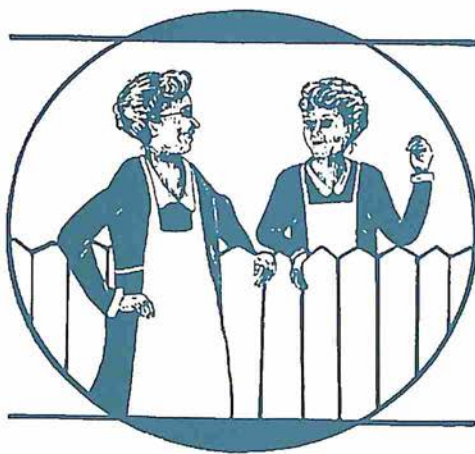




Conversation Pieces

by
Helen Marsh



Vol. V
1950-51

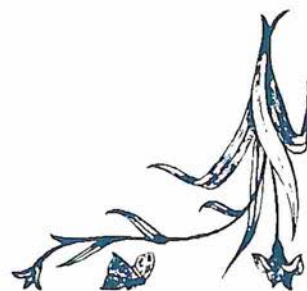


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Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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*Vol. V
1950-51*



*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 endeavour to chronicle the doings of those in the Harrow and Amherstburg districts...

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

January 5, 1950

Something I've learned since taking over the housekeeping reins, always use a hot knife to cut fruit cake.

I cannot make up a sonnet fair enough to express the eager beauty of white azalea which comes direct in my line of focus every time I come in from the misty outdoors these days.

Growing into the sophisticate is hard going - so I decided as I watched three young High School lads with their Christmas pipes trying to be oh! so nonchalant and man-of-worldly, as they awaited lunch and shot "I hope I'm doing it right" glances at me.

Sound like a Londoner but "Beastly weather" ushered in the New Year. Fog and rain is not our idea of holiday weather. That and the birds chirping with their timing wrong, crocus patches green, dandelions, blooming lilac buds full to bursting, new figure skates for show purposes only were a few of the unusual things in conversation limelight over the New Year's weekend.

Each Christmas I seem to hear again the sweet soft voices of the second graders repeating, by heart and as a chorus, the beautiful Christmas story from St. Luke on that lovely little thing, "Winds through the olive trees." It is when I go to buy books for my children friends that I get a flashback to my own childhood when my father read everything he could get his hands on to us, many things (like those mentioned above) which later I read or taught to the wee pupils. You never forget the pleasure you get from reading aloud. Every family should experience it. It's something money can never buy, nor can it ever be taken away.

In on the "firsts" is a conversation piece these days. So in looking back over the past half of the century (and I still persist in that) there are so many changes which we have been a part of which are amazing to the young people who can't remember the funny clothes, the days without cars, telephones, radios, bathrooms, washing machines etc. To go on, the auto industry was born in Detroit in 1900 so I well remember my first ride in a side-seater owned by Miss Peerie (George and Bob Jones' cousin). Then followed the first look at a plane at the Michigan State Fair

and it "flew like a bird." After that what do you know? One of those mechanical birds landed on the Hodgman Beach (Dalhousie St.) and we touched it and looked at it and I was green-eyed with jealousy because Flora Hodgman had her picture taken sitting in the cockpit with the aviator. Prior to that time, but about the same year I think, we had a telephone installed and a bathroom, which made news. Then I could go on to first silk stockings, first Annette Kellerman bathing suit, first short hair, first permanent wave etc., but will skip to first radio, a crystal set built by Bert Abbott and Chuck French picked music out of the air. I could go on and on and get a kick out of remembering or of hearing it said that "So and so (an Amherstburg girl) was going a pretty swift pace because of her split skirt and rice powder." How the tongues wagged! The magazines that are bringing out pictures of the progress since 1900 are making laughs for the young people who can't believe we wore such funny clothes or did such funny things. They think we're real 'Museum pieces' when we say "Why, I remember that" - which I did.



January 12, 1950

The brand new transformation necklines are stunning. They make a dress a two-timer as they can be buttoned up snugly or opened to a low square.

We think we've advanced but the early 1950 days still bring just as sticky mud on the nearby country roads as they did in the early 1900s, except nowadays the tractor snorts along defiantly getting families out to church.

The vacated earth was certainly warmed with white last Friday morning after the snow fell with whisperless hush. It seemed to me that the full moon hadn't been half as bright this winter as it was when it poured its silver light on the white world over the weekend. Also, by the way, did you notice the pink snow at sundown Sunday? - eatable effect.

In the Conversation Piece of last week about being in on the first of things, I completely forgot about the first movie, which I think was "The Perils of Pauline" with Pearl White, a horrible moving picture, no sound of course. This was shown at the Town Hall and we all went. If I remember rightly, right on top of this came

"The Birth of a Nation" shown at the same place.

Several new perennials will help dress up the 1950 garden. Among these are a spectacular white veronica and a sweet lavender hardy in the North. Veronica Subsessilis White blooms from August to October sending up huge decorative spikes for border or for flower arrangements. Lavender Hidcote Blue with fragrant silvery foliage and violet-blue flowers has proved able to survive rugged winters, according to E. S. Boerner, research specialist for Jackson and Perkins in Newark, N. Y. "For years we have tried to carry the old garden lavender without success," he said. "Hidcote Blue, however, is a compact plant that has proved perfectly hardy here at Newark."

Next week, Essex County history is to be made when Deputy Reeve Grace Robinson Burk of Leamington, takes her place at the January session. In the fall Essex County celebrated its 100th birthday but what do you know! As it goes into its 101st year, it's got a woman on it. In the home the roles which the Canadian woman plays are many. She must be a nurse, a cleaning woman, a teacher, a tinkerer, a purchasing agent, a housekeeper, a cook, a seamstress and a psychologist. Now after handling all those jobs successfully, which of course includes influencing her family in the way of good citizenship and establishing a well organized home which will provide for their mental and physical well being, a woman ought to be able to help in the political set-up. Mrs. Burk will have a lot of fine men as her colleagues and we hope that her role which has made history will be a success in every way.



January 19, 1950

Most of the style interest this spring seems to be in sleeves. Noticed a stunning Dolman effect in a posh magazine which reminded me of a navy number I had in the Roaring Twenties which was lined with cerise. What a figure I cut! - I'll bet.

More fashion notes - with regards to color we women this spring are to shy away from black and pick any shade of beige from off-white to suntan and yellow from grapefruit to burnt orange. By the way, orange is supposed to be the most

refreshing color of the year. For those of us who can't wear the colors mentioned above there are color harmonies like three shades of blue or green.

Saturday roses were almost in leaf, the sun danced, the wind roared and knocked your breath out, an old pine tree on the old Captain Jack Menzie's property was uprooted and its long life was over and the setting sun was glorious. Sunday the grey, silver and blacks predominated in the rain and sleet while Monday dawned fair and brisk; who said Monotony of Weather - unpredictable is the word for it.

Just to clarify a question on raising Intelligence Quotient or "IQ" as we say, I don't believe there is any method yet known to raise an adult's IQ, but a person can grow to seem more intelligent both to yourself and others since most people (mistakenly) judge your IQ by how much you know, not by how easily or rapidly you learned it. Unless you are an out and out defective mentally, there's no limit to the extent to which you can go in adding to your knowledge and experience and thus making the intelligence you have more evident and useful.

One of the old landmarks on the river front road, Anderdon, the Captain William Gatfield house, is being torn down by its present owner, Fred Webster, to make way for a modern home on the wonderful site. If this old house could talk it would tell of a charming hostess. It would tell of a home where hospitality reigned. It would tell of happy boys and girls of two generations who played around it. It would tell of parties and of those delightful days of old Amherstburg where people gathered and there was good fellowship, good fun, good food and we know good conversation which included Detroit River news.



January 26, 1950

Sage advice from a 13-year-old en route to the High School, talking seriously to his pal, so intent on the conversation that they didn't see me, "Don't get born in February, although I only took 20 minutes."

In the woman's world - Friend Hairdresser says that the big news at the convention in New York last week was short hair - for all ages, sizes and

descriptions. And when she says short, she means it.

I hear there was an ice bridge above town Saturday, although it couldn't have lasted long, for at five o'clock several huge ice floes passed our house, crunching the Bob-Lo shore as they sailed slowly down bound.

Had in mind what I was going to say about next Thursday - Candlemas Day or Groundhog Day - but have decided that there is such as carrying the ridiculous too far, so February second will be just another Press Day. That's one thing we know for sure.

New York says that jewelry is as important as shoes or a hat in spring costume planning - real or imitation - as long as it's big, it's good. Incidentally, the oriental colors of rose quartz or jade green are the smartest things to pep up all-grey costume either in jewelry, scarves or handkerchiefs - rose quartz for me. Gray and rose quartz as fresh as a spring sunrise.

Was chided over or kidded over being too "ritzy-do" for using Mrs. Jane Scratch Brown in a local item. I was wrong because until a widow remarries, she is Mrs. John Brown. Although in Monday's *Free Press* I noticed two items about women of prominent families and they read 'Mrs. Irene Ellis Murphy' and 'Mrs. Ruth Down Doan'. I guess I put the woman's family name in occasionally to label that person, because, like my father, I'm keen about family backgrounds.

After reading the following in the 40 Year column of the *Echo*, it is no wonder that the oldsters needle about "the good old days." Here is the item:

Nowhere else in this country are they having a better time than right in Malden during these long moonlight winter nights. On Thursday night of last week Mr. and Mrs. Fred Braun entertained a party. Friday night between 50 and 60 young, middle-aged and over that landed on Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mickle and it was a round of mirth and jollity 'till an early hour next morning. Thursday night practically the same crowd were at Herbert Bratt's and had no end of fun there. Besides these there were several other sleigh ride parties in other parts of the township.

A really red petunia, something new in the garden world, has just made its bow as the only flower to win All-America Selections honors for 1950. Actually a spectrum red with the flow of scarlet, Fire Chief Petunia not only carries off the only All-America flower selection but wins the first Gold Medal Award for flowers since the first red morning glory. Fire Chief will bring to our gardens the rich red velvet that growers have been working for some years to achieve. It grows about 12 inches tall and wide, flowers from early spring until killing frosts. In the South it lives through the winter. The plants are compact and bushy without the sprawling habit of most petunias, and the flowers keep their warm, brilliant color. It is, therefore, described as "ideal for bedding, low borders, edging gardens, walks or drives, and also for potting and for window boxes."

Unlike the double ruffled and other types of petunias, Fire Chief seeds readily without expensive hand-pollinating. The supply of seeds of the 1950 flower debutante is, therefore, enough this first year to provide a dozen seeds to every man, woman and child in the United States. It is the top flower of the year and will appear in many American gardens and flower arrangements. Most seedsmen are featuring it.



February 2, 1950

House plants growing in water, ivy or philodendron should be treated occasionally by dropping a piece of charcoal in the container.

Felt like drooling when I saw the previews of the new Level-On-Hats with their forward motion which fit level on the head right at the hairline, for I think they're the latest in smartness.

The time of forcing buds for indoor bouquets is at hand - so brought in forsythias and pussy willows Tuesday. Peach and cherry cuttings also give much delight but feel that it's a fortnight too early for them.



February 9, 1950



Do flickers ordinarily stay for the winter? Mr. & Mrs. Fred Haynes are feeding one these days.

Fred Pigeon was in the office Monday and said that deer are frequently seen along King's Highway No. 18 from Tom Mickle's place to Malden Centre.

I saw IT yesterday morning swinging on our clothesline in a most disgusted fashion - you've guessed it - a robin who had a rendezvous with Spring and found a brittle morning with no food. The publicity agent he listened to didn't tell of the very occasional snowstorm this winter!

The long cerise band of sunset Saturday, which made the shadow of Bob-Lo on the quiet pale yellow river outlined with cerise, was one of the most interesting sunsets this winter. Added to this were the pure white ice floes in the foreground - seemed strange but they took on none of the sky coloring and stood out so dead white.

In answer to a question, "Is there any cause to feel hurt if a friend extends an invitation at the last minute to fill in for someone at a card party or dinner?" This "Conversation Piecer" definitely feels that a last-minute appeal from a hostess is usually a compliment because I figure out (and I've been asked to do it many times) that I'm a special friend.

I certainly can't get excited over the controversy in some papers over the fact that some women have Christian names intended for men. In fact I see nothing to get ruffled about for a person's name grows into their personality and except when family names are given, it's not usual practice. My young girl cousin Fredricka has been Freddie to all and we saw no reason for thinking it queer.

Winter this year is certainly not laying emphasis on sleet, snow, icy trees or ice-bound Detroit River. Always before I thought each season had its beginning and end but that idea has burst. Because the calendar says the third month of winter and

we have had so few winter pictures out of doors I get pleased at the occasional samples of winter beauty, such as the other morning looking out of the east window at the blue enamel sky, the white pagoda of the blue spruce on Miss Hutchins' lawn and the friendly cardinal brilliant and brief as fireworks against the snow in the backyard.

As if they are magnetic, any article on teaching children appeals to me and often has precedence over, say, the bridge hand if they are in the same paper, so was reading a short skit for the preschool child on how to teach with pictures and came across a sentence that made me laugh and I'll quote it verbatim: "Most of us have had the experience of finding some child to whom we have told, say, a Bible story will pass it along to another or tell it to us again complete with such additions as automobiles, trains, trucks" etc. etc. and other marks of modern living. Near little friend's third birthday I was telling him the story of David and Goliath and he just couldn't get the army angle nor the slingshot as I told it and interjected with guns, tanks and other weapons of modern warfare. I evidently hadn't been imaginative enough so he helped furnish the narrative with the only background he knew. Here's where pictures help.



February 16, 1950

Another clever former Amherstburg artist, Kathleen Pettypiece Dowswell, is doing interesting pictures on white linoleum.

Mrs. F. E. Wilson, who attended the successful fashion show staged by McCance, Birks and Mary Snider (she of the delightful hats) at Elmwood last Tuesday, said that scarves and those stunning Level-On hats play an important part in the spring wardrobe.

A preview of the music of spring was heard last Thursday night when a three-long and two-short salute from the ship on the river surprised me as much as the early croaking of frogs surprise and delight some people.

Monday morning after the heavy fall of snow there was a wonderful example

of color gone from the design out of doors leaving the fact of mass and line seen so plainly as I scurried homeward at noon, in the maples outstretched; the old pines, watchdogs of the snow waiting for the sun to shake their shaggy wet, snow-covered coats; the lovely curved mound of white which yesterday was a pile of annoying junk ready to be carted away.

On Monday, this W. P. scribbler commented on the fact of mass and line out-of-doors caused by heavy snow and ice. On Tuesday without knowing how I felt about the aftermath of the storm, Mrs. Howard Heaton in Harrow said, "You should have been here yesterday to see those two trees, a large pine and a maple close together, in Roy Wright's yard (covered with ice); they looked like an old bear as it shook in the storm."

From what I understand the exhibition of Essex County artists on display at the Willistead Library until March is really worth going to see this year. A Windsor critic in commenting on Mrs. Burt Hoag's picture "Montreal Stairway" which was accepted for exhibition said, "This almost iridescent watercolor has an interesting design of curved iron stairway." Mentioned also were Mrs. Norman Wilson's "Spring ice on the Detroit River," which picture was voted best in the show at the Brunner Mond Club last spring; Mrs. John Gray's "Yellow Orchids," which he said was an "uncluttered, well-painted study in grays and yellow greens." Kenneth Saltmarche, C. H. Edmonds of Harrow and Mrs. Kenneth Fleming have pictures in the show also.



February 23, 1950

A while ago we commented on those snuggettes women are wearing instead of babushkas and last week Mrs. Milton Cornwall came into the office wearing one and it was stunning - a halo of half-hat made of jersey with a jersey scarf attached - the comfort of a babushka with the looks of a smart flattering headpiece.

Since she was nine years of age, Marjorie Parks Hamilton (Mrs. H.L.) has had a pen pal in New Zealand. Through the years they have become bosom friends through letters and this summer they are to meet for the first time as the New

Zealander is making a trip abroad and will come to Amherstburg to pay a short visit.

Got a hit below the belt - not only directed at me but lots of other women in my size group - when I learned that "in the trade" 38 is now oversize. I saw Venus in the Louvre in Paris and she wasn't pint-sized. I saw Brunhilde in Wagner's opera and she wasn't portrayed as a willowy extra-small and the Statue of Liberty surely is a big gal. Are we to become obsolete in the last half of the century? Or is this oversize business a manufacturer's trick of the trade - more material, more money?

A centrepiece for a luncheon which we could copy - ivy in a thin line set off with an occasional camellia and bits of pale green and pink-leaved begonias. "Who used this confection of an arrangement?" you query and I answer, "None other than Helena Rubenstein for a luncheon recently." "What did Mme Rubenstein wear to her luncheon?" and I can answer that too. A smart gray men's wear flannel suit, scarlet linen vest and about her throat her famous strands of uneven pearls - whose colors range from black through green, brown, yellow, pale gold, pale gray and the most luminous pink-beiges.

Joan Thrasher, 19-year-old daughter of Harold Thrasher of Harrow and the late Greta Ferris, was chosen Queen of the Arts Ball at the University of Western Ontario at London Friday night. Joan has a tall, dark, stately beauty and a thoughtful expression. When she was in high school I'd see her so often lunching with her father in a restaurant in Harrow and she certainly, to my knowledge, never jumped on the bobbysoxer bandwagon. For the biggest event of her life to date, Joan wore a strapless ice blue gown which would set off her coloring. It wasn't beauty alone that won for this young woman the coveted "Queen of the Ball." Her scholastic ability (she's a second-year honor psychology student), her poise, her personality and her extra-curricular activities all were considered. Then, too, she's on the basketball team and was a popular drum majorette in the football season. An all-round co-ed who is a credit to her family as well as an asset to her alma mater.



March 2, 1950

Just as we did in our generation, today's children had a dandy time sliding down

the hills at the Old Fort on Sunday.

Women stuff - better than any spring tonic - crisp white collars and cuffs and white carnations at the throat are in the Spring fashion spotlight.

February was on its way out before we experienced a good old fashioned Canadian snow storm with the brittle cold crunching the snow like peanut brittle taffy underfoot. The daffodil sunshine on our white moire lawn late Saturday afternoon was worth looking at.

The lovely crystal icicles which fringed our garage roof and dropped with a silvery tinkle in the softened snow Monday noon. It was strange to look out at the sun playing on them and on the snow and on the silvery pussy willows which have burst their winter casings on the tree right in my line of vision.

In telling of a farewell party in Harrow for Mrs. Jessie Cornwall, Mrs. Harvey Cornwall said there was a luncheon of old school friends, friends who had gone from "cat, rat and hat" all through school together. That "cat, rat, hat" business is a far cry from the way children start reading program at the moment and the way of describing Primer, Grade I.

Quote from the *Echo* of last week: "The museum collection of pioneer residents photographs is gradually growing," writes David Botsford the curator. So what do you know? J.A.M. and I have made the Museum, for when we returned from Harrow last week I found a picture of us to look over, which had been given to Mrs. Dan Botsford years ago and now to the museum by Richard Golden along with another picture thought to be Thomas Lypps born in 1827 in Colchester South.

The magazines have carried a story of the Sunday tea Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt had via television when she discussed the Hydrogen Bomb problem with Albert Einstein, David Lilienthal, scientists Robert Oppenheimer and Hans Bethe. At this first Sunday afternoon tea with Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Einstein spoke his uneasy mind on the H-Bomb and warned that it could annihilate mankind. Fearsome talk, but it was Mr. Einstein's theories which provided the basis for man's ability to explode atoms. This H-Bomb is beyond the comprehension of most of us but so was the Atom Bomb until Hiroshima.



March 9, 1950

I was shocked when I read that one merchant said that there was so much shoplifting going on at the moment among women that he had to up his prices a bit because of it.

Even if by the time I am seventyish (or maybe before) man has harnessed atomic energy and I could take a rocket ship and fly to the moon for a weekend, I don't think I will, for I've decided to stay earth bound and see the Golden Gate and swim in the ocean at Nassau.

