

## The Autobiography of Doris Verona Goatcher Redmond North.

### Introduction

My father Philip Richard Goatcher was born in Worthing England. His mother Sarah Jane Goulton had married William Goatcher who was much older than she was.

He died and left her with six children three boys and three girls, she had to do laundry to try to get enough money to feed and clothe her children, but couldn't make enough to manage. She met and married James Tribe who didn't intend to do much work, and expected her to look after him too. Hettie the oldest was sent out to work in service (housework). Frank and Annie were put in a home, Philip, my dad was sent to Canada on a ship with a group of children, I think it was Bernards School that he was sent with to live with his Aunt and Uncle, his Aunt was grandma's sister.

The two youngest children were kept with her for awhile until she found out her husband was being mean to them while she was out trying to support them. They were then put in a home for the fatherless.

Dad was only seven when he came to his uncles and his uncle expected him to be able to do a mans days work, his Aunt would even count the cookies that were in the jar so he couldn't even swipe one, the only way he could rest was to sit still after he had eaten his dinner while his Uncle would close his eyes for forty winks, he was afraid to move for fear his uncle would wake up and he would have to work again.

The first Christmas he was there he gorged himself on the first course, then he cried when the desert was brought in, and said why didn't you tell me there was going to be puddin?

He grew up to be a big handsome man, even though he went bald on top when he was in his forties, he was 5ft, 11 ins. and weighed 200 lbs. not much of that was fat as he was a big boned man.

He was a very understanding, lovable, and kind man, a gentleman in every way. He was my idol and I tried to live up to his expectations. He very seldom got mad, I can only remember him getting mad twice.

In Cowansville where he lived, he met Mum who was working in service, his sister had also come to Canada and was working in service too and she met Mum and through her Mum met Dad.

Mum was born in London England her name was Daisy Sullivan she was an illegitimate child of a Parsee Indian salesman, her mother later met and married a cab driver John Tampling. When Mum was about nine her mother died at the birth of twins, so she was left with her stepfather and half brother Tom, they were poor but had a roast on Sunday and when it was finished they lived on bread and dripping which was fat from the roast for the rest of the week.

When she was in her teens, her step-father re-married, a girl who was not much older than Mum, she was jealous of her husband's affection for Mum who was not really his daughter, so Mum left and went out to work, in a work house, just exactly what a work house is I don't know.

Her cousin, Jack Chapman came over from Canada and suggested that she come to Canada as she was not very happy there, so she saved her money and was just about ready to come over, when her stepmother took sick and her stepfather asked her to come home and help, so she did and spent most of her money on food and things for the children and had no money left to come to Canada. Jack suggested that he loan her the money and she would pay him back a little every week, so she accepted the offer and came to Canada and met Dad.

She was so ashamed of being illegitimate she told Dad, as if he wouldn't want to marry her because of it, but he loved her anyway so they got married.

I was eighteen and expecting my first child when I met Uncle Jack and he said that maybe I was taking after my grandmother and that I might be having twins, that was the first I had heard about it and he was very surprised that Mum had not told us. He was dying of cancer. He was cute had a funny laugh and shook all over and never made a sound.

Mum was determined that no child of hers would end up pregnant so she was very strict with us and really didn't care what we thought of her as long as we lived up to her standards, and she could be proud of us.

## MY STORY

I was born September 6 1924 in a little house down by the railroad tracks in North Regina. My dad worked for the railway as a section man. The wages were very poor, so when I was three, Mum and Dad came back east to Montreal We lived in a house on St Andre St. I don't remember that house, then we moved to a cheaper place on McGuire St. This was a very dingy place, an upstairs flat. One room in the front of the house was crawling with bed bugs, Every week Mum used to spray the mattress on the bed and then have the springs (they weren't covered with material in those days) brought into the bath tub and pour boiling water over it to make sure she killed them all. There was no such thing as having your house fumigated like there is today. I guess I was too young to think about this as being so awful and found it rather intriguing to see how many Mum killed each week. There was a little girl that I used to take to school every day she lived on the second floor of that building.

Just next door there was a Chinese laundry and I had been told to stay away from there. I had a little camp stool that I used to sit on and this day I was sitting on the stool beside the house the laundry was just next door, the chinaman talked to me and asked me if I would like to come and see his kittens in the back shed. ( I was about six at the time.) I said yes , so he took me through the laundry and out to the shed and there were five little kittens which I held and then I went back into the laundry and he gave me some chinese nuts and candy and while I was eating them I heard Mum call and she was frantic as all she could see was the stool I had been sitting on. Boy did I ever get a good spanking. We children had heard that if we yelled Chink Chink Chinaman wash my pants, put them in the toilet and make them dance, the chinaman would come after us with a big carving knife and chase us. So we would sing that and run but of course they never chased us.

About that time Dad worked for a cork company and I don't remember much about it but Dad got me a pair of water wings made of cork for me to learn to swim, we didn't have much chance to go swimming as it was quite far to the St Lawrence river and that was where we went, these wings were not really attached to me they went around me and the two round wings kept me afloat.

When Dad got another job we moved to Christopher Colomb St. we were always poor and most of the stuff was hauled by a wagon to the other house, It was quite a distance and yet my sister Marion, two years older, and I took wagon loads to the other house, Mum had a great big plant, an aspidistra which we were told to be very carefull with,we put it in the wagon (we were on the second floor) and tried to carry the wagon (plant in it) down two flights of stairs and needless to say we didn't make it, I phoned Dad and I was crying so hard that all Dad could make out was that something terrible happened, so he jumped on his bike and came over as fast as he could and probably almost had a heart attack as he thought something terrible had happened to us and when Marion told him the plant broke he said "is that all?"

When we moved to Christopher Colomb St. I went to Earl Grey

School and my teacher in second grade was my oldest sister Margaret, it was very difficult to call my sister Miss Goatcher but it had its advantages. I was sent down to the principal for being late and he said "Well Margaret, what are you down here for?" He picked me up and sat me on his knee and told me not to cry, as he knew I didn't mean to be late, he gave me some candy and when I had finished it he sent me back to class, it's funny, I wasn't scared of the principal after that. During the summer they used to have summer school in the morning. We all loved it you played games, learned to do raffia work and basket weaving and were given raisin buns and milk at morning break. In the afternoon my girlfriends and I used to play house on the schools fire escape, it was a little difficult to get on it but we each used a level for our house; we used hay wheat and grass for our pretend food and had a real good time. I had a doll with a china head and I broke it, so for Christmas my dolly got a new head; if I remember correctly it had about three new heads.

We lived in a three story house, we were on the third floor, my Aunt and Grandmother were on the second and some Jewish people were on the first floor, my sister Marion and I used to wash my grandmothers floor for four cents, two cents each. The Jewish people were not allowed to work on the sabbath which was Saturday so they got us to light the stove for them.

One day when I came in from playing Mum, told us to wash up for dinner. I was dark complexioned, I went in to wash and Mum looked me over and said my neck was dirty so she hauled me back into the bathroom and scrubbed my neck with a soft brush and it was really red and by the time I was back at the table my neck was brown again, she then said I guess it wasn't dirt after all.

Our bathroom was separated with the toilet separated from the bath and sink and if you stood on the toilet you could see over the divider, the toilet had a pull chain to flush it with, they still have them over in England.

Claudia was one of the three English girls on our street. The three of us went to a park one day for a picnic and on the way there one of the girls said watch this and we went into a store and she asked what time it was and the man went to see the time and while he was gone they took some gum, and while we were at the picnic a man came and told us he had lost his dog and asked if we would go and look for it for him, so one stayed with our stuff and he came back and exposed himself to her, when she told us we grabbed our stuff and went home, I don't think we ever went back to that park again, now we would be lucky to be alive it has got that much worse.

We used to go to Lachine to go swimming and to have a picnic, one time another family went with us and the lady saw that Marion had marks on her legs and asked her what she had done? Marion lifted her dress and said that is where Mummie beat me, Mum was really strict with us and would often quote scripture, beat him with a rod he shall not die, spare the rod and spoil the child, so we often had strap marks on our bottom and legs.

Auntie Annie used to make homemade ice cream. The ingredients

were put inside a container which turned around as you turned a handle between this container and the outside container was packed with salt and crushed ice. It took ages to get it frozen but believe me it was the best ice cream you ever tasted. They sell electric ones now, The children bought Alex an electric one but it was so much work to crush the ice and make it. I only used it once.

Mum finally got a washing machine and it was when her children were all grown up, it was a shame she had to do so much by hand before while the kids were all young, can you imagine what it would be like now?

Dad lost his job and was out of work and we lived on relief which is the same as welfare today but you had to stand in line to collect it and if you were making any money at all, it was deducted from your money, one day while Mum was out a man came around to check on them and my sister Margaret was home and she told the man that her sister was working at a ladys house and so they checked on that, but the lady told them she was only looking after the children for her board she did get a little cash as well. Mum hated having to line up for the relief money. I was sent to the store for vegetables for a stew and because I was small they usually gave me a lot of vegetables usually enough for a good stew and for several meals as well. I also had to ask for beets with the tops on as that would be another days vegetable, the other thing we did was go to the butter store to get second grade butter, it was just scooped out and was not in a nice pound package like you get it now.

One day at school there was a man giving away papers asking us to come to the Friday meeting at the Alliance Gospel Hall and get a free apple. Marion and I wanted to go as we were poor and an apple sounded good, but Mum said that if we went we had to continue to go , we couldn't just go to get an apple and that's all. We went and really liked it and continued going, and we got the apple too.

When we were in Montreal Dad looked for a Church of Christ and didn't find one so he put an add in the Montreal Star and asked if there were any other people looking for a Church of Christ and if they would like to join us in having a service in our home, we had several replies and soon we had more than we could have in the living room, so the men decided that we could rent a hall in Verdun and have our services there. I wasn't allowed to go by streetcar as I always got sick, so I was left with my Grandma, after awhile Mum said I could go if I didn't get sick I really don't know how I managed to be O.K. but I was. My Sunday School teacher was Miss Hilda Robinson there were 3 sisters Miss Hilda was the one I knew best, we were never allowed to call an older person anything but Miss or Mrs. first names were not allowed. Miss Hilda had a party every year for the kids and I always got sick, so Mum told me to eat only what Marion ate but I got sick anyway.

When brother Jim went caddying he used to buy pastries and sometimes he would give us a bite, one day he bought a box of jello and ate it just like that and felt sick afterward and we were glad (the pig). He also made very good fudge and if we were lucky he would let us lick the pot.

Marion loved to read and Mum did too, so when Mum wanted help she would yell Marion, Doris come here and then Marion would say I'm reading and Doris is outside and Mum would say if she can play you can keep reading.

I was still going to the same school and times were pretty bad for lots of people as it was in the depression. Then the church at the corner of our street gave free lunches. I wanted to go but Mum felt it was charity but in the end she let me go. We had hot soup and crackers, raisin buns and milk, that was on school days I thought it was fun and good too, there were big long tables just full of kids and we all sang together, "Be present at our table Lord".

At school one of the girls had a teddy bear coat and hat and muff to match we all teased her, as we were jealous none of the rest of us had such a nice coat, mean eh! There was a french family that went to our school as they were protestant and the boy Andre used to walk me to school and sometimes we would go to his house his sister was my friend too, they were rich I thought as they had a car and they always had peppermints on the dining room table they were a lovely family.

Things didn't get much better and Dad saw a land settlement act and thought that maybe he could get some land, he could farm and make a better living, so he inquired into it and the main qualifications were that you had to know how to make your own bread and that was about it.

A few months later, Dad was sent up to Farmborough to start to build houses and roads so the settlers would have a place to live, it really was back in the bush and no land was cleared there, as the houses were built, they would send a bunch of people there and our house was built, but Pat Gauthier and family were also in this land settlement deal, and they were told to pack their things as they were to go in Dec. But there was a mistake and it was supposed to be us that were going instead as our house was ready, so we had to pack a six roomed house in about three weeks time. Mum was so anxious to be with Dad she didn't complain, however the poor Gauthier's were packed and had to wait for the next group it must have been terrible for them.

We finally (Dad, Mum, Jim and I) all left for Farmborough they let me take a kitten up there, which kept climbing out of the cardboard box we had her in, it was like a cattle car with the dogs and cats crawling over everyone, it didn't smell too good either. Miss Hilda gave Mum a package of little presents for me to open every hour, I probably bugged Mum to see if it was time for me to have another one yet, it was little things like a comb or a hair band or a ribbon or candy, it was a thing that gave me so much pleasure and yet I have never done it for someone else.

We finally got to McWatters station and that is where we were met by sleighs to take us to our homes, it was a beautiful frosty night and the northern lights came out and it was the most colourful sight I have ever seen, I have never seen them as nice since, of course we didn't have street lights to stop us from the view. The beautiful white snowy road amongst all the trees looked

like a Christmas card scene.

When we got to our house the stairs up to the second floor were not completed so we slept on mattresses for a few days until they were installed. There were no electric lights just lamps which we had on the wall, they had a metal container that held the lamp and there was a metal reflector behind them and we did have a table lamp too. We were lucky we did have a flashlight which we used when we had to go out to the outhouse.

The outhouse was built and put over a hole dug in the ground and every once in awhile the hole was covered and a new hole was dug. The outhouse was papered with comics and the toilet paper we used was an old catalogue cut in pieces and strung on a string, it wasn't the nicest toilet paper in the world but it was what we had.

We finally got an Alladin lamp that was so much brighter it had a mantle which after it had been lit was very flimsy and could fall apart very easily, it still had a glass chimney like the others, which we had to clean daily with paper, they were usually very black , even though we trimmed the wick frequently it would smoke up the glass. I had a little candle that I took up stairs to go to bed, I still have that old candle holder still.

The stove's were all we heated with, one in the livingroom and one in the kitchen. The stove pipe was put through a tin thing that was in the floor upstairs with a hole for the pipe to go through, it wasn't the safest type of thing, the house was a frame house made of shingles and the shingles got so dry that sometimes if the fire was too hot we would have to check to see if the roof was alright, we had a ladder on the roof so we could pour water over the roof, if it started to burn, we had to get up in the middle of the night to put another log on the fire as it would not keep going all night and although there was no plumbing to freeze, we didn't want to freeze either.

I had that cat that we brought from Montreal and he was a beautiful white cat and only had one tabby spot on his back and he would wash and wash it to try to get it clean, he used to come up to bed with me and I would put him inside the covers and put my feet on him to get warm and when my feet were warm he would come up and sleep under my arm, he also used to jump up onto Dads shoulder and stay there while we ate he never tried to grab food or meow either , Mum didn't like it but Dad said he isn't doing anything wrong.

Margaret, Hazel and Marion were all left in Montreal, Marg and Hazel were working and Marion was still going to High School on a scholarship, which she got by beating Andre, I told you about by one mark, he never forgot that, so I did not see a lot of my sisters while I was young, I had just turned 11 when we went north.

The colonization back to the land movement, was started so as to make people more self supporting, they supplied us with dried beans, tea, salt and basic supplies. This had to last a long time as there was no money coming in and no way to get a job either The only money earned was about \$420.00 a year repairing roads. One year Dad had an offer of a job fixing the road to the river it was about a mile and needless to say he grabbed it. Dad had got a hernia

from lifting logs and when we had a chance of making money he asked me if I thought I could do it and although I was only 12 I said I could try if he told me what to do.

We worked on the road for several weeks and Dad told me what to do and so I sawed trees and filled in holes and we finally got the road done to the river which was close to one mile away.

When we first got to Farmborough there was bush right up to the house, when spring came we found the roads almost impassable there was what we called corduroy roads made of logs laid side by side and sometimes when you stepped on them they would sink or roll and you would get your feet wet even in high rubber boots, poor Mum never got of the range road for quite awhile until the roads were fixed, as she had bad legs with varicose veins which she finally had fixed I believe they injected something to dry them up, but I'm not sure if that is right.

School was two and a half miles away and before I could go to school I had to get two pails of water and have the wood box filled and my lunch made. Being as it was so far we picked up all the kids on the way especially the little ones and we had to walk around a detour through the bush where there were no houses around, one time we were on our way home and we saw three bears mother, father and a cub and it was spring when the bears had just come out of hibernation, I just found out that the bears often had their cubs in the winter time and often didn't even know they had them, sounds good to me. Anyway that is when they are most dangerous when they have their cubs and are hungry so we told the little ones we were going to have a race to see who could get down the hill fastest and luckily they didn't bother us. Back home again it was refill the woodbox and get some more water.

After awhile we had pigs chickens and finally a cow then it was my job to feed them too, it seemed to me that all life was, was a pile of work, help with supper and do the dishes and then do homework and then to bed.

In the Christmas and Easter holidays was when we did spring cleaning we didn't have money for paint so we whitewashed the kitchen and cleaned through dusting the spring coils that the mattress sat on, in summer we had far too much to do, to be able to do it then, we ploughed, disk harrowed, dug and planted a garden and hoed the soil, virgin soil would not grow much the first year, the only thing that really grew were turnips, I was mad when Mum made me transplant turnips in the rain as they were too thick and it was so muddy but I wouldn't dare say I didn't want to do it. They all grew too.

Then there was berry picking and cleaning and preserving them for winter, then the fences had to be looked after and the garden to dig and vegetables to be put away for winter, we stored the stuff in celler that we had dug under the house, the worst job to me was to have to go sort the vegies and throw out the bad ones, oh how I hated to feel a squashy one. In winter it was better, as we had time to listen to the radio, ski and sleigh and try to play musical instruments I tried to learn first a mouth organ and then a friend of Mums sent me a one string violin and I never did manage



to get a decent tune out of that and finally gave it to John Sear and he could play anything. I also had an accordion and had fun with that but never got the base going, then I tried to chord on a hawaiian guitar and did quite well on that, a lot of the kids played music and sang so we did have fun, we also cleared off the creek and made a little skating rink and played kissing tag. I liked Bill McConnel and deliberately would let him catch me so he could kiss me. Once when I was skiing with my brother down a steep hill I couldn't steer very well so I was heading for a small bush and yelled Jim what should I do and he just yelled back spread your legs and I did that and it slowed me up but didn't hurt me.

The country was still quite wild and we would be able to go out on the veranda and shoot rabbits without having to hunt for them, we ate lots of rabbits and partridges when we were lucky enough to find them. You don't need to think of it as horrible as when you don't have any other meat it sounds really good and Mum had a real knack of making a really good meal out of next to nothing, she would par-boil the rabbit and take the meat off of it and cut it up and it would taste just like chicken pie. In the summertime we had fish that we would catch at the Kenogewis river we had a net made out of poles and tied together, with netting tied to it and we would lower it into the river and throw some oatmeal in and we would catch lots of minnows and put them in a can and fish with them, Jim made me put my own minnows on and take my own fish off, he was on one side of a big rock and I was on the other and he caught a muskie and his line broke and the line and pole which was just a stick came on the other side of the rock and I snagged it with my line and hauled it in and was he mad and told me I was a fool I could have lost it. Anyway he wouldn't carry it home and I had to drag it as I couldn't hold it high enough.

The first year I used to pick up brush and pile it and then the second year I cut down brush took branches off of trees and piled brush, we all had to do what we could to get the land cleared enough for a garden, we didn't have any horses to help us either, stumps were pulled by prying them out with a pole, that was how Dad was ruptured and that fall was when I cleared down to the river.

One year we had a bush fire coming down the range and we were all afraid of losing our houses and Dad said that the best thing for us to do was to backfire which was to slash a row of trees so that if the fire got that far it would have to jump over the space to keep burning, he also told me that if the fire got closer I was to head for the river and get in up to my neck, but the backfire stopped it from going any farther, and our house was safe.

When I was about thirteen my Dad decided that besides knowing how to shoot a rifle it was time I should learn to shoot a shotgun. He was about 200 pounds and he squatted down showing me how to hold the butt of the gun tight against my shoulder so I wouldn't get too much of a kick, he then fired it and fell backwards because in that position he wasn't braced. When he got up he said "Okay now you try it!" I said but Dad if it can knock you down, what's it going to do to me? He convinced me that it was because he hadn't braced

himself, so I tried it and learned how to shoot it but was never crazy about it as it really had quite a kick.

Around the same time we had a very bad thunder storm and I slept upstairs alone and the lightening was so bright I felt as though there was no roof on the house, so I was really frightened and ran downstairs and into Mum and Dads room, Mum was furious and said imagine a big girl like you coming to your parents room Dad said that is a bad storm, it's enough to frighten anybody, he took me back upstairs and talked to me and told me that I really never had to be afraid of thunder and lightening as when you hear the bang, the lightening has already flashed or struck as light travel's faster than sound. The following morning we went out into the kitchen all of Mums plants were on the floor right side up and had been on the window sill, we then went out to see if the lightening had struck nearby as the hill behind the house had ore in it and there was a big birch split in three and in front of it there were three holes that looked like graves dug by the lightening and seeing there were only three of us at home it gave me the creeps.

We still had the cat that we took with us, and someone had a pup to give away so I went and got it and brought it home in my school bag , she was part collie, as the pup got bigger she would chase the cat up the tree but the cat wasn't really afraid of her and I think it was kind of a game. The sad part of it all was we didn't have enough money to feed the animals properly so the cat caught mice and as I said before sometimes he caught a rabbit as the rabbits probably thought he was a rabbit too, he would claw all the fur off of it and eat what he wanted but would fight if the dog came near, then he would drag the rest over to her and drop it and walk away with his nose up in the air. The cat got caught in a bear trap and almost made it home but was lying down near the well, the dog was running back and forth and barking and finally we decided we had better check and see what all the fuss was about, there we found the cat and she had been trying to let us know the cat was hurt. Dad and Mum put the paw that was broken in several places in a splint and put salve on and he was put in our big wicker chair and he would cry to go out and we would lift him out and put him back he finally got better, the cushion on the chair was wrecked. His name was Mickey, the dog Dad called Nuppy the puppy and the name Nuppy stuck.

