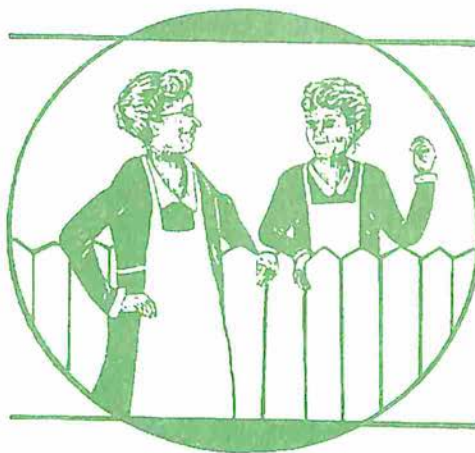




Conversation Pieces

by
Helen Marsh



Vol. IV
1948-49

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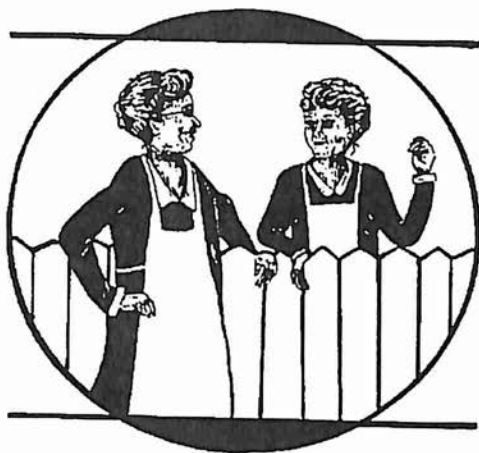
Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

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

April 1, 1948

Thursday night friend and I got into a car and after we had driven a block or two the driver said, "How do you like my new car?" What an insult it was to the owner that neither of us had noticed it. I'll wager the proud owner felt just like a balloon which had been pricked.

A few weeks ago Talmai Rebekah Lodge degree team of Amherstburg went to Harrow to exemplify the Memorial Degree. Mrs. Blake Brown, who knows Rebekah Lodge work from A to Z, was telling me that the work was done better than the model degree given at the Rebekah Assembly last year.

Easter Sunday was bright but cold, so those who had Easter outfits, if they wore them in the Easter Parade, shivered because of their vanity. But the flowers in the churches, the music, the crowds of worshippers and the occasional corsage and Easter bonnet made for a happy day.

The leisurely snowflakes goaded to show some spirit by the wind Saturday afternoon weren't very enthusiastic about tormenting the steel trust freighter as it sailed along upbound. The first salutes last week announced the spring and the fact that from now on there will be long ships passing - the long ships which have life and personality, so far as I'm concerned.

Shortly before Shirley Menzies left Santa Monica to come home to be married, one of the nurses at the hospital there invited 23 other nurses to give her a Greenback shower (money). The interesting part of the party was the fact that except for the hostess, who was a native Californian, the other girls were each from a different state in the Union.

Reaction in a moment of danger - One midnight last week a smoke-belching chimney was the cause of the cry, "Your home's on fire!" at friend's house. In talking of the incident later on, friend said, "I've always wondered what I'd do if the house caught on fire and now I know. I casually got the dog out." And do you know, that's what I'd do, too. I think.

One wee two-year-old in our neighborhood got a pair of young white rabbits

and two colored chicks for Easter. "How cruel!" was my first reaction when her mother told of them. But the family looked after them all in the basement over the holiday and the dainty girlie was taken down occasionally to have a peek and the "handy boy" took them away Monday, so everything came out alright. But I still think that the practice of giving live young animals to urban children for Easter is bad business.

G.L. Duffin of Toronto, a former Amherstburg Public School principal, is working on his Doctor of Pedagogy degree. All of Mr. Duffin's university degrees have been taken after he started teaching and since his marriage, so ambition really can surmount the hard work entailed with making a livelihood and the responsibilities of a home.

The article on early planting of vegetables in the Leamington district last week showed me definitely that growers are eager to plant this year. They know that ever since austerity, housewives have not been able to buy any vegetables but cabbage and carrots and a trickle of hothouse products like leaf lettuce, radishes and cucumbers. For years growers have clamored for the Canadian vegetable market when their produce was ready for market. Most of them look upon the current situation as their chance to show that they can do a job of supplying Canada with vegetables. So sure are growers of their ability to do this that they're now worried about the problem of distributing their produce to smaller centres across Canada.

A smart woman allows her man to imagine he has superior brainpower, but by every known survey the two sexes are evenly matched in intelligence. The average woman has slightly more school education than the average man. Still, women find it much more difficult to get jobs. Only about 29 per cent of paid positions in the nation are held by women, and where they do the same work as men, they get paid only 60 per cent as much. But - they own two-thirds of the property in the country.



April 8, 1948

Mrs. P. G. French had snowdrops in her garden March 25.

A flock of swans was seen heading northward over the river near Calverts last week.

Have you tried on last year's dresses? I put on a pet British tan, Sunday week, which I thought was the correct woman's length in 1947, and felt positively indecent, all legs.

"You'll be held up," said Mrs. William Nattress to me Saturday morning. When chatting with her I talked with my hands (as usual) and in my left hand (unconsciously flaunting it) was a pound of butter.

The new automatic record player at Brunner Mond Club seemed to please the young people at the dance Friday. The attendant public address system distributes the music and a group of the latest records did much to make for a good party.



Oh! To be rich - the Charleston, South Carolina Azalea Festival starts the 13th. You know the old phase, "steeped in color" - I'd like to get that way once and Charleston would be the place during azalea time, I should think.

I must get a new petticoat!! to walk on Fashion Row. Several young girls at the dance Friday night had such pretty ones and when I commented on a frilly black and white job, the teen-girl said, "I made it myself." I liked those with the black eyelet embroidery and the peasant embroidered ruffles, too.

With salad stuff on the very scarce list - any suggestion is welcome, so here's one I had at a luncheon in Harrow, Wednesday, nothing but finely grated cabbage, whole peanuts and raisins moistened with dressing. I found it delicious.

I'm just waiting the day (and it's almost here) when I can put forsythia in a delft blue glazed vase which was a present from the handicraft school at Berea, Kentucky. I'm away ahead of you, I could have it now if I had forced the buds but didn't get to that memo to H.M. of things to do after work.

During the housecleaning over the weekend when dust lay like a pall over the

everything-awry-ness, B.M. cut off four daffodils from a Happy Easter pot, placed them in the best wedgewood vase, and put them on a not-yet-in-position living room table. The effect more than counteracted the confusion. In fact, I've always been of the opinion that a flower or two becomes the centre of attention in a room, gives joy and keeps the guest's eye away from the worn spot on the love seat. At least that's the way I always react in friends' homes.

When sorting the Marsh books over the weekend, I came across one, "The Signal Code Girl," given to me by Gaile Kelly (now Callam) on my seventeenth birthday. In looking it over I found a sweet, girlish, simple, everything's-all-right-with-the-world story and I laughed when in mind I compared the much more sophisticated books a 17 year-old would get today. When I sit waiting for the young people to come dancing on Friday nights at the Club, I often read and so often the girls will ask what book? And comment on what they liked in it.

The book clearing out business over the weekend gave me a big bang. There was a spelling book by Bessie Hicks (mother), and then Annie Hicks, then Retta Hicks, which was an example how to learn spelling the hard way, that is, by comparison with the teaching methods of today. Those youngsters learned all the roots of the words - words which weren't even in their vocabularies and phonics was overstressed. Every rule, even the most complicated ones, had to be learned. It was almost like studying a foreign language. But when they finished the course, they certainly knew all, if the three mentioned above could be used as examples of pupils turned out in those days.



April 15, 1948

Just the pick-me-up I needed as I, in always-late fashion, hurried out of the house Monday morning - a tiny bunch of violets hugging the ground on the west side of the house.

Mrs. George McVittie made a centrepiece of wired hyacinths for the Jr. Church Workers' Tea at Christ Church, Colchester, last Thursday which was a work of art.

Amherstburg amateur photographers are certainly doing good work from all I've seen. Over in Moffat's one day there was a photograph of a skater or two in the moonlight on the frozen lower river taken by Ellwood MacDonald which was excellent.

Walked to the shore over the weekend to watch the freighters coming up from the lake into the river below Boblo and while there saw another intangible which has always appealed to me. I can't hold it but I like it - the graceful sweeps and curves made by the water as it washes in froth-edged and slips back from the sand.

O.K., girls - fifty dollar advice from the information bureau of human relations in charge of Dorothy Dix Helen Marsh which I have noticed so many of you on the threshold of young womanhood don't realize and that is that men - young, middle-aged and old - like us better when we accept criticism and don't blame others for mishaps.

One of the prettiest sights I've seen this spring as the boss and I drove Harrow-ward were the wet freshly turned furrows with the sun shining on them. I've heard people say that reason flees when they smell the freshly turned earth. I can understand that for the smell in the greenhouse has an anesthetic quality. I found that just to look at that symmetrical good earth was a good leavener rather than making me take off. So the one sense does one thing to me and the other the opposite.

Mrs. Henry Jacomb was telling me that she was anxious to see the picture "Bush Pilot" which was filmed near Bala in the Muskoka district with Rochelle Hudson, loaned by Hollywood, taking the leading role. Anyway, Mrs. Jacomb's interest in the picture is centred around her brother, Flight Lieutenant Howard Wainman of Orillia, who working for an air company at Port Carling filled in for the leading man whenever he had to fly a plane in the story.

I really don't believe that there ever was a time when last season's things looked so arkish. In the middle of December I wore a dress which although not brand new (spring model) made me feel comfortable and that's what I demand in my clothes. To go on, that same dress now has every bad fashion feature about it and I just can't wear it. Those designers, needled by the big store interests, no doubt, have done a

dreadful thing to we women in the income brackets where new wardrobes can't and have never been seasonal things. Imagine a hip-heavy lass in a 1948 ballerina skirt - but I know we can wear the new straight-cut, fairly long skirts, the wide shoulders and a bright bolero, but who has such an outfit? That boring (it must be to the men) time-worn whine of dissatisfaction which so many women have used as an attention-getter, "I have nothing to wear," really means business this year.



April 22, 1948

Another easy salad according to Mrs. McQueen, who had it while en route to Miami, is made of finely grated carrots and raisins moistened with mayonnaise.

With the annual meeting of the Women's Institutes in the offing, Mrs. Elwood Sinasac of Anderdon asked if I would use the following, which certainly doesn't refer only to W.I. members.

DO YOU BELONG?

Are you an active member,
The kind who's liked so well?
Or are you quite contented
With a badge on your lapel?

Do you attend the meetings
And mingle with the flock?
Or, brother, do you stay at home
And criticize and knock?

Say do you take an active part
To help the work along?
Or are you satisfied to be
The kind that "just belong"?

Do you ever try to visit
That good sister who is sick?
Or leave the work to just a few -
Then talk about "that clique"?

There's quite a program scheduled
That you should have heard about
And we'd appreciate it if
You'd come and help us out.

Come out to all the meetings
And help with hand and heart,
Don't be "just a member"
But take an active part.

Please think this over, sister,
You know the right from wrong,
You be an active member,
Instead of "just belong."

After the conversation piece about the pronunciation of "hydrangea," friend said now tell us about forsythia. So here goes - this lovely spring shrub is named after Will Forsythe who brought it from China, so *forsy-thia* (long i) is the preferred pronunciation but *forsy-thia* (short i) is also accepted.

I have Mrs. S. Clair Kendall to thank for prodding me into a leisure time activity this winter, namely bowling, which has provided a great deal of pleasure and exercise. The season is practically over and I'll miss the Tuesday night laughs with the girls who bowl at the Brunner Mond Club and who are so patient when the pins I pinned my eyes on when I released the ball failed to topple.

Noticed in the Sunday paper a picture of an unusual bloom on a Philodendron Hastatum. The explanation goes on to say that few persons have ever seen this species bearing its handsome spathe, larger than a calla lily. The whole structure of the plant is similar to the philodendron we have been growing for years and never once have we seen even a sign of any kind of a bloom.

Several weeks ago at the Friday evening dances we ran into the situation of boys dancing together. So I went up to them and asked them to stop, to get some of the girls sitting on the side lines. They of course said, "The girls dance together," which brought forth from me a lesson in what is and what isn't done in our social set up, which they accepted. When I walked to the front after the lesson in social behavior on the dance floor, an adult standing by laughed and said, "I'll bet I know what answer you got, and what's wrong with them dancing together?" So then I said, "These young people come here to learn even if it is only the way to conduct themselves at a dance, and that just isn't done, and they weren't embarrassed when I stopped them but they might be some other place if they tried the same stunt." I think Mr. Adult was in agreeance when I finished. p.s. - What a tempest in a teapot I stirred up in our plant with the above, "why shouldn't the boys dance together if they're having fun?" "You're against the men. You don't stop the girls from dancing together." (They don't want to, I know, but rather than be a wallflower, they do). And lastly, "What's our social set up," and "Why is it wrong just because it isn't done?" No matter what is said, I don't like it.



April 29, 1948

Dark red, dubonnet, I call it, is one of my favorite colors and to see a dubonnet trillium cupped in its three shiny green leaves in Mrs. Nelson Malott's garden Saturday morning was a treat. The white trilliums were budded out and do, I guess, excel the red as to beauty, but it's a matter of taste, isn't it?

It seems that there is a most attractive girl working in the Fisher Building, Detroit, whose figure and manner was most refreshing and even those who didn't know her said they felt better after meeting her in the corridors or elevators, but now she has gone in for the New Look and her personality and attractive figure points are gone and she has become one of the many. This story just shows that, despite the clothes trend, whatever is becoming becomes high fashion to the individual.

Several weeks ago the Windsor daily had a picture of a Sansevieria in bloom

saying in the cut lines that florists have records of only one other such plant producing a flower in the locality. Mrs. Arthur McKinley called me that her "snake plant" as she called this tailored striped tough-leaved plant was in blossom as well as one belonging to Mrs. Ed Deneau. She said she felt that part of her plant was drying up because of a nondescript shoot only to find that this was the blossom, and an uninteresting specimen it was, too.

Everything in nature seemed to be stepped up with the fast time issue over the weekend. I felt in the warm sunshiny dampness Sunday afternoon that growth could almost be seen. All of the talk about that hour loss amused me for I never noticed it and there certainly didn't seem to be any confusion in any of the weekend activities I was interested in. During the night Saturday in a split second, the clocks were wound and set and that was that. Although B.M. did say, "I'll have to get to church at 9:30," but she was laughed down with, "Oh, no, 10:30."

Five women went to the Veterans' Home Monday night and played euchre with the men. It would do your heart good to see the joy on the faces of those men just to be playing cards with a woman and listening to the different type of chatter. In fact, at one table Mrs. Ormond Hamilton and her partner, Mr. McPhee, an 87-year-old veteran, (with H.M. sitting on the sidelines) and their opponents had so much fun and so many loud laughs that one of the men at a table nearby commented on it as if it were unusual for that men's room to reverberate with women's laughter and he liked it, too. The women who had a good time there (and it was their pleasure) Monday night besides the two above were Mrs. Ernest Naylor, Mrs. Ledson Darragh, Mrs. E. A. McGirr and Mrs. J. S. Kendall. The matron Miss Laura Mutrie hopes that other groups of women will follow the example of this crowd and come down often.



May 6, 1948

The vivid accent marks of the hyacinths I saw Saturday pepped the weekend.

From a distance the magnolia tree in full bloom on the museum property

looks like the frothy top of a cherry soda.

Rules of personal behaviour so far as women are concerned are changing, for a big time etiquette authority says that it is now permissible for women to fix their face and lips at the dinner table, but anything but a pat for the hair will raise eyebrows.

In an unsealed envelope and a one-cent stamp, for which the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce had to pay six cents, was a letter from a St. Thomas girl which read: "Would you please send me information on the city of Amherstburg, such as what it is noted for, population, etc., for I am doing it for an S.A. at school."

Riding, right into our living room, too, on the glorious warm sunbeams Saturday and Monday, came first a bouquet of dog tooth violets and purple violets from the woods and secondly, graceful branches of apple blossoms.

A woman with bright ideas and clever fingers can make stunning place mats (laundry savers, too) with wallpaper and a variety of color and design to liven up the dining table. Use pieces of wallpaper, 12 by 18 inches, place this over a backing of heavy cardboard, cover with glass and bind with passe-partout.

So young friend Christopher Robin of "When We Were Very Young" fame is going to be married. Here's the announcement as it appeared in an American News magazine: "Engaged - Christopher Robin Milne, the (hoppity hop) lad in his father's (A.A. Milne) 'When We Were Very Young', now 28 and a British Army veteran, and Lesley Selincourt, 22-year-old librarian, in London, on April 17."

Two different friends who own china shops (one here and one in Essex) have had the same experience of people coming into their shops to browse around and look at the beautiful imports and after leaving have found that in both cases a 25 dollar Royal Doulton figurine had gone too.

Charles French is making his house over into a duplex, which means that he has to go through box after box to sort out the accumulation of not only his

parents' but his grandfather John A. Auld's things. In among many worthless things he has come across museum pieces, for instance a pistol given to an ancestor by the name of Cock by Lord Nelson at the time of Trafalgar and a lamp belonging to Bobbie Burns.

People can say what they want about the commercializing of Mother's Day and I turn a deaf ear. What if it is that doesn't spoil the fun we get in looking for something mother especially wants at this time nor the flowers which say "Thanks" for washing the dishes so often alone. You might say, "but you can give presents and flowers to her any Sunday." That's right, but do we?



May 13, 1948

The giant pine tree in the Harry McGregor yard, town line, is one of the most beautiful specimens in this locality.

The orioles arrived at our house Monday. Last year, according to a list of bird arrivals kept by B.M., they flew in on May 17.

A delicious sandwich filling is made of minced ham moistened with mushroom soup and seasoned with horseradish and chili sauce.

Chintz and a pressure cooker helps woman to make Maine logging camp homelike, was the gist of an interesting article on how a woman went into the camp and by the use of those two above-mentioned made life pleasant and so different for the men working there.

It certainly is a small world. Last week the *Echo* published a picture of James H.R. Cromwell, ex-husband of Delphine Dodge and the heiress Doris Duke, and his bride Maxine MacFetridge of Birmingham, Alabama. As we read the cut lines, the name MacFetridge struck a familiar chord because of friends C.K. and Mrs. (The B.M. manager of a few years back). Well, the new Mrs. Cromwell is Mac's niece, and from the picture there is a resemblance to Anne, his second daughter.



May 20, 1948

Young friend home from College, where she has completed her second year, certainly hasn't the "new look" but she's got a smart look. She said that that's how you tell Freshies on her campus, they have it definitely while the older girls haven't. Along this line I was talking to a Detroit woman last Saturday and she said that some of the swank Detroit shops insist that 18 inches off the ground is the most becoming skirt length, and stick to it, for most figures.

When J.A.M. came back to the office Friday afternoon and told of the drowned man Irv Kelly had found floating down the Livingstone Channel and how he had been on shore when the decomposed body has been brought in, I recalled to him the incident in our youth when the Dalhousie Street kids came across a red-haired drowned man caught in the weeds at Jack Menzies' boathouse and I find the awfulness of that moment is still with me when anything like this Friday episode comes up.

The twenty-fourth of May and the opening of the swimming season at the Waterworks dock have, with several generations of Amherstburg children, been synonymous. But unless the weather has a decided change of heart in the next few days, except for the young person who wants a bit of publicity no matter what the consequences, there won't be much swimming in May this year and the old Amherstburg tradition will be broken. We hope not for always, though. Surely our Banana Belt (?) weather will right itself in time.

Every Rummage Sale has its funny side and this year was no exception. It seems that one of the members contacted a new American resident for rummage, introduced herself (as a matter of fact they had mutual friends), explained the purpose of the sale and told her to put any articles for sale outside on a certain day when the collectors would pick up. So collection day came and the Rotary lady, as she went along the street, saw a suit hanging on the front porch of the American woman's home and thinking it was left there according to instructions, took it and headed for the car when the blast came, "Where the blankety-blank do you think you're going?" Much to the dismay and chagrin of the collector

who went back to tell who she was and that she thought the woman had followed the instruction "Put your rummage out." When the volcanic blast died down the Rummager was informed that that was her husband's suit which had come home from the cleaners and was out to air. After which explanation the new resident was informed that it was dangerous practise to put things out at rummage sale time and the incident ended in a high laughing tone.



May 27, 1948

A cardinal hovering over a clump of deep rose tulips in the boulevard on Dalhousie Street the other noon looked like something introduced from abroad.

Ought a school mistress go to her school on a bicycle? This is the question the Paris municipal council has had to decide, and its decision is in the negative. Taken from the *Echo* files, May 27th 1898.

Dorothy Jarriet, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Levi Jarriet, who was married in Christ Church Saturday afternoon, made her own wedding dress, her trousseau, her going away suit, the formal frocks, hats and gloves worn by her three attendants and her wedding cake.

The sunset Saturday night was worth putting on record - a child might have made the picture from orange paper and blue crayola - a cloudless blue sky, a dense orange ball with no sunburst effect, hanging in the west, making perfect shimmering oblique path across the river.

Another good sandwich filling, simple too. Philadelphia cream cheese and pineapple jam mixed. Mrs. Ledson Darragh made sandwiches with this filling for the Rotary Ladies tea Saturday afternoon and they were delicious. She said that a cheese and strawberry combination is equally as good.

An expert can identify 75 different species of birds. Dr. Alvin Snell of Toronto, an old Essex friend, has 64 on his list. One day last week Dr. Snell was walking in the Ravine in Toronto looking out for birds when he met Mr.

Saunders, the well-known bird man from St. Thomas and Mr. Saunders was telling him that he had just returned from Point Pelee and had seen 124 different species of birds in one day.

