



# *Conversation Pieces*

by  
Helen Marsh



Vol. XII  
1965 to 1967



Marsh Collection Society  
Amherstburg, Ontario, Canada

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Marsh Collection Society  
80 Richmond Street  
Amherstburg, Ontario  
N9V 1E9 (519) 736-9191

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ISSN 1481-6695

First Printing 2020

The Marsh Collection Society wishes to thank Joy Hamilton for her contribution to this publication.

## *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.

*January 7, 1965*

Miss Bessie looked at the Rose Bowl game between University of Michigan and Oregon squads in Pasadena on New Year's Day. The next day I said to her that "I don't understand the game very well but enjoyed it." She flashed back, "I don't either but let's study it and learn all we can about Bob Timberlake."

Fashion prediction - In 10 years we women will spend less time looking for our size in clothes. I understand stretch fabrics, already popular in slacks and swim wear, will make practically everything fit everybody.

If you are a collector of beautiful books, I'd say that *Canada*, by Peter Varley and Kildare Dobbs, with eight colour plates showing the beauty, space and variety of our country from coast to coast, is one of the nicest books I've seen during this season.

In my estimation, the over-blouse for all of us, big and little women, is the cleverest and prettiest style point in many years. The plain shell is smart and the beaded, sleeveless over-blouses worn with either long or short skirts are awfully good style.

Now I know what Christmas decorations look like in the south - friend from Harrow decorated her four-foot rubber plant with tinsel, gay balls, etc., and it surprised me because of its attractiveness entering into the spirit of the season.

I've always known Mrs. Agnes (Hamel) Tremblay, Brock Street, but during the war when her son Lloyd was a prisoner of war, we became good friends because of my association with the Red Cross Prisoner of War Committee. I admire Mrs. Tremblay for her modernity, faith and straight-thinking. So I was not surprised when I knew that on the last day of the year at 81 years of age, she had her first airplane ride with her son, Verroll Lovell, of LaSalle, at the controls of the plane - and liked it.

Now that the Christmas orgy of eating and nibbling is over, I'm actually starting the New Year right by reading diets - just reading, of course, not following advice given therein.

The annual bird census at Point Pelee took place Saturday morning (early) under the direction of the newly-formed Sun Parlor Nature Club. This count of our feathered friends occurs at various locations all over North America at about the same time every year and is headed overall by the National Audubon Society with headquarters in New York. Results of the local counts will be sent to the Society, which compiles a nation-wide picture of the bird population.

I've been thinking about the modern convenience that I think I like best in my set-up and have come up with clear plastic food and clothing bags. I find storage such an easy problem, no more wrapping items in dark paper, labelling boxes as to contents and hat boxes are super. I remember what a methodical, neat person the late Mrs. F. P. Scratch was and the time I went over to be with her when G.E.W. was away for a few hours. She had me get out labelled boxes (labelled) "my 1934 wedding hat," my wedding jewellery," etc. I think she'd like the clear

storage boxes and bags too. Miss Bessie likes them too and is delighted that this year H.M. didn't crab about moths, nor cottage cheese smelling up the ice box.

*January 14, 1965*

The beauty of the past season was brought home to Miss Bessie in the figures of the three wise men and a star, made of stained glass which reflects the light through their colors when hung in our south window. This lovely Christmas story in stained glass was loaned to us by Mrs. Henry Holt, who thought mother would enjoy the original idea - she did and so did I.

For years I have been acquainted (through reading, of course) with author Ian Fleming's James Bond. So am interested in the sudden popularity of this suave agent since Mr. Fleming's death.

When the wee twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Shay (Marilyn Hubbell), Colchester, were baptized recently at Christ Church, they wore heirloom baptismal dresses. The original long dress and slip over 100 years of age, had been worn by their great, great-grandfather, Adrian Levergood, at his baptism in the same church - Christ Church, Colchester. Their grandmother, Emily (Levergood) Hubbell, took the original embroidered and tucked petticoat and put a top to it so that each baby had a pure white embroidered heirloom dress which his ancestor had worn.

One of George Elliott's excellent bird pictures came to me with their greeting. George's talent in bird photography is being recognized. The picture this year was of a male evening grosbeak taken in their back garden in St. Lambert, Quebec. "They (the grosbeak)," wrote Gerry (Iler) Elliott, "flew in on Christmas Day last year."

Well, I read and thoroughly enjoyed Flamboyant Canadians, which is a group of sketches by various authors of colorful Canadian individuals who have been out of the ordinary in Canada's growing up. We are a country whose people as a whole tend to be the very opposite of flashy and flamboyant. That was the read on the book and its true characterizations gave me such interest, for we have had lively people in our history, I found.

*January 21, 1965*

I'm finding the C.B.S. News program "This Week Has Seven Days" on Sunday nights excellent fare - even though it is late for H.M.

There was an excellent picture of Dr. Isobel Wright, the Montreal child specialist, in the Huron Church News. Dr. Isobel, who grew up in Amherstburg where her father, Rev. H. A. Wright, was rector of Christ Church for many years, is closing out her practice this month in order to go to India as an overseas representative of the Anglican Church of Canada. She will teach in the faculty of pediatrics at Ludhiana Hospital in the diocese of Amritsar. Dr. Wright has offered for missionary service for a three-year period.

When I heard the sound of the hockey puck hitting the boards at the rink Sunday morning, I was so pleased that at long last the hockey boys had a chance to practice shooting.

I have been reading that Spring fashions have nostalgic overtones of sugar and spice. Primrose, yellow-green, sweet pink, hyacinth (that's for me), mauve and daffodil, recall the new art movement of the early years of 1900. Just the thought of those colors as I write this Friday afternoon, the 15th, when it's stiletto cold, snowy, slippery and steel grey out of doors, makes me want to get going on my ideas for a hyacinth colored sweater and matching skirt. Tuesday morning I saw all the above colors in the pre sunrise sky right over Mrs. J. B. Sullivan's house. The wide strip of lavender hyacinth with deep purple bands at the tree level and above, and later the introduction of pink and yellow, told me Spring is coming.

J.A.M. had the pleasure of being called to Ottawa during the war where he and other editors met with and heard Mr. Winston Churchill speak in an off-the-record session. Evidently Mr. Churchill's dynamic personality and warmth is something one never forgets. A great honor to have met and been near a maker of history, I feel.

Bill Currie, the gregarious Bill who liked people and brought out the best in them, succumbed to a strange and long illness in Detroit last Thursday. Bill, as a member of the Echo staff, was popular both here and in Harrow. He was a good writer, a good mixer and very clever at amateur theatricals in song and dance numbers especially. He was one of the end men in the Legion minstrel shows and brought down the house with his antics. He was a Dapper Dan. The last time he came to see Miss Bessie and me, in spite of the fact that he was sick, he had come down on the Bob-Lo boat in his white flannels, dark jacket, white shirt and bow tie. Bill was a great Canadian and even though he was in Detroit for 18 years, he never renounced his citizenship. He loved Amherstburg and wanted to be buried here. The young people of today have missed a lot by not knowing Bill Currie or someone with his warm interest in people and his willingness to serve his community. When he left this paper to go into the Army, the Amherstburg Smokes Fund list which he looked after was left here in the office and H.M. took over correcting it as addresses from Amherstburg lads overseas were changed and found out how much of his off-time Bill was giving to his adopted community.

In a letter from Houston, Texas I got several interesting stories of the delightful, gracious Duke of Windsor when he was a patient in Methodist Hospital there. One of the most amusing was on the night of his arrival. Mrs. Leroy Delmore (Linda Bailey) from here, who is head medical technologist there, had been presented to His Royal Highness during the day. "He was so pleasant, walked across the room, shook my hand and carried on a constant stream of conversation." "His was a regulation hospital room," she continued, "and I treated him like a patient and we got on famously." Incidentally, before I go on with the amusing story, Linda and Roy were invited to a six to eight party at the British Consul General's and had hoped to meet the Duke and Duchess there, but they evidently spent a quiet evening at the hotel. Now for the story - when one of the lab technicians went in for a blood test, His Royal Highness said "Young lady, do you wish to take my blood now or shall I have my cocktail first?" He apologized by saying, "I would invite you to join me but this is a castor oil cocktail." The young technician with a sense of humor squealed when the blood began to run. "Oh! Oh! Dear, dear goodness!" The

Duke became a bit concerned and said, "Whatever is wrong?" "Oh, nothing really, Your Highness, but your blood is RED!" That brought forth a big, big heat of laughter from him.

*January 28, 1965*

Tuesday at 4 p.m., Mrs. James Coyle called saying, "Spring is coming as there are two robins in our yard."

A fashion note for Spring which pleases me is the suit with elbow length sleeves, with which longer length gloves give the dash.

When my little neighbor, Wendy Wilson, was baptized Sunday morning in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, she wore the same dress her father, Fred Wilson, had worn at his baptism in the same church 30 years ago. And to please her neighbors, when she received the first Sacrament of her church, Wendy wore a yellow sweater which we had given to her.

Also in the fashion news - I like the Professor Henry Higgins hats for men in both suede and tweed - jaunty and informal. The movie "My Fair Lady" has given a pep pill to the manufacturers of both men's and women's accessories.

I am glad that I actually heard Sir Winston Churchill speak to the British people and the world via radio during war days. I'll never forget his tenacious intonations and his beautiful stirring choice of words and phrases. I'm just sorry that the young people of today missed that experience as it happened. As the late President John F. Kennedy said, "Mr. Churchill mobilized the English language and sent it into battle."

*February 4, 1965*

For the green thumbs ---there is a new bush type sweet pea on the market that is a mild blue, called sapphire.

Dr. Harley Williams, writing in the magazine Health, in London, England, says that to release tension 'a good laugh is better than tranquilizers.' If you feel tension coming on, he says, switch on T.V. and roar away, and I quite agree.

Since our Janet's accident and slow recovery in a hospital near Pittsburg, I know exactly what it means to be enveloped in the kindness of friends who share our apprehension. This is when it is a privilege to live in Amherstburg, and to know you and you and you.

I like the white jabots and floppy white collars being shown for spring this year. This is an old idea as Miss Bessie used to wear similar collars and jabots and frilly front blouses. In fact, not too long ago I gave away to a rummage sale a whole box of vestees with Irish lace or fillet - and now I wish I hadn't after seeing the pictures of the demure miss for spring 1965.

When I saw the sails of the ice boats on the river Sunday, I was taken back in mind to the speed of the people years ago who were good at sail skating, i.e., holding and manipulating a

large sail and letting the wind whizz the skater along. Across the river from the mainland north of the end of Bob-Lo toward Grosse Isle was a dandy spot for this fast sport.

In the old files I run across social items about oyster suppers, or euchre teams playing "for the oysters." Our father was particularly fond of oysters and as long as I can remember we had oysters for his February 11th birthday, on the half shell or stewed or scalloped, in those days a delicacy or gourmet food, I guess, a food which we now take for granted.

*February 11, 1965*

Valentine Greetings to all!

Once again a white Christmas poinsettia which has been a delight all January, is to be our Valentine flower.

That dreamy record "Red Roses for a Blue Lady," which has become so popular, reminds me of big name band days. Murray Mitchell said that in the fall he took Violet and Gail to hear a Glen Miller band and the sweet music reminded him of war days in England when the dancers had such a faraway look while enjoying the sweet tones. Even I loved the wonderful music of the big name Lester Lannin Band at the Boat Club in Detroit a year ago last summer. Music produces nostalgia, doesn't it?

Have you noticed that so many of the 1965 calendars have neither the phases of the moon nor special days marked on them?

I agree that the young adults of this town which many call teenagers, if approached could and would help with community projects. Many young adults of Amherstburg respect competence, skill and courage, and if approached might help with projects involving younger children. When speaking of skill, I thought of the hot rodders and the motorcyclists and wondered if that quality couldn't be used to make a star PeeWee player, hockey player, etc., etc.

Mrs. Edmund Heaton, the vivacious Rose, an amateur painter, did not have any pictures hung in the Essex Count Artists Exhibition at Willistead this year, but said she, in Harrow last Thursday, "I'm not giving up." That positive approach gets things done in my estimation.

Whenever I see shoes or purses with reptile trim which I like very much, I wing back in memory to my early teaching days. I blew myself to a pair of python strap pumps and a brown purse with python trim and thought I made quite a hit with the smart accessories at school. Long afterward I remember talking to Linda Bailey and to Elaine Brown about reptile shoes and they, the imps, laughed and laughed about the "old maidish" reptile shoes I had worn to school when they were in my class. They pricked my ego balloon and whenever I see alligator shoes as I did recently, I think of them and my deflation.

Mrs. Howard Heaton was showing me her beautiful old Valentine. It is 116 years old and in a fair state of preservation. The Valentine was given to her father, Capt. Harry Bassett, by his



mother when he was four years of age. The captain cherished it all his life and kept it in the family bible which came to Mrs. Heaton on his death.

*February 18, 1965*

Tom Hamilton is directing and training the chorus for the upcoming production of Camelot by the Windsor Light Opera Association. Tom is also singing the part of one of the three Knights, Sir Sagamore.

Boys and girls were skipping rope on Murray Street at George on Monday at four o'clock - Mrs. John Kuksar called that a muscovy duck hatched about nine ducks three weeks ago in the snow - eight of the little yellow ducks were frozen but one has survived.

True story - said one Amherstburg teenager, pardon me, young adult, to another, "You have no problems with your parents" and the reply was "I've got to live with them, so I might as well get along with them."

Curling has taken the county by storm and I've yet to see a game. However, I learned a new word - "eight ender" - when three Blenheim women scored a perfect "eight ender" against their opponents in a curling competition. An "eight ender" in curling is equivalent to a hole-in-one in golf, a perfect 29-count in cribbage or to have 13 of a suit dealt in bridge - it doesn't happen very often.

Sometimes I'm as fickle as the wind when it comes to the sunsets. On Saturday night the pastels of Spring in the sky, the pink mirror-like river with its ice floes just barely moving, was a rewarding sight, I thought.

Mrs. Harvey Jones (Lucienna Wismer) will get her A.R.C.T this year. Mrs. Jones, a busy and good mother, who makes a wonderful contribution of her talents to her church, has been working on this high degree in music and has almost reached her goal. This past week it was announced that she had passed the Grade 5 Theory counterpoint with first class honors. People like Mrs. Jones who are artistic, have a goal and an interest and will to accomplish and share their gift, please me.

*March 4, 1965*

Once again, pardon the cliché "The show must go on" - but the Echoes were published on time Thursday and our Bill and our Ian got them to Harrow by noon and we all felt fine about that job.

Our salute to Mrs. John T. Hamilton who manned the phones, the hand set radio (the large one being out of commission), the contact with police car II, the A.A. & M. ambulances and radio station C.K.W.W. during the blizzard which paralyzed the district, Thursday.

When young adults and I were discussing books at home, Ian Fleming's James Bond books, for instance, Miss Bessie spoke up and said, "When I was young I loved E. P. Rowe's book, 'Barriers Burned Away' and I think the girls would like it." Do you?

Not only teachers but parents have a tiger by the tail in the new math, believe me. More sophisticated than traditional mathematics learned by rote, new math combines the discovery method - think it out for yourself - with something more than arithmetic. Algebra, geometry, functions and lets all get in the act now, even in the early grades. The hitch is new vocabulary which children learn as a necessary tool of modern mathematics.

Because we are in a commuter area, Detroit and Windsor are radio cities. I for one am a radio fan and the friendliness and concern for and of others via radio on the day of the Big Storm, made us all part of the survival effort.

When we intend to become impatient with the "selfishness" of children, it is helpful to recall Goethe's restraining words: "In his youth, everybody believes that the world began to exist only when he was born and that everything really exists only for his sake."

Make your plans - - - upcoming - March 17th, St. Patrick's Tea at the home of Mrs. H. M. Smith; March 29th, C.W.L. Fashion Show at the General Amherst High School.

The experience of being snowbound in the Banana Belt as we all were on Thursday was a new one to many. Oldtimers like myself remember another snow storm when a tunnel was made through a snow bank on North Dalhousie Street. The isolation, the calls for bread and milk, the helpless feeling being stuck in the snow, the anxiety of the ambulance boys when they were stuck between Amherstburg and Windsor with sick patients, the sharing of household supplies, the unexpected school closing and holidays from business, were soon a thing of the past, for on Friday the sun was out for a short while, the main roads cleared out and the fury wrought by the storm set aside memory. I thought Thursday that progress doesn't seem to overcome the elements, take motor vehicles for instance, but the hydro and telephone did, so most of us were quite comfortable on the inside looking out. On the fun side, early Thursday the howling wind couldn't or didn't drown out the laughter of the children as they slid down the hill into the moat on the north side of our house.

*March 11, 1965*

This is the time of the year that many of us have catalog-itis. Friday, a catalogue from a swish Fifth Avenue shop in New York came into the office. I was looking forward to an evening of pleasure, but to my disappointment, the lovely things pictured were in the 9-17 or 8-16 figure group. We oldsters who are out of those sizes can only look at them for accessory ideas and sometimes even the accessories are wrong, pin in the wrong place, droopy earrings, when most of us need a lift even in that department.

Now that George Bradt, father of Mrs. Owen Malott, has retired, he is taking a course in baking. On the day of the Big Storm, Mrs. Malott's children wanted her to make them some bread. So she called her father for the recipe. After explicit directions as to kneading, etc., she

made the bread and it was such a success with her children that there was a repeat performance on Friday.

Boredom makes you old, Elizabeth Arden tells us. She who is as fond of pink as I am (only difference is that she has made money using it) commercializes on her dietary ideas to make us fit to overcome boredom. At one of her health resorts her clients are given warm lemon juice, cottage cheese, fruit salad, four slices of melba toast and tea for lunch. Writing about it I can feel the pounds melt but I don't know that same day after day could or would make me feel so well that I'd widen my interests to keep from boredom.

Another old house in Amherstburg of old French architecture is the Mrs. Harvey E. Hamilton home, Ramsay at Gore Streets. The lines of this house, built right on the street, are particularly nice. At one time the downstairs ceilings were 12 feet and originally there were six fireplaces in it. There are three which can be used now. Originally too, there were only north and south windows upstairs. There are too few of these old French homes left here so let's hope the few will not be affected by progress.

*March 18, 1965*

The men from Allied Chemical here who went to Montreal on Saturday for a day of sport had a marvellous time. They got the red carpet treatment indeed from the Montreal members of the firm. The train trip, the hockey game, the curling match with Bob Greenaway and Bill Davidson for the hosts, and the dinner made for a more than friendly day for all. I love enthusiasm when a good time has been had - it is satisfying to the host.

Amherstburg is a Spring-promised place these days. The sunsets are beautiful, the sunrises equally lovely and the bird sounds are heralding the season as did the green yesterday for those of us who wear it proudly.

*March 25, 1965*

In the snowstorm on Tuesday, on the slippery roads enroute to Harrow, I looked in vain for the March lamb to gambol in the fields as, according to the old adage about March, he should be around this week.

When listening to the blast-off of the Gemini space craft, Tuesday morning, with two spacemen aboard, I said to Bill B. that the fantastic boys' space books with their unbelievable stories (or so it seems to us who are uninformed on such matters) were true as they were being enacted by astronauts Tuesday in the world's first steerable manned space craft.

Shamrock with its dear little pink blossom made a gay greeting to our Irish Miss Bessie. She thought the blossoms looked like Spring Beauties and reminded her of the days when we went to Bob-Lo in the Spring aboard the U. S. Engineer's launch, the Don, to picnic and gather wild flowers.

Functional and beautiful in design, color, drapes and furnishings, is the new St. John the Baptist Parish Centre, which was opened to the public Sunday. I was very impressed by the interior of this new building which joins the priest's house to the church, and felt that the planners, both professional and laymen (meaning Rev. J. E. Martin, C.S.B., and his staff) had combined their knowledge to make an interior where the business of the parish can be carried on and where rooms are available for reflection and study in pleasant surroundings indeed.

One morning last week I got a shock and a laugh when a newscaster spoke of "an elderly man of 63." When I was telling Miss Bessie, she said, "I wonder what he would call me" and chuckled away at her own joke.

When I made white sauce or gravy, I made a big production of it. Now, thanks to Mrs. W. Cavan who gave me a sample of a new wonder flour, I can do either in no time and be sure of a smooth result. For white sauce, heat the milk with butter, salt and pepper, sprinkle in the flour and stir and the result is a masterpiece. The same with gravy.

*April 1, 1965*

Was reading that women in San Francisco wear gloves at all times on the street and hats are preferred also. I'm a little baffled about hats at the moment. I love them as you know because I feel they complete our costumes but at a recent formal afternoon reception here at the K. of C. Hall, we Amherstburg women wore hats and the Grosse Pointe women in attendance didn't.

Madras, according to a friend in young adult clothes is the hottest thing on the spring market. I love the colors and think the blazers, shorts and skirts are stunning for teens.

I've often wondered how many adults and children here go to see the wonderful things being offered by the Detroit Institute of Arts. It wasn't too long ago that Mamie Nicholson commented on the trip to the Institute which she and I, the teacher, and others of a girls' Sunday school class took once. Then another time I chaperoned, that's almost an obsolete word, a group of older girls out on the street car to the Institute especially to see examples of architecture as they were studying Gothic, Byzantine, etc. Culture is education in a small part and mental curiosity in a large part and interest in one thing leads to another so when the source is so close by, I'd like to see us go more often.

I'm watching for the bright willow hair on the trees near the river on Mrs. Merlo's property but as Spring is in one of its unstable moods, the color isn't showing yet. But the whistling swans, the red-winged blackbirds and the tug boat sounds says the season is here. Do you know that popular song with its terrific beat about the birds and the bees and the flowers and the trees? It, too, has me thinking Spring. (Just a young adult at heart, am I).

In January I read the text of Harold Town's \$150 book with his drawings called Enigmas, in McLean's. The article was entitled "To Canada with Love and Hisses". In Enigmas, Mr. Town, a Toronto painter, is still as angry as he was 10 years ago when he wasn't selling his work. Since then he's become high-priced and his work is hanging in important galleries. Mr.