We did have some fun too as every once in awhile there would be a dance it was mostly square dances which I soon learned and enjoyed. The first party that I remembered was a Christmas party just one half of a mile up the road. Everyone sat around eating Christmas goodies and one after another of the men passed out and fell off their chairs, they were then laid at the foot of the stairway, there was quite a pile of them. I didn't know what to think . Mum soon took me home and I kept asking questions about those men and Mum kept trying to shut me up when Dad said, "Dot, they drank to much and fell asleep" That was my first experience of people getting drunk. The rest of the parties were better, the odd person got drunk. But usually they were pretty good. When everyone

was so hard up I still wonder where they got the money to buy wine, mind you a gallon of goof, is what they called it, was pretty cheap and sometimes they mixed it with a mickey of straight alcohol. I taught lots of the boys how to dance as a lot of them were younger than me, and by the time I was going to dances I had a terrible time trying to follow instead of lead and to this day if I dance with a poor dancer I find I'm still inclined to lead.

Most of the dances I went with Mum and Dad but after awhile I really liked a boy named Bill and they were new in Farmborough but my mother didn't like his family as they were kind of tough. There was another fellow named John that liked me but I was not too interested in him ,but Mum liked his mother and so it would be alright for me to go out with John, so I would make a date to go with John and then I would leave him and dance and hang around with Bill and then get John to take me home when it was time to go, I used to do the same thing about going to the highway for groceries and mail I'd go with John and if Bill met me I would leave and walk home with Bill and John would be carrying my packsack which was how we hauled stuff the three and a half miles from the highway, I was really rotten to him and wonder how he could have liked me at all.

Dick and Doris Rye had the post office on the highway and we used to pick up letters for most of the people that lived down our way, we all did it for each other. We lived on range two and three there were six houses to a mile and the lots were a mile long. At the back of our lot, were lots of blueberries and we picked about two twenty pound pails a day, in those days they sold eleven quart baskets for \$1.50 a basket.

I sometimes went to the highway alone I guess I was about 13 or 14 at the time and I guess I wasn't too brave as I sang and practised yodelling all the way. If I heard any noises in the bush I would sing God will take care of you and felt a lot better. I also went to the highway by boat and it was quite a long way and I went alone and it was just a row boat. It leaked and I would have to stop and bail every once in awhile it didn't leak too badly, but I still wonder how Mum could have let a kid of 13 or 14 go all the way alone.

As I have mentioned before we belonged to the Church of Christ and being as there was no church there, Dad had meetings in the house, everyone loved him and he preached very good sermons, once he told us he was going to preach a sermon on the three bears that night my friends and I were all curious about that. The sermon was from Galatians 6:2,5,17 It was "bear ye one anothers burdens, bear your own burdens and for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord," That was the way Dad lived , always being helpful and never complaining when things were tough.

I told you we had to carry our water it was uphill and no easy job, so water was not wasted and I can't imagine how people today would manage the way we had to , but then again we came from Montreal where we had running water and inside plumbing and we had to put up with it. Anyway we had a stand just inside the back door, where we put the two pails of water on. We had two slop pails , and on the stand we had a wash basin. We normally had lovely spring

water but of course in the spring the snow melted and the water was not clear and it was an excellent breeding place for mosquitoes and we would have a dipper hanging on a nail by the pails and we would dip the dipper in the pail, not taking more water than we needed to drink and we would look to see if there were any wigglers and if there were we would pour them into the wash basin and then drink, if any water was left that too went into the wash basin, which was used to wash your hands in until it was too dirty. Then it was dumped into the slop pail that was for soapy water, the other slop pail was used to put peelings and scraps and water from the vegetables to feed the pigs not a drop was wasted, and if you carried it, you'd know why!

We had to carry water for washing and baths the water was heated on a wood stove and then we poured it and some cold water in it to wash or have our bath. The washing was washed in a tub with a wash board and we often used a scrubbing brush to get the dirtiest things clean, they then were rinsed and hung out on the line and if there was not enough room on the line the sheets and large things were spread on the grass and the sun bleached them as good as javal. Our baths were also taken in the big galvanized round tub in the kitchen, there was a curtain in the door way and you couldn't really have a bath easily but it had to do. The only other way was to take a bar of soap to the river when it was warm enough.

One spring our supplies were very low and all we had was turnips and bread and even though Mum had a knack of making meals out of nothing, she couldn't do much with that, but Dad said "Mum why don't you make a turnip pie?" Mum said don't be foolish how could I do that, he said use mashed turnip instead of pumpkin and make it the same way. until we got hens we had to use egg substitute. Mum tried the turnip pie and you really couldn't tell it from pumpkin.

One Sunday the Church Army Captain from the Anglican Church held a service and my next door neighbour's girl and I got talking and they had a cow and only had bread and milk and I thought how good that would be instead of turnips and I asked Mum if I could eat there and Julia eat at my place, Mum was furious and the answer was no.

My sister Hazel sent us \$5.00 every once in awhile. She only earned \$15.00 a month but that helped keep us in the necessities like flour, shortening, sugar, canned milk and butter (there was no margarine then) when things were rough Mum would mix the butter half butter and half shortening and add a little salt to stretch it. It really wasn't too bad. It was better than shortening alone.

Mum always loved flowers and soon had a square patch of garden out front she had a green thumb and flowers grew well and we had a bunch of sweet williams and so Mum said if Marion and I wanted to take some to town 18 miles away we could sell them and we would divide the money 3 ways. We carried big cartons to the highway and hitch-hiked to town so we would have more money we sold the flowers very quickly and before long we had special

customers that we knew would always buy some. Then we would go and have lunch at a chinese restaurant ( this was all in Rouyn Noranda, our nearest towns) and we would always ask the chinaman what was on the menu as they didn't have written ones and we got a kick out of the way he would say things, like loasty pork, loasty beef, chicken, chicken flied lice, french flies it was cute, we always ordered the same thing which was veal.

Hitch-hiking was not the same as it is today, as there were very few cars and not many people so it was fairly safe Mum didn't like it but we never had any tragic happenings ,once a man thought he could fool us by taking us down a wrong road and we said stop and let us out or we will jump, he stopped but had intended to take us somewhere else. Another time we got a ride on a log truck and it was just a rack we held onto the poles that held the logs on, we sure were scared that time.

One time I hitched a ride alone and a young man in a sports car stopped and I got in. When he let me off I thought, that wasn't bad, he didn't try to get fresh, and I had walked a little way from the car and he yelled "Hey sweetie,how about a kiss? I turned around and he threw me a bag of kisses, and laughed and said "fooled you eh! I'm a Lowney salesman."

When I was fourteen my Dads Uncle died and he left Dad the large sum of \$200. Dad wanted to take me to Montreal and get my teeth fixed. Dad had worked like a slave for him and that was all he got. Mum was so disgusted that she told him she wouldn't blame him if he got drunk on it, he wasn't a drinking man, anyway she said I could go with Dad if we got the shed full of wood before we left, so Dad and I got busy with the crosscut saw and filled the woodshed and then we went to town and got our train tickets and then went to Montreal. I got my teeth fixed, I had two buck teeth that stuck out like fangs and I hated them the dentist told us that I might lose the teeth underneath them if they were pulled but I would rather have missing teeth than those anyway he pulled them and I looked much better and didn't lose the others.

Dad bought two horses with the rest of the money and I don't know how the horses were sent but anyway we got off the train at McWatters station it was a flag station and only stopped to pick up passengers if the flag was up. My friend Bill met us at the station with a sleigh. It was 40 below and a blizzard and five miles to walk. I felt like I was walking on a lump of snow under my shoe and I tried to kick it off. It was slow going as if you stepped off the beaten track you went down to your knees in soft snow. I told Dad about the way my feet felt and he said , "I think your feet are frozen and I want you to go straight home don't stop anywhere and go as fast as you can." When I got home my overshoes were frozen to my over-stockings and they were frozen to my shoes and they were frozen to my stockings so we couldn't get them off all at once and had to wait until one thing thawed out after another, finally we thawed my feet in a pan of snow and the pain was terrible and my feet were black. They told me that I wanted Dad with me all night and he made a tent so the blankets didn't touch my feet. I didn't walk for 6 weeks and then I could only get on my Dads fleeced lined

insoles as my feet were still swollen, I finally got to a Doctor and he said if I had even rubbed my feet my toes would have dropped off but thawing them in snow saved them. ( now they say that is the wrong thing to do).My toenails are still a problem and I go to a podiatrist to have them cut as they grow in crooked.

Brother Jim was working on the road at thirteen cents an hour, with the black horse ( the old brown one was not too well) I guess Jim didn't realize the horse should be rested, it got sunstroke and had to be shot. The brown one died a little while later, I did ride the brown one a few times. but poor Dad was without a horse and Dad had to do most of the work himself, one time when there was a lot of logs to haul and no animal to do it, Dad borrowed an ox from one of the men and that ox was very stubborn, one time when Joe was using the ox it didn't want to move he had him hitched to a stone boat it was like a sleigh but was made of big logs and was built strong enough to haul away stones I guess that was why it had that name, anyway Joe tried to make the ox go but it wouldn't move so he got so mad he hit him and still no luck so he thought I know what I'll do I'll set fire under the ox and he would move then, that's what he did and the ox did move just far enough ahead that the stone boat was over the fire instead of the ox and so then he had to get water to put the fire out, anyway we had the ox to haul the logs and I had to run ahead with a pail of mash so the ox would follow me and that way he hauled the logs.

One other time Dad tried to make money by cutting lumber for the saw mill, he was supposed to get so much a foot for the logs and when he went to get payed at the saw mill, someone had cut off Dads mark and after all that work he hardly made a cent.

We had a crystal set and we would move the little needle around and sometimes we would get a station I sure wish I knew where that went, we finally got a radio and it was run by batteries we loved to listen to the haunted house and only the shadow knows and all those spooky stories, when Mum let me stay up with Jim, the other program we liked was the grand old opry. You had to have a licence to own a radio and a man came around in Montreal to see if we had one, no one checked in Farmborough.

We had pigs and Sally our sow had about eight baby pigs, one of them was odd, it had curly hair just like a permanent wave and Sally would have nothing to do with it and would push it away. Dad said take it into the house and hold it against your body so it will get natural heat and it might survive, it did and we kept it in a box in the house for awhile then Dad made a special little pen for it alone, it never did grow as much as the other pigs but was kind of my pet but not as much as Sally herself, she would come running over to the fence to get petted, I would scratch her back with a stick while she would grunt contentedly. People seem to think that pigs are dirty. I would like to tell you they are not, they roll in mud to keep the flies and sun off, but they never do their job anywhere except one place.

Some of the female pigs we kept but we only kept one boar for breeding the rest of the males were butchered for meat. The boar broke out of his pen and bunted the sow and so she was squealing

and Tom and I went up to see what the noise was about most everybody was afraid of the boar as he weighed about 400 pounds, I told Tom to hold the door and I was going in I could see through the window and I knew that the boar would be expecting me to feed him, as I usually did and I went in with some food and got him into his pen and then got Tom to help me nail it up, however the damage had been done and Sally miscarried and we tried to help her by giving her castor oil Dad held her mouth open and I poured the bottle full in, Sorry to say we lost her.

We finally got a cow ( a young one ) she kicked if anyone tried to milk her except Dad, which was a bother as that meant Dad had to always be there at milking time. We also got hens too it was a real treat to have real eggs instead of egg powder, sometimes it seemed to me that no matter what Dad did he had trouble as after awhile his chickens got sick and we lost lots of them. We had to do something to the hen house which was a building that was built in the side of a hill. In the winter we skied down the hill and over the roof of the hen house and it made a good ski jump, I never was good at that either.

Nothing I did seemed to please Mum. If I cleaned the upstairs she would complain that I left the hardest part for her: if I did the downstairs she would complain about having to crawl under the beds. She would ask me if I wanted to work outside with Dad and she would get mad about that, so we then took turns. One time when it was my turn to do the housework she said make bread today and I said I don't know how to make bread, and Mum said you have seen me do it often enough, so out she went and I got the cookbook out and tried to make bread I didn't have much strength in my wrists to knead the bread but anyway I made it Jim complained that the bread was heavy , but Dad said it's pretty good for the first time, it is a little heavy but has a lovely taste, he never complained.

Mum got a job in town for \$25 a month and that would help to buy supplies for the winter so Mum took it, My sister Marion was home for the summer and because I lived there year round I felt that I should be boss and Marion was two and a half years older thought she should be the boss so we fought over that. One night supper wasn't on the table on time and Dad said "where's my supper?" he sounded so cross and it was so unlike him, you should have seen two girls move, no arguments who was boss then.

That summer I broke a fruit bowl and I knew I would get a licking so Marion said "don't worry about it , and went in the other room and said the fruit bowl broke I'll get another one next time I'm in town." It wasn't until a few years before Mum died that I told her about it.

When Mum came back from town, it was still the same I still couldn't please her so I went to town and got a job in housework. The first lady I worked for was a miserable person that did nothing but run me down and talk about my clothes and shoes. She told me that my colonization shoes were scratching her floor and she had a dog that scratched the floors. She would get her groceries and throw them downstairs to me to put away and she just missed me a few times as she never looked. She had a large bedroom and her

husband had a really small one and I was supposed to get up and get his breakfast , I slept in the third story which was shut off to save heat. He would call me and when I would get downstairs to make his breakfast he would have it all made and mine too, he said ,don't let her know. I like having company to eat with, after awhile I had enough of her being miserable so I quit.

Both of my sisters were in Montreal, so I bought a one way ticket to Montreal and asked my sister Hazel if she could find me a job, she thought Mum had agreed to me going but I told Dad and he understood that Mum and I couldn't get along and said "I could go if I promised to not do anything that I would not tell him about." I tried to live up to that. Margaret was married to Len and Hazel was working and got me a job through the lady she used to work for and the peoples name was Silver. She had me work from 7 am to 11 pm even if she had to give me diapers to iron. I was allowed one night off and Sunday morning to go to Church. Even though I wasn't jewish I wasn't allowed to eat butter or milk with meat . One day she made fish soup and there were all the little fishes bobbing up and down in this thick milk, head tails and all. I felt they were swimming. She was mad because I wouldn't eat it.

She used to plant money all over the house to see if I would steal it. I got mad and told her husband that if I found any more money around I would consider it a tip and keep it, I thought that would stop that but low and behold there was still some money on his dresser about 75 cents and so I dusted and put it back. That night he said "I thought you were going to keep any money left around , and I left it for you. He was nice so I took the money the next time he left some. They had a spoilt little boy his name was Bramsey, it probably was a nickname for Abraham but I don't really know I would take him for a walk and walk with the sun shining in his eyes so he would shut them and go to sleep, then I would be able to go and have a coke with one of the other maids that was out with a baby,

The main reason that I went to Montreal was because Bill had moved back there, I saw him every Thursday night , my night off, he lived in Griffen town which was a really tough part of Montreal his mother used to lock us in a bedroom so the rest of her children wouldn't bother us, when I think of it now I'm shocked at it but Bill was a really nice fellow and we went out together for a long time. One time I found out he had gone out with another girl, I was so mad, I went out with one fellow also named Bill so I called him Billy so I didn't get them mixed up and about the same time I went to a church skating party and I met another Bill who was sometimes called Willie so for a short time I had three Bills on the string at the same time. Len knew how much I liked Bill so he met him and invited him to come over for Sunday dinner, and the same time I had invited Billy to come for dinner so I had two Bills at my sisters at the same time it was embarrassing, I made up with Bill and told him I would stay with Billy for the rest of the evening, then drop him. One day Bill phoned me and told me he didn't want me to go to his house anymore as it was too much temptation and I thought he was terrible and it was only later that I realized how sensible he



was. When I was still at Silvers I took sick and she called the Doctor and he asked me questions and started to examine me and felt my stomach, they thought I might be pregnant and I told the Doctor to stop or I would slap his face and he said your not pregnant, I saw Bill and asked him if I could be pregnant as my Mother had told me if you kissed a boy you could get pregnant and I really didn't know any better as in those days nothing was told you and most of us at 15 or 16 didn't know anything. He said not by me it takes more than a kiss, I often wonder what he did with his life, I'd love to know.

I went to live with my grandmother she was nearly ninety and I would do housework for my board until I felt well enough to go back to work. When I was better I took a job with the Crawfords, that my sister Marion had worked for. She was expecting and I took the job. While I was there her husband would put his arm around me and tell me I was like a daughter to him and I thought nothing of it, however while his wife was in the hospital he tried to rape me and it was only because I had heard if a man wears something you wouldn't get pregnant and I tried to fight him off and then I remembered that I had seen a package in the top drawer when putting clothes away. So I told him I might get pregnant and he said I can fix that and while he went to the drawer, I ran into the room where I slept and his 6 year old daughter slept too, he tried to get me to let him in and just at that moment I heard the door open downstairs and it was the boarder and so he left me alone I didn't stay alone with him again when his wife came home I gave my notice and went back home to Farmborough. He was a policeman and since then I'm not too sure about them either.

I was only home a few weeks when Albert Redmond came over to see Marion and brought his brother Tom to get me out of the way. Tom had me puzzled, as it was several months before he kissed me. I didn't quite understand that as I had several boys that liked me before that and it was usually the opposite, but when he kissed me I knew I was hooked. He was a blue eyed blond and was a very nice fellow and treated me like a queen, one day he came over and said to Mum "Mrs. Goatcher, did you mean what you said if you ever get kicked out you can stay here?" Mum spoke to Dad and they agreed that he could stay. His mother had taken all his money and clothes and told him to quit going out with me or get out, he chose the latter.

Dad had got a job through Jim as a boilerman's helper, and Mum was to give up living on the farm and move to town, they sold the cow and the hens and I had to kill two roosters every week so we could eat them, it wasn't worth while selling them you didn't get what they were worth. Dad showed me how to hold their legs and the tip of their wings together so they wouldn't move, then you laid their heads on the chopping block and gave one good swing with the axe. Although I didn't like to do it, I became quite good at it, and before I left to go to work in town, we had eaten them all.

When I went to town to work it was only a couple of days until Tom was there too. He found a job at an Iron Foundry called the Wabi Iron Works, where they melted down iron and made iron balls

which were used to break up the rocks at the mines so the ore could go through the mill. Then it was melted and the gold and copper was separated and the gold was made into bars. It was a very hot job. Tom stayed at the Finn camp, it was a bunch of rooms for men, two beds to a room, beautifully clean and the food was marvellous. Several times I would meet Tom, the Finn lady would ask me to stay and eat, and so I did. I was the only girl with about forty men and it was amusing the way all the men were passing me food, it was a little embarrassing, but funny too.

We kept going out together and wanted to get married but we knew Mum thought we were too young, so we asked permission. Mum said, "If you get married this young you will probably have about 20 children." I replied I don't care as long as they are Tom's. She answered, "well if Dad says it okay, its alright with me." Dad said, "If after this length of time they're still in love, it's okay with me." So we got married on April 18 1942 at the United Church. Mrs. Redmond wanted to stop the wedding, but the minister said, "by the time she could have the wedding annulled, Tom would be 21," so we didn't need to worry about it. We had planned a pre-wedding party at Farmborough, but when we heard that she was going to cause trouble we got married first and then had a post-wedding party instead. Was she ever mad. Even though it was supposed to be a dry party, lots of men had a mickey in their pockets and all of them talked Dad into having some, so poor Dad, he wasn't actually drunk but was he sick. Mum was so mad she wouldn't talk to him all the way home.

We didn't have money for a honeymoon so we spent a few days at the farm, and as we were married in April, it sure was cold but, as the old song said we've got our love to keep us warm!

We had bought some furniture and rented a little place and we started to put everything in place and we tried to put the spring on the bed but it kept falling down. We were too dumb to know that the bed in those days had to have slats for the spring to sit on, Tom was so mad that he told the store that they could keep their furniture and we then rented a furnished apartment on Main St. in Rouyn. The owners of the building knew that Tom was jealous so they pretended that as soon as he left for work they came to see me. When Tom heard that he would listen and they lived just across the hall and it would sound as if it was true.

The war had started and so many of the boys had signed up, Tom had tried but was refused because he had bad feet, however after awhile he was accepted, when we had only been married a short while, he was stationed at Huntingdon. He met a girl that used to teach in Farmborough, her parents suggested that I come and board with them, so I did. She didn't trust her husband and would not leave me in the house alone with him. If she went out to feed the chickens I would have to go with her. Imagine having a husband like that. I was expecting my first child and so thought I would like to be closer to the barracks. So Tom found a room for me. The lady asked me if I liked corn soup and I said yes so all the time I stayed there we had corn soup for lunch. (Do you suppose she bought it by the case?) We went to Montreal for the weekend and when we

got back Tom was a little late so he went straight to the barracks and I went to my room. The lady was laying on the couch with her eyes closed and she didn't even move or say anything so I didn't know if she was alive or not. Up in my room the dresser scarves were taken off and there was no bedspread on the bed. I guess I panicked I looked at her again and still no movement so I ran out of the door to the barracks in the freezing rain. The officer let Tom come back with me as I was so upset, Tom walked over to her and saw that she was still breathing and shook her and asked her, "What's the big idea?" She told him she didn't want me to have the baby there. So the next weekend. I went to Grandma's to stay until the baby was born.

There were several black men at the barracks one was so black we all called him midnight, as all you could see on a dark night was eyes and teeth, he was really nice, one day he was not feeling very well and told Tom he felt terrible and Tom said I thought you looked a little pale, he got a real good laugh over that. The other thing that I had not known about was a family of albino's the men all had white hair and the women were all bald it was an odd sight until you got used to it.

Soldiers wives were allowed checkups at the hospital every month, it was a real funny thing you lined up and were measured weighed blood pressure checked etc. There was a joke at that time that said on one visit the doctor stamped each woman's stomach and when she got home she was trying to make out what the stamp said her husband got a magnifying glass and looked at it and said it says when you can read this with the naked eye come back.

Hazel was born in the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal on March 29 1943. At that time there was a streetcar strike, so Tom had to walk, but we were lucky being a soldier he sometimes got a ride and he was also allowed to visit me anytime. Some of the women made remarks like he's going to have the next baby, I'm not going through this again and then someone would yell there's a man in here and all would be quiet.

I had a rough time having the baby, and when I came to, in my bed I couldn't move my arms and so I told the lady in the next bed that I couldn't move. I thought I was paralysed, she called the nurse and she said "You'll be alright in just a minute ." I asked her "What's that thing?" She said you were fighting for your life, so we had to tie you up. It was a straight jacket I was tied in, the first and I hope last time I ever see one.

