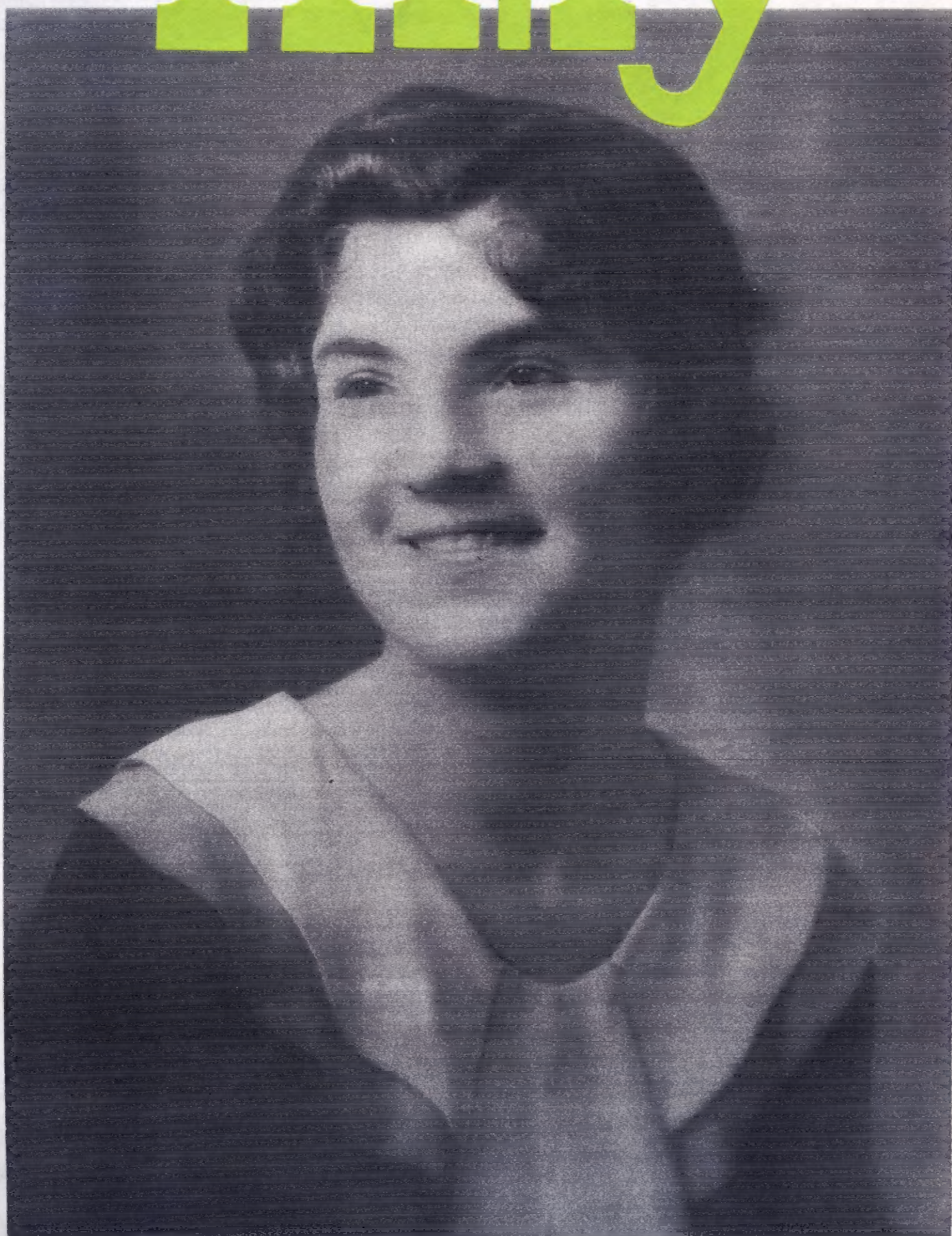


# Amy





**AMY  
CRUICKSHANK  
JARVIS**



**AUG. 18, 1915 – DEC. 13, 1964**

# OUR BABY'S JOURNAL



“What shall be the baby's name?  
Shall we catch from sounding fame  
Some far-echoed word of praise  
Out of other climes or days?  
Nay, the history of the great  
Must not weigh our baby's fate



Name *Amy Eunice*



On the *18th* day of *August*  
In the year *1915*- A.D.

At *ten* o'clock in the *morning*

## CAME OUR BABY.

WEIGHING

Pounds *eight* OUNCES.



CERTIFICATE OF BAPTISM

No. Ayer, Ont. Mar 26 1916  
This Certifies that Amy Eunice  
child of Mr John Eric Stewart  
and Mrs John Eric Stewart  
born at Ayer on August 18 1915, has this day been

BAPTIZED

by me into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and is thus acknowledged as a child of the Church, to be faithfully, carefully, prayerfully, "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

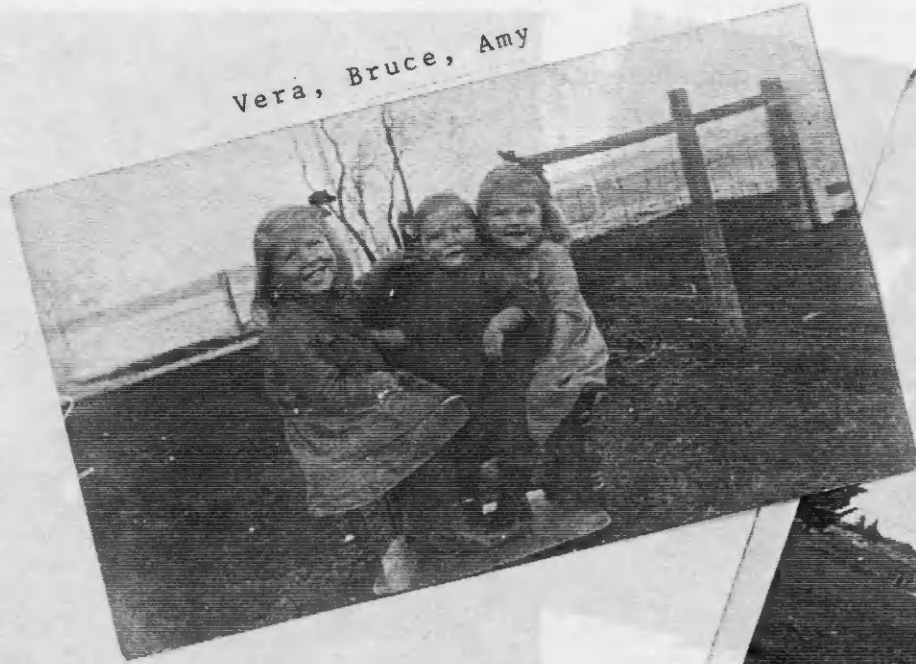
"But Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And He laid His hands on them."

J. J. [Signature]  
Pastor United Church

Witnesses.

[Empty box for witness signatures]

Vera, Bruce, Amy

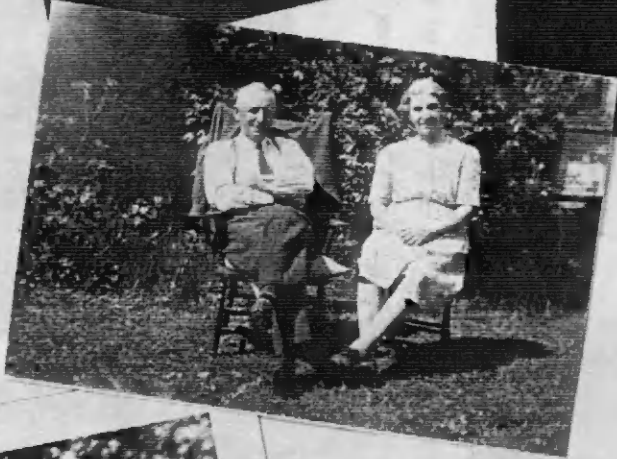


Amy



Amy: middle row, 1st on left

Amy's parents  
John & Ida (nee Ridley) Cruickshank



The Poet's Corner

Come to the light of day

Poetry  
about  
"Paris Fair"



# The Poet's Corner

## Welcome The Day

May the sun be shining to welcome  
the day  
When all roads lead to the "Fair's  
Gateway",  
Crowds in eager anticipation  
To see the experts in competition.  
To greet old friends, and meet the  
new,  
There'll be something to interest all  
of you.  
The fair board, with ever increasing  
zest  
Long hours of planning, and little  
rest,  
Have raised Paris Fair to a stand-  
ard high  
Be sure to attend, don't pass it by.  
On Friday night there's a good  
stage show  
Come along, and bring all the people  
you know.  
Competitive classes, educational dis-  
plays,  
Will point out to farmers in many  
ways  
How ■ major source of farm rev-  
enue  
Can be increased, if they take the  
view  
Of the Dept. of Agriculture and  
Meat Packing Plants,  
This tent will warrant more than a  
glance.  
A new feature is the egg exhibit,  
The Brant County Poultry Industry  
did it.  
The Department, of course co-  
operated,  
To see this, poultrymen are obligated.  
Brant County girls will have a  
display  
To prove that garden clubs really  
pay.  
Swine, beef, dairy calf clubs—down  
that way  
This is their achievement day.  
The T. Eaton Co. offers a prize  
For market hogs of right finish and  
size.  
The Black and White show for  
County of Brant  
Is at Paris this year, and a new  
slant  
The premier exhibits will win a new  
trophy  
Show all the purebreds, the 'Countess  
Sophie'.  
The Brant County Jersey Parish  
Show,  
And the Red and White too, is there  
you know.  
Hunters and jumpers with graceful  
ease,  
Will sail through air and spectators  
please.

See the Preston Scout House Band  
Give a musical drill, give them a  
hand.  
The tractor rodeo for junior  
farmers  
Will have fans among the feminine  
chamers.  
Let the children bring their pets to  
the fair  
Be it a tortoise or be it ■ hare.  
Domestic science, dairy, and apiary  
There's a place for all, just make an  
enquirey.  
Plants, flowers, home baking and  
canning  
To show some of these you're surely  
planning.  
Hurry now, take a walk down the  
lane,  
Gather in those vegetables, fruit and  
grain,  
You never know when you're luck  
will turn.  
And the Fair board "may" have  
money to burn!!  
E. H. Buck will hand out the prizes,  
Which come in various assorted  
sizes.  
There'll be music by the Citizens  
Band,  
Lots of good food at the 3-H Club  
Stand.  
But now, the fair isn't over quite,  
Attend the C.K.N.X. dance and  
broadcast Saturday night.  
We're proud of our fair board,  
We're proud of our fair,  
Co-operate, let's all be there!

Amy E. Jarvis,  
Paris.



## Come to the Fair!

The time has come, as the walrus  
said

To speak of many things,  
And the Paris Agricultural Fair  
September always brings.

"Operation Fair Board" is now in  
progress

Working to make the show a success,  
Messrs. A. M. Telfer and E. H. Buck  
Are hoping, with any kind of luck  
To put the show over with a bang,  
So swell the crowd, and bring "the  
gang".

All the directors are striving too  
To make this fair attractive to you.  
Exhibit A and Exhibit B  
And more there'll be for you to see,  
That is, if all will take a part  
To give the fair a royal start.

Flower growers, coax your blooms,  
For very close the fair now looms,  
And gardeners, plying your garden

tools

You are all familiar with the rules,

Vegetables alike in size, colour and  
form

Freedom from blemish and the turn-  
ing worm.

It isn't case of the bigger the better  
But of strictly obeying the rules to  
the letter.

And ladies, queens of the culinary  
arts

Whip up those cakes and delectable  
tarts,

For at the baking stand the crowd  
will pause

And ejaculate with "Ohs" and "Ahs",

And those who knit and those who  
sew

Can add a great deal to the show,  
For feminine interest in this corner  
lies

And many will be the envious sighs.

In all departments of domestic  
science

You can exhibit without-a license.

Livestock breeders, is your stock in  
shape

To exhibit at this fair so great,  
Well bred and well groomed? these  
are the traits

Upon which the judge his decision  
makes.

A feature of the Horse Show this  
year,

(And this should bring entries from  
far and near)

Is a Heavy Horse Special of \$100.00  
An attractive gadget to pin on their  
collars!

Prize money for teams has been in-  
creased

To quote from the Fair Book, its  
been released.

We'll all be winners if we can  
But don't mind being an "also ran",  
When he doesn't achieve his hearts'  
desire

A good loser is a man to admire.

Right here we'd like to insert a plug  
For the booth sponsored by the 3H  
Club,

There'll be coffee with the Webber  
touch

Your sense of smell will detect that  
much.

And hot dogs served up a la Scott,  
With mustard, relish, and piping hot.  
Sandwiches, and pies home baked,  
Eat here folks, make no mistake.

Other attractions we'd like to men-  
tion

But these few we bring to your at-  
tention.

Exhibit if possible, be sure to attend,  
Your support at least you can gener-  
ously lend.

Be a Booster at any rate  
And above all, folks, co-operate!

Hopefully yours,  
Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 3, Paris.

# The Poet's Corner

## AFTER THE FAIR

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend  
us your ears!

Was it not the best fair we've at-  
tended in years?

And doesn't it warm your heart to  
think

Our Fair Board isn't tottering on  
the brink?

But full of ideas, smart and new  
To make the Fair appeal to you.

They suffer, perhaps, from growing  
pains

Which means, for sure, they're bless-  
ed with brains.

They want to see the Fair advance,  
So join us in this "song and dance."

We know they've burned the mid-  
night oil

For Paris Fair they nobly toil.

At the Fair there was something to  
interest all,

The young and old, the large and  
small,

The Playground Equipment won our  
applause

To give thanks for this we have  
ample cause.

Small boys have no interest in Baby  
Shows,

Quilts, rugs, or sewing trimmed with  
bows.

But teeter-totters! slides! and  
swings!

For boys and girls these are the  
things

Which ring the bell, and keep them  
happy,

And call "time out" for each harass-  
ed pappy.

The Livestock show at Paris Fair  
Was a credit to breeders everywhere,

Cattle and horses, sheep and swine,  
Class after class, they toed the line.

And the Grand Parade was the cul-  
mination

Of weeks of grooming, and specula-  
tion

On the merits and demerits of each  
horse and cow,

But all of them now can take a bow,  
And an orchid we hand to E. H.

Buck  
Who ably announced all from the  
stage and sound truck,

Did you see the people standing in  
line

At the 3-H Club booth where the  
food was so fine?

This would be a reasonable surmise!  
That is pays, as they say, to adver-  
tise!..

We think the Board and Directors  
would like to know

That the Fair last week really gave  
us a glow,

To the Fair Board then we all say

thanks

We hope there's a little to leave at  
the banks.

Now folks, rise as one man and sing  
More power to the Fair Board, may  
the rafters ring!

Amy E. Jarvis

## A SALUTE TO THE FAIR BOARD

You say, my friend, you weren't at  
the Fair?

Then lend an ear and draw up a  
chair

And I'll tell you some things you  
ought to know

Of this Agricultural and Livestock  
Show.

Mr. Coulbeck, the President fine,  
Has given untiringly of his time  
To boost the Fair, with fervour and  
zeal

He made to all an urgent appeal  
To exhibit their poultry, grain and  
roots,

Flowers, vegetables and fruits,  
Dairy produce, and pedigreed stock,  
Some to be sold on the auction block.  
The ladies he urged to sew and bake  
And worthwhile prizes many would  
take.

And exhibitors responded to this  
appeal

Till the judges cried: "We've had a  
New Deal!"

But it warmed the cockles of their  
hearts

To see them coming in trucks and  
carts.

Here also, we give credit where cred-  
it is due,

And hand Ernie Buck an orchid too.  
As Secretary, his mail descends like  
a blizzard,

As Treasurer, he is a financial wizard.  
A myriad details demand his care,  
The Fair runs more smoothly be-  
cause he's there.

He is expected to be in the office, at  
all the doors,

And oil on the troubled waters he  
pours.

And to all the directors a big bou-  
quet,

Who worked so hard for success of  
the day.

We draw this now to your attention,  
And to them all give honorable men-  
tion.

Another fine Fair has been written  
down

On the history pages of Paris town,  
And you there, my friend in your  
easy chair,

Next year you'd do well to go to that  
Fair.

A. E. Jarvis, R.R. 1, Paris.



### ON COMMON GROUND

Have you heard the news that's  
going round?  
Listened to that happy sound?  
When friend calls to friend with a  
carefree air  
An invitation, "Come to the fair".  
The Fair grounds, this year, have  
blossomed out,  
We must go and see what its all  
about.  
The new annex adjoining the  
easterly end  
Is right in step with the modern  
trend,  
It is the directors joy and pride  
They'd like to have one on every  
side!  
But the ladies added the final touch  
Welding paint brushes, that's "a  
must".  
This addition means more exhibit  
space  
Increase your entries, set the pace.  
There are new and larger cattle  
sheds  
All equipped with fine straw beds!  
The half mile track is hard and  
smooth  
To keep those horses "in the groove"  
There's ■ machinery display, shows  
and rides,  
And lots of other things besides.  
The 3-H Club booth, that old stand  
by,  
Treat your friends here to home  
made pie.  
The Livestock Parade at 4:30 p.m.,  
Is a highlight for all who have a  
yen  
To see the best in every breed,  
To wish, they too, could be in the  
lead.  
The Hanover Girls Band you'll want  
to hear  
A joy to both the eye and ear.  
Horses, cattle, sheep and swine,  
Classes for all, and prizes fine.  
Messrs. E. H. Buck and Ivie Mc-  
Clure  
Will have the money, that's for sure.  
On Friday night there's a grand  
stage show  
You won't regret it if you go.

If you'd like to join in a gay barn  
dance  
Go Saturday night, you'll have a  
chance.  
We'll say it, and say it, and again  
we'll say  
Make this the end of ■ perfect day.  
So many have helped in so many  
ways  
The calibre of this fair to raise,  
With labor, materials, cash and  
goods  
The Fair Board hopes to be "out of  
the woods",  
To all who have helped in any way  
A sincere "thank you" is what they  
say.  
They plan to make improvements  
each year  
They'll do it too, never fear.  
Support the Fair Board, 'tis your  
duty  
To the Fair, and Paris, Town of  
Beauty.  
Come to the Fair! Oh! happy sound!  
Where friend meets friend, on com-  
mon ground.