Town is critical of Canada but lives in Toronto by choice and ends the Enigmas with, "I thought of another cross Canadian who like Mr. Town hurts but is so right in many instances, namely Pierre Berton whose book *The Comfortable Pew* has rocked many people as it was meant to do. I am very fond of a Friday night C.B.C. program called *Telescope* and last week Harold Town was interviewed and I found him very attractive, perspicacious and not the angry man in person I had pictured reading the text of Enigmas.

*April 8, 1965*

The frolicsome weatherman played a real April Fool prank by giving us a coverlet of snow. The winter pictures in all direction were lovely but so will be the Spring pastels and most welcome they'll be when they come.

The lights from the freighters in the Livingstone Channel these nights say that IT must be over -IT being a six letter word beginning with w and ending with r.

The repetitive "Yankee go home" from the natives in South East Asia was brought home to me recently when I got a card from friends the Donn Chowns, who have been in Jakarta, Indonesia, with Voice of America. The family as of February 15th has been moved to Japan. Then the other night to connect that powder keg part of the world with Amherstburg I heard Wendall Merrick broadcasting from Saigon. Wendell and his mother and sister lived with the late Vera McNally here and he went to the separate school.

I wish I could be like the red-haired head of the swank Bonwit Teller shops who has a deceptive "I've-got-worlds-of-time" manner.

The Four Londons of William Hogarth, by Erick Berry, was a charming book. William Hogarth who loved his London was a silver engraver turned artist in the 18th century. As the *Beggar's Opera* did for the theatre of those 1700's, Bill Hogarth wished to do for all art that is free it to be itself. Through his detailed work of which many of us have seen prints or originals, he was a social commentator, he had a passion for depicting London as he saw it. I can recommend this book as being very readable and entertaining. I found the parallels of the 18th and 20th centuries in the preface very interesting to us of the 20th century there is something hauntingly familiar in the 18th.

*April 15, 1965*

Easter and eggs are synonymous, but, this year with the muskrat dinner taking the limelight, up to now I've somehow forgotten about ham and eggs.

We are all thankful and grateful that our area was not devastated by the killer storm which struck so close including Toledo and Munro, our across-the-lake neighbors, Sunday night.

The Weekend T.V. cameras with Ron Gamble as commentator, visited Willistead Art Gallery recently and chatted with Mrs. E.H. Ellis of Laird Avenue, the acting curator. The picture of Mrs. Ellis explaining some of the acquisitions was very good.

"If all printers were determined not to print anything till they were sure it would offend no one, there would be very little printed . . ." - Benjamin Franklin

A form of study and expression of drama has been tried out at the Amherstburg Public School these last two years and evidently is giving enjoyment to the pupils who participate in this performing art. Last Thursday, a Drama Night was held and from the reports parents spent a good evening. The grade eight play was "awfully good" it was said.

Never a dull moment on the river. All the buoys were put in position for the season and last Wednesday with the heavy ice floes, off some of them went sailing down the river.

Below is another of Kathy Elliott's poems, published in the Montreal Gazette. The "Till" in the poem refers to Till Eulenspiegel Merry Pranks. George and Gerry Iler Elliott, Amherstburgites who live in St. Lambert, P.Q., are parents of this gifted girl.

Till's Land  
Oh, come to me, Till!  
Climb the fair mountains  
And purge the caves and paths with our tread,  
Up where the winsome song of the wind  
Keep from our hearts all cold or dread.

Time does not pursue us here  
Never doth humanity profane the ground  
None but the honey-eyed deer  
May share our joy; dance our round.

Naughty Till! You run there without me  
But I am fast behind.  
Come I now upon a breeze  
Our own land to find!  
Kathryn Eileen Elliott

*April 22, 1965*

Happy Easter was said to me when I saw the film of green grass on the park.

Sometime this past winter I saw an exhibition of optic art on television from the New York museum of Modern Art. Arline Saarinen described the art. Now I see that clothes manufacturers are using the idea in suits, dresses and hats - and a black and white suit in optic design I noticed in vogue was very swish and dizzle dazzle. I have read that the mazes of stripes and repetitive dots, circles and squares are everywhere even in beach wear.

Easter outfits as we knew them years ago don't seem to be the "must" for the 1965 home maker or business miss. I think that most people buy clothes as they need them

nowadays. However, a little neighbor Karen went by on the way to Sunday School in the snow Easter morning and was gay and cold "in her Easter bonnet" but she looked the day.

When Vincent Price was in Toronto recently introducing his art collections at the Home Show, Mayme McGuire McCloskey (Mrs. F.J. Maloney's sister) went to hear him. She delighted in his answer to a question put to him about liking Canada. "I love it, I practically grew up in Amherstburg." In the write-up from the Toronto Telegram it said, "People who met him found him a considerate and charming man. It seems that he is also modest. He didn't talk about one of his and his wife's latest accomplishments. It's the completing of a new cook book that they have called A Treasury of Great Recipes. You won't be surprised to hear, that the book is more than usually artistic, glamorous and exciting. It's a joy to own, if only for its beauty as a book. What may be a little unexpected is that it's practical. Its protective jacket and beautifully designed cover are both washable. The pages are glare-proof and it sports two book marks - very good-looking and useful. Though it's true that the majority of the recipes are for gourmet serving, they don't go to extremes in cost or preparation. Collected from around the world, they have been translated in the Price's own kitchen, checked by a home economist - then enlivened with anecdote and personality. The book is anything but inexpensive. But it's something that every cook and any lover of beautiful books would be proud to own." Several of Bink's recipes were given but they were gourmet items in my estimation, so didn't re-copy. (Note: "Bink" was Vincent Price's nickname.)

### *April 29, 1965*

Children of today do many of the same things we did way back when hiking, picnicking, exploring in the Big Creek area and falling in, etc. When young mother told me about the boys who fell in the creek last Monday during a cold Easter holidays hike and of one who was so wet he took off his clothes in the cold wind, I went back, back and actually felt the cold wet clothes I had when I fell in the creek one early spring day while exploring somewhere between McGregor's on the town line and the Texas Road.

Our Spring flowers shivered in the cold, damp weekend with its sullen clouds but the daffodils heralded a change in weather I'm sure and I'm anxious to hear the forsythia laugh on the north side of our house.

One morning recently Bud Guest mentioned a feather tick and the warmth of same and that many nowadays never heard of them. While we never had them I do remember that my grandmother in Essex had one on a bed in the back bedroom and it enveloped the sleeper and was so warm. The mention of feather ticks and that back bedroom made me think of the jail in the rear of the town hall next door, the commotion caused when a D and D was brought to jail to cool off for the night which was scary too to two little kids (J.A.M. and myself) looking on from above.

How time flies - surprised when I heard Charlie Park of W.J.R. say that he and Martha had celebrated their 33rd wedding anniversary, Sunday. Years ago when their son was young I met the Parks and enjoyed them. His smooth, beautiful voice doesn't change with the years.

Sunday evening, April 11th, Mrs. Arthur Alexander sat at home in North Buxton, Ontario and visited simultaneously with relatives in Amherstburg, Windsor, Detroit, Chatham, Toronto and Montreal. The occasion was her birthday and this conference talk, as provided for by the Bell Telephone Co., was a gift from her husband. In spite of a heavy thunderstorm raging at the time over all of Southern Ontario, the reception was clear and the interchange of conversation went on almost as if all were in the same room.

### *May 6, 1965*

On this Mother's Day of 1965, a salute and thank you through our Miss Bessie to all who are being honored.

Fun for some people has changed and I know I'm sticking my neck out by saying it but why? and what fun? - do those who do it get from throwing bottles and breaking them night after night on our streets. Whoever is doing it isn't thinking of consequences - if a child fell from a bike or if a car had a blowout and went out of control just because of the "fun". The town men spend hours sweeping up broken bottles time after time and that's my money being used that way and it is such an un-necessary thoughtless expense.

When the heat was turned on out of doors on Friday I noticed a difference in our attitude to one another here on this corner - we were so friendly and jolly and personal about clothes for instance and the warm sunshine had promise of a late but good season.

Some of the youngsters in our neighborhood, Karen Jones and Inge Hansen, are bringing around their paper which they call "The Weekly Sun." Things in nature interest the two girls as seen by the items about Mrs. Carter's tulips, a garden snake, a dead squirrel, Ducky Iler and the park swings and a hike. A section of jokes pleased me also. The paper was commendable and awfully good practice in describing what is of interest to them and in looking for things in the neighborhood.

For the first time in my career here at the office, I had a calendar this year that started with Monday and Sunday was at the end of the week. I thought I could use it, that it would be a challenge, that I would get out of a rut - but nothing doing, that silly thing was my master so much so that I had to discard it.

Was charmed by a new book entitled "Place of Quiet Waters" by Margaret McIntyre. The story began when two career women who shared a Vancouver apartment admitted they were completely fed up. So they found a beautiful peaceful spot on a North British Columbia island - a paradise to them. They threw up their jobs and went north to live, to build a house with their own hands, to learn to bake, churn, garden, and keep chickens. Their story delighted me as it would anyone who has ever yearned for release from the pressures of our busy living. The two stayed one year on the island and felt that they had taken on some of the slow serenity that characterized their neighbors and irritating things such as money had receded from their minds. But back to Vancouver they had to go because their funds ran out and when they left their island they wondered if they could settle down to city life again and forgot their



pioneering experience but agreed with what one of their new friends, Vaino said, "When you have once known beauty, the memory of it is always within you".

### ***May 13, 1965***

I find the Telescope program on Friday nights of great interest consistently too. Two of Canada's best known women sculptors who have been working in the same studio for 50 years namely, Florence Wyle and Frances Loring, were interviewed Friday night and the full half hour was most interesting and informative.

When I chatted about the neighborhood newspaper last week I missed the name of one of the associate editors, Kevin McWhinney, the lad next door.

Saturday I loved our beautiful, frothy pink and white world. The ethereal beauty round about kept me from such things as cleaning porch furniture and straightening the basement. We keep a cherry tree in our yard for no one but the birds and I know they appreciate it as I watched orioles, warblers and humming birds enjoying the blossoms that day also.

In an article entitled "The Sportsman's Dream Lodge" in the March issue of Town and Country, the hunting lodge belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Ruwe at Edgewater Beach is described in story and pictures.

When I see a "sample of Canadian youth" swinging along in uniform at Cadet Inspection every year, in our settled world, I spill over with emotion. I who has lived through two world wars can't help but be apprehensive. The movement of the cadet girls' platoons as I watched them swinging along Dalhousie Street with a springy step was a joy to see. They were rhythmic and dancing in movement and did very well as a group.

### ***May 20, 1965***

I liked Richard Powell's new book entitled "Daily and Sunday." I'm sure that even though you aren't in the craft, you too would enjoy the inside story of a large metropolitan newspaper. Mr. Powell's style is exciting, vibrant and dynamic in spots and holds the interest of his reader. He being a former Philadelphia newspaperman, has technical knowledge and knows the business and his story certainly has an authentic ring. It is a bird's eye view of just how a large newspaper comes into being every day and the constant pressures, the personality clashes and the inside rivalries in the search of the members of the board composed of department heads, to find a man to replace the dead publisher. The big question running through the book is whether to sell the paper to a newspaper chain or run it as an independent paper. I'll recommend this book even if you don't know a thing about our business.

### ***May 27, 1965***

In "The Flight of the Falcon", by Daphne Du Maurier, which I read over the weekend, Armino Fabbio, a young and competent tourist guide, returns to his native city of Ruffano in Italy to solve what appears to have been the murder of the woman who was his nurse during his

wartime babyhood. He encounters his hitherto missing elder brother, Aldo, a former Fascist Youth and an ardent believer in himself as Duce of any group. Ruffano has a lowering political atmosphere provoked by a series of town-and-gown conflicts quietly led and encouraged by the elder brother. The novel deserves at least 10 good points for its portrayal of a collective climate of opposition and mutual suspicion. It merits at least another 10 for the questions it poses: In such a conflict who are justified - the students who play some extremely cruel pranks or the stuffed shirts at whom the pranks are directed with the precise aim of un-stuffing them? Unfortunately says The Christian Science Monitor, Miss Du Maurier appears to overlook some of her own questions and finally manages to offer only some curiously ambiguous responses - perhaps because she likes Aldo too much. For the first 250 pages, "The Flight of the Falcon" is way out in front as an absorbing, classy exercise in look whodunit. Then, by overstretching a fantasy and by fumbling the most interesting cues, the flight proves unexpectedly short. Too bad.

### *June 3, 1965*

Several times of late my friends have asked about Miss Bessie - well in answer, the Miss Bessie to whom I refer often is Mother Marsh. Years ago when Lauralouise Price Gay was here she called mother, Miss Bessie using the southern form of address so the name has stuck

The house on Sandwich Street vacated by Devere Thrasher, which is being razed, was one of old Amherstburg's most gracious homes I thought. It was built in 1890 by John Bratt. When Mr. and Mrs. Bratt left their farm on the sixth of Malden in the late 1880's they went to Windsor and built a home on Campbell Avenue. They took their white cow along but at the end of one year there they found city life so dirty and their white cow had turned black with grime, that Mr. Bratt was disgusted so came back to Amherstburg and built a home exactly like his Windsor place. This is the home which has been torn down - and was a good example of the architecture of those days which well-to-do people were using.

Mrs. Arthur McKinley, she of the green thumb, never before had roses blooming in May but this year her pink Margaret Rose and her miniatures were out on Friday. She brought a Margaret Rose for mother and me to enjoy in May.

Careers for Girls was the subject for discussion by Mrs. Robert McCormick and Mrs. W. Wren with the Harrow Girl Guides. They talked of the choice of a career and the necessary training for it which are important because statistics show that the teenager of today may be expected to work 27 years if she marries and has children; 31 years if she marries and is childless; 40 years if she remains single, is widowed or separated. Findings of the discussion show that whereas women were once limited to nursing, teaching and secretarial work now there is an unlimited variety of careers open to them and the Girl Guides were interested in knowing about them.

We look at the late May beauty of the river with its lights and shades, the sunsets, boats, flowering shrubs, lilacs, year after year and each year I find it a delight - it is something special but it never has to me at least, become a possession. This never happens, as, each year all

through my life although I expect it when the Bob-Lo boat salutes its a new happy experience - a surprise present each year.

I'm still glad I'm around for new wonders which we soon take for granted. I find it altogether remarkable, however, to sit in my own living room and watch a telecast relayed by Early Bird communication Satellite and know that it is actually happening in another continent as I am looking at the picture. Of course we had something of the sort before with Telstar but we had to be ready to view when Telstar was because it orbited around the earth but Early Bird is always there. How quickly technology is moving. It is a cliché to say so only because it is so staggeringly true. Only 100 years ago people marveled at a telegraph that could link Maine and Texas. One wonders what effects Early Bird will have. It will surely give a great many people new insights into other places. It is still true that a lot of people have not traveled. Not everyone can just decide to step into a jet. They should like Early Bird very much as I do.

*June 10, 1965*

Conversation recorded between H.M. and mother - H.M. speaks "Well mother, last week I broke two cups, a Limoges and a Coalport," and without a change in tone mother said, "Well, at least it shows you use them."

The conflict between the old and the new with regards to Amherstburg's historic charm and the preservation of a semblance of our heritage, is always with us. To the younger group the sentiment and the hope of preserving the past is for the birds but to use the link with the past, Amherstburg's age means interest, beauty, history and tourist dollars. I don't know why I'm in such a nostalgic mood today because I'm afraid it's too late. The past with a future would have been a dandy goal for Amherstburg.

When Bonnie Reid of Harrow returned from Ottawa where she was one of thousands of young Canadian students on the Rotary sponsored trip, Adventure in Citizenship, she said a significant thing - practically the same thing that the Queen said in West Germany. Young Miss Reid said that she was so impressed by the different views and ideas of the different students because of where they lived. That to me was basic understanding of others and their viewpoints. The youth with ideas and tolerance like Miss Reid's gained by mixing with the talking to youth from far away will in time on a worldwide scale bring peace to nations.

I found James Michener's new novel "The Source" a tremendous work of fiction founded on archaeologists' exploration of Makor. Their research and facts established by the exploration of this site in Israel, make for interesting reading. What happened at Makor is the history of the Holy Land, itself and I marvelled at the research done by Mr. Michener before he could even begin such a monumental work of the Holy Land. He is able to show his reader that what happened in the Holy Land is bound up with the development of western civilization. His characters are convincing and through them and their findings and their religions and their temperaments, I learned not only a lot of ancient history but history of man and religion and civilizations.

*June 17, 1965*

The competence of man as displayed by the two astronauts in their four day trip through space was indeed remarkable. Man vs machine, man and machine, two subjects for debate.

An orchid goes to Mrs. Fred Maloney, who though bedridden for over 20 years, has planned and arranged the Centennial of the Sisters of the Holy Names in Amherstburg.

Out of step with the season was the tomato smell which the northeast wind wafted from the canning factory towards our house on Monday.

The young won't believe that those of my generation used primitive methods for beauty aids. All this was brought to mind by Mrs. W. Cavan, Saturday, who said "Forty-one years ago now I was having my hair marcelled in preparation for my evening wedding. It was also in 1924 when I was getting ready to go to St. Louis to visit the Price family that I had Charlotte Brooker give me my first marcel. Before that Mrs. Cavan and I recalled we used kid curlers or rags occasionally I thought, to put curl in our hair.

Mrs. Edmund J. (Mary Anne) Seguin, River Canard, is going to Essex in the fall to pioneer the teaching of a course in oral French in the four highest grades of the public schools - "nothing written," she says, "for at least three years."

*June 24, 1965*

Our dry weather and cool temperatures evidently spoiled the strawberry crop this year but the roses seem to have flourished and bloomed in beauty and size. For the past ten days, "Have you seen my roses?" has been tossed out of me several times. I have, and the lush rose gardens I have seen were a joy to behold.

In step with the excitement of the times and the skill of some young people I have been interested in the number of young men and women from here who drive drag strip racers at the grounds out in Windsor.

Irving Stone's "The Great Adventure of Michaelangelo" is an abridged edition of "The Agony and the Ecstasy" which was specially edited and illustrated for young readers. The book from our own Public Library, is well worth owning I thought and without being cumbersome makes the story of Michaelangelo live. The simple interesting text, the illustrations by Joseph Cellini and the pictures of the great Italian artist's work are art history. And I'm glad that I have actually seen the majesty of this great Italian's work and felt the carrara marble some are sculpted from, the marble which to my mind breathes.

Christine Thrasher, six-year old daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Oliver E. Thrasher of Anderdon, has been taking lessons in Scottish dancing, the Highland Fling, for a year. Recently she went to Goderich to competition and won her first medal, in the novice class, Christine is wearing the Laine of Lochbuie tartan at the present time.

A fortnight ago in the column I spoke of the strong feelings of the modernists in town who think that many of us have completely lost touch with the present. That's not my feeling at all. I want forward thinking and by forward thinking I mean that it would be wrong to do away with attractions of what could be, in our past. Amherstburg was founded in 1796 when the British and loyal friends evacuated Detroit and the Park House and the Callam House are the two oldest houses in town. There are also a few examples of interesting French architecture in town. Then too there was Water Street which ran south from behind the present Cooper Block almost to Conklins which, if a marina was built could be marked or could be marked anyway "as Indians, French and British trod here." Then too there were two Widow's Walks in this area at one time which point of architecture in port towns, many of us hadn't seen except in Salem. There was one which could have been an attraction high on the top of what is now the Legion Club. But it has gone the way of progress.

### *July 1, 1965*

This year when I think of Canada's 99th birthday I don't think of the Union Jack which isn't flying, I think of the exam reports and the thousands of Canadians with names from the United Kingdom, Continental Europe and all over the world, who are accepting the opportunities in education being offered in this wonderful country of ours - and hope that by the time Canada's 100th birthday rolls around the labels "delinquent", "teenagers" and "dropout" will be old hat like a "flapper" of my day.

I thought that "it's easy to be brave in 1965" when at St. Joseph's Academy, Saturday and Father Martin told of the three teaching sisters who came from the shelter of the Mother House in Montreal to Amherstburg in 1865 to start a school for Catholic children. In 1865 this was really an outpost and the faith, fortitude and obedience of those young women was so great that they overcame personal hardships and uncertainty for the sake of others and because of their personal bravery the foundation they laid has become strong and stronger through the years.

I had a marvellous time at St. Joseph's Academy, Saturday afternoon. To start out, I walked in with Margaret Drouillard Miller who was wearing the Echo gold medal which she had won years ago for passing her entrance to high school with such high marks that she was the first girl in South Essex who won the gold medal. Then to have a sister at the door call me by name and say "I have known you since we were young - I'm a Reaume from Essex and we played together when we were nine years old in Essex." Next, to see Margaret (Mike) Pineau and Elton Lawler with whom I had gone to school - and Sister Alexandrine (Catherine Callam) of our street playground and Sister Joan of Arc, my music teacher and Father Leonard Thomas whom I started out in school. An hour of fulfillment for me indeed.

### *July 8, 1965*

My apologies to Canada for making her one year older than she is in this column last week. If I had done the same thing to Miss Bessie, she would have corrected me immediately "not '75 but '76 dear" she'd say. What a blind spot I have to say 99 instead of 98.

In memory and out of respect for Captain Charles Riley Hackett, John Goodchild who bought the Hackett home down the bank a year ago, flew his flag at half mast on Capt. Charlie's flag pole, Sunday. John, as a youth, worked with Capt. Charlie at the government dock and became a great friend. A nice tribute to a grand old man whose life was the Detroit River and in whose background was a mixture of Hackett, McGregor and Riley blood. Three upstanding and well-educated families of the area. The Rileys had one of the first schools in Amherstburg, a private one on Dalhousie Street where Gray's Greenhouse, is now. With the gesture of the half staff flag for Capt. Charlie, it was also a gesture of respect and sadness of an era of old Amherstburg.

Two corrections - as same seem to be the order of the date - The League of the Sacred Heart scholarship to St. Rose High School presented at the Centennial was in memory of a former pastor, Rev. Charles Kelly. and two other older alumni at the celebration were Sara O'Connor Burns and Sina McLean Harris.

