed all week. Also a small bouquet of pink snaps and dark blue forget-me-nots in a blue Wedgewood pitcher gave delight as

October glided by (and it is hard to realize that it's over). I like the following sad sweet story of the forget-me-not: German lore tells us that the tiny blue blossom got its name from an episode involving a knight, his lady love and the Blue Danube. The young woman saw a spray of blue flowers, dislodged by the water, about to be swept downstream. Whimsically she begged her lover to fetch them for her. He plunged into the water, grasped the blossoms, and got caught in a whirlpool. He struggled in vain for shore and cried to his weeping lady: "Vergissmeinnicht!" ("Forget-me-not!") And so the blossom was named.



*November 5, 1953*

Mrs. Sarah Knapp Hughson of Colchester South, who lives now with her son Gordon and grandson Duncan near Cottam, celebrated her 103<sup>rd</sup> birthday on Tuesday. Born in 1850, she has been part of a wonderful century and is still able to be up and around little every day enjoying the bodily comfort of the 1953 home. But, as so often happens, the body carries on when the mind tires and we forget.

The skirts are shorter and Oh! silver glitters on the ultra-modern woman's stocking seams - but I still, despite the glamorized seams, prefer seamless stockings, for I loathe the Leaning-Tower-of-Pisa look from the rear and so often have it so I use my silver on my ears.

Every time I get cornered on the Comic Strip Characters and have to confess I don't know them, I resolve to read the funnies every night so that I, too, can have at least a "speaking acquaintance." One night last week Mrs. Clifford Wigle and Susan went to a Girl Guides party as Cap Stubbs and his Grandma and I felt sheepish when I didn't recognize Grandma, because she was complete in every detail.

An easy way to say thank you, I thought and we quote - "The rectory mortgage for St. James Episcopal Church in Hartford, Connecticut, is being paid off in a unique manner. Before every meal in every home in the church parish each member of the family drops a penny into a small pence can that is standard equipment on the table along with the salt and pepper shakers."

I resent Mr. Winchell's "Queen Liz."

A children's Story Hour will be held in the Library basement at 10 a.m. on Saturdays, with Miss Ethel Alexander as story teller.

Sound has color - as I found out Monday morning when on my left came the sound of the lawn mower on Miss Hutchins' lawn (the green of it) and on my right one-two-three of the freighters' whistles on the fog bound river (the grey of it).

Because of the Rotary Hallowe'en party in the park and the Plus-20 Club Children's party in Wesley Church, so far as we were concerned we had only a few "Trick or Treat" callers on Hallowe'en night. I'd say 20 children in all and most of them hadn't attended the large get-togethers as "they thought they'd do better at the houses" - and there wasn't a caller nor a sound of celebration in our neighborhood after 9:30.



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McKinley have a beautiful chrysanthemum show in their garden on Seymore Street at the moment. They collect varieties of chrysanthemums and have 66 different kind from button varieties in all their shaggy types in all their various colours in their garden. Mrs. McKinley told me that she really hit the jackpot this year so far as her chrysanthemums show is concerned because of the glorious weather so late in the season; ordinarily, she said, some of the late blooming varieties blooming outside now would have to be brought inside for indoor blooms so they wouldn't be bitten by frost.



*November 12, 1953*

Our office is always open on Wednesday afternoon. Many people have the mistaken idea that because the stores are closed Wednesday, we are too. Our half holiday is on Saturday - which makes a nice weekend.

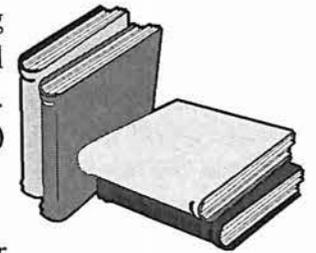
In the weather department last week - from glorious sunshine and flowers to

snowflakes riding the sun's rays Thursday morning to rain on Saturday which brought a light river mist showing opal, grey and amethyst.

Of late I have read parts of "This I Believe," which was written by Edward R. Murrow (my favorite of all newscasters), which is a compilation of the philosophies of living successful Americans in all walks of life who unfold their personal philosophy, tell what they deem important in life and give the personal rules by which they run their own lives. This is a dandy book for the bedside table or for reading out loud.

A few weeks ago we read that the supermarket originator Clarence Saunders had died in Memphis. Now people talk of the good old days, the days of the penny candy and what children miss nowadays. We of my generation had penny candy but we didn't have the wonderful food markets and I never had a ride in a grocery cart around a grocery store and I'd like the experience, as the children of today have.

The glamorous dresses for late afternoon activities delight me this year. I don't think that I ever saw more becoming, actually pretty, styles for every age and type of figure than the magazines are showing for us this fall. The necklines are so becoming and feminine and the skirts, whether a sheath or a full one, smart or swishy. The chic little accompanying hats make me want to jump right into the late day social swim. Too bad so many of us have to work in the late day. But I do like to look at what the other half (the non-workers) wear.



I was (and still am) a bookworm and I'm thankful, for books have helped, brought much comfort and healing qualities to me all my life (the whodunits are relaxing to me). Book people have always been real to me and that's why I like to see an increase in the juvenile circulation report at our library and am pleased with The Story Hour as well as Young Canada Book Week program there. Get reading interests started young and they usually are lasting. Children behave pretty much the same from generation to generation despite those who say that TV cowboy friends will be forgotten in time, but children's reactions are static despite the difference in tools and toys and I think that today's youngsters are finding book people just as real as we did. But I would advise parents to help out

with the child's out-of-school reading program. A little enthusiasm and interest in book characters by parents will help the teacher and librarian to get that love of reading background built up so that in later years in life, time doesn't hang heavy - and we all haven't TVs. I hope many parents get up to the library this week to see what Young Canada can read.



**November 19, 1953**

The *Amherstburg Echo*, today November the 19<sup>th</sup>, is celebrating its 79<sup>th</sup> birthday. And on the dateline in the masthead to the life this paper proclaims its age, ie, Volume 79, No. 1.

It's my insatiable curiosity again - whenever I see a woman (big or little) on the street with her hair done up in pin curls, I wonder where they are going that night and if I'm missing out on something important.

Amherstburg mother and young son were chatting about his health habits. In a pensive mood he said, "Gee you're a good mother, you keep me in clean clothes and keep them mended and are a good cook, but gosh! Mom, I wish you were pretty."

Five weeks until Christmas - golf games are still on the sports' calendar - Murray, young son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Fox, brought in a dandelion - bare legged, hatless and sweated children played most of Sunday afternoon at the park and the warm sunshine pouring in the house was very friendly to the coal pile.

I liked that paragraph of President Eisenhower's address in Ottawa last week to a joint session of the House of Commons and Senate when he said with all sincerity: "Canada rich in natural gifts, far richer in human character and genius, has earned the gratitude and affectionate respect of all who cherish freedom and seek peace ... Your country, my country - each is a better and stronger and more influential nation because each can rely upon every resource of the other in days of crisis... Beyond the shadow of the atomic cloud, the horizon is bright with promise. No shadow can

halt our advance together."



For the past two summers, the profusion of geraniums in the garden at the home of Messrs. Menzies and O'Beay on Fort Malden Drive, have been so startlingly lovely and glamorous that I felt like quoting bits of Cinderella whenever I saw them - Cinderella, formerly the humble geranium, with all the poise in the world, now I see that (and we quote): "Public passion for geraniums is even greater than members of the Garden Clubs of Ontario estimate when they brought in a hundred varieties from California, Wisconsin and Bermuda for exhibition at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto this week. An early release stated that the collection would be presented later to the O.A.C. at Guelph and University of Toronto Botanical Gardens. Already staffs at these places have been snowed under with requests for cuttings. Geraniums are readily propagated, as the seed catalogues say, but not that readily. A few will be purchasable from commercial growers who have been developing them and, in time, half the window sills in Ontario will be made more interesting as a result of the Garden Club's philanthropic gesture."



**November 26, 1953**

The rain on Tuesday was a wonderful pre-Christmas present to the parched land - only it was too little and too gentle.

December first blues - every year I get a strange nostalgic feeling because my friends the freighters having finished their season's work are rapidly berthing for the winter. I miss seeing and hearing them.

Last year I was fascinated by a tinkling Swedish Angels Christmas table centrepiece. They were new, different and whimsical. This year they seem very popular (according to Toronto paper advertisements) and the music box sounds will delight many a family at Christmas.

What a heartache our Queen and her husband must have had on Monday when they left their children, their family and their home and started off on a six months'

long trip around the world - A goodwill mission. Their position is not enviable and for them we add our prayers to those of everyone else in the Commonwealth - God bless them when they are away, Good trip and Safe Return.

Before the mercury began to dip on Friday (not much, but a little after the heat records which sent it sky-high the Tuesday before) I saw a beautiful winter scene looking southeast from the kitchen across the park through the lifted bare arms of the maples to the great red sun suspended low in a pale grey morning sky. In the immediate foreground close to the window on a lilac branch and seemingly right in the middle of the sun-ball was a sparrow. If I hadn't looked down at green grass or north at a tree with leaves still on, I would have pitied the cold hungry thing in that preview of winter picture.

In the quiz on general information at the public library Friday evening, in a program for Young Canada Book Week, a question regarding the three primary colors was asked and several of the young seventh and eighth graders from both schools taking part went down on it, leaving John Greenaway, the last student standing, to name the colors - and win the match. I laughed inwardly at an example of another difference in equipment now and then, for in the good old days in my youth paint boxes contained only the three primary colors, so they were very, very familiar.



### **December 3, 1953**

The modern 76-year-old mother - time Monday a.m. - and we quote, "Bring home the *Globe*, so I can read about the Grey Cup Football game in Toronto Saturday."

The world was lightly snow-covered Friday morning and there was beauty around. Christmas card beauty which was stimulating to me.

Did you notice that up until Monday (as I'm writing) the willows on Bob-Lo hadn't lost their leaves? - and that splash of yellow across the river gave a dash to greyness of day.



