



—Star photos by Norm James

1815 LOG CABIN, SHADED BY LILACS AND ELMS, ONCE HAD DRIVEWAY AND ROSE GARDEN WHERE APARTMENT IS NOW
Pioneer house, built on land that was a crown grant in 1798, is owned by Toronto's pioneer of the theatre, Dora Mavor Moore, and has nurtured many terpsichoreans

A 'pioneer' in a pioneer house

By MARGARET WEIERS
Star staff writer

When Dora Mavor Moore moved into her house on Ridelle Ave. in March, 1937, it had no plumbing, no electricity, no gas and a mud cellar.

"My friends thought I was absolutely mad to move in here," Mrs. Moore recalled this week, "but it was the best thing I've ever done."

Mrs. Moore is still living in the house, which now has plumbing, electricity, gas and a concrete basement, and it's somehow fitting that the pioneer of Toronto's theatre should live in a house built by pioneers in 1815.

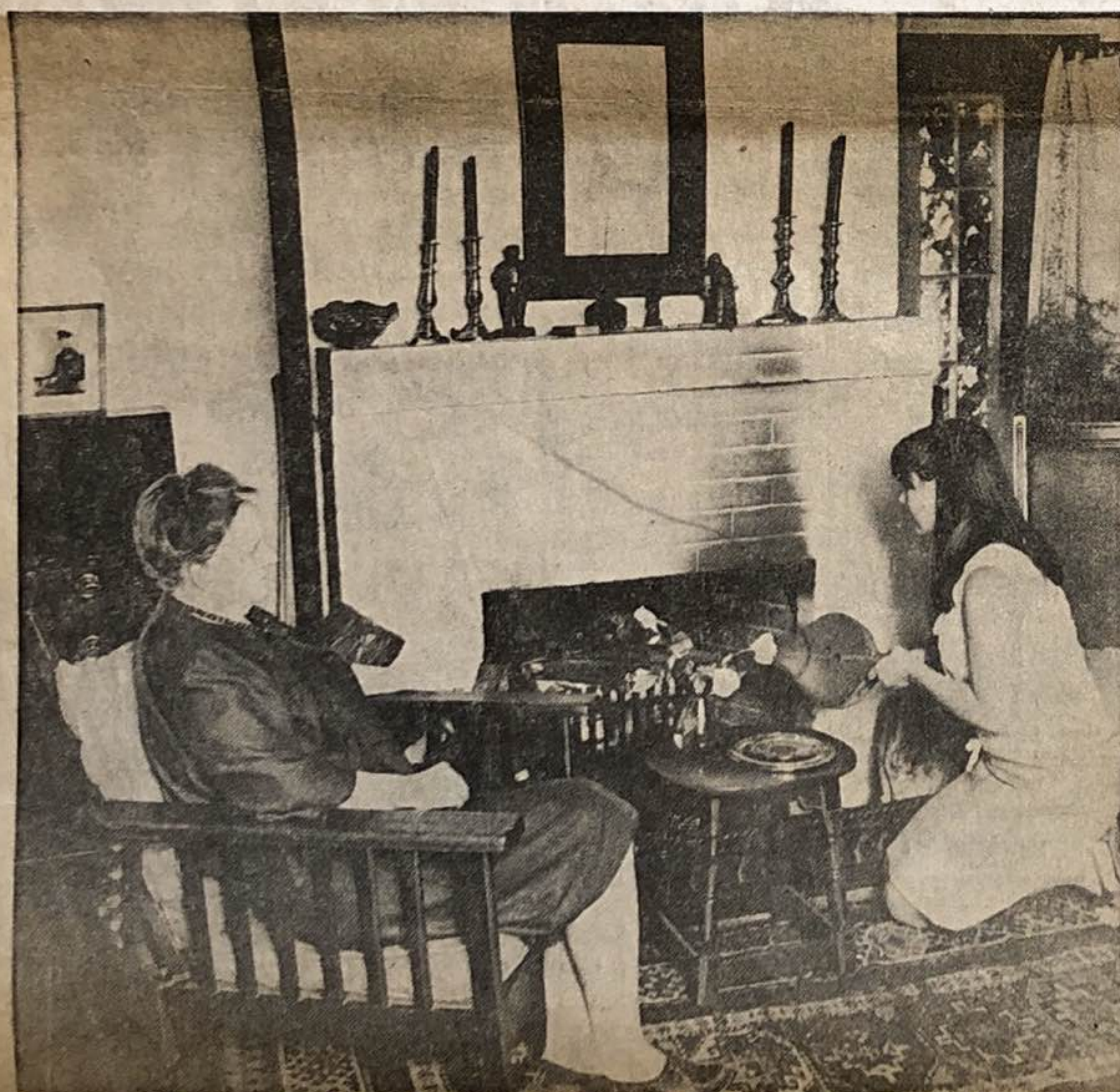
The house, with foot-thick walls and heavily beamed ceilings, is built of logs stuccoed outside and plastered inside. There's no resemblance, however, to the conventional log cabin. There are three large rooms—a parlor, dining-room and former kitchen now an adjunct to the living-room—on the ground floor and four rooms on the second floor. The room that's now used as a kitchen was added to the house in 1865.

The planks in the floor are held in place with hand-forged nails; there are fireplaces in the three large rooms on the ground floor.

In the former kitchen (Mrs. Moore knows it was the kitchen because it has the best fireplace in the house), there's a now-sealed trapdoor that led to the cellar.