From Berlin, Germany, came a card to H.M. from Kenneth and Judy Davies Saltmarche written June 2nd, which read: "We crossed into East Germany and on to West Berlin yesterday. The Wall is something sad to behold. Tomorrow off to see art museum in the Russian sector. Our year has been absolutely terrific. Sail for home from England in late July." Ken had a Canadian Council grant for a year's study abroad and he, Judy and their twin sons spent many months in Spain where he painted and studied.

### *July 15, 1965*

Arthur Atkinson of Malden was in the office, Tuesday paying the Echo for the 57th time. Nice to hear of a continual renewal these hot days.

Once again Miss Bessie had the fun of picking her own cherries from a cherry-laden branch of the fruit brought to her by J.G. Parks. Who but Mr. Parks would know of the pleasure of the gesture brought right to her chair.

### *July 29, 1965*

For a smart cover-up for a cool evening, bring out your stoles, as I understand they are making a come-back. I think they are a graceful and charming fashion and never felt a sweater over the shoulders with arms dangling was as pretty.

Sunday from early morning until late at night was a glorious mid-summer day. The air was light, the river and its colors appealed, the sun was lenient, the sunset spectacular and the starry sky at 9:30 breathtaking. I felt at the time that I didn't want the day to end - but that was an ephemeral ideal as I like the changes.

Holiday week for H.M. is over and I felt as if I wanted to pay our nice Pat to let me come back to hear the heart of the office, the big press beat - and to smell the ink too.

Don't save clothes too long - several years ago I had a linen dress which I liked particularly. In fact other friends liked it too as Olga Semeniuk had one exactly like it as did our Janet and Helen Menzies. Because of its classic good style and comfort I have kept it for occasions. A week ago Friday the occasion came up to spend an hour in Windsor so I wore my pet dress. When I saw how I looked in the glass of the shop fronts I was shocked. My pet was too long and too out of date and at that minute I decided that I'd never save a dress again but wear it and wear it often to enjoy it when it is new.

### *August 5, 1965*

One of the prettiest gardens I've seen this year is all green with accents of red geraniums and red begonias.

I had to be shown not told Thursday that for more than one gladiolus, gladioluses was as good form as gladioli. The Oxford dictionary confirms the plural.

What fun to open a national magazine and see a full page soap company spread complete with testimonial of pictures of Mrs. Ted Grace, her daughter Barbara, Mrs. David Goodchild and wee David Goodchild, all of R.R. No. Amherstburg.

It certainly was like Christmas Friday morning when the first mail in our box was being processed. Her Majesty's mail we had always taken for granted, but never again after those days without it, not it is a very special part of our daily life - not just something that one did "Go to the mail" just like "eat breakfast."

### *August 12, 1965*

Don't rush me - The Women's clothes ads say that it's time for transitionals - and I haven't worn my summer clothes enough yet.

A coincidence - when J.G. Parks of Malden was in England this spring he went to the Oxford University Experimental Farm and met the chief herdsman Duncan Fleming there. When Alex Fleming, father of Duncan, was visiting his sister, Mrs. Murray Smith in June, he met Mr. Parks and the coincidence was unfolded.

In the women's department - no matter what your age or size, get a shift dress as I have this summer and you will be delighted with the uncluttered smartness and comfort.

I've just finished the book "The Looking Glass War" by the author of "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" and feel that the neat puzzle character of the mystery or crime story has changed. But I suppose that fashion applies to mystery stories as well as other fields of literature reflecting the features which distinguish our time. "The Looking Glass War" is not nearly as good as Mr. LeCarre's earlier Berlin spy story, in my opinion. This story of a British counter-intelligence outfit isn't a good effort nor did it hold my interest.

On Sunday, Ben from Gray's Greenhouses brought Miss Bessie a ripe fig which had been grown on a dwarf fig tree in the greenhouse and was ready to eat. I had never seen one before and this had a lovely purple skin. My experience with figs is the dried packaged commercial variety.

"The young people of the world are in revolt or some of the young people certainly not all," was the philosophical remark made to me Tuesday morning when I was worried about the tables from the park about 10 of them, being stretched across the road, on Dalhousie Street, Monday night. If there had been a bad accident the "revolting youth" wouldn't have been there to see or help with a damaged life or a damaged car. It might be good for some of them to see what the A.A. and M. boys have to handle and then their antics wouldn't be "excitement" and changes of the modern day or "existentialism" which is their word for it.

We stand corrected - for when the Echo says teenagers, it certainly doesn't mean "all", for there is no one who admires the young people of today more than this old teacher so if the word "some" is not put before "teenager" take it as read, young people please. But - I also expect the "others" to be good citizens or to learn to be or to practice what they learned.

I liked this, heading "Are We All Hicks?" - Alexander Ross, the well-known journalist, writing in the August 7th issue of Maclean's magazine, thinks he has the answer to the question of why Gordon Sinclair, the radio commentator and T.V. panelist, is so remarkably successful at annoying so many Canadians. The explanation, Ross says, is that Sinclair long ago realized that "English-speaking Canada is still a sort of coast-to-coast hick town" and that "simply by repeating the same conventionally outrageous things - Canada doesn't need a queen, religion is bunk and so on," Sinclair can make "his audience react on cue with the appropriate emotions of shock, outrage and alarm." Ross' article, which offers an up-to-date portrait of Sinclair, complete with his latest financial statement, will probably cause Sinclair himself a little outrage. Ross describes Sinclair's opinions as "generally casual, ill-considered, wrong-headed or fatuous," and he refers to Sinclair as "this little rooster with a bow-tie and checkered vest." But what will probably be most galling to Sinclair is that Ross suggests that a great many Canadians are beginning to see Sinclair, not in the role of the old curmudgeon that Sinclair covets so much, but as "a nice, interesting, pleasant person." Sinclair, Ross suggests, will grow "positively morbid" over the threat that this new image will present to his livelihood.

### *August 26, 1965*

Last week we got a dandy letter for the mail bag about St. Rose High School and its place in our community. Our policy is that we never publish a letter unless we know the writer who needn't, of course, have his name published, but we have to know. The letter in question was excellent so do it again dear writer, and sign it somewhere for our information.

A 92-year old went to a night club recently for the first time in her life to hear Rosemary Clooney - and was delighted with the experience. To be as young as your mind is a God-given blessing.



I picked up a book by Mary Roberts Rinehart called *The After House*, off the rack in Harrow. When I got home I found that it was copyrighted in 1914 and the story was a yachting trip out of New York in 1911 and I laughed at the "smelling salts" but when I came to the woman who "flipped her train over her arm" I'd reached the saturation point of disinterest in a whodunit as old as this one.

I like this - friend was telling of a family party which ended with youngsters and oldsters doing the frug together. All's well when this camaraderie between parent, child, aunt, uncles and cousins exists.

When the house of Jimmie's Flowers was being carted away, Wes Ball found a school program of the Entrance to High School Exercises, presented by Public School pupils November 29, 1929. I who was a primary teacher here at the time got a laugh out of what I remembered about the presentation of the play "A Trip to Storyland Forest" at this Public School graduation. I wish I could publish the cast in its entirety and you too would remember the ambitious concert, we, the teachers and Mrs. I.S. Brown, the director, (for free too) put on. A few of the characters were, Dick Whittington, Webster Cornwall; Puss in Boots, Aurelian Wigle; Tiny Cub, David Bebbington; Old Dame of pig driving game, Mildred Boxall; Little Red Riding Hood, Melva Bertrand; Three Little Kittens, Liisa Ranta, Jean Goodier and Ethel Stuebing; Georgie Porgie, Donald Rogers; Jack and Jill, William Nattress and Joyce Kemp; Humpty Dumpty, Billy Wigle; Little Boy Blue, Bruce Hutchinson; Betty Blue, Betty Wigle; Curly Locks, Barbara Taylor; Babe in the Woods, John Mallett; Aladdin, Bruce Court. I wish I could go on. That year the gold medal winners for high in entrance were Rose Mary Hough, Mary Paulton and Murray Brown.

### *September 2, 1965*

Toot! Toot! The Echo is the oldest continuing business in Amherstburg - and we're proud of it.

This lovely old Banana Belt which is replete with the produce of the land at this time of year put on a cold weather show over the weekend and set a record for low temperatures for the date. Speaking of the B.B., friends had their sons in England and each boy hungry for sweet corn paid the equivalent of 45 cents apiece for two ears each. The wonder of the B.B.

September, school, autumn with its changes, lush flower gardens, fragrance of fruit and vegetables, glorious sunsets, interesting sky are just a few of changes of the date - and I like every bit of this new month. It makes me feel ambitious.

The siding is being taken from the Kittl house at the southeast corner of Sandwich and Gore and a beautiful brick house is being revealed. This old house had nice line of old French architecture and will be handsome when restored, old Amherstburg at its best.

Our craft was described to readers of "Cancel My Subscription Please" a new book by the editor of a weekly newspaper, John Henry Cutler of Duxbury, Cape Cod, whose first book "Put it on the Front Page, Please" was equally amusing. The editor has the gift of combining zest with

fact and facts with zest which would certainly interest others besides those of us in the business. The editor describes the shifts in news emphasis to meet needs and interests of his town and its readers. He tells of amusing anecdotes connected with getting out a weekly paper which might have happened here. The book was good and readable and knowledgeable. It liked it and so did J.A.M.

### *September 9, 1965*

All my life long I've taken in the au revoir to the Bob-Lo boats and I never did have a "this is the end" feeling. Even Monday night the salutes were not good-bye forever, just good-bye for now with the promise of we'll be back.

Lifelong friend Grant Duff gave a fine tribute on the passing of his old friend, Ev McGuire, over radio Saturday. Ev knew the river and the boats as Grant does and they had grown up and worked on the river and it is part of both of them as Grant said.

### *September 16, 1965*

Bill Bailey took an exceptionally good picture I thought of the Amherstburg shoreline from a point on Bob-Lo, north of the big dock with the reflection in the quite lagoon in the foreground, the river and the McQueen Marine across the river. Mrs. Norman E. Wilson of Rankin Avenue came in with a picture which she had painted, coincidentally from practically the same spot. Her eye for colour made the marine equipment in the far background, lively and attractive.

When J.G. Parks of Malden was in Australia this spring he bought some aster seeds and mailed them home. This week he brought in a bouquet of the Australian asters for Miss Bessie. They were of lovely colours - purples, lavenders, deep pinks and the difference from ours is that they are free of centers, a lush ball of petals.

I quite agree with the following letter: "I am not sending back the Honorary Commander of the British Empire decoration I received from Queen Elizabeth. It seems to me that the furor about the Beatles is excessive. But surely neither Queen Elizabeth, nor the Prime Minister who advises her on these honor lists, would demean in the least the decorations for bravery which have gone to many heroes down the years. Achievement cannot be weighed in identical scales. British public life, like all human affairs, is very broad. It includes all kinds. Many are not comparable with one another, yet each in his way contributed something. The Beatles have contributed . . . something."

In a front page picture of the Kennedy family in London, young John was carrying a loaf of bread and the cut lines read: "We don't know why? - - but I did in that long ago 1935. I also bought a loaf of bread and took it with me out to Richmond Park to feed to the deer or to take to the zoo or to feed the swans.

This summer I read "Not a Cloud in the Sky" by Josephine Lawrence and was delighted with its satirical humour written with tongue in cheek style. This book shows what can happen

to the individual when laws are made for groups, but I'm not a group. The story was in the year 1975 when all U.S. citizens of 65 are legally compelled to retire from active life and live on suburban reservations, housing units, maintained by the government for their special safety, convenience and happiness. In this story of compulsory care of the aged in designated areas, Our Aged, as they are called, are to use ramps instead of stairs, slowly moving sidewalks, heated benches and so on.

### *September 20, 1965*

Kathleen Pettypiece Dowswell, of Traverse City, elder daughter of Mrs. Lloyd Pettypiece, has since childhood shown her capabilities and scope in painting, drawing, oils and water color work and done some very fine things. She lives in Traverse City, Michigan now and since her children are off to school is commercializing her gift. Mrs. Pettypiece showed me an engraving Kay had done of an Inn near by which the owners are using as an advertisement. Then on a postcard of the Sleeping Bear Sand Dunes, Kay wrote the story of Legend of the Sleeping Bear in English Script on one half of the face of the card, the other half having the picture. For years Kay has given pleasure to family and close friends but now she's spreading out and more and more people will be able to enjoy her work. She has also started painting on china which her sister, Peggy, does so beautifully.

Speaking of the River Canard area, last year a young woman student from Sudbury at the University of Windsor was writing her thesis on the history and language of the River Canard area. She came down to River Canard and lived at the Raymond Beneteau home part time and called on them again and again. They talked to her in French and helped her. Early this fall she was able to notify them that she had received an "A" for her thesis and they and she were delighted.

Mrs. Tom Beneteau of River Canard has been working on a family tree of the Beneteau family since last fall. Friday she brought in a large mural, with a tree of life showing the Beneteaus from the early 18th century in France up to the present time. The trunk of this extraordinary family tree had six names - Francois Beneteau, who lived and died in France, his son Pierre, who was the first Beneteau to come to New France, to the ile d'Orleans in Quebec; his son Francis, who lived from 1739-1803 and was the first Beneteau in the Assumption area; his son Charles, settled in the River Canard area as did Charles' son Alexandre, whose life span was 1819-1884. Alexandre was the father of Joseph who was the father of Tom, whose wife is getting together all this Beneteau history. From Joseph the limbs and branches of this tree fan out - and from Tom's grandfather (and Fred's grandfather and Sister Joan of Arc's grandfather, etc.) up to the present are 1,100 descendants. Mrs. Beneteau has a record of 12 generations from the first document they could find of Francois Beneteau in France in the early 1700's. And said Mrs. Beneteau "up to and including my generation all the names were French, French married French, but in my children's generation the mixing of the blood begins and now many nationalities are part of the family." I was asking about the spelling of the name and in the early records instead of "eau" there was an "o" and other close phonetic spelling, changing of course as usage gave a surname of a place to a family or a family name describing a mode of life. After talking to Mrs. Beneteau, I got out the book, *The Windsor Border Region* by Father Ernest J. Lajeunesse, C.S.B., and refreshed my memory on the thrilling history of our area.

*September 30, 1965*

In the women's department - the use of old fashioned lace on many teen and women's dresses is a smart touch, I think. One mod dress had a frill of embroidered organdy at the elbow sleeve and a petticoat effect of the same embroidery - very good looking.

When Mrs. William Deslippe of Colchester South was in the Canadian West this summer, she became ill in Saskatchewan. She spent three weeks in a small 10 bed hospital and called H.M. to tell John and others interested in establishing a small hospital here, that she got wonderful treatment and that in her estimation a small community hospital is the answer to many of our problems.

On morning last week after a windy and rainy night, I saw lovely patterns for Autumn materials as I walked down Dalhousie. Leaves had fallen and lay damp and soggy on the sidewalk haphazardly making interesting patterns and of interesting colours too.

The raucous sounds from the revved up cars and the peeling of tires are musical by comparison with the sound from a very small boat that has been buzzing round and round in the river these past few nights. Ordinarily the sounds from the river are music to my ears - but this shrill high pitched buzz actually hurts my eardrums. And through the years I've prided myself that they were insensitive to noise - but that pierced, believe me.

Summer was really sealed off Sunday night when the low temperature broke a 50 year record for the date. I love the long shadows of autumn, the pumpkins, the red cockscomb, but still feel that the summer was far too short.

Mrs. Judson Alford (Agnes Hackett), Grosse Ile, sent me the following letter with Jim Wright (formerly of Christ Church Rectory, Amherstburg) wrote to her from Montreal. The letter which follows tells of his sister, Dr. Isobel Wright, who went to India this year as a medical missionary. Mr. Wright wrote: "Isobel arrived in Ludhiana last April and from all reports has had an interesting experience. She has been teaching in the Medical College and also doing work in the hospital and at a well-baby clinic a few miles from Ludhiana. She has found the climate and food difficult but has been through the worst of the climate heat up to 120 degrees and is getting used to the food. About August 23rd Isobel left on holidays for Srinagar in Kashmir. This place has been very much in the news as a result of the fighting between Pakistan and India. However, we had a letter from Isobel dated September 3rd and she seemed to be carrying on with her holiday quite calmly but did take the precaution to advance her departure from Srinagar by a day. Her plan was to go to New Delhi until September 10th and then return to Ludhiana. Last week she telephoned me from New Delhi to say that she would have to stay there until the Canadian High Commissioner makes a decision as to the evacuation of Canadians. It will likely not be possible for her to return to Ludhiana as the fighting is fairly close to that place, until things settle down

***October 7, 1965***

The word "delicious" was so apt in describing Margie Drouillard's attendants in their simple cranberry velvet and pink crepe frocks. That was not one of H.M.'s words but that of an old friend, Madame Cezanne of Toronto, who is a real creator and authority in the world of design and fashion.

I wasn't amused in fact I was shocked at the poor taste coming from the T.V. when Bob Hope and also Canadian commentators quipped regarding the history making trip of Pope Paul to New York on Monday.

Jeffrey William Scott, who was born last Thursday is a fifth-generation baby on his mother's side. His great-great-grandmother, Mrs. William Knight, 96, lives in Rodney and his great-grandfather, Stanley J. Knight in Highgate. His grandfather William Knight, is the Amherstburg post master and his mother is the former Charlene Knight.

***October 21, 1965***

On Monday, the warm, golden, glorious day, a woman came in the office in a sleeveless pink sun dress - and the pink was just right in the rampaging burst of colour round about.

I can't paint what I see and like looking west toward Bob-Lo, at the old Post Office corner, but here it is in words. There was beauty on Bob-Lo as the ripening year made deep rich colours everywhere. The shiny black symmetry of the coal piles through which I was looking, gave an interesting effect too.

***October 28, 1965***

On the eve of Miss Bessie's 89th birthday, two of my bridge playing friends came to see her. When they had gone on to their game, she said "I think I'd like to take up bridge, again, dear."

When Madame Cezanne was here for the wedding of Margie Drouillard and John Laframboise, she was telling me how space age fashions have hit Toronto hard. I could hardly believe good old ultra-conservative Toronto on the go-go. Since that time in the top fashion magazines I've seen how attractive the fur space helmet and the cloth of gold balaclava can be for young women. And their snugness on a blustery day adds to their attractiveness. I think.

When it comes to voting all Canadians are equal and have exactly the same right. We all can do exactly the same thing so let's do it and get out a good vote.

Miss Autin was telling me about Bill Taylor, who is a son of the former Ola Morin of Amherstburg. This young man took his M.A. in England and is currently in Ann Arbor working on his Ph.D. He is very much interested in amateur theatricals and has done excellent work in Ann Arbor at the Lydia Mendelssohn theatre. One Sunday noon on the U. of M. Presents show

over Channel 4 Mr. Taylor had a good part in Stephens Crane's play "A Bride Comes to Yellow Sky."

Jimmie Pouget was telling me that the farm where his mother lives on the Pike Road has been in her family, the Dubes and Charettes, for six generations, having been Crown land. His children, he said, make the seventh generation on the distaff side.

### *November 4, 1965*

Our 89-year-old Miss Bessie said Sunday to me, "I would like to vote." That terse statement showed me that she, who had not always had that right, as I have, values the privilege that is her right as a Canadian woman.

Indirect lighting was not known as we know it now in 1919 when our house was built. But we do have a high window on the south side that is a delight, especially when a bouquet of bittersweet in a brass jar which I brought from Chinatown in Vancouver in the 20's is placed on a table below. The arrangement lights our indoor November days with Autumn fire.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Max Webster have been in Brantford they have lived in the country and have had horses as a hobby. We understand that they have some of their horses in this meet at the new Windsor Raceway and that their son is one of the drivers.

Elliot L. Schwartz of the Amherst Shoe Centre, has the male lead in the musical comedy "Anything Goes," which is to be presented by the Centre Theatre Worship at the Jewish Community Centre in Windsor this weekend and next. His wife is the former Shirley Rubenstein. Mr. Schwartz is well qualified for such a heavy role as he was in the Boston Latin School Glee Club and while at the University of Massachusetts had the lead in the opera Martha. Several years ago he received very favorable press with his role in Pajama Game with the Centre Workshop.

The moon low in the southern sky over the weekend had a beautiful graceful lattice work veil (not a moon frame, a covering) from our south window because the wind was so impatient with the leaves and all of a sudden the limbs were bare and stretching high.

### *November 18, 1965*

Did you notice the amount of gold leaves which clung to the many trees round about this Autumn? In our neighborhood wherever I looked (until Monday) I saw a patch of gold, utter magic of our late Autumn days. I looked at the old ginkgo tree on the mound from our northeast window every morning last week, but somehow missed the morning after the tree shed its leaves so I didn't see the gold come fluttering down.

Princess Margaret and her husband were entertained while in the Hollywood area by Vincent and Mary Price at their home. When I read of that I thought that they would give Her Royal Highness a good impression as representatives of many Americans with fine cultural backgrounds, education, charm and inherent good taste.

When Dave Rogers had the talking pumpkin on his lawn for a Hallowe'en surprise for the children, the ultramodern gadget of a pumpkin with a voice reminded me of the first time I saw television. I was in New York in 1939, and was shown the wonder of T.V. at the R.C.A. building and I was so thrilled and delighted that when the person on the screen asked a question, I answered, much to the delight of the others in the room.

Ninety-one years ago tomorrow, November 19, 1874, the first issue of the Amherstburg Echo was published and has continued publication ever since, making The Echo the oldest continuing business in Amherstburg, of which fact all of us who work here, are very proud - and we'd all like to be around and well for the 100th birthday if that is possible.

Progress always seems to hurt someone so the tearing down of the old town hall (such an indignity to a building of good memories) hurts me inside because it's the end of an era - my youth really. Thinking of that old building brings to mind the first concerts I ever saw, the school concerts and the thrill of helping with the curtain (in itself is a memory) with a hole in it here and there where the performers could peek out to see what kind of a house they were getting. Then too, I saw my first moving picture in that old building and I climbed into the belfry and looked over the town and I remember I thought I was pretty high off the ground. The social life of Old Amherstburg revolved around that old building. For it was in that ballroom on the second floor that I attended my first ball. I remember the Rose Ball, Masonic Ball, I.O.O.F. Ball, Fireman's Ball, all glamorous events. As I look back they all were really elegant affairs, so you see, I have a lump in my throat when I think of the demolition of that old hall of pleasant memories - almost an insult to the old - it is of no use so let's get rid of it and forget the horse and buggy days. I guess - but it is a tear, believe me.

