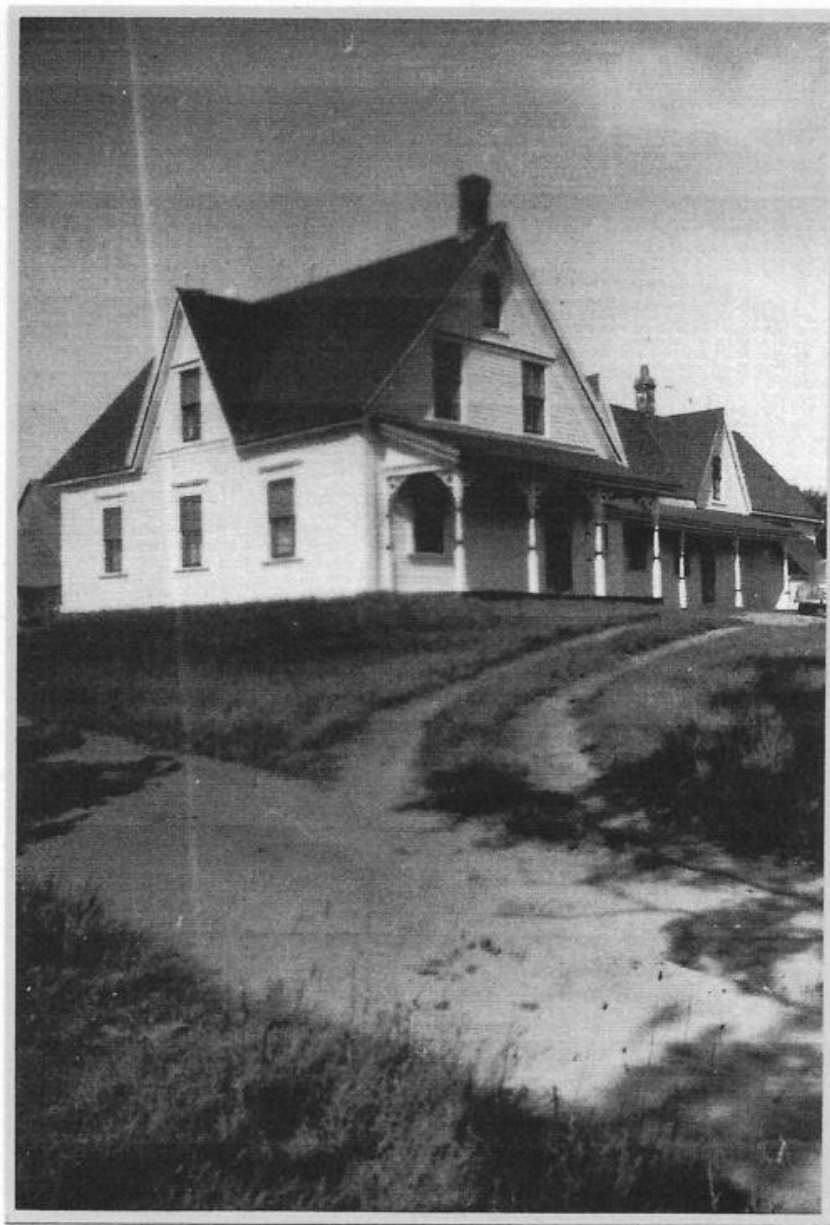


MEMOIRS

By

Janet MacMurdo Clark

2013



ANCESTRY...Janet Eileen (MacMurdo) Clark

Grandparents MacMurdo: James (1846-1924) and his wife, Janet (Neill) (1859-1916)
Green: Willard (1860-1933) and his wife, Annie (Baker) (1865-1946)

Parents: Norman MacMurdo (1895-1991) and his wife, Elizabeth Haslam (Green) (1894-1992) - married, November 12, 1919

Their Family: James Willard (Nov.1920) (Died in hospital at 10 days of age); Douglas Neill (1922-2000) (Anna Caseley) (1922-2008); Norma Elizabeth (1923-2011) (Ralph MacFarlane) (1917-1967); Janet Eileen (1926) (Denton Clark) (1924); Robert Green (1928) (Marion Taylor) (1930)

Norman and Siblings: Marion (spinster) (1893-1922), Norman, Lawson (died 1979), Jennie (Mrs. Ed Kewin, Isabella, Kern County, California; Died there at an early age.)

Norman's 1st Cousins: Erle MacMurdo (Amy Townsend) and Scott MacMurdo (Myrtle Waugh) - brothers - sons of Thomas MacMurdo and Janet (Cairns) MacMurdo. (Thomas and James, Norman's father, were brothers)

Janet's Aunts and Uncles: Elizabeth Haslam
Green's sisters: Ida (Green), Mrs. Walker McGillivray, Duval, Saskatchewan; Lolla (Green), Mrs. Henry Callbeck; Ethel (Green), Mrs. Walter Hogg; and brother: Charles Clark Green (Sophie Henderson)
Norman MacMurdo's brother: Lawson (Tena Capstick)

Janet's 1st Cousins:
Willard and Keith McGillivray
Jean, Arnold, Adele, and Donald Callbeck
Lloyd, Denton, Ralph, Willard, Claude, Hazen and Wendell Hogg.
Sydney, Alexander and Elizabeth Green

Janet's 2nd Cousins: Mildred, Marion and Margaret MacMurdo, daughters of Erle and Amy MacMurdo.

Great-Aunts and Uncles:

Aunt Lily Baker (sister of Grandma Green)

Aunt Maud (Baker) (Graves) Clark (sister of Grandma Green)

Aunt Millie Neill (sister of Grandma MacMurdo)

Uncle John Neill and Uncle Robert Neill
(brothers of Grandma MacMurdo)

MacCaulls:

Art and Annie (Baker) MacCaull

Parents of : Ralph (Selina Myers) , Lorne (Jean Callbeck), Jean (Mrs. Jack Green), Mary, (Mrs. Jack Rodd)

Bakers:

Robert Baker (brother of Annie MacCaull),
and his wife, Dora Clark (Grampie Clark's sister).

Erma Baker, (daughter of Robert and Dora (Clark) Baker

Bill Baker, son of Charles Baker, Gilbert Plains, Manitoba (brother of Grandma Green),
and his wife, Betty , of Summerland, B.C.
(Their children: Barbara, Ander and Dick)

This is my story: a TRIBUTE to all those who, probably, unknowingly, were guiding influences in my early 'Island' life ; also to those of later years.

I begin with the old home itself, now a thing of the past! To me, it was a beckoning 'house on a hill', a place of refuge for one and all of the family , I would say! Its doors were open at all times for friends as well, and many were the community events held at our place.

My earliest recollections would have taken place mainly in the center of the house, or kitchen, called the 'Family Room' today. Many of the things that happened there will be mentioned in the context of various stories further on, but there are a number of other things that I remember, and will write of here, such as the great preparations for Sunday visitors, and all meals really, Sunday or Monday.

First, I think of how difficult it was for getting the summer Jello dessert to 'set' in the cellar, without an ice-box, even , or an unheard of, as yet, refrigerator. This would be a part of

the Sunday meal planning for anyone who might drop by. In this regard, I think of the early summertime visits of Aunt Jessie and Uncle Mabon Stavert, from Kelvin. They would arrive while we were in Church, by horse and wagon. He would put his horse in a vacant stall in the horse stable, and the two of them would be in the house when we got home. Everyone knew where Mom kept the key! (Well hidden - on top of the porch door-??) They were not 'really' aunt and uncle, but that was how it was for us in those days. What an exciting day this was for us! They had so many interesting tales to tell of Dad's relatives and family beginnings. We would all sit in rapt attention around the table in the old dining room. Aunt Jessie, like her brother, 'Uncle' Art Maccaull, was full of life and laughter.

My EARLIEST recollection there in the old kitchen would be of an elderly aunt of my father's, Aunt Ann, (a mystery as to who she was now); Anyway, she put a new pair of mittens on me, with a crocheted or knit string attachment for the mitts - up one sleeve and down the other. The first I had seen such a

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thing...I also remember the wool from our sheep being carded on the kitchen floor (not a very clean job), being prepared for the woolen mills....I remember also my crib being moved there when I was ill one time and my mother bringing me a large doll from Callbeck's store. It was one of two I had in my lifetime. The other one was a beautiful smaller one from Santa Claus, all decked out in its own little brass bed, bedding and all. It's eyes opened and closed, which was a first! I had a hard time enjoying it, totally, on seeing the disappointed look on my sister's face as there wasn't another one for her!....I remember my brother, Robert, with his pull-toy horse,....also, as we got older, we all shared in playing with his bright red truck with head lights - quite a novelty at the time.

I remember the layout of the kitchen, completely, (probably from all the dusting I had to do later on !) and the games we played there: 'Ring-Toss', for one, with the board itself hanging on the door to the porch. Dad would join us in that, making it more fun - and probably why I remember it! There were also our favorites - or perhaps the only ones we had:

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Snakes 'n Ladders, Dominoes and Croquinoie. We also did our homework at the table in the center of the room, by the light of the Aladdin Lamp - Electricity did not come to the Country areas of P.E.I. until the late '40's. (In fact, I remember how great it was to receive electric things - lamps, etc., as wedding gifts, even a coffee maker - which we had not drank before that.) Which reminds me also of my first taste of Coca-Cola when I was in Charlottetown. It was at the 'Old Spain Restaurant'; I was with some P.W.C. girls. I was 15 years old and as nervous as could be, I recall. (In those days there was a great divide between Country kids and City kids! And, I was with Adele's friends that day, all Charlottetonians!)

Also in the kitchen were two wall shelves: one for the lamps, all lined up in a row, according to their size, with their globes shining, and the second smaller one for the clock, under which Mom kept her little box of Aspirin. The match box was also kept up there too, away from small hands. (Since then, I have read that Aspirin was not invented until 1902, which makes me wonder what Grandma might have used if she

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had a head-ache!) I'm like my father in that respect, with no head-aches, while Mom seemed to have her share.

Each day the milk and cream were put down in their cans in the well to be kept cool. This well was in a corner of the woodhouse, a forbidden spot for us when very young. Also, forbidden, would be to touch the shot-gun, which was over the wood-box in the porch. Those seemed to be the only things we could not do, as I recall. Although, Dad, in later years, asked me if I remembered the shellacking I got, having lost the key to the granary - (which I didn't have any memory of) - but I suspect we weren't allowed in there after that episode either. Otherwise, life was pretty free. And, speaking of the gun, I remember its being used once - a very sad day for Dad and for all of us to have to put our dog "Bing" down. I remember also out in the woodhouse (an extension of the main part of the house) that, besides wood being piled in the neatest of rows - years and years of it - there was a big boiler, I guess you would call it, made of bricks, with a fire under it, for cooking potatoes for the pigs. (I suppose that

was the reason for the other chimney on that end of the house.) And, speaking of pigs, there were lots of other animals around as well. I very well remember my perch on a Saturday in winter in the middle of the barnyard, while the cattle were out for water and exercise. It was on top of a straw pile which had been frozen with water, etc. and around this would come the cattle, 'round and 'round, using their bodies and horns. (Just scratching an itch, I suppose, but a wonder I survived it!) And the miracle of all would be how I got up there in the first place! As I recall, it must have been twice my height! Then the horses would come out and that would be scarier than ever, with me still on top of the straw pile! (And, names for all: Jack, Bill, Tom, Darkey, Harry, Grey and King!)

I remember learning to skate on frozen dishwater and wash-water thrown outside the back door too, before the new plumbing days, perhaps. I was told later that I was 5 years of age at the time.

A sad story to relate and on our minds for a long time thereafter was the death of our doctor's daughter, Sarah Sharpe. She was playing in their wagon-shed and got caught in

something. I expect that curtailed our doing the same thing for a long while. (A few years ago her brother, John Sharpe, from B.C., came to visit and recalled how traumatic it was for his family. That was at Hav-a-Rest.)

A visit I especially remember from the past was that of Aunt Millie from California. She brought me a pretty red hand bag, for one thing! But, I remember Norma's house-cleaning for her arrival. I remember that she wore a green knit 2-piece dress. She always sent us an American 5-dollar bill for Christmas (between the four of us). It seemed like a fortune to us, just the same! Later, I seem to remember her strength in going down to the doctor and having eye surgery of some kind without anesthetic or anything. Anyway, that day of her arrival she was picked up from Borden in our car - the Auburn 8. Dad was very fond of cars, like all men, I suppose! One time we had a flat tire on our way to 'Old Home Week' in Charlottetown. It was around Milton, where there was a camp of MicMac Indians in the woods there. You can bet that we stayed pretty close to the inside of the car!! (So afraid we were

of them!) Aunt Lolla would entertain us all for dinner; So good of her, I think now! She probably enjoyed having people from Bedeque, And, she would do anything for Mom, I suppose. She and Mom considered themselves as twins, as that's what their father called them! We would stay at the fair grounds until late at night and see a vaudeville show, and our first fireworks.

