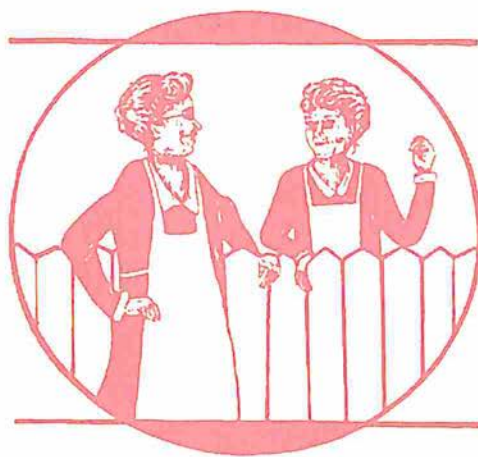




# Conversation Pieces

by  
Helen Marsh



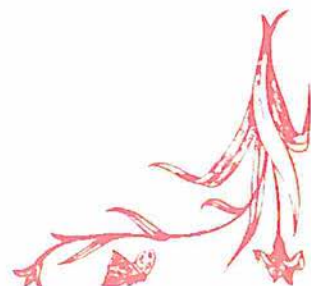
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## Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

The name of the page changed from "Of Interest to Women" to "Of Thrilling Interest to Women" to "Of Interest to the World of Women". The latter name remained for many years. However, Helen Marsh's miscellaneous column entitled "Conversation Pieces" was first represented 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 5, 1946*

Cockscomb in September - nothing could be lovelier than that dense red in the garden and that color used as a basic article or accessory to stimulate a fall wardrobe.

When I stopped teaching I had what I thought was an inexhaustible store of children's stories. Sunday night the wee girl at our house wanted "The Three Bears" so I started and what a story it turned out to be, as I had completely forgotten the sequence and consequently romanced here and there before I finally got Goldilocks running on her way home through the woods. I have a pretty dim view at present of my ability to charm a child with a story.

After teaching phonics and now, in this job, running into so many new Canadians who have difficulty with English, I thoroughly appreciated the following little gem which illustrates one of the worst stumbling blocks or freaks in English. The sentence is headed (certainly with tongue in cheek) "The Basic Ough - A rough-coated dough-faced ploughman strode through streets of Scarborough coughing and hiccoughing thoughtfully." I read once an Italian who trying to explain English to his countrymen wrote a volume entitled "English as she is spoke."

When we were having dinner at the Harrow Fair, a very large, quite old, most interesting Gypsy woman laden with jewelry and gay with shapeless clothes came and sat directly opposite. I could hardly keep from staring at her, even the lines in her face were fascinating. I wanted to ask where she was born (and if my father were here he'd add why?) Where she had lived? How many children she had? Where they were? If her life had always been nomadic? But do you know, I was too shy and now I fear that I've missed something.

How do they do it? Year after year we attend the Harrow Fair and look forward to one of the highlights, the fair dinner. Each year we think that this is the best yet, but it isn't. The capabilities of those Harrow women's groups, so far as catering to the public is concerned, is inexhaustible. We looked for evidence of shortages but there was none - chicken on Friday (lots of it too) with all the trimmings. When you plan a church supper you know approximately the number of meals to prepare, but when serving as this Helps Class of Harrow United Church did on Friday you know

how many meals were served last year and can use that as a yardstick, but as was the case Friday, 75 chickens were prepared for the day and fifty were used for dinner so the ladies scurried around and got another 25 for the supper crowd. Mrs. Lawrence Quick, the president, as we saw Friday evening when things were a bit tense for fear of "the grub running out," is a very capable leader and doesn't seem to get flustered in a pinch. At five o'clock people were in a queue in front of the dining hall and after seven when we came out there was still a line-up. After serving for two hours when we went in, the chicken, potatoes, hot gravy, applesauce, peas, carrots, salad, tomatoes, corn relish, pie, coffee, etc. couldn't have been tastier.



*September 12, 1946*

Hundreds of swallows swoop into the General Amherst High School chimney every night of late - getting ready for their long flight, I suppose.

The time of jewelry is at hand and decorative gold buttons used around the crown of a cloche do for the favorite of tailored hats what a head of garlic does to a juicy steak.

I always thought that when a woman stood with hands on hips the stance added ten years to her age. In the latest edition of an ultra smart magazine, three out of four of the sleek models are pictured with hands on hips and the disturbing influence is not there. But I still don't like it, for when a woman strikes that attitude she invariably stands with all the weight on one leg and the back view is pretty awful.

I'm not awfully pleased with these early September days - too many uninteresting leaves on the ground and too many dull drab spots on the trees and too much peplless, washed out looking grass - no rain of course - the gardens at the northern entrance to the town and the splashes in front of the Anderdon relieve the monotony of what looks like a lifeless colorless fall - and how I'll miss the color if this actually happens. P.S. The rain on Tuesday may chase the autumn picture, here's hoping.



The grape smell will soon pervade all households where jelly, jam and juice are being made from this popular fruit. Most Canadian women add grapes to their shelves because of its taste appeal, but don't realize that various medicinal values are attributed to grape juice. Five thousand years ago grapes were considered so important to health that their introduction was thought to be supernatural. The Romans credited grapes to Bacchus, the Greeks to Dionysus and with the Egyptians it was Osiris.

I'm just at the stage where I will not recommend nor definitely endorse one thing. I rave over a book or a movie; friend picks both to pieces. I shop for friend and neither the color nor quality is as good as what I have or what others get (so she says). I praise food stuffs and what she gets at some place doesn't come up to her standard and she "wondered how I could use what I got." So from now on I've decided that I'll simply give my reaction to book, movie or radio program and shy clear of the food business altogether, so if the meat is tough the responsibility won't be shifted to me. I'll wager it won't make oft-repeated conversation either.



*September 19, 1946*

A fish story - evidently in the rush and tear without the Editor an infinitesimal bit of type - (there it is) - . - used as a decimal point was left out of a story last week - the .50 inches of rainfall vs the .47 last year - it's not a flood we're having but a drought, almost.

One of the General Amherst girls who is at a camp in Northern Ontario has written home several times these past two weeks about the penetrating cold at night and her night gear, but the pay-off came in a letter Saturday when she said that she had slept with mitts on.

I, for one, who knows the lad, will be glad when Vincent Price gets out of roles of a maladjusted person, a psychopathic case. See that he has signed to co-star with Henry Fonda in "A Time to Kill" when he will play the part of a magician in a story of post-war Pittsburgh and hope he smiles and is gay as he is in real life.

Many have been the compliments on Rose Munger's wedding gown (she was married in Harrow a week ago Saturday). It seems that both the satin in the dress and the net in the veil had a decided pinkish cast which made an unusual effect. The trade name for this new (to me anyway) bridal material is cameo.

Pink and white cosmos in a green Grecian vase, placed on a west deep-silled window with the river and sunset in the background at the old Hough house Saturday night, gave warmth along with the large open fireplace to the bare room where we had dinner. The graceful vase reminded me of those *objets d'art* which we had to copy and shade way back in World War I high school days.



*September 26, 1946*

Turn the hose on spider webs and see how beautiful the intricate silver strands become - and too, it's amazing just how much water those fine threads can hold without breaking the pattern.

Despite the flare-up caused by the marigolds, chrysanthemums and dahlias, I still think that this is to be an uninteresting fall. The sun playing on the much-too-many dried leaves for this time of the year lying on our riverfront lot did liven things up a bit. But what I want is dense color in the maples, lavishly splashed around, forgetting what color should be placed beside what.

Old-time reporting of love events and predictions in the district as written in the sixty-year files amuse me. For instance, last week I ran across a news item, "Doves are hovering around the sixth of Colchester South and two marriages are expected," and "A man of the second of Malden is eyeing with matrimonial intentions the belle of the fourth of Colchester South."

Bring in a few annuals to add to the indoor garden this fall - petunias and marigolds will flower gaily in the house, if you choose bushy plants to bring inside. Mrs. Walter Wigle has great success with this. Last year after Christmas she had fuchsias, petunias and snapdragons in full bloom in an east window. Then too, here's a tip, if when the first frosty nights come you have a lot of flowers in bloom

in the garden, water them with a fine spray toward evening. Dampness evens up temperature and helps protect flowers from earlier frosts.

Was reading that nature's grandest dresser is Woody, the beautiful drake, who sports a crest. I've never seen this gay member of the duck family but I have seen some of J.H. Sutton's pheasants and they certainly flaunt their gaudy colors. Although the orange, red and browns in the golden pheasants don't appeal to me like the black and white combination in Mr. Sutton's silver pheasants. The intricate patterns in fine black and white etching on the backs of this particular breed were as lovely as any lace I have ever seen.

As I look around it seems to me that most of us have the wrong approach with friends, family and children regarding some of their habits, or shall I call them deadlines. So many of us forget that others, especially teenagers, have a different tempo of living, so why get ourselves in a lather because they are not getting to the movies on time or to a dance or to a swimming date. It's their loss. I wonder if we cut out the nagging only when it should be done, when there's a bus or a mail to catch, for instance, wouldn't it carry more weight. So often I've seen parents talking away about hurry up and they might just as well have saved their breath because evidently it has become so chronic that the children never hear it - much less obey.



**October 3, 1946**

Two tips - Save milk bottle rinse and add egg shells for plant drink. I understand plants and flowers thrive on it. If dishes are to be dried in the rack, rinse first with boiling water, then add a few drops of ammonia to solution and bring to a boil. Then rinse and dip in alcohol.

Another tip - Diamond rings can be cleaned at home. Put in a strainer over white soap suds and add a few drops of ammonia to solution and bring to a boil. Then rinse and dip in alcohol.

Pretty plain words but sometimes we too have found with loaned books, you need them - I noticed one of Dr. Abbott's old medical books at the Museum and

printed on the leaves at the top were these words, "Stolen from R. H. Abbott."

When J.A.M. was in Toronto on Saturday he was talking to a friend who returned very recently from a trip to Europe. He told that the clothes and food situation in England is ghastly - that Englishmen and women don't seem to be bitter either when they look at the attractive clothes being displayed in the shop windows and at the sign below which reads "For export only."

Noticed that the Pictou, Nova Scotia paper editorially is advocating that a woman run for town councillor. The editor says, "Don't think the idea is silly, either, for there never was any sort of business that wasn't the better for having a woman's touch." I heartily agree with Pictou's idea and we have plenty of smart, sound-thinking women right here in Amherstburg who could, if they would, be an asset to the council or the school boards. [*Editors' Note: The first woman elected to public office in Amherstburg was Josephine Ouellette, who became a trustee for the Essex County Separate School Board in 1957. Amherstburg's first female town councillor was Rose Kelly, elected in 1973.*]

Mrs. Irene Kitchen is giving a fine picture of the South Dalhousie Street of eight years ago to the Museum. It shows the west side of the street from her grandfather Kane's Drug Store (now the L. J. Montgomery house) to old Mrs. Kingsmill's house (The Deerhead Club). South of the drug store is Henry McKinny's house, where Amherstburg's first library was housed. The Dr. Jas. Park house looks exactly as it does today and the Kevill house on the corner is gone.

John Kane was appointed the first coroner in Essex County in 1860 and Mrs. Kitchen is also giving his official appointment to the Museum.

When the Jaunting Group of the Windsor University Women's Club was holding an informal meeting on the grounds at the Museum Saturday afternoon discussing the jaunt for October, I listened in. The women talked over trips to the zoo, *Detroit Times*, Cranbrook, the Rackham Building, Detroit Institute of Arts, Greenfield Village, Detroit Library and Pelee Island. What struck me during the discussion was the fact that the women had never been to those spots so near Windsor, that they knew nothing of that charming project at Cranbrook or of Detroit's famous Art Centre. It all boils down to the fact that so often things closest to us are what we pass by. We do go around often to see the points of interest in our

locality when we have visitors from afar. They, in answer to our "What will we do today?", get us out to Dearborn or to the art centre, for they know more about those wonderful projects than we who almost literally live right on top of them.



*October 10, 1946*

Nature is in its most prolific mood these days, but I still wish she would get a little more generous with the color.

Face the northwest tonight (Thursday) and watch the shooting star display - a phenomenon that we can't afford to miss (if weather conditions permit, of course).

The ten-year-old girls of today make leaf houses just as we did, only I notice that they have the occasional piece of real furniture and don't make their houses with as many rooms as we did - trend of modern home building has struck them also.

Interest is growing in horoscopes and sales of magazines on astrology are reaching big figure brackets. Every so often of late, when talking birthdays, someone will say to me, "Are we in the same sign?" - people whom you would never associate with an interest in that subject.

I couldn't concentrate on one thing in particular as I walked along Laird at twilight Monday night - the pinkish glow from the setting sun gave a magical effect to the most commonplace weed, the almost full moon was not to be outdone and then giving ear appeal (there was eye appeal also) was the continuous light staccato of falling leaves.

A stunning hand-loomed knitting bag was my surprise package Saturday. Weaving is one of Canada's most interesting handicrafts and now that wool is being released from the scarce list gradually, the possibilities of this craft will be greater. It is most interesting to see the work being done by several of the more advanced pupils of the weaving classes which were given last year in the basement of the library.

One day of late a mother and young son, Kindergarten age, were going out of Jones' Soda Shop and as lad bounded out, mother in low tones asked him to "come back and open the door for mother." It was done very quietly and I thought that little things like that, learned as a small child, help youngsters over the teenage stage and make them comfortable grown-ups. They are not socially awkward at any time.

Our river, or as I think of it, my river, catching the reflections of the trees, the river lights, the stars, the dark hulk of the freighters, its smooth surface gashed by the moonlight, was vibrant with life Sunday night. Did you ever look at the moon-strip on the shimmering river through an old pine tree? It's just like something a movie producer would think up to set the stage for romance. There are several spots along the river - Captain McQueen's, F.H. Cooper's and Herbert Paetz' - where this picture may be seen.



*October 17, 1946*

"A sharp tongue usually goes with a dull mind" - At first glance you'll think I'm wrong, but look around.

Last Tuesday night at the Rotary dinner someone was thoughtful enough, or I was smart enough, to sit near a bunch of nasturtiums which was like controlled flames with its wee tongues of fire.

Dissension in the ranks of the 8-12-year-old boys all over the bell bottom trousers and navy hats of the sea scouts. Some of the lads of the Cub age evidently are so keen about the swank of the two articles of uniform mentioned above that cubbing and its uniform has lost its glamor - bell bottom trousers the reason. Do you wonder?

Several times of late on a chilly evening, we've had the fireplace roaring and I noticed that it makes things around it fluid and beautiful (for nothing is more beautiful than water to me), even the reflection of the lamp, window curtains, brass candlesticks, window, Royal Doulton setter opposite as seen in the mantle mirror drift and become molten and warm.



*October 24, 1946*

Some sports writers haven't a more avid follower than I - although with the glorious warm weekend weather I just couldn't devour the report of the Red Wings game in the Monday morning paper - hockey and the lustrous blue to which October's sun has polished the sky just don't go together in my mind.

The editor is glowing in his praise of Malcolm Bingay's "Detroit is My Home Town" - so I've something in the reading line to look forward to this week if rummaging and other such activities don't knock too many hours out of my day.

Embarrassment often results when women do not know the difference between "Let's have lunch or dinner together" and "I should like you to have lunch with me." The first certainly means a "Dutch Treat" affair and the second definitely should be answered by "Thanks" (and no fumbling for money).

The death of Mrs. Vincent L. Price, Vinmar (Vincent and Marguerite, part of their first names, to coin the name) Lodge brings to mind the many outstanding entertainments which she directed for Christ Church, Amherstburg. Mrs. Price had the knack of good showmanship and she could draw into her groups often the greenest of green local talent and after her training and suggestions the finished performance was worth seeing.

The other night before attending a meeting of the Essex County Library Association at Willistead I took in the exhibition of Canadian Artists in the gallery. Although I wouldn't have any place in my home for Kathleen Munn's works, I found her two pencil drawings by far the most interesting. The geometrical precision in the background, the shading and the artist's remarkable knowledge of anatomy appealed to me. The two Munn pictures being shown currently are "The Crucifixion" and "The Last Supper."

Every time I go to Willistead Library I get a lift from something I see, and the other night the biggest chuckle was from a glance through a book "I am a neurotic" - the author was a doctor with a marvelous sense of humor who with his tongue in his

cheek put us (women especially) straight on many of the queerish things we do, which although we don't recognize as danger signals, some psychiatrists interpret as such. After reading this book we don't need to fear when such and such a psychologist tells us that when we rush back in the house too often to see if the stove's off we are in the first stages of a mental illness.



*October 31, 1946*

The houses have sprung to life these autumn nights, even in the Sunday night fog.

No use rehashing the gold and blue weekend with all its glory, but the teenagers playing football on the park in their bare feet caused more than a chuckle.

Real hair nets are on the market again at 25c a piece. These necessities are made in China and the rather high price shows what inflation can do to a country. At that price, I understand the wholesalers are just making their normal profit.

As a member of the Fourth Estate I certainly don't feel that I should get into various functions without paying. I am a citizen of this community and as a citizen realize my responsibility toward civic or church functions.

Bulb time is here for the indoor garden as well as the outdoor. If spring bulbs are to be forced indoors, buy cured or treated bulbs, which have been prepared for forcing long before they are on sale. Earth is the natural situation for bulbs, although in pots or glasses they will bloom under unnatural conditions. Potted bulbs must be allowed to make a vigorous root growth in a dark, cool spot before being brought into the warmth of the room.



*November 7, 1946*

About 100 Essex County Artists are currently exhibiting their work at



Willistead.

The two monarch butterflies that glided across my path Sunday literally glistened in the sharp sunshine and soft air which were mixing their heady elixir, not only for me but for them.

When thoughts of stoking coal, winter clothes and winter activities are being pushed aside by the warm unbelievable weather, it seemed very strange to see Mr. St. John cleaning up the skating rink spot in the park Monday, preparing to get up the wall boards.

The sumac on Bob-Lo is proving a magnet to me and drawing me to that island to wander around as I did every fall as a child gathering nuts and mushrooms and getting my fill of that delightful spot without a lot of people around who don't care for much there except the amusements.

So we resent the fact that some of the British brides find us cold. I wonder if they haven't a perfect right to their opinion. Here in Amherstburg there are perhaps 55 British brides and I wonder how many callers or invitations they have had. They who are used to a cup of tea and a chat in the afternoon must miss it - and it's such an easy form of entertainment.

Since I've been riding the buses more frequently of late, I've had my eyes opened on why some men don't offer their seats to women. They've been embarrassed too often. I saw it myself the other night. "My seat, Madame," he said, "Oh no, I couldn't," and the argument went on and on as people pushed and pushed, and I'll wager the poor man felt he had plague. Sometimes we hate to take the tired businessman's seat but it would make him feel better if when he offers we accept with gratitude and no argument. It makes me provoked when men say we're impolite in crowds - but maybe we are.

In 50 years the Women's Institute has become a power not only in Canada but in the world. Next year when the Golden Jubilee is celebrated the reading public will hear how this women's organization has raised the status of women throughout the world.

It's really amazing how the popularity of the Brunner Mond Friday evening dancing parties has kept up through the past four years. The young people of the town from teenagers to the twenty-people are a dandy lot and it's a pleasure to be there with them.

Was reading an article on why women prefer to work for men and the theory advanced was that when women work for women the romance factor is gone. Nor do they take orders so readily from women bosses because a woman is more of an equal. Then too, the article went on to say a woman employer can see through many little feminine tricks that a girl can work successfully on male employers, which makes her unpopular. Then, giving the older woman a dig, said she may feel jealous of the younger, prettier girl employee, especially true since the younger girl may be able to marry some man who is even superior to her woman employer and thus quickly gain an indirect superiority to the woman boss.

Well, I haven't been around in business enough to feel this or see why women couldn't work together amicably - to be powerful, women have to stick together in a good working unit.

When reading about the critical pettiness of women bosses, I thought of a friend's recent comment on Detroit's highest paid woman columnist, Vera Brown. Friend knows Miss Brown intimately, in fact worked with her, and said that although Miss Brown is a very hard worker, 14 to 16 hours a day and never misses a deadline, she is most sympathetic toward persons under her who have neither physical strength nor the ability to keep up to her standard, and she's always ready to give help and encouragement to every girl in the office. Never too busy to assist and give constructive criticism to the reporter just learning the game. As a consequence, friend said Miss Brown is liked by all who work with her and certainly not forgotten by those who have left the *Times*, as friend has.



*November 14, 1946*

Like the looks and the feel of low-heeled wedgies but despite the New York shoe fashion designers, I cannot see the beauty in the high-heeled ones - a bound Chinese woman's foot comes to mind.



I heartily agree with what a New York advertising woman said, "A woman can be as efficient as any business tycoon - as active as a lumberjack! But the secret of her charm is still femininity!" I feel that goes for women in the home, too.

