





Conversation Pieces

*by
Helen Marsh*



*Vol. X
1959 to 1961*

*Marsh Historical Collection
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada*







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Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

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

January 1, 1959

From all of us to all of you go happy greetings, joyous wishes. We hope your New Year will hold all the riches of good health, the great rewards of loyal friendships and the wealth of a happy family and home.



Friend in Harrow asked her grandchildren what they would enjoy best for Christmas dinner and the first grader said, "Hot dogs and plain jello."



January 8, 1959

Smart guest from the Ozarks wore black sheer hose with her 1959 narrow-strapped shoes on Saturday and I like the fluid line from shoulder of black dress to shoes.

Twelfth Night at our home saw the Christmas season end, the Christmas cards re-read and the lovely messages from friends enjoyed again, the gay red candles put away and the Christmas greens burned. Once again the most wonderful season of our year was over and we look with hope and courage to the New Year. Just once, I thought, I'd like to have the experience of going to a real traditional English Twelfth Night party and see the ceremony and hear the songs when the yule log is burned. But, I suppose, in my own quiet little way I carried out the old English idea without any ceremony, just in thought.

There is never a time when a woman can't get a fashion lift from a new hat! I think this is particularly true right now when we're still all bundled up in heavy winter coats. My suggestion for a new hat is a tiny little one - the smaller the better - and worn perched on the back of your head or at least far enough back to let your hair show. I'd buy one (if I could find what I want) made of really beautiful flowers - either a little high pillbox, or a flat one like one I saw Saturday on Mrs. Elise Sutherland.



January 15, 1959

We enjoyed part of the tradition of the Ukrainian Christmas last Wednesday, when some of the members of the Ukrainian Choir caroled at our house and wished us Merry Christmas in both the language of their forefathers and of Canada, the country of which they are so proud.

Since getting a great miracle of yarn knit dress last year, I've become a knit dress addict. Knitted clothes are comfortable and smart and I've been reading about the knitted things for the spring for the traveller - a wool knit dress, a knitted suit or ensemble, a casual miracle yarn knit dress and a fine sheer dressy knit - all for the smart and well-groomed woman of 1959 who doesn't want to press her skirt every time she steps out.

Our Janet has a girlfriend living in Southhampton, England. In a recent letter friend told of going to a wedding and meeting a woman who, in the course of the casual, spotty conversation of guests at such a festivity, was surprised when Amherstburg was mentioned and especially friend's husband, J.A.M. our editor, for the woman was Miss Searle who had lived here in Amherstburg when an exchange teacher from Wales. She asked Janet's friend to mention her enquiries of Mrs. Dick Kemp and Mrs. Belle Rogers.

Many an aging Canadian will recall schoolroom pictures when he reads of the death at 98 of John David Kelly. "Like C.W. Jeffreys [whom H.M. met in Amherstburg and enjoyed] he went in for historical subjects and reproductions of his pictures 'MacKenzie's First Glimpse of the Pacific' and 'The Coming of the Hector' ornamented the walls of many old schools, and for all we know, may still be seen," says the *London Free Press*. They gave a liveliness to Canadian history which was otherwise too often absent.

With the turn of the year, gardeners all across the country look for the announcement of the All-American Selection flower winners. Seeds for these debutantes of the flower garden are usually limited the first season; therefore early ordering is a good idea. Plants, too, in the case of the All-American Mum selections, are not plentiful, and the demand for gladiolus bulbs of 1959 winning

varieties will be greater than the supply. Sole 1959 flower winner of the regular All-American Selections is a new sweet alyssum, Pink Heather. This darling of the border edge makes a low compact carpet, as do the earlier AAS Violet Gem and AAS Royal Carpet. The color is a real heather pink, deep in tone in cool weather and along the coast, lighter pink in the dry heat of mid-summer. It deepens again towards autumn.



January 22, 1959

The ensemble dress (dress and matching coat, bolero, short cape) is probably the most vitally important thing in any women's wardrobe today, I think. I know it's always the first thing I try to buy at the beginning of a season, and then I keep on adding others for different purposes. For January I would suggest an ensemble in lightweight wool - either in a gay color or in navy or black.

The other day I talked to a Belgian friend who is a war bride. I said, "When are you going home again?" and she said, "Never." Then she went on to tell me that when she first came to Canada nothing here was as good as it was at home and our Canadian social structure was not nearly as good, etc. etc. She said she longed for home and after eight years here she returned to Europe for a visit. And she was glad she did, for on her return, Canada is the Promised Land.

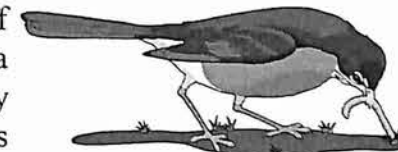
House painters in Sorrento, Italy, have begun a campaign to get women to paint their homes in lighter and gayer colors. They promise that the anti-sombre campaign will result in happier husbands, fewer marital battles and closer-knit families. Painter Guido Fagnelli carries three cages of canaries with him on his jobs. When the canaries begin to sing, he is convinced that he has mixed a color that is sufficiently happy and gay.



January 29, 1959

Jud Alford, husband of Agnes Hackett of Amherstburg, has been feeding birds

these very cold winter days at his nursery off Telegraph Road in the Detroit area. There is a wood lot on this property and he has had many kinds of birds coming for the grain which he has been throwing around daily. On Saturday Agnes went with him and to her amazement counted eight robins at the feeding station. As you know, the robin is a meat eater so they must be surviving these cold days on the dead grubs on the trees in the woods there - or so we think.



Thank heavens now that the "good old-fashioned Canadian winter" has returned in all its beauty and fury, we have warmer houses than we had in the "good old days" because I'd hate to re-experience the chilblains I had then - and I'm glad that our clothes are adequate for the low temperatures of today for I'd hate to go back to the wool, inside and out, of the "good old days" that smelled when it was damp, after a skate across river, for instance. Friends last week talked about reliving the fun of an old-fashioned sleigh ride now we have an old-fashioned winter but we didn't know where to look for a team of horses and a sleigh. I love the glory of the winter sunsets but I don't like the "good old Canadian winter" to freeze the lock in the door of the car so we can't get in, where it's warm to look out at the lovely winter scenes.



February 5, 1959

Oranges from Israel can be bought in town - from the first mature fruit for export purposes of Israel's orange grove project, I understand.

If anybody has the sniffles in your house the chances are about 2 to 1 that it's a woman. At least that's the ratio in a survey that shows women get more colds than men.

Murray Brown, son of M.S. Brown, now of Toronto, was on "Front Page Challenge," the fine C.B.C. program on Channel 9 last Monday. Murray is right at the tip top in the television and radio heap in London, Ontario.

Canadian women wear their hair too short. That's the opinion of Pierrot, who has been working in Toronto since his arrival from Italy six months ago. In his native Milan, Pierrot had his own hairdressing establishment. He believes a woman's hair should be close to shoulder length, not ear-tip level as favored by many.

A spectacular sunrise flare of cerise swept the southeastern sky at 7:40 a.m. Tuesday. Looking at it as I did through the lacy maples in the park, I delighted in the effect. But the glory of the old-fashioned winter's sunrise was over as quickly as it came, for all of a sudden the color was gone and in its place was a steel grey cloud drop.

The groundhog saw its shadow Monday. If the icy conditions of the sidewalks and roads caused by last Thursday's rain and Friday's freeze up (which hasn't thawed a bit up until time of writing this bit on Monday at 3 p.m.) would clear up I wouldn't mind the fact that there was sunshine for the groundhog on Monday. But with both walking and driving up our street [being] so very dangerous, I hope the groundhog bit is blown up for the last time so the spring and the flowers and the bluebirds can come anytime.

Mrs. Murray Smith, whose summer home is at Oliphant, was talking to me about Wiarton's Groundhog Festival. This winter festival is a clever idea in my opinion. Brainchild of the Wiarton Chamber of Commerce, the event is designed to afford cottagers an opportunity to inspect their properties and at the same time enjoy an out-of-season reunion with local townspeople and other summer acquaintances. It is supposed to have as its high point the advent of a groundhog. Legend says if the animal sees its shadow it will duck back into his hole because six more weeks of winter are in store. If it does not, spring is near. (Well, it did on Monday.) The celebration attracted visitors from points as far distant as Albert and Flint, Mich. Sleigh rides, masquerade skating parties and dancing highlighted the festival.



February 12, 1959

"Greetings on St. Valentine's Day to all."

Beginning February 15 the men of Oberammergau in Southern Germany will let their hair and beards grow in preparation for next year's Passion Play. The town's barbers are paid "damages" by the city government for this period.

The giant arrangements of forsythia (forced by Mrs. L.C. Angstrom) in large delft blue containers placed on either side of the stage for the Fashion Show last Wednesday were forerunners of Spring, surely, and their magic certainly did a lot to glamorize the setting.

Travellers who went out and in the late Howard Heaton bookstore in Harrow, after his death, paid a wonderful tribute to Mr. Heaton when they said that they never needed Mr. Heaton's signature, that they could always take his word on any order or question.

Talked to two children last Saturday, a 14-year-old and a 10-year-old, who had looked at the story of Peter Tchaikovsky, the 19th century composer, and both were delighted with it, which surprised them, I know, and also me. The 10-year-old said, "Did you know that Tchaikovsky wrote the music for Walt Disney's 'The Sleeping Beauty'?!!!" The older child had looked at the story only because his oldsters were - and became as interested as they.



February 19, 1959

Our compliments to the far-sighted men and women in this town who give their time and money not only once but over and over again, to keep the Amherstburg band together. Some of us get over enthusiastic about projects, especially for young people, but often when their affairs interfere with ours, our enthusiasm wanes. (I know because my own has waned several times through the years.) Special pat on the back for John Fox.

During the new "ice age" of the past few weeks as I shuffled up and down Dalhousie Street, I felt as if I were actually developing an anthropoid stoop because of the soreness between the shoulders and I hardly ever met a soul to talk to. However, last Thursday when the ice started to melt, the wind became balmy, sun actually warm and the sky blue, the town came out of its igloo, pardon the metaphor (as early in the week there was hardly a soul on the bank corners), but on Thursday there were gay people in gay clothes visiting and laughing on the corners - just as if everyone had wakened from a long winter nap.



February 26, 1959

When I awakened Monday to a world glamorized by a snow blanket, all I could think of were the pansies blooming in Mr. Charlie Bonsor's garden and visioned the effect of those adorable little flowers embedded in white.

The planet Venus will shine brilliantly and conspicuously low in the western sky for two hours after sunset during March. To me Venus is a lovely sight over the river, over Bob-Lo, and from its position now, blinks out, "Spring is coming, Spring is here."

I know that the millinery business certainly isn't what it used to be, but with oldsters like myself, a hat is certainly a big part of my costume. I seem to need a hat for a finish. And I'm lost without a milliner in town, a person to fix or change this or that or tell me and others about the latest head gear. Surely there is someone here in town who is proficient enough in the art of millinery to give many women here a hand with their hat problems.



March 5, 1959

Oh! for heaven's sake, why shun fantasy? I certainly don't think it hurts the modern child any more than those in my generation or the children I taught. I see that the Florida state librarian, Dr. Dorothy Dodd, has asked all public libraries in

Florida to withdraw the following books from circulation: "Dr. Wiggly," "Tom Swift," "Tarzan," "The Bobbsey Twins," "The Wizard of Oz," "Horatio Alger," "The Campfire Girls," "The Hardy Boys". The boys and girls I know who read the above stories or I read them to them, led healthy imaginative lives and weren't harmed by the fantasy.

In a letter from Helen Jones McCurdy Saturday morning, she spoke of her children's name for our wonderful Detroit River. They call it "Grandma's River." I've always thought of it fondly as "Our River" and Saturday morning my "happiness graph" rose to a new high when I heard a boat salute, as if "Our River" was saying hello to March.

As I've said before and will repeat, we live in the most wonderful part of the world, I think. We grouse about our weather, our high humidity, sinuses, goiters, thunderstorms, etc., but all in all it's a fine spot. I thought so again Friday when Mrs. Murray Gibb told me that her daughter, Marilyn Gibb Beaudoin, who lives on the highway west of North Bay, wrote last week that the snow was so deep at Balsam Creek that she couldn't see the cars going by on the highway.

Mrs. Murray Mitchell of Anderdon (Violet Pettypiece or Val as she is called) is broadcasting every Wednesday over C.B.E. on the Trans Canada Network at five minutes to eleven on the program. For consumers, Mrs. Mitchell has replaced Mrs. Hardy, a home economist who has transferred to Women's Institute of Canada. Mrs. Mitchell, who is an honor graduate in Home Economics, is introduced as "Home Economist Mother of Four" and because of her training can discuss consumer problems from a technical point of view.

With the exception of that great favorite, the shirtwaist dress, top fashion experts know of no other fashion that has been loved so long by so many women as the Chanel suit! It's again one of the top-ranking fashions of the year - and you may have it in almost any fabric you like - in tweed, in flannel, in silk linen or any of the smart silk tweeds - even in prints and cottons for later on. The Chanel suit has an easy little box jacket, a little below the waistline in length, with straight cuffless sleeves. The most popular type is the collarless cardigan with bound edges either of the same fabric or of braid. With these Chanel suits, I think it is smart to wear a well-tailored silk shirt with long sleeves and French cuffs that will show just a bit

below the sleeves.



March 15, 1959

Russ Wigle's home from Florida. He said, "It got too hot down there."

Most of the young mothers of today are very smart around the house - there doesn't seem to be any of that "old clothes and runny stockings for work around the house" business any more. The separates, either slacks and shirts or shorts and tops, are good-looking and practical for the busy mother-homemaker. But there's one item of work apparel that amuses me, worn by young mothers, and that's an apron with her slacks. I know it's practical and useful but incongruous and yet at the moment, I haven't a clue as to a replacement.

"Suppose someone asked you what to serve as a typically Canadian meal - what would you say?" queried the woman's page editor of the *Globe*. An English girl who three years ago emigrated from her home near Birmingham soon will be returning there for a vacation. In her town, when friends come back from foreign parts they throw a party and serve dishes native to the country in which they have been living - e.g., tossed salad and leek soup if France; spaghetti and red wine if Italy. Our friend might try apple pie and cheese for dessert, but what about a Canadian main course? Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding would hardly be suitable.



March 19, 1959

I can recommend highly two Amherstburg Public Library books, namely "The King Tree" by Gladys Taylor, and "Cat with Two Faces" by the newspaperman Gordon Young.

That 82-year-old at our house would like a record player so that we could have a record of Andy Williams singing "Hawaiian Wedding Song," as she prefers his

interpretation to that of any other singer.

Jimmy Flynn having returned a fortnight ago from Europe where he lived for the past six months (there's a great difference between that word "lived" and the word "toured") said that he had eaten many cheeses in Europe but he had to get back to Canada to get the best, Black Diamond, or the Wine-Cured Cheddar. I'm not a cheese salesman but both do top off a meal in a way to delight a gourmet.

In the western twilight sky over Bob-Lo last week I saw the brilliant planet Venus with the new moon in a slim arc above it and the planet Mercury below to the right. The sight was unusual because Venus seldom comes as close to the moon as it was then and because Mercury, closest planet to the sun, is rarely visible to the naked eye.

According to Mrs. W.J. Ouellette, the Guide Commissioner, in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Guiding in Canada, the Amherstburg Guides and Brownies will take part in the commemorative festivities by planting beds of yellow tulips to become a part of the Canadian Guides "ribbon of gold" which will extend from coast to coast in the spring of 1960.

The worst wind storm to ever strike our district turned on its fury from all directions Sunday. It worked the river into an ugly frenzy, made the trees and sky frightening and we were all wrapped in an uneasy feeling; not so uneasy, however, to keep us home from the enjoyable C.W.L. Fashion Show. Once again we were fortunate when we found out what the mad March wind had done all around us.



March 26, 1959

A JOYOUS EASTER



April 2, 1959

The "one long" of a freighter in the early hours Monday wakened me with a feeling of pleasure that river sounds were beginning again. Then on Monday morning in the fog-enveloped river, I could hear the busy putt-putt-putt of a cocky little workboat up and down river, busy as a bee getting markers ready for the large drilling and dredging equipment to commence its last summer of work in this connecting channel.



April 9, 1959

Ontario elementary schools are going to get Canadian dictionaries in place of imported ones. The Department of Education's assistant superintendent, John R. McCarthy, told the education convention in Toronto last week why. He said a British dictionary defined hockey as a game played with a rounded stick and a ball and American dictionaries called blinds shades, taps faucets and serviettes napkins.

Mrs. I. F. Calderwood of Lakewood Beach was in the office and said that she takes the *Echo* to her hairdresser in Detroit, who has some connection with our district. There is an insurance man in Detroit who stops in to get the copies of the *Echo* after Madame Hairdresser has finished with them. Mr. Insurance Man, after he finishes them, sends the paper to Omaha. Such a run-around the copies have, but if they are enjoyed, we're delighted.



April 16, 1959

Wherever I went Thursday and Friday I heard about the smart hats worn by the guests at the Cancer Society tea last Wednesday. "They were so lovely that collectively they took your breath away," said friend. There's nothing in my estimation like a pretty pre-season hat to buoy up ones morale, whether you wear it or look at it - and I'm glad the ladies at the tea did their artistic bit for each other on that cool, steel grey afternoon - and by being there for the Cancer Society.

I laughed when I read the following, as I really belong to the "sleep late in the morning" school and often felt a bit guilty about my laziness. The question was asked, "Does early rising contribute to health?" The answer, quote, "Yes, but not in the way most people think. Actually we are so conditioned to the importance of time that we tend to suffer guilt feelings when we sleep late and consider ourselves weak-willed and irresponsible. The fellow who always rises at an early fixed hour tends to feel just the opposite: strong-willed and healthy. Aside from these emotional factors (and the possibility of losing your job or your husband) no special health benefits attend early rising."



April 23, 1959

Because the Spring flower parade is so late this year, the clump of courageous little purple wood violets in our lawn is in the spotlight.

Michigan Outdoors is a pet program of ours. On Thursday night the armada of small boats containing the perch fishermen at the head of Bob-Lo were shown; also the nesting spots or heronry of the egrets, the large blue herons and the small herons which we mistakenly call cranes, over on Stoney Island.

A laugh on myself doesn't hurt one bit - and I chuckle every time I practise one of my pet economics, i.e. putting the tag end of a bar of soap on the new bar. I seem to get a satisfaction out of that action, and always have.

Harrow friends had a coating of ice on their soft water barrel Tuesday morning - the date usually means blossoms and color and bursting buds, certainly not ice nor frozen seedlings. But as we drove home from Harrow we could see color coming in the willows especially and that was heartening.

As a rule the children of families that have their meals together show better personality development than children who eat on the run. This may simply mean that an emotionally healthy family likes to eat together, to talk together, to be together; not that eating together guarantees personality growth but it does guarantee security and confidences and respect between parent and child.

Once in a while I get my Irish up about the criticism of the new Canadians "taking work away from our good Canadian boys." Within the past month I have heard of two of our so-called Canadians, both of whom have families, giving up good jobs without even giving them a fair chance - one was at Holiday Beach and the other was on the construction work at the Anderdon - because they were too hard. I feel that the criticism of many newcomers is undeserved often and that when a person gives his best even to a menial job that the satisfaction within himself must spur him on to more and better jobs - but if resentment piles up and there is that "world owes me a living" feeling, which simply doesn't come to us, one's best will be pretty poor and one forgets responsibilities and crabs at others who do get along.



April 30, 1959

Our Bill Bailey's mother is 92. She lives in Collingwood with her daughter. A fortnight ago she had a furrier come from Owen Sound and measure her for a new Persian Lamb coat.

Continuing comments on New Canadian boys and work. This past week several young Italians haunted our street looking for odd jobs. Friend gave them a job and they did such a good job that she recommended them to another friend. They weren't taking work away from our boys, by their persistency they were making work.

We at the *Echo* are delighted in the response and reader interest in the crossword puzzles feature. Friend in Harrow told me last week that she, who has a nervous disorder, finds that type of thing therapeutic, so is particularly glad that she has one ahead for the weekend.

The pink magnolia in the moat (the pride and joy of the late Mrs. Malcolm McGregor) is welcoming the warmth and wonder of our springtime. Although Spring seems reluctant to take the full limelight, the new greens we see everywhere these days have a tremendous appeal.

The pansies in the F.H. Ferriss Grocery in Harrow Tuesday morning nodded

their encouragement to pep up our wet spirits and gave out hope of spring - May in May, not March in the last week of April as it was Tuesday.

John Sunyovszky, now of Amherstburg, received a birthday congratulatory message from his parents in Budapest, Hungary (behind the Iron Curtain) by shortwave radio on Sunday. He was notified several weeks beforehand to listen to the broadcast.

Following is a letter from Mrs. John Squire, who with her husband spent a week in Bermuda: "Just a line to let you know what a wonderful time we are having here in Bermuda. St. George is an old town with old English charm. It is almost completely surrounded by the ocean, and we can see the deep blue waters at all times, situated as we are on a high hill. So many people wished us a happy holiday that we would appreciate it if you would tell them we are thinking of all of you and wishing you could all share in our good fortune. Yesterday we swam in the ocean and today we cruised from one end of the islands to the other. We hope to tell you all about it when we get home."



May 7, 1959

I, too, can't see why the municipal heads are planning to put so much money in doing over the old Town Hall, when they should be looking forward to a future river's edge civic centre.

Flowers to the smart mothers, grandmothers and great-grandmothers on this Mother's Day of 1959. Not very many Whistler's Mothers around us - but modern mothers that we can look up to and admire even though the "dear little grey-haired lady" doesn't sit in a rocker and fold her hands. She's nice and she's fun and she's generous and she's mother.

Same old story for H.M. I'd like to go. - They're going to turn back the time for a hundred years or more at Holland, Michigan, May 14-16, to revive traditions for the 30th annual Tulip Time Festival. Hundreds of Klompen (wooden shoe) dancers and street scrubbers in costumes of old Holland will participate in the colorful

celebration - an annual tribute to the Dutch.

The Federation of Ontario Naturalists has scheduled a series of "nature walks" this month at Point Pelee during the peak of the bird migration season. The "walks" will be led by prominent Ontario naturalists who will describe to visitors the various types of birds seen. Point Pelee is a concentration point for northward-bound birds crossing Lake Erie in the Spring. Walks will be on Saturday and Sunday of this week and again next weekend, May 16 and 17.

Mrs. Fred Beneteau saw a filler in the *Echo* about the unveiling of a statue of Christopher Columbus at St. Anne's Bay in Jamaica. So she clipped and sent it to her son Fred and George Makra who are there surveying a 20,000 acre sugar plantation for Trelawney Estates Ltd. at Clarkston. Later Fred wrote back that they had gone to the unveiling of "your statue" - and he continued "one thing I want is the *Echo*," which he gets now - and after they finish reading it pass it to Les and Jean (Les is treasurer of company), who get a kick out of it too. Right now the boys are living in the house which Mr. and Mrs. Alex Traeff occupied for eight months.



May 14, 1959

After the rain Monday at 1.30 p.m. the tulips on Dalhousie Street were beautiful. They were moisture-laden with a bit of sun playing on them, sun that was filtering through the heavy clouds - nice effect.

The 17-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith of Harrow has in my mind an extraordinary music sense and good ear, as he can hum correctly the complete melody of "God Save the Queen" and several other songs. It seems that his sister Louise has sung to him often and his older brothers Richard and Lorne have horns and practise at home - so being exposed as he is, he started to hum their songs, on key too.

Any holiday can be enjoyed by most of us but the significance of some of our Canadian holidays always meant so much to me. Not so this May 18th holiday any more. - To answer, "Why is this particular day celebrated?" would require a bit of

verbal gymnastics. I even forget that I can do the things we usually did on the 24th, i.e. go to Bob-Lo to gather wild flowers and take a lunch, walk in woods at Elliott's Point, start the swimming season or in the long ago days, take off our winter underwear. The 24th and those things were synonymous in my books. So I should adjust to the 18th but somehow it's not the same with me as an oldster nor with the children round about.

Many nature lovers are caught in the jaws of a vise this month, says the *Detroit Free Press*. Should they run the risk of losing their Dutch elms by not spraying with DDT or should they spray and endanger the dwindling robin population which might eat some of the poisoned worms and die? Here are some suggestions by Dr. Robert T. Hatt, director of Cranbrook Institute of Science. Reduce trees infection danger by removing diseased trees, limbs and wood. Spray with Malethion instead of the more dangerous DDT. Don't participate in aerial spraying which coats the ground with poison. Use a dormant spray before leaves are out. That way leaves cannot become poisoned food for worms, which poisons birds, when leaves fall to the ground.



May 21, 1959

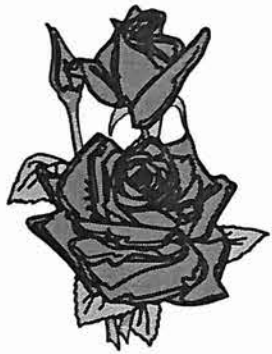
To see an old friend of 39 years ago is indeed an experience. An interesting part to me was the fact that neither knew one another but as soon as we became identified neither said, "You're so old." Both of us vied with one another for the chance to talk as we caught up on the highlights of the last two, yes two, generations and talked of mutual acquaintances of those days who had grown away from me. Rather nice experience and refreshing too.



May 28, 1959

The Chantones, a quartet of which Jack Grenier of Sandwich Street, Amherstburg, is a member, has become so popular in many U.S. entertainment spots that it has been offered a contract by United Artists.

"I overheard a conversation," wrote Mrs. Henry Jones to H.M., "which caught my fancy, thought you might enjoy hearing it." Quote: "My five year old Karen and Dr. Bruce Hutchinson's little girl, Joanna, and an unidentified little boy who could not speak English very well were playing together. Their conversation went something like this: Karen couldn't understand the little fellow too well and Joanna was explaining to Karen that he was from Holland and spoke Dutch. Joan says, 'Are you talking Dutch now?' Little boy: 'No.' Joan says, 'Karen, we talk Amherstburg, don't we.' The little boy: 'Me too.'"



You hear it every year: "Grandma's roses were out of this world." If you hear this, don't you believe it, says the American Association of Nurserymen. Grandma's roses couldn't hold a candle to modern roses. The latter are bigger and better in every way. Grandma's roses were about the size of a half dollar - today they are at least twice as big, often much larger. Today's garden roses can be grown with more assurance of success than years ago. The better roses have been pre-tested all over the United States. The stems usually are longer, the plants grow more vigorously, the flowers are more comparable to pampered greenhouse roses grown by commercial rose growers and sold in florists shops. There is a 10-times greater variety of colors than years ago. Today every home owner can be his own florist, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, for a large part of the year, raising blooms outdoors on his property that compare with the best, providing he uses reasonable care in their growing.



June 4, 1959

All you women, don't forget election day next Thursday, and be proud, willing and anxious to make the effort to vote.



