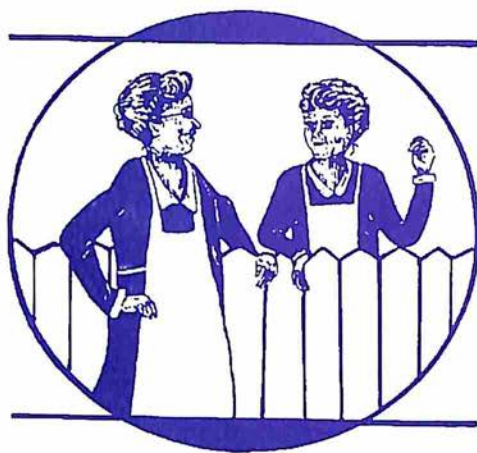




Conversation Pieces

by
Helen Marsh



Vol. I
1942-44

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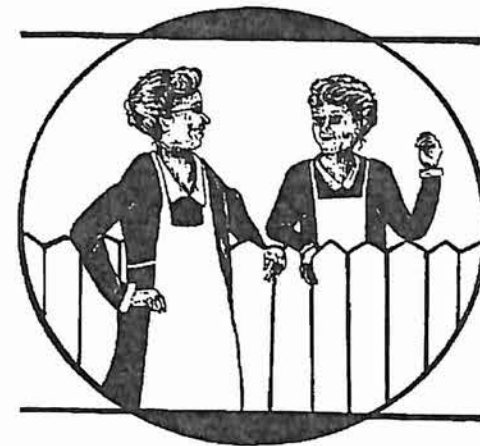
Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada







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ISSN 1481-6695

First printing 1999

Printed by Tri-Graphics
Brown & Associates
Amherstburg, Ontario

The Marsh Collection wishes to thank Jeanette McGrath and Sharon Maitre for volunteering their time to assist us with this publication.

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.

September 3, 1942

Late Summer seems to be rivalling June as the fashionable time for weddings if last Saturday was any indication. With three lovely brides to toast, the town was in a party mood all day.

Autumn's in the air—Autumn with its activities and resolutions. With a jolt we realized that Summer was over when the Malden Women's Institute suggested picking recipes for its roll call—when a mother remarked that she would be glad when school started—but most of all, when we saw a tree on the Knights of Columbus club house lawn already dressed in Autumn togs and preparing to shed its leaves.

What a splendid little homemaker Betty Sinasac Burns is going to be! She made her own wedding gown, her trousseau and her maid-of-honour's outfit. They would be a credit to any dressmaking establishment.



"Allegro" is an appropriate name for the gay blue gladiolii grown by Mrs. John Walker, River Front, Anderdon. This exquisite pale blue flower has two dark blue blotches on it ending in peculiar white arrows. Mrs. Walker imported the bulbs from Holland before the war.

The Past Noble Grands of Talmai Rebekah Lodge have set the pace for Victory, as we enter the fourth year of the war, by turning in over \$130 to the Queen's Fund Committee from the Keno which they put on last Friday night, a laudable effort indeed.

Mrs. Mildred Bessette has had a fairly lengthy letter from her husband, who is a prisoner of war in Italy. Unfortunately it wasn't necessary to read between the lines to know that he was hungry - that significant fact stood out clearly. Oatmeal was one of the things he wanted but he didn't want canned goods. Mrs. Bessette now has her next-of-kin labels so that she can write to him direct which in itself is a consolation.



September 10, 1942

Over the weekend I re-read "Our Miss Boo" by Margaret Lee Runbeck, a delightful story of a little girl told in a simple refreshing way - that and a glimpse of the Autumn borders at the Murwin home on the Harrow Experimental Farm, those beautiful borders ablaze with color, living glowing color, were pleasant diversions which proved to be

antidotes for a war-befuddled mind.

Many Canadians are evidently not wrapping and addressing overseas parcels carefully enough because since January 1, an appalling number of parcels have been received at the base post office at Ottawa in a damaged condition. Mrs. Belle Rogers uses a red marking pencil to address Don's parcels. The address is very legible when made with this oil pencil and is not affected by water. This is a pertinent suggestion.

That jolly group of C.G.I.T. girls lived up to the fourth part of their purpose, serve others, when they made such a generous contribution to the Queen's Fund and the Red Cross Society on Friday last. They seemed happy to be able to do their bit in this tangible way and had no regrets about missing camp fun. That is the true Canadian spirit.

After my experience on Tuesday morning when the school bells rang I can readily understand that quip about the proverbial fire horse automatically responding to the alarm.

Brains, looks and social qualities - a combination which should take Beryl Campbell far. She is a credit to her parents and to the high school from which she won a scholarship entitling her to two years free tuition at University of Western Ontario.



September 17, 1942

Have you noticed that the chestnut trees are turning so much earlier this year? Old wives will be asking, what does this freak of nature presage?

Up to my old tricks again - reading despatches from the New York Fashion Shows - and have been amused by the "new slender trend," "mermaid silhouette," "pencil look from shoulder to hem," "liquid lines." 'Nary a thought is being given to hippy people.

As there was no beef for our tables over the weekend it looks as though juicy steaks smothered in onions or rare roast beef with Yorkshire pudding are our latest war casualties. We have had so few such casualties so far that those things are hardly worth mentioning.

A friendship which began in Amherstburg when the girls were very small was renewed in Montreal over the weekend when Mary Margaret Barrington and her new husband Robert James Sharrer of Syracuse spent part of their honeymoon with Joyce Blanel Gold and John Gold.

Canadian women were urged by the government Tuesday to forego their customary tea and cookies at afternoon and evening social gatherings for the duration to conserve tea, coffee and sugar. These small parties are necessary for our morale, so if that is the government's ultimatum, a different type of simple food should be served. There is something about food which starts good conversation.

"Singleness of Purpose," that phrase which carries so much meaning, can truly be applied to Tom Speidel. His only idea in life was to become a doctor. With that end in view Tom did any odd job offered to him. He taught school, worked at both the Brunner Mond and at the Ford Motor Company and always looked after his mother. This year, at 25, he is at last realizing his life's ambition and going to the University of Western Ontario Medical School.

The H. H. Godden's have an historical treasure at the rear of their new Ramsay Street home - an old pear tree which is supposed to be a seedling from the Jesuit pear trees which were brought from France by those men of steel courage who travelled along these shores preaching, teaching and healing the Indians. Either they, the Jesuits or the early French pioneers planted the trees, in the days of the grand Monarch Louis XIV. The French were very fond of pears. In the Museum I found a charming story, "Legend of the old pear trees" which told the romantic tale of the 12 pear trees, named the "Twelve Apostles", eleven of which were still standing in 1883 near the Detroit Water Works. I like to think that the Godden tree saw the history of the town in the making. This interesting old tree is loaded with fruit this year, but is badly in need of the attention of a tree surgeon.



September 24, 1942

I wonder if Amherstburg's talented art student, Joanne Manning, could be persuaded to enter some of her work in the second annual exhibition of pictures by Essex County artists which is being held at Willistead Library the end of October.

The genial Joe Armstrong has become an institution on the S. W. & A. Bus route. He always has time for a kind word for old and young alike, has a solicitous attitude toward children, often asks about the well-being of the absent members of the family - in fact, like Mrs. Miniver, should have a rose named after him.

Vincent Price has made great strides in the theatrical world since the days when he, in a white sailor suit, used to perform at the Anglican Street Fairs in Amherstburg. One of the dailies carried a recent picture of him and the top-flight English actress, Gertrude Lawrence,

handing out doughnuts and coffee to servicemen at the famous Stage Door Canteen in New York.

Dieppe - an unpleasant sounding name - that never-to-be-forgotten name which has made us run the gamut of emotions during the past month, from deepest sorrow to joy and hope that soon our friends will be posted on the prisoner list. Ten years ago the name Dieppe didn't fill me with terror - it was a magical name for it was there that I got my first taste of a Continental Summer playground. How could all those mad, horrible scenes be enacted on that beautiful crescent-shaped beach, dotted with gay colored umbrellas and bathing huts, crowds of happy holiday-makers strolling on the esplanade or seated at the open air cafes, the hotels, the casinos, the double seawall to make an artificial harbor, the patchwork quilt countryside - every field seemed to be a different color - rolling back from the beach. What a contrast. No more peace and happiness there - nothing but gun emplacements, fortifications, electrified barbed wire entanglements and profound unhappiness and fear. Dieppe the playground is forgotten, it has much more important meaning now for it becomes the place where our intrepid lads started opening the door to an Allied Victory.



October 1, 1942

The children were jubilant when they heard that the weather report on Saturday night predicted "snow". One youngster told his mother that he thought that he wouldn't go to church on Sunday morning because he wanted to stay home and make snow men.



Marianne Nattress is walking in the clouds these days - simply radiating happiness - because she has been accepted as a Hospital Assistant in the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F. Marianne had her heart set upon nursing as a profession and now she is going to get the chance to start her course and to serve her country at the same time. To see her bubbling with excitement gave me a vicarious thrill.

Five years ago Mrs. Olive Spencler, her sons and daughter moved from Amherstburg to Felix Ave., Windsor, where they took a house next to the Shields family. Many things have happened since then — Ian, the youngest son, joined the R.C.A.F. - got his Observer's Wing and Commission - has served in England, Suez, Malta - crashed in the Libyan desert - was promoted to Flying Officer - was one of the crew which flew a prominent air official from Europe to Washington - while there the Associated Press released his picture at the British Embassy - and he has been on the ferry command. This widely traveled airman had

leave in June and the climax to his eventful career came on Saturday evening when he married the 'little girl next door'.

In spite of the rain and the fact that we are all feeling the pinch of Adolph, the Harrow Fair from a woman's standpoint was an example of what we can do during wartime to try to live normally. The flower show was an attention-getter -- it naturally would be because of the rain, coming in the big building with damp feet and clothing which meant damp spirits, that mass of color became a magnet. The baking display was of necessity not large. I wondered if any of the cakes had been made with substitutes.....Needlework is a fine art. I felt the same about the flower exhibit, we need beauty around us now more than ever and we should be thankful to those who have "green fingers". Being Red Cross-minded the examples of the knitted articles appealed to me - then the variety of work made by the Cottam Women's Institute and Harrow W. I. is worthy of comment. That eternal food question was solved by the Women's organizations of the United Church who served two meals each day. In the spirit of times the pie fillings were made with jello puddings or canned fruit and the beverage was donated.



October 8, 1942

T-less-T contribution parties are becoming popular and successful from the money standpoint. Apple juice or warm tomato juice with a dash of cream are favorite beverages.

Imagine forgetting - just a temporary blind spot - the orchestral selections given by some of the Harrow Boys' Band in the main building on the Saturday afternoon of the Fair. Quite a musical treat.....The Harrow Band Leader and the Committee are doing some pretty straight thinking these days for it seems to me that when the exigencies of war are pressing hard upon us we can't stress too much the importance of music.

To reiterate Major Paton's statement, send letters and more letters to the men in the services...mail and morale make good teammates...From many reports the boys are lonesome and we want to assuage that as much as possible. One family sends a scrapbook periodically, with clippings, cartoons, snapshots of the family and friends and short messages from friends who come to call. The whole book is packed full of laughs. I understand that all the family works on it and it is kept up daily so that it doesn't become a chore on the eve of mailing. They use an ordinary five-cent scribbler.

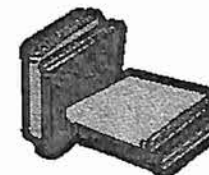


October 15, 1942

Last Sunday I saw for the first time the much talked of War Savings Stamps Corsage on the lapel of a trim fall outfit - a gay dash of color suggestive of something much more than what appeared at first glance.

The other day a boy of High School age, about 14 or 15, came into the *Echo* office and was shown around the plant. The linotype, which is almost a human machine, impressed him but when he saw the Duplex press he was completely struck with wonder and his only comment was "who can ever say that the world is going to the dogs when they can make a machine like that".

Amherstburg citizens are evidently feeling that during these chaotic war days they need reading for relaxation and amusement, for knowledge as well as information. That significant fact stood out in Mrs. Reaume's September report because in spite of more people working and the longer working hours, fewer summer people in town this year and more readers away in the Services, there were only 83 less books read than in the same month last year. This shows that our library is filling a great need in this community.



Two of our lads, Don Rogers and Bruce Hutchinson, have been mentioned in Canadian Press dispatches for their creditable performances in the R.C.A.F. overseas. This old military town feels that it is living up to its heritage when its sons make a good showing for themselves. The story of Amherstburg's war record as told by the Honor Roll on the library corner tells that all the lads overseas and in Canada are doing just that. The many boys around in uniform over last weekend made the old streets resound once more with the tramp of marching feet. They looked us in the eye as if to say "Everything's going to come out alright, you can depend on us" and we do too.

Gordon L. Duffin could have the adjective book hurled at his head...and the impact wouldn't turn his head one bit. In fact, with his understanding heart, it would have the effect of making him more humble. He and his wife made such an indelible impression on Amherstburg that they will always be among Amherstburg's favourite people. His successes will delight us and when he rises to the top of the profession with pride of voice we can say "We knew him when---." Besides the farewell parties given by the School, the Church and the Rotary Club, Mr. Duffin's co-workers on the Amherstburg Public School staff called on him and Mrs. Duffin in their new home in Kingsville and presented them with an occasional chair.

October 22, 1942



Mrs. Malcolm McGregor's chrysanthemum garden on the earth works above the moat is showing great promise again this fall and will be at the height of its beauty in a day or two.

The trees of our town add greatly to its charm. There is a beautiful elm on Mr. Henry D. Wilson's lawn down the bank. It is said that this magnificent specimen is larger and has a wider spread than any elm within a radius of 200 miles of Amherstburg.

The Livingstone Channel was formally opened 30 years ago on Saturday last. What pleasant memories that old news item recalled! In those days Amherstburg and the river work were synonymous. How everyone liked the "river people". The old town buzzed in the Spring when the river work opened up and the dredges, scows and tugs got busy again. Then one remembers the launch "Don" which was piloted by Fred Lovegrove - the trips to Stoney Island or to the dry works at the Channel - the thrill of climbing down the limestone sides and actually walking on the bottom of the Detroit River - and then the excitement on the day when the Channel was actually opened.

October 29, 1942

There was an unusual bit of sentiment in connection with the McBride-Coyle marriage. Catharine was married with her mother's dearest possession, her wedding ring. Mrs. Coyle's gift brought great happiness to the young bride.

Outside of former sailors, I wonder how many people in this old river town tell time by the time signals on the boats. Six Bells - hurrah! Another half-hour to sleep.

An eight-year-old friend of mine is so interested in maps that his mother is going to buy a globe for him. I really believe that World War II has accomplished more for the extension of the knowledge of geography than all the formalized teaching in the class rooms for years past. Many homes now have newspaper maps pinned up on the wall so that the whole family can see where the soldier sons are fighting, or can follow the progress of the war on its various fronts. Even the younger children know that "that red spot is England and there is Dieppe."



We all felt as if Bill Currie were singing his swan song when he left for the army on Monday last. But now that our myopia has cleared up, we are looking forward to the time when the duration ceases to exist and we will hear his hearty laugh and the rhythmic sound of his typewriter again.

November 5, 1942

Congratulations are in order to three of our young airmen - Donald Rogers, Bob Fitzgerald and George Brown - who all succumbed to the charms of English girls during the week of October 10.

Art lovers in Amherstburg are missing a real treat if they fail to get into Willistead Library, Windsor, to see the exhibition of Essex County artists which is on view there until Saturday night. Our own Mr. B. Bennet-Alder has added much to this exhibition by showing four of his miniatures.

During the war when parties without a purpose have disappeared entirely from our social calendar, an affair like the prisoner-of-war Canteen is a good thing for a community as there was a certain amount of sociability provided there. The Canteen would never have been as successful without the selflessness of Mrs. Richard Thrasher who literally turned over her shop to the committee for the week.

Autumn was busy over the weekend strewing her beauty around. She whipped the leaves from the stately Linden tree on the McGregor property, but as yet has not made much of an impression on the tough yellow fan-shaped leaves of the handsome ginkgo tree which grows near the mound on which the old flagpole stood. There is another example of this Chinese tree in town. It is on the Paul Triolet lawn across from the Parish Hall.

A ridiculous but humorous example of Canadian vs. American pronunciations arose when Flora Hodgman Temple and I were chatting the other evening. During the course of the conversation we had occasion to use the word "Lieutenant" several times. She would "Lootenant" me and I would "Leftenant" to her. In the olden days when the printed "u" was made like a "v" the word was printed "lieutenant" and pronounced accordingly, which usage has become our accepted English pronunciation.

November 12, 1942

Stranger things have happened than that Frank Higgins and Alfred Paulton should be posted to Bruce Hutchinson's squadron overseas, but nevertheless it's an interesting coincidence.

When I hear "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition", I wonder if it's not just our way, the modern way, the people's way, of saying:

*Sail on, O ship of State
Sail on, O Union strong and great.
Humanity with all its fears
With all the hope of future years
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!*

We have heard Churchill roll out this quotation from Longfellow several times, and are looking forward to hearing his sonorous dramatic voice quote "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition."

The Thrasher wedding, which took place in Christ Church last Tuesday, was truly and in a very literal sense "The Thrasher Wedding". The groom and the bridesmaid were Auld Thrashers, the bride and the groomsman were former Harrow Thrashers and Mr. and Mrs. William Thrasher were hosts at the wedding dinner to which other Thrasher relatives were invited.



November 19, 1942

I was interested in the mild controversy over the suggestion to substitute another name for kindergarten. An unquestionably German word when 102 years ago Frobel first used it to define that kind of school but for 70 years accepted on this continent as one of our words. Nothing one can think of - "play school", "infant school" - really defines the kindergarten - the garden of children - the perennial garden. To even suggest such a change is drawing a point too fine in my estimation.

Bells rang in England on Sunday for the first time in 29 months, to celebrate the Egyptian Victory. For months the British people were afraid that they would hear the bells - those bells which told of an invasion - but on Sunday last they rejoiced when the bells proclaimed good news and rang as a tribute to the victory on the sands of Egypt. Edward

R. Murrow in his broadcast from London said that there was comfort in the homely sound.

Here is a typical sign-of-the-times item, an item with a decided 1942 flavor: "Gunner and Mrs. Raymond Milburn have left for the Eastern station to which Gunner Milburn is posted." The courageous young girls of 1942 who marry into the service and go to remote stations to make a home as long as possible deserve much credit. On the eve of their departure Gunner and Mrs. Milburn were the guests of honor at a farewell party planned by Mrs. Milburn's relatives. They were presented with a portable radio, which was the very nicest going-away gift imaginable.



November 26, 1942

When glancing over the advertisements in the first edition of the *Echo* and chortling at the manners, customs, and life in 1874, I was mentally jacked up: "Why life's not so different today!" I grant that during those 68 years our living pattern changed greatly, but because of circumstances many things in 1942 are similar to the good old days.

1874 - G. Lafferty advertised shawls.

1942 - Sunday, November 22, three styles of shawls advertised, "the prettiest, giddiest, most beguiling shawls since Grandma was a girl."

1874 - J. D. Burk advertised cotton flannels.

1942 - "Nursery pastels and peppermint striped flannelette nightgowns copied from Grandmother and guaranteed to melt Jack Frost's heart".

1874 - The People's Store: "As a rule the tourists all admire/ The silks and linens of John Maguire."

1942 - No silks, linen on scarce list.

1874 - Mrs. Kane - drygoods, drugs, wasp waist corsets.

1942 - "Another style of Grandmother's day is back to Wartime Canada...the laced corset."

1874 - The Ladies of the R. C. Congregation advertised a grand bazaar and supper to run for four nights.

1942 - This custom is discouraged today.

1874 - No street lighting.

1942 - To conserve electricity, partial blackout.

1874 - Horse and buggy days.
1942 - We are getting there fast!

1874 - Simple pleasures, sing-songs, quilting bees, parlor games, taffy pulls, parties to cut up apples for drying, popping corn, reading aloud, knitting parties.
1942 - Swinging back to same simple pleasures, except for taffy pulls (when the United Church Young People popped corn the other night they used molasses, sorghum and syrup for sweetening.)

1874 - No telephones.
1942 - Advise curtailing telephone calls.

1874 - Turville and Brother specialize in Green and toasted Java coffee.
1942 - ???

1874 - Current events, an elopement in high society, an attempted assassination, an express robbery and a comment on the bitter feeling which is springing up between the governments of France and Germany.
1942 - Current events. Here's where 1942 comes into its own. Because of radio, newspapers, aeroplanes, you know all the answers.

N.B. I don't feel like looking down the proverbial nose any more.



December 3, 1942

That old saying, "Ask a busy person if you want anything done" can be applied to the women of Colchester-on-the-Lake. They all lead very busy lives, yet an average of 12 women in summer and 20 in winter turn out every Wednesday afternoon to sew for the Red Cross.