This is the introduction to a wedding write-up in the *Echo* fifty years ago. The press certainly gave the bride away in a blaze of words in 1896. Here it is: "At noon on Wednesday last, another of Amherstburg's fair and most popular daughters was sacrificed on the Hymenial altar in the beautifully decorated parlors at her father's residence," etc., etc.

Through the silvery rain Monday morning as I looked river-ward the incongruity of nature was so apparent, dense green grass, dandelions, piles of leaves, bare trees, ageratum, salvia, delicate pink snapdragons and petunias blooming luxuriantly in the garden. To the north the picture was similar with red ivy, chrysanthemums, marigolds, dahlias and zinnias defying the bare trees and gray autumn sky.

One of my pet peeves is a practical joker, and after seeing the exhausted state of friend the other night after having had a telephone call that his pal had been involved in an accident only to have the person supposed to have been involved walk in oblivious of commotion, I decided that doctors should if they could perform operations at birth on such people and remove the particular body part which prompts such actions.

The women do it again. When the initial plans for the Servicemen's turkey dinner were made, the fact of serving a bang-up turkey dinner with all the trimmings to 400 or so hungry ex-service personnel in an auditorium without adequate kitchen equipment seemed a colossal, almost impossible feat. But when a group of women from all different organizations and churches get together, they can do wonders. Evidently from the glowing reports of the food and the replete look of the guests at seven, you have to hand it to the women. They will attempt and carry through anything.

How can it be stopped! By parents, teachers and Sunday School teachers co-operating no doubt. For children so often spoil the solemnity of an occasion, I've noticed, just as they did at Remembrance Day Services Monday afternoon. The laying of poppies on the grave of the unknown soldier is a symbol, a symbol of the

blood of the soldiers in Flanders Fields. In each Remembrance Day Service this ritual is carried out. Unfortunately the servicemen had hardly placed their poppies Monday when a bevy of 20 or so children crowded around the grave and grabbed them up. I saw the real poppies growing on Vimy Ridge and felt the deep significance and regretted this incident Monday afternoon. Mrs. Earl McQueen had an experience when she was in Ostend. It seems that she went out of the town for a walk and came back with an armful of poppies. When the Belgian hotel keeper saw her she cried, "Oh no Madame, the soldier's blood." To her it was a sacrilegious act to pick the Flanders blood. By this time the poppies had wilted, Mrs. McQueen said, and Madame took the armful of flowers from her and threw them away.



*November 21, 1946*

Mrs. Robert Park has a 17-year-old rubber plant in bloom for the first time - small starry flowers.

When a family picnic is held in the Town Park, Sunday November 17, that is news - and deserves more emphasis than I'm able to give it.

An earthy pink hollyhock is still nodding to me as I come out into the sunshine these glorious November (is it really?) mornings.

Every Sunday when I read the Sunday papers I heave a sigh of relief that I am not a proof-reader for one of the Metropolitan papers in the classified section.

"I know you'll like to hear this, Miss Marsh," was what a Harrow person close to the Department of Veterans Affairs challenged me with. Then went on to say that a prominent official in the Department said that the returned boys in Amherstburg were doing the best job of adjusting as a whole group of any under their jurisdiction. And I did like to hear that.

A young acquaintance with two children writes a homey column and so often uses her children as copy. Friends have been criticizing her, saying that the

youngsters will resent it when they grow older. I read the articles and don't feel that way at all, for the young mother certainly doesn't go into too much personal stuff, merely tells the girls' reaction to new experiences and hers, too, as a young, gay university-bred modern mother.

It doesn't seem so long ago (and it really wasn't) that Ruth Haas was attending General Amherst High School, and now she's the first woman to be made president of a Teachers' College in the State of Connecticut. With all the acclaim Ruth has had since she started in the teaching profession, possibly 20 years ago, she has been modest about her success. Her influence on the teaching group and her students has been worthwhile and her loyalty and affection toward family and friends will be one of her traits mentioned in her biography (there certainly will be one).

One of our young women at University in Toronto was assigned an essay, so she chose Amherstburg. Evidently she did a good job on her home town for she got a "B" - but when the professor was criticizing and suggesting he said, "Why didn't you mention Jones' tin-roofs and a weiner roast along the river." He had spent a day here at one time and is evidently very human, for along with the history he liked the everyday things about this town that we like. The story was a good illustration of trying to be too erudite (as many speakers are) when what really appeals is a bit of human interest tucked in.



*November 28, 1946*

The duller hues in nature, especially the rust of the shapely beech on Laird Avenue, are most attractive to me these days.

I've always thought that beauty in the home was not in lavish decorations or too grand furniture with which one couldn't be comfortable, but in a bit of color round about - three colors, especially. For a long time I've wanted a room with navy blue, white and coral. Restful and conducive to good living, I think.

In Australia it is compulsory for each student from the time he learns to read to read one book a week, and as a consequence the Australian airmen in training in

Canada always carried a book around and were the best informed of any of the lads he encountered in the R.C.A.F., Mr. McMullen, assistant I.P.S. in Essex, said Thursday. If this plan could be worked out in Ontario we would be a very literate citizenry.

I wonder if the children of today got as much kick out of the low water in the river on Friday as we used to get. When the water was pushed out to the channel bank we would mush around looking for treasures on the shiny, ripply fascinating river bottom. Hope the youngsters found the empty Callam's Bay; if they did and followed wet footprints in the sand and heard their voices carried away by the strong wind, they've stepped into the fun of a couple of generations ago.

How many of us would have reacted like Miss Berry? - shows character and control, I think. Many years ago, a Georgia school teacher named Martha Berry asked Henry Ford to contribute one million dollars for her little country school. Instead, he handed her a dime.

Miss Berry used the ten cents to start a peanut crop, and at the end of each year she sent the auto magnate a detailed report on the receipts from her harvest. Ford became so impressed with her sincerity that he finally paid a visit to the Berry School and wrote out a cheque for more than the million dollars that had been requested.

You can say to yourself, "I wish they would go home" when guests after many "We must go's" keep staying on and on, but there's absolutely nothing a hostess can do about it except a frozen smile and stick to the bitter end. They are your guests and even though I do remember a hostess, when a sing-song was in progress, starting "Good Night Ladies," it was not the right thing to do. Probably you, the hostess, will learn after several all-night sessions that when a guest if you make a gesture to leave do so without any settling back, and that a short animated visit is best all around.

Recently I read the most praiseworthy article on promptness and believed every word about it being a matter of budgeting time and of a person never doing more than he knows he can do and of the social error of being late and of clocking oneself for promptness. I felt that everything the author said should be observed as was, but I wondered if he had ever lived on a small town merry-go-round where I find you

can't say at 9:30, "I'll write *Conversation Pieces* until -10, at 10 I'll read voters' lists," when probably at ten you're in the car headed south unexpectedly. In theory this budgeting time is perfect but...



*December 5, 1946*

Politeness is like an air cushion - there may be nothing in it but it eases the jolts...quite true.

Last year it was pressure cookers for Christmas. Wonder what it will be this year? What do you bet that there will be a run on record players and records.

The very latest chatter flavored with inflation, I thought, when friend said to Detroit visitor, "Why don't you get small boy's hair cut when you're over here today. It only costs 50 cents."

Was taken aback with the astonishing beauty of that sudden picture of pink sky and a pink river as I looked at it through the gnarled bare branches of the Mediterranean locusts late Saturday afternoon.

It's quite right, there is a whole age-group of children nowadays who will grow up without the thrill of flattening their noses against a showcase full of candy and picking out what penny candy they like.

Sitting by a window is useless from a health point of view unless the window is open, declare health authorities (I like it anyway and so does the old sun worshipper, the red setter Bobby). These authorities point out the glass cuts off the essential ultraviolet rays of the sun. In fact the article goes on to say that the only sure way of getting these rays is to stay out of doors at least one hour each day.

Most of us have loved the 1946 autumn, but not the duck hunters, for they have been thoroughly disgusted with their bags this fall. The weather has been so mild that the ducks as they journeyed southward didn't hug the mainland and try to feed in sheltered areas as they do in a rough, cold blustery fall. This year there was no

need of that so they fed farther afield out of gun range. Later on it will be a rare treat to be invited to a wild duck (deep frozen) dinner with wild rice - an invitation which must not be turned down.

You know I wonder if we could bring an element of fun into our shopping this Christmas and laugh a bit with the saleswomen when we can't get what we want, if it would make things pleasanter. I think if we do it from the other side of the counter that possibly we wouldn't get so many cold sober definite "Nos" with the deliberate turn of the heel as a "get out" gesture. I'm going to try it the next time I go into the wool shop to ask for pale yellow baby wool. I'll turn on the charm machine and let you know the results.

I know it's very hard for mothers with young children to be always nagging about etiquette points but it certainly pays in the end, for because of a knowledge of the rudiments of correct living, teenagers are comfortable not only with own contemporaries but with older people. There are two high school age sisters who come up to the Friday dances and I find their quiet manners most attractive. I don't know their mother, have never seen her, but I know that these girls are part of a large family so she must be busy, but evidently not too busy to help them adjust from the home to the outside world.

The most charming person is the one who is natural, is herself and not the one who pretends to be something that she isn't. A conversation along this line the other night led to social errors made because one wants to be so nice and correct that she loses that naturalness which appeals. In a facetious vein toward the end of that chat I said, what foot does the woman who is careful about entrances and exits use to step into the new running-board-less cars. I try the right foot and find the left excess baggage, in fact almost leave it outside, then sit down kerplunk. I don't get a pivot when I step first with the left. Oh Beatrice Fairfax what shall I do.



*December 12, 1946*

Haven't read "Miracle of the Bells" but understand from friend in book shop who is a good thoughtful reader that it is the best book published in the last six

years.

After the tragedy in Leamington Friday when a twin boy killed his mother, I am more than interested in the new picture "The Dark Mirror" with Olivia de Haviland, which is a psychological picture in which she plays the parts of the twin girls with decidedly opposite temperaments.

I never get tired of Christmas carols when we have a typical old-fashioned cold snowy Christmas, but when I was sitting in a downtown restaurant the other night, having come from the moonlit streets still basking in the mildness of the weather which meant no hat necessary, I thought I couldn't stand "Holy Night" blaring from the nickelodeon. For some unknown reason it sounded sacrilegious.

Mike Coyle is doing a spot of writing about his experiences while a prisoner of war and while imprisoned in a Gestapo prison after his escape and subsequent recapture. This story should make good reading and we hope he gets a publisher who will want more and more, because he certainly has a good story to tell.

The other day I was in the Dominion Store and was talking about the overcrowded condition of buses coming from Windsor and I said, "Evidently the age of chivalry is dead." I was overheard by the manager and others who with guffaws kidded me about being so idealistic and said that there was no evidently about it, it died long ago, didn't I know?

When discussing words, crossword puzzle words, with a young woman in Harrow recently she told me that she had read a Webster's Dictionary from beginning to end. Being as I've said before interested in words, I could digest an infinitesimal part probably five or six related words, but to read through a dictionary would be worse than climbing an Alp. This conversation did remind me of a woman I met on an ocean liner who wrote the "J" for Webster's and said that it was fascinating work after the first drudgery was done. She found the newly coined modern words of interest. I wonder how many new out-of-the war "J's" she has (if she's still at it).



*December 19, 1946*

In a personalized column which I read in a Newfoundland paper I see that the columnist is blowing up the stadium boots which the girls and women on the mainland are wearing. She described this latest of women's winter clothing minutely and hoped that soon they would be available to the Newfoundland girls.

A leading child psychologist who champions the bobby soxers is of the opinion that if the voting age was raised to 30 the results wouldn't be as good because there are too many influences than if it were lowered to 18, as that is the clear thinking age at the moment. Some of those people who cry delinquent youth of 1946 and compare them unfavorably with the young people of the good old days should take note.

"I've never been up close to a Christmas tree," said one of the Scotch war brides to me, "so am looking forward to my first Christmas in Canada with a real Christmas tree." This Scotch lassie also went on to tell of their New Year's customs and traditions - the first footing and the shining house with its table laid with good New Year's food and everyone in the household dressed in best bib and tucker sitting around waiting the New Year's coming.

What a lovely Christmas hundreds of Detroit families are going to have because they have invited children from two well-known orphanages to spend the day with them! Just imagine too the delight of those children to be part of a family for Christmas. In fact, I understand that every child in these two large orphanages has an invitation for Christmas Day. But I really don't believe the child's happiness will be as great as that of the family who has him as their Christmas guest.



*December 26, 1946*

Making angels in the snow! From one generation to another this fun and supposedly good luck act is passed along.

"Promise yourself to give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you

have no time to criticize others." A resolution I'd like to make these change-of-heart days - and keep.

No use waxing eloquent over the beauty Saturday morning with the snow doing the nicest things to the world. But the Christmas Spirit certainly rode in on the snow that glorious day of the equinox.

Perfect areas interwoven made by car tracks in the virgin snow caught my eye the other morning. A photographer with an eye for modernity would have had an interesting subject there at the end of Dalhousie Street.

"Is it true skirts are longer?" They definitely are and in fact a bit longer in the back than in the front. Suit coats should also be longer in the back. Mid-calf length is the verdict. I wore my new suit for the first time Friday. The pencil slim skirt is long and as I say tips down a bit in the back and when I got out of the car after the keno, in the shadow on the snow the shorter coat and longer skirt effect wasn't a good line. In fact, looked dowdy. It would be alright as a costume without a topper. We women do have our fashion troubles. I'll wager women as a whole won't accept the longer skirt.

When Mrs. Yeoman was in town recently she told of a lightweight but wind-resistant ski and sport jacket which her daughter Barbara has designed and which has caught on with sport enthusiasts. Mrs. Yeoman herself has made gay knitted vestees as accessories to these draw-string jackets. Came across a good picture of Barbara in a recent American magazine seated at her drawing board with one of the jackets on a model alongside. The story below told of her meteoric rise in the designing world and that at present she is associated with Fred Picard creating clothes for sport. Would it be alright to say, "I taught her to read and hold a pencil," or is that as corny as "I knew her when."

Mrs. Semeniuk at the Tea Garden brought down a delightful story on Christmas in Ukraine which not only told the ancient Christmas customs but the modern ones in that South Russian country. In the story telling of how it was on Christmas before the Germans came and how it will be again the story teller says that in that twilight of Christmas Eve in the Ukraine the house was warm and shiny clean when the door opened and father entered, carrying a beautiful sheaf of wheat.

"He bade us 'good evening' and stood the sheaf of wheat - yes, the 'dyid,' the old man, back of the table, in the 'honorary' corner under the icon then laced some basil leaves through the 'dyid's' girdle.

"You see, long, long ago, before Christ came, our ancestors celebrated kolyada, a time when the evil of cold winter passed and the good of warm weather, with its final awakening of nature, began to return or as my babusha used to say - 'When the sun grew in strength and the day in length.' That was a truth, they celebrated, the eternal triumph of good over evil and to remember that, we will give their old god of plenty, the 'dyid', who fed and protected the family, a place of honor. How long ago was that. Why, my babusha used to say that in those times no one knew how to bake bread yet, but fed themselves with cooked whole wheat grains. I read in books that that was more than a thousand years ago. Think of it, a thousand years and we still include a dish of whole wheat grains among the twelve courses served on Christmas Eve. We call the dish 'kutya.' " Charming, isn't it?



*January 2, 1947*

The first quarter moon as it hung low over Bob-Lo Sunday night was a strange scarlet color making a brilliant red blade cleanly severing the river.

It won't be long before the word "stockings" will be obsolete, I'm thinking, for have you noticed that "nylons" is the thing to say - for not often do we hear "nylon stockings."

Those of you who were too busy to look up at nine a.m. Monday missed the sun playing on the ice show at the tip top of the trees, making them vibrate with life and proving my theory that light definitely gives life and beauty.

The New Year is here - 1947 - and if we women are to take our place in what so many and very wrongly too, call a man's world, I do think we should all keep in mind even if we're busy that sprucing up a bit helps women to be alert - and it pays dividends too.

Occasionally one gets in on criticism of the dampness and the flatness of the



Banana Belt. But those who like to hear themselves talk forget that when all about us (like over the weekend) storms - ice, cold, snow - which were heralded became an actuality, we shivered at the thought of things to come which never came in all their fury, just a small sample.

I've always been of the impression that the old English Christmas carol was "God Rest Ye Merry Gentleman," but friend in hospital who knows all and hears all the radio news because of necessity told that one band leader said that song should be "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," that it was a greeting similar to a toast.

Being the sort of person to whom books mean tremendously, I've picked them up wherever I've been and labelled them so that when I'm looking around and see "Paris 1936" I have a flash-back to Brentanos and the taxi driver who didn't get a big enough tip after he had to wait while I browsed through a book stall or two on the left bank of the Seine when we were on the way back to the hotel. All this leads up to the "Miracle of the Bells" which I got for Christmas which is labelled 1946 and which in time will take its place among the book records of nice things in the past.

Have you noticed that sweet and slow ballads are the most popular with radio audiences and record buyers these days, for instance "The Old Lamplighter" has topped the Hit Parade for weeks and weeks. This is an interesting swing from the ballyhoo and boogie woogie of the war days when the bobby soxers' opinion counted. Now it doesn't count at all, for the more mature opinion of the returned men with regard to popular music has changed all that.



*January 9, 1947*



Those raucous crows which flock along Highway No. 18 were gobbling down the sand on the icy road Monday morning.

Hitting the all-time low level of tact, acquaintance at the door of the hospital in Windsor the other day crowed, "My dear you look so well I didn't recognize you."

Can hardly resist the magnetic power of the ice on the rink and wonder, should I try out first in the dead of night or give the youngsters a good laugh - but I know, for sure, I'm going to get the skates out.

The excited dial tone of the cardinal attracted me to the south window Sunday morning, "I want food," was what she said to me and continued, "The silvery sheen of the world is beautiful to you but I can't find even a berry, for the red barberry berries which you admire in their ice coats aren't appetizing to me."

To make quick and tasty fowl-à-la-king, use a can of mushroom soup. Just the cut-up fowl and soup is a good combination, but naturally the addition of celery and pepper makes it better. So often, though, time enters into the preparation of meals when a can opener comes into its own.

Read a splendid review over the weekend of Lloyd Stevenson's biography of Sir Frederick Banting. Dr. Stevenson, the author, is the husband of Jean Campbell, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peter Campbell of Amherstburg.

Friend's children were promised that they would be awakened to see the New Year in. When we were talking about it I laughingly said that I hoped they wouldn't be disappointed if they expected a cataclysmic thing, a sort of upheaval in a physical way. Then went on to tell of the time J.A.M. and I got up (in fact didn't sleep all the night before) to see the sunrise for the first time. Its beauty and effect on the earth had been so built up that I could hardly wait for day to break, expecting I don't know what, and when it came in all its quietness I felt let down, as I wanted the Eastern sky to open and color burst forth in a furious riot.

An interesting woman died in Harrow last week, Mrs. Frances Pollard McLain, aged 85 years, who had in her youth been a school teacher in Anderdon. After a few years' teaching, this courageous woman (and it took courage for a woman to branch out in the 1880s) went to Philadelphia and trained for a nurse. She enlisted in the Spanish American War after graduation and saw service in Fernandina, Fla., Savannah, Georgia, and Cuba. During the war she married Isaac McLain who died during the typhoid epidemic in Cuba. When I heard about Mrs. McLain, who is an aunt of the Pollard family, I thought that she is certainly one of the women who championed the idea in those long ago days that we can think and do for ourselves

even in what was then called a man's world.



*January 16, 1947*

Balmy Tuesday made a perfect reflecting mirror of the skating rink.

Put strips of waterproof adhesive tape across the soles and heels of rubbers and the icy walks won't hold such fear.

Noticed in a Hollywood dispatch that Vincent Price is slated for the movie version of "Miracle of the Bells".

Eight-year-old got a cowgirl suit for Christmas and when Mother and I were talking I commented on both the cowboy outfits and Indian outfits which J.A.M. had and she said that youngsters of today aren't interested in the Indian side of play-life. Roy Rogers is the hero so cowboy life is the ultimate of all things wonderful.

As if to show what really could be done with colors, the sun literally belched out breath-taking reds Monday morning, all the more effective as I soaked in the display with the branch of the sleepy maples in the park in the foreground of my vision. The reflection of this volcano-like puff of red on the windows of the Scratch house gave it a fairy-castle effect.

Barbara Ann Scott, Canadian and North American Women's figure skating champion, who is in Switzerland at present contesting the European championships and who will seek the world title in Norway, is a young friend of Captain and Mrs. J. E. McQueen. It seems that the McQueens lived with her mother for a short time when they were in Ottawa. Mrs. McQueen was saying that with all the acclaim which this young eighteen-year-old has had not only for her skating but for her music, she is completely unspoiled.

Seem to be dwelling too much this week on what I see out-of-doors but the prolonged sleet storm did bring out some unusual shots - for instance as we drove home from Harrow last Wednesday the landscape had a glazed effect in the

afternoon sun and J.A.M. got edgy with my too frequent, "Oh look at this or that," after all the highway itself was glazed and driving precarious, but he did respond to my enthusiasm as we skimmed along by the stone school house and saw the unusual - the Amherstburg channel completely blocked with ice, good for skating in spots, and a freighter puffing along down the Livingstone Channel.



