



# Conversation Pieces

by  
Helen Marsh



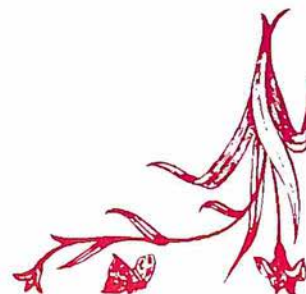
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1951-52



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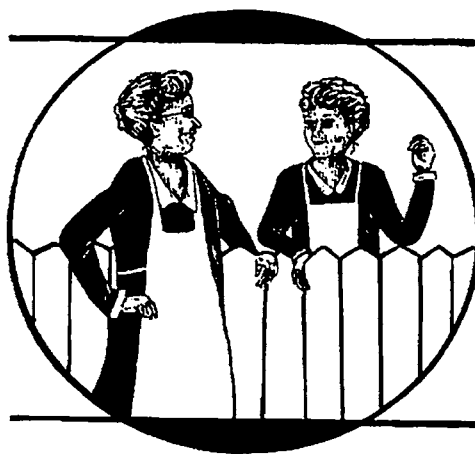
Marsh Collection Society  
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada







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## Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

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

July 5, 1951

The eight- to twelve-year-old girls' day camp which the Rotary Ladies are sponsoring is for any girl in that age group, not especially Guides or Brownies.

The stately delphinium and Madonna lilies which are gracing the summer gardens with their aloof, dignified beauty these days are certainly adding to the ever-changing delight of the Tuesday drives to Harrow.

This is the most popular *Echo* of the year in the eyes of the children of the district, for it carries the school reports. Names make news in all news items and when "My Name" is printed in a school report, that's Big Time News - nothing can beat it. I can remember way back when, I was so scared it wouldn't be there, I was afraid to look, and in the seventh heaven when I found the teacher and the typesetter hadn't forgotten me.

We heard the number one Barbershop quartet, the Smith Brothers from Wisconsin, over the radio on the weekend and thrilled not only at their volume of tone but at their control and expression; their very soft blended chords were equally beautiful. Quoting Harold McIntosh, these brothers only started to sing together 16 months ago when their priest asked them to sing in church - and this year were the toast of the International Convention.

Graeme Hutchinson got a big bang out of being the first customer at Simpson's Branch office in Amherstburg, Friday.

When the Brandie children had their joint birthday party last Wednesday, their cakes were realistic cake lambs with coconut giving the wool effect and the eyes, mouth and nose raisins and cherries. The candles were arranged on the backs.



July 12, 1951

The turquoise three-cent stamps tickle my aesthetic sense and make the local letters gay - but when I stick on a green one as a team mate - I close my eyes.

The investigations into the use of narcotics among teenagers has set us all thinking. And I never knew until last week that there is a group "Narcotics Anonymous" similar to "Alcoholic Anonymous."

Whether one wears a narrow skirt or a full skirt (the new skirt is the full skirt, says *Vogue*) a dark silk suit can take the average woman any place in all seasons. They really are most practical and stunning, in my estimation, when quantities of sparkle are worn with them.

"Grays cloak the fall scene" is one prediction for fall clothes for women. But with Princess Elizabeth choosing green for her Canadian visit - what do you bet? Even those of us who look ghastly in that shade will have touches of it because, if I predict rightly, green will step into Number One spot.

Inlanders could never understand the personal feelings, whether joy or distress, we get over Operation Detroit River. It might be a sunset. It might be the *Scott Misner* upbound. It could easily be the new moon and its accompanying star of last week. It might be the wind angrily making white caps on the dull gray forbidding river when the storm came up early Sunday evening as we watched and thrilled when the gallant tugs *Patricia McQueen* and *Oregon* huffed and puffed a bit and quickly pulled the *Columbia* out into the river. "Bonny tugs" - that's an expression I've acquired because of my association with the Scotch lassie.

"How can I help a preschool child to prepare him for reading?" queries the mother. I (being still interested in a child's reading program) came across a fine explanation, written for parents by a top American educator, Dr. Paul Witty. Dr. Witty points out that reading today is recognized as a complex skill. Parents, he thinks, can do more than they usually do to encourage their children to enjoy reading. They can help achieve what is known as a "reading readiness." In his booklet Dr. Witty discusses seven points on how parents can prepare children for reading: "First, give the preschool child a wealth of experiences. Take him on trips and excursions, to the market, the store, airport, museum, and exchange ideas about these things. Second, be patient with his questions. Help him understand things. When possible, help him to find the answers himself. Encourage him to check your answers by first-hand observation. Third, help him to express himself clearly, to use and pronounce words correctly. (Incidentally, he will imitate your language!)"

Listen to him, show an interest. Fourth, help him learn to listen to stories suitable for him. Read him stories. Encourage him to tell what he gets out of books. Develop his interest in color and pictures. Let him handle crayons, paints, chalk, blunt scissors. Fifth, remember that children want to learn to read. They want to grow up. You are allying yourself with their natural sense of direction. But sixth, don't force him to read. Teaching a preschool child the ABC's so that he can spell out words is not generally a good idea, Dr. Witty warns. "Good readers don't spell out words," he says. "They learn to recognize whole words and phrases at a glance." Learning to pay attention to individual letters will slow up the child's progress later. However, if Susie asks, "What's this letter?" or Ronnie, "What does that sign say?" - tell them. They're expressing their own interest. But "Keep the learning situation informal - and let the child's interest be your guide." Prepare the youngster for reading at the "fun" and "play-a-game" level. Books and reading later should be enjoyed. If he ceases to enjoy the preparations, you are not contributing to "reading readiness."



**July 19, 1951**

The velvet smile of the lazy sun must have doubled our population Sunday.

Heard of a wonderful thing Saturday for people who can't read, an album of records containing a full length book.

I, who is hipped on two-piece suits and the like, was interested to read of the number of slim-fitting suits at the garden party at Buckingham Palace last Thursday.

Last week, we enjoyed a bouquet of white and Fire Chief petunias arranged in a handmade green pottery bowl. Mrs. John Gray very kindly sent the bowl for Mother's Day and this was its debut. The informality and spriteliness of this summer flower is attractive, I think.

Mrs. Wilbert Bruner, an Oxley friend, was telling me Tuesday that her brother, Major Arthur Ashford of Ottawa, has been appointed to head all communications and sound equipment on Parliament Hill when Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of

Edinburgh visit Ottawa in the fall.

"This is Detroit - 1701 to 1951," in pictures, is a new book everyone in this district should have in his library. It was written by M.M. Quaife and edited by William White. In it we see the history and development in every way of Detroit since its founding to the present day.

Forgot the note I made about flags and July first or lack of flags in Amherstburg on July first. But feel it is not too late to say that many of us (including myself) seemed to be so carried away with the fact that we had a long leisurely holiday weekend that we completely forgot the significance of the day, the formation of Canada, and the only flag I saw honoring Dominion Day except at the Museum and on the Government buildings was at Mrs. Lewis Goodchild's home.

Warm weather reading - the day was hot (I'm talking about Sunday) and still for her summer reading B.M. could hardly put "The Cardinal" by Henry Morton Robinson down to be sociable - H.M. ran truer to summer reading form with a dandy whodunit by the Lockeridges, that husband and wife mystery storm team, who introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. North. So even in our small household there's no consistency as to reading tastes when the brain as well as the body is wilting.

Was delighted with this "Test of Middle Age" from the *Brockville Recorder and Times* - because it struck a familiar chord in this reporter's life. Here it is: "Perhaps the onset of middle age can be detected by a simple test as far as people who live by the river are concerned. We're still young when we resent having to wait until the 24<sup>th</sup> of May for the season's first swim. When we reach the stage where the St. Lawrence (I'll say Detroit River) still feels forbiddingly cold by the first of July, we might as well accept the fact that our salad days are behind us."



**July 26, 1951**

Bill Hall, a natural athlete, has developed into quite a tennis player. He who has been playing with all his pals here for almost a year has entered the Jackson Park, Windsor, tournaments and has been winning in the elimination contests, so has

gotten into Ontario play-offs.

Was this you with a powder blue, low, round-necked blouse, a full navy blue smart length skirt (rough estimate 13" from the floor), navy and white spectator pumps, a tiny navy cloche and an imitation pink rose sitting casually at the off-centre waistline? - Lovely to look at.

Wish I could get into Detroit to join in this, its 250<sup>th</sup> birthday week. I love milling with crowds in a celebration - the informality and the down-to-earthiness of a jovial crowd and, of course, mass hysteria. We joined with Detroit's crowds on Armistice night in 1918 and again on V-J night in 1945 - so we really shouldn't pass the City of Freedom, the city of "the Strait, D'Étroit," by on her 250<sup>th</sup> birthday - if it means anything to Detroit, I've been glad to have lived so close to you, that's my birthday toast.

Thank you Mary Kay Hamilton Barron, and my apologies - and we quote a letter from her:

*The first thing I do on Friday evenings after we get down "home" for the weekend is read the Echo. I saw your late item about the one and only flag you saw flying in the 'Burg on July first was in front of Mrs. Goodchild's. In your little jaunt around town that day you must have hit Sandwich Street before 8:00 a.m. or later than 6:30 p.m. because "Flag flyer J. R. Hamilton" certainly had his flag out all day between those hours. It's been a standing joke around home for years about the number of times during a year that Dad puts out the Flag, even among the grandchildren; in fact, one Christmas Day when Donnie Sepanek was 8½ he said, "Papa, aren't you going to put the flag out today, it's a holiday, you know."*

Marilyn Wismer, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Wismer, is having great experience as a nurse-in-training at a hospital near Independence, Missouri. On Monday their hospital was only 10 or 15 miles away from the high flood area, and as two large hospitals in their area have been evacuated, many of the flood refugees and seriously ill are being taken care of in her hospital. The nurses are on 24-hour duty. We here who live along the peaceful Detroit River can hardly understand the proportions of or devastation caused by a flood like this. It seems

that an acquaintance of Marilyn's went in his motor boat over the tops of box cars to the fourth story window of one of the hospitals to help get out some of the sick, who had been taken higher and higher in the building as the flood waters rose.

We miss the D. and C. [Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Co.] boats from the river after 83 years of friendship. In fact, we practically told time by the "Buffalo" boat going down at night and up in the morning. When the "Greater Detroit," the newest of the fleet, and the "Eastern States," the line's oldest, chained side by side, were towed stern first to a new storage dock a few weeks ago, an observer leaned against one of the pilings at the foot of First Street in Detroit and said: "I remember the day the *Greater Detroit* came here. Crowds came to see her and go through her. The papers were all full of her pictures. They let kids go up and blow the whistle. It was a great day for Detroit. I saw her then in her day of triumph. I guess that was about 1924 or '25. I felt I had to come down and see her today, hauled off by the tail like a dead cat. Some of her friends, I figured, ought to be standing by."



*August 2, 1951*

I think the half veils worn over the hair and face (without a hat), with or without a flower tucked here or there at the back, are stunning.

A Detroit friend is wearing a stunning wide silver bracelet made from her father's napkin ring. She said she got the idea from a shop in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Fred Haynes clipped the following from a Florida paper - "The Detroit River sometimes is called the 'Dardanelles of the New World'."

If the U.S. Government does away with book clubs I think, even though many scoff at them, the people will be the losers for they (the clubs) certainly have filled a void in thousands of lives. Not only has the reading need been satisfied but many an unknown and struggling author has been given a good start because his book was chosen by a particular club.

Know what being put through the third degree means now after a barrage of questions on things nautical from two well-sparked lads Saturday - one fifteen and the other twelve. Starting out with "Did you see the *Misener* today? What are the important points of that ship architecturally?" "How much longer is the *Wilfred Sykes*?" Then on in rapid succession to different salutes and their meanings. A grueling grilling, I'd say, for fear I'd let them down.

Understand a businessman in town has advised his girls to wait after placing a call until the dial phone being called has rung ten times before hanging up. Dandy sound advice, for it has happened that when the phone rings you might be outside, so you scurry while the bell is pealing four, five and possibly six times and then silence and by that time your pressure has gone up from rushing and disgust, for your caller has gone just as you reach for the phone.

I've been particularly interested in the dreadful (is that a strong enough word?) floods on the Missouri and Mississippi rivers because through the years I've heard about flood control there through the Hodgmans, because Mr. Harry Hodgman left here to go to that section of the United States where he directed flood control measures for the U.S. Government. Then, too, I've been in that part of the Middle West and have seen the dykes and levees. The abnormal cycle of weather this year when the rivers were fed by torrential rains made them go on the rampage to the tune of millions of dollars damage.

Mrs. Godfrey Pigeon of Colchester South has returned home after being at the Essex County Sanitarium for treatment. Last Thursday I got the following letter from her which set me thinking (as it will you). Here it is, and we quote:

*Were you ever at the San? It is a beautiful place. The yards are beautiful and peaceful with elm trees. The nurses are really wonderful, so kind and patient. I had Mrs. McTaggart for one, who lives down the bank at Amherstburg. She was really one of the best. Inside everyone is so cheerful and pleasant. All striving for the same end - a discharge - and the doctors helping them to health. Some of the patients were from a distance. So far, they had no callers and probably one letter a week. I was a fortunate one, living near, and sometimes I felt a little guilty as I did appreciate visitors and to them all days were alike. You should go and see it.*

It was so fitting and thrilling for Amherstburg to have been connected with the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of Detroit Thursday. For it was Rev. Charles Kelly, C.S.B., a former pastor at St. John the Baptist Church, Amherstburg, now pastor of St. Anne's, Detroit, who sang solemn pontifical Mass at St. Anne's Church to mark the old parish's 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the First Mass said on July 26, 1701, two days after Cadillac landed at Detroit. The tomb beneath the high altar of St. Anne's holds the remains of Father Gabriel Richard. His body was moved into the shrine when the present church was built in 1886. Cardinal Mooney presided at the colorful, historic rites, led by Father Kelly. Detroit once more will have a street named for the city's first church, for on Thursday the City Common Council gathered in front of the church at Nineteenth and Howard and in a ceremony changed the name of Nineteenth to St. Anne. Detroit's first St. Anne was changed to Griswold many years ago. In those years the old church stood at the corner of what is now W. Jefferson and Griswold. Later it was moved to its present location.



*August 9 & 16, 1951*

Do you like the taste of late summer? - I do, in the melons, peaches and tomatoes especially.

The sunset Sunday was grand but strange. The clouds were high and seemed to be banking against the gold backdrop for the flaming deep red sun which hung in place with nary a brush-full of color flowing out from the rim.

Before all the grousing starts (you know that "spending money foolishly" and "they're no better than I" business) about the coming visit of Princess Elizabeth and her husband Duke of Edinburgh, I want to go on record and say I'm glad the Royal couple decided to tour Canada and I hope I glimpse them when they come to Windsor (for there is enough romantic and sentimental stuff in me to want to actually see a Princess). And I'll wager I'll read every press release and like them - as will millions of other people if they would only own up to it. I feel all Canada and Washington, too, is going to be happy over the Royal visit.



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*August 23, 1951*

The most expensive exquisite imported lace had nothing on the lovely intricate designs of lace trimming the shoreline in front of our place Friday night when the liquid light of the August full moon, quicksilver bright, shone through the leaves making cut work, lacy designs.

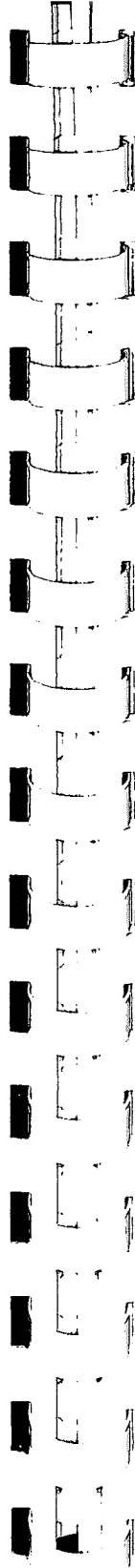
For a long time we have advocated a full stop sign at North Street when entering Dalhousie. North Street, driving west especially, has become a popular route and as children flock to the park up Dalhousie and cut across leisurely to the park path, an accident at the corner seems almost inevitable. Stop the cars there before the neighbors have heart failure and before an accident occurs.

I've always found that people with green thumbs are nice-to-know, enthusiastic about life, generous souls whose love for flowers and things growing makes them want to give pleasure - to have others enjoy the beauty of bloom which they have created. This last week, friend Gladys Scratch Wilson got a box of gladiolus from her brother, Dr. John Scratch, who lives in Maymount, Saskatchewan. Dr. Scratch, a gladiolus enthusiast, wanted his sister (regardless of the freight rate) to see and enjoy the flowers which he had grown. In fact, we too enjoyed the blooms from Northern Saskatchewan - a busy doctor's hobby.



Willie Scatterty of Harrow was home on leave from the R.C.N. recently and in telling of a Navy cruise which his ship made this year, he explained the beauty of Edinburgh thusly, "Princes' St. is so beautiful. The buildings are all granite and when the sun shines on them they look like millions of diamonds." He certainly caught one of the outstanding glories of that city. I'd like to have been there this past weekend for the gathering of the clans. The skirl of the pipes, the color in the kilts, the diamonds on the buildings on one side of Princes' Street and the beauty of the gardens on the other with Edinburgh Castle looking down from its rocky pinnacle as if enjoying all - must have been wonderful.

Well I remember nine years ago August 19, I had just started this job and it was



Harrow Day. Before leaving the house I heard the radio telling in excited voice of a combined operations raid from the south of England to the French coast - to a spot called Dieppe. I knew the physical features of Dieppe because I had landed there in a Channel crossing ten years before. Well, Bill Currie and I started off to Harrow and with awe in our tones, talked and wondered what was happening. We had never heard of a "combined operations," in fact we knew nothing except that something awful was happening. You could actually feel the eeriness of the morning. Friends in Harrow felt as we did. That was a horrible, strange August 19 as I remember it. Later in the day we were told exactly what had happened when the need for absolute secrecy was lifted. We knew the Essex Scottish was in it so that increased the fear as the days went on. August 19 that year was a Wednesday, so the days of waiting were horrible. As I remember it was Sunday morning when we actually got the first definite word of what had happened to one of our local members of the Scottish. After that the awfulness for the parents and wives of lads in our regiment increased and we mourned with them. Nine years have gone by but we don't forget the date nor the experience.



*August 30, 1951*

I've joined a new club - Talk to Animals Club - I chat out loud with Bobs Hutchinson as I walk on Dalhousie. I talk out loud to the squirrels on the lot and I laugh at myself when I realize that I'm actually scolding the silly blue jays from the back step.

The *Echo* files 50 years ago say, "Colonel R.J. Wilkinson is in Colchester South securing subscribers for his celebrated book of poems, 'Canadian Battlefields'" - "The Battle of Canard Bridge" from this book was one I loved to speak of at Epworth League. Col. Wilkinson should have thought up the press agent idea and selling his thoughts and ideas might have been easier.

This is more for the young people - it has been drawn to my attention by a young hostess that so-and-so wasn't coming to their party but they didn't know why - just said, "I'll see." Always give a reason for declining an invitation unless it is a very intimate reason, or your hostess will resent it. An invitation is a thing in our lives that can't be brushed off lightly or if you do you'll find yourself without any.

Group perseverance in an organization is a fine thing. That mass determination to make a go of a project was demonstrated by the Essex Scottish Women's Auxiliary who staged a fine flower show in the Windsor Armories over the weekend. It seems that three years ago, when their first flower show was held, there were 35 entries. Last year 150 persons entered their flowers but this year there were 500 exhibitors. "The women certainly worked," was the comment to me - and it must have been a "combined efforts operation" not just a few "willing horses."

The following isn't original but expresses my thoughts better than I could myself. Someone within the past year wrote a little book on why there are no dinosaurs. The answer is the same for almost all now extinct creatures. They couldn't adjust to change. If we insist on having anything exactly as we used to have it - whether it be housekeeping, town government, classroom teaching, farming, children's reading or what-you-will - we are pretty sure to be brushed aside by the march of history and left where we put ourselves, somewhere in an ineffectual back-wash along with the dinosaurs.



