





# *Conversation Pieces*

by  
*Helen Marsh*



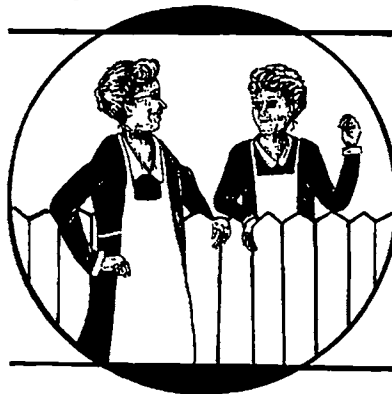
*Vol. XI  
1962 to 1964*

*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 4, 1962

Our Miss Bessie is always asking for bone hair pins, so a recent article on "What happened to hair pins?" amused us.

Inserted in several of the Christmas cards this year were form letters from old friends telling of their doings during 1961 - a dandy way of keeping up when, in our busy lives, Christmas seems to be the only time we communicate with one another.

The kind thoughts contained in the lovely Christmas flowers inside our house were heartwarming to all of us and made more enjoyable the look of winter wonderland outside, the ice-bridged river, the glorious sunsets and the flying colors on the skaters at the rink. A wonderful Christmas holiday indeed, for which all should be truly thankful.

"We should repeat the prayer of King George VI in the dark days of war," says the *Mount Forest Confederate*. "Perhaps no New Year has dawned with so many doubts and fears. As each year comes and goes, the backlog of unsolved problems grows larger. Never before in peacetime has the world been so sharply divided and at the same time so well-equipped to wage full-scale war. More than twenty years ago, in one of the world's darkest hours, King George VI uttered a few short words which are as applicable now as they were then: 'Go out into the darkness and place your hand into the Hand of God; that shall be to you better than the light and safer than the known way.'"



January 11, 1962

The New Year of 1962 brought in good old-fashioned Canadian winter - but how much more comfortable we are along the beautiful Dalhousie Street than in the good old days with our warmer houses, automatic heat, warmer clothes, no chilblains, no heavy underwear, no cold bathroom, no frozen pipes - winter beauty all around which we can enjoy without too much suffering if we tread carefully on the icy streets.

Years ago there was a Presbyterian minister here by the name of Rev. Ellis Hough. He left Amherstburg and went to Iowa to preach. In a letter from there to our father, A. W. Marsh, Mr. Hough commenced with, "A man should keep his friendship in constant repair."

A good thought for this New Year of 1962, isn't it?

The frothy, frivolous, colorful spring hats are magnets so far as I'm concerned. A hat gives me a lift and I feel better in one. According to Miss Mickle, quoting the trade magazines, more hats were sold last year than previously. In Mrs. Burt Hoag's Christmas card from Sarasota, Florida, she wrote that in that Florida city the hat is an unknown quantity - a pity.



January 18, 1962

Amherstburg music lovers should be thrilled with the news that the world-famous violinist Rubinoff will give a concert in the General Amherst High School on January 29<sup>th</sup>. Rubinoff and his violin - a Stradivarius insured for \$100,000 - became well-known to music lovers on this continent in the early days of radio and he rose to great personal heights with his music, which was enjoyed by millions of persons. The accompanist David Burk is to be the associate artist at the Amherstburg concert - that in itself should be rewarding.



I'm so glad that I got into and enjoy many of the wonders of this 20<sup>th</sup> century of ours. The above prompted by the casualness of neighbor Bill who told me Monday morning that the kids would be here to spend the day Thursday. The kids are their daughter and son-in-law who live in California and have their own plane. They'll fly up to Detroit and have a day's visit with their parents here.

If you are going away for a few days and have nowhere to leave your house plants for watering while you are away, Ontario Department of Agriculture horticulturists advise the following: Take a cloth with a fairly close weave and cut it into strips about one inch wide. Wet the strips and bury one end in the flower pot. Put the other end in a container of water. The water will seep up the "wick" and keep the soil moist. If the pot is large you may need one or more wicks. Keep them away from the side of the pot or they will not work satisfactorily.



**January 24, 1962**

Tradition to be carried out - At a shower in Wyandotte on Sunday for Barbara Smith, formerly of Dalhousie Street, Amherstburg, and her fiancé, a wedding candle was presented. This very large pure, white candle is to be burned on their wedding day and on every wedding anniversary thereafter.

Have you noticed as I have how the young people are interested in birth and marriage columns while we oldsters are interested in the obituary columns? The young women say to me, "Have they got a baby?" and the older people say, "Another one gone."

Mrs. John Coyle was in the office Friday and said that two of her sons, Donald of Chilliwack, B.C., and Mike of Vancouver, with their children, went mountain-climbing near Vancouver in their short sleeves on New Year's Day.

A mother talking to me of the impending arrival of a grandchild said, "I'll let you know what God gives them."

I enjoyed the following, entitled with tongue in cheek, "The younger Degeneration" - Our earth is degenerate in these later days. Children no longer obey their parents. - An Egyptian priest of 4000 B.C. said: 'The children now ... have bad manners, contempt for authority. They show disrespect for their elders and love chatter in place of exercise. They no longer rise when their elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs and tyrannize over their teachers' - wrote Socrates, in the fifth century B.C. (Quoted in the *National Education Association Journal*.)



**February 1, 1962**

The Papst diamond wedding anniversary on Sunday brought together many people who had been friends in this area all their lives. The Wards, Botsfords, Gibbs, McGuires, relatives of the couple who have seen their area reach its present status were among those who joined in the happy occasion.

So far as the calendar is concerned, these days, late January and early February, are delightful. I love the light at 7:30 a.m.; I love the gentle pastels in the sky; the glorious night skies with the brilliant stars display; the springlike feeling in the cold buoyant air and the preview of spring clothes and accessories.

On the T.V. Bob Hope Special last Thursday, Robbie Stuebing, son of Mona Nye Stuebing, was one of three Canadian Navy boys talking to Bob Hope at Frobisher Bay, when the comedian was on a Christmas tour to the bases of the Armed Forces in the North.

History repeated itself Sunday when a group of children skated on ice in the moat (which at one time was W.S. Falls' duck pond) north of our house. As children we used to skate in that very same land-locked spot.

Thanks to the Lion's Club for giving the packed audience at the General Amherst High School the joy of hearing the world-famous violinist Rubinoff. We all need music for our souls and the Lions Club, realizing that, brought the best. From what I hear, the school children enjoyed the concerts also - give them the best, expose them to the glorious tones and they like it.

Ballet week in Windsor gave all of us interested in that form of expression in music and art a mid-winter high spot. Opening night was a glamorous affair when we saw two young artists step into the roles of the *première* ballerina and *danseuses* and do the parts beautifully. We who have watched the Canadian Ballet developing through the years can see the results of the fine training of the cultural organization. Then, so far as I'm concerned, the Saturday afternoon matinee performance of "Swan Lake" was a credit to the company and a delight to me.



**February 8, 1962**

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

Now that we belong to a Commonwealth, not an Empire, I wonder how long it will be before the I.O.D.E. changes its name.

Lynn Wigle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wigle, Riverside, a grade seven pupil, won the book review contest for all the parochial schools of the Windsor area, writing on Scouting and Lord Baden Powell. Lynn is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Beaudoin and Walter S. Wigle.

Mrs. William Murdoch was talking of the beauty of the river in winter. She told an amusing thing about the ducks frequenting the air holes in the river near their house. Through glasses she watched the ducks diving for fish. The duck would catch the fish then, before it had a chance to taste it, a crow would boldly grab onto the fish and off he'd go with it for his lunch.



### *February 15, 1962*

I'm very much interested in the quilting being done by the Quilter's Club of the Malden Women's Institute. This old-fashioned art is being revived by the group. An exhibition of this form of needlework should be in the offing, I hope.

Mrs. Richard Thrasher made 90 pounds of wedding cake in Ottawa for her daughter's wedding on Saturday. She brought it to Amherstburg where it was iced and transformed into a stately four-tiered wedding cake topped with a miniature bride and groom, to play its part at the reception on Saturday.

Of interest, I thought, was the fact that Eva Greer Webster, who was buried here Monday, is a half-sister of Greer Garson. Her second son, a member of the "Camelot" cast in New York, was in town for the funeral service at Christ Church and burial at Rose Hill Cemetery. Her other son, Terrence, the architect and artist, his wife and children lived in an apartment on the Ray Ryan property, Riverfront, Anderdon (now Sam McDowell's place) when they first came to this area and made friends and acquaintances here. They live in South Windsor now.



### *February 22, 1962*

The frills and ruffles on the spring blouses and dresses appeal to me. There's nothing like a white lingerie touch on suit or dress to make a woman feel very feminine and attractive, I think.

Some of you people who find time heavy on your hands could do as my aunt and friend do in Toronto. They get tea once a week in their church parlor for a group of senior citizens who come for a chat and a cup of tea. The church parlor is simply the meeting place, as the ladies come from every denomination.

The R.C.N. ship on which Lt. John Ouellette of Amherstburg is posted was in the recovery area Tuesday when Col. John Glenn, the astronaut, was recovered from the water after his orbital flight.

Bob Bonnett, accountant at the Imperial Bank; Gordon Lang, sales manager at Marra's Bread; and two Windsor lads, Ken Bilton and Al Smith, make up a Barbershop Quartet affiliated with the Windsor Branch of Barbershoppers. On Saturday night at 11:30 this quartet was on the Square Dance T.V. program - and they sang very well, according to several who know good close harmony.

Tuesday was a thrilling day - to be taking part in the history-making achievement of Astronaut John H. Glenn's orbital flight in a rocket, three times around the earth. Once again, I will repeat, I'm glad I'm a twentieth century baby because I've been in on firsts. In fact made people laugh in Harrow, Tuesday with story of hearing music picked out of the air on the crystal radio in the Abbot house, north of the *Echo* office. I believe Chuck French was there that night too.

For spring the feminine look is the fashion star. But it means much more than ruffles or even bows. It means a whole change in our own body shapes, showing curves again. It means more clothes are worn fitted closer to the figure. It often means dirndl or wider flaring skirts than we've seen in years. It means the waistline is back in focus, often widely belted. It also means the real look in jewelry, smaller handbags, lady-like elegant shoes and smaller, more mincing steps when you walk. And more hats worn, more often too.

Mrs. Fred Watson's mother who passed away recently was the former Mary S.

McCauley, Southampton. In 1902 she graduated from the Riverside (now Lafayette General) Hospital in Buffalo. Three years later in 1905 the graduates of this class (six nurses, I think Mrs. Watson said), realizing that they should be recognized as graduate nurses to distinguish them from the practicals, took a course and wrote exams of the State of New York and became the first R.N.'s (Registered Nurses) on this continent. Mrs. Watson's mother later set up the Verdun Manitoba Hospital. When going through her things after her death, Mrs. Watson and her sister found her certificate as a Registered Nurse, which is indeed a museum piece and should be preserved in a section to do with the history of nursing on this continent.



### **March 2, 1962**

In the women's world - as the spring comes in with its pastels, there is a natural trend for lighter lipstick and nail polish - but I saw the very latest Friday - high school girl with almost white lipstick - which gave her a decidedly different look, believe me. "It's the style," she smiled - idea probably was imported from Rome where Cleopatra is being filmed.

Now that the U.S. Engineers are moving their offices from the former post office building on Dalhousie Street, the town council should buy the building and property as a start of a riverfront beautification development.



### **March 8, 1962**

There were two splendid shots of Vernon Kennedy of Amherstburg on the C.B.C. Juliette T.V. Show Saturday night. Vernon is one of a quartet of singers on this popular Canadian show.

Capt. Walter Callam's car was stuck on the ice in their driveway last Thursday morning, March first, if you please. From the sound of the tires, I thought Cal was more disturbed than on that last trip last fall down from Duluth when his ship was in a storm and had to "smell its way" through Superior.

The Fun Fair at the Anderdon Central School was a wonderful success, socially as

well as financially as over \$400 was cleared. The success was due to a co-operative effort - parents, pupils, teachers and board - each doing a part to make a successful whole.

When the March Lion roared in, I thought surely after this long, long period of ice that that cagey old character would give us a rest and blow in some mild, mild gentle wind. But no, we still have (as of writing on Monday) ice, snow and cold (the oil man's still coming by) but there are glorious sunrises and sunsets to glamorize the days and laughter from the park where the colors on the skaters are still flying. But I still will be glad to put my boots away and get in the walking swing again.



The work of local artists, including 19 canvasses from Harrow and Essex, will be on display at the McGregor House all next week. At the Open House on Monday night, the speaker will be W.H. Peck of the Detroit Institute of Arts. The winners of awards (ribbons) for the three best works submitted will be announced, also.



### **March 15, 1962**

Our day is coming, so the top of the morning to all.

Signs of spring - Lovely Venus can be seen low in the western sky early these evenings, in the sunset.

I'm sick and tired of boots - the very sight of them at the moment makes me belligerent toward the weather man.

Word has been received from Marion Franklin Scholz, Kitchener, that the 1962 General Amherst High School paper is not the first in 30 years. Marion says that in 1949-50, in her last year at General Amherst, there was a paper published called *The Oracle* and that she has all the issues.

The enthusiasm of the amateur painters in this Amherstburg-Harrow district, in their media as seen by an outsider (me) at the Arts and Crafts meeting Monday night, was a delight to behold. As I watched the groups standing around discussing the different pictures



with the two professionals present, I knew that painting was a therapy.

In individual competition and as a unit, the Amherstburg Community Band did very, very well in the Windsor Music Festival. There is no discounting the competence of the band, leaders and the committee, even though there is a difference of opinion re the source of financing. Not only is the musical education of the band members being improved, but those of us who go to hear the performances are being given pleasure also. I can go back quite a way on the benefits to some bandsmen, derived from their early training in the band. Vernon Kennedy and Grant Kennedy are two lads who started out in the Amherstburg Band. An interest in music developed when young is a real security for the future.

I quite agree with the following article - titled "Astronauts Credit Details" - "We make our own luck." That was the way quiet-spoken Astronaut Alan B. Shepard Jr. explained to an enthralled House Space Committee in Washington why the United States' three manned space flights to date had been so successful. But by "luck," he went on to explain, he meant hard work, careful study and faultless detail. A few moments later Astronaut John H. Glenn Jr. went on to explain to a packed committee room that the "7" in the name of his spacecraft *Friendship 7* had nothing to do with luck but stood for the team of seven astronauts who have functioned all through the Mercury program as a team - not individual prima donnas.



**March 22, 1962**

For we Irish, spring came in on St. Patrick's Day with sun smiling on all of us and you too. The river was a gorgeous Mediterranean blue all day with the few ice floes giving a bit of frosting. A cabin cruiser was downbound and the boat whistles in the morning were a "lilting" sound. The swans had arrived in the river up River Canard way and the lovely western sky at sunset topped a beautiful day.

The Canadian Opera presentation of Puccini's opera *La Bohème* in the Cleary Auditorium Sunday night had much to commend it, and the young singers in English were very competent in their roles, I thought. The standard of their performance was high and enjoyable. The fact that there was only piano accompaniment was strange at first, but soon even that didn't seem to be a handicap.



**March 29, 1962**

The river is coming alive. More and more moving lights of the boats give fluid interest in the evenings for me - and the river sounds are real harbingers.

We certainly don't have to get used to spring, for when a nice day comes like Monday, we delight in it and adjust very quickly. The baby buggy brigade gets out in full force. H.M. goes without a hat, there was a woman on Dalhousie in skirt and sweater without a coat and every child was out on the street with every kind of toy on wheels.

A few brave crocuses came out Sunday in our garden. These gentle, mild early spring flowers burst into bloom before the snowdrops this year. The squirrels liked the tiny tender, succulent shoots of the crocuses and destroyed the little purple and yellow flowers.

For heaven's sake, says H.M. - Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra is today's vamp in more ways than one. Certainly her makeup is big news here as well as in Paris and Rome. Outlining the eye all around with black or brown liner creates this Cleopatra look. Beige eyeshadow is used on upper lid above liner. Kohl-like eye powder is news to us, too - powder is honeyed, not too pale. Lips and nails are soft pink, right in the current trend of lighter lips and nails. If you'd like to change into a new mysterious you, try this Egyptian-inspired makeup, adapted of course.

On Sunday friend G.E.W. was out scratching a nice spot for parsley seed, having read that it should go in now for best results. I laughed because it was Tuesday the 20<sup>th</sup> that Miss Bessie had written Parsley Seed on the grocery list. I thought she was beating the gun but evidently not.

The monotony of the grind during January, February, March and three weeks in April this year without a holiday is hard on adults and children alike. Maybe in time the powers that be will declare a mid-February holiday for those of us who can't get away to do as we please - I feel that a break would be good for all dispositions and we could set our inner barometers at fair again.

I'd say the town fathers have a "Forward Look" if they are considering the purchase



of the old post office. If they do buy the building and the property, in 20 years the people in Amherstburg will be saying how foresighted those people were back in 1962.



*April 5, 1962*

I get huffed whenever I hear "why should I take this or that subject when I'm not going to ever use it." I feel that no matter what we study it stands us in good stead some time or other. That we must not be too limited in our studies nor interest. The young people, or some at least, don't realize that later on in life it is satisfying to know a little about more things than what we do for a living - that we are more interesting and interested people if we do.

Pupils in two sewing classes in town (at Francine's Custom-Made Clothes and at the Singer Shop) modeled some of their work at the fashion show Sunday. There seems to be a great deal of interest in this type of needlework, which will be a boon to the students from an economic stand point. A clever, good-looking suit with the new eased skirt and geometric print blouse and jacket lining was made and shown by Mrs. Henry Holt, who in September 1960 had "never had a needle in her hand before." When one can make a costume with hat to match as Mrs. Jim McBride is doing (the hat, the result of the millinery course at the McGregor house) she is gaining interest and pleasure for herself in color, co-ordination, design and needlecraft which can be extended to other fields - interior decoration, for instance. P.S. - Mrs. McBride did not model her costume on Sunday but showed it to H.M. privately. Her daughter Rhonda showed the dress she had made and the matching hat made by her mother. There were several others who had made very smart outfits.

From fashion, sales and color viewpoint, the clothes chosen and shown at the C.W.L. Fashion Show by local merchants for sale in our district, were high style and pretty - and would suit many of us for a busy schedule in business, or as a housewife or a club woman. I was very pleased with the good taste in the selection and hope that the merchants will be satisfied with the results of their work in the show.

Mrs. Ira Ferris told H.M. Tuesday that every time she goes to visit her sister in Champagne, Illinois, friends there say to her, "up there in Canada," just as if we in Essex County were sitting on the Dew Line. Mrs. Ferris went onto say that when they awakened

in Champagne (in the heart of the corn belt) Sunday morning (there because of her sister's silver anniversary) there had been a three-inch snowfall - and the tulips, daffodils, hyacinths nodded in their snowy beds.



*April 12, 1962*

The large bunch of forsythia in the convex window of Miss Blanche Cook's house is a glorious sight - just walk along Rankin Avenue and see for yourself.

I liked the story of the first-year high student who asked his 82-year old grandmother to help him with his French. She did...with a magnifying glass.

Mrs. H.A.L. Honor was telling that when her brother, Will Lukes, died in Detroit a fortnight ago, he was looked after by a funeral director, Verral Colton's husband. It was a surprise to find two old Amherstburg families getting together under such unexpected circumstances.

Dr. Livia Mitis, neurologist at Toronto Women's College Hospital, told a management conference that career women can fight stress by giving into impulses sometimes. "Yield to that impulse to buy the hat you can't afford," she said, "Have fun."

Thanks to Mrs. George Bostwick, Miss Bessie and I were delighted with two collections of gentle, charming little poems translated from the Japanese and beautifully illustrated. They were "Cherry Blossoms" and "The Four Seasons". They were just the thing to soothe ruffled emotions.



*April 19, 1962*

Easter holidays being so late this year and the weather being on the cold side means that we will be in summer and summer holidays before we realize it.

The story of the sinking of the *Titanic* 50 years ago when she hit an iceberg recalled

a trip I had home from England in 1932 aboard the *Empress of Britain*. As we neared the Strait of Belle Isle we were fogbound for 24 hours in the iceberg zone. And as I remember it, there was no panic, only quiet and a hemmed-in feeling. Danger lurked but all were kept informed and everything turned out alright, except we were late reaching Quebec.

The snowdrops along one hedge defied the snow and cold Sunday; in fact, seemed to snuggle into the snow that gathered around the ground and edged up to the little plants, and it made a pretty effect. As for the crocuses along that strip, they are all gone, even the bulbs, eaten up by the hungry squirrels.

Talking to Mrs. Bingham about Anne's wedding and their trip to Vancouver next week reminded me of an experience on Christmas night. My phone had rung several times and when I answered no one spoke or it was a wrong number. So about 8 p.m. when it rang, I picked up the receiver and said, "Helen Marsh speaking." There was a minute's pause and then a voice said, "Miss Marsh, are you in Amherstburg? This is Anne Bingham and I'm calling my mother from Vancouver and they must have given me the wrong number. Will you call my mother for me and tell her that I'll call later?" Which I did and later on the call was made properly and the day's greetings came directly to the Bingham.



