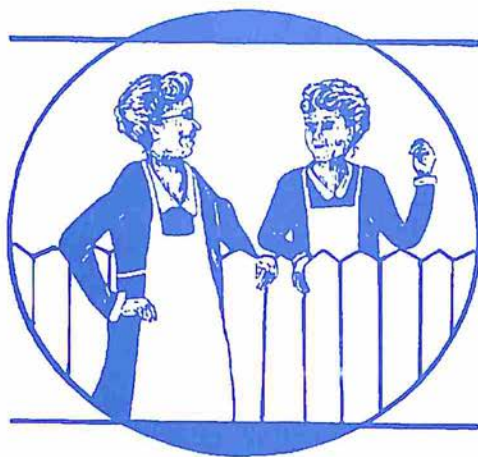


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Conversation Pieces

by
Helen Marsh



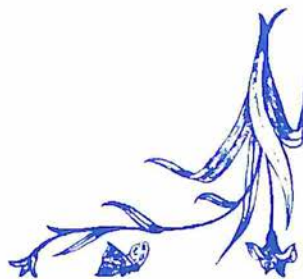
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Vol. II
1944-46

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Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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by
Helen Marsh



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ISSN 1481-6695

First printing 1999

Printed by Tri-Graphics
Brown & Associates
Amherstburg, Ontario

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

Cover logo by Connie Sinasac

Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

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

September 7, 1944

Childhood friends of Vincent Price can see him in "The Eve of St. Mark" at the Liberty this (Thursday) evening. Rather fun to watch the antics of a lad you saw getting his first acting experience at the Christ Church street fairs right here in Amherstburg

A friend's young son was badly wounded in France in August and when able to write said that three hours after he was knocked out he was in hospital in England.

Years ago when I went to occasional meetings of the C.W.N.A.¹ I met and enjoyed the young fry - one of the boys was young Bill James of Bowmanville. In 1940 he enlisted as a buck private and now at 23 in the youngest Major in the Canadian Army and is serving in Italy.

Since the polio scare the wading pool in the town park has been closed and we miss the laughter.

Next-of-kin of the Canadians who lost their lives at Dieppe must have received some measure of comfort from the week-end dispatches describing the Canadian cemetery on the hillside outside the town.

Take some of your precious gas and drive through the country the next time the moon is full - you'll be inspired to better things as we were after a trip from Essex at midnight last Thursday - I'd almost forgotten about the magic of the quiet Autumn moon on replete fields.

An Englishman writing his impressions of Canadian life said that Canadians didn't use their gardens as much as they do in England - We Canadians would like to sit and eat out-of-doors whenever the weather permits but can't; that Englishman evidently didn't notice that we have flies, big bugs, little bugs and mosquitoes here ready to dart at people and food as soon as one sits down for a comfortable meal out-of-doors. I can't remember seeing screens in the hotels over there, and one

¹ Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association

could sit at the sidewalk cafes or in the gardens for tea any afternoon in comfort and not be interrupted by the pests which make eating or sitting out of doors here, unless you're in a screened-in spot, almost an impossibility at times.



September 14, 1944

There's a cloud of blue salvia with its silver leaves on the moatside in line with our north windows, which is a glory indeed.

Although he is not announced, the voice from France in the Army Hour program given over the networks Sunday afternoon is that of Captain Tom Dougal of Detroit, formerly of Sandwich Street, Amherstburg.

As each European country is liberated by the Allies, mail service to the outside world will be set up and after years of silence relatives in both Canada and the United States will be reunited by letter with their people in the old country. This service will take time but at least it is something to look forward to.

With the leaves on the trees in the park so sleepy and bored these days, it is a relief to see that one tree in front of the bowling club house in all its Autumn finery - maybe it's my imagination, rioting again but it looks peppier than the rest - preening no doubt.

Respite from canning and getting children-ready-for-school worries - walk to North entrance of town to see the flower show.



September 21, 1944

Oh to be as photogenic as Mrs. Winston Churchill.

There's the loveliest stalwart blue spruce on the Snows' front lawn - a real show tree even at this season of the year.

Delighted with a bit of humor that came from one of the lads on the front who explains his plight, "Long time no she."

Had some Colchester South grown nectarines for the first time on Sunday. This fruit which looks like a small peach without the fuzz, is a cross between a peach and a plum and is delicious.



Never before have I seen as many Monarch butterflies as are gliding around our place this fall. They are getting ready to migrate - I'd love to see them flock as they did two years ago at Point Pelee.

B.M.B. always keeps bread in the ice box during the summer to prevent moulding. Then too this extra cold bread can be sliced wafer thin-rather late in the season for this tip but I thought until recently that most people did this same thing.

The latest Amherstburg lad to turn up in the Associated Press photograph releases is Leading Stoker Kenneth Bridgen whose smiling face among a group at the new Naval Rest Home in Northern Ireland, showed his friends that he's in the pink.

The loping red setter and I walk to the corner of Laird and Alma frequently and I never get tired of the picture made by Mr. Paetz' house, lawn and garden with the river in the background. They seem to belong together just as if the house grew there.

Being a doggy person, I'm always interested whenever the conversation is turned to MY dog and yours. Mr. Angstrom has a smart Springer spaniel who goes down to the bus every morning and carries the paper back to the house. He's so anxious for his mistress to get the latest news that occasionally, if he can't locate their own paper, he brings the neighbor's.

Had the opportunity of seeing three of Mrs. Percy Waldron's paintings Thursday morning. Her ideas and exception of details, shading and perspective were particularly fine. These points showed off in a Windsor street scene. I also liked her picture of Ambassador Bridge. The third was a panorama of circus midway.

Her ability to put down what she sees is pretty well developed. I'd like to see more and wish that an exhibition could be arranged here in Amherstburg.

Reading an interview with Lucien Lelong the famous Paris perfumer after the liberation of that city recalled the time that the late Mrs. Falls and I went into this swank shop in Paris looking for small bottles of perfume to bring to friends here at home. I will never forget the look of surprise and disgust on that svelte saleswoman's face when Mrs. Falls sprayed her tweed coat from the four atomizers on the counter. We both burst out laughing and with ice dripping from her voice the saleswoman uttered "Madam" - We both felt after we had made a not too perfect exit, that we were perfect examples of the humorist's delight, American tourists abroad.

When Howard Dube arrived in Amherstburg from England on Friday for the second time in 1944, he told that when he got back to England three months ago after a thirty-day stay at home, he found Rotary cigarettes and letters that had piled up since 1942 - and the smokes weren't dry. He told his mother that it was strange reading old letters from friends he had just left. Since his out of England posting in 1942 Howard had been in Gibraltar, had a forced landing in Turkey and was interned there, had been in Hospital in Egypt, was in South Africa, back to England, home to Canada, back again to England and now home - an exciting itinerary for this young R.C.A.F. navigator.



September 28, 1944

Fashion designers are having a field day out of the fact that the European war has been stepped up - everything they are doing is more feminine tied up with the "when the boys come home" theme - have seen several stunning velvet dresses pictured this fall made with form fitting bodices and very full gored skirts - they all had most becoming necklines either sweetheart or plunging V and a flower tucked into the waistline. In my estimation velvet is the most flattering of all materials for all types of figures. Have you noticed that when women start talking of a favorite dress of past days so often it's a velvet - mine was brown with brown squirrel on the short sleeves and low cowl neckline.

Shades of 1914 - one of the exhibits in the needlework section of the Harrow Fair was a nightie made with a crocheted yoke and sleeves and two-inch pink satin ribbon through the beading at the waistline. This antique piece was made on the straight and the yards of fine cotton in the skirt could have [made] a sheet or a couple of company pillow cases with some left over for table mats. - That exhibit belonged to an "evolution of clothing show" rather than a 1944 fair.

Even though some people criticized the Harrow Fair because it lacked ballyhoo - what no ball game horse races or snake charmers? - there was an intimacy about it that will outlast all the fanfare - meeting and chatting with old and new friends - seeing Mrs. Sarah Hughson who has attended Harrow Fair since its beginning - A. T. Munger who sat on the first board and Mr. & Mrs. Fred C. Quick who celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary were some of the highlights so far as H.M. was concerned - more lasting than the ephemeral laughs of the best side show.



October 5, 1944

The gay little patches of wild asters, here and there and everywhere these days, seem so chummy in a world splashed with color - which reminds me don't neglect to look over toward Bob-lo.

There is a rare bronze spray orchid, striped with brown, in bloom at the greenhouse. Stancliffe and French have had this old plant, which came from India, ever since they went into orchid growing years ago and it has never bloomed before. The bride of yesterday, Marie Paquette, had a spray of these tiny blooms to pin to the lapel of her going-away suit.

Mrs. Frederick Renaud, Kathleen Mailloux, got a parcel from her husband from France last week containing a stunning pair of gloves from "Au Printemps" in Paris, and a package of D'Orsay's Milord face powder which he purchased at Pharmacie Parisienne in Dieppe. The gloves which were luggage tan in color were faced and bound with the finest quality of kid. The backs looked like knitted linen - the effect was smart.

Have always liked the windblown poplars which grow on the bank at the museum grounds - their very not-too-formal appearance fits into the historic site - I've noticed their eerie whispering more than ever these mornings at seven when I wander along to the river with Bob. There was nothing kind about the half-gray light Monday morning and as I stood near them I couldn't help but think of the effect their moaning and whistling would have on the pioneers and Indians - they would certainly associate good or bad omens with the sounds - in fact I could almost do that myself.

Through the years the Harrow Fair dinners have become famous, until now whenever the Fair is mentioned, "good dinner" pops into one's mind first thing. One of the men working in the midway who travels from place to place and show to show all season told the ladies this year that he and his pals look forward to their feed at Harrow because it's by far the best dinner they get anywhere. It takes some figuring to plan for nearly one thousand dinners but those ladies in Harrow evidently know how to do it because they used four hundred and a half pounds of meat and only had one roast left - a group of dietitians couldn't have done better. Bunches of colorful dwarf cherry tomatoes about the size of maraschinos were used as decoration on the tables. One of the men from the side shows commenting on them and not knowing exactly what they were said that he thought they would be fine pickled for gin rickeys.



October 12, 1944

Who chortled derisively when "Banana Belt" was mentioned? - 80 degrees Summer heat on Friday afternoon - children out in sun suits and spectators uncomfortable at the field day in the park.

Was vitally interested in Ed Holdaway's letter describing the Vimy Memorial as it brought back memories of a lovely summer day in 1932 which the late Mrs. F. M. Falls and I spent in Arras and on Vimy Ridge. The Memorial was not quite finished at that time - the shaft was completed, the names had been inscribed and the Italian sculptors had put the final touches on the central figure of Canada mourning for her dead, but were still working on several groups of allegorical

figures. We walked along the road leading to the Memorial which is lined with maple trees and saw the fields of Flanders poppies and the well kept up cemeteries with their small white crosses. One of the sculptors gave us each a chunk of Czechoslovakian marble, which was used for the Memorial, and I still have it for a paper weight.

The first snowflakes of the fall were seen near Windsor on Thanksgiving Day. I dread the time when the deep purple and fuschia petunias in our south window boxes will be gone - somehow having that spot of color out the dining room window eases a busy life - which reminds me that on a very blowy corner Saturday night, with many spirited dried leaves asserting themselves, I have found a shell pink hollyhock - a seedling, and nearby a periwinkle blue chicory. - These two looked more like tender June than bold October to me.



October 19, 1944

A flash of blue along Highway - another - more and more - bluejays were flocking.

Time suggests that a child's toy be packed in each soldier's box as the children in the liberated countries haven't had much Christmas for several years.

We bask in the "Shine On, Shine, Harvest Moon" twice this month - thank goodness - for the full moon is billed for the 31st again - hope the cloud banks behave so that the moon can make a fairyland again as it did October 1.

Friday, the thirteenth, came and went unnoticed - nothing but the friendliest of vibrations - proved a lucky day for us as the finishing touches were put on a gay kitchen whose personality is changed with a sunshiny shade of yellow.

Tony Weitzel in the *Detroit Free Press* tells of Captain Wallace A. Temple, husband of Flora Hodgman, who is well known in Amherstburg. Captain Temple is now based in one of the old Jap air dromes on New Guinea. Life, he reports, is very chummy down there...The natives build long houses which hold some 50

families, packed even tighter than the folks in some Detroit apartments...His favorite tribe weaves large nets over the doors of the houses to keep out the mosquitoes and the lizards...Each night the natives crawl in and the dogs and pigs after them...If a pig is left out by accident he squeals at the entrance until somebody lets him in...That's how bad the mosquitoes are in New Guinea - even the pigs can't stand them...The most dominant males he's ever seen live in a nearby village where the houses have two levels...On the upper level the men sleep on mats...women, pigs and chickens sleep together on the lower level.



October 26, 1944

The loveliest tree in town is on North Street in front of the Lloyd Coyle residence - almost takes your breath away as the scarlet is so evenly distributed.

Miss the Korean chrysanthemums which for several years have bloomed in all their autumnal glory on the moat. The old plants were taken up last fall and the new hardy ones are still resting and building up for a fine showing another year.



November 2, 1944

Lieutenant Christopher Robin Milne, the son of A. A. Milne, the author, has been wounded in Italy. The gay little Christopher Robin who attacked life so happily and inquisitively in "When we were very young" and "Now we are six" is I'll wager just as charming and delightful at 25 as he was at six. He's a friend of mine and his hurts were more than a filler on the G.P. wire.

Color is still running wild in the gardens - so is your imagination say the folk living outside the Banana Belt, so to prove it - a bouquet of maroon and pink snapdragons and pink scabiosa, with nary a frost-bitten spot, placed in a cream bowl, was a weekend joy.

Forty years ago this week the *Echo* carried pages and pages of election news as the Federal elections were over and Sir Wilfred Laurier had swept the country. On one of Sir Wilfred's trips to Essex County one of my Amherstburg friends had the honor to present him with a bouquet. Years later friend's daughter told a group of intimates that her mother had met Sir Walter Raleigh - guffaws reverberated of course.



November 9, 1944

Mrs. W. C. Estabrook of Merlin, who is in her 94th year, became the oldest air traveler on the continent, when she nonchalantly boarded the plane bound for Ottawa one day last week. Mrs. Estabrook was on her way to spend the winter with her daughter Mrs. A.E.M. Thomson, a former chatelaine of Wesley parsonage.

Once again the thoughts of one of our lads expressed in rhyme have come to my attention. Ordinary Seaman Donald McCarron, R.C.N.V.R. East Coast, son of Mr. & Mrs. A.A. McCarron, Dalhousie Street, is the embryo poet:

THE SILENT NAVY

*You brag of your glorious Army,
Your glorious Air Force too,
Do you ever think of the Navy,
And the job they have to do?*

*No sane man ever sailed those seas
And expects to see it through,
So thank your stars you're not fool Tars,
Who wear the Navy Blue.*

*We don't fly over your cities,
Or march with a heavy pack,
But the Navy always gets you there
And the Navy brings you back.*

*There's never more than a whistle
And we quietly shove to sea,
To protect your precious Merchant Fleet
From the ruthless enemy.*

*No frantic crowds to see us off,
No commotion in the town,
And when we're lost in action,
It's just another ship gone down.*

*We face the cold Atlantic,
The ice-bergs cold, and the sleet,
No matter what the sacrifice,
For us there is no retreat.*

*We're beaten by the angry seas,
Torpedoed by the Huns,
Bombed by enemy aircraft,
And blasted by their guns.*

*We're freezing on the upper deck,
It's hot as hell below,
We're seasick, bruised and broken,
But the convoy must go through.*

*We guard your vital food supplies,
Your planes, your guns and tanks,
So your existence over there,
To the Merchant boys, give thanks.*

*So give credit to your Army,
And your Air Force where it's due
And we'd like you to remember,
You have a Navy too.*



November 16, 1944

When Alan Buchanan told the pupils at the Public School on Thursday that they were going to have a Christmas present of a new principal, disappointment was so great that many tears were shed - not like the good old days when the teacher was a tyrant so loathed by his pupils that they didn't care if the school burned and he with it.

In speaking of the 125th anniversary of Christ Church Mrs. Preston told me that her father William Horsman married a Miss Kirby (his first marriage) in the church in 1856.

After the parade on Sunday two Mounties in their stunning red-coated dress uniforms were standing at the bank in front of our house looking at the river. Silhouetted against the river with one of our large freighters cruising by, the maples in the foreground and a dash of color in the western sky I thought of those pictures used as advertisements by some of the posh western hotels. We had atmosphere and beauty right on our very own lot.

Could be ecstatic about the weather, the new moon at 7:15 a.m., the rich browns of the leaves on our lawn (just because I love color is no reason for not getting busy with a rake though) but I won't, as you see the beauty as well as I. By the way Edward Whelan was in telling about his trip west and he stands forever high in my estimation for the nice things he said about best friend The River.



November 23, 1944

Vincent Price who was at home in St. Louis for his parents' golden wedding is working hard on the picture "The Czarina" with Tallulah Bankhead.

Swatting flies in November is an unusual pastime - the Harrow hunters back from their yearly jaunt to the north didn't have as much fun this year as the flies were too bad.

Can't get over the late November 1944 surprises - found hundreds of perfect dandelions hugging the ground in the park Monday noon - their short stems less than an inch in length. Most of them were snuggled under a bed of coppery leaves which I had ruffled as I walked along aimlessly.

With this edition the *Echo* has its seventieth birthday - November 1874 to November 1944 - and the only issue missed during that time was the August 19 this year, while the staff took a holiday together. A record was broken but we're sure that the founders would approve of the decision.

The Essex County art exhibition is attracting favorable attention at Willistead Library. The gallery is open Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2-6 and 7-9 and on Saturday afternoons from 2-6. Mr. Bennett-Alder has some of his exquisite miniatures on display. Mrs. Percy Waldron is showing three pictures (one of her husband, the Apiarist) and Joanne Manning has a self portrait. Besides these Amherstburg artists Mrs. Kenneth Fleming has some New Brunswick scenes in the collection and her 18 year old daughter Jean is also an exhibitor. Mrs. Waldron who has studied art in both Chicago and Toronto is teaching weaving for the Handicraft Guild in Windsor this season. She did this type of work at the Guild of All Arts in Scarborough before coming to Windsor several years ago. She is most enthusiastic about this means of expression and we thought when talking to her last week it's too bad that she's not giving of her talent right here in Amherstburg. I wonder if there would be enough people interested.



November 30, 1944

Ray Vigneux of La Salle gave JAM a couple of venison steaks last week and we drool when we think of the delicious dinner which resulted.

I loathe "They say" or "I hear" and always feel that I'm not interested in what comes after when someone starts to tell me a choice tidbit and begins with either of those simple expressions. Some people I know start their sentences with these expressions unthinkingly and we recognize such and excuse, but there is a class of scandal mongers and slanderers who ruin reputations and blacken characters with

those words.

Even the smallest bouquet of flowers placed before a mirror has its personality kindled. I am particularly fond of mirrors in those old-fashioned rectangular square or oval walnut picture frames - nearly every household has one tucked away in the attic, a throwback of grandmother's day.

At the movies one night recently there was a splendid travelogue of Mackinac Island. One of the oldest houses featured was of old French style exactly like the Cunningham house at the corner of Dalhousie and Gore Streets. Amherstburg has many fine examples of the old French. Am particularly fond of the Mrs. John Hamilton house which shows off its points beautifully now that it has a coat of paint. The porch of this particular house was added later of course. Mr. Stephen Autin's house is another fine example. We've got them dotted all over town so Mackinac hasn't anything we haven't got.

I hope that the new winter head-gear "Cabana", which designers are trying to introduce, appeals to women. It is a combination hat and scarf and is certainly more becoming than the scarf or babushka. It's a much more flattering style, but I have my doubts.

I'm the original "fall-guy" when it comes to articles describing exercises to reduce the fat spots, or stay young gracefully or keep mentally alert - I read them all but that's as far as it goes. I came across a dandy in a Newfoundland paper which says that no woman need fear the onward march of time these days if she does - etc. - etc. - down, to keep on learning new things. That suggestion is important not only for us oldsters but for the young soldiers' wives whose husbands are having new and awful experiences while some of them are drifting along here at home making no attempt to grow mentally. One soldier was heard to remark that it bored him to death to even stand and look at a girl who couldn't be interesting and amusing, no matter how beautiful she was.

❀
December 7, 1944

Despite the shivery weather Friday night, a brave but lonesome purple petunia

is blooming in our south window box. It won't be alone long however, for there's a perfect bud already to burst - that is if the December sun has more will power than Jack Frost.

Age versus youth. Monday morning I was thrilled with the glorious eastern sky, the rose glow from which was reflected in the windows; so meeting a young friend I commented on the beauty of the morning. "Oh, Miss Marsh," said he, "I never noticed it, I was too busy thinking about exams, but thanks for pointing it out." I think that he'll do better on his exams for having had that diversion.

Since being catapulted into this job I've often thought myself just "too" busy but after reading about a 22 year old Vulcan, Alberta girl who fulfills all capacities on the *Advocate*, editor, manager, advertising manager, compositor, copyboy, stonework, bookkeeper, errand boy, and even runs the presses. She hasn't missed an issue since she took over a year ago and in addition turns out a quantity of job printing. What a leisurely life I lead.



December 14, 1944

Talk of the hour - Christmas presents, Christmas cards, Christmas food but mostly STOCKINGS.

The joy of the AWM's - a Christmas cactus nodding a Merry Christmas and a poinsettia received last year and carefully looked after while it slept all summer, awakening now for Christmas.

Got into the streetcar crowds in Detroit Monday night and found it was the perfect example of the survival of the fittest. How city people go through that harrowing experience twice a day, day in and out, is beyond my power of credulity.

If you haven't walked north on Dalhousie Street to see the stunning large convex window which the Merlos have put on the street side of the home they bought from R. P. Jones last year, you have a treat in store. The other morning wee Carole Merlo was sitting on the window seat in her sleepers waving at the passerby

and the picture was really night before Christmas-ish.

Ugly, unsightly spots around our house were transformed into beauty spots by the snow on Monday morning. All the defects had disappeared - the broken spot in the fence was no longer an eyesore, the much crabbed-about pile of leaves on the front lawn covered with snow showed lovely curves and what yesterday was a piece of waste paper this morning was the relief spot on a plain white stretch. What a transformation - snow is the medium by which a drab world may be transformed into a breathtakingly lovely one - I hope that the two English war brides who are coming to Amherstburg soon arrive on a snowy day - a real story-book Canadian winter day.

There's a news story on the local page in this issue about a bouquet of chrysanthemums which Mrs. James P. Gibb received after Marvin's death from his pals in B Company, R.C.A.M.C. in Belgium that made me blush with shame. "I must go to see Mrs. So and So," we say to ourselves or, "I simply must go to the hospital," or "I'll write that letter of condolence tomorrow" - examples of the great procrastinator's thoughts in true form - putting aside the things which should be done for something not nearly as important - but this gesture of these medical corps boys wallowing around in the mud, tending to the wounded when they're dog-tired and hungry made me think - They're not too busy nor too tired to think of a grieving mother in Canada - they certainly put first things first in word and deed.



January 4, 1945

Wish for the New Year - that the 1945 sweater girl gets a better fit than her 1944 pal.

The Banana Belt certainly stepped out of character this week - afraid of being typed no doubt.

What pretty women did in 1885 (*Echo* January 1885):

Women with pretty teeth open wide their mouths when they laugh.

*Women with pretty hands like to shake hands with their friends.
Women with pretty eyes look you straight in the face.
Women with pretty eyebrows and lashes like to look languidly on the floor.
Women with pretty arms naturally stand with their elbows akimbo.
Women with musical laugh fill the air with silver-sprayed tones.
Women with modest mien boldly display their rich, crimson blushes.*

Nothing subtle about their attack, is there?