I haven't seen anyone with the new doe-eyes (the boldly outlined eyes of Spring 1950) but have been fascinated by the models with them in the magazines. I understand this new eye make-up makes the eyes look bigger and is effective and that women like it. But - omigosh - I wouldn't have the clothes to go with doe eyes and a beauty spot, yes, they are back in vogue too.

The late snow, the ice and the cold of last week certainly cannot change the hour predestined for the flower, for Monday was as gay as a preview of Spring should be - all but the river and it was bound in icy chains - but it didn't look dead-of-winterish. How could it with the sun bringing out the parade of ice blues? I knew what I was talking about in the first four lines for several crocuses have already opened their wee purple cups in Mrs. J.R. Morris' garden to look round at Spring possibilities.

Evidently slacks for women have had their day and are out-of-date. Should have realized it with the good looking advertisements for "separates" in papers and magazines and the pictures of women in active sports, golf and bowling for instance, in stunning skirts and blouses. But just didn't realize this fashion turn until friend told of being in the south for a month and of taking three pairs of slacks which she never had on. She said that she saw no women in slacks in Florida this season.

Potato chips have gone up the social ladder, according to the National Potato

Chip Institute. Here's the reason for this social climb, and we quote:

"Do you know how to eat potato chips noiselessly? A technique for munching them without sound effects is being publicized by the National Potato Chip Institute as a public service for 1950. 'There have been complaints that potato chips are too noisy to be served in theatres and at high society events - but that is wrong,' said Fred Meyers of Madison, Wis., institute president. 'The noiseless method is to gently break the chip in two pieces and allow the halves to melt in your mouth. It's a great deal quieter than chewing celery.'"



March 16, 1950

That new Fire Chief Petunia which is spectrum red with a glow of scarlet, is causing quite a furore and getting a lot of publicity. I can see where it will give a lot of life to a garden, which is what gardeners want.

Have watched and listened for that robin I saw on our clothes line several weeks ago. Thought I would certainly catch a glimpse of him this past weekend when as the other birds did on the two snowy weekend mornings, he'd come for food. But he didn't.

The windows at Mrs. C.P. Merlo's home are an ever source of interest and delight for she changes the plants and bits of pottery and knickknacks often to pep up the passerby. For the past while a lively pot of ageratum in bloom has attracted my attention when the March wind was trying to scare everything out of doors.

Mrs. William Murdoch, who took her two young sons to Toronto for the opening of the Legislature, was saying that the boys got a thrill out of having their pictures taken in the new chair which was used by both the Lieutenant Governor and our own Rev. M.C. Davies at the opening. This chair is Ontario's present to the newest province, Newfoundland, and will now be sent to St. John's with the compliments of Ontario.

When Mrs. Yvonne Bailey was sightseeing at the San Jacinto monument, 22 miles from Houston, Texas, she saw an old map dated 1720 on which the Great Lakes are shown. She said that the state of Michigan was a grotesque shaped affair on this map, and that Superior at that time was called Upper Lake; Michigan as we now know it was then called Illenese; Erie was Irrie and Ontario was named Frontenac-Clarke. The second item of interest she found in the museum in the monument was the fact that Britain recognized Texas in 1840 and sent a consul, William Kennedy, in 1843 and that a consulate is still maintained in Texas.

Kate Aiken, the well-known Canadian radio personality and writer, mother of Mrs. Clinton Thomson, formerly of Harrow, and a grandmother, was judged one of the ten best-dressed women of Canada in a recent poll. I've never seen Mrs. Aiken but her carriage is what has attracted me in her pictures. Speaking of carriage, there are several grandmothers right here in Amherstburg whose carriage and grooming could put a younger mother to shame. These grandmothers of whom I have reference always look smart even when busily shopping in the morning. They step along holding their bodies straight and their heads high and look just as if they had stepped out of a band box - and there seems to be the secret.



March 23, 1950

Cycling on North Street Saturday was a young Dutch lad in wooden shoes.

March gives us a wonderful example of the split personality. We saw her kinder side Monday when she caressed the earth, the sky and the river and encouraged the crocus, tulip and daffodil. The other side of March was seen on St. Patrick's Day when, like a sadist, she delighted in our discomfort in the snow-blow-rain.

The Flower Show opens on Saturday at Convention Hall in Detroit and, from the stories of preparations, should be wonderful. The Chrysler Corporation has taken over an entire section of the Hall and is building world-famous gardens from six different countries including England, Ireland, France, Sweden, Italy and the United States.

John A. Foster, ceramic instructor at Wayne University and Arts and Crafts School in Detroit, in answering the question on the revival in handcraft said, "Man is creative by nature. Machines robbed him of the means of self-expression and the pride that goes with it. Building by hand with clay, metal and threads in his leisure gives him back some of his lost self-respect. The revival is amazing when machines can turn out thousands of objects in the time it takes to make one by hand - but that one by hand is the one that counts for all of us, whether we're a housewife, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief - we all like to create."

Of the ten most popular garden flowers, the best sellers - the three at the top of the list - are native American. They are, in order of their demand for the home gardener: Petunias, Zinnias, Marigolds, Asters, Sweet Peas, Snapdragons, Nasturtiums, Portulaca, Annual Larkspur and Sweet Alyssum. Our garden petunias, if you readers want a bit of flower history, were all bred from two species found originally in the Argentine area in South America. Zinnias and marigolds were taken to Europe from Mexico.



March 30, 1950

Purple in the pre-Easter parade - in the myrtle blooming in Miss Hutchins' garden.

"Copy Cat" is the name for wee girls' broadcloth dresses with the companion piece being a doll dress to match - pretty cute.

When the rain was playing its catchy tunes Sunday and Monday and there was mist everywhere, the thought came that fashion designers say Pumpkin, Nasturtium and Orange are the big colors this season, and these surely are the days to try them out.

Heaven forbid - Christian Dior, the originator of the New Look says, "The 1950 middle of the century belle will be casual, daring and boyish like the heroines of the silent moves. No hips, no bosom and a close-cropped hurricane haircut."

Spring was ushered in, in my department last week with a bouquet of velvety purple and yellow pansies in a container covered with rose foil lined with silver. (I who love color certainly had it that day.) Jimmy, the florist, knowing that color weakness arranged the bouquet for a surprise and first used it at the C.W.L. Fashion Show and then it was mine.



Was my face red at four o'clock last Thursday when a call came regarding the write-up of the C.W.L. fashion show. With all the confidence and assurance imaginable, I looked through the paper for the page and location of the story - the more I looked the faster my confidence drained away for the story had been left out - The Gremlins of the newspaper office again, chuckling at the embarrassment they had caused.

Underneath the mud I know Spring is weaving a colorful design on her loom. But it is hard to think of the lovely pattern when tempers are ground fine as we battle the worst mud in years. We really shouldn't grouse about mud in town, as the people on the eighth concession of Malden have been battling it since Christmas. In fact, in January they were practically isolated - a terrifying situation because of fire and illness, as it was practically impossible to get help to the various homes. But the design being made by Spring on a green background we predict will, when it comes, make us forget the dirty floors, muddy shoes, clothes, faces and hands.



April 6, 1950

Overheard at the Flower Show: "Are those flowers real flowers or artificial?" queried a man to an attendant. When told they were real, the questioner opined, "Real flowers look just like artificial flowers nowadays, don't they?"

Fourteen-year-old Jerry Brush, son of Mr. and Mrs. Les Brush, can make many older and more seasoned ten-pin bowlers sit up and surely take notice. His control and form is exceptional.

They're back - not the birds, nor the bees nor the flowers, but the boats - and

they made themselves heard in the fog early Sunday morning. I feel sorry for the inlanders who've never had those boat whistlers in their blood.

There are five sets of twins living on Brunner Avenue. They are Rosemary and Marguerite Smith, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith; Jean and Jane Fox, Gerald and Girard Fox, children of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Fox; Joyce and Ellen Russel; Larry and Barry Boussey, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Boussey.

The glorious display of Easter flowers at Gray's Greenhouse Sunday afternoon attracted people from far and near. Waved to Val Clare who was on the bus going Windsorward after being at the show and he looked refreshed after his enjoyment of one of the tangible symbols of the meaning of Easter - new life in flowers.

Time and time again we in this office hear, "You didn't mention my party," "Surely thought you'd comment on my new building," "Looked for our baby's birth and it wasn't there" - As we've said before, our paper is your paper, and we want those local news items and hate like anything to miss them. So, if there's a news tip of any kind, don't wait for someone else to tell us but give us the tip yourself.

As I walked up Dalhousie Street in the damp warmth Monday morning and looked at the crocuses and chinadonia in bloom and the daffodils and tulips ready to burst, still unconsciously in the throes of the Easter flower and color anesthetic to which I had been subjected at Gray's Greenhouse Sunday afternoon, I surprised myself by singing away, "The little flowers come from the ground at Easter time," etc. I'm glad I knew the charm of the children's world at Easter as seen through the eyes of the primary pupils - and from the spontaneity of the song, it's something you don't forget.



April 13, 1950

April is a sound in green - so I thought Monday morning in the rain.

Have you noticed how the big dipper is saluting the Spring by raising up its silver studded bowl?

Archeologists near Bagdad have made a discovery which may force scholars to rewrite the study of mathematics. Historians always have credited the ancient Greeks with developing the science of mathematics. But Iraqi archeologists have unearthed a 4000 year-old tablet, according to a despatch which indicates the ancient Sumerians had the answers 1600 to 1700 years before Euclid, who lived in the 3rd century B.C. This big tablet may prove as important to mathematics as the Rosetta stone was to the study of ancient languages.

Ambitious plans are being made for the exhibition of Arts and Crafts to be held in the Fort Malden Museum house the end of this month. Amherstburg is getting a name for itself in the art world of the county because of the two exhibitions held here last year, and the number of people who entered in and were interested in the Essex County Artists' Exhibition. I understand that an Art Association for this Amherstburg district may be the outcome of this coming exhibition. If this be the case, speakers and shows on the various lines of art may be brought right to us.

It's about time for you to make your reservation for the first interplanetary rocket ship trip. Other people are doing it - truly - yes, applications for reservations are being accepted at the Hayden Planetarium in New York. They began March 15, and each application made at a simulated interplanetary terminal reservation desk will be kept in the Planetarium's archives and turned over to the first interplanetary passenger service, the curator of the Planetarium said recently. It seems that an exhibition there called "Conquest of Space" is providing visitors to the Planetarium with a thrilling preview of this interplanetary travel which many experts predict is "just around the corner." The Space Ship time schedule indicates that, leaving the earth for the moon at a speed of 25,000 miles per hour, you should arrive in 9½ hours, unless of course you encounter delays en route caused by meteor showers!! This earthworm reporter is not thinking of making a reservation because, as I have said, the Golden Gate and a swim in the ocean at Nassau are on my mind for the future.



April 20, 1950

All of a sudden the heat was turned on out-of-doors on Monday and we basked

in it.

Miss Flossie Wright of Harrow, who has been blind since birth, is a remarkable person. Just recently when her sister died Miss Wright wanted to feel an orchid so that she would "know that flower, the next time she saw one."

There often is no sign at a concert which asks ladies to remove hats but it surely is irritating to sit behind a hatted woman. She's within her rights to leave her hat on but gosh! You'd think her conscience would make her uneasy. I've had this con piece in mind ever since the fashion show at the General Amherst.

When we say April 13, we think of rain, shy violets smiling, red tipped boughs or daffodils hoarding springtime in their cups, but last Thursday was bitter and cold and when I came out of the office instead of the usual April 13 sounds and sights, I heard the foreign sound of shoveling coal into two basements nearby.

One of the most interesting displays, in my way of thinking, at the flower show in Detroit was the one of dwarf plants and shrubs by an Ann Arbor gardener. Learning the Oriental art of root pruning, he has specimens that vary in age from 12 to 35 years. Most of them were no higher than a potted geranium. I was particularly interested in the 17-year-old dwarf apricot tree in bloom.

In a grouching vein, people will run down the climate of our fair Essex County. One of the nastiest of our spring days I was in Harrow and Rev. J.A. Walker was in the office and the weather was being discussed. He said that when he first decided to come to this county friends sympathized with him and told him of the dampness etc. etc., but he said, "There's longevity in the weather, since coming to Harrow there have been three 65th wedding anniversary parties."

Even though many here in Amherstburg are natives and hear the ships' bells all through the season it is surprising the number who can't tell time by them and don't know a thing about their origin. The custom of the ships' bells started apparently with the use of a half-hour glass. The man on watch would turn over the hour glass at the end of his first half hour and ring the bell once. This was repeated at half hour intervals, with an additional bell stroke each time until he rang eight bells at the end of four hours, signalling the completion of his watch. It is "eight bells" usually at

the end of each of the six watches - ending at 12 midnight, 4 a.m., 8 a.m., 12 noon, 4 p.m. and 8 p.m. "One bell" signifies a half-hour later, "two bells" one hour, etc. The hourglass has long since been out of date but bells are still used. To complicate things, the hours of the men on watch occasionally vary. There are two "dog watches" of two hours each between 4 and 8 p.m. and Scandinavian ships have a different breakdown of the time of the watch.



April 27, 1950

Making news only sixty years ago was the fact that a letter made the round trip from Arner to Germany in less than a month.

A seven-foot spike of snapdragon with twenty inches of pure white florets, the variety "Junglewood" by name, was exhibit A at our office on Monday, thanks to Jimmie Pouget. The fullness and perfection of the giant florets caught and held my eye.

Last but not least - a pair of green thumbs: If anyone starting out on his first gardening venture is uncertain of his ability to coax the most out of nature, he can reassure himself by purchasing a pair of gardening gloves (very cheaply I understand) with a green thumb for each hand.

The picture of the *Wilfred Sykes* as shown in a nearby metropolitan daily with the Detroit skyline as a backdrop was fine but it made her look at least a mile long; after all, she's a 678-footer, the largest freighter in the world and a beauty, but inlanders who aren't accustomed to our freighter friends wouldn't think through the fact that the ship was in the immediate foreground, and "just know" that the captain would need a jeep or some means of transportation more modern than that to get from bow to stern.

That beautiful deep two-tone whistle (perfect blending of baritone and contralto, I thought) in salute as it came into the channel Friday morning announced that the world's largest freighter, the *Wilfred Sykes*, was upbound on its maiden voyage, and many of us hurried to pay homage to her. That beautiful freighter glided

majestically along gay with flags flying and the morning sun doing all in its power to bring up the maroon and white coloring of the ship, the flags at the masthead teased by the light breeze and the deep blue of the river, which literally seemed to giggle with enjoyment.

Pardon the harping on the weather, but it surely has been something to talk about. In another Conversation Piece we talked about the sun on the river and on the *Wilfred Sykes* Friday morning the effect which was breath-taking - but we saved the rest of the day for this bit - All of a sudden darkness, rain, then sun, then snow, then at sundown a peculiar yellow tone in the west making the calm water in the boat well at the head of Bob-Lo a real yellow spot, then when the sun did turn it on, the clouds opened and for a sundown treat there was a sun shower. All this brings to mind the fact that Ruth and Harold Spencler came from California a fortnight ago figuring on seeing the trees in leaf; instead they ran into snow and ice. In fact Mr. Spencler said he was the only man in Windsor without an overcoat.



May 4, 1950

The spirit of spring so far as I'm concerned is always made up of stuff like violets, lambs, ships, colors over the river - things to make me excited and tell about - I forget that the spirit of spring and unkempt state of yard, broken eaves troughs and housecleaning are one and the same.

The Four Chorders - a London quartet who give vent to their happy feelings in harmonious melody - will be at the High School Friday night. They and the Border Barons, which includes Bill Hamilton and Jules Poznar and others who sing in the best traditions of four-part harmony, will be there and I'm certainly looking forward to an evening of blending of voices - no unsympathetic ears here.

May Day was so dismal, damp and cold that the protective instinct within swelled as I delighted in a clump of violets in our yard as they tried to proclaim the day.

Have you noticed how the chair designers are plugging the rocking chair? They

contend that rocking calms the nerves, refreshes the mind and quiets the pulse. But opponents of this say, "Rocking is a lazy stupefying pastime akin to munching on a handful of phenobarbital." I'll enter into the "For" side of the argument, for I maintain every house should have a rocking chair, in fact have been threatening for some time to bring down an old worn-down model from the attic - I'm all for this rocking chair-in-every-home-business.

One of the loveliest bits of the craftsman's art at the exhibit at the Museum this week is a sterling silver, hand wrought candy dish made by Hazen Price. It reminded me of the some of the famous Georges Jensen's Danish silver I'd seen at the World's Fair in New York.



May 11, 1950

The slam of all slams I thought as I read what one woman said of another, "She looks like Whistler's mother's mother."

Sheers have it for spring and summer wear - and they are comfortable and attractive in our hot damp heat. Understand too, that this is to be a white summer. I like the white cool look on somebody else but white business clothes and printer's ink don't jell.

Spring rode into our house on a bouquet of apricot blossoms over the weekend. The contrast between the delicate shell pink blossoms and dark wood and a dash of lime at the tips where the leaves were unfolding, exaggerated by the wind-swept late afternoon sunshine Saturday, made me forget the cold and the diminishing coal pile.

Because of the impending Mothers' Day celebration, these con piece bits lean to the distaff side this week. A recent magazine article on the Unembarrassed Mind interested me so much that I'll quote: "It seems that women are of many minds (nothing new). With minor deviations, these many minds, it seems, fall into one of three categories: the resistant mind, that abhors the unfamiliar; the promiscuous mind, that resists practically nothing; and the unembarrassed mind, which is rarer." Here is a definition of the last named (can you make the grouping? I can't) - "An

unembarrassed mind may be defined as one free from prejudice and fearless of opinion; a mind aware, responsive and independent that knows a hawk from a hand saw and in every area of judgement casts an honest vote." It seems to me that especially in these days of pressures and propaganda it would be a mind hard to have and to hold but imperative to cultivate.

This Sunday is the Salute-to-Mothers' Day. Unfortunately, the article in the current *Readers Digest* entitled, "How We Kept Mothers' Day," is copyrighted or we'd quote it as is. However, the gist of the thing (written as only Stephen Leacock can, with tongue in cheek) was that a family decided to have a special celebration for Mothers' Day as a token of appreciation for all the sacrifices mother had made. So it was decided to take her for a drive, then the plan was changed because Father thought he'd better take her fishing, so she was given the privilege of packing a nice lunch. When the car came to the door there wasn't enough room for everybody, and as father had new fishing tackle, mother, although father said not to mind him, said she'd stay at home. The girls wanted to stay and get dinner, but it seemed such a pity because of their new hats. Mother stayed to have a lovely restful day and get dinner. The family got home very late but mother judged the hot turkey dinner just right. Mother did the dishes because the family wanted to humor her. "It was late when it was all over, and when we kissed mother before going to bed, she said it had been the most wonderful day of her life, and I think there were tears in her eyes."



May 18, 1950

"A blue bird on my shoulder" - almost, Saturday morning as it flashed to revive interest in the grey day, a few feet away in the bushes against the house.

Paid a Mothers' Day call on 95-year-old neighbor and found her playing the piano. After one number she leaned over and said, "Do you know what that was?" and then quoted the words of an old Scotch song.

Friend Grandma had a birthday recently and the youngsters were each given 25c to get her something. They shopped well, Grandma was pleased, but best of all they

had five cents left over for themselves for a candy treat.

Mrs. Charles Woodbridge (the former Rosie Wright of Colchester South) recently returned from Germany where she spent three years with her daughter and son-in-law in the American Occupied Zone. Mrs. Woodbridge has the gift of imparting parts of her experience abroad in a graphic manner - this she did to an overflow number of mothers and daughters at a tea in the Harrow United Church last week. This gift of being able to sort and tell one's experiences to interest a group of various interests and ages is something to be cherished and appreciated.

