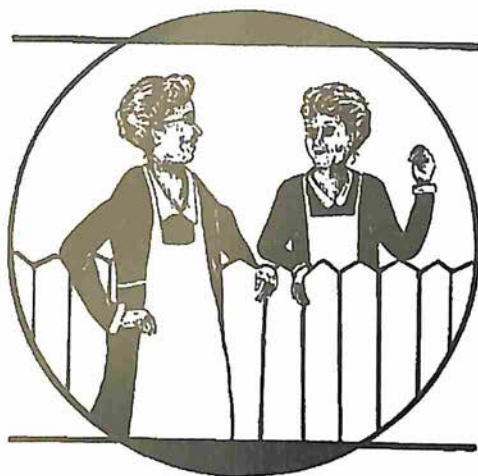




Conversation Pieces

by
Helen Marsh



Vol. IX
September 1956 to December 1958

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Marsh Collection Society
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada





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Conversation Pieces



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

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

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

The name of the page changed from "Of Interest to Women" to "Of Thrilling Interest to Women" to "Of 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 6, 1956

There is second-bloom forsythia on Murray Street.

Well, after all the publicity about Margaret Callam Goebel and Arlene Francis, the date for the interview was changed until October.

Full skirts and petticoats - color splashes and combinations, lovely blouses and belts, all interested me in the high school girls' clothes of 1956 Tuesday. The publicity given Alice Lou of the "Lawrence Welk Show" for her petticoats is overrated - as several of the high school girls I saw could give a story of her pretty petticoats.

Relax, do not nag, and you can be prettier than you think you are. Such is the advice to women from Dr. J.S. van Pelt, president of the British Society of Medical Hypnotism. Beauty is more than skin deep, he contends. If you think right you will look well in more senses than one. Some of his conclusions: "Nagging means begging." "Worry over trifles means wrinkles." "Temper tantrums mean tension - and lines." "Jealousy is a jinx on beauty." "Scandalous clap-trap can mean rat-trap mouths." The skin, Dr. van Pelt declares, mirrors not only health but thoughts.

I agree with the *Kingston Whig-Standard* which says: "We are not sociologists, but we feel sure that this banishing of the dining room has lessened the stature of the family. Whereas it used to meet at table, say grace and sit down to a meal where conversation was general and the pace formal, it now is apt to eat in relays from the edge of the sandwich-bar in the kitchen or jammed into the alcove. A common meeting ground with certain rules covering the meeting was part and parcel of the Victorian family life. The Victorians did it at family prayers, in the evening and over tea as well as at lunch and dinner. And their family life might well be the envy of ours."

The world-famed Edinburgh Festival last Monday hailed Canada's Shakespeare company from Stratford. The players from the Ontario Shakespearean Festival, first Commonwealth drama group from outside Britain to perform there in the 10 years of the Scottish cultural extravaganza, drew cheers and bravos Tuesday night with their performance of "Henry V" and waited the verdict of the critics with

confidence. It was a personal triumph in the title role for Christopher Plummer, the Montreal actor who began carving out a career on Broadway before going back to Canada for the Stratford season. The Canadian group got a special accolade from Robert Ponsonby, the Edinburgh Festival artistic director. "It was marvellous," he said, "our invitation to Stratford to come to Edinburgh has been justified 1000 times."



I read John Hersey's beautiful simple little novel "A Single Pebble" over the weekend. This book tells of a young American engineer who was sent to China to inspect the unruly Yangtze River for possible locations for a great dam. He travels up through the river's fantastic gorges on a junk hauled by 40 or so trackers and is pulled too into the settled ancient way of life of the owner, his wife Su-ling, the cook and the head tracker. Mr. Hersey's descriptions are beautifully done as the interplay of the lives of these river people comes to a tremendous dramatic climax at the awesome, cliff-hemmed depths of Wind-Box Gorge. The whole story tells the unfolding of the young engineer's understanding. I was so impressed with this book that I'd like to read it again out loud and I'd like all the Grade 12 and 13 students to read it and feel the power of the written word. Years ago we used to hear of this Yangtze River from Rev. J.L. Stewart, the missionary uncle of Mrs. Wallace Temple (Flora Hodgman), who travelled the river years and years ago to the Chinese interior. As I read, I wondered about Uncle Jim's courage, thoughts and fears and hopes as he travelled on a junk on this same unruly river on a God-sent mission.



September 13, 1956

The planet Mars, that fiery red ball in the southern sky, was closer to earth over the weekend than it has been since 1924. On Monday night, even though it was cloudy and rainy here, observers were out in full force to see what they could see on Mars because that night Mars was directly on the other side of Earth from the sun. This planet is interesting today because it is the one most like Earth, the only one believed capable of supporting any form of life such as we know. From what many astronomers and scientists think, a trip to Mars is possible in 2000 A.D. - so I won't

begin planning it.

The result of two years' dedicated work was proudly unveiled Friday when Canada's only fragrant garden was officially opened at CNIB's headquarters on Bayview Avenue in Toronto. It is a garden especially designed for the sightless. The scent of flowers and herbs pervaded the grounds during the ceremonies. This testified to the success of the project, the work of the Garden Club of Toronto. Mrs. J.R.M. Wilson of Toronto, chairman of the fragrant garden committee, observed that there were more than 10,000 plants in the garden, all elected for scent, sound and texture. Whispering aspens rustle in the wind; petunias and geraniums abound in the raised beds, their petals ready for the seeing hands of the sightless; such plants as artemisia feel like long-piled rugs; and the scent of thyme, mint and other herbs mingle in the air. The garden has an exercise walk, a sun terrace, benches for sitting and raised beds of flowers. It also has a foundation with a centrepiece of Italian marble designed by Elizabeth Wyn Wood that the water falling over it makes the sound of a waterfall. Mrs. Wilson said 5000 tulips, daffodil and Scallia bulbs will be planted this fall, the gift of the Holland Bulb Association. On hand for the ceremonies was Mrs. F.M. Paxman of the Colchester Horticulture and Rose Society, England, which presented 100 fragrant roses to the garden. Mrs. Paxman compared the garden with one in Colchester. "I must say that you have succeeded admirably," she observed. Fragrant gardens in England and the United States inspired the idea for one in Canada. Every thought has been given to the enjoyment of the garden by the blind. There are signals for hands and ears and feet; the walks change from grass to cement to tile and crushed stone, so the blind can quickly learn to find their way around; names of the plants are printed in braille on metal plates on the raised flower beds.



September 20, 1956

In my opinion one of the eye-catching (mine) arrangements at the flower show was a nicely arranged and proportioned exhibit of lemon-colored marigolds and Irish Bells or Bells of Ireland in a shiny brown crockery patio dish. Mrs. Grant Golden was the exhibitor and it was smart.

Both Mike and Steve Wigle, sons of Mrs. and Mrs. James Wigle (Ruth Bailey) entered very good miniature gardens in the flower show which showed originality and thoughtful detail. Young Steve, who was there with his grandfather, Harry Bailey, Saturday afternoon, was pleased as punch to show me his winner.

"Put an Englishwoman down in any part of the world and she'll have a garden blooming in no time," says Helen Bentwich, chairman of the London County Council. "But if she has to cut flowers and put them in a vase, she doesn't know what to do with them," Mrs. Bentwich added.

Women job-holders will be interested in this report from Associated Press writer Hal Boyle: In 1940 the feminine workforce averaged 32 years of age. Today the figure is 39. That's all he said about the fact that the American working girl is growing older. With the average at 39, it stands to reason that many employed women are above that age. Indeed, the workforce must include a great many over 40 to counterbalance the very large number of young girls who work only briefly, then devote full time to their homes and growing families. The new average should help wipe out any lingering tendency to consider women superannuated after their 40th birthday. - *Miami (Fla.) Herald*.



September 27, 1956

Beautiful strong-colored tuberose begonia heads floated in a copper bowl brought the season's lovely colors into our living room over the weekend.

This is the Professional Women's Week and the following letter from Premier Leslie M. Frost of Ontario tells of the importance of women in all fields - quote: In Canada today there are 1,325,000 women gainfully employed in commercial and industrial activities. To acknowledge their great contribution to our country in enriching the fabric of our economy and social life, the week of September 23rd to 29th has been set aside as Business Women's Week. It is quite fitting that we congratulate our women for their success in so many fields of endeavor which until recently were entirely occupied by men. Today women are employed in nearly all the professions and trades, including medicine, engineering, nursing, teaching,

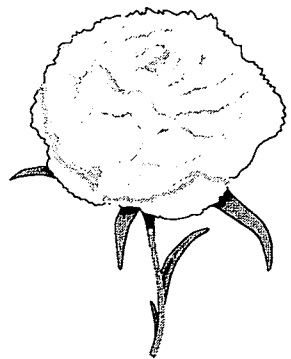
agriculture and research. Indeed there are increasing numbers becoming expert technicians to help to service our tremendous industrial and scientific plants. In the arts and letters the contribution of talented women is particularly noticeable and the standard of excellence is constantly rising. It is a pleasure to join with others in acknowledging the important roles women play in the business and professional life of Canada.



October 4, 1956

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.

Sunday night the sunset had the Midas touch - running all the shades of yellow, gold and burnt orange - beautiful to watch the changes in sky and river.



You don't need to wait for the other person to make the first move toward friendship, once you have met. If you like, extend the first invitation yourself. Real friendliness is usually accepted at its face value.

The carnation has a long history. Two thousand years ago the Greeks cultivated it for its "spice and beauty" and called it Dianthus - the divine flower. Sixteenth century England wove it into chaplets and crowns and called it "coronation." In the United States it became the "carnation."

Sunday I picked up dark treasure - horse chestnuts polished like mahogany, under the very same trees I picked them up in my youth - and, as I did then, put them in my pocket and delighted in their satiny polish as I walked in the golden sunshine which made glory all about.

Last Wednesday morning W.S. Woof walked in the office and said that Tuesday at that time he was standing in front of Buckingham Palace in London, England, watching the Changing of the Guard. He told that this trip he flew home on an

English plane which took him over Niagara Falls and Amherstburg early that morning.

Well - that play, "My Fair Lady" (an adaption of George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion"), which is taking New York by storm, is doing something to the modern woman in the line of colors for clothes. First pink (that lovely color) is smart for fall and winter - now. New York designers say, mauve and taupe, the colors the Edwardian women wore to accent their fragile beauty, are for us.



October 11, 1956

The colors in nature over the Thanksgiving weekend were spectacular and rewarding.

The Knapp's Island stretch along Highway 18 is accented for fair by the glorious border of a riot of fall flowers at Orval Dube's home.

"Wear a pale face and be in style," heads the fall *Glamour Clinic* article - more "My Fair Lady" ideas, I thought - and those of us who aren't pale but gray without help of box from the drugstore will still have to be disgustingly healthy.

Imagine!! Beautiful pastels of sweet peas on October 9th, grown in Mrs. Fred Thomas' garden in Malden and now being enjoyed by B.M. The blend of summer colors in the sweet peas with the autumn colors through our west window is harmonious to my sense of color.



October 18, 1956

No Glass Houses - Everything you reprove in another, you must carefully avoid in yourself. - Cicero.

A bit of paint and a little thought with exterior improvements did wonders to

the Christ Church rectory. In the golden afternoon Sunday, I delighted with the beauty of that old house from the street. The grey paint with its white trim has also done a wonderful "face-lifting job" to the waterworks house. I've looked at that house all my life and until now I hadn't noticed the nice lines of the front window.

A feature story accompanied an excellent picture of Mrs. Will Lukes at her easel, in Sunday's *Detroit News*. Mrs. Lukes is the sister-in-law of Fred Lukes and Mrs. H.A.L. Honor. Her husband, who was a printer before retirement, was a *Echo* employee at one time. The family lives in Detroit. The article on Mrs. Lukes was headed "Housework - Tired Woman, 77, takes up Paint Brushes." It was a good interview with a busy 77-year-old woman and starts out, "You'll never catch 77-year-old Mrs. William Lukes whiling away the hours in a rocking chair dreaming about the past. Instead she'll be tugging her easel around the house - squinting into the autumn sunshine and finally setting herself in the dining room to put the finishing strokes on an oil painting. She took a correspondence course in art and now wishes she had started sooner. Mrs. Lukes calls her painting 'the best companionship in the world' and says it makes her feel 'so relaxed and relieved.'"



October 25, 1956

The carnation has risen tremendously in popularity since the turn of the century, when it was primarily a funeral flower because of its strong aroma. The odor was cut down and now the carnation is just as appropriate for a new baby or a bride as for a funeral. It is the symbol of Mother's Day and, dyed green, is fast catching on as a St. Patrick's Day flower. The biggest sales of carnations are for Christmas and Mother's Day, followed by St. Patrick's Day.

I agree so heartily with a woman reporter in Washington, Iowa, who said, "With the tang of burning leaves in the air and a full moon in the sky, I've been wondering why bonfire parties are completely out-of-date for the teenagers. Won't they ever blend their youthful voices to the strains of 'Harvest Moon' or 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart' while sitting in the firelight? Won't they ever know the gorgeous smoke-drenched smell that lingers in their clothes and is mingled with their thoughts the next day? I know the answerthey will never know about this fall-

time magic becausewell, maybe it would seem dull compared to speeding in a modern automobile but I still wish they knew."



November 1, 1956

Blue skies, golden weather, wonderful smells and sounds, especially the crunch of leaves, have made two perfect months for we Banana Belters.

Vincent Price, the gentleman, wouldn't win the \$64,000 challenge and so didn't best his old friend and mentor Edward G. Robinson on Sunday night. And in my opinion he did a masterful job of not answering the simplest of all the questions - a perfect gentleman and scholar.

Many years ago Joubert, the French writer scholar, observed, "Children need models more than they need critics." - So I, along with others, feel that when youth today turns to false heroes, the fault is ours - the current Elvis Presley craze, for instance, was helped snowball by you and by me, figuratively speaking.

Many children in Italy call a cow "UNICEF" because they never tasted milk before UNICEF came to their country. By the same token, many children in Brazil think that the U.S. word for truck is UNICEF, and in the hills of Galilee one little boy said: "My father says in heaven there is God - here there is UNICEF." The letters UNICEF stand for the United Nations International Children's Emergency Fund, the world's largest intergovernmental organization concerned solely with children. It is not a charity in the ordinary sense because each country receiving UNICEF aid matches it more than dollar for dollar.

Don't worry about your hemlines now, my friends, just because Dior showed six longer dresses just above the ankles, that it's necessary for us to start lengthening or buying new. The longer lengths have been coming for dress-up dresses for over a year, given greater impact by that much quoted here "My Fair Lady" with its beautiful Cecil Beaton clothes. I've seen the photographs and they are lush. People in the know in fashions don't believe that there'll be an electric movement for longer skirts for daytime this season anyway. I, for one, think the longer sheaths and

draped skirts are very becoming and are so (to the wearer) comfortable sitting down - I agree with the English actress Gladys Cooper who thinks a dress or skirt is only as smart as it looks sitting down.



November 8, 1956

It is time that children were steered away from fantasy into more realistic reading, Toronto public libraries director Harry C. Campbell said in London last Wednesday. He told the children's section of the Ontario Library Association that librarians should "equate" books on their shelves with life around them - in other words, to make sure that books being issued to children give a fair and accurate picture of the problems they may expect in their daily lives.

The *Detroit Free Press* tickled my fancy with the following - and we quote: Kindergartens don't ordinarily deal out shipping statistics to their pupils so we'll step into the breach and tip the tots off to an unappetizing piece of news. It's about cod liver oil. Cod liver oil is coming into this part of the country more cheaply by 28 per cent because of our direct ocean commerce with Europe. Chances are that when the St. Lawrence Seaway opens the freight rates will dip still further. We're sure anybody in the cod liver oil consumption age bracket will understand the implications here - and gag.

Arthur Godfrey practically invited himself to the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto, according to a Toronto woman columnist. The U.S. television star, whose name is linked with the big agricultural show at the Coliseum November 9 to 17 and who has been a stimulating factor in the pleasant box office picture, ran into some of the fair executives at the Harrisburg Horse Show some months ago. "Funny thing," he mused to the general manager of our fair, C. S. McKee. "I've been at two of the Big Three Shows on the continent: this one and New York. But I've never seen the Toronto one." When the Canadians returned, Mr. McKee reported Godfrey's interest to the board; it was agreed that an invitation to take part would be a good idea and a telegram was dispatched forthwith and accepted promptly. Even the fair officials are a little amazed at the public response.



November 15, 1956

I like the winter white hats - think they give the right dash of spice to winter clothes and they are becoming to most of us too.

I don't think I ever saw such grandeur and density of color in sky, earth and river as there was right after the rain when the sun burst forth about 5 p.m. last Tuesday. We drove up the river front road to the brine wells and the glory of the late afternoon, complete with a rainbow, made for a November 6th which should be recorded in the "I remember when" list.

Last week we had an incongruous assortment of floral arrangements in our living room for the time of the year, a delightful bunch of American beauty and pink cosmos, bittersweet in all its autumnal beauty and a few dandelions. Spring, summer and fall blooms, as we think of them. On November 1, I was still walking to work without a coat, so strange things are possible in the world of growing things.

I'm actually lonely at the *Echo* office since Monday the 29th when the new post office was open for business. The street in front of our building is deserted and I miss seeing and chatting with friends when they came for their mail. Even if I didn't talk, I saw people going in and out of the P.O. and often gave a friendly tap on the window. I never realized what a difference three-quarters of a block away around the corner could make.

A smart visitor from France commenting on the many shirtwaist dresses she saw everywhere in America said, "Why do so many American women wear shirtwaist dresses? It looks like a uniform." A Toronto fashion editor answered her, "Because they like them. And always have." I, for one, like them very much and have seen them in *Vogue* and *Harper's* this fall in stunning new prints, satin or brocade or even soft pleated skirt chiffon - just right for the coming holiday season.



November 22, 1956

The colored ads which are coming to the fore in our metropolitan dailies are the last word, in my books. They, I understand from a newspaper man who is vitally interested in this new process for newspaper work, are supposed to be six times more effective than the black and white ads. This, of course, is specialized work but will no doubt become practical for most of us. I hope I see that day.

The beautiful fall this year is a conversation-starter in almost any group. As I went home at three Monday afternoon in the warm fall sunshine, hatless and with coat flying, I thought of fall, the time of defiance and sudden things, and there in front of me was an example, a bright-eyed calendula snug in some grasses on the south side of the house - defying the calendar.

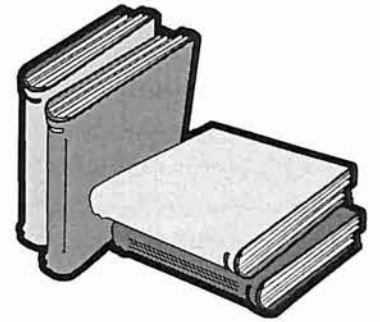
The following was the news report of the laying of memorial wreaths at the cenotaph in Ottawa on Remembrance Day. I quote: "Governor-General Massey stepped forward to place the first wreath at the foot of the Memorial. Then he stood before it, his head bowed, for several seconds. The second wreath was placed by Mrs. A.T. Reynolds of Chatham, formerly of Amherstburg, for the motherhood of Canada. She lost three airmen sons, aged 20, 22, 24, during the second World War and two of them have no known graves. Mrs. Reynolds walked resolutely forward, placed the wreath, and then stood looking straight at the Memorial for several moments before being escorted by a Legion member back to her place between Mr. Massey and Capt. David L. Burgess, M.C., president of the Canadian Legion. The other two official wreaths were placed by Acting Prime Minister Howe and Mr. Burgess. The bands played 'O God Our Help in Ages Past'. The bugler sounded 'Reveille' and the bands played 'God Save the Queen'."

One of those flukes in the newspaper business happened last week when three timely bits were left out of the paper, so I thought even though late we'd put them in - as for the Young Canada Book Week tip to parents, there's still plenty of time to get to the library.