Now that the border is closed to us, I find that as time goes on I miss more and more the occasional trips to the Cass Theatre - don't think me unpatriotic when I say that I wish -- how I wish (who coined wishful thinking?) that I could see the inimitable Gertrude Lawrence cavort in "Lady in the Dark" there this week. Never shall I forget her sparkling performance and gorgeous clothes in "Susan and God". Then, too, I feel a need for the many trips which we used to take to the Art Institute and how I long for a drink of the real Vernor's at the factory at the foot of Woodward.

Sunday, the first beautiful snowy days of the season, brought to mind the plight of the birds. Feeding birds in winter is some people's chief joy (paging Patty French). We, too, can attract birds to our back yards. Place several simply constructed feeding shelves, made with a narrow railing and one on the window sill and possibly a cardinal, a bluejay, a downy woodpecker, brown creeper, chickadee (occasionally), goldfinch, or a junco will frequent your snack bars. Suet, chicken feed, sun flower seeds, peanuts are favorite foods...and don't forget the warm water for your thirsty friends. If by any chance a robin frequents your feeder—he might you know—give him cooked spaghetti and dried berries. Start to attract birds to their pantries now and they will know where to look for food when the dead of Winter comes.



December 10, 1942

In the chat about coaxing the winter birds last week I said "start feeding the birds now before real winter sets in." The joke's on me.



What fallacy of vision makes me think that the maples and elms are taller and more graceful these December days? They seem to be doing setting-up exercises stretching contentedly toward the lovely winter sky.

I'm positive that those of us who look out on our friendly beautiful river have a different viewpoint to those who live far inland or to the city dwellers. We have before us perpetual beauty with its waves of different colors, its lights and shadows (those embroidered shadows of Bob-Lo always appeal to me), glorious sunsets with the river mirroring their brilliant colors and the romance of its interesting boats. Never an hour does it remain the same. To me our river is an animate thing and I have actually been lonesome for it. The Detroit River does something to our personalities --- something good too.



December 17, 1942

A climactic incident occurred in my life on Saturday night when with trepidation, I was anxiously looking over the 217th Casualty list, looking for Roy's name and hoping against hope that somewhere in those callous official offices a mistake had been made and that we "regret to inform you" telegram should never have been sent. But there it was -- such an unalterable ominous statement - Pte. Wigle, Roy (mother) Mrs. Muriel Wigle, Dalhousie

Street, Amherstburg, which interpreted means that Roy has become one of the immortal heroes of Dieppe.

I well remember that September day when he started to school, a half-shy little boy - with eyes shining, eager for the new grown-up experience of going to school - who said that his name was "Roy", not "Junior", as he had been called up to this time. No more "Junior" for him.

About two years later he joined the Wolf Cub pack of which I was the Akela. Again he was attacking a new experience. This is an important time in a boy's life -- when aged eight they being to spread their wings outside home. They have implicit faith in and respect for the Cubs and their leader. Their imaginations run unchecked and their enthusiasm knows no bounds.

I can almost see Roy now as he squatted on the circle, two fingers raised in the Cub salute, his earnest face shining (five marks for clean face and hands and brushed hair), head thrown back, wolf cub hat on the back of his head, repeating the law of the jungle and pledging as truthfully as possible to keep the law of the Wolf Cub pack, to love God and his country and sincerely answering the call of the Akela, when she cried "Dyb dyb dyb" (Do your best), with a "Dob dob dob" (Do our best).

Years pass and Roy grows up, through Public and High School into the business world. In September, 1939 I happened to be walking past the Essex Scottish recruiting office (now Speal's restaurant) and saw Roy talking to the recruiting officer - two of the first of our town to accept the challenge - once again in my lifetime the flower of Canadian manhood was marching off to war.

Roy in battle dress! The little cub in a different kind of uniform. When he came into the High School dance that October 1939 we all had heavy hearts - Amherstburg was at war. That Christmas of 1939 he and pal Bill came to call and told us about the grand experience they were having in the Scottish. Later, after the regiment had landed in England it was Roy who in his boyish way wrote of the London I love. He described the devastation in Piccadilly and Regent Street but said that the Landseer lions were still guarding Trafalgar Square and that Buckingham Palace looked like a deserted barracks with its blackout curtains flopping through the broken panes.

Then came Dieppe - to me Roy is the symbol of our faith and courage, afraid perhaps, but ready, ready in every way, because he and his pals saw Victory ahead of them there on the beaches of Dieppe.

That serious, half-shy little boy of the long ago Cub days - when he was repeating so earnestly the law of the wolf cub pack - wasn't realizing that his character was being moulded. But when the supreme moment came he obeyed the law of the pack and did his best - and his best was his life.



December 24, 1942

We have so much to be thankful for this fourth Christmas in a country at war. Thankful that we live in a democracy where men still have hearts, where, although we're in the throes of the worst world war history has ever known, we can still celebrate Christmas - that all important holiday - with its lovely old customs and traditions. That is one of the things that we are fighting for - freedom to celebrate Christmas in the traditional way, freedom for the children to skate at the park and to slide down the hills at the old Fort, freedom to laugh and cheer old Santa as they did on Saturday when he distributed candy at the Rotary lot, freedom to have Christmas family gatherings and to eat dinner in comparative peace and comfort. Not perfect comfort, because of the many homes whose men folk are away in the service of their country. This year more than ever before in our lifetime the airways will be filled with Christmas thoughts and mental greetings which will spread out from our town to places all over the world. Fortunately Christmas is still essential to our way of life - we give everything in our power toward the war effort but must preserve everything that Christmas stands for, for nothing is worth the price of the loss of our ideals.

Christmas is the children's season but what about the children in Germany, Italy and Holland where for centuries the Dutch child put out a wooden shoe filled with hay for the white horse of St. Nicholas. Do those children know that Christmas is here again? During the singing of that lovely Christmas carol, "Away in a Manger," favorite of all children's carols, in church on Sunday I thought of Martin Luther, the German, who had written it and of Martin Luther, the German who, to please the children, had put candles on the evergreens to light the way for the Christ Child to enter the home and the hearts of the wee German children. The Christmas tree idea was used in Germany alone until the German Prince Consort introduced the idea into Queen Victoria's Court and because it was done at Buckingham, the idea spread like wildfire throughout the Empire. Shortly after this time the Germans, during the France-Prussian war, were in Paris on Christmas Eve and, to assuage their lonesomeness for fatherland and children, fixed up a lighted evergreen tree. France, too, accepted this lovely idea.....



Most of us are more thoughtful about the true significance of the meaning of Christmas this year of 1942, which is as it should be, keeping always before us the true interpretation of the Angel's song "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men", so that we can truly say, "We'll keep our Christmas Merry still."



December 31, 1942

New Year's always brings on a state of mixed emotions. This New Year's Eve I have been making a mental graph of the four World War II New Years. The graph certainly shows a great variety of experiences in our emotional life as well as home, business, church and national life.

New Year's 1940 found us in an apathetic state - still drifting along - I grant that early in December the first Canadian troops had landed in England - an ill-equipped lot too. New Year's 1940 was a gay year. Nothing in our way of life had changed. Early that January 1940, we went into Detroit to hear Edgar Ansel Mowrer, the well-known foreign correspondent who had just returned from Paris. He tried his best to strike terror into his audience as he painted a black word picture of the future. He wanted this continent to throw aside its cloak of complacency. We were incredulous and were quite disturbed by his predictions. And everything he predicted, except that South America would swing toward the Axis for economic reasons, has come true. During those New Year days of 1940 we were certainly fiddling while Rome burned.

My graph can not record the depths of despair in which we were wallowing at New Year's time 1941. Britain was standing alone; the United States was adamant in its isolationist policy. The graph started on its downward plunge where Dunkirk is recorded - and continued with the fall of the low countries and France - the attempted invasion of September 15 and the continuous bombing of the cities of England, until it reached the bottom at New Year's when the blitz of London was at its height - but as we know London could take it - and because of the bravery and courage of the civilians in London on New Year's 1941 we are able to celebrate this New Year's of 1943. If it hadn't been for those brave people our New Year's today would be very different - almost impossible to imagine. The Empire stood alone - that 1941 New Year's.

New Year's 1942 shows the graph up a few points. The United States was at war. Those were dark days when Hong Kong fell but we had a strong ally.

During 1942 Dieppe sent the graph swinging down again but up it came at the time of

the successful African invasion and with humility I say that it is still going up which means that I can wish you a New Year full of hope.



January 7, 1943

Probably old Santa Claus was the only person not affected by gas rationing this year. The children were confident that he'd be given a high rating ration book.

January 1943. The diary season is at hand. Have you ever yielded to the impulse to buy one, started off to keep it religiously with the most optimistic of anticipations and then had your enthusiasm wane? Or lack of strength of character to carry things through. I have great admiration for my aunt in Essex who can settle any argument - dates of vital statistics in the family, names of dinner guests on the Friday before Easter 1938 or the weather---with a flourish---"wait until I look up my diary" -- such fortitude.

The "older woman" is coming into her own as a result of the manpower shortage created by the war. Employers are finding that she is proving among the most able and dependable in jobs formerly held by men, as a matter of fact some employers follow a policy of placing an older woman with each group of younger women as a stabilizing influence. Several years ago "older women" who particularly needed jobs were desperate because their age was against them. In one city in Southwestern Ontario the Board of Education had a ruling that no new appointments be made to women over 30 years old. The war has shown that the "older woman" is not senile but capable and responsible.

It seems that of late wherever there is a group of women gathered together we get into or listen in on a lengthy discussion on the stocking problem. We tell and re-tell our experiences with this make and that and complain about the quality and durability. I want to go on record as saying that we should be thankful that we're able to get stockings at all. Most business women buy at least two pairs of stockings a month, 24 pairs a year - if we had clothes rationing as they have in Britain - 60 coupons a year for a woman - we would give up three coupons per pair of stockings - so figure it out for yourself, in a year our stocking allowance alone would use up more than 60 coupons - 72 coupons in fact - with nothing left for coats, dresses, hats, underwear and shoes.



January 14, 1943

I am anxious for "Mrs. Miniver" to come to the local theatre so that you all can see that beautifully done movie, which is packed so full of thought-provoking incidents and speeches. For instance, "It oughtn't to take a war to make us talk to each other in buses, and invent our own amusements in the evenings, and live simply and eat sparingly, and recover the use of our legs and get up early enough to see the sun rise. However, it has needed one, which is about the severest criticism our civilization could have."

Food rationing in England is enforcing the doctrine of the clean plate. Canadians, especially some finicky children, could well practice this in their war on waste to say nothing of the health side. One Amherstburg child of acquaintance has always hated to have his gravy run into his vegetables - in fact he preferred that none of the mounds of food on his dinner plate touched each other - because of this peculiarity he was a very fussy eater. This Christmas his mother bought him a divided plate much to the child's delight, and since then he has eaten all his food with evident enjoyment.

Twenty-one years ago last September, George Harris was enrolled in the primer class of the Amherstburg Public School. He attacked the all-important subjects of reading, writing and arithmetic with enthusiasm and determination. Those same traits have helped him through twenty-one years of continuous schooling. Tomorrow night George gets his degree in Medicine and his first teacher is going to the graduation.

Few of Nature's shows can compare with the January sky but when one gets a combination of the spectacular in Nature along with man-made beauty, the result is breathtaking. The new moon was out in all its virginal beauty last Friday evening, its shaft of moonlight jumping from one ice flow to another also making a bright spot on the dark pattern of the tree tops of Bob-Lo against the glowing sky - a scene to set one's perspective right. Add to that picture a touch of realism - thirty little training planes with their red and green lights skimming and gaily dancing around in the western sky - some of them making so bold as to cavort around the moon - a grand illustration of the friendly dark.



January 21, 1943

Some time ago I was talking to Malcolm Shaw about how the name Abigail was handed down in his family and about his great-grandfather John Jones who was rescued by Abigail Becker at Long Point when the ship *Conductor* floundered in a Lake Erie gale. Elsewhere in this edition is the thrilling story of the rescue as told by Mr. Phillips of Sarnia, who came

to Amherstburg last Thanksgiving and had an interesting time chatting with Captain Dave and Captain Charlie Hackett. Mr. Shaw said that his great-grandfather was a Welshman (not an American as Mr. Phillips says) who as a boy served his apprenticeship before the mast. He was on the ship which moved Napoleon's body from St. Helena to France. Later he came to this country and settled in Amherstburg. Shortly after Mate John Jones was rescued by the brave silent Abigail Becker, a daughter was born to his wife here in Amherstburg. They called her Abigail. The name was handed down when Abigail Shaw of the next generation (now Mrs. Earl Lawler of Detroit) was born. Mr. Shaw quoted his great-grandfather as saying that to the day of her death Abigail Becker, when she stalked through the streets of Port Rowan, wore the medal which was the gift of Queen Victoria.

One of the loveliest ideas for a living memorial, I think, is the Mrs. W. G. Wright Memorial Shelf in the Harrow Public Library. Several years ago Miss Ella M. Wright started this shelf in memory of her mother who was a great reader. Every year Miss Wright adds some worthwhile books to it and her gifts have brought joy to many readers.



January 28, 1943

Saturday afternoon a friend was having a tussle with her twelve-year old, who was on the verge of a frightful cold, about the advisability of not playing out of doors. After a short clash of will, twelve-year old mumbled in a half defiant tone, "Well, then, I'll make fudge." The wise mother didn't say a word. Time was when making fudge was un consequential. We have an old Essex Cook Book that literally opens itself at a chocolate fudge recipe - the page is soiled and finger-marked where children's hands have handled it innumerable times.



February 4, 1943

Another (former) pupil, Hughie Reynolds, has "gone west" in the service of his country. Hughie - that smiling, soft-voiced, complacent, studious, dependable little fat boy, who toed-in - grew up to become a Flying Officer in a Fighter Squadron and all too soon has joined the ranks of the immortals of the R.C.A.F.

According to a radio report, Ralph Collins, step-grandson of Mrs. William Trimble, Laird Avenue, has been appointed secretary to Canadian Minister at Chung-king, China. At present Ralph is in the Department of External Affairs, Ottawa. This appointment is exactly what Ralph has dreamed about as he is a great lover of and believer in China, the

country, its people and its culture. He was born in China and lived there for many years. After the death of his father, he and his mother came to Amherstburg and stayed for a few months with his grandfather and he enrolled in the first grade. Years passed during which time he and his mother returned to China where Mrs. Collins was a Y.W.C.A. hostess. Incidentally, at this time they had occasion to meet Madame Chiang Kai Shek and her famous sisters. When Ralph was in his teens they were in town again and he attended the General Amherst High School for a short time. They left here and made their home in Western Canada and Ralph graduated from the University of Alberta. He went to Oxford as Rhodes Scholar and was there after the outbreak of war. Because of his great knowledge and understanding of the affairs, customs and people of China, he was invaluable to the Department of External Affairs. For instance, a few months ago he was sent to New York to meet the *Gripsolme* when that ship brought the internees from the Far East and he helped arrange the exchange of internees. Now he has reached the zenith of his career - he is returning to his beloved China.



February 11, 1943

Far be it from me to challenge or criticize the government's edict regarding war time but --- I find that I'm stimulated by the lighter mornings. In fact didn't quite realize until this week how utterly tired I was of groping along the 8:30 a.m. war dark streets when everything looked unfriendly and unfamiliar.

At last a two-way contact has been made with our prisoners of war. In the latest batch of letters from Germany the boys say that they have been given some Canadian mail. What happy relief it is for us to know that they are actually getting that which is all-important to a serviceman - letters from home.

A sub-head for the description of Jean Trimble's wedding procession might easily have been "A March of Pulchritude." Can you imagine anything more beautiful than a tall lovely red-headed bride and two red-headed bridesmaids, a titian and a real brunette?

Miss Fern Wismer was hostess at a miscellaneous shower Monday evening in honour of her niece, Miss Jean Trimble. About 70 guests enjoyed the hospitality of the J. N. Trimble home.



February 18, 1943

A district airwoman, Evelyn Wright Scott of Harrow, showing her keen interest in things historical, writes from the famous Eastern Canadian Port:

St. Paul's Anglican Church is extremely interesting. It is supposed to be the oldest in Canada. The town clock on Citadel Hill has run for 125 years. The old Duke of Kent when he was here as Commander-in-Chief decided that the people of Halifax should be as punctual as he was so he instigated the building of a town clock to be on Citadel Hill. The merchants gave subscriptions for the base and the military men provided the turret. The works came from England. The pendulum was so long that a deep hole had to be dug in the side of the hill. At Dalhousie University one can read all of the old history of Nova Scotia from the time of the first newspaper, etc. - all very interesting. The cemeteries are extremely exciting - if cemeteries can be - at Fairview are the graves of many who died when the Titanic sank. In the centre of the town on Barrington Street is one of the oldest cemeteries in Halifax. A huge monument stands facing the street. It is in memory of those who died at Sevastopol. There is a great superstition among the natives who say that if you walk around this monument three times at midnight you will see the devil - some firmly believe this (so) sometime I'm going to try it.

Mrs. Scott's comment on old cemeteries expresses my sentiments exactly. Old cemeteries have always had a great fascination for me because, I suppose, of my penchant for history. The history of a community and the history of our country, as Mrs. Scott showed, is written in the cemeteries. My imagination runs riot when I get the chance to wander around in one and read the inscriptions on the markers. Here one finds the history of the family life of the ordinary man - the early settlers about whom no history books have been written - and also one can interpret through the inscriptions the history of the times. Those pioneers left their indelible work in the little cemeteries - the family burial plots.



February 25, 1943

The out-of-doors music on Sunday, the first Springlike day, was supplied by the chirping and singing of the birds who provided the solo work to the accompaniment of the humming of the busy training planes on Grosse Île - unrelated sounds - which blended beautifully both transmitting their message of hope.

As Miriam Hilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hilton, Laird Avenue, was a Leap

Year baby, February 29, except in Leap Year she has no set date for the celebration of her birthday. This year she plans to make Sunday her birthday.

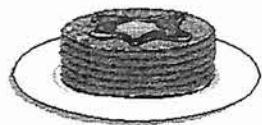
Friday night at the Prisoner-of-War meeting I saw and actually handled a Victoria Cross. Shivers still play up and down my spinal chord when I think about it. The bronze Maltese Cross on the crimson ribbon belongs to Mrs. Peter Smith, whose first husband Lieutenant Hugh McKenzie, won it for remarkable valor at Paschendale. The Victoria Cross is the most highly prized decoration of the British Empire and was first bestowed in 1857 at the close of the Crimean War.



March 4, 1943

In one of the latest portraits of Queen Elizabeth and the Princesses - the one in which the Queen is wearing a knitted outfit - I thought that even though she looked much thinner she hasn't lost her beauty.

A knitted white baby shawl fringed around, tied babushka fashion, was Gloria Bondy's headgear Saturday night - Madonna-like and very becoming.



The event of Shrove Tuesday prompted a discussion of pancakes vs. waffles. I contend that the good old-fashioned pancakes cooked in a spider and served with maple syrup have it all over waffles. My friend insists that waffles served with ice cream tickle the palate. The friendly argument ended in a draw. By the way, do you remember the good old days - Shrove Tuesday of last year when a week's butter ration was just enough for a good meal of pancakes?

Mrs. Arthur Reynolds must have received some measure of comfort from a letter which she received last week from Scotch friends of Hughie's. They told her that Hughie was well liked and respected by the boys he was instructing and sent her a bunch of heather and violets taken from a wreath which was placed on his grave by those boys. Flying Officer Hugh Reynolds was killed in Scotland in a flying accident due to the fog.

Mrs. Belle Rogers received a telephone call on Friday night from Don's Squadron Leader, Squadron Leader Chadburn, who is on leave at his home in Aurora. What a wonder and satisfactory experience for a mother to get first hand and recent news of her son! Squadron Leader Chadburn must be a very thoughtful and considerate young man - his are

the qualities which make for greatness - in fact he is the youngest Squadron Leader in the British Empire.

When the last member of an old family dies people begin to reminisce. This was the case when the death of Mrs. Nellie Cooper Patterson was announced recently. Several interesting facts were revealed. Her father drove the stage between Amherstburg and Windsor; Mrs. Patterson taught at the old Richmond Street School; Stan Gott, John Gott, the late Eccles J. Gott, Dr. Roy Hackett, Ethel Bell, Allan Auld, Naomi Borrowman, Nettie Lovegrove and Dave Johnston were among her pupils. After resigning from the teaching profession Mrs. Patterson went to Detroit and became associated with the Sterling and Skinner Co. As she owned her own horse it was nothing for her to ride horseback from Woodward Avenue to Amherstburg every weekend.

June Harlen was walking in seventh heaven happy over all the gifts and last-minute preparations prior to tackling a new experience - that of life in the R.C.A.F.(W.D.) She simply radiated happiness and enthusiasm and said that the R.C.A.F. was in her blood. Life and work in the Women's Division will be a serious business with June who is delighted to think that soon she'll be filling a man's shoes in the R.C.A.F. office staff.