A few years ago we had a new word, Nylon - now I was reading we have a newer household word, Orlon. This new textile fibre is coming up so fast it may eclipse its sister Nylon, the article said. Nylon when damp is rather cold and clammy to the touch; Orlon has a warm friendly feeling either wet or dry. In 1950 the initial big scale production of the new fibre will go to industrial uses but in prospect for everyday use are orlon curtains that will not shrink; infants' wear that has a feel of wool yet sheds water instantly; and orlon umbrellas and awnings that will have undreamed-of durability.

As I've said before, we are fortunate that we live in this part of the country - within a radius of 100 miles of Detroit - that thought pounded on my senses early Monday morning when I looked eastward into a world of froth, cherry blossoms with peach behind across the fence, the lovely pink wild plum to the immediate left, behind them forsythia and magnolia in the moat. All this beauty right on the doorstep with a delicate pink cloudless sky, awaiting the sleepy sun, making a perfect backdrop. The first thought in this con piece returned again and again because as I leisurely put out the milk bottle and drank in the beauty, I couldn't get the Winnipeg flood victims out of my mind. Those people made homeless by the rampaging Red River, their suffering and loss because of the high water.

Spent hours weekend ago reading a mystery story which went very much against the grain. A story in which one of the characters - in fact there were two this time, a husband and wife team - killed a friend and got away with it. They felt they were justified in meting out justice. I certainly don't feel anyone, even a character in a book, can take justice in his own hands. I probably wouldn't have thought much about this book except that it made me hot under the collar and fell flat at the

end, if it hadn't been that weeks ago I was loaned one which had the same type of ending - we kill, do away with the body and the incident is closed. I certainly hope that mystery story writers aren't going to play on this type of psychological plot. The first book made me mad wasting time, but this last one made me want to say 'kaput' to all with mystery flavor and jump on the bandwagon with the people who want to shield teenagers from the modern novel.



May 25, 1950

Bamboo table mats are brand new household accessories, attractive and easy to clean.

Sportsmanship at its best - Following the tug boat race Saturday evening, Captain and Mrs. John Roen and Mr. and Mrs. Troy Browning sent Captain J. Earle McQueen two dozen American Beauty roses, the card of which read: "A great race well won."

May surely is a surprise of yellow on green, so I thought Sunday afternoon - with the dandelions in the park and lawns bursting like wee suns out of the ground and the luminous forsythia swaying as it announces the approach of summer.

Friends came from Toronto and spent Migration week (week of the eighth) at Point Pelee - the best spot in the country for bird watching. Which reminds me, even with a small Laird Avenue friend, bird watching and baseball hysteria are the two activities of the moment.



If your philodendrons grow too long, pinch off the ends of the vine. Then the plant will branch out and the pinched-off cuttings may be rooted in water for new plants. The philodendron does not need sun but must have plenty of light. Feed once a month with a good fertilizer.

To be in on the first - when the *Wilfrid Sykes* was upbound on her maiden voyage, this reporter in a bubbling-over moment about Things River told Dr.

Manning to watch for this modern-plus ship. After seeing her the Dr. was so delighted that he promised to give me the first tip on the Flying Saucers' news hereabouts.

To me the fact that the *Atomic* won the tug boat race was more than friendship and loyalty to the Captain and the crew of that dandy tug with its melodic whistle. For I saw her when she was nothing but "bone" and looked like the skeleton of a mastodon lying there in the boat works at Owen Sound. So you see, it's one of those pleasant, "I knew her when" cases which linger in memory.

As a bystander I get a kick out of children. There's really nothing new in the children today as compared with my generation. For have you noticed how children forget in their casual way, their sayings and doings (even as you and I). But there's never a day that mother is permitted to have a memory lapse about something agreed to, perhaps rashly. It was ever thus - "Why mother, YOU SAID...."

When we were children the 24th of May meant the start of the swimming and picnic season and the day we went over to Bob-Lo (by any means possible, on the *Don* or a flat-bottomed rowboat belonging to the U.S. engineers) to pick violets, Spring beauties and Adder tongues. Then, too, occasionally we found the Quarry and a rolling spot out on the Texas Road across the M.C.R. tracks were dandy places to cook after a hike. I really don't know how 1950 children fill their 24th of May programs but I'll wager they do pretty much the same things, except of course, go to Bob-Lo.

When the victorious "*Atomic*" saluted at seven Saturday evening as she bustled into her home port we ran to the river to wave "congratulations." By the way as a thought's detour, it was thrilling that Captain Earl McQueen made himself, the *Atomic* and his town of Amherstburg the toast of the evening Saturday after he won the first international tug boat race in the historical old strait that gave Detroit its name "The City of the Straits." To go on with the story, four-year-old Michael Browning was at the river bank and said, as the "winner" came along, "Captain McQueen doesn't own that boat," which tickled me no end, for in that childish mind nothing but a Browning boat could possibly have won the race.





Capt. J. Earl McQueen (left) and John Goodchild, engineer of the tug *Atomic*, holding trophy won in the International Tug Boat Race, 1950.

June 1, 1950

I understand that white cranes have been seen in the vicinity of the brine wells this spring.

There's a rush of color on the McGregor house next door these days as the wisteria, lavender and warm, is at its best. As for the lilacs, one of the loveliest splashes of color is on the Gordon Williams property, Laird Avenue.

Corsages can make clothes come alive - there's no question about what a bouquet of Talisman roses and deep lavender sweet peas did at the Bowling Banquet

to my old grey suit dress - it made the dress and what was inside feel like Fifth Avenue.

Friend-of-my-teens and I were talking about the young people's parties of today and she, a mother, said, "They certainly don't eat as much as we did at our parties." My thought is that the girls of today are more figure conscious than we were, have much better looking clothes and different kinds of parties. That may be the reason for the Coke and potato chip menu against homemade baked beans, Boston brown bread and cocoa of our day.

Mrs. Jerome Simpson and I had a dandy talk Saturday morning about her husband's cousin, Sheldon Brooks, the composer who was on "This is Your Life" program a fortnight ago. Mrs. Simpson said Mr. Brooks would be around 60; that his father, Rev. Peter Brooks and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Anderson Viney [Veney], lived on George Street, Amherstburg, where Sheldon was born. Rev. Brooks was an itinerant B.M.E. Church pastor. When Mr. Brooks (the composer) was quite small the family moved to the States. On the program which has aroused so much interest in Amherstburg, besides his sister Ruby, the listeners heard Mr. Brooks play his own songs for his son to sing them. For those of you who didn't hear the program, Mr. Brooks told that he got the catch line for "Some Day You're Going to Miss Me Honey" from the parting of the ways shot that he overheard in a restaurant - broken romance last words which he caught up and used for a song. "Dark Town Strutters' Ball" is another of his famous numbers.



June 8, 1950

Speaking of lipstick - the swelling red peony buds in the neighbourhood remind me of a slash of vivid lipstick.

The time of waiting in line before a mirror to patch up lips is gone - because a lipstick mirror is now mine.

Surely wish the sun would beam its warmth and the balmy south wind would push the cold aside and let perfumy June be herself.

Never a dull moment along the river - at 8:30 a.m. Friday, the phone tinkled the news that the *Coverdale* (the *Hochelaga*'s sister ship) was upbound, so every early morning chore was forgotten in the pleasure of seeing this new freighter.

The following was good advice, I thought, to a daughter by a mother who was unable to give her material things - "Always speak the truth, fear God, and remember that gentlefolk don't whine. I have given you life. It's up to you to make the most of it."

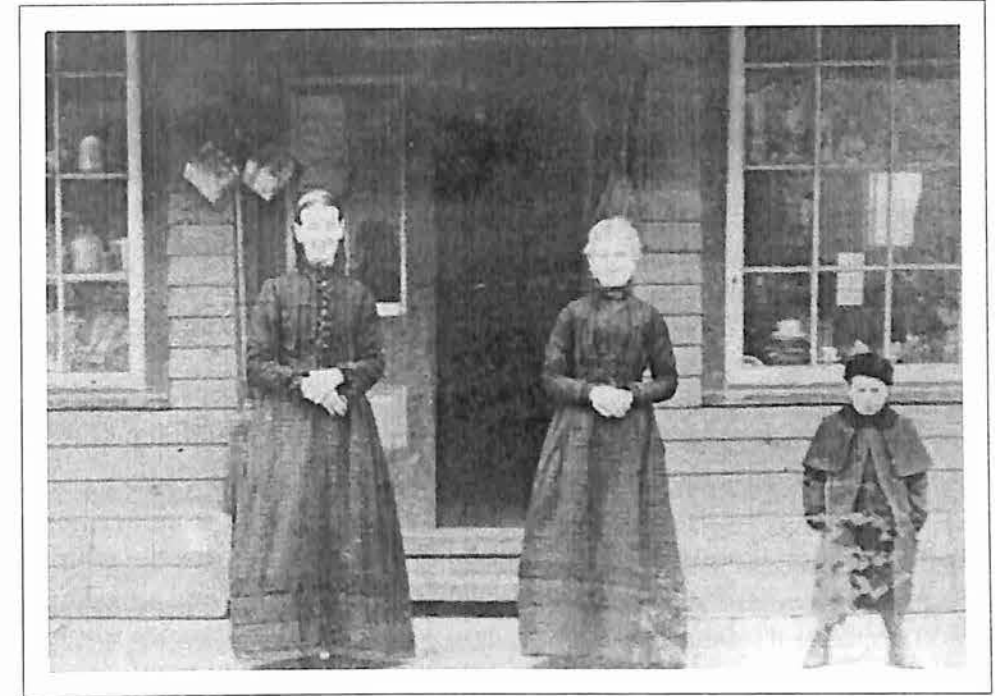
Storeclerks, mothers, industrial workers and others who spend many daylight hours on their feet can now literally "walk on air," for I understand air foam insoles will soon be on the market. Originally they were designed by experts for sports. Called "wonder walkers," these insoles absorb the shocks of walking. They sound wonderful and if they feel as well as they "read" in the ads, we'll all be wanting a pair.

Will pass along an idea - in a fairly large family of my acquaintance, the mother finds it hard to keep soft drinks and snacks on hand. She gets in supplies and they do a disappearing act. So the idea was conceived that the member of the family who drinks the most, pays the most towards replenishing the supplies. There's a bank nearby and each person drops in a coin or coins (from his allowance) for what he or she uses. So when the supply is gone there's enough in the "kitty" to buy more immediately. This purchase is the responsibility of the person who drinks the last bottle or eats the last tidbit.



June 15, 1950

When Mrs. J.E. McQueen spoke to Donald Crisp, the actor, the other Saturday night, he looked up and said without any preliminary, "I hail from Aberfeldy, where do you come from?"



Miss O'Madden's store, circa 1888.

Left to right: Miss Eliza O'Madden, her aunt Miss Everard, unidentified boy.

Dept. of Canadian Heritage: Fort Malden NHS

There certainly seems to be more birds, unusual ones too, around this year - no doubt because of the cold and awful weather in the west during the winter. I suppose via bird broadcasting they were told to change route of migration.

Commenting further on the catches of silver bass: The other warm day a child of five was running up from the waterworks in his bathing suit with a good-sized fish in each hand. He called, "I went under and got them."

Mrs. Helen Templeton Peck, a former resident, who was Miss Margaret Hackett's guest last Wednesday, thinking of Amherstburg as she knew it, missed Miss O'Madden's store and the Dolly Varden - a row of tenement houses which ran

along the east of Dalhousie from Rankin to Richmond Streets in her day.¹ Mrs. Peck laughed when she found herself in the museum with an old school group - but aren't we all there?

As soon as square dancing was revived out Arizona way some time ago, costumes, pretty and practical for young women, began to appear. I looked over a page of square dance clothes in a Toronto paper last week and drooled over the femininity of cuts and the colors of the swirling skirts and low necked blouses. The young late teenagers nowadays look so much better and have more choice of pretty clothes than we did.

A little dog which wasn't on particularly friendly terms with the family saved the life of a small girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Parrott (Blanche Goodchild) a fortnight ago. It seems that the child wandered from her home on Ramsay Street to the dump and became mired in the marsh. It was the whining of her dog, who accompanied her, which attracted attention to her and saved her life, because in a short time she would have drowned and her disappearance would have been one of those unsolved things except for the dumb friend of man.

Miss Helen Stafford, niece of Miss Annie Hackett of Amherstburg, a Detroit consulting decorator, was responsible for the interior decorating of the beautiful Veterans' Memorial Building which opened in Detroit last week. In commenting on Miss Stafford's ability, it was said that only one with vast experience in creating colorful interiors on a large scale would be qualified to furnish the building, so immense was the project, so she was the one who was chosen for the job. Miss Stafford's parents were Minnie Hackett and Dr. Mort Stafford.

A few weekends ago Guy Lombardo and his smooth music makers were out at Walled Lake and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Wigle and Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Brush went out to hear and dance to their music. Mrs. Wigle told afterwards that of the 2500 dancers, approximately half of them were over 35, which proves that older people like to dance, and that one dancer she noticed was certainly over 70. Mrs. Wigle

¹ The "Dolly Varden" was located at the southeast corner of Dalhousie and Rankin. It was L-shaped, having one section facing Dalhousie and the other facing Rankin. However, it did not extend as far south as Richmond Street.

commented on the generosity of Mr. Lombardo and his orchestra and said that there must have been 200 persons standing around the orchestra pit. Mr. Lombardo was not giving out autographs but when they came away he was just leaving, so Cliff went over, shook his hand and told that they had come from Amherstburg. "Our visit here was not in vain, then," said Mr. Lombardo.



June 22, 1950

Sixty years ago the locals in the *Echo* occasionally read thusly, "It is reported that one of the popular young merchants of Harrow will be welcomed in the 'Wright' way."

Came across the mention of a "boudoir cap" in my reading last week, the mention of which was a bolt from the past. That's an obsolete article which was supposed to give glamor to a 1900 gal along with a kimona-sleeved job.

We're not so slow musically here in Amherstburg because three of the four top Barbershop quartets in the International contest in the west early in June had been heard by Amherstburg audiences when guests of the local Barbershop chapter. We are fortunate in having a chapter active enough to bring such top notch music here and fortunate in having the quartets so close by, because Michigan is noted for its Barbershop quartets. In this international contest, the Clef Dwellers took second place; the Antlers third (both of Michigan); and those sweet-toned, young-voiced Four Chords of London, fourth.

The writer was shocked when I read the answers of eleven out of twelve women to the question, "Do you feel the subjects you took in school fit you for adult life?" All but one woman said, "No" - the one agreed with me - that any form of knowledge stands a woman in good stead, that the more knowledge acquired, the better wife and mother she will become. None of us can afford to let our minds go sour. We've got to keep alert no matter what we, as women, are doing and if we haven't a background of information (not especially book learning) from many sources, how are we to broaden our human contacts, or most important, live nicely with ourselves.

We certainly didn't give credit where credit is due in the saving of that two-year-old Parrot child who wandered into the marsh. Last week we told of the dog which whimpered and cried and attracted attention to the child's plight. Well, evidently the two lads who heard the cries of the child were 14-year-old Bill Smith and young Gary Thibodeau. It was Bill who waded in the water and pulled the wee girl out and it was Gary's coat this thoughtful lad used to wrap the child in to take her to the Flynn subdivision because he thought she must have wandered from there. Mrs. Jimmy Wigle took her in and bathed her and notified the authorities.



June 29, 1950

Mrs. E.C. Harris has a white rose bush on which there are 50 perfect roses.

The deutzia, the graceful white flowered shrub on the south side of our house, has been particularly lovely this past week.

I can't get used to the white of the *Greater Detroit* and the *Greater Buffalo*, the old dark green of the past struck such a friendly chord. When the *Greater Detroit* noses into view in the mornings, I have to look twice.

Anthony Marontate, at 82, jiggered and had a dandy time at his grandson David Dufour's wedding reception Saturday night. Of interest is the fact, I thought, that the young couple (Noreen Bondy of the Imperial Bank staff was the bride) has four grandfathers, namely, Mr. Marontate, John Dufour, Frank Delmore and Philip Bondy.

Words are tools we think with and we certainly are careless with many of these tools. As for me, now that I have an Estonian friend and we are chatting to improve her English so that she can speak intelligently, I am realizing the sloppiness of my word choice and the amount of slang I have unconsciously brought into my vocabulary.

Certainly felt like "the only one in captivity" Thursday night when I went up to Grace Hospital with a hat on. I was always of the impression that although we

seldom wear hats here, when going citywards you automatically put on a hat, but from what I saw, you don't any more. I'm glad I'm not in the summer hat business, around here anyway.

The perverseness of June was illustrated this past week. We had a furnace fire over the June 17th weekend because of the cold and dampness. Last Wednesday, summer came in officially and I guess to really show that she is in authority, turned on a steamy heat over the past weekend, which drove hundreds from the city in search of a cool spot along the river and lake.

The gull which hovers around the rocks and the river nearby and of which I have spoken in these bits-of-interest-to-me, is, I understand, a tern, because it's a little smaller than a gull and has a longer bill. However, tern or gull, it's a friendly graceful bird even when it brakes and backs up to get at a better swooping angle when eyeing and catching a fish in the river.

Check me up if I'm wrong - To my mind life is to become very dull and without its milestones if the following conversation becomes general - Here it is, verbatim, "I go to Kindergarten now," said five-year-old to me Sunday. "I graduated last Thursday." All this took place after I had attended the St. Rose graduation and basked in the thrill those students had in the ceremony itself, the attendant receptions, the gifts and the congratulations. Sunday was their Graduation Day - four years of high school were over and they are graduating into life work and young man or womanhood, whether it be higher studies or the work of their choice.



July 6, 1950

A good start - David Goodchild, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodchild and pupil in Grade Two of the Amherstburg Public School, has had perfect attendance for two years.

The foreground of a beautiful sparkling field of corn (corn in the sun and wind always looks rhinestone-studded) against a rapidly golding wheat field made an interesting color combination along Highway 18 Tuesday which a top-drawer

designer could use.

Two chaps wandered into the office in Harrow (in very informal beach dress) at noon Wednesday, looking for the Bedal boys to tell them that they had visited with their father, Leonard Bedal, in Southern California on Monday.

We had a lovely visitor on the east window sill last Wednesday - a moth - which running true to its moth-like nature, departed in the night. Our quivering caller was sand with two peacock blue circles on the wings, edged with black.

As I write this the third of July it is cool, dull and on the verge of rain. The lovely glorious first and fourth holiday weather as of yore is only something to remember those days by - for this year even the sunset Sunday night, when it finally tried to make up for the rest of the day, was very ordinary.

"What they don't do for the woman of today," was the classic remark of our proofreader when shown a tin of canned new potatoes in the office Tuesday. She's young so she'll get into many more shortcuts (fantastic ones too) for women in the home in the year 2000, when she'll be around, no doubt.

I love the enthusiasm the little girls of today have for their patent leather pumps with flat bows and ankle straps. They become so very ladylike and prim as soon as the shoes are put on and spend a lot of time dusting them off. The big girls that are now their mothers did the very same thing with a similar type of Sunday shoe.



July 13, 1950

There are more and more interesting foreign ships passing up and down the river these days, of many shapes and styles.

One of those fascinating golden sparks which liven up the bushes at dusk, the firefly, got into our bathroom Friday evening and soared, swooped and straightened that signified danger, as it was, to it, of course.

Men can "needle" women in embroidery contest - pardon the play with words - a man won first place with his embroidery at the San Diego county fair. His prize piece was a dresser scarf of colored embroidery with combination stitches.

When the rumor got about that Assumption College was to become co-educational, there were mixed feelings. Forgetting the long view of the advantages, we understand that some of the students were a bit upset because they had never gone to school with girls. Those same lads will like the co-educational way of education when they get accustomed to pitting their brains and competing with girls - oh yes, and dressing for them too.

They say that often disappointment makes for character growth but I don't know that I developed very much over the weekend when I felt tugged towards Detroit and the circus and couldn't get there to see the herds of elephants, the squadrons of horses, the wild animals, the bands, the barkers, aerial performers and smell that fascinating smell of a circus, hear the calliope, eat popcorn and hot dogs and jostle with the crowds and come home dead tired and love it.