I found out last Saturday that a quiet beach on a sunshiny November early afternoon is by no means lonely. The river and shore were serene. I felt the natural contemplativeness of the autumn river view from Dr. Hutchinson's beach, certainly

not the same restless, gay thoughts I got from the same spot on a blue and white August day.

Young Canada Book Week starts today at the public library. I'd suggest that parents accompany their children to the library to see the trend in reading for the modern children. Parents can do a lot to help ensure a good reading foundation, which to my mind is insurance for the child and later for the adult he grows into. A good reader is always at ease with himself (which I consider important) and in any group. Parents can say, "Get yourself a card at the library," but I think if they go along and show particular interest in the new books and in the buying of that important card, the child's interest will be deeper.



Well, the years spin by, faster and faster as I grow older and older, all which leads up to the *Echo's* 82nd birthday on Monday. We've come a long way from the old flatbed press, handwritten copy, hand-set days, but we still have some of the old friends of those first days, as occasionally we have the same names in the news, different generations of course and same names in some of ads and same subscribers; for instance, Thomas E. Wright and Gore Richardson, who say to us, "I've read the *Echo* all my life." I like to tie up old associations and experiences with the new, for, you know, I've a sentimental soul.



November 29, 1956

Mrs. Oscar Lonsberry, Colchester South, saw a dove in the snow around her home Monday.

The sequel to the calendula story of last week. When the temperature was dropping Wednesday and the wind was gaining more and more speed and snow was predicted, I picked the brave little calendula because it had given me so much joy with his hardiness that I didn't want to insult it with frost. At the time of writing Monday afternoon, the calendula is as fresh as can be in a wee vase in our living

room.

Mrs. E.J. Northwood (Carol Ferriss), whose home is in Trinidad, sent her mother, Mrs. Harry Ferriss in Harrow, some exquisite Siamese jewelry. One set is sterling etched with black and the other set, earrings and pin, is made of three kinds of solid gold. Both outfits are lively and in perfect taste. Then, too, Carol sent her mother two lovely handwoven Mantillas, I suppose you call them (which look like saris to me). Women wear them over their heads to church in that hot country. They were diaphanous and delicate and will make stoles, the envy of all of us.



December 6, 1956

A week or so ago, I suggested parents and children visit the library together. Last week I found out that the Hamilton Public Libraries System has a book plate which reads, "Make Saturday Family Day at the Library."

The sunrise Monday morning was a grand sight, preparing us, I guess, for the balmy "Spring" day. Definite layers of yellow, red and dark blue gave a modernistic effect, because it's not often I see straight lines in the sky. Then all of a sudden the strips disintegrated, the blue sky-bowl opened up and pink was splashed high, low and all over the southeast sky.

I'm so old-fashioned that I want to be able to buy clothes for the season in the season; in fact, I don't know what I want until the season arrives. Thursday the 22nd I went downtown for a lined cashmere skirt but found my size had been sold, so said, "Order one for me." - "Can't," said Mr. Swarz, "that line's all finished, the company's making Bermuda shorts, etc. now."

The Christmas Season of 1956 was ushered in by the Ladies of Rotary with a delightful, beautifully appointed party at the Tea Garden Monday evening. Christmas greens, candles, red stockings and gold, silver, red, green iridescent balls all arranged in perfect taste put 50 Rotary Ladies and the friends of the Rotary who helped at the Rummage Sales in a splendid happy mood - early too - to get ready for the wonderful Christmas season.

We're all getting younger! A physiologist at the University of California has announced that people in our middle years now are physiologically four years younger than our fathers and grandfathers at the dawn of the 20th century. He said that five to 20 years have been added to the active, productive early middle age of all of us. - Sweet man!! Man is growing younger, says the physiologist, because he is healthier, the body's internal chemical processes do not age as rapidly as in the past, since they are freer from infectious diseases and injury.

Cadillac wasn't the first owner of Grosse Île, as many have thought. He appreciated the beauty of the island, however, so much that he granted ownership to his daughter, Magdaline, under his authority as commandant of Detroit. But his enemies at the French court caused King Louis XIV to cancel all land grants he had made and this was one of them. Grosse Île remained the property of the Indians until July 6, 1776, when William and Alexander Macomb, Detroit merchants, caused 18 chief of the Potawatomie nation to sign a deed giving the island to them in exchange for some money, blankets and tobacco. This original deed is in possession of the Detroit Public Library.

Mrs. Luke Ouellette and I were talking about the fabulous Coste family Monday morning. She said that Mr. and Mrs. N. Coste (Matilda Robidoux) left Malden when their children were small for England, where Mr. Coste studied engineering. Later he went to Egypt to help with the building of the Suez Canal. There his son, Maurice (now of Philadelphia), whom we know here in Amherstburg because of his occasional visits, was born. But that Coste history is not my story. Mrs. Ouellette said that the Costes had one daughter, Anna, who was a girlfriend of her mother, Olive L'Heureux. After Anna was settled in England she, lonely for her friend here, wrote Olive for some of her blond hair to make a hair bracelet, and in return Anna sent Mrs. Ouellette's mother a hair bracelet made of her own dark hair as a keepsake. This hair bracelet - which work is a lost art, I think - is still in the possession of Mrs. Ouellette. Anna Coste and her friend Olive L'Heureux never saw one another again, as Anna died in England.



December 13, 1956

A temperature of 62 degrees last Thursday, December 6, gave us a real off-beat touch of Spring and Summer. In fact the weather cracked a record for December 6th set in 1884. It was foggy too, morning and evening, and I could imagine I could see spots of green on the park as the caretaker listlessly and indifferently swept up leaves where the ice should be.

The clinging vine mood in colors as well as fabrics will dominate next spring and summer fashion, according to a forecast of the Color Association of the United States. The classic grey or navy spring suit is more apt to find a rival next year in such tones as sand or string beige. Beige, luminous or pale blue, pinks with soft blush or coral overtones and clear flower reds are the strong color trends indicated for the coming season. High fashion designers on both sides of the Atlantic will emphasize purplish tones from pale mauve to ultra violet, and in all types from outdoor sport clothes to ball gowns.

Teenage members of 18 community centres in Winnipeg have scorned the wearing of blue jeans and leather jackets at community centre functions. The rebuke was contained in a 13-point program passed by the teenage council and presented to the Winnipeg community centre youth council, which regulates the operations of the centres. The council is composed of two representatives from each centre. In place of the blue jeans and leather jackets the council authorizes the wearing of skirts and dresses by the girls and slacks and ties by the boys. Those members not dressed in accordance with the new rules are barred from taking part in the council functions. Other regulations, all of which were proposed and passed by teenage members, forbid drinking and smoking at any functions. Any members who break the rules are asked to leave the premises and their membership is cancelled.



December 20, 1956

Poinsettias have an intriguing story. On a day of early winter, Dr. Joe R. Poinsett, with the diplomatic service of the United States in

Mexico, came upon a lonely valley of that land in 1835. As far as he could see the valley seemed to be on fire with plants bearing bracts of brilliantly red. He was fascinated and sent several of the strange new plants to a botanist friend of his in Philadelphia. They created a sensation in botanical circles, were named for Dr. Poinsett and have become one of the decorative symbols for Christmas beloved throughout the Americas.

Well, friends, Elizabeth Arden suggests that to keep fit in mind and body, each of us should walk two miles each day.

Christmas really came to me in a delightful way Saturday night when I saw the Christmas decorations on Woodward Avenue and Washington Boulevard in Detroit.

It's Christmas! Yes, it's Christmas, and if the warm, glowing spirit of sharing with all its sides is given a chance, Christmas would be the same the world around - and that's what we want for Christmas.

Sunday was mild and humid and grey and a pair of doves were poking around our yard and garage with the mistaken idea of nesting. They have acted the same way Spring after Spring, but I've never seen them at Christmas time before.



The introduction of television in Canada was watched with honest alarm. Its effects on home life were already apparent in the United States, says the *Montreal Gazette*. It was believed that television would mean an end to the already fast-disappearing art of conversation; that family routine would be disrupted; and that reading would become the most serious victim of the invasion. In one city, at least, this does not seem to have happened. On November 13, the Toronto Public Library system had its annual check-day. The count showed that there were 187,720 books in circulation on that day, an increase of 6540 over last year and an all-time record high figure in the system's 73-year history.



January 10, 1957

Teachers are trying to add more R's - Rights, Responsibilities and Relationships - to the traditional three in education, T.C. White, director of education for Windsor, told graduates of the Leamington District High School Friday night.

In a Christmas note from Miss Hazel Falls, who lives in Boston now, she wrote: "Last year I had 4 sunflowers in my window box, all had good-sized bloom. The seed was from the Old Fort." (Miss Falls' old home at the end of Dalhousie).

For the first time, I had a father of the bride report a wedding and he did a fine job, too. We both laughed over some details but he evidently is most observant and was also interested in his daughter's wedding details, more than just paying for it. I thoroughly enjoyed the contact and realized that family events, which are usually considered in the women's department, don't need to be catalogued as such.



January 17, 1957

Toronto friend writes, "Saw the British picture, 'The Battle of the River Plate', simply marvelous, don't miss it when it comes to Windsor."

The *Napanee Beaver* in last week's issue says: "You may notice some typographical errors in this paper. They were put there intentionally. This paper tries to print something for everyone and some people are always looking for mistakes."

The *Echo* of 1917 reports wonderful skating on the river - good skating ice way out into the lake, across to Grosse Île and up to the Canard River. I remember those days well when the fearless adventuresome young people of town would think nothing of skating to Grosse Île.

On January 2, Miss Blanche Cook cut an armful of forsythia branches and on Monday, January 14 she called that she had a beautiful bouquet of golden forsythia in full bloom on her dining room table in the almost zero weather, a preview of

things to come delighted her. She also told me that a white hyacinth is in full bloom, delighting her these snowbound days.

It was Nonnie Brown at the Amherstburg Post Office who answered all the letters to Santa Claus which were mailed here this year. She through her kindness (when she was tired because of the rush of Christmas mail) brought a great deal of joy to many children. Evidently Nonnie has been an unsung hero in the Christmas rush - so to you, Alione Brown, thanks for keeping the spirit of Love alive.



Once again I love the four seasons, I like the changes and I loved the beauty of the snow and cold over the weekend. Despite the inconvenience of cold and snow to the householder and motorist, I'm glad to refresh my memory of winter sunrises, winter sunsets, the lights and shadows and sounds from the flashing color on the skaters on the rink. I like that combination of manmade and natural beauty with its background of snow mellowing the park - I seem to need the stimulation of change out of doors and I'm sure my step is livened not only by the crisp cold but by the rhythm of the crunch, crunch, crunch (a sound thrown back from my teens). As for the moon on the snow Monday night - it made a beauty spot out of the mound to the north of our house and the linden tree was a picture.



January 24, 1957

The lavender mist at 5:30 Monday turned the sloppy, dirty, unattractive world into a backdrop for a fairy-tale play. It was lovely.

The National Ballet of Canada is being brought to the Capital Theatre in Windsor, Sunday evening, February 3, by the Christian Culture Series.

Mrs. C.K. MacFetridge in her Christmas card wrote of her eight grandchildren (Mary Jean's 5, Barbara's 2 and Anne's one child) and said, "My grandmother bracelet is getting heavy." I asked friend in a jewelry shop about the charms for a grandmother bracelet (which I hadn't heard of before) and she said that in her shop

they had lovely ones, some with diamonds in them.

I've had wonderful success with holding over our Christmas flowers this year. At the time of writing (Monday) - a pre-Christmas white poinsettia, a red poinsettia and a pink azalea were giving out joy in our living room, as they had been for a month. This year I followed instructions on their care which Melvin Simpson had suggested at the Horticultural meeting and I found they responded to watering from top when dry, not allowing them to stand in water in their saucer, guarding against drafts and keeping azaleas cool at night. That's all.

Woman wanted equality - well, they sure got it. As they compete with men in business and professions they are also coming up on mortality charts. Dr. John R. Mote, medical educator and medical consultant in the industrial field, says in the last generation there has been a marked increase in the "stress-caused" ailments among female patients. Heart attack rates among women, he reports, have doubled in one generation. Mote blames competition with other women in bridge clubs and garden clubs. "Our mothers never had these stresses. And it's taking its toll," he said.

Three boys walked across the ice to Bob-Lo Sunday afternoon, much to the alarm of anxious persons in our neighbourhood. One man watched them constantly with his binoculars until they struck land. The boys evidently went exploring, so we didn't notice their return. At 6:30 several of us were tormented inwardly about the boys when the tug *Atomic* worked itself through the ice in the Amherstburg Channel, downbound to her home port after five days escort duty with the coal boats in the other channel. There's never a dull moment when one's a river lover.



January 31, 1957

People grouse about snow and cold, but on Saturday morning when it was snowing a bit, I noticed that everyone I met downtown was smiling and in good humour. People who know one another or strangers smile when it is snowing. Have you noticed that too? When it's raining the majority of people I meet on the street are serious, even grim, and when it's sunny I know I frown, but there's

something about a snowy day that makes all of us gay and warm - even when trying to push our car out of a snowbank as I did the other night when I was laughing so hard I couldn't push.

Members of the District One Federated Garden Clubs of Michigan, who ordinarily grow and arrange flowers, had the experience of eating them Thursday. They luncheoned on carnation salad, flower petal muffins and orange blossom honey and rose petal parfait. The trend toward cooking with flowers started last summer when the *Detroit Free Press* published President Eisenhower's recipe for vegetable soup with nasturtium stems. Since that time, the cooking editor of the *D.F.P.* has been experimenting with various ways of using roses, geraniums, tulips, carnations and a variety of other flowers in food. One of her recipes is published below:

Pineapple Carnation Trifle

- 1 c canned crushed pineapple drained
- 10 marshmallows
- 1 c macaroon crumbs
- 1 c finely chopped dates
- 3/4 c heavy cream, whipped
- Pink Carnation petals, cut in strips
- 1 - Combine pineapple, marshmallows, cut into cubes, macaroon crumbs and chopped dates in a bowl.
- 2 - Fold in whipped cream and carnation petals; arrange in glass serving dishes and top each with a few whole carnation petals; chill well.
- Serves six

Two weeks ago a U.S. jet bomber made a non-stop flight around the world in 45 hours and 19 minutes - which showed us that the world is getting smaller and smaller and that our way of thinking will have to be changed. We have talked of our understanding, lack of bitterness and honesty in thought toward others of different creeds, colors, convictions, but after meeting and talking to charming men and women from 30 different nations at the Tea Garden Saturday noon, I realized that all my talk was superficial. I did not know the real meaning of a common

ground for different races, which we must look for, and because of that flight of a few weeks ago a friendliness among men must be made. It was stimulating to talk and laugh with a Chinese woman from Hong Kong, for instance (the only Chinese woman to have been decorated by the Queen); a Parisienne on a United Nations mission, who lives in Morocco; Africans from Kenya Colony; a young German whose father is in Adenauer's Cabinet; etc. etc.; and to hear Angelo Pasatto, a former Communist party leader in Italy, speak through an interpreter. Mr. Pasatto is the author of a play, "The Light of Tomorrow," which was premiered in Windsor last Thursday. The afternoon was indeed a rich, rewarding experience for me and I won't forget the friendliness and the smiles, even though some of the guests couldn't understand us nor we them.



February 7, 1957

The winter was half over officially Tuesday and amateur gardeners are "champing at the bit" and their new seed catalogues are No. 1 in the popular books' list for them.

What a privilege it would be to hear Miss Catherine Palmer (John's sister) in an organ recital at Central United Church in Windsor next Tuesday. Miss Palmer is reputed to be Canada's most distinguished woman organist, so her recital will be outstanding.

One of Rembrandt's best-known works - "A Woman Weeping" - has been given to the Detroit Institute of Arts by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II. The painting, only 8 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches in size, brings the Institute's collection of Rembrandt works to six. It will be on view starting last Sunday in the Dutch Gallery. E.P. Richardson, Institute director, described the newest acquisition as "One of the jewels of Rembrandt art."



February 14, 1957

The lengthening of days give me a wonderfully good feeling.

To celebrate St. Valentine's Day with flowers, B.M. and I are still admiring a white poinsettia which we have enjoyed in all its beauty since before Christmas, and also lush white hyacinths, the bulbs of which were given to her on her October birthday.

For a project among the weavers in the Weaver's Guild, to which Mrs. E.D. Hutchinson belongs, she (Mrs. Hutchinson) wove silk material for a dress and had it made up. Mrs. Hutchinson has also done both suit and coat material for herself and the finished articles are lovely. Right here in Amherstburg we have four, if not more, weavers who do excellent work, namely Mrs. W.R. Cavan, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Percy Waldron and Mrs. Harry McEvoy. Mrs. Cavan is a teacher as well as a weaver and I'm not drumming up business for her, but it is too bad that more people can't see her work and get instructions in this old art of weaving.



February 21, 1957

Mrs. Carmichael of Drayton's told me of pearl grey jewellery for spring to match the new pearl grey women's clothes.

I found "Immortal Queen" by Elizabeth Byrd a big weekend reading experience. It was the story of one of history's most fascinating heroines, Mary Stuart Queen of Scotland. I've read many stories of Mary, Queen of Scots in fiction and in history and wasn't bored at all with Miss Byrd's interpretation of her life.

One engineer thinks it may be possible to develop an electrostatic wand that would make the dust cloth obsolete. You would just have to wave this wand over a dusty table, floor or furniture and all the dust within a new feet of the wand would be attracted to it. When it was loaded you would wash it off in the sink and it would be ready for use again.



February 28, 1957

André Richard of Malden, a student at St. Rose High, is a Queen's Scout. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Richard (Wright) of Harrow, and has been chosen one of five Essex County scouts to fly to England this summer to attend the Jubilee Jamboree near Birmingham, England, August 1 to 12. The other county scouts are George Slaney of Leamington, Neil Hines of Essex, David Robertson of Wheatley and Donald McLean of Kingsville. These boys will participate in extensive training from now until they leave to join the remainder of the Canadian contingent for departure overseas. It is an honor to Amherstburg that André was chosen and I feel that the Scout Committee and the Mothers' Auxiliary should have some financial aid to assure André a good flight and good scouting - after all, he is a fine representative of the youth of Amherstburg and will be able to take his place among representatives of the youth of every nation in the world.

Some of six members of the Associated Country Women of the World have this past month directed their attention to the Diamond Jubilee of the first Women's Institute in the world. It was founded February 19, 1897, by Mrs. Adelaide Hoodless at Stoney Creek, Saltfleet Township, Wentworth County, in the Province of Ontario. The A.C.W.W., which is composed of W.I.'s and their counterparts, had its birthplace in Canada. Mrs. Alfred Watt, O.B.E.M.A. of British Columbia, which set up its Institutes in 1909, was an early member of the Metchosis W.I. in her province and saw the value of such an organization to all rural women. Long before her death in 1948 at the age of 80, Mrs. Watt had accomplished two great acts of service for rural women: the formation of the W.I. movement in England and Wales and the formation of the international association of country women's societies as the A.C.W.W. in 1933. She became the first president and her name has come down as "outstanding amongst women the world over." Mrs. Hoodless was not "just a woman but was a woman plus an idea." In the tragic death of her 18-month-old son as result of drinking impure milk, she realized her lack of knowledge had brought this sorrow. From this point on "she resolved that necessary instruction should be brought within the reach of country-women." She saw that the "country home and family and the homemaker are important to the community and nation." Women's Institutes believe "a nation cannot rise above the level of its homes;

therefore women must work and study together to raise the level of the homes to the highest possible level." Mrs. Watt also was a woman "plus an idea" that was important to the world and she was motivated to strive for a world organization.



March 7, 1957

The world-famous Passion Play Village of Oberammergau, Germany, has rejected a \$1,800,000 Hollywood offer for the Oberammergau version of Christ's Crucifixion for a movie.