According to the latest fashion news, white socks for women and girls are the next big excitement in stockings. Whities, designed first as a safety measure to cut down the pedestrian casualties in the dimmed areas are becoming the rage all over the country.



March 11, 1943

There was a breath-taking picture in the Western sky Monday night - the new moon and the evening star stood out in all their glory against the dark drop curtain of the night. That radiant new moon commanding and getting attention and publicity this year because of its influence in the late Easter.

"Out of the mouths of babes"...pardon me for being so prosaic but Thursday night three grownups and one young-fry were hurrying home from the Legion Minstrels. It was bitterly cold and the west wind penetrated to the marrow. Grown-ups grumbled about the weather as they hurried along, taking a short-cut across the park and then complained because the walking was rough. At this, young-fry, who was evidently fed up with the continuous whining, said, "What about those taking Commando training?"

Mrs. Sidney A. Hunt has returned from New Orleans where she spent part of the winter

because of the illness of her father T. C. Langlois. Last week Mrs. Hunt received word that her husband had been appointed Captain in the 1814 Signal Port Service Company.

Miss Nettie Lovegrove and Mrs. Horton were in Sandwich over the weekend attending the wedding of their nephew Leading Aircraftsman Charles Douglas Lovegrove. LAC Lovegrove, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Fred Lovegrove, was married in the Sandwich United Church on Saturday afternoon to Miss Ruth Carolyn Thomas, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Thomas of Mill Street.



March 18, 1943

WREN Georgina Mayville was home over the weekend in her stunning navy blue uniform and most becoming hat. In my estimation the uniform for the Women's Naval Service is more becoming and a little more feminine than the uniform of either of the other two services. Now that Georgina has joined the WRENS, Amherstburg is represented in the three services. We even have the honour of having one airwoman, Laura Lapierre, overseas.

I was interested to learn that the north part of the old John Hamilton house, Bathurst Street, which was sold to Edward Grondin recently, is made of logs. This north part was the original Hamilton home which was built over 100 years ago. The south portion was added later.

Ordinarily on St. Patrick's Day one sees lovely fresh patches of green here and there on the lawns. 'Nary a blade could I find this year. But with Spring officially arriving over the weekend we can look forward to the out-of-doors excitement and interest beginning soon.

The other day a young man came into the office to tell of his soldier brother's change of address. He said, "My soldier brother says that the boys in service certainly like to get the old home-town paper. Once when the *Echo* arrived at their far-off post, one of my brother's friends who is also from this district grabbed the paper and actually kissed it." Because these young boys are so starved for news every one of us here at home should consider it his bounden duty to send papers, letters, clippings and snapshots to as many boys as possible as often as possible.

When Charles Tomlinson celebrated his 50th anniversary as an employee of Traub Brothers Jewelers, Detroit, March 6, an interesting sidelight on the beginning of his successful career was brought to light. It seems that Hugh Callendar, who was principal of the Amherstburg Public School over 50 years ago, gave a gold medal every year to the

student who passed highest in the Entrance examinations. Mr. Callendar was in the habit of getting the medal engraved at Traub Brothers Jewelers, Detroit. That year, 1893, when Mr. Callendar went as usual to see about the medal, they told him that they needed a bright young boy to learn the jewelry business and wondered if he could suggest anyone. Mr. Callendar recommended Charlie Tomlinson, who was then 14 years of age and the bright young boy has been a valuable member of the company every since.



March 25, 1943

Two names, "Amaex", which interpreted means Amherstburg, Malden, Anderdon, Essex, and "Echoburg" have been submitted to the *Echo* as suitable names for the boat which the Canadian Navy will name for our district. This type of name is not permissible. When interpreted it does have a meaning locally, but to the world at large it means nothing. We are requested to submit a significant name symbolic of the district. *H.M.C.S. Fort Malden* sounds good to me.

A friend of my childhood, Captain Henry Cook, passed away Tuesday. Captain Cook was always good to and interested in the children along the street. Because we are innately river folk his comments on the boats or the channel markers were listened to with interest. He had a great fund of information and told his stories well. He of the spritely walk will be missed. We will also miss seeing him sitting in the sun in front of his Rankin Avenue home, out near the sidewalk so that he had a better view of the river and the boats.

In conversation with Floyd Zimmerman at the Young People's dance on St. Patrick's night I asked if our two sailor guests were American or Canadian. Mr. Zimmerman was completely taken aback at my ignorance and replied, "Canadian, of course, the three bands of braid on their collars represent the defeat by the British of the three major naval powers - the French, the Dutch and the Spanish - at the close of the eighteenth century.



April 1, 1943

Many of us have followed with interest Vincent Price's rise in the world of the theatre. For many months he has been starring on Broadway in "Angel Street." He has recently given up that role to join his wife and son in Hollywood where Mrs. Price, Edith Barrett, is making a place for herself in the movies.

The boys in the prison camps are evidently starved for chocolate. In a letter to his wife Donald Dornan in listing his wants said, "Please send me one pair of sox and make the rest of the box chocolate." The next-of-kin can send two pounds of chocolate every quarter.

An epidemic struck us last week - not flu, Spring Fever. I love it because everyone was outside raking leaves, looking over garden prospects or just sunning there and ready for a friendly chat. There's nothing friendlier than the first Spring days. Not only do they act as a magnet to draw old and young out-of-doors but seem to loosen our tongues and improve our dispositions. Only marring feature is the ubiquitous talk of house cleaning.

Because the sap was running so freely from one of his maples, B. Bennet-Alder tapped the tree and is gathering the sap in a scientific manner - large pail and all. He's going to defeat the shortage of sugar in his home.

The revival of Blossom Time - on second thought, is it a revival or has that musical, telling the story of Shubert's unhappy love affair been running all these years - anyway "Blossom Time" in Detroit last week reminded me of the time I saw it in St. Louis. I loved the music and was carried away when the unhappy Franz Shubert played "Song of Love." We went to see the show before I caught the midnight train back to Detroit. On the way from the theatre to the station we were all so quiet because we were still drifting along on the beauty of the music. Arriving at the station a little early we went into the lunch room for a bite and found that the Blossom Time company was in there. They were taking the midnight train also. There was the man who played Franz Shubert sitting on a stool, leaning on the counter, his make-up not entirely off, dunking doughnuts. I actually felt let down to see "Franz Shubert" with feet of clay. I have no desire to see the show again.



April 8, 1943

It took me about ten months to fully realize that I have been catapulted into a strictly adult world. When did I actually discover it? April Fools Day. Not one practical joker crossed my path. For years and years in both Grades one and two that was the big day when the wee 'uns would chortle with delight from nine till four over the April Fool tricks they played on the teacher.

Don't neglect to read the Bob Kopacz letter which is elsewhere in this edition. I marvel at the depth, the cool-headedness, the astuteness of some young men in the armed forces. We really never knew those boys, although we saw them every day, until they started to write letters home. Bob's concise descriptions and observations are worth reading.

The brave, modest Chinadoxia is in bloom on the south side of our house. Those early spring deep blue flowers have an appeal which the rest of the flower cycle cannot supplant. For years I called our patch of chinadoxia "scylla" or "squills" as they are commonly called in England, until one day in Grade two when the youngsters and I were looking at snowdrops, crocuses and scylla (as I thought), Patty French said "Miss Marsh, that blue flower is not scylla, it is chinadoxia. You can tell by its white eye." Look carefully at the two very similar flowers for yourself and you too can see the difference.

Delighted to hear Ray Trimble play the piano at the Oratorical contest. He improvises very well and got definite enjoyment out of trying to fool the contestants in the musical quiz with his interpretations of the old and new songs.



April 15, 1943

In a recent letter from Corporal Maurice Bessette who is in prison camp in Italy, he said that his life as a woodchopper kept him fit. We certainly should be very thankful that our prisoners of war still have a sense of humour!

Warm amusement rose and hovered round my heart when hearing of nine-year old who came home from school with a packet of evergreen corn. Mother was non-plussed and not wanting to break his spirit or wet-blanket his enthusiasm, said: "Why, son, we only have a postage stamp garden and corn grows ever so high." "I know that" answered nine-year old, "but you like corn don't you? And so do I." After a little heart-to-heart talk son compromised on radishes.

Interesting indeed was the list of prohibited articles for next-of-kin parcels which the German government is issuing to all Canadian next-of-kin. Mrs. John Coyle, who received the list from Mike, was kind enough to send us a copy. It was printed in English on a folder similar to the prisoner-of-war regulation letter and was addressed to her in Mike's handwriting. The communique said that parcels containing written communications or any article which could be used as a means for facilitating escape, would be confiscated. The next-of-kin in their anxiety are extra careful to follow instructions to the letter and as all parcels are examined in Ottawa before shipping I just wonder - possibly I'm wrong - if this list is sent to us to justify the German actions regarding some next-of-kin parcels snail-like delivery for instance.



April 22, 1943

This erratic April of 1943 is shattering all records for perverseness. Imagine the consternation which arose from the two inches of snow and the sleet Friday. Not to be satisfied with the excitement she caused in the morning, April put on another show later in the day when 'the wind she blew a hurricane, by and by she blew some more.' On the Wednesday night preceding this kick-back it was so cold that when the Alfred Stevensons were going into Windsor their car froze at Petrimoulx Corners and they had to return on the bus.

Mrs. Wallace Temple (Flora Hodgman) learned last week that her husband Captain Wallace Temple is in the South Pacific. The *Detroit Free Press* says that: "Temple wrote his wife that he had struck a bargain for her in grass skirts designed as souvenirs. He persuaded a native chief that, because they were both 'boss men' the native should sell him one skirt for a handful of rice and give him another one. The transaction was concluded with deep bows on all sides, he added."



April 29, 1943

A young lad in my Sunday School class who is in the second grade in day school this year, persists in calling me Miss Weber. Last week after this had happened again he piped up, "That's silly of me, you're not Miss Weber now."

Those of you who are dated by talking about the good old days and think that your generation had a corner on all the amenities should hear Floyd Zimmerman instruct the dancing class at the Brunner Mond Club in the etiquette of the dance. The old "points for behaviour at the dance" which made Joe Smith such a smoothie at the Town Hall and the Fraser Hall dances still hold good.

"Designed by Muriel King" - so often I notice this under some ultra-ultra little number in the women's magazines. Even before the war when the Paris designers lead in that field, the clever clothes designed by Muriel King, an American, were getting some recognition. This same Muriel King is a cousin of the John Auld family and when she visited here years ago she and I (the little girl next door) played with paper dolls, I well remember that she drew and coloured the different costumes for her doll family and as a consequence they had quite a wardrobe.

After riding down from Windsor on the bus Thursday night I have decided that we must

add the bus driver to the list of unsung heroes of the war. He kept his good humour when he was answering question after question, making change, stopping, starting, opening doors, shutting doors, never passing up a waiting passenger - in fact he waited a minute for some in spite of the fact that he must run on schedule. He was even driving carefully when trying to keep the passengers out of his lap and to top it all he bade us good night after accommodating us by stopping at the pillars at the high school.

This past week we have been trying to give our place its Spring grooming. Everywhere we look we see St. John beans which fell last year from the locust trees on the river lots. This unusual tall spiny locust (not the honey locust) does not belong naturally to Canada although there are - besides those on Mrs. F. E. Wilson's property where the Alan Buchanans live and an adjoining lot - several fine examples in town, namely in front of the J. G. Mullen home and in George Pettypiece's yard. These trees are native to the Mediterranean countries, especially Malta, where the (pesky) St. John beans are used for fodder. This particular type of locust was evidently imported when Rosebank, River Front Road, Anderdon, was a nursery about 100 years ago.



May 6, 1943

As I walk along Laird Avenue these evenings the forsythia - lovely clouds of lemon yellow mist - peps me up. How glad I am that someone imported that sunshiny bush from China. If you examine the individual flowers you will see the bells - bells ringing to announce the arrival of Spring.

Several times this year Mrs. Guy Pouget and her sister Miss Lena Autin have given us a box of that old-fashioned home-made peppermint candy. Such a grand gift in these days of rationing. The delectable taste and smell catapulted me back to my childhood days when we had a penny to spend (that "penny" certainly dates me, doesn't it?) and would skip along Bathurst Street from the Public School to Mrs. Morin's shop at the corner of Murray Street for a few of the very same kind of home-made peppermint candies - probably Mrs. Pouget and her sisters have Mrs. Morin's old recipe. Occasionally, instead of peppermint candy we'd buy a penny's worth of pulled molasses taffy. I'm almost drooling when writing this.

Walking down Richmond Street on Saturday afternoon I was struck by what, for the second, I thought was a foreign sound. Staying 'on the beam' I identified the sounds - Harry Heilman broadcasting the Tiger game. I hadn't heard any Tiger news this Spring. A few years ago there was Tiger talk everywhere - good table conversation (even my mother was glued to the radio when I came in from school). In those long ago pre-war days I was almost

hysterical over baseball, read the scores, knew the individual batting averages and the club average and the standing in the American League. I didn't realize my complete changeover of interests.

Thought on Mother's Day - Never before since the beginning of time have there been as many broken-hearted mothers as there are this year of 1943, because in every little corner of the world today mothers are touched by the war.

As a consequence Mother's Day should and must have a much deeper meaning for us in Canada this year. Our thoughts, love and sympathy are especially for mothers whose sons have died for their country, for those whose boys are "missing in operations over enemy territory," for mothers of prisoners-of-war, for all mothers with boys or girls in the service and let us not forget the mothers of the restless 16, 17 and 18-year olds. Their job is very difficult now not only to cook, bake and clean but to give advice, love and confidence in these unsettled days.

After going over to the Robert P. Jones' on Sunday evening to bid goodbye to Vivian I felt just like Mary Elizabeth Colman who in her poem "Even I Have Given" says, "Men and women whose childhood I nurtured, each of you has something of myself woven into the fibre of his being; God grant, though I be forgotten, lost in the mists of your nonage, in the time of your need, my work endure."

Vivian, who is a specialist in physiotherapy - and our country needs specialists - is off on the great adventure. This young woman, who only graduated from the University of Toronto in 1941, is now a second lieutenant in the Medical Corps. She was and still is a sweet, clever, dainty little girl and I'm sure that just one look at her fair, quiet beauty will be healing to the wounded men.



May 13, 1943

We have an opaque bean pot which we use as a container during blossom time. Its lively golden brown colour seems to intensify the beauty of the blossoms, especially the creamy eggshell apricot blossoms, and makes the bouquet not only the centre of attraction but the topic of conversation.

Had a most interesting letter from Patricia McKenzie Cornwall recently in which she said, "Mother, Isobel and Billy are living in Newport, Rhode Island. Billy joined the United States Army Coast Artillery a month ago and is now stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina for his basic training. Roy is now a Captain in the British Army. He was married in 1941 in Scotland to a Miss Annabelle Mackenzie. Neil is with the Signal Corps in England. He

is now a Corporal. He has put on about forty pounds, weighs over two hundred. He misses Canada, especially Amherstburg and Bob-Lo. Isobel was an honour student in High School in Newport and would have completed her fourth year this June but when Bill decided to join the Army she left to take a three months' course in mechanics prior to taking a post in the Naval Training Station." I am always delighted to hear from and about my ex-pupils. So many of them are making such an interesting contribution to the war effort.



May 20, 1943

Shortly after Christmas conversation was stimulated - we hope - when "Conversation Pieces" told of Flying Officer Tom Falls - the swashbuckling organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, who was working in the North African theatre of war. Well, Tommy - is - missing.

After hearing the much-talked of Cherry Chase's orchestra at the Cadet Dance Friday night, I felt that they were too good for high school boys. It must have taken hours and hours of practise for these lads to turn out such a fine orchestra. They must have sacrificed other interests and I wouldn't be at all surprised if their school work has suffered.

That Betty Fountain, daughter of Sergeant Gordon Fountain and Mrs. Fountain, has a beautiful walk - that perfect carriage which Emily Post praises and which some women try to get by walking around beauty salons for hours with books on their heads - was so obvious at the Cadet Inspection Thursday afternoon. Betty is the fulfilment of that expression "poetry of motion."

Captain Carl Shaw, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw and brother of Malcolm Shaw, is another Amherstburg Great Lakes Captain who has not only seen the growth of shipping on the Great Lakes, but has contributed to this growth. Captain Shaw holds the responsible position of Master of the "Richard J. Reiss." He has had 24 years' service on the lake boats and has been with the Reiss Coal Company of Cheboygan, Wisconsin, for the past 16 years. He and his wife, the former Elizabeth Graveline, daughter of the late Captain Felix Graveline and Mrs. Graveline, make their home in Detroit.

Dispensing with that favourite of all Canadian holidays - the 24th of May - has certainly brought the war home to me. In my estimation this holiday ranks with the Christmas and Easter festivals because it was the birthday of the person who saved the Empire - if you will recall your British history, when Victoria was crowned in 1837 after a succession of weaklings the Empire was tottering. That fact was drummed into us by Miss Jessie Honor and Mr. E. H. Pearce and while those teachers were talking away - we children realized the significance of the holiday - but "the 24th of May the Queen's birthday, if you don't give us, etc." meant far more than the birth of the Empire builder, it heralded the official opening of the swimming season, it was the day when picknicking and trips to Eliza's cabin to gather wild flowers were uppermost in our thoughts. Such happy memories are associated with that grand spring holiday.

Coming back to the real meaning of Victoria Day, during my growing-up days the history of England which preceded Victoria's ascension from George III - 1860, on through her reign and the biographies of her children have always fascinated me. As a matter of fact I have a "Burke's Peerage" which Mrs. V. L. Price gave me from the H. M. Oliver estate, which is often used when trying to establish relationship between the Royal families in Europe. I must admit though that after seeing Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina" she and Victoria are synonymous in my mind.



May 27, 1943

Setting a precedent - when I breezed into my office, damp and cold both in mind and body Wednesday last - the unexpected sight of a bunch of Darwins on the desk was the perfect antidote - a grand idea for a business office. I'm like my dog Bobby - habits form very quickly.

Not having been a business woman long enough to be hard boiled my face got as red as my raincoat when new friend Al Falfa Hay pointed out a typographical error in May 13 *Echo* which read, "under the circumstances I think that Mr. Gibb will quilt," observed Mr.

Marra.

The constant fear which lurks in our minds over the dangerous jobs that our friends in all the services are doing is forgotten for the nonce in the pride which swells to overflowing when boys we know - whose families we know - boys we have seen pass through the growing and learning process and develop into fine upstanding and dependable young men - show their metal and strength of character in the face of danger. Jack Thrasher, he of the straight tall body, the serious face and mind, and the springing step; Frank Higgins whose gift of clever repartee brightened many a party and Roy McKenzie the freckle-faced interesting lad who because of circumstances was not able to finish his secondary schooling, the perfect example of a self-made man, a man who came up through the ranks and in three years had three pips, are the three latest Amherstburg lads to be mentioned in dispatches from the fronts.

In the 1883 file of the *Echo* I noticed the death of Rev. Josiah Henson, Harriet Beecher Stowe's original "Uncle Tom," on Saturday, May 6, 1883 at the age of 94 in Dresden, Ontario. It seems that after his successful break for freedom from Kentucky he, his wife and four children settled at Colchester with 150 coloured men of whom he was captain, served Her Majesty during the Canadian Rebellion by holding Fort Malden until Col. Eyre took possession of it in 1838. At the close of the trouble he went up Big Bear Creek, now Sydenham River, and took up land near Dresden. Here he lived and became regarded by all as exceedingly well off, being always pastor of a church. Here at the age of 55 he learned to read and write. In 1850 he went to England where he lectured. Previous to this he had met Harriet Beecher Stowe several times and told her the story of his life. In 1852 when he was in England again he learned that Mrs. Stowe was writing a novel of which he was the hero. During one of his many trips abroad he was invited to Buckingham Palace to meet Queen Victoria.

June 3, 1943

Strange that a trifling thing like an odour, a peculiar musty odour, would start me groping around in the attic of my mind - trying to find mental pictures of Miss O'Madden's store - the bell which jingle jangled to announce a customer - the packages of scented candies and the wee china penny dolls.

Stranger things have happened, we know, but it did seem quite a coincidence that from the hundreds of stubs which were collected for the drawing of the household linen for the P.O.W. Fund - Harriet Wigle McKenna's number should be drawn. Harriet, who has a very

active interest in our prisoners of war, whose brother Private Roy Wigle as a member of the original Essex Scottish, enlisted, worked, played, went overseas and ultimately went to Dieppe with these lads.

Quiet and comfort seem to emanate from the lavender spring flowers - or is it the combination of lavender and green which produces that soothing effect? Nothing could be lovelier than the carpet of wood violets in our so-called rockery, the lilacs, the dwarf iris and the wisteria on the east side of Mrs. Malcolm McGregor's house.