*January 23, 1947*

The friendly toots from the *Atomic* and *Henry Stokes* broke the winter river silence on Friday when they were en route to Walkerville to move some ships to Ecorse.

In the grey world of Monday, the patch of myrtle which covers our so-called rock garden was amazingly St. Patrick green, dense and lively. The greys and that green set off a nice spark from my aesthetics chord despite the fact that the rain was dripping in my shoes.

The following little story could most certainly be captioned, "Move Over Emily Post." It concerns another rule of etiquette that has been added to the roster at a Californian Military Camp. The point of etiquette reads: "Hereafter, a socially mature rookie will not cut in on a dance until the couple has danced 25 steps. He may, however, if he wishes, stalk his intended victim counting in his ear '10-11-12-13-14', provided he maintains the proper cadence."

A few years ago I heard Ann Lukes, daughter of William Lukes and Ann Lee, give a series of readings at Wesley Church - well done, too. Now I see that this young woman is on the staff of the John Robert Powers School of Charm in the Book Building, Detroit. According to a write-up on this school, which majors in charm, it's not only the body beautiful which is encouraged but the mind comes in for a course in training, too. In the picture of the entire Powers staff Miss Lukes, who teaches diction and voice quality, stands out for her poise and charming looks.

Having sat in on Essex County Library Association meetings and heard about the loan collections of records and pictures, I was particularly interested that picture



lending for a library card and a small fee actually began Saturday from Willistead Library. More than 30 originals of both outstanding Ontario artists including A.Y. Jackson and Essex County artists and some reproductions of American and European artists are available for rental so that people may enjoy pictures in their own home for a stipulated period of time a month. Windsor is the second city in the Dominion to attempt such a project which in my estimation will steadily raise the cultural standard not only in the city but in the county.

Young women about to step out into a world of business who want an adult rating should know at the outset that their days of sloppy sweaters, bobby sox and flattees are over, that prospective employers so often judge grooming and charm above intelligence and ability. I remember reading what a veteran businesswoman said that the wise young woman makes her heaviest clothing investment in becoming apparel for the part of her life that provides her living. I know that it's a complete switchover from the informality of dress of high school and commercial class days but feel that when entering the adult world of business it pays for them to look and act the part and know that with these young women a little thought along this line brings along a dividend not only from men but from women employers.



*January 30, 1947*

Even the birds and the bees and the flowers (our tulips on the warm south side of the house) liked the preview of Spring over the weekend. As for people and dogs, they were ecstatic over the balmy air, the sunshine, the sky and the fact that when walking they greeted friends they hadn't seen in months. I noticed too, that the pessimist who grumbled, "We'll pay up for this later," was sauntering around looking things over in preparation for Spring, forgetting as we all did the date line.

While we basked in an almost semi-tropical January 26 weekend, snow blanketed Europe from the Scottish Highlands to the French Riviera. Three days before bathers swam in the Mediterranean and at one resort it was the first snow of a century. In flash back I thought of Nice on the Riviera - of its lovely Lido (swimming spot), its wide avenues lined with palms, its outside cafes where in ultra

sports attire people leisurely eat and drink and watch the promenaders, but certainly not a Nice covered with snow. I can hardly conceive a palm tree with snow on it, just as I can hardly imagine a northern Christmas dinner (as we know it) in a hot country.

The death of Miss Blake in New York last week brought out interesting anecdotes about her mother's people, the O'Raffertys, who emigrated from Ireland. The father of this very large Irish family brought his children as far as he could and still remain on British soil, so the place they landed was Amherstburg. It seems according to his granddaughter, Mrs. Denis Pilon, that as he came up the hill from the boat which landed at the Murray Street dock in those days, he was bewildered about night's lodgings and care of all his sons and daughters in a strange land. He met old Mr. O'Madden who, when he heard that Mr. O'Rafferty was just out from the old land, took the whole family home and insisted they stay with them. As a consequence a warm and long friendship developed. No relationship, as many have thought.



*February 6, 1947*

The Hungarians around Harrow were delighted to see their fellow countryman Ilona Massey in Holiday in Mexico. In fact, I understand, one family on the Potlake Road had known her in the old country.

There's nothing boring about the weather nor the colors round about these days with the whites and blacks and greys of the sleet, the gaudiness of the sunrise and sunset and daytime sky on the mild day and the blues whipped in by the wind and cold as of Tuesday.

Was interested to learn that in England parents who leave their young children locked up alone in the house while they go to the theatre or other amusement are liable to prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Remember the good old days when we women went in for frills and lace and ruffles? Well, those days are here again and I'm glad, for I love the feminine touch

on softly tailored things - on all our wearing apparel. A too strictly tailored woman misses a lot of the thrill of the frou-frou which shoots up one's self respect, I think.

Saw Lalique glass in nature Wednesday afternoon. Soon after the ice storm started I was sitting in the car facing a colorful sign board at McDonald Motor Sales in Harrow. The windows of the car were covered with ripply ice and all I could see (in the dullish grey light) was a beautiful effect of indefinite color through crystal from the sign.

Clair Boothe Luce probably got in wrong with many of her sex when she made the following remark in New York recently: "Men will be better, wiser and more peace-loving when they are reared by wiser, tenderer and more intelligent and unselfish women. Our great failure is not that we have failed to be politicians or statesmen, or scientists or soldiers or scholars. It is simply that we have failed so tragically to be better women."

The Jolson Story is fine entertainment - a review of the rise of the famous entertainer whose novel way of putting over a song has brought pleasure to millions during the past 20 or so years. Having heard Al Jolson sing "Mammy," "Swanee" and several other top-notchers from his wide repertoire, I was carried away by the story of his life and amazed that his voice doesn't seem to have been hurt by the wear and tear of the years. For I understand, even though Larry Parks is in the title role, Mr. Jolson does the singing. And one can't help but comment on the hours of practice on Mr. Parks' part to make him so letter perfect in hand and mouth gesture.



*February 13, 1947*

A gay bonnet loaded with lush pink roses, worn with a black dress, caught my eye and surely held it at a party on Sunday. With the biting wind whirling the snow and cold around outdoors, to come into a warm friendly group and see those roses gaily perched on top had a wonderful psychological effect.

I like this kind of ingenuity and individualism - a hardy robin, the story goes, which decided to pass the winter in Ottawa has a steam-heated nest. The feathered

friend of government employees in a temporary building on Carling Avenue took the precaution to build his nest over a steam pipe outlet.

Those interested in good theatre should know that "Father Malachy's Miracle", a comedy in three acts, is being presented in St. Alphonsus Hall, Windsor, this (Thursday) and Friday evenings at eight o'clock. This is the play written by Bruce Marshall which was dramatized by Brian Doherty of Toronto, a cousin of Mrs. Geo. H. Jones and Mrs. C. C. Kemp.

Belonging to the school of interior decoration to which cream and pale yellow walls appeals tremendously, I had my theories proven to me at least when I attended morning worship in Christ Church Sunday. The interior of that church has been re-done in cream and the effect with the outstanding walnut woodwork, lovely windows and brass is beautiful, warm, sunshiny and conducive to worship and peace.

I'm open for suggestions on what kind of a rubber or galosh to wear with heel-less or toeless shoes. Ordinary rubbers slip off or catch the back strap of the shoe at the wrong spot, to say nothing of the dust left on the stockings. Galoshes get so dusty inside after a very few wearings that the same soiled stockings result. I'm all for a clear plastic rubber which can be wiped out inside and which is built to grip and not cut the heel.

Found it difficult to think of my feet and with what swiftness I could upset on the icy walks Tuesday morning when I saw what I've been looking for for days and days - the inner blue of the snow and ice. It was so definitely there on the river that morning and I also saw it with the sun slanting through the blue spruce with snowdrift in the background. Snow blue is at its best in the morning I think, although the night before the cerise sun ball (without one straggling cloud of sun burst) complemented the dark blue of Grosse Île.

"Did they do it because they wanted to, or because they felt they had to," was part of a telephone conversation Friday morning. The "they" were the women of this Red Cross district and "it" was Red Cross sewing. The gist of the conversation was the large matter of a Red Cross sewing quote for European children for which an appeal to the women of this district had been made, for which (sorry to have to

say it) only two calls came in.

Why do we do it? - What? - Wait until St. Valentine's Day to tell our friends how much they mean to us or to say get well to shut-ins. Which reminds me of Friend Duffy who doesn't do that at all. After a Rotary meeting when members discussed the degree of illness that made a member eligible for flowers, I facetiously said, "Send me mine when I can enjoy them" - so F. D. (and it wasn't St. Valentine's time) bowled me over delightfully the next day with a Spring bouquet - and did I ever enjoy them. In my mind I thanked Mrs. Nellie McClung for "Flowers for the Living" thought.



*February 20, 1947*

This Spring-in-Winter weather draws me to the fruit trees for some twigs to force, which help that March frame of mind a lot.

Youngest member of the family heard a robin cheeruping for food on Monday morning. The flash of the cardinal, the restlessness of the pussy willows and the brazen two-inch shoots of the daffodils are my only Spring signs.

Seem to be on the underpinning track this week but saw the smartest suit slip in *Vogue* with snowy white lace-trimmed bodice atop a sleek black lace-trimmed skirt. Looked perfect for a dark suit wear and wondered why it hasn't struck the fashion world before.

Friday afternoon I was reading an article in the *Christian Science Monitor* about a smart young mother who to arouse and keep up her children's interest in the piano was taking lessons also. About an hour later friend with three growing boys, two in the now-you-must practice stage, came in and we had tea together. To start the conversation ball going she said, "I'm starting music lessons." I could hardly believe my ears and laughingly repeated what was so fresh on my mind. "I felt that if I kept ahead of the boys, I could help them and we'd all be in this thing together and for them the sticking process would be easier," she said. So you see we don't have to have profound child psychologists to direct our living patterns - only call it

by another name, common sense.

More about the young Canadian figure skater, Barbara Ann Scott, who won world's championship in Stockholm Sunday. Mrs. McQueen was telling me that when four years of age this child wanted a pair of ice skates and so her training was begun because of her own whim (no forcing). She (Mrs. Mac) also said that the young girl never went to school, that she had a governess who put her through a rigid course of study and that her day was planned for study, music and sport but despite this she had lots of friends. Having lived in the Scott home in Ottawa, Mrs. McQueen was in the position to really know this young Canadian and couldn't speak highly enough for her even temperament, kindness and friendliness.

Since September I've been shopping for an exquisite intimate (nightie to you) for belated birthday gift and also for rain-check-Christmas-present for H.M. Picked up Saturday's Toronto paper and there it was made for me, just what I've wanted and hoped to find for myself with the following sales talk, "Adorables of petal pink chiffon with filmy applique of satin and grey beige lace (cotton). Nighties of couturier styling - \$200.00." The bias cut slip was \$125.00 and the panties \$65 to complete the set. I can look at the pictures, can't I, and it's no wonder I can't get one in the \$5.95 group. I almost feel that it would be worth a trip to Toronto to see a \$200 exquisite intimate.

Had an opportunity the other night of hearing what two young lads, Vernon Kennedy and Drifford Bertrand Jr., are getting from the Boys' Band. These two juniors are practising duets, difficult numbers too, and their interest and knowledge amazed me and it goes without saying that they're really good.

There is a young Colchester South girl, Joan Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Smith, who from what I can hear from her friends is very talented in the drama field. She is a student at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa and is in the fine arts school majoring in drama. Last week she played the leading lady in the university play "The Hasty Heart", which goes without saying that she must have merited the honor.



**February 27, 1947**

Friend from the coal company behind the *Echo* office rushed in Wednesday to literally wing me to the back windows to see a male cardinal preening himself in the sunshine on an old unattractive broken-down tree with the coal pile trimmed with snow in the background - an intravenous through the eye - great stuff.

When speaking to Louis J. Fox about his brother Ed's wedding anniversary, we mentioned his Mother and Dad, which threw me completely off into childhood fun when Louise Dixon and I went to her home (where L.J. lives now) to get milk. I could smell the milk Monday and could see us trudging back up Dalhousie Street swinging the pail round and round in a complete circle without spilling the milk.

Sometime women are so discourteous. For instance, I've noticed that they will cross their legs in a crowded bus and brush against stockings or trousers. I ruined a nylon by the swish of a swinging foot on a Ouellette Avenue bus Sunday and have noticed people time and again looking down to find the cause of a jab in the shin.

The telephone is in the news this week - and how well I remember way back in 1912 when I had scarlet fever, in the dead of winter too - Dad, the wage earner, had to move out bag and baggage, which meant hardships for mother, coal to be brought in (which didn't warm the house), frozen pipes, "in the shed plumbing fixtures" along with the precautions of scarlet fever in those days, a sheet wet with Lysol over the door, etc. Anyway the above build-up brought a telephone to our house so mother wouldn't feel so isolated and excitement reigned when I well remember the speechless thrill of hearing my father's voice when the awful fumigation process was over and I was allowed to roam.



**March 6, 1947**

Because I'm not a cat fancier, I can't see grace or charm about any of that family, but I must admit that the March Lion brought a lot of beauty when it leapt into Town Sunday morning.

In the I-Never-Knew-Before pigeonhole I'll tuck away the information that nose prints of dogs correspond to finger prints of men; veterinarians say that every dog's nose is different and that their nose prints are reliable for identifying valuable animals.

How do you like Liam O'Flaherty's anti-feminist crack from Paris: "The best idea I ever heard was to wipe out all the women in the world. Then men could stop working entirely. There is plenty of food and drink left for all of us until we die. But of course there would always be one fool who would hide a woman, then it would begin again."

So often of late people have regretted the fact to me that their news items weren't on the Women's Page. The material for that page is all on hand before Tuesday noon at the latest, the heads are written, revises are done and that section is printed so that it will be out of the way before section one comes up Thursday. Occasionally, however, in a one section paper, at great inconvenience to men in plant, news items can be tucked into this page but its certainly not the usual rule in this office.

The Michigan Dog Show Saturday night at Convention Hall was excellent. There must have been over 1000 dogs of all kinds and classes shown and crowds and crowds of doggy people in attendance. But I came away convinced that Our Bobby would certainly have been the best in the show, even though Chicago breeder whose Irish setter had taken all in his class in New York and JAM tried to convince me that Bobby was too big, too heavy, too long in inches from here to there, too short from there to here, feathers too long, neck not clipped, teeth not good, etc., etc. Despite all this he's the best setter of them all. And a clown too, as he folds up like an accordion when we want him to show off his good points - and he has some too - his color for instance and his disposition.

As we rode along to Callendar to see the quintuplets and on to Quebec years ago, the party which included two young girls played "Who am I", a game in which the players are allowed 20 questions to guess the identity of the thought-person. How the mother in hospital, older daughter and I seem to have graduated this week in to the "What am I" class - which is much more difficult. The hint to the 20 questions answer is given by the player when she tells whether it's vegetable, animal

or mineral or a combination. Sunday "the experts" were stumped on "the train on which the peace treaty was signed in World War I" and there were laughs from "Churchill's cigar" and "the horse in which the Greeks hid when they took Troy" and "Lillian Russel's bustle" of which young lady knew nothing.



*March 13, 1947*

Tuesday was one of those days that one occasionally finds between Winter and Spring. A day that no season truly owns - mild, still and glistening from sun playing on the frost on ground in the grey-bluish morning.

A spiral of perfect, attached smoke rings with all their dense whiteness gave me a start as I approached the salt plant the other morning. The back drop was palest blue and the silhouette of commercial Detroit - power and beauty go hand in hand and to be found for the looking.

Time was when you were invited to a luncheon or tea in a private home or an informal dinner party in club or hotel you wore a hat, it was just second nature because it was the thing to complete your costume. Nowadays, frequently I hear "What are you going to do about a hat?" - and often I just don't wear one (especially when going to the Anderdon for dinner) but I really feel that for my own sake a smart dinner hat would be a good investment as hair stays tidier and a smarter appearance is made. After all there are a few rules of dress etiquette which it wouldn't hurt us to follow.

How the Sunday pattern has changed in most houses! When we were growing up we always had a largish breakfast Sunday morning, bacon and eggs and all the trimmings, which father cooked and we all sat down together in state to eat. Then at five o'clock it was almost a party dinner followed by an evening of music and reading, out loud mostly. Now it's a case of catch the food when and if you want it. Nothing formal at all about the meals, a swing to the other end of the complete relaxing in the household duties program. I wonder if it's a good thing because in the drifting we have lost the stimulation of being together as a family.

You meet an old friend and she says how badly she's wanted to see you and you tell her how badly you've wanted to see her and how busy you've been and that she (or you) simply must come over, that you're dying for a good old chat - and to goodbye until the next time you meet and the same old record is turned on. We've all gotten into the "you must come over" habit. When we really should be a bit more definite. If you want to leave no doubt of your sincerity name a time of get-together or forget the "Come up and see me some time," as it doesn't mean a thing and neither you nor she believes this waste of word energy.



*March 20, 1947*

There's no doubt about it - spank, spank to the women - there is no woman charming enough to seem charming while listening to you with her mind on something else.

Even though he was panned by a better music critic by far than I, I liked Christopher Lynch, the Irish tenor, in his concert in Windsor Wednesday night. "Panis Angelicus" and "All In An April Morning" were his two outstanding numbers (for my enjoyment) but his simple Irish folk songs did have a lot of pleasure for me packed into them too.

Although it's not for me - I saw the perfect spring color scheme as I looked over the river early Saturday morning. The water was a definite Mediterranean blue (no green) washing against the snow trimming the Bob-Lo shores and standing out was the yellow tile of W. A. Patterson's chimney which gave the dash. I saw in mind a blue costume, white accessories set off by a deep yellow carnation or two. Red with blue and white has always been a pet with me but the red of the channel markers on the Livingstone side linked up with the blue and white combination was quite prosaic beside the tile effect.

I think about color combinations for clothes which I catch out-of-doors, but Mrs. J. R. Heard sees and does. She showed me a "Pelee" scarf which she wove before Christmas, a beautiful combination of colors picked up on a trip to Point Pelee last fall. Quoting her, "the tan was the sand, the green the evergreens, the

brown, the tree trunks and the orange and yellows, the bittersweet." Paris dressmakers and designers, New York and Hollywood ditto, make money on what they see and combine in the color line for Mrs. You and Me but even if we don't make money on it we have the satisfaction of seeing it's here and there about us.

"Tell Miss Marsh that I read what she said about the world getting smaller and quite believe it," wrote Miss Dency Quick from California as she told her mother Mrs. Lawrence Quick in Harrow about a paper printed in Shanghai, China, February 17 and being read by them in Redlands, California, February 19. Rev. J. A. Walker of Harrow was in California at the time as the guest of Mrs. C. F. Smith and Miss Quick. He was interested in this Chinese newspaper because he knows Shanghai and China so well and no doubt compared the travelling time with the first time he went out to China.



### March 27, 1947

The first day of Spring brought a tantrum from Winter - a dying kick just like an adolescent who gets satisfaction from the last word.

A rubber-tired tractor pulling a hay rack filled with gay young people - that's the March 1947 version of the old fashioned hay rides. Same fun but on a faster scale.

So often the comment will be made that "I don't bother with the paper because I know all the news" - when that's said to me I chuckle and wait for the inevitable follow up which might come in a day or so or a month. "There was the most awful mistake in the paper this week" - said friend, chortling with glee, for a mistake which is discovered in the printed word invariably brings peculiar satisfaction. A reader census can often be made when there is mistake in the paper, we find.

Chiselers, we'll always have them with us, people who want to get something for nothing. The following story from a Windsor hospital is a marvellous illustration of the above: Child, about 12 years, waiting for a leg operation, a charity affair, paid by a service club - was chatting with visitor in the room. In the course

of the conversation he commented on his tailor-made gabardine suit for which his parents had paid \$60.

"That a child's social behaviour is formed at four years," was certainly a bombshell thrown at the members of the Young Adult Group of Wesley Church by the assistant public school inspector. Aside from possibly a Sunday School teacher, a maid or grandparents, up to that age practically no one but the child's parents has had any influence over him so it certainly is the parents' responsibility to mould the child before school age and not think that "he'll change when he goes to school."

Not satisfied with its kick-back Friday, Winter, which this year seems so loathe to give up, staged another flare up Tuesday, bringing out wind, snow, cold and scowling color. Besides the nostalgic thoughts of last year to the day when publicity was being given to the farmers on the vegetable garden farms from Amherstburg to LaSalle because radishes, onions and lettuce were far advanced and also in the soft spring sun of 1946 the boys were playing ball in the park, I'm completely bored at the everyday pattern of putting on the same old winter clothes for work. No thought given to, nor stimulation from the action of, walking to the closet and picking out the same old blue suit. A gay spring thing with a crocus tucked in the belt, that's the answer.