I didn't mention Dad's trips to California; I think, two, likely or three, maybe. One that I recall hearing about was while he was recuperating from rheumatic fever. My mother told me that when he returned, he picked up a bucket, briefly, on his way to check things out at the barn. Someone saw him and that was the end of his insurance! The big revelation on his return from one of them for us kids, though, was when he told of being readily able to reach out and pick an orange from a tree!! I had never given a thought as to where oranges came from until then. (We didn't see many in those years, except at Christmas, or when we ate an orange loaf, and we would see the makings of that.)

A memento from California would be the pocket watch that was given to Dad from his Uncle Robert, or that might have been as part of his uncle's effects after his death. I just remember the watch. Later, Dad gave it to my brother, Robert, then he to his son, Jimmy. From there, I know not where it is. (Will note here that Uncle Robert was a bachelor but Uncle John a married man. I only remember, from letters or whatever, his wife's first name, Dora, and one of their children was named, Millie.) Could the name be Selznick I wonder; something like that.

I haven't mentioned Dad's involvement in Tug-of - War, which was always a nerve- racking experience for my mother, and by extension, me. Nor have I mentioned how much we enjoyed the berry - picking experiences with my parents. Both, raspberries, in the woods up on our property to the north of the house, and with the MacCaull family to Freetown for blueberries. Both were special times! We always stayed pretty close to the folks in the woods, thinking of bears(?); the excitement of the latter was seeing a train come by on the tracks in the area where we were picking.

Now, to the "Ancestry" section, and to the influences of those mentioned there, beginning with the Grandparents..... I wasn't fortunate enough to know the MacMurdo ones, nor did I know Aunt Marion or Aunt Jennie, who grew up in the old house too, of course. Not to know them, I always considered our very great loss, but their presence was often felt by hearing stories of them now and then. Aunt Marion was teaching school in Central Bedeque, after attending Prince of Wales College, when her mother died. (Mom told me, in later years, that Aunt Marion named Douglas, which I thought was very interesting.) The sisters took care of the household after the death of their mother until Mom and Dad were married.

Uncle Lawson was there for awhile too after service in WW1. (His uniforms were still in the "big wooden box" in the woodhouse..) I was told that his father bought him a farm in Searletown, in the vicinity of Central Bedeque, but he didn't like farming; Sold the property and went to Toronto to seek his fortune. Not that he did, as far as I could see. He married Tena (Capstick) (1917-2006) late in life and

although they had some lovely furnishings and lived comfortably, in an apartment, I don't think they exactly lived in the lap of luxury. Maybe it was just that she lived so long a life, but Barbara and Randy attended her funeral and things did not appear to be 'top of the line' to them. I saw her quite a few times after we moved to Toronto from Montreal, and she came to either Betty's or Barbara's weddings, or both. But I lost track of her somehow after she went into a nursing home and was very much surprised to learn of her death, and that she had been still alive even. I telephoned her brother, John Capstick, and expected to hear more from him but never did. I was fortunate enough to meet Uncle Lawson for the very FIRST time on a trip to Toronto after moving back to Canada from the U.S.A. in 1974. He was like Dad in mannerisms, I thought, but he resembled the MacMurdos more, those in Kelvin, while Dad was more like the Neills, perhaps. (Dad's father never had his picture taken so have no idea what he looked like.) He (Lawson) had a heart condition and didn't live too long after that. Denton and I flew from Montreal to Toronto for

his funeral in February 1979.

I was told that Aunt Lily, who was living in Grandma's bungalow at that time, was sweet on him, but he wasn't interested, I guess. We kids were intrigued with her stories of all her boyfriends and it was fun to see her applying makeup on occasion in the kitchen. She would have been in her 50's then, I suppose (age, that is), and liked to step dance for us, too! At that time, she would always be well-dressed, from the clothing Aunt Hazel, her sister, sent her from Cleveland. So, I expect she didn't think she needed to work, but everyone else in the family thought she should! (The Government didn't provide then.) Her brothers were always trying to help her out, I was told. Great-Uncle Charlie Baker had her go out to Manitoba once to help Aunt Margaret with their young family but she couldn't get along with them and quit. (The last straw was when she bought the most expensive sweater she could find!!) The relatives all thought she was a little "nuts" but she still maintained that she wasn't well enough to get a job, yet, at the same time, she was able to plant and maintain a huge garden! The reason Aunt

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Lily lived there was logical because Grandpa had died in 1933 I believe, and Grandma was living out of a 'suitcase' at the homes of her daughters, so the house was vacant. (Diane and Joey lived there for awhile when they were first married.) I don't know when or why Uncle Charlie decided that he wanted to get some PAYING tenants, but Aunt Sophie and he were having their problems with her, so I suspect they didn't really like having her there at that point. Uncle Charlie would have great stories to tell of her, also of all the folks of Bedeque when he would come over to our place to see Grandma. We all got great pleasure from his visits and would sit quietly in rapt attention. I remember his and Aunt Sophie's Sunday visits too, especially when Elizabeth was a baby. Mom and Dad were always good to Aunt Lily, and gave her the use of their hired man's house when it was no longer needed for a hired man. (By this time, Douglas and Robert were old enough to help out on the farm.)

I distinctly remember my Green Grandparents, and of visiting them while they still lived in their old house on the same

property where my mother grew up. (Mom didn't move very far from "home"!!) I could see the 'HILL' from our back verandah where I spent a fair amount of time. It was of cement, so I could skip to my heart's content there, or play hop-scotch- marked off with 'chalk' from the broken pull-toy horse of Robert's. The cats were always sunning themselves there too and I enjoyed petting them too. (They were not allowed IN the house.) And, while speaking of verandahs, I must say, that I went over to the front veranda very infrequently. It always seemed windy and cold there, Robert and I were there long enough, though, to hammer in a few nails on the floor of it, with those which Uncle P.B. Clark, gave us. Didn't seem very nice to have done it, but we pretty well did what we wished, and Mom would be too busy to notice. And, what were you to do with a shoe box of old nails, but hammer them into something? P.B. was the second husband of Aunt Maud whom we used to visit, in Summerside, with Grandma, on a Saturday night, when it was her time to live with us, (Aunt Maud was the mother of Audrey (Graves) Rogers, the head of

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that clan, along with her husband, Llewelyn Rogers . They were important people in our family tree.) We would travel to Summerside in the Auburn with two stools for Robert and me in between the front and back seats. Aunt Maud and P.B. were nice people, but everything in their house was very Victorian in style. I remember, especially, their green velvet drapes, and things seemed dusty and old to me. ... (Mom always kept up with the times we thought!) I believe the Greens were all like that! I suppose it might be because of their acceptance towards young people that I recall which causes me to think it. Even Grandpa Green would always greet us as adults. He would be our baby-sitter on occasion and allowed us to stay up until 9 o'clock! When the clock struck 9 he would come alive from his nap on the rocker and say, "Beddy-Bye now, kiddies!" (Norma told me later that Douglas used to change the clock now and then so we would really be up later than that!) The last time I saw my Grandfather was one time when we were visiting in their bungalow and he was sitting in front of the base-burner with an afghan

around his shoulders. It was there that I could see how he idolized my mother! A look I've never forgotten of my grandfather. I remember going over to "see" him after he died. I was standing by Dad as he lifted Robert up to see him in his casket and said, "Now, Robert, don't ever forget your grandfather!" (Our baby-sitter at that time was Jean MacCaull, Lorne's sister.) Mom was in the kitchen with her sisters. I can still see them, lined up on the couch in their two-piece knit suits in different colors, which were in vogue at the time, and looking so sad. (Aunt Ida had come home from Saskatchewan and was there too.) Grandma was around somewhere, probably passing out her cookies in the dining room, which I remember as having a big round table in it; But she never again lived in the house.. She lived with the different families from then on, until her death in 1946. She did not take to this life very well. One time a doctor suggested a little 'port' would help with her appetite. I remember her taking her 'tonic' behind the pantry door, not to be seen by her grandchildren!!

She did a lot of sewing, aprons and such for

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her daughters, and dresses for me. Norma never wanted any HOME-MADE dresses, but I was always proud of the ones she made for me! She and I were the best of buddies, especially, as we would be the ones from the 'country' in the couple of years of winters spent at Uncle Henry's and Aunt Lolla's in Charlottetown (1941 to 1943) while I was at P.W.C. To have her there helped me overcome homesickness, I suppose, and, because of that, would help in my studies. So, I owe her plenty. She, also used to say "Good morning, merry sunshine" to me! (I must have been a happy child?) And, I remember the gift of a big, fat pencil that she brought me one Christmas. (It didn't take much to please the young then!) I also remember Grandpa and her arriving by sleigh that snowy day.

A few years later, she was ill and in bed at Aunt Lolla's. We had gone down to see her, and I have always felt that I let her down somewhat. I had been left upstairs with her while the rest were chatting away downstairs when she began to talk STRANGELY. Well! you can imagine that it didn't take long to get down those

stairs !! She was suffering from 'hardening of the arteries' as we were told then. Not long after, she went up to Aunt Ethel's and Uncle Wallie's in Central Bedeque where she passed away. Her funeral which I remember vividly was from their house. She was buried beside Grandpa in the Green plot in People's Cemetery, Summerside. The Greens were noted people in town as their ancestors were the very first English settlers there. Space was becoming limited there, I suppose, so Grandfather Willard and his brother, Great-Uncle George moved to Central Bedeque to farm. (Where George's son, Jack, and his wife, Jean MacCaull, lived and their family grew up) (Back of Lloyd Hogg's former home where he grew up, and also Uncle Wallie's and Aunt Ethel's at one time, before, as they said, they moved over to the "Moyse" place) George (Auntie) and Willard (Grandma) lived together until, with children, they became too many for one house and Grandpa purchased another, the one we remember on Green's hill. (Uncle George and Auntie had a LOT of children.) She was Roman Catholic and that was how we became so

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entwined with those of that religion which was not common at that time, more or less.

It was always a concern of Mom's and ours to get up the hill in the old cars (Willys-Knight or Auburn) , the hill being much steeper then, before it has been leveled off in recent years. I had a picture of a few of us behind the former car with Mrs. Sterling Tucker of Ross' Corner, who used to get their milk from us . She would take me 'off' Mom's hands quite often and I would spend the day with them. (Her husband was a painter, as was his brother, Percy, (myrtle.) This would be a reason why I was always rather partial to the Tuckers, who also ran the 'Country Store', and I would be given candy! I would be sent quite often there too as I grew older for extra groceries that Mom would need for her baking. Much easier, (except for losing 'change' on the way home across the headland of Scott's farm) than when I had to go get an egg under a hen in the hen-house. I am amazed that my mother worked so hard , and so cheerfully, at her tasks. She'd be singing as she brought the cookies out of the oven. Not to mention, that the old stove required

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wood to get the oven to the required temperature for all the cookies and things. The bread baking was an ordinary event each week, but now I think it wasn't as easy as she made it look. And she could sing while doing all this! (I do remember a little bit of frustration with getting the correct size of split wood, though!)

Bringing this out of the woods was a big endeavor too in the winter, and sooo cold, as I recall! From then it had to be sawed into logs, and after that, split into a smaller size for the stove- or furnace in the cellar later on, with the installation of indoor plumbing. I don't remember much in the world of plumbing before the new things were installed. I only know that on coming home from school it was pretty exciting to see the new bath tub on the front verandah waiting to be taken upstairs. With the old house now torn down and buried, I suppose that big tub is underground somewhere! And all the cleaning, and scrubbing and polishing of linoleum and such, a thing of the past and almost forgotten.

I had Norma to give me instructions, along with Mom, as to how to dust and so on. She and

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I would share in the Saturdays work . She, Norma, would also polish the men's shoes for Sunday! (Which I always thought was kind and noble of her!) At this time, I suppose I would be in the living room learning scripture for Sunday School. (A real treat to go in there and sit on the lovely big chairs) I don't remember that Norma did much memorization, but she might have.

This, of course, brings me to the Church influences, its being such a big part of our lives, from the earliest of years when we played 'Church' by lining up the chairs in the kitchen. (Now, who would be the preacher, I wonder?) I also remember taking off our shoes and stockings and walking to the 10 a.m. Sunday School in the nice, warm sand. Our catechisms would be a big part of Sunday School, and Norma would have had to learn that, I'm thinking, so I should have given her credit for that, but, as to when she did this I do not know. She was always busy working it seemed to me. (Our parents, Mom and Aunt Lolla, never let Adele and me forget this! We were lazy ones, according to them!)