Says the *Peterborough Examiner* - "Young Canadians have some ambition, though this quality is not so common as we wish it were. Many of them want to get on in life and improve their circumstances. Yet hundreds of thousands of them are too stupid and lazy to realize that a study of their own language in all its variety is one of the keys to promotion." - Right along this line I talked to a salesman father of an eight-year-old son recently and he said that every week he tacked up a new word in the bathroom and discussed it with his son, and son had to familiarize himself with it and make it workable (add it to his vocabulary). The father went on to say that a good vocabulary and correctly constructed sentences are invaluable in his business, so he was doing a little preparatory ground work for son's future.

This good old Banana Belt lived up to its name Sunday when in the biting dampness I picked two perfect calendulas and carried them without care to Sarnia, to wish (in one of the colors of the McQueen Marine) our many friends there the best of luck and success of the tremendous job of raising the German freighter *Wallscliff* up and safely over the last step of rock (as it were) at the Channel bank so that they can pull the ship into shallows at the shore. This job has been most hazardous because of the lateness of the season, the current and the steps or ledges the sunken ship had to be hauled up and over before the patch can be put on. A flower from home, I thought, would mean and say a lot, that is, a quick, safe conclusion of the job.



### **December 10, 1953**

March and April weather, complete with a rainbow on Sunday, shoved December right into the background over the weekend. The rain even filled up the spots in the wheat fields, I noticed, so that a more optimistic view of the crop is being shown.

It is not very often one sees color in outside chrysanthemums on December eight, but Mrs. C.F. Arner, Harrow, had bunch after bunch of chrysanthemums gay in noon sunshine Tuesday. We silly people are forcing lilacs. The green buds were unfurling a bit outside so we've enjoyed seeing what they would do indoors in December.



In the past fortnight I have attended two high school concerts and at each was attracted by the poise and the clothes of the young high school women. The girls nowadays, I thought, know how to dress and know what suits their particular style. Their "heels" (and I noticed most girls wore them that night) gave them added poise and carriage so that their pretty dresses showed off to much better advantage.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Jones were in Salt Lake City, they visited the Mormon Church and heard the wonderful choir. Mr. Jones said that they were asked there if they listened to the broadcast on Sunday mornings and were pleased to find that tourists from Canada were familiar with the program from the crossroads of the west. As for B.M. [Bessie Marsh] and H.M. [Helen Marsh], we are enthusiastic over the wonderful music from Salt Lake City and can readily understand why Lowell Thomas picked that choir to sing "America the Beautiful" in Cinerama.



*December 17, 1953*

The snow on Monday was a delight to me. Christmas really is coming I thought, despite the fact that on Saturday the occasional news of May's flowers still blooming, had sort of anaesthetized my thinking on the most Important Day of our Christian way of life.

After 30 months in Europe with the U.S. Army of Occupation, John Bernard is spending a pre-discharge furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Bernard. "Home for Good," he said, "But I certainly saw everything there was to see while there, operas, museums, churches, places of interest." All this will stand that lad in good stead I thought, a full storage bin of information on many subjects cultural in particular, certainly pays dividends when we get to the final period of life.



*December 24, 1953*

Merry, Merry Christmas to all.

I grant that "cut flowers last longer if kept out of heat or drafts and away from direct sunshine" but I want my Christmas flower friends around this weekend so that I can enjoy every moment of them.

Two weeks ago in this column I commented on the branches of lilac which we were forcing indoors - well, never before have I actually watched the lilac leaves unfold and that is exactly what is happening in our living room and B.M. and I are thoroughly enjoying this Christmas 1953 phenomenon (to us at least as we are not florists).

I was squelched so often last week because of my enthusiasm for the touch of winter. En route to Harrow (on the Malden-Colchester town line) last Tuesday I was ecstatic over the snow outlining the west side of the trees, the white ground and the blues of the sky over the lake. As I commented on this and that, my brother told me to come down to earth and think of the slippery roads. "The 90 degree heat for me any day", he countered. So right on top of that I found a poem by Gertrude Johnson entitled Florida Christmas which describes J.A.M.'s ideas and many others, to a T -

"When winter clutches the window sill  
Etching the pane with an icy quill,  
My heart is where the south wind showers  
Petals beneath December's flowers.  
Like Yule log smoke, the Spanish moss  
Drifts below the live oak's gloss.  
Palm sheltered, I glimpsed a shepherd band,  
Hear camels shuffling through the sand."



*December 31, 1953*

Twittering of birds in the balmy air Tuesday morning after sunrise were truly Spring sounds.

Faith, health and happiness (a combination for contentment) is my New Year's wish for you and you.

Mary Simone Meloche gave us some almonds at Christmas time which were sent by her grandmother in Italy and picked from a tree in her garden - fresh almonds the like of which I had never tasted before.

Mrs. Charles Rogers is at Daytona Beach in Florida with her great niece. Now the great niece has a daughter and the daughter has a daughter — so what relation is the last daughter to Mrs. Rogers.



*January 7, 1954*

I like the soft looking full skirted dresses and smart hats our Queen Elizabeth has been wearing in New Zealand.

A New Year's Day lamb was born at the Clarence Edmonds farm in Colchester South. That news, the clear pastels in the sunrises these days and the tweet! tweets! round about, defy the calendar.

“Peace on Earth, Good will toward Men”  
“Unless within my heart I hold abiding peace.  
No League of Nations can succeed  
Nor will strife cease.  
If I, myself, see every fault  
In kin or friend  
The world may never see the day

When wars will end.”

The above was written by hand (a task at Christmas, but much appreciated) by Flora Hodgman Temple of Detroit, on the inside of the cover of her stunning Christmas cards, back to back with a beautiful picture of the United Nations Buildings in New York taken from a painting by Reinhold Naegele.



*January 14, 1954*

Asked Malden friend if he were going to take a winter trip this year and quick as a flash “I've got a new oil burner, so have to stay home to get my money's worth.

Rhinestones are out according to current New York fashion showings - pushed aside by buttons and bows. Say those behind our styling that the flash-detailing era is over making way for fine embroidery, the artful tuck, the draping of the sash, the edging of lace and buttons where there used to be rhinestones. Wonder where that real Venetian Point lace is that I had on a dress way back when. I must find it for a touch on my b.b. (Best black) - and be ahead of the times.

Some presiding officers I've noticed at the various meetings I attend have a fine conversational tone when presenting their agenda - similar to the tone of voice which we use naturally to communicate ideas to one another. This tone I find while listening in, is alive and understandable and much more effective than the artificial inflection used by other chairmen. While thinking along this line (and mentally comparing) I ran across what Professor Henry Cecil Wyld of Oxford University is quoted as saying, “As a matter of fact, the platform or pulpit pronunciation of the best public speakers hardly differs from that of the home circle.”

Blaze, a new giant hybrid Zinnia, was the sole winner of the 1954 All-America selections in the flower world. It's big fluffy blooms are brilliant mandarin red, changing to a fiery scarlet in full flower. Petals, I understand and saw in the pictures of it, are in profusion quilled and fluted on flowers up to five inches across. Blaze is a dahlia-flowered zinnia. Blaze is this year's leader among new annuals, but there are several other new flowers worth trying. For years growers have been trying to

develop a white marigold, and have come up with one this year that is distinctly on the way. Appropriately named Man-in-the-Moon, it is a carnation-flowered African type of palest yellow with lighter high lights. Also new is a red-dish-orange marigold, also African but peony-flowered, named Indian Chief Smiles is a third, with golden yellow flowers three inches or more across. And if you are partial to the dwarf French types, you can have a new color thrill in Tangerine, with its double tangerine-orange flowers borne on mound-like plants. Also new among annuals is a larkspur so sturdy that it might be taken for a delphinium. New Giant Steeplechase in typical delphinium colors, tall, very double and excellent for cutting.

Mrs. Charles Lypps of Colchester South has known seven generations of the William Waldron family.

All of a sudden there was ice floating down the river Monday and white feathery touches of snow in the noon day sun - and a cardinal giving color interest.

The following true story is sweeter than sweet. The Saltmarches, Ken and Judy came to Amherstburg with their year-old twin boys three years ago and bought the Nora and Helen Golden home at the corner of Fort and Sandwich. They loved that home, they did the decorating, made furniture, gardened, made a sun deck and thoroughly enjoyed putting themselves into their home. Circumstances are such that next week they are moving back to Windsor for a few years so must rent their home. They so completely enjoyed their home that wanting others to enjoy it, advertised it for rent, stipulating that only people with children need apply.

Although I'm not a statistician nor even an eighth-grade mathematician, I feel that this paper and this column must for the sake of the 60 years column (imagine 2024) give a summing up of the 1953 weather, so here goes: The year just past we understand was one of the warmest, driest years in the history of the Detroit district (and as we're in the fringe area, that means us). Fuel consumption was down and water consumption up. Despite the hot-weather efforts with which Detroiters and suburbanites almost burned out the waterworks, the season continued so dry that foresters fear many trees and shrubs never will bud again. Notable for a shortage of snow and cold, 1953 also was the year of an 11 day record-breaking heat wave an unusually high total of hot days. But it was not just summer which made 1953

warm - 11 months were above normal in temperature. Not only were the winter months at both ends of the calendar mild, but the long Indian summer lingers in pleasant memory. Biggest weather events in years were the tornadoes which surrounded Detroit, but they did not touch the city. They did, however, make Detroiters twister-conscious and the Weather Bureau was plagued with false reports every time the summer sky darkened.



*January 21, 1954*

The following is not original but I like it so will quote:

“It is often asked, “How can an individual citizen contribute to world peace?”

One answer, in four parts is this:

He can think  
He can act  
He can speak  
He can pray.”

Every once in a while I meet a person who tries to impress me with names, people they know. They drop Big Names. Well we have friends in Detroit at W.J.R., who certainly really know Big Name people and after seeing this fine family, I think (chaining back in mind to others) it certainly isn't who you know in life but what you know.