*April 26, 1962*

Since Easter Sunday, a spring green cloud has settled on the land, a filmy green netting seems to be on the trees - lovely effect.

The void in our lives caused by the Detroit newspaper strike is a real one after having grown up with the morning *Free Press* - when I haven't got it I'm actually lonely.

Miss Bessie, the 85-year old at our house, loved every minute of the hockey game Sunday night when the Maple Leafs, by beating Chicago, won the Stanley Cup. She was alert all the way through with questions, "What does that mean?" "Will there be a penalty?" etc. The next morning she was basking in the fun and excitement of the game and told me that it "was a real treat" - and bemoaned the fact that there was no *Free Press* so that she could read about the game while incidents were still fresh in her mind.

Well, we certainly ran the gamut of summer weather on Easter Sunday - a.m. bright warm sunshine (so welcome and significant, for the day) then 2 p.m., hotter than hot (in fact I believe a record was set) then the welcome rain at 3:30 p.m. The preview of things to come was most enjoyable.

The following letter came to me Monday from Mrs. Steve Shaw, now of Whittier, California. The Shaws made many friends when they lived in Amherstburg. Mrs. Shaw wrote: "We miss Amherstburg and our friends very much and look for the mailman every Monday to bring us our home town paper. We are all fine here with the exception of Steve. He was in the hospital last week for a few days under observation and the doctor discovered he has an ulcer so now he is on a strict diet. The girls are doing very well in school here. Cheryl graduates from Grade 12 in June and will enter college in September. She is interested in medicine and music so she will start with a pre-med career and see how things go along. We have an automatic car wash and it keeps us pretty busy. We run 700 cars on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The rest of the week is not quite as hectic.



*May 10, 1962*

Mrs. Stewart H. Smythe (Marion Kelly of Amherstburg) sent the following to me some time ago and I saved it for this Mother's Day weekend.

*Beatitudes for Friends of the Aged*  
by Esther Mary Walker

*Blessed are they who understand my faltering step  
and palsied hand.*

*Blessed are they who know that my ears today must  
strain to catch the things they say.*

*Blessed are they who seem to know that my eyes are  
dim and my wits are slow.*

*Blessed are they who looked away when coffee spilled  
at the table today.*

*Blessed are they with a cheery smile who stop to chat for  
a little while.*

*Blessed are they who never say "You have told that story twice before."*

*Blessed are they who know the ways to bring back memories of yesterdays.*

*Blessed are they who make it know that I'm loved, respected and not alone.*

*Blessed are they who know I'm at a loss to find the strength to carry the Cross.*

*Blessed are they who ease the days on my journey home in loving ways.*



### **May 17, 1962**

The height of rudeness in my estimation is to disregard an invitation. Too often young people do not say "yes" or "no" to their hostess-to-be and an unpleasant situation arises. How would you like to prepare for 30 and have 9 show up? I'd raise the roof.

On Monday we Canadians observe Victoria Day - the 24<sup>th</sup> of May holiday of old days. Last week we saw the picture of Vincent and Mary Price and their new baby daughter, Mary Victoria. I'll wager she was named Victoria after Queen Victoria because it was in the play "Victoria Regina" that Vincent Price got his start in the theater.

At the Mad Hatters' Tea in Harrow Tuesday, the ladies in a millinery class taught by Mrs. Donald Pigeon and Mrs. Charles N. Clarke modelled the hats each had made. The class was held in Mrs. John Darby's recreation room and the ladies were so enthusiastic and had such fun that they were nicknamed "The Mad Hatters."



### **May 24, 1962**

The following story from the *Tilbury Times* tickled my funny bone: - The story is told of the lady unloading her purchases at the supermarket check-out counter. Out of the

shopping cart came three packages of cigarettes, four cakes of soap, two bottles of hand lotion, a bottle of suntan lotion, a jar of face cream, a pair of canvas work gloves, two knitting needles, four flashlight batteries, two magazines, a phonograph record, six glasses, two cases of pop, 25 lb. of dog food, a quart of milk, a dozen eggs, a T.V. dinner and a package of frozen chickens. As the lady paid her bill, she commented: "Food is so expensive nowadays. No wonder the farmers are getting rich."

Pride of heritage is fast becoming a thing of the past. Victoria Day was just a long weekend; a pleasant one to be sure, without a flutter or a care as to why we had a holiday.

The pride parents and friends have in children's progress and performance was felt in the large audience at the General Amherst High School Sunday night, when the Jr. and Sr. bands entertained at a band concert. Added to the enjoyment of the band members was the debut of the Amherstburg Community Choir, directed by Tom Hamilton. The choral numbers were very well done, the interest is there and the standard of performance was high, I thought. Both musical groups deserve a pat on the back for what they are doing for people.



### **May 31, 1962**

Friend is going to Europe in June and I was delighted with her clothes for the trip - simple knits and jerseys in blues and greys.

Jack and Josie Hamilton will be celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage June 10<sup>th</sup>. This is a couple certainly who has had health and an up-to-the-minute outlook through the years which has kept them young and interesting, and too both have dealt with the public. It would be impossible to go into their many activities in sports, clubs, etc. etc. They have both had a flair for style, danced beautifully and were or are expert roller skaters - and when Josie walked into the office last week clicking



**Jack and Josie Hamilton at Bob-Lo roller rink  
circa 1950s**

*Marsh Collection Society P587*

along in her high heels with body erect, head high and a charming smile, she'd put many younger women to shame. Jack, who is the Fire Chief, has a snappy walk also - and many will say as I did, "I can hardly believe that it's golden anniversary time."



June 7, 1962

I hadn't seen a real hobo or Knight of the Road for years until last Thursday morning. Sitting down resting at the foot of Richmond Street was a hobo who was en route from Alaska. As for looks, he was as I had pictured in my mind from the few I had seen before.

Mrs. Belle Morgan, a charming world traveller, is en route home from Italy aboard a Greek freighter and expects to sail up the river to Detroit. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bell hoped to have had the same experience to sail up the river from Europe, passing their own home, a fortnight ago from Southampton to Sarnia aboard the Dutch *Princess Margriet*, but their ship [was to] lay over in Toronto four days so they took the Toronto-Windsor train.

The acappella choir (singing without instrumental accompaniment) at the out of doors Ukrainian Church Service Sunday was beautiful. The blending of the lovely tones transported the listeners to a plane above our everyday existence with its worries and cares. The setting for the mass in the formal garden behind the historic home of classic Georgian lines, Bellevue, was in itself a rewarding experience.

Of interest is the following - "Vincent Price, named to the White House art committee by Jackie Kennedy, says that until recently a President could take anything he pleased. The House has been plundered and pillaged ..." ("even to fireplace mantels," I added). "When I had tea with Mamie Eisenhower, I remarked on the hideous brown mantelpieces in the Gold Room and she explained the originals were lost in the renovation... The Eisenhowers did much toward restoration," said Price.



June 14, 1962

B.M. and I found the following letter, which arrived from Paris Saturday from Mrs.

W.O. Steininger of the Swiss Chalet, so full of interest that I'm passing it on to you. - "Hadn't thought of writing you until I spied in a window here today a ruffled chiffon collar cascading over a navy-blue suit collar and thought of you! Judging from the surrounding shops the price would probably be \$100 or more. You can't comprehend the size of this city until you see it, it dwarfs any other city the way Detroit dwarfs Amherstburg. I am glad to have my Swiss spouse to show it all to me (he has been here twice before) and also to speak such fluent French. My French is like the English of our little "bellboy" - "un petit peu." We arrived at 10:15 this a.m. from Madrid where we spent 1½ days. That is a beautiful city and everything cheap by Paris standards. I went on quite a buying spree in Madrid. The food was all delicious and wine cheap and it was a good thing for my figure that we stayed only 1½ days. Dining starts after 9 p.m. and the streets are filled with milling throngs of people chattering madly until 2 a.m. The young girls are smartly dressed and most have high bouffant and modern hairdos. (In Paris most are rather sloppy in comparison.) We just loved Lisbon and a trip by electric train to "Sintra," a half hour away, is never to be forgotten. That is a paradise with luxuriant vegetation, palm trees, cork, rhododendrons and magnolias growing wild, etc. etc., two castles on mountain tops, we went through one, hilly streets paved with small square cobblestones, in short out of this world. Would love to spend our old age pension there, with Ontario our taxi driver to show us around. But about Paris - we passed by the small boutiques of all of the couturiers and the delightful Paris perfumes came wafting out. At 5 p.m. saw a tall slim gal pop out of a "service" door smelling of Christian Dior perfume, a model I presume, very chic. We find restaurant prices high. Out lunch today in this hotel was \$4.00 each (we won't eat here again), Werner intends to write Chas. De Gaulle and ask him if he expects the tourists to pay for his Algerian war. Perfume and silk scarves are less expensive than at home but that is about all that is. This annoys my husband no end. He can't wait until he gets to St. Gall (Mr. S. home in Switzerland). We fly from here on Friday and I am having my hair done before we go, to look presentable for my Swiss mother-in-law. The charge (I enquired first) is about \$3.00 (5 francs to \$1.00) and I am curious to see how they do it in gay Paris! I shall report to you. This is a perfectly marvelous holiday and I love every minute."

I was washing white gloves and talking to B.M. about their gray shadow. Her cure was "cut up some Sunlight soap, dear, add water and boil them in that solution." Not bad idea either, but not good for busy life. I recalled the castile soap mixture she used to make for washing hair. Our cupboard doesn't even have those soaps now so I'll stick to flakes and pellets.



*June 21, 1962*

According to Miss Margaret Bannerman, the Canadian actress who is a friend of Mrs. Fred Sutherland and Bob, her life is not all peaches and cream in a glamour bowl. Miss Bannerman, who is in Detroit in the cast of "My Fair Lady" (now playing at the Fisher Theater in Detroit), told us on Sunday that she (an older woman) is very busy and being on the stage night after night is very hard, tiring work. There are 47 persons in the cast and many members travel with their children and pets, all by train from city to city. In fact all went to Moscow a few years ago, after which trip Miss Bannerman wrote a fine letter on her impressions of Russia which was published in the *Echo*. I found Miss Bannerman fresh and alert in outlook, has beautiful skin, was delightfully her own age and interested (a real gift) as well as interesting.

To my delight it's costumes for fall, many with A-line skirts (and they are comfortable, I know because I have one). A dress with its own wrap will be as popular as a college girl with her own car. This seems to be a point on which most San Francisco fashion designers agree in their designs for fall, as previewed by the press recently. The costume look is striding off the sketch books through the cutting rooms and into the fall fashion scene with great aplomb. It is seen in some version - call it ensemble, jacket dress, or three-piece suit - in almost all collections. It ranges from short jackets and casual styles to opera suits of utmost elegance.



*June 28, 1962*

The following, which was called "Looking at Gardens," was written by Mary C. Jones. I liked it and I like and admire her. I quote: "Bud Lalonge's home on Sandwich South shows off well-kept flower beds. Beautiful begonias border the front and side colorful coleus and other plants that Bud keeps through the winter. I understand the border between Lalonge's and Sutton Funeral Home was planted by Bud. Every type of annual is displayed here. Now that the peonies are finished blooming don't cut back the foliage. The leaves stay bright and green through the hottest summer days, and a vase or jug filled with these lush green leaves set out in any room add a cooling effect. They will last in the house for a week

with only a little fresh water.

In step with the season, I read that a Detroit bride had her attendants in checked gingham frocks. Clever thinking on the bride's part and very smart in design (according to the pictures.)



*August 2, 1962*

Being saturated with Stratford, its theatre, the plays, the German influence in dining, architecture, people, etc. etc. this week, the following caught my eye: There is a strong likelihood that the company in Stratford, Ont., will present one of its Shakespeare productions at England's Stratford-on-Avon in 1964 during the celebration of the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth. A European troupe, possibly even one from the Soviet Union, may also perform at the theatre in the city of the playwright's birth.

H. M. was in Stratford last week at the Festival and to her delight saw "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest" and "The Gondoliers." As the production manager of the theatre in Stratford was a friend of a friend, we were among the privileged few to be invited behind the scenes after the matinee - and walked right out on the apron stage through one of the doors from behind the scenes and got the feel of the intimacy of that wonderful theatre. We saw the properties for the various plays, all well-kept and in proper places, including a box labelled "Marra's Bread" with the real bread all ready for use in the play "MacBeth," being staged in the evening.

Coincidences regarding people from Amherstburg travelling in Europe this summer: - In the "fancy meeting you here" department - while in London, England, the Frank Barrons, Highway 18, Anderdon, were standing watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and standing near them watching the same pageant were the J.G. Turnbells of Highway 18, Anderdon. Mrs. Barron went into a large shoe shop in London and talked to the manager. In conversation he said that during the war he was a bomber pilot and his navigator and friend lived in Canada. His name, he said, was Ray Stone. "Yes," said Mrs. Barron, Ray Stone lives right across the road from us." The third coincidence was that Helene and Walter Sidey ran into and chatted with an Englishman in Europe and in the course of the conversation it came about that he was Charlie Drayton's brother.





August 9, 1962

The flower gardens and beds on Bob-Lo this year are particularly lovely. The floating garden on the stern of the boat dock shows the vision of the designer.

Daily reading into a tape recorder is an effective method of improving an unpleasant voice. By playing the recording back, voice faults can be heard and corrected. However, a tape recorder is not imperative. With or without an audience, by reading a newspaper aloud regularly, you will find yourself using your "company" voice. Before long, you will be using your best voice at all times. And you will have provided yourself with another social asset - knowledge of current events.



August 16, 1962

Joanne Manning Rothfels, artist daughter of Dr. and Mrs. F.W. Manning, has sold one of her etchings to the London Art Gallery for its permanent collection.

Was discussing Stratford production of "The Gondoliers" with a music lover from Germany who also had been to Stratford to see the Light Opera. He said, "All the cast had excellent voices, not like productions I have seen abroad when often only two or three of four persons, the leads, have outstanding voices." A puff for our Canadian company indeed. He was not speaking of La Scala, of course, but the companies in and around Heidelberg.

With a dress and matching sweater, I've found we women can go most anywhere and be comfortable. Scarves and stoles to match dresses and suits are to be introduced for fall and they should give a dash.



A fortnight ago I heard something at the garbage can and turned on the porch light and opened the door simultaneously. Sitting on the can and looking up through his "goggles" was a baby raccoon. I said, "Where's your mother?" - the little fellow got down and fled. The laugh came the next morning when I learned that the family

upstairs, having gone to bed, heard me query, "Where's your mother?", thought I was actually talking to a lost child so got up to investigate. We still haven't found out where the racoon mother has her nest.

Lu Taskey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Taskey, who with his cousin Eugene Taskey is on tour to California, wrote: "On July 20<sup>th</sup> we both trekked to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, only 7.3 miles one way. We both crawled back with our knapsacks. Looking back, what we thought to be a foolish stunt is an unforgettable experience."

Never have we seen a more beautiful sight than the gladiolus on the farm of Bob Clark near Harrow. Acres and acres of the flowers are absolutely breathtaking.

Babies and mothers are promised a dividend from the space age. Astronaut John H. Glenn Jr. ate from a plastic squeeze tube, squirting food into his mouth, during orbit. Now the same idea is being developed for no-mess, easy feeding of babies during travel by car or plane or on picnics. Similar food tubes are equipped with a clear, plastic, hollow-stemmed spoon attached to the tube. Just the right amount of fruit, vegetable or other food can be squeezed into the spoon. A hermetic seal in the neck of the tube is punctured when the spoon is screwed onto the tube. Tube and spoon are disposed of afterward.



August 23, 1962

Canada, it is generally believed, is self-sufficient in all kinds of food that can be grown in the north temperate zone. But if the food is put in a can, the chances are that the can must be opened by a device made in Japan or in the United States of America, says the *Printed Word*. A recent bride who found that the buy-in-Canada policy was a religion with her husband almost starved before she remembered that her grandmother rarely, if ever, bought foodstuffs in tins.

Hydrangeas make a showy August garden without much care, our Janet has lovely white blooms in her garden, and the Merlos' pinks are very gay these sleepy August days.

The novel "Prologue to Love" by Taylor Caldwell was full of interest for me. The characters were all well defined and the main character, Caroline, so well done that the

reader hated what she made of herself, felt sorry for her, despised her ruthlessness and coldness and hoped for her peace - Taylor Caldwell of Buffalo has the power to involve her readers emotionally in her story - a real gift of the written word.

I feel that the long shadows of autumn are here too early this year. But on Sunday night, playing on an all-white arrangement of petunias in a large white goblet, the effect was lovely and heartwarming.

The parents of Susan Quinn's bridegroom, Hans Eijsenck, sent a tape-recording of best wishes to the couple from all his relatives in Wassenaar, Holland. As a surprise the recording was played at the wedding reception on Saturday so that, though far away, the relatives could have a part in their happy day.

Therapy through the eyes - the acres and acres of drifts of color in the glads at the Bob Clark farm in Colchester South. Never have I seen such carpet of strips of living color. Bill Cavan, across the street, said that he had seen a comparable sight only once before - in California.



*August 30, 1962*

As Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Bell were coming out of the National Gallery in London, England, this spring, they were in the lobby when a guard asked them to step back. "She's coming," he said. "Who's coming?" questioned Mr. Bell. "Her Majesty," said the guard and sure enough, along came Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip and the curator. The Bells didn't even know the Queen was in the building and certainly were fortunate to see her at such close range as she left.

I found the Telstar satellite relays thrilling and our lives are certainly going to be much fuller now that transatlantic T.V. is an accomplished fact. I felt like a pioneer (which I was), an explorer and traveller and resent the criticism that it should have been better. One columnist in answer to a criticism of Telstar said, "And when has a travel show given you reindeer directly from Lapland or Vienna's Lippizaner stallions directly from the Spanish Riding School? The content of the show, however, was secondary to the fact it was happening then, at that second, as you saw it, thousands of miles away."

Can still hear the rhythm of the beat for action or disgust that filled Tiger Stadium in Detroit on Thursday when we were among the 27,894 in attendance at the Detroit-Cleveland baseball game. There are no inhibitions in the emotions of the crowd of papas, mamas, grandparents and children at one of these Tiger games. Ladies' Day is an experience indeed. The heat, the screams, the excitement, the smells all were thrilling to H.M. The Tiger idols A. Kaline and "Rocky", etc., certainly should have been satisfied with the reception of the young fans. In fact we even saw the parking lot where Rocky keeps his red Thunderbird.

Virginia Trimble Barclay is a person of many talents who has developed her interests in several of the art fields because "I like to do it." She became a figure skater and got interested in design and color of skating costumes. Then she encouraged her daughter, Nancy, in the same expressions and Nancy became interested in figure skating. Then Mrs. Barclay widened her interest with flower arranging and decorating, including cake designs. The results of her interests showed good design, form, color and good taste. Nancy's wedding came along and her mother did not only the planning but the actual details were done by her to make the wedding down to the last detail, a smooth-running event with beauty throughout. Virginia designed and made the attendants' head dresses and her own hat. She re-embroidered 4300 iridescent sequins on the Italian lace on the wedding dress. She made 80 pounds of wedding cake and not only designed the decorations but actually molded the doves, cornucopias, etc. with her hands out of sugar and egg white. Every little detail was carried out to give pleasure not only to the bridal couple but the guests, and the mother of the bride had the satisfaction of seeing her talents well used and enjoyed.



*September 6, 1962*

The show put on by some of the swimmers at the Lions Pool last Thursday night was fun for the spectators. H.M. was particularly interested in the number of children who passed Red Cross swimming tests in the various age groups. For some parents it was a hardship to get children at the pool and ready for an 8:30 a.m. class. But said parents and children too, who worked, tried tests and passed, are being given security and insurance for the future because a Red Cross swimming badge just might mean a job in later life. The more awards and qualifications to hand a prospective employer, the more steady and ambitious he thinks the prospective employee, I feel.



Mrs. Edmund Heaton, an enthusiastic artist in Harrow, was commissioned by Mrs. Wm. Andrew, now of Independence, Missouri, to paint a picture of the 100-year-old Timothy Bondy homestead (now occupied by James H. Ward) in Anderdon. Timothy Bondy was Mrs. Andrew's grandfather. Mrs. Heaton, having completed her assignment, exhibited same at the Harrow Fair.

All day Monday you could hear the goodbyes of the Bob-Lo boats - which brought a filled-up feeling inside of me as I thought of the changes in many of our lives before we hear the friendly hello in May, 1963.



*September 13, 1962*

I was certainly put in my place when dancing with a group of children entering their teens. "You're too old-fashioned," I was told, "with your old 1, 2, 3." I was trying to teach a basic step. I'm still laughing at myself and had better stick to newspaper work.

Mrs. Wallace Temple (Flora Hodgman) of Grosse Pointe Farms was a recent guest of the Misses Wenonah and Bess Cuddy in Brampton. Wenonah is on the Collegiate staff there and Bess works for the *Toronto Telegram*. It is heartwarming to hear of old friends. Mrs. Temple told of their beautiful garden, Bess being the gardener.

