

THE SEEDS

*The Life Story of a
Matriarch*



by Lucy Griffith Paré

with the collaboration of
her son Antoine Paré

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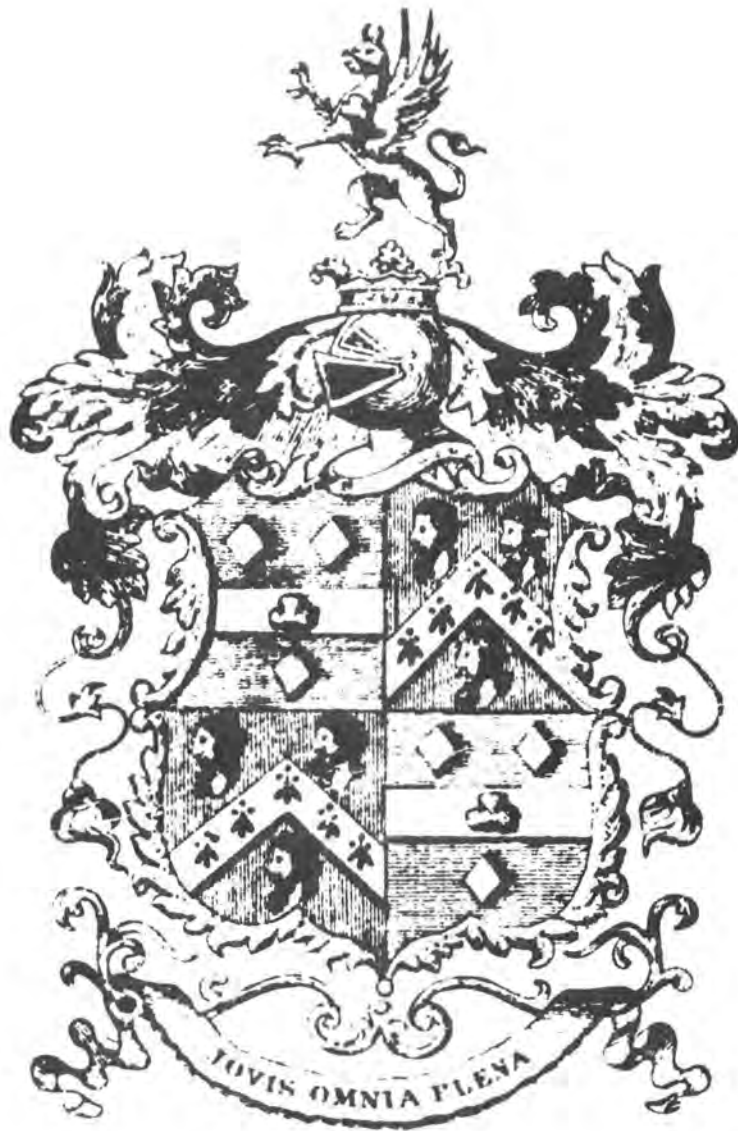
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*To the memories of
Alphonse Paré, my dear husband,
Aunt Lelia, fairy godmother of the Paré family,
my twin Connie,
And to my thoughtful children and their families,
and all those wonderful nurses at Pierrefonds
Manor who have made my declining years such
happy ones,
I dedicate this book.*

*Lucy V. Paré
Pierrefonds, November 1st, 1984*

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Arms of the House of Griffith

Foreword

This is a simple tale of a very ordinary life written, not with the public in mind, but rather to acquaint my grandchildren and my great-grandchildren about their ancestors, particularly their wonderful grandfather, Alphonse Paré, and to tell them about the childhood days of their own parents.

The idea of this book was first suggested by my son Dick and my daughter Alphonsine when it became apparent that my progeny would grow to one hundred during my lifetime. Later, when my son Tony agreed to help me write it, the project became more ambitious than I had originally anticipated.

I have never been impressed by anyone's antecedents. I believe a person is to be measured by what he is and not from whom he comes. Therefore, at first I was reluctant to include the rather pretentious findings we uncovered concerning my father's ancestry. If I have done so it is not because I put any store on them, but because I didn't want to disappoint Tony. He believes it is of interest to our readers to show just how far it is possible to trace one's line of ascent when one really puts one's mind to it. And besides, not everyone can establish a presumption that one's Celtic ancestors may have descended from mythological and legendary characters of antiquity, and have the documentary evidence to back it up!

I am an old woman now, 95 at the time of writing, but I have had a wonderful life and I have no complaints whatsoever. I only hope that you who read what I have to say will benefit from my experience. I am also very grateful to all those who gave me a helping hand to finish "The Seeds" and I am particularly indebted to the authors of that excellent book "The Mile That Midas Touched," Gavin Casey and Ted Mayman, for their kind permission to delve into and to quote so generously from their excellent descriptions of life in the pioneering days of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. I also thank our cousins Jim Magnus and all the Macartneys, Bea (Griffith) Read, her son Judge John Read, Ted and Bill Griffith, and Pink (Mrs. Gregory Needham) for their support and assistance in obtaining material for this book, as well as Paul de Serville and Mrs. Gwenda Crivelli for permission to quote from "Port Philip Gentleman" and Great Uncle Charles Griffith's diary. Finally I thank my son Tony and all my children as well as their children for encouraging me to keep on writing.

The Author

Prologue

The Griffith Seed

*"And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
a saga of the days of old"*

Longfellow

My father, Edward Arthur Griffith, was born in Gortmore Hall, Gortmore, County Westmeath, in what is today the Republic of Éire. He was the fourth in line of the nine sons of Arthur Hill Griffith, an Irishman of Welsh descent who emigrated to Australia with his wife and eleven children about the year 1873. Our grandfather, Arthur Hill, in turn was the fourteenth child of Richard Griffith of Millicent¹ in County Kildare.

The most recent saga of our branch of the Griffith family seems to date from this great-grandfather Richard Griffith of Millicent. As we shall see when we examine his Welsh origins, he was descended from a long line of Celtic aristocrats extending far back into the mists of early Welsh history, while his more immediate forbears on the family tree played an important role as members of the Irish Ascendancy during the period of the English occupation of Ireland. His own father, Richard Griffith of Maiden Hall in County Kilkenny, and his mother, Elizabeth Griffith of Glamorgan in South Wales, were kinsmen. They were known as literary celebrities and attracted much attention in Dublin circles by their numerous productions and especially by their joint authorship of a series of love letters published by a respectable firm in Crane Lane, Dublin, before the year 1760, under the pen names of Henry and Frances, and written during a courtship protracted by reason of parental objections to their marriage, which were eventually overcome.

These "Letters of Henry and Frances" are an intellectual type of love-letter, through which gossip and personal chit-chat are interspersed with expressions of affection. Richard Griffith of Maiden Hall (nicknamed 'Richard the Author') also collaborated with his wife

Elizabeth in writing many novels, one of which is even today remembered. It is called "The Triumverate," and it was acted in Drury Lane in 1782 under the title of "Variety."

Richard Griffith the Author was himself the son of Edward Griffith, and of his wife Abigail, daughter of Sir John Hancock, Earl of Castlemain and Recorder of the City of Dublin.² (See Griffith Family Tree, Appendix A) I suspect that the major objections to Richard's courtship and literary ambitions came from his mother Abigail.

His son, our own great-grandfather, Richard Griffith of Millicent, led what appears to have been a most adventurous and colourful life. At the tender age of 17, through the influence of a relative, Lord Abercorn, he was appointed to a writership by the East India Company, and he went out to Jamaica in the Colonies to find his fortune, remaining there during all the 1770's.³

He appears to have been successful for on his return to Ireland in 1780, he acquired his magnificent estate of Millicent, near Clane in County Kildare, and it became his country seat. In a profile entitled "Sir Richard Griffith — The Man and His Work"⁴ read to the members of the Old Dublin Society in November 1964 by Mary Olive Hussey, Millicent⁵ is described as follows:

Millicent is a large, though not an

² The Chief Judicial Officer of Dublin having both civil and criminal jurisdiction.

³ By a strange coincidence there are numerous fine, distinguished-looking dark-skinned people originating from these islands whose family name is Griffith. They also claim descent from a very ancient aristocratic Welsh family. If they are related to us we surely would be proud to claim them.

⁴ Oldest son of Richard of Millicent

⁵ Millicent has recently returned to private hands and is once more a country residence.

¹ See copy of portrait by Romney, Chapter I.

elegant, country house, beautifully placed beside a good angling river, and with glorious views of wooded countryside from the windows. The estate now is divided into lots, and recently it has become a holiday home for working-class boys. Many changes, not for the better, have taken place at Millicent, but at least one can still see the lovely rooms as they must once have looked and enjoy the charm of eighteenth-century ceilings, doors and frescoes which have mostly remained untouched. The hall features two splendid pillars and is square in outline. The great drawingroom with its long windows overlooking the bog, has another extensive room built on. This room has for decoration a lovely yellow and white mantelpiece in a classic design. The staircase is very wide and handsome, though it has been clumsily treated in alteration. The upstairs rooms all open from a long corridor, and each has a feature in a delightful old mantelpiece. The basement, dark and cold even on a summer's day, is typical of such places throughout Ireland, and one can only pity the servants who worked and even slept below such stairs for so many countless generations of wretchedness.⁶



A side view of Millicent, home of Richard Griffith (d. 1820) as it is today.

Shortly after he acquired Millicent, Richard married Miss Charity York Brampton of Oundle in Northamptonshire, a female member of the York family one of whom had been Lord Chancellor of England, Sir Philip York, afterwards created Lord Hardwicke. Charity

bore him four children before she died in 1791. My brother-in-law, Sir Richard Griffith, of whom more will be said later on, was descended from this union. Richard of Millicent then married our great-grandmother Mary Hussey Burgh, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Walter Hussey Burgh, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer Court in Ireland, a scion of the de Burgh family famous in the history of Ireland or infamous depending on which Irishman you spoke to. He was a celebrated orator and poet and perhaps better known by the epithet "Silver-toned Burgh," applied to him by his contemporaries. His wife, Anne, was the daughter of Thomas Burgh of Bert, a kinswoman of her husband.

With Mary, Richard had ten more children, the youngest of whom was our grandfather Arthur Hill. In the meantime, he had become an influential member of the Irish House of Commons, sitting for Askeaton. In 1784, that august body voted unanimously to present Richard of Millicent with the freedom of the City of Dublin for "his able defense of the rights and privileges of its citizens." He also was one of the founding directors of the Grand Canal Company⁷ and as Deputy Governor of County Kildare he was instrumental in promoting scientific methods of husbandry to help the farmers, such as the introduction of agricultural machinery and the practice of rotating crops. It may almost be said that he was the originator of a more enlightened and scientific system of farming than had hitherto prevailed in Ireland.

In 1820, at the age of 68 Richard passed away at Millicent and was buried in accordance with his last wishes back in his beloved Wales, at Holyhead, on the Isle of Anglesey closer to the resting places of some of his more illustrious ancestors.

Mary followed him to the grave only two months after his death, apparently with a broken heart, leaving her two-year-old baby Arthur, our grandfather, an orphan to be raised by his close relatives.

Her family name was not forgotten in our branch of the Griffith line, and it became a tradition for someone in each generation to carry the de B. surname. Thus our Granny Griffith named her oldest and favourite son James de Burgh. My father named my younger sister "Frances de Burgh" (she later married our cousin Sir Richard Griffith and became Lady Griffith). I followed suit by naming my second daughter Patricia de Burgh Paré when she was born in Dublin, Ireland. Many of our Griffith cousins have also retained the "de B" as a prefix to their Griffith family name, a sure sign of descent from our Richard of Millicent forefather.

Granny Griffith's maiden name was Hannah Cottingham, she was a terrible snob but she had many other good qualities of which I shall speak later. Her mother was the daughter of Sir Charles Langrishe, and her uncle,

⁶ Published in the Dublin Historical Record, Vol. 20, No. 2, 1965

⁷ The Company that built a network of waterways, canals and docks girdling the hub of the City of Dublin.

Sir Bryan Robinson Q.C., was a member of the Colonial Parliament of Newfoundland and for many years a judge of the Supreme Court of that Colony. Her three first cousins, Sir Hercules Robinson (later Baron Rosemead), and his brothers Sir William and Sir Henry Robinson all distinguished themselves by outstanding service to the Empire. It may have been the appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson as Governor General of New South Wales that finally decided my grandparents to emigrate to Australia. (Both my uncle Hercules and my only brother Heck were named after him.) He was one of the British Empire's greatest troubleshooters, and his exploits were legendary not the least being his almost single-handed acceptance of Fiji's adhesion to the Empire.

Some of the snobbishness of Granny Griffith seems to have rubbed off on my father. He was forever vaunting the aristocratic claims of the Griffith clan. Even when we were living under the poorest circumstances possible and eking out a meager existence in the Western Australian desert he never ceased to impress this connection on our young minds referring to the other children with whom we associated as being "not even worthy to tie our shoelaces!"

As a result, we unconsciously believed ourselves to be a special breed apart from the other common mortals — and this probably helped us to get through the hard times of our youthful days in the goldfields. Not that we ever bothered ourselves to look into our Griffith family ancestry or were impressed by the Griffith coat of arms. All this was just a lot of nonsense to all of us. There were much more important things in life to keep us occupied such as having enough food to subsist on or being able to foresee some kind of reasonable future for ourselves.

It is only recently, as I began to write about this full and wonderful life which it has been my God-given privilege to enjoy, that the thought of tracing our Griffith roots first occurred to me. What better present for my ever-increasing progeny to whom I have bequeathed the genes of these long-forgotten ancestors, and for whom this story is intended, than to pass them along in my opening chapter, some details concerning the lives of those who are at the same time their own ancestors on my side.

Not long ago Time Magazine reported on the popular thing to do today: to search for one's roots. The craze results in part from the book of that name by Alex Haley. I must admit that I was more taken with the fascinating story of how he listened to the songs of the African bards and traced his forbears back to their origins in Africa than from a reading of his book.

To trace one's roots requires a lot of detective work beyond my capacity at this time so I enlisted the help of my oldest son Tony. What follows may prove boring to many of my readers (other than my own family I hope) and I will therefore allow you, Dear Reader, and even recommend to you to skip this part of my narrative and

pass along to Chapter One.

There is no doubt that we had an unfair advantage over Alex Haley at the outset of our search. For the answer to most of our questions lay under my very nose.

For years now I had kept in my possession a huge leatherbound volume, containing more than four hundred 24 by 16 inch foolscap pages of family trees and pedigrees, published in 1914, by a distant Welsh cousin, John Edward Griffith, entitled "Pedigrees of Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Families"⁸ I had inherited it from my sister Frances after she died and I kept it as a memento of my dear sister, but I never had found time to turn the pages of the book or gathered sufficient curiosity to discover what it said about our branch of the Griffith family. You can be sure the first thing that Tony and I did now was to go to this volume.

In a foreword to his book the author was at pains to explain that the keeping of vital records by the Welsh tribes was unparalleled in most parts of the world. The book contained faithful records, accumulated by the author from various sources, manuscripts and collections as well as from the registry offices, of the 15 principal Welsh tribes, dating from the earliest historic days of preserving records, about the time of the Roman occupation.⁹ He noted that "the preservation of such records had a historical origin; what are now matters of sentiment were once akin to legal documents and they were at one time indispensable for those who wished to prove their birthright and to claim the privileges which the law attached to it." We discovered, pasted inside on the flyleaf of this volume a typewritten letter bearing the dateline 'Bryn Dinas, Bangor North Wales, Jan'y 18/1915' signed by the author and addressed to my cousin Sir Richard Griffith at his estate of Henderside Park in Scotland. It told him how to trace his ancestry in the book: "Your pedigree begins from Sir William Griffith Bt., you will find on turning to page 185 that he is descended from Ednyfed Vychan who was the founder of your family, while Ednyfed Vychan descended will be found on page 324, it going back as far as Coel Godebog, King of Britain who lived A.D. 330"

At the very beginning of our quest this was an exciting and helpful lead. Sir Richard's ancestors were the same as mine; he also descended from Richard Griffith of Millicent. Could it mean that our family tree went back as far as A.D 330? And who were Sir William Griffith, and Ednyfed Vychan and Coel Godebog? We began to follow eagerly the instructions given by John Griffith and to study the family trees that appeared on those pages starting from my grandfather Arthur Hill Griffith. My son Tony went to the library and consulted the history

⁸ It was printed by W.K. Morton and Son Ltd., of Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

⁹ In England records of civil status generally date from the census called the Domesday Book ordered by William the Conqueror in 1086.

books. From the excellent History of Wales written by Sir John Edward Lloyd we were able to learn more about these distant ancestors of our Griffith family.

Tony became quite involved in this search for my ancestors so much so that he decided to visit Wales with his daughter Antoinette and learn more about them at first hand. Later he returned to Wales to continue his research.

It rapidly became apparent that my father's genealogical tree was much more important than we had imagined; no wonder poor old Dad used to always talk about his ancestors when we lived like Bedouins in the desert!

Among the astonishing facts revealed by a closer study of the Griffith Book of Pedigrees were the following:

1. My father could trace his ancestry in an unbroken line from father to son going back some 60 generations to his ancestor King Beli Mawr of Britain who lived before the time of Christ and himself descended from King Brutus. The names of these Celtic ancestors appear on the genealogical tree and were extracted from the Book of Pedigrees and the Cymry Manuscript.¹⁰

2. More recently, Father descended directly from the Dukes of Penrhyn. These were Sir William Griffith and his descendants of the same name all of whom were Chamberlains of North Wales in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Their castles included: Castle Penrhyn at Bangor, North Wales and Plas Mawr at Carnarvon, (named after their remote ancestor, King Beli Mawr).

3. The Griffiths of Penrhyn were descended from the mighty Ednyfed Vychan, adviser, Prime Minister, and Seneschal of Llewelyn the Great, Prince of Wales. The two first families of the Principedom were united by the marriage of Sir Tudor, son of Ednyfed Vychan, to Adelia, the granddaughter of Cadwalladr, a grandson of Llewelyn the Great and brother of the last Welsh Prince of Wales, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd. My father was descended directly from this union.

4. As if that was not enough to surprise us, we discovered that Ednyfed Vychan was equally the forbear of the Tudor Royal House of England. Thus the storied Henry VII and Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Mary were all cousins of our Griffith family line in the distant Middle Ages. (See family tree, Appendix A)

Maybe our findings were too impressive. Most of my other children were incredulous when we spoke about it.

A typical reaction was that of my daughter Peggy. One day my phone rang while she was visiting. Peggy answered for me.

"Hallo Peg," said my son Tony, who had been researching in the Book of Pedigrees. "Congratulations!"

"Congratulations for what?" said my surprised daughter.

"Congratulations for being a descendant of the Kings of Britain, not to speak of Llewelyn the Great and the Dukes of Penrhyn!"

"What nonsense, Tony," she said.

"But that's not all, Peg," continued Tony. "Did you realize that you have Plantagenet and Tudor blood flowing in your veins?"

Peggy chuckled at this, but later she said to me seriously, "Mother, you must stop Tony from talking like that. People will think he is out of his mind."

I knew that my sister Kathy in England had obtained a family tree composed by experts so I wrote to her and asked if she would send me a copy. When this document arrived at Tony's office, he phoned me. "Mother," he said enthusiastically, "The family tree has arrived from Aunt Kathy, and it confirms everything we had deduced from John Griffith's Book of Pedigrees and even more!"

A copy of this genealogical tree extracted from the book by John Griffith is in Appendix A. I hope my seedlings will find it useful in understanding the fascinating anecdotes and stories about these same ancestors which follow, particularly as they concern us so closely.

"Griffith" is certainly one of the famous, if not the most famous, name in Welsh history. The Welsh way of spelling it is "Gruffydd" because the Celtic "dd" is pronounced "th" in English and the "u" as "i."

It was employed in the old times as a given name as well as a family name. A custom among the early Britons and Celts was for the man to be known by his given name added to that of his father and sometimes that of his grandfather and even of a more remote ancestor. It was a traditional way of proving one's descent. The Scotch Celts for example used the prefix "Mac"; John MacDonald was John son of Donald. The Irish used the prefix O' or Mc, e.g. Thomas O'Brien — Thomas son of Brien. The Welsh employed the word ap (or ab before a vowel).

When our ancestor Sir Tudor, founder of the Penrhyn line, married Adelia (Adelia) daughter of Richard ap Cadwalladr ap Gruffydd ap Cynan, Prince of Wales, it meant that her father was the son of

¹⁰ Early Welsh Genealogical Tracts by P.C. Bartrum.

¹¹ All the Richards in our Griffith family are ostensibly named after this Richard.

Cadwalladr, the grandson of Gruffydd, and the great-grandson of Cynan, all Princes of Wales.

To understand why our ancestors the Dukes of Penrhyn changed their name from Gwilim ap Gruffydd to Sir William Griffith, as appears on the family tree, it is also essential to have some knowledge of the history of Wales prior to the Edwardian Conquest of 1282 during the period when our direct ancestor Ednyfed Vychan and his sons acted as chief ministers or seneschals to the two Llewelyns, quasi-independent Princes of Wales,

attained sufficient stature and prestige to speak for the entire Welsh nation and both bore the name of Llewelyn. They alone were able to succeed in pacifying the warring Welsh tribes and commanding the homage and respect of all the other Welsh chieftans. The first was Llewelyn the Great, Prince of Aberthraw¹² who died in the year 1240. The other was his grandson, Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, the last and greatest of all Welsh princes. He was the only prince ever to be recognized by the English Crown as the titular "Royal" prince of all the Welsh. He was killed in



Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, Prince of Wales, from a Seventeenth Century woodcut.

The Princes Of Wales

There were many Welsh chieftans who claimed the title of Prince in those times, but only two of them ever

battle in the year 1282.

The English monarchs who reigned during the time

¹². Aberthraw was located on an island off the south coast of the Isle of Anglesey. There is nothing left of the castle but the foundations.

of these two Llewelyns were King John, Henry III and his son Edward the First (also known as the Conqueror of Wales). They were the Plantagenets, descendants of William the Conqueror.

The border between England and Wales was called "the March." William the Conqueror and his Norman Barons had never subdued the fierce Welsh tribes but many of the Barons had been encouraged to erect castles along the border (or the March) and these were known as the "Marcher Lords." They became very powerful and sometimes posed a threat to the English Crown. At the same time a state of undeclared war existed between the Welsh and the Marcher Lords.

The first Llewelyn was a man of great justice, vigor and decision. He also used tact and judgement in his dealings with the English Crown and instinctively knew when to pay homage to the English King and when to support the Barons in their bid to force King John to grant them the Magna Carta. Llewelyn was also a realist as well a collaborationist. Not only did he marry Joan the illegitimate daughter of King John¹³ who helped him immensely in his dealings with the English, but he also encouraged alliances between five of their six children and Marcher Lord families.

One would have thought that this would lead to peace along the border but it didn't. Intermittent hostilities continued and during one of these skirmishes, William de Breos, a leader among the Marcher Lords, (whose late father had married the "dark-eyed Gwdalus," daughter of Joan and Prince Llewelyn), was taken prisoner by the Welsh Prince. It should be noted that he was the step-grandson of his captor.

As a condition of his release, de Breos agreed to an alliance between his own daughter, Isabella, and David, son of the Welsh Prince.

On the following Eastertide, De Breos in company of all his retainers and suite, arrived at the Court of Llewelyn the Great to negotiate the arrangements for the marriage.

He was eagerly awaited by everyone, especially by Joan, his step-grandmother, for during his captivity in the castle of the Welsh Prince, the two had formed an illicit liaison.

Neither knew that their affair had come to the ear of Hubert de Burgh (an ancestor of the Irish de Burghs), the King's Justiciar,¹⁴ the most powerful and ambitious of the Lord Marchers. He was jealous of De Breos and was a bitter antagonist of the Welsh prince. He had every reason to sow dissention between them, so he passed the

¹³ She was subsequently formally legitimized by Pope Gregory II in Rome "for all purposes except for the right of succession to the Throne of England!"

¹⁴ Hubert de Burgh was also appointed by Henry III justiciar of Ireland. His brother William founded the Irish dynasty of de Burghs (which sometimes became Burgh or Burke) and this family dominated the history of Ireland for many centuries.

word to Llewelyn of what was going on.

The Prince burst in on the pair at dead of night to find full confirmation of all he had feared.¹⁵

De Breos and all his knights were imprisoned and so was Joan. The news spread rapidly and a thousand onlookers assembled to see the powerful Marcher Lord hanged from a tree by the outraged husband at break of the following day. In the circumstances the English Crown could hardly voice a protest.

However, this incident did not prevent the alliance between Isabella and David from taking place as planned, and Joan was eventually released to carry on her useful service to the Prince. When she died she was buried with great honours in a huge stone sarcophagus placed in Penmon Abbey¹⁶ on the Isle of Anglesey.

On their visit to Wales in 1978, my son Tony and his daughter Antoinette went searching for this sarcophagus amidst the ruins of Penmon Abbey. Alas the Abbey had long since sunk beneath the mossy banks along the Menai Straits that separate the Isle of Anglesey from the Mainland. A local resident suggested that they might try the small Anglican Church in the shadow of nearby Beaumaris Castle. There they found to their delight the immense casket of Joan. On top of the sarcophagus reposed the figure in stone of the colourful Princess of Wales, daughter of a King of England, but the casket was empty.

And the Anglican minister told them a sorrowful tale which shows how transitory are the glories of this world. Since time immemorial the horse trough serving the local villagers had displayed unusual characteristics. The Latin inscription along the side had never been deciphered until fifty years earlier when an observant cleric realized that this useful watering trough was none other than the last resting place of the wife of our famous ancestor Llewelyn the Great. It was thought proper to have it transferred into the nave of the Church.

Before passing on to the younger Llewelyn, a word should be said about his father Gruffydd (or Griffith).¹⁷ Under the laws of Wales, contrary to the *droit d'aînesse* introduced into Britain by the Normans, every male child had a right to demand his equal share of the *patrimoine* left by his father, and this tradition was rigorously observed. The Prince and Joan were anxious for David and Isabella to inherit the whole estate and keep the Princedom intact. Griffith posed a problem. It is hard to prove collaboration between the Welsh and the English Courts. Nonetheless, Griffith was led into a trap and imprisoned in the Tower of London by Joan's brother, King Henry III.

¹⁵ See Lloyd for this story. Also "Hubert de Burgh" by Clarence Ellis, Phoenix House Ltd., London (1952) at pages 93-4.

¹⁶ Penmon Abbey owed its foundation to the patronage of Llewelyn the Great.

¹⁷ Our Griffith family takes its name from this Griffith ancestor.

What happened to this ill-fated ancestor in the Tower of London is best described in the words of the historian, Lloyd:

There he grew weary of his long confinement lightened though it was by a liberal royal allowance and the companionship of his wife, and resolved to make a dash for freedom. His chamber was high in the great keep, which then as now, was the central feature of the capital fortress of the realm, and his plan was to let himself down from his window, under the cover of night, by means of an improvised rope fashioned out of torn sheets, tablecloths and hangings. Unfortunately, he did not allow for the weight of a particularly bulky body, made unwieldy by the torpor of a comfortable captivity; the rope gave way and to the horror of his wife and their attendants the hapless Gruffydd fell to the ground from a height which meant instant death. The break of day disclosed his shattered corpse and told the story of the tragedy to the negligent warders of the Tower.

Poor Griffith was doubly unlucky, for his brother David died in the sixth year of his reign and was succeeded by his nephew, Llewelyn, the son of Griffith, in the year 1246.

The romantic story of the life and tragic end of this Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, last Welsh Prince of Wales, coincides with the period in history which saw the last existence of Wales as a separate political unit.

Since the coming of the Normans, Wales had never been under the rule of a single prince. Llewelyn Gruffydd dominated the country with as genuine a mastery as his grandfather; he attained wider territorial influence and boasted of a prouder title than that of Llewelyn the Great. He became one of the most powerful men in Britain, too powerful even, for therein lay the seed of his downfall and the downfall of Wales.

He maintained a Royal Court, a standing army, courts of justice applying Welsh laws, language and customs, and all the trappings of an independent state. He made alliances favourable to his realm, notably with the Scottish crown and with Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, when the latter became dictator of England. He had cordial relations with the weak Henry III from whom, as a price for his homage and fealty, he extracted the first grudging recognition of the Welsh principality by the English Crown.

His relationship with Simon de Montfort, the King's brother-in-law, is part of English history. Llewelyn supported the Earl when, as leader of the Barons, the constitution known as the "Oxford Provisions" was forced by them on a reluctant Henry III, eventually leading to the erection of the House of Commons. It is

curious to note that this constitution was drawn up in the medieval French language.

De Montfort was a towering figure of the period. He had long administered the King's possessions in France where his brother Amaury was Constable of France. He secretly married Eleanor, sister of Henry III and of Richard of Cornwall who was later elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. As Eleanor had made an oath of chastity this caused a great uproar, and to avoid excommunication, Simon had to make a pilgrimage to Rome and explain himself to the Pope.

He later became the virtual ruler and dictator of England, and the opportunity was opened to him to found his own dynasty, had he entertained such ambition, for at the Battle of Lewes in 1264 the Barons of England and the Prince of Wales with de Montfort as their leader, crushed the Loyalist forces; Richard of Cornwall was de Montfort's prisoner and so was Henry III and his son Edward. All the royal camp was at the mercy of Simon de Montfort.

The friendship between de Montfort and the Prince of Wales led to a plan for an alliance between Llewelyn who was still unmarried and Eleanor, the lovely 23-year-old daughter of the Earl. Unfortunately for them, Edward escaped from custody and rallied the Royalist forces. De Montfort was defeated and killed in battle. His wife fled to France with her daughter Eleanor to escape the vengeance of her brother and her nephew.

When her first cousin Edward the First succeeded his father in 1272, the plans for the alliance between Llewelyn and Eleanor were delayed and the stage was set for a confrontation between the Welsh prince who had become too powerful and was therefore a threat, and the new sovereign, a much more competent and resolute man than his father, Henry III. Edward was determined to humble the power of the Welsh.

The Prince of Wales was therefore summoned by Edward to make homage by an ultimatum that was signed by 650 Norman Barons and Marcher Lords. At the same time, Edward made overtures to Llewelyn's brother, David, and other Welsh chieftains who were unfriendly to the Prince, on the theory of "divide and conquer."

The Prince became suspicious and procrastinated about making homage partly for fear for his personal safety.

In the meantime, although de Montfort had been killed in battle and his family had fled in exile, plans for the marriage with Eleanor were going ahead. "After a marriage by proxy in her French home, (at Montargis, near Paris) the bride, whose beauty was such as befitted the consort of a prince, sailed, in the heart of the winter of 1275-6 for the Welsh coast, escorted by her brother Amaury (who was a cleric) and a number of knights and friars. But off the Scilly Isles the ship was waylaid by vessels from Bristol in the pay of the King, and its light-hearted company brought in dejection to that city,

whence Eleanor was soon carried off for safe custody to Windsor Castle and Amaury to the royal prison of Corfe.¹⁸

When he learned that his bride-to-be was in Windsor, a prisoner of Edward, the breach between the Prince and the King became final and led to hostilities.

Without the help of his former ally, the defunct Simon de Montfort and the Barons who were now all solidly ranged behind the new king, Llewelyn was hopelessly outnumbered and he was obliged to accept a humiliating peace and make homage to the King.

With peace, romance was allowed to blossom. On the 13th of October 1278, the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the French-speaking Eleanor de Montfort at



The seal of Eleanor de Montfort.

last took place in Worcester Cathedral, in the presence of her cousin the King, the Queen, and a brilliant assembly of English magnates. "Thus, as the Annals of the period say with romantic enthusiasm not usual in the recordings of medieval weddings, did Llewelyn win with a heart that leapt for joy, his beloved spouse, for whose loving embraces he had so long yearned."¹⁹

The peace treaty between the King and Llewelyn negotiated for the Welsh by the sons of Ednyfed Vychan, provided for the settlement of all outstanding problems and claims by joint committees of jurists, lawyers and bureaucrats. As time went on, the arrogance and oppression of the English officials so incensed the Welsh that a flame of resistance broke out from one end of the country to the other. Wales was soon in open rebellion and once again the Welsh rose in arms to drive out the English.

18. See Lloyd's History of Wales.

19. See Lloyd's History of Wales.

Llewelyn's brother David quickly joined the movement and the Prince was reluctantly drawn into the field before he realized it. But the lucky star that had followed the Prince for so many years failed him at this last moment. While travelling almost alone to a secret rendez-vous with English forces who were in revolt against Edward, he was betrayed and killed. The head of Llewelyn the Last was cut off and sent to London where it was ornamented with a silver circle and placed in the pillory at Cheapside. It was then encircled with a wreath of ivy²⁰ and carried through the streets of London on the point of a horse-man's spear. It was finally placed on a spike on the highest turret of the Tower of London.

David, his brother, fought on but was captured. He was refused mercy by Edward I, and sentenced to be drawn, hanged, disembowelled and quartered. His head was also cut off and placed on the neighbouring spike, beside that of his brother the Prince, from which height, picked to the bones by the ravens, they leered down for a long time on the very site where their father had plummeted to his death not forty years before.

As for the beautiful Eleanor, she died in childbirth in the midst of the conflict. The little Gwenllian fell into the hands of King Edward and spent her days as a nun at Sempringham.

Thus ended the story of the first and last Prince of Wales of the Welsh Royal blood.

In the years following 1282, Edward I built his dominating castles of grey intimidating stone at Harlech, Criccieth, Beaumaris, Carnarvon, Conway and across Wales. The country was divided into shires and a prince was promised to the Welsh people: "I will give you a true prince, born in Wales, one who does not even speak English," said Edward. And he kept his word. His wife gave birth in Carnarvon Castle to their second son, the new Prince of Wales.

When his older brother died, this Prince of Wales succeeded his father as Edward II and thereafter to this day the first son of the English Monarch automatically becomes the Prince of Wales.

When my son and his daughter visited the wonderfully preserved Castle of Carnarvon where all the Princes of Wales are formally invested upon coming of age, they were given a small booklet outlining the historical role of the Princes of Wales. The first and the only Welsh name on the long list of the Princes of Wales was that of Llewelyn ap Gruffydd and it mentioned his issue by Eleanor de Montfort: their little daughter Gwenllian.

They decided to visit Sempringham in the east of England, in Lincolnshire, near the Wash, where she had been confined for life in a nunnery. They arrived there late one afternoon as the sun was setting, to find that the whole village of Sempringham with the Abbey and

20. This was in mocking allusion to the prophecies of the Bards that "the Prince of Wales would reclaim the lost British lands and be crowned king of Britain."

nunnery had long since disappeared beneath the farmers' fields, like Penmon Abbey, another victim of the edict of the Tudor King, Henry VIII, abolishing the monasteries. Only some excavation work on the ancient site carried out by the local Anglican minister showed where the Abbey had once been. Of the burial place of the last survivor in England of the Welsh Royal House and the de Montfort family, there was no trace to be found. Darkness was falling over the land as they sadly took leave of the site, none the wiser as to the final fate of the little Gwenllian.

Vychan and the Tudors

During the period of the reigns of the two Llewelyns, the founder of our Griffith family Ednyfed Vychan played a most significant role. As First Minister or Seneschal for the Princes he had control of the entire apparatus of bureaucracy in Wales. The Prince would rarely make a move without first consulting his chief adviser. After Vychan's death this task was assumed in turn by his two sons, Goronwy and Sir Tudor, who continued to supervise the affairs of state of the Welsh Prince until the death of Llewelyn ap Gruffydd in 1282.

Their names are constantly reappearing in the history of this period. Of our ancestor Ednyfed Vychan and his sons I can do no better than to cite what Lloyd says about them:

Chief among the counsellors and envoys of Llewelyn was Ednyfed Vychan, his distain or seneschal. Tradition would have us believe that he first won fame as a warrior, fighting against Earl Ranulf of Chester and cutting off the heads of three Englishmen, which were thereafter figured upon his escutcheon. But his true glory is the place he filled and the services he rendered until his death in 1246 as the prudent adviser and skilful agent of two successive lords of Aberffraw. He first appears in connection with the Peace of Worcester in 1218, and next as a witness to the compact between Llewelyn and the Earl of Chester on the occasion of the marriage of John the Scot in 1222. From 1229 onwards he is constantly engaged in the business of the Prince, and it cannot be doubted that the part he played in shaping the policy of Gwynedd was substantial. Of his private history little is certainly known; the death of his wife Gwenllian, a daughter of the Lord Rhys, is recorded in 1236, and he would seem in the previous year to have made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He had estates at Rhos Fyfeich

(near Colwyn Bay), at Llansadwrn and Llanrhystyd in South Wales, and, no doubt, also in Anglesey, where his descendants were mighty folk for many generations. Not the least of his claims to respectful notice from the historian is that from him sprang, by direct male descent, the puissant House of Tudor, so that his stock might have used, with even greater propriety than the Mortimers, the boastful motto - "Not we from Kings, but Kings from us:"

and of his sons, who served under Llewelyn ap Gruffydd:²¹

Two sons of the great Ednyfed Vychan were much engaged in his affairs; the elder, Goronwy, succeeded his father as seneschal or "distain" of Gwynedd, and was constantly with the Prince, attesting the Scottish agreement, the compact with Gruffydd ap Gwenwynwyn, the Treaty of Pipton, and the Peace of Montgomery. He died on the 17th of October, 1268, mourned by Bleddyn Fardd and the Little Poet as "the buttress of Gwynedd" and the loss of whom made all men sad.

His brother, Tudor, who had been no less active in Llewelyn's service, followed him as "steward of Wales" and the prince's chief adviser in the stormy year 1277. Both Goronwy and Tudor would seem to have worthily upheld the tradition of their office, which made them guardians of the dignity of the court in the absence of their lord.

A direct male descendant of Goronwy, the older son of Vychan, was Owen Tudor whose son Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, founded the Tudor Royal Dynasty of England and thus by an irony of fate and history a direct descendant of that great Welsh patriot Ednyfed Vychan, the Tudor King Henry the Eighth, would enact in 1536 the very legislation that would outlaw the use of the Welsh language and the Welsh laws in Wales and many of his stalwart Welsh cousins would serve as personal body guard to the English King.

The younger son, Sir Tudor, had married Adelia, the issue of Prince Llewelyn the Great, and he was to found the line of the Griffiths of Penrhyn, from whom we descend.

²¹ See Lloyd's History of Wales.



The sarcophagus of Sir William of Carnarvon and his wife, Margaret.

The Dukes of Penrhyn

After the Edwardian Conquest, Wales was overrun and occupied by the forces of the English King and it became unhealthy to bear purely Welsh arms.

In order to avoid any suspicion of treason or rebellious intent it was mandatory for a Welsh nobleman who wished to enter the Peerage of England to take upon himself an English spouse. Accordingly, many succeeding generations of Sir William Griffith's, Dukes of Penrhyn, married into the English nobility, commencing with the first Duke of Penrhyn, Sir William Griffith (Vychan) who married Alice, the daughter of Sir Richard Dalton of Apethorpe Northamptonshire in 1440, and was appointed Chamberlain of North Wales. His successors continued to enjoy this title and they too married into English families as can be noted from the genealogical tree in Appendix A. At the same time they adopted the English spelling of the name Gruffydd.

For many generations the Dukes of Penrhyn were a leading family in the land. They served their country with distinction and many of their tombs can still be seen in the ancient churches of North Wales.

About the year 1600, a scion of the Penrhyn family, Sir Maurice Griffith, son of Sir William Griffith of Carnarvon²² and brother of the then Chancellor took a hasty departure from Wales and arrived in Ireland. According to John Griffith, the historian-genealogist, Sir Maurice fled Wales to avoid a charge of treason. Other sources infer that he had killed a fellow knight, one Sir Percival Trawellan in a duel and fled with the wife of his victim to avoid the consequences.

Whatever the reason for his presence in Ireland, Sir Maurice did not seem to have remained in disgrace for

²². William of Carnarvon endowed the Llanbeblig Church in Carnarvon, and his tomb, with the statues in stone of Sir William and his wife Margaret, daughter of John Wynn, can be seen today reclining atop their sarcophagus close by the altar in the little church.

very long. In a profile of "Sir Richard Griffith,²³ Bart, C.E. LL.D.F.R.S., late Chairman of the Board of Public Works, Commissioner for the General Survey and Valuation of Ireland, and Chancellor of the University of Dublin" which appeared in the April 1874 edition of the Dublin University Magazine, the author, in referring to the Welsh origins of Sir Richard says:

Sir Maurice Griffith introduced the branch of the Penrhyn family which settled in Ireland. Tho' still bearing the commuted arms of his intermarriage with Eadeth D'Alton, he had so far regained the favour of the British Government that, having been entrusted with a Commission in the British Army, he was quartered in Ireland, accompanied by his nephew, Captain Edward Griffith, about the beginning of the 17th Century, and having been deputed to the local jurisdiction of the counties of Down and Armagh, he lived at the Castle of Newry, while his nephew took charge of Greencastle, which situated at the mouth of Carlingford Lough, had been erected to guard that important entrance into Ireland.

Having purchased estates, one in the county of Monaghan, and another, where he erected a dwelling called "Drumcar" Castle, near the town of Sligo, Sir Maurice Griffith after some years, died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, whose final successor, Colonel Edward Griffith one of King William's supporters at the Battle of the Boyne²⁴ having had only female issue, was the last inheritor of the estates, as they passed into the English families of his heiresses, Lady Harrington and Lady Rich, and, in consequence, his brother, in holy orders, became the sole representative of the Griffith family in Ireland.

John Griffith's Book of Pedigrees clearly shows that our Griffith family descends from Captain Edward Griffith who had only one son, Thomas Griffith of Ballincar. Thomas had two sons, one, Colonel Edward Griffith of Ballincar, entered the service of Queen Anne and married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Queen's physician, Dr. Thomas Lawrence. Colonel Edward had no sons and his two daughters married into the English

Establishment in Ireland. Anne (namesake of her father's patroness) married William, Earl Harrington, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland²⁵ and Elizabeth married Field Marshall Sir Robert Rich. When Colonel Edward succeeded to the Penrhyn and Irish estates of Sir Maurice Griffith they devolved eventually into the hands of the English heirs and successors of Lady Harrington and Lady Rich.

The only other descendant of the Griffiths of Penrhyn in Ireland at that time was Richard Griffith, the second son of Thomas Griffith of Ballincar. This Richard Griffith took holy orders and became Dean of Ross and Rector of Coleraine (he was the grandfather of Richard Griffith of Maiden Hall — see family tree, Appendix A). Our branch of the Griffith family descends from him.

A cousin of theirs, another grandson of Sir William Griffith, last Duke of Penrhyn, Pierce Griffith of Penrhyn, also served his country well at this time and John Griffith tells the story:

Pierce Griffith, of Penrhyn, when the Spanish Armada threatened the destruction of his Queen and his country, bought a ship and providing himself with all manner of warlike stores, sailed from Beaumaris, the 20th April, 1588, and arrived at Plymouth the 4th May following, and upon his arrival there Sir Henry Cavendish sent him an invitation to dine on board Sir Francis Drake's ship, where he was treated honourably and highly commended for his loyalty and public spirit. He followed the above-mentioned commanders till the Armada was defeated, and after that he went with Drake and Raleigh to cruise upon the coast of Spain. He parted from Sir Francis Drake at the mouth of the Gulf of Magellan, Sir Francis being employed in making discoveries. In King James' time great complaints were laid against him to the ministry, by Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, who bore a great sway in the English Court at that time. It was laid to his charge that he had continued his piracies after peace was proclaimed, and he was obliged to sell his estate to procure his pardon.

Pierce Griffith married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Mostyn. They had eleven children. All of them died in infancy and without issue so this line of the Griffiths of Penrhyn became extinct. Pierce and his wife can be seen buried side by side in Westminster Abbey.

Eventually the remaining properties of Penrhyn were divided among the female heirs and were sold, passing through a number of hands over the centuries

²³ Sir Richard Griffith was the oldest son of Richard Griffith of Millicent. He was the half-brother of our grandfather, Arthur Hill Griffith, and he was the grandfather of my brother-in-law, Sir Richard Griffith.

²⁴ How Colonel Edward must turn in his grave to know that a Griffith descendant of his family has sired one hundred Roman Catholics!

²⁵ The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was the English Viceroy in Ireland.

until part of them came into possession of William Pennant, Baron Penrhyn in the eighteenth century.

When my son Tony and his daughter went looking for Penrhyn Castle, they stumbled onto it by chance on the highway just outside Bangor in North Wales. It had become a National Trust property open to the public during the summer months. Unfortunately, it was closed at the time. From the highway all they could see was an impressive gatehouse with a gateman. To this gentleman my son explained they had come from Canada especially to see this castle, the ancestral home of the Griffiths of Penrhyn from whom his mother was descended. The man's kindly Welsh eyes opened wide with astonishment. "Heavens, the Griffiths have been away from here for centuries now," he exclaimed. "But go ahead in and have

minarets and everything else one imagines about a medieval castle. The view from the site of the huge castle was breathtaking, overlooking well kept lawns rolling down to the shores of the Straits of Menay and across in the distance to Beaumaris Castle and the corner of the Isle of Anglesey with Puffin Island to the North; to the East the North Wales coast stretched to the Great Orme and Llandudno with the Irish Sea beyond; to the South rose the Mass of Snowdonia; while to the West Scots Pine lined the ridge of Bangor Mountain. No wonder the Griffiths of Penrhyn as first citizens of North Wales had chosen this superb site for their own!

The only disappointment was to be told later in the museum at Bangor that this castle had been rebuilt in the 18th Century by the Pennant family on the site of the



Penrhyn Castle

a look around anyway.' The visitors drove up a winding well-paved road flanked by towering trees with myriads of pheasants and other wild fowl scurrying about in the woods until suddenly they came upon the Castle. There it stood, an awesome pile of masonry and brick apparently in perfect condition with towers and turrets, keeps and

original home of the Griffiths of Penrhyn, incorporating some parts of the medieval buildings. Here they were given an attractive brochure on the castle published by the National Trust which had this to say about the Early History of Penrhyn Castle:

EARLY HISTORY. The story of Penrhyn begins with Ednyfed Fychan, who was seneschal to Llewelyn the Great in the first half of the thirteenth century. For his services he received large grants of land throughout North Wales. After his death in 1246 his lands were divided between his sons, and later, according to the practice of Welsh inheritance, subdivided amongst their many descendants. Ednyfed's son Goronwy also received a grant of a holding of land in the township of Cororion to the east of Bangor, which afterwards bore his name; it covered the same area of ground as does the present Penrhyn Park. The descendants of the Goronwy, who are collectively referred to as the Tudors although they did not take that name until much later, inherited from him extensive lands in both Anglesey and Carnarvonshire, including the above-mentioned holding, which had become divided amongst several of them.

From another of the sons of Ednyfed Fychan was descended an important family holding lands in north-east Wales in the modern Clwyd. In the fourteenth century a member of this family married an heiress who brought him land in Gwynedd and Anglesey; he thus had a stake in the territory of his Tudor kinsmen, and his son Griffith ap Gwilym (died 1405) married a Tudor heiress who brought him more lands in Anglesey and a share in the future Penrhyn demesne. He continued to live in Clwyd, but his son, Gwilym, is regarded as the founder of the Penrhyn family, later to take the name Griffith.

Gwilym ap Griffith (died 1431) married another Tudor, the daughter of the family of Penmynydd, and from her added to his possessions in Anglesey as well as getting another share of the Penrhyn land; however he appears to have lived at Penmynydd and his Will was dated from there. The descendants of Ednyfed Fychan all supported Owain Glyndwr, who was related to them, when he rebelled in 1400, but Gwilym ap Griffith astutely changed sides when he saw the probable outcome of the fight; in this way he saved his own lands and also gained control of the property of his kinsmen, when they had to forfeit it to the Crown for their part in the rebellion. Thus by good marriages and clever policy most of the Tudor inheritance came into his hands.

It was this that may have caused Owain

Tudor to seek service at the court of Henry V, and so found the royal house that was to bear his name.

After the death of his first wife, Gwilym made a second brilliant marriage with an English widow, Joan, the daughter of Sir William Stanley of Hooton, Cheshire; it was her son, (Sir William Griffith Vychan) with his important English connections, who inherited the great estate that had been amassed, including the demesne of Penrhyn now united again as one.

The Kings of Britain

To properly understand the genealogies of our ancestors Coel Godebog and Beli Mawr it is necessary to have some knowledge of British pre-history. Prior to the Roman invasion of Britain in 55 B.C., the British Isles were occupied by the descendants of various tribes of invaders who had introduced the "Hallstadt" and "La Tene" iron age cultures into the islands. These were principally protocelt, teuton or belgic tribes.

For more than 500 years, the Romans maintained peace and order and civilization in most of Britain. When the Romans withdrew their garrisons, the way was open once more for invasions and the barbarous Jutes, Angles and Saxons followed by the Vikings poured in from the east and from the north. The civilized Roman Britons fled before them into Wales or across the Channel to Brittany.²⁶ The various Anglo-Saxon kings maintained their sway over Britain until the Norman Conquest of 1066, but they never subdued the Welsh. One ninth century Saxon King, King Offa, built a dyke known as "Offa's Dyke" and it stretched from the River Dee to the River Severn to complete the natural border between England and Wales. It was eight feet deep, perpendicular on the Welsh side and inclined on the Saxon side and was intended to prevent the Welsh from raiding into Saxon territory and carrying off their fat cattle. Under the laws of Harold, all Welsh trespassers over the Saxon side lost their right hands. Later Offa's Dyke would be replaced by the Castles of the Marcher Lords along the border.

It was not until the dawn of the second millenium of our era that any serious efforts were made to record the history of the British tribes and particularly the genealogical lines of the royal houses in manuscript form. Up until

²⁶ It is reported that Celtic-speaking Breton soldiers in the ranks of William the Conqueror, descendants of these early Britons who fled to the Continent, made contact with the Welsh after the invasion and subsequently brought back to Brittany many of the ancient Welsh songs and ballads which later disappeared from the Welsh repertoire after the Edwardian Conquest of Wales, and the supression of the Welsh culture by Henry VIII, only to be rediscovered by the Welsh many generations later in Brittany.

then the "Gogynfeirdd" or Court Bards in the service of the Kings or Princes had faithfully preserved by oral transmission and songs from generation to generation of master poets the traditions and family records of the royal houses.

These early Welsh manuscripts have been recently compiled and published by P.C. Bartrum under the title "Early Welsh Genealogical Tracts" University of Wales Press, (1966). The manuscripts confirm without question the genealogical lines of descent shown on our Griffith Family tree for Godebog and Beli Mawr. Bartrum in his introduction says: "On the whole the genealogies seem to be reliable in spite of the fact that much of the material was probably transmitted orally over considerable periods. Oral transmission in the ages when writing was uncommon has been shown to be often remarkably accurate, and I believe that one may reasonably accept an apparently legendary pedigree (with reservations) unless it can be shown to be wrong by chronological or other tests."

Of interest to us is what he says at page 153 about the pedigree of our ancestor Ednyfed Vychan: "Ednyfed Vychan is the only person whose genealogy is given in the 'Hanesyn Hen' manuscript who was neither a prince nor a king. The reason is probably the important position he held under Llewelyn the Great. The fact that he was to be an ancestor in the male line of the House of Tudor would have been unknown when the pedigree was composed."

These royal genealogical lines refer of course to the British tribes who occupied the whole of Britain before the coming of the Romans and the Anglo Saxons, and are not restricted to Wales.

The inferences arising out of the pedigree of Beli Mawr are most intriguing. According to Geoffroy of Monmouth's medieval "History of the Britons" two brothers named Belinus (Beli) and Brennius (Bran) fought for the mastery of Britain in the fourth century B.C. Brennius was beaten and forced north of the Humber. Tradition says he left 71,000 men on the field of battle.

As for Beli Mawr's remote descent from one Brutus (see Griffith Family Tree, Appendix A), there is no doubt that this pedigree ends on a legendary and mythical note. Tradition speaks of a Brutus leading a "Dardanian" invasion of Britain in the second millennium before Christ! He was the offspring of another Brutus, King of Brittany, himself a descendant of Aeneas, the hero of the Aenead. According to legends current in the Middle Ages, this Brutus had to flee Latium for Brittany after he killed his father Silvius by accident, and there he became the King.

Where does one draw the line between fable and reality? Was not Schliemann²⁷ right about Troy? Why should not this Cmyr and other ancient Celtic manu-

²⁷ Henrich Schliemann was the famous German archeologist whose belief in the classical legends of Greece led him to discover the ancient cities of Troy and Mycenae.

scripts be likewise founded on fact? Let us look at the lines of ascent for Beli Mawr which the Bards proclaimed as factual two thousand years before Schliemann proved that these ancient legends were in fact history: "Brutus ap Silvius ap Vigannus ap Eneas ap Enchises ap Kapsis ap Ascaracus ap Tros (Troy) ap Erktonius ap Dardanius etc."

Dardanius, son of Jupiter, is said to have migrated from the Peloponnese to Asia Minor in Mycenaean times, about the middle of the second millennium before Christ and to have founded there the city of Dardania and given his name to the body of water called the Dardanelles. It was here that his grandson established or conquered the City of Troy. After Troy was sacked by the Greeks presumably because of Helen of Troy but more likely because the Trojans were too greedy in exacting tolls from Greek ships bound for their colonies on the Black Sea, Aeneas²⁸ with his father Anchises began his wanderings described in the Aenead along the southern coast of the Mediterranean until he finally arrived in Latium where he married Lavinia, the daughter of the King and later succeeded his father-in-law.

Does this mean that our ancestor Beli Mawr was a descendant of the Royal House of Ilium? If the Bards were right my father descends in direct line from the Kings of Troy and my son and I have traced my father's family tree, from father to son, back over one hundred generations!

I expect to hear many skeptical comments over this assertion, even from my own progeny, but what else can we say. We have to report on what we have found, all of which is supported in these genealogical tracts and pedigrees. To the unbelievers I offer them the opportunity of studying the written evidence we have in our hands and we would be delighted to be proved wrong.

It is obvious that countless other people alive today could probably also show an equally impressive pedigree if they had the documents to prove it.²⁹ My fortune has been to find readily available the necessary written records that permit me to trace our Griffith seed back over so many generations.

It was this same Griffith seed that my grandparents carried with them in the middle of the last century when they decided to emigrate with their family from the Old Country and transplant their Griffith Seed in the new world of Australia.

²⁸ The legends would have us believe that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were in fact descended from Aeneas. Moreover many noble Roman families, including the Julian family to which Julius Caesar belonged, prided themselves on their direct descent from Aeneas. See "Caesar & Christ" by Will Durant, pages 12 and 167.

²⁹ An interesting example of this appears from the family tree shown in Appendix A which was dug up by genealogists for Mark Phillips on the occasion of his marriage to Princess Anne. It was published in many British and Commonwealth papers and shows his Royal lineage by reason of his descent from our own Sir William Griffith who was descended by his mother from Edward 1st of England and Eleanor of Castile. Thus the Conqueror of Wales was also an ancestor of our Griffith family!

Book 1
Australia

I

Melbourne

In which the author describes the arrival of the Griffith clan in Australia and her youthful days in Melbourne.

Australia, depending on which you consider it to be, is either the largest island in the world or the smallest continent. Its total area is three million square miles, slightly less than that of the continental United States of America. Many millions of years ago it became detached from the land mass and floated on its own into its present position in the South Indian Ocean. As a result of being cut off from contact with the other continents it retained flora and fauna which are not to be found in any other part of the world. The vast interior of the sub-continent is barren and forbidding and is composed mainly of deserts. Along the coastline are to be found areas of green, even luxurious, vegetation and miles upon miles of beautiful sandy beaches, and it is mainly here that the Europeans settled down and took root.

The first sailing vessels required as much as eight months to make the trip from the British Isles to "Down Under." With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 and the rapid development of the steamship this time was cut down considerably and the distance was reduced to 12,000 miles. This is exactly the distance one would travel to circumnavigate the coastline of Australia. The modern jetliner can make the trip from London in little more than twenty-four hours.

In the middle sixties of the last century the decision to undertake the voyage by sea to Australia with one's children aboard a windjammer, or even the most recent fully-rigged and well equipped China clipper, was fraught with consequences. The trip was still long, uncertain and perilous. It usually meant parting with many loved ones for the last time and quitting the homeland forever. It would be almost comparable to setting off in our time to colonize the moon or Mars. And yet, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties to be overcome, the lure of gold and the chance to gain fame and fortune were

proving irresistible and were even then attracting hundreds of thousands of immigrants to the shores of this new land of opportunity.

It is more than likely that social and economic pressures had something to do with our grandparents' decision to emigrate. In those days it was the custom for the oldest son to inherit the family seat. Thus the youngest male offspring in a prolific family of aristocratic lineage had very little prospect of succeeding unless he chose to follow one of the few careers open to him at that time, such as taking the 'cloth' or accepting a commission in the armed forces. There was also another alternative: Emigrating to the far corners of the Empire. In such a case he would usually receive a regular remittance from the head of the family at least until he was able to fend for himself in the colonies. In other words he became a 'remittance man'. Our grandfather, Arthur Hill Griffith, seems to have opted for this last solution and one can sympathize with him when one considers that he had been brought up as an orphan from his early infancy, the youngest child of fourteen, and probably depended on the generosity of his more fortunate relatives.

My grandparents were almost certainly swayed in making this crucial decision by the presence already in Australia of a goodly number of my grandfather's relatives. One of his older brothers, Charles, was the first member of the family to set the trend when, more than thirty years before, in 1840, less than five years after the colony of Melbourne was founded, he gave up a promising career as a barrister in Dublin,¹ to become a "squatter" (i.e. a sheep farmer) in Australia. By the time he died in 1863, Great-Uncle Charles had prospered in his new country and had become a pillar of society and public life. He had been elected and served in Parliament

¹ His two brothers Walter Hussey and William Downes both became prominent barristers in Dublin.

on several occasions and had presided over many important boards and commissions including the Board of Education, Public Works, Land Titles and Property, and he was Chancellor of the Anglican Diocese of Melbourne from its inception in 1847 until his death.

Twice before he died, Charles returned to his native Ireland, sojourning there on each occasion for three to four years. On his first trip back in 1844 to choose a bride, he published in Dublin a report on the "Present State and Prospects of the Port Philip District of New South Wales." Only recently a diary kept by our Great-Uncle Charles about his first year in the colony has come to light in Melbourne and it contains many pungent and witty comments on Melbourne society in those early days. This diary is commented upon at length in a book just published entitled "Port Philip Gentlemen" by Paul de Serville² who notes Griffith's early impressions of Melbourne:

In his first days, Griffith declared: 'The general effect of the town is decidedly English, very like some of the small country towns in England.' After he had been there for some weeks, Griffith felt so much at home that he concluded: 'Everything about this country is done so much in the English style that I sometimes find it difficult to believe that I am in a foreign country.'(page 41)

and at page 63:

When Griffith published his work on Port Philip he promised his readers a 'warts and all' picture, and he kept his word. While there were the makings of good society and a good club (he had been invited to join the posh Melbourne Club within six weeks of his arrival) the town was dull and seedy, and he warned women at home what they would miss: 'There is little to substitute for the amusement and excitement of English life — no opera — no exhibitions — no popular preachers — no morning call — nothing worthy of the name of shopping, rather seedy balls and very few dinner parties.'

Great Uncle Charles' candor notwithstanding, there is little doubt that his two sisters, Mary Elizabeth and Anne, as well as other relatives and friends, were influenced by Charles to migrate to Australia. Great-Aunt Anne and her family were the first to join her brother. Their motives for coming out were hardly the usual ones (i.e. lack of money and want of opportunity). Her husband Captain William Pomeroy Greene was

under doctor's orders to quit the cold northern climes and to seek a warmer climate for his health. Between Greece and Australia, they opted for the latter. In his book, de Serville describes the arrival of this menage in 1845 (after months of confined quarters aboard a sailing vessel):

Moving a gentleman's household from one end of the world to the other could be a considerable undertaking, although few arrived with as large a party as Captain Pomeroy Greene: his wife, six sons and daughter, the governess, the butler, the carpenter, the head groom and the second groom, the useful boy, the gardener and his wife, the laundress, the man cook and his wife, the housemaid and the youngest child's nurse. In addition Captain Greene shipped across two thoroughbred horses, a Durham cow, a good library, including the Encyclopaedia Britannica. At the outset, at least, there were to be no concessions to the Antipodes. (see page 73)

In the same book at page 72, there is a fine portrait of my distinguished-looking great-aunt, Anne. Her daughter, Mary, later married Sir William Foster Stawell, Chief Justice and Lieutenant Governor of the State of Victoria. Poor old Captain Greene! After all the trouble of moving to Australia, the climate didn't suit him. He caught a cold while out riding on his favourite thoroughbred horse and died hardly a year after their arrival in Australia.

Great-Aunt Mary Elizabeth followed her sister in 1849 with her seven stalwart sons after the death of her husband, the Rev. Francis Chomley. All her boys became squatters like their Uncle Charles, or entered the civil service. There is no doubt that they and their descendants prospered. Early in this century, when the portrait of our great grandfather Richard Griffith of Millicent by the famous artist George Romney³ was put up for sale at Christie's in London, the painting, which had originally cost 30 guineas when Richard sat for it, was sold to a member of the T. Eaton Co. of Canada family for 6000 guineas. When the Chomley heirs heard about it they approached the Canadians and were successful in recovering it for the Australian descendants of Richard of Millicent.

Great-Uncle Charles was also responsible for the arrival in January of 1848 at Melbourne aboard the good ship Stag under the command of Captain Noakes of his first cousin Hussey Burgh Macartney, son of Sir John Macartney, who was to become the first and only Dean of Melbourne, and a towering figure in the Anglican Church of Australia; he died in 1894 at the age of 95 years and a

² Port Philip Gentlemen, Oxford University Press 1980

³ See also newsclipping in Appendix B

plaque has been erected in the Anglican Cathedral of Melbourne to commemorate his years of faithful service. My twin sister Connie would eventually marry his grandson Edward Hussey de Burgh Macartney.

The old Dean, of course, would have died earlier of humiliation if he had known that some of his descendants (my niece Consie Macartney, among others) would eventually turn to the Church of Rome, for he was an outspoken opponent of the Catholics, and as de Serville says in his book at page 155, "Dean Macartney found the pulpit a congenial platform for attacking the Scarlet Woman (i.e. the Church of Rome)."

It was probably during his second and last return trip home to Ireland from 1858 to 1862 that Great-Uncle Charles convinced our grandparents there could be a future for them in Australia, but it seems to have taken them a few years, until after the death of Charles, to finally make up their minds to choose and board a ship for the distant land that the ancient mariners called the "Terra Incognita."

In the days of my youth I never thought of questioning my father about that long sea voyage to the New World, and when I would fain have learned all the details to include them in this story, alas it was too late. Fortunately some of my cousins, including my cousin Pink, who was Uncle Arthur's daughter by his second marriage, recall various anecdotes which were passed down to them by the older generation. It would seem that Grandfather Arthur Hill Griffith, aided and abetted by his strong-willed and most capable spouse, our Granny Griffith, gathered together a consortium of seven families from among the local gentry and together they co-chartered a suitable vessel for the purpose of transporting all of them out to the colonies. On the appointed day for their departure fathers, mothers, children and servants galore, not to mention a variety of pets and livestock, all trekked up the gangplank behind their trunks and chests, cages, furniture and worldly goods much in the fashion of Noah and his kin embarking for their legendary voyage aboard the Ark.

I can imagine the scene at the dockside on that day when our grandparents marshalled their brood of eleven, including my father, prior to boarding the ship. Surely many of their relatives and friends had come down to the port of Dublin to see them off.

For the two girls, my aunts Elizabeth and Charlotte, it must have been a tearful adieu taking final leave of their many friends and beaux. Although I never met them, they were always described to me as being beautiful, refined and very snobbish. So much so that in the entire colony of rough Australian settlers and immigrants there was not to be found a man who could measure up to their standards. Eventually they became old maids lingering on for many years in Melbourne. Elizabeth broke her hip and never walked again, remaining bedridden for the

last twenty-five years of her life, although many of her relatives suspected her of malingering and could not understand why she refused to allow herself to be cured.

It seems a misfortune and a shame that these lovely, talented girls never saw fit to pass along the Griffith seed for the benefit of future generations in Australia.

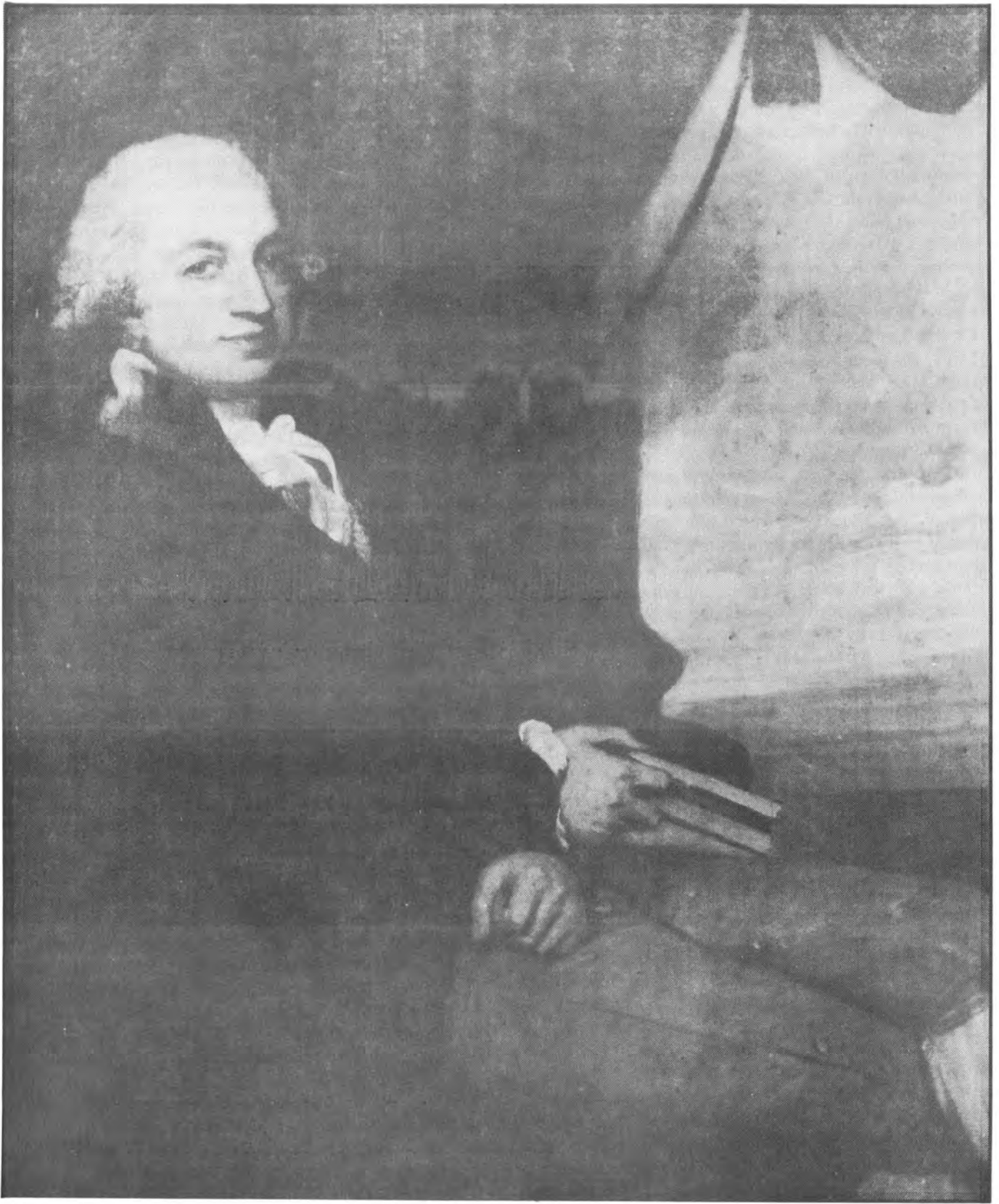
For my father, as well as for his parents, it was goodbye to the old country forever. They would never return. Some of my uncles like Uncle Burgh and Uncle Christopher did go back to study medicine at Trinity College in Dublin, or to visit the family after being abroad for many years, but none of the boys would ever live again in the land they were leaving.

Richard of Millicent, our great-grandfather, and his wife Mary would not be among the relatives on hand to wish their youngest son and his family Godspeed as they had passed away years before. But there were Griffith brothers and sisters, and many cousins on hand, not to mention the Langrishe, Cottingham and Robinson connections of Granny Griffith, and a host of friends to witness their departure, kiss them on their way, and escort these adventurous members of the clan aboard ship and into their excellent quarters, if such there were, for Grandmother Griffith would have seen to it that her own family should occupy the best berths to be found on the ship.

Among the many retainers to board the ship was William, our grandfather's elegant head coachman, who was invariably attired in a warm dark-green livery coat boasting silver buttons adorned with the noble crest of the house of the Griffiths of Penrhyn, — a griffin rampant on a ducal coronet. According to our cousin Bill Griffith, his father Maurice was wont to say: "The griffin is not really 'rampant', it is 'segreant' which comes to practically the same thing."

William had been given the task of tending to the poultry which included a number of pheasants (it was intended to release them upon arrival in order to populate their new homeland with their favourite game) as well as peacocks and other varieties of fowl. Grandfather made a bargain with William: he would not pay him for his efforts on board ship but on arrival at their destination he would grant him a guinea for every live healthy pheasant in the Griffith cage. It is not hard to imagine that if any bird was found dead when dawn broke during the long sea voyage, as frequently occurred, it was not likely to be a pheasant from the Griffith cage.

For some unexplainable reasons which have not been passed down to me it seems that our Griffith family landed first on the shores of New Zealand. There, according to the word of Pink as well as of William Griffith, they took up land and began to grow flax. A flax mill was built and the nine robust sons aided by the servants were soon busy running the property and operating the mill. Shortly thereafter Grandfather



Portrait of Richard of Millicent by Romney.

Arthur Hill took off for Australia leaving his wife to run the show with their sons. Maybe he had concluded that New Zealand offered insufficient opportunities for the Griffiths for he boarded a ship bound for Melbourne to look for a new home.

A while later the family followed him and early in the year 1873 they arrived at their final destination in the New World, on the eastern coast of Australia, the City of Melbourne in the state of Victoria.

It is easy to imagine the excitement at the docks in Melbourne on that day of their arrival. By this time the Griffith seed had taken root in Australia and there must have been representatives of the Chomley and Greene families (not to speak of the Macartney family and some more distant members of the "Irish cousinage" in Melbourne, such as the Fosters and the Fitzgeralds, who had preceded them to these shores) on hand with Grandfather Griffith to welcome the new arrivals when their ship docked in the harbour.

I do not believe that grandfather Arthur Hill's menage would have measured up to that of his sister Anne and Captain Greene upon their arrival, but with his wife, his nine handsome young sons and two daughters, they represented an important addition to the growing colony and with the help of their many relatives it was not long before our Griffith grandparents and their family were comfortably ensconced in suitable quarters in the more fashionable district of the new city.

Melbourne in 1873 was an exciting place to come to. It lies on the Pacific coast at the mouth of the Yarra River, about 600 miles southwest of Sydney.

The Yarra River meanders through the center of the city and flows into Port Philip Bay which serves Melbourne as an immense natural harbour. The original settlement lay along the banks of this river.

It had only been founded in 1835, not 40 years before our family arrived, by free settlers who, after the fashion of the purchase of Manhattan Island by the Dutch, bartered blankets and beads to acquire 600,000 acres of land from the aboriginal Yarra tribe.

Shortly after it was founded, the peace and quiet of the sleepy English country town, described by Great-Uncle Charles, was rudely disturbed when gold was discovered in the nearby hinterland. When our grandparents arrived, Melbourne was just recovering from the excitement and intoxication of a twenty year long spree of expansion and immigration. Serious attempts were now being made by the city fathers and the state government to bring some order out of the confusion and chaos that had resulted.

The original gentlemen squatters and small tradesmen inhabitants had been literally overwhelmed by the hordes of newcomers, and the population of greater Melbourne already numbered in the hundreds of thousands. It was rapidly overtaking Sydney as the hub of

Australian commerce and industry. A start had been made on the construction of a railway. A university had been founded as well as a race track. A horse-drawn bus line had been organized. It was eventually replaced by an electric tram line which still serves the city; and new industries were springing up on every side. In short, our Griffith family had appeared on the scene at the right time in the right place, when things were on the go and the future was full of promise.

Of course everything was so very different from what our family had been accustomed to in the tidy and trim British Isles. There were the vast open spaces, the excessive climatic conditions, the strange and unusual animal and vegetable life, the rapid pace at which everything was moving; but from all reports, they seem to have settled down in Melbourne without too much difficulty and to have integrated quickly into society. Granny Griffith especially was not one to take a back seat under any circumstances and she lost no time in meeting and hobnobbing in the proper clubs with the leaders of society and frequenting the salons and ballrooms of the local aristocracy.

William the coachman was still with the family when they moved to Melbourne but in their cramped quarters and altered circumstances Grandfather decided it was best to find William a suitable occupation for his talents. He induced the Lieutenant-Governor of the State (who presumably was his nephew-in-law) to take William into his employ, and Grandfather allowed William to keep his dark green livery coat (it would have been difficult to find a similar coat in the colony at that time). The silver ducal buttons however were cut off and some of them are still retained as precious family mementos by my cousins. Pink wears one as a brooch on occasion and Christopher Griffith, a son of Maurice Griffith, also treasures one of these buttons.

Both of our grandparents must have had substantial allowances from home for Grandfather Griffith, although he continued to practice in Melbourne his profession as a patent and trade mark attorney, would not seem to have been able to profit sufficiently from this occupation to support his large family in the style they were accustomed to. We know that he was a voracious reader and a leading intellectual, and he took it upon himself to oversee the proper education of his children, which he did with signal success. Several of his boys were sent back to the old country to complete their education. Uncles Burgh and Christopher both took the highest honours in medicine at Trinity College in Dublin, and upon their return to Melbourne made names for themselves in medical circles.

I did not enjoy the fortune of meeting my grandfather. He died before I was born, leaving Granny Griffith comfortably off and in the capable hands of her nine sons.

I knew Granny Griffith. I even lived with her for some time. She was not an easy woman to love. She was intelligent, forceful and had to be admired for her qualities of leadership. But she had her faults which were those of her class and her generation. For one thing, she was imbued with the most intense dislikes and prejudices. And she bequeathed them to her children. My father for example, was terribly biased against Catholics, Jews and black people. He grouped them together as lower class citizens. 'You can tell by their faces that they are "Catholics" (i.e. low class), was a common expression he used and which we later adopted. This attitude towards Catholics of course was more of a racial prejudice which settlers carried with them to the New World. The "bog-Irish" people had long remained faithful to the Catholic religion while the English overlords in Ireland allied to the Irish ascendancy had followed in the wake of Henry VIII and broken away from the Church of Rome. The Irish raised the banner of their religion against the English oppressor much as the Poles do today against the Russian military puppets in their country. Our grandfather used always to boast that "we Griffiths have been in Ireland for hundreds of years and there's nary a drop of Irish (bog-Irish) blood in our veins." However it was allowed that an Englishman or a French-Canadian, for that matter, could be a Catholic and at the same time be a gentleman. Then there were the people involved "in the trade." They were not considered to be any better than the lower class citizens. It was below his dignity for an aristocrat to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was due to him by right of birth. To engage in trade was only for the inferior classes.

This probably explains why Grandfather avoided any mundane type of occupation or work when there were so many opportunities available to him in the booming, expanding economy of Melbourne during his lifetime.

There was a story in our family about a relative who married into the famous department store dynasty that controlled Harrods in London. It is hard to believe that this was considered to have brought a dishonour on our family and resulted in the offending party being blacklisted by the other relatives for a lifetime.

I do not think that these attitudes were peculiar to our grandparents or our family. They represented the way of thinking of a whole class of people who had been overtaken by the march of history. But they are hard to comprehend. Just as I fail to understand the persistence of the disgraceful hatred and prejudice in Ireland, even down to our own times, when Catholic and Protestant youths are taught to hate one another in the name of Christianity.

These prejudices can lead to the most illogical and outrageous conclusions. I remember when we were practically starving for food in the mining country of Western Australia and Father came home one night in a

high state of indignation. "I have never been so insulted in my life," he complained to us. "Can you imagine that I was offered the job of running the local butcher shop!" The thought of all those meat chops dangling within our grasp was too much for all his hungry children and his long-suffering wife. We couldn't have cared less about our pride, but nobody dared to point that out to Father.

We children, of course, blindly inherited many of these attitudes from our father, usually without understanding their origin. When I fell in love with a wonderful man who had been courting me for a whole year, he had ample opportunity to become aware of our prejudices towards Catholics. So one day he gently said to me: "This is going to come as a shock to you, Lucy, but you know, I'm a Catholic myself!" I was aghast. I couldn't believe my ears and I stammered "But Alphonse you can't be, you are educated. Why, you are a gentleman!" My future husband had a great sense of humour for he burst into a roar of laughter.

Certain occupations were permitted and were even encouraged. These included the "learned professions". Thus we were taught that a gentleman could enter law or medicine or the priesthood, (Anglican of course). It was also permissible to enter politics providing one did not support the cause of labour.

Our Uncle Arthur⁴ became a Member of Parliament for New South Wales under the Labour Party banner and eventually he became a Minister of the Crown. When their brother espoused in his youth the cause of Labour, as far as Father and his other brothers were concerned he might as well have taken up "Popery". Father, who was himself under a cloud at the time because of what was considered his "ill-advised" marriage, disowned his own brother and thereafter we were not allowed to mention his name at home.

Like most of my own children, I don't think our Uncle Arthur was much impressed by ancestral claims and traditions and he may have retaliated against the attitude of his brothers by poking fun at the Griffith family tree. For many years there circulated among the Griffith memorabilia in Australia a remarkable typewritten account, fiendishly couched in credible archaic English, describing the lifestyle of our ancestors Sir Maurice Griffith and his nephew, Captain Edward, after their arrival in Ireland; a tale of duels, mistresses and diverse other romantic adventures none of which added much to the Griffith escutcheon. It was purportedly extracted from an article appearing in the Dublin University Gazette of 1874. Tony and I tracked down the original publication and found the text in family circulation to have been radically altered by someone. The spicy account was evidently a fabrication! Since then my

⁴ Uncle Arthur was married twice. Mrs. Gregory Needham (cousin Pink) of Toowoomba in Queensland is his daughter by his second marriage.

cousin Pink has allowed to us that this infamous story was probably a hoax perpetrated by her late father to annoy his brothers.

In any event I do not think Uncle Arthur would



My father's brother, Uncle Arthur Griffith.

have been the least bit worried about being ostracized by his kin. He was the most successful of all the brothers, a noted public speaker and very popular with the labour movement and the unions. He was even a founding member of the Australian Labour Party. Uncle Arthur was very proud of this achievement and considered himself to be a man of the people and far removed from the snobbery of his kin, but as Pink points out, her father was as much a snob as the rest of the family. When, in his youth, in about 1882, he was appointed Maths Master at the Sydney Grammar School, he found himself with a few months to while away before the term started, so he took a job as a labourer on the new railway which was then under construction. As a "navvy" he earned excellent wages, but to avoid discovery he called himself "Arthur Pendragon." He was also a great athlete and keen

boxer and mixed at the gymnasium with all types of the "wrong people". Many a time his genteel parents and family would cringe with embarrassment when, in company with Uncle Arthur, he would be hailed on the street by some passing "coal-lumper" or such like with the greeting: "Day Griff" or "Day Art!" Uncle Arthur made sure that he would be remembered by having the town of Griffith in New South Wales named after him when he was Minister of Land Development, and to avoid criticism he named the neighbouring town Leeton after Mr. Lee, his opposite number in the shadow cabinet of the opposition. Griffith University in Brisbane was not named after Uncle Arthur as some of us would have it but after a bona-fide Welshman, Sir Samuel Griffith, at one time Prime Minister of Tasmania and later Chief Justice of Australia. But Uncle Arthur and Sir Samuel were good friends and Pink recalls that her father and the Chief Justice once spent a whole afternoon trying to establish their Griffith relationship. Both claimed descent from Griffith, the son of Llewelyn the Great who fell to his death from the Tower of London. It was unfortunate that they did not have on hand the Book of Pedigrees by John Griffith, it would have made their search so much easier. I believe our Uncle Arthur was reconciled to his brothers before he died in Sydney at the age of 84 but I had left Australia by that time.

As we shall see at the end of this chapter, it was also considered improper and vulgar by my Grandmother Griffith for a young lady of good family to nurture the ambition to become an actress and "to go on the stage".

But the most unpardonable offense in her eyes was to marry below one's station in life. This must have caused our grandmother some serious problems of conscience, as she attempted to negotiate advantageous alliances for her nine eligible sons. The leading families in the burgeoning society of Melbourne were mainly "nouveaux riches". Either they had struck it rich in mining or real estate deals, or they had amassed wealth in trade or in the operation of vast sheep ranches. Their offspring had little education or refinement and nothing much by way of ancestry to recommend them as prospective mates for her sons. The interests and future wellbeing of her sons, however, had to take precedence over her ingrained feelings on the subject. She had no alternative but to view these future heiresses as potential daughters-in-law and she was not averse to discussing a deal with a "nouveau riche" if she saw an advantage for one of her sons.

Granny had no luck in finding suitable mates for her two daughters in the colony. With some of her sons she seems to have been more successful.

In those days even a son or daughter of adult age was expected to consult and defer to the opinion of his or her parents before making an important decision such as the choice of a mate for a lifetime.

Some of my uncles did marry well and I presume

they had the approval of their mother. But in the case of Father, Granny's well-intentioned efforts resulted in a drama, the tragic consequences of which affected our family for the rest of his lifetime.

It all started when Granny entered into discreet negotiations with the wife of a recently successful tradesman whose ample means and whose attractive daughter added up to a very suitable match for Father.

At the time Father was living at home with his mother and working as a clerk in a bank. He had followed a medical course with some success and had almost gained his medical degree when he had changed his mind and decided to go into banking. (This was apparently excluded from the Griffith definition of "trade" in its pejorative sense.) It was lucky for us, his children, that he had acquired this medical knowledge for we were often far from a doctor and he invariably knew what to do. Maybe this was why we were always so healthy.

He was then 28-years-old and had excellent prospects. Banking suited his style, as he proved later, for not long afterwards he was promoted to be the manager of the bank.

Granny had chosen a very nice girl for Father. She and the girl's mother had come to complete agreement on the reciprocal advantages of allying new-found wealth to the fine pedigree of the proposed groom. Father was not an unwilling accomplice. As he told us later, when we were old enough to comprehend, he was really fond of the girl and agreed to the engagement. She was not so keen on the alliance, however, as Father soon found out. She told him in confidence she was only 17, much too young to marry and besides she wasn't in love with him. Yet both felt that they dare not defy their parents' wishes. While the mothers were busy planning the biggest social event of the season for the wedding, Father met a Miss Lucy Armstrong at a private dance and fell madly in love. He quickly forgot all about his betrothed. Not so the mothers. Unaware of what was going on they pressed forward with plans for the marriage ceremony and reception. Invitations had been sent out and the presents were pouring in. In the meantime Father really lost his head and was secretly married to our mother Lucy with only her mother as a witness.

Thinking back on this event after so many years, I cannot help realizing how out of character this was for Father to do. He always fully subscribed to his mother's views, especially those concerning our Griffith ancestry and the respectful submission of children towards their parents, as we were to learn to our sorrow in later years. So the enormity of his offense appears all the more inexcusable, and I can somehow understand the fury of Granny's indignation and anger although I cannot condone her actions.

Nothing was made public about the secret marriage

and the lovers continued to live in their respective homes for some time. But soon, with a baby coming, the secret was out, and the very wrath of Hell descended upon the head of poor Father. One can imagine the feelings of Granny Griffith when she had to break the news to the anxiously awaiting young bride-to-be and her doting mother. The former of course was delighted to hear the news and threw her arms around my father's neck to show her relief and appreciation.

Granny Griffith banished her son from the house and cut off the small allowance left to him by Grandfather Griffith.

Father was loath to confide in us about the events that followed, but it seems that he braved his way through the maternal storm and managed to set up household with his beloved in quarters above the bank in time to welcome the arrival of the twins. Connie and I were born on May the 3rd 1888, exactly one hundred years after the first white settlers landed in Australia and founded the colony of Sydney, which became the capital of the State of New South Wales.

Granny Griffith however, was not about to forget such a humiliation. Not only had her son forsaken the most excellent of opportunities, not only had he acted without her knowledge and consent, but he had had the effrontery to marry a hussy with no family tree and no expectations whatsoever. She was convinced that our mother had enticed her son and deliberately seduced him into marrying her in secret. Her rage knew no limits, and what might have been a temporary estrangement to be cured by the passage of time became a breach, final, irrevocable and for their lifetimes. For in a fit of vindictiveness she had the misfortune to have published in the local papers a brief announcement over her name which read:⁵

A certain Mrs. E.A. Griffith is going around town claiming to be a daughter-in-law of mine. This is to advise that she is no relation of mine whatsoever.

Signed at Melbourne this 1st day of May 1888.

(Mrs.) Arthur Hill Griffith.

Father was shamed, humiliated and beside himself with anger at his mother for making his wife a laughing stock for the public. He never thereafter spoke to her even when she later relented and asked for him on her death bed. And the rest of us were soon caught up in this unhappy alienation of mother and son. Its sad and bitter consequences were plain for us to see as we were living them.

⁵ This was not unusual for the period, as de Serville says in his book at page 107: "Men debated their grievances in the columns of the newspapers and, if necessary, they even paid to advertise wrongs done to them."



My mother, Lucy Armstrong Griffith.

This story, when I was old enough to hear it and understand the implications, taught me a lesson I never forgot: Never let myself be carried away by my feelings, no matter how much I disapproved of what my children or grandchildren were doing, or proposed to do. It was not worth losing them.

My earliest memories of life with Father and Mother are all pleasant ones. As I look back now over the span of the better part of a century, I realize only too well how happy we all were in those first years together in Melbourne.

Father and Mother adored each other and that is, of course, the most essential requisite for a happy home. Our parents were not church-goers, and in fact we never saw the inside of our parish church, but there was a feeling of goodness in the house when Father and Mother were there, and we all shared it.

We adored our parents. Especially our father. In him, we had the utmost confidence. He was our god and nothing he could do was wrong. Mother had her favorites and she had her faults. She was a little vain and sometimes rather impulsive, but she was a very distinguished-looking and beautiful woman and she gave us all the attention and love we needed. We felt secure, we were happy, life was good and as we became more conscious of ourselves and of others, the future seemed to be opening up in a most wonderful way and everything seemed possible to us; even in the eyes of young girls, not yet six years of age, the world was a great place to be, and particularly that part of the world called Melbourne in the State of Victoria, Australia.

It is true that the quarters over the bank soon became somewhat cramped as Alice arrived on our first birthday, making us triplets. Then Fancy joined us two years later, to be followed by Kathleen within a year.

Father's progress at the bank, however, kept pace with the mouths to feed upstairs and before long he was appointed the manager and we found ourselves moving to a darling home at St. Kilda, a suburb of Melbourne, close by the seaside. It was surrounded by magnificent trees and had a lovely garden which Mother proceeded to fill with plants and flowers of every variety.

It is there, of course, that my earliest and most vivid recollections of childhood take shape. Father was determined to make Mother happy. He was confident and successful, he had no fears for the future and nothing was too good for his wife and family. Salaries for help in those days were ridiculously low. Mother had her housemaid and cook, Father had his coachman, his coach and horses, and we, five little dollies all bundled up in our bonnets and petticoats and skirts and various other accoutrements that were the fashion in those days, we had our "Nanny." Nanny, our dearly beloved Nanny! Our life revolved around her. She was our guardian, our teacher, our guide and the arbiter of all our disputes and discussions. Not that we really quarrelled much. We were

too busy taking in the picturesque sights along the promenades by the seaside, watching the parade of sailing vessels in the distance and the new-fangled tramp steamers belching a trail of smoke far over the horizon out on the huge bay which was called Port Philip Bay. Or we went travelling in Father's coach, or even on the omnibus, for the route had been extended by then to St. Kilda and the older ones sometimes had the privilege of mounting it for a trip with Nanny.