June 11, 1959

In an article headed, "Good Flag," the *Tillsonburg News* expressed my thoughts and ideas thusly: Bit by bit the Red Ensign is gaining the nod of officialdom as THE Canadian flag. It is appearing on more and more public buildings; more and more persons are speaking out for its use. Now the commissioner for the royal tour has suggested that where flags are flown for decorative purposes, the Red Ensign should take precedence. Hurrah! The Red Ensign is a good flag, a colorful flag and as distinctive as we could hope to get. It is recognized as Canadian in other parts of the world. Let's quit the quibbling and recognize it at home.

The Rush-Bagot Treaty between Canada and the United States, prohibiting warships from the Great Lakes, will be temporarily suspended this month when a fleet of United States warships sail the Great Lakes. It will be the first time in nearly a century and a half that warships will be seen on the Lakes of Peace. All this is in connection with the formal opening of the Seaway and the visit of the Queen. We have front row seats here along the Detroit River for the parade of ships - and we are fortunate, too, to be in such a fine TV zone so we will get the best TV news coverage of the ceremonies in the St. Lawrence that can be gotten.



June 18, 1959

Many varieties of Canada's flag will be flying from flagpoles across the country during the coming visit of the Queen. This important visit again raises the question of which design should be the national flag. Last week in Parliament a Saskatchewan lawyer, whose parents came from the Ukraine, made an impassioned plea for the retention of the Union Jack on any "national" flag which Canada might adopt. The *Financial Post* reports Mr. Mandziuk as saying, "I am going to tell you one thing. When the boat on which my father came to Canada approached these shores, he saw the Union Jack and found refuge under it. This applies not only to my father but to millions of immigrants from all parts of the world. To them it meant the same thing as the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. It meant that to my father because that flag guaranteed him freedom and liberty." There are three schools of thought about the flag: those who would eliminate both the Union Jack

and the Fleur-de-Lis; those who want the Union Jack somewhere on the flag; and those who consider the discussion of the subject taboo. Which are you?



June 25, 1959

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians are to play a one-night stand in Leamington July 13th - and if one could get near, I'd love to actually hear their sweet music again after years and years - as the band was just starting out on its famous round at Port Stanley when I was at Normal School.

When our Queen stepped out of the jet plane in Newfoundland last Thursday, I admired her simple uncluttered travelling outfit and well-anchored small cloche hat. The wind at the airport as she was receiving the first VIPs must have made those ladies who wore large hats most uneasy, as I noticed two of them at least clutch frantically after their presentation. A large hat is stunning and becoming, but a small one for the majority of a woman's activities certainly keeps the wearer at ease, in my opinion.



July 2, 1959

I needed two corks for salt and pepper shakers and found that real old-fashioned corks are an almost obsolete commodity.

The most unpopular person in my books over the weekend was the one who flattened me with the statement, "Just a matter of the mind," when I was burning up in my best clothes.

If Captain Earl McQueen could only be at the wheel of the tug *Atomic* when it pilots and berths the Queen's yacht, *Britannia*, Friday morning, this event would have been the peak of his colorful career.

I've always liked Harrow friends and acquaintances, but like them better now

after their cooperation and kindness Monday. I was busy there and not one person seemed surprised in the change of day. Nice people.

In a letter from Mrs. Richard D. Thrasher, written in Ottawa Sunday after she and Mr. Thrasher had attended the opening of the Seaway, she said, "I did want to tell you too that on Saturday back in Ottawa it was my good luck to attend a luncheon on a small scale, only about 30 of us, to hear Mrs. Diefenbaker informally tell us about the Royal yacht. She said it is absolutely charming inside. Very comfortable and quite homey. Mrs. Diefenbaker also went on to say the luncheon served aboard was much as one we would serve at home. (Not one that I would ever serve at home as I am sure there were no peanut butter sandwiches.). Apparently the walls of the lounge where they ate were done in a soft turquoise and the furniture all blended and was most comfortable to sit in. We'll be home on Thursday. I'll be in the state of dreaming for many more days to come. Golly but I sure have been lucky, haven't I?"



July 9, 1959

Mrs. J. E. McQueen and Mrs. M. McGaffey were very pleased that after they had dipped their Union Jack, that is pull the flag down the pole three times in succession in salute to the Royal yacht, the ensign on the yacht was dipped in thanks to them.

I felt when Her Majesty's yacht *Britannia* glided up river in the bubbly morning sunshine last Thursday as if I were going in overflow with pride. The beautiful lines of the Royal yacht with its flags flying, its shining paint job, its ship-shapeness and its aura of quiet dignity, along with the precision of the whole parade of accompanying ships, was certainly the most thrilling sight I had ever seen on our river - a gem of a scene.

Joyce Davidson of Toronto, who made the unfortunate remark on an American network about the Queen's visit, displayed very poor taste in my opinion. You don't discuss a guest, as the Queen is of you and me and all Canada, and you don't go out of your home nor your country, as she did, to criticize. We, as members of

the British Commonwealth, have Freedom of Speech (the soap box orators on Hyde Park corner in London tell us all that) and we all can have an opinion and express it any way we wish, but when Miss Davidson talked about our guest in the United States, she was an ill-advised little lady, as we just don't do that.

I was pleased - so pleased - to get the following letter from Marguerite Gignac from Montreal. Marguerite's father Adrian went to high school with J.A.M. and me, and her mother, Victoria Baillargeon, was at Normal School the same time as I. Her letter reads:

Dear Miss Marsh:

This letter will probably come as a surprise to you, it's been a long time since we've seen each other.

But you were especially thought of by me from June 7 until June 20th while I visited Mrs. Frank Spittel in Boston, Massachusetts. I was engaged to sing "Romeo and Juliet of Gounod" at the Gardner Museum in Boston and Mrs. Spittel saw my name in the paper and called me up.

She came to see me and we had a wonderful talk. She invited me to stay at her house during the next two weeks since I was staying over to perform Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the North Shore Summer Theatre.

I can't describe to you how happy I was to see Mrs. Spittel and have those two weeks to catch up on all the various life happenings of so many people who were dear to me in my childhood in Amherstburg and who have passed out of my life.

And Mrs. Spittel saw the rigorous routine of my rehearsals and attended my performance of "Gilda."

I read the Echo while I was at her very nice house in Boston and it brought back many memories.

I hope you are well and I send my best regards to everyone in Amherstburg.

*With best wishes,
Marguerite Gignac.*



July 16, 1959

The shoreline of our beautiful Detroit River, because of the pollution, affects me these lovely summer days like a ghost town would. No children, no fun, no swimming to Bob-Lo boats, no oldsters like myself enjoying the water as I have all my life, summer after summer. The population upriver has increased so much that the water doesn't get a chance to purify itself - it is overloaded with impurities - so we here are suffering.

My dear friend Mrs. J.E. McQueen makes good copy. It seems that she and Mrs. McGaffey have been very interested in a mother swallow and four little swallows in a nest in the rafters in her garage. Last Thursday noon, the mother swallow was very upset and noisy, as one of the birds had gotten out of the nest. The mother's hysteria kept up so long that Mrs. McQueen went out again and there was a good-sized snake with its head in the nest and it had eaten two of the baby birds and killed the third.

Learning from children. Two young nine-year-old boys (one whose people are long time acquaintances) of different races became good friends. A neighbor of my friends' child said, "You shouldn't be playing with that boy" - to which the boy said spontaneously "Why? I'm just as good as he is."



July 23, 1959

Gift to B.M. this past week was a Begonia Lady Frances, a new variety first introduced in the States. The leaves are fairly large, very dark and shiny and the flowers a pale pink. The contrast is interesting especially so because of the dark red cast in the leaves in some lights.

"Why such a furor occurred when press photographers accompanying Queen Elizabeth on her tour of Canada were asked to wear coats and ties while photographing the Royal lady is most confusing to us," says the *Garden City N.Y. Newsday*. Photographers, like reporters, represent their papers, and since newspapers speak for the public, those who meet the public should be dressed with

reasonable neatness. Merely to require coats and ties does not strike us as an outrageous demand. As a matter of fact, on this newspaper (the *Newsday*) the photographers and reporters on assignment wear conventional clothing and our circulation department employees do likewise - along with anyone else who acts as an agent of the paper in dealing with its subscribers or advertisers. It seems only simple courtesy to dress properly; certainly we doubt that any photographers or reporters show up at President Eisenhower's press conferences coatless or tieless. As the visiting head of an allied state, the Queen is certainly entitled to the minimum amenities, such as a press entourage that is neatly and conventionally clothed." - *Newsday* (Garden City, N.Y.)



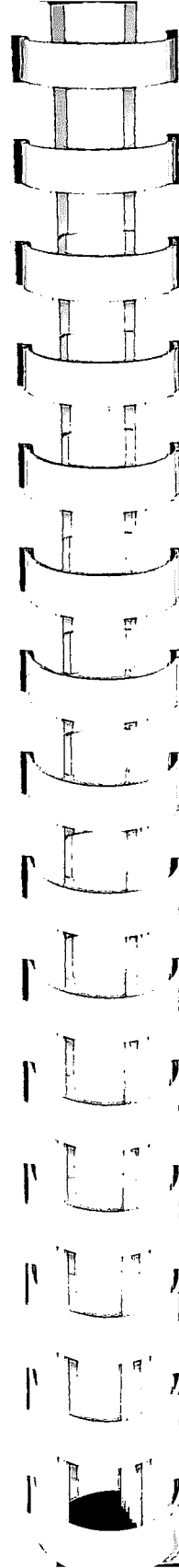
July 30, 1959

Dieppe Gardens in Windsor is a gem - and in ten years or less, I hope that Amherstburg will have a central waterfront park area and riverfront municipal building - which unit will be a joy to all of us and to our out of town guests.

When Mrs. Pat Bastien's aunt was here from Belgium recently she was delighted with our hamburg and other meat. So when she flew home several weeks ago her baggage was 17 pounds overweight, mostly meat - and when she got home and settled she treated herself to a hamburg, Canadian recipe.

When Miss Minnie Borrowman died I thought of her hats and the grace with which she wore them. Which flashed me back in mind to Mrs. Teeter and Mrs. Charlie Kemp - whose hats, too, were masterpieces of design - real artistic triumphs, in my opinion - which I shan't forget.

Mrs. Ila Ridley, an old friend who lives in Windsor now, takes our paper. She called to tell me that Miss Margaret Pettypiece is sister of the late Mrs. W. Trimble, formerly of Elm Avenue, lives right next door to her. Miss Pettypiece is on crutches, the result of a broken leg, but otherwise is sharp and keen. So every Friday she (Miss Pettypiece) watches for Mrs. Ridley's *Echo* and walks with her crutches to the back fence to get it, "to keep up with the Amherstburg news."



For some time Mr. and Mrs. James McGee have been annoyed at night by strange noises in their chimney and stovepipes - and did everything they knew or which was suggested to find the cause. Last Wednesday night the noises were particularly bad, so in the morning Ed McGee went over to see what he could see - and on the inside damper was an owl which had outwitted the McGees for days.



August 6, 1959

So glad if the Lions' Swimming Pool is finished enough to give some of the "swim-starved" children a chance to have a bit of water fun before school opens. The "dry-land" summer for a beautiful river's edge community has been hard for the youngsters to take this summer - but they have done it very well. But I do miss the fun sounds from the river.

I do like the off-white dresses for fall, the white satin shirt maker dresses with jewelled buttons for dress-up evenings and the knitted daytime clothes. I saw Mrs. Red Browning in an off-white jersey two-piece recently made with middy blouse top and pleated skirt with brown accessories and she was very SMART.

As for the skirt lengths, if one has the figure and the ability and poise to be seated properly, I think the shorter skirts are good looking. But I can't afford a purely stand-up dress (i.e., one that is fine when standing but loses its smartness when the wearer sits). Being personal again, talked to Mrs. Roger Wolff, Dalhousie Street South, who has returned from a year and a half in Paris and who has French chic plus, and her skirt length was smart and short, but certainly she didn't show her knees. Mrs. Wolff would have her length right to suit her figure as she certainly knows what's right for individual women, having worked in the fashion world in Paris before she came here the first time.



August 13, 1959

Did you read that Mrs. Lillian McCormick missed the boat - with the

champagne bottle? The sponsoring party had to board a tug and follow the destroyer *Lynde McCormick* into the harbor at Bay City, Mich., for the christening. The 4500-ton vessel is named after Mrs. McCormick's late husband, an admiral.

The colors in our south flower border, i.e., salvia red, canna red and petunia white, were used inadvertently by Mable Bedal in Harrow Saturday as the striking "right-for-the-time-of-year" colors for her wedding party and for floral arrangements at home and in church. I have enjoyed our color scheme this year and so have others and appreciated its potentiality when it came to life at the Pouget-Bedal wedding.



August 20, 1959

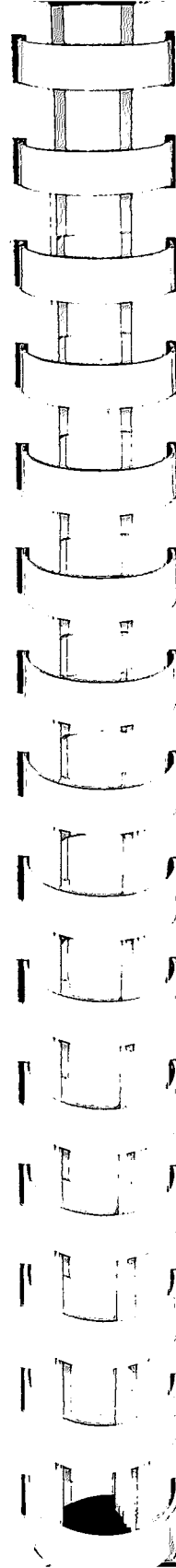
Once again, we had the thrill of seeing the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford on Saturday. This time the play was the frothy, gay "As You Like It" and we did like it, even the young master thought it was "real neat." So did the rest of the audience, for the tent theatre had a sell-out - a most receptive and complimentary audience, too.

To Subscriber - according to bridal consultants, the trend of the times is to add color to the bridal robes and to the flowers. In fact ice blue, angel mist pink and lavender are popular for modern brides' gowns - and the mist pink is lovely, according to a friend whose niece wore it at her wedding in Winnipeg. The florists, however, like the white arrangements to go with the white wedding gowns, but some photographers say that color in the bride's bouquet gives more character to the pictures. So Subscriber, if brides want color in flowers with their bridal white gown, we have to put away our old-fashioned, pre-conceived ideas, because usage changes taste.



August 27, 1959

How ridiculous! How unobserving! And why make blanket statements when



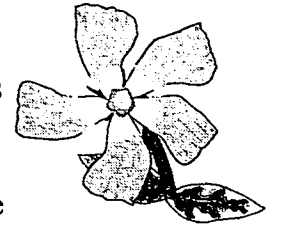
experience is so limited? Here's the story on the C.P. Wire from Bristol, England: A 23-year-old Bristol girl, back from a year as an exchange teacher in Kitimat, B.C., says she found Canadian men usually handsome but lacking in the gallantries of an Englishman. "No Canadian man would dream of opening a door for a girl or helping her on with her coat," says Barbara Tann. "If he did, the equality-conscious Canadian girls would take it as an insult."

The day after day after day and night after night high temperatures and the high humidity have ganged up on H.M., just when I've so many things to say about the gold carpet on the moat side made by leaves falling from the linden tree; also about Marcia Marontate and her advanced talent in the world of fashion, not only making but designing clothes and co-ordinating colors and accessories, a real gift, which we saw at Eileen Kelly Purdie's trousseau tea. Marcia not only made Eileen's going away costume and another trousseau dress, but arranged the displays of the lovely trousseau things, blending them in such a way that a top flight window dresser for Liberty's of London or Saks Fifth Avenue would be pleased.



September 3, 1959

Did you brides know that the traditional bridal flower is the Myrtle, which was sacred to Venus, goddess of love?



A fortnight ago was able to enjoy a gardener's dream, pure white miniature glads, the pride and joy and gardeners' triumph of Betty and Grant Golden. The perfect little dainty florets had white stamens and pure white throats. Their name was Alicia.

Jiminy cricket!! The crickets are certainly out in full force this year and this stalking them in the house after they hitch a ride indoors on clothing is a tiring indoor sport, I find - especially at 3 a.m. when the magnified chirping of a cricket right in the bedroom wakened us and gave me a busy time for a while - just like a slap-stick comedy.

This should be a good "I Like What I Know" about Vincent Price. The debonair

actor, who displayed his knowledge of art very impressively on television, has written an informative, chatty, highly personal book about his own discovery of art, a process still going on. To readers whose appreciation of art is perhaps greater than their knowledge, this book will be a rewarding experience.

Mrs. Carl Wells is a farmer's wife and she lives near Tuxford, Saskatchewan. The Queen had afternoon tea with the Wellses when she came to see a Western farm. When Mrs. Wells was asked, as she was bound to be, what the Queen had said, she replied, "I don't like to repeat what my friends say to me." What revelations there are in that simple answer! What a wholesome relationship with Her Majesty is implied. But Mrs. Wells' reply suggests more. It suggests her dignity, maturity and intelligence. It is a little essay on the nature of friendship.



September 10, 1959

Mrs. Harry Duby, the "Mrs. Green Thumb" Duby, has had three gorgeous hibiscus blooms this past week - and also some bougainvillea ready to bloom. Mrs. Duby brought the plants from Ferman Bastien's garden in Fort Lauderdale, just to try them out in our climate and soil.

When thinking over and discussing the beauty of Eileen Kelly Purdie's trousseau, I certainly was remiss in not mentioning her wedding gown, which, strikingly lovely because of its simple lines, was made by Miss Hilda McBride. Miss McBride has been hiding her talents, I feel, because the gown had professional touches in fit and craftsmanship which are certainly hard for many of us to achieve.

The art of cooking has been passed along from mother to daughter in the Levergood-Hubbel home in Colchester South. Years ago the reputation of these two, Mrs. Fred Levergood and Mrs. Arthur Hubbel, in the culinary art was made and has been maintained since. At the Harrow Fair last week, mother took first prize and daughter second in the five-pound fruit cake class.

September, one of my best months, I've always felt, has arrived with intense heat and high humidity. Despite that, I always get a feeling of renewed effort,

interest and enthusiasm when September rolls around. For I love Autumn - its color, its sparkle, its harvest, its smells, its clothes and eventually its preparations for winter, all appeal and I never have had a sad feeling about this season - it's for me.

With the flower show coming up, I feel that there are many, many gardens in town and also gardeners who don't receive recognition because either they don't belong to the society or because there isn't a general award for an individual garden. For instance, the Yankovich garden and the garden belonging to Mr. and Mrs. I. Vacilotto on Fort Street are the result of hours and hours of planning and hard work - and are both beautiful. As are many more in every part of town [about] of which we don't hear unless we happen on them.



September 17, 1959

When I remembered to look at the moon and the planet Saturn last Thursday night, the two were not at the same height above the horizon as I would have seen if I'd looked earlier, but Saturn stood brightly at the right of the moon and a little below at 9 p.m. By the way this (September 15-19) is the period of the Harvest Moon.

I was certainly interested in the death of the 101-year-old uncle of Leo Dingle of Malden, who was buried in Hamilton recently. His name was James E. Furkey and he was a veteran of the Reil Rebellion in the Canadian West in 1885. Louis Reil and his followers stirred things up for a time and although I never was an admirer of his, mother and I did go to see his grave one time we were in Winnipeg. I had forgotten all about that side-trip until the death of Mr. Dingle's half-uncle.

Was disappointed in the dining table arrangements at the annual Flower Show over the weekend. Of course the height (seven inches) disqualified several, including a lovely low arrangement of cosmos by Mrs. A.R. Horne. Several of my friends are expert flower arrangers and I'm sure that none stick to such a low dining table arrangement as seven inches. One friend in particular has a fairly large cornucopia and when filled with many fruits, makes a beautiful table centre and its

height doesn't prevent cross-table conversation. In fact, in the early days in England or America, flowers were never used on a dining table - they were for the side tables.

When Mrs. W.O. Steininger was visiting a friend who has a shop at Beaumaris in the Muskoka district this summer, in casual conversation with two groups of people who came in to browse around the shop, she met a woman whose father had had a shoe repair shop here, a Mr. West, and also Tara Falls Hallowell, a daughter of the late Canon Falls of Christ Church and lifelong friend of Mrs. F.A. Hough.



September 24, 1959

A lilac bush on the Leonard Bedal property in Harrow is gaily blooming away. Nice idea, lilacs after the fall equinox.

Women talk - Do your last year's skirt lengths feel as if they're sweeping the ground? Mine are most annoying and when I glimpse myself in a downtown window, I feel the spirit of 1957 is abroad.

The lovely magnolias in the moat have their timing wrong. It might have been the beautiful harvest moon that did it to them (as it did something to our red and white border and the trees in the park and the river and me) - anyway, there are full pink blooms on the top of the tree.

Another letter from Marguerite Gignac, the singer, this past week. In part she said, "Am leaving Monday for Boston to rehearse with Boris Goldovsky's Opera Company before going on tour October and November with them. For the two weeks of rehearsal I'll be staying with Mrs. Frank Spittel, whose kindness to me has been a great encouragement to me in my work. I find my good friends from Amherstburg in the most unsuspected places of the world."

More women stuff - the new shoes with their pointed toes and low-stacked Baby Louis heels look just like B.M.'s wedding shoes of the turn of the century. I am amused at the revival of the style and it really is smart. There is one thing, though,

that certainly isn't the same, and that's the size of the foot to go in the shoes. Our feet of 1959 are made on the same pattern as Mother's were in those long ago days, but the size has been blown up considerably. I couldn't begin to get in her shoes, nor could she now, nor could Janet.

When Professor Ross was speaking on English to the graduates and friends at the General Amherst High School Friday night, I kept thinking, "I wish I had taken English from him." He put over certainly the fact that English is a live, thrilling subject and that youth needs it for breadth of growth, and that economically it's important - and everything he said was true. Many young people of today scorn "squares" and often their derision is levelled at the brainy person. As I sat listening to Mr. Ross read from the pages of literature, I couldn't help repeating to myself over and over - "There's a man who is a man, not a square nor a long-haired professor," quoting some young people. A man keen about his field who realizes its importance in our modern life, just as a scientist or a mathematician does his; in fact, without English, nothing's complete in social, economic, emotional or spiritual life, I feel. However, to go on to H.M.'s thoughts during the address - "That man's certainly not a square. How could he be with that M.C. (Military Cross) after his name - a citation received for bravery on the field of battle, and I'll bet his field of study in English helped him to live with himself during those awful days on the battlefield." Note to all young people - if you want breadth of mental growth and dollars in your pocket eventually, stick to the English program, not because you have to but because you want to.



October 1, 1959

In the warm, golden sunshine Sunday, we drove to Blenheim, Rondeau Park and through the Heart of the Golden Acres in Kent County. A wonderful day, soaking up the beauty of nature in sky, field, tree and over the lake also. In fact, driving down, the air was so clear and sparkling that we could see the full length of Pelee Island and Perry's Monument on Put-In-Bay. There wasn't a great deal of color as yet but the accents we saw were lovely and satisfying to us. I was so pleased with the charm of the large old brick homes in the older sections of Blenheim and Ridgeway, which told me, just by looking at them, of the successful people in that

area at the turn of the century or before and their gracious living habits. Got a taste of the glory of the Sun Parlor of Canada in the early autumn, which has changed my thinking, I know.



October 8, 1959

Paul Douglas' eyes were transplanted to an unidentified blind person within 50 hours after the actor's death September 11. The Estelle Doheny Eye Foundation in Hollywood said Douglas willed his eyes to the foundation.

Mrs. George McCallum, wife of the B. of M. manager, is an enthusiastic golfer - and won the B division tournament at the Kingsville Golf Club last Tuesday. She, along with a group of ladies from Harrow, got all dressed up in comic costumes for the golf play-off this week.

The flowers at the Sunoco Station, Sandwich Street North, are beautiful and the Sinasacs deserve much credit for their contribution to the beauty of the northern entrance to the town.

There are eight retarded children in the Amherstburg area attending Churchwood School in Windsor. The mothers are finding it hard to transport the group to and from Windsor and are in need of help from a town group. Mrs. Bill Brown will answer any questions if anyone is interested in helping get these little citizens into their special school.

On display at the 50th wedding anniversary reception of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Atkin, September 15th, were three pictures of the couple - one on their wedding day, the second on their silver wedding anniversary and the third for their golden wedding. Interesting for their family to keep and for their friends to look at.



October 15, 1959

Mrs. James Golden, a busy young mother in Harrow, has had a book of poems copyrighted.



October 22, 1959

The Hunter's Moon over the weekend made for lovely night world. This full moon in October got its name in England, because it brings three nights of practically full moonlight during the hunting season.

The radio said 34 degrees Monday morning, the morning sun playing on the trees in the park was glorious and the smell of leaves burning gave a finish to H.M.'s delight in a real autumn Banana Belt morning.

For the bride and groom to have the same family surname causes a bit of confusion in a wedding write-up, as the Bondy-Bondy word picture of a lovely fall wedding shows. But when the writer gets into the same Christian names in each family, that's a test of the reader's faith in us, so don't cluck-cluck when you read the names of the ushers, Joseph Bondy and Joseph Bondy, for that's the way it was.



October 29, 1959

Mrs. S.T. Gay wrote from her home in Missouri that she "nearly died" at her brother Vincent Price's book, "I Like What I Know."

Wesley United Church celebrated the 156th anniversary of the founding of Methodism in Amherstburg last Sunday. It was Nathan Bangs, an itinerant preacher from the south, who in 1803 stopped here, held meetings and founded a congregation.

When I do the thirty years ago files, many items tell of trips here and there, "by auto" - now nearly every week we write up trips "by air."



November 5, 1959



Was delighted with my Hallowe'en callers this year, a grateful, orderly lot of children who thanked me even when the treats had run out. The dread has certainly gone out of Hallowe'en, for us anyway, and the children had fun despite the rain.

I suppose that it was because of the overabundant rainfall in the months past that the color in the trees this year is more beautiful and spectacular than I can ever remember. There was very little dried out brown, just glorious color laced with green. Last Thursday in the noon sunshine Dalhousie Street facing the north was really breathtaking with its arch of strong Autumn colors. Repeat, the Autumnal splendor is my favorite season, but each in turn has much interest and beauty and I like the changes.



November 12, 1959

The chrysanthemum show at the Harrow Experimental Farm is at its best - and well worth a visit.

Gloria Swanson, the older actress speaking at the Women's Press Club, said (and it echoes our conversation of Saturday night.), "If life begins at 40, Mrs. Eisenhower and I are now reaching the middle of our lives." The still beautiful Gloria gave her formula for keeping young: "I am more interested in living rather than in the quest of youth. Boredom contributes more to age than anything else."

