



Conversation Pieces



by
Helen Marsh



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September 1954-August 1956



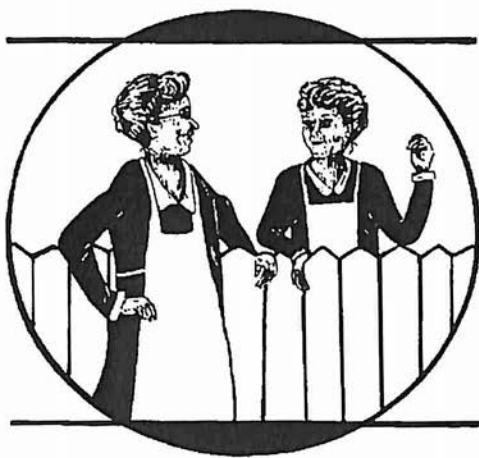
Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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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.

September 9, 1954



Wallowing at the moment in a very satisfactory cannonade of color - thoughts of new chintzes for the living room and arrangements of asters, glads, zinnias and dahlias from friends who know my weakness.

If by any chance the 97 degree heat on Sunday mixed you up on the season, the daily delectable dessert, peaches and cream, will assure you that September and school and other autumn activities are upon us.

Saw a lovely accessory recently made from an old sterling silver match box. The wearer had taken the little box and had a pin put on it and inside had placed a bit of cotton batten dipped in perfume. She was wearing it on a tailored dress as a lapel pin. Very effective and smart.

I got the same old lump in my throat and the same dewy-eyed feeling Monday night as I have had for years and years and years on Labor Day when My Friend *Columbia* steamed slowly up river as the band played "Auld Lang Syne."

Didn't realize that I was in such a rut or that sounds would jolt me, until Tuesday morning in Harrow. After a quiet uneventful summer, the streets all of a sudden came alive with boys and girls, big and little, there was laughter and continuous juke box music - and what good looking school clothes the high school girls had on - I'm stimulated no end and I didn't realize I needed that pepper-upper.

With the wonderful television shows most everyone in this district can see at any time, and with fine movies and radio programs at hand, with all kinds of good entertainment in Detroit, I really don't believe people who go to fairs here want too much entertainment, but I do think they want to see more of what's new in agriculture, along with the horse show, ladies work, farm machinery, cattle, etc. Essex County is well known agriculturally and do you know many who live around here don't know of the research on small watermelons, the dwarf apple trees, etc., so why not endeavor to show people what we've got here agriculturally and what is being done on the land and how far reaching our markets.



September 16, 1954

Belated congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Wanless of Old Sandwich, former Amherstburg residents, who on the second of September marked the 63rd anniversary of their marriage.

A healthy, stalwart sunflower plant is in full bloom in the eaves trough at the Deviny house north of our house. From away up there, that sunflower is no lowly plant but certainly monarch of all it surveys.



First big item on the fall program of the Women's Committee of the Windsor Art Association will be a tour of Fort Malden on Friday afternoon, September 24. It was announced at Friday's opening fall meeting of the committee held at Willstead Library in Windsor with the chairman, Mrs. Kenneth E. Fleming, presiding. The tour, which will include a visit to the exhibition of work by Amherstburg artists in the Amherstburg Public Library, will begin at 2:30 o'clock and will be followed by a garden tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B.W. Hoag, Laird Avenue.



September 23, 1954

Summer tossed her hair, looked back and smiled so nicely Sunday, as she walked leisurely away leaving a beautiful trail of color in the western sky.

The jewel-toned hats for fall are breath taking. A hat can be the pivotal point in a smart outfit (and I'm not selling them as you know) - and I could face the winter very nicely wearing an American Beauty hat.

I use a phrase, in fact I overwork it - "One moment, please" - which I must conscientiously try to erase from my vocabulary because a "moment" is an old English measure of time equal to 90 seconds. The phrase should never be used unless there is to be a delay in the connection.

Very efficient, these instructions an industrial engineer has worked out to enable women to wash the dishes with as few motions as possible, but they don't seem to include drying the hands 15 times in order to answer the telephone, doorbell or Mabel yoo-hooing from next door. The *Detroit News* hit the nail on the head, didn't it?

The "Sunday Best" dress is coming back - and I'm glad. This announcement reminds me of a smart young mother who feels the "jeans" are alright for week days but best clothes are a must for Church and the rest of Sunday. Because child must keep on and care for Sunday best, the parents have to do likewise; as a consequence even Sunday meals have become an occasion.

After hearing Ralph Cook discuss grass at the Horticultural Society meeting last Tuesday night I have become very grass conscious and found that "grass" is practically in the orchid class so far as care, etc., is concerned. So as often happens after a subject is introduced to us and our interest is aroused, we see things in newspapers which we never noticed before as, and we quote: "Start sweeping leaves as they fall rather than waiting for all of them to drop. It may be easier on the sweeper to do the whole job at once, but it's much tougher on the grass which is apt to smother."



September 30, 1954

In the women's department - I'm particularly fond of the flash of colored petticoats these days.

When Mrs. J. S. Kendall was standing at the registration desk at the Great Lakes Area Shriners Convention in Columbus, Ohio, last week, she saw a familiar face nearby. It turned out to be Mrs. J.S. Kendall, whom she had met once or twice when they (the Amherstburg Kendalls) lived in London 15 years ago. At that time the two men, who never met and were not related, with the same initials were forever getting mail mixed up. After this surprise meeting the two J.S. Kendalls and their wives had a dandy time together at the Shrine Convention.

This "serious" little rhyming by Selma Raskin, sounds just like me -

*Since I've read a lot of cookbooks
Like "Gourmet" and "Cordon Bleu,"
My accomplishments in cooking
Now include a "Pot-Au-Feu,"
And a "Gulyas" and a "Goulash,"
And a keen "Blanquette de Beau" -
So you see how I've advanced
Since those days of long ago,
When to culinary matters
I came innocent and new,
And I cooked these self-same dishes,
But I used to call them STEW!*

According to the Flower Show judges, special mention should be made of six perfect African marigold blooms exhibited by Mrs. Robert Greenaway at the B.M.C. Saturday. In fact the blooms were so perfect that Frank Arnett took their picture. I wallowed in the color at the show late Saturday afternoon. The committee did a fine job of arrangement and as if in accordance with the show the warm, late afternoon sun highlighted the beauty of the blooms. Mrs. Ivan Knapp's collarette dahlias (a single striped variety) were attention getters. The dried delphinium in an old white pitcher, shown by Mrs. Robert McGee, showed her artistic touch. I found the show a nice place to go, and look and enjoy and relax.



October 7, 1954

Autumn's big chrysanthemum show is beginning and if you want to see glory on the home grounds, walk east to the A. McKinley home, corner of Seymour, where chrysanthemums are reigning.

Thoroughly enjoying the paisley print of the flower bed at Mrs. F.E. Wilson's, as I look riverward - was especially interesting, with its dense green background in the misty late



Sunday afternoon before the first dump of rain.

Thanksgiving - the day set aside by our government for a general heart felt thankfulness for our way of life here in Canada, is at hand. How thankful we are for the happiness and hope and plenty which is ours, if we are willing to accept it and handle ourselves so that we keep it.

Every time I hear the song "Tosti's Goodbye," which still pops up occasionally at this time of year with its "falling leaf and fading tree" etc., I lose the significance of the song, because I want to roar with laughter when I think of the seriousness with which Flora Hodgman Temple and I attacked it (in duet) as young girls.

Was disappointed that I missed Venus cuddling up to the new moon last Thursday night. When I looked for things interesting over sky and river at 6:30 the sky had clouded Venus. What was seen in areas not blanketed by heavy clouds was the star Venus apparently about to kiss the new moon on its upper edge. Actually they were more than 33,000,000 miles apart. Although Venus and the moon become "friendly" every two or three years, Thursday's display was rare as the two were very close and Venus was brilliant.

Wilson MacDonald, one of Canada's older poets, visited both the Harrow and General Amherst High Schools last week and several pupils in both schools, boys and girls, told me he was "swell." Poetry presented as Mr. MacDonald does certainly makes that branch of English lively and interesting and not just memory work that has to be done and forgotten. I was so pleased to talk to a star athlete and have him enthuse over the poet MacDonald and he didn't need to, but evidently the charm of Mr. MacDonald's works touched him and probably aroused interest that will last - I hope so.

For over 100 years the Duncanson ship salute has been used in some form or another, as members of the family in the Great Lakes trade passed along the Detroit River in various types of old sailing ships.

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October 14, 1954

A unique club project was held recently in Grand Haven, Michigan, when members of the Tuesday Musical sponsored a kitchen tour of six brand new homes and they made \$300 for the Club.

In some parts of Canada and the United States there has been talk of having school the year round because of overcrowded conditions. In my humble estimation children learn as they grow and more schooling won't make them grow faster. Vacations, change and breaks in routine are as important to children as to adults. But, argue those advocating this, this will come in time and there will be breaks but not as we have it now, summer holidays. As yet the idea is unpopular with me.

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October 21, 1954

I've certainly found a good gift book - "The Family Book of Best Loved Short Stories" edited by Leland W. Lawrence - a good bedside table book or one to read aloud with "kindred spirits."

Friday here was a gloomy, eerie day with an uneasiness about it - the sunset that night was both glorious and frightening with powerful shades of fiery orange predominant. All of a sudden Bob-Lo seemed to gather in the strong color and it was gone - then came the rain.

The Stevensons told of the breath taking colors in the foliage in Algonquin Park over the Thanksgiving weekend and the Moffats were very pleased with the colorful display in the trees in New Hampshire and Vermont, about the same time. I love hearing about the reds and golds and coppers in the northern fall countryside - and some day I hope to see it, not just hear about it, and report first hand on my reaction to nature's wonderful show there.

Mr. Charles Lypps of Colchester South was in the office Friday. He who is 90 years of age, has a wonderful sense of humor and a keen mind. We talked of the flood in Chicago and the opening of the flood gates on the Chicago River there, so

that for the first time in 54 years, the Chicago River ran as nature intended it. He is so hearty and a well informed gentleman. But was eager to be off as he was looking for a game of euchre.

How many of you realize that in the past few years there has been a great change in the way ready-to-put-on clothes are made? It started of course when the full skirts and tightly fitted bodice came in. Full skirts need either built-in petticoats or complete linings to give them shape, and our American manufacturers finally learned how to do this even in moderate-price dresses. The result is that today we find the sort of workmanship in dresses we buy already made, as formerly existed only in those made-to-order. I'm glad to say that this will continue even with the advent of the new slim silhouette. The best makers still line all their dress to preserve the smooth straight lines and to insure the proper fit of the new molded bodices.



October 28, 1954

Roses from Mrs. Philip Cosens' garden, Tuesday, were a surprise indeed!

One of the most powerful novels I have read in a long time is "The Power and the Prize" by Howard Swigget. It is from our library.

The lonely symmetrical Linden tree on the mound has been turned gold - a fairy queen with a wonderful wand and a heart for color is walking abroad.



Freemont Nelson has a second crop of apples on a tree in his yard. When the tree bloomed that was a surprise, but when the fruit formed, that made news.

Warm sunshine in the trees, bluest of blue sky (Giotto's heavenly blue), children playing in summer clothes, was the Banana Belt at its best Tuesday morning.

Walking along at six Monday in the beauty of the still late day, the leaves

parachuting quietly, had calming effect. There is nothing in my estimation more still than a leaf coming to rest on other leaves already fallen, the sound certainly accents silence.

Sweet chestnuts were on sale in Harrow Tuesday, and their taste spun me backwards to a long ago hike on a glorious warm late October Day (funny, I remember the warmth because I had on my long underwear) when we found a chestnut and several hickory nuts out near the railroad tracks in Anderdon.



November 4, 1954

Mrs. B.W. Hoag saw some swans resting on the river Friday.



The mornings certainly shiver these days and we're at the cautious barrier between autumn and winter, the shutting-down-window season. But I love it, the beautiful, nippy outdoor and the warmth and security indoors.

Age is no handicap to art in any form, as we all know, and after the football game (Varsity vs. McGill) and the hockey game (Maple Leaf vs. N.Y. Rangers) in Toronto Saturday, I decided that age was no handicap to sports fans either.

Practically every child I saw in Toronto last week, male and female, had a navy blue gabardine casual coat on. Burberry style, worn with or without a belt. The gay scarves worn with this type of coat at the neckline (not babushka-style) by little and teenage girls made for smart casualness and comfort, I thought.

It's the unpredictable that makes the B.B. (Banana Belt) interesting. Tuesday a.m. I looked riverward over the snowy ground, with its flecks of yellow where the leaves popped through, and moving slowly between the Scratch and Wilson houses was a black freighter. The ship was so close to the channel bank that I couldn't see the water on my side, nor the bow nor stern of the ship - a back drop on a stage, sure enough and the color in the trees partly covered with white added to the Unreality.

In the good old days of May 10, 1905, the bills of the Echo Printing Company were much livelier and more adventuresome than today - bright daffodil yellow paper and fire engine red printing. The old bill which Mrs. Vern Beaudoin found and brought in Monday was addressed to Mrs. Abner Atkin, Vereker. John A. Auld - Arthur W. Marsh had bills printed in those days to fit the seasons and soften the blow.



November 11, 1954

I quite agree with the writer on the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* who wrote: "Another great trouble with the younger generation is that it is too much like the older generation was, when it was the younger generation."

Asked a child Sunday who was raking up leaves if she had ever made a leaf house. And she had never seen nor heard of such a thing, in fact, I never see today's children having that fun in the fall. When we were young we outlined very well planned fairly large leaf houses (as large as the lawn would allow) and spent many happy hours playing house in them.

Monday was a fall day, right for artists, for songs and stories. The yellows, red, bronze and lots of greens in the trees (for many of the leaves are still up there) and the glorious American Beauty in the clusters of roses in the garden at our end of the town with the strong warm sunshine playing on them, gave me ideas, which certainly didn't include office work.

Saw a new rose at Mrs. J. E. McQueen's Thursday night, called Happiness. It is a very dark red rose, in fact looks almost black in some light. The color of this rose reminded me of that dark red Darwin tulip which is so regal. A bouquet of these new roses was sent to Mrs. McQueen by Mr. Ivey, the nation wide horticulturalist of Port Dover, when their new yacht *Sheltie* was christened there a fortnight ago.

The boards are up for the skating rink on the park and Santa Claus parades are scheduled - and the stores are getting ready for Christmas buyers - and Christmas

card lists have been brought out - so I better not get sidetracked and fooled by the beauty all around - or the 25th of December will be on me and it will be one grand rush to beat Santa and the deadline.

Square dancing is fun for all and age, either way, is no barrier in a square dance set, if the dance is called by one of the Master Callers of this area, Peter Mitchell of Windsor. Mr. Mitchell has studied the square dance and under his guidance, fun and grace are combined. Mr. Mitchell has promised to call the sets at the Anderdon next Friday night for the square dance party there, which the Grounds Committee of Christ Church is arranging.

Henri Matisse, one of the founders and great exponents of what we loosely call Modern Art, died in France last week in his 85th year. He first burst into public consciousness at the famous 1905 Paris Salon - and was considered a radical. He steadily developed his own bright vision of color and design and lived to hear himself hailed as a master. Through the years I've seen some of his paintings in loan collections of Moderns in Paris and at the Detroit Institute of Arts and as I remember them his paintings gave me the pleasure of a brilliantly fresh look at the everyday world.

Ernest Hemingway, the American writer, was cited by the Nobel Committee recently for mastery in creating a new style in modern literature as demonstrated in "The Old Man and the Sea." (It's in our library.) Other American winners of the Nobel Prize for literature in other years have been Sinclair Lewis, Eugene O'Neill, Pearl S. Buck and William Faulkner. Another winner might be mentioned as "half-American," having had an American mother. But his having forfeited the right to be called a truly American writer by becoming a British knight as well as Prime Minister precludes Sir Winston Churchill from being bracketed with Mr. Hemingway.



November 18, 1954

Delighted with the charm of Mrs. Best who is the last of the Indians around the district to speak the Wyandot tongue, whom I met after the ceremony at the Indian

Burying Ground last Thursday. Also with her fair Nordic looking granddaughter, June Dellhein.

Since listening (under sufferance) to a radio "funny man" whose humor annoys me, I have found myself very conscious of a weakness (according to him) for I do say, "Hello, How are you?" or "Hello, How are things?" and according to radio, that's stupid going.

This is the *Echo* birthday week - first issue November 19, 1874. In all its long life the *Echo* has been proud of its town and has pulled for it every time by, first the combination Balfour-Auld (1874), then Auld-Marsh (1897), then Marsh-Marsh (1942), sounds like a football yell - which it is Rah-Rah - Amherstburg.

St. Andrew's Anglican Church, Harrow, has the right idea in my estimation with its forthcoming Christmas family Smorgasbord and dance - where families as a whole get together for a good time - where "old fogey" father can waltz with teenage daughter and where mothers and sons and son's friends can laugh together.

When I walked to the High School Tuesday night to join the typing class being given at the night school, I cruised back to the day I started public school in the Lewis Goodchild house on Ramsay Street and high school in the upper floor of the public school building. Here we go again after a lapse of many years.

"What's a dining room?" said child to me when we were designing a leaf house, Saturday. It was only then that I realized that children brought up in many of our modern homes have never heard of a dining room. How I wish we had our dining room back, living room eating does not make for easy living in my books.



November 25, 1954

Mrs. Napoleon Beaudoin and Sir Winston Churchill have the same birthday in the same year, both will be 80 years on the 28th of November.

I delight in the sprawling gold of the buxom pumpkins I've seen in the food

stores this fall - and like the mouth-watering, thick, spicy pumpkin pies - a favorite delicacy, which puts a finishing touch to autumn and winter dinners - and forget about the calorie content in the enjoyment of eating.

This is the 100th anniversary of the rescue of the crew of the steamer *Conductor* off Long Point by Abigail Becker. The *Conductor* was an Amherstburg boat, captained by Captain Henry Hackett. Last week, Captain Hackett's daughter Mrs. Nellie Hackett Grant celebrated her 98th birthday at the Wilson Nursing Home in Windsor.

I always get a bang out of fashion do's and don't's in the old *Echo* files. Sixty years ago this week I found the following admonishments to Amherstburg women - "Don't wear a sailor hat and a blouse after your fortieth birthday." - "Don't forget that although veils are becoming to most faces, feet veiled in lace stockings do not look well on the street."

Beside the front doorway at the Malden Public School on Tuesday, was a bed of red geraniums, whose flowers and dense green foliage were as beautiful as they have been for months and months - all seemed oblivious of the date on the calendar - in fact I thought those lovely geranium heads and their foliage would make nice Christmas table decorations. Why hadn't I thought of that before?



Ratepayers meetings and public nominations in various municipalities (Amherstburg included) are commencing this week. So, this is the time for everyone in the various municipal districts to turn out and voice his or her approval or disapproval of a municipal government. These are your meetings and this is the time to ask questions about municipal affairs and nominate municipal heads for another year. This is your opportunity to show your interest in your town or township.

Mrs. Belle Morgan, a world traveler, who has an apartment in the Ouellette house in Anderdon, will show the films which she took last year on a trip around the world, at the December meeting of the Fort Malden Horticultural Society. The meeting is being planned for the 14th in the museum residence. Mrs. Morgan

expects to leave shortly after Christmas for another holiday in Europe, so "arm chair travelers" like myself should not miss this opportunity of a trip around the world vicariously.

Things are so mixed up so far as weather is concerned in this Banana Belt area, that last Thursday Detroiters mixed winter sports with balmy temperatures (so balmy indeed that I was able to go home from the office without a coat) and took advantage of the new outdoor artificial ice rink at the Civic Centre park. The sun was so bright that in the pictures, the skaters were mirrored in the ice - certainly not a common effect in these parts on such a warm day with the background not telling of winter.



December 2, 1954

Late fall in fact almost winter activities this year include fishing. Thursday Edgar Brimmer of Harrow went out fishing from Colchester and Sunday young Detroiters - the Chown children - fished from the government dock.

The seventh annual conference for homemaking teachers ended in Lansing, Michigan, last week with a word of advice to housewives: "Take it easy." Rest periods can reduce fatigue and changes in activities can ease boredom and frustrations, a panel decided.

What a reputation we have! - I said at nomination last week, why not nominate a few women for municipal affairs? and the flat reply was "There's enough trouble around." Ha! Ha! I laughed, as I knew that wasn't meant to be taken literally - but still aren't we interested?

A beautiful white world on the first of December - was fascinated with the intricate Valenciennes lace fence on the north side of our property. I didn't realize the scalloped wire could be so exquisite but the white puffing of snow etched it completely. As for the roses - American Beauty, topped with white and accented with green - a combination to drool over.

Four Malden Public School boys co-operated on a mural during the pheasant season, depicting a local scene at that time - the subject matter was well collected, spaced, drawn and the colors and shadings were excellent. Ray Dent was in charge of the project and their interest in art is certainly being stimulated and encouraged in the right way. This mural was on display in the auditorium. Two boys did a smaller mural entitled "Saxon Hall" which was on display in the hallway, this showed creative tendencies and how to express them.

"Flowers for the Living" - I know now what the late Nellie McClung was talking about after attending Mrs. Napoleon Beaudoin's 80th birthday party Sunday. The joy that was hers with her family, her nieces, nephews, other relatives and friends all around her, gave me a warm, moist feeling inside. Mrs. Beaudoin looked so pretty with an orchid on her shoulder, and was so happy, that happiness was all around the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Beaudoin, where the reception for their mother was held. Too often families wait to get together until it is too late, so that's why I was so pleased to see such a large crowd giving Mrs. Beaudoin and themselves such a wonderful time at a beautifully appointed affair.



December 9, 1954

"Button up your overcoat" became number one tune Monday, and much to the delight of the young fry, the skating rink at the park was being flooded, so if the cold weather continues it shouldn't be long now before the fun starts.

The poise, grace and beauty shown by the group of girls in a gymnastics exhibition of the Margaret Morris Movement for beauty and health at the General Amherst High School Friday night was delightful to watch. The colors of the girls' costumes and the music added to the enjoyment of this item of the program.

In the almost blinding snow storm that blew in suddenly Thursday noon as I was coming to work, I was interested in the sounds from sky, the honking of a flock of ducks - first the leader, then the answers in different tones (or so I imagined) - then from the river came the warning toots of two freighters.

There may come a day when the housewife stands in the middle of her kitchen and says "Abracadabra" and the housework gets done. The Kitchen of the Future out at the Motorama which opened in Toronto at the Automotive Building Thursday doesn't go quite that far. You have to press the drawers lightly to make them slide open and wave a hand to make the shelves lower themselves from the top cupboard.