The church service was at 11 o'clock as it is today for us. Norma and I sat with our cousins: Mildred, Marion and Margaret in front of their Uncle Scott and Aunt Myrtle, on the right hand side pews. Mom, Erle and Amy would be in the choir and Dad would be in the back seat in the center section with Douglas and Robert. Amy was of a religious nature and I learned a lot from her in that respect.

Scott's and Myrtle's farm was next to ours so they were our closest neighbors. Our mail came in the same box so we saw them every day too. Myrtle always gave us rhubarb from her large patch, so I don't forget that! It was the same farm where Douglas and Anna later lived, farmed and raised their family. (I believe it was 1942 when they were married.) I spent a lot of fun time with Anna and Douglas until we married and moved to Fredericton.

Norma and I spent a lot of time with our MacMurdo cousins, their farm being just west of ours. We would meet them or walk part way home with them from behind our barn, between our farms. We had a special meeting spot - the BIG TREE - as it became known. Many times

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we also walked with them to or from the North Bedeque School. We would go in their house as they were getting ready and visit with their grandmother, our Aunt Janet, who loved to see us. She was always sitting by their radio with her Bible close at hand. She never became modernized, always wore long dresses of another generation. (Another reason that our grandmother was big in our eyes!) Other times we walked the other way to school with friends from Ross' Corner: Tuckers, Reeves' or Barwises. (Later on, in 1943 - '45, it would be the School where I would be the teacher!) Many were the good times we had with all there at school, with baseball or cricket games. 'Leap-o' was big on the home front. You really had it made when you could get the ball over the house!

Two others who were our earliest friends on the farm for a number of years were Catherine and Louis, children of our hired-man, Peter Gaudet. Norma told me that Mom hired Peter when she needed extra help while Dad was on one of his trips to California. They lived in the same house that Aunt Lily lived in later. (After Peter left to join the army in WW11.) Robert

bossed Louis around considerably, the son of the hired-man! But we basically treated them as equals. We had great fun together, particularly in the snow banks, as I recall. It must have been hard going for them. Peter was hired at \$1.00 a day, and had his wife, and three children, his mother, and his wife's mother all living there together. Later on he ran a car on that as well! They got their milk, potatoes and probably eggs free, as well, but there wouldn't be many luxuries, I don't imagine. They used to have bags of milk, I guess, hanging on the wall of the house. Until I got out in the bigger world, I didn't realize that they were probably making Cottage Cheese.

The minister at that time at our church for probably 10 years or so was the Rev. J.W.A. Nicholson. We kids thought he was terrific as he would also come into our school many times to give us words of wisdom. He also had supper with us in our home many times as well. He was a very learned individual, (I wish I could hear what he had to say in his sermons today!) I do remember Mr. Hogg, (Uncle Wallie's father) walking out one time, I think the minister

preached on the advantages of the system in Russia that day ! Anyway, Mrs. Nicholson didn't mix with the locals at all. Word got around that she was ODD but I think she just did not think she had much in common with anyone. But we were afraid of even going to their door, but suffered it out, when Mom would send up food or something. She was an artist; Dad (Denton) remembers that they lived down at Mrs. Wright's before the manse was ready for them. (The place that Nannie and Grampie Clark bought later) (And Hav-a-Rest, as we know it.!) The old home was closer to the brook and toward the barn. Dad remembers going over to their rooms where her art work was everywhere all over the walls! Mr. Nicholson was not a 'Country' person and many were the stories that went around about him and his horse and sleigh, etc. He was fortunate in having Ralph MacCaull living across the road to help him out now and then.

How we loved to go up to see Ralph and Selina. She knew everyone for miles around and didn't hesitate to give her opinion on such. She was faithful at the church and brought

beautiful flowers there on Sundays in the summer. She played the organ too, in later years. (In our early years, Prillie MacQuarrie was the organist and I remember her jumping up and screeching one time as she saw a mouse run out from the organ!!) Selina was the organist for our wedding in 1946. She also helped Erma Baker decorate the sanctuary for us on that occasion. (The beautiful swan pillow beside Bryan on the couch at Alexander College in Fredericton was made and given to us by Erma.) Her father, Robert Baker, had a big car, a Kissel, and Mom used to go on what they called EXCURSIONS with 'Aunt' Dora and him. We kids would be in the care of her housekeeper, easily come by in those days, and much needed by Mom with four kids in 6 years! Her name was Bertie Murray and we were very fond of her but I'm not so sure that she didn't scare us half to death by times. She was a sister of Davis Murray who was an usher at our wedding. (Denton had gotten to know him when at P.W.C. for the year prior to our marriage.) The Murrays were from Bedeque

village, just south of Callbeck's Corner (No relation to Nannie Clark's Murrays). Two of the boys, Davis and Arthur, were great skaters and when Norma and I were at the skating rink we'd see them and skate with them a lot. Arthur, after serving in the RCAF during WW11 became a United Church Minister. As it turned out, our cottage at Chelton Beach was just across from his and his wife, Bernice's . He had retired by this time.

On longer trips away from home, as for her tonsillectomy, in Charlottetown, Mom left us in the care of Jean MacCaull, Ralph's sister. Ralph left the farm after some time and went into the grocery business in Carleton, not far from Borden. After that, he went to Halifax and studied to become a United Church Minister. Another sister, Mary, was a school teacher of mine. Their brother, Lorne, married Jean Callbeck. Jean did not wish to go to Charlottetown when her folks moved there from their home in Central Bedeque.. She was a clerk at Callbeck's store then and elected to stay and live with her Callbeck grandparents, William (Sophie Robertson). Sophie's brother, Samuel,

was principal of P.W.C. in the early years. And, strange as it may seem, it was he who gave Uncle Henry the 'heave-ho' from the college for some infraction of the rules; No doubt, minor, by today's standards! In their early marriage, Uncle Henry and Aunt Lolla settled on a farm in Searletown where Jean and Arnold were both born. But the life was not for them; He joined the Cockshutt Plow Company, which sold farm machinery, moved from the farm and built a home in Central Bedeque. (The place Dougie MacMurdo and his wife, Patricia (Salsman) and family lived in for a few years.) Adele and Donnie were born while there. (That would be the place from which I had to be taken home in the middle of the night from homesickness when very young.) I also remember that later on I attended school with Adele there in Grade 2. It was the first time I had seen desks that seated two people. It's funny that even later on I did my practice teaching there in Central Bedeque School where some of my Hogg cousins were giving me grief.

{ A little 'something' on the Company car that Uncle Henry drove for awhile after moving to Charlottetown and the only car that Arnold had, therefore, for taking his girl-friends out. It had Cockshutt on the front doors which didn't

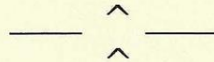
please Arnold very much. He said he was going to hang an old bag over the logo! And I can still hear him saying it.) This was before he joined the Army and went overseas in WW11. He had gone just as I was beginning my studies at P.W.C., and living with their family.

Jean used to spend a lot of weekends at our place and became like a sister to us kids. She used to bring us gifts, and, after all, she had a camera, chewing gum, etc.! (She even recorded in her diary that I went to school for the first on a certain day in 1931 and I didn't know about that until just a few years ago!) (Lorne and she 'courted' some at our place too!.) I remember, clearly, admiring a bracelet he gave her one Christmas, and I'm sure I could pick it out of a bunch of jewelry today, I can picture it so well! They married and built a lovely new house and invited his parents, Uncle Art and Aunt Annie, to move over with them from the old, old house across the road. (This was in North Bedeque.) Jean said, "I just couldn't see them in that old house and the two of us in the new one." How sweet she was! (And, never again would Uncle Art need to walk over to our place, towel under

his arm, for a bath, as I remember!) Later, Lorna and Adele would be added to their family. Now Lorna is Mrs. Ben Cairns, Summerside East and Adele is Mrs. Brenton Gardiner of North Bedeque. Lorne and Jean lived there on the farm until he retired and moved to Central Bedeque to the new bungalow Uncle Henry and Aunt Lolla built after he retired from Cockshutt in Charlottetown. In his retirement, he helped his brother, Ralph, and family in Callbeck's store, until his death in 1958. Aunt Lolla had many people live in with her for some years until her own health failed. Lorne and Jean lived with her until she died (1975-age 83). Jean lived there alone later on, after Lorne's death (1983-age 71). (It is the house that Diane and Joey Evans bought and live in today.) Jean went to live with Adele and Brenton Gardiner after she herself suffered a stroke. Later she moved to Summerside and resided at Andrews Lodge until her death (2003-age 88).

And, so it is, that we keep losing our friends and family members. Each day seems to bring a change of some kind. Years ago a change might have been welcome, but not so much today!

Thankfully, I grew up with many caring people, and that my parents left a legacy of strength in all situations. It is my hope to live up to what would have been expected of me.



On thinking back to the '40's, I need to relate the story of the arrival on P.E.I. of Bill and Betty Baker, and how much they came to mean to us. He was a son of Grandma Green's brother, Charles, of Gilbert Plains, Manitoba. I cannot tell you of the family excitement at the news! Bill was in the R.C.A.F. and posted to Summerside. (This was during WW11; the year was 1943.) Bill had never been back to his 'roots', but a few years earlier, (1936, I believe) his parents and brother, Clark, had visited.

We have a picture of Uncle Charlie and Aunt Margaret taken with Douglas, Norma, Robert and me in our orchard at that time, its being taken by Clark. (Great) Uncle Charlie's (and Grandma Green's) mother was Ann Eliza Clark. (The Rogers family has researched those Clarks. And, Dick Baker may have some of that too from Marion, Claudia Rogers' sister).

At any rate, Betty, with their daughter, Barbara (4) stayed with us on the farm that summer ('43). We had great times and Betty, in her early 30's, greatly influenced Norma and me in so many ways. Bill did not stay in the Service much after that year as he was found to have 'sleeping sickness'.

As luck would have it, we saw them many times over the years, later on. In 1952, we were sent to Vancouver, B.C. (when Denton was in the Canadian Army) and visited them a few times in Summerland. In fact, Bryan, Betty and I lived in our trailer (which Denton, with Bryan's help, had built in Vancouver), parked in their yard one summer while Denton was on a course in the East. It was good for Bryan to have Ander and 'Dickie' to play with, although we grown-ups had fits by times in

keeping them from exhausting themselves. That was the year of the scare of polio, wouldn't you know. Our Betty celebrated her 2nd Birthday there as well that summer. Their daughter, Barbara, later, when quite grown, visited us and other friends in the City. (Vancouver)

Bill and Betty visited us in Montreal too, and we saw Dick a few times as he was passing through, coming and going from Halifax as he studied Law there. We missed seeing Ander after leaving Vancouver though. We always looked forward to hearing from Betty each Christmas with news of all of them. She wrote such nice letters, and it always brought to mind her writing to her mother (Nonie) when on the Island years before. We were also very pleased to have Barbara visit us at our home in Suntree, much later again. It was very strange that Betty and Douglas died on the same day in the year 2000. (If it had to be) it would have pleased both no end as they had many good laughs together in 1943. He was dating Anna at the time and Betty kidded him a lot.

This might be a good time to mention the beginning of WWII, and what the war years meant to us. It was September of 1939 that it all began. The Harvest was on at the farm with Erle, Scott and Dad working together at that. I

remember the dismay felt by all of them at the news in the Guardian that day. I know they were remembering the cost of WW 1 (1914 - 1918). This one of 1939 dragged on for about 6 years, I think. In fact, I would be teaching some of the battles, etc. to my students at North Bedeque School before it was over. But, at the time, we were too young to let these things wear us down very much. It was College time and enjoying life was pretty well the order of the day. Aunt Lolla was writing letters to Arnold, who was Overseas by now. I regret that Adele and I didn't help her much at that, as we should have. Adele and Bill were dating, even then. He was also playing trumpet with a couple of dance bands. (The years of helping me bring home the cows were far behind for Adele then! But, she retained her love of COWS, unbelievably.)

Denton was in the R.C.A.F. at this time. I remember taking his photograph to Class one day and my French Professor showing it around! Very embarrassing! This was before he went Overseas and I would not know that our friendship would be leading to the altar in a few years. (But it did, as you know!!) Denton

returned from England in May, 1945, and spent the following year at P.W.C. until our marriage. That year, I had given up teaching school and was working in the office at Sinclair & Stewart's store in Summerside. For the sake of the 'romance', I was living at Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Carruthers' in the winter months. (It was they who gave us the silver flower dish for a wedding gift that we used so much as our table centerpiece.)