At other times, we were busy learning our lessons, for there were no schools for us to attend and few friends to meet. Our first rudimentary knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic was taught to us by Nanny, and sometimes by Mother. Father was away at his office most of the day but when he came home he loved to play with all his little girls and was very attentive if any of us were sick or indisposed. Once when I was terribly ill with the stomach flu and two doctors had given me up, he sat up for two whole days and nights drop-feeding me condensed milk until I recovered. Another time, when I had swallowed something and was choking on it, Father picked me up by the legs and held me upside down, shaking me until I coughed up the offending object.

Besides their hobby of horticulture, both Mother and Father also had a fondness for birds, particularly canaries. From sunrise to sundown our house resounded with the cheerful chirping of all kinds, species and sizes of songbirds which abounded in this part of Australia. As a result, peace, happiness and security have always been unconsciously linked in my mind with the musical chatter of singing birds.

Father just could not resist the temptation to acquire a new canary whenever the opportunity arose. So our bird population continued to grow and soon our house had the appearance of a veritable menagerie. Father built a large walk-in aviary to house our numerous pets and one of his favourite relaxations was to construct tiny swings, artificial trees and other miniature furnishings for our birdland as we girls watched on the sidelines with rapt attention, marvelling at the skill of our wonderful father.

Father's predilection for the feathered songsters led to an amusing incident which passed into our repertoire of family anecdotes and forever afterwards it never failed to raise a hearty guffaw when we wanted to tease our father at family get-togethers.

One day in early spring an itinerant peddler showed up at our door with a horse and cart cluttered high with cages and song birds of all colours of the rainbow. Father's eyes opened wide with avarice at the sight of all these treasures and particularly when he noted the ridiculously low prices the merchant was asking for his wares. The temptation was too great and Father succumbed. He purchased about thirty of the little canaries. In one fell swoop the bird population in our aviary had doubled!

The new canaries were all small but beautifully coloured and seemed healthy enough chirping away in their new surroundings. We noticed and commented on the fact that they were not singing as they were being let out of their cages into the aviary, but this was explained away by the peddler. The birds were upset by the travelling, he told us, and they would begin singing as soon as they had settled down and become used to us. It seemed to make sense.

Several weeks went by with no improvement. The new birds had not begun to sing. Finally one day we children noticed a strange occurrence inside the aviary. The new arrivals seemed to be shedding their colours. Traces of colour had rubbed off on the walls of the cage.

Father hastened to examine our discovery. We gathered around him in silence as he made a detailed inspection of the birds. Suddenly his anger was something to behold. No wonder the canaries had been so cheap! No wonder they had not begun to sing! They were only common sparrows ingeniously painted by a skilled artist to resemble canaries, for after all the two species of birds were almost identical except for their colours and the singing of the canaries. Father had been taken! We subsequently learned that he was not the only one to be swindled. Many of our neighbours had suffered the same fate. At least we children had the excitement of being permitted to release the imposters into the air and watch them fly away to their freedom. Father was outraged of course and lost much of his zest for collecting song birds.

Although Father and Granny Griffith had never reconciled, and our parents had little or no intercourse with the Griffith relations, I do remember Uncle Burgh and Uncle Llewelyn coming to our home on occasion. In so doing they probably risked their mother's wrath by defying her specific prohibition. Mother and Father seemed to have an active social life and we were generally left in the custody of Nanny. Sometimes Grandmother Armstrong or Mother's sister, Aunt Flo, took over when Father and Mother went on a trip to Sydney or into the interior. We liked both Granny Armstrong and Aunt Flo very much. Granny was the widow of a minister. She was simple and unpretentious and she lived on a modest pension left to her by her husband. We often visited her in her small house and this was a great occasion. She lived at some distance from St. Kilda and the drive by horse and carriage was exciting, the countryside was romantic, and we went through many areas where the building boom to house the masses of immigrant workers was in full swing and all the activity and bustle and confusion claimed the rapt attention of five pairs of young girlish eyes peering out from under the carriage hood.

And so life was perfect and there was no reason for us to suspect that a cloud was hanging over the horizon. Nothing had prepared us for the calamity that was shortly to overtake us.

We were too young and had no way of knowing that Father and Mother were going through a crisis. The Depression of 1893 had fallen upon the land. Banks were closing and soon Father's bank too was closed and Father was without a job. He never gave us any outward sign of his distress. I suppose there were many clues which could have told us what was going on, had we been older; Many people, strangers, coming and going; Mother weeping hysterically; voices raised in the distance at eventide that reached us in the nursery all muffled up by the many intervening curtains and draperies which Mother had so proudly hung along the halls and by the stairway.

It was only later that we realized how thoughtful Father had been to protect us. He was like that all his life, hovering over us like a mother hawk shielding its young.

And he had been making plans to face the situation. The disaster struck on a day when the sun was shining and five little bonneted and petticoated innocents were returning from a wonderful walk with Nanny along the promenades and through the trees that lined the avenue of St. Kilda leading up to our house. As we approached with Nanny pushing the pram, some of us holding onto the handle to steady ourselves after a long and tedious walk, (which had been longer than usual, I may say, for Nanny was obviously in the know) we observed, as we got closer, much more activity than usual around our home. Many people were milling around and to our startled eyes, there outside our house and on our beautiful lawn surrounded by the many plants and flowers Mother had so painstakingly raised, lay all of our worldly possessions, exposed for everyone to see. I remember mostly that all our toys and dolls were there and I never saw mine again.

Poor Father, his creditors had closed in on him. He owed everybody. He had been living beyond his means and now swiftly everything was gone. He was ruined. To this day, I do not know whether we were evicted or whether there was to be a bailiff's sale of our possessions.

Father came to meet us. He had obviously planned to let us know in this way and to keep the worry from us until the last possible minute.

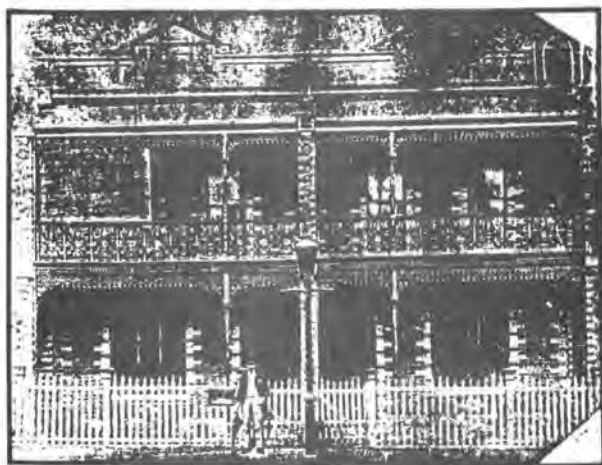
He took Connie and me aside and explained to us calmly and without great emotion what was happening. In the distance I could see Uncle Burgh who was practically a stranger to us for we had only met him but once or twice in our whole lives.

"Things have gone badly for us, children," Father said sadly, "and we shall have to separate for a while. I have arranged for you two older girls to stay with Uncle Burgh and Granny Griffith until I can make other arrangements. You go with him now, and I will write you often and let you know when I shall come to fetch you. Please go and say goodbye to your mother now and kiss your sisters and Nanny!"

Granny Griffith! Her very name was enough to

terrify us. We had never even met her but we had already heard how she had treated our parents. With tears in our eyes, too shocked to know what was happening, we gathered up our belongings which had been made ready for us during our walk, embraced our mother and father, kissed our little sisters, and took mournful adieu of Nanny and all the others. Then hand in hand, Connie and I climbed up into Uncle Burgh's splendid carriage. We took one last look at our beloved home and waved goodbye to us family. It was to be the last time we saw them for more than a year and we never saw Nanny again.

Father had swallowed his pride and enlisted the help of the brother to whom he was closest. Uncle Burgh was living under the same roof as his mother although they had separate apartments. (In fact, these were two separate houses joined together which are still standing in



Granny Griffith's house in Melbourne, with her son, Dr. Burgh Griffith, in the foreground.

Melbourne.) He had informed his mother of Father's misfortunes and convinced her to take us twins into her home.

As for Mother and our younger sisters, there was no other solution but for them to go and live with Granny Armstrong, all four of them crowded into her tiny home. Father had made plans to leave immediately for Western Australia. New gold fields had been found there and he hoped to re-establish himself and bring us out there as soon as possible. We had absolute confidence in his word. From now on it was just a question of waiting until he called for us. But in the meantime, the price of Connie and me living in comparative luxury with Granny Griffith was to see no more of our beloved family, for Granny was insistent that we should have no communication whatsoever with the household of Granny Armstrong.

The hardest blow was to not see our father again; he meant everything to us. He took off on the first boat, never to return east, for he spent the rest of his life in

Western Australia.

To describe our first meeting with Granny Griffith is not easy. We were so overcome with emotion by the events of the day that my recollections are somewhat vague. She was a fine, distinguished-looking woman. In fact, she looked very much like Queen Victoria. She was beautifully enamelled, and always wore a white lace cap like the Sovereign. She spoke with a very affected English accent which was not unusual in those days. She was not affectionate but she was not unkind to us. She tried to put us at our ease. She did not talk to us about Father and Mother and for this we were grateful. I am afraid we would have burst into tears.

We were introduced immediately to our new nanny. She was to remain with us as long as we stayed with Granny and we grew to love her almost as much as our first nanny.

There is little of excitement to relate about our life with Granny Griffith. We were well treated. We ate well, we were dressed elegantly. We spent most of our time with Nanny, learning our lessons, (for we still did not go to school), walking in the park, riding in Uncle Burgh's carriage; sometimes, but rarely, going to church and always waiting for letters from Father whom we missed the most. We did not hear from Mother or our family but we had absolute faith that sometime soon Father would come to take us away.

I cannot say that we were unhappy. It was just a question of living from day to day in suspense, awaiting a summons from Father to come and join him.

Uncle Burgh and Granny lived almost as strangers: He in his separate quarters and Granny in hers. He was a famous and busy doctor and about the only time they would see each other during the day was at the evening meal which they took together.

Granny, of course, had many social activities and we did not participate in many of them although occasionally we went to some functions with her.

Every morning after breakfast, we were escorted into her presence. She had us sit down and then she proceeded to read for us from the Bible. Never were there any explanations and I believe that we rarely understood a word of what we were hearing.

Then we were dismissed and happy to be off to our day's activities, until the evening, when unless there were guests, we were called in to sit at the table and join in for dessert. We were expected to listen and not speak. After supper, we would kneel down to say our prayers. Granny taught us our prayers and we repeated them with little understanding of what we were saying. It was a formal relationship with Granny Griffith. There was little affection and we were much closer to Nanny.

Granny was not severe and we were usually quite obedient. However, I remember one occasion when I was feeling very lonely for my father and family. Granny

called me and I did not answer. She was furious and she punished me by leaving me behind when she took Connie to a church bazaar knowing how much I was looking forward to going. Little did she know that Nanny took pity on me that day and took me out while they were away. I had a better time with Nanny. Granny would have been livid had she known.

What wonderful nannies we had in those days of long ago. Today it would be impossible to find somebody willing to devote herself so completely and unselfishly as those wonderful women to whom our generation owed so much.

But Granny must have become attached to us for she mentioned adoption on a couple of occasions. Even Uncle Burgh also said something about it.

Connie and I were terrified at the prospect. We would have refused it if that was possible. We discussed the matter together often, and shed some tears over it. However, letters had started to arrive from Father, and he promised us he would send for us, so we took heart and looked forward to the next letter from Father, always confident that it would summon us to his side.

We learned later that Granny really wanted to adopt us but Uncle Burgh stood by Father and would not hear of it although he was very fond of us.

We had no news about what was happening to Mother and our sisters. Actually, much was happening. While we were being pampered and learning how to do nothing, our sisters were finding out how to fend for themselves, and we were in for a shock ultimately when once again we would join our family.

Letters from Father followed one another as time went by. At last one day, after more than a year had elapsed, the long awaited message appeared. It was shortly after we had spent our second Christmas with Granny and Uncle Burgh. The letter said we were to leave almost immediately. We would rejoin Mother and our sisters, board a ship and sail away to Father who was waiting for us with a wonderful cottage by the sea.

How excited we were! We could hardly dissimulate our joy and our fear that we might not be able to leave.

Uncle Burgh reassured us. He was understanding and we loved him very much for it. We were nearly beside ourselves with anticipation and happiness preparing for our trip. And then again we did not want to upset Granny too much for she had not been unkind to us. Of course, she realized how we felt. Nobody could have convinced us to change our mind about leaving.

When the great day came two highly excited twins, not yet seven years old said a tremulous goodbye to Granny Griffith. She kissed us without showing much emotion. She wished us bon voyage but added not one word of greeting for Mother and Father. We of course failed to notice that at the time, Uncle Burgh and Nanny whisked us, clutching our scanty belongings, into his

carriage and, in no time, we were hugging and kissing our mother, our "grown-up" sisters, Granny Armstrong, Aunt Flo and many other relatives and friends, and so great was the excitement and turmoil that somebody had to finally bring us all back to earth by announcing that we should be leaving for the boat as time was flying.

And so, as everybody had been standing by for us to arrive, and we were all to leave together to embark on board ship, we all gathered up our little possessions; some menfolk picked up the heavy metal trunks and off we were in a clatter of hoofs and shouts and joyful exclamations, on our way finally to join up with dear old Father and on the first lap of another great adventure in life.

The first sight of the ship which was to be our home for nearly a month was not too reassuring: a small dirty-looking coastal steamer with twin funnels belching black smoke skywards.

It was the thought of our coming reunion with Father and the joy of being all reunited that quietened our qualms about the ship and gave us the courage to follow Mother up the gang plank on board. And then as the whistle shrieked and the steam hissed all around us on the deck, we frantically waved adieu to all those on the dock including Granny Armstrong, who was crying profusely, and her family, and Uncle Burgh and Nanny standing somewhat aside from the others, waving at us sadly. And it was a sad departure, indeed, as far as Uncle Burgh and Nanny were concerned for it was our last goodbye and I never saw either of them again.

As for Granny Griffith, although I never saw her again and I do not think my mother or most of my sisters ever laid eyes on her, there is one incident which I should recount before bidding her adieu.

It was years later, I was 17, Mother and all my sisters had accompanied me to Melbourne where I would spend seven months living with Uncle Llewelyn and following an art course. Mother and my sister Kathy were alone with Uncle Llewelyn and his young son Matthew⁶ when Granny Griffith was unexpectedly announced. Mother left hurriedly by the rear entrance. When Granny Griffith entered, Kathy was presented to her grandmother and the following conversation ensued:

⁶ Matthew later served in the 58th Battalion, Australian Imperial Forces, during the Great War and in 1918 he was severely wounded and was discharged in 1919. He had two sons, Edward de Burgh Griffith and the late Hon. Justice Richard de Burgh Griffith of the Supreme Court in Melbourne Australia. By a curious coincidence of history, Richard married a girl by the name of Elizabeth Lawrence, while his ancestor on the Griffith of Penrhyn family tree, Colonel Edward Griffith, more than 300 years before, also married a girl by the same name. Richard died shortly after he was appointed to the Supreme Court and the Richard de Burgh Memorial Library Building at the University in Melbourne is named after him. His teenage son, James de Burgh Griffith is the sole surviving male Griffith of our line to carry on the family name.

Grandmother: "So you are my granddaughter Kathy. And what will you do when you grow up, my child?"

Kathy (timidly): "I would like to go on the stage."

Grandmother: "What a nasty horrid little gal. (Granny pronounced girl as 'gal'.) You can see where she gets it from."

Matthew (whispering to Kathy): "Take no notice of her, she washes her face in her own urine."

Uncle Llewelyn (overhearing Matthew): "I'll see you in my study later, young man!"

Poor old Granny Griffith, how much more joy there would have been in everybody's lives if only she had

been less unbending and more forgiving towards her son, and if her son had been a little less vindictive himself towards her. I understand she mellowed a great deal in later life and was a great help and comfort to many of her grandchildren and especially to her favourite son, Dr. Burgh, even filling in as his secretary and receptionist when office staff was difficult to find. She certainly appears to have been active until very late in life and I am told that even at the age of 85 she would still walk out to the pier at St. Kilda's every morning (it is now a historical monument and preserved for the public) and there she would dive off into the crystal clear waters of the Bay below for her morning dip.

I hope Granny is even now gazing peacefully down at us from those hallowed regions reserved for kinsmen of our Griffith and de Burgh ancestors. God bless her soul.

II

Albany

The author finds life by the seashore enjoyable until her mother makes a vital decision.

Our ship was the old coastal steamer S.S. Ballarat, named after one of the early mining towns outside Melbourne. She plied the route from Melbourne to Fremantle, with stops at coastal towns along the way, including Adelaide, Esperance and Albany. Fremantle served as the port city for Perth, the capital of Western Australia. The distance from Melbourne on the southeast of Australia to Fremantle on the southwest measures almost two thousand five hundred miles by sea, and the total coast line of Western Australia alone exceeds 4350 miles. Our voyage was to last at least four weeks.

For all of us, including Mother, this was our first time aboard a vessel of any kind, even as small as a rowboat, so it took us a little while to get used to the experience and find our sea-legs. In the meantime we were busy swapping stories and renewing acquaintance. Listening to our sisters, Connie and I realized that our life had been quite different from theirs. They were talking a language we had never heard before and our description of life with Grandmother was just as hard for them to comprehend. The important thing, however, was that we were all together and now we could embrace our darling little sisters once again.

One morning Mother called us all together and explained to us where we were going and what to expect. Father would meet us at our destination, a little town called Albany. It was a small whaling port on the southern coast. In fact it was the southernmost community in the whole of Western Australia, about three hundred miles south by railway from Perth. Father had rented a small cottage by the seashore and there we would live until he could arrange for us to join him in the mining country.

At first we were disappointed to hear that Father would not be staying with us for good. Young people are

always so full of optimism however, and we comforted ourselves with the thought that this separation would only be temporary. If ever six young girlish hearts (including Mother's) yearned to be with their man, it was certainly our little Griffith family. Father would surely have been touched to know how much he meant to all of us.

When I think of what Mother must have gone through just to rejoin Father with her little flock, I have nothing but admiration for her determination, courage and pioneering spirit. In those days, communication was a major problem. It was impossible, for example, to communicate by wireless with Father in the mining camp which had just recently sprung up. So they had to correspond by mail which meant at least a month by sea and rail for Mother's letters to reach the railhead and then they had to be carried overland by camel train to Father in Coolgardie. And Mother had to depend entirely on what Father could send her to feed her babies, look after herself and make all plans and arrangements to obtain our passage for the sea voyage to Western Australia. She could not turn to Granny Armstrong who barely existed on the meager allowance from her late husband.

That she did this all alone, and without help, shows of what mettle our mothers before us were made. I always liked to think that perhaps Uncle Burgh or Uncle Llewelyn or some other of Father's brothers had helped her on the sly in defiance of the interdict pronounced on her by Granny Griffith; I never knew and she never told us.

As for Father, he deserved just as much credit. He was neither prepared nor suited for the life of a pioneer. He would have been a great success in the "Board Rooms of the Empire" or as an executive of a major financial or banking house. He had class, assurance, wit and intelligence and he had a very good head for figures. If it had not been for one of those strange quirks of fortune which

take control of our destiny from time to time and against which it is quite useless to struggle, we might never have seen the mining country and I might never have met my French-Canadian husband, nor have written this tale — or perhaps have written a completely different one. Of course, one can say that of a thousand turning points in one's lifetime.

My father had chosen to make good in the west and stuck to it for better or for worse, and for the rest of his life. He became a local mining attorney in the Eastern Goldfields and managed to earn a respectable living and give his children the very best of education. He never left Western Australia once he had arrived there. I wonder what would have been his and our lives if he had lived in these times. Young people today are inclined to take things for granted and hardly realize the astounding changes that have been brought about by modern progress. If we had had the jet plane then, for example, I am sure Father could not have resisted the temptation to fly at least once back to his beloved Wales and to Ireland to make a pilgrimage in the land of his Griffith ancestors and visit the tombs of his forbears including that of his grandfather at Holyhead on the Isle of Anglesey. And who knows what would have happened if he had been able to travel. He was alert enough to have realized that opportunities for his talents were much greater elsewhere.

Father must have devoted all his energies and most of his modest earnings in those first years at Coolgardie to hasten the reunion of his little family. I can see him now searching at Perth and in the southwest for a suitable place to lodge us in the meantime. This meant long overland journeys involving much loss of time before he finally settled for the beach cottage at Albany. Later, as we shall see, he would have no time or opportunity to quit the Goldfields and do such things.

* * * * *

Our ship had hardly moved out of the unusually calm waters of Port Philip Bay, which can be rough on occasion, when we struck the heavy seas in the Strait of Bass and I learned to my chagrin that I am a terribly poor sailor, much worse than my sisters. My tummy assumed a state of revolt and I dared not even venture on deck or up to the dining room for more than a week.

My childish memories of those first few days at sea are blurred and unpleasant. I remember that our quarters were very cramped for we were travelling second class and it was only days later, as our ship was entering the calm waters of the port of Adelaide, that I was sufficiently recovered to join my sisters on deck and to enjoy the general excitement.

We were stopping overnight in Adelaide and were allowed to go ashore. This capital of Southern Australia is now a well planned and well laid-out city of 800,000

population with considerable charm and sophistication. It is known as the cultural and art centre of the nation. All I remember about that long distant and fleeting visit to the Adelaide of 1894 was our surprise to find the railway tracks running through the streets to the port, and, as we were about to leave Adelaide, the great stir and concern when it was discovered that my sister Fancy, aged 3, was nowhere to be found. Mother was frantic and blamed herself. The chilling fear that she may have fallen overboard gripped us all. The ship's departure was halted and everybody assisted in the search until she turned up sound asleep under the bunk in our cabin. It was during the height of this crisis that Connie and I first had an inkling of how much things had changed between Mother and ourselves since our enforced separation from our family. We had been the fortunate ones living in relative luxury and pampered by the attentions of our nanny and our Grandmother Griffith, not to mention a doting uncle who had no children of his own. I would not say that Mother resented the special treatment we had had but it certainly affected her outlook. In her struggle to survive she had relied heavily on Alice, her third born. Alice was her adjutant, her aide-de-camp, and Alice had risen to the occasion and had taken on the job willingly and most skillfully. She was Mother's helper, babysitter, nurse, nanny and boss over all the minor fry in the household. Connie and I landed back in our family group as helpless as two six-year-old babies could be who had never learned to button their shoes and petticoats or tie their own ribbons. Consequently, we were relegated to the rank of small fry and put in the charge of Alice, our younger sister. I felt no resentment at the time, only amazement and gratitude that Alice was taking charge to button us up and show us what to do. Much later on it became necessary to stand up to Mother for our rights but that is another story.

Although the seas were very very heavy and the wind blew so that we rarely ventured up on deck while the ship cruised off the bleak coast of the Nullarbor Plain, the voyage proceeded without incident. We stopped again at the port of Esperance. It lies in the Bay of Esperance (meaning "Hope") which was first explored and named by French navigators in the time of Napoleon.

Within a few years we were to hear a lot about Esperance. It was much closer to the Goldfields than was Perth. So "t'othersiders," meaning the mining immigrants in Kalgoorlie from the east side of Australia "hoped" to link the two by rail. But the old Western Australians who controlled the government in Perth were reluctant to give up their hold and a confrontation arose which nearly resulted in the secession of the Goldfields from Western Australia. When the railway from Kalgoorlie to Esperance was finally built in the 1930's it was too late to make any difference. Nowadays it is the favorite beach resort for the diggers from the mining country who drive down in a few hours to the splendid beaches.

After we left Esperance, every day was bringing us nearer and nearer to our Daddy, until finally one beautiful day dawned with the sun shining from directly behind us onto our destination — the port of Albany, which shortly hove into sight.

In those days, long before the nations of the world took steps to protect the whales from extermination, Albany was one of the principal home ports in the South Indian Ocean for the whaling fleets. They plied the continental shelf, where sperm whales congregated in great numbers, and even ventured far out into the Antarctic waters in search of the humpback and the great blue whale.

We often saw them going by from our seaside cottage, sometimes returning to port in triumph from a successful voyage, trailing their catch of enormous whales lashed to each side of the boat like a great trophy from the hunt.

On this day, as we slowly approached the port, most of them seemed to be tied up to the town jetty or anchored off shore in the fine natural port of Albany. Mother and all five children were peering over the gunwale for a first glimpse of Father after our long separation.

And there he was, dear Daddy, waving at us from the jetty. There ensued the usual hustle and pandemonium associated with the debarcation of young people after a long sea voyage. Gone were the memories of seasick days and before we realized it we were all in Father's arms, crying and laughing and kissing and all talking together, surrounded on all sides by our varied belongings and baggage and by amused spectators. What a joyful reunion! We were once again a united family.

We fell in love instantly with the little cottage by the beach which Father soon brought us to. He had gone to great pains to see that all was ready for us. There was even a smiling young woman from the town waiting to greet her new mistress, for Father was not going to leave Mother without help.

For Connie and me, it was a comedown from the luxury to which we were accustomed, but for the others, it was heaven. The cottage was solidly built and simply though adequately furnished. There was no running water but we had an excellent well nearby and a magnificent view of the Indian Ocean and the Bay.

It seemed that the cottage had been built by one of the original settlers and that accounted for its good construction. The town had now moved about a mile inland to seek better protection from the fierce winds that occasionally blew in from the South Indian Ocean and we would have to travel back and forth for our various needs. The weather was warm and salubrious during most of the year. With the approach of fall in the month of April, however, it could get reasonably cold when the days were overcast, for contrary to our experience in North America, the farther south one goes in this region, the colder it gets, and as Albany was the southernmost

point, it was the coldest spot in all of Western Australia. Even at that, it was not too cold and we enjoyed a pleasant life not unlike that of the South Sea Islanders. Father had even arranged for the older ones to continue our lessons in a small private school that had just been started.

He took great pains to explain to all of us why we could not be with him. "Coolgardie is not organized yet," he said. "And the railway from Perth stops at Southern Cross. From there you have to go overland through the bush to reach Coolgardie, a distance of nearly 150 miles by camelback. They are now building a railway and soon it will be completed. Then we can bring in supplies and I will prepare a new home for all of us there." He avoided describing how primitive Coolgardie really was but we were to learn that for ourselves before too long.

Father spent a few days with us, making sure we were comfortably settled into our cottage and would have no problem surviving with the help of various friends and neighbours he introduced to Mother. These were wonderful days while Father was with us and they went by much too quickly. We were all very happy.

Finally, the day came for Father to leave us. "Only for a little while," he promised. "I shall be back in a few months and you must all be good girls and take good care of your mother." Actually, he only came back to visit us twice during the period we lived in Albany before we decided to surprise him by dropping in on him at Coolgardie; but before I come to that story I first want to say something about our life in Albany.

We all trooped to the station to see Father off to Perth and after many tearful goodbyes we found ourselves once more on our own.

Mother organized our life very efficiently and we soon knew what was expected of us and what leisure time we had to ourselves. We had started school even before Father left us, and we would walk the mile in our bare feet, carrying our slates and chalk and some books. Instruction, even for seven-year-olds, was quite rudimentary in those days and we were shamefully behind compared to little girls of today. We only attended class for half a day and the rest of the time we had to ourselves to paddle in the water along the sandy beaches or climb the rocky escarpments to lie out in the sun and watch the sailing vessels in the distance head out to sea. At other times, we would seek out the fairy penguins and the seals and follow them as they disported themselves in the foaming surf. The ocean water was cool and clean; we loved the smell of the ocean and the sea breezes playing on our agile young bodies and we would thoroughly enjoy ourselves for hours on end along the seashore. Time meant nothing to us and often we were late for supper and got a good scolding from Mother.

It was on one of these occasions that we saw our first black man. It is hard to believe, but in all the time we were in Melbourne, we had never seen one of the

aboriginal black men of Australia. They never came down to the cities where the white people lived.

We encountered the black man as we scrambled over rocks by the ocean nearly a half a mile from home. There were four of us. He was almost naked except for a loin cloth and he carried a spear or fishing rod in his hand. Above a grizzled weather-beaten black face rose a mat of stiff frizzled moplike hair and the rolling whites of his eyes set off the deep dark tan of his skin. At this unexpected sight we stopped in astonishment and when he bellowed a greeting to us, we were terrified and scampered en masse never to stop until we reached home. There I discovered that I had slipped on the rocks and blood was pouring down my knee. Curiously enough, all my life I bore a scar on my knee as a result of this misadventure and everytime I noticed it, it reminded me of those days in Albany. Once home we gasped out our story to Mother all speaking at once and she reprimanded us quite severely. "You must not be afraid of them," she said. "They are good and kind people and will not hurt you." Later on when we were in Coolgardie we were to have a little black girl as an adopted sister living with us and we learned to love her like one of us. But the Australian black man in all his nakedness could appear somewhat terrifying to young girls who had never set eyes on such a sight before.

Another day Mother brought us to see the whaling factory and we watched the men cut up the huge masses of flesh and blubber on the rocky shelves by the seashore. It was not a very pleasant sight to see but I suppose it was necessary to supply us with oil in those days when petroleum had not yet been exploited commercially.

Months went by and Father was scheduled to return on his first visit. Mother decided to take the train to Perth to meet him. She was gone for several days and when she arrived back Father was with her. He stayed only a short while but during that time we had great fun with him. It was like old times.

Mother was most upset when he left again. She cried for many nights and I wondered what was going to happen to her, she couldn't go on like that. She was very unsettled and unhappy and she missed Father a great deal. Although she had some friends to talk to she was not a very good mixer and it must have been very lonely for a young and attractive girl to be marooned in such an isolated spot as on the beach where we were then living.

Father probably guessed as much for on his next trip to visit us he arrived earlier than expected and stayed longer with us. He assured us that soon the railway would be in and we would all be joining him.

For us children it was not as bad as for Mother. We had each other as company and life was not unpleasant. While we certainly missed Father very much we had the confidence of youth and knew we would soon be with him. In the meantime, our hours were occupied with new adventures and happy outings along the coast each day.

Not so Mother. When Father left after his second visit I noticed a change in her. She became thoughtful and preoccupied, at times even tense and determined-looking as if she had made up her mind about something and was going to see it through come what may. One day she announced that she was going up to Perth on a visit and would be away for a few days.

We were somewhat perplexed and a little disturbed when she took off, leaving us in the care of her little maid. After she had left, we felt quite lost.

Two days later, she was back with startling news. We were to leave to join Father immediately! Mother didn't tell us that she had used up all the money Father had left us for the following months to purchase railway fares for the entire family to travel as far as Southern Cross. From there we were to proceed by camelback for 130 miles to join Father in Coolgardie.

Nor did Mother tell us that she was doing this on her own. As time went on we older ones suspected as much but if Mother had decided this was the thing to do, it must be right and we were all for joining Father.

I give my mother credit. She may have been foolhardy or impulsive on occasion but when she made up her mind, that was it. Nothing would sway her. No stone was now left unturned to prepare for our trip. We were certainly planning a surprise for poor old Father as his whole tribe laboured in a state bordering on mass euphoria to help Mother pack and get things organized to leave the cottage.

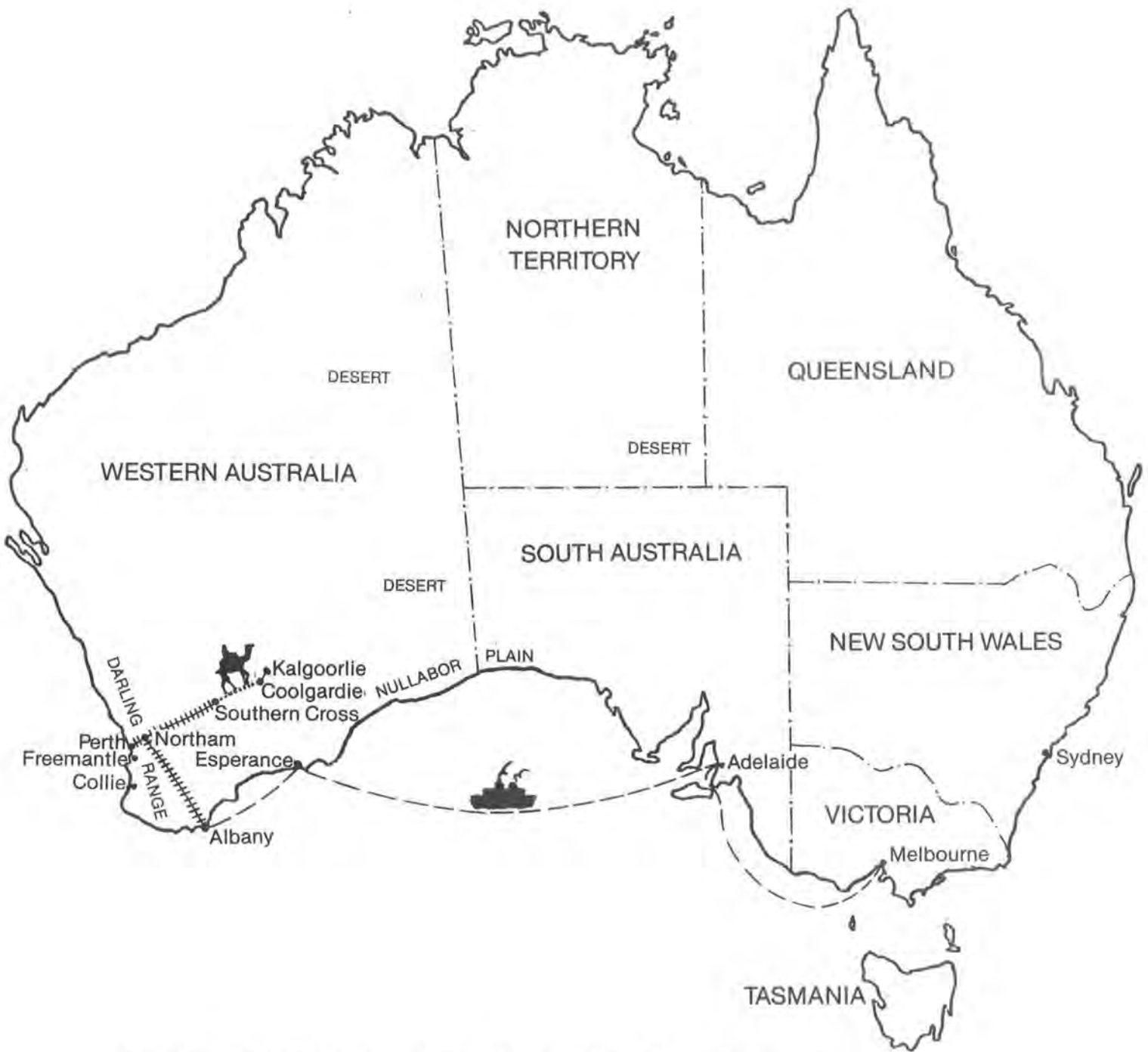
We set off with all our possessions on a beautiful spring morning in early September of the year 1894. The sun was shining high in a sky that couldn't have been more blue against the white surf pounding upon the beach as we said adieu to our newfound friends. For most of us I think it was our last sight of the little cottage by the beach although I returned to Albany to spend a summer there when I was 18 years of age.

Your child of today could hardly be more excited about his first flight in a jumbo jet than we were as we filed into the railway station at Albany like five little ducklings in the wake of their mother, about to embark on our first trip by train.

Everybody joined in to help Mother carry and hand up our modest pieces of baggage as we scrambled into the nearest car in a cacophony of organized confusion. There was only one other occupant of our compartment, an elderly lady, when the train gave a whistle, a sharp lurch, and we were off.

Childish memories of events so long ago are not easy to recall and sometimes they play tricks on us. Fantasy becomes reality and actual events become obscured with time. But a first trip on the train is something that a child does not easily forget, even one that happened in 1894 when the speed and comfort of the journey were far from that of today.

And so, as our locomotive puffed away and picked



A map of Australia, showing our journey from Melbourne to Albany, and thence to Coolgardie.

up speed, trees, buildings and landmarks began to flash by and we gazed outside spellbound by the marvels of such an invention. I suppose to my great-grandchildren, accustomed to watching men drive around on the moon without blinking an eye, all this will sound very dull. To us, in those days, long before any of the modern inventions became commonplace, it was a thrilling expedition into the unknown.

There were few stops along the three hundred mile stretch of rail to Perth and the trip would have been

uneventful if the heat had not become so oppressive that our elderly fellow-passenger became quite overcome.

It is such tiny incidents that pinpoint our memory in time. We travelled with the windows wide open to get some relief from the heat. And hanging on the outside of each compartment, the solicitous railway company had installed for the convenience of its passengers and for lack of better facilities, a water pouch that cooled in the breeze as we went along.

We all gazed with fascination as our enterprising

mother secured the water bag and began to give first aid by vigorously rubbing the face of our little old lady with a towel soaked in water. She quickly began to come around but the heat was so intense that the towel was dry in a matter of a few minutes and so the process had to be repeated time and again. This provided entertainment and maintained our interest and we forgot our own discomfort until we reached the next station where we would all troop out in Indian file to find the nearest rest room, for in those days no such facilities existed on the train, and the poor conductor would have to blow his whistle frantically to get us back on board before the train could depart.

And so, what with watching our mother administer to her patient and disembarking at almost every station on the way, the time flew by and shortly shadows began to fall, and the heat let up and it was dark as we pulled into the station at Perth, having completed the first leg of our journey to Father and our first trip by train.

Perth in the middle 1890's was the nerve centre of a growing state. It had been a quiet colonial town that had suddenly woken up to find itself, with the port city of Fremantle, as the supply center for the entire coastline and the railway hub for a booming hinterland, including the recently discovered eastern goldfields.

The railway station was a scene of intense activity: stores and supplies stacked on all sides; everywhere scenes of confusion and movement betrayed a lack of preparation to handle the sudden prosperity.

We ventured rather timidly and cautiously onto the platform and tried to take our bearings for the next lap of our journey.

Later, Perth was to become a very familiar place to all of us. On this occasion we saw very little of it. Mother had decided we would bunk down for the remainder of the night on the hard wooden benches in the station.

We heartily supported her and were more than prepared to make any sacrifice in order to be near to Father. Also, we were scheduled to take the earliest train for Southern Cross and we hardly had the time to do otherwise.

In the wee hours of the morning amid the clanging and banging of the train to Southern Cross being made up, five little sleepy travellers and one tired mother busied themselves with collecting their baggage and we were aboard on the second leg of our epic journey before we had truly woken up.

The outside world gradually changed from pitch black to a dirty grey and we began to see the Darling Range in the distance shrouded in mist; and then a sudden flash of brilliant gold lit up the countryside in all its morning finery and we watched the sun come up over the wheat fields east of Northam.

Sometimes we travelled through forests of towering trees. Many of them were the strange "black boys" that grew to almost 30 feet in height. Their prehistoric bulb-

like trunks, almost like charcoal burned-out husks of great trees, raised their heads above the others and on top of each one, as if someone had hoisted up a plant, there sprouted grass leaves like the fronds of a palm tree. I don't believe they exist anywhere else in the world. They are the ancestors of our modern trees.

Then stop followed stop as we made the acquaintance of a galaxy of new names on the passing railway stations, such as Kellerberrin and Merredin, and watched with fascination the slow transformation from green fields of wheat and forests interspersed with contented flocks of sheep in fields of stubble to the marginal country and scrubby grey-green bushland that announced our arrival at the railhead of Southern Cross ("The Cross"), gateway to the goldfields. It was still light and time had flown without our noticing it.

Southern Cross is now a ghost town but the Southern Cross of our youthful journey was just that — a gateway. The gold rush was in full bloom and thousands were coming and going at all hours of the day. By four-wheeler wagons, by drays, by spring carts, by foot and especially by camel trains, all tracks led to and from the most recent discoveries in the outback. Most newcomers had no transport and there was no choice but to trudge the long 130 miles to Bayley's discovery at Coolgardie, if that was where one was headed for, through all the scrub and sand on the road to fortune. It was not easy going and could be very hazardous in the dry season. It was two years since Bayley had made his original discovery but the government was still warning and even encouraging the gold seekers to move back to Southern Cross for the dry season. Otherwise, they might die of thirst in the desert.

Mother had arranged for us to be put up in the railway hotel and we quickly landed up there, baggage and all in one room, fortunately boasting two large beds.

Then Mother set forth to seek out the Afghan leader and make preparations for us to travel on the camel train to Coolgardie on the following day. We were cautioned not to stray beyond the door and we dared not disobey her.

The Afghan leader's name was Mahomet. He and his crew turned out to be no different from storybook Arabs, tall and dark with beards and turbans and flowing robes. They were good humoured and most kind to us. They treated us like little princesses in some fairy tale about the kingdom of Arabia. Their camels, however, were frightening at first sight. These 2,000 pound beasts were big and fierce-looking to our childish eyes, with their great wide mouths, their grotesque humps and their white gleaming teeth and frightening stares which seemed to go right through us.

We only became aware that we were somewhat of a local sensation on the following morning when we turned up with all our belongings to join the Afghan train. I can't say whether Mother had known up to that moment that we were the first white woman and children to ever

venture beyond Southern Cross by camel train into the goldfields. If so, she had kept it to herself. It seemed that up until then the women had not been encouraged nor even permitted to travel by the camel trains into the Goldfields. Mother must have used her charms and spoken to the right people or she had made it profitable for somebody to turn a blind eye to what was going on. The sight of a beautiful young woman and five baby girls preparing to mount the camels attracted quite an audience of interested spectators, however, and we quickly learned we were making history.

Mother was not in the least bit fazed by all this attention and proceeded to corral us into the staging area where some forty enormous beasts were patiently waiting for their burdens, all the while chewing their cud.

Our loading plan called for all the baggage to go on one camel ridden by an Afghan driver and two each of us to sit forward on a camel, with an Afghan driver mounted behind us. Mother was to hold the baby in her arms, but first she had to get the hang of it before we were all to mount. We very nearly scuttled our mission before we could take off.

Mother somewhat apprehensively permitted herself to be seated on the first camel in a test case to show us all how to embark. The camel settled down slowly on its knees which permitted to mount without difficulty. Then in a series of ungainly movements it rose sharply on its feet to quite an unexpected height. Mother, with her long skirts down to the ankles tightly clasped to her legs, completely lost her nerve. She half jumped and half tumbled off, gasping with fright and scaring the wits out of all of us. If she couldn't stand up to it we certainly could not. The Afghan drivers convinced her to try again, but with the same result and they were at a loss to know what to do. I suppose many things went through Mother's mind at that moment not to speak of the problem of retracing our steps to Albany when the money had nearly run out already.

Mother was never a quitter, she was of pioneer stock and she knew she had her back to the wall. She gritted her teeth and mounted the camel once again. This time she remained astride when the camel rose. But the problem of seating the children was far from resolved. We had never bargained for this ordeal and even though it meant the only way we could rejoin our father in Coolgardie we were one and all stiff with fright and quite unable to cooperate. Several attempts to seat us failed miserably despite Mother's cajoling and the good-natured help of our Afghan guides, for each time one of us managed to get mounted she fell or jumped off in fright when the camel began to rise. Once again the situation appeared to be critical. Finally, when all seemed hopeless, one smart Afghan driver came forward with the solution. We were tied onto the saddle, two by two, and the Afghan drivers climbed on behind us before the camels stood up. In this way, we could neither fall off nor jump off.



Aboard the camel train to Coolgardie.

And so thusly tied two by two and thoroughly terrified, with Mother holding the baby grimly before her in her arms, we slowly joined the waiting camel train which included the remaining camels, some carrying two men apiece with all their baggage and tools, prospective diggers bound to try their luck in the goldfields, and others loaded down with heavy equipment and machinery of all kinds bound for eagerly awaiting "goldfielders."

With hardly a sound, the long file of loaded camels plodded along with their heavy ponderous gait. The trail wound up and down through hilly country, salt bush, clumps of pepperina trees and along sandy plains. There was no sign of human habitation to be seen. The pace was reasonably slow and the rolling gait of the camels was not uncomfortable although we did have some sore behinds before the end of the first day.

Our guides were cheery and broke into song from time to time. Their deep and friendly voices were reassuring and we soon lost part of our fright and began to take some notice of our surroundings.

The sun had risen overhead and it became really hot. Luckily, Mother, at the instigation of the Afghan leader, had provided for light bonnets to cover our heads, and each camel carried a welcome drinking pouch.

This was our first venture into the Australian bushland and we had never hitherto laid eyes on that most Australian of all creatures, the kangaroo.

Imagine our surprise and delight to find before long that they were abundant in these parts and were not at all shy to come bounding up by us and follow alongside for quite a distance. Other animals, too, scurried over the tops of mounds as we went trooping by. One of these was identified as the mountain devil, a species of lizard we often saw later around our camp,

Pretty soon we began feeling the pangs of hunger. By this time we had fairly well forgotten about our earlier ordeal and we began wondering aloud to Mother about the provisions that may have been made to satisfy our bodily requirements.

We had no need to worry. At our first stop for lunch we found ourselves being waited upon hand and foot by our most kind monitors and provided with delectable food the like of which we had not tasted for a long time. Meals were served to us on tin plates with mugs as we sat around all together in a circle on the ground.

By nightfall we learned that we were all bedding down under one vast canvas tent; one white woman, five young girls and as motley a group of digger frontiersmen and Afghans as ever slept under one roof. Our camel herd was all tethered together outside the tent and we could hear them muttering and complaining to themselves in the twilight. One Afghan, armed with a rifle, was always on duty at night outside the tent to protect the animals and the supplies from roaming gangs of wild dogs called dingos that were a menace in these parts.

But we had nothing to fear. We were treated one and all like angels from heaven. Special care was taken to see that we were not troubled when attending to our toilet needs; at each stop, a section was set aside for our use away from the campsite and an Afghan stood guard at a distance to see that we were not troubled by any of the men. It was handled with the utmost of delicacy and tact.

Sleeping on the ground, practically under the stars, all huddled together with Mother and sharing our shelter with an army of grown men was a new experience for us, to say the least. A canvas wall was set up to separate us from the others. Our guides spread heavy skins over the sand and then covered us gently with blankets. The memory of those turbaned Afghans whom some far-sighted leader had induced to come to Australia to organise camel trains for crossing the deserts has always remained with me as a pleasant and comforting proof of the innate decency of most men in the family of nations.

The weather continued to remain hot throughout the trip, but it was not too unbearable. We were bothered sometimes by the flies and occasionally by grasshoppers, or the red dust clouds stirred up by passing wagon teams or camel trains returning to the Cross, but all in all we were living a romantic adventure of youth and enjoying it immensely. And we were so much better off than those less fortunate goldseekers whom we overtook from time to time, walking the track and loaded down with their packs and belongings.

We came across many signs of the new railway that was under construction but Mother said it was obviously not as far advanced as Father had hoped. We began to feel that it was perhaps a good thing that Mother had taken matters into her own hands for we would have become impatient waiting too long for the railway to be built.

Towards the end of the third or the fourth day of

travel by camelback, (for my memory fails me on this score), we began to see signs that we were approaching our destination. We ran into a condenser that had been installed by the government to filter the brackish water in a catchment area in order to provide drinking water. It was known as the "Gnarlbine Soak."

I would not go as far as to say that these were signs of our imminent approach to civilization, for the sight that met our eyes when we finally reached the outskirts of Coolgardie and beheld the conglomeration of tent structures made of canvas and hessian was very discouraging indeed. The thought that this was to be our new home would have appalled the most resolute of pioneers.

Mother said nothing, and we gazed down with intense curiosity on the strange sights that began to unfold below us. Passersby waved to us in welcome as we trod our way towards the loading stage. When they noticed the occupants of our three camels, they usually stopped short in their tracks to gape. Obviously they were not expecting a beautiful young woman with five baby girls ages 2 to 7 to arrive in Coolgardie by camel at this point. By word of mouth the news was spreading that we had arrived and a welcoming committee was already on hand to greet us. Some were disappointed to find only a mother with her five small children. And quite surprised too, for where were they to be lodged? Mother had asked for the directions to the nearest hotel. This raised quite a guffaw, and she was horrified to learn that no such convenience existed in this "godforsaken place."

Messengers were sent out to locate Father. His first reaction was one of complete disbelief. They were trying to pull his leg. It was only when several people confirmed the fact his family had arrived that he began to fear it to be true. His next reaction was astonishment and dismay. He hurried to the landing stage and found us already dismounted and sorting out all our baggage.

I never knew Father to be angry at our mother or say a mean word to her. Goodness knows, he had many occasions when this would have been justified. But he always defended her or made excuses to us for her failings. On this occasion he showed no sign of anger whatsoever. He was simply stunned. I am sure he thought to himself 'How could she have been so irresponsible as to bring these innocents into such a rough and lawless outpost?' and then what in heaven was he to do with us?

We were all over him before he had time to open his mouth. Never was a man so envied as was my father by the crowd of men who had gathered around to watch our joyous reunion. It seemed that everyone without exception came forward at the same time to offer his help, and it was easy to see that Father was a popular member of the community and much respected by all.

We had hardly time to thank Mahomet and our Afghan guides before we were whisked with our baggage to a large tent on the outskirts of the camp which had been hastily vacated by its occupants to make way for all

of us, including Father.

Throughout the camp there was a general rejoicing at the news of our arrival. These rough diggers were delighted to welcome in their midst the first white members of the opposite sex. It reminded them of their own loved ones back in civilization and many of them decided then and there that if we could do it, so could their own women folk. Our arrival had introduced a ray of sunshine into the otherwise drab and somewhat lonely

daily routine of this remote goldfield.

Father could hardly send us back. First, we had not enough money and secondly, we would not have gone.

So that night, as we lay all together on the sandy floor under our canvas roof, exhausted by the excitement of the day and the joy of being with Father once again, we knew he would let us stay and we dropped off to sleep dreaming of the new life which would begin for each one of us here in Coolgardie on the morrow.



My father, Edward Arthur Griffith.

III

Coolgardie

The author and her family become pioneers in the outback.

On September 17th 1892, a weather-beaten 26-year-old prospector named Arthur Bayley cantered his horse over the 130 miles from what later became Coolgardie to the railhead at Southern Cross, his saddles laden down with 500 ounces of gold nuggets, and filed the first claims of the eastern goldfields in the name of his partner William Ford and himself. A few days later he returned to the site of "Bayley's Reef" as it then became known, escorted by an army composed of almost the entire male population of Southern Cross; everyone was carrying mining or prospecting gear and tents and this was the beginning of the future mining town of Coolgardie. Within the next 30 days Bayley returned to Southern Cross carrying a further 1100 ounces of gold. His total take in the first month was almost \$1,000,000 at the current price of gold.

In the months and years that followed Bayley's discovery, a veritable mass of humanity, attracted by the news of gold that spread like wildfire throughout the subcontinent and the world, walked or rode the track from "the Cross" and surged out into the desert to camp amidst the spinifex chittock and clumps of salt bushes, and to scour the landscape and reefs for signs of the precious metal. These were the goldseekers come to seek their fortunes and among them was none other than our father, Edward Arthur Griffith.

The goldseekers soon numbered in the thousands and it became necessary to give the new field a name. Apparently "koolgoor" was the aboriginal word for the mulga tree of which there were some in the area. And "biddee" was the native expression meaning "a hollow in the ground holding water." As there was a small brackish waterhole near the find the natives, when asked the name of the place, replied: "Koolgoorbiddee." This offered some difficulty in the pronunciation, so it was abbreviated to "Coolgardie!"

It was here, only two years later, that we had finally come to join our father. Coolgardie was then nothing more than an outpost mining settlement of tents and hessian shanties erected in the midst of the desert flats. Although it officially became a municipality before the year 1894 was out, one could hardly describe it as a town or even a village. There were almost no facilities available such as services, communications, transport, fuel and food supplies and little or no municipal organization of any kind. Every last need of the population, whether for food or other supplies, had to be imported by horse or camel from Southern Cross, and there were no settlements or inhabitants for hundreds of miles to the north, to the east and to the south of Coolgardie.

This then was the situation in which Mother and her small charges found themselves on the morning after arriving at Coolgardie. Mother never showed any signs of being unduly concerned about it all. The five wee girls were of course enthralled with the excitement and the adventure and the attention which we were getting from all the menfolk. Father was trying to recover from the shock of his new-found celebrity and was desperately seeking a solution to the problem created by our unexpected arrival, although I am sure he was happy to have us with him.

It was out of the question for us to remain under canvas in such close proximity to the all-male population. And of course it was also inconvenient for Mother and Father to sleep together with all of us.

Accordingly, on the morrow of our arrival, an adjoining tent was also cleared of its "battler" tenants and our parents moved into this tent on the following night. This was to be only temporary accommodation,

¹ An excellent story of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie in pioneer days has been written by Gavin Casey and Ted Mayman entitled: "The Mile that Midas Touched" Rigby Ltd (1964). With the kind permission of the authors, I have borrowed extensively from their descriptions.

however, for without delay all our father's friends then pitched in to help him set up a proper household under canvas at a short distance from the main camp where we would have our privacy and still remain under the protection of the community.

The walls and roofs of this structure were of canvas supported on the ground by pegs and attached to posts and to crossbeams so that we had various compartments to separate the dining room from the sleeping area and our parents' quarters from our own. There was no need for heating or insulation of any kind as the weather remained semi-tropical and pleasant the year 'round. The construction work took several weeks and when it was finished, our happy and excited little family was ushered into our new residence amidst the cheers and best wishes of the miners. This was to be the first family residence established in the camp. It was a far cry from our comfortable house back at St. Kilda but this was our new home and we were just as happy and proud as if we were living in a palace.

The floor of our home was the hard packed surface of the sand. Our beds and mattresses were of canvas and our bed covers were mainly rough blankets. The rest of our furniture was just as makeshift. Boards with legs driven into the sand served as tables. Chairs were improvised in the same way and fixed into the sand. There were no windows and doors in our dwelling, so the flaps were turned back during the daytime to let the light and air in. At night we used candles and kerosene lamps and were usually in bed not long after sundown. Outside the tent a wood-burning stove had been erected with a stovepipe to direct the fumes away from the tent; it was to serve as Mother's kitchen.

Kerosene cases or butter boxes covered with cretonne were used for making our wardrobes. Two sets of boxes three feet apart four or five boxes high, joined by boards on the top with cretonne curtains made handy shelves for clothing, linen and household goods.²

This was to be our only home for almost four years. Father did everything possible to improve on it as time went by but materials were in short supply and expensive and money was scarce, so we never did graduate into a real house with doors, windows and floors in all the time we lived in Coolgardie.

As for our facilities, they could hardly be more primitive. There was no water to speak of. Water had to be purchased by the gallon. The water wagon called on us daily much like the milkman does (or used to) in more civilized areas. Water was like gold and cost almost as much as beer. We paid half a crown (approximately 60

cents) for a gallon can of water. There was absolutely no water available in the whole area and every last gallon had to be condensed from salt or brine wells or carried up from Southern Cross. Sometimes, not very often, it rained. When this occurred we set out canvas to catch as much rainwater as possible which was stored in a tank especially built for that purpose. At the price we paid for our water, it really was raining "pennies from heaven" whenever we were lucky enough to have a shower.

If one has never experienced a lack of water for extended periods one can hardly conceive of the care we took of our water supply and what it meant to us. On one occasion my little brother, Heck, then hardly two years old, swung a heavy pick against our water tank and punctured it. Our precious water began to flow out. Immediately there was an uproar as if fire had broken out. Father stopped the leakage by holding a cake of soap against the hole and the bulk of the water was saved. But not until the household had been turned upside down and not until everybody was exhausted by the experience.

It was absolutely forbidden for us to approach the water supply for a drink without first obtaining permission from Mother. And at that, we were strictly rationed.

Washing was a ritual. Once a week on Saturday night we all had a bath. Mother supervised and did most of the scrubbing. This took place in an iron tub in the kitchen area. The same water had to be used by each child in turn in order of precedence although this order varied from time to time to be fair to all of us. One can imagine how much dirt we were likely to shed after playing all week in the sand. But the water remaining after the last child was bathed was not thrown out. Far from it. It was carefully boiled again on our wood stove so that all the dirt rose to the surface. This scum was then skimmed off and what remained of the water was used to wash our clothes and for the household chores. Our clothes were graded according to their dirt value. The cleaner were washed first. When the water became too red, the color of the sand, it was thrown around the camp to keep the dust down and the ground hard.

Even today I rarely throw out a glass of water without a guilty feeling nor can I bear to hear the sound of a tap dripping. The possibility of having running water in our own home first began to be mooted in the year following our arrival in Coolgardie. But it was not until March of 1896 at the great banquet celebrating the inauguration of the railway to Coolgardie that the government announced a scheme to pipe water from Perth to the Goldfields, a distance of four hundred miles.

The idea was received with enthusiasm by most of the goldfielders. There were those however, (as there always are when somebody has a bright idea), who called it a great waste of money and said it could never be achieved. Eventually this "pipe dream" did become a reality, but by then we had moved to Kalgoorlie and were

² See "The Mile that Midas Touched"

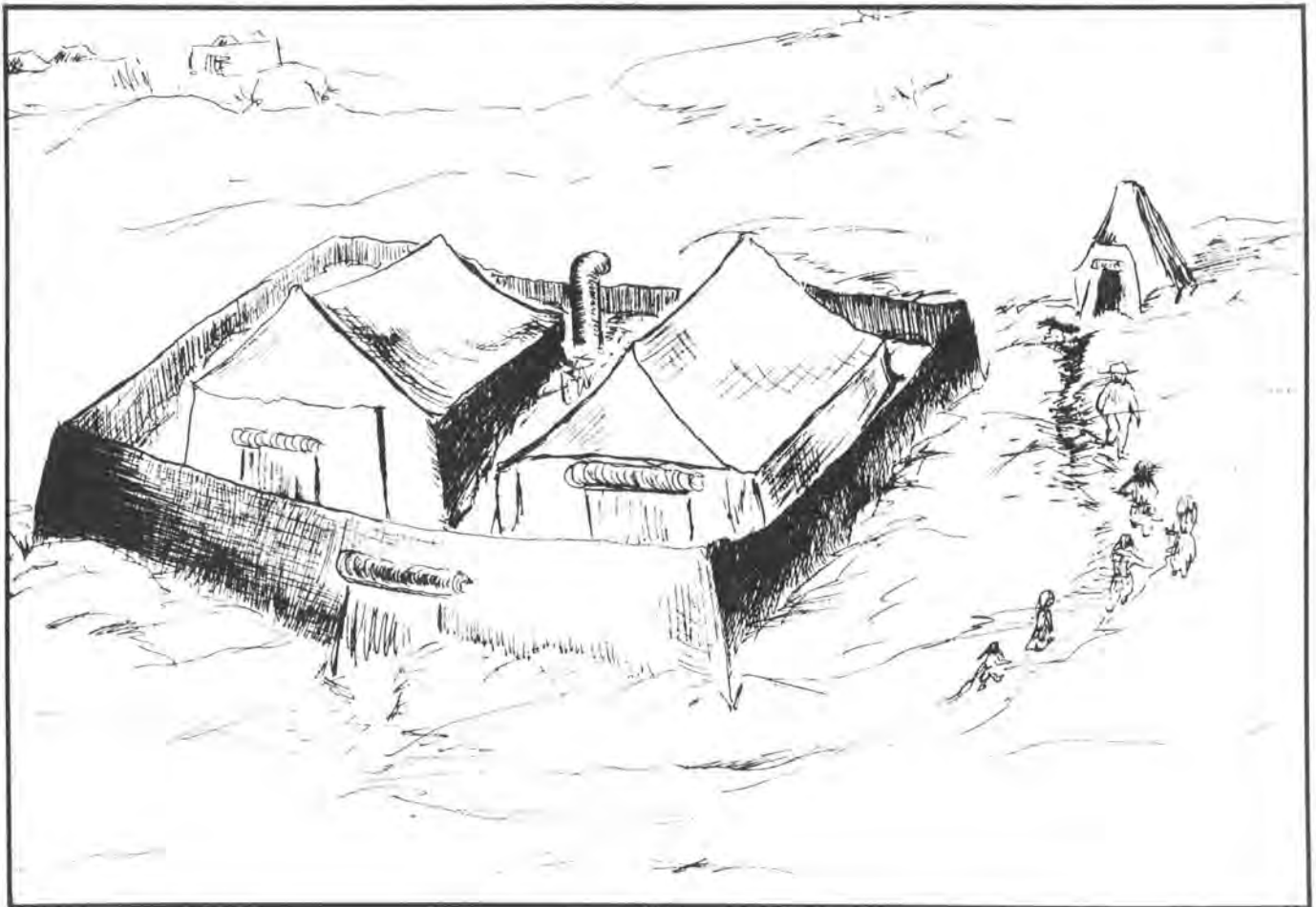
living in a much more comfortable home, and so that is another story. Having no water was not a problem as far as outhouse facilities were concerned. Father had constructed a very comfortable two-holer and as sand was in unlimited supply, it was freely used as a disinfectant mixed with ashes from the stove.

Any time we made use of this facility, particularly at night, we would call Dad to come with us "down the hill to the back." We were afraid of meeting some of our nocturnal visitors. These included the snakes which were of a dead green colour similar to the salt bushes and some of them were poisonous. Father had told us how to act if we met a snake: "Never stand in front of one." "Hit it with a stick from the side." "It can't strike at you from the side," he said. Sometimes we might encounter kangaroos on our way to the outhouse. The young ones were not dangerous but some of the "old man" kangaroos, as they were called, could be vicious and we were careful not to approach them if Father was not with us.

And then there were the "mountain devil" lizards. They were small and harmless but they scared us especially when they scurried by in the dark. They would get into

our tent and run up the inside of the canvas. Then Father had to be summoned to come and catch the intruder. Usually as night fell, Father himself would call out "Come now children, and make our visit," and we would all tramp down to the back, Indian file behind our escort, before turning in. There were also centipedes and scorpions to contend with. Their bites were poisonous. Father had warned us that in case they should crawl on us we were not to touch them but to let them go their way. I only had one experience with a centipede, but that was enough. I found one crawling up my bare leg. I called to Father, taking care not to make any brusque or sudden movement. He came over with a spoon and quickly flicked the beast off me before any harm could be done. We were extremely lucky as none of us ever suffered a poisonous bite while we lived in Coolgardie.

If we looked forward with anticipation to the occasional rain storm it was hardly the same for the violent sand storms that blew up from time to time. It did not take us long after our arrival to make our acquaintance with one of these dust storms and to distinguish them from the more pleasant rain storms.



"Come now children, and make our visit."

The dust variety were first sighted on the horizon as a dark and menacing cloud. There was no wind and the atmosphere soon became heavy and oppressive. We learned to recognize the tell-tale signs of one approaching and to scamper for home as fast as we could go. If we were unfortunate enough not to make it on time, there was nothing else to do but to huddle on the ground behind the nearest shelter, if any, and cover our legs with our skirts, for the sting of the flying sand on the bare skin was most painful. Poor Mother used to get quite hysterical when she saw a sand storm coming up, and with good reason, for after the storm was over some three to four inches of red dust and sand had settled everywhere in our home and covered every object in the household.

Then Father had a brilliant idea and erected all around the house a canvas fence, or outer wall, to serve as a wind break. I have drawn from memory this sketch of our camp and this wall. The wall was almost as high as the roof of our tent house. It worked. Soon there was accumulated all around our house a solid mound of sand stacked against the wall on an incline just as snow will accumulate behind a snow break in Canada. Periodically, Father and his friends would shovel the excess sand into wheelbarrows and carry it away.

We used to run up and down this sand hill and it became our playground. Mother was also very happy after the wall was built. Now very little dust penetrated into the house and her task was made that much lighter.

Food was another major problem for us for a long time. Until the first train arrived, with the exception of an occasional fresh egg at a shilling apiece, the only available food was canned. No fresh food for growing children would seem to be a cause for concern, but we did not show any bad effects. In fact one of the surprising things about our life under tent in Coolgardie was how healthy we children were. It was probably due to the warm, dry weather and the outdoor living. It was also fortunate because there was little or no medical help available, other than Father, who had a good knowledge of medicine. The only one who really had trouble was my twin, Connie, with her tonsils.

Eventually, a hospital was set up under canvas and some nurses rode the track to staff it. So Father decided it was time to have Connie's tonsils attended to.

About this time Mother had scandalous news from Melbourne. While in hospital, her sister Flo's husband, a Church of England clergyman, had fallen in love with his nurse and they had eloped together.

Imagine my father's surprise and embarrassment on visiting the hospital with Connie, when the nurse and orderly turned out to be the missing couple. They had fled to Coolgardie confident that in this most remote corner of the Continent no one would know them. And here they were discovered by one of their very first patients and a relative by marriage at that. The poor lovers hastily packed their bags and rode back on the first

camel train.

We had to rely on the camel train or the horse for all our news and information from the outside world until the telegraph line reached Coolgardie towards the end of 1894. Enterprising promoters then began to circulate news bulletins which eventually became our local newspapers. I remember a soiled newspaper clipping which we cherished for many years telling about our arrival as the first family in the goldfields. I believe it was from a newspaper published in Perth before our local papers came into existence. Unfortunately, this family memento became lost over the years.

It was some time before we saw any other children around the camp. In fact until the arrival of the first train in March 1896, we had a free run of the entire area and our life was one continuous picnic. We could not have cared less for fancy clothes or luxuries or even shoes. We ran around in bare feet all day long and never did wear shoes until we were past twelve years old and living in Kalgoorlie, and then only on special occasions.

We did not attend a school as there was none to attend. Father tried to keep some sort of home lessons going but the house did not lend itself to studying and he was away a good part of the day. Mother was too busy with her housework and not much help to us as a teacher. So we became little vagabonds, sitting for hours on the banks of the claim diggings watching the sweating prospectors mixing oil and panning for their alluvial gold ("dry-blowing" and "panning off" they called it). Sometimes they showed us how to do it. Or they gave us pieces of ore with shining specks that looked like gold. Then we would run home to show them to our parents confident that we had become millionaires. At other times, we wandered around the campsite, visited the storeroom tent for sweets, or just played children's games in the sand dunes, where we saw kangaroos but took care not to come too close to them. These were probably the happiest days of our lives.

One would think that with all the rough miners around and no other women or children in the camp, it would be unwise to wander around like this. On the contrary, we were always treated with the greatest respect and kindness. Only once did I have an unpleasant experience and then the implications completely passed over my head. And it was not with a miner, but with a so-called lawyer friend of my father. He used to come and visit us often. Father did not like him nor did I but he was friendly to me and gave us candies. He was also very fond of me.

As I was walking home with him one day from a picnic which we all attended, he suggested I would find candies if I put my hand in his pocket, which I did. What I found was not candies as you can imagine. So I told my father the story. "He's a very funny man," I said. "There were no candies in his pocket but just some strange hard thing he had there."

Father never said a word to me, but his look was frightening. He had suspected the man of having designs on me. He picked up his horsewhip and stalked out and after him. We heard later that Father horsewhipped him so thoroughly that he fled the town before the day was out. The horsewhipping took place in view of the entire population of miners who happened to be gathered together for one of their many public meetings. Possibly this was one reason why nobody else dared touch us during all the years we were in Coolgardie. As a result of my experience of growing up in a frontier mining camp I still think that men are fundamentally respectful of women and when rape or molestation does occur there may have been some provocation, unless the man is a sex-fiend, as I learned later.

It is impressive when one considers what a fine code of decency the miners maintained in those early days of Coolgardie in contrast to what happened in other parts of the world where gold had been found. For lack of a better facility Coolgardie's first jail was a tree to which prisoners were chained until they were brought before Warden J.M. Finerty, the first warden on the Goldfields. A hessian tent later replaced the tree which was in turn replaced by a more substantial building in Hunt Street.

In the absence of law enforcement officers, however, the goldfielders solved their own difficulties by "rattling the tin dish."

This process of which the Western Australian goldfields have a right to be proud, consisted in the first place of beating a frying pan or a prospector's dish with any piece of metal whenever there was an allegation of claim-jumping, crooked gambling or any other anti-social conduct. The noise brought everybody within hearing out of his tent or his hole in the ground and the crowd patiently and good humouredly heard whatever the parties had to say. Then they voted on the rights and wrongs, and whoever was found to be a villain was given adequate water and tucker and invited to leave camp and never come back.

While we were completely happy with our life in Coolgardie, it was not easy for Mother. She had no help, and maintaining a household under canvas was not what she had looked forward to. She of course had brought the situation upon herself by coming out here with us before Father was ready to receive us; by so doing she had tied his hands. He had no more freedom of movement. Had he wanted to try his luck in Perth for example, or elsewhere, he couldn't afford to leave us alone in the camp. Father was also to blame in a way, for he should have told Mother the truth about the mining camp and she would never have dreamed of exposing her little ones to such a

fate. Thus all the time we were in Coolgardie neither Father nor any of us ever got to venture beyond the limits of the goldfields. We were trapped by circumstances and especially by lack of money. Father finally broke the vicious circle by organizing a new life for us in Kalgoorlie.

Of course everybody accepted the situation as being temporary and in the meantime her love for Father, and his kindness and love for her, was enough to keep Mother going. I do not mean that there was not an occasional crisis. Money was hard to come by. Unfortunately for Father, Coolgardie, unlike Kalgoorlie, was not a true mining centre but rather a concentration of alluvial or individual surface mining operations with hundreds of prospectors panning the soil for traces of the precious metal. The first come had been well served, picking up nuggets as one would gather dandelions, but the later arrivals had difficulty making ends meet. Father acted as adviser in settling claim rights and liaison with the warden to establish the legal position of his many clients.

But these latter sometimes had no money to pay for his services or little gold to hand out, so Father would come home with his pockets more or less empty. When the day had been long and the heat unbearable and maybe also the children difficult to control, Mother was hard put to understand the situation. And so we did witness during those difficult days an occasional breakdown of communication and patience. I vividly remember one night when Father came home and held out to Mother an envelope containing loose coins which represented his earnings for the day. Mother's eye quickly took in the total value of the collection and by immediate mental calculation she knew there was no hope of purchasing indispensable items to keep her household going. She saw red, seized the envelope and threw the whole contents outside spilling the coins into the waiting sand. For many days thereafter we were all occupied in sorting through the sand until every last threepence, sixpence and shilling had been found. On another occasion when no money was forthcoming at all, Mother pulled the entire tablecloth off a table already set for our dinner. We were horrified, but the only damage was to our appetites, for the tin and pewter mugs and what glassware and china we had fell onto the sandy floor and were not broken.

At such a time Father was wonderful. He never became angry. He soothed Mother and quickly restored everything to normal. I tell these stories for the benefit of my many grandchildren, for there are times when every family will have its problems. Mothers and fathers will become over-tired and do and say things they regret. At such times it is necessary to make a supreme effort and everything will be right. For if the parties really love each other, then they will make excuses for one another. And Father would always make excuses for Mother. He would tell us how lucky we were to have such a kind and devoted mother and we heartily agreed with him. We always agreed with our father. He was our idol. Even if we were

naughty he never spanked us, he just talked to us quietly and gently and we were thoroughly ashamed of ourselves. Many a time, when the evening sun had gone down and the stars were out, we would coax him into joining us outside to lie in our midst with our backs against the sandy wall and our eyes fixed on the distant stars. Then he would keep us spellbound for hours with tales of long ago, of Ireland and Wales and foreign countries, of deeds of great valour or great love stories until finally we were all dozing off. Or we would play a game of counting the falling stars in the firmament above; a firmament so clear that every single star seemed about to tumble on our heads. At these times Mother rarely joined in with us. She was not very taken with stories of Griffith ancestors and would have preferred to see him take the job of butcher which had been offered to Father so that she could feed her children on the meat they often lacked rather than on tales of their ancestors.

It is hard to understand how we girls were so innocent living under the circumstances that we did. Even when our brother Heck was coming during the second year of our stay in Coolgardie, none of us realized that Mother was putting on weight because she was pregnant. When the time came for the baby to arrive, we were concerned to see Mother in pain and Father so anxious about her. By that time we were lucky to have neighbours and so we were rushed over to spend the night with them, all huddled together on the sandy floor wondering what was happening at home and how sick our mother really was.

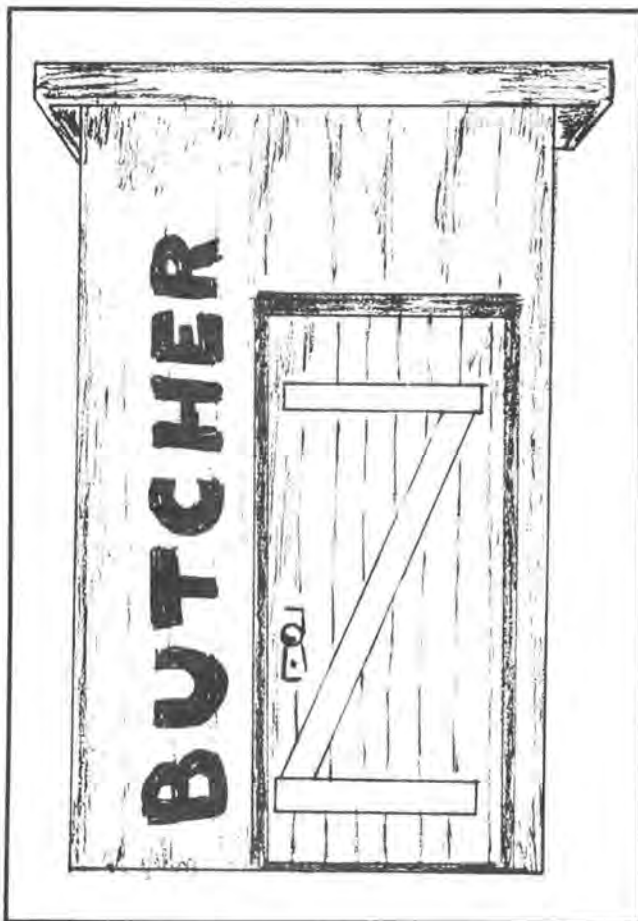
The next morning Father came for us early and brought us home. We were introduced to our new baby brother. If ever there was a true picture of Madonna and Child it was that of my mother lying on her canvas bed as she proudly showed us her newborn first son. Her eyes were something I shall never forget. She was a very pretty woman and she certainly looked her best at that moment. It was no doubt the greatest moment of her entire life. Not to speak of the joy she had brought into Father's life. Father explained to us that God had sent us a little brother during the night and that the angels had passed by and left him at the front door while we were away. We never questioned such a story at the time and believed our father implicitly. How different it is with children of the same age today! Our new brother was named Heck after Uncle Hercules Griffith and Sir Hercules Robinson.

As we grew older, I was considered to be the dummy and the ugly duckling of the family. My sisters were much quicker to catch on. I was actually fifteen before I began to understand all about life, but even later, when I was married, my husband was astonished and could not believe my ignorance about such things.

My sister Alice was much smarter than I was and she vividly remembers details of Heck's birth which completely passed over my head at the time. It seems that a tent in our neighbourhood housed a trio of ladies of dubious occupation. In fact, some of the children had been wont to remark that these ladies seemed to change their husbands as often as other people changed their shirts. One of this trio was a skilled midwife and she had been called in to assist our medical-wise father to deliver Heck into this world. This story is out of character for my father, and, if true, it would indicate that he sorely needed the help or he would never have permitted a lady of easy virtue to enter our household.

In March of 1896, the first train arrived in Coolgardie and brought about a dramatic transformation in our lifestyle. Prior to that date Coolgardie had slumbered on as an outpost lost in the desert, God's forgotten land, only accessible by dint of effort on camel- or horse- back. And suddenly there was the train disgorging its seemingly endless stream of humanity and freight. The railway had finally reached us.

We had ample warning of its impending comple-



The first butcher shop in Coolgardie where father was offered a job.

tion. During the time since our arrival the work of building had progressed apace. We could see with our own eyes that tracks were being laid and a railway station was taking shape. Rumours were rampant for some time before the great day was finally announced. Then every last soul was on hand to witness this most historic event, and we were among them.

Nobody had prepared us for such an onslaught! It was like opening the gates at the Cup finals and allowing the crowds to surge through. It continued without stop in the days that followed as train after train poured into the station. The walls of the wooden cars simply bulged with their human freight and even the roofs were jampacked with goldseekers carrying tents, picks, shovels, dishes and every assortment of incongruous baggage one can imagine.

We watched in fascination and realized that our days of isolation were over. There were many compensations to consider. Fresh food and supplies would be plentiful and the capital of Perth was only a day's trip away, providing one had the money to pay the railway fare.

By the end of 1898 the population of Coolgardie had reached 15,000 souls not to speak of another 10,000 living in the outskirts.

After the crowds came the construction boom. It was as if a fairy had waved its wand and the town was changed overnight. Canvas shanties and galvanized structures were moved back and streets appeared that were wide enough to turn the longest team of donkeys or camels. They were named Bayley, Ford, etc. after the early pioneers. Hotels, churches, stores, saloons, restaurants, schools and houses were hastily thrown up; eventually even a community hall was built that cost 13,000 pounds and boasted an opening ceremony at which seven hundred pounds worth of champagne was issued free.

Day and night, newcomers thronged the streets crowded with sulkies and wagons, fine horses and donkeys, heavy drays and loaded camel teams all arriving from or departing for some new mining discovery.

Such a change in pace left us quite breathless.

Women and children had also appeared with the first trains and it was not long before there was talk of schools.

Our days of happy-go-lucky idleness and lazy loitering were about to end. A state school under canvas was the first to be organized but Father was not impressed. As if beggars could be choosers, he was not having any of his children attend a state school. So he decided we would wait and be taught in private.

Among the newcomers were immigrants from many lands, English, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian, Greek, and many of these newcomers were Catholic. An order of nuns appeared in our midst and in a twinkling there was a

two-storey convent school being built to house them. Father lost no time in approaching the nuns under the impression they were Church of England. He was disappointed to find it a Catholic order but he decided that they were the best of a bad bargain in the circumstances, and having secured the support of newly-arrived fellow-parents in the same predicament, he negotiated with Mother Superior for the nuns to organize an elementary class for 25 Protestant children, at a fixed fee. We were to be educated separately from the Catholic children, on the second floor of the building, and Father extracted a solemn promise that we would not be taught any religion whatsoever.

And so we said goodbye to our easy going way of life and took up schooling in earnest in order to make up for lost time. Each morning now saw us four older sisters set out doggedly for our convent school, trudging the mile-long dusty path with satchel and lunch over our shoulders. Most times there was no question of transport. Occasionally we were lucky when an old ex-digger handyman friend of Father's would happen along with his horse and cart. His name was "Old Harry" and he often helped Father around the house. With a "Whoa there!" he would pull up beside us and call out "Jump on kids, I'll take you along to school (or home)!" And we would gratefully clamber aboard and grimly hang on to the rear boards which served as seats while we bounced along over the rough track in a cloud of reddish dust.

It was a new sensation to be with children our own age. Father had cautioned us however not to talk to or become friendly with the Catholic children. It was alright to mix with those of our own kind. I am sure the Catholic children were similarly admonished. It seemed our respective parents were determined to perpetuate in the New World the blind prejudices of the Old, and in this they nearly succeeded. Ofttimes the Protestant children would line up on one side and the Catholics on the other, hurling imprecations at one another and even throwing stones. I am glad that later generations refused to tolerate such nonsense and it has gradually died out.

Our teacher's name was Sister Gertrud. She asked us to pronounce it "Jeer Trood." She was German. I fell in love with her instantly. She kept her promise and never mentioned anything to us about the Catholic religion. But God was in her heart and showed in her eyes and we were quick to notice it. From the moment I woke up in the morning I was eager to get to school just to see her face again. It was a spiritual experience. Father and Mother never had spoken to us much about God. Father would say to us: "Look around, see the sun and the beautiful stars and nature in all its glory. You don't have to go to church when you can see God's beauty in nature." Except for a rare visit to church when Connie and I lived with Granny Griffith, we had never seen the inside of a church. But Sister Gertrud would talk to us about God. She said

to me: "Remember Lucy, always keep the love of God in your heart and you will die a happy woman." The more I saw Sister Gertrud the more I wanted to know about her life. I loved her dearly and I sincerely believe she returned my love. She influenced all of us and me particularly. I wanted above all things to be good like her. She became my ideal and the greatest influence on my whole life except for Father. Later on I was to become a Catholic, and her words and thoughts and her kindness to us were a most important factor in helping me to take such a crucial step. I am sure that she is one of the Saints in Heaven today, and I do hope to see her there now that I am an old woman and my time also is approaching.

After we had been living in Coolgardie for about two years, we had a new and unexpected addition to our family. Amy! Amy was a little black aboriginal girl whose life Mother had saved, and we adopted her. It all happened one day when a tribe was passing through, and after they had disappeared, one of my sisters came running up to Mother to report that a little child was lying in the salt bush and it seemed to be dead. We all hurried to see and Mother picked the tiny body up. "She's still breathing," she said. "I'll bring her home and see if we can save her."

So she began nursing the poor little child. By that time we had a doctor in Coolgardie but he was not available immediately, so Mother and Father had to use their own initiative and do the best they could on their own. The child began to recover.

We named her Amy. She was about five years old, but small for her age. She was one of the black race that occupied Australia before the white man came. Anthropologists say they migrated from or were driven out of Southeast Asia countless centuries ago. They were considered to be black Caucasians or "Dravidians" intermixed with an anterior negritic population. The ones we knew were tall and slender, very black and usually had straight hair. They were not warlike at all and they were far from being stupid or of low order although the white man treated them as such.

It was hardly one hundred years since they encountered the first white man and the century had been disastrous for them and for their way of life. They were nomads, forced by their environment to keep on the move in order to stay alive. They had hundreds of clans and almost as many languages and dialects as there were clans. In all Australia today there remains only about 160,000 of them.

The white man had taken over most of their water holes, disrupted their hunting and trading habits, and occupied their lands. They had been reduced from a proud and independent race to mere bands of wandering beggars.

They travelled light as belongings and personal property would only be an encumbrance to them. They

wore little or no clothing and needed none. The climate was always warm and dry. However, whenever they came by the towns, such as Coolgardie, they were required to wear clothing if they wished to enter the limits of the town. And so they would appear at our doors in the most outlandish outfits made out of cast-off clothing, to beg for food. They would come by about two or three times a year. The men sometimes carried a boomerang or a spear, and a wommera or spear thrower. In addition one might carry some kind of primitive bucket or pot carved out of a tree trunk containing food.

The women carried their babies on their backs and odd household effects on their person. All these meagre items represented their entire worldly goods. All except for their dingos. These wise and clever beasts apparently brought to Australia as pets and hunting partners by the original Asian ancestors of the aborigines were true dogs. They had wolf-like faces, bushy tails, and were usually a tawny or reddish-brown colour and of medium size. They followed their masters wherever they went. They loved to chase and bring down sheep and cattle for the sport of it. The settlers had fixed a bounty on their heads. We children were mortally afraid of them for they were very fierce with strangers.

On one occasion we had a fascinating if terrifying experience when we attended a native "Corroboree" near Coolgardie. Father blamed himself for giving in to our pleas and taking us along with Mother to witness this aboriginal celebration. It was a day-long ceremony of feasting and dancing at which the natives showed off their manly prowess and performed various feats of strength and endurance, and I believe it concerned mainly rites of puberty for the younger men of the tribe as no native women were allowed to attend or to watch. How we obtained permission to be present is beyond me. We gazed in awe as the natives, garbed in their tribal headdress and costumes, their faces daubed with paint, jumped through fire, went into frenzied dances, competed individually or in groups, tossed the boomerangs from one to the other, made impossible jumps through the air while dancing around to the thump of their drums and screaming and shrieking so that we were scared out of our wits. Father had to rush us away before we became frightened to death. We never went back to see another Corroboree.

Among these aborigines life was treated very cheaply. The women for example had their babies by simply interrupting their nomadic trek and going off into the bush to give birth. I recall one day seeing a mother go by carrying what looked like a newborn baby in her arms. The faces of both mother and child were dirty and covered with flies and I could have sworn she had just given birth in the nearby dusty scrub and was making haste to catch up with the rest of her tribe, which meanwhile had continued on its way. If a child or an

oldster fell seriously sick or was unable to keep up with the others, he or she was just as likely to be abandoned by the wayside.

That is apparently what happened to our Amy. Her mother had decided that she was too sick to live, and had left her to die in the salt bush.

Under our mother's loving care and our constant attention and assistance, for to us Amy was a living doll to be cuddled and caressed, and we looked after her as if she was our own flesh and blood, she made a rapid recovery. At first there were difficulties in communication, for she spoke only her native language. But she was bright and soon she was picking up English words and before she was on her feet, we were talking with her. When she was well enough she joined us in all our activities, she slept with us, played with us and for all intents and purposes she became a sixth little Griffith girl in our household. Before long she spoke English as well as we did.

For almost two years, until the time that we were planning to move on to Kalgoorlie, she lived with us as one of our own family. And then one day, after a band of aborigines had passed through the area on the previous day, we found that Amy was gone. Somebody remembered seeing her speaking to the blacks when they came by the house on the previous day. At supper she had seemed preoccupied, and in the morning she was no longer there. We were all very sad and felt that we had lost a sister. We never saw her again. However, we never forgot her and, as far as I am concerned, I have always felt a kinship with my black brothers and sisters during my long lifetime for whenever I look at them I am reminded of my own dear sister Amy.

Our social life was never very exciting at any time in Coolgardie, even after the town began to expand and the newcomers to take over and make their presence felt in our midst. When an invitation was received on very official looking paper requesting the presence of "Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arthur Griffith at a reception in Perth to meet their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of York," (later King George and Queen Mary), we were all most excited and impressed. Father and Mother were delighted. It seemed the invitation was extended only to those gentry in this colony whose names appeared in Burke's Peerage. So there was some use after all to being related to aristocratic families! Or was there? Mother and Father could not possibly afford the formal clothes and other expenses involved in setting out for Perth to welcome their future majesties.

However we were all very flattered. It confirmed what Father had always been telling us, that we were very special people, not like the rest of the poor devils with whom we had daily contacts. "They are not even worthy of tying your shoe-laces," he would repeat to us. And we believed him. It was utter nonsense, of course, but it had

one advantage: No matter how badly things went we always believed in our destiny and never had an inferiority complex. The invitation from their Highnesses was duly installed by Mother in a place of honour where we all could see it upon entering our humble abode, a sort of consolation for our lack of more material advantages.

It was just as well we could feel superior because other people in Coolgardie were beginning to make money and show signs of prosperity. The money did not seem to be flowing our way even though Dad was a tireless worker and did his utmost to give Mother and ourselves all we needed.

When Christmastime came around it was decided to throw a community Christmas party for all the children. Each family was to put up its own tree and decorations and give out presents at the same time. Then there was to be a great Christmas dinner for all and sundry. On this occasion Father, assisted by a tiny toddler who could hardly walk (our brother Heck) and some close friends, had gone far out into the bush and found a gum tree. It was the only one that closely resembled a Christmas tree. And so each family had its own gum tree. We were quite conscious that the presents our parents had prepared for us under the tree were hardly as fancy as those of some of our more successful neighbours who could afford to send to Perth for the latest creations. Not that any of us had the slightest pangs of jealousy. After all, we were Griffiths, and these poor people could not hope to attain that exalted station in life. I could not help feeling however, that Santa Claus for some reason was not pleased with us. Otherwise he would have brought us presents that were more suitable for Griffith children.

In those days, when Australia was still a colony and people had not yet put down roots deep into the Australian soil, it was the custom to refer to the Old Country as "home." One did not say "Are you going to England (or Scotland, or Wales, etc.) for a visit?" but rather "Are you going home?"

So, in like manner a Christmas dinner was a dinner that we could expect to have enjoyed "at home" with the Yulelog in the fireplace, snow with icicles on the porch, and the pond frozen over. In other words, a hot turkey dinner with condiments, hot vegetables of all kinds followed by a delicious hot plum pudding soaked down with the best of hot toddies or hot drinks if you will. And all of this in a temperature which seldom fell below one-hundred-and-ten degrees at Christmastime! Happily, the new generation of Australians have adopted a more sensible attitude and a suitable cold fare is now the custom at Christmastime.