The "old mill pond" in its fancy setting in the park certainly gave many persons, big and little, a lot of pleasure for over 6 weeks this year and the merry wonderment of winter during the period filled the air at North Dalhousie Street. For the first time in a long time there was steady skating and the rink was certainly used by enthusiasts. It just shows me that if artificial skating is provided, big and little people will skate and like it for three months at the most - possibly four if there is a carnival or hockey playoffs or if figure skating lessons are made available - and I like the idea of an outside rink because we certainly don't have enough snow to worry about.

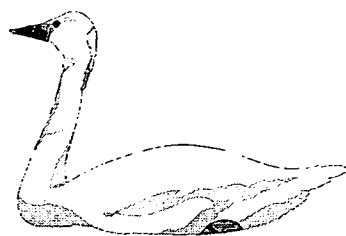
Miss Rae Abernethy was in town last week, the guest of her sister Betty, Mrs. N. Mullins. Miss Abernethy has gone to Winnipeg to be executive director of the Age and Opportunity Bureau, an organization the first of its kind in Canada. It has been established in Winnipeg to meet the needs of the older people in that city and the program in the interests of the older people is a most comprehensive one. Miss Abernethy is well qualified for her new position, as she has served 25 years with the Y.M.C.A. in Canada, the British Isles and United States.

You Can't Clip TV - Dorothy Kilgallen, the columnist and television star, recently had something pleasant to say about newspapers as reading matter. "You can read on a train crossing the desert or on a plane at 17,000 feet above the Atlantic - no static, no fading, no blips," says Miss Kilgallen. "You can read in a bathtub or while hanging onto a pole in a crowded bus. You can read as much or as little as you want, as fast or as slowly as you want. And if you read something you like, you

can tear it out and save it to read again some day. I enjoy radio and television, and I am gainfully employed by both, but I must admit they have their drawbacks. Did you ever try to clip a television program and paste it in your scrapbook?" says the *Penticton Herald*. Here's why the newspaper holds its dominant place in the home. And here is why - to touch on the world of commerce from which all of us draw our living - the newspaper remains unsurpassed as a means of advertising goods and services.



March 14, 1957



There were six swans in the river Sunday in front of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dennison's home.

Snowdrops are in bloom in the garden at the Hinshaw house, Harrow.

More skillful combinations of the traditional and the modern, which would not oppose but complement each other, is just what I, for one, need - like the handsome modern rocker I saw in friend's furniture catalogue recently.

The sunset Friday was grand, as was its reflection in our make-believe mirror river. The upside-down scent that early evening in the river, even the eccentric reflection of the low flying tern amused me.

Three white rosebuds left on my desk Tuesday were a delightful surprise - all the more because of the unusual purity of the bloom and the thought which prompted the action. I'd thought of the wee snowdrops in bloom in Harrow that morning and when I got home there was the Queen of Flowers in white also.

George W. Stark in his "I Remember When" white spot in the *Detroit News*, often takes me back to my childhood. Recently Mr. Stark remembered the family base burner, the universal unit of heat, which cast a ruddy glow (through mica panes) from its strategic spot of the sitting room. He also remembers the sitting

room. He also remembers that on frosty mornings everybody dressed around the base burner, at whose apex generally stood a Roman gladiator with shield and sword. I, too, have had the same experience as Mr. Stark and I like to recall them once in a while.



March 21, 1957

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated by mother this year again and the green of her shamrocks brought gaiety and hope to all of us.

On that beautiful premature Spring day last Wednesday, I delighted in seeing sights and hearing the sounds. Both the sunrise and sunset were rosy-hued and well worth seeing, as were two golden crocuses spearing their way into the week-before-Spring day.



March 28, 1957

Some of the young marrieds of today amaze me. Last Tuesday I talked to a young father (whom I had taught) who was disappointed because of the rain that day which prevented the workmen and himself from starting his new home on Texas Road. On Saturday in the warm sunshine, J.A.M. and I drove out and much to our amazement the roof was being put on, the windows were in and our young friend was digging the sewer. We can be critical and compare the 20-year-olds disparagingly with our young days, but young men and women nowadays, I've found, have courage and many team up to the responsibilities they take on, certainly to their credit.

Each year the Secondary Education Board (a national association of independent U.S. schools) picks what it considers the 10 best adult books for the pre-college reader. The choice is made by the board's Senior Booklist Committee, a group of teachers and librarians who have had years of experience with young people's reading. The titles for 1956 (not all of them necessarily approved by this

newspaper) may be of interest. "A Single Pebble" by John Hersey; "Profiles in Courage" by John F. Kennedy; "The Nun's Story" by Kathryn Hulm; "High Wide and Lonesome" by Hal Borland; "At Home In India" by Cynthia Bowles; "My Lord, What a Morning" by Marian Anderson; "This Hallowed Ground" by Bruce Catton; "Winter Quarters" by Alfred Duggan; "H.M.S. Ulysses" by Alistair MacLean; and "Helen Keller, Sketch for a Portrait" by Van Wyck Brooks.

E.T.C. of West Lorne, formerly of Colchester South, wrote to me last Tuesday as follows: "Would you perhaps remember a Dr. G.E. Reaman of O.A.C. who came up to South Essex to get information about the old Iler Settlements and the Pennsylvania Dutch early settlements about Kingsville? He finally has got his book published by McLelland and Stewart - 'The Trail of the Black Walnut,' called from the fact that the early settlers always tried to settle on black walnut land, for 'walnut land' was always the good soil of the district. It should be of interest to Colchester and Gosfield South, the Iler Settlements and Kingsville. I have not seen the book yet, but will tell 'The Echo' when I do."



April 14, 1957

I haven't seen "My Fair Lady" but from the superlatives applied to it from press and Mr. and Mrs. J.Q. Public, I guess that it is just too bad that George Bernard Shaw missed the wonderful treatment of his "Pygmalion."

In the March 21st *Echo* on the local page was a picture entitled "Kissing disease spreads but not among Teenagers." The young people in the picture were Brampton late teenagers and the girl in the middle was Ann Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Evans (Elizabeth Hackett of Amherstburg). Ann was so pleased, according to her aunt, Miss Margaret Hackett, to get her picture and name in the *Amherstburg Echo*, her mother's paper - and people here were glad to see her also.

I've been very much interested in all the news despatches from the new African country Ghana, news releases telling of its growth to statehood, its present and its future in the Commonwealth and also the humorous bits about the country like the following: "Barbara Ward, British author and economist, reports that the average

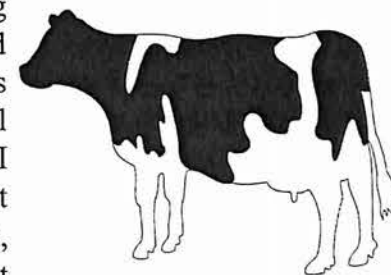
girl in Ghana has three major desires. 'She wants,' Miss Ward related, 'a fridgfull,' meaning a refrigerator filled with food; 'a Jaguar,' meaning a brightly colored English sports car, and 'a bin-to' meaning an African who has been to the United States."



April 11, 1957

Anyone interested in ceramics and antiques is invited to browse and to have a cup of tea at the Helen Gray Studio, 4 Park Street, Friday afternoon. Mrs. Gray's Studio will be open for inspection Friday evening also.

The farmers and the frustrated cows (producing for very little return, I understand) and friend Batsey, the milkman, and the rival driver who is waylaid by people who don't patronize him, all have my sympathy in the current milk strike. I evidently have no pioneering spirit, for I felt rudderless on Sunday without electricity and milk, which is our main beverage, and the canned product does not satisfy.



The sounds from the river and the long ships passing say that Spring is really here, which the beauty of a snow-blanketed world Monday seemed to contradict. The white world, the white sky without a trace of color and the steel grey river needed fluidity and a Spring accent, so, as I watched, a canal oil barge cruised upstream and the incongruous stage setting was complete. The following bit is a true story of big business humour. In a company report there is a space for weather and the description of our "Banana Belt" weather this past week read, "You name it, we've had it."



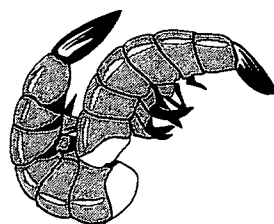
April 18, 1957

Happy Easter to all!

I liked pictures of the beautiful sheath dresses which Queen Elizabeth chose for their visit in Paris last week.

At Christmas time a white poinsettia expressed the Greetings of the Season to B.M. The poinsettia has bloomed its lovely white head off for three and one half months and will greet B.M. on Easter day with the lovely Easter message.

If you are writing a note to say that you cannot accept an invitation, you should give some good reason for not being able to. It is not enough just to say that you are sorry you can't accept. You must try twice as hard to sound gracious when refusing an invitation as when accepting one.



Friend Lol Price Gay gave the following pet recipe of Creole Shrimp to me when she visited in Amherstburg last month. It has been tried and proved very good. Either fresh or canned shrimp may be used. The recipe follows: 1 can stewed tomatoes, medium; Brown onion, celery leaves, celery, [green] pepper; add 3 cloves, [black] pepper, sugar, salt and boil down; add shrimp. Serve over minute rice.

Prof. Kenneth Hare of McGill University warned last Thursday that Canada still is depending too heavily on "imported minds" to teach at universities. The problem is that not enough Canadians are returning to universities as teachers, he told the 11th annual conference of the Industrial Trainers' Association in Montreal. Prof. Hare of McGill's department of geography said high pay is luring Canadian graduates into business and industry, away from teaching or post-graduate work.

In the *Echo* of 20 years ago I was reading the wedding of Miss Margaret McCormick and Mr. Charles Hoare on Pelee Island. The bride's wedding dress had come down in history and perhaps none other exists in Ontario. It was of blue silk taffeta and was the one worn by the bride's great-great-great grandmother when she was married to Alexander McCormick, former member of Parliament and one of

the original owners of Pelee. The silk of which the dress was made was brought over from Ireland 160 years ago and the lovely costume has been preserved carefully ever since. It is remarkable, said the reporter, that it is cut on almost the same lines as lovely wedding gowns are made today.



April 25, 1957

In Miss Florence Thomas' library of books about gardening there is one entitled "Growing Flowers" by John H. Tobe, who has a nursery in St. Catharines. Miss Thomas loaned this book to me and I found it chuckful of information about plants and gardening. From what I understand, Miss Thomas' collection on books on horticulture is large and good - probably larger than the Public Library in that class.

When going through some of the papers at the home of her mother, Mrs. Wesley Everingham at Bothwell, Mrs. Lance Piper found the following clipping, entitled "100 years ago - Believe it or not" (from a menu card put out by Honiss' Oyster House, Hartford, Conn.). "Honiss' opened in 1845, when women wore hoop skirts, frilled cotton drawers, did cleaning, washing, ironing, raised big families, went to church Sundays and were too busy to be sick. Men wore whiskers, chopped wood, bathed once a week, drank 10-cent whiskey and a 5-cent beer, worked 12 hours a day and lived to a ripe old age. Stores burned coal oil lamps, carried everything from a needle to a plow, trusted everybody, never took inventory, placed orders for goods a year in advance and always made money. Now women wear an ounce of underwear, smoke, paint, powder, drink cocktails, have pet dogs and go in for politics. Men have high blood pressure, little hair, bathe twice a day, are misunderstood at home, play the stock market, drink poison, work five hours a day and die young. Stores have electric lights, cash registers, elevators, never have what the customer wants, trust nobody, take inventory daily, never buy in advance, have overhead, mark-up, markdown, stock control, dollar day, founder's day, rummage sales, economy day - and never make any money."





May 2, 1957

Youthful friends, good health and a garden are the main ingredients in Winnifred Ross' prescription for looking 60 years when she was actually 80 over the weekend. Miss Ross, who taught kindergarten in Toronto for over 50 years, celebrated her birthday in Toronto over the weekend.

This is the year of all years to wear a beautiful flower with your spring costume. For not only does this fashion have the backing of the great Paris dressmakers, but the vogue for simulated flowers in decorations is by way of becoming a national fad as well. It's the single flower that's the smart costume fashion with the exception of tiny blooms such as lilies of the valley and violets. The rose is still top favorite, then violets, carnations and lilies of the valley.

Mrs. F.E. Wilson found a copy of the (*Windsor*) *Evening Record* dated May 19, 1911, the lead article of which read: "Vacuum House-Cleaners are termed nerve-racking devices." The article goes on to quote a prominent Windsor lawyer who says about the vacuum cleaner: "There is one nuisance on our streets that should be evaded and that's the noisy, peace-disturbing vacuum house-cleaner which worries everybody within 100 yards around. It's so bad that you can't even hear yourself think, let alone talk. It's enough to distract anybody, and is one thing that should never be allowed until its music is more refined."



May 9, 1957

Greetings to the Mothers on Their Day!

"Ringin' The Changes" is the name of Mazo de la Roche's autobiography - and I must get hold of it to see what this amazing author of the Jalna series has to say about herself and the changes she has seen and been a part of.

A recent study on how best to ease tension of today's fast living reveals that

often a do-it-yourself activity, such as painting, is tops on the list. It is estimated that do-it-yourself sales for all industries will reach 10 billion dollars by 1960 with therapeutic values even exceeding economic benefits.

The telephone manners of too many persons frustrate me. For instance, Monday early our phone rang and when I finally got there and helloed, I could hear the caller breathing and also a baby in the background, and then a click. This wrong number business is understandable. I transpose numbers often, but it floors me when I know there's someone on the line and there's not even a "meek-as-moses sorry."



May 16, 1957

Mrs. Arnold Ridsdale of Malden has trouble finding four-leaf clovers but certainly has none finding five, six and seven-leaf clovers, examples of which she brought into the office Monday.

Lucille Manguin, Paris fashion designer, thinks South American women are the most elegant. She says French women are the most chic, "but Italian and British women wear their clothes best and are the most fashion-conscious."

"It begins to feel as if you can now take them off," says the *Echo* of this week, 50 years ago. And as I remember May 24th was the day we shed our horrible winter clothes and opened the swimming season.

Once again Miss Margaret Hackett, our life-long friend and neighbour (displaying her wonderful sense of humour as she talks about it) comes up with an interesting item of old Amherstburg. This time is a yellowed card, an invitation to a Leap Year Basket Party given by the ladies of Amherstburg in the Kolfage Hall, Wednesday, December 29, 1880. On the committee of arrangements were Mrs. P. Fraser, Mrs. D. Norvell, Miss McIntyre, Mrs. S. L. Lauler, Mrs. D. Sicksteel, Miss Norvell and Miss Cousins and floor managers Miss Atkinson and Miss Hackett. When talking of the party to me, Miss Hackett chuckled, at herself really, as she reminisced.

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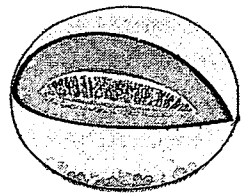
May 23, 1957

Except for the occasional bang-bang, the flares and the four Union Jacks at the corners of the Shillington property, the 24th observance was just another holiday - and being a sentimental person I feel that our heritage should mean more than it seems to in our 1957 way of life. Then to cap the uninteresting celebration, it was cold and wet and the only comfortable place was inside the house with the thermostat set at 72 degrees.

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May 30, 1957

May certainly wasn't a very amiable month in this Banana Belt of ours.



Wash, dry and save all muskmelon seeds to feed the birds next winter. "They love them."

Mrs. A.L. Sonley has an unusual house plant in bloom - the Hoya plant or Esau's Tears. As for the plant itself, it's ugly, but the clusters of exquisite pink florets are amazing in that they are examples of mathematical perfection. From the unattractive stem, in my estimation, first comes a knob, then a cluster of buttons, then a cluster of pink stars, one on the other like a design in the art classes of old. In the centre of the cluster in full bloom is a spot of clear fluid which shines in certain lights, hence the tears. This is an old plant of Mrs. Sonley's which she got from Mrs. Aldrich when they moved away and the tenderness shown it is paying dividends now.

A recent edition of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* had an interesting article on Christening Robes. The article said that Queen Victoria was the first royal personage to institute a white christening dress, then to say, "There are some magnificent christening robes here in Toronto. Now being worn by the third generation is the Gooderham dress, made in 1885 by Lady Gooderham's mother, Mrs. Andrew Botsford of Amherstburg, for her first grandson." Lady Mary

Gooderham was a Duncanson, a cousin of the late Mrs. F.C. Scratch. One night recently after we had read the above article, Mrs. F.E. Wilson brought over to our house two baby dresses which her mother had made for her brother, Dr. John Scratch. They were exquisitely done and both dresses and their matching slips were about 48 inches long - all are in excellent state of preservation. I thought when looking over the dresses, with their fine handmade tucking, that the young mothers of today would laugh at the amount of material used and at the hours and hours spent in making the beautiful dresses.

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June 6, 1957

The argument goes on and on regarding the pronunciation of the new McQueen supply boat "*Buoy Boy*". Several who have always called buoy-booeey, say "Booeey Boy" but Oxford dictionary says buoy is pronounced boi or boy so the little *Buoy Boy*, I guess, should be pronounced "Boy Boy" and the repetition of sounds is easy on my ears.

Miss Margaret Hackett was telling me that long ago she and our mother (B.M.) were talking about some new people who had moved into the neighbourhood. Miss Hackett said that she said, "I wonder what church they go to?" and mother said, "It doesn't matter what church, just remember they live on our street." Miss Hackett and I both agreed that that old bit of advice about neighbourliness was sound and we certainly could do more to make the new people here feel more at home.

Greater use of schools during summer months with diversified classes, including opportunities for gifted students to study in many fields, is advocated for Detroit schools by Superintendent Samuel M. Brownell. The school head said he advocated the expanded summer school idea instead of the four-quarter or 12-month school year again being proposed. Brownell said he already has advocated special summer classes for children of "special ability," so-called gifted children, in such subjects as science, languages and history as well as music, art and health and recreation. He said he hoped some of these classes could be started during the summer of 1958.



June 13, 1957

The attractive Mrs. John Diefenbaker wore the same hat in every picture I saw of her, where a hat was required, during the pre-election campaign - which was smart several ways, in my estimation.

All my life I've been told wind direction by the flag on the old Post Office - and I miss it now. So on Saturday I told my tale of woe to one of the U.S. Engineers and he said, "Maybe we can put up a streamer on the flag pole for you." - and I said Fred Maloney, I knew, would appreciate it also.

Mother ought to have one night a week out, Mrs. Eric King told the annual meeting of the Northern Ireland Marriage Council in Belfast last week. Every mother should have at least one interest outside the home. Where it is not possible to have a babysitter, father should take over at least one night a week to allow mother to go out, she urged.

A memorial to Nellie McClung, noted feminist and author, was dedicated Saturday on the farm near Owen Sound where she was born in 1873. The memorial was erected on the former Mooney Farm near Chatsworth by the Gray County Women's Institute. Nellie Lillian McClung, journalist granddaughter of Edmonton, was present at the unveiling of the cairn. A leader in the fight for women's suffrage and a tough battle against the liquor traffic, Mrs. McClung wove herself into the pattern of life in the Canadian West for 60 of her 77 years. She died in 1951. Years ago on one of my western Canada trips I met Nellie McClung on the train and found her a stimulating, enthusiastic, kindly woman. I remember that she always carried a scribbler and pencil and she went from coach to coach on the trans-continental train and frequently jotted down things she wanted to remember to use for future reference.