A. E. Jarvis R.R. 3, Paris.

TO E. H. BUCK - November 13, 1951

I'm going to start right now to holler  
For I'm mighty hot beneath the collar.  
The Fair Board must be a bunch of nuts  
The reason - they wouldn't show my pedigreed mutts.  
What kind of a fair is this anyhow  
With no class for my darling little chow.  
My daschund too, is long and gloomy  
No place for him, tho the joint is roomy.  
My cheesehound also is down in the dumps  
He was evicted by those Fair Board chumps.  
Things have come to a pretty pass  
When for my purebreds there is no class.  
Another thing sir - tell you I must  
I couldn't see a thing for the horrible dust.  
My new fall shoes are almost a wreck  
I'll charge that to the Fair Board too by heck.  
My hot dog too was grimy and gritty  
For the girls this year weren't nearly so pretty.  
I tell you sir I'm burning up  
There wasn't a class for my precious pup.  
I'll advertise this fair no more  
I'll never darken that \_\_\_\_\_ door.  
And my prize money I ain't got yet  
This dough sir when am I gonna get?  
I've sent in my bill 15 times  
All I got was a few measly dimes.  
If you don't do better next year it must  
Be because your gray matter is gathering rust.  
Maybe you need a blood transfusion  
Might help you out of this mess and confusion.  
Be sure it's Scotch it will really pay  
But remember a little goes a long, long way.  
This criticism sir is strictly free  
I may be Scotch but I don't charge a fee.  
If the Fair Board next year does a little better  
I'll write you a nice complimentary letter.

Wrathfully yours  
A. Nonnie Moose (anonymous)



Vera, Uncle Bert, Amy



Joyce, ?, Amy, ?



Vera, ?, Amy



Joyce, Uncle Bert, Vera, Amy







Poetry

about

"Christmas"

OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Woodstock, Ontario

November 23, 1956

You'll likely carry quite a load  
On Christmas Eve down Ayrshire road  
Your bag will be packed with lots of toys  
For all the good little girls and boys.  
But what of we old folks, dear Santa Claus?  
Let's talk this over, a moment pause.  
Some vital statistics we have recorded here  
And we hope you have time to lend an ear.  
We have an accomplice on the inside track  
And we have it all down in white and black.  
It would tickle Alec like a feather  
To take his bonnie lass to the land of the heather.  
Two free tickets on an ocean liner  
For a Scotsman now, what could be finer?  
To the Caverhills, Santa, you know the way  
And they do want a one horse open sleigh.  
But you'll know something else ofcourse  
They'll also need to have a horse!  
With the Wm. Martins it would ring a bell  
To have a lovely weekend at the Thamesford Hotel.  
Jean Griffin likes jewelry in nice big chunks  
But for Jack, bring a good deoderant for skunks.  
The Hallocks, Santa, we've heard them say  
Would appreciate a seasons pass to the ballet.  
Well, Erle Dymont, Santa, I guess you know  
All he wants is Marilyn Munroe!  
Don't you think Charlie and Mrs. Dunn  
With a helicopter would have lots of fun?  
They could travel here and travel there  
And see Ayrshire cows just everywhere.  
A lazy boy chair Mrs. Herbert would please  
At auction sales she could sit, while Len shoots the breeze.  
You know the Harrisons, Santa, Irwin and Blanche?  
Do you think there is a chance  
You could send them to Miami  
Tho' we've heard that more than the weather gets balmy!  
I'm sure for Mr. and Mrs. Cable  
To do something special you'll be able  
After you balance your budget with care  
Could you give them 2 free passes to Paris Fair?  
For Arnold and Mary it would be fine  
To bring something for their leisure time  
Now on a bicycle thats built for two  
They could go all the places they've wanted to.  
Oh, and bring Arnold some ear muffs red  
And Santa, bring a spare for the top of his head!  
Albert and Margurite would just as soon  
As anything else have a trip to the moon  
Some flying saucers they could get  
Margurite says they match her set!  
For the Hossocks, Santa, we suggest roller skates  
Anyone can use some lucky breaks.

Remember the Dyments, Santa, Leslie and Ollie  
On their door will be a wreath of holly  
Leave a bale of hay in the bedroom there  
They need it sometimes to feed their nightmare!  
At the Loveless home when you make a stop  
Just leave a surrey with a fringe on top.  
And when Owen goes down to the rink to curl  
He'll ride in style with his favorite girl.  
Oh yes, Santa, when they with the Grahams travel over the map  
Perhaps Owen could use a lobster trap.  
And his wife, she loves the ocean breeze  
And just yearns for a pair of water skis.  
Last year, Marvin and Velma shouted from coast to coast  
They wanted a toaster that made pop up toast.  
Now bring them a low pressure one and don't forget  
For they haven't got the toast off the ceiling yet.  
For Mac Carters gift you shouldn't have paid  
He just wants to be first on HER hit parade.  
Santa, I know you'll put something nice on the tree  
For Mr. and Mrs. Lazenby  
Oh yes, Santa, we can see them now  
A monogramed bell for each Ayrshire cow.  
A mink coat, a Cadillac and I think that's all  
Alden wants for his red haired doll  
For Alden now Santa Claus really  
Bessie would like a new shillalegh.  
There's Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Stansell  
Their house will be gay with bells and tinsel.  
Just leave some mistletoe, you can't miss  
So Margurite can count on that New Year's kiss.  
Glen Snary doesn't give a rap  
As long as he gets a coonskin cap.  
He can put it on his head, or in his pocket  
As long as Mrs. Snary gets Davy Crockett!  
When you go to the Armours, Santa, we hear  
They'd be so happy if you'd leave Rudolph, your red-nosed deer.  
The Archie Kains just wish for an escalator  
To go up and down so they won't dislocater!  
When the Holtlys go for the Ayrshires down the lane  
It would be nice if they had a deisel train.  
Remember, Santa, when years ago  
To the Graham home you used to go?  
You gave little Donald a rattle, then a pup,  
A football and skates as he grew up  
Then one Merry Christmas and this is the truth  
You brought him that wonderful girl called Ruth.  
Time marched on 5 Sarah Street  
And you heard the patter of little feet.  
They pattered and pattered and pattered more  
Till you counted little girls, 1, 2, 3, 4.  
Sometimes they're good and sometimes they're bad  
For their like their mother and they're like their dad!  
At Mrs. Grahams nursery school  
Girls only, Santa, has been the rule



But the girls this year are jumping with joy  
 For their mother enrolled a little boy.  
 And this rollicking, bouncing bundle of joy  
 They have labelled Peter Roy.  
 We know you'll look after these children well  
 But there's something else we'd like to tell.  
 Their father, he won't need wind to blow his horn  
 Just bring Mr. Graham a new brand of corn.  
 For Ruth, bring a medal and pin it on  
 For she, dear girl, has to live with Don.  
 Well Santa, we have a quite authentic hunch  
 There'll be lots of food for your midnight lunch.  
 May your trip this year be smooth as silk  
 And at every Ayrshire home there'll be Ayrshire milk.  
 Remember, Santa, as you write each tag  
 With you, and the Ayrshires, it's in the bag!

## The Santa Claus Myth--

When a little boy is just five years old	His father and many another
And the facts about Santa he hasn't been told,	Who solemnly vow there's a Santa Claus,
When he looks at us with his heart in his eyes,	What to do now? A moment pause, Shall we shatter his faith in the venerable saint,
How can we spin him a web of lies?	This fanciful fabrication quaint?
Ecstatic, expectant, full of the joy Christmas brings to a little boy.	It's bound to happen sooner or later So it may as well come from his doting mater.
Painstakingly penning ingenious petitions	We'll explain that Santa is really a fable,
To Santa, and there are hundreds of repetitions	That the tale is marked with a fairy book label;
From countless numbers of girls and boys	When we've destroyed for him this enchanting belief
Pleading for games, and dolls, and toys.	Give him something better, to banish his grief;
Despite stern rejoinders from fathers and mothers	Tell him the spirit of Santa is a genuine thing,
That there are millions and millions of others	Righ round the world its echoes ring.
Whom Santa must visit on Christmas eve.	It lives in the hearts of young and old,
But there! the web we have started to weave,	A richer gift than silver and gold.
We're entangled now in this intricate web,	Let him grasp the true meaning of Christmas joys, More precious even than Santa's toys.
For one lie to another has quickly led.	Let's all think of the zest we can put into living,
Shall we explode the Santa Claus Myth?	For joy comes you know, from not getting, but giving.
It's atomic force to be reckoned with,	
For it will destroy his trust in his mother,	

Amy E. Jarvis,  
 R.R. 1, Paris.

(1945)

## Poets' Corner

### CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

You haven't finished your shopping  
yet?

A few more little things you have  
still to get?

You've rushed along with the mad-  
dening crowd

Despairing, frantic, complaining aloud  
That Christmas shopping is such a  
bore,

They don't have what you want in  
any store.

You're jostled and pushed by hurrying  
thongs,

Who search in vain for precious ny-  
lons.

Or that almost forgotten gift so dandy  
A five pound box of chocolate candy.  
Or does Junior yearn for an electric  
train?

Well don't befuddle your weary brain  
By looking for things which don't  
exist,

Just mark them off your shopping  
list.

Come now folks, its not so grim,  
Have you not felt the Christmas  
spirit within

Soften your heart, give you a lift  
Whop for each dear friend you buy a  
gift?

Our local merchants have attractive  
displays

Of gifts that will please, and brighten  
the days

Of father and mother, brothers and  
cousins

Whom most of us can count by the  
dozens!

So don't wear your face so awfully  
long,

Relax, smile, and burst into song,  
A melody gay, contagious mirth,  
Will spread goodwill upon the earth.  
It isn't the cost of the gift we treas-  
ure,

It's being remembered that gives us  
pleasure.

Just write "with love" on the Christ-  
mas tag

To father and mother and cousin  
Mag,

'Twill gladden their hearts your  
love to share,

For the gift without the giver is  
bare.

(1945) Amy E. Jarvis.

Perfect health is above gold; a sound body before riches.(Solomon)

What do you long for most of all?  
A beautiful painting on your drawing room wall?  
Exquisite jewels in a setting rare?  
A graceful slender Chippendale chair?  
Things of beauty are these to treasure?  
Unless unkind fate may dim your pleasure,  
If perfect health is not your lot  
What value are these things you've got?  
You'd exchange them all for the glow of health  
You must surely agree this is greater than wealth.  
Solomon, great wisdom gained with his many years,  
Compounded truths in this vale of tears.  
Perfect health, he said, is above gold,  
And we question not his saying of old.  
Down through the ages its truth is proved,  
And though all our gold be from us removed  
If perfect health is our companion today  
This priceless gift we'll not cast away.  
A sound body is before riches, Solomon said  
And though this wise man has long been dead  
This truth endures, and always will  
Though aches and pains may irk us still.  
Accumulation of riches may give us a glow  
But sound bodies are not purchased this way we know.  
Bank accounts and palatial homes  
Are not a cure all for aching bones.  
A sound body is before riches  
Ah! - how wise was he  
Who passed on this wisdom, to such as we.

A. E. Jarvis  
February 1952





Amy's siblings:  
Vera Elizabeth (Vera)  
Amy Eunice (Amy)  
James Bruce (Bruce)  
Norman Glenn (Glenn)  
Robert Gordon (Gord)  
Thomas Albert (Bert)  
Mary Joyce (Joyce)



Vera, Uncle Bert, Amy



Amy, ?, Vera



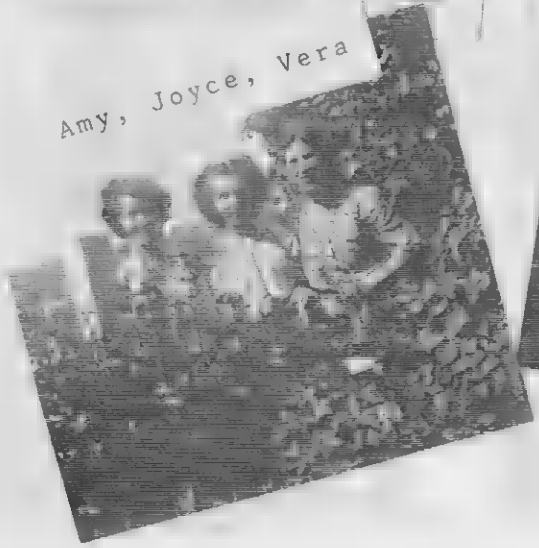
Gord, Amy, Bert



Vera, ?, Amy  
Joyce



Amy, Joyce, Vera



Joyce, Amy, Vera



Amy, ?, Vera



?, Amy, Joyce



Wilda, Amy



Amy on left



1934

Amy



Amy on right



Amy on left

Vera, ?, Amy, ?



Amy 2nd from right





Vera, Joyce, Aileen, Amy  
Ida



Sawyer, Tom Robson, Bruce  
Amy, Vera, Aileen



Amy, Uncle Bert



Bruce, Sawyer, Glenn



Amy



Amy



Poetry

about

"3-H Club"



### 3-H CLUB MEMBERS

I'm sure you all know your A.B.C.'s,  
But just to check - well - listen to these.

A is for Alice so helpful and cheery,  
She comes thro' with a grin, tho' she's down right weary.

B is for Bernice, who has a little girl and a baby boy fine,  
Now the doctors say there is no other kind.

C is for corny, you'll likely think this,  
But pull-ease, don't throw tomatoes and hiss!

D is for Dorothy our most recent bride,  
Whom we'll welcome again when she's back from that ride.

E is for Elsie, you know, that was Hood?  
As a farmer's wife now she rates "very good".

F is for Florence to us all a good friend,  
Her time and her talents she willingly lends.

G is for the girls of this Club of renown,  
When they sponsor a booth they go rite to town.

H is for Helen, our pride and joy,  
And is she a great president oh boy, oh boy.

I is for Isabel who down here did hike,  
And left her fine son in the good care of Mike.

I is for Irene with the artistic flair,  
A trim little model from her shoes to her hair.

J is for the junk we store in the attic,  
To clear it all out grates like static.

J is for Joyce, so jolly and kind,  
A few more like her we wouldn't mind.

K is the kick we haven't got coming,  
If it ever does we hope we're running.

L. We have 3 gals here, all very fine,  
We'll take them slowly now, one at a time.  
First there is Lillian who teaches school,  
And pounds into each dome the golden rule.  
And now Leone, you can take a bow,  
To keep house like an expert, you know how.  
And then there is Laurel, whom we all adore,  
If we could we'd love her more.

M is for Mary our hostess tonight,  
And frankly Mary, we have hopes of a bite.  
And then there's Marg Dance, Mae Sayles and Marg Hall,  
Each of these nice girls have 2 daughters small.  
M is for Margaret, the other name's Markle,  
She's always here with vim and sparkle.



And then there's that cute Millie G.,  
Who has good sense for we all agree.

N is for the nuts we pick in the fall,  
And the nuts we pick, well, they aren't all.

O is for Oh! it was cold at the fair,  
And I shivered and shook from my toes to my hair.  
O is for oats, we've all sown a few,  
Oh yes you did and you know it too.

P is for Peggy always ready and willing,  
To lend a hand tho' her feet are killing - her.

Q is for the long queue of people who stood  
At the 3-H Club booth, clammering for more food.

R is for Ruth who is really a card,  
Who needs to be dealt with, but not very hard.  
R is for Ruby, our blond streamlined trick,  
The bell-bottom trousers, they whistle "slick chick".

S is for Sayles - Marie as she's known,  
And her sweet smile would bring tears from a stone.

T is for those who froze at the fair,  
And a reasonable facsimile of heat was not there.

U is for us the 3-H Club so jolly,  
And we think quite well of ourselves by golly.

V is for victory achieved at great price,  
The situation yet, is not very nice.

W is for those noble women who in the booth worked so long,  
And who didn't get out to mix with the throng.

X is for X-hausted my brain is becoming,  
And out, your patience, I'm sure is running.

Y is for this year of '45,  
And may this club grow and prosper and thrive.

Z is for the zest we can put into living,  
For joy comes you know, from, not getting, but giving.

JEAN & ERNIE BUCK'S 25th ANNIVERSARY - March 3, 1952

As you've travelled this world o'er field and plain  
Did you 'ere chance on a road oddly called Keglane?  
It was named, we've heard, for a dubious trade  
For home brew, in kegs, was stealthily made!  
But as we journey along this well worn path  
First trod by some primeval calf,  
Familiar landmarks meet the eye  
And all seems serene 'neath the azsure sky.  
But a young man's fancy one spring long ago  
Was turning to love, but he didn't know  
Which number to call in his little Black Book  
So thoughtfully, then took another look -  
There were numbers he'd called, and often too  
Girls with brown eyes, and many with blue!  
But he didn't feel ready his choice to make,  
So he called the number of the Barker estate.  
Jean answered the phone, and heard a voice say  
"Let's go to the show Jean", and you won't have to pay!  
Jean didn't know who was "shooting the breeze"  
So she said: "Why sure, and who's speaking please?"  
This didn't faze Ernie, and he hustled about  
And got the fringe-topped surrey out.  
He harnassed his pacer, and off he flew  
To win the hand of you know who!  
This romance was off to a flying start  
Ernie began having trouble with his heart,  
But Jean was cautious and took her time  
She wasn't falling for just "any guys" line!  
At every barn dance for miles around,  
Jean and Ernie could always be found.  
As through the town the midnite bell tolled  
His buggy "always" homeward rolled!  
But then, it always developed a defect before  
He could drive away from the Barker door.  
He whispered sweet nothings in her ear,  
And this went on for maybe a year.  
He dreamed of Jeannie with the dark brown hair,  
And squired her to every country fair.  
(Fair Fever then got under his skin,  
He's never recovered through thick or thin.)  
They went for a ride on the Ferris Wheel,  
And they knew at last, this love was real.  
Ever since they've been going around together  
Through rain, sunshine, and stormy weather.  
Then, one rare March day in the early spring  
The wedding bells were heard to ring,  
Love watched to see that the bride didn't swoon  
And Roscoe ably supported the groom.  
The guests threw confetti and wished them well,  
But where they went they'd never tell.  
Finally, they came down to earth  
For life is not all joy and mirth.  
They put their shoulders to the wheel  
And life, for Jean, was Ernest and real.  
In a year or two they moved up the road  
To the farm which is their present abode.