The lasting charm of ice skating may be seen from our windows these days. Sunday night in the full moonlight, we saw an old Currier & Ives painting come to life. Skating has been a lasting favorite winter pastime for generations and the rink is certainly being enjoyed this year, the more so probably because of last year's mild winter. As I watched the girl and women skaters from the window and then from the rink itself, I was pleased with their gay sensible comfortable skating outfits and the color which was introduced by many. I was reminded of an editorial written about 100 years ago which accompanied a Winslow Homer painting in a Harper's Weekly of the period, which declared that young girls were seldom properly dressed for such strong physical exercise as ice skating and warned them against wearing a

“corset or bodice binding the upper part of the frame into an immovable shell.” As explanation E. Butterick & Co’s report 1872-73 indicated bustles, ankle-length skirts, high-button shoes and wool capes as the latest mode for women. Time has made the long ago days romantic I’ll grant but believe me January 1954 offers comfort to those seeking outdoor winter pastimes.



*January 28, 1954*

I never hear of debates any more, nor spelling bees nor oyster suppers.

Laughed at a crow riding cockily down river on a cake of ice late Saturday afternoon. Never a dull moment on that lovely old river.

From our house the scrape of shovels on the rink at cleaning off time strikes sharply on the frosty air and is a pleasant sound.

This is what John Gardiner, music critic of the Windsor Daily Star, has to say about our own Peggy Woof. And we quote: “Another youthful Windsor district artist who is forging rapidly to the fore, and with every justification, is Miss Margaret Woof of 614 Sandwich Street, Amherstburg. Miss Woof will be one of the performers at the Alumni Concert scheduled by the Royal Conservatory of Music, Windsor unit, Feb. 3 and arranged by Mrs. May Weeks Johnstone, Windsor alumni president. Margaret obtained her A.R.C.T. degree last June from the Ursuline School of Music under the skillful tuition and supervision of Mother St. Edwin and also studied at the Toronto Conservatory with Dr. Vinci. In the Windsor Music Festivals, Miss Woof won the junior rose bowl in 1951 and the senior award in 1952. In the Chatham Festival. Margaret received the 1952 rose bowl and in 1953 the rose bowl alumnae scholarship. Margaret is 20 and is studying commercial subjects at Windsor Business College.

The Boetani family featured in two recent stories in the Fontana California Herald News. Mrs. Boetani is the former Dorothy Pilon, daughter of Mrs. Denis Pilon of Amherstburg. It seems that according to Mrs. Pilon the Christmas

decorations in that California town are simply beautiful and all the citizens enter into the spirit of Christmas decorating. Each year there is a Christmas contest sponsored by the Inter-Faith Council of Churches. The Nativity scene painted on the Boetani \* 10 foot picture window by Mrs. Boetani and daughters Dorothy Anne and Denise won first in the contest this Christmas. The scene was done in water color on the outside of the window with black water coloring used as a backing inside. There was a four column cut of the window and the Boetani family in the Herald News from which readers can easily see the beauty of the window. Mrs. Boetani has a nursery school and in the day before Christmas issue of the same paper, a photographer had caught a group picture of her wide-eyed little pupils listening to Dorothy tell “Twas the Night Before Christmas etc. It made a charming pre-Christmas picture.



*February 4, 1954*

Talk all you like about February, the contradictory month, the month of sentiment, slush and blizzards. If the first was a prediction of days to come - that beautiful snowy first when the world became a fairyland, I won’t poke fun at February. On the first, also, Mrs. Murray Mitchell called to say in her lilting, chuckling voice, “Spring’s here, We have three new single lambs born today.” As for the sentiment in February, that’s fine too, I still like to make and send Valentines.



*February 11, 1954*

The dizzy climb in the price of coffee is certainly not benefitting the farmers in Brazil whose crops were frost damaged and it has made temporary tea drinkers out of many of us.

Europe’s worst storm in seven years failed to daunt the Dutch skaters. For last Thursday’s Detroit Free Press carried a front page picture of a group of Dutchmen sailing on skates over the ice recently on a frozen lake north of Amsterdam. Years ago we used to try that very same type of sport sailing on skates on the river north

of the head of Boblo.

St. Valentine's Day with its hearts and flowers sprinkled with loving kindness will this year at our house be tied up really and truly with Christmas because one of mother's Christmas poinsettias gave us much joy all during January and its three, lovely now Valentine's Day red blossoms, will salute the fourteenth.

Last week I read Virginia Chase's book, "The End of the Week," which was awfully good short sketches of the lives of the women members of the same school staff, which were humorous and heartbreaking. The book ties up the disappointments and satisfaction, the anxieties and hopes, that exist within a school system. I've liked Virginia Chase's books through the years and having been a school teacher herself and coming from a family of teachers, she writes about what she knows.

I heartily agree with the school of dress designers who say a dash of white adds spice to a costume. In fact I just like white (pure white), I guess. I thought this once again Monday morning when I came workward in the snowy-blow, the light gray of the river with its white scalloped edges along the Boblo shore was lovely. Then looking toward the park with its white ground, the almost black trees etched with snow looked as if they were actually preening, saying I'm sure we're the sophisticates, in black with white. And I thought the leafless snowy world is beautiful, each of those branches is a stroke of masterly design of simplicity and harmony of tone and line - all those facts stand right out when looking at them I did - for the full-of-snow west wind had accentuated trunk branches. P.S. Monday evening after the dense snow storm, a small patch of sunrise burst through the western sky at sunset time and it and its reflection on the water, made another lovely picture.

The editor of a small town weekly paper was severely criticized because of an error appearing in his paper, and in the next issue had this to say about it says The Perth Courier (and it expresses our sentiments also and not the mawkish-tenderness of the hearts and flowers Day coming up but sentiment meaning, the sum of what I feel on the subject). "Yes we know there were some errors in last week's paper. We will further agree that there were some errors in the issue of the week before, but before bawling us out too unmercifully about it we want to call your attention

to these facts: In an ordinary newspaper column there are 10,000 letters and there sever possible wrong positions for each letter, making 70,000 chances to make errors and several million changes for transposition. There are 96 columns in this paper, so you can readily see the chances for mistakes. Did you know that in the sentence, "To be or not to be," by transposition along, 2,759,022 errors can be made? Now aren't you sorry you blew up about that little mistake last week?



*February 18, 1954*

In the beautiful snow-covered Valentine world Saturday morning, a branch of forsythia in full bloom (resembling an Oriental arrangement) ranged out friendly vibrations from the Merlo window.

Teasing February was in rare form over the weekend Saturday snow, skating and sliding down hills at Old Fort (not I actually but there watching). Sunday, no snow and water, water everywhere, Monday mid winter in Spring's garb but like the old fable, we weren't fooled - nor were the robins for I looked around.

Ray Kenyon had a letter from James Cumming of Sandwich Street North, who with Mrs. Cumming is at Fort Worth, Florida. Said Mr. Cumming "Tell the Dr. (Dr. Hutchinson) I went deep sea fishing and a 7 ft. 3 inch sailfish hooked on my line which I was able to bring in. I have a diploma for my effort and picture. I don't suppose Marsh would print it without concrete proof.

Members of the Post Office Staff thought the following from The Postal Magazine was good enough to reprint:

In the cold and blustery weather  
When the frost is on the rail  
Would you love to face a blizzard  
With a half a ton of mail?  
In the biting blizzard weather  
When the snow comes to your knees  
Would you love to fish for coppers

While your feet and fingers freeze?  
When the gleaming snow is drifted  
Underneath a foot of sleet  
Would you love to have the chilblains  
In your elbows and your feet?  
When outdoors the wind is whistling  
And the air is full of snow  
Would you love to have a jitney  
And the blame thing would not go?  
Yes I would love the good old fireside  
Sipping coffee from a pail  
But I have to face the snow drifts  
Cause the farmers want their mail.  
I don't mind the frozen snow drifts  
When my knees are stiff with cramps  
If you would keep your blooming pennies  
Buy a Quarter Book of Stamps.  
I get snow mixed in my whiskers  
And I get it in my socks  
But it never hurts my feelings  
Like those pennies in the box.

The Hamilton Spectator says what we often think so we quote:  
"Manners are a lot of things - simple things like standing up when a woman enters a room or holding a door open for her, or giving up your seat to an older person on a bus; more subtle things like respecting the privacy of others, and recognizing that they are entitled to their own opinions. In our crowded world no person can live in isolation. Sharing the world with others involves a whole lot of adjustments, the sum of which is civilization. A man's manners are the outward sign of how well he has adjusted himself - in fact of how civilized he is."



*February 25, 1954*

The seasons are all turned around - flowers are all blooming at the same time,

(the chrysanthemums to be explicit) - linen scooped-out next late afternoon dress for winter parties and a lively mosquito on the go last Thursday, an ant and a fly, busy on inspect business Monday. And glorious half way to Spring sunsets with the river a reflecting mirror.

Friday night I went over to see the boys basketball games at the High School for the first time this season - and had such a stimulating refreshing time that I was sorry that I hadn't gone more often this winter. No delinquency problems could be hatched in that excitement, I thought, but more oldsters should take in teenagers' activities. They like to have us around, I know. It is good for the young people and especially good for us, as I found out.

The "Wolf Boy" a gaunt snarling lad about nine years old, is providing medical authorities in Lucknow, India, the twin problem of keeping him alive and determining his origin. Though definitely a human, doctors conjecture that he was reared by animals. He was found January 17. Rudyard Kipling in his Jungle Stories described a boy, reared by wolves in India, which he called Mowgli. This is the story which was used in detail in the running of Wolf Cub pack and is thrilling to young boys. Because I as a Cub leader long ago, got so engrossed in Kipling's story of Mowgli and the law of the jungle as laid down around the council rock, I felt all through the years that the story could be real - and that laws for living in a pack as laid down by Akela the leader Wolf, or Baloo the bear, were sound. But that was a story and the finding of this wolf boy is real. But the comparison ends there. As the first step in his mental rehabilitation the Indian doctors have given the real wolf boy the name of Ramu. We'll watch with interest his growth in every way.