If I were managing a wedding now I'd use the Zinnia shades in the mothers' or attendants' accessories. I love the fall, the changing colors in field, garden, trees, river and sky. How about a hat like a fall sunset with a moss green outfit?



*September 20, 1962*

Miss Loretta Reaume, South Sandwich Street, celebrated her birthday recently, which brought to Allan Auld's mind the fact that she and Ray Kenyon's mother worked together and were two fine hand typesetters of the old *Echo* days when the plant was on Ramsay Street.

The charm of an old world wedding is being planned by Geraldine Fox when she marries Ronald Duby October the sixth. Geraldine will be preceded in the processional by seven little girls and one adult. Sounds like Princess Margaret's wedding, doesn't it? Quite usual in Britain, I understand from the pictures in the posh English magazines.



*September 27, 1962*

Ever since the Flower Show I have thought of a bouquet of green waterlily pods and marsh grasses arranged by Mrs. Vernon McCrae. The arrangement was striking and just right for a porch. The ingenuity and the eye-for-beauty round about us shown by many of our friends certainly can give the rest of us real pleasure.

Last week I was talking to a real smart young mother of several children, now all at school, who said that every day between two and three o'clock is her reading period. She plans her work so that that hour is hers to read. It takes some planning, too, because at times she supervises a business. I certainly admire well-organized people.

The late Mrs. F.M. Falls always insisted on tasty food served and prepared the English way. I remember that as an accompaniment to fowl she always served Bread Sauce, an English specialty. Here is a recipe: One small onion, two cloves, two cups milk, one bay leaf, two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon black pepper, one-quarter pound of soft bread crumbs. Stud the onion with cloves. Place in the top of a double boiler. Add milk, bay leaf, butter, salt and pepper. Heat until the milk is scalded. Stir in bread crumbs with a wooden spoon and cook until the sauce is thick, beating from time to time to keep it "smooth." To serve, remove onion and add a lump of butter.

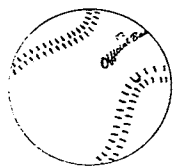


*October 4, 1962*

A repeat style - looking over the bulky, shapeless, good-looking sweaters for teens and young women in the magazines these days, I was reminded of the bulky knit green Spalding sweater with two white bands on the upper arms which I got at Ryall's in Detroit when in my teens. It, too, was shapeless and, I thought, very casual and smart, just as they

are today.

The painful numbers game (the all-numeral phone numbers) certainly has control of me. I'm defeated by the efficiency and the impersonal blasé dialing of telephone numbers. Redwood reminded me of the great trees of British Columbia or the color of my lipstick but 736 doesn't ring a friendly bell. When I get 13 digits to dial I feel defeat before I start. I've decided that all my friends and myself should have special little books just for telephone numbers, similar to shopping list pads, to have on hand at all times.



We along Dalhousie Street who have seen Alex Callam grow up were pleased beyond words to see his picture in Friday's *Detroit Free Press* as one of the new "brain trust" of the Detroit Tigers. "The brain trust with the accent on youth," said the article. Alex, who is a chartered accountant, has handled the Tigers' audit since 1958 - so his appointment as the Detroit Tigers' business manager gives all his friends here a feeling of pride. Those Callam kids are smart young ones, say all of us who have known and liked them all their lives.

Another treat on Tuesday for B.M. - a bowl of luscious red raspberries from the garden at the Jack Cunningham house in Harrow.



**October 11, 1962**

The Thanksgiving countryside was glorious in the warm sunshine Sunday. Despite the fact that the color was not startling, our Essex County world - to Leamington and Wheatley to see the fishing industry, north to Tilbury, along to Windsor and home - showed the prosperity and beauty of our county - a productive spot, indeed, in field and tree and water.

I'm dated - I called the telephone operator "Central" and she questioned, "What did you say?"

In my opinion the six orbital flight of Astronaut Walter Schirra Jr. last Wednesday was a wonderful example of the co-ordination of man and machine. But we are blasé people, we take wonders of science and progress in such a way after the first mass hysteria that

outsiders think we have lost interest in the great advances in our day.

Along Concession Three in Colchester South Tuesday we saw a hickory nut tree in all its yellow loveliness. So a handful of nuts was sent home to Miss Bessie. She remembered as I did how we would have a delightful evening in the good old days as a family, reading and picking out hickory nut meats which Dad would crack. Such pride he took in a good clean severage.



**October 18, 1962**

A bouquet of nasturtiums brought fall into our porch Saturday afternoon and the warmth of the magnificent bronze sunlight came indoors. I loved the colors in that bouquet but I also felt the "rustle of brocade" for fall in the pinks and greens in the north border at the Drifford Bertrand place. The combination of single mums and petunias, all in pinks, with the green background of the hedge, would be, I'm sure, a designer's delight.

The 50th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Louis V. Pilon in Vankleek Hill brought to mind the last time I saw him. Yvonne Teeter Bailey and I were in Huntington, Quebec, at the hotel. Early in the morning our phone rang and it was Mr. Pilon, who had come in to the hotel to read the register of guests. He was so glad to see two names from his old town that he called us.

Rev. S.M. Sweetman brought in the following point of etiquette in addressing the clergy - a point which has been made before in this column. The article is called "Not Reverend" and we quote: - *In his Diocesan paper, Bishop Stephen F. Bayne unburdens his soul in this fashion: "If you have any respect for the clergy's blood pressure, please do not use the word 'Reverend' as a title. It is wrong. It is sinful. It is against Emily Post. It is ungrammatical. It is everything that is loathsome and horrible. 'Reverend' is an adjective, like 'Honorable,' which is used to modify a noun - as 'The Reverend Mr. Brown' or 'The Reverend John Brown'. It is not a title. It is always fixed by 'the'. It is never used with the last name alone. Bishops are 'The Right' Reverend'; deans the 'The Very Reverend'; archdeacons are 'The Venerable'; parish priests and ministers are 'The Reverend'. End of annual blast on the subject.*

In the *Echo* 20 years ago in the write-up of the death of Mrs. A. J. Golden, it said that "Grant Golden, grandson, represents the fifth generation of Goldenes, living on the original Golden farm in Anderdon, which was cleared in 1852." H.M.'s note: now, in 1962, Grant's children live on that land which their ancestors cleared 100 years ago.

The combination of cool nights and clear skies has made for fine Milky Way almost directly overhead these October nights. Sunday night it was particularly good, I thought. Throughout history there have been many colorful legends about the Milky Way. One civilization thought that the sky was made of two pieces of black cloth; that the stars were holes in the cloth; and that the Milky Way was the seam that held the two pieces together. Later, a tribe of American Indians envisioned this band of light as the road to the "Happy Hunting Ground" and the stars along its path as the campfires of Indians cooking dinner. Actually, the Milky Way is the combination of the light of millions of stars too faint to be seen individually. Close observation of the Milky Way reveals several "rifts" or dark patches. These once were thought to be holes in the Milky Way through which we could see the empty space beyond. Today, astronomers tell us that they are really clouds of dark gases, blocking our view of the Milky Way. These dark nebulae are often called Coal Sacks and there is a very famous one in the constellation Cygnus, almost overhead on the sky map.



*October 25, 1962*

I like to hear about the success of former pupils of mine. I missed an article in *Time* magazine on Johnny Garrels, who is head of a Plastics Company in London, England. Johnny's brother Billy is a professor at the University of Brussels in Belgium. Their mother, Mrs. John Garrels of Grosse Île, is planning to go to Brussels sometime this year for her granddaughter's wedding.

Centering the tea table at Mrs. A.H. Stevenson's tea last Wednesday was an arrangement of bittersweet with ivy - simple and very lovely for the warm sunshiny autumn afternoon.



*November 1, 1962*

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barclay were at the Skuce cottage in the Haliburton Highlands near Minden recently, they ran into Herbert Balfour, who has a summer place in the Highlands. Herbert was so glad to meet someone from his old home town. He lives in Toronto, where he is doing well in the insurance business there.

I felt a personal loss in the death of George Matthew Adams in New York on Sunday. Through the years Mr. Adams' homey philosophy and comments on life, nature and world in general, which ideas coincided with mine, in his syndicated column have interested me. Then too I remember with warmth the night in Halifax years ago when I was his dinner companion. He was a very interested and interesting person who had the gift of bringing out the best in the person he was with. It is with regret that 30 (the end) has come to his contributions.

"Take it away, Professor" was written by a favorite columnist of mine about the long string of digits in the direct dialing system - although it is wonderful to be able to dial cross-country, I'm sure. Wrote a woman who had also read the article above, "Last month our telephone office initiated the use of '1' before all out-of-area calls. After dialing 12101273804, when my brother-in-law answered, I asked him, 'Do you think they are trying to make IBM machines out of us? I had to write all of those numbers down to be able to dial them.' The author of the article wishes to have humans less like machines!"

Elliott Swartz, husband of Shirley Rubenstein and proprietor of Amherst Shoe Centre, got a fine press after the presentation of the "Pyjama Game" in the Windsor Jewish Community Centre last weekend. The production, by the way, will be presented again this weekend. Said the drama critic, "As a piece of social comment, the plot of 'Pyjama Game' is as meaningful and biting as its score is memorable and its lyrics sparkling. As a piece of entertaining musical comedy it was given a lively, bouncy treatment by the Centre Theatre Workshop. Much of the credit belongs to the director, Joe Eisenberg, who has astutely seized on an inherent earthiness of the characters, workers in a pyjama factory, in their wage struggle with an unscrupulous boss. Elliott Swartz achieved a fine balance of characterization as the plant superintendent loyal to both his employer and the factory hands. His best scenes were with Dolly Shapiro, head of the grievance committee, but while Miss Shapiro was suitably hard-boiled, Mr. Swartz at times lacked enough aggressiveness. Each was fine vocally and their duet, 'There Once Was a Man,' came hurtling across the footlights

in fine fashion and nearly proved a showstopper.”



### *November 15, 1962*

Donald Jackson of Oshawa, a featured figure skater in the Ice Follies in Detroit this week, is a friend of Glen Skuce of the General Amherst High School staff. Young Mr. Jackson won the men's skating championship for the world at Prague in the spring. His breath-taking leaps and spins are beautiful to watch, we thought. In fact the whole show was superb - super-excellence in all its beauty of skating, costumes, lights, properties, sound effects and music.



### *November 22, 1962*

If mothers of the bride or brides are puzzled about any point in wedding plans, call this office, as we have a new question and answer form on wedding details which is simple and correct.

The *Amherstburg Echo* received an 88<sup>th</sup> Happy Anniversary card on Monday from Miss Carrie Crichton of Arner. The thought was heart-warming from an old friend of this paper. The first edition was on November 19, 1874 and there have been many changes in our operation in keeping with the change in the presentation of news, because of the other media of communication discovered in this century. But we feel because of radio, T.V., etc., the newspaper is better (not only ours but dailies, etc.) We feel that the older the *Echo* gets, the more up-to-date it becomes, because of the loyalty and genuine friendliness that is everywhere in this office - each having respect for the other and each giving his best to make the 88<sup>th</sup> birthday Monday a good one.

As we enter the month before Christmas, as far as I am concerned the joy and warmth and generosity of the season is outweighed by the world situation. At least that is what I think is the reason for the lack of spark this 1962 year end, on my part.



### *November 29, 1962*

When Arnold Gibb spoke of our “best climate” at the Malden Nomination Meeting Friday, in part he was talking about our glorious weekend weather - nice to live in this Banana Belt.

Ted Gabus, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E.A. Gabus, received the highest mark in the province, 93.5%, for an inter-provincial examination in the Motor Vehicle Repairer trade. Ted has qualified for the inter-provincial seal. The director of apprenticeship, D.C. McNeil, wrote to Ted, as follows, “It augers well for your future and I hope that you will be most successful in the trade you have chosen for your life work.” The young Amherstburg [man] is working at Stapley Motors, Toronto.

If it were 1932 and I had the interest I have in politics in 1962, I'd like to go to many more meetings from the municipal level up and take a more active part. Now all I can do is vote - that wonderful privilege of a free people who can think for themselves.

According to Mrs. J.E. McQueen, one of our finest musicians, “The Student Prince,” currently being presented by the Windsor Light Opera Company, is wonderful musical fare. She had nothing but praise for our own Tom Hamilton, who sang the famous and well-known Drinking Song in fine voice.



### *December 6, 1962*

Mahlon Augustine, a former Amherstburg resident, is at the new home for [mentally challenged] children at Cedar Springs. Mr. Augustine and his staff are always glad, we understand, to show people around the home to see the splendid work being done there with [children] up to the age of 17.

J.G. Parks of Malden was in the office to see if we knew where to get distinctively Canadian Christmas cards with some of our Canadian wonders in pictures to send overseas. A splendid idea for another year, we thought.

On Sunday in our spring-like weather, friend had Christmas flowers centering her tea table of lovely appointments. She said, "I should have used daffodils." The sunset in all its pink glory through the mist Saturday was so grand that another friend rushed to get a picture of the spectacular western sky over Bob-Lo. There is more about our spring in December weather - the myrtle was still blooming Monday in our Janet's garden and Capt. Callam told his wife Sunday that on his trip down the lakes last week, Lake Superior was like a mill pond.

The following quote is what a *Toronto Star* reporter thinks of Amherstburg - "Just 18 miles west of Windsor along Highway 18 is Amherstburg, one of the most delightful little towns on this continent. Highlight here is Fort Malden Museum which contains a treasure trove of relics, depicting the times when four different groups held sway in the district - Indians, French, British and Americans - and the War of 1812." The above was sent to Mrs. A.R. Horne by her sister in Clarkson.



**December 13, 1962**

Merry Christmas to all rode in on the snow last Thursday - and from the gaiety and number of people downtown, the Christmas spirit has struck all of us and the great buying spree has begun.

A favorite columnist said: "The reason so many women dress badly is that they don't know the difference between 'fashion' and 'style.' Fashions change and not all fashions look good on all women. But style, being a permanent esthetic quality, does not change and a woman who knows her style will always dress with appropriate distinction."

Loved Christopher Plummer in "Cyrano de Bergerac" over T.V. last week. Ever since he won acclaim as an artist in his field with that role in Stratford this past summer, I've looked forward to the T.V. adaption of the play. I grant that the play had to be cut from the original French and that Plummer is so marvellous that he overshadowed the other characters - but I enjoyed it.

Last week H.M. spoke of our spring weather - on the Thursday the temperature dropped and the snow fell and by Friday adults were unhappy with the inconvenience and

children were laughing on the hills at the old Fort. Weatherwise (I hate that coined word, in fact any word with "wise" tacked on) we don't get in a rut in this wonderful county, but we are fortunate by comparison.



**December 27, 1962**

HAPPY NEW YEAR

We're ringing bells to wish you and yours the best of everything for the New Year ahead ....and we thank you all!

*What is Charity?*

*It's Silence when your words would hurt,  
It's Patience when your neighbor's curt,  
It's Deafness when the scandal flows,  
It's Thoughtfulness for another's woes,  
It's Promptness when stern duty calls,  
It's Courage when misfortune falls.*

For the Banana Belt record, the natural ice rink in the park was used for the first time Friday and Saturday December 14<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup>. And from the colors flying, laughs and excitement over there, as seen and heard from our living room window, the skaters liked the pre-Christmas treat this year.



**January 3, 1963**

Five generations of an Amherstburg district family had a nice Christmas visit even if one member could only gurgle a little bit. The great-great-grandmother is Mrs. Edmond Bastien of Park Street, Amherstburg, and three-week-old Sandra Lee Smith is the fifth generation on the distaff side. Others were great-grandmother Mrs. Beatrice Dufour of Amherstburg; the grand-mother, Mrs. Stanley Rabideau of LaSalle; and the mother, Mrs.

Alex Smith of Windsor.

Any woman who wants to look well-dressed should keep her things simple in cut and line and color, says Audrey Hepburn, who in addition to being a movie star is also a style leader. She advises women to stay away from too large jewelry. One set of earrings or one small string of pearls is an adequate jewelry wardrobe, Miss Hepburn says. "You become identified with one small gold pin and you become chic when it is worn, even by itself, every day."

Mr. and Mrs. William Cavan have had their daughter Nancy, Mrs. Mervin Amerine, Mr. Amerine, daughter Barbara and son Cavan of Southern California as their Christmas week guests. The Amerines flew up in their own private plane and on Saturday morning when they left Detroit for home, Mr. Amerine piloted the plane low down river (about 150 yards above the ice) to say good-bye as they sped home. Mr. and Mrs. Cavan were delighted with the gesture. I still thrill at the wonder of modern family living for some people and family air transportation.



#### *January 10, 1963*

Our Miss Bessie got a bird feeder for Christmas which was placed on the sill of the south window near her chair. What a joy this "flight deck" is for her and for me, too. She even had a crow for a visitor.

Recently two friends spent an afternoon calling on new people in town. After hearing about it I thought of the friendliness of that custom of other days and looked up my old calling cards. Then thought they might like calling cards for Christmas so looked in our book for samples of stock and type and there weren't any calling cards listed. Calling is a lost custom, I guess, in our locality anyway.

I certainly wish I'd said the following - "When your mind suddenly goes blank, be sure to turn off the sound too." Good advice for all we oldsters, isn't it?

When I see and hear the fun from the skaters at the rink, I feel I want to get out and skate - imagine that - or to slide down the hills at the fort. But there is something I can

revive from the days of my youth and which I can do, and that is to make some angels in the snow on the front lawn. I have a compulsion going within, so that will not take too much physical effort.

Mrs. Louis J. Fox, in speaking of her 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary January 7<sup>th</sup>, said that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hunt, were married on that date, as was her son Louis F. Fox and Hazel Cox. Three generations having the same wedding date.

This 1962-63 turn of the calendar is to be remembered by me, at least for the number of golden wedding anniversaries, which in our modern way of life, ideas and health are becoming as casual to us as T.V. and modern heating. The thing that interests me is the smartness of the couples compared to those in the write ups. In the old files of similar events, and we quote: "reached a milestone," "venerable old age," "unusual anniversary" etc. Descriptions like the above are certainly not used now. Congratulations to the 50-year bride of 1962-63 who looks smart, is smart, drives a car, is alert in mind and body - certainly the rocking chair hasn't got her.

As I was doing the "60 years ago" files, Andrew Botsford came in the office and I commented on the number of sleigh ride parties held in those days. Said Mr. Botsford, "We could do it today with all the snow if we had the sleighs."



#### *January 17, 1963*

Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece, the Mona Lisa, which is currently on display in Washington on loan by France, is attracting many, many viewers. Having seen the original in the Louvre in Paris, I found her beautiful. Her puzzling sort of face, her eyes which seem to follow you and her unfluttery lovely hands appealed to me. In fact, I loved her, not because she was so old and so famous and when in Paris it's a must to see her - not because of all that - I loved her because she gave me much pleasure.

The following item about a Ridgetown man who has a fascinating hobby - collecting glass - interested me. I don't know a thing about old glass but I'd like to know a lot. In fact before Christmas I talked to Betty McGee several times and each time she gave me a quick briefing of various types of glass which I liked. The color in the various old pieces interested

me and I felt that the beginning of a collection could be fun for Janet or for me. So am passing along what the Ridgetown collector said in part: "What started out to be a mere hobby has turned into a profitable business for Lee Simpson, antique dealer, auctioneer, candy maker, town assessor, former councillor and deputy reeve, historian, real estate agent and merchant. Speaking at the Ridgetown Rotary Club recently, he displayed some of his rarer pieces of antique glass made in 1793. Mr. Simpson said he started to become interested about 22 years ago and now has a collection worth several thousand dollars. In a brief history of glass-making he said that the first glass known was found in the Middle East about 2000 years ago. At that time it was thought lightning had struck in the sand and turned the sand into glass. Blown glass art still exists but modern machinery has taken over this production. Million dollar machines can turn out more than forty pieces per minute. A glass blower's life span was reduced to about twenty years, according to Mr. Simpson. Displaying a cup plate, he said these are becoming quite scarce. He showed several pieces of Sandwich glass made about 1828. Among the articles were a pitcher for holding whisky, open salt dishes, a patent medicine bottle dated 1754, nursing bottles, lamps before chimneys were used and several rare tumblers.

The Alfred O. Bondy who passed away at River Canard over the weekend was the genealogist of the Bondy family. Years ago he, a retired school teacher, would come in the office and discuss his findings. All the old border families should record their histories because it's so easy to lose track of ancestors from one generation to another. Heredity and genealogy are interesting subjects. Time after time I run into people who don't know the maiden name of a maternal grandmother. I like to know who's related to whom and their racial origins and the effect of blood on mental and physical capacities.



*January 24, 1963*

At Christmas time Mrs. Duffy Pillon opened and treated her family with wine which had been presented to her 50 years ago for her first child's christening party.

Yes, our face is red - and to Mrs. Victor Ouellette, an elected member of the Separate School Board, we make a public apology. Because she is the first woman to hold an elective office in Amherstburg.