With the same vigor with which she assails wife beaters, bigamists, lazy housewives and egotistical bachelors, *Detroit Free Press* columnist Ann Landers took the axe to quiz-show rigging Friday. "It infuriates me," crackled Mrs. Landers

following a sell-out speech before 1400 women at Dearborn Town Hall, "when people say, 'What's the difference? It was good entertainment.' This I believe is morally wrong. It's tragic that something has happened to our value system so that money gets to be so important that even people in respectable intellectual areas don't seem to be too fussy about how they get it." Mrs. Landers said she personally felt "cheated, robbed, disappointed and let down." She's especially annoyed with Charles Van Doren. "I pointed him out to my daughter and to other young people as an example of a fine, intellectual young person. And then he capitulated for \$1000. That was the original price, not \$100,000. "I deplore the tendency to put winning above everything else."



November 19, 1959

It was 80 years ago this week that Thomas Edison perfected his electric light.

Such opulence as I saw out the north kitchen window early Friday morning - the golden leaves still on the ginkgo were accented with puffs of snow, all in a white Christmas card world setting. Gold and white, very elegant.

A bluebird seen by the McQueen-McGaffey duo down the bank within the last fortnight puzzled H.M. The dear little thing had its timing all wrong, for it was Canadian Thanksgiving several years ago that I had the privilege, and a rare one it was too, of seeing bluebirds flock for their migratory flight.



Recently on the Perry Mason show I saw an old actor friend of ours who used to visit us quite frequently in the late 20s. Often in the art forms, and the theatre is in the general class, if one is good and interested and sincere, age is forgotten in the beauty of a fine performance or characterization. I thought that of our friend. Then, too, Fred Astaire in my books is an example of artistry and good taste and certainly is not haunted by age, young filling his job, uselessness and retirement.

I'm getting the biggest boot out of Vincent Price's book, "I Like What I Know." Certainly it's written in a most readable breezy style, colored at times to give his

home life a different cast to what it really was, but done to create effect - a self-educated connoisseur of art, I, having visited several times in the home in St. Louis, which he describes and who knows of and have been and heard of family idiosyncrasies, did laugh (as did his sister Lol) at many things he used for book material. Very readable and knowledgeable.



November 26, 1959

I was delighted to hear Marshall Frederick, distinguished sculptor from Royal Oak, give an illustrated lecture on his work at the Assumption College Library last Thursday. Mr. Frederick did the sculpture work on the new Detroit Civic Centre, the Ford Auditorium and the Detroit City-County Building. He is presently working on two fountains, one for the new U.S. State Department building in Washington and another in Cleveland. He, who has created beauty from marble, aluminum, plastic, bronze and clay, spoke with quiet intense authority - and I for one am glad that I took the opportunity to hear him.

My enthusiasm for the display of talent I heard Friday night certainly reached the tip-top of my applause meter. I like children's shows - always have and always will - and would like to air my comments on each number. There was an Ukrainian dance number by Mary-Ann Semeniuk and Alexis Taskey which was more than good. These young women wore authentic Ukrainian dresses, made and embroidered by Mary-Ann's mother and danced with joy and abandon.

I was delighted, amazed and entertained by the quality of the piano contestants at the splendid talent show in the High School Friday night. Each entry gave a splendid performance, showing the enjoyment he or she was getting out of the piano as a means of expression and from the poise facet of performance, each did beautifully - the teenagers in my day (if anyone's going to compare the behavior patterns of the today's teenager with my generation's) certainly would not have looked as well-groomed nor well-dressed nor assured.

Tuesday was a sharp, wet, cold, grey, bleak day. At noon I walked into the mum show at the Harrow Experimental Farm and the beauty and color made me catch my

breath - and the warmth of the beauty enveloped me so much so that I seemed to forget the uncomfortable dampness seeping up from the soles of my feet.



December 3, 1959

"A flattering hat is a status symbol," says Bill Riemer, executive director of the Millinery Institute of America. "We tested this fact recently," he says. "We enlisted the help of a pair of beautiful twins and sent them out on a café society tour - each with an escort. One wore a hat and one went bareheaded. When the two couples went into a restaurant, the head waiter always first approached the girl wearing the hat, and placed her with her escort at the best table." Riemer approves of the idea of a man going along when his wife buys a hat, because "a man knows what makes the woman look pretty. And that's the sole purpose of a hat. Women don't wear hats to keep their heads warm. They wear them to achieve an effect, to give their spirits a lift, to create an illusion. A new hat can do more for a woman's morale than a whole bottle of vitamins."

After I left the nomination meeting in Harrow Friday night, I stopped at the Malden Public School and saw a Family Fun Night in session. It pleased me no end to see parents and children having a good time together. I was just anxious to take off my coat and get into the square dancers, who were really doing well with the calls.



December 10, 1959

John Hart, son of Rev. E.W. Hart and Mrs. Hart of Toronto, formerly of Amherstburg, is a teaching missionary in Angola in Africa. In John's last letter home, which his father sent to us to publish, he told of the attitude of the people grasping learning and knowledge at his post and emphasized their goal that "School is a PRIVILEGE."

If one looks around, there's a lot to do in this old town, something for different

interests and tastes. For instance there is a group of men and women meeting every Thursday night in the High School gym for badminton. A fortnight ago the members went to Windsor to play and afterward had a swim in the Y pool. To me the whole evening sounded just right and lots of fun.

Last week, the *Echo* listed Harrow Library prizes given to children in all the grades who had read the most library books during the year. I was interested in the names, as two-thirds of the winning children had new Canadian names. The leisure time activity, reading, is up to the individual and if he gets along at school because of it, I feel that the other children who are wasteful with their capabilities and the help (reading) at hand, can't be jealous and alibi when the reports come out or later in life when competing for a job and a new Canadian gets it.



December 17, 1959

Mother forcibly interrupted a rocket ship experiment of her two sons, aged 7 and 4, because of the school bell. Answering the younger lad's query on how to set it off, the mother said, "Trip it there." The older boy, mad anyway, said with disgust, "Aw, she doesn't know anything about rockets."

The strong sunrise and sunset colors these early winter days are worth writing about - as was the giant freighter in the Livingstone Channel downbound the other evening at dusk, with its gaily lighted Christmas tree on the aft cabin. Also the new navigation aids on the river have certainly, looking from Callam's Bay upriver, dotted our already beautiful river with lively fans of shocking pink; a change is good for all of us. Even the river likes a bit of attention.

Dear Santa Claus, please move the Amherstburg Post Office back to its old site as a Christmas present to H.M. I am out of sorts and the feeling gets keener every year, because I miss all my friends going back and forth to the Post Office. Dear Santa, if this is an impossibility you maybe could bring pressure on the town fathers to use that choice bit of riverside property for town offices. Let's work on that project, eh Santa! Your friend, H.M.

December 24, 1959

SEASON'S BEST

Chiming in with our joyful greetings of the season and our deep appreciation of your friendship.

I'm changing my street manners and from now on in, speaking to every stranger I see on Dalhousie Street. Of late I've met strange young women with children on the street and they look interesting and new to town. So I've decided that my horizons could be broadened considerably if I could break the ice. So in 1960 it's to be "good day" and that might lead to more for me.

I saw Christmas and dear old Santa as I looked southeast over the beautiful snow-covered park Monday at 8:45 a.m. Often I have asked northern friends who winter or live in warm countries what decorations they have - if they have the traditional Canadian Christmas dinner, etc., in the heat and sunshine and in summer clothes. I thought Saturday as I looked toward Bob-Lo and saw a lone fisherman out there in the sunshine that we were going to experience Christmas in Spring-like weather. But Monday morning changed the out-of-doors picture - and I'm glad.



December 31, 1959

To all of you, Happy New Year with health and happiness for all, near and far.

It pays to advertise, not only wares but feelings - for after I wrote about the loss in my life because of the change in the post office site, I not only got a letter from Santa about the situation but had a visit from Mrs. Murray Mitchell and Gaile.

Post-Christmas fun - Seen in a restaurant Tuesday, a seven-year-old lad was

trying to put a toy hot rod together by following complicated directions. First, one man customer started to help and when I left, a second man, having said, "Could I help?" moved over to work on toy and young boy was left out. Presents for children often really are presents for adults and the two men were certainly getting more fun out of the mechanical toy than the child.



January 7, 1960

It's always a surprise, every time I look east to see the sky at the end of the Rankin Avenue funnel when I'm at the corner of Dalhousie, to see that skyscraper of a Harrow Farmers building blocking the horizon view at the end.

I'm in the throes of post holiday blues, putting away Christmas decorations, re-reading cards and thinking about friends I only hear from at Christmas, burning Christmas greens (so final) and sad because of the fading glory of some of the Christmas flowers. The wonderful Christmas season is over and the mystery of 1960 is enveloping us. To meet the challenge of the new, I'd like a gay Spring hat to laugh at the two winter months ahead.

I liked this story, which comes from the mother of a Beatnik. She feels her son isn't really a Beatnik, her reason being that he claims to be one, whereas her experience is that real Beats always claim some degree of separateness from the common herd of Beats. However, son does dress like one. On a recent weekend, the mother reports her odd-looking son had a setback that she hopes may cure him. The father - an intellectual anti-art office workman - had toiled all weekend getting the garden ready for winter. He had not shaved since early Friday morning and he was wearing clothes the soil couldn't hurt. In the scene also was the Beat son's trousers sister, an innocent from the high school brigade, a healthy, non-intellectual, non-arty example of Earle Birney's statement about Canada's being a high school land. This family was visited by the sweater-clad Beat son. He stood beside his mother on the lawn and examined his normal father and his normal sister, both looking like the pillage of Samarkand. "Mother," the boy protested, "they both look like me. It's unfair."



January 14, 1960

Seventy-five portraits by Mr. Yousuf Karsh of Ottawa are on display at the Willistead Art Gallery of Windsor through Saturday February 6. Mr. Karsh is Canada's distinguished photographer and his collection should have wide interest and we in this area should be pleased that this is the Canadian premiere of the collection.

And we thought mixed merchandising (food, drugs, china, books, etc.) was a modern way of giving service to the public on-the-run. From the files of the *Echo* 50 years ago this week, the following ad appeared, quote: "The Kitchen Drug Co. has a few pairs of hockey skates left which they are selling at half price."

In a despatch from Ottawa about the social life during this session of Parliament I read: "Wives must take the prime responsibility for entertaining, so that members' wives from the farflung constituencies of the Dominion may come to know one another better. Coffee parties, which have largely been replaced, the almost vanished tea, luncheons and receptions become a part of the Ottawa scene and provide a meeting ground for Canadians from East and West and North and for members of the diplomatic corps from other parts of the world."



January 21, 1960

Several months ago Miss Mary Ann Deslippe, Reg. N., came in to tell me about an [Inuit] friend of hers who had received her posting as an airline stewardess out from Winnipeg. Her name was Witaltuk E 9-156, and she was from Moose Factory. Miss Deslippe said that she and Annie (the Christian name the [Inuit] girl took) met in Hamilton where they worked together at the Holbrook pavilion at the San. A pair of [Inuit] dolls, man, woman and papoose, were made for Miss Deslippe by Annie's mother and are an interesting acquisition of [Inuit] art.

Coincidences add spice to most of our lives. For instance, last Thursday Mrs.

E.M. Warren told me that the movie actor Ben Blue had bought her mother's grand piano and wondered if I remembered him, which I did but had forgotten all about the matinee idol. On Sunday when looking over the TV fare, much to my surprise I found that Ben Blue was to appear that evening with Jack Benny.

The world's supply of attar of roses comes from the Balkan Mountains. The most interesting thing in connection with this industry is that the roses must be gathered in the darkest hours. The pickers start out after midnight for the roses and return after 2 o'clock in the morning. To those unaware of this livelihood, this rite would seem to be a relic of superstition. But the picturesque mystery is solved, since natural scientists have proven that fully 40 percent of the fragrance of roses vanishes in the light of day.



January 28, 1960

With a beautiful white poinsettia, Christmas is going to extend into St. Valentine's time at our house - and St. Valentine's time into B.M.'s day, which is the 17th of March, we hope. That's the way it looks from here.

Mr. and Mrs. LaLonde realize that there is money to be had in this town from the river, as they now have accommodation behind the Park House for 35 or 40 boats. Mr. LaLonde came up with a good suggestion, I think, that signs should be put up pointing to business sections of town.

Dr. Wilder Penfield, the distinguished Montreal neurosurgeon, made a statement recently to the effect that brain power of normal men does not deteriorate at 60 years of age. This thesis seems borne out by the activities of MacMillan of Britain, Eisenhower of the United States, deGaulle of France, Adenauer of West Germany and Khrushchev of Soviet Russia.

I wish Miss Hazel Falls could have heard the following story. Jimmy Pouget said that he wanted to go to Miss Falls' memorial service because all they have and are today they really owe to her father, W.S. Falls of the Molson's Bank. It seems that [Jimmy's] maternal grandfather, James Charette, who could neither read nor

write, got his first loan to start his farm from Mr. Falls. And it was Mr. Falls' advice and trust which gave Mr. Charette his start.

When we were children, Dalhousie Street from the Waterworks north was our playground. On the old Fort grounds in the Big House lived Miss Hazel Falls. Although she was a busy chatelaine with an invalid mother, she was always kind to the neighbor children who knocked on her front door asking for her tennis rackets so they could play and romp and shoot on their court north of the house. On this property also between the Falls house and the Hough house was a handball court and the "bank" boys beat a path up the street to play tennis and handball and sample Miss Hazel's hospitality. As I look back now she must have been sick of kids roaming all over their property but we never knew it - she was such a lady that she expected the best of us and I suppose that we gave it because we respected her.



February 4, 1960

Live organizations in our community realize the value of publicity. We appreciate the cooperation we get from the publicity conveners of same - and when we hear, "you give such and such organization publicity but not ours," it is because some organizations are thoughtful of us and our deadlines - and keep us up with their news, which we want and like.

A group of district artists, or would be artists, are trying to get a class together and have one of Windsor's art teachers come to Harrow to give them a course of study. Mrs. Edmund Heaton of Harrow and Mrs. Donald McCarron of Amherstburg are rounding up anyone who is interested in this form of the arts. A splendid way to get some pointers as to style, expanded interest and color, I think, without having to go too far for instruction.

That there is warmth and feeling in the McQueen Marine Company was shown Monday morning when the tug *Buoy Girl* broke up the ice to make a path toward the shore near their dock, so the deer which was swimming from Bob-Lo to Amherstburg could make land without any difficulty. The plight of the deer and the happy ending to the story was heart-warming.

February 18, 1960

For previews of spring, both forsythia and pussywillows force beautifully at this time. For best results, I find, cut and keep in the water in a fairly dark, fairly cool spot for a week or 10 days before arranging and the yellow bells of forsythia will be large and gay.

I'd like to get up on a soap box and repeat many of the points on "Education, the Challenge of our Times," told to us by Miss Claire Coughlin at the Rotary dinner Thursday. Miss Coughlin's talk challenged and stimulated this reporter so much that all my conversation since has revolved around phrases of it. Read it for yourself, as it is printed elsewhere in the paper. I certainly agree with Miss Coughlin's ideas on a tougher curriculum. She is of the opinion that the varying curricula might have much to do with the growing juvenile delinquency on this continent. She fears the soft curriculum offered to those whom we consider slow learners does much to create in the individual a feeling of personal unworthiness which causes him to seek satisfaction in anti-social behaviour. Our grandparents were of the same opinion, but they used the cliché, "Idle hands etc."



Mrs. Robert Barclay, Virginia Trimble, a former ice figureskater, has passed on her enthusiasm for that dance form to her daughter Nancy, who is one of the tops in the Windsor Skating Club. At the club's annual Ice Review on the 27th, Nancy and Glen Skuce, a General Amherst High School master, are to skate a pairs number. In the show also, besides Barbra Bailey, are a dozen or so young Amherstburg boy and girl skaters. Mrs. Barclay, who can really turn her hand to anything artistic, is making all the headdresses for the performers in the second half of the show - just 100 or so.



February 25, 1960

We certainly appreciate the thoughtfulness of all the organizations who sent us letters of thanks for publicity received. Thank you for remembering us.

I'm really keen on the casual shirtwaist dress for women of all ages and all sizes. To me there has never been a more comfortable nor more adaptable style which can be dressed up or down - and the tip-top feature is that hair can be dressed and lipstick applied before the dress is put on, and a well-groomed look is assured.

When I read in the old files about the fires caused when householders here in Amherstburg were trying to thaw out their frozen water pipes and when I remember the chilblains I had from the cold floors in our house, I am grateful for 1960 living. Just those two horrors of my childhood make me annoyed when people talk of the good old days.

When Lorraine Makra was married February 6th in Long Beach, California, she and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Makra, had unexpected and delightful guests at the wedding in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Galloway, whom the Makras had lost track of in the past five years but who lived, when in Amherstburg, right next door to the Makras in the Louis Grondin flat. To tell of the unexpectedness of the coincidence, it seems that Mrs. Galloway in church in Compton, California, heard the banns of Lorraine Makra and Paul D. Privat. She said to herself, "There can be only one Lorraine Makra, surely" - so she found out who? and where? and then came to the wedding.

Topsy-turvy weather conditions in Houston, Texas, February 12th. "I wanted to tell you about our freak snowstorm," wrote Mrs. Yvonne Teeter Bailey to me. "Here we were blanketed under six inches of the prettiest feathery white snow you ever saw last night. And today that white snow is still white - no soot here. Roy [Delmore] took some snaps today. Linda and I took some yesterday so one of these days you will see that snow in Houston looks like snow in Amherstburg. The fir trees were so heavy with it that they were dragging on the ground. This a.m. the Camellia bush was a picture of pink flowers and green leaves trying to peek through their white blanket to look at the bright sun. Yesterday the picture at school was almost ridiculous. Little girls attired in white and green plaid (cotton) jumpers, white blouses, little green orlon sweaters, green berets, white ankle sox, playing in

six inches of snow, pelting each other with this strange white stuff that they had never seen before. Two of the priests out in their bare heads and light cassocks having a snowball fight with little boys clad in long cotton pants, white shirts and for the most part sweaters, although quite a number had heavy jackets - at least heavy for Houston. Fortunately for the little Delmores they had heavy jackets and Mary Elaine had a full-length plaid wool coat, kerchief for her head, but she too wore white ankle sox and black patent leather shoes. Oh yes, Linda and Roy went out last night skating at the rink and they reported the most elegant and fantastic display of sculptured snowmen and snow-women on South MacGregor Drive."



March 3, 1960

We certainly were fortunate in being on the fringe of the worst snowstorm of the winter. The eight inches dumped on us Thursday night made driving heavy and hazardous - a beautiful white world and river from the inside looking out, but an eerie one when crawling along in the car.

I was so glad that Bob and Fern Clark of Harrow were able to take the trip to the Virgin Islands which Fern won on "The Price is Right" TV show in the fall. At the moment they are in the Caribbean area all because of her shrewdness on the show.

The first - Mrs. Thomas Paisley saw a fat robin shivering on a tree near her son Norman's home on the Pike Road Sunday. Such a day with snow and blow and cold to land in the Banana Belt.

With the beauty of the winter wonderland morning Tuesday, I was so busy from sunrise until work time. I enjoyed the changing colors on the snow-covered ice in the river and also on Bob-Lo; the ice-coated linden tree on the mound, a majestic structure with its rounded outline; the accent of the male cardinal on the cherry tree demanding food and the sunrise glittering on the diamanté effect on the frosted park trees and the snow. The glories of a real winter morning delighted impractical H.M. so that I forgot about the hardships, cold houses, the stalled cars, J.A.M. scraping off ice on windshield and the coughing car, the hazardous driving and the work and expense of cleaning snow off roads, driveways and skating rink in the park.



March 10, 1960

Went back to the good old days last Wednesday a.m. when I stepped (attired in cotton night clothes) into a 50-degree living room and ran to a 50-degree kitchen. The furnace evidently had been out all night. That former winter morning game of keeping warm while the house heated is not for me.

Did you know that four hundred years ago a rattling stagecoach carried the first tulip bulb from the Near East to Western Europe? Documents disclose that the flower, which earned an international reputation in the Netherlands, was imported into that country in 1560. The low coastal land of Holland proved to have excellent soil conditions for growing bulbs. Within a few decades a flourishing bulb culture and trade came into existence. Now Holland's annual production of bulbs amounts to more than 3,000,000 - enough to encircle the earth with three rows of flowers planted edge to edge.

"Printing Week was observed recently. And although printing is an essential ingredient in the production of this newspaper, we paid no special attention to the event," says the *Leamington Post and News*. (Nor did the *Amherstburg Echo*, for that matter.) This was unfortunate in a way, since printing is so important in our everyday living. A world without the printed word is inconceivable. The confusion and chaos we would face without the benefit of printing is hard to imagine. Just think, for instance, how today's women rely on the printed word in the most routine things. No printing, no recipes. The dials on the stove, the washing machine, the dryer - all tell their directions through printing. Dress and clothing sizes are indicated by printing. Wallpaper is a product of printing. A telephone - but no telephone book without printing. A supermarket without printing would be a nightmare of confusion. A kitchen without a calendar and a clock without a face - all products of the printing industry - would give any housewife a nasty turn, and how would we get along without those monthly bills, another contribution of the industry.

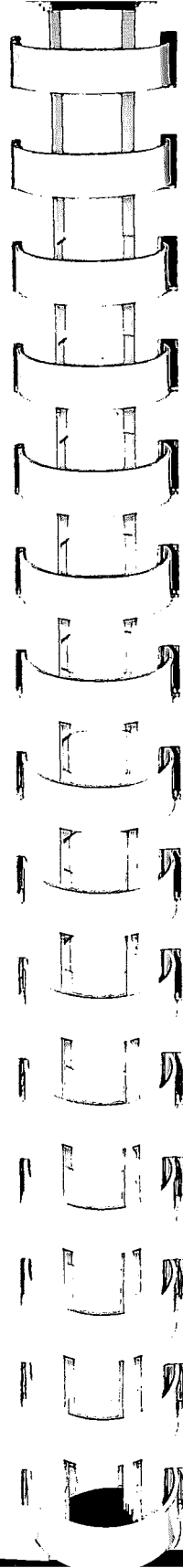


March 17, 1960

Marc Reaume of LaSalle, one of the Detroit Red Wings, came down to our park for a quiet little practice Sunday afternoon. But instead of skating practice he got autographs practice.

March is the month of many surprises in the weather vein. Many are skeptical of friendliness of the March sun but not I. I loved it Saturday and wasn't at all wary nor worried over a surprise attack by March if it comes. I still had the lovely clear blues of the sky and the river Saturday to think about - surely they are spring signs.

The following letter was received by H.M. this past week from Mrs. Mackenzie James (Peggy Hamilton Brandie) who with her husband and family moved from Amherstburg to Levittown, Pa., in 1959. The letter reads and I quote: "Having read your comments on education in the *Echo* recently I thought you might be interested in this article which appeared recently in our own *Levittown Ties*. Much as we hate being away from Amherstburg, Mac and I are very pleased with the school system here. Being newly formed (1952) they are quite up to date in their methods. For the first time, the dictionary and encyclopedia have become very important and believe me they are used nightly. Jody, who is in Grade 6 at the Elementary School - Ralph Waldo Emerson - has become a very conscientious student, standing first in reading and spelling. The work is done in levels according to the child's ability. A child may take tests on her own time to work towards a higher level, but cannot study them beforehand. The grade levels are tested every six weeks with the mark being no less than 100 to proceed to another level or 95 to maintain the same one. This keeps them on their toes and striving to better themselves. Jamie goes to Benjamin Franklin, which is a junior high school. They work naturally differently but with the same basic fact in mind, the student as an individual. He has already in Grade 8 taken basic Algebra and Geometry as a preparation for higher grades. Jody is taking Spanish to prepare her for the languages which she will take in High School. Dress is also stressed, a neat appearance is a necessity. Shirts must have collars, pants belts, shirts tucked in at all times, no blue jeans, etc. Report cards have two marks. One which gives the examination marks and the other is called citizenship and deals only with the students attitude in class, his work let us say above and beyond the call



of duty. Hot meals are given daily for thirty cents. I have enclosed a sample menu. Of course I could go on and on but these are just a few highlights I thought, being education-minded, you might be interested in. Mother sends the *Echo* weekly and we certainly look forward to it and it's read from front to back by all. We are getting quite a kick of being virtually snowed in this week - also the comments 'you being Canadians must be used to all this snow.' I think our neighbors are quite disappointed that we have no snow shoes and hardly know a word of French."



March 24, 1960

Research at Cornell University indicates that teenaged girls more often follow the advice of their mothers than their friends.

Many British wedding parties have a bevy of little girls as the bride's attendants. Whenever I run across a picture of a bride and her young attendants it interests me and I'd like to see that type of wedding. It was rumored that Princess Margaret was to have young attendants only, but I doubt that very much.

The McGregor House on the Fort Malden Museum grounds is really becoming a cultural centre for this community. The Horticultural Society is meeting there, the Arts and Crafts Society and on Monday afternoon a class of 15 or so people commenced a series of art lessons with Mae Hull of Windsor as teacher.

There was more snow on the ground on the morning of March 21st, just a thin coating as a cover-up, I thought, not a warning, surely. The sun shone and the spring pastels in sky and the blue of the river were definitely not winter colors. So spring's the thing.

At the height of the snowstorm Tuesday morning in Harrow, Joey, 5-year-old lad of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Marontate, wanted a Santa Claus coloring book, which he got. Right on top of that, Christmas carols came over the phone to me, played by the younger Gerald Smith children. There's always been a spring in this Banana Belt so I guess patience is in order.

At the investiture of the three Queen's Scouts in the High School auditorium Monday night, I remember with nostalgia my days as a Cub Leader in that very same auditorium. There certainly is a satisfaction and understanding gained which I don't believe you ever lose, if you have worked with a group of enthusiastic children - the leader learns a lot in many ways.

Instant foods are a development of our time and while grandma may insist that some of the original taste is lost in the hurry-up process, the thing is spreading like wildfire. It appears instant foods are the result of a great natural law - the "law of least action" or "law of least effort," says the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*. Ever since the law was first formulated by the 18th century French mathematician Maupertuis it has proved to have wider and wider applications. It was destined to reach the kitchen eventually and H.M. (not being a gourmet) is delighted with the originators of the shortcuts in the culinary field.



March 31, 1960

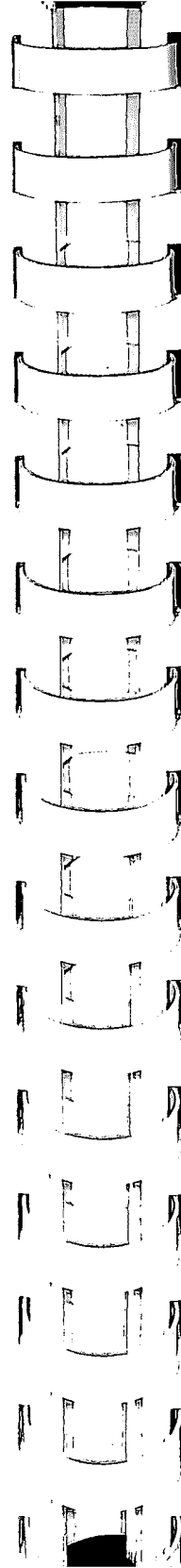
Spring was in the balmy air Sunday and it certainly didn't take the children long to get into their Spring activities, flying kites in park, roller skating and marbles in the mud. Then too, H.M. was out looking for scilla buds and crocuses and Bob Bondy was examining the moat side for tulips and daffodils peaking through. April Fool's Day is on Friday and here's hoping it fools us with a nice high temperature, light wind to take care of mud, and lots of sun.