I was not allowed to get up for 15 days and then, like a fool I got my sister Hazel to take me to Huntingdon where Tom had found me a room. This lady was a lovely person. I did my own cooking, she had me call her Ma Tante which means my aunt. The first morning there I proceeded to bathe the baby, I had her in the sink, when the next thing I knew, I was on the chesterfield. My first thought was of the baby, was she alright? So I asked and she had a friend there, she said I screamed and one of them grabbed the baby and the other grabbed me. It was weeks before I put the baby in the sink again, all she got was sponge baths.

There was a little bull dog at her house and he was not really

very friendly and wouldn't let anyone pet him. He thought that because Hazel was there it was his responsibility to watch her, he slept under her crib and only Ma Tante and I were able to look after her. If I put her out on the veranda in her carriage there was no one that could come up the steps, everyone was afraid to.

Tom got a sleeping out pass so I had him with me and was much happier. Huntingdon was a small town and being an army base the servicemen could get into the shows free. It cost me ten cents. We used to take the baby to the show and if she fell asleep, you just put her outside in the carriage and went in and out to see if she was still sleeping. There were often about ten carriages outside the show, as everyone did it, the cashier would announce over the speaker if a baby was crying.

Tom was transferred to Longueuil, just outside Montreal and then I moved to Montreal. Everywhere you went people didn't want kids, you would have almost as much luck with an elephant. I finally got a room that was like an icebox. Hazel got pneumonia I called the doctor, he was shocked to see how cold the place was and she was too sick to be moved. She had no temperature, the doctor told me to warm up the place as she had to be warm to have a fever and that is when she would have a chance to get better. So I stoked up the fire and the stove got red hot and I was scared, I phoned Grandma and she told me to lift the lid off the stove and it would soon cool down. I guess the house was warm and she was mad and gave me a weeks notice she told me the people downstairs said I was making too much noise. I asked him if it was true and he said no, so we looked for another room.

We made 13 moves in two years. I was glad that all I had was a crib carriage and clothes. We moved into a place that had been a store and it had two rooms and so my sister Hazel moved in with us. Hazel is a wonderful person but up to this point I resented her because Mum would always say "Why can't you be like Hazel?" Well one day the baby was miserable and I had a bad day, Hazel came home from work and gave the baby my new catalogue to play with and she tore it and I flew off the handle and told her she was inconsiderate. She got mad at me and hit me over the head with the ketchup bottle. My head hurt but I was so relieved to know that perfect Hazel was normal and could lose her temper. I did feel sorry that she was so upset that she cried all through service because of what she had done.

Dad died suddenly in 1945 after an operation on a hernia. A blood clot went to his head and he had coronary thrombosis. I was in Montreal when he died and was not with him. I was called to a phone upstairs as we didn't have one and when I came back I was laughing hysterically and Tom had to slap me to find out what was wrong. I said everything I love dies. We had been to visit them and Mum and Dad had gone to a hotel so that Tom and I could have the house as having a baby in a hotel is not easy, little Hazel is what she still gets called, didn't want Tom in the bedroom and everytime he tried to sneak in she would scream. He finally got tired and picked her up and gave her a little swat on her bum and she soon shut up and went to sleep. She was only a few months old, so don't

tell me they don't know anything!

Dad wrote a poem about her when she was about a year old

I have a little grandchild, in two years she'll be three;  
she's such a little darling, she's made a hit with me.

She's nearly always smiling, and seldom sheds a tear;  
She's such a happy creature, a really truly dear.

She came here clear from Montreal, in a big autobus;  
And after such a trying trip, Made not the slightest fuss.

She reached here ten O'clock at night, after many a weary mile;  
Although she was surely tired, she gave us all a smile.

One evening when at Alberts, we put her on the floor;  
She started off and almost ran, a beeline for the door.

Her mother ran to stop her, and all the people smiled;  
They all were so enraptured, with such a pretty child.

Her visits nearly over, We'll hate to see her go;  
But hope to see her soon again, 'cause we all love her so.  
That was the last time he saw her.

Finally the war was over and we moved back to Noranda. Tom got his job back at the Wabi Iron works and we thought it would be good for Hazel to have a brother or a sister. So when Hazel was just over three, I had a premature baby whom we named Philip after Dad. He was kept in the hospital for four weeks as he only weighed four pounds. He cried about 20 hours out of 24 and I was dead tired by the third week. I was eating with my eyes closed, one night a friend came over visiting and she gave the baby a bottle and some pabulum. When the alarm woke me up at 7.00 A.M. for Tom to go to work, I was surprised the baby hadn't woke up so I rushed to the kitchen to put on a bottle and came back to change him and he was blue. We called the Doctor and told him, he said I'll come as soon as I've had my breakfast. He finally came at 11.00 and gave him a shot of adrenalin and told me if he lived past noon he would have a chance. He didn't make it. I felt if I had fed him, he would have lived. It bothered me so much that I used to dream that he was crying and I'd forgotten him and I'd jump out of bed and rush over to where the crib had been only to find no crib.

I would get the shakes and I couldn't stop, I finally got a 15 year old girl from across the street to come and stay when Tom was on nights. It took me a long time to get over that even though he was only seven and a half weeks old. I was told that I shouldn't have another for several years, but two years later I had my second son. He was also a premature baby and was four and a half pounds he was long and skinny the Dr. and nurses call him Ghandi. He didn't have to be kept in an incubator as he was quite strong even though he was tiny. I had not been allowed to work or even go for a walk

for about four months previous. If I tried to I would start having labour pains. For the first 18 months he was in and out of the hospital, he couldn't keep his food down and then he had a ruptured naval and had to wear a truss for several months his naval was as big as a loonie.

He then got a pneumonia virus and was in the hospital and the Dr. stayed with him all night and syphoned his lungs to keep him alive. There were about 16 babies died within a month in Rouyn Noranda alone, so I considered myself extremely lucky that Al lived.

When Al was 10 months old I knew I was expecting again and after losing one and all the trouble I had with Al I really didn't want another one. I was hysterical when Dr. Charters told me I was expecting again I believe Dr. Charters is now in Montreal as a child specialist, when he realized that I was hysterical he told me that if I really didn't want the baby he would adopt it and give it a good home as he was probably the only man in town that could not produce babies. Needless to say that when he but Betsy in my arms, that was that. There was no way I would give her away not even to Dr. Charters which could have given her a lot of things we couldn't.

About the time I was expecting Betsy (who I intended to call Beth) I had a girl whose name is Marion that used to live in Farmborough, came to the house and asked if I could put her up, and being in a small town I had heard gossip about her and she about me ,so I asked Tom and he said" we could give it a try" she would have to sleep with Hazel as it was only a small house I don't think either of us believed the gossip but were very careful for the first while until we had proven to ourselves that it was all just gossip and we became very close friends, we still are friends 45 years later but don't see much of each other now.

When Bet was due I had two children with whooping cough and I couldn't find anyone to look after the other two while I was in the hospital. One day Marion came home and said I found someone to look after the children I said who? She said me, I quit my job so I could look after them for you. How many people would do that for a friend? Jobs were not that easy to find. She said Allan would not stay with anyone else especially when he was sick. She had a terrible time with both kids throwing up and we didn't have clothes dryers and stuff like that so we had clothes strung all over the house trying to keep them clean and covered.

With three kids in the room and there was only two bedrooms Marion found another place to stay and she started dating Earl Tomlinson and they got married and had Hazel as her flower girl. Our children both hers and mine grew up together and we are like family, Al still calls Marion his second Mum.

Tom gave me the creeps sometimes, as one time when we were taking food out to Mum on the farm, we had just got there when Tom said, " I have to go home, there is someone waiting for us at home" I said who? He said I don't really know but I have to get home and it was about 12;15 and so I said well Mum will be mad but I'll go too and when we got home his friend that had been jammed in the

mine shaft and we thought was dead, was sitting on our veranda with his wife. I said have you been waiting long he said oh it was just after noon when we got here and we had not seen this man for about 6 years. Another time we were just finished supper and he said my Dad just died, the phone will ring in a minute and it did and he answered and it was true his Dad had just finished supper and went and sat in the easy chair and died, there also was the day he lost his fingers he didn't want to go to work , I said we need the money so he went and had the accident, I never told him to go again if he didn't want to go. He really had premonitions, maybe it was the Irish in him.

Betsy was a good baby but had trouble keeping food down all she could keep down was pablum, milk and pears. When she was about ten months old she screamed every time you moved her arms and legs and so I took her to Dr.Lindsay the other Dr. Charters had left town. He couldn't find anything wrong as she looked healthy enough, but after awhile it still continued and I was getting fed up so he really examined her and said we will have to put her in the hospital and find out what is wrong. So they checked her out and found out it was rickets and so they took her off all foods and fed her interveniously and then started to give her a few drops of all different foods until she was able to tolerate almost everything. She spent her first Christmas in the Youville hospital but was alright after that.

Shortly after she got out of the hospital, Tom had an accident at the mine on a trigger hoist, it is something like a clothesline on a pulley, as he was taking the cable off the pulley at the end of the shift , some idiot turned the switch on and the pulley cut off three of his fingers on his left hand. He was off work for a couple of months and he was only back to work for a few weeks when the mine went on strike. The union gave us food vouchers which were not too large, I think it was \$16. a week. You had to use it all as the store wouldn't give you more than \$1.50 cash that we tried to save, so we could take a taxi home with the groceries. We didn't have calculators so we would go around the store with a paper and pencil and added it as we went along, sounds like fun Eh? Even if we went a few cents over we wouldn't have enough money to take a taxi home.

There was no money for shoes and so I knitted slippers for Hazel to wear inside her boots as it was winter. The teacher told me that she couldn't wear slippers, so I asked her if she would rather me keep her home or would she like to buy shoes for her? Was I mad. The strike finally ended and we were \$1500. in debt and six months behind in our rent. What made me mad was after all that time (six months) we had to settle for what they could have had in the first three weeks.

When Bet was five we thought it would be nice to have another child, we would miss not having the patter of little feet so I got pregnant, I carried it for eight months and then I knew something was wrong as I couldn't feel any movement so I went to the Dr. and he couldn't hear a heartbeat so he put me in the hospital and they induced labour. He was a little boy and had been dead several days

the cord was around his neck and he choked. I was very upset it seemed to me that people that wanted babies couldn't have them and those that didn't had them. I always seemed to have trouble.

We were not very well off as the strike had us in the hole. We had an ice box which often I forgot and the pan underneath would overflow and you would see the water coming across the floor to meet you, and was it a mess. It was full to the brim and no way could you carry it to empty it. So you would have to dip out some first. One day when I had some cold meat in the icebox and it was all turning green by Monday I was fed up with it and I said to Tom I wish we could get a refrigerator and he said if you can get a down payment for one go get one. He was being a little sarcastic as we had no money to spare but I knew the man at Belisles hardware store and he said, what have you got that you could trade in? I said not much just the icebox he said I could give you 10 for that and what else? Well there is Betsy's carriage and you know it is a good one. Well he said I could say I gave you more and add it on the price and that way you could have it, they delivered it that afternoon and was Tom surprised. I still appreciate a refrigerator whenever I think of an icebox.

Another time I said to Tom I wish we could get a new chesterfield, he said lets look at them and see what they have and I said don't be stupid we can't afford one now. One time after we had been into a store, there was one that I liked and said so , when I had been out shopping I came home and lo and behold there was the new chesterfield that I had liked. The kids had fun cleaning out the old one and checking for stuff down the sides and having it done before I came home. So it would be a big surprise. He spoiled me and I had to learn that I should never say I liked something or else he would buy it whether we could afford it or not. Once I said kiddingly that it was time I had another baby and he said why? I said that is the only time I get flowers, so the next special day he bought me a dozen of the largest gladiolas I have ever seen.

We were now getting back on our feet and things looked a little better.

Hazel and Ralph and family came to Noranda to visit us and took us back with them. We were coming home by bus there were 9 of us in one car, four adults and the rest were children. At one stop Al got his finger caught in the car door and the pain was so bad we had to take him to a Dr. and get a hole drilled in the nail so the blood could get out and relieve the pressure, the Dr. told him he was drilling for gold. We stayed in a motel and it was on an island and when the train passed the whole place shook.

One summer we were invited to go out to Beebee's camp and we thought it would be a nice change. We went and slept in a tent and we were never so cold in all our life. We got up and lit a fire and we put our blankets over the two little ones and sat by the fire until it was daylight. That was my first and last camping trip for a long long time.

In 1958 we bought our first car. I'll never forget how proud



we were of that car, I've never taken care of a car as well since.

We planned on taking a trip out west the following summer. Tom said that we'd need to get some new clothes for each one, one at a time. I convinced him he needed them most and so he bought a new suit shirts and shoes. In April he complained of indigestion almost all the time, so he went to the Doctor. He took an electrocardiogram, and said there was nothing wrong with his heart, but it continued and in May he went for x-rays. Tom died on the way to work before we had the results of the x-rays. It's funny, he kissed me good-bye that morning, walked as far as the sidewalk and said "I forgot to kiss you." He gave me a big hug and kissed me again. I have a feeling that he knew something that I didn't as less than an hour later he was gone at 37 years old. He had said one night when he was not feeling too well that he expected to die just like his Dad, who had just finished his dinner and sat down to read his paper and died.

So there I was suddenly a widow and only 34 with three kids to raise and I didn't have much education only seventh grade and I had never worked at anything but housework. There was a little insurance money but with no money coming in it didn't last long.

Just after Tom died the Walshes invited us to go to Old Orchard Beach with them and we did we had a lot of fun, Art was always giving Hazel a hard time, one day we went out to get lobsters for dinner and he told Hazel to hold it and she said if it moves I'll throw it at you. Art would say to Hazel here hold this and then he would walk away and leave her holding something she had quite a time, he threw water at her once and she threw some back, only to get his mother with it, I had a terrible time trying to follow them by car on the way down as I had not been driving long, so in the end Art drove the rest of the way. The two little ones Al and Betsy just loved the T.V. as at home we didn't have many stations.

With the money I bought a two storey house, I rented the upstairs in the hopes of being able to manage, but it was October before I could find a job and that was at the Rouyn-Noranda Press for \$25. a week. It was an uninteresting job making writing pads, counting paper, cutting and assembling newspapers. Well even though I got a raise to \$28 a week it still wasn't enough to support my kids without using the little that was in the bank. All of a sudden I realized that with only \$100 left in the bank I had to do something else. My sister Hazel and her Husband Ralph had offered to let us stay with her until we could find something else to do. So we excepted her offer and moved down to Sarnia in hopes of finding some better job in Ontario.

So I said to my daughter Hazel who was working as an apprentice at a Beauty Parlour in Noranda, ask them if they want to buy a house? In three weeks the house was sold which gave me back \$1000. So we shipped our furniture, and went to Sarnia. There I applied for unemployment insurance and was told that I would have to wait six weeks to get it, because I had quit my job. I wrote them a letter telling them why I had quit and moved down as I couldn't support the children there, so along came a letter and it

told me that I would be getting the money and back pay too. I received \$18. a week gave Hazel and Ralph \$15. and kept the three dollars for gas to look for a job. As soon as we got there we took Hazel to Port Huron to a hairdressing school. I was three days late for registering her, but after a little persuasion they took her in. I felt that the sooner she was able to work, the more likely we would be able to manage.

I walked the streets day after day looking for a job, but the story was always the same, they were looking for someone with experience or they wanted someone younger. I didn't think 34 was old, but I guess with not much education or no experience who would want me? I heard somewhere that you could still draw unemployment money if you took one of their I.B.M. courses, so I went to Hamilton and stayed at the YWCA and left my children with some friends, as I felt my sister Hazel needed a break and had enough to do. They were not at all happy where they were and I think it taught them that home was better and when I had taken the course I then had to look all over again for a job. I was gone one month and finished the course with 90% I had tried a test at Noranda Mines after Tom died and I got 95% in that test that is why I thought it might be something that I can do.

Back in Sarnia I went to all the oil companies to try to get a job at keypunching (punching holes in cards which were fed into a type of computer or accounting machines) only to find that they were training their own girls and didn't hire from outside, so then to London, and it was the same or they wanted at least a years experience. I was getting very discouraged by then.

My Aunt and Uncle from England came over for a visit to Sarnia and wanted to visit Toronto too. I had only two weeks left of unemployment money and I was getting panicky. They paid the gas and I took them to Toronto. and even though I hate big cities I went to IBM to see if they could find me a job.

They gave me an address of a company that wanted a girl with at least a years experience. The name of the company was McNamara Construction Co. and I got the same old story, not enough experience. I was fed up and said "People must get experience somehow, what am I supposed to do rent a machine and practise at home?" He said you must be desperate for a job, I said No, I'm desperate for experience. So he took me on for a three months trial and said at the end of three months I'll let you know if you are satisfactory and you can let me know how you like this type of work. At \$40. a week which was not enough to support kids on but it would give me a chance to get some experience.

The first place we rented was a basement apartment and we only had one bedroom so we got bunk beds and Al slept in the top Bet in the bottom and Hazel and I slept together, I made Bet a birthday cake and put it in a cake tin which I had for a long time, and when we had supper that night I got the cake tin and opened it and the whole cake was just covered with ants so out it went, and we started to look for another place.

My cousin that I really didn't know too well, where my Aunt and Uncle were visiting, said that I could stay there until I could

find a place to stay she and her husband were just wonderful to me and when the children were finished school they stayed with her and thought they were in a high class hotel as they had whatever they wanted for breakfast. That was cousin Helen and George Elo. They also helped me find a low rental apartment fairly close by. Can you imagine what it was like moving from a small town to a big city, I was terrified and my hands were white by the time I got to work and I felt sick to my stomach too.

I worked there almost five years . My first supervisor was a miserable woman that wouldn't help you at all, she would say nobody's picking my brains, find out what is wrong yourself and one of the times she just threw all the cards on my desk so that I had to throw them away and start all over again, I cried and the boss came and asked me what was the matter so I told him and when I came back from lunch he had her in his office and I could hear them yelling at each other, she was moved to another department before too long. For the first few years I did a lot of part time work in the evenings to help supplement my income and make ends meet. I was so busy trying to work and see that the kids had clean clothes etc. They were all very good, Betsy vacuumed and tidied up, Al put the supper on and dumped the garbage. Hazel was working and helping out financially. The fact that we were able to stay together was because we all contributed to it. I would never have been able to do it all alone, I'm so grateful that my kids were such good kids and never gave me any real problems. I didn't have time to feel sorry for myself or even be lonesome.

We were not the only people in the low rental that were hard up, one friend phoned us up and asked us if we would finish some chicken her daughter only ate the skin and she had one leg off it so needless to say we were thankful for it, one other family had made stew with some meat and the second day they added some more vegetables and the third they add some macaroni and Al's friend said could I eat with you theres not much good in that soup now.

Our fun at that time was to go for car rides on the weekend and on payday when we went shopping we treated ourselves to supper which consisted of a foot-long hotdog and a coke, we all agree that hot dogs never tasted as good since, one time Al bugged me to have some chips from a chip wagon so I thought I would let them have some, I have to smile when I think about this as Al said to me, if I ever ask you for chips again remind me they are not as good as the ones you make at home

John Hopwood moved down from Sarnia and stayed with us for a while, I let him use my car as I was riding with someone else, until he had enough money to put a down payment on a car. Hazel and John were going steady and he lived a few blocks away from us so if I needed the car he brought it over. They soon were planning their wedding , I went to Sarnia to make plans as the majority of family and friends lived there, she was married in the church there, and they rented an apartment in Scarborough we were still living in the same apartment we had moved in when we left Helens place.

My rent was going up and the apartment that Hazel lived in was so cold we both wanted to move, so someone suggested that we should

get a house that we could share and we looked and found one in Bay Ridges that we thought would suit the purpose it had 8 rooms not counting the bathrooms , it was a split level on four floors. At first I had the upstairs with three bedrooms so Al could have a room to himself and Bet and I also had our own rooms, downstairs was the kitchen and livingroom that we all shared , down another flight was three more rooms and a bathroom that Hazel John and Tommy had we shared the next floor down which was a recreation room and laundry and furnace room, we had a pool table and the boys had fun with it and Al used to have kids over and have a jam session, Al played the drums and another played the guitar and I forget what the others played. I was always happier when they were home instead of out, one time we had Johns brother Alfred and my nephew Mike Goatcher all staying at our place and working at a gas station, one day I came home from work and the kids told me I had won a prize I said don't be silly I didn't even enter a contest they said well phone Desi and see for yourself and he said he had put an entry in when I had my car fixed and I had won a set of wearever pots and I still use them.

There were two men that worked at McNamara's that drove to work and I asked if I could join their car pool, I never did drive but just payed them \$3. a week as a passenger. The most pleasant of the two moved away and that left me riding with the other one, and before too long I realized that I was beginning to like him. He used to tease me but I didn't pay too much attention to him. I had been riding with him for about two years and I realized I was anxious to see him every morning. I guess I had been alone for so long I longed for male companionship. I had fallen for him but I knew it was all wrong as he was a married man with five kids and there was no possibility of marriage .

so I quit that job just to get away from him, as he was quite persistent. I was working part time at Eli Lillys to make ends meet. He still phoned me and came around to the house occassionally and finally he moved away . I was offered a job there so that was where I went.

Actually I learned from this that you shouldn't judge someone else because even if you have a good sense of morals you can find yourself in a mix up, but in a way he did me a favour as I had not thought of myself as being attractive to anyone.

I forgot to say I was making about \$60 a week and John and I had borrowed the down payment to get the house, together.

Al and Bet were teenagers and tried to include me, but I always felt like I stuck out like a sore thumb, so soon didn't go with them.

I worked a lot of overtime so didn't have too much time to worry about what I was going to do with my spare time, I have even worked for office overload as far as the Ford Plant in Oakville I would take a load of workers with me and would get paid milage as well as so much a person. that was the worse keypunch job I ever did, I had done so little at the end of the shift that I thought I would never be asked back but evidently I was not the only one that found it terribly hard as no one had done much more. I worked at

several places until the Doctor told me I was over doing it and should quit the part time work. It is really hard to try to be Mother and Father both at once, I remember one time the kids bought me a fathers day present on fathers day it was a tool of some kind I needed, I think pliers. the card had written on it to Mum on fathers day because you are both to us, I still have it somewhere.