If you were in Gloucester, Massachusetts, or on the south shore of Nova Scotia you wouldn't think anything of seeing artists sitting here, there and everywhere trying to catch a beauty spot on their canvases. But two artists sitting across from the *Echo* office all last Wednesday afternoon, painting Dalhousie Street looking south, attracted a lot of attention. We've got many spots here worth painting and it is a good thing for the people of the town in general to see artists at work, because they too will look for and appreciate the beauty in this town of ours which we take too much for granted. If people like those artists look at Amherstburg and want to reproduce what they see on canvas, there must be something here to talk about appreciate and show off to visitors, even if we can't paint it.



July 20, 1950

Was thrilled with the pink roses rambling over the pine trees at the Allen J. Howies' on eighteen highway.

A gift bouquet of Bergamot and Shasta daisies brightened our weekend. Bergamot's other name is Oswego Tea and the leaves of this showy dark red mid-summer flower are used for perfume.

The "faux pas" of the year was made by the writer who in talking to a member of the crew of the *Magnificent* in Harrow last week called the H.M.C.S. *Magnificent* a boat. "She's a ship, Miss Marsh," said the lad.

Was reading that slacks are coming back. I really don't care if they never do, for I like the blue jeans the young are wearing - more square dance revival business and the sleeveless dresses which the older women have practically adopted as a summer uniform.

The clematis on the south side of Miss Hackett's house is lovely these days. Did you know that clematis is a woodland creature which has to have nature's environment duplicated if it is to succeed? The flowers of the clematis only seek the sunny side while the roots run to the shade. They demand cool, moist leaf mold soil, not sun-scorched clay.

As we drive Harrow-ward these Tuesdays we see that summer is running through our district on a tide of darkening green and deepening gold and the color scheme is beautiful. No wonder friend said Sunday, "I'd like to do my living room in green and gold;" that's the color scheme nature is using these days.

Watched Ray Evans and Lee Stanley, those modest fellows, two of America's top bracket cartoonists, chatting on Dalhousie Street Monday morning and noted the same quiet, sincere manner and same ability to pounce on minute detail of interest and unobtrusively catalogue it for future reference.

A sweet little Italian girl living at Chateau la Rose told her neighbor last week that when she first came to Canada she saw "McQueen" on the captain's walk and thought the Queen lived there and told her mother so. Whenever she walked to or from her home and had to pass the McQueen's she went on the opposite side of the road (until she learned differently) so as not to even step near the Queen's home.



July 27, 1950

Not an authority on etiquette but am answering a puzzling question to several, thusly - if a spoon and fork are used on a service dish or for desserts, the spoon is held in the right hand, the fork in left - and are easy to manipulate that way.

I have heard the 20th Century called many things but came to with a jerk when I read of it being not the Century of Lights, Autos, Telephones, radar, aeroplanes, but the Age of the Tin Can, which to many of us is more important than the age of the jet plane and the rocket to the moon.

The other morning as we watched the "*Everton*" upbound, Bill Bailey, here in the office, told that when Scott Meisner was renaming that freighter he wanted to call it for his son Flying Officer Everet Meisner, who had been killed in action overseas. But it seems you have to have the permission of the person to name a ship after them; as this was impossible, Mr. Meisner called the freighter "*Everton*."

Yes, I saw the sunset Thursday night. It was at the height of its beauty when I was picking that irresistible chicory when cutting across the older part of the dump, bound for McQueen's home. The sky was blanketed in cerise emanating from the deep cerise ball, that giver of heat and light and beauty known as the sun. High in the sky outside the all-over effect were lovely little clouds edged in cerise like white carnations with their feathery edges dyed cerise.

Fashion forecasts - Slimness is the key to the fall styles in New York. According to the pictures, the silhouette is a slim narrow line whittled thin, with very few exceptions. However, I understand, for those of us who haven't a perfect figure, there are slit, wrap around skirts and clever devices using pleats to give fullness where none is indicated. The slim, basic, quiet classic suit or dress really is the best for the average woman whose budget doesn't stretch to clothes every year. Then let your accessories go to town and you'll be comfortable for many occasions.

Dalhousie Street is losing its somberness and stepping out in color, and attractive it is, too. The George Joneses have painted their house a deep lavender trimmed with white. Directly opposite, the house owned by Captain Callam and

occupied by Mrs. Si Bertrand is being painted pale green with accents of dark green. Then there is Dr. Hutchinson's pink house further along. All look as if they are from the palette of summer - but from my experience with the Hutchinson house none will lose its attractiveness with the dull days, the snow or the bare trees so summer or winter the houses in color work into the serenity of our tree-lined streets. Not an afterthought by any means but the C.P. Merlos' dark green is and has been a joy to any color spot.

The clothing size charts in Britain are outdated as men and women have changed in size and the British clothing industry is getting all confused. The women are getting plumper and the men are getting thinner. Average physical measurements - male and female - are so different now from what they were in 1939 that the trade's standard size chart to help makers of ready-made clothes is all but useless. So the clothing industry development council now is planning a country-wide tape measuring spree. Thousands of men, women and children up and down the land will be measured for height, chest, leg and arm. From the results a new guidance chart will be drawn up.

A fortnight ago in these bits I commented on what Irene, Hollywood designer, said about basic good taste in clothes for the average woman. Continuing the chat, Irene finds the making of clothes for the movies a wonderful practical training because a picture may not go into circulation for a year.



August 3, 1950

Cosmos is getting out of the sweet graceful annual class, I thought, when Mrs. John Squire told of having deep wine velvety Cosmos, four inches across, in her garden - becoming as voluptuous as the hibiscus.

Two blue jays and two bronzed grackles had a "Slap stick comedy" row in our cherry tree Sunday morning. The angry flash of the blue and the wilder swoop of the bronze in the morning light was really amusing. They had reached the "hair pulling" and "calling names" stage when my attention was diverted. When I returned later, as in so many rows, all was serene.

Get out your discarded costume jewellery, for I read that Paris is high-fashioning even old bar pins this season. The slim plain fall silhouette means (as it has before) that jewels are dashing into the breach with expanding self importance. When I say jewels I mean, of course, rhinestones or the like, to flicker and flirt and give the dash to the plainness of the costume we must be thinking about if we're to keep in step with the times. There are splashy rhinestone clips of yesteryear tucked away in a box somewhere at our house. Guess I'd better look them up for a base of the throat effect.

Sixty years ago humour - for this is what the *Echo* says about the style changes in 1890: "There is very little bustle in town since the girls quit wearing them."



August 10 & 17, 1950

The simplicity and beauty of the combination of colors in the Chicory, Queen Anne's lace and red clover swaying along the roadside these days appeals to me far more than the daring colors of the Bird of Paradise which I have seen at Flower Shows.

Was reading about an exciting showroom in Sydney, Australia, Grace Moore's, where there are cases and cases filled with every imaginable kind of flower from the modest cornflower or clover to the rare lilies and orchids. All are so real and fresh looking that it is hard to realize that they are artificial. These flowers are some of the most beautiful being made today and what makes them of special interest is the fact that they adorn hats worn by Queen Elizabeth of England and her daughters. Grace Moore is the trade name for an unostentatious Australian couple who always prefer to remain anonymous. The article went on to say that through adversity, illness and a hobby, a terrific business had been built up by this husband and wife team and it told of the care taken and artistry used in making an artificial flower for hat and costume decoration.

It's so true that in a few minutes we can spot faults in others which we have too, but never see in ourselves.

For the first time in years we printed (because of requests) "To Rent" signs here at the office recently. That shows the trend of things in general, doesn't it?

The wee shells I saw on the shore last week fascinated me as much as when a young thing. I would collect them and using a darning needle and chord make necklaces and bracelets.

If we women wear sun dresses while shopping we are apt to be the subject of criticism, but in the following quote from Brockville to my amazement and surprise we get criticism for putting on the bolero which is part of the sun dress. Here's what was said: "Although the sun dress was designed to keep the female of the species as cool as possible during the humid weather, a number of its wearers, through a false sense of modesty, seem to completely defeat its purpose by insisting on wearing the little jacket that comes with the dress. In many cases this extra article is worn during the sweltering heat while traversing downtown pavements and only removed in the confines of one's cool home. Seems strange..."

Now we know how it feels to be in a state of emergency. When the distillery explosion shook the town Tuesday night, in our neighborhood we went riverwards thinking a freighter had exploded and, as J.A.M. put it later, sabotage. Then the wail of the siren and rush of cars and people toward the distillery. The feeling of helplessness and emergency arose when central said, "Is this an emergency call. We're accepting no others."



August 24, 1950

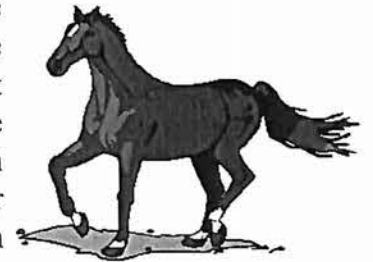
The ship's clock which was presented to Captain J.E. McQueen when the *Atomic* won the tug race has been set and mounted and given a prominent place on the mantle. It delights me every time it bells the time.

Was interested in the question, "Is there such a product as a distinctly Canadian food?" and the answer, "Cherry olives." This is a form of pickled cherry which gives eye appeal to an hors d'oeuvres dish or a salad plate. I like them but never thought of them having any national significance.

The Straight-Seam Club to which many are "proud" to belong will go out of existence if women follow the trend of fashion and wear the seamless sheers being advertised for fall and winter. I for one am pleased because I don't like my own looks when seams get out of line and I hate to have someone say, "If you don't straighten your seams you can't belong to Our Club."

Mrs. Stephen Pettypiece, 91, was in the office Thursday telling of her holiday spent with her sister, Mrs. Utter, 85, at one of Michigan lakes. Mrs. Utter has a canoe at her summer place and the two of them went canoeing all the time. "Do you help with the paddling?" I asked. "Why of course, I paddle front," Mrs. Pettypiece answered.

If you are interested in horses, the Suttons are entertaining at a Horse Show at their farm on the afternoon of September third. If you are not interested up to now, remember the date and the place anyway and drive down and see Sue Sutton handle her horse in that orchard north of the house or see young Jimmy ride his pony – and your interest in this type of sport will be stimulated. This is not a "Men and Horses" department but I thoroughly enjoyed a similar afternoon at the Sutton farm.



The sky was dark, the earth was wet and the rain and I met as I walked along the river southwards Friday night, and because of the downpour was able to admire lacy leaves, hanging tired, dense, still and rain soaked, on which the street lights and passing ships' lights played, making them appear as if they were veneered with mirrors. While on the subject of the rain, I'm especially fond of the bright umbrellas and gay rain coats being worn by women of today. In the grayness of rainy days, the bobbing of gay umbrellas reminds me of bright petals, making the streets full of flowers. The stunning rain coats on the market now-a-days certainly are dandy all-purpose coats and a boon to any wardrobe.

Although the process of making straight hair curly has been making progress from the time of Cleopatra to the present day of permanent waves, I understand we're not through yet. The very latest professional permanent claims to have a way

of infusing active new protein into the hair as it is being waved. Here's an historical sketch of the business of making straight hair curly - Egyptians, history indicates, had permanents that consisted of hair curled over wooden rods, then covered with mud from the Nile and baked in the sun. In the Third Century B.C. the Romans evolved a process of curling hair and then hardening it with a gummy fluid. In the 17th century hair was curled around cleverly concealed wires which at that time was the accepted method of waving and curling hair. The 19th century saw butterfly curls, the forerunner of the paper curls. As late as 1890 false curls were wound around rods heated in the oven and then attached to the head.

Not until 1905 did we have our first permanent wave machine invented by M. Nestle. Just prior to World War I, in 1915, it was still taking three full days to give the complicated process known as a permanent wave. By 1930 the permanent wave was as much a part of American life as the hot dog and soda pop. Then in 1940 came the revolutionary cold wave when for the first time a permanent wave could be given without heat. Now the Protein wave makes its appearance.



August 31, 1950

The low cut opera pumps featured this season are stunning, I think.

If you can SAY you are educated, you know four things (and this will bowl you over as it did me). Here they are - The history of the world in broad outline; the history of human ideas; one science and one language (preferably your own). I haven't finished with the "educated man" - you must also possess a trained conscience, tolerance, kindness, emotional maturity. You must love beauty, love people and finally you must live a great religious life. Never again will I say I had a fair education, because according to the above, I didn't touch the fringe.

Men are always being spoiled - but it's one of women's most pleasurable occupations. Noticed that one of New York's shops has started a department, "Anniversary services for Men." It might be that the Detroit shops have such a department too, but I've not heard of them. It seems that men do have a hard time remembering birthdays, anniversaries, etc. which are important in our lives. Well by using this service all a man has to do is pay the bills, after he gives the important

dates. On St. Valentine's Day, for instance, the woman in the case gets her remembrance. It's better to have them remember themselves, you argue; certainly, but, when because of the business of being a man, they don't or can't (that's better) this service seems to me to be good and dandy.

It was on the morning of August 19 - the anniversary of the combined operations raid on Dieppe in 1942 - that Mrs. Drifford Bertrand called and told me about visiting Foyer-Dieppe House which is built from Laurentian mountain stone, at St. Hilaire, Quebec. When Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Queen of Essex were on their summer motor trip, they went all through this home where 68 former prisoners taken at Dieppe are being brought back to health.

To keep the ex-prisoners occupied there is a work shop, paint shop and combined recreation dining room. These lads need cigarettes and at Mrs. Bertrand's suggestion any member of any organization wishing to help now or at Christmas time can call her for further information.

"Colonial Comforts" is an old recipe dating from the eighteenth century which is still used in New England for Historical Society meetings. These delicious little fried doughnuts are the size and shape of a ping-pong ball and are truly Colonial. Eighteenth century women always had dough ready to drop into the hot fat when they saw the soldiers coming down the road or trail, hungry, tattered and weary. An 1800 cook book revealed this recipe - So here it is:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| <i>1 cup of sugar</i> | <i>2 teaspoonsful of baking powder</i> |
| <i>2 eggs (slightly beaten)</i> | <i>pinch of Salt</i> |
| <i>1 cup of whole milk</i> | <i>1 tsp vanilla</i> |
| <i>3 cups of flour</i> | <i>½ tsp. nutmeg</i> |

Mix thoroughly, and drop from teaspoon, pressing off into deep frying fat. Keep shaking the pot to keep comforts symmetrical. Shake in bag of confectioners' sugar.



September 7, 1950

Thank you for the remembered smell - that's what I thought when we talked of joints and pork roasts with scored skin, and stuffing - and other dinners of the past. What has become of the old-fashioned soup-to-nuts Sunday dinners? Gone the way of many other family institutions in our busy (consequently tired) expensive way of life.

The other night I had occasion to call on the Victor Ouellette home and to my surprise and delight a childish voice in answer to my query about his mother-at-home said, "Yes she is, just a minute please" - and then didn't turn and scream, "Mother" so that vibrations hit my drum, but evidently went to where she was to tell her she was wanted. Telephone manners are important and a child showed clearly how nicely they can be attained.

September to me always means renewed activities and personal inventory. Because of my school experience this rich, beautiful month was always the beginning, never January in my program. So once again like the old retired fire horse, I find myself full of ambition and the thrill of life as a six-year-old just starting to school. At the moment I want to look up old friends, write letters, entertain, buy some new clothes, start planning for Christmas, go to a movie weekly and read and read. The feeling's nice while it lasts - but it won't last long. Will go the way of similar feelings of other years.

ON RETURNING

*There's a zip in the air
And there's zip in each step
And each lad and lassie
Is chock full of pep.*

*Each plaid skirt is flirting
Each jacket just waiting
To see if he'll think
The combo worth rating.*

*The drape pants and the square toes
Are all set for the killing
She can't help but sigh
Girls - isn't he thrilling?*

*The jobs of the summer
Are each tucked away
But it surely was worth
Getting set for this day*

*Wherever they travel
Be it near or far -
Should they thrill us to the plaudits
Of a ball crowd or Czar.*

*Should they stand on a stage
With encores descending
Should the books that they author
Bring praise never ending.*

*You may all shake your heads
Even call me a fool
There's no thrill to compare
With that first day of school*

*By Angela Smith
Fort Malden Drive
Amherstburg.*

My first introduction to Wedgewood was a pitcher which Mother had when we were children. I liked the little blue beauty spot with its white figures, which was part of our childhood parlor decorative scheme. So for a long time Wedgewood to me was blue pottery with white figures. As a matter of fact we still use that little pitcher for some types of flowers.



September 14, 1950

Sunday afternoon the river acted pleased with a perky white sail boat and its paddy green sail which was skimming its surface.

The sound of the click-clack of the squirrels in the Callams' walnut trees and the tick tick tick of the bits hitting the sidewalk on Friday was truly an Autumn sound even though Summer was in a drowsy, dreamy mood that day.

I watched the *Greater Detroit* going up river last Wednesday morning quite unconscious that it was on its way to Detroit to be tied up for the season. And was a bit disappointed when I knew, because there hadn't been a salute.

Time and time again in this season's wedding write ups we find the flowers *Glamellias* used in the bridal bouquets. This flower is supposed to represent a cross between a gladiolus and a camellia and is made with gladiolus blossoms by putting a smaller blossom inside the trumpet of a larger one. The result makes a dense, glamorous effect.

Mrs. Joseph R. Heard, who now lives on Grosse Île, was asked to do a centrepiece for a golden wedding party for exhibition at the Flower Show. Her arrangement of goldenrod and wheat was so effective that she won a blue ribbon. And I understand, the comment was made by some who saw it that it certainly doesn't take expensive flowers to make for centrepiece beauty if there is originality and taste.

'Twas ever thus - that lump in the throat feeling when the Bob-Lo season is over and the last ship calls at the Amherstburg dock and the orchestra plays "Auld Lang Syne" and the ship salutes "Good-bye for Now" - Sunday night when the *Ste. Claire* said, "See you next season" and the captain saluted as we waved from the shore, I had a repeat of that nostalgic feeling, as poignant as when I was a teenager.

When the members of the library board were discussing the rebinding of some of the widely read classics Friday afternoon, I was interested in the fact that the books in dire need of repair were Stevenson, Dickens and Victor Hugo. The Waverly novels and the works of Balzac hadn't been so popular, so their condition

told us. I can remember when I had a terrific crush on Scott, Balzac and Dumas. And some of the points in history learned that fictional way have never been forgotten. This point was proven lately when I renewed acquaintances in the French and English courts at the time of Henry VIII.

With the increasing popularity of tartans during the past year (and I'm very fond of them) among every age group of the Canadian family, designers have delved into the historical background of these clan designs and come up with some fascinating facts. The tartan, they found, can be traced back to early Egyptian civilization. They discovered that the clothes of very early Romans were woven and dyed in designs closely resembling those of the present day Scottish clans. The Scots adopted tartans as their national dress somewhere about the middle of the 12th century. Today's popular trend in tartan shirts seems to have started in England and spread to the United States and Canada like wildfire.

Believe me, both here and in Harrow on the first day of school, I never saw one child with too large clothes on. Whoever thought up the old idea in these 1950 days that mothers still send youngsters off to school in outsized clothing, I think is wrong. The youngsters with their mothers just starting out on the exciting venture of "Starting to School" were adorably dressed and the older children crowding into the bookshops to get supplies looked appropriate. As for the high school girls - a group of General Amhersts walked ahead of me down the street that first Tuesday and they were lovely in their skirts, sweaters and blouses. I resent the inference that parents of 1950 would ever do anything to make their children a subject of ridicule. It was done in my day but never now.



September 21, 1950

It was a stirring sight to see the troops and packs of scouts and cubs rallying in the Town Park Saturday afternoon. My days as a cubmaster will never be forgotten and I felt as if I'd like to go over and tell those cute little cubs that I was once an Akela and hear and see them look up at me with their serious little faces once again and call me Akela.

"Tigers" hysteria is far reaching, I found last Tuesday. Mrs. Wayne Bedal's father and brother came to visit her in Harrow from Nova Scotia, timing their visit with the New York-Detroit games so that they could go to Brigg Stadium Thursday, Friday and Saturday. My mother and I became kindred souls when I casually said to them, "We're interested too." We'd be queerish if we weren't.