Imagine a city where people don't smile nor children laugh on the streets, that's what Mrs. Kendall's English friend told last week when telling of the great difference she noted in our Canadian cities. She was talking of London and said that to her that was the thing that struck her when she got to Canada before Christmas. She sailed for home Saturday aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* and after the ghastly winter which they have had in Britain there couldn't possibly be a smile left, so I'm sure after three months here in Canada that soberness will be much more marked to her. Hunger and cold certainly don't go hand in hand with laughter.



### April 3, 1947

Spring IS here! Although the ever hungry furnace and winter coats don't confirm that statement - but I know because of the gay salutes of several freighters

going up the other channel Saturday morning.

I've come to the conclusion that the Easter Bunny and Santa Claus go almost hand in hand in the child's world - they seem to certainly with the youngsters on Dalhousie Street who talk to me as I pace that beat every day.

Buttons, which are both attractive and expensive nowadays, make stunning earrings. It seems that screw backs and special glue can be bought at the dime store and the process of making is so simple that a rank amateur can have earrings to complete any type of outfit.

Although I realize that for purposes of safety the enormous silver poplars on the moat at the McGregor House must come down, I hate to see those old landmarks removed. They, along with the maples in that district, were planted in Confederation year, 1867, and to me it's just one more link with the past done away with.



Our wee three-year-old cousin Barbara, who ice skates at the Granite Club in Toronto, always causes a bit of amusement and interest because of her size. Once in the fall Barbara Ann Scott was skating there when Barbara was on the ice and asked the youngster her name and took her around the ice once. As was natural, there was much talk at home among the other children, also skaters (aged five and four), about the prominent girl skater. So when the family went to the reception at the club after Barbara Ann Scott had won the world's championship, all agog wee Barbara watching the doings when someone asked her name and she spouted "Barbara Anne Scott" - immediately a most embarrassed expression came over her face as she quickly contradicted, "No, Barbara Joan Casson."

Read the funniest article recently by a Vancouver newspaper woman on the tragedies which we (of our generation) used as learning-to-read medium. I, too, can still get upset when I think about the whole sorry lot of them. "The Boy on the Burning Deck", "The Babes in the Woods", "The Inchcape Rock", "The Poor Little Doll I Lost in the Heath", "The Wreck of the Hesperus" and that horrible bit of rhyming "Excelsior" and others. I can actually remember being afraid to open an

old reader at the picture of the babes being covered with leaves when they died in the woods. Imagine the compilers of those readers being so sadistic. Then I can think of many other "pieces" which I was afraid to read yet was attracted to for the emotional interest.

A tribute to a mother - I know Mary Waldron Beeman won't mind the following quotations from a letter which she wrote to me after the death of her mother, Mrs. William H. Waldron:

"The passing of my Mother seems to me the conclusion of an era - an era of gracious hospitality which was dispensed so lavishly by my father and mother. In the age of speed, hurry and rush one very often hears disparaging remarks of the Victorian era but it did possess a quiet charm and I am filled with a sad nostalgia when I think of the glorious days of my old home when my father and mother were young and everyone who happened to make our place at noon or night be he peddler, politician or preacher was made welcome. Those were the days before the automobile and people did not travel so many miles in a day and our home was always a convenient stop-off for food, conversation and rest before resuming the journey. My parents were never too busy to spare a few moments to the many who passed by and I am sure each one left a littler happier. There was no prejudice or intolerance allowed in our home; people of many different faiths and nationalities were entertained there and all made equally welcome. My mother, a woman of vivid personality, has passed on but her kindness and charm will be recalled by many."



*April 10, 1947*

Glen McKenzie has made a replica of the tug *Atomic* which is very complete as to detail and excellent as to workmanship.

The cry of swans sailing over last Wednesday night was a delight, as is the honk-honk from the ducks as they settle and polka-dot Callam's Bay.

New Easter toggery means so much to the younger girls and women that I'll wager there was much disappointment when the day dawned and continued bleak



and very windy. There were very few Easter bonnets in our church but possibly it wasn't only the pre-Easter day weather or as in my case - a simple little just-my-style hat for \$18 - which I didn't get.

This old Easter belief pleased me so that I'm passing it along to you: "One of the loveliest of the ancient beliefs concerning Easter was that the sun danced early on Easter morning. It was the common custom to rise at dawn to watch, and in certain parts of the British Isles people helped things along by placing large pans of water outside to catch the first rays. It is said that to this very day there are peasants in lonely parts of Ireland and Scotland who rise at dawn on Easter morning to watch the 'dance' of the sun, regarding it as a symbol not only of the new life on earth but of the Christian resurrection."

I quite agree with an article I recently read that readers who rant and rail at the salespeople in the bookstores on their likes and dislikes in the modern fiction world should be muzzled. Believe me, I do it, in fact only a fortnight ago I got really hot under the collar when talking to a friend in the lending library about a best seller which annoyed me because it was too Hollywoodish. The article went on to say that signs should be put up in bookstores thusly, "We are not responsible for anything that takes place inside these books." This might not prevent the customers from bludgeoning salespeople with their opinions (I'd read and disregard, I'm afraid) but certainly would give them an official phrase to retreat to. Of course the crux of the thing is that many people cannot reconcile themselves to the fact that men and women have relations in books, if nowhere else. It wasn't the man-woman angle that made me liberally fly at my friend, nothing like that, it was the money and publicity angle. Putting me in my place, she quietly said, "It's the sign of a good writer and a well written book when a person like you gets such a reaction."



*April 17, 1947*



The softball season is almost upon us and there are a couple of fans in persons of Bobby and myself who are anxious for the "Play Ball" signal. It's a good sport and we get so many laughs that it's a good tonic too.

Had a note Tuesday morning from Irene Kopacz, one of my former pupils, telling me that her husband August Koziol is one of the bass violinists in the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, which is putting on a concert in Detroit this Saturday night.

Last week when Mrs. Paul Harlen was in the north country she wrote about the beauty of the sun shining on the pink maple buds - and Monday morning on our really first balmy spring day I saw that effect when the morning sun squinted and flirted with the maple trees in the park.

I wonder if I wholly agree with Clifton Fadiman who in his book "Reading I've Liked" says that children and everybody else like to read books that are just a little over their heads and he also lays down the rule that unless a writer's mind is superior to, or more complicated than your own, it is a bore to read him. The second yes - possibly if a reader average is struck - but the first no - at least when I see the tremendous sale of comics.



*April 24, 1947*

Have you heard the golden lyrics in the willow trees these cold, windy days? About the only frivolous thing about this Spring.

Found out according to sick friend whom I was directing in the setting up mechanics of diamond sox that I've evidently forgotten all the teaching method points and use too many "don'ts" and not enough to the point "do's."

The bells of our brave wee chinadoxia on the south side of the house are trying to herald Spring, but they look so cold they are bluer than ever and their white eyes seem aghast at when they see around our yard - the debris of winter.

For Christmas the Callam boys got a raft exactly like and similarly equipped to the one used by Eddie Rickenbacker when he was downed in the Pacific and in which he and his few comrades lived so long before they were rescued. The boys are having great fun rowing this new kind of Detroit River craft over to Bob-Lo.

That two cents extra tacked to the chocolate bar price is a conversation piece in all circles. But the cocoa bean source of chocolate candy has risen as much or more than any other commodity. Last October, we understand, it sold for nine cents a pound. Today it costs 30 cents a pound which makes a price rise of 233 percent in six months. (There I go quoting statistics, which I hate).

Grown-ups who never take walks with their children or anyone else's don't know what they miss. I've found that out as I walk along Laird Avenue with Bobby and am joined by a child or two who chatters delightfully about everything in their world and ply me with questions about things just outside that first homebound period in their lives. They want to begin spreading their wings outside the home so ask about nature including Bobby, about the river, about the boats and their signals, the lights, the sky, other children and on and on.



*May 1, 1947*

The Norman Wilson children on Rankin Avenue gathered the sap from their maple trees this spring and they and their mother have made several quarts of maple syrup.

Mrs. C.C. Kemp gave Mrs. McQueen and me the following tip, which is delicious: To creamed peas add mushrooms which have been sautéed in butter.

Heard two Joan Reaume recordings at the Liberty Theatre screen Sunday afternoon and they were good. This young Amherstburg canary will sing again this Sunday at twelve.

Nestled among the dry brown grass and flower stems of another year on the south side of our house is a patch of blooming violets and also two periwinkle blue hyacinths (or were before B.M. put them in a crystal goblet). I always knew I liked brown with violet accessories, but now I'm certain of it.

Felt so relieved when I read that the D. and C. [Detroit & Cleveland] boats would commence again May 28. So far as I was concerned there was a lonesome

feeling when navigation opened and there was no Cleveland boat winking gaily as it hurried down to Cleveland at 12:30 a.m. or not-always-on-time Buffalo boat silhouetted in the sunset.

In the article on Handcrafts on this page, one of the Canadian artisans mentioned is Miss Helen Mowat of St. Andrew's-By-the-Sea, New Brunswick. Miss Mowat and I have a mutual friend in Windsor and several years ago when Miss Mowat was here looking for a market for the homespun which the women in her county had made under her direction, she was my tea guest. Not only is Miss Mowat an artist, but she runs a successful shop in the hotel at that famous eastern resort and does a spot of writing on the side.

Why? Last week a transposition occurred in the *Echo* where a line from each of two separate items got where it shouldn't have been. From the moment the paper got off the press the telephone started ringing. In fact, there even was a letter about it. The mistake was unfortunate but so easily understood by those in the know. Here's how: the two items were on the same column or galley of type for the proof reader. Evidently there was an error of spelling in each and when the lines of type with the corrections were finished they just got into the wrong berth, that's all.



*May 8, 1947*

We have a large bouquet of forsythia on a table near the west window and its golden bells surely did contradict the rain Sunday afternoon.

Walter Hilton and Harvey Hamilton are writing splendid letters to their families about their experiences and observations in Karachi, India. Mr. Hilton wrote that they went to a sea port near Karachi and went through one of the little Canadian tugs which was built at Ojibway. We here in Amherstburg know those tugs so well, as they did, and it must have been like a bit of home to spot that tug in the harbor and actually board her.

"Have you seen the flowers in front of Lou Fox's house?" is the oft repeated question this past week. Talk about that "riot of color," there it was in picture form

for anyone who didn't know what that phrase meant. Daffodils in the background and hyacinths in blues, lavenders and bronze with each flower perfect in itself made a grand showing.

More about the wee three-year-old cousin Barbara, who skates at the Granite Club in Toronto. It seems she was a clown in the skating carnival a fortnight ago and on the last night presented flowers to the guest ice skater Barbara Ann Scott. The tiny girl skated the full length of the ice before making the presentation. Then Barbara Ann Scott picked her up and skated off and little Barbara took the acclaim of the crowd by waving to all in the enthusiastic audience.

Tom Dougall, whose career in the writing and radio field both in New York and abroad has carried him far, was in Amherstburg on Thursday. His charm certainly lies in his modesty and simplicity and he appealed to me when he talked of Amherstburg. His *pied à terre* as he called it, for here are his roots. When he was overseas (we heard his voice over the Army Hour) he said that he felt that not Detroit but Amherstburg was his home and since his return to work in New York for National Broadcasting Company his one idea was to get back to the place of his adoption.

To combine the three primary colors is a difficult and almost impossible job whether it's in clothes, flowers or home decoration, but it can be done as was seen in the striking floral arrangements used at the delightful graduation reception given for Miss Dee Uzelac by her father at the Anderdon Hotel Monday evening. The Grace Hospital colors are yellow, blue and red and as it was the graduate's night of nights - for earlier in the evening she received her graduation diploma from that hospital - she wanted the color scheme carried out in her hospital's colors. So the combination of scarlet tulips, the bluest of iris, Russian statice, bachelor buttons and daffodils was used in all the bouquets throughout the reception rooms and the effect was startlingly beautiful. The buffet supper table with its low centrepiece in the same combination and lighted red, blue and yellow tapers in crystal candelabra, its interesting eye appealing and certainly taste appealing food made a picture that could most certainly have been in a posh women's magazine in color actually to show what can be done with what an amateur at combining colors thought was almost an impossibility.

When I read of the murder down on the lonely isolated onion fields of Point Pelee, I switched back to the rainy eerie night just at twilight when I missed the turn when coming from the Point and drove along the dike in this altogether strange-for-Essex-County spot. When at last I found a spot to turn around I went down off the dike into a strange looking yard where a police dog was heralding our approach. I've thought of that night so often and of the terrified feeling I had when in that peculiar light and rain everything seemed so distorted even to the sounds and foreign to anything I had ever gotten into before.



*May 15, 1947*

What would you think if you literally bumped into a bouquet of lavender sweet peas, one pink rose and two pink feathers? Same as I, I'll wager - just what the doctor ordered as a pepper-upper.

As I sat watching the young people at the dance Friday night, I convinced myself that I like, without reservation, the longer length pencil slim skirts on those good-figured girls in their late teens and early twenties. And the majority have good figures and good carriage, too.

One of my pet Detroit papers gave me a jolt Monday with the small 14 point line over the main heading catching my eye (as it should), "Have you heard?" Then below "Fall Fashion Forecast" - such premature thinking on the part of the fashion editor, I thought, when I haven't even a Spring hat yet.

For a refreshing word picture of a child's world, get "Who has Seen the Wind?" by W.O. Mitchell, a Canadian from High River, Alberta. I knew I'd like Mr. Mitchell and his work as soon as I read the bit about him on the jacket of his book: "I hope my two young sons will be good to their mother and that they will never fish with minnows."

I have often felt that a hostess would rather sit and chat after dinner instead of clearing up the dishes and having me poking about the kitchen asking where this and that goes and sometimes embarrassing her because as you know when hurrying

with a company meal we sometimes put the implements of kitchen labor in peculiar places. Anyway, according to Emily Post (which will please the young people especially), in answer to a question a hostess said, "I don't want to be helped as I feel my guest would like a night off from hum drum kitchen duty." Of course the circumstance alters everything and if that's the best place to get caught up on lapsed friendship, let's do it over the dish pan.



*May 22, 1947*

That two Canadian artists who have made a name and place for themselves in the United States, but prefer to return and re-establish themselves in their native land, certainly does make news. The two soloists in question are Russell Skitch (bass) and his wife Nora Conklin (contralto) of Kingsville, who have taken this step.

For the first time I actually saw nature unwrap her bud packages last weekend. It was the most amazing thing to watch the lilac from our east dining room window Sunday morning the flower buds were greenish cast with purple and by late afternoon the wrappings were taken from the rich purple that had been stored away for the winter.

This is indeed a compliment - The *London Free Press* reporter covering the Fort Malden Minstrel Show put on for the patients of Westminster Hospital Sunday wrote of Beverley Thrasher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devere Thrasher, in Monday morning's paper (and we quote): "Miss Beverley Thrasher, the honey-haired beauty in the choral group, provided the most outstanding voice contribution of the show."

Mothers and grown-up daughter too often, I feel, have a tendency to dress alike, which spoils both outfits. This criticism is directed to me, too, for mother and I invariably like the same things and often look like Mike and Ike. This, of course, is understandable in a closely knit family or friendship, but still I don't like it. All this is prompted by a mother-adult daughter team whom I talked to recently who wore practically the same hats. One would have been stunning but two were too much.

*May 29, 1947*

The scented plumes of the lilacs combined with tulips in the shades of pink sing Spring in the furnace heated living room anyway.

The Oscar Bilodeau garden in Harrow is a thing of beauty these days and compensates for the hours of hard work which have been put in by Mr. and Mrs. Bilodeau to make it such a pleasure spot for passerby.

News - "So nice to see the night sky" - after a continuous stream of rain the new moon and the few stars as if walking two by two in the spring nights (the old in the Spring a young etc., in their life too) gave me, at least, the assurance that the weather will change and be amiable.



*June 5, 1947*

Mrs. Gertrude Preston drew my attention to the death of Mrs. S.S. Kresge in Detroit. She said that when she (Mrs. Preston) was working in Rayl's Hardware Mrs. Kresge was a frequent customer and told how as a young girl she had been one of the clerks in the five and ten and it was there she met her husband. Sounds like an Horatio Alger in skirts.

Saw in the press that Alois Lang, former actor of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, was declared a follower of the Nazi Party and fined 1000 marks (\$100) by a German court.

Herr Lang, who portrayed the role of Jesus in 1930 and again in 1934, protested that he joined the Nazi Party in 1938 only to save himself from financial ruin.

The four-man court treated Herr Lang with deference and courtesy but decided on the evidence it was impossible to grant him a complete acquittal.

The same court earlier ruled that Anton Presigner, who portrayed Lazarus in 1934, also was a follower of the Nazi Party. He was fined 2000 marks (\$200).

We went to Convention Hall in Detroit in the 30s to see the Oberammergau players at work wood carving and pottery making in a replica of a Bavarian village

set up in that vast auditorium.

As the following excerpts from a letter J.A.M. and I received from Chub Hamilton show, he is certainly getting a lot out of his experience in India and tells about the life and people in an interesting fashion:

"We are the only three of our race in this town of 6000 population. As I said before, this town is entirely new, built out of the desert.

"Have found the people of India and especially this new town (Mithapur), seven years old, very refined and co-operative. Have been treated nicely by one and all. The men we work with are mostly University men and their wives, the majority have been through college and all speak the best of English. The children are the same as our own at home and maybe a little better behaved.

The town is located on the Gulf of Dutch and Arabian Ocean, four miles from the Port of Okha (where Captain Thomas Paisley has been), some 350 miles north of Bombay and 250 miles south of Karachi Port. Climate here now is 90 to 94 degrees with nice cool breeze blowing in off the sea at all times. The hotel where we are staying is just 20 minutes' walk or 10 by bicycle from the sea or ocean. Have been swimming twice and play a little tennis (not good), billiards (not good), cards (not too bad). Recreation besides those mentioned, Bombay dailies, ping pong, reading from library here several good books. Food is good and we have a cook who has been in the service of English officers and sure knows how. Average dinner, soup, vegetable of tomato or pea and onion. Fish, fresh or baked; chicken, fried or roasted; lamb; have had one meal of partridge; potatoes, french fried, or baked or boiled; tea and coffee; bread and butter; jam, raspberry, strawberry, plum and apple; all Australian made and puddings, custard, jello and believe it or not Ripley pie.

"No, we have had no good bananas or ice cream or strawberry shortcake or roast beef or a good T-bone or port of any description, but on the whole we are living very well. Our health is of the best. This plant at present time is not in operation and will not be until the rainy or Monsoon period starts, which will be sometime in July or August. I mean the soda ash section. The other plants, owned and operated here in the work and producing the bromine, salt, caustic ash, acids, Epsom salts, chlorine, all these plants are running and producing."



*June 12, 1947*

The wild flower season is over now but in talking to one of the Bob-Lo officials on the island, he said that the north end was bedded with wild flowers. Well, do I remember those yearly before-season trips to Bob-Lo when we would picnic and pick wild flowers.

Exotic was the way Mrs. Henry F. Wismer described a Wisteria in their garden in Anderdon. This Wisteria was pruned to shrub form, was about ten feet in diameter and covered with approximately 1000 pale lavender blooms.

The Friday night dances at the Brunner Mond Club ended for the season Friday night in a blaze of good music from a 12-piece orchestra. Although the summer is almost upon us, with two dance places available to the young people, I still felt Friday night that most of our young friends (for that's what they've become) regretted the fact that these informal dancing parties were over until fall.

To have a printed silk dress from Liberty's London, England, has always been my ambition ever since my first trip to London. With the touch of an artist that London firm displayed their silks and jewelry as it should be in a gallery with a perfect lighting system highlighting a length of silk on which is placed according to the color exquisite beads or bracelets or rings of amber, pearl, turquoise matrix or jade. A few weeks ago I saw that a Toronto firm was importing Liberty silk so wrote immediately - planned and talked - about my tailored out-of-this-world dress. Much to my consternation and surprise when the samples came the material was \$15 per yard, 38 inches wide. The dream did not materialize.

Enjoyed "An Epicurean Symphony" (written by a man, too) which extolls the taste satisfaction of potato salad - that humble food. The author says something, however, which I have always contended: "Two-day-old potato salad is best." As to ingredients he suggests, "A gentle nudge of garlic, sliced onion, small chunks of sweet pickle, bits of hard boiled egg, a little pimento, a tiny bit of red pepper, some celery seed (I differ with this last item and want chopped celery) and homemade salad dressing." Sounds good and if the girls still think that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach they might try out this suggestion the next time the beau-of-the moment comes to supper.

Hurrah! The *Put-in-Bay* has not been sold so will continue to run perkily up and down the river again this summer. When the first news of her leaving the Detroit River came out, I felt that another friend had gone. I knew that I would miss that boat which had plowed up stream every summer evening, listing badly and saluting gaily to everyone hailing it from shore. Since 1875 there has been a passenger boat between Detroit and Put-in-Bay. First the old *Alaska*, then the *Frank E. Kirby* in 1890, which in 1911 was joined by the *Put-in-Bay*. For nine years these two boats seemed to run the river route. Then old age which is always pathetic when one gives good service, caught up with the *Kirby* and she retired. Still the *Put-in-Bay* carries on and I'm glad.