One weekend I went to Sarnia and I met a bachelor that I had met several years before, he said he would look me up. He did and kept on driving all the way from St. Catherines every weekend to see me while he was home he went back on the ship as he was a first mate and was only home for three months in the winter. I went to where his boat came in a couple of times. He had proposed to me and I had excepted and he was to give me the ring the next time he was ashore, and we were to get married on the 18th of December. All of a sudden I got a dear John letter postponing the wedding indefinitely. I never did find out why and I was very upset.

I almost cracked up over that, as when he came along it was almost as if my prayers had been answered, as he was an available man that all the Sarnia folk seemed to think very highly of. He was nice with kids and belonged to the same church, and was sent in time for me to get over the other fellow and then that happened. I'll admit, I felt like I had more than my share of headaches and heartaches.

The fellow that I had as a passenger and worked at Eli Lillys too, was very sympathetic and we were soon going out together as pals, that was the understanding it was to be strictly platonic. No way did I want another boyfriend. He was very good company and never gave me the slightest idea that he would get serious. He often would remind me that it was too bad that I was lonesome. He was never lonesome and very content with his music, horse races and money. We went to supper (dutch treat) every Thursday night and then go bowling. While at the bowling alley I met Alex and May North who had cancer and was not well but he brought her so she would have an outing, she sang his praises telling us how he made the meals, he looked after her. I would ask him how she was doing he would tell me they were trying some other drug and always acted as though she would get better but I think he really knew better, she finally passed away.

A few months later I came to work and went to get my coffee and noticed that Alex was not sitting with the fellows that he usually sat with but was where I always sat, so I thought it would be mean to ignore him and sit somewhere else so I sat down and talked to him, he was there every morning after that. The first time he asked me out I was busy as it was Dans birthday and I took him out to dinner and a show. One Friday I said to him "Have a nice weekend "and he looked so un-enthused, I said, well if its that bad , you could come out to the house on the weekend he said do you mean that? I told him that there were 6 of us there. He asked his son Bob if he would drive him out to Bay Ridges to see me and he did, I had told him if he came out I would see to it that he got back as far as a streetcar we talked and then we had supper and after awhile I said I would drive him to the streetcar, Al said

where are you going Mum? I said I'm going to drive Alex to town, so Al said you are not going alone at this time of night wait I'll go with you, so we drove him home. I thought it was cute and funny being looked after by my son.

He invited me to the Christmas dance and I thought it would be nice to have an escort and he said he would get a new suit and shoes so he would be better dressed and asked me if I would help him choose it and it was kind of funny as we went to Eatons and he and I picked out a suit and shirt and shoes and then he gave them his card and it had not been used for so long it had expired and he asked me if I could put it on my card and I didn't have much money and I knew the kids would think me crazy if I did such a thing, but I did it anyway and he soon had me payed back, he bought me an orchid (which Danny had suggested) we went to the dance and he treated me like a queen and I really enjoyed it.

One day he kissed me and I realized that I really liked him and it was only that he drank too much that I was afraid of, he asked me if I really wanted to live alone for the rest of my life and I said no not if I could find someone that I loved and respected . We went to Montreal on a trip to visit my sister Margaret she lived in St. Eustache Quebec and we were snowed in a couple of times and I drove into Montreal and the snowbanks were as high as the ceiling, he wanted to buy some beer and I said no and then I said well go ahead it is none of my business and then he said don't you care for me at all? He had tears in his eyes so that is when we both knew we were in love and he proposed to me on bended knee at my sisters house on New Years eve and sang, Winter wonderland to me, especially telling me, to face unafraid the plans that we made in that Winter wonderland. We got married in about six months, even though Alex thought he should wait a year, I thought it was ridiculous when we were going steady. We set the date for June 6 1970. we went on a honeymoon going to Indianapolis to see the Lily plant as that was the company we both worked for and then we went out west to see Marion and Vic and Banff and Lake Louise it was beautiful, Vic had a heart attacck just before we got to Moose Jaw but is fine now. Then back through the northern way and stopped at Marion and Earl Tomlinson's and then home.

Allan and Barb got married a short time after we got home on July 25 1970 Mum was at the wedding and she planned on staying with us, but thought she should see the Doctor in Sarnia and she never did get back to stay with us, we had deliberately got a house with no stairs for her to be able to stay with us. She landed in the hospital and she didn't seem terribly sick but went down hill gradually, she said, (when we went down to Sarnia) it's so nice everybody came to the funeral, I said your not dead yet! yes I know but it is the same thing. Another thing she said was both of you are married and happy so I can go now, and don't forget to be nice to Alex as if it wasn't for him you wouldn't have such a nice home. A few weeks later she was gone.

I am very pleased and proud of my children, Hazel has Two children Tom and Marilyn. Allan is lead computer operator and Betsy works in an office. None of them were ever a real problem to

me, and considering I was out working so many hours and sometimes it was twice a day , I am very grateful to the children and God that they turned out so well.

Alex has only one son, Bob. He's a teacher and has two children. We all visit back and forth. My family really like Alex and his family likes me, so all is well.

Alex had trouble with the tightening of the cords in his hands and so in December when we had a week off Alex had one hand operated on, the operation is called Dupitrens Contraction. I think it was the next summer he had the other one done, we went on a camping trip with Al and Barb that time with a tent and we camped in Nova Scotia and we were eaten alive with sand flies and we were just covered with bites and so we packed up and opened the gate and left at four in the morning, we stopped and had our hair done and I came out with a tight marcel wave (old fashioned) and Barb came out with a beehive and I think it was days before she was really able to get a comb through it. We went right to New Foundland and it was a nice trip Al felt sick on the boat and so did I but when I got a spot to lie down I was much better.

The Cabot Trail is really breath taking and we saw and went on the magnetic hill, you turn the key off and the car goes back up hill, they say its an illusion but it doesn't look like it to me.

Al and Barb had moved into an apartment and so were not able to take the dog so we inherited him, Diamond. Alex said its a case of love me love my dog. He was a very intelligent dog and even if we spell words he knows what it means, if you spell bath he hides under the bed. He had a different bark for each person I would know if it was Hazel Al or Bet coming his reaction was different, and if it was a stranger the hair stood up on his back so there was no doubt about it at all.

When we were first married little Tom didn't really know his Gramps too well, we were over at Hazels and we knew that Al was supposed to be coming over to our house, so he phoned and no one answered and Alex said, is that you Diamond? Did Al come yet? Oh he didn't eh! Well look after the house and we will be home soon. Good-bye. When he hung up, Tommy said, he can't really talk can he Gran?

On Dec. 29 1972 Allan and Barb had their first child a girl they called Sheri. She has light brown hair and big brown eyes and is a sweet happy child.

Of course in between times life goes on in a very harmonious manner, perhaps its because Alex spoils me and does anything that will make me happy and needless to say, with someone like that I try to do likewise.

On August 7 1973 Alex was out trimming the hedge, (it was also Allan's birthday) we don't know exactly how , but he cut the end of his finger so I rushed him over to Ajax hospital and I asked him if he was alright so I parked the car and went in and there he was sitting on a pile of chairs and he was grey and so I called the nurse and told them he had fainted in the waiting room, she couldn't find a pulse, there was about three Doctors and four nurses all in a matter of minutes where they all came from I still

don't know, when he came to he wanted to get the finger stitched and go home, and was quite mad when they told him he was to go to intensive care and be put on a monitor, a few days later they phoned me at work and asked me if I would agree to him having a pacemaker put in I didn't know anything about it, and said it is up to Alex, he agreed and they put in a temporary one a day or so later he had a sharp pain in his heart and they found out the wire had come out of his heart, Alex said that the Doctor wanted to break the record of how long it took to put it in, anyway he was then sent to Toronto General Hospital to get a permanent one put in. His heart was too slow and that is what had caused a heart block. He was off work six weeks and I went down to the hospital every day after work they let me go a little early to beat some of the traffic and I would stay until 8:30 and then drive home, it was very tiring.

We then went to a clinic that had talks on pacemakers and they told us they don't want to put pacemakers in people to worry them, it was to increase the quality of life, however I would see signs that said, microwave in use and it would scare me, the lack of knowledge is far more frightening than knowledge.

We finally got the morgage payed off and were now able to go places and possibly save for retirement, so we thought we would treat ourselves to a trip, the only place we seemed to agree on was the trip to Australia but we had to borrow some to do that, and being as he had the pacemaker I was a little afraid but we went and had a real good time.

In February of 1974 we took the trip to Australia, it's seventeen flying hours to get there we made stops in Chicago, Los Angles, Fiji Islands , Hawaii, to get there, New Zealand (we were stuck there in the plane for nine hours) there was no where to go if we got out, Tahiti, L.A. then home.

We visited my nephew Arthur, part of the time in Sydney, toured Canberra, Melbourne where we stayed a couple of days with a lady we sat with on the plane, she insisted we stay with her, we had already booked into a motel, she took us to Phillips Island to see the penguin walk, it is very interesting to see them all come in at dusk and waddle right to the hole that their babies were in, its too bad they don't allow pictures as it was very fascinating, we then spent a week at Hayman Islands near Brisbane and we went deep sea fishing , also went on glass bottom boats and saw coral of all sorts there was an underwater observatory which we went down and they throw food for the fish so we could see all sorts of big fish and small colourful ones too.

If I had a chance to go anywhere again it would be to Hayman Island it was a paradise, we were away for a month, we had saved our holidays for two years to make that possible, it never gets really cold, but I still like Canada best.

Allan and Barb's second girl was born on August 2 1974 she looks a lot like Sheri but has a darker complexion.

We went to Noranda for Jean Tomlinsons wedding that is the daughter of the one that gave up her job to look after my kids while they had whooping cough. Alex was interested in where I had



lived as a young girl, so we went to Farmborough, the house is gone and all you can see is the hole where the cellar had been, the spruces that were on either side of the path going up to the house are still there, but that is all that remains to show us where the house was, some logging company had bulldozed a road right to the back of our property and as far as Carriers creek which was a little farther, there was also a road to the river which was in a different direction. Our property was 1 mile back and a sixth of a mile wide it was 100 acres, most of it was still bush I really don't know how much was actually cleared and worked. Dad and Mum would never have believed that a car could ever get down to the river or to the back of our land. I looked for blueberry plants when we went back but couldn't see any and that was where we used to pick two 20 lb. pails a day, they were so plentiful that we could sit in one spot for about an hour before moving.

The people that took the farm from Mum while she was away, (it was possible to take it as you had to have 3 barns and so many acres cleared and live on the place for more than six months of the year) after Dad died Mum was not able to do it all alone, they tore down the house and what wasn't taken was just dumped outside on the ground, there are many things I would still like to know what happened to them, such as the crystal set and when I go to an antique place, I see so many things that we had at home that are really worth something now, even the old scrubbing board of course I'm telling my age I will soon be in the antique category too. One of our neighbours Polish people , I heard, carried our house away board by board and hauled it home, they had their qualifications for the ownership, probably that way.

In June 1975 we were sitting in the livingroom when Alex said his arm felt funny and he had a mild stroke, thank God it was mild, his arm and one side of his face was paralyzed but it was only a few hours until I saw his finger move a little bit and I said move your finger again and he shook his head no, I said it did move and he tried and could see it for himself and then he kept on and soon he was able to do more, he got all of his use back and it was only when he was tired you could see his muscles in his face sag.

He keeps reasonably well as long as he doesn't over do it. He was depressed about it as no one wants to live a restricted life even if the restriction is mild.

In August Alex's brother died of lung cancer we had been going back and forth to see him in a hospital in the west end of Toronto, he had made both Alex and I executors of the estate which was left to his only daughter Jane, from his last wife. There were several children from the first wife and they didn't ever bother to go and see him so they were not considered. Jane was seventeen and had really been spoiled and allowed to have anything she wanted, even to stay home from school and not work, it was a big responsibility which I wish we didn't have, I guess Percy (her father) knew I would not put up with too much nonsense so that is why I was chosen, one day she phoned and said is Uncle Alex there? I said no what do you want to talk to him about? Well she said I have a friend who is selling carpets and I would like to have new carpets

and I asked how much it would cost and she said Oh something like 300 or 3000 dollars, not much difference just another 0, I told Alex when he came home, she did not look after the house so we didn't let her have it.

In September 1975 my son Allan informed me that he was taking a job in Edmonton, I was upset as I guess I had counted on him being there so I could call on him whenever I needed him and vice versa, we had done a lot of things together work wise too, we are very close. When the house was sold Barb and the children joined him. He seems to enjoy his house and job as communications consultant for Alberta Government Telephone Company, it has to do with computers.

In October I also cut my finger and had to have part of the nail taken off and four stitches, I had the trimming to do because of Alex's health, those electric clippers are out to get us, the Doctor did such a good job that you can hardly tell where the cut was and my nail grew in really nicely.

Because everything was alright we went on a trip with Alex's cousin and husband (Doris and Rolly) at Christmas time by bus with Denure Tours to Daytona Beach Florida. The accommodations were lovely, we stayed overnight, every night , travelled about 500 miles a day for three days, each way.

We went to Disney World, Cypress Gardens and Busch Gardens and it was very nice and I enjoyed it all very much, even though it could have been warmer, until Alex fainted at a Dance New Years Eve, we took him to a hospital, they couldn't find anything wrong so they let him out at one minute to twelve, was I ever glad to see him I couldn't find out anything about him and I had put my money and glasses and cigarettes in his pocket so I never felt so lost and lonely before or since. He didn't feel too good for about a week and I worried until I had him back home.

In May 1976 Alex had to have his battery changed, the first few years the battery had to be changed every year and then they lasted five years, well when they changed his battery he couldn't seem to wake up and I spoke to the nurse and asked her if he had been given anaesthetic and she said no, and I said he can't stay awake so they kept him in and checked his blood only to find out he was a mild diabetic, which could be controlled by diet alone.

In July 1976 we went out to Edmonton and took Hazel's kids Tom and Marilyn with us, it was a vacation they will remember as it was their first flight, first time in a motor boat and Vic and Marion even let them drive it. Al and Barb took us all to Banff and they and we went swimming in two different hot springs. Al drove us to Moose Jaw where we spent the next week with Marion and Vic. (Marion is my sister) Tom tried water skiing for the first time and really did well. They were perfect kids I only had to make them sit for punishment once. Sheri and Heather are really cute.

In the next couple of months I had a yen to see my friend Pearl Scott, she had moved to P.E.I. to look after her aging mother, so we decided to fly down for Labour Day weekend, we had a nice time but I feel that she is really tied down. Her brother lived there and she would have to fry chicken every night for him

to take in his lunch, he really was catered to.

In September Jane had a baby girl and seeing as she was not married the little girl was named Kelly North, Ian is still living there with her.

We planned on going to Freeport in the Bahamas for Christmas week. We had a nice time but the food was not very good, everything had a tomato sauce on it fish, chicken or beef all tasted the same, we balked one night and all refused to eat it so it was a little better after that. There was a parade New Years Eve at 4 in the morning and Alex said lets go and see it so we set the alarm and went to see it, it was weird just drums and whistles and they paraded around in a circle and it gave me the creeps. The last day I was there I got a terrible cold and was off work for a week with a touch of pneumonia.

Just before Christmas Alex had been informed by the company that on January the first 1977 he was to be put on a disability retirement, with full pay for three months, 2/3 pay for another twelve months, so there would be only about seven months from then until actual retirement and pensions. At first he was not too happy, but then he got a second car and seems to be quite happy about it. Every once in awhile Betsy and Alex have lunch together and they really love and enjoy each other.

This last week Bet Rick and Alex and I went to Montreal in Ricks car mainly to see Auntie Annie (my Dad's sister) who is now ninety-three getting a little frail and hard of hearing, but still is right on the bit, still writing articles for the Literary Club, and knits baby things for a pastime. She lives in a Senior Citizens home which is very nice, right by the river in St. Eustache, that is where my sister Margaret lives.

I have tried to book things for Alex to look forward to as it must be boring when your home and not well enough to do a lot of things, being as I had been at Eli Lilly's for a long time about twelve years then, I had three weeks holiday and we all got a week at Christmas so we divided the time into little trips. We booked a trip to England on May 18 1977 and plan to see Aunt Jessica , Aunt Annie and Dad's sister, who is eighty-six but still going strong even though she has had part of her stomach removed and also both of her knee caps, she also has angina, none of this stopped her from going all across Canada a few years ago by herself. She is a sweet lady. Peggie my sister-in-law, my only brothers wife is living in England and we plan on visiting her too, but have just found that divorce proceedings are under way so I hope it doesn't spoil our visit. When we got to England we were met by my sister Marion and Vic and brother Jim who were all visiting England at the same time. There were not many problems with Jim and Peg, Jim bought Peg and Aunt Jessica some chocolates and when he gave them to Peg she said give them to one of your ladies of the night, so he said here Dot you have them and I kidded about being a woman of the night. Aunt Jessica made us some lovely meals her steak and kidney pie was so pretty it was almost a shame to eat it, it had puff pastry and pastry flowers on it too.

The first week in England we had a British Rail Pass and we

all travelled by train, the first place we stopped at was Worthing my Dads birth place. Jim showed us where our Grandfathers bakery had been. Its a parking lot now. We also visited a little church which is in a field that Grandma had got married in, it was quaint but smelled musty. Then we visited Barbara and Gladys Goacher, they would be cousins one of them looks so much like Marion it's unbelievable. I believe Grandpa lost his bakery and it was against the law to open another one under the same name so he then added the (t) to Goacher and made it Goatcher. From there we went to Scotland, first to Glasgow, I wasn't impressed with it at all. I told Alex that I thought Scotch people never threw anything away, but I don't believe it any more, with garbage all over the place. Downtown was a bit better. We left Glasgow for Ayre, which was Robbie Burns birthplace, but Alex's mother was born and lived just a couple of houses from Robbie Burns and we were very interested in the way they lived, it was a very small place and the barn was at the back of the house the heat from the animals heated the house, the bedroom was not as big as some of our bathrooms not even the smaller ones, there was one small window and the room was partitioned off from the main part of the house, there was no cupboard or dresser I don't know what they did with their clothes.

We were intrigued to find several tombstones with Elizabeth Muir which was her maiden name, dated far enough apart that they all could have been relatives of May North's. We went back to Glasgow for the night. The room we had ,had no towels and so I asked for some, he told me they don't supply towels as people steal them, however, we were finally given two very threadbare ones, which I would have used for dusters or floor rags.

On this trip all the accommodations were "Bed and Breakfasts". We thought they were very good and consisted of juice, ham and eggs, toast, jam and coffee, it usually came to about \$15.00 a night which we thought was very reasonable.

The next day we went to Edinburgh and went through the castle. We had a very nice room that night. The next day Marion and Vic went one way and we another, we stopped at Selby where my great, great, great grandfather was buried and his children have a stained glass window in the Selby Abby in his memory. his name was James Banks. After much searching we found his grave and on the stone was written "Readers beware for shortly thou shalt be mouldering in the dust like me". My Dad wrote poetry, I wonder if he got it from him.

From there we went to York and spent the night there, it was a lovely room with pink silk sheets with frills on it, the man carried our suitcases up for us. In the morning we looked around York. It was originally a walled city and lots of the wall is still there. It must be at least four feet wide lots of people were walking on it, some of the streets are so narrow that you could almost shake hands across the street from the balcony. If I get back to England I would like to spend more time there as it is a very quaint town. When we got back to the room the man drove us to the station free of charge, they were a lovely couple and so helpful.

Then we took the train down through Wales which is very

beautiful country and I got a kick out of the names, I couldn't even try to pronounce them, we stayed overnight at Swansea, in the morning we went down to breakfast and when the elderly lady brought our toast, I said "look Alex and the lady ran back and said is something wrong?" I said oh no! it's just that this is the first time we had hot toast since we left home". We then took the hovercraft to the Isle of Wight then a bumpy ride across it to get to the ferry, we were bound for Bournemouth where my cousin that I had never met lived, I met my Aunt Elizabeth, she looked like she just came out of an old story book with that kind of dress and a high collar, she was my Uncle Williams second wife.

We met a couple on the ferry and talked to them all the way over, they asked us where we were going and they said they lived in Bournemouth too and asked us where we were going to stay and we said we would find a Bed and Breakfast somewhere, and she said Cy these people have no where to stay, they can stay with us can't they? We agreed that we would if they would let us take them out for supper. They both left for work before we had got up and had brought us (early tea) which was about the last thing I wanted, but it is quite a custom there, imagine treating strangers like that. They told us to make ourselves some breakfast and make sure the lock was on the door when we left. There was a china cabinet full of silverware and fancy things and I checked to see if it was locked and it wasn't. Imagine trusting strangers like that. My brother Jim had told me that one thing I should never expect was that anyone would invite you to tea or anything as that is not done in England and he also told me that the ice cream was terrible and so we tried that too and found that he was wrong in both cases.

We then went to Bath and we spent the week with Peggie my brothers wife, who lived in the house my Aunt Jessica had sold them it had about five flats, the bathrooms were on every other floor, and there was a common stairway that everyone used, Peggie was on the top floor, I would call it an attic, Peggie's bathtub was in the kitchen. Aunt Jessica was on the second floor and had a bathroom put in for herself. Peggie treated us fine but I found out that Jim and her were going to be divorced, which made it a little uncomfortable. Although the people in England walk a lot more and are probably in better shape from climbing stairs. I sure like the Canadian way of living better.

The day we went to London was a cold damp day and we saw the changing of the guards and the parliament buildings and Big Ben and walked the bridge across the Thames river, we were so cold that when we saw a bus tour we thought that would not be as cold as trying to walk around, on the bus I said to Alex I really missed not having a car and the man sitting near us said you have a car? Alex said we both have one, then I asked where Saint Johns Wood was and did we pass that way on the bus? He said why do you want to go there and I said that is where my mother grew up, he said no wonder you have cars, that's where the rich people live, I never told him that my Mum's step-father was a handsome cab driver and they lived above the stables and were very poor. We then returned to Bath where we visited the mineral baths that the Romans thought healed

*Eleanor*

people and they even had a wheelchair that they used to lower people into the water, there are statues all around the top of the Bath building.