April 7, 1960

The friendly summer river sounds commenced Saturday with the "hello" in whistles from a Wyandotte Chemical freighter.

Would that I could be in the crowds lining the route of the Royal Wedding in London, Monday, May 6th. I envied Mrs. Henry Ford II, who said to the press that she and her daughter were going to see it from a window in the Ford Office on



Regent Street. We will see it from our own rocking chairs in our own living rooms but that's not the same as being part of the mass excitement - but it is wonderful.

Know your county. On Sunday for the first time in several years I renewed my enthusiasm and interest in Essex County, the Banana Belt of Canada. Despite the dullness of the day, I thrilled at the garden-like beauty of the county, its shoreline, farm lands, the fruit lands, the greenhouses bursting with cucumbers, the lake views, the river views, the hundreds and hundreds of geese and ducks on the ice at Linden Beach, the view from the Ridge Road looking down on the patchwork quilt fields, the oil wells in Colchester and the number of new houses lining the highways.

Amherstburg musicians did exceptionally well at the Windsor Music Festival last week, beating Windsor and county entrants in class after class. Of one young pianist, 16-year-old Stuart McCallum, son of Mr. and Mrs. George McCallum, the adjudicator said that he "gave a wonderful performance and deserves notable attention and credit." Alan Botsford, pianist, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Botsford, did very well also, getting five firsts, a second and third. Two of his specialties are sight reading and quick study. There was Barbra Bailey also who won in her class and then the many convent and band winners, listed in other articles.



April 14, 1960

EASTER GREETINGS

As sleeves creep to summertime sleevelessness, the proper length gloves become increasingly important. The six to 12 button range will hit an entirely new high in popularity. For spring dresses whose sleeves hover somewhere between the elbow and the shoulder cap, the 16 button length is acceptable even for street and daytime wear. With sleeves that fall between the elbow and the wrist (referred to as bracelet lengths), the eight button length are most popular. For evening, gloves can go as high as shoulder with propriety, although for summer the shorties will be far more comfortable.

Still can't get blasé about the wonders of our 1960 world. We try to keep up

with the marvels of the world we live in, but I still thrill and delight when I hear of some things, such as the Cavan's son-in-law arriving in Detroit Saturday from California with his 12-year-old daughter, piloting his own 10-passenger plane. Then on Sunday in the sunset he flew over Amherstburg on his way home with Mr. Cavan as his passenger. Commonplace event for some people, I guess, but still a wonderful thing to me.



April 21, 1960

Bill Nye, Alma Street, is one of Amherstburg's rose enthusiasts; consequently his has been one of the best rose gardens in town. Mr. Nye has many new varieties of floribunda to put in this spring as soon as ground is ready, to give a wider variety to his collection.

I'm always delighted with a person who does not let defeat and disappointment get him down. To my mind it certainly is a test of strength of character to stick to it and win after failure. There's a lad in Harrow who for four years tried to win the oratorical contest but he never was quite good enough. So this year, his final year, he tried again and won - his prize is a trip to Ottawa.

The colors of the Resurrection purple and gold were in the hundreds of crocuses blooming in our garden this Easter weekend. Despite the bleakness of the weather, there was hope in those lovely little early spring flowers.

I have been annoyed at the Detroit reporters who have sounded off so stupidly regarding the discount on American money. They (and many others who work over the river and collected the premium for a good long time) forget the time that we paid up to 19 cents for an American dollar and often had Canadian dollars refused.

Miniatures in the flower world are beautiful, I think. The miniature glads grown by Mr. and Mrs. Grant Golden are exquisite. Mrs. Elmer Butt is interested in miniature roses. The beauty of the little flower must also appeal to Stanley Dupont, who brought home miniature tulip bulbs from Holland for his Amherst Point garden, and he and Mrs. Dupont are eagerly awaiting the bloom.

April 28, 1960

June 1960 will be the 50th anniversary of the first graduating class at Amherst High School.

There are two barns in our district which I love - one at the old Patton place at Callam's Bay and the other at the Ouellette home (now Stone) just north of the Anderdon.

A.R. Horne praised the queen of the flowers, the rose, at the last Horticultural meeting. Then Don Atkin got up and sparred with Mr. Horne, as he (Mr. Atkin) is the chrysanthemum expert. No matter where your interest lies in gardening, gardeners are kindred souls and good sparring partners.

This Winter-to-Summer changeover of 1960 is certainly not good for our wardrobe departments. A new-look cupboard is what I need, without a sagging hemline or a hanger-marked shoulder line. The weather man tricked us this year as the transition from winter clothes to sleeveless dresses took my breath away.

"Calm down Americans, it isn't a dark, deep Canadian plot to discount your money. We didn't plan to clip the American dollar. Most Canadians in responsible positions would like to see parity restored," says the *London Free Press*, "but are prevented because the Americans keep shoving their dollars at us for investment in Canada."



May 5, 1960

One of the smartest all-purpose coats I've seen this spring is made of tapestry and has an olive green velvet collar - a friend in Harrow wore it into my office there Tuesday and the effect and the colors were stimulating and exciting.

Once again was delighted with the pansies and their reflection in the black glass

at the F.H. Ferriss Store in Harrow.

Flowers for the living delight us at our house - and the Easter flowers we had which told of the hope of things to come (which are here now) are still in wonderful condition and are to be used to honor our mother on Mother's Day.

A toast to all the mothers of 1960 - they are all from the youngest to the oldest a wonderful group - able to cope with our fast-changing world.



May 12, 1960

I'm still in a state of awe because of the pageantry, beauty and music at the Royal wedding we all attended (??) last Friday.

I think the Capuccio glamourhoods are stunning accessories for those of us who get annoyed when inconsiderate breezes attack our hair. These net hoods look frivolous but are much prettier than a scarf and are so practical.

The R.C.A.F. did a wonderful job of flying over the films of the Royal wedding to this continent - and the C.B.C.'s job of relaying it to us was a marvellous feat. At 12:10 (6 hours after the ceremony in Westminster Abbey) we were beginning to watch the actual service.

Just a point or two about the wedding. I liked the processional, the smoothness and grace of the bride and the Duke of Edinburgh as they approached the altar. Their easy, natural walk was, in my opinion, more graceful than the slide step many brides use. Then the wee bridesmaids were a joy to me - as was the boys' choir.



May 19, 1960

Victoria Day is to be celebrated across Canada on Monday, May 24th; the exciting day of our youth is now just another long weekend. Too bad, to push

tradition and our heritage out of our lives.

I thoroughly enjoyed the exhibition of art done by area school children currently on display at the McGregor House. While at the museum, we walked over to the north property to see the display of gold tulips, Amherstburg's share of the Guides' band of gold across Canada, commemorating the golden anniversary of Guiding. There is interest galore at the museum, inside the buildings and out.

The decided change in women's travelling clothes is hard for us oldsters to get use to. The two other women taking the plane when Mrs. J.E. McQueen left Windsor for Toronto recently did not have hats and were most informally dressed. When the Edmonton plane arrived I noticed the same casual travelling dress. Of course, with air travel it's not necessary to wear dark clothes (so the dirt and wrinkles won't show) and places are so close together that the travelling costume of old (as we knew it) is not necessary.



May 26, 1960

Cold, wet and gloom was the holiday fare and a bit hard to take after the preview of summer way back in April.

If you read "Royal Contribution" elsewhere in this section, it will give you, as it did me, answers to critical statements, made often by people who really don't know but think they do.

When Mrs. A.O. Hawes of Amherstburg was in the lift in Harrod's Store in London, England, recently, she had a chance meeting with Mr. Nehru of India and his wife. Mrs. Hawes commented on Mr. Nehru's kind expression, particularly his eyes.

Speaking of the sale of Chateau La Rose, the old Coste home on the riverfront, Malden, a feature writer for the *Detroit Free Press*, who called me recently, said it was "of the dying breed of Victorian homes." The interior of that mansion used to give me the impression of the elegance of mid-Victorian days, with its staircases,

the coves, the fireplaces, the ceilings as were used in a style of architecture that is gone. Then, too, there is a widow's walk on top, one of two in Amherstburg, the other being on the Legion Clubhouse.



June 2, 1960

It seems that I'll never get tired of hearing the first "hello" from the Bob-Lo boat. Every year at this time, that friendly sound tells us that summer is in the immediate future - and every year the thrill of the toot is greater, if that is possible.

After being at the new Cleary Auditorium in Windsor recently and seeing how Windsor has taken advantage of its river view, I'm afraid if we here in Amherstburg don't get some sort of riverside civic building going, that future citizens are going to blame our short-sightedness.

The following despatch interested me - quote, "For the first time in history, Americans have more time to kill than they spend working. Joseph Prendergast, executive director of the National Recreation Association, said the spare time figures out to 2229 hours a year. That's more than 40 hours a week. 'In a lifetime,' Prendergast said, 'we have 22 more years of leisure time that our great-grandparents had. And the percentage of extra time is increasing all the time because of the shorter working hours, additional years of retirement and longer life span.'"



June 9, 1960

The average American teenage girl is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds and measures 34-24-35, according to the results of a survey released recently by *Teen* magazine, which polled 1500 girls across the United States.

We don't have to go up in an aeroplane or helicopter (as J.A.M. did Monday) to get a fine panoramic view of our whole area because I understand that all of us who are looking forward to the Brunner Mond Open House Saturday will be taken

up, up, up in a brand new elevator to see not only the extent of the plant but the river and the whole countryside.

The wrecking of the home Chateau La Rose, down the bank, is well underway, and old-timers like myself feel sad that the old must make way for the new - that when people leave a house and no one wants it, it loses its dignity and seems lifeless and humiliated. The McGregor House next to us would have had the same fate if the government hadn't bought the property. And right now the house seems to be blossoming and alive again because it's clean and used by people who want to go there, who are delighted with the view, the grounds and the interest within its old walls.

Thinking again about the Brunner Mond Open House. Since we first knew Brunner Mond people, from the time Gordon Rutherford was manager, we know they have brought much to this town economically, socially and from the interest angle. B.M. and Amherstburg are synonymous and I feel that we should be flattered at the trust placed in us to be invited to the Open House Saturday.

Professor Robin W. Winks, who is adviser in Canadian literature in the Yale University Library in New Haven, Connecticut, was in town recently. He came to Amherstburg to see Alvin McCurdy and David P. Botsford. Mr. Winks is writing a book on [Black] history for use of the faculty of Yale, and having seen Mr. McCurdy's article (re-published today in the *Echo*) in the *Negro History Bulletin*, wanted to meet the author. Mr. McCurdy had given this address (before publication) at the Public Library in Detroit.



June 16, 1960

The home at the corner of Gore and Ramsay Streets (the Kolfage house) which Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sample have bought from Steve Shaw, was built about 1804 by John Chittenden, a settler from Detroit who settled here after the evacuation of Detroit by the British. This is a lovely old house with a great deal of charm, I think, and will be enjoyed by the Samples.

I found the recital of piano pupils at the Convent Sunday afternoon a most satisfactory way of spending two pleasant hours. The beautiful music presented by talented children was a delightful antidote for a tired body. I quite agree with new friend, that a musicale at the McGregor House would appeal to many music lovers in Amherstburg. I'd like to hear a program presented by Amherstburg talent at the McGregor centre, some evening at sunset time. The beauty of our sunsets and the music would mix well, I know.



June 23, 1960

I like this idea. Many lovely old damask tablecloths are resting and turning yellow in old trunks or storage boxes. If you have one you don't use, make from it a lovely coat for Sundays and summer evenings. Tint it a bonbon color - it will take color beautifully - or leave it as it is. The collarless kimono-type style with no fasteners and no lining is smart and very simple to make. Cut sleeves with front and back pieces arranging seams down shoulders, under sleeves and down sides; and make the back with a center seam and slightly flared.

Paris hairstyles for 1960 are like the proverbial bride who wears "something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue." Trends incorporate classic upswept styling adapted in new abstract ways. False hair and fake chignons have been borrowed to lend a long-haired look to short locks. The proverb is complete with blue and dark ash rinses replacing honey blond shades as the most popular hair coloring. Today's connotation of the word "wardrobe" no longer is confined to dresses hanging in the cupboard. "Hair wardrobes" are the newest idea, ranging from wigs to numberless small artificial pieces.

Speaking at the Kingsville Horticultural Society last Wednesday, Murray Smith of Chatham, director of district 11, said in part - "It was the admiration of man for beauty which created the desire to produce something greater, which we are able to accomplish in the field of horticulture." The speaker said the first horticultural society was formed in Brussels in 1780 and in England in 1804 and the first incorporated society in Canada was in 1809, with the present Ontario Association being formed in Toronto in 1834. He said Kingsville [or Amherstburg or any place]

had entered into this organization for world beauty which had been set up by our forefathers. The past is history, the future is a challenge, and the present is opportunity. Mr. Smith said each member is a part of this plan for a beautiful world.

The reception for W.K. Sidey, retiring principal of the General Amherst High School, Sunday, was a great tribute to Mr. Sidey as a friend, advisor and teacher of many pupils who were in the High School during his 34 years of service. The fact that some came from a real distance to wish Mr. Sidey health and happiness in his retirement must have been a great satisfaction to him and, I'm sure, the hard work, the tiredness, the heartaches and headaches of a teacher were all forgotten and only the many, many happy worthwhile things remembered by him. As for this roving reporter, I, too, had a wonderful time at Mr. Sidey's party, for many of his friends and pupils had been mine.

Received the Royal Wedding edition of the *London (England) Daily Mail* last Thursday and it was full of fine pictures, articles and observations of the May 6th wedding of Princess Margaret. Mrs. O.A. Hawes, Laird Avenue, was in London May 7th and the copy was mailed that day. One woman reporter said that this was the most fashionable affair of the year, not only because it was Royal, but because it was an opportunity for the Queen and the Royal Family to wear clothes that are worn at no other function - that is the long regal dress, not an evening dress but one that is suitable for wearing in the daytime with a hat.



June 30, 1960

If there could be uniformity of dress for all the Sun Parlor of Canada women, young and old, I'd say dresses and matching sweaters. I think there never has been a smarter nor a more becoming style, the costume that could take us anywhere depending of course on details of dress and color.

Mrs. Arthur McKinley has several varieties of miniature roses in her garden, which we enjoyed at home for several days. They were miniature varieties, small and perfect as to color, shape and foliage, but none according to Mrs. McKinley were as tiny as the Tom Thumb variety of miniature rose shown by Mrs. Elmer Butt

at the Roses Show.

I quite agree - "Put the dining room back in the home," says Mladin Zorkin, president of the B.C. Association of Real Estate Boards. "Around the family dining table is centered the traditional concept of an orderly society ..." There is much to be said for the dining table's return to grace. The dining table makes a meal into something of a rite, however informal - and modern social life is sadly light on rites. The table collects the family together and so a meal becomes a dividing point, between a.m. and p.m., before supper or after supper. "Table Manners" is the phrase. There is no such thing as "counter manners." The counter with stools is probably the greatest contributor to the indiscipline of children and the snatched, hurried, unsatisfactory snack. If there's to be a dining table, it should have a room. In the considerable footage now made available in modern homes for recreation, hobbies and even merely watching, there should be some area reserved for the last of the formalities.



July 7, 1960

Not a gourmet am I, but delighted with a present Tuesday, a real Sun Parlor delicacy - tiny new potatoes and mint to make a churned butter-mint sauce.

I wish that many of us, along the border anyway, were as interested in our own Canadian politics as we are in the American scene. Sometimes it staggers me that county friends are so well informed on things "across the river" and the same people so indifferent to our own government affairs from municipal level up.

During the war the Merrick family came to Amherstburg from Washington and lived first in the Barrett house (now Williams) on Laird Avenue and afterwards with Mrs. A.W. McNally. The son of the family was Wendell Merrick and last year his mother was in Amherstburg en route from Hong Kong, where Wendell is Chief Associated Press correspondent, to Montreal. Recently on a John Daley report called "Listening Post East," showing how Western newsmen gather information about Red China, Wendell Merrick spoke at length.

July 14, 1960

The cerise ball in the misty western sky Monday evening was glory as was the cerise ribbon icing the river in an oblique line.

Sweet peas in profusion, pastels with the occasional strong color, from Mrs. J. Fred Thomas' garden are peppering up our living room these days.

In this day of Mechanization, cultivating corn with horses is a nostalgic sight - seen at the Edward Afflecks' in Colchester South Tuesday.



July 21, 1960

One of the loveliest private gardens in town with the most bloom for all we passers-by to see and enjoy is that of Mr. and Mrs. J. Vacilotto, Fort at Balaclava.

Well, I have my sights on the future and when I reach the pension age, I hope I'll have good-looking, semi-tailored clothes like the Democratic presidential nominee's mother, Mrs. Joseph Kennedy. I thought her uncluttered clothes for the Democratic convention were in excellent taste and although they did come from Paris, they had ideas which could easily be adapted to my way of life and my pocketbook.

Fuller skirts, happy forecast and am I happy. Imagine my consternation Saturday morning after a pressing job at 10 o'clock, accordion-pleated with wrinkles across the skirt front, before the Horrobin-Hocevar wedding had commenced, so - "After a seven-year reign, it's time for a change. The straight, slim skirt has been dethroned by the fuller skirt. And I say, long live the full skirt - it flatters women of all ages and figures. Some of the newest daytime dresses have shapely dome

skirts, others are rounded over the hips while flat in back. Still others have an almost sculptured look with interesting panel inserts. Easy swinging gored skirts are prettiest, fitted over the hip, flared at the hem. And of course, pleats of all kinds and sizes abound, usually falling straight."



July 28, 1960

It was the west that emancipated women and gave her the franchise, but it is the East that is giving woman a chance to lead.

It was Israel that set a fashion by naming a woman as foreign minister - we refuse to recognize Romania's Anna Pauker in a discussion of the changing processes of democracy.

Then Nehru had his sister named ambassador to the United Nations.

Now Japan, where wives always used to be three shuffling steps behind their husbands, has its first woman cabinet minister in Mrs. Nakayama.

But the event to top them all came Friday, and again the mysterious East has done it.

Ceylon held a general election and the principal choice was between the United National Party, which won last March but failed to command a majority, and the Freedom Party.

The Freedom Party is led by Mrs. Sirima Bandaranaike, widow of the prime minister assassinated last year. She became the first [female] prime minister in history at the recent election.

There is perhaps one flaw for Mrs. B. She will still have to acknowledge as head of the Commonwealth, to which Ceylon belongs, a woman - Elizabeth of Buckingham Palace.

The oats crop is so wonderful this year and the color so attractive to me when I see a large field swaying in the wind and sunshine, that if I were a designer I'd use lots of that lively beige with dashes of green, blue and amethyst for Fall.

Irrelevant bits of interest pop out of conversations, such as that with Mrs. George McLean of Colchester South Tuesday, telling about her parents' golden wedding anniversary in Hastings Saturday. She said that uncle Pat Shannon of Campbellford was there and that he was a member of the first St. Michael's hockey team in Toronto. Also, that three of her maternal uncles, Dennis (now deceased), Joseph and Frank Shannon, built (or worked on) the Ponchartrain Hotel in Detroit.

Two-month-old Kelly Sullivan of Montreal is as contented as can be sleeping in a beautiful antique cradle on the west verandah of her great-grandmother's home on North Street. The little Miss is using a 108-year-old solid walnut cradle, loaned by Mrs. Earle S. Jones. The lovely piece was made for Mary Cunningham, mother of Mrs. Jones. The newest direct descendants of Mary Cunningham (Mrs. Henry G. Duff) to use the cradle are Mrs. Jones' grandchildren Alana Jones, Cathy and Bruce Baillie.



August 4, 1960

Word has come from Mrs. J.E. McQueen in the Shetland Islands, Scotland, that her sister and husband will be presented to Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh when the Royal Couple visits there next week. Mrs. McQueen has a good seat, she said, at Lerwick Harbor for one of the Queen's dedications and is thrilled to get so close to the excitement of a Royal visit.

In the small world department: had a card from the Busbys. In Lourdes they met a Filipino girl who had recently stayed at Stratford with their friends and who also knew Clair Kendall's guests.

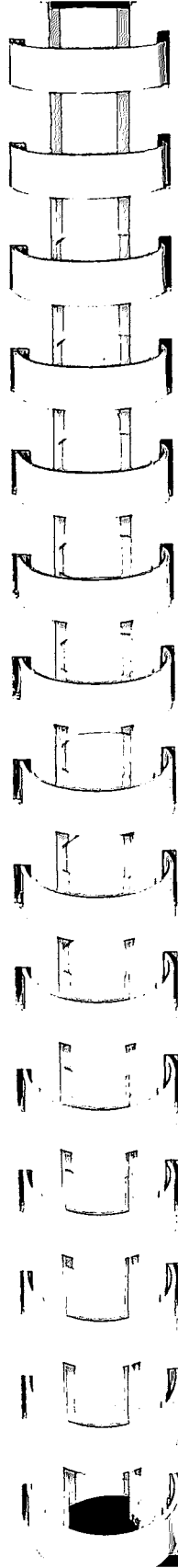
Vehemently speaking of my pet peeve - being called a "girl" ("the girls will play bridge," for instance) gets under my skin. Friend said that a child who had overheard that "the girls are coming over" said when she saw them, "Girls with grandma faces."



August 11, 1960

You and I as property owners pay for the upkeep of the park and it is a beautiful, peaceful spot and everything's free. Outsiders have found it ideal for family picnics; every day there is a group lunching under the lovely maples. However, you and I pay for the fine condition of the park and for the supervisors for the clean up and repair work to the ground, so it certainly gets under my skin when in or after the rain people drive right up to the tables (there is where my money goes, I think) or as a matter of fact it annoys me when people drive on the park at anytime (sometimes those cars with Michigan licenses forget their manners), as there is lots of parking space around the edges. To come back to Sunday, a man parked on the soft ground, opened the back of his car, took out a bottle of beer, stood there, drank it and then threw the empty on the park.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lozon and son Reg of Malden have returned from a trip west and Monday morning I received such an interesting letter from her that I wanted to pass it along to you. Mrs. Lozon, as you know, is principal of the Malden Public School. Mrs. Lozon wrote: "Thanks for your co-operation in putting the Malden School Promotion lists in the paper so promptly. As I may have told you, we left July 1st for a trip west. I enjoyed it a great deal. We visited many interesting places. We went by way of the Straits and enjoyed crossing the new bridge. Reg, our son, had his First Communion at Bemedji, Minn. (Paul Bunyan land). So he was confirmed at St. Alban's, Malden, and his certificate certified there, which he feels is a little different. We travelled to Shelby, Mont., and then turned north into Alta. to Calgary, Banff and Lake Louise. We crossed into B.C. from there and came back into Alta. by Crow's Nest Pass. At Lethbridge we saw a rodeo (time did not permit seeing the Calgary Stampede). We went back down into the States and visited Yellowstone Park and enjoyed seeing Old Faithful and all the other beautiful things there and then came east by way of Cody, Wy. (home of Wm. Cody, one of the west's colourful characters), then on to the Black Hills of S. Dak. and Mount Rushmore with the fine carvings of the four presidents and home via Chicago. I



took a good many 8mm movies and am glad to say most turned out fairly well; I'm only a beginner in that line. Of all the places visited we liked Banff, Alta., best of all. It is beyond words as far as I'm concerned. I even enjoyed the gondola lift up Sulphur Mountain - though I was scared to death! The view from up there is wonderful. Last weekend we went to Houghton Lake, Mich., and had a lovely time. I had heard a great deal about it and we were anxious to investigate. Having gone to Florida before, and west this year, we are now anxious to go east (we have been to Ottawa and Montreal often) - we'd like to see P.E.I. and N.S. and also go up into Northern Ontario. While my family were living in Ottawa that was the extent of our travelling - so we enjoy taking off in new directions."



August 18, 1960

Dr. and Mrs. Hazen Price, Riverfront Road, Malden, had a joint birthday party recently for all their grandchildren. Mrs. Price gave each child a Canadian one dollar bill. One of the children, child of Dick Price and Mary Webster, looked at the picture of the Queen on it and exclaimed, "There's Mrs. McQueen."

When it comes to corn, tomatoes, raspberries, muskmelons, pickerel, standing rib roast, sweet onions, Essex County can't be beaten. This from Yvonne T. Bailey, now of Houston, Texas, who drooled over the lusciousness of our produce. Throw away the old cliché about "Far Away Fields" because the "greenest" is right here. In keeping with above, Mrs. Bailey said that once when Roy Delmore found a sweet onion on the market she ate it as she would an apple.

All the Hamiltons, big and little, the Wigles and the Suttons had a family picnic Sunday in their park. The beautiful park is their park as well as yours and mine, and I couldn't but help notice that every one of their cars was nosed into the wire edging the park. They all respect town property and feel that when the park is in good condition it's more beautiful and a credit to us.

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August 25, 1960

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Temple (Flora Hodgman) are in Africa this summer. Word has been received from there that Mr. Temple has climbed Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa, 19,450 feet. Kilimanjaro is in N. Tanganyika, near Kenya border. Mr. Temple, a climbing enthusiast, was successful in his climb to the peak of the Matterhorn a few years ago.

Such a nice letter as I had Monday from Mrs. Lynwood Nye, who, with her family, has moved to Sault Ste. Marie. There was so much of interest I felt that some of it should be passed along. So - "As you may have heard, Lyn and I have moved to the Soo. We are getting settled in now, and staying with my father until we get our affairs settled and build our home. Lyn has a job and I am busy seeing after schools and church for the family, also making new friends. The people here are very friendly. There was one disappointment. The Soo, with a population of 40,500, has no boys' band. The boys apparently will have to have private music lessons. There is a very nice convent for the girls' piano but quite far away. I find the Soo not quite as convenient as Amherstburg. We are quite away out and need a car to go to town. The schools are very overcrowded but they are building a few new ones at present. I have kept the children busy picking wild blueberries. We have had pies, muffins, upside-down cake and today we are thinking of blueberry pancakes and blueberry sauce for ice cream. I'm afraid I am so thrilled at being able to just go and pick my own that I'll have the family tired of them. Housing and property here sell for a ridiculously high price, but on the whole other things seem to make up for it."

Heartwarming experience of kindness found in unexpected place Friday afternoon - en route to Grosse Île, we pulled up at a stop street on Biddle in Wyandotte and asked a man in a car alongside the directions. He said, "Follow me," which we did. When we got to the toll bridge we found that our guide had paid our toll. Then at the main artery of the island he stopped and sent us on our

way.



September 1, 1960

Once again I've heard the old, old, old record Sunday, the same used in my day, and we quote, "I just hated school the last two days in June and now I can hardly wait until it starts."