One Christmas, Father decided to have a Christmas dinner of roast duck. We were really too young to understand that the six little ducklings he purchased were destined sooner or later to grace our dining table. We found them to be great playmates and quickly fell in love

with them. One in particular, the largest and most active one, became our favourite and we nicknamed him "Ducky." Our greatest pleasure was to feed the ducks and especially Ducky. If one of us was feeding him and another called him by name at the same time, he would respond immediately, drop what he was doing and scurry towards the last one to call out "Ducky come here." Sometimes the poor little thing almost lost its mind running around in circles at mealtime. Like all children, we could be really cruel without realizing it. We thought it was great fun and we always rewarded him with a big kiss at the end. In no time he had become one of the family.

Consequently, when Christmas dinner rolled around, and a large fowl appeared on the table, none of us had the slightest suspicion that it may be our beloved Ducky. When one of us mentioned how appetizing the big turkey looked on the table, Mother said: "That is not a turkey, dear, it is a duck!"

On hearing this news five little pairs of eyes opened wide with dismay, and we all looked at one another with growing consternation. "Which duck is it Mother?" one of us dared to ask finally. "Why, it is the biggest. The one you called Ducky," she said.

An explosion of grief rocked the Christmas dinner atmosphere. Neither parent had considered the fatal consequences of serving up our favourite playmate as a yuletide meal, although they had made sure we were out of sight while preparations were going on for plucking and for roasting the fowl, not to speak of twisting its neck.

We were inconsolable. We all burst into tears and rushed away from the dining table and out into the desert, and we categorically refused to eat a bite of our cherished friend Ducky.

Mother could not understand all the fuss and said it was nonsense to spoil a holiday feast in this manner. But Father, who had tears of sympathy in his own eyes, understood our feelings and tried to reason with us. "Look children," he said finally, "Wipe your tears. We won't eat poor Ducky, we will give him a proper funeral!" And that is what we did. The roasted carcass was wrapped in paper and solemnly interred in the sand. To prevent marauding animals from digging it up, Father covered the burial site with large stones and we children gathered flowers and reverently planted them on the grave. We were grateful to Father for his understanding of our feelings and we felt that the memory of our late playmate had been suitably honoured. Thereafter no more ducks appeared on the table and we never again served duck in our home. That is, officially, for I had a lingering suspicion some of Mother's excellent stews that we later consumed with much relish contained duck meat, especially when the five survivors gradually disappeared and were no longer to be found pecking around our tent home, but I dared not ask Mother and anyway, by that

time the whole incident had been forgotten.

The tale of Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie is sometimes referred to as "The Tale of Two Camps," the "Old Camp" and the "New Camp." Gold was found in the new camp, Kalgoorlie, soon after the first strikes were made in Coolgardie, and the railroad took little time to jump the twenty-five mile gap which separated the towns and open the floodgates of humanity to this newer mining centre. However, there was one vital difference between the two cities. In Kalgoorlie, the veins ran deep and attracted the large mining companies. In Coolgardie, the ore was alluvial and only on the surface and it was quickly mined out. Kalgoorlie was obviously destined for greater things and Father realized that. For a year before we moved, he busied himself making preparations and sometimes he would slip off on his own to visit the "New Camp." Already events were beginning to bypass Coolgardie; the new city was growing much faster and had assumed the leadership of the goldfields. The new water pipeline was scheduled to terminate at Kalgoorlie and from there branch pipelines would distribute the precious flow to the lesser mining communities in the area. All the elements of a goldfield boom were present in Kalgoorlie but there they had a more permanent look.

As we found out later, Father had not been wasting his time. He had arranged for a much better position in Kalgoorlie, and he had secured a pleasant house with floors, doors, windows with real glass window-panes and real furniture. In addition, he had rented an impressive office at 101 Main Street in Kalgoorlie. Over the door in large letters would stand a sign with the words: "E.A. Griffith" and under it "Mining Attorney."

And one day the secret was out: We would be moving to Kalgoorlie.

Like most things in life, the day fixed for our departure from Coolgardie was upon us before we even knew it. I am sure Father and Mother were not sorry to bid adieu to Coolgardie and to see the last of our humble tent dwelling. We children had been very happy there but we had no real regrets about passing on to better things and greater adventures. My only sorrow was to have to say goodbye to my beloved Sister Gertrud. It was my first hard lesson that life is always arranging to tear you away from those you love and cherish most.

One morning old Harry showed up with his scraggy horse and ancient cart. We all climbed up and took our places on the wooden benches and board seats that rattled in the rear. Our trunks were loaded and we set off for the station with one long parting look at our former home. Father made a final gesture which I am sure gave him some pleasure. As we left, he donated to old Harry, for all his faithful services over the years as our handyman, our tent home including all the contents and furniture, even to the wood-burning stove and the outhouse.

On the train to Kalgoorlie, we were packed in like sardines with a hoard of settlers, mostly men, who in their turn were following the same trail we had journeyed on camelback some four years previously. As we chugged along towards our new home and a new adventure, it was the month of October 1898; the Boer War would soon be upon us and the century would shortly come to an end.

One last word about Coolgardie. The time was twenty-five years later. My daughter Alphonsine, then nine years of age, and I were on a visit from Canada to my parents in Australia. The train stopped for a few minutes at Coolgardie. Except for some fossickers and derelicts in the streets, it was a ghost town. I pointed out to my

daughter the empty houses rattling in the wind, the buildings without roofs, the desolate streets and grass-overgrown footpaths, the whole place looking like a no-man's land after some fearful battle, and I said to her "Alphonsine, I remember this town when it was bustling with glamour, excitement and activity. There were twenty-six hotels in the town, two stock exchanges and a Main Street that rivalled any modern town; we even had horse races, and more than 20,000 people called these streets home where now there is nobody. This is Coolgardie where your mother passed some of the happiest days of her childhood." I had a few tears in my eyes as I said these words.

IV

Kalgoorlie

In which the author finally begins to appreciate the fruits of civilization.

A hillock christened Mount Charlotte by some unknown wanderer dominates a region of low, scrub-covered hills about 25 miles due east of Coolgardie. Under normal circumstances nobody would ever notice it except that here, on the morning of June 16th 1893, three roving Irishmen appropriately named Paddy Hannan, Flanagan, and Shea stumbled across some good showings of free gold and began to fill their bags with nuggets. After drawing lots, Paddy was chosen and promptly despatched in the direction of Coolgardie to file their claim to an acre of land, and the others remained to guard the find.

Every time a new claim was thus filed, it was required by law to post a notice thereof outside the warden's tent in Coolgardie.

It had already become commonplace for the good citizens of Coolgardie to see optimistic prospectors setting off daily in all directions for new areas of staking and nobody could safely predict which one would turn out to be the lucky strike, so the notice which appeared on the morrow about the claim filed by the three Irishmen at Mount Charlotte would hardly have caused much stir if word of the high-grade samples carried by Paddy had not gotten out, whereupon a minor stampede was on.

According to Paddy himself there were no less than 1500 men camped around his find by the end of that week.

This was the beginning of the city which became Kalgoorlie. Its progress was slow in the early days. Here the "poor man's" alluvial deposits were not as plentiful nor as rewarding as at Coolgardie. Not until several years later, when the drills had discovered what lay underneath the surface in that ancient sea-bed of Kilgarnia, which is even older than our famous Canadian Precambrian Shield, did Kalgoorlie come into its own and assume the role of capital city of all the Eastern Goldfields.

At first it was called "Hannan's Find." By February 1895 there were 3,000 men working on the site and many problems of health were plaguing the inhabitants. It was decided to proclaim it a town in order to benefit from the Public Health Act. This would generate the funds to establish a hospital.

"Hannan's Find" or even "Hannan's Town" did not seem to curry much favour as a name for the new town. The search was on for an appropriate name and once again the aborigines were consulted. They pointed out the native name for an edible species of silky pear that grew throughout the district. It sounded like "Kalgoorlie." This spelling was finally adopted and officially chosen as the name of the new mining town.

Hannan was not forgotten however, and his name was perpetuated when the main street of the new town was named after him. Much later on, a life-size statue of Paddy in bronze was acquired by the city and installed on his street near the fountain opposite the City Hall.

As the new town began to take shape, the private contractors building the railway between Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie must have worked overtime knowing full well that they had a concession on the operation of the trains and that as soon as the line was completed the tidal wave of materials and human cargo, which had amazed us earlier, would spread over into the Kalgoorlie area and inundate the open spaces around Mount Charlotte. This gap was closed in hardly more than six months. By the end of 1896, the rush of migrants was on and the first trains were leaving Coolgardie.

When Father decided to literally shake off the dust of Coolgardie some three years later, and we finally embarked on the train to join the migration towards the "New Camp," nearly 30,000 souls had already found a place for themselves at Kalgoorlie, or in its twin, Boulder City, or in their suburbs.

We were going to live in a brand new suburb about

two miles from the center of Kalgoorlie. It was called Lamington Heights and our house was only the third to be built there. Before very long the whole place was to build up and we would be surrounded with new homes on all sides.

None of us, not even Mother, had been let into the secret of what Father was up to. We knew of course that he was making frequent trips to the New Camp to prepare a new home for us, but he gave no hint of the pleasant surprise he had in store for his family. It was as if our daddy was determined to make amends for not living up to Mother's expectations in the past.

Our bungalow-type cottage was so adorable that our inspection tour of this new home, which Father personally supervised with obvious relish, elicited exclamations of joy and delight as each new surprise was unveiled. We had never anticipated anything like it.

At the time I was too young to ponder over or inquire how Father could possibly have financed all of this, not to mention the private schooling he was shortly to insist on for all his children. He had spared no expense to have the house built for our comfort. The walls and the "real" floors were made from the jarrah tree, an Australian eucalyptus hardwood tree resembling mahogany. It was the only wood to resist the termite pests that plagued the wood houses of the goldfields.

The roof was made out of stretched hessian cloth with eavestroughs to catch the rainwater and store it in a four-hundred-gallon tank installed under the eaves. It had real windows with long narrow glass panes. The doors swung on hinges and were made of the same jarrah wood.

The building was erected on solid wooden poles driven into the soil and the floor was built well above ground level. The roof and the floors protruded beyond the walls to form a veranda that ran around most of the building. It had a small wooden railing with gates and wide wooden stairs leading down to the ground at both the front and rear of the house. This veranda or gallery served as additional living space. In fact it was most times our sitting-room area. It was supported all the way around by square wooden posts crowned with elaborate wooden capitals surmounted by a brace of wooden arms or supports attached to the overhanging roof. It was partly screened in to keep out the insects. When water finally arrived, the front part of this gallery became our "cool room" and one side was closed off and converted into our first bathroom. Our cool room was constructed on the principle of the "Coolgardie Safe." This was the name given to the home-made cooler which every household used to store food in those early days before electricity.

The cooler was a box. Its four wooden legs stood in a water tray to foil the ants. There was another water tray on top with

flannel drip-rags hanging over the side to siphon the cool water down the hessian or chaff-bag covered sides. It was the only way we had to keep our food for any period in those days.

Obviously it was not very effective for preserving meat but our meat was mostly canned, anyway. Fresh meat came later with electricity.

Using this principle, part of our front veranda was made into a cool room completely enclosed on all sides by six inches of broken charcoal held in close-meshed wire netting. An overhead dripping tap sent water trickling through the charcoal, giving moisture to the hot dry winds and providing us with a place to seek some relief when the temperatures soared over the 110 degree mark.

The bathroom, when it was finally installed, was the greatest single improvement in our living conditions that our young imaginations could have dreamed up in those years. We actually had hot running water and a real life-size porcelain bathtub, imported from Scotland. Of course there were certain drawbacks which the modern young lady would probably find somewhat tiresome. In order to obtain hot water it was necessary to spend some time fuelling the small wood stove that supplied heat to the water tank. One had to take great care not to set our wooden house on fire, but the utter luxury of having our own bath in our own special bathwater can only be described in terms of rapture.

There were other interesting improvements over our Coolgardie style of living, such as real beds with springs, spanking new furniture imported from Perth, built-in cupboards for our clothes, even wallpaper. Father had chosen the colours and I found them atrocious, but I never dared to tell him so: He was so proud to point out all the little touches he had put into the house to provide for our needs and comfort.

Around the house a six-foot-high wooden picket fence had been built which surrounded us and shut us off from the rest of the world but still left us with a sizeable interior yard where Father later added separate quarters for the girls and a lovely garden when water finally came to Kalgoorlie. The kitchen was a separate structure within this yard and was joined to the house by a covered walkway. It boasted a shining new iron wood stove and a high red-brick chimney.

Built into the picket fence were two sturdy gates which opened inwards and were latched from the inside.

The last formality at every nightfall was to see that these gates were securely locked. It was somewhat similar to the ritual of raising the castle drawbridge at dusk or closing the gates of the walled city for the night. When the ceremony was performed, we were safe and sound inside our citadel, secure from the dangers that lurked outside.

One of these gates was located next to the sleeping

quarters that Father had built for us. One night a drunken loiterer awakened us by knocking on the gate. When he attempted to break in I well remember a flurry of young ladies in their nightgowns scrambling over to call on Father for help. He made short shrift of the intruder.

We christened our new home "Millicent" after the estate where Grandfather Griffith had been brought up in the Old Country, and where Father had stayed in his youth.

There were still some inconveniences we had to live with, however. Our new furniture was unfortunately of ordinary wood and the termites were quick to find it out. It was quite difficult to spot them for they assumed the same color as the wood. Father discovered this when he sat on his favorite arm chair and the leg collapsed under his weight to reveal an unsuspected colony of termites busy at work.

There was also our outdoor toilet at the back of the yard. Even after the water came we never attained the luxury of a water system for our toilet and sewage disposal. This happened only after I left Kalgoorlie. We continued to use sand and ashes. It was a very distasteful process, viewed in hindsight, although in those days we took it as a matter of course. Later on, a municipal system to carry away the toilet waste was introduced. It consisted of using old oil cans under the two-seater holes which were removed once or twice a week by "night men" as they were called, who replaced the cans with empty ones. Sometimes they arrived without warning and on one occasion, when I was sitting comfortably in the dark, the night man opened the door from the back to remove the oil cans and scared the life out of me. I ran in terror to the house.

One serious drawback to our otherwise delirious happiness in our new quarters was this continuing lack of water. The pipeline from Perth would take almost another four years to finally reach us and in the meantime we lived on hope and with the firm conviction that some day soon it would reach us. We still had to cherish our water supply and pay very dearly for it.

Shortly after our arrival in Kalgoorlie we had the first of several visitors from among our Griffith kin in far-off Eastern Australia. Uncle Cottingham was the first to show up and make the acquaintance of his many nieces and nephew. He really came to bid adieu to his long-lost brother before setting off for the other end of the world. The Boer War had just erupted. It was the first time this question of war had arisen to disturb the peace and quiet of our daily lives, but it was not to be the last time as far as I was concerned. It appeared that many of our young men and relatives including Uncles Cott and Burgh and their cousin Hussey Burgh Macartney had joined up and were soon to take off to serve the cause of the Empire in South Africa. Macartney was wounded at the relief of Ladysmith but all came home to their families after distin-

guishing themselves in action. Uncle Cott looked very handsome in his officer's uniform and I am convinced Father would have loved to dress up in uniform also and join his brothers on their heroic mission overseas to avenge the atrocities we were reading about in the papers. How is it that there are always atrocities being committed by the enemy which are clamouring to be revenged by our own side? Luckily for us our Daddy was pretty well saddled down with his numerous obligations at home, including the six of us and Mother and there wasn't much chance of his becoming a hero. We found Uncle Cott a little distant in his attitude towards us. He didn't pay much attention to his pretty little nieces but the poor man was probably already fighting his future battles.

On another occasion Uncle Walter came to visit us. He was setting off for New Zealand to start a new life there and it was the last time my father or any of us were to see him. It seems he did quite well as a sheep farmer but he never married and left all his fortune to the Salvation Army. I sometimes wondered whether our visiting uncles might not be carrying secret messages from their mother to bring about a reconciliation between her and Father but nothing was ever said to us about it.

After living in our new home in Kalgoorlie for a couple of years we had the occasion to rejoice over the advent of a new wonder: electricity.

The electric lines carrying their mysterious burden finally reached our house and for the first time we could now turn on a light and illuminate the interior of our home without the fuss and bother of igniting a kerosene lamp or a candle. There were of course no appliances or fixtures in those days. Our "electricity" consisted of a few bulbs hanging from wires. No one was allowed to turn on an electric light without Mother's permission. And it was unheard of to leave on a light if there was no need for it. This was drilled into us to such an extent that even today I still feel uneasy to leave a room empty with a light burning unnecessarily.

After the electric lights came the electric tramways. Between 1901 and 1903 tramway tracks were built between Kalgoorlie and Boulder City. From Lamington Heights we had only a short walk to catch the nearest tramway. Now we began to feel that we were entering the modern age. We girls could catch the tramway and go shopping on Hannan street in the centre of town. The city fathers or local entrepreneurs had somehow cajoled a number of first-class masons to come out from the Old Country and set up their trade in Kalgoorlie. Many fine Victorian buildings built of brick or red stone were erected along our main street. The latter stones were carved out of the excellent red granite to be found in the region. We began to be very proud of our town.

At this time our hopes for water and the very future of the Goldfields were in the hands of two men without whose initiative and determination the Great Water Scheme would never have been realized. One was Sir John



The main street in Kalgoorlie.

Forrest, the Prime Minister of Western Australia. By his eloquence and his enthusiasm he had convinced Parliament to vote the necessary funds to begin construction of the project.

It was not a popular move nor one likely to win votes for his party. Against fierce opposition he showed great statesmanship by supporting the water scheme and thereby earned the blessing and gratitude of future generations of Goldfielders. The chief engineer, Charles Y. O'Connor, was the other man who made the project a reality.

The engineering problems were enormous. It was necessary to construct a huge catch basin or reservoir called Mundaring Weir in the Darling Ranges, on the outskirts of Perth. From there the water was to be pumped up some 1290 feet over 308 miles by eight steam-driven pumping stations until it reached a main distributing reservoir on a high point of land 45 miles from Kalgoorlie. The water would then descend by gravity the distance to Kalgoorlie and to the other towns in the vicinity.

The pipeline took five years to build. During this time O'Connor was under constant attack from powerful interests opposed to the completion of the project. Even his integrity and professional competence were questioned in a hostile press controlled by the anti-Water Supply Scheme lobby. Nevertheless O'Connor continued to labour on incessantly in order to overcome all the technical problems and in the process he wore himself out.

By January 1903 the Goldfields Water Supply Scheme was completed. It was and still is one of the greatest hydraulic engineering works in the world.

The formal opening of the water works was scheduled for the afternoon of the 24th of January 1903. At that time I was already attending private school in Perth. Happily we were home on our two month's summer vacations at Christmas time.

Looking through our train windows as we travelled to and from Perth, we could not fail to spot the huge pipelines hugging the railroad tracks. Everybody was talking about the impending completion of the water supply-line. Contractors and plumbers were doing a roaring business installing mains and connections to the houses and we had already made preparations to be one of the first lucky families to turn on a tap in our own



Mundaring Weir 1911.

house.

The hero of the hour was the Prime Minister and he was coming to Kalgoorlie to inaugurate the first flow of water. A great celebration was planned and Father was determined that we should not be left out. It was to be a memorable event in our lives.

Father arranged for a carriage to take us out to Mount Charlotte where the Kalgoorlie reservoir had been installed and where the inauguration ceremony was to take place. Mother made sure we would all be dressed in our newest finery and prepared a suitable lunch with refreshments.

The whole town as well as Boulder City and the suburbs took on a festive air. Chinese lanterns and

coloured lights were strung along the main streets and everybody prepared to travel or walk out to Mount Charlotte to witness the event. It was one of those terribly hot summer days with the temperature hovering over 110 degrees Fahrenheit. We were grateful to Mother for insisting we take along our parasols.

The immense crowd had assembled around the huge circular cement reservoir dug deep into the flank of Mount Charlotte. Everywhere flags and bunting had been strung up on poles. Bands were playing as we arrived on the scene and the excitement in the air was unbearable.

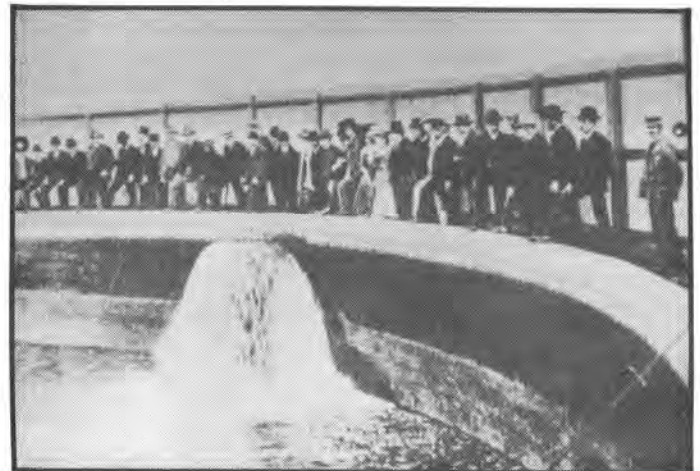
We all took turns to struggle through the milling crowds and approach the rim of the reservoir to gaze down into the interior where an enormous black pipe, the terminal of the pipe-line, was standing ready, awaiting instructions to begin disgorging the first precious drops of liquid to flow into our reservoir.

The press of people around the rim of the reservoir was frightening and most of us elected to come back and stay with Mother in the carriage until the great moment arrived.

Something seemed to have gone wrong, however, as the water failed to appear. One hour stretched to two. Finally, towards the end of the third hour of waiting in the unbearable heat the visiting dignitaries began nervously mopping their foreheads and the crowd began to get restless. Some remembered the dire predictions of many newspapers that the water would evaporate or leak out before it ever reached the Kalgoorlie reservoir. We began to glance at one another askance. Was our dream to turn to naught after so much anticipation?

Suddenly a sound that arose as a murmur swelled into a roar and everybody tried to get closer to see what was going on.

The wonderful water had begun to spray out of the inlet pipe and was settling on the floor of the reservoir, the first of more than 5,000,000 gallons of water that was to start flowing in every day.



The water is turned on at Kalgoorlie.

Pandemonium broke loose. People simply lost their heads. Some knelt down and ostentatiously prayed their thanks to God. Others began weeping. Many danced insanely around, kissing anybody in sight and chanting monotonously the words "Water! Water! Water!"

The bands gave forth with hefty blasts and hats, sticks and parasols were thrown through the air in all directions. Some fell into the reservoir and had to be fished out.

Those who could see watched as a tin mug was lowered into the reservoir and filled with water. Then all cheered when Sir John and Lady Forrest drank the first cup of water.

We children had every reason to be as excited as our elders. It was the beginning of a new era in our young lives and we were acutely conscious of what water would mean to us. Now we would be able to drink when we were thirsty without asking for permission and take baths as often as we wanted. Father would be able to start on the garden he had dreamed of for so long. We would grow our own vegetables and no longer pay such exorbitant prices for the imported produce.

It is hard for me to adequately describe the subsequent impact on the Goldfields after the arrival of the water pipeline. Not only did it make life so much more bearable and transform a veritable desert into fertile countryside, but it arrived at a time when the available mineralized wells were running out and it saved the life of the Eastern Goldfields.

Late that afternoon we joined the tired and happy throng as it wended its way citywards. It was getting dark and the crowds dancing in the streets were the largest Hannan Street had ever seen or ever is likely to see. Sprinklers were turned on in the streets. At the reservoir coloured lights played on the fountains of water for all to see. The festivities continued into the wee hours of the morning, long after we children had been ushered home to bed.

We had witnessed the greatest day in the history of Kalgoorlie and Boulder City or for that matter of the entire Goldfields.

One sad footnote on this great day concerned our benefactor O'Connor, the engineer responsible for it all. He had been under severe strain for some time, unjustly attacked by opponents of the scheme and accused of profiteering. In the moment of victory the strain was too much and he took his own life.

Today his statue looks over the busy port of Fremantle and all his fellow countrymen render him the homage he so justly deserves!

* * * * *

News of important happenings like the Boer War and the death of Queen Victoria managed to penetrate

into the seclusion of our sanctuary from the outside world but they didn't have much impact on us. We knew that many important events were taking shape and that decisions were being made that would affect our future. We heard about Western Australia finally deciding to join the Australian Federation and later on as citizens of a Greater Australia we were very pleased to be linked with our relatives out east as common citizens of one immense country. But within the confines of our citadel we were protected by Father from the evils of the outside world and spent most of our time there. He would rarely permit us to go off and do things on our own as do the young people of today.

Father and Mother enjoyed very little social life of any kind except their own company within our family circle. They both preferred the simple things in life and Father's main hobby was his gardening. It kept him busy during most of his leisure hours.

My relationship with Mother had never been very good and I always got along much better with Father. I do not know whether Mother was jealous of me because Father paid so much attention to me or if she continued to resent the special status which Connie and I had enjoyed when we lived with Granny Griffith but Mother and I had certainly drifted apart. For one reason, I had never forgiven her after an episode a few years earlier which concerned my belief in Santa Claus. A young friend of mine had told me that no such person existed and made fun of my belief in Old Santa. I was quite upset and sought advice from Mother. "Of course there is a Santa Claus," she answered, and I believed her implicitly, although I was already nine years of age, which shows how naïve we children were at the time. As a result I broke off with this friend and never spoke to her again. Later when I discovered the truth, I didn't forgive Mother and I could not believe anything she said thereafter. One has to be so careful in dealing with inquiring young minds and learn never to answer their probing questions without thinking. And then both Connie and I resented Mother's treatment of Alice as her favourite daughter. Whenever she was invited anywhere or needed somebody to accompany her she always chose Alice and left the two of us out of it.

As time went on however Alice and Connie gravitated together and became more like the twins; both were outgoing and much more sophisticated than I was. They made friends so very easily while I preferred to be a loner and spend my time with the younger ones. I loved to take care of little Heck and I honestly believe he cared for me more than anybody else in the family. He was always asking for me. Such a darling little fellow, and he and Father got along very well, too.

Together they built a bird-house high in a tree Father planted in our yard. Shortly afterwards Heck came running in excitedly to report a bird's nest with five

eggs that soon turned into five tiny birds: They became the private and joint daily concern of father and son. Although they were good pals this didn't prevent Father from chastizing his son when he was naughty and deserved it.

One day Father returned home to find the bird-house with its contents flat on the ground. "We are no longer partners," said Heck to Father, because "You scolded me yesterday?" The four-year-old had climbed up the tree and carried down the bird-house. I am happy to say that Father saw it in the right spirit and they made up. The birds were back up the tree in their bird-house that same day.

On another occasion Father took all of his children out for a walk in the bush and we got lost. We were just resigned to spending the night out in the open under the stars when a search party organized by Mother finally found us just as dark was coming on. I hadn't been worried for a minute during our long trek through the sand hills and scrub forests for we were in Father's hands and so long as we were with him nothing could happen to us.

Our life at this time in Kalgoorlie was pleasant, uneventful and devoid of any serious complications. Like all young people we had soon forgotten the hardships of our years in Coolgardie and we began to appreciate and look forward to growing up in a city which was just beginning to come into its own and where everything appeared new and exciting.

We enjoyed the novelty of living in close proximity to neighbouring families with children of our own age. Girlfriends and even young boyfriends fell into the habit of dropping into our compound and the children's quarters which Father had erected often resounded to the enthusiastic clamour of youth. Of course we would never have thought of doing anything that our parents disapproved of and all of these juvenile activities were extremely proper and innocent.

Connie, Alice and I had grown into attractive teenage young ladies although we still liked to wander around everywhere in our bare feet. It was the fad among all the young people who were our friends and then the weather was always mild and the ground warm and soft. There were no pavements as yet. But we finally had to get some shoes, especially when we began to attend social functions and sometimes we needed them for school.

By instinct and upbringing Father was naturally against the public school system. He had arranged for us to attend a private school organized by the wife of a Church of England clergyman. This was pretty much of a disaster. She had no qualifications whatsoever to teach and we learned nothing. She could not even answer the simplest questions we put to her. It was only a matter of

snobbishness as far as the parents who sent their children to this school were concerned. The public school was infinitely better. This became evident when every single one of her pupils failed the simple government exam papers except for three girls who had just transferred from the public school and joined our private one. It decided Father to transfer us albeit reluctantly to a local day school that had recently been started by an order of Church of England sisters. It was an off-shoot of the Church of England's Teaching Order for girls in Perth called Perth College.

Father, who was very Low Church, considered these sisters (with their High Church antics) to be nearly as bad as the Catholics. I loved them. There was one sister, Sister Susannah Nelson, the grand-niece of Admiral Lord Horatio Nelson himself, who was a very special friend of mine. She was a great sport and so humble, she would perform the most menial tasks around the convent school with good cheer. Sister Susannah Nelson lived on to a ripe old age and was still active and doing good work at Perth College in the 1940's. These sisters were all ladies of good families who had a vocation and had come from the Old Country to do missionary work teaching in the outposts of the colonies. Unfortunately I probably liked them too much for my own good, for Father began talking about sending us to a posh private school in Perth. I suspect he imagined we were being fed too many High Church religious ideas.

One day the complacency of our peaceful existence was shattered by a startling announcement from Father at supper-time. It burst upon us without any previous warning and it took our breath away.

The three oldest girls would leave at once to attend a private school in Perth. It was run by three genteel spinsters, the Misses Nesbitt. We were not asked our opinion about this decision and we would not have expected to be consulted. Father had made up his mind.

The days that followed were hectic ones indeed as we hustled and bustled around town with Mother to prepare ourselves and our wardrobes for going away to school and before we realized it the time had come to bid farewell to Mother and our young sisters and brother. It was the first break-up in our family since we had rejoined Father. At least he was accompanying us to see that we arrived safely at school.

When the Perth train puffed out of the station in Kalgoorlie one afternoon in the spring of the year 1901 we realized that a new adventure had started for us. The three of us wondered what the future had in store. How would we take to our new life in a strange school among grown-ups and young ladies whom we had never met before?

V Perth

*The author finds her niche in life
but is overruled by her parents.*

Connie and I had turned 13 in May of that year. Alice was exactly 12 months behind but one would never have guessed it. We were like triplets, Seven years, most of our conscious days of childhood, had flown by in the interval between our arrival by camelback in Coolgardie and our departure for Perth by train that day in 1901. Since coming into the Goldfields it was our first opportunity to see the outside world. A short trip by train directly to the beach with Mother two years previously didn't really count as we had seen nothing but sand and water on that occasion. Now we were all naturally excited and eager to make our acquaintance with a world we had come to know only by reports in the newspapers.

A cart road had followed alongside the building of the railroad tracks on their way to Coolgardie but there was little sign of life or human habitation along this road



The water pipeline to Kalgoorlie.

for the first part of our journey. The countryside is bleak, and except for an occasional gum tree raising its head like a ship at sea, there is very little to observe on the horizon.

Eventually all of us, including Father, waxed enthusiastic when we spotted from the windows of the train the huge pipelines under construction that would soon carry our most precious water supply to Kalgoorlie. They followed the right-of-way for mile after mile wending their way backwards towards Mundaring Weir. The truth was that the pumping stations were far from completed and the whole project took two more years before the first drops of water began pouring out from our taps in Kalgoorlie.

The chattering among the three of us hardly let up as the day wore on and the time for our arrival at Perth approached, but Father didn't seem to mind. In fact he seemed to enjoy it. He was always so patient with us.

We had never seen Perth in the daytime and we would have to wait for the chance to do so. Night was nearly upon us as we pulled into the station. Later we would have many years to make the acquaintance of Perth and fall in love with this most delightful of cities. For the meantime we bundled into a horse-drawn cab and set out at a goodly pace for the suburb of Cottesloe where the Misses Nesbitt's school was located, about ten miles from the capital and about one mile from Cottesloe Beach by the ocean. The dusk was falling and the winding country road was framed in a setting of towering old trees and vegetation more luxuriant than anything we had ever been accustomed to. There was a gasp of delight when we finally pulled into the entrance to our new school. The main building was a fine old-fashioned home surrounded by its own park. A large playing field separated it from the new dormitory building where the pupils were lodged.

The grounds appeared to be well kept with flowers and green foliage in the background. The whole appearance of the Nesbitt School was one of a private country

estate.

Our feelings when the time came to say good-bye to Father were mixed. We all loved him so much and hated to be parted from him. On the other hand we were not the slightest bit concerned about facing a new life at boarding school. I really believe that all three of us were looking forward to the new experience of being on our own for the first time. We had one another and we suffered from no complexes whatsoever.

We were well received and were shown our quarters across the playing field. Our dormitory was a small room just big enough for the three of us. Father was reluctant to leave us there but he felt we were in good hands and admonished us to behave ourselves as he kissed each of us goodbye.

The Misses Nesbitt's "Young Ladies' Finishing School" was run by three matronly spinsters, one of whom was much older than the others and seemed to boss the show. They were assisted by a number of women teachers. As pupils, there were about thirty girls ranging in ages from 14 to 19. Most of them were the daughters of well-to-do Western Australians from Perth or the outlying districts of the state. On our arrival we found that we were the youngest girls in the school.

Sending us to this school was a dreadful mistake on the part of Father and Mother, and to this date I don't understand how Father could possibly have afforded it. Not only was the tuition far beyond his means, but we had no preparation whatsoever to fit into the sophisticated entourage of the school.

I am sure that Father was the one who made the decision and Mother went along with him. He was undoubtedly motivated by the desire to see that we had only the "very best," and the Misses Nesbitt's was the most fashionable finishing school for young ladies in the whole of Perth society. We thus fell into the company of a group of young ladies all of whose parents were comfortably off. In addition, most of these older girls had already a good deal of experience in life. They had been sent to the school by their parents to "finish" their education, which probably could be termed more appropriately: "To keep them out of mischief until they were of marriageable age."

If we were not prepared for the school it is safe to say the school was not prepared for us. I can just imagine today what a sensation we must have caused!

It is true that our mother had gone to a great deal of trouble to prepare our wardrobes. She and a friend had laboured for months sewing and getting ready what Mother imagined were suitable clothes for her daughters to wear at school. But Mother hadn't the faintest idea how such young ladies dress or comport themselves at a fashionable finishing school and her idea of "suitable" bordered on the ludicrous.

We were in no time the laughing stocks of the

school. Fortunately, we felt so superior as Griffiths to all the other girls, most of them from families of "nouveaux-riches" that their ridicule was like water off a duck's back.

My dear, darling old Mother. How I am sorry now that I did not try more in those days of my youth to understand you. We could have been much better friends and I could have helped you when you needed me.

It is hard to imagine or conceive of more outrageous garb than those that Mother had dreamed up for us. For nightgowns she had proceeded with utmost precision to cut three holes in squares of cloth. The larger one in the centre was to serve for the head and the two smaller ones on each side for the arms.

These were to be our new bedtime garments. At the first sight of us attired in this outlandish apparel a gale of merriment swept through the dormitories and we became acutely aware that our nightgowns were not up to the latest fashion in Perth social circles.

Fortunately we were able to hide them under our new dressing-gowns and avoid ridicule when we assembled together with the other girls for evening prayers in the chapel.

That is, all except me. Mother had somehow run out of material when she came to finish sewing the third dressing-gown. So she substituted a different colour and type of cloth to complete the garment. Unluckily for me, this became mine.

During prayer sessions the girls couldn't resist calling me to turn around. If I responded it was to be greeted by the snickers of the girls when they could see the fancy patchwork on the right shoulder of my dressing-gown. I couldn't have cared less but it was annoying to be the butt of mockery from persons we considered to be of an inferior class to ourselves.

More concerned with their own reputation than with our feelings, the Misses Nesbitt prevailed upon Father to let them acquire for us suitable dresses to be worn only on "social occasions," which meant when the public was present at school activities.

We were not allowed to wear these dresses on other occasions when the girls dressed up and as a result we stood out like sore thumbs with Mother's home-made outfits.

There was no question about it. We were three country "bumpkins" from the "sticks." How much more remote an area could one find in those days than the Goldfields? Most of our lives till then had been spent out there as pioneers living under canvas. One can truthfully say that we knew very little about anything that the average young lady of the times was presumed to know and we must have appeared as pretty rough diamonds indeed, entirely out of place in this select finishing school.

Mother never really pretended to be very socially

inclined. Even though Father had an excellent upbringing and he was very strict on most matters and insisted on the "proper thing to do," there are those things that the Mother must pass on to the children when the father is away all day, and I am afraid that our mother was remiss in doing this on some occasions.

We took all our meals in the main building and proper table manners were strictly enforced.

Happily our teacher, a sweet girl by the name of Miss Brookings, whom we loved very much, took us quietly aside one day and gave us a few tips on proper table manners and the use of various pieces of cutlery. Our pride was hurt but we really appreciated what she did and were quick to catch on.

Being the youngest and knowing absolutely nothing about life, the older girls took advantage of us.

In those days the English system of "fags" had survived in the colony. According to this tradition, new pupils are expected to run errands and generally act in a menial capacity at the whim of the older girls.

Some of these older girls were friendly towards us and we were fond of them. Others were not, especially a group of six daughters of newly-rich families. They occupied a dormitory together. They were common girls, wild and vulgar, and they bossed us continually.

We were not fond of them but we really didn't mind too much acting as their fags. Especially as they used to give us plenty of "lollies," (this was the word we used to refer to sweets as the word "candy" was not in our vocabulary in those days), or other little gifts which were much appreciated.

Part of our "fagging" duties was to prepare hot baths for these girls. (We called them "the Vulgar Six," but only out of their earshot.)

Both the toilets and the baths had running water, which of course had not yet reached us in Kalgoorlie. The novelty of pulling a chain and watching while the water flushed in the toilet fascinated us for a long time, and we used to sneak into the toilet, close the door and pull the chain on the sly, just to watch the water run.

The bath water had to be heated by a wood stove similar to the one we later installed in our home in Kalgoorlie. We would keep the fire going by feeding it small pieces of wood until the hot water had filled the tub, then we would call the older girl to come and have her bath.

These girls also enlisted our help in breaking the strict rules of the establishment. We were so naive that it took us a long time to catch on that we were accomplices in something illegal.

The dormitory quarters were at some distance from the main building where the teaching staff lodged. There was no supervision in our quarters. We had been put on the strict honour system, and it was made clear to us that no visitors were allowed at any time without permission.

Our "Vulgar Girls" were in the habit of entertaining their boyfriends. The other girls were too intimidated to report on them and quietly disappeared from the scene when this happened.

Our arrival provided the Vulgar Girls with ready-made lookouts to avoid detection when their boyfriends sneaked in to see them. Accordingly we were each provided with a whistle and stationed at three key points overseeing the main building. In the event of a teacher leaving the building and heading in our direction our duty was to blow a warning on the whistle.

This only happened on two occasions and then the boys dove out of the rear windows and made their escape through the woods.

While we were there, these girls were never caught. The fact that we were party to such goings-on shows how stupid and innocent we really were at the time. After we left I heard that the girls were caught red-handed and all dismissed in disgrace.

It was lucky for us that we were so thick-skinned and impervious to insult and ridicule. We were pretty well overlooked and rarely received invitations to social events with the other girls. As a trio we got along well together, we liked the teachers, the food was good and we enjoyed the sports at which we excelled, particularly the swimming. We never missed any excursions when the girls were escorted to Cottesloe Beach. We were not allowed to swim in the ocean for fear of the sharks, but there was a protected pool where Connie and I indulged in our favourite sport and we became good at it as we shall see.

The Misses Nesbitt must have also had their problems with the Vulgar Six. After many months had gone by they moved me alone into the same dormitory as the Vulgar Girls. I couldn't understand why until much later on. The girls had been talking and frolicking around until well past the time for lights out and the Misses Nesbitt hoped my presence would put an end to it. Possibly they counted on me to spill the beans and report to them on what the girls were up to.

"Are you asleep Lucy?" were the last words I remembered each night before falling off to sleep during the first few weeks after I moved in with these girls.

Then one night, when they called out to me, I feigned sleep and they began talking about their boyfriends. I had never heard anybody talk about sex and the facts of life before and I was shocked at the crudeness and immorality of their conversation. Besides, I couldn't quite understand what they were talking about. It all sounded so strange and horrible to me.

I was upset and decided to write to Father about my problem rather than talk to my sisters. Unfortunately all our letters home were censored so I confided in an older girl who was a day boarder and a good friend of mine. She agreed to post the letter on the outside. Three days after he got my letter, Father was at the school to take us

away.

The Misses Nesbitt have long since passed away and I don't know whether the school has carried on. Many years after I left the school, I was driving by with my daughter Alphonsine and I couldn't resist the temptation to pop in and have a look around. Nobody remembered me but I was amused to see on a plaque dedicated to the most distinguished graduates of the school the name of my sister Lady Frances Waldie-Griffith. She had never been near the school.

The same order of lay sisters belonging to the High Church of England whose school I had attended in Kalgoorlie had been operating for some years a boarding school or "convent" called "Perth College" located on the crest of a hill overlooking the estuary of the beautiful Swan River at Perth.

Father took us directly from Misses Nesbitt's to this school and I was to remain there for three very happy years. I loved the quiet refined ladies from the Old Country who were the lay sisters. It was difficult to distinguish them from the nuns of the Catholic Church. They wore uniforms similar to the nuns, without carrying rosaries however, and took similar vows of chastity and poverty. They did not recognize the authority of the Pope but the liturgy of the Church of Rome had been closely preserved in the ritual of the High Church and I enjoyed nothing better than to attend their religious ceremonies.

Here there was no question of the girls competing to outdo one another in style and elegance of dress. We all dressed alike in the same smart type of uniform supplied by the sisters. No pupil was allowed to spend beyond a small weekly allowance which everyone received from their parents via the sisters and all were treated alike.

For the first time in my young life, I was living in a milieu that perfectly suited my temperament and I was superbly happy.

The strict monastic discipline and routine of the convent life did not appeal in the same way to my sisters Connie and Alice. After the first year they pleaded with Father to let them return to the Church of England day school at Kalgoorlie where they could be closer to their boyfriends and lead the easy-going life we had been accustomed to. So my younger sisters, Fancy and Kathy, were sent to fill their place and join me in Perth, and I was very happy to take them under my wing.

There were about one hundred girls attending Perth College of which at least half were day-boarders. Thanks to them and to our frequent trips into Perth we soon got to know the city well. We would attend various artistic and musical events, shepherded through the tree-lined avenues, two by two, in our blue uniforms. But there was no gloom in our hearts and a more joyous group of young girls would be hard to find. The city, standing at the estuary of the Swan River, with its fine old buildings and broad, well-laid-out thoroughfares, had preserved all the

natural beauties of the site. The industrial and commercial sector had been kept well away from the city center and the port facilities were down at Fremantle some miles away. Perth had long claimed to enjoy real Mediterranean-type weather and it was a rare day indeed when we did not see eight hours of sunshine.

About this time the city was celebrating the 75th anniversary of its founding in 1829. It seemed that there was even the odd person still alive who claimed to have landed as a child with Captain Sterling and the first settlers in that same year. But what a transformation had occurred in the normal lifespan of one person! By now the infant colony had become a prosperous city and the population had grown to several hundred-thousand souls. Perth, with its port at Fremantle, had become the key metropolis and trading centre for the vast territory of Western Australia. Alone and quite isolated, (the nearest major city was a continent away in Eastern Australia or across the seas at Singapore) the friendly and enterprising citizens of Perth faced due west towards the seemingly endless expanse of the Indian Ocean with pride and complete confidence in their destiny, and time has since proved them to be right. Only recently when the Australian boat from Perth won the America's Cup, I had several calls from old friends who knew of the connection and at 95 I was proud to claim to be a former "Perthite."

These years I spent with the sisters in Perth were among the happiest of my life. I enjoyed the studies and I was particularly attracted to the painting and art classes. My teacher claimed I was the best prospect to be a real artist and told my parents so, regularly sending home samples of my work for their approval. This was to lead to unexpected consequences later on.

There were few upsets or surprises to disturb our peaceful existence at Perth College. One day followed another and the weeks went by with little variation in our daily routine. It is true that we did have an occasional moment of excitement such as the time a breath of scandal blew our way: One of our most popular sisters ran away with the young clergyman who was teaching us at Sunday School. Of course both were free except that the sister had taken the usual vows and rather than face up to the Sister Superior they preferred to elope. All the girls of my age found it to be a romantic story and we sympathized with the young couple. It was the main topic of conversation for weeks on end.

I was also fond of taking care of the younger girls, including my little sisters, and I gradually realized that I had a vocation to do this type of work. More and more I began to feel that the orderly life-style of the lay sisters was what I wanted to do with my own life.

The older students were sometimes allowed to visit the town without supervision and one day I ran into my friend from Misses Nesbitt's who had posted my letter to Father. She told me how the "Vulgar Girls" had been

expelled from the school. One of them had become pregnant and their escapades had come to light.

When I reported this news to Father, he was quite annoyed at me for using the word "pregnant." "Lucy!" he said, "That is not a word to be used in good society. No lady would ever use that word!"

It is amazing to think how our parents and the previous generations came to be so prim and proper in those Victorian days. "Intolerance," even "narrow-mindedness," are probably better words to describe it. In our days, if you even mentioned that a woman had "a big tummy," as my sister Connie once did in all innocence, you were punished. She was sent to bed without supper and none of us children knew the reason why she had merited this treatment.

I can recall whenever baby Heck was being attended to, if anyone of us girls came close to the baby, Mother or Father were quick to hide his tiny penis from us.

This mentality was not limited to the Protestants. In Quebec during these times Jansenism was just as rampant and it survived long after Victorianism became a thing of the past in Australia. I remember one day, many years ago, in the Catholic Church at Ste. Agathe des Monts, north of Montreal, admiring a lovely new fresco of Our Lady surrounded by cherubs with little rosebud penises — an innocent and pure holy picture. The next time I was in the same church I was dismayed to see that the nuns had painted out the little rosebuds and substituted diapers.

I have always believed that there is a happy medium in the teaching of sex to children. If it is explained in a healthy and natural way it can be so helpful to them in their later life. I shall have more to say about that further on.

After Christmas of 1903 the family began coming down to the beach for the Christmas holidays instead of our returning to Kalgoorlie. We were not complete strangers to the irresistible pleasure of lounging for hours on end on the soft sandy beaches of Cottesloe to the music of the pounding surf and the gentle caress of the salt spray. A few years before, when brother Heck was only an infant, Mother had taken all of us to the beach. I couldn't easily forget that trip for I had a shocking experience that remained forever engraved in my memory. It was partly Mother's fault, poor dear! On the recommendation of friends in Coolgardie, Father had reserved rooms in a respectable beach hotel and he would join us there in due course. While we were enjoying our first train trip since our arrival in the Goldfields, Mother struck up acquaintance with a lady who had found much cheaper accommodation at another hotel in Cottesloe. In fact the rates it charged were almost half the price we expected to pay. Mother made a sudden decision to move into this cheaper hotel. We girls were not very happy to find on our arrival that the "hotel" Mother had chosen

turned out to be a run-down boarding house and some of the fellow guests even appeared to be unsavoury, but we soon forgot our disappointment in our youthful eagerness to get out on the beach and renew our acquaintance with the waves rolling in from the South Indian Ocean. After all, as long as we could enjoy the daytime, all we needed at night was a pillow to lay our heads on.

I may have mentioned before that my figure had matured much more rapidly than those of my sisters, and at age 11 I was already beginning to attract male glances on the beach. Of course I was completely oblivious to this fact.

There was a man in his early thirties staying at our boarding house. He was not a very likeable character, to put it mildly. He had noticed my figure and his interest had been aroused. He began to seek our company on the beach and he paid special attention to me. I was horrified. Time and again I pleaded with Mother to tell this man to go away and leave us in peace but she thought I was being unduly difficult. The man played upon her vanity and she didn't see any harm in his inviting himself into our family circle on the beach. She was very naïve and she couldn't imagine any possibility of danger to her child-daughter.

One afternoon, when everybody else had left to rendez-vous on the beach I remained behind in our room alone with baby Heck. I was usually the one who cared for our little brother and carried him down to the beach. On this day I was in no hurry to join the others. I knew what to expect. That man would be showing up again and I couldn't stand the sight of him.

The door of our room was slightly ajar. Suddenly in the mirror by the bed where I was tending to the baby I saw the face of that terrible man staring at me from the threshold. His lascivious eyes had a look of evil in them. My heart sank and suddenly a great unknown fear took possession of me. The man stepped into the room and closed the door. I wanted to scream for help but all I could say was "What do you want? You can't come in here. Please leave us alone!"

The man came towards me with an ingratiating grin on his face. "Lucy, dear," he said soothingly, trying to calm my alarm. "You don't have to be afraid, I like you and I think we should be friends!"

I quickly picked up baby Heck and held him against my heart, backing away from the man as he came closer. He reached out and touched my shoulder. "Lucy, why don't we lie together on the bed and talk this over?" So saying he tried to edge me onto the bed but I resisted, holding the baby even tighter. The child began to cry. The man became frustrated. A fierce passion seemed to have taken possession of him and he tugged at me violently. Now the baby and I were both screaming with fright. The man was trying to tear the baby from my arms in order to get at me. I instinctively knew I was in mortal danger

although at the time I didn't even know what the word "rape" meant. I prayed to God to help me and I could feel my heart beating against the baby's body.

There was a young couple in the neighbouring room. They overheard our screams. They burst into our room just in time to catch the villain in the act of tearing at my dress.

Suddenly the culprit came to his senses and realized the seriousness of his crime. He had been caught in the act of assaulting a minor. He rushed out of the room before they could hold him and he never stopped running until he had scurried off to the local railway station.

Father arrived in the midst of the ensuing hullaballoo and decided not to prosecute but he moved us out of the boarding house and into a good hotel before night-fall.

It was only then that I began to live and enjoy myself with the others.

We all adored the beach and during our summer holidays, both Connie and I were madly enthusiastic about our swimming. We became quite proficient and began to enter local swimming races and competitions.

Mother would usually come down before Father and look for a cottage or rooms to rent for the summer, but never again a sleazy boarding house. Sometimes it was at Cottesloe Beach or again at Claremont which was nearer to Perth. This would be but a place to stay at night, for Connie and I would spend the rest of the time, from dawn to dusk, either on the fabulous beaches or in the water.

We were never allowed to swim in the ocean and all our swimming was done in waters protected by wire mesh. The estuary of the Swan was considered to be a protected area and popular for swimming races. Very occasionally a shark might enter the river and on one occasion while we were there, a man lost his leg in the estuary to a shark.

Mother did not disapprove of our swimming activities. Father, who was mostly absent in Kalgoorlie working hard to earn the money to pay for our pleasures, was vaguely aware of our addiction to the sport.

One day there was to be a four mile race across the estuary of the Swan River and there were some interesting prizes offered to the victors. Connie and I decided that one of us could win it. We were in marvellous physical condition and today we would probably have tried out for the Olympic swimming team.

Father was due to arrive down that weekend but he knew nothing about the race. We were careful not to tell him and hoped that nobody else would let the cat out of

the bag.

The race was on and after a mile Connie and I were well in the lead, Connie was slightly ahead, she always was a shade better than I.

Suddenly we heard the putt-putt of a primitive motorboat pulling up behind and overtaking us. Before we two protesting girls could even realize what was happening to us, we were pulled out of the water by Father and a friend and, sitting dejectedly in the boat, we had to listen to a severe lecture on the temerity of our risking our lives in this foolish fashion.

We were two outwardly subdued 16-year-old young ladies coming back in the launch with Father, but inwardly we were boiling over with rage and resentment against our father at being made a laughing stock for our friends and fellow competitors and for losing our chance at the prizes which seemed to be within our grasp.

It was the first clash of any consequence between us girls and our over-protective father. Another and more serious conflict between Father and me was shortly to take place.

It happened in Kalgoorlie early in 1905. For a long time I had been thinking of the most important step in my life. I had discussed it at length with Sister Superior. To my great joy, the sisters would be delighted to welcome me into their ranks as their first Australian sister. Back in Kalgoorlie I was preparing to take part in my graduation ceremonies and I decided to reveal my hopes and decision to my parents for their approval, before returning to Perth. I was going to be seventeen in May so I never anticipated any opposition from my parents. Obviously my father had sensed what was on my mind, for when I broached the subject to him his reaction was immediate and quite definite. Under no circumstances would he allow the Sisters to make a "Catholic" out of me. (As far as Father was concerned, the Church of England Sisters were as bad as the Catholics). I was still a minor and there was no question of my joining the order. My return to Perth College was unnecessary as Father had other plans for me, and I would hear more about them before a few days were out.

I retired to bed that night heart-broken and rebellious. For the first time in my life, but not the last, I was really angry at my father. My days of living in Perth with my beloved Church of England sisters had come to an end. My dream of becoming one of them and devoting my life to the service of my fellow creatures had been dashed to pieces by the vehement and cruel opposition of the father whom I respected and loved so much.

VI

Uncle Llewelyn Griffith

*In which a promising artistic career is cut short
by parental lack of faith.*

Why are you moping around the house like this?" said Father. "You must pull yourself together, Lucy!" He wasn't unkind about it. There was almost sympathy in his voice as he and Mother and even my sisters did their best to dispel my gloom and cheer me up a little. But I was disconsolate. It seemed to me that life couldn't offer any interesting prospects, especially life in Kalgoorlie, since my dreams of becoming a Church of England sister had evaporated in the cold glare of parental disapproval. I was feeling quite sorry for myself, in fact I was sulking and these were not happy days for me.

Maybe Father thought he had been too hard on me and wanted to make up for it. The next day he announced some very startling news. "I shouldn't tell you this yet, Lucy, but we have plans to send you to Melbourne. We have asked your Uncle Llewelyn to put you up. Your mother and I think that you have the talent to become an artist. How would you like to study under a famous European artist in Melbourne?"

It wasn't difficult for Father to know how I felt about such a proposal. My reaction was written all over my face. I am ashamed to admit that the vision of myself becoming a devoted sister began to fade into the background and in its place arose a whole new fantasy world in which I became a famous artist. For fear of disappointing me, Father added a caution: "It hasn't been confirmed yet. We are waiting for a letter from your Uncle Llewelyn to tell us he will take the responsibility for you. I am optimistic that he will but we can't let you go unless he does." The answer couldn't come soon enough. Every day I waited for the mailman and it was a long week before a letter postmarked Melbourne arrived from Uncle Llewelyn Griffith. It had been almost a month on the way so my parents had planned the whole thing long before I announced that I wanted to become a sister. I let out a

shriek of delight when Father read the letter out loud. Uncle Llewelyn would be glad to look after me and he had already spoken to the artist. Everything was arranged. I could hardly contain my excitement and all the rest of the family seemed just as pleased as I was.

I discovered that I had to thank my art teacher in Perth for this unexpected turn of events. Father and Mother had been so impressed with the reports sent home from Perth College about my artistic talents, backed up by the results of my efforts which accompanied them, that they really believed I had the makings of a true artist. I suppose they were also influenced by their desire to help me forget my recent disappointment. Maybe I really did have some talent. All my life I have kept my hand for painting and I have turned out some reasonable stuff, nothing world-shattering mind you. Mainly it has been a source of great satisfaction and relaxation for me whenever the going got tough.

But on that day in Kalgoorlie, when Father announced the news to me, I was faced with a crisis of conscience. There had been gnawing away in the back of my mind for some time, since my return from Perth, a growing suspicion that all was not as it should be in connection with my art efforts.

To say the least, I was agreeably surprised and grateful when my parents proudly displayed the results of my years' efforts in the art classes at Perth. My first impression was that I had really underestimated myself; and then one day, as I was examining my handiwork, the brutal truth dawned upon me in a flash of intuition. There was no doubt about it, my teacher had been doctoring up my art work the more to please my parents!

Should I confess to them now when I was on my way to Melbourne? No! I finally said to myself. Why disappoint them? It will serve no good. I know I can live up to all their expectations. So they never were told and I silently thanked my teacher for inadvertently helping me

on my way towards an artistic career.

It was decided that I was to waste no time before boarding a ship for Melbourne.

This decision had hardly been taken when there arose in our household such a clamour involving Mother and all my sisters, and even my little brother Heck, everybody wanting to join me on the trip, that poor Father was quite unable to cope with it. It was thrashed out at a family council and finally decided that Mother and all the kids would accompany me to Melbourne and stay for a month or so with Granny Armstrong.

Father could not be coaxed to come along. I think he had long since made up his mind never to return to the bad memories of his earlier days in the East. We couldn't argue with his reasoning which was that none of us could go unless he stayed behind to earn the money to pay for our trip, so we reluctantly gave in.

Any reader who has gone through a similar experience with a half dozen youngsters about to take off on a 2000 mile sea voyage after living such a sheltered existence as ours will easily understand the pandemonium that reigned in our household during the hectic days that followed this momentous development in our lives; however, we all got prepared and packed and ready in time and Father came down in the train with us to Fremantle to see us off.

It was another long sea voyage travelling second class in a crowded and dilapidated coastal steamer for more than three weeks, during which time I lay on my back in a wretched bunk as miserably and thoroughly sea-sick as one could be, enjoying an occasional bite of food or an exciting event only vicariously through the eyes and from the reports of my more sea-going sisters and of my young brother Heck, popping in at all times with his sailor cap perched jauntily on the back of his tousled head.

If there is one thing one can be sure of it is that everything in this life must come to an end, and even the ordeal of this sea voyage took a turn for the better when we finally breasted the relatively sheltered waters of Port Philip outside Melbourne and the boat began to assume a more horizontal position. Without the sympathetic ministrations of Mother, I doubt if I could have survived that trip, such a poor sailor was I in those days.

At Melbourne, we were expected and met at the dock by Granny Armstrong and Mother's sisters. It is always a shock, when loved ones reunite after a separation of many years, to see what time has done to us all. Eleven years had not made a great difference in Mother, but we girls had grown from babies into womanhood. Granny Armstrong had gray hair now and Aunts Mary and Flo also showed their age, particularly poor Aunt Flo whose husband had deserted her, Heck, of course, was the newcomer, and as the only male, special attention was lavished on him. There was a family reunion for Mother on the dockside before we all proceeded home to Granny

Armstrong's where the chattering went on for hours. There was so much to tell after such a long separation.

No Griffith representatives had been on hand for the welcoming ceremonies but of course none of them had been advised about our arrival. I was to be escorted by Mother after a couple of days to make the acquaintance of what was slated to be my new home and family for the next two years. I couldn't know then that subsequent events would cut short my stay in Melbourne after seven months had elapsed.

Uncle Llewelyn and his wife Aunt Felicia, when we finally met them, gave me a kindly welcome and made me feel instantly at home. I took to my aunt and uncle at first sight. I could see my father in Uncle Llewelyn. He was tall and good-looking, taller than Father, with a fine aristocratic nose, a full moustache like Father's, and a slightly receding hair line. His eyes were kind and sensitive and often twinkled with amusement. Aunt Felicia was a strong, good-looking, well-built woman, with a fair complexion and a very friendly smile.

There were four Llewelyn Griffith children. Maurice, the oldest, was 16 and became my first teenage flame. Sylvia was 15, Matthew was 12 and little Bea was 4. She was my favorite.

The first meeting between the Griffith clan from the East and their new-found relatives from the West took place in the drawing room of Uncle Llewelyn's pleasant home. It was an episode which had its touch of drama. My sisters and I were introduced one by one to our cousins and all of us liked what we saw. It was unfortunate that my sisters' stay was to be so short for they never really got to know their cousins from the East on this occasion.

Without further ado I moved in with Uncle Llewelyn and plunged into my art courses so that I hardly had the opportunity to talk to my sisters again before we were seeing them off at the boat on their return to the West.

Uncle Llewelyn took me himself to meet my new art teacher. Under my arm I carried a number of my paintings. The artist had specifically requested that I do so and Father and Mother had themselves chosen the ones they liked the best.

It was an exciting moment for me. Visions of Paris and Rome and triumphant studies in the art centres of the Old World under the most renowned of masters were crowding my imagination and I vowed then and there to devote my life and all my energies to a career as an artist. Nothing else would matter, neither marriage nor other such distractions of less importance were to be entertained until I had become a famous artist on my own. In such a frame of mind I was more than disturbed by the initial reaction of the "Great Artist" who was to be my new teacher. He seemed annoyed and upset as he scrutinized my art work. Then he turned to my Uncle and said, "This girl has talent. But it has been ill-served by her previous teachers." I hurriedly explained that my former

teacher had been a Church of England sister without any special qualifications. We had spent most of our time copying from other paintings and at this I had excelled as I always won the first prize for my work.

The Great Artist shook his head and sighed. "Miss Griffith," he said, "It will take us at least 2 years to undo

He seemed very pleased with my progress and regularly sent samples of my work home to my parents to show them how well I was getting along. These included a tree seen through a window, a cup and saucer, a vase with flowers, etc.

What he didn't realize was the limited extent of my



Felicia Bryant Griffith



Llewelyn Dounes Griffith

the great harm that this teaching has done to your art. For the time being you won't be able to touch colour at all. I will start you with black chalk and you will concentrate on sketching still life, such as a vase, a cup and so on until I am satisfied with your progress." And that is how I made my debut as a student in the budding artistic colony of Melbourne. It was a frustrating experience for me at first. I felt I had long since graduated beyond the elementary stage. Had I not painted all kinds of landscapes and other scenes in colour which had earned the unanimous praise and approval of my family and friends? I longed to show my talent with colour on the still life drawings he set me to, but instead I was confined to the use of black chalk.

It showed how little I had really learned about art until then. My teacher was patient and I worked hard at the basic principles of anatomy, drawing, and sketching.

parents' knowledge of art and this was soon to be the cause of my undoing.

The art school was located in the oldest sector of the town and I would travel to and from my courses every day by electric tram. The classes were only in the afternoon from 3 to 6 p.m. This gave me time to help around the house in the morning and to practice on my drawings. Aunt Felicia had a little maid but there was plenty to do and I was more than glad to show my appreciation for their kindness in taking me in.

Little baby Bea was my joy and delight and I loved looking after her and keeping her amused with children's stories and games.

My first day at art school was a bit of a shocker. Most of my fellow students were involved in painting a beautiful reclining nude model. This was my first sight of

a nude in public and I stared in astonishment when I entered the room and saw what was going on. All the young people of both sexes were so intent on their work, I couldn't get over how casual everybody was about it. After the strict upbringing that I had experienced, my first inclination was to abandon forthwith any further thoughts of an art career and flee from this den of iniquity. It took me quite a long time before I finally got used to the idea of disregarding the sex implications of nude models and accepting art for art's sake.

I loved the work and I enjoyed the excitement and freedom of being on my own and planning my own career. Every day now I would set off to catch the electric tram for downtown Melbourne with my art work and drawings under my arm in a large satchel and gradually I began to make friends and acquaintances among my fellow students and became familiar with the lay of the land in the centre of old Melbourne. The city had spread out in all directions and it really was a thrilling place in which to live. Compared to it, Kalgoorlie, or even Perth, seemed no more than provincial towns.

Sometimes I would vary my route on the way to or from my classes to take in the sights and to see what was going on in the other districts that were served by the tramway system. On one of these occasions I found myself in a rather drab residential area and stumbled onto an experience that I have never forgotten and which taught me a lesson about snobbishness.

I was walking along a narrow street fringed with modest single dwellings hedged in by corner stores and groceries, with my eyes out for the nearest tramway stop as I had already overly tarried along the way, when I spotted ahead of me what looked like a familiar face.

The woman was carrying at her hip a scraggly looking child, a sure sign of the lower labouring class, or so I had always been taught at home to believe. My father used to say: "Only the common people carry babies on their hips!" As I approached, mutual recognition began to gleam in our eyes, and I realized I had run into my Aunt Mary.

I should mention here that I never really knew much about the circumstances surrounding the life style of Aunt Mary. I knew Aunt Flo had married a clergyman which was a respectable occupation, but I had never inquired or been told what Aunt Mary's husband did for a living. Well I soon found out. "Lucy Griffith!" she exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here? Have you come to see us? How nice of you!" And she gave me a great big hug of welcome and introduced me to the little bundle at her hip. "Meet your cousin Annie. Come on in! Come on in!" And before I could say a word of explanation or realize what was happening, I was dragged into her Bob's barber shop to meet Bob and the rest of her family, as well as a number of jovial friends, customers and hangers-on, all of whom were delighted to meet and shake hands with the cousin from Western Australia.

Of course I didn't then have the heart to tell her I happened along in this neighbourhood by pure accident and mainly out of curiosity to see how the other half lived in this sprawling city of Melbourne.

I felt that I was being made much of under false pretences while I gulped down some refreshments and cakes that were pressed on me from all sides, before I was able to break away with the excuse that I was on my way to my classes — my art satchel was proof enough of that and I made solemn promises to come back and see them again soon.

It is quite possible that the reader will find it hard to comprehend that this simple incident caused me severe emotional trauma. Not only was my ego sorely deflated and my self-confidence shaken, but for more than a week after this unexpected encounter I experienced difficulty in sleeping and felt miserable and ashamed of myself. Surely I must have been a terrible snob. Father had always taught us that we Griffiths were something quite special. This had been our credo, no matter how badly things had turned out or how dire our circumstances became. And here were my mother's people, as low class and down-to-earth as one could wish for. My own cousins! My own flesh and blood. It was a devastating shock and a humiliating lesson on the futility of being a snob.

My cousin Maurice Griffith had become a close friend and he noticed that I was disturbed so I decided to confide in him. He was 16 and months younger than I but he was mature and much older in his ways. I told him my story and asked him if he thought I was an awful snob. He was sympathetic and much amused. "Lucy," he laughed, "It seems that our ancestors won't leave us in peace. Here I am trying to make up my mind about my future. As far as my father and the Griffith family are concerned, I have three choices: to become a doctor, a lawyer or a clergyman. Going into trade is taboo. You don't have to be ashamed of your mother's family. My mother's family doesn't lay claim to any family tree either!" (This was not so. His mother Felicia Bryant was descended from one of the original settlers and most distinguished families of Melbourne.) "As far as I am concerned this Griffith descent question is a lot of hogwash!" He later changed his mind on this score but that was many years later. My Aunt Felicia got wind of my dilemma and she was much amused. She also found the Griffith myth a bit tiresome. We became very close friends and after I left them we carried on a correspondence for many years. She used to write me signing her name "Your Aunt Felicia, (the same relationship to you as your Uncle Bob)."

Maurice and I got along famously. I had a real crush on him and he must have liked me a bit too. Once he said to me, "You know, Lucy, it's a shame that we are first cousins!" I knew exactly what he meant and I felt the same way. Yet we never at any time even kissed one another. It was entirely a spiritual attraction. Even after I left

Melbourne we were always in touch and kept up a correspondence with one another.

Some years later he came into my life again in London. My husband Alphonse and I were staying at the Clarendon for a weekend before he returned to the front. Our children were being safely looked after in the country. A message was delivered to me announcing that a cousin, Captain the Reverend Maurice Griffith of the Royal Australian Army was in London and would call on me. On hearing this news, I said to Alphonse, "Oh dammit, I should have brought my best evening gown." He was instantly jealous. Men are so funny. I only wanted to look better so that he could be proud of his wife.

That night we had a candlelight dinner with a number of friends and Cousin Maurice came late and joined us. My dear cousin monopolized the conversation at the table. He had been doing research work on the Griffith connection and was very excited by it all. He came armed with reams of family trees, carrying with him that enormous book on the 15 great Welsh tribes that had just been published by a distant cousin, John Griffith. I eventually came into possession of one myself but I never read it before beginning this book. Maurice wanted to show Alphonse how his wife was directly descended or connected with the Royal families of Britain, and was even related to the Tudors. Alphonse could not have cared less. I listened politely without understanding much but we were all bored to tears. Only recently have I come to realize that our genealogical tree is a very fascinating story. After he had left, Alphonse said to me: "I can't understand what you see in that fellow. What a bore! I thought he would never go!" Poor old Maurice. I was very fond of him. He has passed away now but he married twice and left many fine children and descendants.

On my 17th birthday, Uncle Llewelyn and Aunt Felicia gave me a wonderful birthday party. It seems so long ago, over 75 years, and yet it is so vivid it could have happened only yesterday.

I was happy living with my relatives in Melbourne. I was pleased with my progress at school. When you are young and healthy and making new friends every day, the world seems to be a great place to live in and to plan for the future. I was certain about my future as a great artist. The Australian winter was coming to an end and we were looking forward to Christmas and happy lazy days on the beach. Maurice had promised to take me out sailing on the bay and I was eager to show off my good figure and my prowess at swimming. Then the unexpected happened.

I came home from school one day and found Uncle Llewelyn waiting for me with a telegram in his hand. "I have bad news for you Lucy," he said. My first thought was that something had happened in the family, but he anticipated my reaction and quickly continued: "Nothing is wrong at home, but your father has decided that you should stop your lessons at the end of the month and

return to Kalgoorlie?"

I was aghast. Once again my dreams were collapsing all around me. Why was Father doing this? The truth was soon out. My parents were far from impressed with the results of my art lessons. The artist was very expensive and it didn't seem to be worth all the money they were spending on it. They saw my work getting worse rather than improving. They no longer believed I had the talent to make the grade as an artist.

Uncle Llewelyn could see how upset I was. I appealed to him to help me, and told him I didn't want to go back. "I must get a position," I said. (In those days one did not say "job." That only applied to labouring-class work.)

In my mind, I could not contemplate living again with my four sisters and my poor mother all cramped up in one house and doing nothing but getting on one another's nerves.

Like my father had been, Uncle Llewelyn was the manager of a bank. He was very sympathetic and said to me gently, "Don't worry Lucy. As you know, I am not a rich man but I would willingly pay for your art course myself if your father would agree. And if you really want to find a position, I am sure I could get you some work you could do. I have a client who is a successful photographer. He said to me the other day he wished he could find an artist, even a beginner, to colour his photographs. It seems that there is a popular demand these days for that kind of thing?"

With these encouraging words I hugged my Uncle Llewelyn and took heart. He was true to his word. His friend sent three photographs for me to colour and was delighted with my work. The job was mine. There were a few drawbacks. My starting salary would be low until I had passed a special course in this type of work. And it was really not what I was looking for. But the chances were I could soon earn enough money to return to my courses under the "Great Artist" and I would stay on with Uncle Llewelyn and his family.

The biggest obstacle of course was to obtain Father's consent. Uncle Llewelyn and I put our heads together and composed a diplomatic letter to Father which I posted in great haste and I sat back and waited anxiously for Father to give his seal of approval.

The mail was notoriously slow in those days but Father's cable seemed to arrive so quickly and so definitely. All it said was "What is the matter with you Llewelyn. Certainly not. No! . . . I have made all arrangements for Lucy to return with her friend Emily Gordon — Details will follow?"

So ended my art career. I had to go back. Uncle Llewelyn couldn't help me. He would have loved to but he didn't dare risk his brother's wrath.

Today I am sure a young person in my position would rebel, but when I was young our parents, who had given us life, slaved to keep us alive and educated us to be

useful human beings, were always right. This the young people of today will learn one day to their chagrin, from their own children. And who can say my father wasn't right? Today I would probably not be writing these words and telling of my wonderful life if I had not obeyed his command.

Father's attitude was that "daughters of a gentleman do not earn their own living." As time went by I was to learn that it was not easy to change his mind.

It was a sorry day for me when I took leave of Melbourne. There were so many things left undone. I had not even had time to pay my respects to Granny Griffith, Uncle Burgh and other Griffiths whom I had hoped to meet. Of course nobody had invited me as yet. And so I said a tearful good-bye to my beloved uncle and aunt and my cousins who had all been so kind to me, and especially to my cherished little Bea, and embarked aboard ship for the return voyage.

In the years that followed I gradually lost touch with the family of Uncle Llewelyn Griffith. For a while I

had corresponded with Aunt Felicia and one day I learned that both she and Uncle Llewelyn had passed away. By then I was living in Canada on the opposite side of the world and I never did hear what happened to my cousins.

In 1978 my son Tony was going to be in Australia so I suggested he try to contact the Llewelyn Griffith cousins while in Melbourne. After many fruitless calls he found himself on the telephone with my cousin Bea. She was astonished to learn that I was still among the living. "Why, it is almost three-quarters of a century since I saw your mother," she exclaimed. "I'm 78 myself now, a great-grandmother. It was only the other day that I came across a book of drawings from Shakespeare that your mother gave to me so long ago!" Unfortunately they were not able to meet as my son was taking the plane but upon his return to Canada, Bea and I began to correspond and I was delighted to learn all about her.

On the other side of the world the Griffith seed had sprouted and cousin Bea had also become the matriarch of a large family boasting many prominent offspring,



My cousin Bea, surrounded by her family.

including judges, lawyers, doctors and prominent businessmen. (A family tree showing the descendants of Llewelyn Griffith is included in Appendix A.)

It was an amazing parallel to my own story, and, in 1980 when Tony returned to visit Australia with his son Maxime, he met and was entertained by Bea's family. They telephoned me and I spoke to my cousin Bea for the first time in 75 years, a very memorable experience for both of us. I learned with sadness that my cousins Maurice, Sylvia and Matthew had all passed away. Bea herself is now the widow of the late Judge Albert Leonard Read and the mother of Judge John Read and Richard Read, the Chief Crown Prosecutor in Melbourne. One of her daughters, Peggy, wife of Dr. Alan Bridge, raised seven children then took up medicine and became a prominent physician herself. My earnest hope is that some day before I too must go, I will have the joy of meeting again with my cousin Bea.

On that day in 1905, when I regretfully took leave of Melbourne, my sailing companion Emily Gordon was waiting for me aboard the vessel. She was the daughter of a rich mining man and had been attending a posh boarding school in Melbourne for many years. She always travelled first-class in the best boats, so she was well-known and well-looked-after by the captain and all the staff down to the last steward, and, as I was travelling as her companion, I would bask in her reflected glory.

It was a wonderful trip and Emily was a charming girl and a good friend. The weather was calm, the skies were clear, the boat was steady and for once I was not seasick. We were everywhere on the boat. We lounged at the swimming pool, we took part in all the social activities, we attended all the meals and above all we were spoilt from morning till night by the attentions of the stewards and all the staff with drinks at our elbows when it was too hot or blankets when it was too cold. If we needed something they had it. It was great fun and I enjoyed my first stab at travelling first-class. I was truly sorry to see the voyage come to an end, it seemed only days after we left Melbourne before we were standing outside the harbour at Fremantle.

The time came to disembark and I was impressed and pleased to see all the familiar faces of our shipboard staff from the cook down to the lowest attendant lined-up on the way to the gang-plank to wish us Godspeed. I went down the line shaking hands with them all and personally thanked each and everyone of them, complimenting them

on their kindness and good service.

In the train from Fremantle to Perth Emily casually asked me how much I had given the staff for tips. I had never heard the word "tips" before. I did not know its meaning so I spluttered "Why?" "Well," she answered, "I meant to tell you what they expected, at least ten shillings apiece." It was indeed lucky that Father had covered all the other expenses of the trip for I hardly had enough to pay the tip for one of the attendants, even if I had realized the reason for the line-up as we left ship.

When my cab pulled up before the house in Kalgoorlie, Father was the first to rush out and welcome me home.

Out of the corner of my eye I was dismayed to note that Mother was not joining in the welcome. Father really overdid these things and she was terribly jealous. I suspected there had been strained discussions between my parents over the money and attentions lavished on me for my art courses in Melbourne. I rushed up to Mother and gave her a great kiss and made much of her. Dear Mother, she responded when she saw how glad I was to see her. It was wonderful also to see my sisters again and we were soon huddled in our own quarters sharing all the latest news and experiences.

I decided, come what may, to look for a job. A few days later I noticed an ad in the paper asking for student nurses for the local hospital.

That's for me, I decided. I can be as good a nurse any day as Florence Nightingale can be. So I stormed in to see Father and demanded that he permit me to apply.

When it became clear that the first three months of training were carried out in the contagious ward among the poor miners suffering from silicosis, no amount of persuasion could convince Father and Mother to give their consent.

I was not yet 18 and still a minor. There was no way of being accepted, even had I decided to disobey, without their consent. Once again my plans to strike out on my own had been thwarted. I was getting desperate.

It was then that an old friend of mine made a brilliant suggestion that changed the whole course of my life. "Why don't you go and see Mrs. Yeo. She's looking for a governess for her children!" Mrs. Yeo was the wife of a wealthy mine owner. I knew her by sight. Then and there I made a fateful decision. I would go and see her right away.

VII

Mrs. Yeo

In which the author becomes Cinderella, "The Belle of the Ball," and comes to a turning point in her life.

Strung along a ridge for over a mile atop the rich lodes at Boulder City, a suburb of Kalgoorlie, were the principal gold-producing mines of the goldfields. For a time it had seemed that these gold producers had failed to prove themselves in depth when the ores petered out along the surface veins. As a result, the goldfields in general were discredited as "surface wildcats" and the great boom in goldfields stock collapsed. The future of Kalgoorlie was even in jeopardy. Then suddenly, one day, the Great Boulder Mine sank through the underlying rock and, to the surprise of everyone, it struck a blind lode that started below the rock. These new veins assayed at ten ounces to the ton and a dozen neighbouring mines along the ridge found themselves sitting on one of the richest lode systems ever discovered. This area became familiarly known as "The Golden Mile" (See "The Mile that Midas Touched" by Casey and Mayman, 1964.) and from the bowels of the earth below there flowed a steady stream of riches that spawned a whole new breed of aristocrats, the gold-mining magnates.

Most of these mine managers were acting on behalf of distant owners in the money markets of London and America but some had their own stake in the mines they were exploiting and they rapidly amassed considerable wealth.

I had become friendly with several of the girls whose fathers were mine managers. One was the daughter of a peppery little Welshman named Ernest Williams. He was the manager of one of the most important mines, the Boulder Perseverance. His daughter invited me to spend a week with her at their home which was located on the mine site. For several nights I was unable to sleep for the noise of the "poppets" operating all night. This was a sort of continuous chain belt operation by which the tailings were lifted up from the mill in buckets and emptied onto huge heaps of slag that rapidly became

mountains. Later on these dumps were reprocessed for the valuable minerals they still contained, and with new mining methods the mountains disappeared.

During this visit we persuaded Mr. Williams to permit us to visit the mine. For this adventure we had to dress up in miner's clothes and were each strapped in a bucket which dropped us in turn down the shaft into the darkness below. It was possible to peer through the steel mesh of the cage and see the lights of the landing platform coming up at us from underneath. A miner helped us out of the bucket and others guided us onto carts for a visit to the face where the gold was mined.

It was a thrilling experience even if it was just a little frightening to feel oneself fall more than a thousand feet into the depths before stopping.

This was my first visit underground and I had decided that it might be my last. How was I to foresee that before long I would become the wife of a mining engineer?

Mr. Sydney Yeo was one of the wealthier mine owners among the new aristocrats. His wife Ciss Yeo was a leader in the social life of Kalgoorlie.

She had a reputation for being very clever and efficient and any charities in which she became involved were bound to be successful.

People meeting her for the first time were inclined to find her distant and aloof for she did not make friends easily.

The Yeos lived in one of the most luxurious houses of Kalgoorlie and were known to maintain a high standard of living and to travel often to Perth, Melbourne or even abroad, to the old countries.

I had met Mrs. Yeo on several occasions, once at my friends, the Williams's, and at other times at various social functions, but I had never come closer than a nodding acquaintance with her.

I had been told that Mrs. Yeo had trouble keeping a

governess for her three tiny children. They found her too severe and demanding. She had just lost her latest governess and this had put a severe cramp in her lifestyle. She hated being tied to the house and the nursery and she was really anxious to find somebody reliable.



A page from my autograph book showing Ciss Yeo's signature.

My timing was right. However I knew Father would never permit me to take on a position as governess. Subterfuge was necessary and Mrs. Yeo would have to cooperate. My friend suggested that I tell my father that she had invited me to stay with her to keep her company. There should be no mention to Father of my being the governess, though Mother could probably be brought into the secret eventually.

It was on this basis that I approached Mrs. Yeo. She was more than pleased to have me and wanted me to start on the spot. I would have a nice bedroom and a small sitting room for myself. The sitting room especially appealed to me as I was very fond of reading and the Yeos had an extensive library which I could use. My "salary" would be one pound a week. (The word "wages" was only used to denote the earnings of a labourer.) In those days a pound (approximately \$5.00) was a substantial sum for a young person.

The maid would bring my meals on a tray and serve them in my sitting room. My duties as governess would consist of taking care of the little girl, Fey, aged 7, and the two boys, John and Sydney, ages 3 and 4. I would have plenty of time for myself and the opportunity to spend a good deal of it at home.

This was particularly important to me as Father's suspicions should not be aroused. It was not going to be an easy task. How I was able to camouflage the truth for nearly two years is hard to explain. In fact, to the reader it

may sound improbable but it should be remembered that I was around our home a lot and we girls had our own separate quarters. Father was always very busy with his affairs. He soon knew I was spending a good deal of time at the Yeo's and he finally mentioned it. "Mrs. Yeo and I get along so well," I said. "She loves having me there and I am happy to give her a hand from time to time." This answer seemed to satisfy him. Mother of course was in the know and I was able to help with her expenses out of my weekly earnings.

Is it possible that Father tolerated the situation so long as he was not officially made aware of it? I really never knew the answer.

During the first few months with Mrs. Yeo there was not much warmth between us. Many people were in awe of her but I was not in the least bit intimidated. Our relationship was a formal, but friendly one. I called her "Mrs. Yeo." She called me "Miss Griffith."

With the children it was quite different. I loved the little boys and they soon responded by becoming very attached to me. I read to them, told them stories, played games with them, took them for long walks and gave them kindergarten instruction to prepare them for school, all the while enjoying myself as much as they did. But I was strict with them at other times. At meals or at bedtime they had to behave themselves properly or they were punished.



Mr. Sydney Yeo's page.

The little girl had already started school and she was a problem for me at first. She didn't take to me and I was forever finding her standing outside closed doors eavesdropping on us whenever the boys and I played in the nursery. It took a long time to gain her confidence and

then her love. Finally we became good friends and then she told me why she had been acting like that. It seemed that previous nannies had not treated the children so



Jack Yeo's page from my autograph book.

kindly. Fey had tattled on them to her mother. She had expected me to be like the others, but the boys were having so much fun with me that she finally succumbed and wanted to join in. One day she put her arms up to me



Sydney Yeo Jr.'s page.

and said "Miss Griffith, I love you, and I want to be your friend!"

I had won over the children. The trouble was to

break away on my free days. They would make such a fuss when they knew I was leaving them behind. I had to sneak out the back door before the boys could spot me, for if they did, they would begin screaming their heads off. Mrs. Yeo couldn't help seeing how her children loved me and her attitude towards me also began to change. She would invite me more and more to join them at the dinner table. By that time of day I had supervised the children's meal and I was perfectly happy to eat by myself in my own sitting room. On one of the first occasions that I sat with the Yeos at dinner they had a startling demonstration of how the boys felt about me. The coachman had teasingly told them that I had gone away for good. They burst into the dining room, crying their hearts out and



Fey's page, showing the date.

poured out the story the coachman had told them. Suddenly they spotted me sitting there. They went completely berserk, tugging tearfully at my skirt and grimly holding on to my arms while beseeching me "Don't you ever dare to leave us!" Mrs. Yeo had to intervene and rescue me by promising the boys that I would not leave them, but both Mr. and Mrs. Yeo had a vivid impression of how much I meant to their sons.

Shortly after that episode, I became one of the family and never again ate alone in my sitting room.

Some of the real love that flowed between the children and me seemed to have transferred to Mrs. Yeo. She became my mentor, almost my own mother, and we established a deep and enduring friendship. Instead of the strict and severe person I had wrongly imagined her to be, she became for me the epitome of kindness and understanding and she changed the whole course of my life. I should explain that I was a rather dull and uninteresting young lady at this time, quite plain, and

without much personality. My dear mother, though she never realized it, had not helped matters much when, as a young girl, I overheard her to say: "It's too bad Lucy is so plain and not pretty like the others." I don't believe it would be described as an inferiority complex. It didn't bother me at all as a child, but as a teenager I was quite conscious of my appearance and I became depressed and withdrawn. I felt that the only person who really cared for me was Father; he favoured me over the others although I don't think he understood my problem any more than Mother did. As a result I avoided making friends and preferred to be a loner and spend the time with my books and painting.

This feeling also translated itself into an intense desire to do something with myself, to earn my own living and become somebody.

I must say that Mother did her utmost to draw me out of my shell.

At this time there were regular community dances organized by the Ladies' Society to which we were all invited. Every month there was the "Bread and Butter Dance," so called to distinguish it from the annual posh "Dinner Dance," which was very much like an annual coming out, or debutante, ball for the young ladies. The "Bread and Butter Dance" was also so named because there was an unwritten understanding that no expense of any kind was entailed and dress should be as simple as possible. We girls had to be chaperoned. In those days there was no such thing as going "two by two." To go "steady" was unheard of. Even if a young couple had arrived at an understanding and were in love it was considered quite improper to dance more than five times together during the course of the evening at any of these dances.

Mother took little part in the ladies' organizing committee that sponsored them, but Father insisted that she chaperone us at the dances.

I really didn't want to go. I knew I would be a wallflower and I would not enjoy myself. But it was a must, I was forced to go by Father, and a more unattractive young lady with a sulk on her face, sitting out the evening as the world's worst wallflower cannot be imagined. I hated every minute of it.

It was the custom to give each young person as he or she entered a printed programme for booking their engagements for each of the dances of the evening. I rarely had anybody to dance with and dear old Mother would run around vainly trying to fill out my programme, but with little success. All the boys saw her coming and seemed to have their programmes fully booked. I felt so ridiculous when she approached all the young men she knew and asked them "Have you met my daughter Lucy?" and usually found out that they had met me and weren't interested in renewing the acquaintance.

My sisters of course had no such trouble and there were always lots of boys lining up to reserve a dance with

them.

I so vividly remember a young man coming in on one of these occasions and Mother rushing up to him with my programme in her hands as soon as he had been given his. She asked him if she could book a dance for him on my card. He looked over and saw me sitting there among the wallflowers, scowling and far from happy. Of course he knew me and wasn't much interested and I didn't blame him either. With an embarrassed simper on his face he told Mother "Oh I'm so sorry, Mrs. Griffith, but I'm all booked up already." She was indignant as he didn't have a name on his programme yet. I had the satisfaction of getting my own back on this young man at a later date.

Mrs. Yeo became my fairy godmother. "Lucy," she said to me one day, (it was no longer "Miss Griffith" but "Lucy" now), "Why are you so quiet and retiring? I have watched you for some time at the dances and I easily understand why you are a wallflower. You have no life in your face, no personality whatsoever. No wonder the young men avoid you. Yet here with my children you are simply wonderful. I don't understand it and I have decided to take you in hand and chaperone you at the next dance." (This was to be the Annual Ball or "Dinner Dance.") Mother was approached and was only too glad to relinquish the drudgery of acting as my chaperone at the Dinner Dance.

Some months before she spoke those words, Mrs. Yeo had been to England leaving me in charge of the children. She returned with some beautiful material for dresses. She had brought blue for me and pink for my sister Alice. Alice was acquiring a reputation as an excellent dressmaker and Mrs. Yeo gave her the material on condition she make both dresses. There was a misunderstanding and the pink dress was made up for me. Mrs. Yeo was extremely annoyed. She felt the pink dress didn't suit me and she was determined that I must be a sensation at the Ball.

So she decided to have a beautiful white dress made up for me by a professional dressmaker in the town who usually made her dresses. It was to be a secret, no one was to know about it, not even my family.

Mrs. Yeo was no stranger to the salons of haute couture of Melbourne and Sydney, and even of Paris, and she personally accompanied me to the fitting sessions for my new dress and advised the dressmaker what to do in the smallest detail.

The great night of the annual Dinner Dance finally arrived. It was as much my fairy godmother's evening as it was mine. She planned it thoroughly. First we tried on the dress. I saw myself in the mirror and couldn't believe my eyes. She had designed the dress to show off my good figure. She even insisted I put on stays or corsets which were then in style. I really didn't need them as my figure, and especially my legs, were quite firm and above average. Then she did my hair. I had lovely long hair

down to my knees. She did it up beautifully by plaiting it and it was sensational. In fact on this occasion and on several subsequent occasions when Mrs. Yeo did my hair, I won the first prize for the best dressed hair. The effect was little less than startling. It enhanced my features which were pronounced and what had always been a liability became a definite asset under her skillful hands. Another look in the mirror and I knew I was a knockout. Mrs. Yeo then insisted that I put on some powder and rouge. Finally we had a drink of champagne. It was the first time I had ever taken anything strong.