We visited the Eli Lilly plant in Basingstoke where we were treated like royalty, I had two men and Alex had two ladies take us to dinner at the cafeteria and we had a couple of laughs one man asked me if I would like tomato juice and I pronounced it the Canadian way and so they said it my way to Alex, the ladies tried to carry on conversation with Alex and they asked us how we got along with the French money? For desert one of the men ordered spotted dick and Alex said I haven't had that for years, it is a steamed pudding with raisins or currants in it served with a sauce, we had a lot of teasing when we told them about that.

Then it was back home and back to work for me, there is not much to say about everyday living, Alex keeps the house tidy and peels the potatoes while I'm at work it is a good thing he has the dog Diamond to keep him busy. In the summer time the dog will stay beside him all the time in the yard until it is time for me to come home and then he will go to the carport and wait and nobody will be able to make him move until I come home. I try to divide my holidays up so he has something to look forward to.

In September we went to Edmonton to visit Al and Barb and family, the kids are sure growing up Heather is sweet and cuddly and Sheri is a little sweetie and treats Heather like a little mother and she is less than two years older and acts so grown up. While we were there Al took us to a restaurant and even though they were young their table manners were wonderful and they waited to be served without a fuss at all, Barb has done a wonderful job training them. I just wish they were not so far away so we could see them more often.

We stayed a little more than a week and borrowed their car and went to Calgary to visit my cousin Pat and Sarah Showers we stayed overnight, Sarah made a lovely meal and it was so beautifully served, a whole cauliflower in the centre of a dish and little carrots and peas arranged all around the dish with white sauce all over the cauliflower, it sure was pretty. We went back to Al's and then we flew to Marion and Vic's in Moose Jaw and then back home.

We decided to go on a two week cruise at the Christmas holiday, it was one thing that we hadn't done. We started at Barbados and cruised the Caribbean, we stopped at ten ports and took tours. At Columbia we bought an emerald for Al to give Barb for her birthday. The one thing I noticed that there was no middle class it was either rich or poor. The poor people begged and tried to sell you things, sometimes they gave me the creeps as they were all over the bus yelling in the windows too. One of the places we stopped there were rats and mice in the gutters and there was a tap in the middle of the street and all the people had to carry their water from the one tap. Some of the poorer houses had no floors in them just dirt, no glass in the windows or doors on the houses, it must be terrible to have to live like that.

The food on the ship was marvellous and I had no desire to eat on shore, almost everyone came back to the ship to eat. I was afraid

I would be sea sick, as I have been in a boat, but the ships are so well stabilized that I was only sick twice when we were crossing the trade winds, It didn't last too long and it was well worth the money even though it was quite expensive.

This was the year that Alex's company pay stopped (1978) so for a little while all we have is his Canada Pension and my pay cheque, so we have not had extra money to blow. Alex's arthritis has been bothering him for quite awhile so this year we have not made plans to go anywhere, which was just as well as he felt sick every day. Then on May 14th. he was up all night with pains in his chest. I guess we both thought that maybe his pacemaker was not working, so I thought we would take him to Toronto General Hospital, but he was too sick to go that far. So I took him to Ajax Hospital by ambulance. They kept him on monitor for a couple of days, but his heart was alright. Then they took x-rays and couldn't get a clear one of the gall bladder, they knew there was a blockage and that was the problem, they let him go home on the twentieth with a terrible diet to follow, and said that he would have to have an operation, the sooner the better. So we tried the diet , but two days later he had another attack and I took him to Toronto General again it was a holiday and they would not admit him. They said it wasn't serious enough, and told us to take him to the clinic the next day. We took him the next day and they told us we had the wrong day, but they finally admitted him and put him on antibiotics to get the inflammation down and operated on the gall bladder on the second of June. They removed the whole thing and it was blocked with seven stones and was rotten too. A week later they changed his pacemaker battery and then he came home. He had lost twenty pounds as for almost a month he had nothing but fluids. He's now back to normal and has gained back fifteen pounds and looks much better. Apart from his leg bothering him he's doing fine and I'm very happy that they have put in a ten year battery this time, so we won't have to worry about that for awhile.

On July 22 1978 Allan, Barb, Sheri and Heather all arrived from Edmonton on a months holiday.

My sister Margaret, after going out with Jim Airth for 18 years announced their wedding plans for Aug. 5, 1978, so we planned on going down for the wedding. Although the nieces and nephews were not invited to the meal, they could join at the reception. So Al and family and Bet decided to go with us, so they could see Auntie Annie and Marg, however Auntie Annie passed away on the 2nd. of Aug., so we went to her funeral on the 4th, and then Marg's wedding on the 5th. She looked lovely in a coral gown.

We had a nice visit with Al and Barb and girls although there were so many places for them to go. They spent 2 days at sister Hazel's in Sarnia, 2 days in Ottawa visiting Barb's relatives, one weekend in Montreal and a week with all of us at Foster's cottage near Orillia. So the time went too fast . The kids are really good, and a pleasure to have around. They never got on my nerves at all and are loveable and cute. They left tonight and I hated to see them go. We were a little misty as Al would say.

Alex had been having a lot of trouble with arthritis in his

legs and he went back to the Dr. and he prescribed some new pills. They have been quite a help; he's much better. He has been doing more around the house, does the washing now and vacuuming and dusts a little. He has done shake and bake chicken and pork; bakes potatoes and bran muffins and does all the tidying, sometimes I can't find things. We really are opposites and my kids think I'm hard on him, but he seems to love me anyway.

We had not been away except for a little one day trip to Peterborough to see some old friends of mine, the Rye's that used to have the post office in Farmborough, had moved there. So in September we went on a trip by car this time, drove to North Bay and stayed overnight with the Walshes, they were friends of mine since I was about twelve years old, when I used to baby sit Arthur, so he now introduces me as his baby sitter, I'm only about fifteen years older. Then we went to Timmins to visit the Tomlinsons, she was the one that gave up her job to look after the kids when they had whooping cough. Then on to Marathon to visit Pearl Scott's daughter, who is almost like a daughter to me, her name is Linda and is married to Brent Richards. Then we drove back home there was a sign that said eighteen miles to the next gas station, the tank was still about half full and we thought that was not too far, but when we got there it was closed and we passed several more that were closed too and I was getting worried as there are not many places between, I think we were driving on fumes when we saw one that was open, I heaved a sigh of relief, we got gas and went for a coffee. It had been a beautiful drive until it got dark, we were almost at Sudbury where we stayed overnight. I phoned a girl that I had gone to school with and hadn't seen for about twenty years, she was really surprised to hear from me, so we had a little visit.

On the way home we also made a short stop to see one of Hazel's girlfriends in Verner, she is a lovely girl and they still keep in touch. We stayed with the Walsh's again and then on home.

Back to work and the daily routine until Christmas. The only thing we did for entertainment besides visit Hazel and Bet. We had a weekly game of rumoli with Alex's cousin Doris and her husband Rolly, one week they come here and the next we go there and usually go to the Swiss Chalet for dinner when we go there, and then back to the house to play rumoli, the following week they come here. It was a good thing because after awhile she had a growth on her thyroid and had to have it removed and then she was not able to eat very well as the treatments had dried up her saliva glands and she would have to have her throat stretched every month or so, so I would make a stew and she could mash it and get it down easier, even though she had trouble with meat she got the goodness out of it.

Her big treat was pumpkin or cream pie as she could manage that, Rolly is so good to her, he takes her all the way to Milton to a place where she got lots of whipped cream to help it go down. She is a real sweet person.

At Christmas 1978, I got the week off, so we flew to Al and Barb's to have Christmas with them. It was fun being with the little ones. Barb made us both lovely Christmas stockings, it was



the first I have ever had one we didn't have them at home, they had our names on them and were decorated with sequens. They bought us a toaster because mine had quit popping up and would just yell at me. Young Tom stayed with me overnight and when the toaster yelled, he said, what's that? I said it won't pop it yells at you to get it when it's done, before it burns, he said its nice it lets you know, I thought so too. We sure enjoyed Christmas. Barb is a fantastic cook and had done lots of baking as well as the dinner with all the trimmings. It was cold there but I enjoyed all of it. Al has a new Plymouth Fury which was a pleasure to ride in. I would really like to have a big car to drive in but it isn't sensible when you drive forty miles a day to work.

The tiles on the kitchen floor were lifting and I decided we really needed new ones. I thought of buying cushion flooring and have it laid, but found out it would cost about ninety dollars just to have it laid. It also was not recommended by two of the stores we went to, they say it marks and cuts easily by heels, and recommended getting tiles. Hazel said John would help us and he came and did a beautiful job. They are no wax, light green design on a cream background. Bet and I painted the kitchen light cream and I bought new green curtains. It all looks lovely. Then I put new tile in the bathroom too. I tackled that as I had seen how John did it and it is not too big an area. I bought cheaper tiles that were on sale and didn't do too bad I only wrecked two tiles, It sure looks nice and clean.

It is now 1979 and life goes on, we have booked a tour and cruise to Alaska, on June the eighth. We flew to Edmonton and saw Al and Barb for a couple of days. While we were there Al took Alex to a football game for Fathers day. Al had just finished his job at Edmonton and was going to start a job in Winnipeg for Manitoba Data Service, they will move at the end of the month. We joined the tour in Edmonton, we stayed at a round hotel called Chateau Lacombe and that is where my sister Marion had stayed when they were there, the girls really expected to see Marion and Vic there and were very disappointed. We met the rest of the tour there and flew from there to Yellowknife stayed overnight, then on to Inuvik the next day, that is where the sun doesn't go down and the only way you know if it is noon or midnight is whether the men are going into the hotels or coming out, then we had a side trip to Tuktoyuktuk at the Arctic ocean, everyone just calls it Tuk. We went there in a twin Otter plane, it held only eighteen people and so it had to make two trips from Inuvik and back.

The following day we flew to Whitehorse and spent two nights there and panned gold, which we had put in a little locket. We then took a bus to Dawson City which has been kept just as it was (log cabins, dirt roads etc,) the weather was good except for the day at Dawson City but we saw a play which was one of the best I have ever seen, it was about one of the men that said if he died he wanted to go back where it was warm, so when he took sick they put him on a sleigh and started south, but he died on the way, they saw an old ship and thought there was no point in continuing to go any farther, so they cremated him in the furnace of the ship, the

acting was marvellous. The next day we took the train the only one there, it's called the Whitepass railroad. It took eight and a half hours to go 110 miles, it had 24 cars of ore as well as four passenger cars and three engines. The train and everyone stops at Lake Bennett for dinner, we had stew, pork and beans, sourdough bread, apple pie and coffee. It sure was good and all homemade. The train from the states meets there and they change trains as the Insurance doesn't cover them in the other country, so they all eat and change trains there. The train had seats all along the side and a little pot belly stove for heat it was quaint.

We finally got to Scagway Alaska, where we boarded the Princess Pat for a four day cruise down to Vancouver. We stopped at three ports and the one that interested Alex the most was the one at Prince Rupert where he had been stationed while in the Air Force he recognised several places that had not changed too much. We saw a few icebergs and only saw the tail of one whale.

In Vancouver we left the group and visited my cousin Hazel and then went to Vancouver Island to meet my nephew (Redmond side) that I had never met as Tom's sister Lily had moved just after we were married, Lil Dresser had died. He is a real nice guy. Then we flew to Regina and had dinner with Dave and Yvette Marion's son and wife, they Marion and Vic came and got us, we spent four days at the cottage and then flew home.

We had been executors for Jane North, when Alex's brother died she is a very immature girl with two children and a common law husband that will just blow the \$18,000 that is left her to be given as an allowance of \$370.00 a month, coming in for the next 12 years, the house and car were paid for, she has been nothing but a headache and we are glad to be finished with the responsibility as of August 1979.

Alex seems quite perky when we are away or on weekends, but during the week he is very listless, finally he admitted he was bored and lonesome all the time, so we bought a mobile home not one you move, a stationary one with our retirement income we put a down payment on one just eight miles south of Lindsay on highway 35. I hope everything works out as planned. We both love this place, but I feel that me retiring and being together is more important than a house. I will miss some plants and trees that are of sentimental value, but you can't have everything, I must be lazy because I sure am looking forward to retirement.

Our dog Diamond, was not too well. He had collapsed a couple of times and we thought he was gone, but then he would revive. He also had a boil that kept breaking and bleeding and he was not eating well. His back legs were giving out and he was now 12 years old! This was all toward the end of 1979. If I had any qualms about whether I was doing the right thing or not, my mind was soon made up when I came home from work about the middle of December. It was almost dark and my first impression was Alex was sleeping again as there was no lights in the house, then I saw that the dog was loose he hadn't been chained up to the line as we always did, then I knew there was something really wrong! It was a very cold, windy day and I found Alex lying by the back door unconscious, I had to drag

his legs away from the door to get inside the house. I grabbed a quilted bedspread and a pillow and a blanket to throw over him. I went next door and asked them to phone for an ambulance for me, he was blue, but I knew he was still alive as he mumbled "I'm cold"). It took three and a half hours of hot applications before they could get his internal temperature near normal. He had fallen and with his legs bad, he could not get up. He still has to grab on to things to pull himself up. His arthritis in his hips is really bad, sometimes worse than others.

I helped the Doctors in emergency trying to get his temperature back, by applying warm blankets which they changed every few minutes. One Doctor asked me if he had been drinking and I said no I didn't think so as he had done really well for quite awhile but the following day the Doctor told me he had quite a high alcohol blood count, I walked into the room and he knew just by the look on my face that I knew and I had previously told him that I would not put up with drinking and I really didn't need him to support me, as I had managed to raise three kids on my own, so he begged me to give him a second chance, I told him I would think it over, he really had not done too bad for an alcoholic and I liked everything about him except that. So I gave him another chance.

I prayed about whether we were doing the right thing, and asked the Lord to make the house sell with a clear, quick sale, and it was sold in two weeks (non conditional) and they didn't want to move in until April, so I was convinced we were doing the right thing.

All the folks at Eli Lilly's were surprised, I was going to quit as I had been there fifteen years, the going away presentation was one of the largest I had seen, it had to be held in the conference room, being as I worked at a job where I had contact with all the other departments there were a lot that wanted to be in on the party. They presented me with a double sleeping bag, as we had bought a Volkswagen camper and planned on travelling, a picture made of 15 silver dollars, representing 15 years of service, and there was about \$200. as well. They took Alex and I out to Churchill's for dinner. It was all very nice. The girls I took back and forth to work bought me a Blue Mountain Dolphin pottery ornament.

We put Diamond to sleep a week before we moved, moving April 29 1980. The chesterfield had to be brought in by the window as it was so big but it looks fine. Bob (Alex's son) was to get the truck but had to go to a convention, so Hazel got the truck and Bet, Rick and Tom and Jim Kennedy helped, John Hopwood drove the truck, he is an excellent mover.

We had just got new drapes and sheers and got them all up and planted a small garden where there had been one before. It was between the raspberries and the bush and so it didn't get any sunshine and nothing grew. It was probably just as well as I would not have been able to look after it the rest of the summer.

We had only been in the place about three weeks when I realized that I would have to do a washing and before I could do that I had to put the hoses on the washer and get the dryer hooked

up, so Bob came and did the dryer but it kept blowing the breaker, we had bought it on sale at Simpsons warehouse, so we telephoned and they sent a service man out and the internal wiring was wrong, so he fixed it temporarily and sent away for a complete new set of wiring, which he came back later and installed

I connected the hoses to the washing machine and had put one on the tap, the tap broke and the boiling water was pouring all over the floor. I yelled at Alex to turn on all the taps to relieve the water pressure, but then I had to turn off the main valve, in an area about four inches from the hot copper pipe, I burned one arm until I couldn't stand the pain and then I used the other arm so I had matching burns. One was a third degree burn the other was not quite as bad. The bad one got infected and was bright red with a green centre. It was enough to make me sick! I gave up on the Doctor in Lindsay and went back to Scarborough to my own Doctor and he told me that he would have to scrape the green off and could not freeze it, that hurt and then he gave me some ozonal. The ointment that the other Doctor had given me had just been irritating it, anyway that finally helped and soon was better, but I still have the scars to prove it.

I woke up one morning with a pain in my chest, I thought was indigestion. I tried to go back to sleep, but no dice, so I sat on the edge of the bed not moving as it hurt too much, After awhile I woke Alex up and told him I was scared, then I started feeling nauseated and then the pain went down my left side, so I said "You had better take me to the hospital". I was having an angina attack which resulted in a mild coronary. I was in the hospital in Lindsay for 11 days, this was 1980.

Al and family came down from Winnipeg. Bet took her holidays to look after me and one weekend she came and painted the living room and kitchen and hall ceilings. There had been a leak and she knew it was bugging me and was afraid I'd try to paint it.

I will have to take it easy for the rest of my life, I guess, but keep reasonably well. We camped a few days with my sister, Marg and Jim at Sandbanks, towards Kingston, with Marilyn and Janice. that was in July and we lived in our bathing suits unless we were going to town for something. In September, Phyllis came home from England where she had been for awhile, all the Hibbards (my sister Hazel's family) were all going camping in Kentucky so we went too. I had mild attacks so didn't stay too long, and headed home, we stopped at Marie Demain's in Worthington Ohio for a day, we had met her and her sister on our Alaska trip.

I stayed home doing very little and collected U.I.C. We bought an electric start lawn mower and later an electric start snow blower. We hadn't thought about going away at that point in time, I asked the Doctor what he thought about me going away as I was afraid of taking sick out of the country and he told me that I could die just as well in the States as I could at home, I thought he was stupid to tell me something like that, so back I went to Doctor Morrow in Scarborough and asked him, I had been going to him for at least twenty years. He said, "Just don't overdo it and take a nitroglycerin when you start feeling a problem. They won't hurt

you even if you took 4 or 5 about 5 minutes apart, go and it will do you and Alex good". So we then planned to go south after we had Christmas at Bet's with the Foster family. We left on the ninth of January, and went as far as Windsor and visited Freda and Lloyd Dalzell (from Noranda) Freda had been my daughter Hazel's teacher. They convinced us to stay the weekend with them and it felt just like it had only been a few days, and it had been more like 12 years, since I had seen them!

The following day we went to Worthington Ohio to see Marie again. after spending two nights and a day there, we went on to Nashville to see the Grand Old Opry. We had to stay two nights as in winter the shows are only on Friday and Saturday., we were only a 10 minute drive from the Opry but I took a wrong turn coming home and it took us three and a half hours to get back to our motel, we kept asking directions that turned out wrong. From there we went to Port Richey, Florida to visit Vic's sister and her husband, Gladys and Albert Paul, we stayed with them for a few days, then we drove along the Gulf of Mexico. I never saw so many bridges and swamps in all my life, miles of them! We camped in Alabama and when I woke up I couldn't see out the window and I found it hard to believe that there would be frost so far south, I always thought the farther you went the warmer it got , not so!

We kept along the southern route and went up through Texas and at one gas station, a lady said "as we say in Texas the sun is riz , the sun is set, here we is, in Texas yet."

We visited Ralph's sister and her husband, Wadene and Bob Adams. They had moved south because of his rheumatoid arthritis, the crippling kind, poor fellow, and he is always so cheerful, we stayed a couple of nights and then on to visit John and Rose Baily who used to go to church in Ajax and had told us if we ever were down that way to be sure and visit them, Rose had changed , John was the same but I was not really comfortable with them so we left the next day. On we went to Midland Texas , we had been asked to get in touch with the McGraws, whose church was helping to support our minister, so I thought we could do that, so we phoned them .We had found a Luby's cafeteria and had dinner, and then asked them if they could tell us where there is a camping place and they said right near here, they had no intention of us camping as they had two extra bedrooms , the boy's were away.

One place we asked if they knew of a smorgasbord or a buffet and the fellow looked at our license and said maybe in Ontario.

At one of the small town's that we drove through a sign said, "3000 friendly people live here and a few sore heads.

We got to El Paso Texas and had a nice room. we booked it for two nights as we wanted to go and see Carlsbad Caverns and also go across the border into Mexico we took a tour into Mexico and what a change in the way of living just across the border! We visited a glass factory and a store and market place there were people selling things all around the streets and they tried to out do the others, I hate to be bugged by sales people even on the street. The following morning we carried on, 470 miles more to go. On our way we saw a dead cow on the road. It was a change as all you see is

desert and mountains that are really bare. We stopped for Church at Denning New Mexico, but we made it to Mesa, Arizona by 8 P.M. Marion and Vic were out but the lady next door had a key and we went in and had a cup of coffee before they got home.

We stayed with them for a few days and then got a cheap motel with a little kitchenette. It was O.K., because we were not home all that much. We often were at Marions as it was the first time we had really been together much since we were kids. I lived in Ontario and Marion was from Saskatchewan. They had tag-a-long tours put on by the Chamber of Commerce, we went to a couple of them, one was a tour of the Mormon Temple and the grounds and building are beautiful. We also went to see a portrayal of the Lord's supper, There is a large hand carved portrait of the Lord's supper 8x24 ft. the feet had toenails and there were fingernails too, when the play is on for a minute the players are in the exact position as the picture, it was very well done, I believe that all different ministers take turns in the play, it is held in the Christian Church which was only a couple of blocks away from where we rented the next year. I couldn't find fault with it scripturally either.

We were included in several Moose Jaw picnic's or get together's, one was held at Saguaro Lake and the other was at Butcher Jones Lake near Florence Arizona, I have heard that several of the lakes are man made, but boating is a booming business, as I guess living in a desert the water is very appealing.

There are several smorgasbords all around, 4.00 each - that includes salad, dessert and coffee. Arby's have a daily special, full meal for \$2.29. Marion and Vic bought us a card table to eat off so when we left we gave it back to them. On February 16 1981, we went to the Grand Canyon, it is quite a sight, it is between 7000 and 8000 ft. above sea level. My head felt funny and I found it a little difficult to breathe. We then went on to see the Painted Desert and the Petrified Forest. We drove along the base of the canyon and then decided to camp at the first place we found, so we did, there was no one there so we asked the man if the place was open as we had found on our trip that a lot of camp grounds are closed in the winter even down there, he said " yes". There was only a gas station and two houses. It sure was cheap only five dollars a night, we bought a few things at the store and wondered why there was no one else there beside us, but as we were tired we went to bed early and in the morning there was still no one else around.