Young friend on a visit in the North in May commented on the fact in a surprised way that when she went to a dance, danced all evening and didn't dance with the same person twice.

That set me thinking and even I really hadn't noticed that the young people here don't make a practice of exchanging dances - but they don't seem to. You dance with your escort most of the time. During the twenties when we "balled" it frequently during the season - Rose Ball, I.O.O.F. Ball, Masons Ball, etc., we gals with the long waisted, short skirted taffeta or chiffon shapeless evening gowns, the amazing hair do's, gold or silver pointed slippers and feather fans always danced the first, last and supper dances with our escorts - that was a must and he usually demanded a few more. But of course, then there was a program with the dances listed and a little pencil work was needed to keep track. "May I sit out number 12 with you?" How those heavily beaded skirts showed annoyance as you'd rather dance that Rye waltz with someone else. Then, too, along the same line, when the mothers and dads entertained the General Amherst basketball teams recently, they planned all sorts of novelty dances and the young people had a "swell" time, as they had never mixed up like that on the dance floor before and thought it fun.



*June 19, 1947*

Nature is amazing. Stanley Bailey of Colchester South was telling me that for the first time in his memory, the potatoes this spring are growing on the roots in fan-like fashion just below the surface of the ground because it's far too cold down

below.

One interesting detail of the Mower-Pigeon wedding that was overlooked in the rush last week was the fact that the bride, Dorothy Pigeon, carried the same handkerchief that her mother, the former Lillian Bailey, carried at her wedding 40 years ago July 15. Another item of interest is that Mrs. Pigeon was christened and confirmed in the church which her daughter was married.

Mrs. Elizabeth Padgham, sister of the girl in the song "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" and aunt of Mrs. Charles Ayerst, Laird Avenue, died in Canisteo, New York, this past week. Mrs. Padgham had the original manuscript of the song written for her sister, Maggie Clark of Mount Hope, by George W Johnston, then a Mount Hope school teacher. Maggie Clark later married the young composer and lived in Cleveland.

To the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum there has been added a complete wardrobe of 1947 styles. And according to one stylist this selection certainly demonstrates to history its bad habit of repeating itself, showing as we see every time we pick up a fashion book the influence of the 1920s on the 1947 silhouette. The difference, I understand, is that the modern adaption is crisp rather than mannish.

Thursday night contemporary, contemporary's young daughter and I were looking over pictures of us in the late teens and early 20s and loud were the laughs and gasps of incredulity at both the Sunday best and bathing beach outfits. Oh No! Surely not — But there we were and we thought those bathing suits rather daring too (at the time).



*June 26, 1947*

We forget the grouching about the weather (even last week) as we bake and purr in the typical summer weather dished out to our satisfaction this week. Even the clumps of tiger lilies in the orange, which doesn't fit in with the pinks of June, in the garden next door are beautiful to me.

Noticed a swimmer wearing newfangled swimming equipment, a pair of stocking feet to match her suit tied at the ankles. Just the ticket, I thought, for the swimmer such as I who is annoyed by the sand and mucky river bottom as I wade out to swim but likes freedom from bathing shoes.

To have a record library is one of the nicest of hobbies I should think. Sunday night I listened in on a conversation about records, recording bands, operas and the best singer for the title roles and decided that my education along that line was not only sadly neglected but was blank. I could see from the enthusiasm of the one young person that this hobby goes along with stamp and book collecting and is equally as thrilling.

Speaking of records - what a satisfaction it is for close relatives to hear on a record the voice and pick up the cute little speech mannerisms of a member of a family who is a long way off. This is what I thought Monday when listening to a record made by Shirley Menzies on a trip to the Catalina Islands in California and sent to her parents. It's things like this that bring families so close together.

Mrs. Harvey Hamilton also had a record made to send to Chub in India so that although far away he can get in on the family life here. Her son Tommy and Joan Reaume sang a duet for Tommy's Dad on one record and she plays the "Rosary" and sings "Always" on another.

When I see the youth of today in small craft or swimming out to meet the Bob-Lo boats, I quiver for fear they will be sucked under. At the same time as the quiver plays up and down my spinal chord I have a nostalgic feeling when I switch back to days when I did the very same thing. We'd see the Bob-Lo boat hurrying down the channel and would either run along the shore and start out about the gulley (foot of Alma) or have our timing so perfect that we would jump off the *Abner C. Harding* at the waterworks and catch it a bit upstream from the Lizard house. Then, too, I remember how provoked I was at Mr. McCaffery because he told Dad that we were taking mother out in the canoe to meet the Bob-Lo boats and it must stop, as she couldn't swim a stroke. He was perfectly right but at the time I thought that no harm could come from a friend - the river. In spite of the fact that we did it in our generation, it's dangerous practice and a warning to the young people to be cautious and alert at all times is necessary right now.

July 3, 1947

We have a clump of chives which gives the needed touch to cottage cheese, but it's not its taste value I admire at the moment, but its wee purple flower balls.

Great people are simple people, I've found. The fact was proved Saturday afternoon when Mr. & Mrs. John Bracken were here. They both were interested in the little things around and believe it or not when they left in bidding goodbye could call almost everyone by name.

Picked armsful of peonies (at the request of Mr. Greig) in the garden behind the new veterans' hospital Saturday afternoon. Those lush flowers certainly do stage a glorious show. And after they stop blooming the shiny handsome foliage makes a nice display among the annuals in the garden.

The talkative sun-speckled river has a great attraction for me these days. I can hardly keep away from it - its daytime and nighttime beauty are magnetic and so also is its cool-to-the-skin water. I've come to the conclusion with my friend the river that I have other eyes which pick up its beauty and other ears which are sensitively tuned to catch the night sounds.

Near the skirts of the mighty - and I didn't even touch them. That's what I thought when I read of Mr. R.B. Bennett's death. Once when I was coming home from the West, I got up very late one morning (a little habit I have on trains) and the porter said, "Madame, if you hurry you can have breakfast with Mr. Bennett." So sure enough when I got in the diner there he was, everyone else had breakfasted and gone. So I was put at a table away facing him - and I looked at the mighty.

The Lewis Bailey family is moving next week from the home and farm on the second concession next the quarry, which has been owned by Baileys for three generations. William Bailey was the first to own this property. He sold to his brother John, who left it to his son Ed, and then it fell to Ed's son Lewis. In fact four generations have lived there, counting Lewis' two sons, Kenneth and Clayton. The encroaching quarry and then blasting have made it necessary for them to sell



red-winged blackbird with its red and gold epaulettes in one of his pictures as we did.

Last Tuesday evening when we were at the government dock bidding *Bon Voyage* to the sailors on the *Atomic* and *Kamloops*, there was a sailboat skimming around in which there was two very bored looking passengers. Even to look at the powerful *Atomic* and the *Kamloops* with her wonderful war record should provoke interest, I'd think. Anyway, Mr. Burgess, a Detroit schoolmaster whose summer home is on the old Johnston property, told me the next day that the two sailboaters breezed up the river and passed his house. One man waved to them and the other in a disgusted fashion said, "Why wave at those darned foreigners." No wonder they weren't interested in the goings-on at the government dock.

That the perfectly proportioned woman of 1947 is larger than Venus de Milo or Psyche (the beautiful wife of Cupid in Greek mythology) was given in a table of statistics in *Life* recently and the changes in women's measurements was so interesting to me it was worth passing on to you. The following are the proportions as of 1893 and 1947. The 1893 measurements are supposed to be Psyche's. Venus I believe (in fact I know for I saw her in the Louvre in Paris) is a bit bigger in spots.

<u>1893</u>		<u>1947</u>
5'4"	Height	5'7"
12.5	neck	12.5
37	bust	35
27	waist	25
38	hips	35
22.5	thigh	20.5
15	knee	13
13.2	calf	13
7'4"	ankle	8
140	weight	118

So drastic are the changes in fashion silhouettes predicted for fall, with the long swaying skirts and often uneven hemlines, that shoes and feet immediately take the spotlight and seem to like it.

The changeover from the pale sun-tanned stocking to the dark sheer that matches the costume also accentuates shoe interest. (Just an aside, what amuses me is the pair of girl friends as on the Bob-Lo boat Sunday, one with the new long length while her pal still shows her knees, the contrast spoils both outfits). Evidently, coming back to shoes, everyone is to wear platforms this fall - in fact all fashionable shoes will be cut higher. I still don't like the looks of high heeled platforms, but I've thought that about many high fashion points and eventually have had a complete change-over of idea.



*July 24, 1947*

As if embroidering with golden knots here and there in the intricate shadows made by the bushes on the north side of our house, the fireflies are fascinating needle-workers these nights.

After having a five-year Miss with us for the past month, I know now that every house needs a child and that adult households have an important facet missing. I also know now that you can't swallow whole what the syndicated writers on child behaviour say, nor can you apply your school teacher methods of discipline.

Those of us who invested in summer clothes this year (and I did for the first time in years) took a chance and lost, as did the merchants. Let's hope that the fashion designers prompted by the big manufacturers don't make too drastic changes in styles for summer 1948 - but I'll wager they will. The other day we were commenting on summer hats also and said that the loss to manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer must be alarming as all women, both country and city, are wearing hats just as infrequently as they can get away with it.

Mrs. Ivan Bondy, North Malden, sent me the following clipping which I quote below and said in commenting on McKee Rankin, "I remember hearing my father, the late John Fox of Harrow and Colchester South, speak of McKee Rankin. My father worked for him when he was living on Bois Blanc."

Mrs. Gertrude Preston also talked to me about the article and said that McKee Rankin, the actor, built the large house at the middle of the west side of the island

in which Colonel Atkinson lived later. The clipping which Mrs. Bondy sent was clipped from the *Windsor Daily Star* as follows:

*Theatregoers here seeing the current movie, "The Farmer's Daughter" probably won't appreciate that one of the outstanding character actors in the picture is closely related to formerly prominent Windsor families.*

#### **Rankins and McKees**

*In the 1830 era, when Col. John Prince commanded the Essex Militia, a young ensign named Arthur Rankin served with distinction in the forces at the time of the Patriot invasions and the Battle of Windsor. Later Arthur Rankin became a colonel and commanded the Essex Militia. Always colorful, Col. Rankin entered political life and was elected as a member of Parliament in his later years.*

*Col. Rankin's flare for showmanship led him to take a group of Indians from Walpole Island and Windsor to England where a typical Indian show was staged with Indians riding their horses in their natural habit. The show was very successful and played for over a year in England and Scotland.*

*Col. Rankin married a Miss McKee of Sandwich, an aunt of the late William McKee, and their son was named Arthur McKee Rankin (he lived on Bois Blanc) who followed his father's footsteps and was an outstanding actor and showman who travelled widely throughout the United States and Canada.*

#### **Stage & Screen**

*Arthur McKee Rankin married and had a daughter, Phyllis McKee Rankin, who also turned to the stage. She married Harry Davenport.*

*Harry Davenport is the brother of Fanny Davenport, famed actress of the 90's, and although he is aging now he is still able to play character parts, following his long experience on the legitimate stage and in moving pictures.*

*His wife died about 10 years ago after a long life on the stage.*

*The Miss McKee who married Col. Rankin was the daughter of Col. Alexander McKee, who was the Indian agent for Upper and Lower Canada and gained considerable prominence for his activities in the American Revolutionary days. In 1790 he was instrumental in closing an agreement with the Indians to purchase the land from Port Stanley to Windsor.*

*Windsorites who have seen the picture can recall the character of the old doctor and perhaps imagine some of the fine acting background that has gone to make him the grand old gentleman he portrays on the screen.*



**July 31, 1947**

An old-fashioned cut glass carafe filled with shasta daisies is an attention-getter.

The man-made hills of coal behind the *Echo* office are doing awful things to my office river views.

Public spirited Wheatley citizens are taking 500 children to the Detroit Zoo today. We think alike...their feet...the adults', not the children's.

Foreground, a field of sparkling (as if it were spattered with wee mirrors) golden wheat - background, a large pile of tile arranged unconsciously, of course, in a modernistic fashion made a striking picture on the Colchester-Malden town line Wednesday.

When I'm swimming or sunning every Sunday afternoon, the *South American* leisurely steams up river, saluting this person and that in the friendliest, almost affectionate I-like-to-say-hello way. Listen for her as she talks to those on shore next Sunday afternoon and you'll see what I mean.

Blossoms afloat make attractive floral arrangements for both dining room and coffee table. Hollyhock blossoms pulled off short at the stalk and floated in a low bowl, with nasturtium leaves for lily pads with perhaps a figurine stork, turtle or

swan brings a lot of the park right into your home.

One morning as I was resting over a glass of milk in the Coffee Bar, Mrs. C.W. Lees of Edgewater Beach sat with me. She's a most interesting person and told me that her father, Dr. Andrew Jackson Gage of Knoxville, Tennessee, was named after the president, and although a general in the Confederate Army and the owner of 42 slaves (she has his picture with them), didn't approve of what he was fighting for. She also said that their four-storey colonial house is now a museum. Mrs. Lees also told me that her youngest aunt on her father's side was Andrew Jackson's wife and she has some of their letters.

Still harping at skirt lengths for fall. So here's the latest, the daytime skirt is now approximately 14 to 15 inches from the floor. This length should come between five and six inches below the knees. So when fixing your skirt length be sure to measure both and also when turning up the length wear the shoes you intend to wear with the suit. Of course, you know no designer can dictate as to length of skirt because the individual has to decide for herself pretty much, taking her figure and legs into consideration. But skirts are definitely longer and are smart, in my opinion.

Klaus Rothfels is working on "chromosomes" and for his experiments he uses a particular kind of grasshopper which he and his wife Joanne Manning went to Oregon this summer to locate. They found it the first day of their search. It seems that the work Mr. Rothfels is doing in cells will aid greatly in cancer research. His wife, who even showed possibilities in Grade I with me, is a clever artist and does the artwork for her husband's findings.

Some hostesses seem to be so much better equipped to give their guests an enjoyable time than others. When cards are on the docket the hostess has no trouble, but when a tea often a person gets stuck and doesn't know how to break away. Several hostesses of my acquaintance have the knack of every so often asking several guests to scout around and talk to different people. So if you're stuck, here's a chance to ask Mrs. Jones over in the corner about her grandchild. To me it's so much better than standing or sitting with the same people all the afternoon and with the hostess subtly working in the background everyone has a good time.

August 7 & 14, 1947

Young Stephen Smith, grandson of Mrs. Fred Smith, is caddying at Banff this summer. Recently he had the thrill of a 17-year-old's life, he carried Bing Crosby's club around the course.

A night or two before I went away I had to work here at the office, and when I walked to the south window I saw something which I have never seen except in London, England. Against a pearl grey twilight sky was the peach-colored full moon hanging directly between the two chimney pots on the Bank of Montreal.

That the Mullen home on Dalhousie Street not only is old but brings a great deal of atmosphere to that particular part of town was pointed out by F.C.B. Falls, who said that it was shown in a picture of Amherstburg in 1812. He also went on to say that it is completely brick-lined.

Bill Bailey of the *Echo* saw in *Newsweek* that his great uncle, Sir Joseph Cook, had died in Australia. Sir Joseph was prime minister of that vast land-below country during World War I. Bill said that his uncle emigrated to Australia as a coal pit boy and has worked his way to the top of the mining industry there.

August 21, 1947

At last I'm to get (thanks to young friend who keeps her eye on fashion accessories) some shoulder pads which will stay in place and give the square shoulder effect which of-the-narrow-shoulders-type needs.

They are the new snap-on variety which attach to slip and bra straps, stay put and can be used in any dress. They save the tacking in and ripping out business too, as well as the worry of getting them in the right spot.

With the temperature night and day hovering in the nineties I can readily see why people in very, very hot climates are unproductive mentally. Some say (in fact

in a facetious tone, of course, I did it myself last week to the men in the plant) that heat is only a state of mind. I wish I had that control. Anyway, Tuesday morning after a hot night I came downtown at 7:15 a.m. to get the morning paper and I actually envied the young lad of 12 coming around the Ramsay-Richmond corner in his bathing trunks heading for the waterworks.

When that terrific wind and rain storm rushed across the river last Thursday afternoon at 5:30 I was running up Dalhousie Street and almost got in the fury of it because I was so fascinated by the unruffled dark grey background of the western sky behind Bob-Lo and the brilliant, dense emerald green of the restless river - a foreign color, but beautiful, and I'm glad I got that combination of color unusual on the old Detroit.



For three years Mrs. Herbert Paetz has nursed a young cherry tree and it was a pet. This year it had a crop of about three hundred red cherries and she cherished the idea that those cherries were to go into the deep freeze and next winter she could say to her friends when she served cherry pie, "Those are all mine, I grew them, I nurtured them, I picked them and I prepared them for winter use." The long anticipated day for the rite of picking was coming up early on a Sunday morning. Saturday night before the Paetzes went down the bank for supper, they looked over the little tree with its shining red fruit and talked over the next morning's pleasure. But early the next morning, the tree was stripped. Just a couple of pits left. Someone must have used a flashlight from the looks of the bare tree. Such a letdown.



#### *August 28, 1947*

The August *Chatelaine* has a splendid article on Kate Aitken, the popular Toronto commentator, who is the mother of Mrs. Clinton Thomson in Harrow.

Monday I met a friend who had been holidaying on Lake Simcoe. "Do you know where I'd rather be than anywhere else in Summer," she challenged me. "In Amherstburg?" I queried. "That's right," she continued. "It was so hot at the lake

and I had to be dressed all the time." We've certainly got everything here for summer and really don't need to go to a summer resort except for the change in faces, conversation and ideas.

Two young Amherstburg television enthusiasts and television students (for they are both studying the subject in Chicago), in the persons of Paul Montgomery and George Roberts, have set up a television unit in the Amherstburg Recreation because that building operates on 60 cycles. Amherstburg is ideally located for television reception, right on the river within the 50 mile radius of WWJ TV's telecast programs, including the baseball, in the afternoon until four.

We've had a nurse visiting us who was overseas with the African forces and spent her service years in Africa. She said that when she arrived in South Africa ever so often she was kidded about the fact that she talked through her nose. When she arrived back home in Nova Scotia she said that she often felt like screaming when in a group because she thought she couldn't stand the raucous Canadian voices and the fact that everyone was talking through his nose. I laughed because I have an air force lad tell me the same thing after four years overseas. He said that the noise of our voices grated on his drums.



#### *September 4, 1947*

When looking into the life of Captain Thomas Paisley, we found that on August 4, 1914, his ship (merchant marine) was in the harbor at Hamburg, Germany, and he was interned there for the duration of the war.

New flowers (to me) were brought in this week by Susan Wigle, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Wigle - button asters in all the shades of pink. Such dainty individuals they were too, and certainly brightened the proof-reading job.

The song the summer sang, despite the right-about-face of the weather, was a fairly nice one but I thought this weekend with the long dense shadows both Sunday and Labor Day mornings, the music of the cicadas in the evening and the gallant bits of color - the fall has its high points and don't find it sad.

Once in a blue moon when I wash several pairs of nylons together, they have gotten mixed and I've worn two decidedly different shades to work. When looking down I kidded myself that they were unnoticeable. But the other day I saw a smart fall outfit on a turn-to-look-at figure taking a bus and her stockings weren't mates and the ensemble was spoiled. Here's where the bromide "you're not kidding anyone but yourself" fits it.

Forty members of the Garden Club of Detroit, who are all alumni of the University of Michigan, will come to Amherstburg Saturday afternoon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paetz' garden. They will also call at the Marwood Menzies home to see the attractive garden, outside grill and patio which he and Maurice O'Beay have made on a small lot. Among the interesting people in the group will be Mrs. Ruth Mosher Place, garden editor of the *Detroit News*, and Mrs. Bouton, who is in charge of the Garden Centre at Belle Isle.



*September 11, 1947*

The Lifebuoy-colored sun dangling (with no rays whatsoever) in the west Sunday night against a clear, pearl grey backdrop up so high, then a layer of grey with a faint tinge of pink, made a real "Now the day is over" impression.

In this day of rising household prices I was surprised when friend told me that she never knew what it cost her and her family of three to eat, that she never has kept track of household bills. Even if there is endless money on hand I feel that it is wrong procedure to spend too much on food when there are so many worthwhile spots for it, where you'll have something to show besides excess baggage in the way of fat.

When talking to one of the Detroit Garden Club members Saturday as we stood near the shore, she said, "From here you can see both the sunrise and the sunset on the water" - I was a bit surprised that a Detroit native wouldn't know that her city is on the turn of the river and consequently her east and west is our north and south. But interests differ and as I've said before, things closest to us we so often don't pay much attention to.