A "Count of Days until Christmas" calendar was a new idea in my department. On the December page of a calendar one mother taped to each day through 25 some little item - a wrapped piece of candy, a stick of gum, a tiny wrapped up trinket, a balloon, etc. Each morning the child removes only the object for that day. Then he counts the remaining objects left to determine how many more days until Christmas. From it, the child learns something about the calendar, counting, numbers, days - and restraint.

Another unbelievable story - when Jimmy Wanless was 6 years old, four years ago, his Grandpa and Grandma Ted Wanless gave him an anniversary engraved signet ring for a birthday present. Young Jim went swimming shortly afterward in front of the cottage at Beaudoin's corners and lost his ring. A week ago Sunday, after two recent sessions of high water in front of the cottage, the water was low, so Grandpa Ted went out to take around on the beach and move some stones. Much to his surprise as he poked about on the beach, he found Jimmy's ring, lost in the water four years ago.

Tomorrow is the sixth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights." What is Human Rights Day? At its 1950 General Assembly, the United Nations invited all governments and interested organizations to mark the 10th of December of each year as Human Rights Day in celebration of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which was adopted and proclaimed by the United Nations on 10 December 1948. "The foundation of freedom, of justice and of peace in the world rests on the recognition of the dignity inherent in all members of the human family and of their equal rights..." The Universal Declaration of Human Rights exists in 46 languages, including those spoken by the great majority of people throughout the world.



December 16, 1954

The stark boughs in the park Sunday were lovely, I thought, in their austerity. I saw a fragile wrought iron grille with an aluminum colored sky beyond.

Our first Christmas card, Friday, from the F. J. Martin's in Harrow, brought with it a great deal of pleasure. Best Wishes of the Season and kind thoughts for one another bring old friends together in spirit.

How does food you liked as a child taste to you now? - Do you get a nostalgic feeling, as I do? Last Sunday I had scalloped oysters and I ate with relish. I remembered with such tenderness Dad's birthday on February 11, when the food of the day was always scalloped oysters - and the taste sent me back in mind to the happy days when we celebrated with scalloped oysters and a square of white birthday cake with candles.

Two of Laura Secord's shawls, more than 130 years old, found in an Aurora attic have been purchased by Laura Secord Candy Shops. The shawls were first discovered 14 years ago by Esther H. King, who bought them from Mrs. Dorothy Adrienne Editha Bunn of Aurora. An antique collector, Constance M.G. Chisholm of London, Ont., recently got the shawls.

As the happiest day of the year approaches, I always feel thankful - thankful to each other - not for the presents, nor the music, nor for the food, nor for the big things that make up our way of life, but thankful that there still are the quiet little things that mean for happiness - thankful that there are people like my neighbor who made a new teacher happy because "she was the first person in Amherstburg to speak to me" - thankful that friend didn't say to me when I was in a gloomy state "you look tired" but "I like your dress" - thankful that J.A.M. whistles away as he walks in the yard - thankful when five-year-old said "I'll put these three pennies in my mission box" - thankful for the many, many happy little things which are the cement that hold the big things in place.

I read recently that in the near future we're to have plastic milk bottles. In my day I've certainly seen many changes in the Canadian scene and I'm not talking about major changes. Take the milk containers for instance, I remember well the



little milk pail we'd use to go to McRae's (Bennett's now) on Rankin Avenue or to Albert Fox's (L.J.'s home) to get the family milk and as we'd carry it home we'd swing the full pail round and round faster and faster at arm's length to see how many times we could make a circle without spilling it. Then it was poured into a pitcher and put in a cool place. Then milk was delivered to the house but still no containers. When the first old individual milk bottle came out, that was modern living, then along came the square bottle, now the paper carton and in the future, plastic. I like these changes too, they are a challenge, just as the flat bottom ice cream cone was this summer.



December 23, 1954

Last week I talked about thankful to each other and along came an illustration. Mrs. Wing of Maple Avenue, broke her shoulder when she fell on the sidewalks. Mrs. Lucien Beneteau went over to her disabled neighbor's house to get her washing to do it, but - Mrs. Charles Thomas, another neighbor, had already done it. I like this type of warmth and kindness when there's no money involved.

This press release from Dublin, Ireland, gave me a warm feeling: Once upon a time a little mouse lived in a Dublin stable along with six big horses. It liked living in the stable. It was warm, it was dry, and the food was good. One day - December 9 - a great flood descended on the city. The water poured into the stable, rising higher and higher. It covered the horses' legs and kept on rising. The man who owned the stable believed his horses might be drowned. So he waded to the stable and led the horses swimming out. When the last horse left the stable, onlookers saw the little mouse perched high on its back. As soon as it reached dry ground the little mouse jumped down and ran off. And everybody cheered.

Christmas - I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year ... "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown." And he replied ... "Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God... That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way" ... Quoted by His Majesty the late King George in an Empire Broadcast. Recently I came across a Christmas card which I had put

away more than ten years ago, from Mr. and Mrs. Vincent L. Price in St. Louis, with the above quotation on the front. Inside Mrs. Price had written, "Isn't this a thrilling message to carry on through the coming years." - Mrs. Price passed away several years ago and I think her children and grandchildren and great grandchildren and friends would be glad to know that in this Christmas of 1954, we are relaying her thoughts of a Christmas long past.

Some time ago in this column I commented on St. Andrew's (Harrow) Anglican Church, Family Night (dinner and dance) on Wednesday. I got the true Christmas spirit also when I read Rev. A.D. Munro's memos to the congregational family over which he is the rector. And we quote:

Christmas is, above all things, a FAMILY Festival. On the very first Christmas God, in the Person of the Babe of Bethlehem, joined Mary and Joseph to form what was the very first CHRISTIAN Family. Every since the basic unit of Christian social life has been the family.

Now we of St. Andrew's Church regard ourselves as the larger Family unit of the Christian Church - which is the Family of God. The Family Night, to be held on December 29th, is an attempt to express the Christian Family spirit in a healthy social way. A small but representative committee have made the following broad arrangements:-

(1) To keep the cost as low as possible, you will be asked to bring some contribution to the Family board by way of goods.

(2) To enable the ladies to enjoy the evening to the full, we have arranged for the services of some workers to do all the washing up after the meal.

(3) We have arranged a 40 minute film show for the youngsters by the kind courtesy of Mr. Wilson Ridsdale.

(4) There will be tables set out so that the not-so-young can enjoy, if they so wish, a game of cards during the evening.

(5) We have engaged Mr. Robert Clarke's full Orchestra to play Dance music until 12 midnight. There will be Square Dancing, Old Time Dancing and Modern Dancing to suit every member of the Family, in the Upper Hall.

(6) Until about 10.30 p.m. there will be simple Dancing Games

for the younger children. Older "children" will want to join in too.

(7) To meet the cost of several expenses - cost of Hall, etc. - there will be an all-inclusive charge of one dollar per family, no matter whether there are 2 or 12 in the Family! Single persons will be asked to pay only 50 cents. We do not want, nor do we expect, to make any profit from the Family Night.

Now do please come and really enjoy yourself. We want the Babies, the Toddlers, the School-children, the Teenagers, the Young, the Elderly, the entire Family. Come as a Family and enjoy the fellowship of St. Andrew's Family.



December 30, 1954

To all a happy New Year.



January 6, 1955

After wrestling with myself over the smartness of long vs. short evening dresses, the short have finally won.

I felt so badly for all the children who got new skates for Christmas and didn't get a chance to use them during the holidays - a tough break.

Mrs. Archie Klie in Colchester South is one of the youngest grandmothers I know. Mrs. Klie was 38 years of age in October and it was not long afterward that her daughter, Kay, Mrs. Milton McGorman, had a son.

I'll wager that my working friends agree with me that it is time somebody did something about the first day back to work after a long holiday weekend or a vacation - in my way of thinking it ought to be a holiday.

New Year's weekend brought rain on January 1, gay, mild sunshiny weather

Sunday and mild rainy weather Monday - and a startlingly beautiful sunrise Monday, deep blue and deep rose splashed lavishly across the southeastern sky. The rose color reflected on the top of our car as J.A.M. moved out gave an example of flowing color. As I watched the sky across the park, the yellow dots of the street lights on North Street made a point of interest through the charcoal trees. Despite the mildness of January first weekend, I'll take that April weather in April and not all mixed up. April in January and January in April or late March, I can grouse, can't I?

After Christmas you are saying, "I hate to throw away all these lovely cards, but what can you do with them?" Here is the answer given by local missions - "Send them to missionaries who have plenty of uses for them," says the *Toronto Globe*. "Cut away lengthy messages and package in strong paper leaving one corner open for postal inspection. On one side write 'Used cards, no commercial value,' with the address. On the reverse side print the sender's name. Postage rates for a package of 30 to 40 cards is 6 cents for one pound. Here are five addresses to send them to: Miss Minnie Waage, T.E.A.M. Cucuta, Apdo Nacional 64 Apdo Aereo 576 N. de Santader, Colombia, S.A. Miss Mabel Hallner, T.E.A.M. Carache, Edo Trujillo, Venezuela, S.A.; Miss Rowell, Z.B.M.M., Bulandshahr, Northern India; Miss D. E. Cedar, Reg. N., S.I.M. Niger Leprosarium via Minna., Nigeria, Africa; and Miss L. C. Miller, S.I.M. Seriken Pawa via Minna, Nigeria, Africa."



January 13, 1955

If our winter weather is to continue, year after year, to be so mild as it has been this year, the community had better get going on an artificial skating rink project, if the children in this area are to ever learn to skate and enjoy that fine sport.

Was interested in a recent five generation picture headed by Mrs. Mary Howe, 91, taken at Mrs. Elizabeth Feyge's house. According to the old files of the *Echo* which I go over every week, 50 and 60 years ago, a four generation group made news and a five generation get together was almost unheard of; now people live longer, so often we run across an interesting five generation group.

Thought I saw spring Monday in lovely pastels in the sky in the clear freshness across river in the wee green shoots of scilla and crocus snuggled against the warm south side of the house (poor things they too are being April fooled in January); thought I heard spring as the winter birds were chirpier; thought I smelled spring when the soft damp earth was being thrown up in a sewer replacement on our front lawn.

Transplanted to the city, square dancing is in danger of losing its authentic flavor, N. Roy Clifton of Pickering College told the University Women's Club in Toronto recently. "Old-time country dancing was an expression of a well-knit community," he said, "and was incidental to the work bees when laborers young and old danced the night out to the music of a local fiddler." The speaker ridiculed those who wear cowboy outfits for a dance which was eastern before it was western. "We are now tending to borrow in order to efface our local idiom," the speaker said, citing the example of the popular Texas Star, danced in Canada before Texas was heard of. Rather than import dance organizers from the U.S., he said, "we should use our own skilled callers, collect and publish the dances of the Ontario countryside, thus preserving the peculiar flavor of Canadian dances."

The Brunner Mond Open House on Saturday was a splendid idea from various angles. The fact that the families of all the people who make this wonderful operation possible were allowed to see where their own people worked, what their own particular job was, and with whom they worked, is satisfying from a family angle. For after all happiness is kept going by our work and those who work with us can make or break our interest, then the family is affected. Those who work together to make a well knit successful operation (I feel it here at the *Echo* office too) must have a kindly interest in one another, my friends are right here in this building. I feel coming back to the B.M. Open House now when a father, son or brother come home and talk of this and that at the plant, that "this and that" becomes real, is tangible, for families have seen the operation and enjoyed the get together at the Anderdon where Edwin J. Kelly, one of the older employees, was the genial "host." When a successful affair like this B.M. Open House is held, I hark back to the fact that often in life or business we find interest, friendliness, kindness and congeniality among the people with whom we work, if we only look for it and are given a chance to know and understand one another.

January 20, 1955

Practical Nursing is a new profession opening up for healthy women around 50.

Wallowing in color in my new Harrow office - both from inside, coral and chartreuse, and from outside including the warm yellow sunshine, tapping my back through the windows, south and east.

Strolling along enjoying "day delight" of last Thursday morning when the January monotone was made ermine white and sparkly by snow and sun, I forgot the ice on the road and the road and I met crash-bang. I still like winter scenes.

Princess Margaret has chosen three striking new colors as the theme of her wardrobe for her West Indies tour beginning Jan. 31. The 24-year-old Princess has selected - Caribbean gold, a brilliant warm yellow, Bermuda blue like a sunny sky and sugar cane, a pale honey beige - lovely aren't they?

Branches of flowering shrubs can be brought indoors now for bloom in 15 to 20 days (I always keep them in water in a fairly dark, fairly cool basement spot for a week after cutting). Suggested shrubs for indoor flowering are forsythia, flowering crab apple and flowering plum - in fact a little later I like apricot, cherry and horse chestnut.

If I were in the clothing business - deciding colors for women's age groups - I'd design a gunmetal grey street dress for a busy woman my own age with white accents and a dash of tangerine on the lapel or at the belt or on the sleeves. Where did I get that idea? - from the trees in the park, the snow on the ground, the tangerine ball which was the sun hanging just above the horizon line Tuesday morning.

Well! This is straight shooting - and I quote, "Women who are promoted to authoritative positions must hang onto their charm and femininity, and not forget they're women," Mrs. Vera Green told members of the Leamington Business and Professional Women's Club Sunday at their seventh annual birthday dinner at the

Leamington hotel. "When I ask heads of companies why they don't promote women in their companies they tell me," Mrs. Green stated, "It's because the way women behave on the job - that they become authoritative and bossy."



January 27, 1955

Once again 5 to 9-year-olds are enthusiastic about the Story Hour at the Library on Saturday morning. This is a dandy age group and from what I've heard, like the stories and the story teller.

"Lise" by Katherine Roy, a first novel, and "The Love of Seven Dolls" by Paul Gallico (who wrote the charming "Snow Goose" several years ago) gave me much leisure reading pleasure last week.

Pete Mitchell, one of Windsor's best square dance callers, will be on hand to call for a group of square dances at the Anderdon, February 4. This second square dance party is being arranged by the Christ Church Grounds Beautification Committee and the public is invited to attend.

The ice began tightening in and locking in the river Monday noon and by Tuesday morning there was an ice bridge across to Boblo. With the snow covered world, the ice locked channel and the talk of good skating on the creeks and River Canard over the weekend, our winter, these days, is beyond criticism.

To keep house plants from getting dry when one needs to be absent from home for a week or so, place bricks in water (in your sink for instance); then set your flower pots on the bricks. The plants are able to draw up all the moisture they need but cannot get too wet. I understand this method has been effective for a period of three weeks.

The American family is moving backward to the more congenial era of 50 years ago, a mass builder of houses reported in Chicago last Saturday. Only a few years ago, the Chicago builder and designer said the home buyer wanted a streamlined dwelling tuned to the hustle and bustle of modern life, but now he wants more room

and even a dining room, which is easily translatable into a movement toward family living, I think, when buyers want a room in which to make dinner a family affair or to which friends could be invited. The *Toronto Star* was evidently in agreement with my ideas of a dining room for comfortable modern living, as recently it copied what we had written in this column along this line.

Ilka Chase is a smart, witty gal, I think. Last Tuesday she was in Detroit talking to 900 women for the Youth Education League at the Masonic Temple. Miss Chase's talks, like Miss Chase, are a one-man variety show. She skips from conversation about her famous mother Edna Woolman Chase, editor of *Vogue* magazine, to TV (Masquerade Party), Broadway plays and personages, journalism, fashions and homemaking. In a contemplative mood, however, Miss Chase spoke of the appalling number of lonely widows in the country and wonders why someone hasn't figured out a way to manufacture more men or to keep them living longer. Her suggestion is, "Let's take better care of our men - not let them kill themselves so early and let's dress them up a little - make them more gala." Switching to clothes Miss Chase said, "Keep them simple." You can always wear a suit to a dressy tea party but you can't wear a plunging neckline to the office. Good clothes sense which she has probably had pounded into her from childhood by her famous mother, by her pictures she follows her own advice.



February 3, 1955

How true it is that if one man from a country creates a favorable impression on you, the whole country does.

Our winters are warmer, there is no doubt about it, and what I said about an artificial rink a few weeks ago still holds because I, having a front row seat at our house overlooking the rink, realize what fun - oldsters and youngsters had there during our recent cold spell. In this country now when there's good natural ice, whether on creeks or River Canard or rinks, you have to use it immediately - you skate today because tomorrow may be too late.

The laugh's on me - because I stepped out of my own element and was wrong.

Mr. Norman Atkin pointed my error out to me and as soon as he laughingly started, I knew what I'd done. Early in December in this column, I spoke of a sudden squall at noon when the driving snow made the visibility zero. I commented on "ducks" honking and boat blowing - after all ducks don't honk, they quack, so to keep this column straight, it was "geese" I heard honking as they travelled low in a south-west direction. It's a good thing to laugh and you laughed at me and I laughed at myself.

Don't brush off the child who wants to tell you all the news, advises the *Petrolia Advertiser*. Topic: Every child has a lot of news that he likes to discuss with Mom or Dad and the rest of the family. His triumphs and troubles at school or at play are to him very important. Parents should try to give a child their complete attention at some period of the day. A youngster who is "brushed off" because his parents are too busy to be bothered with him may become convinced that no one loves or wants him. (I agree heartily).

The white collar dress is like the robin - a true herald of spring. This year I'm glad to tell you they look quite different from those of the past few springs. Because we're in a pretty, pretty era, white collars leave you pretty, pretty too. Most of them are lace trimmed or perhaps entirely of lace - especially those in the heavier Venice laces. Others are a foaming froth of fine Valenciennes lace ruffles. Or they may be exquisitely embroidered and edged with handsome Alencon or boucle type laces. It's the real old-fashioned lingerie collar come back to grace black and navy spring dresses.



February 10, 1955

The compliments of this season of St. Valentine.

Have you noticed how the new Masonic Temple steps into the sky? We get a dandy view of it from this office looking in a south-easterly direction.

The colors in the new cars have me excited - as have the colors in the new shoes - pink shoes, believe it or not, with a black late afternoon dress, were lovely.

Fourteen persons are enrolled in the painting class being directed by Mrs. John Gray at the General Amherst High School. The development of his art can become of great help and satisfaction to those interested in this media of expression and we are pleased with the enthusiasm in this class.

*When other birds have taken song
And scarlet wings beyond our reach
The sparrow doesn't go along -
Because he has high faith to teach!*

One poet's idea is conveyed to us and I like it, that the sparrows chirp cheerfully in the snow because they have been mentioned in the Word.

The last weekend in January Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paetz were returning to Detroit from New York by air. Here and there along the run the pilot tells interesting bits to his passengers. They said when the plane came over Lake Erie and the Detroit River, the pilot said that he had been flying this run for five years and this was the first year that he had seen the river frozen from shore to shore.

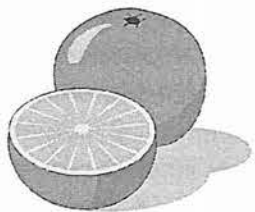
Linda Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rose, having joined the Wesley United Church Choir, was given a surplice. She took it to have it washed and reconditioned and inside found a label with "Helen Wigle" printed on it. It was her own mother's surplice which had been handed out to her. Mrs. Rose had used that surplice when she was a member of the Junior Choir of the church years ago under the direction of Walter Stuebing.



February 17, 1955

St. Valentine's Day with its blow and snow was accented at our house by a bowl of daffodils and pussy willows. A thought that brought its enjoyment in a snowy world.

I like the nice people I know who drove 18 miles out of their way last weekend while en route to Blue Mountain at Collingwood to ski, to put up a bird feeder at their cottage.



Was very much interested in the oranges and lemons which Mr. and Mrs. Eli Hadash have grown in their home. The fruit was from three-year-old plants which the couple obtained as seedlings.

Members of the Amherstburg Chapter of the Barbershop singers and their wives had a party and song fest at the Amherst Hotel Saturday evening - the impromptu program of close harmony made for a wonderful evening for this group of men and women who love to sing.

Mrs. Howard Heaton of Harrow was displaying on St. Valentine's Day one of her interesting possessions, a 106-year-old Valentine which her grandmother had given to her father Capt. Harry Bassett, when a small child, to ease his disappointment because he missed out on school valentines. The valentine has been kept in a family Bible through the years and is in fair state of preservation.

Contemporary and I were talking recently about the lovely way the young girls and women of today dress, from the skin out, as compared to us. We laughed over the long underwear and stockings and the embarrassment if the ridge at the end of the leg of the underwear showed above our shoes. But what I remember most of all were the chilblains and the smell of all those woollen clothes when they got wet.

Thought I'd like to pass along to our many mutual friends Mrs. Elizabeth Squire's letter from Whittier, California, where she is visiting her daughter. The letter follows:

I really am having an enjoyable time going places and seeing things, asking silly questions and getting various answers. Going over a long cement bridge asked, "If this is a river where is the water?" It was quite dry. I think it is a fairly well known fact that orange trees have blossoms, green and ripe fruit on it at the same time, but I had asked several people how long from blossom time until ready for commercial use, the answers being greatly varied. Finally a man who had grown them stated, from one year and three months to one year and six months depending on variety, early or late. The blossoms stay in bloom quite a long while. We went to have a look at what used to be a lake but now quite dry. The eternal why,

answer negative. While riding in the Mojave Desert "pronounced Ma-Hov-ee" my daughter pointed out the Joshua tree, remarking that another place it grows is in the Holy Land. On our way to San Diego and Mexico we followed along the coast seeing fields of poinsettias in bloom on the hillsides, some fields having alternative rows of white and red, making them look like stripes from a distance. There are so many places of interest and things to see, too numerous to mention. The Palisade Drive along the coast at Santa Monica, the lovely calla lilies and many other beautiful flowers in bloom. These months spent here in the south with my daughter and son-in-law will always be remembered with great gratitude. There may be other visits, but seeing things for first time seems to make them more impressive and lasting.



February 24, 1955

The Kingsmere Estate, bequeathed to Canada by the late Prime Minister W.L. McKenzie King, next summer will become the site of a music and theater festival and a school of the arts. Kingsmere, in the Laurentian Hills of Quebec just north of Ottawa, was Mr. King's summer retreat. The estate, comprising 500 acres, is administered as a public park by the federal government which has given permission for the music and theater festival as well as the establishment of a school of painting and ballet.