The Council certainly pleased me when they moved the skating rink to the west park. Friday night there was a laughing crowd of youngsters on the ice...in direct contrast to most of their amateurish efforts of arms and legs was Frank Spry, hands clasped behind his back skimming the ice with perfect rhythm and control.

With the advent of Little Christmas on Saturday, the business of tackling the New Year begins in earnest - with those foolish never-meant-to-be-kept resolutions brushed off and in their place a saner philosophy for combating the Unknown of 1945.

Although there were not as many lighted Christmas trees in town this year, those who did go to the trouble to hunt around for lights were well repaid because the snow blanket made the trees look so much gayer. The clever tree placed on the roof of the porch at the Clifford Morency house was ingenious to say the least.



January 11, 1945

That 1943 poinsettia which has bloomed for the second time this Christmas is prettier than ever now as we cut it off and floated it in a low white wedgewood bowl.

Now I ask you - some of the girls around town have suggested that we run an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column on this page - thanks for the compliment.

Watch for the flash of the bluejay against the snow backdrop - it's a grand sight. That bird rascal loves the snow and cold so he'll be around alright.

Clever pen and ink cartoons by LAC George Horrobin were scattered throughout the Christmas number of the Fingal R.C.A.F. Station magazine. The cover piece was also signed with a modest GH.

Being a bit on the doggy side because of best pal Bobby (friends think he gets as much attention as some children) - in spite of my fondness for dogs, even I thought that the story in the Detroit papers of the woman who left two homes to the tune of \$50,000 to her pooch, too much to swallow.

Notice that Vincent Price is getting good press notices - "sharply etched ecclesiastical portrait" says one reviewer noted for understatement (nice going) - for his part in the soon to be released picture "The Keys of the Kingdom."

On and on into the night the conversation this past week has revolved around storms of the past - not to be outdone I got in my story about the storm in either '18 or '19² when there was such a high snowbank on North Dalhousie Street that Mr. O. E. Dunbar tunneled it and pedestrians could walk through.

B.M.M. now that she's snowbound gets much enjoyment from the winter birds - nearly every day she, waving the bird book in her right hand, has something to tell or show me when I come in. Forgive the plug, but life may be narrow at the moment but is never dull for that self-reliant gal.

Got a big bang from a Personal which was sent in to be run for a month by a "Christian Non-Profit Organization" which read - "If you want to get married, write box 000, town, state, Send Stamp"- If some of you lassies want the address wait on me.

A wee granddaughter of the former Kate Horsman and grand niece of Mrs. Preston and Mrs. Hebert, who at the age of five years attends a nursery school in

² The blizzard referred to took place in January, 1918.

Pontiac was listening to the sister trying to put over the meaning of echo in music appreciation class. "Oh," said the little miss, in a spontaneous outburst, "I know what that is, my aunt gets one of those every week from Amherstburg."



January 18, 1945

In the hot spot to the right of the mast head on the dignified *Chilliwick Progress* I found, "No ladies, you can't eat your cake and have IT too" and after seeing Gertrude Lawrence I quite believe it.

Was certainly pent up when I read what King George said to "Smokey" Smith when he presented him the Victoria Cross - "Here's a little present from me to you" - people could learn a lot from that marvelous example of understatement - am hitting at some who try to be so airy.

"Jasmine is in full bloom and the odd violet is lurking among the green leaves. Forsythia buds are swelling and japonica is beginning to show color in the buds." Can you hear H.M.'s sigh of envy as she's positively green-eyed with jealousy at her British Columbia friends.

With the advent of the skating rink to North Dalhousie Street, the "degree of pep" of the immediate residents is showing a decided upward curve - J.A.M. was cavorting on the ice both Sunday afternoon and evening, and H.M. is also coming under its magnetic influence.

Nothing is more irritating these days than to have an otherwise perfect (such as they are, no offence meant) pair of stockings break out at the toe or heel - so (this comes from the textile experts) by rubbing candle wax on the heel and toe area of the stockings, stocking feet actually become four times more durable. The thin film of wax is not noticeable and does not interfere with the nightly dipping. Repeat after four or five wearings.

If the new bare midriff (for daytime and evening clothes) that some of the New York designers are showing in the current fashion shows is to become universally

popular, a good stiff course in physical training to pare off figures and get rid of spare tires should be advocated in each community. I don't like the style so when friends are one, two, three, bend-ing, I'll be curled up with a book.

Anne Paisley Scarlet brought in a Christmas parcel which she had received from her husband Bud, a paratrooper overseas. He had evidently been shopping in Paris for he sent two kinds of face powder, a bottle of perfume, hankies, lip stick and rouge. He also tucked in pictures of Vimy Ridge. The articles were wrapped in Christmas paper and tied with ribbon which had been sent around some of his own Christmas parcels from home.



January 25, 1945

I've enjoyed the laughter from the many sleighing parties being held this winter and liked the pictures made by the horse and cutter but - I miss the sleigh bells.

"There is nothing in Windsor or Detroit to compare with your outdoor ice skating rink," said Mrs. James Lowden to me Saturday evening. "The ice is good and the setting is perfect." I feel that we have something extra special in that rink, situated as it is with the historic maples stretching in the background as if sleepily protecting the skaters.

Orchids to the J. N. Trimble family, who enter whole heartedly into town sports events and do much to make them successful. Through Virginia Trimble Barclay - who was as pretty as a member of the Sonja Henie chorus - we had the privilege of seeing professionals skate on Saturday night. Then too, the antics of Jean Trimble Scanlon and her skating partner Jules Poczar did much to make the spectators forget the prickly cold.

Got a great buzz out of wee Joan Lowden, the diminutive three-year-old fancy ice skater, on Saturday night. After her mother left her at our house, she said, "Where are your picture books?" So I handed her a woman's magazine and then she piped, "Where's your baby buggy?" When I had to admit that ours was indeed a barren household, she said, "Well I guess I'll go home." Which jacked me up to

the realization that an adult household is not complete without children and in lieu of children a few toys tucked away to amuse the youngsters you are fortunate enough to have as guests.

"The West was never like this," commented one of the Saskatchewan guests at Mrs. F. P. Scratch's house, as he literally chattered in the penetrating uncomfortable cold at the skating carnival Saturday night. The defiant Banana Belt certainly is stepping out of its rut this 1945 winter. It's alright too, as I'm a great believer in keeping out of ruts in everything. Did you ever try reading at 9:30 wash morning with the breakfast dishes still on the table? Try it, it makes you feel like a rugged individualist and not just a slave to the system.

Mrs. Mabel Duncan and her son Ted (who was on the *Echo* Staff for a few months last year) published a live weekly in Wiarton. Mrs. Duncan has a nose for news and one of her latest I'll pass on to you even though Boxing Day is over:

Mrs. Westfield, who hails from the Old Land, tells us how Boxing Day originated. It seems that in earlier days boys were apprenticed to a trade for seven years. They lived with their boss and probably got no pay or at least very little. The day after Christmas these lads were allowed to go around and visit all their customers and ask for a Christmas box. In later years this privilege was taken over by the postman, the lamplighter, the milkman, and all the others who had served faithfully throughout the year. So, asking for a Christmas box became Boxing Day.



February 1, 1945

Would that the day be dull on Friday so the groundhog will awaken and be about the business of Spring.

In a poll of women's professions as to marriage rate, the nursing profession outstrips the others by far - another point in the test was that nurses marry younger than any other women's group.

Do the lovely summer dresses displayed for southern wear attract you? I'd like nothing better than to buy one in January - better than any spring pick-me-up - but my budget never was a June-in-January one.

Last Friday was beautiful round-the-clock. The grey effects produced in the waking-up period, the sun and the snow at mid-day when the trees and bushes were frothing, the sunset and the moon and snow combination as the day closed were equally effective and lovely.

In speaking to the members of the Anderdon Women's Institute on home decoration a fortnight ago a representative from Toronto said that juvenile delinquency would be no problem whatever if many women did not make their homes their gods. She suggested that the home be used more, even the good things which are only brought out when company arrives, for as she concluded, "It's better to have peace in the family than peace in the furniture." She's got something there, because often the condition of the front room means more than the fun children could have there.

The wee baby boy for which I was godmother Sunday morning had an exquisite hand-woven christening shawl which his paternal grandmother sent him from New York. Its beauty lay in the plainness, white with blue border, but don't doubt very, very expensive. In this old part of Ontario years ago many people wove similar shawls out of necessity probably, but of late this handicraft seems to have died down. This art of weaving could be revived in the district not only as a means of expression and satisfaction to the craftsmen but because of the tourist trade. Why send to New York for something that might be easily produced in our own district by women who like to work with their hands in their leisure hours and enjoy making beautiful things.



February 8, 1945

We got along alright this year without a January thaw.

Did I hear that there's nothing for the young people to do? Take last Friday

night as an example - dancing at the club, two basketball games, good movie and skating on a grand sheet of ice.

Love the lights from the skating rink playing on the crystals - the icicles - on the east side of our house. Some of the formations are almost flawless and become quite beautiful when spotlighted in that manner.

No wonder men laugh at women's perverseness and inconsistencies - on one of the near-zero mornings last week I met a young mother scurrying along hatless, coat buttoned close to neck, no stockings, but dolled up in furry carriage boots.

Burned up not to be among the first, but haven't seen or heard a robin (as some have) and our pussy willow tree is still fast asleep. The reports that the pussy willow is awakening must surely be in a less virile county.

This is an old Presbyterian community so I've often wondered if there are any tokens about - those vouchers of fitness which were used in long-ago days, to be admitted to communion in the Presbyterian Church of Canada. As far as I know they were small pieces of metal with the emblems of the Lord's Supper on one side and "This do in Remembrance of me" on the other.

Several times of late I've overheard women chatting in public places and was shocked that they found it necessary to swear so much in their ordinary conversation - and to me the worst part of it was that they seemed quite unconscious of doing it. Evidently their vocabulary was so limited that they had to use swear words to fill up.

Like a breath of spring come the Gibson Girl sailors which are the cutest tricks pulled from the bag of fashions so far. The higher crowns, softer details and veiling lift them right from the severe, too tailored women's styles. Am in the throes of the late winter doldrums which needs something new as an antidote - a lavender dressmaker suit with a scarf of American beauty would do the trick nicely.

Shrove Tuesday with its feast of pancakes can do much toward cementing a family if an occasion is made of it. Sixteen-year-old girl who seems to be confiding in someone outside her immediate family might like the chance to invite friends to

a pancake party. It would be different and you might, for once, get away from the sulky, "Aw, gosh! There's nothing to do here."

I love the snowdrifts this year and the marvellous sweeps of the giant banks and the graceful curves of the small, speaking of course from the point of artistry in nature because those who dig selves and vehicles out can't see beauty in snow, only nuisance. No sculptor could begin to compare with the work of the wind who made well-proportioned, perfectly finished drifts, ending in an arc and a crest, along the highway near the Mrs. Forest Sellars' place, nor could a designer compete with the lace tracery of the small, feathery-like drifts on the museum property.



February 15, 1945

Sliding at the old Fort - sport of one generation after another, as hundreds of foot marks and sleigh tracks there on Sunday in the warm noontide winter sun testified.

Noticed in the files of 1925 that the 28½ acre Sugar Island had been sold to a Detroit real estate. The article goes on to say that Potawatomie Indians ceded the island to Alexander and William Macomb in 1781.

The death of Arthur Milne in Essex brings to light the fact that his father John Milne was the first mayor of Essex and wanted that central town of the county called Milne, but was overruled by a group whose nostalgia, I suppose, for Essex in the Old Country meant more than just an individual's name.

Not overly enthusiastic about the shoulder short sleeves being shown this spring. The upper arm was never a beauty spot in my estimation. However, attention could be diverted when we fixed up specially for an evening affair - but for everyday exposure - I'm not so keen.

Little did I think when I criticized the Detroit woman for leaving her property to a dog that she had any connection with Amherstburg, but it turns out that she was Maggie Biddle of Amherstburg, sister to the famous Biddle brothers and according

to mother's friend, "when I was a girl I thought she was the most beautiful creature ever made."

The weatherman smiled favourably on Catherine Galipeau and Donald Ladouceur Thursday morning when for their all-white wedding in St. Clement's Church there was a brand-new fall of snow to cover all the unsightly spots and as if arranged snow crystals dancing in the breezes as the party left the church. The only colour used in this unusually large wedding party (ten bridesmaids) was a dash of pink carnations pinned to the attendants' muffs.



February 22, 1945

I have the greatest yen to belong to an Astronomy Club. I love the night sky and always wanted to know more and why.

The ducks are having a gay time in the large air hole in the river in front of our house. Their graceful antics are a course of endless interest.

"I got my first pair of long pants yesterday," said young friend with pride shining from his face and dripping from his voice. Nothing in the growing up process seems to be as thrilling as the first longs and the first high heels.

Many of the returned men have said that the two things they noticed most about their native land were the harsh voices and the unpainted houses.

Friend showed some pictures of Malta and there standing in silhouette were Mediterranean locusts similar to those I see on our river lot every time I look from my bedroom window.

According to Mrs. Reaume I'm one of the few persons in town who likes Upton Sinclair's books. I hate to be so out of step but I can hardly wait to read what happens to friend Lanny Budd in "Dragon Forest".

The high schoolers of today can certainly put it over the generations past with

their ability to study with the radio blaring. When I commented on it to one young boy he said, "Why, I study better. It doesn't bother me a bit." An older girl told me that she could knit, study and listen to the radio at the same time. I gasped at the accomplishments of the 14- and 18-year-olds (if one can call it accomplishment). I'm the sort of person who wants a silent radio during the reading period of the day and as for geometry theorems and jive, in my mind they won't mix.

That down-to-earth little man Ernie Pyle has started a new series of articles after his leave at home. He's in the Southwest Pacific now and his stuff is syndicated in many papers. I'm not an under-secretary to his press agent when I say it's good reading - so don't miss it.

This is the time of year when I get the urge to bring in forsythia sprigs, peach and cherry twigs, pussy willows, chestnut branches or flowering quince and force the bloom. They all make very satisfactory bouquets for the dull early March days. We have an old brass pitcher, which is attic-bound except at forsythia and daffodil time, and then it almost becomes a living thing, it's so beautiful.

According to Miss Eleanor Barteau, the Windsor librarian, the book review that appeals to her audiences these days is "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles". This book was written by Anne Brownell Jamieson in the middle 1800s and describes a trip through Ontario. It has, however, been brought up to date by Dr. Talman of the University of Western Ontario and evidently the readers like the rejuvenated edition.



March 1, 1945

Under the title "Stardom Comes to Mr. Price", the *Toronto Star Weekly* carried a feature on Vincent Price in the last edition. It's interesting to read of people you've seen grow up and to find out the things about them you didn't know - things a smart feature writer ferrets out.

Mrs. Percy D. (Beatrice James) Waldron has written a splendid series of articles for the *Amherstburg Echo* on the Story of the Guild. Before coming to

Malden, Mrs. Waldron was a member of the Staff of the Guild of All Arts in Scarsboro. She is interested in several art forms and is teaching a class in weaving for the Windsor Handicrafts Guild this winter. The first part of her article tells of the Medieval Guilds.

In the *Western Editorial* the new youth recreational program being inaugurated in Saskatchewan, March 1, is described. This idea is copied from a plan which has worked so successfully in British Columbia. A few years ago I was in Vancouver at a C.W.N.A. meeting and after dinner one night, a clean-looking, extremely bright group of young people, members of one of the government-sponsored groups, put on a series of folk dances and an exhibition of tumbling for the newspaper party and explained what recreational facilities were within the grasp of the ordinary person with an ordinary pocketbook.

After hearing what some of my friends are doing towards the war effort, I'm ashamed and will be even more so when the final accounting is made and I have to say, "nothing but talk." Take Nan Bailey Bridwell for instance - at the moment she is in the midst of a practical nursing course at the Training Centre sponsored by the Detroit Council on Community Nursing. The course is given from 8:15 to 3:30 five days a week for eighteen weeks. It seems that Mrs. Bridwell spent four and one-half months at Herman Kiefer Hospital last summer and fall as a Sister Kenny hot packer for the polio epidemic and because of that experience decided to learn something about practical nursing to help ease the acute nursing shortage. She gave her son, and now she's giving her time and energy.

Family trees have always held a great fascination for me as I'm very curious about backgrounds. Occasionally Dave Botsford comes in and we talk about so-and-so's ancestry. He agrees with me that it's appalling the number of people who do not know their grandmother's maiden name. Coming back to genealogical tables, I saw a seat work problem along this line for 'teen age children. The child draws the trunk of a tree which is himself, the large branch to the right is his father and to the left his mother, paternal grandparents branch from father's branch and maternal from mother's and so on. These branches are to be named. I'll wager most fourteen-year-old children won't have many branches on their family trees. By the way, Dave is compiling a list of families who have been in this district for one hundred years or more and we're going to publish it soon.



March 8, 1945

Are you bowled over as I am by the robins, the courageous green shoots on the south side of the house, the warm sun and the dirty state of the back yard!

The preview of things to expect on Monday enticed some lads on the river in a row boat. I felt drawn too, and would have accepted an invitation if one had been forthcoming.

Three basketball games and dance was the recreation fare offered for ten cents at the General Amherst gym Friday evening. Nothing better than a packed program like that to keep those championing young things under rein without them actually realizing it.

A delicate mixed bouquet of bachelor's buttons, shell pink snapdragons and larkspur arranged in an off-white vase caused some comment at the Tea at the Manse on Thursday. These annuals were grown in the house by Mrs. Walter Wigle.

All of a sudden Spring was here Saturday morning. The air was balmy and kind to the skin, the grass on the *Echo* office lawn was a shade of green, the birds were actually noisy and I caught myself listening for a toot from the river - that sound would have completed a perfect Spring set up.



March 15, 1945

A corsage of camellias and white violets was worn by the bride, said the write-up - even reading about it got me completely off the beam.

"Dancing begins at 8:30," says the ads for some of the swank Detroit night spots - earmarks of the curfew at work. Would that the young people around here take the "dancing from 8:30 to 12" notice literally, but they stroll into the B.M.S. any time up until 11:30.

One of these days - not too far off either - Amherstburg is to hear the result of the enthusiasm created by the boys' band. There's an orchestra led by Pete Fitzmaurice and having Dorothy Godden, Sid Turner, Gordon Hutchinson and Norman Fitzmaurice as its personnel, and from those who have listened in on the jam sessions, they're darn good and will soon be ready for a first night.

The bus was crowded - men and women were seated, men and women were standing. The veteran of D-Day en route to hospital offered his seat to a woman and child who got on at River Canard. A gay-eyed CWAC seated nearby pressed the veteran to take her seat because of his bad leg (which hadn't been attended to for hours after he got it that afternoon of June 6) - but he stood, while men and women sat. Hope this instance isn't a portent of things to come.

For some time J.A.M. has suggested and re-suggested a series of profiles of "women who do things" for this page. The idea seemed splendid but H.M. never got a start - not that there wasn't enough material in the district, I could think of a dozen women whose story of past experiences and present activities would inspire the rest of us to do more than take a back seat in the shaping of things, whether social, cultural or political. At long last, I've started and the first profile appears on the W.P. (Women's Page) this week - Helen Marshall, and the next will (I hope) be ready in a few weeks, as Mrs. Arthur Ellis, the president of the Ontario Red Cross, will be in town next Tuesday night and she so lovely looking and is filling such a big job that her profile should be an interesting study.

The Windsor Women Teachers' Federation Newsletter edited by our own Helen Golden has come to my desk and is a most ambitious piece of reporting. The brief but informative articles on things close to a teacher's heart, superannuation, salaries, sick benefit, etc., are attractively headed, in fact the heads are real attention-getters. The rest of the contents, including the clever illustrations, have to do with teachers' interests. Norma Hackett, the Ontario secretary, will certainly use this letter as an illustration of what a live local can do in putting across important matters without the endless talk which sometimes gets nowhere.

Knitting is a craft which was beautifully done by our ancestors. As a matter of fact nearly every household has a sample of knitting which would shame many of our modern-day attempts. For instance, Mrs. Cosens has sent a pair of knitted

stockings for knee-breeches to the Fort Malden National Museum which were made in 1845 for Thomas Thompson of Colchester. They were done with fine white cotton on (I think) number 15 needles.

That suit I knit a few years ago was considered (by me) to be a work of art but it will never last 100 years, yet when I examined the stockings I found that I had used several of the same stitches.



March 22, 1945

After one of the worst winters we've had in ages, there's no frost in the ground this spring.

As we were driving down the bank early last Wednesday morning we commented on the hundreds of ducks playing around in the water. Friend told of a peculiar warm wave which came up all of a sudden Tuesday evening on which the ducks glided in.

The winter-spring switch-over this year took about eight or nine days - one week heaviest of winter clothes, next Friday bare-legged children skipping in the park in cotton dresses, light sweaters and no hats. The violets and crocuses, too, have felt the urgent call of spring and are in bud.

Amicable family relations are strained by the stocking situation. H.M. bought a pair of \$1.35 stockings on Wednesday and wore them to the dance Saturday evening only to find them too short each way. On Sunday she said to B.M., "You're in for a pair of stockings." "Well," said B.M. in a most hesitant voice, "I'll give you fifty cents for them - if they're in good condition."

The genial schoolmaster, Mr. Burgess, who has built the home with the lovely windows on Laird Avenue from the brick of the old Iler Settlement Baptist Church, was talking about the lack of domestic help these days. He said that when his wife was away he (note his fed up state) penned her the following: "Dear Ethel, I've washed your girdle and brassiere; when you get home I won't be here." He's

certainly expressing the sentiments of many men (yes and women too) in these hectic 1945 do-all-your-own-work days.

See that Cannes on the French Riviera has become a troops' rest camp. Years ago I rested there for a few days after a strenuous time in Italy, walked along the promenade lined with palm trees and mimosa, sunned on the duckboards at a swanky Lido and swam in the Mediterranean. The tired soldiers will recuperate in the luxuriant atmosphere but I understand aren't able yet to swim in the mine-infested sea. Just to walk up the terraced hillsides and look down on the red-roofed villas nestled among the trees and farther down on the deep blue water would have a healing effect.

Bud Scarlett, a paratrooper overseas, hurt his knee while playing hockey so was put in a convalescent home in France. According to him it's a right swell place, an old hotel complete with lounging chairs, radios and fireplaces. Everything for the soldiers' comfort. At roll call he got his first intimation that two other Amherstburg lads were also convalescing there for much to his surprise and delight he heard the names of Ed Holdaway and John Fox. These two men were there recovering from motor bike accidents.

Before the border was closed to us we went very frequently to Detroit Symphony broadcasts, but because of circumstances - passports, money - in all this time it wasn't until Sunday night that we got to a broadcast and wondered why we hadn't done it before, as it was so simple and the enjoyment so great. Wrote for tickets, walked to W.W.J. studio and still glowing with pleasure at the hour's music we tunnelled home - no American money involved. Karl Kreuger, the magnetic American-born director, handled the orchestra with skill on Sunday. But beginning April 1, twelve guest conductors have been engaged for the spring and summer season. The promising young 25-year-old American musician Leonard Bernstein will on April 8 present a Ravel Concerto, playing the piano line himself and conducting from the keyboard. This sounds as if it should be put on the diary.



March 29, 1945

A shower of forced forsythia in a squatty brass bowl was used as table decoration by Mrs. Haas at the Red Cross rooms last Tuesday night. Nothing could have been lovelier as the evening was wet and dreary.

March is a frame of mind so people say and what a nice mood we all were in on Sunday. Records were broken when the sun shone with its early spring heat turned to a full 78 degrees and the warm earthly smell was a tonic - the Banana Belt of Canada at its best.