From all the complimentary remarks which flew around the town after the Mobile Blood Donors' Clinic, Friday morning, I would say that Mrs. Fred J. Maloney, Mrs. C. K. MacFetridge and Lucien J. Beneteau are great executives. They, I understand, planned the temporary hospital so well that everything was done efficiently, happily and with no confusion.



The music teacher at St. Joseph's Academy is to be congratulated not only upon the progress made by her music pupils but on their style and poise. I like to see children interested in the cultural subjects, building up a background for hours of pleasant leisure in the future. One of the talented young performers at the Sunday afternoon musical at the Convent a week ago was Joan Reaume, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reaume. She has an exceptionally sweet high soprano voice - as clear as a bell with each note ringing very true. If I'm not mistaken Joan's voice will bring joy to many people.

Harry Attwood - the aviator whose plane "*Aeromaide*" was pulled up on the beach in front of the W. H. Jones and Harry Hodgman property 30 years ago this week - was in the minds of friend Flora and myself a combination of Lochinvar and Mercury. He was a real god who piloted probably the first plane we had ever seen and who literally landed it on our doorsteps. Our popularity went up notch by notch and we certainly made the best of the opportunity it gave us to lord it over the other pupils at the public school. We were very smug because we thought we knew all the answers about the plane and its owner. We haunted the river bank and became self-appointed guards and guides. But the wind was completely taken out of my sails when Flora, dressed in her Sunday pongee dress with even her best hair ribbons standing up cockily behind her ears to proclaim her triumph - had her picture taken sitting in the cockpit of the plane with our hero.



June 10, 1943

Miss Nettie Lovegrove says that when Mr. John Gibb bought the Miss O'Madden store, he gave her the bell which tinkled to announce customers to Miss O'Madden and she still has it in her possession.

Mike Smith, Captain L.W., is another Amherstburg son who is making Great Lakes history. Captain Mike is skipper of a Hutchinson boat, the *W. D. Paine*, one of the longest on the lakes.

Barometer falling - noticed that the song and dance man Maurice Chevalier - whom I enjoyed in the Follies in Paris - had turned quisling and was all set to walk on stage in a Charleroi Belgium Music Hall when saboteurs blew up the electrical installations.

One generation is not far different in some respects from another. Not long ago Hudson's was advertising a 1943 fashion filip, forget-me-not sterling link bracelet with the names of friends inscribed on each link. 1943 silversmiths copied the idea from we 1915-16 gals because in World War I our generation had a similar bracelet idea, flat gold links - inscribed with intimate names. We strung the links on black velvet ribbon. Mine is carefully hidden away in a box of teenage treasures. When I find it I'll read "Flora," "Yvonne," "Bea," "None," "Winnie" and other "Girls of the Allies."

Did you ever have the feeling that a building was a living, growing thing? I did - on Tuesday when I was walking down Ramsay Street on the west side past Christ Church. That lovely old bit of architecture fitted perfectly into the picture of peaceful luxuriant growth complete with stately elms in the old churchyard, as a background, graceful spireas and locusts in bloom in the foreground. Not only pleasing to the sense of sight but also to sense of smell.

Saturday evening I was stimulated by the women - clever women - who make up the Business and Professional Women's Club of Windsor. This group came to Amherstburg and had a pot luck dinner at the home of Miss Gladys Dowler, Laird Avenue. During the course of the conversation woman-like, we got on recipes using meat substitutes. Being



particularly fond of cheese this simple supper dish was recipeal (thanks! Al Falfa Hay). Soak three slices of bread in a cup of milk, beat in three eggs, two tablespoons of grated cheese and one tablespoon of melted butter. Cover with cornflakes soaked in melted butter. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven.



June 17, 1943

To the people of this district who in the good old days used to, during the Bob-Lo season, go up to Detroit on the Columbia at 11 a.m., Fort Wayne was a familiar landmark. Often times we wondered why that fort had been built after the 1812-14 war had been settled. Saturday, Fort Wayne celebrated its 100th birthday. It seems that according to Dr. M. M. Quaife of the Detroit Public Library, Fort Wayne was erected in 1843 as one link in a comprehensive chain of border defenses stretching from Mackinac and the Sault to the Maine coast because the relations between Canada and the United States in the 1830s were decidedly strained by controversies over the Maine and Oregon borders and furthermore Canada at the time was rent by internal revolt and reform.

Quaife in an article in the *Detroit News* says: Since Fort Wayne was intended to defend Detroit against a hostile fleet, it was located down river at ancient Springwells. Here the Detroit bends sharply and narrows to 700 yards; here was the racecourse of French Detroit 200 years ago; here was the largest prehistoric mound ever discovered in Michigan, and the living fountains for which the place was named; here General Brock had crossed his army in 1812 for the attack upon doomed Detroit; here in 1816 half a dozen treaties were negotiated by Governor Cass with as many different Indian tribes; here the Detroit militia had assembled in 1832 to march to the rescue of Chicago from another impending massacre; and here in 1843 Captain Meigs began the construction of the new fort, on a model laid down by Vauban in the reign of King Louis XIV.



June 24, 1943

Shades of Emmeline Pankhurst and of the exponents of women's rights! - there were women queuing with the men at the Bank of Montreal Friday waiting to get their Brunner Mond pay.

Miss Bernice Hadash received a most unusual letter recently, dated May 24, from Staff Sergeant John L. Frankhouse, who is stationed in the South Pacific. Sergeant Frankhouse is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Frankhouse of Romulus, Michigan, and grandson of Mr.

and Mrs. J. Bernard Sullivan, North Street, Amherstburg. It seems that the boys in the South Pacific are burned up because men in uniform in the States are complaining about trivials such as mail three or four days late, poor living quarters, few furloughs, inadequate wearing apparel, having to pay for transportation, inhospitality in towns and cities. This lad "down under" in the South Pacific cannot stomach the complaints of the soldiers who are still on this continent. He says, "*Out here we are fortunate in receiving mail that is as recent as two months (that is when it actually does come through). Our water is not hot to be sure, but it is running water, a stream, we go some miles to get it and then chlorinate it for drinking purposes. Our nights are spent in a muddy slimy foxhole while enemy bombs and shrapnel from our own ack ack whistle down around our ears. We have a steady diet of canned food and iron rations with an occasional treat of dehydrated food. Candy bars sell for \$1 and rats, snakes, lizards and ants chase each other over and sometimes under our mosquito netting. Flies bother us all day and mosquitos dive bomb at night. The steaming tropical heat takes its total in weight, malaria and yellow jaundice. We seldom see a movie and never get a furlough. We haven't seen our own people for three years. We amuse ourselves with a dog-eared pack of cards for months at a time. Do you realize how we fellows feel after months of not having had the pleasure of admiring an honest-to-goodness woman? This will give you some idea of what is going on.*"



July 1, 1943

Missed the swish-swish-swish of the busy Bob-Lo boats in the evenings last week. Martial law having been declared in Detroit the picknickers were cleared from the Island soon after supper.

Fred Warburton is an ornithologist in the making. So often I have met him browsing around with his field glasses around his neck waiting to catch a glimpse of an unusual bird for these parts or to learn more of bird habits. Bill Mathews said that he and Fred went over to the stone pile at the Livingstone Channel recently and found hundreds of gulls' eggs and baby gulls which the sun had hatched on the dump.

The story of the river boat "*Alex Watson*" written by W. E. Phillips and published in the *Echo* this month was particularly interesting to Miss Nettie Lovegrove and Mrs. Horton. Said Miss Lovegrove, "Our father was in charge of the Post Office building when the "*Alex Watson*" burned near Bois Blanc and I remember him taking us to the window in the third story of the post office to watch the boat burn."

Three shows in nature helped me get through the hot week - the graceful feathery

Japanese lilac with its exotic perfume on Mrs. F. P. Scratch's front lawn, the gorgeous display of roses growing from the velvety lawn in the rear of Miss Sarah Gibb's home, Rankin Avenue and an armful of delphinium, gaillardia, sweet william and heliotrope which Mrs. Judson Iler gave me in Harrow Wednesday. We put the flowers in a plain wide-mouthed off-white container and the result was - what's a word meaning more than beautiful? It seemed to give life to wilted spirits every time I came into the living room.

Hate to see old customs and celebrations dropped. Years ago St. Jean Baptiste Day was the day for celebration in Essex County. Now, except that it's a church holiday, no mention was made of it whatever. We're busy, you say. Yes, I grant that - but let's not get too busy.

Years ago before the present Amherstburg Public School was built, the young fry (primary and Grades 2) went to school in the old Library building on Ramsay Street - now the Lewis Goodchild home. Next door, on the north side, lived Aunt Fannie Horsley of blessed memory. Finding the following article in the *Echo* files of 30 years ago brought a rush of memories of those early school days and Aunt Fannie: "Another of the old landmarks in Amherstburg passed out of existence this week. It was the old Horsley residence on Ramsay Street, opposite the *Echo* office. The property was a century ago known as lot "22", east side of Second Street. It was allocated to Charles Spinnard who transferred it to William Mickle. On June 24, 1799 he made application to have this transfer confirmed. On April 15, 1799 Captain McLean commanding, assigned the adjoining lot, No. 21 (the old Public Library lot) to William Mickle, the original locatee. The old document says the original papers were left with Mr. Robinson, Chief Justice. The original Mickle was a Scotch ship carpenter who came to what is now Amherstburg to superintend construction of war vessels for the British Government. After locating on above lots he erected a small house. This property was purchased by the late Robert Horsley who moved the house back and created a large frame front and this was for many years one of the leading hotels in Essex County. The property is still in the hands of the Horsley family."



July 8, 1943

When Fred Carroll, an old-timer, was lamenting because Murray Street had been paved and not left in its old cobbled state - saying that we had history in this old town to sell and evidently didn't recognize it when so many old landmarks have disappeared - Dave Johnston laughingly said that Murray Street was paved right over the old cobblestones.

People out of our job cannot understand the fascination of the smell of printer's ink. In one year I've gotten to like that peculiar (at first) aroma which is wafted into this cubby

hole. One day Val Clare walked in and taking a long breath and heaving a sigh of satisfaction said, "Nothing like it, printer's ink."

That railway station in Cologne which was bombed last week was - and I'm not speaking in exaggerated terms - the largest and most wonderful terminal I have ever seen (the bombing is justified because so much war material passes through it over the Hohenzollern bridge). But it was in this station that I saw for the first time Brown Shirts with their arms raising in "heiling." One night in Cologne I wanted some stamps and as there were none at my hotel I was directed to another hotel several blocks away. When I spoke to the clerk of this second hotel he quickly asked me where I came from and when I said "Canada" his face lighted and he said, "Why, I know Canada. I worked in Calgary before the war." He talked on and on and eventually said that when the war (World War I) broke out he was called to the old country to rejoin his regiment and had never returned to Canada, although he had always wanted to. I wonder if he still thinks kindly of Canada.

Genealogical sketches have always interested me. I seem to have an insatiable curiosity concerning family backgrounds - so when I ran across this short history of the Deslippe family in an obituary it made me want to know when and why they left France, but the biographical record of the County of Essex did not give this information.

Simon Deslippe, who died in Colchester South, June 26, 1903 was born in the parish of San Philipp, Quebec, and was the son of Philip Deslippe. There was a family of eight children and Mrs. Deneau of Malden is the only one living. The family came to Amherstburg from Quebec in 1836. Quite a settlement came at the same time and their means of travel was in carts. They left in the fall of 1836 and were nine weeks en route. During the whole time they slept inside only two nights. Everything was of the crudest kind. One of the children suffered a broke leg. No physician was near but they used the means at hand and when they arrived in Amherstburg the wound was completely healed. The father and mother settled in Amherstburg during the time of the rebellion. The father was killed while going down the Cedar Creek hill, Gosfield South, when driving travellers to (what is now) Kingsville. The horse ran away and the vehicle upset on him. The mother died in Amherstburg while two brothers, Peter and Julian, died in Malden. Simon bought a bush farm in Anderdon, cleared it off and sold it. He then bought one in Malden and did the same thing. Of late he has lived in Colchester.

[Editors' note: The Deslippe family came to Essex County in 1834. Philip Deslippe's death occurred in April, 1835 and he was buried in St. John the Baptist Church cemetery.]



July 15, 1943

When Vivian Jones arrived at Basingstoke Hospital she wrote me a note. Before this I hadn't known that there was a wonderful neurological centre there. Of course it's only three years old and its location has probably been soft-pedalled, but that's beside the point. Since Vivian was posted there a month and a half ago I've heard of two other girls at this same hospital - Miss Swartz, a sister of Mrs. George Weller in Essex and Miss Jeanette Wallace, daughter of Albert Wallace, ex-warden of Essex County, and Mrs. Wallace of Maidstone.

Still harping on my love for the purple shades in nature (I don't seem to be consistent about this purple business because purple in clothes does not attract) - the clematis on the east side of the Barret house, Laird Avenue, is breathtakingly lovely. The petunia is another deep purple flower which to my mind is the last word in loveliness. Years ago when mother and I were in Victoria we were both impressed by the window boxes on the Empress Hotel, nothing but deep purple velvety petunias and ageratum - what a combination! When I returned to that western city a few years ago with my brother, I was so disappointed to find that the hotel had spoiled its window box color scheme (for me) by adding a dash of pink geranium.



July 22, 1943

The clematis on the Barret house proved to have such a quieting anaesthetic-like effect that I completely forgot the enjoyment we got from three or four deep purple pansies lifting their modest faces from a wee cut glass container. By the way this clematis is just as beautiful this week as it was last.

Garnet Sutton's picture of his son Jimmy - caught in a pensive mood when leaning against their Great Dane "Prince" - won the ten-dollar "Snapshot of the Week" award in the Detroit Free Press Sunday last. I was sorry that the Sutton's Amherstburg address wasn't given because both Garnet and Catherine have a great many friends who would have been more interested in the picture if they had known that it was their son Jimmy taken on the Fort Malden Museum grounds.

Aviation Cadet Daniel Jones when at Ellington Field, Texas, was notified to report to Chaplain Number Two. Mulling over the reason for the summons and no doubt shaking a bit in his boots he showed up at the Chaplain's office and was asked a few questions - name, home town, etc. Then the priest said, "Don't you know me?" When Dan replied in

the negative the jovial Father said, "Think of Amherstburg and one block south of the Town Hall." "Why, Father Lawrence Lacey," exclaimed the surprised lad.

Have known Julian Kopacz since he was a young boy - a boy in public school who knew how to apply himself and get the most out of his opportunities. Julian, who is in the United States Army in the South, is now busy writing his second book of instruction for the Colonel of his regiment. The first book has been published and is in use. Although Julian did finish his high school course, he is like so many other boys who regret that they didn't take all the education they could when it was right there for the asking. He is especially sorry that he didn't stress languages.

The authorities in Great Britain not only advise against civilian travel but do something to give the people a diversion - a change to take the place of the long weekends and the bank holiday week at the seashore. Mrs. David Burck, St. Arnaud St., was telling me that she had a letter from her sister who lives in Edinburgh who said that that city - to keep the people at home - had arranged dances in Princes' Street Gardens both afternoon and evening for two weeks. She also sent a picture of a children's concert - a Punch and Judy show - being held in the same beautiful gardens.

The war brings heartaches but it also brings opportunities if the boy or girl is alert enough to realize their presence and grasp them. Lewis Goodchild is a lad who saw his opportunity when he enlisted in the ground crew of the R.C.A.F. - his scholastic qualifications weren't high enough for the air crew. He has taken every available course and now has passed into group "A" as he says "with a nice margin." This is the highest trade grouping that the ground crew can get. This young man is evidently planning to look after himself in the post-war world - and he will too. The last year I was teaching in Grade One, Lewis was one of my pupils and when the class moved to Grade Two the teacher moved too. As a consequence Lewis always said "I passed when Miss Marsh passed." One day in Grade Two when the youngsters were talking about what they wanted to be in grown-up days, without any hesitation Lewis said "I'm going to be a big shot" - from his remarks he's on the way.



July 29, 1943

The Camperdown Elm in Mrs. Oscar Teeter's front yard is particularly beautiful this year. It is a gorgeous thing - if that expression can apply to a tree - rich with dense foliage which sweeps to the ground on the north side and reminds me of a graceful train on a stately lady in the Court of Louis XIV. This particular grafted tree never seems to get ruffled - it displays poise at all times. That is probably why the board of the Detroit Institute of Arts

decided to have two of this unusual variety of elm transplanted to grace the front lawn of the Institute property.

Mrs. Ellis Affleck of Harrow has a dog which evidently feels so much responsibility toward the offspring of the Affleck cat that he immediately takes over and does all the mothering - not allowing the mother cat any say in the matter.

Four former residents of Amherstburg - Mrs. R. T. B. Innes and her three daughters Audrey, Shirley and Kay - made new in Windsor last week when they appeared en famille at the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic. Audrey, who is a nurse at Montreal General Hospital, was visiting in Windsor at the time.



August 5, 1943

Being the self-appointed secretary of the Amherstburg Chamber of Commerce soldiers' name cards is ordinarily a pleasant job but of late too often I've had the unpleasant depressing job of pulling names from the regular packages (Overseas and in Canada) and placing them in either the Missing or Killed in Action envelopes. This simple final act is about as hard a thing as I have to do. Last week there were two more added to the immortal company - George Brown and Ross McLellan - heroes all - but pray God our list of heroes does not get too long.

The comment on the "Girls of the Allies" brought up many pleasant memories of high school days during the Great War. Everything in the school centred around the quiet but dynamic personality of B.P.O. [B.P. Overholt] - that grand man, a real school master if there ever was one - who always called all the girls "Miss". Being labeled that way certainly did something for a raw scared girl just up from Senior fourth - right off the bat she tried to live up to that "miss". As for the boys, B.P.O. only used their last names and when he said Hough, Cuddy, Monforton, Gignac, Menzies, Sutton or Laferte do this or that, they did what he wished - or if they hedged a bit they felt like a nickle afterward.

After all these years I have become a bather instead of a swimmer - a once-upon-a-time amphibian has turned into a landlubber and the war's to blame. In fact when I do attempt a stroke or two, I feel and look like a turtle swimming on top of the water. You no doubt know why this change has come about because many of you are having identical experiences. We women need bathing caps to have fun in the water. In the *Echo* files of 20 years ago this week E. F. Darby of Harrow praised the pure gum rubber bathing caps which he had in stock. I must confess that when I read the ad I felt a bit envious of those

1923 bathing girls because of their bathing caps, certainly not because of their suits.

Miss Lovegrove and Mrs. Horton have a wealth of interesting information regarding incidents of not only old Amherstburg but World War I days here. Recently they gave me an old clipping which recalled a Fort Malden I.O.D.E. patriotic rally. The affair was held in the barracks on Sandwich Street and the Amherstburg platoon and the Windsor members of the battalion were in attendance. Mayor Auld was in the chair and those taking part in the program were the Terry sisters, Mrs. Colton, Mercyl Park, Gladys Scratch, Vera Tonge and Sulvia Pulford. The "Girls of the Allies" (the high school patriotic society) represented by Edith Thomas and Helen Marsh presented \$15 to the regent, Mrs. Henry A. Bailey, to assist in the purchase of the colors.



August 12, 1943

That the circus opens in Detroit tomorrow - did you notice Friday the 13th? - stirs up mixed feelings. I believe that even the most sophisticated and sedate likes the excitement of circus days. I remember well when the first circus came to Amherstburg and set up on the Bell farm. We spent a very restless night and with the crack of dawn were sitting along the M.C.R. tracks watching the unloading process.

The growing moon and Venus - against the back drop of the night - have been putting on a glorious show in the western sky this past week. Venus who was at the height of her glory July 31 is on the wane but is still a lovely sight.

During the past week we walked to the river on the Museum grounds and talked to some people who were also enjoying the peace and beauty of the "combined operations," sky and river. They were ecstatic about the view and said: "We've lived in Amherstburg for six years and this is the first time that we have ever been to the Museum." Incredulous!

Next Thursday - August 19 - Dieppe. The first anniversary of that combined raid on the continent which our own Essex Scottish played a major role. This has been the longest year in the lives of not only those of our friends whose loved ones remained on French soil, those whose lads are still missing, but those who have their beloved sons in German prison camps. August 19, 1941 is a date which has been burned in the hearts of many Canadians. We hope and pray that before the second anniversary rolls around that our Prisoners of War will be home again and we can tell them how proud we are that they helped to not only stem but turn the tide - because in my estimation Dieppe was the turning point of the war.

An aunt of Gordon Breeze who lives in Macclesfield, Cheshire, England, in writing to Margaret McGee Breeze told about the enjoyable short visit which James McGee had with them. She said "I hope that he will be able to stay longer next time. He is so welcome. We are only too glad to be of service to them (the Canadian boys). I am enclosing a little clipping which appeared in our local paper which just expresses what I am trying to tell you - how we feel about them here."