My best friend at Sinclair's was Edith Distant. She was lots of fun but didn't take her work very seriously! Mr. Muttart, our boss, told me once that he thought "I" did all the work!! She was helpful to me later on, as it began to dawn on me that I probably needed some new clothes. (Even though I blamed her for opening my luggage and sprinkling confetti all over!) It was she who gave us Bryan's Baby Book. She is now a widow, I believe; was married to Ralph Caseley, a returned Army veteran. (She spent a lot of time down in his Men's Wear Department!!) And, as for wedding plans, reminds me to say that we were sending out invitations, etc., only thing was that Dad had never said that he'd be a part of it! (He left everything of a social

nature to Mom.) The week before, he finally decided he'd be going and went out looking for a new suit!! Clothes were not easily come by then because of the war, for either men or women. He got the best suit that he could find and I think I took the last dress in Charlottetown to be married in...and it wasn't great either! That didn't worry me too much at the time, as it would today! Life was a lark then! (And, perhaps still is? Not to be taken too seriously??)

The only person of our wedding party who has not been mentioned before was one of the ushers, Earle Clark. Just wanted to say that he was a 1st cousin of Denton's, the son of Wyman Clark. He was also married to a cousin of mine, Mildred MacLean, a daughter of Hattie Clark, whose mother was Marion (Neill), a sister of Grandmother MacMurdo. (Adele and Beryl are the only two still living today of our attendants-2013). I may not have mentioned that Bill Moreside played a trumpet solo while we signed the register. (Something regarding the North Bedeque church that I've noticed in recent years is the 'Honor Roll of WW11'. I'm not very proud of my effort there, and wish that

I had put more thought into that somehow. I remember the Rev. Wagner asking me to write it up, though, and it was very quickly done.)

We were ready now to get on with the studying at U.N.B. (Honeymoon over; first to Moncton and visited Geoff Hogan and his wife. He was an Air Force pal of Denton's in England; then to Fredericton to find a place to live while at university. (It was 1 and 1/2 rooms at 78 York Street, on the second floor, where we remained until after Bryan was born.) We then went over to Nova Scotia and visited with a cousin of Denton's, his 1st cousin, Ewen Clark, (son of Al Clark), and wife, Kaye, in New Glasgow. (Later, they lived in Trail, B.C., and we visited them on our way to Vancouver.) I was certainly gaining a lot of relatives at this time, and 'influences' in thinking.

But, it's now our 1st move, and must write of the people in Fredericton we got to know best: Don and Jean MacLean, Don and Rae Fawcett, Randy and Aleta Martin and Blair and Marg Clerke and, last, but not least, Ken Dow - the youngest and brightest of students - and without whom, Denton doesn't think he could have made it!! All of these kept us informed of their family doings through the years.

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I have also kept in touch with my friend from North Bedeque School, Helen Arsenault. She has two daughters from her first marriage to Bernard Manion : Arlene ('56) and Carolyn ('58). He died, and she has recently married Gordon Corson. They live in Calgary.

Relatives (besides immediate family members) who kept us in- the- know through the years were mostly : Wanda (Yeo) Rayner, Audrey (Clark) Wright, Joy (MacLeod) Johnston, Marion (Bell) Darrach, and more recently, Darrach Murray, on Dad's side. Mine would include: Adele (Callbeck) Moreside, Mildred MacMurdo , and Margaret (Moore) Skinner from my P.W.C. days.

After U.N.B. days in Fredericton, where, in 1948, Bryan was born, and we were allowed to move (#2) to better quarters on University grounds, and Denton received his B.Sc. Degree in 1950, it was time to be on the move again. So, off to Kingston , an Army move (#3). There we met: Simon & Mary Fougere, and Fred & Sheila Chess , for long-term correspondents. The Martins and Clerkes were there as well.

We were then transferred to Montreal (our 4th move) where we became acquainted with

Lucille, through Paul Leger and his boss, Major Bourbonnaïs, at Long Pointe Army Base. At that point, she couldn't speak a word of English! But, she quickly learned with English courses and a little help from Paul! Our main recreation at that time was Saturday night at the Army Base - dinners and movies. Bryan had great fun on a Bear Rug, I remember, but I was worried silly! Randy and Aleta Martin would also be there. They had a son that year whom they named, Bryan. Denton received his M.Eng. Degree on Oct. 6th, 1952. The next day we set out again by car (move # 5) to Vancouver, B.C. Betty was also born at that time, just a few weeks before we left. It was a very active Base and we met many Military people, with whom I corresponded for many years, including: Eileen & Jack McKinnon, Joyce & Bill Sneddon, Stella & Ted Rodgers, Laurie & Mike Gausden, and most of all, our neighbors, Mary & Hugh Bolton.

Move # 6 took us to Ottawa, when Denton got out of the Service and went to work with the National Research Council. Just before we left Vancouver, the Gausdens had been transferred to Ottawa. Somehow or other they had taken some of our belongings with them and Denton slept overnight at their place when picking the

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stuff up. Bryan, Betty and I were on P.E.I., at the time, having gone on ahead (by Air Force plane) while Denton bought a van and drove our truckload of furniture East. We had just the van then in Ottawa so it wasn't too long before there was a trade-in and we had a new 'Monarch'. Grandfather & Grandmother Clark drove us from P.E.I. after we had spent Christmas at home. They then went on to Trenton where Beryl and Bert were at the time, also in the Military.)

Within the year, we were back in the Montreal area (Valois), for move # 7 and now with RCA. We bought a lovely (to us) new house, north of us on Buckingham Avenue, sold the Monarch, and spent the winter in Valois with the one Morris-Minor car, which Denton had bought in Ottawa. (Shortly after getting into our new house, and re-painting one of the bathroom walls, also the rec. room, and building a retaining wall in the yard, etc., Denton was transferred to New Jersey!!) (The Morris-Minor car was sold to the Cecils. They were also moving from Montreal to N.J.) This was when Dad (Denton) had flown to N.J. and bought the 'horrible' Plymouth, while Bryan,

Betty and I were on the Island. So, the Plymouth and we were on the move again (# 8) to Lindenwold (1957). The owner of the house was not legit somehow, so the following year we moved (#9) to Somerdale, N.J. When we were in Lindenwold, I met Jay Weir for the first time as he came over one evening, along with Jimmy Townsend, Mike Harry and Fred Chess, all with RCA. (Years later we met up with the Chesses in Hawaii.)

From New Jersey we were transferred by RCA to Florida. I remember we left on Douglas' birthday, the 28th of May, 1960 (our move # 10). Barbara was born on June 20, 1958, so we celebrated her 2nd birthday at the Bal-Ray apartments in Cocoa Beach, Florida. Quite a change then - probably a 'chameleon' would best describe me with this new mode of living! It was nothing but 'people and party' time! Denton's office was at Patrick Air Force Base, and we attended every "Hail and Farewell", I think, for over 12 years.

As well, there were the goings-on at Riverside, RCA, FIT and the Community. Also doing our best with those of our 'Three' young ones. The greatest thing we had going for us was YOUTH! And Good Health, I suppose!

Here is a list of the people we got to know and are most indebted to for being so kind to us during those busy years. Some even continued in the same vein in future years : A word or two about each. First, (1) the Church : Birrel - Mary Grace and Linda, RCA Scholastic Awards; Chatman - farewell luncheon in 1972, recipes ; Dale - Scouting: Bryan, Brian and John Mark, Brevard Symphony Orchestra ; Dunson - Bridge, Winnebago, Atlanta ; Hurd - Church, Flowers, Beach ; Krieg - Religion, Twin Boys, Palm Trees ; Menges, Jean ('90's)-Pew companion, Hip Surgery. (Husband, Ed, was an elder, as was Denton, in the '60's. They all gave and signed a book for us when we left for N.J. - 'The Law and the Prophets') ; Pfeiffer, Helen, Letter -Writer, 5 marriages- 4 husbands, Mona Lisa ; Robers - Teacher, Mrs. Holland, Indiana ; Robson - Fastidious, Money, (Stan and Bill); Rudy - Later Years- Thursday Group, since about 1988- Church and travel.

Our ministers : Mr. Pfeiffer - okay , not overly friendly ; Mr. Bosworth - after a time, left the ministry , Marital problems ; Mr. Lowry - became a minister, after working in the business world for a time. He and Denton had a mutual liking for automobiles.

Others of the Community : Deb Society - formed in 1967. Asked to join by Kathy Holloway, She died of breast cancer after we had gone to N.J. in 1972. (I was appointed Ball Chairman that first year.) Another good friend of ours from the group was Ann Rogers, who died of cancer sometime after Denton retired and we were back in Florida for half of the year. I was no longer a part of the group then. Had traveled to the meetings in the early years with two Cocoa Beachers, Eleanor Rose and Pat Cooper. The group has now disbanded. The only one of the 'originals' I still see is Rett D'Albora, A Christmas party is still held in Cocoa by newer people ; have attended a couple of them.

Our doctors were Knotts and VonThron. Ben Knotts now lives in the center of Florida. Divorced from Ann. (They were in the Merry-makers group for awhile.); (Jane and Joe Von Thron, also.) The latter are now connected to Rett and John through the marriage of their children, Ann and Jim. He's a doctor in Tampa.

Then, there were our good neighbors - the Graves family (Kathy, the artist. We are so proud that she has sent us some of her paintings each Christmas.) ; the Johnsons, I still think of Fay every day since her death,

esp. each morning when I peel an orange. It was she who told me which end to begin to peel from! She also couldn't understand what Canadians ate when they didn't have oranges! She was of a compulsive nature, which led to her death, I suppose ; the Lapes ; (Joan continued her work as an artist from our classes with Kathy Graves. And I own some of her work as well.) Most of the painting was done at Johnsons - beginning with "Fay's Pitcher"!

More of the Community who became friends were: Mrs. Stewart of Hacienda Del Sol. We thought it really something to be included in her invitations! ; Gini and Blackie Johnson ; (He, was a Navy Submariner). Got to know her through a Navy bridge group to which I belonged, through Kathy Graves. Jack Graves was of the Navy also. (Gini was somehow or other distantly related to Mrs. Stewart, which made for some conversation for our group !) She kept up a correspondence with us until her death in Hawaii not too long ago. We had lunch or dinner with them when in Hawaii ; The Davis' of the Barnett Bank, and through Winnie (and Bridge), Molly Lowman, who gave me the magazine picture of Queen

Elizabeth II as a young girl (Thinking that I looked like her!! And she had a fascination with royalty, having been to the Coronation. She never said but we think she may have been someone's companion at the time.)

Time to mention the very first people to greet me in Cocoa Beach after the Ballentines (Deedee and Howard), at whose resort (Bal-Ray) we stayed. It was not air conditioned and the heat and sand fleas were not very conducive to sleep or anything. I was really surprised when Anne McLaren and Harriet Thompson arrived to say hello. The kids and I were not in very good fettle for visitors, is all I can say!! Oh, well... I learned a good lesson, I suppose. In later years, Harriet was usually with Leason Brodt, whom we met at a party given by the Heard's, Ann and Wade. Leason was expecting her husband home from Vietnam at the time, and I can still see them making music with a wash tub, so funny!. Anyway, next thing I heard was that he was killed. She never got over it; had twin girls to raise, and they were a disappointment to all. She developed Alzheimer's disease, and has died. Her sister, Jane Laird Hill, was one of the Deb Society.

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Their house was known as 'hay-wire house'! Jane Laird's husband, Bubba, died of a sudden heart attack at a young age. Their grandmother, Mrs. Holderman, owned the Cocoa Tribune newspaper and sold it to Gannett later. (It's now the Today paper.) We were told that before we went to Patrick they had never been invited to functions there! John Pound lived there too and wrote a column for the Tribune. (Fay and Harriet both wrote items too for the Society Page!) And, while I'm talking about the press, I would like to say how pleased I was to always have good things said about me on Radio by Mercer Livermore (King). She had me to lunch once too, and was often at Patrick functions.