I was horrified at the powder and rouge. Our parents had always preached that "only the fast and cheap girls resort to such things." Once when I had a box of face powder given to me as a present, Mother threw it out the window. I didn't want now to offend my benefactress and at the first opportunity I slipped into the bathroom and vigorously rubbed my cheeks in an attempt to remove the rouge, but the more I rubbed the more rosy they became and soon the champagne took effect and I didn't care any more. I was walking on air.

The Fairy Godmother waved her wand and the coach and horses pulled up to the house. Cinderella embarked with Mr. and Mrs. Yeo and we all drove off to the ball to make our grand entrance.

As this was a turning point and one of the great moments of my life, I feel sure the reader will forgive me for describing it.

It was not usual for a girl who had already attended the dances to come in white. The custom was that only young ladies making their debut dressed in white. I pointed this out to Mrs. Yeo but she insisted on my white dress. "This is your coming-out ball," she said. So consequently, those who did not know me intimately concluded that this was my first dance.

When we arrived at the ball and made our entrance, Mrs. Yeo, so beautifully gowned as she always was and Mr. Yeo, so handsome and distinguished, were accompanied by a new girl whom nobody recognized.

It took some time for even my own sisters to realize the incredible truth.

There was a definite pause in the conversation and all eyes were turned on us as we entered. Royalty arriving unannounced could hardly have caused a more profound stir.

As we entered, Ciss Yeo whispered in my ear, "You are the Belle of this ball and don't you forget it?"

How could I forget the excitement and exhilaration of that evening which is forever engraved in my memory.

The ball was the biggest social event of the year in Kalgoorlie and anybody who wanted to be somebody was there. The ladies came in their very best finery to vie with one another, and among the unmarried women it was most important to have young men paying court to them.

My dance programme was filled up in no time and I had the satisfaction of refusing many young men,

especially the young fellow who had outraged my mother and me by lying to us the previous year about his programme being filled.

Partly because of the champagne and partly because of all the attention I was getting, I carried on such an animated conversation and parried so well all the remarks and compliments of the boys that I could scarcely recognize myself as the Lucy Griffith of old.

My dear friends the Yeos were delighted at my success, and Ciss Yeo was proud of her protégée and particularly happy to see how well her little scheme had worked out. I was definitely the sensation and the Belle of the Ball. It was too much for some of the reigning queens and they left early.

Several of the young men asked where I came in the Griffith family: "We know Lucy and Alice and Connie, but this is the first time we have heard of a younger beautiful sister! How do you like your first dance?"

That night I thanked Mrs. Yeo for the most thrilling day of my life and I thank her again across the decades that have gone by since that day in 1908.

For I never returned to my introvert ways. From then on I was the life of the party, possibly too much of an extrovert, and I even took on the chairmanship of a 20-member youth group to organize the dances. Within six months I had two proposals for marriage and so many invitations from young men that I lost count.

I have since gone through life with the greatest self-confidence and I always have been grateful to Mrs. Yeo for the lesson she taught me, "If you don't believe in yourself, you can't succeed." If it hadn't been for her I might have turned into a sour old maid.

Since then I have kept a soft spot in my heart for wallflowers. Many years later when I organized Mothers' Club dances for our school children in Westmount, I was determined to see that the wallflowers were not overlooked. I hit upon the idea of enlisting the help of my son Dick and his friends with a bribe of 25 cents each. This worked well until one of his friends, Chester Sutton, complained to me that he was saddled with the worst wallflower of the evening and he felt that it was worth at least 50 cents!

My life with the Yeos continued to be a happy one. While I was with them, I celebrated both my eighteenth and nineteenth birthdays. At Christmas time I took the children to the beach once at Cottesloe and another time at Albany. My friend Emily Gordon joined me there with her new car. It was the latest sensation and we got a great kick from all the commotion we caused whenever we took to the roads. One day, the whole town was agog with the impending visit of the great hero, General Lord Kitchen-er. We decided to avoid the crowds and drove out to the country to escape from it all. The roads in those days were intended for horse traffic. An important looking automobile coming in the opposite direction was blocking our path. We had to pull over to allow it to pass. The car

stopped. A distinguished-looking passenger alighted and came over to shake hands with us and to thank us for our courtesy. It was Lord Kitchener himself and he roared with laughter when we told him we were leaving town to avoid meeting him.

It was too much to hope that Father would never fathom the truth of my position in the Yeo household. The fateful day was bound to arrive sooner or later, and it finally did.

Father was working in his garden on that day. He had become a very skillful gardener and his was a showplace, but very few people knew of its existence because it was hidden from outside eyes behind the six-foot-high picket fence.

The large gate was unlocked and a woman, overdressed and matronly, penetrated the yard looking for my parents. She was the wife of a new mining aristocrat, an acquaintance of the Yeo's, and very conscious of her social position.

At the sight of Father in his old working clothes she assumed he was the gardener and asked for my parents. Father let her think he was indeed the gardener and told her they were out and could he take a message for them.

"Yes," she condescended to reply. "I am Mrs. Brockly Jones and I want to inquire if the Griffith daughter who is a twin of Lucy Griffith would like to

work for me as a governess. I understand she is not working at present."

At this Father exploded. "What!" he said in high dudgeon. "I am Mr. Griffith, Madam, and you are insulting me and my family. My children do not work for people like you?"

He angrily opened the gate and showed her to her waiting carriage, but not before she had time to let the cat out of the bag.

"You have no reason to be insulted, my good man," she snapped back. "Hasn't your other daughter Lucy been the governess for my friends the Yeos for the past two years?"

That did it. Father was at the Yeo residence within the hour. He was furious with me and said I had disgraced the family. I was ordered to return home immediately.

It was all I could do to get him to agree to give me time to find a nurse to replace me.

"Nurse or no nurse, you must be home before this week is out," he said as he stamped out of the Yeos' house.

I had not quite turned 20 and I was still a minor. I had no choice but to obey my father.

It is best not to describe the parting with my wards in the Yeo household. I promised to come back and see them as often as possible and I kept my word but my days as a governess were over.

VIII

The Tea Room at Lamington Links

*The author finds a "position," her twin elopes
and the family begins to break up.*

It must have been a frustrating experience for my father as well as for his brothers to plan their careers and remain within the strict family guidelines set down for them by their parents. With the exception of Father, who had been disinherited by his mother, all his brothers came into small but useful allowances to help serve out their days. To supplement these they must needs apply themselves to various types of permitted activities so long as they maintained family traditions by avoiding the stigma of "carrying on a trade."

The doctors, lawyers, politicians, bishops and clergymen, of whom there were many in the Griffith family, had little difficulty getting along and finding their proper niches in society. But some of the others, such as Father or Uncles Walter, Heck or Harry, didn't find the way quite so easily and they had to look far afield for opportunities that would suit them. Uncle Walter as we know went out to New Zealand to become a sheep farmer and eventually he died out there.

There was a sad ending to the story of Uncle Harry's odyssey to Canada. He left Australia to seek his fortune in America when I was a child and I don't remember having met him. He was the youngest of the 11 children and the most spoiled and impetuous.

We had heard no mention of his name for almost a decade. I had already been living for some time in Canada when one day my husband Alphonse received a cable from Granny Griffith. She had got word from a remote mining town in Northern Ontario that her baby son, our uncle Harry, was in some kind of trouble. It seemed he had disappeared from sight and she asked Alphonse if he would look into it. It was a surprising message. Granny Griffith had never even met Alphonse

but she had heard about my marriage to a Canadian mining engineer and she obtained our address from my sister Alice. It included a word of greeting to the granddaughter who had stayed with her as a child. Obviously she was very concerned about her son.

Alphonse had just returned from a long and tedious trip into the northern woods the day before he received the telegram but that didn't deter him; he left immediately again for the North Country to investigate and located the house where Uncle Harry had been living with a woman for several years. Because he had been out of touch with his family for so long and we knew nothing about his whereabouts, Uncle Harry never realized that a prominent man in the local mining industry was none other than his nephew-in-law. And such is the irony of life that Alphonse was amazed to find a memo among Uncle Harry's effects indicating he had actually intended to visit Alphonse Paré, the well known mining engineer, in Montreal. Alphonse had been recommended as the geologist most likely to advance a gold mining proposition in which Uncle Harry had become involved. It was too late now, for he had disappeared in a snow storm several months before while walking from one mine to another and was never seen again. His fate remained a mystery. Wolves and bears abounded during wintertime in this wild and rugged country. Or possibly he had fallen into a water hole while crossing a lake on the ice. My husband did everything he could to try and find some trace of him but without success. At least Alphonse was able to help the distraught woman who was Uncle Harry's common-law wife and verify from his papers that Uncle Harry had left his house and what little money and possessions he had to this woman. And so a good deed

was done and we had the satisfaction of clearing up some of the questions surrounding the last days of our Uncle Harry and reporting what Alphonse had been able to learn to his poor mother, Granny Griffith.

Uncle Heck, on the other hand, came over from Melbourne to join his brother in Western Australia. We never anticipated then how much his arrival in our midst would ultimately influence our lives in the years to follow.

He first came to visit us in Kalgoorlie but he didn't take to the mining country and he finally opted to settle down in a pastoral countryside with towering trees and rolling farmlands at Collie, a quiet agricultural and coal-mining town in the southwest corner of the state, situated on a pleasant little river that meanders through the center of the town. Beside the banks of this river Uncle Heck built himself a lovely cottage which he embellished with vines of passion fruit, exotic plants and a profusion of flowers.

There he opened an office and established a reputation as a mail-order and investment consultant, for which he had university training, with his excellent contacts as a representative of financial and commercial houses in Perth and in Eastern Australia.

He was a bachelor and never married, but he prospered.

When he first came to see us, I found him very much like Father, severe and rather strict in his ideas, with less of a sense of humour than Father. In fact, on one occasion when he was left in charge of us, I had a disagreeable experience with him and I had difficulty overcoming the bad impression he made upon me.

We five girls were carrying on past our bedtime with the usual innocent exuberance of youth and Connie, who was always the ringleader in these situations, suggested that we all get under one blanket to confuse our uncle. I reluctantly joined in the fun not to be a spoilsport, but Uncle Heck was intensely annoyed and ordered us to stop our "tomfoolery." I was the one who was dragged out from the mass of bodies and soundly spanked on my posterior to give the others a good lesson in discipline and to restore order. I felt I was the scapegoat and remembered that incident years later when Uncle Heck invited me to come to Collie and act as his housekeeper. I declined not only because I had just started on my new tea-room venture but probably more so because I had not forgotten that spanking.

My sister Alice, who was then almost 20, beautiful and vivacious, volunteered for the job as hostess for Uncle Heck, with important consequences for all of us as we shall see.

Since the unfortunate denouement of my career as a governess with the Yeos, I was living at home permanently for the first time in more than seven years. I had been away from the household at school in Perth, later with Uncle Llewelyn in Melbourne, and then two years

with the Yeos.

Until Alice decided to leave us, all my sisters were also living at home. Years before, Father had done a fine job of setting up separate quarters for the girls. We had a large dormitory where we slept and kept all our clothes and possessions, and a sitting-room where we had a piano and passed many delightful hours singing and entertaining our friends.

We would even put on plays in our sitting-room and all of us would take part. It was imaginative and great fun. Mother was keen for all of us to learn the piano and for a long time we laboured through painful sessions with our teacher to very little avail. Fancy was the only one who really had any talent so she would play the piano and we would gather around her to sing, but among all the girls only Connie had a decent voice for singing.

Obviously our quarters were too cramped for young ladies growing into maturity. Now and then a tussle would erupt when somebody appropriated a sister's hat or blouse without permission and the close contact was getting on my nerves. I yearned for something useful to do with my life. So far, Father had stifled every new initiative on my part. But I had not lost hope.

The opportunity soon arose, and it came from next door. Mr. Stewart was our neighbour. He was an elderly man, a bachelor and a close friend of Father's. They both were great gardeners. He had been lucky in his mining investments and was comfortably off, and he decided to launch a new venture. He had acquired considerable land on the outskirts of the town for a golf "links." This was really only a few minutes walk from where we lived. Mr. Stewart had gambled that the newly-rich mining aristocrats had sufficient time and money to indulge, albeit for snobbish reasons, in a new leisure venture which was becoming popular with the upper-classes back home. And he was right.

We had read about this latest sport but we hadn't the slightest idea of how it was played. Mr. Stewart had, but his golf links hardly resembled one of your modern golf courses. The "greens," for example, were brown and they were called "browns." You putted on a hard-packed oiled-down surface which was nothing more than sand. As for the fairways, there was no grass, just the desert scrub. Eventually he would install some water-pipes and introduce green surfaces.

The project seemed to be catching on and attracting interest in the proper circles, so Mr. Stewart found it necessary to build a club house.

One day he asked me if I would like to run a tea-room for him at the club. He mentioned a starting salary which was well beyond what I would have dared to ask for, three pounds a week, which in those days was unheard of for such a position.

Of course I was interested but Father would not hear of it at first. "A gentleman's daughter does not work

for her living," was all he said. When I saw his reaction, I really got annoyed with him and, taking the bull by the horns, I told him I would leave home if he didn't change his mind. He realized that I meant business, and because he had confidence in his friend Mr. Stewart, he grudgingly consented saying: "Well at least it's much better than being a servant for the Yeos." It was ridiculous to say such a thing as I had been treated by Mrs. Yeo like her own daughter. I was ecstatic. The job would mean a good deal of responsibility. I said to myself, "Lucy Griffith, old top, this is finally your chance to prove yourself. You are going to make a success of it." There was one drawback however. It meant working on weekends. I would reluctantly have to give up one of my favorite occupations: teaching the junior class at the Church of England Sunday School. A dear old friend of mine, Mrs. Evans, (she was later to become my godmother when I turned Catholic), had enrolled me as the assistant at Father Collick's church. A legendary figure of our time,



Father (later Bishop) Collick.

later to become our Bishop, the Reverend Collick was one of the few clerics to enter our modest home. I was a most devout member of his flock and very fond of our pastor. Not long before I had even persuaded the family to allow him to baptize our brother Heck, somewhat belatedly I must admit. Now I went to him and announced my resignation from a task which had given me great satisfaction and many happy hours with the younger folk. Father Collick was disappointed but he understood

my problem and wished me the best of luck.

A few days later Mr. Stewart called for me in his fashionable horse and buggy to take me out to see the new club-house then nearing completion. You can imagine how important I felt mounting the footboard and climbing up alongside Mr. Stewart on the driver's seat. He was a distinguished-looking gentleman, over 60 years of age, but in my youthful eyes, of course, only a kindly old man. I realized later he was very interested in me but he didn't dare mention it, maybe for fear of ridicule or because he stood in awe of Father. He told me once that he wished he was thirty years younger for he would have proposed marriage to me. He was probably begging me for some encouragement to pursue his suit but the inference completely escaped me at the time.

Mr. Stewart was as enthusiastic and excited as a young boy to show off his latest toy when we arrived at the club-house, but I was aghast and my disappointment must have showed. "What do you think of it Lucy?" he said somewhat anxiously, when he noticed my lack of enthusiasm. I decided to be frank. "Mr. Stewart, I must tell you the truth," I said. "When I was in Melbourne recently, Uncle Llewelyn invited me to attend the opening of the new Melbourne Golf Club-house and I imagined your club-house would be somewhat the same, but I am very disappointed. Your furnishings are simply atrocious." And I proceeded to give him some examples. "These tea-cups and saucers are so cheap that even the kitchen maids would object to them. As for these chairs, how can the members feel comfortable in them or play bridge in chairs with such hard backs after a tiring round of golf? The building is large enough but it should be partitioned off properly. That fireplace, for example, could be used for the lounge. You have no separate room for the ladies, not even their own toilet. And where will the tea-room be situated?" By this time I was almost reduced to tears.

Mr. Stewart looked at me in silence for a few moments. I almost thought I saw a twinkle in his eyes. Finally he said, "Alright Lucy, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. We'll throw all this stuff out. As of now, you are in full charge of furnishing and decorating this club-house. I want you to go ahead right away and don't you spare the expense. I have the money!"

And that is how a delighted young lady took on the furnishing and decorating of the new golf club-house. I had no reason to be ashamed of the results of my efforts. Everybody was full of praise. "It's so cozy, its just like home," they said. The club-house became a definite asset and a factor in assuring the success of the Golf Club. Mr. Stewart was as pleased as Punch. That Christmas he even wanted to give me a bonus of \$1000, but I politely refused it for fear of being compromised, and particularly because Father advised me against accepting so much money. As the hostess, introducing the members one to



A humorous look at golfing, from my autograph book.

the other and supervising the operations of the club-house, I enjoyed my new life so much that the days seemed to pass too quickly and I was forever surprised and disappointed when the time came to go home.

Mr. Stewart was very solicitous and attentive and always watched over me like a hawk. As soon as dusk fell we would close the club, but Mr. Stewart would never leave me alone in the tea-room at the end of the day.

When one of the younger club members whom I didn't particularly like, thinking he was in the club-house alone with me, started to make improper advances and tried to kiss me, Mr. Stewart appeared from nowhere (he had been outside putting) and escorted the man off the course, telling him never to come back. Strangely enough I hardly realized at the time what the impudent young fellow was up to. He was a budding young lawyer and being ostracized by the principal social club in town was fatal to his aspiring career. He eventually decided to move on and hang up his shingle elsewhere.

At the official opening of the golf links club-house and tea-room all the important mining people showed up. Most had never seen golf played before.

I heard some of them planning a joke on Mr. Yeo. "When Syd comes in we'll show him how the game is played," they said.

So the group induced Syd Yeo to join them at the first tee. "We all hit the ball together," they told him, "and then we run like hell after our balls and bring them back to the tee. The first to arrive is the winner." This is what they proceeded to do, cheering and roaring with laughter at Mr. Yeo when he came back clutching his golf ball, to learn that he was the victim of a practical joke. Mrs. Yeo and I had watched from the sidelines and joined in the

hilarity at her husband's discomfiture.

I was still seeing a lot of the them and their children and one day Ciss Yeo suggested to me, "Lucy, how would you like us to adopt you? Then you could come and live with us?" I was getting on towards 21 and I had other ideas at the time, but it was very sweet of her and I told her how much I appreciated her offer.

One of the last times I saw her was one dark rainy night many years later during the First World War, when we were staying at the military camp near Milford in the South of England. It was late, past eleven, when we heard knocking at the door. It was Mrs. Yeo, standing outside, water dripping down her face. She was all upset because the authorities wouldn't allow her to sail back to Australia where her children were waiting for her. It was her own fault, they had warned her she must leave and she had let the deadline pass. Now, with the U-boats marauding around in the depths of the oceans, it was too dangerous to allow unnecessary civilian travel at sea. Ciss had come to us for help. Alphonse took her up to London the very next morning and somehow contrived to obtain passage for her. I never knew what strings he had pulled to do this.

I made a great success of managing my tea-room and I stuck at it for at least two years, until after I met Alphonse. There were always interesting people coming to the club and I had the satisfaction of feeling that I was contributing my share towards making the whole venture a going concern.

Now that I was active and doing something of my own I was a completely changed young woman. I had a goal in life and a job to do and I no longer resented the close quarters of our girls' dormitory. I think it is essential for every one of us to have this feeling of being needed and of being useful to others, and I pity those who



Golfing at Lamington Links.

are condemned to live from day to day without any definite plans or ambitions or activities to keep them going — especially the poor unemployed young people of today.

Early every morning I would set out by foot for the Golf Links Tea Room, there to busy myself during most of the day overseeing my help in the kitchen and making sure there was plenty of food and drink for the golfers. When business was slack I even found time to take up the game of golf myself and wander around the links. This knowledge of golf was to become very useful to me many years later in Canada, when I became the Women's President of the Val Morin Golf Club.

Most of the patrons came out to the golf-course by horse and buggy. Their animals were tethered to the hitching-posts outside the tea-room. We had a problem whenever Afghan camel trains passed anywhere in the vicinity. The horses could pick up the camels' scent from miles away and it seemed to drive them berserk. They would start lashing out with their hoofs and demolishing the carriages. When one horse became frenzied, the others followed suit raising an awful racket of snorting and whinnying and smashing of the wooden panelling of the carriages. Some would escape and run wild around the links. This was a signal for the golfers to drop their clubs in their tracks and rush back to save their horses and carriages, a time of great stir and excitement, and trade would pick up in the tea-room.

The noise and confusion caused by the camels was nothing however compared to the stir created by the appearance of our first automobiles. It was lucky for us that the streets of Kalgoorlie were so wide, for it was dangerous to be close to a horse whenever one of these metal monsters came on the scene, belching smoke and sometimes backfiring like a Gatling gun. It even upset the townspeople. In time we became used to them of course and even screwed up enough courage to ride in one. At first they were not very impressive, decidedly slower than a good team of horses, much harder to manage, and besides, the odour of the petrol was worse than the occasional odour from the horses. Slowly members began showing up at the club-house in these new-fangled contraptions, and even the horses learned to accept them.

The tea-room didn't prevent me from keeping up my other activities with the young people and attending all the dances, some of which took place at the golf club-house.

At one of these dances I had the pleasure of meeting and dancing twice with a young mining engineer from America. None of us realized that one day destiny would beckon in his direction. His name was Herbert Hoover. He must have found us all very dull and at a subsequent dance he scandalized everybody by escorting an attractive barmaid. This was just not done. Mr. Hoover was an interesting, handsome and very eligible bachelor and

besides, he was obviously wealthy and a professional, but these poor girls who worked as barmaids or showgirls, while certainly more attractive and more exciting to the men of the mining camp, were never invited to our dances. This didn't worry the future President very much. He had found a girl to his liking and I didn't blame him at all. He even wrote a love poem to his beloved one; it was published in a local paper and caused quite a sensation.

Some of these barmaids made successful marriages with rough newly-rich mining aristocrats and even with sons of nobility who had been sent out from the Old Country for training in the mines of the colonies; from being barmaids they often became the chatelaines of some of Kalgoorlie's more impressive mansions, much to the chagrin of the other matrons whose tongues never ceased to wag with envy.

Father and Mother didn't come to the club, but my sisters and I met interesting people there. One of these was a young aristocrat from the old country, Eric Starey, whose folks were influential people back in Herefordshire. He struck up a close friendship with my younger sisters Kathy and Fancy, both of whom took a liking for the young man and invited him often to our home. In later years the Stareys would reciprocate by inviting the wandering Griffith girls to stay with them at Bodenham Manor in Herefordshire and at Milton Ernest Hall in Bedfordshire. Today more than three-quarters of a century later, the Stareys are still intimate friends of Kathy's family in England.

At the club I also met Alan Barker. His father was a prominent baronet living in Perth and his mother was a close friend of Mrs. Yeo. One day he invited me to go with him to the races. Most of the Kalgoorlie-ites were mad about racing, mainly because there was no other way to spend their new-found wealth. There were no lakes or mountain resorts close by and the beaches were too far to go for short trips, so going to the race-track became the popular thing to do. Every week there were hotly contested races of all kinds, including dog-races using whippets, or even camel-races. Horse-racing, of course, was the most popular and the betting was fast and furious.

Our city boasted a magnificent race-track to host these events, and nobody who was anybody missed them unless he was sick or prevented from attending, especially on Racing Day. This occurred once a month. The whole town would shut down, including the banks, stores and schools, to allow everybody to attend the race-track.

It was a day of celebration and an occasion to display all the latest fashions from Perth, Melbourne and distant places. Even the men were dressed in their Sunday best. The Yeos had a box and Alan Barker and I were invited to join them. After that first date Alan began inviting me out.

I was flattered by his attention and we seemed to get

along famously. He took me back to the races on the following month and this time we sat in the Yeos' box while Ciss remained back at home, sick in bed. I had to return and report to her on the events of the day. Because she was so wrapped up in the latest fashions, she wanted me to describe the outfits worn by her close friends in the adjoining boxes. I was mortified to have to admit that, for the life of me, I couldn't remember any of the details of what they wore, which goes to show how backward I was and have always been about such things as women's fashions.

Later Alan took me to see the first "flicks," or moving pictures, to be shown in our town, a new invention of Thomas Edison. It was an historic event. We couldn't get over the novelty of viewing people actually moving about as if they were alive. It was hailed as a marvellous discovery although the action on the screen was so jumpy and jerky that these first movies would convulse our young people of today with merriment.

This was the beginning of the Age of Science. New and more startling inventions were about to appear.

One day Father arranged for a telephone to be installed on the wall at home. It was an old-fashioned hand-cranking box contraption which scared the life out of Mother and she wouldn't go near it. The very thought that somebody else's voice, miles away, could come over those wires and out of that box was terrifying for her and many others like her. We younger people of course took to this new gadget like a duck takes to water. But poor Mother was convinced the box was black magic and wouldn't touch it.

It is hard for us today to imagine just how each one of these new inventions, including the radio which appeared much later, drastically altered our lifestyles. Those who can remember more recent events have only to compare what has happened to us since television was introduced not so long ago. As for the computer age which is now upon us, I don't understand a thing about it but it surely is changing our way of life.

The years of living together in Kalgoorlie were drawing to a close although we didn't know it at the time. Alice had already flown the coop to go and live with our Uncle Heck as his housekeeper and now suddenly, it was the turn of Connie.

My twin sister had been very friendly with the wife of a neighbour of ours, Eddie Macartney. An older man who had played an important role in the development of the goldfields, he was a well-known government mine and land surveyor and had been twice elected Mayor of Bulong, a town twenty miles outside Kalgoorlie. It was said that "Macartney probably surveyed more mine leases than any other man, and his knowledge of the Eastern Goldfields was incomparable." He had immense charm, personality and integrity and had enjoyed a brilliant academic career at Melbourne University. In fact

the time of his stay at the university was commonly referred to by the alumni as "Macartney's period."

He had many dealings with Father. Moreover he was a relative of Father's and could lay claim to an equally impressive family tree. His middle name was also Hussy de Burgh. He was the grandson of the famous Dean Macartney mentioned in the prologue of this book.

Eddie Macartney's wife gave birth and became seriously ill. They lived right opposite our home in the most imposing house of our neighbourhood. Connie was there all the time and when the poor mother lay on her deathbed she asked her husband, in Connie's presence, to marry Connie after her death so that her child would be properly looked after. This was kept secret from our family.

Connie wanted to marry Eddie, she was very much in love with him, and they debated it for some time. They knew that Father would never agree to it, nor would Eddie's sister who had been acting as his housekeeper during his wife's illness. Besides, Eddie was almost twice Connie's age at the time. Were they to mention the subject to Father, they felt he would quash the idea without delay and for good.

Unfortunately, Connie never confided in me in those days. We had somehow drifted apart, mainly because I had been absent from home for so long, and she knew I would advise against defying our father. So she spoke to Alice and tried to enlist her help. Alice hesitated for a long time about aiding and abetting her sister. She didn't want to arouse Father's ire even though she was no longer living at home. Finally she was persuaded by Connie and agreed to go along with them. Connie was not yet 21 and needed Father's consent. There was only one thing to do. She determined to convince Eddie to elope and be married from a mutual friend's home in Perth. One day they both disappeared from Kalgoorlie and went down to Perth where they were married at the house of their friends with Alice as witness.

I was out rollerskating with a group of young people the day I heard about it. One of them said to me: "I see by the papers today that your twin sister has gotten married." I was shocked. I rushed to get a paper and sure enough, there was the whole story in the Kalgoorlie papers. I doffed my skates and hurried home. Nobody there knew anything about it. Somebody had to tell Father, so I did. Poor old Dad took it badly and it was a long time before we could get them together and reconcile him to Eddie and Connie, even though they were living right opposite to us on the same street.

I never blamed Connie for taking the matter into her own hands. I suppose I would have done the same in her place. Eddie and she were in love and that was all that counted. Later on in our lives we became much closer and she spent many happy years in company with Alphonse and me in Canada and in Florida. All my family and

friends fell in love with her and my children adopted as their own sister her youngest daughter Constance. But that is another story which I will tell later on.

I wouldn't want the reader to get the wrong impression about my father. We all loved him dearly and fully recognized that he had sacrificed his life for our sake. But there comes a time when the birds must leave the nest and go off to fend for themselves and no longer be dependant on their parents. That time had now come! Shortly after Connie's elopement and marriage to Eddie, a momentous cable arrived from Alice in Collie with the sad news that Uncle Heck had died suddenly, leaving his house and his business to Father. Little did we know that it presaged the imminent break-up of our closely-knit family circle.

At the time Kathy, Fan and myself, as well as our brother Heck, were still living with our parents.

For some while prior to his brother's death Father had been worried about the decline of business at his office. The big mines had taken over and new exploration was at a minimum. Father was sorely tempted to pull up stakes in Kalgoorlie and go to live in Collie where the countryside was so beautiful, and the weather pleasant all year 'round, and now he had a home and a ready-made business waiting for him.

But there were his three daughters still at home to think about and there was no room for them in Collie.

We girls started to work on Father almost immediately in order to convince him that he should go. None of us were interested in moving to Collie even if there had been room for us. Each of us in her own way had her own plans shaping up and this development looked like an opportunity for us to acquire more freedom of movement. As for Heck, who was planning a college career, there was ample space for him to live with our parents in Collie, and besides, it was closer to the college in Perth.

We finally convinced Father. It was decided that he would leave us at home with Eddie and Connie as our official chaperones with strict instructions to keep an eye on us from their dwelling across the street. This was a turning point in Father's life, allowing his little chicks to plan for themselves at long last.

Almost immediately events began spiralling along as if some mischievous fairy goblins had decided to take the fate of the Griffith girls in hand.

It all began because our late Uncle Heck had long maintained close contact with a favourite first-cousin of his youth, Consie Langrishe, a spinster who lived at Nass in County Kildare not far from Millicent, the former home of our great-grandfather in Ireland. Alice was now inspired to write to Consie Langrishe and inform her of Uncle Heck's death. This initiative had far-reaching effects, as we shall see. No sooner did Consie Langrishe receive the letter than she decided she would like to meet Alice and invited her to come over to Ireland and stay

with her, offering to pay all the expenses. Alice was overjoyed at this opportunity of seeing the world and lost no time in setting out on her long trip, but the goblins intervened once more.

On board ship Alice met a young man named Fleming Gregory. He was as handsome and dashing as she was beautiful. It was love at first sight. By the time she arrived in County Kildare, they were engaged to be married and her stay with Cousin Consie was short-lived. She hurried back to London to marry her young Australian. I wish I could say here that they lived happily ever after, but unfortunately this was not the case. When the war broke out young Captain Gregory was one of the first casualties at Gallipoli and Alice, now a widow, returned to Australia to give birth to their baby daughter, Patricia. Later on she would marry a very prominent man, Howden Drake-Brockman, scion of one of the oldest and most influential families in Perth. With him she would



Seeing Kathy off on her way to Ireland.

have three more children. (See E.A. Griffith family tree in Appendix A.)

The fairy goblins seemed to be still at work, for now it became the turn of my young sister Kathy to make a long sea voyage to the opposite side of the globe. At the suggestion of Alice, she was invited in turn by Cousin Consie Langriche, and she set off just as the Great War was about to begin. As we said good-bye to her, little did I dream that we would meet again before long in the Old Country.

A dear friend from Kalgoorlie days was waiting at the port in Southampton to greet Kathy on her arrival in England. It was young Eric Starey, now an army officer, who invited her to spend some time with his parents at Bodenham Manor in Herefordshire before going on to Ireland and County Kildare.

For Kathy, this trip was the beginning of an adventure which was to last for a lifetime. Through Cousin Consie, an ardent horsewoman with the Kildare Hunt, she met Percy La Touche, the president of the Irish Turf Club, and his wife Lady Annette La Touche, daughter of the Earl of Clonmel. Lady Annette took an instant liking for Kathy and invited our sister to stay with them at their large estate of Harristown, just outside Dublin. Later, Kathy became the companion of Lady Annette who was rather old and frail, and she stayed with them for several years.

Close by Harristown was the English military encampment of Curragh, and here the La Touches and their guests would often attend the military balls. At one of these functions Kathy met a young officer in the Black Watch, recently wounded, who had just returned from the front where he had distinguished himself in action and been awarded the Military Cross for Valour. His name was Lieutenant Kenneth Argyle-Robertson. A romance was to blossom between this young couple and a life of adventure lay before our sister Kathy, but I will

have more to say about that in a later chapter.

When Alice first left Australia, Kathy and Fan moved to Perth and I found myself alone in our Kalgoorlie home. Father could see no reason for keeping the house for one child so he decided to put it up for sale. I had to begin looking for another place to live.

Among our good friends in Kalgoorlie at this time was Susan Harris. Her husband was the secretary-treasurer of our church and they had two little children. One day her husband absconded with all the church funds leaving poor Susan high and dry with no means of support. We all rallied around her and raised enough money among the wealthy mine managers who belonged to our church to buy her a large old home where she opened a boarding-house to support herself and her children.

Not long before this happened I had met a Canadian mining engineer named Alphonse Paré at one of our dances. It was not love at first sight by any means. He was a good-looking man and most of the girls, including Emily Gordon, were keen on him but I had not given him a second thought and never expected to meet him again.

Susan, seeing that I was about to be all alone at home said to me: "Lucy, why don't you come and stay with me? I won't charge you anything and we will keep each other company. After all, one good turn deserves another."

And that is what I decided to do. Now Father could have no qualms about selling the house. I had no idea at the time that Alphonse Paré was a boarder there too. I discovered it only on the day I moved in, when he spotted me and asked me to have dinner with him. I accepted. It was the beginning of a great adventure for me, the adventure of a lifetime. The story of my romance with Alphonse is important enough to merit a chapter of its own.

IX

Alphonse

In which the author meets the man of her life.

When a friend of mine first wanted to introduce me to the handsome young Canadian at one of our dances, I told her I wasn't interested. I knew that all the girls had fallen for him and that he was apparently a very pleasant and engaging young man. But in those days, in Kalgoorlie, the boys outnumbered the girls by two to one and at the time my interests lay elsewhere. I had developed a close friendship with Alan Barker and although there had never been anything serious between us, I enjoyed his company and I felt that he liked to be with me. We sometimes went on long bicycle trips through the countryside and he had confided in me about the unfortunate love affair he had just experienced. Besides, my good friend Emily Gordon had also told me in confidence that she had a serious crush on the Canadian. She was anxious to introduce him to her family, and she usually got what she wanted. Her parents were rich American mining people and they owned a stable of horses. Emily was an avid horsewoman and I understood from those who had seen him ride that Alphonse Paré was also an outstanding rider; he carried himself on horseback as if he had been born to the saddle. He was a natural match for Emily and she was much prettier and much more fun than I was.

But for some unknown reason Alphonse apparently insisted on meeting me. He even came up with my friend at one of the dances and said to me, "Miss Griffith, I would like to meet you!" After we were introduced, I accepted his invitation to dance. I couldn't be impolite.

This Alphonse Paré was indeed a good looking man, muscular, with glossy black hair, dark brown piercing eyes, fine Roman features and with a clean-cut boyish look about him. His smile was irresistible. He was not as tall as the average Australian boy, only a few inches

taller than I was, but he was well-proportioned. He spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent. In fact it was hard to believe that he was a French-Canadian. It appeared that his mother's name was Timmins. Later on I was to discover that this Timmins family spoke mainly French.

After meeting Alphonse I never gave him a second thought until months later I found him staying at my friend Susan's boarding-house, and accepted his invitation to dinner. We got along famously on that occasion and as we were lodging in the same house we began seeing a good deal of each other. Every night when he returned from the mines and I from the tea-room, we looked forward to having supper together and maybe afterwards playing a hand of bridge with some of the others. Occasionally, when we had the time, we would go for long walks or bicycle rides. One day he took me to see the touring Canadian lacrosse team, supposedly world champions, play our Kalgoorlie team and we cheered for opposite sides.

There was definitely no romantic feeling on my part at this time. Alphonse also confided in me about a hopeless love-affair in Canada and I began to feel that my role in life was to console the lovelorn. I made every effort to advance the interests of my friend Emily because she was so keen on Alphonse. Poor Emily made the fatal mistake however of showing her feelings and Alphonse was doing his best to avoid her. After many futile attempts to persuade him to accept her invitations, he refused point blank to go to a large party she was giving especially in his honour, saying to me: "Lucy, I don't see why you are trying to make a match between Emily and me. I'm not in the least bit interested in her. I am interested in you!" This was a shocker. We had become very close friends, but I had not anticipated romance. About this time Emily's family sent her on an extended trip to England and later they moved back to America, so

I had no chance to speak to her again before I took leave of Australia. I am sure when she heard that I had become engaged and married to Alphonse, she assumed I had double-crossed her, little realizing how faithfully I had supported her cause.

The more I saw of Alphonse the more I admired him for his purity of mind and fine feelings. Our friendship and mutual respect blossomed into love and we spent many happy hours together. This period, I suppose, is what is called the time of courtship, when the man and the woman begin to know each other better and discover one another's qualities. Life becomes fulfilling in the company of the other and time ceases to exist.

A picture in my album reminds me vividly of those happy days. We had gone out into the meadows to picnic together and Alphonse, as always, had brought along a rug to sit on. We had chosen a cozy spot and had laid out our magnificent repast of sandwiches and cakes on the rug. I had a wide-brimmed floppy hat with a large ribbon and Alphonse wore a round flat-topped straw hat with a cloth band, both hats then much in fashion. We placed them on the rug and took a snapshot of the feast and the hats of the "intending feasters."



Hats of the "intending feasters."

The weather was wonderful and all around us there grew a profusion of wild-flowers of all colours. We were in love and we decided to gather flowers before eating. This was a mistake for when we danced back with our arms full of bouquets, we were the late comers at the feast. The entire repast was covered with hundreds of large ants devouring our delectable food. But what is such a minor contretemps to people in love? We roared with laughter, cleaned up the mess and made our way homewards hand in hand, hungry but content to be in each other's company and with a photograph to remind me of a day that fled by in happiness so long ago.

Our relationship was so devoid of all the sex implications that seem to be a necessary concomitant of courtship today that I sometimes wonder if young people really appreciate the meaning of true love or have indeed ever experienced it.

Alphonse at no time attempted to kiss me or make advances. We discussed sex at times and I betrayed my abysmal ignorance of the subject. Alphonse gently and respectfully attempted to explain the basic fundamentals which somehow or other neither our system of education nor our parents had felt it their responsibility to do.

I am sure my grandchildren are not able to understand how backwards we were in my youth about knowledge of sex. When I see what is happening nowadays, how the pendulum has swung much too far to the other extreme, I cannot believe the world can have changed so much in such a short time. Perhaps the young people now have a much more healthy understanding of such matters although I do not agree with the abuses that are tolerated in our society which no longer respects what is holy and spiritual in the relationship between man and woman. As a young girl growing up in the goldfields, I had no idea how children were born, much less conceived, and because there was no education or information on the subject given to the young people, anything they learned about sex they had to learn by themselves. Talking about sex was strictly taboo in our household and was never discussed even when the girls were by themselves. Words like "rape" or "incest" or "pregnancy" were unknown to us. It was even considered immoral or in bad taste to bring up the subject of sex. My sisters became a little more knowledgeable about sex than I as time went by, but as I was considered to be a "goody-goody" they would not shock me by talking about such things in my presence. They knew I considered it wrong and I wouldn't condone it. I remember that when I first became aware that my breasts were quite buxom, I thought it was sinful to show them off and I tried my best to hide them from men. And when I first experienced my menstrual periods, I was ashamed and worried, I thought I must be ill, until finally I mentioned it to Mother and she assured me it was quite normal for a young girl to menstruate.

As a result of all this I was incredibly ignorant about such matters and even after my marriage with Alphonse, when I had learned what true love and permissible sexual pleasure is about, I still was quite uninformed as to how babies actually came into the world. In those Victorian days women wore voluminous petticoats, stays and skirts and consequently when they became pregnant most people were none the wiser. So it was that even after I was married I had never in all my life even seen a naked woman bearing a child! In my imagination the woman carried the child inside but I had never realized that her stomach was forced to protrude as the child grew in size in its mother's womb. Nobody had ever told me and I hadn't

worked it out for myself.

In South Africa, Alphonse and I were wandering hand in hand through a wax museum in Pretoria admiring the exhibits when we came upon one that represented a naked native woman in a well-advanced state of pregnancy. The title was "Woman with child." I looked at the exhibit with surprise and said to Alphonse, "Where is the child?" He looked at me very strangely and answered, "Lucy, what do you mean? Can't you see she's bearing a child?" It was then, and only then, that I understood and realized how a child developed in the womb of its mother. At the age of 24 when I already was pregnant myself, although I did not know it then, it was high time for me to know exactly how children came into the world.

that attracted him to me besides by beautiful long auburn tresses that reached down to my knees, was my unworldliness and utter innocence and naivety where sex was concerned. Maybe it was just as well that I was so backward in these matters for it helped me to find Alphonse. During this time, I learned a lot about Alphonse's family and upbringing and he about mine, and possibly about our prejudices. For when he finally surprised me by proposing marriage he took pains to advise me that he was a Roman Catholic. It had never entered my mind that he might be one and I couldn't believe my ears. To show how deeply ingrained was our ignorance and prejudice against Catholics, I actually did not believe him and I thought he was joking with me. That was when I said to him: "I don't believe you



Courting behind the fence in Kalgoorlie.

Besides all this nonsense about sex, it amazes me when I recall how ridiculous we were in those Victorian days about matters which concerned the functions of our bodies and which today would be considered as quite natural. For example, when my sister Fancy and brother Heck went for a long motor-bike ride to Perth, Fan nearly burst her bladder and was quite sick because she was too shy to ask her own brother to stop so she could attend to the call of nature. And when I stayed at the boarding-house, where each room had an individual pot for night use, I used to get up on the bed and cover myself with blankets so nobody in the adjoining rooms (including Alphonse) could hear me when I used the pot.

All in all, Alphonse must have found me a strange creature indeed. Later on he told me that one of the things

Alphonse. You are such a gentleman, you can't be a Catholic."

It is a wonder to me now that he ever proposed to me again after that insult to his religion. To compound it, when I saw he was serious and really was a Catholic, I felt I had no choice but to refuse him politely and firmly with a heavy heart, and that ended our close friendship, for the time being at least.

Alphonse was a busy man and seemed to have experience beyond his twenty-six years. He was ostensibly in Australia to study new mining methods with a view to bringing his experience back to Canada. I learned later that there were other reasons for his presence in our midst and that in fact he already had considerable experience in the mining field, having organized and managed the

largest gold mine in his country. He had certainly impressed our Australian mining people and he received several offers to manage important mines in the gold-fields, all of which he turned down.

Immediately after I refused his proposal of marriage he took off to inspect some gold-mines in New South Wales and was gone for several months. During this time I was busy myself with my tea-room but somehow I felt sorry for myself and I missed Alphonse a lot.

One day he was back and we had supper together that evening. He eyed me somewhat quizzically and said, "Lucy, are you still of a mind not to marry me? You know my proposal still stands open." I stammered something stupid like, "I love you Alphonse but I really cannot marry a Catholic." He kissed me on the forehead and said, "I think this means goodbye, Lucy dear. I'm off to Canada soon and we won't be seeing each other again."

My heart was broken as we said a sad goodbye. I never expected to see Alphonse again but I still couldn't bring myself to face the thought of marrying a Catholic against everything I had been taught since I could remember and by those who meant the most to me. "He's gone for good," I said to myself. "And life has to go on, so I must forget him." But I felt something was wrong with the way I had acted. I yearned to know the other side of the story. I remembered how I had felt years before about Sister Gertrud and how often I had been impressed to see young Catholic people genuflect or cross themselves whenever they passed in front of their church. And the Catholic Church was always so crowded in comparison to the sparse congregations at our Anglican Church. Father's opinion that the priests somehow used to hypnotize their faithful was shared by many but it didn't seem to make much sense to me. Why was it so unthinkable for me to marry a Catholic? I decided to find out for myself. I first looked for the answer in any books I could find on the subject, for I had no other person to turn to, but I could not find a satisfactory answer.

Then suddenly I remembered my friend, Mrs. Evans, the sweet old lady who used to teach Sunday School at the Church of England with me. In fact she was the one who had persuaded me to take an active part in Sunday School teaching at Father Collick's church. I had loved her until she turned Catholic. Her family and all her friends were shocked and from that day on she was shunned by everyone and I had lost sight of her.

So I went to see her and poured out my sad story, asking for her advice. "Poor child," she said to me. "He sounds like a wonderful man and you are missing the opportunity of your life." And then she told me the story of her conversion to Catholicism. It appeared she was unhappy in her marriage and was bearing a great sorrow. She hardly knew where to turn. Father Collick was no longer available and she found no solace in her own

church. Now it happened that the Catholic Church was on the opposite corner to our Church of England. One day as she went by she glanced inside and saw a candle burning. She entered cautiously and saw the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary looking down at her. She knelt down and prayed to the Mother of Christ for help in her distress and to her utter surprise a great feeling of peace came upon her. Every day thereafter she entered and prayed to the Mother and felt relieved. Finally she went to see the priest who turned out to be a most understanding man. She eventually took instruction and became a Catholic. Nobody had pressured her into doing it.

I decided to see this priest myself. He was very sympathetic and explained many things I had not understood about the Church. But he appreciated my problem and said to me, "Miss Griffith, there is absolutely no need for you to become a Catholic in order to marry your young man. It is much better for God to have a good Protestant than a bad Catholic. You will go to heaven just the same for we have no monopoly on sanctity in God's eyes."

I had soon found out that there was little, if any, difference in belief between the High Church of England and the Catholic Church. What had attracted me to the Sisters so long ago was mainly the customs and rituals retained from the Catholic Church. The only difference I could see was the acknowledgement of the Pope as head of the Church and successor to St. Peter. Maybe this was necessary to retain the purity of the doctrine, otherwise everybody would make his individual interpretation as has happened. So I decided on my own to take instruction. And now I began praying like mad to our Lady for help. "Please Mother send back Alphonse to me. Don't let him leave Australia without seeing me."

My friend Susan had no idea whether he had gone for good. He had not reserved his room and had left no effects in her care. My heart was sad and the days grew longer as no news was received of his whereabouts. It began to appear that I had lost him forever. It was my own fault, I had been such a fool.

Then one day, when I returned from work, Susan rushed up to me excitedly. "He's back," she cried. "Alphonse is back!" My heart beat rapidly. I couldn't wait to see him. And when our eyes met, he knew my answer: We rushed up and into each other's arms and exchanged our first passionate kiss. All I murmured to him was "Yes!"

I didn't tell him until later that I was taking instruction from a Catholic priest.

We were engaged to be married and my whole life was taking a new direction. The news of our engagement was received in various ways by my family and friends. Most of my friends were delighted and a little envious that I had picked out the man that everybody had a crush on.

Connie was the first of the family to know and she expressed dismay when she heard he was a Catholic. "Surely you should go someplace where we are not known and get married there," she suggested. "It will be terrible if people find out about it."

It sounds amusing now, but that is the way my sisters felt then, so strong was our prejudice against Catholics. Later, Connie was to encourage her daughter to become a Catholic and marry a fine Canadian boy, but in those days they were horrified. If I had listened to them I would not have married Alphonse.

Dear old Mr. Stewart said he was delighted, but in his heart of hearts I believe he was disappointed for it meant that I would be leaving him. After he met Alphonse they became great friends, and he gave us five-hundred dollars for a wedding present.

As far as Alan Barker is concerned, I had an unexpected reaction. He had never shown any special interest in me or even once proposed. If he had, I probably would have accepted him. Of course we had been good friends and he had met Alphonse on a few occasions. He had even lent Alphonse his bicycle to go on long rides with me in the country. So I was surprised and somewhat disappointed in Mrs. Yeo when she came to me and tried to talk me out of my engagement. She was a very close friend of Alan's mother. It seemed he had confided in his mother that he was about to propose to me. Ciss Yeo was all for my breaking off with Alphonse so as not to miss such a wonderful match. The Barkers were wealthy and very important people in Perth. Ciss really only had what she considered to be my best interests at heart. It showed how little she really knew me. Even if I had not been so deliriously happy I would never have done such a thing to Alphonse, nor to anyone else.

Both my sisters Fancy and Connie, when they met Alphonse, fell in love with him. It was lucky for me I had staked my prior claim to him. During later years Alphonse treated them like his own sisters and we all had a close and deep attachment to one another.

Father and Mother were told of our engagement, but no mention was made that Alphonse was a Catholic. The biggest hurdle we had to overcome before getting married was to obtain the blessing of my parents.

In the meantime, I told Alphonse I was about to be received into the Catholic Church. He was overjoyed, particularly as he had never put any pressure on me to take that step. It meant so much to both of us. We both loved children and were setting no limit on the number that God might send us. My decision solved the problem of their religious upbringing.

There occurred at this time one of those incidents in our lives which, when retold, are hard to believe. Alphonse used to object to my talking about it because he felt that the listener would conclude I was trying to dramatize my conversion. But they say truth can some-

times be stranger than fiction, and, after all, my life has been very ordinary and humdrum so I give you the story and I don't ask you to believe it.

I had kept a close relationship with the Reverend Burton and his wife even after I ceased to teach Sunday School. He succeeded Father Collick when the latter became a bishop. But I dared not seek his advice about my problem because I felt he just might talk me out of joining the Catholic Church before I had been able to make up my mind by myself.

Now that my decision was made I desperately wanted to tell him about it so that he would not be hurt, and at the same time introduce him to my wonderful Alphonse. But Alphonse was a little reluctant to go and meet him. He finally agreed to come with me the last time I would attend the Sunday service at the Church of England. I intended to introduce Alphonse to the Reverend Burton after the service.

We were listening to a fine sermon when suddenly the Reverend Burton collapsed in the pulpit. Alphonse was one of the first to rush to his assistance, but he was already dead. We called upon the widow later to offer our condolences and she told us her husband had been suffering from heart trouble for some time but he insisted on carrying on. She also assured me he would have been delighted with my decision and would have encouraged me. He was very High Church.

So one day, in the Catholic Church of Kalgoorlie, in the presence of Mrs. Evans, my dear old friend and sponsor, as godmother, and Alphonse beaming with pleasure, I very quietly became a Catholic.

Alphonse decided that we should get married as soon as possible. He had changed his mind about returning immediately to Canada. We would go on our honeymoon to South Africa for several months where he would inspect the mines and later we would visit London and the Old Country before heading back to his home in Montreal.

Any girlish heart would have skipped a beat for joy and excitement at the thought of sailing off on such adventures to foreign parts in the loving company of her Sir Galahad.

It now became urgent for Alphonse to meet my parents and obtain their blessing. And we had to set the date and place for the wedding.

I knew there would be no problem with Mother, but Father was a different kettle of fish. He could be unpredictable and he had very fierce prejudices as far as Catholics were concerned. Also I loved Father and I did not want to hurt his feelings or marry in defiance of his wishes if it could be avoided.

Alphonse decided to meet them and get their permission, but how were we to do it? I knew that the lovely word Catholic would wave like a red flag before a bull and I was fearful that Father would simply try to

quash our whole romance.

I suggested to Alphonse that we should write a letter telling my parents he would call upon them in Collie to meet them and obtain their blessing. We did so and received a welcome answer from Father congratulating us and inviting Alphonse to come and visit for a week or so.

Before going I had a difficult time convincing Alphonse not to mention he was a Catholic until the very last minute of his stay. In this way, they would get to know him and love him. Alphonse was proud to be a Catholic and resented any suggestion that he should hide it. I implored him to cooperate and try to understand. Above all, I warned him, don't tell them I have become a Catholic. I will do that eventually myself.

Alphonse agreed and made a great hit with both Father and Mother.

On the very last day of his two-week stay, he asked my father to have a few words in private. I was back in Kalgoorlie praying desperately that everything would work out all right, and my prayers were answered.

Father took the news with apparent equanimity and shook hands with Alphonse saying: "I have never met a true Catholic before and if all other Catholics are like you, Alphonse, then I am sorry that I have been so biased in the past!"

I was overjoyed to receive a telegram from Alphonse which simply read "Everything OK. No misunderstandings whatsoever. I love you." The last hurdle to our marriage had been overcome.

It was time now for me to plan my departure from Kalgoorlie. I said goodbye to Connie and Eddie and all my dear friends, most for the last time, although I promised faithfully to soon come back and see them all again. Connie was expecting her second child and wouldn't be able to come down to Collie for my wedding. It would be years before I saw her again and I bid my dear twin sister a tearful adieu. Later in life we would once more be re-united and spend many happy years together.

I left Kalgoorlie for the last time in December 1912 and spent a quiet Christmas with my parents in Collie. Early in January Alphonse joined us and on the 10th of January 1913, in the little Catholic Church of Collie, which was so close to Father's house that we all walked over, Alphonse and I were married by Father Price. Outside, the temperature hovered around 110 degrees Fahrenheit. It was an exceptionally hot day and whenever I recall my wedding on that tenth of January, I remember how warm it can be in Australia when it is winter here in Canada. The only other Catholic presents beside myself was Alphonse who served the nuptial mass then participated in the wedding ceremony. All the other spectators were good Protestant members of my family or their friends. I was such a new Catholic that the ritual was even strange to me. I was dressed in a plain white wedding gown with a white lace cap and I walked down the aisle on

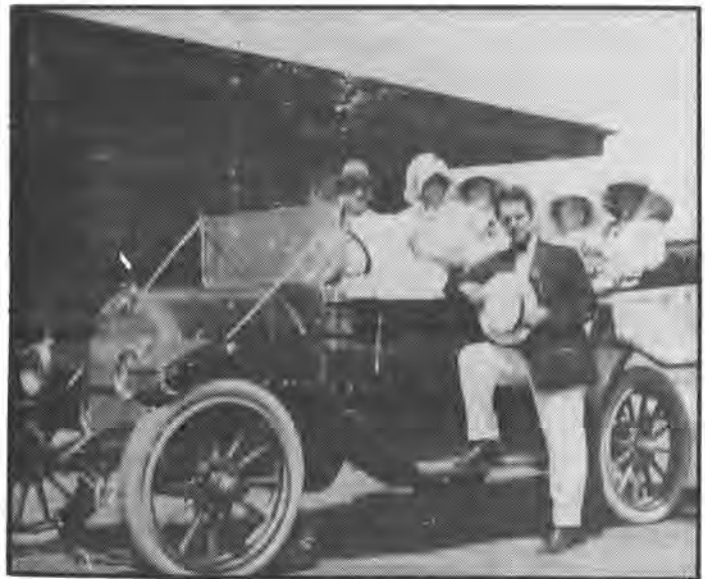
Father's arm. The ceremony was quiet and simple and I loved it. It was a new sensation to sign my name in the church register as "Mrs. Lucy Paré"

Fancy and Heck had prepared a pleasant little reception at home following the wedding and Father Price came over and joined us.

The moment had come to bid a final and touching farewell to all my family and friends. I was leaving the shores of Australia for a distant land and who knew if I would ever see them again. We all had tears in our eyes when we embraced for the last time.

Before taking off to South Africa from Fremantle harbour, Alphonse and I spent three quiet and wonderful weeks on the beach at Cottesloe.

When our ship was due to leave, Heck, Fancy and a group of friends came to meet us in the latest model of touring car and saw us aboard. But first we posed for this picture and Alphonse is the handsome young man in white duck pants with the straw hat in his hands standing in front of the car.



Heck, Fancy and a group of friends to see us aboard ship.

I was intensely happy though sad at the same time to be leaving my country and my dear ones. But I knew I was married to the most wonderful man in the world. Before me beckoned a life full of adventure and love and I thanked God for all he had done for me.

A honeymoon is a time when one learns all kinds of unsuspected things about one's new companion in life. The truth unfolds gradually from day-to-day contact and sometimes it is good and at other times it can be distressing.

I was learning every day now, as our sea voyage

progressed, that I was a very lucky young woman indeed. A more kindly, gentle and considerate man than Alphonse would be hard to find. The rolling of the ship renewed my old complaint of seasickness and dear Alphonse looked after me like a mother tends to her child.

When we finally reached Sydney and spent a couple of welcome days on land at the home of one of my old friends who had moved out east, I was able to recover my land legs and live again.

Aboard the much larger liner that was taking us to South Africa I felt more at home and finally was able to join Alphonse on the ship's deck and at mealtimes.

The total sea voyage from Fremantle to Durban took nearly two months. I was as happy as a young woman could be who had forsaken her family and homeland to venture into the unknown with her lover. The trip passed without much incident. The only event of any note that I can recall was the presence on board of Gladys Cooper, the famous English actress of the time. She was travelling around the world to recruit chorus girls for a new musical. Her ambition was to have the most beautiful line of legs and figures to ever grace the stage. You can imagine my surprise when she introduced herself to me and told me I had beautiful legs. Many people had remarked on my legs in the past, but I had not paid much attention to them. She offered me a job in her latest play. I was flattered but I told her I had no voice to sing. "Oh, that's all right, dearie," she said. "You only pretend to sing. Most of the other girls have good voices but not one has better legs than you."

I had to tell her that I was on my honeymoon and I didn't think my husband would agree. I dared not tell Alphonse until after the ship had docked for fear he might be quite annoyed at her and cause a scene.

Alphonse was so modest about his accomplishments that I had no idea he was a public hero and idol of sorts among his friends from his home town of Montreal. The first inkling I had of his claim to fame was in Durban after the ship had docked. We were waiting in the station to take the train to Johannesburg, our immediate destination, and as far as I was concerned we could have been in the middle of China, for I never expected to be greeted by a familiar face, when suddenly a young man rushed up to Alphonse, his eyes literally popping out with excitement to see my husband. "Ack Ack! What are you doing here in South Africa?" he exclaimed. They shook hands in the most extraordinary fashion as I gazed on in bafflement. The stranger was apparently a "Deke" fraternity brother of Alphonse's from McGill University in Montreal, and the unusual method of greeting was a ritual peculiar to the brothers of the fraternity. "Ack Ack" was Alphonse's nickname from football days.

It took no time for the news of Alphonse's arrival to circulate by word of mouth among the considerable

colony of McGill graduates in this part of the world. From them I learned that Alphonse was one of the greatest football players ever to wear the colours of McGill. Only several years before he had captained their team to the Dominion championship. As one enthusiast said to me, "He was the greatest running-back in our history. You should have seen him carry that ball!" I never did have the pleasure, but many years later I saw his son Dick also cheered on by the fans when he became a football hero, and I was reminded of those first stories I heard about my husband's prowess at the game.

Everybody was anxious to meet Alphonse and his young Australian wife, so we were flooded with invitations.

This was my first experience with Canadians as a group and I found them to be most friendly and sociable. One day we were invited to go on a long bus-ride with a group of Canadian and South African graduates of McGill University, accompanied by their wives. As the ancient bus bumped over the rough roads I heard for the first time the French-Canadian song "Alouette, gentille Alouette." Alphonse led the chorus amid much laughter and cheering-on by our new friends. I have heard that song a thousand times since and I am always reminded of that pleasant day so long ago spent in the company of all those joyous young people.

I was also to learn something about Canadian eating habits. We took up residence in a picturesque little hotel not far from the site of the mine where Alphonse was working. He would leave early in the morning and return in the afternoon. I was left to have lunch by myself in the hotel. Alphonse had spoken to me about the Canadian custom of eating corn on the cob. In Australia corn was only fit for the animals, so when I noticed the menu offered corn on the cob, I ordered it. When it was served I had no idea how to eat it. At home it was unheard of to use your fingers while eating so I tried every way to cut off the kernels, but with no success. At the adjoining table, two people were also eating corn and they were much amused by my efforts. They began making signs to me to use my fingers, but I was aghast at such bad manners and sent the corn back. Later I found all the Canadians eating not only corn but chicken bones as well with their fingers. Eventually a more edible corn was introduced into Australia. When I returned home after living in Canada for many years, I was passing a flower shop in Perth and noticed outside a wicker basket containing fresh corn on the cob with a sign saying: "Edible Corn, Latest fashion in foods. You cook it for one hour." I entered the store and told the attendant it was ridiculous to cook corn for one hour, 15 minutes was enough. They changed the sign.

And then Alphonse used to order bread and butter at meals whenever he could. In Australia this was considered a no-no! I really thought he lacked education

in this respect until I found all the Canadians doing the same thing. So I began to adopt Canadian customs saying to myself: "In Rome, you do as the Romans do?"

We met many Canadian mining people and one of them spoke to me about the Hollinger mine and the Timmins family. Alphonse had never told me that his relatives were very wealthy and that Alphonse had been instrumental in their acquiring the Hollinger Gold-Mine property, one of the richest in Canada.

I was learning something new about him every day. Not all of it was good. I found tiny faults from time to time and I am quite sure he found the same in me.

He was absurdly Victorian, even more puritanical than my own parents, although he mellowed with age and long exposure to his Australian wife.

I realized later that this was a reaction to his father, Dr. Louis Paré, whose character was entirely the opposite; he was one of the advanced "liberal" thinkers of his time as a result of some years spent in Paris — a loveable old man. And of course Alphonse had inherited his quick Latin temperament. In addition he was almost a complete teetotaler when I first met him. There was a reason for this which he explained later, some very distressing episodes in his life with good friends who had become alcoholics during his college days in Montreal.

The combination of these two traits led to our first tiny tiff. I had recently acquired a habit which remains with me to this day: I enjoy my one little shot of scotch before dinner. We were travelling in the train to Cape Town when Alphonse found a small bottle of whiskey in my travelling case. "We don't need this thing, Lucy," he said with annoyance in his voice, and he threw it out of the window of the train.

I was surprised and upset, particularly at the waste of money. It was the first time we had words, but Alphonse was always quick to recover his temper and apologize and we soon made up with kisses. Why spoil a marvelous honeymoon for such a silly reason?

We sometimes travelled in Africa in rickshaws pulled by natives, great big brawny fellows almost naked except for their huge headdress adorned with bull's horns and multi-decorated amulets. It was a pleasant and smooth way of riding if the boys didn't misunderstand your instructions.

Once Alphonse and I were riding along in separate rickshaws, each pulled by one boy, when Alphonse decided to stop and make some purchases. I called on my boy to stop also but he misunderstood me and thought I was urging him on. The more I called the faster he ran. By this time I was standing upright with my parasol in the air like a parachute shouting and shouting as he kept on running like a horse out of control. I had no idea where I would end up in this strange city until a kindly European fortunately stopped the runaway and told him that I didn't want to speed but I wanted to return and rejoin my



On separate rickshaws in South Africa.



husband. Then he turned to me and explained, "Madam, you should speak softly to your boy. When you raise your voice he naturally thinks you are asking him to run faster." Alphonse had suggested that we travel in a tandem rickshaw but I wanted to try one on my own. After that experience I made no objection to our riding together.

Our stay in South Africa was only too short. On the last day we gave a formal dinner, black ties and all, and invited all the interesting friends we had met there, twenty couples in all, mostly McGill graduates. Then early in June 1913 we left Cape Town bound for London.

What a wonderful experience to visit together with Alphonse for the first time all the historical places we had always read about and never dreamed we would see. Little did we realize as we wandered through the streets of London that we would both be back in this same country before long under entirely different circumstances, as the dark clouds of war began to take shape over the continent of Europe.

I had wondered why Alphonse was so insistent on coming to London. I soon found out. When we had been at Cottesloe Beach I complained of heartburn. The

doctor had told me nothing, but he told Alphonse that I suffered from a congenital heart condition. So poor Alphonse, all this time, had kept this worry to himself and never told me about it. He was determined to bring me to the best heart specialist on Harley Street. The great man examined me and declared I was entirely normal. The Perth doctor had been completely wrong. My old heart has stood me in such good stead for all these long years since that time. But I did discover something else while in London, I was pregnant!

One can hardly imagine how much joy and pleasure this news gave to Alphonse and me. We both loved children, and I had been listening to old wives' tales that only one of twins can have children. My sister Connie had

already given birth to two children and we had feared that I might never have any.

We never thought then that we would end up with nine robust children, all of them alive and healthy at the time of writing these memoirs, thanks to the special favour of our Good Lord.

After a few weeks in London, we took off for Canada and our ship was soon standing outside Halifax. Very shortly, in a matter of hours only, we would land and take the train to Montreal. My old life had ceased and a new life was about to begin. It was with some trepidation that I prepared to meet all my new relatives and discover my new country. The future was unknown, but with Alphonse by my side I had no reason to fear.

Book 2
Canada

X

The Paré Seed

In which the author examines Alphonse's family roots

Names like Paré¹ which means "to be ready" or "to be adorned or festooned," are common enough in the French language to be carried from century to century by generation after generation without attracting any special notice from the historian, until one day somebody bearing that name draws the spotlight of history onto it and makes it desirable for succeeding generations to identify with their celebrated namesake.

Such was the famous surgeon of the Middle Ages, Ambroise Paré, one of the great figures of the Renaissance, recognized as the father of modern surgery, who served five successive kings of France as personal physician and surgeon. I cannot assert that my husband's family is related to Ambroise. Certainly my sister-in-law, Noémie Paré Fraser, who acted as family spokesman on matters of pedigree when I first came to Canada, firmly insisted that he was an ancestor, pointing out that he originated from the same area in France as the Quebec Parés, but unfortunately she has long since passed away without revealing the source of her authority for this assertion. History does not appear to bear her out for there is no record of Ambroise leaving any descendants. He did have a brother, Antoine Paré, who became official portrait artist to the French Court and left many famous paintings of the French nobility and, it appears, a number of children. These brothers came from very humble beginnings; their father was a simple cabinet maker plying his trade in the countryside outside the city of Laval in France. Ambroise began his career as a lowly surgeon-barber with the French army and acquired his

medical skill and fame by treating and operating on literally thousands of wounded soldiers in the field.

This experience led him to reject the popular methods of treating the sick and wounded, such as blood-letting and cauterizing of wounds. He introduced proper surgical methods, the trepanning of skulls, the ligaturing of arteries after amputations and the use of therapeutic bandages. His medical books on these subjects, the first written in the French language, became the textbooks of the period. Ambroise was a true disciple of Hippocrates and was noted for his piety and integrity. He treated the rich and the poor alike and to those who would praise his skill, he answered modestly: "Je le pansay, mais Dieu le guarist" ("I treated him, but God cured him.")

Many anecdotes are told about his colourful personality and I feel one bears repeating because it illustrates the low regard for human life and dignity in the Middle Ages. It concerns the second master of Ambroise, his sovereign Henri II. Like his father Francis I, Henri II was a swashbuckling outdoors-man who loved the saddle and the excitement and glory of battle. Nothing pleased him more than to organize tournaments and participate with his knights in jousting. This became his undoing for one day he was critically wounded by a lance blow to the head. Ambroise Paré was summoned to his bedside and examined the grievous wound suffered by the king. "It is too serious for me to operate, I shall first have to do some tests," he said. And he called for a group of condemned convicts who were promised their liberty to serve as guinea pigs. After four tries, using a lance similar to the offending weapon, Ambroise was finally satisfied he had duplicated the wound. He operated on the fourth unfortunate victim and having examined the results, declared, "The Royal Master is doomed, there is nothing I can do for him."

Perhaps some day a Paré seedling of mine with a

¹ All my life I have had a problem trying to persuade my English-speaking friends that my married name is not pronounced Mrs. "Pear" but rather Mrs. "Paray" with the accent on the "ay" and I draw this to the attention of my dear readers at the outset of this chapter.

bent for history or family trees will ascertain whether a link does really exist between our family and Ambroise Paré. Indeed, we can point to some prominent men of medicine, including my father-in-law, Dr. Louis Paré, my son Dr. Peter Paré, (who has made his name by writing medical textbooks in the style of his famous namesake), and my grandson Dr. Peter Jr., who follows in the steps of his father, not to forget others of my younger seedlings who are casting their eyes towards careers in medicine, to lend credence to the theory that some genes might have come down from Ambroise.

According to the records available, it was not long after the founding of Quebec that the Paré seed was transplanted to the New World and almost all the many thousands of Parés living in North America today are directly descended from one common ancestor, Robert Paré, son of Matthieu Paré and Marie Joannet, born in the year 1626, in the Parish of St. Laurent de Solesmes, in Normandy. In fact there are so many of Robert's descendants in North America: bishops, clergymen, admirals, politicians, soldiers, prominent leaders of finance, industry, trades and professions, radio and television notables; they are to be found in every walk of life, so much so that a few years ago their numbers and influence were sufficient to justify a monthly publication to report on their vital statistics and activities entitled "La survivance de la famille Paré."

About the year 1650, when he was 24 years of age, young Robert Paré braved the long sea voyage across the Atlantic and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec. Although the records do not tell us, it seems that he might have made the acquaintance aboard ship of a young lady named Françoise Le Houx, who was also emigrating with her parents. Three years after his arrival, during which time Robert devoted his efforts to clearing a plot of land and building a home near the riverbank at a place below Quebec, opposite the Ile d'Orléans, known as "la Côte de Beaupré," the young couple were married and settled down on this tract of land in what is now called "La Paroisse de Ste. Anne de Beaupré."

This farm-house in which they raised their family was the original home and the cradle of the Paré family in North America.

Only one other Paré, a nephew of Robert, is known to have come out to Canada. This was Jean Paré, a captain in the militia, who settled up-river in Lachine, on the western end of the Island of Montreal, some twenty years after the arrival of Robert. The name of Jean Paré figures prominently in the early annals of the settlement of Lachine. One of his family was killed by the Iroquois in the Lachine Massacre of 1660.²

By the time the official Quebec census of 1667 was taken, Robert and Françoise Paré had acquired: "four daughters, three sons, one farm hand, seven cows and

twenty arpents of land cleared for farming!" This was a remarkable accomplishment for the time, as every inch of the land had to be wrested from the forest. Later they were to have two more sons, Pierre and François, and this François was the direct ancestor of my husband Alphonse. Other of his direct descendants are still living on the land that François cleared at Ste. Anne de Beaupré not far from the original home of his father Robert Paré. In 1908, during the Quebec tricentennial celebrations, one of these descendants of François, Napoleon Paré (married to Eleonore Blouin) was honored by the Quebec Government as one of the three Parés who continued to occupy the original lands cleared by their ancestors, the sons of Robert Paré.

Two of Robert's sons married the daughters of their neighbours, Etienne Racine and Marguerite Martin. This Marguerite Martin Racine was a daughter of Abraham Martin, the "King's Pilot" of the St. Lawrence River, whose farm near Quebec was called "The Plains of Abraham." When, on many an occasion, the Martin-in-laws gathered to celebrate the joyous feasts in the inimitable way of those early French-Canadian pioneers at the home of their "Grandpère," I feel sure that the little Parés were well represented among their kin on the Plains of Abraham.³

Because the records of vital statistics have been so scrupulously kept by the parish priests in Quebec since the founding of the colony, it is possible for any Quebecois to trace without hesitation his line of ancestry by consulting the registers of births, deaths and marriages of past generations. Moreover, now that these records have been computerized, he can obtain an immediate print-out of his family tree back to the last generation to live in France. Unfortunately, beyond that the records become obscure because the unsettled times in France destroyed so many of the official records of the past.

Thus we know that the second son of François, Claude Paré, forsook his family homestead and began a transport business in Quebec City which eventually led him in 1760, after the surrender of Quebec and likely because of it, to move to Lachine where his descendants intermarried with the descendants of Jean Paré, among others, and where many of his descendants continue to live to this day.

The genealogical tree appearing in Appendix A shows that Claude Paré sired four successive generations of Louis Parés, all of Lachine, the last of whom, Dr. Louis A. Paré, was the father of my husband Alphonse.

After the conquest of Canada by the English in 1760, when further immigration from France was curtailed, the Quebec clans continued to intermarry and multiply to such an extent that this was called by them the

² See "Lake St. Louis and Cavalier de La Salle," by Désiré Girouard, printed by Poirier Bessette & Co., Montreal, 1893.

³ The battle between General Wolfe and the Marquis de Montcalm in which both died and New France fell to the English took place on these Plains of Abraham Martin.

famous "Revenge of the Cradles," for the French population of Quebec kept pace for many generations with the increase in population by immigration to Canada from outside.

Part of the trouble we are experiencing in Quebec today with the separatist problem is because the French-Canadians have abandoned their faith and they no longer tend to raise the large families necessary to match immigration.

Most French-Canadians can find, by consulting these records of vital statistics, some sort of relationship one to the other.

Thus my husband could claim descent by maternal side from many ancestors whose names appear in the early history of the colony. For example, he was a direct descendant of two companions of de Maisonneuve at the founding of Montreal. Their names, Nicholas Gode and his wife Françoise Gadouas, appear on the obelisk



The house of Louis Paré, lockkeeper at Lachine.

erected in Youville square in Montreal to commemorate the event. They are great-grandparents several times removed of Alphonse.

Louis Paré, father of Dr. Louis A. Paré, had seventeen children. He was official lockkeeper at the Lachine Canal and a street is named after him in that city. His was a typical French-Canadian home of the period and it is incredible to think that 17 children were raised under that one roof, and very successfully at that.

My father-in-law, Dr. Louis A. Paré, was a most distinguished and courtly gentleman with all that polish and old-world politeness which he had so effectively bequeathed to his son Alphonse. He possessed a magnificent beard and moustache and he was short and stocky like most of the other menfolk in the family. An avid reader and an intellectual, he was far in advance of his time. It was at a time when it required a great deal of courage to be an outspoken anti-cleric, especially when one considers that many of his own family had taken religious vows and all were fervent Roman Catholics and inveterate church-goers. Alphonse was very fond of his father and respected him but he did not share his "liberal" views.

They did share together a vision of Canada as their homeland, extending from sea to sea. Provincial boundaries to them were recent and meant very little. With the opening of the trans-continental railway, they both travelled from end to end of their country and were as much at home and at ease on the West Coast of Canada as they were in the East.

About the year 1878, Dr. Louis Paré married a young lady named Josephine Timmins who came from the small settlement of "Mattawa," the Indian word for "meeting of the waters", located on the Ottawa River in a beautiful natural setting at its confluence with the Mattawa River.

Her father, Noah Timmins, had settled there after emigrating to Canada with his parents from Manchester, England, in the early 1800's. In 1847 he married a girl of German descent named Henriette Miner and established residence with his young wife and family in Mattawa in the year 1859. They were among the first permanent white residents of that community. Noah Timmins was a kindly man, highly intelligent and public-spirited, and he became the leader of the community. When he died in 1887 he had become a well-to-do merchant having prospered in the lumbering and fur trades and having founded the Timmins General Store in Mattawa which he bequeathed to his sons Louis Henry and Noah Anthony.

Strangely enough, this Timmins family, which was later to figure so prominently in the development of the Canadian north-country, had become thoroughly francized by this time, probably as a result of living among the French-Canadians. Imagine my surprise when I landed among them on arriving in Canada to find them



Dr. Louis Paré and his wife Josephine Timmins.

to be more at ease in French than in English. I do not know the circumstances of Dr. Paré's meeting his future wife; the Timmins girls had been sent to Ste. Anne's convent in Lachine and young Dr. Paré probably met her through his many sisters at the convent. Suffice to say however that their union soon led to a merger of the two families, for barely three years after they were united, Dr. Louis and Josephine Paré were witnesses at the wedding of his oldest sister Alphonsine Paré to her brother Henri Timmins. This was followed by the union of his youngest sister Lelia Paré to her younger brother, Noé Timmins Jr. Two brothers and a sister had married two sisters and their brother. The Timmins-Paré alliance had been founded and was to have important consequences. This complicated inter-relationship is clarified in the family tree appearing in Appendix A.

Dr. Louis and Josephine had five children in quick succession, Noémie, Alfred, Emma, Blanche and the youngest, Alphonse, who came into the world on the 16th of January 1885 at Lachine, Quebec.

During the unsettled times of the Riel Rebellion from 1869 to 1884, Dr. Paré's duties as Assistant Chief

Surgeon of the Royal North West Mounted Police took him out into the western provinces of Canada and the entire area seems to have been his bailiwick and his playground. His annual reports of this period to the Commissioner which have recently been published are a model of medical reporting and a historical treasure.⁴ Sometimes he was accompanied by his wife and children. They lived for a while in Winnipeg where he was one of the first Justices of the Peace. Later they lived in Calgary. He practiced medicine for awhile as one of the first doctors in Saskatoon and he maintained a ranch near North Battleford, Saskatchewan.

Alphonse had not yet reached two years of age when the Paré family was struck by tragedy. Their mother, Josephine, died suddenly, leaving the doctor heartbroken and a widower with five young children to raise.

The girls could be educated at Ste. Anne's convent in Lachine, where several of the doctor's sisters were

⁴ See "Law and Order, A Story of the Royal North West Mounted Police" by W.L. Higgett.

CERTIFICATE TO PRACTISE PHYSIC, SURGERY, AND MIDWIFERY IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

No. 29

This is to Certify that Doctor Louis Alphonse Paré, M.W.M.P. having complied with the Ordinance Respecting the Medical Profession, was on the 22nd day of November A.D. 1887, duly Registered under said Ordinance, and is entitled to practise Physic, Surgery and Midwifery in said Territories, and to all rights and privileges granted by said Ordinance.

under my hand and the Seal of the North-West Territories, at Regina, the said Territories, this Twenty second day of November in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-seven. —

S. Dewdney

Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories.



Province of Manitoba

*Victoria: by the Grace of God of
the United Kingdom of Great
Britain and Ireland. Queen.
Defender of the Faith
1872. 1873. 1874.*

*To Louis A. Paré, Esquire, M. D.
Creating:*

*Whereas your great good will
and confidence in your loyalty, integrity and
ability we have, nominated and appointed
you to be a Justice to keep our Peace for
the County of Selkirk in Our Province of
Manitoba, with all and every the powers,
authority, privileges and immunities to the
said Office of Justice of the Peace of right
and by Law appertaining*

*In Testimony Whereof we have
caused this Our Letter to be made
Public and the Great Seal of
Manitoba to be hereunto affixed
Witness Our Trusty and Well-
Beloved, the Honourable, Adam
George Archibald, Lieutenant
Governor of Our Province of
Manitoba, Member of Our
Privy Council for Canada &c. &c.
at Our Government House
at Fort Garry this Eighth
day of June, in the year of
Our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy two
and in the Thirty Fifth
year of Our Queen.*

By Command.

Provincial Secretary.

Dr. Louis Paré's appointment as a Justice of the Peace in Manitoba, 1872.

teaching nuns. But for Alphonse and his brother it was not so easy. The eldest sister Noémie took over for her mother and Alphonse's earliest memories were of the loving care she lavished on him,

When Noémie married a colleague of Dr. Paré, Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. Martin Fraser, and the couple went to Whitehorse in the Yukon to live, Dr. Paré was induced to accompany them there.

During all these years young Alphonse was growing up very much on his own, sometimes living with his sister Noémie, and at other times rejoining his father whom he adored, and who tended to spoil him. Alphonse was given a pony and he would roam his father's ranch from dawn to dusk in the saddle until the poor pony was exhausted. Finally his father had to give him a second pony with a strict admonition to ride his two ponies on alternate days. He became a most proficient rider and this skill would serve him well in later life.

While he was still young and living on the Prairies, Alphonse stayed for some time with his Uncle Théophile, who had also moved out west to run a ranch. This uncle had studied for the priesthood, but he became ill, and, while in hospital, he fell in love with his Indian nurse and married her. After his wife died, Uncle Théophile entered the priesthood and his only daughter, Marie, became a nun. Alphonse always maintained a close relationship with the two of them and their pious influence remained with him for the rest of his life.

It was high time that young Alphonse had some proper schooling, although he had attended local grammar schools on the Prairies and had been coached by his uncle Théophile. His father decided to send him to a select private school called St. Helen's school in Victoria, British Columbia, and there Alphonse received his first instruction in the elements of the English language. He did well in this school and his father, who seems to have had contacts in every corner of the West, sent him along to high school at Tacoma, in the State of Washington, U.S.A. There he distinguished himself both academically and on the football field, laying the foundation for a brilliant career in that sport, and he excelled in all other kinds of sports, including boxing.

Although short and somewhat stocky like his father, Alphonse had developed a physique of iron during his outdoor years on the prairies and few young men could match his strength.

I believe it was mainly the influence of his sister Noémie that led Alphonse to apply after high school for entrance to the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. Before being accepted he was obliged to undergo a series of rigorous tests. He had no trouble with any of the trials that required feats of strength but nobody had told him that a knowledge of swimming was necessary. For some unknown reason he had never learned to swim and he literally had to batter his way through the water to swim the length of the pool and nearly failed this test.

He was accepted, however, and before long he led his class in most of the subjects, including sports. He

captained the football team in a series of notable victories and when the time came for Alphonse Paré to graduate, he had become a legend at the Military College, establishing a record that has rarely been matched. The future looked very promising for this young cadet.

What was that future to be? A man of his calibre was sure to receive a multitude of offers and they were soon forthcoming. His father, and Noémie especially, were all in favour of his becoming a career army officer and he listened to their advice. A commission as a Captain in the British Army in India with an excellent salary and interesting emoluments was among the opportunities offered to him and he accepted it. There was great rejoicing in the family. They were all, indeed, proud of him, although sorry to see him depart for such far-distant shores.

A going-away party was organized and Alphonse, having taken sad farewell of his father and those members of his family who were in the West, (his brother Alfred had died earlier), boarded the train for the East and Ottawa, where he would receive his orders to proceed to England and from there to India.

As the train rumbled on through the growing darkness towards his destination, Alphonse Paré wondered whether his choice had been right. The morrow would find him in Ottawa and the following day he would be on his way to board ship in Halifax, bound for the other side of the world and who knew what adventures that lay before him. He was leaving his country and all those who were near and dear to him, but with the confidence of youth he felt no fear about meeting whatever the future had to offer. Before retiring he called the porter and gave strict instructions to wake him up in plenty of time to disembark when the train reached Ottawa. Had the porter obeyed those instructions, this book would probably never have been written. Alphonse was awakened by the clamour of voices. It was still dark outside but the conductor was passing through the cars calling out the next station, Montreal.

In a minute Alphonse was wide awake and learned to his consternation and annoyance that the porter had failed to awaken him. He had gone right through Ottawa and was now entering Windsor Station in Montreal.

There was nothing to do but wait for the next train back to Ottawa, which was not until the evening. He had missed his appointment and telephoned Ottawa to advise them he would be a day late.

Alphonse was no stranger to Montreal. Ever since his R.M.C. days he had visited often with his relatives there, so he called his Uncle Noah and told him about his predicament.

The years that had elapsed since the general store in Mattawa days, and their courting and marriage to the diminutive and genteel Paré girls from Lachine, had treated the two tough Timmins brothers well. They had

become successful mining promoters and had moved their families to live in Montreal where the important people lived and the important decisions were made. This had not been accomplished without a good deal of hard work and astuteness and a certain amount of luck. Henri and Noé, or Henry and Noah, depending on whether you were talking in French or English, had remained partners in all their ventures and were even now constantly on the lookout for anything new and interesting. Their alert and wide-open eyes had looked into the vastness of the north-country and had caught a glimpse of the immense treasures that lay buried there only waiting to be found and exploited. This had become their dream and their way of life and they were on their way to founding a dynasty in the world of mining.⁵

Alphonse was a favourite with his uncles and aunts and his many double first cousins who clustered around him whenever he visited their households, for he was no stranger in their midst. He had worked for his uncles during his summer holidays at the Larose Silver Mine in Cobalt, the first and most successful of their properties to date. He had even been present when a record nugget of silver weighing several hundred pounds had been recovered from the mine.

His uncle Noah welcomed him now with open arms. The story of his misadventure on the train and the reason for his trip were hardly told when his uncle Noah made a decision. All his life Noah Timmins was noted for his quick and right decisions. This was one of the secrets of his success.

"Alphonse," he said, "Do you really want to go and throw yourself away on such a senseless venture? Give up the idea of joining the British Army in India. You are the answer to our prayers. We need an aggressive young man to act for us in the field?" "But Uncle," Alphonse objected, "I know nothing of mining." "Henri and I will see that you learn all about it at McGill, and don't you worry about the cost" his uncle replied. What else could Alphonse do? It was an offer he could not refuse. Already he was having qualms about going off to India. Noémie would be very upset when she heard about him turning down the Commission, but the idea of a mining career appealed to him and he decided to accept his uncle's offer on the spot.

And that is how my husband Alphonse became a mining engineer and joined his uncles, as a result of missing his stop on the train.

Alphonse used to tell me many stories about his years at McGill, but he never boasted about his accomplishments. If I learned all about his exploits on the

5. Several of Noah's sons, Noah III, Leo, and Gerald became leaders in the fields of mining and stock broking. Among his grandchildren, John Timmins founded Timmins Aviation and Tommy Timmins has headed Chromium Mining and Smelting. Jules Timmins, Henri's oldest son, succeeded his Uncle Noah as head of the Hollinger Mines and was responsible for creating the Iron Ore Company of Canada.

football field and elsewhere it was only because his friends were forever insisting that I hear what a great guy he was in his college days. I heard about him captaining the team, about winning the Dominion championship football crown, how great a tackler and runner he was; it seemed he did everything just about to perfection. One of his greatest boosters was the late Major Stuart Forbes, former athletic director at McGill University.

It is so unfortunate that they had not yet invented the movie camera in those days for I never saw my husband in action. Later on, when we used to attend the McGill football games, everybody seemed to recognize and greet Alphonse and I felt that I was with a celebrity. He used to get so worked up over the games that I had difficulty restraining him from jumping onto the field and joining in the play and I was glad later when his interest in football waned and we no longer followed the games, for I didn't understand the game and never knew when to cheer.

He often told me how he had mixed feelings when he had to lead his McGill team to defeat his old friends from R.M.C.

Besides all his sports activities, Alphonse worked very hard at his studies and he soon graduated with honours as a full-fledged mining engineer.

His Uncle Noah was waiting impatiently for him to join their forces. Hardly had he put aside his mortarboard and gown than Alphonse found himself dispatched on an urgent mission. Rumour had circulated that discoveries of new mineral deposits were being made in Northern Ontario and he was instructed to investigate these rumours and look out for interesting prospects.

Notwithstanding his youth and recent graduation, Alphonse had already acquired a good deal of experience working in the field for his uncles during the summer months.

He headed immediately for Haileybury which was the railhead at the end of civilization. There the Smith family were good friends and were more than glad to put him up. Len Smith was later to work for Alphonse and the Timmins group for many years as their top mining engineer. His sister, Mary Smith, was also a close friend of the Timmins family. Their home became Alphonse's headquarters.

Alphonse Paré was a man's man. He was then only 24 years of age but he already inspired confidence among the rough crowd of prospectors and sourdoughs portaging their canoes from lake to lake in the northern wilderness, forever searching for that famous find that would make them millionaires. These were his friends.

Such a friend was Johnny Sauvé, and he was an important one. Years later I met him with Alphonse. He really adored my husband and Alphonse treated him like a brother, and with good reason.

Alphonse had sent him out ahead to scout the route and arrange for a campsite in the Porcupine district,

where discoveries were believed to have been made. Johnny could barely read and write, consequently Alphonse did not expect any word back from him and made no arrangements for a code. Hardly was there time for it when an urgent message arrived from Johnny. Printed on birch bark were two words "I SIC!" Johnny had seen the sensational gold find made by Benny Hollinger and this was his way of telling Alphonse to come immediately. Luckily Alphonse understood the hidden sense of this important message.

Without a moment's delay Alphonse loaded his canoe with supplies and took off. Across lake and through forest, carrying his own canoe on portage after portage, he sped to the scene of the discovery made by Hollinger and his partner Alex Gillies. Here is how Alex described their find:

"I was cutting a discovery post, and Benny was pulling the moss off the rocks a few feet away, when suddenly he let a roar out of him, and threw his hat to me. At first I thought he was crazy, but when I came over to where he was it was not hard to find the reason. The quartz where he had taken off the moss looked as though someone had dripped a candle along it, but instead of wax it was gold. The quartz stood up about three feet out of the ground and was about six feet wide, with gold all splattered over it for about sixty feet along the vein!"