Shortly after Lieutenant Jean Mickle arrived in England she quite by accident ran into her friend, Lieutenant Sarah Eede of Colchester South. This coincidental meeting wouldn't ordinarily be worth writing about except that Nursing Sister Eede in her five years overseas has seen much out-of-England service, so to have her walk into the room was surprise indeed for Jean.

One of the out-of-town guests at the Masonic dinner in the United Church on Thursday night asked if he could meet the cook who made the cherry pie which he had had for dessert. Mrs. Carl Kennedy came forward and he praised her culinary ability highly, more than that gave her a gift.

Topic of the week - Mrs. Ellis' hat. Nothing of late has set the feminine population agog more than the dream-of-a-suit-hat worn by Mrs. Arthur Ellis at the Red Cross meeting the other night. "I thought her talk was inspiring, but how'd you like her hat?" was heard everywhere all week. Description beggars it, but here goes. It was a wee shiny black straw sailor with a two inch brim. Veiling with poudre bleu dots, wound around the crown, extended over the brim edge and fell in a streamer effect shoulder length on the back right. Tucked in the veiling and over the brim on the back left side was a fairly large perfect American Beauty. There was another thing about Mrs. Ellis that fascinated me. She's probably the busiest woman in Ontario today and yet her nails and hair were perfectly groomed and her skin was fresh looking, soft and in a healthy condition.

The results of an impromptu vote taken at the R.C.A.F. Night Hawk Squadron in France should be a tip to you mothers and wives - those lads want a thick, juicy

steak smothered in onions for their meal No. 1 at home. Mushrooms vie with onions as an accompaniment to the T-bone. However, pork chops run steaks a close second, so that takes care of two meals.



April 5, 1945

Men drink more milk than women because women have the mistaken idea about fattening foods - milk having low calorie density - which means low energy value as compared to other foods, is not fattening. Consequently, milk should be used in all reducing diets because of richness in vitamins and minerals. Being a person who's either just on or just off a diet, I know all about the benefit of milk and also butter in diets - skin and eyes need both.

Since reading of and seeing some of the advance stills of the wonderfully done "Picture of Dorian Grey", Oscar Wilde's novel which shocked the world in the late 1800s and which made the goose pimples play up and down my spine when I read it years ago - I got out my old copy and have quite enjoyed re-reading it preparatory to seeing the picture - and I felt none of the former horror - just another psychological study.

Tip to 'teen age girls about to choose a career - if you wish to sit on the top rung of the social ladder choose the teaching profession. I only found this out recently, so it's an up-to-the-minute tip. Twice lately in my capacity as a reporter I have casually met a person who works with her head (both times we passed the time of day and to be frank I didn't know I was getting the brush-off). Last week I met "Intellectual" again and to be friendly I spoke of our mutual friend which disclosed the fact that in another life I had been a teacher. And was the wind ever taken out of my sails with the enlightening come-back, "Why, I didn't know that, I thought you were JUST A REPORTER."

While on leave in New York City recently, Lieutenant Walter Duffield, R.C.N.V.R., called on Mr. and Mrs. James Wanless (Louise Kemp), formerly of Amherstburg. Two interesting incidents of Lieutenant Duffield's visit to New York were, first, Saturday afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera where he enjoyed the

presentation of Wagner's *Lochgrin* and secondly, dancing to the music of Guy Lombardo's orchestra at the Hotel Roosevelt. During one of the intermissions while Mr. Lombardo was standing alone Wallie introduced himself, mentioned the time the Lombardo Band visited Amherstburg, and Guy sent his best regards to Thomas Kilgallin.

As I observed before, every household needs a child to keep it human and also on the straight and narrow. When friendly little sixer was our dinner guest, she showed us that we needed a bit of polishing on table manners (rush and carelessness join forces too readily). When I started to eat she warned that I must wait until the others were served and blessing asked. Another table fault was brought out in the open when I rested on elbows. The payoff came when J.A.M. left the table without excusing himself. Sixer was offended by slackness in manners which were within her small world just as we are disgusted often by rank-carelessness in table manners and eating. People are judged by the way they eat - it's pretty important in our way of life - yet there seems to be a general slackening.



April 12, 1945

Excitement was running high in the Francis Hutchins home last Tuesday when one of the Pleasure Beach baseball lads brought in the quilt which Francis had won with the lucky ticket. Mrs. Francis (Doris Wyld) was flabbergasted to be the winner and delighted, too, because she had never owned a quilt.

One of my very oldest friends is the large willow tree on the Miss Edith Gott property. Just at present that friendly tree is a glory with its feathery pale green leaves popping their winter bud cases and its flexible yellowish twigs and branches playing with the wind. Why is that tree such a friend? Because as a child I've sat for hours high in its many natural seats reading with friend Flora.

Spring sounds fascinate - gradual crescendo of birds' spring song; puffs, toots, rumbles and rhythmic diesel hum on the river; whirrs of the lawn mowers to the accompaniment of the planes over Grosse Ile - and of the sighs and pleasant waking sounds from those glad-to-see-them flowers on the south side of the house, or is it

the bees I hear?

Friend E.T.C. is a darling who sends me or draws my attention to bits and pieces which stir up my interest. The other day she sent along an auction sale notice announcing a sale on the old Colonel Talbot settlement March 31. Listed among the articles for auction were a small spinning wheel, reel for winding flax, home-made linen, homespun cloth and shawls, collection of walnut furniture made from timber cut from the farm, china and glassware brought from Ireland over 100 years ago. Sounds like a regular collector's paradise to me and I'll wager the bidding was spirited.



April 19, 1945

A flag at half mast is often times impersonal. We ask who or why and let it go at that. But when I walked into my bedroom on Friday and saw the full spread Jack at half mast a few feet away on the moat, I knew that it was dipped for a friend.

The family wash on the line, especially on a windy day, challenges or should I say stimulates my interest. Otherwise prosaic looking uninteresting garments, ordinary in both colour and shape, haphazardly pinned along the clothes line, when animated by the wind become beautiful with the lights, shadows and wind playing upon them.

According to a despatch from the powers-that-be, short formals must continue in the fashion limelight because only brides and members of religious orders are allowed floor-length dresses. It was pointed out that the ban on long dresses not only saves one and one-quarters yards of material on each dress but the extra yards required for the slip as well. I like the short dinner dresses with their eye-appeal waist and neck detail and accompanying wee wedge of muskmelon hats which stay put all evening.

Found the following account of the origin of the term "eavesdropper" in an old *Echo*: "At the revival of Masonry in 1717 a curious punishment was inflicted upon a man who listened at the door of a Masonic meeting in order to hear its secrets. He

was summarily sentenced to be placed under the eaves of an outhouse while it was raining hard, till the water ran under the collar of his coat and out of his shoes. The penalty was inflicted on the spot and the name has continued ever since."

Hope Mrs. William Reese in Harrow won't mind me quoting from a letter she wrote to me when we and the world grieved over President Roosevelt's sudden death while he was having his portrait painted at his Warm Springs home last Thursday. "I am sure you too wept as I did on hearing the shocking news that seems to us at the moment especially sad. If he could only have seen the final blow dealt by the aggressor nations. I could not tear myself away from the radio last night and those musical programs did something to me and made me wish I too could in some small measure attain a portion of his great Christianity. What a wonderful man he really was. I remember arguing with a friend of mine during his second term in office and saying at that time that I firmly believed he would go down in history as the greatest President (that) American had ever known. Time has proven my contention to be nearly correct."



April 26, 1945

When Commander McQueen first returned to town he was standing on the corner in uniform talking to J.A.M. when an ingenuous child beaming on him said, "Hello, Policeman" - the Commander acknowledged the admiration graciously.

Once again the war came home when it was announced on Wednesday that Ernie Pyle, the correspondent, was killed by a Jap sniper in the Southwest Pacific. His simple despatches telling of your boys and my friends at war were just what we all wanted to hear, written in a style that was easily understood.

When Rev. E.W. Hart told his five-year-old lad David that Bob and Ray's best pal Garnet Hilton had been killed in action on the Western front, David's perspicacious answer was, "Now he'll see Ray." (Ray went missing in October, 1944).

Too many of us are catalogued as women who "just never get around to giving

blood." Nothing of late has challenged me like the words of a man invalided home from Italy who said he's seen plasma cheat death on the way to Rome, in his words, "if you could only see that plasma going into a kid you'd swear was going to die, no one would have to be asked to give their blood." So don't wait to be invited to the blood bank next Tuesday morning.

I've never seen the violets more beautiful than they are this Spring. Their very humility and modesty has a tremendous appeal.

About a month ago at the special request of Private Garnet Hilton, Mrs. A. Stainton sang "I Had a Little Talk with the Lord" as only she can sing it, which moved the congregation of Christ Church considerably. Now that word has come announcing the death of this bright young Canadian, the request almost becomes a premonition.

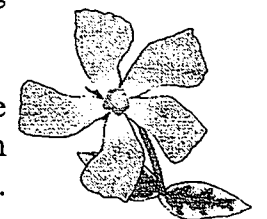


May 3, 1945

I hate to see the giddy spring shivering so, its merry dance with chattering teeth somehow doesn't produce an harmonious effect.

I'll be so glad when "Forever Amber" is nosed out of the best seller lists. Its very sloppiness makes me pity the taste of the general reading public.

It's lilac time and myrtle time - the aristocratic and the homey - but both in that H.M. appealing purple and green combination. Because of them May Day was most satisfactory.



Every time I stand before that "know-all-tell-all" mirror in the Dominion Store its appalling frankness shouts at me to make a few drastic changes, so without a qualm of conscience three hats went to the Rummage Sale, but it's still most unsympathetic and Mr. Flood just laughed when I complained.

Glad I wasn't in Milan on Sunday to see the horrible sight of Mussolini

swinging in the cathedral square with that beautiful carara marble 12th century cathedral forming a background. To me it was a sacrilege as if he were desecrating holy ground. Besides the majesty of the building I feel awed every time I think of the huge dull bronze doors with biblical pictures in relief and the one sequence with the foot of the Holy Child made shiny by the hundreds of worshippers touching it as they went in and out of the church.

I saw the line-up of greedy food purchasers waiting to clear the customs at the tunnel entrance over the weekend and it was most revealing from a psychological standpoint. Why under the sun with enough to eat in the Detroit area and time so precious a thing (no one seems to have enough to do all they want) hundreds of people will stand for hours and spend so much money just for food which is gone and forgotten almost as soon as the next meal turns up in the sequence of eating. Of course, there might be something in outsmarting one's neighbours for a new topic of conversation element but the whole animal-like thing is beyond me. O yes! There's the physical angle too. The thought of a chicken dinner could never overcome aching sockets and tired dogs so far as I'm concerned.



May 10, 1945

Get much satisfaction from and breathe deeply when you walk, especially now that the apple trees are in bloom on Laird North.

The migratory period is at hand so by keeping eyes open interesting goings-on can be noted in the bird world. This is the time of the year that I'd like to be closer to the Dr. W.T.J. Veale bird sanctuary in Harrow.

Strange how things literally hit you in the face and jack you up to actualities. Contemporary and I were dancing at the B.M. Club on Friday night and when the record stopped he clapped. It sounded as if a bomb had exploded and all of a sudden I realized that the gesture was from the last generation.

Hugging our north kitchen window is a honeysuckle in full pink bloom, directly beyond in the line of vision is a French deep purple lilac and forming a background

are the deep reds of the wild plum trees - a combination that more than satisfied.

V-E Day was a day of mixed feelings - elation, thanksgiving, and thankfulness that we had so many men who were willing to leave homes and jobs to fight our war to save us from the horrible experiences and suffering, both mental and physical, which were imposed on the people of Europe by the Germans.

When asked what he wanted most, a Detroit Kriege (Prisoner-of-War in Germany) when released after 18 months' imprisonment said, "A hot fudge sundae from Sanders." Any of us from along the border no doubt would request the same thing.



[No column in the May 17th issue.]



May 24, 1945

Happiness does peculiar things to one, so Mrs. Howard Heaton of Harrow has found out, for the other morning when she had a cable from her POW lad Bud, that at long last he was free, she rushed uptown to the store with her alarm clock under her arm, thinking she had grabbed her purse.

One of the most amusing social items that has come into this office lately was a list of visitors who motored over from Michigan to spend a very pleasant day and "were well pleased with the lovely meals Canada can daily give her people."

The year war broke out I spent the month of August at Gloucester on the Massachusetts coast and was delighted with the charming old houses and churches in that part of the country. Most of the 18th and early 19th century houses had Widow's Walks on the very top where the women of the household used to pace while watching for the ship carrying their sailor husbands into port after months of sailing and trading in the ports of the seven seas. I had always associated that particular point in architecture with the New England states and was surprised and

delighted to find a Widow's Walk on the Hiltons' new home, Chateau La Rose. From this highest point on the house you get a marvellous view of the mouth of the river and the whole countryside in general.

Always have liked the stories of beginnings of things - how and why being favourites - so was interested in the fact that the growing of wheat in Canada can be traced back about 340 years to the summer of 1605 when a French settlement in the Maritimes cut the first crop. Today one of Canada's leading export commodities, Canadian wheat was being exported as far back as 1754 to the tune of 80,000 bushels.

Tip on the new hair-do. If your hair is long enough, braid it on either side starting the braids high just above the ears and pulled straight from the centre part in back. Leave the front hair in soft curls or bangs. Fasten the braids in half-halo tucked under where the front curls begin. This gives a smooth line in back, an up-do effect on the sides and a cool-looking easily handled summer coiffure which stays put.



May 31, 1945

Women of Canada control 53% of the vote - a great power if we wish to exercise it.

Nothing could have been duller than the 24th of May. All the glamour of that holiday has gone with the uncertainty of shall or shan't we have a holiday. If the civic mind could be made up one way or the other and everyone did the same thing the gay old 24th might take on some of its former significance or go into the discard gracefully.

Noticed in the sixty years ago files that Louis Riel and his rebel followers were captured at Batoche and the Northwest Rebellion petered out which brought to mind a pilgrimage my father and I made when in Winnipeg years ago. We crossed the river to St. Boniface to visit Louis Riel's grave. I can see and hear him yet as we stood in the churchyard. "Poor misled half-breed, he thought he was fighting for an

ideal."



June 7, 1945

Prepare for excitement if you like the gamut of greens by standing on the bank at the museum, back to river, and looking toward Laird Avenue.

There is a perfect dusty pink Oriental poppy in bloom on the Paetz property, Laird Avenue. Its colour is almost breathtaking and beats the scarlet variety by a long shot.

If the sky wouldn't be so stand-offish with the earth and they could get together on this June weather business, the guffaws in this office wouldn't have had such a sarcastic ring when I casually mentioned that there was a bathing suit I'd like.

Things we take for granted have turned out to be events to some of the lads overseas - soft white sheets for instance. Twice lately two lads have been ecstatic over the fact that they were given a bed with sheets in billets. We're the losers in that experience, as we take too much for granted.

I ought to get paid for it - really - as I occasionally mention the name of a woman's magazine. But if you didn't run across "Penny Candy" in *Good Housekeeping*, it's worth the price of the magazine. The wares of Mrs. Morin and Miss O'Madden were described and I felt that the children of today miss a lot because they don't get the pleasure of shopping with a penny.

Flying high over the Burma Road was a transport plane carrying in supplies. In the course of the trip a young American airman, Jack Rose of Cleveland, got talking to an older Canadian army officer and casually mentioned that his grandmother and mother lived in Canada in Amherstburg. Hardly able to believe his ears, I'm sure, the officer exclaimed and wanted to know who his mother was. "Margaret Kelly," replied the lad. At that the officer informed the young American pilot that he was Harry Duff and had lived next to and played with his mother at Gordon.

After being literally in hot water for the past fortnight, the following description of the editor's lot made my sense of humour curve start to rise: "If an editor makes a mistake, folks say he ought to be hung; but if the doctor makes a mistake, he buries it and people can't say anything because they can't read Latin. When the editor makes a mistake, there's a big lawsuit and swearing and big fuss; but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral with flowers and perfect silence. A doctor can use a word a yard long without him or anyone else knowing what it means; but if the editor uses one he has to spell it. Colleges can make doctors to order, but editors have to be born."



June 14, 1945

Certainly not the farmer's delight but touched a friendly cord in my make-up after the dull days - a field of mustard in the distance which looked like a splotch of sunshine.

Shopping for small gifts, about one dollar, is both brain and leg tiring these days I find. After all the wasted effort - wear and tear on body and disposition - I decided to compromise at \$2.50 and end up with a bit of change left from a five dollar bill.

Two things I noticed about the fortyish women on the buses and street cars in Toronto over the weekend - don't think I hold myself up as an Emily Post or a model of propriety (heaven forbid!) - was the way they sat perfectly unconscious of short skirts on the creep and their smudgy lipstick applied evidently with a side-to-side motion on wet lips, without even taking a second to absorb the surplus with Kleenex.



June 21, 1945

The first day of summer is here according to the cycle of the year, certainly not according to our own ideas of what the seasons should bring.

Maybe I'm out of step but I don't like coloured photographs or movies in technicolour - there's something so unnatural in the colour of the skin and hair. Colour in nature pictures appeals, however, because I can always see so much anyway.

The damp warm air and the heavy foliage hanging dense, wet and still gave me a feeling of being hemmed in as I was office bound at 8:30 several times this week. With that peculiar feeling being experienced here in the Banana Belt, how much the lads in the tropics feel.



June 28, 1945

The giant dubonnet and white snapdragons in the greenhouse lot down the street have a bad effect - I want to pick.

Fear made that young girl leave a wee baby in the bus station the other night. That condition was so dominant that it overshadowed all thoughts of kindness and protection which would have been given her if she had contacted the right people.

We're funny - and mass hysteria as I said before is an interesting study. When the rumour got started in town about the parity of money on Saturday afternoon, it wasn't long before it was an established fact in the minds of many and American money was "seen around."

Whatever the sex, colour, race or creed of the service person, I feel the following story reduces everything about them to the lowest common denominator. When asked the most exciting incident of his overseas experience, the soldier answered without hesitation, "Coming Home."

Wayne Steubing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Steubing, is so keen about babies that he had his father take him in the car to see his wee girl cousin at the Ralph Langlois home on the Pike. A few days later compelled by the same urge, he travelled the distance alone on his tricycle - no arrested powers of observation in that young lad.

Despite the fact that because we're not built to hang on with our toes, which caused a numbness from the knees down as we stood on the hill waiting for the POW train to puff into the C.N.R. station in Windsor on Friday night, the excitement and happiness of the crowd overcame any physical discomfort. I wouldn't have missed being jostled by that friendly mob for anything. All the anxiety of the past few years just faded away as the names of one after another of those men of Dieppe were called and they joined their next of kin.

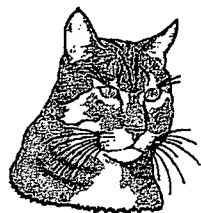
A few months ago a picture of a group of Essex Scottish officers - prisoners of war in Germany - appeared in the *Prisoners of War* magazine. One of the men whom I have known for years looked so thin, wan and undernourished. Friday night he returned to Windsor and when I glimpsed him through the crowd at the C.N.R. station he was his old self - smiling and back to normal weight, which brings me to the point that when the history of this war is written, the work of the Medical Corps (which includes the nutrition group) will be extolled.



July 5, 1945

Summer perfume - light, sweet, just right - coming from the wee white flowers on the privet hedge on the Mrs. F. A. Hough property.

Delphinium stalks eight feet high are making a grand showing in Mrs. Howard Heaton's garden this year.



Not being a cat lover, I'm not at all friendly toward the number of cats stalking around. Actually, on Sunday, there were three playing in the park. The bird population certainly will suffer.

The Saturday sunset was one of the most glorious this summer - so far nothing but pinks, not splashed, but carefully brushed on as if with thought to the effect made by the reflection on the trees on Grosse Ile and Bob-Lo and the river. After soaking in the colour on the water I believe I'd like a pale pink shimmering mirror.

For close to 75 years all the children in the Darby connection have used the same christening dress. Sunday week, the beautiful hand-made heirloom did double duty as Mrs. Darby took it to Blenheim when her granddaughter was christened, after which ceremony she brought it back to Harrow and it was worn by a wee grandson for his baptismal the same evening.

Over the weekend we had most interesting chats with two POWs who only came home within the last ten days. Both beamed when the Red Cross was mentioned. Said the one, "How can we get over to the people that Red Cross is not a racket as many think? Why, if it hadn't been for Red Cross none of us would be alive today." They also told of the inestimable value of blood plasma which, when used on the battle field said one, "you can see the colour returning to the almost dead man's cheeks."

Full of POW news this week. In answer to a question about the delivery of next-of-kin boxes, a Dieppe POW told that he had received seven intact - also that cigarettes and weekly Red Cross food boxes came through well until transportation facilities were disrupted late in 1944 and early this year by the terrific Allied bombing. But then it didn't matter because they all knew that their liberation day was near. Said the one, "The rumble of the artillery coming nearer and nearer was a wonderful sound."



July 12, 1945

The partial eclipse of the Sun could be seen here at odd times Monday morning before the cloud screen entirely spoiled the showing.

Got so tired of listening to the continuous drone about shortage of potatoes - or so I thought until Wednesday night when with abandon and relish I ate new potatoes with butter and chive sauce.

Whether you use the English pronunciation cle-matis or the American clem-tis, the large flowered purple lanuginosa of China (of which there are several vines in Amherstburg at their best now) or the small white flowered spicy variety known

as virgin's bower in U.S. and traveller's joy in Europe (to be seen on Lester Hamilton's fence or on William Craig's garage) it means the same (to me anyway, especially the purple variety) - the gem of July.



July 19, 1945

Fireflies poking around on the few warm nights we have had this summer so far give a touch of glamour to the trees and shrubs in silhouette.

Rather startling, my friends, but now that V-E Day is over and V-J Day is in the offing, doctors are getting prepared for more nervous breakdowns because they say we women will have more time to think of ourselves.

Some parents (not all by any means) evidently don't see the importance of teaching their children telephone etiquette, because they haven't been on the calling-in end. I believe children like to act and can learn a few lines very readily so, a few set sentences of telephone usage would soon come naturally and would put the person waiting to speak to Mom in a better frame of mind.

Captain Large was down from Windsor the other day to tell Mrs. Nina Horton that he saw and worked with her sister Corporal Rita Lidwell in the C.W.A.C. office in London, England. He said that Mrs. Lidwell went through the worst of the ro-bombing. He also told Mrs. Horton that he had had some of the canned chicken which she had sent her sister, which, by the way (plug for the *Echo* recipes, not at all for H.M.'s culinary ability) was made from a recipe which Mrs. E. W. Hart had given me for publication.

This is the week of the annual New York Dress Institute's press preview and it seems that collars have returned to the mouth-watering suits. I never feel though, that because fashion decrees that suits have collars we who look much better in collarless coats have to abide by her decree. Smart clothes in my estimation simply must fit into the personality and figure points of the wearer. Just because the gathered detail at the front waistline is 1945ish, why should I wear it and - I get right on the defensive when a saleswoman brings out a dress in that style. I say to myself,

"Eyes, my dear woman, have you forgotten about eyes and the selling game?"



July 26, 1945

The residents of South Ramsay Street are having funny (?) experiences with a family of skunks that has made its nest in the lumber yard.



The petunias are rioting this season - ever hear of a nice riot? - if not, to prove my point, there's one on the Post Office corner.

I grant these hot days that the flowers are droopy, just as we are, but the chicory (would that I could have a dress that shade), the trumpet vine and the hollyhocks stand right out to proclaim their individualism.

"What do you think I've got?" laughed a young mother as she waved an envelope at another young mother on the post office corner the other day. "Baby Bonus" squealed the girl to whom the question was addressed - and it was.