### *November 25, 1965*

For a splendid historical novel of Mexico get *The Cactus and the Crown* by Catherine Gavin. The story is in the 1860's when Carlotta and Maximilian were Emperor and Empress of Mexico. There are really three stories in the book which marks the beginning of a nation as the people of Mexico led by Juarez, rose to overthrow the inept Maximilian. Then there is the story of the American girl Sally Lorimer, who loves everything in Mexico, as she turns from girl into woman and interwoven too is the story of her brother, Dr. Andrew Lorimer of the Confederate Army, who comes to Mexico with Sally to start the practice of medicine left him by an uncle. The conflicts and characterizations make for a very fine story I thought. In fact, once I got started I could hardly put it down.

Just in case some of today's young women have a complaint about not finding a parking spot close to the store where they buy their butter, home economics teacher Mrs. Enid Smith of the Stratford Normal School keeps an old butter churn handy in the classroom corner to remind them of some hardships their ancestors faced.

Carl F. Scott, Malden, brought in a book, *Leaves from the Family Tree*, written in 1933, which is a story of his forbears, memories and anecdotes - really the life and times of his grandparents. Mr. Scott said that the book was something like "I Remember Mamma" and it

does contain in writing many incidents which might get lost and of which the younger generation might be unaware. In the book there was a family picture which was taken in Kingsville in 1911 and also several poems of his, which have been published, namely Good Bye D. & C. (which were steamer friends of my youth); Towering Cape Smith, which was used in the brochures for the Owen Sound Transportation steamers - Norgoma, Normac and Manitoulin - and others.

Mrs. Glen Hamilton has made a Della Robbia Christmas wreath for her front door. All brought to mind fairly large, highly fired pottery Della Robbia plaques in beautiful colours, which I saw on the exterior of a church in Italy. I had forgotten about their beauty which became so fresh again when I talked to Mrs. Hamilton.

No one can seriously doubt that it is the taste of the teenager that decrees the trends in music, entertainment, fashion and even the language. Now comes an authority to point out that the teenagers - specifically the teenage wife - has replaced the farmer as the most important economic force in the nation. Mrs. Helen Nelson, writing for the Consumer Council of California, has statistics to back up the statement.

### *December 2, 1965*

I like and try to follow this old Chinese proverb - "you'd better walk a mile in another man's shoes before criticizing him."

This old Banana Belt has many surprises and is certainly a nice place to live. Friday, Gordon Curtis, Brunner Avenue, called that they had forsythia in bloom, spotty florets on the branches but still the golden bell of spring. On Saturday I found purple myrtle blossoms on the north side of our house.

Mrs. Paul Marra and her sisters, who all live in the States, had the joy of meeting their father and brother of Havana, Cuba, in Amherstburg recently. Mrs. Marra said that they came to Canada from Cuba by boat landing in St. John, N.B.

The dedicated and few members of the A.A.M. branch of the Canadian Cancer Society do marvellous work in this community, giving help which most of us know nothing about. When I think of the Amherstburg branch I think of Winston Churchill's famous words about the Royal Air Force about owing so much to so few. For years Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kenyon have given of their time, energy and talent to this society and I've often wondered if it weren't for them this branch would never have reached its high state of efficiency giving not only help but companionship to many in the area. To talk to Mrs. Kenyon was a help to me for her voice vibrated with enthusiasm and her inner self. I know that I received the benefit of her unselfishness in thinking of others. Never once have I heard her say in the past as chairman of the women's work - "I do the work" it was always what "we" did. Amherstburg should be so grateful that the Kenyons moved to town years ago.

A fortnight ago when the water in the river was out to the channel bank, people along the shore went foraging on the river bottom just as we as children did when the same conditions



prevailed. Surprising what treasures can be found, such as the 1837 penny found by Roxanne Hazen, and also an old button which could have been from an old army uniform.

### ***December 9, 1965***

Now it can be told - for what you have done Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kenyon, for the Amherstburg, Anderdon and Malden branch of the Canadian Cancer Society, we the citizens of the area can never repay, we can just say Thank You. You started the branch here and your enthusiasm and your generous gifts of time and self have made ours a fine branch indeed. These were the sentiments of their family, civic officials, officials of the Essex County branch of the Canadian Cancer Society, members of our branch and friends who attended the dinner Tuesday night at St. Andrew's Christian Education Building - a surprise testimonial dinner honoring Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon - who accepted their "orchids" with grace and happiness of heart.

### ***December 16, 1965***

Despite the fact that on Thursday leaves were being raked and burned on the park, the loveliest season of the year, Christmas, is just around the corner. This corner is a gay one too, as seen from our office window, and is putting me in the spirit indeed.

Although I never have actually been skiing, I am interested in this multi-million dollar industry that has boomed and zoomed up in the last few years. People who love this sport say that the grace and rhythm of it is akin to flying and they love it - and it is one sport where nobody keeps score. I wish that it were possible to have a ski run in our county so that the enthusiasts didn't have to go so far to enjoy this wonderful winter sport. And when I'm on the winter sports line - what about a sheet of artificial ice for us. If something isn't done we are going to have many children who will never know the joy of skating.

The Donn Chown family will be on Grosse Ile for Christmas and wrote they will visit in Amherstburg in January. Two years ago Donn was assigned to Indonesia with The Voice of America and the family had a wonderful experience living in Jakarta. When the trouble there rose to a boiling point, they with other American families were sent to Japan. The Chowns had a cottage at Willow Beach when he was associated with W.J.R. in Detroit and a friendship with several Amherstburg families resulted.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, Howard Avenue, were in Toronto last weekend attending the Open House at Muloch House, Whitney Hall, University of Toronto, where their daughter Gail is living while going to the university. Gail is taking the course in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry. History is repeating itself as her mother, the former Violet Pettypiece, stayed in Whitney Hall when she was in university and an ex-donn Miss Elizabeth Hargreaves is Gail's godmother. Gail had the distinction of winning an Alumnus Scholarship for which only daughters of mothers who graduated from U. of T., are eligible.

***December 23 & 30, 1965***

Merry Christmas!

Christmas gifts to you and yours from H.M. - health, happiness and peace.

Because of the three-day week here at the office between Christmas and New Year and because of the rhythm of the calendar making Saturday holidays, there will not be a paper next week so, along with Christmas greetings, I must say Happy New Year to all also - and after a holiday a renewed effort to serve will be our wish for 1966.

Elsewhere in this edition is an article by Mrs. Harold (Elizabeth) Thrasher of Harrow, with respect to the joy they are receiving from their adopted boy Sung. Mrs. Thrasher wrote, "I often wonder if the tremendous amounts of money now spent destructively for war had been spent constructively many years ago, either through Missions or Governments, if we would have so much bloodshed right now. We can spare it for war, but we can't seem to spare money for peaceful living! I am sure there are many people in South Western Ontario who throw away enough to support, or partially support, a child from one of the less fortunate countries. Do you agree?"

***January 6, 1966***

Mrs. John E. Fox, Balaclava Street, called on Monday that she had picked dandelions in perfect bloom, from their back lawn.

The glorious weather we have been having in this area deserves to be recorded. The colors, the greens, actually looked new and the sky and warm sunshine reflected in calm water of Big Creek, Tuesday en route from Harrow, defied the date. Dandelions in January are defiant also.

Ronald G. Everson of Montreal sent John A. an autographed copy of his latest book of poems, "Wrestle with an Angel," for Christmas. Ron is a polished public relations man and his poems have spirit and precision. The book is illustrated with impressionistic drawings by Colin Haworth. Knowing Ron I delighted in his new collection.

After this Christmas I've decided that it's never too late to thrill at the usual and unusual of Christmas for that's what our 89-year-old Miss Bessie did. Her interest was keen in a bloom from a Bird of Paradise plant which took seven years to grow, mature and bloom at the greenhouse. Then she loved the fruit from Florida and olives from friends' grove in California - and the picture of the hours old new Echo office baby, David Thomas Brown. "What will they do next", she marvelled when Tommy brought us a preview of his brand new son.

***January 13, 1966***

Dorothy Callam Mancini is a great golfer and played a few holes in Detroit during our glorious holiday week weather.

Mrs. Joseph Vacilotto and her daughters Mary Anne, Rita and Lisa, wrote to Pope Paul VI in Vatican City after his historic trip to New York, saying how much they had enjoyed His day in New York as shown by television. Last week they received an acknowledgement of their letter with thanks from the secretariat enclosing a prayer card on which was "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give to you."

I get such a bang out of many of our coined words - rendezvoused for instance. To hear a young teenager use this word in conversation with me last week with the same meaning as described in the astronauts' flight and meeting in space, made me laugh, inside of course.

Although the weather isn't exactly balmy at the time of writing (in the snow Friday afternoon) we did have wonderful holiday weather. Mrs. Roy Noble, who lives on Point Pelee Drive about a mile north of the entrance to the national park, reported picking a bouquet of pansies and violets from her garden on Christmas day.

F/Lt. Otis Newport, R.C.A.F., and Mrs. Newport are at Lexington Naval Base in Maryland for eight months where he is the only Canadian in a special course there. This is the base where the astronauts trained in one phase of their course. F/Lt. Newport is a son of Mrs. Harold Thrasher of Harrow. His wife and Mrs. Charles Hendershot, also of Harrow, are sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Hunt celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage yesterday. Mrs. Hunt wrote to H.M. as follows: "I came across our first furniture and furnishing bill and thought you might like to compare prices 50 years ago and today. Some of those articles, the "young folks" wouldn't know what they are - a tin tipper, spider, wash boiler, wash board, mop stick, etc. Of course wages didn't compare with today either." - Detroit Mich., Jan. 3, 1916 - The Rug Store, 615 Gratiot Ave., Corner St. Aubin, Phone Cadillac 3321. - 1 buffet, \$39.50; 1 extension table round, \$21.50; 6 dining room chairs, \$24.00; 1 brown leather parlour suite, \$75.00; 1 dresser, \$26.00; 1 dresser, \$19.50; 1 library table, \$17.50; 1 iron bed, \$14.50; 2 mattresses, (\$14.00 each), \$28.00; 2 double deck springs, \$13.00; 1 Brass bed, \$27.50; 1 8-3 axminster rug, \$21.50; 1 8-3 axminster brown rug (new \$179.00), \$16.50; 1 6 X 0 brown rug, \$8.00; 1 leather couch, \$38.00; 1 27n in. axminster rug, \$2.00 1 Jewel gas range, \$18.00; 1 breakfast table, \$4.50; 3 square back chairs, \$2.55 16 2/3 yards linoleum, \$10.00; 1 wash boiler, \$2.75; 2 galvanized pails, 90 cents; 1 mop stick, 10 cents; 1 mop cloth, 25 cents; 1 broom (now \$3.00), 35 cents; 1 tin dipper, 10 cents; 1 dust pain, 10 cents; 1 scrub brush, 10 cents; 1 Rite Heat electric iron, \$2.65; 1 drain board, 75 cents; 1 dish pan, 50 cents; 1 asbestos mat, 5 cents; 1 flour sifter, 15 cents; 1 spider, 40 cents; 1 spider, 50 cents and 1 wash board, 45 cents.

### ***January 20, 1966***

I didn't need a sedative of any kind to relax me over the weekend as I had an excellent book entitled "I Wanna Go Home," an offbeat travelogue by Hank Ketcham, the cartoonist, who created Dennis the Menace. Mr. Ketcham's bright chatter, surprises, laughs, astute conversation and clever illustrations of their (he and his wife) 40 day trip behind the iron curtain was a delight and made me chortle out loud at times as I read along. Their pace was frantic but the "flavor" was rich. It was a dandy person-to-person adventure along the whole route to London, Copenhagen, Helsinki, Leningrad, Moscow, Tashkent, Samarkand, Yalta, Odessa Kiev,

Bucharest, Belgrade, Vienna, Prague, Paris and home - and as the last illustrations says, "We'd like two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and a double chocolate malt" as they were flying "back to the nest - just us and 112 other happy homing pigeons."

When the Ounsworth family of Harrow was in Amsterdam, Holland, this past summer, they visited the home where Anne Frank and her family, who were Dutch Jews, hid out in the attic from the Nazis for four years. The story of Anne Frank, through her diary, (she was eventually caught and killed) made a fine book and play. It seems that the middle Ounsworth lad had seen the play, "The Diary of Anne Frank" at the Harrow High School and his interest in the story was so stimulated that through him his parents, grandmother and young brother, went through the Frank house which is to be a national shrine.

Early in December, Joseph Lescheron's sister who lives in California, sent the following original poem to her niece, Beth Ann Lescheron in London. Beth Ann is a grand-daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Edward (Bud) Lalonge her mother being Mary Sue Lalonge. The tribute in verse to be little girls goes as follows:

I know a little six-year old  
A precious gem - a pearl  
A little heart so wondrous full  
How lucky she's a girl.

Her little mind so quick and bright  
Must surely all amaze  
Who wonder how this little head  
Comes up with all straight "A's".

Her big sad eyes so wise and true  
Look round this adult world  
And seem to wonder what folks think  
About a brown eyed girl.

For when one is just six years old  
Life sometimes seems so sad  
And adults must seem very strange  
Especially when they're mad.

But when she dons her sharp white skates  
She's a princess on ice come what may  
She whirls and she dips and she races along  
A Barbara Ann Scott all the way.

Now you must be wondering who she can be  
And why all of this I began  
'Twas only to tell you who captured my heart  
None other than precious Beth Ann.

*January 27, 1966*

That book "I Wanna Go Home" by the cartoonist Hank Ketcham which I talked of last week had many things in it which interested me - one was the pronunciation of Copenhagen. The Danes themselves call it Copenhay-gen certainly not Copenhah-gen which they (the Danes) find distasteful as it reminds them of the Nazi regime as that is the way the Nazis pronounced it.

I found another kindred spirit in town recently when I called and the phone rang six or so times before she answered. Said I, "I hope that you weren't resting" Her answer "No indeed, I was watching the birds at the feeder through our binoculars.

Mr. and Mrs. Donn Chown and family called on friends in town, Friday. The Chowns are on furlough from Japan and are with his sister, Dr. Chown on Grosse Ile. The family, who had a cottage at one time in Malden went to Indonesia two years ago when Mr. Chown received an overseas posting with The Voice of America. When the Americans left Indonesia when the Communists took over they were sent to Japan and expect to return there in February.

*February 3, 1966*

In my opinion billowing long chiffon skirts are very graceful and subtle on most women whether 10 or 20 - also A-line long skirts. However, I must not become too critical with the west coast top designers but I thought some of the hobble skirts and tight, tight long skirts worn by some of the winners on the foreign press Golden Globe Awards show Monday night on T.V. weren't even pretty. When the awards' winners came up to get their awards some of them had to walk with unnatural mincing steps.

This is the year of the 170th anniversary of the founding of Amherstburg. I've always felt that because of a person's background he or she owed the world a little extra in the way of behaviour or character. The same can apply to our old town.

The old wheeze about weather making a good conversation piece, when at a loss for anything else to start the conversation ball rolling, hasn't been a laugh but a reality. The good old Canadian winter of the good old days blew back into the Banana Belt, this last fortnight and it was zero cold here with some snow and wind. However, we are fortunate indeed in our geographic location as the worst storms in this century have not only hit the eastern seacoast but have struck east, west, north and south, even into Florida.

Back I've gone this past fortnight to the days of the Gibson Girl or the days of the lady passenger in the first touring car. Why? Because of the wind I've had to tie a chiffon scarf over my hat - and I haven't found the effect too unbecoming and it is comfortable, certainly.

See that in Strathroy the young adults (some say teenagers) have a new Club A-Go-Go, sponsored by the Recreation Commission which meets on Saturday afternoon in the Scout Hall. I grant you some of the young people here have an honest gripe about nothing to do and if

I were younger I'd certainly help with a centre if they would help themselves. It would be awfully expensive to mastermind a project like this without the help of the young people themselves. However, I do think that if more of the young people here took an interest in the many things in town that are available and did something for others, they themselves would get a great satisfaction. For instance, youth groups like Cubs, Scouts, etc. etc., are desperate for help. The young people's groups in all the churches, the Squires, the Y.C.S., the Y.C.W. want members and certainly have a lot to offer their memberships. To name a few things to do - the Tachman Club, stock car club enthusiasts, the Band, hockey, baseball, bowling, etc. - and also the Y.W. and Y.M.C.A. in Windsor has plenty to offer young people at a nominal cost. P.S. How many of the young people who haven't anything to do have been skating on the dandy ice at the park, made just for their pleasure and for you and you.

Mr. and Mrs. David Burck are living in Mrs. J.R. Gibson's home while she is in Florida with her sister and brother-in-law from Hespeler.

### ***February 10, 1966***

Because William Heyden was from the Cotswold Country in the north of England where the fences and houses (crofts) are stone, there is a fine example of a true Cotswold fence on the McGregor property built by Mr. Heyden when he was gardener there. At the time of building he was no doubt homesick for the old country. Out at Greenfield Village in Dearborn there is a Cotswold cottage and a similar fence, so what we have here is authentic in structure.

Happy St. Valentine's Day to You !

Recently I met an older English teacher from Michigan. Her enthusiasm for her subject was so infectious and her love for poetry made me want to start studying to see if now I would interpret some of the familiar poets as I did years ago. The teacher said she liked to teach the 17 year olds best. She didn't tell me but a friend of her husband said that he (the husband) had met a man at the automobile company where they both worked who told him (the husband) that his 17-year-old son who is a real lively boy of 1966, was in the wife's English class, and told his father that when his teacher read poetry he felt like crying, the words were so beautiful.

Coincidence - Bunny Kitchen of Vancouver, grand-daughter of Mrs. I.H. Kitchen, has taken a position on the staff of one of Montreal's hospitals. Miss Kitchen returned recently from a six-months' trip abroad. She (Bunny was in the dining room of the hospital when a nurse came to her table. The nurse seeing Bunny's Vancouver Hospital pin and her name plate queried, Kitchen? Are you Bob Kitchen's daughter? The older nurse was the former Dorothy Goodier of Amherstburg who has moved to Montreal from Calgary. She told the young nurse that she had gone to school in Amherstburg with her late father and the Gatfield boys.

### ***February 17, 1966***

Nothing monotonous about our Banana Belt weather - on Monday in the clear, crisp sunshine I met May Tilson Keller, who is up from Puerto Rico for a few days and said "Does our cool weather bother you?" - "I love it," she exclaimed. "I'm so sick of the heat." And I know

that I would be too, if I had it for 12 months because what I see in the changing weather delights me.

Dr. Ralph Iler, a former resident of Colchester South, is a very clever scientist. He worked on the fabric which when perfected was called Orlon - named for his father, the late Orley Iler.

Gerry Iler Elliott of St. Lambert, Quebec, an Echo alumnus, wrote: "Mother Marsh would have enjoyed observing Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird during the month of June when they took up residence on our farm in Glengarry County. They raised a young family and since their bird house was only a few yards from the farm house we had a front row seat. We weren't too familiar with the activities of this bird and therefore enjoyed the experience very much."

### ***February 24, 1966***

Spring was previewed in the foyer of Wesley United Church last Wednesday for the Spring Bonnet Tea. Trees in pink blossom cleverly made with pink crepe paper knotted on tall branches placed in pots, made a startling spring effect and gave the ladies a glimpse of the promised lovely season to come.

Of interest to me is the information that Marilyn Craig Douglas of Chatham, niece of Mrs. J.A. Kennedy, a former resident of Colchester South, is one of the researchers for the Pierre Berton show.

The following tabulation interested me: - a large group of teenagers in France were asked in a recent poll to name their favorite leisure time activities. They replied as follows: movies 25% reading 22%; group outings 21%; dancing 13% sports 6%; television 5%; and dating 5%. In the United States, television and dating rank on top.

### ***March 3, 1966***

The 6:55 a.m. early light is very pleasurable to me these days - (I didn't realize until now the 6:55 a.m. dark had gotten under my skin).

Have you heard Spring early these mornings? - I have - the lilt of the birds has a promise.

I was interested in friend the Antique Dealer, who was telling me that there is no difference in her business between the summer and winter level, that the sales are about the same all the year round now.

I loved the reflections in the mirror-like river last Thursday. The trees on Bob-Lo, in reflection, looked as if they were etched in glass and standing on their heads.

Ever since Christmas I've enjoyed Mrs. C.P. Merlo's white poinsettia in her east window. And, from the looks of it the blooms at the moment are so healthy they will greet me for Easter. Was reading about "Spring Pink" a new variety poinsettia which has been developed.

I was telling Miss Bessie about the wonderful train between Toronto and Montreal and her observation was, "I love eating on the train."

I'm not capable of, nor do I know enough to criticize art constructively, but I was pleased with the showing of work of the pupils of Mr. Allgoewer, currently on display at Nissen's Seaway Cafe. I like the different techniques or mechanics used by the various Amherstburg artists and thought Mrs. Wallace Smith's Driftwood showed an adventuresome spirit. The artists in this class sponsored by the Fort Malden Guild of Arts and Crafts are getting much to interest them and each teacher leaves his impression on the growth and creative ability of an amateur artist.

### ***March 10, 1966***

Last Thursday and Friday were glorious Spring Days, in fact Friday was the warmest March 4th in recorded history of our area. Spring activities were commenced by coatless children. Then on Sunday we awakened to a wonderful white world and a Mediterranean blue river and the cries of glee from the mound to the north where children were sledding.

O.K. boys, re recreation center, scout around and find a room, then find a director, a man who will take the project on as his business, who will be responsible for coke machines, smokes, records, music, dances, cards, food, darts, etc. and all he take in will be his. He directs it as his own business with the help of all you boys and girls who want a club, a place to go, a recreational center. When you have your plans, formulate them - have a delegation go to the council, the recreation commission and the service clubs and when they see that you have constructive ideas, they will think that you mean business and may be willing to help to get this center into a going project. I'd say that the project is "What am I prepared to do for myself and others." Boys and girls, a project like this, has to have a director - and has to get off the ground slowly - and remember you value what you pay for in this life.