Crab, crab, grouse, grouse - what about? The weather this past summer of course. But before I go on, there was nothing to complain about Monday morning as I walked officewards and basked in the beauty spots lighted by the sun shining obliquely through the mist, giving a glorious effect on the park and the river and the world in general. To go on, we down here in the Sun Parlor shouldn't grouse about weather because Jack Noble, an ex-Agricultural representative in Kirkland Lake, was at our house Sunday morning and told us that on August 18 he scraped ice off the windshield of his car.

It seems that Evelyn Wiese (namesake of our Essex cousin) of Wallaceburg and her young doctor husband are in England where he is working on his Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons degree. They got cards to come to Buckingham Palace at such and such a time to meet the Queen. The great day arrived and when they entered the ladies were directed to the right and the men to the left. In the right dressing room there was a young girl and when Evelyn entered she said, "Are you as scared as I am?" which broke the ice when Evelyn admitted her stage fright. The second girl was a young doctor's wife from Australia so the two got moral support. They went into the other room as directed and waited. All of a sudden when his attention was elsewhere, the young Canadian doctor found a friendly hand in front of him which he grasped and spontaneously said, "How do you do, Sir." It was the King. At the end of an hour of waiting, Her Majesty came in and apologized profusely for keeping them waiting but her audience with Ambassadors and such had held her up. She talked with each girl and was charming in her simplicity - and asked them to be sure and stay for tea.



September 28, 1950

Do you know Alex the Great? - well, he stole some of my thoughts the other

night when he said, "The more I hate certain chores, the more fun I get from the knowledge of knowing they're done.

Early fall was in a golden mood Tuesday, easily seen as we drove from Harrow. And I thought that if I wanted to bring that golden mood indoors, I'd put some nasturtiums in a lustre bowl.

When Mr. & Mrs. Luke Ouellette mark their golden wedding year next Tuesday, they will have two of their attendants of fifty years ago, Mrs. Dennis Pilon and Mrs. Jack Deslippe, celebrating with them. They are a privileged couple, I would say.

Heard several times this summer about a member of the Detroit Tigers who came into the library for books, but it was only last week that I found out that his name is Eddie Lake - the Tigers' Utility man who is summering at Lakewood Beach.

Dark red strides, short loose-backed coats and flatties certainly gave a Chinese look to three young cuties - the Beethams and Elizabeth Armstrong - the other night. I thought they looked smart for informal wear.

In the jittery cold Sunday, children scurried through the park with mittens on and the occasional male stroller looked comfortable in his overcoat. In the weird pall of Sunday afternoon, September 24, the cold air around our house was punctuated by the cries of a dozen young boys playing "war" up and down the moat.

In talking to one of the chief exhibitors in the women's department at the Harrow Fair, we commented on the many "repeaters" (articles which turn up year after year in the sewing classes). She observed that a person can't work all year just for fairs when there's no market for handwork. Maybe a women's exchange working through the Institutes would be the answer, sew-show and sell.

I missed the blue sun on Sunday at noon but certainly got in on the eeriness and awesomeness, when the world lacked color, the rest of the afternoon. That leaden color fringed with yellow became a leaden feeling when at two o'clock the frostiness and queerness out of doors combined to make an "Anything can happen"

feeling. Smoke from the forest fires in Northern Alberta was the cause of the all-day-twilight which caused a truly uncomfortable afternoon.

The wonderful sweet corn feeds we have enjoyed are almost over for another year. Did you readers know that, properly speaking, corn is a misnomer? Wheat was the corn of Egypt and is still known as corn in most of Europe. Corn, as we call it, is Indian maize and is native to America, as also is tobacco. It formed the principal food of the Indian long before the white man came to our shores; and the corn harvest was a time for rejoicing and for ceremonial dances of thanksgiving among nearly all the aboriginal tribes.



October 5, 1950

Found the following filler which warrants repeating - Walking is excellent exercise for everyone - it cures cold feet, hot heads, pale faces and bad tempers.

Mrs. William Cavan, North Dalhousie Street, is weaving material for a dinner dress for her daughter. The material is purple-banded with gold stripes of gold thread.

Lonely demure wood violets and lush chrysanthemums have never seemed intimate to me. But that's what I saw Saturday afternoon all within the hour in the sleepy mellowness of the late afternoon. The violets came from Miss Hutchins' garden next door.

A sort of smoke mist over the river really exaggerated the red and gold in the pageantry of Autumn on Bob-Lo as I came out of the house Monday morning. Gold is certainly being spilled on that island as the molten yellowed sentinel elm showed and that and the fiery sumacs along the shore pulled me riverward to get a good look for my disposition's sake.

A floral triumph - the Anthurium - may be seen at Gray's. This deep red patent leather-like flower is classed with the orchid by florists and is known for its lasting quality. Anthuriums are native of Hawaii and have been hybridized in the States.

They are slow growing, taking almost as long as an orchid, and there is one bloom at a time. They are new to our taste but in time will be more popular, as is the orchid.

This summer Mrs. Yvonne Pouget was in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. She was attending the fair on the 16th and happened to look on the shoulder of the man ahead who was reading the *Patriot*. The sub-heading, "Spectacular Explosion and Fire Rocks Ontario Town" caught her eye and there in Spot Number One was the story of the Distillery fire. I'll wager the old rule "never talk to strangers" was forgotten by Mrs. Pouget for I can just hear her, "Why, that's my town!"

In one of our Ontario towns I read of a women's organization which had a wonderful special meeting to which all old members for years and years back who had moved away or lost interest had been invited especially. It turned out to be a reunion of friends and certainly an exchange of family news - And was so successful that an annual event is being planned. From the report, I took it that it was originally planned to make a little money for the organization, but when the affair was over, the enjoyment of meeting friends meant much more than the collection received.

Of course, a hostess doesn't want a guest in the work-out squad, but I've never been of the opinion when I go to an intimate friend's house as her guest that if I ask to help or make myself useful that I'm slamming my hostess, intimating that she has not provided for a party from start to finish. Any friend who helps me serve a party I've always been grateful to, so it wasn't until lately that I was told that it's rude to help out a friend when a guest. To my way of thinking, it's a friendly gesture to offer to lend a hand, that is if you're a close friend and if she wants it she'll say yes - if not, she'll tell you.



October 12, 1950

Friday morning early before the sun got really going, the river was like silver sprinkled from a spoon.

I always feel so inadequate when everyone asks a point of etiquette - but try to look up and answer to the best of my ability. So, the question was asked about the signature used by a bride when writing a note of thanks for gifts to friends of hers who do not know her husband. She shouldn't sign both their names to the note, just her own, I understand, but of course, she must include her husband's name in the body of the note, "Tom and I are grateful, etc."

Just at that spot in the morning when last Friday's sunshine spread tense and still at 11 o'clock and time seemed to be holding its breath, I took time off business to pick an armful of ageratum; zinnias in their glorious pinks; deep velvety, red snapdragons; calendulas and white, lavender and purple petunias, in the Hutchinsons' garden. Then placed the whole mass of beauty in a large green mixing bowl. The golden warmth of outdoors was certainly brought inside on that bright-time-of-the-year bouquet coming from their late garden.

Family quarrels, nervous children, irritable husbands and threatening divorces might be caused by the colors in the home than by the dispositions of its occupants. Oh! you readers say you make that statement because you're disgruntled that you couldn't get away over the Thanksgiving weekend, to see the splash of color in the north. That's not right, for the first sentence has been proven to be true and advice is to be had on color schemes for different types of families - Red and yellows, the warmth stimulating colors, for the quiet family, helping to provide a light to spirits. Then blues and greens with their cool quiet relaxing influences for high strung nervous persons, who need maximum aid to relaxation. Variety is important too. The smart homemaker right here in Amherstburg realizes this and is using two or three colors on the walls of a single room.



October 19, 1950

As yet this season I haven't heard the voices of the night (the wild geese) from the sky-ways.

I like the face veils which are all made up complete with grosgrain ribbon ties. They can be easily adjusted on the hat and over the face and nifty when tied. Too,

they stay in place.

The first civil marriage service to be performed in Windsor by Judge Gordon was for an Amherstburg girl, Helen Harris (daughter of Alonzo Harris), and James Harris, a Detroit man. Their marriage was last Thursday.

Page the artists in the district, for I couldn't sketch what we saw in the sapphire half light Friday evening - the slender arc of the new moon spilling out its contents (there's rain coming, said Scotch lassie, and sure enough it was) etched on the southwestern sky with mounds of Bob-Lo trees, the silver blue unruffled river and that lovable silly old pine on the McQueen property giving foreground interest.

Met a woman recently who had lived in Germany in the years immediately following the war. In commenting on German beauty parlors she said that the operators there are extremely clever and do wonderful jobs on the German women with very little to do with. For instance the Canadian woman with whom I was talking, said that while her hair was drying she was having a cigarette. The operator came over and asked for her cigarette ashes and with them did a neat job of darkening her customer's eyebrows and lashes.



October 26, 1950

Calendulas arranged in a brass vase, Sunday, made me think of minted sunshine.

Felt as if I'd lost a personal friend when Al Jolson died of a heart attack in San Francisco on Monday night. It was way back in the roaring twenties that I heard him sing "Mammy" and have never tired of Mr. Jolson's type of entertainment and the way he put himself and song over.

Got a dandy idea for heightening ceilings from Harry Duby Saturday, when he called me in to see the color scheme being used for his new place - the yellow of the north wall was extended about two feet on the ceiling on that side, up and over, and the illusion of height was certainly there.

I was most interested in the experiment being tried out at Deer Park Public School in Toronto this year. It seems that school report cards are a thing of the past. They are being replaced by a series of conferences between parents and teachers. Officials of the school say the new system will let the parents know what sort of person is teaching their children and will acquaint the teacher with the child's home background. If the plan is a success it will be extended to all public schools in Toronto. After long years of teaching experience I look back on the report card business with distaste. After being warned to try to "keep it clean and not lose it" (quote H.M.), the small child grubbily carries it home with a sensation of either fear or delight that he had beat so in so, only to be deflated so often because Mother was too busy to sign it and daddy "didn't say anything." How often I got that when I asked what parents had to say to the child about his progress report. With this parents-teacher, person to person contact, the relationship between the home and school should be closer.



November 2, 1950

There is no end to the ceaseless cycle of returning things, and as I've said so often, I like the change of seasons and what each brings but at the moment I don't want anyone to pull that "so many days till Christmas business" on me.

When we think of a bird sanctuary, where one can see wild ducks and geese, we think of Jack Miner's place - but Henry Robidoux on the Malden-Anderdon townline has an interest in the wild creatures of the sky and is developing an interesting wild bird sanctuary on his property.

It was only in 1915 that Winston Churchill began painting as a hobby for relaxation, so his book "Painting as a Pastime" says. This Christmas, Churchill Christmas cards will be, I'll wager, collector's items, for seven of his scenes are to be reproduced by a card firm.

Vital statistics - fifty years ago last Tuesday Henry D. Anderson and Mary Parks were married at the home of her parents in Malden. Of the 125 guests at the wedding there are only either 21 or 23 persons left. And, interestingly enough, the

majority of guests were younger than either Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

There was a time when driving through the country at this time of year we saw "Indian Villages" in field after field, as those corn shocks made me think of wigwams stored with golden grain - I miss that sight, for between Amherstburg and Harrow this year we only spotted one group of corn "wigwams." That corn picker hasn't a sense of beauty - it is so practical and business like and cuts out all the sentimental October frills in our lovely countryside.

When looking through magazines, advertisements or on a shopping spree I often get ideas for gifts for this person and that, but when the anniversary or birthday comes up, for the life of me I can't remember the splendid idea I had, so often settle on something uninteresting. If a person would clip or jot down ideas for gifts and put away in a special envelope, when the time comes to recall what to send, by a hasty thumbing through, the gift is practically given - all one needs then is the minor detail, money.

There's no question about the value of knitting, as a hobby, as an art, for its therapeutic value and for the economy's sake. This reporter has started a bit of knitting and consequently thoughts are centred on that craft. Back through the centuries to the prehistoric times wool has proved itself the most durable, practical and attractive of fabrics. So much so that man has never been able to invent a satisfactory substitute for it. Wool has been one of man's warmest friends due to its unique qualities. Wool fibres, composed of layers of interlocking cells, are highly resilient (can be stretched as much as thirty per cent of moisture without getting damp). It is one of nature's great insulators, keeping body heat in and cold out. The Arabs, who wear those voluminous wool turbans to protect their heads from the desert sun, have also discovered that wool keeps heat out. Knitting, lovely colors of wool and Mid-Fall are on the best of terms.



November 9, 1950

So often of late we here at the office know that such and such a thing has been found, a baby dress for instance, yet no one inquires. We like and want to be of

service, and although we don't run a lost articles bureau, we sometimes know who has found things around town.

Says a friend in Detroit: A very fine write-up about the books of the lakes in the *Echo* last week was much enjoyed by our readers here. It will be remembered that the late James M. Kelley of Amherstburg had served as first officer of the "*Snyder Jr*" for twenty years and later on was made captain of the "*Shenango*," sister ship of the "*Snyder Jr*."

Ever since I started going to Harrow, I've worked at a desk behind a barred window looking out on a postage stamp sized court with a patch of emerald grass. And I've liked this funny little quadrangle. Last week progress and growth of business floored me, for now I look through those bars right into a blank wall not two feet away - for the shop next door has grown back over that lovely little courtyard.

Because Bill Nattress won the \$100 scholarship awarded by the local Barbershoppers last fall, he has had the opportunity of studying voice in Toronto under G. R. Rosselino, in fact has almost finished his course of lessons. Next Friday night, six young Amherstburg singers will try for this year's award given to the voice with the most promise. This is indeed an opportunity for the young singers and the local Barbershop chapter deserves a pat on the back for sponsoring the award.

November the first was a glorious day in the 80s with children dashing around in the golden sunshine in summery clothes, and forsythia, pink bridal wreath, roses and nasturtiums in bloom. That forsythia was interesting, for never can I remember the lovely little yellow trumpets and the large leaves with peach backs, appearing on the stems at the same time. But that's the way it was on that Glorious First. Put on my desk was a pussy willow branch just ready to burst. In decided contrast was the cold, the rain, the bleakness and finally snow of Saturday but through that gray day there still was a color interest around about if you weren't too busy hunching your shoulders and pulling in your neck, to look for it.



November 16, 1950

The shivers up and down my spine at the Remembrance Day service in the town park Saturday afternoon when the bugler played the Last Post and the bag-pipes played the echo. Whether this was done by intention of substitution, it was very effective.

When reading "Belles on their Toes," B.M. got a laugh-out-loud over the quinine and castor oil episode when brother Tom gave it for chicken pox. She laughed longer when I reminded her of a similar castor-oil incident in my childhood which involved Flora Hodgman and myself.

I'd like to know whether or not girls play with paper dolls now-a-days. In talking about girls' leisure time activities Saturday, mother of grown up girls and I talked about the paper doll age and wondered if dolls' families and their wardrobes had any interest for the modern eight to twelve miss.

Lucky thirteen - Mr. and Mrs. John Beaudoin (Muriel Vollans) of Colchester South celebrated their 13th wedding anniversary November 13th and their son was nine years of age on the 13th - this family certainly has proven that three events on the 13th discount the Old Wives' Tales of superstitions regarding the number.

This little story was sent to me for the Con. Pieces, and it was suggested that it might be written under the caption: The Eternal Feminine. "One of those lovely days last week, I took little niece for a walk. During our walk I met an old friend whom I had not seen in some time. We chatted a few moments and in the course of our conversation my friend remarked that my niece was a very pretty little girl. That evening at dinner her Daddy and Mama were amused but a little shocked when little daughter piped up with, 'Auntie and I went for a walk today and we met a man and he said I was pretty.' Little niece was three years old last May."

When I started teaching 30 years ago, I thought I was lucky (and I was too) to be in such a modern room as that old northwest corner at the Amherstburg Public School. But the progress in education in those thirty years, in all its phases - teaching methods, equipment which includes everything for health and happiness of child and teacher - was clearly shown to all of us who attended the open house

at the new St. John the Baptist Intermediate School on Sunday. The beauty in the color in the class rooms certainly must make for better working conditions which includes easier disciplinary problems, I should think. One point that stood out in equipment which you probably would think minor was the satiny blond wood (I must have an overdeveloped sense of touch because I had to rub my hand over the top) of the teachers' desks. This made me think of my first desk which was a kitchen table with one drawer. When later I got that dark oak job, the latest of the latest teacher's desks, I felt that nothing could be better and that the very best was mine (as it was) but the light wood desks are really more conducive to gracious school room living, in my estimation.



November 23, 1950

The November sky was certainly frowning Tuesday morning - the trees on Dalhousie St. were stripped, shivering as I was, in the bare, brown, brittle morning.

The finest bit of philosophy came from a preacher in conversation with a Malden friend recently. The friend commented on the "Hell on Earth" to which the preacher replied spontaneously, "Yes, there is lots of hell on earth - but there's lots of heaven too."

Last week my sister-in-law was in Leamington and when she was in front of a restaurant along came two young gals with flat shoes and skirts almost to the shoe tops. They looked at her in her new length coat and skirt and said critically, "Look at Sadie Short Skirts."

Was reading in one of the old files about a great storm in these parts which made the beach along the river dry to the channel bank. Back I tumbled in mind to the days when we loved the aftermath of the storm which did just that trick and we'd run up and down the muddy river bottom from the Waterworks to Menzies' dock, flirting with the channel bank and looking for the river bottom treasures.

This is the *Echo* birthday week and below the masthead to the left of the date line, the Vol. changes to 77 (entering 77th year of publication) and the No. to 1. This

paper was founded only seven years after Confederation so has practically seen Canada grow to its present age. The *Echo* has seen lots and lots of changes in every way of life - and it's still young as Canada is, and we hope it will be able to keep apace with the changes of the future - of our district and its citizens and our country.

The wonder of shadow, half light, the color blue and the beauty of line and symmetry was beautifully exemplified looking from our house riverward beyond the apples and the locusts in that period of the day between the dark and the daylight Friday. The western sky was a sweep of layer after layer of almost navy blue out of which peeped a thin strip of yellow in one spot and a gash of peach in another. The reflection of this color didn't make the river somber but its blue dotted with silver gave a Christmas wrapping effect - Madonna blue and silver.

Referring to the Scholarship award contest to give the young person with the voice showing most possibilities the opportunity to study, I would like to hear the judges' decision in detail. I think that a little "why" and a criticism or two would help the losing contestants. In Friday night's contest Barbara Shaw's true notes and her unaffected manner showed up, but the speaker for the judges didn't say that (that's what I say). I grant that this contest isn't a music festival but would be of more benefit to the singers if a few "whys" were given.

The SPEBSQSA \$100 Scholarship award created a great deal of interest at the General Amherst High School Friday night. In announcing the award, Henry Shubert, a Detroit musician, said that he would like to see the losing contestants try again. If my opinion means anything, I was disappointed that not one of last year's contestants entered this year. Often the greatest successes in life come after a defeat or great disappointment. And it sometimes takes a defeat to bring out that confidence in our own ability to "I'll show you next time" and work toward that end.

The May Court Club in Windsor deserves a great deal of applause because of the work it has done for underprivileged children. But with the opening of the Mental Health Clinic for children on Saturday, I feel it has reached the height in its achievements. Research has gone a long way in this line of health and with help from psychologists and psychiatrists, parents and teachers can learn how to deal with children who need adjustment, to put them back on the path to normal living.

There is both a psychologist and psychiatrist at this clinic whose services are available to troubled parents. Once upon a time we thought it disgraceful to even discuss mental health, but now, thank heavens, its disgraceful not to face maladjustments and do something about them when help in getting to the root of the trouble is right at hand.



November 30, 1950

Lee and Harriet Stanley are gadding about in Cleveland and in a note to the editor, Lee said, "have noted distant train whistles not as interesting as the boat variety." He's got Amherstburg and the Detroit River in his blood too, hasn't he?