All of us have the same experience with quiz programs - we want to answer for the contestant and think, "If I had only been on that program the 64-dollar question would have been a cinch." That's what happens when comfortably we sit in our living rooms, undisturbed, as the question and answer program goes on. We all know down in our hearts we would not do as well, as the contestants who face crowds are excited and have that clock turning seconds into split seconds. But on the receiving end of the radio it seems so very simple. The same also applies when we read of the results of advertising contests, "completing a limerick" or "making up an advertising jingle." "I could have done that or better" flashes through, "if I'd only sent it in." Mrs. Ed Kelly's niece, Mrs. Michael Swansby, in Wisconsin Dells, however, read an Ivory Soap contest asking for a catchy jingle, so instead of procrastinating she clipped one off and sent it in. Pretty soon along came a cheque for \$1000 plus an extra one hundred thrown in for the neatness. Added to that, she was the honor guest of the company at the capital, Madison, for dinner and a presentation.



June 3, 1948

Mrs. Henry F. Wismer of Alpine Nurseries called and asked me to make a note of warning to owners of long needled pines that worms are eating them up and they should be checked and sprayed.

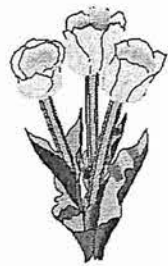
I seem to have flowers and flower arrangements on the brain these days, but adding to Mr. Petris' ideas, he's keen about off-side effects for the living room, but advises symmetrical bouquets on the dining table with each side as near alike as possible.

Oft times we get into discussions of books - likes and dislikes - and when the remark is made, as it often is, that a reader sidesteps a certain author because their ideas don't agree, I always feel that no one is kept intellectually awake by

reading only what he agrees with.

At seven-thirty Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. James Flynn talked to their daughter, Betty, who with her husband Dr. George Goder is stationed in Nagoya, Japan. They said the trans-Pacific telephonic reception was splendid and that it was nine-thirty p.m. in Japan when their daughter called.

Are you washing woodwork this week or next? If so, why not make your own solution and save yourself a little worry. All you have to do is to dissolve a half cup of white soap flakes in one quart of hot water. Let it cool until jellied. Stir in a half cut of whiting and apply to your woodwork with a damp cloth. Rinse with a soft cloth wrung out in clear water.



Last week three busloads of women from Harrow and Kingsville went over to Holland, Michigan, to the tulip festival and were thrilled with the nine miles of tulips, the parade, the Dutch in national costume, the cleanliness of the town (the streets were scrubbed beforehand just as in the old country), the sand dunes, etc., etc. To me this annual festival at this Michigan little city is a perfect example of what a community can do with a concerted effort - not just a few trying to push a community project.



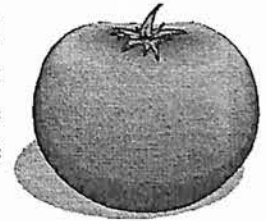
June 10, 1948

Despite the unseasonable spring the peonies are two weeks ahead of last year.

Over the last weekend Mrs. Charles Larabee of Colchester went to Delhi with Mr. and Mrs. Reaves. It was the first time she (and she celebrated her fiftieth wedding anniversary last year) had been farther from home than Leamington and she loved the hills on Number Three highway. After this taste of travel, Mrs. Larabee would like to see Florida.

Last Wednesday Mother gave me a small list of groceries to get in Harrow.

I handed the list to Mrs. Lypps without even reading it and after she glimpsed it she said, "Does your mother mean two pounds of tomatoes at 85 cents a pound?" And sure enough there it was. I, of course, gasped out, "No, she doesn't." But I got two - two tomatoes.



June 17, 1948

Another switchback to Mr. de Petris' lecture on flower arrangements - no leaves should be left at the end of the stalk below the water line.

Game called on account of darkness - a bridge game being played by four young people sitting on an auto rug in the middle of the sidewalk near the government dock Thursday night, when they were waiting for the *Put-In-Bay* to pick up the *Moonlight* crowd.

The many social notices of Canadians travelling to Europe this year (not business trips) and of old country persons on a visit here has certainly put the war quickly into the background of our thinking and way of life. I wonder if we are forgetting too quickly.

The sunsets and sunrises have been exceptionally beautiful this past week, partly due, I suppose, to the raging forest fires in Northern Ontario - that blood-red color was fearsome. But even without this, Jim Flynn in commenting on the sunsets Thursday said, "In all my travels, I've never seen such sunsets as we have over our Detroit River."

Mrs. Ralph McKenzie, Leamington, the former Hazel Woodiwiss of Kingsville, entered a dress she made in a contest put on by one of the large stores of Detroit and received first prize for both workmanship and style. The dress has been sent to a contest in New York and if she wins first prize there she will get an all-expenses-paid trip to New York.

After the *Moonlight* unloaded its crowd Thursday night, J.A.M. said to one

of the passengers, "There was a lot of excitement in the river this evening," and the answer was, "Pipe down, the people probably couldn't interpret the ship's talk." He certainly underestimated the intelligence of the natives of Amherstburg to whom the river and the boats mean a great deal and who, because it's part of their way of living, know the difference between "Hello, I'm glad to see you," and "Get out of my way."

I like gold kid flat shoes and the gold and white combination so popular for summer wear.

I remarked not so long ago that the darker stocking with light summery things didn't appeal, but the more I see of the dark stocking - white shoe - light dress fashion, the smarter I think it is.

Mrs. George Brown called with a workable household tip. It seems that she had a rust colored mohair chair which had become hardly faded, so she mixed two packages of wine tinted and with a soft scrubbing brush stroked on the color until the chair was good and wet. The experiment was most successful as she now has a not-to-be-ashamed-of wine colored chair by using a very easy rejuvenating process.

Not exactly as I remember the plots of Horatio Alger's books, which I devoured in the middle teens, but with a similar flavor is the story behind Dick Thrasher's sheepskin, which he received from the University of Western Ontario June 2. Dick was one of the thousands of Canadians who poo-hood education and stopped school before matriculation. He and Jean Whittal married young and he worked at Ford's. Then along came Heather and Linda and the Air Force. Dick went overseas as an officer. When the war ended and he adjusted to Civilian life, he was determined (and Mrs. Thrasher too) to make up for the lost time along education lines, so he went to the Veterans' Cram School to get his college entrance requirements and then registered at Assumption College. In the meantime, of course, there was the financial side to be considered, so both he and Mrs. Thrasher worked - both on Boblo until last year, when their son was born. While Dick was working off his university work he accepted the position and is carrying on as caretaker at the Bank of Montreal. Now he can sign B.A. after his name. This summer his day and evening activities include Boblo and

the bank and in September he goes to Osgoode Hall, Toronto, to commence a law course. With this end in view, he and his wife have co-operated to do what seemed the impossible.



June 24, 1948

Mrs. Gertrude Horsman Preston was in the office this week and said that her sister Kate, now Mrs. Argus, rowed herself over to Boblo for the opening fifty years ago.

Grace Luckham Raymond is visiting in town from California and at the 50th Boblo anniversary party Friday said that her father, the late D. R. Luckham, and the late Jim Cousins were the first customs officers to inspect the first Boblo boat when it landed in Amherstburg on its first trip fifty years ago.

Just before the *Columbia* docked at Amherstburg Friday with its crowd of gay people in the costumes of '98, I barged through the gate at the dock to see the costumes of those who were boarding the boat from here. An officer put his hand on me to block my way saying, "Are you in costume? - "What! In my best 1948 suit!" I gasped with many exclamation points to my voice - then we had a hearty laugh.

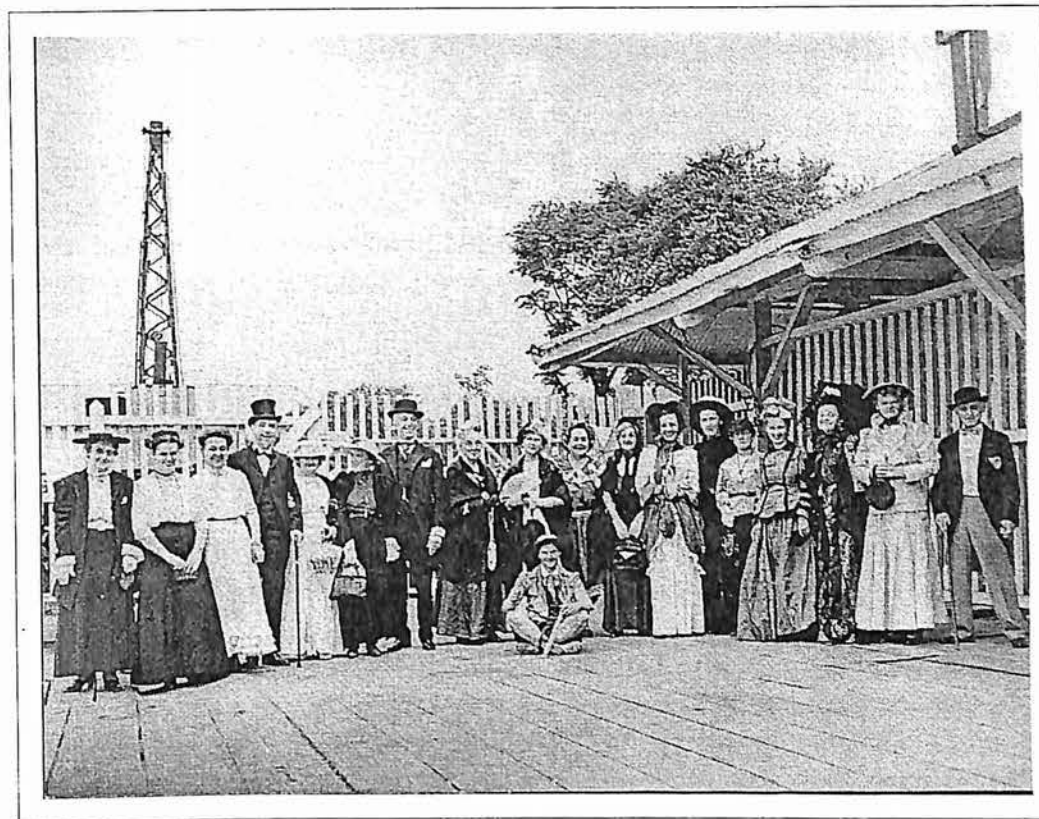
Charles French gave the *Echo* an original telegram Friday which was sent to his grandfather, John A. Auld, by W. H. McEvoy of Amherstburg, when Mr. Auld was attending the sessions of the Legislature in Toronto. The telegram was dated December 15, 1897, and reads, "Ferry Company have leased Bois Blanc for 20 years. Quarry deal also closed today. Reported soda ash going to locate on marsh near Mullen Block, Sandwich."

The Red Cross regional conference at Harrow last Wednesday was a stimulating affair. There were members there from branches which had handed in their Charters after the war, thinking the job was done, but the feeling when they left was that these branches will apply for new charters, and Mrs. McKenzie, the guest speaker, explained that any who do will be financed by the

division until the next Red Cross drive next March if they will just make out their budget for the period from now until next March and send it to the division. The peacetime program is wide in scope and the need for working branches to do community work was pointed out so well that the members present felt its impact and as in war days were determined to get busy to be prepared to meet all local eventualities.

A Windsor girl is to be married Saturday and her bridesmaid's mother told me Friday that the bride-to-be has had eleven showers, and, of course, the bridesmaid has been invited to all. It seems in this case, too, at several of the parties some of the guests were strangers to the bride and when she commented on that fact to the hostess, the hostess said, "But I owed them a party." Imagine repaying a social debt by asking a guest to bring a present for a stranger. In my estimation, the fault in this shower merry-go-round is turned right back on the bride. She never should have let her friends (even if they wanted to) give her so many showers - parties with no presents, yes, that would have been lovely - with a hostess gift, yes, if the hostess so desired, but to ask young working women and young married women to buy even triplicate-order-shower presents for the same bride is an imposition so far as I'm concerned.

As I was hurrying down to the dock on Friday to see the *Columbia* come in with its gay 50th anniversary crowd I met young Flavia Williams who said, "Oh Miss Marsh, you won't get over it [the costumes], you'll think you're seeing things." So that was my preparation for what I did see - a crowd of nineteen Amherstburg people dressed in the clothes of the 1890s all set to board the boat. The outfits were all well thought out and certainly made for a lot of fun. Those dressed as if they were taking the *Promise* on that long ago June 1898 were Mrs. William Wilcox, Mrs. Harry Hamilton, Mrs. J. B. Kendall, Mrs. Arthur Hall, Miss Blanche Cook, Lewis Goodchild, Rev. R. J. McKnight, Harry Shillington, Mrs. Lida Fitzgerald, Miss Margaret Hackett, Mrs. Dell Mitchell, Mrs. Fred Beneteau, Mrs. John A. Marsh, Miss Loraine Finlay, Mrs. Oliver Thrasher, Mrs. William Thrasher, Mrs. Henry Jacomb, Mrs. Walter Wigle and Mrs. Russell Wigle. Miss Hackett wore her mother's wedding dress and Mrs. Kendall had on a suit that belonged to Harriet Price. The men on the boat with their large checked coats, cravats with diamond pins, handle-bar moustaches and plug hats caught my eye as did one woman in a beautiful yellow Lillian Russel outfit.



50th anniversary of Boblo Island Amusement Park, June 18, 1948.

Marsh Collection Society, P1203



July 1, 1948

I quite agree with the courtesy note that your friends will like you more and longer if you don't consider it your duty or responsibility to offer them unsolicited advice or guidance.

In the late Saturday afternoon sunshine we drove through the country and our senses were delighted with the sweet clover. We hear that Essex County is a garden of its beauty in certain places but the tourist books have never said it

smelled sweet - and it does at clover time.

E. B. Reynolds, manager of the Sandwich branch of the Imperial Bank, is a rose fancier, and among his rare and unusual varieties is a blue rose which because of its beauty was being taken to a rose show this past week. I haven't seen it, but give me the American Beauty any day.

Sometimes we think that city people forget their manners when they picnic in the county, judging from the mess left in the Amherstburg Town Park last Saturday afternoon after a Windsor group had picnicked there. Instead of cleaning up around the tables the debris was spread over the ground.

Neighborhood friend went into Windsor the other morning on the bus after one of the bad June bug nights. A man sitting directly behind kept picking the June bugs off her dress. When she rose to leave she thanked him for his thoughtfulness to which he replied, "That's alright Madame, but you have on the worst looking hat I've ever seen." To which friend replied, "I think so too."

Shirley Menzies Goodwin was telling me about the benches placed at all the bus stops in Santa Monica so that waiting passengers may rest while waiting with bundles. She also went on to say that this was an advertising stunt as certain merchants' names were painted on the back. With the waiting for buses such as it is in Amherstburg, we thought this bench business might be used here. In fact, a bench or two along the bus route wouldn't be a bad idea.

A young friend of my aunt's was married in Toronto Saturday and had had a number of swank prenuptial parties. One of her mother's old McMaster College friends had invited 50 guests to a swish afternoon affair in her honor and had made all the food arrangements with a top notch Toronto catering firm. The afternoon of the party came, the guests came and still no food despite frantic telephone calls. At tea time, friends (my aunt included) pitched in and made tea, took soda biscuits and put a dab of something on them and everybody had a great time. When the last guest had gone the caterer's wagon drew up at the door but was sent away. The bride's party was a success without petit fours, etc.

What one of us hasn't been caught unexpectedly with that uninvited caller

or guest. Now there are a few little things that will do us credit in circumstances like these.

First of all, don't let us lose our poise and get flustered and begin a series of apologies about our personal appearance, our house and everything else we can think of.

In the first place such talk is likely to make our caller feel that she is not wanted and in the second place it places us at a great disadvantage. Let us rather greet our guest or caller calmly and endeavor to put her at ease and welcome.

Then there is always the problem of having something to serve for tea. Don't worry. Serve what you have, but don't apologize. I remember well hearing it said of one of the most popular women, "It doesn't matter when you call, she's always glad to see you and even if it's only bread and butter she has to serve she gives you a cup of tea anyway." So be natural, and in being natural you will likely be kind and charming. That, after all, is a great tribute to any woman.



July 8, 1948

The goats bleating in the rain in the lot behind the *Echo* office last Tuesday night made certainly a foreign sound around these parts.



Dominion Day, Gladys Scratch Wilson was washing blankets which they use constantly, which were in her mother's trousseau. And except for the odd rather worn spot, are in a very usable state as to color, shape and texture, and with lots of life in them yet.

The death of Perkins Bull, lawyer, cattle breeder and financier of Brampton, last week reminded me of a book I have in my collection, "From Brock to Currie," which he wrote. He autographed one of his copies and sent it to me one time after a large Ontario historical meeting on the McGregor lawn. The book came with thanks for serving him tea and chatting a bit.

Everette Richardson of Essex was sitting at his radio one night recently at

10:45 when the phone rang and a voice said, "This is C.B.C. Montreal. Have you a son in Bagota, South America, who is the acting trade commissioner?" Mr. Richardson replied that that was his son Howard. "Hold the line," said the voice, "you are connected by short wave with Bagota and you will hear your son broadcasting." Which he did. Unfortunately Mrs. Richardson was not at home, so missed the thrill of hearing her son's voice.

Since I took over this job I've gotten to know something about the working of the Women's Institutes in the district and was interested in the answer to the question, "What do I go to Women's Institute meetings for?" as asked in the *Gananoque Reporter*. The answer was, "We go to get and to give," and in enlarging on the answer the writer went on to say that the last three words make the saving clause, for where there is too much getting and too little giving, the life of the Institute dries up ... as does every organization, as a matter of fact.



July 15, 1948

Last Monday night in the sweltering heat L.J. Fox was out on the lawn raking leaves.

The sunsets of late have been most interesting - a strong dose of color to stop the eye would be a good thing.

After the ultra choral spring, the growth that was almost oral and the sound of the gardening tools, I find the quiet of the days now almost boring.

Did you see what Mrs. Roosevelt said when a woman expressed resentment over being made to feel cheap? She volunteered a kindly admission we may all remember with profit: Remember, no one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

I was wondering if the barrage of mosquitoes this year was a result of the forest fires. I wouldn't know, though, but I do know for a fact that reports from Muskoka say that the black flies there are much worse this year, having been

driven down by the forest fires.

Marilyn Kendall and Nola Langlois went down to Mayville Beach last Wednesday to swim and sun. They took some potato chips along and seeing a lone pigeon hovering near broke up some chips and placed the bits on their rug. In a few minutes the bird was pecking away at the food. But the thrill they got was when the bird ate from their hands.

The other night new friend and I were talking here in the office about her young daughter who wants to be a lawyer. But the mother feels that that is primarily a man's field. I don't agree, possibly the girl wouldn't become a Portia but she certainly could fit into some branch of law work when she has the mind for it.

Captain Orville Duncanson's salute for his aunt, Mrs. F.P. Scratch, is the longest personal salute given by any of the captains as they came up the river. His two long, two short, one long and one short is the "Hello" his grandfather Captain John Duncanson used in 1860 and the same salute has been used by Duncanson captains on the Great Lakes ever since.

I find that spending the odd hour at the river sunning and swimming over the weekend makes me unwind - that relaxing to the marrow is a good thing and am firmly convinced from my own experience that leisure is as necessary sometimes as work. This business of sunning, swimming, and turning a few pages in a book disinterestingly without the pressure of every day problems brings composure and contentment, get so contented, in fact, that the staccato point of a yawn is startling.

Three young Amherstburg lads - Drifford Bertrand, Paul Deslippe and Vernon Kennedy - played a cornet trio at the Waterloo Festival last weekend and received 97 marks for their beautiful work but lost first place (seven marks were taken off) because they had the tails of their T-shirts outside their trousers. Leona May Smith, the most outstanding cornetist on the North American continent, the adjudicator, praised them highly on their number but in spite of the sweltering heat didn't like the informality, so after rating them so high knocked them down to 90.



July 22, 1948

A cocky blue jay preening on the small maple at our front door Sunday gave a new and attractive color combination, poudre blue and leaf green.

There was no "Salute your bride" or nuptial kiss in the old Scotch Presbyterian marriage service used at the McMorran-MacFetridge wedding Saturday. Also the groom wasn't allowed to look at his bride as she came up the aisle.

Last Tuesday we came from Harrow by way of Essex and every so often in the ditches along the Arner Road were islands of tiger lilies. The periwinkle blue chicory, the Queen Anne's lace, the hollyhocks and the feathery plumed grass also made one partially forget the heat and the dust.

When speaking of the floats (see last week's *Echo*) which have been placed in Lake St. Clair, River St. Clair and the Detroit River to show the path of surface pollution, Mr. J. E. McQueen was telling that a similar idea was carried out to show the path of the Gulf Stream and that many floats were washed up on the shores of the Shetland Islands.

"Missus, your lipstick's smeared," said a young, possibly eight-year-old to me as I passed the old model Ford in front of the offices, Friday, in which he and several other children were parked. He wasn't a city guy either. My lipstick wasn't smeared at all and I expect that young lad was getting a kick out of watching the expression on women's faces when he popped that at them. He surely saw my look of surprise for I reacted as he thought I would.

When Mary Jean MacFetridge decided to be married in Amherstburg, she wrote from Colorado to Rev. Scarth Macdonnell in Toronto, who was the minister at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Amherstburg when she lived here, asking him if he could come to Amherstburg to marry her. She neglected to tell the name of her fiancé. Mr. Macdonnell made several enquiries to try to find out the name of the man she was marrying but to no avail. Some time later

Mr. Macdonnell was visiting his father-in-law, who is a minister in Galt, and while there the Galt minister received a new marriage register for the church from the Department in Toronto, the inside wrapping was an *Amherstburg Echo* in which was the announcement of Mary Jean's engagement.



July 29, 1948

I'm getting a kick out of the tail lights of the fireflies flashing provocatively in the bushes around our home in the warm dusk these nights. These little twinkling lights which I find eerily enchanting beautify the night in their own way for me.

Since Mrs. Gilbert Morin, Harrow, fell and hurt her chin several months ago she has made 18 hooked rugs in early American designs which are lovely in their color combinations. For this work Mrs. Morin uses a hook her husband made for her from a large spike.

Two or three fashion points stood out at the Fall fashion openings in New York this past week. Skirts are slim with discreet back fullness. Skirt lengths for daytime wear are 11 inches from the floor and for evening wear they drop to ankle length.