This bit of rhyme tickled me so I'll pass it along:

*In Grandma's day it wasn't so
We often hear folks say,
Girls didn't need to go to shops
For beauty in her day.*

*But now in every other booth
In all the shops, you're sure
To see a white-haired grandma
For wave or manicure.*

*Now Grandma steps into her car
And swiftly drives away,
I wonder who can really tell
Just when was Grandma's day?*

Shrove Tuesday was once a signal for people to give themselves up to all sorts of licence before the chance was gone. Shrove Tuesday is often called Carnival, a festival that may be traced back to Greece where it survives in primitive forms in some country places. One of its aspects is the surviving "Feast of Ovens" - a movable feast lasting a week. An offering was made in each home when flour of the oldest kind of wheat, roasted in an old oven and crushed in the oldest kind of mill, was served after being made into cakes in antique dishes. Then a general offering of similar cakes was made by the whole community. Eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday was a custom in England and a great bell was rung to call people together to confess their sins, which was called the "Pancake Bell."

Monday at five, the river was clear of ice after the preview of Spring all day; there was a beautiful, large deep reflecting pool on the park in which a fascinating topsy-turvy world was etched. Three children seeing not the beauty I saw, but fascinated and charmed by the mud and water, waded into it to their boot tops - and laughed gaily then at their dangerous living, but probably not later. However we've all done it. I remember once when the Hon. John A. Auld came home from the legislature in Toronto, he brought Chuck French and John A. Marsh each a pair of rubber boots and fortunately for them it was wet and muddy right away, so they promptly tried them out to the top and over. Anyway, Monday between day and evening was glorious and the sunset heartening. Then Tuesday morning a wonderful winter picture presented itself - "earth wrapped in white" many would say - and as I watched the ice floes and the colors on and over the river, I laughed again at the cocky crows hitch-hiking on the floes.

A charter member of the Horticultural Society at Ayr, Mrs. A.R. Robertson has been selected for the Trillium Pin award of the Ontario Horticultural Society. The award is made annually to an Ontario woman who has made a notable contribution to horticulture. The presentation will be made at Toronto on March 10. Mrs. Robertson is starting her 25th year as secretary-treasurer of the Ayr Society and is still able and active although she admits she will be 80 on her next birthday. Her

garden, she says, keeps her young. She has seldom missed an annual meeting of the Ontario Society and will be in Toronto in March when the pin is presented to her. Mrs. Robertson's home garden in the village for years was a showplace. She has since sold the home and has started all over again on another garden. The Ayr Society in which she has been active for 35 years leads the province in per capita membership. Mrs. Robertson declines to take any credit for the success of the society, but has always been a leader in its projects. It contributed to the community centre, bore the expense of bulldozing a parking lot alongside the planting flowers, created Greenwood Park.



March 3, 1955

Tuesday morning en route to Harrow after the March Lion had rampaged around in the night actually saw undertones of green along the highways. Mrs. Wm. Deslippe of Colchester South also saw the same green tinge and commented on "earlier seasons."

Spring in all its loveliness came into our house Saturday afternoon, in a beautiful all white arrangements of stocks, carnations and hyacinths styled by Jimmie Pouget with shiny jade leaves and carnation foliage. The pure beauty of the flowers and the smell of things to come, quite outweighed the fog and rain and mud and desolation in the park.

Each one of us knows that we need a quiet time, a time to plan mentally, a time to exercise the mind in contemplation - but how often we don't do this as we plan, because we're too busy - sanctuary is becoming an increasing need in a time of strain and confusion. The United Nations, ideally the core of international thought, has set aside a place for meditation which some call prayer. Because the UN represents people of many faiths it has been careful that this place of withdrawal should have no indication of denominationalism or creed. But it has recognized the universal real need. Many women go there.



March 10, 1955

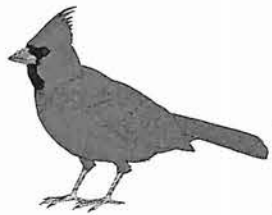
If parents are interested in showing the bright March sky to their children, the Milky Way can be best observed in the evenings over this weekend.

Overheard recently - "She keeps the dirtiest house in town" - wow! I thought, if we check up on ourselves all of us are snobs to a point, as the person making the crack about her friend certainly was in my estimation.

Time was, and not too long ago either, that antennae meant only sensory organs found on heads of insects - to the children of today antennae means those feelers high on the house tops which snatch companions out of the air and bring them down into the living room, to pass the time with us unastonished people. I tested a child on the street about antennae and he immediately pointed to the Olmstead's roof - I questioned about insect feelers and he said, "Oh sure, I forgot."

The Salvation Army is celebrating the 75th anniversary of its establishment in the United States today, as it was in 1880 that a handful of English salvationists landed in New York. The Army has done a great work and I was reading that credit of much of the Salvation Army's success through the years is the fact that it practiced the combination of loving kindness with the efficiency of a large organization. Many persons who have been helped by the Salvation Army agreed in testimonials in the article I read that "I never could have done it alone."

Monday, March seventh biting cold wind, snow, lovely sunshine, blue sky, Mediterranean blue river, alive with ice floes and edged with frilly lingerie touches of white ice- wonderful day but not what we expected from the calendar. Variety relieves monotony, however, a male cardinal "Yak-yakked" so loudly outside the kitchen window that morning that he attracted my attention. They are friendly birds but never has he actually gotten inside the porch demanding food. The sun on his lovely plumage gave spice indeed to the day after Sunday which is hard going for me.



When I used to travel a bit and anyone asked me where I came from I've always said Amherstburg, not Windsor nor Detroit, because I felt Amherstburg's my town

and I'm proud of my small town heritage. If course one can always clarify our position geographically to locate it exactly with Windsor or Detroit. Anyway my point was proven recently when Amherstburg friends crossed the Mexican border. The U.S. immigration officer held up a long line of cars to ask if the ferry *Papoose* was still running from Amherstburg to Boblo and about the company now owning Boblo.

One of the first requirements of any art has always been the knowledge of what to leave out. That is why miniatures of any kind, in painting, sculpture, writing, have always been so admired. In a large work there is some room for faults; in a miniature there is none, says the *Montreal Gazette*. The meaning of a sonnet might be explained in a thousand words; to express it in 14 carefully-regulated lines takes both training and talent. In an age when new forms of communication are issuing millions of words every day for all to read or hear, it is particularly necessary that these principles be remembered.



March 17, 1955

ST. PATRICK'S DAY GREETINGS

If the weather co-operates the tulip festival in Holland, Michigan, is being planned for May 11-14 — and I hope I can make it this year.

Golden crocuses led the spring offensive by bursting into bloom on the south side of our house Saturday. Louis J. Fox also has a snug little warm bed for early bloom on the south side, which always delights the passerby.

We often speak of "black" flowers but a true black flower has never been produced in nature or by cultivation. Very dark strains of tulips, pansies and roses have been developed, but their true color has always been a deep maroon. A rare variety of hollyhock, actually a dark purple, appears to be black.

When Mr. & Mrs. J.S. Kendall were in Mexico City recently, they met a man

named Madriguel who is the only known person living who fought with Pancho Villa. His son, who is very clever mechanically, is in New York and is the only one of the mechanics in the "Peter Pan" show on Broadway whom Mary Martin will allow to fly her.

The sun is certainly putting on a terrific burst of speed these March mornings. There have been many evidences of Spring's arrival besides the light mornings - the baseball talk in the papers, the wearing of the green by all we Irishmen today, etc., but I know it was here last Thursday afternoon when the *Ingalls* tooted "hello" as she pushed aside the ice floes upbound in our channel.

"The Year it didn't Rain" by Max Braithwaite in the current *McLean's* is a flashback story of the Saskatchewan drought of 1937 - the blackest year on the prairies. Among the Saskatchewan people quoted in the article was Dr. John Scratch, a native of Amherstburg, who went out to practice medicine in Northern Saskatchewan in 1905 - he's a real pioneer of the province and has taken part in its growth.

The Commentator in the *Detroit News* cannot find out why the feast of St. Patrick is held on March 17. It isn't his birthday; nobody knows when that was. It wasn't the date of which he drove the snakes out of Ireland, for blasphemous but probably correct scientists say there never were any such reptiles on the island. All the Commentator is sure of is that when the saint died the glory was so great that there was no night for 12 days.



March 24, 1955

Preston Foster, the Captain John of the T.V. show "Waterfront" who is a friend of Captain J. Earl and Mrs. McQueen, said to his captain son during the T.V. play Saturday night, "I suppose you want a tug like Earl McQueen's building up in Canada."

Felt the spray of river water on my face Tuesday in front of the office. The 60 plus mile wind certainly ruffled up the mud colored river and blew the water. It is

not very often that we here see that spume as we saw it along the river Tuesday.

A Toronto reporter said that women are buying less face cream these days because they spend less time over the stoves and sinks so their complexions don't suffer so much. This is one of the discoveries in an extensive survey of Washington families. The wives spend less time in the kitchen because they buy more ready-made and heat-and-serve foods. Samples: Instant coffee, frozen cooked meats, pies, frozen fruit and cake mixes.

The crowd in attendance at the C.W.L. Fashion Show at the Anderdon on Sunday was awe-struck with the diamonds valued at \$50,000 displayed by Mrs. E.C. Ladouceur for Drayton and Young. The diamonds in a ring, a necklace and a pin were more beautiful than anything I'd actually seen outside of the crown jewels in the Tower of London - and Mrs. Ladouceur with her charm, poise and beautiful carriage was a wonderful model. She and the jewels in their lovely simple settings complemented one another.

Many in this community have certainly enjoyed the square dances put on by the Grounds Beautification Committee of Christ Church which were held at the Anderdon this past season. The committee in charge of the three dances were Mrs. Arthur Hall, Mrs. Forest Pigeon and Maurice O'Beay. Peter Mitchell, well known Windsor Square Dance caller, whose theory is that square dancing could become a national dance - a thing of rhythm and grace and fun as a group - did the calling. Mr. Mitchell has studied this type of group dancing and those who have attended this series of dances have enjoyed the routine of the squares as directed by him. The evening of St. Patrick's Day was a popular night in our district for dances. Despite the fact that the Young Women's Sodality had a successful dance at the Parish Hall and the Malden Baseball Club a large dance also at the Ellenberger Hall in Harrow, there was a splendid turn out at this Square Dance and everyone had a dandy time. The Committee had the evening well planned and that certainly makes for a successful affair. Henry Jacomb, who is also interested in square dancing and the various calls and routine of same, called a group of three dances for the enthusiastic dancers during the evening.

There are still many in Amherstburg who haven't yet realized just what the Fort Malden Museum means to our town. Nor are they aware of the importance of the

Horticultural Society's flower garden project down Sandwich Street or the restoration of the church yard at Christ Church. The old world atmosphere in Amherstburg is a tourist asset. We are close to a large convention city - it's only across the river to Canada and 18 miles down river to Amherstburg - we are another country and it is always a thrill to cross a border. So we here want to make tourists pleased that they came to "Canada." The restoration of the churchyards appeals to me, as one sees many lovely peaceful churchyards in the old land, one of the most famous in England being Stoke Poges of course. In Williamsburg the churchyard in connection with Burton Church has been restored and is a tranquil, hallowed spot. We have a old historic churchyard here and a foresighted committee has plans to restore it to as near its original state as possible. The charm of old Amherstburg should not be pushed aside any more. I feel like crying when I pass the old Cunningham house (across from the oldest house in town, the Park House, which is beautifully kept up by Mr. and Mrs. C.R. LaLonde). The Cunningham house is also (like the LaLonde's) a beautiful example of old French Architecture and goes back to the very early 1800's. This house has been made the subject of many sketches both written and drawn and has been admired by editors and historians from far and near - and now the old fireplaces are being torn out, the walnut logs of the original house are being exposed and those lovely dormers changed. I suppose its to be modernized and changed - as we sit by.



March 31, 1955

Patches of snow scattered here and there on the faint green carpet in the Bennetts' barn yard Tuesday morning were nature's properties in a scene highlighting several darling little gamboling lambs.



Those defiant crocuses tucked up snugly against our house were none the worse for the snow and blow and frosty weekend - for Monday morning there they were surrounded by fast melting snow.

Easter Bunny has exotic tastes - Did you notice that an "Easter bunny" hopped into the Detroit Flower Show Monday and nibbled up 36 rare white and yellow plants, Fuji-mums originally from Japan?

The rabbit outsped two captors and escaped.

The past weekend the icicles' formation off our back porch and onto the clothesline was more beautiful than at any time all winter. The crystal "stalactites" were lovely on Saturday with the snow whirling around on Sunday when with a little imagination I could hear them tinkle, and early Monday morning when the sun played on them.

Miss Frances Warren, who after two years experience as a teacher is attending Assumption College this year, is the story teller for the Lions Club Story Hour. This splendid feature of Amherstburg Public Library activities is held in the basement every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Children between the ages of five and nine years may listen in on the story teller. Parents should encourage their children to take an interest in this their department of library extension work.

The following letter was from Mrs. Gilbert Morin in Harrow - and I thought I'd share it with you and you. Enclosed in Mrs. Morin's letter was a sample of fine knitted lace which she, who is in her 80's, is making for pillow slips. The letter:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy "Conversation Pieces" also "With the Tide" and "Marine News." Did you know I sailed several seasons? Fay Heaton shared her fruit and candy with me when aboard ship whenever her mother made a trip up the Lakes with her father, Captain Bassett. My first trip up the Lakes was on the R.J. Hackett, Captain Girardin of your town.

The choir of St. John the Baptist Church is presenting a cantata, Dubois' "Seven Last Words of Christ" in the church Sunday evening. Thomas Hamilton is directing this ambitious work and his mother Mrs. Harvey E. Hamilton will be at the organ. A cantata with the musical scope of the one being presented by Amherstburg voices means there has been a great deal of work involved for all concerned in the preparation and presentation. There is a lot of good musical talent in our town and the more we show our appreciation of their gift and their generosity in sharing with us, the oftener they will give us an evening of music as is being planned for 7:30 Sunday.



April 7, 1955

"EASTER GREETINGS"

I.O.D.E. Members will be interested to know that their "Rose Day" was founded by Lady Mary Goodenham of Toronto who lived in Amherstburg as a child.

Flocks of purple martins flew into Harrow Tuesday noon, singing their hearts out in the mellowness of the beautiful day. They returned a bit early this year, their usual date being April 15.

In our job we delight in an occasional pat on the back - it makes the grind of getting out a paper a pleasure. Tuesday there was a note from Mrs. Charles Graham Sr. in Harrow who returned from Redlands, California over the weekend. This is what she said in part: "While staying with Mrs. Webster Prince in Redlands, California, the mail man left the *Amherstburg Echo*. She has lived in California three years only, previous to this she lived in Detroit and Kingsville but she said she had taken the *Echo* for 15 years, the best small town paper." - nice and thank you.

The Easter Message

Did you ever compare Christmas and Easter as Christian holidays and wonder which of the two is the greater? Well, it takes both to give meaning to Christian experience. They are both glorious days. Christmas tells us that in Christ life came to the world. Wonderful! Easter has in it deathless hopes and high certainties. Because He lives we shall live also.

At Easter time we are looking toward that infinite tomorrow with its glorious sunshine - where there is no darkness at all.

Christ came to seek and to save the lost. They who follow Him are quickened unto life eternal. That is the Easter message.

Come now, let us reason together, says the Lord: though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall become as wool.

The strife is o'er the battle is won;

The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia.

Stanley M. Sweetman
Minister, Wesley United Church



April 14, 1955

Miss Gertrude Fortier should be congratulated publicly on the showing made at the Windsor Music Festival by the music pupils in the various schools in which she is Supervisor of Music.

The wee short stemmed wood violets have been blooming around our house for more than a week - that dash of purple on the bed of green grass is a Spring tonic, indeed.

In a debate at the Chi-Rho Fellowship of Christ Church at Gananoque, Ontario, the affirmative team won with, "A good natured, untidy housewife maintains a happier home than a nagging, tidy wife."

A Dalhousie Street Miss was four years old recently and her present was a doll buggy. A few mornings afterward this little blonde 1955 "mother" came to meet me dressed in her jeans, gun and holster and other cowboy equipment, proudly pushing her well cared for "baby" in the new buggy. The incongruity delighted me.

Fashion history repeats often - Monday, Mrs. F.E. Wilson showed me a stole made and worn years ago by her mother, the late Mrs. F.P. Scratch. It had a net base and white wool had been sewn through, tied and clipped. This lovely example of old needlework was fringed all the way around. Mrs. Wilson also had a heavy knitted shawl, which would make a cosy covering for a napper, which her aunt Mary Duncanson Lambert had made many years ago.

No Spring is like another - this of 1955 was swift and bold and gay. On the weekend of March 26th there was ice and snow and blow - the very next weekend April 2 we were out in the warm sunshine in the park without coats or hats and that evening we drove out the town line at sunset to see the Canada geese come in in flocks from the lake to the Robideau sanctuary for food. After leaving the pavement

that evening the dusty road reminded us of mid summer. As for Easter weekend the golden sunshine beamed on The Day and the heat was turned on setting a record, no doubt, for the date - a truly glorious Easter Day.

Mrs. Harold Allen, eighth of Malden, found herself in an unusual predicament last week when she went upstairs to do her cleaning in the morning and had her four-year-old son Hughie slam the door, locking both upstairs. Mrs. Allen and her son were alone in the house at the time. She opened a bedroom window, crawled out on the porch roof, intending to jump but was afraid of breaking her legs. She then tried sitting on the porch roof and waving frantically at all passers by only to have them wave back and go on nonchalantly on their way. It wasn't until "Sir Galahad" in the person of Boyd Quick, the vegetable man from Harrow, came along in the afternoon to sell her vegetables that she was finally rescued, none the worse for her experience.

I never get tired of the white and gold wonder of narcissus and their smell - that cherished smell from childhood. When I smell narcissus I always flash back in mind to the Chinese lilies and nuts - those somber brown bulbs and nuts - which were given to us years ago as gifts by a Chinese laundryman on Murray Street - and the smell of the lilies when they eventually grew and burst their tissue packets. Besides a smell cherished from childhood I had an experience of a childhood taste also a fortnight ago - a taste which made me think of us as a family around a spring dinner table - all brought about by tiny green tender leaf lettuce with a simple vinegar, hot water, sugar, pepper and salt dressing on it, a delectable salad.



April 21, 1955

Saturday when Mr. George Carter was cutting his lawn, he remarked that he couldn't remember cutting the lawn so early in the season ever before.

In answer to a recent question regarding hats - when and where to wear etc. - remember, a hat is always worn to a religious event even in your own home - the mother of the bride, for instance, covers her head.

Just finished reading "Always in Vogue" by Edna Woolman Chase and her daughter Ilka Chase. Mrs. Chase was editor-in-chief of *Vogue* magazine from before the turn of the century until 1952 and is now on the editorial board. A splendid autobiography.

Colours you've always considered taboo may look striking on you, a U.S. magazine suggests. Try blue-grey if you're a hazel-eyed blonde, bright coral with Titian hair, pale pink with auburn hair. A pale blonde with fair skin can wear bright red and a brunette can look dramatic (sounds as if I'm in the business) in pale pastels.

Our mother delighted in one of the advances of science Sunday. A few minutes after our church service in Wesley United Church was concluded, J.G. Turnbull and W.P. Coulter brought a tape recording of the whole morning service from the chime to the benediction and left it with us so that she could enjoy the full service. What a wonderful thing to do for a shut-in! - Mother said Sunday night, "I feel better. I have felt all afternoon as if I had been to church again."

Honors, awards, prayers and the humble thanks of a grateful world are showering about the thin shoulders of Dr. Jonas Salk, the man who conquered polio. The dramatic announcement last Tuesday that Salk's polio vaccine can virtually end the crippling scourge was received as a blessing everywhere. Salk, a modest 40-year-old University of Pittsburgh scientist, gets no money from his great work. The vaccine is not patented. The vaccine is being given to Grades 1 and 2 pupils in the schools this week.



April 28, 1955

There is one group of people not happy about the popular swing among the young fry from cowboys to knights in armor. The house committee of the Women's Press Club in Toronto says the *Globe* is missing several pickets from the ornamental iron fence in front of the club house. They make wonderful swords.

1955's going to have a gay summer if we all, old and young, wear the vivid

sport clothes that have captured the tropical beauty of Hawaii and are being shown in shops everywhere. The informal Hawaiian colored cottons I saw were lovely and I'd love a skirt and blouse, if I could find a skirt without a gathering string around the middle.

The death of Canada's famous sculptor Walter S. Allward in Toronto Sunday, who designed Canada's National War Memorial on Vimy Ridge, brought to mind my trip from Paris to Arras and then out to Vimy Ridge to see this memorial in the making. In fact I have a piece of marble on my desk here at the office that I use for a paper weight, which was given to me by one of the Italian sculptors who was working on the figure, a woman of Canada mourning her dead sons.



May 5, 1955

The old, old, large Jesuit pear tree on the Bellevue grounds down the bank, was a sight to behold last week with its clouds of white blossoms.

Spring with all its charm and informality literally burst on us with all its sweetness this year. On the second of May I had foaming clusters of white and also purple lilacs with their lovely heart shaped leaves to smell and enjoy here in my office.



Sunday on Mother's Day we who are not mothers will pay tribute to the 1955 Mother - the understanding, smart, attractive, capable mother of 1955 and those qualities apply whether she be young or a great-grandmother. No more do we think of Mother as the mother in "Whistler's Mother," that famous painting which has delighted artists and irritated mothers for many years.

On Monday, R.W.B. (Bill to you) and I had the pleasure of looking over the glorious display of tulips in Ray Nicholson's garden. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson have many, many varieties of tulips and hundreds in bloom in an array of colours. Their

whole cosy, well-kept garden is indeed a beauty spot with its velvety lawn, its bed of geraniums also and the background of lilacs, purples and whites.

The exhibition of Arts and Crafts on display at the Fort Malden Museum residence is certainly worth seeing. The interest in art in its various forms in this community is growing as there were more people participating in the show this year. Not only that, the work is getting better and better. As we noticed, there is no age limit in the various fields of expression as there was work on display done by six-year-old Caroline Stratton and a doll dressed by an eighty-year-old woman.

Harking back to the days of my youth - the 24th of May was a Big Day. For it was not only the day to open the swimming season, but a day to gather wild flowers. How often we trudged wither up to the gully north of the Papst house or down to the woods behind the Elliott house, or if a ride was available over to Boblo, to gather them. I've thought about that old 24th of May fun so often this year because with the season one month earlier, as it has been this year, the 24th and its activities has become a myth, just something we oldsters talk about.

Several weeks ago the Guide and Brownie Mothers' Auxiliary put on a Spring Luncheon at the Parish House to raise funds for Guide work. The decorations were lovely, the luncheon delicious and the appointments well done, but the turn out was disheartening. When a group decides on a project like this luncheon, it is for the benefit of every member's daughter or daughters so, to make it a success, each member who is to benefit in the long run from the good her daughter is to get from Guide or Brownie work, should stand behind the executive and see that at least her intimates get to know about and support the effort. Work with children of all age groups is wonderful work, but it takes money and girls can't be sent to camp unless every friend of the mothers in the group gives a little in moral as well as financial support.