### ***March 17, 1966***

The top of the mornin' to you, today.

The number of windows broken during the year in one of the Toronto schools was so high and the cost of replacement so much, that there would have been enough money to equip two classrooms. When I see the ruts on the damp park made by someone who has driven round and round in the night - I get a slow burn because it's my money which is going to be used to fill in those ruts and I'd rather use it to plant clumps and clumps of petunias.

Irish eyes (mine) were smiling Monday morning when I found several clumps of snowdrops in bloom and purple crocuses also, on the south side of our house.



Mrs. M.L. Leonard of Maple Avenue came in Friday. She, a mother of teenagers, feels as I do and agrees with what I said last week about a club for the young people. Mrs. Leonard feeling so strongly on the subject laughed that our ideas were similar and gave me a booklet to read (which she had sent for recently) - called "Do-it-yourself Coffee Houses" which tells how to go about getting a place where young people can talk, dance and sing and meet friends, where they can bring a date and meet one. In the paragraph on rules the booklet says, "Some rules are written down, others are unwritten but right guys observe them just the same." All the coffee clubs are inexpensive fun places and concludes by saying that coffee house people are the "in"-est kind of people to be these days.

### ***March 24, 1966***

Miss Bessie in commenting in the changes of various faiths observed, "It won't be long, dear, until we Christians will all be the same." She doesn't know the word bigot, never has.

Monday morning, much to my surprise, I heard then I saw a pair of Scarlet Tanagers flitting in our cherry tree. Then in the morning sun they flew off to perch high on the branches of the Linden tree on the moat. The lovely red birds with the black wings have their timing all wrong. The bird book says migratory date for them is May, and for the Summer Tanagers, April. But these definitely were Scarlet Tanagers who, because of their color as a precautionary measure to keep alive, seek high places when migrating and the tip top of the Linden tree is a safe perch.

That colloquialisms exist in our area interested me Sunday when friend said "When I went to the wake." As one Irishman to another I understood him. The people in the Irish settlement around Maidstone use that expression quite frequently, even in obituaries in The Essex Free Press.

This past week J.A.M. and I read "The Naked Runner" by Francis Clifford which is a very fine novel of hovering suspense and distinguished style. It is an old fashioned down-to-earth spy thriller. The story is set mainly in Leipzig and starts in a comparatively unobtrusive way when Sam Laker, a former British espionage agent in the long ago World War II days, reluctantly agrees to carry out a routine mission for his government when he and his son Patrick visit the Leipzig Fair. Then follows an astonishing sequence of events in East Germany and Copenhagen. Sheer suspense reading and certainly proves that John LeCarre (The Spy Who Came Out Of The Cold) has no monopoly on the understanding of the kind of psychological make-up that makes good undercover agents and good chiefs of intelligence. Excellent suspenseful enjoyment, we thought.

### ***March 31, 1966***

A bird feeder certainly repays the people who own one - as do the wind bells at the Cavans which chime for me.

Wrote Rev. E.W. Hart from Clearwater, Florida, "If you want to meet friends in Florida the best way is tell the Echo where you are going. The day before we left Toronto, Rev. A.M.

Stuart's brother-in-law (both married Tonge girls in Amherstburg) called me to say Murray was at Clearwater Beach and he had seen by The Echo that we were going there. And we have seen them often. Then yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Purdy (the former Mrs. Jubenville) called to see us. They too had read about us in The Echo." Mr. Hart's card made me laugh as he is so enthusiastic about a good life.

One of the Centennial projects is the marking of farms which have been in the same family and same name for 100 years or more. The Marsh farm on the 6th line of Moore Township in Lambton County, is eligible. From our grandfather, John Marsh who came from Devon and Somerset, England and settled there to the present owner, Arthur Marsh, a cousin.

When Misses Agnes and Frances Pineau in Windsor and their sister had a supper party recently for their uncle, Arthur Tomlinson, all sat around an historic dining table. It seems that when the Pineau family lived on the property south of Louis Goodchild's (the old library) on Ramsay Street in Amherstburg they were burned out. Mrs. (Dr.) Lambert who lived across the road gave them some furniture, and a dining table which they are using now was among the pieces. This dining table is made of solid walnut 54" in diameter, each half of the top is one solid piece of board 1 1/2 inches thick. The table which has four Sheraton legs, was shipped from Lower Canada to Upper Canada in 1746 according to under marking.

*April 14, 1966*

The Youth Centre talk is alive these days but what about something for the Senior Citizens? They too will need recreational facilities. Speaking of a Youth Centre - after the noise and to-do on Richmond Street Sunday night, maybe the youth had better get to WORK instead of thinking of play and dates and dances, etc.

The death of Mrs. Frank Dougall in Detroit brings to mind many happy times for young people in Amherstburg when the Dougalls lived in the Sicklesteel/Oliver house on Sandwich Street North (now owned by Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Quinn) and the V.L. Price's were in residence at their summer home at the north end of Laird Avenue. I'll never forget Mrs. Dougall's graciousness and the parties at her home, especially one when a dance floor was erected on the lawn and a dance band imported for the occasion. Such a wonderful time with the friends of both those families who were here for the occasion.

I am reading the book "Elegance" by Genevieve Antoine Dariaux, which is a complete guide for every woman who wants to be well and properly dressed for all occasions. The author is the directress of a top Paris fashion house, Nina Ricci. The book written in topical style, covers every item a woman wears from the proper length of gloves to complete wardrobes on a budget - and I am really enjoying it.

Dear town fathers - one of Amherstburg's biggest assets is the river and the interest thereon. Did any of you ever stand at the post office on Richmond Street and look west riverward when an interesting ship is passing upbound? The effect is like a movie set and one doesn't see that particular picture anywhere else. The Dalhousie Street-Richmond Street corner could be a tourist delight so don't be too hasty in disposing of the old post office and the

property. Some atmosphere in the middle of a town, is good for the town and its people. If you have to tear the building down, keep the property, put out a few benches and a few garden plots and let people enjoy the river.

Dr. Dan H. Jones of Detroit, formerly of Amherstburg, is Dean of Psychology at the University of Detroit.

Miss Linda Viljama, a bride of April 30th, was given a miscellaneous shower of gifts at the home of Mrs. Trepanier at Amherst Pointe, last Wednesday evening.

### *April 21, 1966*

When reading the book "Elegance" last week, I found that my face was red too often. According to the author quoting authorities from the United Kingdom, it is in-elegant to put cream in a tea cup before the beverage - but I like it that way.

Merve Amerine of California, son-in-law of Mrs. and Mrs. W. Cavan, who has a fleet of airplanes, flew a load of boxes of bees which were wintering in warm California, back to Vancouver a fortnight ago. It seems that the B.C. weather has changed and the bees couldn't stand the cold, so were taken south for several months and brought back to do their summer work on fruit trees, flowers and etc., two weeks ago.

Mrs. D.L. McAuslan gave me a tip which I'm passing along. When you take down storm windows, plaster all the glass with Bon Ami and leave it on when windows are stored. In the fall the film wipes off easily and the storms are ready in no time flat to be placed in position.

Perch are running for sure. On Friday, A. Cadarette, who lives in the late Margaret Hackett house, Dalhousie Street, called me over to see his catch which was lying on the ground. The many, many meaty perch were flip-flopping around and the flash of their moving color in the late afternoon sun should have been seen by a color expert and artist. It was lovely. The light on the scales was dancing like a cut gem.

When Mrs. Roy Reaume was in Bermuda recently, one of 40 guests of I.G.A., she went to The Cedar Shop, a lovely shop, to see Mrs. Jesse Henderson's uncle, a craftsman, who makes and sells articles made of cedar, a native wood. Mrs. Reaume was delighted with the "real nice service" provided by I.G.A. for the winners of their contest.

Mrs. James Purdy (Margaret Wigle) wrote from Montreal that she and Beryl Campbell, another former Amherstburg resident, had attended the opening night of the Opera Guild, last Tuesday, at the Place des Arts and had heard Marguerite Gignac, another ex-Amherstburgite, sing the role of Musetta in La Boheme. Margaret went on to say that Beryl is teaching in a private school for girls (Trafalgar School) in Montreal for the second year. She has her M.A. in history and has taken some courses towards her Ph.D. at McGill.

***April 28, 1966***

I saw the Spring come soft in April, an expression that was so true this past week.

I read about the Ledyard wedding in Detroit, Saturday, with special interest because in the days gone by J.A.M. and I knew the father of the bride. The attendants' outfits delighted me; their long frocks were lavender and blue linen with which they wore wreaths of white violets and ivy and the violets and ivy fashioned their old-fashioned nosegays. Spring simplicity in very good taste, I thought.

Ever since I read the book *Above Suspicion* way back in 1941-42, I've been interested in the author Helen MacInnes, so when I got the chance to use her latest book *Double Imagine* as an escape, I took it and found its suspense most thrilling and the story of espionage practices in Europe excellent. I recommend it not because of its place on the best seller list but because of its story.

Very large seedless cucumbers developed in England are to be introduced to Canadian consumers I understand. Evidently we will buy a piece of cucumber by the pound. We can get used to that I'm sure, because it wasn't that many years ago that we started to buy watermelon by the piece.

This columnist has been advocating a do-it-yourself plan for the youth for weeks. A question and answer along the same thought in publishing for you people - and for what it is worth, I agree. The question: Many young people are coming to the conclusion these days that the greatest charity is to help a man to help himself. What criteria should men, individually and collectively, use in judging when their charity is beginning to interfere with other men's basic right to work out their own salvation? The answer: We should never do anything that interferes with the other individual's capacity to make decisions for himself. What we do should strengthen this capacity. Our assistance should similarly strengthen his ability to do all the things which will help him meet his own needs. Teach him to butter his own toast, not butter it for him. Help him to learn the skills which will enable him to earn the butter. In short, the strengthening not just the satisfying of the individual (or the nation) is the test.

***May 19, 1966***

Our old gnarled cherry tree, gay with blossoms, is attracting Hummingbirds, also a male Scarlet Tanager, Baltimore Orioles and several varieties of Canaries and I'm so busy bird watching - no time for work.

Miss Bessie is ashamed of herself that she didn't see more hockey games this year.

Noticed that a women's organization of the Petrolia Anglican Church had a Centennial Tea with an exhibition of old household articles and clothing. In fact, in one picture two of the ladies who were serving were dressed in clothes of long ago.

If there's any luck being handed around, Mrs. Alfred Souliere and five-year-old son Johnnie of Balaclava Street North are in for a lot because they found 3 five-leaf clovers and one six-leaf clover, in their back yard.

### *June 02, 1966*

Progress report - Mrs. C.P. Merlo's white Christmas poinsettia in a large white Wedgewood bowl in her east convex window is still a joy to passersby.by....meaning H.M.

I love old friends- lifelong friends - and I'm fortunate in having many - and in that group I count the Bob-Lo boats - so when they saluted to say Hello on Saturday, I had a warm feeling, and even though they are old, they were young in spirit I thought as they skimmed along with flags flying. Just the way we oldsters should act and feel - standing up straight (literally) to face a complex world.

Bilingualism is worth cash. A young second cousin of ours in Toronto who speaks French well, was offered and accepted a good paying summer job for the Department of Justice in Quebec City just because she was bilingual.

I am interested in the market trends and the influence of the teenage buyers who have become market leaders. And after seeing clothes, smart clothes too for all age groups at the Taskey wedding, have decided that we are living in a time where each generation has its own distinctive designs - and the young people would never borrow mother's clothes and there even is a difference between mother and grandmother, both smart mind you, but different. Even pattern manufacturers recognize the above fact, I think, because I'm noticed so many patterns which only run to 16 or 18 - and the page ads in the Toronto papers are to attract the young - certainly very little shown for me.

If everyone young and old in this town could be and stay kind and honest with one another, we wouldn't have any incidents like the frightening experience for parishioners and neighbors at the First Baptist Church. Nor would we have anyone thoughtless enough to turn friend against friend.

The appointment of Foster Hutton to the position of vice principal of the Essex District High School gives me great joy for a job well done with himself by a young man who certainly had it hard going at times. The first time I saw Foster he was a few months old and it was at his father's funeral at the W.H. Jones home on North Street. His mother was Dorothy Jones, one of the Jones twins, the Honeys as we called them and his father, Philip Hutton was an English flier who came to Canada to be a bush pilot. He was killed in an airplane accident. His mother was never well and they lived in Windsor with a cousin, Roy Taylor and Foster had many jobs in his early school days. Honey died and he moved with Roy Taylor and Miss Elizabeth Brown to Kingsville. He peddled milk, etc., in holidays, got through high school, went to Teachers' College, taught public school in Kingsville, met a nice girl on the staff, went to the Miner School in Gosfield South, as principal, married the girl, made a wonderful contribution of his leadership ability and talents to the Kingsville United Church, especially youth groups, worked for his Bachelor of Arts from degree Assumption. After he got his degree he joined the Kingsville High

School staff, bought a house in Pleasant Valley in Colchester South near the Arner town line, later went on the staff of Essex High School as head of the English department and now has the second top job. He is a thoroughly nice, warm and intelligent young man and I am proud of the way he has managed his life and so pleased that I can see him occasionally, just to say to myself, "this is what a fun loving young modern can do because he learned to accept responsibility."

### ***June 23, 1966***

Mrs. M. Makra came in on June 10th to say that the flowers on her red Christmas poinsettia were only fading now.

Rev. Roger Talbot, Mrs. Talbot, the former Donna Klie of Colchester and their children, who have been on leave in Canada from Japan, are to remain in Canada and not be sent back to the mission field and will work for the Presbyterian Mission Board in Toronto. A recent article in the Star Weekly told of the Presbyterians furnishing a fourplex for their missionaries on leave and like the canny Scots they are, the article says, shows us how to save money without pinching a penny. Four of their returned missionary families including the Talbots are living in the fourplex. The article is complete with pictures of the gay colourful furnishings, as "color is cheap" - and everything from a can opener to a T.V. is supplied.

I liked the simple motto for the grade eight pupils which Miss Helen Golden had on the black board of her classroom at Victoria School. It was "What I will be tomorrow, I am becoming today."

### ***June 30, 1966***

I do hope that many people, young and older, take up the dandy game of tennis on the new courts at the Centennial Park. Walter Grondin, being an enthusiastic tennis player himself, has worked hard on this project to re-introduce the game to Amherstburg. The B.M.C. courts 20 years ago were a popular gathering place for many and there was a fine feeling of sociability there.

Canada's 99th birthday is to be celebrated tomorrow - and next year is the Centennial and big things are in the offing.

Like the idea of the Japanese Maples as Amherstburg's salute to Centennial Year. Legend has it that many of the old maples in our area were planted Confederation Year, 1867. I do know for sure, that an old poplar which grew on the mound until it was so old that it was dangerous and had to be taken away, was a Confederation tree.

It has taken us a long time to learn that for hot weather the beltless dress is the most comfortable. Even I have turned to "shifts" and on Monday, Miss Bette Marra was in the office in a stunning dress, in all the sunshine shades, with clever low neck detail in lei fashion, "a mumu" she said, "which I bought in Hawaii."

Saturday week, there was an initiation for fourth degree Knights of Columbus, at the Prince Edward in Windsor. This was a strictly white tie affair. As A.T. Pattenden Sr., was one of the candidates, Mrs. Pattenden had to have evening togs. So for the first time in her life wore a long formal evening gown made of lavender lace and had silver bag and slippers for accessories - and flowers of course. The interesting thing is that Mrs. P. made her own dress and it was real good looking and I'm sure that she felt well turned out.

### ***July 30, 1966***

The Robert Savage home, River Front Road, Anderdon, is to be shown in color on the Living Show, Channel 4, on Monday, August 1st, at 9 a.m.

To have a conversational gambit but really to broaden me and to be with it (his phrase) I am trying to read Understanding Media by the controversial University of Toronto professor Marshall McLuhan. I thought I'd try chapters on the newspapers, written word and press hoping to find in his abstract way of thinking, something I could understand - but I'm mentally drained. But dear friends, I will persist.

Mrs. Dale Gibb of Halifax, daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibb, Malden, drew the winning design in the contest for hostess uniforms for the Atlantic Provinces Pavilion at Expo '67. Mrs. Gibb's design which won her a trip for two to Expo for a week, was judged best of 42 submitted from the for Atlantic provinces. Mrs. Gibb's husband is a Lieutenant in the R.C.N.

When Rev. Walter E. Donnelly of Winnipeg was at our house last week I said, "Mr. Donnelly you were (are, as he is still preaching) a wonderful preacher." And his reply was "I worked hard at it." He also said to Miss Bessie - "Mrs. Marsh, yours was the warmest welcome we have ever had as we moved from church to church. I have never forgotten your welcome to me and my small family that day in the early 20's when we moved into the parsonage. You, the head of the Ladies Aid said, "Don't worry about the scratches on the furniture."

### ***August 18, 1966***

Mrs. P.G. French was telling me that her elder daughter Phyllis is working on the "Head Start" program, this summer. This program sponsored by the U.S. government gives underprivileged children (and it shocks me that there are so many) a look at life as we know it and have known it as children of parents who cared. Mrs. C.P. Merlo said also that Carole, a teacher in Memphis, is spending her summer also working on the War on Poverty program. To give of one's talents to help the less fortunate must be rewarding.

What a wonderful place we live (I'm forgetting the humidity and the itchy eyes, and the drippy sinus) when I see, smell, touch and taste the bounty of these August days in the Banana Belt.

Christine Thrasher, (seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Thrasher (Shirley Kendall), won the silver medal at the Highland Games in Syracuse, New York on Saturday, for

the best dressed entry. Her kilt was made by her mother in fact Mrs. Thrasher made all her outfit except her stockings. She sent a sample of the plaid to Ireland and the stockings were made there to complete Christine's highland dancer's outfit.

I've decided that lack of waistline and tiny narrow belts (or lack of) determine the smartness of dresses these days - length too of course. All this came about when I got out two dresses (best) I thought to wear to a wedding. The tight waists, the pleats at waist and inch wide belts made me feel as if I came out of the ark.

The titles "Miss" or "Mrs." which reflect a woman's success in her quest for a husband, should be abolished, according to Mrs. Philippa Harris. Mrs. Harris, a Briton, who works for UNESCO in Paris, says the titles reflect a society where the most important thing for a woman was marriage. Today, when women struggle more for independence, the titles are ridiculous, she said. Some 450 career women from 19 nations cheered her proposal at the opening of the 9th Soroptomist Congress in Stockholm.

Last week J.G. Stevens was in the office. Mr. Stevens lives in Washington and he and a friend were enroute to the east in a boat and pulled up at the Richmond Street dock. He told me that he and his wife were guests at the Luci Johnson - Pat Nugent wedding in Washington, having been invited because Pat's father, Gerald Nugent and he are in the same company. He commented on the beauty of the service in the shrine - and said that his wife went into a tail spin when they got the invitation, about what she'd wear.

Compliment for teenagers of this town. An American family has been camping at Borrowman's Grove this summer and swimming every day at the pool. The mother spoke to an Amherstburg mother who was there saying, "Are you from Canada?" She then went on the praise and speak highly of the teenagers at the pool, saying how much she enjoyed them, that they had a nice, kind group on the staff and that they (the staff) talked to the people who came there to swim, never once giving them the idea that they weren't interested - in fact she went on "by comparison with some of ours, they are fine young people." This is what we like to hear.

Tomorrow is the anniversary of the raid on Dieppe, August 19, 1942. That was the day that the Essex Scottish of which we were all so proud, was slashed to pieces on the beaches as the regiment landed in France and several lads from here gave their lives for their country. Many, many others were taken prisoners on that day and ended their war days in prison camps in Germany. I well remember the anxiety and heartbreak here as the messages came in, messages which for security sake could not be published for several weeks. Then later the work the Red Cross prisoner of war committee (of which I was a member) and the next of kin, did to ease the life of the prisoners. "Dieppe" is a black day in World War II history and the anniversary a sad day for the next of kin of the young Amherstburg lads who paid the supreme sacrifice. It is one day we will never forget.

### *August 25, 1966*

Nothing could please the eye more on a rain day than an orange linen dress and a yellow rain coat as worn by Mrs. Donald Rogers last week.



I bit hook, line and sinker when friend who hasn't played tennis since 1939-40, said after a few games at the new Rotary Courts, "The courts are longer than they used to be." As soon as I said "I didn't know that they had changed the regulation length," I caught the meaning.

### *September 1, 1966*

Ever hear of Kainophobia - it's the fear of change. We are "turned on" if we can rid ourselves of out dated ways of approaching problems and refuse to reject new ideas simply because they are new. Prof. Marshall McLuhan of Toronto in his book *Understanding Media* is definitely "turned on," he's the prophet of the new electronic age. But I can't understand his book, so I'm not "turned on" although I want to be.

Looked over the book "Up the Down Staircase" and could just imagine me as the writer in my first year of teaching. I laugh now but some of my experiences then were serious business - earth shaking in fact, as I was terrified of that sea of little faces. Now I can see the humour of a teacher's life but then we were bound up by inhibitions and often were acting something that we really weren't inside.

A group of 21 Ontario school teachers who arrived in Toronto last Thursday night from a trip to the Far East said their tour of China had made them more sympathetic to the United States cause in Vietnam. At Canton, the first city on the 11-day visit, they were met by three guides who took every opportunity to quiz them on how they felt about "U.S. warmongers invading Vietnam." "They're fanatics," said tour leader James Forrester, 37, of Hamilton. "They don't know the truth. None of the Chinese we talked to really know what's going on outside." Mr. Forrester said there was a good deal to be impressed by in China. "They're all hard-working. They are no bums, no loafers or beggars." Mrs. Ella Cameron of Hamilton, said one of the things she remembered most was the Shanghai nursery where the children were making model tanks and tossing darts at pictures of President Lyndon Johnson.