Public washrooms in restaurants, hotels, etc. must be a headache to the proprietors because of the careless public. Several times lately I've noticed the filthy conditions of such places late in the day and the repulsiveness was not due to poor housekeeping on the proprietors' part, I'm certain of that. Why is it that we, the public, are so careless in public places? Flicking ashes on hotel floors, throwing papers around, sticking gum here, there and everywhere and many other annoyances and indeed filthy tricks we wouldn't think of doing at home.

Saturday afternoon I joined a group of most attractive, alert garden-minded Detroit people who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paetz and Maurice O'Beay. One of the women was sitting alone near the grill, so I moved over and we talked about this town and her garden. Later on she and I got together again and again flowers, their beauty and satisfaction was the theme song. On the bridge going back to Detroit she had a heart attack and died soon after. When I learned about it Monday morning I couldn't help think that her last hours were as we would all want them - looking at flowers and gardens with the eye of a Creator and talking of them, living to the full and basking in one's hobby to the end.



*September 18, 1947*

A centrepiece with character - low white glads arranged horizontally in a flat white container with green lining, flanked by white tapers.

Ever so many parents took their children to the rodeo in Detroit Saturday to see Roy Rogers and his famous horse. And from the talk, he in person lived up to all the hero worship he had built up in them in the movies.

One of the finest books I have read against race prejudice is "Gentleman's Agreement". In this a magazine writer, Phil Green, was assigned a series of articles in "Antisemitism" and so he could actually get the feeling and understanding for this article he became a Jew for eight weeks. I found the book fascinating and very worthwhile.

For the first time since I started this job there was not a death for me to write

last week. With the exception of the notice regarding Mrs. John Power's grandson Lawrence Power, who had died in Chicago, and the fact that in the "Conversation Pieces" I mentioned the sudden death of that Detroit garden lover, there were no local obituaries. To me that fact was worth a comment.

Being too childish - as it reminds me of my own blond little girl pale pink and baby blue childhood (why oh why do mothers of tow heads insist on that combination). I've never cared much for the pink and blue flower combination but I must say that I've gotten the habit of looking out our east window these mornings to see the white-eyed delft blue morning glories entwined on a lattice with a few pale pink ones. They look so fresh and wide-eyed to greet the day.

After the Cory-Nash wedding Saturday, everywhere I went people were talking about the hats worn by the women guests - not my 1940 model - but the up-to-the-minute stunning fall models gay with plumes and flowers. What I noticed particularly was that they really were becoming, not the ultra-extreme heavy crowned down-over-the-ears hats that I was shown late in July for fall 1947.

Was wishing that I had been invited to a wedding in Leamington to see the color and design used in the attendants' dresses. Although warm last week fall hues were in order and the Victorian gowns, with off-the-shoulder and bustle effects in lime, lilac and burgundy velvet with yellow chrysanthemums used in the bouquets must have been beautiful. The attendants' hats were wide and crownless of matching lace with matching velvet ribbon streamers which fell to the hemline. Sounds lush.



*September 25, 1947*

The record is on again - quote: "When are the B.M. dances going to start, we have nothing to do."

The boat "*Miss Amherstburg*", in which Harry Duby placed fourth in the River Rouge Labor Day races, was built by him in his own backyard.

The Washington fashion-minded were shocked when Mrs. Truman started off

to Rio de Janeiro in a black dress with a blue hat and red shoes.

If nothing else Banana Belt weather is interesting - On Saturday I went swimming and on Monday at seven the children were roller skating with coats and mittens on in front of the office, and there certainly was frost in the offing.

Well, are we to go into the underpinning that my mother wore on the eve of the twentieth century which is put away with her beautiful, and I mean beautiful, satin and seed pearl trimmed wedding dress. When I saw the ads for these intimates - this is the last straw, I gasped, for with the modern figure the boned wasp-waist effect just doesn't fit in.

Latest idea for Britain's youngsters and their long suffering parents is the night nursery. The plan is of course, to see that parents get an evening out together occasionally. To me this seemed a splendid idea, not only as a morale builder for parents, but as a lucrative business for some one. I wonder if in time when mothers are no longer needed in industry, if night nurseries won't become more popular than day nurseries.

I thought of Ian Thomson, organist at Christ Church, when I came across a filler headed "Avocation as well as vocation" which said in part: "What is the special quality that differentiates the musician from the sculptor, the painter, the writer? It lies in the fact that he loves his art so much that he pursues it not only as a profession but also for relaxation. He makes his career in music and then he has not had enough of it, he makes his gaiety and good times with music also."

A joke on the Conversation Piecer. It seems that a group of women were talking and one said, "There's a woman who comes downtown in a black car every morning in a dressing gown and with skirts flying (felt like a Greek goddess with that part) without saying anything to anyone, sails into Reids for the morning paper. I'm not critical," she went on and added, "But Miss Marsh has even mentioned her in the Conversation Pieces (and I did when commenting on something that attracted in the 7:30 a.m. beauty). A friend who was listening in said, "Don't you know who that woman is, why that's Miss Marsh."



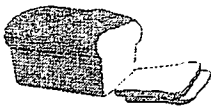
October 2, 1947

The wild asters along the roadway as we drove from Harrow to Arner last Thursday in the noonday sun was a foam of purple-lavender.

"Long skirts are immoral" said a western preacher, and after reading the article I still don't know what he's hitting at. Just wanted to get his name in the paper as taking a stand in this Fall 1947 long and short of it feud.

The summer certainly blew into Fall quickly this year and according to the gardens in our neighborhood there aren't many flowers burning candles to fall at the moment, but there will be soon with the promised bloom in the chrysanthemum beds.

What older women are doing - it's not age but mental outlook that counts and I mean it. This week in a despatch from Ottawa it was announced that Miss Elizabeth Smellie (a friend of Mrs. A.R. Bartlett's) had been named western region nursing consultant for the Department of Veterans' Affairs in Vancouver.



With the increase in the price of bread, we have wondered whether or not bakers could put out a smaller sized loaf. Our family of two doesn't eat a full loaf in a week and often the end gets so stale or mouldy that it has to be garbaged, which is wrong when there are so many large families who have depended on the after-school snack of bread and butter as a casual thing, but which now has become a luxury.

Went to hear Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen in Windsor Sunday and his lecture was so full of thought that I'm still mulling it over. The gist of his lecture was that Karl Marx, the Communist, and Sigmund Freud, the great psycho-analyst, were on the right track when they developed what they thought would be solutions for economic and mental unrest, but they erred in one respect by leaving God out of their plans. Monsignor Sheen described each man and his ideas thoroughly and pointed out the good. In fact he feels that each made an outstanding contribution to living in the twentieth century.

E.J. Pratt is one of Canada's noted poets and his powerful stories in verse (remember Dunkirk) can be enjoyed by teenagers as well as adults. His works become majestic and musical, especially when read aloud. Noticed that his new long poem "Epic of the Convoys, Behind the Log" will be out soon. In this he presents with power and incision the dramatic story of a convoy during the war. For the true background and atmosphere Mr. Pratt went to sea on a Canadian destroyer and it should be a thrilling volume. Grant MacDonald, famous for his navy portraits does the illustrations.

Miss Ruth Mosher Place, the garden editor of the *Detroit News*, and I were laughing about our jobs and she said that it burns her up when people say to her repeatedly how much fun it must be to work on a newspaper. There is the fun element and we all get around, but the work has to be done whether it's at 4 p.m. or 4 a.m., and then there's the pressure of a human working against a growling hungry linotype. But I don't feel belligerent toward the people who say that, as Mrs. Place seems to, because as an auditor said when here in the office last year, I never knew an office to have such laughs and it's those laugh periods that ease the pressure and as a matter of fact everybody works and everybody knows that there's not such a thing as a soft job in our day.



October 9, 1947

In the mildness and beauty of Sunday night I had for the first time this fall the fun of hearing the swish of the dried leaves on the sidewalks, making good background music for good conversation.

Some of my aesthetic friends on Laird Avenue feel that my clothes color scheme should be changed to match my dog Bobby's beautiful mahogany coat - Hate to jar my friends' sense of beauty but the brown shades and greens which would compliment Bob are unbecoming. Bobby has his particular color scheme as to face, skin, hair and eyes and I have mine and they do clash.

The Emily Post of 1650, whose name was Hannah Wooley, passed out some pertinent advice to the belles when she wrote to the Gentlewoman's Companion:



*Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig.  
Discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite nor  
fix your eyes too greedily upon the meat before you.*

*Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like  
Scotch bagpipes.*

*It is very uncomely to drink so large a draught that your breath  
is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover  
yourself.*



**October 16, 1947**

Until I talked to Ralph Wright in Harrow last Wednesday I thought prunes were dried plums. But he assured me that they were not a plum, but a prune and that he has California prunes growing on his farm at Arner. Funny how we go along for years with wrong impressions - probably ideas we made up ourselves and never asked about them.

Every so often something comes up that I'd like to do - but the dear old desk and I are at the ball and chain stage. This time it is to sell books at the Detroit Garden Club Sale at the Tuller Hotel on November 6. Some of the members will sell flower arrangements, others pictures, and still others books. What a busman's holiday I would have with those books if I only could....

To me these Autumn days are without price. For as I've said so often this, my favorite season is at hand. The only thing I've become like those people who queue for food and scarce clothing articles, when the demand for glorious sunshine playing on the dense colors round about these days begins to exceed the supply, I want more and more.

Essex County's larders are full to overflowing as you can readily see as you drive along the highways - yet the people in England are asking the Canadian Red Cross for food for the very first time since war began. It's hard to believe and Canada has been handed a challenge through the Red Cross to do something and we women in Amherstburg must accept the challenge by knuckling down to peacetime

work.

Almost 20 percentum of immigrants seeking refuge in Canada are professional men trying to escape the prohibitive taxes in Europe, Dr. Joseph Hilbert, Hungarian born painter, told Harrow Rotarians last week. I met one of these professional immigrants in Huntsville last summer, although not exactly in the same category, as he, a doctor, fled Czechoslovakia in 1939 and his wife and her mother escaped from Bohemia. They were charming people and their English, quite bookish and spoken according to rules (we could all do a little more of that I thought), was perfect and their expressions extraordinary and expressive.



**October 23, 1947**

The yellow in the leaves along Laird Avenue has certainly brought the sunlight down to us these days.

One thing we women have become very inconsiderate about, and that is removing hats in a movie. If we want to act according to Hoyle, we should take off our hats no matter how small. On second thought the etiquette book probably didn't mean a calot but a hat as small as pill box might prove annoying to the person behind. As for a larger hat, it's just bad manners.

One day of late, we were talking about Captain Jack Menzies, who lived up our street when we were children, and of the fun we had swimming from his boathouse. Like a flash I was reminded of the 15 cents he still owes me for the bass I caught off the Will Menzies' rocks. I remember that day as I walked up from the river he called from his wheelchair that that would be a fine tidbit for his supper and he'd give me 15 cents for it - and I'm still waiting. Along the same line, my mouth is still watering for maple walnut fudge which I was promised if I'd run a message way up Sandwich Street years and years ago. For that too I'm still waiting. If people would only realize children never forget - they might for a long time and then, as it did with me, re-register - they wouldn't promise without carrying through.

The young women of the Junior Guild of Christ Church did something the other

night in the Parish House which is good for a crowd of people and for the community in general. They had an "At Home", which commenced with a sing-song, musical program and ended with both round and square dancing. (Although the latter wasn't so successful if one has studied the art of this particular kind of dance because the young couples present just didn't know how, but it provided much amusement for the onlookers.) Those in attendance had a dandy time and as I looked around, my theory that young people like to sing was proven. Informal affairs like this where older and younger people are together appeal and there should be more of them, as it provides a social contact which we don't often get. The members had decorated the hall with an autumn motif using fruit, vegetables and leaves and on the buffet supper table they arranged a centerpiece of fruit and bouquets of the season's flowers, which all added up to make for the success of the evening.

A fortnight ago J.A.M. borrowed a brand new book from the library which had only been out once before. It was spotted over the cover and positively filthy. We just couldn't believe that anyone would have the nerve to return a book in such condition.



*October 30, 1947*

So many people can't seem to see beauty in the fall because they find too much pathos in the dying leaves and gardens. But to me this passing of loveliness that's going on all around, is heralding the beauty outdoors I find in the new season to come.

When Mrs. Gertrude Preston was in Pontiac this past week she had a piece of her sister's (Mrs. Ed Argus') wedding cake that was made by Fred Curtis, the baker, here in Amherstburg 44 years ago. Mrs. Preston said that the cake was moist and palatable.

An interesting age situation came up a month ago when Lucienna Wismer's daughter was born. Lucienna is the wife of Mr. Harvey Jones, Anderdon. The young mother is 19 years of age and when her baby was born her father, Darwin

Wismer, was 38.

I hadn't heard this reasoning before but it sounds alright, that etiquette is a part of mental health practice; it rounds out the picture of a healthy mind in a healthy body. "Manners, in addition to making the man, makes the healthy and happy man." This statement is based on the assertion that the mannerly person, being socially more acceptable, is correspondingly happier, and hence healthier.

Hugged close to the sidewalk along Fort Malden Drive was a drift of Maple leaves beautiful in their browns, yellows, reds and bronze (before they were too dried out or rain beaten), peeping from the blanket was a perfect ageratum in all its periwinkle blue daintiness. Strange to say the masculineness of the leaves and the feminineness of the ageratum complemented one another - But that's life, isn't it?

The short slip - longer skirt situation is snowballing into a big feminine question. Within the month I got a black nylon slip to wear with a lengthened black wool crepe skirt (thin material) and the slip is a good eight inches shorter than my skirt. The saleswoman suggested black lace as a slip lengthener but nothing doing in that line either. So the whole vogueish longer length skirt is spoiled for the time being.

On the first birthday of her great grandson, Jason Guy Sanford, July 22, Mrs. Lemuel Russelo, Simcoe Street, who has been crippled with a broken left wrist since the birth of the boy, began to ravel and re-knit a fine woollen sweater which had belonged to the child's great great grandmother James. Despite her handicap, Mrs. Russelo persevered with the knitting and finished a sweater for the year-old grandson this week. Mrs. Russelo's determination, ambition and courage can certainly put most of us to shame.



*November 6, 1947*

Statistics that have interest to the distaff side - unmarried women between 20 and 30 have three times as good a chance of marriage as did women of the same age in 1914, it is estimated.

Such a mixed up season as we're having in the plant world. Sunday J.A.M. and I went to see the Websters' chrysanthemum show in the rock garden which spills down the hill toward the river, and there cockily growing and running well in the color show were clumps of perfect nasturtiums.

Black face type set in a box in a hot spot on the front page of a Toronto daily proclaimed pussy willows in Toronto Thursday. Our pussy willows have mistaken the season also and have reached maturity but are not as large as they get in the spring. Pussys and tulips are a delightful combination but I have my doubts about pussys and chrysanthemums - could be.

Still at it - but the incongruity of the growth calls for chatter. Monday night friend had three bouquets in her living room - an arrangement of delphinium in a cut glass vase; another of American Beauty roses; and the third was chrysanthemums, all from her garden. I quite agree with the *Free Press* which made the comment that the weather was conscience stricken for what it did to us this spring and summer - even that killing frost the last week in September was a dirty trick.

Jack Hambleton, young Windsor artist who did the illustrations in the new book "Facepowder and Gunpowder", the story of Canada's Red Cross Corps overseas, has a picture "Old House, Amherstburg" in his current show at the C.H. Smith Auditorium. Cooperating with Mr. Hambleton on this exhibit is another of Windsor's outstanding artists, Kenneth Saltmarche, the curator at the Willistead Library Art Gallery.

The old house is the Ouellette house up the bank. Mr. Hambleton's other picture of the Post Office from the south west side shows a bit of the *Echo* office.

Winter season usually means a pepped-up party life, more sophisticated clothes and corsages. So a few pointers on corsages, because they seem to be everywhere these days, on old, young and in-between women, would not be amiss. Every once in a while we women get a surprise corsage which does not match a particular outfit for a special event but wear it we must (so as not to hurt feelings), even if we tuck it into the hair so it won't clash, or I've seen them worn effectively on the left wrist. Then, too, there are still women who make the mistake of wearing the blossoms down - always blossoms up, ribbons down. Just at present many corsages are made up without ribbons so the wearer will have to decide the position for herself.

Recently I read that the latest fashion edict is to wear the corsage on the right shoulder. A tip for the young, young women, orchids are lovely, but for you should be saved for an extra special occasion.



*November 13, 1947*

It seems that a man in a very nearby town was arrested recently and sent to jail for selling liquor to minors...Last week the town council got a letter from his wife saying that "You put my husband in jail so I want a ton of chestnut coal, also meat, groceries, etc. etc. every week."

The howling and prowling of old man winter Saturday afternoon when he blew bits of snow around didn't disturb the flowers as much as it did us who grumbled about the sudden change, for I saw a charming bouquet of perfect pink baby rosebuds picked Saturday.

One way to get them - Over this past weekend I listened in on several conversations regarding pheasant shooting both on Pelee and the mainland. But the slickest thing I've seen in the pheasant catching line was on Saturday afternoon when the bus driven by Mickey Cochrane hit a pheasant with its bright plumage. Mr. Cochrane retrieved it and was as proud as punch.

Possibly I'm old fashioned, but I was reading that if a neighbor comes to call on your hostess when you are a house guest and the conversation continues along the line of neighborhood news and trivialities, it is perfectly alright for you, the guest, to excuse yourself and go to your room to rest, knit, read, unpack or whatever's on your mind. I disagree with this, because a guest owes something to her hostess and can surely listen to babies, recipes, comings and goings, for a while until the hostess gets a chance to direct the conversation into broader channels. But sit guest must, according to my sense of good manners. Of course we all have a tendency to err in this respect, for we often become so interested in our own little affairs that we forget there are outsiders in the group to whom the conversation must be boring.



November 20, 1947

It certainly doesn't take long for the young women to pick up the latest, the Gibson girl look. I noticed at the dance on Friday night that a dozen of them had the prim collars and gay flowing ties.

Princess Elizabeth of England and Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten were married in Westminster Abbey, London, this morning. I like what the chairman of the New York Dress Institute said: "The world has a warm feeling about this wedding as a symbol of the right things of life."

Saturday afternoon when in Windsor, I stood watching for a place to sit at a food counter and looked over the backs and leg positions of the people sitting there. What a chuckle I had over the grotesque (yes, that's true) sitting positions. That waiting for a sandwich business proved to be profitable for me, a real good lesson on how not to sit on a stool at a counter. Women weren't the only offenders - the men looked strange from the rear too.

As I don't take sugar in either tea or coffee, during the rationing years whenever I was in a restaurant with a sugar lover and I'd say "no" to the waitress, I'd usually get a dirty look. So, it got so that often I'd say "yes." Armistice Day, though, I got fooled, forgetting that sugar rationing was off and never thinking of granulated sugar being served, I said "yes" and got syrup instead of tea while friend had to put half hers in Kleenex for the watered second cup.

Mrs. Howard Boxall, a lassie from Edinburgh who has come to live in Amherstburg, is a highland dancer of note. Mrs. Boxall has 16 medals to her credit and when she was twelve was presented with a Bible by the late King George and Queen Mary, shook her hand and no doubt complimented her on her dancing after a competition in Usher Hall in Edinburgh. When I said, "Have you done any dancing since you came to this country as a war bride?" Mrs. Boxall answered, "Only once at Mrs. David Burck's home" - I'd like to have been there to join the fun and laughter.



Pat Thomas, daughter of Chas. Thomas, is in Toronto now, going to night school, making preparation for Deaconess Training and working in the complaint department of Simpson's. My young ex-pupil called Sunday and said that she had been kidded in her department because she was always talking Amherstburg - the finest town in the Dominion, etc. etc. One day recently one of the staff got a letter marked "The *Amherstburg Echo*" and brought it to Pat saying, "At long last here's the name of the wonderful town in print" and asked if she knew the writer, which was me complaining about a dress. Pat said I had been her teacher and that the letterhead proves what she was saying about the "Banana Belt," etc. So my letter was passed around the department with lots of facetious remarks.

Pat also went on to tell me that her principal, a Mr. Allen, lived in the old Methodist parsonage here when his father was pastor of Wesley Church about 40 years ago.



November 27, 1947

As I was going home to lunch last Thursday the day was so mellow. The browns, tans, greens and occasional odd color in the few stalwart flowers were livened by the noonday sun. The river was a mirror. Three lads were rowing over from Bob-Lo in the same line of vision as a freighter quietly upbound, just as if the season were beginning.

When talking to a young lawyer over the weekend, he said that nothing disgusted him more than to be one step ahead of the author in a mystery story. He asked if I had read "Halfway House" by Ellery Queen and continued in that story he was completely baffled and he considers it one of the best "whodunits". So I, the mystery story addict, bought a twenty-five cent edition and am enjoying it.