Catching up on notes tucked away in my drawer - so for months I've been intending to tell of Dean and Claribel Thrasher, who are operating a dry cleaning plant at Uranium City way up north of Edmonton in the North West Territory, and across Lake Athabasca. They are having a wonderful experience in this practically new town, which has grown up almost overnight. When Dean flew up there about a year ago there were only 500 inhabitants and it was practically a tent city and now

there are over 5000 persons with houses and tents also to accommodate them and a school for their children. The only way in is by air, except in the summer when household goods and freight are taken across the lake by barge. It is, I understand, fabulous country - this land with its untold mineral wealth, but it is frightfully expensive to live way up there, where in summer the sun rises at 3 a.m. and sets at 11 p.m. Dean is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Thrasher of Cartier and Harrow and his wife Claribel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Thrasher of Anderdon.



May 12, 1955

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hammond of Harrow are in New York on their honeymoon this week, they have tickets for both the Perry Como and the Gary Moore shows.

Strawberry plants in many plots in our district are white with blossoms these days - and with all things continuing as they are now, looks like a bumper crop - my mouth is watering as I write.

Harry Ferriss, the psychologist, had boxes of nodding pansies, tender leaf lettuce and cabbage plants placed on the shelf in the front of his store in the rain Tuesday morning, and the moving, changing colors reflected in the glass were a real spring tonic.

B.M. and H.M. are still enjoying one of Mrs. A.L. Sonley's delightful miniature bouquets - a Mother's Day gift to mother. The wee flowers were arranged in a small white rectangular container about one inch by one inch by six inches and placed on a small reflecting mirror. Patience, love of creating, and artistic ability are combined in these miniature, and hers is a gift indeed.

Families without warmth and kindness, one to another, miss an awful lot in life. I almost wept Tuesday in Harrow when I ran across a seventy-year-old woman who had never had a birthday party nor a birthday cake. I couldn't believe that a family could be raised that way. They have apparently not been drilled in the little wee things in life that mean so much and are never forgotten.

When Miss Barbara Shaw is married to Fred LaLonde of Sault Ste. Marie on May 14, it will be exactly one year to the day since their romantic meeting. Last year on May 14 Barbara was in Sault Ste. Marie where she was maid of honor for the marriage of a classmate in the Medical Technology course at Grace Hospital in Detroit. At this wedding she met Fred and so the story books say, they met, they fell in love, and next week will begin their life together, so shall we say, "They will live happily ever after."

We were talking of recordings the other night and friend said that she, who sings contralto, was amazed at the highness of her voice in a recent recording. Her voice in the recording certainly was higher than she thought it was. Not that she needs special training for the speaking voice because she doesn't in my estimation, having a lovely soft, mellow, deep speaking voice, but for some of the rest of us whose voices get shriller and higher with excitement, reading aloud every day is very good for speaking voice culture.

Miss Ruth Heyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Heyd, now of Windsor, is on the editorial staff of Assumption College's new magazine, *Kaleidoscope*, and contributed a poem and a story to it. Last week Miss Heyd spoke over the new Leamington radio station on the magazine and her part in it. Miss Heyd will graduate from Assumption in June with a Bachelor of Arts degree and is planning to attend Library School in Toronto in the fall. In my opinion, Miss Heyd is a brilliant young woman with a career ahead of her in the writing world. She will bear watching and those of us who saw her grow up are delighted with her success thus far.



May 19, 1955

The river last Wednesday morning was interesting indeed, for as F.J. Maloney and I walked along, it had a mirrorlike appearance, not a ripple nor a sign of current - a motionless mirror on which the shadows from Boblo almost touched this shore. We both were delighted with its unusual appearance.

I have thoroughly enjoyed "Great House" by Kate Thompson this week. The

story is set against the background of two fascinating family estates near Capetown. It depicts a South Africa few of us have ever dreamed of, a way of life as gracious as that of the old South or the English county families. It was such a pleasant book.

For several years Albert Westaway, a former resident, now of Detroit, has advocated a large sign with the name "Amherstburg" on it some place along the docks so that it can be seen easily from the river. He contends that in his travels up and down the river he has overheard many say, "What's that place?" - Good idea it is too, so we pass it along.

Divorce for Hindus is made legal for the first time under a clause in a Hindu marriage bill passed in the House of People (lower house) in New Delhi, last Wednesday. Congress, Communist and Socialist members applauded when the clause was passed by a vote of 150 to 20. It had been strongly opposed by members of the right-wing Hindu Mahasabha and some orthodox Hindu. Divorce already is allowed among 80 per cent of the community and the clause will bring in the rest. The clause allows divorce on various grounds, including adultery, desertion, insanity and leprosy.

When Preston Foster, the Captain John of the TV show "Waterfront," comes to town to be the guest of Capt. and Mrs. J.E. McQueen for the tugboat race, I understand that the Chamber of Commerce is to give a large dinner in his honor. That is a fine gesture but I also think that the children should get a chance to see Captain John. There's hardly a child that comes in this office who doesn't beam on his picture, which Mrs. McQueen had him autograph for me last year, even to a wee Higgins lad. The other day I had a letter from Houston, Texas, which said that when four and a half year old Jed Delmore heard that Captain John was to be in Amherstburg he said, "Let's go to Amherstburg to see Captain John." - I'm sure that from what I've heard of Preston Foster from the McQueens, he's a warm, kind hearted man and he wouldn't mind at all.



May 26, 1955

Mrs. Forest Pigeon's garden on the sixth of Malden is a beauty spot with irises

in blues and purples in profusion.

We forget too easily - where Oh! Where were our flags on Monday - It was the traditional 24th you know.

Had a sample of strawberries - home grown - and cream Tuesday from Harrow. They are on the Market two weeks earlier than last year.



"The King and I," an adaption of the book "Anna and the King of Siam," is an excellent musical play now at the Schubert in Detroit. Well worth a trip to Detroit.

Do you know this? - and we quote: "You must have a house to live in, and it must be built so that it will be permanent and furnished so that it will be interesting. It is your thought house." - Ada Cox Fisher.

A Detroit friend was modelling clothes at a swish fashion show at one of the clubs in Detroit recently. She was in Amherstburg afterward and was telling of the clothes she modelled. Each outfit, she said, had its own matching sweater.

Along with Enid Meadowcroft, who is being carried to the enviable best seller list on a song with her story of Davy Crockett which she wrote in 1950, I feel that the Davy Crockett craze is "Healthy." Miss Meadowcroft is a noted writer of biographies for younger readers.



June 2, 1955

Pink hair is the latest of all, friends - haven't seen it yet but read that it's stunning - for other people of course, not I.

I love the smug look on the children who have new rabbit Davy Crockett hats. The old coon skin variety has a rival out of necessity the manufacturers were smart.

A bouquet of roses from Mrs. Philip Cosens' garden in Harrow - American

Beauties and a tea rose for the rose bowl - were perfect specimens of the aristocrat (in my estimation) of the flower world.

Read an article Tuesday entitled "It's a secret, Mom, but your feet are stretching" - Everything in it reminded me of me. - Have you women had a similar experience?

Tug boat race day is in the offing and the wish of all of us is that the *Atomic* will bring the England Trophy back to Amherstburg - also that crews and tugs will return to their home ports safely - and that the McQueens' guests, Mr. and Mrs. Preston Foster, will enjoy this colorful event and be glad that they came for it - as we all are glad to have them visiting us.

Mary McLeod Bethune, prominent Negro educationalist, who was in Amherstburg last year as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George McCurdy, Sr., passed away recently. My brother had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Bethune and will never forget her charm, warmth and kindness. Editorially the *New York Herald Tribune* in a leading editorial headed, "Liberator from Ignorance" said about Mrs. Bethune and we quote:

The story goes that Mary McLeod Bethune, whose parents were only a few years removed from slavery, was stung by a white child's taunt: "You can't read." The remark aroused an indomitable spirit which triumphed over every obstacle. The girl obtained her own education by almost superhuman struggle, and then went on to a lifelong fight to see that other children of her race should also have the opportunity to learn. She founded a school in Florida "on \$1.50 and faith" which became Bethune-Cookman College. It was incredibly hard work; the first class of five used charcoal for pencils and mashed elderberries for ink. But this remarkable woman, driven by inner strength and with never a thought for self, won through for her people...As a pioneer in the battle against racial discrimination, Mrs. Bethune contributed a brave and inexhaustible leadership. She fought on every front; by speeches and friendships she set liberating forces in motion. As founder of the National Council for Negro Women, as an official of many governmental and private agencies she exerted a potent influence for the continuing

development of equal opportunity for all races. It has been an extraordinary career, all the more so because these achievements came against mighty odds. In Mary McLeod Bethune's death the Negro race has lost a valiant leader who served with uncommon distinction. More than that, the whole country has lost a great American. The example of her life is a lasting inspiration for every citizen.



June 9, 1955

This is the way a freak frost was described in the *Echo* May 31, 1895 - "Jack Frost left an indelible imprint on everything that he kissed on the morning of the 21st inst."

Anticipation and realization go hand in hand in my books after the ride down river aboard the *Atomic* late Saturday afternoon. She's a gallant tug and ran a fine race even though she did not win the England Trophy. I loved the way she glided along splitting the water. The light wind and the late afternoon sunshine made the perfect trip. There was a galeness about the rainbows seen in the sprays from the fire hoses falling into the river greeting the tug and its crew as we pulled into dock here - a greeting which said "Win or lose, we're proud of the race you ran and glad to see you safely back in home port."

On Confederation Day, July 1, 1867, boat races were a feature of the celebration. Capt. Andrew Hackett and Hugh Manson won the boat race, rowing around Boblo as a pair. Miss Margaret Hackett was reminiscing about that long ago race and said that she had heard one of the Gatfields was in the second row boat. She told me also that in Celebration of Confederation a blockhouse used in the war of 1812 was burned at the head of Boblo for a huge bonfire and that Mr. Lukes had the maples planted on North Dalhousie Street. But the story of the boat race interested me coming after the exciting tugboat race of Saturday.

Dr. Lewis Robinson, a former Amherstburg boy, who is head of the Geography department of the University of British Columbia, was in the office Tuesday. He

said he asked a lad in one of his classes where he came from and the lad replied, "a place in Ontario you've never heard of" and Lew said, "Try me. I know Ontario" so Noel Bennett-Alder said "Amherstburg." "So did I," replied the professor from Park Street, Amherstburg, who last week was elected president in Toronto of the Canadian Association of Geographers. Dr. Robinson's father is Jack Robinson of the Leamington Hydro.

Had a card from Judy Davies Saltmarche (Mrs. Kenneth Saltmarche) from Positano, Siaggia, Italy, Monday which read: "Greetings from Positano where we have been living since before Easter, a fabulous mountain village on the Mediterranean. Have a large furnished flat complete with terrace which affords us a view of the terrace gardens rich in greens for salads, orange, lemon and olive



Preston Foster at International Tugboat Race, 1950s.

Marsh Collection Society P1327

groves, flowers in magnificent colours, the mountains all around us and the deep green, blue sea below. Ken is doing a lot of painting here and the twins run like the natives, no shoes, no tops and if they had dark hair would pass well for Italiani bambini. Winter in Rome, although mighty damp, was a great experience. Plan to go north in early July and HOME in November."

Preston Foster and his wife were in town at the McQueens' last week. They are thoroughly nice people, just the kind we all want to have as friends and to entertain in our homes. The fact that he's a TV personality and she's a professional singer and as such has made their life public property, hasn't made either unnatural. Theatre people can be different, so it was a joy to meet a couple that the grease paint and the life, the tension and striving for position, and the hard work of stepping into all kinds of characters, hasn't made unnatural. They talk the same language as we do and we found we had many interests in common. I like both and was glad they came to town. Mrs. Foster was charming with our mother and equally nice to the

children she met - so that in itself was a recommendation in my opinion.



June 16, 1955

Certainly the highways must be startled these days with all the beautiful coloured cars. I thrilled at the pattern made by gaily coloured cars in a parking lot in Detroit June 4, looking down at them from a room way up in the Norton Hotel.

There was excitement in the Darwin Wismer family last Wednesday. They were driving home and looking over in their pasture saw a newly born sorrel colt with its mother. A lovely little animal with a white star on its forehead, white legs and tail. A nice surprise.

Mrs. Charles Fortier, Apsley Street, has the most beautiful American Beauty Gloxinia in her window. She told me that this is the second time it has bloomed. She rested the bulb after it had bloomed at Christmas in a cool, moist place and brought it out at the end of February and began watering it. Now it is a picture again.

I have a brand new black straw cartwheel hat, which I have never worn. Much to my consternation on that cold, damp Monday morning, I picked up a Detroit paper and saw "glamorous moon lit rayon Panne Velvet hats, small veiled and jewelled are high fashion at the moment for all milady's activities." If the weather and the fashion dictators don't rush me, I hope to get a few wearings before it's out of date.

In line with the city's anti-litter campaign, motorists are being invited to help themselves to "litter bags" at any one of 600 designated service stations in New York. The bags are intended to hold scraps accumulated during a motor trip. After the trip the bags can be disposed of, either at home or at one of the service stations. The idea is to deter motorists from tossing litter onto the streets.



June 23, 1955

The tickets for the Amherstburg Follies Dance Review gave the time as 8 p.m. Saturday evening and at 8 p.m. sharp the curtains parted and the exceptionally clever dance revue commenced. Being a teacher of children, Floyd Zimmerman realizes that when a child is ready and eager to perform, he can't wait to get at it - that a five minute wait takes the edge off the thrill of "acting" or doing for parents' and friends' approval.

Rev. Ernest Lajeunesse, C.S.B., was very humble when I commended him on the great contribution he was making to preserve and authenticate the early history of this old section, after the Historical Society's luncheon Friday. "I always enjoyed puzzles," he said "so the unearthing and unfolding and writing of the early history of this part of the country is like solving an interesting puzzle to me." - I thoroughly enjoyed the members of the Ontario Historical Society I met at the luncheon, their enthusiasm, interest and knowledge made for interesting enjoyable conversation which ended all too soon.

Ever since I can remember there has been a safe foot path across the park corner-wise from Laird Avenue to North Street at Dalhousie. Last year the occasional motorist started taking that short cut and this year more and more cars have been hurrying through. (I am not speaking of the men working on the new washrooms but the cars speeding through at night particularly.) As this path has always been known as a safe spot for pedestrians I'm afraid that some night some one's going to get hurt. We have a beautiful park for adults as well as children - and it has been safe, safe enough for mothers to send their children alone there to play. So before this footpath becomes a motor path, I'm going to suggest to the Parks Board that they have signs posted, "For pedestrians only."

The London (Ontario) Board of Education has issued an order that no teacher can accept any presents whatsoever from the pupils. There must have been a reason behind the move but looking back on my pleasant years as a teacher, I can't see how a teacher couldn't get a tremendous satisfaction out of a bubbly youngster presenting his "present to the teacher," whether it be a candy that the child has probably licked or a handkerchief, and I never felt that I was swayed by a present. Because in my estimation, it's the child who benefits by giving to or doing for the

one in authority, not in marks from me, but in character building. Editorially the *London Free Press* commented on this move by the board Saturday and headed the editorial "Forbidden Fruit" - and we quote - "Upsetting an old and almost sacred tradition, London's Board of Education has decreed in its infinite wisdom that an apple for teacher is forbidden fruit from now on. No gift shall be made to any pedagogue until he retires. Thirty years is a long time to wait for an apple. What this will do to the established order of things is hard to predict. We are not suggesting that teachers are any more vulnerable to bribery than any other class, but apple-polishing is as old as mankind itself, and the gift of a shining red McIntosh has been known to soften the flinty heart of many an algebra instructor. What is the erstwhile donor going to do now? His homework?"



June 30, 1955

The colour of the ripened wheat seen en route to Harrow Tuesday gave a real look to our wonderful Essex County.

Make a thin syrup of sugar and water and use starch for crinolines - it works - as it did for the crochet baskets and doilies.

Daisy time is a favorite time with me. I love the busy white heads spilled in the garden across the way, nodding their approval and seemingly chatting to one another about the lovely pastels in the sunsets lately and the long twilight - that beautiful blue hour.



We're in one of the most anxious times of the year for parents - school reports' results and accident time. For, in the delight of being out of school for the first while, the child knows no fear and has to be warned constantly about river, sun, cars, overdose of pop and potato chips, and later on there's boredom to be counteracted.

Every once in a while (as I did Saturday) I'll come across check marks, or

notations, or underlines in one of our father's books and find that some of his most loved phrases or ideas as pencilled in many years ago, match mine. Interesting isn't it how heart companions of different generations can move along down Beauty's Street and see the same things.

There are two building projects in town which need our support and which are in step with the great strides in building and the general progress in the town at present. The Baptist Church on King Street established in 1849 is in the throes of an enlargement program, in step with the times. Then the proposed Masonic Hall¹ at the corner of Murray and George St. will need a good financial push from everyone of us to get the building growing. The need for centers where folks can meet in a growing community like ours is great. But like every other project a wider interest makes a more successful project financially.

Standing in front of the Presbyterian Church after the Historical Society luncheon recently, a man who is associated with the Department of Planning and Development commented on the architecture of the old Thrasher Hotel² on the corner of Sandwich and the Pike (or Simcoe) saying that he had noticed many examples of that narrow type window (as seen in the old hotel) all through the town - an old Amherstburg builder's idea no doubt. I had never noticed that point particularly until last Friday and now find that all my life I've been looking at those windows along Dalhousie Street but didn't realize it as a characteristic of older Amherstburg architecture.



July 7, 1955

The Fort Malden Horticultural Society has ordered 3150 tulip bulbs from

¹ Lincoln Lodge No. 8 F. & A.M. (Prince Hall Lodge). This Black lodge was established in Amherstburg in 1867.

² The Thrasher Hotel (aka Union Hotel) was razed in 1955. (*Amherstburg Echo*, June 26, 1985, 'Upsetting the Hour Glass - 1955') See more information in December 15, 1955.

Holland for the Society's beds on Sandwich Street North - and plans for the Flower Show on September 3rd are going ahead with enthusiasm.

Have been reading selections from Marguerite Higgins' book, "News is a Singular Thing" - good reading - which told how an inexperienced girl edged her way into the so-called man's world of competitive journalism in the late summer of 1941 and went on to become one of the most widely acclaimed reporters of our day.

Monday a.m. in the 90 degree heat, Miss Hutchins, our neighbour, sent in a bouquet of Shasta daisies and bergamot. (She's the Miss Hutchins who has willed and laughed herself through a broken leg and is well along the Recovery Road.) - The bouquet in a white pitcher was as good as a cold drink in a frosted sugared glass.

The Grounds Committee of Christ Church held their regular monthly meeting at the Parish House on Monday evening. It was decided at this meeting to hold a short family service at 8:30 in the morning the last Sunday of the month and this is to be followed by a contribution breakfast in the Sunday School.

In a reminiscent mood Lemuel Russelo, who made many friends with teachers and pupils alike when he was at the Amherstburg Public School, wrote the following to me:

Barnum and Bailey Big Show unloaded at Essex Centre years ago when I was a boy and marched to Leamington. It stopped in front of my father's farm, Richard Russelo, and got my 2 oldest brothers Thomas and Robert Russelo to ride 2 camels that had 2 humps on their backs. When they got the tent up and people were gathering, a man took a cud of tobacco and offered it to Jumbo. The elephant started through the crowd and trainers told the people to keep him off the grounds as Jumbo might kill some of the people. When the show was over they marched back to Essex Centre to load on the train. Big Jumbo elephant got on the railroad tracks and as circus hands couldn't get him off a fast train came through and killed him

in Essex Centre.³

"I can never forget that," wrote Mr. Russelo. "I will be ninety years old on the 26th of this July."



July 14, 1955

Wonder which Amherstburg girl will be first to crash the fashion barrier like a Parisienne and tie her pony tail with dad's necktie.

Mrs. Ernest Tofflemire was in Friday and told me of a small white crane that comes to feed on the fish in the creek near their home. The little unusual colored crane flies to the creek with a full grown bird and small blue ones. Reminds me of a nursery story that I told my small pupils years ago.

Saturday at noon in the 90 plus degree heat, the water actually dripped from my chin. That to me was an unusual occurrence and because of it, I was reminded of Mrs. V.L. Price, who always on a hot day pinned a towel around her head to soak up the drip from her forehead. I hadn't thought of Mrs. Price and her snowy-white turban in years, but Saturday in mind I could see her sewing away without having to bother patting at a wet face.

I thought I was an old-timer and now I know I am an old-timer. It all came about when Mrs. J.S. Kendall, Mrs. R. Denike, Mrs. F.J. Beneteau and Mrs. Ronald Cooper and I were talking bathing suits Friday. The laughs from the conversation near Reid's livened up the langorous blistering air. I still think they thought I was telling tall tales about going off the bow of the Great Lakes tug *Abner C. Harding* at the water works dock in a pleated bloomer bathing suit, complete with sleeves.

The following Kingsville news interested me, quote: Mrs. Everett Saunders and two daughters Marilyn and Lillie are taking a five week summer course at the

³ Jumbo the Elephant was killed September 15, 1885, at St. Thomas, Ontario, not Essex Centre.

University of Western Ontario. The registrar there stated that it is the first time in the history of his registration duties that a mother and daughter, or mother and daughters, have registered there. Marilyn will be teaching at the King George School in Windsor in the fall, Lillie at the Prince Edward School and Mrs. Saunders will continue on the staff of the Public School in Kingsville.

It is amazing what the Grounds Committee of Christ Church has accomplished in a year toward the permanent beautification of the church property on Ramsay Street and also on Gore Street. The Committee has given good leadership in the development of lovely surroundings for church and Parish House, the old world idea, beauty for worship inside and out. Many of you have heard of the improvement to the property, but will not believe its extent unless you see it for yourself. The committee has another get-together in the offing, a contribution breakfast after a family service to which members of all faiths are invited, in the church at 8:30 a.m., July 31. This will be a good opportunity to browse around the old historic churchyard and enjoy the peace and beauty there before or after breakfast.



July 21, 1955

I didn't see the sampler, but I heard about it with the following inscription, words by Henry Ward Beecher which I liked, "Books are not made for furniture but there is nothing that so beautifully furnishes a house. A little library growing each year is an honorable part of a man's history."

Added charm is given to a flower arrangement done in a flat white container, if the water is tinted just a bit. Use vegetable coloring and make the water tint complimentary to the flowers. The colored water gives the effect of a luster bowl just right for the flowers used.