Two young girls, Marilyn Franklin and Patty Foster, are not only earning money for themselves during the holidays but are doing a great service to several mothers by taking a group of young children to the park every morning and supervising their play. The girls also provide a snack for their charges at mid-morning.

The well-dressed girl and woman (if figure approves) will have the heavy skirted, soft shouldered look this fall, by that I mean a skirt (plaid or tweed), blouse and stole. The stoles match the skirts and some are triangular with the point hanging below the waist, others are long and fairly wide. Both designs were fringed.

On the shoulder of Highway 18 standing right up out of the mangy grass and weeds was one bobbing lone orange daisy, which made me smile because it looked just like the saucy flower standing up so cockily on Shirley Menzies' wedding hat. The French designer of the hat could easily have seen what I saw and copied the effect in white for Shirley's original model.

Mrs. J. R. Heard has had three exotic blooms of *Tigerdia* this last week. This bloom which grows from a bulb has a three-petalled dark red cup-shaped flower which only lasts a day. When the flower has closed there are faint stripes of yellow on the tight petals. Mrs. Heard said that during the winter the bulbs should be kept in a tightly closed jar or the mice will come from far and near to get a bite.

Gaile Kelly Callam worked in the *Echo* office at the time the *Echo* price was raised from one dollar a year to one-fifty and she said that she wrote so many receipts for *Echo* subscriptions at that time and she was so tired one night that she dreamed that she was at a dance and for tickets was handing out *Echo* receipts. After the past few days writer's cramp as far as I'm concerned is not just talk as it has been one receipt after another to get under the August first raise in price deadline.

Homonyms at their best - In the last two tense hours before the MacFetridge wedding last Saturday, Mrs. Wallace Mitchell was helping fix the bride's table, the plans of which were to bed the wedding cake in tulle and Oregon holly. So she went twice to Mrs. MacFetridge and said, "Where's the tulle?" to which Mrs. Mac answered both times on the buffet in a certain spot. Mrs. Mitchell found the tool, the knife to cut the cake there, so after the second asking decided not to bother with tulle. The guests all said the Oregon holly was enough and probably more effective than combined with the delicate tulle. When Mrs. Mac heard the joke later she laughed heartily at herself.

The following headed article, "Many of Them," came from the *Brandon Sun* but it is applicable to "him" or "her" right here in Amherstburg. Hence the quote:

"You know him. He lives in every rural neighborhood and in every city block. Often he is a competent, industrious, thrifty person. His place is well

kept. When not at work he usually is found at home. He pays his taxes but he does not vote. He attends church but he will not work in it. He goes to lodge but he will not hold office. His children go to school but he will not take part in school meetings. He enjoys the beauty of his town but he will not belong to the horticultural society. He believes in world brotherhood but he does nothing to promote it. He minds that little part of his own business which lies within his own fences but let something go wrong or displease him in the town business which is everybody's business and he will squeal like a pig under a gate."



August 5 & 12, 1948

I do like the blue shadows, the quiet skies, the soft stars and the dew damp grass of these dog days.

A living memorial - In mid-July a new public library was opened at Port Stanley as a memorial to the men of the community who gave their lives in the two World Wars and to all the men and women in the district who served and returned.

Being particularly fond of white flowers, the Shasta daisy is a favorite and I was interested in knowing that this flower, Shasta meaning white, was produced in eight years by Luther Burbank through the cross pollination of three daisies: a Japanese daisy with waxen petals of pure white, the oxeye daisy from England and another English daisy larger than either of the first two.

Family reunions here, there and everywhere make news in summer and among the officers I've always felt there should be an historian to compile and register definitely family history, relationships and backgrounds of the various branches. The Arner family has an historian and a family tree has been made which has certainly compensated for work of getting the information.

Just before the holidays in the Advance-In-*Echo*-Price-Rush Mr. Martin Brush came in to pay his subscription and said that he had been taking the paper since his marriage 43 years ago, as in those days every couple in the *Echo* district

married that year was sent a subscription to the paper free for the balance of the year. He said that he wondered as he walked up the steps how many more years he would be coming in and hoped that it would be many and that I'd be here too, to take his money.



August 19, 1948

Think it over - Every one of us should be a bit more careful about passing along and quoting hearsay "for the gospel truth," for have you noticed that a story which started innocently like a mustard seed shot up into a plant of striking dimension and was equally noxious.



Did you know that in the Middle Ages violets were a regular item on the menu? They were chopped up with onions and lettuce for salad and cooked with fennel and savory for broth, also that during Elizabethan times the tender young leaves of the mock orange, which have a cucumber taste, were used as salad greens.

One night Dr. Neil Morrison was in the office getting material for one of his historical articles and in passing he commented on railroads. "That's nothing," I piped up, "I'm nuts about old cemeteries," and continued that on my one and only trip to Gloucester I could hardly pass the simple little cemeteries which told the history of the New England states, and in fact I didn't pass many but browsed around and read the old epitaphs.

Judy Rawlings, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Rawlings, Leamington, and relative of several Harrow people, arrived from Vancouver by air Tuesday. Miss Rawlings, a member of the cast of "Oklahoma," a singer, left the show in Vancouver to come home for a rest. When Miss Rawlings went for her audition and the adjudicator praised her voice highly, she said she owed her success to her first teacher, Mrs. Helen Clarke Law, daughter of Mrs. George Clarke, Harrow postmistress. The three Harrow young women, Margaret Wright (Miss Rawlings' cousin), Elinor Clarke and Pauline Brookland, who are travelling in

the West, expected to see her and certainly would have gotten a thrill out of going behind stage - but unfortunately for them, she had to leave the show temporarily.

When a farewell present (from a church or school, etc.) or a gift of thanks for past services is to be given, I've always contended that something not dated, which will last through the years, is best. A Sheffield tray given to my father when he was the president of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association and engraved with date and why given, and used by me recently prompted this thought. We'll always have that tray and it will be in good taste and usable for a lifetime. Books, not fiction, are in the same class in my opinion. I grant it is the thought behind the gift which counts but it is as easy to give a lasting thing rather than something that is usable today (food, clothing, toilet articles, etc.) and out of date or gone tomorrow. I'd better clarify the food and clothing statement. An outsize box of candy, for instance, and modish costume jewelry which the recipient might find old-fashioned in a year or two. Then she won't be able to say, "I got this when I was matron of the Star," because the gift has been put away with the accumulation of the years.



August 26, 1948

The year certainly is ripe, for everywhere one goes these days there is plenty, plenty on all sides. Even plenty of that golden dust of autumn, the goldenrod, which swaggers around as August leans toward September and delights in tickling and annoying those of us with sensitive noses.

The heralds of fall, as I call the crickets and their song these lovely drowsy nights when even the heavens seem to be resting as if after a full meal or a job well done (the harvest shows that), have certainly appealed to Miss Sheila Mitchell, Mrs. McQueen's niece, who is on a visit with her from the Shetland Islands.

A Windsor woman was telling me last Saturday that for the past week she had had a house maid. It seems that the girl was from Latvia but had been

working in the American occupied zone in Germany and she had seven pieces of luggage full of smart looking clothes and evidently hadn't suffered much.

The new electric float which has been placed in front of our house to mark the channel bank, in all its red newness, should, I know, please me a lot but I do miss the old, certainly not streamlined buoy with its lantern swaying or bobbing according to the river's mood, which I've looked at all my life. Another sense got a shock recently, too, when I went into Jones' for a soda where for 35 years we've had them from a certain type of glass (in fact Jones' sodas and that glass certainly go together) but modern glass manufacturers evidently don't think as much of that style as I do, so Mr. Jones had to get fluted glasses, and my sense of taste kicked up a bit.

When Theodore Wismer died not long ago, his son Darwin brought in an interesting genealogical sketch which in simple table form told the history of the family beginning with Jacob Wismer, who was born in Germany in 1684. This man was one of the many Germans driven from the fatherland on account of religious prosecution. He settled in North Carolina at the outbreak of the Indian War with the Tuscaroras in the year 1711. In that war 130 of the German colony in N.C. perished, but he escaped by offering the Indians tobacco. Mr. Jacob Wismer then went to Pennsylvania. The ancestor of the Wismer family, as we know it around here, was David Wismer, grandson of Jacob. David came to Canada in 1806 and settled in Markham Township, where he purchased 500 acres of land. And so the little booklet goes on giving generation after generation. An addition will soon have to be made to include the present generation but that can easily be done. I grant that hours and hours of work went into the preparation of this genealogical table but in the end the family have a valuable document.



September 2, 1948

All of a sudden, pushing out the printer's ink smell in the office Monday afternoon, was that wonderful September odor - chili sauce.

Oh no! - revivals are making shoe headlines this fall and the spat shoe is back - also high buttoned shoes. And I haven't a button hook as mine went out with obsolete articles, so I thought, when the moving business was done this spring. Maybe mother has something there with her, "It might come in handy some day."

"I'll be so glad when school opens," has been said with a sigh at this time of the year by pupils of all ages for many a year. And, no doubt, the parents will be, too. For by this time the newness of the long holiday has worn off and it's, "What can we do now, mother?" and some mothers have almost exhausted their ideas on the subject, so they tell me.

Heard a business man say most emphatically last week, "Deliver me from working with a bunch of women," and I didn't resent the remark but thought some women deserve it, that they bring such a remark on their own heads because there is bickering so often, petty jealousies and nasty things said when they work together as a group. Not always, of course, and the smartest woman will make friends with women co-workers. You know why - - -

I, to whom white flowers do the bowling-over act, would like to get to Chatham after the tenth to see the noted white gladioli produced by a Michigan man by the name of Nick Keonig, whom the Horticultural Society officials think will be on show at their annual flower show. This white gladioli is famed throughout the world as the only one of its kind. John W. Harris, the Sarnia Gladioli King, grows this particular white gladioli on his acreage near Sarnia.

In looking over the old files, I find that it was just thirty years ago now that Chautauqua first came to Amherstburg and what fine programs - inspirational, recreational and educational - that organization brought right into the small urban and rural centres.

Mind over matter - bunk in my estimation. Several years ago on the very hottest day of summer I had a tea party for a near bride and during the preparations I was sure pounds melted away, but the anti-climax came during the party when guests and hostess were trying to be genial and hostess evidently looked ready to take off, one of the guests said, (and she meant it too) "the heat

is simply a matter of mind." At the moment I felt as if I could kill all psychologists or would-be ones. This past week with its sizzle day and night, I've found that wet clothes, unproductive mind and uncomfortable body outweighed the mind business. When writing this crab-crab, friend called and when I grouched she said in a positive fashion, "It is the mind, when I drip, I take my mind off myself by finding something else to do." Maybe what I need is a lesson or two or three or four from her.



September 9, 1948

The blood-red afterglow and its reflection in the river last Wednesday night was glorious. The man-made smoke stacks from the Edison plant at Trenton, belching forth, stood out so clearly and interestingly against the dense color. And the rubies, emeralds and diamonds of the river lights played up the immediate foreground

Coming out of the canning factory Friday afternoon I got such a delightful surprise in the splash of color from the large annual garden behind the A. Spearing home on Sandwich Street. Magnet-like those flowers nodded to me to come and pick an armful and when I worded my thoughts to Boss-Man, who was driving, he didn't understand.



September 16, 1948

I saw leaves running after our car as it swung into Dalhousie Street this week, so I know fall is here.

The small softly feminine funny head-hugging berets are most attractive. Also the fall Sunday-go-to-meeting hats with much plumage.

Mrs. Charles Webster, Colchester, was telling about the thrilling day they had recently at the air races in Cleveland. She spoke interestingly of the

Vampire, the Canadian jet-propelled plane she saw there, that is faster than sound. She said you see this plane shoot through the air and then hear a weird sound that's similar to an eerie air raid siren. Mrs. Webster also told of the autophibian which travels on the ground and also has wings which can be attached for air travel.



September 23, 1948

I've been missing the Put-in-Bay salutes and that soft intimate two-part salute of the North and South American.

This quip from Grit tickled my fancy when just right now the price of food is always good for an animated topic of conversation. "It is possible to eat for a week at a cost of only 74 cents," declares dietician, who doesn't say whether he is referring to a canary or a couple of goldfish.

The other night at the sorority initiation ceremonies at the Anderdon one of the younger girls in a frothy apple-blossom pink formal certainly had half wary, half wise dreams in her eyes in that which I suppose was her first formal. She would have made a delightful magazine cover - one which I'll wager college boys would pin up.

How to arrange and how to keep was the problem Monday night when Miss Hutchins gave us a beautiful bouquet, as she called it - an eighteen-inch branch from a peach tree on which there were several perfect peaches, with the blush color of autumn on them. In my mind I could visualize an arrangement à la Japanese, but how to do it was the question.

See that Monsignor Sheen opens the Assumption College Series in Windsor on Sunday afternoon, October the third. I don't think I'll forget his challenging lecture on the two men of the Twentieth Century who just missed greatness, Sigmund Freud and Karl Marx, which opened the series last year. Among the winter speakers in this outstanding culture series I notice Dorothy Thompson listed and in the prominent entertainers' group is Christopher Lynch. We heard

him two years ago and he is tops in the lyric tenor class.

There are many people in Amherstburg who are interested in art, so much so that they will go into Detroit to see the collections or to Willistead, when there is a loan collection of pictures. We have several artists here, Mrs. Bert Hoag, Peggy Pettypiece and her sister Kathleen Dowswell, Mrs. Norman Wilson, Mrs. Helen Gray and others, as well as photographers Tom Moffat, Frank Arnett, Bill McKenna and Garnet Sutton, who might be persuaded to give the townspeople a treat and show their work in a collection. There are no doubt several others who do work worth showing along this line. Kenneth Saltmarche, the curator at Willistead, who is married to Rev. and Mrs. M.C. Davies' daughter, will be back and forth frequently now that the Davies have moved to Amherstburg, and his work would certainly be worth seeing right here in Amherstburg in a collection along with those mentioned above. Then there's Lee Stanley and his cartoons. The more one thinks along this line the more plausible the idea is.



September 30, 1948

Was wondering how to keep the hats on with the new short hairdos, especially on a blustery fall day, but there was no need to worry, for vogue shows chic models with straps under the chin - smart too.

Within the fortnight a Mrs. Carl Persoon, who came to Colchester South this past year from Belgium, had a new baby and they were telling in Harrow that her first baby was born in a concentration camp.

Many people have been asking about the sorority which has been started by a group of young women in Amherstburg. This is a branch of an international sorority fashioned on the principles of a college sorority. A group that will have a good time together along cultural, educational and social lines.

Ralph Wright's specimens of various gladioli which he grows on his farm in Colchester South and shown at the Harrow Fair were beautiful and I was thrilled with the arrangement of glads in that booth in a double cornucopia

container. It belonged to Mrs. Wright and she said that she had used it as a dining table centre all summer. There was a fairly large cornucopia and a smaller one so that the flowers could be spread out charmingly.

A friend who left this month on a round-the-world trip took along 28 different complete outfits. At first it seemed a ridiculous number of clothes but when I thought the thing through and realized that she would be away until spring and in New Zealand, Australia, India, England and many other spots, she had to take along clothes for every type of weather and for every type of entertainment.

When looking over some of the needlework at the Harrow Fair with Mrs. Niles Halstead I found out how little I knew about embroidery when she commented on an article which "couldn't have been done in this country because it was done with Chinese thread." Needlecraft is an interesting art and study, and I thought after that remark that I'd like to know enough to be able, for my own satisfaction, to know a genuine piece of Chinese work or Swedish drawn work or Italian cut work.

I was particularly interested in the death of Philip J. Beaubien in Detroit Wednesday of last week. He was patriarch of the Beaubien family, whose history is linked with the early days of Detroit when it was largely a French Settlement in the days depicted so thrillingly in "Wolves Across the Moon," which was recommended by a friend in Detroit whose French ancestry is bound up with old Detroit also and whose family names were mentioned. But that's beside the point. Mr. Beaubien, who, by the way until his death was the oldest living graduate of Assumption College (1877 to be exact) was born in a one-storey frame house on the site now occupied by the J. L. Hudson department store. He traced his ancestry back to the days of the founding French who came down the lakes with Cadillac in 1701 and settled on the river bank of the strait. Mr. Beaubien's mother was a St. Aubin, a member of another family which traced its ancestry to Cadillac's French voyageurs. Streets in downtown Detroit are named for these old families. I'd like to know lots about the families of all nationalities in this district and some day I hope I will.



October 7, 1948

I have chuckled at the young people talking about the funniest characters just as if they were friends, but I do exactly the same thing about Lanny Budd, whom I met in the Upton Sinclair's series beginning with "World's End." See where Mr. Sinclair's latest history in novel form using Lanny as the central character, is called "One Clear Call" and covers the years from just before the invasion of Sicily to President F. D. Roosevelt's last campaign in 1944.

I felt just as if summer were calling back a gay farewell Monday morning, without the fragrance of course, when a Canada Steamship freighter, its red coat almost gleaming in the one bell sunshine, steamed up the river loaded with cars, green, black, maroon, bright yellow - the new paint jobs shining and in optical illusion fashion almost breathing - this latter idea caused by the reflections of sky and water and angular light on the cars. There were the summer flower garden colors in all their mature beauty.



October 14, 1948

Madame Cezanne, a hat designer of note in both Windsor and Toronto, who was in town over the weekend as a guest at Linda Bailey's wedding, told me that her skirt was 12 inches from the floor - the skirt of a suit designed by a topper in the clothes designing world in Toronto - so I thought that must be the proper daytime length, and most certainly it is a becoming length. The fact that Mrs. Yvonne Teeter Bailey made all her daughter's trousseau clothes and hats (except two dresses which were bought this spring) should be recorded because they would have done a French dressmaking establishment proud. She also made the wedding dress, the maid of honor's dress, the two attendants' bonnets, her own satin suit and hat and the dress and hat worn by Mrs. Teeter. Included in the trousseau is, of course, the going away suit, top-coat and saucy sailor with pheasant feather trim.



October 21, 1948

There was no "Conversation Pieces" in this issue.



October 28, 1948

There is a lovely calla lily blooming in a pot in the sun porch at the Al Sellars home on Highway No. 18 in Malden.

The second creek we pass as we drive toward Harrow on Highway No. 18, as it winds into the woods, is like a scene one would see in the British Isles. I watch for it every week and am never disappointed in it. On a sunshiny day it becomes a beautiful natural reflecting pool.

The pulse of the *Echo* office is the big Duplex press. And to all newspaper people its rhythm is the most wonderful sound in the world for it means that the paper is rolling. Last Thursday as the press was beating away I actually found myself humming to the throb, throb from downstairs.

I was interested in reading that the soil is the best darkroom for bulbs you are forcing to bloom indoors. Put tulips, daffodils and hyacinth in pots, bury them in trenches lined with leaves, sand, etc. with a foot or so of leaves and litter over the tops. Bring them in at intervals after Christmas.

Have you noticed the something-new in costume jewellery this fall? - the gay little scatter pins for the lapel or which can be grouped in two or three at the side or front throat line or on the fur collar. I'm not selling them but will just say that for about one dollar a piece you can get quite effective ones and they do give a lift to an old tailored dress.

Philip Cosens in Harrow was telling of some Maltese boys who came from Malta recently to work in Windsor. They learned to speak English correctly in school and are finding it hard to understand the Canadians they have met and have also found it hard to be understood because they say we use too much

slang. Surely our ordinary way of expressing ourselves hasn't gotten down to a dialect. If it has we all had better do something about it.



November 4, 1948

Saw where Igor Gorin, the baritone, was in Leamington giving a concert Friday week under the auspices of the Leamington Concert Association and 800 persons turned out to hear him.

Here I am again back at women's styles but I do like the feeling of movement in the new styles as shown in *Vogue* when every line seems to flow backward like the draperies on the masthead of a ship or the beautiful robes of the Winged Victory.

As has been said before, points of etiquette are not in my line, but after being asked several times about answering invitations I'll just say that in my estimation any sort of an invitation requires an answer whether verbal or written, especially when food has to be prepared.

The October weather certainly was something to write home about. There was a child at the Rummage Sale, Saturday, in his bare feet. And Sunday, despite the dampness, I pushed away the heavy fall of leaves around our house and picked a few nasturtiums (enough for a wee bouquet) snapdragons, zinnias, petunias and marigolds.

Before Mrs. Dennis Pilon's daughter Dorothy and her husband Edgar Boetani left for California late in October, at the farewell party given for them by Mrs. Pilon and Miss Patricia Pilon, they had records made of all their voices which included all the goodbye and good luck wishes. This is a splendid idea not only for now when the parting is acute but for the future. Mr. and Mrs. Boetani arrived at their new home in California on their twentieth wedding day and in the *Echo* files 20 years ago I was reading about their wedding here in St. John the Baptist Church which was solemnized (in the same church) on the 60th wedding anniversary of her grandfather Luke Ouellette and his Irish bride,

Lucinda H. O'Rafferty.



November 11, 1948

I understand that there is white yarn (somewhere on the market) for baby things, with little bits of color in it known as Rosebud which makes oh! such dainty baby things.

When Harold Warren of Anderdon was in the office Monday showing us an extremely large chicken hawk which he had shot on his farm, he was telling about some of the interesting old items he has in his home, which is built on the old Indian reserve. Among his possessions which he got when he bought the Lares and Penates from the Captain Con Christiansen estate is an old iron tea kettle he says he uses every day.

A matter of two months ago we suggested an art show in Amherstburg and Mrs. David Ferris in Harrow said, "Keep up the idea." So now that Kenneth Saltmarche, curator at Willistead, is residing part time in Amherstburg and is teaching art to a few people who are fortunate enough to have the time and talent, the proposed art exhibit is getting closer and closer.

Still on the subject of trees - The birch trees at the museum are almost pals of mine for as the seasons change, practically all my life, I've watched them change. Because of the winds through the years they have a decided list which makes the sun play interestingly on their Midas-touched leaves these days as they shiver and shimmer there along the bank.