We then headed back to our motel in Mesa Arizona. Where several people were sitting around outside. We told them where we had camped, they said we were lucky we weren't scalped as those Indians were at war, with the government. I guess the thing that saved us was we had Canadian licence plates on the van. We had bought a quarter of a geode ( a rock formation that is caused by gases- some have crystallized centres). We also got a couple of pieces of petrified wood as souvenirs, there is a fine if they catch you taking a little piece, so the shops do a good business.

We went to see Roosevelt Dam, it is a very twisty mountain road and our car had a vapour lock. We went to get help, but before

we could get help it had cleared itself, so we carried on. It happened again, but we just waited awhile and it cooled off and we were alright again.

The hot water in the motel was on the fritz and they had to replace all the pipes, knocking holes in the plaster. We stayed out while they were working as much as possible, then just when that was fixed, we smelled gas and lo-and-behold there was a gas leak and that had to be fixed too, so they were back out digging again, but by this time it was time for us to pack and leave for home, and thought we would do some of the packing the night before so we wouldn't have too much to do in the morning, the first pair of slacks I took out of the cupboard had a great big bug on it (about a half an inch wide and about two inches long)! I guess the smell of gas and the digging had chased them away, we found at least three of these water roaches on the clothes, we looked everything over and literally threw them into the van. No way would I spend another night in that place, we went over to Marions and I was as white as a sheet and shaking and in tears. We saturated the van with raid, taking nothing into the house.

Marion poured me a bath and told me I'd feel better and cleaner, then said at the bathroom door, "if you don't feel good, yell and pull the plug out". I felt better and was O.K.

The next morning we emptied the van and looked everything over, no bugs, then we packed it and stayed one night at the Desert Palm Motel which we booked for the following year. It was good and roomy.

We then left for Escondido, California to see the Scotts. Camille said when she saw me "I remember you, you speak French", and when we were together she insisted that I speak French. It had been years since I had spoken French but I made out quite well. We went to a French citizens dance and then we went to see Lawrence Welk's Village. There was a nice statue of him with musical notes all over the pavement, we were in that area about three days.

We went to San Diego and took a 2 hour cruise to see the Navy and Airforce base, then we camped by the ocean-side. We left early for Anaheim, California (Disneyland) and got there about 10 A.M. we stayed until 5 P.M., we were tired so took a motel. The following day we went to Hollywood. We took a bus tour and saw Lucille Ball's and Jack Benny's houses. Motels were expensive \$48.00 a night and up, so we found a nice campground, police patrolled for \$11.00.

The next day we left for San Francisco and partway there the battery light went on. We stopped at three service stations to get help, at the last one he said "I'll check the fan belt, but I think it's the alternator." It was 4 P.M., he told us there was a Volkswagen dealer about 40 miles away, he said don't turn the motor off or we would not get it started again, so we did and got there a few minutes before it closed. We had to spend 2 nights there as they had to adjust the alternator as the U.S. ones are not the same as Canadian ones, the name of the place we stayed at that time was Merced, California it was a very small town. There were no buses or taxis, so finally one of the office girls drove us to a motel.

We again left for San Francisco and had a ride on the cable

car and went to eat at Fisherman's Wharf. I had frogs legs for the first time- sort of like fishy-flavoured chicken. We saw the crookedest street in the world, but there is no way I would want to try driving on it. The thing that impressed me was that the streets were just like they show you on T.V. we then drove over the Golden Gate bridge and then back to Interstate 80 or I 80 then headed for home and ran into several snow storms in the mountains! I thought the storms would never end and I was so nervous I took a few nitro pills because of tightness in my chest. The storms finally did end, around Salt Lake City, Utah.

We went to a Pioneer Village the best one I have seen yet, and I thought ours was good, on to Winnipeg, Manitoba to see my son Allan and family again, spending two weeks there. While there Al took us to see where he had his trailer and saw a man walking on the side of the road toward Gimli Manitoba. It was storming like crazy and on the way back, he was kneeling at the side of the road, so Al stopped, picked him up and took him back to Gimli. He was half frozen and covered with mud, as he had trouble with his motorcycle, he was very grateful.

On we went, after our visit with Al and family, through the north, seeing lots of friends and some I hadn't seen for 15 or 20 years. We went to Timmins Ontario and Noranda Quebec. we saw Mamie and Ford Wiles whom I hadn't seen for a long time, then we went home. Mamie and Ford said they were thinking of going to Arizona but I really thought they were just talking.

We got home and finally got a man to rota-till a new piece of ground for a garden and we were late getting things planted, but it grew quite well. I planted 2 boxes of tomatoes which froze so I bought 2 more and planted them in the same place and the frozen ones grew too so we had a little forest of tomatoes, they were so thick they had trouble getting ripe. After the garden was in, we went to Kazabazua Quebec to visit Peg and Frank Gauthier, not relatives but kids I went to school with they actually live at Danford Lake, which is just north of Hull for a couple of days.

In July our two cousins, Gladys and Barbara Goacher, came to visit us from England, their first time to Canada and the main thing they wanted to see was Niagara Falls. We picked them up at the airport, they are in their 70's and camped overnight at Grimsby Beach on the way to Niagara Falls as it was too far to want to go home and then back that way again. They had quite a time trying to sleep in the camper, Gladys had a fall in England and then in the camper she banged her head on the roof. We went to a restaurant for breakfast and the waitress asked what we would like, they said "bacon and eggs" The waitress said how would you like them? Gladys said, what does she mean? I said like sunny side up or scrambled or poached, she said my how nice, at home you get it however they want to serve it. They really enjoyed it. But Niagara Falls was a real disappointment as it never did stop or even let up raining and so they saw nothing of the Falls, so we gave up and came home.

We took them to meet the children, Marg and Jim Airth and Hazel and Ralph came down to meet them, Hazel and Margaret are my older sisters. Barbara was the talker and Gladys was the quiet one,



but when she did speak what came out were gems, We were still living at the trailer and I was making supper for them and I asked if they liked spinach and Gladys said not if it is like cow flop, now whenever I think of spinach I think of Gladys. We took them as far as Winnipeg and Marion and Vic met them there and took them the rest of the way, on the way there we thought it would be nice to go via Manitoulan Island, we had a four and a half hour wait for the ferry at Tobermory, we had just missed one. We had planned on getting a motel but it was so late by the time we got off the ferry there were no vacancies so again they had to camp in the Volkswagen camper, I suggested that maybe they would be more comfortable if they slept the other way, so one agreed and the other said no, while they went to the washroom I made the bed up and Alex and I got up into the upper bunk so the ladies had the lower, it was a riot to listen to them. Gladys said Move over you're taking too much room- I can't get my girdle off. Then a few minutes later Barbara said lift my legs, I can't get them in. By this time I peeked over the top and saw them in long white night gown and hats and a cover for their big toe and I have never found out just why they wore them and what they were for. I was laughing and all I could think of was that Christmas poem about I in my hat settling down for a long winters nap. A few minutes later there was more shuffling and Gladys said keep over on your own side. I don't want feet in my face. Alex and I were laughing so hard that I'm sure they knew we were and probably the old van was shaking.

The next day we went to Marathon, Ontario. We booked a room for the cousins in a nice motel and had dinner with them and then we spent the night with Linda and Brent Scott, the grandchildren of the one in California. It was good to be separated from them for awhile. The main thing that bugged me was shopping they would spend a lot of time looking at things and then figure how much that would be back home and decide not to buy it, I can't remember if they took anything home. When they got into the motel room, one had to go to the bathroom and she said come and look the toilet seat has a paper across it, what's that for? I said its just to prove to you that it has been cleaned and is sanitary. Shortly afterward I saw a cartoon that said the Little girl yelled hey look! Mom it's gift wrapped, so I cut it out and sent it to them.

The following day we arrived at Winnipeg at Al's place and we all stayed a few days. Then Marion and Vic came to pick the cousins up to take them the rest of the way out west, Alex and I stayed a couple of weeks then came back home, we were too late for the beans and peas in the garden but enjoyed lots of tomatoes, corn and potatoes.

I said, next year we will stay home July and August and get to enjoy our garden. We had a screened porch built on the next spring and we sure enjoyed it, we made much more use of the outside when you didn't have to be eaten alive with mosquitoes. In the beginning of November, Alex had pains in his chest and his feet were swelling, so again he was in the hospital. It was his prostate gland not functioning properly, and he was filling up with

fluid. He was in for 8 days.

All seemed well so we left for Winnipeg about December 15th. to be with Al's family for Christmas. Boy was it cold! It remained cold all the time we were there 30 to 40 degrees F. below zero, but we had a very nice time, it is when the children are young that Christmas is most enjoyable, they are so excited.

We left Winnipeg January the 3rd. and got down to Grand Forks, North Dakota, and all of a sudden the car slowed down to about 30 km, and that was with my foot to the floor, so we saw a VW dealer at Grand Forks, he said some line was frozen so he took a hose off and said, well, there's nothing you can do but put the car in a garage overnight and I have no room in my garage. We had heard of severe snow storms coming our way, so decided to carry on, (as there was no garage available for us to use) but still crawling along at 30 km. Alex was driving and he said, Take the hose off, as the man said it might be OK if the hose was off but it was against U.S law, and we would have to leave the windows open, so I had seen which hose he had taken off so Alex stopped the van and I went back and took the hose off and the motor was still running and it spit some fluid out and the van cut out so I put it back on and then it worked alright.

We evidently were just ahead of storms all the way down. As when we arrived in Mesa, Arizona I was to call Al and let the phone ring twice so he would know we arrived OK, but he answered the phone because he thought we would have had a terrible trip. We got there on Jan. 9th. probably 1982

We looked at trailers to buy , but could not find any we liked at a price we could afford. So we answered an advertisement for a Mobile home to rent in Apache Junction. It was very well furnished - sheets, towels, dishes just about everything anyone could need so we moved in the next day. Dr. Seeman owned about 8 mobile homes , her parents lived in one and the rest he rented out. We had Dorothy and George Staseson over night . They bought a trailer the next day, in the same park as my sister Marion lived in. February 26th we had a visit from Dorothy and John Beattie, who were looking for a camping spot so we helped them to look for one to no avail, so they stayed with us for 5 days, and then went on to Yuma. On the 30th Mamie and Ford arrived they shared the place with us for 2 months. We got along very well, except for a couple of times when Ford got a bit mouthy, drinking too much. Mamie cried when they had to leave. We had a real nice time down there, the neighbours were all very friendly, especially the Todds from Regina, they were right next door. On the other side Dr. Seeman and family lived. His hobby was gardening, he had a machine that ground up paper and leaves and made compost for the garden, He would come around with three kinds of lettuce cauliflower, broccoli, spinach, cabbage, kohlrabi, bock choi carrots and radishes, so we didn't buy any green vegetables at all. We had all the oranges and grapefruit from Marion and her friends places.

Needless to say, seeing that Marion and I live so far apart it was nice to see each other and we went to visit them quite often we went swimming at their park , they have two pools and a jacuzzi

(hot tub). Mamie had not been swimming for a long time but just loved it!

Alex's legs were getting worse and Dr. Seeman said to me, you should see about a hip replacement as soon as you get back to Canada, as the cost of hospitalization here is terrible, no one should suffer like Alex does! I told him our Dr. had never suggested it. He said, well he has never really seen what he goes through. I didn't think his health was good enough for an operation, he replied I've had people of 90 in worse condition than Alex operated on, and one of them said she hadn't felt so good in years, and went out and got her ears pierced and bought dancing shoes and was looking for a man.

I told Alex and he told me, to tell the Dr. he didn't want his ears pierced or look for a man, or for that matter another woman either! We came home and went to see Dr. Morrow he gave Alex another type of arthritic pill but it didn't do any good either, a week later we went back and he gave him a pain pill too. He didn't think Alex was healthy enough to have an operation, but he would like another opinion. He took X-rays only to find the sockets and joints were so worn they were rubbing together, so that is why there was constant pain! He sent him to a specialist, Dr. Rumble, and he said it was a case of having a total hip replacement or be in a wheelchair in pain for the rest of his life, so he was then sent to Dr. Anthony, an Internist, to see if Alex was physically fit for an operation, he said Alex's sugar was up and wanted him to go into Centenary hospital 4 days early to get his sugar down. Then we found out his pacemaker battery needed changing, so on July 8th., they took him from Centenary to Toronto General Hospital, changed his battery, and sent him back to Centenary Hospital. They did his right hip on July 13th. 2 weeks later he was sent to St. Johns Convalescent Home . then 2 weeks and 3 days later, Alex came home for 4 days and then we started all over again to have the other hip done so back to the Hospital again to have the second one done on August 24th. exactly 6 weeks to the day from the first one! He came through all the operations with no problems!

While in the convalescent home he soon was in a wheelchair and the first day I had him in it, I said lets go outside and enjoy the lovely day, he said that would be nice, so we went and just got out and he said it was too painful would I please take him back to his room, so we got on the elevator and it got stuck and we were in it for over an hour, as they had to send for an elevator man to come and get us out, there was a young man in it too and they kept on talking to us, but it was not too long since I had the heart attack and here he was in pain and there was no place for me to sit down, I nearly panicked, we finally got out. He was very soon using a walker and they were not allowed to go around in pyjamas and had to go to the dining room for meals if at all possible. It was a real eye opener to me as some were amputees and were able to remain cheerful through it all, then you realize that there are always some, worse off than you.

It was the end of September when he finally came home for good, he had a couple of days at home, between operations, which

were a worry to me as once he sat in his lazyboy chair he could not get out of it, I was just shaking getting him out of the chair for fear of doing some damage to him.

When we went back to the Doctor for a check up we asked him about going south for the winter, as we certainly didn't want to take a chance to have him fall on slippery roads or to try to plough through snow, the Doctor said we should fly, as he thought the trip would be too long, we told him we needed the car when we got there and there was a bed in the back he could lie on if he was tired, so he finally agreed to it. When he left the nursing home he was using 2 canes most of the time but really only needed one. It was the best thing he could have done was be operated on or he would have been in a wheelchair, and now he has no pain and is enjoying life more. When we arrived in Arizona the Doctor there said he sure could see the change in him.

That was the second year that we rented from Dr. Seeman, we heard that he was not going to rent them again as he was not making enough from the mobile homes, I had seen my first scorpion and only scorpion at that place, and there was a smell at the back of the mobile or we might have considered buying one from him, but we then started looking for one to buy, we found one that we both liked it had a large living room and kitchen and two bedrooms, it had hit a mountain while being brought to Mesa but the damage was not much they had to fix the window's, so we bought it on the condition that we could find a reasonable park to put it in, Vic was over visiting us and said that a friend of his was in a park close by so he phoned and we could have a place in a months time, as he had rented a mobile home spot to a trailer and had to give him a month to move to another spot.

When the time was up we moved in. We had a lot of fun furnishing the place as it had no furniture only drapes and stove and fridge so we had to buy everything else and a lot of it was from moving sales and sidewalk sales, we soon had almost everything we needed, Marion gave us a chair and a friend of hers gave us a bed and another chair. So we were quite comfortable. I put up a sign at the laundry room and invited anyone of the ladies of the park to come and have coffee on Thursday mornings, we had between 4 and 12 come and we all enjoyed the get together.

We had payed our rent at the Doctors place so we had Marg and Jim move into the one we had bought, as we would have to pay extra for them, they went to Marions when we had company.

Allan and family came down for Christmas and we had a lovely time together, we went to Tuscon and saw old Tuscon that is where a lot of the western movies are still shot, we took them to see the dessert museum. then we saw the Xavier Mission and we went across to Nogalos Mexico, where they bought a few things, Allan bought a cowboy hat and it sure looked good on him, with his bolo tie and belt to match. They had flown down and we met them, after our jaunts around here, we all went to Palm Springs where Al had rented a condominium it was just beautiful, we went to Universal Studios and Disneyland and Knottsberry Farm, our Christmas present was admission to all we went to, we also went to San Diego to the zoo

and saw the Naval yards. While we were in Palm Springs we took a ride up the mountain it was actually up three mountains and we went up in what looked like a small streetcar that held 80 people, you felt that you were going to hit the mountain and then you would swing over it, when we got to the top it was a real blizzard and you couldn't see anything and we had a three hour wait to get back down, Barb didn't want to go so there she was waiting for us all to come home. We took them to the airport in L.A. and we then drove home.

Marg and Jim came down and visited spending a few weeks with us and the same with Marion and Vic. She didn't want to help and when it was time to do the dishes she was usually asleep on the chesterfield, so Jim would help me. We took them to see some of the sights , such as Old Tuscon and the Indian ruins of an old three story building that was found, nobody knows why it was abandoned or where they went. The building was built out of cactus and caliche which is a gooey clay found under the parched ground on top. They would put it in layers and let it dry and branches or spines of cactus were used for partitioning and flooring. The Saguaro have spines at least an inch wide and quite long, they would be used as a base and the Ocotillo were then placed across the other and covered with caliche. They had no doors and the space was built high so no one or animal could get in, unless they used a ladder which they would pull in after them.

The second time Marg and Jim came, I made it known that we were going to take turns to get the meals and clean up. So one week I cooked and they cleaned up and the next week vice versa. It worked much better as before I was just doing everything.

When we got back to our mobile home in Canada (on highway 35) the place was over-run by mice, there was mice dirt everywhere as well as chewed up paper and soap. It sure was a big job to wash all the clothes and clean and wash out all the cupboards beside having a quarter of an acre to look after, which was a big enough job even with a sit down mower.

It was now the summer of 1983, just after we had everything in shape my Aunt Jessica came from England to visit all her relatives in Canada. I believe that there were 34 of us, she had divided her time to spend 2 days with each one. My niece wanted to have her for 5 days, chauffeuring was supposed to be my time with her, but I didn't go for that and she was mad at me. I really didn't care, it did seem strange, as I don't usually hold a grudge. She was 91 when she came all by herself. The amazing thing is she has had her stomach and knee caps removed and also has angina. She has more get up and go than I have at 60. She was missed by all, when she left, as she was very pleasant and charming to have around.

Alex and I were sitting out in the screened in porch and I said, "you know we could be dead around here and there is no one that would know or even care" as our telephone line was an 8 line phone and sometimes you could try for a long time and it would be busy and it was not necessarily you on the line. He said, "you aren't happy here are you?" I said, not really. The mobile home is nice and the area is very pretty if that is all you want out of

life. We had only got to know one real friend in that park after being there 3 years. One day we were taking a drive for something to do and went to visit some friends that had grown up with my children. We met a friend on the way that I had worked with for 15 years, she had just bought a trailer. We had lunch together then went on, but it started me thinking about buying a trailer and moving closer to the girls. We put up a for sale sign and also put an ad in the Toronto paper for three days. On Saturday we got a phone call and the man said that he would like to come out and see the place. In the meantime we had been looking at trailers and saw one we liked that cost \$22,000. It was really more than we intended to spend, but I picked up the brochure anyway.

They came on the Sunday and liked the trailer but said that they really wanted a newer one. He then wanted to know what our plans were, so we told them we were thinking of buying a trailer and locating closer to the girls, and showed him the brochure that we had picked up. It had a real bedroom and there was a table and chairs, which were what Alex needed as he had trouble getting up and down. They then told us they had a trailer to sell which was almost identical, to the brochure, except the fridge and stove were on the opposite side. They suggested we go and see their trailer and maybe we could make some kind of a deal. We went to where they had the trailer that had to be moved and it was just the same as the one we liked and the furnishings were lovely. They didn't want it furnished so we had to get rid of all our furnishings as we would not be able to use them. We had a stall in a flea market and sold \$85.00 worth of things and the rest we advertised and a policeman's wife came in and asked to see the bedroom suite and she loved it and said she didn't have money with her would I hold it and she would come right back for it. Almost everything went easily. I think I underpriced a lot of things. Every thing worked out so well I felt that it was what God wanted us to do. Bet came out a couple of times a week to help me pack and Hazel came and helped us too. Ken Burns (the one we went to visit) came with his truck and took the things we were keeping and gave him a couple of things like the big T.V. We would not have room for. I was upset that neither of my son-in-laws or grandson offered to help. I'm far too stubborn to ask for help, when they must know when you move, some help is needed.

We moved to Goreski's park on the island at Port Perry and it was much closer to the girls, (Al and family were still away out west) We were put on a spot right beside the canal and marina and it was an interesting spot and pretty too. The people at the trailer park are much more friendly than at a mobile home park. I was really happy that we made the move. There was a man that was training geese to follow the plane and it was fun to watch. He would taxi the plane out to the open water and then they would all fly. One of our neighbours would say to Alex come and fish. I called her his girlfriend.

We were there only a short while and we came home one day and found another trailer sitting beside ours. He said he owned the spot and that we had no business being there and so we told them

that is where they had put out trailer. So he told the owners off and stayed the night, but was fine with us.

The only problem living there was that the park was not open for six full months. We were only allowed to be away from Canada six months, which left us a couple of weeks to put in somewhere. We usually went south in October and it was nice to have our own place to live in.

We went south Marion and Vic had the gas and light turned on for us and they had some bread and milk and a few groceries in to start on. The place was quite clean even though it had been closed up for six months, we put covers over the windows so the sun would not dry and fade everything. Al and family came down for Christmas, the girls were still young and Heather wanted to bring all the gifts with them. So they arrived with three large boxes of gifts, which we put under the tree that we had put up, and had lights outside too. It is amazing how much they decorate here. It is actually more decorated there than in Canada. Some of the parks have decoration themes for each street and people just drive around to see them. It is just beautiful. We had a lot of fun, but didn't do much as Al seemed to want rest and relaxation now he calls it R and R.

Al had bought a new car and its a four wheel drive but seeing that all the gifts had to come he had to bring the van. For Christmas he and Betsy went together and bought us a sterio for our trailer back home. As it had speakers in it but they didn't want to leave the sterio as their kids had bought it for them. They also bought us an electric broom and my other gift was his Dodge Dart, which he kept for us instead of trading it in. The kids thought that we should fly instead of driving as it took us the best part of a week, so that is what we did from then on. He could have sold it before he left Winnipeg, he was transferred to Denver that is how I was able to have it in Arizona. We are lucky to have real great kids and they spoil us, but it is nice being spoilt though. But sometimes I feel that I can't do enough for them. All I seem to be able to do is knit for them.