The following called "Behaviour Index" from England interested me and I'll pass it along to you parents: A child who is bad at arithmetic often leads an unhappy home life. A child who is good at arithmetic but slow in learning to read is often happy at home. These findings were presented to Kent (England) County Council

by experts who have been investigating for three years the problem of why Johnny can't do his arithmetic. Many youngsters backward at arithmetic were found to come from broken homes or "those about to break up." They tended to feel "rejected and to be hostile toward their parents, especially the father." They didn't like arithmetic "because the subject does not usually offer an escape from unpleasant reality." But they were good and eager readers because reading was "an escape from their unsatisfactory real life." Children who were good at arithmetic but backward at reading were found on the whole not to need books as a refuge from life.

Mrs. G.W. Thorburn, 501 Alma St., Amherstburg, sent their old Christmas cards to the foreign mission fields to an address given in these Conversation Pieces early in January and received the following letter of thanks from a missionary stationed in Zanane Mission Burlandehah, U.P. India. The letter follows:

Dear Mrs. Thorburn:

It is a very long time since your letter came and has remained unanswered I am afraid. It was so kind of you to send those cards and we much appreciated it. The thing was so many people kindly responded to that notice in the paper asking for cards, that it really was quite impossible to write to them all, literally hundreds. However, I have kept your letter meaning to write as it seemed you were really interested in the work and would help by prayers. If you like I could have my quarterly letter sent to you.



July 28, 1955

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

The placid seas in miniature in the park Saturday afternoon after the driving rain had drenched the town and cleaned the air were most charming as they reflected the topsyturviness of the world in pearl and amethyst.

How did the black velvet collar get its start? During the French Revolution,

aristocrats wore black velvet collars on their coats in mourning for the executed King Louis XVI. Since then the velvet-touched coat or suit has been a perennial and I like them, too.

Notes from the New York Dress Institute Showings which will guide our fall shopping: lots of satin in fall clothes; new shade of graphite gray takes the place of black; elegant shoes; much gold, silver, lamé and brocade; in fact, it's the season of the "solid gold cadillac" in dress; and a fashion point that pleases me, wrist-length sleeves with low-neck bodices are the newest look in after-five dresses.

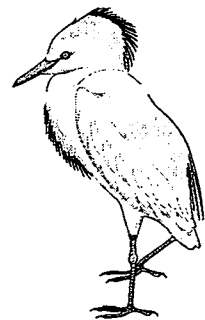
At last I know about Timbuctu and that it's really more than just an imaginary place to send people to when you're provoked and let off steam. Mrs. A. Belle Morgan has returned to her apartment in the old Ouellette home in Anderdon from six months in Europe and Africa and while in West Africa she took an old trail out to Timbuctu which is simply an oasis way out in the desert. The heat was 150 degrees when she was there - so now I know what I mean when I say, "They can go to Timbuctu."

The "play certainly is the thing" (pardon my misquote) at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival this year as I see it; after two seasons of disappointment I finally got there and was delighted with the beautiful interpretation of "The Merchant of Venice." The three-sided stage has no scenery, curtains nor drops and only a few properties. As the play progresses there are no diverting sounds of moving things or actors, as all the cast wears padded shoes. The Elizabethan costumes were handsome, the lighting effective. The play's the thing for sure, as the words took on color abounding with connotation and shade of sound. The whole production was different and thrilling and the direction superb. I had seen "The Merchant of Venice" several times, in fact saw a famous group of European actors do it in Venice 20 years ago, but this production and interpretation was the best yet in my estimation. I'd like every child who is to be introduced to Shakespeare's plays (not Lamb's tales from Shakespeare) to see the Stratford players, as there the audience actually becomes part of the production. Frederick Valk's Shylock was a great piece of acting and each other actor contributed to make for extra good theatre.



August 4, 1955

My beloved blue hour in the evening between day and dark turned into a delightful pink hour Monday at 8 after the wonderful rain. There was a lovely pink glow on a lively green world of pepped-up leaves and green lawns.



So sorry but on a con piece last week about "discretion of speech" the credit line Francis Bacon was omitted. An unforgivable breach of newspaper etiquette for which when the paper came out my face was redder than red.

Mrs. S.M. Sweetman, who is a naturalist and bird lover with a fund of information, said that the "white heron or crane" seen by Mrs. E. Tofflemire was really an egret (lesser white heron). Although they are not native she has seen them occasionally at the Big Creek and the River Canard.

Have chuckled to myself over a very bad bit of editing and copy reading in one of the top notch women's magazines. In the 90 degree heat, Saturday, I was reading and swimming and swimming and reading. In a light gay short story one of the light gay characters said, "Their's was simply a Christmas Card friendship." The next day under the same conditions I read in a condensed novel-of-the-month in the same magazine under another author's signature the heroine's comment, "Oh! Their's was simply a Christmas Card friendship." It never would have happened except for the heat and the holidays at the publishing house I'm sure. Somebody would get raked over the coals.



August 11, 1955

There is a chestnut tree on the Cavan's property which is becoming a beautiful "titan."

Being very fashion conscious, I'm attracted to the lovely dark tailored cotton dresses in nubby cotton and cotton tweed for our fall use - also the authentic tartan

ginghams in dressmaker styles for grown-up girls as well as little girls.

A very welcome breezy guest ruffled and pushed and played with and puffed smoke on our white ruffled curtains Monday - and both the curtains and I were not the least bit disturbed, in fact we liked it - cool, bright weather is much better for the disposition, I find.

In reply to a question about answering large tea invitations whether for women only or a "Mr. and Mrs." informal affair, I believe that the best way of replying (and all invitations where there is food to prepare must be answered definitely, yes or no) is to write on a visiting card below your name, "Regret unable to accept" or "Accept with pleasure." We've all gotten away from personal visiting cards but even though I am in the printing business I think visiting cards with envelopes are invaluable.

I grant that at the moment my world's not very big - Amherstburg to Harrow and return - but wherever I go I see various types of outdoor cooking equipment - from dandy large barbeque pits, like Jack Langlois', to little wire collapsible charcoal affairs. As I write my mouth's watering for a steak cooked over charcoal. To go on, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Martin are building interesting out-of-doors equipment - one with sentiment attached to it. Mr. Martin is bricking in the old James Martin kitchen cook stove, the stove behind which he napped in the kitchen as a boy, and making a modern up-to-date outside stove of it.



August 18, 1955

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent - said Mrs. F.D. Roosevelt.

A group of young lads set up a cold drink business on the Bank of Montreal corner Tuesday - and in step with good health habits learned at school, washed out the paper cups after each customer.

German folklore is responsible for the idea that storks gather babies from ponds, wells, marshes and springs where the souls of unborn children were supposed to

dwelt and took them to favored families.

I like this - act beautiful - take beauty with you when you travel - in your attitude. Be polite, thoughtful and interested in fellow passengers and those who serve you. Make the best of bad situations and keep a lively sense of humor.

Daisey Sinasac, formerly of Harrow, sister of Mrs. John Horton, Roy, Donald and Earl Sinasac, who with her daughters has a swank dress and hat shop in Detroit, designs and supervises the making of the gowns used on the Arthur Murray T.V. Show.

Some 40,000 visitors streamed into the flag-decked city of Moncton, New Brunswick, August 11, joining residents in observance of the expulsion of 3700 French Acadian settlers by Massachusetts troops 200 years ago.

Highway 18 south of town and toward Harrow is in a deplorable, dangerous condition - due to the hazardous rough condition of the former Beaudoin Corners (now Bell's Cabins). Guy McKim, son of Mr. And Mrs. Ray McKim, has picked up six hub caps which have been lost from cars at that corner this summer.

Quoting the *London Free Press*, "Connie the 'Cane, an evil daughter of nature born in the steaming Caribbean Sea, terrorized parts of Southwestern Ontario over the weekend" - that temperamental hurricane raged off Long Point doing a lot of damage. It was off Long Point 101 years ago that the steamer *Conductor* sank all its Amherstburg crew aboard. The crew on the floundering ship was saved by Abigail Becker, who became a Canadian heroine for her bravery. Fortunately for us we were on the fringe of Connie's path and the weekend of rain and wind, was uncomfortable but not terrorizing.



August 25, 1955

Well!! Mrs. S.M. Sweetman has a castor bean in her garden which on Monday was seven feet nine inches tall. Jack-in-the-Beanstalk's young fans take note.

The Members of the Fort Malden Horticulture Society are pleased about the way the residents of Sandwich Street have looked after the Society's beds on their properties. A co-operative effort like this will make for a beautiful town.

Harold Bondy of Harrow took a group of boys to Niagara Falls over the weekend to the Scout Jamboree - and after milling around Saturday with the thousands of persons there they looked for and found an open space to camp late at night - which they did - and found Sunday morning that they had slept on the town dump. It served the purpose.

Those who saw the life of "Dr. Kate" on "This is Your Life" TV program will be interested to know that Miss Betty Arkwell, Reg. N., who returned Sunday from a girls' camp in Wisconsin, met Dr. Kate and was a patient in her hospital in Wisconsin. It seems that when Miss Arkwell was at camp she became ill with virus pneumonia, so was sent to Dr. Kate's hospital for treatment.

I think the Presbyterian ladies are smart to bring on a tea right after the summer holidays. During the summer, as far as I'm concerned anyway, I don't see my friends as much as I'd like and haven't kept up with their summer activities, nor they with mine, so a tea (which is a chatty intimate nice way to entertain) right after Labor Day is a smart manoeuvre as it gives us all a chance to get together and catch up on things.

Came across an article in the old *Echo* files about the Drake House in Amherstburg, a famous hostelry, but it wasn't located. So found out from Miss Margaret Hackett that it was on Richmond Street directly across the street from where the Tea Garden Restaurant is located now. Talk of this hotel got Miss Hackett thinking of other old Amherstburg hotels she had heard about and one was the Weber House (where the Dominion Store is now) where men seeking its hospitality would ride their horses from Dalhousie Street right through the hotel to the courtyard at the back.

The *Chicago Tribune* Sunday announced it has abandoned parts of its 21-year-old simplified spelling style. In an editorial, the *Tribune* explained it was returning to conventional spelling of a number of words "to spare school children any needless confusion in learning to spell." Thus, the *Tribune* now is using freight,

sheriff, sophomore, photograph and other conventional spellings. For years, the paper has spelled these words frate, sherif, sofomore and photograf. It will continue to use tho, thru and thoro in preference to though, through and thorough.



September 1, 1955

Mrs. Lawrence Quick's tree hydrangea was at its best Friday in their yard in Harrow - for in the sultry heat its many full blooms of pink with dashes of white and green showed off, as this aristocrat of the flower world should.

The border of flowers in front of and along the side of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Dube's house in Malden are as lovely as any I've seen this season - even in the near 100 degree heat a fortnight ago, the flowers seemed to stand straight to show their beauty points - just as we women should stand, for the better our carriage the more confidence we have and the better we look, so it is with flowers.

The attendance of children at the park has fallen down badly. This fact tells me that during mothers' busiest canning time the youngsters bored with the park are grouching about "nothing to do." This becalmed state always comes the last week of August and although the youngsters don't admit it, I'll bet they can hardly wait for School - Starts - Tuesday to come.

If there is anyone in town who finds time heavy, I'm sure that the Red Cross branch in Windsor could use you or your hands. Since the dreadful floods in the northeastern states after the hurricane of a fortnight ago, the American Red Cross has been pouring in supplies and workers into the area. I feel that Canadian Red Cross needs contributions of time, work-hours and money for that body is alerted to step into disaster areas right here in Canada at any time just as the American branch did in Connecticut. Mrs. William Golden has been having a great deal to do with the Windsor branch of the Red Cross for the past year, and she is high in her praise for the work in various departments going on there day after day. You know, I felt when I heard the announcements "Give to the American Red Cross" that I was a selfish so-and-so, not because I wasn't giving to the Hurricane Relief Fund, but because I don't do anything for the Red Cross. In war time we are great Red Cross

workers but in peace time we coast until a disaster strikes, and then you and I feel remorseful.



September 8, 1955

Albert Westaway, now of Detroit, was in the office Friday and was complimentary in his praise of the large Amherstburg sign on the Bob-Lo dock. He suggested, however, that a light over it might be an advantage to those who use the river at night.

Being an ex-school teacher certainly has its thrill and compensations, for two Sundays in succession I have had ex-pupils visit me - ex-pupils whom I have not seen since they were five or six years old - they were Charles Ryan and Jean Davies.

Heard Autumn Monday night in the good-bye salute of the Bob-Lo boats - and my eyes were watery just as they have been all my life on Labor Day night when I stand on the bank of the wonderful old Detroit River to wave goodbyes to the same old boats and to listen to "Auld Lang Syne." Then I saw Autumn in the park Monday for all of a sudden there was a noticeable change in color (more coppers and browns) and the boys were starting football practice in earnest. That and the beautiful pearl gray smoke from a bonfire told me that fall and its activities are upon us.



September 15, 1955

Bert Levitt, R.R. #3, Amherstburg, brought in a vegetable oddity Monday, a tomato the exact shape of a chick.

The ageratum in the garden at the home of Mrs. Albert Brown, Bathurst Street, is beautiful again this year - its lively blue gives the spice that the autumn garden needs.

The following admonition is for me as well as others now that all the fall activities are getting underway - if we can't or don't contribute our time, interest and ability to various organizations, church or town-wide, let's not criticize the administration or the administrators who do try.

When Mary Elizabeth (Didd) Hackett Abercrombie was in Santa Barbara early in August at the celebration Old Spanish Days in Santa Barbara, she saw the play "Anita" with Vincent Price playing the lead. From the program which Marianne Kelly Smythe sent on to me, "Anita" was a most ambitious play, written in commemoration of the visit of the ship *Alert* to Santa Barbara in January 1836 at which Richard Henry Dana was entertained in this house as described in "Two years before the Mast." According to "Didd," Vincent's performance and the show itself were tops.

Dear Women friends: according to an authority on charm we can improve our abilities for conversation for a lovelier woman, as follows: cover your newspaper, news, editorials, sports, human interest and feature stories; read current books; pick movies, plays and TV program for artistic as well as entertainment values; keep up on music, art, science, business and home front; pursue a hobby, inform yourself on others' hobbies. Well!!! according to this yard stick, I'll not have a minute to do the dishes or make our beds. How dull I must be and I can't at the moment see how I can begin to measure up to a conversation standard if the above is a measure.

Mrs. T.B. Balfour, commenting on the Drake House, a famous old hotel on Richmond Street, wrote the following to us:

My father, Dr. Francis Burwell McCormick, his sister and three brothers were born in the Drake house and attended (boys did, my aunt attended a private school) public school in the old town which my father dearly loved. The house was opposite the United Church on south side of Richmond and my great grandparents lived there. She was the former Ann Searle, only child of Mr. and Mrs. William Searle who came to Canada from England. My grandmother was Jane Drake who married Captain John McCormick of Pelee Island and Colchester. I have the copy of a letter written by William Searle from Amherstburg to his nephew in Manchester in 1819 - sent to me by a distant connection there before World War I.

September 22, 1955

The swimming season had not ended for the season up to Monday - and the water is "swell," according to nice young women swimming and sunning that day.

Over the weekend I thought of what one writer said and we quote, "And whoever waits for the fall knows at such moments that it has come just to leave its card, but will soon be back to stay."

The pungent smell of catsup which has drifted westward to us from the canning factory this past month beats Chanel No. 5 in the early September heat. I certainly would hate to miss the change of seasons (as I've said so often before) including the smells.

A fortnight or so ago we saw a TV adaption of J.B. Priestly's book "Labournan Grove" with Boris Karloff and Jessie Royce Landis. Years ago when Miss Landis was a young actress she was in the Bonstelle Theatre in Detroit training under Miss Jessie Bonstelle. Several times on Sunday she came to have tea with us and we enjoyed her, as we did others who visited us from that theatre. I was glad to "see" her again after all these years (which have been kinder to her than to me).

Dr. George Hall, president of the University of Western Ontario, speaking at the General Amherst High School graduation last Monday, was excellent. I would have liked every parent in Amherstburg to have heard him. He was most encouraging about the scholarship of the present day student; in fact he told specifically when the secondary school pupils' change in attitude had taken place and of its result today in pupils who want to do well scholastically. Dr. Hall complimented the students who finished Grade 13 and also their parents. That recognition of the parents standing behind the student giving encouragement and help was important to me. With so much going on for the parents too, it takes a concerted effort to give the child the security he or she needs to accomplish a Grade 13 Certificate.

September 29, 1955

William Allen White, the Kansas newspaperman whose work I have enjoyed, said (and I heartily agree), "I am not afraid of tomorrow. I have seen yesterday and love today."

Archeologists have found what they believe to be the oldest pottery kiln in the United States on the Green Spring plantation at Jamestown, Virginia. They believe it was built about 1665 by Gov. Sir William Berkeley, then the plantation owner.

Miss Marilyn Bornais will be presented with her Gold Cord in a Girl Guide ceremony at the parish hall on October 13. This is a signal honor to the Guide winning the top Guide award and to the company of which she has been a member.

Columbus is returning to America - a 20-foot statue of Christopher Columbus, the work of an Italian sculptor, Edoardo Alfieri, is the gift of Genoa, Italy, to Columbus, Ohio. It will be unveiled in Columbus, October 12th, the anniversary of the famed discovery of America.

Knitted clothes for women certainly have come into their own this fall - you find them in all types and for all occasions, from casual to the dress up "after 5." I like the nubby (boucle) knits for two piece outfits with soft dressmaker details on coats; those knits with metallic threads running through are particularly stunning and flattering. The lovely wool jersey jewelled late day dresses or blouses are also comfortable as well as really smart.

"You can always tell a smart girl by the jingle of her bracelets," said an observant man to a Toronto newspaperwoman. The golden tinkle is achieved by gold bracelets plus one or two bracelets of pearls, and has become a fashion signal all over the world this fall. I've always loved bracelets and years ago made a nice collection of silver and pearl combination, a silver tinkle should be just as effective as a golden one.

Every time I hear someone say, "Things aren't what they used to be" - I always want to shout, "But there's not the need for them to be the same and basically we're as kind and thoughtful and friendly as our mothers were" - (and certainly more

children today know a lot more). To get back, Tommy McLean of Cottam had a bad accident recently when he fell down a chute in his barn. So, according to his father, J.K. McLean, on one day recently 40 plus friends and neighbors took his tobacco off and then came over to Harrow where he had a 3-acre plot at his father's farm and took that off also.



October 6, 1955

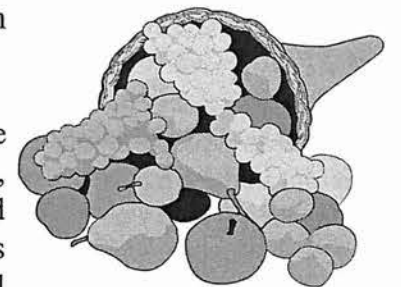
What to do in Amherstburg this week? - watch the sunsets. They have been spectacular. In this near sea level district we have no mountain grandeur but believe me, loveliness is ever near.

Lifelong friend told me last Wednesday that not only the young girls (as I said in this column September 22) but the old girls (meaning herself) enjoyed the swimming over the September 27 weekend.

George Matthew Adams said recently, "A newspaper without its little want ads has a narrowed soul!" And continued, "It's the little want ads that keep a progressive newspaper alive" - how true and how interesting a classified section can be.

Fresh leaf lettuce from Petite Cote garden on Monday was a treat indeed, even for the Banana Belt. The color in itself, I thought, would be a clever accent on a grown or copper or hunter's green or black autumn costume. Coming back to the taste, head lettuce can't compare with fresh tender leaf lettuce in my estimation (but of course, that's only a matter of opinion) so as I ate I went over the advantages of Banana Belt living from an agricultural standpoint.

Thanksgiving is Monday and with the observance it is fitting that we in Canada count our blessings, past, present and future. Going back to the first and earliest roots of this country we find a continuous growth of strength of material prosperity and spiritual



development. On this Thanksgiving Day 1955 there is none among us so blind as not to appreciate that our blessings have multiplied. Canada's development has been fabulous and we have peace and plenty. Then too, we have opportunities for the wonderful future. All are our blessings and for them we are truly thankful.



October 13, 1955

Bob-Lo looked washed in gold and the river in the foreground what I call Mediterranean blue, at 7:30 Saturday morning. Our sunsets of late have been extravagant in their colors, but that early morning gold and blue was pretty handsome.

The following is in answer to a query: The purpose of the V or flying wedge seen when wild geese are flying is evidently to break wind resistance and to keep the flock together at high speed. The geese follow the flight leader at the point of the V and it has been observed that the flock leader is changed every few miles.

On Thanksgiving Day we had a relative visit from near Ottawa and she marvelled at the greenness and beauty of our almost mid-October county. Frost having come to her North Gower district, she and her husband, who is a director of the plowing match, stepped out of fall into a summer throwback here in Essex County. This is their first trip to our county and they like it.

I quite agree with "Veiling across the face takes years off your age," the article which follows: "The veiling you wear across your face can take 10 years off your age and add 10 times to the loveliness of your skin and features. Here's how: Choose fine webbing, if your skin is dark, in velvety black, royal blue, reddish brown, pale gray and deep pinks or reds. But with fair complexion, select heavy mesh veilings in a dull finish of black, midnight blue, blackened brown and any other pastel, except beige. In other words, work for maximum contrasts between skin and veiling in texture and color."



October 20, 1955

At the Brunner Mond Club dance Saturday I made the following remark to a contemporary, "These dances are certainly nice for the young people" - "Nice for us too," was her reply - to which I heartily agree.

Some of the visiting officials of the Ontario Plowmen's Association were surprised last Tuesday to see several youngsters running around the Tented City in their bare feet. Never had seen that sort of thing before any match, they said. The weather had always been too cold...which proves that there is something to this "Banana Belt" business after all.

Came across a lovely pattern in Sunday's *Detroit News* which was designed by Muriel King, a pioneer among New York women's dress designers, to give a slim look to the mature woman (and underneath the picture it says, "whether you're size 14 or 40 you'll look thinner in this slender dress," which certainly was a dandy sales line). The dress really is stunning, in my books, in its classical simplicity. The story of the dress got started because of the designer Muriel King, who used to visit in Amherstburg at the John A. Aulds next door to us. I can still remember the fun she and I had with a paper doll family she had drawn and cut out, clothes and all.