September 13, 1951

Couldn't resist the following - How to avoid some taxes: Don't smoke, Don't drink alcohol, Don't drink soft drinks, Don't use gasoline, Don't buy a cook stove, Don't buy a refrigerator, Don't live, Don't die.

Two friends went to the wonderful Vienna exhibition in Toronto and laughable as it was each had an entirely different idea of what was outstanding in the collection. One friend called and told of the gorgeous tapestries with their gold and silver threads, and the other wrote, "We went to the Vienna Ex. at Art Gallery on Sunday and enjoyed especially the vases and urns - gorgeously encrusted with jewels and gold - delicate sculpture and wonderful colors, jade, lapis, lazuli, emerald, heliotrope, jasper, rock crystal, with black diamonds and enamels. We liked the bronze and ivories, really delightful with intricate carving - and the cameo. The tapestries and pictures weren't so different from others." Another example of variance of opinion, and shows why you may feel squelched if you recommend too highly in the world of art.

Vessel

Captain

Chief Engineer

48 Colonial Steamships Ltd., West St., Port Colborne, Ont. (Owner and Operator)  
 Scott Misener, Gen. Mgr.; John O. McKellar, Fleet Supt. and Engr.

Bayton .....	418-50-29 ..	7,200	D. L. Wilson .....	A. A. Lyons
Viscount Bennett .....	480-52-30 ..	10,000	C. H. Cole .....	J. McCleverty
Brumton .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	T. O. Allison .....	C. C. Dunnick
P. H. Brown .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	C. C. Harrison .....	H. Spencer
J. P. Burke .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	R. McColeman .....	A. R. Donnelly
George M. Carl .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	O. B. Albinson .....	W. Crowley
Clayton .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	Wm. Cammell .....	R. M. Crawford
Everett .....	468-52-30 ..	9,000	A. R. Rafuse .....	E. J. Springthorpe
Donald P. Pawcett .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	L. E. Fain .....	M. G. Levery
Clary Foran .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	J. A. Austin .....	W. J. McEwen
J. A. France .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	R. O. Welland .....	G. A. Begg
Walter Inkster .....	232-44-23 ..	3,300	E. Brown .....	G. P. Sweetman
Laketon .....	410-50-28 ..	7,500	J. W. Sharpe .....	G. H. Tinley
Paul Manion .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	W. A. Stewart .....	J. W. Campbell
Mathewston .....	530-55-32 ..	12,000	W. J. Lemcke .....	A. McLaren
J. O. McKellar .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	E. B. Bailey .....	F. W. Daggett
J. N. McWaters .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	R. P. Simpson .....	Wm. H. Brown
Lt. J. Misener .....	232-43-21 ..	3,300	P. Tetrauk .....	A. F. MacDonald
Ralph Misener .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	J. Bowrie .....	Jat. Henderson
Scott Misener .....	636-58-33 ..	10,000	J. E. F. Misener .....	C. E. Carpenter
E. P. Murphy .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	A. G. McLean .....	W. Cook
Queenston .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	I. Crawford .....	J. Finlay
Royalton .....	530-55-32 ..	12,000	F. J. Brady .....	A. E. Hurst
Frank Wilkinson .....	232-43-20 ..	3,300	C. E. Tully .....	

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Entry from 1952 Redbook showing freighter Scott Misener.

For those who missed the following in Mark Beltaire's column in the *Detroit Free Press*, we quote, "No Third Chance":

*The Hundreds of thousands of Detroiters and Windsorites who watched Capt. Ole Jacobsen's two determined tries for the Tugboat Race title...skipper of the John Roen III...will recall his determination to win the crown from the Atomic next year. They'll be unhappy to know he won't be back. Capt. Jacobsen died in Marine Hospital in Chicago a few days ago. Ironically the steam tug Oregon, which dogged the Roen's wake in the first race and was blamed for Jacobsen's loss, is another casualty of the second race staged this spring as part of Detroit's 250<sup>th</sup> birthday party. The Oregon is headed for the boneyard in Cleveland. The strain of trying to beat the Atomic and the Roen was too much for its ancient boiler. The boiler has been condemned...too much expense to replace it.*

I, who am interested in relationships, certainly slipped up on this one. We read of the christening of the *Scott Misener*, we run when that giant of the lakes is upbound, we say Captain Scott Misener, for whom the ship is named, is a friend of

the McQueens and now we find out that same captain is an uncle of Everett Saunders on Park Street.

The four special colors sponsored by Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth for her trip to Canada next month are stunning. I've got four patches of those lovely shades she chose tacked on the wall and they will indeed complement the reds, bronze and yellow of Canadian Octobers. The Royal tour colors are Edinburgh Green (teal in my language); Elizabethan Rose (raspberry in our color scheme); Mayflower (shocking pink) and Cupid Blue (turquoise to you and to me).

The sunset Friday night was something in its peculiar tones of blue and yellow - unusual combinations of those two primaries. We laugh at people who try to justify the weather in their particular part of the globe; for instance, you read that Vancouver in the summer is glorious, but when you are there it rained every day and was cold. A native will tell you that it's unusual weather, etc. etc. I found myself upholding our sunsets the other dullish night with some visitors. "The sunsets over the river must be nice," said visitor. "Yes," I replied, "We nearly always have something worth looking at, this dull uninteresting west is very rare."

Mrs. Fred Beneteau was in the office recently and brought the following poem which Mrs. Josephine Bernard has been carrying around in her prayer book for years and years. Mrs. Bernard said this poem, "Write to Mother," gave her comfort and Mrs. Beneteau said, "It might just do someone good."

*If you've a gray-haired mother  
In the old home far away -  
Sit down and write the letter  
You put off day by day.  
Don't wait until the tired steps  
Reach heaven's pearly gate -  
But show her that you think of her  
Before it is too late.  
If you've a tender message  
Or a lovely word to say  
Don't wait until you forget it,  
But whisper it today.*

*Who knows what bitter memories  
May haunt you if you wait? -  
So make your loved ones happy  
Before it is too late.*



**September 27, 1951**

Met a voice, a lovely radio voice - in the person of Charles Park of W.J.R., and wasn't at all disappointed as so often we are when we build up our own ideas of radio people or writers, and meet them or see them.

The Essex detachment of the St. John Ambulance Corps is doing a fine job all round the country wherever crowds gather. Mr. and Mrs. Guy Brush of Harrow are members of this corps and together with Mrs. Phil Wagner of Essex were on duty at the Harrow Fair last week. These people set up a complete hospital unit in a building on the grounds and were ready and equipped to help in any emergency or accident.

The dietician from the Department of Agriculture who was judging baking at the Harrow Fair was as jolly and fresh as could be when she talked to me Friday afternoon at 4 after her job was over. When I asked the question, "How do you feel?" with sympathy in my tone because of the tremendous job of judging the delicious-looking quantity of food, I really expected her to answer, "Sick," but she said laughingly, "Tired" and really didn't sound it. I suppose it's just another job with her, when to me it was an unsurmountable one.

"With so many young couples in a marrying mood, the papers are hard put to keep up with wedding pictures," says the *Bowmanville Statesman*. Some dailies have given up the race. One Ontario Women's page had 500 brides' pictures still to appear at the end of June this year. And another women's editor remarked sadly that she got so far behind with her weddings that in two cases the birth notices got in first! Discouraging. If it's love that makes the world go round, there's no danger of it slowing down for a while.

When reading of the serious operation which King George had on Sunday and the responsibility which lay at the hands of that list of doctors, it brought to mind that the late Mrs. Frank M. Falls' uncle, Sir Benjamin Brodie, was physician to our King's great-grandmother, Queen Victoria. Those doctors naturally did their best for the Royal patient, just as our doctors do their best for you and me, but with him he's not only a symbol of our heritage but a friend of all in the British Commonwealth of nations - in fact of all the friendly nations in the world - and his return to health is as important to us as if he were a member of our immediate family.



**October 4, 1951**

We certainly live in a deactivated park neighborhood since school started.

Another type of art caught and held my attention this past week - Sandwich Making - combining eye and taste appeal, the artist Mrs. Louis Bondy of Anderdon.

We just knew that the weather wizard was fixing for a storm last week because of the awesome show in the west Wednesday evening last, when the cold-looking blue cloud banks were being bumped around by the wind. Thursday night they (the clouds) were still taking a beating.

Have seen the name Rev. R. Revington in connection with the Gesto United Church but didn't know until lately that this minister was a woman and that the first marriage at which she had officiated was the Shepley-Deobald (of interest to Colchester North and South) rites.

When the past and present members of St. John the Baptist Choir parted Mrs. Harvey Hamilton a fortnight ago, in making the presentation of a watch, Father Thomson said that the farewell gift should have been a mink coat and a Cadillac. Thirty-five years of faithful service as organist of the church certainly would warrant that, but in appreciation, the watch conveyed the idea beautifully.

Have heard lately about young brides who because of the rush at the time of

their marriage, have had trouble with who-sent-what-gift. I realize it is hard to keep track of gifts, but it is a must that the bride knows what she gets and from whom and acknowledges every one separately in writing. At a big reception this spring at the Anderdon Town Hall when the bride and groom were showered with many gifts, the girls who were helping took the time to attach every card to its proper gift with Scotch tape so there was no guessing about a single gift.

Never thought I'd see the day when I felt in the class of the Astors and Vanderbilts and could hold my head high because of a juicy roast beef dinner - time was when sirloin steak was just steak, when a beef roast was a casual Sunday dinner and we bought liver for Rusty, the first Irish setter, but in the revolution of ideas and purse strings, pork liver and caviar (strange bedfellows, but caviar seems cheaper as beef is dearer) are for us but a juicy, moderately well done roast isn't often - but I know now what it feels like to be up there.



**October 11, 1951**

We were talking to a dandy down-to-earth tugboat captain from Detroit the other day and as all conversations do these days, the Princess' visit came up. His mother-in-law is from England and he said, "She's just as excited as if a daughter were coming home."

When glasses are found, turn them into the *Echo* office because we have enquiries almost daily for lost glasses. When children find glasses they are of no use to anyone but the person who loses them, so send them in to us and possibly we can find the owner. A loss of glasses is no small item and if any are found, here's the place to bring them.

I'd certainly hate to be in the clothing business, these last few years especially. It's bad enough to be in the newspaper business when we haven't enough space for all the news. To come back to the first sentence, a fortnight ago I wanted fall clothes, peppy things for business and dress up - but on Friday the very thought of anything but a comfortable summer dress was revolting. The clothiers' lot is not an enviable one, I feel.

There are people who have the quiet faculty of making us put our best foot forward who always bring out the best in us. I felt the same Friday (remember the blazing heat) about the wizard (quote from last week's bits) nature. It seemed that because the Princess was actually coming to Canada, nature was doing its best for her, because the sumacs on Bob-Lo all of a sudden became vivid red in the golden sun and the maples in the park were getting out their scarlet bows and furbelows, including lots of gold.

Just recently I listened to a Detroit woman telling of carefully choosing gifts for friends here when on her trip to Mexico and of her disappointment in never having seen her friends wear their presents. I thought of this conversation when reading of Princess Elizabeth's costume when she arrived at Dorval Airport from Britain Monday noon. Canada sent her a wild mink jacket for a wedding present, so to show her appreciation, she wore the jacket with her Edinburgh green suit when she stepped from the plane. Kindness and thoughtfulness are the first rules of good taste.

Among our friends who are to have the honor of being presented to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip Monday (I'm green-eyed and delighted (mixed emotions) at their good fortune, I guess) are Mr. and Mrs. William Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Heaton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pettypiece, Rev. and Mrs. M.C. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dufour, Mr. and Mrs. Warden McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murdoch and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leadbetter.

Mrs. Tony Griffin of Ottawa had the honor of partnering the Duke of Edinburgh when the Princess and he were introduced to the Canadian square dance there this week. Mrs. Griffin is Mrs. Jim Wright's sister. It seems that a group of Ottawa young marrieds have been square dancing enthusiastically for several years and so part of the entertainment for the Royal visitors was a square dance.



*October 18, 1951*

I think the shorter flared skirts of this fall's silhouette are stunning; also the crinoline petticoats to add flare and swish to this fashion - not for oldsters, of

course, but for the younger, good-figures folk.

Summer certainly has been smiling her farewell. And what difference her smile made to the Linden and the Ginko trees on the moat, also to the petunias in neighbors' gardens which actually sparkled Friday morning with opalescent beads of moisture.

Young Bill Wilson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wilson, Rankin Avenue, has a decided flare for things artistic. Besides painting very nicely, this young lad is a builder. He has designed and built a three-storey house in the back yard. And he asked for and got tarpaper for Christmas for his house.

Was amused that the spectacle necklet worn by Mrs. Kate Aiken at the informal press reception in Ottawa for Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh caught the Duke's eye and he said to her, "What a crafty idea." And for those of us who wear glasses only for reading, it sure is a crafty idea - so Mrs. F.E. Wilson, who gave me mine, and the Duke have ideas in common.

Last week in the Con Pieces I spoke of Mrs. Jim Wright's sister putting the Duke of Edinburgh through a square dance routine at a private party for the Royal Couple in Ottawa - and evidently didn't make myself clear that the Mrs. Jim Wright referred to was Rev. H.A. and Mrs. Wright's daughter-in-law.

Felt ashamed on that glorious blue and gold mellow Monday morning to be here in Amherstburg and not in Windsor adding my acclaim to Princess Elizabeth and Prince Phillip. But in thoughts I paid my respects to our charming, delightful future Queen. And we certainly are lucky to be able to look forward to having her and her husband and her children as symbols of all we hold dear as a family, as good citizens of our community and as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. We could take a very snobbish view and say we are glad she belongs to us - but instead we'll say we are glad to be able to share her with the world.

English walnuts grown in the Banana belt, that's what we got in Harrow last Tuesday from Mrs. Taz Tillotson. It seems she and her son have two English walnut trees in their garden. The trees are 13 years old and have been bearing well for the last three years. These trees usually require sand and warmth, that's why

they do so well in California, but nevertheless those on the Tillotson place, which has sandy soil, have withstood our cold winters. Merle Tillotson told me that they bought the trees from a nursery when they were five years old and it was five more years before they began to bear. The nut is encased in a shuck and when this cracks open and falls to the ground the nut is ripe. Such a generous bagful of English walnuts early in October makes me feel that Christmas is upon us - which it is.



**October 25, 1951**

Wading in the fallen red and gold leaves Sunday, I felt as if I were touching color.

The variegated blanket of chrysanthemums at the F. Webster place up-the-bank is at the height of its glory now and certainly is cure-all for many of our ailments.

'Twas ever thus - "How are the twins?" questioned B.M. to the father of eighteen-month-old sons. "I find them delightful," he answered, "but their mother finds them wearing."

Mrs. Harold Smith submitted a limerick to the Stripped Gears department of the Rotarian magazine about Captain Earle McQueen and his tug *Atomic*. She hasn't heard whether or not she has won but she has had a letter from the magazine asking for more information about Captain McQueen.

I'm not critical of how the fashion shows in town have been handled, not at all, I'm simply reporting that a few weeks ago the Colchester Junior Church Workers had 350 persons in attendance at their fashion show to view clothes and accessories for men, women and children (on local models), all of which came from Harrow stores.

It seems that when Their Royal Highnesses were on the Government dock in Windsor Monday, the majestic freighter *Scott Misener* was upbound and as she passed the dock the Captain gave a proper Royal salute to the couple and dipped the flag. This traditional Naval gesture was noticed by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is

a Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Navy, and he was very pleased, we understand.

Nine out of 10 people interviewed by Jean H. Waldie of Brantford, president of the Ontario Historical Society, named Laura Secord, heroine of the War of 1812, as "the best known woman in Canada's history." Runners-up in Miss Waldie's poll were Dr. Charlotte Whitton, acting mayor of Ottawa; Pauline Johnson; Nellie McClung; Mrs. Kate Aitken; Lady Simcoe; Madeline de Verchères; Marguerite Bourgeoys; and Adelaide Hunter Hoodless. Those interviewed were a physician, a radio announcer, a photographer, a public school principal, a newspaper reporter, a librarian, two business women and two homemakers.

For weeks off and on we have been advocating dances, including square dances, for the young people of this community (even before the Princess and her husband joined in a square dance in Ottawa; and, thinking of that, wasn't her picture in square dance club a lovely one?) A young Detroit mother was talking recently of a square dance club to which she and her husband belong. She said that she, her mother and sister felt that square dancing in street clothes was hard on the clothes and uncomfortable to the dancer. So they designed and made up colorful costumes for themselves. Their dresses made such a hit at the square dance club that they were deluged with orders. She went on to tell of colors and materials they used (and I drooled over the exotic combinations). They even matched up shirts and skirts for partners. This young woman said that they got into something because what started out in their family expanded so that they held two fashion shows of square dance togs, one at the Detroit Yacht Club and the other in Ann Arbor for the university students.

A few weeks ago a person whom I consider a fine young mother of several children called to advertise for a dining table, because she said, "My children have got to get to know how to handle themselves and I feel that if we had a dining table and all that goes with it, I could direct them." She set me thinking about our too-hurried way of life so far as family meals are concerned. As if it was a television show, I thought of my grandfather Hicks and the family prayer he held before breakfast there in Essex and the fact that we were all there and we all ate together. The dinners there, for which we washed and cleaned up generally and were on time, had Grace and listened to the adult conversation and cleaned up our plates, folded

and put on our linen napkins in a ring and waited to be excused. In those days the dining table was a place where we learned manners and politeness, a place where we heard and got into adult ideas. The meal in those days was an institution and I really believe that the molding of characters took place around many dining tables with the father at one end and the mother at the other directing children's thoughts. I felt my young friend was right, for when I look back the old-time dining table helped to set many a family on the right path. With all the family sitting in judgement it was pretty hard to take "What went on at school today?" "Why weren't you home at nine last night?"



*November 1, 1951*

Mrs. Roy McKim, Highway 18 in Malden, has California poppies in bloom - four on a stalk. Banana Belt talk, isn't it?

Summer is certainly making a glorious last stand from the last sweet roses, the petunias and ageratum which I delight in daily along the street, especially on a sparkling late autumn day like Monday.

Sometimes I gasp when standing on Richmond Street looking riverwards at the beauty of the picture at the end of the street these days with the coal pile in the foreground and the lovely colors of river and Bob-Lo beyond.

In my estimation it's good taste to write messages on the face of a card or, if a folded card, on the left hand side opposite the printed message. So often I've missed messages from friends who wrote on the back of their cards or lift up the inside double sheet of a book-card and write there.

Excitement ran high at our part of the town when *Tom Girdler* was upbound at eight Friday morning. J.A.M. fully a half hour before heard a strange ship's whistle so we were alerted for this new Great Lakes ship on her maiden voyage. Her whistle was beautiful (I won't talk about her lines); to me it sounded like two blended low pipe organ notes.

Time was when in the spring and fall mother had a woman to come in and spend a few days and they would do up the family sewing. In fact I remember when my grandmother in Essex used to have a friend come and live there for a week at a time and do nothing but sew. So often of late I've thought of those leisurely living habits of another day and would like it if everything in my wardrobe down to the last pesky waist dome fastener could be fixed at once. The good old days had its advantages, believe me.

Every once in a while we all run across a person who is lonely who hasn't enough to do, so I thought I'd look around for things to do if I didn't go to business every day and had no home responsibilities. If I had the time I'd like to work at the Windsor Red Cross as a volunteer worker in some department for a few hours each week. If I had the time I'd like to get a good novel and read it out loud to shut-ins, a little at a time until it is finished. If I had time I'd like to tell different mothers to go off on a toot for a whole day and stay with their children; in fact, time wouldn't hang heavy, there wouldn't be enough of it because I'm a time-waster, but that's fun for me.



*November 8, 1951*

I met Mr. and Mrs. Ed Kelly just after they returned last Monday from a trip to the much-heralded beauty state Wisconsin. Said Mr. Kelly, "The best part of our trip was from the bridge down."