They were now the parents of a bouncing boy  
Little James who was their pride and joy.  
But life was not all froth and bubble  
At times it was a mighty struggle,  
The roe was long, and hard to hoe,  
But working together they made it go.  
In due time there was another,  
For Jim had a cute little baby brother,  
We've heard it said Bill was a dear little fellow  
With eyes so blue, and hair so yellow!  
They fought and played as all boys do,  
And helped their dad as older they grew.  
When they'd saved a little ready cash  
They invested it in something rash.  
Oh! but it was stream lined and chromium plated  
A spot in the tale the Maxwell rated.  
Sad was the day of its demise,  
They laid it away with tears in their eyes.  
When the roll call was quite complete  
There was Lorna and Shirley, two little girls sweet.  
And Harley we're not going to overlook  
For he has a place in the Buck history book.  
By now, they travelled with jet propulsion,  
The next car was in constant convulsion.  
Especially with Jenny at the wheel  
The passengers, sometimes, got a very rough deal.  
Many a joy ride the neighbors had  
And after all, it wasn't so bad.  
It went to church, brought chop from the mill.  
The ghost of the Old Dodge haunts us still.  
A hive of activity this farm became  
And soon attained a certain fame.  
For all the gang, a meeting place,  
Each weekend brought another face.  
Comaghin Farm as a summer resort  
This family belongs to the Brotherhood  
Of helping all for the common good.  
Nothing is ever too much trouble  
To lend a hand they'll come on the double.  
With a cheery word, a twist of the wrist,  
Our troubles, we wonder, did they exist?  
They help their neighbors, and neighbors help them  
And it's not just a fancy, nor yet a whim,  
But a firm established way of life  
In the country, there is little strife.  
Ernie has been seen, his brow to mop,  
But he's never been known to blow his top!  
We often wonder what this "Great Brain" thinks  
When he leaves us awhile to take 40 winks.  
Likely dreaming up, for the fair, an added feature,  
And his wife, this genial long suffering creature  
Tries, with well timed, indulgent pokes  
To keep him awake for the speaker's jokes!  
Or when Ernie is holding forth at length  
And the customers marvel at his vocal strength,  
Jean snatches his notes to give them respite  
For after all they want to get home that night.

In a Pontiac now they cruise around  
And that's one family that covers the ground.  
They're "in-laws" now and grandparents too,  
And we marvel at the things they do.  
They're public spirited citizens of some renown,  
Equally well known in country and town.  
We're proud to count them among our friends  
And before this happy evening ends  
We'd like to express in a tangible way,  
Our congratulations on your 25th wedding day.  
This gift we now present to you  
And hope we all get to use it too!

A.E.J.

#### THE 3-H CLUB BOOTH

The best little booth that was at the fair  
And with it no others could hope to compare,  
Was the one right over there in the corner  
Supplied with pie like little Jack Horner.  
And right here we'll give them a great big plug,  
For they dispensed coffee in fine china mugs.  
The delectable aroma filled the air,  
The best doggone coffee there was at the fair.  
We were sure it had the Webber touch,  
Our sense of smell detected that much.  
Home-baked pies stood in tempting array,  
And people got in each others' way.  
Striving to reach a winsome waiter,  
For they knew there'd be none if they came any later.  
And hot dogs cooked up a la Nelles,  
Made the customers say: "They really fill us".  
And mesdames Scott, Kelley, Cochrane, Richardson, Sayles,  
Had people leaning far over the rails,  
For sandwiches and chocolate milk,  
Finer than the finest of very fine silk.  
So to the valiant ladies who dispensed their wares,  
And didn't see much of the fair of fairs,  
We take off our hats, they deserve the best,  
And a medal we'd like to pin on each chest.



MEMORIES OF THE 3-H CLUB

Feb. 8, 1952.

I've heard the 3-H Club cuts some remarkable capers,  
But all I know now is what I read in the papers,  
Many years have passed since I was on the roll,  
And the years, dear friends, have taken their toll.  
Lines have been added to this furrowed brow,  
But we laughed a lot then, and so we do now.  
My most vivid memories are of laughing and eating,  
And of rudely disturbing each orderly meeting.  
I don't think I'm the only repentant sinner,  
For my partner in crime, is here at this dinner.  
I'm sure the hostess often viewed with disgust,  
Those members who raised this particular dust.  
I recall with dismay some of the pranks,  
Instigated by me, a raw recruit in the ranks.  
But always by my side there was,  
A busy bee and together we'd buzz.  
I was never quiet nor anywhere near it,  
But I was aided and abetted by this kindred spirit.  
Now, there are silver threads among the gold,  
Yet, we don't feel that we are growing old,  
But have the years brought decorum, a sense of propriety?  
Well, we'll put on a "front" for this birthday party,  
Our association with the past are happy tonight,  
And you all look so charming, beautiful, bright.  
We'll turn back the pages to '44,  
And see who came in the 3-H Club door.  
Down memories lanes we're going to wander,  
And some of your precious evening squander.  
While we call the roll, and reminisce,  
And I hope you won't be too bored with this.  
We had a great president in that year of grace,  
Who always arrived with a smiling face.  
With poise and dignity she held the gavel,  
And all knotty problems she helped to unravel.  
We admired her then, we admire her now,  
Helen Webber, you can take a bow.  
Mary Cochrane was on the executive too,  
So let us give credit where credit is due.  
The money we raised was put in the bank,  
And for taking it there we have Mary to thank.  
This capable energetic creature,  
Had a job that was really a double feature.  
For secretary too was she,  
Recorded all minutes to a "T".  
Finances and books were all in good shape,  
Audited by experts who found no mistake.  
A ways and means committee was elected,  
And any scatter-brained plans rejected.  
I don't recall just all they did,  
But their light 'neath a bushel shall not be hid.  
Ruby Watts was the convenor of this,  
Marie Sayles and Elsie were her assists.  
You remember Ruby, that statuesque blonde,  
Who found romance down by the old mill pond.  
Marie and Elsie co-operated,  
Their talents and services freely donated.  
Lillian Kelley you will recall,  
Was home in the summer,

But off in the fall,  
To the little schoolhouse,  
Where she held sway,  
And children plodded cheerfully every day.  
As through the roll I take a glance,  
I see a name - one Margarent Dance,  
This name brings instant recognition,  
Do you think she gives her husband competition?  
At auction sales his voice is heard,  
But the little woman likes to have the last word.  
There was another blonde I seem to remember,  
Who was a very faithful member,  
Oh yes, how could I forget,  
She is another Margaret.  
Always there come spring or fall,  
Was our good friend, Margaret Hall.  
Dorothy Watt, a brown-eyed colleen,  
At almost every meeting was seen,  
Her step was light, her smile was gay,  
She helped a lot in her clever way.  
At Florence Carr's we had a pot-luck dinner,  
It didn't do a thing to make us slimmer.  
Her meat loaf I remember well,  
What was in it she wouldn't tell,  
But a delightful aroma filled the air,  
And we were lucky that day to have dinner there.  
We quilted, I think, in the afternoon,  
And this happy day passed much too soon.  
At Bernice Telfer's we picniced on the lawn,  
Here we dined, merrily, well and long.  
Our children joined in the fun and races,  
And we travelled home with happy faces.  
At Peggy's home one memorable night,  
The members were exposed to a breath-taking sight.  
Beautiful models came down the runway,  
In wedding gowns of another day.  
Great grandma, the flapper, the modern miss,  
Many of you will remember this.  
I know you won't have to think very hard,  
To recall one in the club who is really a card.  
To get things moving they'd often tell us,  
Just appoint to the committee our Laurel Nelles.  
In the club she has been a moving force,  
Though this is common knowledge ofcourse.  
A project which put us in a high income bracket,  
And later developed into quite a racket.  
Was a brush party at Leone's, you'll remember no doubt,  
Though your brushes now, will be quite worn out.  
Brush parties then broke out in a rash,  
The things we do with our hard earned cash!  
Leone is always kind and jolly,  
And her toasted sandwiches are a treat by golly!  
Two hostesses who were always charming,  
(Their husbands are engaged in farming),  
Are just a little different from the others,  
For they are sisters and married to brothers.  
Oh, I think you've guessed it, I see your eyes sparkle,  
You know now, ofcourse, their name is Markle.

We think now of the lass with dark brown hair,  
Her husband if President of Paris Fair.  
Bella's entries have often taken prizes,  
And her family comes in assorted sizes.  
Mildred Guthrie we knew from the start,  
Would always be willing to do her part.  
She lends a hand to all and sundry,  
And does her washing every Monday.  
There's a girl who brings to our mind a song,  
We heard on the radio, both loud and long,  
It's many years since she we have seen,  
But we used to say "Good night Irene".  
Joyce Kelley, never known to be late,  
Is secretary now of this club so great.  
I remember well, when years ago,  
Joyce served a lunch which stole the show.  
The piece de resistance, hot dogs, piping hot,  
I don't know how many I ate, but it was a lot.  
At Alice's house we had a Christmas party,  
Our appetites were sharpened, keen and hearty.  
A barrel of monkeys never had more fun,  
Than we at this party, and we laughed till one.  
We exchanged gifts, and kind was fate,  
Though I'm sure we lingered much too late.  
I have a nodding acquaintance with one other member,  
I'll refresh your memory, you may remember,  
A girl who always did her share,  
And worked very hard in the booth at the fair.  
Always willing, come fair weather or rain,  
And Ruth I. Guthrie is her name.

These are all the names on the '44 roll,  
But others have gathered round the festive bowl.  
The charter members as you all know,  
Organized this club 15 years ago.  
Here's to the faithful few of bygone days,  
Let's give to them a word of praise.  
They started this club on the road to success,  
Co-operation and new members have done the rest.  
But members come, and members go,  
And progress at times seems somewhat slow.  
Backsliding in this club is not tolerated,  
And no doubt someday you'll be decorated,  
With merit badges by the mayor,  
An answer to any maiden's prayer!  
This New Year is a challenge to us all,  
To do better things, what'ere befall.  
Hitch your wagon to a star,  
'Twill give you a lift, wherever you are.  
And though ties with the 3-H Club we sever,  
We know this club will go on forever.

*Amy Eunice Cruickshank*

*Married*

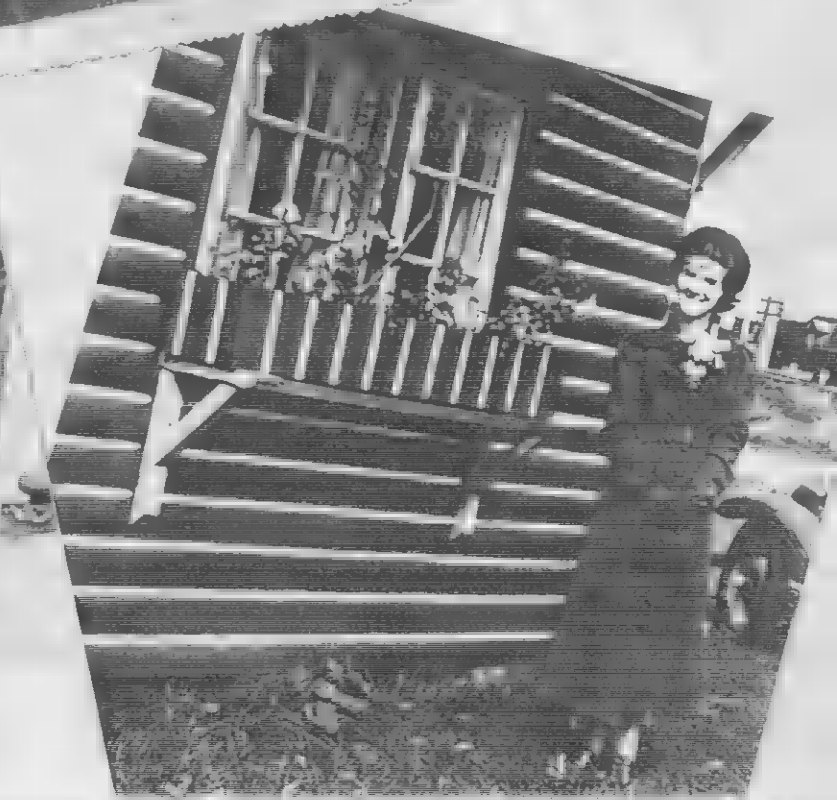
*Richard Sawyer Jarvis*

*October 6, 1937*











Poetry  
about  
"Bethel"



"Let's praise each other now and then give credit where its due".

When the church supper is left to the faithful few  
Let us give credit where credit is due.  
When they're trying hard more funds to raise  
Boost their morale with a word of praise.  
If Edna Pottruff makes the best lemon pie,  
Tell her so with a light in your eye.  
There are many here who have that touch.  
Give a word of praise, it will do so much.  
To give them a lift and brighten their day,  
A few kind words are easy to say.  
We all know Ellen sews a very fine seam.  
To sew like that we only dream.  
At Paris Fair she takes prizes too,  
So let us give credit where credit is due.  
There are those who play the piano for us.  
Graciously, willingly, never a fuss.  
Others give of their talents too  
So let us give credit where credit is due.  
Our Sunday School teachers, those long suffering people  
Who come at the call of the bell from the steeple,  
Let us give to them a word of praise,  
Who teach God's word on Sabbath days.  
School teachers too, are a noble race,  
And fill a most important place.  
Then there's that hard working crew who washed the floors  
Of the church one week, and polished the doors,  
Cleaned upstairs, downstairs, the windows too--  
Well let us give credit where credit is due.  
The Bible Society knows that each year  
Two faithful souls on the road will appear.  
On the path of duty they falter not,  
Welcome them kindly, tho' you can't give a lot.  
To all who co-operate, or in office sit,  
Praise them a little, it won't hurt a bit.  
Is your neighbor's house always spic and span?  
Does her work always go according to plan?  
Though you can't keep house this perfect way,  
Give your neighbor some credit today.  
When the ladies are busy at the church  
The men don't leave them in the lurch,  
They put up the tables, and take them down,  
And bring the groceries out from town.  
They move the piano, and fix the fire,  
Shovel snow and sing in the choir.  
Some of these things we'd rather not do,  
So let us give credit where credit is due.  
For them, in the winter, the car always starts.  
They know just what do do, bless their hearts.  
They lighten our load, gladden our days.  
Ladies, let's give the men a word of praise.  
And we all will find real happiness too  
If we give credit where credit is due.

## Bethel Building Reflections

by Mrs. Sawyer Jarvis

The time has come, as the walrus  
said, to speak of many things,  
Not shoes, nor ships, nor sealing  
wax, nor cabbages nor kings,  
But of things familiar to us all,  
A project started just last fall.  
A meeting was called where we  
aired our views,  
Expressed opinions, we had nothing  
to lose.  
We rallied to answer the clarion  
call,  
Let us have everything or nothing  
at all,  
A new organ, oil furnace, and  
kitchen too.  
Just see what co-operation can do.

To the strains of the old organ, long  
ago  
You probably sat with your very  
first beau  
And raised your voices in hymns of  
praise.  
Ah; those were the happy, bygone  
days.  
How many brides in this church  
have been kissed?  
How many bachelors have been  
missed?  
Whilst the faithful old organ played  
on and on,  
We remember this, now it is gone.  
It played as if it understood  
That children were trying to be  
good.  
It played while their childish voices  
rang  
And the choir their sacred anthems  
sang.

Always we heard those organ  
strains,  
But then, when it developed pains,  
It seemed as if it would be best  
To give this faithful friend ■ rest.  
The old order changeth, gives way  
to new  
And the electric organ is a joy to  
you.  
Here where we tread with willing  
feet  
It fills the air with music sweet.  
Now we have the organ in,  
On the kitchen, let us begin.

Before anyone could bat an eye,  
They were on the committee, and  
that is why  
The walls rose so and then the roof  
To be an everlasting proof  
That sons of the soil can work  
together  
In fair, or cold and rugged weather.  
The men all worked here with ■ will,  
They dug and toiled for days until  
The fruit of their labour appeared  
at length  
A lasting tribute to will and  
strength.

Honest reward for honest toil,  
A salute to you, ye sons of the soil.

The roof was on, they moved inside,  
The kitchen was big, and bright, and  
wide.  
The ladders went up and the ceiling  
went on,  
And the lovely plywood walls nailed  
down.  
There was just one day, it couldn't  
have been sadder  
When the Schuyler boys fell off the  
ladder.  
In view of the years they've been  
up a tree,  
The cause of this downfall we fail  
to see:  
But the first-aid crew was on the  
alert  
And luckily no one was hurt.

Now I have quite an authentic  
hunch  
lunch,  
For it is part of the workman's plan  
To fortify the inner man.  
Messrs. Whiting and Green, they  
boiled the brew  
Consumed by this hard-working  
crew.  
And this is just as smart as it  
sounds,  
They sold for cold cash, the used  
coffee grounds.  
Remember the old stove? It sat  
over there.  
In these little parties it had quite a  
share,  
Many church suppers owed their  
success  
To that old stove, and can we do  
less  
Than give some credit where credit  
is due?  
And I'm sure that these are your  
sentiments too.

The kitchen cupboard, they quickly  
took shape,  
For Earl and his staff worked early  
and late.  
We think that Earl had the time of  
his life;  
Some days he didn't see much of his  
wife.  
The cupboards are a tribute to his  
skill,  
Remember who built them? Of  
course we will.  
Did you see the floor? A beautiful  
green,  
It's quite the nicest floor we've seen.  
If you should go and take a peek,

cont'd....

Bethel  
Building  
Reflections  
...cont'd

No stepping there with muddy feet.

The ladies added the final touch,  
We think the men will grant that  
much.