Later Alphonse described to me his feelings when he first saw the incredible showing of free gold that Hollinger had found. "It was as if a giant cauldron had splattered the gold nuggets over a bed of pure white quartz crystals as a setting for some magnificent crown jewels of inestimable value."

With his heart beating faster than usual he went through the routine of sampling Hollinger's claims. But already his mind was made up. He must do everything possible to get an option from Hollinger. But all his powers of persuasion seemed to have no effect until finally the 19-year-old Benny Hollinger blurted out the truth. "I have given my power-of-attorney to John McMahon. You will have to deal with him. He grubstaked me!" McMahon was the bartender at Haileybury.

Taking some valuable samples against a receipt to return them, Alphonse pushed hurriedly through the bush to Matheson, the closest point in the whole region, to reach a phone and telephone his Uncle Noah in Montreal. They arranged to meet in Haileybury as soon as possible.

The story of the negotiations to acquire the Hollinger has been told in many books about the North⁶ and there are many versions of what happened and what was

6. See "The Trail That Led to Porcupine" by Leonard G. Smith in the November 26, 1959 issue of the Northern Miner.

7. See "Historical Highlights of Canadian Mining" Pitt Publishing Company Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, page 92.

8. See "Free Gold" by Arnold Hoffman, Page 106 and following.

discussed among the principal characters, but from Alphonse I learned several details that stand out in my memory. First he had to convince his uncles that the property was worth the price of \$330,000 which McMahon was asking. Neither of his uncles had seen the showings and they had to take his word for it.⁹ For the first time in their long association, Noah and Henry Timmins disagreed. Noah decided to go it alone. Henry backed out saying to his nephew: "Alphonse, you have ruined your Uncle Noah." Alphonse stood up to his uncle. "Non, mon oncle Henri, I'm making him a great fortune," he said.

Noah was always the man of vision. He committed himself with a \$2,000 deposit and set out without delay to raise the necessary backing. Mary Smith later told me that Alphonse spent that entire night walking to and fro in their house tormented with self-doubt and wondering whether he should blame himself for his rashness and enthusiasm in persuading his uncle to commit himself. After all, he was only a beginner, a greenhorn barely out of college and wet behind the ears. This was his first major venture and his Uncle Noah had undertaken to pay a price that exceeded anything on record to that date.

Alphonse need not have worried. Noah found his

backers. Henry changed his mind and the Timmins, McMartin Dunlap syndicate¹⁰ that had been responsible for the Larose mine now found itself in possession of one of the richest mines in history. It produced over a billion dollars in gold when the price of gold was a fraction of what it is today and the dollar was worth something!

As for poor Benny Hollinger, he turned down a fortune by refusing an offer of shares in the company and by insisting on payment in cash. Within two years he was dead with most of his fortune dissipated.

There is a famous picture taken by my husband of the first visit made by the owners to their new mine. They are looking at an ugly hole in the ground in the middle of the wilderness but what they saw there was enough to make them smile with happiness.

Alphonse was put in charge of the operations. He quickly assembled a working crew with all the necessary equipment and a road was cleared in the dead of winter across the frozen ice and snow. They arrived on the site on New Year's Day 1910 and celebrated by nearly losing one of their teams of horses with much of the valuable equipment.

The story was told to me not by Alphonse, for he

⁹ See "Historical Highlights of Canadian Mining" page 93.

¹⁰ See "The Trail that led to Porcupine" by Leonard G. Smith in the November 26, 1959 issue of the Northern Miner.



Hollinger Mine, Timmins



Hollinger Bungalows, Timmins



Hollinger Mine, before the fire.



Timmins Mine, Porcupine

never spoke about himself, but by a reliable eyewitness.

The horses went through the ice while crossing the lake, as they neared the shore. They were struggling furiously and it looked as if the supplies would be dumped into the water and go down with the horses. Nobody among the crew dared to do anything, they were too scared, until Alphonse jumped onto the horses and with the help of the other men, now shamed into giving a hand, they somehow managed to pull the sleigh to safety and save the lot.

Alphonse later told me that he personally decided to surprise his uncles by baptizing the new site and he put up a notice calling it "Timmins." The name stuck and he is therefore the founder of the city of Timmins, the metropolis of Northern Ontario, with a present population of 40,000 souls. The dramatic story of a young man who turned 25 only two weeks after the founding of the settlement of Timmins, with the full responsibility of developing the richest and most important mine yet discovered in Canada falling on his untried shoulders could be the subject of a novel by itself.

The first official samplings made of the ore in the veins running on the surface showed values of up to \$2,000 dollars a ton, (only a few dollars a ton is enough to make a mine profitable).

As they cleared the overburden and found more and more free gold showing on the surface, the problem of stopping strangers and even his own crews from highgrading the nuggets on the surface became a major concern for the young mine manager. Finally he found a solution. He built all the mine buildings including the mill and office structures directly over the fabulous veins of pure gold and nobody could get at them until many years later when it became profitable to tear down the buildings to recover the rich ore that lay underneath.

Alphonse was manager of the Hollinger mine for the first two years of its existence. But as a baby bird must first learn to walk before it can fly, Alphonse realized that

the challenge of bringing a major mine into production was beyond his limited experience in that field. Nobody had ever questioned his ability or his management of the operations, but he discussed the matter with his uncles and the Board of Directors and it was finally decided that the logical step was to bring in a senior man from South Africa to iron out the production problems. This decision was arrived at with the complete agreement, if not at the instigation, of Alphonse Paré himself.

By this time he was a wealthy young man for his age. The grateful syndicate had awarded him a substantial block of the Hollinger stock.

One day Alphonse, while awaiting the arrival of his successor the new mine manager, made a decision which was to have an important bearing on my own life. He decided he would tour the world to acquire the experience he lacked in the mining field rather than work as an assistant where he had always been the top-dog. There was also another valid reason for his coming to this conclusion and it concerned an affair of the heart. He had fallen in love with a young and beautiful lady who it appeared returned his affections, but she was twice his first cousin and there was no future for their romance. Permission to marry could never be obtained, they were almost brother and sister. So his course of action would be better for both of them.

The news that their favorite nephew and son was going into voluntary exile was received with consternation not only by his uncles and aunts, but by his father and the entire family, and they all tried their best to dissuade him but his mind was made up and he was determined to go his way.

So, shortly after the Christmas celebrations in the year 1912, he bid everyone farewell and set out on his odyssey around the world. He headed first for the far-off continent of Australia for there in the West the gold-mining industry was at its peak.

XI

Montreal

*In which the author meets her Canadian relatives
and adjusts herself to a new way of life.*

One memorable day during our stay in London I was truly in the dog house. Alphonse was annoyed with me and he had every reason to be. It was really the first time I had ever seen him so upset about anything and I was feeling very foolish. I had lost my valuable engagement ring, made from a precious sapphire and diamond pin given to Alphonse as a going-away present by his Timmins' uncles. It was not as if he hadn't warned me about leaving it around our hotel room. I naïvely trusted in human nature and had to learn the hard way. It had been on the dressing table before we went out in the morning and when we returned I was dismayed to find it had disappeared, and there was no way of tracing who had stolen it. The maids denied seeing any ring.

This was surely not the time to plan a shopping trip during which time the husband would undertake to personally supervise the purchase of a new trousseau for his young wife that "would be suitable for the Canadian climate." But what does that young wife do in such a case? She follows her husband obediently, meekly listens to all his suggestions and doesn't dare do otherwise or follow her own inclinations. After all, he was right about the ring, he must be right about the clothes.

At that time I had not the slightest idea about living conditions in Montreal. If I was to judge from all I had heard about Canada I could just as well be outfitting myself to live in the polar regions where I would have to adopt the customs and dress of the Eskimo people.

My trousseau began with a choice of heavy woollen underwear that would cover the bare skin from the toe up to the neck. My blouses were also woollen, as were my stockings, and several other under-garments. I purchased a set of long heavy boots. My suits or "ensembles" (in those days we called them "coats and skirts") were typical

English woollen-wear for use on the moors in winter time.

All this attire was chosen without question as to the wisdom of Alphonse's advice. Dear old Alphonse! It is good to be able to laugh about it now, but how wrong you were on that occasion!

Of course Alphonse knew very little about women's fashions and needs. He never had known his mother and his life on the Prairies had hardly prepared him to properly counsel a young lady on suitable apparel for winter wear in Montreal society.

"Lucy," he said to me, "Don't you go and buy a lot of fancy silk clothes. You will never use them in Canada. You are used to a tropical climate and we are arriving in the cold season. I don't want you catching your death with pneumonia."

* * * * *

On that memorable day, as our ship lay moored in the harbour at Halifax and we packed our bags before taking the boat-train to Montreal in the early dawn hours, I surveyed somewhat disconsolately my trousseau and wondered what I should wear to meet my new relatives. It didn't seem that cold outside, but I had not much choice, so I buttoned myself up in the only garments I had. Once dressed I was ready to face any wintry onslaught without the slightest trepidation.

The trip up to Montreal, and my first introduction to my new country, was an unforgettable experience. The countryside was ablaze with the colours of autumn and the vistas that unfolded from our railway-car window were breathtaking, particularly to somebody coming from Australia, where the trees never changed from one

year to another. This phenomenon was unknown to me, and only a few days later I would witness for the first time in amazement the annual ritual of all the great trees of the forests shedding one by one their radiant leaves until finally all their foliage lay like discarded garments in heaps on the ground.

To my unaccustomed eyes, the sight of their naked heads and arms uplifting in silence towards the sky resembled a vast assemblage of dead people viewing the Apocalypse. It would take me some time to understand that these mournful looking trees were only preparing for their long winter sleep beneath a white blanket of snow.

I also learned by experience that the autumn weather in this part of the world could be very fickle and one's first impression often depended on whether one encountered the last bloom of autumn or the first blast of winter. One must always leave home prepared for the worst as well as for the best.

My husband was not entirely wrong, but on this day the weather was exceptionally sunny and warm and he was quite surprised. "We are lucky, dear, this is our Indian summer," he explained, "but the cold weather could be upon us at any time now and you will be glad to be properly dressed."

The day-long trip in the observation car of the train, my first day on Canadian soil, seemed to go by too quickly. I remember recognizing everywhere that familiar Canadian accent which I had first encountered among our friends in South Africa. Strangely enough, Alphonse spoke with more of an English accent for his teachers at St. Helen's School in Victoria, B.C. had all been from the Old Country. Unexpectedly reminiscent also of our recent stay on the Dark Continent were the handsome shining black faces of our attentive "red cap" porters on the train, "Pullman Porters" I think they were called, who have since disappeared from the Canadian scene.

All in all the trip was pleasant and exciting, even if I was a little uneasy about meeting my new relatives. Finally we crossed the border into Quebec and I began to hear an unfamiliar language. To my surprise the same people who had been conversing together in English began to speak to one another in French as soon as we crossed the border. Of course I didn't understand a word. This was French-Canada, my new home. By now Alphonse was bursting with impatience to arrive as he eagerly pointed out the landmarks which have since become so familiar to me.

It was a land of pleasant little Quebecois villages clustering around their tall church steeples, set among rolling green farmlands dotted with sturdy "habitant" farmhouses, silos and browsing herds. Now and then we passed through thick forests of birch and fir trees and across broad flowing rivers, until finally we came into sight of the majestic St. Lawrence River. As we crossed the famous Victoria Bridge we could see the skyline of

Montreal against the background of Mount Royal. We had arrived, and all was pandemonium on the station platform.

Uncle Noah and Aunt Lelia with their daughter Julie were there to meet us and from the first moment I set eyes on them and for the rest of my life I have loved all of them. They hugged Alphonse and greeted one another in French. His new bride was introduced and they embraced me as an addition to their own family. The conversation then switched briefly to English. Everybody was talking at once and Alphonse was jabbering away excitedly in French and English as we boarded the imposing chauffeur-driven limousine and began to climb through the city and up the slopes of the mountain over asphalt and dirt roads to the palatial Timmins residence on the very summit overlooking the city and the river. The conversation, partly in French, partly in English, never ceased its pace until we arrived at our destination and it was only then that Alphonse realized that, in the general excitement, we had left our suitcases on the station platform. He rushed back immediately with the chauffeur to retrieve them.

The doors of the mansion opened wide and it seemed to me that a flow of people, young and old, quickly emerged and surrounded us. They were all dying of curiosity to see what Alphonse had brought back with him from Australia.

The first thing I noticed was the light summer dresses all the girls were wearing. The temperature was hovering well above 80 degrees Fahrenheit and the sweat was running down the back of my woollen underwear in little rivulets. I must have looked a sorry and outlandish sight indeed, dressed from head to toe like an Eskimo. This was one time that I would like to have said a word to Alphonse, but unfortunately he was not there and I was obliged to introduce myself to all these new cousins and aunts and uncles.

They were all so kind, hastening to put me at my ease, but I detected a glint of amusement in their eyes the moment I opened my mouth and came forth with my Australian accent.

99 Gordon Crescent was "home" to both the Noah and Henri Timmins families. They had always been close and from their earliest days in Montreal they had jointly shared a luxurious suite of rooms in the old Windsor Hotel. Now Noah had built his first fine home at 99 Gordon Crescent, high up on Westmount mountain and for all intents and purposes right out in the countryside away from the madding crowds, or so they thought, and Henri was even then in the process of building a similar mansion nearby around the corner on Surrey Gardens. In the meantime both families were sharing the Gordon Crescent house and here a room was set aside for Alphonse and me until we could find our own apartment.

Both these Timmins mansions have now disap-



The Timmins house at 66 Belvedere Place, Westmount.

peared. One can still see the large retaining wall that Noah built around Gordon Crescent below the newer residence of John Duquet, Q.C., Noah Timmins' lawyer.

Together with the nearby Miller home situated to the northwest, these were among the first mansions to be built on the Westmount heights, and their owners were seeking the utmost in privacy. But the Lord had other plans and the paint was hardly dry on these mansions when the "Miracle Man of Montreal," Brother André, began to attract to his nearby shrine thousands of pilgrims from all over America, and the great dome of an Oratory arose to cast its shadow over Westmount. Up the side of the mountain a broad staircase was built terminating in the shadow of the Miller home and then the crowds of pilgrims began using this staircase in order to reach the shrine. So much for privacy.

In 1928, as behooved one of the richest men in Canada, Noah spent a million dollars to build a new palace on the eastern summit of this mountain. The buildings at 66 Belvedere Place are still standing today although they have been converted into three separate and substantial private mansions.

As can be readily seen from the picture it was without doubt the most impressive private residence on

the Island of Montreal. Aunt Lelia never cared for such a pretentious home. She had very simple tastes and would have preferred something much more modest, but for Uncle Noah I have a feeling it became a question of prestige. He was a newcomer to the Montreal Establishment which, until the appearance of the Timmins brothers on the scene, had been monopolized by the WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant) aristocracy.¹ These upstart French-speaking Catholic Englishmen named Timmins were an enigma to them all. It was almost unheard of for a member of the Establishment to speak French. And besides, the very enormity of the new-found Timmins' wealth aroused much resentment and jealousy. So much so that when Noah Timmins and his manager, Jack Rankin, were both put up for membership in the inner sanctum of the establishment clubs, the Mount Royal Club and the Royal Montreal Golf Club, Mr. Rankin was accepted, being a bona fide Protestant, but Uncle Noah was blackballed by the votes of some

¹ For the most part they were descendants of merchants and United Empire Loyalists who settled in Quebec after the American colonies declared their independence and here they rapidly filled the void left by the departed French upper classes.



Louis Henry Timmins



Noah Anthony Timmins

anonymous club members. This action so incensed Uncle Noah that it led to the formation of two new prestigious clubs, the Mount Stephen Club and the Mount Bruno Golf Club. The Timmins business associates were expected to join and Alphonse became a member of the Mount Stephen Club. Later on Uncle Noah was accepted by the WASP clubs and eventually the exclusive Establishment was breached by a host of newcomers including the French-Canadian and Jewish millionaire families like the Desmarais and the Bronfmans, and the WASP monopoly came to an end.

A wonderful sense of family unity pervaded this Timmins household at 99 Gordon Crescent where French was the first language and English the second. The mother-sisters and the father-brothers jointly presided over their ten common children who almost seemed to have forgotten to which set of parents they belonged. Thus it was not unusual for a child to burst in from school and ask of the servants "Où sont mes pères et mères?" ("Where are my fathers and mothers?")

And somehow Alphonse fitted into this picture as just one more member of the family, a double first cousin of all the children and a blood nephew of all the parents. The family resemblance among all the boys including Alphonse was particularly striking and they were often

taken one for the other.

The six children of Noah ranged in age from Julie 17, down to Rodolphe who was 5 and they included Michael J., Noah, Leo and Gerald. Only Julie (Mrs. Dohan) and Leo survive. The four Henri children about the same ages as their cousins were Jules, Henri Jr. Jeanne and Grace. Jeanne (Mrs. Costello) and Grace (Mrs. Donat Raymond) are the only ones alive today.

It is all the more surprising that such harmony reigned in this unusual household when one considers the discrepancy in ages between the two sets of parents. Henri and Alphonsine were much the older. Henri had a great influence over his younger brother and for a long time Noah would not make a move without consulting him. Eventually Noah struck out on his own and Henri retired from active participation in the new ventures.

And the Paré girls were quite the opposite in character. Auntie Alphonsine was tiny, slim, aristocratic and forever perfectly coiffed and gowned. She hardly spoke any English and would never try to converse with me if anybody else was present. Of course I was hopeless in French. Auntie Lelia, on the other hand, spoke fluent English and she was a good-natured, motherly type with a heart of pure gold. She could never resist an appeal for help, especially from the religious orders who were



Aunt Lelia Timmins

forever at her door. She was truly a saint.

I made my first in a series of blunders over the language with Julie, when I very innocently referred to her mother as a "very homely soul!" In Australia this could mean nothing else than home-loving person. But Julie understood it in the Canadian sense to mean the opposite to comely!

Both families opened their arms and received me as one of them. It is hard to describe how kind and thoughtful they all were to their new cousin. I was like a

fish out of water and they spared no effort to make me feel perfectly at home.

When Alphonse, having happily recovered our luggage safely, rejoined me on that day of our arrival, I had already made the acquaintance of most of his relatives and I had a feeling that the children especially were getting a kick by engaging me in conversation to listen to my peculiar way of speech.

That same night I got a first inkling of what life was going to be like as the wife of a mining engineer. Noah

and Henri had been closeted with Alphonse for some time in the library after dinner when Alphonse returned, his face serious and almost apologetic. He told me that his uncles had insisted he leave immediately on a most urgent mission. "Lucy dear, it seems I am the only one they have confidence in and they want me to go early tomorrow morning," he explained. Then he saw my face fall and added, "You will be in good hands here and I won't be away for too long. They are going to show you around the city and get you settled. When I come back we will organize our own apartment." From that day on until he retired from active work, Alphonse was away from his family on mining trips on an average of six months in every year.

Montreal, or the central part of the city, with its fine local greystone buildings, shops and manor houses, to which I was introduced on the morrow, I found to be fascinating and I was particularly intrigued and quite surprised to find the city so bilingual. Everywhere the signs and the conversation in the streets were in both languages. I realized that a knowledge of French was going to be essential and I determined I was going to make an effort to learn it. Happily I always had an interpreter in those first days, for Aunt Lelia, Julie and the others were showing me around the town and introducing me to their favourite shops and caterers.

This turned out to be a mixed blessing, however. Whenever I went shopping alone I naturally gravitated towards the tradesmen I had met and they fussed over me as if I were a Timmins. But you can't wear the shoes of the wealthy if you don't have their pocket-book and I quickly learned that basic lesson. My first shock came when I decided to purchase a new hat. Alphonse had bought me two beautiful and expensive ostrich plumes in Africa and to avoid paying duty I wore them through the customs attached to a cheap hat. Julie kindly brought me to her favorite milliner to have a simple new hat made up with these plumes. The price was an outrageous \$25.00, the equivalent of \$200.00 today, and I supplied the plumes and the new hat as well! "You can't expect things for nothing," Julie told me when I expostulated. But how was she or dear Aunt Lelia to know that Alphonse was earning a salary of only \$200.00 a month!

My first month's bill for food at the expensive Walter Paul provisioners, when we eventually set up our own apartment, almost exceeded my husband's monthly salary! Fortunately for his blood pressure and my peace of mind, before it was too late the wife of a McGill friend of his, Orick Macallum, led me into other shopping circles where the prices were more in line with our pocket book and the specialties were not out of season.

Living among his relatives with Alphonse away was quite an adventure in those first weeks. Aunt Lelia was more than a mother, she was a fairy godmother, and always remained so to me and to my whole family until

the end of her life. A few days after our arrival she organized a little reception for friends and relatives to meet me. That evening the Indian summer was still with us and we all strolled out into the garden, the girls in their flimsy summer dresses, "Have you nothing else to wear, Lucy?" Aunt Lelia asked me when she saw me coming down the stairs still in my woollens, so I had to tell her all about my trousseau. She laughed and laughed and thought it was a wonderful joke. The very next day she insisted on taking me shopping and outfitting me at her own expense.

Dinner in the evening was a very formal affair in the Timmins household. In the years and decades that were to follow, Alphonse and I would spend many happy evenings in the company of Uncle Noah and Aunt Lelia, in fact we became among their closest companions, and their perennial bridge partners.

But in those first days, without Alphonse, I felt strange and somewhat out of place in a family circle which was so unfamiliar to me.

Although French was the usual language spoken on these occasions, they always went to the trouble of including me in the conversation. There were some comical as well as some awkward misinterpretations over the language and it took me some time to realize that the same English words had acquired different meanings on opposite sides of the world.

"Do you like your meat rare?" said Uncle Noah on my first night alone with them. I had never heard the expression before. "Do you mean raw?" I said. "No," he said, "I mean rare." "What does that mean?" "It means underdone." "What does underdone mean?" "Not cooked very much." Then I finally understood. In Australia we never served meat unless it was well cooked. I was introduced to rare, or red, meat and I have preferred it ever since.

On another occasion, when Alphonse was back and all the family were gathered around having cocktails, I tried to cheer up one of the cousins who was feeling depressed. During a lull in the conversation I suggested in a loud voice, "Don't worry, keep your pecker up!" The dead silence that followed was quickly broken by Aunt Lelia amid an undertone of nervous laughter. Alphonse looking most upset came rushing up to me. "Lucy," he said, "What on earth did you say then? Where did you hear such a word?" "All I said was to keep up your pecker, you know, keep up your courage. Does it mean something else here?" "Oh dear," said Alphonse, "Please don't use it again, I will tell you later what it means in Canada."

Another time an intended compliment turned out to be an insult. How was I to know that to be a "grafter" meant to be a crook in Canada. In Australia the word was used to describe a good, hard worker.

And the merriment I caused among the younger fry

when I first answered the telephone at Aunt Lelia's request: "Are you there?" I said to the astonished caller, "Hang on then please, I'll get Mrs. Timmins," all in accordance with our accepted procedure in Australia. But to the Timmins children it was hilarious. From then on my chore was to answer the telephone and I would hear them chuckling to themselves behind the curtains. I even suspected a plot to encourage telephone calls from their friends for the purpose of their joint amusement as they all eavesdropped on my Australian accent and my curious way of answering telephone calls.

My twin sister Connie provoked the same reaction among my own children when she came to live with us many years later. We both ended up by adopting the conventional "hello?"

With my first baby coming soon I became anxious to organize our own apartment. Alphonse arrived back after a few weeks absence but to my great disappointment he was off again in a few days assuring me that he would return in plenty of time for the blessed event and I hardly had the opportunity to discuss our problems with him. We were more than welcome to stay in Aunt Lelia's home and I deeply appreciated their kindness to us but I desperately wanted to have my baby in my own home as we always did in Australia.

The Timmins family doctor, a kindly old man named Dr. Aubry, was looking after me. The Canadian custom, he suggested to me, was to have one's baby in the hospital. I was almost considering his advice when one night at the dinner table he told us a very comical tale of a mix-up that occurred that day in the hospital among newly-born babies. They nearly went to the wrong mothers. That decided me for all time. My nine babies were all born at home.

It was Julie and M.J., together who were the good samaritans. They knew how I felt about it and they came to my rescue. They found us a darling little apartment with immediate occupancy and they furnished it all by themselves. I can never thank them enough for that kind gesture. I have never forgotten it. The apartment building was located on the south side of Cote St. Antoine Road, not far from the Westmount police station, on the exact site where the synagogue stands today. With their help I was already moved in and waiting for the baby when Alphonse, true to his word, returned from the wilderness just in time to assist at the birth of his first daughter, Alphonsine, on the 19th of November 1913.

It was a wonder we had any more children after Phonsine; nothing went according to plan. The baby came out facing the wrong way and the umbilical cord was choking her around the neck; I was in great pain and I kicked Dr. Aubry's forceps right up to the ceiling; Alphonse was helping with the chloroform but he chloroformed himself and had to be helped out by the nurse. But what a pretty, intelligent and healthy little baby she was! We forgot all our troubles at the sight of so

great a pride and joy.

And would you believe that on the same day I gave birth to my first baby I was treated to a second marvel of nature, my first-ever snow-storm. The whole world outside had turned white before my astonished eyes as if to salute the miracle that was taking place inside our little apartment. I dragged myself to the window and gazed through the curtains fascinated by the falling snowflakes. Some children were playing in the street below, throwing snowballs at one another. It looked like so much fun I could hardly resist the urge to go out and join them.

In later years I would often gambol with my babies outside in the cold invigorating air of the snowbound wonderland, buttoned up to the necks, skiing or tobogganing or skating on the ice, such an enjoyable experience which we as young people growing up in Western Australia could not imagine to exist (unless we had the opportunity to live in colder climes ourselves.)

After that first birth Alphonse never failed to be on hand when a baby was coming. On some later occasions he even defied his uncle and jeopardized his job rather than risk being away when a baby was due to arrive. He missed the birth of the twins, but only by accident, as we shall see later on.

The first year in our own apartment went by happily, not the least of the reasons being because of our most congenial neighbours. Only a few days after we moved in Alphonse was downtown and ran into an old college chum of his, a young lawyer named John Hackett, (later Senator Hackett, one of the pillars of Montreal society and a power in the National Conservative Party). That night Alphonse told me how John had married his college sweetheart Linda and they already had a little baby girl called Florence. They also had been apartment hunting, and it seemed they had just found a nice apartment and were about to move in. The next day we all got an unexpected and pleasant surprise when John and Linda moved into the apartment opposite us on the same floor. It was the beginning of a life-long friendship between our two families.

The fateful year of 1914, my first in Canada, which had started out so quietly and peacefully was now rushing to a conclusion amidst a veritable plethora of ominous and chilling portents coming out of Europe. The Archduke of Austria had just been assassinated and war seemed inescapable. The feeble voices calling for reason and peace were drowned out in the clamour of all the great nations of the world blaming one another as they engaged in a disgraceful race for new armaments. The inevitable had to occur and it did. The Great War broke out on August 4, 1914.

Alphonse was away a good deal of this time on mining trips but my happiness in our little apartment was otherwise complete. I couldn't say I was the least bit lonely. Linda Hackett was a wonderful neighbour and companion and Aunt Lelia especially was so kind and

considerate. She invited me for dinner almost every night and never a day went by, even when Alphonse was at home, that she didn't call and enquire how everything was going. Then I had my beautiful little baby to look after. She was already beginning to show signs of intelligence beyond her years. Alphonse and I were enjoying a quiet evening at home for once. I was knitting for my baby who would be 11 months in another week. Alphonse suddenly said to me without looking up from the mining papers he was poring over, "Did you call me dear?" I hadn't said a word and I told him so. "Funny, I thought you spoke my name," he answered. At that moment we both overheard a tiny voice chortling in its nearby crib. "Daddy boy, Daddy boy," it repeated. Phonsine had begun to talk and the first word she uttered was my familiar term of endearment for Alphonse.

In October I received a letter from my sister Fancy accepting my invitation to come over to Canada and stay with us. She was already on board ship en route to America when Dr. Aubry gave me some good news. I was pregnant again.

In the light of all these happenings, what Alphonse and I needed more than anything else now was a larger apartment. We decided to go apartment hunting as soon as the approaching Christmas holidays had gone by.

Christmas 1914 was one never to be forgotten. I had not yet met any of Alphonse's own family since coming to Canada. They were all living out West. Now Dr. Louis Paré, my father-in-law, and Noémie, Alphonse's oldest sister, with her husband, Dr. Martin Fraser, all decided to come East and stay with Aunt Lelia over the holidays. With old Dr. Paré, it was love at first sight. He was so



With my father-in-law on a park bench.

much like his favourite sister, Aunt Lelia. Both had the same kindly twinkle of goodness in their eyes and they were forever putting you at your ease and making you feel important and needed. I realized that Dr. Paré was a man of learning, a very distinguished gentleman whom any young lady would be proud to have as her father-in-law. He had a wonderful sense of humour and spoke excellent English. We got along famously and exchanged a good deal of repartee. He loved teasing his Australian daughter-in-law. Above all he simply adored our little baby Alphonsine and wanted to carry her around in his arms all the time. To my great sorrow, I never got to know him better, for the war years would intervene and he died before Alphonse and I could return to Canada.

The Christmas celebrations that year were typical of French-Canada and my first real introduction to the customs of my new country during this festive season. We all bundled up under fur blankets for a joyous sleigh-ride to St. Leo's Church in Westmount to attend Midnight Mass and listen to some excellent music and singing, then we returned to a large family gathering at Aunt Lelia's home where everybody partook of a mammoth feast and much cheer. It was known as the "Christmas Reveillon Party" and went on into the early hours of the morning. The only damper on our perfect enjoyment of the occasion was the disquieting talk of war. Canada had become involved and for the first time I began to contemplate the dreadful likelihood that Alphonse would be drawn into it.

The New Year passed and we were lucky to find a larger and much brighter apartment in the French-speaking suburb of Outremont, on the north side of Mount Royal, on Bloomfield Avenue. We moved in just in time to welcome my sister Fan and to prepare for the arrival of the new baby.

Fan was the first member of my family I had seen since leaving home for what seemed to me then to have been veritable ages. She arrived looking the picture of health and beauty and bringing with her all the latest news to revive my memories of dear old Australia. It would not take long for several of our eligible bachelor friends to discover her and come around a-courting.

She was invited out to spend the day in the mountains. It was still the middle of winter and the weather was exceptionally cold. Fancy had never lived in a northern climate before but she had taken the precaution of acquiring a warm fur coat. "You had better put on some woollen underwear as well," I advised her before she left, but she wouldn't listen to me. "With this fur coat, Lucy, I can't go wrong," she insisted. But when she returned she was frozen stiff and badly frostbitten. I had to put her in the hospital for three days in order to recover and from then on she never went out without her woollens.

Meanwhile pressures were being put on Alphonse as an RMC graduate to accept a commission in the Armed

Forces. Neither I nor any other member of his family was in favour of him doing so. His Uncle Noah was also determined not to lose him and even doubled his monthly salary from \$200.00 to \$400.00 at this time to encourage him to stay. I made clear to him that I considered he had a first duty to his wife and children not to join up and Fan backed me up in this. "I would rather have a live coward and a father for my children than a dead hero," I said. Reluctantly he agreed to go along with us and dropped the idea of accepting a commission. Later on, Uncle Noah even offered Alphonse another raise to \$600.00, if he would stay on with them and forget about joining up. Alphonse gave in to us, but he was not a happy man and I could see it in his eyes.

Tony, our first son, arrived on the 18th of July 1915. He was a fat pudgy baby of ten-and-a-half pounds, so much so that it was several weeks before his eyes opened fully. Both Alphonse and his father, who had remained in Montreal, were overjoyed at the arrival of a first male heir in the family. Curiously enough Tony was born on exactly the same day as Jim, the first born son of Connie, my twin sister, although not in the same year. This coincidence was to happen again as we shall see later. Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah agreed to sponsor Tony as his godparents and we all trekked out to Lachine to have him baptized by a relative, and gave him the name of "Joseph Marie Alfred Antonio." The name was later shortened to Anthony and after Tony began to practice law it was francisized to "Antoine?"

When Tony was only six weeks old and I was still nursing him, Alphonse came home from the office one day and said to Fan and me: "How would you girls like to come on a trip into the bush with me?" We were astonished. It was true that Fan had been urging us to show her the Canadian wilderness of which she had heard so much but neither of us expected such an invitation. "What about the children?" I said. "We'll take them along too," was the answer.

And that is how Alphonse, Fan and I, and the babies, with a crew of men, embarked on a wonderful and romantic adventure that led us into the wilderness of Northern Ontario. Uncle Noah was away at the time. When he heard of our escapade he was quite annoyed with Alphonse. He blamed him for being very imprudent about the safety of his children and womenfolk. The truth is Fan and I never felt the least bit of apprehension with Alphonse taking care of us. It was a thrilling experience from beginning to end, it happens once in a lifetime, a memory never to be forgotten shared with my younger sister.

Maybe Alphonse's judgement had been affected by the torments of decision he was going through about his duty to his country in wartime, or maybe he had already made up his mind and he wanted this last trip alone with his little family. In any event, towards the end of August

1915 we took off from Montreal by train. This time I made good use of my trousseau and even lent some of it to Fan.

Our destination was an obscure little place in the middle of the forests and lakes and muskeg of Northern Ontario called Dane. It doesn't even appear on the map. There, some enterprising French-Canadian prospectors had discovered gold and done some drilling and exploration work. They called their mine "La Mine d'Or Huronia." They had offered their find to Uncle Noah, and Alphonse was to spend a couple of months examining this property to decide whether it could be of interest to his uncle.

Glued to the train windows, both Fan and I watched with fascination as the never-ending bushland, mountains and lakes unfolded before our eyes. We travelled by train as far as we could on the CPR and the T & N.O. (The Toronto and Northern Ontario Line) and then set off overland towards the mine property. There were no roads, except in winter when the equipment could be brought over the ice, so our path was going to be through the virgin forest.

When the time came to quit the train and sever our last contact with civilization, we were enthralled and full of excitement, feeling like some early explorers of the Amazon setting out into the unknown wilderness where dwelt strange and exotic beasts and savage tribes.

We must have presented a remarkable sight indeed as our party pushed its way through the underbrush. The men carried canoes over their heads and packs on their backs. Alphonse, who always made a practice of carrying the heaviest load, had an enormous pack-sack on his back secured by a "tump-line" to his forehead, and on top of that he carried a canoe on his head. I knew he was a strong man but I thought this was exaggerating things. He was strong-willed also for he would take no advice about lightening his load. One man carried my month-and-a-half-old baby and another carried Alphonse. Fan and I were left to trek gingerly along in the wake of the men, taking care not to fall into any holes or trip over tree-trunks. Luckily this was the season of the year when the flies were the least oppressive. I realized the true significance of our good fortune on this occasion only years later when I joined my husband on a spring-time trip after the war; on that occasion we were nearly eaten alive by flies and mosquitoes.

It appeared that we would have to make three or four portages before reaching the property. A "portage" turned out to be a trek overland of varying distance between bodies of water. Some of them were many miles long. At the end of a portage, the canoes were launched back in the water, either a river or a lake, and all the baggage was put aboard, including ourselves.

Loading our birch-bark canoe, closely supervised by Alphonse, was in itself quite an ingenious operation.

The man at the bow was the first to embark. With his paddle in the water he would hold the fragile craft firmly balanced on an even keel while we embarked in our turn. Fan was instructed to sit on the bottom with her back against the bow seat, then the babies were passed along and wedged between her legs. I took my place on the floor facing Fan with our legs entwined and firmly holding the babies to prevent them from making any movement. Alphonse then slung aboard some heavy pack sacks which were placed behind my back and served as a cushion. He then took the seat at the stern and pushed off.

It was a miracle how these flimsy craft could stay afloat. As long as we were moving and the men were paddling with vigor, they maintained their balance fairly well. But the moment one stopped, the canoe began to vibrate from side to side. It was like walking on a tightrope, and consequently it was necessary for the bow man to quickly grasp the nearest jetty or jutting tree trunk in order to hold the craft steady as we landed.

We carefully obeyed our instructions to sit absolutely still for fear of capsizing. There were no lifebelts. Of course both Fan and I were excellent swimmers and if the canoe had upset we could have saved the children. But most of the menfolk in our expedition couldn't even swim!

Sitting thus in the canoe, hardly daring to breathe too deeply the fresh unpolluted air of the forest, with the lake surface not three inches below the gunwale on each side of us and our heads almost at water level, Fan and I had a panoramic view of the horizon where forests of jack-pines and firs and all kinds of trees climbed up from the shore-line to the heights of the rolling hills that surrounded the lakes on all sides. Among the tree population we saw white and silver birch, maples, several poplars, spruce, cedar, willow, tamarack, various pines and even some hardwood such as oak and hickory. The very wealth of the vegetation took our Australian breath away. Sometimes we would pass in the lee of sheer cliffs, cutting through the clear waters in silence except for the splashing of the paddles, leaving behind a trail of bubbles like a white line drawn down the surface of a mirror. Glancing up from our lowly posture we could see overhead these jack pines and other trees clinging to the face of the rock. It almost seemed as if they would fall on us.

Or, casting our eyes downwards just beyond our noses into the dark mysterious and crystal clear depths of the placid water, we sometimes caught glimpses of the rocky bottom suddenly lit up by shafts of brilliant sunshine, or we spied the ugly, menacing tip of some huge sunken log peering up at us from the deep. More dangerous than the logs were the short jagged edges of the rocky ledges lurking just below the surface of the water in wait for an unwary victim. Had we ever run afoul

of any one of these, it would have crushed the fragile fabric of our craft like the palm of the hand crushes an empty egg shell. Happily for us, Alphonse and the bowman seemed to sense the approach of these underwater obstacles and to skillfully avoid them by steering the canoe with a stroke of the paddle.

In this position, barely peering over the gunwale, we had our first glimpse of a Canadian moose crossing the lake followed by its calf. There was no danger and Alphonse brought the canoe quite close where we could spot the whites of their eyes as the frightened beasts paddled furiously through the water and laboured to make good their escape.



The moose

We saw many more animals during our two month stay in the wilderness. The woods were full of them; hardly a day went by without seeing deer, rabbits, raccoons, partridge or water-fowl. Even bears were plentiful in the area for whenever the thick forest loosened its hold there were impenetrable fields of blueberry patches, a natural feeding ground for them. Fish were also abundant and Fan, who was an ardent fisherwoman, delighted in the opportunity of adding fresh trout, pike, and doré to our otherwise uninteresting fare at meal times.

Eventually we reached the shores of a lake and across the waters was our destination, the mine itself. Smoke was curling up over what looked like an important assemblage of log cabins and buildings and I spied the not unfamiliar collar of a mine shaft. Among the small group of men who hurried down to the jetty to welcome

us as we approached was young M.J. Timmins. He was 17 and Uncle Noah's oldest son. He had made the trip earlier with an advance party.

How shall I describe our living conditions at La Mine d'Or Huronia? They were most primitive but it was great fun, and both Fan and I, not to mention the children, had a wonderful holiday.

We lived in a real log cabin and slept in bunks cushioned with pine boughs. The sap had not even had time to run out of the freshly-hewn logs. And the pine scent they gave off was exquisite. On cold days this, mixed with the smoke from burning logs in a barrel-shaped iron stove inside the log cabin, made an aromatic pine incense that whet the appetite.

There was also a common cookhouse where everybody ate and where Fan and I occasionally gave a helping hand to the cook, and a bunkhouse where all the men slept. Work started early in the morning and continued

with hardly a break until dusk. Alphonse was a slave-driver but he never spared himself and always took on the hardest job. On this occasion he seemed to be driving himself more than usual.

I sometimes felt sorry for the young fellows like M.J. or his brothers who had to work under Alphonse's orders. He expected everybody to follow his example but this was sometimes unreasonable. They were not nearly as strong as he was. We were both very fond of M.J. and when Fan took pity on him and washed all his clothes, Alphonse was annoyed and forebade her to do it again. "He has to learn to look after himself like the others," he said.

We dared not venture beyond the limits of the camp, not so much because of the wild animals, but because the forest was so thick that without guides we would have been lost in no time. There was not much of excitement around the camp other than the sight of a wild animal from time to time, but we enjoyed each other's company and the weather continued to be exceptionally good even allowing us to take an occasional dip in the lake.

I was happy to be with Alphonse and Fan and to look after my babies, and I was kept quite busy breast-feeding Tony. Fan was the object of much attention from all the men, and the war-clouds in Europe seemed to be very far away indeed.

One day we had a visit from some Cree Indians. When we heard Alphonse talking to them in their native language, Fan and I glanced at each other in astonishment.

"Well, I learned a little Cree with my Indian aunt and Uncle Théophile, out West," Alphonse explained to us when we asked him about it.

Then he told us a story about his youth on Uncle Théophile's ranch. "In those days I lived with a young Indian boy, a nephew of my aunt. We couldn't get along at all. She favoured him and I couldn't stand him. One day Uncle Théophile before going away asked us to cut and pile some wood. I laboured all day with my wood and piled it high. The Indian boy loafed all day and when he saw what I had done he deliberately upset my piles of wood. I was so incensed I threw a log at him and knocked him unconscious. His aunt rushed out and accused me of killing him. "You will go to jail for life," she screamed in Indian. I was so terrified I ran away into the forest and spent the whole night in the highest branches of a tree until Uncle Théophile found me there the next morning. It was my last day with them, but I have remembered many of the Cree words I learned from them. Words learned at the age of nine are not easily forgotten."

The October days were flitting by and becoming colder and shorter; soon the snow would be upon us and it would be time to take our leave before the freeze-up made it impossible. Alphonse had been acting strangely of late. I knew something was wrong but I deliberately



At the Mine d'Or Huronia, 1915 with Fan, the babies, Alphonse, and M.J. Timmins.

refused to consider what was really bothering him.

One day I found him sitting alone on a rock, his head between his hands, the picture of misery and dejection. When he saw me coming he looked up with an unusual expression in his eyes. I didn't have to query him, he just said, "Lucy, I will never be able to face my sons when the war is over, knowing I am nothing but a living coward. I have been trained to fight for my country and it is my duty to do so. Can you understand my feeling?" His voice was sad but determined and I knew he had made up his mind.

I had felt all along he must go. This trip to the

mining country was nothing but a sham, to put off the inevitable. Both Uncle Noah and I were trying to keep him from leaving us. We had no right to do so, "Alphonse," I assured him, "I understand that you must go, but we are going to miss you." Tears were running down both our cheeks as we embraced.

He couldn't wait to get back and into uniform. I often wonder whether he did justice to his report to Uncle Noah on the "Mine d'Or Huronia."

In a few weeks we were back in civilization and Alphonse had accepted a commission to fight for his country.

XII

The Kaiser's War

The author joins her husband in the War Zone.

The realization that Canada was at war had gradually begun to dawn upon the citizens of Montreal. There had been no official declaration of war by Canada. It was naturally assumed that if the mother country was at war, so was Canada. As a colony of the Crown, we were still very much under the control of the British Cabinet, particularly when it came to foreign policy and military matters. It was only as an aftermath of the war that Canada became emancipated.

However, Great Britain was not the mother country for the great majority of Quebeckers, and although the French-Canadians looked with sympathy on the Allied cause, they were not enthusiastic enough to want to participate.

Even families of mixed descent like the Timminses, francisized Englishmen who spoke French at home, were against the participation of their menfolk in the war going on in Europe.

Of course the English-speaking population of our city, those who were born in the Old Country, or were first-generation Canadians, were quick to rally to the cause. Organizations and associations to support the war effort began to sprout up and military uniforms and bands became a common sight in the west end of town.

The "west-end" could then be roughly described as the area west of St. Lawrence Boulevard. It included Westmount, one of the two mountains rising in the centre of the Island of Montreal, which had become a new suburb. There the mountainside was still covered with apple orchards and many of the streets were not paved. A streetcar line ran along Sherbrooke Street, the main artery, and when it reached beyond Claremont Avenue going west, it ran through an open country of farms and orchards as far as the present site of Loyola College.

Commerce and industry were then firmly in the hands of the English while the French, who lived mostly

in the east end, supplied the labour. Since 1915 the French-Canadians have come such a long way that it becomes hard to understand why they now see the necessity of adopting repressive legislation directed against the English-speaking minority.

At that time the population of Montreal was much more evenly divided between French and English. It had become an unwritten custom to elect alternately French and English mayors of the city. Nowadays the French predominate and this custom is no longer respected.

Most of the inhabitants of the east-end were of rural stock. Their fathers and grandfathers before them had tilled the soil until they were attracted to the city by the lure of better wages in the new factories. Even under the French régime the "habitants" had felt different from the French. Their ties had always been to the land. For generations, since France had abandoned them, they had been cut off from all contact with the currents of French thought and culture. The French Revolution had no counterpart here until very recent times, and the French-Canadians had remained firmly attached to the Catholic Church and to their parish priests. The clergy was not in favour of a war that offered no threat to the homeland. The Canadian Army, on the other hand, with its English officer cadre, language, customs and traditions, was a bigger menace to the survival of their language and religion than the possibility of a German victory, so they preached against enlisting in the army and many Quebeckers listened to their Mother Church and opted for neutrality, as did the Americans.

Alphonse had joined the Royal Canadian Artillery and he had been appointed acting second-in-command of a new unit, the No. 1 section, 4th Division, Ammunition Column, R.C.A. The Commanding Officer was Lieutenant-Colonel Costigan.

At the Annual Christmas Réveillon for 1915 which was held as usual in Aunt Lelia's magnificent home,

Alphonse appeared for the first time in his uniform of a Major in the Canadian Horse Artillery. His promotion had just come through. To show how much notion I had of rank in the army, on that evening, when he told us about his promotion I joyfully exclaimed: "That's wonderful news, dear, and does that mean you will soon be promoted to sergeant-major?" Amidst the ensuing laughter, Alphonse muttered to me "Oh Lucy, dear, for goodness sake, when will you learn something about the army?"

At the party all the talk was of the horrors of the war. The casualties were shocking. Lists of Canadian officers and other ranks killed in action, many of them known to us, were published almost daily in the newspapers, and the first pitiful casualties from the infamous poison gas attacks at Ypres were arriving back in Canada with their lungs eaten away. Six-thousand Canadians, one-third of the Canadian troops at the front, were wiped out in 48 hours following the surprise use of poison gas by the Germans at Ypres on April 24th, 1915.

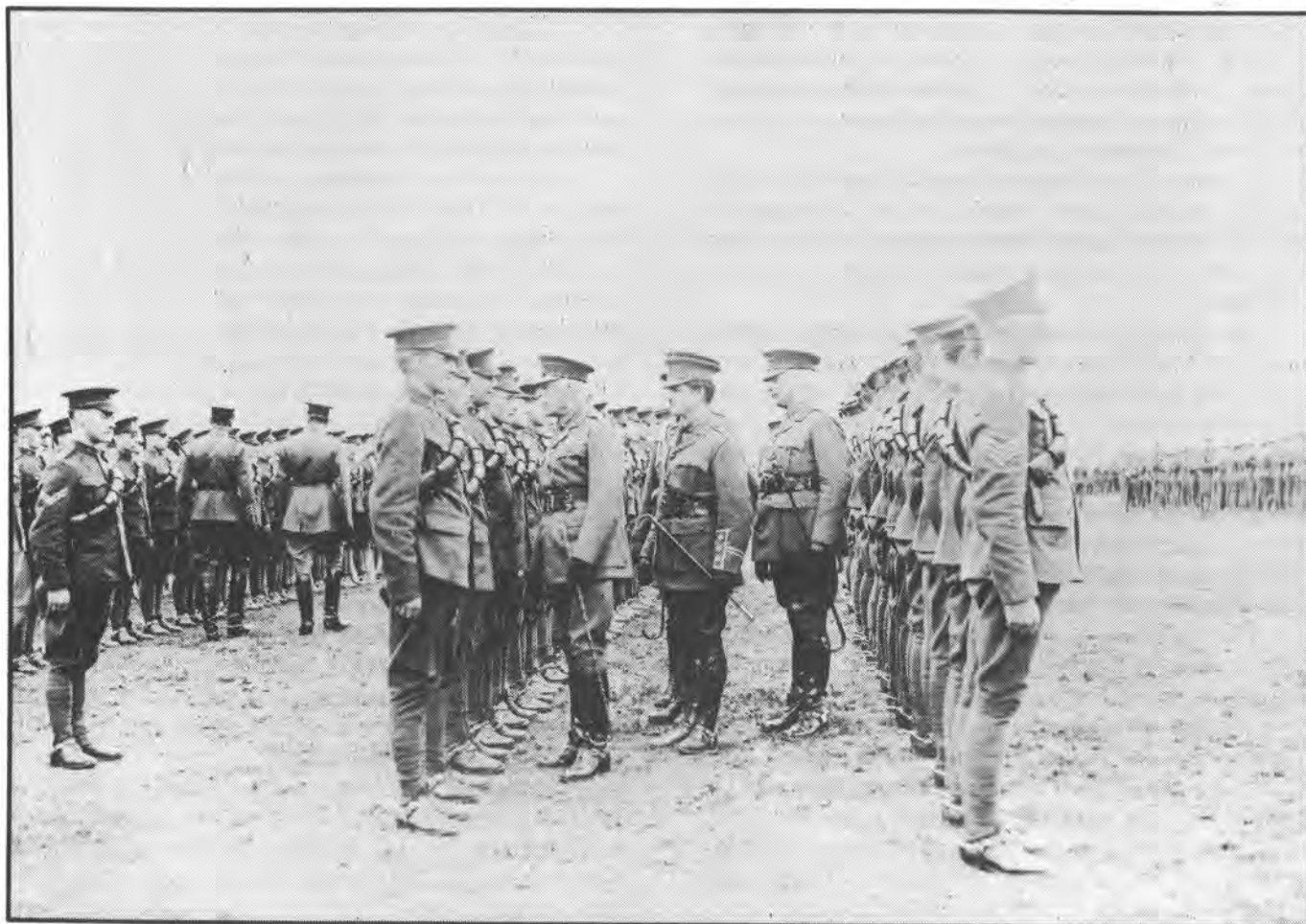
Alphonse made a gallant and handsome figure in his new uniform and although I was proud of him, I was

sick at heart at the thought that he would soon be leaving us and we might never see him again.

In the New Year, we were swept along by the whirl of activities for the officers of the regiment and their wives and I had little time to bemoan our imminent parting. Fan and I were active in the women's auxiliary. There were receptions and social gatherings and I made many good friends among the officers' wives. Mabel Moffat, the wife of Dr. Charlie Moffat, the regimental medical officer, became a particular and lifelong friend of mine. We were to see a lot of each other during these war years. Then there were numerous inspections and ceremonial parades. We watched from the sidelines as Alphonse personally escorted the visiting Duke of Connaught while he inspected the regiment on parade and Alphonse introduced to him many of his officers and other ranks.

An incident occurred concerning Alphonse during a ceremonial march-past before Mr. Sam Hughes, (later Sir Sam Hughes), the Minister of Militia for Canada. It may explain in a way the absence of French-Canadians from the ranks of the Canadian army.

Alphonse, on horseback, was leading his men past



The Duke of Connaught inspects Montreal troops on Fletcher's Field, Friday, May 19th. Captain Alphonse Paré is behind him.

the reviewing stand on Fletcher's Field along what is now known as Park Avenue and he was preparing to salute when suddenly the band started up and his horse shied and rose up on its hind legs in terror. The horses of two young officers following Alphonse bolted and broke rank much to the chagrin of their riders who made desperate attempts to control them. Alphonse was such a skilled horseman that with one hand he kept the horse in rein advancing on its hind legs, and with the other hand he saluted smartly without losing pace in the parade, much to the admiration and delight of the entire staff on the reviewing stand. There was a burst of applause and I felt very proud of my husband.

An aide-de-camp told me later, at a cocktail party, that the Minister was so impressed with Alphonse he exclaimed "I want to meet that officer, get me his name!" When he heard the name, he was incredulous. "What? A French-Canadian?" he muttered. "Don't bother to summon him!"

There is no question that this prejudice against the French-Canadians existed among the General Staff, particularly the Ontario Orangemen. Some time later, Colonel Gerald Hanson, a classmate of Alphonse at R.M.C., told me a story which speaks well of both of them, but not so well of the military establishment. They were contending for top honours in the graduating class at R.M.C. and Colonel Hanson won on points. However, on reviewing the calculations, Colonel Hanson became aware that there had been a mistake and Alphonse had the most points. He told Alphonse he was going to raise the issue with the Board, but Alphonse was furious and refused to allow him to do it.

Later in the war, in 1917, the country was split asunder on the conscription issue, as much as it is today on the "separatism" issue. There had been such bloodletting in Europe that troops were urgently needed. Conscription was passed even though the French-Canadians voted solidly against it. In 1918, Alphonse was withdrawn from the front and sent back to Canada as an acting Lieutenant-Colonel to accompany freshly-conscripted French-Canadian reinforcements overseas, but armistice was declared as he landed with the first conscripts in France and they never came under fire.¹

Early in the spring of 1916, Alphonse and his regiment were posted to the big artillery camp at Petawawa, Ontario, for final training before leaving for overseas and active service at the front. We decided we would stay together until the last minute and booked rooms at the Pembroke Hotel in Pembroke, Ontario so Alphonse could spend his free time with us. It was May when my sister Fan, the children and I packed our bags and took the train to Pembroke.

As I look in my scrapbook at the numerous pictures

¹ There were many French-Canadian regiments from Quebec which distinguished themselves in action, such as the Royal 22nd, but all these soldiers were volunteers.

which Fan and I took during our short months at Petawawa, and I see again all those fine young, handsome faces preparing for the ordeal at hand, which was so important to us then and now means so little, it is hard to realize that all that generation has now passed away, as the new generations, even those of my grandchildren and my great-grandchildren will pass away in their turn. Someday we will all muster together and exchange our impressions when we look down and pity the succeeding generations as they struggle with the problems we have bequeathed to them.

Time was running out as we tried to cherish every minute that was left. Among our fellow guests at the hotel were Most Reverend Bishop Farthing, Anglican Bishop of Montreal, and his wife. Fan and I became very friendly with them. Their son was an O.R. or "other rank" and the hotel was off-limits to him, but Alphonse pulled strings and arranged for their son to visit with his parents in the hotel. They were forever grateful and they often invited us to the Rectory of the Christ Church Cathedral in later years.

Finally the day came for embarkation leave and our return to Montreal. The regiment had been posted overseas and was due to depart in about a month's time.

Alphonse was most anxious to see that we lacked for nothing while he was away. "Don't worry about finances," he told me. "I shall have my Hollinger dividends and salary as well as my captain's pay. We are well off!" And he proceeded to hire Eaton's to furnish a new apartment for his family with all the latest comforts and conveniences that money could buy, including a new stove in the kitchen, new curtains and new furniture and furnishings. We were to live in the utmost luxury.

Then came the round of usual good-byes. Dr. Paré was staying with his sister, Aunt Lelia, and we all went with Alphonse to Lachine to say good-bye to his many aunts and relatives. There I had the impression they did not favour his decision to go and fight, and probably blamed this on the influence of his "femme anglaise." Little did they know the truth!

All his cousins, aunts and uncles joined in a farewell party for Alphonse and then one day he left. It was towards the end of September 1916.

He insisted that the ordeal of parting would be too much for us at the troop train. We said good-bye in the apartment with the kids hanging on to their father not knowing what was wrong, and Fan joining in, with tears in all our eyes.

It was not three weeks later that Mabel Moffat came to see me with sensational news. "Lucy, you'd better get packed. We're off to Europe," she informed me excitedly. "Here, read my telegram. You have an identical telegram down at the R.H.Q. from Alphonse." The telegram read: "Permission has been given for you to come over and join me immediately. You should make all necessary prepara-

tions to leave. Full instructions follow by letter. Charlie?" The only difference in my telegram were the three words "and the children?" Mabel had no children.

Our husbands had arrived at the staging camp in England to find most of their fellow officers who had preceded them overseas comfortably ensconced with their wives and sometimes their children in little cottages on the outskirts of the camp, reporting for duty during the day and living at home at night. It was a much better arrangement than living in the barracks with the men. It even offered certain financial advantages, and besides, the officers at the front could return to England and spend their furloughs with their wives and families.

We knew of course before our husbands left that many wives were overseas. But Army Headquarters was discouraging the officers of reinforcement units from bringing their wives with them. So many officers had become casualties and the burden of informing their wives and arranging for the repatriation of the bereaved families had fallen upon headquarters. There was no legal way, however, to prevent the wives from coming over on a neutral ship out of United States ports.

While this was wonderful news there was still a problem. Dr. Aubry had just informed me I was pregnant again. I didn't dare even write Alphonse about this, he had enough to worry about.

I broke the news from Alphonse that very same night to Dr. Paré and Aunt Lelia at dinner time.

Dr. Aubry was there too and I was sitting on the couch between the two elderly doctors who were both quite determined that I should not leave for overseas.

"You have your children to think of," said Dr. Aubry. "And you will surely lose your child if you undertake a sea voyage under these circumstances."

I was sobbing to myself when Aunt Lelia came up and asked me what the matter was. When I told her she turned on the two doctors and said severely: "What nonsense are you talking, you two old fogies. Of course she has to go and join her husband. If anything happens to him she will never forgive you nor herself!"

And that was that. I had to scramble to dispose of the contents of our wonderful apartment. Fan helped me and decided to come along with us. Mabel, Fan and I would travel together with the children and we booked passage on a boat out of New York. It was leaving on the last week of November 1916. Three days before we were scheduled to leave, when everything had been disposed of and we were packing our bags, an unexpected complication arose. Phonsine fell seriously ill. There was an epidemic of infantile paralysis raging in Montreal at the time and I had a sinking sensation that my daughter had come down with it. Dr. Aubry rushed over with Dr. Paré. They made a thorough examination of Phonsine. Her temperature was rising rapidly and reached 105 degrees. She had a terrible pain in her neck and arms and when Dr. Aubry inserted a pin in her tummy there was no reaction.

He looked very grave. "I'm dreadfully sorry to tell you this Lucy," he said, "but it looks bad. If she starts vomiting, there is no doubt of it being infantile paralysis." I was beside myself with despair. Surely God was not going to keep us from rejoining Alphonse, I thought. I called up Aunt Lily at the convent in Lachine. She was one of Alphonse's favourite aunts, a very holy woman and a sister of Aunt Lelia's. She promised to pray for us. Dr. Harold (H.B.) Cushing was the great specialist of the time in children's diseases. He wasn't available until the next day so the two aging doctors stayed with us all night. At 5:00 a.m. when the fever was at its height Alphonsine began to vomit and this continued for almost an hour. Old Dr. Aubry looked at me with pity in his eyes and said "I don't think there is any doubt about it now Lucy." On hearing these words both Fan and I felt so downcast we had difficulty in restraining our tears. Finally the exhausted child fell into a deep sleep after the doctors gave her a sedative. At 8:00 o'clock in the morning Dr. Cushing arrived to examine the patient. He felt her pulse, he took her temperature, then reproached Dr. Aubry for calling him in. "There's nothing wrong with this child," he announced. Was it a miracle? We learned later that Aunt Lily and her nuns had prayed for Alphonsine most of that night.

By the time we were ready to leave, Alphonsine had completely recovered. Aunt Lelia, Uncle Noah, Noémie Fraser, Dr. Paré and many of the others came to see us off at the train.

Dr. Paré was particularly upset to see his grandchildren leaving on such a perilous voyage. He proudly carried his only Paré grandson, Tony, all dressed up in a new woolen outfit given to him by Aunt Lelia before leaving. It was as if he knew in his heart that he would not see these grandchildren again.

He was holding his 15-month-old grandson Tony in his arms, showing him off to everyone, when the train started moving. We were already aboard, sitting together with Dr. Williamson, Mabel Moffat's father, who was escorting us to New York to see us safely off aboard ship.

Dr. Paré had barely time to thrust the baby into the hands of a startled porter when the train was on its way. The porter came into our car looking for the parents of the child and handed him to Dr. Williamson. The poor old doctor didn't know it was my baby and began to inquire of all the passengers to find out to whom the infant belonged.

We should have had more respect but her father's predicament was so amusing that Mabel and I decided to play a joke on him and let him desperately try to dispose of the screaming child before finally confessing the truth. The baby was put in my arms and a big smile came over his face but neither Dr. Williamson nor the porter were the least bit amused by our sense of humour.

There were only two babies on board the SS Karnala when we set sail from New York bound for Southampton.

The United States was still neutral but already the Germans were making noises about American ships being used to supply the embattled island of England as a violation of neutrality. Travel in that direction especially for women and children was not recommended.

The mother of the other child and I were sitting together in deck chairs when the Chief Steward came up with some official looking papers and enquired about the ages of our babies. "Eleven months" said the other mother and so did I. As soon as he was out of sight we looked at one another and exchanged a conspiratorial smile for it was obvious to us that both our children were well over 12 months of age, and should have been charged the full fare.

I later understood why the Germans were complaining. The ship was crowded with young men in civilian clothes. On the last day of the trip as we entered port after a particularly rough crossing, and prepared to disembark to go through the customs, they all suddenly appeared in army uniforms. I have always had bad luck at customs' houses and border crossings. Sometimes it was my fault, like the time when Alphonse and I were returning from Florida and I told the customs I had "nothing to declare." Hardly were the words out of my mouth when my bloomers burst under the weight of the assorted smuggled presents for my grandchildren and the whole contents cascaded to the floor. My husband was such a conscientious and law-abiding citizen that I would never let him know in advance what I was up to. For him it was a torture of self-examination every time he crossed a border. He felt constrained to declare everything, like going to confession to the priest. You can be sure that I embarrassed him on many an occasion and he dreaded crossing borders with his wife.

But sometimes the problem was not of my own doing and resulted from the stupidity of bureaucracy, such as the time I was held at the border crossing from Windsor to Detroit, during the Second World War. I had declared I was born in Australia and this was misinterpreted to mean Austria. My poor friend Mrs. Kerrigan and I were held for several hours before the mistake was discovered and we were released, but thereafter I always said I was born in Canada.

When our ship now docked at Southampton I declared in all innocence to the Immigration officials that I was born an Irish-Australian. How was I to know that the Sinn Feiners were even then running rampant around Ireland. There had just been a full scale insurrection a few months earlier, and the very word "Irish" was like waving a red flag to a bull and enough to keep me in custody for further examination. To make matters worse, the founder of the Sinn Fein movement, as I was to discover later, was none other than an Irishman of Welsh descent bearing the name of Arthur Griffith, according to many of my cousins a close relative of ours, who was even then under arrest and lodged in England, in the prison at

Reading. Later on, when we lived in Ireland, I was to learn more about him, as we shall see.

I saw Fan and Mabel easily waved through the customs, but when my turn came, I was escorted to a separate room, babies and all. There Alphonse, when he finally burst through the barriers of officialdom, found us undergoing cross-examination. (The fact that both my father and my grandfather bore the name of Arthur Griffith wasn't helping my case.) "Why didn't you call yourself French-Canadian?" said my husband, abetted by the embarrassed Immigration officer. By this time my fears had evaporated with the joy of our family reunion. "Do you mean to say," I said to them, "if I had married a Chinaman, I should call myself a Chinese woman?" "Yes, Madame," answered the official. "That is the law."

Alphonse had rented for us a charming little cottage in Whitley, not far from the military camp at Guilford and close to our friends the Charlie Moffats. Upon our arrival my sister Fancy found several invitations waiting for her. Our sister Kathy was asking her to come out to Ireland and visit her at the La Touches' and the Stareys wanted her in Herefordshire. For a few months she stayed with us in our cottage but she was keen on joining in the war effort and decided to enroll in a nursing course at St. Dunstan's, a military hospital in London. Eventually she would meet our cousin Sir Richard Griffith and by becoming his wife she would unite the two branches of the Griffith family.

The babies and I settled down, as camp followers, to life in England during wartime and I engaged the services of a kitchen maid.

Among the Canadian wives there existed a certain spirit of camaraderie and we often would go for long walks together through the picturesque little villages adjoining the camp. One day, on our morning walk, Queen Mary came by in her carriage drawn by four splendid horses and she stopped in front of a little store in the town to speak to us. The ladies crowded around to greet Her Majesty and curtsy as required by custom. One of our group simply put out her hand to the Queen and this shocked some of the local onlookers. "You can be arrested for that," they warned our friend. "Why," answered the girl, "I'm a Canadian. I don't know your customs here!" "Then they should have taught you before they allowed you into this country," was the opinion of one indignant matron. The Queen, after sitting on a chair which had been brought out for her use from the store while she sat and chatted with us, had hardly taken her departure when that chair was removed forever from usage by the common folk. The next day it appeared in the store window with a placard which read: "This is the chair which Her Majesty Queen Mary has sat upon."

There were many Canadian soldiers billeted in the area and the sight of a group of pretty young women wandering by was enough to elicit the usual whistles of approval. But in every group there is sure to be somebody

to spoil it for the others. The pretentious wife of a young lieutenant called our admiring soldier boys to task and told them they should salute us because we were all the wives of Canadian officers!

As a result, every time we passed by, the soldiers would get down on their knees and prostrate themselves before us. We were so embarrassed we had to discontinue our pleasant walks together.

The local girl I had acquired as a kitchen maid was not very satisfactory and I had a suspicion which soon proved right that she was carrying on with the soldiers, even in our own home while we were away. One day when Alphonse was absent and Fan was still living with me, we unexpectedly cancelled an outing we had planned for that evening and told the girl she should go out instead. This seemed to upset her no end and we realized why for hardly had she left when a drunken soldier pounded on the door asking for her. I told him to go away, she wasn't there. This didn't satisfy him and he tried to break down the door. I asked Fan to go upstairs and imitate a man's voice when I called her. Then I opened the door and said to the soldier "My husband Captain Paré will be down to speak to you in a minute." "Alphonse," I called out, "A soldier is here to see you."

A gruff voice answered "I'll be right down!" The soldier took to his heels. I fired the maid the next day.

My baby Tony was causing us a great deal of concern. On the boat coming over, he had contracted a form of enteritis and his condition grew steadily worse. He couldn't keep anything in his stomach, not even water. We tried everything the doctors could suggest but to no avail. The baby became a tiny skeleton. Fan, who adored him, was in tears and I was desperate. I couldn't sleep at night for the thought of my little child wasting away. The doctors would give us no hope. To complicate matters Alphonse was suddenly called away to the front with an advance party to prepare for the arrival of his regiment and during this time Tony's condition became critical. The doctor suggested I wire Alphonse and tell him to prepare for the worst.

We had engaged a professional nurse to look after Tony and one day she came to me holding in her hand a bottle of water, and said "Madame, this is holy water my mother brought back from Lourdes a while ago. Why don't we give some of it to Tony?" I was astonished, especially as I had never dreamed she was a Catholic. We quickly phoned the doctor and he told us we had nothing to lose, in any event the case was beyond his skill and in God's hands now. He didn't sound very encouraging.

I suppose the holy water was pretty well laden with microbes of all sorts, but we fed it to Tony by spoonfuls and to our surprise, it worked. It stayed in his stomach and shortly thereafter we were able to feed him the first drops of broth he had kept down in many weeks. My baby was saved. Could I attribute it to a miracle of Lourdes or to a good dose of natural antibiotics? Whichever it was I

was certainly grateful to my nurse and Alphonse arrived back to find his son well on the road to recovery.

By this time Alphonse had got over his initial shock on learning that he was a prospective father once again. All our husbands were working very hard preparing for the difficult days ahead and we were grateful to be close to them and able to give them our moral support. Before he took off for the front again Alphonse and I wanted to make a quick trip to London together; who knew if it would not be our last chance? But I didn't have any reliable help with whom I could leave my children, so I began looking for a good nursemaid.

I had been frequenting a pleasant and shady little park in our vicinity where the nursemaids were wont to congregate with their tiny charges. I was shocked at the callousness and indifference many of them displayed towards their wards and I would love to have reported them to their mistresses.

One little nursemaid in particular caught my attention and I struck up a friendship with her. Unlike many of the others, she would devote herself for hours on end to amusing her children, and she was utterly unselfish. She even invited Phonsine to join in the games with them. We sat and talked together and I gradually became very fond of her.

One day she appeared to be low in spirits and I asked her what the trouble was. "My mistress has decided that the children are old enough now to have a governess and I have to look for another job," she told me. "How much are you earning now?" I asked her "One pound (\$5.00) a month," was her answer.

"Will you come and work for me? I'll give you two pounds a month." The poor little thing nearly collapsed. She had taken me all along for a nursemaid like the others; and such was the class-consciousness of the time that she was most embarrassed to have treated me as an equal. Now her voice and her attitude changed completely. "Oh Madame," she answered. "Please excuse me. I had no idea. I should never have spoken to you like I did." This was one of the lucky days of my life. She accepted my offer and she made my stay in England, and later in Ireland, a most happy one indeed; my children just loved her. We remained good friends for I told her, "I will only take you on if you continue to treat me as a friend and as an equal."

A few days after she began working for me, I had a visit of an official delegation of three of the mistresses of other nursemaids at the park. It was to express their disapproval and concern for my action in doubling the standard rate for nursemaids in the area. The word had got out at the park and all the others were asking for the same raise. The poor women said they couldn't afford to pay such an increase and I felt most embarrassed by the whole affair.

Strict rationing of our food supplies didn't seem to affect the rapid pace of growth of my two children.

Alphonse had a most efficient and devoted batman² who kept us supplied with the numerous luxuries that were not available with our ration coupons. I never dared ask where the goodies came from, but I suspected the officers' mess was being raided from time to time for our benefit. Alphonsine was already three-and-a-half years old and a most precocious and lovely child. She had struck up a close friendship with young Victor, the four-year-old son of our neighbour, Sidney Oland, of the Halifax beer family. He was commanding officer of the Nova Scotia Regiment and he later became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Nova Scotia.

Shortly after we had settled into our cottage I was surprised to receive a visit from my young brother Heck proudly wearing the uniform of a soldier in the Royal Australian Army. He had only just turned 17 years of age

² A batman in the army is another rank who acts as an attendant or a servant to an officer.



Heck, in his Royal Australian Army uniform in 1917-8.

and when I learned his unit was about to leave for the front, I did something which only a mother could be excused for doing but which a sister has no right to do. I told his commanding officer his real age. He was held back in England when his unit left for France and he was furious at me. He refused to talk to me for almost two years afterwards and by the time he reached the front the worst was over. When he eventually realized he was the only one to survive from among all his young pals who had enlisted with him in Australia, he forgave me and we became friends again.

My little nursemaid turned out to be a real jewel so Alphonse and I finally decided to run up to London for a weekend, leaving our babies in her capable hands.

This was our first chance since arriving in England to do some shopping, so we took the subway from our hotel in the direction of Harrods. When we emerged from the Underground opposite the store we stumbled on a scene of indescribable confusion and carnage. The place was in shambles and hundreds of people, many dead or dying, lay bleeding about the street. Everyone was shouting or screaming, swearing or crying or just running around like chickens with their heads cut off. Acrid fumes filled the air and ambulances, their sirens adding to the din, were arriving from all sides, disgorging their contents of white-uniformed nurses and orderlies onto the pavement. We hurried over to Harrods to enquire what was going on and found the place deserted. The story that eventually came out to explain the terrible explosions that had rocked the area at rush hour was as implausible as it appeared to be true.

The Zeppelins had not yet made their first bombing raids over London, so it seemed that a German spy had somehow infiltrated the R.A.F., managed to commandeer a plane loaded with bombs, taken it aloft over the city and released the bombs onto the crowded streets outside Harrods after which he made good his escape. We were extremely lucky to have arrived only minutes after the bombs had gone off. Shocked and sickened by the experience, our eagerness to shop having evaporated, we regained our hotel via the subway and postponed our shopping until a later date.

That evening we entertained my cousin Maurice Griffith at supper and we had plenty to talk about. Alphonse and I recounted the adventure of the day while the Reverend Captain regaled us with his recent discoveries on the family tree of our Griffith ancestors. It would take me more than sixty years to catch up with him in this respect and develop an interest in our family tree.

Further trips afield were curtailed because of my advanced state of pregnancy and shortly thereafter on June 6, 1917, Peter arrived. It was lucky for both of us and for the children that Alphonse was able to be present when Peter was born. His regiment was on stand-by waiting to leave for the front in France.

The blessed event was not without some difficulty. I

began hemorrhaging after the birth and the local doctor was at wits' end to stop the bleeding. Finally he despaired and whispered to his nurse, "I don't think we can save her." I overheard his words and although I had little fear of dying I began to wonder what it would be like.

Waiting outside, Alphonse was told about it and he almost went berserk in his anxiety to do something. "You must save her," he ordered the doctor.

I had begun to lose consciousness. Gradually a feeling of drowsiness and peacefulness took possession of me. It seemed to me as if my body was relaxing and abandoning all worldly cares while my soul was slowly rising out of my body. Impassively, as if I was only a spectator, I watched the scene taking place in my bedroom without the slightest concern or remorse. The most wonderful music seemed to fill the air and I was possessed by a strange feeling of happiness, something extraordinary was about to happen to me. "If this dying," I thought to myself, "then it is surely a wonderful experience."

Many people have described a similar sensation of hovering between life and death, trying to decide which way to choose, and when I read their stories I understand what they mean for on that day in 1917 I felt the same way and somehow I was quite happy that my time had come and I had no qualms about leaving my body behind.

Then suddenly something began to disturb my newfound peace. It was most annoying. Try as I did to exclude it, it persisted and would not go away. Finally I could make out that somebody was calling my name. At close range, a voice was pleading with me "Lucy, please Lucy, don't leave us alone, we need you so very much." And then the voice added "Oh God you can't. You can't take her away from us yet, we need her." Then I began to recognize the voice of my husband crying at my bedside. I opened my eyes to find Alphonse holding baby Peter in his arms, tears running down his cheeks. "Thank God!" he exclaimed when he saw my eyes open and light up with recognition. He held up the baby for me to see. It had long black hair and I thought it was a baby girl. "Lucy, you can't leave this baby alone, he needs you," Alphonse said to me, and he knelt down and began to pray.

When the doctor saw I had regained consciousness he was encouraged. "She is doing better," he said to Alphonse, "and if she fights to live, I think we might be able to save her."

Reluctant though I was at first to give up this dream of peace and ethereal happiness, I realized that it was my duty to try and live for the sake of my husband and my children so I asked God to spare me and He did. The bleeding stopped and I was soon on the road to recovery.

Ever since that experience, I have remembered the strange and indescribably blissful feeling of lingering between this world and the next, as if I had paused on the threshold and discovered what is in store for us on the other side and found it much to my liking. A retired

Illinois schoolteacher wrote a poem about a "near-death experience" which perfectly sums up my feelings on this occasion.

Hovering beneath the ceiling, I looked down
Upon a body, untenanted — my own;
Strangely at peace, airy, weightless as light,
I floated there, freed from pain-filled days
and nights,
Until a voice I heard, an urgent call,
And again I dwelt within my body's wall.

As soon as I was better I called the nurse and asked her to cut the long black hair of my new son for I felt it was undignified and unseemly for him to look like a baby girl. He was baptized "Jules Arthur" after our cousin Jules Timmins and my father, but the name didn't catch on so we nicknamed him "Peter" after Peter Pan which was then playing in London and that became his official name for the rest of his life.

A few days later Alphonse's regiment had departed for France and a terrible void settled into our lives. With our husbands gone, Mabel Moffat moved in with me and we took turns in running the household and cooking meals. It is amusing to recall that I found Mabel's Canadian dishes not greatly to my liking and she had the same opinion about my Australian dishes. Our British help found both of our cuisines quite "colonial" and preferred to cook their own.

While the newspapers were reporting the situation at the front to be critical, all kinds of fearful rumours and unfounded tales were circulating among the wives and dependants left behind around the military camp. We were living at the time in a cottage on the large estate of Lord Perrie, not far from the village of Whitley where Peter was born. Alphonse made a habit of writing me every day and when his letters stopped coming I feared the worst. Reports that the Germans had drilled a tunnel under the English Channel and were about to invade the south of England were taken seriously and were passed on by word of mouth, adding to the general apprehension. One day an old man dressed in uniform went from cottage to cottage advising us what to do when the Germans arrived. "All the church bells will be ringing together," he told us. "And when you hear them, drop everything, don't try to save any valuables, just take your children and rush immediately to Lord Perrie's Manor House where we will be instructed what to do." That night 20 terrified wives stayed up all night in my house waiting for the fatal summons which never came. It all seems so unreal and improbable today but we did live through some anxious times until Alphonse returned at Christmas on his first furlough. He was annoyed to hear such nonsense and reassured us that the war was going well for our side. Then early in the New Year, he had to report back to his regiment.

Hardly a month after he had left, I learned to my chagrin that many of our commonly accepted medical theories of the time were only old wives' tales and had no basis in fact. We had always believed that a mother nursing her baby was unable to become pregnant, and consequently Alphonse and I confidently parted on a most passionate note. Who could tell if it was not our last night together.

Baby Peter was having trouble with his stool, I was disturbed to find it was quite green, so I rushed him to the doctor. He shocked me when he told me I was pregnant again and I should stop breast-feeding my baby. I burst into tears. It had always been my firm conviction that a mother should breast-feed her infant. By so doing she gives it the strength and vitality of her own body which no substitute milk can supply. The mother's milk provides the child with a built-in stamina to face the later

hardships of life. For the first and only time in my life I felt I was having an unwanted baby. Fortunately I was able to talk it over with a dear old Catholic priest who lived close by and he set me straight and convinced me to accept it as God's will.

But there was a complication. I was suffering agonies with my full breasts. The doctor told me there was only one thing to do, pump them and then strap them tightly to prevent further milk from forming.

Phonsine was a silent observer of my struggles to overcome this problem. Finally she said to me: "Mother, didn't I always take milk from you when I was a baby?" "Of course," I answered. "Well why don't I take the milk now from your breasts?" This from a four-year-old! It was a wonderful idea and it solved the problem. That night, for the first time in weeks, I was able to sleep comfortably thanks to my baby daughter.

XIII

Ireland

A Griffith returns to the land of her ancestors and the "War To End All Wars" comes to an end.

The Great War was rushing to a dramatic climax. For the first time American Doughboys, in their fresh-looking khaki uniforms, were making their appearance in the streets, and the sight of these new allies boosted our morale and allowed us to hope for an early end to this monstrous carnage that was costing the lives of so many young men of all the nations of the world. News of the valour of our own Canadians at Vimy Ridge had also raised our spirits and given us a sense of pride in our own troops, but the price had been frightful — the loss of so many of our own dear friends and neighbours — and the thought that the next casualty was likely to be one's own husband was ever present in our minds.

Even with the Americans on our side it seemed that the outcome was still a toss-up. Only one thing was sure: Sooner or later one or the other side was going to crack; the strain and tension of the hostilities were too unbearable to endure.

Alphonse's regiment was supporting the latest offensive of the Allied Armies and I could discern from the tone of his letters that it was far from being a picnic. It was hardly the time to write him and break the news of another child on the way, particularly after the rough experience we both had with Peter.

Meantime, Mabel and I had parted company. She decided to go off on her own and I quite understood her. My house had become a nursery, what with children and nursemaids, and another baby on the way, and Mabel needed quieter surroundings, but we parted and remained the closest of friends. I kept our little kitchen maid to help with the household together with my wonderful nursemaid and I had no compunction in leaving my babies in their care when an invitation arrived to spend a long weekend with the Stareys at Bodenham Manor in Herefordshire. It was to be a family reunion for the Griffith girls, Fancy would come up from London

and Kathy would come over from Ireland. The Stareys were returning the kindness we had extended to their son years before in Kalgoorlie.

All in all it was a memorable weekend, and I enjoyed myself immensely, especially to be reunited with my sister Kathy after so many years of separation. She looked stunning and was fashionably attired in the very latest style of the period. I could hardly recognize in her my youngest sister from Kalgoorlie days. Since leaving Australia she had blossomed forth into a young lady of society and as companion to Lady Annette, the aging daughter of the Earl of Clonmel, she had become accustomed to moving in the best of circles. She had yet to meet the great love of her life, Kenneth Argyle-Robertson, but this was to happen in the very near future.

It was also my first time away from the children for ages. I missed them of course, and was glad to get back to them, but this holiday was a needed break in the middle of wartime and I returned to the military camp feeling like a different person, ready and eager to take on any new problems that might arise. I was already five months pregnant when I decided I couldn't put off telling Alphonse any longer. The summer months were coming along and I dearly wanted to spend some time with my children at the beach. Both Kathy and Fancy had agreed to join me for a few days at Littlehampton and I had already found some nice lodgings there, so I wrote to Alphonse and broke the good news to him, after which I took my little maids and the children and we all headed for the beach to rendez-vous with my sisters.

Alphonse's reaction to my letter was immediate. For a long time he had been worried about our situation. The war had taken to the air and the Germans had started to drop bombs from their Zeppelins. When one is far away the dangers of the situation are always magnified by the press reports. Actually we had yet to see a single Zeppelin in the sky over our encampment. But the plane

was coming into its own as a war machine and we were seeing more and more of these strange birds flying overhead. Then there was the problem of food rationing. Now that his batman was no longer available to supplement our meager supplies, Alphonse feared that we were not getting enough to eat. On the contrary, our food situation was not bad at all. Dear Aunt Lelia had come to the rescue. We had already received from her in Canada several immense tucker-baskets, fabulous food packages containing everything a thoughtful mind could conjure in the way of food to succour starving infants, and even adults. Several of Aunt Lelia's hampers had been confiscated by the authorities and never reached us but lately a couple of them had come through and we were amply provided for for a long period to come. Twenty-five years later my son Tony was also stationed in England for several years during the Second World War, awaiting the invasion of Europe, and he too was grateful to receive packages from his godmother, dear Aunt Lelia.

Nevertheless, upon receiving my letter, Alphonse decided to move all of us to the relative safety of Dublin where there was no fear of air raids and where, besides, there was no rationing of food; and pregnant again, I could get better attention in Dublin. Having obtained a special "cradle leave" he arrived back with plans to gather us all together with the maids, and take us to Ireland.

But first, in order to find us a place to live, he hurried across to Ireland and met with my sister Kathy at the residence of Lady Annette. It seems that during his short stay there, he performed a feat of horsemanship by galloping his mount up the massive stairway to the raised terrace at Harristown, only the second equestrian to perform this feat, and he much impressed the onlookers, including Percy La Touche and Connie Langrishe, who were both avid horse-people.

Alphonse also found a pleasant little home for us in Palmerston Gardens, near the centre of the city of Dublin, not far from the station. There would be plenty of room for all of us together with the maids in this house. I had some difficulty convincing my two little girls to come with us at first, but a sharp increase in wages finally did the trick. So, early in August 1918, we all boarded the boat for Dublin and by the time Alphonse's leave was up we were comfortably settled into our new quarters. What Alphonse had failed to realize in making his decision to move us to Ireland, and what the whole world ignored at the time, was the turmoil that had been stirred up by the young people of Ireland who were clamoring for independence from Great Britain. The south of Ireland was almost an armed camp following the recent disturbances. The people were supporting the rebels and the British fiat was maintained only by force of arms and the presence on the Irish soil of British soldiers and police. The full extent of the trouble had been carefully screened from the rest of the world and any



Palmerston Gardens today.

newspaper in Ireland that dared to report the truth was immediately suppressed.

The situation didn't bother us at all in our home in Palmerston Gardens, in fact we hardly realized that there was anything unusual going on, but it almost proved fatal for my husband, as we shall see later.

We welcomed our first visitor to our new Irish home when my sister Kathy came to see us to extend an invitation for tea at Harristown in order for me to meet her benefactors, Lady Annette and her husband Percy La Touche, as well as diverse other Irish relatives of ours whom I had never met. The last thing I wanted to do at the time was to meet people and engage in social activities while I was shortly expecting another addition to the family. I tried my best to discourage Kathy and postpone the meeting, with little success.

Only a few days later, when the sun was shining and the weather was ideal to sally forth and walk around in the town, a typical late summer day in Southern Ireland, I suggested to my help to take advantage of the day and leave me in charge of the children. They had become very attached to us and were loathe to leave me alone, but I insisted.

Before they took off, my nurse decided to organize a game of trains for the children. This consisted of taking up all the mats lying around the floors and constructing an imaginary railroad track. A large rocking chair turned upside down was the engine occupied by Phonsine as the driver; other chairs overturned to serve as railway cars for Tony and baby Peter followed in line. The game was in full swing and my little help had hardly departed, leaving the house in complete disorder, which I really didn't mind at all as long as the children were enjoying themselves, when out of the corner of my eye I espied an imposing chauffeur-driven limousine pull up before our home. A uniformed chauffeur and a footman occupied the front and in the rear I could distinguish a coterie of well-dressed ladies. My heart sank as the footman disem-

barked and proceeded to approach the house. How could Kathy do this to me without warning? It was obviously my sister with her Lady Annette and friends come to visit me unannounced.

I quickly had an inspiration, and running to the kitchen I put on the maid's cap and large apron. Then I answered the ring at the door: "Is Mrs. Paré at home?" asked the footman. "I'm sorry," I said. "She is out." "Well I have Lady Annette La Touche in the car with the Countess of M. and Miss Kathleen Griffith, the sister of Mrs. Paré. They would like to visit and see the children." "Oh, I'm sorry," I answered, "I couldn't allow them to come in. The house is in a mess as you can see and the children are playing all over. My mistress would be furious with me if I allowed anybody to come in under these circumstances," and I politely shut the door in his face.

I had it out with Kathy later. She could have at least given me fair warning so that I could have got the house ready for such a visit and kept my little girls on hand in their uniforms. I was not ashamed of my house. She had already seen it when it was quite proper and tidy and after she heard my description of how it looked when they drove up, she was happy not to have been disgraced before her friends.

The food situation was not nearly as bad in Ireland as in Great Britain but some commodities, such as sugar, were nonexistent. Fortunately for us Aunt Lelia's hampers contained boxes of sugar lumps and we couldn't possibly use them all up ourselves. So when Kathy told me that Lady Annette was entertaining Lord French and the vice-regal party for dinner and was bemoaning the fact she had no sugar to serve at the table, I was more than glad to offer Kathy a box of sugar for her patroness. Later, when she recounted the conversation at the dinner table on that evening, how everybody was decrying the problems caused by the Catholics, I said to her half-jokingly: "Kathy had I known that your party was going to talk about us like that I would have poisoned the sugar lumps." "Oh dear, Lucy," she said to me, "I can't get used to the fact that you are a Catholic now?"

After the birth of my daughter, I made plans to visit my sister at Harristown, but before I could meet Lady Annette, the Sinn Fein rebels went on a rampage again. They were burning down the mansions of absentee landlords. Happily, Percy La Touche resided at Harristown and he enjoyed the respect of his tenants, so his mansion was spared. Before the situation had time to settle down, however, Alphonse had returned and whisked us aboard ship and we were already on the high seas returning to Canada. Our departure was so abrupt that I never had time to fulfill another long-standing ambition of mine — to visit Millicent, our grandfather's childhood home at Clane in County Kildare. This my son Tony did years later. A picture of Millicent as it appears today is to be found in the Prologue.

Alphonse had promised to be with us when the new baby was due and we were awaiting his return from France any day now. Baby Peter had taken his first walking steps and we decided to give his father a big surprise on his arrival. We would train Peter to walk to the front door and meet his father. All of us joined in this effort, including the children, and we had lots of fun anticipating the results of our training. When the day came and Alphonse appeared at the door, Peter was all propped up and ready to do his act, but as soon as he saw his father he dropped to his hands and knees and crawled rapidly away, much to everybody's disappointment.

On the sixth of October 1918, at a time when most of Ireland, like our Province of Quebec, was in a state of incipient revolt over the conscription issue, for the war was still on, fresh troops were urgently needed at the front, no end to the hostilities was in sight and the British Government was preparing to conscript the young Irish boys, a darling little baby girl, our first and only Irish colleen, was born to us in our home in Palmerston Gardens. We decided to name her Patricia, and as a middle name, to conform with a family tradition, I chose de Burgh, the family name of my Irish great-grandmother, but it wasn't going to be as simple as that to have her baptized accordingly.

Father Patrick O'Dowd was delighted to hear that we were naming our daughter after his Irish patron saint but he bluntly refused to baptize her with the middle name of de Burgh. He was the parish priest of the little Catholic church close by Palmerston Gardens and we had come to the presbytery with the baby in Alphonse's arms. "But Father, that is the name of my Irish great-grandmother and I am proud of it," I explained.