The chilly morning, the soft warm noonday sun and the occasional annual peeking out of its warm leaf bed and the cool night of Monday didn't portend the season, but the signs in the trees were the warning flags that autumn is surely gathering momentum. Speaking of those all-of-a-sudden leafless trees, Mrs. Ross Baikie was telling Sunday that in Spokane in August the trees were as leafless as they are here now.

A fortnight ago there was a most attractive young English woman at the Rummage Sale. It seems that after the war she went to Sweden and soon after arrival lost all her money and credentials so went to work in a factory. There she met an Estonian who had fled from his country to Sweden just before they were fearful of invasion. They married and about a year ago came out here and are now working on a farm in Colchester South. Anyway they came to Amherstburg to see what the Rummage Sale offered. She was trying on hats and found one that seemed to suit so she turned to one of the Rotary men, whom she had met before, and asked him how he liked it. When he wasn't too enthusiastic she queried, "Doesn't it arouse anything in you?" which caused a good laugh all around.



November 18, 1948

Below a timetable listed in the *Echo* files 60 years ago now was the following notice, "All trains are running as per schedule between Amherstburg and Essex on Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than local or solar time."

Stephanotis, pronounced we understand with a long e and long o, that small waxy pure white lily-like bloom on a trailing vine which is popular in wedding bouquets nowadays, has an affinity to the gardenia. Friend who went through a greenhouse at Port Dover some time ago told that stephanotis, which is tropical, grows only in the gardenia greenhouse; that it takes from five to seven years for a "trailer" of stephanotis to start but after it once gets started, in less than a week there will be a shoot 20 feet long.



November 25, 1948

When Mrs. Stephen Pettypiece was on a trip to Wisconsin recently, she had a trip through Wisconsin Dells. Now Mrs. Pettypiece is 89 years of age and before taking the boat to take the trip it is necessary to walk about a mile and a

half up grade on a board walk to the wharf - which she did. Then when on the boat she was allowed to steer and the captain said that she was the oldest wheelsman in the dells.

We have often heard it said that beauty is loneliness upon the earth in late November. So when a wee, lonely nasturtium, a bud and three small perfect leaves, which had outlived their season, were found in the garden Friday they were brought in and put on the coffee table to bring joy indoors over the weekend when the angry skies were full of storms.

Early in October a young girl was telling about her new fur coat and she just beamed because her dream had become a reality. Met her recently and in passing mentioned the wonderful weather, which didn't please her I could see, all because of that wonderful coat which was hanging in the cupboard.



December 2, 1948

A delightful surprise - I had heard about Peggy Woof's voice and for some reason or other expected this young High School Miss to have high soprano tones - But, heard her lovely true, full Mezzo-soprano at the St. Andrew's concert the other night and if I don't miss my guess, she has a future with it.

"The *Echo* gets fairly far," said Otto Ferris to this roving reporter in Harrow last Tuesday when he showed a sympathy card on the death of his father from Lawrence Rothenbuler in Fort Wayne, Indiana, with the comment that he (Mr. Rothenbuler) had read of Mr. Ferris' death in the *Echo*. Mr. Rothenbuler is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKenzie of Harrow.

I know your charm is as dated as a doll-sized hat if you can't take inconveniences, but a jaunt from our house to Mrs. McQueen's in the blackout is a trying experience. As I walked along, stepping like a prancing pony because of the poor condition of some of the sidewalk stretches, I couldn't help think of the people in England groping around in the dark, day after day, without any hope of relief and I was sorry for the mean, scared thoughts, but the beautiful

Amherstburg does get eerie in the dark.

Evidently the people of Amherstburg can adjust as easily as the winds can change and with as little to-do. The 7-8:30 p.m. blackout was announced for a Tuesday night beginning and the C.W.L. had a card party planned at the Parish Hall for that night. According to the secretary the crowd was there and the light-off business didn't hurt the success of the party a bit. Then on Wednesday night the choir of St. Andrew's Church put on its annual variety show in the General Amherst auditorium so I sauntered over at 8:40 only to find that the show (as advertised before the hydro decision) which was scheduled for 8:15 started at 8:15 and everybody, cast and patrons was on hand and I was the only surprised person in the audience.



December 9, 1948



About the cutest trick of the week - Juliette Gabus at the High School commencement in a yellow sweater, plaid skirt and plaid stole to match.

A yellow rose in December - a perfect one, too, blooming gaily last Wednesday beside the steps at the Captain Walter Callam house.

There's another intangible which although I cannot hold in my cupped hands and fondle, I like so much, that's the thin mist rising over the river these mornings.

Tucked in on the report of the C.W.L. card party last week was the name of the skunk prize winner, Stephen Autin. Now Mr. Autin is 91 and it gave me a good feeling to read that he was peppy and well enough to go and take in a euchre game - his luck was not running high but he had a good time.

A fortnight ago we commented on the fact that the skirts were getting shorter and quoted top bracket Paris dressmakers. Shortly afterward a person who keeps

up with the trend of fashion said that all the skirts of a particular trousseau, made in July, would be much smarter now, if a bit shorter.

Early December is certainly pulling colors off the color palette and onto the Western sky these nights. Saturday night was exceptional. I turned back near Gordon Williams' to see the deep red sun slide into a lighter red field of color against the sky line. Above this stratum of red shading as in a batik scarf was pink and above that and on and on into the great sky circle was a deep blue with the occasional silver star floating in it.

Saturday afternoon J.A.M., Captain Earle McQueen and Mr. Traeff went over to the Grosse Île airport to see the Blue Angels, the Navy air team from Corpus Christi, in action. After the show one of the airmen looking over toward Amherstburg told J.A.M. that he'd like to get over to Canada to put his foot on foreign soil for although he had had four years' war experience on an aircraft carrier, had taken part in the first bombing raid on Tokyo and had flown over fourteen countries in a round-the-world flight, he had never touched any land except the U.S.A.

Calling cards? Does anyone have or use them any more? Saturday we were talking about a lady who was always at home on the first Friday afternoon of the month. That custom seemed to come out of the past and hit me hard for I'd forgotten about that business of sitting at home on a certain afternoon and waiting for friends to come to tea. Nice idea, too. There's not one of us now who could find the time to get dolled up in hat and gloves and go calling - but it might do us good to make time and exchange ideas and tidbits of news. Then, too, along this line, there have been a lot of brides in Amherstburg since December 1947 and I wonder if one of them has calling cards. I'll take a bet on that.



December 16, 1948

This is not an original idea but a good one to acquaint new Canadians with pictures and names of things we use - give them a catalogue from one of our

large mail order houses.

We say and poets say that the spring traces in green - but winter is doing just that this year, for the wild plum trees on the moat side north of our kitchen window have tiny green leaves on them. And, too, the pussy willows look full to bursting.

When there are ice flows in the river and snow on the ground, somehow it doesn't seem strange to see a freighter going up the Livingstone Channel, but it certainly did Friday evening to see freighter lights skimming along upstream over there. But why not? The buoys are out of our channel and it's winter.

Mrs. H.H. Quinn said Monday as we both sauntered in the mild, foggy and rainy weather that her children had picked a hollyhock this past week. As I got along toward home I thought the wee fence in place to mark out the skating rink on the old bowling green property is just a teaser to the children who want snow and ice for Christmas - and don't we all.

I'm not expecting to get into any more weddings where I have to act as social secretary but have been asked about which arm the father gives the bride when going up the aisle. There can be only one accepted rule on this point of wedding etiquette. The bride's mother is seated on the left side so the father walks up the left side of the aisle giving the right arm to his daughter so when the proper time comes he steps back (certainly not around the bride) to be with his wife.



December 23, 1948

What a well-dressed look Amherstburg had Sunday morning in all its white snow togs quite in contrast to the stripped, stark, pared to the bone look of last week.

That happiness prevailed in Harrow on the 23rd of December, 1898, is apparent from the following announcement in the *Echo*: "There are at least four

weddings to take place in Harrow this Christmas time. All the result of good crops of tobacco."

Even though the Conversation Piecer didn't do her Christmas shopping when she should, she did her Christmas thinking fairly early and found that in reflection the older values of Christmas still persist through all the commercialism of this 1948 Christmas. So to you, and you, and you her wish is not a television set, nor an air coupe, nor a super deluxe model. Money can buy those things. Her wish is not a matter for the season but for every day continued health and friends, both of which mean happiness to you and you.

Success is a wonderful thing and when you get near the top in your chosen work at twenty, that's headline news. It's Marguerite Gignac, formerly of Anderdon, now of LaSalle, that I'm talking about. Marguerite is well known locally for she went to the convent here. Her father Adrian Gignac, a graduate of the General Amherst High School in my year, is at the distillery and her mother the late Victoria Baillargeon went to Normal School with me, so I feel as if I too know the young lady. To go on, Marguerite has a beautiful lyric soprano voice and after the Midnight Mass one Christmas in St. John the Baptist Church, I heard again and again about the music and especially Marguerite's voice. Last week in London she made her first stage appearance and is being hailed as the season's "find" in Canadian opera. Marguerite made three appearances with the Royal Conservatory Opera as Susanna in Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro" and got great praise from the critics.



January 6, 1949

Certainly the Gothic strength of the winter trees does appeal, but I'd like to see those pointed curves so familiar to Gothic structure softened with snow.

Mrs. J. E. McQueen and her niece Sheila Mitchell had a thrill yesterday when they talked by telephone to their family in the Shetland Islands.

At Christmas time the tissue paper and bows of friendship are rudely

basketed and burned, but not at a shower - the paper is pressed out fondly and the ribbon is caressed and saved - it's the idea behind that makes the difference.

We've certainly gone a long way in 10 years in secondary education in Amherstburg - but in step with the progress made in the first half of the century as was talked of last week this fact is not surprising. But it was just fifty years ago now that a meeting was called here in Amherstburg to talk about establishing a High School class.

All I could think of that means nostalgia - regret, home-sickness, what a pity! Hang it! - went through my mind when the announcement came last Wednesday that possibly Boblo and the boat trip up and down our beautiful river is going to be a memory - I just can't believe that we won't hear the clipped toots of the *Columbia* and *Ste. Claire* any more or that children won't get the thrill of swimming out to meet the Boblo boats. Surely something will be done to give us the opportunity to get out on the river - not just look at it, although that's mighty satisfying.



January 13, 1949

Through the fog and the rain last Wednesday morning the windrows in the river put on a splendid pure white and tones of grey show. And it was something to stop and look at - which I did.

"Oh! What a beautiful morning, Oh! What a beautiful day," rang through my head as I walked up Laird on the balmiest most sparkling Sunday, January ninth, in my memory. I was hatless and my coat was too heavy. I fully expected a robin to pipe up any moment and hoped that the flowers and buds didn't get all mixed up in the timing of the seasons as I seemed to be at the moment.

The Christmas poinsettias were most satisfactory this year. The two plants at home are still in beautiful bloom and there are no signs of age nor looks of

weariness about them. We give them drinks of tepid water and when they do finish blooming will cut them down, put them in the basement and set them out in the garden in the pots in the spring.

Dr. Chase's Almanac was thrown on my desk this past week and it surely is full of a good evening's entertainment. In fact, work went by the boards as I found out what to expect in every month of 1949. I can remember this same book when I was a young one with the same cover and picture of the old doctor hanging below the clock shelf in my grandmother's home in Essex - all ready to tell all and advise. And I suppose it is still used in thousands of homes.

A couple of fashion tips that have come from spring showings - suits this spring will have pencil-slim skirts with jackets flared or pleated at the back or, if you prefer, skirts may be gently flared. But gone are the full ballerina styles. Shoes are to be dressier, some boast tiny ankle straps and for the ultra smart touch, some dress-up ones will have rhinestones on their toes.

Once again a recent conversation about thank you notes is clarified by the following quote: "The timing of most thank-you notes is almost as important as what is said in them. For you are supposed to write them when people need to receive them. Gifts and presents in particular should be acknowledged at once - such as birthday gifts, wedding present, etc. However in the case of Christmas presents they should be acknowledged by the New Year or by Twelfth Night at the latest." This last sentence strikes home because I haven't - but I will.

Below is the demure department in 1840 according to *American Etiquette* - Did I hear that ever-with-us echo about the good old days? We women certainly wouldn't want to go back to this - so put that "good old days" in the waste paper basket and leave it there. "Modest demeanor marks the true lady," declares *American Etiquette*. "When a lady comes downstairs to greet a gentleman in the drawing-room who has come to make a formal call, she should never raise her eyes above the third button of his waistcoat. Nor should a lady curtsy in the street when meeting acquaintances nor on the other hand bow too stiffly. A slight bend of the body at the same time that one inclines the head is an affable

salutation. For two ladies to kiss in the street is in bad taste, should they be in company with a gentleman with whom they are but slightly acquainted."

"And should an unmarried lady walk arm-in-arm with a gentleman on the street?" asks the author. "Assuredly, yes. In Boston this custom is almost universal. But in New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore etiquette says it should not be done, lest one should subject herself to the report of being betrothed to the gentleman."



January 20, 1949

Entries for the Essex County Art Exhibition which will be held at Willistead during February have to be in by Monday. I'm hoping that Amherstburg will be represented in this show because there are several clever artists here who should take their places among county artists.

People who have a flare for expression speak of the granite grey of the skies or the earth being undisguised - both are apt expressions, but I don't like them to refer to January weather. Alright in, say, November, but I'd like the hard unfriendly streets to have snow on them these days and become as velvet under my feet - wouldn't you?

At this time of the year we grope around for attractive centrepieces for the dining table and sometimes because of lack of flowers or originality they become pretty awful. This week I saw the perfect January centrepiece which consisted of a shoot of Chinese evergreen standing by means of a spiked holder in the centre of a low white bowl lined with turquoise and surrounded with philodendron.

Records certainly being set by "Winter takes a holiday." Toronto reported that Sunday was the balmiest in over 100 years. Right here in Amherstburg the spring-like temperature made for unseasonable thoughts and actions - thoughts of a gay spring-like printed dress and flower-decked hat and unseasonable games

of warmer seasons, certainly not winter, being played by the boys in our neighborhood Sunday afternoon.



January 27, 1949

Evidently in 1770 glamor was barred, for in those days British law rendered null and void any marriage where the wife had captured her husband through the use of cosmetics.

"A Cape Suit Spring" say the fashion forecasts - and what is smarter for the majority of women than a swirling finger-length cape - just like a fresh spring breeze - especially this coming season when the skirts of the ensemble are to be slim with fulness at the back.

The following entitled "Popular Recipe" tickled my funny bone: "Mix together 1 cup chopped mixed prunes and answer the phone. Add grated rind of one lemon, answer the door. Add half cup of raisins and baby's formula. Answer back door. Boil until baby cries. Answer front door. Answer phone. Send Bobby out for some cookies."

Did you see this in *This Week*? "Before you take that after-dinner walk this afternoon, reflect. The shoe people report that on an average day we put one foot after another at a staggering rate. The salesgirl walks eight miles, the stenographer, six, waitresses 12½. Little boys hit 15, girls 11½. The only one who has let up is Mother. From a Christmas season high of 11, she is back to a normal 8½."

A newspaper has two customers to please - the subscriber and the advertiser. Of these two the subscriber in my opinion is the more important because reader interest builds circulation. And to keep up reader interest there must be a wide coverage of news of every kind from social items to meetings. So because this is your newspaper, let us know of items that interest you, because often we miss

them and don't want to.

Museum pieces - just before Christmas Mrs. Howard Heaton showed me a beautiful pair of little girl's boots which were handmade 70 years ago. They belonged to her sister-in-law Minnie Heaton. They were high boots, of course, of the softest leather and were scalloped at the top. The heels were layered with steel and the soles were pegged in symmetrical fashion with wooden pegs. They are in an excellent state of preservation.

We feel that we are highly civilized and can take most inconveniences in our stride, but just let the hot water tank burst and be without that particular commodity for a few days, as we were, and have to run around with a kettle of water which gives a thimbleful for a bath, you find that such an inconvenience is most annoying. Our parents took it in their stride to heat up on Saturday night. They didn't know of the hot water tap and when they did it was a luxury - and so it will be for me from now on. I won't insult it any more by having it become just one of those things, I'll certainly respect it.

I've always known that with me people mean more than things and that when at a friend's house I rarely see that something is not just as my hostess wants it until it is drawn to my attention. When the remark is made that a picture needs straightening then I'll see that it does list a little. This past week it was drawn to my attention so forcibly how we women worry unnecessarily over small things and get ourselves in a dither over nothing at all. I dined with a friend and had a delightful time. I was lax in calling to say thank you again and when I did friend said right away, "I've been worrying all week because you had a tarnished fork which I didn't notice until afterward." And believe me, the conversation was so interesting I didn't notice my fork and she fumed all for nothing.



February 3, 1949

From what I have seen in the metropolitan dailies, both Detroit and Toronto, no one will have to be coaxed to wear the new spring hats - they are delightful.

Mrs. Caldwell Marontate was telling Monday that this past week she has forced a bouquet of forsythia which is just what the doctor ordered for the early February days - indoor sunshine.

I certainly didn't know until all this margarine business came up that Canadians are the world's third largest butter eaters - at 28 pounds per person a year - which is over three times the American figure and is surpassed only by New Zealand and Denmark.

Someone from Colchester brought Mrs. Howard Heaton a bunch of pussy willows last week. But we're not so far behind, for some of the pussies on our tree pushed off their shields over the weekend. Monday noon I found the world particularly beautiful when the sun was shining on the snow diamonds as they fell leisurely and teased shivering catkins.

The following came in a letter from Arner Tuesday and I'd like to have been in on the fun. Writes friend: "An illustration of the length to which parents will go to give their children happiness just passed our door. A man driving a 'Farmall' to which was attached an old fashioned cutter and in it, four laughing, rollicking children."

We lower Detroit Riverites weren't the only ones who were disturbed by the announcement that Boblo is to be sold. The following quote is from the weekly publication of the Detroit Board of Commerce: "Oldsters were shocked by the news that historic Boblo is dead as a Detroit excursion and picnic destination. The whole story has been told and editorialized and we weep with the rest of you who realize what Detroit kids of the future are going to miss. Our only further comment is that the newspapers printed the list of the old ferry boats in the wrong order. During the lush days of five-cent beer and five-piece orchestras

slaughtering the William Tell Overture - and "ride all day for cents," there was twenty-minute service between Third Street, Woodward Avenue, Joseph Campeau and Belle Isle. And everybody in Detroit then knew that first came *Sappho* - twenty minutes later came *Promise* - and twenty minutes later, *Pleasure*.

Last week I was about to comment on the fact that you seldom hear sleigh bells any more because of the seeming change in our winter and because the stores now rely on a car for their delivery service - so the charm of tinkling sleigh bells is a thing of the past. This is Monday and over the weekend the snow fell, so here's hoping that someone (not delivering naturally because that business, too, has become centralized) will get out the old cutter and string of bells and treat us to old-time winter sounds which were delightful. I could easily switch back and hear the peppy sounds of the bells as the horses pulled their sleighs gaily down the hill at Fraser's en route to the checker board on the ice at Callam's Bay where the ice was being cut. Then on the return journey, as I remember, the music of the bells was altogether different, definite rhythm of those bells showing power and strength of movement as the horses pulled their loads up the slippery hill.



February 10, 1949

Sweethearts and roses are almost traditional with Valentines. Perhaps Napoleon Bonaparte paid one of the nicest compliments to his sweetheart when he said, "Come into my garden, I want the roses to admire you."

Monday night as I skidded up Laird Avenue at six p.m., I thought that whatever weather might come from now on with the days steadily becoming longer, be it snow, blow or ice, it won't be so hard to take. When the nights are long the cold clamps down like a vice, but with the lengthening days the worst kind of weather can't be too bad. After all, things are easier to take in the daylight - even bad weather.

What grandmothers are doing and can do — (Whistler's mother is not typical any more) — notice that Kate Aitken, mother of Mrs. Clinton Thomson in Harrow, who is familiar to C.B.C. Dominion network listeners, is taking time off from her regular work in order to tour the world observing how people live in various countries. It was about the middle of January that Mrs. Aitken flew from Montreal to Vancouver on the first leg of her east to west trip and will have plenty to tell Canadian women on her return.

Four years ago when the Rotary Club staged an ice carnival in the park, a three-year-old girl by the name of Joan Lowden from Detroit came with her parents, who were friends of Virginia Trimble Barclay, and did a solo skating number. Because it was very cold I took her home to get warm and she said, "Did you see me do the bunny hop?" Which in her number of straight skating was the occasional fancy hopping step. Well, Friday night this same little skater, now seven and quite sophisticated, certainly showed what can be done with a child in the line of the arts, for that's what it is. She has perfect balance, control and grace and is well on the way to becoming a very clever skater. Her solo as well as the number when she was paired with one of the men deserve all the praise I can give. In fact she also took her part with the men and women in the chorus work and even though so tiny did not affect the rhythm of the act one bit. This little girl and her parents must have spent hours and hours in practicing the last four years, the result of which was very apparent. It took perseverance and the giving up of other things, I'm sure.



February 17, 1949

A Valentine tonic - Daffodils in a luster pitcher.

Although it was dull and mild Monday, the birds chattering merrily early that morning, the odd patch of emerald, brand new green here and there in the park and the window at the greenhouse made me find all of a sudden that spring was laughing in my face.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Bricker of Essex celebrated their diamond anniversary with their family, which consists of three children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. And the point I am working up to is that in sixty years of married life there have been no deaths in this family.

Wearing a hunter's green suit, a side-swept green straw turban with a coarse veil dotted with tiny red poppies, caught at the right side and hanging over the shoulder, new Windsor friend certainly looked what the well-dressed woman wears in an advertisement for February air travel to a warm climate.

Mrs. Dan McCurdy (Helen Jones) is one of the *Echo* subscribers now that she is living near Cleveland and apparently when the paper comes has made some comment about "the news" in front of her children. So recently, Hayward, her small boy, went to a children's party where they were taken to the movies. When he got home his mother asked him what he saw and he said, "Mickey Mouse and the *Echo*."