A few paint brushes—used the right  
way,

And paint and varnish are here to  
stay.

But now the kitchen is completed,  
Somehow, some way, it must be  
heated.

So we installed a new oil burner  
To make it hot—'er warm—for Mr.  
Turner.

But it will never sit in the Sunday  
School,

And listen to the golden rule  
As taught by the teachers, those  
long-suffering people,

Who come at the call of the bell  
from the steeple.

We learned to like it after awhile,  
And to be sure, it has much more  
style,

And adds a fine new modern note,  
Smartly dressed in a soft green coat.  
But green are our memories, of the  
old furnace yet,

And let us not too soon forget  
This warm and friendly monster  
who

With pipes, like arms, enfolded you  
Against the wrath of winter's cold,  
And watched us gracefully (?) grow  
old,

Who devoured wood in a fabulous  
fashion.

And for church supper debris had a  
passion.

Boxes and papers were gone in a  
flash,

And floated silently down into ash.  
By the way, what becomes of that  
stuff now?

What happens to it, anyhow?

Who had a fit of temperament,  
When smoke, upstairs, to church it  
sent,

Dimming the eyes of people there,  
Filling the air with a fragrance rare?

Who always warmed the Sunday  
School,

Tho' sometimes, up above, 'twas  
cool?

Who, in all the church never had  
cold feet?

That dear old couple in the register  
seat:

Chester and Hazel, week after week,  
By the old furnace register warmed  
their feet.

They must miss it now, it isn't there,  
Be it hot or cold, they always had  
air.

At church repasts 'twas hard to see  
The folk who sat on the other side,  
For the furnace was so very big,  
Big, and high, and broad, and wide.  
And Mr. Turner, we didn't mind  
If you found it convenient to stand  
behind

This friendly giant, when you came  
in late

For Sunday School. Perhaps 'twas  
fate

Who placed it in this convenient  
spot,

For 'tis truth for sure, it hid a lot.

But it was dismantled and torn  
apart,

And a sad, sad feeling filled our  
heart,

They took it away, we know not  
where,

And still in our mind we picture it  
there.

Nostalgic tears may dim our eyes  
As we sever with this old friend our  
ties.

But honestly now, you've felt no  
lack,

You know you wouldn't want it  
back.

Down through the years it did its  
best,

We salute the old furnace, it stood  
the test.

And so we've expressed in word  
and rhyme

Our thoughts and feelings of this  
great time

When the folk of Bethel, this fine  
congregation,

Became discontent with their lot  
and station,

Decided with a will to build

This, which 'tis hoped will e'er be  
filled

With happy folk, and girls and boys,  
Sharing sorrows, hopes and joys.

A family folk, who for years to  
come,

Will find, as we, a real church home.

May 8  
1957

Dear Mrs. Lovett:

It's all felt so bad  
when we got the word,  
From that gabby little bird.



Some just have a  
cold in the head,  
Some slice their  
fingers with a knife  
instead.

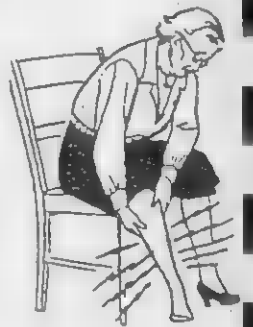


Some (like C. Lovett)  
have a Charlie  
Horse!  
But, you, poor soul,  
have something worse.



Corns and bunions; too<sup>2.</sup>  
are tough

But you have  
real trouble.  
sure enough →



now before your  
pains get any worse,  
What you need is a  
good smart nurse!

I sure like to give advice  
And don't charge a thing  
Isn't that nice?







Chester, there in that  
easy chair,  
He ain't goin' anywhere,  
Don't you try to do  
so much

Let him do the scrubbing with  
trusty Old Dutch!

For, remember when you were  
learning to cook?

He didn't believe it was in the book!



"Aside from the taste it's not bad."



"Take one tablespoon every four hours until  
your money runs out."

Faking <sup>4.</sup>  
medicine  
isn't so bad,  
& everyone  
does it  
It's sort of  
a fad!

We hope  
real soon  
you are

feeling perky,

And can enjoy some well  
browned roasted turkey,

Best wishes for a

GOOD RECOVERY

Community Friendship Sec. W.M.S.  
Amy Jarvis

Willing Workers' Bible Class,

Oct. 28, 1959.

Dear Friends,

The lane was long, the rain was wet,  
But Margaret and Roy received us yet,  
Roy was quite the genial host;  
Whatever it is Roy has the most.  
Margaret, his sweet and gentle spouse  
Made us welcome to their house.  
Margaret Davis, in her endearing way,  
Read lovely poems to mark the day.  
Ellen's clever fingers made a corsage;  
It was beautiful, real, not a mirage.  
A flower too, for Sawyer's button hole,  
Lorne put it there; He's a real good soul.  
Two performers who had had their day ---  
Refugees they admitted from old Broadway,  
'Twas all they could do to stand on their feet,  
But they did very well, and it was a real treat.  
The wedding cake was wondrous thing;  
After many years the bells still ring.  
And so we thank you all most dearly,  
And we remain, your most sincerely,

Sawyer and Amy Jarvis.

A SONG FOR BETHELITES

You'll wonder where the yellow went  
When you brush with "Peart's Pepsodent".  
If this doesn't give your teeth a gleam  
Try Reg's "Rapid Shaving Cream"!

When your back gives out, you're going under,  
Try "Dr. Albin's Medical Wonder".  
Soon you'll square dance with the mob,  
Dr. Albin's does the job.

Won't you spend a little ready cash  
To cure your baby's diaper rash?  
Get Folsetter's "Non Scuff Wax",  
If this is what your nursery lacks!

Do you have muscular pains when you sit in church?  
For a remedy have you had a long search?  
Try "Chester's Chest Rub", in the end  
This is money you'll be glad to spend.

Are you pale and skinny and thin?  
Look like something the cat dragged in?  
Pearl's "Reducing Pills" are what you need  
Then you'll really go to seed.

With tranquil nerves, enjoy you life  
You'll get along better with your wife  
And make new friends both far and near  
If you take a dose of "Cain's Blue Cheer".

Stop that tickle that makes you cough  
And lifts the top of your head right off.  
Take Ellen's "More for your Money Shampoo"  
And it will make a man of you!

Need something to put on your feet?  
Pep you up so you'll really eat,  
Take "Green's Gargle", a gallon a day,  
Your friends will carry you away.

Boys, do you want your pigs at the bacon show?  
Then take this tip, they'll be sure to go.  
Use "Howlett's Pig Starter", they'll win a prize  
And it comes in the Big Economy Size!

(This was composed for a Bible Class program

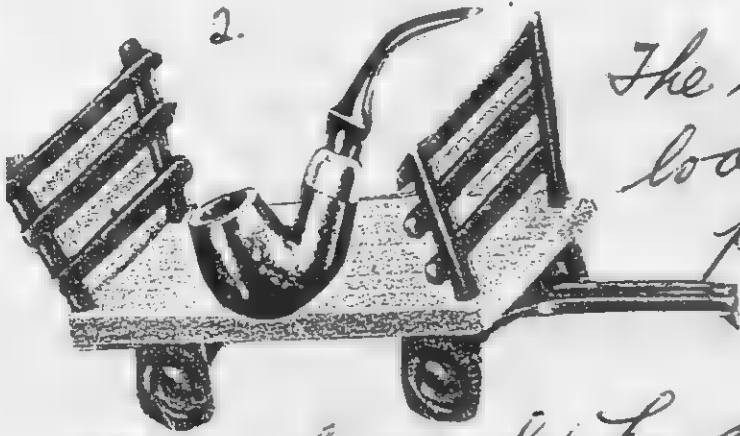
by Amy E. Jarvis, R. R. # 3, Paris)

# A Salute to "Mister" Lovett!

The way was long  
The wind was cold,  
But Mister Lovett was  
brave and bold,  
Over the lumps and  
through the woods  
He arrived at our house  
To deliver the goods.







The trailer was loaded with pipes and stuff -

He thought he really had more than enough.

But before we knew it, He was off to the city, And we thought



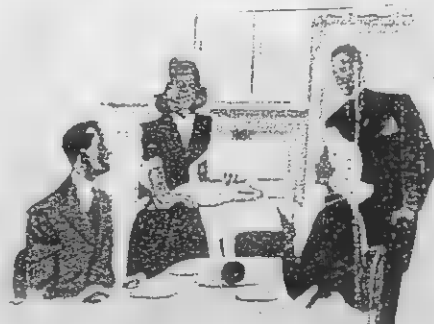
Oh dear! It's really a pity,

To tell you the truth, we really did think

That we had driven the man to drink!

But he came back when dinner was ready -

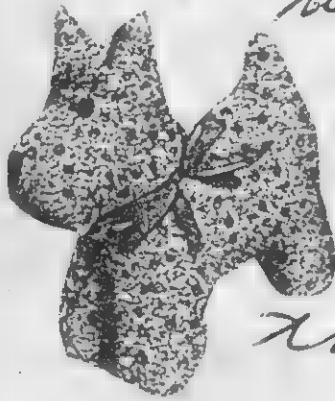
Hungry, sober and "almost" steady!!



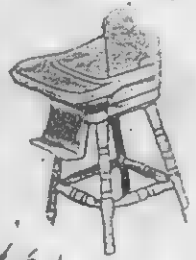
3.



I guess he was glad  
the "Mrs" did nag,  
And told him  
to slip on the  
old nose bag!



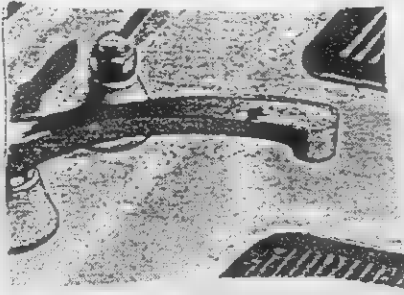
There were likely  
times when we  
got in his hair  
As he tripped  
over the dog and  
the baby's high  
chair.



And detoured around  
the trains and toys,  
And played around one  
girl and 3 boys.



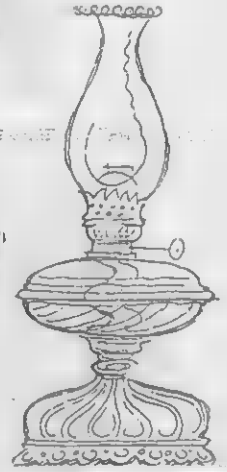
Oh he was  
as busy as he could be,  
No time for even a  
cup of tea!



Now, with a twist  
of the wrist  
And not turning  
a hair

We have running water  
just everywhere —

Here are the days of  
the coal oil lamp,  
And this housewife  
looking like  
a tramp,



No longer do I sit  
and moan

And wish for hot  
water to go with the soap



For now, when I  
wake up and  
open my eyes

I know that in them that  
pipes we have a  
prize



Wash day now is  
really a pleasure  
And you -  
mister Laveth  
we esteem beyond  
measure -

He sure were glad  
To see you coming,  
The water now  
is freely running



And when  
our piggy  
bank has  
had his  
fill -  
He'll be  
over and  
pay the  
rest of that bill,



There's nothing  
scotch about this  
chick (well, not much)!  
Although my head  
is sort of thick!



The sun really  
shone for us  
the day -  
all those apples  
came our  
way.



The Jarvis family  
all did smile -  
for they will last  
us quite a while.

'Tis our pleasure to loudly  
cheer  
and elect you, sir, THE MAN OF THE YEAR  
The apples are really quite DELICIOUS  
So THANK YOU from Sawyer,  
the children - and the MRS!

## THE TRAVELLING BASKET

Ellen was worried, the funds were low  
The Institute would have to show  
A bigger balance and mighty quick  
Or the financial report would really look sick.  
She talked it over with the girls  
They had an idea, (it was really Pearl's)!  
A Travelling Basket, and a can for the money  
Would travel the roads, on wet days or sunny.  
Mary put a box of cookies in it  
And was at her neighbor's in a minute.  
"She" kept the cookies, that we know  
And in the can she put some dough!  
A cup of tea was indicated  
While neighborhood news was all related.  
The basket travelled on its way  
It carried a cake the very next day.  
To a little lady down the road  
Who relieved it of its toothsome load.  
As she ran to put the kettle on  
She dropped a donation in the can.  
Down at the corner the newest bride  
Took the basket for a ride.  
Her neighbor was busy scrubbing the floor  
But not too busy to answer the door.  
The bride's cherry pie made her glow  
And the funds in the can continued to grow.  
That cherry pie really saved the day  
For she hadn't felt so very gay.  
But she served the bride a cup of tea  
Now they're both as happy as can be.  
A little book too the basket brought  
And each contributed a kindly thought.  
A helpful hint, or a funny joke  
To bring some joy to other folk.  
Husbands and fathers were happier too  
For delectable additions to their own brand of stew.  
A tidy sum came back to Mary  
And not only food did the basket carry.  
Good will was carried one to the other  
And we're thinking now of starting another.  
We not only partook of the cup that cheers  
But we're having more fun than we've had in years!



ODE TO AN UNDERPAID NURSE

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend your ears  
To the saddest tale you've heard in years.  
'Twill make you rave and make you curse  
'Tis the tale dear friends of the underpaid nurse.  
And dresses - I guess! slops her makeup on  
She cleans her shoes, pins up her curls  
And runs for the bus with the rest of the girls.  
She breezes around with a cheerful "pan"  
One for each woman and one for each man!  
She rushes here and she rushes there  
The patients must get in her hair.  
Lorna, "the Mrs." and little Grace  
Each present a glowing face.  
And all the rest are good to us  
Though we rant, and fume and raise a fuss.  
If the sheets aren't smooth and the pillows fluffed  
We ornery patients are apt to get huffed.  
Never mind nursie, pay day comes  
Reward, my dears, when you stick to your guns.  
You can trip gaily into town  
With your hard earned cash and do it up brown.  
You buy a new hat and nylon hose  
And thingamabobs with buttons and bows.  
You sock in the bank what's left of your dough  
Your eyes light up and you really glow.  
Though it's only one measly little dollar  
You'd like to whoop and you'd like to holler.  
And this is the end of this corny verse.  
Of the poor deflated underpaid nurse.

Dear Mister Chester:

Like "Horace the Horse" I have lots of pull,  
Over my eyes they don't pull the wool!  
That little bird sure gets around,  
And the date of your birthday I have found.



What will you do to celebrate?

Have your wife bake a little 'ole sunshine cake?

Or the ice-box you're likely to raid --

To see what else she might have made!

Why don't you go fishing for a day?

Even though the big ones get away!

Or in the "early" morning you could go for a gallop;

That 5: a.m. air really packs a wallop!

At the back line fence you could rest a bit;

Your neighbor, too, will be glad to sit

And reminisce, and with pleasure look back  
To the days when you drove a "Cadillac"!

Why don't you just jump over the traces  
And make yourself some dough at the races?

Anyway when the days work is done;  
You might as well step out and have some fun.

With a little rest, and some home-made brew,  
You'll be dancing jigs and the Highland Fling too!

You may have to shovel a little snow,

When you're all dressed up and ready to go --

But that shouldn't phase a guy like you

When you're on the outside of that home-made brew!

Or perhaps you'd rather sit home and relax

And "figger" out your income tax!

You'll likely have chicken a'la king.

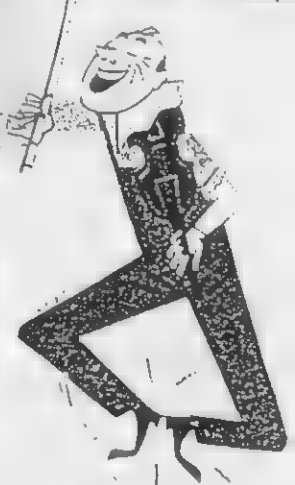
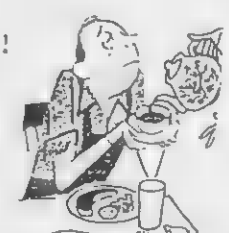
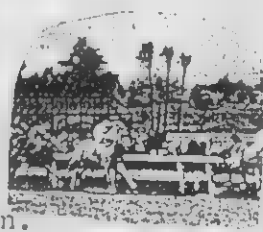
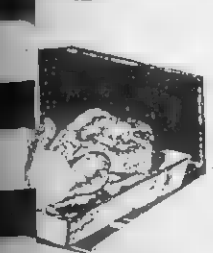
'Twill make you mellow---and make you sing! (heaven forbid)

There's a whole lot more I could have said,

If I didn't have this cold in the head (ker-choo!)

I guess I'd better call it a day,

cont'd....



Stop right here and hit the hay, (ker-choo!)

Good luck, and a Happy Birthday too,

You know I've a soft spot in my head for you!

A. E. J.



Chester Lovett

Jack Powell

# Poet's Corner

## TURKEY SUPPER TIME

All roads lead to Bethel if you care  
to search,  
When it's turKey stuffin' day; down  
at the church.  
The way wasn't so long,  
And the wind wasn't so cold.  
Some ladies were young,  
And none were so old.  
They came from here and there,  
hither and yon,  
With housedresses and aprons on.  
They came with pans and peeling  
knives,  
Prepared to work, have the time  
of their lives.  
Almost everyone found a chair,  
Except poor Jean, she was stand-  
ing there.  
She can be thankful times without  
end,  
Because she hasn't got so far to  
bend!  
Fingers were flying, and tongues  
were buzzin',  
As they crumbled bread by the  
baker's dozen.  
The wash tub and the boiler were  
filled to the brim,  
And "then" the things we saw go  
in!  
Onions and butter, sage and such,  
Not too little, and not too much.  
Pearl salted and seasoned, tested  
and tasted,  
Nothing that could go in was  
wasted.  
Then an assembly line formed out  
at the door,  
Ladies with turkeys by the score.  
The birds were scrubbed, and  
washed, and rinsed again,  
And all the time it looked like  
rain.  
Ellen manned the hose with vim  
and vigour,  
As she swished out each rotund  
turkey figger.  
Then needles were threaded with  
cord and string,  
And nineteen turkeys couldn't do  
a thing.  
Ah! the tales that were told,  
And the tales that were heard,  
As they stitched up each well-  
stuffed bird.  
Edna Pottruff was the hit of the  
day,  
With her hair styled in chic new  
way.  
And Mrs. Schuyler with clever  
fingers,  
Arranged lovely flowers for the  
scent that lingers.