The crunch, crunch and crack of the dry snow underfoot in the sub-zero temperature Monday reminded me of the winter sounds of the good old days. I felt I should hear, though, the clippety clop of the horses' hooves and the rhythmic sounds of the bells as they pulled their sleighs riverward to load up with squares of ice during the ice harvest.

I like this - "There can be no conflict between science and religion. Science is a eligible method of finding truth. Religion is the search for a satisfying way of life. Science is growing, yet a world that has science needs, as never before, the inspiration that religion offers." - Arthur H. Compton.

In a note from Mrs. William Thrasher of Anderdon, she wrote, "Don't complain here. It's 62 below in Uranium City, N.W.T." Her daughter Claribel and family live in that western city.



*January 31, 1963*

Mrs. John Northwood (Carol Ferriss of Harrow), now of Denver, has a current showing of some of her pictures in a bank in Denver.

The Canadian Ballet Company comes into the Cleary Auditorium next week. This company and its school deserve the support of all of us as they are striving to put the name of Canada among the better groups of performing arts. It is a young company, but a good, well-trained one which I have seen develop and improve these past ten years or so. I feel as if I should know Miss Franca, Miss Lois Smith and some of the other dancers so am looking forward to the performance Monday night when "the lady in the back row" forgets the pressure of newspaper work and is lost in the world of fantasy in dance, music, color and costumes.

As I looked westward late Sunday afternoon, I saw the beauty of the sun playing on the large snow banks against the McGregor house fence, and unmarked snow and the ice-bound river, what Franz Johnson saw and put on canvas in some of his paintings. His winter lights and shadows are well done, I think - so does friend G.E.W. who has a good reproduction of his over the fireplace.



To be able to put what one sees on canvas is a wonderful gift. Recently I talked to a man who has retired as the head of a large company. This man is a "dabber" he says and was at the time as busy as a bee, doing several things for the Essex County artists' exhibition and a quote, "If I get a mention I'll be pleased but if I don't I've had the fun of trying." Whenever I think of an interest developed for retirement, I think of Burt and Mildred Hoag, formerly of Laird Avenue, now of Sarasota, who prepared for their years of leisure and are not leading quiet lives by any means, but are painting and working in clay and metal, etc. When talking to Mrs. Murray Smith about them, we touched on mother's renewed interest in birds and she said, "I'd like to collect and know more about wildflowers."

Raymond Marontate of the First Concession of Colchester South lives on the farm settled by his grandfather, Antoine Marontate. His daughter, Mrs. Carl Smith of Harrow, in going over old papers in the house recently found an 1861 tax receipt for \$3.07 for 68 acres of Marontate land.



*February 7, 1963*

A few weeks ago I saw Richard McKenna, author of "The Sand Pebbles," the 1963 Harper Prize book, on the "To Tell The Truth" program. I was impressed with Mr. McKenna's background. His own experiences in the U.S. Navy in the Far East provide the background for his first book. When he retired from the Navy at 40, Mr. McKenna went to college and since has turned to writing. His skillful yarn, "The Sand Pebbles" (really a man's book, though) is woven around the adventures of a Navy ship, its crew patrolling the rivers and lakes deep in mainland China as that nation totters into the revolution that eventually brought Chiang Kaishek to power in the mid-twenties. The main character, Jake Holman, is a believable man's man who dotes on machinery and the romance angle is Jake's love for a missionary girl working with the Chinese, her favorite student being one of the revolution's local dealers. I read this novel all last week and felt this modern history story conveyed to me a feeling of great events rather than enjoyment.



*February 14, 1963*

*BE MY VALENTINE*

I saw the lovely pastels of spring at 5:30 p.m. Monday. After the snowstorm Sunday, when Monday's sun threw long golden ribbons on the snow in the park, to me it was like seeing the first robin of the season. So I looked west and there was the sentinel elm tree at the head of Bob-Lo stretching up to the peach colored sky. Then another spring effect was the yellow of the water in the air hole in the river with a deep gold color edging the ice on the west side.

In all the thousands of women at Olympia Sunday night, I was the only person with good old-fashioned rubbers. I felt like a museum piece with all the good-looking boots round about. But my passé item did a good job for me that snowy, wet, miserable and misty night.

At this late date in my life, I had a "first" when I joined the 14,000 others at the hockey game in Detroit Sunday night. The excitement, the crowd, the fun, the band and bagpipes with the Riverside group of fans and the flying Leafs and Wings, all made for a dandy evening. I even liked standing around after the game in front of the players' dressing rooms waiting for our crowd of five and many, many other young people to get autographs. Punch Imlach of the Maple Leafs gave the girls a warm smile when he signed their books, despite the fact that he must be fed up with autograph seekers. Tim Horton was gracious and had a smile for his young fans also. Mahovlich, whom they all adore, stalked out imperiously with a disgruntled expression and brushed a path through the crowd. I know he was tired but I still feel a smile would have helped his popularity as all those sports figures need fans and when so many waited (including myself) in enemy territory for Toronto, he might have acknowledged his fans at least with a nod. The story of the great and the near great fits in here, I think.



*February 21, 1963*

I'm not particularly interested in books, the stories of which are set in the future, but found "Seven Days in May" about capital intrigue in Washington in 1976 fascinating. This novel of suspense using the issues of our times was written by two talented Washington journalists, Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, who have, I understand, had long experience covering the Washington scene. The story was the uncovering of an incredible plot to overthrow the government and the American system. The plot was recognized by a colonel in the Marines who saw and heard and pieced together coincidences in an uneasy Washington and country - very good reading.

Spring signs in Miss B.'s Valentine, which was a pot of daffodils, purple hyacinths, pussywillows and tiny white begonias.

Fred Bridle was talking of Connecticut where his daughter lives now. In the course of his conversation he mentioned the interesting widow's walks on the houses in some Connecticut towns. We talked of their purpose years ago and the interest in the architectural point. Progress always hurts some people, that's a well-known fact, but when the two widow's walks we had in town disappeared, that fact hurts me, as I feel we must tie up the old and the new in our way of life. To get back to Mr. Bridle's interest, I said, "Why we had two places here, the Legion Club (the former Park place) and the Chateau la Rose with widow's walks on the top" - and he didn't know - and now no one will know that there were two lookouts here with good views into the mouth of the lake. That architectural point in old construction is of tourist value in the east and ties up with the old sailing days and the trade in ships.



*February 28, 1963*

John Palmer of Kemptville, a former Master at the General Amherst High School, has won the Liberal Nomination for Grenville, Dundas. If bigness has merit (John's seven-foot, 300-pound build) he's a cinch, said heading on the CP story on his nomination. The voters will certainly know he's around the constituency.

After the thrill of a hockey game at Olympia, I'd like the experience of three more

firsts - namely, to go to a ski resort to see people ski, to see a curling match and to go to a coffee house to hear the jazz.

With the calendar telling of Ash Wednesday, we think of spring, not the breathtaking beautiful sunny, white Christmas card world we awakened to Sunday morning. The lovely blue in sky and open river with the unmarked white of the snow blanket all around and the sparkle of the occasional snowflakes with the sun playing on them made me overlook the rhythm of the neighborhood snow shovels and the work and the uncomfortableness connected with winter beauty.

Bulky, patterned sweaters are becoming more and more popular for persons of all ages and both sexes. Several beauties have caught my eye this year. In fact I spoke to a perfect stranger in Harrow about his sweater patterned with ducks in flight and at rest which was a stunning combination of colors. Looking around this year, the popularity of these heavy hand knit sweaters involves, I think, enough work to be classed as an industry and an art because of the colors involved. Another day in Harrow I met Mrs. Edward McDonald, very smart in a knitted (bulky wool) knee length lively beige coat (lined with milium) and matching pillbox which she had knit herself. The outfit was warm and striking.



*March 14, 1963*

Tues. a.m. can't see Spring because of the dense fog but heard it from the river at 8:30 when the McQueen tugs were signaling. Ears happy.

We at our house read a small tender classic called "A River Ran Out of Eden" over the weekend. This deeply felt little book was written by James Vance Marshall and as I read I felt the beauty of the written word. The author had been a crew member on a tramp steamer between Sydney and Vladivostok when he saw the background out of which the book is made and where along the beautiful remote coast of the Aleutian Islands he heard the legend of the golden seal - the theme of the delightful book.

I like the new Oliver (Twist) haircuts - so boyish and youthful. Evidently the bouffant do is out of fashion and the Oliver in. Even older women, according to Saks Fifth Avenue, can wear the high, smooth-side short cut being made popular because of the popular

musical "Oliver." As the ears show in the Oliver cut, I wager a change in earrings will be made for the market, the tiny ones out and larger more dashing earrings in vogue.

When did our attitude begin to get so out of line and how can it be corrected to give you and me and parents and children a better perspective toward life and living? All this came about by the oft-repeated, "There is nothing to do in this town." Well, sitting as we do on the edge of the park, I know that there was almost three months of good skating at the rink in the park. Lots of fun night after night, but do you know I never saw one child help with shovelling of snow off the ice.

Every householder should have a pot of chives in her kitchen. The purple blossom is pretty and the greens are good. Add chives to blue cheese for dressing and taste buds will be tickled.



Schoolwork and hockey go hand in hand at the school in Toronto where prospective members of the Maple Leaf hockey team are trained and educated. Rick Thrasher, a Grade 10 student and eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Thrasher, is a fine juvenile hockey player. Rick was watched and recommended for the school by a Maple Leaf scout. Starting in September, he'll take his Grades 11 and 12 in Toronto and train in hockey at the same time. But he has to get good grades scholastically or the deal is off. This school, according to his father, has been in operation five years and is now run by members of a religious order from Ireland.

Another white world Monday afternoon when in the mist and snow even the coal piles behind the office became mounds of white glamour, I thought. No thought of spring clothes yet, winter warms are the thing - and I'll wager the merchants hope that next Thursday, March 21<sup>st</sup>, the official beginning of spring, is just that and not a winter hangover.



#### March 21, 1963

Monday was really the nicest day we've had for so long that everyone was out of doors. The baby buggy brigade was started and there was no answer at many homes I called during the afternoon. The wind on Sunday did a good cleaning job and the snow which piled

itself in a fence-high bank along the McGregor House fence early in December is very dirty and out-of-step indeed with the sunshine and lovely sky of Monday.

I like the brimmed hats that are being shown in *Vogue* this spring. I find them flattering to most women and as for H.M. a brimmed hat shades her old eyes, a comfortable feeling indeed.

In Mexico recently Bud Menzies and Maurice O'Beay accidentally ran into Mr. and Mrs. Ross Riddell of Anderdon, who were staying at the same hotel. Through the Riddells they met Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Murphy of Sarnia, and to their surprise found that Mrs. Murphy was Jean Trimble Thompson, a former resident of Amherstburg. She and Mr. Murphy were on their honeymoon. Mrs. Murphy is the elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Trimble.

Mrs. Arthur Grant of Malden told me that on April 12<sup>th</sup>, she, an Englishwoman, will be in Malden 50 years - and has never gone back to England to visit her people there. She said that she came out from England because her brother Thomas Lomax had emigrated and was working for Maurice Hutchins.

I agree with the *Huron Expositor*, which believes that small towns are in themselves shopping centres that only need some revamping. Perhaps one of the reasons is that most small towns are in themselves really shopping centres. Like their modern counterparts in the cities, they provide a variety of merchandise in a relatively concentrated area. All the main streets of most towns lack to make them at least the equal of and, in many cases, better than the city shopping centre is a little bit of merchandising know-how and a desire on the part of the merchants to work together.



#### March 28, 1963

Our Lena here at the office was like the cat that swallowed the canary Monday morning. On Sunday night she went to the Red Wings vs. Maple Leafs hockey game at Olympia and caught a puck which flew from the ice. A nice bonus for a hockey fan.

I clipped the following item from the *Echo* 60 years ago this week. As I read, I

thought "peeling" is nothing new, evidently. The item (quote) - "Every owner of a bicycle in Harrow makes the walk at the east end of the village a favorite place for 'scorching'."

We people in the Banana Belt can use our weather as a conversation piece. On March 19<sup>th</sup> we had the whole treatment, snow, blow, rain, wind, hail, thunder and lightning. Then over the weekend the heat was turned on and the sun shone and the snowdrops came out all of a sudden, as did sun togs, marbles, convertibles and even bathing suits (boys walking along beach).

I was interested that, because of so many professional people living there, Brampton is considered a high I.Q. town. As a consequence, "Spring Thaw," the clever satirical skit out of Toronto, was tried out there before it was taken on the road.



*April 4, 1963*

B.M. and I have lots to talk about now after reading Daphne du Maurier's latest book, "The Glass-Blowers." This is a story of fortunes of a family of French glass blowers from the days of Louis XV to the Napoleonic era as told through the eyes of a daughter of Mathurin Busson, a prosperous master of glass furnaces, who tries to bequeath his pride and skill to his sons. I found the characterizations interesting and the tale of the ne'er-do-well weak son Robert is the thread tying up the book. Miss du Maurier's own ancestors were French glass blowers so she writes with authenticity and she certainly is familiar with the French Revolution. "The Glass-Blowers" is not full of suspense like her "Rebecca," but it had lots of interest in it for us.

On Friday Joseph Gumierato uncovered plants of Italian dandelions which are used for salad greens and found they were ready to eat, so the family did. Ordinarily the plants bedded down for the winter would take two weeks to be ready for table - but not this year.

On the Harrow page last week there was an article on an exhibition of paintings by Carol Ferriss Northwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ferriss of Harrow. In the review it spoke of Mrs. Northwood's collages. That to me was a new concept of art. Since I became interested through the description of Mrs. Northwood's pictures, I've read articles on New York artists who are using this modern innovation in art. The making of collages consists

of cutting, breaking, tearing and adjusting fragments so that shapes, textures, tonalities assume significant relations. The materials may be paper, fabric, metal, tree bark, anything "found." The collages of Leo Manso (Grand Central Moderns) prove that there is more to say in collage when there is someone to utter it with ideas, taste and intelligence.

Monday is election day, the day when we as Canadians can thank our lucky stars that we are Canadians and able to exercise our democratic privilege, Freedom of Speech. This is the day when you and I have the right to say what we think and to know that our vote is important to bring about what we want. So don't be a "don't care" or "can't be bothered" person - be definite and get to the polls and do your part for our country.



*April 11, 1963*

*HAPPY EASTER TO YOU*

Another coincidence to report is the following letter from G. Connell, formerly of Sandwich Street North. Mr. Connell wrote: "I met James Barry Brush, son of Melvin Brush and grandson of Ross Brush of Amherstburg, in Scotland where he was visiting his aunt and he was reading an *Amherstburg Echo* so I asked him where he was from. He of course said Canada. Looking up again six months later I saw the same boy in Canada. He had joined the R.C. Navy and had an *Amherstburg Echo* in his hand again."

Two of the members of the *Echo* staff, Patricia Pillon Bastien and Ronald Deslippe, had the privilege of casting their first Federal votes Monday. A thrill indeed to have their say in what they want as to leadership and government.



*April 18, 1963*

All is forgotten, especially the long cold winter which set records in the Banana Belt, because Easter Day was golden with warm sunshine and all of a sudden the grass was green, the buds became full to bursting - a lovely world indeed.



When Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pattenden celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary Sunday, it was the fourth golden wedding celebration in her family, the Delmores. And to make the celebration more heart-warming their attendants joined with them in the celebration and also eight of her nine brothers and sisters - a brother, James Delmore from Texas was unable to be present.

Among graceful professional models who showed the beautiful clothes of the Grace Hospital Auxiliary Fashion Show at the Elmwood was Mrs. Ted Grace, who lives during the summer on the riverfront in Malden, south of the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grace.

When J.G. Parks was in Orlando, Florida, recently, he used to walk by a florist shop every day. The lady who ran the shop grew glorious white Amaryllis, so Mr. Parks chatted with her about them. In the course of the conversation he found that the man who helps her in the yard is Dave Wright, a son of the late Cook Wright of Amherstburg.



*April 25, 1963*

Another form of art, very beautiful too, centered the anniversary table, to the interest of relatives and friends at the Nicholas Semeniuk silver anniversary dinner party Saturday. This was the anniversary wedding cake decorated in Ukrainian design, cleverly done in minute detail and coloring by Mrs. Alex Taskey.

In Harrow last week we were talking of the fun many children have at Easter after the Easter Bunny hides eggs and other Easter confections round about homes and yards. One person there said, "Oh! I think that's silly." A young married woman who was listening in said, "I don't, because for the first time in my life I got a large chocolate rabbit this year from my husband and I am so pleased that I hate to eat it."

Mrs. Lorne Bell was telling me that it looks like a good tourist season in this area, as some of her cottages are booked already.

I quite agree with the editor of the *Fort William Times Journal*, who wrote: "Live With Climate - If this country is to attain its full stature as a thriving nation, all classes of

citizens will have to live with their climate. So long as we put off elections, construction and business activity generally until winter weather moderates - in other words, hibernating for a good portion of the year - we are not going to produce at a rate that will enable Canada to compete successfully against other ambitious nations."



*May 2, 1963*

Last Thursday there was a page of artificial flies in the *Detroit Free Press* with a description of each, which fly was for which fish, etc. Not being a fisherman, I know nothing whatever about what color to use, etc. etc. but the illustrations reminded me of my friend Lol Price Gay, who is an ardent fisherman. Years ago we were in Mrs. F.A. Falls' living room waiting for tea. Near the fireplace was a feather duster for sweeping the hearth. In that feather duster were lovely brown henna and gold feathers. Mrs. Gay just needed that particular color of feather for a particular fly she was making, so as quick as a wink she was out of her chair, pulled out two or three and gloated over her unexpected find.

A sardonic view of a set of circumstances in the Ontario Legislature has been pointed out by the *Fort Erie Letter Review*. It notes that on one particular day the Ontario Business and Professional Women's Club presented to the Provincial Cabinet a brief which drew attention to several points in which existing law and custom do not recognize the equality of the sexes. One of these is the pensionable age of women, now frequently set at 60 while pensions for men are generally set at 65. This, although women on the average live longer than men. On the same day, notes the *Letter Review*, the Ontario Minister of Labour introduces a bill to amend the minimum wage for both men and women in the province's principal industrial region. The minimum for men \$1.00 to \$1.25 an hour. For women: 85 cents an hour. Anyone for equality of the sexes?



*May 9, 1963*

The unsolved mystery - i.e., up to Monday noon. Last week we received several calls that the Lord Mayor of Dublin said on the Jack Carson show that he was "going to Washington, Niagara Falls, Toronto and Amherstburg." We've called around and up to time



of writing no one knows why? Or to see whom? But that's what the man said.

We had three pairs of Baltimore Orioles flashing around all day Sunday in the white blossoms on the cherry tree. An all-day interest.

The "Rochester," a newly developed hybrid white lilac, will be shown at the lilac festival in Rochester, N.Y., in mid-May. The product of a chance seedling, the lilac could give rise to a new family of hybrids. It is distinctive not only in color but, the horticulturists report, in its petal arrangement. In contrast to the standard lilac, each floret contains up to 17 petals to four for the standard floret. Rochester started its lilac collection as the hobby of a Scottish horticulturalist who brought his fondness for the shrub from the European continent. In the 1890s he named and introduced many outstanding varieties that still grow in the park. To the gardener familiar with the slow-growing home lilac, Rochester's lilacs, which often reach over 10 feet, are something of a revelation. One of those introduced by John Dunbar, the first horticulturalist, is 66 years old, stands 28 feet and has a trunk of coalescing branches that is two feet across. The produce of Europe's cold winters and hot summers, the lilac was imported to this country and became popular with the pioneers because of its beauty and hardiness. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson both recorded in their diaries that they helped their wives transplant lilacs in their home gardens. The lilac has grown in Rochester since 1767 and because of its close identification with the city over the years it has been accorded the status of the city flower - the "Rochester," which took 12 years to develop, is the first named for the city.

Arthur Laing of Vancouver, Canada's new Minister of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources, is married to the former Geraldine Hyland of Essex. Mrs. Laing is a friend of Mrs. Francis Bell, Miss Florence Gatfield, Maurice O'Beay and Marwood Menzies of Amherstburg. Years ago Mr. and Mrs. Laing were in Amherstburg and we were sitting on the veranda of Miss Gatfield's house. I remember that he was particularly interested in the ships on the river, tonnage, length, width, etc. etc., statistics which many of us don't know and we've lived with it all our lives.



*May 16, 1963*

Scarlet tanagers stopped last Wednesday to rest high on a poplar tree nearby, according to Janet.

Amherstburg's tree-lined streets have been part of the town's charm. In fact, in Confederation year some of the maples and poplars were planted, I understand. Progress always steps on someone's toes, but if I lived on Bathurst Street and had a beautiful, cool, shady street made stark and unattractive with the cutting of 6 or 7 or 8 beautiful maples, I'd raise Cain, too.

Despite the cool weather, our May world is beautiful; as I stand in our sunroom looking northward over the moat, at the moment I'm looking through foaming deep pink blossoms of a garden variety of crab apple.