The Irish clergy were united in support of the rebel movement against the British occupation and I could sympathize with their grievances but I couldn't see how that should concern my daughter's Christian name.

"Mrs. Paré, the de Burghs and their kin have been the leading oppressors and despoilers of our Irish race for 700 years," he said, "and I can't bring myself to baptize a good Catholic child with such an opprobrious name."

By now I had understood that our Griffith ancestors in Ireland, the same that Grandfather Griffith boasted "had never intermarried with the 'bog Irish,'" had been members of the "Irish Ascendancy," or the Establishment, under the British Occupation, and Father O'Dowd was talking about my own family as the enemy of the Irish people. I hadn't dreamed that feelings were so intense and the divisions so deeply rooted in the past. But my ire was up and finally I said to him: "All right, Father, I'll go and see the Anglican minister and ask him to baptize my daughter." The good pastor had to choose between his religious convictions and his patriotic fervour. I am glad to say that he opted for the former, and my daughter was properly baptized with the name of "Patricia de Burgh Paré."

During this exchange, Alphonse, holding Patsy, wisely let me do the talking. I knew he was furious and I feared he would let his Latin temperament get the better of him. Only afterwards did I realize that the sight of a hated British Army uniform in his own presbytery probably fanned the bigotry of the Irish cleric.

When Alphonse had arrived for Patsy's birth he had several surprises for me. He had just been promoted to the rank of acting Lieutenant-Colonel, he had also been detached from his regiment and had been posted to return to Canada immediately in order to take over command of a newly formed French-speaking reinforcement battalion and bring it over to France.

In Canada they were having the same trouble as in Ireland over the conscription issue. The French-Canadians were resisting the Conscription Act that had been passed by the English majority in the Federal Parliament despite the unanimous objection of the members from Quebec. As a senior French-speaking officer, Alphonse was a logical choice to command this battalion of conscripts. He told me he hoped to be back with us before the end of November.

The situation in Ireland at the time was confused and was deteriorating. A split had developed in the ranks of the Sinn Feiners. The moderate members of the movement, with Arthur Griffith at their head, were all for negotiating with the British authorities who had offered the Irish a status not unlike that of Canada, an association, under the Crown, within the British Empire. But the extreme republican elements of the party, under Eamon de Valera, were resisting all compromise. They wanted full independence or nothing. Arthur Griffith,



Arthur Griffith, President of Ireland.

my grandfather's namesake¹, had been the original founder of the Sinn Fein but he had turned over the presidency and the leadership to the younger and more militant de Valera. With his Welsh-Celtic background, Griffith was more inclined to recognize the inherent dangers of the Irish pushing too far at this time than the younger de Valera who had been born in New York of mixed Irish-Spanish parentage; the attitude of the extremists could only force the hand of the British and attract more reprisals. Griffith harkened back to the fate of the Welsh in similar circumstances and he figured that half a cake was better than none. He was eager to compromise with Lloyd George. As for the British Prime Minister of the time, a Welshman himself, he was not about to concede too much to the Irish. After all, if the Welsh had been obliged to accept English hegemony, why not the Irish as well?

Gangs of Sinn Fein extremists were roaming the countryside and they were retaliating against the repressive measures taken by the British, including the execution of rebels, by ambushing and assassinating English officers and members of the Constabulary. A state of undeclared war had begun to exist in Dublin and in the surrounding counties. There were many Irishmen, however, serving with the Allied Armies and the situation in Ireland was not generally recognized. No publicity was permitted by the British. It hardly reflected well on a nation that was engaged in a life and death struggle to free the European countries from German domination. The Germans in turn were supporting the rebels and they had already attempted to land arms in Ireland.

In this scenario, Alphonse, wearing his uniform of an officer in the British Army, even with his "Canada" epaulets, unaware of the seriousness of the situation, was a sitting duck for an ambush. Wending his way across some open ground to our home at Palmerston Gardens, he was pounced upon and taken into custody by a group of armed rebels.

Alphonse didn't make much fuss over recounting the incident, but I gather they were about to execute him when they discovered he was a Canadian and not a British officer. It was a close call and I almost became a widow and my children fatherless, not at the front in France, but on our own doorstep! They had taken aim at Alphonse when one of them shouted: "Stop! He's a Canadian!"

The Sinn Feiners let Alphonse go saying: "Sorry, Sir, we took you for a British officer. If we had a wonderful country like yours to fight for, we would be fighting at your side, but the English have taken our land

¹ Arthur was a popular Celtic name, after King Arthur, the legendary Christian king who rallied the British against the Anglo-Saxon invaders. He may have been a sub-Roman war leader (Artorius is a Roman name) and may have led the British at the battle of Mount Badon which checked the Saxon advance for some fifty years from about A.D. 490. In "The Discovery of King Arthur," a book to be published in 1985 by Debrett's Peerage, the warrior king is said to have lived in Britain and fought in Gaul around A.D. 470.

and we have no choice but to fight them to the finish."

Later on, after we left Ireland, Arthur Griffith was instrumental in negotiating a compromise treaty with Lloyd George, the terms of which were accepted by a very small margin of votes in the Irish provisional government. In 1922, after the war, Arthur Griffith was elected the first president of the new Irish Free State. De Valera and his republicans voted against the treaty and the rest is history.

Hardly a month elapsed after Alphonse's departure for Canada when one day the bells in all the churches of Dublin and all over the world began to peal forth to announce the proclamation of an Armistice. It was the 11th of November 1918 and the First World War had come to an end with a victory for the Allied forces. The war to end all wars was over. We all rushed out into the streets to hear details of the latest news and with my baby in my arms and the others holding the hands of my little maids, we joined the noisy throngs of citizens celebrating that great day of victory. In my heart I thanked God for having spared my husband and prayed that He would let us go home soon and continue our peaceful lives in Canada. At that moment if anybody had told me that my own baby sons in my arms would take part in another world war after two decades had passed, I would not have believed them. In this conviction I was supported by Alphonse who later said to me: "Lucy, this has been the war to end all wars and I don't believe there will ever be another war in our lifetime."

The sound of rejoicing was quickly stilled when a dreadful scourge fell upon all the populations of the world, sparing no one, neither age, nor rank, nor race, nor creed. As if to reprimand mankind for the years of useless slaughter, the Angel of Death appeared in the form of a terrible epidemic called the Spanish Influenza. Before it had run its course, tens of millions of people all over the world would succumb to the pestilence.

When the Armistice occurred, Alphonse was already on the high seas returning to England with his men and he landed only days after the end of the hostilities.

It was most fortunate for us that he was detached from his regiment and was able to obtain leave to look after his family. He joined us for Christmas and made all arrangements to take us back to Canada on one of the first boats to repatriate Canadian dependants. We would not be sorry to say good-bye to Ireland as the situation was getting worse and I was beginning to fear for the safety of my children. A general election had just been held and 70% of the Irish people had voted for independence from England. Women and children were parading almost daily in the streets bearing aloft banners proclaiming the republic, and wearing the new colours of the Irish state. They openly defied the British occupying forces. With their hands free as a result of the Armistice, the British could turn their attention to the revolt in Ireland

and another confrontation was bound to happen any day, so it was with a sigh of relief that early in January 1919 we prepared to board a ship bound for Canada and home.

Before taking our leave, however, we found time to visit Blarney Castle in County Cork where Alphonse held me in his arms while I performed the popular ritual of leaning over the void and kissing the Blarney Stone. This was reputed to endow one with the gift of flattery and he often afterwards accused me of using the powers I had acquired on this occasion.

The children and I were heart-broken when it came time to say farewell to our beloved little nurse. Even though I offered her \$50.00 a month which was ten times what she had been getting when I met her, she was reluctant to leave her aged parents in London. Phyllis the maid, however, decided to throw in her lot with us and come to Canada.

Our ship was in a convoy. The German submarines were still lurking for victims in the depths of the North Atlantic and in those days there was no way of telling them their country had surrendered. They were still a mortal peril to all merchant and passenger vessels on the high seas and ships were still going down. I wondered why we took such a strange and evasive course homeward bound. All the ships in the convoy would turn in unison from time to time and we seemed to be heading in every direction. Alphonse confided in me towards the end of the trip that the real reason why we were taking these precautions was because of the U-boats.

He had been appointed in charge of all the civilian personnel and dependants on board. Nearly everybody was sick and we were no exception. We rarely saw my husband, he was so busy with organizing the rest of the passengers aboard the ship.

The terrible Spanish flu that spared no one was running through the vessel and people were dying one after another. Five mothers, wives of Canadian servicemen missing in action in France, succumbed in quick succession, leaving twenty children orphans. Alphonse was ever on the run, attending to the sick, organizing memorial services and burying the dead at sea, giving directions to his numerous assistants right and left, and everyone who could move had a job to do. He even was in the galley organizing meals and cooking himself. Sometimes, when she was able to escape from the watchful eye of Phyllis, little Alphonsine, the only one among us to weather the sea voyage like a veteran, would toddle after her father and follow him on his rounds about the ship.

Alphonse was careful not to let me hear about the poor mothers who were victims of the flu. Most of the time I was too sick to have cared anyway. It was towards the end of the trip when I recovered sufficiently to join him at the Captain's table that I first heard about it. The doctor blurted out the truth and it shocked me. I burst into tears and I couldn't continue with the meal at the thought of all those poor tiny orphans and how easily the

same fate could have befallen my own babies. Alphonse was so incensed at the stupidity of the doctor that he rose up at the table and severely berated him before all those present. It created quite a scene and he had to escort me back to our cabin.

Then Alphonse's beautiful leather army boots disappeared from our cabin. My husband ordered a complete search of the entire ship and eventually his boots, together with 25 other pairs of stolen boots, were found hidden under the berth of one of the officers on the ship. The man was arrested and charged with theft.

All the passengers on the ship, no matter how sick, had to come to boat drill at least once a day. We got out of our bunks, struggled to put on our life belts, and straggled up with the others to our deck stations, Phonsine and Tony holding hands, the maid holding Peter and me carrying baby Pat in my arms. Alphonse was too busy to help us. None of us except Phonsine could eat and all of us were sick with the flu, but God was kind to our little family and we came through unscathed when many others were struck down.

It was already February 1919 and wintertime in Canada when we docked in Halifax. Because of the pestilence, any new people coming in from anywhere were looked upon with suspicion as potential bearers of death, and they were strictly quarantined.

Upon leaving the ship we were hurriedly conducted into a large warehouse building, one of a few left standing after the disastrous Halifax explosion two years previously, where a great number of beds and cots had been assembled for us. There Alphonse and I and the children

would spend two days in quarantine until we were permitted to leave for Montreal.

The organization which had been set up to receive us was under the control of the Salvation Army and I shall never forget those wonderful people and all what they did for us and for the sick and orphaned from our ship, at considerable risk for their own safety. Several of them contracted the flu and died. Even while we were there, some of the Sisters collapsed before our eyes of exhaustion and the flu. These "Sally Ann" people took the orphans in charge, advised their next of kin, escorted them home, even as far as the Western provinces, and put into practice the true Christian doctrine.

Finally they let us leave by train and we arrived in Montreal in the midst of a heavy snow-storm. We were lucky to find a suite at the old Queen's Hotel where we remained for some time in quarantine, and in the meantime nobody dared to come and see us for fear of the Spanish flu. Only our darling Aunt Lelia showed up and embraced us all. She was like a mother to us and our dearest benefactress.

Alphonse made arrangements to buy a house immediately and have it furnished. I never even saw it before we moved in. Baby Peter had developed a severe case of the flu, and passed out in my arms on several occasions. We were very worried about him and I had to nurse him day and night until the worst was over, when we finally were able to leave the hotel and move into our new home to begin our normal life in Canada once more. I instantly fell in love with it. The address was 388 Oxford Avenue in Notre Dame de Grace.

XIV

Oxford Avenue

The author plans a normal life and her sister Fan has a terrible accident.

Towards the end of the Great War, the natural westward expansion of Montreal began to displace the rich farmlands and homesteads of the old established French-Canadian settlers with names like Girouard and Decarie in the area west of Westmount, and a new suburb was born and baptized Notre Dame de Grace. Building subdivisions crept in among the fields and orchards of the habitants. New streets at right angles to Sherbrooke Street were pushed through and paved although sidewalks were slow in following, and when we moved in to our new home, wooden planking laid alongside the new pavement served as temporary sidewalks and saved us from walking knee deep in the mud. 388 Oxford Avenue was a fine new semi-detached building located at the intersection of Notre Dame de Grace Avenue, a new thoroughfare under construction, running parallel to Sherbrooke Street. All around us open fields beckoned to our children to come out and play, and the kids took to our new home and surroundings with obvious enthusiasm. It was just like living in the country. The apple and other fruit trees on all sides of us, which were quite unguarded, presented an irresistible temptation to the youngsters. We had to warn them about climbing the trees to seek the fruit that had not fallen to the ground.

There were also plenty of little animals to stir their interest. Rabbits, squirrels and even raccoons continued to make their abodes in the fields. It became a favourite pastime of the neighbouring children to purloin raw potatoes from their mothers' kitchens and roast them over open fires in the fields. This led to an occasional brush fire and we had to lay down the law to our own children for fear of burning down the houses.

We discovered we were not the only Paré family in our new neighbourhood. All the Parés of Quebec are descended from the same stock of course, but Philéas

Paré, a lumber merchant living close by, was a quite distant relative. I don't believe Alphonse and he ever determined who was their common ancestor but his boys Charles-Guy and Robert became friendly with our own sons. We were especially fond of Charlie who often visited our home in subsequent years. This Paré family had a flair for politics as well as for business. Philéas was a member of the Montreal City Council. Later his son Charlie took his father's place on the Council. He also became a prominent figure in political circles as chief organizer in Quebec for the National Conservative Party. By a curious coincidence, he married a girl named Bunny Griffith who was related by marriage to our cousin Julie Timmins. Charlie became prosperous and he and Bunny had seven children in true Paré-Griffith tradition.

Settling back into our previous style of life and picking up the threads of old and new friendships and social contacts in the post-war period presented very little problem to us, particularly as Aunt Lelia expected and insisted that we resume our membership in her intimate family circle. Three years had marked a striking change among the young people in both the Noah and Henry Timmins families. Many of them had grown to adulthood during these years. Some of the boys were attending colleges in the States and meeting very pretty American girls. Romance and talk of marriages were in the air. Nowadays the conversation among the younger people was carried on mainly in English although they still spoke French to their parents.

Alphonse lost no time in returning to work for his Uncle Noah who, in the meanwhile, had established the N.A. Timmins Corporation, an important holding company for his mines and promotional ventures in North and South America. The incredible post-war boom in all fields of endeavour presented an exciting challenge to the ever ambitious visions of Noah Timmins, and Alphonse found himself feverishly involved in these new projects on



The house on Oxford Avenue.

behalf of his uncle's company.

This meant that he was spending at least half of his time away from his family. We had four children now. Our religion did not permit us to use any methods of birth control but inasmuch as God had been so kind to us, and we had never wanted for anything, we felt it was our duty to offer him more souls to praise his glory. We both loved children and we decided not to limit the size of our family. I have never regretted that decision and today God's reward to me is my nine children, all alive and well as I write these words, and the love that binds me to them and to all our wonderful seedlings.

It can be understood therefore with what joy I learned shortly after our return from Europe that I was pregnant again with my fifth child.

Early in the spring of 1919 we were invited out to spend the weekend with Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah at the sumptuous country home they had acquired in Chambly Basin, an extension of the Richelieu River, south of Montreal. Nowadays it is almost part of the Montreal metropolitan area. Then it was a remote

country refuge. Their property fronted on the water and, although there was not much of a beach for swimming, they owned a large floating closed-in bathhouse anchored offshore from their property which was reached by a jetty.

Aunt Lelia convinced Alphonse we should rent a cottage close-by for the summer and without any difficulty we found a lovely old French-Canadian home almost in the shadow of their estate and close-by a farmhouse teeming with infants. This pleased Alphonse. "Now my children will have a chance to learn French this summer," he opined. But it didn't work out that way. By summer's end the neighbour's children spoke fluent English and our kiddies hadn't learned a word of French.

Right after we rented the cottage Alphonse took off for Amos in Northern Quebec on a new and exciting hush-hush venture for his uncle. In order to reach Northern Quebec he had to take the train and travel via Cochrane in Northern Ontario. He would be gone for several months and I had to content myself with his regular and affectionate letters in the meantime.

Even though Alphonse was away most of the time we enjoyed that summer immensely. Aunt Lelia insisted that we make good use of the bathhouse, which we did, and in the process one evening we nearly lost our Tony. He fell into the water inside the bathhouse and he was coming up for the second time when Aunt Lelia, who was wearing a long evening gown, noticed him and rushed down the steps into the water and pulled him out. We applied artificial respiration and he came around, but it was a close shave. Then and there I decided that my children would learn to swim before they did anything else.

Rodolphe Timmins was the youngest of the Noah Timmins ménage, he had just turned 11 and he was a fine, intelligent, sensitive boy much advanced for his age. His parents had given him a Ford Model T pickup truck to drive around the countryside. In those days, there were no requirements for tests or licenses. You just bought a car and drove it off. So it was not illegal for an 11-year-old boy to drive his own vehicle, but it was unusual. He would often take the children and me for rides along the rough country roads. We would put deck chairs in the rear and tie Phonsine and Tony to their seats. I would sit in front with Peter on my lap.

One day we had engine trouble in the middle of nowhere. Poor Rodolphe cranked and cranked the vehicle from the front end, (automatic starters were unheard of then). Finally he was exhausted, but not at wit's end. He saw a car approaching in the distance. "Quick, Cousin Lucy, get into the driver's seat," he said. I did as he asked and he flagged down the car. Two men saw a group of children and a young damsel in distress. They pulled off their coats and set to cranking our truck until finally it started. The vehicle was putt-putting away and shaking like a victim of the palsy, but I had no idea how to drive it. To the surprise of our two samaritans, the young lady quickly relinquished the wheel to the eleven-year-old Rodolphe and we drove away with a wave of thanks, leaving them with their mouths agape in astonishment. We later told Aunt Lelia about our adventure. It was the first she had heard about her young son toting us around the countryside in this fashion and she forbade any further trips in the pick-up.

One night our wood-constructed cottage nearly caught fire. The maid had handled our four-burner kerosene stove in a very careless manner and it burst into flames that shot up to the ceiling. At that very moment, by some act of providence, Alphonse arrived and upon opening the door he saw immediately what was happening. He seized a large rug from the floor, threw it over the flaming stove and, heavy as it was, he picked up the whole thing in his two hands, carried it out of the house, and threw it into the roadway where it exploded.

It took a great deal of presence of mind and enormous strength to do such a thing, but Alphonse was no ordinary man when it came to a time of crisis.

The summer was over too soon and on our return to Montreal we faced the problem of finding a suitable school for our about-to-be-six-year-old daughter Alphonsine. She had become a remarkably beautiful child, intelligent beyond her years and a complete extrovert. No problem or person seemed to faze her in the least. She would engage anyone in conversation and we were always afraid that some day she would go off with a complete stranger. Even that summer she had disappeared for a whole day without telling me, on an outing with some neighbours who thought she had my permission. I was nearly frantic until she showed up in the late afternoon and wondered what all the fuss was about.

As the first-born she had received the most attention and was developing a character and will of her own. She automatically assumed the leadership in everything the children were doing, and became quite bossy with the younger ones. We thought it would do her some good to be a boarder at the Villa Maria convent which was conveniently located not far from our home, and fortunately she accepted the idea with enthusiasm.

Alphonsine was not too happy with the name she had received at baptism. Her second name was Thérèse and all her little friends knew her only by this name. Our "Thérèse" decided one day to throw a birthday party without advising her mother. She went up and down the street inviting all her little girlfriends to come to her party. On the appointed day, which incidentally was not on her birthday, a crowd of eager young ladies carrying birthday presents, wearing bows in their hair and sashes around their waists, descended on a totally unprepared household for "Thérèse's birthday party." When the doorbell rang and I opened the door I was flabbergasted to be confronted with the advance party, five expectant-looking young ladies each hugging her well-wrapped gift for Thérèse. I had to make a quick decision. I invited them inside and despatched Phyllis on an urgent mission to secure quantities of food and soft drinks at the corner store. Luckily I was able to save Phonsine's face and put on a party for her at a moment's notice without anybody realizing the truth (I always kept plenty of provisions on hand and put aside candies and presents for Christmas well ahead of time) but I had to explain to her afterwards the necessity of keeping me advised and to obtain my permission when she wanted to have a party for her friends in the future.

Elections were in the air that fall and although Alphonse and I had never been active in political organizations I was invited to attend a meeting of the N.D.G. Conservative Party at the home of the chief woman organizer. All those present were English-speaking and the hostess made some derogatory remarks about the French-Canadian war effort, not realizing that I was married to a French-Canadian. This really incensed me and I asked her before all the women present if her husband had fought in the recent war. "No," she

explained. "My husband was involved in government and we have several children, so he was unable to go overseas?" "Well," I riposted, "My husband is a French-Canadian and he didn't find a reason to stay at home. He went overseas even though he had a wife and children to support."

I don't think I was very popular at that meeting and as soon as I got home I asked Alphonse what party he belonged to. "Oh, Father was a Conservative all his life and that has always irked the Timmins cousins for they are staunch Liberals." "Well, I think we should vote Liberal from now on," I said, and I told him the story. He laughed, but that is how the Paré family from that day on became such fervent supporters of the Liberal Party in politics.

In the days before the St. Augustine's School was built, a kindergarten school had been organized over the Fire Station in N.D.G. and there is where we sent our boys for their first schooling. Later they went to Miss Nightingale's private school. Phonsine and Tony were preparing for their first communion and on the great day Alphonse and I assisted at St. Augustine's Church and watched proudly while our two oldest, Phonsine lovely in her white dress and veil and Tony smart in his little dark suit and tie, received for the first time the Holy Sacrament of Communion.

Christmas 1919 was only a few weeks away and the children were eager to buy presents for one another and for their parents, so I brought them in turn to the store and helped them choose their presents. Peter was very attracted to a large chocolate Santa Claus as an appropriate gift for his father. Each child had his particular drawer in a cupboard on the second floor of our house where they could safely store their personal belongings and Christmas gifts. After he had made his purchases, I noticed that little Peter was making frequent trips to inspect his cupboard drawer and I decided to spy on him. The lure of the chocolate Santa was apparently overpowering, but my Peter betrayed the first sign of a scientific mind which would one day lead to distinction in the field of medicine. He never bit into the chocolate Santa, but simply licked on the sugar coating, from day to day, and when Santa was finally presented to his father on Christmas morning, it had perfectly retained its original proportions, although it was a much smaller Santa than the one he had purchased. I never said a word about it at the time for fear of spoiling little Peter's pleasure.

It was this Christmas of 1919 when Aunt Lelia really inaugurated her historic Christmas parties to include the children, a tradition that has remained forever engraved in the minds of all her grandchildren as well as her adopted Paré grandchildren. We all went up to Aunt Lelia's, babies included, to spend Christmas day with her. It was exactly a month before Dick was born on the 25th of January 1920.

With five children on my hands Alphonse was

anxious for me to have proper help, so he arranged for a registered nurse to come out from England before Dick arrived. She was to be paid \$40.00 a month. (The registered nurses of today wouldn't even accept this for their daily rate of pay!) She only stayed with us for a year but she was a great help to me, especially when Dick was born. I couldn't reach the doctor at all and our nurse, who was a trained midwife, delivered the baby for us. Alphonse's cousin Jeanne Timmins and her husband Richard Costello, a prominent New York attorney, stood as godparents for our latest son. He was baptized Richard Edward after my own father and his godfather (not after Sir Richard Griffith as some of my relatives would have, in order to curry favour with our baronet cousin).

I was still nursing Dick when the news of Fan's terrible accident in England arrived. My young sister had been run down by a Red Cross lorry and although her life had been spared it seemed she would never be able to walk again. The tears were still running down my cheeks when Alphonse came home and found me sitting dejectedly at the kitchen table, the evening meal only half prepared and the telegram still in my hands.

Nowadays by jet, I would have been at her side in less than 24 hours. The only way to reach England in those days was by slow-moving transatlantic liner and it would take weeks of travelling in both directions to make the trip. Nevertheless Alphonse insisted that I board a ship departing from Montreal that same week, and I crossed the ocean to find Fan recuperating in a wheelchair at Milton Ernest Hall, the palatial home of our friends, the Stareys, in Bedford, surrounded by nurses, and with our sister Kathy by her side.

The unfortunate accident had occurred while Kathy and Fan were guests for a week-long house party at Hendersyde Park, Sir Richard Griffith's hundred-room mansion at Kelso, in Scotland, overlooking the River Tweed. My sisters had observed that the other lady guests were parading every night in a different evening gown



Hendersyde Park, home of Sir Richard Griffith.

while they themselves only possessed one evening dress apiece, so they hurried over to the department store in Edinburgh to make some purchases. It was while coming out of the store laden down with parcels that a Red Cross lorry went out of control and mounted the sidewalk, running down my unlucky sister Fan and narrowly missing Kathy. Sir Richard had taken charge and done everything possible to see that my sister had the best of medical and nursing attention available and there was little more for me to do than to commiserate with her. Everyone had been marvellous in their efforts to help.

Sir Richard wanted her to come to Hendersyde to be nursed, Percy La Touche wanted her to come to Ireland to Harristown, and the Stareys had offered to take her and Kathy and the nurses to Milton Ernest Hall in Bedfordshire, where I now stayed with them for several weeks.



Milton Ernest Hall, home of the Stareys.

Here I met Sir Richard for the first time and he said to me with a roguish smile when we were introduced: "So you are Lucy, our one and only Catholic Griffith!" He was every inch an aristocrat, older than I expected but with a fine upright bearing, an athletic body and a youthful gait. He was a very colourful personality and reputedly extremely wealthy. A keen horseman, he was a member of the Jockey Club and kept a large stud of fine horses at Hendersyde Park. It was at the Derby dinner in 1919 that he first learned about the presence of his Australian Griffith connections in England from Percy La Touche and later invited them to come to Kelso. It appeared that his colours were well known in racing circles and his horses won many important races for large

stakes before the war years. He also kept a magnificent yacht on which he entertained royalty; in fact he was the godfather of the Duchess of Gloucester who was a Bowes-Lyons and a sister of Queen Elizabeth. He was very kind and attentive to me and shortly after I returned to Canada he sent me a beautiful painting of the Blessed Virgin Mary which I still treasure.

Later on, when he followed my sister Fan to Australia and married her there, he sailed his yacht out. When Alphonsine and I later visited Perth, we were entertained at their home and enjoyed many wonderful trips on Sir Richard's yacht.

Although Fan was in good spirits, it seemed so sad and inexplicable to see that glorious young redhead with lovely tresses down to her knees, so full of life and promise, reduced to the role of an invalid. She accepted this affliction with courage in the early days, but later, when the doctors offered her a 50% chance of walking again if she underwent surgery, she eagerly grasped at the opportunity and died on the operating table in her early thirties.

I stayed at Milton Ernest Hall for a few weeks longer before returning to Canada, but I was lonesome for Alphonse and my five little babies and forever wondering how they were getting along without their mother.

I wrote them:

My dear little Phonsine, Tony, Peter, Pat and Baby Dick,

Mother misses you all so much. Each morning when I wake up I say to myself, "I wonder what Phonsine & Tony & Peter & Pat & Baby Dick are doing?" I know you are all very good. Daddy wrote and told me so. Aunt Fan sends her love and wants you to write a nice letter to her. This is a lovely house where Mummy is staying, such beautiful gardens all around it, and in the fields there are little lambs and a dear little pony and a wee baby calf and tiny little chickens and they all look so sweet running about. Everything is so nice and green with flowers everywhere. I only wish I had my five dear little children with me to help me pick the flowers and wouldn't we pick a lovely big bunch for Daddy and Phyllis and Lilly. But never mind, Mummy will soon be home and then we will all go up to Val Morin and what a great time we will all have together. Give my love to everyone not forgetting Phyllis, Lilly & Daddy.

God bless you all from your loving
Mummy.

XV

Val Morin

A decision is made that affects the lives of the Alphonse Paré family for generations to come.

In the spring of 1920, shortly before Fan's accident and my trip to England, there occurred one of the most important events of our lifetime, if not the most important. Looking back now, more than sixty years later, I realize how that one fortuitous decision has had so happy an impact on all our lives, including those of our numerous offspring. And it was all thanks to our friend Jack Rankin. He was then manager of the N.A. Timmins Corporation. Jack had originally been the manager of a local Imperial Bank of Canada branch in the very early days of the Hollinger. About that time Alphonse became aware that a payment under the Hollinger agreement was overdue and there was nothing to prevent McMahon and Benny Hollinger from dealing with other parties. In fact, a rival syndicate was already talking to them. Many years later, Jack Rankin himself told me the details of this story. Alphonse became desperate when he was unable to contact his Uncle Noah and he pleaded with their own bank manager to advance the funds, but the amount was substantial and it was too important for this man to authorize on his own. Alphonse rushed to see the only other bank manager in the area, Jack Rankin, and Jack agreed to make a temporary loan to the Hollinger until the syndicate came through, and the Hollinger was saved for the Timmins group. Jack had also no authority to do so and he was promptly fired by his bank, but he never had reason to regret his decision for he was immediately hired by, and became a life-long associate of, Noah Timmins, and a very wealthy man himself in his later years.

The Rankins had a cottage on Lac Raymond at Val Morin in the Laurentian mountains. The coming of the railway had opened up all this wilderness north of Montreal in the years before the Great War. One day Jack and his wife invited us to come up and spend the weekend with them. The only practical way to get there was by train. Even if we had possessed a car in those days, it

meant more than a day's trip to reach Val Morin by road. There was no direct route and one had to follow a series of "chemins de rang," (roads running in a zig-zag pattern along the borders of the various farm properties). A few years later, when the first highway had been constructed, and we undertook to drive up, it was an all-day excursion. We would leave at the break of dawn so as to arrive, hopefully, before dark, the car loaded to the hilt with children, toys, baggage, supplies, lunch boxes, carsickness bags, dogs, canned goods for the season; but all that is another story, and I will come to it later.

It was about a two-hour trip on the train from station to station. The track wound its way through a maze of lakes and forests and the arrival of the train was an event of major importance in the daily lives of the local inhabitants.

Habitant farmers, lumberjacks, woodsmen, even the summer visitors seemed to make it their business to crowd the station platforms and gape at newcomers arriving on the train. It was the biggest and only happening of the day in these isolated backwoods villages.

From the railway station at Val Morin we had to walk a short distance to the shores of Lac Raymond. There we embarked in a canoe to reach our destination. The Rankins had only recently built their cottage on the lakeshore. There were about six or seven other cottages in the entire area, but they were so few that they seemed lost in the wilderness. On every side the primeval forest hugged the water and the silence of nature hung over our heads as we paddled quietly down the lake. The air was fresh and invigorating and smelled of the perfume of the forest. At our first sight of Val Morin, we fell instantly in love with it. After a very pleasant weekend, a few hours before the train was due to carry us back to Montreal, the Rankins paddled us around the shores of the lake. At the extreme southern end we spied a beautiful sandy beach.



The house at Val Morin, as we first saw it.

A cottage loomed in the background and I exclaimed to Alphonse : "What a wonderful spot for our babies to play!" "That cottage belongs to a friend of mine, Mr. Richardson of the Imperial Bank," Jack Rankin informed us. "As a matter of fact I think he wants to sell. I'll be glad to put you in touch with him?"

Sure enough, Mr. Richardson was interested when we approached him on the very next day. His six children were grown up and he complained that he found his wife spending more and more time as a baby-sitter for her grandchildren. He accepted our offer of \$2,000.00 on the spot. Alphonse quickly got in touch with his old college friend, notary Bob Gibb, who prepared the legal papers. In fact, Bob himself got interested and later became our neighbour on the lake. Within one week, with an indignant group of children at his heels, Mr. Richardson came back to see us and pleaded with Alphonse to cancel the sale. But it was too late. We had already committed ourselves in so many ways and we were reluctant to disappoint our children. In no time at all we were introducing an excited group of kiddies to their new cottage in the mountains. It was completely equipped down to the sheets, blankets, furniture, kitchen utensils. Even a new canoe and a new boat were included in the deal. It was a great bargain indeed, and we were all enthralled with our new country home. I felt sorry for the Richardsons, but it was too good a thing to give up.

This was the beginning of the Paré family love-affair with Val Morin and it has continued ever since, with our children, our grandchildren and now with our great-grandchildren.

How can I adequately describe to you the many happy days we spent there? The story would take a whole book by itself.

In those early days there was no electricity, no telephone, no running water, no modern facilities at all. But it was just heaven! We used coal-oil lamps and candles for illumination. It reminded me of my earlier pioneer days in Western Australia. There was a deep well in the basement and, as the boys grew older, one of their principal chores was keeping the large water-tank under the roof of the attic filled at all times. This was accomplished by dint of much physical effort on a hand-pump located in the basement. Another task shared by them was to keep the kitchen and fireplace well supplied with firewood as well as to make sure the large wood-burning furnace in the basement was always provided with logs so the house could be heated. Large wooden boxes were used for this purpose and many an hour was spent by certain young gentlemen going to and fro from the log-pile to these boxes, sometimes complaining under their breath and at other times feigning exhaustion in order to attract my sympathy.

Alphonse worked incessantly around the cottage



The lawn at Lac Raymond in the early days.

when he was there. His activities included painting, decorating, carpentry work, gardening, grass cutting, clearing the forest, cleaning the beach area, even cooking and housekeeping. He was a jack-of-all trades and never tired of improving our country home.

He decided to have a great new fireplace built in the sitting room while extending the house. For this purpose he had collected a large number of interesting rock specimens from his many mining trips. There were samples showing gold, silver, copper, nickel and pyrites, and all kinds of other minerals, and they were intended to be disposed about the face of the fireplace, above and beside the mantle. Unfortunately, Alphonse was called away unexpectedly when the work was being done and when he returned he was enraged to find that the masons had cemented in all his precious rocks on each lateral side of the fireplace, either because they had completely misunderstood him or because in their minds the pure stonework was much more attractive without them.

Today, sixty years later, the same fireplace stands in a modern new house built on the site by my son Peter, and one can still see, if one looks for them, the famous rock specimens hiding their glory in the shade of the fireplace, out of sight of the fireside guests.

Nearly all of our food and other supplies for the holiday season had to be shipped by train and transported by canoe across Lac Raymond at Val Morin.

To replace our stocks from time to time it was necessary to paddle or row across the lake. On the station side there was Ouellette's store, a typical French-Canadian country general store, where one could obtain any article imaginable, and, if they didn't have it, they would order it by the next train. They also operated the Post Office, and everybody in their family pitched in to help. They were generous to the extreme and most kind-hearted and I have very fond memories of this wonderful French-Canadian family. As my children grew older, it became an exciting adventure for them to cross the lake on an almost daily basis, to pick up the mail and whatever supplies we



The beach at Lac Raymond.

needed, but only after they had learned to swim.

Washing the children reminded me of our own childhood days in Coolgardie. We set up a huge iron bathtub in front of a blazing fire, and each child was thoroughly scrubbed down in turn. They loved it except when they got soap in their eyes.

There were, of course, some minor drawbacks to our otherwise complete happiness at Val Morin. If a child got sick there was no means of communication and we were far away from a doctor. And there were myriads of mosquitoes and black flies in the early summer months. For a while after we took possession we were also plagued with tiny fieldmice that found their way into the water tank and the piano, where they proceeded to feed on the interior padding attached to the ivory keys.

We relied a great deal on our farmer, Henri Pagé. He would do anything for us. He supplied us with milk and eggs, on almost a daily basis, as well as firewood. On Sundays he would drive us all to Mass behind a pair of fine big horses and he was our general repair man and "dépanneur." There was nothing he could not do to help us out.

Later on, when we started to spend our Christmas holidays at Val Morin, he would bring us across the lake on sleighs, or to church, or on sleigh rides for the kids, but I am going to say more about that in a later chapter.

Eventually, when a narrow country road was built to join us to Ste. Adele, an enterprising Armenian grocer, Dick Karibian, discovered us and we used to wait for his visits in his travelling grocery van to enjoy fresh fruits and vegetables.

In the 1920's the train trip up from Montreal to Val Morin with all the family was an expedition in itself. The excitement started well before school was out. There were all the supplies and outfits for the whole two months to buy. Once we were at Val Morin there was no coming back until the fall. The trip was too complicated.

When all the packing was completed and the appointed day arrived, the children, and sometimes the

odd friend of one or the other of them, the maids, the supplies, the parents, the toys and all the sundry baggage, were somehow squeezed into taxis, discharged at the station, checked or installed in seats or in the baggage car, all in time before the train took off. Phonsine was always a great help to us at such times, marshalling the younger ones and acting as an extra adult to supervise and see that nothing went wrong.

At Val Morin all the supplies and baggage had to be carried from the station down to the lakeside and everything and everybody had to be fitted into canoes. Generally Alphonse paddled us over the lake. The babies were packed like sardines on the centre of the floor of a very large canoe, looking like so many tiny birds peering out of the nest, and forbidden to make the slightest move. If any child dared to as much as move or try to change position during the crossing, a tap on the head with the dripping paddle from Father sufficed to restore order.

I sat at the bow and Dad knelt at the stern. Sometimes the weather could be rough, windy, wet, or misty, but we never had any serious mishaps and we always followed the shoreline closely to cross the lake. Once or twice I was caught in a bad storm crossing alone, and on one occasion the poor kiddies watched with despair as their mother struggled to make shore in a

sudden violent storm, only to see her blown around the point and out of sight. Luckily I capsized at the shoreline and cast up in a bay, and I was able to make my way home on foot. They were certainly glad to see me arrive and a rescue party, organized by worried neighbours who had seen me in distress on the lake as the storm closed in, soon came knocking at the door and were overjoyed to find me still alive. Many years later our good friend Mary Gibb, the wife of Bob Gibb the notary, was in the same predicament and she was not as lucky as I was and perished in just such a storm. She had been warned by fledgling Dr. Peter Paré about her heart condition and he advised her not to paddle her canoe. One day she went out with her young daughter and the canoe upset, most likely as a result of Mary suffering a sudden stroke. Her poor daughter tried desperately to save her mother but when the body was recovered Mary had drowned and Dr. Peter had to pronounce her dead.

Our beach was the rendez-vous for all the children in the neighbourhood. We built a wharf and a raft and made sure the children knew what to do if they suddenly found themselves in water over their heads. I even had to push the recalcitrant ones off the deep end of the wharf and show them what to do when that happened. They were a little resentful at first, but later on they all thanked



Mr. Pagé and his horse and wagon.

me for insisting they learn how to swim.

Even at that, sitting on the beach watching my children while they were swimming, I was always subconsciously counting up to nine and one day I reached eight and realized that one was missing. At that moment some visitors, the Taylor sisters, had paddled away in their canoe and unbeknownst to them little Patsy was clinging to the stern. She let go in deep water and I chanced to see her head bob up in the waves. I got to her before she went down for the third time and managed to revive her on the beach surrounded by a group of concerned spectators who learned a lesson from this incident.

On another occasion, I had to revive my eight-month-old son John, when I arrived back from a bridge game one night, having left my children in the hands of my usually competent help. They had fallen asleep on the job and nine-year-old Alphonsine had picked up the crying baby and taken him to bed, patting him as I always did to soothe him. When she fell asleep, he slipped under the covers and was blue when I found him, but the good Lord always seemed to be watching over our household and once more no harm came to us.

Sometimes the days remained sunny for weeks on end. The children would spend their hours extended lazily on the sandy beach or in the water or picnicking in the woods and only come into the house for meals and at bedtime. Very often the boys would go off fishing for speckled trout which abounded then in the clear unpolluted waters of the lake and down the North River, with its picturesque series of falls and cascades.

After one outing Tony and Peter came home all excited, carrying two huge eels they had fished out of a very deep hole in the swirling waters of the North River. We had never seen such a fish before in this area but our Danish maids of the time caught sight of them and were delighted to make a meal of them. In Denmark they were considered a great delicacy and the curious boys watched with fascination as the maids devoured the reptile-like fish with obvious relish.

At other times the boys would stun huge bullfrogs in the North River with their paddles and bring them back for our future doctor Peter to prepare a meal of frogs' legs. Sensing that he would one day be a famous doctor, Peter, even at this early age, loved collecting frogs in a deep pond dug into the sandy beach so he could make experiments and practice surgery on them. Phonsine on one occasion, taking pity on the poor things, opened up his pond containing hundreds of frogs and allowed all of them to hop or swim away to freedom. This caused quite a ruckus and I had to intervene to restore peace.

My children are unanimous in saying that these Val Morin days were the happiest ones of their youthful lives.

It wasn't long before more people began coming into the valley and locating around the lake. With the Rankins and other friends, a nine-hole golf course was organized, and as the boys and even the girls became

older they spent more and more of their time on the links. I was elected the Women's President and took charge of organizing children's matches. We had regular weekly tournaments and the competition was as keen as the quality of golf was excellent. Mrs. Rankin and Mrs. Tyndale were very active in helping me organize these children's matches and their sons became champion golfers. Mr. Orville Tyndale (later Chief Justice Tyndale of the Quebec Superior Court) was largely responsible for the success of our club in those days and he presided over the prize-giving ceremonies at the end of the golfing season. It was the social event of the summer.

One year we had a tennis-court built beside the house. It was the only one in the area and it became a popular rendez-vous for the junior set. Some of my children preferred tennis to golf and they became quite proficient tennis players.

Nowadays all of my children seem to have been bitten by the tennis bug. Our old tennis court has been replaced by several modern ones, and I am sure they appreciate the rudiments of the game picked up in those early Val Morin days.

In the summers of the 1920's and 30's, however, the boys' first love was golf and it became an obsession with them. Many a time I would send Phonsine to fetch them for supper and she would find them engrossed in the climax of a par-breaking day-long match that was decided in complete darkness on the last green. So much healthy exercise had its counterpart at mealtimes and we couldn't believe our eyes the way they put on weight and grew over the summer months.

Alphonse tried his hand at golf a few times, but as soon as the snow disappeared he was away on his exotic and secret trips to far-off places where fabulous mines were reputedly waiting to be identified by him. He usually took three weeks holiday in August, but he had no patience to catch up on his skill in golf with the other men who had been playing all year, so he soon tired of the game and much preferred to putter around the house or go for long hikes and picnics alone with me. I could leave the children because I had excellent help and I loved to be alone with Alphonse in the wilderness. Together we climbed all the peaks of the region, setting out at five in the morning, as the sun was rising, our packsacks on our backs filled with a delicious lunch and a few bottles of beer packed in dry ice, and returning home as the sun was setting.

At lunchtime Alphonse would choose a picturesque site with a view and cut bundles of pine branches to serve as cushions. Then he would throw a blanket over it and we would make ourselves comfortable for lunch.

Only once did Alphonse make love to me outdoors in the privacy of the wilderness. I feel it is worth mentioning, because it was a secret the two of us enjoyed alone over all the years, and although I know if he were alive I would not dare tell the story, I feel there is no harm

now in sharing it with my children.

We were sitting as usual on a comfortable pine-branch couch, having just finished a tasty meal when we remarked nearby two lovely small pine-trees, identical in size and a picture to look at. With their heads erect they looked like a pair of twins.

Now the story that I had always been told, and believed implicitly, was that twins never begat twins, so, being a twin, I could never hope to have twins.

This prompted me to sigh and remark "Oh, how I wish I could have twins, like those two lovely pines." Alphonse laughed and turning to me with a glint in his eyes said "I can give you twins." This was a date long to be remembered by both of us. It was the 30th of August 1921, and on the 30th of May 1922 I gave birth to Paul and Peggy. Alphonse was at Val Morin at the time, looking after the other children. The twins arrived unexpectedly, and both my nurse and my doctor were not immediately on hand to help out. Luckily, my neighbour Mrs. Henderson came to my aid and together with Phyllis we managed to prepare for the births. In the nick of time the doctor showed up in answer to my urgent phone calls and he made the deliveries. My tummy had been so big that I could hardly get up from my chair. We had suspected twins, but after examining me with his stethoscope my doctor had definitely ruled out such a possibility. Consequently I only had one set of baby clothes ready and had to scramble to get poor Paul properly clothed in his first wordly outfit. Paul weighed 8 pounds at birth and Peggy 7-1/2 pounds! Up at Val Morin on that day Alphonse was acting as sitter and suffering much anxiety. The only way he could communicate with me was by train or by crossing the lake to the station and telephoning into Montreal, which was what he decided to do. His call came in the middle of preparations for the delivery so I told Phyllis not to tell him what was happening for fear it might alarm him, but she gave it away by the tone of her voice. He suspected something was amiss and next morning he rushed to catch the only train down from the country. Phyllis spotted him approaching the house and warned me just in time. "Quick, give me two pillows to stuff on my tummy," I said to her. "And nurse, hide the babies?"

One glance at me and Alphonse burst out with annoyance. "What's the matter with that silly girl? I could have sworn something was wrong when I telephoned last night and I never slept a wink all night thinking you were having the baby." "Well," I answered, "I have a little surprise for you. Nurse, will you come



"Yes, it's a boy, and yes, it's a girl!"

in?" He took one look at Paul and Peggy in her arms and slowly sank to his knees, "Mon Dieu!, Mon Dieu!" he muttered in mock anguish, with his head between his hands. "Deux! Quelle surprise!"

This double arrival caused much excitement among the five children left at Val Morin. After their father rushed off to be with me in Montreal, there was considerable speculation concerning the new baby, the boys opting for a baby brother and the girls for another sister. When Alphonse hurried back to rejoin them after seeing the twins, the children spied him in the canoe, approaching from across the lake and while he was still far off, they began shouting in unison, the boys calling out: "Is it a boy?" to which their father answered "Yes," and the girls shouting "Is it a girl?" to which their father likewise answered "Yes!"

They were thoroughly perplexed until he reached shore and they learned the joyous news that they were no longer only five, but seven; and all had their wishes granted!

XVI

Return Down-Under

The author revisits the scenes of her youth.

Ten years had elapsed since I left Australia and although I had kept in contact with my parents and corresponded regularly with them, I had quite forgotten their faces. Letters from home were almost always written by Father, and what inspiring and Christian letters they were! I still treasure them. Father was very proud of his many Canadian grandchildren and his only regret was that he couldn't see them. My parents were over sixty years of age by then, very old people according to my then thirty-five-year-old way of judging things, although today, at 96, they would appear to me to be nothing more than youngsters.

Father wrote: "What a wonderful and faithful husband Alphonse has been for you. He has kept all the promises he made to me when he asked for your hand." One of these promises was to send me back home to spend six months with my parents after ten years had gone by, and Alphonse was now true to his word. Four months after the twins were born he convinced me I should make the trip. While I agreed to go, my feelings on the subject were somewhat mixed. I had always remained abreast of the news from home and I longed to see once more my family and friends in Australia, but at the same time I hated to leave my seven darling little babies for so long a period and I was still breast-feeding the twins.

At the time Alphonse was at home convalescing from a serious operation. While in the Yukon inspecting a copper mine that the Timmins' interests had acquired on an isolated island in Great Slave Lake, far removed from the nearest outpost of civilization, he had suddenly come down with a bad attack of jaundice and it was all his companions could do to rush him out of the wilderness in time to save his life. After the urgent operation he was ordered by his doctor to take six months complete rest which gave him plenty of time to supervise the children. In this task he would have help from our excellent

housekeeper Mrs. Gilbert and her teenage daughter Lydia, so I had no compunction about leaving him at home in charge of my children. All except Alphonse. It was decided that she would accompany me, "as a chaperone" my husband said jokingly. But he underestimated his precocious nine-year-old daughter. She would take her duties as chaperone quite seriously. Travelling with her was like being with one's own sister. She felt responsible for me and was going to make sure that I didn't get into any trouble.

As a going-away gift, Alphonse presented me with a magnificent steamer "wardrobe trunk," the very latest thing for travelling. It had finely wrought metal fittings and when opened standing on end, it became a chest of drawers. Later on I would thank my lucky star that my husband had been so thoughtful.

We left Montreal by train in the first week of September 1922 and joined our ship, the RMS Makura, in Vancouver, British Columbia. It was a shabby looking vessel, but with a reputation of being fairly sea-worthy. The moment we stepped aboard, a young man came running up to me and gave me a big hug. "Lucy, what a wonderful surprise!" he said. It was an old beau of my sister Connie and I had always got along well with him in Kalgoorlie days. "You don't look a bit changed, you're as slim as ever. Are you married now?" he asked.

Phonsine was approaching and was taking in this scene. Already her instinctive sense of duty as a chaperone had been aroused and we had not yet taken leave of Canada. "Oh yes, I am married," I answered, and I introduced Phonsine. "This young lady is my daughter." She acknowledged the introduction and shook hands solemnly with him, taking pains to explain that she wasn't my only child, there were six more like her at home.

Sitting at a table in the ship's dining-room next to us was a loud-speaking individual who turned out to be the famous Mr. Harry Oakes. This was the man who had

made a vast fortune with the Lake Shore Gold Mine at Kirkland Lake, Ontario. Alphonse knew him well; he used to tell me how Harry Oakes had peddled his stock in the streets to anybody who would buy it. He had even visited Alphonse in his office to try and sell him some shares in the Lake Shore. Then the mine struck it rich and the name of Harry Oakes (later Sir Harry Oakes) became a household word in Canada.

We overheard him talking about the Timmins family. He mentioned the recent engagement of our cousin Julie Timmins to Dr. Jack Dohan. When he finally mentioned Alphonse Paré's name it began to be embarrassing and I thought it was time for me to introduce myself. He was astonished and delighted to meet us and insisted then and there that we join him at his table. He was a great party man and he threw lavish parties everywhere he went, on the ship, at Honolulu, at Auckland, where he invited me to join him for dinner and the theatre afterwards, at Fiji, when we docked at Sydney, and even later in Kalgoorlie when he learned we were there at the same time as he was. But this sort of life was not my cup of tea and I avoided most of these invitations as best I could, pleading the duty of looking after my daughter who obviously could look after herself quite adequately. Another valid reason was that the passengers who joined on many of these outings chipped in to pay for the dinners and entertainment. I was travelling on a limited budget and I had no intention of cabling Alphonse for more money. I believe it was the Australian girl he met on board that same ship that Harry Oakes eventually married.

The crossing was particularly rough and at times I was confined to my bunk on a diet of brandy and iced gingerale. My stewardess was most attentive and looked after me like a nurse. Phonsine had the run of the ship; she knew everyone, from the Captain and the passengers down to the most lowly sailor — she became the life of the party. Lying on my berth trying to write letters to Alphonse while the ship rolled and tossed, I began to wonder if I had made a wise decision, leaving my babies and Alphonse behind to come on this trip; but somehow I managed to survive until we reached land.

As we were leaving the boat at Sydney I was shocked when Connie's old boyfriend, with whom we had entertained a sort of ship-board acquaintance, asked me if I would wear a fancy fur coat off the ship which he was bringing back as a present for his wife. I felt it was an imposition to ask anybody to do such a thing, but I nevertheless carried it, with many misgivings, through the customs for him.

From Sydney we booked passage on the train which would take us across the continent on the new railway line as far as Perth. It passed by Kalgoorlie on the way and I decided to stop over there for a day to look up old friends before going on to Perth. We were arriving at the height of summer and crossing the Nullabor desert the ther-

mometer was hovering around 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

Among the small group of friends waiting on the station platform to greet us on our arrival in Kalgoorlie were Eddie Macartney (Connie was then in Perth with the children) and Mr. Yeo (his family was also living in Perth). They were all excited to see me after so many years. Eddie had cultivated a Van Dyke beard and although his hair was grayer, he was as lean and good-looking as ever. He took us in tow. It was lunch at the Palace Hotel, a sightseeing tour in Eddie's car around Kalgoorlie and Boulder City, followed by an afternoon tea to which all my girlhood friends had been invited. I was shocked to see how much older everybody was and how shabby the town looked. For some time the mining industry had been on the decline and this was reflected in the state of repair of the houses. In my heart of hearts I thanked my lucky star that I was no longer living in Kalgoorlie. Everybody came to see us off when we took the train to Perth later that night and they presented me with a large bouquet of lovely red roses. I was touched and my heart was sad as Phonsine and I waved good-bye to Kalgoorlie for I knew I would never return.

It was ten o'clock the next morning when the train pulled into the station at Perth. There on the platform were Alice and Connie and Sir Richard and Fey and Syd Yeo Jr. and some of the younger ones all waiting to welcome me home after ten years of absence. Amidst all the kissing and embracing and the joy of reunion, I couldn't help noticing once again that the years had taken their toll on all of us. Alice and Connie had grown stout in comparison to me. I was only a slim 138 pounds, having lost a few on the way across, and it suited me.

My sister Fan was waiting outside in the impressive Armstrong-Siddeley limousine with Fish, their chauffeur, at the wheel. (Sir Richard had secured the Australian agency for these cars.) She also had put on weight. Her arms were almost as thick as mine but her neck and shoulders were superb. I never saw her looking so well, much better than before her accident.

Sir Richard had proposed marriage to Fan in England before she left but she turned him down. Undaunted, he followed her out to Australia and continued to court her arduously until she finally consented to accept his suit. They had only been married for a short while. Now she had become an old man's darling, dreadfully spoiled and very happy. Later Dick (Sir Richard had become Dick by now) said to me, "Lucy, I cannot give her enough but I am unable to give her what you have, those darling babies." Poor old man, with all his fortune, he had missed the greatest thing in life: parenthood. After Fan died, Sir Richard returned to the Old Country and later, having lost a huge fortune in Czechoslovakia and having made injudicious land investments in Australia, he sold his estate of Hendersyde Park to an American syndicate which turned it into an exclusive salmon fishing and hunting preserve. Dick died at the age



Lady Frances Griffith.



Sir Richard Griffith.

of 83 in a London nursing home, leaving no issue.

From the railroad station, we were driven in the limousine to their palatial home called "Lucknow" at Claremont, overlooking the estuary of the Swan river.

This beautiful house, formerly the Drake-Brockman residence, which Sir Richard had acquired from my sister Alice's husband Howden at the price of 6,000 pounds (it would be worth more than 60,000 pounds today) had been completely renovated by an adoring and thoughtful husband to accommodate Fan in her wheelchair, with doors and corridors, entrances and cobbled paths through the gardens that led down to the waterside of sufficient width to allow her to propel herself everywhere about the house and grounds without needing help from anyone. There was even a revolving room fitted up for her to rotate mechanically with the sun and a special elevator to accommodate her wheelchair. Nowadays this property has been turned into a hospital.

After selling Lucknow to Dick, the Drake-Brockmans had bought a neighbouring property which was

almost as impressive. Dick and Fan intended to commute between Lucknow and Hendersyde Park in Scotland, spending six months of each year on each side of the globe.

From Lucknow I wrote to Alphonse, describing the property and making a confession:

We are expected to stay here for a few weeks before going down to see my parents at Collie. Fan has discovered that we are both leaving to go back on the same day, but in different directions. She is very anxious for us to return to Canada via Scotland and spend some time with them at Hendersyde Park, but I feel it is my duty to go back as arranged, of course; I would love to go with her but I cannot have everything and I am only too thankful as you know to have this trip at all, but my old darling, you will never regret it. While I think of it, I have something on my



Front row: Connie, me, Fancy and Alice. Rear: Drake Brockman, Heck, and Sir Richard.

chest which I must confess. I know you will be very disappointed and a wee bit cross, but you will get over it by the time we return, so I had better come out with it now. Oh Alphonse, I could not do anything else, everyone had given Fan such lovely wedding presents and when they all asked what mine was, what do you think I did? I pretended the wardrobe trunk was our wedding present and I gave it to her. Needless to say she was delighted, you cannot buy them out here for love or money. She didn't have one. I hated parting with our darling trunk and I suppose I could have bought her a cheaper present here, but they think we are their rich Canadian relatives and I didn't want to disappoint them.

Phonsine was a great hit with everyone she met. She behaved like a grown up and was such a little actress. Even on the boat coming over she entertained our shipmates and won all the prizes. Before leaving home Alphonse had spent hours teaching her to recite a fable from Lafontaine, "La Cigale et la Fourmi" so that she would "transmit a message from the French culture of

Quebec to our Australian cousins," said Alphonse. I had



Phonsine reciting the Fables of Lafontaine on board the ship bound for Australia.

her recite it on several occasions with great success, although a friend of mine in Perth, who had been educated in France, pointed out that she was mixing up the stanzas. I couldn't tell the difference as I didn't understand a word of French.

Sir Richard took an immediate fancy to Alphonsine and she knew instinctively just how to handle him. This created a problem with the cousins. He was always inviting us along for picnics and trips on his yacht or drives around the country in the Armstrong-Siddeley, which gathered crowds whenever we stopped, and obviously some of the cousins had to be left out. I sensed the animosity this was creating and I was glad when the time came to leave for Collie although we were living the life of Riley and my sister Fan and Richard were the greatest of hosts.

Father and Mother had been waiting impatiently to



My parents Lucy and E.A. Griffiths.

welcome home their eldest daughter and meet their Canadian grandchild.

I noticed right away how they had aged although they were only in their early sixties. When I pulled a white thread sticking out of Father's shirt, it turned out to be a gray hair on his chest and reminded me of the passing years. "Hey," said my father, "That's me you're pulling on!"

We spent some very quiet and relaxing days with my parents reminiscing about the old days in the Goldfields and describing to them our life in Canada. Alphonse had extended an invitation to them to come and visit us at his expense but the journey seemed too much for them and I decided there was no point in pressing the matter. When we said good-bye once again I knew that this time it was for good.

Alphonse had been writing me every day and two weeks of correspondence would arrive at one time; more than 100 pages of detailed reports on the day-to-day activities of all my babies. He seemed to be so busy feeding the twins their bottles that he hardly had time to do anything else. However he did mention that he had been looking at new houses, 388 Oxford had become too cramped for us, and there was a hint that a surprise was in store for me upon our return.

Before leaving for Sydney I visited my dear friend Mrs. Ciss Yeo for the last time and then spent a few days with my twin sister. Her baby Consie, born on the same day as my twins, was a perfect darling and her mother was always carrying her around in her arms. Later this same baby would become very dear to me as my adopted daughter in Canada. Connie and I discussed the possibility of her coming out some day to visit us in Canada. Little did we realize then how much pleasure we would have in later years in each other's company.

Finally I had to embrace all my dear ones again; for many of them, like Fan and Dick, it would be for the last time, when we boarded the train for the east on our way back to Canada.

This was the era of the "Strictly White" policy in Australia. On the train taking us across the continent we struck up an acquaintance with a Japanese gentleman of good family who spoke excellent English. He was refused entrance to the first-class dining-car and confided in us. "You Australians will be sorry for this some day. We Japanese will take over this country." That statement remained to haunt my memory, particularly when the Japanese forces seemed about to invade Northern Australia during the Second Great War when my sister Alice's son was killed in the Air Force defending Port Darwin against the Japanese.

We ran into a terrible storm at sea on our way back across the Pacific. Walls of water, some said 60 stories high, were battering our ship and slamming against the bulkheads of our cabins, tossing our trunks, which we had placed under the bunks, from side to side in the

cabin, and there was no crew available to come and help us. We had to let them slip and slide around completely out of control. Nobody was allowed on deck. We shared our quarters with a third passenger, a middle-aged woman, and every night my daughter and I would kneel down and say the beads. When the storm arose, we decided to pray and were surprised when our fellow passenger came down on her knees and recited the rosary with us. "I used to be a Catholic," she explained, "and this occasion certainly calls for some prayers to the Almighty."

Our arrival in Montreal coincided with the end of a major blizzard. The streets were almost impassible. (Snow plows were unknown in those days.) Alphonse had given me specific instructions to check all our baggage for Westmount Station where he would expect us. We found him there dressed in his fur coat, carrying in his arms winter overcoats for both of us. Our taxi gingerly

edged its way through the streets cluttered with horse-drawn sleighs and mountains of snow banks. What a change from the tropical summer weather of Australia! On one street corner a wooden sleigh-van had overturned and the wood stove it carried had ignited the structure creating a bonfire to welcome us home.¹ The door at 388 Oxford was decorated with a ribbon that said "Welcome Home," and when our taxi arrived, the little faces at the windows disappeared, the door opened and out tumbled all my other babies.

The next day Alphonse took me to visit and approve a house on Argyle Avenue in Westmount as our new home.

¹- These closed-in box-like wooden tradesmen's vans, equipped with small coal- or wood-burning stoves and metal stovepipes protruding from the sides to keep the occupants warm against the fierce arctic blasts while delivering their merchandise, were a common sight on the streets of Montreal in wintertime during the 1920's.

XVII

Argyle Avenue

A mother supervises her nine children growing up.

The Paré family of Argyle Avenue,⁷ as we became known to our relatives and friends, moved into its new quarters at 429 Argyle Avenue late in the year 1923. The house, located at the foot of the hill near the intersection of Cote St. Antoine Road, was perfectly suited to a growing family of seven boisterous children. It was a semi-detached, three-storey red-brick structure with a third-storey balcony, a ground-level solarium in the front, and a wooden enclosed sunporch-veranda in the rear, overlooking a magnificent garden that boasted fruit trees and every kind of flower conceivable. The previous owner, besides being a keen amateur gardener, had been the mayor of Westmount and had left his insignia of office, two stalwart lamp-posts, in the pavement before the front door.

A large finished playroom in the basement, ideal for our children, had been a major selling point for the house when Alphonse and I first inspected it. But the garden in the rear caught our eyes and decided us. It stretched all the way back to a high wooden fence separating the Argyle Avenue lots from the undeveloped land to the rear. On each side were other gardens, equally beautiful and tenderly cared for by the neighbours, all apparently the result of friendly rivalry among horticulturists.

Moving day lurks in my memory as one of complete chaos and confusion; what seemed like interminable packing and unpacking of mountains of clothing and belongings. I asked myself how we ever managed to accumulate so much junk. I vaguely remember Alphonse supervising the loading and unloading of vans with the boys adding their cautious advice from time to time; furniture and boxes cluttering the sidewalk; my husband trying to lift too-heavy objects despite my vigorous protests; amused movers asking where things should go; excited young people exploring every corner of their new

domain and reporting to me regularly with bated breath to describe their latest discoveries; absolute exhaustion; and finally, some time very late that evening, a sense of peace as we surveyed the disorder of our new household after installing the beds and putting the children to sleep in their new quarters. We had done it! We had moved into our new home!

We forgot to explain some of the intricacies of our new domicile to the older children. Consequently, when we left them alone to drive up to Aunt Lelia's for dinner and bridge a few days after we moved in, the humidifier switched on automatically. A huge grill built into the ground floor emitted a cloud of steam that was barely to be distinguished from smoke. The noise of the motor and the steam convinced the children that the house was ablaze. Phonsine had them all on their knees praying while she phoned us at Aunt Lelia's to report the house on fire. We arrived home at the same time as the fire reels to find our whole flock praying vigorously amidst a cloud of steam that poured up from the basement.

The advent of a swarm of semi-disciplined children in the neighbourhood must have been looked upon with apprehension by the neighbours and they had every reason to be concerned. I did my utmost to restrain the ebullient spirits of my children and their little friends who congregated in our backyard, but after a while I had to give it up as a bad job and let nature take its course. After all, I thought, it is better to have healthy children off the street enjoying themselves than to have a prize flower garden. Before long, the fruit trees had been denuded and the flower beds had been trampled underfoot; in fact, the flowers came to represent the enemy forces in sham warfare and lost their heads in the heat of battle to over-enthusiastic soldiers waving wooden swords. Alphonse was quite annoyed at the boys but the damage was done and our yard became a baseball diamond. We had to caution them about hitting foul balls beyond the playing



The house on Argyle Avenue.

area as even one such ball could cause havoc among our neighbours' flowers. I am sure they watched the goings-on with much muttering and gritting of teeth and our stock could not have been very high in the neighbourhood.

One poor old Jewish lady, Mrs. L., was a natural target for youthful exuberance and we had a great deal of trouble with our children on her account.

Her garden was separated from ours by the property of our immediate neighbour to the north, Mr. Willis. She objected to the children making excessive noise and would berate them at a distance from her garden. This would encourage the children to tease her and provoke her into calling the police.

On one occasion, the older boys Tony and Peter were amusing themselves by launching mouthfuls of dried peas into the air with their pea-shooters from the safety of our second-floor sun-porch. The missiles were projected so as to fall in the general area of Mrs. L. who was reclining in the sun in her garden.

Every time the peas would rain down she would look up sharply seeking to discover their source and glance particularly in the direction of the most likely and suspicious area, our house, but nobody was to be seen as the boys were taking care to remain out of sight. They were doubled over with laughter when the younger ones, Dick and Paul, burst onto the porch and peered out to see the cause of all the amusement, giving the jig away. We had another visit from the constabulary. The terrified offenders were hauled out from underneath their beds where they had taken refuge, the pea-shooters were confiscated for good and a thorough spanking was administered to mark the occasion. Usually when they were to be thus punished the boys would take refuge under the nearest available bed, so I made a practice of toting out an electric cord used for curling tongs, and also useful for applying corporal punishment, at the sight of which stark terror filled the hearts of the culprits and they begged for mercy, promising to behave themselves in the future.

This game with Mrs. L. went on for years. At one time or another the children were accused of dropping "stink bombs" in her letter box, or of aiming the garden hose in her direction, at which she retaliated by hosing them down to their immense delight as they jumped up and down in the streams of water. It was hard to say whose children were the guilty ones as poor old Mrs. L. was the butt of practical jokes by all the neighbourhood children. We punished our children severely whenever we knew it was them. After a few years, a policeman asked our boys: "Why do you kids always persecute Mrs. L.?" To which four-year-old Paul answered: "We would not have any fun otherwise; she is the only one who calls the police right away."

Mrs. L's house was identical to ours, it also occupied the southern unit of two semi-detached homes. Consequently visitors were often prone to confuse the two addresses. The children had been told not to answer the door, this was for the maids to do. One day Paul disobeyed the rule and opened the front door when the bell sounded to find two strangers dressed in long black cloaks. They were Hasidic Orthodox Jewish rabbis, wearing their round fur hats and flowing beards. Neither of them spoke any English so they did not understand Paul's protests. "You can't come in!" he shouted at them, but they barged in and walked up the stairs and into my bedroom where I was lying in bed before they realized their mistake. I certainly was not the "Mrs. L." they were looking for. Paul, of course, was careful not to disobey orders after that experience.

It was a relief to everyone concerned to see calm descend upon us when the children went off to school. Both schools were nearby. St. Paul's Academy for girls was just behind us on Cote St. Antoine Road. There the girls could attend classes with the nuns in French or in English. The boys went to St. Leo's, an academy run by

the Christian Brothers, located about two blocks from our house. Although it was bilingual, my boys continued their education in the English language.

For some years, before our Ascension Parish Church was built, masses were said in St. Paul's Academy. The curate, Father Gerald Berry, who later became Archbishop of Halifax, was a dear friend of ours even though he had to call us on one occasion to ask the children to make less noise in the backyard so his parishioners could hear his sermon at Sunday Mass.

Shortly after our arrival at Argyle Avenue the developers moved in and began building homes behind the large wooden fence at the bottom of our garden. This cut us off from St. Paul's Academy. While these houses were being built on Anwoth Road, the boys had great fun sneaking through the fence and exploring the work under progress. When we spotted them on the high scaffolding we were quick to declare the construction sites out of bounds.

As time went on our family continued to grow. On the fourth of July 1926, John arrived to be followed on the 6th of May 1928 by Donald, our last-born child.

They were very different in character. John was sensitive and somewhat of an introvert in his youth, while Donald was out-going and extroverted. It was a shock to John, who for two years had been the pampered baby in the family, to find himself suddenly displaced by a newcomer.

On the day fixed for Donald's christening, when Alphonse and all the older ones had gone off to church, I remained behind in my large double bed when suddenly a young form dashed into the room and hurtled himself onto my bed. It was baby John. "This is my place," he sobbed, cuddling up to me in the bed, "And nobody is going to take it away from me!"

The arrival of this new baby also affected the routine of our daily evening prayers. Every night we would all kneel down together and recite the Rosary, with Alphonse leading the prayers. It was a custom that never varied whenever we were gathered together as long as Alphonse was with us. At the end of the Rosary we would repeat, "And please, God, bless Mother, and Dad, Phonsine, Tony, Peter, Pat, Dick, Paul and Peggy and baby John." Now we added the words "And baby Donald," so that as long as we continued this practice, our prayers ended with the words "baby John and baby Donald." Strangely enough I still repeat it in this way today, although my two babies have now passed their fiftieth birthdays.

From his earliest days, Donald gave every indication of becoming a successful business promoter. He could hardly pull his go-cart before he was loading it with last month's magazines and newspapers, and selling them to our neighbours. On another occasion he found it advantageous to sell off tickets to a lottery that had taken place the previous year (every house had some such

booklets lying around) and we had to trace his peregrinations to return the money he collected.

I thought he was destined for the manufacturing business when he took advantage of our absence to delve into our collection of Florida shells, and so accurately did he copy the standard shell novelties we usually contributed to the parish fairs that our amused neighbours were willing to "shell" out money when he came around vending his creations.

But the most amusing anecdote was told to us by his brother John at that time. John had bought himself an ice cream cone for five cents. Donald wanted one also, but he only had two cents to his name. He set off on his own determined to purchase an ice cream cone, like his brother. When he returned, John was astonished to see him licking a fine cone of ice cream. "How did you buy it with only two cents?" he asked. "Oh, it was easy," explained Donald, "I bought a tag for two cents and sold it for five cents!" I should explain that these tag days were peculiar to Montreal. About once a week canvassers would sell tags from door-to-door, or in the streets, in support of an authorized charity. The first time I saw a well-dressed lady on St. Catherine Street wearing such a tag, I stopped her and said "Madam, you have forgotten to remove the price tag on your dress!" She looked at me as if I were peculiar.

At times I was careless about leaving money around the house. It did not often disappear, but one day I noticed that a quarter had been removed from my dresser. I had seen Tony eating candies and I asked him where he got them. "Oh, I found some money in the street," he assured me.

This was a problem, so I tried a little psychology. That evening I told him a story of a little boy who had lied to his mother after he took a coin from her purse. She died and went to heaven and from there she looked down on earth and could see everything that happened and what was in people's minds. She saw that her little boy had lied to her and she was very sad.

Tony listened to me wide-eyed and finally burst into tears. "Mother, I stole that 25 cents today from your dresser," he confessed. "I am so sorry." I think it was the last time he ever succumbed to such a temptation.

Our boys were never really bad. Occasionally they got into trouble in the company of their more undisciplined pals, but they never did anything mean or contrary to the law and they were usually well-behaved. Both Alphonse and I made it a point to instill politeness and good manners in our children. That did not prevent me, however, from feeling slightly uneasy one day when I had invited a lady for tea who boasted a particularly prominent nose. I cautioned them not to take any notice or to make any remark. This was a mistake of course, for the younger ones were fascinated and couldn't keep their eyes off her face. I was becoming unnerved by their obvious interest in her nose and made the fatal mistake of trying

to appear casual and make conversation when I asked my guest: "Would you care for another lump of sugar in your tea Mrs. Nose?"

Our large basement playroom had become a favourite rendez-vous for the neighbourhood children. To keep them out of trouble, every Saturday I engaged a professional projectionist from one of the local movie houses to screen Walt Disney and other similar motion pictures for children. Every chair in our house was enlisted to seat the enthusiastic group of on-lookers. This activity eventually led to my becoming associated with a great and wonderful man in one of the more ambitious ventures of my life. Brother Marie-Alphonse, Principal of St. Leo's Academy, had communicated with me more than once by sending Dick home with letters asking me to meet with him to discuss the formation of a Mothers' Club. He wanted to get the English-speaking children of our parish off the streets.

I finally met with him and we decided to go ahead with the project, but the story of our Mothers' Club is a tale in itself and I will come to it later.

One night when Alphonse and I were returning early from one of our regular evenings at Aunt Lelia's, we spied an unusual scene through the window of our basement playroom. There was our young son Peter, surrounded by an admiring group of children, smoking a cigar and blowing clouds of smoke over their heads like a professional.

We were both annoyed, but we decided to wait before we reprimanded him. It was fortunate that we had happened to spot that little drama, otherwise I would have been concerned about Peter's health, for he vomited all night. I believe he never smoked a cigar again.

Uncle Noah and Uncle Henry had supported Uncle Henry's son-in-law, Senator Donat Raymond, when he acquired the Canadian Hockey Team and organized the Forum in Montreal. As a result both families maintained large front-row boxes for all the home games of the Maroons and the Canadians, our two local N.H.L. teams. This became a problem for very often both families had plenty of tickets to spare and what more natural than to offer them to our hockey-crazy boys. Then our boys would summon some of their friends to accompany them and sally forth to disport themselves in the Forum as box-holding hockey potentates. If they hadn't been doing so well in their studies we would have had to object.

One Saturday night when Tony and Peter returned from a hockey game at the Forum, they found Alphonse and me huddled in the den over a brand new acquisition, our first-ever wireless set, outfitted with an oblong box-radio and a loudspeaker. What excitement there was in the house on that day when everybody gathered around to listen to the crackling sounds coming out of the RCA loudspeaker while Alphonse manipulated the knobs; it was another proof of our having arrived in the new age of

affluence.

All our children were doing exceptionally well in their classes. In fact, we would be surprised if any one was not at the head of his or her class. This was a great consolation for Alphonse. Being away so much, he was unable to help them and consequently the boys had little opportunity to learn French from their father. I had heard that the French and English children were quite divided at their schools. At St. Leo's the boys used to line up on each side of the skating rink during recreation hours, the English on one side and the French on the other, and engage in vicious snowball battles. It was a replay of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, but unfortunately my sons were found in the ranks of the English boys against the "frogs" as they called them. Nobody dared to tackle my sons in those days, however, knowing that if they did they would have four Paré boys to contend with.

I felt that they should really learn some French, and it was my responsibility to see that they did. I decided to take French lessons myself, and I engaged a Miss Rolland to give me instruction twice a week. She also undertook to give piano lessons to the children.

With all her good will, she never made a pianist out of any of my children. As for my learning French, there is no doubt that Miss Rolland did her utmost, and perfected her English in the process, but I was a hopeless student, and I learned little more than to say "oui" and "non." I finally gave up my ambition to surprise my husband by learning French while he was away.

He was away so often and for such long periods that I began to lean heavily on my oldest daughter, Alphonsine, and to consult her in times of crisis. She had become very serious and grown-up in her ways and she was glad and even eager to assume the mantle of her absent father. On one such occasion, I awoke to hear some voices calling loudly outside my bedroom from the street below. It was four o'clock in the morning. I opened the window and looked out. There were several men sitting in a car. They sounded drunk and were calling our maids by their first names. I leaned out the window and shouted "Go away! The girls are asleep. If you don't leave I will call the police!" Just then another car drove up and parked behind them. Some more men got out and one rang our door bell. Now I was really scared. I took my husband's 45 revolver, which was not loaded, and awoke Phonsine, telling her: "Alphonsine, you had better come downstairs with me. There are some men at the door at this ridiculous hour asking for the maids. They just rang the doorbell!" My daughter acted as if it was an everyday occurrence. "Let's go and see what they want, Mother," she said, coolly jumping out of bed and leading the way downstairs. Together we went to the door, but we did not open it. "Who is that?" we asked. "The police," was the answer. "How do we know?" we said. "We will have headquarters call you!" Immediately the phone rang and

a man confirmed that it was the police outside. I opened the door but continued to point my revolver. The next day when the policemen came back to see us one of them mentioned laughingly: "I told me wife last night that I almost got shot by a woman." They had come back to question us about the boys they had arrested the night before as suspected house breakers. Our maids had met them at a dance hall. When we called our maids to come down and talk to the police, one of the girls fainted but the other one identified them as young boys from their home village in the country. They were charged with loitering but I felt this was unfair. The girls were partly at fault for enticing them. It appeared that the boys had been invited to come and see them, although no mention was made of what time to come. I went to court when the case came up and they pleaded guilty, I felt sorry for them and I paid their fine for which they were suitably grateful.

About this time Alphonsine's precocity was causing a problem. She began to boss her brothers as if she was really their father, and when they rebelled and refused to obey her, she was most upset.

Alphonse and I noticed that she was becoming quite independent, and hard for me to manage when he was not there, so we decided to send her as a boarder with the Nuns of the Sacred Heart. Alphonsine liked the idea. She opted to follow the French classes and became quite proficient in French. On most Sundays we would all bundle together into a McGarr's hired touring limousine and enjoy the drive through the country to visit Phonsine in the lovely old convent situated on the shores of the Back River at the Sault aux Recollets, "The Sault" as it was commonly called. She remained a boarder for five years at the Sault.

Tony was also an excellent student, and later on, in 1929, when he showed an interest in learning French, we enrolled him as a boarder with the Jesuit priests at Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf. The following year Peter was persuaded to join Tony at Jean-de-Brébeuf. They both did exceptionally well in their studies and I was a very proud parent indeed at the annual convocation of the college, attended by the parents, to announce the results of the scholastic year. It was a custom for the mother of a student who came first in any subject of his class to be decorated with a crown of laurel and this happened to me so often it became embarrassing. An official of the college would hold the crown over the head of the mother while her son mounted the stage to receive his prize.

During these years we were going through the usual number of sicknesses and accident crises. Sometimes it was a broken bone, at other times a near drowning, or an epidemic of measles, or scarlet fever, and then we would turn for help to our dearly beloved Dr. Alton Goldbloom. He was the most kind and considerate, as well as the most skilled, physician and children's doctor a mother could hope for. I vividly remember his first visit to our home. We had decided to change pediatricians because our

previous doctor was getting along in years and we wanted to consult a younger man with more up-to-date ideas about child care. The first thing Dr. Goldbloom did when he saw the dozens of boxes and bottles of pills in our bathroom medicine cabinet, many not even opened, was to throw the whole lot into the waste basket. "You don't need any of these things, Mrs. Paré," he admonished, "And I never want to see them again in your house." Then he added: "I am shocked to think that a doctor could have prescribed pills to put your children to sleep at night." I was upset at the thought of all the money wasted on those unopened bottles and boxes of pills, some of which I had acquired at bargain prices, but grateful that we didn't need to use them any more. From that day on we had only to call him and, busy as he was, he found time to hurry over and pay us a house call. His deep reassuring voice would immediately restore our hope and confidence. We had implicit faith in him, no matter how serious the problem was, and somehow, with his help and guidance, we always pulled through with flying colours. In recent years, Dr. Goldbloom's son Dr. Victor has been very much in the public eye as an important minister of the Liberal Government in Quebec. He must have inherited some of those qualities from his father.

In the early thirties we began spending our Christmas holidays at Val Morin. For the children, it meant giving up the most wonderful Christmas parties that have ever been dreamed of. Our children were always included among Aunt Lelia's grandchildren for her Christmas party. From a suitably clad and jovial Santa Claus, who was none other than Noah Timmins Jr. in disguise, each and every child would receive an expensive present, personally chosen by Aunt Lelia in the most fashionable stores of New York City, such as a bicycle, or a boat, or an entire model electric train system. The presents were lavish and the setting was memorable. I shall never forget the look in the eyes of all those children when they were ushered into the great salon at Aunt Lelia's and beheld the fabulous presents surrounding the huge tree, all lit up, that reached to the ceiling. No child of mine has ever forgotten those parties which from the year 1928 on were held in the mansion at 66 Belvedere Place.

Nor will they soon forget the Christmas holidays we all spent together each year at Val Morin — beginning in our Argyle Avenue days — and continuing from year to year until the advent of the Second World War.

Usually Alphonse and I would go up ahead and prepare everything for the children. We would stock the house with every imaginable kind of good thing to eat and drink, Christmas trees with lights burning, inside and outside the house, presents galore for everyone, and anything else that their hearts could desire. They would arrive by a later train, often, in the early days, marshalled by their older sister, crossing the lake sitting huddled together under Mr. Pagé's heavy, odorous (when they weren't serving the passengers they were draped over the



A Christmas party at Aunt Lelia's house.

sweating horses) bear skins in the sleighs and carriages. Later, they would come over the lake on their own steam on their skis.

Only one house on Lac Raymond was lit up in the darkness of winter and that was ours. We could hear the children's cries and laughter from far off as they came over the lake from the station. Excitement and eagerness built up and filled the cold still air as they approached and saw how beautiful the house looked, and how everything had been prepared by Alphonse and me, sometimes with the help of our little maids, for their arrival. A huge fire was blazing in the fireplace and a sumptuous meal was already laid out to satisfy their ravenous appetites.

And then what fun was had as the days went by. Parties succeeded parties. The children went skating on the lake and skiing on the many hills that surrounded us. The days were spent in eating, drinking, sleeping and

having a good time.

On one occasion we had enlarged and winterized the house and enclosed the galleries with glass partitions without telling the children. It was to be a surprise for Christmas. It was worth every minute of the trouble that Alphonse and I went to, to organize it. I can still see the tears of joy and surprise and the happiness on their faces when the sleighs arrived and they saw what we had done. They rushed ahead of the sleighs through the snow, the older ones carrying the little ones on their shoulders, the sooner to behold all the wonders they had not expected.

And then, on Christmas Eve, we would all bundle ourselves once more into those carriages under those huge blankets and skins and set off in below-zero weather for Midnight Mass in the village. Sometimes we had to brave a raging blizzard, but usually the sky was lit up with stars as the horses pulled us along country roads, over fields



The house as it looked in winter in the first years.

and through forests, the runners of the sleighs making a dry crackly sound on the frozen snow. At times we would join together in singing Christmas carols in French or English with my young son John usually leading the chorus, as he was the only one with a good voice, and Mr. Pagé and his helper would join in. Or we would listen in silence to the sound of the forest in winter broken only by the tinkling of the bells on our sleigh or on some other sleighs out there in the darkness, or by the occasional complaint from our hard-struggling horses, for we were no small load with nine children, parents and often friends as well as the little maids.

After Mass, there would be the exchange of greetings with friends, invitations to come and have a drink and then we were back in the sleighs and home-bound for our annual "Réveillon."

This was the party of the year. Presents were exchanged by everyone, drinks were downed, and all sat down to an historic repast the like of which has never been seen since those days of Christmastime at Val Morin.

One Christmas Eve, Donald and John begged for a glass of wine like the others, and Alphonse relented and poured them each a hearty portion. The party was in full swing, children opening their presents amid expressions of joy and surprise, to the tune of music and laughter, when somebody suddenly exclaimed: "What has hap-

pened to Donald and John?" We had all been so wrapped up in the goings-on that nobody had noticed them lying inert on the carpet. The wine had gone to their heads and they were knocked out.

It was during our Argyle Avenue period that Alphonse was the most active with his mining ventures. There was scarcely a mineral outcropping on the whole



The house at Val Morin, early winter 1936.

North American continent that had not come under close scrutiny by my husband on behalf of his Uncle Noah. And then he began to commute by plane to South America at a time when such trips were a rarity indeed. Lindbergh had just made his historic crossing of the Atlantic and we thought our Dad was just as adventurous. He became known in the mining world from one end of the continent to the other as "turn'em down Paré" by reason of the great number of mining prospects he had examined for his uncle and then turned down as bad risks.

On several occasions Alphonse threatened to take his whole family, lock, stock and barrel, away from the familiar surroundings of our beloved Montreal and Val Morin.

The first time this happened he was offered an important job to run a group of mines in the eastern United States. The salary was astronomical for the times and it was hard to refuse, but finally after much soul-searching, we turned it down.

We came much closer to becoming the "Paré family of Utah" and potential converts to the Mormon faith. It all began when Uncle Noah took an option on a valley a hundred miles in length, stretching northwards from St. George, Utah, and began drilling oil wells. Alphonse was put in charge. The first two wells, Escalante No. 1 and Escalante No.2, showed promise, although the proven quantities of oil were not sufficient for commercial purposes. During this time, Alphonse was busy commuting by air to Salt Lake City. The Mormons were his close friends and partners in the project. They even presented him with a Mormon Bible to read.

One day a huge box containing a mock-up of the Escalante oil-wells project was delivered to 429 Argyle Avenue. It showed the well-heads, the town, and all the surrounding land features and countryside. Alphonse explained that if the third well came through, this would be our new home and we would all move to live in the State of Utah.

But it was not to be. In fact, what actually happened is worth telling. The Timmins group, after spending five million dollars, relinquished its option, and only retained a minority interest in the oil field, and so Alphonse came home. The citizens of St. George decided to finance the project themselves. One day we read a startling headline in our local papers. On the day that Escalante No.3 was scheduled to come in, all the dignitaries had been assembled on a platform to witness the event. As a charge of dynamite was being lowered to blow the well, it exploded prematurely and killed the mayor and 12 other prominent citizens, besides injuring many others. All were known to Alphonse and had been friends of his. Thus ended our dream of becoming citizens of Utah.

At least we had the satisfaction of having our husband and father back with us for a short while. Every

time Alphonse was scheduled to come home after a long absence, I became aware of my shortcomings as an efficient housekeeper, and the entire household and help were mobilized for a complete housecleaning session before Alphonse arrived.

And what a tumultuous welcome he got! Nine children hanging on to his neck and one wife trying desperately to catch his eye!

Then he would settle down to office life for a few days or weeks at a time, and the children would wait impatiently for him to come home at nights, jumping out to surprise him from behind the raccoon coats in the clothes closet.

It would seem only a few days before he would announce he was off again. It was always thus. I had no reason to complain for we were well provided for. But we all missed him a great deal, and it was fortunate, indeed, that we all could console one another.

Alphonse had been active for several years negotiating the purchase of properties for Uncle Noah at Noranda in Northern Quebec. His Uncle Noah had assumed the lead in developing the Noranda mines project, which was then in its infancy, and had even agreed to underwrite the construction of the first smelter at a cost of \$3,000,000!

So it was nothing unusual for my husband to be running back and forth from the North-Country about Noranda matters, but it was a surprise to me when he returned home one day and told me the very good news. He had just been voted a bonus of 5000 shares of Noranda mines by a grateful Board of Directors. When one considers that this came to represent the equivalent of half a million dollars one can understand our excitement.

Alphonse's story was simplicity itself. He had been busy acquiring and staking properties adjoining the Noranda mines when he was flabbergasted to discover on a completely new plan from the Recorder's office in Montreal that the main Noranda ore body had become open for staking through an error of management. Without telling a soul, he took his crew of men to Noranda and quietly staked the entire property by night.

When the claims had been staked and registered, he returned to Montreal and deposited the documents on the desk of an astonished and delighted Uncle Noah.¹

We were rich! With the 20,000 shares of Hollinger stock he had received for finding the Hollinger mine, we were quite wealthy. We decided to buy a car. I would take lessons and learn how to drive. Then we could start driving to Val Morin instead of taking the train.

For some time past Alphonse had been playing the market. It came to him naturally because of his involvement in the mining industry. He was always getting hot inside tips from his friends. In those days it was possible to put up only 10% of the value in stocks and purchase

¹ See "Free Gold" by Arnold Hoffman, page 273, for this story.

the balance on margin. Alphonse had plenty of equity, but he was heavily into common stock, particularly mining shares.

Uncle Noah had just asked him to go for a long trip to Brazil to examine an exciting new iron-ore proposition. He would fly down and then go by llama-back into the interior. There were no communications where he was going and he would be out of touch with civilization for eight months. He decided to sell all his common stock and invest in bonds. He called his broker and gave him instructions to sell.

I wish I could end the story here, but alas, I cannot! His broker called his banker. Both were close friends of Alphonse from college days. They came to see him at his office and convinced him he was acting hastily, common shares were the thing of the future, and he left for Brazil without selling his stock. Before he left, he told me about his misgivings, but it was too late to do anything about it, and he decided he would look after things on his return.

When the great crash came, he had already left for

the interior of Brazil. And when he finally returned to São Paulo the world had changed. In my fateful letter to him I told him all the good news first: how well all his loved ones were, how well they were doing at school, how many blessings he could be thankful for. After reciting all the reasons for him to be grateful to God, I mentioned the bad news, that he was no longer a rich man, but a pauper.

