## REMINISCING

There aren't too many here tonight Who are able to remember. The year of 1921 -- the month it was September. No Anniversary is complete, if we don't look back again In memory, to that great day, and all that happened then!

From one poor family's need, the Community Club was born But this year we won't dwell on that, or even blow our horn Instead let's take a journey back, and make a short review Of how our neighborhood appeared, the year the Club was new!

Cars were becoming popular, and quite a fad, of course. But most of our Club members, still drove a buggy and horse.

Baby sitters were unknown And if you went out, then-You either took the kids along,
Or left them home with the men.

And I'm sure the kids weren't better ther for 50 year

Than the youngsters are right now, For they raced upstairs and down again, And raised a heck of a row! But having our home disorganized Didn't seem to bother us then --Next morning we'd simply go to work And put things together again.

When I remember the lunches we served --Topped off by six kinds of layer cake, In spite of the wood stove ovens. We had no trouble to bake.

celebration of Community dub 1971

And nobody thought about "diets" We ate all we could, and that's that! And the ones who were thin -- well they stayed And the ones who were chubby -- got fat:

Those Social Evenings were lots of fun. There's one. I'm thinking about, When Mrs. Ross, couldn't find her hat, Cause the kids turned it inside out: And does anyone here remember, a Social on April Fool, At Mrs. Trimble's, when some smart gal Brought sandwiches filled with wool?

If a social was planned, and the snow was deep, We'd hitch the team to the sleigh And everyone was snug and warm With lots of blankets and hay.

The houses were heated with coal and wood. That was lugged in each day from the shed. And the indoor accommodations Were located under the bed!

To most of us when the Club began, Hydro was just a dream. And those old oil lamps, with chimney and wicks Were a heck of a thing to clean.

Our Hi Fi's and our Stereo set was a gramophone with a horn. And Harry Lauder topped the list of what folks today, call "corn" But we used to have time to visit our friends And enjoy neighborly talks. If you happen to call on anyone now, They'll be watching the "Idiot Box".

Farmers then, were just farmers
And it was their full occupation.
Now about nine farmers out of ten
Have an outside situation.
And hours in industry are so short
And modern equipment so fine
That a man can hold down a real good job
And do farming in his spare time.
But we didn't hear so much back then
About nerves, and strain, and tension—
And specialists and psychiatrists
Were too scarce to hardly mention.

Hospitals were very few
You had to be right at death's door,
Before you were put in a hospital,
But it isn't like that any more.
Now the Doctor takes a look at youPicks up the phone, and zoom!
Before you have time to say "Hello"
You're in bed, in a hospital room.
They'll X-ray and test you, in spite of the
fact
That you tell them you're really not ill,
And you only came into the office
In the first place--to pay a bill!

Is there anyone here who can recall Having a tooth to fill, And remember the dentist jazzing around In your mouth with that old foot drill?

There was no Old Age Pension—
Or Welfare, or OMSIP or aid,
No Unemployment Insurance
Or anything else we paid—
So if anyone was down and out
Or somebody crippled or sick—
The Community Club would raise some funds
And straighten things out, real quick:

Another thing we had then
Was the good old Party Line.
There was no temptation to listen
While things were going fine.
But if there was a breath of scandal
Or if anyone was sick
Before a body could answer their ring
The receivers went click-click-click:
But folks didn't have entertainment
Ready made, as we do, and so,
The party line was their substitute
For T.V. and radio.

Those days when a fellow danced with a girl
He'd hold her as close as he could,
And the Old Folks would sit on the sidelines
and say-"These young ones will come to no good":
Today if parents peeked into a dance
They'd still find themselves in a stew,
Not because the kids are dancing too close,-But wondering who's dancing with who?
And if they figure, who's dancing with who,
Their next complication will be-The frustrating job of deciding
Which one is the he or the she?

Looking back at the past is a very bad sign, At least that is what I've been told, Its a sign of old age--but we're happy For the privilege to be growing old.

And as we survey that first roll call
We recall the devotion and love
Of those very first members, who started it all
And have now joined the Club up above.

Those fifty years have rolled along They seem to go, so fast. We look ahead to each milestone And before you know it--its past.

Streetsville Presbyterian Church
Saw our Silver Jubilee,
Our 30th Anniversary--with Cliff and Maybelle
May.

For our 35th we went all out
And hired Trafalgar Hall-Invited all the husbands
And had ourselves a ball:
Our 40th Anniversary--we dined with Mr.Hoey,
On our 45th we chartered a bus
And went for a Wing-ding at Troy.

Fifty years from now, will the younger ones here

Look back on "71"
And recall as many changes
As the oldsters here have done?
And when our Centennial Year arrives
As it will--and all too soon,
Will some of the invitations then
Have to be sent to the moon?

We hope you are all enjoying yourselves As we stroll down Memory Lane, And now may God bless each one of us Until we meet again.

"Maybelle"