On the park property a few yards from our house stands a maple which up until Monday morning had hardly shed a leaf. The tree was covered with green leaves with the odd brown spot. Surprise! Surprise! When the snow gave a different dressed-up-for-winter character that morning, on top of the dead whiteness under the tree which I mention was a covering of green leaves. Lots of white with a dash of green is a stunning color scheme.



*December 4, 1947*

With delight I record this incident. The other day I walked in on a friend who has a fine French background and name and said, "Hello, Miss \_\_\_\_\_," pronouncing her surname the English way as so many do. Her eyes fired and she said, "My name is \_\_\_\_\_," in no uncertain terms, giving it the French pronunciation, which means something and is musical in my estimation. I was delighted, for I do like the old French surnames, properly pronounced, which are interwoven into the history of this district.

Two people whom I have seen that past week prove my point that you are just as old as your mind - the one, Mrs. F.P. Scratch, who will be 93 on the 18<sup>th</sup>, was at the General Amherst commencement Friday night, going out on the first blustery night of the season. The other was Mrs. J.K. McLean of Harrow, who celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary last Monday. When I was calling on her Wednesday, if I had closed my eyes (not that she's old looking by any means), from her gay conversation and the lilt of her voice I would have thought I was talking to a real young woman.

Among the seven Canadian newspaperwomen who were sent to London to cover the Royal Wedding was Mrs. Kate Aiken of the *Montreal Standard*. Mrs. Clinton Thompson of Harrow is Mrs. Aiken's daughter and she told a group of young women about her mother's activities in Harrow last night. I hope sometime when Mrs. Aiken comes to this district that I'll be able to meet her, just as I did Mrs. Myrtle Labatt a few weeks ago. Both these brilliant women have done and are still doing a wonderful job of combining a career and a home.

Paging Ripley! When Harold Kitchen of Brantford was in town over the weekend he saw a car downtown, which he thought looked like his favorite old car sold two years ago. Later the car was parked on the lot next his sister-in-law's (Mrs. I.H. Kitchen) home and he mentioned it again and said that if it really were his car it would have some sort of a broken gadget at some particular spot. So he sauntered over and sure enough there it was. He went to the door (the George Mallett house) and offered the man \$900 for the car, but the owner said that he wouldn't take

\$1000. The interesting thing is that the people in the Mallett house have recently come from Saskatchewan and, of course, the car bears a Saskatchewan licence and has travelled thousands of miles since Mr. Kitchen sold it.



*December 11, 1947*

Christmas concerts, Christmas parties and Christmas trees were the oft-repeated news items Tuesday morning and as I took the items down and tried to look through the dirty windows at the office, so much more noticeable with the warm sun playing on them, I felt like protesting at "Silent Night" and insisting on "And we will row, row, row, way up on the river."

Am absorbed in "Serpent's Tooth," a new Canadian novel written by a Toronto woman. But I agree with B.M. (Mother) that the two fathers sound as if they were living in 1900, in fact, B.M. said, "It sounds like my strict father, my dear." On second thought, in our small horizons possibly we don't know people like that - and there may be plenty, so why even in thought criticize the characterizations as being a bit far fetched.

There's nothing that burns me up more than having someone compare what "we did when we were young" or say, "We were only allowed out on Friday nights" with the freedom the young people have or to the way the young people express themselves today "not as they used to in the good old days." Gosh, those "good old days" must have been good - but give me today and its frank, well-dressed, easy to talk to, well informed young people.

Every Tuesday night when I wend my way toward the B.M. Club for bowling, I say to myself, "Why, O why, didn't I start this activity long ago when I enjoy it so much." - If I had done that, I know those elusive five pins (chuckling at the greenhorn) wouldn't change position when my ball comes toward them just to fool me. Then, too, there's another thing, if I had started this game earlier in life I wouldn't be so self-conscious of my limitations when the now-grown pupils of mine say, "How're you doing, Miss Marsh?" and I have to point to my 98% average for October and November. I did want 100 but that century mark, too, just danced

before me and then away.

I got a complaint at the dance Friday night from one of the younger ex-servicemen that the girls here were not particularly friendly - that other places he'd been to girls were not allowed to dance together. But since the dancing parties started this year, I've noticed two things: that there are three times as many young men as girls and that some of the younger men stand around all evening and don't ask the girls (sitters) on the other side to dance. And I ask you, can the girls walk over to the east side of the B.M. Club and corral a dance partner? It's most embarrassing for a girl to warm a chair at a dance but that I think would be worse. As a consequence some of the girls do dance together. I'll stick up for the girls at the dances - even though they are in the minority, to be a wall flower is a major insult, so how can they be friendly if the young men don't make the first move. Some of you will say the occasional "girl ask boy" dance or "girls do the robbing" but that's not so popular either. At a private dance, yes, or a servicemen's canteen, yes, but I have my doubts about our dances, maybe so.



*December 18, 1947*

Tuesday was a beautiful day of pattern and design with the feathery snow causing a complete metamorphosis - looked almost as if we were in for a spell of magical winter weather - the kind that goes hand in glove with Christmas.

I admire the efficiency of those friends of mine who have their Christmas presents all wrapped and their Christmas cards written, but I can't seem to do it until I get The Spirit and when it does strike, as it did Sunday, watch out for me, Mr. Santa. I want everything in your pack for my friends (big and little) and have a place to put each and every article.

While we rush around shopping hysterically for Christmas, grouching because some of the delectables for the big dinner are still hard to find, I notice that Britons are going to have a Christmas present from their government. It's an extra holiday ration of ten cents' worth of meat, a pound and a half of sugar and four ounces of chocolate.

A feeling of good things to come, contentment and happiness came over me Monday morning as I watched the sunrise. There was nothing to ruffle the eastern sky - just a pearl grey background, no air motion detectable, then quietly and confidently the more red than orange glow crept up until a perfect arc was formed shading perfectly from pale sky ceiling to the horizon's deep tones.

For years and years I taught the rudiments of spelling and never thought but what I wasn't an above average speller. But since taking this job with its copy and proof-reading, I find that the Oxford dictionary is a necessity to my daily program and I or someone else picks up simply awful mistakes. The other night I was dashing off a card and spelled "disillusioned" wrong and knew it at the moment but it was the last card I had, so let it go - Time after time the same thing happens and it shows that one shouldn't be too positive of one's ability in any line.

I was most interested in the world premiere of "From Sea to Sea," a Canada inspired symphonic suite by Montreal's youthful Alexander Brott, which was heard from Montreal a fortnight ago tonight. The 45-minute work was a five-movement suite descriptive of the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairies and British Columbia. Air of the music, which depends almost entirely on its direct emotional appeal, was "to represent as closely as possible the particular contribution made by each area to this great Canadian panorama." His inspirations were published and unpublished folklore researches, documentary films, Canadian paintings and the geographical sights of Canada.



*December 25, 1947*

I don't think it becomes prosaic when oft repeated so what's the use of dressing it up - Merry Christmas!

Talk about an underground grapevine in Amherstburg, its power was evident this past weekend when only a matter of a few hours after the skating rink was in shape, children and some adults from all parts of the town were on hand for the first skate of the season.

One of the most beautiful sunsets of this season was staged Sunday night on the shortest day of the year, when orange and white was the color scheme used - never did I think that a calm orange river with the white and almost black trees in the foreground, then backdrop Bob-Lo, then orange sky, would be breathtaking, but it was.

This Christmas is going to be the sweetest holiday we've had in a long time because not an eyebrow is raised when you say to the salesman, "I'll take two boxes of candy, please." Then, too, it's a fudge making time and done so casually, too. I'm glad about the latter for the young folk's sake for they have been curbed in this fun for so long - now they can have their fling.

A rural mail man was in on Thursday and told of walking three miles of his route because of the snow drifted roads. He said, "And what do you know, I stood one person's sarcastic remark because the mail was late." Strange make-up some of us have that we can't stand to have our routine disrupted in spite of the fact that many things are beyond human control. Take for instance, when the hydro is off, I wager that if a recording could be made of the calls there would be good material for Hollywood's slapstick comedy writers.



*January 1, 1948*

The new year is at hand and may it bring a leveling off in our way of life and a deeper sense of true values, not only in the home but over the whole world.

Our Christmas flowers had the beautiful snow on Friday for focus. Hope they last until New Year's and the same thing happens again. Just the thought of it will give a good start to 1948 for me, anyway.

A saunter down Dalhousie Street and a peak in at the glorious American Beauty roses growing in the greenhouse will help to make New Year's resolutions stick - a combination of God-made and man-made beauty such as couldn't do otherwise.

There's a real Christmas card picture on No. 18 Highway near the Big Creek

bridge on the left side of the road going towards Harrow - a wee cozy red house set back among the trees with snow on the roof and blanketing the ground - just the sort of quiet rural impression that people of other lands have of Canada. Without the snow, too, its pastoral beauty attracts.

Such lamenting as is rampant because no organization has planned a New Year's Eve dance - but why do it in a town like Amherstburg when there are so many places to go - lamenting and regret, yes, but for two years the B.M. Club dance committee went to elaborate preparations to have a gala time on New Year's because "everybody" wanted a dance and "everybody" was to be there, but what happened - "everybody" had something else to do, so the committee got discouraged - consequently no New Year's Eve dance and can you blame the members.

For the distaff side only - with the new year and thoughts of a new Spring dress, watch fabrics more carefully as they can do a lot for your figure, temperament and mood. According to a recent fashion article the experts tell us we should always consider weight, weave, luster and design when we're choosing fabrics that will do nice things to the figure. Satin is a dandy material if you're flat chested but fatal if plumpish - chiffon for best dress for that group. The thin, fairly tall woman can pick up the gorgeous tweeds and wear them any place and every place. That's the lucky group, for you get color and dash and always look well dressed. Unfortunately there are some women with bad figure points who insist on tweeds, skirts and blouses which surely do accentuate the negative - you simply can't be flat and tweedy at the same time.



*January 8, 1948*

A pair of cardinals, annoyed that the berries were ice-covered, in no uncertain terms told me that they were hungry Saturday afternoon.

There was the strangest purple light, not playing but settled, on the ice and snow laden branches at 7:45 Monday morning, giving an entirely different lifeless look to the world of trees and shrubbery in our neighborhood.



New Year's was a fearsome day with the world armored with frost, the eerie greyness that settled down, the river going contrariwise, the lightning and thunder, the power off - and in lots of cases the heat and water off, too. When the Banana Belt starts to kick up its heels to show it's an individualist, it goes all out.

This little article below headed "Best Dressed Woman" I found in the *London Free Press* and thought was written with tongue-in-cheek as a follow-up of all the ballyhoo about the ten best women of the year. It reads:

*Our idea of a well-dressed woman is one who is so well garbed that when we leave her we have not the slightest notion of what she was wearing, only the general feeling that she was well dressed. We like a friendly smile, a firm handshake, a bright eye, a humorous lip, a quick step, a soft voice, a kindly heart. That's our best dressed woman of the year, whether she be in mink or a mother Hubbard.*

In our world the writer has caught the real idea of what we women want to be like.

Looking over the Christmas cards after the rush of The Week I don't feel at all as if that greeting business has become commercialized or it has become an "I send to you so you must return" or that it's a matter of mass production, scratching off a long list of names of people that don't mean a thing. As I looked over mine, I didn't feel that there was one that carried a "I simply must not forget Helen she sent me one" smell to it. I was glad to have a note from a New York friend; from a Detroit friend whom I seldom see, telling of their Christmas trip to Nassau; from a St. Louis friend who is off to Oswego, enumerating the doings of the family in the past two months and other old friends that I never hear from. When we can't see our friends often, or even if we see them almost daily, we still like the warmth and friendliness that goes into the Christmas card. It certainly is a small but important tribute.



*January 15, 1948*

Here it is "Leap Year" and the only comment I have heard on it was at the dance last Friday night when a young man (yes, it was) suggested that for the rest of the

evening the girls issue the dance invitations.

In a Reuters despatch from Hamburg, Germany, there was a small filler entitled "Good bait to catch husband," which reads: "A 28-year-old Hamburg woman who advertised for a husband in the Hamburg Allgemeine Zeitung added that she received food parcels from the United States each month - She got 2437 offers."

The Bobby Burns Club of Windsor is very anxious to get hold of a bust of Robert Burns and wondered if one could be found in this district. Captain Charlie Hackett is the go-between, so if anyone wants to part with his head of the Scotch poet, please call him at 29.

Oh! For a quarter of a head of lettuce with French dressing on it. Speaking of lettuce, though, on Sunday we had a delicious Waldorf salad which ordinarily would be placed on a lettuce leaf - but, do you know, that in this short time without lettuce neither the eye appeal nor the taste appeal was affected because of the lack of it.

In a Detroit paper Thursday I noticed that Mr. Finzel of orchestral fame was celebrating his 67<sup>th</sup> birthday that day. I just gasped "67?" I was sure he must be "105" for I remember when a little girl Finzel's Orchestra was The Band of Detroit and Bob-Lo and looking at him then through the eyes of a child I thought then that the famous leader was OLD. And here he is in his prime.

I never knew that the Puritans were bitterly opposed to Christmas and that in Massachusetts in 1659 a law was passed which read: Whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing of labor or feasting or any other way, shall be fined five shillings." This law held for 22 years and Christmas did not become a legal holiday in New England until late in the first half of the nineteenth century.

"You sure made a lot of mistakes in the *Conversation Pieces* this week," is an oft repeated jibe. The following jingle tells you just how I feel about those mistakes (it's not original) - here it is:

*The typographic error  
Is a slippery thing and sly;  
You can hunt till you are dizzy,*

*But it somehow will get by.  
Till the forms are off the presses,  
It is strange how still it keeps;  
It shrinks down into a corner  
And it never stirs or peeps.  
The typographic error  
Is too small for human eyes,  
Till the ink is on the paper,  
When it grows to mountain size.  
The Boss, he stares with horror,  
Then he grabs his hair and groans;  
The copy-reader drops his head  
Upon his hands, and moans.  
The remainder of the issue  
May be clean as clean can be,  
But that typographic error  
Is the biggest thing you see.*



**January 22, 1948**

Getting to the stage where "200" in bowling means something to me. I had that figure dangling before me, but eluding me, twice last week.

Sailors for Spring! The hats, not the men, I mean, what a pick-me-up for us as women. Those narrow brimmed saucy sailors with a funny little front stick-ups and a dash of veiling are almost irresistible.

In the old stuff today is a report of a snow storm that hit 30 years ago Saturday. The write-up brought up to mind the hill-sized snowdrift in front of Marwood and Morris Menzies' home and the fun we had after Mr. Oliver Dunbar had made a tunnel through it.

Newspaper copy writers, who are the principal molders of our language as it is spoken, can certainly coin new phrases and words. I was thinking about "new

look." It's on the tongue of young and old and when a Dalhousie Street six-year-old commented on a long skirted high school girl on the other side of the street, "She's sure got the new look, Miss Marsh," I was highly amused.

Although I don't like to see a movie version of a book I've read and liked, from the glowing reports of "Black Narcissus" I feel that this picture would be an exception. When I read a book I know I'm a bit too analytical and then, too, I can visualize the characters until they become almost real people to me. As a consequence the movie interpretation of both the story (including my ideas of the importance or unimportance of some of the sequences) and the characters as brought out on the screen are so often disappointing.

The other night at the Rotary Ladies meeting when the subject of a dinner party menu came up and turkey was mentioned, strange to say it wasn't the most popular choice. Time was when Christmas, New Year's and turkey were synonymous and in those days do you remember, the festive bird had a bony breast with little meat - but now with the new turkey breeding methods a turkey dinner, winter or summer, is no novelty and with range and feeding improvements the broad-breasted bird has white meat galore, so much so that a turkey dinner for a lot of people is economical and tasty.

In talking to a man Monday night who has been in England since last May, I felt guilty that I had ever, ever even commented mildly on the inconveniences of after-war living. He told of his sister's menus, the sameness of which would take away anyone's appetite. "We had, fortunately, because I took Mazola oil from Canada, fish four times a week," he went on. "But all our friends couldn't have that unless they boiled the fish, because there is no fat whatsoever." The clothes situation is desperate, according to him. And he went on to say that his sisters had practically nothing, especially shoes because they took large sizes. The food need means work slow-up, he said, and cited several instances and the austerity of their program following their harrowing experiences during the war years has lowered the morale so much that there's no gaiety nor laughter in London. "Imagine a silent crowd or a full dining room that resembled a morgue." Oh, yes in the swank London hotel you get three courses, soup, main course and a sweet. If you want bread you take that in place of the soup or sweet. You can't pay for it, it just has to be substituted.

Occasionally I hear the paper boys grouching because they find it hard to collect their weekly paper money. They knock and sometimes they get a call, "I'll pay you next week," or "wait until I find my purse," and that latter slows down the collecting and peddling time. The youngsters sometimes, in fact often, are out of pocket because people think they have paid and have not. We find it so much easier to leave the weekly pay in a certain spot so the paper boy has only to pick up his pay. I know of others who put out a weekly envelope for the boy. Both these ideas save answering a knock, hunting for change and the lad's time.



*January 29, 1948*

Oh, no! Never! The new look in stockings (revived by the long skirts) show short ones held up by an elastic below the knee instead of the old style roll of the roaring twenties.

The colors in the ice of the frozen-across-to-Bob-Lo river these days are interesting. Saturday afternoon during the snow storm I liked what I saw when I looked through the flecks and flakes at an angry patch of green water (man-made by the *Atomic*) with several ducks defying it.

Mrs. Doreen Day of Eaton's, Montreal, made a widely read American news weekly with the following truism which most of us knew and follow and we quote: "There is no such thing as 'the best dressed woman'. She is merely the woman who has learned to adapt fashions to her own figure and way of life."

While we worry here about the high cost of living the Arabs in Morocco are worrying more because the high cost of living there is slowly wiping out the harem. More and more of the Arabs are restricting themselves to one wife at a time. It seems the Koran entitles a man to four official spouses, but it is just too expensive these days. Before the war an Arab could "buy" a wife for 5000 francs. Now a wife costs 100,000 to 200,000 francs (from \$1000 to \$2000).

Last year "The Black Rose" by Thomas Costain was good reading; this past week his "Money Man" held my interest. This latest story of Mr. Costain's was

centered around the court of Henry the Seventh of France and the hero was the King's money lender, Jacques Coeur, who was deftly portrayed. The love interest woven into the Money Man's character was a bit different from the usual run of French court romances.

Something MUST be done to broaden one side of my life, I determined last week when reading a list of the ten best movies of 1947 and found that I'd only seen two, namely, "The Jolson Story" and "The Yearling." Movies are important to a busy person's program, not only for relaxation but to keep one up with the world in general and I must get out of this lack of interest and energy movie rut. The other eight top movies of last year were "The Best Years of our Lives," "Duel in the Sun," "Forever Amber," "Unconquered," "Life with Father," "Welcome Stranger," "The Egg and I" and "The Yearling."



*February 5, 1948*

Stumping the *Conversation Pieces* - and in no uncertain terms either - "How do you cut up a pig, Miss Marsh!" and continuing, "We have half a one and don't know where to start."

I've always been keen about lingerie touches on Spring dresses, and about the smartest trick I've seen this year is a dress that got petticoat fever and had white eyelet embroidered ruffle on the skirt and the repeated accent as collars and cuffs.

Have you noticed that more and more foreign and domestic travel ads are appearing in the papers? And for a little consideration we can go almost anywhere now. I read them all - the Detroit and Toronto papers - not in a daydreaming mood but with a determined view that some day I can go some place by air.

Ice skating, ice boating and sailing-on-skates enthusiasts have had a field day this year. Harrow friends tell of the wonderful times they have been having on Sundays at Linden Beach. A fortnight ago to add to the fun a small plane joined the large group there. It landed on the ice and many had the dual experience that afternoon of speeding over the ice in a streamlined ice boat and riding in the plane.

"English Conversation Pieces" caught my eye in the rotogravure of the Sunday paper and read on to learn of the first comprehensive exhibition of "Eighteenth Century English Conversation Pieces" now on view at the Detroit Institute of Arts. It seems that the "conversation piece" is the name for a type of painting which shows people in familiar settings and activity. The style became popular in England in the 1720s.

The radio and the press over the weekend told of cold and colder air pockets about to descend on us here in shivering Essex County and we all had a sad sack attitude about cold January which, for the first time in years, forgot to thaw - the depth of the ice bridge to Bob-Lo and beyond - the melting coal piles and on into the night. Monday dawned milder with lots of sunshine, and actually Tuesday at breakfast when I was attracted by the plaintive cry of a strange bird and went out on the back porch I found the air almost balmy and the eastern sky in the pastels of Spring - or that's what the colors made me believe - hope they weren't kidding.

For the past week there have been two eagles at an air hole near the dike directly across from Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stanley's home, upper Laird Avenue. Mr. Stanley said that on Sunday they had great enjoyment watching one of them catch a duck. The eagle tried and tried to make this kill on the water, but to no avail. Finally it did get it when the duck was worked over on the ice. After the eagle had had his fill, numbers of crows raucously fought for the leavings. According to Mr. Stanley one eagle seems to come from Sugar Island while the other heads for Bob-Lo. He also said that he was certainly going to do a sketch of the eagle vs. duck sparring and final kill.