There's a story that rebel William Lyon Mackenzie,

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MRS. MOORE, LEFT, HAS KEPT MUCH OF HOUSE IN ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION
Fireplaces in each room are always used, Dorothea demonstrates, and house is furnished with antiques



OLD STOVE STILL HEATS KITCHEN
Mrs. Moore recalls when it was used to dye costumes



GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHEA MAVOR MOORE TRIES PUMP
Moore used old well for three years after they moved in in 1937; now it's decor

'Civic duty' can't replace 'love, honor and cherish'

By EDMUND STEVENS
Special to The Star

MOSCOW — The Soviets have long been seeking civil rituals to glamorize weddings beyond the cut-and-dried business of signing the book and paying the fee.

Accordingly, in recent years, so-called "Wedding Palaces" were established in most major cities. Their aim is to retain, or rather, restore some of the pageantry and color of the traditional church wedding ceremony, but with religion eliminated.

There are bouquets, brides' gowns, wedding rings and a brief ceremony when the directress of the Wedding Palace pronounces the couple man and wife. Thereafter a deputy of the city soviet congratulates the newlyweds in a little speech full of homilies.

After viewing the performance at the Leningrad wedding palace, a roving editor of Literary Gazette with an eye and a pen for manners and morals confessed, "Somehow the words about love, happiness and prosperity had not yet acquired poetic impact; the aphorisms lacked depth. The words about civic duty, 'Remember that profound satisfaction in personal life renders the man more considerate and cheerful in his relations with those around him,' are all very true, but uninspiring."

"One speech possibly would have been appropriate at a public meeting, but how phony sounded the words 'Family happiness generates strength and en-

ergy in creative labor for the good of the Fatherland."

And he added, "You will agree that 'The Dance of the Cygnets' from Tchaikovsky's ballet is hardly the right background music for this type of ceremony."

The roving editor concluded that so far the muses appear to have avoided the wedding palaces: "An effort to attract them was made at the outset. But the music of the composer Sorokin proved unsatisfactory and, as for the verses, here they are:

"Congratulations on this great day.
"May you live long and healthily."
"We cordially wish you to live to your golden wedding."

The editor commented wryly that in the old days nobody would have dreamed of reciting such rubbish. Almost in spite of himself, he waxed nostalgic about the old-fashioned church wedding ceremony. "I remember in my childhood how the week after Easter was the traditional time of weddings. The villagers prepared the wedding feast. Even the poorest families would send a rented cart to the railway station where Auntie Taranka lived. She officiated as master of ceremonies at almost all the village weddings. She would intone the melancholy songs of farewell which the bride was required to sing together with her girl friends.

Everything had its proper sequence, its appropriate

song. During the feast at the groom's home, the bride had to sweep the floor and serve her husband, as was the custom in those days when the wife still "obeyed her husband."

On the morrow they feasted at the bride's house and she said goodbye to her parents. Then followed several days of singing and dancing in the homes of all the newlyweds' relatives.

The festivities lasted several days and developed into a popular ritual with many participants, with fun and games, songs, dances and capers which had been developed through the centuries by the Christians and probably even dated back to old pagan times; and the writer concluded, "One cannot establish new rituals without reference to century-old popular traditions in this important matter."

Admitting the emotional impact of the church ceremony, the writer acknowledged: "Ikons were the handiwork of great masters and the text of the ritual was written by the most gifted churchmen. The music of religious chants—as composed by geniuses like Bach, Mozart, Schubert, and, in our country, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and many others. That is why the church wedding chorale, 'Isaiah, Rejoice, truly evoked real joy, or the dirge, 'Everlasting Memory,' boundless sorrow."

He neglected to mention that all this truly divine music is now no longer heard save in the few remaining churches.

Divorce asked from man ruled dead

BONN (Reuters) — A Nuernberg woman has asked the West German supreme court to rule that she was legally wed to a man she married when he was officially dead—so she can divorce him.

The case, unique in German legal history, goes back to a wartime decree by Hitler permitting girls to marry fiancés killed in World War II, providing they could prove that they had been engaged.

The law gave legitimacy and inheritance rights to children born to such couples.

The Nuernberg woman, whose name has not been

officially disclosed, after hearing officially of the death of her fiancé in 1940, went through a Hitler-type marriage with him thinking that she was already a widow.

But, after the war, the bridegroom turned up. The couple set up a home, had a son, and lived together happily for several years.

In 1963 the woman filed a divorce petition, on grounds of repeated adultery. As the proceedings wore on, the man, a lawyer and senior government official, flipped back in his textbooks and said: "You can't divorce me. We were never married."

Wanting to avoid the stigma of being declared an adulterer, he argued the marriage was carried out without his knowledge or consent.

Therefore, despite the fact he lived as her husband, paid taxes and supported her for some 20 years, the marriage was technically invalid, he argued.

After two long lawsuits the Bavarian high court in Nuernberg agreed. It told the woman that not only was she never married but that her teenage son was illegitimate.

With this ruling the wom-

an loses her inheritance right, and her claim to a widow's pension, which would not be the case if she were divorced.

The Nuernberg ruling has aroused sharp criticism in legal quarters and is being discussed among lawyers as one of the most interesting and controversial cases in post-war Germany.

It has also backfired on the reluctant husband.

Several people, indignant about his attitude, have denounced him to the justice authorities, accusing him of falsifying documents and tax evasion by claiming for 20 years that he was a married man.