### *September 8, 1966*

Project Head Start counts its New York winnings not alone in what it did for the five-year-olds there. Who also had fun and who also "grew"? "Mom." Mom painted. Mom - here only a short time from Hong Kong - learned a little English. She sewed a modern dress for herself. She exchanged Spanish recipes with an American housewife next door. She joined a Negro drama group. And she took some jolly sight-seeing trips. In other words Mom - and many moms like her - got a head start, too. This was not an unexpected offshoot of the Head Start program in 261 centers operated by the federal government and the New York Board of Education. Rather it was the success of parent-activity workshops stressed this year and made possible by \$179,000 from Washington. "Unless we work with parents intimately and successfully, much of what we try to do for the pre-school youngster gets lost," says Mrs. Bea Fitzpatrick, director of parents activities. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who formerly was president of a parents' association at one of the schools in New York says, "the old type of parents' organization made up of volunteers can 'never' accomplish what the 1966 unit led by paid workers has done in working with disadvantaged families. School has now become a friendly place to many of

these mothers. This is instead of being some sort of headquarters where they learned that their child had been "bad". She added that parents who previously would not come into a school now realize that the welcome sign is out. They found that could leave children in baby-sitting rooms and join their neighbors for refreshments and a new sociability in the parents' room. All this has a salutary effect on the mother's grasp of the value of education and what it can do for the child, according to the Head Start staff. Remember H.M. commented on the fact that the former Phyllis French worked on Project Head Start in Detroit this summer.

### *September 15, 1966*

Miss Bessie was in bed when the Bob-Lo boat started its good-byes on Labour Day night. I could hear her say very quietly when the saluted started "Good-bye."

The full moon on September ??, the one occurring closest to the date of the autumnal equinox (September 21st) is the harvest moon. The time of moonrise, for several nights before and after this date, varies by less than half an hour from one night to the next. As a result we may enjoy bright moonlight (I hope) in the early evening hours just after sundown.

There is a lively showing of bloom in the gardens at several of the homes out on the right hand side of the Pike Road, going east, in the area around Joe Bresolin's home. A colourful display of flowers such as these home owners have leaves a nice feeling toward the area as tourists leave the town.

It can be done - on Sunday we had a young couple with four children (nine to two) at our house. The mother was saying that the two older boys were wonderful readers, that they didn't have a T.V. and that every two weeks they all go into the Sarnia Public Library and get 40 books which the children read themselves or the young mother reads aloud. John said "How did you do it" and young mother said "We've managed nicely up to now and if there is anything special they go to Grandma's to see it but the boys don't need T.V. up to now." And from an old teacher (me) they were full of interest, fishing, hunting, music, wolf cubs, etc. and were very well informed.

### *September 22, 1966*

Montreal couturier Michel Robichaud says a woman can't really look elegant until she is 40. He also believes mini skirts are for young girls, op art for paintings and one shoulder dress vulgar. One of his most widely-seen designs is the stewardess uniform for Air Canada.

The more I read of the Head Start Project in the U.S. for underprivileged children the more interested I become - and I wish I were younger and I'd certainly volunteer my capabilities toward a similar Canadian project. I was reading that a teacher in a very poor area in New York was demonstrating the making of purple to a pre-school child. Tell me, she said How to make purple? The child said blue and red and ME.

Had a taste of Italian peaches this week. The flesh was white, juicy and sweet. Very delicious. It seems that J. Bresolin, Simcoe Street, brought some peach pits from Italy several years ago, planted them and the trees are bearing fruit.

Miss Eugenie Thompson while walking on Laird Avenue Saturday night, had a "front row seat" for the phenomena in the sky when an exploding meteorite burst apart like a giant Roman candle and turned darkness to daylight by lighting the whole area momentarily, as it broke off and plunged through earth's atmosphere. Although we didn't see the flashing fireball, we were as interested as Miss Thompson was when she came into our house to tell of the wonder which she had seen in the sky. In Port Huron officials reported the brilliance of the meteorite caused street lights controlled by a photoelectric eye to switch off automatically.

One of the best things in town for a long time was "Trial by Jury" at the High School last year, directed by A. Stickings with Mrs. Stickings as accompanist. I wish Mr. Stickings could be persuaded or could find the time to do something for Centennial Year in the performing arts field.

### ***September 29, 1966***

When Mrs. J.E. McQueen walked into the Aberdeen, Scotland airport recently, she quite by accident met Agnes Hackett Alford of Grosse Ile, who was taking the same plane to Edinburgh. Neither knew that the other was aboard.

Mrs. W.R. Cavan, our neighbor, is a wonderful craftsman and artist, in the field of weaving. Early this Spring she wove 7 1/2 yards of navy and white houndstooth check for a coat and her daughter, Barbara Blackwood, a gifted seamstress who made the coat for her mother and it is a beauty. Then Mrs. Cavan won two firsts and a second in the Michigan Weavers' Guild exhibit, a large exhibition of the craft held in Grand Rapids. One of Mrs. Cavan's firsts was a sample of blue and green material which she had woven for an evening skirt for Barbara. Others were pillow tops and upholstering material.

Mrs. Maurice Coste of Chatham and her daughter, Helen Bass of Philadelphia, called at the office Tuesday when I was in Harrow. Mrs. Coste wore some exquisite antique earrings for pierced ears which belonged to the late Mrs. Napoleon A. Coste, Grandma Coste. I had commented on their beauty to her at one time, so Mrs. Coste told Bonnie P. to tell me that she had worn them Tuesday "Just for me" - and I missed them and her.

### ***October 13, 1966***

Peace and quiet has come to our lot as the crickets are silent for another year.

Wrote Agnes Hackett Alford of Grosse Ile to H.M. after her trip abroad - "I had a delightful three weeks away and most certainly enjoyed the relaxed way of life still led by the British people. London was delightful, especially the theatre. Every night for eight days was just my cup of tea. The Fisher is wonderful but the intimate theatres of England give out a close rapport with actors and actresses." N.B. - I quite agree with Agnes about the London theatres - they are delightful.

We certainly had reason to give thanks for a glorious Thanksgiving weekend - the sun shone and the wind dashed around making interesting effects with the dancing colored leaves and changing the sky patterns.

Long ago I went west with my parents and Miss Bessie and I have never forgotten the window boxes up three floors on the Empress Hotel at Victoria, full of deep purple petunias and ageratum. So on Sunday I picked a bouquet of the same combination to give Miss B. the fun of recalling that trip when we saw mountains for the first time, also coloured northern lights, cars driving on the left side of the road in both Vancouver and Victoria and also leisurely teas of butter-soaked crumpets in the lounges in the hotels.

In the magazine Ludhiana from the Northern Indian medical school, nursing school and hospital where Dr. Isobel Wright is working, there was an excellent picture of her talking to the Deputy Minister of Health for India. Dr. Wright is returning to Canada for Christmas this year.

The 900th anniversary of the coming of the Normans, under William the Conqueror and the Battle of Hastings in 1066, is to be celebrated in England, October 14th. The influence of the Normans was evident to me in the architecture of the churches in England when I was there way back when in the 30's - and we have always understood that the de Courtenay family of which we are (supposed to be) descendants on our grandmother Marsh's side, came from Normandy with the Conqueror's army and later settled in the Devon area. Centuries later one John Courtenay came out to Canada, was in Amherstburg in 1798 and then went to the Ste. Claire River area (at Mooretown) where he settled on Crown land.

### ***October 20, 1966***

As I walked north on Dalhousie, Monday at four o'clock in our glorious golden world, I felt as if I were being given the V.I.P. treatment in a royal way as not only the trees but the very air round about was vibrant with gold.

Until I read Sheila McGill's article on electric lighting in Amherstburg, I'd forgotten about the bits of carbon that we would pick up on the streets under the old street lights and use to chalk out a hop scotch game on the sidewalk.

Betty Jo Greenaway, who has married and is living in Ottawa, is a translator in Miss Judy La Marsh's office. Miss La Marsh is the secretary of state.

Fashion designers in New York have been talking for years about how somebody could mine a fortune with really smart-looking clothes for the size 18's and 20's. Now they're beginning to go after the gold. They're making 18's and 20's in the same elegant designs that they're also cutting in smaller sizes. These aren't clothes for the "stout" "mature" or "full" figure. They're good designs that lend themselves to big sizes as well as small ones.

Well, we must just grin and bear the considerable inconvenience made by the construction of the large interceptor sewer. All we can do is rest on the assurance that when the job is done, Amherstburg will be in an improved position.

Language has to change as fast as the things it describes - which is pretty fast these days. Two major books this fall will help keep the relationship up to date. "The Random House Dictionary," to be published October 24 is the first large dictionary to appear since Webster's Third. Seven years of work and \$3 million went into the preparation of the single volume whose vital statistics read: 2,091 pages, 260,000 terms - including Frug and Great Society - and a desk-flattening weight of 9 1/4 pounds. A first printing of 450,000 copies has been announced. "The best in language - which is often the simplest - is not too good to be aspired to." The late Wilson Follett wrote these words almost 10 years ago when he began to work on "Modern American Usage," just out this week. Follett and his collaborators dispose of "purism and pedantry" in the introduction, then get down to brass tacks on diction, syntax, idiom and style. Like "The Random House Dictionary," "Modern American Usage" is being partially distributed by Book of the Month Club - strange company, good company, among the best sellers.

### *October 27, 1966*

On the 20th our Miss Bessie marked her 90th birthday - and like many people who keep their age a state secret, when Colleen Kelly Reid asked her how old she was she said, "I won't tell."

Instead of a Japanese maple for Centennial Year - or along with it, I'd like a commemorative red beech tree planted on our property or a golden beech. They are such elegant trees in my opinion.

The clematis on the garage is blooming again - four lovely purple blooms in a bed of green give an accent to the golds of these late October days.

Pant suits for women are so popular at the moment - but I'm reserving my opinion, never having actually seen the elegant evening outfits except in Harper's or Vogue. But the last time I was in Windsor I saw two young women in pant suits in pastel colours on the street and neither one appealed to me - but sometimes I find that drastic changes in fashion take some time to sink into my fashion conscious slot.

Looking out our south windows Sunday was really a tremulous day as shown by the gently falling leaves, the moving smoke from the bon fires, the lights and shades on the water and the cloud movements.

Because I commented on the 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings, Jackson East brought in a very beautifully done (from a printer's viewpoint) special souvenir edition of the Hastings Observer (printed on heavy off-white paper with deckled edges) which he bought while in England this summer. There were no newspapers in 1066, so this souvenir copy with dateline October 16, 1066 presents the news of the battle and events leading up to it as these might have been given to the people of England if techniques of modern journalism and printing had been available in those long ago times. The illustrations, advertisements, layouts and articles are clever, informative and humorous.

### ***November 3, 1966***

Anne LaFerte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis LaFerte, who will graduate from Suffolk College in Boston in June, was one of a panel of four (three boys and Anne) representing her college on the College Bowl quiz program, Sunday at 5:30 p.m.

Nancy Amerine, daughter of the W.R. Cavan's, was in town last week - she has a thrilling glamorous time in store for her. Her husband, Merv, has three DC3 planes which he uses in his business. He has fitted out one of these planes for the Ronald Reagan campaign and is flying the Republic candidate for governor of California on speaking engagements and Nan is going along as hostess for several days - and if Mr. Reagan is successful they will go to the \$500 a plate Victory dinner - way, way out isn't it from our North Dalhousie life. I said to Nan "Write and tell your mother the menu and what you are wearing as it's you I'm interested in, not Mrs. Reagan."

Even tho' many in town aren't interested in Amherstburg's historical background or the "good old days" here, I can't help but comment on the fact that because of the sewer project, a street to Dalhousie behind the Dime Store through to Murray Street, has been opened. Once again we are using Water Street, the oldest street in town which was made and used in 1796 by the British and other loyal sympathizers who evacuated from Detroit and set up a settlement here.

When Mr. and Mrs. H.A.L. Honor celebrated their 50th anniversary lately one of their gifts was a clever and original gift from her niece, Anne Lukes Shank in Detroit. The gift was a framed post card placed on a golf background all in a lovely white and gold frame. The significance of the gift was that the post card was the original card which Mrs. Honor had sent Anne's mother, Mrs. Will Lukes, from Niagara Falls when they were honeymooning there, 50 years ago. Anne is an artist and model so the unique gift was very well done.

### ***November 10, 1966***

Were you ready for winter - or did nature surprise you last week as it did me when there was more snow for the dates November 3rd and 4th than ever before. Wet snow it was too, and a nasty northeast wind added in the discomfort.

The story of the old Women's Exchange in Detroit, in the Sunday paper brought back memories of drawn work handkerchiefs with wee rosebuds in the corners, of collar and cuff sets trimmed with wool rose buds and Italian cut work and drawn work towels which I made from originals bought at Women's Exchange. Then too, in the days when the Prices were here, occasionally we lunched there and had their famous chicken salad or chicken pies. I had completely forgotten about the taste until Sunday when the two recipes for dressings which were used in equal parts for the salad, were published. I plan to send them to Lol Price Gay in Arcadia, Missouri to see if she too through her taste buds will have memories of a secure life in Amherstburg in the 20's. Here are the recipes:

Cooked Dressing - 2/3 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 4 egg yolks, 4 teaspoons sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon mustard, 1/8 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and 2/3 cup sifted flour; combine dry ingredients and stir in liquid stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler until thick and has no starchy taste. Remove from heat and add beaten egg yolks. Makes two cups. Mayonnaise - 3 egg yolks, 1 2/3 cups salad oil, 2 teaspoon vinegar, 3/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard, few grains white pepper; all ingredients should be chilled. Mix dry ingredients; add egg yolk and blend. Add 1 teaspoon of vinegar, mix well. Add oil, one teaspoon at a time, beating with rotary beater, until a 1/4 cup of oil has been used. Then add remaining oil in increasing amounts, alternating with remaining vinegar. Season to taste with additional salt if desired. Makes two cups.

My comments on pant suits on Ouellette Avenue caused a furor - smart younger friend came in the office the very next day to show me her suit, which I felt had feminine details at the neckline. The "dandy ruffles" at the neckline and cuff, certainly give a softer look I grant you - but the time and place, college campuses for instance, have a lot to do in my estimation, with their ultra smartness. Page teenager friends - don't relegate me to the "good old days" chair, as I try - believe me.

Our Aunt Meryl, in Toronto, heard Betty Kennedy, the clever Toronto C.B.C. personality, speak at the English Speaking Union meeting and was charmed by her. Recently Mrs. Kennedy spoke in Collingwood and many of the things she said interested me so am passing along to you. She used "Communications" as her theme and in developing her subject, did not concentrate on the vehicular or mechanical type of communications, but rather communications as they are experienced between individuals. She stressed the fact that there are certain elements which make for good communications between people and some of those she mentioned were understanding - candour - humour - truth - an effort to get along with others - concentration - awareness - the habit of smiling - the ability to listen and the ability to speak out. She enlarged on each of these elements and in so doing related many interesting and humorous experiences. She told something of her recent trip to Kenya in Africa and also of the television show (Front Page Challenge) in which she participates. Mrs. Kennedy stated "It is exciting to be a part of this world and to see and understand what is going on around us."

*November 24, 1966*

The pale amethyst sky in the south east before sunrise on Tuesday morning was soothing and lovely as seen through the grill work patterns made by the leafless stretching trees in the park.

After going through box after box of old snapshots and clippings recently, I've come to the conclusion that they are not worth anything to anybody unless they are labelled with names and dates. I had no idea who some of the people pictures were, nor the circumstances under which the pictures were taken. I remember seeing a marine and historical scrap book kept by Capt. Dave Hackett and hearing J.A.M. say how much more valuable it would be if the clippings had been dated. Memory certainly plays tricks.

Michael Bliss of Kingsville, husband of Elizabeth Haslam of Harrow, is taking his doctorate at the University of Toronto. He has had a book on Canadian history published by Ryerson Press - just off the press too.

A foot man in Windsor was telling me Friday that when Jimmy Durante was at the Elmwood, he came to him for a treatment. The podiatrist said to a young woman patient, "When you go through the waiting room Jimmy Durante will be sitting there." The patient thought he was kidding, but when she went out and saw Mr. Durante, she froze and was speechless and the foot man actually had to give her a push to get her through the door. I said that I wished Mr. Durante had been there when I was so that I could tell him what a fine performer he is.

Gordon Allison, now of Hamilton, formerly of the General Amherst staff, spent two weeks in England this summer. He wrote that the new Coventry Cathedral was the most beautiful building he had ever seen. "It brought a lump to my throat", he wrote, "and that is an experience I have never had in any other building."

### *December 8, 1966*

Said H.M., "Baggage department please" - answered sweet young thing, "What do you mean, luggage?"

Mrs. Will Craig was saying that their nephew Lt. Col. James Fredericks (son of Edith Craig) said that mail time was the highlight of the day in Saigon. So in August she sent him an Echo, which he thoroughly enjoyed, as he used to spend his summers with his grandparents on Laird Avenue. He read the paper then sent it back to his wife in Texas - so our efforts travelled 25,000 miles.

Speaking of the length of coats - Paris says that they should be mid-calf. Hurrah! That's what mine are, so I don't have to go to the bother of having them shortened.

Mrs. Henry Holt of Sandwich Street North, had never had a needle in her hand until a few years ago when she took her first course in basic sewing from Francine. Since that first course Mrs. Holt has completed two more advanced courses and has done so well and is so interested in this art that she made an elegant costume to wear to her son Tom's wedding last Friday night in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The dress was green and gold brocade on a cream background and the full length coat was of green velvet. She made her miniature hat of the material of the dress and her pumps matched her coat. I know that she was a beautifully turned out mother of the groom - all of her own making too, which must be satisfying to the amateur needlewoman who has a good eye for color.

Our bird feeder is in the wrong spot as it is right in the path of the west wind - and the birds have a hard time landing some days. As I get so many interesting birds in the northeast corner of our property in a protected over grown area away from the street, I'd like to have our feeder out there behind the garage - except that Miss Bessie loves the activity of the scrappy sparrows, starlings, raucous blue jays and cheeky loud grackles outside her window.



From Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan comes word from Althea Lucas Rushford has been appointed judge. At 35, she is the only woman magistrate in the province of Saskatchewan. Mrs. Rushford, wife of a prominent Moose Jaw barrister, graduated from the University of Saskatchewan. She held a law practice in the city from 1955 until 1958 and was one of the few women lawyers in the province at that time. The eight years interim was spent looking after her family. "I am glad to be back," said Mrs. Rushford. She is the niece of Edward Lucas and Mrs. M.T. Scratch of Kingsville.

### *December 15, 1966*

Although it is not necessary to keep it in water, holly will last longer during the holiday season if you provide it with nourishment, says the society of American florists. When arranging holly in a container, fill it with a solution consisting of one cup of brown sugar to one quart of warm water. As evaporation occurs, replenish the container with this same solution.

Am passing this along - Ideals - I have three personal ideals. One, to do the day's work well and not to bother about tomorrow . . . The second ideal has been to act the Golden Rule, as far as in me lay, toward my professional brethren and toward the patients committed to my care. And third has been to cultivate such a measure of equanimity as would enable me to bear success with humility, the affection of my friends without pride, and to be ready when the day of sorrow and grief came to meet it with the courage befitting a man. Sir William Osler, at Farewell Dinner. May 2, 1905.

I was very pleased with the Grade 12's presentation of An Evening of Entertainment at the High School. The young people in the skits and the play "Get Thee A Wife" an adaptation of Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew, entered into the spirit of the parts with ease and fun showing me how important the performing arts can be in our lives and also that there is a need for this type of interest and entertainment in our lives not only for those taking part but for those spectators interested in direction, production, England and interpretation, costuming, lighting, etc. - and in seeing the synchronization into a fluid production. The young actors at the High School were good - really good, and responded to excellent direction and I'm sure will not forget this introduction into the world of theatre. Reading literature, English plus history in the costuming of the period, all came alive to the young people in the play, I'm sure and it was right up my line of thought for them.

### *December 22, 1966*

To wish you all a joyous Christmas and a good New Year, our cards this year show a picture of a little girl in night clothes wearing a crown of pine and lighted candles, depicting the Swedish custom of St. Lucia. It seems that the oldest girl in the Swedish family wears the crown and brings coffee to the rest of the family on Christmas morning. Last Thursday there was an Associated Press Wire-photo in the daily press showing a pretty Swedish girl wearing a crown of lighted candles. The outlines read: Margarethta Linden, 19 year old nurse from Uppsal, Sweden, wearing her crown of candles after she was installed as Sweden's Light Queen of 1966. The coronation took place in Stockholm's Town Hall.

Our Bill here at the office missed the picture of the year Tuesday morning. H.M. went out the back door on that picture book Christmas morning and missed the bottom step and flew forward head down into the bed of deep snow and it was just like landing in soft down. I was laughing so hard at my predicament that I couldn't get up for a while. Ours is a Merry Christmas world, this Tuesday morning, but the snow is so deep and so heavy, that there are many hardships for many people. However I love the beauty round about looking up.

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January 12, 1967

Evidently Mrs. Lyle Lalonge Jr. is a clever imaginative young woman. For Christmas she made a Christmas cookie house centrepiece using arrow-root biscuits, egg white, chocolate, etc., and the finished product was not only artistic but appropriate for the season and she gained in interest. Then too, for Christmas tree decorations, young Mrs. Lalonge painted whole walnut shells with gift paint. It must be a satisfaction to be creative.

Mr. Frank Delmore of Anderdon was in Friday to renew his Echo for the 63rd time. Mr. Delmore said that he has taken it himself for 63 years and read it for 75 years.

When Mr. and Mrs. Oromond Hamilton went to Mrs. J.E. McQueen's house at dinner time New Year's Eve, they saw six large objects floating down river, too large for ducks they thought. When Mrs. McQueen came out of the house, from the floating objects came a "Happy New Year," "Happy New Year." Much to the surprises of all, the heads going down stream, belonged to a group of scuba divers on a "field" trip evidently. The Hamiltons, Mrs. McGaffey and Mrs. McQueen drove down river but didn't see where the men came ashore. Certainly only hardy people could engage in this winter sport of riding ice floes - and a new one in my books.

Because of all the controversy between William Manchester, the writer, who was asked to write the book "The Death of the President" about the Kennedys, the book is going to put him in orbit as a writer and the publishing house and the magazines which have the rights to the book are going to pay millions.