The air was so much colder than the water Friday morning that at 7:30 clouds and clouds of billowy white steam were rising from the river. This evidently told of the North Pole proportions, storm - Santa Claus weather - which arrived with all its fury Saturday morning. The combination of the wind, the snow, the cold and, the eerie three-longs from a ship on the river at 8:30 didn't make a pleasant mixture for the senses.

I like the Apron Trend - the dresses with the tie-on apron overskirt for both formal and informal wear - and I saw some stunning fussy aprons in a fashion sheet lately. I grant they were more for looks than practicability. I thought of an old friend who was invited to a house party years ago. Before going she told me she was taking a pretty house dress and a fussy apron so she'd look well around the house and in the kitchen. Because the men like it, she added. And it worked. They met and the gold band was eventually hers. That's a tip, girls, that Dorothy Dix would give herself for I know she believes in "good homebody tactics."

We say we are a democratic people - we have in our land democracy at its best but we fall down in trying to uphold our democratic principles and our democratic way of life. Rev. J.A. Walker told the ratepayers of the town of Harrow Friday night that nomination meetings were Democracy in its simplest form and yet too few take enough interest to see how democracy works. That's true, we sit back and don't even encourage the men who are trying to administer our municipalities by

our interest. Worse still, we don't know the problems of running a municipality yet we grouse at those trying to run them. We can't make attendance at annual municipal meetings compulsory, that would be undemocratic, but attendance at a meeting might change our viewpoints on municipal affairs.



December 7, 1950

The early December days are shorter, the dusk earlier, the chill keener - sparrows are chattering and complaining and the freighters are rapidly getting into their winter berths before ice locks the Lakes.

For all the friends of Dave Burck, who is aboard HMS *Athabaskan* in the Korean area, we should have given you his address long ago but an "hello" for the New Year will please him in the long three months until March when the *Athabaskan* is scheduled for home. Here it is: O.S.S. D. Burck, 9473-E, H.M.C.S. *Athabaskan*, c/o H.M.C. Dockyard, Esquimalt, Victoria, B.C.

Got myself all worked up again over children's books. This delightful feeling always comes when the calendar only has one page left. There are lovely books for children on the market this year, rich in color, illustrations, action and content. I can hardly keep from buying the whole series of those 39-centers which are just right in size for the wee child to handle - not too much detail and every page alive and interesting.

There is nothing nicer than a friendly alert house at night with bright eyes blinking and making pleasure for us as we trudge along the dark streets - that's why I like this lamp on the window-table vogue. But there are some houses which put on an intriguing mysterious aloof air, as if they are not having fun and find life dull and uninteresting. It's a wrong impression often, as interesting things no doubt go on inside, but a little more light on the inside for those outside would be appreciated. My Scotch friend gave me this trend of thought when she told how friendly the houses on Sandwich Street were at night.

For weeks I have enjoyed the Gum-drop Tree in the Merlos' front window and

got a bang out of the gradual disappearance of the bright colored candies. Finally the bare white tree was taken away only to appear a day or so later gaily done up in wee Christmas tree ornaments which wink away when the light is right. The Gum-drop Tree reminds me of the Sugar Plum Tree, that charming poem of Eugene Field's which we loved as children - a fanciful thing which becomes real to children and even real to me when I saw that lovely little tree. The Gum-drop Tree is not hard to make. You fashion a tree of dried twigs stuck into a base of some sort, a piece of wood for instance, paint white and dust with a sparkling substance such as artificial snow, tiny glass beads of powdered mica. Place small-sized gum drops in variegated colors on the tip of every branch.



December 14, 1950

After wondering about paper dolls for girls of today, I ran across an advertisement for Curly Top, the aristocrat of paper dolls with real hair and washable paper clothes to wash and iron.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ounsworth of Harrow were in Chicago a fortnight ago and she was telling of the beautiful large nursery rhyme figures on the lamp posts in the shopping district as part of the Christmas decoration scheme.

Quoting another Harrovian, Harry Ridsdale, who has recently returned home from Grace Hospital, said to me that a stay in the hospital does a person lots of good because you see others worse off than yourself and you're ashamed to crab about your aches and pains.

Some people are clever merchandisers and surely apply business psychology. Was reading about a slot machine in which you put six quarters and get out a pair of nylons and where do you think that company put its nylon slot machine? - right outside its lunch room door. You put your quarters in a slot, pull a knob beneath the color and size you want and out comes the newest little packet of nylons you ever dreamed up. What could be a better way to use a slot machine?

I am very fond of the new gold necklaces which snuggle into the base-of-the-

throat-line or those shaped necklaces studded with simulated rubies. But the loveliest necklace of this type I ever heard of was one presented to Princess Elizabeth aboard the frigate *Surprise* in the Athens harbor Saturday by the Greek prime minister. It was a necklace of ancient gold coins from the time of Alexander the Great. This coin necklace will be copied and recopied for the various purse levels (yours and mine) and I could wish for nothing more stunning than a copy to wear with a high round necked blouse or sweater or that smart basic black dress.

By way of explanation, as you readers know the Conversation Pieces are written early in the *Echo* week. They have to be because the Women's Page is printed in the first section of the paper which is ready to tuck into the second section after it (the second section) is printed Thursday. So as happened last week, I commented about the brittle day, Monday, after seeing and hearing sparrows practically rapping at the back door to tell me of their hunger. Then on Thursday, the day you read the paper, came one of those gosh-awful days when we ran the gamut of weather changes rain (the sky opened), sleet (which picked my face as I ran from the house at three p.m.), wind (45 miles per said radio), snow and finally at night cold and ice. The river got high and higher and Friday when I went to the shore it looked as if it were running up-stream - wave tumbling on wave.



December 21, 1950

History was made in Ladies' Five Pin bowling last Thursday at the Recreation when Mrs. Francis Marontate bowled 390 out of a possible 450 for her first game.

I could go on and on and wax eloquent via the pen about Christmas 1950, its joys and sorrows, but instead will simply say that which conveys my most sincere greetings, "a Happy Christmas to All."

"Could a Little Theatre Group be organized and live in Amherstburg?" was the question asked me at the Rotary Ladies Christmas Party last Tuesday night. I really think that with a good leader there might be enough interest here to start possibly not a group to give plays but a group, a so-called workshop group, to study, read plays, learn production, lighting and the rudiments behind the actual production of

plays - to even give plays among themselves before actually producing one for the public. This is not the sort of thing one can dash into, in my estimation. The Little Theatre Group has a great deal behind it with several sides for study besides the actual characters in the play - staging, sound, properties, etc. etc.



December 28, 1950

The full moon over the weekend seemed to caress the bare trees. Do you notice how near the sky seems to be when the trees are bare?

The beauty of the whites and blues of the snow, shadows and sky along the shores and ice-blocked river is truly Christmas weather at its best.

An Essex friend told of J.A. Dowswell saying that as a retired Public School principal he is enjoying teaching Night School to 28 Hollanders, 3 Italians and one Chinese in the Essex High School. They are receiving a rich educational course from such an experienced teacher.

Every tourist in London, England, including myself, goes to Westminster Abbey to see the Coronation Chair and the Stone of Scone. The theft and subsequent disappearance of this 336-pound stone, Christmas Eve, from the Abbey reminded me of highland and border feuds and abductions of old. I'll wager that if and when the stone turns up in Scotland, the case will be dropped.

Flower grower John Woolman of Dorridge, England, has found a way to put scent into chrysanthemums. Normally these flowers have no distinctive perfume so after five years' experimenting his research has been rewarded and he found his formula. There is however only one odd thing about the scent in Mr. Woolman's chrysanthemum - it smells like violets.

It was the longest day of the year last Thursday when we were in the midst of grand old-fashioned Canadian winter days, that Miss Blanche Cook told of having forsythia in bloom in the house for Christmas. The blooms were not large, she said, as the spring-forced variety but were none the less beautiful.

In Vera Brown's column in the *Detroit Times* last Thursday was the following human interest which she called Feline Star and we quote: "Cartoonist Lee Stanley who does 'The Old Home Town' for King Features now lives across the river in Amherstburg. He's always used his cat, Sugar, a huge tiger, as a model for the cat in his drawings. Just wanted to say that Sugar is dead. He expired at the age of twenty years and four months, a record in cat longevity. When we lived in the Indian Village Manor a lot of people in your town knew Sugar. He was in Lee's cartoons at least three times a week for some 20 years, which makes around 3120 times. He was a great favorite with cat lovers all over the country.

With the first of January, I guess we are really hitting the half century mark, although most of us celebrated that event last January first. Nevertheless, whether or not, it's a Happy New Year to all. The other day Mr. Gore Richardson of Colchester South was in the office. Mr. Richardson is marking his 82nd birthday today. In talking over the events and changes of the past few years he said he'd like to be able to come back fifty years from now just to see what was happening on this old earth and I said to him that even though people thought me pagan, I'd like to see what people were doing and thinking and the things they were using in the year 2000.



January 4, 1951

Because it's New Year, we feel this little story is worth retelling: "Once a thoughtless schoolboy laid a whole town by the ears with a bit of gossip. His teacher helped him to see what he had done by asking him to scatter a bag of feathers on the wind and then try to retrieve them."

One of my Christmas presents was a large book, the picture story of the first half century, 1900 through 1950 - a truly remarkable informative picture record of the progress and the changes in our way of living; advances in science, art, music, transportation, etc. etc.; then too there is history including wars, disasters, also sports and books, in fact everything of interest in the past fifty years.

The little modified berets which I'll call pancake-like flatters being shown in

the swank Detroit stores are stunning and flattering to milady. They are worn straight on and one of the most fashionable had a narrow brim. With these were shown stunning scarf arrangements, one older woman model had her scarf tied on the side with a bunch of lily of the valley tucked through the knot so the lily bells glanced the chin.



January 11, 1951

Not to be outdone by Santa Lady, a six-year-old white and black English setter down the bank presented her owners with quints on Christmas night. The all male quintet is doing fine. Their father, a white and black pointer, was not present for the event. Someone, no doubt, told him of the happenings and he was around passing out bones.

Saturday afternoon I walked in on two friends who were ironing. There is something about that household duty that for the outsider - I wasn't doing the job - makes for high pleasant thoughts because of the sweet, clean, damp smell that envelopes the kitchen when the job is in progress. My friends were both cleaned up to iron, so were their kitchens, and the neat piles of colored skillfully ironed articles gave some sort of satisfaction I'm sure - as for me, sitting by, I smelled deeply.



Tommy and Jimmy Menzies, talented young sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ivor Menzies, Detroit, have been in Hollywood the past two years and have appeared in several pictures. Many here remember their father and will recall when these two lads delighted the audience with their comedy songs at the St. Andrew's Church Variety Show at the General Amherst High School a few years ago. The boys, now 11 and 14, may be seen in the Fireside Theatre pictures on TV Tuesday nights, following Milton Berle.

Next year, I'm going to advocate a community Burning of Christmas Trees rite so that those trees which have brought so much happiness in so many homes - the once proud happy centre of the home - won't be thrown out along with the garbage in such

an undignified manner. What an indignity! They looked so dejected, forlorn and desolate lying there along the sidewalk awaiting their fate. I felt sorry to see them, they deserve a better end - that's why I'm keen on a dignified burning of the Christmas Tree celebration to have them leave us after bringing so much happiness in a respectful way - up in flames, fragrant to the last bit of resin.

We don't get in a rut as far as weather is concerned these days. New Year's morning was cold and I shivered as I watched the *Atomic* cut through the deep windrowed ice, going up the river as neatly as you please. In the cold sunshine that morning the colors on the river with the sun playing on the ice prisms and the tug as it crunched through were lovely. That was Monday - on Wednesday I was wakened by the rhythmical drip-drip from the roof and the day brought thaw, fog and the squawk of a cardinal. Sunday afternoon, I felt as stiff as the trees looked in the late afternoon sun when it was so cold that the bare ground sang underneath.

Even if you know nothing of astronomy, just a look at the stars studding the beautiful dark velvet January sky these nights is thrilling. Venus is an evening star low in the west. This month of January is a good month to start the study of the wonderful heavens with children because the milky way stands out, as does the jeweled belt of Orion - The big dipper and the little dipper can be made out so clearly. When showing these it would be a good time to tell the child how navigators down through the ages have used the Pole star as their guide.



January 18, 1951

A point of etiquette on which we are too lax is the calling business especially after a wedding. Then it is our duty after accepting a wedding invitation to call on the newlyweds when they are established in their new home. That's a must - don't ask me if I do it - but I know it should be done.

A poinsettia is a most satisfactory flower because it spreads enjoyment around for such a long time. Our Christmas poinsettia is still dealing out happiness. This gay plant came to us originally from Mexico where J.R. Poinsett discovered it in 1828 growing wild in a tropical valley. In Mexico it is called Painted Leaf, an

accurate name, for the scarlet "blossoms" with their beadlike yellow balls at the centre are really clusters of leaves.

Was reading that many New Englanders don't have much for Sunday night supper. That that's the most informal meal of the week. One family always had Sunday supper in the kitchen and their meal usually consisted of crackers and milk. I had completely forgotten about that delicacy and can see my father getting his bowl ready, crunching the big crisp McCormick's in his large hands, then creaming and sugaring them and smiling with satisfaction as he ate.

There's loveliness in the winter world that none of us should miss and that is the graceful fretwork of bare tree branches against the sunset, or I get it looking parkways from the east kitchen window in the mornings with the sunrise in the background. There's beauty and design in those bare branches, so don't miss the experience.



January 25, 1951

The feel of the air Saturday at noon was like the warm, damp touch of April - it was a scrap of Springtime tossed like bait to us - and how we bit.

Miss Judith Ross on Dalhousie Street has a delightful hobby - painting bisque figurines. She buys unglazed white porcelain statuettes and paints them herself using her own ideas as to combinations of colors. They are clever.

I'm afraid we're in for them - shorter skirts. At least that's what fashion designers in London, England predict. The price of wool has more than doubled in the past 12 months and for that reason European skirts will be shorter and tighter in 1951. Gone will be the padding and quantities of material. It seems that London's big 10 dress designers, now planning their spring collections, agreed that the well dressed woman of 1951 will have a few curves if she's depending on pads, full gathers and yards of material to supply them. Short skirts! ! ? - the thought makes me shudder.

A few weeks ago we got a death write-up of a Mrs. Seraphin Beneteau Marion, 83, a native of Anderdon, who died in Sandwich. A friend of this paper wrote us that Mrs. Marion's husband died 46 years ago and she was left with a family of five young children. At the time they were keeping a store in Sandwich and she kept this store until 2 years ago when her health failed. She was a very charitable and kind hearted woman and often when some of her steady customers had sickness or death in the household she would trust them for bread and groceries. It was very seldom that these bills were not settled as soon as health returned to these families. And when she did lose she would say, "Well this I will not collect, but I hope it will bring good luck to me in other ways." Her kindness and faith in humanity, no doubt, carried her along through many a hard time and she was amply repaid - not in money but in satisfaction that just by her acts she was helping others - thus giving her more understanding to deal well with her own problems.

Detroit is 250 years old this year and great plans for the celebration of its birthday are underway. Amherstburg was, according to the records, established in 1796 when the British evacuated Detroit. But it is possible that there was a small settlement here before that because of our geographical position with regard to the settlement that has since become Detroit. As the Windsor historian George F. Macdonald said in a press interview in Windsor, neither the settlement on the American (Detroit) nor that on the Canadian side (Windsor) was actually named in 1701 when Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac established the first handful or so of French settlers in this area. He went on to say that facts are acknowledged to be that both sides of the river were settled almost simultaneously. Mr. Macdonald continued that it happened in this way. The river was in those days only a river. It constituted no boundary lines. There was no Canada and no United States of America as such. There was just a lot of virgin territory, Indian-infested and plagued by the diseases and afflictions of the swampy areas surrounding.

Fort Pontchartrain was built approximately where the lower end of Detroit's business section stands today. The territory protected by the fort, for all practical purposes of the day, extended two miles on all sides. This meant that the land on the southern side of the river came under the fort's administration.

At first, the settlers chose land close to the fort on the east or west. Thus the first settlements were strung along what is now the Detroit side as far downriver as perhaps to where the River Rouge enters the Detroit River. Beyond this were hostile Indian tribes in considerable numbers as well as uninhabitable swampland.



February 1, 1951

Page Mrs. Howard Heaton in Harrow if you want to know how to enjoy and keep enjoying cut flowers. The Friday before Christmas she got a mixed bouquet and on Tuesday she was still delighting in one white chrysanthemum (which was cut down and down of course) from that Christmas gift.

Mrs. Helen McKenzie, charming woman from Beaverton who has made many district friends because of her Ontario Red Cross executive position, is now the reeve of Beaverton. Mrs. McKenzie, who is mother of two teenaged daughters, entered Beaverton politics and won because "women have a place in politics." In nearby Barrie, for the first time in the history of the town, a woman is mayor. She is Mrs. Marjorie Hamilton.

David Botsford told me Saturday that he spent Friday afternoon looking up a Laforet family who could speak a bit of the Wyandotte Indian language. He also told me that he had a line on the person named Clark who is supposed to know a few Wyandotte words. Mr. Botsford was to have a visit from the senior ethnologist from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, who is anxious to make a record of as many words as he can of the Wyandotte language before it is lost in the passing years. P.S. That word ethnologist means a person who studies the science of races and their relations to one another and characteristics.

Blue is the color of many of life's most precious things - the list would be long but at the moment I'm ecstatic about the blues in nature - the shadows on the snow on Monday for instance - the blues over the river as we look lakewards - the blue in distance and the misty blue that hovered over our world Friday around five o'clock. There were three colors in the out of doors that evening - lots of blue with black and white accessories (trees and snow) not livened by the sun either because of the dense blue screen and the effect was lovely - so much so that I had B.M. admiring it.

At Christmas time we had the gift of a Christmas cake which was equally good to taste and good to look at. The cake had a white icing, decorated with a wreath

of green coconut "tied" with red cherries. It sat on a Battenburg paper doily on a gaily decorated board. A fine example of both eye and taste appeal in the art of cooking. The Battenburg doily interested us too, a good reproduction in paper of that beautiful lace which I remember seeing a woman making in Brussels. Since Christmas I have noted Battenburg paper place mats for dining tables, advertised and thought how lovely they would be on a polished table - to use, enjoy and throw away.



February 8, 1951

All of a sudden, Monday afternoon the whole set-up perked up when Major Grieg of Bellevue Veterans' Home brought in a few sprigs of the annual Schizanthus which has dainty fern-like leaves and wee flowers in pastel shades of pink and lavender with yellow mottled centres - very orchid like. This was an entirely new annual in my books and I was delighted with the "little shell pink orchids."

Come spring and the dailies are all running reducing diets on their Women's Pages - and I read them all and think how nice it would be to have a chunk of me off here or there when the first warm day comes and I go coatless and streamlined to the office. But up to now all I've done is read. The sub-head, "Mental diet for reducing" and the full head, "See yourself slimming and you'll lose weight" in Monday's Detroit paper certainly appealed to me - no giving up porridge with brown sugar, cream and a bit of butter - just think you're getting svelte hips - and there they are.

We are now in Lent 1951 and unsettled and uneasy are these days. The Protestant Council of Churches has adopted the idea behind "Sharing" for its theme during this Lenten period. To me that embodies so much and if "Sharing" is carried out in its fullest, deepest meaning starting with the individual through to the U.N. and beyond, things certainly would be better.

Mrs. Norman Wilson (Grace Wilson), Rankin Avenue, whose pastel of the Detroit River stole the show at the District Art Exhibit at the B.M. Club two years

ago, has an oil painting "Duffy's Dock" accepted in the Essex County Artists' show at Willistead. Mrs. Wilson, a busy housewife with a husband and four children to look after, is making quite a reputation for herself with her art studies.

When the hard dry snow under foot sings and the winds bite then laugh at our discomfort as they did last week, I drool over the flowered hats advertised in the papers and magazines. And was almost envious of a pink hat worn with a black dress at a tea party last Wednesday afternoon. The wearer when I came in was sitting in a picture window which had a row of hyacinths along the sill - and the snow was swirling and feverishly dancing outside and the ice on the river looked threatening and pale grey - the only river color being an angry grey stretch of water made by the *Atomic* a few hours before. Coming back to the pink hat - it would make a woman purr and be glad to be a woman.