We have some lovely friends down here in Arizona. Vic's friends live just across the street from us and he is very helpful and so is she. There are several others we feel close to Eleanor and Walter Cobb from Winnipeg and Ginny and Minnie, who is in her 80's and her husband is a brittle diabetic. He is rather cantankerous. He is almost blind so who can blame him.

The Church of Christ is close by and we are happy and have made some nice friends there too. One couple in particular are the Brookeys who come from Illinois and are just wonderful people. The Brown's have a house full of antiques and they used to have it as a museum but the insurance got so high they don't have it as a museum now, but every year they let the people of the church go and see the things. They make a camp style dinner for all of the snow birds which is what we are called sometimes affectionately and sometimes not. Some of the residents in Arizona resent the line up in the store and little do they think about the money and business brought into their community. The sales girls will willingly tell

you how little work they have in the summer.

We stopped and visited Al and family on the way home . Barb is so good to us and the girls are so lovable and good it is a pleasure to be with them. We went out to dinner and they act like grown ups no complaining about when is the food coming and no playing around with it. Barb has done a good job training them.

Back again to Canada to the park on the island. We were supposed to have a deck with the trailer and it was too hard to move so he had one built for us. We had a leak in the grey water tank and had trouble getting someone to fix it for us. We bought an awning and asked to get the leak fixed on the same day. Then I put in a little flower bed and it looks really nice. I do enjoy it there. Several women like to play scrabble and back gammon. So every once in awhile we are missing sometimes we are out under what they call the beer tree, as they have a can opener and a container for the caps nailed to the tree, it is right in front of our trailer. I wondered if we would find the trailer too small after a mobile home but it is just fine and we spend a lot of time outside.

We had a visit from my girlfriend that Hazel was bridesmaid for, Marion and Earl Tomlinson which I hadn't seen for about 3 years and it sure was nice, I had been having trouble making Alex hear and there was a place to have your hearing tested free so we all went. Marion and Earls ears were good in one ear and not so good in the other, mine was fine, but poor Alex had a loss of hearing in both ears and is now fitted with hearing aids. The kind without wires so he really doesn't mind them, but the batteries don't last that long, and sometimes they whistle and that can bug you too. We had a nice visit and showed them around a little.

After they had gone home Alex's teeth started to bother him so we went to a dentist and because of his heart they sent him to a specialist, and then to a heart specialist and finally they put him in the hospital and had the last seven of his teeth removed. He was in one day, took them out the next day and sent him home the following morning. He really had no trouble with them at all, but had to wait until we got down south to get the new ones in, and he is managing quite well. After awhile we saw in the Apache Junction paper, there was an add by Stewart Dentures and it was just down the street from where we lived on Ironwood St. A set of teeth were only \$250. and were guaranteed to fit or be remade within a year, the price soon went up to \$300. We were glad we went there he had to have them relined before the year was up. He had a little difficulty getting the bottom plate to stay down. A lot of people have difficulty with the bottoms.

Mamie and Ford had stayed with us again and this year 1984 they rented a trailer. We still saw quite a bit of them and their families came down and the oldest son convinced them they should buy a place, which they did. It's a lovely one also 16 x 64 it has two bathrooms one at each end so it would be extra handy for guests.

We had a nice winter and went swimming and over to Marion and Vic's for dinners and parties. We still went swimming but about that time Alex was having some trouble with having cold feet and I



had even suggested that he get fleece lined slippers for his Christmas present as he was cold even down south. He still had cold feet with them on, after awhile his foot went completely white and was very painful so we went to see good old Doctor Seeman. He was quite concerned and sent him to a specialist immediately. We all knew that his circulation was not good and that worried the Dr. He put him on persantine and told us to watch his foot and if the colour came back and stayed alright and didn't have much pain he would probably be alright until we got home. He said that it would not be good to take him back to cold weather under these circumstances, he couldn't walk much as it was too painful. We didn't get around too much because of his feet. One night we went to a show and I let him off at the door and he had new shoes because the others had hurt his feet and when the show was over I got the car and picked him up and when we got out of the car at home he realized that he had no shoe on his foot, I had no idea his feet were that numb and we had to go back to the show and there was his shoe someone had put up on the curb, so we were lucky it was still there.

Bet and Phyllis flew down and Barb joined them from Denver this was Feb. 1984 Phyl only stayed a few days and we had a birthday party for Betsy. We invited Lucy Greenwood a Mexican girl that had married a man from Moose Jaw about 55. They were staying in a van in the desert and they had to take all the stuff out of the van to sleep. The girls called themselves the under forty group, there was about 20 of us and they all seemed to have a good time. Phyl went to visit her other Aunts and cousins and Bet Barb and Alex and I went to Los Vegas and California. Alex was determined not to spoil their holiday. We went to Universal studio's in California and showed them the footprints in front of the chinese restaurant, took a little drive around then went to Knottsberry farm. Alex's foot hurt him so much we had to get a wheelchair to push him around, I asked the motel manager if we could use one of the blankets, she said yes, I was glad I had asked as it was cold, even walking, you can imagine what it would be like just sitting.

We then went to Vegas and the first night we shared a room but they said we snored and Betsy kept listening to Alex's breathing. We changed motels the next night as we wanted one that had a big casino in the motel so Alex could go to the room if he wanted to, and Betsy and Barb would be able to use the car and not worry about us, and go and see what they wanted to. They went to see Paul Anka and enjoyed it. Barb flew home from Los Vegas and we stayed on a couple of days. Something was wrong with the tires and we went to a service station and found out they were almost bare so we had to get all four tires, it was a good thing that we didn't have a flat on one of the mountains. We had a good time together and the girls were very thoughtful and helpful with Alex. Barb said that was the first time she had been with us on her own, that surprised me but she said she felt right at home and enjoyed it.

Shortly after we got back to Apache Junction it was time for Betsy and Phyllis to go home. There was a little mix up as Phyllis thought we were going to pick her up at her aunts place and Betsy

thought we were to meet her at the airport so Phyl was almost late for the plane. They had a good flight but I was a little concerned as just after they had gone through the gate they had caught an Indian girl with a knife hidden in her turban, and that was the plane that they were going on, so I was glad when they were home.

We have had several visits from my brother Jim, the visits get longer and I feel closer than I ever thought or hoped I would be again. It's almost as though the 45 years have melted away and he's my big brother and I love him just like I used to years ago, on the farm where we used to go hunting, fishing, swimming and boating together. I could have said skiing but I never could do what he could even though I tried.

When you first go to Arizona the desert is kind of bare and uninteresting but it grows on you and now I really like it. We took Jim to Tortilla Flats that is where there was supposed to be a mine and there is one store and a few old buildings, in one cage there is a sign that said baby rattlers and when you look there are baby's rattles, there is also a hanging tree and some old mining cars, it is only 22 miles from Apache Junction but it takes an hour as the road is so twisty and hilly, but the scenery is beautiful, Jim especially enjoyed the rock formations which are as colourful as the painted desert.

At our trailer we have some lovely flowers and Jim like me loves flowers, and he could hardly believe that they could grow in what looks like gravel, but is soil, it is so hard that you have to soak the soil and then dig off an inch and then water it again this time there is a little ditch and the soil gets softer and soon you can really make a flower bed, I have sweet peas about six feet tall and my roses and bougainvillea do well to.

The name of the park is Trails End Park at 980 Ironwood N. in Apache Junction. Mesa and Apache Junction and lots of other little areas are mobile home and trailer parks. It actually has more parks than actual homes. It wasn't at all like I expected it to be when I first went there.

All the winter visitors or snow birds pack up and go home somewhere around the end of March or April and Marion always has what she calls must go dinners, which makes me laugh as she invites about 24 people and makes a big dinner, turkey and sometimes a ham too and then has to buy some other things to go with it. So by the time dinner is over she almost has to have another must go so she can get rid of the rest of the food. Mind you she never does and usually gives it to me or someone else. I have got smart and don't buy too much when it is getting near the end as I know I will be given a lot of stuff. Sometimes it seems to me that we just get nicely settled and it is time to move again, maybe we have turned into nomads. We left the car in Denver had another visit with Al and family, they have a lovely home and we flew home from there, spring 1985.

When we got home we found out that everybody on our side of the canal had to move as that was supposed to be a green area and no trailers were allowed to be there, at first it was only a rumour, but it turned into a reality the others picked a place down

by the water on the other side but it was so swampy that we didn't want it so we got a place across from the tennis court and then they built a swimming pool across there too. The people were nice and friendly but they don't know what to do with people that don't drink.

Alex's foot was alright and the Doctors were satisfied with the medication and said that they wouldn't operate unless his foot got worse, either white or black or very painful, as they didn't think his heart was strong enough for an operation. After the foot was seen to, we went to Wendy Tomlinson's wedding which was just south of Timmins at South Porcupine. We stayed overnight with Art and Brenda Walsh in North Bay, all these people were from Farmborough at one time and then Rouyn-Noranda after that. We really enjoy their company and stayed in the same motel in S. Porcupine.

My sister Margaret had suggested we go to the maritimes with them that summer, with all the worry over Alex's feet I had forgotten about it, but the Doctor said it would be alright so we went with them in their car and their trailer, I felt like I was going with her daughter Edith as we had to go where ever Edith said to go and do what she said to do, however the weather was good except for the day we went to St John where we saw the reversing falls. We did enjoy our visit with the Scotts in P.E.I. and it was also interesting to see Pat and Betty Gauthier in New Brunswick after not having seen them for many years.

When we got back I had to go and see a Doctor as I had a show and so I had a D. and C. at 61 years old, ridiculous!

Just before we headed south again Al and family moved back to Canada from Denver. He now has a job with Bell Telephone, Barb had come for a visit to her mother as Al was working so much overtime. When the job was completed Al came for a holiday and looked for a job as Barbs mother was not too well and is alone a lot of the time.

Bet and Rick are having a beautiful house built, Rick suggested that Al and family move in with them so they could save enough money to buy a house again, as they had lost money on the house in Denver. so they did and got along very well.

My grand-daughter Marilyn got engaged to Jerry Hrubby on her birthday Sept 18 1985 he is a real nice guy and I think they should have beautiful babies as they are both nice looking and Marilyn is just as sweet as she is pretty.

We usually have our Christmas at Thanksgiving before we head south, I might miss not having Christmas if the kids were younger or if we didn't have a get together before we go.

We flew to Denver, Al and Bet drove us to Buffalo as the fares were a lot cheaper that way, Al's house had not been sold in Denver so we got the car out of the garage and then stayed at a hotel and went on to Arizona the next day, this is fall of 1985. We got into our trailer and the flexible pipe for the toilet came off and the water was shooting up to the ceiling. I reconnected it and everything else was fine. My roses even survived the summer and the bougainvillaea went wild with Gerties watering and tender care. We

had to cut the plant back before we could get in the door, it went from the door past where we had to park the car.

Everyone seems glad to see us, I guess we all feel the same as some don't make it back. The weather is cool in Dec. and Jan. there was a lot of flu going around and it was a bad one, I had it first and had acute bronchitis and had to have antibiotics to get rid of it, then Alex got it, it hung on for weeks you'd start to feel better and then feel sick again.

In Feb. Marg and Jim came for a month and spent half the time with us and half with Marion and Vic. Jim was just getting over being sick and Marg came down with the flu and spent most of the first 9 days in bed or on the chesterfield, she has never really been sick so she asked me if I thought she should go and see the Doctor, I said I really don't know how you feel, anyway she went and also had acute bronchitis. They then went to Marion and Vic's as we were expecting Brenda and Art Walsh. We had a nice time with them, Marion had us all over for dinner when they were here. We knew that they would like to see the sights so we mentioned it to Art and asked him if he would like to do that and maybe drive as I know he likes to drive, that is what we did we went up to the Grand Canyon by way of the Oak Creek Canyon and Sedona which is quite a tourist attraction all sorts of quaint stores to browse in, the scenery there is just breath taking, it is always wise to take a warm jacket when going to Grand Canyon as the height makes it colder. so we were glad of our jackets which we wore but they really enjoyed it, we went back to Williams and stayed overnight which is on the main highway and the next day we headed for Los Vegas via Hoover Dam. It is quite a sight the road is steep and curvy, they were fun to be with and went along with anything. While we were driving around Los Vegas Alex and I had an argument, Art said he enjoyed that the best of all, on the way home we stopped at London Bridge to look, it has become very commercialized.

While they were still with us my brother Jim came and had a good chat with Art who evidently had been to Baie Comeau and knew some of the people and places that Jim knew. We all went for a ride to Tortilla flats and Art called it Jackass flats and Jim got a kick out of that. After they left Marg and Jim came back for a couple of days.

We took a trip to Laughlin which is also a gambling joint just at the border of Nevada and you can go from one place to another by boat free we stayed two nights, I never have any luck I guess the Lord is telling me that I shouldn't throw my money away, I wouldn't want to do it all the time, but once in awhile it is fun.

Before we left to come home Alex had pains in his stomach and we went to Dr. Seeman (he is a gerontologist) he was worried and afraid it was a circulation blockage and something was backing up so he made a rush appointment and we had to go straight from his office to Chandler to see another Doctor a specialist. He sent him for tests and told him his heart was slightly enlarged and his sugar was up so he put him on medication for diabetes one pill a day, said he should be alright until he gets home. We always go home in April as then the six months are up and we can get back

into the park.

We went to our Dr. here in Port Perry when we got home and the Dr. took all the tests over again even though we had brought them with us, before we had anything decided on the Dr.'s went on strike and were only taking emergency cases, seeing that there was nothing that they were going to do, we went up to New Liskeard to Mamie and Ford Wile's 50th anniversary it was nice to see all the family again, I also met some I hadn't seen for years. We took a motel just outside of Kirkland Lake and saw John Sear for a short visit I used to chum around with him as a teenager. We went to South Porcupine to see Marion Tomlinson who was coming back from the west the next day. We also visited Bill McEwan my niece's former husband and had a buffalo burger with him. We were only at Marions a few days when Alex said he wasn't feeling good and we should go home, we phoned Bet and she made an appointment with the specialist and while he was examining his foot he said I'll listen to your heart, then said get him to emergency he's having heart failure, this was July 1986 he was in the hospital for a week and then we stayed with Mrs. McGrath for a few days in case of another heart failure, as the heart Dr. said it could re-occur with the stress of going home, so now I live in fear of another attack and being with a man that tells you nothing, you don't know what to expect. Having no phone for someone like me that can worry about nothing was not very good, if I had been told more about heart failure I would have known that the body fills up with fluids and drowns the heart and getting rid of the fluids would cure it, even though the heart is too weak to do it on it's own, they say ignorance is bliss maybe so.

It is difficult when I'm not able to do everything either, we can still travel but only short distances at a time or go by air. We have booked a trip to go to PEI for the 14th of Sept. and hope to be able to go. Pearl Scott and family are all very special to me, I have several people that I feel this way about.

Well we didn't get to Pearls as Alex was having trouble, one day he thought he should try to get a little exercise, so he went for a little walk and only got as far as the third trailer down he asked me to go and get the van and take him to emergency at Port Perry, Doctor Allin was at Emergency he checked him out and told him to wait a few days and take the pain pills he prescribed and if it was just as bad, then go to a specialist. So we then made an appointment with Doctor Au in Scarborough he sent him to the hospital to have two doppler tests, that tells you how and where the blood is getting to, he hardly had any pulse in his left foot and not much in the right one either.

When he got the results back the Doctor told him that there was nothing they could do for him, all that was left was to wait until the pain got too bad to tolerate or gangrene set in, so we cancelled our trip and it cost us \$25 for a letter from the Doctor. The insurance company paid for a three wheeled scooter type wheelchair called a Mobie. We had already had a loan of an electric wheelchair from the D.V.A. (Department of Veteran Affairs) there was no way we could stay in the trailer as there was no room for a

wheelchair, so we started thinking about living somewhere else in an apartment.

My Grand-daughter worked at the Durham board of education and one day she said Gran you should look into the one they are building close to where I work, so we drove around and spoke to one man who phoned another and soon we had an application form and after awhile we had an interview and were soon told we had got the last wheelchair apartment. The Lord sure has looked after us as most of the senior places are booked years in advance, and this being a new building, is so nice and clean.

We still went south with the Mobie and all the coverage possible as Alex would be housebound if we stayed here in the winter and the place would not be ready until the end of the year 1986-87 we signed the lease and found out that we were eligible for Government assistance so our rent came to \$350 instead of \$455.

Alex had to go for his 6 month pacemaker check-up only to be told that particular bunch of pacemakers were faulty, we had been trying to get transferred to Oshawa as it was so inconvenient and expensive and difficult to find a parking space downtown Toronto. but he had to go back to Toronto General Hospital to have it changed and we had to wait six weeks to make sure it was OK we were able to have that done in Oshawa General Hospital.

We left for the south in November it was a cool winter and I found it very boring I guess because we couldn't get around well we were sort of left out of things although the church folks were just great. All we really did was go for a swim and drive around and see some of the area, there is a place that they grow flowers for stores and it sure is a pretty sight to see fields of flowers.

When we came home it was nice to have our apartment to move into our kids had it all set up nicely with some food for us too, we came home earlier than we usually did. Our flight was re-routed as it was to be late and we first went to Dallas then to New York and then back to Toronto. We sure were late coming home and all the family had a homecoming party ready for us, some were still there when we finally got home at 11.30 PM, they had made welcome home posters and everything looked so nice.

Alex was still in a lot of pain and we took him to emergency at Centenary Hospital and Dr. Au was there and he walked in and didn't even look at Alex's feet and said I told you there is nothing I can do, I'll send in Dr. Sue A. Kwong he's the amputation Doctor and he just walked out, we were both upset and crying, so I phoned Barb. North ( Alex's daughter-in-law she is a nurse) she was at work, she came right over and we waited for Doctor Kwong to come and see us and he was much nicer and said that the foot was not ready to be amputated, it would be a last resort, we were so discouraged with Dr. Au we went back to Dr. Allin in Port Perry and asked if he could get us another specialist in Oshawa, he told me they could amputate in Port Perry, but agreed to get another specialist , in the meantime Barb had got in touch with Dr. Rumble that had done Alex's hip replacement, for another opinion, he told us that Dr. Au was an excellent Dr. and if he said nothing could be done that was it.

However we got an other specialist in Oshawa a Dr. Rowsell and he got Dr. Coutu and a heart specialist to look at him and they decided that even if it was a bit risky he had a pretty fair chance to have the by-pass operation and be alright. I guess poor Alex had all his poor nerves could stand as he had heart failure just before they were going to operate in April 19 1987 so they sent him home. by this time his feet were getting black in spots and we had to have a V O N come in and dress them and then they taught me how to sterilize the bandages and utensils everyday and I had to dress them every day, I had to put vaseline around the black spots and then apply some solution that smelled like javel on the spots, one day while I was putting the vaseline around the spots the skin off the end of his toe came off nail and all, it almost made me sick, I shrieked and Alex was curious and wanted to see it and I wouldn't let him.

We put the trailer up for sale and we had to sell it through the Goreski's (park rules) on May 4th we went up and found people already living in our trailer and we had not yet received a cent for it, I was really mad and went down with the lady to get the money. She was upset as she had given the money to Goreski's and they had not even informed me that the place was sold and the deal was settled.

For a long time I was bathing and applying the stuff on the black spots, finally he went back for a check up and Dr. Coutu said well do you want to try for the operation again? Alex said I didn't think he would bother with me again. He went for the bypass surgery and the incision was from the thigh to the ankle, we had a bit of a problem with the part of the incision close to the groin not healing well, it however finally healed. I asked the Dr. how they are able to use a vein for an artery, he told me no one knows why, but there is an extra vein to take over for another vein if needed, so therefore it is able to be used for an artery.

He used a cane most of the time, but could manage without it, his ambition was to be able to dance at his grand-daughters wedding in September, he did dance a little with Marilyn and I.

After the wedding party, my sister Marg and her daughter and grand-daughter went to England in October 1987. While they were visiting Aunt Jessica Marg said she was not feeling too well and told the girls she thought she would stay with Aunt Jessica while they went out, she felt worse and they took her to a hospital they said she had a mild heart attack so she told the girls that she felt alright and for them to go to London and enjoy themselves, she'd be alright, so they left and shortly after they had gone she had a massive heart attack and was gone, her husband Jim in Canada knew about it, before her daughter did. It was an awful shock to all of us as she seemed to be the healthiest one of us all, and had just joked about now she was among the elderly she finally had to take a pill and it was only calcium. We all went to her funeral in St. Eustache (near Montreal) even Alex with all his problems. It still amazes me how little he complained with all his pain and problems, he was amazing and always tried to be cheerful and was not a complainer.

I guess Alex thought about Marg and felt that he wanted to go south and not be housebound, I really didn't want him to go, but he was so determined that I went out and got every bit of insurance that I could get as I was afraid of what might happen, he was fine until January 4th 1988 when all of a sudden he was not able to get up. I called our neighbour across the street and we still couldn't move him, so we called the ambulance. He was in the Hospital in Mesa Arizona, I phoned Bet and told her that Alex was very sick, I guess that I didn't want to believe just how sick he really was, anyway she came down to be with me, boy was I glad. She is always there for me, I hope she really knows how good that has been for me. All I seem to remember was that we drove approx. 20 miles to the hospital everyday and the only treat we had was we bought a coconut cream pie and would have a slice of pie and a cup of coffee when we got home. On January 28 Alex said Honey I don't think I'm going to make it this time, then said to Bet take me home to Canada. So we talked to the Doctor and he said if he is well enough we will send him home by air ambulance, this was approx. Feb 3rd it was all planned, then his temperature went up, so there we were with a mobile home to close up, packed and not know if we were going or not, we finally got a phone call and left.