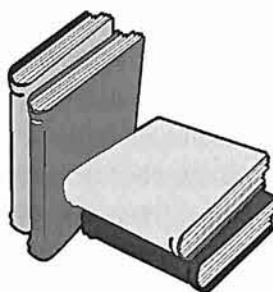
This little human bits of press releases concerning the Princess' visit to Washington tickled me, especially the conversation overheard on the streets between two young women. "She looks English," said the one as the Princess went by. "That's the way she's supposed to look," answered her friend. "You wouldn't want her to look like Rita Hayworth, would you?"

There's no question about it, we should change our weatherman, for it seems that he's changing the seasons to suit himself and only giving us two seasons - summer and winter - and the change comes overnight as it did Friday night. As I came out of my house Saturday morning I walked over a thick gold carpet of leaves



sprinkled with snow that had not been there the night before. In front of the Tillsons' the thicker carpet of leaves was green and these poor leaves were so rudely rushed off the tree during the night that they were still full of sap, which by nine o'clock was frozen, and they crunched when I walked on them. I popped in to look at the petunias and ageratum which had been courageously blooming all week but they too had succumbed to the frost.

Young Canada Book Week will be marked at the Amherstburg Public Library all next week. The purpose of this is to encourage more reading of more worthwhile books by more children at home, at school and at the library and to remind adults of the importance of a child's contact with the best books. Mrs. Walter Reaume, the librarian, has prepared a wonderful display of children's books and the library will be open all week from ten in the morning. Besides the children, parents are invited and encouraged to come to the library next week so that they will know of the books available for their children and will also know of the pleasure that comes from books shared with their children. For, according to Mrs. Reaume, a shared book is a shared experience, and we know a shared experience strengthens family ties. Parents and adults during the week if they stop in the library, and they are urged to, will have the satisfaction of knowing what good books are being put into the hands of the children in the community that our library services. And they too will enjoy looking over the attractive children's books being currently published.



### *November 15, 1951*

The movie "An American in Paris," with George Gershwin's music, according to the reviews, should be good movie fare.

There were many tones of silver in the moonlight Sunday evening early. I've always liked silver and so I got a thrill over the silver sequins of moonlight on the park.

Some of the Windsor teachers who attended the convention in Chicago on

Friday went to see "South Pacific." And they were delighted with this splendid musical which has had such a long New York run. I'll bet that they will teach better this week with all the lovely things from the score of "South Pacific" ringing through their heads.

Cousin from Toronto, after standing with his three children for almost two hours to see the Princess, was lukewarm to her charms. But he was a guest in the hotel in Halifax last week where the State dinner for Her Highness was held and in his own words he found her "breathtakingly beautiful" and in order to share his feeling with his wife called her in Toronto to tell of our Princess' beauty.

After the unseasonable cold of last week we had an overnight change Friday, and when I came officewards Saturday morning it felt just like an early spring day with its fairly warm sun, blue sky and river, mud, ice spots on the side of the walk and water round about. In fact I fully expected to hear a robin but, thank goodness, I didn't. The raucous blue jay acting like the king of the castle in our back yard Sunday as he flashed his lovely plumage said to me, "Weather-grumblers make me tired," with a defiant squawk.

Mrs. Sarah Hughson, a lifelong resident of Colchester South who celebrated her 101<sup>st</sup> birthday last Saturday at the home of her son Gordon at Cottam, is a truly remarkable person. Just imagine, her birth year was 1850. Switch back to that year and visualize the living and social conditions, then compare with today's. Mrs. Hughson has seen the evolution of a great century. She saw, heard, read and lived history and progress being made. A remarkable woman had a remarkable birthday.



### *November 22, 1951*

Was amused to read and hear quoted about the affect of a yellow dress on a woman - as for me, blue (power or delft) does the trick, so when the poll was taken, they forgot my opinion.

The following personal appeared in the Anderdon news 60 years ago, and we quote: "Handsome American lady, independently rich, wants good honest

husband. Address Eric, 193 Washington St. Chicago, Ill." I wonder if she got her man.

After reading J.A.M.'s "With the Tide" of last week, I have an apology to make regarding the two-tone chime-type whistle (as I said) on some of our new freighters, for I found out that they weren't two tones but three-toned, fashioned after the East River ferry boat whistles.

It's not very often in the Banana Belt at this time of year that we see a freighter going upriver with its decks and bow covered with ice, as the *Sweden* was Monday at four. We certainly expect that in the Upper Lakes, but not in the Detroit River on November 19.

Listened in on a conversation between two young and busy mothers after Hallowe'en and thought that they certainly were attacking this raising of children business the right way. Said one, "I made 100 candy apples for the children's Hallowe'en." Said the other, "I made Hallowe'en suckers with faces in them." Their backs must have been tired and their temper strings shortened to breaking point but they were certainly giving their children and their children's friends happiness and better parent-children relations.

Celebrating birthdays is a dandy custom - and no matter how old, one's ego graph shoots up when a birthday is remembered. So on Monday we celebrated the *Echo's* 77<sup>th</sup> birthday. As the old saying goes, "We are just as old as we feel" or "as old as our mind," so the *Echo* with this edition doesn't feel old because it got a present of a new type throughout and looks as modern as day after tomorrow - and its mind isn't old because it tries to keep with the times. Three score and ten used to describe old age, now even three score and 17 doesn't relegate a person or thing like the *Echo* to the old age group, no indeed.

Seem to be full of old bromides such as "Grinning like a Cheshire Cat" or "Looked like the cat who swallowed the canary" this week, but both describe my condition on Friday after the *Echo* with its brand-new type got circulated around. We here in the office were so proud of the way the paper looked. The type is so classic, the ink was so even and even the newsprint had a higher-grade paper feel and look to us. When friend who didn't know of the changeover called Friday night

and complimented the *Echo* on its appearance, our pleasure went all out of control. "How did you know," we gasped. "One look at it told me," she answered in a matter of fact tone. Thanks for liking it, friends, for we feel like the proud parent.



November 29, 1951



A Chinese Evergreen and Philodendron in a copper container adds interest to any living room these black and grey days.

Although things at seven A.M. don't usually strike the enthusiasm-chord in me, I just couldn't help gloating over the sunrise last Wednesday morning. Looking through the bare trees towards the Catholic Church there was the loveliest wide layer of cerise at the horizon; above that was a layer of purple topped by a narrow strip of yellow, then a paler cerise band which ran into the blue cloudless arc of the sky. Reminded me of one of those colored ribbon cakes because the layers of color were so definite and startling.

Am so glad that the Amherstburg Recreation Commission is going to sponsor Young People's round and square dancing parties at the Brunner Mond Club every Saturday night. The commission has planned to start the parties next Saturday night. A nickelodeon and a fiddler will supply the music for dancing three Saturday nights in a month, but on the fourth Saturday every month the young people will dance to an orchestra. This splendid idea of the commission will pay dividends in their youth activities recreational program and will give a lot of young people in this community a place to go and have fun under supervision.

In talking to Scout leader Gordon Fry, who has 45 Scouts in his troop, he told of the growing need in this community for a place to hold meetings - That there really isn't a hall available in town to let 45 energy-filled Scouts have a good meeting. The Scouts have been meeting in the basement of the United Church but the church has recently been done over and it is hard on the leader to be always cautioning the lively lads to take care of the paint etc. Harrow has the ideal set-up with its Scout hall where all the Scout and Guide activities take place. If we here

in Amherstburg want organizations I guess in the not too far future we'll have to think up some kind of good meeting place where youth training work can be carried on.

Miss Norma Hackett, daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Harry Hackett of Amherstburg, Windsor, is not only a prominent Ontario teacher but past president of the Ontario Women Teachers' Federation. Speaking the other night in Windsor to an I.O.D.E. Chapter, she described the peculiar problems which confront the Department of Education in Ontario because of the province's natural division into three sections - the St. Lawrence Lowlands, the small, thickly populated southern area where more than half the schools are located; the Canadian Shield, the vast sparsely populated area to the north where the "school on wheels" is a novel feature; and Bay coastal plain, where correspondence courses are available to children who otherwise would be without schooling. "Youth is Canada's most precious natural resource," said Miss Hackett, and she described teaching as the art of developing in the child and then drawing out of the child those qualities essential for a good education.



*December 6, 1951*

Those tiny side berets which show the left side of the hair are stunning. *Vogue's* current issue shows them with that "little" suit the well-dressed woman must have.

Just at this time of the year when the leaves have gone and the world has widened out so that we can see the mouth of the lake. In that lovely country dusk Sunday night when the sky had dropped down to the trees over Bob-Lo we hurried out to see a large ship upbound wearing gaily its diamond necklace of lights.

Women in Malden who go to the polls will get a surprise (if they look at the voters' list) when they see a J (Juror) in front of their names. The Malden Voters' List this year enumerated the women jurors. The women of Canada asked for that legislation last year and got it along with equal pay for equal work. Women in other municipalities are all eligible for jury duty but Malden women will actually see the

"J" before their names.

Last week I wrote a "Con Piece" along the line of women attending nomination meetings, saying that since taking over this job I had never seen a woman at a nomination meeting (except the press) - and expressed the thought that if women would exercise their right to attend these meetings, they would hear about municipal government and could ask questions and would think positively along the lines of town or township affairs. Shortly after, the report of the Anderdon nomination came to my desk and I saw that women were in attendance there - so I threw away the "Con Piece" after it had been set up. This week I still thought about women's interests being directed into municipal or board channels and decided to challenge the women of Malden and Colchester South (the only two nomination meetings left this year) to come to the annual meeting and hear what's said, they'll find it interesting.



*December 13, 1951*

Christmas has come to the main streets of Harrow, thanks to the Girls' Club, for they have decorated the poles along the streets with Christmas greens tied with red ribbon. You'd be surprised at the gaiety those branches give out.

To me, one of the most beautiful things of Christmas is the music. I love the hymns, which are a traditional part of our observance, and I like the children's songs, and I love the majestic orchestral numbers which thrill the radio audiences (me) from now on.

Early in the fall, we got a laugh out of the story of an older woman who worked in a large merchandising firm. She evidently when with old friends let her hair down, and told what she must never do in her position to date herself. That by keeping herself right up to the moment in conversation, grooming, quiet smart style and attitude toward life in general, neither her firm nor her co-workers had any idea of her actual age. You mustn't ever let on, for instance, that you wore high-laced shoes (I've laughed about mine but from now on that's taboo) or saw "The Birth of a Nation," or danced the two-step or put your hair up on rags. Never mention old

songs, "Oh, you Kid" would put you on the brink of the jumping off stage. Well, as for me, I prefer the quiet relaxed way of business in a town like Amherstburg, where everybody knows your age and you are not always alerted so that you aren't natural. Believe me, I believe in keeping up with everything in mind and body, if possible, but I'd hate to think I couldn't make a joke out of my first "stunning" short heavily beaded no waist-lined party dress which was originally my aunt's.

Mrs. Rome Simpson sent the most unusual picture from *Los Angeles Herald Express* issue of November 8, 1951, for us here at the office to see. It was sent to her by her daughter Kathleen Clemons, who lives in China Lake, California. The picture is entitled, "A portrait in the sky over Korea," and shows two fighter planes, lovely cloud formation and in the foreground the picture of our Lord in the sky. The cut lines explain the picture thusly, "This picture which appeared in the Ashland, Ky., *Independent*, was represented to the newspaper as an actual photograph taken in the sky over Korea. According to information received by the newspaper, an air force man from Chicago was taking a photograph of two other airplanes, one an American and the other a Communist, which apparently were engaged in a fight. The air force man sent the film home to Chicago to be developed and his folks were amazed at one of the pictures - the one reproduced in the newspaper Mrs. Simpson got. The picture-taker also was amazed when he heard that the image of Christ showed up in one of his photos. A neighbor of the boy's family in Chicago sent a copy of the picture to a brother in Ashland - which explains how the picture got to Ashland and finally into the newspaper's hands. Demands for the issue of the *Independent* which carried the photo were so great that it was sold out completely.



### ***December 20, 1951***

The Spirit of Christmas was certainly around Tuesday - we all had it - as everyone was in a jolly mood helping everyone else. The reason - Cadillacs and Model T's stuck in the snow which literally poured down Monday night.

I found the book treasure for children particularly rich this year. Every child deserves to have a library of his own and there is no reason why he can't have one because of the delightful inexpensive books on the market today.

The cold over the weekend made me think of things woolen and things knitted and so the merits and comfort of a cardigan were discussed. We've got the Earl of Cardigan to thank for originating a "knitted woolen over-waistcoat with or without sleeves" in 1855.

A beautiful moonbeam tried so hard to be friendly with me as it leaned against my window sill Sunday at midnight, coaxing me to look at the beauty of the river and the part with its ice and snow and cold. But a stalled car in sub-zero weather a half hour before made me turn down its offerings of things beautiful on a biting cold night. No outdoor woman am I, especially when I'm dressed in Sunday Best.

Christmas, with all its significance, has always meant more to me than New Year's with its new leaf. It has always been Christmas which inspired me to steer my thoughts and life into safer, more humble channels. At Christmas time I've always wanted to stop into every acquaintance's home and personally say my sincere wishes for the time. So because that wish has never been fulfilled I'll have to simply say Health and Happiness for this wonderful season is my wish for all.

I am always so glad to hear from Mrs. Sidney Cosens of West Lorne, formerly of Colchester South, who writes for us often under the signature E.T.C. Every time she writes she gives me much to think about and laugh over. Last week in a note to me she said, "Dear Miss Marsh: As you made a note of in your column last week, Christmas is for adults. Especially for women. When we remember what a change it has brought to our lives, and the world we live in, we should keep December 25<sup>th</sup> as a Thanksgiving Day."

The Teenagers' dancing parties at the Brunner Mond Club have gotten nicely started. Bob Young, chairman of the committee, wondered if there was anyone around who would volunteer to help out with the square dancing so that in a short time the Amherstburg square dancers could challenge a group of Windsor enthusiasts to a contest. To do this it would be necessary to have several helpers besides those who are in charge of this part of the dancing program. The caller, instructor and fiddler cannot watch every dancer and every set to see that their rhythm and technique are perfect but if there was one volunteer expert per set, the fine points of the dance would be learned much faster. Talk to Mr. Young at the jewelry store or to Mr. Nedin at Vic and Julia's if you can help the square dancing.





*December 27, 1951*

Leap Year is here again and the kidding will begin right after the stroke of 12 when it's 1952.

Health is what we ask the New Year to bring to all - including myself. Happiness will follow if health leads. So to all a Happy New Year with plenty of both.

The C.G.I.T. group of Wesley Church came around to the houses of the shut-in members of the church Sunday evening and caroled. The gesture was a delightful surprise and the pleasure it gave will last a long time.

Weather no respecter of persons nor position - as His Majesty's mail truck was stuck in the snow with the rest of us Thursday. The same day there was a chap on skis in front of the post office. We watched this unusual sight for our county as he poled gaily up Dalhousie Street while we all were plowing through wet drifts.

Bill Harding, son of Mrs. J.S. Harding (Evelyn Leggatt) and the late Mr. Harding, who lived in Amherstburg as a young lad when his father was Bank of Montreal manager, is making a name for himself in the theatrical world in England. His mother, who is visiting him in London at present, writes that Bill wrote the American part of the script of the movie "Four in a Jeep" and also the script for the Royal Command show, "which they all saw," she said.



*January 3, 1952*

Mother got a sweet-scented geranium for Christmas and when I tend it and fondle the leaves, I feel as if I'm crumbling the years in my hand. You'd be surprised what that smell brings to mind and how young you feel as you stage a temporary flash-back to first Christmases - the geranium at grandmother's in Essex and my first



real baby doll became synonymous.

The fog on New Year's Eve day was certainly mute and meaningful as I drove from Harrow. It seemed to draw its mantle over car, road, tree and river so tightly that I felt morbid dread of closed places. We certainly ran the gamut of weather changes in one week and as I drove along, I thought I definitely preferred the deep snow and damp clothes of Christmas to the fog of New Year's.

It was disappointing to the Teenage Dance Committee that more young people didn't turn out to the New Year's Eve dance at the Brunner Mond Club. Those who came seemed to have a dandy time as the orchestra was good, the decorations festive and the New Year novelties as gay as those used at the Book Cadillac. The next party is on the twelfth and the young people are asked to come and help make the fun. It is not necessary to have a date - the committee feels that if a group of boys and group of girls come they can get together at the Club to learn round and square dancing.

Reminiscent - The story of the Goodfellows' activities in last week's edition brought to Mrs. Annie Horton's mind similar active organizations in Amherstburg round about 1923. It seems, according to Mrs. Horton, prior to this time the churches and the town looked after the needy at Christmas and as a consequence their baskets were overlapping. To get away from this, evidently a town committee was formed. On this were Miss Nettie Lovegrove, Mrs. Charles Bonsor and the late Si Bertrand and A. W. Marsh. Mrs. Horton said this group and others operated for several years and the baskets were packed and stored in their old store on Murray Street. When the need lessened in town I suppose this group ceased to function.



*January 10, 1952*

For Women only - one of my Christmas boxes was a slip with elastic seams - the last word in comfort.

Mrs. Ross Hunt saw seven deer trotting in the snow along their creek on Saturday. It was quite a beautiful sight.

Light returned last week coming from Harrow when in the dull grey fog bound day I caught the gleam of a cardinal swooping from bush to bush at the roadside.

"Brahm's Lullaby" in tinkling true tones from a Swiss music box in the shape of a chalet a visitor to Switzerland would see on the mountainside is an excellent soul tonic.

They haven't any more buying power than the paper job, but I love them - the silver dollars floating around. One of our *Echo* carriers told that his mother asked for a dish pan for Christmas so his father bought one and put 50 silver dollars in it. That's a nice young man (the father) and I'm proud to know him.

With the introduction of the dial system of telephone in our district we have comfort plus in our phone life. But it has been drawn to our attention of late that there is much carelessness in dialing, because many people are (because of similarity in numbers) getting business places on 24-hour service. A little care in dialing could correct all this annoyance, which if it persists will be passed along to the telephone authorities, who will think that we're just a bunch of crabbers down here - all because some people dial so carelessly.



*January 17, 1952*

Spring arrived Tuesday on a balmy brisk breeze which whisked away ice, brought out startling blue clouds and patches of St. Patrick's green along Highway 18. In its surprisingly naughty mood it actually played with hats and teased hair and skirts.

You should have been there - looking at the river through those gnarled stalwart pines, for which I have such a friendly feeling, at 9:30 p.m. last Thursday. There was the loveliest blue cast on the snow and the ice on the river and a single star over Bob-Lo. The blue made the ice and snow whiter and lovelier. The funny part was that there should have been an almost full moon, but the muted cloudy effect was startling.

Twins and more twins - Mr. & Mrs. Marshall Dean, William Street, had two sets of twins in their family. Flora and Florence and Veola and Davis. A few months ago Florence had twin sons, now on Saturday Veola lived up to her twinship and provided her husband with twin sons.

Clever accessory - worn with a simple elegant black outfit - a clear plastic square purse with a fresh pink carnation corsage lying in it. I hadn't seen this accessory before and I did like the effect.

Having front row seats for a tragedy Sunday noon, which we couldn't see because of the fog-bound river, but could hear, wasn't so pleasant. We heard the explosion of a Navy plane from Washington crashed near Stoney Island, but we didn't exactly know what had happened for hours. The anxiety, the fog-made ghostly trees and houses made a perfect setting for the sinister tale, that it was.

Mrs. F.W. Manning was telling that their daughter Joan has taken up her painting again after a few years away from it when her attention and time were more taken up with her babies. Joan is a clever artist and I'm delighted that she's getting back into her line of work through night school classes. She's got that ability to paint in her and she must get it out on canvas. Mrs. Manning said that they got a portrait of one of Joan's little sons for Christmas and her technique is most interesting, bold strokes and very little paint.