The other morning Bud Guest in his radio sunny bits of news commented on something his "Amherstburg friends would be interested in." It wasn't the fact that he gave us favorable publicity which interested me - it was the fact that he pronounced the name of our town like a native - "Amrsbrg" in a fluid sort of way. Which reminds me of a Canadian teacher friend who came here when the border was closed fairly tight. She wanted to go to Detroit and was told to answer the question, "Where were you born?" with "Amherstburg," which she did - only pronounced it "Am-herst-burg." So naturally the immigration man who had been stationed here on the dock knew she was kidding and wasn't a native. Mr. Guest could have passed the native test with flying colors.

Mrs. Donald Ridley lost her wallet last week with a lot of money in it and no identification except her wedding pictures - so she hoped for its return but on the other hand had kissed it goodbye when Miss Ruby Chapman returned it. In another little conversation piece we talked about sharing and in my mind this honesty of Miss Chapman's comes into some of the meanings of the word, that is, "I'll share with you my ideas of right and wrong and do to you what I'd want you to do to me."



February 15, 1951

All last week I thought, each time I looked out on the snow on the roof of the cottage opposite, that scenes on the Canadian Artists' Christmas cards have nothing on what was called before this winter the Banana Belt. That snow clinging to the roof really made a lovely effect, especially when the sun was out and it became diamond dust.

Every once in a while a fashion trend appeals to me greatly and this year it is the Pyramid coats. I think they are stunning with their little perky collars and flat yokes. A bride I know has one which her mother made her for travelling and it wraps around in high fashion style.

Friday the men in the plant found a food ad dated 1932. This is going to make you long for the good old food prices, said my friends who keep house. In it appeared the following items - Canned tomatoes, 4 for 25 cents; corn, 4 cans for 25 cents; also shrimp 19 cents; lobster, half-pound, 29 cents; and Jewel shortening, two pounds for 19 cents.

Mrs. Gertrude Preston received a card from Jerusalem last week from a cousin Bill Mayer who is the son of the former May Fleming, Sandwich Street, Amherstburg. In this card were pressed flowers from Jerusalem which closely resembled our wood violets but the leaf was fine and dainty fern. In the note Mr. Mayer said that they hadn't been able to go to Bethlehem as that part of Palestine was in Arab hands but they had been at Nazareth several times.

On the drippiest most uninteresting day of last week, Tuesday, spring came to our house in a sweet little polished brown Italian pottery shoe and it told of the songs of the birds, the blossoms and the whistles on the river. What was this harbinger of spring's appearing? It was the cuddliest little bouquet (in the shoe I mentioned) of forget-me-nots, pussy willows, two tiny daffodils, a sprig of pink sweet peas, a few pieces of two shades of pink begonias and blue browallia (the flowers from the vine used in many window boxes).

A Valentine heirloom - Mrs. Howard Heaton in Harrow has a beautifully preserved Valentine 102 years old. It seems that when her father, Captain C.H.

Bassett, was three, his older sister got a Valentine and he was so broken-hearted not to get one that his mother went into Ann Arbor near where they lived and bought him the Valentine his daughter now prizes. Mrs. Heaton said that her father was very fond of the Valentine and as one can see from the state of preservation, it was properly cared for through the years. She said she remembers it being kept in the family Bible. The Valentine is a work of art. The fairly large lace paper background is dainty and artistic but ecru-color with age. The centre, however, with its picture and message is bright and gay as the day it was made - 102 years old - that's 1849 - Let's see, what was the world doing in those days - ?



February 22, 1951

Mrs. Eugene Pouget, Pike Rd., had a new grand-daughter last week - her 62nd grandchild. Mrs. Pouget is only 68 and 14 of her 16 children are living. She also is the proud great-grandmother of 8 children. Strangely enough, the few deaths in this family all have been male.

Several years ago when Mrs. James Flynn's daughter was in Japan, in this column we chatted about her painting the design on some beautiful paper-thin white china. Recently I heard that Mrs. Edwin Hutchins had painted roses in the centre of her plain white Wedgewood dishes and that the effect was lovely.

Came across a write-up of the Rose Ball in the *Echo* 30 years ago. It was on a Monday night, too. (We'd never have a posh party like that Monday in these 1951 days.) The grand march for the affair, to which we all wore our very best bib and tucker and the men were either in tails or tuxedos, was promptly at nine. There were no private parties beforehand and everyone danced with everybody else, not just their escorts. The dances were listed and the women kept track of their partners, often on programs. (The youth of today will think we're old fogies but we had a wonderful time at the Rose Ball). The non-dancers sat in the gallery and that was fun too. Supper was served in the Council Chambers and Mr. Finzel himself was on hand with his orchestra.

Right after Christmas there was comment in the press on the number of robins

to be seen at Point Pelee. Leamington observers said that on their Sunday drive they saw 40 or 50 robins. One couple were so surprised at robins in the dead of winter that they got in touch with Mr. Nichol, a naturalist at the Cranbrook Institute of Technology. He said it was indeed an unusual sight for this time of the year and explained that, however, the robins would find plenty to eat in wild grapes and loganberries that grow in that area. Also he said they would find shelter in the heavy foliage. If you have any interest at all in birds, Point Pelee is certainly the place to go and as it's only 40 miles away we who like them should all try to get down much oftener than we do.

Harmony at its best will be heard in London this weekend when the annual Barbershop songfest is to be held. A fortnight ago the Grand Theatre was sold out for this event and a special matinee was well on the way of being standing-room only. London's Four Chorders will highlight the program along with the Clef Dwellers, the Antlers and the Buffalo Bills. Conservative Londoners evidently love close harmony even as you and I, and do you know, thanks to our own peppy and enthusiastic barbershop group, I've been fortunate enough to have heard and thrilled at the notes and timing of three of the quartets mentioned above. The Buffalo Bills haven't come to Amherstburg yet but they might - and if they do we'll hear America's number one quartet.

I realize that there has been a battle royal of the critics' opinions over Ernest Hemingway's latest book, "Over the River and Into the Trees." But I in my small way admire his writing craftsmanship and new stripped-down style in form and philosophy. When I read this book in the fall I didn't comment on it because I knew that readers as well as critics would either like it or tear it to pieces (and me too); there would be no lukewarm admiration. But in a new biography of this writer, "Ernest Hemingway, The Man and his Work," the author John McCaffery says something about Mr. Hemingway that we all in every job should not lose sight of when we fly off in a critical flight, and we quote: "Excellence always excites envy and public excellence excites gossip, which is a public expression of envy."



March 1, 1951

Grace Fields said on her 53rd birthday recently that from now on she will be "only 39 - a lovely age."

Apricot certainly is flattering to the skin, a subtle sophisticated accessory color to liven navy, grey and black clothes this season. Try it instead of white or pink, the perennial spring accessories.

Because Easter is so early this year, there has been no long monotonous drag for me between Christmas and the Spring equinox because for the last month the papers have been full of spring clothes, hats and spring flower arrangements. Even though the January days were cold, I seemed to think spring because of those tempting advertisements, falling, of course, right into the pattern the manufacturers and merchandisers were cutting.

In talking of the old quotation about Mahomet going to the mountain, the other morning B.M. said, "In the first note I got from your father after he left the *Essex Free Press* to work on the *Amherstburg Echo*, he wrote me that quotation." My father must have been keen to throw quotations around when he got the chance, for mother telling that reminded me of once when I docked in Montreal when coming from Europe I got a wire from him before I left the boat saying, "This is my own, my native land."

We've laughed at ourselves and with other people at the awful mistake we made in allowing the interchange in the cut lines under two pictures in the *Echo* to go through last week [see note on page 104]. The ink was hardly dry before the kidding began. When nothing really serious came out of the mistake, a good laugh at your own carelessness doesn't hurt at all, in fact impresses the importance of the word "detail."

Page the teenagers - for this is an "as-true-as-fiction" story. It seems that several years ago some of the lads down Oxley way found a bottle which had been washed up on the beach with several girls' names and addresses from the American side of the river in it. The girls had thrown away the bottle after a church picnic in the summer and it didn't turn up at Oxley till next spring. The boys contacted the

girls and Veale Fonville later married one of the girls he met this way - and they are living a happy and busy life now in California where he has graduated in aeronautics and is now a flight instructor at Inglewood.

A chat with parents - when your children are interested in an organization, support it, not necessarily with money but with interest. You want outside-school interests for your children, such as Guides. If that's what you want for your girl you can't expect the women in the mothers' auxiliary without daughters, leaders or the girls to do their best for your child without real supporting interest from the home. It seems to me that when mothers and daughters have a common interest that "Let's see what WE can do about the Guide Camp Fund" would carry more weight with daughter than the impersonal, "What are THEY doing about the Camp Fund?" In my mind even though the pressure at home, the worry of home expense and the constant demands on time and money is hard on the parents and they feel they can't take on one more thing, the organizations your children are interested in must become yours.



March 8, 1951

Snowdrops are out! Mrs. P.G. French sent H.M. a few lovely buds Wednesday morning. The purity of their white certainly fits into the meaning of Easter.

The river was opalescent in the sunset Sunday. And after those lovely changing colors in the sky, river and ice floes faded there was only one star in the darkening western sky, like a daffodil.

Did you realize with all this talk about the 38th parallel that we are practically sitting on the 42nd? That it runs through the Detroit River light.

An Amherstburg eight-year-old was asked about his new little brother, by his teacher. He said they had a new refrigerator too. "Which do you think is best?" questioned the teacher. "The baby must be," was the answer, "for he cost the most."

"Pardon me, but the slip of the editor of the *Amherstburg Echo* must be showing

after last week's paper," said the *Leamington Post and News* when referring to the transposition of cut lines under the two pictures in the fortnight ago issue. That's a good way to explain our carelessness and embarrassment.

Spank! Spank! why do we women do it! What? apologize - every time anyone says they like our outfit or hat. Why can't we say "thank you" instead of going into a long song and dance about it being two years old or last year's job or made over - I've always felt when women start to apologize, interest is lost. The chronic apologizer is hard to take.

After making such a mistake as we did in checking page proofs two weeks ago, we hate to laugh at fellow craftsmen's errors but I'll bet some proof reader was called up on the carpet when in describing a big do at Buckingham Palace in an overseas news service last week Queen Elizabeth wore a diamond tiara and neckless.

Last Thursday night the Rotarians and the Ladies of Rotary had a charming Australian young woman as their speaker. In her talk she told so many things about her country down under and I thought as I listened to her (meaning me), "You've been in nine of the ten provinces of your country (no Newfoundland) in fact you've travelled from coast to coast several times and I wonder if you went to Australia you could tell about your country one quarter as well as this young woman did?"

Heard recently of a neighborhood group which provided more than social time for busy housewives. It seems that one mother in the neighborhood was very keen about reading to her children and made it part of her program to see that that part of their needs was satisfied. As the children got older that reading out loud was not as necessary, although it was kept up to a certain extent. Her busy friends, knowing she read aloud well, suggested that they who wanted to keep up with the new books, or at least have a talking-knowledge of them, form a group to knit, mend and have her read to them and in this way good reader made a little extra money and her listeners had twelve books read to them last year. That seems a lot but that's the way the story was told to me.



March 15, 1951

The young March wind Sunday was certainly an imperial and arrogant fellow.

The Green will be in evidence on Saturday and the lowly shamrock will become Queen for a Day.

Next Wednesday is not only the first day of Spring but the day when Amherstburg comes of age in one respect with the dial telephone changeover. The thought of remembering all my friends' numbers is disturbing me, so have decided not to even try but to get a wee memo for intimates' calls for my purse and make simple charts for home and office.



There's an expectancy about March that is thrilling if you can overlook the unpredictable weather. Because the earth's swinging around, the colors over the river are changing, the buds are getting full to busting, St. Patrick's Day with its symbolic green always tells me there's more and more green to come and this year Easter gives March a special place in the parade of months.

Last Thursday was an historic day in Ontario for women, as on that day in the Ontario Legislature, women were given completely equal status and equal responsibility with men. A bill providing that women who do the same work as men will get equal pay for it was introduced and passed. The bill says that women cannot be discriminated against financially because of their sex, providing they do the same jobs as men. Another piece of social legislation passed that day gave women the right to serve on juries. Both acts will come into effect January 1, 1952.



March 22, 1951

Bread and butter (at 87c per pound) jam, topped off with a glass of milk once was considered a lowly snack but now (add it up) this snack is in the "caviar and ermine" table delicacies' class.

The Easter Flower Show at Gray's Sunday was just what the doctor ordered for a bleak biting Palm Sunday afternoon. The white double tulips with green brushed into the petals were new to me and lovely in their purity.

Got an idea for Easter accessories (when you have neither an Easter costume nor hat) from the snow Monday morning - just snow white gloves and a snow white carnation tucked at the front or side throat line - they should do the trick.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Fonville of Colchester South have mothered 40 children for the Children's Aid Society since they took their first child on the tenth of June, 1934. So for their efforts in helping so many unfortunate children to take their places in society by living in a real home where they felt secure, at the last Thursday evening meeting of this society Mrs. Fonville was given a silver tray.

"Daughter home-cans salmon for Dad's birthday Sunday" could be the heading of this story. William Thrasher of Anderdon got some cans of salmon from his daughter Claribell which she had canned herself. Claribell and her husband Dean live on Vancouver Island where he is a deep sea fisherman so he caught the salmon, she canned it and dad is pleased with his birthday remembrance.

Another boy meets girl story - and I like them - Helen Price, who has lived in Malden for years during the summer, has been out at the University of Michigan doing post graduate work. She met a lad, Alger Luckham from San Bernardino, California, at the graduate school and they dated. In the course of time she mentioned something about Amherstburg and in his amazement he said, "Amherstburg, why my father was born there." This little story has a happy ending - they're going to be married in June.



March 29, 1951

Because I haven't gotten into the televised Kefauver crime investigation, I certainly have found my conversation limited, recording a new low.

After the cold and snow of last week and the howling winds on Saturday, the

sun smiled a bit on Easter Sunday and on Monday it looked as if Spring had really invaded the country and will heal the sore frost bitten tips of the crocuses, tulips and daffodils.

In answer to a question about the sequence of pages in a social letter, it is perfectly correct to write on pages one, three, two and four - especially one and three if the note ends there. However, I prefer one, two, three, four so that I can read the letter as I would a book and this sequence certainly saves a lot of confusion in a long letter.

Many of the old children's stories are ageless - they seem to attract children of one generation after another. Little curly headed girl got a book about Peter Rabbit in the late 1940s from her father's cousin in New York. Recently her father found a copy of the selfsame story in their basement which had been given to him in 1908 - in fact the two books were identical except for the cover and of course the fact that the new book has been used more than Daddy's - as three children have read and reread the newer copy.

"Is the newspaper office the place for a girl?" was the subject of Edward Bok's editorial in the February 1901 *Ladies Home Journal*. Thirty-nine out of forty-two newspaperwomen asked said, "No," giving such reasons as "unwholesome, nerve racking, disagreeable and unrefined." Said one newspaperman, "I would rather see my daughter starve," and another, "Young womanhood is too sweet and sacred a thing to bring into a newspaper office" - when people look through our 1951 files in 2001 they will see lots of things that will tickle their funny bone as the above did mine so I won't make any comment.



April 5, 1951

When Arnold Ridsdale in Malden reported that one sow had 18 pigs on April first, Mrs. Ridsdale thought it was a big joke until she started feeding six of them on bottles.

J.G. Parks and I were discussing things in general one day



here at the office and communion came up and he repeated a bit of philosophy which I liked and will repeat to you, "He who plants a seed must believe in God."

A fortnight ago I had dinner in a restaurant with three little children and one of them wanted some money, so I gave her a nickel. I've chuckled to myself since then about that nickel, that obsolete coin, which even a five-year-old couldn't use for exchange.

All of a sudden the river has become alive as if electrified. Our gay red buoy is back in place and catches my eye every time I look riverward - lights wink and flirt as freighters are upbound these nights - am awakened by freighters saying hello in the dead of night - and small craft and large ships are making bustley, busy, "we're-glad-to-be back" sounds all day.

Up to now the rain has always had a fascination - at nights occasionally I'd compare it in mind to a music box as it beat out its repetitive roundelay on the roof. But not any more do I look for the green rain at this time of the year or for the rain that startles the ground so that a purple crocus pierces its way through like those did in the Merlos' garden last week - That rain which I have always upheld when others groused about it is my friend no longer, for it dripped through the copper roof right on my bed three weeks ago.

An attractive woman has come to Harrow to live from Illinois this past year. At her home in the States she ran a Nursery School so has started a similar project on a smaller scale at her home in Harrow with about ten little pre-school pupils. This little school is only open one-half day a week, the fee is very small and the children supply their own scissors and crayons. It is amazing what the youngsters are getting "at School" in songs, stories, marching, finger plays, group games and handiwork. You really don't need a certificate or a lot of expensive equipment to start such a project for a group of four-year-olds and the dividends are big.



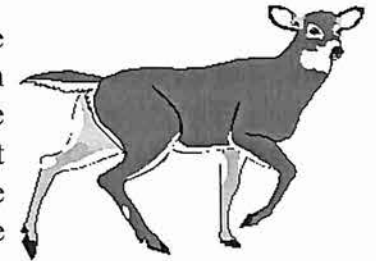
April 12, 1951

I thought last week when we were looking up some of the family background

of the late Mrs. A.J. Golden (Margaret Callam) that I'm exactly like my father in some respects, that I just glory in family history and could surely get lost in the maze of family trees and love it.

Was delighted with the pottery being done by neighbour-friend at the course in ceramics being given by Mrs. John Gray under the sponsorship of the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts. A turquoise box caught and held my attention. Evidently the enthusiasm in this class is running high.

Last Wednesday night when James Mayers of the Dominion Store was driving from Lakewood Beach toward Highway 18 in the Knapp's Island district, he had to stop the car to wait for four or five deer to get out of the way. He said that they were transfixed in the headlights and a child in the car cried out at the "reindeer."



The other morning over the radio came a song of my childhood, "Sing, song, Kitty, won't You ki-me-O." I hadn't heard that song about "ke-mo, ki-mo darragh wa etc." since my father rattled it off to us ages ago and I never did know what it meant nor its origin. So was surprised when all in far less than a split second, I travelled faster than jets from 1951 to about 1905 or 6 and could see him entertaining us with that ditty.

There are several old gnarled pines in town which are beautiful and must have a history. I've often wondered if they were planted here when there was a nursery at Rosebank, up the river front road, because they don't look native. I've asked many people if they knew the name of the pines I am referring to, and each time the question was hit back, "No, do you?" These pines are on the McQueen's, Cavan's (north of Dr. Hutchinson's lot line) and on the Herbert Paetz properties. If anyone knows their name or history, please give me a call.

Got a shock and was embarrassed too recently when a young woman told me that she liked Amherstburg now but was dreadfully lonely for a time last year when she moved here. I took it as a personal slap in the face because I'm an old timer and don't do anything to make it pleasant for the many many newcomers to town. A

gardeners' plots, I thought even though I'm shivering in this light coat, Spring sends its personal regards in those straight rows of green.

Last week I met the woman who drove the first Horseless Carriage I ever saw. You got in from the back of that wonderful gas buggy and once we had a ride in it. That woman was an example of never letting down. She evidently has had health, has been alert in mind, body and ideas of dress and grooming all these years, for she is a most attractive woman and she certainly chuckled when I told her who I was and why I remembered her.

Finished Costain's "Son of a Hundred Kings" Sunday and it was a struggle. I thrilled with his "The Black Rose" and had a definite let down feeling when I finally got to the end of this novel. I understand that Mr. Costain has given the manuscript of "Son of a Hundred Kings" to the Brant Historical Society (he's a native of Brantford) because Balfour in the novel is Brantford, I suppose, and the reader is given a taste of the industrial development, manners, customs, jealousies, etc. in the 1800s and early 1900s - a documentary work of the times.