Edith (Mrs. A.) Braendle of Malden wrote to me as follows: "The first of the year I joined the Red Cross with the intention of using said membership that I might solicit my rural neighbours and a few other residents into "active duty" with the knitting needles. I had a wonderful response and all were willing to work for

Hungarian Relief, etc. Each one of them has done nobly, sweaters, shawls ("layettes" also), booties and socks. When the articles are finished I see that the Knitting Convener gets them. I do not knit but always finish the shawls with the crochet work. There are eight in the little group including myself - as you are acquainted with so many folks, I might just mention their names to you: Mrs. Norman Gibb, Mrs. Robert Gibb, Miss May Brush, Mrs. Clem Trepanier, Mrs. Glen Mickle, Mrs. Joseph Csendes and Mrs. Kenneth J. Stewart. Now it is in regard to Mrs. Stewart I wish to make special mention, and I think it is news. In addition to her home and social life, she has knitted thirty one pairs of socks, size 11½-14" long. That is a lot of knitting! I really feel that is worthy of a word of mention." Thanks, Mrs. Braendle, we like to hear what our friends and neighbours are doing.



June 20, 1957

I'm very fond of the gay casualness of the perky short white gloves we women are wearing this season with sleeved, sleeveless or dinner-type dress.

When Betty Jo Greenaway went to Delhi on Friday to speak on "My Community" in the Legion area finals of their public speaking contest, a coincidence occurred. It seems that one of the judges, Father Ryan, tried to disqualify himself when he heard of Betty Jo, as he knows and likes Amherstburg, having worked for five years at the Log Cabin on Bob-Lo years ago.

The sudden intense humid heat of the weekend showed how adaptable we, big and little folk, are with Mrs. Eric Dennison doing her ironing right out on the riverbank in front of their home Monday night (and what a beautiful spot theirs is) and a wee lad on Rankin Avenue, when seeing the hose going in the yard across the street, streaking over in his birthday suit to get the coolness of the spray on his body. What a laugh the editor and I had at this "Hot weather true life picture."



June 27, 1957

In an article headed, "What is a Canadian?" in the current *Star Weekly*, Bruce Hutchinson says that after 90 years we Canadians are discovering ourselves and continues, "We have sloughed off an inferiority complex and have emerged a people with a distinctive identity." Mr. Hutchinson is a distinguished Canadian journalist, editor of the *Victoria Daily Times*, who has an unashamed affection for his country. I found the article very worthwhile.

We people in Canada and the U.S. pride ourselves on cleanliness of body, of clothes and of homes, and we all spend and spend and spend to make ourselves the cleanest people in the world. But so many are not respecters of public property or are clean when picnicking on public property. Such inconsistency must be annoying to new citizens whom we would criticize about no bathrooms in their homes in the old country, for instance, yet some of us would throw garbage in the park when there was a container forty or fifty feet away. I just wondered Saturday about some of the people who drove right into our lovely park and did not park at the edges where there's lots of space and got mired there in the mud when the storm came. I'll wager some of those women kept extra clean houses (they looked particular and clean) but we'd like an extra clean park, for we pay for it and it's hard for me to sit by and see people who don't respect its beauty and cleanliness.



July 4, 1957

In Florida Dr. James Bond explains why women live longer than men. It is simply because women cry and men don't, he explained at a medical conference. Crying is only a proper emotional outlet, and a necessary one for mental and physical health.



July 11, 1957

Mrs. Glen Thornton has beautiful roses this year, six varieties of which she

shared with us over the weekend. Perfect blooms of that aristocratic flower, especially the white - a breath-taker.

Despite the deluge from 4 a.m. Monday when inches of rain fell and the worry of crop damage and crop "drowning" and hot sun, the wheat, oats, tomatoes and corn looked well in all its beautiful golds and greens as we drove from Harrow Tuesday afternoon.

The rain that actually flooded the district early Monday morning made a lake out of the park. Several children waded around those large reflecting pools in the park and certainly gave themselves a good time. Their laughter in the rain almost lured me to take off my shoes and stockings and join them.



July 18, 1957

A true, too true mystery story. One night last week when Mrs. Keith Wiggot (next door to us) went into her second-floor kitchen, she found a real live snake on the floor. How? And when? is the mystery.

Mrs. Henry Hedges of Colchester South, who celebrated her 97th birthday July 5, was at a miscellaneous shower given for Joyce Grondin, the bride of her grandson James Hedges, last Wednesday. From all reports Mrs. Hedges enjoyed the party thoroughly and read all the cards of good wishes.

After the torrential rains of last week which caused so much damage to crops, Charles Huffman of Colchester South laughed with tongue in cheek and said, "It's not so bad as to quantity and quality of crops this year after the storms, we're right where we started 50 years ago - and we got along."

Mrs. George Elliott of Detroit, the former Lillian Elizabeth Sparks of Amherstburg, had her share in the best wishes at the Golden Wedding Anniversary reception of Mr. & Mrs. Forest Pigeon Sunday because Mrs. Pigeon is Mrs. Elliott's godchild and namesake.

Young people of today are surprising, I think. Mr. & Mrs. Marwood Parks went up to Ipperwash over the weekend to see their son John, who is taking cadet training there. Evidently the boys asked for reading material, so she took newspapers (*Echoes* and *Stars*) and books. Much to her surprise, the boys, her son, Danny Bates and the Taylor boys, evidently starved for news, took the papers first and literally devoured them. These young people are interested and interesting, I found.



July 25, 1957

Horace Greeley said, "Journalism will kill you, but it will keep you alive while you're at it" - and once in a while both J.A.M. and I agree heartily with H.G.

The Hunter Bernard family completed the life circle over the June 23 weekend when Capt. Frank Bernard (Hunter's uncle) died at 93; Catherine Ann Crane, their granddaughter, was born; and Paul Bernard, their son, graduated from High School.

I always get some kind of an emotional reaction from Mr. George W. Stark's column "I Remember When" in the *Detroit News*. So often I feel I'd be able to do a similar type of thing which might interest our readers. The idea almost came to a head Thursday when Bill Finzel, the prominent Detroit Orchestra leader died - I remember when Finzel's orchestra played on the Bob-Lo Boats.

I certainly learned a lot about the Great Lakes from a young people's book entitled "Cargoes on the Great Lakes" by Marie McPhedron. Miss Marion Irwin brought the book down from the Dearborn Public Schools' Library and we certainly should have it in ours. The book is cleverly illustrated with pen and ink sketches. It is a detailed story about freighters and lake shipping and explains everything about the lakes that we landlubbers are interested in. It is written for young people, I said, but interesting for adults as well.

In grandma's day a girl usually worked only until she was married, but if you've just left school, chances are you're going to be out at work for around 25 years! Right now figures show that 60 per cent of all working women are married. On the average, three out of every 10 married women work, and two out of five mothers

with school children are out at business, says the *Blue Bell*. It's a busy life all right. But in the midst of all this activity, do remember, everyone is geared to his own individual speed, and it's no use trying to match your activities with someone else's. Dr. Hans Selye of the University of Montreal claims every individual is born with a "bank of energy" which he can spend foolishly or wisely as he goes through life. Some people are born with large amounts of energy and can spend it liberally, others are less fortunate and must conserve their energies. The amount of energy we're given at birth can't be added to during life and there's no chance of an overdraft being honoured, according to Dr. Selye. While one woman thrives on a life chock full of responsibilities and activities, another will simply fade away. So don't feel badly if you can't keep up with your more energetic friends, and if you're one of the lucky ones who started life off with a big balance in the energy bank, don't start thinking, "Well, if I can do it, why can't she?"



August 1, 1957

Henry Ford II said recently, "It is certain that uninformed people can't have good morale."

There's a new look to the dark cotton dress for mid-summer wear this year (and I like them very much. The Horrocks from England are especially nice, I think). Instead of charcoal greys of the past few years there are wonderful new dark-bright colors in equally wonderful new patterns. The colors are odd, arresting shades of red or sapphire blue with black; brown with deep turquoise and black; olive green with reds. In patterns you have a choice of woven plaids or stripes; or new-looking prints in paisley; or typical Far Eastern all-over floral designs.

Women interested in skillful make-up could take some tips from Britain's Queen Elizabeth II, says Thelma Holland, globe-trotting beauty authority who supervised the make-up of the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting at the time of her Coronation. The Queen follows the rule of understatement in make-up, says Mrs. Holland - a safe rule for everyone. She has a flawless skin and doesn't need to plaster it with heavy foundation tints. In general, she likes pinky tones in lipstick and cosmetics, having learned early in life that pink is the most flattering tone for

practically all women.

The McQueens have their yacht *Sheltie* tied to their new dock in front of their riverfront home, Dalhousie Street South. The beauty of the Detroit River and the sky from the rear deck of the *Sheltie* at sundown, on the two occasions I was aboard, was almost overpowering. There was so much to see up and down and across river, including the sky trails of jet planes, that I said once more to my friends, "The old Detroit River with its interest, 12 months of the year, and its beauty, including our sunsets, is hard to beat" - and the McQueens, who have travelled extensively, agreed.



August 8, 1957

Under laws recently enacted, Norwegian housewives are eligible for government subsidized vacations, all expenses paid, to the resort of their choice.

I heartily agree with the writer of the following: "Real tact does not consist in agreeing with people - this is mere slavishness - but in learning how to disagree without being disagreeable."

Eileen O'Connel, associate editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, speaking in Detroit last Tuesday said that in the coming season sweaters will be seen everywhere 24 hours a day. And that sweaters blended to skirts are tops in fashion.

Bill Parks, who is now working in the Patents Office in Ottawa, said that a man came up to him in his Department in Ottawa and said, "I read you were working in this office in the *Amherstburg Echo*, which a friend of mine who used to live in Amherstburg takes."

Met the four Rangers (Sr. Girl Guides) from Italy in the Town Park Monday. The girls from Rome, Pisa, Padua and Bologna were chosen to attend the international conference of Girl Guides, to be held next week at Doe Lake in Muskoka. The four have been the guests of the Essex and Cottam Companies for the past week and were given a real Canadian Guide weiner roast. They have been

travelling in the States for two months, and we found them enthusiastic and interesting. The four were 18 and 19 years old and looked much younger than our 18-19 year old girls, as they used no make-up whatsoever and had simple hairdos and sports clothes.



August 15, 1957

I found the new book "Three Faces of Love" a splendid, inspiring novel of marriage by Faith Baldwin. It is the transcending tale of one marriage or in fact of all good marriages - a good story which has deep spiritual roots. This, the story of the marriage of Adam and Hope, is indeed a rewarding reading experience which I heartily recommend.

Appreciated a card from André Richard from the World Scout Jubilee Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, in England. Wrote André, "This Jamboree is gigantic compared to the Niagara Falls Jamboree." André is the type of young man who will get a great deal from his experience abroad - as will David Thompson, grandson of J.G. Parks, who went to England to the Bisley Shoot, having won a six-weeks trip in a High School shooting competition. Both young men are fortunate to have the opportunity to travel abroad before they pursue higher education. I'm sure the trip will help both.



August 22, 1957

Had the wonderful opportunity of seeing "Hamlet" at the Shakespearean Festival in Stratford on Wednesday, and aside from a thrilling presentation was pleased to see the new permanent theatre.

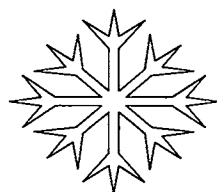
Mrs. John Yankovich, Fort Street, bought a small lemon plant three years ago and this year the tree (planted in a pot) is bearing fruit. There are three lemons on it - and Mrs. Yankovich is very pleased.

If the weather is good, look for Venus and Jupiter together over the western horizon tonight not later than 8.30. Venus is the brighter of the two. Continue watching the two planets in the early evenings this weekend when the thin crescent of the young moon enters the sky picture.



August 29, 1957

Have noticed several of our High School girls around in smart short accordion pleated skirts for informal wear. They appealed to my clothes sense and Carole Merlo, who wore a wee skirt with smartness and ease, told me they were called Skorts (skirts plus shorts).



Variety of weather in our lovely Banana Belt adds to the spice to our lives, indeed. On August 21st, during a freak storm which sliced its way through Anderdon and Malden around the area of Joe Bezaire's store, Mrs. Ernest Tofflemire saw large leisurely snowflakes falling around her home on the fourth of Anderdon.

Brooks Atkinson, the well-known theatre editor of and writer for the *New York Times*, following his trip this year to Stratford to review "Hamlet" for his paper, wrote that Regina-born Frances Hyland "was the greatest Ophelia of our time." What a privilege it was for us to see her brilliant portrayal!

Had a ride around town Sunday afternoon in a 1914 Ford touring car owned by Clarence Howling of Windsor. This antique car was in good condition and the ride took me back in mind to 1916 or 1917 when we had a similar job which took us speeding from Amherstburg to Harrow to Windsor - we teenagers were daring in that model T, believe me.



September 5, 1957

A recent Columbia University survey of U.S. library readers reveals that Lewis

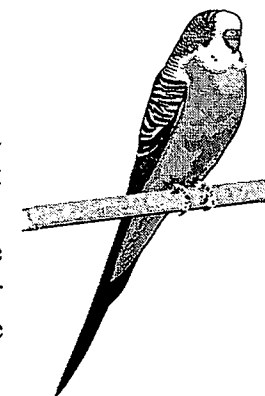
Carroll's "Alice Adventures in Wonderland" is top favorite and Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" is next in popularity.

I didn't think I'd do it but I did - What? Get that misty-eyed, lump-in-the-throat feeling when the *Ste. Claire* tooted its good-byes at nine Monday evening. Felt that same old keen sad emotion as I've had every Labour Day all my life.

The students (big and little) I saw both in Amherstburg and Harrow Tuesday seemed ready and anxious for the September school bell. I enjoyed their spark, enthusiasm, clean looks and new clothes and those I saw seemed quite ready, ready for the challenge of a new school year.

Something warm and cozy has happened to the trusty old white canvas tennis shoe so popular on high school and college campuses. For fall a new fleece lining has been introduced. The new shoe called "cozy co-ed" was developed after one of the Goodrich salesmen spotted so many students tramping through the snow and cold - all kinds of miserable weather - in tennis shoes. The fleecy lining of estron pile is similar to the linings in stadium boots. Like regular tennis shoes they have a crepe design rubber sole for sure footings - added speed for getting to class. They are washable with brush, soap and warm water.

Essex cousins Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Beeman have a budgie which has become part of their family - more than a pet - after hearing of the Beeman budgie-genius or genius-budgie, the following bird story caught my eye. Quote: "With a little human assistance, Niftie, a parakeet, has finally become a mother. No more frustrations. Niftie is the pet of Mrs. E.R. Harper, Detroit, who sympathized with the bird's frustration. It seems that Niftie had such a strong mother complex she never gave up sitting on eggs that couldn't possibly hatch. She just sat and sat. Finally Mrs. Harper purchased two parakeet eggs from a pet shop. The two eggs have now hatched and Niftie is mothering her foster children in a nest made neatly in the folds of the drapes at the bedroom window."



September 12, 1957

Had a glimpse at the Kittl garden from Gore Street Saturday afternoon and found it a peaceful, well-cared-for beauty spot. Certainly shows what a person can do with an urge to grow things, a small piece of property and a lot of hard work.

The Mary Hamilton, now Mary Hall, duo of Amherstburg have received a great deal of publicity via the national press wires. Roy Delmore, for one, sent on the hot spot from the Houston, Texas daily and according to the mother of the younger Mary Hamilton, now Mary Hall, Believe it or Not Ripley has written to confirm the story.

Sunday was a sparkling day, champagne music day, and the lovely blue hour between day and darkness was a purple hour with a grape-colored strip at the western horizon line behind Bob-Lo shading into lavender and high up in the sky, a dash of apricot color. The river, as I watched it through the dark branches of the Mediterranean locusts or Maltese locusts on the river lot, was a solid purple. Beautiful color effect to end a beautiful fall day.



September 19, 1957

I was interested in the Shrimp plant exhibited by Mrs. Thomas Mickle at the Flower Show. The plant was brought from Florida several years ago by Mrs. Mickle's aunt, the former Grace Atkin. It is an interesting as well as decorative house plant.

Teenage niece who spent the summer with us was surprised when I said that the Rock and Roll beat wasn't objectionable at all to me in fact I rather like it. But, however, like Ozzie Nelson, I really prefer a little more melody in my modern dance music opinion.

The balloon which hovered in the southern sky for so many hours Saturday morning brought forth a lot of conjecture - weather balloon? flying saucer? Russian satellite? or invasion craft for men from Mars? The man who called

regarding men from Mars was only kidding, of course, as he chortled, "Maybe you will get one." Such a saucy, nice friend too.



September 26, 1957

Go out at 8:25 p.m. tonight as the dusk is deepening and see brilliant Venus and the three-day old moon close together and quite low over the horizon in the west, look more southwesterly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cunningham of Harrow are getting enough red raspberries (about every third day) from their old berry bushes these days for family use.

The McQueen's brush with death early Monday morning when the Norwegian freighter *Facto* could have (except for 20 feet) sliced their yacht *Sheltie* in two while they and Mrs. McGaffey were sound asleep in their staterooms below, made us all once again thankful for all our blessings.

Women have proved that it is possible to keep on learning and being useful from middle age on, according to an expert. Dr. Wilma Donahue of the Institute of Human Adjustment at the University of Michigan told a family life conference recently that women have "punctured the misconception that a person's ability to learn stops the minute children leave home to be on their own." Dr. Donahue, addressing a meeting at Iowa State College, asserted: "The mental capacities of older people can be just as receptive as in younger years - if properly stimulated by a desire to keep on learning" She cited industry findings on middle-aged women who have re-entered the business world. She said: "Not only have the women found that they can quickly pick up long unused skills, but they make fewer mistakes, are highly conscientious about their work and highly efficient."



October 3, 1957

Mrs. A. Zin, mother of Mrs. N. Semeniuk, who with her family was caught between the Russian and German lines in the Ukraine, said about the annoying blasting, "We can be thankful it isn't bombs."

Last week, through a letter in the *Echo*, Rev. Stanley Sweetman asked teenagers to meet him on the Texaco corner Saturday to discuss their problems and 24 young people met him there. Jack Purdie, president of the Legion, and Mr. Sweetman are working out a recreation program for the young people at the Legion Club House.

So many British women now work that the traditional five o'clock tea in England is disappearing. As a result, the sales of marmalade have dropped to such a point that manufacturers are going after new markets in order to save their industries. They will now feature elegant products for wealthy connoisseurs.

Melville Cooper, the British actor, who is the son-in-law of Mrs. Elise Sutherland of Rankin Avenue, has a leading part in the new musical comedy "The Carefree Heart," which opened at the Cass Theatre in Detroit, Monday. The extremely clever comedian Jack Carter and Susan Johnson are co-starred with Mr. Cooper. The play is based on the "Doctor" plays of Molière.



Mrs. R.D. Thrasher has been telling me about the pointers on court protocol sent to her recently from Ottawa, because of Queen Elizabeth's visit, the opening Parliament by the Queen and the party at the Chateau Laurier, when Mrs. Thrasher will be presented to the Queen and Prince Philip. I'm so pleased that Mr. and Mrs. Thrasher are to have the thrilling experience of attending the opening of Parliament for the first time with the Queen there, and also that their two daughters, Linda and Heather, and their grandmother, Mrs. Frank Whittal, are to be in Ottawa over the Thanksgiving weekend to "look at the Queen" from the sidelines, not to be part of the pageant as their parents are.



October 10, 1957

H. M.'s off to the Ozarks today and looking forward to seeing autumn in all its glory parading the mountains and valleys there in southern Missouri.

The eerie "beep, beep, beep," sound from the Russian satellite launched Friday and transmitted through radio was frightening - but I know we need not "run and hide our heads in fear and trembling until the end." That's just what our opponents want - but have courage and faith in God, in our country and in ourselves. The coming weekend, Thanksgiving, is a good time to re-affirm our faith.

Now it can be told! The story of Eileen's wedding cake! While on her vacation last summer she shopped here and there for the necessary ingredients and what a pleasant culinary experience, making her first fruitcake; but Mother Curtis and Grandmother O'Connor must beat and stir a bit, too, just to make it a three-tiered wedding cake. It was good, too. Congratulations, Eileen Curtis Beneteau.