Harvesting with its colours and symmetry appeals tremendously. Every time I drive to Harrow I feel that life has been kind to make me a country gal because no matter how edgy I feel there's always something interesting and beautiful on the way which is a perfect antidote.

The three sentinel poplars on the Hough property are gone - the height and dignity which they gave to the mass of greenery is missing. Of course they had to be cut down because they had died but nevertheless the vacancy is there and the squatty look is foreign to that spot. I remember F. D. MacDowell, author of The Champlain Road, saying one time he was our guest, that the museum property would be improved with a few Lombardy poplars grouped around. I realize now that those three fit right into the museum landscape and the early French architecture.



August 2, 1945

The contentment and quiet of summer is upon us and the spell is not only on earth and sky but on me.

The AWM's literally smacked their lips the other evening over a brand new vegetable, "Kohlrabi" which, according to Mrs. Dick Zimmer who grows it in her garden, is an old country vegetable, the four hundred of the cabbage family.



When Private Clement Hunt came up to the refreshment booth at the Carnival Friday night he greeted us with, "This is the first hot dog I've had in God's Country." He arrived in town only that afternoon from service abroad.

"A gossip is one who talks to you about others; a bore talks about himself and a brilliant conversationalist talks to you about yourself." This quip from the *Watford Guide-Advocate* arrested my attention enough to cause a smile.

I shudder when I think of what might have happened to New York if those long distance robombs, or German planes had become an actuality, when the B-29 did so much damage when it hit the Empire State building on Saturday, 900 feet above Fifth Avenue. The whole incident was fantastic.

Last year Gracie Follows of Alma Street won the Windsor Rotary house and yesterday Mrs. Lee Stanley who lives in the same section of the town, was informed that she had won \$500 in Victory Bonds from the St. Thomas Lions Club. No doubt there are many in town saying, "Things always come in threes."



August 9 & 16, 1945

The world without its chatter and movement seems almost enchanted these days. Enchanted is not quite the word for when I look into the garden next door and feel that it's enchanted - there's life there - but not this week. Lifeless, beautiful, replete - waiting for the full August moon on the 23rd to waken it and put on its golden cloak.



August 23, 1945

Notice a birth notice in one of the Detroit papers announcing a daughter born to so-and-so on the fourteenth, named Vee-Jay.

The sunset on the eve of V-J Day was breathtaking in its magnificence and the funny thing to me was that it gave a definite impression of power and might with its great swirls of orange-red.

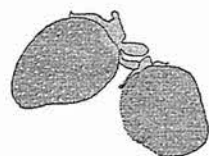
I read of the cancellation of the 11.30 p.m. sailing from Detroit to Cleveland last week with disappointment. For years and years that friendly boat which winked at me as it glided down the river every night has been a timepiece.

The mother of two sons in the services stopped me the other day and said that now the lads are coming home she'd love to know what their ribbons stand for, and thought that many others would too. The idea caught on with me so as soon as I can find a good chart I'll pass along information piecemeal.

Frank D. MacDowell, the Canadian author, who was our guest on Friday, is keen about Amherstburg and its historical background. Talking about the fine examples of early French houses here he is certainly of the opinion that one of these would be the ideal setting for the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts and a tearoom. Quebec would do just that, but we in Ontario are slow to recognize the possibilities of colour attracting tourists.

On the third anniversary of being catapulted into this whirl at the *Echo* office I am finding for myself that fascination for newspaper work which many before me have found, even though they go into other lines of business afterwards. If the tugging wasn't there, why would so many say, "I'm an old newspaperman myself." After a holiday away from the click of the machines in the plant and the smell of printer's ink which gets right into the skin and the veins, I feel like throwing back my head, taking a deep breath and with a contented sigh saying, "There's nothing like it."

August 30, 1945



I had second-crop strawberries over ice cream for dessert last Wednesday night. Just the Banana Belt showing off again.

One of the Amherstburg POW's said that with one of the slabs of chocolate his next-of-kin put in her quarterly parcel, he could buy 12 loaves of bread and three dozen eggs from the Germans.

Even though it's not good corn weather (so friends say) the corn in the many fields along Highway 18 gives the impression of being proud in stalk. A field of corn has an aristocratic air - as it is beneath its dignity to dance and tease like a field of wheat.

When Mrs. Shay Preston was in Pontiac recently she attended the baptism of John Smith, her sister Kate Horsman Argus' great grandchild. The infant was christened in the same christening robe that the whole Horsman family has used, his great grandmother in fact, which was brought from Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thistle are cacti collectors and have about 40 varieties of this plant in their collection. When talking to Mr. Thistle about his hobby he said that the cactus is the easiest kind of plant to look after because it requires no coddling, not even a drink oftener than about once a fortnight.

Have been talking to several married friends who have been doing two jobs since the war - one inside and one outside the home - and despite the fact that there is much talk about women not wanting to go back to keeping house after a taste of business life, these friends say they can hardly wait until the back-to-home day comes.



September 6, 1945

Got a good laugh because friend of same age and status got a baby bonus cheque.

For the information of those who are expecting men or women home from overseas three westbound ships are scheduled for early September, *Cameronia* September 9, *Empress of Scotland* September 11 and *New Amsterdam* September 12.

Earmarked Fall - Saying Au Revoir with three long and two short Monday night the Bob-Lo boats once again finished their Summer job - children protesting outwardly but not inwardly about starting to school Tuesday morning - the crickets' sing songs - and the smart advertisements which give us too many ideas for "pick-ups" for the new season.

Was talking to Mr. Paetz about the wonderful hibiscus he has in his garden this year and he said that all the plants (and there must be a dozen at least) came from the one original bush. The flowers are enravishing and I'm fully expecting to see a dark skinned sloe-eyed beauty in her sarong standing among them some evening just at sunset as I walk along with Bobby.

Hated to see the destruction caused by the sudden storm last Wednesday afternoon. Some of the maples in our district were snapped off so neatly by the 74 mile-an-hour gale (as registered at the airport on Grosse Isle) were, I understand, planted in 1867, Confederation year. The huge silver poplars on the mound (planted the same time) actually seemed to cross their gnarled arms and look down on their weakling friends the maples, who couldn't take the blow.

The British Youth Advisory Council which since 1942 has been studying the wartime problems of Britain's restless youth has reported to the Minister of Education that British Young People lack cheerful places to meet friends, talk and eat. That goes for this part of Ontario, too.



October 4, 1945

One of my young friends who has been living in Nova Scotia for the past few months, was discussing the decidedly different scenery there in contrast to equally beautiful Essex County, "Why this county is just like a great big garden," she said.

A former High School teacher of our acquaintance is now teaching in a veterans' school and his observation is worth recording, "There's a great difference teaching students who want to learn."

"Colored shoes are coming back" was the announcement in fairly large black face capitals - of no news interest to me as I don't like them anyway. Black, navy or brown accessories, in fact all dark accessories, make a smart ensemble in my opinion.

"The children will look forward to meatless days when mother serves peanut butter chops (bread rolled in peanut butter and fried) for dinner. Even Dad will agree that they are really good!"

The quote above was supposed to excite and interest Mrs. Housewife in a meatless recipe. I wonder??

After four years of silence the Ford Sunday Evening Hour was back on the airways Sunday - and music lovers rejoiced. By the way, tickets for the broadcast aren't hard to get.

A decidedly foreign - but real down to earth friendly sound - the bleat of the goat owned by the children in the house next to the *Echo* office.

If the young things - or should I say women with young figures - want to get into the fashion swim and have stunning belts to pep up white tailored blouse and dark skirt outfit, they should enrol in the weaving class at the Public Library. All the posh shops are showing leather, woven, metallic or other types of gay belts this fall for the tailored outfit and they certainly give midriff interest.

The combination of pictures, fact and fiction, which make up the comics has great appeal among the children of today. About a year ago, after Bob Charters (a

lad we've known off and on since childhood) got the D.F.M., went missing over France, escaped through Spain and Gibraltar, his story was told in one of the comics and we saw the family in action. Now that same young man has been awarded the French Croix de Guerre so there's a bit more to add to his story. When he was 16 or 17 I saw him in Halifax and at the time he was going to school and working in a butcher shop during holidays. As he puts the very best he has into life, he told of his work and the perfect condition of the block, which was his job. His aim was to have the cleanest block in the shop. That lad has a wonderful philosophy as he feels that he gets as much out of life as he puts in. He's getting his reward now.



October 11, 1945

Joan Reaume's beautiful high soprano voice showed off to advantage on Sunday at noon when she was the soloist on the Schoolhouse of the Air. Compliments on her performance were flying thick and fast.

Illustrating what can be done with bits of material to make a beautiful combination of colors, and also a gift of needlecraft, Mrs. J. Fred Thomas' flower garden quilt exhibited with the members' handiwork at the Museum this past week, was a thing of beauty and surely will be a joy forever (pardon the prosaicness).

If you have a husband or son on the verge of service discharge and if you need canning sugar, keep in mind that if he is discharged before October 31 and applies for a ration book before that date, he may secure his coupons for canning sugar. All the "Ifs" mean a great deal to the woman in the case - especially the discharge.



October 18, 1945

The hollyhocks standing gaily in the sun at the dump, attract my attention these days.

A wee child crossed the road in front of the car the other nippy morning dressed

in a much too small snow suit and mittens, but, he was in his bare feet.

At the Rotary meeting last Tuesday night when Henry Lavers announced the song "O Susanna", Colonel Gaskin leaned over to me and said, "I first heard that song 70 years ago when the minstrels came to my hometown in England."

Always have had a lot of faith in human beings but have a bit more now that young Eugene Beaudoin brought in a coin purse quite full of money. In this job we have call after call about lost purses but it's an occasion for rejoicing in the front office (and actually makes a news item) when found money is turned in.

What do you think? - Colin Wigle had a much-beloved cocker spaniel and one day recently the little thing was killed by a car down the bank. Mr. Wigle was informed and hurried to pick up their pet but before he could get there the dog's collar had disappeared.

Fall with all its loveliness does things to me - makes me so ambitious (Every fall as far back as I can remember has been the same). I plan to take in extension courses, I have a reading program outlined, I am determined to hear the symphony, I must go to the art gallery more and, as for the Cass and the movies, they're exactly what I need for mental stimulus. I'll do this and that - but will I? Or will time and many activities gang up as usual.

I wish all the rest of the servicemen could get home, and the war brides could get here right now to see the crimson glory of the sumac on Bob-Lo, the chrysanthemum show ready for production on the moat; other flowers taking their curtain call, the blue sky as it was on Friday, the horn of plenty full to overflowing along the highways, the trees and the whole golden set-up - before stingy November is upon us.

"We are living on tenderhooks these days, because we have heard that Paul's ship, the *USS Shangrila*, Essex class carrier is on her way back to the States for Navy Day," said Margaret Callam Goebel in a recent letter from Grand Rapids. "Paul (her husband) is the Chief Engineer aboard and we are waiting for an invitation to meet the ship and our favourite Lieut. Commander at San Pedro, California. Paul has had an exciting five months of action, starting at Okinawa, and

ending right at Tokyo. They were Admiral McCain's flagship in famed Task Force 38, and now have Admiral Tower aboard. Paul was one of the men fortunate enough to view the surrender ceremonies aboard the *Missouri* from a Navy Helldiver plane, one of the 1,300 planes that flew over the Fleet at the time of the capitulation."



October 25, 1945

Occasionally I glimpse and always thrill at the sight of a graceful blue heron standing tall and motionless with only its shadow showing life, as we drive over the Big Creek bridge.



Was delighted with the U.S. Navy combat vessels which I saw gliding up the river in the early morning sun, Friday. Would certainly have liked to see the whole flotilla but felt satisfied after seeing the camouflaged landing barge. I'd thrilled at the pictures of similar almost human ships in action on beaches of Normandy, Africa and in the Pacific - but it's nothing like actually seeing one.



November 1, 1945

A wisp of a hat with no underpinnings is the height of ridiculousness in a jeep, I learned when a guest at the Training Centre in Chatham on Friday. It's really no wonder that we women are good red meat for caricaturists.

Everything in our world has been softly suffused and made serene by the late afternoon sunshine these past few days. I've also enjoyed the golden-edged midnight blue shadows made by the Autumn bright trees.

Noticed that the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute is advertising a Sitters' Club with the note, "Parents wanting students to mind their children call So-and-so." Grand idea, I thought, but wish someone would organize a group of young people who would take on cleaning yards and windows.

Loved the joint cub and scout "going up" ceremony the other night. It's been a long time since I stepped into a room full of boys beaming with scout enthusiasm. Scouting is satisfactory work (from the leaders' standpoint) and the two years I had with the cub pack stands out as a memorable and pleasant interlude.

Several Canadian boys who have married British girls have told me that the one thing that was upsetting their wives about coming out to Canada was their clothes. They wanted to look like Canadian girls and we're afraid they'd not be smart enough. Now, I see that British wives of Canadian servicemen are entitled to 30 extra clothing coupons and their children entitled to 15 extra. This allowance enables them to supplement their wardrobes. The British wives should feel better now because once again quoting friend soldier, "There are small things in the shops and they have the money but, the clothing ration just wouldn't stretch."



November 8, 1945

I have seen quiet, unassuming beauty this fall as the Maples shed their leaves without one bit of fanfare - no particular blaze of glory nor no undisciplined leaves.

A well known Canadian ornithologist who was in town on Sunday told that at daybreak he had been on Point Pelee and had identified 164 species of birds.

"You'd better look in the mirror," I nag myself whenever the criticism flashes, "What a petulant cross looking woman." But have you noticed that many of us forget we're in the limelight when along on the street - and glower.

Although the huge hills of coal at the foot of Richmond Street block the view of the river and the island, there really is something attractive about the lights and shadows that play on the harmony of jet black curves.

Every so often I go into friend's kitchen where the coal range seems to open its big arms and envelope me with warmth and friendliness - and I like it - and always feel that I want to sit on a rocker nearby and rock and read and of course purr. Electric kitchen stoves are handy but so impersonal.

Went up to the broadcast of the "Schoolhouse of the Air" Sunday to hear our little songbird friend Joan Reaume sing "Homing". She really has remarkable voice control, poise, and tone quality for a fifteen year old. Before the show was on the air we saw the final rehearsal - how the directors timed the program and tied up the loose ends. The children from wee Jimmy Menzies (Ivor Menzies' lad) to the 16-year olds were a well behaved happy lot, carefully looked after by mothers and adults, and strange to say with little or no sophistication to speak of, even if as we think, they're in the show business and good at entertaining too.

Tired of being ribbed about some trifling errors in his paper, a fellow editor once wrote: "We'd be pleased to find a merchant or clerk who never made a mistake in putting up an order, a lawyer who never lost a case through his own errors, a delivery man who never left a parcel at the wrong house, a radio announcer who never mispronounced a word, a singer who never struck a false note, a doctor who never made a mistake, a postoffice employee who never put mail in the wrong box, a woman who never forgot to put salt in when she was cooking or to put tea in the teapot before putting in the water. Bring in some of your paragons who find it is easy to criticize us. We want to see if they're human."



November 15, 1945

Admire the defiant maroon snapdragon, pink hollyhock, cornflowers and baby's breath in our garden that are refusing to give in to nippy grey November.

Wonder how many noticed the silk screens on exhibition in the Library - they are part of the loan - besides books - program of the Essex County Library Association.

Had forgotten that it was the late Russell Thomas who coined the slogan for Amherstburg, "To know - to like." It seems that there was a contest and his idea was accepted by the town fathers.

As I drove north on Dalhousie Street Sunday, I noticed an artist sketching at the corner of Gore. That's an ideal spot for a picture as the two examples of early French architecture on that particular corner are the finest in all these parts.

We oldsters thought Buck Rogers fantastic and I well remember ticking off H.G. Wells as unbalanced - but - I have to apologize to both authors, after reading that Flight Lieutenant W. H. McKenzie, R.C.A.F. flew the Gloster Meteor, the jet propelled plane, from Windsor to London [Ontario] on Thursday in 14 minutes.

Am particularly fond of shrub cuttings for interior decoration purposes - especially if the container is just right. Cutting branches does not harm shrubs for this is pruning. Cuts should be sharp and clean, however, and branches should be selected with an eye to the shape and balance of the whole plan.

I am going to get there by air yet - and the time is coming closer and closer, especially after the announcement in Montreal recently that one famous Airways Company had slashed the one-way fare from U.S. to Britain to \$275 for single passage and \$495 for the round trip. This works out at about eight cents per mile for the 3,500-mile London-New York trip. So you see it's not a dream that can't come true any more.

I felt at the Cenotaph Sunday, during the Remembrance Day service, that I had an inspiring experience that pettiness, malice, jealousy and sordid things fell away as we paid tribute to the many lads whom I had known so well. But when the morning paper came at breakfast time Monday I realized that remembering was not enough for two-inch streamer headlines glared, "Space ships, atomic, explosive, robot-operated aircraft for future war."

Last year Friend showed me a dozen new Limoges plates which she had ordered before the war and when examining the exquisite coloring said that she understood that there would be no more delicate pinks for which Limoges was famous because the art of mixing that particular shade of pink had died with a line of men. Now I see that shipments of Limoges will soon be crossing the Atlantic again as the manufacturers have obtained the coal to re-fire their kilns. During the occupation of France the industry had shut down almost completely even though the Nazis who considered the city a great prize, deluged it with extravagant orders. However, these were orders which the patriotic French workers had no desire to fill and thanks to their stubbornness very few German tables were ever set with this beautiful china. Orders became demands and demands became threats but production dropped steadily and Limoges designers conveniently forgot their art (Maybe that's what

happened to the pink and friend was misinformed). I love a table set with Limoges for it's usually Mother's or Grandmother's best set which has seen so many happy family gatherings. Laid on white damask with a gay pink and white real flower centrepiece, the wee violets or pink flowers on the almost transparent china come to life. Just a spot of history about Limoges. This city in France became a world centre for making china and porcelain in the 18th century because of the rich deposits of china clay in near-by Saint Vrieux. Before the war there were more than 35 factories established there employing 18,000 workers including 3,000 artists in porcelain and china making.



November 22, 1945

An attractive advertisement in a daily read, "Isn't it amazing how little a smart hat costs these days? High fashion and tiny price tags, \$10." Not in the brackets, yet, that call that "tiny."

Patches of ice on the sidewalk, chrysanthemums shivering on the moat, Mr. St. John putting up the guard for the skating rink, and a lone dandelion cuddled in the longer grass - sounds incongruous but an actuality as I breezed along Tuesday morning.

Quote: "In a concentration camp near Pekanbaroe, Netherlands East Indies, Dutch women had to capture rats to feed their children." It's fillers like the above that come into this office that make me think that we Canadian women are slipping fast when we grouse about scarce articles for Christmas fare. Some of us have swung from an altruistic to a self-centred attitude too quickly since V-E Day where what "ME and MINE" get to eat and wear is too, too important.

I was pleased and proud to sail along on the tail wind of the editor's story of the 71 years since its first publication date of the *Echo* November 24, 1874. When the time comes for the "editor of the future" to write about the Balfour, Auld, A.W. Marsh, J.A. Marsh combination, if by any chance he mentions the early forties and another Marsh, I hope he writes my christian name in full to show that it only took 71 years for a member of the distaff side to get a place in *Echo* history. Not so bad

though, when one looks over the municipal, school board, church board or business personnel of the town in the past.

Every person who paid tribute to G. L. Duffin at the complimentary dinner given him in Essex Friday night, commented on his smile and sense of humor. Despite the fact that Mr. Duffin had the responsibilities of a school, a home, a baby or two, and was up to his neck in town affairs, when he was in Amherstburg, he finished his B.A. and wrote off his Master of Pedagogy. That program is rather full and he certainly must have been physically as well as mentally exhausted ever so often - but as I look back on the ten years with him, his laugh would ring through that corridor and he was never too busy for your problems and could bring back your sense of humor in a moment. What a tribute! - to be remembered for a smile.



November 29, 1945

Attended the Harrow nomination and looked in at the Amherstburg meeting Friday night and, as no women were at either meeting when the chance was given to air grievances to make suggestions, they must be satisfied with the municipal administration so - there should be no criticism as to what the men do this coming year.

One day a stranger came into this office looking for living quarters. In the course of the conversation he queried the winter temperature and said how cold he found it in Windsor last year but this was south, etc. - "To be technical," I said, "yes, eighteen miles." I thought of that, and in my mind felt proud of the Banana Belt because friends told of a drive from Buffalo Friday (where there was fourteen inches of snow) along Highway Three which, until they got almost home, was a sheet of ice - snow flurries here, yes! Just flurries.



December 6, 1945

December - Christmas - nothing done and no constructive ideas - but when the

spirit does envelope me it's an all-out effort - 'Twas ever thus, so I'm really not worried about my lethargy when friends tell of having finished with shopping and addressing cards.

The winter sun bursting in the deep southeast Tuesday morning, throwing grotesque shadows on the green grass in the park and making little headlights of the white dandelion heads on the "where the skating rink is to be" made me feel that grouching about December weather is out-moded. As a background to the eye enjoyment, the tap, tap, tap, from the workmen's hammers industriously building on the lot behind, should be a foreign sound, if one looks at the calendar with its red letter day only three weeks away. Most surprising of all, the pussy willow tree which hugs our house on the east side is in bud and the soft pussies look a bit shivery.

It's not safe or smart to be too opinionated, I've found - when talking about writing human interest stuff to a newspaperman over the week-end he told the following story to prove my point. It seems that a group of high school editors were holding a convention in Toronto and had two speakers headlined - a Canadian woman writer who had been a former teacher and a popular down-to-earth newspaperman from one of the Toronto dailies who feels the pulse of the people and writes to their level. The woman spoke about the use of pure English, punctuation and grammatical correctness in everything the young editors wrote or accepted for their high school publications and admonished them, solemnly delivered, to keep standards high, etc., etc. The newspaperman whose byline we all know, was late and breezed in just in time to speak - and much to the surprise and delight of the young people (with killing newspaper stories in parenthesis) warned the would-be writers that smart newspaper writers forget everything, in fact everything that the previous speaker had held so high, and write in a simple fashion so that when John Q. Public reads he understands and it's not an essay that he wants either.

"If the sun doesn't come to you here on earth, you go to the sun" was my experience on Friday afternoon when we were guests of F.M. McGregor and F.E.D. McDowell for an air trip on a modern 21 passenger air liner, a converted military aircraft. The ceiling was so low that the original plan of thrilling the two Amherstburg guests with an air view of their town was shelved, so after a panoramic view of Detroit and a chance to almost touch the Penobscot beacon, we cruised to

Lake Huron where that most wonderful of all experiences took place - at only 4,000 feet too. At a clip of 155 miles per hour the luxurious liner sailed just above a field of fleecy clouds brightened by the glorious sun and the deep blue heaven. I can now understand why the young airmen felt as they did and became surprisingly (in some cases) philosophical about being literally out of this world. The five women guests were allowed to go into the pilot house one by one and it was then looking over the shoulders of the two lads at the controls into this ethereal beauty that we earth-bounds never see, that I glimpsed the better world.

I could hardly realize as our small party chatted with one another in this seat or that, in perfect comfort with charming surroundings - easy on the eyes too, with its grey-blue walls and coral slip covers - that this very plane had been used in the invasion of Normandy to carry paratroopers. Mr. McDowell said that when they stopped in London earlier in the day the photographer sent by the newspaper there had been a fighter pilot and was part of the air umbrella which protected this plane and its load of paratroopers to the continent at D-Day time.

Mr. McGregor, our host, is one of the original pilots of Canada's national air service and flew the first scheduled passenger flight when the company was inaugurated.



December 13, 1945

The latest safety valve for the young people in the form of that dance tune, "Chicory Chick Chala Chala" not only gets them but has me humming away as I try to type; I certainly prefer it to that other barnyard bit "Mairsy doats" or the tension easer of the war years about the three little fishes going over the dam.