Alex was in first class with a private nurse, we were just behind the first class but not in it, they used up 4 seats one for the nurse and his hammock was over two seats and the other held the nurses supplies. The plane was forced to stop as the de-icer for the wings was not working and we were flying in freezing rain, so they had to land, then they couldn't get a part as it was night and the parts department was closed, so they had to take a de-icer off another plane and put it on ours, they wanted us to stay in a motel, but the nurse had strict orders not to move Alex until it was into the ambulance in Toronto, it was a long delay, the people that were waiting for our plane to arrive at another airport were mad and then they saw Alex in the hammock and said, we were held up just because that old man is dying, people can be really heartless. We got to Toronto one and a half hours late and the airport had to stay open for us to arrive. Al was so upset that he got on the plane even though they tried to stop him, I'll never forget Alex's yell OH AL!

There was a terrible snow storm and the 401 highway was snow covered, you couldn't even see tracks of other cars. The ambulance driver asked my permission to stop and see if anyone needed an ambulance, so we made a couple of stops we arrived at the Oshawa Hospital at 4 AM what a trip I hope I never have to go through that again. While we were in Mesa friends from the Church Helen and Woody Brookey that came from Illinois, came up to the hospital every day and Woody would take Alex for a walk with the wheelchair and Helen and I would go for a coffee and a little break from sitting at the side of the bed all day, I would never be able to tell you how much that meant to me and still does. They are very special friends.

I don't seem to have much memory of his last month, I've been told I sang to him and I don't even remember that, I think the Lord



takes away some of our memory of things we should forget, I know he got to the stage of having to wear depends and didn't know when he had them on or not. He had to be fed strained foods and if what he had to eat was yellow he would say what is that? I would say corn he loved corn and I really didn't know what it was, but he would eat some of it.

It was so degrading when they would sometimes have him in depends and then sometimes they wouldn't and he wouldn't know and say get me the bottle and then he would say never mind I have one of those things on and then he would wet the bed, I hope when that type of thing happens, people don't know about it.

He was in a room with three other men that were dying, one died before Alex. The nurses on that floor were very good and made continuous rounds one nurse phoned and told us he was going fast, we went back up to the hospital and there was Betsy, Allan and Barb and Hazel and Tom who got quite mad at me for saying that he was dying and felt that the Lord could and would stop that but I'm sure he had enough and was probably very glad to get out of his misery. The nurse asked me to let go of his hand and just then, he let out a little sigh and was gone, it was exactly 12PM March 7 1988 the certificate said the 8th but that would be when the Doctor checked him.

I told Al that I felt as though I saw a mist leave his body and rise, I felt as though his spirit had gone home to eternal rest, Al said he saw it too, and since then I have met others that have had the same experience. Al had phoned Alex's only son Bob and told him that the nurse had said he was failing fast Bob told Al to let him know in the morning how he was, Al was furious that he didn't come right away, so the following morning he phoned and no one was home so he left the message. He had a nice funeral (if they ever are nice) the place was crowded and the eulogy Terry Codling did was very good, Bob seemed quite surprised to see the place so packed, I don't think he gave his Dad enough credit for the change he had made in his life.

Just after Alex passed away Aunt Jessica was going to Arizona April 1988, Al had helped me get everything in order so I went to see her down there. Marion and Vic had sent me money as they didn't come to the funeral as they had seen him down there, but I had planned on going anyway, to get away for awhile, I stayed at Marions and we all went to the Grand Canyon and then to L.A. we also went to visit cousin David and his family in Pasadena, he too has since passed away. He was the only child of Uncle William my Dads brother.

The following winter I went down by myself. My neighbour Henry had talked about Alex being a peeping Tom and how he could be one on a motorized scooter called a Mobie is something I can't figure out. I talked to Henry and asked him why he had said that, he made some excuses and was so mad at me he never spoke to me again, so the person I thought would be a help turned out to be my enemy instead, I was uncomfortable even going out the door in case he'd be there.

One day I wasn't feeling good and thought maybe my blood

pressure was up so I thought I had better go and have it checked it was always free blood pressure check on Tuesday's so I went and she took my blood pressure and it was sky high and she said you had better see the doctor, so I did and he said Doris you are having some heart failure, I said should I head for home? He said I'll give you a prescription and I want you to get them and weigh yourself and if you lose 5 pounds in three days you will be alright. I did lose the weight and felt better, but it was a scary feeling to be alone and so far away from the family. That was when I started to think about selling the place but people had said don't do anything in a hurry or you might regret it later.

During the summer of 1989 my brother Jim and I went back to Farmborough where we had spent a lot of our young years, Jim and I had hunted together, fished and skied, I can still remember when Jim caught a big muskie and when he tried to pull it out his pole snapped and I was able to snag his pole with my line and he was so mad because I pulled it out, he said you darn fool you could have lost it. We used an alder pole and fishing line tied to the pole, no fancy gear for us but we caught a lot of fish anyway, he made me carry the muskie home and it was so big I had to drag it.

We stopped at Vic and Daphne Thurmans place and we stayed with them for a few days, they used to live in Farmborough too. They now live in Rouyn, Rouyn and Noranda are twin cities, we lived in Noranda after I left Farmborough, that is where Tom worked in the mines, it is gold and copper mining country. The towns have really grown but the area that I lived in had not changed very much, but you could have lost me in Rouyn.

The next day we went to Farmborough and back to the range where we lived and you could hardly find where the house had been, if it hadn't been for the big spruce trees that were in front of where the house used to be, we would never have known but we did find the dent in the ground that used to be our cellar. We tried to walk back to the hill but the grass and vetch were so high and thick you could trip just trying to walk, there was lupins growing wild Mum had a lot in her flower bed and I guess they just keep growing and re-seeding themselves and it was quite pretty, we drove down a recently made road to the river, we went the rest of the way by foot to the notch where the Kenojevis river went through a narrow place we called the notch, that was where we got the muskie.

The road to Farmborough sure had changed the old bridge was gone and another one built and the road was not the same to begin with but soon joined what used to be the concession road we had to walk to get our mail, when we first moved out there we had to cross the river on a scow which we had to pull by ropes it was big enough for a car to cross too.

It was a very nostalgic trip and I'm glad Jim and I went there it was another trip down memory lane, we had taken a trip through Montreal where we had lived for 7 years and Jim showed me the three places that we had lived in, it was interesting, and the little store was still there where I had bought 1 cent candies and 2 cent ice cream cones the ice cream was about the size of golf balls, and

later when I went back to Montreal he used to sell cigarettes for 1 cent a piece, that was when I started to smoke. It was the in thing then, everybody was doing it.

Later that summer Marg and Bud Connett came from Red Deer for a visit and I took them through New York state and New Jersey to visit their relatives we had a good time together, we also went to Sarnia and Peterborough, they were here for a month. We decided that the following winter we would spend the winter together at my mobile home as they were tired of driving a motor home, as the year before, Marg was just getting over pneumonia and Bud had just had an operation and she also had her mother to look after and drive them all home when she was not really well herself. They got to my place a few weeks before I did. We had a roadrunner nesting in our palm tree in front of our mobile and people came around to watch him at 4.30 run, jump or fly on the roof and into the tree, if you hadn't seen him you would not notice him, he hid his head into the bark. One of the ladies was a visitor from Iowa and she asked Marg if she owned the mobile and she said no, she said she would like to buy it and asked if I was going to sell it, and to please give her first chance, so I phoned her when I heard about it and she bought it, another answer to prayer. There are so many mobiles for sale I really thought that I would have trouble selling it.

I sold my car that used to be Al's to my friend for the cost of the battery and tires that were new, for \$200. with the understanding that if I should come back for a visit I could borrow it. However when I went back I was told that she couldn't afford to pay the extra it would cost to have another driver covered so that was that. I rented a car for a couple of weeks and that cost quite a bit. We went down to Tuscon to see a friend that was visiting there and also went to Los Vegas.

The next winter I stayed with a few friends for three weeks and that doesn't work too well. I am spoiled I want my own car to go and see who I want to, I was glad to get home winter or not.

In 1990 I had a cataract operation on my left eye and I did not mention that I was really afraid as I hate anything near my eye, but it was not half as bad as I expected and I can see quite well, once in awhile it waters and feels as though there is a bit of dust or eyelash in my eye, but not often. The biggest problem was putting drops and not being able to drive for 3 weeks.

1992 was a good and a bad year for us. Tom and Liz Hopwood Hazel's son presented us with a baby girl Kaila Marie born May 21 at 7 lb.9 oz. then Marilyn and Jerry Hruby also presented us with a baby boy on June 6 weighing 6lb. 7oz. making Hazel and John grandparents for the first time, and me a great-grandmother. Kaila had dark brown hair with a reddish tinge with hazel eyes, Jerry has golden blonde hair and blue eyes, they are both very good looking kids, it is a lot of fun watching them growing up.

But the beginning of July, Barb and Al took a trip out west to visit Dave and Yvette in Regina, on their holiday while there Dave was fixing his roof and Al helped him, he got a pain in his chest and thought he might have strained himself, but the next day he

still felt it so Yvette took him to emergency and was going to go back and get him but he was having a heart attack and was kept in, he was in the hospital for awhile and then they flew him back to Oshawa and put him in Whitby hospital in ICU. It is taking him a long time to get back to near normal health. We are all too concerned seeing as his dad died at 37 and I also had a heart attack , he's pretty good now.

The following summer I spent a week in Connecticut with Jim he goes down there to gamble, but this time it was just for a trip with me, it is beautiful country and there are old stone fences and old cemeteries with dates going back to the 1400's it is interesting to realize that it was populated way back then. We also went to an Island the scenery and flowers were just beautiful, we enjoy each others company and have fun singing reminiscing and talking french as well as having discussions.

In the fall of 1992 Ann Dowson asked me if I would consider going to Daytona Beach Florida with her, and I thought that there were lots of times that I would like to have someone to go places with , so I went after the first few days, I was going down to eat breakfast alone she would stay in the room and have hers, we didn't do very much together, we did go to Silver Springs and it was a nice place and just before we were to go home, we saw a little show and she sat up and across from me I don't know why? Because she had bad knees, I was watching to see if she was alright and I missed a step and fell and split my hand open, I had to have 8 stitches in it, and of course it delayed everyone else, thank goodness it was a small group, that put a damper on the rest of the trip. I was glad to get home but a non-stop trip from here to Florida is too long a trip for me.

In Feb. I went on a trip to P.E.I. to visit my friends the Scotts that I knew from Noranda, their children were friends and they still treat me as though I was an aunt or something special. I took the train and had a so called reclining chair (sleeper) which was not that great, I went up to the observation car to see the country and it was snowing so hard I couldn't see a thing, it was at St. Johns that we got the bus to the island, the bus was late we finally got going but the poor driver had to go by the mailboxes as you couldn't see any tracks at all, the ferry was late and we had to wait at a restaurant, it soon came and we boarded it, it then proceeded to break the ice for another ferry that had been blocked in the ice for four hours, it was finally freed and we were on our way it was a funny feeling being in the midst of all the ice and feeling the ferry break the ice.

We finally landed and soon were at Summerside, Pearl had told me on the phone that if the weather was bad to go on to Charlottetown. So I was not expecting to be met at Summerside but all of a sudden I heard someone say is Dot Redmond on the bus and then it dawned on me that I was Dot Redmond and it had been so long since I had been called that it took a moment to sink in. It was Ray and Pearl meeting me. I think there was only a day or two that we didn't have a snow storm and I thought it was so pretty to see all that really white snow, as high as a house on either side of

the driveway, one night I looked out at the snow and I saw an albino skunk, I could hardly believe it and wished I could have shown it to Pearl, but she was in the washroom, when I told her she said that other people had seen it. I thoroughly enjoyed our visit even though I was snowed in most of the time, we did go to their son Bills for dinner and visit. I took a berth home on the train and it was much better and I slept most of the time.

In the fall of 1993 I had mentioned that I would like to go to Arizona, there were several new people in the building and one of them said I would love to go to Arizona, I said I would rather drive than go by plane, so I would have a car when I got there to get around in, Laura thought about her two nieces and they thought it would be good so we had a couple of discussions about the trip and we all seemed to agree so we planned on going. I phoned my sister Marion and she was able to find us a mobile that the lady was willing to rent she had just lost her husband and was not anxious to stay there without him. So we rented it and it was just across from Marion and a few mobile homes down, it was a double wide one like Marion's but not quite as nice. We stayed with Marion and Vic for a couple of days as we got there before we were able to get into it. They sure made us all very welcome.

The place we rented was \$900. a month but divided by four was quite reasonable for a months stay, we left here 25th of Jan 1994 and we were surrounded by storms all the way down , we never saw the sun until we were in Arizona just North of Tuscon, I think they thought I was fibbing about the great weather down there, we were lucky and had no freezing rain or icy roads during our six days of driving.

We shared motels and gas and it only cost us \$100 each, one way for our trip down, I thought it was a very reasonable trip we took turns driving there were three drivers so it was not a very tiring deal for any of us. When we got into our place we each took turns making meals and we made whatever we wanted to and it was eat it or go without and eat something else, it didn't happen everybody ate what was made.

They all wanted to stay a little longer and Vic said we are going away week after next and if you want to spend a week at Grand Canyon or Laughlin you then could come back and use our place while we are gone so that is just what we did. I booked a motel close to the road to the Canyon as the weather is unpredictable close to the 8000 foot level and I have trouble breathing in high altitudes, that caused a problem even though I had shown them on the map what I wanted to do, they did go to the Canyon. I went to see the I-Max theatre it is always so good they said they were going by bus, but took the car instead as the fare was so much more. I was glad that a man told them to drive through the Oak Canyon on the way back it is beautiful scenery. We then stayed at Marions and she had asked us to eat a turkey as she had too many in her freezer she always had a lot of stuff and when spring comes she has to have her must go dinners, to which she invites people and usually has enough for another one too.

Just before I left to come home Pat and I closed the deal on

my trailer I had sold her and she finally had it all paid for, we were both glad to have it paid up, she had been very good making her payments, I didn't charge her any interest, she had a tough enough time anyway, she is a nice lady.

Back home again and as I said we have several new people and we now have 8 of us that play games Tuesday and Friday if we have no other appointments, they are relaxed games and no one takes the games too seriously, we go out every month for lunch and we take turns choosing where we eat, we play Skip-Bo, Rummy Cube, Yatzee, Rumoli.

My time goes something like this now, Monday morning coffee hour downstairs and every second Monday evening is ladies class, Tuesday is games at night, Wednesday once a month the nurse comes and takes blood pressure and gives a little talk on something and Wed. eve I have Church, here they have bingo, Thursday we have exercise classes for ten weeks and then after awhile they start over, 12 to 1 a meal is brought in by John St. seniors club and it is very good and reasonable \$3.75 complete, Thurs. evening a movie, Fri. games at night again and so the week is gone.

It is now April 1995 and on Tuesday while I was playing cards my Grand-daughter Marilyn gave birth to a little girl weighing 6Lb. and 10z. they are calling her Jaclyn Brooks, I think it is so nice to have one of each, Hazel was there and was able to watch her being born and was fascinated, I'm not sure I would want to watch.

The other two great grandchildren are almost three and are really cute and talk quite well now. Kaila came to church in all her finery Easter Sunday she looked really cute.

Next week I'm to have my other cataract done the first was done in Oct. 1990 and now the second is ready, I'm not really nervous as the last one was not half as bad as I expected it to be. I had the operation done by Dr. Yassein on May 28 as Dr. Hayes had quit operating the surgery was easier still and the Dr. is a very charming man and makes one feel comfortable and will answer all your questions, it is even better than the first and I now have been fitted for new glasses.

Three months ago we had a new minister come as a part time minister the other left as we didn't agree with some of his ideas. Devon Bennett is a Jamaican and I feel he does an excellent job and he would like to be full time and we hope we will be able to keep him. June 8th 1995 we had a congregational meeting and it was decided that we would like Devon as permanent minister if we can get a little help from some other church.

Since I stopped writing this Devon is working full time and we have just heard that we may get a little help from another Church, I think he is just great and has a cute sense of humour that makes everyone participate and that makes it that much more interesting to me, I like to know other view points on subjects.

A couple of ladies and myself went on a little trip consisting of a cruise and dinner and light show at the lift locks in Peterborough and it was very nice we went through two locks one small one that took about a half an hour to go through and the large one was only a matter of minutes, we had the dinner on the

boat and it was good. Then we were taken to a park and saw the boats that were all lit up and did precision boating, we enjoyed it.

I was reading about the courses that were available for seniors and thought it would be interesting to take a course on Basic computers as I have this computer Al was able to get for me cheap and so I wanted to know more, I just got my mid-term marks and got 95% so I'm happy to get that good at 71 years old, I don't expect to get good marks the last half as it is spreadsheets and graphics and I know nothing about them.

Since then my brother Jim went to the charity casino's in and around Toronto and on Oct. 2nd 1995 at one-thirty A.M. he got to the house parked the car and started to go into the house, and he was mugged he must have been watched as he had won \$2500 and Shaun heard him and went out to see what the noise was about and the man next door went with him as his dog was barking, they found Jim on the driveway and called 911 and they were there in a matter of minutes, it is now 2 weeks later and he is still in the Mississauga Hosp. and is coming along alright I believe even though he has a fractured skull and is still black and blue all over his neck and eyes, the bump on top of his head is still bad and the Doctor says it will take a long time to be right, from a week to month or more.

Barb, Bet and Al have all taken me to the Hosp and Sally came down from Montreal, he should realize he is important to us.

It is now near the end of November and Jim stayed here for a couple of weeks and then he got a furnished apartment in Oshawa and seems to be getting nicely settled in and I am seeing a lot more of him.

June Mitchell and I went to Niagara and saw Loretta Lynn and Roger Whittaker and Charlie Prose and they were all very good and we had a really nice time it was a bus tour.

There is no more to tell right now and seeing as I'm not dead yet the rest will have to wait, however there are some home remedies that I will put in.

Every spring we had to have a spoonful of sulphur and molasses to purify the blood after winter it was lousy tasting and was gritty too, but it was a must. When we had a cold we were rubbed with camphorated oil, and sometimes they would put a sock around the neck, for congestion we had a mustard plaster or linseed plaster put on your chest it had to be watched as the mustard could give a nasty burn. If we had an earache Mum would heat a piece of onion in oil and put it in the ear (it seemed to work) Cod liver oil was a cure all for anything, Mum used to put eucalyptus on a hankie or rag and we would have to take it and sniff it to clear the nose, it was also given on a cube of sugar instead of cough syrup, the worse one I remember was when my children were sick with whooping cough someone told me to chop up garlic and soak it in oil overnight and then rub the kids with the oil in the morning and in the morning I took the lid off and threw up and so the children never did get rubbed with it.

I'm going to stop with a story I'm copying from a book that a friend passes on to me, it is called

## ROCKS,RAILS AND OLD RUSTY SAWS by Ernest Shubird

In the fields and woods of my grandparents' farm were relics of their past that would often start them talking of bygone days. I followed them around a lot when I was growing up and was often privy to their tales.

We'd be going through the woods searching for hens' nests or a patch of huckleberries and come upon a mound of rocks partially buried by leaves. Grandpa would say something like, "Remember, love when we piled those rocks there? The spring when Rosie was bad sick. My, what a time we had. Settin' up with the baby at night. Tryin' to see about Mr. Hixon's cattle in the day. Tryin' to put in a garden and plant a crop."

And grandma would reply. "How can I forget that? Young and scared I was. Afraid our first baby was goin' to die-and she almost did. Afraid to go to sleep. Walked the floor with her for hours and hours, and days and days.."

Their seeming obsession with hard times bothered me. I thought of other things so I wouldn't have to hear every detail of these sorry stories. I imagined my grandfather, a hired hand in north Georgia, meeting my grandmother, who worked for his employer. They married and as soon as they could scratch out a living as sharecroppers-the only way many poor couples could start their homes. They lived the first winter on corn bread, potatoes and rabbits. Eventually they received 50 acres in the mountains above Chattanooga in exchange for tending a wealthy farmer's cattle, and built a house and barn, a little at a time, as they cleared the land.

When we walked through a field or pasture and found a pile of dry-rotting rails, Grandma would say something like, "Remember, Will that pile of rails? You split 'em the spring just before the hogs died. Then you got hurt and couldn't plant the crops in time to beat the dry spell, so we had nearly nothin' and winter comin' on."

I only half listened. Instead I tried to imagine something I had never seen: no potatoes in the cellar bins, no cans on the shelves, no sacks of peas and beans in the side room and no meat in the smokehouse.

Prowling through the shed up behind the barn, Grandpa would point to an old rusty crosscut saw hanging on the wall and say, "That's the saw I taught Crofferd to use. The summer before he died we used it to saw some black gum wheels for the wagon I made for 'im. But the wagon lasted longer than he did."

I had seen tears in Grandma's eyes sometimes when she took the little boy's suit out of the old trunk, and I had watched Grandpa's eyes water when he cleaned the dirt from the marble headstone with the lamb sitting on top. I wanted to ask them, Why do you dwell on the hard times? Why do you always look back as if you cherish the memories of them? Don't you remember the good times?" That's what I planned to remember when I grew up.

One day many years later, I looked at one of my daughter's dolls and suddenly recalled the Christmas Eve she was hospitalized for severe respiratory problems. She was only six years old and I



felt frustrated because I couldn't make her well. As I tried to push the unhappy memory from my mind, other details came back: The relief we felt when the doctor called to tell us our daughter could come home for Christmas day. The look on her face when she opened her presents and found the doll she had wanted. The hours we spent with close friends, who provided our holiday dinner. But most of all the love and faith we shared as a family, and the strength it gave us to go on.

And it was then that I pieced together some of the details my grandparents had added when I was trying not to listen.

"Hard time, it was, with little Rosie, all right," Grandma had added, "but we made it. You stayed up all night once so I could get some sleep. If it hadn't been for you..."

And "Remember what happened that year the crops didn't make it? Folks brought corn, potatoes, beans, peas, turnips, cans, meat for the smokehouse. People good people they were, got us through."

Then, "At first we couldn't go back into his room after Crofferd died. But we made ourselves do it after a week. Stood by his bed, we did, until I remembered I needed to patch some clothes and do some ironin' and you remembered you needed to clear some ground for a corn patch in the spring. The Lord was tellin' us we needed to go on."

My grandparents held on to their troubles because it was proof that with the bad came good, every time. Hidden in the hardships and trials of yesterday are precious memories of generous neighbours and family and faith in God carrying us through. And it's those memories that enable me to say that surely goodness and mercy have followed me.