October 31, 1957

Even yet our autumn garden, tight around the house, with its strong colors in salvia, zinnias and a few snapdragons, looks like old-fashioned flowered chintz for tied quilts - and its crazy quilt effect is attractive to me.

In London, authoress Constance Tomkinson's best-selling book (now made into a movie) "Les Girls" brought her a big disappointment. (J.A.M. and I liked the original story "Les Girls", written by Miss Tomkinson, a minister's daughter from Nova Scotia.) Not one word of her original script was used in the screen version, with the exception of the title.

I had never been away in fall before, so gloried in the parade of color on the wooded hillsides of the Ozarks Mountains in Missouri where I visited recently. From Lol Price Gay's home in a charming valley, one looked out at the close, encircling hills ablaze with bright reds, dark reds, yellows, golds, accented by greens of cedars and pines. The trees were oaks, and oaks and oaks, maples including

sugar maples, walnut, hickory nut and gum, fringed with witch hazel.



November 7, 1957

For those of us, myself included, who never have time, there is a striking quotation from the famous artist Leonardo Da Vinci, who accomplished so much. Leonardo da Vinci said, "Time stays long enough for those who use it."

The two-piece over-blouse dress is a smart fall dress fashion. The over-blouse style is a real boon for difficult figures as it conceals most of their discrepancies, especially the bulging tires above the waist that plague so many women. I saw a smart young woman recently in an over-blouse with elastic in the bottom made of cotton paisley, worn with slim grey flannel slacks, and the casual outfit was stunning.

I would like to publicly commend the children of Amherstburg on their very good manners on Hallowe'en. We had many, many callers at our house for "trick or treat" and there was nothing I could criticize about their behavior. They were having a good time and so was I because this year I dressed up to greet my Hallowe'en guests.



November 14, 1957

The leafless fountain-shaped elm at the north end of Bob-Lo these days looks, from across river, as if it too is exploring space.

"I love women in business who remain feminine, use intelligence, but keep from being loud and pushy." With this comment, attractive Mrs. Marion Anderton, assistant cashier of the Bank of America in San Francisco, summed up a conviction that appears mirrored in her own life. She has been with the bank's Personnel Relations Department for 12 years and was attending the October convention of the National Association of Bank Women in Boston.

Bits from an interesting letter written by Flora Hodgman Temple; quote: "Wallace, Karen and I had a wonderful three months in Europe following Karen's graduation from Wellesley. You know how I love to swim. This summer we bought a French Senica four-door sedan and we drove 8000 miles thru Portugal, Spain, the Azores, France, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Northern Italy. It was really a "fun" trip as we visited all the seaside and mountain resorts. We swam just miles and miles in the Atlantic, Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, including the Italian, French and Spanish Rivas and the Island of Majorca. It was paradise. One newsworthy item, I think, is that Wallace climbed the Matterhorn! It is between 14,000 and 15,000' so we're awfully proud of him. Of course he had a couple of guides and a porter, who carried his camera for him.



November 21, 1957

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Lypps (Dolly Pook) of Colchester South will mark the 50th anniversary of their marriage on December 10th. Interesting to note that the anniversary couple has three parents living, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lypps and Mrs. George Pook.

When Queen Elizabeth was in Canada and the United States in October, one of the spokesmen on court protocol said (and I agree so readily that I'm passing it along): It isn't done for women to wear one glove and carry the other. Either wear both or remove both.

The *Echo's* birthday was November 19, the first edition having been published November 19, 1874. So we've started the 84th year of continuous publication and there are several families on our mailing list who have had the *Echo* in their homes since the first copy. We appreciate them calling to tell us that fact and we are trying to keep up reader interest in these changing times.

I had a delightful young visitor recently in the person of Gail Bertrand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norvell Bertrand. Gail, at 11 years of age, is a well-poised young miss with an interesting hobby, which when she discussed it with me makes her so happy that her expressive eyes dance with joy. Gail collects autographs of famous

people. She has written to Pope Pius XII, President Eisenhower, Queen Elizabeth II, former Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent and Governor Williams of Michigan and has had replies from each of her letters, through their secretaries, in a friendly vein, telling why autographs were not forthcoming but expressing thanks for and appreciation of her interest. A lady in waiting replied for Queen Elizabeth and the secretariat from Vatican City sent Gail a picture of the Pope. Governor Williams, however, signed his own letter and sent her a picture of his family. Gail's hobby and the replies were very interesting to me and she told her story so well.



November 28, 1957

The flame from the western sky furnace above the purple silhouette of Bob-Lo Sunday night at dusk was very pretty indeed.

I agree that it is easier to describe the personality of someone we have just met than of someone we have known for a long time. "What's he like?" is a question we find it hard to answer about a friend who is so close that we can scarcely see his outlines.

At the Harrow Library's Young Canada Book Week concert on Friday night a young new Canadian child who was in Grade III this past year won the prize for reading 84 books borrowed from the library from November 1956 to November 1957. It seems she would get the books at the library and read them herself. Then her parents, who couldn't speak English, read them with her as instructor before she returned them.

The next time one of those lively cranberries you are about to cook rolls from the table, bounces off the toe of your shoe and rolls out of sight behind the farthest table leg, you'd better throw dignity to the winds and crawl right after it. The bigger the bounce, the better the berry, we hear, so that must be one of your best berries. A New Jersey man named John Webb is credited with having first discovered significance in the bounce of a cranberry. He stored his cranberries on the second floor of his 19th century barn, and when he wanted them, simply poured them down the steps! The sound berries bounced their way to the bottom, and the poor ones

just stayed on the steps. Out of this practice, it is said, grew today's cranberry separators which operate on the "bounce" principle.



December 5, 1947

Argentina women's organizations are not satisfied that their country has Mother's Day and Father's Day. They are now demanding Aunt's Day, because they consider the aunt one of the most important members of any family.

Constantino Bursa, who has been a chef and maitre d'hôtel in London hotels for 50 years, advises young men to take brunettes to the theatres and blondes to restaurants. Says he: "Brunettes eat more than blondes. In fact, the average brunette's appetite is equal to that of the average man."

Last week I told you of the little New Canadian girl in Harrow who had read 84 library books in a year to win a prize. The sequel, according to Mrs. W. Houghton, the librarian, was that when she came in last week for her prize Mrs. Houghton had three prize books for her to choose from. The little girl took "The Patchwork Quilt", a smaller book with a patchwork cover because "I would like it and so would mama."

The boards to outline the skating rink in the park are in place and they looked incongruous Monday in the sparkling bright sunshine, shining on the drillboat in the river off our property, as it buzzed and buzzed and exploded repeat, ditto, ditto, and seemed to put thoughts of winter in the background. Oh! for an outdoor artificial rink in Amherstburg - the simplest type possible so that the present generation of small fry can learn to skate.

When I do 'Upsetting the Hour Glass' column every week, in looking over the 60 and 50 years ago files I find that a golden wedding anniversary is a fairly rare item of news. In describing the event such phrases as "ripe old age," "time has been kind to the old couple," "blessed with longevity" were used and the reader got the idea that the couples were older than Methuselah. In 50 years the life span has certainly been lengthened and people at 65 or 70 are definitely better in health and

golden weddings have become frequent happy events with, in many cases, well, smart, capable "brides and grooms." I thought that Sunday at the Anderdon when beaming Mrs. Howard Heaton and Howard were the honor guests at a dinner party given by their seven children and their wives and husbands. Four golden weddings are in the immediate future, namely the Howard Heaton, Jud Lypps, Harry Waterses and Stan Halsteads and all will enjoy Their Days - and many more anniversaries too.



December 12, 1957

Many of us have looked askance at the Paris-inspired sack dresses for women this fall. The other night I saw a chic French woman in a winter-white sack dress and any resistance I had to the style was broken down.

The Christmas Spirit hit me just like the flu bug Monday in the nippy sunshine weather with some snow pushed here and there decorating our world and men working at the skating rink trying to get an ice base.

Of all the stupid publicity - the stories about the U.S. failure to launch a satellite with the Vanguard rocket in Florida are the stupidest. Why not keep quiet until such time as something constructive has been done. Underestimating one's own ability or forever putting yourself in wrong in words to others, or that of a member of a family to outsiders, in my opinion is bad going.

Eleven-year-old asked her father for Ricky Nelson's record "Be-Bop Baby" and he hopes her taste will soon swing to something better. He forgets the tin gramophones and the lively (?) records we played when canoeing up and down this good old Detroit River. Certainly the awful (?) music then didn't hurt us - just makes it easier for me now to answer some of the musical quizzes where they play a real old-timer for the contestant to name on TV.



December 19, 1957

A pet peeve which has almost become an obsession - Xmas.

Henry Robidoux is saying Merry Christmas with 241 lights glowing from the branches of a 24-foot blue spruce in his front yard.

The new All-American Gladiolas selection for 1958 is called Emperor. It is a deep purple with an ermine white throat - and is extra tall. Sounds lush to me.

The housewives of Denmark love plants around the house more than anybody. Latest figures indicate that there is an average of 17 plants in each house in Denmark.

Spinsters in Palestrina, Italy, refused to stage their annual parade before the local bachelors because the manifestation was being used as a tourist attraction. Single ladies between 30 and 40 years of age have been parading there once a year for the past 50 years.

I quite believe the following: "The average person should be able to control his dark moods. Moods are simply emotional attitudes toward self, and while we cannot regulate them solely through willpower, we can help them by learning facts about ourselves. A depressed mood usually means self-esteem has been deflated. If there is no apparent reason, it will help to compare our situation with another time when our mood was buoyant."



December 25, 1957

Health, security and happiness is the Christmas 1957 wish to all.

Wonder why December scowled, frowned and cried Friday. December's mood affected and dampened the spirits of the shoppers that day and the carols from around the corner made an incongruous sound with a flurry of snow, we'd all be calling to friends across the streets and standing on the street corner even though

weighed by an unfinished Christmas list.

Dr. Owen McDonagh, British physician, said recently that wearing high heels eliminates slouchiness, produces healthy breathing, gives an impression of long legs and slimness and is good for women psychologically and physically. Expressing an opposite point of view, an American doctor branded high heels as a possible cause for bow legs and knock knees. He said that if domesticated animals were made to wear such contraptions, the various anti-cruelty leagues would "have a fit."



January 2, 1958

To you all - Health and Happiness in 1958.



Mrs. Roy McKim picked a bouquet of pansies from a bed on the east side of their house on December 26th.

I had to keep my eye on the calendar this past week, otherwise I'd have forgotten Christmas. We who are used to snow and ice at Christmas find the sunshine and mild weather distracting. Carol Ferriss Northwood, who has lived in Trinidad for several years, says the same thing - for her, as for me, Christmas isn't really Christmas without a bit of old-fashioned weather glamour.



January 9, 1958

Another 60th wedding anniversary was celebrated in our district December 28th by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Snider in Malden and a 70th observed by Mr. and Mrs. Burwell Malott in Kingsville New Year's Day.

As I looked eastward at the almost full moon Saturday night I saw a glowing silver ball which looked as if it were held up by the black lace fingers of the maples.

The following sweet true story was written to H.M. by Mrs. Yvonne Teeter Bailey, as follows: "Linda, Mrs. Roy Delmore, and I took the little girls to see Santa on Thursday. Mary Elaine crawled up on his knee and grabbed his whiskers and said, "Oh what pretty whiskers you got, haven't you?" Well, our hearts hit rock bottom but it turned out fine as she was only stroking them. I guess poor Santa was a bit upset for a moment, as neither hand was free to hold them on if she had pulled."

All the friends of the C.K. MacFetridge family will be interested in Mrs. Mac's Christmas card from Syracuse, and we quote: "Anne's husband, Philip, is becoming a well-known sculptor, especially in the North West. He just received first prize in the N.W. Show. We feel quite proud of him. The Willard Galleries in New York handle his work and they say 'he is a young sculptor with much talent.' Anne wrote me once, 'We'll never be rich but we live an interesting life.' Barbara's husband is in Y.M.C.A. work and now in Salina, Kansas. Mary Jean still in Boulder and Jack has his architectural work in Denver. None of them will be here for Christmas. We're back where we started."



January 16, 1958

I have never been very fond of yellow flowers at Christmas time, but after New Year's I become more friendly to them - in fact an arrangement of daffodils which I saw Sunday is still pleasing me in mind.

Our frosted world Monday morning at nine was a thing of beauty indeed everywhere I looked - Bob-Lo looked all silver sprayed with the sun playing on it, the old gnarled pine of the Cavan property was glamorous, in fact the fairy land to the southeast through the park without the wonderful lights, shadows the colors of the river to be a magnet westward - made me almost gasp with wonder and delight.

Saturday at the Tea Garden I met Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Cavan with their daughters, granddaughter and guest. Their daughter Barbara lives in California so I said, "How long will you be here?" and she said, "Oh, just today." She, her husband and another couple flew here in their own plane Friday and went back

Sunday. I'm surely glad that I'm a 20th century baby because I enjoy the "before" and "after."

Alan Buchanan, former principal of both Harrow and Amherstburg Public Schools, in an address at the opening meeting of the Windsor Board of Education, of which he is chairman, expressed H. M.'s ideas exactly when he said (quote): "In spite of Sputnik-age clamor for technicians and scientists, a school's first responsibility is to train the whole mind. Never let us lose sight of the difference between the pure technician and the broad creative type of mind. Ontario has announced a return to fundamentals in school teaching. But Windsor will scarcely notice the change, for schools here have never been far away from the basic courses."



January 23, 1958

Winning a 1958 Garden Award was a new red salad lettuce - a red cabbage salad has eye appeal for me, making for a better taste certainly, so the new red lettuce should do the same.

The National Ballet of Canada under Celia Franca, director, will give two performances at the Capital Theatre in Windsor February ninth. The Canadian Ballet is considered to be the foremost ballet company in North America and were acclaimed by American audiences and critics on their recent American tour.

After intensive study, World Health Organization doctors discovered that housewives who do their own work often burn far more calories than their husbands. This was true, even when calorie counts were taken of miners and ditch diggers....the women simply burned up more energy. Leading the list of calorie burners were housewives who did their own washing by hand ...it's still done in England, it seems.

Fashion-conscious H.M. was interested in the drastic style change in women's clothes in the latest *Vogue* pattern book (February/March). The new sack or chemise look is startling but I can see that modification and details of this new look

cleverly used would give a dash even to a dress for an oldster like myself - a belted front and a loose back would, I think cover up bad figure points - as for Chanel's loose straight casual suit jacket, I like it. You know, that after the first shock of the 1958 chemise style (a second flapper age is coming, say many) the style is flattering and we women of 1958 aren't harking back to 20s and 30s altogether with exposed knees, belts around hips, no girdles and first really short hairdos.

"Black Moses: The Real Uncle Tom" by Jessie L. Beattie is a colorful picture of the man who in his early years inspired Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Josiah Henson, born in Maryland, escaped with his family to the Dresden area, in Canada, and continued to lead his persecuted people to the Promised Land by the Underground Railway with crossing places at Niagara, Detroit, Amherstburg and Kettle Creek. One of his main terminals was at Chatham, not many miles from where Henson chose suitable land for the settling of his colony. Henson became a pioneer in Canadian adult education. Crippled by blows from a cruel master and unable to lift his arms for the rest of his life, he raised his voice for the defense and betterment of his race. The advance to freedom was grim; Josiah, the living symbol of a persecuted company of human beings in their slow upward struggle to equality with their white fellowmen, played a notable part in the early history of America's tragic problem so recently demonstrated in Little Rock, Arkansas. His Negro colony at Dawn, Ontario, was the first step in Canada in the right direction. Jessie Beattie is an honest and skilled biographer. She has not heightened the drama with imaginary happenings but, apparently, has not sacrificed the original findings in her material. She follows Henson from childhood to the grave sympathetically and systematically. Harriet Beecher Stowe might well have used some of her restraint. Such a book requires endless research and the findings have been skillfully handled. Her dialogue is interesting and appealing. It is plainly brought out, backed up by a voice of authority, that Henson's name could be placed along with that of Booker T. Washington. "The Institute at Dawn, in its conception, was abreast with Oberlin."



January 30, 1958

The first professionally produced Canadian film on mental retardation had its

premiere last week in the auditorium of the Imperial Oil building. "Into the Sunlight" is a record of a pilot project on summer camping at Bellwood, Ontario, for seriously retarded children, showing in some detail how to train the mentally retarded and illustrating how much can be done for them in a camp setting to develop proper behavior and self-sufficiency. A 16 mm film with sound track and color, it was produced by International Productions Ltd. of Toronto. Narration is by John Rae. Prints are available to the general public for purchase outright as well as for limited loan. The association's offices are situated at 55 York Street, Toronto.

An article by well-known Canadian writer Hugh Maclellan headed "We Can't Have Christ and Sputnik too" caught my eye and held my attention. Said Mr. Maclellan: "When the news broke about Russia's mechanical moon I was grimly glad, even though I lamented the coming of the day when our pleasant old earth will be as outmoded by colonized planets as the old culture cradles of Europe are now outmoded by Russia and the United States. But since Sputnik was bound to be invented by somebody, I was glad that the first working model was produced by Russians and not by our friends. If Sputnik does nothing else useful, it should at least rouse this mentally lazy continent to an activity which has been considered bad form for many a year; it may once again make it respectable for an honest man to think, even to think aloud. For nonsense of the mythology foisted on North Americans by politicians, publicists and advertisers, who worship science without understanding the first important thing about it except that it is wonderful."



February 6, 1958

"No woman is physically fit to run an automobile." That was a communication sent by the Mayor of Cincinnati to the city council in 1908. The council at the time was considering appointment of a commission to examine all those wanting to drive cars.

Imagine my delight on Saturday to see a tall mother of two in a feminine, smart sports outfit consisting of a drip-dry, monogrammed light beige open-necked blouse; a short, straight-line brown tweed skirt with belt; knee-length hand-knitted

beige stockings and loafers. A casual outfit that had a flair, was in good taste and practical for her many household duties. Because of the cut of the skirt, also its length and weight of material, no slip was needed to give it a dash, it had a dash in itself.

In the matter of monogrammed trousseau towels, etc., I contend that all should be marked with bride's maiden name. That's the way it used to be, certainly. To prove my point, a young woman I know of who was planning a December 21 wedding had all her towels, sheets, pillow cases, etc. monogrammed with future initials. Three weeks before the wedding date she called the whole thing off. So I said to her aunt, "Is that a new way of marking the trousseau and what happens now?" "Oh" she answered, "the bride's going to rip out the initial which she won't have now," and that's that.

Going steady at too early an age can hurt a girl's chances of getting married, an expert on the subject of the unwed woman warned a group in Los Angeles last week. "It stunts her intellectual and social growth," says Dr. Richard H. Kelmer, 39, associate general director of the American Institute of Family Relations. "Suppose she doesn't marry this boy she's been going steady with since grammar school. She is then far less intellectually and socially equipped for marriage than girls who have been dating lots of boys. And women shouldn't be angry or upset about other girlfriends their sweethearts or husbands may have had. They're the ones who polished that diamond in the rough the woman now loves."



February 13, 1958

VALENTINE GREETINGS



The women workers of Spain are now protected by a new labor law. They are not allowed to carry more than 80 pounds in a wheelbarrow, push over 250 pounds in a cart or pull more than 1200 pounds in a wagon.

The dear old Banana Belt shivered and ached Monday morning in six-degree-above-zero weather when old Mr. West Wind snapped and snarled. It has been a long time since I've had my fingers "frost burned" as I did Sunday when I went to move the garbage pad. Nice Canadian winter weekend and so healthy, says the old-timer in the neighbourhood.

The National Ballet of Canada gave a high standard beautiful performance at the Capital Theatre in Windsor Sunday. This organization was only established formally in October, 1951 to offer talented young Canadian dancers and other associated artists the opportunity of a career in ballet in Canada. The noted ballerina and artistic director of the troupe, Celia Franca, deserves much credit for the success of this troupe. I don't know enough about the line technique of the ballet to constructively criticize Sunday evening's performance, but I do know that the beautiful movement, the fine music and the delightful costumes pleased me no end as I delighted in the artistry of the *corps de ballet* and the stage.