Green peppers and celery were be-  
ing prepared,  
Mrs. Wilson and Leone, this task  
they shared.  
Potatoes were peeled as thin as  
thin,  
None was left with any skin.  
We saw Mrs. Whiting folding ser-  
viettes,  
This souvenir each visitor gets.  
The tables all were set with care,  
For company was coming and lots  
would be there.  
Wednesday night they came from  
far and wide,  
Some for the turkey, and some for  
the ride.  
Some to see how the turkey was  
cooked,  
And some to see how the  
waitresses looked!  
There were no complaints, it was  
all so good,  
The ladies had done everything  
they could.  
When each departing guest had  
fled,  
We all sat down, our feet like lead.  
Before we had quite eaten our fill,  
Nor had yet enough of just sitting  
still,  
We had, of a sudden, a great re-  
prieve,  
For the lights went out and we  
"had" to leave.

—Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 3, Paris.

Quotation from the poet wordsworth.

"The smoke ascends to heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth  
as from the haughty palace. He whose soul ponders this true  
equality may walk the fields of earth with gratitude and hope."

IF YOU CANNOT HAVE THE BEST; MAKE THE BEST OF WHAT YOU HAVE

If you cannot have the best  
Of everything, to feather your nest,  
Make the best of what you own,  
Four walls, a roof, and love, make home.  
Maybe it doesn't look like Buckingham Palace,  
So don't be downhearted, neurotic and callous.  
Just let your personality shine  
And the family will think the house looks fine.  
We're filled with envy, sometimes we confess,  
But does it matter if we have less  
Than he who dwells in palatial halls?  
Let us be thankful for our own four walls.  
I don't think a yacht would be best for you,  
Let's be content to paddle our own canoe.  
You'd like to send your daughter to a finishing school?  
In the country they teach the same golden rule!  
If you haven't a light and feathery touch  
Like Ellen, with an artists' brush,  
Don't think life's an awful bore,  
Go home and paint the kitchen floor.  
We can't, like Nellie, wear a nurse's cap,  
But we can hold upon our lap  
A little lad with a finger cut,  
A band-aid and a kiss will fix him up.  
If to play the organ you've always been wishin'  
Never mind, there has to be someone just to listen.  
While Mrs. Kirkpatrick, or Mildred is playing,  
Just be glad that you have good hearing.  
Our cakes and pies (and this is the truth)  
Can't compete, at the fair, with our Ruth's.  
We must be content with what we cook,  
And trust our family has a well-fed look.  
Miriam's fingers are quick and nimble  
At the piano, or with needle and thimble,  
We may fall short in style and fashion  
But for patching overalls we have a passion.  
If little dresses we cannot smock,  
Then be content to darn a sock.  
If you haven't got a figure like Venus  
Don't you think, girls, just between us?  
That a big, wide and friendly smile  
Makes all that weight you carry worth while?  
If you can't squeeze into a 34  
Then be glad that you have more!  
It's people, like me, who are skinny and pale  
That have all the appeal of an old fence rail.  
You ain't gifted like Toscanini?  
But you can sew a clever beanie  
For that little girl of yours,  
And help your husband with the chores!  
And if you can laugh when the clothes line breaks,  
You have, good friends, just what it takes.  
If you laugh at trouble, you have the best,  
For surely this is the acid test.  
And with this, just be content,  
Your spirit's not broken. it's only bent!

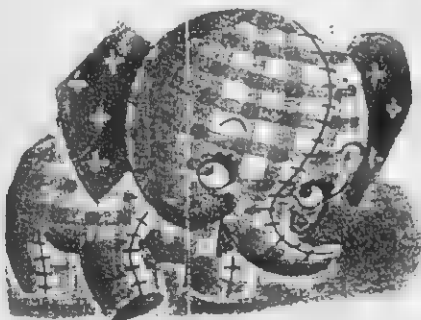
Feb. 13, 1955

Dear Ellen:

You know that  
little bird that gets  
around?

He surely covers a lot  
of ground.

His latest song  
isn't quite so sweet,  
The theme: "Poor Ellen is  
almost off her feet"



Like the elephant I  
couldn't forget,  
How good you were  
to me, my pet.

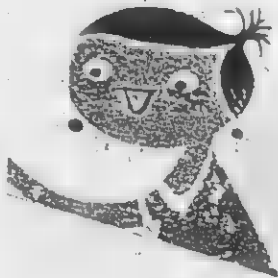
Now I'm not wise  
and I'm not witty,  
I can't arrange a  
corsage pretty,





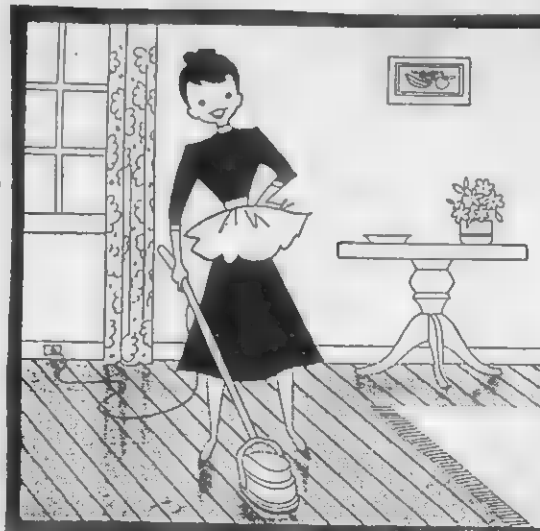
2.

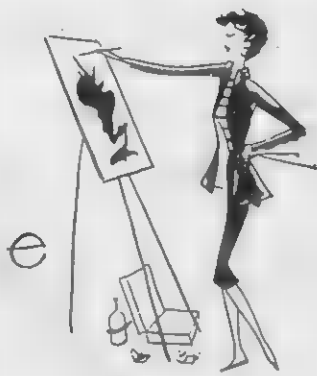
I can't stand  
on my head  
like a funny clown,  
I can't jump in the car  
and drive you around.



I can only write you  
this little verse,  
And hope it won't  
make you feel "much"  
worse.

Let's not think about waxing  
floors,  
Just ignore  
those house-  
hold chores!  
(as  
I  
did!)





And when you're  
feeling up to snuff,  
Pick up your palette  
and artists' brush.

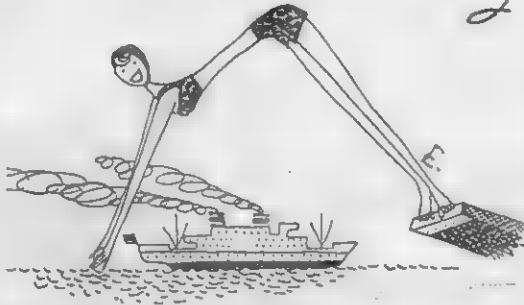
"They" say it helps to  
relax, and laugh,  
Just by taking a  
bubble bath!



Don't think it will make  
you any thinner,  
And might give  
you pep to  
cook the  
dinner.

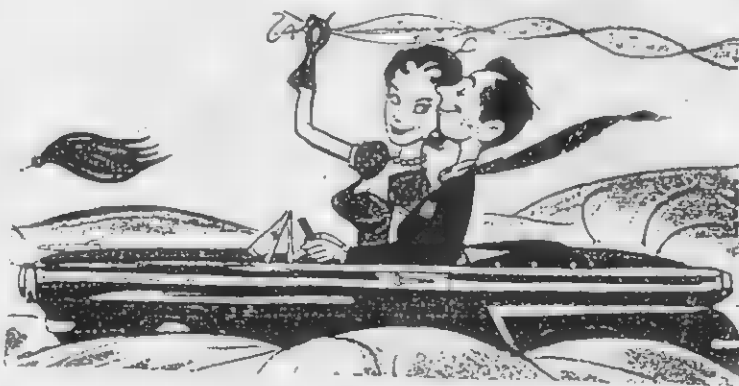


Ellen, do you think that  
ski-ing we should try,  
Or take swimming  
lessons at the Y?



Maybe a  
lot smarter  
we would be,

To settle for a cup of tea?  
When your cold is better, & you feel  
And the days are a little longer,  
Go out with "HIM" and celebrate,  
And everything will look "Just Great!"



Best Wishes  
Ellen for a  
quick and  
complete recovery,  
Very Sincerely,  
Amy.

## CHICKEN PIE SUPPER

Over such terrible roads we went in search  
Of a chicken pie supper at the church.  
We had a feeling as we travelled there  
That we would find most ample fare.  
Our appetites were big and they were hearty;  
We were all set forthis chicken party.  
There is no ham with the chicken tonight;  
We hope Ralph will pardon this oversight.  
The price of ham has hit a new low,  
And won't be seen with chicken, we know.  
To make a chicken pie is Alton's delight,  
And we did enjoy his chicken pies tonight.  
Behind Marvin's barn, heads rolled today  
And two more chickens found their way  
Out of the gravy unto the plate,  
And everyone just ate and ate!  
Lorne would love to make a chicken pie  
But he couldn't bear to see those chickens die;  
But he ate four pieces with mighty zest.  
We expect Dorothy likely did the rest!  
We think the cast is out of this world,  
And the ladies have their hair so beautifully curled.  
Gary Moore would have a fit  
If he could see the half of it.  
His T.V. rating would go up fast  
If he could have these stars on his cast.  
The moderator too is one for the book;  
He has for sure that polished look.  
He acts as though he's done this before,  
And he'll get better as he does more.  
If he'll get top billing we'll never know;  
But we'll all turn out to see his show.

Here we have a moment's pause  
To boost our local channel's cause.  
If you have any trucking to do today,  
Call C. Peart and Son. It's the only way  
They'll come in a hurry; they'll come on the double;  
It's never really any trouble.  
Their truck is heated and chromium plated.  
Don't everthink it's over rated.  
Give a little time and thought today  
To pigs that travel this modern way.  
C. Peart and Son have really got class,  
And they have only to step on the gas,  
To be at your door -- a quick pick up.  
They work every day; there's no let up.  
Every Sunday we see them in church;  
They aren't hunting pigs; they've slowed the search.  
But Monday morning they'll be on the road  
To gather up their squealing load.  
And if you have any kind of luck  
You'll get Peart's with that trusty truck.  
At times he may seem heaven sent,  
Except when his get up and go has got up and went!

Tune: Home on the Range

1: O give me a home where the people don't groan,  
Where their always cheerful and bright;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And they've yet to have a good fight.

Chorus:

Home, Home on the range;  
Where we bake chicken pies for a change.  
On this there's no ban, though, not really Ralph's plan.  
He eats only tenderized ham.

2: The chickens can't go, we need them you know,  
And the ladies need feathers for hats.  
Eat an egg every day keep the doctor away,  
Though with Ralph we may have some spats.

3: Over ice and through snow to church suppers we go,  
And the ham it always is there.  
It's medium rare or it's very well done.  
Sometimes it means having fun.

4: Chickens and pigs get along if they wish,  
They're a most quite traditional dish.  
To strengthen your legs, eat bacon and eggs,  
We can't always eat tenderized ham.

5: We don't think Ralph's kickin', to-night he ate chicken.  
Let the feather fall where they may, through slush and high water,  
We'll do what we oughter;  
We'll eat either chicken or ham.

Amy E. Jarvis

OPEN LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dec. 8, 1950.

Dear Santa Claus:

We know you'll carry quite a load,  
On Christmas eve down the Bethel Road.  
Ofcourse you'll pack in lots of toys,  
For all the good little girls and boys.  
But what of we "old folks", dear Santa Claus,  
Let's talk this over, a moment pause.  
For some special thing each has a hope,  
And Santa, old friend, I have all the dope.  
I slipped right in on the inside track,  
And have it all down in white and black.

Clarence and Eva will never stop,  
When you bring them a surrey with a fringe on top.  
Lorne and Dorothy will be thrilled to tell,  
How they got a weekend trip to the Burford Hotel.  
The Schyler boys we're sure you'll please,  
If you bring umbrellas for the cherry trees.  
Have you got for Nellie a cherry pitter,  
For Verna a reliable baby sitter?  
Lewis doesn't give a rap,  
As long as he gets a coonskin cap.  
I'm sure in your bag there'll be a place,  
For a diamond tiara for his Grace.  
Could you give John and Fern a southern cruise?  
Come on Santa, you have nothing to lose!  
Wilfred and Edna might raise a fuss,  
So bring them a streamlined, Greyhound bus.  
For Percal now, a big deep freeze,  
To hold that deer he shot 'mong the trees.  
Mary will be pleased with anything,  
Like a 50 karat diamond ring.  
Mildred Albin, now Santa, really,  
Would like for Robert, a new shilalegh.  
And Robert for his sweet colleen,  
A beautiful gown, as long as it's green.  
Alton and Ellen would just as soon,  
As anything else, have a trip to the moon,  
Some flying saucers they could get,  
For Ellen says they match her set.  
The Turnbulls now, Santa, do you think  
They'd like an outdoor skating rink?  
To Clarence and Daisy it would be fine,  
To give something for their leisure time,  
On a bicycle built for two,  
They can go all the places they've wanted to.  
By the grapevine we have heard,  
Velma would like a budgie bird.  
Marvin should have some lucky breaks,  
And will, if you bring his roller skates.  
The Davis family will get a thrill,  
If you leave a roller coaster on that hill.  
And if this should be a failure,  
The Milburns will pick them up in the long, long trailer.  
Santa there's just one thing Ivan lacks,  
That's a carload of potato sacks.



And Marie, Santa, we should think,  
Would like a season's pass to a curling rink.  
Just think, what fun for Ernest and Pearl,  
On a merry-go-round to have a whirl.  
And Chester (and we got this from his wife),  
Has yearned for bagpipes all his life.  
But Hazel we know will surely win,  
When she finds in her sock a rolling pin.  
For Taylor's and Leach's without a doubt,  
It's snowshoes, and they'll surely get out.  
There's Billy Brooks, let me see now,  
Oh yes, for him, a super colossal Gurnsey cow.  
To please his wife you could not fail,  
With a three-legged stool and shiny pail.  
That flying carpet, you could leave under the tree,  
At the Kirkpatrick's, how happy they'll be.  
For Delbert, a pair of ear muffs red,  
Oh yes! bring a spare for the top of his head.  
And Clara would have some jolly sessions,  
If she could have some ballet lessons.  
And the Carter's, from what we hear,  
Would be delighted with,  
Rudolph you red-nosed deer!

Now Santa, there may be some we've overlooked,  
But we know you've got them all down in your book.  
We've given you all the help we can,  
May all proceed according to plan.  
We've made the list, and checked it twice,  
You know whose been naughty or nice.  
Now Santa Claus, for your midnight lunch  
We have a quite authentic hunch,  
That east of the church there'll be tarts and cake,  
Up west there'll be sandwiches on a plate.  
Santa Claus, we wish you luck, we wish you speed,  
We're sure you'll have everything that we need.

VISITING REPORT OF 1956

My visiting is all done by letter  
When folks are ill, and we wish them better.  
We give advice like every good nurse  
And hope they don't take a turn for the worse!  
We'd like to send them roses sweet  
But our piggy bank's M. T. most every week.  
Yes, the "Taber" ladies do visit the sick  
And that's why we all get better so quick.  
Aches and pains are hard to bear  
And it's nice to know there are those who care.  
There are shut-ins too, who "plain and purl"  
And just "watch" the snowflakes gaily whirl.  
They have time, their mail to read  
So we drop a line where there is a need.  
There are always some who can visit and talk  
Who can drive a car and don't have to walk.  
And when a new member arrives with bonnet and bows  
Off to the mother a poem goes.  
We try to learn by the party line  
About folks who aren't feeling quite so fine.  
And try to think of something to write  
And send it off that very night.

Amy E. Jarvis  
Community Friendship Secretary  
Bethel W. M. S.

DEAR RALPH & GWEN:

May 24, 1958

The road was long but it was smooth  
And Ralph, for sure was in the groove.  
He wooed and won this lovely miss  
And sealed the contract with a kiss.  
Oh joy ecstatic, joy complete  
This guy has swept her off her feet.  
When the wedding bells were heard to sing  
Gwen wondered, now, have I done the right thing?  
But she was radiant, very regal  
And Ralph was there to make it legal!  
Life is not all froth and bubble  
At times it is a mighty struggle.  
The row may be long and hard to hoe  
But working together you'll make it go.  
If storm clouds threaten domestic bliss  
You know that miracle, the hug and kiss.  
May your dreams all come true at Hidden Springs  
No more pictures, no more jokes  
Just good wishes and love from the Bethel folks.

P.S. One more thing needs no explaining  
The Bethel Dodgers are now in spring training!

# Poet's Corner

## Enchanted House

(Dedicated to R. and M. Milburn)  
Quaint is this house that long has stood  
On a sloping rill, close by the wood.  
Great trees with spreading arms enfold  
Its walls, yet with grace it's growing old.  
It's sturdy bricks are mellow with age;  
Here stands ■ landmark on history's page.  
The entrance hall is spacious and wide,  
With doorways opening off either side.  
We pause a moment, and in our mind  
We picture a world of another kind.  
Crinolined ladies arrive for a ball  
With escorts, handsome, gallant and tall.  
In the drawing room they toyed  
with their fans,  
Whispering secrets, romantic plans.  
The minuet they danced with grace;  
Chatter was gay, and bright each face.  
These walls have seen both joy and tears  
And stood withal, these many years.  
The winding stairs to the upper hall  
Lures us on to see it all.  
Little windows 'neath the eaves,  
Whose panes are brushed by whisp'ring leaves;  
How many people here have stood  
Gazing off across the wood —  
Weaving dreams of things to come  
Lost in ■ world that's never humdrum.  
Away from the busy world below,  
Oft to these beck'ning windows they'd go  
To build their castles in the air,  
And then come down to simple fare.  
This old house stirred with surprise  
To see four little girls with shining eyes  
On vast explorations bent,  
Discovering new places wherever they went.  
Rosemary, Sylvia, Sharon too,  
And sweet, adorable Betty Lou.  
Joy and laughter fill the halls,  
Bringing new life to aging walls.