I often read Mary Margaret McBride in the Detroit Free Press as many of the things she says strike home. Here's an eight-point credo for life for we oldsters which she suggested.

This is it:

1. Legs - It's the legs that go back on you. Use your legs don't let them jellify or ossify. Keep going. Walk, ride, go up and down stairs fast. Never mind if it kills you.

2. Things - Don't be a slave to them. Your heirs and assigns will probably

throw out most of that junk you cherish. Better do it yourself.

3. Memories - Throw them out, too. Go live in a new place. Here is a new life, a different one. Never think back or regret. Go ahead.

4. Friends - Don't give up the old ones, but make one good new one every year - one real friend, not just an acquaintance.

5. Work - If you don't know how to do anything, learn. Never stop learning. (Cid's mother took up the violin at 79.)

6. Perspective - Now is the time to get a good look at life and try to see what it's all about. If you're ever going to have any sense, it will be now. This is quite exciting, figuring out things and taking a long look.

7. Time - It is precious now as never before. Use it. Do quickly the things you've always wanted to do "sometime".

8. Risks - Take them; It's the young who should be cautious. They have so much to lose. You have little to lose. Live dangerously.



*March 4, 1954*

I get a thrill out of the high-school-age girls, I meet along the street. I like their frank open faces, their smiles, their smart looking clothes but very few of them "stand tall" - good carriage not only makes us all look better but we think better and have a wider perspective, I know it.

Recreational reading is fast becoming a lost art and parents must take all means within their power to counter the competition of radio, television, the comics and a school curriculum that is crowded with extraneous subjects. This was the advice given by Rev. Mother Mary Ruth, Chairman of the Ontario Parent-Teachers Good Reading Committee to the general meeting of the Archdiocesan Council of Parent-Teacher Associations at Notre Dame High School in Toronto recently. Although

advocating the banning of obscene comic books through legislature action, Mother Mary Ruth said that comic books are "a perfectly natural attraction for the young." The remedy she said is not in banning comics but in better comics (to which I heartily agree.) "The old-fashioned custom of reading aloud should be revived," said Mother Mary Ruth. "Children never learn to enunciate or pronounce properly unless they learn to read aloud. The others learn to listen and to criticize intelligently. The active effort of reading aloud would offset the fatal passivity of watching TV and listening to the radio. Young people should be encouraged to discuss books they read with the rest of the family. The general aim with adolescents is to lead them to a point where they can give an intelligent appreciation of what they read and to train them to make their own intellectual and moral decisions about what they read, she said.

One of my life-long friends sent me a card last birthday on which was printed a quotation from Robert Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra". "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be. The last of life, for which the first was made" - which I liked very much. Last week Mr. George Matthew Adams commented on the same favorite quotation of his and said and we quote Mr. Adams, "Browning might have said: Mature along with me, for that is what advanced age is - it's a maturing, a ripening of the mind and heart, enriched with experiences, the love of many things, and an awakening to the glory and compensation that a well-spent life reveals. We look upon the beautiful blossoming of all fruit trees at Springtime. It is a natural display in the youth of the year, and an inspiring one, too, it's so full of promise. But what a revelation of completeness when the ripened fruit appears! Old age is like that. The harvest is at hand. The building is at an end. The race is over. Victory! And into memory will go the record of our stewardship. "The last of life, for which the first was made." Nothing in this world is quite so consoling and satisfactory as to talk with a person whose mind has reached its full maturity. There is an atmosphere of peace to it. We respect and admire the one who has searched and found the answers of many of the puzzling problems of life. These answers are written into the lines of the face, in the light of the eyes, and in the invisible glow of the soul.



*March 11, 1954*

Blarney? - Never - when we say to you The Top of the Morning for every day until the 17<sup>th</sup>.

The nippy wind had a whiff of Spring late Saturday afternoon, after the beautiful real winter pictures on every side, during the blizzardy week. The dripping icicles on our back porch had unusual ice formations and the snow was crusted.

The yeast supply was all sold out at the Oxley store because of the blizzard last week, as many women were snowbound and so was the bread man. And it was a first bread-making experience for many.

According to a sociologist, Dr. A. Stiefknecht, a married woman should have 20 dresses - exactly 20. He told a meeting of German textile manufacturers at Zurich Switzerland, recently. "If she has fewer her husband does not think she is attractive enough. If she has more she gets big ideas about herself and wants still more. She becomes discontented and moods."

The Phoenix, Arizona, Chamber of Commerce sponsored a picnic early in February, for all the Canadians in that area. Among the more than 500 present Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Martin of Harrow and Mr. and Mrs. Merle Martin of Malden, met Russell McQueen and Aurillian Wigle, now of Alberta and formerly of Amherstburg.

The big snow created a new world last week, a world beautiful, silent and enclosed with soft, white thickness and every branch having its inch high topping - an ermine miracle. I thought as I looked out on a world where familiar paths were wiped out, meetings cancelled, schools closed, feet were wet, cars wouldn't budge in snowdrifts, buses didn't run, people were marooned and strangers drawn together to share a helping hand as in the case of children on the school bus out of Harrow. The bleak beauty called for adventure, but we certainly feel the shakiness of our civilization so precisely machined to its task that a few inches of snow can cripple it - we surely suffer from snow flurries, at heart we love them, we were in touch

with the spirit of youth, but as a society we're old and can't take it. Some of us even couldn't take the fact that the snow "bound us on our properties and sent us in upon ourselves."



*March 18, 1954*

There were shy, shivering pink buds huddling together on one of the Merlo's rock garden plants last Thursday.

Venus, as the only evening star, can be seen these evenings. Look for it in the west soon after sundown. It sets about 50 minutes after the sun.

Looking at the gentle apricot color of the south eastern sky at sunrise Monday morning, through the stretching trees in the park, with the thin white snow covering the foreground reminded me of the winter scenes we did as a class, no individuality in classroom art then, (now draw a horizon line, now wash sky with blue, now etc., etc.) in Miss Jessie Honor's room years ago. The picture across the park was prim and neat and perfect just as our pictures were in those copy-the teacher-art school days.

The Montreal Gazette in speaking editorially of young people finishing their education says: "There never was a time when it was more important for students to finish high school. And there never was a time when they had more temptations not to. Canada is astir with possibilities. Jobs are to be had. And the student who gives up school may not have long to wait for the satisfaction of having his own money in the pocket of a suit he has bought for himself. Many parents are worried over the fact that it is so easy to leave school. And within the last few days several educators have been pointing with anxiety to the large number of students who are being lured away from their school desks. For the future belongs, more than ever to those who have the patience, and stability, to graduate and then set out. Before long many who have deserted the classroom too soon may find that their best chances have deserted them."



*March 25, 1954*

Imagine - chicken dressed 25c; 3 dozen eggs 25c; and beef 10c per pound. Those three items were on a receipted bill from Stokes Butcher Shop in Amherstburg, the purchases having been made by Captain John Duncanson, Mrs. F. E. Wilson's grandfather.

A river duck became a land lubber Saturday evening as it very calmly walked along the driveway and into the Deviny (Fort) property. This is the second time this winter that because of minor injuries, we've been able to observe this bird at close range.

Big time ideas are being incorporated in the plans for the Home and Garden show in the General Amherst High School during Easter Week - that is, the tea room in connection with the show where people can rest and chat and then go back and look. This type of cosy spot was very popular, we noticed, at both the Detroit Flower Show and the Royal Winter Fair.

Marie O'Connel, head beautician on the famous luxury liner S. S. America made an observation regarding women who she meets travelling back and forth across the Atlantic. Said Miss O'Connel, "The most prominent and celebrated women are usually the ones who are most gracious and who have the simplest manners.

Twenty years ago there was a movement afoot in town to organize an horticultural society. Then the instigators had a slogan "Every man in Amherstburg is a potential gardener." This same slogan can be used today when the need for gardening as a hobby and as a means of expression is as necessary as a rudder to sane living as it was then in the height of the depression now in the tenseness of these "too busy", very expensive days.

Spring itself invaded the Banana Belt Sunday, with its post card weather - the blues having their fling in the sky and river, golden sunshine and golden crocuses and deep blue chinodoxia swaying in the nippy breeze on the south side of our house, the occasional ships whistle and indoors man-made green carnations heralding B.M.'s St. Patrick's Day and then Spring.

Some statistics say that the average Canadian woman is five feet, three and a half inches tall and 15 pounds too heavy. Good posture, I'm positive helps to disguise extra-poundage and that's one reason I'm so delighted with the exercises and breathing for beauty and health Iris Holdup teaches in the Margaret Morris Movement. After watching the class at the General Amherst High School Tuesday week, I felt that the women in the class were not only getting a good toning of every part of their body and developing co-ordination, but were learning to relax which is healing to the mind as well. The musical background was delightful and restful and helpful.



*April 1, 1954*

For Bobbie Burns

What if the Power agreed to  
free us  
To see ourselves as others see  
us?  
We still should need the gift  
to make it  
Within our human power  
to take it.

Eleanor Vinton

Snow was actually dumped on us Monday and the trip from Amherstburg to Harrow Tuesday at 9 a.m. was beautiful but treacherous. Not since March 21, 1952 have we had such uneasy slippery trip - a real April first joke.

More congratulations, this time to the three Steve Shaw daughters, Cheryl, nine; Janis, seven and Cynthia, three who stole the show at the Legion Friday night. The two older girls are trained tappers but wee Cynthia is just an imitator and she is very good, doing every step done by her sisters. The eldest Cheryl, is making fine progress in tap dancing, ballet, singing and piano - an accomplished young lady

indeed!

In March 1954, the good earth was struck with the seal of the Lion Rampant, which is the sign or seal of something good as in good silver, or on crests of some good old families - so let us hope that the Lion Rampant of March is a sign of good things to come. By the way, a thick, beautiful snow storm, thunder and lightning don't usually team up together in the Banana Belt as they did Monday noon. The Lion Rampant, I suppose.