Miss Iris A. Davis, sister of Mrs. Jesse Henderson of Amherstburg, is president of the Socratic Society of Bermuda. This literary club of many members, in its 25<sup>th</sup> year, is designed to increase the local interest in cultural entertainment - good books, cultural and artistic appreciation for the fine arts and to develop the art of public speaking. Mrs. Charlotte Watkins Maxay, contralto of Windsor, presented a concert for the club, May 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup>. Mrs. Maxay is a student of Mother St. Edwin at the Ursuline Convent in Windsor.

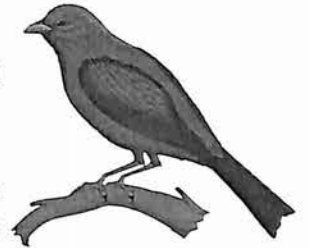
"I must study politics and war that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy in order to give their children the right to study painting, poetry, music." - John Adams.



*May 23, 1963*

One anemone, grown from seed brought by Janet from England last year from the Royal Horticultural Society, bloomed in the garden Saturday. This member of the buttercup family was large (10 inches across), deep purple with a black centre.

I enjoyed the Band Concert (performance by both Sr. and Jr. bands) at the High School Sunday night very much. The part that struck me forcibly about the endeavor was



the interest of grandmas, grandpas, mothers, fathers and children. Surely when children and adults have a common interest and pride in accomplishment, good in being together for old and young comes of it. The young performers feel strengthened by pride and enthusiasm of parents and friends - and the parents and friends must get a lot of happiness, pride and satisfaction out of the direction their children are going with this interest of theirs. I felt when one talks of security for children, this is it working.

One of the most flattering accessories, I feel, that has gained favour is the long stole for evening wear. The idea need not be used primarily for evening, as a stole the color of a costume with a startling lining would give a dash to any woman. I also like the evening coats, and if I went out a lot I'd go to a good drapery department for material for same - also for material for an evening skirt.

Harking back to old 24<sup>th</sup> of May days, remember the Queen's birthday jingle - at least the day had an identity then and wasn't just another long weekend as it is now - and a cool one at that, so that the swimming season couldn't even be opened to give the day a first. I feel Canada's great country and the "colonialism" that many talk about with derision now hasn't hurt in the past and doesn't hurt now even though we are Canadians from many "old lands." Canada has a great deal to do as a grown-up nation so why row over a flag, for instance, the red ensign is a beauty as far as I'm concerned and the Union Jack in the corner doesn't annoy me as "colonialistic" - in fact it doesn't annoy many new Canadians from Europe who have pride in Canadian citizenship but who also have pride in traditions and culture of their native land and combine the old and new in their life. They feel that what they are getting now was because of the foresight, the culture, the church, the government, the schools, the ideas of the fathers of our country.



*May 30, 1963*

Another older friend, we'll call her Miss Dora, like Miss Bessie, is as modern as the day after tomorrow. The day astronaut Gordon Cooper was circling the globe, not to miss a thing, Miss Dora walked around doing house chores carrying her new transistor radio. Now she can hear the ball games while sitting outside too.

Things may change in our lives and their importance as an experience lessens with

time - but today we got the same old sharp, warm thrill as we had in our youth, when we heard the first salutes of hello of the Bob-Lo boat.

Ever since the "walk craze" came in, the priests around Assumption University have been walking and competing for distance. Recently two decided to walk to Amherstburg, and one didn't; however, the other walked on the railway track from Windsor to Amherstburg - those people in Washington had better top that.

I liked the following which was in Sunday's St. John the Baptist bulletin. - "A brain-washed cosmonaut swept the skies and found not so much as an angel there. A man with unfettered soul zoomed into the same orbit and found God, and talked with Him. The man of Faith finds God everywhere - in the sunrise, in the milky way, in the little flower."

Once again I watched history being made a fortnight ago when Astronaut Cooper was brought back to earth after his 22 orbits in space. How many firsts have we people of the 20<sup>th</sup> century experienced? The first telephone, car, radio, airplane, automatic heat, electrical appliances, pure water, T.V., permanent waves, nylons, etc. etc. I like to remember when and to have been a part of this fabulous century and still not too old, I hope, to enjoy and marvel at the things yet to come.



*June 6, 1963*

I like this: - Most academicians talk about the value of an education in the humanities, but the best reason was given by some anonymous dean who said: "The primary purpose of a liberal education is to make one's mind a pleasant place in which to spend one's leisure."

The *Silver Isle*, a Canadian freighter of the Mohawk Line, distinguished by its two funnels, was upbound at 9:30 Sunday morning flying the Red Ensign, which looked Canadian to me.

"June is bustin' out all over" - ran through my mind when I heard the Junior band practising on the river terrace at the Drifford Bertrand house Saturday morning. June came in that day with glorious warm weather, flowers in bloom, majorettes dancing on the lawn



while the band played. The *Ste. Claire* bustled by en route to Bob-Lo and the band saluted it and the Bob-Lo boat said thank you with a long and two shorts. Summer sounds and sights, indeed.

When Dr. W.B. Mountain of the Harrow Research Laboratory was in Panama this spring he met a Spanish scientist with the United Fruit Company. In the course of the conversation this Spaniard told Dr. Mountain that his wife had a sister in Canada at a place called Oxley. "Just three miles from my home," said Dr. Mountain. This Spanish woman is a member of a religious order of church women at the Holy Retreat House, Oxley. Dr. and Mrs. Mountain and she have exchanged visits since his coincidental meeting in Panama.



**June 13, 1963**

The death of Mr. Forrest Grayer in Harrow, Thursday, saddened me because it was the end of an era in my lifetime. For years Mr. Grayer has peddled melons in Amherstburg using a horse-drawn rig. In fact he did just that last fall and the children on Dalhousie Street ran and giggled when they heard the clippety-clip of the horse's hooves. Mr. Grayer was such a fine pleasant man and his passing, and with him his friendly way of peddling his melons, made me think of the end of leisurely life and friendliness in business of other years.

As I pressed away with an antique wooden potato masher Saturday, I recalled the kidding I've taken for using it. I suppose every home has a favorite bit of antique kitchen equipment, and I like our old wooden masher which Miss Bessie probably brought with her from Essex when she came to Amherstburg as a bride.

Tale of a young 1963 mother - a year ago Janet Meloche, because of her brilliant mind and high scholastic standing at the Hotel Dieu School of Nursing, was allowed to be married to Clayton Derochie at the end of her second year of training. As Janet Meloche Derochie she worked and studied all her final year. Saturday she attended the festivities after the Pat Cote - Garnet Meloche wedding. Sunday was graduation day at Hotel Dieu and Janet, although an award winner, was not present - as her doctor said when her name was called, "I delivered her of a son an hour ago."



**June 20, 1963**

The casual "Take it easy" that many people use nowadays on leave-taking has me puzzled. I never know whether figuratively "my slip is showing" (and I'm showing the wear and tear on my nervous system) or if it's a meaningless good-bye. Have you noticed how many people have caught on to the casualness of the phrase and why?

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne made one of their rare television appearances last Wednesday in a play by James M. Barrie entitled, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," which was wonderful theatre. All the dull T.V. (in my estimation) of this past season was forgotten in the great performance of Miss Fontanne, a charwoman living in London during World War I, who is alone and always has been. Ashamed because she has no man on the front lines, she adopts a young soldier and sends him gifts in the name of a noted society lady. Then her "son," played by Donald Madden, who also turned in an excellent performance, comes to London on leave and learns about her and her deception. I have been privileged through the years to have seen Miss Fontanne and her husband on stage in Detroit, her superb performance through the medium of television Wednesday showed her great art and I enjoyed the play very much.

Saw where Vincent Price received the honorary degree of Dr. of Laws at Ohio Wesleyan University recently. It seems that Lorne Smith, brother of Gerald Smith of Harrow, has a catering business in Los Angeles and was saying that Vincent Price is one of the nicest people in the movie industry to cater for.



**July 4, 1963**

After Mrs. W.W. Mitchell and family, now of Port Arthur, attended her son Wallace's marriage in British Columbia recently, they went to Puget Sound, Washington, to visit Mr. and Mrs. C.K. MacFetridge, who are living there near their second daughter, Anne. The Mitchells and MacFetridges lived across the road from one another on Laird Avenue for several years. "Mrs. Mac" and Isabel Mitchell were a wonderful team on the Red Cross executive here in Amherstburg during the War.

Miss Flossie Higgins, on her retirement after devoting 42 years to the teaching

profession, nearly 35 years of which were at the Essex Public School, said: "We must be wise and accept the change in times. Scientific and social changes are bound to affect children. T.V. and science books have replaced fiction. Recreation is more organized than it used to be, but it is good for children to be occupied. They have still retained their creative ability and have every kind of hobby from collecting bottle-tops to raising rabbits, even if they don't read "Tom Sawyer" or play baseball in vacant lots.



*July 11, 1963*

Friend has a real nice hair dye job. When I saw it, I made no comment but J.A.M. said, "So you changed the color of your hair." She laughed and said, "It's only the men who have commented on my hair, none of my women friends have."

A recent bride carried a cascade of polished ivy and in my opinion nothing could have been nicer for a hot summer day wedding.

Coincidence - on June 21<sup>st</sup> Mrs. Bernard Grondin fell in the milking parlor in their barn and broke her leg. She is in Hotel Dieu. On July 3<sup>rd</sup> her sister, Mrs. John Allen, fell and broke her leg. She is in Hotel Dieu. The two sisters are having an enforced rest side by side - a rest mother would have chosen, believe me.

When talking to children and young people these last few years, I have found that many "hate" (quoting them) history and geography. This I can't understand, because both are thrilling subjects and not "boring" (still quoting). Years ago I thought I'd like to teach history in all the public school grades, geography too. In the small world of today, to keep with science and history in the newspapers, we have to know geography - and with a map to show where and why, we become part of the change. We can all learn geography from our everyday newspaper columns or T.V. broadcasts. But with many there is not that challenge to even follow a map. I've felt sorry for the pupils when I've heard them talk because I think they are missing a lot and there must be a reason when history and geography surround us and "they don't take."



*July 18, 1963*

A Hootenanny was the suggestion in our letter box for the young people of Amherstburg. Since then we have had an idea. One woman said "with all the talent in town, a folk song fest would be a natural, and what about the Liberty Theatre for a place."

I concur with J.A.M. on an immediate tree replacement program. A three-foot spruce was placed in Miss Hutchins' yard east of our home in 1932 and now it is well above the telephone wires - but 30 years is a long time. Then in 1919 we had to replace one of our decayed maples on our front lawn; we did so with a Manitoba maple which in 40 years of growth still isn't as majestic as some of the other older maples in the neighborhood. So if we're not going to be a bare town we'd better get busy replacing trees.



*July 25, 1963*

Included in the stock on sale at Balla's were shoes, patent leather buttoned shoes.

A plaque to commemorate the Ontario origin of the ballad "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" was unveiled at Glanford July 24<sup>th</sup> by Miss L. Blanche Padgham, niece of Maggie Clark, who inspired the song in 1865. Mr. Charles Ayerst of Amherstburg is another relative. Maggie, beautiful young wife of school teacher George Washington Johnson, died at the age of 23 - one year after their marriage. In 1859 Mr. Johnson taught and Maggie was a pupil at the school in this township. In grief her husband wrote the ballad to her memory. Mr. Johnson died in California in 1917. The plaque is located in front of the childhood home of Maggie, 10 miles southwest of Hamilton. It is one of a series erected throughout the province by the Ontario Department of Travel and Publicity.

When Mr. R.A. Cozens, principal of General Amherst, and family were on the Trans-Canada Highway recently en route to Vancouver, they picked up a lad hitch-hiking to the far west and to their surprise, found he was from Delhi and one of Mr Cozen's former pupils. What a break for the youthful hitch-hiker.

Hospitable Amherstburg - when Mr. and Mrs. R.W. Bailey got home after the band concert Wednesday, they found Mr. and Mrs. Ken Rose (Mrs. Bailey's sister) and a young

couple with their children wrapped in towels in the basement. The torrential rain during the hours of the band concert, having caught many people unawares, drove the Roses to their car. A young family with a seven months' old baby was waiting on the corner in a drenched condition. So Mr. Rose took the family in their car and up to Baileys' to get their clothes dried in the Baileys' dryer. Neither Baileys nor Roses had ever seen the young people before. They had come over to the concert to give their children an outing because a girl they knew of was to do a Scottish dance (which she never did because of the rain). The couple, I'm sure, will never forget the warmth of "across the river" hospitality.



*August 1, 1963*

When I complimented a young man Sunday on his young wife, and the mother of his three little children, whom I had never seen before, he said, "Thank you, what I like about her, too, is her inquisitive mind, she wants to learn." That compliment made me think that that couple would get along in this life.

The Balla name has been synonymous with good merchandising in Amherstburg for many years. These past few weeks Mrs. Balla has given the whole area an opportunity to buy good merchandise at drastically reduced prices. I know this because of the articles bought at her sale by the girls at our office, brand name bras, terryline blouse, etc. So the fact is that the article mentioned by me last week wasn't sarcasm nor belittling the stock in the sale nor the quality of their merchandise nor Mrs. Balla's service to this community - it was just a point of interest. I am interested in the changes in customs, manners, clothes and general living in my lifetime, as I've said many times in this column, from the hard to easy and I'm sorry I was misunderstood. The contrast in the smart styles of 50 years ago by comparison with what smart women of today in the same age group wear made me thankful that in 1963 we have the comfort of the footwear being sold by Mrs. Balla now, loafers, kedettes, Italian sandals, pumps, etc. etc.

It has been so dry that the Linden tree on the mound north of our house is quietly shedding its leaves. Monday night at sunset, because of this, it looked as if a gold spread had been placed on the ground under and near the tree. A lovely effect.

Barry Chamberlain queried, "What do you think of our youth?" at one of the recent

county band tattoos. He evidently thinks, as I do, they are an interesting bunch - and the interest the youth is taking in group effort of band work in this area is admirable and the word "delinquent" is out of place in this particular concerted effort.



*August 15, 1963*

Many of us on this corner are delighted with the music coming from the McCallum home over the Bank of Montreal. The pianist is Stuart McCallum and we are benefitting from his hours of practice now that the windows are open, lovely sounds.

I was interested in the sidewalk display of art of local artists in Leamington recently. Evidently the project caught on with the summer visitors - an open air café idea along with the display in my estimation would have made the idea perfect.

When Dorothy and Ian Coker came up from Florida recently they told of their comfortable trip in an air-conditioned car. That I should think would be the height of luxury - but I've never had the experience of riding in a car with an air-conditioning unit.

Point of origin important. Chibi, Canada's best 10-pin bowler, calls Windsor his hometown and he's from Leamington. Whenever I've been away and anyone asks where I come from I've always named Amherstburg - and added "18 miles down the river from Detroit," and I've found that several times interesting things have come because of my actual point of origin. For instance, met a woman in Williamsburg, Va., who asked the question and she said, "I've been there with my son who was looking up materials at the museum." If I'd said "Windsor" the interesting time that followed would never have come about.

Manna fell from the sky Friday noon in the form of rain - everyone I met was in such good humour during the fall and "Isn't it lovely" was the usual greeting. I felt as if I'd like to put on a bathing suit and walk in it, feeling that the splatter on my face and body would be most welcome.



August 22, 1963

Rhonda McBride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McBride, is a very clever young needlewoman - not only is she good at the mechanics of sewing, but she has interesting creative ability. Rhonda has entered a three-piece costume (skirt, jacket and three-quarter length coat) in the Singer contest for girls 13 to 17 years of age. Judging in Windsor will be done on Saturday.

Girls attending Westminster Secondary School, Base Line Road, near Simcoe, have voted to adopt a non-compulsory school uniform beginning in September. The uniform consists of a skirt and blazer in school colors of brown and gold and a white blouse.

Those of us, myself included, who say "I like changes in weather" got what we were asking for this past week. Imagine August 17<sup>th</sup> so cold that a 73-year-old (1890) cold weather record was broken for that date. I certainly felt sorry for the campers and holidayers. As one friend said Sunday, "I thought I never was going to turn off my furnace this spring, so I wasn't going to turn it on Saturday night. We used hot water bottles." The Banana Belt has not been at its best, by any means, but I still like this County of Essex.

Designers have used a great deal of blue and green together during the past few years but I decided after looking at the clematis on the garage Monday that if I were in the business, I would do something with the purple and green combination.

We here in the office salute the young men who are coaching and practising with the little leaguers in the Pee-Wee Baseball League. Several times of late during the week I have seen teams practising one to two hours in the west park getting ready for the playoffs. I, who worked with little people in groups in my younger days, know how much time and energy those young men are expending on the young ball players. It is rewarding certainly to help mould their young lives and they are getting enjoyment too, but I do think that we, the people, are not fully aware of what they are doing.



August 29, 1963

Tuesday J.A.M. and I drove out to Bob Clark's farm to see 29 acres of glads in

bloom. To be surrounded with all that beauty in color was an experience I won't forget easily and it was awfully good for the spirits.

If you split gladiolus stems they seem to last longer in arrangements. I've always been in the habit of crushing woody stems but have found of late a split is just as effective and easier to do. Another tip is that petunias last longer in arrangements if picked when fully open, the stems stripped below water-line and left over night before arranging in sugar solution of quart of water in which four teaspoons of sugar have been dissolved.

Carole Merlo will be home this weekend from England, where she went to be an attendant at the wedding of her penpal in a chapel in Exeter Cathedral. Carole and this English girl have been corresponding since Grade Six. Marjorie Park Hamilton is another person who has had a penpal all through the years. Marj's friend is in New Zealand and through letters the two became great friends. Often I see letters in the *Christian Science Monitor* on the children's page from overseas children, asking for penpals in America. I suppose that that is still part of the course in English as I knew it long ago.

Several weeks ago we commented on the Egyptian water lilies in the Canard River. Mrs. Edith Ross came up with a story about herself and Lloyd Marentette rowing from his sister's home (Mrs. Ben Burk's on the Anderdon front) to the Canard River to gather these lilies, not realizing the rowing distance nor the toughness of the stem of the lilies when they finally got there, nor the anxiety of their parents.



September 5, 1963

Heard of a child in Harrow Tuesday who resented being sent to school. So much so that his father said, "You stay here or come home and get a licking." "I'll go home and take the licking," replied the child.

The difference between a teenager and an old-timer - when the last Bob-Lo boat went up river Monday night, I said that I felt like crying and a young person in a surprised tone queried, "Why?"

Anne LaFerte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis LaFerte, is another clever young

seamstress, I understand. She too made and entered a costume in the Singer contest in a different age group to Rhonda McBride.

Each season is delightful in my books. But at the moment, September and fall is the favourite. I like the renewed vim and vigour I always feel when September rolls around. I like the strong colors of the season in the field, fruit, vegetables, sky, birds and the quiet flash of the monarch butterflies heading for a flocking place. I like the longer shadows which don't depress me at all. Then I like the enthusiasm of back to school days and the dressed-up children going to and from school. There are many new things in autumn which I enjoy, including the new clothes, new books, new T.V. programs and on and on.



### *September 19, 1963*

A fortnight ago in this column, I gave a tip about petunias for inside use. Since that time I have had two arrangements on the coffee table which lasted one week each. Remember I said put sugar in the water.

One day I was down at Bob Clark's farm when the girls were packing peaches for Heinz baby foods. I was standing a good 25 feet away from the door of the packing shed, facing the north, and the gentle north wind was wafting the delicious fresh peach smell towards me. It was the first time in my life that I smelled peach perfume, and I liked its delicate odor.

In the women's department - I think the lovely printed lingerie is an inspired fashion idea. Color from the skin out (besides the pastels of old) will give a feeling of elegance to the old basic black dress even though the wearer is the only one who knows about glamour underneath.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall, who will be home from a trip to England, Scotland and Paris this week, wrote that they had gone to the Chapel of the Order of the British Empire in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral in London which had "a special meaning for Art since he is a member." Mr. Hall is an O.B.E. (a member of the Order of the British Empire), having been given that honor during World War II. Then Mrs. Hall went on to say that she met Elizabeth Cruikshanks, a former Harrow teacher, in London. That indeed is in the

coincidence department.

Mrs. Elmer Butt's arrangement of miniature dark red roses at the recent Flower Show appealed to me once again, as did her living room arrangement of five pure white roses and seven dark red roses, artistically arranged in a milk glass chalice.



### *September 26, 1963*

I was certainly impressed with Ibsen's play "Hedda Gabler" on television Friday night. In the title role as the tragic heroine who was dying of boredom in this sombre play, was Ingrid Bergman. Michael Redgrave, Ralph Richardson and Trevor Howard, three notable English actors, had supporting roles. Good theatre in my opinion.

In veils and in chic Western dresses, Iran's women last Tuesday voted for the first time in history. The election is revolutionary in more ways than one. The new Parliament, instead of being filled with rich industrialists and powerful land barons, will include workers, farmers, middle-class civil servants and possibly a few women.