Mysterious cupboards 'neath the stairs  
Are homes for dolls and teddy bears.  
Three stairways rise to the great upstairs,  
And brave indeed is he who dares  
To prow about on a windswept night,  
Without the benefit of light.  
But the little girls with fairy book names  
Make life merry with their games.  
An enchanted castle is their home  
And I'm sure at midnight fairies roam,  
Bringing sweet dreams to sleepy heads  
All safely tucked in little beds.  
And in the morning they go hand in hand,  
Down the lane to flower land.  
A. E. Jarvis, Paris, Ontario.

May 7, 1952.

ODE TO A TOOTH  
(Dedicated to Mr. W. H. Green)  
October 26, 1953

He'd suffered long, he'd suffered a lot,  
A yawning chasm in a tooth he'd got.  
It wasn't quite as big as the Canyon Grand  
But it was more than he could stand.  
A conference was called by the Mighty 3  
The Dr., the dentist, and suffering he.  
They inspected, rejected and then detected  
A cavity they had long neglected.  
They discussed it long with serious face  
For this was a rare unusual case.  
They finally came to a ponderous decision  
Arriving there by careful precision.  
They decided then it should come out  
And Mr. Green he gave a joyful shout.  
The itinerary then was planned for a day  
The 26th of October it was, by the way.  
With a bodyguard of 100 strong  
He travelled the Oakhill Drive along.  
His heart was ticking, his pulse was steady  
For this grim ordeal the victim was ready.  
They cruised along without a care  
Enjoying the drive in the country air.  
Down Brant Ave. and then forthwith  
They arrived at the workshop of Dr. Smith.  
He had spied the welcome mat  
Just vacated by the cat.  
Nurse was there with arms open wide  
Urging him to come inside.  
Made him comfy in a lazy boy chair  
Polished his shoes and brushed his hair.  
They made ready the operating room  
He was ushered in and none too soon.  
His bodyguard was standing by  
Their's but to stand, not question why.  
Dr. Smith, with ready wit  
Says: Open wide please, this is it!  
For 60 minutes, nearly an hour  
The Doc. did probe with a countenance sour.  
The nurse soothed his brow and held his hand  
The Doc. he struggled to beat the band.  
He used a derrick pulley and rope  
To give his arm a wider scope.  
Mr. Green he hung on for dear life  
Upheld by the nurse, by Marvin, and Mr. G's wife.  
With a mighty jerk, and a gleaming eye  
Dr. Smith he held the prize up high.  
Mr. Green emerged without a scratch  
But said: "I'll keep the rest of this batch."  
He paid his bill (I think) and homeward sped  
Where Mrs. G. tucked him into bed.  
I hope, she said, you'll never rue it  
By gum, he says, there's nothing to it.  
He dozed awhile, then the Dr. came  
Surprised no doubt, to see him the same.

He could hardly believe his eyes  
 So he tried a needle on for size!  
 That should hold you for awhile  
 The Dr. assured him with a smile.  
 Just sit tight till I see you again  
 And now this poem(?) is nearing its end.  
 You thought I could, and here it is  
 The best I could do, old pal, Gee Whiz!

A. E. Jarvis

Presentation to Mr. & Mrs. George Folsetter and Mr. & Mrs. Doug Folsetter  
 (October 24, 1951)

OLD NEIGHBOURS NEVER DIE THEY JUST MOVE AWAY

There is an old Homestead not far away  
 Where they spread a welcome mat three times a day.  
 A bolted door we never see  
 We get invited in to tea.  
 But they are packing up to move away.

George has tilled the fertile soil year after year,  
 Birdie sewed and hoed and canned and lent him cheer.  
 George can plough a furrōw straight  
 And for meals he's never late.  
 But soon will come the day  
 They move away.

Faithful workers they have been, that is their way  
 Truer friends we've never seen.  
 Day after day we will never say good bye,  
 They'll be back to each fish fry  
 They'll hardly even know  
 They've moved away.

George and Birdie Folsetter are (both) tried and true  
 Doug and Grace will follow in their footsteps too.  
 We'll be glad to have them call,  
 Summer, winter, spring and fall,  
 A happy landing we will say  
 When they move away.

You'll wonder where the yellow went  
When you brush with "Peart's Pepsodent".  
If this doesn't give your teeth a gleam  
Try Reg's "Rapid Shaving Cream"!

When your back gives out, you're going under,  
Try "Dr. Albin's Medical Wonder".  
Soon you'll square dance with the mob,  
Dr. Albin's does the job.

Wan't you spend a little ready cash  
To cure your baby's diaper rash?  
Get Folsetter's "Non Scuff Wax",  
If this is what your nursery lacks!

Do you have muscular pains when you sit in church?  
For a remedy have you had a long search?  
Try "Chester's Chest Rub", in the end  
This is money you'll be glad to spend.

Are you pale and skinny and thin?  
Look like something the cat dragged in?  
Pearl's "Reducing Pills" are what you need  
Then you'll really go to seed.

With tranquil nerves, enjoy your life  
You'll get along better with your wife  
And make new friends both far and near  
If you take a dose of "Cain's Blue Cheer".

Stop that tickle that makes you cough  
And lifts the top of your head right off.  
Take Ellen's "More for your Money Shampoo"  
And it will make a man of you!

Need something to put on your feet?  
Pep you up so you'll really eat,  
Take "Green's Gargle", a gallon a day,  
Your friends will carry you away.

Boys, do you want your pigs at the bacon show?  
Then take this tip, they'll be sure to go.  
Use "Howlett's Pig Starter", they'll win a prize  
And it comes in the Big Economy Size!



**100th ANNIVERSARY**

1864 - 1964

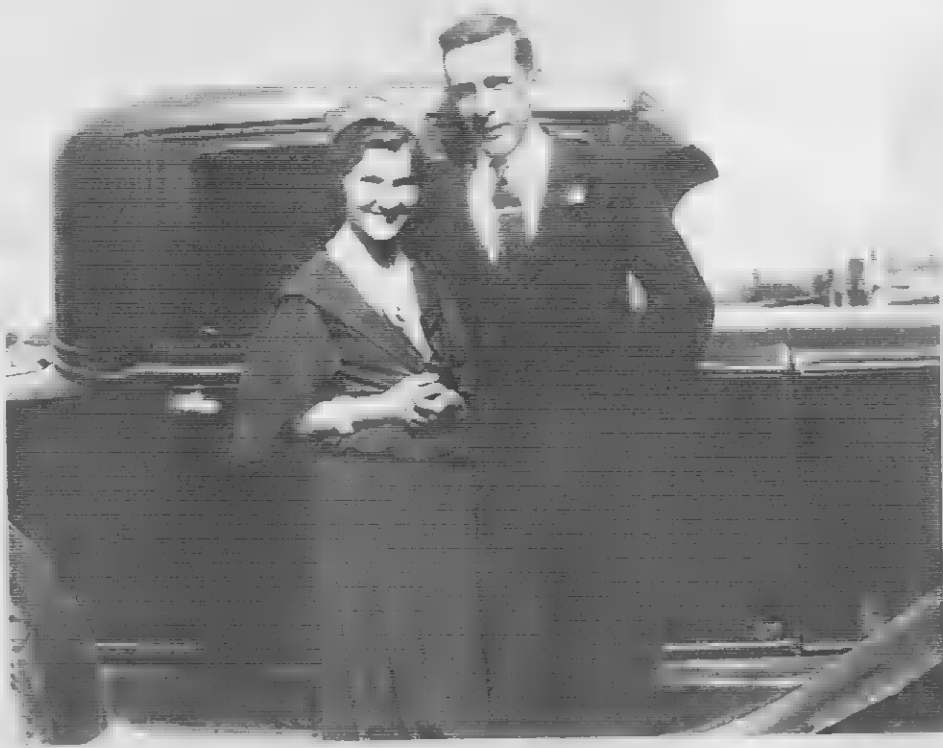


*Bethel Stone United Church*



*June 7th and 8th, 1964*









Poetry

.... misc.

# Hi Neighbor!

Hi-Neighbour is grateful this week to Mrs. A. E. Jarvis, of R.R. 2, for the following poem. Though she signs her epic of the storm "appreciative rural subscriber," we have taken the liberty of telling you her name. Many thanks go to Mrs. Jarvis for saving Hi-Neighbour from burning the mid-night oil.

## ON THE BACK CONCESSION

The way was long and the wind was cold,  
But our neighbor, he was brave and bold.  
With the Paris Star clutched under his arm  
He made deliveries from farm to farm.  
He plodded along through the drifts and the woods,  
And arrived at our house to deliver the goods.  
We read with interest your column, Hi-Neighbor!  
And commend you highly for your day and night labor.  
The Star arrives at the appointed places  
And you and your staff can relax your faces.  
This, the week of "The Terrible Storm",  
Has given us problems down on the farm.  
We, too, have cause to resort to the aspirin and  
I'll tell you now what really happened.  
Our problem was this: the milk to deliver.  
We could travel neither by road nor river.  
The gals on the bovine assembly line  
They didn't sit down and moan and pine,  
From spotted Brindle on down to Brunello  
Continued to "give" with the cream so yellow.  
The milk stand, mark of the milk producer,  
Was blotted from view by a fierce nor'wester.  
The valiant driver of the St. George milk truck  
Had not to our knowledge ever been stuck.  
He struggled on as his temperature rose,  
And heartily blessed this "land of snows."  
And what are we breathlessly waiting for,  
The farmer, the trucker, the rich and the poor?  
Unanimously we all exclaim,  
Why the snowplow, of course!  
And we bless its name.

No G. I. Joe, with his pin-up gals,  
Has half as many loyal pals.  
Ungainly you say—no— a thing of grace,  
And a welcoming smile is on every face.  
And a warm, warm feeling filled our hearts,  
And the tears 'almost' from our eyes did start,  
When the plough sashayed up this rural by-way;  
Exuberantly, we shouted hurrah!  
We watched it struggle and snort and quiver,  
And the drifts parted with a ghastly shiver.  
It wavered a moment, then followed through.  
Long live Canada, and the snow plow too!  
(An appreciative rural subscriber.)  
1945



# Hi Neighbor!

Dear Editor of Hi-Neighbor:

Having been thrilled and encouraged by seeing my maiden effort, "On the Back Concession," in print, I was inspired (?) to try again. Whether or not you find this acceptable for your paper, I will have had the fun of writing it, and you will know how we, on the back concession react to being

## SNOWBOUND

Down on the farm it has snowed  
more,  
Obscuring all roads, even that to the  
door.  
The farmer, rising at crack of dawn  
To round up his chores down at the  
barn,  
The lantern and milk pail in either  
hand,  
With sinking heart, surveys the land.  
Through snowbanks high he must  
dig and delve  
Muttering audibly up to twelve.  
Though 'tis the habit of mice and  
men  
When on the spot, to count to ten!  
The snowplow, through no fault of  
its own  
Has unintentionally let us down.  
There was a spot on Oak Avenue  
Where even the snowplow couldn't  
get through.  
We can't possibly reach the stores in  
town,  
So have to resort to stores of our  
own.  
Our fuel is dwindling we're alarmed  
to see.  
Regretfully we cut down the old  
pine tree;  
But now we meet old winter's  
ire  
Simply by throwing another log on  
the fire.  
Bacon on the hoof is now bacon on  
the rind,  
And don't think that we don't think  
that's fine.  
Our feathered friends are on the  
way to the larder  
Excepting the ones that try to lay  
harder.  
Although our baker is marooned in  
Ayr,  
Our biscuits, they say, are passing  
fair.  
So, with fruit and vegetables in the  
cellar,  
What care we for the wind and wea-  
ther.  
Perchance 'tis but the hand of fate,  
And it's good for us to have to wait.  
Our ingenuity gets a fling;  
With necessity driving we can try  
anything.  
So, we'll carry on, and we'll laugh  
at fate.  
We're quite content to sit and wait.

Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 2, Paris.

## Poet's Corner

### Winter's Child

Oh! to be a child again  
With keen delight in snow and  
rain,  
Skiping along to a country  
school.  
Here is my daughter, with lunch  
box red,  
Snowflakes melting on bonneted  
head,  
Covered with snow from boots to  
chin,  
"Oh! I couldn't go by and "not"  
jump in!"  
"Are you cold, my dear?" (As  
mothers say).  
"Oh mummy, no! It's the grand-  
est day!"  
School, today, is pure joy, you see  
Because Sheila Elizabeth is just  
Grade 3.  
There is lots of ice to slide upon,  
With a merry shout and a lilting  
song;  
A playful pup to run at her heels.  
"Happiness", that's all she feels.  
When winds are chill  
And gray are the skies,  
I'll be warmed by the glow  
In my daughter's eyes.

Amy E. Jarvis.

MAR. 1, 1956

### DOWN ON THE FARM

The last few weeks have been more than difficult for our neighbours down on the farm; but to Amy Jarvis, the situation has not been hopeless. In fact, she appears to have taken it all in her stride as have most of the other snowbound farm folk. This week we are happy to see that the "Snowbound," "Back Concession" is —

1945

#### REPRIEVED

(By the Snowplow)

The all clear has sounded, we are  
rerieved!  
You can say it again, for we are re-  
lieved.  
Oh, we may have laughed, and man-  
fully joked,  
But down underneath we harboured  
a hope  
That we would see the snowplow  
soon,  
At least, before the change of the  
moon.  
This is the day we'll remember long.  
For the snowplow went up,  
And the snowplow went down;  
It played on our heartstrings music  
so sweet,  
This tuneless wonder, this civilized  
jeep.  
To Pat and his plow our thanks are  
due;  
From where we sit there's a won-  
derful view.  
The road is clear, and the road is  
smooth,  
And we are "hep", and we're "in the  
groove,"  
The neighbors gather 'round the cup  
that cheers,  
And we're having more fun than  
we've had in years;  
It may be only a cup of tea  
And we kid ourselves we're out on  
a spree,  
But to-night, when the chores have  
all been done,  
We're going to town, and we're go-  
ing to have fun.  
We'll hip us forth where the lights  
are bright  
And celebrate far into the night.  
So Paris! Open your portals wide,  
The farmers are coming from every  
side;  
It isn't often we come to town  
But when we do, we do it up brown.  
To-day really calls for unique cele-  
brations  
With friends, contemporaries, and

relations.

With the years our memories may  
grow rusty,  
But this is the winter we're making  
history.  
We, in this streamlined, modern-day,  
Are not equipped as was grand-  
mother's way;  
It took more than weather, grandma  
to stop,  
For she rode in the surrey with the  
fringe on top.  
My grandchildren, in the sweet bye  
and bye,  
May look on me with a quizzical eye  
When my gnarled fingers turn back  
the pages,  
And I recount to them, "The Storm  
of the Ages."  
Wide-eyed, incredulous they'll listen,  
And I'll reminisce, and my eyes may  
glisten.  
The little skeptics may doubt my  
veracity,  
But to my tall tales I'll cling with  
tenacity.  
That, little ones, was in '45;  
Enchanted, they'll shout, "Did any  
survive?"  
With gleaming eye, I'll reply with  
alacrity,  
"Your grandmother, dears, is still  
alive!"

Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 2, Paris.

MY DEAR LOTUS BLOSSOM:

August 18, 1945

Your missle received, I'm enchanted no end,  
I marvel anew at what drips from your pen.  
You make me laugh and you make me cry  
And leave many a reminiscent sigh.  
Among my friends to have such a genius!  
Though no one would guess, if together they'd seen us.  
I treasure your friendship above priceless rubies  
Tho admittedly we are a pair of boobies.  
Your tender solicitude is endearing, heartening  
And cheers me vastly when days are darkening.  
My health improves by leaps and bounds  
In fact I'll soon be riding to hounds.  
Your reference to a lark in the dark  
Aroused in me a responsive spark,  
To prove that it really can be done  
I'll tell you how Joyce and I had fun.  
She was on holidays - neither was I!  
We decided to celebrate; the limit - the sky -  
I phoned the "Dominion Royal" at noon,  
The "Big Boss" himself, he answered the phone,  
I asked for Sawyer, the light of my life,  
The Boss he swore: "Gad! An Office Wife!"  
But Sawyer said: "Come hell or high water"  
He'd rush home and I could date mother's daughter,  
To the corner we flew at 7:30  
And neither our necks nor our ears were dirty.  
Our seersucker models were streamlined and chic  
The bell bottomed trousers, he whistled "slick chick!"  
We decided to avoid the fate and the fuss  
And gave a quick brush off to the old Paris bus.  
A glad-eyed male he passed us by  
And he looked to us like an alright guy  
But by our actions he had no way of knowing  
Whether we knew if we were coming or going.  
Soon a very prim female stopped by our side  
And right to Brantford we got a free ride.  
On to the Capitol we scurried and scampered  
And our giggling was all that really hampered.  
Altho' we were the object of many a stare  
They seized our money when we paid our fare.  
We had a seat (2) in the balcony fit for a king  
And enjoyed the works, the whole darned thing.  
By the way, "The Enchanted Castle" was the show  
Sorry, old thing, you didn't know!  
Devoid it was of humour and wit  
But in spite of that we enjoyed every bit.  
It proved the old adage that "love is blind"  
That all it takes is two of a kind.  
Ofcourse, we found humour where humour was none  
And our neighbors considered us balmy and dumb.  
We saw it through to the happy end  
And now my tale takes a different trend.  
We entered the "Laides Retiring Room"  
But "Shades of Ulysses" we let out a groan

We hollered "help"! and we hollered "murder"!  
 For the sign plainly said: "I'm Out of Order,  
 With admirable nonchalonce and great aplomb  
 We meandered out the way we had come.  
 No one will know what the effort cost us  
 Tho' many an unknown soul went past us.  
 We retained our dignity by the king of our teeth  
 Nor Emily Post could detect a breach.  
 We realized with a start that the bus was leaving  
 So with a desperate leap and our senses reeling  
 We jumped on the drivers corns - he yelped (ha, ha)  
 But anything else we couldn't have helped.  
 We gave him the money, he gave us a glare  
 We drew a deep breath and eased into a chair.(to ryhme with glare)  
 We stopped at the corner of 2 and 5  
 And you know where we made a dive.  
 At Randal's Lunch Room we plunked down a quarter  
 Altho' we knew we shouldn't oughter.  
 And then we decided to buy some nuts.  
 Ay now we were really a couple of muts.  
 Up No. 5 we hysterically wavered  
 And asked our sitter if ice cream he savoured.  
 We sat us down to the nuts and ice cream  
 And woke to find that it wasn't a dream.  
 But the end of a perfectly lovely day  
 And the next time kid: "I'm going your way"!