Next, the RCA people to whom I became quite attached: Jean and Bert Cox. Both getting older along with us! We seem to meet them only at funerals now. They always sent nice Christmas letters. And, Betty stayed with them one time when we had moved up north. She also, was with their daughter, Robin, a lot at school; The Mallorys, both Smitty and Bud, are deceased now. They had us down to their ranch in Sebring overnight one time and that was quite an exciting event; Ken and Mabel West,

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a retired couple, who were good friends with Steve and Irene Heller. It was Steve who came down to Florida by train with Denton to introduce him to the new job. The Wests entertained us shortly after we arrived; Beatie and Dick Niles were at the Bal-Ray when we were and she used to tell me when there would be a launch, which would be SECRET then. She decorated her house from stem to stern with Early American stuff at Christmas, which was fascinating to me. They also had us to their house in N.J. Barbara was with us too; I remember esp. Barbara's new Maxi Coat, also that we had a hard time to find our way off the Freeway as we tried to get back to the Niles' house! I don't remember now why we got off in the first place? ; To the Hills next, Ruth and Don, always so good to us. (I picture her mostly at Bridge with her cigarette!) Later, Don died and Denton gave the eulogy. (I remember that Mr. Pfeiffer wasn't of much help to him at that time!) ; We have always enjoyed seeing a lot of RCA people at Ann Tschiemer's Xmas Parties, although they are now dwindling in numbers. She was Denton's secretary before

we went back to N.J. in 1972 ; The Warringers
next : I think, of all the people I knew, that
Helene and I had the most in common. She had
lots of energy ; was an artist, also a bridge
player. She took on being a new mother to
Sandra and Ricky. She also had two boys,
John and Bob. Ringold was their last name- but
they took the name Warringer after Helene and
Howard married. We always celebrated
Thanksgiving with them at Patrick Air Force
Base and they used to come to our place on
Christmas nights. I enjoyed meeting her
mother, who was a strong person too, from
Philadelphia. Ricky got into drugs and she and
Howard then divorced. She moved to the center
of the State, taught nursing, married again
(Woodard); was into Elderhostel and came to
visit us at Hav-a-Rest, while on a Maritime
tour. A very accomplished lady! Louise Hurd
came with me to see her at a nursing home
one time, and also to her funeral a year or
so later ; Next : Joe and Mildred Hilliard. He
was Denton's right-hand man through the
years. Both, nice people and she is still
going strong, over 90 years of age, still in
her own home and playing bridge at the
Eau Gallie Yacht Club. We have been seeing
her at RCA get-togethers at the Azan Temple,
of late. Denton has told me

that their son, Joe, also received an RCA award as the Birrel girls did ; must mention Denton's earliest secretary, and how Barbara was always asking if Virginia (Wharton) would soon let us go on our vacation !! ; It was Andy Conrad from N.J., who gave Denton the opportunity for the Florida position in the first place, and he will likely always feel obligated to him. Andy, unfortunately, had a problem with the Company and was forced to leave, which, no doubt, contributed to his death. We liked his 2nd wife, Nancy, but never did meet his first wife before her early death. Joe Murray and Ed Speakman, two more from the North, were household names too at that time. The Pan Am person, to whom Denton actually reported here at the Cape, was Dick Mitchell. He and his wife, Dottie, had no family. I had one experience with her that I'll never forget. Going to Orlando with her one time, and as she was getting a cigarette from her handbag on the seat between us, out fell her little revolver!! She said she could use it too if necessary!! If she were living today and heard of the crimes around she'd probably need it more than ever! ; Peggy and Russ Barnes, another Pan Am couple

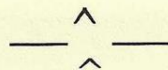
we knew. She still is very faithful in corresponding every Christmas; Joan Borders, whose late husband also worked for Pan Am, lives here at Brenndity. She is still youngish in her way and contributes to the goings-on here. Then, we have F.I.T. with its R.C.A. beginnings: We spent many hours there for this and that, were good friends with Jerry and Natalie Keuper. Also remember Ray and Martha Work, Cliff and Alma Mattox and Fred and Clara Roberts. Denton is now a Trustee Emeritus there, and pretty well attends all their Board meetings. We both like the present President, Anthony Catanese, and his wife, Sara, very much. Since the Military was a BIG part of Denton's work, I'll list some of those people we became acquainted with at Patrick; first, the Generals: Davis, Jones and Sands; Mrs. Davis' name was Gertrude, although I wouldn't dare call her by her first name. She was pretty High Hat! I do remember her on some more friendly occasions, however, one of which was a luncheon she hosted at the Patrick Guest House. She served "Daíquirís", and I think she told everyone how to make one!; Anita Jones was the very opposite type of person;

so very nice. We were sorry when she developed cancer and died of it; Lee Sands was very nice too. Maybe I'd call her a little flighty perhaps! And, I always questioned her sincerity, somehow. She and the General (Bud) came up to North Bedeque one time in their lovely huge Motor Home. They were most gracious and went to meet Mom and Dad who were then in the Summerset Manor. They stayed in our house, (Hav-a-Rest) with us. It was he who first told me of Mary Bolton's death, as I recall - maybe, through a phone call, while I was away somewhere. I think they were from Minnesota, and she was in the U.S. Air Force too during WW11, while he was as well, and a pilot. Many Colonels' wives corresponded with us after service in Florida; Barons, (Pat and Oakley), especially, wrote a lot, and we became good friends. They visited us, and we visited them one time in California. We attended their daughter, Barbara's, wedding and got to know their family as they became older, mostly through Pat's Christmas letters; Betty and Hank Henry, became good friends when he came to work for RCA after retiring from the Air Force, as did Bob Maloney, whose wife.

Millie, died of MS quite young. She was a lively, bouncy person; gave me a demitasse cup and saucer which she had that matched our china; also the wooden rooster! Bob corresponded with us after her death, and we were sorry we didn't hear of his until after the fact. A Navy couple, whom I didn't mention before, were Ken and Kitty Wallace. He was a Rear-Admiral. I believe we got to know them best through Harriet Thompson and Leason Brodt, although Kitty had come to see me earlier than that. She never came empty-handed, mostly oranges. They now live in the Indian River Colony Club. With Military Connections were: From England - Moira Dadswell, whose Seascape, (which was of the ocean outside her house at Patrick), I still have on our wall; From Germany - the Hengsts, Maria wrote Christmas letters every year, and always on a post card, until her death. She and Gerhard had moved back to their homeland. We met them in Munich on our way home to Montreal from the Winter Olympics in Austria in 1976. I can still see her in tears waving her handkerchief in farewell; The Eiermanns of Cocoa Beach were early on friends. They were also from

Germany. I can still hear Bill Mullan (Mary Lou), at whose house we were, teasing Walter about their losing the War!! That was on Bougainvillea Street. Later on, we heard that the Eiermanns also had moved back to Germany, where Elfie died, at a young age.

Other Community folks I need to mention were the Gleason family, the earliest settlers of this area and whose home was in Eau Gallie. Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, with Mrs. Stewart, used to be at many of the parties we would be attending at their daughter, Jane's, (Dr. John Madry), or other places. They were always SEATED, because of their ages, I suppose. (Little did I know! Anyway, we always were thrilled to be with them. It was probably through Jane Laird, Leason and Harriet that we got to know them; Kitty and Ken Wallace too. For some reason, I remember their son, Bill, being at our place as well. I expect he was divorced but that didn't dawn on me then. I noticed in the paper that his daughter, Carey Gleason, is active in the Community these days.



It's time now for us to move back North (Dec. 1972) for move # 12 (?). It's pretty well all a blur to me now. I just remember the kindness of a new neighbor in the house next door on moving day. They were retired Military I think. She brought over a supply of sandwiches, and, did they ever taste good! I wish I could do the same for others sometime. (I do not even know her name!) The bar which Dad had built went with the house, as I recall. And, perhaps all of the porch furniture, as well. Denton built a lovely place for the cat in the back seat of the car - but 'Hon' didn't like it, I am told. (Barbara's "Octopus" also stayed in the planter, I think.) Dr. Heimer was the purchaser.

Anyway, it wasn't too long before we took up residence in New Jersey in a huge Apt. building, advertised as Luxury Living. (anything but, of course!) We suffered it out there until our new house in Fox Hollow was built. We kept ourselves busy all winter going over to oversee its construction, making plans, etc. Barbara went to school there in Cherry Hill - I suppose. parts of Grades 9 and 10, as the following year in December (1973) we were on our way again, for move # 13, to Montreal.

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It wasn't all bad, of course, except that we lost our 'Hon' over across the brook behind the house for a couple of weeks! Luckily, he was found again, and another plus was, on finding the weather somewhat colder than what we were used to, Barbara and I had to buy new coats !! We also found a lovely Church, I believe called Trinity Presbyterian. I didn't have time to get to know anyone very well but I think I joined a Circle and was in a bowling group. Dad reminds me of Barbara's using the church piano for practising, after we found a teacher!! (I mostly remember the fun times spent in negotiating the circles of traffic to go to her lessons!) And then came the move-in, at the end of April. It was a beautiful house and I spent a good deal of time in choosing draperies, etc. We bought some new dining room furniture from Ethan Allan, and our old smaller set had to be sold. Our first and only guests to use it were Mary and Simon Fougere. (They were living in the area then. And now, both have died, according to their son, John, in Tampa.) First thing I then knew, the decorator was hanging the curtains the night before we left for the island - and Cathy's wedding.

I also remember doing some stitching on a quilt that Betty was giving to Cathy; (And, of finding Cathy in Hospital when we got there.) The lovely wedding took place, and we gained another family member, Ralph (Sonny) Grant, but her problem turned out to be Epilepsy, of which she has had to struggle with to this very day. Back to the chores at hand....Denton was building a closet in the master bedroom; and before that, had made a huge opening between the living room and family room, and built a cement pathway at the back of the house as well. Then, he was given the opportunity of heading up RCA in Canada and we were off to Montreal. Barbara and I had no problem at all in selling the house and drove ourselves north in the 'Duster', being met at the BORDER by Denton and Bryan. I have never forgotten the Movers; I was expressing regret of their working in the COLD, only to be made aware of how HAPPY they were.; this was their last job before heading north of Montreal and skiing for the winter! (So much for the Socialist System!) (At the Border too, they expressed how happy we should be to be getting free Children's Allowance for Barbara.) Perhaps this is where

President Obama has gotten his ideas!!

Now, to becoming acquainted with more people, so that my head swims to think back on it. In the first place, it was difficult for Denton, in that the people there at RCA were not too thrilled that an American came up to fill the vacancy left by the departure of John Houlding (Margaret). SO, our first welcoming get-together was somewhat strained! I'll never forget the stares as I wore my (to them, I'm supposing), gaudy, fuchsia floor-length gown. This was held at the Forest and Stream Club. Mrs. Houlding had been in the habit of having the coffee served in the lounge - or, I believe, she did the 'honours' of serving it. I still quake at the stares as all waited for this "American" to do likewise! Mrs. Roy Phillips (Barbara) came to my rescue - the good United Church member that she was! (From then on, I was always partial to her and we became good friends.) Eventually, they all got over their pique and we got along well with everyone, I think. The names I recall are : next to the Houldings, before they went on to Toronto. (And, she was really awfully nice to us too. She was from England, I believe. She brought

us frozen pies, etc. for Christmas that year, and even had us to dinner later on with Aunt Norma with us.) Norma had come up to help us get settled in our new home. I believe we had New Year's dinner at the Ritz, which was exciting. Next: the Dohenys, Dan and Marion. He was Chairman of the Board at RCA. They were nice people; included us in many things, even had us to dinner at their house. It was the first time that I had been served on large, hard placemats. They were black-bordered, shiny and lovely, I thought. The Dohenys lived in exclusive Westmount. He was an ex-combat veteran, had been a prisoner of war in Germany. (It was a different world we had moved into!) But, we were Home Again!!

I suppose the first thing I think of, next to the environment, would be the times and the people who have made an impact on me.....So, first to the RCA people; The Secretaries were: Doreen Balestreri (and I still hear from her) in Montreal and Linn Lee in Toronto. They were good and helpful, as were Virginia Wharton and Ann Tscheimer in Florida, and I am indebted to them all. Some other names that pop up in my correspondents list, and of whom

I think of often are: Luc and Danielle Joly. They helped us to see Paris, for one thing, and also visited us at Silver Lake. She had the greatest sense of humor! As also did Claire Foster (Barry). Claire would tell us of their Christmas celebrations, in the French tradition, which intrigued me. (She taught French to the older generation at that time.) One time she and Barry went to London, England, for a weekend! The French had a very different viewpoint from the English which, I felt, was most beneficial to me and different from most Islanders of that persuasion that I knew- except my friend, Helen, of course. Next, I'll mention the Scheiblings, Peter and Hilda, whom I enjoyed so much at the many get-togethers. They both were of German extraction. He had a discerning personality, and put everything he had into all his doings- especially, golf! And, he never forgot a thing. He seemed to worry a lot about death and it truly came early, in his case; then the Scheibers, Dottie and Bob, were a nice American couple who were in Montreal for a time and she was good to write later. They are now in the Atlanta area; we always thought we would look them up, but, of course, never did.