There is not much color in the foliage this year in our neighborhood or over on Bob-Lo so in the bleakness Monday, the clusters of red roses in the island garden at the north end of Dalhousie Street, were a delight. Nothing to be compared of course with the beauty of the Uran roses in the Calvert Gardens, but nevertheless, the small cluster was an accent which pleased me in the dullness of the day. Speaking of the Calvert rose beds, Amherstburg and those welcoming roses are synonymous. Thanks to the foresightedness of members of the old Horticultural Society including A.W. Marsh, Harry Bailey and Hunter Bernard, etc. etc. When the Chamber of Commerce chooses a flower for the town, in my estimation an azalea would be poor because even though we are south in Canada, we're not that far south and our azaleas are of Christmas greenhouse variety - but the Uran rose - yes! As Mr. Gravet of the Windsor Parks Board said, too.



October 27, 1955

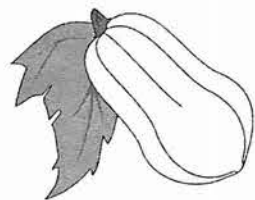
The snowberries clinging to the twigs along the moat look as if they're made of snowy candle wax. Those globular berries of the purest white, clung together and seemed to nod their heads in approval of the wind, rain, sun and hail of Monday. I like them now and I like them later when the snow is sifted on them.

There has been a perfect spider web in the sheltered under-the-roof southeast corner of our back porch which has held my interest. The wind and the morning light play on it as if plucking the strings of color, for in the fluidness of the web the colors of the spectrum appear and disappear. Every morning I expect to hear music, for a song in color is there, I'm sure.

Last week an "Upsetting the Hour Glass" column had to be left out of our paper and a diamond (60th) wedding anniversary could not be published in its proper space - that of Michael Moloney and Clementine Smith, on October 31, 1895. Both Mr. and Mrs. Moloney, who live in Detroit, are hale and hearty. Another diamond wedding anniversary to be marked November 6th is that of Mr. and Mrs. Will Manson of Malden.

William Wallis, former principal of Governor Simcoe School in London, died Saturday. Mr. Wallis was principal there during my Normal School days and I well remember his kindness and understanding to a very green student teacher. Mr. Wallis was accomplished at his hobby of painting which he practiced extensively since his retirement in 1939. Store up interests for the future and dividends in contentment will pour in, I certainly feel.

Being particularly fond of squash, I resent what John Gould had to say about "Blob of squash on a plate putting on a great show of importance among things which are good to eat." Mr. Gould even quotes his grandfather who quoted the Duke of Burgundy, as saying:



*Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like a squash, ugly and venomous
Does make a fairly decent pie...*

There certainly is no accounting for tastes and despite its adversaries - I like squash and I like autumn.

A fortnight ago many of us attended a Girl Guide and Brownie ceremony when Marilyn Bornais was presented with her gold chord, the highest award in Guiding. Dr. Warren in bringing the town's congratulations said in part, "We hear of delinquent children, but as I see here tonight we don't hear enough about what the good boys and girls are doing." That's quite right, the leaders of youth groups give their time and ability to develop and direct boys and girls and very little is said about it. One thing that struck me after this Girl Guiding ceremony was the fact that so many people had never been at a Girl Guide affair before - had never seen how a company is managed and had no idea of the enthusiasm of leaders and girls.



November 3, 1955

The grass on Friday was long and fresh and green - green, so we had it cut - cutting grass on October 28th is stretching "Banana Belt" activities a bit too far.

Some Harrow High School girls have a new "wrinkle" - they are wearing men's old felt hats fixed up in many shapes. One I saw Tuesday pinned up Tyrolean style was very smart.

A golden umbrella made a breath taking picture over the park Monday. I always look every fall for the field of the cloth of gold there - but this year in the past week practically all the leaves have turned gold and have up to time of writing (Tuesday morning) stayed on the trees. All day Monday I gloried in the color despite the dark grey sky and the dullness of the day. At night in the beautiful moonlight and the reflection of the street light at our own lot line, the park was fantastic in its rich gold - sun playing on the gold umbrella. I saw the richness of our land again.

On Hallowe'en we had many callers, all of whom we thoroughly enjoyed - all well behaved and polite and gay. There was one little girl who tickled both B.M. and myself very much. She sat right down in the middle of our best Persian rug and dumped out her loot and actually gloated over and fondled the treats - a piece of fudge and some pennies and a wee pumpkin candy and a Pantry ginger snap became wonderful to her as she sorted and drooled and put everything back and off to the

park she went. The fun we had watching her expression of pleasure more than outweighed the effort of sweeping up a crumb or two.

I was proud of but certainly sorry for our lovely Princess Margaret when I heard her strong message with all her strength of character showing up in it, telling us all of her decision not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend Monday night. Her beauty certainly goes all the way through her to her very soul, in my opinion. I wanted a fairy tale ending as much as the rest of you, if it could have been possible, but I couldn't see that that delightful young woman who had endeared herself to all of us, could or would embarrass her sister, Queen Elizabeth. She couldn't and wouldn't for the sake of her family and the principles for which she has stood get in the "Do as I say not as I do" group of thinkers. I can certainly understand how the Princess Margaret could fall in love with Group Captain Townsend. He came into her life when she was 13 during war years and treated her, no doubt, as a nice young girl with emotions as you and I, not as a figurehead, and as equerry to her father they were thrown together for years and eventually fell in love - but this 41-year-old most attractive man was divorced, his wife and their two sons were living in England. She could certainly have married Group Captain Townsend in Scotland, for instance, but decided against it, so in view of all that with her decision she is lovelier and kinder and bigger and lonelier at 25 than she ever was before and I hope with millions of others that happiness may be hers in the future. Just a postscript I couldn't say even to myself, "Let her renounce her birthright there are enough in direct line before her to carry on," because in this day of air travel, she might find herself as head of the Commonwealth in a twinkling. I'd never want her to be the butt of crude jokes and she would have been, as were others before her under the same conditions. So I am proud of her and her strength of character and am proud that I have the same citizenship or practically the same as she. It's strength like that of our Princess on Monday, shown also by British of all walks of life in the Battle of Britain days, that makes our Commonwealth respected in the world of nations.



November 10, 1955

Mrs. Robert Barclay, Virginia Trimble, had the fun of skating with the Windsor

Figure Skating Club last Tuesday night after a lapse of 10 years. The 10 years dealt kindly with her, however, for she was able to enjoy her art once again, without any discomfort too. Mr. and Mrs. Al Emerson of Amherstburg, who are Silver Medalists in skate dancing, are skating with the Windsor Club now. Both Mr. and Mrs. Emerson were professional figure skaters in Toronto.

The *Globe and Mail* in Toronto says: "Canadian troops in Germany need reading material. Books in the French language are most urgently sought, although books in English are wanted too," according to Jean Bovey, president of the Women's Voluntary Services in Montreal. "In peace time it's awfully difficult to keep servicemen occupied," the WVS president remarked, "and I feel sure lots of people have books of all kinds - fictions, biographies and kindred types - they never look at which would bring entertainment to our troops." Pocket books are most popular with the service men. Mailing address for book parcels is: WVS c/o Headquarters, 2nd Canadian Infantry Division, CAPO 5050 Montreal. This is the clearing centre for all overseas mail to troops.



November 17, 1955

Thank you for the many favourable comments on the article in this column regarding Princess Margaret's decision.

The *Amherstburg Echo* published its first edition November 19, 1874, so on Saturday this paper celebrates its 80th birthday.

A mother's courage was shown once again on Friday when Mrs. Arthur Reynolds with three silver crosses pinned over her heart attended the Legion's Remembrance Day service at the Memorial Pillars.

Following their winter in Florida, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Cooper will cruise across the Atlantic past Gibraltar into the Mediterranean to Naples. From Naples they will journey leisurely to England. Fifty-five years ago Mr. Cooper said to Mrs. Cooper, "Some day I'll take you to England" - and the "some day" is about to arrive. Wonderful - isn't it?

A 91-year-old woman at a luncheon in Detroit one day last week quoted, "Old age is the top of a mountain...but, oh, what a beautiful view." At the same luncheon, an 88-year-old remarked that the only once in her life had she ever actually felt old. "It was my 30th birthday," she recalled, "I dreaded leaving the twenties and felt ancient when I turned 30; after the first shock I've been feeling younger ever since." I quote the above because I had the same experience when I changed both digits from 29 to 30, I remember I felt like Methuselah, mentally and physically - but fortunately I could shove aside that psychological barrier and when 40 came that was just another birthday.

Being a procrastinator, I was interested in a psychologist's answer to the question, "Is procrastination caused by laziness?" Which read (and to which I agree in part): "Usually not. Confusion and indecision are common superficial causes, but the basic cause is fear of being unable to cope with the situation which confronts you. In an important situation such as a medical examination, you may put it off because you fear you may learn bad news, and you question your ability to accept it stoically. In minor things such as postponing dishwashing, you may fear loss of your happy frame of mind while engaged in such drudgery."



November 24, 1955

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lypps of Colchester South celebrated the 64th anniversary of their marriage.

The beauty of our snow-covered world Saturday - the beauty of our 70 degree world the Saturday before - Two reasons why I (for my temperament) like the changes of seasons.

The sound of the strong west wind playing on the out-of-door chimes at the Louis LaFerte house last Thursday noon was delightful to my ears as I held my hat and my coat against the strength of what wind when hustling southward.

In talking to Carl Dube, assistant town clerk, one day recently when he was emptying the parking meters, I asked about his "loot" from them and he laughed.

He told of his collection of washers, slugs and coins of many nations taken from the meters. People do surprising things.

At a recent public tea, there was a bit of fun between two women with the same taste evidently as they were in the same dress, different color. Fortunately the women were almost the same size so didn't spoil the looks of each others' new dress - not like my two experiences when I met my black shantung and later my turquoise summer dress at parties on youngish women with young figures. - All I thought, I hoped I looked one-third as nice as they did and that I did not spoil their dresses for them.

Two months ago Mrs. Elizabeth Couse of St. Thomas, a niece of Mrs. Lawrence Quick of Harrow, was on the "Place the Face" TV Program. Evidently she was notified that she was to be on the program and air passage was made available to California. The face that she was called upon to name was a man whom she hadn't seen for 15 years, who when they worked in the bank in London years ago insisted on opening the vault in the bank one night at close-up time after all the straightening up was finished and found her locked up in it.

Being very keen about the theatre, I'm interested in the Little Theatre group at the High School under the direction of Raymond Gray. The young actors presented the first "live" play over the new Leamington radio station Saturday the 12th and repeated their presentation Friday afternoon at the school. Drama groups certainly widen the members' scope of interest, to say nothing of poise and control gained in the training. A year's study of the theatre and its many phases should, I think, stimulate some of the young pupils to want to know, read more and perform in the drama field.



December 1, 1955

Want to look ahead to spring? We'll be wearing sunny, golden-tinged shades in the honey, blond and mimosa range, say designers confidently. We will have golden beiges and browns, and apricots and burnished henna. And a revival of the mauve palette in wonderful shades like lilac, heliotrope and violet.

For some time I've wanted to have a "Keep This Date" column on this page, listing things to do during the week in town. Whenever this idea is brought up, I've been told that it would be a headache to keep up because for a column like that there would have to be a deadline and the dates to remember, Home and School, P.T.A. teas, bazaars, dinners, etc., would have to come from organizations, not from me. I can see advantages in such a column but I certainly do not agree that it might be hard going to get a full list. We'll see.



December 8, 1955

For pre-Christmas joy B.M. is enjoying an arrangement of Christmas red carnations and pine. Monday's *Toronto Globe* pictured gold chrysanthemums and pine for a holiday bouquet - lovely too, but the red was delightful, we thought.

The Junior Sportsmen in Harrow are most enthusiastic about and interested in archery. The lads of high school age who belong to the club have a monthly contest going and in fact the interest in archery is running to high that several of the lads want to own their own bows and arrows, so parents are buying some for Christmas presents.

The wedding ring which Bill Parks will give Betty Fitzmaurice when they exchange marriage vows on December 21 in Wesley Church was given to his great-grandmother Hanna Shepley when she became the bride of John Parks, November 9, 1858. Mrs. John Parks Jr. has also worn it for years and years and she and her husband, who live in the Parks homestead on the river front, gave the heirloom wedding ring to Bill for his bride.

The history of ice skates - The first ice skates ever used were made of bone. In the 8th century in Sweden, the skaters bound cow ribs to their feet with leather thongs. Wooden skates were developed in Holland in the 14th century. Iron runners were used on skates about 1572 but they were not like the skates of today. The blades were as wide as the bottom of a shoe. By the 17th century, the blade was thinned at the bottom and curved up over the front of the toe. The skates in the early 1800's were made with wooden bodies that fit over a shoe. A metal rung was tied

to the wooden body with leather tongs and a wooden peg was used to cut into the heel of the shoe to keep the skate from slipping. After 1860 this peg became a screw, and in 1870 the club skate, an all-metal skate with clamps, was made. Still later, the shoe skate, which we know today, became popular.



December 15, 1955

Reached the next "plateau" (pardon the steal of a word) and nearly fell off when I was told in a conversation about skirts, "that is just right for an elderly person." I am but I had never heard it said out loud before - it's made a Christmas joke.

I'm delighted about the following fashion note, although because my stole is so comfortable I have been out-of-date as I have worn it often of late. If you must be in step here's top-press news: "The return of the stole as a big fashion item is an important trend in resort fashions. Designed to be worn as cover-up companions for daytime and evening dresses, the new fabric stoles are usually wide and unadorned. Many are shaped to give a cape effect with stole panels in front."

A centuries-old Scandinavian ceremony, the Swedish Lucia Night, was enacted Wednesday evening at Casa Loma in Toronto before the Lucia Ball by members of the Scandinavian-Canadian Club. The legend of the Queen of Light goes back to the Fourth Century when crowds in Sicily tried to burn a young bride, Lucia, because she had given all her possessions to the poor. But the flames did not touch the girl and she was later hallowed as a Christian saint. The story spread to northern Europe where people celebrated her "coming" on December 13, darkest day of the Scandinavian year.

Mrs. Forest Pigeon brought into our office last week a first edition of our paper, Friday, November 20, 1874, and also a copy of Friday, October 4, 1878, when the old Union Hotel, Apsley at Simcoe Streets, was torn down this fall. I called Mrs. Pigeon for a bit of history of this famous old hostelry, as her grandfather William Bungey had been a proprietor at one time. In the 1878 *Echo* the Union Hotel advertisement read under William Bungey, proprietor: "Having purchased the hotel property on the corner of Simcoe and Apsley Streets, Amherstburg, from Charles

Renaud, the undersigned will re-furnish it and fit it up in good style for the convenience of farmers and the general public. Good stabling and an attentive hostler constantly in attendance. The bar is furnished with the best of wines, liquors and cigars." Mr. Bungey is the grandfather of Mrs. Pigeon, Mrs. Will Cousins, Mrs. Fred Levergood of Colchester South, Mrs. Lillian Elliott of Detroit and Mrs. Paton Golden of St. Thomas.



December 22, 1955

Merry Christmas to all.

When Mrs. Maurice Mullen (Betty Abernethy) leaves for Wichita, Kansas today to spend Christmas with her sister she is taking along to the bread basket of the U.S., Vita B cereal, at the request of her sister, and some Northern Spy apples.

Last Friday at 4:30 p.m. we became sky gazers here at the *Echo* to see if we could see the planet Venus and the new moon in the South West sky in the daylight. The phenomenon with the setting sun would have been interesting. But we couldn't see Venus - however I thrilled at the moon and the glowing Venus in the lovely blue hour at 5:30 Saturday.

Many writers say the mince pie originated in Germany, while others claim that its beginning is lost in the annals of history. Nonetheless it was an essential part of the Yuletide celebration in early England. Old superstitions held that any person refusing to eat mince pie would be unlucky for the coming year. Should he accept the invitation and partake of mince pie during the holiday season, he would have the same number of happy months during the year as the number of houses at which he ate mince pie.

For centuries the tinsel angels of Nuremberg have been a symbol of Christmas in Germany. The gold leaf ornament dates back 300 years to a Nuremberg dollmaker named Hauser who lost his only child just before Christmas. In his grief he modelled an angel to which he gave the child's features. He clothed it in leaf-gold. It was so beautiful that his friends asked for similar dolls and the demand

grew steadily until there wasn't a family in the city that didn't have a tinsel angel. Placed at the top of the Christmas tree, the angel is blond haired with a scarf of glittering gold thread and a pleated dress of tinsel with a multi-colored apron. A product of Germany's expert craftsmen, 46 separate processes are required to make the figure.



December 27, 1955

Health, Happiness and Security are my New Year's wishes for you and you and you.

On Wednesday, December 14 as I came down Dalhousie I laughed at the incongruity of the B.B. in front of George Jones' - a lively bonfire of leaves was accenting the grey day with a lively flame and in the park the children were playing on the rink on good ice too.

In answer to a question regarding silver plating - The first silver plating was done in 1414. The plating was accomplished by joining a thin sheet of silver to any other light-colored metal. This did not become popular until 1743 when the Sheffield silver plate was first made. In the process, silver sheet was rolled onto copper and joined to the copper so that the finished article looked like solid silver. It wore exceptionally well. In 1849 the electroplating process used today was developed and it soon replaced the methods because it was cheaper and faster.



January 19, 1956

I got real pleasure in opening a jar of jam in mid-winter that had been sealed one summer day by Harrow friend.

I was in Warren Park Saturday and was delighted with the attractive homes in the new subdivision - also the trees, thanks to the late C.A. Cuddy and the late T.H. Fox, who years ago saw the future of this property as a building site and planted a

now towering row of maple trees.

The 15th annual Essex County Artists Exhibition will be held at Willistead Art Gallery Sunday, February 5 to February 29. Professional and amateur artists of the county participate in this exhibition. In former years several of the artists in our district had pictures hung in this exhibit, which is a credit to the cultural life of our county.

Around the world last Wednesday members of Zonta Clubs honored Amelia Earhart, the first lady of aviation - the first woman passenger to fly the Atlantic; the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic; the first woman to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross. Zonta gives a scholarship each year in honor of her memory and the Toronto Zonta Club urges Canadian women engineers to apply for this scholarship.

Continuing in the beige fad - with all these beige clothes - or even with just one - you'll need new beige underpinnings, too - a petticoat or a slip. As a matter of fact, a woman really needs both - a slip or a slim petticoat for slim dresses and suits, and a full petticoat for fuller skirts. For the slip and slim petticoat one woman designer prefers nylon tricot with matching beige lace. But the full petticoat should be in a crisper fabric such as taffeta or nylon net, or even one of the new pale beige cottons.

The newspaper strike in Detroit was over Monday after 6 weeks of negotiations - and a habit of a lifetime which was broken temporarily was picked up again Tuesday, i.e., the Detroit morning paper. I never in my wildest dreams imagined that I would miss a morning paper - miss the columnists who had become actual friends - miss the ads - miss the sports etc. Funny thing too, situated geographically as we are in the spearhead into the U.S., the morning Toronto paper didn't fill the gap for me and I have been used to it always, also. However, that break in habit has been mended and I'm settling back into a contented morning state again. As one person in Detroit said, and we quote, "The lack of newspapers gave a frustrated feeling and created a void which never before existed."

Every Christmas I feel a letdown when I throw away all the discarded Christmas wrappings and boxes - that beautiful wrapping, gay paper with Santas, holly trees

and bells. It seemed sad to rudely dump them off into oblivion to cover their once-radiant promise with the lid of the garbage can and bid them good-bye. So I was glad to read that there is happy news for them in some parts of the States, and possibly in Canada, for there the wastepaper industry is awaiting them. This industry had been starving for paper so a big post-Christmas gift of discarded wrappings etc. will go to the paper and paperboard mills throughout the States and abroad. It may be a strange reincarnation that a doll box and cowboy suit wrappings are in for, but it's a reincarnation and that's what counts.



January 26, 1955

Around about the year 330 B.C., Plato wrote: "When there is an income tax, the just man will pay more and the unjust less on the same amount of income." The above just goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun.

When Mr. and Mrs. Bill Callam took their infant daughter Dorothy Eileen to see Miss Margaret Hackett last Sunday, she told them that now that Dorothy Eileen is living temporarily with her grandparents, she (Miss Hackett) has been neighbors with five generations of Callams.

These wonderful winter nights, Frances Frost's poem "Star Choosing" comes to mind, in which she said, "Winter's the time for choosing stars, help yourself to Heaven." My knowledge of the stars is very limited, even though I do read the monthly sky charts in the Christian Science Monitor and am interested in the changing sky - the beauty of the winter sky is wonderful in my books.

Equality of status for women has been the subject of many thousands of words in Business and Professional Women's Clubs over the years. So it is little wonder that there was rejoicing over the recent action of the federal Civil Service Commission in lifting restrictions and discriminatory regulations against the employment and advancement of married women.

Winter was in its most glamorous mood Monday morning at eight, for nothing could be nicer than the sun rising through the trees making an all-over diamond

pattern on the snow in the park and a lively iridescent effect on the pouffs of downy snow on the roof of our dog house. To give an accent my pet, a male cardinal, was back to sit on the clothesline right on the porch and saucily chatter for food. I felt that I was looking at a real Christmas card that morning.



February 2, 1956



We are still enjoying Christmas poinsettias and they made a lovely foreground in the west window as I looked out on the winter wonderland Monday morning.

It was a far cry from the music which Bert Abbott and Charlie French picked out of the air and we listened to with awe and delight way back in the very first days of radio in 1919 or 1920, to the superb concert given by the world's artists on TV Monday night.

I had heard and laughed at "After three days house guests, like fish, stink" and credited it to friend's nimble wit, so was surprised during the celebration of the 250th anniversary of Benjamin Franklin a fortnight ago to find he was responsible for the above, as well as many other everyday sayings which we all use.

Mrs. J. A. McAfee, Edmonton's flower lady, has been elected an overseas fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society. She is the first Edmonton woman to receive this honour. Mrs. McAfee's rose garden is a showplace in Edmonton and attracts many visitors during the summer months. A few years ago she added a Red Cross Wishing Well to the garden. Coins dropped in by visitors during the past five years have amounted to \$800 which Mrs. McAfee has turned over to the Edmonton Branch of the Society.



February 9, 1956

Greetings for St. Valentine's Day.

Mrs. Dr. DeSpelder was in recently telling of an exhibition of dolls which the Detroit Doll Club is to have at the J.L. Hudson Co. starting February 22. Mrs. DeSpelder, who is so enthusiastic over her collection of rare dolls, told of a rare English doll she had acquired in Boston this fall - a 14-inch Montaneri doll with a poured wax head.