A British airline has announced the introduction of a self-expanding skirt for high-flying stewardesses. "The new skirt," said a spokesman for the British Overseas Airways Corporation, "will have an elastic panel with a two-button adjuster on the side. That should take care of those bulging tummies in the air....Boyle's law, you know, which says the volume and pressure of a gas vary inversely." Come again, please? "It's this way," he explained. "As the girls ascend to an altitude of, say, 5000 feet and above, their tummies swell. This makes their skirts too tight and quite naturally they don't like it." The girls grumbled officially about the bulge. They said their skirts fit beautifully on the ground, but not so beautifully in the air.

At long last, after nine years in production as one of the most popular plays in New York and London and Moscow and the whole country, I saw "My Fair Lady" Saturday and loved the story with music (which has become so popular) of the efforts of a speech professor to create a lady from a Cockney street girl. I quite agree with the theatre critic who said, "There are a number of oft-told tales which grow sweeter with the years, [such] as 'The Three Bears', 'Goldilocks' and now 'My Fair Lady'." By the way, Miss Margaret

Bannerman, the Canadian actress whom we met at Mrs. Sutherland's home on Rankin Avenue last summer, has the part of Professor Higgins' mother in the current Detroit production.

Autumn is not neat, but it is a gracious time, as I saw Saturday in the bouquets of many varieties of Aristocratic dahlias with their lovely form and color, grown by Frank Kehl and presented to Miss Bessie. They hold their heads high and accept our admiration, as is their due.



*October 3, 1963*

Dick Thrasher was in the office Thursday and told of his visit to Vimy Ridge and the cemetery where his brother Jack is buried. He said that all the cemeteries overseas which he saw were beautifully cared for.

Mrs. William Deslippe of Harrow had two months abroad this summer. Her husband and daughter went to Quebec to meet her on the tenth. The next week she said a significant thing to me before discussing her trip. "There are beautiful and wonderful things to see in our own country too, as I loved Quebec, Montreal, the Seaway, Upper Canada Village, as we drove home after disembarkment."

N.B. to many of our young people - your manners attract or repel people on their first contact with you. Your academic achievements, talents and other assets are unknown to us whom you meet casually, but your manners instantly credit or discredit you. Social manners are not an artificial facade which make hypocrites of people, as some say, but are an unspoken code of respect, an orderly way of doing things kindly and quietly. And young people, if you try to conform, you will relax and enjoy yourselves and us more.

Good for them - Both Mike Warren and our young cousin, Ted Casson of Toronto, realizing now the importance of that Grade 13 certificate, are back at school. Mike has been in the Air Force, has married, is a father and our cousin has had three years in the bank - but both are cramming hard this year.

Friend Edith Ross up our street told me that the farm house at Upper Canada Village

actually had the same smell that she remembered in farm houses here, when she was a girl. I, too, wing back on smells - the tomato smell from our canning factory reminds me of Essex days when we were children, and my one adventure in the canning factory there when I actually skinned a pail of tomatoes. Milk smells remind me of my maternal grandmother churning with a dash churn and reading at the same time and bread smells remind me of her glazed buns, a treat when the grandchildren came to visit. Her house had a wonderful smell - a smell which to me now means security and love.

When looking in old Essex Methodist Church cookbook, the much-used book actually fell open at a double page where there was a chocolate fudge recipe. The pages were soiled and finger-marked, as J.A.M. used to make that fudge time and time again. In those days a fudge-making party was in vogue and now I believe it's a pizza-making party - same idea but different leisure-time eating habits.



*October 10, 1963*

When the seasons more than overlap, as happened over the weekend with autumn colors round about and leaves gently falling in a 90-degree-plus record temperature for the date, it was an unusual experience for all of us. Dressing for the weather, not the calendar, is proper, says Emily Post. So I did, in a sun dress on Sunday. This phenomenon of nature was delightful - more so when I breezed into the office Monday morning in a seersucker dress and found six perfect rose buds, even a lavender one, on my desk from Laura Hamilton's garden.

The Queen's Crumpets - This is an old family (originally Jarvey of Glasgow, Scotland) recipe by way of England and Virginia, U.S.A. (Nothing could be nicer than hot crumpets with homemade marmalade and a cup of tea.) Mix 1 pint of warm milk which has been brought to a scalding point with 2 tbs. of butter, 1 egg, a "speck" (¼ tsp.) salt and enough flour to make a medium batter. (2¼ cups of flour is just right). Add half a compressed yeast cake. Cover this batter, place in a warm place free from drafts and let rise overnight. In the morning stir it down, grease muffin rings and then fill half-full of batter. Bake at 425 degrees F. oven until a brown crust is formed on top side. Turn carefully until a brown crust is formed on the other side. When cool, pull apart with your fingers gently. Toast them under a broiler, watching carefully. Butter them. Old-fashioned directions, but

superb. Use an iron muffin if you have one (called "gem" my Irish grandmother and mother always called our muffin pans "gem" pans), the older and blacker the better.

J.G. Parks, the dahlia grower and breeder, brought some of his show blooms in Monday. Included in the bouquet were two large fuchsia heads - developed and introduced by him which he named after his daughter-in-law, the Merle Parks Dahlia.



*October 17, 1963*

In the *Educational Record*, a quarterly journal published in the province of Quebec, was a poem written by Kathy Elliott, Grade 6 student, St. Lambert, Quebec Elementary School. Kathy is the daughter of George and Gerry Iler Elliott, formerly of Amherstburg. Gerry was a member of the *Echo* staff and when Kathy was three years old H.M. sent her her first book of poems. Kathy's poem is called "The Wily One."

*I hear him now -  
He is calling to his companions.  
They pick up their furry ears  
To catch his voice.*

*First checking the deep, black  
road  
They watch for danger,  
On silent pads they gallop along,  
Ever listening to his cry.*

*I hear them now.  
He is no longer lonely  
For his friends are all there,  
Wailing in harmony to his mournful song.*

*Someday, I will no longer hear  
them.  
Already not many are left -*

*Only the clever and wily remain.*

*I will fear that fateful day,  
when  
They are all vanquished.*

*Some think they will have done  
A great and noble task  
To outwit this canny fellow.  
All they have done is to tear  
out a root of Nature.  
Now they will be overrun by  
His prey -  
The prey of the wily one.*



*October 24, 1963*

The glorious golden October weather is continuing (as of Monday). I am delighted with it but I feel we all would be relieved of tension if we had a good 24-hour rain.

Saturday at noon I found the W.J. Sheady beauty spot behind their home on Richmond Street. The Sheadys have a small plot which was made into a beautiful garden with probably more satisfaction than if one has much ground to spread out in. I'd like to have seen all the colors in the various plants in the sun. But as it was I loved being encompassed by friendly color.

On the eve of Miss Bessie's 87th birthday Saturday, she saw the whole hockey game between Detroit and Toronto and renewed her acquaintance with the players. After a fair-sized fight and penalties galore, she wanted me to call friend P. McQueen to see how she liked the row among the players. Then she laughed, as she knew what Mrs. McQueen would say.

The following isn't original, but I like and appreciate it. - "It is good to know when one's limit has been reached and to keep in mind that fine old Savoyard proverb: 'I have so



much to do that I am going to bed'."

Last Tuesday, October 15<sup>th</sup>, as we drove south on Highway No. 18 in the fog, the squares of wire in the fences were spangled with little webs, fairy rings for sure, I know.

Several Amherstburg friends had the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance with Mrs. Arthur Laing, the former Geraldine Hyland of Essex, who was in the county Sunday with her husband, who is the Federal Minister of Northern Affairs and Resources. Mrs. Laing's home is in Vancouver.



*October 31, 1963*

Scones from Scotland (delicious tea food)  
makes about 10

2½ cups sifted cake flour	6 tbs. shortening
2½ tsp. baking powder	5 tbs. milk or light cream
½ tsp. salt	2 eggs
2 tsp. sugar	2 tbs. sugar

Start heating oven at 450 degrees F. Into bowl, sift together the first four ingredients. With pastry blender or two knives, scissor-fashion, cut in shortening until like cornmeal. Add milk. Separate 1 egg; reserve 2 tbs. eggwhite; beat rest of egg with second egg; add to flour. On lightly floured surface, roll dough ½-inch thick. Cut into 3-inch squares, then each square into 2 triangles. Arrange on greased cookie sheet, brush with 1 tbs. eggwhite, slightly beaten, sprinkle with 2 tbs. sugar. Bake 10 or 16 minutes or until done. Serve hot. - *Good Housekeeping Cookbook*.

On Sunday friends with a small boat invited another couple for a day on the river and a picnic on Pêche Island. The date said 27<sup>th</sup> October, but the weather was glorious and the river calm, so the boat ride and picnic on the last Sunday of October wasn't unpleasant at all, but a successful comfortable outing.

If you are a shopper (and you are) you are categorized by research corporations as

being a "tastemaker," a "leader," a "follower" or a "laggard." Tastemakers are those people who lead in new product adoption. Shopping "leaders" cut across all income ranks and are the people who have changed most over the past ten years. "Change" in this context means they are patronizing far more self-service stores, are comparing prices between different stores, are paying less than list price for many of their goods, are doing more one-stop shopping and are purchasing more imported products. "Leaders" think nothing of driving ten miles or more to shop, shop far more often than they used to, shop more in the evenings than they once did, shop more stores in search of good buys and bargains and drive their automobiles to the stores they deal with. "Followers" have changed their shopping habits moderately over the years and "laggards" are content with things as they were.

The weather has tranquilized me and I forget about the beautiful day in December, the 25<sup>th</sup>, which means so much to all of us.



*November 7, 1963*

Mrs. Dean Thrasher (Claribel Thrasher) sent her parents a jar of wild cranberries and another of wild black currants picked and canned at her home in Uranium City. "Just delicious," said her father, Will Thrasher, to H.M.

Chief Telford Adams of the Sarnia Indian Reservation acquitted himself well in the question period which followed his mystery guest appearance on "Front Page Challenge." It was reassuring to hear him say that education is the answer to the Indians' problem in adjusting to present day conditions and doubly reassuring to hear him report that substantial progress has been made in the years since children from his reservation have been taken into the Sarnia city schools.

Ernest Sutts picked red raspberries in his garden, 204 King Street, on November first. That same day on the way to Windsor I delighted in the colors in the vegetable gardens at River Canard or Petite Cote, as I love to call this fertile area with its ribbon fields.

There are a few young people in this town who are so self-centered and greedy that they spoil activities for many, many other young people who like good wholesome fun. The Saturday night dances at the Presbyterian Church were fine gathering spots until some smart

alecs allegedly wanted a fast buck and the young marrieds of the church had to cancel the winter's program. Then last Friday night the Squires put on a dance at the K. of C. Hall and a shocking row there frightened some of the teenagers. Evidently it takes one or two or three or four young people to ruin the good times of many others. People still say there's nothing for the young people to do in town, but in these two instances there was entertainment planned. In fact, some criticize the chaperones. If the parents of those causing the situation had been there to see how their children acted I'd say they would have administered the good old wood shed treatment - the good old days had something in its favor so far as strict discipline was concerned, even though many leaders of youth today abhor the warming of the sit spot method.



**November 14, 1963**

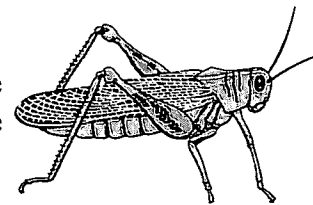
The *Amherstburg Echo* will be 89 years of age next Tuesday. With Volume 90, No. 1, we (all of us here at the plant) re-dedicate ourselves to the objectives for this paper set out by Messrs. Balfour and Auld and later Auld and Marsh - to be devoted to the welfare of the whole area - its progress, pleasures and sorrows with, of course, glimpses, as they concern us, of the world scene. We are grateful to all of you on our birthday, that you understand our effort to cover a cross section of our area and that you so freely express approval of our pictures. We start a new year optimistically, based on the experience of the past years.

Purple petunias on Remembrance Day. The bed of purple petunias in the border in front of the Tea Garden was beautiful on Monday. The color and the way they held their heads high, November 22th, pleased me, as if in tribute to those we of my generation remember and thank. The smart young things of today, young writers, say ours is a barbaric custom, and that "in loving memory" is archaic. I don't feel that way and when I put my hand lovingly and with reverence on the three silver crosses on Mrs. Arthur Reynolds' breast Monday, all I felt was pride in having had a share in moulding the characters of the three those crosses represented and pride that I could honor them and all the others known and unknown. Nothing barbaric, I assure you, in my feelings, just a remembrance and a hope and prayer for peace in the future.



**November 21, 1963**

Did you notice grasshoppers are still all over the place because of the continuing glorious weather? They should have hibernated long ago.



This past week I came to the conclusion that if I live long enough I'm going to become a number. The interesting part of that is that I like names and will resent being 24749320, but having hurdled many changes, I hope in step with this world of automation, I can accept that.

In my estimation, the Reaume house north of the town hall is one of the most charming old homes in town. It is over 100 years old, built of logs and occupied by Carons before the Reaumes bought it. It is old French architecture, built right on the street, as is the Park House, South Dalhousie. The Autin house, George Street, is another of this same period of uncluttered lovely lines.



**December 5, 1963**

Oh no! - The U. S. Post Office announces that children writing to Santa Claus should no longer address their letters to the North Pole. The location has been assigned Zip Code No. 99701.

Progress report - Banana Belt weather - Wednesday the 27<sup>th</sup>, Mrs. J.R. Gibson brought Miss Bessie three American Beauty roses from her garden; Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>, Mrs. Fred B. Brush picked a bouquet of pussy willows for H.M. Sunday the cold came and the children were playing on the ice on the River Canard and Monday we awakened to a gentle white Christmas card world - and because of the snow the Christmas spirit hit the *Echo* office, as Kathleen and I ordered our Christmas cards.

After President Kennedy's assassination and funeral I felt emotionally depleted and marvelled at the strength and self-control of Mrs. Kennedy. She certainly put her sense of duty above her personal grief. She gave me the impression of trying to redeem in personal dignity some part of the shame and infamous conduct the nation felt.

Met Jean Wride McCarron and her four-year-old son recently, and commented on their smart knitted head gear. "They were sent from England by my penpal," said Jean and continued, "She and I had been writing to one another for 20 years and we're good friends through letters. In fact," she went on, "my mother met my father through penpal letters, she was his penpal before they ever met in person."

Talked to a buyer of children's clothes recently and he said that the shift dress is here to stay, that when buying for spring even the tiny tots are to go into the shifts.



### *December 12, 1963*

When the direct area dialing comes into effect Sunday, I can talk direct without a fee to my Harrow friends and they to me here at the office. Our father, who loved Harrow and all his friends there and who had Harrow engraved on his heart, would be so happy if he knew of this modern way of communicating to Harrow without toll. He went through the period before and after the telephone to Harrow. He'd be the first to call up all his friends to say hello.

Did you hear this? Definition of a grandmother ... A little old lady who keeps your mother from murdering you.

Mark Deneau, now of Leamington, is a hockey enthusiast because his 11-year-old son Rod is a great player. Mark in the office the other day said that he spends most of Saturday every week at the arena, encouraging the young players, and it was fun for me to see the enthusiasm actually spark out of him as he talked of the success of the little hockey leagues in Leamington.



### *December 19, 1963*

We awoke to a real Merry Christmas world Monday - a winter wonderland in a deep freeze with a rainbow in the east at 9:15 a.m. Friend commented on the whipped cream effect on the evergreens; I thought so, too.

Those who fear we have become a nation of Philistines, so lost in material pursuits that we trample on culture, may take some comfort from the report of the book publishing industry that 1963 will be its biggest year. The most pleasant thing about this prosperity is that its principal spur is a vast expansion in the sale of books of educational and cultural value, both hardcover and paperback, says the *New York Times*. We keep reading about electronic "brains" that squirrel away a whole library of lore on law, medicine, science or any other subject and spew forth extracts, neatly synthesized and printed, on demand. But, happily, the uncybernated brain is still eager for enrichment. Mysteries, Westerns and miscellaneous trivia are selling well but the "growth" element in publishing is the growth of the mind.

Mrs. Charles Cleather, twin sister of Hugh E. Fleming, moved to St. Louis in September. At the Red Cross there she met Mrs. Paul Goebel and much to the surprise of both found that Mrs. Goebel, the former Margaret Callam, was from Amherstburg. Evidently Margaret, whose home is in Grand Rapids, was speaking at the Red Cross in St. Louis.



### *December 26, 1963*

*MERRY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO ALL OUR FRIENDS!*

Our friendly, beautiful river was blocked in front of our house Thursday and a true Christmas card effect was achieved by the sunlight playing on the rough ice.

This is the year of the long Christmas holiday for school children - much to their delight. This fact surprises me because of the present schools' program.



January 2, 1964

## BEST WISHES

A happy, happy New Year to you! We extend our greetings with the wish that the bells ringing in '64 may herald a year full of good fortune, good times, good health for you.



January 16, 1964

I saw and answered to person shown on the screen of the first saleable television ("TV" was yet to be coined) set in the United States when it was introduced by Radio Corporation of America at the 1939 World's Fair in New York. J.A.M. and I were there with a newspaper group and were taken to see this wonderful invention. When the person on the screen spoke I was so carried away and it was so real that I answered, much to the amusement of the realistic newspaper group. All this reminiscing was brought about by the notice of the display of this first newfangled television and the very latest of RCA - Victor colour sets to be shown at the RCA pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair. Note, the new model colour set costs less than the set I saw 25 years ago.

"An honored flag" was the heading of the following letter written recently to the *London Free Press*:

*The Red Ensign was not thrown at us by a crumbling Empire. It was with the addition of the Canadian coat of arms adopted by Sir John A. Macdonald in 1890, and authorized by orders-in-council in 1924 and 1945. The fact that this flag carries the colors of the U.K. or Island races, who bred the kind of men who pioneered the larger part of the inhabited portion of our country, does not exclude the fleur-de-lis in the coat of arms thus paying tribute to the courageous Jacques Cartier and his countrymen. In two world wars, thousands of Canadians of all ethnic groups added honor, glory and tradition to our institutions in defense of flag and the freedom which allows critics of the Red Ensign the right to voice his opinion.*



Because of the embargo there were very, very few azaleas on the market this Christmas. However, last St. Valentine's Day, Mrs. C.R. Hackett had a red azalea given to her. Since that time the plant has

bloomed three times - in fact was in full bloom again for Christmas.

I agree ... "Baby-Bonus Voters - Sometimes progressive ideas can overlap to the point of absurdity. When the Federal plan to pay baby bonuses to young people over 16 still in school goes into effect, and when the reduction of the Federal voting age to 18 becomes law we are going to have many people drawing baby bonuses while going to the polls to help choose the Government. Somehow or other it seems ridiculous," says the *Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

The poinsettias, both red and white, which came to Miss Bessie this year are still giving great pleasure to us. We are delighted that the blooms are so lovely and the leaves still green.



January 23, 1964

Although the calendar says mid-winter, the beautiful balmy air and the pastels in the sky and river foretell Spring. What a surprise I got in Harrow, when I saw a sign, "All Valentines reduced" and we're still enjoying Christmas flowers and treats to B.M.

I'm full of the French Canadian vs. English Canadian question since reading the letters of Gwethalyn Graham and Solange Chaput Rolland. These two brilliant Canadian women writers live in Montreal and met on the train coming from Ottawa where they were part of the "Voice of Women" delegation. Their letters make up the book entitled, "Dear Enemies". Canada, however, I think is not made up of these two groups exclusively. There are those who are Canadians by choice who say, "If Canadians by birth cannot accept each other as equals, what chance do [we] have of being accepted or blending in or becoming what they really are, on paper." However, I found "Dear Enemies" most thought-provoking and enlightening, as the question in Quebec was discussed pro and con.

When life-long residents of this community, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Delmore (Nora Jarriett of Malden) celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary on the second of February, their attendants Mrs. Fred Dufour (Lena Jarriett) and James Delmore are expected to celebrate with them.



**January 30, 1964**

At the Grant-Galbraith wedding Saturday, the bride's attendants wore long purple velvet dresses and carried pale pink carnations - luscious combination for the date, I thought.

We have had many favourable comments on the article on "Old Anderdon Families" written by Wilbur Sutts and published last week. Canadiana, we thought.

Although this is the calendar of frost period, Miss Bessie's white Christmas poinsettia gives warning of the renewal of spring.

Mrs. Edith Ross was telling that her young granddaughter had asked if she could colour the pictures in our Christmas *Echo*, reminding Mrs. Ross that when she was a little girl in Harrow she used to colour the Christmas *Echo* pictures with her paints, of course. We laughed over this similarity of interest when along came a note from Catherine Warren Fleischer in Sarnia Monday, telling that her children were still having fun colouring the lovely pictures in our Christmas edition (with crayons, of course).



**February 13, 1964**

Have you seen the latest? - A three-legged dining room chair (stunning in Burma teakwood, I think).

Teen men's fashions - gone is the almost effeminate, poured-in, kookie look for "teen men". There is to be more colour (which I like) in their clothes and the boys are to look like men in suits. Over the weekend when not at school this age group, I understand, is to use lots of colour. This group I'm speaking about is the new category between boys and men - "Teen Men" - those we see coming and going to the high schools.