Maycle and John Cummings were another couple from the USA that we enjoyed. John suffered from MS, unfortunately, but we had quite a few bridge games together. She arranged a ladies' group of the game too which was fun: (Wittman, Ford, Wiltshire and Davis) She and John attended the Beaurepaire United Church too, as did we. They were originally from Tennessee and we looked them up on one of our trips South. (I do remember that she and I both chose the same Lenox china set, mine being Westwind. Hers was blue in color- I don't know the name of it.) It was there in Montreal that we met the Wyatts, Hal and Marnie, and a lot of Royal Bank people. (I recall some of their names: Frazee, Taylor, Milburn and Stiles.) The Wyatts entertained us a lot and we also traveled together many times. It was there, also, that we first met the Hughes : Joan and Sam. We too had a lot of fun together on trips, for which I was never ready, as they were, it seemed to me. We still meet the Hughes at least once a year, if not twice, as they have retired to

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Jupiter, Florida. We meet in Vero Beach, have lunch and get caught up on each others families. We also met our good friends, the Urquharts, George and Fran, in Montreal. We all traveled in the same circle : by car, sometimes by bus and other times by plane - and even by taxi-cab in London. (On recollection, I wish I had relaxed more!) Trouble was, they were all new to me at the time. Fran and George had us to their many get-togethers at Shediac - the Bluff. We also visited them at their place in Hawaii, and they came to Hav-a-Rest a few times on the Island. I miss her too! Others I'll never forget are : Mary and Charlie Goodwin. They lived in Hudson and then in Toronto, as well. We were together a lot. (Islanders stick together !) She taught me a lot about the world of music . We traveled together to various concerts, and luncheon affairs also. I wish I still had her to talk to, but she died last January She was in the same facility as Adele in Stratford, P.E.I. At least, she died on the Island, her favorite spot in all the world ! At that time she was the widow of Bernard Meredith. He had lots of money we were told, and I can't think of anyone who deserved it

more. She met him in Victoria, I think. They came to see us with Adele and Bill at Chelton Beach a few years ago. (All four of us were fellow students at Prince of Wales College. Her name then was Bentley.) But, somehow or other , I've strayed from others of RCA there in Montreal whom I liked: the Muellers, from New Brunswick ; the Booths, Ron and Ruth, and I especially remember our cleaning lady referring to her as ROOT BOOT!; The Masons, a Jewish couple, I remember. They always went to Spain in December to avoid the Christmas doings I suppose. She was an Artist and sent some of her paintings or drawings on cards to us, a lot of them done in Spain or Portugal. And, speaking of Portugal reminds me of Rosellia, from the Azores, our cleaning lady. I suppose in Toronto. I still use the pencil set she gave me. It was Joan Hughes who found her for me, and I'm grateful for that too. I used to teach Rosellia her English by talking to her as I took her to the train! (Joan sold Real Estate there for a time too.) Sam traveled by times with Denton to their down town offices. They entertained us frequently at their home and we got to know their daughters, Heather and

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Cynthia as well too. Heather is now in Health work here in Florida.

I used to see Aunt Tena quite often after we moved to Toronto and talked to her on the phone often as well, but lost track after coming to Fl.. (Did I mention that before?) And, somehow or other, the saying of Grandma's came to mind a few minutes ago : "Time 'n Tide wait for no man !" Perhaps a little push for me to hurry things up a bit !!

After being in Montreal from 1974 to 1979, and with the French upheaval, it was decided to move to Toronto. So it was, that was move # ? For us there, first of all, we celebrated Mom's and Dad's 60th Wedding Anniversary shortly after we moved into the lovely large house at Strath Humber Court. Unfortunately, we put it on the market because we thought we might be moving to New York. Those plans changed and by the time Betty and Barbara were married in the '80's we were cooped up in a much smaller place close by. Those events and all our overseas travels in those years kept us too occupied to really enjoy them, I'm a-thinkin' now ! All those doings are in my Year Books if anyone might be so inclined to read of them.

I hesitate to put our very earliest letters in the shredding bin, but MUST !! Those in Fredericton : (1) The MacLeans, Don was a decorated airman from Lot 16 who made many bombing trips over Germany. I knew his wife, Jean, from the Young People's Union in the United Church in Charlottetown. They had us to dinner- Bryan's first outing, I think, and his first introduction to his Uncle Robert who arrived on the scene that night unannounced! Don died a few years ago and she has since remarried. We met her new husband (Birch) on the Island not long ago; (2) the Fawcetts - Don from Hamilton and his wife, Rae, was from Haileybury, Ont. Both had been in the Air Force. Bryan and their son, Paul, were born the same year. They were awfully good to us. His Basket was given to us by them, all decorated in blue by her. (Later, I think Rodney slept it!) They came over to P.E.I. the year before graduation. We visited them at their cottage in Lindsay, Ontario, a few years later; (3) The Martins were good friends too, but Randy was strange,:: seemed to resent Denton's promotions in R.C.A. and was never the same after.

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I telephoned Aleta a few years ago when we went through Alexandria, Ont., where they lived in retirement. She was not well at the time and I think she must have died as I never heard from either of them again, even though my cards and letters were received, I'm sure; (4) I wrote each Christmas to Marg Clerke, as well, and heard all about her family's doings. Have lost track since Blair died and she was trying to make up her mind where to live. We went on a trip with them to Niagara Falls one time.

Then there are the letters from the relatives: (a) Wanda (Rayner) was Denton's first cousin, her mother, Pearl, being a sister of Grampie Clark's. (b) Audrey (Wright), another first cousin, a daughter of Grampie's brother, Albert. She was in the Canadian Navy during the war. (c) Joy (Johnston) was a first cousin also (on the Murray side), Denton's Aunt Irene's (MacLeod) daughter. Joy died this year (2013), was a widow, and from B.C. She taught school for a time on the Island, then went into nursing, moved to Penticton, B.C. about the same time as we went to Vancouver and she visited us there. We've met with her and her husband, Lloyd (R.C.M.P.) both here in Florida and on the Island a few times over

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the years (d) Marion (Darrach) , another first cousin, Aunt Annie's (Bell) daughter. Lloyd and she used to live in Fredericton where he was with the CNR, now in Norton, N.B. in retirement. They came to see us in Suntime, took our picture on our way to golf. (e) Darrach Murray, another first cousin, son of Francis Murray (He's also in MY family tree- the Schurman Book.). He's married to Joyce Mackay, a lovely retired nurse. They entertained us the last time we were on the Island (2011). He had Denton help him with the monument of their ancestor, John Murray, in the churchyard of St. Elizabeth's Anglican Church in Springfield, P.E.I. (He had come from Ireland- Is that a surprise or what?) The others of my relatives : you know them and Lucille too. Words on them elsewhere : (Adele , Mildred, also Margaret Skinner.

Margaret (Moore) and Al Skinner were both at P.W.C.; We met up with them again in Ottawa. We attended the same church in its beginnings. Margaret and I were on the PTA of the school board when we both lived on Glinn Ave. Can't remember the name of the school. We left for Valois before I did much there. We have seen them many times over the years; she was a beautiful person. Died of cancer; wouldn't take Chemo

Then, to the ones in Vancouver: (1) Eileen was an English War Bride. She and Jack (McKinnon) were the first people to visit us there. They had two children the ages of Bryan and Betty: Bruce and Margaret. Unfortunately, he suffered from M.S. and after release from the Army they moved to Victoria. He lived with his affliction a long time but has now died and she is remarried to an Anglican priest. (Mrs. A. B. Turton, of Victoria.) Have lost track of them now, however; (2) Joyce Sneddon, was originally from Regina. She was very exuberant and loved the Army and its people, and writing long letters. She and Bill were having all kinds of problems, then she became ill, had to move into a nursing home and I've lost track of her; (3) Stella Rodgers wrote each year as well too. She was a nurse and very capable. I believe we have a picture of her and Ted before we went off to a dance of some kind, outside our door in Vancouver. I haven't heard from them recently; (4) Laurie Gausden was from Saint John, N.B. Mike was from England and lived on the same street as we in Vancouver. Although he was not in the R.C.E.M.E. CORPS, as Denton was, they used to travel back and forth to work together.

Early on, relatives seemed to be coming out of the woodwork.....in the '50's perhaps, Garth and Lois became a pair, also Robert and Marion. Beryl and Bert too, also Carolyn and Jim. In the '40's, Douglas and Anna were married, also Doris and Melbourne, and Norma and Ralph were wed September 14th. right after we in 1946. Each new person added much to my life, and their letters, mostly yearly, helped me get to know them better : what made each one "tick"! (Lois, Carolyn, Beryl, Doris) My Mother-in-law, Mrs. Clark, was awfully good to us, and never gave me any trouble . She wrote weekly, giving us news mostly of the Murray Clan. Mom and Norma wrote every week as long as they could , so I never wanted for P.E.I. news. It's a different story now since Norma died. Mildred, while she was living, would always fill in things, too, that Norma wouldn't think of; that was mostly at Christmas time, as well. Now, it's the next generation that I depend upon for things of the Island, particularly : Diane, Cathy, Gloria, Joy, and Kara. I love the other nieces too, but don't see or hear their news very much now. Nephew Rodney used to visit frequently and I enjoyed him very much but he

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has drifted off. I didn't have many nephews at all, in the first place, let alone hear from them (Dougie, Jimmy).

We got to know Debbie's first husband, Ray Taylor, and their son, Aaron, too. They were very active in the construction of our cottage at Chelton Beach and I saw them a lot and liked them both. There was some ill-feeling in the family for a time because of the divorce but think that passed, and Ray definitely was an excellent worker and builder. We loved being able to go back to the Island each summer, and miss that so much. Norma was so helpful to all of us and her place was "Grand Central Station".

We were so fortunate to be there on P.E.I. when my first cousin, Keith McGillivray, visited, along with his wife, Marian. I never did meet his brother, Willard, and his wife, Spud, although I heard lots about them from Grandma.)

Those years were golfing years as well. Norma and I played a lot, and were pleased as punch that Sally Basler and Blanche Hogg would play with us by times. (And I was as nervous as could be, of course!) I must say

that my friend from Calgary, Helen Corson, told me that her mother worked for the Hoggs and liked Blanche, giving Helen her middle name! How I wish I had known this when we were playing golf!

Denton's golfing buddies made life very interesting for us as well, giving us many good social times together. We were entertained often by the Millars, Lloyd and Hazel, also by Pat and Horace MacFarlane. The Rodds, Harold and Glenn, as well. In the earlier years, we got to know Edgar and Margaret Ramsay and their family, Joan, in particular. She has come to Florida and to our Church even now since we've come to this retirement home. Denton and Edgar golfed some too, and we entertained them in Toronto one time as well..... Denton also was involved with the company, Imapro, which was headquartered in Charlottetown, and during our summer times I got to know both Fred Andreone, and his wife, JoAnn. They had a lovely place in Ottawa, and we got to know them both very well. Unfortunately, she died of cancer just recently, shortly after visiting us at Silver Lake. He still calls on us here at Brennity each year.

One of the things I did not think to write of here...and how could I forget meeting the Queen ?? It was while we were in Montreal! Probably, at the time of the Summer Olympics of '76. (We nodded to Prime Minister Trudeau that we would be interested in meeting her, and sure enough, they stopped by us.) We shook hands, and she talked of the Princess Anne's falling off her horse that day which is about all I can remember. This was a walkabout that was being done at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Pretty exciting!! But, I thought that the clean-up crew weren't doing their job very well with all the litter on the floor for Her Majesty to negotiate. Made the Canadians look like slobs. All of the Royal Family members were there. I spoke with the Princes Charles and Andrew. I was wishing that it would have been possible to have our daughter, Barbara, with us. This all brought me to thinking of overseas travel, and I thought if the Queen can do it, maybe I could force myself. Of course, if all planes were like the Concorde it wouldn't be so bad. We went one-way once on it out of New York to London. The longest trip I think was the one to Japan 'en route' to China. Thought we'd never get there!

While thinking of families, I have thought of some other things that I remember of our family in the very early times. I didn't mention how much the change of seasons meant on the farm. For us young ones, it was almost like waiting for Christmas perhaps! And, on that, I'll never forget a pencil box that Adele had sent me. It was in the days when everything was wrapped in white tissue paper. Anyway, that it was, and sitting on a branch on the tree, and although I had guessed what was inside, it didn't keep me from going in to the tree, picking it up a hundred times, and shaking it some more. That year Robert got a large book on farm animals from Donnie and I can't tell you how many times we read and re-read that. Nor, perhaps, tell you the number of times Norma and I "surprised" Mom each year with our gift of playing cards! (\$ 1.00) Dad thought gift-giving was a bunch of foolishness, of course, but it didn't keep him from getting in the 'Spirit' some years later and buying Norma and I each a fur coat!! ...Back to the Seasons... Springtime was wonderful and meant running water everywhere for the kids and the selling of the 'young cattle' for the

parents. In those days it meant WALKING the herd to Kensington. You can imagine how early in the morning it began, also the fat the animals must have run off on the way - decreasing the amount of money they'd bring in. Just the same, it was an exciting day for all, and one time I recall my first look at, and touch of a 1000 - dollar bill!Next, it was the beautiful, warm days of summer; home from school and lying in the hammock! Bringing in the hay wasn't great for the 'folks', but I avoided it as much as possible. Mom had to go out and drive the horse for that, which she didn't like much; nor did I! After that would be the grain harvesting, gathering in the apples, school again and fall was upon us. I'd be so happy too when the young cattle were brought in to the barn from the cold, ...and then, winter again, with the snow and skating that we loved. There would be time too to have an apple from a cellar barrel after supper, games, and also time for combing Mom's hair as she sat in her rocking chair at one end of the table, likely knitting. Dad would be reading the daily paper at the other end in his rocking chair close to the battery-operated

radio which was on top of a cabinet at the head of a couch . It was always a hope that it would be charged up so as not to miss 'Fibber McGee and Molly' or 'The Lone Ranger!' Dad's birthday was the 28th of January. I recall his 40th, and his saying "It's awful to be getting old!" Little did he know how many more years he had.