Congratulations are certainly in order to Philip Gibb and Henry Jacomb, who are co-operating in a series of three Friday evening square dances at the Brunner Mond Club. These two men are giving their time and energy to the young people of the town, to interest and instruct them in the fun and beauty of square dancing. Canada is such a new country that we have been too busy getting ourselves established to have national dances like the Europeans, so its only in the last few years that Canadians, old, young, rich, poor, have discovered the appeal of the rhythm, the grace and sociability of the square dance sets. There has, we grant, been square dancing to a fiddler in some localities ever since Canada was born, but gradually square dancing is becoming more and more popular and it is fun.



*April 8, 1954*

Mrs. George Miller of Cincinnati who is the former Garda Sloan, daughter of Lois Pickering Sloan and Professor Ralph Sloan, was the guest on Thursday of her aunt, Mrs. Ray Ryan and uncle, Fred T. Pickering. Mrs. Miller is the first cellist in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Her instrument the 'cello is short for violoncello.

In the 60 year file of March 23, 1894, I read that the farmers in Gosfield South have made considerable maple syrup and sugar this season. From what I understand the only large sugar maple bush left standing in the County now is on the William C. Kennedy farm, on Division Road between Essex and Kingsville which during the sap-running season was a busy place last month. Essex County's land is certainly

pretty well cleared and our county, one big beautiful garden.

Mr. and Mrs. A.A. McAllister and sons Tom and Dan lived in the Hough house of Laird Avenue for several years and made many friends here. This past week Mrs. McAllister who lives in the Sault now wrote to Mrs. E. J. Kelly that she sees the Echo occasionally and saw where her former neighbor, Mrs. Stephen Pettypiece has been away. It seems that an Amherstburg girl who lives in Vancouver and is married to a flier, gives the Echo to her son Tom who resides there, who in turn sends it back to his mother.

Congratulations are in order to John Scott, leader of the Old Oak Boys' Club down the bank, who is devoting a great deal of time and energy to the 30 or 40 boys along the front of Malden between the ages of six and 16. Mr. Scott has two sons of his own who, before the Club was formed played around the Old Oak on their property. He feels that interest, direction and sports help boys (or girls too for that matter) and he's certainly giving much of himself to the boys on the front - and his sacrifice of self is to be commended. The parents of the boys in the Club must be grateful for such strong untiring leadership.

The Chairman of the Nursery School Board is anxious to hear from any qualified person in the district who might consider running a school for a group of pre school children next year. Anyone who would be interested in working with children of this age group is asked to contact the Chairman through H.M. here at the Echo office. The youngsters attending the Nursery School at the David Lowe home this year have gained a great deal of experience in working and playing together. This start in formal training and learning helps the child in his step from the home into the world of getting along with others.

"Garden Gateway" is the name of the book Dr. Neil Morrison is writing on the history of Essex County and Windsor. We, in Amherstburg are one of the important points in the county historically, geographically, culturally and from a standpoint of natural beauty, we are in a class by ourselves. The Amherstburg Horticultural Society has been reorganized and if plans are carried through (and they can be surely if the membership is high) this old town will be a real "Garden Gateway" this year - with lots of colorful annuals planted all over town to make a pretty setting and we will be living up literally to what has been written about this old town in Dr.

Morrison's new book.



*April 15, 1954*

The beautiful Easter Season with its promise is at hand - and we as citizens of Canada, should be eternally grateful for the privilege of being able to worship together at this joyous season.

From the number of Amherstburg, Anderdon and Malden music students competing in the Music Festival in Windsor last week, and because of the A.A. and M. top awards, I think that we had better have a local festival or a local "Night of Stars" to give us a chance to hear some of this wonderful young talent which is being talked about this week.



*April 22, 1954*

A tender green vine shoots up every year through a crack in our office cement basement floor. Monday, R. W. B. brought up the six-inch long delicate shoot which tells a tale of survival against terrific odds. The beautiful shaped wee leaves had their part in the new born land at this Easter Season.

A kingfisher with his lovely white collar, in pensive mood in a tree at the river bank in the blue hour Monday evening, and the willows along the highway sporting their green Easter veiling Tuesday, were conversation pieces for H.M.

The house that Beryl and Hazen Price are building on the river front road, Malden, is very similar in architecture to those charming homes I saw at Williamsburg, Virginia, last June. The windows are beautiful in my estimation.

I liked the little friendly gesture of the new Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Beaudoin at their wedding reception Saturday afternoon, when they passed their own wedding cake, giving them a chance to chat momentarily with all their guests and probably

too by their act they were spreading good luck for the future all around.

One of my three pet peeves is to be called a "girl". I wince at "you girls do so-and-so" when that includes me. So I smiled when I saw that the Department of Labor in documents refers to "working girls of 14 to 35" and "women" in higher age groups. If friends stick to governmental language never again will I see red as I say "Call me madam or anything but a girl."

Townfolk in Pictou, N.S. figured they had the prettiest church in Canada Easter Sunday. Three thousand lily blooms enough to bank the front of the First Presbyterian Church and have a cluster on every pew had arrived from Bermuda. They were the gift of Eugene Outerbridge, a former congregation member who grew them on his Shelly Bay plantation. The Mr. Outerbridge who sent the lilies is a relative of Mrs. R. J. McKnight, formerly of the United Church parsonage.



*April 29, 1954*

I loved a warm little notice I saw recently about the adoption of "our chosen daughter."

This our time, your time business is going to be mighty confusing, not being a mathematician, I wager my time won't always be right. I'll keep on adding when Detroitward I bet.

The Echo has a friend who lives on a rural route and consequently her paper doesn't reach her until 2:30 or so. Several times of late Echo friend has been coming in to the office at noon on Thursday to read the bargains in the ads so that she won't miss them as she said she has done occasionally by waiting at home.

What a petal-bright world we live in! Even though April couldn't seem to make up its mind, and didn't seem to know whether it was coming or going the beautiful May world is running true to form - helped by the dirge of 1,000,000 rain drops in the nights, over last weekend.

The voluptuous four-blossom Amaryllis in the Horticultural Society booth at the Home and Garden Show belonged to Mrs. E. L. Paquette, and the flowering cactus, another lovely plant, in the S.K.D. Booth was Fred Beekhuis'.

A mystery solved - quote "In reading your "Conversation Pieces" of April 8<sup>th</sup>, thought you might be interested to know that the Amherstburg girl living in Vancouver and married to a flier who hands the Echo to Tom McAllister, is my big sister Sally. She told me sometime ago about coming in contact with Tom out there. Norma Horsley sends me the Echo and I send it on to Sally who gives it to Tom so you see the paper really gets around. I wouldn't feel at home without the Echo." Lila (Morrow) Massey, Coldwater, Michigan.



*May 6, 1954*

Friend told me of hearing of the beauty of our capital city Ottawa, at this time with its thousands of tulips in bloom - "more tulips there now than in Holland," was the comment.

From the number of fragile birds eggs of several kinds I've found on the ground in our neighborhood swept out of the nest, I presume, by the high winds, I am concerned about the hope of song and wings.

You homemakers, who have done away with the family pictures in your living room, may bring them out again for according to a New York interior decorator, family pictures are not passe for home decoration any more.

Despite the snow and the shivering blossoms Tuesday, our Mother's Day feelings are warm and getting warmer. Each of us wants to get this or that for mother but keep in mind that if a family reunion is the treat for mother, I hope she won't have to make all the before and after preparations even though she says she doesn't mind.

I who thrill to white flowers almost reached the point of complete delight, at the full, perfect snow white blooms in the arrangements at the Pouget - Malenfant wedding Saturday. I had never before seen pure white daffodils and they stood out

so aristocratically in an arrangement of white snapdragons and blue iris.

As I watched a hummingbird idling, or so it seemed, over a hyacinth on the south side of the house Saturday. I thought once again that those timid, blue-blooded little birds wear the rich raiment of the Oriental Kings and we don't very often get to see its beauty except through a window, as I did.

The "giants" of the lakes are giving us a thrilling show as they are upbound in the Detroit River these days. Sunday morning the new 715 foot "greyhound" the T. R. McLagan of the Canada Steamship Lines literally streaked up river slicing the water like a cutter. Our neighborhood was alerted that the McLagan was coming up so saying "thank you" to our friendly greeting we heard her whistle, a "treble blending." And we looked with pride at the Canadian flag flying at the stern.



*May 13, 1954*

When the sun shines on the noisy grackles or black birds in the park, they are as dashing as my new patent pumps.

Letting-out-hem time has arrived (not taking-off-long underwear time as it was in my youth) and the good old 24<sup>th</sup> of May being only ten days away, the picnic and swimming season ought to be in the offering. The calendar date tells me that anyway.

May is the nicest month - it's the sum of all beautiful things seen and all sounds heard - even though there has been a decided chill over the world. I loved the tight tulips held back by the nippy weekend weather, especially the white ones, standing straight and aloof, like a Greek column topped by a petalled chalice - classic garden art, as it were.

Friends recently returned from Bermuda commented on its friendliness and courtesy. As Bermuda depends entirely on its tourists everybody there seems to sell the island by genuine interest in friendliness and courtesy to their guests. We here are a tourist town in a tourist county and I know that we natives are not friendly

enough to the newcomers and to the tourists. Twice of late I heard that Amherstburg was a cold town - I don't think cold is the word to use for us, probably indifferent is a better word. How much better to be friendly.



*May 20, 1954*

Pansies again this year, reflected in the black glass mirror front at the F.H.F. store in Harrow Tuesday (even though they were chilly) were so pleasing to my taste.

There has been a beautiful yellow holly bush in bloom on the W. R. Cavan lawn. The Hoags have a holly of this particular variety also - living sunshine growing, in my estimation, like the canaries, living sunshine flying.

A guide for baby sitters published by the Department of Public Welfare, is a concise, interesting booklet - a copy was sent to me from Toronto as a joke, I think, but the joke went flat as I was interested in the contents.

That fine turnout of young men and women at the General Amherst Cadet Corps inspection Friday morning was representative of any other similar Canadian high school age group - the Cream of Canadian youth and I hoped as I watched the student body swing by that they may grow up to live and work and build their lives in a world at peace.