The most amazing thing happened at the Rotary dinner party Monday night (surprising because of the barbed remarks from men) - the guests were invited for a seven o'clock dinner and promptly, in fact, almost on the stroke of seven, forty-nine of them filed into the dining room. This was an all lady party.

Women vs. men stuff ... Last Wednesday W. A. Patterson flew to Toronto in the same plane I had been in the week before. When we were chatting about his flight I said, "Weren't the interior decorations lovely?" "I didn't notice them," he said.

By the way, he and his wife went up on the same bus, she to shop, he to fly to Toronto and back that day. Much to the surprise they met on the same bus coming home.

Balmy Saturday when no hat was needed and there was lots of sunshine from the unruffled blue sky certainly dampens the Christmas spirit and made a farce of the Christmas lights at the postoffice. Although I like red and green lights on the river that chain of lights arranged so symmetrically at dusk was a sour note. P.S. - Changed my mind about Christmas tree lights Tuesday night when the snow played around them, even the little blue spruce bristled with happiness at its silver sequin Christmas party cloak - an unexpected gift.



December 20, 1945

Christmas wish - a pink African violet.



I don't care if I can't get stockings, or slips, or girdles, or currants or this or that - all I really care about this Christmas is the vicarious thrill I'm getting out of my friends' happiness in having their lads home for Christmas.

Come on up to North Dalhousie Street and join in the fun at the skating rink. The ice looks tempting and if last season was an indication, the laughter of the olders mingled with the gleeful cries of the children made wonderful harmony which we all loved at our house.

Winter beauty struck home Sunday afternoon late, when the sun hung low and fiery in the southwestern sky and the moon was idling high in the East. There were strange bluish lights and the occasional flame colored shot-taffeta look about the ice-blocked river.

Enjoyed an article ribbing those persons who stand before the two slots in the Post Office religiously and painstakingly sorting and putting first in the little slot and then in parcel-sized one when a common receptacle catches all inside. I'm one - are you?

A mother accompanied by her children was standing in one of Amherstburg's meat markets the other day. The children started to argue and one of them came out with all the swear words in the calendar. The mother, appearing shocked and embarrassed, said to those around her, "Blankety, blank, I don't know where they get it."

Been having fun about Essex County weather with a young Haligonian at the McQueens. It seems that she had been told about the Banana Belt and the Sun Parlor of Canada so came expecting balmy weather and didn't even bring galoshes. The snow on Thursday night and the sub-zero weather was an unusual show put on especially for her benefit, we told her when she berated The Banana Belt.

Not bad - When the final count was taken by the Chamber of Commerce authorities this week it was found that over 1,000,000 cigarettes were shipped to the Amherstburg lads in service overseas since 1940 at a cost of over \$3,000. The pleasure in a box from "MY TOWN" far outweighs the cost but the figures were interesting.

Until the first week in August the word *Atomic* was certainly not part of the ordinary man's vocabulary. But how quickly we catch on. Or so I thought as the new McQueen tug cut its way through the ice Monday noon. This powerful boat was timely named for we were in Owen Sound with the Captain when he was looking over the framework of this tug when the Atomic news struck the world, hence the name. Coming back to Monday we here in the plant stood watching her and "*Atomic*" rolled from the various tongues with as little thought as "food" or "drink", good old Anglo-Saxon words.

If you're going formal on Christmas card signatures by using "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones" don't forget that good taste raises eyebrows if "From" is used (From Mr. and Mrs. is just not done). As a matter of fact the rule for cards is the same that one follows in personal letters, not using Mr., Mrs., or Miss as a signature except as I said in the impersonal, formal Mr. and Mrs. However, we understand, it is correct on the modern personalized cards to use "from the Joneses," "from John and Jane Jones" although "from" is superfluous. Thinking this over, the whole thing reads superficial as the point in question is so unimportant compared with the idea that you and I think of one another at this season and take time to express our thoughts



December 27, 1945

Everyone who's interested in our R.C.N.V.R. or who had a lad in it, should read W.H. Pugsley's "Saints, Devils and Ordinary Seamen."

Good holiday reading "The Yellow Room" by Mary Roberts Rinehart - that is if a mystery is your idea of a good reading time.

Wonder if they did? Noticed that Herman Goering and the other 20 Nazi defendants in the war crimes trials were invited to sing carols on Christmas Day in Nuremburg, Germany.

Mary Gilman Harris talked to her husband in Aldershot, England, Thursday noon. She said that it was as simple as, "Stand by for Montreal," "Stand by for Aldershot," "Go Ahead. Captain Harris."

When we were basking in the out-of-season weather last March, little did we think of the consequences - no pollination, no apples - no mincemeat (in abundance) for Christmas 1945.

Victory and peace are ours as we enter the year 1946 - that is if we, who are public opinion, wish it. For it's not the heads of the governments who can keep what we got in 1945 but up to you and me and the millions like us who are The People. It is what we say, do and think that will make victory, peace and 1946 synonymous.

I had never heard the term "rose hips" until I read E.T.C. in last week's *Echo*. As often happens came across the expression again a day or so after when reading about the cedar waxwing who would enjoy his Christmas dinner of rose hips in the snow.

A good New Year's idea for a great many of us - pass the smiles around. So often we hear the remark, "She's charming, simply delightful" - Yes she is to those who interest her but she's aloof and unsmiling to the many, many people she meets

on the street, on the bus, in the shops every day. Enough said.

Have at long last become convinced that I can't be dashing or zooty. Friends in same age bracket, can wear fashion's favorites with an air and not appear ridiculous - they're smart and comfortable in fact - but not I. This is prompted by purchase of a white shetland fascinator which after two most self-conscious wearings young friend acquired, so instead of winter comfort, I'll have to continue tiring and freezing my left arm holding on a hat.

After four years' absence the Venus de Milo and the Mona Lisa are back in the Louvre in Paris again and attracting the attention of the Allied soldiers stationed in France. The Mona Lisa is the most popular picture in the gallery with the soldiers, I understand. If I were there I'd rush to see the Victory of Samothrace which is also back in place at the top of the main staircase. I love that headless winged figure showing power in women, standing with the wind blowing her robes, I have a yen also toward the Venus and felt the few times I went to see her in the Louvre that if I touched her I'd feel life.



January 3, 1946

Home remedy but good - Friend from up-the-bank came in and sympathizing with bulbous state of my red nose, recommended lard - and I found it most refreshing and effective when a head cold is at the stage when it's ruining looks and disposition.

The new sterling silver discharge buttons replacing the old red and silver enamel ones are very good looking I think. To prevent illegal possession, each button carries a serial number and the veteran is issued with a wallet-sized certificate which carries his description and describes his service.

Every so often the men working around the Falls home on Laird Avenue run across something interesting. A while back they found the old brick floor of the powder magazine which showed up in an old map of the Fort. Later they uncovered some bronze hinges from an old fort building and this week a flat iron was

unearthed.

Such a delightful true story I came across recently. It was the re-enactment of the marriage vows of two sisters and their husbands, the original vows which were spoken before a committee of the Society of Friends in the Quaker Meeting House in Coldstream 60 years ago. In telling of their courtship the two couples said that after they had decided to be married and their parents had consented a committee of the Society of Friends investigated and on behalf of this little Ontario community their consent was also recorded. No minister officiated, but, in the presence of the parents and committee and others in the congregation each spoke the wedding vows. Night before the wedding each groom wrote and ornamented a wedding certificate with his own hand. The two couples, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Haight and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fritts, spent their anniversary together at the former's home near St. Thomas. "He has never gone to bed in 60 years without kissing me good night," said Mrs. Fritts, "and in all that time he has never missed giving me a good morning kiss when he awakened." Mrs. Haight observed that her husband observed that Quaker custom too.



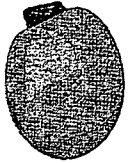
January 10, 1946

George Bernard Shaw's play "Pygmalion" is now being played in New York by Raymond Massey and Gertrude Lawrence and the reviews are glowing. Maybe after the New York run it will come west to Detroit. Something to look forward to anyway.

According to statistics (and how I have them, the word actually scares me) 1945 had the wettest, hottest and most destructive weather this part of the country has had in many years. Now 1946 evidently is trying to outdo its late neighbor for what a teaser it put on Sunday - coaxing us all to come out and play in the sunshine.

Since that red letter day in June when the first prisoners of war arrived in Amherstburg, I've had the very very pleasant job of notifying next-of-kin of Army personnel of train arrivals for the powers that be. You can't imagine what a satisfaction it is for one who made no personal contribution, to be the bringer of

good news.



Don't pretend to be a cook but I do like to talk about variations in recipes which make for good eating. For instance, a few chopped ripe olives mixed into a tossed salad gives it a distinctive flavor. They also give that added something when cut into casserole dishes, meat loaves, sandwiches and sauces.

1946 fashion note - "frocks must have hats to match" - that's really not so day after tomorrow I thought, for as long ago as when I was in my teens I remember Miss Lovegrove making a brown and pink hat and green hat of the material of two Sunday dresses - and did I ever think they were something out of this world.

What a satisfaction it must be to the lads themselves and to their teachers when one reads a report like the General Amherst High School in this issue and sees the names of three ex-service men, Walter Wigle, Peter Tillson and Alan Hutchinson, topping the fifth form list. The first two lads were away from studies over a year in the R.C.N.V.R. while the last lad as a flight engineer in a bomber crew overseas got in a few trips over enemy territory before V-E Day.

Was talking to friend one day about the Snowy White Owl and we commented on the fact that one had been shot nearby. Shortly after, I came across a short story of this owl and we quote,

This is the year for snowy owls to visit us again, from their homes in the far north. Almost always they come south in considerable numbers every fourth year. Naturalists explain this is because of the four-year number cycle of the lemming, a mouse-like northern animal which is numerous for three years and fades out in the fourth. The lemming is the snow owls' principal item of food. When the lemmings fade out the owls have to come south in search of food - mostly mice. Unfortunately this bird fresh from the almost manless north is not aware of the destructiveness of man so is an easy target.

With the New Year I decided to revise my recreational program - being warped on the movie facet - to include a movie fairly often. So just to live up to that

resolve without knowing anything about the picture, went Monday night and was delightfully entertained. To show how neglected is my movie education, we were a bit late and missed the list of characters, so I didn't know which was Sinatra until one of the sailors sang "Brahm's Cradle Song", then I labelled him. The picture was "Anchors Aweigh" and imagine without forethought getting into a show almost starring Jose Iturbi and hearing him play "The Donkey Serenade" - that and Sailor Kelly telling the children in fairy tale style how he got his Silver Star, were excellent. Psychologically, nothing could have been better as an introduction to the 1946 program.

How often when going over the old *Echo* files I come across "he died at the ripe old age of 74," "Old granny Renaud is well preserved for her sixty years," or "one of the oldest women in the district died in her sleep Sunday in her 79th year." There are lots of exceptions, of course, but I can't help compare our ideas of longevity. I have several friends in the 80's, in fact, two at least in the nineties - Mrs. Scratch and Mr. Munger of Harrow - who are very young in their ideas. Mr. Stephen Pettypiece, for instance, who chats so often when I'm strolling with the dog, is a contemporary I always feel. Wonder what the next generation will think of us when the new AC serum which that Russian doctor is working on to build up the connective tissues and make middle life at 70 and old age twice that, is in common use.



January 17, 1946

It's been months and months since anyone has come into this office for a "To Rent" sign.

Loved the busy snow on Friday afternoon as it made things of beauty of the - what were getting rather boring - mud, drab bushes and spiritless trees.

When the auction sale date arrived proprietress threw out old cracked tea pot - which in its day had been a family piece - Friend realizing its possibilities retrieved it put a glass inside and filled it with geranium ivy - and it became a beauty spot in the living room.

Mrs. Ivor Menzies and her two small sons are leaving immediately for Hollywood according to a radio announcement on Sunday. Jimmy and Tommy have been entertaining on the Schoolhouse of the Air for some time and because of their connection with Amherstburg have contributed to two St. Andrew's Church concerts.

Several times of late I've run across undertones of soreness from people because things weren't in the *Echo*. Last week one person got an awful hate on because of an army discharge which hadn't been mentioned. I grant we should be alert enough to keep up with all the news in the community but unfortunately it's not physically possible so we often miss the things we want. How about a tip or two from the sidelines - it would help a lot.

After having such a delightful chat with Nellie McClung when we both were en route to Vancouver in 1940, everything I read about her has interest. This pioneer Canadian writer from the Prairies has recently published the second part of her autobiography in a book entitled "The Stream Runs Fast." In it she picks up her life where "Clearing the West" leaves off. She is a marvellous woman and I can hardly believe that now at 75 she's living in retirement in Victoria, she who has the freshness and outlook of a quarter century child. She's another person who when in conversation gives the impression that it's not me but you who is important.

Those of us who are "so busy" that we haven't time for the really important things in life should be thankful that we haven't one thirty-second of the work those 16th century gals had and according to historical novels they sandwiched in a bit of fun. Here's their day:

When thou are up and ready, set things in good order. Then sweep the house, milk the cows, dress the children and prepare breakfast. Butter and cheese must be made afterwards, pigs have to be fed twice daily and poultry once. Tend the garden, especially the flax and hemp which have to be sown, weeded, pulled, repulled, watered, washed, dried, beaten, baked, towed, heckled, spun, wound, swapped and woven. From the flax and hemp make sheets, towels, shirts and smocks and other necessities and from the sheep's wool weave the family's outer clothes. It is also a wife's duty to winnow

the corn, make malt, wash and wring, make hay and reap corn, load hay and attend to marketing.



January 24, 1946

All of a sudden it has dawned on me that my hair-do needs restyling - for the spring hats simply will not sit on an off-the-face roll.

While young doctor husband was in Europe with U.S. Forces, his young wife kept showing their youngster, whom he had never seen, a head and shoulders picture of Daddy. Just before Christmas Daddy came home and the only comment the child made was "feet."

Dame Laura Knight, the English artist, who was 70 on Sunday, expected to fly to Nuremberg that day to paint a scene of the Nazi war criminals trial. I have seen several of Dame Knight's pictures but the one that appeals most is a portrait of a Windsor friend's mother and oldest brother - the modern Madonna and child - which my friend has given a prominent place in her living room. Having known the mother for years I realize that Dame Knight caught and was able to put on canvas her lovely expression and she did well with the child, too.

Probably a throw-back from my school teacher days, but noise and children around do not bother me one bit. In fact I love to go to friends' homes where the children are not allowed but complimented by being asked to help pass the refreshments. Sometimes they have done it clumsily but those same children I have noticed as a few years went by, were the ones who were able to handle themselves best at their own parties. Then, too, I admire the hostess who asks caller's children to help - one certainly can't expect a child to sit by with folded hands - and if he's asked to pass the cups and cookies, by a hostess gracious to children, I don't believe there will be much of the criticism about the way some one else's children act in your house.

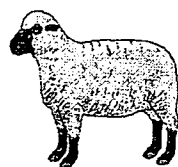
Blues and whites in all their various shades, made Monday a laughing day, I thought. The unblinking blue of the sky and sparkling blue of the river and the

darker blue shadows, with the blues and whites of the ice and snow showed up the veracity of that saying, "The greatest painter of all, the sun, does wondrous things." When soaking in all this blue and white combination from my north bedroom window the out-of-doors seemed to me to be in color step with spring. Just before going for dinner that evening I walked to the back of the plant to see if there was any color in the west and there was an altogether different blue cast over the river and Bois Blanc - a deep quiet twilight blue with black in it - no other color.

Girls of the district - if you want to be ultra-smart this spring you will wear a Latin-American peasant frock instead of slacks. I understand that the gay, flouncy cottons patterned after Latin-American peasant dresses have been adapted to the lithe figures of North American girls and are taking the fashionable southern winter resorts by storm. The most popular, I was reading, is a two-piecer with huge, short puffed sleeves and low round-necked blouse. The skirt is gathered in a wide waist band going into a flare via two ten-inch flounces. The peasant woman's need of unhampered upward arm stretch for characteristic head balancing of big baskets and bundles, gives the blouse its distinctive gusset or insert under the sleeves. It permits full arm movement in any direction without pulling at waist, a feature just as popular with athletic Canadian girls as with their industrious South American sisters. I know I'm going to like the splashes of color on the Amherstburg streets this summer as they are so charmingly feminine, comfortable and free for movement. I'll wager the young ex-servicemen will like them, too, as this will be their first glimpse of Canadian girls in the spring for many years.



January 31, 1946



"There'll be an early spring," said Mr. Raymond Marontate, "because I have a healthy spring lamb born January 19."

A lesson in economics *à la* primer - "If inflation comes," says a columnist, "you will need a basket to take home your 'take home' pay; but you won't take the pay home because you will have to spend all of it to buy the basket."

Both Monday and Tuesday mornings there were glorious sunrises when one saw generous, almost startling sweeps of flame-colored paint distributed so evenly, low in the east, making a rim for the robin's egg blue lining of the sky bowl.

One of the dictionary companies wrote Friend Principal regarding the correct pronunciation of Bois Blanc. We talked about it and I can safely say that I've never heard it pronounced any way but Boblo - the French pronunciation never - and too bad, for the real meaning of the name will be lost in a few years as the spelling has even been changed into a meaningless English word.

I'll wager that we'll all be going the soft suit way this spring - as fashion seems to have swung from the strictly man-tailored cut of the busy mid-war days - to a suit with more feminine details. Topping most of the costumes I noted funny rakish sailors, derbys or coachman's hats bound about with colored veiling. I don't need a trip to Florida for a change of faces and scenery, a new outfit would do the trick, I'm sure.

Maybe I'm wrong but I've never considered that either I or friends should pay back invitations in kind. Some I find evenly balance the social obligation book, dinner with dinner, evening party with party, etc., but a chat over a cup of tea with a friend whose interests are mine, more than satisfies and pays back (if you want to use that expression) any dinner invitation I could give.



February 7, 1946

Got an insight into what twenty-age-group thinks of mothers-age-group the other night when spontaneously and with incredulous surprise in her voice, daughter said to a few of us who were mother's guests, "Why, I never knew you could have such fun."

February pick-me-up - A mixed bouquet of daffodils, lavender stock and pink snapdragons which arrived Saturday afternoon. Nothing could have been more timely, and the earthy, springy odor was still apparent Sunday night.

Another flower arrangement which has caused delayed delight action this week was the large basket of white chrysanthemums and daffodils tied with lavender satin ribbon on the altar in Christ Church Sunday morning. The warm, bright winter light shining through the stained glass on these flowers increased their attraction for me.

Karen Bulow is the number one weaver in Canada - in fact this Danish woman has had a large share in making Canadian weaving and design rank high with those of other countries. I've seen (and so have you if you check the name tag on hand-woven scarves, ties and Dutch caps) many of her pieces but have concluded that some of the scarves turned out by my friends at the weaving class in the Public Library basement equal hers in color, design and workmanship.

Loved the quip about "Women are out on a limb and it looks like a bare one" when commenting on the stocking situation about which Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady know all the answers. The article went on to say, "Who would have thought back there in 1939, that an ingenious mixture of coal, air, water could generate such heat, hope, riots and ructions? That the miracle yarn from out the test tube transformed into Nylons would have top billing with us" - after we've bagged along in rayons too. By the way I suppose you've got February 10 checked off too.

Thursday after five o'clock train left for Toronto, friend and I hurried into a Windsor shoe department to get a pair for me. The transaction took about ten minutes. Friend thought out loud that she might get a pair of shoes too - the clock was busily creeping toward five-thirty by this time. Much to our surprise, as the saleswoman was waiting on us, the other women said "Here's your coat, Mrs. Saleswoman, Hurry up," at that a bell rang once and then again and the lights went out. By this time the saleswoman had her coat on and did call to turn the lights on but they all (including our clerk) hurried out - so friend put on her shoes and we, too, followed in a lamb-like manner - rather lionish inside I'm afraid. I've known the owner (first name acquaintance) since our early twenties and felt like you-know-what, but of course, didn't.

In answer to a query about the number of British war brides in the Amherstburg, Anderdon and Malden Red Cross area, we have made out a tentative list. So far as we know, we will welcome soon (I hope and so do the young

husbands) Mrs. Neil McKenzie, Mrs. James McGee, Mrs. C. R. (Mike) Thrasher; Mrs. Frederick Drouillard; Mrs. Howard Boxall; Mrs. Thomas Purdie, Mrs. Francis Bornais and Mrs. Gordon Wright. These girls are coming to us with hope and confidence for a happy future and let's not break their spirits. Even though we all speak English, we talk differently and use different words for the same thing; we eat different food and even hold our knives and forks the American way while they use the continental (fork in left and knife in right); their clothes are a bit different and their ideas of life in general don't always coincide with ours. There are only eight of them and several thousand of us so, we might give them a warm welcome but not be too insistent that they do things or meet too many people until they get used to being in the limelight - in fact being on inspection parade every hour of the day. Don't be critical of these girls - I know myself that if my sense of humor hadn't helped me, I'd have felt strange in London often. You ask for the "elevator" and the "clerk" straightens and says to the American tourist that was me, "Is it the lift you want, Madam?"



February 14, 1946

Was looking over the overseas list and find that there are only about 25 more lads to come home.

What a blow!! - and we quote from a sound newspaper, "There may be plenty of nylons in your future, but we mean FUTURE."

Why, oh why, is it necessary for us to make excuses for accepting invitations given in good faith by "She just wouldn't take no for an answer."

Did you know that a cake of lavender or other scented soap placed in the linen closet or the bureau drawer will give off a refreshing fragrance?

Recently I came across in my reading this sentence, "My home will have a kitchen where the family will gather" - and I couldn't help but think that that writer was a farseeing person.

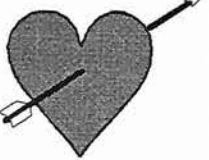
When talking of the overseas war brides last week, I forgot Mrs. Patrick J. Bastien, a Belgian girl from near Brussels, who will be crossing the Atlantic this Spring to join her husband here in Amherstburg

Excitement made a decided upward curve recently when friends thought they saw a dog stranded on the ice at the north end of Bob-Lo, but after some time the large living thing spread out great wings and flew away. Could it have been an eagle?

Mr. Gray who took over the greenhouse last week is a native of Riga in Latvia. He has been a florist for well over thirty years, for it was during World War I that the greenhouses which he owned and operated in that Baltic Sea port were destroyed.

The beam from the moon's first quarter made a golden knife in the act of slicing the ice on the river in fairyland fashion, last Thursday - that, with the flashes of the northern lights and the extra brilliance of the stars, made headlines of that particular night in my estimation.

The copy writers for women's things are surely having their fling these advance-of-spring days as they talk about dramatic accessories - bigger bags, better belts and more bangles concisely sums up the current trend (according to the ad) - bigger bags and bangles suit me, as they do give dash to a tailored outfit.



Read an amusing article of late on "Penny Dreadfuls", the valentines with the grotesque cartoons and atrocious verses, printed on cheap pulp paper, that were the bane of people's lives in the early 1900's. If you can't remember these valentines you must belong to the newer generation. I surely do, and can still feel the mental agony on St. Valentine's Day in the old Senior Third, for fear I'd get one.

When the Arts & Crafts Guild held a general meeting in the museum last April, many of the ladies present were particularly interested in the articles made by a potterer Mrs. E. C. Poisson of Windsor. We noticed at the time that the younger girls were keen about the earrings and broaches while the oldsters, like me,

delighted over the graceful vases and ash trays. The Guild will, in co-operation with the High School start a pottery class if enough are interested - so if you want to talk it over come on up to the Museum next Wednesday night.