February 24, 1949

Spring is a-coming in surely now because Mrs. W.S. Wigle was in Monday to say that two robins were cavorting around her yard that morning. Also that her Star of Bethlehem plants have been pushing through for the past two weeks. And that's not all, L. J. Fox told me Saturday that the daffodils on the south side of his home are up two inches.

With the advent of Lent and the lateness of Easter the point came up that this year Easter is nearly as late as it can possibly be - not quite of course - so how this festival is determined was reviewed again. This year the first full moon after the Vernal equinox is on the 12th of April, so as the first Sunday after the full moon after March 21 is April 17 - that is the Easter Sunday date for 1949.

Several times of late I've been told by comparative newcomers to our town

that they were very lonely for the first year they were here. That is certainly uncomplimentary to, in fact is a slam on us who are old-timers. Certainly we are not too busy to call on newcomers in the town, or is it a "don't know how to go about it." It is a voluntary thing and it might be that the person who would take on the Good Neighbor job in a neighborhood is just looking for something to do and would get a lot out of it. She of course wouldn't do this alone but would call on us all. If she called out to me as I trekked officeward, "Mrs. So and So has just moved into that house, would you pick up her mail?" I would and then I'd be able to say, "Hello Mrs. So and So, welcome to Amherstburg" - instead of waiting and putting off the "Hello."



March 3, 1949

Likes - the whistling record "Sweet Georgia Brown."

A news item culled from the *Echo* sixty years ago now reads, "Professor Burton's writing class at Potleg is numerously attended and is proving quite satisfactory."

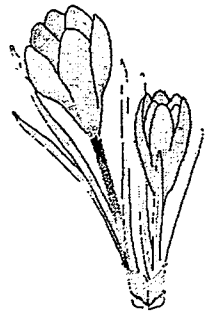
Am reading in serial form one of the finest books of our time entitled, "The Greatest Story Ever Told," which is a moving narrative of the life of Christ during his years on Earth by Fulton Oursler, associated editor of the *Reader's Digest*. The story began in Ash Wednesday's *Detroit Free Press* and runs to Easter.

When the members of the Ladies of Rotary entertained the friends who helped with the Rummage Sale to dinner lately the remark was made by one of the women as she looked around the dining hall, "Women don't always dress for men, by the looks of things here tonight they dress for other women." I agree with her, in my estimation it is far more important to get a compliment on your looks from a woman than from a man.

The weather reports in the old *Echo* files interest me always and the other day when reading the 1889 file telling of the ice-bound river and the sleighing parties which ended in an all night dancing party at some hospitable home in the country, I just wondered who would be reading the 1949 files in 2009 and if he or she would find such a decided change in our Essex County weather as there has been in the past 60 years. For here it is in a nutshell 1889 cold, ice, snow - 1949, mild, practically no ice nor snow.



March 10, 1949



The sun is certainly dispensing more gold these days and the effect on the blues in the river and sky Monday at noon made me know that we're at the brink of spring.

The sky was glorious Sunday night with the first quarter moon and almost spring stars which despite the nippiness of the night were more like diamond dust than steel.

When Mrs. Jack Morris found a yellow crocus in her garden Friday, not to be outdone I searched anxiously in our warm, sheltered crocus spot but not one has awakened there yet.

Got a bang out of friendly eight-liner about a two-year-old vocabulary which, although limited, supplies his need. This child's important words were "Hi" and a self assured "OK." I like that cheerful "Hi" from the youngsters on the street for when I say "Hello" I never seem to get "Hello" in return, but just a smiling "Hi," and as for "OK" it's become part of all our vocabularies, the two-year-old being introduced to the talking process certainly hasn't a corner on it.

Friday night, just as I got in front of the Town Hall on the way to the Public Utilities meeting, I saw a young woman overcome with grief, bending over a curly black dog lying at the edge of the road. That dog was a pet because it used

to sit in front of our door here waiting patiently for his mistress who was in the telephone office. Blackie, who oozed friendliness, had been hit by a hit-run driver a few minutes before. At that moment the children and the mother of the family ran up Gore Street and their sorrow as well as mine was acute. Why! Oh! Why do people do such a thing? Perhaps the driver couldn't miss the dog but why go on in such a callous fashion.



March 17, 1949

Watch for grosbeaks around the soft maple trees any time now, for they dearly love the seeds of that particular tree.

Every time I go out of this office I feel the greatest urge - "Walk by the Greenhouse," says my inner self to my physical self and the inner H.M. always wins. Try it, it will pep you up too.

Little Miss Five-year-old was watching a group of relatives arriving to celebrate next-door neighbor's 83rd birthday. She said to her aunt, "Will Mrs. X have a birthday cake?" When the positive reply was given, in a bored tone the modern pre-school age Miss said, "Same old corn, I suppose, white cake and pink icing."

It sure is !!

Acapulco, Gro, Mexico, read the heading and here's the content of a note from Mrs. James Flynn: "I have decided I should be your southern correspondent, and keep you posted on the doing of Canadians in these parts. I don't know why so many people decide on this place, but there are cars from all parts of Canada. But the main event was last week, when three ships - the *Ontario*, the *Athabaska*, and the *Antagonish*, arrived in port. Of course, we talked to lots of the boys, and met many from Hamilton, Sarnia, St. Thomas, etc. One of the men had been on the ship with Glen McKenzie during the war. But the surprise was meeting Elwood Peever, for, of course, we did not even know

he was in the Navy. It was really quite a week for all of us - they even had the President of Mexico down here (I was right up on the porch with him)."



March 24, 1949

The battle of comics versus censorship goes on and on in the United States. In my opinion censorship holds the greater danger.

It took 30 years for a busy prime minister of Canada to get around to visiting Amherstburg - then it was Sir Wilfred Laurier, now Louis St. Laurent.

Mrs. G. T. Reaume, Park Street, got a poinsettia for Christmas which is still blooming profusely and leafing out at present. She has the plant in a north window.

A paying leisure activity in this district in March, 1899 is contained in the following item found in the old files: "J. D. Burk, Amherstburg, has contracted with the district women to knit 100 dozen woollen mitts to be delivered to Quebec."

Have been reading about a discovery of the toy manufacturer which will please a little girl more than a doll with curly hair. It is a doll whose long straight hair is just wanting for a tiny pair of hands to give it a permanent wave. With so many mothers giving each other home permanents these days, any game of "grown up" almost demands a certain amount of hair-curling. I understand that when you buy this new straight-haired doll you get a plastic comb and five Perm-o-Wave curlers.

In December 1932, when the depression was bad, in fact at that period which was the hardest time in the history of Canada, two women, Miss Emily Southwick and Miss Grace Mahoney went into the drygoods business in the former C.M.S. Thomas store at the corner of Richmond and Ramsay Streets.

Both women had had previous merchandising experience with I.S. Brown and Walker Stores. Miss Southwick was the daughter of the late William Southwick of Anderdon, while Miss Mahoney was born on Pelee Island. Her father is David Mahoney, now of Amherstburg. Their store had a small beginning but they weathered the depression and 14½ years ago moved their stock to Dalhousie Street in the Cooper Block. Here they carried on, building up friends and customers until the first of March this year when they moved to a larger store in the Yakima building. This firm of two women has served this community well and congratulations are certainly in order.



March 31, 1949

The friendly freighters began their summer work this past week and their quiet movement up and down day and night certainly has its appeal.

Lee Stanley says that he and Mrs. S. have front row seats at their house to watch the hundreds of ducks (mostly red heads) on the river just off shore.

Spring is beginning to weave its intricate designs on Earth's dirty old loom - there are certainly meager outlines as yet, quite patternless in fact, just the filling in of maple buds, the occasional clump of emerald in the park, the chinadoxias and crocuses spearing into the warm moist light. Aside from what I see of spring's pattern taking form, I delighted in what I heard Sunday near Essex - frogs singing.

One day William Sellars was in the office and we were talking of the C.K.L.W. towers and station being erected on the old Sellars homestead on Highway 18. Mr. Sellars remarked that he knew his father, the late Thomas Sellars, would be glad if he knew his land was being used for the latest developments in modern science (television towers, we think). To me that was splendid, for too often we hear almost the opposite tied up with "in the good old days" or "if my father or grandfather only knew what his land was being used for

he'd not like it" or words to that effect.

"End of Conversation?" "Television grows and expands and American way of living is challenged," were the headlines - (good headline writer, I thought) - and I read on and on and quote for your information (I've already had one invitation for a television evening at Mr. and Mrs. Earle Deslippe's in Malden and am looking forward to accepting the invitation). But here's what the article said: "This may be the beginning of the end of the American way of life as we know it." No, the writer of that sentence was not referring to the advent of atomic energy to industry nor to the declaration of a third world war. He was an Associated Press reporter recording the January 14 link in the television coaxial cable, joining 23 states in the East and Midwest. A lot of people, especially here in this world entertainment center (New York) have been making such extravagant predictions about the effect of television on the American way of life. It will, they say, end the art of conversation. (Just when was conversation an art in the United States?) Our children will never study their lessons any more. The radio industry will head for the rocks. Neighborhood movie theaters will be forced out of business. Wives will forget to cook their husband's dinners. Home life, like one of those sudden stops in a moving picture, will come to a stand still every time NBC's Milton Berle or OBS's Ford Television Theater comes to the air." My comment - television's pretty expensive - will Mrs. Housewife want to stop working as she listens to soap operas? Will all of us who enjoy being with people at movies, bowling, or in evening of talk, for instance, hibernate with our television set. I wouldn't know what the future holds for us in this entertainment line or how we'll spend leisure time, or if the now gregarious public (and I'm one of them) will become a sit-at-home crowd. We'll have to wait and see but I have my doubts - people are more interesting than machines.



April 7, 1949

Fashion tip - one touch of velvet in collars, cuffs or buttons will liven up a

spring outfit.

Spring came elbowing right into my home and office over the weekend and nudged me right out.

Deflation at its best - Last Thursday morning as I came down the street after the warm spring deluge of the night before, I said to Edith Ross, "Spring is here, because I saw worms and their tracks on the sidewalk." "I saw them a week ago," she answered, "in fact," she continued, "they have been digging them all winter for the fishermen."

Talked to a radio traveller in Harrow last Tuesday and we were admiring some new Chinese figurines. He seemed to be keen about the Chinese influence in a home and quite well informed as to Chinese decoration in our homes. This man told me that he had made a Ming tree for four dollars. The Ming tree he saw in Detroit, which he copied, was \$35. Now he is looking for a miniature bridge and pagoda to complete his Chinese centrepiece.

To those of us who like to make diamond socks and who browse around for color combinations and proper weights of wool it was amusing to hear Don Fairburn tell of his Neighborly News broadcast one Sunday morning about a lady at Mount Forest who prided herself on knitting diamond socks. It seems the Mount Forest lady sent some to England and had a reply from a lady who received her gift. It went on to say she noticed people in Canada, too, were using odd bits of yarn in their knitting but the socks were acceptable, she said, and could easily be dyed.

The Essex County Library Cooperative which has been housed in Willistead Library in Walkerville since its organization by a few long-sighted men (including my father) has grown up so and is servicing so many schools and libraries in the county that on May first the library will be moved from its present location, where it is bursting the walls, to Essex. The purchase of a bookmobile to take reading material to these parts of the county without library service is also on the immediate program of the board. Essex County is certainly right on top

in this type of library work and we here in Amherstburg must doff our hats to W.W. Sidey, who also was in the scheme of things at the beginning and still is a power behind this splendid growing county travelling library.

Oh! Mr. Harrison, no! No! Don't propose or even think such a thing, and I quote from your Saturday column: "Smoke isn't the freighters' only product, either. There's noise. As they glide otherwise soundlessly past our front doorsteps, they suddenly feel the urge to 'salute' one another. Then all hell breaks loose in a chorus of siren shrieks and whistle whoops. Isn't there a device known as the Blaex Light Pistol with which ships signal each other? Why blast the population awake in the middle of the night? Can't they say 'hello' quietly?" Most of us in this downriver town who have grown up with the freighters' "hello," I know, would not be in favor of your suggestion of general use of light signals. We like to hear signals and hellos. It is part of our life - has always been - and to us the whistles don't sound like "siren shrieks and whistle whoops." Every toot has a meaning which we interpret and consequently are in the know as to what the freighters are saying.



April 14, 1949

Others feel the same about the boat whistles as I, as the following quote from a letter received last Tuesday from Mother Alexis (Emily Callam), principal of St. Anthony's School, Harrow, shows. Here's what she says (and she hadn't read what I had said in *Conversation Pieces* either): "The sound of the boat whistles, which I can hear even in McGregor (at the Ursuline Convent), is music to my ears."

Amherstburg was given two treats in two different forms of art during the past ten days. The first was the cantata for which Ian Thomson was responsible and the second was the beautiful flower show at the greenhouse on Sunday. From the number of people who attended both affairs, people here do appreciate and want the good things in music and the beauty in flowers (which certainly is

a living form of art). We have these people - Mr. Thomson and the members of the Community Choir and the staff at the Greenhouse - to thank for making it possible for us to hear and see the beauty in music and the beauty in nature - the results of their artistry which involved hard work in preparation in both cases. We appreciate both and hope for repeat performances.



April 21, 1949

B.M. (Mother) is the hockey fan at our house. She also likes the Friday night symphony broadcast, but hockey is her first interest when the programs coincide, for Saturday morning she told of the game of the night before and added: "I only heard 15 minutes of the symphony last night," which fact didn't bother her at all.

Have been intending to mention our commercial skyline for some time. We have become so accustomed to the tall smokestacks of the Detroit Edison plant over the tree tops of Grosse Île that they look as if they grew there, but now a large plant has loomed up to the south of them and the horizon has a bit of a new, very business-like look.

Although the hyacinths and daffodils were making spring come alive in the gardens nearby, the landscape Monday shrieked for color; it was such a dull colorless day with its white, black and gray, like a charcoal study. Even the young willow trees waving fresh filaments of chartreuse, which appealed to me so much Thursday with the ruddy sun peering at them, fit into the determined monotone all around on Monday.

Easter, with its promise of new life, to me has a great significance this year with the signing of the Atlantic Pact and Newfoundland joining the Dominion just prior to the most important of Christian festivals. Better things are promised for the world and a more secure way of life but it is up to us as Christians who believe in what Easter stands for, to start right here at home to make life peaceful

and secure for those who come after us - if it is at all possible.

Britain's oldest colony is now Canada's tenth province, "Newfoundland," and there never has been agreement about the pronunciation. When I was at school we were taught the snappy pronunciation, "Newfundland." But many people call it "New-Found-Land" placing the emphasis on the "Found." According to Captain J. E. McQueen it is "Newfundland" to the people who live there - so now that it's part of Canada, it should be "Newfundland" to us, in my opinion.

The children of today are amazing. It seems that in a lesson at school "licence" the noun was used. But a youngster questioned the teacher and said that "license" was also used as a noun, going on to say that he had seen it on his father's driver's license. The child was quite right as we know here at the office much to our sorrow when we had to reprint government forms dealing with liquor licenses. The government evidently uses that form of spelling the noun, which although not given in the Oxford dictionary is preferred in Webster's.

I have some Philodendron on my desk which gets nothing but artificial light - it sits practically under my desk lamp - and it grows beautifully, so was quite amused when I heard of a stand of potted plants which thrived in a sunless corner of a living room. When asked how this was accomplished the owner simply turned on the floor lamp beside them and said she gave them artificial light for at least ten hours in the 24. She used a 60-watt bulb with an aluminum reflector covered by a decorative parchment shade. I have three 60s in my lamp but the philodendron doesn't get 10 hours of steady light a day, but it certainly does grow. Page the chicken farmers - they'll say we are slow but there's a business and our growing things indoors is a pleasure - and too, there is the Hydro and the inevitable bills to think of.



April 28, 1949

With a bouquet of pansies in a squatty glass bowl on my desk Monday and Tuesday, I even found the proofreading easier. (Hope because of their spring fever influence there aren't too many mistakes).



Miss Carrie Crichton of Arner, who is visiting her niece, Mrs. H.S. Tennant, in Lachine, was pleasantly surprised recently when she was the lucky winner of a draw at a tea at the home of Dr. J.A. Bildfell. The prize, an Easter bonnet to be designed to the winner's taste by Suzanne Modes of Lachine. Tying up the story with this town Dr. Bildfell's, where this "do" was held, is the brother of Mrs. Harold Hough.

When we speak of spring in a playing-with-words vein, we have called it the Time of Returning Light. Sunday night at 7:30 - the Time of Returning Light was made (the first sunset à la Daylight Saving Time) and it was glorious. The golden sun was fairly high above Grosse Île, the clouds were spectacular and the boat well at the head of Boblo was a much deeper, calmer, golden color than the rest of the river.



May 5, 1949

The question of the week - "Whom do you contact to see about a Boblo job?"

Blossom Time - Why think of the blossom show in the Niagara district when we have orchards of both cherry and peach blossoms at their best right now in Colchester South.

Library facilities are to be made available to the most outlying parts of the county from now on, as the board of the Essex County Library Co-operative

purchased a bookmobile at its meeting in Essex last Thursday. This certainly is a forward step in the endeavor of the board to give reading material in a modern way, wherever it is wanted in the county.

An Italian dressmaker in Rome has predicted that Italy will be swept by the "Margaret Look" - fashions from clothes being worn by Princess Margaret Rose on her current Italian tour. News that the Princess of England is travelling with 24 Molyneux dresses - made for the cancelled Australian tour - has heightened interest among fashion-conscious Italian women. Pictures of the Princess will almost certainly become models for dressmakers in large towns and small villages.

See that Reeve Ann Shipley of the Township of Teck (Kirkland Lake, etc.) was elected president of the Association of Ontario Mayors and Reeves Saturday at the conclusion of a three-day conference in Hamilton. Mrs. Shipley is an acquaintance of Mrs. Ross Munroe of Amherstburg. According to Mrs. Munroe, she is a clever woman in her late forties, who on the death of her husband, a doctor in Kirkland Lake, went into municipal politics and has made a success of it besides running her home and raising three children.

A news item says that the bridge hostess of the future will serve her guests with salted peanuts and the like, that have no loose salt among them to accumulate in the bottom of the dish. Instead they will be sprayed with a thin coat of edible lacquer containing salt. "With all due respect for the inventor, we suggest that well enough could have been left alone. It looks like just one more step in the wrong direction in an already over-standardized world," is the opinion of the *Cornwall Standard-Freeholder* (and ours too). From now on there will be no chance to scoop up a small handful of salt and broken nutmeats from the bottom of the dish when the party is over. Each one will get just the proper modicum of salt on a little slippery shiny pill. Even the resemblance to the old peanut will be lost, since the new ones are to be in various colors.



May 12, 1949

The nickel is money again, in its own right, for coke and gum.

A large type white orchid with a purple throat made its debut at the greenhouse this past week and like a true debutante is the centre of attraction.



Did you notice the lovely effects made by the petal showers over the weekend when the petals swirled on the quickened air?

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wright have done over their house in Colchester South and the woodwork is natural cedar. It is beautiful and feels like satin.

When F.C.B. Falls was digging on his property, on the old Fort grounds, Sunday, he unearthed a sand stone Indian pipe head with a star and circle carved on it.

Caught again - but what woman wasn't this year. It's that eternal woman's problem, clothes, I'm talking about. I always plan to have something ready to put on when the first warm day comes each in-between-spring-and-summer-time, but every year I'm in the same boat. Last week when the terrific heat struck there wasn't anything fit to wear left from last year, so I suffered.

Milton Thistle, who is a cacti fancier, had a Peanut cactus in bloom at his office at the M.C.R. station last Wednesday. The blossom was similar to a rose colored single dahlia and only lasted about twelve hours. Miss Grace Smith had brought the plant to Mr. Thistle from Texas seven years ago and this is the first time it has bloomed. Mr. Thistle also showed me a Beeftongue cactus which was blooming for the first time. This desert plant had many small orange and green bell shaped florets growing on a single stem.

Well, Mother's Day has come and gone for another year. For one, I'd

advocate a change in this, what has become, important day in our lives. Why is it we cling to the old idea of Mother as depicted in Whistler's famous picture "Mother" when, as one writer put it, in the old days girls were girls but nowadays mothers and grandmothers are girls also. That's true and pardon the pun (for I ordinarily hate them) but mothers and grandmothers now are to be "whistled" at. And I mean that in a complimentary fashion when I look around and see the smart grandmother-mother and daughter combinations.

In speaking of the Four Chorders, the quartet of 18- and 19 year-old London lads which made such a hit at the High School last Friday night, one person said that they probably were brought up on music for there has been wonderful music instruction in the schools of London for years and years and years. That may be so, and they certainly have something now. Quoting Jules Poszar, "Weren't they sweet?" Mr. Poszar went on to say that these young men were the toast of the town when they competed in the International songfest in Oklahoma last year, even though they did not win.



May 19, 1949

You certainly often see things in the most unexpected places - now, it's a baby goat behind the *Echo* office.

Pearl chokers and long strings of pearls are the thing at present and they do set off spring clothes.

The misty blue of the iris was particularly lovely in the sun washed late Sunday afternoon - as also was the rainbow rows of tulips.

Said little five-year-old spontaneously to me as I sauntered up Laird Avenue, "My mother says I'm very hard to handle."

The reflection of pansies (in boxes) nodding away in the black glass in front

of the Ferris Grocery in Harrow was lovely.

The swimming season at the waterworks dock is open, but the youngsters report that the water's refrigerator cold.

One of my friends has recently adopted another baby and she said, as she cuddled the wee lad and beamed on him, that when she went to the Children's Aid for him, she wanted every child there. There's no use moralizing on her is there?

If four-leaf clovers bring luck to the finders, Mrs. Frank Delmore of Anderdon should have lots and lots of it, for she brought me a bouquet of four-leaf clovers Friday which she had picked up here and there around her home.

The new textile inspiration - nylon and rayon suiting - is on sale in the big centres. I understand that suits made of it are selling for \$25. The combination of nylon and rayon results in a fabric that has substance, washes easily and is practically wrinkle-free. Sounds like a find for a business woman.