Walking in the park Saturday night, we asked a gentleman about the doings at the high school. "Initiation for Lincoln lodge," he said, "They're going to ride the goat" well that sentence shot us back in jet fashion to our youth when Dr. W. S. French and our father A.W.M. took us up the steps in the F. P. Scratch Building to hear "the goat" in the Masonic Lodge rooms.

Members of the Fort Malden Horticultural Society have had the privilege of hearing three roses' enthusiasts recently. George Carruthers of Windsor who spoke at the last meeting, keeps a record of each rose bush in his garden and knows to the rose, of its productivity. The other night he said that Crimson Glory was the best

rose in the business. Hunter Bernard, one of our own roses' enthusiasts, evidently likes Peace as he planted a garden of 50 bushes for Mr. Travica at the Anderdon recently.

General motors is teaching its executives to read better and the person in charge of this program is Dan H. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Jones of Amherstburg. The General Motors Institute assigned Mr. Jones of the psychology section, to prepare a course. So Mr. Jones made an intensive study of methods used, and a course was mapped out. The idea is to teach the executives to read faster and improve their comprehension or understanding of what they read. Mr. Jones said that one group of executives tested average about 260 words a minute in reading speed at the start. This compares with 225 for a college student. G.M.'s reading course was set up to take into consideration the mechanics of eyeball capacity and movement, along with psychological planning to take the course. One executive increased his speed from 243 to 673 words a minute. Another's comprehension skyrocketed from 40 to 90 percent. Those who have completed Mr. Jones' 13 hour course are enthusiastic about the improvement in their reading habits.

Americans of Arab descent are now masters of the linen business in the United States I was reading recently. They introduced "white linen goods" to America's wealthier classes around 1890, and gave U.S. housewives a taste for embroideries from Damascus and Constantinople. It was Syrian merchants who brought in the first popularly priced silk shawls from Italy, and who discovered the high quality of linens from Madeira. Men with names like Kassab and Mallouk imported laces from France. And many American women haven't yet forgotten the exquisite evening scarfs decorated with gold and silver tinsel pieces which these merchants brought from Egypt. These Arab Americans introduced to the United States hand-embroideries from Switzerland and Ireland and the Phillippines, table covers from Mexico, and finally around 1918 opened the way to the great linen importations from China, a country which in time superceded all other centres of linen exportation. The Syrian merchants of America also have had a great part in building the lingerie industry. It was Elias Mouakkad, an early manufacturer who immigrated to the U.S. from Damascus, who came to be known the "Kimono King," because at an American woman's request to replace the kimono she had bought in the Orient, he and other Syrian businessmen began to reproduce these garments. This as it turned out, was a first step in their becoming a vital part in this country's

lingerie industry.



*May 27, 1954*

Dr.ool with me over deep red luscious Colchester South hothouse tomatoes - my treat, Tuesday.

I'd like to ask the fashion authorities the question, "What's so somber about this late May world that so much charcoal color is introduced into women's clothes.

Excavators at Pompeii have unearthed a statuette which seems to prove nothing very new has occurred in the last 2,000 years. The carving is that of an attractive young Pompeian ballerina. It is three feet high. She is wearing a two-piece "Bikini" bathing suit, filigreed in gold.

Dr. John Dearness, Canada's grand old man of biology, who made many friends including me when he was principal of the London Normal School, celebrated his 102<sup>nd</sup> birthday last Thursday. Dr. Dearness still has one recipe for long life. "Keep busy," he says. "And if a person hasn't anything particular to do I would advise some gardening."

Virginia-born Lady Nancy Astor, first woman member of the British Parliament, was 75 last Wednesday but described herself as "a rather aging 32.." She told a reporter she stopped having birthdays when she reached 32. "Older people must not look back," Lady Nancy said. "They must take life day by day. I am just as keen as I ever was about the things that matter."



*June 3, 1954*

A card came Tuesday from Mrs. J. E. McQueen saying that she was in Hal Roach's studio in Hollywood on the set of Waterfront, watching the scenes being taken and lunching with Mr. Roach and what do you know, the card was

autographed by Preston Foster, nice signature too.

Mrs. Roscoe Tofflemire was telling about a Christmas Party held last night in Leamington by the Friendship group of the Moose Lodge. As activities pile up at Christmas time this group of women celebrate each year with dinner and exchange of gifts in June. At this time they also draw a secret pal's name.

May it always be the same and we quote: "Having returned to the City of Detroit a battle flag captured by the British in the surrender of Detroit in the War of 1812, the Queen's York Rangers of Toronto paused to pay tribute to the city's heroic war dead. The captured standard was presented to the Detroit Historical Museum Saturday. On Sunday, the Canadians first attended Memorial Day services at Central Methodist Church, then paraded down Woodward and to the Veterans Memorial, where, following the ceremony of trooping the colors, they laid a wreath in friendly tribute."

This is the time of mixed emotions, anxiety, over end of term examinations or examination results and the joys and hopes attendant with graduation. Graduation has become a wonderful event as each year the lists are getting longer and longer. In every department of learning - opportunities are all around us these 1954 days. It's up to the individual (especially the youth) to see and grasp them - they're not nearly as hard to catch as they were in the past - (ask grandpa and grandma) and our young people certainly seem to be aware of opportunity, more and more.



*June 10, 1954*

The new green of the pines in contrast, is in the "Art of the World" class in my estimation.

Summer white jewelry, chokers and earrings in either white and gold or white and rhinestone, certainly give I think, a dash of spice to our hot weather get-up.

Dungarees will be banned as wearing apparel in the Roselle Park, New Jersey, High School starting next September - too sloppy. Irvin N. Forest, principal, told an assembly sloppy clothes tend to make students sloppy in their studies and habits.

Justified Anxiety, says the Stratford Beacon Herald and we quote: We are the generation which our forefathers didn't know what was going to become of - and they weren't far wrong.



*June 17, 1954*

Enjoying Boysenberry bars which Mrs. McQueen brought to B.M. from California, a strange delicious flavor.

I was truly envious of the children running in the rain in their bathing suits last Thursday afternoon. That as I remember way back when was the most fun as was swimming off the water works dock in the teeming rain.

I could make a lot of ready-mixes using June as the main ingredient - June and peonies, June and weeds, June and real heat or June and beautiful sky, June and Venus, and on and on.

Lester and Marjorie Hamilton have over 3,000 climber roses in bloom on six bushes in their garden. Each yellow bloom in the large bouquet which we are enjoying is beautiful in color and form and size.

Mrs. Gillean (Minnie Middleditch) drove over from Los Angeles, California, to see Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin and family who live in an adjoining suburb, and told of the fun of seeing Captain Earle McQueen on television.

The museum is rapidly becoming a cultural centre. Saturday Dana Thomas Bowen of Lakewood, Ohio, author of one of the first Lakes' books, "The Lore of the Lakes" spoke to the members of the Marine Historical Society there and traced the commerce of the Great Lakes in an interesting paper entitled "Ships and Things."

As J.A.M., Mr. Frank Walton of Harrow and I were driving from Harrow to Amherstburg last Tuesday, we were talking about the oil wells in Malden and Mr. Walton made the remark that the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said that the year 2000

would be Canada's Year and from Canada's wonderful 1954 outlook, his prediction seems about right.

Our Park is glorious - the grass so green, lovely, cool looking and well kept up, so that it does make me hot under the collar to see cars parked on the green or the occasional car rush through from the pillars to Miss Hackett's corner using the path as a roadway. The lawn in front of the Museum residence is beautiful too, and yet it too became a parking lot recently. I grant parking is difficult but surely a two-block walk is not far after a person has driven 18 miles to enjoy the quiet and beauty of our town. We don't have to let some of our guests spoil the cool grass for the many who come and bring folding chairs and just sit reading in the west park with their feet on the cool grass right away from cars.

The influence of the Petticoat has on a costume was the heading in bold type in J. D. Burk's ad June 3, 1904. Below this eye catcher (the head) was a picture of a woman in a "sundial" dress made with low-off-shoulder frilled neckline, tiny waist (and I mean tiny) and long graceful-frilled skirt. (I could imagine our friend June Chown of Detroit wearing the dress in these 1954 days). Below was the body of the ad as written by Mr. Burk we suppose, and we quote (sounds like our 1954 ads but more wordy). "The petticoat influences the set and the dressy hang of the skirt in no uncertain manner. We have a line of nice black Sateen petticoats that will add greatly to the fit and appearance of that new gown made with a deep flounce of accordion pleating, tucking and narrow fullness, finished with rucking and underpiece, length 38 and 44 inches, prices \$2, \$1.50 and .98.



*June 24, 1954*

A racoon and its three babies have a nest high in a hole in one of J.A.M.'s river front trees, and interest in the family is high.

The Coronation Oak trees grown from acorns from the Windsor Castle grounds which were given to the Horticultural Society for public planting are coming along nicely according to v.p. Hunter Bernard, who is caring for them until transplanting time.

It's the spirit that keeps us all up - talked to Mr. Harry Pigeon Tuesday in Harrow about his great grandchildren and he told of his birthday July 23 - and was coaxing old friend Howard Heaton to go to Washington that day to see the Detroit Tigers - Washington Senators ball game.

I'm sure I saw a Redstart in the growth on the side of the moat this spring. In Cuba, I understand, this fire-winged warbler is called El Candelita (Little Candle) - pretty but the name Redstart, fluttering flame in the denseness of the green bushes suited this northerner.

Our beautiful Detroit river is to be highly respected at all times for it is powerful and dangerous even at its calmest and most beautiful moments. Last week Mrs. Donald Bailey had a horrible experience with their two-year-old daughter who wandered out of the house quick as a flash, unbeknownst to her mother when Mrs. Bailey was called to the phone. Fortunately their son Gregory realizing the danger when his wee sister fell in the river, called his mother, who found her little blond daughter floating face downward. Mrs. Bailey was able to look after her for shock and applied artificial respiration. But, if a freighter had been coming along there would have been another story. Gregory and his mother showed great presence of mind. This river is treacherous but if handled with respect, can provide many happy hours.