ONE OF CANADA'S SONS

I did not see him pass this way again, but I will remember the splendour of his face turned as if to greet the first bright rays of morning sun.....A stalwart son of this great Empire's race. Crossing half the world he has come to this small isle. Proudly we welcome him - One of Canada's sons, so like our own...With eager, friendly smile. He passed this way but once, but how I thought of those he left behind. I'm sure they miss his step upon the porch and cheerful whistle which he gave before he reached the door.....And someday, when this job is done, you'll hear again his old familiar call, and you will welcome back your boy again - so proud, because he helped to win this war.

I did not see him pass this way again, but I will remember till I die, his clear-cut features, his sun-tanned face and the light of morning in his bright blue eyes.

-Joyce Parrott.

Our young friend Vincent Price who gave up his good part in "Angel Street" on Broadway to go to Hollywood because he was lonesome for his wife and baby (Mrs. Price, whose stage name is Edith Barret, is working in the movies on the west coast) has been cast in the film "The Song of Bernadette." I liked that story of Bernadette of Lourdes very much although I must confess that sometimes I find translations a little hard-going.



August 19, 1943

Johnnie Eggleton - the modest, clever lad with the dry sense of humour, whose loyalty to his family, his friends, his church, his cub pack and finally his country, made him one of the most popular lads in town - has joined the immortals of the R.C.A.F. Johnnie probably never intentionally hurt anyone in his life and he had the gift - which they say so many great men have - of always being genuinely interested in the person he was with - that is true subtle flattery. When talking to him you felt that you were his best girl. On his last leave Johnnie came to the public school to have tea with his old teachers and was genuinely

delighted to do so. We who knew Johnnie will miss him but we'll never forget him because of the indelible impression he made on the lives of all who knew him.

I have been amazed at the number of young men in the services who express their feelings in verse. Not until they got away from home participating in the war did the flair for this particular mode of expression become active. Some of the lads seem able to philosophize and to put down their very inmost thoughts in verse - good verse too. Sergeant Donald Dornan wrote a remarkable letter in rhyme to his wife from Stalag 8 Germany. It was exceptionally well done. Bob Pouget is another prisoner of war who has a real flair for turning his thoughts into verse. John Mallett and Bill Wade also write poetry which deserves mention.



August 26, 1943

I always look forward to a glimpse of the William H. Bennett garden on the trip between Amherstburg and Harrow. Just at present its splash of colour is rejuvenating.

True story of a very green reporter who went to an important meeting lately. This reporter had been instructed and admonished as to the correct etiquette of reporting a meeting. Armed to the teeth with all this good advice she (Yes! It's me.) found that as the meeting grew more interesting she became so engrossed in the discussion that she completely forgot about that objective attitude and when the Mayor asked for a vote on the issue at hand - she blithely voted with the members.

Radio was 23 years old on Friday. How well I remember when Bert Abbott and Charles French invited us down to the Abbott's to hear the music which they were picking out of the air with a home-made crystal set. I can still see the incredulity which stood out on J.A.M.'s face when he put the head gear on. There's one nice thing about being twentieth century children. We got in on the ground floor of many wonders. Wonders to us, but commonplace everyday occurrences to the children who came after.



September 2, 1943

Even though I'm not a hay fever victim I thoroughly dislike the hay fever season because it means that neighbour-to-the-north has hibernated and I do miss the stimulating chat over the fence.

Tomorrow we enter our fifth year of war. Never will I forget the mental anguish of September 3, 1939 and the days preceding it. I had spent the month of August at picturesque Gloucester on the rock-bound Massachusetts coast and when war was imminent I felt that I simply must get to my own country and see my own people. So it was while driving home through the glorious Mohawk Valley that we got the news that Britain was actually at war. At noon we stopped at the Beechnut Hotel at Canajoharie for luncheon and joined the group of grim-faced tense people in the lobby to listen to the King's message. The next morning the headlines screamed the news of the sinking of the *Athenia*, the intimate little ship on which Mrs. J. E. McQueen, Miss Florence Robinson of Walkerville and I had had such a pleasant crossing to Liverpool in 1935.

During that memorable day we stopped at Auriesville to visit the Martyr's Shrine erected to the memory of Brébeuf, Lalemant and their brave Jesuit contemporaries who preached, colonized and taught in the historic Mohawk Valley as well as in Ontario and were martyred near Midland. The unusual round shrine was made of logs to represent a blockhouse with a stockade. There were two altars made of logs, back to back, so that worshippers could see the altar no matter where they sat. This lovely peaceful spot did much to calm our emotionally upset state and give strength to continue the trip home.

A sixty-year-old announcement that classes at St. Joseph's Academy would be resumed in September first said: "*The system of education embraces every branch of useful learning. The French language, plain sewing and fancy work are taught free of charge.*"



September 9, 1943

We accept so many things without question or thought of their origin - melons for instance - evidently a new fruit in 1893 from the publicity in the old files which said that Colchester South seems to lead in the growing of melons, and the fact that Herman Julien, son of Stephen Julien, brought melons to Amherstburg and disposed of them to G. T. Florey was black-type news.

Sixty years ago the young women of Hardanger, Norway were not even allowed to be betrothed, to say nothing of being married, until they could spin, knit and bake bread. Not a bad idea, modified of course to the 1943 standards. I get out of patience, in fact am bored to death, with a girl who brags (that's the word), "I simply can't do anything around the house." Sometimes it's the mother who entertains her friends with similar statements about her daughter. Too bad - they are both missing a lot.



September 16, 1943

Eye catcher - the still life in the Amherst Fruit Market window. Beautiful combination of colour every week but made more pleasing lately by the addition of shiny deep purple egg plant.

Back in the good old days - days when we could rush to the grocery store for an extra pound of butter without batting an eye - the last night of the Bob-Lo season meant something which money could never buy. The townspeople either gathered at the Bob-Lo dock, the Waterworks dock or lined the shore. If they didn't weep they most certainly had lumps in their throats when the Columbia said goodbye at the big dock and steamed across to the Amherstburg dock where the orchestra played Auld Lang Syne. All the river craft including the drills and dredges saluted her - not with happy salutes but salutes full of regret - and she thanked them with nostalgic three and two's all the way up the river.

The quickest way to make friends and pleasant casual acquaintances is to go walking with a lumbering, friendly pup like Bobby - an Irish setter with an insatiable curiosity who bounds up to the most austere with a, "Hello, what are you doing in Amherstburg?" Even if Mrs. Austere doesn't like dogs, when Bobby implants a huge wet paw mark on her one and only pair of nylons and I blubber abject apologies for his atrocious manners, she usually breaks down, smiles and tries to assure me that the damage is not irreparable, and so the conversation gets going.



September 23, 1943

There was an eerie feeling about the old town last week without the buzz and hustle of the summer guests.

Officially Autumn has arrived and with it comes shorter and shorter days. Last year I seemed to be all out of step with Eastern War Time so am determined that getting up at night is not going to undermine my morale this year.

Saw where Ogopogo, the sea serpent of the West, had paid a visit to Penticton. In 1938 J.A.M. and I met a delightful woman from Duncan, British Columbia, who was an ardent fisherman. She told us, in all seriousness and sincerity, that while out fishing for salmon she and a friend saw Ogopogo. She described the sea serpent minutely and was provoked when we discredited her story and laughed because she was seeing things - evidently Ogopogo is not to be laughed at.

The editors pulled no punches in the *Echo* sixty years ago - a spade was a spade in those days. Here are a few examples: "A prominent M.D. of Essex Centre is waiting on one of our (Malden) instructors of youth, but not professionally." Another said: "The girls on the lake front of Colchester South are all agog by the frequent visits of a gay Malden young blade." Still others: "There is a squaw from Walpole Island doctoring so-and-so's cancer." "Mrs.....and Mr....., two old people from, eloped to Detroit last week" and "interesting wedding indeed, she is 43 and he is 27."

Have been wishing that I stood in well enough with the authorities at the Post Office building that they would say "Would you like a bouquet of those purple and lavender asters growing in the bed on the corner?" Much to my surprise and delight when I returned to the office Tuesday last, I found that Mrs. David Courtenay had left an exquisite bouquet of flowers, mostly scabiosa, in all those quiet lavender shades which I especially love. Increased production has resulted.



September 30, 1943

Because of the deadline in this department I can't tell you of my reaction to the ten-piano recital Wednesday night. But if the actual pleasure is as great as the anticipatory pleasure, I'll feel less heelish about walking out on my colleagues on the busiest night of the week.

I've never been very friendly toward the aloof, aristocratic gladioli, probably because so often they are not arranged and displayed properly in a home. They need space and a proper container. But after looking at a beautiful bouquet of gladioli in church on Sunday - and thinking that that splash of colour reminded me of the glorious sunset of Saturday night - I'm vacillating. By the way, the sunsets over the grand old river are extra-special these nights.



October 7, 1943

Tasted some delicious cookies which Mrs. Clifford Wigle made. Because she had neither nuts nor raisins she used the chocolate-coated soybeans and the result was yum-yum.

There are three clumps of white dwarf clematis along Laird Avenue on the MacFetridge and Lester Hamilton fences and over the William Craig garage. The feathery vine and

flowers are beautiful to look at but more interesting to smell.

A. A. Milne's 24-year-old son Christopher Robin, who went hippity-hopping through "When We Were Very Young," "Now We Are Six" and other children's favourites, was one of the Britons fighting near Salerno. C. R. Milne (oh! so formal for that delightful whimsical boy) is with the Engineers.



October 14, 1943

Peggy Pettypiece, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Pettypiece, is an exceptionally clever embryo artist. Some day, mark my words, Peggy's work will rank with the great. Thursday evening in an hour, while he was sitting at the end of a chesterfield - she did a remarkable pencil sketch of her cousin, Charles Kemp. She not only caught his expression exactly but the bone structure, the likeness as to eyes and mouth and the shading were excellent. In fact Peggy's deft hand, accurate eye and innate ability executed a portrait of which an older more experienced artist would be proud.

Was delighted to get a first edition, Issue 1, No. 1 of the *Silver Star* - a thoroughly sound (in every department too) newspaper, edited and published by the pupils of S. S. No. 11 Anderdon. This first copy is packed chuck full of diversified reading and the makeup is good. Madeleine Csonka is editor-in-chief with Lillian Tanser as her assistant. Each department has its own editor, namely: world news, Robert Anderson; local news, Ethel Csonka; social, Clarence Nicholson; sports, Roger Jones; editorials, Martin Revis; fashions, Reta Elliott; poetry, Shirley Pettypiece; art, Marilyn Wismer; music, Freda Carnahan; funnies, Norman Imeson; photography, Beulah Elliott; advertisements, Marvin Dupuis; sales manager, Jackie Bates; and printer, Miss Margaret Sternbauer - whose enthusiasm has certainly permeated the whole school. What amazed me about this project was the up-to-the-minute ideas which certainly show the trend of a child's mind today. To publish six pages - packed full of interesting reading matter - entails a great deal of planning, assigning, revising, typing and the actual work of printing is no easy job. I congratulate Miss Sternbauer and her pupils on their clever project.



October 21, 1943

All summer and fall I have enjoyed the profusion of lavender, purple and white petunias on the east side of the Malden United Church.

Because of Miss Nettie Lovegrove's keen sense of humour and interest in life, Conversation Pieces has been given some of its choicest bits. Here's an old clipping (don't know the date exactly but it's yellow with age) which is fun - for us oldsters anyway: "Grandmothers won out over flappers in a debate here last night on the question 'Resolved - that the flapper of today enjoys life more fully than the girl of 50 years ago.' 'We all had suitors,' said Mrs. Hannah Hardin, 73, on the grandmother's team. 'Yes, indeed,' she continued, 'and when they wrote us letters we put them inside our corsets. What would girls do with their letter now?'"

Some people have the mistaken idea that people in the newspaper business are in the "know all, see all and hear all" class. We like to get around but find that there's one department which almost defeats us - the addresses of the Amherstburg, Anderdon, Malden, Harrow and Colchester South boys and girls in the armed forces. We want a complete record but find it almost impossible to compile one without co-operation of parents, wives or friends. Please, oh please, notify us as to enlistments and changes of address. I've been looking over the "Women in Uniform" in the district and wonder if I have them all. If not it's up to you. Harrow and Colchester South - Evelyn Scott, Janet Collie, Vera Rath, Reta Lidwell, Sarah Eede, Patricia Tofflemire, Keitha Halstead, Olive Wright, Gladys Agla and Miss Fonville.

In the A. A. and M. area there are Laura Lapierre, Alione Brown, Helen and Agnes Balfour, Marianne Nattress, June Harlen, Betty McIntyre, Mary Bratt, Dorothy Jarriett, Loretta Bornais, Laurie Holdaway, Martha Thrasher, Margaret Deslippe, Joyce Allen, Vivian Jones and Georgina Mayville.



October 28, 1943



Hallowe'en is upon us once again - corn popped in oil and salted might not appeal to children as did the candied popcorn but it's delicious nevertheless according to my way of thinking.

The colourful hardy Korean chrysanthemums on the mound at Mrs. McGregor's home are exquisite in their full beauty, a grand Autumn show of Nature's painting - maturing as they do when most of the other flowers have gone makes them a general favourite.



November 4, 1943

Mrs. T. B. Balfour brought an interesting fact to light when she said, "There is what I think a longer list of names of those in the three services from Brunner Avenue than from most any street in this locality. That is, those who have lived on Brunner Avenue during the past five years. I have twenty-five names and to go back further would be much more lengthy." Just off hand, I know of Billy Sheridan who used to live on the street who is now in the South West Pacific. So if one were to compile a list of those in service who have previously lived on this short comparatively new street one would have quite a glorious list.

My world which seems to have Arner and Amherstburg at its extremities these days is probably the most beautiful World on this continent - or so I think after a trip to Arner with the papers Thursday. Time and space prevent a list of all the thrilling things I saw during that noon hour trip when the sun was lying heavily across the fields making rich golden overtones - the deep dusty rose shades of the oaks in the woods west of Arner, the rippling golden lights in the field of standing corn (not cut), the bluish green of a field of cabbages across from the Allen Howie's, the dwarf chrysanthemums in the border at the Experimental Farm and the changing colours in the hedge in front of Mrs. J. G. Mullen's home are only a few of the sights.



November 11, 1943

Said one very eligible and personable young woman, after looking over the lengthy lists of district men in the services in last week's *Echo*, "No wonder we have no beaux."

When chatting with Vivian Jones on Monday she said that the day before leaving London for Canada she, Bruce Hutchinson and Kencil Heaton were walking in the Strand and they met Jack Thrasher.

Alma Langlois Hunt is wearing a beautiful tailored suit these days - which makes her look, with that wide black beret as an accessory - as if she just stepped from the pages of the latest *Vogue*. What makes the smart outfit so much more interesting is its background - originally one of Captain Hunt's suits. He, by the way, has probably spanned the Mediterranean from North Africa to Italy by now.

Macomb Mullen has had official government permission to keep the fawn which Harry Dube captured on the Conklin Planing Mill property a few weeks ago. On Friday Mr.

Mullen was telling me that he has won the confidence of the wee "yearling," it is becoming very tame and that the general appearance of this gentle attractive little animal has greatly improved with care and kindness.



November 18, 1943

Jimmy Deneau, pilot-in-training son of Mr. and Mrs. James Deneau, flew up from Dunnville on Sunday afternoon and saluted his family by flying over his home and his town several times.

Armistice night 1918, we went with the Abbott boys, Bert and Earle, to Detroit and saw mass hysteria for the first time. The old Ford, without a top, certainly got us around in those days. When BPO or Miss Edith Lott said, "There'll be a paper drive tomorrow to raise money for the Girls of the Allies," Bert would always acquiesce when asked for his car to make the collection. He became the hero of the hour - the owner of a car in those days was in a class all by himself.

Arrows on the Laird Avenue sidewalk Sunday morning set my thoughts hurtling pell mell to the days when this old Detroit River bank from Eliza's cabin to the Wm. H. Gatfield estate was our stamping ground for Fox & Goose - always before us as we hid and hunted was the idea that we might come across the canoe full of gold which the Indians were supposed to have buried! Then too, as if it were yesterday, I can recall the many times we crawled and hid under the old barracks on the Fort grounds or crept up the eerie cobwebby stairs to the second floor to look awe-struck at the coffins left when the Park & Borrowman estate abandoned the building or stand off (I never was brave enough to go near it) with cold shivers playing up and down the back-bone xylophone fashion and gaze at the old dust covered fringed hearse. These were electrifying experiences I assure you. By the by, the Gilman, Stevenson and Heard houses on Laird Avenue are made from that old barracks.



November 25, 1943

Twice recently I have had the loveliest experiences when talking over the telephone. My friends' canaries have played such glorious incidental music that I felt the business conversations were not quite in keeping.

The *Echo* celebrated its sixty-ninth birthday yesterday. The names of two if its first

subscribers, Mrs. Sarah Hughson of Cottam, formerly of Harrow and Mr. Edmund Richardson of Harrow, have never been off the mailing list.

A youth recreational program is being carried out very successfully in the basement of the Harrow United Church under the capable guidance of a committee headed by Mrs. Blake McLean - Muriel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Atkin. From what I can understand Muriel is so clever at this sort of thing that I was told, "In Toronto people would pay her for managing group games and parties as she does." It seems that young people twelve and over gather at the church on Friday evenings for group and competitive games, topped off with cocoa. The enthusiasm with which the young teenagers have caught on is best shown in the remark of a youngster who said "I have only three more months to wait and then I can go."



December 2, 1943

One young Amherstburg lad at the Band organization meeting the other evening when told the price of the instruments said, "I guess I'll have to quit school and start working my way through the band."

Corporal R. W. (Bill) Bailey, ex-*Echo* printer, now camp mailman of No. 12 Basic Training Centre, Chatham, came in for some good-natured kidding lately when the winter issue underwear was given to the men. Evidently the Major, the quartermaster, insisted that the underwear dished out in his stores was made to fit the recipients, so good-natured Bill showed the photographer how his issue fits - the top of the bottom half of the smart two-piecer reached his armpits.

'Made to Order' is a good definition to use in explaining the general feeling of the community towards the Brunner Mond Club dances every Friday evening. It is only logical that more and more young people and young married couples are coming to the dances because the dances are so supervised that there is an atmosphere of friendliness and goodwill prevalent. Mrs. Loretta Reaume, pianist, was present last week and song-leader Henry Lavers conducted the sing-song in a very able manner. The dances offer a good evening's enjoyment and are well worth attending. This week the Misses Kathleen Grondin and Mary Hamilton will act as hostesses.



December 9, 1943

Our world of the 18 Highway was a veritable shimmering fairyland last Wednesday morning - silver frosting everywhere even on the freighters which were fogbound in the silvery mist in the river's mouth.



December 16, 1943

Personality-plus Patricia Thrasher was her sister Elaine's flower girl at the St. Rose's graduation exercises Friday night. The wee one did beautifully carrying through every rehearsed step with aplomb until the valedictorians were speaking, then she could not contain herself any longer and gently lifting her long Victorian skirt a bit, piped out to Father Kelly, "See my new shoes".

I was very much interested in Catherine Beaudoin's interpretation of "The Highwayman" at the St. Rose's Commencement. A few years ago I heard the author, Alfred Noyes, give a lecture on his poetry and by request he concluded the program with that popular long poem. After that I was afraid that any other presentation would be somewhat of an anti-climax, but it wasn't.

When L/C Rita Lidwell, sister of Mrs. John Horton, was in Chatham with the C.W.A.C.'s the paymaster at that training centre was Captain Large. As time went on L/C Lidwell was sent to England and Captain Large to North Africa. By some caprice of coincidence Captain Large got hold of a copy of the *Echo* in Africa containing that interesting letter which Mrs. Lidwell wrote Ye Old Ed from England, so he cut it out and sent it to her.

Betty Bruner and Betty Snider, ex-proficiency girls of the Harrow Public School, diligently substituted for Miss Rudd at the Harrow Public School last week. One young girl prepared a lesson while the other taught the class. When W. E. Windover went in to see how things were going, a lesson on North America was in the making. "How will you go about it?" he questioned. "Why," was the reply, "just as Miss Frances Martin taught me." A good teacher's influence and ideas live on.



December 23, 1943

The Dick Kemps on Rankin Avenue saw a robin flitting around in their yard Wednesday, December 12th...a robin at Christmas time is quite unusual in our climate. This individualist of the thrush family may be trying to tell us something...something good for 1944.



Jack Miner has certainly put Essex County on the map. The official photographer for the *Saturday Evening Post* was at his famous Bird Sanctuary last week making coloured pictures of Mr. Miner and his activities to illustrate a forthcoming article in that magazine.

When the W.P.T.B. interfered with things matrimonial by saying that the Canadian bride could have a white floor-length wedding gown but her attendants must not buy new floor-length gowns, I thought that that body had no romance in its soul - but I've changed my mind after attending the Harris-Gilman wedding reception on Saturday afternoon. The bride conforming to the W.P.T.B. request to the letter chose formal street-length frocks for her attendants, then too, the two mothers also had street-length outfits so that the general effect of wartime simplicity was very charming.