A charming story was retold to me and I feel it bears retelling again and again. A major in the U.S. Army Nurses' Corps who is posted to a western Veteran's hospital, said that at her hospital this Christmas they conducted both Operation Santa Claus and Operation Reindeer. Operation Santa Claus was to get every patient possible (even with attendants) home for Christmas. Operation Reindeer was conducted for patients who couldn't get home, whereby relatives were brought to the hospital for Christmas as a surprise for the sick veterans. One old woman was brought from Georgia to see her grandson. She had never been away from home before and she kept repeating, "What a big world." I felt full to overflowing when I heard the story this weekend.



January 24, 1952

Rain, slippery roads, fog, wet feet, all of a Tuesday morning. But didn't notice any of it when in Harrow as I was still basking in the glow from that light-hearted beautiful picture "An American In Paris" which we saw Monday night. It more than fulfilled our expectations.

Better get out your white collar and cuff sets and other white accents, for I understand white in women's accessories will pop up everywhere this spring. And according to the advance spring fashion shows, black for this spring is taboo. There are some blues, however, but lots of beiges and pinks, all with white to set them off.

The newest British export to earn much needed dollars is a shipment of freshly cut flowers from gardens in England. In a picture in a Toronto daily were Cypripedium, which were flown from Cornwall Saturday. These are rare in Canada, the cut lines said. Unusual, yes, but are grown at Gray's Greenhouse down the street (in fact there has been one in the window for weeks). They are the brown and green orchids - those using real Jack in the Pulpit colors. I like them if the wearer has the proper color of costume to show them off.

Effective January 27, Britain's tiny meat ration will be cut to about 16½ cents per week per person or one lamb chop or two small hamburgs. Which reminds me of a story told by Mrs. Sam McDowell about Mrs. Koopman's young daughter who with her mother was in Britain this past year visiting her grandmother. It seems that the British grandmother saved her meat rations as a treat when her Canadian guests arrived and evidently had quite a lot of meat according to British standards of quantity at present, but the child, who was used to Canadian servings, thought all the meat for the meal was for her.

Mrs. C.A. van Ettinger, who with her family lived on the Front Road in Anderdon for several years before moving to California, sent Christmas wishes from one banana belt to another. And we quote from her letter:

*The only difference is that the banana trees are actually growing, but very seldom produce edible fruits. Thought you might like to hear from old residents who seldom made your social pages. We like California, but often think of Amherstburg. Our oldest boy Jolly*

*has joined the Air Force and is now training in Texas. Bob is taking an Engineering course in the City of Los Angeles, a fact which should interest his many former teachers, as his scholastic standing was not very high and he had many difficulties to overcome. But he passed his entrance exam and as he never actually graduated from high school due to moving, he is on probation and doing well. On top of that he is tutoring two grade school boys after 4 for which he receives board and a two-room guest house where he studies etc. On weekends he is home, of course. So for our boys. Mila, our daughter, is, despite moving and changing school several times, doing very well and making new friends, but not forgetting her old ones.*

Monday morning, as I looked riverward just as day was breaking there was the worn-down moon rocking late in the southwest with the stars serene nearby, paying no attention whatever to old moon's tired state.



January 31, 1952

Wonder if Mr. Groundhog will be on the prowl Saturday. Despite the grouching about winter, its length and severity, I still like the changes of season and what each brings.

One large daily paper's fashion editor, who is in New York at the moment for the openings, told of the flower carts at every corner of Fifth Avenue, dispensing violets. She said that every female passerby stopped to select a bunch and pinned it to her coat.

Mrs. Horatio Fox called the other day to tell of some sweet peas and violets which she received from her daughter, Mrs. Walter Hilton, from Colombia, South America. Mrs. Hilton had wrapped them in cellophane and they were fresh and beautiful when they arrived in Amherstburg.

Mrs. Grant Golden (Betty Nye) was acclaimed "The Cook of the Month" by



Better Homes and Gardens in their January issue. Mrs. Golden submitted a recipe for Date Steam Pudding and it won the title for her and also ten dollars. The recipe which won the award is reprinted elsewhere on this page.

Daffodils and carnations sprinkled with gold dust not only are heralding spring but also heralded continued health and happiness for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Papst on their golden anniversary Sunday. Ordinarily I'm not keen on dyed flowers or flowers to which man adds a touch of glamour, but the bouquet of lemon-colored carnations at the reception sprinkled with gold dust filled me with delight.

When attending a meeting of Girl Guide and Brownie leaders at the Fort Malden Museum residence Saturday afternoon, I was carried away by the enthusiasm over the Girl Guide training program, but I couldn't get over the fact that the girls are with us ready for the program in many places but leaders are scarce. In fact, in two Essex County centres the girls are practically crying out for training and someone to direct it. This leading and training of youth today outside schools is a job - a job for self-sacrificing persons who can see ahead to the benefits the young people under them will get for the future if he or she is willing to give up a little of their time now.

Laughed out loud in the office Monday morning when reading John Crosby's Television column. It seems that the following story was submitted to Mr. Crosby and we quote: "This is a story of a little girl in full cowboy outfit watching Hopalong Cassidy. Hoppy was in bad trouble. Some varmints had him backed against a wall and when he reached for his shootin' iron, it wasn't there. 'Whar's my gun?' he cried. 'Take mine,' said the young lady and pitched it right through the screen."

Why I laughed so heartily was the fact that I flash-back to New York in 1939, when I saw Television for the first time. The thing was so real to me that I actually answered the announcer. How the people in the studio roared.

Congratulations are certainly in order to the principal and to the board of the enlarged General Amherst High School for the way they took a thirty-year-old school and turned it into a workable, attractive building with rooms and equipment for various kinds of courses to fit the many students for life. As I walked through Friday I thought back to World War I days when we were going to High School in

the public school building. There was a straight academic course in those days and you either passed it or else. There was no passing educational advantages out to rural students then, unless they got in to the high school to get it for themselves. There was no thought of color in the rooms to get the most out the pupils and to give them pleasure. There was no diversion of interests or capabilities as there is now. The 1952 way is by far the better way for it gives educational advantages to so many more in the 12-18 year group and gives them an attractive spot with nice surroundings - as we saw at General Amherst - to work, play and study together. Lucky students. With the new setup of educational advantages I always feel like saying to the students, "Learn, darn you, learn."



*February 7, 1952*



The day of loving hearts with its gay, "I love you's" or "Remember me's?" will be here again next Thursday. I, being a sentimental person, like the hearts, cupids with arrows, red candies and flowers St. Valentine brings and I hope I never get to the stage when I think it's silly.

The spendthrift colors in the sunset last Thursday were the best yet in this 1952. The mixed hues of deep pink, green and blue were startling. The pink and the green seemed to run down from the sky and stain the air holes in the river, which became lovely reflecting pools edged with mounds of frothy white ice. Possibly this sunset was unusual because of the amount of green in it, as you don't very often see that shade in our sunsets.

Time - early Wednesday morning. A friend is dead - and with the announcement I, and I'm sure you and all the other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, felt the same way - saddened because a person whom we knew intimately, respected and needed was taken. We feel bereft and sympathize with his family in their loss. Their loss which is ours. The friend who passed away in his sleep and for whom we genuinely mourn is Our King, George VI.

At the time of the W.W. Callam's wedding anniversary we said they lived in the oldest historical building in town - a building built by the British government for a commissary in 1797. The Park House on Dalhousie Street, now the antique shop and residence of Mr. and Mrs. C.R. LaLonge, was set up on its present site as a residence one year before. It seems that when the British evacuated Detroit in 1796 this old house was dismantled at River Rouge and towed down the river by canoe to Amherstburg and set up again. So it is the oldest house in Town and the Callams' the oldest historical building.<sup>1</sup>



### *February 14, 1952*

Mrs. Ernest Gignac saw a robin sitting on a telephone wire in the warm sunshine near her home on Balaclava Street.

Missed the glorious moon set over the river at seven o'clock Sunday morning, but Mrs. Walter S. Wigle told of its beauty and the bright strip of light which sliced the river.

Once again the winter chill silvered the world last weekend starting Wednesday and the drifts on our street were fairly deep. But...it's getting lighter and lighter in the mornings and the pussy willows we picked from our tree have come out in the house and the daffodil's the popular flower, so that silver snow world didn't worry me particularly.

Mrs. Norman Wilson, Rankin [Avenue], had her picture "River Fog" accepted and hung in the Essex County Artists' Exhibition currently showing at Willistead. Commenting on her picture, a critic says, "She captures something of the intimacy and poetry of a great wet day, this in an incredibly small area." This picture of Grace Wilson's was one that caught my fancy when exhibited last year at the

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<sup>1</sup>**Editors' Note:** The Callam residence, the former Commissariat, located in what is now the King's Navy Yard Park, was built in the 1830s. According to local legend, the Park House was built at River Rouge, dismantled and towed to Amherstburg around 1796, although these facts have never been proven.

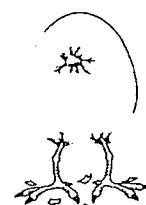
Museum - not only mine but far better judges than I.

The following story was told on Art Taylor, the genial bus driver. "Brother Edwards says he knows now how life must seem to a motorman on a merry-go-round since his unhappy experience during our last icy spell. Art's end of the bus stood still while the back went round and round until he was almost looking himself in the face. Fat lady in the front seat said, "Gracious! Does it do this often?" Art replied, "Oh yes, lady. I was just checking the road behind us to see if we left any passengers."

I'm so thankful that I like history and when away am a real tourist because in my mind I can almost follow the historic solemn ceremonies being carried out in London, England, this week prior to the funeral of our King on Friday. I once marveled at the architectural beauty of Westminster Hall, was thrilled with Windsor and even stood in wonderment before the crown jewels in the Tower of London and have seen the fabulous beauty of the crown, so can imagine what it looks like on the coffin. History is being made and we are part of it through radio, newsreel, press, television and memory.



### *February 21, 1952*



Little farm girl got the surprise of her five years recently when she and mummy were at neighbors' in Anderdon. She watched a setting hen and saw a chick picking its way out of an egg. In her delight at the sight she told her mummy that she thought eggs and chicks came from incubators. A typical modern farm miss, isn't she?

Don Brackett, a Detroit artist, speaking at a recent meeting of the Arts and Crafts, said that many things in and around Amherstburg were a joy to the artist. He advised the artists roundabout to perpetuate our beauty spots and thus glamorize the town. How right he is, would that I could stand on the Brunner Mond bridge and put on canvas what I see down the river. That picture to me is a never-ending delight.

The Valentine surprise - Mother Duck on the Lester Vollans farm in Colchester South had a secret and kept it all during the cold spell. She nested and laid eggs outside somewhere in the freezing weather and on St. Valentine's Day she and 14 wee yellow Muscovy ducks proudly walked over a snow bank toward the house, much to the surprise and delight of the family. How that Mother kept those eggs and wee ducks from freezing is a mystery. But she did and on the 14<sup>th</sup> she trotted out 14 ducklings. They are all penned up now and doing fine.

Malcolm Bingay in the *Detroit Free Press* wrote a fine article recently on the great "common law," of Britain which is not written but which everyone over there learns from his mother's lips. The unwritten law is, "That just isn't done." To prove his point Mr. Bingay said that Prime Minister Winston Churchill had requested, not commanded, that Queen Elizabeth II be allowed to be left alone as far as possible in her grief when she and her husband arrived in England by plane from South Africa at the time of her father's death. So the British public, realizing that hers was a private grief, left her alone because "It just wasn't done." We here could easily follow their example and by instilling that law into the youth make problems easier for them and for us.

When Mrs. McHale of London, Talbot Area Girl Guide Commissioner, was in town, she told a heart-rending story. She said that in her home in London she had a Lithuanian displaced person who could not seem to adjust to Canadian ways no matter how kind they were to her. She cried often and was scared. Mrs. McHale said that after this girl had been in her home for three months, she (Mrs. McHale) went into the kitchen with her Guide uniform on and the girl's face lighted at the sight and said, "Oh Mrs! Now I know I'm in a free country." After that the new Canadian began to adjust to her new life and was freer with her Canadian friends and told that in her country the Guide movement had gone underground.



**February 28, 1952**

We've to recondition our thinking now to "The Queen" and the Queen's Highway, the Queen's Printer, a Queen's Counsel, Soldiers of the Queen, give Queen's evidence and keep the Queen's peace.

Music lovers of this district might be interested in the fact that Ian Thomson, formerly of Christ Church, is directing and presenting the members of two city choirs in the Holy City in Detroit at Mayflower Church March nine and at All Saints' Church the next evening.

Monday morning I was liquid-eyed at the small turquoise ice floes hurrying along the calm mirror-like river and a ribbon of turquoise tucked in the ice band that etched the Bob-Lo shore. Turquoise greys and white - page the clothes' designers.

Waitto Sepalla and wife, who are living in Stockholm, Sweden now, attended the recent Olympic games in Norway. They have also had a trip to Finland where they visited his grandmother, uncles and aunts. Mr. Sepalla is attached to the Visa department, Canadian legation, in Stockholm.

What's new in the catalogue this spring? The seed catalogue, I mean, not the dress catalogue. The debutante annuals of the flower world, 1952 winners are Cosmos Fiesta, a dramatic Mexican scarlet cosmos flushed over gold which is ruffled or semi-double. Then there is Persian Carpet Zinnia in mahogany, gold, red and variegated, no two exactly alike, which I understand has a charming old-fashioned look yet fits into the modern border and arrangement. Petunia Ballerina, another which "came out" this season, is a delightful ruffle-skirted dancer. The large salmon blooms are "fringed" and daintily marked at the throat.



Stan Gott says that after attending hundreds of shows he finally saw a real one last weekend. It was the Hollywood Ice Review starring Barbara Anne Scott. Mr. Gott says her performance on the ice was really amazing and she's graceful and gorgeous.

Tuesday with its high humidity, wet sidewalks, uninteresting dull colors and stiletto wind was the type of day when the cold gets into your clothes and hugs the skin. The Banana Belt at its worst.

Mrs. Glen McKenzie told in the office that she has been feeding a pair of Scarlet Tanagers at her home on Bob-Lo all winter.

When reading Daphne du Maurier's latest novel, "My Cousin Rachel," every so often I'd get to the stage where I loathed it, thought Rachel such a despicable, abhorrent person that I didn't care to know her, wanted to push her right off my list, but kept on because of the element of suspense. Of course, reading along, I realized that an author has a marvelous gift when she has the power to delineate such a person as Rachel - in fact the whole story was Rachel with a few puppet characters - like Ambrose and Phillip Ashley (who tells the story) - and make her reader angry. Miss du Maurier did the same in Rebecca, remember. Her characterizations are marvelous, and I feel that surely I'm an adult enough reader to see that and push aside the personal feeling I had for this skillfully developed Rachel or say I didn't like the book, because that certainly would be a narrow statement. When the power's there to make you mad, in my estimation it's good writing.



**March 18, 1952**

Peter Heard, who is with the U.S. Army in Munich, Germany, said in one of his recent letters home that they were having a fog there just like the ones on the Detroit River and it made him homesick for Amherstburg.

Shamrocks, candy potatoes, pigs and pipes, cookies iced in green and white are easy to make and give a festive air to the St. Patrick's Day table - and children love to recognize a Special Day - and too, you know, it's those little extra things that they remember later in life. The candy potatoes Mother used to make for us for St. Patrick's Day out of a thick almost icing, shaped and rolled in cinnamon, are still alive in my memory.



The wind is green these days and I'm quite sure that I heard and saw buds in it - even though the spring I saw was in the forsythia in Mrs. N.A. Marra's window or the plump heads of the crocuses in the Merlos' window. I know the snow blanket like that Sunday morning is enchanting and brings out pictures from every window of unbelievable beauty and is kind to the winter-weary world, but I'm yearning for the flash of a wild canary.

Have noticed of late that not only I but several acquaintances must be getting into sloppy enunciation practices. We must, because so often observations have to be repeated - it's not that our listeners are deaf, so it might be our faulty enunciation. Better give it a test. If you can repeat each of the following sentences rapidly three times without making a mistake your enunciation is in good working order: 1. The sun shines on the ship signs. 2. Round the rough and rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran. 3. Old oily Otto oils oily autos. 4. The old cold scold sold a school coal scuttle...I couldn't.

The following letter was from an out-of-town reader of the *Echo*: "Noticed some time ago report of Catholic Women's League on wearing shorts in town. While people won't be told what they shall wear, they might be induced to seriously consider the matter. Let those young things who look well in shorts consider the effect of too much undress on a mentally twisted mind. As for those with less pulchritude<sup>2</sup>, I would suggest the C.W.L. erect a full length mirror on a busy corner, say the post office corner. Oh to see ourselves as others see us! One good look and many would rush to cover. My respect for those with good intentions and courage to try for a better world."



**March 20, 1952**

You've just never seen spring as we did on St. Patrick's Day until you've actually watched four lavender crocuses building and blooming - in a pot of course. Although we're on the far side of March, the long-locked winter has seemed so reluctant to leave, but those four crocuses did the "pulling spring out of a hat" trick. So from now on I'll try to believe the calendar.

Am literally steeped in history these days - back in the days of Charles II. For I'm reading Margaret Ayer Barnes', "With all my heart," which is the story of the married life of Charles Stuart and the Portugese princess Catherine of Braganza. In fact, I'm so interested that I got out an old British history to refresh some of the facts

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<sup>2</sup> physical beauty



about Charles I, the Reformation, Charles II and James II and spent a long time pouring over an old Burk's Peerage trying to find something about the legitimate and illegitimate family lines stemming from these days.



### March 27, 1952

The flock of white swans right near the bridge at River Canard last Tuesday caused a lot of interest.

Tawny Gold is the new hybrid tea rose of copper-gold color, which made its debut at New York's International Flower Show, held last week.

The rhinestone all-round-the ear decoration and clips which Margo Lane, the commentator, wore with her black outfit at the Fashion Show last Monday night were intriguing and gave sophistication to her profile.

We heard winter again Wednesday morning when the gritty crunch, crunch of a snow shovel in action nearby annoyed our ear drums. And bemoaned the cold, snow covered state of the golden crocuses in front of the L.J. Fox house, which we had admired in the lovely afterglow Tuesday when en route to bowling

Who says advertising doesn't pay??? In our modern T.V. set up, a just-three girl queried after getting an ice cream cone Saturday, "Is this Sealtest ice cream?" Being an old teacher I certainly don't approve this type of conversation for threes, but in my flabbergasted state I marveled and still am.

Guess I've lived along Dalhousie Street so long that I automatically use the Post Office flag as a weathervane. So was relieved Sunday noon to see its southwest wind position after its northeast on Saturday. That N.E. wind which was making such high water levels that great damage was being done and hysteria rising because of the flood condition in the lower level areas. When one hears of people being evacuated by canoe from houses at Edgewater, that's bad, and when in the driving cold steel-grey rain at 5:30 Saturday this reporter watched the water coming up over the Bob-Lo dock at the foot of Murray, she knew that there was imminent danger

if that flag didn't shift. There was one thing, however, that relieved the tension at that late afternoon hour Saturday, a ship saluted on the river - when that delightful sound tingles our ears after a winter's silence, we know that surely spring with its kindness, warmth and blueness is on the way.

Lotta Dempsey, who traveled across Canada with the Royal press party when Queen Elizabeth (as the Princess) and the Duke of Edinburgh toured Canada in October, said in part in the March *Chatelaine*: "Looking back now I wonder if she didn't know. For the King knew. People close to the palace told me that." Miss Dempsey went on to say the King was determined she (Elizabeth) should meet her fellow Canadians. A member of the Royal entourage said to Miss Dempsey in confidence during the trip, which can be broken now in good faith, "I wish they (Canadians) would understand that if she does not smile too much or unbend to follow her personal dictates or impulses, it is quite simply explained. You see (and this I think is our anchor and our shining sword and armour for the years ahead) you see ...She is exactly like her father."