Something wrong with my reading - for sure. For several weeks I've been trying to read the bestseller book, "The Leopard," and have been very disinterested. I finally finished it Sunday. A mournful theme, beautifully written but a chore for me. I'm sorry for myself that I've slipped into lethargy.

Once again Orchids to all the young men who are coaching the boys in the Pee Wee baseball league - and Orchids to the committee members and parents of members of the Amherstburg Community Band. That massed bands number at the band tattoo in the park was a thrilling number from several angles - interest, knowledge, friendship, discipline, etc. - but someone has to be behind those young musicians to encourage and push. The band's competing at the C.N.E. in Toronto this week and the trip itself will widen the visions of the members and spur them on to better work, band and school.

Miss Frances Webster, while in Lunenburg, N.S., last week, had the privilege of going all over the ship *Bounty*, which is being built there for the picture "Mutiny on the Bounty." Miss Webster's hostess, Miss Mary Lou Langle, is a niece of Mr. Rhuland, of Smith and Rhuland Shipyards, and through him the chance came for Miss Webster to go over the ship before launching date. Miss Langle's uncle built the *Bluenose*, the proudest of all fishing schooners. When the *Bounty* sets sail again from Lunenburg she will be taken to Tahiti.

Mrs. Jack Kennedy's mother must have been a fine woman who believed in giving her children a good working appreciation of literature, music and art. In an article in Sunday's *Free Press*, Mrs. Kennedy said that she never remembers buying a present for anyone, that she and her sister always made their presents, because they were taught, "what you create yourself is best." I have a friend, in fact two friends, whose wee granddaughters are being given the same training and last Friday the one grandmother had her 7-year-old granddaughter's present, a painting, framed up in her home.



September 8, 1960

September, the new year month for H.M., is here with all its glory - September always was the month for me for changes, renewed effort and interests - coated of course with warm sparkling sunshine, beauty of river, field and wonderful smells.

Off to Sudbury for the weekend to glimpse our Northern Ontario and compare with the Banana Belt - comparisons are odious, I know, as I love Essex County so am prejudiced before I start.

I was very pleased with the art exhibition at the Harrow Fair, the work of pupils in the adult evening class. The portraits by Mrs. Doris Affleck and Mrs. J.F. Thomas showed talent in that field and the copy of a picture of Mrs. Henry Hedges taken on her 100th birthday by Mrs. Edmund Heaton certainly pleased many viewers. Then, too, the exhibition of school children's art and crafts was, in the estimation of reporter, the best yet. There was a whole building of work by the young people, including an exhibition of work by the retarded children at the Sun Parlor School in Maidstone. I'm not an artist but interest in any of the art forms is therapeutic and fills a need in all our busy lives.

A laugh on H. M. and her comfortable shoes. Lifelong friend said to me Saturday, "If you had a daughter, you wouldn't wear those shoes."

In the publicly-controlled schools of Canada the number of students in the fifth year of High School is only three per cent of the number in Grade One, and the number entering high school is just half of those entering Grade One.

Exactly what I think - quote: "No woman is well dressed in the daytime without a hat," I quote a well-known truism. Just look at yourself in the mirror and I'm sure you'll admit that it takes a hat to give a polish and finish to your top to toe ensemble. But I'm going against the crowd because last Friday I went to Windsor and until I met Mrs. Gordon Knight was the only woman I saw with a hat. After meeting Mrs. Knight I met the two Mrs. Courtneys - then there were four of us.



September 15, 1960

Margaret Wagle Purdy sent a review of one of Mozart's operas given at the Montreal Festivals Opera. Evidently Marguerite Gignac sang a second lead in "Seraglio" and the music critic of the *Montreal Star* said, "some of the best scenes involved Marguerite Gignac, who not only moved with great ease and beauty but also sang her role with great conviction."

Did you ever overhear people talking about people you knew? I had that happen on the train to Toronto Thursday and if the topic hadn't been diverted and changed, I was going to interrupt and say who I was, because I felt horrible eavesdropping. First experience for me and I didn't like it.

Full of my weekend in Sudbury - the morning of Fred and Elsa's wedding a bulldozer working on a watermain accidently cut the water pipe leading to the motel

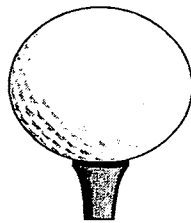
where we were all staying and the water supply was cut off until evening. Much good nature enveloped everyone there because of the situation we found ourselves in - in fact one man came into the coffee shop to get Seven-Up to clean his teeth with.



September 22, 1960

Mrs. J.E. McQueen, who will be home from the Shetland Isles Saturday, certainly is going to have many interesting stories to tell - among which was attendance at the Highland Games with her niece Sheila (who had visited here in Amherstburg) which was also attended by all the Royal Family, including the Queen Mother. The conclusion of this story is a disappointing one for Mrs. McQueen and for us, because she left her camera at her niece's house in Aberdeen - so we will have to have word pictures of this one of her many nice experiences while visiting at home.

Mrs. Orval J. Goulin Jr. (the former Dorothy Shepley) is taking a commercial art course by mail. From several examples of her work (including a pencil sketch of her son) which she brought to our home last week, I'd say she has much talent which is certainly being developed as her course progresses. She brought work to show her progress to me. And, too, I felt her imaginative powers were growing and being expanded. Mrs. Goulin is trying some cartoons and we have one on our new traffic light in the *Echo* today. Let us know your reaction.



Golf can be the most maddening sport - or the most fun. To Mrs. John Dodds, the former Jean McGregor of Amherstburg, it's a wonderful game. This month she became the club champion at both the Country Club of Detroit and the Detroit Golf Club! She was low medalist with an 82 at the Country Club in the women's

tournament and won the Golf Club women's tournament with her eight handicap. These are the first championships Mrs. Dodds has ever won since 1935 when she won the Golf Club championship for the fourth time. Mrs. Dodds has been playing golf since she was seven. Her father, the late Malcolm McGregor, quite a golfer himself, took her to Scotland that summer, where she received instruction in that country's favorite sport.

The scramble pedestrian traffic in Sudbury was interesting and a quick way to get across the street. Gladys Wilson and I felt we were living dangerously as we hurriedly scrambled with other pedestrians in a cat-a-corner fashion at a busy intersection.



September 29, 1960

Saturday in Detroit, if the date on the calendar could have been forgotten, I had the impression from the intense heat, sunshine and the mid-summer casual clothes that we were back in July 24th instead of September 24th.

The letters which were published in the *Echo* from Flora Hodgman Temple telling of their trip to the Aegean Isles and Africa have roused quite a lot of interest. Speaking of them, Mrs. John Middleditch was telling me that their niece, Marcelle Middleditch, daughter of the late Charles Middleditch, is living now in Durban, South Africa. She is married to Norman Pester, former head chef at Claridge's Hotel in London, England, but who holds now the same post at the Edwards Hotel in Durban.

A plaque commemorating the life and work of the late Mr. Charles W. Jeffreys, the artist, has been placed on the lawn of the house in which he used to live in North York Township. He has an even finer memorial in his drawings and paintings of

Canadian historical events, particularly the pictures appearing in Canadian school history texts. I will remember the day that Mr. Jeffreys came to Amherstburg to see J.A.M. and, not finding the editor here, took me to lunch. I was thrilled, of course, to meet the man who had painted the historical murals in some of Canada's wonderful hotels and who had done the pictures for the history books. I can hear his chuckle yet when he told of drawing Champlain and of the great amount of reading required before he could work out in his mind and on canvas just what Champlain could have looked like. He said that he got the picture finished and then read that an angry [Aboriginal] had once shot an arrow at Champlain which made a superficial scar so, said Mr. Jeffreys, "I put a dot on his ear to represent the scar from the arrow."



October 6, 2006

With social and club activities picking up for fall, we again invite reports of the meetings, socials, anniversaries, etc. for publication in the *Echo*. We also like to publish all the wedding stories, social and personal mentions and other news items we can get hold of. There is no charge for these items as they are of news interest to our many readers. A newspaper is a reflection of its community and sending in these news items helps to make it as complete a vehicle of local happenings as possible. Many organizations have appointed press officers to keep the *Echo* advised of their group's activities. In some cases, the group's secretary looks after sending in the report of the meeting. We wish more of the groups in the *Echo* area would do this on a regular basis, as it is the best way for them to advise the community of their activities and projects. All this type of news as well as the personals, wedding and anniversary write-ups are welcome and appreciated.

Following is a short history of the Apostle teaspoons which interested me. - These spoons were made in sets of 13, including the 12 Apostles and one bearing

the figure of Christ with his hand raised in blessing. Sometimes the 13th spoon had the figure of St. Paul with a sword. Complete sets are among the rarest silver articles in existence. In the 1930s a set made in 1536 sold for over \$25,000. The earliest known spoon is dated 1493. They originated in Europe and were produced by skilled silversmiths in a number of cities, each one following the tradition and technique of the particular school of craftsmen concerned. Sometimes sets of four were made depicting the four evangelists: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The handle of each spoon surmounted by a figure of an Apostle, together with his customary emblem: St. Peter (key or fish); St. Thomas (carpenter's square or spear), St. Andrew (saltire cross); St. John (cup with winged serpent); St. Philip (cross or staff); and St. Bartholomew (large knife) etc.

When Joan Manning Rothfels was in town she told me that she (the mother of four children) was going back to the Ontario College of Arts in Toronto this fall to study "Wood Cuts," a different field of art for her.

One of Canada's large railway lines is doing away with through sleeping car and dining room service between Montreal and Vancouver except on one train daily each way. Dinner in the diner and the relaxation of the sleeper are being relegated to the past. Children of the future won't know the fun of dining and watching the telegraph poles whiz by. The railways are the victims of the airliner, truck, bus and car. I am sorry, as a train trip to me is relaxation plus interest at its best.



October 13, 1960

As I walked along Dalhousie Street in the glory of the golden sparkling weather over our Thanksgiving weekend, I named many many things I was thankful for and one popped up in my mind over and over again. "I'm grateful that I am fortunate enough to live in Canada."

Our town made the *Reader's Digest* recently when commenting on Paul Haeberlin of Toastmaster's International coming from Amherstburg.



October 20, 1960

Fun day was held last Tuesday at the Kingsville Golf Club, each member playing in fancy dress. Amherstburg ladies in the winning groups were Mrs. Murray Smith, who won the first gross; Mrs. Al Jackson and Mrs. George McCallum, putting; and Mrs. William Danby was winner of the "well dressed golfer" contest.

The Banana Belt of Canada, our own Essex County, has certainly been turning on the warm, bright charm these autumn days. Monday at one I stood in front of the office with the sunshine, both heart and body warming, and looked at the heavenly blue unclouded sky, then northward through the golden bronze and yellow leaves, spiced with a dash of red. The flowers, gardens and grass that day was still lovely and men were around in shirt sleeves and ladies in dresses with sweaters. Mid-October certainly can hold its own with any other season of the year, I feel. Oh, I forgot the sumacs on Bob-Lo - breathtaking surely!

The McGregor House on Fort Malden property is becoming a cultural centre. Presently work of Amherstburg and Harrow artists is on exhibition. Tuesday night the Guild of Arts and Crafts was re-organized and those in attendance not only saw the work of the art classes but work of craftsmen as well, weaving, rug making, copper tooling and millinery. Art in a different form is studied in the north drawing room of the building when the members of the horticultural society meet there every month. At the McGregor House, the visitors are enjoying the spacious lawn, the trees and the river - all therapeutic like the interest found in the arts and crafts inside.



October 27, 1960

When the coin machine in a telephone booth exploded? and spilled its contents on Mrs. Edward Renaud, Sandwich Street, she was quick to realize that that type of freak accident was to be reported to Chief Hannah, which she did immediately.

I was shocked at, or should I say disappointed in, one of our businessmen, who told a tourist who was inquiring about things to see in Amherstburg, about St. John the Baptist Church and Christ Church, which are both beautiful places of worship and well worth seeing, I grant you - but who, even when prodded with, "Isn't there more?" neglected to tell the tourist about the museum.

Last Wednesday J.G. Parks brought mother a pail full of gorgeous, giant strong-colored dahlias from his garden. "They are living on borrowed time," said Mr. Parks, "and I thought your mother would enjoy them indoors." She certainly did, until they hung their heads with exhaustion.



Cathy Baillie, daughter of the former Betty Jones, was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. E.S. Jones. Grandma and Cathy went to take a rest and after Grandma cautioned, "No noise nor no talking." Cathy queried, "Can I think?"

The following article (not original) tickled me. It was entitled "Etiquette Triumphant" - and I am old-fashioned too. Recently I read this inquiry in one of those etiquette columns: "Is it necessary to phone or write your hostess thanking her for a party?" The answer was: "It no longer is necessary to do this. A thank you as you leave is sufficient." Now I know why I haven't heard from more of my recent guests. They've all read that column. One of them may have had the urge to phone and ask me for the recipe for my Chocolate Mousse, but she couldn't just

ask for the recipe without saying thank you for the party. Since this no longer is necessary, no doubt she will have to buy a cookbook instead of calling me! There was a welcome exception following my dinner party. Two days later, one of my guests telephoned. She started her conversation: "I know it's old-fashioned to phone and thank one's hostess, we're all so busy now, but I just had to tell you how lovely your party was." After slaving for three days prior to the party, it did seem strange to me that new social edicts should rule out anyone telling me it was lovely. And I'm sure the old-fashioned way is better.



November 3, 1960

Lest We Forget

Saturday is Poppy Day. Never will I forget Vimy Ridge covered with poppies symbolic of the blood from the youth of Canada who gave their lives in World War I for you and you and for me. Do not let's forget that we have come through two wars in this century and what we are and have today is because of what those in the services did for us and our way of life. We forget too easily, that's a characteristic of Anglo-Saxons I think, but on the eve of Poppy Day let's give just a bit more this year to aid, if necessary, families of veterans right here in our area.

Thanks to Mrs. Fred Maloney, Rankin Avenue, who loaned us the memoirs of Serges Oblensky, "One Man in His Times." B.M. and I had many delightful hours recently reading the story of a Prince of Czarist Russia, born in 1890 and presently living in New York. The writer, born in Russian high circles, intrigues his readers by life and people in Russian Court life, in fact famous people all over Europe parade through the book. He was a soldier in two wars and his readers learn the aristocrats' side of the Russian revolutions. We read of the collapse of the world in

which he was born, the end of splendid eras in Europe, the world upheaval and the growth toward the present era tied up with the lives of famous people on this continent also. In the end Serge Oblensky, whom we had seen on the "This is Your Life" program, sums up that America is the only place to be. The book was written in serial style, the end of each chapter having such an interest that I had to read more and more, on into the night.



November 10, 1960

POPPY DAY

*On Saturday upon our streets,
We were asked to buy
A little muslin poppy flower
To wear on coat or tie -
A little crimson poppy flower
Symbolic in its shade
Of blood that flows from hero's
Veins
When with their lives they paid
The price supreme, that you
And I
Might walk about so free
Upon the streets of towns like
ours
And know not tyranny.*

*In Vetcraft shops in Canada
Since 1923*

*Disabled veterans fashioned
Flowers
For Poppy Days to be:
This way they make a livelihood
And help their fellowmen
For, by the sale of Poppy flowers,
The Legion branches can
Set aside a separate sum
"The Poppy Fund" by name,
To aid the destitute, the sick;
That is the Legion's aim.*

- Gladys Kingsley



November 17, 1960

Annie Oakleys indeed - Three women, Mary Kitka, Mrs. Vernon McCrae and Mrs. Harry Dube, tied for first place in the turkey shoot at the Town Hall over the weekend. There were 36 shooters in their match - and Mrs. McCrae bettered her husband's score.

It was November 19, 1874, that the first edition of the *Echo* came out. And, despite the changes in news and advertising because of the change in our way of life due to cars and radio and television and work days, etc., etc., etc., we hope that this old paper is keeping its agile mind, fresh spirit and modern outlook. We're not in the good old days and, as I've said repeatedly, the good old days have been blown up so in the minds of many that they are a sort of Utopia which many are trying to regain; but for me, I'll take 1961 with all its changes, anxieties, problems and good things. A challenge for the *Echo* which I hope we'll be able to accept with credit.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCurdy Jr. were in New York recently for the premiere of the film, "The Crowning Experience." At this opening, which had the proportions of a Hollywood first, some big names in the Hollywood world were in attendance, including Vincent Price. In the film the handsome, gifted contralto Muriel Smith is giving a glowing interpretation of the film's focal character, Emma Tremaine - inspired by the real-life [Black] educator Mary McLeod Bethune (who at one time was in Amherstburg, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George D. McCurdy). Anna Marie McCurdy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McCurdy Jr., is in the film portraying Julie Tremaine, Mrs. Tremaine's daughter. George McCurdy III also has a part and Marilee and Lolly are in the school scenes.



November 24, 1960

The weather's wonderful, mild and damp and springlike (as of writing Monday afternoon), so much so that it is certainly lulling me into a false security - nothing to do - and making me believe that it's a long, long, long time between November 21 and December 25.

Capt. Melville A. Bezaire, formerly of Dalhousie Street, Amherstburg, since his retirement from the lakes has built a cruiser all by himself in the garage at his home in Detroit. It has been commissioned and Capt. Bezaire used the craft this past summer. His sister-in-law, Mrs. James McCarthy, Laird Avenue, brought in some pictures for us to see and the craft complete with galley and sleeping quarters, which Capt. Bezaire calls *Smiling Madam*, is certainly, so far as I'm concerned, of wonderful workmanship, perfect in design, neat and in the height of style.

Elegant indeed is Mrs. William Cavan's new coat, the material for which she wove herself. The predominant color is blue, delft blue, spiced with green. Mrs. Cavan has a gift for color, design and execution and carries it through in her

exquisite weaving. I get excited every time I think of the beauty of her coat and to think she started from scratch.



December 1, 1960

Remember Monday noon, the warm, damp, springlike November 28th, when I came into the office I found three roses on my desk, two red and one pink, lovely specimens from the A.H. Stevenson garden.

On November 28th in Birmingham, Michigan, in the mellow golden sun of the afternoon, we saw several people in shorts and September attire.

The weather makes front page news - on Friday the office had a call from the Brunner Mond re dandelions, and perfect dandelion seed balls on the office lawn.



December 8, 1960

On American Thanksgiving Thursday, I questioned young lad who lives on Dalhousie, "Why aren't you at school?" He answered, "I'm not quite a Canadian so mother said I didn't need to go to school today."

In the old files I came across Miss Lovegrove's millinery and which brought to mind the Sunday clothes for the seasons in the good old days. Today, I don't believe there really are so-called Sunday clothes as we knew them for church and Sunday afternoon and no other time. Then, too, the seasonal line is staggering around because of changes in the seasons now; in fact, I was reading that some top flight fashion designers are cutting out so-called spring clothes entirely.

A British psychiatrist says that a spell with the knitting needles can give a woman a host of satisfactions. Dr. G.C. Heller maintains that knitting is nature's sedative and better than taking pills. Apart from its relaxing therapy, knitting answers other needs: "A woman's real work is to create a human being and rear it," Heller said. "When her children are grown up - or if she is not married - knitting becomes a creative compensation. It also helps to compensate her for her feeling of inferiority toward men."

Mary McKenna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. McKenna (Harriet Wigle) is the editor of *The Anastasian*, the magazine of the St. Anastasia High School in Fort Pierce, Florida. Mrs. Roy Wigle, grandmother of Mary, passed along the school magazine to us. Evidently, it is published every six weeks by the students and is an ambitious work. There was a charming picture of Mary, cutlines read, "Meet the editor" on the editorial page. The young reporters in the various departments I thought did very well. Mary is also on the cheerleader squad for her school and is accompanist for the school choral, also is secretary of Indian River Council 411. A busy young woman indeed, so no wonder this clever young miss got the job (by ballot) of coordinating the literary endeavors of the students - by her contributions to her school she must have become well-known and favorably.



December 15, 1960

The river was blocked with ice Tuesday when we came from Harrow, and the skating rink at the park got a first coating of ice Monday night - so it won't be long now.

"Wonderful Winter Day" was the gay greeting from everyone met in Harrow Tuesday. We had on Tuesday cold, clear dry and bright seasonal weather which really affects our Christmas spirit. This wonderful old Banana Belt is certainly a

fine place to live, I think, but has become a victim of sudden extremes in temperature. Last Monday, December 5th was mild and springlike, and this Monday there was a nasty biting wind and almost zero temperature and low record was broken for the date.

A good thought for Christmas and New Year in the following: "The only way to cope with hate that is directed against oneself is to realize that it is rarely (strange as this may sound) a personal matter; that the object is only a pretext for hating; that any other convenient symbol might serve the hater just as readily; and that refusing to return hate for hate is not only a great moral precept but the wisest piece of psychological advice ever handed down to man."

The gay brocade turbans, high, stunning, draped, printed velvets and floral wig hats (which I bought as a Christmas present to myself) on display Friday made Christmastime glamorous for me. Remember the old cliché about a hat and its effect on a woman's disposition - I believe it.

Mrs. Charles Hackett was going over things recently and came across two pairs of kid gloves which she hadn't worn for four years or so. She was about to discard them when on impulse she tried them on and in one found a valuable ring which she had lost from years ago.



December 22, 1960

The warmest and most sincere compliments of the Christmas season to all.

According to A. Crutcher, principal, and Dr. J. A. Davies, board chairman, the McKenzie High School of Deep River, Ontario, has the highest I.Q. of any school in Canada. The average I.Q. is between 90 and 110 with 60 percent over 110.

Heredity and environment are claimed to be the reason for the high figures. There are more Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s at the Atomic centre than any other similar community in Canada.



December 29, 1960



HAPPY NEW YEAR 1961

Hear ye, hear ye, one and all! We don't want anyone to miss our greetings and warm wishes for the happiest, healthiest 1961!



Yvonne Teeter Bailey, now of Houston, Texas, received a Christmas card from England and it was addressed, "Mrs. Yvonne Bailey, late of Windsor, Canada, Houston, U.S.A."



January 5, 1961

I'm not going to make resolutions or predict for 1961 - but just say that if you and you and you and I, whatever our race or creed, can think right and act right as good citizens, things should be right these 1961 days.

I'm hoping that "thank you" among young people isn't becoming an obsolete saying - I've read that child psychologists of one particular school caution parents against insisting on please and thank you, that by their insistence they do something to the child. However I belong to a different school of thought and of the one dollar

bills I put in envelopes for Christmas, only two have mentioned the bills - so I'm at the stage where there are no more where those came from.

The 1961 spirit - when I was saying to myself just like a broken record, "I'm so glad Christmas is over," I talked to Mrs. Gordon Fry last Wednesday and she said, "I'm having 10 people for dinner and I'm sorry Christmas is over, it isn't half long enough for me."



January 12, 1961

A recording tape is certainly becoming a means of social communication. Tom Hamilton was telling of a Scotch couple who came into his shop to run off a tape of their children and grandchildren greeting them from Scotland and sent to them for Christmas. Mrs. E. McQueen has tapes also of music and greetings from the Shetland Isles.

The members of the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts have a great treat in store for them at their January 25th meeting at the McGregor House. Francis Robinson, curator of ancient and medieval art at the Detroit Institute of Art, will be the guest speaker. I remember once after Mr. Robinson spoke to the Rotary Club on hallmarks on silver, that the late Capt. Earl McQueen said that "in [his] estimation Mr. Robinson made his subject matter a live topic."

We certainly have been having winter at its best these last few days, cold, dry, clear, sunny and no wind - beautiful winter days and nights. Speaking of nights, the stars seem to be shining with unusual brilliance, because during the winter the brightest section of the entire sky is overhead. Brightest constellation in the entire sky is Orion, the mighty hunter, now seen directly overhead early in the evening. Later at 9 p.m. Mars is overhead these nights.



January 19, 1961

An acquaintance from St. Catharines, commenting on our beautiful Saturday weather, said, "Have heard of the Banana Belt of Canada and now I believe what has been said."

When Mrs. Al Lewis told me Saturday that pussywillows were popping out in their garden, my comment was "their bad judgement will mean frostbitten toes, I'm afraid."

The death of Mrs. David Anderson (who was a Secord) brought to mind the fact that she was a descendant of Laura Secord, a figure in Canadian history.

The Fort Malden Horticultural Society spent nearly all its assets of 1960, about \$1000, in beautifying the town.

If I could draw and paint I'd like to have the picture I saw over the park last Thursday morning when the southeastern sky, a strong rose, made the frosted white world pink. Then, turning riverward, there was an ice cream soda effect on the river also.

When Mr. and Mrs. John Squire were in Houston, Texas, recently they were guests of Dr. Tom Speidel and Mrs. Speidel at their new home in the Houston suburb of Bayton. Dr. Speidel, who is an obstetrician, is doing very well in his profession. In Brownsville, the Squires saw Albemi Ouellette and his son Edward, all former residents of Amherstburg.

Thanks to Mrs. Walter Reaume I read "The Torontonians" by the Canadian writer Phyllis Brett Young last week. I was delighted with Mrs. Young's brilliant

(in my opinion) presentation of the immediate predicament of a group of people in a contemporary scene as tied up with the past thirty years. I found the book particularly moving and marvelled at Mrs. Young's ability with her clever characterizations to conjure up a scene, a mood, opinion and doubt. My interest was held throughout the book and I feel pleased that it was done by a Canadian.



January 26, 1961

A new age measurement - "What is that?" said young thing, when picking up a button hook.

Wonder if the Kennedy look, uncluttered, poised, elegant and young, will be modified to extend to the oldsters. With a hat on the back of my head I'd like a veil to keep the front in order, I think.

Mrs. R.D. Thrasher sent along a Christmas card which they had received from Honorable Walter Dinsdale and Mrs. Dinsdale. Mrs. Thrasher wrote, "Hon. Dinsdale is an exceptionally fine man with an equally fine wife. The following choice of quotation is typical of them both," she concluded. The quotation:

*If there is righteousness in the heart there will be beauty in the character.
If there is beauty in the character there will be harmony in the home.
If there is harmony in the home there will be order in the nation.
If there is order in the nation there will be peace in the world.*



February 2, 1961

While it may sometimes seem that nothing in our society is undervalued quite so much as education, there is encouraging evidence to the contrary. A recent report shows that no fewer than three-quarters-of-a-million adult Canadians are spending their leisure and their dollars buying themselves an improved education. Many are attending evening classes at universities, more than 30 of which now provide courses leading to a degree. Others are content to study one or more of a wide range of subjects, the greater understanding of which will make for a fuller life. Observers of the social scene will find great cause for satisfaction that television has so singly failed to triumph over the urge to self-betterment. (Could it be, perhaps, that it has even helped it?) Maybe there is hope for us yet. Right in our area, over 1000 persons showed interest in art by their attendance at the Art Show at the McGregor House - and interest is certainly being stimulated in the county in another form of art, the Ballet, as all the performances of the National Ballet of Canada were very well patronized in Windsor all last week.