December 30, 1943

Once again I have my Irish up. I always do when women like Clare Boothe and the Duchess of Windsor head the best dressed woman's list. I grant that Congresswoman Boothe is clever with her tongue as well as her pen but publicity like that right now makes my hair stand on end just like the Irish Setter Bobby's when he meets Mike.

I don't know that I have the heart to wish you all a Happy New Year - you, who live in a district such as ours which has given its finest men and best brains to our country. Most of the lads are doing what they want to do, so as far as we are concerned what they want is what makes us happy.

Let's not look to the New Year through rose-coloured glasses. On the other hand let us hope that we have courage, faith and strength to face 1944 with determination and a smile to help those around us who smile when their hearts are breaking. The Compliments of the Season.



January 6, 1944

Agnes Van Dyke Richardson (Mrs. Frederick W., formerly of Anderdon) has been appointed editor of Detroit's new *Social Secretary*. This is indeed a tremendous task but Mrs. Richardson is capable of handling it. She has been in newspaper work for years besides writing articles for top-notch magazines such as *Spur* and *Town and Country*. In fact, she worked for the *Free Press* before she was married and had a desk near Mr. Edgar Guest and once when I was at her home in Detroit among other things she showed me an autographed copy of one of his first books - not autographed in the stereotyped "buy-one-of-my-books-and-I'll-autograph-it" fashion but as one intimate to another.

I was amazed when talking to a woman of my own age recently to hear her say, "I wish I could get up enough nerve to give some blood." Why under the sun a woman who has several children to her credit should look with apprehension on the giving of slightly under a pint of blood as something physically painful or alarming or actually dangerous to health or strength, is beyond me. The painful, dangerous, exhausting, alarming part of the whole performance so far as I was concerned were the gosh-awful mixed feelings which flashed on and off when I waited for the doctor's examination to see whether or not I could give - then my imagination ran riot and I was scared for fear I'd have something wrong - something more than small veins. The actual donating is a painless process and so far as I was concerned there was no reaction - just smug satisfaction that I was able to give a bit of myself.

Well, here we are at Twelfth Night once again and Christmas is singing its swan song. What fun it was hearing from old friends, getting and giving surprises and calling on people we meant to go to see for months if we had been able to get off the merry-go-round. There was a dash of interesting originality about some of the cards this year I thought, one which had been sold for Polish relief had a very modern version of the Virgin and Child standing out on a white background in clear cut fashion, stark and real - then there were the reproductions of the Canadian artists - I looked carefully for a Franz Johnston to no avail. Currier & Ives prints have never particularly appealed but as they seem to be popular at the moment it was natural that the cardmakers should use them (a few years ago I was on Pelee Island with Commander and Mrs. McQueen and the caretaker at the Pelee Club showed us several original Currier & Ives). I loved the cards with the children's pictures - then we got messages which read "instead of the usual card I'm sending cigarettes overseas in your name" - the 1944 cards which were put out to benefit the children of Sir Wilfred Grenfell's Labrador mission were most attractive - and in spite of the 24-hour wartime schedule being worked by so many we did get the odd original card designed by the family, done with thought and ingenuity. The cards and decorations are packed away, the greens are burned, the turkey is gone (thank heavens!) - and there's excitement about the future.

Life can hold no unpleasant surprises for me in 1944 because I've just finished the Almanac, which is the one thing that has not changed in the twentieth century. It is the same shape, colour and has the same basic material as when I was a little girl and used to see it hanging in Grandfather Marsh's kitchen on the sixth line of Moore, or near Grandmother Hicks' interesting pin cushion in the kitchen-dining room - the room which smelled of home-made currant buns and bread - in the old house in Essex. (That smell which I pulled out of the past nearly got me off the Almanac subject.) The times change, one's reading tastes change, but the old Almanac never changes - it's still filled with a fascinating accumulation of miscellaneous information.



January 13, 1944

Despite the fact that Mrs. Howard Heaton of Harrow has three sons in England and a fourth in Stalag 8B Germany and keeps the parcels and letters going continuously to them, she finds or should I say makes time to knit for the Red Cross. In one pair of six she tucked a note, "Thumbs up and best of luck" in the toe and received a thank-you recently from a paratrooper in England by the name of O'Neil. He told her that he had walked 50 miles in 16 hours and it sure was good to get home-made sox to rest his feet. People like Mrs. Heaton certainly show the rest of us up.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Val Clare was in and we were talking about Father Henry P. Theifels, a friend of his, who was giving a lecture on "The Mother in Christian Art" to the members and friends of the Windsor Art Association at Willistead that evening. Mr. Clare said that Father Theifels not only is well versed in the history of Art but has a marvellous private art collection. In passing, while on the subject he commented on Rev. W. J. Langlois' collection of miniatures - it seems that Father Langlois had made the world cruise on the *Empress of Britain* twice and thus was able to pick up art studies which pleased him. Coming back to Father Thiefels, Mr. Clare said that he is the founder and pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Detroit, a coloured Catholic Church. The conversation drifted along to the what-are-you-reading stage and Mr. Clare and I are both of the same opinion that mystery stories about nice people not underworld or corrupt politics have a definite place in our reading program - that they're the pick-me-ups of the book world. I wish I could get Ye Editor to see eye to eye.



January 20, 1944

While driving in the country this week I was amazed at the clouds of dust made by the motor cars. This 1944 winter is incongruous to say the least - dust, dry cold, river frozen over, no galoshes nor rubbers needed, excellent outdoor skating in the park, no snow, glorious sunshine and no wind. What rank outsider had the nerve to crab about the weather in the Banana Belt?

More coincidences - when Chas. Kemp was being re-examined after arriving in England, one of the Captains on reading his record said "Do you know C. C. Kemp?" and then went on to say that he had been employed at the Jack Elliott Dairy in Amherstburg in 1927.

Then there is this dandy - Donald Rogers was invited to a party at an American Air Force Mess in Italy where he met some American nurses. In the course of conversation he mentioned Amherstburg and one of the nurses exclaimed, "Why, I visited Mary Jane Middleditch there!" - The Middleditch's live on the fourth door west of the Rogers on Rankin Avenue.

Red Cross lost a very valuable executive when Mrs. Wallace R. Campbell retired as chairman of the national war work committee last week but owing to increasing duties at home Mrs. Campbell felt that she could not do justice to her position. Since 1940 Mrs. Campbell has had a group of English guests in her home - there were eleven children at one time - and she has capably supervised their welfare and given them every advantage possible. Since the war started Mrs. Campbell was president of the Ontario Red Cross for a term. Her many duties in Red Cross meant that she was away from home a great deal and the time has come when this is no longer possible. Mrs. Campbell is a woman who in spite of a busy life - which would have defeated most women - always found time to do the little things, the nice little things in life like writing birthday notes, which mean so much.

Enthusiasm ran high when the pupils of S. S. No.11 Anderdon were campaigning to raise funds for their adopted ship just before Christmas. It seems that the scholars raised \$40 with which they purchased gifts for the 17 sailors on board the motor launch *Q 118*. These included stationery, handkerchiefs, razor blades, candy, cigarettes, soap, playing cards, magazines and gum. Each student wrapped one parcel. The names of the sailors are given out to the pupils, one to each, and immediately a correspondence began.

Since Christmas answers have been received in which there were pictures of the men and the motorlaunch. The thrill which the pupils are getting from these is indescribable and at the same time the proper methods of writing and the easy flow of words is being unconsciously learned by the young correspondents. Lieutenant V. J. Wilgress is the officer

in command of the *Q 118* which is stationed somewhere on the east coast; D. M. Collison is the sub-lieutenant as second in command. The crew consists of Ch.M.M.H. Fennell; L/S J. M. Scott; O/S A. C. Furnidge, J. James, F. Paupre, M. Fitzgibbon, W. Fenson, M. Anderson and D. Durchame; Cook E. W. Frazier; Stokers, H. MacDonald and D. B. Seymour; Sign. S. Ellis and Telegraphist W. H. Russel. This enthusiastic crowd of public school pupils is now trying to figure out a way to raise money for another set of parcels.



January 27, 1944

If you are a person who wonders about the whys and wherefores of our accepted customs, this bit on "Tipping" will be of interest. It seems that in English taverns long ago, the tavern keeper put a receptical with the sign, "To Insure Promptness" on it where all could see. The proceeds went to the servants. Eventually the words were contracted to "T I P" and finally to "tip."

Groping south on Dalhousie Street in a half-awake state these dark mornings certainly had its compensation Saturday morning - the waning silver of the moon and gay Venus suspended in a pearl grey cloudless sky with its very faint goldish cast made me feel as if those who belong to that "the early morning is the nicest time of the day" school of thought really have something. Also I thought of the dress designers in New York who are avidly looking for startling combinations - there was one - pearl grey with scintillating gold - ravishing - breath-of-spring-like.

Looking over the old files I came across glowing write-ups of The Rose Ball, the Mason's Ball and the I.O.O.F. balls of twenty years ago. I had almost forgotten all the excitement of new clothes, dates and fun connected with those affairs. Amherstburg certainly was social in the early 1920s when everybody attended the parties, every crowd mixed and it was a social error if you weren't there for the Grand March. That Grand March, by the way, was an institution and each guest paid his respects to the couple who had the honour of leading it - smooth dancers in those days too.



February 3, 1944

Coincidences tumble in one after the other. Jack Thomas was walking down the street in Birmingham, England when he caught a rear view of Louis Jaber (U. S. Forces) so he hurried and tapped Louis on the shoulder much to Louis' surprise and delight.

Nerve Food for the Week - the quiet breast-of-the-dove coloring in the western sky Sunday at sundown reflected in the mirror-like river — the radiance from the large basket of lavender stock and daffodils in Wesley Church on Sunday morning tied with filmy yellow tulle.

The sun lying somnolently low in the sky casting grotesque shadows over the land tells us that mid-winter is here but reports of honey bees, caterpillars, sap running and a semblance of growth in the rock garden makes a confusion of ideas.



February 10, 1944

Couldn't believe my eyes when I saw CANDY - chocolates and fudge - in the F. H. Ferriss ad last week - wonder if this company is trying to play Cupid knowing that this tangible kind of Valentine will bring a definite "Yes" to "Will You Be My Valentine?"

Very fond of the half-hats which sit on the brand new flat-top hairdo - I'm so grateful for the hair stylists who have brought back the flat-top - the pompadours were stunning on the woman or girl who could afford to have it kept just right but was most unbecoming when arranged amateurishly and piled up without thought to bone structure or plans for the back hair.

Several weeks ago the Helps Class of the Harrow United Church catered to the Holstein Breeders' dinner and 74 members of this Sunday School class served and fed 585 people from 6:25 to 8:20 p.m. When I commented on the wonderful service and the tasty food - as praised by Editor-in-Chief - to Mrs. Langton Capstick, the president, she spoke in glowing terms of the steam table owned by the United Church, which is worth its weight in gold when such a quantity of food is necessary.

Got the very nicest kind of Valentine on Sunday morning. Just outside our kitchen door our pussy willows are out in all their lovely silvery grey beauty. They nodded to the dancing snow flurries as if to say "Is that your dance of death?"

There is still time for you to send along those books for the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire "More Books for the Services" campaign. Your post office has a bag for your contribution.



February 17, 1944

After talking to a small-in-stature, ultra-feminine little friend the other night I don't want to hear about the good old days - because I'm convinced that the young people of today certainly handle life better than the young people in the last war. For instance, this attractive young woman said that she was working in a factory in a department where she was the only woman, and what floored me was her next remark: "I'm working the night shift now and go in at midnight."

I have had the privilege of perusing an interesting old deed lately which is the property of Miss Nettie Lovegrove. It is the deed of the property on the south side of Murray Street which she sold to Roy McKim. (Laymen locate the property as I did but it really is assigned to Ramsay Street as you will see by the context.) The deed which Miss Lovegrove has in her possession is not the original, but is one dated the 25th of May 1846, which deeds the property to James Gott. This old document reads, "Know ye, that, we, etc., etc., do grant unto James Gott of the Town of Amherstburgh in the County of Essex in the Western district, the assignee of Thomas Degne, the signe of Marie Julia Degne the devisee of Thomas Degne a settler located in 1799 by the military commandant at this post his heirs and assigns forever, all that parcel or tract of land containing by admeasurement 8,083 square feet composed of lot number 10 on the east side of Ramsay Street in the aforesaid Town of Amherstburg." [Editors' note: The correct name is Thomas Digue dit Courtois.]

Vincent Price (our own 'Bink' of Vinmar Lodge, Laird Avenue) according to reviewers, plays a difficult role in "The Song of Bernadette" with skill, that of the imperial prosecutor who would send Bernadette to the sanitarium. Franz Werfel told the story of the little peasant French girl Bernadette Soubirous who saw a vision of a lady in the grotto near the village of Lourdes beautifully and reverently.....the book appealed to me and I have wondered if the movie version would be popular. I hope so, as I feel that manifestations of faith help us in these trying days.

That remark made by the pussy willows to the snowflakes and echoed in Conversation Pieces last week, "Is this your dance of death?" evidently riled the snowflakes so much that they got on their high horse and with all the fury imaginable stopped transportation, made walking uncomfortable and kept householders shovelling both coal and snow over a long weekend.

Almost defeated when thinking of the virgin drifts along Dalhousie Street Friday morning - but consoled somewhat by the fact that the gay schoolmaster usually breezed down the street ahead of me - he'd blaze a trail. He did but it was for himself alone. I know that he stepped out but certainly didn't realize that his are literally giant steps until I tried to

follow in his footsteps. Consequently was completely frustrated and in a somewhat belligerent mood growled, "I'd rather get wet than become a contortionist" - and I did.

Wee Susan Wigle tickles me with her overflowing conversations. Last Sunday she said that she thought her dad (Clifford Wigle) would bring her a parcel when he returned from his long trip to New Orleans and Norfolk with the C. T. Tugs. She evidently thought about that parcel as she walked a few rods past me because she called back, "I think it's going to be chiclets."



February 24, 1944

Most welcome of man-made sounds - the putt-putt of the friendly little *Maudie* as she busied herself near the Bois Blanc shore Monday morning.

Nellie McClung is writing her autobiography. I met and chatted with her on the train going west in 1940 and found her a charming woman whose wide experience has made her interested in the simple little human things of life.

The 70-year-old farmer from Cedar Springs who advertised for a wife is getting pretty choosey I think. He has been up and down the country interviewing the women who answered his ad - he even came to Amherstburg and I had one man ask me if he were coming to see me!



March 2, 1944

The soft, balmy warm air on Saturday and the gay tunes of the adventurous robins was a grand preview of things to come.

Shades of 1900, with the new flat hairdo one evidently needs a "rat" to make the chignon (that's the 1944 word for bun at the back of the neck). I've never worn a "rat" but mother was telling me about those she and her sisters wore when they followed Dame Fashion in the late Gay Nineties.

LAW Margaret Deslippe whose face you see smiling from this page, went to see the Hostess at the Hagersville station because this woman had asked for her as she (the hostess) was aware that they both came from Amherstburg. Much to the surprise of both of them

Margaret found that the chaperone was none other than Mrs. Alexander, the former Mary Burk, who had known both her father and mother.

In chatting with Mr. Eccles Golden about the D. J. Burk estate he told an interesting horse story. It seems that his father Richard Golden, who lived deep in Anderdon, once sold a young horse to D. J. Burk which Mr. Burk used both on his wagon on the Colchester route and on the freight wagon when goods was collected at the Gordon station. When the horse was 27 or 28 years old and had finished his life's work, Mr. Burk put him out to pasture on what is known as the George Carter farm on the Lowe sideroad. Somehow that horse got out and after all those years came back to the Golden farm.



March 9, 1944

The story of the young Toronto photographer who was in Amherstburg last Friday taking pictures à la *Life* has caused some favorable comment. Conversing with Miss Nettie Lovegrove she brought to light the fact that her grandfather Sergeant Major Joseph Taylor, came out from Belfast, Ireland in 1851 with pensioners and lived in Fort Malden. Her mother was a little girl when the family emigrated, having been born in barracks in Ireland, but an uncle Lewis Taylor (father of Roy, Harry and Miss Elizabeth) and an aunt Miss Lucy, were born in the Mess Hall on the Fort grounds, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. William Heyd, which was used as the doctor's quarters. When Fort Malden was abandoned it was Sergeant-Major Taylor who locked it up.



March 16, 1944

The bulletin issued Friday by the U. S. Department of Agriculture coincident with the surplus of potatoes, that potatoes aren't fattening, amused me no end. The department went on to qualify its statement with "except of course when eaten with butter and gravy." Now I ask you, is the thought of a plain boiled potato going to help reduce that potato surplus. We stylish stouts aren't going to swallow that line.



Before Corporal Bill Nattress was sent back to Canada from England to remuster to air crew in the R.C.A.F., he gained quite a reputation for himself as a singer as the accompanying clipping from an English paper shows:

There is still a lot to the old slogan, 'It pays to advertise'. When we mentioned Corp. Bill Nattress as being one of our talented artists in the column a couple of weeks ago, we did not think that F/O Peach would act so quickly. Immediately F/O Peach noticed that Bill had a reputation as a singer, he got in touch with Records forthwith and Bill was given an audition, and was then put on the air from the Beaver Club. Bill has a very pleasing voice and we expect great things from him in the future.

Corporal Bill is at a Navigators' School at Queen's University, Kingston, at the present, keeping things lively, no doubt, with his fine voice.



March 30, 1944

LAW Laura Lapierre, Park Street, Amherstburg, was one of 26 "originals" among Canadian airwomen who recently attended a party at group headquarters in England to celebrate the anniversary of their arrival overseas. This group were allotted to the R.C.A.F. bomber group headquarters which most certainly wasn't a "cushy" assignment. The women live in Nissen tents which while practical are far removed from the comfortable billets W.D.'s have elsewhere in England.

Miss Phyllis French of the Amherstburg Public School staff has had wonderful success with puppetry. She not only makes the puppets but plans the lighting, scenery and sound effects and writes the dialogue. We recognized this gift but failed to comment upon it - too bad because it's too much like "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and his own house"- and we in Amherstburg aren't like that. As she is president of the University of Western Ontario Summer School, Phyllis has written a clever president's message in verse on page one of the new catalogue. I'll wager that everyone will read it because it's gay and not full of platitudes.

That insatiable copy basket on J.A.M.'s desk doesn't allow us to wait until after the band concert Tuesday night to comment on the progress of the individuals in the band. It's snapping and growling for food at this very moment so must satisfy it with remarks on my preview of three of the soloists on Sunday. The night that the band was organized in the fall I was at the meeting and helped Ted Pickering register the aspirants. As the prospective members talked with Bandmaster Robinson he asked them which instrument they wanted to play and gave each a tryout. Some puffed and blew but couldn't make a sound - others emitted a mighty blast which surprised us all. That was late in October.

Saturday night as I was coming home I heard Gordon Hutchinson practising "The Old Rugged Cross" with Mrs. Fred Wilson and could hardly believe my ears. He played with such ease, assurance and good timing - right on key. Sunday afternoon I was privileged - that's exactly how I felt - to hear Paul Marra and Tony Kittl practising with Mrs. Wilson and their progress is also remarkable.

One of our own lads who graduated as an air gunner in the R.C.A.F. training scheme decided after he got his wings, to transfer to a wireless navigator's course because he got to thinking about after the war and felt that he couldn't go around shooting people for a living.

I'll wager that the young people in town were non-plussed when they read about the K of C Ball and that questions flew thick and fast... "What is a Ball?" (I've heard my mother talk of Balls in her young days.) "What do you do?" "Are they any fun?" "What do you wear?" "How do you act?" And on and on. You young people know how to act at a dance. I've watched you week after week, so behave as you do at the Friday night parties. A Ball calls for "best bib and tucker," however, so put away the beloved sweater and skirt girls, and wear your best dress, stockings and shoes, and of course, something gay in your hair. It's fun to get dressed up once in a while. It turns an event into an occasion. I think that's what the K of C had in mind when they planned the Ball.



April 6, 1944

As we walked along by the museum Sunday evening delighting in the afterglow, I noticed especially, probably because it was shivering (as I was) in the sharp wind, that only one of the four maples planted by the school children Coronation Day, has survived. I well remember that ceremony because soon after we got the pupils in place on the fort grounds, the heavens opened and confusion reigned. Some of the youngsters looked like Indians with full war paint when the colors from the flags and colored paper began to run.

To get back to Sunday night, when I got home I looked out the north window toward the silver poplar which was planted on the mound Confederation Day, July 1, 1867. This huge tree has seen many changes in the old town and despite having been struck by lightning which means that it has to wear a chain girdle, it still stands majestically on that historic ground commanding the respect of even the stately Linden.



April 13, 1944

The movies are fifty years old this month. Since reading an article on the development of the moving picture and the growth of that industry I've been trying to think of the first motion picture I ever saw - know that it was shown in the Town Hall and I think it was "The Count of Monte Cristo" but am not quite sure.