Sunday Graeme Hutchinson and Stephen Semeniuk had a great time flying kites. In fact, several other times during the month I noticed boys out in the East Park with kites, which was 1952 news. Kite flying has always seemed to me to be a wonderful pastime for youngsters (I even did it as a child) and I hated to see it wane. But things with engines seemed to take its place with boys. They want something that seems to them more purposeful than a bit of framed tissue paper on a string. If we could only revive the sport by telling how dramatic kite flying can be, that it not only demands skill but has a long and exciting history. Probably the kit is as old as time, in spite of a statement that it was invented between 400 and 300 B.C. by Archytas of the Greek city of Tarentum. China claims it, too, with the date of 206 B.C. while Kite Day in China and the Boys' Festival on May 5 in Japan with its kite flying are proverbial. Most boys know the story of Benjamin Franklin and his important kite experiments identifying lightning with electricity. What they don't know is how the United States Weather Bureau seriously used kites in its forecasting work up to the time it changed to balloons and planes. Another ingenious use of the ancient kite that would appeal to modern youngsters is to carry a cable across a river. Engineers throughout a long past have used it this way. The suspension bridge across Niagara Falls began with a kite. And lest our boys think kites are entirely outdated by more recent inventions in the upper air, it should be

brought out with them that the kite figured importantly in World War II. The United States Navy had thousands of kites made to use in gunnery practice, according to an article in the World Book. They were also used in signaling. A kite was part of the regular equipment of many of the World War II life rafts. Art and natural science go hand in hand with making kites - skill, challenge and fun go into flying them. It seems regrettable that so many boys and girls today are missing this spring sport.



*April 3, 1952*

"The Greatest Show on Earth" is to be the next movie of this circus fan, I hope.

Emily Post Marsh is at it again - In answer to a question about letters of condolence, never write them on a typewriter.

Quick's advice to flower lovers is to drop a handful of pennies in the bottom of a vase of spring tulips to keep them fresh.

Carolyn Amlin Montgomery, writing her mother from her home in California, said that her mother-in-law, after reading that old 100-year auction sale which Richard Bussey gave us and which we reprinted several weeks ago, said that she believed the M.L. Moss of Kentucky who had the sale was one of her relatives way back.

The snowdrops which we have been enjoying from Mrs. P.G. French's garden in a wee shoe container have been heartening, but the snowdrops around the Swiss Chalet have carried the true Easter spirit of new life. By the way, without a doubt Swiss Chalet is a delightful spot and soon the grounds will be aglow with tulips.

For some time I've been interested in three-dimensional pictures and have seen them through a viewer. But it wasn't until recently that I saw some three-dimensional travel pictures (taken by a student amateur photographer) on a screen. You look at them through little nose glasses which have the appearance of a child's affair made of paper and dark plastic lens (a prize in a cracker jack box). Through

these the depth is shown just as if you were actually looking at the scene.

Comedy in animal land - Half a dozen greedy, saucy sparrows were picking at some corn on the road in front of our parked car. Along came a cocky grey squirrel right up to the corn and helped himself. Those sparrows became full of fury and one of them rushed the squirrel and he left the scene of the feast in quick order and ran for a nearby tree. That sparrow chased him and pecked him until he had settled on the limb. Then the sparrow stood guard at the base of the tree while the others gorged and when we left the scene had not shifted.

Last week at bowling young friend and I were discussing blouses and how they have become so essential to the well-dressed woman's wardrobe in the history of fashion. The shirtwaist is one of the few original American contributions to women's apparel - and certainly the most important one. The first shirtwaist was an imitation of a man's shirt with a high stiff collar, starched cuffs and a four-in-hand tie. The 200,000 stenographers in America in 1900 soon adopted the shirtwaist and skirt as their standard uniform. Paris fashion experts predicted the speedy demise of a garment that made women look so unwomanly. But in 1908 France alone, to the chagrin of its fashion industry, imported \$1,000,000 worth. Meanwhile, in America the shirtwaist had become an American institution. Charles Dana Gibson, the famous illustrator, immortalized it in his drawings of the Gibson girl. (I can remember my Aunt Retta, Mrs. F.R. Chapman, in Essex with a Gibson shirtwaist, high collar and high pompadour). In 1910 it was possible to buy one for 39 cents. By this time, the severe, mannish styles gave way to bodices trimmed with ribbons, braid, sequins and embroidery. In 1912 the shirtwaist veered toward simplicity again. But after World War I, when waistlines dropped down around the knees, the popularity of the shirtwaist diminished slightly. With the return of waistlines to normalcy and the strain of the Depression on clothes budgets, the shirtwaist returned again and gave rise to a new fashion - the shirtwaist dress. Today, more than 60 years after its introduction, the shirtwaist is a very important part of every sensible wardrobe. According to *Good Housekeeping*, "It continues to best express the American woman."



*April 10, 1952*

The pale pink, cloudless, unblemished western sky Tuesday night at seven and the lovely unruffled pale pink river with the dark silhouette of Bob-Lo in between and the gay red light of the buoy winking at the channel bank in the foreground was quiet Easter beauty.

Palm Sunday was made beautiful for us, despite the dullness, damp and snow out of doors, by the glory of the bloom and the color at the greenhouse. The white hydrangeas with their snowy embossed petals gave the ethereal touch - that remark is probably in poor taste, for what flower hasn't an unearthly delicacy of appearance. Just to walk through and see all the various blooms lifted us to another plane in our thoughts.

Florida pet on the Florida beaches this past season was the wool stole. Ever since I saw the heavy white silk stole worn by Mrs. James Flynn with a black dress on an early cool fall night, I've leaned toward this accessory which casually hugs the shoulders giving warmth and style. Mrs. J.E. McQueen has an exquisite hand-knit lace stole which was especially made for her in the Shetland Islands. It is a museum piece, for it shows one of the handicrafts of the Shetland Islands. It is handmade from the virgin wool through carding and skeining to the finished exquisite article.

Sometimes in these days we feel sorry for ourselves and think we're "hard done by" but we're not when we think the thing through - the ease of living in our homes for instance, our easy transportation, our modern stores, our schools and on and on. To get to the point of this, only recently in conversation with Mrs. John Gatfield and Mrs. I.H. Kitchen, they were telling of their grandfather John A. Kane, who founded the first newspaper and also had a drug store in Amherstburg. The Kane family lived in the home they built on Dalhousie Street, where L.J. Montgomery lives now, almost 100 years ago. When their 8 children were small Mr. Kane became ill and Mrs. Kane carried on with the drug business in a store, which was in their home, as an apprentice for seven years before he died, and looked after her family too, of course. After Mr. Kane died she went to Toronto and got her diploma as the first woman registered Purveyor of Drugs in Ontario. Her courage and faith carried that little family along in those long ago days and they were educated and their mother must have had the satisfaction of knowing that she had accepted her responsibilities

in every way and carried through to the best of her ability.

As I walk through the town and see the girls and occasional boys skipping rope at this time of year to the old jingles, I think that in this atomic age of supersonic airplanes and electronic devices they, (the verses may seem out of harmony) the space ships etc., may come and go but children still skip to the old rhymes. Today's skipping verses, they're really current folk literature, are still passed along by word of mouth so are subject to constant change as they were in my day. I still recognize, "Teddy-bear, Teddy-bear, Turn around" etc. I notice that most of the rhymes with today's children (a strong rhythm is still the principal ingredient) are still based on counting or on the alphabet or those which specify directions to be followed by the jumper. I heard three girls recently going through "Cinderella, dressed in yellow, went upstairs to kiss the fellow. How many kisses did she get? One, two, three" etc. - Remember that? Don't admit that you have forgotten "pepper" - "Mable, Mable, set the table, and don't forget the salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper etc." So no matter where you live at this time of the year, children will continue to skip to these same rhymes or their future adaptations. And yet considering that these rhymes are not generally recorded in writing, it is surprising that the basic forms remain so much the same from one generation to another.



*April 17, 1952*

A tender Easter story - Jean Stevenson, about 2 months ago, found a cocoon which she brought into the house and placed it in a warm spot. Easter Sunday morning a beautiful moth emerged - the timing being so perfect that its meaning needs no comment.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, who was in Detroit and Holland, Michigan, this week, said on learning that girls in the United States often started dating at 14, "That's terrible. In Holland that is a happy age where they still think boys are a terrible invention."

I'm sure Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and her husband will be delighted with Holland, Michigan. It is a Dutch settlement on Lake Michigan and is charm



itself. During this part of the trip, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Goebel of Grand Rapids (Margaret Callam of Amherstburg) entertained the couple.

Our comments last week on captains and ships brought forth the following. The ship *L.D. Browning*, captained by Orville Duncanson, was the first ship out of Duluth this spring, on April 4, to be exact. It seemed that this ship, the former *T.H. Browning*, was re-named the *L.D. Browning* (named for "Red" Browning) in Duluth the afternoon she sailed to commence the season.

The fun of egg-hunting, the Easter music and the flowers were all spoiled for me Monday when I met a child of ten or so carrying her scared, white, pink-eared, sad-eyed Easter Bunny into the post office. Those live symbols of the festival should be abolished by law, I feel, if people still persist in buying and giving them.

Noticed that *Vogue* was showing chokers of many shapes and sizes of various colored beads on the same string and the effect is very smart. Then came across the suggestion that if we women collect all the pearls and colored crystal beads we can lay our hands on and string them, without rhyme or reason, into a deep multi-strand necklace to lie at the base of the throat, we'd be right in step with latest in accessories.



*April 24, 1952*

One of the loveliest sickroom bouquets I've heard of was a combination of sweet peas in the pinks and long stemmed deep purple pansies.

Business was suspended in the *Echo* office Friday morning when the *Imperial Woodbend*, that wonderful new oil tanker, was upbound. We are fortunate in having front row seats for the wonderful serial, "Detroit River Pageant" - "It's wonderful, it's marvelous" (with apologies to Gene Kelly in "An American in Paris.")

Remember the old nursery tale in the old readers about the argument between the Wind and the Sun as to which was the stronger? Well, that story was illustrated to the letter last week. On Tuesday the fifteenth, we shivered in Harrow and the

land along the highway looked bleak and wet and cold. Then on Saturday and Sunday, the heat was turned on out of doors, summer clothes were taken out and the sun shone and shone, and clouds of green appeared on the bushes. Evidently spring's stage was all set and when the curtain rose all of a sudden, there was contentment in the air.

Immigrants new to the Canadian scene are becoming a common sight in this and many other Canadian cities, but not always is a courteous reception a common sight. Some of us, unfortunately, still regard the use of broken English as a mark of social, economic and moral inferiority, notwithstanding the fact that some of the world's greatest scholars, scientists and professional men have the same inability to handle the language the way we think it should be. This is an observation of the editor of the Powell River, B.C., *Times*, which expresses my thoughts exactly.



Margaret Gignac was acclaimed Canada's foremost young singer in Toronto Sunday night when she with her lovely soprano voice won top honors in the 1952 "Singing Stars of Tomorrow," a radio contest in which 44 selected stars had competed. Miss Gignac gets a cash prize of \$1,000, with which, I understand, she will study in Europe. She, with her parents, the late Adrian and Victoria Baillargeon Gignac, lived in the old George Shepley house, riverfront road, Anderdon. She went to the Separate School for a few years and studied music at St. Joseph's Convent. She's only 23, her voice is beautiful and she certainly has worked hard for all she's got. Her mother died when she was 13 so at that age along with her studies she found out what responsibility and hard work was. She's lovely to look at too, and has natural acting ability which will help her greatly in the opera field.

So often when a name flares in the headlines, one remembers what one may have to remember. That's what happened to me when reading, "I Live Again" by Princess Ileana of Romania, daughter of Queen Marie and great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Princess Ileana's story was in the *Ladies Home Journal*. It was in 1926 or '27 that she and her mother were touring the United States and were in St. Louis when I was there. At the time I got such a thrill out of seeing the fairy princess and the queen in the box across at the Horse Show and hadn't followed her career closely at all during the intervening years; in fact had almost forgotten that

there was such a person, until she appeared in the magazine in a very readable story - and back I tumbled to the fun we had watching the pageant (sometimes comic) in the royal box.



*May 1, 1952*

Small fry - lambs and pigs - make news these days. Lambs gamboling in spring have been talked of before but so have wee pigs and they are saucy, shapely and mischievous, I notice.

Sometimes the vapour trails made by the planes from the Grosse Île Naval Base are thrilling curved scrolls, reminding me of some of the examples of curved lines to copy in an old art lesson book belonging to my father.

The following story is appealing, don't you think? - "Little Mary took her little refugee friend along to play with the other children. As the little friend did not speak English well, some of the children did not offer to let her play. Mary stood this for a while and then said, 'Anna may be foreign on the top, but she's really Canadian underneath.'"

Just because I've been paying more attention to the first garden flowers, my philodendron has been sulking. So I've had to pet it and baby it along (applied psychology in flower land). Neither the philodendron nor the evergreens should put on an act at this time of the year despite the showy daffodils and tulips because the small rolled up leaves of the philodendron are sweet and nothing could be lovelier than the misty-green tips of the blue spruce in front of Miss Hutchins' home.

There's one smell that stays with a person all through the years, I've found, and brings up lovely childhood memories of Bob-Lo in the spring, the gully north of the Papst house or the bush behind Eliza's cabin. That smell is the sweet, sharp, damp smell of a wild flower bouquet. Mother had two last week, one a darling little white violet miniature and the other a mixed bouquet of violets, purple and white, adder tongues, Dutchmen's breeches, spring beauties and a trillium. The trillium and the spring beauties lasted for more than a week.



It was just sixty years ago that both the present Malden and Wesley United churches were built and this year both of them have been remodeled into fine modern, beautiful interiors. Malden Church will have its re-opening and re-dedication services on Sunday. It was on Easter Sunday that the auditorium of Wesley United was used for the first time in months. The formal re-opening date will be later in the year, however, when the new organ and memorial window have been installed. Much of the work in both churches was done by members of the congregation who gave their time and ability to make beautiful places of worship in both communities.



*May 8, 1952*

Monday noon Richard Russelo brought two dandelions to my house with multiple heads. "Just looks like a bouquet," he said. He continued that he found them in John Kost's garden. Just like a corsage they were too, so I pinned them on and their gold and green was perfect with my black office suit.

We saw an old Japanese Cherry tree in full blossom out Grosse Point way on Saturday. The tree formed an almost perfect pale pink arch of tiny blossoms which gave a lacy effect. The pliable, graceful blossom-laden branches swept practically the ground and the filmy pink effect was enhanced by the gnarled trunk.

The sky was scowling and the wind blew at eight o'clock Monday morning and it snowed cherry petals in our back yard. Those petals aggravated by the wind whirled and danced like snow, for a few minutes it looked as if the calendar were wrong. I'd love to have been down in Colchester South at that moment to get the effect of lots and lots of petals leaving the blossoms in that sudden wind and snowing to earth.

I hope all the young women about to start out in the world on their own saw the pictures of Miss America in the Detroit papers on Friday and read what she had to say. One all-important thing was that "a girl can't be too careful about her appearance and she must straighten up." She is five feet ten without shoes and weighs 143 pounds. It was not only a beautiful figure that won her the Miss



Amherstburg Public School after 1952 renovations.  
Marsh Collection Society

America title for face and figure only count one third in the total score, the other points are made up of talent one third and personality and intelligence the other one third.

These observations on the "new" Public School, which are the follow up of a tour of inspection Friday afternoon, probably should be entitled, "Before and After." I said "new" because such a good job has been done by the board in enlarging that old square building and changing the interior that it seemed and felt and smelled new. As we walked around in those beautiful gaily painted classrooms with their complementary colored mastic tile floors and wonderful lighting, I, who got every bit of elementary education in the Amherstburg Public School system and who also taught at A.P.S. for years, switched back to 1906 to the day I started to school in the building on Ramsay Street now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Goodchild. I can well remember that horrible experience of being taken so far away from home and fenced in, as it were, in that unattractive room with a teacher (can't remember her name - B.M. says Maribel Marks but I question that) who right off the bat scared me stiff when trying to find our intelligence rating. I suppose by standing before us

with a pointer, a waist with a high collar that held her head skywards and a higher still pompadour and saying, "What's two and two?" or the bugbear "three and two." I didn't know and Wynona Cuddy did and I felt ashamed and that was the end of my sense of mathematics. My fright that very first day drove it all out of me and I never regained it - Methods, approach and equipment (I began school at the end of the slate era) surely have changed at A.P.S.

From there we spent a short time in the old stone school on Richmond Street and then in 1910 went to the new school, which at the time was an architectural triumph conducive to educational atmosphere at its best. This school lasted a long time and despite the cross lighting, the tans and browns of the walls, the creaking floors, the dark woodwork and the uninteresting text books (until the past 15 years or so) many brilliant students were turned out who speak with pride of their school days at the Amherstburg Public School. Now comes the "after" - the remodeled school with its four new rooms and auditorium is a beautiful building with fine teaching conditions and learning conditions. The lovely pastel colors of the rooms and hallways, the terrazzo and mastic tile floors, acoustic ceilings and fine lighting are only a few improvements which are in step with the education setting of today.

As an example of what light paint does for an old room, take the kindergarten - the heavy brown woodwork of that old room liked its face-lifting job and so did I. There's lots to say in complementary terms about the school, for it really is dandy considering the rundown-at-the-heels building the board had to start with. The display of old pictures of pupils and teachers at the Open House on Friday created a lot of interest, as did the pupils' work.

There is a lot of "before," I'd like to talk about - Garnet Sutton and his Eton Collar and Windsor tie. My surprise when Dad met me at home to lay down the law because Mr. Somers, the principal of upper classes, had sent word that his naughty daughter had carried away chalk and had written on the Kemp Furniture wall (to this day I think it's a dandy place to write on). Dr. Maxwell and his horrible long speed tests in addition and multiplication (I actually shake when I think about them) and the smell of peppermint which enveloped him and the school concerts at the town hall and, and, and...



May 15, 1952

The wind prowled around like a cat after a hard-to-get mouse in the bleakness of Monday afternoon. I actually heard its claws when it reached at and missed its prey then realized it was only the bushes slapping the window panes.

Afterthought talking to friend in Harrow Tuesday morning about the discount on American money, he said that it wasn't so much the Americans who crabbed, he found, it was the Canadians who had been saving American money and were now getting rid of it - That's one for the books.

Miss Peggy Woof walked off with the Rose Bowl at the Kiwanis Music Festival in Windsor last week and also a \$25 scholarship. Miss Peggy Burck also got a \$25 scholarship. Tuesday Miss Woof entertained the Windsor Kiwanians at their weekly luncheon and on Saturday she sang over C.K.L.W. It was amazing the number of young musicians from this district who took part in that festival last week and congratulations are due their teachers for the hard work in preparation, for they not only entered one or two pupils but they allowed many pupils the opportunity for Festival training - which is youth training at its best.

When we think of S.K.D. we think of machines and hundreds and thousands of small parts for machines and cars, and sheet metal and blow torches and hustle and bustle and noise of full production. But after a trip up there Monday afternoon I'll now think of S.K.D. and its gardens - for nestled against the white background of the building and sandwiched between tiny evergreens and deep red barberry were giant parrot tulips, and in a round bed nearby laughing in the lusty west wind was a beautiful bed of multicolored tulips. That wind which was annoying to us no doubt made the tulips dance because it reminded them of their homeland.



May 22, 1952

Tuesday it was dark, it was damp, it was cold. We breezed in from Harrow and on the desk was a bouquet of tulips in two shades of yellow and narcissi from Bob-Lo - immediately we felt that the sun had come out with heat, light and beauty.

Primrose Yellow is a fine yellow lilac developed in Holland, which is being offered in Canada for the first time this year. We who know and like white and deep purple of the old familiar lilacs wonder about the new yellow but the lilac head is so exquisite that in yellow it might give renewed life and ambition as the daffodil does.

The *Grand Rapids Herald* carried excellent pictures of the visit of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard to the Grand Rapids, Holland area April 16, where there are many Dutch settlers. Pictured prominently with the Royal couple on the tour and at the luncheon were Mayor and Mrs. Paul Goebel (Margaret Callam).

Mr. & Mrs. Glen McKenzie have made a beautiful hooked rug of the "Atomic" and have presented it to Captain and Mrs. Earl McQueen. Mr. McKenzie drew the plans of the tug as near to scale as possible on the canvas and I believe they both worked out the color scheme and did the actual needlework. The rug certainly should have been entered in the Exhibition of the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts for it is a work of art. The rug nestles up to the McQueens' fireplace and the trophies won by the *Atomic* look down smilingly (they really do, for they are shined to the nth degree) as they like that spot of color in their foreground.



