

Nothing has been said about the social life of the village in the early days, but there is no one left now to tell about it. We only know that it was gay and lively. When Mrs. Dr. Oliver was interviewed on her ninetyeth birthday, she told about living in Mooretown and said: "O, but those were the happy days."

It is hoped that this history may serve to remind former residents of the village who may read it, of other happy days when their youthful years were spent in the little village beside the St. Clair River, the river which it has been said, is the bluest in the world, the river on whose proud waters sail the largest fresh water vessels in the world; the river of which even the poet's pen fails in describing its beauty.

* * * *

*"There is no river like our own St. Clair,
Go where you will, with it, no other can compare.
Its sparkling, rippling waves are Heaven's own blue;
'Tis ever restless, changing in its view.
No poet's song, with justice, can declare
The full glory of our wonderful St. Clair."*