Spring flowers arranged indoors with cold, snow, icebound river outdoors - the old-fashioned Canadian winter days of last week - gave a real lift to many who find winter hard to take.

Speaking of the ice bridge to Bob-Lo, it must be solid and secure, as we have seen people walking across without benefit of a boat to use if an air hole looms up.



February 9, 1961

We are pleased because of the many favorable comments we have had over the crossword puzzle feature in the *Echo* last Friday morning. Russ Renaud brought in the puzzle of the day before, which he had completed in 22 minutes that morning

after he came from work.

Last week the tale of the cold snow-blown robin was left out of the paper so - on Tuesday, January 21st as we were returning from Harrow a snowstorm was in progress. Sitting with its shoulders hunched on the sign at the Fine Foods Asparagus farm was a woebegone robin.



February 16, 1961

Saw the exhibition of Essex County artists at Willistead on Friday and was most interested in the quality of the work of the "Sunday" painters - certainly the high standard that is being set is showing results.



Mrs. Al Lewis, she of the green thumb, has forced magnolia in bloom in her home (taking two weeks to force). A real Valentine, I'd say.

When Mr. and Mrs. Drifford Bertrand were in California recently they were given the VIP treatment at Disneyland because of Constable Sheppard, formerly of Colchester South, who is chief security officer there now.

Wally Duffield, now of London, formerly of Amherstburg, has the starring role in the London Little Theatre's production of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." The play is to be London's entry in the 1961 Dominion Drama Festival.

I can hardly believe the following, as nearly everywhere one goes nowadays, except church, women are hatless. The quote from a Canadian financial paper reads: "Women's hat sales are surging up this year in Canada because of better

styling,' say millinery makers. 'Last year \$25 million worth went to women's heads.'" I, for one, love hats and feel we women are better turned out for many occasions with a becoming hat. Old-fashioned ideas, possibly.

Grade three pupils of the Anderdon Central School have begun a study of the writing of poetry. Following is Susan Stone's first attempt at poetry. Susan, who is 8 years old, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Stone, Riverfront road. Her work is called - Lovely, Lovely Spring.

*Lovely, lovely spring,
When all the bluebells ring,
When flowers start to bloom,
And birds will be here soon.*

*Lovely, lovely spring,
When bluebirds start to sing,
When the sun begins to shine,
I think the world is mine.*

*Lovely, lovely spring,
When bells go ting-a-ling,
With beautiful green grass,
And water looks like glass.*



February 23, 1961

Toby Robins has been signed by Stratford to play Rosaline in "Love's Labor Lost." This will be her first appearance at Stratford since 1954.

I'd like teenagers to read Patti Page's book, "Once Upon a Dream." It's a personal chat with all teenagers - and because it is written by the glamorous TV singer should, I think, be popular with the young people of today and should help many to a fuller, more secure life.

The hats at the Fashion Show last Tuesday were fabulous, gay and colorful, I thought, and not one that I can remember had the Jackie Kennedy look. As for the costumes (dress with matching jacket or coat) I thought they were stunning and becoming to most figures. They, I understand, are taking the place of the tailored suit, as there wasn't one suit shown in that lovely show of clothes for our Spring 1961 days.

On the night after Ben Gurion had resigned the leadership in Israel, the leader of the opposition in Israel spoke over TV. Someone in the studio commented on his perfect English and he said that he had learned it by listening to the British Broadcasting Company and practising what he heard.

Andrew E. Thompson (L. Dovercourt) told the legislature's education committee in Toronto recently [that] Canadians are snobs when educating their children because they want them to study only academic subjects. "This is a slur on vocational education," he said, adding that many people seem to feel that to take vocational training is a sign of inferior intelligence. Most Canadians want their children to study academic subjects and go on to university. Education Minister Robarts said "there is difficulty in directing people into technical training because of social attitudes," but added that "it is most unwise to direct students totally away from academic subjects." Mr. Robarts felt the combination of the two would be the educational ideal. J.R. McCarthy, department superintendent of curriculum and textbooks, said it was possible to keep more students in school if courses were geared to their abilities, and added that local authorities are responsible for developing courses for more direct benefits to the vocationally-minded student.



March 2, 1961

The fashion news that chamois gloves are to be worn with every color of outfit for spring pleased me, as there is nothing I like better as an accent for grey, blue or black - livens the lady, I think.

Friends Francis and Marj from Amherstburg sent the following poem to us this past week from Williams, Arizona, the gateway to the Grand Canyon. It tells of their feelings toward Amherstburg, as it does mine. The poem, entitled "Little Town," goes like this:

*I like to live in a little town,
Where the trees meet across the
Street;
Where you wave your hand and
and say "hello"
To everyone you meet.
I like to stand for a moment
Outside the grocery store
And listened to the friendly gossip
Of the folks that live next
Door.*

*For life is interwoven
With the friends we learn to
Know;
And we hear their joys and
Sorrows
As we daily come and go*

*So I like to live in a little town,
I care no more to roam
For every house in a little town
Is more than a house; it's
Home.*



March 9, 1961

À la Mrs. Jack Kennedy, we all must wear the jewel neckline dresses, which are so important this spring. I like them, and also the beads and beads and beads that give a smart dash to this particular neckline.

Friday, March 3rd was a glorious warm sunshine day, contradicting the number on the calendar, surely. Into the office that afternoon walked a young woman in a low-necked, short-sleeved blouse and she was carrying her jacket because it was such a lovely spring? day.

Some of us can't see the woods for the trees (pardon the cliché) when it comes to parking meters. When people condemn them, I don't feel that way at all. I feel with meters we all get a chance for a good place to park. Fear of fines for violations of time in parking spaces, in my estimation, prevents selfish people from staying a long time in the choice spots.

The people of this community should be proud of and encourage all the young musicians who did so well at the Music Festival of Windsor last week. That there is interest in music among children was evident from the fine results in competition, so to encourage and praise them we all should try to attend any concert or recital where the youth of this town is performing. Children's programs are rewarding, as far as I'm concerned, and I love to hear them perform.

Along the same vein as the ranting of some people against parking meters, I feel their annoyance toward the bus company for withdrawal of buses on Sundays and holidays [is] unjustified. How many of us ever use the buses on Sundays or holidays - very few, believe me - so why pay the driver, and the depreciation on the vehicle is something, too. It's the general public, you and you and I, that has made this situation as it is now.



March 16, 1961

The top of the morning to all!

I'll wager the minkless Mrs. J.F. Kennedy is upsetting the furriers.

Last Tuesday evening at the dinner party given by the Anderdon School Board, I had the privilege of hearing a beautiful voice, that of Carletta Franzell, who is a friend of Mrs. Harvey Jones. Miss Franzell has had wide experience in concert work, was on Broadway in light opera for two years and sang at the Ford Sunday Evening Hour years ago. She, who teaches in Detroit, goes by her married name now, i.e., Mrs. Pauline Frisby, and said Mrs. Jones to H.M., "She's very generous with her talent, as she sings whenever asked, in all the 20-some churches in our Church Stake." Mrs. Frisby's interpretation and expression pleased me and I found her voice a real treat.

When J. and J. went to the Flower and Builders Show at Cobo Hall they were interested in an old-fashioned store set up there which J.A.M. said reminded him of Miss O'Madden's on the Murray Street of long ago. The name Miss O'Madden brought to my mind the tiny penny dolls we'd buy and dress. I wonder if many children nowadays make doll clothes.



March 23, 1961



The first day of Spring was a delight to us, as two royal purple crocuses, nestled against the south foundation of our house, burst into bloom to herald the new season.

I was delighted with the vision of Amherstburg buyers in the various shops showing outfits at the C.W.L. luncheon Sunday. The clothes and jewellery were gay, colorful and of good styling and the models did well in their job as saleswomen. Mrs. William Cherrie should get an orchid for her first attempt as a commentator.

Vernon Kennedy, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kennedy, had a vocal solo in the Juliette Show over C.B.C. recently. Vernon belongs to a vocal group which broadcasts from Toronto Saturdays about 10:15 p.m. Along with this show business he is going to night school, working on his degree.

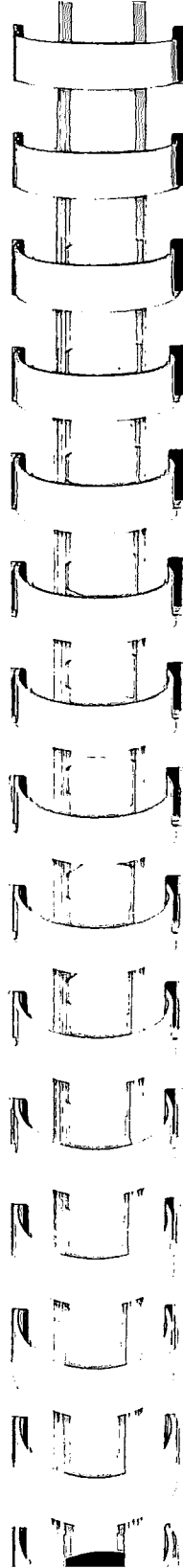
The spirit of St. Patrick came to see our Miss Bessie on her day. Three shamrock plants, a green carnation, cards and forsythia in bloom on Friday made a preview of Spring which livened our weekend, believe me.



March 30, 1961

"HAPPY EASTER"

The toots from the river this past week were heartwarming - the season is here and the river interest begins.



Bill Nye's greenhouse is an interesting place, according to neighbour Bill. Mr. Nye has a deep interest in growing things, not only roses, but anything that blooms and produces beauty. He's a real dirt gardener and nothing along that line is a trouble, everything is in the joy bracket.

Well, I've come to the conclusion (because I've been testing myself) that we country people are snobs. I feel sorry because of the things city people miss. Miss Claire Coughlin said to me after a large reception here, "I suppose you know everybody" - and do you know I had a warm feeling inside me and felt sorry for her that she didn't live in suburbia and know everybody too - see what I mean.



April 6, 1961

I am delighted that the town fathers are considering the purchase of the old post office building. If the deal goes through their foresight will be praised in the years to come.

The cold west wind lashed around on a steel grey Easter Sunday and occasional snow flurries danced madly to keep warm, I guess. Because of the day there wasn't an Easter parade up our street - and I missed seeing the young people in their gay Easter togs. Despite the bitterness of the day the churches were filled with worshipers at all services, family get-togethers went off as planned and the good old Easter Bunny, disregarding the cold, got around on his yearly trip.

Each generation does it - in one of our shops Saturday morning a tousled-head bobby soxer in pedal pushers (cute trick too) took off her running shoes and tried on pumps with tiny, tiny heels and stiletto toes. She looked just like the cat that swallowed the canary when her Easter pumps were being wrapped up. I wonder how she got along with them on Sunday. Her happiness in being grown up

wouldn't be marred by a blister or two, I know.



April 13, 1961

We have two full moons during April this year - one on the first and another on the 30th. It is the full moon of the first that determines the date of Easter. Easter Sunday is always the Sunday following the first full moon after the coming of Spring, and this year Spring began on March 20th.

The beautiful winter day on Sunday certainly didn't appeal to me as much as the same type of day two months ago. Jingle bells weather in April didn't bother the patch of blue scilla in the border on the south side of our house one bit - in fact, the white ground with blue accents was quite effective.

David Gibb, 10-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Gibb (Bonnie Trimble), now of Cottam, formerly of Amherstburg, has eleven grandparents living, spread over five generations. They are on his mother's side, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Trimble, Mrs. Pearl Wismer Trimble, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nicholson, Mrs. Frank Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Bastien. On the spear¹ side are Mr. and Mrs. Noble Gibb and Melvin A. Wigle. A fortunate child indeed.



April 20, 1961

Every year the martins return April 16th to a birdhouse on the Bedal property, Maple Avenue, Harrow. This year they flocked in on the 14th, riding in before the

¹male

storm. And evidently there is food for them, as Monday they soared around looking for a swarm of bugs and evidently found what was necessary.

Winter in all its unattractive fury battered everything in sight Sunday. The muddy river looked angry, so angry in fact that once during the afternoon when the visibility was fair, the water looked as if it were piling upstream. During one of the storm's rest periods the linden tree and the ginkgo tree on the mound looked interesting, as if etched in snow, on their west side, of course.

Weekly newspapers are read with unmatched thoroughness, according to a representative study carried out in Alberta. We did not need to be told; we have only to make a diminutive error to find out how thoroughly the weekly paper is read. The survey among readers of the *Lacombe Globe* in Alberta indicated that stories are just as likely to be read if they appear on an inside page as on page one. That's what we are trying to do with the *Echo*, make every page as valuable to the advertiser and reader as the old idea of front page or local page being the best spot.



April 27, 1961

A shocking pink miniature car parked in the neighborhood of our office lately and gave us conversation and joy when it made a bright accent on the many bleak days we have had lately. When we found out it belonged to Paul Bernard, an *Echo* undergraduate, I said, "That's a real cute job." Paul countered, "Don't call my car cute," so H.M. said, "How about this to describe it, it's a darling" - and really I'd like one myself just like it.

Last Monday there was a quilting bee at Christ Church Parish House for the missionary bale. The ladies, six of them over 75 years of age and one, Mrs.

William Wilcox, 90 years old, took their box lunches and stayed from ten o'clock on into the afternoon and did some lovely quilting, I understand.

April 21st - the short, short shorts season opened in town. Resort town or not, I wish mirrors could be put around the streets of the town so that some of the wearers could see themselves as we see them. I know it's none of my business what people wear but when they disfigure themselves I can crab, can't I?

Having lost my work gloves, I was looking for a substitute pair Friday morning and found some heavy, handsewn doeskin gloves which I had bought in London, England, in 1932. They are perfectly good style and fit and I have worn and enjoyed them every day since then. Does this story mean that I'm a squirrel or that somewhere along the line it was sentiment, the fact that Mrs. Frank Falls and I had such fun shopping for them, that prevented them from going into the rummage sale?



May 4, 1961

I quite agree with the friend who said she'd rather have more expensive and better-looking hats for everyday wear than for dressier occasions.

At the Williams-MacIntosh wedding on Saturday, one guest had a hand-loomed powder blue coat and hat made of the same material. Around the crown of her powder blue hat was a wreath of purple grapes with green leaves. The effect and combination was stunning.

I'm so grateful to the designers when I can find clothes with easy skirts - the sheath is smart but I'm very tired of its "stand up" skirt.

At long last I know Spring is here - because of the pansies dancing in the bitter wind Tuesday a.m. against the black glass background in front of Ferriss' store in Harrow. The lovely shivering blooms were so brave and beautiful, but I believed their message.

There is nostalgia as the *Alvinston Free Press* notes that President Kennedy has revived the rocking chair: "While a rocking chair, excepting perhaps what is known as a platform rocker, is a foreign article to younger folk of today, you no doubt remember when all homes had several rocking chairs, and we bet you were rocked to sleep many's a time in your mother's arms, as she rocked and rocked, at the same time humming a favorite hymn or some other soothing melody." Remember that one, "You can't go to heaven in a rocking chair, 'cause the Lord don't want no lazybones there"? If you remember that one, you're dated.



May 11, 1961

I was so excited Friday about the flight into space by the first U.S. astronaut guiding the space missile and was so interested Thursday in Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip having an audience with Pope John, that I thought, "How can everyone be bored with this twentieth century?"

Hawaiian inspired Muu Muus are hitting our markets for lounge wear - as are longer, almost knee-length shirts, some with belts. Last year two friends brought Muu Muus from Hawaii to be used here for beachwear, over bathing suits - smart.

May 8th weather report. The apricot tree in full bloom in the Jaber yard is doing its best to give spring interest - as are the magnolias in the moat north of our house. Despite the soggy ground and cool air, children found that the equipment was up in the park today and we could hear the laughter over at our

house.

Philip Gibb and the General Amherst High School band touched both disappointment and glee before the Cadet Inspection on Friday. In March, 1961, new uniforms were ordered for the bandsmen for the annual parade. April, no word, May 1, bad news, uniforms not finished.. May 4, Philip Gibb notified the boys their uniforms would not be ready for the next morning, disappointment reigned. Friday, May 5, the big day, early morning call from Toronto that uniforms had left Toronto on the midnight train. All cadets ready for route march around town by this time and bandsmen not told that maybe [sic]. 9:45 a.m. May 5th, back from route march, uniforms arrived 16 minutes before, hurry and scurry to change, happy ending and a fine parade for the inspecting officer.

Half a million birds returning from the south draw thousands of the public to Point Pelee every weekend in May. The Federation of Ontario Naturalists conducted nature walks at 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., May 6th and 7th, and will again on the 13th and 14th at Point Pelee National Park to assist naturalists and others with identification of the many rare species which will pass through the area. Leaders will be well-known naturalists from London, Kitchener, St. Thomas and Toronto. "This will be a wonderful opportunity for people to see nature at its best," said Frank Lovely, chairman of the F.O.N. Regional Gatherings Committee, at Sandusky, Ohio, a series of islands stretch out into Lake Erie almost to Point Pelee. Since the birds do not like to fly over water, they may use these as stepping-stones across Lake Erie.



May 18, 1961

After complimenting Mrs. Emily Skeates on her appointment as District Deputy of the Rebekah Lodges, she said to me, "I hope that I can handle the job

well. I will try to remember what I heard an Oddfellow official say - It's nice to be important but it's more important to be nice." Mrs. Skeates, being thoroughly nice, will, I know, give her best to this important post to which she will be commissioned at Grand Lodge in June.

As a sainted teacher of the writer of this article on gloves' etiquette once said: "A lady is never seen on the street without gloves." But the rules for wearing gloves when indoors are far less rigid: A woman should take off her gloves before starting to smoke, drink or eat. They should be removed as soon as one is seated at a dining table and laid in the lap. Never leave on long ones with tips tucked back into the wrists during a meal. At dances and receptions, and this includes going through a receiving line, one leaves on her gloves while dancing but takes them off or tucks them back to smoke, drink or freshen make-up. Bracelets are worn outside of long gloves, but never rings.

Mrs. William McKenna (Harriet Wigle) sent a clipping of "Achievement Day; Highpoint for 4-H" from the Fort Pierce, Florida, paper. In an accompanying picture were the two winners in the dressmaking class for long formal gowns. They were her daughter Mary and Barbara McDowell. Harriet wrote: "Am sending the enclosed clipping from our Fort Pierce daily paper because, to me, it proves that no matter who you are, you always meet someone who knows someone you do. Mary, as you know, is the granddaughter of Mrs. Roy L. Wigle. Barbara is the daughter of Paul McDowell, who went to school with Mrs. Edgar Hutchinson of Amherstburg. There are 27 4-H Clubs in St. Lucie County with a membership of about 500 girls. It seems odd that these two girls should be the 2 top 4-Hers and that, actually, their families have known each other for years. Barbara's Aunt Ruth used to play Bridge with grandfather Colin Wigle in Fort Lauderdale in the 1930s and she is now married to Dr. Fred Hutchinson in California. It is a small world, isn't it."



May 25, 1961

Two big events in our life, the celebration of the 24th of May and the opening of Bob-Lo, are both in the same week this year.

Purists have a hard time. Always getting licked. Not only is the hated word "finalize" still blooming, but it has lately sprouted new variations, a real scratcher being "sizewise." Another horrible invention, which appeared in a recent issue of a financial paper, is "containerization."

A company publication notes some rather staggering statistics relative to public memory of the great events of the first half of the Twentieth Century. Some 71 per cent of the population, it points out, do not remember World War I; 44 per cent don't remember conditions before World War II; 57 per cent have no personal recollection of a major Depression; and 40 per cent can't remember Russia as an active ally during the war.

I was pleased with some of the original pictures done by school children now on display at the McGregor House. Two or three pictures of ships in the channel caught my eye and I wondered why, with the wealth of interest on the river, there weren't more pictures with boats as the subject. "The back of the head of the boy who sits in front of me," was in my opinion the most original picture in the show.

Because of coolness, dampness and intermittent sunshine on Victoria Day, the fun usually associated that day, as far as we were concerned, consisted of a picnic (planned for the park) in the living room with the thermostat registering 73 degrees. According to Leonard Bedal, the wildflowers in the woods - trilliums, jack-in-the-pulpits, violets - were glorious but the sun was so fickle that he found it hard to get pictures.



June 1, 1961

The Harrow Cub pack is having an all-day outing on Pelee Island Saturday and all are going in pirate costumes, including the leaders - clever idea - and all are having a great time in preparation.

Advertising The Lord Jeffery, an hotel in Amherst, Massachusetts, is the following quote: "At The Lord Jeffery you will find excellent food and lodging right on the colorful campus of a busy New England college town. This town is named after General Jeffery Amherst, the British officer who turned the tide against the threatening French invasion in the early 1700s. In gratitude to this British soldier who saved the colonies from conquest the town was named Amherst and to perpetuate the memory of the colonies' benefactor the inn is called The Lord Jeffery." Then follows a dining room specialty - Banana Nut Bread - ½ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 beaten eggs, 3 ripe bananas, mashed, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda (mixed with 3 tablespoons cold water) 1 teaspoon vanilla and ½ cup nutmeats. Cream shortening and sugar until very light. Add beaten eggs and mashed bananas. Sift flour and salt together and add to first mixture. Add soda, vanilla and nutmeats. Bake 1 hour in moderately slow oven (325 degrees). Makes one 9 x 5 loaf. Amherstburg is named for the same General Amherst - as is our High School.

As I was leaving the house Friday morning an A.P.U. employee said, "Put on something warm" - imagine, the 26th of May and was I glad for a woolen dress when I came out of the office at 5 and large flakes of snow were falling. The weather as a topic of conversation is really getting boring, isn't it?

A favorite columnist said, "There is a great moral gulf dividing the man who thinks, 'I am as good as anyone else,' and that man who thinks, 'Everyone is as good as me;' it is terribly easy for most of us to accept the first statement without at all accepting the second as its natural consequence."

"Blessed are they that cooperate with the editor in his effort on behalf of the community, for their community shall be known to all men as a good place to live and do business; Blessed are they who don't think they could run the paper better than the editor does - yea, thrice blessed are they because there are so few of them," said the *Stouffville Tribune*.

Mrs. Elise Sutherland and Bob had a delightful holiday recently at Ocean Drive Beach, South Carolina, at a resort operated and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tilghman (Isabel Gilman of Amherstburg). Mrs. Sutherland said that it certainly was a nice spot - not too far away to get the sun, the swimming, the rest and good food spots all around the area.



June 8, 1961

I hope that all of you read the article in last week's *Echo* on "Canada - Be Proud of Flat" - it expressed my sentiments exactly.

A visitor from the British Isles, after being in Amherstburg for several weeks, made the observation that "Canadian women don't go out with their husbands." A similar impression to the one made by the Dutch woman who, after being here for some weeks, observed that Canadians don't use knives and forks when they eat.

First seasonal naturalist to be assigned to Point Pelee National Park, Rowley Frith of Ottawa, is busy these days sorting out labels which he plans to distribute through the park to help visitors identify its flora - considered unique in Canada because Pelee is in the same latitude as the Carolinas. Mr. Frith has many duties, among which will be an assessment of present-day conditions and what plant life is to be found on Pelee compared to what was found by botanists 50 years ago.

Below a lovely picture of Margaret Callam Goebel of Grand Rapids, formerly of Amherstburg, in one of the Detroit papers recently were the following excerpts from her talk in Detroit at the annual Program Planning Institute. Said Mrs. Goebel, in part: "Clubwomen could take over the Peace Corps and use it to settle some of the problems of Detroit and Michigan and the country if they realized their own strength, several hundred clubwomen were told. I do not like having our young men and women spending our money and going to some other country to clear up its problems," she said. Mrs. Goebel, wife of the newly elected regent of the University of Michigan, a newspaper woman from Grand Rapids, a clubwoman and lecturer on current affairs, is the daughter of the late Captain A.C. Callam and Mrs. Callam of Amherstburg. She asked the women to take a good look at themselves and find out whether their "slips are showing." They are, she said, "if your club does not use its power - if it is not flexible and if it does not have an image of benevolence and kindness." A clubwoman's slip is showing, Mrs. Goebel said, when she comments she doesn't like the vice-president - when she suggests Mrs. So and So should be elected simply because she's been a member a long time - even though she isn't necessarily trained for an executive position.

The book "Hawaii" by James A. Michener was, in my estimation, a monumental work which I thoroughly enjoyed. It is the story of the coming of all the peoples and their descendants who settled on and developed Hawaii - from 810 to the present. Mr. Michener shows the why of the conflict between the east and west and the results of clash of blood - native Caucasian from the missionary families and Chinese, Japanese all tied up in the stories of families and how they helped build the state as we know it now. A fascinating tale, historically correct, which the reader could enjoy and follow because of comprehensive genealogical charts.

Convocation of Assumption University Saturday afternoon was an impressive ceremony. St. Denis Hall was simply packed to the rafters with people there to

see the large graduation class receive degrees - coveted degrees for which the students worked hard and sacrificed, as did their parents or their wives or husbands. Five young men from Amherstburg were among those honored. They certainly accepted the opportunities at hand and made the best of what is offered them. The Amherstburg graduates were William Wilson, B.Sc., son of Mrs. Norman Wilson of Rankin Avenue; Stephen Semeniuk, B. Comm., son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Semeniuk; E. Ewaschuk, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ewaschuk of Edgewater Beach; Frank Dupont, B.Sc., son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dupont; and David Hatch, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hatch.



June 15, 1961

Aisle seat not relinquished - It is entirely proper that you keep your aisle seat at a wedding, no matter who or how many enter the pew later. In other words, pew seats at a wedding (for those guests who come early to get a good seat) are held exactly as reserved seats are held in a theatre - N.B. From Emily Post, not H.M.

York, England, excited - and so were we and so were many, many more even though they wouldn't admit it. Here's the Wire Services' despatch: "York is excited. After all, 633 years is a long time. Not since 1328 - when King Edward III married 14-year-old Philippa of Hainault - has ancient York and its minster (cathedral) been the site of a royal wedding. Thursday, the tall 25-year-old Duke of Kent married blonde, blue-eyed Miss Katharine Worsley, 28, the socialite daughter of rich Yorkshire landowner in this city of 110,000 some 180 miles north of London." A storybook romance appeals and the fact that the bride spent

last year in Toronto brings us closer, I think.²

The stucco having been blasted from the exterior of the Tea Garden Restaurant has left a perfectly beautiful old stone house. According to David Botsford, in the 1840s when private individuals and the Public School supporters began to encroach on the commons which took in all the area from the fort to Richmond Street, one of the Borrowman brothers, of the Park and Borrowman mill, built this stone house now owned by Mr. and Mrs. N. Semeniuk. The first public school and a Kirk house (torn down in 1912) were built about the same time. The deed from the government for the school property is on display in the present Public School.



June 22, 1961

Do youngsters nowadays have penpals? Every time I see requests for penpals in the *Christian Science Monitor*, I go back in mind to the lists of requests I used to haunt, looking for a friend to write to overseas, in the old *Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

Mary Stewart is an accomplished writer of excellent tales of mystery with the background of a fine travel book. Lately I read one of hers, entitled, "Madam will you talk?" - the story, a good story too, I thought, was located in the region of Provence in France. In fact, I got out a detailed map of the region to follow the heroine as I became interested in the places described in the well-written tale of suspense.