*February 12, 1948*

My taste in music is unpredictable - I like "Civilization" - it's so gay - and Gracie Field's interpretation of "Now is the Hour."

The side effect of the dashing new spring hats is refreshing but means that one side of the hair will have to be very well kept up. I saw a black hat Friday which covered one side of the head only and had a pink rose at the neckline below the right

ear - made me drool. P.S.- The name for this new hat is "Sideswept."

The world Friday morning around eight looked almost like a Hollywood backdrop with the dense mist giving an almost pure white effect to the trees in the park (the ground was already white) and the sun in its orange glory with no rays whatsoever breaking into the white sky, suspended in the east. A symphony in white and orange - that was a bit fantastic.

A picture was flashed on my mind when I read the old files last week of Amherstburg children in my youth catching rides on the sleighs as they went to and from Callam's Bay, where they loaded with ice for the ice house in town. Then, too, I recalled the checkerboards on the river when ice squares were being taken out. What fun we had, too, hitching sleds to those large sleighs and whizzing down Fraser's Hill.

When I saw that Louis Blake Duff of Welland, retired publisher and editor and authority on local history, is speaking to the Windsor Historic Sites Association tonight, I remembered the several pleasant times I have had in his company - and he is a person one remembers. One time Mr. Duff was here in Amherstburg and we were walking in the moat beside our house when he said: "How long has your family been in this old historic town?" and when I told him when Dad came here to join the staff of the *Echo*, he looked at me so seriously and said, "Just an upstart."

I wonder if it's because I'm bowling this season for the first time and have picked up a brand new and delightful interest that I run into women bowling enthusiasts and heated conversations more, or if more women are bowling now or if the bowling spirit was there all the time and because I wasn't in the game was just not interested in the conversation and shelved it. Anyway, a head in a Detroit paper caught my eye, "Bowling Instead of Bridge," at the Country Club party, so bowling evidently has struck that particular group. Each form of recreation has its place in our leisure time activities and one should not entirely supplant the other.



February 19, 1948

Irene Stanley beat me to it and said it better-

*Moment In Crystal*

*I hear*

*a tinkling crash-*

*I know my window-harp*

*of twinkling icicles has left*

*the sash!*

IRENE STANLEY

A shirtwaist Spring! And are they lovely on the girl or woman whose figure points make fashion point news. But, we of the small-waisted, narrow-shouldered and wider-hipped variety should steer clear, no matter how much the femininity of the exquisite tucked shirtwaists, reminiscent of Gibson girl days, appeal - sales resistance and the fact that the mirror tells all should be uppermost in our minds when we pass a shirtwaist (that's the word for it, not blouse) counter this Spring.

As a rule, treasured hand-made quilts are used and displayed on one side only. Yet the back with its exquisitely fine stitches and intricate pattern is equally as beautiful and if used occasionally it becomes a reversible dual-purpose heirloom. I saw a museum-piece quilt lately at Mrs. H.L.E. Aldrich's which was a needlework gem on the wrong side and could easily be used either side up - and effectively, too.

"Never underestimate the power of Spring," said I to myself Tuesday morning when I looked out at the river, the large patches of brown grass on the river lot (which weren't there Sunday) and the balminess over the world. In one day Spring turned it on Winter and just like a belligerent bully Winter didn't even fight back, it just dripped and flowed itself away.

The extra long spears of ice took on a pastel lavender from the unusual eastern sky Sunday at sundown. This was my first experience with lavender icicles and I liked them. When I exclaimed over the east, B.M. said that the sunset must be glorious, so riverward I hiked and strange as it may seem a disappointment awaited for the western sky was ordinary by comparison - no color excitement whatsoever.

There's nothing like a small community in my opinion. Of course, I've never lived in a city except in hotels when travelling but have lived almost in the suburbs of a metropolis all my life, so certainly can realize all its advantages and disadvantages. All this build-up was brought about by the thoughts of the friendly bus route from Amherstburg to Windsor, the drivers and the commuters. Those drivers know us all (also our good points and idiosyncrasies) and put themselves out no end to be accommodating. To reach my point on scary Friday the thirteenth, I was in the Coffee Bar and two bus driver acquaintances (held up because of icy roads) were in the next booth. I said to my seat mate casually that I wondered if Friend got into Windsor as she was going away. "She's over in the other restaurant playing euchre and waiting for a bus," piped up one of the men. Then went on to tell us of the euchre game fun on his bus as he shuttles back and forth. This is only one of the many friendly little nice things about a small town. You're part of it, you're an individual - not just a robot that breathes.

Barbara Ann Scott of Ottawa, a young friend of Captain and Mrs. J. E. McQueen, wound up her 1948 European figure skating campaign in Davos Platz, Switzerland, Saturday by retaining the world skating title which she won last year at Stockholm.

They're actually on the wing northward, in fact, one is here - a robin. I've listened and looked but to no avail, but Mrs. Aaron McGuire when hanging out her clothes at 8 a.m. Monday was attracted by a persistent chirping and there on the branch sat a brave cocky-cock robin.

The idea behind St. Valentine's Day and coming as it does when we need a lift between Christmas and Easter has always pleased me. But last week I completely over-looked the mention of Cupid's Day in this column - a big oversight, too, in this year when we women are supposed to leap.

Friday the thirteenth put on a harrowing, weird show with its chills, sleet, rain, ice, cold greyness which portended no hydro, no telephone and motor accidents, disrupted traffic and spills, but Saturday morning was a Winter Fantasia with the new snow and sun shining happily on it and also on the ice-laden trees as if laughing at us for our persistent and unnecessary (as it happened) "what's coming next feeling of Friday."



*February 26, 1948*

As we drove from Harrow last Wednesday the shoulders of the road were actually sprinkled with green coloring, polka-dotted with meringue-like daubs of ice. The change-over was so fast that the green makes news.

We forget trying experiences quickly - and a good thing too - but try to recall the fearsome Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> and compare it with the hopeful smiling last Friday when dust eddied skyward as the men swept the post office corner.

I don't know how you feel about the turnip - fortunately, I like this lowly vegetable - but to me, because of the lettuce, celery, etc. shortage, the turnip has come into its own and is climbing up the social ladder in the vegetable world.

Mrs. Ed Argus, who has been in Los Angeles visiting her brother Frank Horsman, left that Western City at noon last Saturday and swooped down at Willow Run at 10 p.m. that night - time zones taken into consideration of course.

I want to be puzzled and challenged when I read a mystery story. I want to stump the experts if I can as I read along to see if I can place the guilt. And, although I finished it, I felt that Mignon Eberhart's "Five Passengers from Lisbon" was a pot boiler, as the answer was given away too often and too obviously - a primer whodunit for which I was paying four cents a day. Ordinarily I like her mysteries, so this was a disappointment.

Myrtle Labbitt on her daily radio program over CKLW last Wednesday morning gave Amherstburg with its hospitality and friendly people a great big plug. This was the morning after she had been the guest speaker at the Rotary Ladies dinner party. That Mrs. Labbitt is an extraordinary woman: she was woman's page editor of the *Detroit News* for years, took four years out of business life when her children were small, then for the past 13 years has been associated with CKLW.

The clothes worn by the women guests at the much publicized Rockerfeller wedding were interesting, real classic simplicity, I noticed, which to me were good

taste personified. The bride's softly tailored wedding dress with its youthful Peter Pan collar, scalloped details down the fly-front and on the short sleeves, was something that no one but a girl marrying a Rockerfeller would wear for a wedding dress, even if it were a second marriage. The Duchess of Windsor also had a Peter Pan collar on her informal sports frock. I'll wager that the market will be flooded with "Peter Pans" this spring - and they are smart.

More bowling news - "I just use a straight slow ball," said good-to-look-at Mrs. Helen Toll in London one night last week when she chalked up a 981 triple in a three game set which included a 435 single bowling game. Mrs. Toll modestly admits that her season's average so far is only 207, while her husband's bowling average is 198. She's been bowling two and one half years. Her score made NEWS on the sports page of the London morning paper and the reporter prefaced his story with the comment that "once upon a time a bowling alley was a place where a mere male could meet more mere males, indulge in banging the pins over, tell a few off-color stories and then return to the peace and security of his fireside. That's gone. Not only," he continued, "have the frail femmes flocked to the alleys but they have been ringing up such high scores that the men are becoming leery of competing against them."

When Gandhi died, B.M. and I argued Hinduism vs. Christianity and she was so definite about "But, my dear, he followed the Golden Rule." The Golden Rule, yes, and it's the same in many religions. It really is ridiculous for us to apply the term "disbeliever" to followers of other great religions because all, while differing in forms of worship, adhere to the same golden rule concepts. In Hinduism the golden rule is, for example, "The true rule is to do by the things of others as you do by your own;" in Judaism, "Whatever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not unto him;" and in Confucianism, "What you would not wish done to yourself do not to others." The other versions are similar.

A shock that more men should get - Two young mother acquaintances were discussing their children's eating habits while I listened in. One laughed and told of her husband unexpectedly coming back from work when she was feeding the youngsters and in good actress fashion she mimicked herself telling what he heard, "Johnnie, eat your sandwich," "Jane, dear, drink your milk," and as that went on and on she said she talked to the baby to divert his attention while she stuffed in a



spoonful of pabulum.

Her husband was amazed so much so that he said, "Does this three ring circus go on every day, if so who ever thought that young mothers and housewives shouldn't be in the top salary brackets as well as a career woman." Sounds like life in Utopia.

The years sloughed off Sunday morning when I came across the body of an Eaton's Beauty doll in an old chest in the basement. I remember the little girl Helen's heartache when after a period of haunting page so-and-so in Eaton's catalogue I got a Beauty with blond hair. She was lovely. That night I put her lovingly in the rocking chair on the pavement just off the step and she toppled out and her beautiful head was smashed. The story didn't end in a heartache, though, for of course I got another right away. I just wondered if the body I found was the body of the first loved doll which came to such a sad end. In the same drawer there was the sweetest head of a baby doll. They were really almost museum pieces but it was fun to be jolted out of the present busy rut and through parts of two dolls to be set back into pleasant childhood.



### *March 4, 1948*

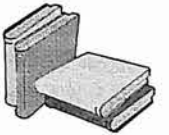
Could hardly resist a squeal of delight when a sandwich ordered in a Harrow restaurant last Wednesday had lettuce on it.

Fred Webster, whose love for flowers is a joy to him and to his friends, has daffodils in bloom - in pots of course. Not to be outdone by this green-fingered gentleman, we have pussy willows on the east side of the house which in the spring fever mood have pushed aside their shields.

When the 'can-go-without-hats' times comes for women - according to the pictures from the southern resorts - we will wear short wrist-length gloves to complete our city street outfits. Sounds and looks silly to me; in fact, I'd prefer hat and no gloves for city wear and for country wear, neither accessory. I possibly am becoming too informal in ideas.

We all have pet peeves, that's sure enough, and my grouse might seem petty to you while yours doesn't annoy me at all. One of the queerest pet peeves is that of young cousin who lives in Toronto who would rather her people from Essex wouldn't telephone her at all if they only talk the allotted three minutes. It annoys her to have central give the time signal, she wants to chat until she's finished and not be too business-like when she tells of doings of house and three children.

Very few people in Essex County realize the extent of the book service of the old Essex County Library Association. We readers in Amherstburg know that every once in a while we get a book from the library with a book plate in it showing that it belongs to the County Library, or get a call from Mrs. Reaume that the book exchange takes place soon so return that county book.



At the annual meeting last Tuesday it was drawn to the attention of the Board that \$2147.48 was spent in new books to service the member libraries and the member schools during 1947. Books boxes are exchanged quarterly and the county librarian - the organization got so big last year that a full-time librarian with offices in Willistead Library was necessary - is available for book reviews or consultation purposes, as well as for the clerical work that goes with this circulating library. Though this means book-starved children and adults where library service is not available are able to borrow the Association-owned books for practically nothing. And as in our town where the library service is at hand, we readers get a wider spread of the new books.

Gentle and lovely as the coming spring are the annuals and perennials growing from the hats. They seem to pop up from the brim and are on the brim, under the brim at the rear, on the crown, around the crown or falling from the side-swept side. Fashion has decreed no uniformity - our hats will be as individual as a chunky cutting garden.

All season long the ability of the boys and the girls at General Amherst on the basketball floor have been written up in the *School Notes* but there has not been one word about the cute tricks of cheerleaders led by Captain Sheila Dymond. In the cheering section are Peggy Woof, Marjorie Sanders, Gaile Williams, Frances Webster and Marion Nageisen, who in their yellow and black outfits with attractive routines pep up the teams and the spectators. Last week when General



Amherst went to Dutton to play a semi-quarter WOSSA game, Dutton fans were enthusiastic about this "accessory" to the team and when Dutton came for the game Friday night they too carried a cheer group chosen, practised and costumed all in a day or so, returning the compliment nicely.



*March 11, 1948*

Among the tangibles which I cannot hold but which mean so much to me is the new moon over the river this week.

It certainly doesn't take long for the New Look to become the Old Look. Two months did it for me. At Christmastime my new skirt length was, so I thought, in the "next week" class but when I put it on Sunday it had done the rising act.

These balmy days indicate Spring in the offing - near offing too. Looked at the tight pointed buds of the forsythia in the Laird Avenue boulevard, and the yellow bells are beginning to show a trifle.

Had a sweet called "torte" Sunday night. Before cutting, it looked like a five-inch deep chocolate cake but when cut, it consisted of about eight layers with chocolate icing between each layer in a ribbon effect, the cake part is mostly eggs and butter. Do you know a stronger adjective than delectable? If so, use it for "torte" (pronounced in two syllables tor-te).

Mrs. McQueen in talking of Nassau fun told of hearing Gracie Fields sing at a night club there. She was so charmed by Miss Fields' new theme song "Now Is the Hour," which the versatile singer told, is the melody of an old Maori song which she heard a taxi driver humming in New Zealand. Miss Fields liked the song so much that she has adopted it for her own use.

I have a bad habit of unconsciously humming a tune on a monotone when I'm working. The song might be something new I've heard via radio that's caught my fancy or it might possibly be set off by a song from the men in the plant. The point is this habit must not be an unconscious act any more. I must stop the mumbles or

should be told to stop, for it certainly must have been hard on my co-workers and they've never complained. This decision came about because I listened to friend doing the same thing last week - enough said!

Those General Amherst Basketball girls have brought the WOSSA "B" shield to their school for the second year in concession. I saw that team work a fortnight ago and the co-ordination and good sportsmanship was evident from the side lines, and not only that, the girls were really good to look at. Is it that teenagers are better looking in this generation or is it their assurance, smart clothes, good grooming, enthusiasm and frankness that makes them so attractive?

I'm enjoying a Book of the Month Club selection called "Red Plush" - but got a bang out of the fact that top ranking copy readers and book assemblers can make mistakes just like we small fry. In the middle of this book a few pages were left out and a whole section which included 20 or more pages, misplaced. Such an easy thing to do because, for instance, the pages are printed in sections on a large sheet, then cut and folded, so one has pages 1 to 24 in one part, 25 to 48 in another and so on. These are then assembled in consecutive order. So it is easy to get one section out of line, but not as likely in a large book publishing house where pages are checked and re-checked. My interest all goes back to that funny quirk, I suppose, that it makes people gloat to find others as careless as they.



*March 18, 1948*

I like the meant-to-be-seen petticoats. I wish I had one of mother's as a girl, to swish in the 1948 way.

I haven't forced any fruit blossoms this year, but friend tells of her cherry blossoms which have become in indoor beauty spot.

Shantung, the dress material which starred last year, is to be in the limelight again this year. It is in a class by itself, especially in the dark colors, for dresses and summer suits, I think.

After the long, long winter the light lingering in the west these evenings, the stars gleaming from the balcony of heaven, that lovely March moon etching the trees on the river lot in silhouette over the weekend and the March wind's boisterous dance (as of Tuesday morning) make me feel that lovely things are in store for spring.

With the dearth of vegetables at the moment, Mrs. Housewife has a hard time keeping her meals from becoming too humdrum, so any new ideas are being clutched at. I had a dressed up cabbage dish the other night which was delicious. Here it is, parboil cabbage, place in baking dish and cover with a can of mushroom soup and half pound of cheese. Bake until tender.

The hero - Gordon Hutchinson played on the Senior Boys' Basketball team at General Amherst the whole season and hadn't made one basket. But, when the WOSSA title was almost lost to Exeter in London Saturday night and the lads were playing for blood, in the last two minutes of play Gordon sank a basket to give Amherst control of the game.

The best thing I have heard of late was told of a couple who have been leading lettuceless lives but who, because they are very fond of a dog (not their own), paid 38c a bunch for two small parcels of leaf lettuce to shred in the dog's supper "because he likes it and it's good for him."

Many tones of silver and green were made by the early morning sun squinting on the large ice floes as they wended their way swiftly downriver Saturday morning. In the large ice hole of a floe that almost swept the mainland and the Bob-Lo shore were hundreds of ducks, their tuxedos making a striking accent.

Young Harrow mother gave me a pointer on child education (as if I, a childless person, didn't know all the answers on child raising) that is interesting her pre-school age son. She has found that he can listen to Toronto's kindergarten of the air through Chatham at 10:15 a.m. "I find it is news to many young mothers in Harrow," says friend.

Property owners along the Detroit River are concerned with the spring water level, as property damage is reaching high proportions, and it's dangerous too,

especially where there is a fairly high bank. Friend who has a large almost year-round cottage at Amherst Pointe was in and told that he has to go to the expense of moving it back many more feet to escape the lake's slow chase.



*March 25, 1948*

Fun out of Friday's storm - as the storm swept along Highway 18, one of the householders, not realizing its fury, went from the house to the outside toilet, only to find it had gone with the wind.

When I have said before that the river kicked up its heels, I meant it, and those who were looking riverward after the storm Friday afternoon could see that it kicked so much that there was a wide muddy ribbon of churning water in contrast to the angry green strip alongside.

That people in Amherstburg like good music and will turn out to hear it was seen last week when the General Amherst High School auditorium was jammed both Wednesday and Sunday nights for the St. Patrick's concert and cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," respectively.

When I returned from lunch Tuesday my fairy godmother, or should I say the Easter Bunny, had visited my office and left two heads of lettuce on my desk. It was the pleasantest kind of an Easter surprise and there wasn't one little hint of the identity of the kind person who had put them there. But he or she would have been amply repaid with thanks for his thoughtfulness if he had heard the gasps of incredulity followed by exclamations of delight.

Because of Leap Year, Spring really came in at 11:57 a.m. Saturday morning instead of the Traditional March 21st (the earliest it has arrived so far in the 20th century) and it really put on a show with its sunshine and damp balminess. Such a treat after the way it was heralded Friday afternoon with wind, rain, thunder and lightning. Being the sort of person who takes things daily as they come, I resented the, "Yes, it is a nice day but you can't expect Spring to settle down."

When Mrs. Walter Nicols moved from Amherstburg to Grosse Isle in September 1941, she gave B.M. a wee pussy willow tree which she had started from a rooted twig. Now that tree, covered with jumbo pussies, reaches above the second storey windows. Monday morning the grey pussies were covered with silver rain drops which were made to sparkle beautifully by the uninteresting heavily veiled almost-white sun and white characterless sky.

I was disappointed that I had to skip the preview of things to come - The Flower Show - in Detroit last week. I missed the cool dewy fragrance that greets you at the door of Convention Hall and the hush of happy people looking at beauty. Such a contrast to the gay noisy crowds who attend the Dog Show in the same building - and I like that show, too, with its crowds of animal lovers and the noticeable intensity of the breeders and owners. Both shows are times of sheer happiness for such as I who has interest in each.

See that Jay McCormick's new novel "Nightshade" has made the best seller lists. Mr. McCormick is Mrs. Thorton Balfour's nephew and when his story of the Great Lakes, "November Storm," came out a few years ago it certainly made conversation among my friends at least, and the funny thing about it as I remember, readers either liked it very well or they hated it. There were no half-ways such as luke warmedly saying, "I rather enjoyed the book, the description of the storm especially." It was, "I disliked the characters so much that I couldn't see that the storm was well done," or "You don't know what you're talking about, 'November Storm' was a true picture of Great Lakes life, excellent reading."

Young 11-year-old Vernon Kennedy won the Canadian championship for solo work on the "E Flat" cornet at Waterloo last Sunday. He competed against men who had trained for years on this musical instrument, which is not too common in Canada. The "E Flat" cornet is an English instrument and popular there. It seems to me that all of us could take a lesson in poise, platform manner and self-confidence from this lad Vernon, for when someone at the Bandmasters' conference asked him if he weren't nervous he answered, "Why, no, I know exactly what I'm supposed to do." And the cadenzas in his selection were difficult too, so besides all the other things he had mastered them so perfectly that there was no fear.



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