One of the first women to become a registered optometrist, Mrs. Matilda Boyle Sinasac Gibbons, a native of Colchester South and sister of Lou Sinasac, formerly of Amherstburg, died in Toronto Friday week. This woman pioneer in that field had an office in Leamington from 1905-'45. She had courage enough to enter a profession heretofore a man's prerogative, and made a success of her chosen work for forty years.

The girls did it - and how they shone. It's not very often that a girl's platoon will out-march a boys' platoon at a cadet inspection, but that's what the girls did at the General Amherst High School Cadet Inspection Friday morning - not only was their posture and rhythm better in the marching but their physical training demonstration beautifully done with perfect time and co-ordination. We expect the girls to be belles of the cadet dance but not belles of the inspection - yet they won both honors this year.

What a spot to be in - Mrs. Fred Wilson, Mrs. Bruce McGregor and I were asked to choose the Queen of the cadet dance at the General Amherst High School last Friday evening. With a whole crowd of lovely teenagers in their pastel formals, it was a hard job to pick the Queen, but we took into consideration several points of dress, grooming, poise, etc., etc., and were unanimous in our choice - The Queen - Miss Nola Langlois, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Langlois, Pike Road.

Paddy Hawes of the Aluminum Company, Arvida, has been visiting in Amherstburg. He told that when he was in French West Africa this year in charge of a construction job for his company, a diesel tug "*Lillian*" and barge came in. He was standing watching and much to his amazement from the "*Lillian*" he heard, "Hello, Paddy." It was Frank Lapierre of Amherstburg. And, by the way, the "*Lillian*" towed the barge all the way across the ocean, an extremely long tow. He also said that they had a couple of little Tanac tugs there, which were brought over aboard a freighter. During the war similar tugs were seen here often when the McQueen Marine Company had the job of delivering them to the coast.



May 26, 1949

The fragrance of summer is certainly drifting on the breeze, especially after the rain early Sunday afternoon.

The liquid notes of rain drumming rhythmically on our tin roof Saturday night advertised summer and its thunderstorms.

Recently I had occasion to go into the former Mrs. Dr. Brien-Fallis' home in Essex and was fascinated by the beautifully carved foot-deep wooden lace (as I called it) across the top of each wide archway.

Had heard rumors but actually didn't know that I had become a Dalhousie

Street institution until this week when this is what I heard, "We tell time at our house by you, 12:05 to 12:55 lunch time."

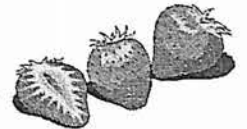
As yet I haven't tasted the sweet potato chips but understand that when salted they can be used as appetizers, just as we use white potato chips, and that when dusted with powdered sugar they are so delicious that they will prove popular as a confection.

One of the best mystery story condensations I have read of late was "Under the Quiet Water" by Frances Shelley Wees. It was the story of a young woman weekly editor in a small Canadian Western town who got herself involved with the lives and emotions of the people she had grown up with. Mrs. Wees has color and richness in her writing and a clever attack at suspense.



June 2, 1949

Mrs. Lawrence Shaw picked ripe strawberries in her garden Friday night.



May was a beautiful month and the living May green outshone the emerald - its stone. Although if we get poetic we might turn that above statement around and say the emerald is the color of May crystallized into a gem. Anyway, all through the month the world was sweet - a bit chilly in spots - but sweet.

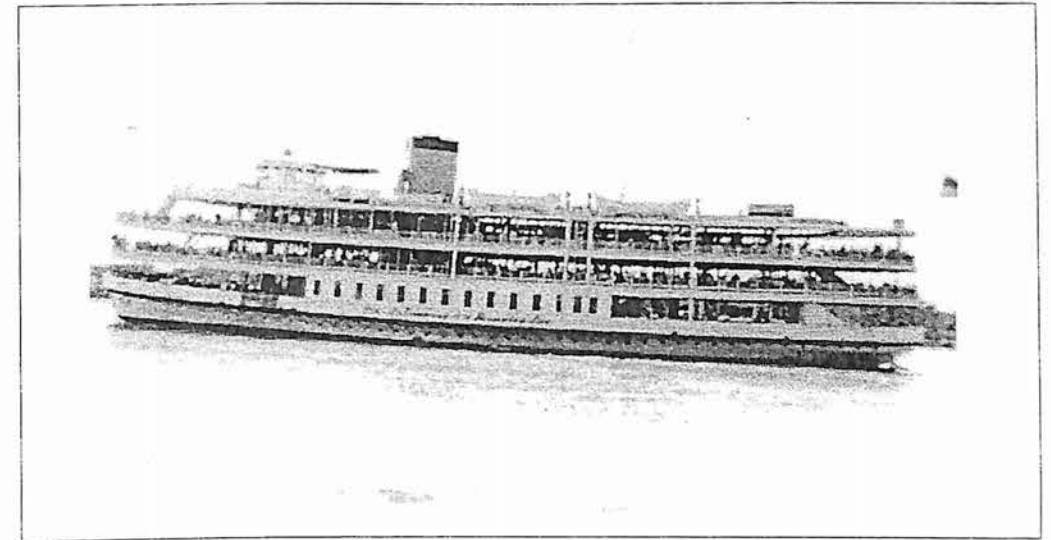
The exhibit of Arts and Crafts at the Brunner Mond Club over the weekend was certainly a step in the right direction. The club auditorium in its new turquoise paint job, surprisingly enough, adjusted itself to the picture gallery status. The lighting was fine and as a consequence the works of the local artists were shown off to advantage. The exhibition of photography was good, too. The crafts show was small but showed the capabilities of several clever people. Because those who visited the exhibition were asked to vote on the three exhibits which appealed to them, there was quite a lot of talk about "the best in the show"

and the difference in opinion was interesting. Because talent and interest along these lines is right here in our community, we can look forward to a bigger display when the time of the second annual arts and crafts exhibit comes along.

Election time is coming around again and it's to be hoped that more and more women this year will use the franchise. If we women would only realize it, elections are won by votes not cast. We won the franchise and then so many of us disregard it. In fact I, for one, would like to see more and more women at the policy-making level of government (starting right at municipal and school board level). There are women who have a flair for government, you know, which can be termed as "Housekeeping in a large scale." Many don't agree, saying "the temperament's not right" - but women all over the country really haven't been given a good trial - just the odd one here and there. But I'm talking above the future - the present point is "Women, use your vote this time."

Neil F. Morrison was at a luncheon of Geography Section of the Ontario Educational Association at Eastertime when the late Lieut.-Col. Grant Suttie was presented with a life membership. Col. Grant Suttie, who intimated he had not been well, replied with emotion. Lieut.-Col. Grant Suttie has been responsible in a major way for introducing a geography as a major subject into Canadian universities. He passed away last week and Mr. Morrison, who is a geographer himself, told me of the above honor.

When the steamer *Columbia* blew a salute as she hurried toward Boblo and the *Papoose* dock Friday at sunset - the sound was music to our ears. For although we knew Boblo was to open the next day, that was an actuality after the months of uncertainty and uneasiness as to the island's fate - we hadn't seen our old friend *Columbia* this year and there she was as friendly as ever and right glad to be back on the job, with a new coat of paint, too, and bold letters on her side as if to say, "You thought I was through - but no! I'm now a member of the Browning Line."



Steamer *Columbia*, circa 1950.
Marsh Collection Society, P1817

June 9, 1949

Last week's the first strawberries story is exploded as Mrs. Marwood Hill, King Street, called to say that she had been picking strawberries for over three weeks. In fact, up to Monday she'd picked eight quarts.

You'd better look out, men! They're climbing in the windows - of banks, that is. It's been an uphill struggle but finally one woman was elected trustee of a New York commercial bank. She is Mrs. Helen Bittenwieser of New York, the first woman to hold such a position.

There is a growing beauty cult which makes a fetish of brushing hair like mad after it has been set. Too many women are afraid of brushing their hair for fear of wrecking curls or waves. As a result, curls which thrive on brushing - and ditto hair - suffer. What's more, shampoo and set have to be renewed oftener when hair isn't brushed. Brushing is the natural way to free hair of its daily accumulation of soil, to strip from curls the weight that drags them down.



June 16, 1949

The following makes us feel better and we quote, "Excessive tidiness is said to indicate a mild form of insanity from which most newspaper people are happily immune."

In our highly mechanized county, tractors are a very common thing, but have you noticed how arrogant they are with their snarling, clanking and blustering when they get something particularly heavy to do.

Dr. and Mrs. George Goder (Betty Flynn) are visiting in town and when they returned from Japan a few weeks ago they brought their car, which has a Japanese licence, probably the first in either the United States or Canada, which reads "Japan (Occupied) 1949."

Last Thursday we had occasion to go to the poultry division of the Harrow Experimental Station and in passing noticed the wind making the perfumed blossoms of the tail red clover and the short white clover bow and as if with an atomizer shoot out lovely odors toward us.

Several Amherstburg mothers and one grandmother are going into the Windsor Y and taking swimming lessons from Mary Fitzgerald, Sylvia Wigle's daughter. They realize the importance of being able to look after themselves in the water, and the only way as one gets older is to get confidence in oneself with regard to swimming.

Think women are wearing their hair too short now? Wait until next fall. It's going to be shorter than short says an American authority. Although very short, the hairstyles are to be feminine. There are to be no shingles, I understand, but soft little wispy curls on the nape of the neck, short bangs and high feathery things on the side, very soft and very flattering.



Louis Blake Duff of Welland was in the office Monday. He was a friend of our father and his friendship has been transferred to us. Mr. Duff is one of Canada's outstanding newspapermen and famous in Canadian letters. His simplicity, sincerity and interest in the little things of life is so noticeable and makes him great. But have you noticed that people who are somebody never "put on." We had a good laugh when I reminded him of the time he called me an upstart. He was here at an historical meeting and heard much about old Amherstburg and its early settlers. We were walking in the moat when he asked me how long we had been in town. I replied that my mother had come here as a bride November 1, 1899 and he turned and without a smile said, "Just an upstart."



June 23, 1949

The chicory in that blue that appeals to my color sense and the plumey grasses along the roadside nodded their approval of the first of summer's heat Tuesday.

The hit of the week (with me) a bouquet which Mrs. Dr. Harris used on her table when she entertained the Rotary Ladies. It was an arrangement of white roses in half bud, pink roses, pinks, cornflowers and daisies - a thriller.

I sure thought as I sat at breakfast last Wednesday morning and saw the sun filtering through the cherry tree and spotlighting the cherries and a male cardinal greedily getting his fill, there's beauty here that you should not miss.

What I saw of the Horse Show at Grandpa Sutton's Sunday gave me lots to think about. Especially the poise, control and apparent good sportsmanship of the youthful riders and the enthusiasm of the crowds for the animals and the riders. I saw some dandy dogs about, too, with their masters and if I hadn't been so dressed up (because of the graduation) I'd have felt like going home to get Bobby to show him off. I think he would have made a hit.

When fixing an old mirror lately George Wigle came across a part page of the *Mail and Empire* dated September 2, 1895. In those days the *Mail* was seven columns wide. So far as we could see from the sample of the editorial page which George brought in, every article, with the exception of a few poems shoved over next a column ad and a bit of "Foreign Echoes," was political. I should have known they would be because people those days took their politics seriously. The *Echo* files of 1895 tell you that.

There's a charming Czechoslovakian girl in Harrow, a graduate of Prague, who is telling the people roundabout many interesting things about her country. She spoke to a group of United Church women the other day about Czechoslovakia under Hitler and also under Russian rule. But the thing that disturbed me was the fact that she said that all over Europe the feeling was general, "let's hurry up and get the next war over (the inevitable Russian war) and then we can settle down." A point of pronunciation, too, which was new - in talking to friends of the Bohemian glass blowers in her country she called them "bohaymian."

Dr. Lloyd G. Stevenson of London, the husband of Jean Campbell, formerly of Amherstburg, who gained prominence for the biography of the late Sir Frederick Banting, discoverer of insulin, has received his doctor of philosophy degree in the history of medicine from Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore Md. The Banting book won him a Master's degree at Johns Hopkins. Dr. Stevenson was scheduled to join the University of Western Ontario Medical School staff next fall, but now has decided to take a year's study in England on a grant from the American Council of Learned Societies. He received his medical degree at Western in 1944.

Every once in a while an old friend, Thomas Herniman, comes in to see me in Harrow and he regales me with stories of his early days in Canada in the 1880s when he came out from Devonshire to build a life in this new country. He has a remarkable memory and I certainly enjoy his reminiscing. He told me Tuesday about his first day in London, Canada, about meeting a man at the London market who asked him out to his farm and his subsequent employment

there. The point of the story was that in those 64-year-ago-days Mr. Herniman worked for \$100 the first year, the second year \$100, two pairs of overalls and his board and at the end of the year the transaction was made at the old Molson's Bank from employer to employee with no I.O.U.'s.



June 30, 1949

I'm a throwback - there's no question of it - for this old political war horse rode in the election excitement well here at the office Monday night and liked it.

Have you noticed that Dalhousie in the shopping district proudly proclaims it's a beehive of baby carriages when the warm sun smiles?

Pardon me for this one - but it's hot and often the heat brings corny things: "A vacation is a succession of 2s. It consists of 2 weeks, which are 2 short. Afterwards you are 2 tired 2 work and 2 broke not 2."

What a sight, and a sickish one, Harvey Deneau was when he got home last week from a trip north with Percy Waldron. It seems that they took a load of bees up and drove most of the night, but on the occasional day trips those bees got hot and cross and took it out on Harvey - so much so that when he got home, his mother, Mrs. James Deneau, hardly knew him.

The American newspapermen who were at our house Saturday night exclaimed over our river. They had heard of the heavy traffic and the tonnage carried on the Detroit River, but evidently not of its beauty. They, too, could hardly credit the large freighters passing up so close to the shore. It was a revelation to them and the more they praised The River, the bigger hit they made with me.

Here is a tip to a young Romeo, who would like to know just what kind of

a girl his "heart-throb" may be - just get a sample of her handwriting. If the loops in her [letters are long,] she is affectionate. If they are short, the girl is a little on the cold side. If she writes with a heavy pressure on the pen, she is intensely affectionate. If her handwriting slants backward, that is not good. She is not a preferred companion for a moonlight stroll. If the line of her handwriting slants upward, that is fine. She is confident and optimistic and will make a helpful wife. If her handwriting slants downward, that is bad. She will spend most of her time singing the blues and complaining of her lot and be a very depressing matrimonial mate. That is what the psychographologists claim. A psychographologist is a double threat - a psychiatrist and a handwriting expert.



July 7, 1949

J.R. Morris made a recording on tape of the Purdie-Wigle wedding Thursday night and the bride and groom took it to Victoria, B.C., with them on their honeymoon so his parents could hear the actual ceremony.

We had beauty, breathtaking too, close at hand, when looking through the red-dyed lace made by the reflection of the flares on the leaves Saturday night we could glimpse the explosion of the flares on the dark back drop of the sky with the first quarter moon looking on.

I saw what I had thought of frequently but have never carried through on Monday. A stunning pair of green tortoise shell sun glasses with green grosgrains ribbon attached to each ear piece so that when not in use they drop necklace fashion and you've got them attached to person instead of trying to hang on to them, purse, parcels, etc. The ribbon, when glasses were used, went under the hair line and gave a spot of color.

Still am not related to Mrs. Post, but of late several have asked wedding etiquette points, one being, "What do you say to an usher when he comes to escort you to a seat at a church wedding?" Simply, "Friend or relative of the

bride" or if you've been invited because of the groom and his family say the same thing putting in groom. Then he will know on which side of the church you should sit. If you were invited because of both families, I've often looked to see which side is getting filled up faster and said the opposite or left it to the usher's discretion. Just a few words of direction helps the ushers out.



July 14, 1949

A drive like that behind Mrs. Stephen Pettypiece is amazing. She will celebrate her 90th birthday on the 29th of this month and yet when the cherry season was at its height there she was on the top of a ladder picking away and enjoying it.

There's color everywhere these days. Would that I were a designer and I'd make something of a combination of the light green of the oats, the darker shiney green of the corn and the gold of the wheat which I see on Highway eighteen en route to Harrow. I've never seen the blue of the flax, but Mr. E.A. Linderholm of Harrow was telling of the fields they saw on their recent trip to Minnesota. But a dash of flax blue with the colors mentioned above would make a Paris designer take note.

Read about the proposed Quilt and Rug Fair on the editorial page. Some enterprising organization could make money off such a display, just as the St. Andrew's ladies did when they had a exhibition of local art. Speaking of crafts, Mrs. William Cavan is living now, part time, in the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Cooper, on Dalhousie Street. Now this Mrs. Cavan is an artist at weaving. Her pieces created on the loom are exquisite. Several years ago she offered to help when the Handicraft Guild was first started and now that she's actually living here, she might be persuaded to give a hand to anyone who is interested in her craft.

Joan Ellen Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith, who bought and

live on the Asa Cornwall farm in Colchester South, is in Provincetown, Massachusetts, this summer as a member of the cast of the Provincetown Playhouse on the last of the old whaling wharves. Miss Smith played the role of Mildred in Eugene O'Neill's only comedy "Ah Wilderness" last week and this week she is being seen as Ann Marie, the wife of the exiled Dr. Kurtz, in "Thunder Rock" by Robert Ardrey. This young Colchester South actress is a graduate of Drake University in Drama and is wrapped up in the theatre, feeling that she has something to give. Hers is a creative art and she is using it to bring happiness. She will work hard in her chosen work when she feels that way about it.

The wind blew my hair into wings as we rowed up our shore and down the Boblo shore Sunday afternoon. There is nothing like the high thoughts you get when you feast on the loveliness of the trees from the river. One especially at Marra's was attractive. It was an old pine with a trumpet vine running all over it heralding the beauty of the almost half-past summer days. Then, too, the gulls flashing their white wings as they darted, soared and dipped also leave an exultation in the mind. The sky, the boats of all kinds and even the clowns on the *Columbia* who called, "Hi Mom!" to me added to make those high thoughts. As we went by Rev. M.C. Davies' place he came from his work on the lawn to call to us and he, too, was feeling the restfulness of the day, for he said that he was busy on his broadcasts as he sat under the trees overlooking our beautiful river with its never ending interest.



July 21, 1949

Are painted legs to get a tan effect out of vogue? Or don't I get around.

Did you notice that several times this week the sunset has flowered the sky with rose? And the effect was lovely.

I know that in true trouper style the play of everyday living must go on. But

sometimes, especially in the July heat, one wonders, "What will we have to eat?" and "What have I got to wear?"

I like a pearl necklace. I like the way many women are tying their beads, lariat fashion. I like the long strings which fill in the open spaces left bare by the plunging neckline. I like the long string caught at the throat base with an old-fashioned broach or a rhinestone pin, which I understand will be high fashion this fall.

This "indifferent cure" gave me a laugh. A psychiatrist says that permission to buy all the clothes she wants will cure nervousness in a woman. "But," says the sceptic, "it might transfer the ailment to her husband."

I always get a bang out of children and age. They always want to be older. Right after their fifth birthday if you ask how old they are, invariably the answer will be "almost six."

Maurice Coste has been in the office twice of late talking about the Little Theatre Movement and its possibilities in Amherstburg. Mr. Coste, an old trouser and director, is here and if anyone is interested in theatre group for Amherstburg, now is the time to get talking and doing something about it.

The first week in July was strawberry time in Nova Scotia and there were strawberries everywhere, according to Dr. Neil Morrison, who with his wife was in the east at that time attending the annual meeting of the Canadian Authors Association.

Occasionally one runs across a mixed five generation picture, but one showing five generations through spear or distaff side is unusual. But when Mrs. Thomas McGuire, who lives with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron McGuire, Malden, celebrated her 82nd birthday on the twelfth of July there was a gathering of five generations, all females, and they had a splendid picture taken. They were the honoree, Mrs. McGuire; her daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Gibb; her grand-daughter, Mrs. Louise McKinley; her great-grand-daughter, Mrs. Jane Beaudoin and great-

great-grand-daughter, Marilyn Beaudoin, aged 10 months.

Mrs. Betty Hardie, the Essex County librarian, brought the new mobile library to Amherstburg and parked in front of our office Thursday. The bookmobile is completely equipped with a wide range of reading matter and this travelling library will most certainly open up a wider source of books to local and district schools and member libraries than before. The book mobile carries about 1200 volumes and will visit public, separate and high schools in the county and keep the bookshelves of these institutes continually stocked with up-to-date books. This travelling unit will include Pelee Island in its itinerary. Essex County is now right up there in giving library service and we were delighted to be able to get right in and take a look around.

During the past few months one group of friends has gone to Texas and the other to California to live. I've been interested in the attitude of the residents of those states towards outsiders. The first couple, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Delmore, went to Texas, and the people in Houston where they now live have gone overboard to make them welcome. In fact, they had only been there a short time when March 17 arrived and that night some Baptist young people came to their house and said they saw their Michigan car and invited them to a Baptist Young People's party. In the meantime, however, they had accepted an invitation to a K. of C. St. Patrick's do. Last week along came a letter from Miriam Hilton, who with her family has moved to California, and she said the Californians seem to resent outsiders. I've been thinking about the reception given to both groups of friends in their new homes and hoped that here in Amherstburg we could be more like the Texans toward the new people - but are we?



July 28, 1949

I, for one, almost drowned in the welcome coolness when the wind occasionally swept in during the sizzling weekend days to push the heat aside.

July fourth week finds the elms in full leaf and nothing could more majestic than those on the Wilson property just north of Bellevue, down the bank.

I hope someday that I can make the grade and write something, however small, that someone will spontaneously want to read out loud to the person nearest them.

For weeks I have admired the window of violets at both Mrs. Thomas Langlois' and Mrs William Trimble's, so I can't holiday without saying to these two that they have given lots of pleasure to the people who pass their doors.

The other night I stumbled into a clump of zinnias in which the palette of yellows was used. There was a bronze brightening to copper, another flaming to gold, others rich orange and red gold and one true yellow.