Let's not be too worldly this St. Valentine's Day and rave that because of disunity in the world, strikes, etc., the spirit of the kind old monk Valentine doesn't prevail this first peacetime day of hearts in years. We can spread a spot of happiness around in our own worlds surely and I don't want to get to be a Pollyanna, but I feel we'd all be better if we extended the spirit contained in the hearts, flowers and doves this day and a bit oftener.



February 21, 1946

Bearing the signature G. H. H. - George Horrobin to you - the January 26th edition of the *Daklarion* published at the R.C.A.F. Station, Oldham, England, was considerably livened for me with three chuckly cartoons.

Hot news in the 60 years ago edition, "A number of young ladies of Anderdon are on the war path and want the scalp of some individual who was kind enough to remember them a penny's worth on St. Valentine's Day." The old maids of the "Penny Dreadfuls" were something. Glad they don't caricature us now.

Felt this past week that beneath the glorious full February moon there was a restlessness in the wind, in the Cardinals flitting about and even in the white caps on the Mediterranean blue river (did you notice the effect over the week-end with its snowy edges) - which gave the impression of looking for something - Spring, I know.

Talents are discovered often when we are shoved into things and called upon to almost do what we think The Impossible. Take Loraine Finlay for instance, who offered to help with the All Girl Revue being put on for the Legion Memorial Hall drive next week. Her offer of help has developed into an outstanding contribution to the show - as she has written the dialogues, arranged the show and is the assistant director - a lot of theatrical ability evidently was uncovered.

Two cases of dog poisoning in Amherstburg have come to my attention this past week. Being a dog lover I just can't understand a person with a warped mind, who would deliberately destroy someone else's pet - destroy in such a manner that both the dog and his master suffered untold agonies before the pet's death. A person who would do such a thing has never known the "you're the best person in the world" love a dog gives his master - the complete confidence, the friendly greeting no matter what time you get home or the cold nose nestling your hand when you're lowest in spirits. I've always felt that there was something a bit wrong in the makeup of a person who hates dogs. I'll excuse the gossip, I'll protect the weak, I'll tolerate this and that and I'll even chalk up white lies to imagination, but, I'm hard toward a person who would deliberately poison a dog, in fact, I go so far as to feel that a person who would destroy a well animal is a bit touched. Don't get me wrong, I don't go so far as to say that dogs shouldn't be disciplined - that's beside the point in question.



February 28, 1946

We have nothing to fear from unpredictable March after temperamental February this year.

With the new uneven ankle-length evening dresses, I'm out of luck as I'll no longer be able to use the old black satin gold kid trimmed bedroom slippers.

Steps in the snow - not many people out before 8:30 Tuesday morning and everyone going toward town. There were long leisurely steps; small busy late-for-work steps; perfect steps of a very orderly thorough person I thought; and as I looked back my hop, step and jump, which didn't even follow the regular path (a short cut here and there) joined theirs.

"Hot breads improve breakfast" or "Hot breads for breakfast improve dispositions of family" - these headlines over the recipe column in the dailies read well, look well from a typographical standpoint, and certainly would taste well but how many of us get up early enough to prepare such luscious food for the family - even though they (the hot breads) were ice-boxed and ready to cook.

In the old files every so often I read locals of accidents caused by runaways - and invariably it brings to mind and actually to body (for I get the creeps) the awful fear-stricken feeling I had when a child whenever I saw or heard a runaway, I can still see a terror-stricken little tow-headed girl (which was me) cuddling up to a tree at the waterworks hoping that the rampant horses crashing north on the street egged on by the shouts of their owner, wouldn't veer toward me.

Several times of late I have run across newcomers to Amherstburg who have talked of its coldness and cliquishness - and I feel rather badly - because we people who have lived here a long time are the reason for this, unintentionally, as we're near a big city and in off moments instead of calling on newcomers or asking them in for a cup of tea, we trot off to Detroit or Windsor. Or we intend to go see Mrs. So and So but just never get around to it - it's certainly not that we don't want to, it's just poor budgeting of time.

Picked this up and rather liked it, so am passing it along:

A modern writer has said: "Were women to take half as much pains in preparing their conversation as in fixing their hair for dinner, life would be merrier." By "preparing" he may have meant cramming facts, or memorizing clever anecdotes to tell at the dinner table or he may have meant merely applying the slogan, "Stop, Look, and Listen," so lifting our talk out of the useless realm of chatter into the interesting channels of real conversation.

Loved the symphony of black and white Tuesday morning as I looked out of the east window for an awakener. There it was - skeleton trees in their warm blackish grey, flash of grey black in nosy sparrows, pearl grey sky and wonderful ground covering of white snow. While I was soaking in the grey-black-white combination across the park a bonfire burst forth and the spurt of flame was the perfect complement. By the way that color combination might be an upper-bracket dressmaker's tip - dark, grey suit, white pin stripe and gold accessories.



March 7, 1946

Certainly gladdening the eyes and mind, I saw Spring the other day caught in a bunch of daffodils placed on a mirror top table.

The three young soloists, Joan Maitre, Joan Reaume and Beverly Thrasher, made a complete hit at the Bloomerette Revue last week. All three show great voice promise, have a good platform manner and are easy to look at.

Had completely forgotten what unabandoned fun a square dance was until a fortnight ago when I drooped my cloak of middle-years in the whirl of the dance and the laughter which resulted, at the Harrow Municipal Building.

Two young lads, Ernest Harris and brother, came into the office Monday to tell of the robins they had spied that morning. (Teacher was sick so they were on the chase for signs of Spring - too bad for teacher but their faces didn't show regret.)

Young doctor who was here a week-end ago, told most interesting things about the last push on the continent before V-E Day. He had had a leave in Paris and said that although the Parisien women were lovely to look at (as they did their very best with everything they have so far as dress and appearance is concerned) they couldn't dance, in fact you'd think you had a wooden doll for a partner. He went on to say that except for dances put on by the Germans for themselves only during their occupation of Paris, with collaborators as partners - all dance was strictly banned - good place for the underground to function - so it's been a long, long time and the girls have either forgotten about the rhythm of the dance or didn't know how in the first place.

Keeping my hand in (the teaching profession of course) was interested in the cleverly gotten-up News Letter of the Windsor Women Teachers' Federation, edited by Miss Helen Golden. Typographically, it's easy on the eyes - and its content shows thought and originality, Miss Alexis Hackett a former Amherstburg resident, is the president of the Windsor Federation, and her "greetings" quotes Edward Johnson of Guelph, the eminent Canadian of the Metropolitan Opera New York, as saying,

Youth and education go hand in hand, and are two mighty forces that will change the pattern of the world. Youth is active, restless, searching and creative, thirsting for knowledge, quick to analyse, impatient of arbitrary laws and customs. Today it is at the crossroads; one path leads to rebellion, anarchy and eventual chaos. In the other direction lies the way to intellectual tolerance, hard work and eventual stability. Which of these two roads it will follow will depend largely on the type of leadership that will be found.

More than ever before in the history of Canada is responsibility being placed in the educationalists who are directing both youth and adult education programs.

As Queen Elizabeth does not wear black, out of courtesy all women presented to her are requested to come dressed in colour. It's no royal decree just a suggestion. However, mutual friends were telling of a Polish Countess who since V-E Day left Windsor for London, England. Before their departure as her husband was in the Consular service and she anticipated entertainments, she worked up a stunning wardrobe in Detroit and Windsor, with black as the basic color because as she said you can get away with it for years. Writing back to Windsor she told of her distress when she was presented to Her Majesty as her coloured outfit which she felt must get, took all their coupons for the year - and more. So now there's nothing left for incidentals, after all her planning here in Canada.



March 14, 1946

On the spot - when asked to get high school student out of the depths of algebraic confusion, I found the literal meaning of, "It's Greek to me."

Felt as if I had an exited dial tone buzzing in my head Monday when I watched a coal freighter proudly belch up the river. Friend boats foreshow good things to come.

Forsythia brought in the house is at its best now - and forced apple blossoms

are exquisite in their palest pink, modest fragrant spring beauty. Particularly satisfactory in an off white vase.

Household tip - Twelve-year-old was pulling off paper in his bedroom the other day and I stood by kibitzing. He sponged the old paper with warm water and then peeled it off. A quicker way of getting it off I understand, is to make a thin coat of paste with hot water, wash over the old paper with it and scrape.

Knowing Vincent Price, I just wonder how he'll like the remark made by a Detroit movie reviewer, labeling him "The actor who makes women swoon." This was supposed to be a compliment in the write up of his latest picture, "Shock", in which he portrays a doctor-killer. Must see this picture as mysteries and murder stories are right up my book-alley.

Oddfellows and Rebekahs of Essex County are awaiting a gala evening March 23, when the second highest degree of the Order is to be conferred upon Elmer Rose, at the Prince Edward Hotel. This same honor has been bestowed upon the late Mrs. Melvin A. Wigle of Amherstburg. It seems that the medal signifying the honor must either be buried with the person on whom it was conferred or, given - at the request of the owner - to a lodge or person whose work in fostering Oddfellowship is exemplary.



I don't know of any lad except Bill Wigle who sent tulip bulbs home from Holland and I'm anxious to see the bloom. It was through travellers like Bill (if that's what you'd call him in Holland last year) that so many things peculiar to one country got into another and have through time become native. Speaking of bulbs reminds me of the story that in the 1500's a young sailor brought a bulb from Holland to England which he thought was a tulip bulb, and good to eat at that, and it turned out to be a carrot - the first in England.



March 21, 1946

The wee yellow canaries flitting around have delighted me - because they're

a bit early and so courageous and - I'm keeping one eye peeled for a blue bird - that will be the day.

The warm air certainly makes the land sweet these days. That earthy smell plus the Spring sounds and sights - which reminds me of the glorious sky on Friday night and the music of the frogs in the moat behind the house seem to herald this day - the 21st - and all it means.

Surely this can't be the Sunparlor of Canada, the most desirable of all places to live, the healthiest, etc. (So says the tourist publicity) - Emma Gibb (Mrs. Robert) and her family are marooned in Malden because of the mud - in fact have been in this Robinson Crusoe condition for two weeks. The bottom dropped out of their lane during the first thaw and as their car was useless the tractor pulled it out to Mr. Sutton's garage. Since then, whenever Robert thought the mud was dry enough to scrape, it has rained, so the only way out is aboard the tractor. Seems almost incredible - but it's true.

Of late, there has been call after call regarding postal regulations to liberated countries, relatives out here being so anxious to relieve the suffering in the old country. One lad got off several parcels to people in Poland who had befriended him when he was an escaped prisoner of war. We think the war has touched us, but, I'm sure none of us could in our wildest dreams, imagine what those boxes of commodities that we take for granted, will mean to those Polish people. Then, too, there is the idea behind the parcel that the Canadian didn't forget.

Thursday night Peggy Pettypiece came into the office to show me the pastel of a girl which she had done Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, at the art school to which she goes in Detroit. What talent this young woman has! And how well it's being brought out by her teachers. The pastel is remarkable as she's caught the model's expression. The bone structure, the shadows and coloring are exceptionally fine, too, Peg's character studies in pencil were also excellent - one picture especially appealed, that of the older burlesque artist. Peggy certainly caught her worn out hard expression in face, hands and body. For years I've know Peggy had a future in the world of art and now I can see the future's the present.



March 28, 1946

I didn't know until Monday that the Canada Goose never takes another mate if his is killed.

"Nature does it," said friend milliner when insisting on a paddy green hat and gloves with a lime green frock, and the combination was startling, but most effective.

Spring with all its laughing helpers - winds, sunshine and rains - on its official day, too, coaxed open the chinadoxia on the south side of our house - those wee blue starry-eyed flowers are first out of the winter earth.

Talked to young doctor who had visited the Canadian cemetery at Dieppe and he spoke highly of the beautiful site at one end of the large crescent beach, the trees and perfect way everything there was kept.

Delight and the feeling of well being comes through tough skin, I'm convinced these days, because of that exquisite texture of NYLONS. A combination of all the vitamins couldn't bring about a better feeling than that produced by "I've got a pair to wear every day."

We're awfully fortunate here in having long-sighted people on the Fort Malden Museum Committee, for through them another slice of river front property (in the purchase of the Hough house) has become public property and we all will be able to wander through that lovely yard to the river, at will.

My new office in Harrow is most attractive in pastel shades of lavender, robin's egg blue and green. Even though I feel like the proverbial bull in a china shop no one has to remind me that Spring is here.

The forcing irresistible is going on in many homes. Pussy willows and forsythia which have sprouted and lost their indoor beauty can be put out in the garden. We have a five-year old pussy willow tree which produced about three dozen spikes of pussies this year - chubby ones, too - not the scrawny type.

A point of etiquette that children as well as grown-ups often forget is that if you accept a friend's invitation to her home, you must also accept her ideas of food. These ideas may be different from yours. There's nothing so deflating to a hostess as "I can't eat this" or "I don't like created vegetables," etc., etc. As a matter of fact it's good to be jogged out of your own regular food habits once in a while by eating what's put before us.

Years ago J.A.M. and I heard Gertrude Lawrence sing "Limehouse Blues" in one of the early Ziegfield Follies and I've never forgotten that particular highlight of that revue. About the same 1920's-time we roared at Fanny Brice in the movie extravaganza "Ziegfield Follies of 1946" I understand Fanny Brice plus Fred Astaire, plus Gene Kelly, plus beautiful girls, is supposed to send cinemaddicts reeling home in a state of dizzy satisfaction.

Josephine Lowman in the *Globe and Mail* in her "Why Grow Old" column said on Saturday:

Better check yourself if you are guilty of many of the following remarks because they reveal an attitude which leads to early physical deterioration and to an "old age" outlook:

1. "Well, at my age you should expect some rolls over the girdle."
2. "I don't know what's wrong with the modern generation."
3. "I used to love to dance but never do any more."
4. "I can't help being fat. It runs in my family"
5. "I haven't time to exercise."
6. "I am too old for that. You can't teach an old dog new tricks."
7. "I haven't time to grease myself up every day. I think cold cream is a lot of hooey anyway."
8. "I think people are horrid, so rude."
9. "I must eat rich food to keep my strength up."
10. "I rush all day long from morning until night. How can I take rest periods?"
11. "It doesn't matter what I eat. It's my glands."
12. "I think all of this vitamin publicity is foolish."
13. "What was good enough for my father is good enough for me."
14. "It is ridiculous to go to see a doctor once a year if you feel

well. I think it is just neurotic."

15. *"Now that my children are grown I do not know what to do with myself."*

16. *"At her age, I should think...?"*

17. *"I have worn my hair this way for 20 years."*

The points tickled me so much that I felt I owed it to you to pass them along.



April 4, 1946

Loveliest of the week - pscilla in a wee squatty belique pitcher.

Tom Dougall has returned from France and is in California writing movie scripts. When a little boy here in Amherstburg, he and his pal Vincent Price were always monkeying around with amateur theatricals and now both are making theatre and radio their life jobs.

The powerful McQueen tug *Atomic* - which we saw in Owen Sound last year with only its backbone and ribs in place - steamed (can one use that word with a diesel motor?) down from Detroit Sunday afternoon in 50 minutes flat.

H.M.'s powers of observation at new low - Talked to friends in a car in front of the office Thursday. Next day other friend commented on the 1946 Dodge I was leaning on - and I hadn't even noticed the new car. Always knew that people meant much more to me than things - and this certainly proves it.

Talking to a young ex-pupil, now mother, about sandwiches without butter and suggested soft white cheese with maraschino cherries cut up in it, whipped up with quite a lot of mayonnaise. Spread thickly on fruit bread, which has been buttered with mayonnaise (home made variety preferred).

By the way, for years and years I pronounced Maraschino wrong - giving a "she-no" instead of "skee-no."

"When we go to Florida again," Mrs. Grace told us, "I'm going to take along

'This is my home town' by Malcolm Bingay." I suggested "Detroit the Dynamic" as the pictures made Detroit the Glamorous. The conservation was prompted by our impression of the attitude of Easterners, both Americans and Canadians, toward this part of the country. They, I know, feel we're a queer lot with no background, no culture, no style, no manners. Just here to keep the wheels of industry going - a necessary cog, that's all. So Mrs. Grace is going to show those people in black and white that this spot on the map of North America is a focal point in many ways.



April 11, 1946

My experience with nylons wouldn't pay the shareholders of the hosiery company dividends. I got a pair of nylons March 25 and started wearing them to work the next morning and have worn them every day since, Sundays included (several times from 8:15 a.m. until midnight) and they're still going strong, just as good looking and as satisfying as that first Tuesday morning.

Nothing can convince me that stockings look better inside out - and nothing can convince me that women of all ages, 'teensters up, don't look better with longer skirts (Hurrah for the 1946 stylists!) Short pencil-slimmers standing, but when sitting or bending, the never-pretty-at-anytime stocking tops tugged by garters or rolled above the knee, ruin the general effect. In all probability the home and office of the future will be equipped with more mirrors and glass and then the rear view will become as familiar as the front, and I'll wager there will be a change for the better in always straight heels, precision-like seams, skirt lengths, better fitting girdles and general posture.

I wonder what would happen to me mentally if I lived in a city - this was brought home forcibly Tuesday morning when I realized that I was becoming a creature of habit, having an eye-opener (not what you think) every morning. Being a person whose morning sleep is best and who resents seven bells, I need a pick-me-up - so I invariably, first thing on arising, look over the river situation, then fill up on the park where these days the maples seem to be slow waking up too, and the misty pink of the peach trees doesn't grate on the nerves - then I hike to the north window where the linden, the ginkgo and the confederation poplar on the moat give

the final dash-of-cold-water effect. A fortnight ago I said that habits and age went hand in hand - but this involuntary action seems necessary to my living pattern - so habit or not, I like what I see.



April 18, 1946

The hats certainly are blooming this spring - and I like the colour in the gardens perched on top.

A.W.M. lunch table chat Tuesday - "Mother there's a ball game this afternoon." "Oh, I know," answered the old Tiger fan with voice rising and dripping with anticipation in spite of the fact that she had had teeth out only half an hour before.

Easter 1946 - Is it such a long time since V-E Day - that sunshiny happy May 8, 1945 - that most of us have forgotten that Sunday will be the first peacetime Easter since 1939? Because of this the true significance of the day will be abroad in many homes, and not only in song and story.

Just hadn't thought of it and it seems so logical - in lieu of glass or metal flower holders, fill the low flower container with damp sand and you will achieve a growing effect from the flowers you push deep into it.

The first full moon after the vernal equinox which regulates the date of Easter is putting on a wonderful show this week. It actually seemed to realize its importance in our living scheme when it was turning the sky, earth and river into a fairyland Monday night - the night before it reached its full growth.

A daily look at a large blanket of humble blooming myrtle (on the Paetz grounds) when I go walking with the loping setter - especially as it was a few nights this week with the long dense sunbeams and shades of the setting sun intensifying its beauty, is my Easter present to myself.

John A. Marsh (not THE J.A.M.), Commissioner of the Ontario Red Cross, delivered a most remarkable address to the annual meeting in Toronto last Thursday

entitled "The Challenge of Peace to Red Cross". When reading it I felt smaller and smaller and more remorseful every paragraph, as I thought of a pair of army gloves I've been knitting for two years and of the small contribution I made to the colossal war report of the Canadian Red Cross.

"Here's a cracking good yarn," said J.A.M. Monday morning as he pitched Quenton Reynolds' latest book "Officially Dead" on my bed. At the moment I was getting myself late for work reading "just one more" page of "Brideshead Revisited", the widely discussed novel by Evelyn Waugh. So with two such good books on hand I know Good Friday is booked solid. In fact the whole Easter weekend, for when I got to the office friend-at-the-lending-library had sent "The Long November" to see what I think of it. According to the dust jacket it is a passionate indictment of the decade before the Second World War of a world that ended in chaos and brought death to many lads in search of a meaning to life. "The Long November" is written by a veteran to examine retrospectively the impact of a depression peace and a world conflict on the minds and souls of our young men.



April 25, 1946

Three little patches of April snow have intrigued me this year - on the bowling green, in the driveway at the cemetery and on the Callam's lawn - pure white violets.

Spring seems to have gathered up all the loose ends and made a perfect day when it relaxed on Easter Sunday after the push. By the way have you ever noticed the gilded look to the willows - lovely effect - and the rich dubonnet of the peonies this year?

That fashion in names is as changeable as women's hats is readily seen in the old files. Sixty years ago most Christian names were those of favorite Bible characters, the longer the better, take Zelophehad, for instance, and Seraphim.

The tulips which Louis Fox sent to his parents from Holland were in gay bloom for Easter and made a real showing as they sprang to life when the light wind and



sunshine played on them.

It sure does pay to advertise - In an ordinary chit-chat here in the office one day, I told a customer that pansies were favorites so on Saturday much to my surprise and delight I got a pansies' corsage for Easter.

Never knew until Sunday that the fad of the Easter parade began way back in the fourth century when Constantine was Emperor of Rome. He being very vain about clothes, bored with things in general, decided to "give his sartorial taste full rein and pep up the simple observance of Easter in his day." His subjects didn't want to be outdone so they too brought out their finest at this spring festival time.

Cocky red squirrel who lives in one of our trees got a real squelching the other morning from a bronze grackle who chased him all over the lawn and pecked and squawked at him until he sought refuge in his nest. The squirrel surely met his equal, much more frightened of the bird than of Bobby, the dog.

I'll jump on the band wagon containing those who disapprove of the change "Dominion Day" to "Canada Day" and also got on a soap box to tell all within hearing that the Union Jack's good enough for me. With so many important questions pulsing around us why oh why do our MP's spend so much time on what seems to be to so many of us, unimportant issues.

A twelve-year-old gives pointers on how to win a man - The other lunch time I was cruising about the park as Bobby made his rounds. A blonde bright-eyed girl wheeled along and when she saw the dog stopped to admire him. She talked so intelligently on Irish setters that I was amazed. She put down her wheel to point out some of his fine points and as she did two young boys came along and stopped to hear her talk. Very shortly another wheeled up and he changed the conversation into a three-way one (the two children and myself). I got such a kick out of her knowledge of Bobby's breed and of the looks of admiration on the faces of the boys I thought, "That Kid's got something - she's starting young with her interest in things male."



May 2, 1946

I'm so fed up on Income Tax chatter and was thankful when May Day breezed in with a change of conversation.

With different ideas of movie entertainment and radio programs in a family or among close friends, I often think of what Emerson wrote, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices."

Have a complaint against women who powder their necks and put on black dresses and coats - that well-groomed look that they're hoping to achieve just isn't there when there's powder ground into the neckline.

May certainly holds a lot of sweetness in her hands - even the funny little heel-kicking lambs and the greedy wee pigs that I see in the farm yards seem to be part of her happiness program.

With my horror for things mathematical and statistical I dread the time I do any travelling and get mixed up in this Eastern Standard - Daylight Savings business. Even when young ex-sailor said at the dance Friday night, "It's 25 after 2300 hours, Miss Marsh," it sounded Geekish.

As much as flowers mean to me I wouldn't want them and couldn't enjoy them if they came the wrong way in our social setup. This is what I mean. Friend went to her old family home down the bank to get peonies and rose bushes early this spring before the place was sold, and there weren't any - someone had helped himself.

When Bill Wigle sent a package of tulip bulbs from Holland last year he picked out several varieties, and the blooms which are at their best this week are healthy and interesting. One variety of the deepest rose shade veined in green (not the Darwin rose exactly) is much like a short stemmed peony. It caught my eye as I hadn't seen anything quite like it before.

One of the most satisfactory pieces in a room, living, dining or bedroom, in my estimation is a mirror. It livens and enlarges, gives color by reflection of drapes,

etc., and makes a Cinderella out of something ordinary. This was brought home on Friday at Mrs. Bennett-Alder's when a vase of cherry blossoms placed in front of her framed dining room mirror became a picture in a good collection which would certainly please the critics.