Ernie Bezaire of Leamington hit the nail right on the head regarding the understanding between management, press and public - "off the record" or "Committee of the Whole" meetings in the following and we quote: "Mr. H. J. Heinz II visited Leamington this week and was quite his genial affable self and did not stint his praise of the accomplishments of the H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Limited and its management. In the course of his remarks Mr. Heinz told two newspapermen that he felt they were such friends that they wouldn't mind if he had a little family discussion with officials of the Canadian Heinz Company at the management level who comprised the audience. Before he was through speaking, Mr. Heinz unburdened himself of a number of opinions which would have made good copy for anyone's newspaper. Friendship is a beautiful thing no matter where it's found, and Mr. Heinz won't mind if a friend points out to him that public opinion insofar as it affects business in the free countries of the world will not be too well served, if men of Mr. Heinz's stature persist in sheltering their opinion

behind the business curtain. Persons who operate business at the international level in our world, have a wealth of information and experience. They have a story to tell and they are only serving their best interests when they make most of the opportunities to tell that story. The man on the street, is very much interested in that story, and for our money, no one has a greater right to it than he has. What chance has the average man of forming opinions about business and business conditions if no one at the top management levels feels he can talk to him? For too long, our so termed free world has been sailing through space on separate orbits - with improper communication between them, and at times no communication at all, to add to the confusion and misunderstanding which seems to plague us every time we turn around.



*July 1, 1954*

July 1 (today) is Canada's 87<sup>th</sup> birthday and Canada is growing up fast and being recognized as an adult in the United Nations of the world.

Thanks to the Port Arthur News-Chronicle, for putting in black and white something I've thought for years and have said often, namely: "Prejudice is a great time saver. It enables a person to form opinions without going to the trouble of learning the facts."

The time of children's picnics is at hand and from the looks of the groups in the park, children are tingling with excitement and enthusiasm for the races and other organized fun at picnics just as they did in my day - including the lunch. Well do I remember my part in Sunday school picnics and can in my mind taste the delectable combination, salmon sandwiches and lemonade. Guess I'll celebrate today Canada's birthday with that lunch on our porch - I hope it tastes as good as I anticipate it too.

If I go to the Stratford Festival before August 21 to see one or three plays. "Taming of the Shrew," "Measure for Measure or "Oedipus Rex", I'm going to have to get out and dust off Mr. Shakespeare's works and reacquaint myself with the first two and scout around for a copy of the last, the Greek tragedy for it's unknown to

me. Years ago friends and I used to read plays together aloud and before going up to Stratford (which I feel is a must) I'd like to do just that with the three plays being presented and the enjoyment there will be increased greatly, I know.

Gloria Swanson, the actress, is in Paris and in an interview with the press, stood out for women with brains and against men who don't appreciate such female assets. Miss Swanson complained bitterly that many women are kept out of jobs because of their age and she pointed out, with some satisfaction, that it is now legal in the United States for women to lie about their ages. She said: "It doesn't matter what is inside your skull. The average American man is terrified - simply terrified! - of woman with a brain. It's only in America that women are coy about their age. In Europe they say that a woman isn't interesting until she is in her 40's, and a woman in her 50's ... Well, I'm going to Paris, I said." And that, according to Miss Swanson, is why she's in Paris.

The St. Rose Graduation exercises and proclamation of honors, Sunday afternoon was a solemn and beautiful service. But I thought as I sat there watching 21 students getting their High School graduation diplomas, what happened to the other happy, starry-eyed 5 and 6 year olds who started out in Grade one at St. Anthony's School with 16 of those graduates years ago. What are the others doing? And how is life using them or should I say how are they using life. These observations could be made after any graduation, I thought along the same lines when at General Amherst Commencement last fall. Ontario has a wonderful free educational system and Canada needs brains that have been exercised to the limit of the student's capabilities - and every child is given a chance to get knowledge and acquire wisdom without much effort on his own part but sometimes the concentrated push of parent and child is not hard enough.



*July 8, 1954*

If you wish to see our July world full of mellowness and sun, drive along the highway toward Harrow.

Nice time over the weekend riding on the "Smoother than satin" Dayliner,

which makes a four hour trip from Windsor to Toronto and on the Toronto subway.

The art of flower arrangements will be discussed and demonstrated by a top-notch in the business at the Fort Malden Museum residence, Tuesday night. Lovers of this form of art expression should come along to get ideas on this satisfactory subject.

When Mrs. J. Fred Thomas, her cousin and aunt, were returning to Vancouver from Burtchard's Gardens on the bus recently, they accidentally met Dr. Bruce Hough, wife and family - who too were a long way from Amherstburg enjoying the beauty of our glorious west.

Three young Amherstburg artists namely Darlene Cadieux, July and Robert Court having had successful auditions appeared on the Talents on Parade Show at Jackson Park Saturday evening - Darlene presented a toe dance and the others their Hawaiian duet.

"Can you make a Cherry Pie Billy Boy," etc. (an old first book song) runs through my mind at this time of year for I really feel sorry for those who don't know the delectable dessert - warm red cherry pie from tree to pie to me. Around our house there is a bold grey squirrel who likes his cherries raw for no matter how the birds grouse at him, he just sits in our cherry tree, nibbling away until he gets his fill.

The current exhibition of paintings by Amherstburg district artists at the Amherstburg Public Library is very good - and is certainly commendable. Among the artists whose work is on display are, Miss Elizabeth Craig, Mrs. John Gray, Mrs. Burg Hoag, Miss Frances LaLonge, Mrs. Dale Larson, Mrs. Robert McGee, Kenneth Saltmarche, Mrs. J. Fred Thomas, Mrs. Violet Tuomi, Mrs. Frank Williamson and Mrs. Norman E. Wilson.

Blue has always been favored as the best color of summer. It is cool and flattering generally, and men seem to like it on women. I saw the effect of light blue in all its summer beauty illustrated at a wedding in Toronto Saturday when the three attendants wore simple ice blue off-the-shoulder dimity floor-length frocks, belted

with narrow delft blue velvet ribbon and they carried cascades of shasta daisies. Their quiet cool charm and simplicity made a hit, I could see.



*July 15, 1954*

When I look through the old files and see references to Bois Blanc and Petite Cote, I feel that we as citizens were too hasty in accepting the name changes.

Friend Patricia McQ. put a good sized watermelon rind out for the birds. The splash of color on the green lawn delighted me but the birds not only ate but drank and made merry over it.

A billion dollar industry began one day in Labrador when an explorer, Clarence Birdseye, noticed that food exposed to the cutting, below zero winds frozen almost instantly and retained its freshness when thawed out weeks or months later.

The cut lines under a family picture in a Toronto paper said: "For the first time in over a century Osgoode Hall (the law school) had a father of four children in its graduating class, June 24 - Bill Higgins of Sarnia (husband of June Harlen of Amherstburg). He got his degree at St. Michael's College, Toronto, before studying law.

The sun was lazy and hot Monday and so was I. But these early July days do bring nice things, bees humming their lazy way in the hollyhocks, stilettoes well concealed; shastas, bourgemont; potato salad and deviled eggs; drowsiness and a porch swing and a book in a screened-in porch (for July and mosquitoes are too friendly); a swim and the orchestra on the river (mostly brass section). Was it Jerome K. Jerome, the great English humorist who said, "Work fascinates me - I can sit and look at it for hours," - so can I, in July at 90 degrees.



*July 22, 1954*

Saw a bevy of southern belles at the McDonald-Prieur wedding Saturday. And the picture made by the poised, charming young bride with her four lovely looking attendants, standing together in the Anderdon, might have easily been a picture of a bride and her attendants on a daguerreotype taken in a drawing room of an old plantation home.

I found out last Thursday that stark terror can lay dormant for years and years and come to life and be real, in mind of course. I read on Thursday when going over the old files of the Echo that "a team of horses owned by Simon Fraser ran away from in front of John Fraser's, etc." Even as I write I feel the horror we experienced as little children when a team of frightened horses raced up Dalhousie Street with the driver and others trying to catch them.

Two flower arrangements have made our life a happy one this past week, the first pure white gladiolus with fever few tucked in to soften the stems of the glads, and the second, giant snow white petunias and ivy. The beauty of those flowers and their coolness and serenity can take a person out of a hum drum rut. Speaking of white flowers, which I like to much, do you notice how accents of white in a garden seem to bring out the color and gaiety of the other flowers.

Being one of the group of thinkers who firmly believes that every girl should fit herself for some type of work, to the best of her capabilities and financial position, because none of us know just when we might be in a position where we have to support ourselves or others. Many feel that they don't need this security because they expect to marry. But so often women have to get out and earn a living even in later life and if they have never prepared for this eventuality life is very difficult. Of late, I've heard of a friend who after 30 years away from teaching is back in school substituting in a kindergarten. This particular friend's family is grown up so she got a job. The qualifications she had worked for years ago certainly came in handy. I could cite many other instances where experience or a certificate in some form of work has been like Canadian government bonds to a woman - valuable and can be cashed at any time.

The following advertisement in the Leamington Post and News interested me

and shows what that town is doing along recreational lines. People in authority there seem to be attacking that "O there's nothing to do" attitude of many townspeople, nicely. Here's the ad word for word entitled Check the Deck!

July 15 - "Swing Your Partner for square dancing, for beginners and expert alike 8:00 o'clock.

July 16 - "Let's Dance to Bill Richardson and his quartet. As a special feature this Friday night is Good Neighbour Night. All of our American Friends, upon presenting some form of identification, will be admitted free.

July 17 - "Saturday Night Out" to the music of the Six Teens.

July 18 - "Sundown Youth Service, 8:30.

July 19 - "Amateur Night" featuring local talent, 8:30

July 20 - "Movie Night" National Film Board releases. Entertainment for the whole family. 8:30.