February 20, 1958

Experiences in the sub-zero temperatures and frigid winds of Monday will be remembered by those of us who walked (because of car trouble). By the time I got from the office to home my lungs were so sore that tears came and froze on my cheeks.

Besides the exciting colors, the other fashion news in spring costume jewelry is that of longer length necklaces. These have been specially planned for the barely-fitted silhouette in dresses whose plain long lines need to be broken in some way. The new longer necklaces embrace such varying types as longer multiple strand bibs; strands of 20, 30 and 36 inch beads and pearls worn singly and together; and long ropes - beads or chains.

Several times of late I've had interesting reports of the Leamington Happy Club, a club for senior citizens 65 years of age and over. And I've been going to suggest a similar idea here sponsored by younger church groups or by a community club of young women. Older people have a lot to offer and there certainly is a need for a

get together to talk over their interests and have fun. In Leamington, the club has periodic meetings with 25 or 30 in attendance.



February 27, 1958

Two Christmas poinsettias are still giving us pleasure. From their healthy state at present I see no reason why they can't echo the lovely Christmas thoughts on St. Patrick's Day - B.M.'s Day.

This old Banana Belt of ours is full of surprises and is really quite jovial and kind (when we see what the weather is all around us) but last week was the pay-off - February 17, eight degrees below zero, and February 24, 48 degrees, mild and sunny.

Now that colors have an established place in stocking fashions, it will be interesting to see how many woman will actually wear them this spring. My guess is a lot - for the stocking makers have come up with such pretty new colors that I think they are irresistible. They are very light and the stockings are so thin that there is only a thin film of color over the legs - hardly enough to identify the actual color itself. The blues are particularly pretty, so is the new soft willow green and the pretty apricot shades that go with all those new citrus fruit colors.



March 6, 1958

Weather report as of Monday - three Mondays in a row, remember? - snow-covered glamorous Banana Belt world.

A friend who lives in the country near St. Mary's went into market Saturday morning, February 15. It started to snow during the morning and it snowed and snowed and snowed, so she wasn't able to get back to her home until Ash Wednesday.

Amherstburg will be in for limelight at the Detroit Flower Show on March 26th when the Bay Tree Award will be presented to the Church Yard Committee of Christ Church by the Michigan Horticultural Society. This award is based on greatest improvement of a property, a "before and after" contest. We who remember the historic church yard as it was for so many years (and the committee had pictures of it as it was for so many years in its over-grown state to show the judges) marvel at the improvement, the ideas behind the improvement and beauty of it today and feel the award is deserving.

Spring coiffures will be shorter, tidier and "forward looking". Forward means from crown of head down toward eyes in bang and wave effects. Many of the tossed-salad hairdos have been tossed out, along with the so-called bouffant look which assumed some mighty widths. The sleek 1920 bob has been modified too, into a breezier bob befitting 1958. But since fashion has returned to the chemise - and to shorter lengths - hair styles must reflect that silhouette change. Since the chemise line is straight and stark, New York stylist James Caesar advocates a close-to-the-head coiffure with deliberately studied softness. To achieve this he drapes the hair like fabric in deep waves and at the neck to avoid the cropped look of a shingle or mannish-adaption of a 1920 bob, must leave $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch at the nape of the neck to curl softly.

Mrs. Burt Hoag, wife of a former manager of the Brunner Mond, wrote from their present home in Sarasota, Florida last week, the following: "Last Friday was a 'red-letter' day as Burt and I had a chance to meet Vincent Price. He asked about the Marshes and said that his sister kept in touch with you. I had to let you know right away before the news became old. He also talked about Ida and Lloyd Brown. His lecture was fascinating - to say the least. He seems really dedicated to making the public art-conscious. One thing he said made a big hit. When some people were looking through the Price's home one lady became quite disturbing to Mrs. Price because of her lack of understanding of modern art. So when she came to the Price's favorite picture and asked, 'And what do you call this?' Mrs. Price answered, 'The name of that one is "We like it".' Florida has been without its usual heart-warming climate for so long that today's 70-degree temperature is most welcome. Burt is busy with his ceramics and enamel-on-copper. I am attending Syd Solomon's class in modern art and just love it. Have changed my style completely."

March 13, 1958

I tried this tip and it works nicely: A way to freeze extra parsley is simply to cut it fine and put it into pint or half-pint cartons. In this frozen state it keeps well, is easily loosened for the desired amount, a spoonful or more at a time. The color and flavor are there and it's easier to use in salads this way.

I heartily agree with favorite columnist who says, and we quote: "Candor, of a personal sort, is too often a disguise for malice. When we are told something 'for our own good', we have a sneaking suspicion that the teller feels good in telling us. This is why so much well-meant advice is resented - it is not as well-meant as the adviser likes to believe."

Did you know that there is a box at the Red Cross rooms for used clothing for needy persons? The clothing will be distributed by a Red Cross representative. There is also a box there for clean used sheets and pillow cases for cancer dressings. The householders in the district are asked to think of these two boxes at spring cleaning time, for what you can't use, others can.

March 20, 1958

For eight years Mr. O. Hein, riverfront, Anderdon, has been nurturing an orchid plant, and this year in January it bloomed for the first time.

After Mrs. Paul Marra came back from a visit after Christmas with her parents in Cuba, she made the remark that it was wonderful to live in a country like Canada with a stable government. She said that the reign of terror in Cuba was awful and that during her visit she only went into Havana once because of the bombs which were actually to frighten people, not to harm - to terrorize the mob into action.



Having been to two fashion shows recently, there are a few high fashion points for spring 1958 which I will pass along all to you women - patent pumps and purses, longer length gloves for the push-up or bracelet length sleeves, pearls and pearls, shorter skirts, dramatic hats to wear with lovely tailored coats and for underwear strategy, good foundation garments, for the new look or for the look achieved by 1957 clothes with some of the above 1958 accents.

Mrs. Arthur Pattenden Sr., president of the C.W.L., had her seven daughters with her at the fashion show Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Pattenden is a gracious leader and one of the C.W.L. members told me that she didn't begrudge a minute (and there were many of them) spent working with Mrs. Pattenden to make a project a success - a good president, a good mother and wife.

Last Thursday morning there was a male Scarlet Tanager perched high on the linden tree on the mound just north of our back door. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard it singing in the sunshine as if its heart would break, nor could I believe my eyes - for it is early for a tanager. The cardinals are common here all winter, in fact, but that must have been an explorer tanager driven up by the bad weather in the south.

Young married couples who only want a roof over their heads are offered just that in a unique type of home unveiled in London, England, recently. Appropriately named the "Roof House", the building can be extended as the family and its income grow. Young couples first buy the high sloping roof of the house into which small rooms are built. Later they buy the ground floor, the roof is hoisted into place, and the old rooms become upstairs bedrooms. Known in Germany as the Dachhaus, it was designed by German industrialist Johann Ludowici and is being shown in London at a national housing display.



March 27, 1958

This past winter we have been treated to wonderful winter sunsets, triumph of colors, indeed - and the reflections on the ice floes and in the still water in the yacht basin at the north end of Bois Blanc lasted often on into the blue hour.

A new book called "Wing Leader" by Johnnie Johnston, former group captain in the Air Force, which Murray Smith got recently, is the story of R.A.F. Squadron 441. In it the author tells of "tough stocky, aggressive Tom Brannagan" and his fine service record. The young flyer mentioned is T.A. Brannagan, now of Sandwich Street, Amherstburg.

To curve pussy willows, grasp the stem end firmly with thumbs underneath, fingers on top. Curve the thumbs, gently softening fibres with both thumbs. Continue to the tip, working carefully between catkins. In this way pussy willows can be coaxed to curve for greater variety in arrangement.

Shirley Menzies Goodwin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Morris Menzies, wrote me of her birthday party Sunday, March 16 at their home in Sepulveda, California, the story of which I found heart-warming so will pass along - "I had the most wonderful birthday party Sunday, March 16th, it was a surprise! Instigated, planned and completely carried out by Patty Schenke, aged 11, the little girl next door, Sandy Reynolds, aged 9, from across the street and my two boys, Kim 9 and Mark 7½. Patty and Sandy baked and decorated the cake, complete with candles and "Happy Birthday Shirley". All the children had been saving for little gifts for two weeks. Sandy made me a lovely pair of pearl earrings. Patty gave me a beautiful flower and a handkerchief. Kim skipped lunch at school one day to help pay for the pair of earrings he gave me and Mark's gift was a tube of lipstick to replace the tube our two-year-old had written all over the living room walls with the week before. I think it unusual for children of their ages to be so thoughtful and unselfish and thought it might interest some of the readers of your column."



April 3, 1958

An old man named W.C. Handy (a friend of Mr. & Mrs. George McCurdy Sr.) died last week. "Like so many others who make great contributions, he probably departed with a full, peaceful heart," says the *Detroit Free Press*. "As a composer in an American musical idiom called 'Blues', Handy had no peer. His music, familiar to all, combines melodic grace and rhythmic drive. It may be presumptuous to stack him up against names like Beethoven and Bach. But because experience

indicates that humans have difficulty in detecting genius when it is contemporary, it may be that time will bring the name W.C. Handy even greater luster. To bolster our claim that he died happy, we recall hearing him turn aside a broadside of compliments with this comment: 'I'm old now. I've seen and heard much beauty. If a man can replace just a little of what he takes, he can have no regrets.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bass of Windsor attended the Flower Show in Detroit on Sunday. Sitting in on a flower arranging demonstration, said Mrs. Jones, I've learned many interesting things about arranging dining and living room centrepieces. Even the lovely Palms symbol of Easter were used. The commentator gave little hints throughout, encouraging everyone to enjoy the flowers indoors as well as out. One little hint that we thought might be passed along especially at this time was the one that a few copper coins dropped into the container of tulips would keep them fresh and lovely for days. Also a penny inserted into a tulip bud would keep it closed if you didn't wish it to open. The florists used in their arranging the wonderful Green Oasis to hold the flowers.

Mrs. Thomas Cook brought in a copy of a paper published Feb. 3, 1936 by Maxine Cook and Shirley Menzies. The four-page typewritten paper sold for 2 cents and was called the *Midget Weekly*. The three advertisers were J.H. Sutton, W.M. Menzies and Liberty Theatre; Douglas Reynolds had a poem published; and in the sports section, Alaire Menzies made 10 baskets in a basketball game against Essex and Grace Park made all free shots. There was a report of a hockey game played Monday afternoon at park. The teams playing were Ian Spencier vs. Stewart Fox. The goal tenders were Morley Murray and Howard Boxall. The score was 4-5 in favor of Ian. The hero of the game was Bill Hall, he made four goals. Social items follow: did you know that Carl Bertrand bought Elaine Brown a chocolate bar last night? Well, he did. It appears that Bobby Nicholson and Carl Bertrand are both giving Elaine Brown the rush. There was more about Mr. Duffin keeping some kids standing in line for 15 minutes. (Comment from the press - I can hardly believe it) and a recipe to attract women subscribers.



April 10, 1958

Certainly did us good to "put a little pastel color in our lives" with the Easter flowers at our house - that, and a most wonderful Easter present for this area. A rain, after a dry March, made for a lovely day.

Mrs. Diefenbaker Sr. counselled her son, Canada's new prime minister, John Diefenbaker, to be humble: "When one has much power, one must use it with care," she said. Her counselling is very wise and most of us would do well to take it to ourselves and remember it and make it applicable to our own little worlds.

Marguerite Gignac was charming, superb, adjective, adjective, adjective on the Arthur Godfrey Show Monday night, but evidently the pianist and the "Boopadoopers" struck the fancy of the audience. Miss Gignac has an easy control of her superb voice. Her father, Adrian, with whom I went to High School, and her mother, Victoria Baillargeon, would have been very proud of her Monday night.



April 17, 1958

The millions of birds now starting their annual northward migration are going to get some protection from the Empire State Building. This was announced last Tuesday by the Empire State Building officials and the National Audubon Society. The building will turn off its stationary all-night welcoming beacon from April 14 to June 1 to prevent migratory birds from becoming confused by the lights and crashing to their death against buildings. It is the fourth time in two years that the two organizations have made this agreement. The building's revolving "freedom light" will operate as usual. Ornithologists do not consider these to be as dangerous to migrating birds as stationary beacons.



April 24, 1958

Our world, covered by a film of pearled pale green veiling, was beautiful in the

8:30 sunlight Monday morning, the rain on Sunday and the April heat being responsible for the lovely effect.

Friend G.S.W. and I went to Detroit Saturday at lunch time and on the standing-room-only tunnel bus, we were the only women with hats. I certainly feel sorry for those in the hat trade - but there will be one hat sold each season anyway - to me - as I feel better groomed with a hat on when off for the day and as a consequence, much more comfortable.

Pardon the cliché! It's a small world. In explanation - Mrs. Sam Armson brought a feature story from a Nancy, France, newspaper about a stained glass window which was made in Nancy for the Roman Catholic Church in Leamington. The article was sent by her son, Sgt. Leo La Combe, who wrote and I quote: "I saw an item in the *Nancy L'Est Republican* newspaper yesterday that really tickled me. There is a very old factory in Nancy that manufactures stained glass windows for churches and they ship them all over the world. It was founded by the grandfather of the two brothers who own and run it now. It is a very small place located in an old section of the city and I have known the two brothers for nearly three years. Many times I have taken ladies from the Depot on a tour of their facilities and watched them make the windows from the first drawing to the finished product and have been to their home several times. One of the brothers (a political primarily) is president of the Art Society of Lorrain, an ancient organization of the best painters in Eastern France, and the other brother actually runs the shop which employs about 8 people. Every window is made by hand except the glass which comes in sheets of about 100 different color shades from a place in southern France. What brought this close to home was a feature article in the above paper on the factory and the brother and with it was a picture of a finished window with address to which it was being sent. Know where it was going? Leamington, Ontario. Brother, what a small world. I haven't seen the Benoit frères (Benoit Brothers) since reading the article but I will surely mention it to them when I do. Maybe Miss Marsh will know if the Leamington people have any questions about the factory and will get them answered for them. The girl in the office managed to find our office copy of the paper with the article in it and I am enclosing it in this letter. Note how they spell Leaminton. Isn't that something?"



May 1, 1958

Such a lovely frothy pink tulle corner we had over the weekend at our house with the wild plum trees on the moat's edge in full blossom.

In Communist China, Dr. Tsing Hao has discovered that the sweet musical voice of a peaceful woman causes vegetables to grow larger and richer than those left with lullabies. The voice of a man has no effect whatever on the plants.

In Solingen, Germany, 1495 couples took out marriage licenses last year, but only 1429 couples actually got married. Investigation indicated that in 57 out of the 66 cases of broken engagements, it was the woman who changed her mind.

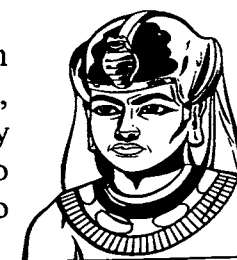
Old friend wrote me a note last week which read, "My, I hate changes - why did the Post Office move, as I miss my friends." - I agree 100 percent, I miss my friends too, new friends, old friends and strangers to town I smiled at, which I saw daily at the old Post Office and now - only the occasional glimpse and that's not enough.

Some time ago I read Anya Seton's book "The Winthrop Woman" which is, I understand, an historically true study of the Massachusetts Bay and connecting colonies about 1631. It is the story of Elizabeth Fones, whom Governor John Winthrop calls "my unregenerate niece" - a fine story of a woman who lives at odds with her heritage and her surroundings.



May 8, 1958

Vincent Price plays a prominent part in "The Ten Commandments", which is delighting Amherstburg audiences, young and old, this week. "Bink," as he is known to many friends here, was the cynical, fastidious Master Builder who built the city for Pharaoh under the direction of Moses - and who was eventually killed by Moses.



In a paper like ours, family news, comings and goings, property changes and

improvements, visitors, unusual happenings, things agriculture and marine, etc. are more important than world affairs. But sometimes, because of shorter work hours (as in every line of business today), we slip over, unintentionally believe me, most important items. Because this is your newspaper and its your news that makes it readable and interesting - call us up, we'd appreciate it, and give us a tip.

As I said before, Miss Florence Thomas has a fine library on horticultural subjects. Last week she brought a book titled "The Language of Flowers", with illustrated poetry to me to read. I found the text most interesting, all the more because the book was over 100 years old and in excellent condition, although it looked as if it had been read by other flower lovers through these past 105 years. It certainly wasn't a book that was a showpiece in a library and not enjoyed. This book had been given to her grandmother, "Mifs Smith, Oakville, Oct. 3, 1853, Canada West."

When the new giant freighter of the lakes, the *John Sherwin* of the Interlake line, was upbound on her maiden voyage Sunday morning, we in our neighborhood gave a wave of greeting and the captain replied with the friendly, long and two short salute. Another sample of the friendliness of the people on the long ships which pass our town.

There's a real revolution in sportswear fashions this summer! The new fashion cycle of the barely fitted silhouette has made the overblouse the key sports fashion of the year. This means that instead of wearing blouses and tops tucked into skirts or pants or shorts, everything is being worn outside. Blouses, sleeveless tops and pullovers, and jackets as well are all cut on loose line to give the new barely fitted look. So are sweaters. It's a completely new and distinctive look in sports clothes - a look that is as free and easy in movement as any of the active sports for which it is worn.



May 15, 1958

Well, we've come a long way from the days of the silent movies. I found the other night when our TV was without sound, I was exasperated, forgetting the days

of the thrill of the first silent moving pictures in the town hall and the understanding of the story we got in the headings.

After being at the cadet dance Friday, I've thought a lot about the "teenagers" of today and have these observations to make: they were a happy, attractive, well-groomed, well-poised lot of young people who looked as if they could cope with life and were nice to oldsters (meaning me) and to their parents in attendance. The dance was heartwarming for me as I feel very kindly toward the teenager of today and my confidence in them was justified in the delightful group of 200 or so at the cadet dance Friday night.

I don't wonder that new Canadians think our ways are strange and unpredictable. For instance, May 19 this year is a holiday. "For what reason?" said one. "To celebrate Queen Victoria's birthday, but it really isn't her actual birth date," said I, "and to mark our present Queen Elizabeth's birthday." "When was that?" "In April," said I. "What strange customs you Canadians have," was the reply - and thought this old sentimentalist H.M., "The glamour of the 24th is gone and the 19th becomes the end of a long weekend."



May 22, 1958

I'm always glad that I have sentiment plus when I see a horse and buggy tied up outside of my office in Harrow, as it was Tuesday. I felt as if I'd like to take the school children by to see the passing of an era.

Banana Belt treat this week. Tender leaf lettuce grown in the black loam around River Canard and eaten with a vinegar and sugar dressing. A real and rare (from the field to the consumer, meaning me) spring treat.

So far as Amherstburg people are concerned the tugboat race is a "take it or leave it" affair any more. With the passing of Captain Earl McQueen, the color is gone and unfortunately the tug *Aburg* left her port here Saturday morning for the race without the fanfare of the *Atomic* - and it's too bad, because all our lives need color.

Queen Elizabeth can't eat like a king. The royal road to her queenly 24-inch waistline, according to an article in *Today's Health*, goes something like this: No candy, cakes, pastries, fried foods or fresh fruit. Ice cream only for royal birthday celebrations. No liquor, salt or sugar. Butterless toast. Only four teacups of liquid daily. Three "simple" courses at most meals. The Queen of England doesn't even need appetite-curbing pills all the time. Her 26 physicians sanction one, however, after each meal or at bedtime - on days that Elizabeth might be tempted to surrender in the battle against the royal bulge.