Mr. Reuben Arner of Arner who celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary Tuesday is quite famous throughout the county as a diviner - one who has the power of witching wells. Using a Y-shaped twig as an indicator, he walks around and when water is located the indicator turns. A friend of mine who had heard of Mr. Arner's power but did not exactly believe in it, was with Mr. Arner one day when the subject came up. Mr. Arner cut a Y-shaped cherry branch and asked her to hold one arm while he held the other. According to my friend she and Mr. Arner walked around for a time and presently the stick began to move and she couldn't prevent it from doing so, in fact she said that she held so tightly with both hands that the bark came off.



April 20, 1944

Mrs. Judson Alford (Agnes Hackett) who is recuperating in hospital in Detroit has become interested in ceramics and if the lovely pansy pin which her mother is wearing is a sample of her ability along this line, latent talent is being revealed.



For years the A. W. M. Family has made and enjoyed peanut sandwiches as described by Alfalfa in his ad last week. In fact, the writer of this column was surprised when he gave the directions for making one of our pet sandwich fillings as she had the idea that it was purely an A.W.M. special. [Editors' note: The ad to which Helen refers was for the F.H. Ferriss grocery in Harrow, "The Home of Good Eats."]

The death of H. B. Callendar has brought up several anecdotes of Amherstburg of fifty years ago. It seems that when the Wesley United Cornerstone was laid in May 1892, Mr. Callendar being prominent in Methodist Church circles and master of Thistle Lodge that year, had a square and compass engraved on the cornerstone. As the I.O.O.F. Lodge was very active at that time and many prominent Oddfellows were members of the church and even a question of precedence arose over the line of march, there was a great to-do and the Masonic emblem was erased.

April 27, 1944

Hair nets are top fashion news! - because the well dressed woman of Spring 1944 must not have a "blowsy" look. Natural or colored ones are in favor equally.

This week's tonic --- a bouquet of lavender and white sweet peas which Mrs. Haas had on her dining table.

Call me an old fogey - relegate me to the good-old-days-group - but I don't like to see young girls coming to the dancing parties in slacks.

We have the laziest pair of doves perching in our cherry tree. All they do is sit and bill and coo. Evidently the urge to nest isn't strong enough yet. Last year they built the crudest, most slovenly nest on top of the lattice arch over the driveway - a stick or two was all they needed. This pair should be like a pair at a friend's home who took possession of a robin's nest without even a by-your-leave and when evicted by my friend, went next door and settled down contentedly in another robin's nest there.



May 4, 1944

Since the ban was enforced preventing dogs from running at large because of the rabies scare, Bobby and I have a walk shortly after seven each morning - and the birds' symphony is worth the getting up for.

The forsythia along Laird Avenue are back on the gold standard. My enjoyment of these sun-shiny bushes outweighs my annoyance that the contour of the bushes were spoiled when they were squared off instead of pruned properly. Nature never intended this bush to have a square top.

Hope you're not bored if I linger on the pleasantries of Spring this week but the promise of newness, gladness and beauty has me completely agog. Can hardly wait until the Judas trees on the Papst and Mullen estates are in bloom. According to John Jones, if warm days and nights continue the lavender blossoms should open anytime now. When just about ready to die the blooms turn purple. The Judas tree at Mr. Papst's is very old, probably brought there when that property "Rosebank" was a nursery before the Dougal house was built in 1837. Understand that many young Judas trees have been placed out in the Holy

Sepulchre Cemetery, Detroit. A long-sighted property committee with an eye for beauty must have suggested them.



May 11, 1944

For a year or more a service star has had a prominent place in a window along the street telling that one of the boys of the household is in the armed forces - the boy has died in the service of his country and now the star has been taken down. I miss it - it should be replaced by a gold star, not put away altogether.

Discussing the 116th anniversary of St. Andrew's Church and the fact that her present home was the Auld Kirk, Mrs. E. C. Harris said that when they went to replaster the Doctor's offices some years ago they found the old church window complete with its rounded top which had been and still is covered up, in the wall between the two east windows. She also said that in the long ago days one Presbyterian minister did something his congregation didn't approve of, so they locked him out of the Kirk, and the Doctor's grandfather who lived in Malden climbed in one of those east windows (now office) and unlocked the Kirk so that the minister could enter. Those were stirring days.



May 18, 1944

Rev. Mr. Hart announced in Wesley Church on Sunday morning that when D-Day arrives there will be church services.

The Gaelic name for Margaret is Mairead - rather pretty, isn't it? Discovered this in a recent copy of the *Perthshire Advertiser*.

Another first - a CWAC Lieutenant and Sergeant will be members of the inspecting party when the Amherstburg Cadet Corps girls are on parade Friday morning.

And we grumble - JAM was talking to an airforce trainee over the weekend who said that his station certainly went over the top in the Victory Loan drive but that he hadn't done much to help because he could only afford a fifty-dollar bond. The lad went on to say in an apologetic tone that he got \$1.30 per day and turned over 26 cents of that to pay for his bond - leaving him a net of \$1.04 for each day's pay.

I always feel disturbed when good old French names which mean something are anglicized - one member of the Ouellette family told me that he for business reasons spelled his name Olet - and it's an insult to the wonderful ancestry behind the name of Marentette to change it to Marentay. In the sixty years ago news in today's paper there is a story that Eugene Benito - what a shame! That name doesn't mean a thing but Beneteau does, because when chatting with Lucien Beneteau on Friday morning about the progenitor of the Beneteau family, he said that the first Beneteau came to Canada from France in 1627 and had the contract to ferry people across the strait at Windsor and Detroit. He also said that one of those originals had the mail contract between Windsor and Toronto and travelled his route on horseback. [Editors' note: We believe the 1627 date is a typographical error as the first Beneteau to come from France to Canada was married in 1722 at Berthier, Lower Canada. His two sons - Andre and Francois, born in 1733 and 1739 in Quebec - were the first of the Beneteau family to come to the Detroit River Region.]



May 25, 1944

The beautiful quilt which Mrs. Horton and Miss Lovegrove have given to the prisoner-of-war committee and the Next-of-Kin is made from the Dresden Plate pattern.

Blisters, sore feet and aching muscles were the chief topic of conversation among the Harrow High School girl cadets before and after the Inspection on Thursday morning.

Understand that several of the new river front homes have their kitchens on the river side and have a window commanding a grand view placed over the sink. Smart idea.

What next! Noticed that the Canadian universities business officers in Montreal on Friday endorsed the principle of a world calendar with a re-division of the year into 13 equal months. That wouldn't help me out at all - what I need is a longer than 24-hour day.

Amherstburg was first laid out in 1795 - almost 150 years ago. According to an old record which we found at home, one John Courtenay, an ancestor of my father, came to Amherstburg in 1798 and was married. He was on his way to Mooretown on the St. Clair River to settle on Crown land granted by George III.

One of the oldest houses in town is probably one of the most modern and attractive - I am referring to that house on Richmond Street next to the Library property now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jay Kenyon. Mrs. Kenyon was telling that when the workmen were fitting in hot air registers recently they found that the beams were all black walnut. That house is

older than the memory of most people in the town - it has always been there and looked the same, they say. Louis Lemay lived there for years when he had his blacksmith shop next door to the west. That's as far back as we can go - "Who built it?" is the question.

One day last week Miss Margaret Hackett brought in "Papers and Addresses" of the Essex Historical Society which makes most interesting reading for those whose forbearers made history in this county. In the book I found a yellowed clipping from an old Detroit newspaper which read:

The following herbs can be had at D. J. Campau's store, No. 86 Jefferson Avenue: Golden thread, horehound, life everlasting, spearmint, maiden hair, sarsaparilla, mugwort, dwarfelder, maiden sweet, saffron, savon, gay ladies slipper, summer savory, fever flower, rue, squaw weed, white wood bark, liverwort, foxglove, pleurisy root and dandelion root.

Miss Hackett also said that this D. J. Campau's store was the first place in Detroit to have glass windows.



June 1, 1944

Little Gordon Shepley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Shepley, Brunner Avenue, was out in the yard while his dad was gardening recently, playing with a rope. He was gleefully throwing it around and trying to knot it. Sometime later, tired of play, Gordon came into the house with the rope which, much to his mother's surprise was a three-foot snake the color of mud. The lad had played with the "rope" so hard that the reptile was stunned.

Never are the greens in the out-of-doors lovelier than they are in May. The whole range pleases me from the delicate olive green of the German willow in the boulevard on Laird Avenue in front of the Charles Ayersts' to the dark green of the evergreens with their saucy little cones or Christmas candles.

Among the fishermen standing motionless against the sunset sky at the River Canard bridge on Saturday evening was an outsize woman dressed in a man's brown suit. She had a determined look on her face and a cigarette hanging from one corner of mouth. Those fish had better bite or else.

Eight years ago Mrs. Andrew Reaves of Colchester South went to visit her husband's people in the South and saw peanuts growing. Since that time she has planted them every

year for their own use. Last Wednesday when I was talking to her just before she was ready to plant, she gave me some of the fresh peanuts and I found them quite palatable.

Very feminine indeed are the drawstring and pouch purses which complement the late spring costumes. I have one fault to find with some women who in their over-eagerness to keep up with Dame Fashion's purse news, forget to pick their purses according to their own stature - so frequently one sees a small woman with a miniature trunk and the general well turned out effect is spoiled.



June 8, 1944

Tuesday, June 6, 1944 - D-DAY - Invasion Day - was probably one of the greatest and most solemn days in the history of man. The day which we earnestly hope and pray will mark the beginning of the answer to our fervent prayer, "Give peace in our time."

In a letter from the new Canadian POW camp Stalag IID Germany, Lloyd Lovell commented to his mother on the cleanliness of the camp and also went on to say that he and one of his pals had not only written and directed a play but had had a small part and that now they were preparing a burlesque - which should be good. He also said that they took their entertainment from the sky - Do you interpret that the same way I do?

When the Alvin Vermettes' son Melvin was writing to his family from Italy he said that he hadn't run across his brother Merrill of late - at that moment the brother strolled up behind him and interrupted the letter and said that the M.O. had put him on the ration truck and from now on he expected to pass his brother's base several times a day.

When the west breezes blow the locust scent towards the house I feel as if I'd like to stand out on the lawn and do some deep breathing exercises so that that heavenly odour would get right into the blood stream - believe the result would be an improvement on the vitamins and a lot less expensive.

Walked through the Mullen garden this year when the deep purple iris and the lilacs were at their best - that purple and green combination is hard to beat - also got acquainted with the fawn which was caught on the Conklin Planing Mills property during the winter. The delightful little animal answers to the name of Darling and has become quite tame and seemingly perfectly contented with its new home.





June 15, 1944

The reports of the paratroopers in the establishment of beachheads on the shore of France has been thrilling - also the wonderful work accomplished by the airborne infantry men who were at Dieppe and also at Malta. Reading about those gliders which were attached to the lead planes with nylon rope I'll wither the next person who bemoans her lot with regard to the absence of nylon stockings.

Several weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. William Nattress and family gave a communion chair to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in memory of Rev. Thomas Nattress, a beloved pastor of the church. This chair was used for the first time at the communion service on Sunday morning and Sunday afternoon the second son of the late Mr. Nattress, George of Kapuskasing, was buried from the old kirk.

Pilot Officer Howard Dube has been in many countries since he left Amherstburg three years ago and has had a wide experience. Since coming home on leave he has made the observation that the Detroit River is as beautiful as anything he has seen and that Amherstburg is good enough for him.

June 20 is Blood Bank Day in Amherstburg. Why couldn't we the women of the district flock to the Clinic next Tuesday morning and help fill the cup of life for our very own lads who are in the life and death struggle on the beaches of Normandy? This war has shown the falacy of "The weaker sex" and H. M. knows as she nears her fifth donation, that there's nothing to it.



June 24, 1944

The 729th anniversary of the signing of the Magna Charta went by practically unnoticed last Thursday.

The lowly marsh iris has been beautiful these past few days as has been the purple clover growing in a carpet along the highway.

Johnny Mallett busy with affairs in Italy says that he enjoys music from Detroit.

As gay as the early June flowers were Mrs. Arnold Gibb and her wee red-headed

daughter swinging along Thursday in matching mother and daughter dresses.

Several times of late I've found a single flower on the seat of the car - a delightful surprise - the single dark red rose discovered there last Wednesday was put in a wee cut glass vase, by an unknown friend, and brought joy to the family until Monday.

The wee sun suits worn by the small fry of both sexes these days are so attractive to me. When I think of the clothes worn by JAM and myself - blouse made out of pillow ticking with elastic at the waist and sailor collar, bloomers and long black stockings for him and shirt, panties with tight knee bands that hurt and starched embroidery, waist with innumerable buttons, long garters that buttoned on reinforced spots, starched petticoat and heavy cotton dress - and when a little older, middies for me.

Mrs. E. C. Harris has her 90-year-old father George Chaplin of Salmon Arm, B.C. as her guest. This Scotsman has had a wealth of experience starting when at the age of 12 he ran away to sea on a whaling vessel shipping out of Dundee. Conan Doyle was on the boat by the way. To go on, after he arrived here on Friday some one asked him if he ever worried and with surprise in his voice he said, "Why no, worry spoils your looks and breaks your spirit.

A few years ago I read H. G. Wells' book (for the life of me I can't remember the name) which dipped into the future and gave predictions of things to come - robots and the like - when the news of the winged bombs, the so-called robot planes flying in sinister fashion over England startled the world, I felt like writing Mr. Wells and apologizing for saying that he was in his dotage. Flash, Flash--did you as H.M. did, get in on the realistic radio melodramatic attack on New Jersey a few years ago when Orson Wells and Co. put on one of H. G. Wells' stories and set the nation agog.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Clay Hunt and others of the Warren family entertained a family friend - Earl Green of Toronto. Mr. Green who became blind after the last war is connected with the Canadian Institute of the Blind. It seems that over a period of years he has had three Seeing Eye dogs but something of a superstitious nature has happened to all three - I could hardly believe that anyone would deliberately want to destroy an animal which not only cost hundreds of dollars to train but which was of inestimable use to a handicapped person - all the sadists apparently don't live in enemy country.



June 29, 1944

No wonder men think that some women go off the deep end so far as clothes are concerned. On June 21, the first day of summer and a blisterer too, I saw a woman walking along Highway No. 18 with a fur coat on.

The 45-mile-an-hour wind that struck this district Friday afternoon was quite terrifying - the tail end of a tornado which caused such damage to lives and property in Pennsylvania and Virginia - even our friends from the north crab about the dampness of Essex County and the occasional blistering humid days, they must admit that when you think the thing through it's not a bad spot after all, because we have no extremes of climate, no diseases to speak of, no fear of tornadoes, floods, no wild animals, dangerous reptiles and no insects (pardon me, June bugs and mosquitoes) - I grant that goitre is prevalent along Great Lakes and colds, sinus, asthma, arthritis are everywhere but on the whole we are fortunate, I think.



July 6, 1944

When Neil Morrison of the Windsor Vocational School was gathering data for his thesis on the history of Essex County last summer on which he was awarded his Doctor of Philosophy in history and geography from the University of Michigan in June, he spent days and days in the *Echo* office going through the old files.

The *Echo* is on the last lap of its 70th year of continuous publication and the record is about to be broken, wilfully too, because on August 5 the whole staff is to go on holiday. I'm sure if the founders - John A. Auld and Wm. D. Balfour - knew that we were so up-to-date, they'd approve.

Purely woman talk - slip trouble? Haven't we all in this day of rayons and crooked hem lines been on the kidding end a few times? HM thought she should do something, so was shown a remarkable gadget - a piece of elastic (look in the attic as she did for good old pre-war stuff) and a hook and eye - simple - fasten around the waist and even the most unmanageable slip will stay put.

That man Hank in his small corner on the front page of the *St. Thomas Times-Journal* has the happy faculty of collecting readable material day after day after day. His humour usually sets up pleasant vibrations. Here's a sample. A school boy was asked to define heredity. He wrote: "Heredity means that if your father didn't have any children, and your grandfather didn't have any children, you won't have any children."

Curves in nature (not being a man I don't mean feminine curves) and man-made curves always have appealed to me - trees silhouetted against the night, hills, aqueducts, viaducts, the curve of the Detroit River looking down from the Brunner Mond bridge to the point in front of the Tillson property, have always been pets. Found a new spot where the water has made a beautiful perfect curve in the sand at Callam's Bay - a warmth of beige sand and greyish blue water - a thought for a designer.



July 13, 1944

When Leonard J. Richardson landed in France on D-Day he accidentally bumped into his youngest brother Fred who was in a different unit and whom he hadn't seen for some time.

The dogs are off the streets - yes - but have you noticed the number of cats preening on the street corners and stalking around have dropped their cloak of inferiority.

Not bad idea - The head in the daily read, "*Children asked to aid harvest*" - enthusiasm waxed high in one Amherstburg home last week when young daughter (primary school age) coaxed to go to LaSalle to help with the harvest although there was plenty of outside work at home. After a serious talk, wise parents finally consented - You are probably way ahead of me. Yes - she learned that money doesn't grow on trees.



July 20, 1944

Went to a supper party on the *Ste. Claire* last Tuesday with a group of Harrow - old and new - friends. The food was delicious and got a new idea for dessert. When cup cakes have cooled, cut out the interesting top knot and fill hole with cool lemon filling. Put the cake knot back and ice. It's not from hearsay that I recommend this.

Looking over a Hackett and Brother cash book dated 1864 gives a good picture of the financial status of many of the old Amherstburg families and of how business was run in those far-off days. Even though the bookkeeping was all done by hand and the occasional entry, so-and-so borrowed 25 cents and the "House" account were kept on the store books, the system was certainly less complicated than that in vogue today. On the debit and credit pages there were two columns - Canadian and silver and American. The War of Secession (Civil War) was on at the time and like today Canadian and American money were not at par.

In the story of the christening of the Edward McBride twins - to show how their roots were firmly grounded in Amherstburg soil - we named both the paternal and the maternal grandparents. Because Mrs. James McBride is called Mattie by her intimates we said she was the former Mathilda Ouellette, an error on our part. Her formal Christian name is Martha. A correction was necessary because we had to get the branches on the twins' family tree right.



July 24, 1944

The periwinkle of the chicory and dead white of the Queen Anne's lace give a dreamy gay look to the roadside these days.

For the information of mild people like BMM who say so innocently and timidly, "What's a GI?" here goes. A GI or GI Joe is the American Army name for Tommy Atkins or the private in the ranks - a general infantry man - the most important man in anybody's army today.



August 3, 1944



Not deliberate eavesdropping, but quite by accident I overheard in a restaurant last week a young woman's continued whining that she had to have her tonsils out Saturday and was scared stiff. Fed up with the pettish complaining, an older companion said in a voice dripping with disgust, "Why, I went to work the day after the baby was born."

The other day after a walk with Bobby I brought BMM a bluejay's feather - warm blue with black stripes - to repay in kind on Saturday she presented me with a feather which a flicker had discarded. The quill was the loveliest shade of yellow and the wing light brown shading to a cream at the outer edge. I'll be glad when August the Silent is over as I miss the birds' chatter.

One day last week I met an old Amherstburg High School friend whom I hadn't seen since those last war school days - I couldn't get over how old and dignified he looked - funny how you think that time stops for YOU.

One doesn't have to go to England to hear stories of feminine heroism and war-winning

courage - we have that type of strength in our women right here in Amherstburg. Tuesday week at lunch time Mr. and Mrs. Ross Brush had word that their son Gordie had been killed in action in France. Now Gordie's twin sister Grace works in the Dominion Store and because she felt that she had to carry on, she was at work in the afternoon with strength of character written all over her heart-broken face.



August 10 & 17, 1944

Walked into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gil Morin in Harrow the day after their diamond wedding anniversary and met Mrs. Eli Morin and her daughter Ola (Mrs. Tylor). Seeing Mrs. Morin brought up oh-so-pleasant memories of public school days when we'd run to her sweet shop at the corner of Murray and Bathurst for home-made peppermint or molasses taffy candies. Mrs. Morin was always kindness itself to the many children who rushed into her shop making the bell tinkle to announce themselves, and she never seemed to mind coming from the attached house to wrap a penny's worth. I must tell you that she hasn't changed, the years have been kind to her.

Until I had a chat with Captain Charlie Hackett recently I was under the impression that the large lake freighters could not survive ocean travel. "They get as rough sea on Lake Superior," he said, "and could most certainly be used if you could get them to the coast, but they are too big for the locks." He then went on to tell of one freighter during the last war that was cut in two and turned on her side to be pulled through the locks because her depth was less than her width. This ship never saw ocean duty, however, because by the time one-half was safely through the locks, the war was over. So she was put together and now plies the lakes as the *Captain Secord*. This same freighter has had four names - First the *Van Hise*, then when remodelled after World War I, the *Snyder*, later the *Way* and under present ownership the *Secord*.