On that bleak, eerie, rainy, cold, slippery, ice-covered Monday I thought of what the editor of *Charm* magazine, the magazine of working women, said to a convention of working women in Dallas, Texas in November, and I brought myself out of a "what's the use of all this" mood. She suggested a coat of arms for the woman who works. "There would have to be a book, a heart, a stove, a ballot and, I hope, a pretty hat," stated Mrs. Valentine.

Once again I had the excitement and fun of sliding down the hills at the old fort Sunday - but found that it was not nearly as much fun to fall off the sled in the snow at the bottom of the hill. The snow clinging to my clothes and body and face was much colder and wetter and more uncomfortable than it had been years ago. A person so often wants to re-live childhood experiences - they are wonderful in mind but not so wonderful when realized - but my spill caused amusement from the sidelines, however.



February 16, 1956

"Around the World with the Wallace Temples" was the pièce de résistance for the College Women's Club at the Friday meeting in Detroit. Flora Hodgman Temple and Wallace Temple showed a film of their trip around the world last year and commented on their experiences.

I heard and saw and felt Spring in the offing Tuesday - with eyes on the fresh, pastels in the sky and river Tuesday morning and ears attentive to the saucy blue

jays and coaxing cardinals which have been our winter guests and feet wet - all day, too, as Harrow streets were certainly not for foolish rubberless people.

Once again I marvelled at the condition, the printing, the color and the intricacy and beauty of the pattern of paper lace of the 107-year-old Valentine owned by Mrs. Howard Heaton. It seems that when her father, Capt. Bassett, was three years old, his mother bought the Valentine for him in Ann Arbor and now his daughter and her family have enjoyed and prized it ever since. When looking at this old Valentine in Harrow, we talked of the candy-lace Valentines of the old days from Sanders, Detroit, not the wee hearts inscribed with "I love you" but larger white "lace" hearts with a picture pasted in the center.

To supply cuddling for babies who need it, the Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago has set up a mother bank, says the *Globe and Mail*. It is made up of unpaid volunteers who come to the hospital each morning and afternoon to "mother" one of the tiny patients for whom the doctor has prescribed tender loving care. Each day she is needed, the visitor cuddles the child, talks and feeds him. Even when the baby sleeps, she stays beside him, reading or sewing, ready to smile when he awakens. One 6-month-old baby, suspected of being blind and spastic, had such services from the mother bank that in two and a half weeks he gained weight remarkably and it became clear that he was neither blind nor spastic.

In discussing the Essex County Artists Exhibition currently showing at Willistead, Kenneth Saltmarche, commenting on Betty (Mrs. Robert) McGee's water color in the show, wrote, and we quote: "In her small watercolor 'River View of Amherstburg Post Office,' Betty McGee illustrates an attitude which can be traced throughout this show: A growing concern for the nature of things and a desire to dig deeply into the structure of painting subjects and of painting itself. This is perhaps the most exciting thing about this year's Essex County Exhibit and is shown not only by Mrs. McGee in what, on close examination, is seen to be a deliberate and thoughtful search in and about a subject, but by many others." Other Amherstburg artists who had paintings accepted were Mrs. John Gray, Mrs. J. Fred Thomas and Mrs. Violet Tuomi.



February 23, 1956

Grace Wilson (Mrs. Norman E. Wilson) has two pictures on display in the current Essex County Artists Exhibition at Willistead Library. In a recent article on the show, Kenneth Saltmarche wrote of the "glowing night view, 'Lights on Richmond Street'," by Mrs. Wilson.

Every day we have evidence of the fabulous continent we live in, but when I see a chauffeur drive a losing contestant of a popular TV quiz off the stage in the contestant's consolation prize, a brand new Cadillac - that to me is most fantastic and incredible and fascinating.

Homemakers who mistakenly devalue their own importance by saying they are "only housewives" are America's most influential group, in the opinion of Fr. James Keller. Fr. Keller, television personality and author of movies and books and the "Three minutes a Day" feature in the *Detroit News*, appeared last Wednesday on the "Detroit Town Hall" program at the Fisher Theater. "Homemakers," he emphasized in the question session following his lecture, "spend more of the nation's income than any other group, are the objects of more corporations' advertising campaigns than any other group and have a greater impact on present and future thinking of the nation than any other group. The women who call themselves 'only housewives' fail to realize their own importance, the power they control and that they are the mothers of young and growing America." During his lecture Fr. Keller urged his predominantly woman audience to "think big thoughts, think beyond yourself, your own immediate problems, your own immediate family and nearby neighborhood. Communism is not our greatest problem," he said. "Our greatest problem is our desire to have someone serve us good education, good television programs, good ideas without any thinking or effort on our part. If we showed the zeal of Communists who are trying to sell us ideals contrary to our own, the Communists would be no threat. We have the peace of the world in our heads and hearts but we are not spreading the ideals sufficiently."



March 1, 1956

I liked this bit of advice from a mother to her child - "Just behave as well as you look."

Windswept Sunday was a sparkler (after March's show of snow-blow rain sun, on Saturday) and there was an interesting parade of pretty cars on Sandwich Street, a preview of flashes of color to come this Spring and Summer.

After one trip to the Shakespearian Festival at Stratford I'm one of its most enthusiastic supporters. See that "Henry V" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" are to be presented this season and if the *Detroit News* festival excursion train runs again I hope to be aboard, for "Henry V" particularly.

If you look at the comedians who have held their stardom for a period of years, you will see, as I do, that they are completely likeable. Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are the sort of people I'd be pleased to have in my home. They wear well. In fact, Groucho Marx for all his roughness seems to me to be genuinely nice and his wit would brighten any situation. It isn't only among show people, however, that the qualities - talent with likability - qualify a person for a long pull in life.

Toward the end of last week I felt the impact of a good Canadian novel entitled "The Sixth of June," written by the Canadian newspaperman Lionel Shapiro. I was absorbed and challenged by the fine (shall I call it) historical novel, for that's what it was, even though many were part and remember well history being made in World War II. To go on, imagine to my delight Saturday morning to read in the *Globe* that Mr. Shapiro had received the Governor General's award for the very book I was reading, it being the best Canadian novel of 1955. I finished the story Sunday night, the story of Brad Parker, a Connecticut newspaperman who went overseas, of his love for his wife and for Valerie Russel, a beautiful Englishwoman, both inside and out. I noticed in the *Globe* that Franklin Davey McDowell, a friend of ours, was one of the judges for the award, and he must have felt Mr. Shapiro's power and ability and seen his wonderful pictures of people in England in wartime and of D-Day as I did.

March 8, 1956

In the snowstorm last Monday evening I found the sweet golden bells of the forsythia at the Rotary dinner as thrilling as those that later hang outside ringing out Spring news.

A traveller who visits many towns in this area on business told my friend that he found the teenagers of Amherstburg, on the whole, the best behaved and most polite in the restaurants.

Among the late Miss Emma Maloney's papers was a reprint of the first *Echo* ever published, Vol. I, No. 1, November 20, 1874. Capt. Walter Lawler brought it in Friday for us to see and keep.

Both the St. John Ambulance Corps and the Red Cross are to form units in our town - both worthwhile groups which should fill the need of some people who feel that they must get into something "worthwhile" and do something to help others.

Anything unusual, but certainly not too serious, can happen in the Banana Belt weatherwise - last Wednesday at 5:30 the warm sun was making a lovely reflecting mirror of the good sheet of ice at the skating rink at the park and just beyond six youngsters were skipping rope in the dry wading pool well.

When we were children B.M. always took us to Sanders' when in Detroit for a chocolate soda and later for a hot fudge sundae. I hadn't had a Sanders hot fudge sundae for years and often wished for one. Well, it was in reality just as good as I had imagined it and tasted it in my thoughts - so good in fact that I ate a double portion Saturday.

March 15, 1956

In His Own Right - "I don't know who my grandfather was; I am much more

concerned to know what his grandson will be." - Abraham Lincoln.

Forsythia in a Delft blue vase (which was made by the school children in Berea, Kentucky, in crafts' classes) is the Spring accent in our living room these days.

Once again let me say that if we women would only look around in Amherstburg, we could find smart clothes and accessories with a minimum of shopping-weariness. I saw a sample of good-looking merchandise to be found in our own stores at the Fashion Show Sunday and was pleased with the high style in our clothes, hats and jewellery and the classic beauty of the woollen goods shown by the models.

A fortnight ago I looked at the out-of-doors artificial skating rink on the grounds at the Veterans' Memorial Building in Detroit and thought - "that, the simplest of artificial rinks, would be good for Amherstburg." - For do you know that as late in the winter as March 3, there wasn't a soul on that beautiful sheet of ice - the skating season was over but I'm sure it must have been a popular spot from November through February.

Of the 35 Grade VIII pupils of the Malden Public School who visited Toronto on Friday, only 2 or 3 had ever ridden on a train before. That train trip on the Dayliner and a subway trip in Toronto would indeed be an experience for the young folk. I can't remember when I didn't ride trains - the old Plug from Amherstburg to Essex, for instance - and would have loved to accompany those auto-travelling young students to get their reaction to the diesel Dayliner, the Union Station, the subway stations and the subway itself. John Robbins and the Malden Board, in my estimation, were in step with very modern methods of education with that Friday trip.

Miss Margaret Hackett is the proud owner of a chair belonging to her grandfather, Capt. James Hackett. When the late Capt. Fred Trotter and his bride were married, they set up housekeeping in the old Trotter home on Park St. Among the pieces of furniture there was this chair which belonged to Capt. Trotter's maternal grandfather, Capt. Hackett. The chair has been passed along to the late Mrs. Walter Wigle (Marion Trotter) and then to her children, who gave it very recently to Miss Hackett. Mrs. Wigle had had the old chair done over shortly before

her death so it is in fine state of repair for a more than 100-year-old piece of furniture which has been in use most of the time.

The McQueen yacht *Sheltie* arrived in Fort Lauderdale a few days after the McQueens and Mrs. Malott got there, February 25, and was so covered with dried salt spray that a new paint job is necessary. So that's where *Sheltie* is now, in Broward ship yard getting a new coat so that she can take her place with the gorgeous yachts in Bahia Mar Yacht Basin. While *Sheltie* is in dry-dock her passengers are living nearby with a Danish woman, Mrs. Neilsen. Evidently Mrs. Neilsen is kindness itself (a characteristic of the Danes) and the Amherstburg folk are enjoying her immensely. Through "Interpreter" Malott (as the McQueens call her, as Mrs. Neilsen's English is very limited) they got the story of a picture taken after a concert given by Lawrence Melchior. In the picture were royalty of Denmark, Norway, Ambassador of Sweden and three wee girls representing the countries, the 10-year-old Danish girl being Mrs. Neilsen's daughter. Interesting time they're having.

The following tickled my funny bone, and I quote: "Librarians are now represented as frowning on Horatio Alger's book as reading matter for children, even though they taught boys the useful lesson that if you're going to rescue a pretty girl from a runaway horse, you might just as well pick out the banker's daughter."

Read that a bird watcher in Wyandotte saw a flock of 13 Cedar Waxwings quite recently - so ever since, I've kept my weather eye out for the flash of the birds with the "red sealing wax" tips to some of their feathers. A year or so ago, Mrs. F.E. Wilson had a flock rest on the evergreen north of her house and it was a thrill.

We all grumble about the weather here, the knifing cold, the wet, the snow, the ice, the dampness, our colds, our sinus and the heat in summer. It gives all of us a good conversational point - but we should all utter thanks for our blessings in this part of Canada, especially this year when there have been storms all around us and winds and floods. We'll grouse but we certainly can't mean it.

Divorce suits filed by women are three times more than those by men in Japan and also the suits for compensation for non-fulfilment of marriage contract filed by women far exceed those filed by men. The number of right of succession

abandonments filed by women is great, most by rural women. The reason for this may be that farms in Japan are extremely small and if divided among all the children, their families could not survive on the tiny farm.

The sacred cantata "Seven Last Words of Christ" will be presented by a 26-voice mixed choir in St. John the Baptist Church on Palm Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Soloists are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hamilton, Joseph Maitre, Francis Thrasher and Wilbur Riggs. Tom Hamilton is directing the cantata and his mother will play the organ accompaniment. This choir has put a lot of effort and time into the cantata, the presentation of which certainly should be a pre-Easter treat.

One of the 10 best dressed women in Toronto whose names were published last week was Mrs. T. J. Emmert (and the newspaper said she came from Amherstburg - wasn't that nice of Mrs. Emmert?) Mr. and Mrs. Emmert moved to Toronto last year when the head office of the Ford Motor Company was moved there from Windsor. They sold their Riverfront Road home recently to Mr. Row, president of Chrysler Corporation.

Mrs. Arthur Flowers, who was instrumental in establishing the Pelee Island Red Cross branch during the war, is the spark behind the decision made at a splendid meeting Monday night to renew Amherstburg's Red Cross chapter. Mrs. Flowers was determined that Amherstburg needed a Red Cross as much as Red Cross needed Amherstburg, and with that in view talked and phoned and phoned and talked Red Cross until she got a meeting, got the busy and capable Mrs. Herman Savage, liaison officer of the Red Cross, to come down and also the president of the Ontario Red Cross, Col. McCamus, to come from Toronto for the important decision made by Amherstburg women. During the evening several times Mrs. Savage mentioned Amherstburg's wonderful wartime Red Cross record - and so that Mrs. Flowers with her faith and determination is not let down, it is to be hoped that a wide peacetime Red Cross program can be carried out here.



March 29, 1956

After we had all dug ourselves out of the snow on Saturday and later when the

full moon smiled on an unusual deep snowy pre-Easter world, friend took my breath away when she breezed in with her new snow-white straw hat trimmed with strawberries and lush green leaves.

I was delighted with Tom Hamilton's direction and interpretation of the cantata "The Seven Last Words of Christ" by Theodore Dubois, presented by the 26 mixed-voice choir of St. John the Baptist Church Sunday night. With Mr. Hamilton directing and his mother Mrs. H.E. Hamilton at the organ, the presentation was memorable.

Beauty and headaches went hand in hand Friday when inch after inch of snow was literally dumped on the Banana Belt for hours and hours. The Christmas card beauty was hard to get around in, but the white beauty was thrilling despite the lateness of the season. I got a laugh out of the ducks hitching on the ice floes in the storm. Last Wednesday a golden crocus speared its way and opened on the south side of our house. On Monday, after its snow blanket melted, a group of crocuses greeted the sunshine and snow and damp pre-Easter world.

A lovely letter arrived Monday morning from Arner friend which will become our Easter message, and we quote: "The twilight has fallen and I can no longer go from window to window to marvel at the beauty nature has worked in the out of doors. I feel a pity for the poor souls who are so housed in that they cannot feed their minds and souls on this wonderful display. The shrubs and trees are bowed down under clouds of fleecy white (blossoms, as it were) as if to compensate for the barrenness of their boughs through the long winter months. A pile of brush out in the orchards suggests a group of young lads huddled in discussion of some conspiracy. What a beautiful memory for winter to leave behind. Wishing you and your mother a very cheerful Easter."



April 12, 1956

Went to see the flowers in the windows at Mrs. Kopacz' store Sunday. Among other things she had were giant red salvia and white snapdragons (and I mean giant), a white calla lily and also a yellow calla lily, and lush geraniums. Such a showing

of bloom on a piercing day was good for Mrs. Kopacz, whose green thumb seems to be able to get healthy plants and bloom, to her own satisfaction and for ours.

The wonderful actress Katherine Cornell as Elizabeth Barrett in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" gave a beautiful performance on the T.V. version of the play Monday night. Miss Cornell played first in this love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning 25 years ago and I remember seeing her years ago on the stage in Detroit in the role, which thrilled me again Monday night via a different medium sitting in the comfort of my own living room.

The streetcars made their last run in Detroit Sunday. A wave of nostalgia came over me when I heard of this, for to me it's the end of an era. I recall happy days when we would go up on the Bois Blanc boat and streetcar to Grand Circus Park or ferry to Detroit and catch a streetcar at the dock and bump along uptown to shop, with very little money, too. It won't be long before we who rode in streetcars will be really dated. We'll be asked to tell what it was like and describe the comradeship and the crash-bang noises which meant that we were travelling at high speed.



April 19, 1956

Lovely purple wood violets bloomed at our house on Monday - that day of strange weather when the fable "The Wind and the Sun" was illustrated.

Brightly colored plastic adhesive bandages with which to give small children decorations for bravery are being produced by a surgical-dressings firm. The bandages, in red, green, yellow and blue, have proved especially popular with the 4-to-8 group. And teenage girls favor the gay bandage colors, as they can match them with their clothes.

The following interested me, and I quote: "According to a nationwide personality test, the following have the finest personalities: Those who attend Sunday School or belong to religious youth organizations; parents are churchgoers; attend parties and learn how to mix with people; have learned how to dance; earn their own spending money; like to walk to school with other boys and girls; those

who refrain from criticizing others and frequently compliment them; try games even if they play poorly."

Thirty churchgoers in the Scottish town of Ayr fight disease and death with a "prayer by telephone" system by which their pastor said, "It is impossible to say how many our prayers have helped to save. I think every church should have a prayer group like this." The Rev. William Whalley declared, "It is a wonderful thing." The Rev. Mr. Whalley, who started the system in the west coast Scottish resort, contacts the members by telephone or bicycle whenever he hears a sick person is in danger. No matter what the hour, they all begin to pray. Every week in his church, the Rev. Mr. Whalley calls on a 100-member prayer group to bow their heads and pray for the sick. "We do not claim to have saved lives ourselves. God saves the sick, we merely pray for them," the pastor said.



April 26, 1956

Terry Wensley of Harrow is a brilliant hockey player who was voted the most valuable player in South Essex Hockey League. Terry caught the eyes of spotters for the Detroit Red Wings, resulting in practice games with the Red Wings this past winter.

I love the snow but I certainly didn't get the kick out of the "pure white flakes which make a glamorous world" on Tuesday morning, with the tight little maple buds shivering in the background, as I would in January. Nor did I appreciate the fact that April 1956 is like its grandfather, April 1875.

In the past few years many women have practically abandoned wearing hats in the summer because they thought it was the smart thing to do. Well, let us tell you right now that you won't look smart unless you do wear a hat this summer! For hats - as you all know by now - are the most exciting of all fashions this year and they've never been prettier. So you must definitely plan to get a beautiful new hat to top your very feminine new summer clothes. I've always belonged to the school of thought that a woman is better groomed with a hat on for daytime functions, large or small, and one can always take it off if others are hatless.

Mrs. F.E. Wilson, in going through some things belonging to her mother, Mrs. F.P. Scratch, found two unfinished pieces of Battenberg lace which had been started by her aunt Mrs. Mary Duncanson Lambert or her mother. The needlework, which would be 85 years old, was exquisite and gave a good idea of the intricacy of design and workmanship. Both pieces were in a fine state of preservation and should, I think, be put into a collection where many who admire the art of fine sewing and the work of amateur artisans of those long ago days could see the beauty of the Battenberg design, because it just might become a lost art.

In a trip along the Mediterranean coast from Genoa in Italy enroute to Nice in France I visited Monaco and Monte Carlo (as all tourists in that neighborhood do) and I was delighted with the beauty of the mountains sweeping down into the lovely Mediterranean and the grandeur of the villas on the terraced mountainsides. Great wealth there where the international set holds forth and money is king - so I feel sorry for the lovely young woman whose wedding was the talk-of-the-town last week. In my opinion it wasn't the fairy tale come true and I hope that the strong principles ingrained in her from her Irish ancestors will help her to make this marriage a happy one, because all of us like a happy ending.

I quite agree with the following article from the *Brandon Sun*, and I quote: "How often have you heard people say 'What a shame, and she never had a chance to use her education.' In so many instances the suggestion is advanced that because girls seldom make extended use of their education to earn a living - most of them retiring from the ranks of employees in favor of marriage - the money spent on their academic training is wasted. In this day and age, sound educationists do not share this opinion. They have indeed come to recognize the ancient maxim that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. The mother, by common agreement, is potentially the greatest teacher in the child's life. The better she is equipped for her intellectual tasks, the more successful her job in raising the youngster."



May 3, 1956

Never have liked clichés, but "ignorance is bliss" is a perfect fit for me Friday - went off to High School to Dance Recital then strolled to Soda Bar and then down

to Gore Street and then home in time to catch the 11 p.m. news about evening-long tornado warnings.

The four McCurdy girls delighted me with their soft sweet harmony at the Nina Cadieux Dance Recital Friday night. The three singers were Anna, daughter of George Jr.; Janice and Joan, daughters of Ralph; and their accompanist was Margaret, daughter of Alvin. Not only did they entertain with good music but they all looked so sweet in their bouffant formals in blending colors.

Beverly, daughter of Rev. F.C. Bayes and Mrs. Bayes of Harrow, is on the last lap of her first year in the pre-medical course at the University of Toronto. Her room-mate and classmate in the medical course is Anne Cuddy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Fred Cuddy of Whitby, formerly of Amherstburg. Beverly is going to work with Dr. Walter Wren in Harrow this summer, which will give her wider practical experience at the beginning of her course.

This whole district is proud of Miss Gertrude Fortier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fortier, music teacher at both Anderdon and Malden Public Schools, for the results in competition and honors showered on the pupils she had trained at the Music Festival in Windsor. Miss Fortier has wonderful success with her pupils, and the Malden School choir of 69 voices, which she trained, was chosen to sign in the Night of Stars Contest - and according to a friend in attendance, "The children sang like angels."



May 10, 1956

The annual Maple Syrup Festival, a day-long event (April 14) in the village of Vermontville, Michigan, uncovered recipes for syrup cakes, pies, icings, puddings, candies, ice cream toppings, cookies and dark bread. Mrs. L.D. Kelsey offers a recipe, handed down by her grandmother, for maple syrup pie. For gourmets seeking a new taste treat: Beat two eggs, four tablespoons of butter and four tablespoons of flour; add two cups of maple syrup and a half-cup of milk; pour into a nine-inch unbaked pie shell and bake for 10 minutes at 400 degrees, then reduce to 350 degrees and continue until the filling is "set" like custard.

If in the past few summers you have succumbed to the bad habit of going without gloves because you were not wearing a hat, this is the year to turn over a new leaf on both scores. A few days ago I told you that no smart women would go hatless this summer. And if she wears a hat she must wear gloves too. "But gloves are so hot," some of you protest. Not necessarily so. I like the new lightweight suede finish nylon gloves very much. In forearm length - crushed down, of course - they are the smart accompaniment for summer costumes. Or choose white cotton gloves, if you prefer, or the attractive French or Italian crocheted gloves.