I had returned the new car after one driving lesson. It was a 1929 Blue Pontiac sedan. Tony was no longer a boarder. Phonsine was staying on as a boarder only because the nuns had insisted on it. We had no money for her tuition. We had food to eat, and a house to live in (but for how long I did not know, and, of course, I did not tell Alphonse that). What I also did not tell him was that not only was he dead broke but the stock-brokers had sold him out, his Noranda and all his other stocks were gone. Uncle Noah had saved half his Hollinger, but Alphonse owed twice as much as it was worth.

Now we waited for Alphonse to come home and to learn the real truth. How would he take it?

XVIII

The Crash

A time of trial and tribulation, but courage and faith prevail.

It was a calamity! The crash came upon us so quickly and so unexpectedly that most people were taken completely by surprise. Even the most pessimistic of experts would not have dared to forecast so severe a depression. Everybody was basking in the sunlight of prosperity: the future seemed assured. It became the fad to amass paper fortunes on the stock market. "Happiness on Earth" was an objective that appeared to be within the reach of nearly everyone. It even seemed that there was little place left for God in the planning for the new era of mankind.

And then, without warning, everything had changed. The stock markets had crashed. The business world was in a panic. Industries shut their doors; hunger, poverty, destitution, gloom and despair were upon the land and were reflected in the sad faces in the long lines of the unemployed. In all the big cities, including Montreal, they formed up bearing aloft banners of protest against an ailing social order; they were to be found on every street corner waiting patiently for jobs that never materialized, or for handouts of food for their starving families. Something had definitely gone wrong with our system and our economy, and people began turning once more to their religion for solace.

Although Alphonse was so far away during this time, I had no real anxieties at first. After all, our Uncle Noah, our cousin Jules Timmins, (who had built up a very successful brokerage firm), and most of the other Timmins boys were quite confident that things would shortly adjust themselves. Aunt Lelia told me not to hesitate to speak to Uncle Noah if things went wrong while Alphonse was away. But when the situation became really serious, I couldn't approach him. For one thing I heard that several members of his family who certainly had a prior right to appeal for help to our uncle had lost their entire fortunes, and for another, I was told that Uncle Noah himself, as rich as he was, had enough

trouble of his own to stay afloat in this crisis.

So I decided to do my best to face the music by myself without his help. Tony, my oldest boy, had just turned 14. I took him out of college and he accompanied me to lend moral support as we toured the brokerage offices and the banks. But there was little we could do. Each day saw a fresh call for margin as the stock market continued its rapid decline. Even the values of the most blue chip investments were plummeting like waterfalls. Alphonse had been dealing with more than one broker and one of these promised me he would not sell the Noranda shares without letting me know. The very next day I received a slip in the mail: A substantial block of Noranda had been sold at a sacrifice price to cover the other stock. I was appalled and rushed to telephone the broker. His explanation: "It's every man for himself now." In other words, as he said, "Sauve qui peut." I put down the phone in tears and the older, more knowledgeable members of my brood gathered around me in subdued silence to show their concern and their sympathy. They realized that the situation was grave but could not quite understand what was happening.

Another broker friend of Alphonse's, however, stood by him at the risk of his own skin. He even called Uncle Noah to tell him what was happening. Uncle Noah took immediate steps to save what was left of the Hollinger, but it was too late. Alphonse was ruined. He owed more than his remaining stock was worth.

On the streetcar bringing us back from St. James Street to our home in Westmount, I was consoled by Tony who had been a witness to my frantic efforts of the last few days. "Don't you worry, Mother," he said gravely, "Phonsine and I can go to work to help you and Dad!" (Phonsine had called me the previous day to say she wanted to leave the convent and go to work.) "There is one thing I have learned these past few days," Tony assured me, "And that is to stay away from the damn

market!" Many years later he told me that he had never gone back on that decision and had always avoided investments in the stock market.

Once the worst had happened there was no point crying over spilt milk. I had so much to be thankful for — nine wonderful and healthy children; a loving husband; our homes in Val Morin and Westmount. Alphonse still had his job. Everything would be all right. I could not care less for having lost that paper fortune — and as for being poor, it was hard to imagine anything worse than what I had lived through during my childhood in the Australian goldfields, and we had been very happy then.

I planned to take the necessary measures in order to meet our new circumstances. Phonsine and Tony were firmly told they had to finish their education. We would let the maids go. We would return the car. There would be no Christmas for us at Val Morin that year. And next summer all the children who could, would work. We would rent the house at Val Morin for the summer. (We eventually rented it to our friend Harry Cockfield and his family and they enjoyed Val Morin so much that they bought the neighbour's house for the following year.)

I announced there would be no more unnecessary expenses of any kind. Pet projects entertained by any member of the family that required the expenditure of money were to be forthwith abandoned. These decisions were conveyed to a shocked family group as we awaited Alphonse's return from Brazil.

All about us our friends and acquaintances were facing up to the new situation in different ways. Many who could not accept the harsh reality that they had lost everything either collapsed or committed suicide. It was almost a daily occurrence in those days to hear of some person we knew or knew of who had chosen the easy way out, oftentimes by jumping from the window of a tall building. On the other hand, we witnessed good friends who sold their luxurious automobiles and houses, cut their expenses and began again at the bottom, even setting out early each day from Upper Westmount mansions to earn their livings with tin lunchpails under their arms. Such people did not take long to recoup their fortunes.

We were proud of Alphonse, the way he faced up to adversity when he finally arrived back from Brazil. Alphonse never had any great ambition to be wealthy; he was much more concerned with spiritual matters than with material gain. He gave us the example and convinced us we should not feel poor at all, as long as we had one another. He supported and even expanded upon my austerity measures, and hand in hand we began a new life and looked forward with confidence towards the future. Instead of a wake, his return became a wonderful family reunion.

He did not tell me then, but later on he confessed to me that his most anxious moments occurred when he saw his lawyer, John Hackett, about his accumulated debts.

He had felt quite confident that the houses, having been put in our joint names, could not be seized by his creditors.

John Hackett told him, however, that because we had been married in Australia without a prenuptial contract of marriage, under Quebec law we were in community of property and I could own nothing. As a result, both houses could be seized and sold for his debts. Fortunately for us there was never any real danger of this happening.

The depression was world-wide of course. My father wrote me that even around Collie it had become dangerous to venture forth alone in the countryside for there were over 100 men in the area without gainful employment, and they were getting desperate. He had received my letter announcing our misfortune. "I am relieved that you and Alphonse are taking it so well," he wrote. "God will look after you and you will surely win through!"

That Christmas Day and the first New Year of the 1930's were spent together at Argyle Avenue. After Midnight Mass, at the brand new Church of the Ascension, listening to Father MacDonough preach the most eloquent sermon of his career, we all returned home to a wonderful family "réveillon" consisting of hams and pork pies (tourtières) and all kinds of other delicacies such as "graisse de roti" which was one of our favourite French-Canadian dishes. It is made by boiling the juices of roast pork after adding some gelatine, spices and water and bringing the whole to form a jelly. My husband was the expert in preparing this recipe and the children just couldn't have enough of it.

While we were all celebrating I noticed that four-and-a-half-year-old Baby John was not among us. When I went in search of him I found him alone in his bedroom crying his heart out with disappointment. He had been looking forward all year to spending his Christmas at Val Morin. I was surprised to see that it meant so much to the younger ones and I consoled them with the thought that if all went well and they were good children we might make it to Val Morin for the following Christmas.

Alphonse set about the task of paying off his debts and rebuilding his fortune with great courage and determination, and also thanks to an occasional helping hand from his Uncle Noah. Before long the spectre of poverty had been exorcised and the future began to appear rosy once more. By the end of the first half of that decade our fortunes had so far improved that we were even able to consider a move to a more elaborate home.

During those difficult years Alphonse would sometimes complain rather vociferously about my spending habits and now that I look back, I am inclined to agree with him. It all started as a result of our precarious financial position. I had the responsibility of feeding and clothing nine growing children and I was always on the lookout for bargains. Pretty soon, when the funds

became available, I was filling the basement with cases of canned fruit and other foodstuffs and clothing at bargain prices against a rainy day. Many of these purchases were unneeded and superfluous. Alphonse was usually away when I made them. On his return he would inevitably be confronted with bills of major purchases which often made little sense. How could we, for example, consume five cases of canned peas in one year or a case of cod liver oil which had been recommended by Dr. Goldbloom as vitamins for the children?

On the other hand I always made my purchases for the following Christmas at the January sales and this saved us a good deal of money.

Many decades later, when, as a widow, I was staying a month with my son Tony in his downtown Montreal apartment, I noticed he had run out of toilet paper. On that day Simpson's was advertising a sale "by the dozen." So when Tony came home I told him I had made a wonderful bargain for him. I had ordered 12 dozen rolls of toilet paper. "Mother Dear!" he expostulated, "I have no place to put so much toilet paper. It will take me ten years to use it up. No wonder Dad used to be annoyed at your bargain-hunting." It shows you how the fear of poverty and the thought of being deprived of the necessities of life can leave an indelible impression and affect your judgement. Incidentally, Tony called up Simpson's and cancelled that order.

In the early thirties, Alphonse was spending a great deal of his time in South America: Peru, Colombia, Brazil, British Guyana, to name only a few of the countries where he evaluated and conducted mining operations for his uncle. The Timmins-Ochali Mine became one of the major gold-producing mines in Colombia. Alphonse spread his shares of this mine among his nine children and for years they each received dividends of \$1,000 a year which helped them a great deal during their college days.

We were forever seeing Alphonse off on the train for New York from where he would fly down to South America. At Montreal's Windsor Station we would all clamber aboard his train and escort him to his berth, the boys fighting among themselves for the privilege of carrying Dad's bags for him. I noticed that he generally took an upper berth and one day I happened to mention this to Jules Timmins. "It is utterly ridiculous for a man in an important position like your husband not to travel in a private berth," he exclaimed. I remembered this and repeated Jules' words to my husband the next time we saw him off. He was quite annoyed and retorted that he enjoyed an upper berth, and in any event he was saving money for the N.A. Timmins Corporation.

We were discussing this in the car on our way home and I complained bitterly, "Daddy will never be a success in this life. He is too modest." To which my sons Tony and Dick answered with one voice: "That may be true, Mother, but he will be in the next." I never forgot those

words. It was a lesson for me out of the mouths of babes and of course it was the truth.

Another time at Val Morin when everybody had been criticizing the recent influx of Jewish immigrants into the Village, we were given a similar lesson in charity. The Jews had practically taken over the place and all the Christians were expressing their concern. It was the consensus that something drastic had to be done about it. At the dining table 3-year-old Peggy had been listening to all this criticism and finally she gave her opinion in no uncertain terms: "I don't care what you all say, I love Jesus and he was a Jew! I love Dr. Goldbloom and he is a Jew! So there!" Dad turned to the rest of us and said, "Now let that be a lesson to all of you. The Lord is speaking the truth through the words of this little child!"

Alphonse had acquired an excellent knowledge of Spanish. He took lessons twice a week while at home and pretty soon he was spending so much time in the southern hemisphere that he practically became a South American. His collection of Aztec and Inca antiquities and gold and silver trophies were museum pieces. In fact, they were eventually donated to dear Aunt Lily (a sister of Aunt Lelia's) to form the nucleus of a South American collection in the Convent of the Nuns of Ste. Anne at Lachine. He also became an addict of Brazilian coffee and used to bring back dozens of cans to distribute among his favoured relatives and friends. In most of the Latin American countries he would befriend some amateur radio enthusiast and this permitted us to communicate often with Alphonse by shortwave radio through the help of friendly local "hams." Usually all the children, starting with the oldest, would speak on the air and say something to their father, each in his turn. On one of these occasions, at the time when we were about to move into a new home at 33 Rosemount Avenue, and I had been making essential purchases to furnish the new home with a power of attorney left with me by Alphonse, Baby Donald waited eagerly for his turn to speak and when it came, he announced to his father, with great concern in his voice: "Hurry home Dad! Mother is spending all your money. She just bought a grandfather clock, a new washing machine..." and he then proceeded to enumerate in detail all the other purchases I had made during the previous weeks, ending up with an urgent plea to "Hurry home or you will become a poor man." At the time shortwave radio was becoming a fad and several times our friends and neighbours called us excitedly to tell us they had overheard our conversation on their radios, which meant that we had to be careful about what we said to Alphonse for the whole world might be listening.

These were crucial years during which my nine youngsters were growing up at an astonishing pace. I watched this miracle unfold and my wonder at the wisdom of the Almighty God never ceased to increase. Of course my main concern was that they should grow healthy in mind as well as in body, and all my efforts were

devoted to this end. We never failed to attend Sunday Mass and the evening prayers were a daily feature of our lives. They were taught to look for guidance in the Holy Bible and the Ten Commandments, and all my children grew up to respect and obey their parents without question.

Although we had nine children this did not stop me from planning to have more. I never had any trouble carrying them and I wanted to have at least another daughter who might be called Lucy. My wish appeared to be granted when I found myself once more pregnant, early in 1930. Most of our children had just caught the mumps. Baby John was the only exception. Dr. Goldbloom felt that we should expose him to it by putting him in with the others, to get them all over with it at the same time, particularly in view of the new baby I was expecting. Unfortunately, although we had him sleeping with the mumps patients, John never came down with them on that occasion, but I did! I had never had the mumps and Alphonse, who had been away on another of his important missions for Uncle Noah, arrived back to find me in bed, my face and glands swollen out of all proportion and my abdomen in a similar state with his 10th child! That was the summer we rented the house at Val Morin to the Cockfields. My children were playing in the streets and I swore that this was the last time that would ever happen. Never again would I rent Val Morin. Especially after Pat broke her wrist. She had been showing off to the boys her skill at walking along the flat top of a fence that bordered the sidewalk when she stepped onto a swinging gate and plunged to the cement, falling onto her arm. The three boys, Dick and his friends, Miller Paradis and Paul Cheese, carried her home. Her hand was hanging limply from the wrist — a complete break. In the ensuing excitement of calling the doctor I overdid it. I was then six months pregnant and that night, with only Phonsine at my side (Alphonse was away in the wilds) I suddenly started hemorrhaging and had a miscarriage. The blood was spurting all over the walls and ceiling. Phonsine managed to get Leo and Lucienne, the couple we had just engaged, to help her while she desperately tried to get the doctor. They propped me up with my feet in the air holding the mattress up straight to stop the bleeding, but it didn't help much. I began to feel faint and I thought my last hour had come. I recalled my previous experience at Peter's birth. To an anguished Alphonsine I whispered my last messages, "Tell Dad I love him, say good-bye to dear Aunt Lelia, and don't be too hard on my poor children." I felt like my body was floating in the air. I had a feeling of peace and happiness and then I passed out.

Luckily the doctor arrived in time and I survived or I would not be writing this book, but that was the last time I tried to have another baby. The doctors didn't recommend it, so I had time to turn my attention to other matters.

I remembered the urgent messages from Brother Marie-Alphonse about forming a mothers' club to organize activities for our children and I decided to hear what he had to say.

When I finally met with him I was most impressed with the man. He spoke intelligently and what he said made very much sense to me. There existed no parish or other type of organization to permit the English-speaking young people of St. Paul's and St. Leo's to meet one another. If we could form a club and get the support of the parents we could organize parties and dances so that these young Catholic boys could meet the young Catholic girls in a decent and proper setting under the auspices of their parents.

As it was, they had no place to go but the pool-halls and the corner candy shops. I was immediately sold on the idea and thus began a new career for me. I had little experience in organizing such a club but with the encouragement of Brother Marie-Alphonse and the support of some of my close friends, we started to make plans. I was fortunate to find at the outset a devoted and experienced adjutant who immediately took full charge of all practical details such as records and bookkeeping. This was Sue Milloy, one of my dearest friends. She became our recording secretary.

It was decided that we would adopt no constitution for the Westmount English-Catholic Mothers' Club. There would be no membership fees and any mother in the parish was automatically a member.

Brother Marie-Alphonse attended the first meetings of our organizing committee and made many helpful suggestions. However, neither he nor I remembered to give advance notice of our project to Father MacDonough, the parish priest. This oversight was to lead to some problems later on. It was understandable on my part. As a convert, I had innocently failed to grasp the important role of the parish priest in such matters, but Brother Marie-Alphonse should have known better. Again, it is possible that he knew our English parish priest well enough to realize that he would quash the initiative before it got off the ground. Poor Father MacDonough, although an excellent builder of churches, was very much of a prima donna and very little of a diplomat, and both the Academies were run by French-speaking orders.

In any event, the idea met with general approval and was well received by the mothers. A first meeting of the members of the Mothers' Club was called to be held at St. Leo's school. I had been automatically elected the first president and I began to feel nervous about presiding at this first general meeting. I asked my older boys to help me prepare an opening address but when the time came I forgot the whole thing. In fact, I was so nervous that day that I arrived at the meeting with a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other. I noticed this and remarked on it as I got up to speak. There was a roar of laughter and this

broke the ice. We had an excellent meeting and approved all kinds of plans for getting the young people together. These included dances by invitation at St. Leo's School and later at Victoria Hall, a bazaar to raise funds and other social events for the mothers to meet one another.

I discovered to my surprise that many of the English-speaking mothers lived not in the luxurious mansions on the hills of Westmount, but below the tracks in relative poverty.

Some of them were too proud or too shy to mix with their more fortunate fellow-mothers of Upper Westmount. So I called on every one of these mothers and told them we were especially counting on them to come to our meetings. We adopted a strict rule to govern all meetings of the Mothers' Club which were to be held in a different home every month. There was to be no ostentation or showing-off and everything was to be carried on in as simple a manner as possible. Refreshments were limited to bread, butter, and biscuits with tea.

Some mothers broke this rule. One month we were convoked for a meeting in one of the more pretentious homes and I knew the hostess well and dreaded the worst. When Sue Milloy came to pick me up she was surprised to find me attired in my oldest and dowdiest dress. I explained to her that I wanted to identify with the less fortunate mothers as I feared our hostess would break the rules, which she did. She paraded her most expensive china and other impressive worldly possessions and sought to overawe us with a sumptuous spread. She was quite insulted when she saw how I was dressed and never showed up at our meetings after that. It was not much of a loss.

The dances were an immediate success. We hired the best orchestras and served excellent refreshments prepared by the mothers. Some of the more snobbish families neglected to answer our formal invitations, but their children turned up anyway when they heard about the "name" orchestra. They were not allowed in. This enhanced the prestige of our dances and thereafter nobody dared to ignore our written invitations.

The first bazaar was also well attended. Too much so, for it attracted the attention of our parish priest, as we shall see. The mothers were enthusiastic and the Mothers' Club had become an overnight success story. Nobody knew that there was an anonymous benefactress. Most people suspected that Alphonse was being overly generous, but no one realized that behind the scenes Aunt Lelia was supplying the needed injection of funds. Only I was aware that more than half of the \$5,000 profit so triumphantly announced by the auditing mothers at the close of the bazaar, resulted from the hidden direct or indirect contributions of Aunt Lelia and she had sworn me to secrecy. She was always doing things like this. I remember another occasion when she asked me to accompany her to visit a poor family in the St. Henri district which was the slums below Westmount. They had

absolutely nothing, not even furniture, and were living in the most abject poverty. Aunt Lelia furnished the whole place, put up curtains, had the house cleaned up, provided them with food and money and saw that the man got a job. She even had her chauffeur and cook giving a helping hand. Some months later we returned to see how they were doing. They had sold every single thing that Aunt Lelia had given them and were once more living in complete penury!

She was always helping others in this way, on the sly, and never seeking recognition. In fact there was nothing she hated more than to have her good works become known. Many people took advantage of her. One young man wearing a cassock made a practice of kiting her cheques by adding an extra "O" to them until he was caught.

The crowning trial of her life came when the international jewel thief Gerald Dennis and an accomplice broke into her home when she was almost alone and stole all her jewellery and valuables after tying up Alice, her personal maid. Aunt Lelia took refuge by locking herself in her bathroom. The thieves were eventually caught, but the experience was so traumatic that Aunt Lelia never got over it.

Dear old Sue Milloy kept the books of the Mothers' Club as long as it was in existence and she used to look after Alphonse's interests with religious fervour. She was determined he would not lose a cent as a result of our activities, keeping, in her capacity as treasurer of the Club, an accurate account of all advances made by me out of Alphonse's money. When the receipts came in the first money reimbursed was to Alphonse.

Father MacDonough had been struggling to make ends meet and to pay for his new Church of the Ascension. On seeing our success with the bazaar it was natural for him to conclude that here was a parish activity the profits of which should normally be applied to his purposes. He called me and requested that we turn over the profits. I was appalled and spent the next day in bed (I did not have time to get up) calling all the mothers. An emergency meeting was convoked at my house. Nearly all the mothers turned up and overflowed our dining and sitting rooms. Everybody was for defying our parish priest and they threatened to resign en masse and disband the Mothers' Club.

Here was indeed a crisis! I decided we should seek a meeting with Archbishop Charbonneau and asked our mothers to postpone a decision until we could hear what the Archbishop had to say.

Archbishop Charbonneau was one of the great men of our province in this century. When later he became embroiled with Premier Duplessis over labour disputes, we sympathized whole-heartedly with him and we knew he must be in the right.

He listened attentively to what we had to say and then gave us his advice. He showed us Father MacDo-

nough's position in this matter and indicated how we should settle the problem. We must make Father MacDonough feel important and compromise with him. I realized then that we should have brought him in at the beginning, but nobody had suggested it and there was always the possibility that he would not have been in favour of the Mothers' Club. We followed the Archbishop's advice and settled by contributing \$3,000 of our hard-earned Mothers' Club profits to Father MacDonough's fund. Pretty soon he was promoting our activities from the pulpit and referring to "his" Mothers' Club with pride and satisfaction.

It was too much to expect that a man as competent as Brother Marie-Alphonse would stay with us for very long. He was eventually posted abroad. He became the head of the Christian Brothers in Cambodia from where he used to write me regularly. In one of his last letters he



Brother Alphonse in Cambodia.

mentioned his apprehension for the safety of his Christian protegés. "The Communists are getting stronger all the time, I am afraid they will take over here some day," he wrote. How prophetic his words were and what a terrible fate has befallen that poor country! I have not heard from him for many years and often wonder what happened to him.

He was replaced at St. Leo's by Brother Médéric. This brother had been a first-class director of the St. Leo's Cadet Corps Band, but he was not suited to be the principal of the whole school. The young boys rebelled against his dictatorial methods and it seemed that my son

Paul was among the rebels. In fact it came to light one day that certain caricatures of the little director had been composed in our basement on a typewriter and tacked on the school notice board. Paul was among the culprits. One of their group had informed on them. Paul was called to appear before a form of "court-martial" committee, under strong lights, composed of English teachers and the brothers. His answers so confounded the inquiry that it turned into an uproarious comedy and Paul had the sympathy, if not the active support, of the English teachers. Brother Médéric was humiliated and retaliated by expelling Paul together with two of his friends.

Alphonse was away at the time and I was terribly upset. I called Brother Marie-Alphonse who was about to depart from Halifax. He immediately returned to Montreal, investigated the whole matter and removed Brother Médéric as principal. I had not asked for any such drastic action, but apparently he had decided there were grounds for this decision.

On another occasion young Paul judged that he had a valid reason for wanting to stay away from school and his teacher, Mr. Tim Healey. He complained of a pain in his abdomen. I had the doctor examine him and every time he was touched in the region of the appendix, he winced in pain. The doctor said it must come out, but when they operated there was nothing wrong with his appendix. Paul later confessed that it was all a sham but once started, he had to go through with it; his fear of being discovered was greater than his fear of undergoing the operation. This operation cost us \$400.00 and I often remind Paul, now that he is such a success, that he still owes his old mother that \$400.00.

My boys were growing into young men and all of them excelled at sports, Dick and Paul shining at football and hockey and Tony at boxing. Sometimes they even began fighting among themselves. When Alphonse was away I had a hard time resolving these fraternal disputes and many a time I resorted to a female ploy in the heat of their controversy which they never caught on to. I would pretend to faint away. This usually brought the hostilities to an immediate close while all the boys co-operated in carrying me to my bed and anxiously applying the smelling salts.

My girls were also growing up and much too rapidly for my liking. At 19, Phonsine had become a real beauty. She was being squired around by many young men and she had become too popular for her own good. I was hoping her head would not be turned. Pat was more of an artist and quite as pretty as Phonsine, but not nearly as interested in the boys. She preferred to plan for a career by following a course at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. As for Peggy, she was still a boarder at the Sacred Heart Convent, doing well in her studies, always popular with her classmates and a leader in school and sports activities.



A family portrait at Rosemount Avenue.

They were all excellent skiers and had joined the Penguin Girls' Ski Club. They would become active in skiing competitions and this was to lead to some heart-aches when both Phonsine and Pat had serious accidents while skiing.

After 1931 we began returning to Val Morin for Christmas. Alphonse and I decided that all our children, without exception, looked forward so much to this event as the highlight of the year that we could not afford to disappoint them.

Skiing was then becoming a popular sport. Herman Smith-Johannsen (they called him "Jackrabbit") spent some time as a neighbour of ours at Val Morin and he was undoubtedly the person most responsible for the growing popularity of skiing. I think he can truly be described as the "Father of Skiing" in Canada. Our children were very fond of him and of all his family, especially of his children, Peggy and Bob. They were champion skiers and our children learned a lot from them. It is unbelievable to think that "Jackrabbit" is still leading the pack on long cross-country tours at over 108 years of age! It makes me feel like a young girl at 96. We see him occasionally on T.V. now, and he is a celebrity. I have something to look forward to if I want to match him for stamina at his age!

We were no longer on our own at Val Morin now.

Friends began to come by and neighbours to spend their holidays in the snow country. Even the Timminses, who had usually opted for the warmer climes during the Christmas season, began to use their beautiful homes at Ste. Agathe des Monts, six miles north of Val Morin, in winter as well as summer time. I invited most of them down to a bean feast after the New Year in 1932. They all arrived by horse and sleigh. It made a picture outing which I shall never forget and Alphonse took moving pictures of them which are still a prized souvenir. The beans, however, were too dry and I threw out what seemed like tons of them after my guests departed. Another day, one of our good friends, a nice boy named Curly Grant¹ came by the Val Morin house carrying a tiny black American cocker spaniel puppy cuddled inside his ski jacket. He gave it to Pat and it became the love of her life. She always adored animals. She named it "Coonie" and it grew into a fine young dog. But a sad accident happened during the following Christmas holidays. The older boys had skied across the lake to get some supplies from Ouellette's store, taking the dog with them. After a train went by Coonie was not to be seen. They found his

¹ Later Malcolm "Curly" Grant lost his life when his ship (a sister ship to that of my son Paul) went down on D-Day in the Second World War.

collar and a patch of blood and realized that the worst had happened. How were they to tell Pat on their return? They confided in us but they did not have the courage to tell their sister.

Christmas dinner was ready to be served and everybody had been called to the table. There were our nine, Alphonse and me, plus four Hackett children who were our guests, around the table. It was not an unusual group for the holiday time.

As the meal progressed little Pat continued to go to the door, anxiously calling outside for her Coonie. Finally we decided to tell her the truth. She was shocked and heart-broken and cried profusely. Many of the other children, including the Hacketts, who had never even seen the dog, began crying with her in sympathy. Alphonse, who was trying to mastermind the slices of roast turkey and the accompanying portions of vegetables, lost his patience and spoke to her rather roughly: "Pat, it is only a dog, after all. Pull yourself together!" Now it was my turn to be annoyed and I turned on Alphonse. "She feels just as bad as if it had been you, Alphonse!" The festive atmosphere had suddenly evaporated and everybody was uncomfortable. I had to work hard to restore it.

We seldom quarrelled, however, and if we did have words, it did not last long and we quickly made up. Only once did I become truly irritated with him. It was when I felt Alphonse had been unduly hard on Tony and I told him: "If Tony runs away from home, I am going with him." Alphonse was shocked to realize that I meant what I said.

On another occasion, while Alphonse was administering corporal punishment to Tony, which was probably deserved, (he was often provoking his father in his youth), young Dick did not think so and defended his brother by punching and kicking his father in the legs. Alphonse was so astonished at Dick's reaction that he let Tony go scot-free. (This was all the more surprising as there existed between Dick and his father all their lives the most intimate relationship.) Alphonse was inclined to be somewhat short-tempered at times, especially in his younger days, but he was always very kind at heart and never meant to be unfair. He became mellow with advancing years.

Dick inherited his father's Latin temperament. I learned this when he was only a child. At the time we would buy cartons of "Sweet Marie" chocolate bars because the older boys were saving the coupons they contained for the prizes that were offered. I took the coupons out of the bars that I gave to Dick thinking he was too young to notice it and gave them to the others. He was simply furious and went into a temper tantrum. He became so ill I had to call Dr. Goldbloom. "Throw a bucket of water over him right away," said the good doctor. "That should cool him down." And it did.

It was in the early spring of 1934 that my twin sister

Connie finally came to Canada to visit us for the first time. After her husband Eddie passed away in 1930 she had been tied down to her four children, but now they could look after themselves. Her arrival in our midst marked an important event in the history of our family. The children instantly fell in love with her. Alphonse, Aunt Lelia, Uncle Noah, all the Timminses and our friends were so taken with her and she became so popular that everyone wanted to invite her at the same time. Alphonse now had Australian twins to escort to all the social gatherings and Connie was always the life of the party. She was loved not only for her endearing Australian mannerisms and accent and her invariable good humour, but because she was so considerate and interested in everybody and everything they were doing. When people realized that she actually was interested in them and was not being only polite, they couldn't get over it. She was probably the best listener one could ever hope to meet. As a result, I am afraid we all wanted to take her over for good at the expense of her own family back in Australia.

We naturally introduced her to Val Morin at the first opportunity. One day we were both sitting on the lawn overlooking Lac Raymond taking in the annual reawakening of nature which had always amazed me, and now Connie, seeing it for the first time, also found it to be quite extraordinary. The chipmunks and squirrels were scurrying about on the grass, probably in search of the nuts they had cached away for the winter, and the birds were busily making their nests in the trees while they sang of their joy and happiness; even the spring air itself seemed to carry a message of promise of new life.

Connie had been telling me the latest news from home, how upset Sir Richard had been after our sister Fan died. He had erected a marble cenotaph to her memory in the cemetery at Perth. My sister was talking about our parents when my son Peter arrived in the row



The tomb of Lady Frances Griffith,

boat from across the lake. In his hand he held a telegram addressed to Connie. We looked at each other as she hastily tore open the envelope. It was from Mother announcing Father's death. At such a time it seemed appropriate for twins who came into the world together to share their sorrow and console one another. My mother survived Father by two years and died at the age of 88.

1934 is remembered also as the year Alphonsine came-out as a debutante in Montreal society. This business of making one's debut was something of a snobbish effort on the part of the more influential and wealthier families of the community to launch their daughters when they arrived at marriageable age so that they would have every opportunity of meeting the most eligible young bachelors around town and hopefully find themselves a suitable mate for life. Daughters of less fortunate families had a hard time breaking into the inner circle and often risked being snubbed by the more fortunate ones when it came to making up the lists of guests and invitations. This practice has fortunately gone out of favour in Montreal nowadays but in the thirties it was all the vogue.

Phonsine was one of the prettiest and most popular girls of the year and hardly a week went by without her picture appearing in the papers in connection with the whirl of social activities in the lives of the "debutantes." This kept her quite busy although she had some time left to devote to the Junior League and to hold down a job at Jaegers, not to mention the leisure time that was taken up with her skiing activities. She and Pat were recognized as among the outstanding girl skiers in Canada.

We gave Phonsine a coming-out reception at Argyle Avenue. Alphonse and I were there to help oversee the events of the evening. Alphonse was such a good-looking man that half the debutantes fell for him and wanted to make his acquaintance, believing he was just a guest at the party. Later Aunt Lelia entertained at a formal dinner in honour of Alphonsine in her imposing mansion on Belvedere Place. The night of the dinner I witnessed a little incident that reminded me how drastically circumstances can change in one's lifetime. Aunt Lelia was introduced to Miss Dawes, one of the debutante daughters, and she did not seem to me to be too friendly to her. Later on I learned that the Dawes, owners of the Dawes Brewery, had occupied a country estate in proximity to the humble Louis Paré home at Lachine. (Both these houses can be seen in the book by Désiré Girouard, entitled *Lake St. Louis and Cavalier de la Salle*.) Louis Paré (Aunt Lelia's father) had been a simple lock-keeper with 17 children and the Dawes had been "their lordships" enjoying, if not flaunting, their wealth and influence. Aunt Lelia had retained her feeling of resentment over all those years even though the situation had been almost reversed.

There was no lack of eligible young men ringing our

door-bell to escort Phonsine to all the important functions, and many of these young men were making serious proposals of marriage. So far she had refused them all. However, one young man had attracted her fancy and he was eminently suitable, but not of the Catholic faith. This presented a serious problem, both for his parents, who were opposed to his marrying a Catholic, and for ourselves, although we would not have refused our consent if she had asked for it.

We decided that it might be a good idea for Phonsine to have a change of scenery. Three of her closest friends and fellow champions in the Penguin Ski Club, the McNichols sisters, were contemplating a trip to Europe. We encouraged her to go along with them and they spent six wonderful months abroad.

While in Europe, through the Jules Timmins family, who were close friends of the Kennedys, she met Joe Kennedy Jr., the eldest son of the Ambassador, and was escorted by him to some functions in London. He was later killed in action during the war as a combat pilot.

Not all the girls had as much success as Alphonsine. While she was abroad, the mother of a young lady we knew telephoned me one day. It seemed that an important party was planned and her daughter had been invited. Also on the list of guests was another eminently eligible young bachelor who was likewise courting my daughter at the time. As she was away the mother wanted me to phone the young man and ask him to escort her daughter to the function. What a nerve it takes to make such a request! Of course I refused but I felt sorry for the mother. It shows how desperate a mother can become when her daughter is not popular, and it reminded me of my own mother years before in Kalgoorlie trying to cajole the boys into dancing with me.

Any hopes we had of breaking up our young couple were dashed when we went to the station to welcome Phonsine and her friends on their return from Europe. There was the young man on the station platform, already embracing her before we even had time to greet her.

That winter Alphonsine had a serious accident while we were spending the holidays at Val Morin. She fell while racing down a hill on her skis and struck her kidney against an obstruction under the snow. She had to be rushed by ambulance to Montreal and was operated on immediately. One of the many young doctors attending at her bedside in the Royal Victoria Hospital was a native of Newfoundland, Dr. John Howlett. It was the first time we had met this young man but we were to see a lot more of him in later years.

By this time Alphonse had recovered from his financial set-back in "The Crash" and we had begun to live comfortably once more. We had purchased a family car; Alphonse had bought a snappy roadster for his debutante daughter and Aunt Lelia had given her godson Tony an open car for his birthday. Three cars in the same

household!

For a long time I had been thinking of convincing Alphonse to look for a larger house. With Pat's debut in the offing and goodness knows how many marriages down the road, Argyle Avenue was definitely too small for us.

Finally I prevailed upon Alphonse to start looking around. We saw many houses that looked suitable, but most of them were much too expensive. One day we inspected a house at 33 Rosemount Avenue. I fell in love with it at first sight. Alphonse said nothing. It was twice the size of the Argyle Avenue house, with spacious and elegant rooms on three full floors, a huge kitchen with walk-in freezers, a sunroom-breakfast nook off the kitchen, a huge outside balcony on the third floor, overlooking Mount Pleasant Avenue in the rear of the

house, and below it, facing on that street, a fine two-storey red brick garage with a complete apartment above with its separate entrance and a stairway down to the kitchen, ideal for our little maids. The previous owner had been a contractor and all the materials and the construction itself were of the best quality.

As we left the house, Alphonse said to me gruffly "Don't think you are going to get it. It is too expensive!" I hadn't even said a word to him about wanting the house.

Two weeks later he arrived home with sensational news. He had made an offer without telling me and it had been accepted! Within minutes the household was agog with excitement over the news. In two months time we would move to our luxurious new home at 33 Rosemount Avenue and begin another episode in the on-going adventures of our Paré tribe.

XIX

Rosemount Avenue

In their new home the happiness of a ski-crazy family is only marred by worries about their father's health and the ominous threat of war.

In earlier days Rosemount Avenue was an exclusive, private thoroughfare leading north off Sherbrooke Street, west of Greene Avenue, nestled under the lee of Westmount mountain. Enormous elms and other giant trees towered over and shaded the entire street and the expansive front lawns stretched from house to house, like one continuous park, on both sides of the street. Where it met Sherbrooke two large brick and stone pillars fastened together by an immense iron chain formed a gate (which has since disappeared) and proclaimed the special private status of Rosemount Avenue, preventing access by vehicular traffic from Sherbrooke Street. All the fine houses fronting on Rosemount extended well back and most had imposing garages facing the streets to the rear; these streets were Mount Pleasant on our side and Mountain Avenue on the opposite side. It was truly an impressive oasis of peace and seclusion in the very heart of the bustling city. We had to pinch ourselves to realize our good fortune when we moved into 33 Rosemount Avenue in the spring of 1936.

At the risk of boring my readers, I would like to briefly describe some of the delights and advantages we discovered in our luxurious new home: Three entire floors of spacious bedrooms, bathrooms with mirrored walls, dens and sitting-rooms, a roof garden, library, sunroom and breakfast nook, not to speak of the many fancy fixtures and decorations we had inherited from our predecessors, such as silk drapes, crystal chandeliers, walk-in frigidaires, two automatic oil-burning furnaces in the basement, (if one went off the other switched on automatically), a two-car garage outfitted with the most up to date equipment; but the pièce-de-résistance was the mahogany-panelled dining-room separated from the large sitting-room by a sliding wall panel that remained quite invisible until opened up to announce dinner.

This dining-room became a favorite rendez-vous

for our children and their closest friends. We were in the prewar period of peace and happiness and skiing. Our entire family had become ski-crazy. For Alphonse and me it meant passing a quiet and restful weekend, usually preparing for the late Sunday night rush. For the nine children it meant a hurried and general exodus early on Friday evenings by train, and later by automobile, in the direction of the ski-hills north of Montreal, and a mass return for Sunday night dinner at Rosemount Avenue, where everyone had a tale to tell of exploits on the ski slopes. Most of the children were active in downhill and cross-country ski races and everyone wanted to know how the others had done in their competitions. We finally had to limit the number of guests on these occasions to one per Paré offspring, although this rule was more often honoured in the breach than in the observance. As a result, each Sunday night all winter long (and Goodness knows our winters are long), saw us catering to a strict minimum of twenty hungry and healthy young people at table and thus began the tradition of the Paré roast beef dinner on Sunday night.

Alphonse took it upon himself each week to personally see to the purchase of a 30-40 pound roast for these Sunday night dinners. (At 25 cents a pound he would pay about \$10.00 for what today would cost more than \$100.00!) From his early days out west on the Prairies, he had retained a good knowledge of cattle, and he was familiar with the distinction between various cuts of meat. He would accept nothing less than the choicest cuts. Every weekend, when he was at home, he would sally forth to Lachine, put his head together with his favourite butcher, and return triumphantly bearing a roast so vast and so succulent that once a young guest had seen and partaken of it to his heart's content after a weekend of outdoor sports in the mountain air, he could never forget such a gastronomic delight and would be forever after cajoling and angling for a return invitation



The house on Rosemount Avenue.

from his Paré connection.

This roast was usually beef, served with mashed potatoes and Yorkshire pudding, but we sometimes varied it with lamb, pork or ham, with as many delicious fresh vegetables as the young people could eat, followed by the perennial dessert of ice cream, chocolate sauce and cake. It was not a gourmet repast but there were never any complaints from the feasters, except when Alphonse was away. Then I had to take on the chore of finding such delectable morsels, and it was not always easy. I usually returned to Alphonse's favourite butcher after he identified me as the wife of his best customer. The first time, however, after I chose what I thought was a first-class roast, he noted my name and address and stopped in the act of writing the bill. "Oh Madame," he exclaimed, "You are Mrs. Alphonse Paré? Your husband will never accept

this roast you have chosen." And he proceeded to exchange it with one that he considered would pass my husband's approval.

To handle these voracious appetites required competent help in the kitchen department and we were lucky to have two good girls who followed us from Argyle to Rosemount Avenue. They occupied the apartment over the garage and it was an ideal arrangement for them as well as for us. They seemed happy and got along well with all of us until one day they received an invitation to join a newly-organized club for maids in the neighbourhood. A first meeting was held in our garage apartment and we soon found out what they talked about in their leisure hours. Before joining the club, they were earning a salary of \$25.00 a month each, plus bed and board. At the time this was considered a reasonable wage. You could meet all your needs with that amount of money and put some aside. They now asked for an increase to \$30.00 a month, and we agreed. Not very long afterwards they wanted another raise to \$35.00 a month and after some hesitation we agreed again. But then almost immediately they returned from another meeting of the club with new demands. It was to be \$45.00 per month or nothing. We decided it would be nothing, and we found ourselves without help in the kitchen. Our children had to be called upon to pitch in.

This state of affairs lasted for several weeks until one day I answered the doorbell to find standing there a tall robust-looking middle-aged woman who addressed me in French, but my knowledge of the language had not progressed to the point where I could converse. Luckily Alphonse was close at hand and I called him. It seemed our visitor had been employed as a maid in a neighbour's home for almost thirty years. She came from a farming community in the Ottawa Valley. Back at home she had two young nieces doing nothing but tending to the milking of the cows. The big city was beckoning to them and she had heard from our mutual mailman that we were seeking help. Were we interested? Alphonse lost no time in calling the neighbour for a reference. It was excellent. Not only were we interested, we advanced the travel expenses to have them come immediately. If the nieces were anything like the aunt, we had struck gold.

Only one thing appeared unusual to us. The aunt told us almost apologetically that her nieces had no experience and we should not pay them more than \$15.00 a month each, to start with. From a woman with all her years of service this seemed low even for beginners. The explanation was forthcoming when they showed up after a few days, hand in hand with their aunt, who towered over them. Dahlia and Marie were almost dwarfs, and two more timid, inexperienced, pitiful little souls the Good Lord had never permitted to roam unchaperoned on the face of this earth.

After the aunt took her leave, the little dwarfs looked bewildered and scared and began to cry. We tried

to console them and Alphonse said to me: "I don't know what we've got ourselves into, but I doubt if this is going to work out." He was wrong. But it took almost a year before the two little girls, holding each other by the hand, dared to venture forth together into the big city. At first they were terrified of everything, even of our electrical fixtures and the telephone. My husband called from the office to speak to me but I was out and nobody answered, even though the little girls were definitely at home. That night he asked them why they had not answered the phone, "Oh, M. Paré," they exclaimed in unison, "If we had known it was you, we would have answered!"

The boys used to tease the life out of them, but in a friendly way, and the midgets took everything they said seriously. As for our own girls, they joined forces and did everything possible to teach them the rudiments of domestic science. It was better to teach it than to have to do it themselves. Eventually they were rewarded with success. Peggy was particularly helpful in inspiring confidence in the little girls, and they came to serve us well and faithfully for many years, until we sold the house in 1948, after the war. Every year, when the time came for them to take their holidays, I would pack them into our car and drive them 100 miles up the Ottawa Valley to their home town, returning later to bring them back, for I fear they would never have dared to make the trip by themselves in those days. When they both left us to get married, each had saved a dowry of almost every cent we had paid to them over the years.

Joe Ryan, a grandson of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the U.S. railroad builder, became an important personage in our lives at about this time. He started a ski development north of Montreal at Mont Tremblant. It was an integrated habitant village with all kinds of ski-lifts up the flanks of the highest mountain in the Laurentians. Phonsine, Pat and Tony met Mr. Ryan when he first came onto the scene from Philadelphia and told of plodding up the slopes of Mont Tremblant with him, seal skins attached to the bottoms of their skis, as far as the very summit, listening with growing excitement all the way up as he described his ambitious plans to build chairlifts and ski-runs, cottages and restaurants, to turn the whole region into a winter sports paradise.

When Mr. Ryan's dreams finally became reality all our children fell in love with the whole idea and the atmosphere of the place, and they lived to be able to spend their time on the exciting downhill trails and in the inviting restaurants and cabins of this new French-Canadian village.

The conversation at home was now all about Mont Tremblant Lodge. It had become the most fashionable resort in North America and attracted all the celebrities, including many from Hollywood and Wall Street. This was before the Americans developed their own resorts and Mont Tremblant lost its popularity. Pat became a member of the staff at the Lodge, teaching skiing for

three years, until after the war broke out.

Mr. Ryan was ably assisted in this ambitious project by his wife Mary, the charming hostess of memorable "après ski" evenings in the Lodge, to the tune of good music and excellent fare. After her husband's tragic death, (he fell to his death from a high rise in Philadelphia), she took over and made a great success of operating the venture started by Joe Ryan.

In 1937, the Munich University Ski Team came to town, and two young blond-haired Bavarians, Walter and Karl Ringer, attracted the attention of our girls and were invited to stay at our house. Later the girls joined the University Ski Teams on a tour of the ski resorts and they participated in ski races all around the country, even in the far west at Mount Hood and Mount Oregon and other American resorts which were beginning to come into their own. They always did quite well for themselves in these competitions. Pat won the Canadian Women's Downhill Championship adding this to the title she already held of Quebec Junior Ladies Golf Champion.

Pat was an expert skier, but unlike her sisters Phonsine and Peggy, she threw caution to the wind during downhill races and as a result she crashed into a tree-trunk going at full speed down Mont Tremblant, and broke a number of her bones including a leg. She was rushed to Montreal and for a time we were quite worried about her. Today, forty years later, having raised a large family almost single-handed after she lost her husband, now the grandmother of 12, she still teaches and skis as well as she ever did. And she is still a very beautiful woman. She hardly looks any different than she did in those late thirties when Mont Tremblant was in its infancy and Pat Paré was a name to conjure with in the skiing world.

Our boys were just as keen skiers but all of them were tied down to their studies. Tony and Peter had left Jean-de-Brébeuf in 1934 to attend Loyola College and the younger ones coming out of St. Leo's Academy followed them there. Aunt Lelia had given her godson Tony that second-hand convertible jalopy for his birthday and it became a sort of school-bus to transport our boys and their friends to the west-end Loyola campus. As they proceeded along Sherbrooke Street West in the morning hours, pick-ups were made at almost every other intersection until the car was bulging with as many as fifteen exuberant youngsters. There were no laws then to prevent this sort of thing. It was not even necessary to take out a driver's license, and we watched these goings-on with some concern. Needless to say we were glad to see the last of that vehicle when it broke down beyond repair while Tony was en route to Timmins, Ontario, to work in the Hollinger Mine for the summer.

Among the close friends of our boys at that time were the sons of our neighbours on Rosemount Avenue, the celebrated Asselin family, which also boasted nine children, a French-Canadian father who was head of the

Montreal City Administration and an English-speaking mother whose father was a Liberal Senator in the Parliament at Ottawa. The Asselin boys likewise attended Loyola College. Eddy, who was a prisoner of war for several years after being shot down over Germany, and Patrick, his younger brother, both became federal Members of Parliament. David joined the Jesuit Order about the same time as our son Donald.

For Tony and Peter this was a time of decisions about their future careers. Alphonse and I never had any cause to complain about any of our children attending to their studies. They were all good scholars and we felt gratified and proud of their mature approach to the problem of choosing a vocation in life. We did not intentionally try to sway them in this decision but certainly Alphonse never encouraged his sons to follow a career in mining engineering, possibly because it meant spending so much time away from home, as he had learned from experience. I might have been unconsciously influenced by our Griffith traditions to direct some of my sons towards the "learned professions" but they never accused us of interfering and I believe they are all happy with the paths they decided to follow in their lives.

All our boys (and even our girls) went through that period of adolescence when they would stay out at debutante and other balls that lasted until the dawn. At first we were a little perturbed to meet them coming home as Alphonse and I were setting out for the Ascension Church to attend early Sunday morning Mass. But there was little one could say to them. I convinced Alphonse that all the young people were doing the same thing and our children would soon get over it. Happily, they did so. They had their flings and eventually they got tired of all-night parties and settled down to the serious business of learning their professions and preparing for their future careers.

Peter never seemed to question his calling. Ever since his "frogs in the pond" days at Val Morin, he was heading straight for a brilliant career in medicine and the story of how he became an internationally-known figure in his chosen specialty will be told later on. Tony, on the other hand, seemed to be attracted to the law profession. He also became interested in politics and joined the Liberal Party, to work for our local member, Mr. Doug Abbott, who was elected to the Ottawa Parliament and became the Minister of Finance.

After graduating with a B.A. from Loyola in 1936, Tony enrolled as a law student at the University of Montreal. In doing this he acted against the advice of most of his family and friends, including Alphonse's close friend, John Hackett, the lawyer, Aunt Lelia, his godmother, and even his parents, who felt that he should follow in his father's footsteps and go to McGill, where he would make the proper contacts in business and society to help him succeed later on; but Tony felt that his future in politics and the legal profession would be

advanced by a thorough knowledge of French which he could only acquire at the University of Montreal. He may have been right in the light of the present developments in this province, but the road was much harder for him.

Dick and Paul were still too young to decide but after the war they both followed Tony in the study of law. In the meantime, first Dick then Paul were emulating their father and making names for themselves as football heroes at Loyola.

During the summer months the older boys were now working in the Hollinger mines or out in the bush for their father. They reported that he was a hard task-master but he never spared himself and worked as much as any man. It was excellent training for my sons and they returned in the fall as grown young men, bronzed and weather-beaten from being outdoors all summer. Dick quickly overtook his older brothers and grew into a colossus. He became the star halfback out on the Loyola campus and when Alphonse was home we naturally had to go and cheer for him when he carried the ball for his team. The only trouble was that my husband would become too embroiled in the struggle going on between the opposing sides on the field and always seemed about to join in the fray. Once when he heard two young players on the other side call out "get Paré" and Dick was knocked unconscious on the next play, Alphonse became so incensed he jumped over the fence and had to be restrained from accosting the players on the other team as Dick was carried off the field. Naturally I didn't like the game much because I was always afraid one of my sons was going to get hurt.

Jeanne Costello, Alphonse's cousin, was a close and dear friend of ours. Her husband Richard had died leaving her with a daughter, Yvonne, and a son, John. Jeanne lived in two magnificent homes, one on Westmount mountain and the other on a lovely estate at Ste. Agathe des Monts where most of the Timminses had their country residences. We were often entertained by Jeanne at both homes; she was a most thoughtful hostess and we thoroughly enjoyed her company. Alphonse loved to wander alone over her two thousand acres of forest land and lakes with a shotgun over his shoulder, taking occasional potshots at the rabbits and partridge that were plentiful in her woods, and returning most times with a trophy for the kitchen pots. Yvonne was the same age as Pat and both girls were proposing to make their formal debut at the same time in the fall of 1936. Jeanne and Alphonse agreed to jointly sponsor a coming-out party for both their daughters.

As time went by the scope of the event grew by leaps and bounds and it became apparent that Jeanne's idea of a suitable coming-out party was not the same as Alphonse's. He had wanted to limit the expense involved, but Jeanne was determined to make the party the social splash of the season and before the night of the ball the costs had soared into the five figures, most of which,

needless to say, were to be borne by the far wealthier cousin.

It was a sensational party occupying the main ballroom and a good part of the reception rooms of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. No expense was spared. The orchestra was a famous name band of the period in the U.S., Tommy Dorsey. Each table was decorated with large and small artificial Christmas trees (it was the festive season) and they were fitted with blinking electric lights incorporated into the branches of the trees. The entire ballroom was similarly festooned. There were souvenirs for everyone and the catering was superb. The girls were beautifully gowned and they both looked like princesses. Tony had the honour of escorting his cousin Yvonne and Pat was accompanied by one of her beaux, Joe Porteous. The younger members of the family were allowed to participate and Dick even had his first set of formal wear ("tails" they called it) given to him, replete with top-hat

and gloves, by his godmother Jeanne Costello. It was unanimously hailed as the party of the year. Most of the Timmins cousins, including Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah, graced the coming-out party by their presence, although Uncle Henry had passed away and Aunt Alphonsine was unfortunately too sick to attend. The beautiful decorations, especially the artificial Christmas trees, were carried away by close relatives and for years afterwards these same trees reappeared during the holiday season to remind us of a memorable evening in the lives of our children.

At Rosemount Avenue our favourite room was the upstairs den which became the "bridge room." All our children learned to play bridge well and our happiest hours were spent in the bridge room in front of a blazing fire, oftimes with our beloved pastor, Reverend Gerald Berry, as the fourth player. Or we would be invited to play bridge with Aunt Lelia at the mansion on Belvedere



A Silver Anniversary family portrait.

Place. Sometimes, when Alphonse was away, one or the other of my children would accompany me to make a fourth with Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah. Young Paul developed an unusual proficiency at bridge and was the partner the most in demand.

For my fiftieth birthday, on the 3rd of May 1938, Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah gave me an intimate birthday party attended by all the Timmins cousins, which became at the same time our silver anniversary. Alphonse and I had been married for 25 years. He made a very touching speech in which he thanked Aunt Lelia and Uncle Noah for all they had done for him in his lifetime. They had been a mother and father to him he said, and he loved them as dearly as a son.

I now had so many things to be thankful to God for, such a wonderful husband; the finest children, all of whom were healthy; my happy home and our gracious house to entertain at the weddings which I knew would soon be coming up (for romance was already in the air); my Mothers' Club which kept me busy and happy; and now my dear twin sister Connie arrived to be at my side at least for the time-being. There were no immediate worries for the future and I was a lucky woman indeed.

I wrote to Alphonse who had just returned to Georgetown in British Guyana:

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the new home you have given us. 33 Rosemount is like an impossible dream come true. The children adore it and they are proud to entertain their friends in such elegance and style.

We began to welcome interesting personalities into our midst. The younger children especially enjoyed hearing a battle of wits between Sir Arnold Lunn, the father of skiing, who was on a visit to Montreal, and the famous Dr. J.S.L. Browne; or an opportunity to hear the great Dr. John Thompson describe his adventures in Mexico. Both the doctors were invited to our home by a newcomer to our Sunday evening feasts, Dr. John Howlett.

It is when everything looks the rosier that dark clouds begin to gather.

Aunt Lelia was the first to be sorely tried when Uncle Noah died suddenly of a heart attack on the golf course in Florida. Alphonse joined the Timmins boys and rushed south to escort the body back home. And as if that shock was not enough for her, Aunt Lelia had to suffer within the short space of a few years the accidental deaths in quick succession of her oldest son, M.J., followed by three of her oldest grandsons. One boy died on the football field, another in a plane accident and the third by accidental drowning. How could a woman who did so much good be so sorely tried by Him? She never complained and continued to carry on her good works in

helping the less fortunate, but in her heart of hearts how deeply she must have felt those grievous losses. I said to myself: "How can she be so afflicted and I am so lucky to be spared?"

Although it could in no way be compared to the trials of dear Aunt Lelia, our turn was about to come. Two unexpected and chilling fears began to gnaw at our hearts. The first one concerned everybody. The news from Europe was alarming. The name of Hitler was on everybody's lips and the possibility of another world war was now openly discussed. My motherly instinct filled me with apprehension for the future of my six fine young sons.

The other fear was more immediate and affected all of us: it concerned the health of Alphonse. All his life Alphonse had worked hard and never spared himself. He expected others to follow suit. More often than not this was impossible, for he was a man of exceptional strength and not everybody was capable of doing what he could do. For example, I never knew him to be vanquished in a contest of wrist-wrestling, where two men sit at a table and each attempts to put down the other's wrist flat on the table surface. Even at 65 years of age, with an ailing heart, he could still easily overcome all his muscular sons at this game. It seemed that early in his life he learned a secret way of manipulating his wrist to put down the opponent. While he rarely boasted about his exploits, he loved to tell the tale of how once, in his younger days, he arrived at an outpost in the Yukon where a giant was challenging all comers in this form of contest. Alphonse put him down with hardly any effort and he was acclaimed by the onlookers as a great champion.

There are so many pictures in my albums that recall his feats of strength in his youthful days. A picture from R.M.C., among others, shows him doing push-ups while six of his fellow cadets are lying flat on top of his back.



Alphonse doing push-ups with six others on his back at RMC.



Alphonse and his dog team, mushing in the North.

His exploits in the North woodlands were legendary. In the thick of winter he had been known to “mush” his dog-sled for miles through the worst of blizzards enduring conditions beyond the strength of mortal man.

There is one story he told me once to explain his unexpected arrival home, when he was marooned for the winter on some remote island on Great Bear Lake near the Arctic Ocean. He had gone in by boat with a prospector to look at a discovery and the freeze-up occurred much earlier than expected. The weather closed in on them and the two men realized they were trapped and would not be able to get out before spring, which was nine months away. The closest outpost of civilization was more than two hundred miles away, as the crow flies, over rough and impassable terrain, and frozen wastes. It was suicidal to even contemplate trying to make it out. So they resigned themselves to spending a long winter together, I am told that when men are locked together in this manner for long periods, unless they are perfectly matched it is inevitable that they shall come to hate one another. This is what happened to Alphonse. His companion had only one subject on his mind, and it was his sole topic of conversation: his past and future exploits with women of easy virtue. And he proceeded to drive Alphonse crazy with his stories. Alphonse never consented to listen to such tales in the normal course of events, but here he was a captive audience. He finally told the man he didn't want to hear any more of his stories and the tension between them began to grow. They ceased to be on speaking terms and the silence between them grew ominous. One day arrived when the tension and isolation affected his companion and drove him berserk. He struck at Alphonse from behind with his axe. By a miracle Alphonse deflected the blow and quickly held the man at gun-point. He forced him to divide everything in equal

shares and they parted company, each setting out on snowshoes for civilization and both made it back independently. It was a sensational exploit and could only be accomplished by men possessing exceptional physical strength and endurance.

Until now Alphonse had always called upon his body to perform the impossible and it had responded. All this might now be coming to an end, and Alphonse could not believe it. He was still a young man, only fifty-three!

The problem had begun during his last trip to South America. On the higher reaches of the Orinoco river in British Guyana their camp was suddenly flooded to a height of nearly six feet. Some of his companions were drowned. The land was flat and there was no possibility of escape to higher ground so they were forced to wait, up to their necks in muddy water, for hours that stretched to days until the flood subsided, all the time holding their most important belongings above their heads to save as much as they could in order to survive. Once before, during the Great Haileybury fire of 1908, when they had to flee into the lake for their lives, Alphonse had encountered such an experience. Then he had recovered rapidly. Now on his return from South America he fell seriously ill and his doctors ordered a complete rest. They even suggested that his heart might have been affected.

Alphonse was never one to remain inactive for very long. It was only shortly after this warning that I caught him in the act of carrying up on his back an iron Quebec stove from the basement of the house in Val Morin and I made quite a scene. He was taken aback by the vehemence of my reproaches and promised faithfully never to do such a thing again. Shortly thereafter he went on another mining trip with his cousin Leo Timmins; on that trip he suffered a mild heart attack and, on his return, he had to be hospitalized again.

As a result of his British Guyana experience he had also developed a huge boil on his back. His doctor was worried about his general condition and once again recommended a complete rest and a change of surroundings. He suggested we go south for the winter.

It was now out of the question to go to Val Morin for Christmas as planned and the children agreed they should postpone their departure for the north until after Christmas Day. On our return from Midnight Mass at the Church of the Ascension we were dismayed to find Alphonse feeling so weak that we immediately cancelled our Réveillon celebration as well as the distribution of presents around the Christmas tree.

Alphonse and I had rarely ever taken a real holiday together. That summer of 1938 Alphonse with his usual generosity had financed Tony on a trip to Europe and Tony had just returned after spending four exciting months touring most of the countries of Europe in company with three of his friends, Charlie Paré, Paul Dandurand and Bill McNally.

Charlie my readers already have met. Paul was the

son of the well known sportsman, Leo Dandurand, operator of the Canadiens hockey team and the Alouettes football team. He also owned Drury's and Café Martin Restaurants which were run by his sons Paul and Gérard. Bill McNally was a first cousin of Anne Allison, Peter Paré's future wife. While in Germany, the boys had been entertained by the Ringer brothers of the Munich University Ski Team, our house guests of the preceding winter. They returned convinced that another world war was about to break out any day, and the Munich Crisis actually burst upon us just as we had finally made up our minds to drive to Florida and spend the winter there; however it didn't deter us from leaving as planned. My sister Connie had agreed to stay behind and manage the household during our absence. Besides, I was determined, war or no war, that Alphonse would spend the next few months on the beach to convalesce from his illness. It certainly was his turn to a long holiday away from all his worries and responsibilities.

Little did we realize as we set off for Florida after the New Year of 1939 that this was to become our way of life during most of the next 18 years, for Alphonse would not completely recover his strength and he would never again return to his active life as field geologist for the N.A. Timmins Corporation.

We spent the first days of 1939 on the beach at Reddington near St. Petersburg, walking along the seashore side by side searching for shells and watching the fishing boats go out. I missed my children, particularly my two babies Donald and John, and I knew they needed their mother. But Alphonse needed me more than they did and my decision had been taken. I would do everything in my power to keep my husband in good health, even at the cost of leaving my children to their own resources. As for the Mothers' Club, I had been able to find a replacement and it was in good hands. When my resignation as president was accepted they presented me with a testimonial scroll signed by all the school children and their parents and I was extremely touched by this token of their appreciation.

In Florida, the news from abroad was becoming ominous. We had lived through the period of "peace in our time" after the Munich Crisis was over. Alphonse had felt that it would not last, and he was right. Now the madman had taken over control of the German military machine and nothing could stop him from unleashing it against his neighbours. The papers were full of atrocity stories about the treatment of the Jewish population by the Nazis. Peace in the entire world seemed to hang by a thread and everybody was preparing for the inevitable.

In February, when Hitler invaded Czechoslovakia, we were sorely tempted to return to Canada immediately, but we were dissuaded by Aunt Con and the children in a long telephone conversation during which they assured us there was no reason to cut short our holiday.

All the children were writing faithfully and I

suspected they were being goaded in this department by Aunt Con. She was ruling with an iron hand. Donald wrote complaining that she had embarrassed him by asking him in public if he had his winter undies on, and he also told me I was a "soft touch." "Aunt Con is the opposite," he wrote. "She enters everything in her cash book and there is no chance for me to get any additional allowance, or even an advance." However they all stressed how much they loved my sister. Pat and Paul reported on how hard the boys were working. "Except Dick," said Paul of his older brother. "I would like your permission to have the authority to supervise his studies!"

"Tony made a very good speech on the radio for Mr. Abbott, the Liberal candidate," they said. Peggy described how 8,000 people were stranded up north when a train derailed on the weekend. Dick spoke about girls. He had spent a weekend at the Jules Timmins home in Ste. Marguerite and he had been assigned to escort 18-year-old Eunice Kennedy, the ambassador's daughter. She was "attractive" and a "very good Catholic." It seemed that he had allowed her to injure her knee on the slopes and Edna Timmins, Jules' wife, was not very happy about it. But later he heard from the Kennedy girl in New York and she had recovered. In another line he mentioned meeting a Miss Raymonde Marchand. "She is quite nice," was his understatement about the girl who would later become his wife. All the letters expressed amazement to see us in shorts in the pictures we had sent from Florida. "You both look so young," was the flattering consensus. But there was no doubt that they all missed us as much as we missed them.

When we returned home in April everything appeared normal in Montreal, but this was only the calm on the surface. Underneath, the probability of another war was dividing the community along racial lines. It was a repetition of the cleavage in the Canadian nation as a result of conscription in the First World War. The more imminent hostilities appeared, the more determined were the French Canadians to keep out of the fray, no matter who was involved.

Alphonse and Tony had several hot arguments on the subject of whether Canada should go to war if Britain did, and I deliberately refrained from taking sides, remembering my anti-participation feelings in the First World War. My son was influenced by his education at Jean-de-Brébeuf and the University of Montreal and he was reflecting the anti-war opinions of his teachers and his classmates. Alphonse on the other hand was a dyed-in-the-wool imperialist. If Britain and France were at war, so automatically was Canada. Our other sons seemed non-committal although nobody was anxious to go to war and all of us were praying that it would not happen. After war broke out, Tony would suffer a change of heart and enroll as a volunteer in the Canadian Army. What influenced him more than anything else, he told us later, was the gracious personality of Queen (Mother) Eliza-

both on her visit to Canada in 1939 to promote the war effort. He saw her in person close by and was much impressed by Her Majesty.

In the meantime life had to go on as usual at home. Plans were made, decisions about the future were taken, fall and winter activities were organized, ski chalets were rented and ski equipment was purchased, and commitments of all kinds were made. The only difference was that so many of them were conditional on no war breaking out.

Tony graduated in law and passed the bar exams at the same time as his cousin Rudolphe Paré, a grandson of Aunt Emma. Rudolphe would have a distinguished career at the Bar and is now a Justice of the Quebec Court of Appeals. That summer, Tony joined forces with two of the most brilliant of the young Montreal attorneys to

form the firm of Slattery, Bélanger and Paré. The first of our boys was launched on the adventure of life; the others would follow suit, but only after the war years had intervened.

One day, black headlines in the papers announced the invasion of Poland by the armies of Hitler. England and France were linked by treaties to defend Poland. Now war would be the inevitable result. On the first day of September, Canada declared war alongside the Motherland and her European allies.

The die was cast and Hitler's war had begun. As in that earlier "War to End All Wars," for the second time since I had arrived from Australia to live in Montreal the spectre of loved ones exposed to danger in wartime arose to haunt me. This time it was not for Alphonse that I feared but for my six young sons.

XX

Hitler's War

A mother's heart beats for her beloved ones in danger.

As so often happens in Montreal, the fall months were quite pleasant in 1939 and the weather gave no hint of the disturbing events then taking place in other parts of the world.

I would awake each morning to the sight of green shrubbery and colourful leaves outside my bedroom window on Rosemount Avenue. The window was always wide open, even in the coldest months, a habit acquired in my Australian days which occasionally annoyed my husband, and outside I could hear the birds singing high in the trees, sweet music against the incessant hum of the big city in the background. The fresh scent of autumn wafted into my bedroom and gently played upon my forehead heralding the imminent approach of winter. In a little while it would softly spread its white lambrequin of snow over the land and efface the familiar landscape. Amidst such peaceful surroundings, it was hard to believe that we were at war again and to realize all that meant to each and every one of us in our household.

Alphonse had already tried to enlist in the Army. He thought it was his duty as an R.M.C. graduate. I felt very sorry for him haunting the recruiting offices and being turned down time and time again, more, I believe, on account of his health than because of his age. As time went by, and the Allied cause began to suffer serious reverses, Alphonse even tried to pull strings in order to join up and I can't say I was too unhappy when all his efforts proved unsuccessful.

It is truly amazing how the daily routine of our lives will continue on its regular course as if nothing has occurred, even if the enemy is at the gates of the city. I suppose it has always been so down through the centuries. People must eat and drink and sleep and make love, and plan and fight among themselves, and be selfish or unselfish, and do all the other things they usually do out of habit, even if the armies of their homeland are locked

in battle with the enemy.

Here we were at war and I realized instinctively that, sooner or later, my sons would be caught up in the turmoil and be called away to do their share for their country. But in the meantime very little had changed: the boys were going about their usual affairs as if nothing was up, (it is true they had one ear cocked to the latest news reports); as yet, little or no wartime restrictions had been imposed upon us; each member of the family was planning his or her usual round of activities for Christmastime (these included a sizeable delegation of Parés bound for Mont Tremblant and the Laurentian ski resorts); and Alphonse and I were contemplating a return to the beaches of Florida.

Poor Alphonse had not yet recovered from his shock when Dr. Brow told him in no uncertain terms that there was no point in hoping he could go back to mining. His heart would not permit it. If he wanted to survive for any time he had to take it easy and avoid exertions, strain and stress. The Timmins boys had been wonderful and Alphonse had now taken an early retirement. He would remain associated with the Timmins' Corporation as an advisor but everybody knew that his usefulness to the firm had ended. It is not easy for a man who has not yet reached his 55th birthday to find himself on the shelf, especially one like Alphonse who had always been so active. I could see that my work was going to be cut out for me to keep him happy.

Overseas the military situation appeared to be at a standstill. Behind the seemingly impregnable Maginot Line the huge French and English armies were dug in facing the armed might of Hitler's Reich.

The Germans had quickly disposed of Poland thanks in part to the treachery of the Russians. Now Hitler was sending up trial balloons for peace while preparing for future conquests. "Our dispute was over Poland, and that has now been settled. So let us be

friends," he said to the French and English. It was obviously just a ploy but a devilishly clever one and for many of us a faint hope began to glimmer: Maybe the war would turn out to be a stalemate and we might not have to become so involved after all.

Buoyed by the thought that our sons just might be spared from the horrors of war, Alphonse and I returned to Florida in the first week of 1940, leaving our household once again in the hands of Connie who already was making plans to return to her own family in Australia because of the hostilities.

The usual news bulletins from home began flowing southwards almost as soon as we had settled into our beach cottage. After our departure, our three skiing daughters had distinguished themselves in the famous Taschereau downhill race at Mont Tremblant. Phonsine had come first, Peggy second, while Pat, always the most daring and usually the winner, had literally flown through the air into the woods. She was badly shaken up, but happily, not seriously injured this time.

Their letters reflected the ski-bug which had bitten all our children: John, they said, was a coming champion. Tony, the young lawyer, was organizing interscholastic ski meets, and Paul had participated in them. Dick had begun to squire Raymonde Marchand on the ski slopes. "Did I mention her name to you before?" he asked innocently.

Phonsine was talking about John Howlett in her letters now. Only Peter seemed to have his nose to the grindstone, cramming for his exams at medical school. His letter was full of descriptions of cutting up corpses and "... every night at 11 p.m.," he confided to us, "Aunt Con comes into the den and splits a quart of beer with me." How they all loved my darling sister! The children also wrote us that Aunt Con was organizing three bridge games a week in our home to raise funds for the war effort.

Then one day we received another letter from Phonsine which gave us much joy and happiness. She had accepted the offer of marriage of Dr. John Howlett. Alphonse and I were delighted because we were very fond of this young man. A native of Newfoundland, he had already gained a reputation as one of the leading physicians in Montreal. For some time past we had observed a number of suitors for the hand of our daughter competing among themselves, but it was impossible for us to judge who was the favourite. We dared not express any preference for that would have been fatal. All her young men were most acceptable but in our hearts of hearts we favoured John Howlett and we rejoiced at the news. It did not come as a complete surprise, as Phonsine had been seeing the young doctor, but we had no inkling that their relationship had reached that stage. Our pleasure was tempered with a little sadness when we realized that our first baby was about to fly away from the roost. Now Phonsine's letters were full of detailed

descriptions of her plans for the wedding and afterwards. Because of the war they had decided to have the wedding in June. We couldn't wait to return home and join in the preparations. Our household became such a hive of activity getting ready for this great event that we almost forgot about the war; it took the arrival of the first boatload of child evacuees from England to remind us that things were not as they should be in the old world.

Phonsine and Tony were recruited by Mrs. Millie Hutchison to lend a helping hand with the children when the boat-train arrived at Windsor Station. There was a good deal of controversy over the evacuation of these children. In the initial panic following the outbreak of war and the first dropping of bombs over London, it was imagined that these air attacks would result in a holocaust and many of those parents who could decided to send their children to safety in Canada. But very few were fortunate enough to be able to do this and a general criticism of the scheme broke out among the public on both sides of the Atlantic. The idea was abandoned later on when a ship carrying these children was torpedoed in the North Atlantic and many children went down with the ship. They would obviously have been safer at home. I didn't know it at the time but fate was preparing a more active part for me in connection with these children.

All the lessons learned in the First World War were being put into practice again in the new Battle of the North Atlantic which was then raging and would continue until the end of the war. The Germans had obviously spent years building up a huge submarine fleet for this occasion and the casualties among our allied convoys were very heavy, although little of this was made public at the time. The Canadian Navy was called upon to play a major role in this battle and was asking for volunteers. Two of my sons would eventually respond to this appeal, but, in the meantime, the success of Phonsine's wedding seemed to outweigh any other concerns of the moment. After all, none of my boys had yet joined up and none were considering such a move, as far as I knew. My mind was at rest on that score so I concentrated on preparations for the wedding.

And then overnight, before the wedding day, in what could only have been a matter of days or weeks, the entire situation had changed. A lightning armoured attack by the German Army, coining a new phrase, "The Blitzkrieg," had outflanked the Maginot Line and overrun all the Allied positions. France had fallen, England had been driven from the Continent, Italy had come into the war on the side of Germany, Hitler was master of all continental Europe and our cause looked desperate. In all the movie houses the newsreels depicted scenes of the German tanks surging through the French countryside and into the cities; Hitler grimacing and dancing for the cameras in the same railway car where the Treaty of Versailles had been signed. It left us with a sinking feeling in the pits of our stomachs. We were particularly shocked

and horrified to witness the dramatic pictures showing the evacuation of the British Tommies from Dunkirk, abandoning their entire matériel and armaments. It was difficult to find any cause for rejoicing at the safe evacuation of our troops although, in hindsight, it was a wonderful feat and saved the Allied cause. At that time, however, the British Isles lay almost defenseless and appeared to be at the mercy of the so-called master race.

In the midst of all the bad news Phonsine had a lovely wedding at the Church of the Ascension of Our Lord in Westmount and the reception took place in our home. The day turned out sunny and warm with a light breeze to ruffle the bride's and bridesmaids' veils and our house lived up to expectations. The four hundred guests spread out through the many spacious rooms on all three floors of the house, and even onto the roof-garden in the sunlight. A phalanx of prominent young medical associates supported the groom, and the bride, surrounded by her bevy of lovely girlfriends, was as beautiful a prize as any man could aspire to. It was an emotional occasion for me, the first of nine weddings among my children, and how many more among succeeding generations I hesitate to guess. It marked the first knot to be untied in our closely knit family circle.

On that day the talk revolved around the serious turn of events in Europe. Among the men it was plain to see that the hour of decision had arrived. John Howlett had already offered his services to the Air Force and he would be quitting his practice. Tony, my only son to be exposed to a French-Quebec education, had always opposed our participation in the war. Now he had finally come around to his father's way of thinking and we knew he would follow John's example before too long. He told us that many of his University of Montreal friends had switched their allegiance to the Vichy Government of Marshal Pétain to avoid at any cost becoming embroiled in the conflict, and Tony could not accept their attitude. Even the Americans had awakened to the danger of the situation and had begun to assist our cause by contributing a fleet of obsolete destroyers.

Dick and Paul were keen on joining the Navy, but they seemed so very young to me. Both were minors. I could not believe the armed services would take them until they became of age. In the meantime maybe some solution to the conflict might show up.

Listening to all their conversations on that sunny afternoon in June, I realized with a sinking heart that we were now in the very thick of it and all my young men must soon turn into soldiers in the service of their country. Like Alphonse, I knew I would be very proud of them when the time came.

It came sooner than I anticipated. That summer, even before the wedding excitement had abated, some of the boys enrolled in the Canadian Officers Reserve Training Corps and were away at camp training to be future officers. John Howlett was posted in the interval

to Toronto with the Air Force Command and there Phonsine would give birth to our first grandchild, John Howlett, Jr. Peter and Dick were entered at McGill, Peter in medicine and Dick in law. But the strain on the boys was unbearable. All their friends were proposing to join up and they too realized where their duty lay. One day, after the holiday season, early in 1941, Dick and Paul decided independently of each other to enlist in the Navy without telling their parents. By coincidence they both appeared separately, unbeknownst one to the other, on the same day before Captain Grant, (later Admiral Grant), the chief recruiting officer, whose wife and family were very old friends of Alphonse from Haileybury days.

Dick was the first to apply. It was the day after he had turned 21, on January 25th 1941, the required age to be accepted for officers' training in the Navy at the new Royal Roads Academy in Esquimault, B.C.

When Paul, who was only 18, appeared before Captain Grant that same afternoon and also made his application, he too declared himself to be 21 years of age



Dick and Paul in their Navy uniforms.



Tony in uniform.

and produced an altered birth certificate to back it up. Knowing our family, this amused the captain and he asked Paul if he was the twin of his brother Dick who had been accepted that morning. Poor Paul was embarrassed to be found out and upset when he was turned down because of his age. But he had much impressed the Navy brass and they badly wanted him. Four months later he was accepted and left to join his brother at Kings College in B.C. Then Tony, not to be outdone by the example of his younger brothers, enlisted in the artillery, and went off for officers' training courses at Brockville and Petawawa in Ontario. With John and Donald away boarding at Loyola, and Pat working at Mont Tremblant, my family had suddenly dwindled.

One day Alphonse and I awoke to the realization that our big house had become empty and silent. All our older children had gone away and we could not even find a fourth partner for bridge! What a dramatic change in such a short time. We began to rely on the cheery presence of our sole remaining child, our youngest daughter Peggy, who had completed her course at the Sacred Heart and taken employment with the Income Tax Department.

The boys were writing faithfully from their training camps. They were all working hard and looking forward

to coming furloughs with their parents before they would graduate and be posted to active duty in the service of their country. It was not very comforting for a mother to realize that her babies were learning how to comport themselves in battle and how to kill the enemy before being killed by him, because indubitably they would be putting their new knowledge to practical use before very long.

Dick had fallen in love with a beautiful young lady, Raymonde Marchand. She was the only child of the famous architect, J.O. Marchand, who contributed so many architectural treasures to our country, including the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa and the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame on Atwater Avenue in Montreal. These children of 21 and 19 were bent on getting married immediately before Dick left on convoy duty in the North Atlantic.

Raymonde lived with her widowed mother on Wood Avenue, only a stone's throw from our own home, and we decided to meet her mother, Tiva, to discuss this marriage question with her. Ray was her only child, born as a great surprise when Tiva had already passed 45 years of age. She very generously gave her consent and we decided that the young people should have their way. The wedding was planned to take place immediately after Christmas.

For Alphonse and Aunt Lelia and me — and all our family — it was a wonderful day when we first met Tiva Marchand. She became one of our closest and dearest friends from that moment on.

Then all of a sudden portentous events were occurring on the international scene with immense consequences for the issues at stake. Russia was paying for her earlier sins against her neighbours in Poland and the Baltic States when Hitler treacherously launched his blitzkrieg invasion of the Ukraine, and in the early hours of December the 7th 1941, Japan joined the fray with its surprise attack on Pearl Harbour. We were heartened by the screaming black headlines in all the papers heralding both these events for now we were no longer alone. Our new Allies, Russia and the United States, represented the greatest potential concentration of military might the world would ever see. How foolish and presumptuous of the Germans and Japanese to challenge these giants, but it would take many years of hardship and effort to drive this truth home to them.

A few weeks later, in January 1942, Dick and Ray were married at Tiva's residence on Wood Avenue. Their house, another architectural masterpiece of her late husband and much in the same style as a house he built on Sunnyside Avenue in Westmount which is the residence of our cousin Jeanne Costello, was ideally suited for a military wedding. Most of Dick's friends who could come were in uniform. All three branches of the service were also represented by our family in uniform: the Air Force by John Howlett, the Navy by Dick and Paul, and the

Army by Tony, who came down from Petawawa on embarkation leave to act as best man.

The young couple, Dick in his Navy uniform, and Raymonde in the full bloom of her 20-year-old beauty, looked so young and handsome that all our hearts went out to them and our eyes were misty as we silently prayed for the end of this war so that they could live their young lives happily together. The realization that Dick would be leaving his lovely bride almost immediately after the ceremony to face the unknown dangers of armed conflict with the enemy on the high seas was so preposterous and out of place on that peaceful afternoon that it seemed to be nothing but a bad dream. It was our last family reunion for a long time to come. The events overseas now took control of our lives. The Navy boys were posted to their ships in the North Atlantic and from now on we would hear about their adventures from letters mailed in haste, whenever their ships touched at port; tales of mountainous seas, 60 feet high, and long vigils in the face of wild winter gales that turned their ships into icebergs, of hours spent under the cold North Atlantic twilight chipping away at the ice, of seasickness and hopes for better days to follow, of the many young men from



Peter in his RCAF uniform.

Montreal whom we all knew and who were sharing their task of keeping the Atlantic route open for the convoys carrying much needed supplies to a beleaguered Britain; we lived to hear what our sailors were doing for their country.

As for our other boys, Tony departed for overseas after the wedding and we would not see him again for almost five years. He would eventually be joined in England by John Howlett who was posted to Air Force Headquarters in London, and later on Dr. Peter, after his graduation, would see service with the Air Force in Newfoundland.

I now plunged myself into war relief work and even converted the apartment above the garage into the headquarters of the Westmount Division of the Red Cross after moving the little maids into the house. Sue Milloy and I even began canvassing from door to door. The Mothers' Club was enlisted to help in this good cause and organized a soup kitchen. Our house became a depot for goods and materials destined for distribution by the Red Cross, not to mention the vast quantities of accumulated loot and bargain purchases which would be used at the next bazaar of our Mothers' Club. At first Alphonse had viewed the arrival of these supplies with a quizzical eye, but when they began to overflow from room to room he finally decided to put his foot down. "I do not mind you using one room for storage purposes," he complained to me, "but I am finding these damned packages all over the house!"

He was right. Our house had become the community depot. It could be used for better purposes and the opportunity to do just that arose quite unexpectedly.

Father Berry addressed our weekly Mothers' Club meeting and asked if any mother could help by taking in some refugee children who had no place to go. A few mothers offered to take on a child or two for a week but no longer, and I did not respond at the meeting. I had a feeling, however, that Father Berry had addressed himself to me. As a frequent bridge partner in our home he was fully aware of our situation with an empty house on our hands.

I mentioned the subject to Alphonse and Peggy that evening and to my surprise neither of them objected to the idea of taking some of the children into our home. Peggy offered to assume the responsibility of looking after them so I phoned Father Berry and we ended up by welcoming into our midst four young Polish boys. Three of them were brothers Zygmund, Joseph and Peter, the sons of General Sosnkowski. In the disaster of 1939 their father had come out of retirement to command the Polish Divisions on the southern front and he was responsible for routing the SS Adolf Hitler division, an incredible feat considering the disproportion in armour of the opposing forces. Three days after that battle, the Russians callously invaded Poland from the East and the fate of Poland was sealed. General Sosnkowski escaped by

foot with his family into Hungary where he was welcomed by his old friend Admiral Horthy. But even there they were not safe when the Germans began putting pressure on their Hungarian allies and the Hungarians arranged for the Sosnkowskis to take refuge in France. When France was about to fall, Churchill dispatched H.M.S. *Arethusa* to pick up the Sosnkowskis near Bordeaux in the estuary of the Gironde and they barely escaped again through the Bay of Biscay in a hail of enemy bullets from air, sea and land. Now General Sosnkowski was Commander-in-Chief in England of the Polish Armed Forces in Exile and he had been twice honoured and knighted by King George.

The fourth member of this quartet was named Casimir Starbak. He did not have the same aristocratic background as the others and this led to some problems which we had to resolve later on.

Just as suddenly as it became silent, our house was alive again. With Donald and John, when they were home from Loyola College, we now had six healthy and active young males living under our roof, and the walls began to resound once more to the cries and excited chatter of our little guests. Alphonse was a prince as far as these boys were concerned. He never grumbled about the cost. When General Sosnkowski sent us \$1,000 towards their expenses on two occasions he donated it to the Red Cross. I always felt he should have started a trust fund for the Sosnkowski boys.

There were many amusing incidents, and some not quite so amusing, to recount of our Polish boys during their stay with us. We grew to love them very much and I feel they returned that love. Peggy was absolutely marvellous mothering them like a covey of ducklings of her own and they simply adored her and would never make a move without her approval. On one occasion, when the four of them were assembled on the beach at Val Morin waiting for Peggy to give them permission to go swimming, and all the other boys were already in the water, I told them to go in but they would not budge until she arrived and authorized it. The ages of the Sosnkowskis were: Ziggy 12, Joseph 9 and Peter 7. They had a military upbringing at home and we had to dissuade them from clicking their heels and saluting or standing up every time Peggy or I would come in or out of the room and kissing our hands whenever they met us. I do love these European customs but the other boys would laugh at them and we wanted to avoid ill feelings. Little Peter was my favourite. He was cute and extremely bright and he knew just how to handle me. Once when I was wearing a new dress and he saw me coming down the stairs he called up to me: "Oh Mrs. Paré! I love you in that dress!" "Peter," I answered, "Is it just because I have a new dress that you love me?" "Oh, no, Mrs. Paré," he assured me, "I would love you even if you had no dress at all on!"

On another occasion the maids were threatening to quit because the Polish boys had been teasing them. I

called the boys together and lectured them severely. I even threatened that they might have to leave. They all began to cry at once except for Peter. He smiled at me and said "Don't cry boys. You can see that Mrs. Paré loves us. She will never send us away if we promise not to do it again." And they never did.

This young Peter could be a perfect little devil at times. He didn't seem to be intimidated by anybody or anything. The story was told that during their flight aboard the *Arethusa*, when all the passengers were sheltered below deck, six-year-old Peter somehow managed to elude his nanny and gain the deck during the thick of battle. None of the sailors dared leave their battle posts to take care of the tiny tot and he roamed the deck at will amidst all the noise and confusion, having the time of his life, until finally a medic was able to coax him into shelter with a cup of navy rum which promptly put him to sleep. This incident was faithfully recorded in the ship's log and there was a sequel to it. Many years later, while Peter was in France, the successor ship to HMS *Arethusa* bearing the same name and treasuring the same log book was also in port and its commander heard about Peter's presence. He was piped aboard ship and given a reception by all the crew for whom this war-time incident had become a legend.

Poor little seven-year-old Casimir had come over with his mother. I introduced her to our Mothers' Club and tried to help her but she suddenly became ill and died leaving Casimir an orphan. I think he was Peggy's favourite, partly because the other boys treated him badly at first, so much so that he twice attempted to run away. They felt he was below their class. We tried to teach them that such distinctions did not count here in Canada and they finally accepted him for his face value and got along together. The Consul General of Poland in Montreal when the war broke out was Mr. Brzezinski. His son Zbigniew "Zbiggy" who later became National Security Advisor to President Carter of the United States, often came to our house to play with our Polish boys. The consular people who were looking after the interests of the Sosnkowski boys for their parents in England made the class distinctions quite obvious to us as well as to the boys, and we strongly objected to it. Peggy and I have now lost contact with Casimir, and we often wonder what happened to him. I believe the other boys remained in touch with Zbiggy as he rose in the hierarchy of Washington, and they are still close friends.

The summers of 1942 and 1943 found our home at Val Morin literally turned into a boys' camp. Besides our six boys we had three other boys of the same age staying with us. Two of these were English, the Duffys. Their father was the C.P.R. representative at Liverpool and Jeanne Costello had taken them under her wing. The ninth boy was Rudolf Dolfuss, son of the Austrian Chancellor assassinated by order of Hitler in 1938, prior to the Anschluss. I had befriended his mother and we

helped her to find a home in Val Morin for the following summer of 1943. Rudy is now a prominent doctor in Montreal and was recently appointed Physician-in-Chief of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

The nine boys got along splendidly together. Most of this was due to the friendly and unselfish cooperation of my own sons, Donald and John, who treated the younger boys as if they were their own brothers. And they would not brook any nonsense from them. For a while there was a miniature League of Nations situation on our hands and the Poles would not have anything to do with the young Austrian. It was quickly settled and everybody learned to accept that there was to be no racial prejudice or discrimination of any kind if they wanted to continue to enjoy themselves at our "boys' camp."

For this is what it was taken to be on several occasions by passing motorists who stopped at the sight of our boys, augmented by all their friends in the neighbourhood, playing football or swimming or assembled around the tennis court, to enquire about the possibility of placing their own boys in the camp.

Peggy, of course, supervised all the goings-on. She was the queen and mother of them all, the arbiter of their disputes, the one who allotted times for the tennis court, gave permission to go hiking or swimming or playing golf, told them when to go to bed or get up in the morning and when to show up for meals (which they dared not disobey), and she ruled them all with an iron hand. Yet I am sure none of those boys have ever forgotten the wonderful summers she gave them during those war years.

But all good things have to come to an end sometime. Towards the end of 1943, I reluctantly decided that we would have to let our Polish boys go. For one thing, Alphonse was not too well and he was not improving. I had a feeling the boys got on his nerves, although they never ate with us and always took their meals alone in the breakfast nook.