May 29, 1952

The humble potato has at last reached the exalted position of being in the upper crust of vegetable society.

Balls and wheels are in the news these days - whether they be soft, hard, bouncing or beach. As for wheels, anything that runs is out, even to a wheel I saw in the park, propelled and guided by a lad with a stick.

That old school children's rhyme about the Queen's birthday, "If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away," is exploded. For on this past twenty-fourth "some did, and some didn't" and as it was Saturday that was the school Victoria Day so on Monday "they didn't run away" and open the swimming season but went to school





McQueen tug *Atomic* winning 1952 tugboat race against tug *John Roen*.  
Marsh Collection Society

while some of us celebrated. All the confusion will be settled next year by Act of Parliament and in 1953 and after Victoria Day will be a Monday holiday.

Am looking forward to meeting one day this week a lad I taught way back when, in the person of Lewis Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W.J. Robinson, now of Leamington. This young man and his wife are the co-authors of the new Geography which will be used in the schools this fall. Lewis is a professor of geology and geography with the Department of Mines and Resources and has been in the Arctic Circle. He is to visit his parents on the way home to Vancouver and Mr. Robinson said that they will come to Amherstburg to call.

All types of trees do not begin their growth at the same time in the spring. The elms, soft maples and poplars show definite signs of growth early in the spring, but most of the other trees await more continued warmer weather before answering to call to action. Trees which are near the northern limit of their range here in Southern Ontario are the last to leaf out. In this group are walnut, tulip, papaw,

cucumber tree and others. As bird watchers note the dates of arrival of the various birds each spring, "tree watching" can also be a source of enjoyment to those people who have learned the art of deriving pleasure from within themselves.

To all the nice things that have been said about Captain J.E. McQueen's sportsmanship let me add my bit. Captain McQueen and all his crew knew that they were outclassed by *John Roen V* with its power and length, and that it wasn't the type of tugboat race that was planned two years ago, it was beyond that. Consequently Captain McQueen could have decided not to enter his tugs - then there wouldn't have been an "International Tug Boat Race." But he wouldn't do that, he put his tugs in and let them do their best any way and we are all proud of his staff. But there's another year coming and another rules committee. In passing, I'd love to have seen the tugs *Nebraska* and *Maryland* (steam and diesel) fighting it out - there was a race.



*June 5, 1952*

The Municipal World stepped out of character nicely in May, for on the front cover of this staid, sensible ordinarily masculine magazine is a picture of five lovely-looking intelligent women in dinner dress, entitled, "The Beauties of Municipal Government," and there they were the four women mayors and a woman reeve of Ontario. They are Mayor Bernadette Smith of Woodstock, Mayor Grace McFarland of Leamington, Reeve Helen McKenzie of Beaverton, Mayor Charlotte Whitton of Ottawa and Mayor Marjorie Hamilton of Barrie.

The Saturday night of the tugboat race a large box of flowers was delivered to the home of Captain and Mrs. J.E. McQueen with the compliments of Captain and Mrs. John Roen. When Mrs. McQueen opened the box there lay a beautiful arrangement of red, white and blue flowers - red carnations, as red as the red in the flag, white snapdragons and phlox and long stemmed blue cornflowers, and two perfect yellow roses - a delightful, friendly gesture which delighted the McQueens.

Friday night Mrs. H.A. Wright and I drove down that lovely Highway 18A to Colchester to attend the opening ceremonies at the enlarged school opposite Christ

Church. The very name "Colchester" is synonymous with old world charm in my mind, for there you have the church, the school in a beautiful setting of trees, with the cemeteries nearby and the lake beyond. And, too, that night the quarter moon and the gorgeous large arrangements of deep purple lilacs tulips and spirea at the school did their share in making me gasp and delight in the beauty of the whole place.

The book of the year, as far as I'm concerned, is "The Great Lakes Red Book of 1952," which was given to me last week. For those of us to whom the shipping and the boats on the Great Lakes is a vital part of our interest, this wee red book is most important, for it contains the names of all the vessels of the Great Lakes with the names of the owner, captain and engineer. In it is a complete port directory, a complete shipyard directory and the dimensions and capacity of bulk freighters. So when the *Scott Misener* was upbound Monday noon I was able to fix its right length in my mind, 636 feet by flipping over to "Misener, Scott" in the red book. I'll be full of statistics by the end of the season - and that will be strange for one who is shy of mathematics and its friends.

There is a project of Group Three of the Wesley United Church W.A., headed by Mrs. John Squire, which is proving interesting and profitable. Each member is given one dollar, and, as illustrated in the Bible, each has till December to increase that dollar by her talents, hence "Talent money." Mrs. Norman Rattew edits a paper, "Talent," ten cents a copy, in which she accepts advertising from the members to tell what they are doing for the project at ten cents an item. Recipes and household hints are printed free. This paper is sent out to all the groups, who in turn verbally advertise among their neighbours. Among the other talents are found - Sewing of all kind by Mrs. Wm. Parks; Cakes and Cookies on order and flowers (in season) by Mrs. John Squire; Home permanents by Mrs. Keith Arner; Tatting by Mrs. Ernest Tofflemire; Fruit bushes and trees by Mrs. May Toffelmire; Aprons by Mrs. Fred Squire; Ceramic work by Mrs. Fyjge; and Smocking by Mrs. M. Deneau. Some of the members have not yet decided what talent they will employ but it is hoped that by September, when another issue of the paper will be forthcoming, all will have embarked upon some scheme.



June 12, 1952

I got a bang out of the Joe Walcott-Ezzard Charles fight last Thursday night, not because of the dull (so the real fight fans said) fight itself but out of the biased referee and announcer, the former for Walcott and the latter for Charles. I don't know much about referee business but for reporting you report ordinarily as you see it or as it happens, not as you feel.

A friend of everyone in our neighborhood (who played no favorites) died early Monday. He was Bobs Hutchinson and I miss this faithful old fellow who had a wiggle when I went by whether it be rain or shine, day or night, and on whom often I poured out my grouses, "Bobs, I'm late" or "Isn't it hot, Bobs?" and he lent a sympathetic ear and looked up with his dewy eyes as if understanding and sympathy were really his.

Have been reading how Johnny Ray and his emotional type of singing has been bowling them over, but I'll stick to Bing Crosby - Guy Lombardo - Wayne King school and those sweeter than sweet singers, the "Four Chorders," from London. As for the new trend in singing when the singer gets himself so worked up, it's really not new, for wasn't that what Al Jolson did in "Mammy?"

Sunday was not a particularly busy day in the park but late in the afternoon every table was in use by picnic supper crowds. There are some people, I've noticed, who go to the park just to sit and watch the children or just sit in the pleasant surroundings but if they don't bring their own chairs, it's the ground for them. So a few benches placed around (not attached to a table) would be a convenience to the many from out of town who come to our park to relax because of its restful surroundings.

This week's paper has the first notice we've had of a Strawberry Social. This is one event where, in my estimation, women are relaxed. I remember the one I attended last year at the Hutchinsons' where the women were all dressed in their soft summer frocks and we sat around chatting quietly, reminding me of the time when life was leisurely - when people weren't possessed by the passion to be on the move. Sometimes I think that with our dizzying progress in science and material things, we've lost the art of true enjoyment. We don't know how to live with all the

wonderful things we have made. But at a strawberry social we have temporary relaxation.

Dr. Reaman, professor of English at the Ontario Agriculture College, addressed a meeting of the Co-operative and credit union in Ayr recently. His topic was his book, "The Trail of the Black Walnut," in which he traced the early settlements. In a letter from E.T.C. in West Lorne she said, "This book of Dr. Reaman's will be of interest to Colchester South and Kingsville people. It has reference to Iler Settlements, Wigle and Scratch family history." The first populated territory in the Ayr district was settled in 1776. The second was Essex and Kent in 1780 by the Pennsylvania Germans; the third, Eastern Ontario, when land was broken by the German Quakers and French Huguenots; fourth York County; and fifth, Waterloo County in 1800. The speaker pointed out that the Pennsylvania Germans took a liking to the limestone soil, as their belief was that wherever the black walnut tree grew was good soil.



*June 19, 1952*

I flirted with "Superstition" on the morning of Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> when I ran out of the house and deliberately right under a ladder which was being used by the painter-boys, and I'm half-Irish too - but nothing happened - so I won.

Have you ever watched the flower-drugged bees? Well, that's exactly how everyone that I talked to downtown Monday at noon felt. We were drugged when the 90 degree heat was turned on and listless and uneasy because of the lack of rain.

If you move away or to another rural route and are a subscriber of the *Echo*, please notify us of change of address. For instance, all the papers for a certain mail route are put together in a bundle and the post office authorities don't go through the bundle to pick yours out and put it in another place. So drop us a note with change of address to ensure quick delivery.

I'm very fond of chokers, as I think they fill in the base of a woman's neck which often looks bare and occasionally bony. The cleverest necklace of this type



I've seen was a double strand of pearls about one-half inch apart with an over strand loosely wound around to make a beading. The wearer took a red chiffon kerchief and threaded it through and tied it at the back. She said that the necklace came from New York and the color of the hankie could be changed to suit her costume.

Despite the fact that the roses are coming into their own and rose season is glorious and would ordinarily push all thoughts of inside flowers in the shade, I brighten up every time I look at the beautiful and abundant display of violets in Mrs. T.C. Langlois' east window. Speaking of roses, we've been very lucky to have several friends' first blooms to enjoy - and a single rose certainly takes a room and a person out of the humdrum.



*June 26, 1952*

The coverall aprons, both short and full length, with the low round neckline (awfully becoming), the cap sleeves, large pockets for potlifters, etc., and back buttoned detail, are awfully smart for the working housewife when she rushes home to lunch and dons the apron as a coverall over her business clothes or for the housewife who stays home and uses this smart idea for a cool house dress.

The quiet of our river, when it is supposed to be busy, is certainly giving me nostalgia. I never imagined that I'd become so homesick for the many large ore freighters that have, I know now, become friends. Nor did I dream that the boat language had become such a part of me that its silence at this time of the year (I evidently adjust to silence in the winter better than now) would bother, as does the lack of time bells, engines and sight of strings of Christmas tree light gliding by in the evenings. All this strange lonely feeling caused by the steel strike which has tied up over 70 percent of our Detroit River traffic.



*July 3, 1952*

You can talk all you like about the advantages of a Monday holiday, but did you



read that powers-that-be were thankful this year that Confederation Day fell on Tuesday because last year over the long July first weekend there were 90 fatal accidents in Ontario.

I haven't even gotten my summer clothes yet and friend was off to Toronto last week buying fall clothes. Too, the papers were full of the New York designers ideas for fall and fall fashion parades being held there last week. I wish they wouldn't push me around so.

Mrs. Norman French got a chic new black linen dress for Marie's wedding festivities. The night she brought it home she turned on TV and there was that smarter-than-smart "I love Lucy" Ball in the very self-same number. A little experience like that does a great deal to buoy up a woman to give her confidence in herself.

When we let the almost 95 degree heat get the better of us we should take a look at the lovely white cool-looking Madonna lilies standing with all their poise in the gardens these days, and the gay laughing pure white Shasta daisies gossiping to one another as they seemed to like being jostled by the hot breeze. They made me ashamed of my attitude, which was certainly not "mind over matter" - and white is definitely a cool color.

When I look out our back door at the heavily laden cherry tree, I tumble back in memory to the old Junior second class when Miss Edna Gott (now Mrs. Gordon Hay) taught us, "Can you bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy," etc. Seriously, we are altruistic people for nary a cherry do we pick but the birds feast and fight in the tree. And too, that tree has eye not taste appeal for me for I've watched its color scheme with delight. First the almost white cherries with their green background, then as they began to mature they were lime with green leaves (a lovely combination), then all of a sudden we had coral cherries bedded in green (OH!) and now cherry red fully ripened fruit against the leaf green. No wonder in the designing world, top notchers say a dash of red does the trick. I'll bet they got their idea from a cherry tree.



*July 10, 1952*

Last week was a busy one here with a shower of weddings, a long list of births, school reports and Father Jim Kelly's ordination - all happy events - and not one death in our immediate district in that July 3 issue.

Small fry conversation - Said three years-six monther, "There's the Bob-Lo boat." Contradicted three years-seven monther, "That's not the Bob-Lo boat, that's the *Ste. Claire*. My mother said so." A squelching if there ever was one.

Several Estonian girls in Amherstburg have re-organized a Girl Guide group in the land of their adoption, practising what they learned in guiding in the old country. Last weekend they joined other Estonia Guides on a weekend camping trip near Toronto.

It was a hot night on our porch last Wednesday. Nothing seemed to be stirring but the fireflies and they danced with glee. The leaves on the many lovely trees round about are in a humid state in the heavy summer heat. But there were so many night sounds in the insect, small animal, and bird world that I couldn't seem to isolate a single sound.

Mr. William Reese of Harrow is experimenting with carnations because he remembers the carnations "At Home" - and is getting fine results. Last week we had a delightful bouquet from his garden of those prim, well bred, spicy flowers in all shades of pink through deep red to white. It reminded me, from across the room, of a block in a quilt.

Our ancestor - a great-great-grandfather, Michael Courtney, was the first white settler of Lambton County. He lived at Fort Malden before going up along the St. Clair River and was married here before 1800. The 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the separation of Essex and Lambton into independent political entities is to be celebrated in 1953 - so those in charge in Lambton are looking for the record of Michael Courtney's marriage, possibly by a military chaplain at Fort Malden. But as yet no record has been found. Another early Lambtonian from Malden was Louis Gallineau, who was granted land on St. Clair as reward for his services to the crown in the war of 1812-14.



July 17, 1952

The news of 50 years ago this week held an amazing item, and we quote: "Oliver Dunbar of Dunbar and Sullivan Dredging Company arrived in Amherstburg from Buffalo, having made the trip in an automobile, and it took three days."

Always feel very inadequate when asked points of etiquette, but since I answered this phone-wise only recently, I'll pass it on print-wise. Question, "Who is responsible for the wedding rehearsal party, simple or otherwise?" Answer, "The bridegroom's parents."

We border Canadians are funny people. No matter which side of the political round table we sit on here, we all seemed vitally interested in the Republican nomination in Chicago last week and everywhere we went it seemed to be "I like Ike" - just as if the General were to sit in the House of Commons and be our leader. Maybe it's because the General likes us.

A medical supply firm in Chicago has announced development of a new room conditioner to relieve hay fever sufferers by removing pollen from the air. This machine, which is for homes and offices, should be a boon to the many sufferers in our hay fever belt. Scientists in Chicago went on to say that the machine in tests removed 93 per cent of the number of ragweed particles presented to it.

Fashion tip - The stole is really a clever accessory in my opinion. Our grandmother loved shawls but I don't remember mother ever using one - but Miss and Mrs. 1952 and 1953 will certainly use them. I think they are very smart with a tailored suit and a summer dress on a coolish evening. One of the newest Paris designers, Hubert de Givenchy, advises women who travel to leave their coats in the closet at home and take stoles instead, and a rain coat. He thinks women are silly to use their arms as coat racks while they see the sights. How often have I done just that - carried a coat until my arms ached, for fear that I'd need it, and often I never did.

Young women just starting their careers must remember that their everyday attitude counts immeasurably toward their progress of a career girl. There's no question about it but pep in step and smile in eyes are cheerful clues of a positive approach. The older woman in business has to watch her business attitude carefully too. The remark was made to me by one person that Mrs. N.A. Marra has the best posture and walk of anyone on our street - and by another that because Mrs. Marra has such a good walk, she cuts 10 years off her age. Both are perfectly true.

I've thought that in a few years, when everyone's talking space trips, going on an exploring space trip by rocket ship to outer space - someone should stay here on earth and decided that I'd stay here because I didn't think I'd ever find anything more beautiful than the moonlight nights last week (when we couldn't see the parched, cement-like ground) or other beauties here. Don't laugh about these space trips - less than 20 years ago if a person flew to England we practically got out the band in a combination send-off and wake but now we say nonchalantly, "How nice." So wait and see.

"The Ladies - God Bless them," runs the toast, "You can't get along with 'em and you can't get along without 'em." That's what is said in fun, we know. Anyway, where would the business world be today without women? Still back in the quill-scratching era, we bet, when young men clerks painstakingly copied letters in beautiful copperplate. Business couldn't have been so high-pressured in Dickens' day, which was probably a good thing and caused fewer ulcers than today. But still, there seems no doubt that the typewriter has been the boon of the ages to business and along with it, of course, the girl who rattles the keys. Incidentally, the history of its invention is fascinating. There seems little doubt that women in business and the professions are here to stay. There is certainly a place for them there, and they have accomplished much that is worthwhile in this sphere and also in the realm of welfare, municipal and political work, though not as much in the last two as their emancipators had most important job of all, as any woman will admit at the drop of a hat. However, some are free to follow an outside pursuit in business or civic matters, and others have already brought up a family and now have time to devote to community, national and international affairs.



*July 24, 1952*

In the steaming heat Monday morning at nine some ladies from Michigan were enjoying a picnic breakfast in the west park under the maples. Still maintain that a few detached benches would give comfort and hospitality to the hundreds of people who eat outside in the park all summer long.

Miss Myrcil Milligan, daughter of Gladys McQueen Milligan, was one of the Canadian exchange teachers chosen to be presented to Queen Mother Elizabeth at a garden party at Lambeth Palace in London, England, last week. This party given by the Queen Mother was a farewell to the 200 Canadian exchange teachers in Britain last year.

In the humid, cloudy heat on Sunday afternoon, the snowball bushes at Port Stanley were cool clusters of foam white, certainly the color of spray, with ice green backgrounds. Lovely to look at as was the cool depth of green trees. We looked at down, down on from the verandah. (We steamed while we looked, however.) I feel inadequate this week because of the weather, so that's why I talk so much about it. Certainly would never get my head to work if I lived nearer the equator.

We know that some New Canadians are taking advantage of our basic English and citizenship classes but we feel from our own experiences (not once but several times) that there are a few of them who need courses in common courtesy. Just because some of our new would-be Canadians made me step off the sidewalk and around them on the grass as they two walked side by side toward me, I don't want to condemn all New Canadians, so that's why I say a few of them need instruction in live and let live. I thought in anybody's language there was that courtesy to an older person (not necessarily a woman) whereby you didn't almost run over them either walking or in a car - that you shared space. But several times I've walked out around - always two men. We certainly want to help our new citizens - but help them properly to adjust.



*July 31, 1952*

Miss Gertrude Fortier had a wonderful experience attending Fred Waring's Choral Workshop at Michigan State College in Lansing last week. A regular busman's holiday.

The Milton Cornwalls' two homes on the front road have a look of Florida about them with their new paint jobs. Pretty, too. The one house is rose, a soft shade with a blue roof and the other blue with a red roof. They give spice to the river front road.

The ever-increasing stream of freighters over the weekend and the increasing toots and more toots were delighters to those of us in front-row seats. The steel strike deadened the river and it was surprising how soon it began to liven up after the strike was over. We watched the string after string of lights upbound Sunday night with interest. We missed them the past month.

I really believe that hot ideas like hot tea in hot weather, a warm bath and a hot meal (one at least per day) don't make you one bit warmer in this hot weather that we've been having than iced drinks a cold tub or cold food. In fact, the East Indians long ago discovered that they seemed cooler after curry dishes. Saturday night I was on the street talking to Mrs. Ralph McCurdy when one of the older McCurdy boys came to the door and complimented her on the chili con carne she had made. He was relishing it as a hot weather dish and they, I'm sure, felt cooler after chili than I did after my tomato salad.

As if to say, "See what I've done" after the intense heat and the rain, last Tuesday night the sun came out in the west with all its fury - not a pretty but bold and powerful - with a spotlight effect at 6:30. Then in a few minutes, as it literally dodged below Grosse Île, its afterglow was a gorgeous chartreuse shade. This Con Piece, written for last week, missed the paper so now I must add that after the strange sunset when the wind came up, there was a terrifying sudden storm at Leamington when a young man was swept off the dock and the property damage was high.