I want to 'remember' Aunt Ethel too. She always seemed to feel neglected by Mom and Aunt Lolla somehow. (I suppose three is a crowd!) Having no daughters to pass it along to, she gave me Grandma's pin, for which I am grateful. (She had the extra burden of a retarded child (Wendell), which was of no help.

I am also grateful that Dick and his wife, Marilyn, Baker from B.C. are writing letters at Christmas which keeps us up-to-date on their doings. Barbara hasn't seemed her old self since her son, Bill, and his wife parted. She adored her grandson, Sam, and I suppose things are different now. On the subject of grandchildren, our precious, one-and only, Robert Standish Clark Price, arrived on the scene on May 20, 1990. We've had the fun of watching him grow up. Spent many Christmases with them and

they usually came here to Florida for Thanksgivings. We always helped him celebrate his birthdays in Savannah, as Betty and Tom were having Medical meetings there at the same time; and, we'd be on our way North for the summers. Sometimes, Susanne would be in Savannah as well, also in Roswell for Christmas. We first became friends with her, and Ralph Rose, her second husband, at the time of Betty's and Tom's wedding. Funny thing is that Tom's father, Dr. Scott Price, was at the wedding also, almost unknown in the background. I thought it was nice of him to remember us always at Christmas, even though our meeting at the wedding was very brief. Then, more recently, Susanne married Ed Kraynak and we've been with them a few times at Christmas in Roswell. It's sad to relate that not one of them is alive today. We've met and enjoyed her whole family - Scott and his wife, Mary; Betsy, and her Ex, Jed Buchwald. (Their children: Zach and Rachael, Robert's only 1st Cousins.) Tom's brother, Daniel, now married; haven't met his wife, and Anne, who has remarried as well; don't know her present husband either.

I'll not forget the day Robert was born and the thrilling phone call from Tom, "Good Morning, Grandmaw!" It didn't take us long to get up to Roswell to see this precious bundle!! Lucy was there with them then, and, I got to know her well. She did a good job with Robert, just as though he were her own. Brought him down and stayed with us one time while Betty and Tom had to be elsewhere. At her insistence, we went out and bought him his first pair of shoes!! Unfortunately, Robert, after he was born had to be wired up to a monitor of some kind, so we couldn't hug him very well. It was a difficult birth, ended up being Caesarian. To pacify him, Betty and I would take him out in the car and he loved that: Go right to sleep! A few years later they welcomed a 'Big Brother' to their home, , Iain Collin, a university student from Scotland, as a companion for Robert. Iain is very good about remembering us all and, when he married, Betty, Tom and Robert all went overseas to be present at the exciting event.

Robert attended Vanderbilt University, studying Electrical Engineering. However, he is making a career in the music world and calls Nashville home.

Before I go into life here at Brenndity, I have a few other remembrances to tell about. (I'm hoping I have as many answers as you may have questions as to who thus and so was, or is! If, indeed, you have suffered this out until now !!)... The most of these are from either Retirement days or from Montreal or Toronto times, but not all..... In the '60's we met the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Dunning (Fay). Nearly everyone at Riverside thought we knew each other beforehand with his being in the RAF, and maybe that sounded like the RCAF to most!! Anyway, they were a delightful couple and we enjoyed their company a lot. In fact, they spent a few days with us, coming over from St. Cloud, or wherever they were at the time, to view a Launch. Of course, it was delayed a few days, which caused lots of nail-biting on my part. They owned an orange grove in the middle of the State somewhere, and had been coming to Florida for many years. We had an extra automobile and they were able to make use of that each year. Dr. Dunning had quite a sense of humor and told us a funny story one time of

some little 'ones' he was teaching, and as he was sure they were swallowing every word, one piped up, asking, "Are your teeth white or are they yellow?" Fay continued to travel over with some women friends for many years after his death. Now, she is no longer with us either. I must mention the Bob Walkers (Tanya), at Riverside as well. She was in my circle and very nice. Originally from Estonia ; still had quite an accent. She was a real trooper, going on a motorcycle all the way to Toronto. (Either that or not at all!) Unfortunately, life ended for both of them as a result of an automobile accident a few years later.....In the Kingsway-Lambton church in Toronto we got to know two of the Ministers: Dr. Denning and Dr. Stinson, the latter participating at our 'weddings'! In addition to meeting the Price family, as mentioned, we now met the Helanders : Ken and Rita, and Randy's sister, Janice. Our paths haven't crossed enough to know them well, but letter-writing helps. In Quebec, the minister we remember best would be : Rev. Wayne Hilliker at Beaurepaire United. There was an American preacher

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when we first arrived but I cannot recall his name - he didn't stay long. I liked his sermons though.).....I did not tell of the other cleaning lady, Madame Roy, whom I enjoyed working with in Montreal. She and I used to teach each other French and English over lunch! (She was not the ROOT BOOT one.)...While in Montreal and on a trip with the Canadian Chamber, I met Alan and Mac Swaybe. I think they were from Halifax. Later on, they gave us an envelope with letters of relatives in the early days of Charlottetown, just recently, it was given to Carolyn (MacGregor) who was sending it on to someone she knew, and it might be published in a magazine. It gives great insight as to what life was like in the early days of the Island..... In Montreal, we also met Morrel and Slava Bachynski. He was first with RCA, then when a section was being given up by the 'powers that be' in New York, he was given a 'good deal' to purchase just what he wanted. Thus began his company, 'MPB Technologies, Inc.' I believe one of their daughters is heading up the Company now since his death this past winter.Also, someone else I want to mention here is the artist who painted Hav-a-

Rest from a snapshot. Her name is Celine Caron, wife of an RCA Vice-President in Consumer Electronics, Ed Caron. I expect she is quite expert now, that being about the first thing she had done, as she had just begun art lessons. Don't think I thanked her enough ; Gave it to us all framed and everything!Other people I met and liked while in Montreal were David and Janet Braide. During the Chamber business and travels they would be among those travellers. One time I remember her saying ,with her arms outstretched, while we were 'shopping' in a little store which was selling nothing but 'mice' in every form possible, "But, WHY?" She didn't believe in such stuff ! I got a great kick out of her. (I liked her name too!) She is another friend no longer with us. Some forgotten little tid-bits from Toronto..... I don't think I mentioned going to Barbara Bolton's wedding there , although we lived in Montreal at the time. She was one of our favorite little girls, next door neighbors in Vancouver. Anyway, I saw her only once after those days. She was at Mary's and Hugh's in Bolton, Ontario. (This is close to where our Barbara and Randy will be living.)

In fact, I believe that Barbara and her husband, Alan Millar, now live where Mary and Hugh did. They adopted a girl, Mary Jane, then had another girl of their own, Kerri (Irish heritage)..... I didn't mention Marion and Sid Gillespie of Toronto. They traveled with us a time or two as well. I remember being on the same bus as she when we went to a flower show and luncheon while in London. Anyway, she was a trooper, even went golfing with the guys one time. (She is one of the MacMurdo girls mentioned in the early pages ...you probably knew ?) She and Sid have two daughters, Susan and Cynthia, both of whom have given them some grief, I imagine, (in regard to their marriages). So, life has not been completely smooth sailing for them. Marion, has had breast cancer, an added concern, but, so long ago now that I'm assuming she has conquered that. She is very active in Timothy Eaton United Church, and her sister, Mildred, once told me that she never knew anyone as generous as Marion. She said she would 'give you the shirt off her back'! I thought that was a wonderful thing to say of your sister. Mildred worked as a secretary in Toronto until her folks

needed her help on the Island, and I thought she was just as generous! One time we were at a dinner with Marion and Sid in Vancouver, I suppose it was the Chamber. Anyway, Denton and I were ushered in to the dinner table along with the Lieut.-Gov. of B.C., Robert Rogers, and his wife. Sid just shook his head in complete disbelief at how far his P.E.I. girls had come!! For quite a few years thereafter we were privileged to receive Christmas cards from that office..... And, into celebrities, might as well mention the Bob MacLean Family of Montreal we met on P.E.I. He had a TV show and had Denton on for an interview one time, after we had gotten to know them when Bob and Denton were judges at the 'Summerside Beauty Pageant'. They had their two daughters with them on the Island. I forget their names now, Barbara might know them..... Whenever we visited the Island, all through the years, we would always see Sheldon and Isabel Cameron. They seemed to be a part of us. From the earliest days of CGIT (Canadian Girls In Training) I knew Isabel, and I guess Sheldon would have been Denton's best friend from the days when they traveled back and forth to Truro together

in their old beat-up cars; getting to know each other as they up-graded their education for getting into the Air Force at the time of WW11. In later years, the boys would golf together at Mill River and Isabel and I would drive up and meet them at the Club for dinner. Sometimes we would go to the summer cottage of another friend, Marguerite Phillips, from Ottawa. Her husband, (Sen. Orville) would be golfing too. The Camerons and Phillips' had met in that area years before when Sheldon first became a medical Doctor, and Orville was a Dentist there before he went into politics. (Actually, Orville was in my class at PWC.) We three women were all school teachers before we all became wives. Both Sheldon and Orville were recovered Alcoholics in the later years. We were lucky to have missed out on those years of their coping with that!!While we are thinking of reunions and such, I remember going back to Denton's 25th at UNB in Fredericton, in 1975. It was fun to see many that we knew as newlyweds. Two of the couples were Don and Rae Fawcett and Frank and Lillian Clarke. Think the Fawcetts are elsewhere in this memoir, but don't recall mentioning the others. The Clarkes had a much

nicer car than we and I think we have a picture of the fellows proudly standing by their autos.....well, ONE, at least! They lived up Country, and Frank dropped in to see us each morning on his way to class. He was studying Forestry, as was Don, but that was their 1st year and they were all together. He got employment in Ontario and hadn't seen them after graduation. Lillian and I didn't keep in touch.Some of those from the early days in Canada whom I didn't find a place for earlier might be the Dawson family in Central Bedeque. Mrs. Dawson was a sister of Mrs. Dingwall, whose emporium we used to frequent in the '40's. (I, especially, remember Douglas and Anna there. He'd be getting a great kick out of Diane drinking coke from the bottle!!) But, we used to play 'spin-the-bottle' in the Dawson yard with Elsie and Alice and others, friends of Adele's. After Elsie was married, before any of the rest of us, she became quite the fashion plate. I can still see her in her red suit with black accessories; my first glimpse of pretty clothes. Mrs. Dingwall made skating dresses for Norma and me one time. She could do anything, even substitute-teaching for some

of the teachers, and I remember her lesson on making bread and yeast! Adella Dingwall was a good friend all through my school years, as was Norma England. Both of them had health issues to contend with and are no longer with us. Norma was in the Canadian Army during the War, as was her sister, Muriel. They had their Education paid for by the Canadian Government. Norma became a Medical Doctor, raised a big family, and died young of Lou Gehrig's disease. ...Grandmother Clark used to be concerned, in her letters, about Janie (MacLeod) Perger, Joy's sister's health. She got over her bout with tuberculosis though, and married late in life. She had a place in Fl. And we saw her over at the P.E.I. picnics, and Joy and Lloyd too. Their parents were Dan and Irene (Murray) MacLeod. We used to go with Mom on Saturday nights to Holman's Store where his sister, Ruth, worked in Dry Goods. She and Mom roomed together at one time and we were very fond of her.....Some other Canadians that I hadn't mentioned were Babs Weir, who was Jay's first wife. She was from Nova Scotia, before becoming a U.S. citizen. With the Fougeres and Legers they used to come to our place on Bali Road.

I've had Janet and Graham Brown on my list here and thought I'd put them with Horace and Pat, but I see that I didn't. It was probably about 1977 that we looked them up in England. Michael was around 2 years old, at any rate. They showed us a fine time around Oxford - Denton's old haunts during WW 11. I guess Graham was studying at the university. Anyway, everyone wanted him to help us out with the Blessings of our marriages a few years later, which he did. I've always known Janet from the times when Norma would bring her out, as a tiny tot, to Mom's when Bryan was a baby.....I haven't mentioned Mrs. Irvin either. She came into our lives as a sitter for Barbara. It was she who influenced me to wear contact lenses. And I remember her emphasizing the fact that Mom and Dad weren't coming to see my house but to see us. (Guess I was having a fit with the cleaning.!) Anyway, she thought Barbara was wonderful and loved to look after her. I discovered later that she was about Mom's age and after we returned to this area in retirement, I would visit her, in fact, the last time was not long before she died. She was young in her ways, and a very religious lady.