² Edward, Duke of Kent (1935-), is the son of Prince George (1902-42) who was the fourth son of King George V and Queen Mary.

Following the church service at the Gesto United Church Sunday morning, all the worshipers were invited to lunch at the new United Church camp. I was delighted with the foresight of those behind this presbytery project, and the layout and the buildings to date. It's a sanctuary and campsite indeed for children and adults and a credit to our church and its members.

Today's dresses are simple, so jewelry becomes important. With a single beautiful pin on your sheath, eliminate beads around your neck. If you wear beads, of course, no pin. (I'm the exception to this rule as I need beads to give my clothes a finish, so if I have a pin on my lapel I also have a pearl choker). Stay within the realm of current fashion but never lose sight of your type and bone structure. Heavy jewelry is cumbersome on the delicate woman. Try some of the new "hot pink" jewelry with dead white, dull gold, taupe or avocado. Use a combination of turquoise and green beads on a toast or delicate pink dress. Costume jewelry used with imagination can be fun.

Mrs. Orval Goulin Jr. (Dorothy Shepley) is really making good progress with her correspondence course in art. While her husband was relaxing and viewing TV, she did pencil sketches of him recently and, using the sketches and snaps, did an oil portrait of him for Father's Day. Mrs. Goulin's talent is certainly being developed and she hopes when this course is finished to go into illustrations for magazine stories.



June 29, 1961

After the Rose Show at the McGregor House last Tuesday, I said to Mrs. Harry Brumpton (whose husband judged the prize roses), "It was nice of you to come down." She echoed my ideas when she said, "We loved every minute of the sunset as we drove along the riverfront road. There has been particularly lovely

splashes of color in the west of late."

Apropos to 'Conversation Piece' of last week re penpals: Peggy Hamilton James said that her daughter Jody Brandie has a third-generation penpal. Jody's grandmother Marjorie Park Hamilton started the chain with letters to a penpal in New Zealand. Peggy herself carried it on and now Jody is writing to the granddaughter and her grandmother's penpal.

According to the census takers, the people in our area were courteous and willing to cooperate. According to one census taker, Mrs. Leona B. Amlin, who had the section from Richmond to Calvert to second concession, she never met a finer bunch of people. Every door was opened and she was welcomed. Some even served tea or coffee and asked her to lunch. Editor's note: To be a good citizen is admirable.

B.M. found this prayer in *Guide Posts* and told me that she read it every day - "A prayer for Older People - Father, Thou knowest I am growing older. Keep me from becoming talkative and possessed with the idea that I must express myself on every subject. Release me from the craving to straighten out everyone's affairs. Keep my mind free from the recital of endless detail. Seal my lips when I am inclined to tell of my aches and pains. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be wrong. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom and experience, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want to keep my friends until the end. Amen."



July 6, 1961

Leonard Bedal was watering his garden Friday night when a blackbird, usually

very standoffish, came nearer and nearer the spray. Finally it took a swallow of water, then another and another. Then it actually had a bath before Mr. Bedal could get back to his vegetables.

Here I go again, playing the same old record about the joy of living in a small community. I thought Saturday at the Creery-Marontate wedding, and at the festivities before, that friends - good friends who help in an emergency and know what to do and do it - can certainly ease the pressure of the mother of the bride. I really don't believe that one gets that true-blue help, not superficial but the real "joe work," in a city and that there's that feeling of "your happiness is mine."

"They're for the birds" - can be interpreted literally at our house. For years we've had a cherry tree and have loved the color effect at this time of year when laden with fruit. We don't eat the fruit, the birds do, but we admire red polka dots on the green field.

Girls Water Ballet lessons are to be given by the supervisor, Miss Hinsperger, Saturday mornings at the Lion's Pool. The boys have their Pee Wee League baseball and so, according to Stanley McManemy of the Recreation Commission, the girls are to have water ballet. I've seen swimmers go through the routines to music and it's lovely and good training.

The author of "Hawaii," James Michener, would be very flattered by the way I read his book for pleasure, savoring the beauty of the written word. By the new reading method W.P.M. (words per minute), a person who uses this method can read "Hawaii" in 29 minutes. This W.P.M. is becoming the conversation piece of our time, where I've been anyway - and I was reading that "rapid reading classes have replaced psychiatry as an emotional and social outlet."



July 13, 1961

The quiet time of our summer - the Shasta daisy and Madonna lily time - is at hand and the indoor arrangements give a cool look, I think, to the living room.

"I found what wonderful things reading can do," said Robert Darling, Jr., a 17-year-old reading wizard. Robert, a high school senior, demonstrated his skill to the National Education Association's convention in Atlantic City. He and Louise Mahru, also of Wilmington, read 120 pages of a book in three minutes and then were questioned 20 minutes on the content of what they read. They passed all tests with flying colors. Robert said the skill he possesses is "a basic training of eye movement: You move your eyes down the page, taking in concepts and thoughts, instead of individual words." This skill, Robert said was learned under the guidance of Evelyn Wood, the founder of the Reading Dynamics Institute.

I wish our American friends would change their money into Canadian currency before they come into our country or at the port of entry and then there wouldn't be the "big bad wolf Canadians." Travellers abroad always go into a country with currency of that country, so why should not our tourists?

Mrs. Henry Jacomb, now of Frankfurt Main, Germany, formerly of Amherstburg, wrote to H.M. last week as follows:- "I read the small paper edited by the *Stars and Stripes and Overseas Weekly* and many of their items are interesting. I thought you might also be interested and no doubt could use a few in your chatterbox corner of the *Echo*. We are both fine and returned from England and Paris last Tuesday. We had a wonderful twelve days. England was just like going home, as my grandparents all came from there. It is a beautiful country. Paris we found very delightful, with so much beauty it's hard to describe. In England we visited the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey with all its splendor and history buried within. We also were fortunate enough to have friends with us who were relatives of a lawyer and member of the House of

Commons who gave us passes to sit in the sessions while in progress. We saw the changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. Hank met his dad's brother's family for the first time. They have the only boys in the Jacomb family, twins, eight-years-old, one red-head and the other brown. This morning we talked to Mary Richards from Amherstburg and will see her Saturday. We also had Keith Tofflemire and his little German bride of last June visit us in March. We were living in Darmstadt at that time. Keith is just as quiet and Karen speaks English perfectly, a very charming girl. His mother (Mrs. May Parks Tofflemire), I know, will be very proud of his choice. They are stationed in Baden, Baden. We have been to Munich twice since February by car. Germany is such a beautiful country to me it reminds me of the many storybooks we read as children. We stayed overnight in Nuernberg, the city where the war crimes were investigated. We also stopped at Dachau concentration camp on our way back from Munich last April. Everything there is the same, only now they have planted flower beds, etc., in and around the places where so much suffering took place. It's hard to believe humans could be so sadistic, but it's all there for proof. We are looking forward to being in Heidelberg July 22nd, they have the relighting of the castle three times each year. They claim it is a beautiful sight from the river below.



July 20, 1961

Three young people from Harrow, England, wrote to Mayor Leslie Ounsworth of Harrow, Ontario, recently asking for pen pals.

Sorry to say to friends with whom I discussed the following, I told you so - in a letter to a Toronto daily newspaper a U.S. visitor brings out a point that the Ontario Department of Travel and Publicity, Chambers of Commerce and other tourist agencies have been battling against for years. He writes as follows: "I would like to thank the people of Ontario and Quebec for making my holiday so

enjoyable. You Canadians are the politest and friendliest people I have yet met on my many trips. But why do so many business establishments name their businesses after U.S. places, fly the U.S. flag and serve U.S. foods? The average U.S. tourist comes to Canada to see things and eat foods he cannot see or eat back home. When he comes up to Canada he sees 'Old Glory' flying from every flag pole, restaurants featuring Southern Fried Chicken and Idaho potatoes. If things are going to be the same here as back in the States then we might as well stay home."

Talking to Dr. Daniel Jones [of] Rapid Reading, with which he has been experimenting for several years and he assures of its value and retentiveness. He's an authority on Rapid Reading Development and is keen on his findings for the purpose to which they are applied in business.

When I think of my teaching days I must have been somewhat of a sadist and actress combined in present-day standards. True, because all this criticism of the old nursery tales amuses me when I think of the way I'd tell the story of Epaminondas (I'd be put in a strait jacket now by education authorities) and enact the end of the story by high-stepping the front of the room full of awestruck children, "and he stepped right in the middle of every pie." The little realists of today along with the teacher would have chorused, "Aw, nuts." To be serious, I don't believe fantasy or make-believe hurt those children one little bit and they didn't consider the stories lies, just fairy tales which gave everyone enjoyment.



July 27, 1961

Mrs. Mildred Russell, principal of the Oxley Public School and regional adviser of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, flew with a group of Canadians to Africa on Saturday. They, representatives of Canadian business and

cultural life, will visit seven African countries on the U.N.E.S.C.O. (United Nations Educational Scientific Cultural Organization) tour. Mrs. Russell told me last Tuesday that they are to bring greetings to the African nations visited with gift certificates.

Russ Renaud brought in an old Liberty Theatre advertisement for Jack Holt in "Call of the North," which he had found behind an old bar in the Amherst Hotel when they were tearing it away. We were the printers for those quarter-sheet bills and the whole layout was interesting. The ad brought to mind that that same Jack Holt who made the ladies hearts go thumpity thump is a cousin of Dr. Henry T. Holt, Sandwich Street.



August 3, 1961

In the coincidence department, Anne Evans of Brampton, niece of the Misses Alex and Norma Hackett, is travelling in Europe this summer. In Paris she met Noel Bennet-Adler, formerly of Amherstburg, who is studying at the Sorbonne this summer.

For weeks I have thought of the fine band tattoo held in the town park. The weather was perfect and our tree-lined park with the lights and shadows is beautiful at night. The Amherstburg Band is a credit to this community and most of its success is due to the strong band committee. Having worked with youth groups through the years, I can appreciate what a strong parents' committee can do. If leaders have support - moral, financial and working - they do a better job and so do the children. I liked the drummers of the Amherstburg Band that night, nice, nice beat, and the lights-out number was a highlight in my estimation.



August 10, 1961

Johnny Can Read

Our children and the written
Word,
Are strangers in video fog;
But at one point the critics
Erred -
They all can read the TV log!
- C. M. Rehms

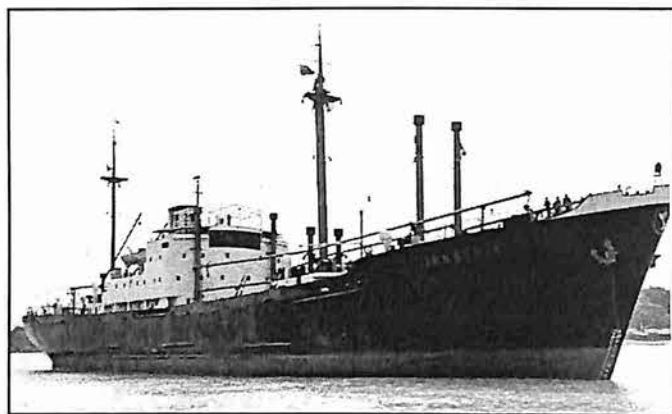


August 17, 1961

When Mr. and Mrs. W.K. Sidey were in Central, Wyoming, at a campsite, they saw an Ontario car at a table nearby and after questioning the driver found she was Mrs. Jack Heaton (Viva Halstead of Harrow) and her children, who are taking a trip to Victoria.

The children up our street are delighted that Forest Grayer is back again this summer selling corn and melons from his horse-drawn wagon. The clippety-clip of the horse's hooves is a foreign noise to most of the children and they laugh with glee at the horse, which several knew only from T.V.

A fortnight ago I saw the quarters constructed for the sidewalk superintendents, who want to watch the work progress of the new Michigan Consolidated Gas Co. in Detroit. Whoever thought of that idea had not only a heart but a warm sense of humor. That same day we went to Metropolitan Beach, which was a surprise and delight. In Chemical Row on the Canadian side of the



German freighter *Innstein*, first foreign vessel to dock at Amherstburg's government dock (to pick up Aylmer catsup), July 1961.

Marsh Historical Collection, P4253



Swedish freighter *Otis*, second foreign vessel to dock at Amherstburg's government dock (to pick up Aylmer catsup), August 1961.

Marsh Historical Collection, P4252

St. Clair River, south of Sarnia, the red ensign was the only flag in evidence and it was a thrill, as I am sure it must be to the Americans, to look across river to another country and see that country's flag being proudly flown all along the shore. I feel that that's what the tourists to our country want.

"I told you so" is insidious - All the bitterness when the government dock extension was proposed and built a few years ago seems to have been forgotten (as it should be) now that two overseas freighters have come into the port of Amherstburg to pick up catsup made here

from home grown tomatoes.



August 24, 1961

I've decided that I'm one of those "Like me, like my river" people, for when a man said to me last week, "I don't care one bit for the river, I'd rather have the north," I saw red. Silly me, that's his opinion and it's as good for him as mine is for me.

In the Women's World! This fall we'll see shorter sleeves, longer gloves, return of the part in hair, jersey and knitted everything for us.

From the number of children registered at the Daily Vacation Bible School sponsored by St. Andrew's Presbyterian and Wesley United Churches, I'll repeat my contention, the school holidays are too long. Maybe in time money will be available to shorten the summer holidays in some way, in fact some schools in the Toronto area are experimenting with a project, along cultural lines. To go back, the zero hour in the holiday time has been reached for present, and children alike so I think the Bible School is very well timed.



August 31, 1961

The tragic death of a 14-year-old lad in Colchester South who was driving along the highway in his new "go cart" - home-built small car with a motor on it - brought to my mind an experience we had lately with these hazardous mobile units beloved of the young boys. We were coming south over the Brunner Mond bridge at 10:30 one evening when we met a "go cart" or "gas buggy" or "scooter"

without lights going north over the bridge. Imagine our horror to come upon this toy car buzzing along without lights. Nothing happened except frayed nerves, fortunately. But those youngsters were flirting with death and breaking the law.

We, the 1961 business people of Amherstburg, feel that we are as progressive as the day after tomorrow. Our modern methods of community drive, spirit and merchandising are as good as anywhere in the county. Sometimes, though, I feel that we lose sight of essentials, that there's too much of the "go it alone" attitude; the lack of a Chamber of Commerce is responsible for that, I think. To get to the point, this very week back in 1941, the *Echo* told of a large swim meet at the waterworks dock, a band tattoo (2000 in attendance) for the Smokes Fund and a big farewell dinner for Capt. McQueen when he left for the navy. All three sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce and all giving a warm community feeling. No money made but lots of good feeling.

On page one of the *Victoria, B.C., Daily Times*, August 23 edition, was a hot spot, the story of the 10-year-old Captain Kidd of Bellecreft Beach who claimed a boat as salvage she had found floating in Lake Erie "just like they do on television." The despatch was taken from the wire service filed Amherstburg, Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Gabus brought the paper home with them from Victoria where they were startled to read of their hometown when so far away.

The production of "Henry VIII" in the Stratford Festival Theatre Saturday thrilled us (also Inspector Les Harris of the Ontario Provincial Police and Mrs. Harris, now of Mount Forest, formerly of Amherstburg, whom we met there by accident). I was so interested in the period of Henry's life in the play that Sunday morning I found an old "Child's History of England" by Charles Dickens which was used by Dad when he started his teaching career at S.S. No. 15 in Moore Township, Lambton County, about 1895. And I found reading Henry's life and times a good way to relax after a stimulating play. The dust in the house was still there waiting for me when I finished the chapters and with thoughts of Cardinal

Wolsey, Queen Katherine, Anne Boleyn and Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, etc., etc., running through my head, the household jobs became easier.



September 7, 1961

Of interest to Amherstburg friends is the fact that Baron Atom, a 4-year-old pacing colt bred by Max Webster of Brantford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Webster of Oldcastle, formerly of Webster Motors, won the Canadian Cup at Old Woodbine on Saturday evening. Max had sold the colt just 3 months ago for \$6000.



September 14, 1961

A self portrait in oils of Mrs. C.L. Affleck in the showing of local artists at the Harrow Fair was most interesting to me. Mrs. Affleck has a decided talent for portraiture.

Have talked to two young mothers of very young children lately. Both had transistor radios tucked under the babies' covers and sweet music lulled the babies as they were wheeled along.

Flower lovers in the area have a treat in store this weekend when the annual Flower Show of the Fort Malden Horticultural Society is to be held Saturday and Sunday at the McGregor House.

The sunsets have been beautiful of late but the most glamorous of all was that spectacular last Wednesday right after the rain, or during part of it because of the

double rainbows, when a palette of mauve, blue, gold was splashed across the west and the setting sun. The park lawn looked like green velvet and we were bewitched with the effect.

As far as my memory goes back, a Mrs. D.S. Clarke of Sombra has been exhibiting at the Harrow Fair. Time was when she brought trunkloads of entries in class after class and took home many prizes. I wondered about her this year and much to my delight there was her name again, but only for a very few exhibits.

Billy McMillan, son of Col. and Mrs. Alexander McMillan (Margaret McGregor) as a young man wanted to be a minister but became sidetracked along the way and after college and marriage went into business. But his first idea of what was best for him became a definite goal a few years ago when he decided to enter theological school. He finished and was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in June. His grandparents lived in the McGregor House, North Dalhousie Street.



September 21, 1961

The master commentator for the Will-O-Way Apprentice Theatre professional workshop starting October 9th in Bloomfield Hills will be Vincent Price, state, motion-picture and television actor. "Bink" has been in Italy making a picture this summer and his brother Mort lived in his home in Beverly Hills. When in Rome "Bink" met a friend of Miss Eugenie Thompson - small world?

On an air trip from the British Isles to Canada a fortnight ago, smart young matron travelled without a hat. I, who still belong to the "special travelling clothes" group of old fogies didn't even raise my eyebrows very high - trying to

keep up with the moderns.

Dahlias were developed in 1791 by the botanist Dahl - and the showing of several varieties of this very old flower at the Flower Show Saturday delighted me as much as a brand-new flower would. There were entries of the giant, strong colored blooms from J.G. Parks' garden in Malden and from the late Harry Bailey's garden. These large voluptuous specimens were from old bulbs (30, 35 and 40 years old), I was told. Then there were dainty, smaller, newly-developed blooms, perfect in color and form, which could be used for indoor use much more easily than their large-sized cousins. The show was good, nicely arranged in pleasant surroundings and showed the interest and capabilities of the amateur gardeners in town.



September 28, 1961

When J.G. Parks of Malden was in Chester, England, early this Spring, he bought some aster seeds and airmailed them home to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Marwood Parks. Mrs. Parks planted them and when Mr. Parks returned early in June he transplanted them and they are blooming beautifully at the moment. In fact, Miss Bessie and I are enjoying a bouquet this week, graceful asters in lovely shades of purple, wine, shocking pink, pale pink and white.



"The town's done nothing for us," flared friend to me - my reaction is, "What have you done for the town?"

Amherstburg was founded in 1796 - the oldest street in the town is River

Street from Richmond to Gore, parallel to Dalhousie, now the alley between Coopers and the river. Amherstburg has lots of charm but in the past few years there have been architectural eyesores built, not in keeping with the early Amherstburg period. Our idea is that with a thoughtful and informed committee we could have modernity plus ideas showing our heritage, not living in the good old days, but in charming surroundings incorporating the beauty and charm of the old days. I feel that the boat-reporting station is only the beginning of a future riverside area made up of gardens, specialty shops on old River Street, etc. Too idealistic you say; surely not, we've got something intangible here now and planners of the future should use what we have as a beginning and enlarge. We are proud of our heritage and why not bring out and incorporate the best of both races - French and British - in many ways to create and promote interest for those of us who live here and those who come to us.

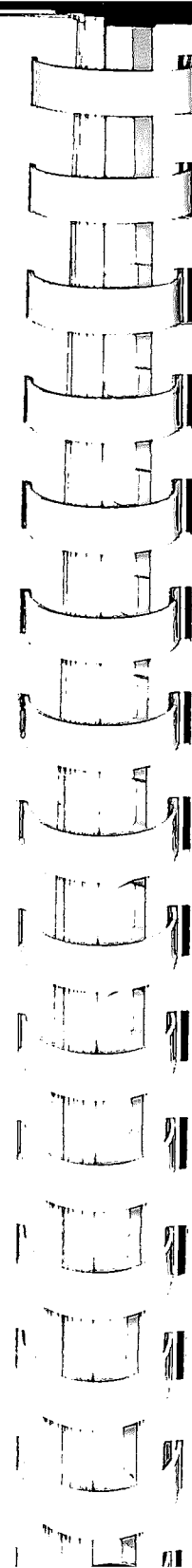


October 5, 1961

Somebody slipped up in setting the date of the Cavalcade of Color in Muskoka this year. Those who went up north last Sunday found the leaves still as green as in summer.

Not too cold for comfort if prepared. As an outdoor eating spot our lovely park is tops. Sunday was cold and sharp, but bright, and two couples came to the park for supper. They laid a cloth and did things rather nicely for a picnic, I thought, but through the preparations and meal one of the women wore a fur jacket.

Customs of other years - when Mrs. Charles Fortier passed away last week, it was noted that she passed away in the home in which she had been born - the old James Campeau House. Her father built that spacious home and furnished it



grandly with exquisite pieces of furniture which the Fortiers used all their lives, as did her parents. Then to give identity and pride of location her father had "James Campeau" stamped in the cement walk leading to the front steps and it's still there for those who hadn't known this custom to see.³ When I was little, many homes were marked thusly but the need has gone with the times.



October 12, 1961

Gregory Clark, a Toronto columnist, deplored the passing of a cultural form of Canadian life, the pickling art. Certainly pickling is not done as extensively as of yore, but it is done by the occasional housewife and the smell while in process of making is delectable, the color in the finished product lovely and the taste, nothing like it. I have some bread and butter pickles which friend made this fall so, as far as she is concerned, that art is being practised - and well.

The welfare program of Kuwait, the tiny oil-rich sheikhdom on the Persian Gulf, presents a sewing machine to every girl when she finishes a course in dressmaking.

On your feet, housewives! The theory that sitting down on the job saves energy does not have a leg to stand on, the U.S. Agriculture Department reported last week. The department's home economist said their tests show women burn more energy if they sit down to wash dishes, roll dough and to lift kitchen utensils from counter to shelves. Housewives who perch on a stool over the ironing board or kitchen sink, for example, use up 4 per cent more energy than if they did their work standing. Rolling dough while sitting requires 9 per cent more energy - not

³ The house was on the west side of Apsley (Sandwich) Street just north of Simcoe Street and was torn down in recent years (*circa* 2004).

counting the energy expended in getting off the stool.

Essex County is certainly blessed with "plenty of the land" this year - and a drive in the warm, bright Thanksgiving weather certainly showed much for us to be thankful for. A wonderful spot, this Essex County and I love every inch of it - even when the humidity is high.

As we drove in Blenheim Sunday we saw a young woman sunbathing at the river in a bathing suit. This made me sound off on a point which has bothered me for ages. Why oh why do we women dress for the season and not the weather? Why wouldn't a light cotton dress have been better for a warm Thanksgiving Sunday than a dark wool? Why on a hot Thursday, October the 5th should I wear a suit and a hat and gloves to Windsor when a dark cotton would have been more comfortable?



October 19, 1961

It is just too bad that Mrs. Frank McGee had the misfortune to slip and break her ankle as everything was ready for their diamond wedding anniversary on Monday.

The remark was made by a European after having been the dinner guest of a family here, that much to his surprise the children at the table didn't know what cutlery to use. And I said, since the T.V. and since many houses are built without dining rooms, and because of the family's activities and hurry and scurry, eating habits have changed with many people here. It is the times that have changed the manners of many - and I don't like it anymore than the friends from Europe.

Mrs. John Fisher of Dearborn, Bernice Fox of Amherstburg, was in the office

and said that last year was a happy one for her, as on October 9th and 10th she became a great-grandmother and a grandmother and both mothers were in the same hospital home.



October 26, 1961

Last week after Anna Alexander Webb passed away in Detroit, the deceased's sister, Miss Ethel Alexander, brought me (who has always known the Alexanders well) a maple leaf in all its autumnal splendor from a tree on the Alexander property which has grown from a seed planted on the day Mrs. Webb was born, May 28, 1890, by her maternal grandfather, Mr. Crawford.

The cancellation of the Guides' and Brownies' trip to London (planned for next Thursday) because of the illness of Lady Baden Powell was a real disappointment. Not so much because they wouldn't see the Chief Guide but because of the train ride. This goes for many leaders too who have never had a train ride because they were brought up in the auto age. My suggestion for a future trip for any of the youth organizations would be to Chatham and back - leaving Windsor about 10:00 a.m. and returning to Windsor at 2:30 p.m. The children could earn their fare and take their lunch and their pleasure would be great.

Last week there was more late copy than we at the *Echo* office were able to handle. As a consequence several columns of real live news had to be left out. We here at the office are very sorry for the situation which arose. The news will be published this week with our apologies. Many of you readers don't realize that the second section, including the Women's Page, is printed on Tuesday, so we would be grateful if meetings of the week before could be in our hands Friday, Saturday or Monday, so our linotype, with its voracious appetite, can be fed.

Our beautiful warm blue, gold, green and red late October weather with its long shadows, lush flowers, glorious sunsets and night skies makes many of us want to express its beauty and our feelings in words if we can't do it on canvas.

I was interested in the answer to the question, "Do some people affect bad manners?" because I have felt they do or excuse themselves by saying, "I never conform," which must make them mighty uncomfortable at times. A psychiatrist answering the question above said - "Yes, the blatant disregard for good manners is an expression of contempt and hostility toward individuals who are expected to be shocked or offended. Using vulgar language, obtrusive carelessness in dress, etc., are means of saying to the offended persons that you do not consider their worth or opinions important. This type of insecure individual is afraid of friendships and resorts to rudeness to convince himself that he doesn't care."



November 2, 1961

One of our most thoughtful men in public life here in Essex County said to me on Saturday, "Success is measured by the amount of time a man can spend on his family."

I saw the red poppies growing on the Vimy Ridge and saw the crosses "row on row" so from actual experience I realize the significance of Poppy Day.

In the Spring when President Kennedy was in Ottawa, Constable Gerry Bornais, R.C.M.P., and some of the F.B.I. men in the president's party became so friendly that Gerry and his fiancée were invited by the president to Washington to spend their honeymoon - and the couple is there this week.

From the pen of Nan Shepley in Winnipeg came "Whistle on the Wind,"

which mother and I enjoyed. It is a story through the eyes of the heroine who gave up the comforts of civilization for life in the wilds of Northern Manitoba in the late 1920s. Her husband was working on the railroad nobody believed could be built through 1200 miles of forest and frozen wasteland from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay. Although the story characters are fictional, most of the background, many events and many of the personalities are drawn from life - and the nurse in one of the sequences lives in Flin Flon now - wonder if the Greenaways knew her when they lived in Flin Flon.