Once again I saw a large group of delightful and happy high school-age young men and women at the St. Rose Ball Friday night. The spring dresses were lovely and the general decor of the hall, Spring in Paris, cleverly carried out in the Parish Hall which had had an interior paint job - by the students themselves. The young people did a fine job for themselves and with themselves and while there looking at the beauty, the happiness and the goodness in their faces, I felt sorry that in their age group there are young people who get out of step for one reason or another and don't get the thrill of an affair like the St. Rose Dance.



May 29, 1958

A 75-year-old Negro woman was among 92 seniors who graduated from the Booker T. Washington Evening High School on May 26. Mrs. Mamie Stephens received her diploma after chalking a perfect 12-year attendance record since enrolling in the first grade at the age of 63.

Those who don't realize the danger of firecrackers to children and adults should have been in Grace Hospital with me last week to see a father walking up and down the hallway with a fourteen-year-old lad whose eyes were covered with bandages; a firecracker had exploded and possible permanent injury to his eye was the result.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall attended the Park Players presentation of "Oklahoma" at the North Rosedale Park Community House in Detroit Saturday evening. Ian Thomson, former organist at Christ Church, was the musical director and accompanist on the organ of the musical play. The production throughout,

including stage settings, was by a group of amateurs and was beautifully done. The work evidently compared favorably with the work of the original New York cast and a great deal of the credit went to Mr. Thomson.

In the second half of the twentieth century, Canadian women will work outside the home "for a considerable part of their lives," Marion V. Royce, director of the Women's Bureau, Federal Department of Labor, states in the June issue of *Chatelaine*. In February, 1958, sixteen percent of all married women in Canada were in gainful employment, Miss Royce reported. By adding those women who had been married but who were widowed, divorced or separated, the figure rose to more than half the employed in the country. Miss Royce concluded: "The Canadian girl of today, then, needs a special kind of courage and insight to help her reconcile her choice of an occupation and her attitude to work, with her interest in marriage." She should be encouraged - even urged - to persevere in acquiring training in line with her individual abilities, aptitudes and interests."

The caption over a beautiful picture of Christ Church Churchyard in Amherstburg showing the Webster Memorial figure of Our Lord with a Child, in the *Huron Church News*, says, "Let your church witness in a 'Garden For God.'" The cut lines under the picture, which shows the peace and tranquility of the setting in the heart of the old historic town, read and we quote: "Several years ago Mrs. Luxton (the Bishop's wife) made one of her rare contributions to the *Huron Church News* columns, describing and illustrating one of the finest of church gardens seen on her travels, a church garden in white beside Christ Church, Lexington, Kentucky. The Rector of Christ Church, Amherstburg, points to this article for at least some of the inspiration for the years of accomplishment in Christ Church Churchyard, Amherstburg. Is your church garden a thing of beauty? Does it sing a Benedicite of Praise? - O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord: praise him and magnify him forever!"



June 5, 1958

I heard Summer coming in on the first toot of the Bob-Lo boat Friday - and I saw Summer in the new cruise ship *Canadiana* out of Toledo to Bob-Lo.

In the "Small World" department - In a note from Flora Hodgman Temple, she wrote that Mrs. John Garrels (also formerly of Amherstburg) had called her to say that she had just returned from Boston where she was visiting her son Billy Garrels, who is a professor of geology at Harvard University - and said Flora Temple, "Our new son-in-law is one of his (Billy's) pupils!"

The expression "Flowers for the Living" has been so beautifully illustrated in our family since Boss-Man's illness. People are kind, friends are kind, acquaintances are kind, co-workers are kind and there's no doubt about it that every type of expression of best wishes for a speedy recovery, brings to the sick one of his family, a glow of warmth and belonging - and it's belonging to a community that makes for happiness.

From the files of the *Amherstburg Echo*, June 5, 1908, and we quote: "While in Amherstburg Saturday, C.M. Burton, Detroit's well-known Abstract man and historical collector, visited old Christ Church cemetery. Mr. Burton expressed great surprise that enough interest is not taken in this spot hallowed by history to keep it free from weeds and in a more presentable shape. It reminded him of the graveyard depicted in Mark Twain's dream, where the inmates of a country churchyard are supposed to leave their silent city to seek a more comfortable abode because of the way they have been neglected. Mr. Burton's hint might well be acted upon. Amherstburg will see many visitors this season and it behooves all good citizens to make every part of the town presentable." If Mr. Burton, who gave his wonderful collection to the Detroit Public Library, could see Christ Church Churchyard now, 50 years later, he'd be pleased with the restoration and beauty there.

Mrs. Raymond Girard of Stoney Point near Tilbury recently attended a course for weavers at Macdonald Institute in Guelph, where members of the weavers' guild from all parts of Ontario as far east as Ottawa attended a two-week Ontario Hand Weavers' and Spinners' Summer Workshop. This mother of ten children finds time to practice the art, the extreme antiquity of which the beginning cannot be traced. Indeed the idea seems to have been a well-nigh universal origin in the human mind from the beginning of time. One of Mrs. Girard's four looms is a 100-year-old loom belonging to her grandmother, and her aunt, Mrs. Alexine Sauv , had taught her the first part of weaving rugs. The loom had been put in for auction and Mrs. Girard's husband bought it for her for \$1.50. This old-fashioned loom was the two-harness

type on which she learned to weave the rugs for which she is now well-known in the district. Using the wool from her own sheep which she has had spun into one ply yarn, Mrs. Girard now has three other looms, all the four-harness type. Quite apt in the difficult ecclesiastical weaving, double warp weaving and bound weaving, Mrs. Girard teaches lace weaving to the 18 members of the Leamington Guild.



June 12, 1958

This next week Bois Blanc Island, or Bob-Lo Island, as we know it today, will celebrate its 60th anniversary as a resort. Bob-Lo's reputation as a good family resort has been maintained during all these years and the Bob-Lo boats and "going to Bob-Lo" are still thrilling, as in my youth.

Wasn't this a nice letter from Mrs. Lyle Mosey, Amherstburg Guide Captain - Quote: "I am enclosing the last Guide news of the season, a trip to Detroit to see "Cinerama Search For Paradise" was enjoyed by the Girl Guide Company on Saturday. The Guide Company has closed their meeting for the summer months. Thanks for the kindness you have shown us for our year and for printing our news."



June 19, 1958

The Sunday morning breakfast put on by the churchyard committee of Christ Church was again this year a delightful affair - the atmosphere created by people, flowers and charming appointments certainly make for a pleasant beginning to a peaceful Sunday.

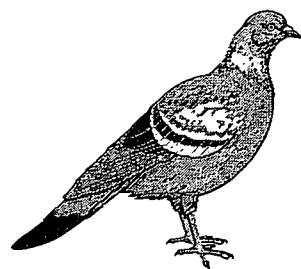
Went to the Brussels World Fair via TV and my comfortable armchair Sunday night - and I enjoyed it. I switched back to my feeling of utter exhaustion and pain of feet and body after both the Chicago and New York World's Fairs and was glad that now in my older days I could tick off a third in my own living room. However do hope to get a more personalized description of the Brussels Fair from friend Lol Price Gay, as she and her sister, Harriet Price Fenton, were in Brussels for two days

this past week.

My pet columnist told the following story on tipping - which often becomes a problem, especially to a woman travelling alone - how much?? Because in my opinion, "over tipping" is folly. However here's the story and we quote: "Tipping is evidently an ancient problem. There is a charming tale about Nasreddin Hoja, a 13th century Turkish philosopher, who once went to a public bath in a neighboring city. The attendants, noticing his shabby costume, paid him little attention and brought him a torn towel and a tiny piece of soap. On leaving, Hoja gave a gold piece to each of the attendants, who mentally kicked themselves for having been deceived by his ragged appearance. He returned to the same bath the following week dressed as before, but this time was received with great deference - new towels, scented soap, much bowing and scraping with the anticipation of more gold pieces. But, on leaving, he gave each attendant a nickel, replying to their startled looks: 'The gold pieces I gave you last week were for the way you treated me today; the nickels I've given you are for the way you treated me last week.'"



June 26, 1958



Tradition was shattered in Trafalgar Square in London, England, where tourists gather to feed thousands of pigeons at the base of Nelson's Column. Vendors of birdseed have switched from paper bags to plastic containers.

Sack, chemise and trapeze dresses are showing up in this old town and several I've seen have been very smart and interesting in line and detail. In fact a hyacinth, linen sack attracted even ME (for me) - but I found out I'm not as adventuresome as I thought I was.

In the picture of the group of five people who went to Bob-Lo Island on the first excursion from Detroit 60 years ago last Wednesday were Mr. and Mrs. W.S. Falls, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Falls and Miss Hazel Falls on the right.

I liked the harmony, the blending of musical tones and chords and the interpretation of songs of the Melody Four, a ladies' barbershop quartet, which provided real good entertainment at the Horticultural luncheon Saturday. In the quartet were Mrs. Mark Fox, tenor; Mrs. Kenneth Lindsay, lead; Mrs. Peter Hallman, baritone; and Mrs. David Elder, bass.



July 3, 1958

Zorro, the western Disney character, has certainly caught on. A wee Zorro in complete costume was in our office Friday and on my news pad at home, I found ZORRO written by a small fan who passed that way. It's quite possible that Zorro will out-run the children's idol of two years ago, Davey Crockett, in popularity role.

Monday, 3 p.m. - before me on my desk is a breathtaking bouquet of sweet peas grown by Mrs. J. Fred Thomas. The colors are from dark, dark red through the pinks to white with a little dash of pinky-lavender to give it spice.

Controversial changes are about to take place in Amherstburg, namely the Alma Street question, the yacht basin, the swimming pool, the extension of Sandwich Street South, etc. There are many ideas voiced about town of these questions for and against. Only by airing views and getting people talking can questions be settled for the benefit of the majority of citizens. A "fester" doesn't help settle questions. If anyone has anything to say or ideas on subjects, write our Mail Bag and bring ideas out for us all to mull over; letters must be signed but names don't need to be published.



July 10, 1958

As a result of the completion of the Canadian TV microwave relay system from coast to coast, which went into use July 1st, I understand we'll be able to see the arrival of Princess Margaret in Vancouver Saturday.

Every once in a while a fashion comes along that ends up as an absolute craze for the whole family. There is one right now - the hobo shirt. What is it? It's a regular shirt but each part of it is made in a different color - back, each side of the front, each sleeve, collar, each cuff.

We went riding into the new riverside park in Windsor recently to see the gardens and enjoy the view. Windsor is to be commended on its foresight in taking advantage of the river and giving everyone a chance to enjoy one of its best points. Detroit is of course doing the same thing. A similar project could be started here if the property at the foot of Richmond could be spoken for the future and the old Post Office be used for municipal affairs. I'm simply talking long-range riverside beautification.

For some time now H.M. was planning to write something about the controversy over our flag - along comes F.B. Taylor in the *London Free Press* with the same idea, which I quote: "A NEW FLAG' is a phrase which keeps cropping up; for and against, much rhetoric is expended. Both sides in the argument claim a passionate loyalty to Canada, though they seldom seem to take a day off to really look at what they love. We can change the flag, no doubt, as we can change the governments, for this is a free country and the right to disagree is part of a valuable heritage. But the roots of the loyal heart do not change; they are deep in the soil; the sinews of the soil are the sinews of the people. There is discovered among some citizens a great distaste for any design on our flag which could suggest the influence of any other country, though we have adopted many things from other countries, including habits of speech and living, which are not necessarily their best exports. My great-grandmother (and yours) celebrated the first Dominion Day; to do so, they probably could take only a little time off from the still gigantic task of building a country, with a name untarnished for those who would follow. Someone wrote this: 'That the banner be bright is less urgent than that he who bears it should stand upright and run swiftly forward. For, if he stumble and fall, the banner also will be laid in the dust.'"



July 17, 1958

In the Women's department - I'm glad that the blouse-on detail for dresses and suits hasn't been dropped by designers for fall and winter clothes - as I think the bloused back is becoming to many figures, large and small.

When Mr. F. Steininger returned to his home country, Switzerland, a month or so ago after a long visit here with his son and family at the Swiss Chalet, he said to me, "I'd like to spend the rest of my life with one foot in Switzerland and one foot in Amherstburg, as I've grown to love your town." This week I had a card from this charming man in St. Gallen, Switzerland, which said in part, "But I assure you that I never forget Amherstburg, the nice people and the river with all the freighters I liked so much."

I was glad once again Monday at noon that I'm a twentieth century baby and have been part of all the wonderful changes in our way of life. For Monday at noon through the wonderful Canadian microwave system, the longest in the world, we saw Princess Margaret in Victoria, B.C., as the event was happening. Harking on the good old days is no doubt boring to many, but as B.M. and I were enjoying the newscast and the charm of Her Majesty, I could not help but flash back to the first music I heard (through earphones) picked out of the air at Dr. Abbott's house, north of our office.

In a letter from 722 Beaverbrook Street, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Sylvia Campbell Eves wrote, "Having been christened by Dr. W.E. Donnelly in the Methodist Church in Amherstburg nearly 40 years ago, I thought you might be interested in this clipping for the *Amherstburg Echo* (telling of Dr. Donnelly's retirement from Young United Church in Winnipeg). Dr. Donnelly is not retiring from the Ministry after 45 years as a pastor, instead he is taking on a new congregation in Fort Garry, who hope to build a new church in the near future. The article on Dr. Donnelly, formerly of Wesley Church, Amherstburg, said in part, "Dr. Donnelly, an honor graduate in philosophy of the 1913 class of the University of Toronto, preached 40 times during his last year at St. Thomas, Ont., High School and at 17 was holding down at Methodist rural mission charge and delivering sermons every Sunday." He is a first cousin of Mrs. Ferman Sinasac.

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July 24, 1958

I'm very fond of the sport togs this year, the Jamaica shorts over the blouses, the short smart skirts, the slacks and the sleeveless dresses with the high necklines - and if a woman has a personable figure, regardless of age, wear the comfortable sport things being turned out now. Although I can't say I admire a too-undressed look in our shops on a woman with bad figure points, I keep talking to myself and saying, "Ours is a resort town and that person is on holiday and relaxing and not 'going down town' as I am."

The *Elmira Signet* regrets the passing of the rocking chair and its effects; rocking had a soothing sort of effect in the early 1900s. Nowadays Mom and Dad take a tranquilizer instead. Somehow the rocking chair has been replaced by a tin of green pills. If the truth were known, most people would prefer the rocking chair.

Mrs. Frank Delmore had an interesting coincidence last week. Earlier in the week Mr. Delmore picked up a medal in the field he was plowing, which had the profiles of Livingstone and Stanley on it and the inscription "Heroes of the Dark Continent." They were trying to find out about the commemorative medal when last Thursday's *Echo* came and there was the story of David Livingstone.

The first black crepe dresses that are forerunners of fall are beginning to appear and many women are very excited about them. The newest are in the modern Empire silhouette - high waisted with a pretty fitted bustline and a barely fitted body line. This is such a young and such a pretty silhouette everyone will like it, including the recalcitrant males who were so vociferous in denouncing the chemise. Sometimes these Empire black crepes have a narrow velvet ribbon sash with floating ends. Sometimes there is a sparkling rhinestone pin with a tiny dangle placed at the bustline.

✿

July 31, 1958

I never get tired of the beauty that rides on our Detroit River - the ever-changing beauty on and above the lovely river seems to be a fresh viewpoint daily - never seems to me like the same old thing warmed over.

I'm in agreement with Barry Morse, the clever Canadian actor, who gets out of sorts with the people who feel they must not say table napkin or looking glass, that it must be serviette, etc.

In Detroit recently at a meeting of American Weekly Newspapers was a Mrs. Frank Boyd, who at 80 years is still a member of the working press on a Kansas weekly. When asked about the youth of today, she said that she has confidence and faith in the younger generation that "they will find their own way of solving the problem we made."

In the Small World Department, Yvonne Teeter Bailey wrote the following coincident from Houston, Texas: "Roy [Delmore] heard there was a Canadian doctor who had just come to Houston, so he went to the East side to see him and whom did it turn out to be but Tom Speidel [also of Amherstburg]."

One day last week friend was all out of puff, as she had been buying Christmas presents!! That type of efficient managing of self will certainly make for a calm pre-Christmas week but not for me; the last minute rush, the finding of just the right thing for this person and that, is part of the holiday. It's fun and excitement - and I couldn't think of anything but runny eyes, hot nose and sore throat on those hot humid July days last week, so the idea of Christmas presents in July fell flat on me.

If you have difficulty as I do getting in and out of a car without feeling awkward, try this. Open the door, turn your body so that you back into the car and sit on the seat with both feet on the ground. Next duck your head and swing around, lifting both feet into the car at the same time. This maneuver is smooth and easy and graceful to see; moreover, there is less chance of bumping your head. It works beautifully on all front seats, most seats and cabs; all but the back seat of the two-door car. In case of the latter, go in sideways; with one foot in, reach for rail or grip the back of the front seat, then pull your body in. The sooner you sit the easier it is

so don't try to bend over and walk into the car.



August 7, 1958

Mrs. James Ward, who is 76 years of age, is making the wedding cake for her granddaughter, Marlene Ward, this week. Marlene is to be married in September.

Cruised up river to Detroit on the Bob-Lo boat Saturday and was thrilled once again with the ever beautiful Detroit River, but was disturbed with the number of small craft in the channel and the number of times the *Columbia's* captain had to give the short danger toots.

Anna Marie McCurdy, who has been a member of the cast of the M.R.A. play, "The Crowning Experience," wrote that in the Green Room before the opening curtain one night she met Dr. Jamali, former prime minister of Iraq. Dr. Jamali has since been murdered in Baghdad.

Mrs. Ronald Reese of Harrow returned last Monday from her parental home near Sydney, Nova Scotia. She told that by some trick of fate, eight whales were trapped in an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean near her home and, in low tide, died. Her children were so interested in the sight that they had their pictures taken on a whale's back. There was whale oil by the gallon, I'll wager, with very little effort.



August 14, 1958

Arthur Atkinson was in Monday and paid for his *Echo* for the 50th time.

Saw the newer-than-new ladies' head bands and the net hair coverings, some jewelled, at a recent Detroit party - and I think they are high fashion.

Kachoo!! Kachoo!! - is this writer's complaint these days - I love living in the Banana Belt, in suburbia, along the river, but I'm tired of grousing about my

condition at this dreaded time of the year - Bear with me.



August 21, 1958

Tom Dougal, son of Mrs. James Dougal who lived for several years in the house on Sandwich Street north now owned by H.H. Quinn, writes and narrates the "Shock" program on T.V. He also writes "Night Court".

In the younger women's department - Put a drop of perfume inside the necklines of your dresses on lingerie or on skirt hems for a lasting aura of fragrance.

I heartily agree with friend columnist who said, "Men who jeer at the new 'sack' look in women ought to remember the ironic comment of Austin O'Malley some 50 years ago: 'We smile at the women who are eagerly following the fashions in dress whilst we are as eagerly following the fashions in thoughts.'"

Two gladiolus enthusiasts, as a hobby, came to our house with giant stocks of perfect blooms, one of each variety, and also a bouquet of miniature blooms, to bring much interest and joy to all of us Saturday night. They were Mr. and Mrs. Grant Golden (Betty is the giant variety enthusiast while Grant introduced the miniatures into their garden just this year). I loved the enthusiasm of this couple in what they were developing in form and color and the loving tenderness with which Betty touched the blooms and as she discussed her adventure into hybridizing.

That this will be a year for fur, I previewed in Detroit the other evening when many, many women at the party I attended wore fur-collared sweaters or summer fur capes. So, salvage bits of fur that are still in good condition - even the small pieces. Fur coats are shorter and plainer, I understand, so you may have pieces cut from the bottom or after removing collars and cuffs in remodeling your old coat. Almost everyone has fur tucked away somewhere, bits of fox, ocelot, or beaver inherited or saved over the years. Now is the time to get them out, clean and use them. Make your little girl a muff and fur-trimmed bonnet; yourself a collar and cuff set with hook and eye fasteners to use with sweaters, suits and dresses.