Do more book reviews, say friends and I'm flattered, but of late the two new books I've read Rebecca West's "The Birds Fall Down" and Allan Drury's "Capable of Honor", both in the bestsellers lists, couldn't hold my interest although I did try. The innermost thoughts of a group of Russians at the turn of the century in Miss West's book made for hard reading and all I really got from Mr. Drury's monumental thing (besides tired hands and arms) was the power of the American columnist and how high American government men and their wives vie to keep in his good graces.

January 19, 1967

Before Dr. Isobel Wright returned to her Mission Hospital post in Northern India, she called the old friend of the Rev. H.A. Wright family, Mrs. Stafford Brush. Mrs. Brush had the

pleasure of talking to both Isobel and Jim. Isobel also sent Mr. Brush a beautiful tablecloth which the Hindu women had made for her.

"The House of the Misty Orchid" by Richard Pape, was excellent reading - a taut exciting novel set against the back ground of the great war in China when Chiang Kai-shek and his American advisors were driven down the mainland by the peasant hordes of Mao Tse-tung and China was given to Communism. The hero of the book is an American Colonel, whose only refuge from a world of chaos and bloodshed is the house of an old Chinese sage who grows orchids. This charming Chinese has a beautiful daughter who marries the American before she and her family are carried off to Red China. The author has a great dramatic sense and I was certainly carried along in the flow of modern history of China told through the characters in the story. Mr. Pape has had a remarkable life having been in the underground movement of Hitler's Europe and for his war efforts he was highly decorated. The author is one of the many war heroes whose face was reconstructed by the late Sir Archibald McIndoe, the great R.A.F. plastic surgeon.

Mrs. G.W. Thorburn gave us a treat this week when she brought in some needlework she is doing through Willistead Arts and Crafts Guild. It is raised, sculptured punch work, a German art, done from the wrong side of the material with a hand tool. The designs have beautifully blended colors and the frames for the pictures in wool have to be specially made as the patterns are raised. As a matter of fact, the work reminded me of a picture in wool with "God Bless Our Home" under it which was in my grandmother's home in Essex.

January 26, 1967

A voice out of the past called me from Detroit Saturday night in the person of Mildred Martin Paul who evidently was lonely for her first teacher and wanted to chat over school days and teachers. I enjoyed her thought of me.

Mrs. Belle Morgan, formerly of the front road, Malden, an intrepid traveller who has been around the world twice and is a member of the Circumnavigators' Club, has been invited to join a group on an 81-day Lost World trip, taking in such countries as Outer Mongolia. The party, made up of seasoned travellers, leaves in June.

Grant Kennedy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kennedy and a member of the R.C.N. Band, is travelling across Canada on one of the Confederation trains.

Monday morning Ronald Cooper brought in a branch of artificial Centennial roses - very well done too. The artificial rose is a lively deep coral (salmon or shrimp) shade, which had been manufactured carefully to duplicate the natural Centennial rose. When I was looking at the roses, Jimmie Pouget walked in and commented on the craftsmanship but said the natural rose is just a bit lighter in colour, he thought. The sale of artificial Centennial roses will benefit retarded children, directing its proceeds toward research in that field.

The pupils from Grades 5, 6 and 7, of the Separate Schools System, who were taken to a ski resort just out of Detroit, Saturday, had a marvellous time. For one dollar over the original

eight per person the youngsters could ski which they did before and after lunch (which each child took along).

February 2, 1967

Three of Miss Bessie's Christmas poinsettias are still beautiful so I'm hoping that they can become a St. Valentine's greeting to cheer her day.

I've become interested in a young band group in town which is practising quite hard to become a good unit. Bill Taskey on the drums is the leader. Bill Woof has 1st guitar, Stephen Woof the organ, Robert Bone has guitar and young Cheeper the soloist. Another group of older boys led by Danny Bezaire is also working up a good band. This older outfit has accepted several engagements. The beat of some of the popular dance selections is conducive to sustaining interest among the young would-be orchestra members, I think.

I quite agree and have found out in my present set-up that "useless" knowledge learned in school is the most enduring and in later years the most consoling. While the "practical" knowledge becomes outmoded and forgotten in a few years as conditions change.

The glorious glazed maples in the park Saturday as they shone with the sun playing on them in an aurora borealis-like effect, gave me the impression that they were listening. Listening for the orchestral selections to commence the ballet. The glamorous world looking up through the sparkle to the blue sky was like a set for a big theatrical production. That of course was from inside looking out - certainly, the glamour round about wasn't as interesting when walking outside on the ice.

We salute the heroes of the past weekend, the Public Utilities' boys. The management and the commission has Amherstburg so well organized and under control that in spite of a violent sleet storm, the flow of electricity and water was almost normal in the town. Not too much trouble with telephones either because of many underground cables in town.

All the older youngsters in town should feel sad that the sleet and ice broke four large branches off the Haw tree near the Sandwich Street entrance to the High School. That was a wonderful tree to climb and many learned that art and the art of hiding in the branches above the street and watching the passers-by without them knowing it. Too bad- the passing of another land mark and friend of my youth.

February 9, 1967

Happy St. Valentine's Day to You!

When Mr. and Mrs. Jim Pouget and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones were in the dining car on the train between Toronto and Kingston enroute to Montreal, they ran into Suzanne Paquette, who was on her way back to university in Kingston. The surprise meeting pleased them all.

And she couldn't swim - - knowing that but forgetting her own danger, Mrs. Donald Harris Jr. an employee of the Children's Aid group home in Windsor, ran on the two-inch shore ice, Friday and lay down on floating ice in the cold water to try to save a lad from the shelter who had fallen in the river while playing along the shore. The brave young 20-year-old mother, almost lost her own life when two boys were drowned.

Mrs. Jesse Henderson received a box of fruit from Bermuda all of which was grown in the orchard at her former home there, where her sisters live now. The lemons, oranges, lemon and lime cross, were at least three times bigger than we get here. The lime-lemon cross was from a graft done by her father, Mrs. Davis. There were pawpaws and grapefruit in the "fruit from home" also.

An embarrassing moment with nice ending for me - back, back in my mind - flew to a dinner party in St. Louis when I was quite young, unexperienced and certainly naive, when I read about the alleged slam given by actress Joan Crawford to Mrs. Douglas, last week. At that long ago party I took, was introduced to doilies under the finger bowls on the dessert plate and I remembered taking my time after the maid placed it before me, and chatting to my dinner partner and peeking to see what to do with the doily after the finger bowl was lifted off before dessert was passed around.

February 16, 1967

One doesn't need to go back to the good old day when sulphur and molasses was the Spring pick-me-up if you look at the oranges, yellows, greens and lavender in the women's Spring clothes collection. Jack Cunningham in Harrow told me that if he had gone to Nassau before he ordered for Spring 1967, he would have ordered many more things in these exciting colours.

One of the volunteer docents at Willistead Art Gallery is Mrs. Gordon Knight. The docents act as guides and give gallery talks. Before taking up their duties the volunteers from the women's committee took courses at Detroit Institute of Arts.

Interest and pride in our heritage is being brought to the fore this Centennial Year. Had a recent note from Mrs. Joe Stover in Windsor about Wigle's Mill which operated here in Amherstburg for many years. It seems that she is doing a Centennial project on Agriculture and said that at one time Wigle's was the only flouring mill in this part of Ontario and that she remembered her father going with his wheat from Port Lambton where they lived to Amherstburg to have it ground.

Rev. M.C. Davies was telling of a poinsettia which they got at Christmas 1965, which is beginning to bloom again now. Mr. Davies said they put it outside all last summer, brought it in in October - nothing to it and now the wee petals are turning red.

For the first time this year the river was ice-clogged Sunday and was blocked with ice as far north as I could see from our property. A good old-fashioned Canadian winter is fine when one can pop out to see winter at its best and then back into warm insulated automatically heated

house. Living is comfortable indoors - no cold floors, no hauling of coal from wood shed, no chilblains.

"The answer for Cancer will come in Centennial Year" was the slogan of the cancer campaign seminar in Toronto over the weekend. Mrs. Arthur Hall attended and told of the dedicated inspired people in attendance. She spoke to me of young Dr. Robert Bruce, a scientist, who has done so much in the cancer field and of the successful work in leukemia and skin cancer.

I was reading that Jack Parr's mother always sends him five dollars for his birthday - and that this year he took his present and went right out and used the \$5 bill as a down payment on a Rolls Royce. Miss Bessie has always sent a dollar bill to her niece and to her sister for birthdays. Her idea for a nice present hasn't increased all through the years and I know that my cousin feels as Jack Parr does, that the dollar is a worthwhile gift because one year it didn't arrive on time and was missed - a throwback to a link with childhood pleasures is necessary for our security nowadays, I think.

J.A.M. got a surprise the other day when our Lena walked into his office wearing a Centennial dress and bonnet. The outfit belongs to her niece Mary Ann Vacilotto, who is to wear it when she helps with any of the Centennial projects during this year of celebrations. I thought that the old-fashioned style makes women look pretty.

February 23, 1967

Because of Centennial Year all of us are more aware of and interested in places and things of the past. Met Allan Auld on Friday and he said, looking at the late Lewis Goodchild house on Ramsay Street, "That old building has an interesting history as it housed the first Continuation Class in Amherstburg, also the first library and the first bakery.

Both J.A.M. and I liked the book "For the Love of Mike" written by Jo Wasson Hoyt which was the dramatic story of her husband American Consul Michael Hoyt, and their family in their foreign postings in Pakistan, Morocco and the Congo. Their life sometimes terrifying often amusing was told with warmth and candidness by Mrs. Hoyt. They were in the Congo at Stanleyville at the time of the 1964 rebellion and the subsequent massacres. She and their youngest child were flown home to Arizona (the other three having been sent out before) and her husband, Michael Hoyt, was left there to suffer physical and mental abuse at the hands of the crazed rabble. For four months he was imprisoned and his wife didn't know whether or not he was dead. Mr. Hoyt was threatened by the same machine gun burst that killed the hero missionary, Dr. Paul Carlson. It took the experiences of Mr. Hoyt in the Congo to bring to the attention of the U.S. Foreign Service Department the dangers to which diplomats are sometimes exposed. I thought that one of the warmest parts of the book was Mrs. Hoyt's meeting with Mr. Dean Rusk and I got a different picture of this clever man. He was to Mrs. Hoyt in her state of abject terror over her husband's plight, gentle, friendly, understanding and candid about his danger in the Congo. Mr. Hoyt eventually got out of Leopoldville having been rescued by Belgian paratroopers. Mrs. Hoyt wrote a good book which is well worth reading.

March 2, 1967

After the 3.1 inches of snow Monday night, we've had 59.4 inches of snow this season. I'll be glad when the winter "pictures" are put away in favour of the Spring pastels.

I've decided that both Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper are the "youngest" 60th anniversary couple I've met in a long time. Both are as smart and modern in their outlook as tomorrow and I'm sure they enjoyed their day Sunday as did their well-wishers.

March 9, 1967

"Learn to Live With Change" is the slogan for Education Week which all of us in every kind of business and every way of life must simply make up our minds to do. "Learn to Live With Change" and we'll be happier if we adjust instead of batting our heads against the "wall of the good old days."

Mrs. Gordon Knight said that when they were abroad this time they met many Commonwealth travellers - and that you could always tell the Canadians because everyone was wearing a maple leaf lapel pin.

I agree with the columnist who said: "When I hear of men being "forced" to retire at 65, I think of Kant writing his "Anthropology" at 74; Tintoretto painting his "Paradiso" at 75; Verdi composing his opera "Otello" at 74; Goethe completing his "Trilogy of Passion" at 74 and Titian painting his historic "Battle of Lepanto" at 98!"

Alex McCormick, enterprising 12-year-old son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert McCormick in Harrow, is selling personal reminder cards printed on his own little printing press which say, "The hurrier I go, the behinder I get." Each of us here should have one in a prominent place in his office.

I've thought so often about a public ski run in our county and a public curling rink. Skiers can go to the hills outside Detroit, the Grampian Hills, for instance but it is far and costly. Skiing has become big business as has curling, for families and couples. The initial cost especially in our flat county would be terrific but so are a golf course and a swimming pool and an artificial rink. At Christmas some of the young people had a ball tobogganing on the grounds of the Kingsville Golf Club. Non-competitive sports benefit many, many people as "to be better than you were" is the goal.

March 16, 1967

"Tis Our Day" - and three of our Christmas poinsettias are in first class shape to say "The Top of the Morning" to Miss Bessie, she of the rosy cheeks.

Musical treat for us - the presentation of the Pirates of Penzance at the High School, early in April.

Mrs. Bill Hall told me that they were in Antigua for the Independence celebration and found the experience most interesting. The natives of this former British Colonial island call their day "Jump Up."

Easter comes early this year - almost as early as it can be - to review, the first Sunday after the full moon after the 21st of March, the vernal equinox. The full moon being the 25th so Easter is the 26th, this year. I'm very, very cool toward those who advocate a permanent Easter date - and hope a change never comes in my life time.

Mrs. Belle Morgan, the world-traveller, told friends that a maple leaf pin on her lapel has proven invaluable to her when travelling, even in China.

Old China hand Pearl S. Buck thinks the Red Guards are young persons "fighting for security". Author Buck (The Good Earth, Letter From Peking) said communism has destroyed the family and religion as forces for security and many youths have turned to the Red Guards. They are "lost and looking" she said, and are finding that "it's easy to destroy, but it's difficult to build again."

Arnold MacLean of the Anderdon Public School called that purple and gold crocuses have been blooming up against the south wall of the school for a fortnight. Our crocuses have the same exposure and look as if they will salute St. Patrick's Day.

I'm one of those people who has music inside me but who can't sing. Those pesky little tunes like the cute Frank and Nancy Sinatra duet drive me wild and they laugh at me here at the office when I unconsciously make strange sounds while working at my desk. I even had one woman comment when I was enjoying "My Cup Runneth Over" all to myself. I belong to that strange breed who loves music and who hums unconsciously and who can't get the true sounds out.

March 23, 1967

A HAPPY EASTER TO ALL!

I read once

About a man called Christ

Who went about doing good,

And it distressed me

That I am so easily satisfied

With just going about.

Kagawa

The above poem was clipped from the Harrow United Church bulletin and it seemed to strike home this Easter.

Easter Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nicholson celebrate their golden wedding date. To have health, spirit and faith in the present is so important to those of golden years, and when I called Mrs. Nicholson this past week, she was playing ping pong.



Bobby, two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Skuce (Nancy Barclay) is a whiz on ice skates I understand. His parents are both fine figure skaters so are giving him an early start. His mother Nancy is the pro at the Acton Skating Club and has 85 children in her classes. On Saturday, April 1st, the skating club's show Canadiana using a Centennial theme will be presented by Nancy who did the training, choreography, music and planning of costumes. Her mother, a former clever figure skater and designer, Virginia Trimble Barclay, is making many of the headpieces for the young skaters.

March 30, 1967

One of Miss Bessie's Easter Greetings was a pot of fresh purple chrysanthemums with a lively lighter purple bow and jacket - a conversation piece indeed.

Many high school pupils have been in the office to see if we had any information about Amherstburg in 1867. In one of the old files I found the following description of Amherstburg taken from the Upper Canada directory published 100 years ago: Town of Amherstburg on the Detroit River, in the township of Malden, 16 miles from Sandwich; was formerly a garrison called Malden, but no troops have been stationed there since 1851. The buildings have been converted into a lunatic asylum. Amherstburg was laid out as a town in 1795 and began to be settled in 1796 after the evacuation of Detroit. A survey was made by the Ordinance Department and lots sold at \$40. The houses were mostly built in the French style and streets were narrow. A mile from town is a chalybeate spring resembling the waters of Cheltenham, England; water was first discovered under the sill of an old barn and it is used for medicinal purposes. (This spring was in the hollow north of Mrs. Mathew Elliott's house where Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mayville live now). In 1846 Amherstburg had 985 population. The first hotel was opened by William Searle; the first grist mill by William McGee in 1832; the first saw mill by John McLeod in 1840. The town consists of seven stores; one grist mill, one saw mill, nine hotels, six wagon shops, four harness shops, ten blacksmiths, 12 grocery stores, one physician, two drug stores, five schools and five churches. James Kevill was the postmaster.

I found out Saturday that a friend's five grandchildren in Toronto, aged about 12 to four, are all modelling, in fact worked for both Eaton's and Simpson's on their catalogues and are doing T.V. advertising as well. Their school work and their job make for very, busy children.

April 6, 1967

Tried tips - sweet potatoes with a little maple syrup over them - and mixed fruit for dessert, i.e. fresh pineapple, blueberries, strawberries, oranges, etc. marinated in Seven Up.

I agree with the following observation - "We know that knowledge today is rapidly becoming obsolete and we must continually renew our education to keep up with new developments; why then do both liberals and conservatives cling to the naive notion that their past ideas of how society should be run are still practical, relevant and valuable to the new generation?"

Spring gave us a delightful surprise Monday morning - with no fanfare - just a wonderful rain Saturday and 70 degrees temperature Sunday - and the grass was green. A nice April Fools joke.

In the council news last week I read that the suggestion was made to tear down the town-owned house north of the Municipal Building and use the property for a parking lot. Oh, Gosh! This charming house is of French architecture, it's a log house and one of the few examples of old architecture left in town. It was built by William Hutchins, an employee of the navy yard, so that it must have been built before 1812, as the navy yard didn't operate after the 1812-14 war. Then Alex Cameron, a lawyer, private banker and landowner whose father was an officer at the fort lived there and his sister, Miss Cameron, operated a private school in this house. Then the Henry Reaume family lived in it for many, many years and after Miss Mina Reaume passed away it was sold to the town. Architecturally it really is a gem and I hate the "tear down" squad to destroy it.

The 50th anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge will be celebrated April 9th. Once Mrs. F.M. Falls and I went out from Arras, France, to see Vimy Ridge and I was so impressed with the war memorial, the poppies, the cemetery and the front line trenches, German vs Allied, which were almost within speaking distance of one another.

April 13, 1967

I'm really busy running to the north windows these days with a "listener's ear and the watcher's eye," for in the bushes are where many migratory birds rest and sing.

I had real fun last week reading the book "Letters from an Actor" by William Redfield. As I was reading along I thought of the enjoyment two friends, Mrs. Elise Sutherland and Bob, who are so fond of the theatre, would get from this book. I hope they manage to get a copy. It was on April 9, 1964, that the Sir John Gielgud - Richard Burton Hamlet opened in New York. One of the members of the cast was William Redfield. While the play Hamlet in modern dress as you may remember was in reparation in Toronto, Mr. Redfield wrote a series of letters to a friend describing the daily happenings and his impression of them. The collection of letters makes up the book, giving the reader many unique insights into that product and the workings of the theatre in general. Rehearsals were in Toronto and Elizabeth Taylor was there with Mr. Burton. She became Mrs. Burton when they were there in rehearsal, as you remember they went to Montreal and married. Each of the leads, Richard Burton (Hamlet), Hume Cronyn, Alfred Drake, Eileen Herlie and the author of this book, were striving for interpretations of their parts under the direction of Sir John Gielgud which made for interesting reading and insight into what goes on before opening night. The Toronto criticisms were disheartening but the play was successful as far as box office. Then came Boston tryout and finally the glamor packed N.Y. opening. The account of the Hamlet production is absorbing and lively - and I found Mr. Redfield's observations on his profession enlightening. These letters are informative and great good fun.

Mrs. Lloyd Brown, the clever seamstress, has an all-Amherstburg Centennial project. She bought corduroy Centennial plaid at the Right Store and tailored herself a smart

pant suit, also an a-line skirt, shorts and shell, and I marvelled at the way Mrs. Brown matched the plaid. She has a many occasion Centennial outfit for 1967 - the 1867's certainly didn't have such comfort of dress.

After the splendid presentation of the Pirates of Penzance at the G.A.H.S., I said to one of the cast, "You young people entered into the spirit of the operetta with enthusiasm and looked as if you all were having a good time" and the answer was "we were." When young people like the performing arts and do as well as they did in this presentation, I feel that our future in Canada is assured, because there is no getting around it, youth in every phase of our life in Amherstburg has gained a lot in cultural lines since Mr. and Mrs. Tony Stickings came to town. Their knowledge and their ability to handle and direct the young people and their great talents along a music line, voice, piano and their competence in the performing arts are a great asset to the school and the community. Some of the young people in the audience laughed at me when the performance was over as I stood up and clapped - I thought everyone in the play and those behind the scenes should have had a standing ovation. The male teachers' chorus was awfully good and it certainly was a fine stroke of business in pupils-teacher relations to have them as part of the performance. Gilbert and Sullivan isn't "long hair" as many, not only those participating, found out after the presentation..

Dave Botsford is so very generous with his wealth of information. A while ago Pete Heaton, the Harrow postmaster, got a letter about a Vezina family that lived in Colchester South many, many years ago. He passed the letter to me to see if I had run across that name in the old files of our paper. I called Dave and he said, "Oh yes, Vezina or Vucineau, the Ivan Bondys, Reaumes, and Barrons are relatives of that old family."

Let's not talk about the weather - but friend told me, Monday, that her fingers were never colder all this winter than they were when hanging out her clothes that morning.

Have you noticed the new word "junque"? I saw it first in an antique and white elephant show ad in a Toronto paper. Then on Sunday it was used in a Detroit Sunday paper. Quite a ritzy way to spell the four letter word I know for the articles I have ready for the rummage sale.

Mrs. Jack Pyne in Harrow told H.M. that her father, Peter Gibb, was born at Splitlog in Anderdon, in Confederation Year. His birthplace was on the farm on the third where Norman Gibb lives now.

I'm tired of our Christmas poinsettias which gave such joy at the end of the year. It's an indignity to them to say so I know when I have cared for them for so long but the forsythia heralding the spring (that's a laugh), gives them a back row seat. I notice that Mrs. Merlo has a pink poinsettia blooming away too. I really never thought I'd get tired of a plant - but I am.

June 1, 1967

Fifty years ago now emancipation of women began as the Votes for Women bill was passed - and Jessie Duff, the first woman, was hired by a bank in Amherstburg.