Civilization surely is a wonderful thing. So you can add me to the boy who stood on the burning deck. You can add me to all the heroic characters in history for I feel spiritually at one with any of them after getting all dressed up with full contingent of garments in the weekend steam bath atmosphere.

The blonde cocker on which tickets were sold at the Rotary Carnival created much talk and interest. When the drawing was held Saturday night, this honey-colored wiggling pup went to Pete Heard - a dog lover - so that if Rotary Pup had been picking his master, he couldn't have done better.

It seems that Dr. George Christmas of Portland, Oregon, a former teacher at School Section 9 in Gosfield South, has been visiting in the district. He taught in this school in 1892-93. Tuesday week his former pupils went back to the little schoolhouse to entertain him. The amazing thing to me was that 21 of the 23 former pupils who were invited turned out and sat at their desks as they had done 57 years ago.

In an accompanying article on this page we tell of the death of one of Canada's foremost artists, Franz Johnston. I have seen several of his originals

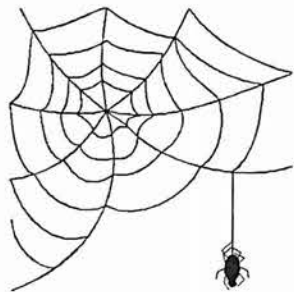
from time to time and delighted in his lights and shades. Mrs. Fred E. Wilson has reproduction of one of Mr. Johnston's pictures over her fireplace which is a perfect example of his brilliancy in catching the effects made by the sun shining in the woods.

When reading of the three-dimensional cookie cutters placed on the market by an Oklahoma housewife I switched back to the Noah's Ark filled with animal cookies which we used to get as a present when Dad went to Detroit. It seems that this woman made animal and nursery tale character cookies complete with face and other three dimensional lines for her own children using a straightened paper clip as indenting tool. Her children, and the neighbor's too, liked them so much that she has had her ideas put in plastic and put on the market.



August 4 & 11, 1949

On one of those very hot late July days, I was talking to Mrs. Gilbert Morin of Harrow, who on August first was celebrating her 65th wedding anniversary. She's 83 years old and her telephone voice is sprightly when I said, "What are you doing?" - "Washing," was the reply.



Remember about Robert Bruce and the spider? Now I can appreciate his reaction to the magnificent craftsmanship of the web and the straightening out of things in your own mind while watching the intricate precision and beauty of the formation of the web, for I watched a spider spin his web from the supporting threads to the last fine tracery last week. You should take the time off - it's worth it.

I try to be modern, but I don't like the idea nor the looks of the wingless chicken for two reasons, the wing to my way of thinking is a dandy tidbit, has always been, and secondly I've always liked seeing and hearing a mother hen when the wee chicks peek out of her wings. That sight has almost been taken away from us now and with wingless chickens children would never see that "old wet hen" and her

brood - in fact that expression "as fussy as an old wet hen" would be meaningless, too, and sometimes it is expressive.

Bruce Pearce of Simcoe has been a friend for years and his editorial, "Slow Down Now," written in his breezy style, tickled me. Here it is: Certainly, you are busy. Work is piling up and you fume and fuss and pitch in and work, but piles even higher. What the heck! Slow down. You could live to be as old as Methuselah and still find work piling up on you. One man harried, hurried and explosive over his work was advised to work six hours per day instead of eight and also spend one day a week in a cemetery.

"But what shall I do in a cemetery?"

"Just loaf," was the reply. "Get acquainted with some of the men who are there permanently. They didn't finish their work either. Nobody does, you know."

Listened in on two young mothers discussing child psychology principles as applied to the children, the other day. It was laughable to hear them as they told how their children reacted to theories advanced by child psychologists. The one said that with her oldest boy she read everything and knew all the answers. She, of course, was saying that facetiously. Another listener told of a visit of a mother and two children. This mother belonged to the school of free expression and "don't break children's spirit" sort of thing. Well, maybe this spirit of the children wasn't broken at the end of the visit but their host's almost was. The very next day, when reading the opening paragraph in an article entitled, "Education in the Modern World," the whole conversation on the modern way to bring up children, as discussed by the mothers, was summed up. Here's the quote: "One's concept of education depends upon one's point of view. It is like the young mother with that I've-just-read-the-latest-psychology-book look who brought junior to the teacher on his first day of school with this admonition: "Don't ever punish junior. It might cause a complex. If he needs disciplining you can frighten him by whipping the child next to him."



August 18, 1949

A deer and two fawns were seen in Malden last week on the



farm behind Noble Gibb's.

Conversational pivot of the past 10 days - the rapidity with which the chestnut trees are introducing the browns of autumn.

A little touch of velvet is in the fashion news for fall and it surely adds a dash, in my estimation, to the plainest of tailored things.

Now that Mother's sick and I've become a housekeeper, I wish the catsup companies would design another bottle which would pour more easily and not waste so much as you get bottomwards.

If you want to see a spot of could-be French, Belgium or Dutch countryside right here in our district, drive down to Ralph Wright's farm on the Ridge Road east of Harrow and see the field of glads and the row of poplars.

One day recently Mrs. Morley Murray called and gave the following thought which she picked up some place. I liked it and so pass it along. "Happiness is a perfume that you can't sprinkle on other people without getting a few drops on yourself."

Until the following news item turned up in the fifty-years-ago-now files I had completely forgotten the white-washed stones on which we played as children while waiting for the *Papoose* or the boats to Detroit at 11 a.m. Here it is: "Milton, son of G.E. Pulford, fell from one of the large stones at the side of the Lake View and sustained severe bruises to his face."

I, for one, am bored with the "Our time - your time" business which has gone on all summer and will be glad when that talk, which prefaces any engagement with cross-river friends, is over. The pay-off came recently when friend's father was here from Wisconsin and when the time came up pulled out his watch and gave it in Central Standard Time.

Recently was given a beautiful new (to me) kind of philodendron and am enjoying the unfolding of the tightly curled leaves as it grows away on our mantle piece. Speaking of philodendron, Mrs. Cavan told that in California she noticed that

this vine (the trailing variety) wasn't allowed to grow down but was trained on frames or artistic branches.

There are people in town interested in the Little Theatre movement. When Maurice Cote was here he had faith that such a movement could survive in Amherstburg. Page Jules Poszar. He has been a teacher and with his teaching ability hooked up with his fondness and flair for the theatre, he'd be the logical head of such a group. It is not only a group to put on shows, but a training and study group making a serious study of plays and characters.

People who sell things from door-to-door often take a lot from Mrs. Housewife. A friend told me that she puts herself out to be kind to people who come to her door when refusing or buying, because of the indignities suffered by her father when he commenced his career as a salesman fifty years ago. I got a sample of how people let down their hair when answering the door when canvassing for the Rummage sale a woman said, "NO," before I got a chance to open my mouth.

I've always compared the cattails in the creek below the town (in my mind) to the grenadier guards with their busbys guarding Buckingham Palace or as in the changing of the guard, marching across the Big Creek often carrying the bright flags of the red-winged blackbirds. There are lots of things to see on the two creeks as we drive along Highway No. 18, for instance, the blue herons standing motionless in the dark water (depending on the light of course) often become etched on my mind like a quaint Japanese print of silver on ebony.

I hark on things, but according to the press the Simcoe County Quilt and Rug Fair was a huge success - and why not a similar event in Amherstburg? The Women's Institutes could, we think, arrange such an exhibit for display and for sale and those of us who don't make would be given the opportunity of feasting our eyes upon the beauty of these old crafts. There is a quilt in Harrow, over 100 years old, which has been shown at the Harrow Fair, which could be borrowed and displayed here to show the exquisite needlework of that time. That, in itself, would be a treat.



August 25, 1949



It seems a strange thing but we often have found glasses turned in at the *Echo* office, but we seldom have enquiries for lost glasses.

Ed Finn of our staff received a card this past week from Fred Russelo who is holidaying in White Rock, B.C., in which he said that he had picked a four-leaf clover three inches across and a five-leaf one, two and one-half inches in diameter.

As I drove along Highway 18A last Thursday toward the Ravine Hotel at Oxley, I found all summer there in a field of sunflowers flaunting the fact that there is life in summer yet. They are, without doubt, bold as the brassy color they sport.

The theory, widespread too, that Pelee Island never exported any cattle was exploded by the following item found in the September 4, 1885 copy of the *Echo* and we quote, "The *Dresden* on her return trip from Morpeth took on a number of cattle at Pelee Island for Hiram Walker and Son." Never pays to be too sure about things.

Family reunions and school reunions seem to be in the news in August. In talking to officers of the family affairs I have been interested in the fact that invariably family relationships are being sorted and a family tree made. To me who is so interested in family lines and racial origins, I like this idea of preserving facts, because, as I've said before, very frequently I run across people who don't know their grandmother's maiden name. As for the school reunions, it must be fun to get together with old friends whom you have wanted to see and wondered what the years had done to them but just haven't. Last Wednesday the "girls" who attended S.S. 6 Colchester South and had F.B. Iler as their teacher, 55 years ago, got together in Harrow and the reunion proved an "Event".

Super Flowers

Truly there is no finality in plant breeding. Horticulturists have been regarding a strain of hybrid delphiniums, produced on the Pacific Coast and called Pacific Hybrids, as being just about the last word in modern descendants of the humble little wayside weed, called lark's spur or lark's heel, of Shakespeare's time.

Now comes a report that English hybridists are soon to place in commerce a

strain of delphiniums that will virtually dwarf the finest plants we have in our gardens, says Hank the flower lover in St. Thomas.



September 1, 1949

"That's a Browning boat," says wee three-year-old Michael Browning when we hear the "long three shorts and long" of the Browning salute as this line's freighters go by. But the other day he was all crossed up when the *T.H. Browning* came up with Captain Orville Duncanson on the bridge and gave the old Duncanson salute as a hello to Mrs. F.P. Scratch.

A scientist says women today are taller, heftier and stronger than the women of other generations. He's right, but he'd better add prettier and smarter in more ways than one. If you want to interpret smart meaning clever, they're that; if you want the interpretation smart meaning chic, look at your mother's picture at your age and you have the answer.

The famous line, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," was written by Thomas Gray in 1750 about the bells of the Anglican Church at Stokes Poges in his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." For two centuries tourists have flocked to this quaint spot to hear the bells which inspired the poet. Now, says the vicar, the Rev. D.H. Bryant, the curfew no longer rings. The village has run out of bell-ringers. I'm glad I heard these bells in 1932, and they really were lovely.

The other night a six-year-old boy was at our house with his mother. As we sat on the porch chatting he broke into our conversation with, "Doesn't the noise in the park bother the sick lady?" When this observation was made by the youthful thinker, I did notice the laughter of the children and the clink-clank of the chain on the merry-go-round, which I hadn't been conscious of before. Strange, isn't it, how one becomes impervious to sounds (especially happy ones) - and the sick lady when told of the lad's comment hadn't been disturbed one bit by the children playing as a crowd so nearby.



September 8, 1949

A garden is being planned in Sunderland, England, for the enjoyment of the blind. Plants are to be marked with metal tags in Braille. Flowers and shrubs will be chosen for their fragrances.

People say vehemently at this time of the year, "I loathe the fall and what it stands for" - but I don't as a matter of fact, I'm looking forward to the next two months when autumn primes the color tide. As I've said before, I like fall clothes and I like the renewal of one's interests after a period of drifting.

Orchids from Hawaii - this past week B.M. got an unusual bouquet of three tiny orchids, the stem of each set in cotton batten in a small vial, all fastened together with a pin arrangement, so the whole can be pinned to a lapel or a lamp, etc. These orchids are flown from Hawaii to Detroit twice weekly. This variety, about an inch in diameter, was white-centered with lush splashes of dark red and purple.

Although the strong wind of last Thursday lowered the water in the Detroit River to such an extent that travel was dangerous and 15 upbound freighters were held up for hours below Boblo, I gloried in it as it ruffled my hair, generally blew me about, made beautiful outdoor sounds, whipped out new colorings and shadings and cleared away the boredom of the intense heat as I hustled along the lake front road at Colchester Thursday at noon.

The local Barbershoppers are to be congratulated on their present project of giving aid - \$100.00 of it, too - to a local singer for study. Of course, the singer has to measure up to the requirements of the elimination contest and the opinion of the judges. But it's a splendid idea and we hope that there are young singers who see the value of trying out for the "study-money."

Blues and greys - nothing but - made an unusual western sky last Wednesday night. If you remember, it was a dullish evening when all of a sudden it seemed as though a delft blue banner had been lowered behind Grosse Isle. Above its clear-cut edge was pale grey, then poudre blue directly overhead. The river was grey and Boblo and Grosse Isle, a dark grey. It certainly wasn't a spectacular show but it was so modern looking and if I'd been looking at a painting, I could almost read the

painter's mood.



September 15, 1949

One of the loveliest wedding corsages I have heard about was that worn by Mrs. Belle Rogers with her rosewood satin dress to her son Don's wedding in Toronto on the twenty-sixth of August. It was made up of a few Johanna Hill roses (cream shading to pink) on a background of wired gladiolus petals of the same rose shade as the dress, a few pansies and three cornflowers.

How I was hurtled back to high school days this week when I read of the marriage of our high school teacher, Madge Wiley, in the thirty-year files. When she came from Washington where she had been working during World War I to teach at the Amherstburg High School, I thought she was the smartest thing ever, in her high laced navy blue kid shoes with the three white kid chevrons on the sides of the tops. Had completely forgotten about those shoes until I read her name this week and they were the latest, believe me.

On two mornings last week, Friday and Saturday, the scene looking out across the river was summer, but there was an autumn overture in the air. It was very strange, though, to see the freshness of the coloring, the lightness of the shades, to feel the clearness and catch the like early-summer sparkle of the sky-blue water. I wasn't the only one who glimpsed and felt this, for in commenting on the day to Mrs. Pat Merlo she also saw the summer and heard the autumn as I did Saturday morning.

Trust our good friends Ron Everson or George Johnston to clap on to a weakness which many of us, like Aunt Mary in the following story, have. Here's how they needle us in a small article entitled, "They Cured Their Aunt." "Aunt Mary said she loved birds and flowers so her nieces brought her a turkey buzzard and a skunk cabbage. She said she loved dogs so they brought her Jim Williams' surly collie with its one good ear back and its teeth bared. She said she loved children so they brought her little Sadie. It was Sadie who cured Aunt Mary of generalities. After she gave in and took her turn at spanking Sadie herself, Aunt

Mary admitted that it was only some birds and some flowers and some dogs and some children that she was nuts about."

As I go over the old files each week, the changes in our way of living through the short period of sixty years are marked and interesting, they are a clean-cut record of our social setup. For instance, in the columns recording the doings of people from Colchester South to the Anderdon-Sandwich West boundary in the 60, 50, 40, 30 and even twenty years ago news, I read repeatedly of the number of people from the states who are summer boarders at Mrs. So-in-So's. Often the same names pop up from year to year. Now there are very few items like this and very few homes open to summer boarders. Why? There's where our expensive living standard comes in, but we won't go into index of living business. Some of my best friends now are friends who used to come down from Detroit summer after summer to board at Chateau la Rose for a fortnight - Chateau la Rose which has become a legend.

The heading, "St. Thomas has the finest copper beech in all Canada," caught my eye because I thought that the copper beech on the Herbert Paetz property was just about as beautiful a specimen of this tree as I had ever seen. In fact, it is worth a pilgrimage to that part of the town to see this tree. In speaking of this particular tree, one of Ontario's most brilliant instructors in landscape gardening gave his theory as to why so few copper beeches are to be seen in the cities and towns. He said he understood Toronto had only three. In his opinion, it is because the people who attempt to grow the trees do not follow the rules of nature and go to the woods and study how all the beech trees grow. They must have a light friable soil, enriched with leaf mold or muck. It should be prepared to a great depth. If this preparatory work were done, the professor is of the opinion that many more copper beeches could be grown in towns and cities.



September 22, 1949

Amherstburg Abroad - This summer when Mr. and Mrs. W.S. Woof were holidaying in England they went to the theatre one night and bumped right into Mrs. F.A. Hough and Rosemary.

Outsized and good - Mrs. Ernest Paquette called Saturday and in the course of our conversation told of extra-large and altogether delicious watermelons they have grown this year, which in weight range from 23 to 40 pounds. "The forty pound melon was good all the way through," she commented.

If you go in for pastels instead of the strong colors, the sunset Saturday night would give you a lift for the week come rain, snow or wind (that is, if you're allergic to weather). Immediately after the sun dropped, for that's how it seemed to act, there were great patches of lovely pink filled in with lavender over Grosse Isle. The river, which was lavender with pink ribbons, reminded me of an Easter hatbox.

There has been a group of about thirty friends from Detroit, Cleveland and Windsor who for several years have taken one of the post-season cruises on the *Noronic*. I've met some of this "Cruise Crowd," as they are called. It seems that this year they had planned to take the last five-day cruise, but as some could not fit that half of the week into their plans, the crowd fell in with the second last cruise arrangements and returned to Detroit Wednesday instead of leaving that day for Toronto as first planned.

The pinks have it!! is what I think every time I drive down the bank past the Walter Billany house. The bank of pink flowers and its accompanying greenery under their picture window is a delightful sight. Backed up to the house is the annual Cheyloni with its graceful lily-like stalk and pink head which looks like cats' whiskers and on the middle level is green filling, in front of this hugging the ground are many pink petunias and ageratum. A well-planned garden which covers that below-window and cement block starkness and is different to the oft-used bank of evergreens.



September 29, 1949

Mrs. J. Fred Thomas exhibited a beautiful quilt in the Flower Garden design at the Harrow Fair, which would if exhibited here form a dandy start to the Quilt and Rug Fair I've been harking on.

Get out your knitting needles - the round ones on which we all were doing skirts for knitted suits years ago, for knitted suits are in the clothes parade again and hitting the top spots.

Nearly every woman looks well turned out on an early fall day in a suit. That's what I thought Friday afternoon in the sharp sparing-on-the-heat sunshiny afternoon at the Harrow Fair. There I saw and admired many smart looking suits topped by hats with their rakish feathers and angles.

Rev. Miriam E. Collins was inducted recently as assistant minister to Rev. Murray Stewart at Colborne Street United Church in London. She will be in charge of women's and young people's work. Rev. Murray Stewart is a former minister at Wesley United Church and his wife is a daughter of Wesley parsonage, the former Eva Tonge.

If more of us could only say this - A woman in Detroit recently was celebrating her ninetieth birthday. At the celebration a guest reminded her that when she was 80 someone had asked her for what she felt most thankful and she had promptly replied: "For the things I've never said." Queried on the same point on this 90th birthday she said, "I haven't changed my mind."

Health officials and I are in complete agreeance when they tell to "train yourself to do without dish towels as much as possible. It is much more efficient and sanitary to spray the dishes with hot water and let them drain." That's what the health authorities say, but Friend gave me another tip on drying dishes and it's better, that is wash, rinse in hot water and then in cold and let stand in a rack. In the morning they are shiny, ready for use, without streaks.

I know that fairs primarily have been held for over a century to promote and benefit agriculture and horticulture, but I especially like them for the second reason of their being, that of the cultivation of the social principle, as they certainly add to the joy of life. For it's at the Harrow Fair that year after year I meet friends whom I don't see often enough and the exchange of news and views and helpful ideas makes me mentally refreshed. I'm just expressing the sentiments of many.



October 6, 1949

The slow wheel of the seasons is turning - and the lovely autumn colors are beginning to show up on Boblo.

Those wee butterflies which we see on warm autumn days remind me of a petal, winged, as if disengaged from a green stem.

Miss Margaret Thum of Pasadena is visiting in Harrow. It was her father and uncle who invented the sticky fly paper.

Several nights of late the setting sun has taken on a spotlight effect, making a star out of the salvia in the garden on the river lot one night and another time lighting up a narrow strip of tree tops in the park, giving those maples each a golden sari.

When a man was questioned, "How old do you think I am," it makes news and comes as a surprise, because to me age and men don't fit into a pattern as age and women do. But that's what one man said and when his listener (floored as I was) answered five years over, he was flabbergasted and we laughed.

All women like a style show whether or not they are in the market for clothes. But why, when there are so many of us in the 18-20-22 class, don't the powers-that-be behind such a show have models showing off our types of clothes? We like to look at 14s and 16s and admire their fashion figure points but we have to be clothed, too, and like to be shown smart things. I grant there will be the occasional larger size - but not enough, by any means. I didn't get to the style show in Harrow last night but know from preparatory talk that there wasn't much for the stylish stout.



October 13, 1949

Even if you are wearing a 1948 or 1947 autumn dress, a pearl choker or base-of-neckline two or three strands of pearls will make you feel like 1950.

Still in the glow of our between summer and autumn weather, this time of flowering and falling beauty skyward and landward.

Those who knew Vincent Price as a boy will be interested in the announcement of his recent marriage to Mrs. Mary Grant of Vancouver, screen costume designer.

This quip amused so will relay it - "Alas, by the time we get old enough to care what anyone says about us, nobody says anything about us."

Vogue says people are talking about Cortisone, the new miracle drug for arthritis - and it didn't take *Vogue* to tell us that, for we here in Amherstburg are talk-talking about it too.

The world was so beautiful over the weekend. So lovely I hoped the color and mellowness of truly glorious Canadian autumn days last until young friend's aunt arrived from England over the weekend so that she can see that the beauty of Ontario in October is not fiction.

Mrs. Lawrence Quick in Harrow has a six-foot hydrangea tree on her lawn which, although over 35 years old and in a gnarled state, had beautiful blooms this year. In August the blooms were snow white and at Harrow Fair time were pink on the east side of the tree and green on the west. Last week when I stopped by, the color hadn't faded in the dried blooms which she had picked for winter bouquets.

The silence - or almost - from the river is getting my goat. I miss the whistles of the freighters and the more there are the better I like it. The strikes have caused so many freighters to be laid up just now when they should be extra busy finishing up the season, which accounts for this unnatural lonesomeness about the river. That's the way it affects me who is not hurt economically, if I were I'd think more on the hardship rather than the sensory line.