Several weeks ago in this newspaper we commented on Andrew Elliott of Oxley driving the mail stage from Oxley to Amherstburg. Shortly afterward Patricia Pilon called me and told that her mother, Mrs. Denis Pilon, recalled that 77 years ago when she (Mrs. Pilon) was four, she knew Mr. Elliott when he'd come to the Vereker Post Office where she lived with her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hilaire Bondy (her mother, Mrs. Luke Ouellette Sr., having died). Mrs. Pilon recalls that when Mr. Elliott came in he'd tease her and pay one penny per kiss from the four-year-old girl. When she was 16, Mrs. Pilon was in Detroit and was embarrassed to death when she met Will Elliott who wondered if she were still selling her kisses for a cent a piece. I can imagine inner consternation of a 16-year-old, in those days, at that facetious remark.



August 28, 1958

Documents claiming that the sewing machine was invented 200 years ago by an inhabitant of Ceski Budejovice have been found in the library of that South Bohemian town, says a despatch from Prague. According to the documents, the inventor, a German needle-maker named Wunderlich, launched the sewing machine after it had been tested by the wives of local farmers.

For the benefit of the older generation of women who have watched their daughters adopt what once was an old-fashioned style - the wearing of stiffened petticoats to alter the silhouette of a dressy frock - the question should be asked: Why can't mother do the same? Many have done so, but others have demurred, thinking the style too youthful and not suited to their figures. Let the older woman in doubt be encouraged to try the style. If she is tall and reasonably thin it will do as much for her as for her daughter. Moreover, as at least one matron has discovered the limp dresses she may have carried over from one season to the next, feeling they were too good to discard but not pretty enough to enjoy, suddenly take on a new lease of life. Even a simulation of the "Trapeze" appears for each of these perennial frocks once it has a stiff petticoat underneath.



September 4, 1958

Had a real compliment after a day at the Harrow Fair Friday when a seven-year-old whom I hadn't seen before said to me at a wiener roast at the river, "Come play with us."

Vincent Price will be the first of the Town Hall speakers at the Ford Auditorium in Detroit, October 8th. He will lecture on art, and from two groups of friends who have heard him, he's good as a lecturer.

The women's department at the Harrow Fair this year was worth seeing, I thought. An interesting trend in the baked goods department was the amount of bread entries. In the needlework department two quilts attracted me, one a butterfly quilt done by 91-year-old Mrs. W.H. Neville of Cottam, grandmother of Mrs. Donald McLean, and the other, beautiful in its blend of golds, yellows and dark red done by Mrs. A. Ludlam of Comber. This latter quilt was a fine example of combination of appliqué, piecing and quilting.

Labor Day was too cool for outside comfort and too bad, too, when eats-out were planned on this, the last summer holiday. However, the Boblo Boat, saluting good-bye after its orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" at the Amherstburg dock, brought tears (as it has all my life) of regret and nostalgia. I'm not morbid about fall coming on, for it's my favorite season with its color and change and I loved the warmth and cosiness of our house when I came up from the river, but the Boblo boat's end of season good-bye always pulls at my heart.



September 11, 1958

I quite agree with the Hollywood producer who said that all western, no love, makes T.V. dull fare.

In the current *Ladies Home Journal* is an article, "Rodeo Wife"; the Kendalls knew the couple in Arizona and Marilyn was their babysitter.

The short (long-enough) Detroit newspaper strike was hard on we natives of the fringe of that dynamic city. I've grown up on the morning *Free Press* and felt as if I'd missed my morning eye opener, which I need, I find.

H.M. is saturated with the beauty and colour at the Flower Show held last weekend. Mrs. R. Duby's combination of pale yellow glads and bittersweet in a brass vase was unusual and lasting in its enjoyment; and D. McCready's single collarette dahlias interesting and easily adapted to home bouquet use.

Prime Minister John Diefenbaker went into our house Tuesday with Mrs. Richard Thrasher to meet mother and when the photographer wanted to take her picture with him, "she didn't think she should have her picture taken." (H.M. bets she didn't have her beads on and her hair wasn't quite right - the oldster's pride is something). Mr. Diefenbaker then said to mother in warm kindly voice, "You're just like my mother who is 84, she would not have her picture taken either if she weren't ready."



September 18, 1958

The Harvest Moon, which we lovers of Autumn like, will be full September 27th. For those who have forgotten how to figure the time of the Harvest Moon, it's the full moon nearest the Autumnal Equinox.

Young friend at the beauty parlor ordered some hoops after a weekend in Detroit with her aunt and when she starts the hula hoop fad here it will spread like wild fire. The current hula hoop craze is certainly provoking interest and fun among the youngsters - but did you know that Elizabeth Arden has used the hoop as a reducing medium at her reducing farm for some time; from what I read it was work to master it.

Grandmothers and unrelated aunts are a wonderful illustration in the growing up of many children I know. A child who hasn't one or the other misses a lot. One grandmother I know who is popular with her eight grandchildren is Yvonne Teeter Bailey - and here's one reason why - for Mary Elaine Delmore's birthday in August

Nanna Bailey made five little "grown up" dresses for five little girls to play Mamas in. The dresses were of taffeta complete with zippers, tulle, "diamonds" and stoles and there were high-heeled shoes for each.



September 25, 1958

Their Diamond wedding anniversary is to be celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. John Parks in their home on the river front in Malden October 5th.

We are finding the new format of "The Voice of Firestone," with John Daley as commentator, excellent music fare.

Found out recently that taste can send me back in thought to the security and warmth of my grandmother's home in Essex. This was brought about by some warm tea biscuits and currants in them sent to Mrs. Bessie by Mrs. E.D. Hutchinson made from an old recipe of her mother's and also used by my grandmother.

For two weeks now we have noticed hundreds of terns (seagulls) flying aimlessly around the artificial arm of Boblo which is being made by the dredging companies from the rock and stone etc. being carted there after dredging activities. J.A.M. and I have commented on the sight because if they were a migratory bird, one would think they were flocking.



October 2, 1958

When Mrs. W. Heyden and Mrs. P. Lister were in New York last week they were down on 42nd Street when a woman stopped them and asked the way to Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Heyden started to say that they were strangers, when she looked up and was talking to Mrs. Murdoch and Joan.

Thirty-six years ago Rev. D.L. Forestell married Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Shaw in St. John the Baptist Church; a few years ago he married Barbara Shaw, their youngest daughter; and on October 11th the same priest will marry Noreen Shaw to Guy Williams in the same church as her parents.

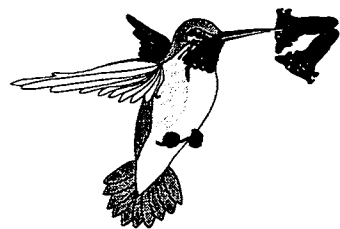
Whether married or single, for a proper signature, a woman generally should never prefix it by Mrs. or Miss. There are two exceptions. A woman designates her marital or single status by writing Mrs. or Miss when signing a hotel register, so that mail addressed to her may be more easily identified. And the prefix may also be inserted in writing business letters if these require a reply. The same applies to social letters to persons who may not know the marital status of the writer.



October 9, 1958

The school girls (6 to 16 years) on the Toronto streets and busses were very well dressed in my opinion (and I'm not speaking of the uniforms worn by private school day pupils). Most girls had smart berets, navy blue all-weather coats, knee sox, oxfords and shoulder strap purse and they really were smart.

To anyone interested in the outdoors, an hour or so spent on Point Pelee (or anywhere along the north shore of Lake Erie for that matter) this month has much to offer, for few other places in Canada provide such a fine opportunity to see at first hand the passing parade of Autumn migration. During the past several weeks, scattered flights of broad-winged hawks have been spotted in the Banana Belt. Observers also report occasional sharp-shinned hawks, ospreys, sparrow hawks, marsh hawks, cooper's hawks and a few pigeon-hawks. But even if the hawks are scarce, there is these days almost a continuous procession of migrants, insects as



well as birds, and this will increase as the fall season approaches. If you're lucky you may catch brief glimpses of single hummingbirds speeding like winged bullets on their way to winter quarters someplace in faraway South America. These tiny birds are engaged in journeys more than a thousand miles long. Most of them are pursuing courses they have never traversed before to

places they have never visited previously. And next spring the survivors will make the return trip. Also in the passing parade are such seemingly fragile creatures as Monarch butterflies (or do you prefer King Billy) and dragonflies. These, too, are bound for areas many hundreds of miles away and despite the many perils of winds, rains, storms and predators, many of them will complete a journey that will take them westward along the north shore of Lake Erie southward through the United States, probably as far as the Gulf of Mexico and possibly much farther. Goldfinches, robins and bluejays haven't been too abundant but all three of these species will show marked increases among the daytime migrants as the days go by. Flocks of robins have been reported wandering around in noisy profusion for a week or more and eventually they will be on their way. Goldfinches, too, will struggle southwestward to wintering grounds in the United States. In many ways bluejays are the most spectacular of all the migrants that pass along the lake. Over a period of days, sometimes weeks, unaccounted thousands may be seen en route. Chattering and screaming, the ragged flocks wander along, pausing briefly here and there, but for the most part pushing along relentlessly on journeys to more hospitable winter climates.



October 16, 1958

Edward R. Murrow will interview Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Price in their home in California on the "Person-to-Person" program Friday night.

A third ring to celebrate motherhood - a pre-war jewelry fashion is being revived in Britain. Jewelers report that instead of buying a gift which has no special significance, more and more husbands are asking for a ring which their wives can wear with their engagement and wedding rings to denote motherhood.

Every woman likes and responds to the flattery of a white dress. So whenever the constantly turning wheel of fashion brings in white as a winter fashion, I think most women respond to it very quickly. Primarily, of course, it's because most winter whites are in wool - usually soft off-whites as ivory or eggshell - which are easy to wear and give one's skin a soft glow. This is going to be one of the winter white years. There were one or two white dresses in almost every Paris collection,

usually in a lacy mohair fabric.



October 23, 1958

I saw two smart young girls, teenagers, in Toronto in leotards with their school togs and I thought they were smart - for fun, fashion and warmth.

The balmy, zestful weather in our district, the beauty round about and the plenty of the harvest, makes this a wonderful place to live - and we who live here are grateful for these many blessings.

In the coincidence department - Over the Thanksgiving weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grant were in Hamilton, so called on at Bruce Georgeff's house. The Georgeffs weren't home, so Roy left a note, "Why don't you stay home?" - When the Grants returned to Harrow, they found a note, "Why don't you stay home?" in their door from the Georgeffs.



October 30, 1958

I was so glad to see the giant helicopters used in the simulated Battle of Bois Blanc a fortnight ago. They came from a base in North Carolina, I understand, just for the manoeuver and each flight averaged 6 minutes loading troops on Grosse Île and then on to the island.



November 6, 1958

The good old Banana Belt is putting on a wonderful front these days. Two examples follow: Monday, Forest Laramie brought ripe tasty raspberries to the office and on Friday in the steely rain, Mrs. Clifford Wigle sent B.M. a bouquet of calendulas and cosmos.

Having heard about the Holts' guests and the Malden picnic and beach party they had in early fall for the British consul at Detroit, his wife and several members of the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet, I wanted to get more facts. It seemed that the Britishers were delighted with the food, the informality, the fun and the water skiing which the members of the *corps de ballet* had never tried before.

When Dr. Joyce Brothers (she of the \$64,000 fame) spoke at Town Hall in Detroit last Wednesday, several from here heard her and were delighted. She's a psychiatrist and her advice to her Detroit audience on memory training I thought was worthwhile - when she won the big money her category was boxing and evidently she applied her rules to her interest which was developed since her marriage. Her advice was - don't clutter your mind up with "junk" (like telephone numbers). Concentrate on what's really important to you. Instead of mere repetition learn by association of ideas. Don't let your moods become your master. You can learn just as efficiently when you "don't feel like it." Memorize topics as a whole, rather than in parts. And don't tell yourself your brain is tired. A single peanut provides enough energy to run your brain for 12 hours.



November 13, 1958

Toot! Toot! Toot! - Jack V. Ouellette, son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ouellette, when changing his address to U.S. Naval Air Station in Pensacola, Florida, wrote: - "I feel that I should take this opportunity to express to you how much I appreciate my weekly copy of the *Echo*. No matter how distant and unimportant the news it may contain, I always find your newspaper a breath of fresh air, so to speak, almost like a letter from home, or perhaps like a walk through downtown Amherstburg on a sunny Saturday afternoon. Like so many others, I believe, I have learned to appreciate and love my home town only, I regret to say, by having left it. No matter where I am, I look forward very much to each visit home to see the many wonderful people there and enjoy the familiarity and hospitality of the town that served me so well as a place in which to grow up. Each time I return I discover more and more to wonder at and value. I feel so very fortunate to be a part of Amherstburg - for that I will always be. Your fine little newspaper serves me well as a reminder of these things, and, of course, as an up-to-date source of information of Amherstburg,

its people and activities.”



November 13, 1958

The following letter came to us from John Saber, who is now at Villa Maria in Windsor. Quote: “I am wondering if you have ever been through this building, if you haven’t, well I think you would find it well worthwhile. You would find some interesting things to write about for your column in the *Echo*. The location of the building, I think is the best that could be found. The building itself is lovely and the wonderful work that the sisters and their staff are doing make it home. A home for the likes of me, everything right up to date, cafeteria system, a large dining hall with small tables to sit three or four at each, those who are unable to help themselves are assisted by the staff, including young nurses from Hotel Dieu. Yes, they even make our beds, this is all part of their training. If you could just take a peek into the dining hall at meal time it would do your heart good to see to many happy old people laughing and chatting amongst themselves. There are some here besides myself from Amherstburg. I met Miss Mary Kelly a few days ago, we had a chat about the old town, then she gave me her room number and asked me to come up and see her sometimes, wasn’t that nice? Sunday I had a visit with an old couple, both over ninety, who lived in Amherstburg many years ago. A short time ago, on celebrating their seventieth wedding anniversary, they received a cable from the Queen, a telegram from the Prime Minister and a letter of congratulations from our Dick Thrasher. They are still hale and hearty, yes and still read the *Echo*. About a month ago, I didn’t know much about this building except just passing it in a car and now here I am living in it and feeling fine. I don’t think there is a finer building of its kind in the whole province. The weather has been so lovely that I have been able to get out for a walk every day. Besides that, one can take a good walk right in the grounds beside the Detroit River.



November 20, 1958

Mrs. J.R. Gibson, Sandwich Street North, is delighted with a sweet pea

growing, apparently unafraid of the season, in her garden.

Saw an apple Monday, a beautiful specimen too, that was 15 inches in circumference. It was a Wolfe River and was brought by Don Watt from an orchard near Thornbury. These giants are for bakery purposes.

Despite the rainy, bleak, foggy weekend, a fine crowd of well wishers attended the open house for which James and Evelyn Pouget were hosts at their modern, brand new flower shop on Sandwich Street Friday and Saturday. To me it was an interesting experience to come in from the rain and steel gray of the day and be enveloped in the beauty, warmth and light of the attractive surroundings, the color in the decorations and the flowers.



November 27, 1958

Did you know that? - Not only were shoes in bright colors popular in Roman times, they were colored by decree in the days of the monarchy, red as a shoe color was not popular until the Emperor Aurelian, who reigned from 270 to 275 A.D., took a hand. He publicly approved the hue in the feminine mode and at the same time forbade its use by men. In the days of the early Romans, the most fashionable shoes were white, followed in popularity by yellow and green.

This tip for short-haired women works and I’m grateful for it, so if hat pins slide through your short hair, try this: Insert pin and twist, winding hair around pin before pushing through to outside of hat. Keep pin on a slant as you rotate it under the hat.



Mrs. A. McKinley, who is a keen and well-informed gardener, brought us a bouquet of mums Friday which she had picked in her garden that day. In the arrangement there were fifteen different varieties, in good condition, too, despite the date, all but two having been grown by Mrs. McKinley; the other two were from Mrs. A. Kopacz’ garden.

The artistic Mrs. Walter Callam had a clever and simple centerpiece on her dining table Thursday, one which I'm certainly going to copy for use during the Christmas season. Mrs. Callam had put a white candle in the centre of a cut glass bowl, surrounded it with grapes and then flanked bowl with white candles in low containers. That's all and the effect was lovely. I thought I'd use red candles for the holidays.

We thought we'd try out a crossword puzzle a week for a short time to see whether or not our readers wanted this service. Mrs. Charles W. Lees of Edgewater told me how thrilled she was with the *Echo* crossword, as she's a fan, having started to work them 40 years ago in Cincinnati.

Monday is election day - I hope I won't hear one bit of criticism of the outcome from any member of my own sex who didn't get out to vote. Women gave up much and worked hard not too many years ago to get us the right to vote - so I'm not very sympathetic, I'm afraid, with women who don't use that right.



December 4, 1958

Friday morning in the cold and snow blizzard, not only I, but Bill Bailey and Mrs. Charles Hackett and others, were affected by the sight of the brave freighter *Bruce Angus* of the Canada Steamship Lines, ice-coated, gliding along upbound, decorated for Christmas with Christmas trees, a Santa Claus and white lights, defying the weather and inspiring all with the joy of the coming season.

Celia Franca, director and leading dancer of Canada's National Ballet, received the 1958-59 Woman of the Year award Sunday by the B'nai B'rith Women of Toronto. After the presentation a New York woman, Mrs. H.A. Cohen, said something in which I am in agreement for most of us: "Women should continue to not just live and let live, but live and help live." She stressed the need for women to identify themselves with an organization in which they could find happiness in serving and doing and giving.



December 11, 1958

The snow, the beautiful December sky and the Christmas spirit abroad in mind, song and story is making us all friendly and chatty on the streets - we seem to have things to talk about, even to comparative strangers.

I learned this tip recently and it works well - to keep a vegetable salad crisp when it has to stand before serving, place a saucer upside down at the bottom of the bowl when filling it. The moisture will run under the saucer and prevent the salad from becoming soggy.

I quite agree with the person who said that like so many in our modern world, people place convenience above principle. They complain privately, but they conform publicly. I, myself, am morally lazy - I know I am - because I haven't said enough about the arena issue - a sheet of artificial ice to start with is my idea and later add and add.

In the past it was always considered right and proper for a bride to have a trousseau, that is enough clothes for her first year of marriage plus linens of all kinds, etc. Many young brides nowadays don't feel the need for their dowry, or as I've called the hope chest, their bank. So I was glad to see the beautiful needlework done by Susan Horne for her trousseau. She made not only her exquisite wedding dress but her going away dress and a negligee and other pieces of lingerie. A young working woman with her creative gift should make an attractive comfortable home.



December 18, 1958

Mrs. Harry Dube is one of the most ardent and most successful gardeners in town. She loves flowers and they respond to her affection, evidently, because on Friday she had blooms on her Easter lily, which she cared for all summer and brought in when the temperature skidded zero-ward.

For a Christmas fruit salad try the following recipe, which we had in Detroit the other evening and found tasty. It was served with potato chips and cheese

sandwiches. Here goes: Mix together 1 cup shredded coconut, 1 cup oranges (friend used a can of mandarin oranges), 1 cup pineapple chunks, 1 cup marshmallows and 1 cup sour cream - that's all and it's delicious if you like a fruit salad.

At a family dinner party given to celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Will Thrasher's golden wedding anniversary, Chester Thrasher read the following tribute to his parents:

To Mother and Dad Thrasher

Here's to dear Mother and wise Father
As on this memorable day we gather
Each son and daughter to celebrate
The Golden Wedding of fifty-eight.

These fifty years have quickly flown
And all eight children are fully grown.
Each Thrasher here is filled with pride
With mate and grandchildren by your side.

This is a day we shall long remember
That began on a 9th day of December
And now that they've reached the gold fiftieth
Let's all drink a toast to the diamond sixtieth.



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