Coincidence indeed - on April 22nd, Pamela Wright and Richard Townsend were married in Harrow. Twenty-one years ago on June 11th, two babies, Pam and Richard, were born in Hotel Dieu, 10 minutes apart. The mothers were in the delivery room at the same time and later had a double room in the hospital - and both had the same doctor, Dr. W.T. Veale. As Pam lived in the country, the two didn't meet until high school days - then friendship grew into love and marriage.

When Lydia Barron walked down the aisle of St. Matthew's Church last Saturday to marry Martin Cowher, she had for "something old", the same penny in her shoe that her mother then Mary Kay Hamilton of Amherstburg had been given by the late Freeman H. McCaffrey to put in her shoe when she and Tom Barron were married 25 years ago on May 9th.

Renton High School students have figured out a way to pay a debt they felt they owed their elders. The students thought something should be done for persons who continue to pay taxes to support schools although they no longer are served directly by the schools. So, the students suggested formation of a gold card club for senior citizens. The school board went along. Now all women in the district will be given a card at age 62 and men at 65. It will admit them free to all high school events such as athletic contests, plays and concerts. The High school is in the Washington district.

June 29, 1967

Mrs. Forest Pigeon wore her Centennial dress and bonnet to town, Tuesday. In front of the office she got out of her red car and put money in the parking meter. One hundred years of customs and mores amused us.

What Canada's Centennial Celebration has done to all of us Canadians will, I know be lasting as it has given us pride in Our Country, pride and interest in our backgrounds and pride and a secure feeling for the future.

The collections of Canadiana in the store windows along King Street in Harrow are most interesting and worth a trip over there. Wearing apparel, customs of long ago days, manners (calling cards), household articles, tools, jewelry and even genealogical tables have an interest for the 1967 Canadian.

July 6, 1967

Even though both Mrs. Belle Rogers and I were struck with unexpected emotion at the last class and ceremony at the Richmond Street Public School, Thursday afternoon, we both had and will "get with it". The two sentimental oldsters both felt that it wasn't the end that gave us lumps in our throats, but the future and what it will bring to all those attractive children of this Centennial year. However, I will add that I not only went to public school in that building, also high school on the second floor and taught there, and as I looked around in the lower grades, the pupils ready for adventure of formal learning looked just as starry eyed and unafraid as did the pupils of two generations ago.

"Happy Birthday, Dear Canada, Happy Birthday to you" was sung and celebrated in Canada from coast to coast over the weekend - and, a salute to all those in the Amherstburg area who worked so hard and well for the happiest, biggest, noisiest and most rewarding celebration our Amherstburg, Anderdon and Malden area ever had. I talked to Mr. W. Sutts who is well informed about the good old days of this historic area and he said they had nothing in the days of yore here to match this Centennial celebration. The whole community entered into the spirit of the birthday and a most satisfactory, happy aura pervaded the two days of celebration - and the weather was perfect, the sun shone which gave more meaning to the celebration as everyone was able to participate and pledge faith in our future as a town and a nation.

August 24, 1967

The first coast-to-coast radio broadcast in Canada was on July 1, 1927, the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation. Because of illness here at the office, this note was left over from our Centennial days.

Also left over - Miss Bessie and I certainly enjoyed the floribunda Centennial roses which Mrs. A. McKinley grew in her rose garden and cut for us. The beautiful depth of color in these Centennial roses pleased us - and the pleasure was lasting for several days at least. Mrs. Belle Rogers brought over a Miss Canada rose from her garden for our enjoyment also. It was pink with white underneath the petals and was a delight.

August 31, 1967

Catching up - "Grandma Smith, Murray's mother from Courtright, made the wedding cake for the Mary Smith - Peter Carver rites. Her granddaughter was so pleased that the best man mentioned the fact at the reception.

So soon is summer ending - and I can hardly believe it - but the stronger colors in the sunsets, the carpet of gold under the linden tree on the moat and the fact that school starts Tuesday say Autumn is in the offing.

In the Spring one of the parents of a public school child told me that David Goldman had asked a class to write what a particular smell reminded them of. (I'd like to have read the answers). Right now the smell from the canning factory reminds me of the security of our parental home when mother was always there when we went home and at this time of year making chili sauce. My taste is also stimulated by the smell as she'd give us a snack of fresh chili sauce on bread with sugar sprinkled over it. Another taste flashback which I gave J.A.M. for lunch Sunday. It was a ham sandwich eaten with a chocolate soda - and I said "Doesn't that taste remind you of the lunch we always had at Sanders in Detroit when mother took us there when we were young?" J.A.M. agreed.

In the pre-nuptial party whirl for Carol Barron, Riverside friends had planned a dinner party for her and Bob Ferguson, but changed their minds and gave the young couple a present instead . . . which was two days at a fine London, England hotel in the Buckingham Palace area.

Harry Nelson Atwood, 83, known in the early 1900s as the "undisputed eagle of the air," died July 15th. He set many flying records in the early days of flight with the Wright brothers and was the first man to fly over York City. On the following Wednesday, H.M. had a letter from life-long friend Flora Hodgman Temple, who lived as a little girl in the house on Dalhousie Street now owned by Mrs. C.P. Merlo. Mrs. Temple reminded me of the time Harry Atwood landed on their beach and stayed about a week. "Everyone was on hand every day - like a country fair. I had my picture taken with him in the cockpit of his hydroplane. I was wearing braids and big white taffeta hair-ribbons. What a thrill! He offered to take us up but my mother wouldn't agree." Well I remember that Flora had her picture taken with the flyer. I was green with envy and still am when I reminisce over old snapshots and see her sitting there in that flying machine.

September 7, 1967

After all these years, I'm still the old "fire horse: for when the "three long and two short" whistles of the Bob-Lo boats say Good-bye on Labour Day night - it has been always with me, a signal for renewed effort - September, the beginning of a new year, unknown and challenging.

Peggy Hamilton James pointed out the glorious examples of dahlias which came to them at the time of her mother's passing - and brought to my mind the dahlias grown by her grandfather, Dr. W. Fred Park. I well remember those large lush show blooms which Dr. Fred sent home with our father, which I couldn't arrange as the heads were so heavy.

After seeing the exhibition of painting of several of the old homes in Amherstburg at the out-of-doors art show a fortnight ago, I decided that an historical committee of the Arts and Crafts Society, or a committee of the present lively Centennial Committee should label some of the old houses - for instance there was a picture of the first drug store in town and except for Dave Botsford and myself no one looking at it when I was, had a clue as to its location. Then too, how many modern homes of the old town of Amherstburg are south of Richmond Street. Dave Botsford's word for the preservation of the past is "instant archeology" save the present - do something with the old houses that already exist.

September 14, 1967

Mums have become an all-year-round flower and turkeys an all-year-round food. But as far as I know gladioli and dahlias still bespeak autumn (and they have been glorious) as do melons (never better) and tomatoes (we had some experimental tomatoes this season with the same color all through). Our county is known for its vegetables and fruit and glads and dahlias and we often take our blessings for granted, I think.

Attaching "wise" to nouns has slipped into our vocabulary and as yet my ear hasn't become accustomed to it - so when I saw that "weather-wise" last week was the best of the summer, I'm not quite comfortable in expressing the beauty of the week but as friends say "get with it, don't be pedantic" so I try.

Ran across a new author Dymphna Cusack, an Australian woman, whose ancestors went there in 1840. She has written novels, plays and books of general information but I had missed her. Her new novel "The Sun Is Not Enough" which I read recently gave me a great deal to think about. The setting was in Sydney, Australia and the story is of two generations living side by side - middle-aged established Australians; new middle aged refugee immigrants bringing the good and evil obsession of the past with them - in contrast is the younger one, their children, breaking the old taboos, burning with zeal and a desire to find a sane way of living that will remove injustice, intolerance and war. The book is a warning of what can happen in an unsuspecting host society. A powerful book which moves its reader, and when I get worked up over a story I think the author is a good one.

September 21, 1967

"I must get interested," said Miss Bessie, right out of a clear sky, Sunday. "In what?" I queried. "The baseball", was her reply.

Mrs. F.W. Manning was saying that her daughter Joanne, former secretary of the Graphic Arts Society in Toronto, is giving lectures and courses in Graphic Arts Society in various places in the province. Jo Rothfels as she calls herself is a clever artist and is making a real name for herself in the arts' field in Ontario.

Mrs. Glenn Hamilton is doing some very clever pictures with wool on canvas. She brought two into the office to show us and we were delighted with the colours and the element of fun and movement she had captured with her needle.

See that the clothing industry and designers are introducing belts in some of the new fall clothes. After the comfort of the shift dress, the skimmer, the tent, the cage, etc., I wonder if we ever will accept belts as we used to know them. I like the effect of the chain girdles or belts as shown on some of the dresses for the young women. In fact on Sunday I went through boxes of old things to find a metallic belt which I had "a way back when" as I thought one of my teen friends might like to make a 1968 entrance.

Lovely autumn pinks were used by Mrs. Anthony Stickings in an arrangement of rosy pink dahlias, pink sedum, white and pink perennial asters which the congregation in Wesley Church enjoyed Sunday morning - and afterwards Miss Bessie and H.M.

September 28, 1967

My nose got a shock last Thursday on the autumnal equinox, when I smelled bonfires in the neighborhood.

There was a young university exchange student in law from England articulated to a Windsor law firm this past summer who when here visited at the Cozens home. He told of his hobby of Rubbing - taking a true copy from a brass plaque and a particular kind of pencil. Evidently this young man was enthusiastic about his hobby and proud of the copies of

historical or ancient inscriptions which he had made. I remember that we used to copy coins using a similar technique. But the Rubbing hobby and its interest to many, was new to me.

Are hula hoops of the 1958 craze on the way back? Youngster in our neighborhood is having fun with one and there may be a revival going. I'd like to see what the "turned on" hula hoop generation of 1958 could do with them in 1967 - fancy foot work I'll wager.

Despite the fact that I spent last week at home because Miss Bessie was "on the rocks" (her expression) and dear friend Mrs. Henderson was ill, Miss Bessie's spark was there for I said, when ripping out skirt hems, "The calendar says I'm getting there but I won't wear old ladies clothes." Her reply was "I don't want to wear old ladies clothes either." Her spirit's stronger than her body.

Many from here saw the latest in attire for bridal attendants, at a smart wedding in Detroit, Friday - shocking pink jump suits with chiffon overdresses having splits on sides. I've seen pictures of same in every swish magazine and they are smart, smart in my books.

October 5, 1967

For Thanksgiving 1967 - Right now I'm thankful for the fact that I live within a radius of 60 miles of Detroit, for this is the best spot in the world to live. I've read few extremes (except high humidity dampness, sinus, goiter) our river doesn't overflow its bank and we seldom have too violent storms. The above was brought to mind on Saturday when I had a long letter from Yvonne Teeter Bailey telling of the awfulness of the hurricane which struck the Texas coast recently and of the hardships to people as a result of life and property loss.

Wrote Mrs. Maurice Coste from Chatham, "The Cactus Flower is the same show we used in Amherstburg about 18 years ago under the name of "Papa's Boy." Dad (Maurice Coste) had revamped it into a musical comedy - so he could sing and have a chorus. The producers fixed it for Lauren Bacall but the original was a male lead. Thought maybe you'd like to see it."

It was with more than a good deal of sympathetic interest that we noted in a recent speech made by President Miller Upton of Beloit College, Wisconsin. He hit some kind of a nail on the head when he said: "I have just about reached the end of my tolerance for the way our society at the present time seems to have sympathy only for the misfit, the pervert, the drug addict, the drifter, the ne'er do well, the maladjusted, the chronic criminal, the under-achiever, the loser - in general the underdog." Upton went on to declare he does not in any way oppose public efforts to assist such people. But he thinks that somehow more recognition and solicitude should be shown for the members of our society who go about their business and amount to something. What the educator was talking about here was America's forgotten man. He is the ordinary decent man of character who goes to work on time, pays his bills and taxes, worries about his family, probably to the church, obeys the law, casts his ballot, avoids trouble with the neighbors and seldom goes to extremes about anything. In short, he is what out drop-outs refer to as "square." Like Upton, we most certainly are not opposed to social uplift program, but along with him, we emphatically lament the fact that the forgotten man is so prevalently either taken for granted or laughed at because he constructively conforms to his responsibilities.



So here, at least, is a salute to the man who gives instead of asking . . . Without the forgotten man and his tax payments there would be no such programs.

October 12, 1967

Ten members of the Art Class at W.D. Lowe Vocational School in Windsor, with their teacher, the artist Mr. Weir, spent the weekend on Bob-Lo painting the Spook House there. According to Ken Capstick enthusiasm and fun ran high as the young painters experimented with colors for the gorillas, snakes, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lalonge spent a recent holiday 40 miles from North Bay, in the lodge he and some of his Amherstburg pals own jointly there. In the little store nearby, Mrs. Lalonge casually talked to a shopper who turned out to be Evelyn Papst Jeths of Anderdon, who with her husband has a cottage there. Mrs. Jeths was one of Edward's elementary school teachers.

October 26, 1967

Our Miss Bessie celebrated her 91st birthday Friday. Being age-conscious, attributed to our sex, she fielded the question and said 82. Nice going, old dear.

Two friends in Windsor and Harrow have told me of the amount of yard goods which they are selling - goods of good quality and color - a great deal being bought by the teenagers and young mothers whose interest has been stimulated by the high school courses in sewing. I'd say, too, that the ease of styling has much to do with keeping up the interest as the garment can be made and worn and enjoyed in fairly short order after purchase of material.

One of the women assisting at the 50th wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred Thomas, was an old friend, Mrs. Perry E. Wright of Colchester. Mrs. Wright is indeed a good friend as she introduced the two.

Gordon L. Duffin and I were talking of the success Clayton Harris has made of himself in the world of art and business. (Clayton had the advantage of knowing the right person in Toronto, namely the warm friendly Mr. Duffin, I thought). He said when Clayton was in grade two, I had run across the hall with a picture he had drawn of a boy with a balloon and I said, "Look at this action in this picture of Clayton's - the boy looks as if he's running off the page." So even as a small boy Clayton's gift was noticeable.

The autumn was brought into our living room in a bouquet of dahlias which J.G. Parks of Malden brought to Miss B. Mr. Parks, commenting on the beauty of the blooms, said that he had never had them this late in the season before.

November 2, 1967

Monday morning at 6:45 I loved the light, the colors in the sun rise, the shining river, the yellow leaves on the ginkgo tree on the mound dancing and shimmering away, the green balls of

the street lights giving an accent to the sleepy trees in the park - all this pleasure at that hour because we had reverted to Eastern Standard Time on Sunday.

I hate to say I told you so, but I'm saying it - ten years ago I said to several of the 'powers-that-be' in town including the then P.U.C. manager, quote H.M.: "Get a slab of artificial ice going in town." I can feel the slaps I got when they discounted my idea and said, "too impractical - what about snow removal," also, "have to have a regulation size," etc., etc. Now, if we had a rink the boys in the minor hockey league wouldn't have to go all the way to Tilbury to play. The sheet of ice in Toronto at the new City Hall isn't covered and family skating fun is a treat to watch according to Toronto relatives.

There is nothing that irritates me more than a person who says "I was so bored" or "it bores me etc." With so much to do in this world of ours and so much of interest round about if we only look for it, I still feel that what I said before, ie. -only the boring are bored, is true. All this brought up again by the remark made to me by a clever young person last Thursday.

"Student ignorance of geography shocks prof," said the headlines, the prof who was shocked was Dr. J. Lewis Robinson, head of the University of British Columbia's geography department. He (who as a little boy lived in Amherstburg when his father was head of the hydro and was in my grade two class) was commenting on the results of a test he had given to 4th year B.C. university students enrolled in his geography course. I could hardly believe that young Canada wouldn't know more about their own country.

November 9, 1967

I'd like to see one of our streets named Centennial Street.

Sunday reminded me of a snowy, blowy, cold March day. I hate to see the glorious burnt gold of the leaves seen out of our windows being whisked off the trees. This year did you notice that the gold was predominant in the foliage round about? In the cold rain on Friday that out-of-doors gold gave a lift to those bothered by dull weather, I'm sure.

Our Mail Bag department will be glad to publish any letters, so long as J.A.M. knows the writer. The name of the writer doesn't have to be made public but the publisher must know who.

I was so glad that we were able to enjoy two bouquets of roses from Mrs. A. McKinley's garden before the cold settled in over the weekend. On Thursday she brought Miss Bessie an arrangement of large full blown roses and also a wee bouquet of her miniature rose blooms. The colours were strong and the blooms were wide awake, not tired because of the November 2nd date as one would expect.

Wear a poppy over the coming Remembrance Day weekend in memory of those whose names are on the Memorial Pillars and also out of respect for those in our area who gave up so much to go overseas during both World Wars.

November 16, 1967

On November 19th, 1874, John A. Auld and W.D. Balfour published the first edition of this paper. After reading *The Elegant Canadians* (spoken of in this column) I thought of those two fine men, who had courage, ability, background and the quality to take hard work in their stride, who had set our paper, and walked to collect news or used horse and buggy or trains to Windsor or Essex. At about that time, I recalled as I read along, gracious Victorian homes were built and lived in here in this area, both in town and in the country round about and the people who lived in these homes subscribed to *The Echo* (according to older people I talk to here and in Colchester South). As I continued along I thought of Chateau la Rose (the N.A. Coste home) a marvellous example of mid-Victorian architecture (which has been torn down), the Leighton home (Ukranian Church of an earlier period), the Park home (now the Legion Clubhouse), the Ouellette home (north of Anderdon) - all lived in by elegant Canadians and I almost forgot the still lovely red brick home at Callam's Bay below town occupied by Pat Rogers.

Coincidental - the numeral 11 has become a family symbol for the Stevensons. A.H. Stevenson, grandpa, was born on the 11th day of the month at the 11th hour; Mom Janet was the same, 11th day, the 11th hour, and on Saturday the 11th at 11 p.m. Janet's twin daughters were born.

"*The Elegant Canadians*", by Luella Creighton, was a delight. This book is about the life of educated, cultivated, sophisticated people and there were a great many more of them in Canada in the 1860's than some journalists would have us believe. The 1860's was a wonderful era in which to live in Canada according to Mrs. Creighton's research the pioneering days had been left behind and 19th century civilization was flowering in the new world as well as the old. It was a civilization of lavish banquets, ornate architecture, sumptuous gowns, gay formal gardens and flourishing cultural life - a far cry from the harsh times of land clearing and log cabin building a generation before. Too many of us I'm afraid are totally ignorant of the day-to-day living of this period and so I found the book mostly informative, interesting and easily read.

November 23, 1967

I'm so glad that Tom Hamilton is giving of his time and talents to the Windsor Light Opera productions again - and I'm sure Dr. John Watson is glad to have Tom's voice in a supporting male head in *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

Because the print in the old Annandale dictionary I use for my reading at home is becoming "smaller and smaller", I asked for a new dictionary for Christmas and last Friday Santa dropped Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, in my box. It is a dandy, the paper is good, the type is large and clear; it's indexed and it's just the ticket for my eyes and for information.

Last week in Harrow when I was walking east and the cold wet snow was blown on my back by the strong west wind, I had a flash back to of all things, hot crumpets for tea and the enjoyment of same on a similar other day when cold rain clouds drive me indoors.

Gail Kelly Callam walked in the office with a jar of jelly for use last week saying, "Only old timers know and like this" and right away I gasped "quince" and it was, the color glamorized however with a bit of cranberry juice. The young don't know the savory delight of toast with homemade quince jelly - a jelly that is a long tedious operation especially with the fruit we see around here from the old gnarled quince trees.

Mrs. William Deslippe of Harrow told me that Jack and Mary Catherine Deslippe - Gleason of Chatham have a picture in the foyer of their home which is an example of the art of brass rubbing. That young cousin of the Cozens' who was here from England all summer was an enthusiast in this art, and the Cozens have one of his rubbings.

November 30, 1967

Agnes Hackett Alford called from Grosse Ile to say that there were beautiful coloured pictures of Vincent Price's home in the November issue of House and Garden. So if anyone has a copy, please call me, as the issue was gone from the book stands before I could get one.

Virginia Trimble Barclay came in to tell about her wee grandson, Bobby Skuce, who is learning to ice skate and who said to her "see me do the bunny hop." She recalled that three years ago, Joan Lowden, the three-year-old daughter of figure skating professionals said the same thing to me when she with her parents and other figure skaters including Mrs. Barclay, were attending a Rotary ice carnival in the park. Achieving those basic steps is a thrill to wee skaters from one generation to another evidently.

December 7, 1967

On Saturday when it rained and rained and I was busy indoors I thought once again (as I have all my life) that rain makes me feel so snug and self contained.

Michael Munger of Harrow bought the old Westaway house, Sandwich Street North and had it moved to the fourth concession of Colchester South. He is busy remodelling same and found that all the hinges in the house are solid brass. Mr. Munger is having them all rubbed down and put back in place.

Over the weekend I looked for post cards sent from faraway places by friends to give to a young friend and mother who is commencing a stamp collection - whose interest in geography, history and art is being stimulated by same. After the day's work for seven children is finished, young friend said that she often relaxes for an hour in the afternoon working with her stamps and loves it.

December 21, 1967

It is a joyful reminder, said the writer and educator Felix Morley, that the incessant conflicts of daily life, increasing as complexities multiply, can be resolved by the most ordinary people, provided only that they have and show goodwill. A splendid message for The Season, I

thought, as we conclude a wonderful Centennial Year and go into the next century of nationhood.

Mrs. Lloyd Jones brought in this Christmas message written by Dr. Thomas Dooley from "The Night They Burned The Mountain." It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day but it is better to hold the spirit of Christmas through the year. To hold it helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time. There is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day and this is, keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you? Are you willing to ignore what the world owes to you and to think of what you owe to the world? To put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground? Are you willing to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are and try to look beyond their faces into their hearts, hungry for Joy? Are you willing to admit that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to put into it? To close your book of complaints against the management of the Universe and the look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas. Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children, to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old, to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them or not! Are you willing to bear in mind the things that other people have to hear in their hearts? To try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you? Are you willing to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you? Are you willing to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings with the gates wide open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas. Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world, stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death? And that the Blessed Life which began in Bethlehem over nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of eternal life? Then you can keep Christmas, and if you keep it for a day, why not keep it always?

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