Mrs. J. D. Wright and her three daughters, the twins Mrs. Al Herdman Jr. and Mrs. Henry Cornwall and Mrs. Charles Webster, almost stole the show at the O.E.S. Parade of Fashions in the Harrow Municipal Building last Wednesday night when the four of them made up the bridal party and showed off to advantage, too, wedding clothes for the bride, the bridesmaid and the bride's mother. By the way,

the Harrow O.E.S. put on this Style Show - and successful it was, too, with an attendance of 500 - and used only their own members for models. Consequently there were no feelings hurt.



October 20, 1949

Rose Lodge I.O.O.F. has received its hospital bed, which is on loan at the moment to Mrs. Roy Schrader. The Oddfellows will loan their bed to anyone at a doctor's request. This is a fine community service and only a start in their project, I understand, as they expect to get more hospital equipment to loan to those who need it.

Hunters had a disappointment Saturday and Sunday (the first days of the duck season) because of the scarcity of ducks. The days were beautiful and the ducks on the wing which I saw made, as always, a thrilling moving picture in the glasses as they V-ed southward low over Grosse Isle. I liked the smell of son's Saturday bag, cooking in friend's oven late Sunday, too, that smell which almost made me drool.



Have come to the conclusion that I'm a stealer of time - but what I do is fun. After a few half-hearted sweeps with the duster, I knock off the dropped pollen from the chrysanthemums above the Omnibook and find the attraction for the condensation of Paul Wellman's "The Chain" too alluring, so leave my distasteful task and snatch the time to add to the other things which make up the joy of life for me. The book resume was good up to his "The Walls of Jericho" standard.

October has been waiting for me to walk in it - and I did late Sunday afternoon when I literally was steeped in all October's melodramatic color gathered together in the glorious show of chrysanthemums in Mr. and Mrs. Fred Webster's garden. From every angle with the late afternoon sun playing on the profusion of blooms from the pastels to the dense dark shades, the display was beautiful, but best of all was the view looking towards the east at the hill-of-color with the golden sunset veiling it, as if with fine gold mesh - an autumn color pageant at its best.



October 27, 1949

Cuff links are back in style. As a matter of fact, are key details on blouses and dresses.

Talk about glamour - we saw it when nature turned it on in the sunset Sunday. I wonder if the Detroit River sunsets can be duplicated - I doubt it.

When meat went up from eight cents to ten cents a pound in New York City in 1853 there was a consumer's strike in protest.

Every newspaper one picks up has rules for Canasta, the South American rummy that is sweeping the country. Friends have been playing it all summer and report it's a dandy game.

The laundry-white gulls looked wintry Saturday afternoon as I watched them on the river lot when the wind blew and teased them as they swooped toward the cold-looking ruffled water. Then as I came back toward the park the toasted leaves and the wind were surely celebrating in a swirling dance on the old bowling green. In direct contrast to the past two thoughts after watching the leaves, I walked into our wee nasturtium bed and picked a bouquet of those tenderest of blooms and put it in a squatty yellow pitcher.

Notice of the fifty years ago column that S.J. Johnson, Bathurst at Murray, wanted 1000 bushels of hickory nuts. I may be going into the shops blindly but it's only occasionally now that I ever see hickory nuts for sale. When we were children we always had hickory nuts in the basement in the fall and winter and we would sit around on a Saturday or Sunday night and Dad would crack them and tell us stories and we'd pick and munch apples and listen. Doesn't sound very exciting to the children of today but it was fun, as I remember it.

Not that I doubt people nor have lost faith by any means, but a renewal of faith periodically certainly puts one on a non-critical plane. All this brought about by Gloria Meloche, a twelve-year-old, who found a purse near the Distillery last week

with about \$25 in it and had her mother bring it into the office to locate the owner. Lost money is hard to find - one gets the wallet or purse often but the money they originally held, that's a temptation - but not this young Miss, evidently all she thought was to locate the person who lost it - and we did.

I, who am so keen on working with your hands as an avocation, noticed recently that Mimi Pearce, now owner of a New York shop specializing in hand knits, knit her way to health. It seems that Miss Pearce when in hospital started knitting as a pastime according to her own designs, and when she recovered was persuaded to go into the hand-knitted goods business, not as an avocation but as full-time business. As I've said before, every woman and man, too, should or must have a minor occupation, an interest, a hobby to keep them mentally alert - not particularly for others but for their own sake - our mental health depends on this. So knitting, sewing, painting, sculpturing, weaving, etc., are really medicine.

The editor of a weekly newspaper retired with a fortune. When asked the secret of his success he replied: "I attribute my ability to retire with a \$100,000 bank balance after 30 years in the journalistic field to close application to duty, pursuing a policy of strict honesty, always practising rigorous rules of economy and to the recent death of my uncle who left me \$98,500."

Ever since reading about dress lengths and materials playing such an important part in shoe styles, I've been watching shoe advertisements more closely. This fall, dress lengths are shorter about an inch and woollen is replacing crepe material to a large extent. The popularity of woollens means ties or sturdier shoe types and the change in women's wearing apparel means a more conservative good-looking shoe to complement it. Open-toed shoes certainly are the volume seller, but do you notice that closed toes are receiving quite a lot of attention and promotion. Shell pumps (which are stunning to my mind, only wish I had some where to go to wear a pair) and new strap treatments are good in high heeled shoes and go well with the good-looking dressy clothes one sees in the women's mags, the flying panels for instance.



November 3, 1949

Mrs. Ernest Tofflemire, Anderdon, received a small bouquet of violets picked by her daughter, Mrs. Jack Rounding, in the woods around Monetville recently.

Years ago there was a nice old custom which according to my information is dying out, that of taking sewing to a neighbors and spending the whole day there.

An absurd, disagreeing observation (but true) as of Tuesday, November first - Christmas carols on the radio as Colchester South friend told of having raspberries from her own garden for supper the night before.

Hallowe'en Day - So brisk that heels clicked, dandelions hugging the grass (its energy and sheen gone) along the sidewalk, tarnished gold leaves overhead and an almost perfect pink, garden rose on my desk, picked in the noontime dullness - the gold and blue of last week gone.

Had to pass along this spontaneous showing of good sportsmanship. When I commented on a recent musical contest to a loser the reply I got was, "We felt we were never in better voice, but in competition, were not good enough, but practise and experience will help in the future."

I have seen music these past nights as the moonlight on the water makes it walk across the waves in bar on bar. Also seen it in the silver stars tinkling on the blue lanes of the glorious nights. Not only did I see music in the sky but my sense of touch was affected too, for last Thursday night as Mrs. McQueen and I walked to the car and commented on the night, I felt as if I could reach up and grab the handle of the dipper.

Depends on whether or not you are a big time columnist or in the lower brackets as I am, whether what you say is taken because Emily Post says it or resented because this Conversation Piecer says it, it, what was said meaning the same thing. For instance the top notcher said that slacks with high heeled shoes weren't good taste before I read that, long before, this lower leveller (meaning me) had said that slacks, high heeled shoes and socks weren't the thing for the well dressed women. And did I get it for daring to criticize, but I still think what I think and said.

Just had to tell you first that the following is 1879, not 1949, and we quote: "Success in housekeeping adds credit to the woman of intellect, and lustre to a woman's accomplishments. It is a knowledge which is as discreditable for any woman to be without as for a man not to know how to make a living, or how to defend himself when attacked ... So, no matter how talented a woman may be, or how useful in the church or society, if she is an indifferent housekeeper it is fatal to her influence, a foil to her brilliancy and a blemish in her garments." That is the opinion of the ladies of Toronto and other cities and towns in Canada who compiled "The Home Cook Book" in 1879.

Too much talk about things going on brings forth the following thought that some people (thank goodness it is only some) see nothing in this town but that which is earmarked vice and evil - men are bad, women are bad and the children of this day and age, wooie !! What a person sees is a measure of himself. Everything surely is not evil, we feel that so often a person's thought depends on moral condition of that person. To the pure all things are pure and we pity people who see life only on the lower levels, on the misty flats, people who always look for wrong. Possibly he is seeing his own reflection.



November 10, 1949

Those Blue Angels - the team of four crack jet plane aviators in an exhibition from the Grosse Isle airport - certainly almost ripped off the tree tops in Amherstburg Saturday afternoon. Three first-year high school girls were watching them with me and they got a fine lesson on jet planes travelling faster than sound.

Garry Frederick Phillip Mower, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Mower (Dorothy Pigeon) and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Forest Pigeon, and Prince Charles, son of Princess Elizabeth and Philip, Duke of Edinburgh and grandson of the King and Queen of England, will celebrate their first birthdays next Monday (not jointly), but the little Prince's father would be glad if he knew that Garry is named after him, I think.

C.E. Godshalk director of the Morton Arboretum of Lisle, Illinois, was in Essex

recently arranging the removal and shipment of a large old Tree Peony from the O.H. Bricker lawn to the Arboretum. Mr. Bricker said that the tree, a native of Japan, was growing in the yard when he bought the property over 60 years ago. This rare species of Peony tree will be an asset to the Arboretum. All through the years we have watched for the exquisite blooms of three small Peony trees growing on the moat near the McGregor front door and knew the trees were unusual but certainly not rare.

In his bit in the Sunday News Gerry King spoke of flowers having become an integral part of our daily affairs and home life. How true that is, for I don't remember as a child and young woman that mother found it so necessary to have fresh flowers around, no matter how small a bouquet, as we do now. Mr. King went on to say, "someone once said, 'music is life itself,' and I believe this can also be applied to flowers. They represent a symbol of beauty used in love celebrations and then again in death. Without flowers to brighten and illuminate our surroundings it would indeed be dull. Flowers are indeed a tribute to life."



November 17, 1949

Commenting on the fowl suppers at this time of the year (not so many now as there used to be), one person was overheard to remark that it's the best way he knows of contributing \$1 or so to an organization or church for a \$4 meal.

Ever dream you were picking up money - lots and lots of gold coins? Have many times. Saturday morning in the greyish daybreak-time as I took a look out of our kitchen window there were the gold leaf coins of our pussy willow tree dangling and coaxing before my eyes.

Noticed that a woman who lives near Sault Ste. Marie commented that she missed the gulls in the St. Mary's River these past six weeks - that with fewer and fewer freighters out, the meals for the gulls were slimmer and slimmer, consequently the gulls had gone elsewhere. They were indirect casualties of the steel strike. I am glad they didn't leave our river, for I could appreciate this woman's feelings.

Why did we, the people, and architects and builders take so long to discover picture windows? As I look around at all the building, the tone of even the smallest house nowadays is decidedly upped with its large window. The first one I ever saw was at the Barber's home in Chilliwak, B.C. Theirs was a large rectangular window ceiling to floor in height and proportionally narrow, at the end of their living room, and we looked beyond the garden to the mountains. But I'd rather have our river view, if we had a similar picture window.

We and the world seem reluctant to say goodbye to summer. Thursday and Friday were lovely days and there seemed to be a charm round about (especially at noon on Friday) which the land never seems to achieve except in October, but this year we find it in November. There were still stabs and fringes of color round about, which the sun livened, the sumacs on Boblo weren't burning as intensely but the barberries are showing off their reds in contrast to the sobriety of the occasional pine round about. Coming back to Thursday, I met Mrs. Burt Hoag and she had been down at one of those lovely marshes on Highway 18, sketching all afternoon. On noon on Friday the river was a mirror, the sky was rinsed blue, the occasional leaf was dropping windlessly. Edith Ross gave me a small bouquet of pansies which she had picked at Beekhuis' that morning and nasturtiums were still blooming in the Callam garden.



November 24, 1949

"Spring's just around the corner," said W.J. Scaddon, one of Colchester South's big time vegetable growers to me in Harrow last Tuesday. When I gulped a bit at his observation he went on to say that in nine weeks they would be planting in the greenhouse.

Belittling - There is a tendency among women to belittle their attempts at different kinds of work, especially cooking. Some delight in saying, "We're not having much," when you sit down to a dandy plentiful meal, or apologize and apologize for the "not as good as it should be" lemon pie when to your mind it's a masterpiece.

We here at the *Echo* office probably look like printer's ink or machines to you, but we're human and we certainly interpret things literally. Thursday week we were late with the paper and at four o'clock that pulse of the *Echo*, the big Duplex press, was beating and turning out the paper when a call came that the *Hochelaga* was coming up the river on the last lap of her maiden voyage. I rushed downstairs and called, "Stop the press, here comes the *Hochelaga*!" and they did and we all saw and admired her.

I got a bang out of this classification of us. In fact, have met several women who fit into number nine for instance. The following was written in jest but strikes familiar chords.

There are always people around who delight in classifying other people. Usually they start out with a comment such: "There are just two types -". But one writer had gone into it so far as to list 16 types of women, and claims there is one of each in every woman's club:

The Clothes Horse, who manages to make all the other women feel like frumps.

The Memory, who slows down proceedings by pointing out what the club did about a certain matter in 1937 - or was it 1938.

The Prodger, who is always trying to get the meeting back to the business at hand.

The Rambler, who takes 10 minutes to make a minor point.

The Born President, who is determined to run the show whether her title is past or present.

The Giggler, who sits in the back and whispers and giggles throughout the meeting.

The Stickler, who always wants a vote taken.

The Dissenter, who can always be counted on to come forth with an objection.

The Grumbler, who votes with the crowd, but says how she really feels privately to one member after another after the votes are cast.

The Out-doer, who when it is her turn to entertain the club always has things a little fancier than she is supposed to - making it tough on the next hostess.

The Do-gooder, who never misses an opportunity to let the girls know what she's been up to, though prettily making light of it all.

The Handshaker, who wears the same bright meaningless smile for everyone.

The Crusader, who always has a cause she's working for.

The Absent-minded, who doesn't listen to what is going on and always has to

have everything explained twice.

The Practical, who is always suggesting simple ways of doing things and getting nowhere because no woman's organization is interested in doing anything the easy way.



December 1, 1949

The icy breath of winter was certainly felt over the weekend, not only by us, but by the trees and bushes which overnight seemingly all turned old.

November certainly traced her name in frost really pencilled white last Thursday morning and the children and dogs up our street thoroughly enjoyed this November show of snow.

Winter bird friends give a lot of satisfaction. The Cardinal squawking around the house, for they like people, is a winter tonic. As is the cute little Downy Woodpecker who can be drawn around for company with suet and sunflower seeds.

The day broke Monday morning with a quiet glory as it spread a pink film over the land. The snow, the sleeping trees, the river and the upbound freighter still with its night lights on became picture-bookish with a pink cast.



December 8, 1949

This is the time of year when each day is so full of things to do, but don't forget the birds - saw some sparrows sitting with bunched shoulders (just as we do when we're cold) in a tree the other snowy day just coaxing for crumbs.

The other day, on one of the dreariest of late November days when all the glory had been burned down, Mrs. Hoag picked me up and was enthusiastic about an afternoon spent at the greenhouse painting chrysanthemums with Mrs. John Gray. "We've got to paint," she said, "it gets in the blood."

I remember hearing Mr. Harry Hodgman, an old resident of Amherstburg, tell about the Hollywood Community Sings and what affect this type of all-get-together sing-and-sing had on the community. Nothing but good could possibly come from a community sing-song, as after a purge of song and fun even old Scrooge himself couldn't help but feel better. Next Sunday night this community is to have another Christmas Sing at the Liberty Theatre in which you and I can take part and sing to our heart's content with the members of the town choirs, Miss Jane LaLonge, the Barbershop chorus led by Ian Thompson and the Border Barons of smooth harmony.

The news contained in the following letter from Joey Goodchild does interest me as it will many of you and we quote:

"Just a little note to give you a local bit of news on a gib scale. The news concerns our good friend Jimmy Spearing of Amherstburg.

The incident occurred while I was watching the news reels put out by Canadian News at the Palace Theatre on November 30. One of the presentations was on the opening of the Crippled Children's School in Toronto, Danny Kaye officiating, during the photo trip through the school I saw Jimmy in the machine shop.

I know that this was a small incident and perhaps of little interest to many, however, I thought that you would like to know about it even for your own personal interest."



December 15, 1949

Can it be that the weather, too, is on its good behaviour before Christmas?

The soft air, the warm sunshine and the dampness Monday morning was so springlike that Merry Christmas and all that it signifies seemed out of place.

Helen Thomas, wife of J. Fred Thomas, Malden, gets into many interesting things. Here she is now in Hamilton at the Ontario Vegetable Growers' convention chairmaning the women's section.

Amherstburg is developing quite a fine little art colony and now comes along with a new member, Mrs. A.L. Sonley, whose husband is the new manager of the

Bank of Montreal. I liked her woodsy pastels.

In an article on a Christmas window garden described in the Sunday paper, the plants that will best adapt themselves for window garden culture are poinsettia, cyclamen, primula, Jerusalem-cherry and gardenia. You would have bloom for at least all January with that array.

It makes you feel good to read the following first paragraph of Mrs. T.B. Balfour's letter: "Have just finished reading the *Echo* which for as far back as I can remember has seemed to be a part of my life. Can recall in the old days on Pelee when winter mails arrived - possibly after nearly three weeks that from the huge bundle of letters, papers, magazines, my father would extract the *Amherstburg Echo* then smilingly hand it to mother with 'Here is your Bible!'"

The babushka or scarf tied around the head has become part of women's wardrobe, but often they are unbecoming. For the same kind of informal wear, the other day I saw what is known as a "snuggette," which certainly does combine smartness and warmth. It was a wired, jersey, upturned half hat with a scarf that fell back gracefully or which could be tied under the chin choker fashion. It would stay on in any gale and did more for the wearer than the stark scarf tied under the chin.



December 22, 1949

It's Christmas 1949, and to you and yours, A Very Happy one.

The radio wags chortle at their own jokes on the topsy-turvy weather - warm here, freezing in California and England etc. But from the 50 years ago files this week, there evidently was extra mild weather, for an item says that Theodore Marontate of Colchester South had green onions, radishes and lettuce from his own garden for dinner. There's one thing that annoys me this Christmas week, though (now that I'm keeping house as a part-time activity), it is that combination of mud, Bobby the Irish setter and pre-Christmas activities and decorations.

All the time we were watching Barbara Ann Scott skate Saturday night, I kept

thinking "Stay as Sweet as You Are" - But is that possible? That "wee girl" (as her friend Mrs. McQueen calls her) is a pawn of the public. Her every thought and action is controlled and her personal desires are not to be considered. The show must go on whether or not she's sick (as she was Saturday) and she spends hours each day practising, interviewing, seeing people she must see etc. etc. It's a hard grind and I only hope the young thing, who is fresh and lovely now, can take it.

Mrs. Roy Sinasac of Harrow, the former Billie Pineau of Amherstburg, has given a hair wreath in a shadow box to the Fort Malden Museum. It seems that this beautiful specimen of handicraft of the 1850s was made by someone in the Hinshaw family and bits of all the hair of the various members of that family were used to make an intricate design.

A Christmas card in words - small Alvin Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Jackson, went down the river bank to the McQueens to see the television. When given his lunch of milk and cookies he kneeled on the floor and ate off the stool, still looking at the pictures. The Doberman, Navigator, came up and sat quietly close up to the opposite side of the stool, intent on the food. There the dog and child sat unconscious that they were making a picture worth preserving.

Continuing the discussion of the need for formal education for the smart three-year-olds of today, as began in the *Echo* of December 8, I have been looking over children's books this year and have noticed that many of them are along the start of reading lines. There are lovely, cheap, washable pre-school books on the market along formal learning lines introducing the sounds with words that the children use now, such as jeep, steamshovel, truck, etc. Then there are clever little books whereby, through pictures, the preschool child gets a good grounding in numbers. Even the new coloring books do more for the small child than just give him an apple to color, as many have a story and the child's formal learning in the combination of colors to make an attractive whole picture is begun. Then, too, the small preschool dictionaries of articles in the child's world are delightful. The colors used in small preschool dictionaries of tation [sic] makes the learning process a joy. Quite a contrast to primers and arithmetic books given to the six-year-olds when I started to school. Then it was hard, the step from the home to the school was a big adjustment. Now it is much easier for the child, as the home and school work together and the fear of the new experience starting to school is practically gone.

❀
December 29, 1949

In commenting on the trees in Houston, Texas, where she is visiting her daughter Mrs. LeRoy Delmore, Mrs. Yvonne Teeter Bailey spoke of the pecan trees, pines, quamquots, poinsettias trees and shrubs, but said there was nothing as beautiful as our maples.

Monday afternoon at four, after a dismal day, the sun came out and the whole Christmas world brightened. But not for long, as shortly before five a huge cloud came down (it was seen to settle) and disappeared into the river and so did Boblo and Grosse Isle and the world was fog bound.

With the 12.01 business on Saturday Night, the second half of the century will be begun. The article on Flying Saucers in a current magazine gives us an idea of fantastic theories being advanced in the earliest stage of second fifty years. As for the final years, I'll not be here so needn't comment, unless of course, that scrum for longevity works out and is in general use.

I suppose if we lived in what the geography books have told us through the years was a warm climate (which now is questionable as Arizona shivers) we would have become accustomed to saying, "Happy New Year," when the day (as it was Tuesday) reminds us of unpredictable late March weather. But the screwy weather makes me feel that I'm saying something foreign to the way I feel as to New Year.

At the Christmas season when pictures of the Madonna and Child appear in the press and on cards, it is a good time to refresh that point about the Christ Child in pictures, that He has no gravity, that He is drawn to Heaven, so is always depicted as a large healthy baby, which seems to be far too heavy for the demure Madonnas to hold. But they all, and I can think of several old favorite Madonnas, hold the Christ Child with no effort, He seems to be suspended.

Mary E. Lewis, a clever Kingsville singer who is known and connected country-wide, is taking the part of the Mother in the opera "Hansel and Gretel", which is playing at the Cinema in Detroit this week. It is the Detroit Opera Society that is

putting on the production. This society is composed of university and conservatory groups and it is their aim to prove to Detroit that the talent is within the city without importing it from New York. The Amherstburg community choir tried to do the self same thing last year.



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