Amherstburg friends of Vincent Price were delighted to see him challenge the brilliant jockey who had won \$64,000 on the subject of Art on the \$64,000 challenge on television Sunday night. Even as a little boy, Bink Price, as he was known to his family and friends, loved anything that was beautiful and was not only the avid collector but learned everything about his collections. I remember two collections of his, one semi-precious stones and the other beautiful materials, which he was working on years ago. As he said Sunday night, he became interested in Art when he was nine and now has a collection of 500 pieces. His interest in this subject is so great that he's challenging the winner of that popular program with his knowledge of Art. I found him very natural on Sunday night and a bit nervous, even as you and I would be. In this program he has no director, nor a press agent, and he'll just be himself answering from his great fund of knowledge of Art and I'm sure we'll all be interested in seeing how he makes out. He's not a great actor to us now, he's just Bink who's in a real big contest against a real clever man - and he's real clever, too.



May 17, 1956

"No man is an island, entire of itself," and today no island even is an island any more.

Alfred Lidstone, Riverfront Road, Anderdon, had a bed of King Alfred daffodils which because of the backwardness of our season was all the more appreciated Friday night; a car drove in their joint driveway - and before anyone realized there was mischief aboard, the bed of daffodils was stripped and the car was gone.

There is quite a difference between pieced and patched quilts and people in discussing this phase of needlework confuse the two. A pieced quilt is made of many pieces of different materials stitched together to form one big piece. The large cover is then quilted. A patched quilt or a patchwork quilt is made quite differently. A large piece of cloth is appliquéd with small pieces of material. The large background piece and the smaller appliquéd areas are then quilted together.

Chinese women Saturday rushed to buy new spring dresses after encouragement from the Communist Government to shed their customary blue tunics and trousers for gay, bright wear. The occasion was the country's big May Day celebrations on Tuesday. New stores with more than 2000 different styles for sale opened Saturday. Expert tailors from Shanghai were in attendance for 13 hours every day. The tailors and dressmakers worked far into the night to complete the order for the women who wanted to wear the dresses during the celebrations.

Sun Parlor Playhouse, a 500-seat, air-conditioned theatre located in Leamington, will ring up its curtain for the first time June 20 with the moving and comical "Mr. Roberts." The new company is headed by Errol Fortin as producer, Norman Cohen as associate producer and Larry Johnson as technical director. Among the stock players are such veterans as George Scott, Elaine Hyman, Robert Bryson, Bertha Forman, Frank Nastasi and Nan Susac. Dramatic hits presented throughout the season will include "The Tender Trap," "The Seven Year Itch," "Night Must Fall," "The Male Animal," "The Solid Gold Cadillac," "Harvey," "Born Yesterday" and "The Drunkard." Performances will be offered Wednesday through Saturday evening and on Sunday afternoon.

Who remembers "Joey," the genial parrot who lived in a big cage under the maple tree at 209 Alma Street. Joey accompanied Miss Ethel Alexander from British Honduras when she came for furlough in 1929, and for six years he was a great family and neighborhood pet, greeting all passersby and laughing and chatting with the many who stopped to admire his beautiful plumage. When the neighbor's children were being spanked, Joey cried pitifully, then when all stopped spanking and crying to laugh at him, he laughed



more heartily than they. At garden plowing time Joey was very aggravating, calling "whoa" at the wrong places, with the horses obeying him as readily as they did their masters. When Joey died in 1935 a Windsor taxidermist did a wonderful job mummifying and mounting him. He was recently cleaned and furbished by taxidermist Edward Belton, Riverfront Road, Anderdon. Old admirers will be pleased to know that Joey now has the honour of being a "Museum Piece" in the Fort Malden Museum residence, upstairs with the owl.



May 24, 1956

For the first time this spring I, along with others in business or shopping bent, were out in cottons without coat or sweater Tuesday. Thankful are we for the taste of warmth out of doors.

English bank managers were cool to the recent suggestion that women could just as ably fill their posts. Said one: "Managers have to carry important keys - a woman might leave them in her handbag on a bus."

Spank! Spank! - Last Thursday the St. John Ambulance Corps in co-operation with the fire brigade had a lecture at the town hall to lecture and demonstrate artificial respiration and one person showed up - and we live along a treacherous swift, deep river.

A sweet true story - Friend's daughter, a young nurse, is about to be married to her all-time beau. Her mother, in telling us of the coming wedding, said that the night the young man gave her daughter her ring they were at a dance near Toronto. After the dance he drove to Maple and in that town walked her to a certain streetlight on a particular corner, stopped under the light and gave her her ring because he fell in love with her 10 years ago and kissed her for the first time under that very light.



May 31, 1956

Went to a clever variety show at the General Amherst High School Monday night put on by the Sigma Beta Phi sorority, and besides act after act of comedy, dancing and singing all put on by local artists, I found two clever young people whose talent is much better than good. They were Jeanette Sunderland, who has a flair for smart comedy, and Ronald Reaume, whose impersonations astounded me.

I'm a bird-watcher, that is, hugging up to a hangers-on of that closely knit club of persons interested in birds and their doings. And I really have a choice spot for my watching activities - in my kitchen looking northeast behind the garage. I even saw bluebirds (not blue jays) resting on our cherry tree motel this spring. Across the moat high on the mound is the beautiful round-topped linden tree and I've been watching there for scarlet tanagers (not cardinals) to perch high in the tree, as they have in other springs.

Incongruous things are going on this year - at the time of writing Monday, our furnace is still on and Bob-Lo is geared for opening. Three weeks ago I was about to tell you readers that Spring was flowing north from the Carolinas slowly this year (but I just never got that Con Piece done), then came the tornadoes and the heat on Mother's Day and Spring didn't flow in, it poured in and everything grew; but the dampness and the chill has hung around - too long.



June 7, 1956

Elizabeth Browning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L.D. Browning and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gorrey of Bob-Lo, had the honor of breaking a bottle of champagne Sunday afternoon across the bow of the freighter *Michael G. Browning*. The ship is named for her elder brother Michael. Wayne Steamship Co. purchased the freighter *Michael G. Gallagher* from Midland Steamship Co. and renamed her for the lad. The Browning children are well-known in Amherstburg, as they lived formerly with their parents and grandparents for 18 months or so in the McGregor house, Dalhousie Street.

So far this year the "what is so rare as a day in June" talk doesn't apply. Most of us got along this year without the fun of sitting outside on a balmy Spring night watching the Spring sky, swimming and picnicking on the 24th of May, April housecleaning, wearing a sundress to catch the early April infrared rays that are so beneficial and many other nice things one usually does in Spring. But this year spring was in such a peculiar mood, such capers did she cut up, that I feel sorry for the farmers and the men who sell clothing, furniture, cars, etc. etc. - for in Spring our enthusiasm for new things usually knows no bounds; but this year most of us are up until Monday making our "fall" things do.

After Dr. Joseph F. Leddy, Dean of Arts and Sciences of the University of Saskatchewan, had been honored with the Doctor of Laws degree at the fifth Assumption University convocation Saturday, he gave the convocation address. Turning to the graduates, he said that a university education brought with it a three-fold obligation: the need to be well-informed, to accept responsibility and to offer leadership. Citing poll results that showed high school graduates and college-trained men had, in an alarming percentage, revealed that they had not read a single book in the past year, Dean Leddy said, "I do not think that a similar enquiry in Canada would reveal very different results." He warned that a failure to read means a neglect of new ideas and reveals self-satisfaction "which is the last stage before intellectual stagnation." He considered lack of reading a sort of voluntary brain-washing which could wipe the mind as clean as the actual brain-washing practised by Communists.



June 14, 1956

At long last a sunny summer Sunday - and enjoyment knew no bounds, from the sounds of fun from the park and the river - most appreciated by young and old.

A real flower show American Beauty peony delighted us Thursday and Friday. Miss Margaret Hackett picked it from a plant in her yard which was planted by Tilly Fisher, daughter of Dr. Fisher, when they lived there over 50 years ago before the

Hacketts bought the property.⁴

This columnist is pleased with the growing popularity of Mrs. Richard Thrasher as a commentator at county fashion shows. On Saturday night she's to discuss fashions at another I.O.D.E. show in Windsor. Evidently Mrs. Thrasher is getting her ability and personality known in I.O.D.E. circles, which might be the springboard to a career for her.

What was hitherto a prediction of things to come, after Sunday became an actuality in our little world. Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Amerine and their two children flew from Modesto, California, in their own plane, which they have berthed at Walker Airport, to spend three weeks in Amherstburg with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cavan. Mr. Amerine was a pilot in World War II and Mrs. Amerine got her pilot's license recently.



June 21, 1956

Saw a bouquet of American Beauty pink and white peonies in a graceful copper container over the weekend that reminded me of the colors in the west at sunset time in the 90 degrees heat last Wednesday.

Recently I was asked by the mother of the bridegroom what I thought about a black dress for the wedding. I said that to my taste any color except red or black looks well in a receiving line at a wedding, but I prefer a delicate or neutral shade for the mothers on their children's big day.

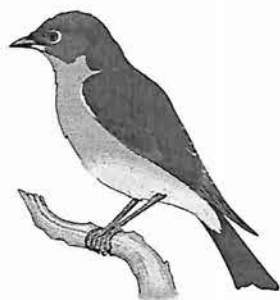
I was interested in what a Detroit church is doing to create a friendly feeling among its members and to make the newcomers to the parish feel at home and get acquainted. After the morning service the whole congregation gets together in the assembly room



⁴ This is the house at the southeast corner of Dalhousie and North Streets.

for coffee or fruit juice and a short social time.

I've more than a dash of sentiment in my makeup, so when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin's daughter Mrs. Archie Affleck told me about two pieces of cut glass they had used June 6th, when her parents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary, I was happy that sentiment had its place in their anniversary. The cut glass bowl which held the gold roses on the tea table was given to Mrs. Martin for a wedding present and the cut glass tray on which the anniversary napkins were placed had been given to her mother, Mrs. Arthur Wright of Colchester South, on her wedding day.



I've watched but evidently missed the scarlet tanagers during the migratory period this year. Last week when the heat wave struck I had hopes because over the weekend I read that the New York Zoological Society suggested that New Yorkers feed breadcrumbs and raisins to starving birds which were making an unexpected Spring stopover in that big city. The society identified the birds as scarlet tanagers which had halted their migratory flight north because the late Spring has retarded the development of their insect food supply.



June 28, 1956

Certainly was more disappointed than ever about missing the tanager and bluebird during their late migration, when I found that Mrs. John Bates has seen both - and right in our neighbourhood.

I agree with the *Detroit Free Press* writer who said recently, and I quote - "The man who justifies an act by saying 'I'm not hurting anyone but myself' fails to realize that if each man hurt himself society would disintegrate."

What is the official name for our holiday Monday? Is it Dominion Day or Canada Day? Well, the act provides: "Throughout Canada in each and every year, the first day of July, not being a Sunday, shall be a legal holiday, and shall be kept and observed as such, under the name of Dominion Day." When the first of July is

a Sunday, the holiday is observed throughout Canada on July 2. In 1954 a government spokesman stated that during the past few years it had become more and more the practice to drop the word "Dominion" and use "Canada" instead. The Dominion Day Act has not been officially amended, however. There has been no announcement to date that a celebration similar to the one sponsored in 1955 by the Better Citizens Committee will be held. I, H.M., prefer to say the gnarled poplar on the moat, which I see from my kitchen window, was planted Confederation Day, July 1, 1867.



July 5, 1956

A delightful sweet clover scent hung in the air for several miles between Harrow and Amherstburg (Pike-way) Tuesday.

Eliza's Cabin - that place of mystery and story of my youth - got too old and too broken down to stand up so it just fell down recently. Too bad that a reconstruction job couldn't have been done on this romantic old spot which was considered one of the ends of the Underground Railway freedom for slaves escaping from the South.

A poor memory is no reflection on your intelligence. You can have a low I.Q. and a wonderful memory; or you can have the intellect of an Einstein and not be able to remember your own telephone number. When you're trying to recall something, to concentrate on remembering actually retards the memory process, according to mental health authorities. Just relax as completely as possible and it will come clearly to mind. Relaxation has a stimulating effect on the memory centres of the brain. If you want to memorize anything, the best time is in the evening just before bedtime. You'll remember it 30 percent more effectively. Sleep gives the memory impressions hours of time to crystalize and "settle," undisturbed by new, unrelated thoughts and experiences.

One hundred years ago this year there was published the first book of verse of the first poet of any note to be associated with Ontario. This was Charles Sangster and his book was "The St. Lawrence and Saguenay, and Other Poems." (A.W.M. had a copy of this collection). Born into a poor family at the Navy Yard, Kingston,

in 1822, Sangster had a hard life in childhood and youth. By the age of fifteen he was earning his own living making cartridges at Fort Henry. After this he took one job after another, enjoying none of them, until he ended this first stage of his career by becoming a newspaper man right here in Amherstburg for a time. Following Confederation he entered the civil service and also became a kind of unofficial Poet Laureate. He was often asked to produce poems in connection with such public affairs as the erection of the Brock Monument at Queenston Heights. He died in Ottawa in 1893, leaving behind him a number of attractive poems on the joys of simple life and the scenery of the Lake Regions of Ontario.



July 12, 1956

'Twas a late September night we had here in the Sun Parlor of Canada on Monday. The wind whistled and made the leaves turn over and glisten in the sunset as they do in the Fall, except that July 9th they held on tenaciously. The Madonna lilies bowed and bowed and bowed in their dignified way but the shasta daisies in friend G.E.W.'s garden actually did the polka. The river was a muddy color and there were no freighters for a long time before the blue hour because of the steel strike and, to add the last straw touch, the house was cold.

E.T.C. (Mrs. Sidney Cosens of West Lorne), a former Colchester South friend of many in the Harrow district and *Echo* friend, believe me, wrote the following note to H.M. after the Dominion Day weekend - a compliment for Amherstburg is a compliment for all of us - so I quote: "My brother-in-law, Philip Cosens of Harrow, drove me to Amherstburg for a few minutes Sunday, the first time I have been there since I drove up The Pike on a dirt road with Old Rube and the buggy. The old town is perfectly lovely and I could write a book on the museum and its beautiful grounds. You lucky people."

Amherstburg was 160 years old Wednesday. It was on July 11, 1796 that the British evacuated Detroit, came down river to this Detroit river-mouth site and Amherstburg was founded. We have a wonderful heritage here in Canada and in Amherstburg, for that matter, which has been won for us at a great human expense - but we could lose the significance of our heritage if we don't place more importance

on what is left of old Amherstburg and our national holidays. In our smugness we criticize "the flag-waving Americans," but after the thoughtless, sad show in Amherstburg on Dominion Day when only one Union Jack was in evidence on Dalhousie Street North, I feel that Canada and Amherstburg could well cut out the criticism and import some of our American neighbors' enthusiasm and pride in their land. Why not flaunt our age - 160 years old - as a good old age in this new land - we let our birthday go by unnoticed, just as many did Canada's.



July 19, 1956

Women stuff - talking pro and con on crinolines and shorts and slacks for older women, I feel that age means nothing, but figure, oh yes!!

The first-quarter moon Friday night, hanging low in the black starless western sky, looked like a stage setting made by children without much imagination. The orange moon and its thin shadow slicing the river gave the only color.

After our upside-down summer weather, when a blanket was needed at 4 a.m. Saturday morning, I chuckled over this summer fashion note from Nottingham, England, and we quote: "A draper, unable to sell swimsuits and other summer wear during a recent cold spell, re-stocked with winter woolies. 'Trade,' he said, 'picked up wonderfully.'"

Amherstburg is not a garden party town, and they really are good fun, too. The *Arthur Enterprise-News*, commenting on the Garden Party season in its district, said: "The garden party season is drawing to a close. For the organization sponsoring them they are a paying proposition, although a lot of labor is involved. For the community generally, these annual events rank high as social get-togethers. A large amount of food is consumed at such an event. At a garden party at Glen Allen recently, at which over 1000 tickets were sold, 18 crates of berries, over 125 cakes, 140 pounds of cooked ham and dozens of tarts were consumed by the hungry crowd.



July 26, 1956

Amherstburg's Mrs. Richard Thrasher will commentate five fashion shows at the Leamington Fair this year - nice publicity for her ability to speak and think on her feet and a compliment to Amherstburg that she was asked to do the job.

Among the V.I.P's (Very Important Persons) in Amherstburg this summer whose names should be on the Roll of Honor were the men and women who gave of their time and capabilities to run the day camps and the very fine R.L.D.S. Daily Vacation Bible School.

While we are marking time between the end of Summer and the beginning of Fall, let's peel into fashion's crystal ball and see what lies ahead. A "Beautiful Lady" emerges - looking almost as if she had stepped off the stage of "My Fair Lady," the wonderful new musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" (which is causing such a furore in New York at the moment). It's a very feminine, very pretty, very luxurious look and I know every woman will love it. Our fashions have been ultra smart for the last two years - now we have a chance to look pretty as well!



August 9, 1956

After the stormy Sunday the pink mist over the river at sundown was beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Goebel (Margaret Callam) of Grand Rapids will be interviewed by Arlene Francis on N.B.C. TV September fourth.

Velvet fashions and velvet touches on clothes and hats are top predictions for Fall - and I, for one, feel that, for instance, a tailored suit is brought right into the glamour class with a velvet collar - also the basic tweed coat - so I'm all for more and more velvet.

Meteor showers are about due for their annual night sky display, according to John Patterson, director of the Hayden Planetarium at Boston's Museum of Science. This year's show is expected to be especially attractive after midnight of August 12,

Mr. Patterson says, since the moon will have set, thus providing a better "stage" for the incandescent particles of cosmic dust. August 12 is the maximum of such activity, the date the earth passes through the orbit of the Tuttle's Comet, which was last seen in 1862.

Startling as the new wide-at-the-sides hairdo may seem to you at first sight, my advice is to take a good hard second look at it and see how it may be adapted for your own use. I, for one, like this new hairdo very much. For make no mistake about it, that new wide look is arriving at a fast and furious pace. It doesn't have to be as wide as the extreme versions one sees in the newspapers and fashion magazines. But the short page-boy hairdo with a little width at the sides is always becoming to most women and essentially this is what a modified version of this new hairdo is. It's worth trying because it looks so well under the new wide hats.



August 16, 1956

It is no longer necessary to find a "sitter" for your plants when you go away for a holiday. All you need is a polythene bag. This will keep the plant sufficiently moist for as long two weeks. Water the plant thoroughly, then slip the bottom into the polythene bag, tying the top of it around the stem of the plant. This leaves the flowers and leaves free to breathe while the polythene bag hold moisture in the soil.

There's good news out of Britain for women who like to wear linen, one of the oldest natural fabrics known. (I, for one, like linen - my grey nubby tailored linen is for all year round wear but the back does get corrugated). A Manchester firm, Total Broadhurst Lee Co. Ltd., claims that it has found a new process to make linen so crease-resisting that it needs little or no ironing after washing! This wrinkle-proof development is the result of six years' research by a group of British scientists. The first bolts of the treated linen will come to America to be available in stores this Fall and in Winter resort collections. It is expected to be available in Britain and Europe next Spring.

One of Canada's best-known poets, E.J. Pratt, is connected with Amherstburg two ways, by marriage to Viola M. Whitney, a high school teacher here in World

War I days, and by his friendship to the Trimble family. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt live in Toronto.



August 23, 1956

Mrs. J.G. Turnbull called in some advice to homemakers who are using Crown-type jars for canning. It seems that many women are running into spoilage because they are not checking the dates on the bottom of the jars and using new lids on old jars. Her advice is - check dates and if before 1944 use old lids and after the new. Never put new lid on before '44 jars and vice versa.

Speaking of signatures, I agree with Miss Vanderbilt that although, for instance, "Doris Catherine Smith" is often requested for legal documents (given names plus husband's name), "Doris Jones Smith" is very much more identifiable, especially when the given names are quite common and the last name is, too. There could be, of course, many, many, Doris Catherine Smiths but few Doris Jones Smiths - that's why in my work here I so often use the two family names with the given name because the person is identified immediately.

Business women my age are warned about dating yourself, by never saying, "I remember when" or commenting on (even in fun), "I used to wear stockings in swimming," or being nostalgic over the song "Whispering" - I certainly laughed at myself Wednesday night, however, as I put myself so neatly in the old fogey list when I said, "Central" to the voice answering the dialing of O - and voice queried, "Central?? Madam, this is the operator." That voice never even heard of a "central" in connection with telephones.

The enthusiasm of the volunteer workers in the St. John Ambulance Corps, in the work of the corps, is a wonderful thing for Amherstburg. Fred Risk and Mrs. James Coyle are sparking the corps here and are anxious to get 100 persons, at least, registered in First Aid Courses so that they in turn can fill in and give medical assistance and first aid in case of any emergency in the community or in the home. This week two registration dates are announced - Tuesday, August 28 and Thursday, August 30. Registrations of men and women will be taken those evenings at the

Town Hall, Sandwich Street, from 8 to 10 p.m. Everyone who takes this course will benefit from it and if a need arises will be able to help intelligently.



August 30, 1956

Arlene Francis, who is considered the top woman panelist and M.C. on TV, is to interview Mr. and Mrs. Paul Goebel of Grand Rapids next Tuesday morning on N.B.C. Mrs. Goebel is an Amherstburg native, being Margaret, daughter of the late Captain A.C. Callam.

Top off your sweater collection this season with a new evening sweater. For real luxury my first choice is the three-quarter-sleeved black, cut low at the neck. The new 1956 glamour sweater is cut low enough to be dressy, yet it covers the tops of your shoulders.

This the best time of my year - when all my energies are charging and I even feel I could take a few night classes. I love the nip in the air, the fall colors commencing round about in field and fruit and vegetables - I love the smells and the catalogues and the flood of new ideas that tick for recognition within me - nothing seems hard and everything's interesting and nothing's sad.

Miss Frances Simon brought in several copies of the *Ladies' Home Journal* published in 1900 and 1901, which we women here at the office found most interesting. Howard Chandler Christy was the front cover illustrator and among the articles was a full page one on Conservation and Good Form in Public Places, which I'd like to reproduce in full if it were possible. The format of the page of music, "Golden Poppies Waltz," seemed to ring a familiar bell, for I'm sure that that same idea must have been carried out later, because I know I've seen the faces in the poppy border and think friend Flora and I used to play pieces from the *Journal*. Then there is an article on "An entire house on a single floor" which was in 1900 a revolutionary idea, to say the least. A page, "A new idea with pressed flowers," reminded me of pressed flowers we'd had at home that were done by B.M., and the embroidery centrepiece of roses and violets was similar to one of ours, probably from B.M.'s trousseau. The advertising is very, very scanty by comparison with

1956 standards but I like the ads of those advertising companies and products you'd see in the current copy of the same magazine - cream of wheat, Pillsbury, Ivory soap and 1847 Rogers.



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