Being a sentimental sort of person I well remember the choked feeling I had years ago when we studied "The Last Class" in the old French Reader. Strange, isn't it, how vividly the feelings of a character in a story (the school master in this instance) can be transmitted to the reader and can stay with him for years. When I went to Christ Church Sunday morning to hear Rev. H.A. Wright preach his last sermon there as rector, the story of "The Last Class", that lovely little French classic, kept running through my mind and Mr. Wright became the French schoolmaster in Alsace Loraine in the 1870's teaching his last class in French and putting away the Tricolor before the German occupation of that French province. By no means parallel stories, but the same underlying idea that a lifetime of teaching, service and love is to be carried on by someone else.



May 9, 1946

The dandelions minted in the park in the lush velvet grass give me a life (as I look at them from our east windows) but, I'll wager they're a dead weight on Mr. St. John.

The first anniversary of V-E Day passed this week without much to-do or even remembrance of the poignant feeling of relief, gratitude and heartache many experienced on the same type of May day last year. We're funny people - we forget and yes, forgive (I had to say it) too easily.

Basked in the excitement of the young graduate nurses and their families at the Grace Hospital graduation exercises Monday night, I loved the color made by the living picture of the girls on the platform in their whites with red roses in their arms and a foreground of flowers. It was a delightful affair and ended with the most beautiful arrangement of "My Task", sung in duet, I've ever heard.

Jessie Royce Landis opens at the Cass in Detroit this week-end in "The Merry Wives of Windsor". She is co-starring with Charles Coburn. Years ago when she was at the Jessie Bonstelle Theatre in Detroit she and several other members of that repertory theatre were guests at our house off and on. Miss Landis had lots of pep and charm and she and my father got along splendidly. I'd like to see the play if possible, just to rejoice with her in the fact that the years have been kind (to her) - so I've heard.

I feel that the 1946 teenagers know a thing or two about sports clothes and body care. In fact, many of the young girls who come to the dances are in the Glit Class (new word which I saw coined in Sunday paper combination of Glamour and It). There's one thing though, I'd like to see more of them in an occasional dress with higher heels and stockings. The sloppy Jo sweaters, skirts and shoes are comfortable but the other type shows off good figure points and gives poise and a comfortable feeling when the occasion comes that they have to be dressed up.

They're not just good - they're very good - that Pete Fitzmaurice band - made up of the bandmaster, his brother Norman, Dorothy Godden, Gordon Hutchinson and Robert Deslippe. They're just young folk in their early high school days but they've got it in their minds to make a good dance band and I feel after hearing them two weeks in a row, that these youngsters are aiming high and are sticking to the right path to realize their aim. It's hard work, and they are all so serious, but the results of hours of practice and study (they've only been handling instruments for two years) pleased the dancers - who are fairly discriminating too. I'm always delighted with an intense interest or hobby in young people and these kids have every minute.

Whom should I spank - parents, teachers or young people - or myself because I was there. Anyway, I was thoroughly disgusted at the sheepish rush of many youngsters to get through the door at the dance Friday night when "[God Save] The King" was played by the band. I grant this was not a usual ending to the parties but nevertheless, it should be an involuntary act on the part of everyone to stand still. What did please me though was the fact that about two or three steps along the platform toward the door a group on hearing the first notes stopped dead still and those behind followed so it was those ahead whom I reprimanded. As I looked around the floor the many ex-service boys were immobile - so they can all disregard

this criticism.



May 16, 1946

The glimpse of the hawthorne trees in full blossom on Bob-Lo is worth the trip to the coal dock at the Post Office.

The dense flame colored western sky immediately after the sundown Monday night made Grosse Isle the loveliest strip of navy blue trees I've ever seen - beautiful combination.

You who are readers of *Liberty Magazine* will see the signature of Frank Godwin (or F.G.) on the illustrations of MANY CONTINUED STORIES. That artist was one of the sons of the Methodist parsonage in Amherstburg and was known as Perry Godwin, later Carl, now Frank.

I never knew that I'd miss the freighters as much as I do. I find myself unconsciously listening for the whistles, the time signals, the eerie hiss of belching steam and swish-swish that they make as they cut through the water and all the other pleasing associated sounds. In fact I'm plumb lonesome, so much so that I've walked to the river lot at night hoping to see the friendly moving lights.

I felt flattened Sunday morning when in the absolute unnatural quiet for this time of year, I said to man-on-the-street, "Don't you miss the boats?" "No," he replied tersely, "I never look at them."

Incidentally, the salute of an upbound freighter on Tuesday to a boat in the other channel made me say, "I'm so glad to see you, too."

Speech habits are perhaps the hardest of all habits to change, that is why I've always felt it so important for parents to stick to correct forms of speech at home and children's ears will become so accustomed to good English that they will have no difficulty with grammar and English either written or spoken, which brings up a current argument, "Should you correct a friend's oft-used error in pronunciation?" or "Should you change your pronunciation to fit into friend's so as not to embarrass friend, even though yours is right?" I feel that if I mispronounce a word I want to

know so that I will be saved later embarrassment but those in the current discussion say, "No, keep out." As for the answer to the second I know it's polite, but awfully hard to do when a pronunciation is just second nature.



May 23, 1946

Although there are not as many maple keys this year I loved the soft trembling sound as the wind played on them Tuesday morning.

Have changed my mind about Midas' carpet on our front lawn - as the thousands of lanky stems of seeds and oversized dandelion leaves give a definite "should get hair cut" look.



Ever so often you and I meet people who are agin' the government, agin' the church, agin' the young people of today (their manners, customs and where they go for recreation), agin' the modern novel, agin' those in the community who are trying to lead - in fact they're just agin', period. After a session with one of those "Think they're-on-a-pedestal-people" I get just like Mrs. Wiggs of Cabbage Patch fame and go round muttering to myself as she did, "O Lord, whatever comes, keep me from gettin' sour!"

"Ships" tells that somewhere between the foremast and the main on the old sailing ships stood an oaken barrel. In it was Jack Tar's most precious commodity - fresh water. As a respite from scrubbing, or after a tough hauling on the braces, the sailing man headed for the water butt and its copious scuttle, or dipper. Other mariners usually were there and the pause that came with the drink made an ideal time to swap news and views. So shipboard gossip came to be known as "scuttlebutt". Gone now is the cask and the armed sailor who stood beside it to see that none of the water was wasted. But the word, as a synonym for gossip or rumor, lives.

So often I've thought when exchange teachers go abroad or when Canadians go on missions to here and there, that they were not typical Canadians, that people in other lands would not quite get the true impression of us through our representative

- but when I saw that Marion Charters of Brampton had sailed on the *Queen Mary* last week for London along with seven others from 17 to 20, to represent Canadian youth in a mission to the youth of Britain, I thought that she would certainly give the idea of young Canadian womanhood at its best for she's gay, pretty, brainy, poised, style conscious and well built - a lot for one girl to have but she's got it. I remember seeing her on a trip when she was about 12 and she was fun to have around. Then later in her teens she seemed so girlish but was able to fit into the adult world. She took part in an Empire Youth Sunday Service in Westminster Abbey May 19.

When the Grade Eight pupils in St. Anthony's School were given the assignment Friday afternoon to write a poem to their mothers for Mother's Day, Jerome Brooker, son of Mrs. Mary Mahon Brooker, wrote out the following poem of which his teacher was very proud:

*All thro' the year you look so sweet,
You're always smiling, you can't be beat.
You tidy the house, and scrub the floor,
And wash the smudges off the door.*

*Oh! How I love the pies and cakes.
And all the other things you bake.
And everything you do for your son, -
Oh, gee Mom, but you are a hon!*

*You wash the clothes, you iron them too.
I never do very much for you.
From today on, I'm going to start,
'Cause I love you with all my heart.*

*I'll wash the dishes; dry them too,
It'll give a well deserved rest to you,
I'll wash each dirty pot and pan,
And help you out, dear, all I can.*

*I realized it in the past - I still do,
You're the best mother, love you,
And I'm going to make you see,
You got some son when you got ME.*



June 6, 1946

Decoration hints - Green is the most relaxing color, and blue is called a "calming" color; yellow, orange and red are known as warm colors because they suggest heat and sunshine.

A corsage looks much better if worn with the stems down - just the way the flowers grow. Usually flowers are put on the left shoulder but if going dancing don't bruise the beauties, so pin them on the right.

What an unobservant person I've turned out to be! It was only about a week ago that I noticed the Widow's Walk on the Stancliff house.

The reds in nature - the flash of the male Cardinal against the dark red of the wild plum leaves, with the sunshine playing on both, made definite soaring of spirits early Monday morning. Of late I seem to be jumping on the "red" band wagon - wonder if it's a personality change because red in nature, red in clothes, red in dishes, red in home furnishings, all have a decided appeal. Still haven't a yen for scarlet with all its yellow but for the maroons and blue-red shades.



Don't think that I pretend to be an Emily Post - or even want to be - but one day of late, the secretary of a church organization was in and was giving a report about Mrs. Gladys Brown giving a talk, etc. I said that so often Mrs. Gladys Brown meant nothing to readers but the same person as Mrs. John Brown did and as a matter of fact Mrs. Gladys Brown wasn't correct (even when the husband was dead). This led to a discussion of signatures. She said that she had reports to send out and should she sign Mrs. John Smith or Bertha Smith. Never the former except on a hotel register, always Bertha Smith with Mrs. John in brackets below.

Last week's picture magazine carried some pictures of life in the Ozarks and the Hillbillies there which brought to mind a trip I had in the '30's. Friend had a cabin on a mountain stream down near the Arkansas border and I saw the beautiful country and the strange interesting people. In fact I got a chance to talk to some of them. Deliver me though from that country as a steady diet - the black flies, the chiggers that bore under the skin, the enervating heat, the sun that burned and burned when I wasn't aware of it (until I began to sicken unto death as I thought at night) and the fact that when we went swimming in the clear mountain stream friend said, "Be careful of the moccasins," made me glad of the Detroit River and of our Essex County climate. Do you see what I mean about the Sunparlour?



June 13, 1946

Loved this quip - "What a woman admires in a man depends on whether she is married or single."

Am particularly fond of the low U-necklines this season, especially on the young women with their lovely throats and chest lines - give me the feminine touch any day. With a bit of thought the smart tailored suit can have it and the effect is more flattering to most women.

The orange Oriental Poppies have never had eye appeal for me until the other morning when a clump of six or seven with one full spear of lavender iris growing close up behind, made a most interesting color combination - in fact so interesting that I've thought of it and looked at it often this past week.

It takes a child's frankness to jack one up - I experienced this on Sunday morning and because of it there will be no repeat performance. For a walk with Bobby I piled my hair up top and tied it (most comfortably I assure you) off the neck as the young girls are wearing it, I was stockingless with beach shoes, had on a most informal costume and was in the natural state so far as make-up was concerned. Across the street ran eight-year-old Wallace who burst out, "Why Auntie Helen, you don't look like you" - Thanks child you've done me a great favor.

"Truckers and ladies safest drivers" - ran the heading and the article went on to prove that truck drivers are staying out of accidents and that women drivers are not nearly as dangerous as the super male always thought they were.

What a coincidence - not fifteen minutes after reading the statistics for the above paragraph in a Canadian paper, I picked up an Eastern U.S. daily and read, "Women will never believe this, but machine tests have proved that men are the better drivers," and adds figures gotten by a driving device - but the article concludes that if Susy had as many chances to drive as Bill did, she'd be quite as capable.



June 20, 1946

Not so exotic but most satisfying was the bouquet I had on my desk early last week - shasta daisies, deutzia and balm - of a thousand scents in a ruby bow.

Jimmy Pouget, the Pike Road florist, brought in a perfect Picardy gladioli on Friday and if he wanted a cry of glee over the nine perfect delicate peach florets, he got it.

The tornado which struck Monday night brought about its smiles as well as tragedy (certainly not in proportion, but we found how soft and dependent we had become) - to go on, on Tuesday afternoon Joseph Lovegrove had lamp wick in various sizes and assortment for sale. This wick had been shelved for 35 years.

Commenting on the story of the Life Savers in last week's "Conversation Pieces", Nursing Sister told me that she had sent tea to English friends before she was posted overseas and when she arrived at their home in England for a visit friends thanked her for the tea but said they had a hard time getting it out of the little bags.

The calendar says that Summer is here, my eyes, ears, nose and mouth (strawberries the delicious) say so - but so far as clothes are concerned it might as well be winter for I seem to be putting on the same old humdrum dark things which are getting to be boring - in fact I'm going to rebel and wear a white dress in the rain

just to show I'm not in a rut.

Was very much interested in Part I of a splendid article "A Little Trip Around the Island" by William K. Anderson in the May issue of the Yachtsman's Magazine, *Motor Boating*. Lieutenant Commander Anderson is Mildred Thomas' husband and he has a pen and ink sketch of the Detroit Yacht Club among the illustrations. The gist of the story is the trip in their 32-foot yacht *Le Voyageur* from Detroit to New Orleans and up through the Inland Waterway to New York, along the Barge Canal, through Lake Erie and home.

GIVE ME EYES

*Give me but eyes
To know the joy that lies
In common things;
A pale moth's velvet wings,
A fern-fringed pool,
Green mosses dripping cool.
The voice of rain
The clouds in silver train,
Friendship of trees,
A meadow loud with bees,
To glimpse each glad surprise,
Give me but eyes!*



June 27, 1946

Came across a job this past week, which I hadn't thought of before, that is, in the women's world - professional spotter.

The flying bridge as I call it or streamlined bridge on the *Ste. Clair* hasn't spoiled its looks as I thought it might when I saw a picture of that ship tied up beside the *Columbia* (to show off its remodelling job before the season opened).

Wonder how many persons who said, "I must order a small oil stove," last Tuesday when the power was off because of the tornado, have actually made an effort to arrange for some other means for cooking - besides electricity - or have pigeon-holed the idea, as we all have done before.

After seeing a picture of myself in the smart bathing togs of 1916, I have no criticism of today's streamlined bathing suits. I am sitting smugly on the bow of the *Abner C. Harding* at the water works dock in a dark blue serge suit with voluminous pleated bloomers, sailor collar, sleeves, etc. It's a wonder I ever came up or as a matter of fact on second thought it's a wonder I ever went down if those huge below-the knee bloomers got filled with air on the air trip between the tug and the water. I've been trying to think about stockings or whether I was daring enough to go in without them.

When I was reading over the Rebekah Assembly report and their cancer research project for the 1946-47 term, I commended those foreseeing women in my own mind and now do it publicly. For nothing I don't believe is more dreaded than that, yes, the tornado last week comes in that "nothing" class. And when a group of thousands of women put their moral as well as financial support behind such a research it must be encouraging to scientists and doctors. Then, too, the cancer clinics will benefit greatly from the fund so medical help will be within the reach of all. No waiting until financially able to see a doctor (by that time it usually is too late).

In her column in the *Detroit Times* Vera Brown headed the following "The Beacon" and we quote:

For years the sweet gray stone church with its tall steeple above clustering trees has held a special place in the affections of all to hit the highway out of Windsor toward Lake Erie.

Always you could see the steeple miles ahead as you approached the little village of McGregor.

Today the steeple's gone. It was felled by the storm Sunday night. So was part of the church hall, and the people of St. Clement's parish feel pretty badly about it.

Miss Brown is a frequent visitor in Amherstburg and told us here at the *Echo* office one day that we didn't really appreciate the charm of this old town, we're too used to it.

Paul Gallico's beautiful little story "The Snow Goose" was recalled when Mrs. Thomas Renaud was telling me about her brother Marwood Lucier, who is missing following a duck shooting expedition on a river near his post at Goose Bay, Labrador. From the letter received by the padre of the post and the O.C., the family is quite convinced that the lad was drowned. He went out alone and the natives said that they had seen a duck flying round and round at one particular spot in the river and they knew that a hunter had been there and shot the mate - so it is supposed that an accident occurred when he was retrieving the bird.

"When was Bois Blanc leased to the Ferry Company?" was the question asked this office the other day. To answer that we chatted with Dave, the foreman, whose fund of information is inexhaustible and will repeat the answer. Bois Blanc is a Canadian Island. About 1846-47 Colonel Arthur Rankin, who was here because of the Rebellion of 1837, got a 99-year lease of the island from the Canadian Government for 50 pounds Canadian. His son, the actor, McKee Rankin got this lease from his father and gave it to his wife Kitty Blanchard, the actress, as a wedding present. This was about 1880, she sold it to Colonel Atkinson, a Native-born Canadian who later became a noted Detroit criminal lawyer. James Randall was in the deal with Col. Atkinson but he only got the four acres on the northern end, now owned by Orval Duncanson. The two acres on the southern end where the lighthouse stands is Canadian Government property. Then about 1900 the Detroit and Windsor Ferry Company bought the lease from Col. Atkinson, so are still operating on the original Colonel Rankin lease. [*Editors' Note: The Detroit, Belle Isle & Windsor Ferry Co. opened Bois Blanc Park in June of 1898.*]

One of the high delights of flower gardening is to raise perennials from seed - in fact it's a most interesting and economical way to increase one's stock of plants in the perennial borders. Now through July is the time to plant seeds of perennials (July and August for biennials). Seeds of perennials sown soon will produce plants that are strong enough to winter in cold frames or with protection in seed beds, and that will bloom on schedule next season.



July 4, 1946

I'm fond of the intricate maze of the roots of the philodendron as seen through a glass bowl. In fact, I never have felt that stems were unattractive and took away from the beauty of flower and leaf the whole effect of some bouquets in glass containers, is improved with the stems in evidence.

Everything anguished over the hot week-end - man, animals, trees, flowers, birds and even the freighters on the river seemed to glide along using up as little energy as possible. No, not everything was lethargic because the *Columbia* and *Ste. Clair* seemed so cocky as they flaunted the fact that they (as so many people say in a superior way) consider the heat just a matter of mind.

Andrew Carnegie, talking to a young lady one day, forgot mundane affairs of business long enough to converse briefly on the subject of romance.

"Never marry your first love," the steel magnate finally advised, "for if you do, you will rob yourself of one of the most cherished illusions of life. You cannot then say, 'Oh, if it had only been Tom, how different things would have been.'"

Too many of us are careless about acknowledging invitations. If an invitation is received, a "delighted to accept" or "so sorry I'm doing such-and-such" should be given immediately. Those "I'll try to make it" and don't show up or call answers tend to strain friendships a bit. If a shower invitation is received and the person invited can not go it is imperative and courteous for her to send a gift to the bride. All this is prompted by a conversation with a distracted hostess who sent out 15 invitations and the day of the party still wasn't sure as to her guest list and didn't know how much food to prepare.

Was intrigued with a lovely staircase in the British architectural section of book on Canadian Handicrafts, captioned "A Staircase in Amherstburg". Have gone up and down the streets with Mrs. Reaume and Jean Honor thinking of all the English type houses and haven't found the staircase yet. Looking at the picture the wall is on the left as you ascend. The walnut spindles and the newel seem fairly plain and as you reach the top of the stairs the case veers to the left. The panelled wall to the

right of the staircase is concave and in this sits a low curved radiator. The wallpaper has large formal patterns (almost Grecian designs) and much in evidence is a crystal chandelier. This is a 64 question?



July 11, 1946

Quite the contrariest thing I've come across of late is the zipper on my bathing suit - the proverbial mule is a bush-leaguer by comparison with that small accessory which has become a necessity to women's comfort.

The old Cunningham house, Gore at Dalhousie, which was recently sold is one of the finest old French houses in Amherstburg. The way the clap boarding is placed on the dormers is a bit different to other examples of old French architecture here in town and increases in value from an architectural standpoint.

"Build diet around milk to stay young" was the heading that caught the eye and the article went on to say that people on a poor milk diet age more rapidly and have considerable less adult vitality than those who receive sufficient milk. Years ago a Harper Hospital skin specialist advised at least four glasses of milk a day for skin ailments and he wasn't on the list of shareholders of a milk concern, either.



Beauty fades as soon as the sun goes down, so many worshippers of light and sun think, but to me the night has great appeal, in fact the river at night becomes glamorous. Too the gardens at night, right now especially, have an ethereal beauty as the white flowers - daisies, delphinium, roses, holly hocks - come into their own as they take on character and stand out in the darkness.

As nonchalantly as you please I was handed an American one dollar bill on Saturday by friend hairdresser, and quite as casually I used it to pay for cleaning. The bolt from the blue caused by pegging of the American dollar to Canada's came with a suddenness which soon dissipated as was seen when we broke right away from the pattern of several years standing of tucking away American currency.

Detroit was evacuated by the British and Amherstburg founded 150 years ago today. Stores equipment including fur trading posts, household Lares and Penates, men, women and children came down the river to this accessible British spot - they even dismantled a house (the old Dr. T.J. Park house) and towed it by canoe down the river and set it up on the site on which it still stands. We are an old town but we must not bask in this or the fact that many are descendants of the old families - we must keep up with the times and be in step with the future - a progressive town with old world atmosphere is ideal - background plus foresight and aggressiveness does away with snobbishness.



July 18, 1946

After the quiet heat on Sunday, I found the sounds of the wind playing on the flame trumpet vine horns most pleasant.

If you still want gayness in the garden and the house and haven't looked after it yet, autumn flowering annuals will still bloom from seed sown now, for instance marigolds, zinnias, petunias or portulacas. That's a tip if you still hanker for a few flowers.

When Viva Halstead was married to Jack Heaton in Harrow last Saturday she wore an exquisite hand embroidered veil, which her mother Mrs. Niles Halstead made. It will in time certainly become an heirloom.

Emily Hahn isn't receiving good publicity for her latest, "Hong Kong Holiday". I read most of the chapters in the New Yorker and taken bit by bit were readable but I understand taken as a bookfull dose are most tiresome. Maybe this author should have stopped with her very good book, "The Soong Sisters."

It certainly is interesting to note how the breakfast habits of families vary. Some people still have all the family-sits-down-to-breakfast rules but for most people I think it's generally the most informal meal of the day with everyone getting his own. It's a meal I like, a leisurely cup of coffee and the morning paper start the day off right. (By the way I get up a half hour earlier than necessary to have this luxury.)

The "Whys of common things" have always interested me, so found the following amusing:

Once upon a time it was the custom for unmarried women to spin all the thread from which they later wove the household linens and trousseau that they would need when they were married. Hence all girls were busy spinning until they were married. Therefore they were called "spintes". If they did not marry at all they might be spinning all their lives (in preparation for the hoped-for event as people thought). Thus the term began to be applied to unmarried women.

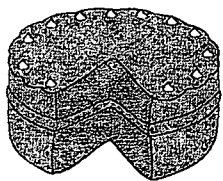
What a comeback the record player has made! When about 20 years ago the new fad radio burst upon us the victrola and records were put away in the attic where after becoming dust catchers for years were either given away or sold for a song. In fact even the tin portable record player which we as young people used to take out in the canoe and play and play as we paddled leisurely along, has gone I wouldn't know where. Now, strange as it may seem, in the cycle of fashions, the record player is increasing in popularity.



July 25, 1946

The elusive dancing fireflies in the dense foliage on the moat side these evenings give spark to the July quiet.

Every so often when things get a bit thick here I get a strange feeling that I'm two persons - a reporter who writes but can't spell and a copyreader who spells but can't write.



Culinary tip - Many of us because of the sugar shortage are having to buy cookies. It seems to be done in the best managed families. Put those store cookies on a cookie sheet and heat in the oven for a few minutes. A bakery made cake put into the warming oven for a few minutes until the icing has softened a bit,

is also improved.

Have you noticed that the longer length umbrella with the curved handle is back in the social swim?