August 7, 1952

Never have I heard as many crows with their rasping caws in our neighborhood as there have been this summer.

Monday night when the glorious August moon was almost full, the moonlight on the huge clouds high over the park gave them the luminousness of soap bubbles.

I'd like to have been in Toronto last week just to look at the delegates of the International Red Cross assembled there - and then if possible to listen in on some of the discussion.

Well, evidently we women are to be in the red this fall, for the Paris experts and New York's top designers, too, are making red the leading shade for everything from hats and gloves to dresses and coats.

Last week just before press time in that last mad rush here in the office, a group of cottage lads came in to see if they could watch machines. I suggested that they wait a while until the paper was ready to print. "What paper do you print?" queried one, "The *Detroit Times* or the *Windsor Star*?"

Everyone in this town should be deeply indebted to the self-sacrificing leaders of the various youth groups. To the leaders who have given their time and energy this summer to take the children to camp or to the Vacation School and plan the programs whereby children will learn to get along, play and work with others in the same age group. We are referring to the leaders of both the Rotary Day Camps, the Scouts, the Latter Day Saints Daily Vacation Bible School and the Guides.

This past month the best-sellers in Canadian bookstores were, in fiction: "The Gown of Glory" by Agnes Sligh Turnbull; "The Cruel Sea" by Nicholas Monsarrat; "The Strange Brigade" by John Jennings; "Lieutenant Hornblower" by C.S. Forester; and "My Cousin Rachel" by Daphne DuMaurier; while the non-fiction list was headed by "The Struggle for Europe" by Chester Wilmot, followed by "The Sea Around Us" by Rachel Carson; "Elizabeth the Queen" by Marion Crawford; "Adventures in Two Worlds" by A. J. Cronin and "People of the Deer" by Farley

Mowat.



August 14, 1952

After sundown Saturday a cerise banner was flung along the cloudless air force blue western sky. A startling combination.

From what I have read, Thomas B. Costain's new book "The Silver Chalice" is a must. He's the Brantford-born writer whose "Black Rose" was a splendid book.

Laughter, song and sunny hours go with holiday time - but after a certain length of time most of us, including children, tire of them as a steady diet and are glad to get back to work again. I know children do because the attendance at the park has fallen off badly of late.

Captain Arthur Flowers came into the office Friday morning, chuckling away. It seems that a month ago he lost his wallet. Friday morning when he and Mrs. Flowers looked toward the river, their mail box was turned so he went to investigate and there was his wallet in it with all his papers unharmed and one of the original eight dollars left.

The other night just at sundown we were in Windsor looking across at the thrilling Detroit skyline. In the straights sailing along majestically was the latest Canada Steamship freighter, the giant *Sir James Dunn*. Directly behind was one of the oldest C.S.L. freighters. I couldn't see the name but her age gave her poise and dignity, as it so often does in life. She seemed to rise to the occasion and didn't fear the contrast of the great *Dunn* nearby. Why should she, hers has been a full life on the Lakes.

After World War II a good many Amherstburg-Harrow district veterans took advantage of the educational program and support offered them by the government. To the best of my knowledge, with the graduations of Robert Jones as a dentist and Allen Hutchinson as a doctor this June, the last of the veterans of this district are on the way toward their lifetime jobs. There is one lad however, Bill Wilford, who,

although not a native, lived here for a while and married Martha Thrasher, a veteran also, who has his medical course at Western to finish and we mustn't forget him because both he and his wife accepted the challenge of his course, as did others, and soon the hard years of preparation for life will be almost forgotten.

Tuesday at lunch in Harrow a young woman had her pet budgie in a small cage inside a floral draw string bag sitting on the table. When I queried about it talking, she put her head close to the cage and in the softest tones spoke to the bird and it started. I moved across to hear because the bird was a bit confused in the restaurant. Much to my astonishment, the beautiful bird really talked. The voice was from deep in the throat and had strange qualities but the inflection was there. He chattered on and his mistress-trainer said that he, of course, used many of her expressions. She told me that she was so successful with talk-training that the bird store operator wondered if she couldn't help other budgie owners who couldn't get their pets to talk. I was delighted to hear the amazingly large vocabulary this bird had and to actually hear a budgie talk. Because so often owners will say that they can talk but are frightened or temperamental or this or that.



August 21, 1952

Cardigans are going to stage a real comeback this fall and I'm delighted. High fashion magazines are showing them for daytime and evening wear. The latter are dressed up with jewels and embroidery and are exceedingly smart. No need now when we're invited out on a fall evening to wonder about the temperature of friend's house, just put on a cardigan and be snug and in style. Don't get me wrong, the new cardigans have a new look about them and might not be recognized as a member of the cardigan family. But they are the same comfortable, practical garment, longer in some cases and with different neck details.

So often I notice a lovely rhythm in silent things, in the corn fields for instance as we drive to Harrow when the breeze moves the leaves and the sun plays on them, making them sparkle like diamonds. This was brought out particularly in another way last Thursday night about 10:30 after a very hot day, when the cool drafts of air rhythmically wafted in from the river.



I overheard a child who was visiting in town say recently, "Gosh, you should see all the presents I've got to take home." That warmed me to the core for I feel that parents are falling down if they don't encourage children to buy presents themselves and give them to friends and close relatives on special occasions. It is their effort (if directed) and their money which they've saved and children, I know, when encouraged get a kick out of buying, wrapping and giving something that they picked out themselves.

Did you ever see a tan velvet cow or golden children? I did Tuesday afternoon on the way home from Harrow when the heavy two o'clock golden sun was Midas-minded.

A large bowl of nasturtiums arranged in a turquoise kitchen bowl (the smallest of our set of four bowls) was startling as to color combination but definitely pleasing to us last week.



August 28, 1952

Frenchmen in an expedition searching for remains of Noah's Ark on Mt. Ararat have had to halt the quest temporarily and return to their base camp, the Turkish Anatolia News Agency reported from Istanbul last week. Too much rain.

The dear, dear weather in the Banana Belt is always a fine topic of conversation. Thursday of last week, hot humid and edgy. Friday, cool and later cold and by Saturday morning there was smoke coming from a chimney here and there in town. Sounds far-fetched but that's the story.

Several times of late we have run into the mistaken idea that this paper can neither take nor handle news after Tuesday. That's wrong, we work here all day Wednesday and are delighted when anyone calls to tell of guests, a trip, a visit or a party. In short any news, so that on Thursday our readers can say, "What's new?" when they get the *Echo*, not, "There's never anything worth reading."

Even though I can't wear either a contrasting belt or a blouse, I can drool over

the stunning belts and the beautiful blouses or separates, as they and the skirts are called in the ads, being shown this fall. A young woman or a woman with a young figure could certainly turn on the femininity with a wool jersey blouse with either a square, a scooped out or sweetheart neckline edged with jewels and a velvet or whispering silk skirt for fall.

One night recently I was in the car with a young working housewife who has lived in Amherstburg three or four years. We passed a group of new houses and the remark was made that she was so busy that she didn't know the town very well and hadn't gotten to see the new homes. Like a flash I thought, wouldn't that be a good way for some organization in town to make money, by taking people on a tour of our town. There are many lovely new homes and gardens worth seeing. A tour followed by a cup of tea sounds attractive to me.



#### *September 4, 1952*

The other hot night just at dusk Lee Stanley and Lloyd Brown watched a restless brown owl around their property. It poked around for a long time and finally went to the bird bath and took a bath.

Without the slightest whiff of a doubt the season was foretold by its aroma last Thursday night as I breathed deeply in the chili sauce air being gently pushed north easterly from Mrs. F.E. Wilson's to our house.

Talked to Mrs. Bill Wigle Friday about their long trip to California and Mexico. She told of the beauty of both places and the advantages of living there, etc., etc., but in summing up said, "There's nothing though, like Amherstburg. It is beautiful and it is home."

If the Waldorf-Astoria served even a tiny sliver of Leslie Ounsworth's musk melons, its cuisine would be more famous that it is. Mr. Ounsworth is the melon expert at the Harrow Experimental Farm and last week I ate half of one of his nine-inch melons (and drank the juice) at a sitting and the words nectar and ambrosia became real.

The gay balloons which were given to the children at the rodeo at the Lions' Carnival Friday night were filled with lighter-than-air gas, and as a consequence several children had their balloons pulled skyward and they were wafted slowly in a northwest direction high, higher over the trees in the sunset towards Grosse Île. Hope there was no flying saucer scare over Wyandotte Friday evening.

Here is a tested recipe that mothers of small children, who are always asking for candy, can make. It is called "health candy": 3 cups sugar, 1 cup thin cream, 2 tbsp. butter, 1 tbsp. vanilla, 1 lb. dates, 1 lb. figs, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. coconut or 1 cup nuts. Cook sugar, cream and butter to soft ball. Beat until creamy then beat in chopped fruits and nuts. When well mixed, roll as for meat loaf. Wrap in dampened cloth, then in waxed paper and put away to ripen. Make at least two weeks before you wish to use it. When wanted, slice in squares and oblongs.

What grandma and grandpa and former teachers and friends like to hear - The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Jay-Anne Kenyon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Kenyon, now in London, to her grandmother, and we quote: "Well I passed and with the honor of being 'Student Leader.' We were judged on our marks, athletics, popularity with both teachers and fellow pupils. They choose a boy and a girl and we were the first ones to have our names engraved on the plaque of the first million dollar school (the Prince Charles) in the city of London." Young Miss Kenyon commenced high school on Tuesday.

Albert Bruner, well-known Olinda peach grower, has an unique duty to perform tomorrow (Friday). He has been invited to give away the bride in a marriage between a couple who are 86 and 84 years of age. Mrs. Bruner will attend the wedding with her husband. The marriage will be solemnized at the Oddfellows' Home for the Aged at Barrie. Two of the residents there, the man 86 years old and the woman 84, have requested permission from the Board of Governors to become married. Mr. Bruner, in his office as Chairman of the Board, assented and the bride-to-be has asked him to give her away at the ceremony. Mr. Bruner is a Past Grand Master of the I.O.O.F. and has always taken an active interest in the work of the Order. Mrs. Bruner, who is also well-known in Rebekah and I.O.O.F. circles, accompanied her husband to Barrie. They took along some of Essex County's famous products to augment the wedding feast.





**September 11, 1952**

Mrs. Barbara Rose, Simcoe Street, has a cotton plant in bloom and bolls of cotton are starting to form now.

Miss Marianne Nattress, daughter of Mayor and Mrs. William Nattress, who now works in a bank in Toronto, was one of three bank employees tied up by gunmen recently before the bandits walked out with \$20,000.

I felt it like a personal loss when the word came over the air that Gertrude Lawrence had died in New York. I first saw her in 1924 when she, as the understudy for Beatrice Lillie, sang "Limehouse Blues" in Charlot's Revue in Detroit. It was that song that started Miss Lawrence on the way to a successful stage career.

If the group of children-vandals in town aren't given a lesson to respect the property of others and to respect the sacredness of church property, beautiful and historic Christ Church Cemetery will disappear entirely in time. When a tombstone is destroyed (as another one was this weekend) it cannot be replaced, so gradual destruction by thoughtless children means the gradual wiping out of this landmark.

It was in the September 12, 1902 issue of the *Amherstburg Echo* that the following fact was stated and observation made by either A. W. Marsh or John A. Auld: "Five days, 18 hours and 30 seconds is the new Atlantic Ocean record made by the *Oceanic*. Pretty soon the journey across will be a summer day excursion." - now, after 50 years, if those two could read of the British jet bomber which made the return trip across the Atlantic Ocean last week in the daylight hours, they would know how right their observation was.

In a Good Housekeeping article, May Hold Batchelder asks, "Is the Bridal Shower Getting to Be a Problem?" She finds it has grown into a racket with girls socially blackmailed into buying expensive gifts for acquaintances they hardly know. She thinks no girl should be invited to more than one shower for the same bride, gifts should be simple and an invitation to a shower should be followed by

one to the ceremony and the reception, if possible.

Now I know how it feels - and was amazed that they "wanted" experience which has hung over since childhood, was not one of smug satisfaction, nor gloating nor of inflated ego - but one of warmth and happiness inside and a "feel sorry" attitude for those who can't or never will do it. What's prompted all this - a cruise up-river in a yacht in the early warm Autumn sunshine. When I was a little "river rat" and yachts would tie up along Amherstburg docks, I'd eye the plutocrats or "idle rich" (as I thought) aboard with envy, and now I realize that often they were just ordinary people like us spending their leisure hours in an enjoyable fashion and not trying to lord it over anyone. Of course some nice friend has to provide the means by which there is an afternoon of good talk aboard a yacht - that's the catch.



**September 18, 1952**

Last year Walter Wigle of Blind River won awards in water skiing at an aquatic meet there. Last week he brought his boat and his skis to Amherstburg, when he visited his parents and demonstrated that water sport on the Detroit River.

The Roving Reporter, F.C.B. Falls, saw the *John O. McKellar* (the longest Canadian ship on the Lakes to date, sister ship of the *Scott Misener*) last Wednesday morning and reported on it. Unfortunately this new Canadian ship had no occasion to blow as she went upriver so we missed her maiden trip - if we had heard an unfamiliar whistle, we would certainly have hurried riverwards - but the R.R. said she was beautiful and he knows his ships - so we have this new ship which he saw and we didn't look forward to.

Last year at the fashion show I happened to overhear a woman, whose daughter lives in New York and who is fortunate enough to have attended many fashion shows in both Detroit and New York, comment that New York models would never be allowed to dangle their purses at their sides. Did you ever notice how awkward women look when they walk along with a purse hanging to the side and, too, it adds years to their appearance. It looks so much better and smarter, in my estimation, even if the purse has a handle, to grasp it lightly with the fingers only and tuck under

arm or slip the wrist through the handle and then keep the elbow bent.

How we have changed! As I go through the old files week after week I read of old people of 68 or 72 who "having lived their long lives well have passed to the Great Beyond," and a four-generation celebration made news. I thought of this and laughed as I walked along in the beautiful moonlight last Tuesday from Mrs. Norman Pouget's home on King Street. While there we talked of her great-granddaughter Lynda Lee Deneau but not one word of the four generations on the distaff side. Four generations are commonplace today and, believe me, a great-grandmother in her early seventies doesn't wear a lace cap and isn't relegated to a rocking chair.

When we went up to watch the tugs "huff puff, huff puff" (it is the working steam tugs which make that exciting river sound) the steamer *George Fink* off her perch on the east bank of the river last Thursday evening, friend G.S.W. turned the car around in Mrs. Fred Webster's driveway and we got an all too brief glimpse of what looked like a palette covered with rich colors, in the profusion of her early September flowers. I said when we reached the river bank that night, looking out on the tense business of getting that ship off ground, that I felt sorry for people who lived inland, and they missed a lot when they didn't see a river's drama. To me it was remarkable that so many hundreds of cars could gather, so many hundreds of men, women and children and yet there wasn't any unpleasantness that I saw nor any accidents - just a well behaved group of people interested in that aftermath of a fog-bound river.



### *September 25, 1952*

Well! Are cowboys to be routed by space cadets? From a list of children's books I was reading I figured that the space cadet craze is supplanting the cowboy, as I saw for young teen age boys, "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet", "Stand by for Mars" and "The Book of Model Space Ships."

One of the very hot days early last week I saw strange disagreeing goings-on up our street - Mrs. Stanley Gott was out in the yard most comfortable in a sleeveless

dress raking and burning leaves; several children were swimming at the waterworks dock; a group of boys was practising football in the park and nearby was a family picnicking.

A college professor has gone to bat for the youngsters. He says they "are getting better and better." Dr. John M. Rothney, a professor of education, University of Cincinnati, told the Cincinnati Teachers' Institute: "Children are better educated, more realistic, more democratic, more self-disciplined, and there is less - not more - delinquency among them than formerly."

The dense fog on the river the morning of September 11 and the accompanying accidents to the *Fink*, the *Kulas* and the Livingston Channel Light certainly publicized this old town. Mrs. Sam Armson, who is visiting at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, sent me a picture from the San Antonio (Texas) Light, published September 12, of the leaning lighthouse in the Detroit River, captioned, "Lights Out."

School has well started and I get a bang out of the children in their new school clothes and shining faces. But I thought Poor Mamma! What a time she must have had outfitting the children for school. I know she looked longingly when shopping for the children at a new fall job for herself, but this getting back to school costs money, and plenty, so she'll have to forget it for a while, at least.

"The Road to Bithynia", the story of Luke, the blessed physician, by Dr. Frank G. Slaughter of Jacksonville, Florida, is an excellent historical novel with a medical background. I read it this past week and was saturated with the story of Luke and the years immediately following the Crucifixion, when he was searching for peace and finally found it in the teachings of Jesus. The book is fictional biography and written in a very easy style.

The Women's National American Merchant Marine Association, Port of Detroit, is having a luncheon and fur fashion show today. Several marine women connected with Amherstburg are convening the affair, namely Mrs. Orville Duncanson, Mrs. L.D. (Red) Browning, Mrs. J. Leonard Nattress. The event is to provide funds for presentation of shipping films in Detroit schools and libraries, the books "Paddle to the Sea" and "The Great Lakes Story" to 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> grade pupils in Detroit and suburban schools, and information to the High School students who

wish to go into the shipping trades.

We do wish there were more letters to the *Echo*. So often after the paper is published many people express a few different views pro and con on various subjects in the paper. We would like it if they would sit down and write to us so that other readers may have the benefit of their views. Many people in this community have splendid stores of knowledge on certain subjects which would be highly informative and educational to others. This paper is a truly community affair so with your news and views, it would be giving more service to the community. Try it, soon.

I had a shock lately when lunching with a Dutch woman who had only been in this country a short time. She said to me, "Canadians don't use knives and forks." I explained as best I could that they certainly always do with certain foods but that probably all the Canadians she had seen in her short time in Canada were no doubt eating hot dogs, chicken in the rough, hamburgers, potato chips or sandwiches. But what she said gave me a start, for I thought that we are possibly swinging too much to hurried eating habits from the days when a leisurely family meal with good conversation and a well-set table was part of our orderly living. What an impression she got of us!



*October 2, 1952*

Have been asking around about second growths because of the lovely equatorial days and have been told "Too Dry," that there wasn't even a second crop of clover.

See that many bracelets is a fashion edict this season. Being particularly fond of that accessory, I guess I'll have to get out my old collection and clean them up.

In a recent letter Carolyn Amlin Montgomery, now of California, wrote her mother of her loneliness for October in Amherstburg and for the Detroit River; as both are dear to my heart, I certainly can understand her feelings.

The first quarter moon was hanging just like a pendant in the star-spattered sky

Sunday night, so lovely that it didn't seem to be an anticlimax to me after the wonderful end-of-summer day we had with its heat, sunshine, rustling leaves, color - Bob-Lo's breaking out in color these shortening days.

Monday night the sorority girls included me in their progressive dinner party and I enjoyed being with this well-coordinated group of young businesswomen. The president, Mrs. A.M. Peters, Mrs. Burt Hoag, Mrs. Douglas McKeown and Miss Joan Reaume were the hostesses at their homes for the courses of the dinner. Mrs. Hoag's centerpieces of deep velvety purple petunias and bittersweet stimulated appetites and Miss Joan Reaume's pantomime brought out the comedienne in her (as I've never seen it before) and put the right finishing touch to a thoroughly enjoyable evening.



*October 9, 1952*

I certainly was brought up sharply in the 85 degree heat last Wednesday when a new book of stunning Christmas cards was a disturbing reminder that the anesthetic of the day wouldn't last, that after October comes you know what - and then.

The autumn leaves went swinging Sunday in the biting west wind, the chestnuts popped (like Korea, the boys said) in the bonfires on the park edge, the last fresh rose of summer brought joy in the periodic lemon yellow warmth during the afternoon, and completing the day's interests the first bright hint of twilight's hour came with the sunset which literally flamed across the west (and lasted so long).