July 21 - "Let's Dance" to Bill Richardson. Loud Shirt Night. To the wearer of the gaudiest shirt, a special prize.



#### *July 29, 1954*

Here's a description recently of a likeable, smart woman, "She says what you like to hear." How we laughed.

Madeline and Katie Kenyon came from London again this year for the Rotary Girls' Day Camp - and once again had a fine experience renewing acquaintances and taking part in the camp life program. When girls will come from London three years in a row, and look forward to 1955, the camp must be well run and interesting.

The black or dark citified women's clothes, hat and gloves, seem to be no longer true for the well dressed woman in a city. I read that even in New York this is true and New Yorkers now spot tourists by their chic urbaneness. Evidently, the trend is to dress to the weather. Our district including Detroit has been swinging away from city clothes for some years and Friday when we went to the Zoo in Detroit, I thought summer resort style certainly has hit this city - and we all are becoming too informal to be smart on the street.

Had a card from Iris Holdup who with her family is holidaying on the east coast, Maine, Cape Cod, New York, and finally Lee, Massachusetts. Wrote Mrs. Holdup, "How strange that last year we should have gone to the Margaret Morris School in England, and this year Margaret Morris, should be Ted Shawn's guest teacher at Lee, Massachusetts, with the Celtic ballet. Ted Shawn is America's leading Modern Dance Teacher. We are spending the last of our holidays there." I remember seeing Mr. Shawn and Ruth St. Dennis in a dance recital in Detroit years ago, so will be interested to hear Mrs. Holdup's impression of his interpretations of the dance and the tie up with the Margaret Morris movement as taught by Margaret Morris herself.

Some time ago Mrs. Dennis Pilon sent me two copies of The Catholic Woman, each with an article about her cousin the late Mrs. Charles H. Schumm who had many friends in Amherstburg. Mrs. Schumm was a charter member of the League of Catholic Women in Detroit in 1911. Both articles were written, I thought, a year or two before her death. In one Mrs. Schumm told of the Holy Year Pilgrimage to Rome. In the other article, written in November, 1952, Mrs. Schumm who was the only active charter member said to her interviewer that everything the League has accomplished was made possible by women who had true charity in their hearts. Actually Mrs. Schumm believed that the work of the League in Detroit began with women like her mother, Mrs. Patrick Blake (Mrs. Pilon's aunt) and others. She said that the children of these old Detroit families (herself included) grew up with the concept of charity as the individual's duty - a duty to give help wherever it was needed. So, she and 15 other women incorporated themselves as the League of Catholic Women of Detroit back in 1911. True charity instilled in all our hearts, in people of all races and creeds, would certainly make for a better, happier world - a world in which you and I would accept responsibility to do our part.



#### *August 5, 1954*

No one need be without a flower arrangement these August days with the abundance of Queen Anne's lace growing wild along the roadside.

The grey glory of the summer rain was certainly apparent Saturday. I got

soaking wet right through my clean dress but just like a child, I didn't care because I like the feel on my shoulders and arms as did all thirsty growing things.

Mrs. Glen Thornton and Mrs. Marwood Parks are getting things in line for the Fort Malden Horticultural Society's first Flower Show at the Brunner Mond Club. September 25. The show is open to all flower lovers in the Amherstburg, Anderdon, Malden district.

There's a committee of three, Mrs. Forest Pigeon, Mrs. Arthur Hall and Maurice O'Beay, working on the beautification of grounds, gardens and cemetery of Christ Church. This committee has great plans for the restoration of the cemetery and church yard. Ambitious plans such as theirs take "wherewithal" so a Barbeque Supper at Bailey's Beach next Wednesday is the next thing on their program.

Those who were fortunate enough to meet Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, the internationally known leader of Negro people, when she visited Amherstburg Saturday, were charmed by her brilliant mind and wonderful smile. It was an honor indeed for Amherstburg to entertain this 80-year-old founder of Bethune-Cookmand College in Florida and the National Council of Negro Women, and it was unfortunate that her visit was so short.

Recently a book was published by Noah Garno, Well-known reeve of Pelee Island. The book is entitled "The Story of Pelee" and vividly portrays the early life and history of the Island. It is full of island lore and will find a ready audience of interested readers. The book tells a story which has not been told in quite the same way before. It tells about the arrival of the first white person to the island and the sights that he found there. It describes the development of Pelee Island through the years and tells about the arrival of families many of whom bear well-known names in this part of the Country.

Here's an answer to a question about second cousins and cousins once removed. In making a genealogical table (and how I wish more books about several generations of a family carried them near the frontispiece) to show descent from a common ancestor, this is done by means of a series of steps; the children are on one level, first cousins on the next lower level, second cousins on

the next lower level, etc. The relationship of a person on the first cousin level to another on the second cousin on the second cousin level is expressed by the term "first cousin once removed" (often called second cousin). If there are two levels between them, as for example a person and his first cousin's grandchild, the relationship is called "first cousin twice removed" (often called third cousin.)



*August 12, 1954*

That idea of June brides and June the month of weddings, is getting as obsolete as the calling card. For on my diary this year August and September hold spots number one in the brides' calendar.

Wonder what happened to the fish flies this year? No fish flies but too many large moths, in our house too. For the life of me I couldn't find their place of entrance but they would swoop and annoy when I was quietly reading.

I feel that it's a misconception that craftsmen are disappearing as many people maintain - what about the leisure time wood workers in the basement and the hundreds of young people who have built and are building their own homes - and as for home crafts, there is a definite swing toward them in many forms. So I disagree with those who are arguing to the contrary these 1954 days.

See that long strings of pearls are to be worn this fall - some 40 inch strings are being shown, so that they can be wound round and round and make us extra elegant. I remember long strings were in vogue years ago and the late Mrs. William Menzies wore a beautiful long string of pink pearls which when I think about them even now, make me drool.

That old saying, "we must save up against a rainy day," is unfair slander in my books. For what could be lovelier than the cool grey, refreshing rain in Sunday. The sound and the colors all around appeal, as did the pair of cardinals cooling off and bathing on our clothes line. The female was balancing just like a trapeze artist in Ringling Brothers Circus as the rain hit her.



*August 19, 1954*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Skeates, Sandwich Street, have a lovely old fashioned garden.

Trees are creating a lot of interest agriculturally along with the beauty of the glads, the melons, etc., at Wrightland Farm in Colchester South.

The hanging shirt tail era was over or so I thought until the other day when I saw shirts advertised for the young women, beautiful too, in a swank Detroit shop, with frilled collars and fronts - and frilling around the bottom.

Donna Hamilton and Douglas L. Lypps of Harrow had a son Friday the thirteenth. The birth of that much loved baby on that date which has frightened many, will certainly dispel all jinxes, as he comes from a long line of courageous God fearing pioneer ancestors on all sides, so why should he fear the last half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century just because of his birth date - a good start I'd say. Life is not luck as far as I'm concerned, successful people believe in creating and controlling their own lives - it's a person's own ability to handle situations, even those involving misfortunes that counts. That lucky or unlucky business, which is success or happiness as one deserves and more, or the reverse is so very often the way you or I handle ourselves.



*August 26, 1954*

I loved the green world after the rain Thursday, new life and new look everywhere - the droopy, brown uninterested and uninteresting summer world was gone and in its place - lively green with spirit to survive.

Mrs. L. D. (Red) Browning who lived in Amherstburg in the former MacGregor house several years ago, is the new president of the Women's National American Merchant Marine Organization in Detroit. Mrs. J. E.

McQueen and Mrs. J. G. Penner belong to this organization. At a director's meeting recently the women agreed to contribute funds toward the preservation of Mariners Church in Detroit which to my mind was steering some of their funds in the right direction.

"Ropes" are with us again and they are a very fashionable accessory, indeed, this season. These long ropes of beads first reappeared at the Paris spring showings last February. They are a throw back to the fashion picture of the 1920's and 30's and were known then as "sautoirs." Then, as now, they were also associated with the "Channel look" and those easy, casual lines are again prominent in this season's fashions. So drape them or knot them, or do-what-you-will with them. A fortnight ago I spoke of 40 inch strings but I was a bit conservative. 60 inch is the length - a real bib of beads will be the effect.



*September 2, 1954*

For informal sports wear (if a woman has a good figure) I certainly like the longer length Bermuda shorts and the longer knee length stockings.

Mrs. A. R. Horne is spending three months abroad and Thursday being her birthday, Mr. Horne wired congratulations to her in the form of a dozen roses. She and her sister were in an inn at Stratford-On-Avon that day and were lunching when the waitress came up to the table with Mrs. Horne's birth greeting, an armful of about two dozen, "with more to come". The "rest" made table centres for the dining tables and Mrs. Horne was literally swamped with dark red roses (something we'd all like) about six dozen in all.

The few antiques on display at the Harrow Fair were interesting to me, including the pioneer farm equipment. I especially enjoyed antique quilt, 103 years old, which was made of bits of silk and velvet, feather stitched together in haphazard fashion. I probably was drawn to that because my grandmother Hicks had a similar one in her home in Essex which was used on the "children's bed" (Meaning us). The old jewellery (1840) displayed by Mrs. Niles Halstead, was also a point of interest, as was a parasol 150 years old.

Angus Woodbridge, who is related to many pioneer families in South Essex, and who got in on the ground floor of the automobile industry, died in Detroit a fortnight ago, aged 88 years. All my life I've heard of this top ranking body designer in the pioneer days of Detroit's automobile industry. Born in Kingsville, Mr. Woodbridge went to Detroit in 1884. He became chief body designer for Cadillac in 1908. When Henry Leland formed Lincoln Motors he took Mr. Woodbridge, his son-in-law, into the company with him. Mr. Woodbridge designed the first Lincoln body and remained with the company until it was bought by Ford Motor Company. He was the first to use Mohair for automobile upholstery and was the designer of the first rumble seat. In 1928 Mr. Woodbridge retired from the auto industry. He bought and operated until 1933 the Brick Oven Inn at Wrentham, Mass. In that year he returned to Kingsville and Leamington until his retirement in 1942.

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