

OUR CUP RUNNETH OVER

Don't shoot me; I'm human.

You would think that after more than 20 years working in the newspaper industry, I'd know that when everything seems to be exactly as you want it to be ... it isn't. Checking, double-checking and checking again are habits you carefully nurture for they are often your saving grace.

With an all-encompassing endeavour such as this history book, it invariably happens that items are overlooked or left over. By the time this volume went to the printer I had scanned over 1,400 images; not all could be incorporated into the pages of family stories. Sometimes leftovers can't be easily pegged into any particular category but they are just too interesting to leave out. By the same token they can't be easily in-

serted into the main body of the book once the index is complete and page numbers have been committed. To revamp an index is a monumental task especially when sections of the work have already been sent to the printer. Starting at square one is not an option.

At such times it's great to be the editor because you can take the liberty of adding photos and other information an editor just knows people are interested in seeing.

So it is with a sense of duty as well as a profound relief that we added these pages to the end of *The Heritage Years* Volume 2. We know they'll be read and appreciated just as much as the 400 or so pages of history which preceded them.

Lewis Zandbergen

SPRING FEVER AT FIDLAR'S MILLS

by Ada Roeper-Boulogne

Narrator: This skit is called *Spring Fever at Fidlar's Mills* and is set in the early 1900s.

(Long pause)

It's a beautiful spring day in the village of Stirling. Nothing is disturbing the serenity of the little red church standing near the mill pond.

Alas! The silence will soon be broken because two staunchly Presbyterian ladies have just arrived for the annual spring cleaning of their house of worship. They are Adelaide and her daughter-in-law, Deborah, and with them are Deborah and Jeremiah's four children, Sarah, David, Daniel and Connor.

(Adelaide, Deborah, Sarah, David and Connor come up through the aisles. Sarah is pushing a doll carriage. The boys are making lots of noise carrying pails and dustpans, which are bumping against each other.)

Adelaide: Stop making so much noise! *(The boys set down their pails and dustpans and start playing with their toys. Sarah starts reading a book.)* Deborah! Couldn't you have left the children with Jeremiah?

Deborah: Jeremiah had to go to the grist mill and he didn't want to take them along. He thought they would be a nuisance.

Adelaide: Isn't that just like a man! *(Looking around)* Where are the other women? Didn't we decide at the last Ladies Aid meeting that we would be here at 9 o'clock sharp?

Deborah: Yes, I remember it very clearly.

Adelaide: Well, I'm not going to start until the others get here. Last year we had most of the work done before the rest came sauntering in.

(Adelaide sits down at the little table and Deborah follows her example)

Deborah: I don't mind resting my legs for a while. I've been very busy wallpapering the parlour and making rhubarb pies. I'm all done in!

Adelaide: Oh, you modern women! You think you have it so hard. You should have lived in my time!

Deborah: *(Grudgingly)* I know! I know!

Adelaide: *(Looking at Sarah)* Deborah! What is that I see? Is that an Eaton's Beauty Doll in Sarah's carriage?

Deborah: Yes, it is! She was craving one so much, I finally gave in.

Adelaide: You are spoiling her! When I was young, I played with corn husk dolls and a rag doll my mother made for me. *(Deborah makes a face at the audience.)*

David: Tell us about the old days, Grandma.

Adelaide: Well, around 1850, there were only about