While I'm still thinking of the Cocoa Beach area, it reminds me of the group known to us as the MerryMakers. It was of about 60 or so people, and at the beginning of each year they divided up into committees of about 4 or 6 couples to plan individual parties. They came up with many unique ideas that one couldn't believe, and it was a lot of fun. (Can you be lonely in a crowd?) We were invited to join under the strictest secrecy. We had never heard of it, and that's the way it was then! Later, I think it changed in that respect.One couple that we got to know was Henry and Judy Paul. It was she who later decided to make some bluebird nests for the Christmas tree, never dreaming it would become such a big production! She was completely overwhelmed for a time. She was a lovely soft-spoken lady.At this time we became acquainted with Doug Dederer, owner of the newspaper, Surfside Slant, not that he was ever in the MerryMakers. But, we remember him as he came to Riverside Church with shorts on, thongs for shoes and a camera over his shoulders when the astronaut, John Glenn, would be in attendance. That was when we were sitting, not in pews, but on metal chairs!!

I'm reminded of Military Wives today, Oct. 27, 2013, on reading in this morning's paper that the Wives' Club at Patrick Air Force Base is disbanding. I do not know what the status has been there, but it just said that they are becoming older and cannot carry on with this association. Apparently, the younger ladies did not want to do this, for who knows how long? It was through their luncheons in the early years that I got to know so many, and always enjoyed the interesting speakers too. I was invited to join shortly after we arrived in 1960 by Dot Wynne, and I always had a soft spot for her. Today, I noticed that Jane Thompson, wife of the late, Dan Thompson, has still been involved with the organization..... I remember Doris Gibbs, especially, as she and Asa Ben were usually on our invitation list, and she wrote us a nice letter when we went back north. Their daughter, Joni Dee, married a son of General and Mrs. David Jones, making for an exciting time Whenever I see lavender/purple lilacs I think of Abbie Boyle. She had a big arrangement of them in her foyer. I remember Norma always bringing them and putting them into a couple of vases on our

mantle at home. I planted a lilac tree in our yard at Hav-a-Rest, I liked them so much, but we weren't there long enough to see it grow up. I used to enjoy Martha Cox and her humor a lot. She was in a bridge group I was in,Marge Kirkland was in that group too. We knew her husband, Col. Jack Kirkland, well also, and even better, through Betty and Hank Henry, in later years.....We knew Ginny and Mike Kovach well too. She brought me a Hummel Box from Germany, which I thought was very kind of her. Donna Newman asked me why I would wear glasses to a party one time, so I became very sensitive to that, shall we say?

Here are some names of RCA people you heard many times I'm sure: From Cherry Hill, Adams (Dad gave him a Spode bottle of Scotch he thought would be special to him, little knowing that he was an alcoholic!); Bob and Lisa DesGroseilliers. (Montreal) I remember her mostly because she was so fond of her RABBIT; John and Gerri Donlan, (Bali Rd.). They moved to Calif. She cont'd to write even after their son was killed on his honey moon. She always sent a SANTA Christmas Card. Her heart condition

did not improve and she died young. ; Bill Given of Cherry Hill. We went out to their Summer place on the coast of N.J. which was an Event for us at that time, before Fl. Days. (I remember trying to decide what to wear!) ; Ed Griffiths (N.Y.) Their Christmas Card always had a picture of their big St. Bernard on it. ; Mike and Marguerite Harry, (N.J. and Fl.) He was an Englishman who visited us when we first lived in N.J. Also , later in Fl. Good friend of the Fongeres too. ; Gene Klein, befriended us as we left Fl for N.J. He and his wife, Bobbie, took us to a Deb Ball of some kind in Philadelphia. (All a blur) ; Ida and Russell Lamont (RCA, England), a very nice couple. I took her to see a launch one time, And, we visited them several times in England. ; Joe and Ro Murray, (Cherry Hill) Denton's immediate boss. They traveled to Europe together , and I think when our wall Clock was bought! We were guests in their home in N.J. for dinner one time too. (He's no longer living) ; Did I mention Bob and Dorothy Mueller from Grand Falls, N.B. I wonder. (Mtl.) We were

partial to anyone from the Maritimes! ; Charles Odorrizi (N.Y.), He and family came down when he spoke at the graduation ceremony for FIT one year in the early '60's. Mrs. Odorrizi had published a booklet of her poems which she sent us for Christmas that year. It must have been in the beginnings of the Deb Society group as I remember asking her about that, and received a non - committal reply! ; Marcella Sheehan (Bill) ; and I don't know how I missed them in with the early group of RCA that I wrote up ! They lived in our neighborhood, and she was in one of the bridge groups to which I belonged. Sort of lost track of her over the years, then was surprised to read of her death in 2010. I went to her funeral, and saw Patti and Bobbie, both of whom she spoke of often. She was 96 years old. Had quite a wonderful life, career as a dancer and all, before her marriage in Japan. ; Another RCA couple was Jane and Charles Scott .They were from Jessup, Georgia, and I remember being at their place one time and she was looking for a pen. I thought it was a pin that she wanted!! (accent!)

Now, we're in Retirement mode! It was Oct., 1986 that we purchased a house on Silver Lake Drive, Melbourne, and it was in January of the following year that we moved in. First thing, we needed a decorator to help sort things out; were very lucky to find Lisa and Alan De Francis from the same old company I used when here in the '60's - 'The Decorator's Mart'. They set up a beautiful home for us and I relied on Lisa completely for any changes we needed until we sold the place in 2011 and moved here to Watersong, now The Brennity of Melbourne, we liked the old name better, but it sold to new people the first of this year and the name was changed. (We came the first of July weekend.)

Then, of course, to find a hair-dresser was of great importance! I found Chung Hi at the Merritt Square Mall and spent more time with her than I care to admit. But, it interfered with my golf games so much that I've been getting it done here at Suntree for likely 10 years now. I have been well pleased with all who have been keeping me looking my best! : Noye, Janet (Griffin), and now Rose Marie (with Jung substituting when she is off now and then). This last shop is Dino's. My former neighbor,

Alicia Peiler, told me about Rose, and she goes to her when she is here. Alicia and husband, Rudy, have built a second house in Santa Fe, N.M. and are there half of the year. They are both Hawaiians and plan to return there when they get much older, although Rudy is now retired, too. He was in the Military and later a pilot for an airline company, so they have moved around a lot too. She is a very friendly person and keeps in touch with the whole neighborhood when she is here.....Our other closest neighbors were George and Edna Polinkas, and we've known them for almost as many years as the 25 years we've known the Peilers. Both couples were ideal neighbors. George and Edna came here to this retirement home about 9 months before we did, but have now moved to another one, with nursing care, in Vero Beach. We get together with all of them whenever we can.We went back to our old haunts in Cocoa Beach as soon as we returned, and have had many good times, from house to house, with the old 'gang'. These friends are pretty well all from Riverside, and most I've mentioned in many ways before in this book. But, to explain the situation as of today,

.....We are all ageing, of course. Some have died , the first one of our group was Bill Andrews. He and Dorothy had parted by that time, and she, herself, has moved to be close to her daughter, Amy (Carter) in Boca Raton, and no longer knows anyone of the old group at all. Louise is almost at that stage too ; Dementia, of some kind. Both John and Eris Robers have died. Helen (Pfeiffer, McNamara, Preiss) Carter, wife of three years of Richard Carter, is looking as good as always , but has a lot of sicknesses. Grace and Lester Rudy, have many health and family problems, but she continues to be involved in Church work, as does Helen. Jane and Bailey Stimson are our mainstay friends at present. Jane doesn't have a driver's license , nor does Louise, so I'm the designated driver on Thursdays for our luncheon get-togethers.....The Millars of Northern Ireland have helped to take up the slack while they are here (about 6 months of the year- 3 at a time.) They are faithful Church goers ; David joins the men for their Thursday breakfasts at 'Barking Gheko' on Merritt Island and Irene comes with the women wherever we meet for lunch..... We miss John Dale in many ways - the men,

certainly, for breakfasts, and in Church goings-on and all. Although Penny didn't come with the women to lunch, she and John used to attend the BSO along with us and to dinners here and there beforehand, so we miss that too. Shortly after John died this year, their son, Brian, also died from complications from his lung surgery. That too has been hard on us all.

Denton and I have gone to many functions at FIT, just recently curtailing those somewhat, because of too much standing, hearing issues, etc. Just getting older. "Been There and Done That," as far as I am concerned! Denton is Trustee Emeritus now and attends the Luncheon Board Meetings, finding it good to keep in touch. At Gene Fetner's instigation, Denton and he were very much involved in having a statue honoring the founder, Jerome P. Keuper, built and placed on the FIT property. It was completed and installed in 2009. We see Gene and his wife, Sue, often when they come back from their summer place in N. Carolina each fall. Strange as it may seem, Sue knew Dr. Scott Price and Susanne years ago in Michigan. She is an accomplished lady; was

the proprietor of a kindergarten in Melbourne when I first met her. She and Gene help out Vic Craft, now that he is widowed and having a hard time of it. Vic was in RCA also and helped me out in developing the Logo for the Debutante Society years ago. He and his wife, Janet, motored to P.E.I. a few years ago when we were in Chelton.

In September, 2011, just shortly after we arrived here, we felt free to go to the Island. (My hip surgery scheduled for Sept. 15th, 2010, had been cancelled because of blood factors and we were kept busy having tests with a hematologist and so on. All seemed okay, so we went ahead on our trip before re-scheduling for March 26th 2011.) I knew Norma had been having some memory problems and Kara and Family had moved in to help her out. Just the same, we were pleasantly surprised that she seemed to be unchanged, except for digging in her purse for money to pay for her supper with us at 'Gentleman Jim's'. But, that didn't seem all that unusual !! We were staying at Sunny Isles Motel, owned by Brad and Phyllis Clark. After we came back from that evening out, Ramí noticed that Norma seemed to look

jaundiced, so the next day she went to have things checked out and was hospitalized right away. I helped check her in ; and her answers to certain questions were a little vague , but that was not too unusual either! We had to leave for our flight to return here while she was still there . If I had known that she would never get out, I might have stayed on, but it was a few days before she was diagnosed with Pancreatic Cancer. By this time, because of the delays in the flights and freezing cold in the airport at Halifax, and so on, I came down with a bad cold. Anyway, it was a terrible month of October for all the family and many of Norma's relatives and friends. She passed away on Friday, October 28th, and was buried on November 1st . I can still see her smiling from her hospital bed as we said our farewells. Two years ago almost to the day! Right now, I do not plan on going back again, as the Island will never be the same. We sat at table tonight with a couple who have just returned from an automobile trip there . They had kind things to say about the place. The Island people, of course, made it particularly special for me.

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I have decided to write a little about life here at Brennnity, as well as 'On the Farm'!

With Betty's and Barbara's help, we got moved in to what at that time was "Watersong".

We find the place quite comfortable, but I find it hard to get the cleaning done to my satisfaction. The cleaners don't have time to be very thorough, so it's just Motel Clean!

I haven't taken advantage of all the facilities available, and things to do. Have pretty well kept to myself, except for going downstairs to dinners. The system for seating leaves much to be desired, but, other than that, it's good not to have to cook... or do dishes. I'm constantly at the ironing board though.

Denton has been doing exercises with a group, but, since the early times after my hip surgery, and having to go back to my surgeon for repair work from too strenuous workouts, I've been doing mine right at home.

We've gotten to know quite a number of people but don't become too friendly, as we have all that we can do to keep up with long-time friends. The losses are too sad and often too. Both here and off the "plantation", come to think of it.

Rett and John D'Albora are long-time, as well as Brennnity friends. It was she who first told me of this place and we came over to see it together. She had a cottage built to her specifications but John wouldn't move over so it was sold. They then purchased another place and he finally moved in, but he's still complaining, and non-accepting of the fact that he is ageing along with the rest of us. He still goes up to Cocoa to his old office every day; to retain his sanity, he says.

Rett has a lot of health problems and needs to take things easier, but for HIM. The four of us are 1 year apart in age, with Rett being the youngest, to Denton, who will be 90 in January. So, none of us is a spring chicken!

The majority of residents I know are very accepting of what life has offered and are coping very well. The possibility of having to move over to Memory Care is very real to most, however, and threatening, as well.

I have come to the conclusion that those who have the WILL to change hindering things in their lives, and keep the virtues recognized as helpful in retaining keen minds: FAITH, HOPE and CURIOSITY, will conquer most ills.

As I reflect on the many wonderful people I have met, I suppose they were great in a way, but did not mean as much to me as the early contacts I had in my own home arena.....My Home, My People!!



Some are born to travel.....others are homebodies. Cutting the apron strings may have been difficult, but, if lessons learned along the way have any meaning at all, I couldn't have done anything less than that which I did.

Blessings !!