Two of the great-grandchildren and a small grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Delmore, with complete unselfconsciousness, did the Twist on the platform at the Anderdon as the delightful reception in honor of their diamond wedding anniversary progressed. I felt

the combination of the reminiscing of the oldsters and the exuberance of the youngsters made for a pleasant afternoon and was good for all of us.

Well, I saw and heard "The Beatles" Sunday night and when the teenagers were almost swooning I thought, every generation has its idols and this is it. Their beat was good, however. Every age has its crushes and in my mind it's not unhealthy, just natural. Think back on your own lives and the crushes you had and they didn't hurt you one bit - just made you more sympathetic toward the teenagers of 1964, if you will admit them. Said Kathleen to Miss Dora, aged 84, on Monday, "How did you like the Beatles?" Answered her mother enthusiastically, "Oh! I loved them." That's the spirit.

Still in fashion department - I think the women's off-the-neck styles are becoming to most of us. From a sanitary standpoint also, there's less danger of powder spoiling dark necklines.

A fortnight ago I went to a General Amherst vs. St. Rose High girls' basketball game. The excitement was just like a shot in the arm to me. The high school gym was crowded with rooters for both teams; in fact, the onlookers represented the teenagers of our area - a milling, nice-looking, frank crowd. The friendly rivalry was good to behold, the cheerleaders earnest in their endeavours to incite the crowd to cheer for their teams - and time simply flew for me as I was carried along by the enthusiasm of the gay, young people. A nice experience after all these years and one which I want to repeat, as problems disappeared when I was in that gym.



**February 20, 1964**

Daffodils for St. Valentine's Day herald spring indeed, as did forsythia bells on Saturday.

Violets for spring certainly test my sales resistance - as I've wanted something to wear in the purples for sometime. Such a flattering colour for my age group.



I haven't seen the data but I understand that there is a woman from Berkley, Michigan, who is compiling family trees for the Quick, Iler and Tofflemire families of South Essex.

This has been a wonderful winter here in the Banana Belt and the spectacular sunsets and the glorious sunrises have given me great pleasure. Thursday a blanket of light snow transferred our world and Friday a class of high school lads were playing football on the snow-covered ground in the west park. As I watched them the sound of an outboard motor attracted my attention and upbound was a small craft with a heavily clothed passenger.



### *February 27, 1964*

Maria Kehl, Ramsay Street, was one of nine University of Windsor students chosen from a group of 30 as the best-dressed girls on campus. One day I went up on the bus with this student when she was on her way to the university and she looked so smart and well-groomed that I don't wonder that she was in the top nine.

I've never known or heard of a town like Amherstburg where nicknames are so common that real Christian names are forgotten. This train of thought was started last week when Orval Renaud passed away. Even in his obituary we put "Buss" because that was what he was known by. Another case in point were the Jones twins, both called Honey, etc, etc.

Orson Bean is a young personable actor whom I have admired for his work. I heard him discuss the school he is opening in New York this September based on the Summerhill method used in England, and Summerhill as you probably know, is a school for self-regulated children. Orson Bean hopes that every child in his school will learn to become a loving, giving human being. Mr. Bean is bringing up his own daughter, a four-year-old, using his method that everyone has rights, to eat what she wants, not to intrude on others' privacy nor they on hers, never expected to say thank you, to learn what they want to learn (he feels career trends will develop naturally) and never lie to a child under any circumstance. In fact Mr. Bean is saying that we need a new generation who will appreciate freedom and understand its responsibilities. Evidently he is flooded with applicants for his school but is only starting with pre-school and grades one and two, but will add a year as the children grow. Interesting experiment and his prescription for a trauma-free world.



### *March 5, 1964*

March, the unpredictable March, showed us the beauty and balminess of spring on Monday - and a brave wee crocus tucked up close to the south wall of our house came out to look around.

Mrs. Ira Clark (Lynn Meloche) has come up with the idea of a home study group, which interests me not as a member, but as a promoter of the idea. In our busy life there must be many who are anxious to study and get a line of thought directed toward points of interest. To plan a reading program alone for a busy young mother wouldn't be as much fun as for several to get together. Years ago Miss Bessie belonged to such a club here and we have several of the papers she prepared for presentation at the meetings when her turn came. Because of that study group when she was young and busy with children, she has a smattering of interest and information in art yet, enough that she was interested and talked to me about the pictures which Mrs. Lester Pearson has in the Prime Minister's home in Ottawa as described in the current *McLean's*.

The head scarf tied under the chin with loose point at the back has become a handy headpiece for many of us but it is not the most becoming of fashions. Now comes along another comfortable scarf headpiece with the scarf tight around the head and tied at the side with the ends dangling, which is my opinion is really smart and tidy and casual and would certainly keep the hair in place and would make us all a bit more glamorous looking.

Miss Grace Helen Mowat, 89, New Brunswick author, historian and businesswoman, died last Saturday at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick. Miss Mowat became most widely known for the Charlotte County cottage craft project, begun in 1914 with a capital of \$10. It was designed to encourage the women of Charlotte County to produce handwoven homespun, embroidery and other crafts depicting the beauties of their homeland on the shore of Passamaquoddy Bay. The industry grew to a \$15,000 operation by 1921 and was taken over following the Second World War by Bill and Kent Ross, sons of a Halifax friend. Miss Mowat's literary works included a book of children's poems, "Funday Fables", a history of St. Andrew's called "The Diverting History of a Loyalist Town", and a novel written when she was 76, "The Broken Barrier". I only met Miss Mowat once when a Windsor friend brought her to our house for tea and she gave me an autographed copy of "The Diverting History of a Loyalist Town". Miss Mowat spoke very interestingly that time



about her crafts project and what she was doing to foster the interest among the people round and about St. Andrew's.



### **March 12, 1964**

The white poinsettia which was sent to Miss Bessie for Christmas is still a joy and I'm going to give the pot a green jacket for Her Day on the 17<sup>th</sup>.

Until Tuesday that statement of performers, "The show must go on," was just idle talk so far as I'm concerned. But that return-to-winter day was our regular Harrow trip so Bill Bailey and I set out in that wild snowstorm at 9 a.m. The visibility between Amherstburg and Harrow was zero and a helpless, hopeless feeling was developed inside me in that slow-moving car. We got there - and back at 2:30 when the ceiling had lifted but the roads were slippery and we got stuck in the snow at the Malden Hall. A livening experience, this flaunting the elements. I felt as if I needed a change - and I got it Tuesday.

On March first, Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Fleming first noticed a pair of doves nesting in a fir tree close to their east window. Does that portend an early spring?

Marion Kelly Smythe, commenting on Wilbur J. Sutts' article on old Anderdon published in the *Echo*, wrote to H.M.: "Talk about the wild days of today, Hell's Corners could hold its own. My dear father (Capt. Jim Kelly) used to say, 'Never let religion, politics or relatives stand between you and a good joke.' I got a terrific kick out of Mr. Sutts' article as I've heard so much about Hell's Corners," continued Mrs. Smythe. She then went on to talk about nicknames in Amherstburg and wrote a whole page of those she remembered, which sent us into hysterics here at the office.

With grace, dignity and beauty in music, word, architecture and appointments, the new Wesley United Church was dedicated on Sunday afternoon. Former members of the congregation from far and near came to worship with the members of today on this great occasion in the life of the church. There is a warmth about the whole well-planned building which will be felt more and more by the members as they, old and young, use this church and its facilities as it was planned to be used for all church needs, spiritual as well as social. The nave is a gem, so far as I am concerned, and the organ has celestial tones which one did not

always catch in the old church because of the sound box there, I presume; and after all, even though this organ is 60 years old, it is still a very fine instrument and Mrs. George McCallum a very fine organist. I could go on and on, but a word of congratulations is in order to all who gave their talents, time and ideas to make a beautiful church home.



### **March 19, 1964**

Mrs. Susie Mayville, second [concession] of Malden, saw a robin on the fence post Monday morning.

See that summer birds are arriving early at the migratory flyway at Point Pelee. Stopping there have been whistler swans and Canada geese on their way to Kingsville; meadowlarks, robins and red wing blackbirds. Back to last Tuesday and the storm at 2 p.m., we saw a flock of geese heading south - thought they had their timing wrong, no doubt.

End of story about doves nesting at the H. E. Fleming's was not as pleasant as the thoughts of spring at the beginning. To review, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fleming had a pair of doves nesting in an evergreen very near their east window. The sad ending of the tale is that the storm of last Tuesday drove the doves away from the nest and the two eggs were frozen.

Mr. Monahan of Bob-Lo and Punta Gorda, Florida, wrote the following letter in comment to an item in the "30 years ago" column when the river ice broke up after some people had left the Bob-Lo shore with Mr. Paisley. Mr. Monahan said, "My daughter called my attention to the '30 years ago' article in your edition of March 5<sup>th</sup>. That must have been the time my three brothers were involved. I drove to pick them up and arrived a short time after they got ashore. Even if the story was more than a slight exaggeration, it was interesting - can you imagine Mr. Scott crossing the river with a thousand feet of rope? My brother H. A. Monahan and his wife were in the boat."

For Shakespeare's 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary a full length T.V. "Hamlet" will be televised over C.B.C. April 15<sup>th</sup>. This T.V. "Hamlet" will star the Canadian Christopher Plummer in the title role. The film for this "Hamlet" was performed in Elsinore, Denmark, the actual scene of Shakespeare's "Hamlet". Kronborg was Hamlet's castle home in Elsinore. Mrs. Richard Brown of Victoria, formerly of Amherstburg, plans to visit relatives in Denmark

during the month of May. She is a sister of Mrs. Ernest Ellis, Laird Avenue. The interesting thing to me is that their father, the late O. Hein of Highway No. 18 in Anderdon, was born in Elsinore, the son of a minister there, and it is his relatives Mrs. Brown will visit there. By the time Mrs. Brown visits the castle all the T.V. equipment will have been taken away (I hope) so that nothing will detract from her own ideas and thoughts of that great story of Hamlet and the birthplace of her paternal ancestors.



### March 26, 1964

Easter is early this year and so are grass-cutting activities. Neighbour started the season over the weekend before the season on the river commences and before our snowdrops are open fully.

### HAPPY EASTER TO ALL!

In the last few weeks of her life, Mrs. Darwin Wismer wrote the following prayer which her daughters found in her effects last week. The prayer was to have been given by her at the Circle meeting of the R.L.D.S. Church. The prayer, which she evidently thought out for delivery at the meeting, was scribbled on the back of a newsletter. The late Mrs. Wismer's prayer follows:

*Our Father Who Art in Heaven, we thank Thee for all the blessings of life. Give us strength and willingness to forgive others and for strength to stand up to temptation and deliverance from evil. May we recognize all of Thy power and glory. Bless everyone in their hour of need. In Jesus' name. Amen.*

Pre-Easter fashion news - We saw a young woman shopping in Harrow Tuesday dressed in shirt and shorts, so if you think (as I do) that you're going to wear your winter togs on Easter Sunday, I'm afraid not, according to the preview on Tuesday which was warm and sunny.



### April 2, 1964

The Easter teacher-bride Charlene Knight not only made but designed her own wedding gown of peau de soie and Alecon lace. She also made the lace coronet and her handmade triple lace-trimmed illusion veil. All this along with the hours of homework required by a young teacher in her first year of teaching. This gift of creating is certainly conducive of contentment which will help her in her home and in school, I think.

Mrs. Charles Mitchell came from the Shetland Islands October 15<sup>th</sup> to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. J. E. McQueen. Mrs. Mitchell, who left for home Tuesday, regretted that she couldn't stay long enough to see our trees in leaf. Because of the strong winds sweeping those northern islands, the trees there are not much higher than the garden walls, with a few exceptions, of course, one being along the avenue leading up to Mrs. Mitchell's home. We take our trees for granted while she thought they were magnificent.



### April 9, 1964

Heralding spring - Both the whistles and the lights from the ships on the river, which to our delight commenced last week.

Mrs. John Wigle delighted the Kinettes at their Inter-Club meeting last week with her talk on beauty and growing old gracefully. Mrs. Wigle is certainly well informed on this subject and her classic good looks and well groomed appearance please the older woman. I noticed at the C.W.L. Fashion Show that Mrs. Wigle has no waste movements of either hands or feet, a characteristic quality we all could copy.

Date clippings and date snapshots. When important things happen in our lives we think that we'll never forget them or dates of happenings, but we do. That this is important was brought to my attention again on Monday when Mrs. John Darby called about the date of the dedication of the memorial window for the late F/L Charles Darby, R.C.A.F. She had the write up of the event but not the date. I well remember a wonderful marine scrapbook kept by Capt. David Hackett and loaned to us by Miss Margaret. A great fund of information on our river, but very few dates recorded. Time is an elusive thing and hard to pin down, I find.

Barry Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brown, has a flair for painting. His brother Tom, here on our staff, brought two examples of his brother's work for us to hang here at the office. The sailboat was particularly interesting, I thought. I like to see young people creative.



*April 16, 1964*

Writing's so easy for others - so is our job here, I'm finding out.

Our Miss Bessie is a bud watcher - an easy hobby from her chair in the living room. It's a quiet hobby and Miss Bessie talks of the swelling, changes and colours in the maples in the park and on the bushes. I feel as yet this season, it is the faith in her heart that she feels, not the swelling of the buds, that non-spectacular promise, but the interest is there.

A 93-year-old acquaintance who has smoked since she was 18 has given it up completely since Christmas because of the lung cancer scare.

Kathy Elliott of Grade VI, St. Lambert (Quebec) Elementary School, has once again had a poem published in the *Educational Record* of the Province of Quebec. Kathy, the daughter of George and Geraldine Iler Elliott, former residents of Amherstburg, is a very gifted person and according to her mother her poems now are even better than the one published in December. Kathy's father has bird photography as a hobby and from the example of his work which I have, I'd say one has to have unlimited patience for this art. Kathy no doubt accompanies her father on some of his nature trips and is becoming a contemplative young woman about to enter her teens.

Venus is still our bright evening star dominating the western sky for several hours after sunset. She was beautiful last Thursday at eight, looking at her over Bob-Lo from the McQueen front.

Did my heart good to see that the veteran actor Melvyn Douglas got the Oscar Monday night for the best supporting movie role, that of the aging rancher in "Hud". Years ago when Mr. Douglas was in Detroit studying drama with Miss Jessie Bonstelle, he came downriver to our house for Sunday tea with other friends who were acting at the Bonstelle

Theatre.



*April 23, 1964*

Six couples in Amherstburg have had a card club for 14 years without a break of any kind. A nice kind of record, isn't it.

The miniature tulips which Stanley Dupont brought home from Holland are in beautiful bloom. While discussing them I volunteered the information that I'd like to go to the tulip festival in Holland, Michigan, late in May with the Horticultural Society. Mrs. Dupont said you'll not see any more beautiful fields of colour there than you saw at the Bob Clark farm in Colchester South last fall when their glads were at their best.

We certainly threw away the gold when our forsythia bush was clipped and shorn. Forsythias were made to arch, reach, bend and stretch to the graceful end of the branch and the squared-off look ruins its loveliness - maybe next year.

Mrs. A.R. Horne brought a paper from Winter Park, Florida, telling of the sidewalk Arts Festival held there in March. From the pictures of the various exhibits a European atmosphere prevailed in a whole block of the city. In addition to the visual arts and crafts displayed, the performing arts, drama, the dance and classical music were offered in a program on the afternoon of the last day of the show. Leamington had a similar street show of amateur paintings last year and, as Amherstburg is also a tourist town, something small might be done to show what our artists here can do.

Wishful thinking on my part, so all of us can share in the joy of the river, would be the start of a river park (a bench or two to start maybe) at the foot of Richmond Street in honor of the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Confederation. As we stood at the riverbank just after sunset last Wednesday awaiting for the Cavans' son-in-law to fly upriver in his plane, dip his wings and circle and salute again, I found that early evening glorious. The river was calm, the new moon and Venus were putting on a show in the western sky and a pale peach color over Bob-Lo gave color to the twilight hour as did the flashing red and green buoys and the flashing lights on the plane. I'd like everyone in town to share the pictures on and over the river, if something could be done to make it possible.



*April 30, 1964*

The large forsythia bush on the lawn of Mrs. Thomas Cook's home is a glorious sight - hundreds of golden bells sweeping to the ground.

Clair Denne, riverfront road at Texas Landing, reports an albino racoon around their property.

E.J. (Ned) Pratt, Canada's best known poet, died Sunday in Toronto. Mr. Pratt was the husband of Viola M. Whitney, who taught at Amherstburg High School in 1917-18. I was very fond of this Newfoundland-born writer's powerful poems of the sea. His writing ranged from brief lyrics to long, eloquent sea epics. The shorter poems are strong and finely chiseled, but his reputation and his following depended on the sustained energy of the stormy poems, such as "The Roosevelt and The Antinoe," based on an incident of sea heroism, which brought him international attention in 1930, "The Witches Brew," "The Titanic" and "Brebeuf." "What will kill the new interest in poetry is obscurity," he told a reporter recently. He always wrote for, as he put it, the common man and not for "intellectuals."

The martins are back early from their winter stay in the south - in fact, Harrow friends didn't have their house ready when they came flying in. Mrs. Elmer Butt is expecting a flock of finches anytime, as the Butt property is one of their stopover points.



*May 7, 1964*

"Great Lakes of Detroit" is the name of a series of articles published weekly in the *Detroit Free Press*. Sunday's article was on Mrs. Anthony Maiullo, "an elegant, sophisticated and superbly poised woman" - a patron of the arts. The article goes on to say that she, Minerva Tarquin, was born in Amherstburg, Ontario, to John and Madlyn Dueatelli Tarquin, who were both musically gifted. Being interested in backgrounds of families and relationships, I've called around to get information on the Tarquins, but to no avail. [Editor's Note: Although the 1920 U.S. Census gives Minnie Maiullo's birthplace as Canada circa 1889-90, it also gives her year of immigration to the U.S. as 1890. No birth

registration has been found to confirm or deny the claim that she was born in Amherstburg, nor is there any record of her parents having lived in the area.]

Mrs. James Herniman of Harrow has been in very poor health this past year. Despite this fact, she attended the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary wedding celebration for her son Roy and her granddaughter Linda Bondy's wedding. Last Monday in the rain Mrs. Herniman had an appointment in Windsor and it poured rain all day but she went anyway. When someone said to this young-in-spirit 80-year-old that it was risky to go in the rain, she said, "Nonsense! I haven't been out in the rain for so long I'll enjoy it."



*May 14, 1964*

"Did you know that a Canadian horse won the Kentucky Derby?" queried Miss Bessie. Her interests are wider than wide, much more so than mine!

Mrs. Glen (Laura) Hamilton has two glass vases called "End of Day" in her west window that are strikingly beautiful, having a splash of several colors in them. She told me that the story has it that all the odds and ends of coloured glass at the end of the day in the glassmaker's shop were supposed to go into the making of these "End of Day" vases (throw it all together to use up scraps idea). I thought I could see sunset colours in them. They are lovely little pieces.

The planet Venus, which has been dominating our evening skies for several months, reached its greatest brilliance this week. Excluding the moon, Venus is the brightest normal object in the nighttime sky. This planet is very easy to find in the western sky.

I'd like to give a personal salute to the young men, Ralph McCurdy and his co-workers, who are in the park night after night after night working with the many young people in the Track and Field Olympic Club. This is altruism at its best and their reward (not monetary, believe me) for what they are doing for all those young people should be great. It will be, too, in personal satisfaction. [Editor's Note: In 1993 the track at Centennial Park, constructed in 1980, was named the S. Ralph McCurdy Track & Field Complex.]

A friend up the riverfront took a long time coming to the phone one morning last

week. She had been outside bird watching and antics of the warblers as seen through her binoculars were interesting her.

Thoroughly enjoyed the very thrilling, chilling novel "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold" over the weekend. The story was first published in September, 1963 and was so popular that it had its eighth impression in February, 1964. The story is beautifully constructed and I was very interested in its actuality, its political importance and its thrilling sequences, so much so that I feared the next page but couldn't put the book down. But if you're looking for a "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" sort of thing don't read this story, it's not for you.



Anyone who picks a tulip bloom in Holland, Michigan, during festival time is fined \$5 a bloom. Youngsters here pick the tulips in Christ Church Churchyard, those in the moat and on Sandwich Street. If parents had to pay for their children's destructive tendencies this practice might be stopped.



*May 21, 1964*

Somehow one sentence about the great spy story I had read, namely, "The Spy Who Came in From the Cold", was left out last week. - About a British intelligence agent who feigns defection and flees to East Germany in order to trap a high-ranking Communist spy.

Although James Michener's "Caravans" has been on the market for some time, I hadn't read it until recently and found it very good. The time of the story is in 1946 and the place, Afghanistan. The story evolves around the sensitive assignment by a member of the American Embassy staff in Kabul of locating a young American woman, married to an Afghan engineer, who has not been heard from for 13 months. Mr. Michener, as shown by his "Tales of the South Pacific" and "Hawaii", has the gift to set his story against a real background, this time Afghanistan, which was only a name really to me, where ancient and modern worlds existed side by side. Good reading, I thought.