Girls! Girls! watch yourself - Friend told me Saturday that a young woman answered an ad she (friend) had placed in the *Echo* with a scarf around her head and her hair done up in pin curls. The job would have been a good paying one too. But the young woman placed herself at a disadvantage before she opened her mouth which didn't overcome her good qualities.

I'm a sentimentalist and even though I drip at times - it's alright too, in my estimation, for without sentiment life would not be full, for me at least. To get to the point, new friends and old friends must be bored with my "I taught him or her" - caught myself doing it again over the weekend when I heard that Peggy Woof, with her lovely mezzo soprano voice, had won the Jr. Rose Bowl competition at the Windsor Musical Festival Friday night - and Peggy Burck's contralto had won in her class.



May 3, 1951

Deborah Anne Dufour, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Dufour, is a lucky young miss because she has four great-grandfathers, Messrs Anthony Marontate, John Dufour, Philip Bondy and Frank Delmore.

General MacArthur was given a 19 gun salute during the tremendous "welcome home" parties given him recently. In answer to why "19" - that gun salute is for a Five Star General while "21" would be the correct salute for a King or the President.

Got a collection of stories published in 1851 at the Rummage Sale, and the book is in a fairly good state of preservation. As yet I haven't been able to value it from a literary standpoint but I will and am anxious to compare 1851 with 1951 style and content.

A remark regarding the amount of culture in Amherstburg was made in this office Monday - and when you stop to think there is an interest in the arts here - and a fairly wide one too. A fortnight ago the Music Festival was the centre of interest and this week it's the Arts and Crafts exhibit.

A poet might say, "May burgeoned leaf by leaf and song by song," but I say, "How much better we women look with a little make-up," and that's exactly what the world did over the past week, put on a little color and the effect was glamorous - Cinderella May. The reddened boughs up Dalhousie Street, the leaves that grew as we watched over the damp hot weekend, the forsythia, the magnolias and the wild plums with their lovely red - all did the trick.

When I hear about the occasional new Canadian crabbing about our country or actually getting into a row because they voiced their dislikes of us and our way of life (as happened on Dalhousie Street last Monday night) I see red and feel that I'd like to subscribe toward a ticket to send him back to the old country. Here's an example of life in many countries, but not Canada. It seems a Chinese Communist magistrate in Canton has ordered women under 60 years to cut their hair off short or be liable to fine of seven pounds of rice, a woman who arrived in Hong Kong from Canton said this past week. The informant said the magistrate complained that time spent in combing and brushing long hair was "not economic."

When a person such as I goes to an art exhibit, I can't criticize because I don't know enough to do that, but I can pick out pictures I'd like to live with, as I did at the excellent exhibition of the work of Amherstburg artists and craftsmen on display this week at the museum residence (the old Hough house). I found that Mrs. Norman Wilson's interesting picture "River Fog" appealed to me, as did "Bittersweet" with its lovely dark colors and lights effects which Mrs. D.S. Henry painted. Mrs. Robert McGee's "Still Life" had splendid reflections as caught in the brass tray and the polished table and I liked her colors. As for the ceramics, in my estimation that is a healing hobby - modelling with clay and working with color would make any troubles ooze out, I'd think, through the fingers into the clay. Mrs. Hoag's wee candle holders and vase were exquisite. Coming back to "River Fog," the house enveloped in fog in the picture is the waterworks house and as I pace the beat up and down Dalhousie Street, I've seen just what Mrs. Wilson saw many many times and also warmed to the red hydrant in the foreground of her small picture.

Understand that Mrs. Robert McKinley of Amherstburg was runner-up on the "Queen for a Day" program one morning in Detroit a fortnight ago. So many of my Harrow friends were at the theatre that day and thoroughly enjoyed seeing this popular radio program.



May 10, 1951

The violets which are growing here and there all over the lawn at our house lift their little humble purple heads so shyly these days they take me by surprise.

In telling me of a delightful winter spent in Phoenix, Arizona, Miss Grace Smith was ecstatic about the weather and the friends wintering there - among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Buddington Kelland. Miss Smith said that she and the popular American author (Mr. Kelland) have been friends since they were 11. They went to the same schools in Detroit.

Much has been written about the Mother of 1951, comparing her with the mothers of the same age in the early part of the century. Then, when a woman was

50 she was practically jumping off stage, but not now, and the "young" modern mother, whether she be 20 or 40 or 80, hasn't lost one bit of respect or love because of her transition. In fact, I feel she is closer to her children and grandchildren. So we can say, here's to Mother, and that toast carries the same ideas as in the past, but to a mother who certainly has not the same look or outlook.

Mother's Day is here again and I like it - and don't agree with those who say with finality, "It's a commercial scheme and I don't approve of a special day to give mother something for her sweet tooth or to overflow her stock of hankies or perfume" - in fact I approve of any excuse at all to give her a present. There's where I let myself in for criticism with my friends who disapprove, "Why do you need a special day?" "She doesn't need that any more than a cat needs two tails," but it's Her Day so here goes.

The following note came from Isabel Pigeon O'Neil, formerly of Harrow, now of Kingsville, "I read your comment on 'Son of a Hundred Kings' of last week and I do so agree with you. It was a struggle and with me, you could add a duty as the book was a gift. To me the most interesting and fascinating book I have had lately was the 'City in the Dawn.' I am very sorry Mr. Harvey died. My grandfather and grandmother Wright were first settlers. She was a Leighton and her father was an army officer at Quebec. She came up to Amherstburg via ox cart and horseback and she used to tell me stories of the Indians having white children in the tribe."



May 17, 1951

The gingham fields on our beat between here and Harrow can outdo the hues and tints in a spring yard goods department.

Attractive Dr. John Dearness of London, who was principal of the London Normal School when I was there in 1920, celebrated his 99th birthday Sunday. When questioned by reporters he said that keeping busy was a big answer to his long life and (what is so important in my estimation) Dr. Dearness observed, "I'm a rich man because I've a host of friends of all ages."

When a young girl - a teenager - gets on a becoming spring formal and goes to a dance with a boy in uniform - it does something for the girl (or so I thought at the Cadet Dance Friday night) for the poise we oldsters talk about and want them to acquire seems to blossom out with the formal and the corsage.

The young people are still going through that phase of dancing with no one but their escort all evening. When we in fear and trembling tell them how much more fun they would have if they spread their dances around, they think we're old fogies. After a Cadet Dance a year or so ago, a smart mother who has certainly grown up with her family asked her son why he didn't exchange dances and tried to tell him of the fun. He was horrified that she would be so old-fashioned in her ideas and wondered how she'd ever caught Daddy, or words to that effect, to which she gaily answered, "I met him when I went to a dance with another man."

When the argument starts that the children of today are more destructive and give less thought to others' property than we in the good old days did, I've always upheld the child of today. But Saturday I was in the park and almost felt let down by the boys and girls when I saw the number of children carrying magnolia branches and blossoms carelessly torn off, and later thrown on the ground and left there when they started to swing and play. Those beautiful lush blooms didn't like their treatment any better than I did, for they drooped in no time and resigned themselves to their fate caused by little thoughtless hands.

Ever wonder why an editor uses the word "we" in writing an editorial? Over 100 years the *Williamstown* (Iowa) *Advocate* submitted this explanation of the "editorial we": "A Country Editor - is one who reads newspapers, selects miscellany, writes articles on all subjects, sets type, reads proof, folds papers, and sometimes carries them, prints jobs, runs on errands, cuts wood, works in the garden, talks to his patrons who call, patiently receives blame for a thousand things that never were and never can be done, gets little money, has scarce time and materials to satisfy his hunger, or to enjoy the quiet of nature's sweet restorer, sleep, and esteems himself peculiarly happy if he is not assaulted and battered by some unprincipled demagogue who loves puppet shows and hires the rabble with a treat of cider brand to vote him into some petty office. A man who does all this and much more, not here recorded, you will know must be a rather busy animal; and as he performs the work of so many different persons, he may justly be supposed their

representative, and to have an indisputable right, when speaking of himself to use the plural number and to say we on all occasions and in all places."



May 24, 1951

A flower huckster outside a Festival of Britain exhibit did a brisk business peddling little golden buds wrapped in a green leaf for two shillings (28 cents) each. Hundreds of garden-loving Britons bought the boutonnieres without suspecting they were the season's first dandelions.

Mrs. Ernest Tofflemire has been having a busy time playing nursemaid to six baby squirrels. It seems the mother was killed by hunters, hence the job. Mrs. Tofflemire says they are saucy little things and she gives them milk, corn, etc. To my amusement, the Tofflemires, who are especially fond of cats, are keeping them right away while this squirrel-nursing job is in progress. Poor cats, they will be jealous of the little usurpers.



After the tugboat race Saturday night Captain "Scorchy" Dickens of the tug *America* said, speaking of Captain J.E. McQueen, "I thought he was too old. When my mother-in-law, who comes from England, talks about Churchill's ability, I say, he's too old. But after today (and I gave the *America* [third in the race] all she had), I take back what I said about Captain McQueen being too old. Because he's not too old and maybe Churchill isn't either." To all this, Captain McQueen stood by and chuckled.²

For parents of girls in training for nurses or for nurses themselves the book, "A Lamp is Heavy" by Sheila MacKay Russell will appeal tremendously - it might be the story of any girl who has trained to be a nurse. In it is to be found all the heartaches, the fun, the pathos, the jealousy, the fear, the rapid growing up and the

² "Cap" McQueen was 59 years old at the time.

mistakes of young women in training. Jean McConnell's clever illustrations which were used in her book, "Nurse Please" are used in "A Lamp is Heavy," which was published last year but is just catching up with us now.

Sweet harmony, minor chords and fine blending of voices will be heard once again at the high school this Friday night when local and out of town barbershoppers get together at the Spring Festival of Harmony. This year there is to be a girls' quartette from Grosse Pointe, the Barbarettes, to show us that if barbershopping is fun for men, it is fun for women too. If you are interested in hearing groups of people who like to sing, who delight in finding and clicking with new combinations of chords, come on Friday night and get acquainted with this type of singing - and the laughs will do us all good.

Quoting Major Gavin Greig after the wonderful, spontaneous, enthusiastic greeting given Capt. J.E. McQueen and his crew when and after the *Atomic* of Amherstburg came from the race Saturday night, "We outdid MacArthur's do in New York. There they only got out 95% of the people to welcome the General, while here in Amherstburg 99% of the people got out to welcome Captain McQueen and the boys." And H.M. adds to the quote - it was the enthusiasm, the laughter, the stimulating flavor of the happy occasion, the joy in accomplishment of that sweet little tug and her crew that appealed to me as we all entered into the celebration - in fact we could hardly wait to hear the first toot of the *Atomic* upriver as she, waving her flags of victory, came home in the sunset.



May 31, 1951

When I looked at the white flurry around the spirea at the north of our house over the windy rainy weekend, I felt that Spring could be translated into Winter.

The dial phone is a pet but so hard on the nail polish - the end of a pencil, instead of index finger, does the trick of saving the polish - and the stockings.

Mrs. Taz Tillotson of Colchester South was telling me of the beauty of her English walnut tree in blossom. The blossoms are green and resemble a cat-tail

somewhat.

The following is for the teenagers. It seems that a psychologist was asked, "Are girls who help their mothers more likely to be popular?" and the answer was, "Yes, according to a study of 140 freshmen girls at Montana University. After six month's acquaintance in a dormitory, they voted their preference of roommates. Those who 'kept their rooms at home,' 'painted furniture,' 'washed the dishes,' 'did chores around house and barn,' and even 'helped to work in the fields' were found to be far more popular. Lend mother a hand, girls, and be popular!

We have a real fairy tale being enacted in Amherstburg. About a year and one-half ago a young Italian came to Amherstburg. He brought with him a picture of a young fellow-country woman whom the young man's cousin here thought was very attractive. So he began writing to the girl and they got to know one another so well through letters that a proposal of marriage and acceptance followed. Quite recently the bride-to-be came from Italy and the happy end of this story is that a marriage is announced for mid-June.



June 7, 1951

Strawberries are ripe - and they certainly smelled, looked and tasted good in Harrow Tuesday, when once again the cool weather was the chief topic of conversation.

It was just 60 years ago that hundreds of maple trees were planted in Amherstburg. They certainly make good neighbours and I thank the old town fathers for their foresight every time I go to the park. I feel as if a friend is gone when the wind catches one of them unawares as it did Friday night and rips it apart.

Haven't seen them advertized here but was keenly interested in (now that I'm keeping house as a side line) Bondware paper service, a matching highly nonabsorbent service, the plates plastic-surfaced, which look to be attractive labor savers for summer - and inexpensive, in beautiful colors.

A modern conversation overheard in Amherstburg restaurant. Three little boys were dining together and one said when looking at the menu, "What's a porker-house?" "That's not a porker-house," said another in disgust because of his sophistication regarding meat cuts as he tried to explain. "I wouldn't know," said the first, "we only have hamburg at our house" - and don't we all.

I've said before I wish I could live until 2000 to see what was going on (but I won't by a long way) but if the following is a sample of the trend of thought for 1951 I guess I'd better stick around to see how love and family life is going to be handled in 2000, and we quote, "If you are 30 and still single, you are a psychological case, according to a doctor of philosophy in Johannesburg, South Africa, who has started a marriage bureau which aims to match those psychologically suited to each other."

We have a woman in Amherstburg, Mrs. William Cavan, who makes beautiful hand-loomed textiles. The other night as I was going home she called me in to see some towels in lovely pastel shades which she had just finished to send to California, and the nice thing about her art is that she is willing to teach others. So if you have a yen to learn the art of weaving, we have an expert in the craft up Dalhousie Street who is willing and ready to show others. Mrs. Cavan has really created beautiful fabrics and I'm sure that she would be only too glad to show her work to anyone who might be interested.

It is a well known fact that chronic crossness is a sure sign of poor health and the person who persistently "flies off the handle" should see the family doctor. I'm just as sure that destructive criticism, which in most cases is bred by jealousy and unhappiness, is also a case for a doctor. I'm positive that the person who sees wrong in everything anyone does or who criticizes anyone who does well needs medical care - expert attention to get their minds on a higher plane if they can't do it for themselves. There is too much destructive criticism of this and that and the other thing flying around and if we ever expect to have a fine community where everyone is happy and works together, we should say to ourselves before repeating hearsay, "Do I actually know that what I'm saying is right."



June 14, 1951

I thought Miss Margaret Truman's reply to the question as to whether or not she would curtsy for the Royal Family was the essence of good taste, "I'll do what I'm supposed to do."

There certainly is a vivacious air about the gardens during the Iris march which is just about over for this year. I always get such a kick over the iris emblems and the stiff green swords.

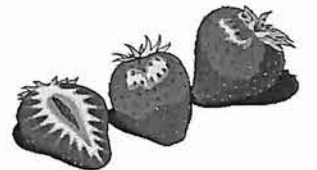
The following appeared in the *Echo* sixty years ago: A farmer's wife bringing 10 dozen eggs to Amherstburg or Windsor can exchange them for 14 pounds of granulated sugar. In Detroit she could get 33 pounds for the same number.

So often a person's walk is a dead give away of emotional condition - you might correct me on that statement saying that we are all inclined to slouch, that we have forgotten that head high, straight back and feet placed the right way gives grace (which is an asset) - and that shoulders drooping, head down with eyes on sidewalk doesn't show worry. I'll not argue the point but on Saturday I had occasion to watch the passersby downtown for an hour and I felt that from the children up, we do show how we feel as we go about our everyday business when we think no one is paying attention or it doesn't matter what we have on.



June 21, 1951

Strawberry shortcake - that delicious food of the day - am a bit partial to the warm buttered tea biscuit base rather than the cake - but either tickles the palate.



See that to be right up to the moment in the accessory line this summer the smart woman wears a large medallion or locket with her classic shirt. The chain or ribbon which goes under the collar holds the ornament at second button length, this giving a softness which is so essential to the looks of a woman.

Heaven forbid - saw pictures of the new fashion in hair in a posh woman's magazine and it's bouffant, wide and sleek. The trick to this new style is the under permanent with hair on top smooth. The new style reminds me of the way we did our hair in the roaring twenties, back combing the under sides to get the bouffant look. In fact, if I remember rightly, occasionally in those days we used "rats" to make for width.

We were talking about change in woman's leisure activities and a blanket statement was made that women nowadays never have luncheons with cards afterwards or afternoon card parties. During the conversation the observation was made that we were only talking about a few women, that no doubt that type of recreation is still going on - maybe it is, but it has been a long time, since before World War Two, that I have heard of a private bridge luncheon or bridge tea.

This story about the actress Helen Hayes (who played Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina" and had Vincent Price as her Prince Consort) and her daughter Mary bears retelling. It seems that Mary had told her mother, when Miss Hayes had confided in her that she was afraid of falling during a silly dance in a play, "So you'll fall. So the worst will happen. So you'll pick yourself up and start over again." Two years later when Mary died of polio, Miss Hayes remembered those words and found new strength in them.

On Sunday we listened to and gloried over a top flight radio tenor singing, "In the Garden." His rendition was beautiful but Mrs. Alfred Stainton's interpretation of that same lovely old hymn surpasses his. There's nothing like music, in my estimation, to remind one of nice incidents in past life that have been tucked away and apparently forgotten. So it was on Sunday when the beauty of that hymn filled the lovely noontime air, I could in mind see our father, trying out his bass on that hymn and working up chords which would delight a modern barbershopper.

When the "*Cliff's Victory*" glided upriver on Tuesday at 5:30 p.m. we had ringside seats for the showing of that amazing new lakes' freighter. She's a streamlined giant but the whistle coming from such a virile ship disappointed me. I guess I expected a deep bellow. This old Detroit River - there's nothing like it for beauty or continued interest.



June 28, 1951

Sunday week, Mr. and Mrs. Allen J. Howie, Malden, had a delightful visitor in the person of the Cisco Kid. Their friend Frank Dayus brought this cowboy hero of young and old down to call. Mrs. Howie was telling me of the Cisco Kid's quiet charm and that being up on a pedestal in the eyes of so many hasn't turned his head one iota. That he is just an awfully nice young man.

The children's clothes made of brilliant fluorescent-type yarns are certainly lively. They are a bit startling in their radiance and the colors are certainly high. The gleaming satin of the jackets I saw seems to act as a reflector when the eye suddenly lights on them. I haven't seen any of the articles thusly processed for adults nor have I seen them at night, but friend said in effect, "Did you ever see a pair of sox walking?"

Missed something very, very special Sunday afternoon because of a full program. Mrs. Lucille Ouellette Shanahan was entertaining Sister Marie Anthony of St. Louis and her blood sister, Sister Louise Marie of Loretta Academy, at their home below town and I was invited to meet them. The nuns are in Detroit while Sister Marie Anthony is designing & producing the more than 500 eye-catching costumes needed for the "City of Freedom" musical spectacle. The show, Detroit's 250th birthday production, will take place from July 13 to 23 at University of Detroit Stadium. This Loretine nun thinks on a large scale. I understand as she sketches the costumes and scenes with charcoal, held at arm's length for perspective, and thinks of color combinations for the various sequences of the gigantic spectacle to be shown on a five-level stage, as she goes along. Her sister assists her constantly. She is even designing the costumes for the living scenery (actors dressed as water, winds, clouds and mechanical objects), as well as for all the others. I was disappointed not to meet this dynamic person and her sister - one of those nice things in life which occasionally almost touches you and passes you by.



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Editors' Note: The *Echo* of February 22, 1951, page 1, has the caption, "*Capitalist Heads Nationalized Steel*" over a photo of a man. The cut line below states, "*You are looking into the face of one of nature's most vicious creatures, the man-eating piranha...*"

On page 5 the caption, "*We Look Like Dinner to Him*" tops a photo of an ugly fish. The cut line below reads, "*A capitalist member of the British Labor party, Steven Hardy, 65, has been made chairman of the board of the Iron and Steel Corporation of Great Britain...*"

No wonder the *Echo* took some ribbing about this mix-up!