Somehow until recently I wasn't aware of the close association of the colours in the Tricolore of France and the Union Jack, that Scotland's blue is represented in both flags. It was Mary Stuart (later Mary, Queen of Scots) who as the wife of Francois II, King of France, devised the flag of France. To the blue of her native country Mary Stuart added the white of her husband's royal house and the red of Switzerland, in compliment to the Swiss guards who wore red as their uniforms.



August 24, 1944

Janet Botsford MacBride was telling about household time and step savers and said that a guest at their home said that at his home each person carried out his own dishes after a meal. We all agreed that this practice would certainly help - some of you have no doubt thought of this long before it was pointed out as practical to me.

Had an eerie experience last Wednesday night in all the high humidity heat. As I walked to the river, the sounds made when kicking up the leaves were distinctly fall sounds but by body temperature told me that we were still in the throes of unusually hot weather for this county.

Jane Tillson was out in the row boat last Sunday with JAM. In the course of her bubbling conversation she made a mistake in English which he corrected. "Oh, I don't care", she came back, "I'm on vacation from that."

Latest informal attire - seen in Harrow on Wednesday - two sweet-faced late teenagers shopping with men's shirts over their swimming attire - their idea of covering up for Mrs. Grundy didn't make for beauty of rear line.

Going to bare my claws - against the vicious scandal-mongers, many of whom have such short-lived memories that they forget that their own lives haven't been so lily white and delight in broadcasting malicious choice bits. I ask you - why is it that a person with a bit of a past hasn't one drop of compassion? I remember when quite a young girl that there was a woman who couldn't or wouldn't understand the young people of that day. She saw wrong in everything and delighted in keeping the young people in hot water. At last I heard a kindly, tolerant, understanding person say, "I can't understand so-and-so. She seems to have forgotten about her own 'military' wedding." Of course she didn't use that expression - that's HM's jargon.



August 31, 1944

Talked to a delightful 19-year old English airman in Harrow on Wednesday, LAC Bruce Pepper of London, England. He is in Canada to take a course at a Bombing and Gunnery School. This smiling, modest, soft spoken lad had very little accent. He was very impressed with Canada as he had seen it so far and found the lights and the quiet peace of our nights worth mentioning - also the corn-on-the-cob and melons which were new to him.

One of her old teacher's pets, Mamie Roadhouse made the headlines last Monday when she (in her business clothes) jumped into the river from a Windsor dock to prevent a suicide from carrying through her plan. Mamie at twenty is, in fact, all through the different stages of growth and change has been, a splendid type of Canadian girl. She's jolly, kind and capable, has that enviable combination of brains and good looks and what is so important, keeps her feet on the ground.

While talking to a young seaman on shore leave after taking part in the invasion activities in France on D-Day I was more than impressed with the marvellous job of censorship and secrecy surrounding the event. He said that his ship had gone through routine duties day after day and on the eve of the great day at 10 p.m. the captain had opened secret orders and said, "Well boys, this is it" - their first actual intimation of anything special.

When Johnnie comes marching home again, the upswept hair-do must disappear because it makes the wearer too intelligent looking, says a hair stylist. In its place curls, soft feminine and alluring will then be the mode of the day. That's a laugh.

Like to hear of girls making good in the field that they like, so many have a flair for drawing, home decoration, designing or writing, but just can't make the grade. Often because parents insist on them doing what they wish because of the money angle. Then too, often it's because women haven't the right contacts to break into the game. Not so Barbara Yeoman, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Don Yeoman of Syracuse, formerly of Amherstburg. Barbara since graduation from the University of Syracuse has had several dress designs accepted and has done modelling for top notch firms and magazines. When talking to her Dad on Saturday, he said that at present she is assistant designer for a Railway Company in the United States, designing uniforms for the many women in their employ. In fact, she and her boss not only design the clothes, but arrange all the details from hats to shoes.

In a bilingual country such as ours it does seem too bad that we can't all speak and understand the other fellow's language - French men who can't speak English are in the minority of course. The above thought was prompted by a chat with a young friend who is in the intelligence. He said that he'd go far if he only could speak French fluently - a college graduate too. I was amazed and laughed, "I thought that the French course of today was so changed that you fellows got a fine grounding in conversation and were not taught as I was in World War One days when after four years of French about all I could understand was, 'Have you the pencil of my grandmother?' " The Canadian lads in France must be handicapped these days as I certainly was in Paris when trying to make taxi drivers understand. In fact it was such an exasperating experience that I finally wrote my

destination on a slip of paper and handed it to the driver who with a smile speeded away - how those Paris taxi drivers could drive - some experience - thankful when you got out whole.

Name Index

- Abbott
 Bert, 45, 52
 Earle, 52
Affleck, Ellis, Mrs., 42
Agla, Gladys, 50
'Al Falfa Hay', 32, 36, 66. *See also* Ferriss, F.H.
Alexander, Mary (Burk), 63
Alford
 Agnes (Hackett), 66
 Judson, 66
Allen, Joyce, 50
Anderson
 M., 59
 Robert, 49
Armstrong, Joe, 4
Arner, Reuben, 66
Atkin
 Henry, 53
 Muriel. *See* McLean, Muriel (Atkin)
Attwood, Harry, 34
Auld
 Allen, 23
 John A., 28, 74
Autin, Lena, 29
Ayerst, Charles, 70

Bailey
 Henry A., Mrs., 43
 R.W. 'Bill', 53
Balfour
 Agnes, 50
 Helen, 50
 T.B., Mrs., 51
 William D., 74
Barrett, Edith (aka Mrs. Vincent Price), 25, 44
Barret house, 40
Barrington, Mary Margaret. *See* Sharrer, Mary Margaret (Barrington)

Bates, Jackie, 49
Beaudoin, Catherine, 54
Becker, Abigail, 18-19
Bell, Ethel, 28-3
Bell farm, 43
Beneteau
 Andre, 69
 Eugene, 69
 Francois, 69
 Lucien, 69
 Lucien J., 34
Beneteau family, 69
Bennet-Alder, B., 9, 26
Bennett, William H., 45
Bessette
 Maurice, 27
 Mildred, 2
Blanel, Joyce. *See* Gold, Janet (Blanel)
Bondy, Gloria, 22
Boothe, Clare, 55
Bornais, Loretta, 50
Borrowman, Naomi, 23
Botsford, Janet. *See* MacBride, Janet (Botsford)
Bratt, Mary, 50
Brébeuf, __, Fr., 46
Breeze
 Gordon, 44
 Margaret (McGee), 44
Brock, Isaac, Major-General, 36
Brown
 Alione, 50
 George, 9, 42
Bruner, Betty, 54
Brush
 Gordie, 77
 Grace, 77
 Ross, 77
Buchanan, Alan, 29
Burck, David, Mrs., 41

Burk
 D.J., 63
 J.D., 11
 Mary. *See* Alexander, Mary (Burk)
 Burns, Betty (Sinasc), 2

Callendar, Hugh B., 24-25, 66
 Campau, D.J., 70
 Campbell
 Beryl, 3
 Wallace R., Mrs., 58
 Capstick, Langton, Mrs., 60
 Carnahan, Freda, 49
 Carroll, Fred, 38
 Cass, ___, Governor, 36
 Chadburn, ___, 22-23
 Chaing Kai Shek, 20
 Chaplin, George, 73
 Chase, Cherry, 31
 Chevalier, Maurice, 35
 Clare, Val, 39, 57
 Collie, Janet, 50
 Collins, Ralph, 19-20
 Collison, D.M., 59
 Colman, Mary Elizabeth, 30
 Colton, ___, Mrs., 43
 Cook, Henry, Capt., 25
 Cooper, Nellie. *See* Patterson, Nellie (Cooper)
 Cornwall, Patricia (McKenzie), 30-31
 Courtenay
 David, Mrs., 48
 John, 69
 Coyle
 ___, Mrs., 8
 Catharine. *See* McBride, Catharine (Coyle)
 John, Mrs., 27
 Mike, 27
 Craig, William, 48
 Csonka
 Ethel, 49
 Madeleine, 49

Currie, Bill, 9
 Currier & Ives, 56

Darby, E.F., 42
 Degne. *See* Digué
 Deneau
 James, 52
 James Jr. 'Jimmy', 52
 Deslippe
 Julian, 39
 Margaret, 50, 62-63
 Peter, 39
 Philip, 39
 Simon, 39
 Deslippe family, 39
 Digué dit Courtois
 Marie Julia, 61
 Thomas, 61
 Doman, Donald, 26, 45
 Dowler, Gladys, 35
 Doyle, Conan, 73
 Dube
 Harry, 51
 Howard, 72
 Duffin, Gordon L., 7
 Dupuis, Marvin, 49
 Durcharme, D., 59

Eede, Sarah, 50
 Eggleton, Johnnie, 44-45
 Elizabeth, Queen, 22
 Elliott
 Beulah, 49
 Jack, 58
 Reta, 49
 Ellis, S., 59
 Eyre, ___, Col., 33

Falls, Tom, 31
 Fennell, M.M.H., 59
 Fenson, W., 59
 Ferriss, F.H., 60, 66. *See also* 'Al Falfa Hay'

Fitzgerald, Bob, 9
 Fitzgibbon, M., 59
 Florey, G.T., 46
 Fonville, ___, Miss, 50
 Fountain
 Betty, 31
 Gordon, 31
 François II, King, 77
 Frankhouse
 John L., 36-37
 L.W., 36
 Frazier, E.W., 59
 French
 Charles, 45
 Patty, 27
 Phyllis, 64
 Furnidge, A.C., 59

Gatfield, William H., 52
 George III, King, 32, 69
 Gibb
 ___, 32
 Arnold, Mrs., 72-73
 John, 35
 Sarah, 38
 Gilman-Harris wedding, 55
 Gilman house, 52
 Godden, H.H., 4
 Gold
 John, 3
 Joyce (Blanel), 3
 Golden
 Eccles, 63
 Richard, 63
 Goodchild, Lewis, 38, 41
 Gott
 Eccles J., 23
 James, 61
 John, 23
 Stan, 23
 Graveline
 Elizabeth. *See* Shaw, Elizabeth (Graveline)

Graveline (*continued*)
 Felix, Capt., 31
 Green, Earl, 73
 Grenfell, Wilfred, Sir, 56
 Grondin
 Edward, 24
 Kathleen, 53
 Grundy, ___, Mrs., 78
 Guest, Edgar, 56

Haas, ___, Mrs., 67
 Hackett & Bro., 75
 Hackett
 Agnes. *See* Alford, Agnes (Hackett)
 Charlie, Capt., 19, 77
 Dave, Capt., 19
 Margaret, 70
 Roy, Dr., 23
 Hadash, Bernice, 36
 Halstead, Keitha, 50
 Hamilton
 John, 24
 Lester, 48
 Mary, 53
 Hardin, Hannah, 50
 Harlen, June, 23, 50
 Harris
 E.C., Mrs., 68, 73
 George, 18
 Harris-Gilman wedding, 55
 Hart, ___, Rev. Mr., 68
 Hayes, Helen, 32
 Heard house, 52
 Heaton
 Howard, Mrs., 57
 Kencil, 51
 Heilman, Harry, 29
 Henson, Josiah, Rev., 33
 Heyd, William, 63
 Higgins, Frank, 10, 33
 Hilton
 Miriam, 21-22
 Walter, 21

Hodgman
 Flora. *See* Temple, Flora (Hodgman)
 Harry, 34
 Holdaway, Laurie, 50
 Honor, Jessie, 32
 Horsley
 Fannie, 38
 Robert, 38
 Horton, John, Mrs., 24, 37, 43, 54, 69
 Howie, Allen, 51
 Hughson, Sarah, 53
 Hunt
 ___, Capt., 51
 Alma (Langlois), 51
 Clay, Mrs., 73
 Sidney A., Mrs., 23-24
 Hutchinson
 Bruce, 7, 10, 51
 Gordon, 65
 Iler, Judson, Mrs., 38
 Imeson, Norman, 49
 Innes
 Audrey, 42
 Kay, 42
 R.T.B., Mrs., 42
 Shirley, 42
 Jaber, Louis, 59
 James, J., 59
 Jarriett, Dorothy, 50
 Johnston
 Dave, 23, 38
 Franz, 56
 Jones
 Daniel, 40
 John, 18-19, 67
 Robert P., 30
 Roger, 49
 Vivian, 30, 40, 50, 51
 W.H., 34

Julien
 Herman, 46
 Stephen, 46
 Kane, ___, Mrs., 11
 Kelly, ___, Fr., 54
 Kemp
 Charles, 58, 49
 Dick, 55
 Kenyon, Jay, 69
 King, Muriel, 28
 Kittl, Tony, 65
 Kopacz
 Bob, 26
 Julian, 41
 Lacey, Lawrence, Fr., 41
 Lafferty, G., 11
 Lalemont, ___, Fr., 46
 Langlois
 Alma. *See* Hunt, Alma (Langlois)
 T.C., 24
 W.J., Rev., 57
 Lapierre, Laura, 24, 50, 64
 Large, ___, Capt., 54
 Lavers, Henry, 53
 Lawler
 Abigail (Shaw), 19
 Earl, 19
 Lawrence, Gertrude, 5, 12
 Lemay, Louis, 70
 Lidwell, Rita, 50, 54
 Lott, Edith, 52
 Louis XIV, King, 36, 41
 Lovegrove
 Charles Douglas, 24
 Fred, 8
 L. Fred, 24
 Nettie, 23, 24, 35, 37, 43, 50, 61, 63, 69
 Ruth Carolyn (Thomas), 24
 Lovell, Lloyd, 71

MacBride, Janet (Botsford), 78
 MacDonald, H., 59
 MacFetridge, C.K., Mrs., 34
 MacFetridge property, 48
 Mackenzie, Annabelle. *See* McKenzie, Annabelle (Mackenzie)
 Maguire, John, 11
 Mallett, John, 45, 72
 Maloney, Fred J., Mrs., 34
 Manning, Joanne, 4
 Marra
 ___, 32-33
 Paul, 65
 Martin, Frances, 54
 Mary, Queen of Scots, 77
 Mathews, Bill, 37
 Mayville, Georgina, 24, 50
 McBride
 Catharine (Coyle), 8
 Edward, 76
 James, 76
 Martha 'Mattie' (Ouellette), 76
 McClung, Nellie, 62
 McGee
 James, 44
 Margaret. *See* Breeze, Margaret (McGee)
 McGregor, Malcolm, Mrs., 8, 34, 50
 McGregor property, 9
 McIntyre, Betty, 50
 McKenna, Harriet (Wigle), 33-34
 McKenzie
 Annabelle (Mackenzie), 30
 Billy, 30-31
 Hugh, 22
 Hugh, Mrs. *See* Smith, Peter, Mrs.
 Isobel, 30-31
 Neil, 30-31
 Patricia. *See* Cornwall, Patricia (McKenzie)
 Roy, 33
 McKim, Roy, 61

McLean
 ___, Capt., 38
 Blake, 53
 Muriel (Atkin), 53
 McLellan, Ross, 42
 McQueen
 J.E., 36
 J.E., Mrs., 36, 56
 Meigs, ___, Capt., 36
 Mickle, William, 38
 Middleditch, Mary Jane, 58
 Milburn
 Raymond, 11
 Raymond, Mrs., 11
 Milne
 A.A., 49
 Christopher Robin, 49
 Miner, Jack, 55
 Morin
 Eli, Mrs., 29, 77
 Gil, 77
 Ola. *See* Tylor, Ola (Morin)
 Morrison, Neil, 74
 Mowrer, Edgar Ansel, 16
 Mullen
 J.G., 29
 J.G., Mrs., 51
 Macomb, 51-52
 Mullen property, 67, 71
 Nattress
 Bill, 63-64
 George, 72
 Marianne, 5, 50
 Thomas, Rev., 72
 William, 72
 Nicholson, Clarence, 49
 Noyes, Alfred, 54
 Oliver, H.M., 32
 Ouellette, Martha. *See* McBride, Martha (Ouellette)
 Ouellette family, 69

Overholt, B.P., 42
 O'Madden, __, Miss, 33, 35

Pankhurst, Emmeline, 36
 Papst property, 67
 Park, Mercyl, 43
 Parrott, Joyce, 44
 Patterson, Nellie (Cooper), 23
 Paulton, Alfred, 10
 Paupre, F., 59
 Pearce, E.H., 32
 Pepper, Bruce, 78
 Pettypiece
 George, 29
 Lloyd, 49
 Peggy, 49
 Shirley, 49

Phillips
 __, 18-19
 W.E., 37

Pickering, Ted, 64

Pouget
 Bob, 45
 Guy, Mrs., 29

Price
 V.L., Mrs., 32
 Vincent, 4-5, 25, 44, 61

Pulford, Sylvia, 43

Quaife, M.M., Dr., 36

Rath, Vera, 50

Reaume
 __, Mrs., 7
 Joan, 34
 Loretta, 53
 Walter, 34

Reaves, Andrew, Mrs., 70-71

Revis, Martin, 49

Reynolds
 Arthur, Mrs., 22
 Hugbie, 19, 22

Richardson
 Agnes (Van Dyke), 56
 Edmund, 53
 Fred, 75
 Frederick W., 56
 Leonard J., 75
 Roadhouse, Mamie, 79

Robinson
 __, Chief Justice, 38
 E.L. (bandmaster), 64
 Florence, 46

Rogers
 Belle, 3, 22
 Donald 'Don', 3, 7, 9, 22, 58

Rudd, __, Miss, 54

Russel, W.H., 59

Scott
 Evelyn (Wright), 21, 50
 J.M., 59

Scratch
 F.P., Mrs., 38
 Gladys, 43

Seymour, D.B., 59

Sharrer
 Mary Margaret (Barrington), 3
 Robert James, 3

Shaw
 Abigail. *See* Lawler, Abigail (Shaw)
 Carl, Capt., 31
 Elizabeth (Graveline), 31
 John, 31
 Malcolm, 18, 31

Shepley
 Gordon, 70
 Shirley, 70

Sheridan, Billy, 51

Shields family, 5

Sinasac, Betty. *See* Burns, Betty (Sinasc)

Smith
 Mike, Capt., 35
 Peter, Mrs., 22

Snider, Betty, 54

Speidel, Tom, 4

Spencler
 Ian, 5
 Olive, 5

Spinnard, Charles, 38

Sternbauer, Margaret, 49

Stevenson, Alfred, 28

Stevenson house, 52

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 33

Stuart, Mary, 77

Sullivan, J. Bernard, 37

Sutton
 Catherine, 40
 Garnet, 40
 Jimmy, 40

Swartz
 __, Miss, 40
 __. *See* Weller, George, Mrs.

Tanser, Lillian, 49

Taylor
 Elizabeth, 63
 Harry, 63
 Joseph, Sgt. Major, 63
 Lewis, 63
 Lucy, 63
 Roy, 63

Teeter, Oscar, Mrs., 41

Temple
 Flora (Hodgman), 9, 28, 34
 Wallace, 28

Terry sister, 43

Theifels, Harry P., Fr., 57

Thomas
 Edith, 43
 Jack, 59
 R.C., 24
 Ruth Carolyn. *See* Lovegrove, Ruth
 Carolyn (Thomas)

Thrasher
 Elaine, 54
 Jack, 33, 51
 Martha, 50

Thrasher (*continued*)
 Patricia, 54
 Richard, Mrs., 9
 William, 10

Thrasher wedding, 10

Tillson, Jane, 78

Tofflemire, Patricia, 50

Tomlinson, Charles, 24-25

Tonge, Vera, 43

Trimble
 J.N., 20
 Jean, 20
 Ray, 27
 William, Mrs., 19

Triolet, Paul, 9

Turville & Bro., 12

Tylor, Ola (Morin), 77

Van Dyke, Agnes. *See* Richardson, Agnes
 (Van Dyke)

Vauban, __, 36

Vermette
 Alvin, 71
 Melvin, 71
 Merril, 71

Victoria, Queen, 32, 33

Wade, Bill, 45

Walker, John, Mrs., 2

Wallace
 Albert, 40
 Jeanette, 40

Warburton, Fred, 37

Warren family, 73

Weber, __, Miss, 28

Weller, George, Mrs., 40

Wells, H.G., 73

Wigle
 Clifford, 62
 Clifford, Mrs., 48
 Harriet. *See* McKenna, Harriet (Wigle)
 Muriel, 13
 Roy, 13-15, 34

Wigle (*continued*)

Susan, 62

Wilgress, V.J., 58-59

Wilson

F.E., Mrs., 29

Fred, Mrs., 65

Henry D., 8

Windover, W.E., 54

Wismer

Fern, 20

Marilyn, 49

Wright

Ella M., 19

Evelyn. *See* Scott, Evelyn (Wright)

Olive, 50

W.G., Mrs., 19

Yeoman

Barbara, 79

Don, 79

Zimmerman, Floyd, 25, 28

Indexed by Jennifer MacLeod

ISSN 1481-6695