Your little cheese bite, Amy J.

- P.S. # 1 Your tactful reference to my tender age  
 Will glow like a jewel on memory's page.
- P.S. # 2 My seating capacity accomodates one  
 And deserves it's rest when day is done.
- P.S. # 3 This stationary I received today  
 From my little sister who draws her pay!
- P.S. # 4 The birthday card was really a honey  
 I wouldn't exchange it for a mint of money.

& them's my words! A.E.J.

## HOME ECONOMICS

(With apologies to the experts!)

On Home Economics Ruth asked me to write  
But this is a subject on which I'm not bright.  
I just number among the "also ran"  
But I'll try and do the best I can.  
As you know, Home Economics comprise  
A great many things to make us wise.  
Style and Beauty, Health, Food and Clothes  
We can't mention them all, goodness knows.  
But on a few ideas we've enlarged a bit  
If you'll have patience to listen to it.  
When you go shopping is your mind in a dither?  
You can't recall the length of that zipper?  
You forgot that sample to match the thread  
Your feet, oh dear! they feel like lead.  
The stores are crowded with people like you  
They have forgotten their shopping lists too!  
Did you turn off the oven when you left for town?  
Again your brow wears a worried frown.  
But, a gay, mad hat you see in a store  
And life, all at once, isn't such a bore.  
You buy it impulsively, cost too much money  
But you couldn't resist, 'twas such a honey!  
Later, you'll think, it matches nothing I own  
You'll regret that purchase too late you'll moan.  
Be a wise shopper, take tips from your neighbor  
Looking in every store is sheer hard labor.  
Know the best places when you go to shop  
Then from store to store you won't have to hop.  
Know your needs, and time limitations  
Dispense with a lot of needless frustrations.  
Now you feminine unpredictable creatures  
Don't be tempted by bargain sale features.  
It isn't a bargain if you don't need it  
This advice costs you nothing, mind you heed it!  
And remember the salesclerk is a human too  
Don't condescend, be nice, it's more like you.  
We hope these shopping hints are useful  
And save your money till you have a purseful.

Now every woman knows 'tis her duty  
To do all she can for the cause of beauty.  
Get lots of rest both day and night  
And your eyes will glow with a lovely light.  
A skin like the velvety bloom of a rose  
And never a shine on a femine nose  
Is something to which we all aspire  
And I'll tell you how it can be acquired.  
The main essential is really Good Health  
More precious to all than any great wealth.  
Our faces reflect our physical condition  
This is an arm, a lifetime mission.  
Health habits which specially affect the complexion  
Are right foods, fresh air, and relaxation.  
Muscular activity is recommended by some  
We can all get this by chewing gum!

That's not enough - you suggest - you scoff -  
Well just lie down, till the feeling wears off!  
Cleanliness then is the second rule  
Something we've learned at home and school.  
Work up a good lather with warm water and soap  
With this we can surely, very easily cope.  
Rinse with warm and then cold water  
And you'll really glow like the books say you ought to.  
Toward a fresh, fine-textured skin  
Creams can help, why not begin?  
Natural beauty can be enhanced  
By skilful make up - take a chance.  
The thing to do is keep them guessing  
Whether it's real or not! now your progressing.

If your long past being pleasantly plump  
Don't go into a mental slump.  
Don't refer constantly to a feature or failing  
Don't complain that your always ailing.  
We all have defects but there are ways to meet them  
Disguise our shortcomings, to then forget them.  
If your weight is 150, and a bit to boot  
Don't ever appear in a red slack suit.  
A soft, plain colour or a pattern small  
That's for you when on friends you call.  
If you are tall and terricfically thin  
Then you can go into a stylish spin.  
And emerge with peplums, ruffles and lace  
And a smiling happy and cheerful face.  
A flock of freckles needn't give you a complex  
Tho' they may not add glamour to the fairer sex.  
Your tried and true friends will love you the same  
As for the others, we won't mention their names.  
Think for a moment of your best friend  
Is she streamlined in the modern trend?  
Or is she a little bit wrinkled, a little bit grey?  
It doesn't matter you like her that way.  
A belt's chief purpose in life is not  
Just to keep your dress from falling apart.  
But can be a bright accent on your costume  
An eye catcher when you enter a room.  
Ring in innumerable changes with one basic dress  
And you'll find you can be well groomed for less.  
Do you feel badly because glasses you wear?  
Well stop that fuming and tearing your hair  
An up to date optician will take some pains  
To fit you with attractive becoming frames.  
You can look quite distinctive wearing glasses  
Get a second glance from he who passes.  
Frames now come in many shades and shapes  
You can even get them to match your drapes.

For June brides we have a column too  
This may be helpful to all of you  
A quarter of our food budget goes for meat  
So here are some hints which can't be beat.  
Flavour is destroyed by long, long cooking  
Remember this and at the meat be looking  
Sear to brown the surface fat  
Of steaks and chops and things like that.  
Preserves the juices in them too  
So of this we take a pleasant view.  
When cooking meat to make a stew  
Simmering in a little water will do.  
Add salt after the first 1/2 hour, not before  
Another bit of meat cooking lore.  
In grinding meat for patties and loaves that are nice  
Try running it thro' your food chopper twice.  
This gives a better flavor you'll find  
And to do it twice you really won't mind.  
Your meat loaf now will slice like a charm  
When company drops in down on the farm.  
Make penny stretching a lucrative game  
Don't let them say you have a lame brain.  
Buy small oranges for juices to squeeze  
Unless the money you pick from trees.  
Another way to save a few cents  
Buy the large box of soap, less is the prize per oz. of contents.  
Use bacon dripping for seasoning and frying  
Save a nickel here without half trying.  
That vegetable cooking water put in the gravy  
Makes it much more nutritious and oh so savoury.  
Use up those extra whites and yolks  
You can whip up something to please your folks.  
In the oven don't bake one thing at a time  
Make full use of it - save a dime.  
Substitute grated orange and lemon rind in some recipes  
Don't buy extracts, do this it will please.  
Check up on the leftover tidbits each day  
Invent new dishes, serve a different way.  
You'll save vitamins, time and pennies too  
Just like our mothers taught us to do.  
There is so much satisfaction in really good tea  
That very particular it pays to be.  
The very best quality cost, for one cup, a cent  
So, your purse it scarcely shows a dent.  
If you have to eat your lunch alone  
Don't just sit down and worry a bone  
You can't be bothered with your own noon meal?  
But just think how much better you'll feel  
If you fix an attractive tempting tray  
And have it outside, if it's that kind of day.  
A comfy chair, a cheery corner -  
Oh no! sit over there, it's really much warmer.  
You can lunch alone and like it too -  
Why not do what's good for you?  
Full of promise our gardens are  
So hitch that dinner plate to a star.



Let's try to rate high with those in our homes  
Don't let them look like a bag of bones!  
A cream soup packed with protein is good for a start  
Helps keep the family from falling apart.  
A vegetable plate or vegetable dinner  
Is a painless, surefire healthy winner.  
This vegetable plate is high in food value and color  
Will pep up the days that tend to be duller.  
Variety in flavours, texture and method of cooking  
The things we put in when nobody's looking!  
Scalloped potatoes, buttered beets, lima beans, spinach or chard  
There are endless varieties and no need to think hard;  
Potato croquets, scalloped tomatoes, creamed carrots, green peas -  
By now, they'll be warbling like birds in the trees.  
To please the men in our lives we always try  
So for a substantial dessert, serve apple pie.  
Our quota of eggs is at least 4 a week  
If we, really good health are trying to seek.  
If you lose out on these extra vitamins and protein  
With the home economists you daren't be seen.  
Over low heat they (the eggs) must always be cooked,  
This rule must not be overlooked.  
Add salt after cooking is good advice  
So that they won't toughen, but be ever so nice.  
We relish green onions these warm summer days  
And use in endless, countless ways  
In tossed salads with lettuce if you wish  
We are all familiar with this dish.  
Do you ever put them in omelets too?  
A simple but tasty trick to do.  
Even old mashed potatoes get a new lease on life  
When dressed up with onions by the farmer's wife.  
Stews and hamburger, onions pep them up  
There'll be nothing left to feed the pup.  
So if you suffer from anything chronic  
New spring onions are a very good tonic.  
It is by invisible organisms canned food is spoiled  
We feel badly to lose it when long hours we've toiled.  
There are 3 types of these organisms everywhere,  
On fruits, in soil, on hands, kitchen gadgets and in the air.  
These types are moulds, yeasts and bacteria  
There's likely some hiding in your wisteria!  
For canning by approved methods containers are clean  
This, first of all, you will have seen.  
Contents, then, kept at a sufficiently high temperature  
For a sufficient length of time, of this be sure.  
This will stop the action of all chemical substance  
This is reassuring, when we can in abundance.  
Food may be heated or processed in a boiling water bath  
This method would have made great-grandmother laugh.  
A method some expert canners extol  
Is in an oven with automatic heat control.  
The open kettle for jams and jellies is good  
For these need lots of sugar, and so they should.  
For pickles this is satisfactory too  
Those this isn't news to any of you.  
Can only the quantities you require for a year

After this time it deteriorates, so we hear.  
 Canning less than your requirements will cost you more  
 For you know it's expensive at the store.  
 Can generous quantities of tomatoes and juice  
 For of these you can make the very best use.  
 A large serving of tomatoes can substitute  
 For your daily requirement of citrus fruit.  
 Yearly crop and market conditions may alter your plans  
 So it's a good policy to estimate your family's demands.  
 This plan reduces year end surpluses of some canned food  
 And prevents inadequate supplies of others, just as good.  
 Understand reliable directions for the complete canning process  
 Abide by the rules, don't can by guess.  
 Vine, bush and tree ripened fruits have the very best flavour  
 Choose only these, you'll be repaid for your labor.  
 Pack "garden freshness" in your cans and sealers  
 They'll be superior to any you buy at your dealers.  
 Two hours, from the garden to the can  
 The ideal to work for, the ideal plan.  
 Memories of a berry patch down the Bethel road  
 And church suppers, with berries served a la mode  
 Strawberry shortcake - food for the gods  
 Gets nothing but praise and approving nods.  
 And on a frosty morning with the toast  
 Serve that berry jam on which you boast.  
 And "just berries" with thick cream and angel food  
 Who would say..."this is not good"!  
 And so - on this delectable note we close  
 And "dear ladies", you each look as fresh as a rose!

A. E. Jarvis  
 August 1950

"DEDICATED TO BABY JANICE ANN" (born May 2, 1952.)

Who says the age of miracles is past?  
 Good news, it surely travels fast  
 We jumped for joy when we got the word  
 Nothing sweeter we've ever heard.  
 Bert, I'm sure is walking on air  
 And telling all of his daughter fair.  
 All has proceeded according to plan,  
 At last she arrived, dear Janice Ann.  
 I have a quite authentic hunch  
 That you three are as pleased as punch  
 To have a little girl with shining eyes  
 Who smiles a lot and sometimes cries.  
 She won't be just "queen for a day"  
 This little girl who came in May.  
 But each day will bring its added joys,  
 And Bobby - a sister is better than toys!  
 She'll fill your hearts with joy and pride  
 And loving hands her steps will guide.

A.E.J.

## The Flu

Paris was nestled all snug in the hills  
With no more than the usual run of  
ills,  
The unsuspecting went their way  
Nor little dreamed that on this day  
"The Flu" would come down like a  
wolf on the fold,  
Poisoned fangs gnashing, gleaming  
and cold.  
This venomous monster writhed  
through the town  
Into homes, schools, up hill and  
down.  
It struck out with cruel fancy at old  
and young  
"The flu is spreading", 'twas on  
every tongue,  
Prostrate, the victims fell by the way  
We paused. "would our number be  
up today?  
Scarce had the query passed our lip  
When of the bitter brew we tasted  
a sip,  
We tried to shrug it off with a grin,  
But Old Man Flu had walked right  
in.  
The little man with his hammer and  
tongs  
Sat on our head and beat out his  
songs,  
We saw sunsets, and beautiful stars,  
Jupiter, Venus, or was it Mars?  
We're at the circus, we're at the fair  
We're on a train, we're in the air,  
"Oh, Lie down, poor dope, you're  
sick in bed  
That thing you are holding is your  
head!"  
We cough and cough, our throats  
on fire  
Our temperature rises higher and  
higher,  
We've aches and pains, we're sore to  
the marrow,  
We haven't the strength of an ailing  
sparrow,  
We failed to rise to the quail on  
toast  
Nor the first slice of the Sunday  
roast,  
Remove those victuals from our  
view  
Speak not to us of pie or stew.  
Don't mention food in our presence  
pray,  
It all has the appeal of so much hay.  
Bring us liquids, hot or cold,  
That's the stuff on which we're sold.  
The crises, now, they say is passed,  
We must rise up, assume our task,  
Our feeble hand picks up the torch,  
Oops! is it really "that" far to our  
front porch?  
But hope springs eternal in the  
human breast  
And surely now we are over the  
crest,  
Sap is stirring, the sun is warmer,  
Spring is just around the corner!

Recuperatively yours,  
Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 3 Paris.

## O FICKLE SPRING

Oh spring, you are a fickle jade  
Of many capricious moods your are  
made,  
Your winds they blow both warm  
and cool, 1946  
And you're miles ahead of the April  
fool  
With your sleight of hand, your  
merry pranks,  
But for these, Mistress Spring, we  
don't give thanks,  
We marvel at your changeable ways;  
But come now, Spring, give us days  
and days  
Of warmth and sunshine, and gentle  
rain,  
To burst the buds and swell the  
grain.  
Our garden we planted, our hopes  
were high,  
You turned a cold shoulder, we  
watched it die.  
Those brave little shoots you nipped  
in the bud;  
Our garden is, (and you know it!) a  
dud.  
Your winds blow cold, the dust is  
whirling;  
We stay indoors with our "plain and  
purling",  
And then, like magic, warm is your  
smile;  
All the lads and lasses you beguile,  
They shed their hats and coats and  
boots,  
And rend the air with their, happy  
hoots;  
Then you turn on them with a glassy  
stare  
And a hint of frost is in the air,  
The golden daffodil unfolding her  
leaves  
Retreats again and sadly grieves.  
Ah! Now you feel a touch of remorse  
Detour again on your wayward  
course,  
And with a lavish and generous hand  
You warm again the shivering land.  
Then for a few delightful days,  
Gay and charming are your ways.  
But don't keep us balancing on a rope  
For its off again on again with our  
coat,  
And our Easter bonnet hasn't a  
chance  
When you trip your deceptive, elus-  
ive dance,  
We wore it downtown to a nylon  
sale,  
You rushed us home, riding the gale.  
Oh Spring! well are you called the  
feminine gender,  
For your moods are terrific, terrible,  
tender,  
Oh Spring! we mortals can scarcely  
believe  
That any more tricks you have up  
your sleeve.

Amy E. Jarvis,  
R.R. 2, Paris.

## BACK TO THE LAND

We've succumbed to the lure of the wide open spaces  
And big wide smiles light up our faces.  
We're down on the farm and are we happy  
Yes mammy, and the boys, and certainly pappy!  
At last we used a little horse sense  
And the sun now shines on both sides of the fence  
For down on the farm it's seldom dull  
There never is a worthwhile lull.  
Tho' often at night our 'plaint will be  
Oh dear! my feet are killing me.  
Some days we don't accomplish much  
But others! well we beat the Dutch.  
The weaker sex - that's what they call us  
I guess they're right, if they ever saw us.  
After washing windows with water and rags  
We really have the droops and drags.  
Oh! life is not always froth and bubble  
We still have trouble with the boiler double.  
But then, that's just a flash in the pan  
We scour it up as quick as we can.  
Then in the garden we hoe and rake  
And later whip up a fluffy cake. (or reasonable facsimile)  
Another delightful fact I'll tell  
We have something on which to hang a bell.  
An Ayrshire cow with pretty spots  
Her complexion is sprinkled with polka dots.  
Cleopatra is the lady's name  
As yet she has achieved no fame.  
But the boys were really enchanted quite  
When of beautiful Cleo they had their first sight.  
She's a beguiling creature with big brown eyes  
And we'll adore her till she dies.  
Then too - we do a little sewing  
Well - no I guess it isn't showing  
You'd be surprised, girls, what we do  
On our Singer of 1922.  
The boys they often rip their pants  
And I raise my eyebrows and look askance  
Then I say, oh jeepers, what's the use  
Boys clothes must take a lot of abuse.  
I sew them up and let them go  
For we're on the farm now - don't you know.  
Then on the chairs we smeared some paint  
And if you think that's all, girls, well it ain't  
It spilled on the floor, it splashed in our hair  
The odour of turpentine floats through the air.  
Painting chairs with the help of two boys  
Is one of life's undiluted joys.  
But in spots things glow with a beautiful hue  
And we extend a welcoming hand to all of you.  
And incidentally, girls, I'm very glad to be here  
And I'd like to come back again next year.