The sophisticated woman of Fall 1946 is supposed to handle hers with dash. We have a cotton model in the attic which might be used, the effect should be there, but would it! Or will we leave the curved handled umbrellas to the models and the women in *Vogue*.

Well! Roses cut about four-thirty in the afternoon last hours longer, seven to be exact, than those cut in the morning. Because at that time of day roses have a peak load of plant food or sugar, having been exposed to the sunlight all day before cutting have stored up more sugar, therefore they have more energy and endurance.

Strange how foreign sounds cause friction in the thought waves - the clop clop of the horse on the pavement in front of the *Echo* office or that moo moo from the cow over on Sandwich Street. The sounds we in this river town love, the boat whistles, register but tend (with me anyway) to have a soothing and level off the choppy graph effect.

A matter of opinion - friend prefers her blooms outside in the garden while I definitely like to have mine in the house - no matter how small (a sprig of ageratum in a miniature jug does the trick). But if you are in the first class, keep flowers picked off the annuals as soon as they fade and they will keep on blooming. Also keep perennials from going to seed by picking off fading blooms so that most of them will bloom a second time.

When L. J. Montgomery was fixing over the house on the west side of Dalhousie Street it was brought to my attention that the first woman licensed druggist in Ontario, Mrs. Kane, had her shop in that building. It seems that Mrs. Kane was married to a druggist who died when her children (Mrs. W. H. McEvoy and Mrs. Owen) were quite small so she took the degree which was then called Purveyor of Drugs and carried on the business.

Have come to the conclusion that the Brunner Mond whistles have become an institution and our daily pattern is a bit awry without them. Since the local hello

girls have stopped giving out the time, we here at the office and at home have had several "What's the time please" this past week. Since our electric stand-by has let us down, I've been resorting to the time signals from the boats when I'm home where I can hear them, to check my clock.

I felt thoroughly disgusted with the publicity given that British woman M.P. who refused to go to the Royal Garden Party and wear a hat. There are a few polite things we do because our host likes it and if her host the King asked for a hat at his afternoon affair, I felt that she should have been polite enough to respect his wishes. After all, most of us wear hats to luncheons and teas. To me her behavior was an example of inverted snobbishness which may be a foolish sense of inferiority. There are points of well let's call it etiquette, which are nothing but formalizing decent and considerate behaviour to which we all conform and as a matter of fact we feel more comfortable at a social affair by so doing. To me violent assertions against customs like this one in particular are silly and I feel that people who get publicity like this haven't got the background - no that's not the word - the innate kindness to understand. This may be a bit beside the point but I always like it when my prospective hostess says, "Let's dress up" or "I'll only be wearing a sport dress." It's kind of her to give you an idea what to wear because take it from one who has had the experience, to be the only person at a party in a street dress when others are in formals is a test of self control which if passed puts you at the head of the class.



August 1, 1946

"Have lived along the river in Amherstburg for over 25 years," said friend's husband, "and never thought about the time signals on the boats until you mentioned it last week, so decided to take your tip but found later that the darn bell was two minutes slow."

When George White of Colchester South came into the Harrow office last Wednesday he chuckled, "Well, here's the *Echo* (referring to me). I've been talking to the old *Echo* now for sixty years." Then he went on to say that he subscribed for the paper a few years after he came out from England alone as a lad of 17 and has been reading it ever since.

Was amused when walking up the street Thursday at lunch time to have a car stop me to ask where Mr. So and So lived. When I wasn't quite sure and suggested to the three men, two women and children (perfect strangers) that they get more accurate information downtown, one of the men said, "Well what we want is a case of beer." Thinking they didn't know the ropes I naively mentioned the beer rationing, the permit and warehouse. Which information they brushed aside saying that none had valid permits and would I go and buy them a case. To which I replied they'd better see Mr. So and So. As I started along one of the women called, "All you need is a registration card."



August 8 & 15, 1946

It was only a little thing but it started the day right on Monday after a rather nerve-racking Sunday, when friend called out, "I missed the paper last week and so did Mrs. Neighbour." As I've said so often it's the little things in life that count - the simple little things that don't cost a nickel but have a spot of kindness, friendliness and sincerity behind them.

Looking over the reading material carried around (that's what they did and so did I) by the passengers on the *Noronic*, I concluded that it's humour people want on a trip like that for "The Egg and I" seemed to be the most popular. Of course when it comes down to the bitter truth, I was to sail to the upper lakes and with the combination of the boat trip and two books ("London Belongs to Me" and Eric Linklater's "Private Angelo") come back to work with an injection of vim, vigor and vitality - but neither book was opened as I was too busy looking and doing. However, the Sault locks, the St. Mary's River, Thunder Bay, Lake Superior and that port of ports at its very end, were strong enough alone.

At long last....Duluth.....After a lifetime of anticipation, my wishes have been realized - as I've gotten to that upper lake port ... (In switchback method) Everything about this old Detroit River has always held the greatest of interest for me and as a child as we'd paddle or row out to meet the friendly freighters I'd read on their stern *So-And-So DULUTH* and so it was that city that seemed to be the ultimate of all things wonderful to me and all these years Duluth was where I wanted to go ...So

now I know about the port nestled along the terraced hillside...the port which the cab driver said extends 25 miles along the harbor and miles back on the hills - the port with its miles of interesting docks where from the upper drive in the fascinating maritime panorama, the freighters as they glided through the lift bridge look like toy ships and the train on the overhead racks puffing out to load a Steel Trust with ore, gave me the feeling of being a Lilliputian. Lake Superior and Duluth both lived up to all I had built up about them in my mind through the years and now I want to go back - and soon.

Red Cross - the synonym of power and "to help the needy at all times" was certainly brought home to us on Sunday when through local persons and Red Cross Frederick G. Drouillard was put on a plane at Windsor and rushed through the air to Halifax to meet his sick family who had all three been hospitalized when the *Queen Mary* docked Sunday at 6 p.m. Within the hour after Toronto Red Cross had been contacted by phone late Sunday afternoon to get priority for him on planes going East, the machinery was set in motion. Shortly before Rick left Windsor he was informed that a message would await him in Toronto telling of the condition of his daughter who was dangerously ill, and that Red Cross would meet him en route. To us who were helping from this end it showed that there was nothing Red Cross couldn't do or was willing to attempt to ease suffering. Some people right here in town, too, who refused the Red Cross canvasser in the last campaign (and there were many because I canvassed) should have seen now that Toronto Branch got busy immediately after, "This is the Amherstburg Red Cross speaking at Miss Hewson's suggestion," plus the details. There would certainly be no more not answering door-bells nor putting off the Red Cross canvasser with "I gave in Windsor" or "Come back tomorrow" if they had been cognizant of the human interest play that was going on right under their doorstep.

As I was standing on the deck of the *Noronic* when we were nosing into the Sault locks, the people milling about were full of talk about the whys and wherefores of the ship signals, the time bells, the locks, the history of the district, etc. and I got a cross section of the chats. One woman turned to her friend and commented on the "bow" (pronounced like that bit of ribbon girls have in their hair) of the *Assiniboine* which was directly ahead of us and went through northbound with us. "You'd better get your ship ends sorted out," I thought. Then a man was telling his listener about the Sault. In quote: "This is the first spot on this continent

that the white man, the Jesuits landed. Then they went down the Mississippi and died." "That's too bad," his companion answered. How does he get them from there to here without touching at the other Great Lakes points was my question to myself. Another day there was a gay party in the hall near my cabin and above the din a small child's voice wailed anxiously, "Mother, the bathroom's empty." I don't have to comment on the roars of laughter from everyone within hearing distance. Beside ear-appeal, there was eye-appeal, the *Algoma* was unloading coal at the Sault and the sun, playing on the growing piles of that shiny black commodity was an interesting study in light and shade and life in an inanimate thing but when a half dozen gulls lit on one of the piles and preened themselves, those coal piles really sprang alive with the dash of white being the life-giving serum.



August 22, 1946

After days of dense sunshine and heat, I love a monotone day, grey and soothing rain like Saturday or a spirited day, cool, windy, gay and bright as Monday was, a prelude to the fall days with their incomparable beauty (for me anyway).

The scarlet Tanager flitting about our house these days when everything should be quiet and the ravishing giant hibiscus in the Paetz garden which should have a soothing effect, surely do relieve the monotony of quiet August for me.

Bring out all the gold you have this fall, you girls both young and old - for gold accessories to go with the fall clothes which will be color from the earth, are to be the vogue. Men like gold, too - on women, I mean.

Saturday as I walked along Ramsay Street toward Friend Hairdresser's, two small girls were wallowing barefoot in a mud puddle. Back my thoughts flew to the many, many times I had done the same thing in warm, wet mud and as I watched them, could almost feel the mud oozing through my toes.

The Canadian Sault locks were built in 1895 with stone from the Amherstburg quarry, F. J. Maloney said when he remarked that when "lecturing" on the history of the Sault. I forgot this most important point. "Lecturing"? That's a laugh but I

am keen now on the upper lakes and must get at Miss Nute's "Lake Superior". We heard her talk in Windsor last year so the book more than ever, has heaps of interest.

Little Miss Blonde Sophisticate of Amherstburg was in Detroit last Saturday when the heavens opened and the floods came. When she got home she told her mother that as she walked down Woodward in the deluge everybody laughed. On questioning Mother learned that she had taken off her shoes and stockings and paddled along in bare feet - head high, though.

The wave of uneasiness about the scarcity of salt (C.I.L. strike) brings to mind long ago stories of this district when the pioneers paid exorbitant prices for salt, it in fact was one of the luxuries and scarce commodities - never realizing that their farms and houses were sitting on a rich salt bed. In fact I remember reading some settler between here and Windsor who discovered his salt bed because his cow kept finding satisfaction from one spot in the ground.

Every so often there comes up from nowhere so we think, a typographical error which makes for high glee if one's sense of humor can continue to run high. One of the most pathetic if you read behind its words, came out in a Memphis paper which read, "For Sale: - Wardrobe trunk \$20; candid camera \$2.50; two children and a duck, call 48-9977." The advertiser meant chickens not children, of course, but had a frantic time explaining this to the callers who wanted to adopt the children or to those who in their disappointment became abusive because of the error.

In one family of my immediate acquaintance, the children have charming manners and correct speech usage. The mother was in the office one day and I commented on these facts and she told me that she had never actually taught the youngsters manners or proper use of is, are, was, were, etc. but they had learned by seeing and hearing things carried out fairly properly at home - there was no effort behind it. Thus being a bit careful at table and with speech evidently pays dividends and saves later embarrassment for the mother and eventually the child when he begins to get around.

The Anderdon members of the Women's Institute have commenced looking up historical data on their township. A project being sponsored by this women's group Canada-wide entitled "Lady Tweedsmuir's Book of Memories". Noticed that in a

despatch from Winchester, England, a tapestry is being embroidered by 72 women representing the 58 branches of the National Federation of Women's Institutes and will show the various roles played by British women during the war. The tapestry to measure 13 feet by seven is to be done in Winchester Stitchery, a combination of old and new stitches devised in Winchester by three women of this cathedral town. The first tapestry finished in this stitch already hangs in Winchester Cathedral. The members of the W.I. intend to send their latest effort on tour when finished and then propose to offer it to the nation.



August 29, 1946

What conceit!! The following story struck a funny bone so decided to pass it along:

A prominent businessman fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but for the sake of prudence he employed a detective agency to prepare a report on her life. The operative's report read, "The lady has an excellent reputation, her past is without a blemish and she has a circle of impeccable friends. The only breath of scandal is that lately she has been seen a great deal in the company of a businessman of doubtful reputation."

Noticed an advertisement for Middies for school wear for girls nine to sixteen last week. When I read it over I wondered if the manufacturers weren't a bit optimistic because I really don't believe that the girls in these post World War Two days could be talked into middies. In the World War One days when I was at high school they were the dress of the hour and we vied with one another to see who could have the best looking ties. (I found a relic of those days, a large black middle tie with corded edge, in the attic this spring). But I just wonder if the girl of today after the attractive sweater and skirt outfits and the suits, will take to the middle as she has the sloppy Joe sweater, and make it a fad.

Talking shop - Many of our friends don't realize what we mean when we ask for copy sent in early. They have the idea that it takes a very short time to dash off an

article or wedding. But every line goes through this mill. After the actual work of sorting thoughts and writing it out, the copy is given to someone else in the front office to check for spelling and punctuation, after which it goes to the linotype operator who sets it up. That comes back to my desk with the original copy and it is gone over carefully to see that it is exact in every way. Changes are made on the proof and sent back to the operator who makes the corrections and sends back a revise which Geraldine Iler goes over and recorrects. All this before one line of type goes into the paper. So you can see that it's a physical impossibility to get everything set up at the last minute.

Came across an article on Clothes Sense which had two important sentences, "Women should dress so that nobody notices what they have on" and "To be properly clothed the wearer should always dominate the costume." I firmly believe the second in clothes psychology but - I don't know about the first. I like it when I get something that is becoming and friends like it too. As a matter of fact a person's personality, I often feel, is reflected in clothes. I've heard it said that she's such a frump but when she starts to talk you forget that (this in very complimentary tones too) - but how much more flattering to be called a clever, capable, attractive woman with good clothes sense, a dandy team mate for horse sense. I know that children delight in compliments of mother being a good egg and nifty dresser - not flashy or extravagant - just classy.



Name Index

- Anderson
 Mildred (Thomas), 100
 William K., 100
 Angstrom, __, 4
 Argus, Kate (Horsman), 18, 50
 Astaire, Fred, 85
 Atkinson, __, Col., 102
 Autin, Stephen, 14
- Bailey, Nan. *See* Bridwell, Nan (Bailey)
 Bankhead, Tallulah, 12
 Barclay, Virginia (Trimble), 20
 Barteau, Eleanor, 26
 Bastien, Patrick J., Mrs., 76
 Beaudoin, Eugene, 54
 Bennett-Alder
 __, Mr., 13
 __, Mrs., 92
 Bernstein, Leonard, 31
 Biddle, Maggie, 24-25
 Biddle brothers, 24
 ingay, Malcolm, 87
 Blanchard, Kitty, 102
 Bornais, Francis, Mrs., 75
 Botsford, Dave, 27
 Boxall, Howard, Mrs., 75
 Brice, Fanny, 85
 Bridgen, Kenneth, 4
 Bridwell, Nan (Bailey), 27
 Brooker
 Jerome, 96-97
 Mary (Mahon), 96
- Brown
 Gladys, 97
 Vera, 101-102
 Buchanan, Alan, 12
 Bulow, Karen, 74
- Burgess
 __, 30-31
 Ethel, 30
- Callam, Margaret. *See* Goebel, Margaret (Callam)
 Carnegie, Andrew, 103
 Charters
 Bob, 52-53
 Marion, 96
 Churchill, Winston, Mrs., 3
 Cosens, __, Mrs., 29-30
 Coyle, Lloyd, 9
 Craig, William, 46
- Darby, __, Mrs., 45
 Dave (Bob-Lo foreman), 102
 Deslippe, Robert, 93
 Dougall, Tom, 3, 86
 Drouillard
 Frederick, Mrs., 75
 Frederick G., 110
 Dube, Howard, 5
 Duff, Henry, 41
 Duffield, Walter, 33-34
 Duffin, G.L., 60
 Dunbar, O.E., 18
 Duncan
 Mabel, 21
 Ted, 21
 Duncanson, Orval, 102
- Eede, Sarah, 32
 Elizabeth, Queen, 81
 Ellis, Arthur, Mrs., 29, 32
 Estabrook, W.C., Mrs., 10
- Falls, F.M., Mrs., 5, 7-8
 Finlay, Loraine, 77

Fitzmaurice
 Norman, 29, 93
 Pete, 29, 93
 Fleming
 Jean, 13
 Kenneth, Mrs., 13
 Flood, __, 37
 Follows, Gracie, 48
 Fox
 John, 31
 Louis, 89-90
 Fritts, Joseph & Mrs., 67

 Galipeau, Catherine. *See* Ladouceur,
 Catherine (Galipeau)
 Gallico, Paul, 102
 Gaskin, __, Col., 54
 George, King, 19
 Gibb
 Emma, 83
 James P., Mrs., 16
 Marvin, 16
 Robert, 83
 Gilman, Mary. *See* Harris, Mary (Gilman)
 Godden, Dorothy, 29, 93
 Godwin
 Carl. *See* Frank
 Frank, 94
 Perry. *See* Frank
 Goebel
 Margaret (Callam), 54
 Paul, 54-55
 Goering, Herman, 65
 Golden, Helen, 29, 80
 Gott, Edith, 34
 Grace, __, Mrs., 86-87
 Gray, __, 76

 Haas, __, Mrs., 32
 Hackett
 Alexis, 80
 Norma, 29
 Hahn, Emily, 105

Haight, Edgar & Mrs., 67
 Halstead
 Niles, Mrs., 105
 Viva. *See* Heaton, Viva (Halstead)
 Hamilton
 John, Mrs., 14
 Lester, 46
 Harris
 Ernest, 80
 Mary (Gilman), 65
 Hart
 Bob, 36
 David, 36
 E.W., Mrs., 46
 E.W., Rev., 36
 Ray, 36
 Heaton
 Bud, 39
 Howard, Mrs., 39, 44
 Jack, 105
 Viva (Halstead), 105
 Hebert, __, Mrs., 18
 Henie, Sonja, 20
 Hilton, Garnet, 36, 37
 Hodgman, Flora. *See* Temple, Flora
 (Hodgman)
 Holdaway, Ed, 7, 31
 Honor, Jean, 103
 Horrobin, George, 18, 77
 Horsman
 Kate. *See* Argus, Kate (Horsman)
 William, 12
 Horton, Nina, 46
 Hough, F.A., Mrs., 44
 Hughson, Sarah, 6
 Hunt, Clement, 48
 Hutchins
 Doris (Wyld), 34
 Francis, 34
 Hutchinson
 Alan, 68
 Gordon, 29, 93

James
 Beatrice. *See* Waldron, Beatrice
 (James)
 Bill, 2
 Jamieson, Anne Brownell, 26
 Johnson, Edward, 80
 Jones, R.P., 15

 Kane, __, Mrs., 107
 Kelly
 Gene, 85
 Margaret, 41
 Kemp, Louise. *See* Wanless, Louise (Kemp)
 Kennedy, Carl, Mrs., 32
 Kilgallin, Thomas, 34
 Kirby, __, Miss, 12
 Knight, Laura, Dame, 71
 Kreuger, Karl, 31

 Ladouceur
 Catherine (Galipeau), 25
 Donald, 25
 Landis, Jessie Royce, 93
 Langlois, Ralph, 43
 Large, __, Capt., 46
 Laurier, Wilfred, Sir, 10
 Lavers, Henry, 54
 Lawrence, Gertrude, 19, 67, 85
 Lelong, Lucien, 5
 Lidwell, Rita, 46
 Linklater, Eric, 109
 Lombardo, Guy, 34
 Lovegrove
 __, Miss, 68
 Joseph, 99
 Lowden
 James, Mrs., 20
 Joan, 20
 Lowman, Josephine, 85
 Lucier, Marwood, 102

MacDowell, Frank D., 47, 49
 Macomb
 Alexander, 24
 William, 24
 Mahon, Mary. *See* Brooker, Mary (Mahon)
 Mailloux, Kathleen, 6
 Maitre, Joan, 80
 Maloney, F.J., 111-112
 Manning, Joanne, 13
 Marontate, Raymond, 72
 Marsh, John A. (Red Cross Commissioner),
 88-89
 Marshall, Helen, 29
 Massey, Raymond, 67
 McCain, __, Admiral, 55
 McCarron
 A.A. & Mrs., 10
 Donald, 10-11
 McClung, Nellie, 70
 McDowell, F.E.D., 61-62
 McEvoy, W.H., Mrs., 58
 McQueen, J. Earl, Capt., 36, 64, 86
 Menzies
 Ivor, 57
 Ivor, Mrs., 70
 Jimmy, 57, 70
 Tommy, 70
 Merlo, Carole, 15-16
 Mickle, Jean, 32
 Milne
 A.A., 9
 Arthur, 24
 Christopher Robin, 9
 John, 24
 Montgomery, L.J., 107
 Morency, Clifford, 17
 Morin, __, Mrs., 41
 Munger, A.T., 6, 69

 Nute, __, Miss, 112

O'Grady, Judy, 74
 O'Madden, __, Miss, 41
 Owen, __, Mrs., 107

Pactz, __, 4, 41, 51
 Paisley, Anne. *See* Scarlett, Anne (Paisley)
 Paquette, Marie, 6
 Park, T.J., Dr., 103
 Patterson, W.A., 62-63
 Pettypiece
 Peggy, 83
 Stephen, 69
 Poczar, Jules, 20
 Poisson, E.C., Mrs., 76
 Pouget, Jimmy, 99
 Preston, Shay, Mrs., 12, 18, 50
 Price, Vincent, 2, 12, 18, 26, 82, 86
 Pugsley, W.H., 65
 Purdie, Thomas, Mrs., 75
 Pyle, Ernie, 26, 36

Quick, Fred C. & Mrs., 6

Raleigh, Walter, Sir, 10
 Randall, James, 102
 Rankin
 Arthur, Col., 102
 McKee, 102
 Reaume
 __, Mrs., 25, 103
 Joan, 53, 57, 80
 Reese, William, Mrs., 36
 Renaud
 Frederick, Mrs., 6
 Thomas, Mrs., 102
 Reynolds, Quentin, 89
 Riel, Louis, 40-41
 Rinehart, Mary Roberts, 65
 Rogers, Buck, 58
 Roosevelt, F.D., 36
 Rose, Jack, 41

Scarlett
 Anne (Paisley), 20
 Bud, 20, 31
 Scratch, F.P., Mrs., 21, 69
 Sellars, Forest, Mrs., 24
 Shaw, George Bernard, 67
 Sinatra, Frank, 69
 Sinclair, Upton, 25
 Smith
 John, 50
 'Smokey', 19
 Snow family, 3
 Spry, Frank, 17
 St. John, __, 92
 Stainton, A., Mrs., 37
 Stancliffe & French, 6
 Stanley, Lee, Mrs., 48
 Steubing
 Earl & Mrs., 43
 Wayne, 43
 Sutton, __, 83

Talman, __, Dr., 26
 Temple
 Flora (Hodgman), 8, 34
 Wallace A., 8-9
 Thistle, R.M. & Mrs., 50
 Thomas
 J. Fred, Mrs., 53
 Mildred. *See* Anderson, Mildred
 (Thomas)
 Russell, 57
 Thompson, Thomas, 30
 Thomson, A.E.M., Mrs., 10
 Thrasher
 Beverly, 80
 C.R. 'Mike', Mrs., 75
 Tillson, Peter, 68
 Tower, __, Admiral, 55
 Trimble
 J.N., 20
 Virginia. *See* Barclay, Virginia
 (Trimble)

Turner, Sid, 29
 Tweedsmuir, __, Lady, 112-113

Veale, W.T.J., Dr., 38
 Vigneux, Ray, 13

Waldron
 Beatrice (James), 4-5, 13, 26-27
 Percy D., Mrs. *See* Beatrice
 Wanless
 James, 33
 Louise (Kemp), 33
 Waugh, Evelyn, 89
 Weitzel, Tom, 8
 Wells, H.G., 58
 Westfield, __, Mrs., 21
 Whelan, Edward, 12
 White, George, 108
 Wigle
 Bill, 82, 91
 Colin, 54
 Melvin A., Mrs., 82
 Walter, 68
 Walter, Mrs., 28
 Wilde, Oscar, 33
 Wright
 Gordon, Mrs., 75
 H.A., Rev., 92
 Wyld, Doris. *See* Hutchins, Doris (Wyld)

Zimmer, Dick, Mrs., 48

Indexed by Jennifer MacLeod

ISSN 1481-6695