The burnished brightness of the dark brown horse chestnuts has lightened the eyes of one generation after another. This year with young friends I've been gathering them again and notice that youngsters of today cherish and stroke them too, and using their thumb nails chuckle as they finish prying open the burrs to make the cheek-to-cheek chestnuts pop. There were literally hundreds of chestnuts around this year - good crop for the children but most annoying one to the raker - but maybe the sleek polished brown nuts pleased him too.



*October 16, 1952*

Mrs. H.H. Quinn, Rankin Avenue, said Thanksgiving Day that she had a second growth of sweet peas.

Youngster to oldster, 1952 style. Young Miss Elizabeth Craig was bound down town Saturday morning, with a pretty plaid stole over her shoulders. I said to her, "I have one too," and she flashed back, "We'll have to go out together some time."

Autumn certainly unleashed a galaxy of colors on Thanksgiving Day and mixed them with a lavish hand. It is said that autumn talks louder than the other seasons. I can well believe that, for the maple at the park edge in front of Mrs. John Bates' home is fairly screaming for attention.

I don't know whether the following refreshing New York idea could be carried out in Amherstburg, but it is possible - just as a baby-sitting bureau is possible here. (Even I get calls about baby sitters, from strangers and summer residents here who want an evening away from their children.) The first idea is called "Pamper House" - a place where women and girls at loose ends can go after office hours to fix up for an evening engagement. At the original Pamper House they charge, I understand, 25c for a visit and so much for additional service, 10c for a shower, for instance.

From what I read, the movie "Ivanhoe" is certainly making a hit. This picture, from Sir Walter Scott's novel, was filmed in its entirety amid ancient castles, famous battlefields and other historic sites. I remember going out from Edinburgh to Sir Walter Scott's home and seeing where he lived and worked on his famous historical novels. After that trip, to me he became a person, not just a writer whose books I was told in High School days that I must read, that they would be good for me. The young people of today have the advantage. They can go to see a well filmed picture like "Ivanhoe" and that will surely stimulate their interest in other of Sir Walter's works, so that possibly the collection of Scott's works in many homes will become part of the family, not just a book case filler.



*October 23, 1952*

The rich, rugged masculine chrysanthemums are with us again - and what could be livelier than arrangements of giant whites.



Understand that the butterflies flocking at Point Pelee for migration purposes this fall have been a wonderful sight. I saw Monarchs gathering a few years ago on a tree at Mrs. Robert Park's property on Laird Avenue, so know what a sight it is to see hundreds of butterflies preparing to go together to a warmer climate.

When putting out the garbage last Thursday morning I alerted (and actually sniffed the sound, as Bobby the Irish Setter did) to the honking ducks high, high above and clearly over all of the haziness Friend said Sunday that she heard that honking while in her apartment on Cadillac, out East Jefferson, and was amazed that the duck's call was so clear above city noises and rushing to the window glimpsed the perfect V of duck formation.

Rev. and Mrs. E.W. Hart must have been pleased in Wesley Church Sunday to hear the living beautiful memorial organ recently dedicated in memory of the members of the church who gave their lives for their country in both World War I and World War II and to know that the beauty of tone and the happiness in music that that organ will emit to worshipers Sunday after Sunday is partly in memory of Ray who died overseas while his father was pastor of Wesley Church.

For some time now I have been intrigued by the foreign sound of faint tinkling crystal coming from the Merlo house. Hanging crystals teased by the wind were making that lovely music-box-sound, I knew. So often they interpreted the day's mood, to me. Monday morning in the bright, clear windy cold (after a bit of snow I believe) the wind tune was livelier and lovelier and whispered musically, "Look up at the sky and glorious color still left in the trees which I'm serenading."

Mrs. Andrew Botsford was telling at bowling Tuesday that friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Scott (Elizabeth Botsford) have bought the house in Summerside, Prince Edward Island, where L.M. Montgomery lived when she wrote "Anne of Green



Gables” and that the names of the children are still written on the doors and sills. There’s one thing, however, about living in such a house - the owners, unless they were adamant about their privacy, would never be able to relax as a family because of sightseers.

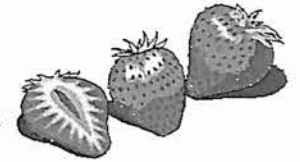
Mrs. Walter Reaume, librarian, is enthusiastic about the plans being developed to celebrate Young Canada Book Week, November 25-22 in our splendid Public Library. During the week each class in the elementary schools is to have a library period to introduce the students to new books and let them have another look over our library’s facilities. Then too, there will be contests in poster work and a contest for children dressed to represent favourite characters in books or book titles. Mrs. Reaume is planning other attractions for this special week which should draw many adults and children to the Library to see for themselves that despite TV and radio, the world of books is still a fun-loving, attractive and interesting place, full of information, a good place for children to get to know intimately - and adults as well.

Mrs. Forest Laramie brought in a copy of extracts from Mother Shipton’s prophecies which were taken from a scrapbook made more than 100 years ago by a woman living in Rochester, England. Throughout the last century the prophecies of Mother Shipton, the English “witch” who was born more than 400 years ago, have aroused considerable attention, and many of the semi-mythical person’s predictions have come to pass. Mother Shipton was Miss Ursula Southiel before marrying Tony Shipton, a building contractor, according to records on file at the parish church of Huddersfield, Yorkshire County, England, where the seeress first saw the light of day. She was born in 1488 and died about 1559. Most of her prophecies were contained in verse. She is credited with having predicted the death of Cardinal Wolseley and many other notable events in the world’s history. She foresaw that carriages without horses would be used, the construction of steel ships and the introduction of radio. Street accidents, the result of horseless carriages replacing the old-fashioned buggies and democrats, were predicted by Mother Shipton, who wrote: “And accidents shall fill the world with woe.” Bobbed hair women were envisioned by the prophetess in the following words: “Women shall get a strange, odd craze to dress like men and breeches wear, and cut off their beautiful locks of hair.”



*October 30, 1952*

Charles Salter picked the ripe strawberries in his patch at his home in Harrow last week.



I saw the coronation colors, the pageant of color as the newspaper will say next year in London, on the riverfront road in the spectacular beauty Saturday morning. I saw coronation red and gold and heavenly blues. Then as we swung down Laird to the park there was the Field of the Cloth of Gold - not the bowling green.

The presidential election next Tuesday in the United States is certainly in our spotlight. If we as Canadians took as much interest in our own politics (from municipal to federal) as we have in those in United States (since and even before the nominations) we would have a wonderfully run country.

There seems to be much Hallowe’en excitement this year with Scout, church, school parties and the large Rotary party to cap the climax on the fun. Children do love special days and the simple fun that adults can help them have on these special days is well worthwhile. By directing a little, parents and leaders, I think, can get children thinking properly, and right thinking doesn’t include waste and damage.

J.A.M. is a fanatic for dating documents, pictures, clippings, etc. So I guess hearing about the importance of dating (month, day and year kind, not men nor dinners) repeatedly makes me partly date conscious. For I realize it is important to know exactly when such and such a thing happened or when a picture was taken. I see that there is a small device on the market which can be applied to any kind of camera called a Photo Dateline which marks the date in upper left hand corner of negative as the photo is taken and it doesn’t interfere with the print or enlargement.



*November 6, 1952*

Don’t Merry Xmas me, please, nor suggest Xmas gifts, that’s a pet peeve of mine (the abbreviation of course, not the day).

Friend in Harrow was making wild grape jelly Tuesday. She said that her husband had picked the fruit in a ditch Monday and that the foliage was so dense the frost hadn't hurt the berries.

The wind piped a much more exciting tune last week and all of a sudden every beautiful ivy leaf was freed from the north wall of the *Echo* office.

Last year generous mother had beautiful chrysanthemums in her garden which were admired by many. So she gave and gave some of her plants to spread the joy around. This year friends have flowers and the generous mother has none.

Monday was bleak, chilly and windy. Raising their heads above a deep blanket of leaves with a bit of color left in them that day was a small red rose and bud and nearby a few deep purple petunias. Their feet were warm in the leaves so they showed off their November third beauty, oblivious of the nips from the wind.

There will be 2500 dolls on exhibition at Newberry House in Detroit this weekend when the members of the Detroit Doll Collectors Club show antique, foreign, handcrafted and paper dolls. Collecting dolls is a fascinating hobby and I'll wager the collectors and the interested public would love to see the lovely old doll which Mrs. Oscar Teeter owns - a real museum piece.

Hats off to the Rotary Club for the wonderful Hallowe'en party in the town park - for the giant bonfire, the full moon and the beauty of the night; and the fun. When Burt Hoag sparked the Rotary Hallowe'en party idea, he certainly did something fine for the children of this community. They attended the party in droves this year as did mamas, and dads, grandmas and grandpas and all had a dandy time. With such a splendid celebration where persons of all ages were together, Hallowe'en lost its horror for many people who were afraid of what children would do to property. From our own experience, the children had a time at the park and then went home. Our last callers were before 9:45.

Here and there I've run across comments on Amy Vanderbilt's new "Complete Book of Etiquette," which she considers to be a guide to modern living, and I've



laughed over her comment: "Modern furniture is so wide and so big, it's impossible to sit down like a lady and most of the time you need help to get back on your feet." I've had that trouble for years. I'd get back in the chesterfield and dreaded the time when I'd have to get up to say good-bye. So for a long long time I've known that the old rules of where to put your feet, how to hold your hands and how to sit down like a lady couldn't be applied to the letter to modern sitting. Mrs. Vanderbilt will never be the guide Mrs. Post is, but her advice (in part) is fun.

Had a chat with Bink (Vincent) Price over the phone Monday and found this lad who is well on the way to being numbered among the Theatre's Great, modest, unaffected, unassuming and starved for Amherstburg news of the friends of his boyhood here. He said that when he realized while playing four engagements in Detroit in George Bernard Shaw's "Don Juan and the Devil" that he couldn't get down to "lovely old Amherstburg," he walked down to the dock from the Statler and looked at the river and the Bob-Lo boats tied there and almost wept. He said to say hello to all his old friends here and mentioned so many of his playmates and neighbors at the end of Laird Avenue. Bink certainly laughed heartily when I said that he'd gone a long way since the days he (as a youth) acted in Christ Church street fairs here, and also made the telephone vibrate when I said we'd get the band out for him and make him a "visiting fireman" when he could make an Amherstburg trip sometime in the future. All kidding aside, I'd like the school children here to hear him speak and read, for he is, and there's no question about it, a master of language. There's no question in my mind but people who are good like Vincent Price are simple and sweet and don't pull away from the people, nor the little things they were interested in in their young days. In my delight at Bink's delight in hearing all about Amherstburg I forgot to ask him to send along a new autographed picture - that's the limit on my part.



*November 13, 1952*

The lovely days of fall with their still brown smoky eyes flecked, we noticed, with coppery giants and slow smile, were with us again over the weekend.

Had some bread at the Sorority party at Mrs. Burt Hoag's home a while ago that



was a wonderful imitation of that "Waistline-builder" home-made bread. It was French bread which she had sliced and then heated in the oven.

The literary character Peter Rabbit is celebrating his 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary this year and is still a favorite of children in spite of the comics. I remember the funny illustrations in the little copy of that story I had the first year I taught and how the illustrations changed in the later editions. But believe me, I didn't realize that Peter was 50. He, Mopsy, Flopsy and Cottontail have given much pleasure to many many children and I guess that is what has kept them young.

School has been in session now over two months and I've been thinking about the new teachers in town and wondered how many people have given them a genuine and whole-hearted welcome to this community - and also wondered how often they had been asked out, except when some organization wanted them to do something or except as a group. Too often these nice people are looked on in the community not as individuals but as group. Actually teachers are just as anxious to make friends outside their work as anyone else. They are eager to lead a normal individual's life.



#### *November 20, 1952*

Mrs. Harold Smith send us the "last red rose of summer" Wednesday, a real beauty, nature is most surprising this year, so maybe the "last" is still not here.

New cooking idea (from people who grow and market Butternut squash) - cook squash whole for 1½ hours, turn once and then scoop out seeds. By doing this the full flavor of the seeds (too) is kept.

In the damp, balmy Monday, after the much needed rain, I gasped at the silver pussy willows on our backdoor tree. The rain made lovely emerald fields of the winter wheat - and there is a cluster of bloom on the flowering quince tree in the John Monger yard in Harrow.

With this edition your paper gets a year older - born in 1874, the *Amherstburg*

*Echo* is not showing its age (we hope) - the new face lifting job (remember the old type?) gave the *Echo* a new lease on life. We hope that the *Echo* can continue to serve you and fill its place in this community during the next year.

Bloor Street, Toronto, has become a wonderful shopping centre. The shops are beautiful in quality of merchandise, display and interior decoration. Well, this very high class shopping centre is open Friday night and we were amazed at the throngs of people on the streets, in the shops, in the restaurants, chatting and buying. It reminded me of an old fashioned Saturday night in Amherstburg or Essex. My aunt said that she had heard of the success of this Friday evening opening venture on Bloor, but had not seen it, either.



#### *November 27, 1952*

Busy Windsor mother of four had a chance to go to Chicago for a week, so she advertised for a housekeeper and got 80 replies. Rather shocking, isn't it.

In the bleakness of 9:15 Tuesday a.m., the sight of the new 718-foot freighter *Joseph H. Thompson* cruising upbound was thrilling and unexpected. This longest ship on the Lakes is a graceful giant.

Wednesday morning I heard March; I saw the cocky pale blue and while cloud puffs chasing across the sky; I felt the balmy, moist air; I looked at calendulas from the garden in a yellow pitcher (certainly not pre-Christmas colors, early spring). What's going on: Is the weather man in a state of coma? or can't I interpret the calendar?



#### *December 4, 1952*

Nothing could be more whiter than the sea gulls, Thursday, with the windy, dark-as-thunder sky making everything eerie or as a matter of fact, the few snowberries that same day.

Friend in Harrow was telling of the square dancing for the pupils in the separate school as part of their recreational program and how much those young people were enjoying it and what it was doing for them. Giving them confidence, poise, developing a sense of rhythm and a group spirit for fun, boys and girls together.

The laugh was on me last Wednesday morning for when I came to the office the day was beautiful, as I said in these bits, but by 11 a.m. the wind was roaring and huffing and puffing and the long awaited cold pushed out, quite ruthlessly I thought, our lovely late fall weather. By Friday you could see your breath and red flannels were in order.

December is a wonderful month when everything material comes alive, stores, toys, books etc. It's amazing how even at this early date the teddy bear is just begging for a little girl to be its mistress or the dark red tie tells me that it will complement a navy blue suit or the nursery rhyme book almost reaches out because it feels my friendly vibrations.

Kate Aiken, the well-known Canadian columnist and commentator on things interesting to women, will open her own beauty farm on the Erindale side road, 28 miles from Toronto, next fall. The idea is to provide a weekend retreat where women can enjoy beauty and reducing treatments. This sounds like a good idea for busy tense business people or housewives or club women or teachers or those who buzz from one social function to another. I think Mrs. Iris Holdup would agree with Mrs. Aiken's idea.



#### *December 11, 1952*

The first Story Hour at the Amherstburg Public Library Saturday morning was attended by 50 to 60 children between the ages of three and 12. The Lions' Club is responsible for the Story Hour in step with its youth activities program.

Have the loan of a book "The Moran Family - 200 years in Detroit" by J. Bell Moran of Detroit, a friend of Norvell Mullen's. This book was written by Mr. Moran for his family but was so well done and contained so much information about

Detroit that he was persuaded to have more than a private publication.

When Miss Gladys Agla of Colchester South and Miss Olive Heidt of Toronto went to England this fall they met a Mrs. Bell on board ship who was returning to her home near Belfast after a visit with a cousin, James Bell in Toronto. This Mrs. Bell was a relative of the Colchester South Bells also.

A fortnight ago we had Belgian guests who have only been in Canada a few weeks and the young husband's English put us all to shame. He, however, had been in Western Canada for one year and a half during the war taking a pilot's course under the R.C.A.F. scheme. It was his beautiful choice of words and enunciation that delighted me. This young wife was afraid to air her English but what she said was well said. They came in a Volkswagen, a most amazing German car, that reminded me of a shining oversized hard-shelled beetle that you would see in a children's book, complete with eyes, etc. The engine was in the rear.

Lieutenant Commander Murray Mitchell, R.C.N., had many interesting things to tell after his very recent trip to Halifax where he was taking R.C.N. "Refresher" work (I don't know what the naval term is for brushing-up) - one thing was his all-day trip on H.M.C.S. *Rocket*, Canada's new anti-submarine destroyer-escort which is the Royal Naval answer to the U-boat menace. We here in southwestern Ontario, so far away from the coast, don't realize what Canada is doing along this line, I'm sure. The *Rocket's* equipment is amazing and this ship is the forerunner of 17 similar ships which Canada is to launch. Mr. Mitchell also told about seeing the clever comedy "Middle Watch" done by Navy boys, the Shearwater players, at Cornwallis. He also went with his friend Lt. Commander Tony Law aboard H.M.C.S. *Magnificent* and saw how the first lieutenant of this ship (Mr. Law) is directing his art class aboard and the results of same. Mr. Law is a friend and contemporary of Peter Scott so the lads interested in art aboard the *Magnificent* are getting a wonderful opportunity.



#### *December 18, 1952*

I like the pastel colored cars that liven up our streets and the McKenna's new

lilac car makes me hum. A nice Christmas feeling.

When Rev. H. A. Wright was speaking to the Rotarians last Thursday about his trip abroad he said that Canada was a magic word in all lands. I certainly found that fact out too years ago, especially in Italy and France.

Haven't seen any glistening holly with the lacquered red berries and armoured leaves yet this year. Holly trees are strangers to our soil but imported sprigs do pep up the dark days at the end of the year.

Mrs. William Cavan, Dalhousie Street, who is off to California soon, is taking her daughter Barbara's handwoven sleeveless dress and a stole. The dress, off white in color, is woven of a new straw yarn (the first in their group of weavers, Mrs. Cavan said) and has a wide black pattern on the skirt, the bodice and the stole. An exquisite outfit, the dress and its crony, the stole.

I'm always reading articles in the papers like "Budget your time to defeat drudgery" - which seem so logical, but I never believe one word of what I read. Sounds fine but what's going to happen to the time budget if you decide to read an article in the newspaper you are wrapping the garbage up in (as I do often), a too statistically run life would be hard to take for me. Why do I read the articles? you question. That's the \$64 question for me too.

It was cold Saturday at six and the lovely Christmas decorations and the lights in the stores down town left no doubt about the season. Those who say, "Christmas has become too commercialized, people are forgetting the significance of The Day," are hiding behind that blanket condemnation and are going to miss a lot themselves, because they are drawing away from the excitement and the fun of loving and giving and doing and helping and believing.



*December 25, 1952*

Commenting on the story that E.T.C. wrote for our Christmas edition, entitled "That's what I want for Christmas," she said in a letter to us, "I regret very much

that I never had a grandmother I can remember. Every child should have a grandmother."

One of the highlights of the Coronation in Britain next summer will be the use of the crown jewels and their display in public. These are coruscating diamonds, rubies and emeralds of almost incalculable value. There will be other lovely ornaments on display too. The Dutch Government has given the British people 30,000 exquisite tulip bulbs. These will be planted in the Thameside pleasure gardens, says the *London Free Press*. These living jewels, which will paint the riverside in exquisite colors and add beauty and charm to the ancient ceremony of coronation, are a perfect gift for the most colorful sacrament in British life.



I agree with Dr. Gesell, the prominent American child psychologist, commenting on the question, "Shall I tell my child about Santa Claus," that parents can become too realistic and join that stark truth group that would go on and on explaining that the tigers didn't turn to butter in "Little Sambo" or, says Dr. Gesell, "Most children slip from full belief to acceptance of the symbolism of Santa Claus with little real difficulty, and some look forward to the time when they can re-experience Santa with their own children." As for me, I believe firmly that believing in Santa Claus not only brings much pleasure to many children but on the whole does very little harm, even to those children who are briefly very resistant and unhappy when they suspect or are told that there is no Santa Claus and think of the fun even we childless people would miss.



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