

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 then
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.

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

Poem Maybelle
May wrote
for 50 year
celebration of
Community Club
(1971)

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. Hooy,
 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"