## WE BAKED A CAKE

After a casual glance into our cupboard  
I felt, indeed, like Old Mother Hubbard.  
And I thought, it will just take a minute to stir up a cake  
The kind that mother had taught me to bake.  
Baker's cakes are nice for a change  
But we like them baked at home in the range!  
The ingredients I assembled, all on top  
When a little boy wakened from his afternoon nap.  
He wanted to help me and it was raining outside  
And so ofcourse I must keep him inside.  
I mixed sugar and shortening, came a knock on the door  
I turned - and he gleefully dropped an egg on the floor.  
The agent gave a suggestive cough  
But quickly I gave him a swift brush off.  
When to the work table I got back  
My angel was pouring milk in the sugar sack.  
Patience, I counselled, and closed my eyes  
Which was a mistake, for my cherub, my prize  
With a twist of his wrist, an exultant whoop  
With the flour sifter was looping the loop.  
I swept up the floor, extricated the imp  
By now I was feeling but definitely limp.  
The telephone was ringing right off the wall  
What a time - for people to call.  
With fingers crossed and a despairing glance  
I answered the thing, it was just a chance  
'Twould be a wrong number, but no such luck  
'Twas another ining for the little duck.  
With tactful comments I tried to stop  
What had all the earmarks of a long, long talk.  
The minutes flew by, I breathed a prayer  
My hair was turning grayer and grayer.  
Finally I gasped good bye, hung up the receiver  
And headed for Jr. like a trained retriever.  
The cocoa, vanilla and baking powder  
Were all mixed up like Murphy's chowder.  
His glance was merry, his eyes were bright  
The kitchen, was a frightful, horrible sight.  
Dear mother, she knows I'd never forsake her  
But that was the day I bought a cake from the baker!  
I cleaned up the kitchen, made it tidy and neat  
And then I kissed him, he is so sweet!

"Dunwanderin Farm",  
R. R. # 3,  
Paris, Ont.

Editor, Milk Producer:

To many farm women, your dairy foods feature  
Is the most pleasing way by which you can reach her

With fine timely helps and good recipes  
To pep up her meals, the family to please.

We try to rate high with the men in our homes,  
And not let look like a bag of old bones.

Cream soups, packed with protein, is good for a start,  
And helps keep the family from falling apart.

You had a splendid idea for a family dinner,  
And with our family, was surely a winner.

This vegetable plate with food value and colour  
Makes bright any meal that would have been duller.

There was variety in flavour, texture and cooking,  
(The things we put in when nobody's looking.)

Baked 'tatoes, mashed squash, glazed carrots, green peas;  
Now hear us sing like the birds in the trees.

Harvard beets, cooked cabbage and broccoli buttered;  
More praise for a plate we never have uttered.

Continue this feature on fine dairy foods;  
It's interesting, helpful and we think it's good.

Mrs. Sawyer R. Jarvis.

Nov. '58

- 1 - O' give us a man with a real cheerful pan,  
On Country Calendar he's seen,  
He tells all he can, maybe more than he plans,  
Now who can fill Johnny Moles shoes?

CHORUS:-

JOHN - Mr. John Moles,  
He reports all the farm news and views.  
He talks and he talks, and he wears flashy socks,  
And he rides on the Toronto Subway.

- 2 - He took us, on the screen, to the Royal Winter Fair,  
We enjoyed it, we sons of the soil,  
And Mr. T. Craig and his family were there;  
In this visit we all had a share.
- 3 - It only seems fair that John gets the air  
On the farmer's broadcast some days,  
He tells us what's new and his point of view,  
And sometimes we're still in a daze.
- 4 - He forecasts the weather and maybe we'd rather  
We hadn't listened that day,  
For it rained cats and dogs while John talked of hogs,  
And we didn't get in the hay.
- 5 - Does Mrs. Moles know on a certain farm show,  
John was seen with a cute dairy queen?  
We were all glad to know as we watched his show  
That Brant County came out on top.
- 6 - Our Ellen's a dear and we all love her here,  
And she has a feathery touch;  
And Johnny was smart to admire Ellen's art,  
Her paintings we all like so much.
- 7 - Earl Cox is a jewel, with a gardener's tool,  
He has a green thumb that's for sure,  
He pots and he plants, and he knows all the slants,  
And for Johnnie he might have a cure.

Amy E. Jarvis,  
R. R. # 3,  
Paris, Ont.



# VOICE OF THE BARN

## AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS

As a very old subscriber, I thought I must write and tell you how pleased I am to my dear old friend, the Family Herald, in such a lovely new dress.

MRS. ADAM ALEXANDER,  
Balcarras, Sask.

I am in deep mourning for an old friend. I feel that my grandmother has just breezed in wearing "forever spring" make-up. My old friend was like a close neighbor who came into the kitchen and had a cup of tea while we visited. Now she is a front door caller. Alas!

—ANNE M. LUTZ,  
Bridgedale, N.B.

May you be richly repaid in your ambition to make the new Family Herald "as good as human hands and human minds can make it." (Editorial, Oct. 4th.)

—MRS. EVERETT ARNER,  
Kingsville, Ont.

Why did you have to go and modernize the Family Herald? It is as if you deliberately murdered an old and trusted friend.

—DAVID A. MILLARD,  
Billings Bay, B.C.

The family were amazed, and we found ourselves reading features which had always passed unnoticed before. I think that's pretty good proof that a little color will go a long way in enticing new subscribers. You can depend upon our renewal remittance indefinitely.

—MRS. O. L. AYRES,  
Thorsby, Alta.



I think it's terrible to see the mess you have made of what was a good magazine. I am sorry to say that I shall not be able to read it any longer.

—ANNE MATHESON,  
Hazelton, N.S.

I was looking forward to the improvement and I certainly wasn't disappointed.

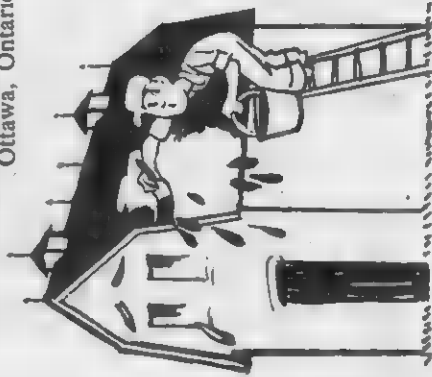
—MRS. ERNEST GOODWIN,  
Lower Argyle, N.S.

Had the family held their pow-wow before the paint was bought, the barn might have been saved. For myself, I am not so sure. It reminds me of the barn at the bend of the road, which never was painted at all, but had its wall plastered with posters every time the circus came to town.

—W. W. LINDSAY,  
East Bathurst, N.B.

I don't care for the way you have "painted the barn". I think the Family Herald has lost its country flavor. I liked the old look. I might get used to the newness later, but I doubt it.

—RALPH SAIKALY,  
Ottawa, Ontario.



Once I knew a little girl who owned a nondescript rag doll which she took to bed with her each night. For Christmas, her parents gave her a pretty new doll. To their surprise, the little girl insisted on cuddling her old rag doll. That was the way I felt when I first saw the Family Herald with the new look.

—CONSTANCE GRANT,  
Englehart, Ont.

I most sincerely regret the decision which has changed the old magazine into the new. If it is permanent, a hitherto pleasant association will terminate with the expiry of my present subscription.

—LESLIE RODENBAUGH,  
Lakeburn, N.B.

We are thrilled with your "paint the barn" stunt. You have done more than that and have given a whole new building.

—R. W. M., Alta.

Three cheers for the new Family Herald. Color, better paper, a new size and better articles makes a magazine hard to beat.

—M. L. H., Manitoba.

Congratulations. We are delighted with the new paint job.

—SLEMKEVICH FAMILY,  
Sudbury, Ont.

The new paint job has done no harm to us, the Family Herald or the old red barn. . . . This can be said of many places —of papers, barns and feminine faces.

—MRS. SAWYER JARVIS,  
Paris, Ont.

The new one doesn't look like the dear old magazine, but it's a grand improvement and we thank you. Ours will be replaced away after being read to be referred to many times in the future.

—MRS. ELMER VANCE,  
Bass River, N.S.

We belong to the Family Herald family, and never miss a copy. What a pleasant surprise when the Oct. 4th issue arrived with its color and snappy layouts. Our congratulations for a real swell job.

—MR. AND MRS. J. KAVANAGH,  
Shellacton, N.S.

I have an idea that the majority of your readers were satisfied with the magazine as it was. Then why the drastic discarding of the "friendly look"? . . . To many of your readers, no degree of rotogravure elegance will ever put the new Family Herald in the place formerly held by the Family Herald and Weekly Star.

—WILLIAM LEES,

### THE LADIES AID

We've put a fine addition to the good old church at home,  
It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome.  
It seats a thousand people - finest church in the town,  
And when 'twas dedicated, well we planked ten thousand down -  
That is we paid five thousand - every deacon did his best -  
And the Ladies Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church, the finest in the land,  
Its got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand.  
And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play,  
It carries ho realms of bliss, unnumbered miles away.  
It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test;  
We'll pay a thousand on it - the Ladies Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas;  
They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze  
They'll beg and scrape, and toil and sweat, for seven years or more,  
And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet for the floor,  
So it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest,  
When the Ladies Aid gets busy and says: "We'll pay the rest".

Ofcourse, we're proud of our big church, from pulpit up to spire,  
Its the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire.  
But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash it lacks,  
I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs.  
And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest,  
The men will get the toil and sweat and the Ladies Aid the rest.

### "ODE TO AN OILCLOTH"

To keep the cloth clean I was never able  
But now that an oilcloth covers the table,  
We sip our soup with an audible sip  
And it matters not if our tea we tip.  
For our beautiful oilcloth sheds the beverage  
In fact it's really above the average,  
This well chosen model is really appreciated  
The table cloth menace has all but evaporated,  
Our childrens' manners are a trifle appalling  
When they spilled the ketchup I was almost bawling,  
But thanks to you Mrs. Buck my friend  
Tablecloth casualties have come to an end.  
We sit and we dine in peace and repose  
Now I've thanked you in ryhme  
Would you rather have prose?

Yours in appreciation  
Amy E. Jarvis

## THE RURAL HOME

Long years this rural home has stood  
On a sloping rill close by the wood,  
Great trees with spreading arms enfold  
It's walls, yet with grace it's growing old.  
It's sturdy bricks are mellowed with age,  
Here stands a landmark on history's page.  
Smoke rises from chimneys in spirals thin,  
Ensuring a warm, friendly air within.  
The flowers gay and greening grass,  
Nod a greeting to all who pass.  
The welcome mat is spread each day,  
And no one is ever turned away.  
The entrance hall is spacious and wide,  
With doorways opening off either side.  
We pause a moment, and in our mind  
We picture a world of a different kind.  
Crinolined ladies arrive for a ball  
With escorts, handsome, gallant and tall.  
In the drawing room they toyed with their fans  
Whispering secrets, romantic plans.  
The minuet they danced with grace,  
Chatter was gay, and bright each face.  
These walls have seen both joy and tears  
And stood withal these many years.  
Little windows 'neath the eaves  
Whose panes are brushed by whispering leaves.  
How many people here have stood,  
Gazing off across the wood,  
Weaving dreams of things to come  
Lost in a world that's never hum-drum?  
Away from the busy world below  
Oft to these beck'ning windows they'd go,  
To build their castles in the air  
And then come down to simple fare.  
Grandmother braided that lovely rug,  
And treasured too, this little blue jug.  
Beautiful things are polished with care,  
And glow like jewels in a setting rare.  
Kitchen comfort is not sacrificed we find  
In order that all things should be stream-lined.  
All is not new, nor chromium plated  
Though in rural kitchens some space these have rated.  
This room is always cheery and bright  
And there is a couch for father to rest on at night.  
By a sunny window, a rocking chair  
And mother often takes her mending there.  
The wide kitchen window over the sink  
Is a pleasantly transparent link  
With life outside our small domain  
And we are gladdened by sunshine, refreshing rain.  
On this window sill there is always room  
For favorite plants to flourish and bloom.  
We lift our eyes unto the hills  
For greater strength to bear all ills.  
There's lots of room for girls and boys  
And convenient cupboards for their toys.

They all come running in from school  
Raiding the cookie jar as a rule.  
The puppy too, has the right of way  
Joining the children in their play.  
Joy and laughter fill the halls  
Bringing new life to aging walls.  
The culmination of summer's toil  
Is fruit garnered from well tilled soil.  
Preserved in jars in colourful rows  
A good standby as every woman knows.  
A wood fire makes the kitchen cozy  
And days take on a glow that's rozy.  
When autum's chill is o'er the land  
We find this house is truly planned.  
Rewarding all who enter there  
Seeking warmth and food and cheer.  
In many rural homes we find  
Labor savers of every kind.  
Every housewife should have them too  
For these are the country woman's due.  
Ironers, toasters, washing machines  
Electric ovens to bake those beans.  
Electric equipment facilitates labor  
And leaves us more time to visit our neighbor.  
No longer do we sit and mope,  
For we have running hot water to go with the soap.  
Should the hydro system fail  
There's still the pump and water pail.  
At coal oil lamps we do not scoff  
They are useful when the power goes off.  
Our radio can do so much  
To rural folks in touch  
With world affairs, good music, news,  
A slant on other peoples' views.  
Kate Aitken has many ardent fans  
We like to hear of her globe-trotting fans.  
The telephone is here to stay,  
We use it a dozen times a day.  
We order coal and dairy feed  
And lots of other things we need.  
Mary is busy canning fruit  
And wants to go to the Institute.  
Phones her neighbor who lends a hand  
And off they both go as they had planned.  
Little people who don't go to school  
Like to play outdoors as a rule.  
They aren't confined by hot sidewalks  
But in a shady spot have a big sand box.  
In the sawdust pile, or just digging dirt  
Very seldom do they get hurt.  
Boys who played with building blocks  
Have graduated to fixing clocks.  
They work with jig saws, drills and glue  
We are amazed at the things they do.

There are novel plywood corner shelves  
A shadow box they made themselves.  
The calf and grain clubs claim some time  
Of a boy's progress these are a sign.  
That spotted calf must be trained for the fair  
And records kept with meticulous care.  
Opportunities, in the country, there are for all  
And at the local fair in the fall  
Girls and boys show what they've done  
And it matters not if a prize they've won.  
Full of promise our gardens are  
So hitch that dinner plate to a star.  
We try to rate high with those in our homes  
And not let them look like a bag of bones.  
A vegetable plate, or vegetable dinner  
Is a painless, surefire, healthy winner.  
Variety in flavour, texture, method of cooking  
The things we put in when nobody's looking!  
The vegetable plate is high in food value and colour  
And pep up the days that tend to be duller.  
We relish green onions these warm summer days  
And use in endless, countless ways.  
Even old mashed potatoes get a new lease on life  
When dressed up with onions by the farmer's wife.  
So if you are suffering from anything chronic  
New green onions are a very good tonic.  
A large serving of tomatoes can substitute  
For your daily requirement of citrus fruit.  
Pack "garden freshness" in your cans and sealers  
"Twill be superior to what you get at your dealers.  
Two hours, from the garden to the can  
Is the ideal to work for, the ideal plan.  
In the master bedroom for mother and dad  
Are the very first things they ever had.  
Exterprising infants have left their mark  
Oh well, they don't show much after dark.  
A baby cut his first teeth on this chair  
And it has become a possession rare.  
He learned to climb on the end of the bed  
An left his mark too upon the head.  
Rooms are equipped with closet space  
And for everything there is a place.  
Though we have yet to see the day  
When everything was kept that way.  
There is a well worn beaten path  
The family travels for that Saturday bath.  
The children may leave on the floor a pool  
But they're clean in the morning for Sunday School.  
To weary workers on the farm  
A hot bath works just like a charm.  
I refreshes body and spirits alike  
And you don't "have" to wait till Saturday night.  
A perfectionist, the living room, would never delight  
But it's pleasant and restful on a winter night.

When cold winds blow and fierce is the storm  
A coal fire keeps the family warm.  
Window drapes are delightfully gay  
A pleasing effect is achieved this way.  
There's a table for games both new and old  
Here homework is done, and stories told.  
A good reading lamp, an easy chair  
And companionship for all to share.  
A bowl of apples, an open book  
This room really has that lived in look.  
The family all can do so much  
To give this room that homey touch.  
If we had more time, we do confess  
We'd spend more time on hair and dress.  
Don't go into a mental slump  
If you are long past being pleasantly plump.  
If you're weight is one fifty and a bit to boot  
Don't ever appear in a red slack suit!  
Let's not refer constantly to a feature or failing  
Let's not complain that we're always ailing.  
We'll just sit down and have a cup of tea  
Sugar for you, and cream for me.  
Convenience and comfort, that's mother's aim  
And plans conceived in her fertile brain  
Have born fruit in this rural home  
Like a magnet it draws the ones who roam.  
To the little stone church just over the way  
The family all go on the Sabbath day.  
We lift our eyes unto the hills  
For greater strength to hear all ills.  
The rural home as nothing else can keep a finger  
On the pulse of Mother Nature  
As she unfolds wondrous miracles to young and old.  
In seedtime and harvest, God's guiding hand  
Fulfills our days upon the land.

A. E. Jarvis  
June 1952





Ida Clementine Ridley  
(Jan. 3, 1886 - Sept. 5, 1977)

John Bruce Cruickshank  
(Nov. 3, 1889 - Jan. 9, 1951)

DATE OF BIRTH	NAME	SPOUSE
Mar. 17, 1914	<u>Vera Elizabeth</u>	Thomas Robson
Aug. 18, 1915	<u>Amy Eunice</u>	Sawyer Jarvis
Oct. 17, 1916	<u>James Bruce</u>	Ilene Marlatt
Feb. 25, 1918	<u>Norman Glenn</u>	Barbara Kyle
Jul. 31, 1919	<u>Robert Gordon</u>	Jean Turnbull
Apr. 19, 1921	<u>Thomas Albert</u>	Marjorie Cavan
Dec. 28, 1922	<u>Mary Joyce</u>	Donald Montgomery



Amy Ridley  
holding her granddaughter  
Amy Cruickshank



Ida Ridley Cruickshank  
mother of  
Amy Cruickshank Jarvis



Amy  
Cruickshank  
Jarvis



mother of  
Sheila  
Jarvis  
MacKenzie



Sheila Jarvis MacKenzie  
mother of  
Amy MacKenzie Chowdhury



Amy MacKenzie Chowdhury