*May 28, 1964*

Excitement of opening day on Bob-Lo is spreading out through the town. I, for one, anticipate the return of our friends the Bob-Lo boats for the summer. They have been part of my summers all my life and I never tire of the gaiety they bring to the river.

Mrs. A. McKinley has a perfect apple blossom white miniature rose in bloom. The wee rose is smaller than a dime. Mrs. McKinley said that this lovely little rose is on her first miniature rose bush which she got 12 years ago. The bush is only 10 inches high and very hardy. To bloom in May is quite unusual.

The charm and enthusiasm of 1964 youth was shown to us Sunday afternoon at the large Essex County Church Parade of Brownies and Guides - and the attendant Harrow Kinsmen and Amherstburg senior and junior bands and majorettes. Once again warmest congratulations to leaders of the various groups. Our young people above self will surely bring its reward to them, someday, somehow, somewhere.

Pearce Lettner of Windsor's Old Gold Shop gave a fine talk on the history of silver to a group of members and friends of the Fort Malden Arts and Crafts Society Monday night. To hear such a talk on a subject almost unknown to most of us there certainly stimulated an interest in me which I hope I can develop a bit more. Just to look at and feel the beautiful examples of fine silver craftsman's art with which Mr. Lettner illustrated his talk was a delight.



*June 11, 1964*

After the graduation at the University of Windsor when Margaret Thomas Tourangeau, mother of teenage children, having concluded a post-graduate course in nursing, received a diploma in nursing service administration, I met her and congratulated my "former little pupil" and she said "It's never too late" - and it really isn't.

Saturday afternoon when I was downtown, Miss Bessie and her sister watched the Belmont Stakes on T.V. to see their favourite Canadian horse, Northern Dancer, come in third (I don't know the proper word for that position but they probably do). Interest is

widespread, which is good going.

A newspaper friend wrote, "So we would recommend to the Government that they go easy on the Biculturalism promotion and start to think positively about a single culture. Yes, a truly Canadian culture built from the strengths of all the cultures that go to make up this one great country" and I agree heartily.

G.E.W. and I heard the human instrument, 'the voice', at its best at a performance of "Don Giovanni", presented by the Metropolitan Opera of New York in Detroit a fortnight ago. I never had heard such beauty of voice by so many performers and Leontyne Price gave a magnificent performance.

The feature attraction in the skies this month is the total eclipse of the moon, Wednesday evening, the 24<sup>th</sup>.

"There are plenty of modern house trailers in Florida, but not many sport 17<sup>th</sup> century furniture," says an article from Clewiston, Florida. Hers apparently does, says Anna Colborne, a former resident of Ramsay Street, Amherstburg, who retired from the Detroit Telephone Co. and went to Clewiston to grow orchids. She installed in her trailer a table and four chairs handed down in her family. Then one day a vacationist stopped to admire her orchids and observed, "Orchids are out of my line - I'm an antique appraiser." He inspected the table and chairs thoroughly and said they were of English make of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, Miss Colborne said. "He thought they were of the style known as Plymouth from the craftsmen building furniture at Plymouth, England, at that time." She said the chairs were appraised at \$1,000 each and the table at more. Miss Colborne said she had no idea the furniture dated further back than the days of her grandmother.



*June 18, 1964*

Remarks a middle-aged person gets tired of hearing: "You go first. Age before beauty" - and "Take it easy. Remember you're not as young as you used to be."

When friend Clair Coughlin, prominent Windsor educationalist, spoke at her retirement dinner last Thursday; she forecast that after 41 years of teaching creative studies

would be the next trend. Miss Coughlin started her teaching career at General Amherst High School here in Amherstburg. Said this fine teacher, who both taught and counselled students at Patterson Collegiate, that she believes education will follow this trend, placing more emphasis in the fields of music, art and writing, as more and more needs for industrial skills are eliminated through automation. If Miss Coughlin may sound a little idealistic in describing the path she feels education should take, she points out her idealism is far surpassed by youth of the country. "High school students are the most idealistic people in the world," she says. She blamed the compromises between the real and ideal in the adult world as a perplexing problem to youth. "The cause of so much juvenile delinquency is because the adult society has failed them to a great extent," she said. "As the world of automation takes a more and more predominant role in our everyday living, people are going to become engaged far more in the creative fields such as music, art, writing and drama," Miss Coughlin concluded.



*June 25, 1964*

Temperature reports - Two evenings last week (Tuesday and Wednesday) it was so cool in our house that the furnace tripped on at 66 degrees - then on Friday the thermometer hit 90 degrees plus with corresponding humidity. Bored by temperatures here, never.

June 18, 18 years old, 18 friends for a surprise dinner dance were the highlights of Sharyn Hall's birthday last Thursday. The young woman and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall, went to the Essex Club for a birthday dinner and to her surprise friends had proceeded her there and a gay dinner party and dance to Barry Chamberlain's band followed. Mr. and Mrs. William Dawson of the Club had a birthday cake made and lovely floral table decorations to compliment "Miss 18". I think a gold charm with No. 18 would be in order for Sharyn's charm bracelet to remind her of 18-18-18.

I feel Mr. Bob Mennenga of Holiday Beach has a wealth of knowledge about nature and particularly birds. After talking to him for five minutes I wonder why Point Pelee is so popular for bird watchers when Holiday Beach has the same bird callers during the migratory period.





*Conversation Pieces went on hiatus for a few months during the summer and fall of 1964.*



*November 12, 1964*

Thank you for missing this feature.

Miss Bessie's interest in birds continues. In fact she bought the new bird book from the Life Nature Library this fall. A few years ago she had a bird feeder attached to the window sill near where she sits but the squirrels took over and destroyed it. So on her birthday weekend the Cassons came from Toronto with the very latest in bird feeders on a pole, with a shield below the seed basin to keep out the squirrels. Those silly squirrels, however, run right up the pole and on Saturday one had its hind legs on the pole and fore paws on the outer edge of the shield - so it won't be long.

I'm very pleased with the Centennial Park project and hope that it won't be too long before there's a sheet of artificial ice there. The dressing rooms at the Lions Pool might just possibly be used for this project too on a temporary basis. Maybe the powers-that-be won't agree or can't.

David Bailey (our Bill's eldest son) enrolled at the University of Western Ontario as a freshman this fall. He wasn't in residence in London a week before he was asked to join the Marching Mustangs, the university band. The band played at all the intercollegiate football games this fall at home and out of town and next week goes to Toronto to lead the giant Santa Claus parade there.

The teenagers will put me in the "long underwear" class because I tried last week to get a pair of galoshes to go over my shoes. - So I guess I'll have to be really 1965ish and carry my shoes when the time comes.

I have been so anesthetized by the glorious hallelujah voice of Autumn this year that I can't believe that the beautiful hallelujah voice of Christmas will be heard soon. Speaking of the glories of Autumn, I have been watching the ginkgo tree on the mount through my north kitchen window. The fan-shaped leaves of this Japanese tree are a beautiful yellow and are still clinging to the tree. One morning soon they will all be shed, as that's a peculiarity

of that tree - not usually leaf by leaf, but all at once. I've been looking for new kitchen curtains but have to have some I can see through because I love the out-of-doors when working in the kitchen - more interest out of doors for H.M. than in the actual kitchen activities, I think. P.S. Tuesday a.m. in the sunrise I was delighted to see that the ginkgo had evidently shed all its leaves overnight.



*November 19, 1964*

The dedicated A.A.M. First Aid Squad boys are rendering a marvelous service to this community, giving us all a secure feeling. A few weeks ago, according to the doctor, if it hadn't been for the first aid squad who knew exactly what to do and how to give oxygen, an Anderdon man who had inhaled smoke would have died. Then too in my own little world, they came to our house the night Miss Bessie had a fall and "I thought they were very nice to me," she said.

Tip to winter brides - instead of veiled bows for your attendants, I'd like to see fairly large bulbous satin berets, off the face and down at back - interesting and clever change.

We housekeepers are certainly in a "box" and frozen food age - with cake mixes, puddings, vegetables, fruits, meat, dinners, etc. - but I didn't realize until recently that children starting instruction in cooking would be using those "short corner" methods - but the more I thought about it, psychologically the smarter it is. Give a child a box of pudding and a roll of cookie mix. She reads, interprets the directions follows through and presto! It's good and "I made it." A quick success so a repeat is in order, I'm sure.

Friend left Monday for New Zealand, Australia and Hong King, etc. and I said, "Are you going to take a hat?" She said that she had decided on only one, a summer hat. Veils, scarves and nets seem to be all the well-groomed world traveller needs for plane travel.

Christmas on Dalhousie Street will be all the more joyful because one of its own boys, Daniel Callam, will be ordained in Toronto in the Community of St. Basil and will say his first mass in St. John the Baptist Church on December 20<sup>th</sup>. Danny's coming to his spiritual home, the home of his parents and grandparents and great-grandparents, to start his life's work and to give all of us who have known him all his life a share in his joy.

We are being recompensed for the one-month summer with a glorious fall - case in point, new crop radishes from the LaSalle gardens and outside house painting on November 14<sup>th</sup>. I agree with Kenneth Galbraith in his book "The Scotch" that we are fortunate people who live by the seasons instead of day by day as in the south.



**November 26, 1964**

When the *Detroit Free Press* arrived Wednesday, it was like seeing and chatting with a lifelong friend - which it is.

Remember during the next ten days that genuine thinking requires two people within you.

For several years I have been toying with the idea of having my ears pierced. The elegance of Mrs. Maurice Coste (having survived the years when pierced ears were for the grand-dames only, not the ultra smart) with her beautiful drop earrings put me in the notion, as did the exquisite earrings for pierced ears bequeathed to the late Helen Smith Menzies by her mother's sisters. All of a sudden it seems some girls of high school age and Teachers' College age are stealing my idea, as two young friends within the past two weeks showed their pierced ears and earrings to me and they looked very continental.

My sentiments exactly about the young people of today, as quoted from current issue of *Vogue*, "Youth used to wait for life and luck. No more. The generation that's come of age all along the nineteen-sixties has changed that forever. It waits for nothing. Not life, not luck. Luck is what it invents for itself every day and it gets down at once to the business of living with optimism, with grace and with skill.

The weather made headlines over the weekend - Tuesday tender flowers, double white petunia in J.F. Thomas' garden in Malden, salvia and petunias in F.D. Wilson's garden, snapdragons in Marsh garden. Wednesday Dr. Paquette had a golf game and Friday freezing temperatures, biting winds, blizzards with snow and ice; Saturday, gay laughter from the moat, red mittens and red sweaters flying downhill - and we oldsters became the lively ones as we hurried to beat the cold.

Bill Balfour, son of the late Major T.B. Balfour and Mrs. Balfour, called Saturday from Windsor with the wedding of his stepdaughter Suzie Huth. Bill said, and it pleased H.M., "My parents would have wanted me to have this write-up in the *Echo*."

J.G. Parks of Malden did a very nice thing for B.M. during the cherry season (when the pen of this columnist was not being used). He brought her a very heavily laden branch of luscious Montmorency cherries so "she could pick her own." Also during that period of silence, Mrs. E.E. Keith had a day at Point Pelee while her son was banding monarch butterflies when they were flocking there, so that their migration routes could be studied.

When Rev. Enos Hart was in the office he chuckled, and so did I, that when the two older children of his son Bob and Yvonne Wemp Hart (12 and 10) came from Deep River to Toronto at Exhibition time, the thrilling spot of their trip was the fact that they had tickets for the Beatles. I'd like to have been with those children at that concert. (I'd close my eyes, however, and listen to the beat) as I well remember their father's eyes and interest when he and the other Hart children and I visited Hudson's Toyland one Christmastime years ago.



**December 3, 1964**

Wish I were a teenaged girl and I'd be a Mod and wear patterned stockings. They are sharp.

The production of "South Pacific" currently being shown at the Cleary Auditorium is in my estimation excellent light opera. The Windsor Light Opera group is interested in the performing arts and the music, sound effects, costuming, properties and the snap and precision of its direction made for a very interesting performance.

Peggy Pettypiece Gregory, now of Detroit, who is a fine portrait painter, is continuing her art at the moment in another form, painting a tea set of dishes.

"Why didn't I think of that for Amherstburg?" ran through my mind when I read of the series of new postcards showing interesting spots of interest in Windsor. Several times through the years I've wanted to send cards of Amherstburg scenes to people who have visited here, Mrs. McQueen's sister for instance, and the only cards I could find didn't do

justice to our town. Now that the Chamber of Commerce is functioning again, we might be able to interest the members in this project rather than have an organization take it over.

When in need, even in this age of automatic telephones, the girls behind the voices in the central telephone office are kind and will help out. Friend in Harrow had the unhappy experience of going in her mother's home shortly after she had talked to her mother and found her dead. Friend needed help and when her doctor's line was busy, she called the operator and gave her doctor's name, her doctor brother's name in Wheatley and others and the nice voice rang them all through and on top of that called back to see if she could be of more help. I often say thank you to a phone recording. I'll bet you do too, but my friend's warm experience was person and person and I feel that it's wonderful to still have them around.

Michael Lyons, president of the University of Windsor Drama Club, is the son of Mrs. R.J. Lyons (Ione Gatfield), River Front Road in Anderdon. In a letter from Mike he told of a completely student-run Evening of Comedy which will be presented December 10<sup>th</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup> in the Studio Theatre in the Huts on Huron Line.



### *December 10, 1964*

The portrait "Whistler's Mother" is on loan from the Louvre in Paris to the Detroit Institute of Arts until December 27<sup>th</sup>.

The recessed living room in the new home on Highway No. 18 being built for Mr. and Mrs. Jack Langlois is very smart, a really good-looking iron railing separates it from the family room on the level above, overlooking the field to the north. The living room faces south.

Repeating for emphasis - we are indeed fortunate in our geographic position when we hear of the hardships caused by weather not too far away from us.

On Sunday night Mary Morgan commented on the lively sound of the out-of-doors bells from Thailand. So Monday morning after being in the Essex County ice box all weekend, as I hurried along dodging the wind-driven snow, heard the delightful little tinkle,

tinkle of the string of bells at the Cavans'. The sound blended with the sound of water at the skating rink where an ice base was being made.

Speaking again of the weekend winter beauty, I got a thrill out of the cheery moving lights on the ships on the river with the incongruous foredrop outside the windows.

The odd alphabet which is being introduced into the beginners' reading program appealed to me as an old primary teacher. One article says that beginners welcome the 44 characters of the Initial Teaching Alphabet because each symbol represents only one sound to the novice student. I went over every one of the sounds and they and their combinations are not unlike the old phonic charts as I remember them. But - I still feel that our old combinations of sounds - for instance, ar as in car, igh as in high, etc. - gave the pupils lots of power and certainly made for excellent spellers.

A reunion of former Amherstburg residents was recently held in Whittier, California, when Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barclay of Toronto visited the west coast. Present at this affair were Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Steve Shaw and Mrs. Ann Snider.



### *December 17, 1964*

We live in the land of the free, so now that the joyous season is here, let's enjoy it to the fullest - and we will if pettiness, suspicion and bitterness is pushed aside and the true meaning of the time is placed first.

A word picture of the sunrise is the best I can do. Last Thursday at 7 a.m. I looked southeast and saw a beautiful picture - the background was a deep pink unclouded sky, the leafless trees in the park made a delicate lacy effect and dotted on the lace were four bright green blobs made by the fluorescent street lights. And just one hour later I saw an entirely different picture as I stood at the same place at my sink: the day had come and a huge red-orange ball, the sun, sat right on the roof of John Wigle's house.

Dress designers are reminded by a chair designer that women sit as well as stand. And the clothes they wear should look as well sitting as standing, in the opinion of the designer of many of the chairs we sit on in restaurants and hotel lobbies. The chair designer

points out that although women sit down as well as stand up in their clothes, many skirts and dresses are made just for standing. When a woman sits in them the tight skirt rides up awkwardly and she has to spend all her time trying to adjust it to her sitting position. She looks uncomfortable and usually is. And so are those who watch her.

The lowly grey flannel, the informal material, became a glamour material for me over the weekend when I eyed with pleasure the picture of a pearl grey dancing dress with graceful chiffon skirt and sleeveless low-necked grey flannel overblouse trimmed with rhinestones.

A spokesman for Houston's Methodist Hospital said the Duke of Windsor, the former King Edward VIII of England, checked into the hospital Monday - and may undergo arterial surgery. All this interested me because Linda Bailey Delmore, formerly of Amherstburg, the head medical technologist at Methodist, is in charge of the laboratory and its personnel and meets the V.I.P.s who are in for treatment. I wouldn't want to pry into hospital trust by any means, but I would like to hear Linda's reaction to her former King and his Duchess, who will be in the hospital also to be near her husband.

The youngest older man I know is Will Sellars of Malden, who told me recently in Harrow that in his opinion the dial phone is the miracle of the century.

A Christmas lesson for H.M. - Mrs. Mable Rayner of Detroit, cousin of the late Mrs. Melvin Wigle, is 91 years old - and a peppy, healthy 91 too. On Saturday she shopped in Hudson's all morning and in the early afternoon at 4:30 p.m. she met Frances Wigle Bailey and our Bill and they looked around for three hours then had dinner. Three nights before this shopping spree she had helped set the tables for a banquet for 650 people at her church - and she doesn't like where she is living because there are too many old people. So she's coming to the Baileys' for the holidays to enjoy, I know, a lively time with all her Wigle cousins, big and little. Her spirits are high and not only that, she's a welcome guest.



**December 24, 1964**

My Christmas wish to all, peace, health and happiness.

I like the following - and it isn't original: "Let us think more about the real meaning

of Christmas, which pertains to the way we live, and not so much about what we give."

Toys keep up with the times, and space-age toys and working jets are among the best sellers on this year's toy shop list.

The ice is really beginning to lock in the skating rink at the park for the winter. So it won't be long now for us who have a front row seat to enjoy the fun there.

I certainly can't jump on the band wagon about the commercializing of Christmas cards, for to me sending them and getting them still remains pleasant and loving.

### CHRISTMAS

*Once a year a Time  
Is declared for man to think  
Of all things he should have  
Shared.  
Hope never knows when to  
Quit talking to the hardened  
Ear - - -  
She always says more will  
Hear than not.  
Well, man has sought and man  
Has taught and some day  
We'll say he has never fought.  
... I Hope.*

- By Kathy K.E.E., who is the 13-year-old daughter of George and Gerry Iler Elliott, now of St. Lambert's P.Q. Kathy's mother is an alumnus of the *Echo* staff.

Mrs. Frank Smith, Brunner Avenue, who is an avid reader, wrote to Gregory Clark, the Canadian columnist and writer, and was pleased with a Christmas card from him.



*December 31, 1964*

The age-old "Happy New Year" is my wish for all.

My New Year's wish - a sheet of artificial ice for the children, the young hockey players and grown-ups. We can't do a thing about the mild, rainy mid-winter weather but we can push an artificial ice rink. If we don't we're going to have a generation of non-ice skaters because everyone is not fortunate enough to be able to get to artificial ice rinks 18 or so miles away. It's holiday time and no ice in the rink at the park, nor snow on the hills at the fort.

Mother Mary Alexis (Emily Callam), now of Chatham, told me recently that she could hardly wait for our Christmas *Echo*, as her pupils liked it so much.

I had several groups of carollers this year and enjoyed them all. The burst of song as I opened the door and the shine of the eager faces of the groups, Y.P.U., C.G.I.T., etc., pleased me and they seemed to be having a good time too in spite of the rain.

Thanks to Mrs. Henry Holt, J.A.M. and I have been able to read the *National Observer*, third- and fourth-hand. This fine American weekly analyses the news and the background of the story and presents it without prejudice or bias.

Messages on the Christmas cards from Kay Florey White, who with her mother has moved from Amherstburg to Philipsburg, Montana: "Arrived here o.k. but old man winter did his best to show us what he could do. Our thermometer read 34 degrees below at one a.m. but today was a balmy 4 degrees above but we are very warm and comfortable." Then from Scottie Heard (Mrs. Joe R.), who left Amherstburg for Syracuse when Mr. Heard was transferred there from Brunner Mond. "We received a large bundle of *Amherstburg Echos* recently. Had a large time going through them all. We've had a busy summer. To Maine, August 15<sup>th</sup> for Peter's wedding to a lovely girl from Yarmouth. It is a beautiful town and the wedding was very nice. At a brunch the morning of the wedding with about 100 people present, the little flower girl, 3 ½ years old, suddenly said, "This is a nice party but I just can't take it any more." Whereupon she lay right down on the floor amid all the grown-ups' feet, put her thumb in her mouth and went to sleep. At wedding time she was a saint,

probably because she was rested. Our Canadian cocker is going on 16-plus, still going strong - a wee bit deaf in one ear and sleeps a lot more but after all a person his age would be well over 100. I well remember the night we got him at the Amherstburg Rotary carnival." H.M. remembers too when the Heards won this little taffy-coloured cocker at the Rotary Carnival in the lot where the post office is located now.



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