November 9, 1961

As we were driving to Harrow last Tuesday, I saw a long row of purple cabbage in front of a green hedge. The effect was startling and the color combination lovely for a fall outfit.

In the coincidence department - Seeing Mounties in their red dress uniform with their sabres arched after a marriage ceremony in Ottawa, a young couple and their three children who were passing by stopped to look at the colorful recessional; when the young mother got up close to the wedding party she exclaimed, "Why it's Gerry Bornais!" She, formerly Miss Polewske of Harrow, had taught Gerry here at St. Rose High School several years ago.



November 16, 1961

As a Malden Home and School project, Mrs. Owen Malott is giving a course in ballroom dancing to the Grade 7 and 8 pupils of the Malden Central Public School for an hour after school on Wednesday. This course is simply to acquaint

the young dancers with the basic steps and to give them confidence in themselves in the social dance. I was delighted with the idea, as I feel that it's never too early to develop a sense of time and rhythm and in later life these children will be very grateful for this opportunity.

The executive of the Fort Malden Horticultural Society at its meeting last Tuesday night decided that the section of Laird Avenue to be planted this Fall will be done in memory of Al Horne, who served the society so well as president, Flower Show chairman and in many other capacities. This section will be suitably marked as a memorial.

In the snowstorm last Wednesday morning the river was steel grey and the ageratum, that lively periwinkle garden flower, looked lovelier than ever in the south garden as it braved the snow.

On November 19, 1875, Messrs. John A. Auld and W.D. Balfour published the first edition of the *Amherstburg Echo*. And it is with a great deal of pride that we here at the office are preparing for another birthday on Sunday. The *Echo* has seen, taken part in and recorded the economic and social changes in our lives in this area for the past 87 years and it is to be hoped that the Centennial will find it as vigorous as it was in 1874 and is in 1961.

Was pleased to hear Mrs. Harold Thrasher's name over the Bud Guest program Monday morning. Mrs. Thrasher of Harrow had written to the program telling of perfect bridge hands, the information for the coincidence department.



November 23, 1961

When the Tiefenbach-Johnson wedding party was driving to Tecumseh

Saturday after the ceremony to get their pictures taken, they had a flat tire. Along the road came four hunters and seeing their predicament, everyone in wedding attire, changed the tire and wouldn't even let anyone out of the car during the repair job. Such kindness and thoughtfulness can't be repaid except with grateful thanks.

The Anderdon Central School has several of its pupils placed in businesses around the area for a few hours each day. Giving them practical experience in the business world along with their academic training when they get back to school. A modern approach to education certainly - and I understand one of the lads who is "in training" at a shop near the *Echo* office is doing very well.

The beauty of these brisk, bright November days is still making news, the *Star* Monday said, T(r)opical. For years, Paul Klie of Colchester has produced sweet corn in October, but this is the first time he's had it in November and he had some until last week. The corn was planted on same field which produced a crop of early potatoes, after the spuds were taken off.



November 30, 1961

Darwin E. Wismer of Anderdon parked his giant red truck in front of the office - and I was amused at the "Miss Ethel" on the hood (his wife is Ethel Harmon) and the "and Son" on the door, the son being 14 months old.

You can buy in Amherstburg if you look. One friend happened to be in one of Canada's largest stores in Toronto and bought a hat for \$10.95. Another friend bought the very same hat here in Amherstburg for \$6.95. - True story, happened in the summer of 1961.

Sunday at 1:30 p.m. was a very nice day to walk in the sun, imagine! I walked for several blocks with coat unbuttoned and without hat or scarf and was comfortable and delighted in the clearness of the day - the day, November 26th.

John Palmer, a former General High School teacher, now of Kemptville, had an article entitled, "It's tough being tall" in last week's *Star Weekly*. Mr. Palmer and two of his children were pictured on the cover also.

Tom Hamilton with his fine voice and acting ability brought honor to himself, his family and his town with his portrayal of the role of Marco, a gondolier in "The Gondoliers" at the opening night of the Windsor Light Opera Association's presentation in Windsor Saturday.

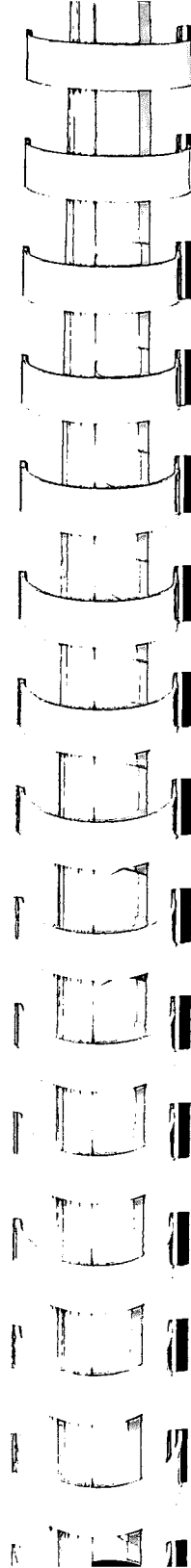


December 7, 1961

On Friday, I picked up a sparrow's egg on our walk which had evidently been blown from a nest.

I had a front row off-centre seat last Thursday for the T.V. production of "Victoria Regina" and was thrilled with Julie Harris' character study of Queen Victoria. To my mind it was a memorable show, a brilliant portrayal of Victoria from a princess of 18 to a Queen of 78, showed wonderful direction and unbelievable art of make-up.

The mothers of the Guides and Brownies are planning a Twelfth Night celebration in Amherstburg, similar to the traditionally English festival of the burning of the Yule Log. The burning of the Christmas greens, ending the holiday season, should make for a delightful ceremony.



December 14, 1961

The first snow Saturday night sparked laughter and fun in our neighborhood for older and younger children; in fact, some were looking over the hills at the fort in anticipation. The beauty of the snow-covered world was short-lived but satisfactory to the eye, looking from indoors outside, while it lasted.

When a representative of the Department of Education was in Amherstburg speaking to the members of the Fort Malden Society of Arts and Crafts, he suggested field trips for the members. Living as we do on the outer edge of large centres, he spoke of visits to the Detroit Institute of Arts and even the Toledo Institute of Arts. Even in the "good old days," trips like that were stimulating and informative. When Mamie Roadhouse Nicholson was in the office recently we talked of the excursions we had to the Detroit Institute of Arts when she, Shirley Menzies, Kathleen Pettypiece and others were in my Sunday School class. The trips were worthwhile, even the streetcar ride up Woodward was fun, as I remember it.

In the women's department: I agree with Gloria Swanson, the actress, who says, "For the mature woman a sleeve to the mid-arm or ending at the elbow is much younger-looking than a long one" and "A mature woman looks better with a neckline away from throat," for, as Miss Swanson says, "as we get older our necks get shorter and our feet bigger." She might have been talking about H.M.



December 21, 1961

This happy day we would like to say, "A wonderful Christmas to you."

"Down with 'Xmas'," says the *Streetsville Review*. A happy development over recent years has been the steady decline in the use of the term "Xmas." "Xmas" goes hand in hand with cash registers, sales slips, bills, money, pink-painted evergreens masquerading as the original thing, fat jolly bewhiskered Santa Claus together with Donner, Dasher, Comet and company. Our suggestion would be that if we must have a contraction like this, then we should go all the way and make it what it is - "\$mas." The name of the religious observance is Christmas. Let's keep it that way.

Agree with E.T.C. I, too, like any concert in which children perform. The scared enthusiasm of the children and the effort to do their "pieces" right please me no end. Went to the C.G.I.T.⁴ candlelighting service in the United Church Sunday night and came away with a nice warm feeling toward the girls and the young leaders. A good way to start a busy week.



⁴ Canadian Girls in Training

Name Index

- | | |
|---|---|
| Affleck | Bangs, Nathan, 33 |
| C.L., Mrs., 119 | Barclay |
| Doris, 68 | Nancy, 44 |
| Edward, 61 | Robert, Mrs. (née Virginia Trimble), 44 |
| Alexander | Barrett House, 60 |
| Anna. <i>See</i> Webb, Anna (Alexander) | Bastien |
| Ethel, 125 | Edmond, 96 |
| Alford | Edmond, Mrs., 96 |
| Agnes (Hackett), 4-5 | Ferman, 28 |
| Jud, 4-5 | Pat, Mrs., 24 |
| Amherst, Jeffrey, Gen., 103 | Beaudoin, Marilyn (Gibb), 9 |
| Amlin, Leona B., 109 | Bedal |
| Anderson, David, Mrs. (née Secord), 85 | Leonard, 30, 102, 109-110 |
| Angstrom, L.C., Mrs., 7 | Mable. <i>See</i> Pouget, Mable (Bedal) |
| Astaire, Fred, 35 | Bedal house, 96-97 |
| Atkin | Beneteau, Fred, Mrs., 16 |
| Don, 53 | Bennet-Adler, Noel, 114 <i>plus</i> |
| Norman, 32 | Benny, Jack, 42 |
| Norman, Mrs., 32 | Bernard, Paul, 97 |
| Auld, John A., 128 | Bertrand |
| | Drifford, 88 |
| Baden Powell, __, Lady, 125 | Drifford, Mrs., 88 |
| Bailey | Bethune, Mary McLeod, 79 |
| __, Mrs., 14 | Bezaire, Melville A., Capt., 79 |
| Barbra, 44, 51 | Birney, Earle, 40 |
| Bill, 14 | Blue, Ben, 42 |
| Harry, 121 | Bondy |
| Linda. <i>See</i> Delmore, Linda (Bailey) | Bob, 50 |
| Yvonne (Teeter), 45-46, 65, 83 | Catherine, 33 |
| Baillargeon, Victoria, 22 | Joseph, 33 |
| Baillie | Leonard, 33 |
| Bruce, 63 | Bonsor, Charles, Mrs., 8 |
| Cathy, 75 | Bornais, Gerry, 126, 127 |
| Balfour, W.D., 128 | |

Borrowman, Minnie, 24
 Borrowman brothers, 107
 Botsford
 Alan, 51
 Andrew, 51
 Andrew, Mrs., 51
 David P., 57, 107
 Brandaranaike, Sirima, Mrs., 62
 Brandie
 Jamie, 48
 Jody, 48, 109
 Peggy (Hamilton). *See* James, Peggy
 (Hamilton) (Brandie)
 Ralph, 48
 Brown
 Bill, Mrs., 32
 M.S., 5
 Murray, 5
 Browning, Red, Mrs., 25
 Brumpton, Harry, Mrs., 108-109
 Busby family, 63
 Butt, Elmer, Mrs., 52, 59-60

 Calderwood, I.F., Mrs., 12
 Callam
 A.C., Capt., 105
 A.C., Mrs., 105
 Margaret. *See* Goebel, Margaret
 (Callam)
 Campeau
 —. *See* Fortier, Charles, Mrs.
 James, 122-123
 Cavan
 William, 52
 William, Mrs., 79-80
 Charette, James, 42-43
 Cherrie, William, Mrs., 94

 Chittenden, John, 57
 Clark
 Bob, 46
 Fern, 46
 Gregory, 123
 Clarke, D.S., Mrs., 120
 Columbus, Christopher, 16
 Coste house, 55-56, 57
 Coughlin, Claire, 44, 95
 Courtney, —, Mrs., 69
 Crawford, —, 125
 Creery, [David], 110
 Crutcher, A., 82
 Cunningham, Mary. *See* Duff, Mary
 (Cunningham)

 Daley, John, 60
 Danby, William, Mrs., 74
 Darling, Robert Jr., 111
 Davidson, Joyce, 21-22
 Davies, J.A., Dr., 82
 Delmore
 Linda (Bailey), 45-46
 Mary Elaine, 46
 Roy, 45-46, 65
 Deslippe, Mary Ann, 41
 Dickens, Charles, 118
 Diefenbaker, John, Mrs., 21
 Dingle, Leo, 29
 Dinsdale
 Walter, Hon., 86
 Walter, Mrs., 86
 Dodd, Dorothy, Dr., 8-9
 Dodds, John, Mrs., 70-71 (née Jean
 McGregor)
 Douglas, Paul, 32
 Dube, Harry, Mrs., 28, 78

Duff
 Henry G., 63
 Mary (Cunningham), 63
 Duffield, Wally, 88
 Duke of Kent. *See* Edward, Duke of Kent
 Dupont
 Frank, 106
 Stanley, 52, 106
 Stanley, Mrs., 52, 106

 Edinborough, Duke of, 54, 63. *See also*
 Philip, Prince
 Edison, Thomas, 35
 Edward, Duke of Kent, 106-107
 Edward III, King, 106
 Eisenhower, Dwight, Mrs., 24, 34
 Elizabeth, Queen, 19, 20, 21, 23-24, 28,
 59, 62, 63, 65, 99
 Evans, Anne, 114
 Ewaschuk
 E., 106
 Paul, 106
 Paul, Mrs., 106

 Fagnelli, Guido, 4
 Falls
 [Alex.], Rev., 30
 Frank, Mrs., 98
 Hazel, 42, 43
 Tara. *See* Hollowell, Tara (Falls)
 W.S., 42-43
 Ferriss, F.H., 14, 54
 Fisher, John, Mrs. (née Bernice Fox),
 124-125
 Flynn, Jimmy, 11
 Ford, Henry II, Mrs., 50-51

 Fortier, Charles, Mrs. (née Campeau),
 122-123
 Fox
 Bernice. *See* Fisher, John, Mrs.
 John, 7
 Franzell, Carletta, 93
 Frederick, Marshall, 36
 Frisby, Pauline, 93
 Frith, Rowley, 104
 Fry, Gordon, Mrs., 84
 Furkey, James E., 29

 Gabus
 E.A., 118
 E.A., Mrs., 118
 Galloway
 Ralph, 45
 Ralph, Mrs., 45
 Gay, S.T., Mrs. (née Lol Price), 36
 George, Prince, 107
 George V, King, 107
 Gibb
 Bonnie (Trimble), 96
 David, 96
 Marilyn. *See* Beaudoin, Marilyn
 (Gibb)
 Murray, Mrs., 9
 Noble, 96
 Noble, Mrs., 96
 Philip, 100
 Ronald, 96
 Gignac
 Adrian, 22
 Marguerite, 22, 30, 69
 Gilman, Isabel. *See* Tilghman, Isabel
 (Gilman)
 Goebel, Margaret (Callam), 105

Golden
 Betty, 27, 52
 Grant, 27, 52
 Goldovsky, Boris, 30
 Goulin, Orval J. Jr., Mrs. (née Dorothy Shepley), 70, 108
 Grayer, Forest, 115
 Greenaway family, 127
 Grenier, Jack, 17
 Grondin, Louis, 45
 Gurian, Ben, 90

Hackett
 Agnes. *See* Alford, Agnes (Hackett)
 Alex., 114
 Charles, Mrs., 82
 Norman, 114
 Haeblerlin, Paul, 74
 Hollowell, Tara (Falls), 30
 Halstead, Viva. *See* Heaton, Jack, Mrs.
 Hamilton
 Marjorie (Park), 109
 Peggy. *See* James, Peggy (Hamilton)(Brandie)
 Tom, 130
 Hamilton family, 65
 Hanna, [George], Chief of Police, 75
 Hardy, __, Mrs., 9
 Harmon, Ethel. *See* Wismer, Ethel (Hardy)
 Harris
 Julie, 130
 Les, 118
 Les, Mrs., 118

Hart
 E.W., Mrs., 37
 E.W., Rev., 37
 John, 37

Hatch
 David, 106
 Ross, 106
 Ross, Mrs., 106
 Hawes, A.O., Mrs., 55, 59
 Heaton
 Edmund, Mrs., 43, 68
 Howard, 7
 Jack, Mrs. (née Viva Halstead), 115
 Hedges, Henry, Mrs., 68
 Heller, G.C., Dr., 81
 Hinsperger, __, Miss, 110
 Hocevar, [Dorothy], 61
 Hodgman, Flora. *See* Temple, Flora (Hodgman)
 Holt
 Henry T., Dr., 114
 Jack, 114

Horne
 Al. R., 53, 128
 Al. R., Mrs., 29
 Horrobin, [George], 61
 Hough, F.A., Mrs., 30
 Hubbel, Arthur, Mrs., 28
 Hull, Mae, 49
 Hutchinson
 Bruce, Dr., 18
 Edgar, Mrs., 101
 Fred, Dr., 101
 Joanna, 18

Jaber house, 99
 Jackson, Al, Mrs., 74
 Jacomb
 Henry "Hank", 112
 Henry, Mrs., 111-112

James
 Mackenzie, 48
 Peggy (Hamilton) (Brandie), 48-49, 109
 Jeffreys, Charles W., 3, 71-72
 John, Pope, 99
 Johnson, [Marilyn], 128-129
 Jones
 Alana, 63
 Betty, 75
 Cathy, 63
 Daniel, Dr., 113
 Earle S., Mrs., 63, 75
 Harvey, Mrs., 93
 Helen. *See* McCurdy, Helen (Jones)
 Henry, Mrs., 18
 Karen, 18

Karsh, Yousuf, 41
 Kelly
 Eileen. *See* Purdie, Eileen (Kelly)
 John David, 3

Kemp
 Charlie, Mrs., 24
 Dick, Mrs., 3

Kendall, Clair, 63

Kennedy
 Carl, 94
 Carl, Mrs., 94
 Jackie, 68, 86, 90, 92, 93
 John F., Pres., 99, 126
 Joseph, Mrs., 61
 Vernon, 94

Kent, Duke of, 106-107
 King Edward III. *See* Edward, King
 King George V. *See* George V, King
 Kingsley, Gladys, 78

Kitka, Mary
 Klie, Paul, 129
 Knight, Gordon, Mrs., 69

LaLonde
 __, 42
 __, Mrs., 42
 Landers, Ann, 34-35
 Langelles, Mary Lou, 67
 Levergood, Fred, Mrs., 28
 Lewis, Al, Mrs., 85, 88
 Lombardo, Guy, 20
 Lovegrove, __, Miss, 80
 Lovely, Frank, 100

Lozon
 Reg, 64
 Russell, 64-65
 Russell, Mrs., 64-65

MacIntosh, [Eric], 98

Makra
 Fred, 16
 George, 16
 Lorraine, 45
 Matthew, 45
 Matthew, Mrs., 45

Maloney, Fred, Mrs., 76
 Malott, Owen, Mrs., 127-128
 Mandziuk, __, 19
 Manning, Joan. *See* Rothfels, Joan (Manning)
 Margaret, Princess, 49, 50-51, 54, 59

Marontate
 Arnold, 49
 Arnold, Mrs., 49
 Marcia, 27, 110

Marsh

Arthur, 118
Bessie, 23, 30-31, 42, 76, 94, 109, 121
Janet, 3
John A., 2, 46, 56, 72, 93
Mary, Queen, 107
McBride, Hilda, 28
McCallum
George, 51
George, Mrs., 32, 51
Stuart, 51
McCarron, Donald, Mrs., 43
McCarthy
James, Mrs., 79
John R., 12, 90
McCormick, Lillian, 25-26
McCrae, Vernon, Mrs., 78
McCurdy
Alvin, 57
Anna Marie, 79
George D., 79
George D., Mrs., 79
George III, 79
George Jr., 79
George Jr., Mrs, 79
Helen (Jones), 9
Lolly, 79
Marilee, 79
McDowell
Barbara, 101
Paul, 101
McGaffey, M., Mrs., 21, 23, 35
McGee
Ed, 25
Frank, Mrs., 124
James, 25
James, Mrs., 25

McGregor

Jean. *See* Dodds, Jean (McGregor)
Malcolm, 71
Malcolm, Mrs., 14
Margaret. *See* McMillan, Margaret (McGregor)
McKenna
Harriet (Wigle), 81, 101
Mary, 81, 101
W., 81
McKinley, Arthur, Mrs., 59
McLean, George, Mrs., 63
McManemy, Stanley, 110
McMillan
Alexander, Col., 120
Billy, 120
Margaret (McGregor), 120
McNally, A.W., Mrs., 60
McQueen
Earl, Capt., 20, 84
J.E., Mrs., 21, 23, 35, 55, 63, 65, 70, 84
Menzies, Shirley, 131
Merrick, Wendell, 60
Michener, James A., 105, 110
Middleditch
Charles, 71
John, Mrs., 71
Marcelle. *See* Pester, Marcelle (Middleditch)
Mitchell
Gaile, 39
Murray, Mrs. (née Violet Pettypiece), 39
Nakayama, ___, Mrs., 62
Nehru, ___, 55, 62

Nicholson

Carl, 96
Frank, Mrs., 96
Mamie (Roadhouse), 96, 131 (aka Mrs. Carl Nicholson)
Nye
Bill, 52, 95
Lynwood, Mrs., 66
Oblensky, Serge, 77
O'Madden, ___, Miss, 93
Ouellette
Albemi, 85
Edward, 85
W.J., Mrs., 11
Ouellette house, 53
Ounsworth, Leslie, 112
Page, Patti, 90
Paisley
Norman, 46
Thomas, Mrs., 46
Palmer, John, 130
Park, Marjorie. *See* Hamilton, Marjorie (Park)
Park & Borrowman, 107
Parks
J.G., 75, 121
Marwood, Mrs., 121
May. *See* Tofflemire, May (Parks)
Patton house, 53
Pauker, Anna, 62
Penfield, Wilder, Dr., 42
Pester
Marcelle (Middleditch), 71
Norman, 71

Pettypiece

Kathleen, 131
Margaret, 24
Violet. *See* Mitchell, Murray, Mrs.
Philip, Prince, 99. *See also* Edinborough, Duke of
Pierrot, 6
Polewske, ___, Miss, 127
Pope John. *See* John, Pope
Post, Emily, 106
Pouget
[Gerald], 26
Jimmy, 42-43
Mable (Bedal), 26
Prendergast, Joseph, 56
Price
Dick, 65
Hazen, Dr., 65
Hazen, Mrs., 65
Lol. *See* Gay, S.T., Mrs.
Mary (Webster), 65
Mort, 120
Vincent, 27-28, 33, 35-36, 79, 120
Prince George. *See* George, Prince
Prince Philip. *See* Philip, Prince
Princess Margaret. *See* Margaret, Princess
Privat, Paul D., 45
Purdie, Eileen (Kelly), 27, 28
Purdy, Margaret (Wigle), 69
Queen Elizabeth. *See* Elizabeth, Queen
Queen Mary. *See* Mary, Queen
Queen Mother, 70
Reaume
Marc, 48
Walter, Mrs., 85

Rehmus, C.M., 115
 Reimer, Bill, 37
 Renaud
 Edward, Mrs., 75
 Russ, 87-88, 114
 Rhuland, __, 67
 Richards, Mary, 112
 Ridley, Ila, 24
 Riel, Louis, 29
 Roadhouse, Mamie. *See* Nicholson, Mamie
 (Roadhouse)
 Robarts, __, 90
 Robins, Toby, 89
 Robinson, Francis, 84
 Rogers, Belle, 3
 Ross, __, Prof., 31
 Rothfels, Joan (Manning), 73
 Russell, Mildred, 113-114
 Rutherford, Gordon, 57

 Sample
 Stanley, 57
 Stanley, Mrs., 57
 Searle, __, Miss, 3
 Secord
 ___. *See* Anderdon, David, Mrs.
 Laura, 85
 Semeniuk
 Mary-Ann, 36
 N., 106, 107
 N., Mrs., 36, 106, 107
 Stephen, 106
 Shannon
 Dennis, 63
 Frank, 63
 Joseph, 63
 Pat, 63

Shaw, Steve, 57
 Shepley
 Dorothy. *See* Goulin, Orval J. Jr., Mrs.
 Nan, 126-127
 Sheppard, __, Constable, 88
 Sidey
 W.K., 59, 115
 W.K., Mrs., 115
 Sinasac family, 32
 Skeates, Emily, 101-101
 Skuce, Glen, 44
 Smith
 Gerald, 16, 49
 Lorne, 16
 Louise, 16
 Muriel, 79
 Murray [of Chatham], 58-59
 Murray, Mrs. [of Amherstburg], 6, 74
 Richard, 16
 Speidel
 Tom, Dr., 85
 Tom, Mrs., 85
 Spittel, Frank, Mrs., 22, 30
 Squire
 John, 85
 John, Mrs., 15, 85
 Steininger, W.O., Mrs., 30
 Stevenson, A.H., 80
 Stewart, Mary, 107
 Stone
 Raymond, 89
 Raymond, Mrs., 89
 Susan, 89
 Stone house, 53
 Sullivan, Kelly, 63
 Sunyovszky, John, 15

Sutherland
 Bob, 104
 Elise, 2, 104
 Sutton family, 65
 Swanson, Gloria, 34, 131

 Tasky, Alexis, 36
 Taylor, Gladys, 10
 Tchaikovsky, Peter, 7
 Teeter
 __, Mrs., 24
 Yvonne. *See* Bailey, Yvonne (Teeter)
 Temple
 Flora (Hodgman), 66, 71
 Wallace, 66
 Thomas, J. Fred, Mrs., 61, 68
 Thompson
 Andrew E., 90
 Eugenie, 120
 Thrasher
 Harold, Mrs., 128
 Richard D., 21
 Richard D., Mrs., 21, 86
 Tiefenbach, [Peter], 128-129
 Tilghman
 Charles, 104
 Isabel (Gilman), 104
 Tofflemire
 Karen, 112
 Keith, 112
 May (Parks), 112
 Traeff
 Alex, 16
 Alex, Mrs., 16
 Trimble
 Bonnie. *See* Gibb, Bonnie (Trimble)
 Glen, 96

Trimble (*continued*)
 Glen, Mrs., 96
 Pearl (Wismer), 96
 Virginia. *See* Barclay, Virginia
 (Trimble)
 W., Mrs., 24

 Vacilotto
 I., 29
 J., 61
 J., Mrs., 61
 Van Doren, Charles, 35

 Warren, E.M., Mrs., 41-42
 Webb, Anna (Alexander), 125
 Webster
 Frances, 67
 Glen, 119
 Glen, Mrs., 119
 Mary. *See* Price, Mary (Webster)
 Max, 119
 Wells, Carl, Mrs., 28
 West, __, 30
 Wigle
 Colin, 101
 Harriet. *See* McKenna, Harriet (Wigle)
 Margaret. *See* Purdy, Margaret
 (Wigle)
 Melvin A., 96
 Roy L., Mrs., 81, 101
 Russ, 10
 Wigle family, 65
 Wilcox, William, Mrs., 97-98
 Williams
 Andy, 10-11
 [Flavia], 98
 Williams house, 60

Wilson

Gladys, 71

Norman, Mrs., 106

William, 106

Winks, Robin W., 57

Wismer

Darwin E., 129

Ethel (Harmon), 129

Pearl. *See* Trimble, Pearl (Wismer)

Wolff, Roger, Mrs., 25

Wood, Evelyn, 111

Worsley, Katharine, 106-107

Yankovich family, 29

Young

Gordon, 10

Phyllis Brett, 85-86

Zorkin, Mladin, 60

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