For another reason, it looked as if I would be needing space for members of my own family any day. Peggy was sorry to see her young Polish charges leave and furious at the nuns who took them over when she learned that the boys had to wear their bathing suits whenever they took a shower. Those were the days when Jansenism was still rampant among the religious orders in Quebec but happily these attitudes have now mainly disappeared.

Although I have not seen much of them for many years, I am glad to say that all the Sosnkowski boys did brilliantly in later life. After Loyola College, Ziggy joined the Canadian Army and he has had a most distinguished career following in the footsteps of his father. He served as a gunner in Korea where he was decorated. Later he commanded the R.H.A. in Petawawa; was Military Attaché in Bonn and recently Colonel Ziggy Sosnkowski has been Director of Studies at the Canadian Staff College in Toronto. As for Joe, after graduating from

Royal Roads he joined the Fleet Air Arm and became one of Canada's finest pilots, serving with the U.S. Navy and lately as a senior Canadian officer with NORAD.

Little Peter graduated with an M.B.A. from Harvard. He has had a colourful international career in his field and is presently living in New York where he is president of Remy Martin Amerique Ltée.

I have kept in touch with Peter and I hear the news about the others from him. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to have contributed in a small way to the careers of such splendid young men. What was Poland's loss is indeed America's gain.

With the Polish boys gone, our house began to fill up again with another kind of war refugee, a new generation of Howletts and Parés and their parents, not to speak of additional help. Peter Paré was one of these. Cupid had struck again and romance was in the air with more war-time marriages in the offing, the first when Dr. Peter proposed to his longtime sweetheart Anne Allison, and they were married in a simple ceremony. She had helped him all through his studies and now that he had his degree, she would help him throughout his life as his constant and faithful companion in times of duress and in times of success, giving him seven fine sons and two lovely daughters, but I will have more to say about her later on. Peter was interning at the Royal Victoria Hospital before joining the R.C.A.F., and they needed somewhere to live in the meantime. The logical place was Rosemount Avenue.

Then our daughter Pat came to see Alphonse to prepare the way for her young man to ask for her hand. She had grown into a strong, beautiful, somewhat impetuous young colleen, and we found difficulty at times keeping up with her latest exploits. When she was not dashing down hills and taking risks in ski competitions she was doing other things quite as daring, such as flying airplanes upside-down and risking her life in all kinds of hazardous adventures. Wealthy, attractive and prominent suitors were at her beck and call by the dozens. Among all these earnest young men she set her mind on a young test pilot named Jack Graham. He was a Protestant and Alphonse was not in favour of the match. Poor Jack tried three times to convince Alphonse of his merits, but my husband was not to be swayed; he harkened back to the unfortunate experiences with his three sisters who all married Protestants. Finally I said to him: "Alphonse, if you do not consent, they will go off and get married anyway." So he capitulated, and we gave our second wedding reception in the house. Pat insisted on having a quiet wedding, and only seventy-five guests were present.

Soon after their wedding, Jack also went off to join the R.C.A.F., and began to fly VIPs into the war zones. It was a hazardous occupation and so we added one more man in uniform to worry about as the war continued its course.

On learning of his appointment to London, John



All's well on the home front with the John Howlett family.

Howlett and Alphonse put their heads and their resources together and purchased a duplex on Kensington Avenue in Westmount as a home for Phonsine and the boys while John would be away. (There had been a recent addition and Peter Howlett had followed his brother John into the world.) Unfortunately the partners had not been well advised legally and they were unable to evict the tenant of the duplex even though they took the matter to court. As a result, the Howlett family was forced to come and live with us when John left for Europe.

In our turn, we were reluctantly compelled to evict the Red Cross from our apartment above the garage and to install in its place four little French-Canadian maids to look after the needs of the new and growing population of our household.

Our daughter Peggy was called upon once again to take charge and to act as arbiter of all arrangements in the

household. In this role her experience with the Polish boys was very helpful and her talents were tested and not found wanting. Her duties required her to maintain a delicate balance between the various interests, including the help serving different mistresses in the kitchen regions, all the while holding sway in all matters domestic and culinary, especially when Alphonse and I took off again for Florida later in 1943, and she made a wonderful job of it.

At first Alphonse was reluctant to leave our home that year but we all put pressure on him and finally persuaded him we should go. The war had taken a turn for the better. The Allies had landed in North Africa and taken Algiers. They were chasing the Germans out of Africa. On the European front everybody was waiting for a much-heralded attack by the Allies on the fortress of Europe. Even in the Far East, after the terrible disasters for the British and the Canadians at Hong Kong and Singapore, the tide seemed to be turning and there our new Allies, the Americans, had assumed a leading role in all the theatres of war.

While we had some anxious hours in the summer of 1942, trying to discover whether any of our sons were involved in the Dieppe debacle, so far, happily, our boys had not been too exposed, except for a few difficult experiences.

On his last convoy, Dick's ship had been rammed two hundred miles off Halifax and the captain gave orders for all hands aboard, except the officers, to abandon ship in the only two lifeboats on board. Submarines were in the area and already the convoy had lost several ships. Dick and another officer went below where the water was pouring in and were able to shore up a bulkhead below the water line and get up steam that saved the ship. This story was told to us by Paul who got it from the ship's officers.

Both our Navy sons were shortly appointed to their own commands. Dick had been home on leave staying with his wife Raymonde and they were now expecting their second child. The first was a beautiful little girl named Marie-Claire, born in the previous year, while Dick was on the high seas.

The younger boys, John and Donald, were also in uniform now, having joined the Cadet Corps. John was still under-age and pressing his father to allow him to join up, but Alphonse would not consent, saying, "We have enough of our boys in the forces now, and we are doing our duty. You'll have to wait until you are old enough."

Our first son, Tony, had been in England for over two years. While he was not a prolific correspondent, he wrote to us about spending several holidays with my brother Heck and his wife Bobbie at Stockton-on-Tees. Another time he visited the Duffys at Ormskirck, near Liverpool (their sons were the young boys staying with us at Val Morin). He had also been received by General Sosnkowski and his wife, at his headquarters outside of

exercises in Ireland and spent invasion time in a convalescent home in Ireland while his ship took part in the invasion and was sunk. We offered up a silent prayer of thanks that Paul had broken his leg. An old friend of ours, the same Curly Grant who had brought the little black dog called Coonie to Pat at Val Morin years before, went down with his ship at the same time as its sister ship the Trentonian. Before leaving for overseas Malcolm "Curly" Grant and his wife had offered their apartment in Montreal to Phonsine and her children.

Tony's letter mentioned the dramatic events leading up to D-Day and without knowing we had heard the broadcast, he related how he had met Marcel Ouimet aboard their ship en route for the invasion. It was from Marcel that he first learned of his sister Peggy Paré's recent engagement to Marcel's brother-in-law, Claude Tétrault, then an officer in the Canadian Military Intelligence attached to Headquarters in London.

Little did Tony realize that Marcel would mention his name from among thousands of worthy Canadians taking part in D-Day and broadcast it to his parents in Canada on that very same day!

Alphonse was proud to have a son in the theatre of operations and sent a copy of Tony's letter to all the family.

In it Tony described his bird's eye view of the armada and the landings from the Command Post on the Captain's Bridge of H.M.S. Waveney, the control vessel for the Canadian and British S.A.S. (Special Air Services) forces in the landings:

Our Captain was a Scotchman and he installed a bagpiper alongside us on the deck who played stirring military music as we sailed by the landing craft massed along the roads down the Solent between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, past Henry VIII's famous South Sea Castle on our left, to the open sea. It was like taking the salute on parade and thousands of soldiers cheered us from each landing craft as we went by. Our ship had been chosen to lead off and we actually headed the convoy for our sector across the Channel and anchored off-shore, less than a mile from the beach at Bernières-sur-Mer. All the way across, in front of us there was not a boat to be seen. Turning back and facing the coast of England we could see that we were being followed by the greatest armada the world has ever known. As darkness enveloped us, it was a strange sensation standing there on the Captain's Bridge realiz-

ing that we were participating in the making of history. The early dawn sea was fairly choppy and was soon dotted with thousands of boats and landing craft, disgorged from their mother ships, and there were just as many planes overhead. Our colonel, Hal Griffin, was in charge of the artillery regiments on the landing. We watched the infantry go in with their assault boats. Brigadier Blackader from Montreal, who was C.O. of the assaulting brigade, the 8th, was on the bridge with us along with the S.A.S. brigadier. The artillery and the rocket ships fired all the way into shore. What with the hail of bombs dropped by a wave of one thousand R.A.F. planes followed by 1000 United States bombers, I didn't envy in the least bit the unfortunate Gerries hiding in their dugouts on the shore. Thick, dark smoke illuminated by incessant flashes and explosions soon arose for miles in the air and shrouded the entire land area. About an hour after the show started an assault craft came alongside with the first wounded. We took them aboard and then we all got into the same boat, including Brigadier Blackader and Marcel Ouimet, and headed for the beach. I was terribly seasick all the way in but luckily I had a paper bag. The feeling of nausea was enough to make me forget about the fear of dying in action. When we hit the beach the gate was lowered and we jumped out. Unfortunately the boat gave a lurch as I jumped and I tumbled head over heels into four feet of water soaking everything: my maps, clothes, sten gun, pistol, ammunition and equipment, but we were on land, the good solid land of France! — that was all that mattered, I could throw away my seasickness bag. Shortly after we landed we were distressed to learn that the Waveney had been sunk. It was evidently safer to be on land than as a sitting duck target at sea on that day.

The war was not over yet by any means, but the beginning of the end was in sight. Two months after the landings, the Germans were in full retreat and France and Belgium were about to be liberated.

At last we could see a ray of light at the end of the tunnel, and we dared to hope that the day was not far off when this world gone mad would come to its senses, and we could all be reunited again as one big happy family.

XXI

Homecomings

How a mother thanks God for her good fortune.

Bong! Boom! Bong! Every day at the same hour, like the wailing cry of a muezzin calling to prayer from high atop his minaret, the sonorous chimes of Big Ben pealing in far-off London summoned all of us to assemble around the radio in our library at 33 Rosemount Avenue. All over the world, in countless corners of the British Empire, similar groups of believers were no doubt observing the same daily ritual, glued to their short-wave receivers to catch the latest tidings delivered in that familiar clipped British accent of the BBC announcer and coming to us all the way from our own holy Mecca, in London, England.

In the early days of the war those overseas broadcasts invariably heralded more bad news. I suppose we listened for the same reason the moth flies around the candle flame: we were attracted by morbid fascination. We wanted to know the worst and we heard the worst — one disaster following another as stronghold after stronghold of our side was given up to the enemy. The future of our children looked glum indeed in those early years of Hitler's war. The only comforting note at the time from the BBC, was Winston Churchill's defiant speech to the world warning the Nazis that the tight little island would resist to the end "on land, on sea, in the air, on the beaches..." and it gave us heart. Had we known then what I learned only recently, that this famous rallying call to the Empire was actually given by an actor substituting for Churchill who was too busy in the House, I wonder if we would have been so thrilled and encouraged to work towards victory.

How the situation had changed! Now even the tone of voice of the BBC announcer seemed different as he told us about the latest happenings. The bridgeheads in Normandy were holding. The news trickling out of Russia was excellent, the German armies were retreating, leaving behind in the mudfields of Stalingrad and

Leningrad the wasted corpses of their crack divisions. The madness of Hitler had prevented him from heeding the warning voice of history and he was destined to suffer the fate of Napoleon and bring down his people with him.

Then our Allied armour had broken through in Normandy and the whole of France was relieved and Paris itself liberated. It was a time for rejoicing, a time for marvelling at the sensational newsreels depicting General de Gaulle acclaimed by the good citizens of Paris and our Allied soldiers marching down the Champs-Élysées. Those same Champs-Élysées on which only a few years earlier we had been horrified to witness the gloating Hitler reviewing his conquering hordes!

It was not to be over that quickly nor that easily. The Germans would not give up without a real fight. As our troops approached Germany, one of the greatest German generals, von Rundstedt, launched a last massive armoured counter-attack through Bastogne in a desperate attempt to split the British and American armies in Belgium and retake the Channel ports. Happily the hundreds of tanks ran out of gas, but not before they had given a severe fright to our Allied High Command and many mothers on both sides were to mourn the loss of beloved sons in that last great battle.

A mother's heart beats for her offspring exposed to danger in distant parts and her anxiety only increases as the end of hostilities seems to be closer. Her fear then is to lose a loved one in some senseless way when the battle is almost over and victory within grasp.

Our troops were pouring across the Rhine now and our Russian allies were invading the Reich from the east. The BBC broadcaster called upon us to stand by for an imminent climax. It came like a flash flood. The Russians were in Berlin, Hitler had committed suicide! The German army had surrendered unconditionally. The war in Europe was ended and the writing was on the wall for the Japanese. A horrible nightmare for so many millions

of innocent people was over.

The end had come and all my sons were alive! I was, indeed, a fortunate mother. I almost felt ashamed of my good luck when I remembered the trials of some of my less favoured friends, members of our Mothers' Club who had lost their sons. There was Mrs. O'Reilly. She had seen two of her three splendid sons killed in action. How could she contemplate my situation, sending seven sons or sons-in-law away to war and having them all come back safe and sound of limb, without a terrible feeling of bitterness? Surely this sacrifice she had been called upon to make for her country was too much. My heart went out to her and I thanked God for the blessings He had showered upon my own family.

We received a letter from Tony. He was safe and sound in the Rhineland, and he tried to describe to us the chaos that prevailed in a country shattered by war, with more than ten million destitute and displaced persons of every European nation trying to walk home, all at the same time. It defies one's imagination, what war can do to mankind.

I was so happy for all my boys. Now they could come home and live normal lives. Until we heard the official proclamation of the armistice and the surrender I never ceased to fear for their safety.

The conflict in Europe was ended but not the fighting in the Pacific theatre of war. There, vastly superior American forces, now armed with the most advanced weapons, were hopping from island to island, seizing them from the Japanese and closing in on the fortress of Japan.

One delightful forenoon in the summer of 1945, Alphonse and I sat in the library sipping our morning coffee. Outside in our garden the flowers were coming out and the trees were showing their buds; at that moment life seemed to us to be full of promise and well worth living. Our sons were soon coming home to us and what a day of rejoicing that would be! When the announcer came on the air with a special news bulletin, it was obvious from his tone of voice that he had something unusual to report:

Our American Allies have produced an "atom" bomb the destructive effects of which are beyond description. One has been dropped on a defenseless Japanese city and the resulting holocaust almost instantly obliterated the entire population.

Alphonse and I looked at one another without speaking. Fear, mixed with horror, was our reaction to this news. There could be no rejoicing at such a time among the nations or the peoples of the world. A Pandora's box had been opened and evil allowed to escape henceforth to roam about the planet. More than a hundred-thousand souls had been sacrificed together

without warning. It was as if man had once again shed his innocence and dared to defy his Maker.

When the armistice was first announced, Alphonse and I naturally assumed that our sons would shortly be returning to the fold and we began frantically to plan for their future accommodation. Our concern was premature and we gradually learned that the machinery of demobilization and repatriation of the troops seems to unwind almost as slowly as the original mobilization, and so we had plenty of time to do all the planning we wanted to do. Over one year was to elapse before the in-gathering of our clan was completed.

Now began a time for reflection and taking stock, for reconstruction and rebuilding, a time for starting anew. Everyone was determined to put away the horrors of the past few years as soon as possible and to help one another towards the future. Even the victorious nations were acting for once in an almost Christian fashion by helping the vanquished to rebuild their economies, particularly the United States with its vast and generous scheme of assistance called the Marshall Plan.

On a more intimate and family level we realized that all our sons and sons-in-law would now have to resume their interrupted lives and prepare themselves for the future. There would be careers to choose, matches to make, new relatives to meet, receptions to organize, homes to look for, new clothing and furniture to acquire and both Alphonse and I stood ready and anxious to give a helping hand to each and every one.

It was now more than at any other time that Alphonse and I were thankful for our foresight in acquiring a large and spacious house, a nest to which all our young couples could turn for temporary refuge while planning their own. Almost all our children, with their consorts and offspring, thus made use of the available accommodation in our home, or over the garage, at some time or another, while they were planning to set up for themselves. Or if there was no room left in the house, they located in the neighbourhood. In the immediate postwar years there were four satellite households established within a block of us and what a clamour of comings and goings ensued. Our children and their spouses, grandchildren, relatives and friends of all sorts were popping in and out at all hours of the day and night, and our home became once again what it was meant to be, the logical centre and focal point for all family activities. The first of our boys to report back home were the doctors.

One day I was working in the kitchen when somebody began knocking on the window to attract my attention. I was overjoyed to recognize my son Dr. Peter in his uniform of a medical officer in the RCAF. He was just arriving home from Debert, Nova Scotia, where he had been posted to the Alouette Squadron preparing to go to the Far East. I hastened towards the back door to welcome him into my arms, but Peter had already opened the outside door and instead of coming into my kitchen

he dashed up the back stairway to the apartment above the garage. There his wife Anne, and his own little family had espied his arrival from the upstairs window and were eagerly awaiting him. It was only a natural thing for Peter to do this as his family had a prior claim on his first attentions.

At that moment, while I waited in the kitchen for my son to come down and greet his parents, I shed a little tear of sadness, for I was recalling a similar incident that occurred years before. It was the expression on my father's face when I returned after a short absence and rushed into Alphonse's arms before even greeting my own parents. Now it was my turn to take the back seat. Life would be quite different for Alphonse and me in the coming years. Time had moved on without our realizing it. Our children were now grown up and they would be striking out for themselves. Of course they would continue to love and respect their parents, but their first concerns would henceforth be for their own little family circles and the founding of their own homes.

Real estate was not expensive but already-built, medium-sized homes suitable for young couples starting after the war were scarce and much in demand. Before long my sons Dick and Tony would be involved in building housing projects and our other children would be among their first clients. Strangely enough there was a slump in the market for larger homes like our house immediately after the end of the war, and many beautiful homes in our vicinity came on the market at modest prices. These of course were expensive to maintain and beyond the reach of most of our children.

Soon after his return from London, John Howlett made a wise investment by purchasing a large house close by on Mountain Avenue in Westmount, which has served as the Howlett domicile ever since and now has welcomed in a third generation of Howletts.

Both of our Navy sons had established splendid records as commanders of their escort vessels during the hostilities. Paul was the first to arrive home. The young inexperienced teenager of yesteryear, determined to enlist, had blossomed forth into a full-grown mature young man-of-the-world during his time in the Navy. He was especially popular among his peers and now spoke with authority and assurance. I don't think he was unhappy however to quit the service. More than any other of my children Paul seemed to have inherited my unfortunate predisposition for sea-sickness and many an uncomfortable hour was spent on the stormy waters of the North Atlantic, struggling with dogged determination to keep his stomach under control and his crew in ignorance of his state of indisposition. I am quite sure that those long hours were not soon forgotten and Paul relished the prospect of indefinite shore leave. He decided to return to Loyola and finish his studies before following his older brothers, Tony and Dick, into law. I suppose we should have been already alerted at that time by his quiet

sense of determination about his future, to the brilliant career which lay in store for him, but I will elaborate on that later on.

As for Dick, his trials on the high seas were of a different nature and we only learned about this side of his career much later. He was not one to talk about himself. It seemed he ran afoul of the senior officer of his escort group in a very difficult predicament and the affair became a "cause célèbre" in Navy circles.

Dick was in command of his ship while on convoy in the North Atlantic. Commander B., (later Admiral B.), the senior officer, and his staff were also aboard. Unfortunately this gentleman seems to have been as unfair as he was unpopular.

The Captain is always in full command of his ship and normally the senior officer aboard will never interfere. On this occasion, however, the commander had been keeping a watchful eye on all the goings on and he suddenly instructed Dick to log (i.e. enter a charge against) the navigation officer of the ship for failing to plot a minefield within the delays the senior officer considered essential.

After investigating the facts, Dick decided the charge was unfounded and refused to log the officer. In this stand he was tacitly supported by members of the commander's own personal staff. This refusal so incensed Commander B. that he resorted to every means in his power to punish Dick and avenge himself for what he considered to be an act of insubordination and a personal affront.

On arrival at home port, a Navy Court of Inquiry was convoked in order to deal with the accusations made against my son. Throughout the hearings Dick was supported by his fellow officers, and he was able to refute the charges without difficulty. In the end the members of the Court (composed mainly of senior R.C.N. officers) made their report to the Flag Officer in Newfoundland and Dick was told to return to his ship with the concurrence of the senior officer. However, in the meantime, he had had a medical check-up and was grounded for poor eyesight. He was then posted to Bermuda as a training officer. Some months later he was advised by his perplexed new commanding officer that a signal had arrived from Naval Headquarters in Ottawa to the effect that "Lieutenant R.E. Paré has incurred the displeasure of the naval service." And this was to be entered into his military record. It seemed that the vindictive Commander B. had not rested until he could mete out some form of vengeful punishment against our stubborn naval son for his imagined insubordination. Dick Paré could not have cared less. He knew he had done his duty and his conscience was clear. The war in Europe was coming to an end, so he immediately asked for a discharge to return to University.

In Montreal Dick now had a growing family to support and mouths to feed. He lost no time in resuming



Tiva Marchand and her granddaughter Danielle.

his law studies at McGill and in the meantime he and Raymonde and their family of adorable little girls continued to live with Ray's mother Tiva on Wood Avenue, almost within the shadow of our home. More and more, as time went by, Alphonse and I began to rely on Dick's common sense and mature judgement in moments of crisis, but I will have more to say about that later on.

When Jack Graham returned from the war after serving with distinction in the Air Force, the Grahams established yet another satellite household, renting a house close-by on Olivier Avenue. Jack began a promising business career and his little family had grown to four with the birth of Ross, followed by Stuart.

In the midst of all this hustle and bustle of our sons gradually returning to their paternal home, and our children going about the serious business of choosing mates for life and deciding upon professions, Alphonse and I found ourselves assuming more and more the role of vocational advisers and marriage counsellors to our children. But they also needed financial support and Alphonse had the idea of organizing a sort of family investment company from which the children could draw from time to time in order to purchase or build a house or

to set themselves up in their chosen occupations. Eventually they would reimburse the capital of the loan and in the meantime they paid a minimum rate of interest. It worked brilliantly and I know that my children will be forever grateful to their thoughtful old dad for his help and unselfish generosity during those trying days when they were starting up in life. Many of them owe a measure of their success in later years to the support he gave them in those first post-war days.

In January 1946, while we were in Florida, a young army officer returned from the wars who meant a great deal to our daughter Peggy. We had never had the opportunity of meeting her young man, Claude Tétrault, but any choice that Peggy would make was surely to be the right one. All during those trying years of the war she had been our faithful and devoted lieutenant taking over as mistress of the household at 33 Rosemount, and relieving us of that responsibility. Paul's twin sister was now a beautiful, grown-up young woman, who could decide for herself and really didn't need our consent.

Those were the days when a parent's approval still had some meaning for young couples contemplating the important step of marriage. We were very gratified to receive a cablegram from Claude and Peggy asking for this permission and we hastened to send our blessings and good wishes.

We fell for Claude the moment we met him. He and Peggy were married in March. The spirit of the reception at 33 Rosemount for the last of our daughters was a far cry from that of our two wartime weddings. The 300 guests had come to celebrate. The war had ended and all were in a joyous mood. Paul and his group of bachelor Navy veterans laid claim to the upstairs bar and seized the occasion for a boisterous victory rally.

Father MacDonough was an honoured guest and in making a short toast he allowed, with his customary Irish wit, that he knew the Parés and could vouch for the bride. As for the Tétraults, well he didn't know much about them yet! This fetched a good laugh as the Tétrault family was among the very prominent French-Canadian families in the world of business and the professions. Jules Timmins was beaming over with good humour and the newlyweds would not soon forget his kindness to them on this occasion. Somehow he discovered the name of their honeymoon hotel in New York. On arrival there, they found his wedding gift was the Royal Suite with all expenses paid and on the table were flowers and an envelope containing three hundred hard-to-get American dollars (in view of the then-current Foreign Exchange Control).

More than ever I regretted my inability to learn French. This was my second child to choose a French-speaking partner and most of the guests were conversing in French. I didn't always understand them but they were all so charming, and what I missed dear Aunt Lelia and Tiva cheerfully undertook to translate for me.

We didn't really lose Peggy after all. She and Claude rented a nice home on Mount Pleasant only a few paces from our back door and we could still call upon her for counsel whenever a difficult problem arose in the management of our household. Claude and my son Paul both opted for the study of law at the same time and in the fall of 1946, they enrolled together at McGill University.

Alphonse and I thoroughly enjoyed and dearly loved every new addition to our burgeoning family of in-laws and new grandchildren. It was touching to see how each new member was embraced into the family fold with love and affection. At times I felt we were unconsciously selfish as a family by making too many demands on the attentions of the new arrivals, after all they had their own blood relations to consider, but as time went by there grew a family bond between all of these young people which has persisted to this very day. Sunday night dinners at the Paré's began to resemble the gatherings of pre-war years. It was a great consolation for my husband and me to see how these young men and women were always helping one another, and to know that no feuds had ever come between them to spoil their friendships.

They had all been present at the wedding of Claude and Peggy, with the exception of my oldest son, Tony. He was still in Germany and I had begun to feel some concern about him. For several months now we had no word from him and the war was long since over. Alphonse felt that we should cable him for news but with a mother's usual disregard for formalities when one of her own is concerned I finally decided to take matters into my own hands and do something about it. I went to see Douglas Abbott, our local Federal M.P. in Westmount who was then the Minister of Finance. Tony had been one of his keen organizers and supporters in pre-war years.

Mr. Abbott (now Hon. Justice Abbott of the Supreme Court) was immediately sympathetic and told me: "Don't worry Mrs. Paré, I will have word sent to Tony that his parents are worried about him." Little did poor Tony dream what was about to happen to him. At this time he was serving with the British Army of

Occupation in the Rhineland and the senior officer in the DAAG (Deputy Assistant Adjutant General) Department of the British Army was none other than my very own brother-in-law, Colonel Kenneth Argyle-Robertson, a fact which we were unaware of at the time. Tony had already met with his uncle and dined with him at Army Headquarters in Hanover, Germany. Kenneth had offered Tony an immediate Majority to join his staff and stay with him in the army of occupation, and Tony was pondering this opportunity when an official rebuke was passed down from Army Command to Tony's colonel in the field. He was told his parents were complaining to Ottawa that they had no word from him. It prompted an immediate telegram from our son.

He told us later that he was trying to make up his mind about his future at the time. The life in an army of occupation was extremely exciting and full of adventure for the moment, but it really led nowhere. He finally opted to come home to Canada, and begin a new career in law. He told us it was my intervention, stirring up the High Command to remind him about his duties at home, that finally decided him.

Several months afterwards, later in 1946, we had word that he was on his way back and when he showed up we were shocked to see the change in our son since we saw him off almost five years earlier. He had left us an eager young officer in his twenties and he returned a worn out old man in his thirties, with hollow cheeks and very little pep. My husband seemed to have more energy and stamina than his oldest son. The fact that he was suffering from T.B., contracted in the wet trenches, was not discovered until some time later.

We finally held a special thanksgiving mass at the Church of the Ascension, and all nine of my children and their spouses were present. Humbly did Alphonse and I offer our thanks and gratitude for the safe homecoming of all our boys. "Please God," I begged of Him, "Do not punish us for our great fortune, but help rather all those poor mothers who have lost their own dear sons in battle."

Book 3
The Matriarch

XXII

The Seedlings

In which the author reflects upon her concerns for her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren.

I sit here at my desk with pen in hand gazing out onto the bay and beyond to the other side of the water, upon yonder wooded hillocks in all their spring nakedness, and the outside world is framed by this picture window of my room in Pierrefonds Manor, my new home close to Montreal.

My thoughts look backward over a lifetime that is fast approaching the century. It all seems to have flashed by so quickly that I can hardly realize this is truly me, Lucy Griffith, that gangling and awkward young lady of yesteryear tumbling barefoot with her sisters through the sand dunes that clustered around our tent dwelling in Coolgardie. Here I am, a mother of nine children, all alive and in good health; a grandmother so many times over and now a great-grandmother of thirty and more splendid young boys and girls. Who knows, if God should spare me for only a few years more, I will certainly become a great-great-grandmother and live to see and to love some of my great-great-grandchildren before my journey is ended.

Outside, the sun is playing upon the bubbling spring waters of the Rivière des Prairies as they race by on their way downstream to join the mighty St. Lawrence, swelling the rush of waters down into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, eventually merging with and losing all identity in the spreading Atlantic Ocean. The ice has broken upstream and all shapes and sizes of pieces of ice are floating by. Suddenly I glimpse an analogy between the story I would convey to my seedlings, as a legacy of my experience, and these running waters eagerly carrying their burden of ice down the river. We are much like these tiny icebergs floating down together on the stream of life. Some are large and important and displace much water, others are tiny and less important, but all of us are advancing at the same pace, inevitably and inexorably towards the same destination. Sooner or later these pieces of ice, no matter what their size or importance, must all

melt and fuse once again with the mother waters that carry them, in the same way as our mortal bodies are all destined to return to the mother-earth from whence they came.

When I look back more than 2000 years at the lifestream of our ancestors stretching ever further backwards into the mists of time, and then look forward at that same lifestream reaching through me ahead now for three generations, with untold more generations to follow, I realize that as a matriarch, the oldest living link between my own seedlings and all those previous generations that have preceded us, I have a grave responsibility and duty to pass on to the living as much as I can of that knowledge of life which came down to me from those who have gone ahead. While seeking to transmit this knowledge of life I trust my seedlings will not hold it against me if sometimes in this story of mine I appear to be homilizing. That is not my intention. I am only anxious for them to share with me the truths that have become known to me with the passing of the years.

Strangely enough, the older I get the nearer I feel to all those ancestors of ours, every one of whom has a real personal life story to tell, and the closer I feel to learning the true secret of life. And I am happy to be able to say to them, when I finally meet them one day: "I have not broken faith with all of you. I have passed your seed onwards into the stream of life and it shall continue to grow and expand into many generations to come so that your seed shall be remembered in future times and it shall contribute by its profusion to making our country strong and prosperous and capable of defending itself against its enemies."

Sometimes I have the urge and desire to communicate more intimately with my younger seedlings in order to impress upon them, by a heart-to-heart talk, my anxieties and my fears for their future well-being and happiness in this age of growing materialism when

everything is permitted and nothing is sacred. Without the essential values that are being questioned and abandoned by our young people today, such as the respect for womanhood and the Sacrament of Matrimony, the devotion to our Creator, the virtues of modesty and obedience to parents, there can be no true family life as we have known it, and without the family unit the future of the state itself is in jeopardy. I know the young people of today are searching for something better. In this quest they have sometimes turned away from the gentler teachings of Christ, seeking their answers in the theories of Marx or Lenin, or Mao or others, and they blame their elders, the generation that was responsible for creating the instruments of mankind's self-destruction, for the ills abroad on our planet, but they are too impulsive and they should distinguish the men from the teachings. I am still confident that our youth will regain their common sense and recognize the true values by returning to the faith of their fathers.

Some people have asked me how it feels to be old, to be the "Gran'mama" for so many descendants, and to that question I can only answer that it is a miracle of life which I cannot explain. I find it hard to realize myself that all these young faces gathered around me from time to time owe their existence in part to the fact that I too have existed. What I have passed along to them from our predecessors and what others of their parents and grandparents have passed along to them should therefore be cherished by them and carefully handed down in turn to their own seedlings.

And furthermore, I do not feel old. No matter how many years one has lived, one can always feel young. Life itself is youth. Every day of life can bring something new and exciting. To many of my friends living with me in Pierrefonds Manor I am considered young for they may be a few years older than I am. There is really no old age, there is just "relative" age. Not long ago I received a message which shows how "relative" it can be. "I am so glad to hear from your son that a young woman whom I have long admired is doing well at 96," it said. It was from our old friend "Jackrabbit" Johannsen who, at age 109, lives by himself and still skis cross-country. The only time that we become too old to enjoy life is when our good Lord finally calls us to come to Him.

I remember when I returned to visit my parents in Australia for the first time after my marriage to Alphonse. They were both sixty years of age. My father had gray hair. I found them to be so very old. Yet today most of my children have already passed 60 years of age and I find them all to be so young! One has to examine oneself very closely to notice the ravages of time. The lines and wrinkles and dryness of skin that betray the passing of the years creep upon us unawares, but inside the soul can remain young. It is so true to say that one is as young as one feels inside.

One day I was passing the time with some of my

grandchildren when little three-year-old Michael Paré, son of Peter and Anne, came running up to me holding a glass in his hands in front of him. I had a shiver of horror for when I was a child of his age living in Melbourne I tripped while running with a glass in just the same way and fell onto the broken glass, cutting my left cheek. All my life I have borne a severe scar on that cheek to remind me of the incident. I quickly gathered up little Michael into my arms and told him my story so that he would learn from his grandmother's experience. I even traced the scar on my face for him to see and touch. The child listened gravely to all I had to say and when I was through he asked me tenderly, his eyes full of compassion: "Poor Gran'mama! And how did you get all those other cuts on your face?" Even at seventy my face had already become badly wrinkled though I had hardly noticed it. Thereafter, I would see myself as my grandchildren saw me each time I looked into the mirror. Dear Michael! He has long been a favourite of mine and now he is a hard-working medical student in Toronto. Recently he came to see me and introduced me to his lovely Chinese bride, Kathy. I think that I might soon have some darling partly-Chinese great-grandchildren.

Few of us like to dwell on the thought that this God-given life in us is running out so swiftly and must soon be extinguished; some even make a point of excluding all thoughts of death from their minds and try to convince themselves that it does not exist; but that is wrong. One should think of where one is going, it is so important to remember why we are here on earth — to use up usefully the time that has been given us. If, when the final moment comes and one realizes that all those years have been wasted away with nothing to show for them, then I can readily understand why a person would feel sorry for himself or herself, and fearful for what death may bring.

I only wish it was possible by some miracle to permit my dear seedlings to spend a few hours, even only a few minutes, in my stead, inside this old shell of mine, to see the past as I see it, and to realize how quickly time has flown by. When I tell them I was once a young person, exactly like them, with the same hopes and dreams and physical vitality to do anything, they must find it hard to comprehend what I am saying to them. They look at my wrinkled old skin and they think to themselves "It must have been a long, long time ago!" But for me, it was hardly even yesterday. I only realized that I had grown into a young woman, when suddenly I turned around, the time had flown, and I was transformed into the old woman that you see today. For you, too, the time will pass just as quickly as it did for me. So do not waste your precious time; you will never have it again. Youth is but a flower that blooms in the morning and is wilted by sundown. Treasure what you have now, for tomorrow it will be no more.

Many of my friends at Pierrefonds Manor, who have not been so blessed with dear ones as I have, are

sometimes astonished and possibly resentful to see the number of my visitors as the days go by, for rarely do my seedlings let the weeks pass without coming to visit me, and these friends might ask me for an explanation of my good fortune which I am reluctant or at a loss to give. The answer I could make is one that I would especially wish to impress upon my seedlings. What I have found out with age is that you get out of life exactly what you put into it. I hesitate to lay claim to having done anything special in my lifetime, but I do know that if you have been kind and thoughtful to others, they in their turn will be kind to you. If you have thought only of yourself, there will be few to think of you when the time comes and you need them. Remember always what Christ said to us: "Love one another." If only more people would listen to Him there would be much less violence and cruelty in this world. Love is giving, love is to think more of the other person than of oneself. The love of mankind is to be prepared to give up one's life so that another, even a stranger, may live. Love is really a state of being. A man who carries love in his heart spreads it as he goes around. By his touch, by his look, he tells his fellow human beings that they really count for him. On the other hand, a man who carries hate in his heart, which is the opposite to love, spreads hate wherever he goes.

Love really exists per se. One can actually see it in everyday life, in the eyes of the little boy talking to his dog, the mother holding her child, the young couple walking hand in hand gazing into each other's eyes, in the glance of the holy man consoling the unfortunate. What I would like to advise my children and seedlings is simply this: "Heed what Jesus had to say. Carry love in your heart at all times and you will never regret it for God will be with you as long as your heart is filled with love!"

The story of my life since the end of Hitler's war, and especially after the death of my husband in 1955, has been intimately linked with the lives and activities of all my children and their families and I have spent almost all my time in the company of one family or the other; we even had special apartments built into the houses of two of my children, as living quarters for me, but eventually I settled for my own apartment and my own independence.

Therefore, for the last thirty years and more, the tale I have to tell in this third part of my book concerns largely the life story of my children and their families, the day by day story of my "seedlings." To write the entire history of a family of the size of ours is of course impossible and would require more than a few volumes. There are almost one hundred ongoing life stories and many of them are begging to be told, with more beginning all the time. At this moment I am expecting three new great-grandchildren and that is nothing unusual. So I am forced to confine myself in this last part of my book to those events which link my life to the lives of my offspring.

The proliferation of our kin has even had its curious



Making a "whoosh" (wish) at my 90th birthday, surrounded by my great-grandchildren.

drawbacks. At a party given by them for my 90th birthday, there were almost a hundred of my descendants present and it became necessary to give each new arrival an identification badge on which was inscribed his or her name. Many of them were complete strangers one to the other, cousins who had rarely, if ever, met. But none of them were strangers to me. I had followed their paths from the time of their births and to me each one was just as important as the other. For their benefit, as much as to help my readers, I have included in Appendix A a family tree showing all the descendants of Alphonse and myself. It has to be brought up to date almost from month to month, but at least my seedlings, by consulting it, will be able to coordinate their relationships when cousin meets cousin at family gatherings in the future.

A glance at this tree shows that our family has been singularly blessed over the years and we have much to be thankful for. We have suffered so few bereavements compared to the families of many of our friends and relatives that at times our good fortune has been almost an embarrassment.

It is true that we lost two little girls, one during wartime, (she was Dick and Ray's adorable infant daughter who died in her cot), and the other, more recently, was our dear little Patsy, who had so much to look forward to and was planning to do so much with her life. But God had other intentions for her and he called this lovely blonde teenager to himself while she was still in the flower of her youth. And then Gran'papa and Jack Graham left us. But my other children and their spouses and progeny are alive and happy and spreading far and wide over the face of our country, from one end to the other, making their presence felt among their peers in the various professions and endeavours in which they have become engaged, bringing honours and glory upon themselves and their kin, not to mention joy to my heart.

Of course, there are always some who have done better than others, either because they were more talented or because they were more fortunate. And there are some, as in every fold, who really did not bring as yet much honour or credit upon themselves nor upon their kin for reasons I cannot pretend to judge, and who is to say what great things the future may still reserve for some of them, but all of them, whatever their deeds or stations in life, I love and I have loved equally and dearly and I know they have returned my love.

In this last part of my book my intention is to render homage to my children and grandchildren for all their

kindness to me over the years, by reporting, as faithfully as I can recall, the many deeds and achievements of our doctors and our executives, of our lawyers and our social workers, of all our other family members each in his own chosen field, whose roots are spreading so rapidly across the vastness of our land, and if I should overlook anybody or anything in the process, I trust I will be forgiven, for so much is going on all the time, and I am far removed from the scene of all the activity, sitting here at my desk in Pierrefonds Manor, and besides, they know full well that my poor old memory is not what it used to be.

XXIII

Aunt Con

A sister fondly remembers her twin.

My twin sister Connie had spent the war years in the bosom of her family in Western Australia, and the whole Paré clan had sorely missed her cheery presence. Her own children, of course, had a prior claim on their mother but we longed to see her again.

We had kept in touch with the latest developments and the news about each other's families from opposite ends of the globe by corresponding regularly, but during war-time the service was poor and oftentimes frustrating. When the Japanese forces loomed off the northern coast of the continent we had naturally been concerned about the safety of all our Australian relatives and feared that Australia might go the way of Hong Kong, Singapore, and the other British outposts in the Far East. Many of the women and children had to be evacuated into the interior to protect them from a sudden incursion by the Japanese. They even attacked the outskirts of Darwin, and my sister Alice lost her only son Dick, a pilot in the Royal Australian Air Force, when he was shot down in that engagement. Happily, the war in the Pacific came to an end and our worries on this score ceased.

In June of 1946 I received a letter from Perth. It was from Connie telling me she had accepted my invitation to come over for another visit with us and this time she proposed to bring her youngest daughter Consie with her.

Like mine, Connie's own offspring had grown up and blossomed forth during these crucial years. Her two sons had especially distinguished themselves. The oldest, Jim, was now heading up the major Western Australia News Group which controlled newspapers, radio and later television stations, with headquarters at Perth. John Macartney, her second son, had risen to become a Commander in the Royal Australian Navy. While the war was still on, he visited us in Montreal on his way to the Old Country, and we were thus able to hear all the latest

news first-hand about Connie and her family. In England, John fell in love with Geraldine, a lovely English girl, and later carried her back to Australia as a war bride. Connie's oldest daughter Kitty married a prominent doctor in Perth, Dr. Alex Magnus, and gave him four fine sons.

Their youngest daughter Consie was the same age as my own twins Paul and Peggy. Our telegrams announcing both blessed events had criss-crossed back in 1922 and the births took place at almost the same hour. What an extraordinary coincidence it would have been if Connie had also given birth to twins. This was left to Consie, her daughter, to do, when she delivered a set of twins in Canada thirty years later.

Our dear Aunt Con had always been a great favourite with all my children. When they met Consie upon her arrival in Canada, late in the summer of 1946, it was love at first sight. Immediately my children began competing among themselves to be the first to entertain their new-found first cousin and to welcome her into the circle of our family as a sister. It must have been confusing for poor Consie at first, trying to sort out all these Parés and their in-laws. Young Consie turned out to be very much like my sister: thoughtful, interested in everything one was doing, good-humoured and absolutely unselfish. Like her mother also, she had an independent character and was inclined to be self-reliant. She hated to impose on others. When she made up her mind about anything, it was not easy to change it, as we were to learn before long.

Several months went by in a round of parties and visits to make the acquaintance of everyone and to see a bit of the countryside, but Consie was never one to remain idle for very long. She had been trained as a nurse and besides, she wanted to see something of that "frontier Canada" she had always read about. One day Dr. Peter Paré came home to Rosemount Avenue from

the Royal Victoria Hospital and said to Consie: "You're a nurse Conse, would you really like to see our 'north country'? Beryl MacRae, the nurse in charge of the E-N-T Ward at the hospital, is looking for a qualified nurse to take over at Fort George on James Bay. You would be caring for the Indian tribes, in the Hudson Bay area."

Consie's interest was immediately aroused. She applied for the post and she was accepted. She had to sign a contract to stay on for 18 months. Only then did she break the news to an astonished and horrified Paré family. There was no way to dissuade her from a course of action which almost all of us judged to be folly, by words like: "You won't see anything there but the Indians," or, "The life will be unbearable during winter," and, "In the summer the mosquitoes are awful!" All such comments were laughed off by a stubborn and determined young lady who on November 3rd 1946 took off into the wilderness to join her Indians when the first snows were starting to fall. My children admired her courage tremendously. We did not see her again for more than a year. Word would come out from time to time that she was healthy and enjoying her life. She had even met other interesting people besides the Indians. It seemed that one passing canoeer, grateful to Consie for washing his laundry, was none other than our future Governor-General, Roland Michener. When Consie ultimately returned to civilization she had become a true Canadian, so much so that she never returned to live in Australia. She married a young Canadian chartered accountant, a relative of John Howlett's, David Howley, and settled down with him in Newfoundland to raise her children.

Mother Connie was almost as surprised as the rest of us when her daughter made her sudden decision to do good work among the native population. By this time Alphonse and I had driven down to Florida with our prodigal son Tony, and on hearing the news we called Connie and insisted that she fly down and join us without delay.

In those days the facilities were not like they are today. The propeller-driven plane, with Connie aboard, had trouble finding the Tampa Airport in a dense fog and flew around for almost two hours before landing. Waiting anxiously on the airport tarmac, Alphonse and I began to despair of ever seeing our Connie again. When it finally landed, among the frightened-looking passengers pouring out of the plane, my sister stood out by the big grin across her face. "I would have hated to come all this way and not have been able to see you," was all that she said to us.

That was typical of dear old Connie. She was quite a character — brave, innocent, and forever endearing. My children and their friends couldn't resist the temptation of leading her along and teasing her for the fun of it, just to hear her come out with her quaint and humorous comments in her Australian accent.

She was a good sport about it and never failed to

join in the common merriment when she had said something particularly funny or outlandish.

My twin sister was naive about many things in life. Some say I am very much like her in this respect. She was much too trusting and believed in the inherent honesty of people. She would make friends with perfect strangers and was always ready to help anybody in distress, no matter what the cost or the trouble involved. As a result, people were inclined to take advantage of her and we had to be on guard to protect her from herself.

Both Connie and I suffered from a common Western Australian complaint. In our youth the unsanitary mineralized drinking water of the goldfields had played havoc with our teeth and early in life we both found ourselves wearing sets of false teeth. Our dental practitioners of the time did not always measure up to the standards of excellence we have grown accustomed to today. If the dentures were ill-fitting in the first place, it could mean a lifetime of misery. One does not lightly replace such an expensive appendage.

I could not complain. When I first became engaged to Alphonse, my father was very extravagant and insisted on providing me with a new set of gold-backed dentures which were fitted by the best dentist in Perth, and they have never failed me. They are almost as good today as they were on the day I first wore them, seventy years ago, and the gold is certainly worth more than it was at the time! The problem is, however, that the older you get the more your gums are inclined to shrink and recently I began to have trouble with my dentures. Hitherto I had always removed them at night time for the sake of comfort but now, to avoid an expensive new set of teeth at my time of life, I decided to leave them in. One night I awoke to find myself choking on my teeth. Half dozing I extracted them and placed them on my night table. The nurse came by while I slept and, seeing my teeth there, she removed them to a more secure resting place. When I awoke in the morning and reached for my teeth they were gone. "Oh dear?" I said to myself, "I swallowed them during the night," and I called the nurse to tell her the bad news. We all enjoyed a good laugh over my discomfiture when I learned the truth, but mine was more of relief than of amusement.

Connie had an excellent set of dentures but she seemed to be having the same trouble with her false teeth as I have more recently experienced with mine and Alphonse and I had not failed to notice it. We felt uncomfortable for her. Alphonse suggested on more than one occasion that she consult his dentist but she wouldn't hear of it. Like me she was parsimonious when it came to expenses concerning herself. My husband even offered to pay for a new set but she turned him down.

Time went by until one day the elements decided to intervene. Connie lost her teeth in a raging snow storm outside 33 Rosemount Avenue.

Those of my readers who live in a sunny climate,

like Western Australia, will hardly understand how this could happen. Trying to locate an object dropped into a snow-bank is bad enough. It is like looking for a ring dropped on a sandy beach, but if everything is blowing along at the same time, it is hopeless. You might as well give up until the snow melts in the spring.

We were delighted to hear of the incident. Now Connie would have to listen to reason and acquire a new set of dentures. Alphonse even called his dentist to make an appointment. But we had underestimated the perseverance and obstinate nature of my sister. She put an ad in the local paper with our telephone number:

Teeth lost in snowbank near 33 Rosemount Avenue. Reward for finder.

After several crank calls, and as many sympathetic ones from members of my Mothers' Club who recognized the address and the telephone number and thought I had lost my teeth, a young boy telephoned to say he had found her teeth and claimed the \$5 reward. Unfortunately Alphonse and I were not there to intercept the call. We were amazed. Our plans for outfitting Connie with a more comfortable set of teeth had been thwarted. She was quite content to fall back on her recovered set of dentures which seemed none the worse for their sojourn in the snow, and she would hear of nothing else.

Fate finally took a hand. Some time later, it was in the early summer of 1947, we were all having dinner at Jeanne Costello's palatial home in Ste. Agathe des Monts, north of Montreal. Connie had been complaining of a stomach upset. Suddenly she excused herself and hurried off to the bathroom. When she returned she was holding her hand to her mouth, and although she was feeling miserably sick, there seemed to be a twinkle in her eye as she managed to blurt out to Alphonse: "What did you say the name of your dentist was?" She had sneezed while in the bathroom and her teeth had fallen into the bowl and been flushed down the toilet.

Whenever I think of my dear twin sister, fond visions of the many years we spent in each other's company both in Australia and in Canada arise to crowd my imagination. Such adventures we had together, sharing moments of joy and sadness, poverty and affluence, and always between us there seemed to exist an unspoken understanding. We had come into the world together and we meant something special to each other. She is gone now for many a year but I know she is waiting on the other side with Father and Mother and Alphonse for me to come over and join them, and I will not disappoint them for too long.

Florida in 1946 with Alphonse and Consie was so much more fun than in the previous war years. No longer did we have the rankling fears about our men in the armed forces. They were all home now. Dick and Paul were attending law at McGill. Tony had returned to his law



Connie and me, snowshoes under arm, in Val Morin.

practice, Peter had taken his family to Boston with a fellowship at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Even Donald and John were old enough to look after themselves while boarding at Loyola College.

Now that our daughters were all tending to their own households for their husbands and their babies, our house on Rosemount Avenue with only three bachelor sons living in it began to look too big for our needs.

At the time our baby Donald, always very much of an extrovert, had become quite an organizer among his generation as head of the Montreal Inter-Student Sodality and president of a youth group, comprising 600 adolescent boys and girls, organized by the T. Eaton Company. Whenever Donald was home from Loyola the children's telephone rang from morning till night with girlish voices eager to speak to their president.

One day, to the surprise of all his family and friends, not to mention his galaxy of broken-hearted young female admirers, Donald advised his father that he felt he had a vocation and had decided to join the Jesuit

Order. I cannot say that we were not pleased. Alphonse especially was delighted at the news. He was a very religious man and had long prayed that one of his sons might become a priest. In no time Donald was making plans to depart for the English Chapter of the Order, and begin his studies at Guelph, Ontario.

Although our house was as busy and congested as ever, with Donald gone and the bachelors seriously courting attractive young ladies, I began to think the time had come to sell our big house. Besides, it was not fair to continue to saddle Alphonse with such a responsibility in his poor state of health; he already found it a problem to climb up and down the stairs and the ideal solution would be to find a ground level apartment or one with an elevator.

The subject was discussed at length in the course of several family get-togethers, and the consensus of opinion was that we should put Rosemount Avenue up for sale and take an apartment large enough to accommodate ourselves and the three boys still at home, Tony, Paul and John.

We eventually settled on a fine old apartment in the centre of town on Drummond Street, (The Drummond Apartments) with panelled walls, seven full rooms, and two bathrooms, and when I think the rent for all this space was only \$75 a month, it is hard to believe. Later the rent was raised to \$125 a month and we found that to be outrageous at the time. In fact I think we cancelled the lease on that account.

I don't know whether our decision to sell had anything to do with it, but very soon afterwards Paul and John, both of whom had been busily courting, began talking about marriage. Neither of their loved ones were strangers to the Parés. Audrey Drury was a member of a family that had been our friends and neighbours for years at Val Morin. Before the war Audrey had only been an irritating "kid" who threw sand at Paul as he passed the Drury home on his way to the golf-links. Now he had fallen in love with her and it was the smartest thing that Paul Paré ever did in his life.

As for John's fiancée, Joan Kearns, she was also a lovely young woman and a neighbour of ours, as well as a close friend of the family. She and John make a wonderful couple and have become the life of the party at all Paré get-togethers.

In 1948, we sold our Rosemount house to the Pierre Sévignys. He would later be a minister in the cabinet of

John Diefenbaker. On the day that Mrs. Sévigny showed up to take occupancy, accompanied by an army of workmen who were instructed to tear down the old tapestries and begin a complete renovation of the house, we said goodbye to our old home, with sadness in our hearts, leaving behind so many wonderful memories of the years gone by. I had a bouquet of flowers delivered to the new owners on that day, and the card read:

Dear Mrs. Sévigny,

We wish you and yours as much happiness in your new home as we have had while we lived here.

The Parés

Montreal was now agog and stirring with plans and preparations for the post-war boom. After six years of enforced restrictions and wartime austerity, the economy was poised for another major leap forward. There seemed no limit to the promise of the future and all our young people were eager to participate in the goings-on and determined not to be left out of all the exciting events taking shape in our province and in our country. The talk at family gatherings now revolved around new projects and new ventures.

Alphonse was always ready with his advice and his assistance; even if his health did not permit him to take part in any of these ventures, he had the satisfaction of helping his children to plan their futures. We prayed that we would live long enough to see some of these projects come to fruition. In the meantime, we knew we had launched them on the longest flight, the voyage of life, and in the days to come we would watch them with pride as they spread their wings and flew on their own towards the unknown.

The Lord has spared me to tell this tale of the deeds and exploits of our seedlings, but first, as we prepared to relinquish our new apartment on Drummond Street in the fall of 1948 to a joyful group of young people which included my niece Consie, recently returned from Hudson Bay, and Alphonse and I prepared to leave once more for the beaches in the Gulf of Mexico, I feel I should devote a few words to tell my readers of the many months and years of happiness spent together in Florida.

XXIV

Florida

The Land of Sunshine and the determination of the author to prolong the life of Alphonse.

Our love affair with Florida began in 1938 and continued until Alphonse passed away in 1955. As a widow I continued to spend the long winters there for several more years, until 1969, when I decided that my family meant more to me than the comforts of Florida during winter time.

For all of us older people who came from the northern regions of the United States and from Canada, and there were literally millions of us migrating to its sunny shores, Florida appeared as a land of promise, a sort of Garden of Eden where deserving citizens who had worked hard during their lifetimes, having attained a measure of success and put aside a little money, could look forward to spending at least the cold winter months of their retirement years under pleasant circumstances, in a climate that remained salubrious all year round and where the cost of living was modest.

It became a way of life for Alphonse and me to sojourn six months of every year on the beach of St. Petersburg. That first year when Alphonse suffered a heart attack while on a mining trip with Leo Timmins, Leo's brother Noah Timmins Jr. came to see me to tell me the bad news. He seemed surprised when I didn't break down. His first thought was that I had not understood the gravity of Alphonse's condition (the doctors had given him only 2 years to live!) and he felt I should have a heart-to-heart talk with Dr. Brow, the famous heart specialist, who had examined my husband. "Alphonse will never be able to do any hard work again," Noah told me with compassion in his voice. Alphonse and I were both dismayed. He was so young and strong it was hard to believe the medical diagnosis. But there was nothing else to do but accept the inevitable, and we resigned ourselves to doing the best we could in the circumstances. At least while there was life there was hope. Alphonse would retire and live a quiet life. It was recommended that he take a

few months complete rest away from home down south in Florida, as soon as possible. This meant a dramatic change in all our thinking and plans for the future. Existing activities and associations had to be severed forthwith and our wonderful home would have to be looked after by the children. We arranged for a reservation in Florida near St. Petersburg and decided to take off immediately in our car.

Driving down to Florida with Alphonse was quite an adventure. In the early days he would usually drive and I would act as his navigator. He was not a good driver and he relied on me to advise him when the traffic lights had turned red. When I forgot to do so, he would often go through a red light and then blame me for not doing my job. It was a long and exhausting trip down, about 1500 miles, and it normally took us between four and five days to reach our destination. Each morning at sunrise, after a breakfast of coffee and toast in the hotel room, we would set off and drive through the early hours of the morning when there is little traffic, to cover three to four hundred miles before stopping again until the next day.

We did have a few accidents during the many years of driving back and forth but fortunately none were very serious. On one occasion Alphonse failed to make his stop on time and we collided with another car driven by a young man, and put his car out of action. He turned out to be a lawyer and having satisfied himself we were properly insured, his attitude changed instantly. He brushed aside our apologies and couldn't have been more considerate and attentive to us. We became friendly and it ended up by all of us adjourning to the nearest restaurant for a leisurely breakfast and a pleasant chat. What a fine young gentleman, we thought to ourselves, until later when our insurance company advised us he was suing us for ten thousand dollars. To add insult to injury, his damages included business opportunities missed and appointments broken while we were entertaining him at

breakfast. I was the only witness outside of the two drivers and on the strength of my testimony, the insurance company was able to settle for only \$1,000.00.

As time went by, Alphonse's health became worse and it didn't seem advisable for him to drive. Plane service didn't exist then as it does today so I had to take over the wheel. It was not an easy task to drive with Alphonse as a passenger. He was quite a nervous backseat driver and I had to exercise extreme patience and caution to avoid accidents. Until one day when we had a sudden tire blowout while going at full speed on the highway. I handled the situation with such coolness and aplomb in bringing the car safely to a stop on the apron that Alphonse was most impressed. His confidence in my ability to drive increased ten-fold and thereafter we had much less backseat driving. Of course we couldn't fix the flat ourselves but a kindly trooper came along and did it for us.

Sometimes one or another of our children would drive us down. After his return from abroad, late in 1946, Tony was our driver. We were renewing acquaintance with our long-absent son before he returned to the practice of law.

On that trip we started off badly from Montreal. After crossing the bridge we came to an intersection. All the signs were new to Tony — and Alphonse and I were at odds as to which way to turn. Dad said left and I said right, although I was not too sure of myself. Unfortunately we followed Alphonse's directions until, 25 miles further on, Tony stopped the car. "I think we are heading for Quebec City. Is that the right direction to Florida?" he asked. After one hour of driving and fifty miles of travel we arrived back at the bridge exit and took up the right direction. We still had 1500 miles to go. Tony was most amused at this incident and thereafter he insisted that all decisions on the proper route to take be discussed and voted upon after consulting the road maps.

In Florida we would usually rent a cottage close by the beach. Sometimes we would reserve the same cottage from year to year only to find on our arrival that the developers had been busy dredging the seashore and our cottage that had previously faced on the ocean was now in the third or fourth row away from the beach, behind new cottages built on the reclaimed land.

Our days were spent quietly picking up shells along the beach or playing a hand of bridge with friends or family. The weather was mostly sunny and warm for weeks on end and it persisted all winter long.

There were miles and miles of wonderful soft sandy beaches stretching out of sight along the Gulf of Mexico and we were up at the crack of dawn each day to wander in our bare feet along the beaches through the lapping waves for hours at a time when few people were about. It gave us a heady, almost intoxicating feeling of well-being to watch Mother Nature waking up to welcome the arrival of a new day. Often we would enlist friends or visitors to

help us in the early morning hours to collect vast quantities of shells of every description and size, washed up on the beaches by the receding tides. We forgot how we had become used to walking long distances and sometimes we would bring along our guests without thinking of how they would get back. Poor Jeanne Costello followed us for several miles early one morning until she became exhausted. As there were no taxis to be had, she had to limp slowly and painfully back to our starting point. I am sure she never ventured forth again on long treks to collect shells at the break of dawn.

We quickly got accustomed to the very informal way of dress in Florida and never bothered to wear anything but beachwear during the day, light summer attire in the evenings, or shorts and sleeveless shirts whenever we went shopping for our modest needs, loitering lazily in the excellent supermarkets or browsing at a relaxed pace through the many modern shopping centres that catered to the tourist population. It was the epitome of easy and comfortable living free of all stress and daily concerns and just what the doctor ordered for Alphonse.

When we first arrived we were hardly settled in our cottage when we received an invitation to a posh cocktail party given by Mr. Murdoch, the president of Noranda Mines. It was a typical fun in the sun party for Canadians escaping from the rigours of winter with lots of joyous laughter, drinks and repartee. Alphonse never cared for such social events and after that first party we decided to refuse all future invitations, giving his health as our excuse; and so long as we stayed in Florida we never entertained or went out except with our closest friends and neighbours or when members of our family were visiting us.

We were rarely alone. Sometimes one or another of our children or even a grandchild would accompany us; or close relatives like my sister-in-law Noémie Fraser and her daughter Josephine would take a cottage nearby to join forces with us in creating our own little community of bridge players. My twin sister Connie was also our frequent companion and we spent many happy hours with her whenever she was able to visit us from Australia.

As soon as we were organized in our cottage, particularly after the war years, we could expect a flow of visitors from up north, from among our growing family. When this occurred, we would reserve accommodation for them in the nearest motel and our cottage would become headquarters for their beach and other activities. Alphonse and I looked forward to these visits and enjoyed the eager anticipation and enthusiasm of our young guests arriving with all their equipment, sun outfits and elaborate plans, not to speak of the news they were bearing from home. It made up for the long months of separation.

In the early days I missed my children, especially the younger ones, for I felt I had deserted them when they

most needed me. But, as time went by, I became used to the annual separation. It was all for a good cause. It kept Alphonse away from the irritations and noise of city living and it was prolonging his life. He never completely recovered from his heart condition but he lived quietly and happily and we always kept ourselves busy with all kinds of projects. I naturally missed my close associates of the Mothers' Club and the Red Cross, but at least we were able to keep in touch by the flow of correspondence. One day I received a long letter from home to which each one of my former cronies had appended her individual message of affection and I was very touched by this thoughtful gesture on their part.

In Florida we made some new friends among couples of our own age. One day on the beach we struck up the acquaintance of a couple from the northern States, Bob and Ethel Wilson. He was very keen on the handweaving of rugs and offered to show Alphonse how to do it. This seemed to me like a good idea to occupy his time and I urged him to accept Bob's offer but he showed no interest in the proposition and he said to me afterwards: "You'll be having me knitting dresses before long, if I don't watch out. It's bad enough that I'm spending all my time as your assistant making jewellery out of shells for your Mothers' Club bazaar."



Shell-making for the Mothers' Club Bazaar.

A short while later, when we were shopping in the local supermarket, I saw a woman demonstrating how to weave these rugs by hand so I suggested that Alphonse sit and watch her while I went shopping. That did the trick and he caught the bug. When I rejoined him, the sight of Alphonse, who had already purchased a frame and all the necessary materials for making carpets, occupied in taking a lesson in weaving from the teacher and intensely concentrating to following her instructions, caused me to utter a peal of laughter which annoyed the girl. She told me brusquely that I should not laugh as most of her pupils were men. "That is not why I am laughing," I

explained to her. "I have been trying to get my husband involved in weaving rugs for some time, and I'm very grateful to you for arousing his interest and showing him how to do it." Alphonse became quite as expert as Bob and they produced some marvellous, even valuable rugs between them. Some of Alphonse's rugs are still prized possessions in our family.

The two men became close friends and we saw a lot of Bob and Ethel as the years went by.

If Alphonse was not busy weaving rugs he was sure to be involved in some other activity or hobby. With plenty of energy to burn he could not stand remaining idle for any length of time. After seeing a television



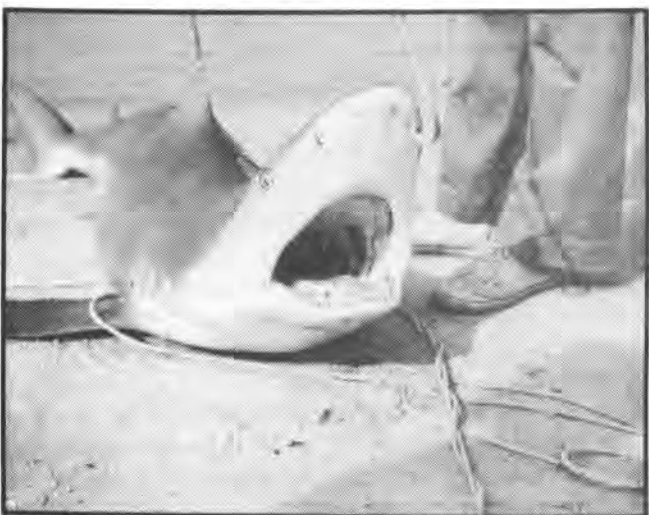
Alphonse at work on a rug.

programme which explained how to make it, Alphonse began to bottle a very acceptable marmelade preserve made from a mixture of the abundant supplies of local oranges and grapefruit, and it became so popular we had to ration it out on special occasions. Alphonse also loved to go fishing. I never went out on the sea with him for fear of sea-sickness, but one year he chummed up with a young man also suffering from a heart condition as well as the fishing bug. This couple had taken the cottage next door. His young wife and I endured many an anxious hour when our men disappeared out to sea in their rented boat and sighed with relief when we caught sight of them

returning with their catch of the day. Once they dreamed up the crazy idea of putting out a night line. To do this they anchored a buoy with bait over a mile out to sea which had a line stretching back to a bell in our neighbour's cottage. The bell began clanging at 3 a.m. and Alphonse was aroused by an excited neighbour. They pushed their boat out in the darkness and after some time returned trailing a 350 pound shark which had to be abandoned for the night on the beach. The next morning the authorities came along and advised them it was against the law to leave the fish on the beach so our fishermen — over the violent protests of their wives concerned about their heart conditions — pulled the carcass back into the ocean and dragged it off-shore in their boat. I always felt this must have contributed to the sudden demise of our young neighbour the following year.



The shark.



During the war years it was not easy to keep in contact with our children at home. The telephone service in Florida was poor and most cottages had no telephone. Communication was often by cable or by message left at the nearest phone and this could lead to confusion and some anxious moments.

We had one such occurrence early in the war after our sons had gone off to serve their country. At the time Peggy was staying with Alphonse and me, and his sister Noémie Fraser had taken a cottage nearby with her daughter Josephine. Noémie had married an associate of her father's in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Martin Fraser. For many years now she had been widowed and her daughter Josephine had stuck by her and looked after her, turning down all proposals of marriage to sacrifice her entire life for a mother who was both temperamental and exacting. They had recently moved from Ottawa to Montreal and resided in Westmount not far from us. Another daughter, Eglantine, had died suddenly only a few years before, and her only son, Martin, had married Peggy Sumner, daughter of a prominent family in Moncton, New Brunswick. At the time he was serving overseas as a pilot.

While we were engaged in a hotly contested round of bridge a message was sent over from the local telegraph office addressed to Peggy. All it said was that a member of the family had been killed and she should advise the others; no name, no details.

Noémie, who was always excitable, assumed that it was her son, Marty, and became hysterical. Peggy immediately concluded that her fiancé Claude Tétrault had fallen victim to a bomb in London. Alphonse and I thought of our boys overseas.

Josephine and Alphonse rushed off to the telegraph office to obtain more information while Peggy and I tried to calm Noémie.

When we saw them returning from a distance we realized right away from the expression on their faces that the news was not as bad as we had feared. It was indeed tragic news but it did not affect us that closely. Young Noah Timmins III, Aunt Lelia's oldest grandson, had been killed in a plane accident while training to be a pilot. My heart went out to poor Aunt Lelia who already had enough sorrows to bear. She lost her oldest son and her three oldest grandsons in quick succession all as a result of accidental deaths.

For nearly two decades there was a steady stream of visitors to the door of our modest cottage by the seashore at St. Petersburg. Of these, our family was always the most welcome. Sometimes we made the mistake of extending invitations to friends whom we found we could not get rid of, but others were so welcome we could not see enough of them, such as Tiva Marchand and her sister Alice. They kept us in fits of laughter with their amusing anecdotes for one memorable week when they stayed with us. I could not understand many of their jokes in French

for the humour suffers in translation, but just to hear the ring of their musical laughter was a tonic and a balm in itself.

During the war years one unexpected visitor was a "British" naval officer, or so believed the doorman of the posh apartment building where we had decided to lodge for that winter. A call from downstairs advised that an English naval person in uniform was asking for Mr. & Mrs. Paré. It turned out to be our son Paul. His ship had put into Miami for a week and he had wangled a lift across the peninsula to visit us. What a wonderful surprise for his old parents! As usual the weather was sublime and every day we went for long rambles along the ocean shore with Paul continually running ahead of us for a few hundred yards, cavorting around like a child let out of school then reclining on the hot sand in the sunshine until we caught up to him. I don't know who enjoyed themselves most, my happy son or his delighted parents. We all roared with laughter when we came upon a scale by the beach and weighed ourselves. Alphonse and Paul were about the same. I am ashamed to say that I weighed more than them but I have since lost that excess weight. It was a sad day when Paul had to leave us and return to face unknown perils in the North Atlantic.

Another day we had a most surprising guest who dropped in unannounced. It was our old friend Dick Karibian, our fruit and vegetable man from Val Morin days. He arrived on Alphonse's birthday in a splendid open Cadillac touring car dressed in the latest fashion of safari suits. Dick was an Armenian refugee who escaped as a teenager from the Turkish massacres during the First World War and arrived in Canada after the war with a group of young nephews and orphans under his wing. With no capital except the help of his wards, he started a fruit and vegetable delivery business from door to door in the Laurentians. As a result of tenacity and hard work he had become a wealthy man. Now his dandy appearance belied the humbleness of his early beginnings in America.

In the back of the open car were boxes containing a profusion of fruits and vegetables. "This is a visit from your old fruit and vegetable man," he announced. "But there is no charge for the delivery today!" He had passed some farms on the way and stocked up.

He stayed with us for dinner and reminisced about the twenties and thirties in Val Morin. We were his biggest customers. "Mrs. Paré used to buy as much as the rest of Lac Raymond put together," he told us. "That is why I always looked the other way when the Paré children swarmed around my truck looking for a handout or to purloin a piece of fruit. I would just add the charge to the bill!" When he heard it was Alphonse's birthday, he rushed to his car and came back with a 40-ounce bottle of scotch. Not long thereafter dear generous-hearted old Dick passed away and a part of our life went with him.

With regret at leaving our idyllic surroundings mingled with anticipation at the thought of seeing our

loved ones, and looking like red Indians with our skins bronzed by the sun, we would pack our bags when spring came, give up the cottage, and migrate northwards to Canada with the returning ducks and geese.

When this happened there was sure to be a conflict of interest and a clash of intentions between the driver and the driver. I was always on the lookout for bargain purchases that would warm the hearts of my dozens of grandchildren and Alphonse was equally determined to scrupulously observe the rules and regulations of the Canadian Customs and Excise Department.

On one occasion we dropped into a market en route and I spied a sale of cowboy and Indian suits reduced to half price. I bought the contents of the entire table. When we arrived at the Canadian Customs, the officer inspected my latest acquisitions among a host of others I had put aside during the winter months.

"So you run a store, Madam," he said. "No, officer," I hastened to explain to him, with anxiety showing in my voice and Alphonse looking on in disapproving silence, "These things are all for my grandchildren." He then turned to my husband and said "And you sir, do you state that these are all intended for your grandchildren?" "Heavens, yes," said Alphonse. "Why there are not nearly enough suits there for all of them!" The officer seemed impressed, so he finally said to me: "Well, I will tell you what I will do. I will let you take these through providing you send me a picture of all of your grandchildren wearing these suits." And that is what I did. From that day onwards, whenever we went through that Customs point, we looked up the same officer and we always breezed through without any difficulty. Once when Alphonse was driving us home from Florida and I had packed the rear of the car high with 39 dolls and other bric-a-brac for my grandchildren, my daughter was nervous about going through the customs and was quite convinced we would have to pay duty. I didn't reveal our connection to her but as we approached the barrier, I directed her towards our old friend, explaining away to him all the accumulated loot of the winter months in the back of the car with the words "for my grandchildren." He waved us and our astonished driver through with a smile of understanding and all he said to us was "Those kids are lucky to have such a grandmother!"

On another occasion, however, when I had purchased three dresses at a bargain sale on the American side of the border and I was wearing all three dresses one on top of the other, another officer, after inspecting us and our car, waved us through with a sarcastic smirk upon his face. We could not understand why until we stopped at Rod Timmins' home in Knowlton on the way back, and he enquired why I had three tiers of price tags dangling from my dresses. Alphonse was horrified. He knew nothing about it and hadn't even realized I was wearing three dresses. I had put them on in the bathroom of the store where I bought them without telling him.



My grandchildren in their cowboy costumes.

We stopped once on the way back to visit the Peter Paré family in Boston in the spring of 1949. We hadn't seen their adorable children for over a year. As infants are wont to adapt themselves in no time to the local inflections of voice, we were amused to be greeted by most of the children in pronounced "Massachusetts" English. When the time came to leave, little two-year-old Julia, who was always one of my favourites, quietly went upstairs, put on her hat and coat and galoshes, packed her clothes in her tiny valise and joined us at the door, announcing in a quite determined tone of voice that she was "going back to Canada with Gran'papa and Gran'mama." We were quite touched at this and happy when they did come back to Montreal soon afterwards.

We did not go out much in Florida, but occasionally Alphonse would surprise me. This happened once when Guy Lombardo was coming to St. Petersburg. Everybody was trying to get tickets but it was too late, the event had long since been sold out and I did not even dream of going.

Then Alphonse announced that he had bought tickets for us months before, when they were first advertised, and he had reserved a ring-side table for two.

Imagine my delight when Guy Lombardo himself invited me to dance. Alphonse — not to be outdone — asked a very attractive lady at the neighbouring table to dance with him. She and her husband then joined our table and we had a fabulous evening together.

Those were eighteen wonderful and peaceful years Alphonse and I spent together in Florida, but finally it had to come to an end. Alphonse became ill and our doctors, my son-in-law John and my son Peter, took charge and began giving orders. But that is another story and I will have to tell it in a later chapter; suffice to say here that Dr. Brow had only given Alphonse two years to live after his first heart attack. In fact he had lived on for almost twenty years mainly thanks to the good care of our doctors John and Peter.

After I became a widow, my children felt that I should continue to spend the winters in Florida. I decided

to take an apartment with an extra bedroom to put up my visitors. One of our dear friends, a lady from New Orleans, had purchased a condominium apartment on Reddington Beach and after her husband died she offered to rent it to me. For five years I rented that luxurious apartment for only \$1,500 a year, and she never would accept more than the original rent, although the prices were soaring and had nearly doubled in the interval — which goes to prove that there are still some people in this world who are motivated by other than their personal gain.

It was useful having an extra room in my apartment. I nearly always had somebody staying with me. Now it was the grandchildren who began trooping down to Florida to visit. The girls came in groups or singly, and the parents continued to show up with their entire broods.

My brother Heck had died in Australia earlier and his wife Bobby, accepting an invitation I made to her in Melbourne in 1959, came to spend a while with me in Florida. At other times it was old friends or cronies from the Mothers' Club.

Dick's oldest daughter, Marie-Claire, stayed with me for several weeks. A young man employed as a waiter at the restaurant nearby which we had frequented, fell desperately in love with her but did not have the courage to ask her out, daring only to admire her from a distance. It was only later, on the beach one day, that he told me all about it. At that time he had just passed his exams in medical school and was starting his internship. He confided in me that he had always regretted being too timid to speak to Marie-Claire while she was staying with me. Of course, she is now happily married to Peter Holland, and they have five lovely children.

Another day I had an unusual number of visitors: Jane Williams, who was Gerald Timmins' married daughter, living in Toronto, came by to see me with her four young children. At the same time Tony arrived with his three children and Paul's daughter Janie, to spend a few days with me. They were staying at a nearby motel. The adults decided to take the eight youngsters, all about the same age, for a dinner party at our most popular seafood restaurant, The Captain's Table.

It was one big happy party and everything was going well until Jane's 4-year-old, who was sitting next to me, insisted on showing his affection for his grand-aunt by pinching me under the table from time to time on the leg. For a 4-year-old he had quite a lot of strength in his fingers. I finally became annoyed when he refused to stop and pinched him back to show how much it could hurt. Instantly I regretted having done it. He burst into tears and was inconsolable. He would not have anything more to do with me and resisted all attempts to mollify him or to make up.

It cast a damper on the joyous celebration and even Mother Jane began to feel uncomfortable. Suddenly the

child changed his mind and gave me a big hug. "I love you Aunt Lucy," he said. Immediately the tension disappeared and the evening ended in great success.

After Jane had taken off in her car with her little ones, and I was driving home with Tony and his children in their stationwagon, I remarked how fortunate it was that the child had made up to me. He really was a good little boy. Thereupon a young voice spoke up from the rear of the car — it was Tony's oldest boy François who said with a tone of amusement in his voice: "Oh no, Gran'mama, he did not do it on his own. I gave him 10 cents to kiss you and make up."

Among the main attractions of Florida for us were the wonderful seafood and the variety of fresh vegetables and fruits. They were always so cheap and so plentiful. Webb's store in St. Petersburg, in particular, often had marvellous bargains and I loved shopping there. Alphonse and I could subsist for days on end on this fare. Not all my visitors appreciated seafood as much as I did. When Claude and Peggy were visiting me in 1963 I hurried down to Webb's and bought ten pounds of luscious fresh shrimps at half price as a surprise, only to find out that Claude couldn't eat them, so Peggy and I enjoyed ourselves for a whole week on a diet of shrimps.

A frequent visitor at my apartment during my last winters in Florida was my youngest son Donald. After the war he had joined the Jesuit Order and whenever he visited us he used to say mass at our local parish church and preach from the pulpit. Now he had a fellowship at the University of Florida to study for a doctor's degree in psychology, which would take almost three years to complete. Being close at hand he often came over to see me, and because the beach was the most desirable place to spend one's leisure hours away from studies, he more often than not invited some of his associates from the university to join him.

Donald had always been a very socially-minded boy and immensely popular with everybody he met. I could see that many of his companions of the opposite sex were more than taken with him.

One girl in particular was a darling. Her name was Nancy. I warned Donald that he could easily fall in love with her and then he would face problems with himself and with the hierarchy of the Church.

The story of what happened and how Donald obtained dispensation and was permitted to leave the order is told in another chapter. But today Nancy and Donald are happily married and make a wonderful couple. They already have two dear little sons of their own.

Many of the couples among the friends that Alphonse and I made over the years in Florida were broken up from time to time by the death of one of the partners. We had watched with a touch of amusement when the survivors found romance among themselves and often got married to new mates. I had never thought

of such a thing happening to me until an old friend of ours, now a widower, began to court me in a very serious way. At the time I was only in my late sixties and he was already past his middle eighties. We both lived in the same building on the same street in Westmount and this gave him plenty of opportunity to call upon me. He even pursued me to Florida and took an adjacent apartment. I found him extending all kinds of invitations to me and always seeking my company. I even had to teach him how to go about his shopping. We were walking along the beach one day carrying our shopping bags when a group of friends sitting on the beach began clapping together and I realized they were signalling their approval of our romance.

Before long he proposed marriage to me. The man was not unattractive and he seemed to be well off, but the last thought in my mind at the time was to marry again. I was too involved with my own family. I had to give the matter some serious consideration before making any decision. Frances MacDonald, the mother of a fellow-Jesuit friend of Donald's, was staying with me at the time. I confided in her and she encouraged me to accept. My elderly suitor must have sensed that I was weakening and he became over-confident. He began painting a rosy picture of our future life together and in so doing he made a fatal mistake. "We will get married right away before a Justice of the Peace without telling anybody, then we will

fly to Scotland for our honeymoon," he proposed. "A Justice of the Peace?" I said. "But shouldn't we get married in a church?" "Oh no, I don't believe in God," he replied. I was horrified to think how close I had come to marrying a man who didn't believe in God. That decided me once and for all. Anyway, after spending a lifetime with a wonderful man like Alphonse, there was no room in my heart for another man or a new romantic adventure. I told the surprised and disappointed old gentleman that I couldn't accept his offer.

Then I received some very sad news from Canada. Dear Aunt Lelia had passed away after a long illness. Since Alphonse died I had hardly seen anything of her. With Aunt Lelia gone a whole period of my life had come to an end. It was as if I had lost my own mother. I desperately wanted to return to Montreal to be with the others at her funeral, but it couldn't be arranged.

It made me feel depressed and I longed to see my children and my grandchildren once more. I felt out of touch with them, being so far away for so many months of the year. I came to a decision. I would go home to Montreal and give up Florida for good. I had spent many pleasant years of my life here with Alphonse but now it was time to return. My children needed me more than ever and I wanted to give to them as much as I could of myself. It was a wise decision and I have never regretted it.

XXV

A Paré Kin Behind Every Bush

*The author relives tender memories of Val Morin
with her grandchildren.*

There seems to be a Paré grandchild behind every bush,' vouchsafed my son-in-law Claude Tétrault, as much to himself as to his listeners. We were all sitting in comfortable lounging chairs on the lawn in front of the Tétrault's spacious new country home at Val Morin, surveying the numerous activities taking place within our view. With a gin and tonic at each of our elbows, we were, in a way, celebrating. And with good reason, as you will shortly agree.

Claude was not prone to exaggeration. Our idyllic country retreat in the Laurentians had undergone a drastic transformation since the early days. What had once been a mere foothold in the virgin forest, away from all the madding crowd, to be reached only by dint of a whole day's travelling in the train or by automobile, had become a new suburb of the metropolitan area of Montreal. Modern super-highways laced the countryside, reducing the travelling time from the city to less than one hour, and paved roads now led even to the very doorstep of the old Paré homesite.

Over the intervening years that foothold had enlarged itself and developed into a virtual enclave for the Paré, Howlett, Tétrault, and Graham cousins. At any time during the holiday periods or on weekends, over thirty grandchildren could now be found treading the same paths that had been worn through the forests and on the golf links by their Paré elders of the previous generation. Like an octopus, the abodes of the clan had spread right and left along the shoreline of Lac Raymond to encompass the most desirable beach area, and now there were no less than six and sometimes seven separate dwellings, all in the immediate vicinity of the paternal home, housing the burgeoning families within the enclave.

Ray and Dick had initiated the trend by acquiring the neighbouring Bancroft property, one removed on the

right from our original cottage, ideally perched high on the hill overlooking water on three sides. This old house was soon torn down and replaced by a modern Alpine chalet, when Dick became president of a prosperous construction company, a connection from which all his brothers and sisters would benefit handsomely in the post-war years.

When Notary Bob Gibb decided to sell his property adjoining Dick and Ray's on the right, separated from them by "Gibb's Bay," Tony called us in Florida and asked Alphonse if he was prepared to pay \$7,000 for the five acres and a house built out on a rocky promontory. Without hesitation Alphonse told him to buy it. He was thinking of the future of his grandchildren. The property was purchased on behalf of a family company and Peggy Tétrault became the secretary, faithfully recording minutes of all the meetings. The following summer three newlywed couples, John and Joan, Tony and his Hungarian bride Eva, and Consie and her Newfie husband David Howley, shared the primitive accomodation on the "Rock" as it became known, cooking on the ancient wood stove and washing their clothes in the hand operated washing machine, a relic of bygone days inherited from the previous occupants. When Alphonse and I visited them during that summer the whole place was alive with white diapers fluttering in the wind announcing to all and sundry that babies had already appeared on the scene.

Later, Pat and Jack, with their six children, would inherit this choice property and ultimately Pat would erect a large modern home on this site.

Phonsine and John had meanwhile acquired a part of the original paternal lot and erected a new cottage by the beach to the left of the old homestead. Paul and Audrey would purchase a plot of land between Dick and Ray's property and the Rock, and have another Alpine chalet built by Dick's company for their family. Even

John Paré reserved a lot to build a house in this area but he moved away from Montreal before he could realize this project.

As for the old Paré homestead, it had survived the war years sometimes as a boys' camp and at other times as a vacation spot for those of the family who were still around, but little had been done in the way of maintenance and it was sorely in need of repair. Now some of our children looked to the old house as a holiday haven for their families until they could find other accommodation, and Alphonse and I were only too glad to turn it over to them.

Thus the summer of 1949 saw four couples and many offspring living a communal existence under the old roof of Val Morin. "Old roof" it was indeed, for when it rained all the pots and pans had to be placed strategically around the floors to catch the water dripping from the ceiling, and at bedtime raincoats spread over the bedcovers became the order of the day, (or rather of the night), in the rainy season.

Moreover, there was no hot water. The system had failed and all water had to be heated on the wood stoves. Nevertheless, Peter and Anne, Peggy and Claude, Pat and Jack, and Consie and David Howley, with all their young ones, got along famously, sharing daily chores and common expenses in proportion to the population, with David, the chartered accountant, acting as official assessor of amounts consumed and accounts outstanding, by family units. Alphonse and I showed up from time to time and were delighted to find everybody happy and complete harmony reigning amidst the ever familiar baby diapers hanging from every corner of the commune.

For the next five years, until 1954, the year before Alphonse passed away, Peter and Anne, and Claude and Peggy shared the ramshackle old house during their holidays with their ten children and various help and pets and somehow, with makeshift repairs and patching up, they managed to keep the electricity and water going, the roof in one piece and the walls standing — and enjoyed themselves immensely in the process. We were always happy to drop in and even to stay overnight with them — there was such a good feeling of camaraderie under that roof. One evening when we had decided to stay over and we were playing a hand of bridge in the old sitting room, the patter of little feet in the children's dormitory overhead accompanied by a hushed chatter of childish voices trickling down through a ventilator grill in the ceiling almost directly above our bridge table, disturbed our play and annoyed the parents. Parental voices were raised warning of dire consequences if the culprits did not immediately cease their pranks and return to their beds. Alphonse and I reminisced tenderly on the days when we had similar trouble with our own boys who were always peering down through that ventilator when they should have been asleep.

Suddenly the grill, no doubt weakened by genera-

tions of youngsters spying on their elders from above, gave away under the weight of a child and little Julia Paré tumbled through the hole and plunged to the floor at our feet. The poor child was quite bruised and scared to death, to say nothing of the startled adults, but happily no bones were broken.

This incident, among others, convinced the occupants, particularly our Dr. Peter, that the time had come to do something about the old building, and, with the help of Alphonse, who was forever thinking of his children even though he was not well himself, the old homestead was finally torn down and Dick's company built a magnificent new country residence around the old stone fireplace, composed of two attached units, with separate entrances — one for the Peter Parés and other for the Claude Tétrault family. It was high time! Peter and Anne's nine children and Claude and Peggy's five would soon have burst the walls of the old building. Now they could all live in peace and luxury, each in his own adequate quarters.

The Paré enclave at Val Morin had gradually taken shape over the years, but there was one nagging problem. All the properties along the lake had been bought from the farmer who originally owned the land, one Cléophas Bélair, and as this gentleman sold off lakefront lots, he reserved a right of passage along a road skirting the shoreline, for his own use and for the use of subsequent purchasers of lots further down the lake. Unfortunately this road was rapidly becoming a major highway as more and more lots were sold and the riverside lands on the North River for several miles downstream were opened to the purchasing public. All this traffic, it seemed, would pass before our front doors, practically cutting us off from our sandy beach and ruining the privacy and the value of our properties. Already it had become perilous to allow our little ones to wander alone anywhere near this road on a busy day, notwithstanding the warning signs placed on every side by indignant parents.

Our neighbour, Harry Cockfield, the founder of the very successful Cockfield-Brown Advertising Agency and our budding lawyer son Tony, had tackled the problem together even before the war, in 1939, while we were in Florida. Cléophas Bélair was absolutely unwilling to cooperate or to give up any rights, and the only solution was to create a new roadway behind our lakefront properties, using guile, and hope to eventually divert the passing traffic onto this new and better road. A scheme was devised but the war intervened and unfortunately Harry Cockfield passed away in the meanwhile.

After the war, Tony pursued this scheme and purchased, by using a friend as an intermediary, so as not to alert Cléophas Bélair, the land up the steep mountain-side behind our properties, thus creating a new access roadway in the rear, parallel to the lakefront road. But Tony, having settled down at St. Andrews East in the interval, left it up to Dick, Peter and Claude and the other



The beach, before the road was moved back.

property owners to carry out the delicate manoeuvres that eventually realized our greatest ambition: the closing down of the front road and the diversion of all the traffic to the rear of our properties.

On the day that Claude made the remark I have quoted about the "Paré grandchildren behind every bush" we were actually celebrating the final and official closing of the front road to traffic. After ages of negotiation and planning, including the construction of a brand-new road in the rear, the organizers had just announced the great news; Their efforts had been crowned with success. At least our grandchildren would be safe now from the traffic as long as they remained in the privacy of our own enclave; and soon green grass would replace the oft-times dusty road in front. Indeed a great day for celebration at Val Morin!

I am sure my grandchildren will not soon forget those wonderful summer or winter holidays they enjoyed at Val Morin in the post-war years. Now so many of them are already adults and heads of families themselves. Then their lazy days were spent like their parents before them, in golfing and swimming and boating, tennis or baseball or football, or hiking through the forests and the mountains, except that they were four times as numerous as in their parents' generation. They tended to stick together with their own cousins, which may or may not be a good idea in the long run, but certainly to this day they still stick together outside the Val Morin enclave and help one another and present a united front. It is indeed a wonderful thing and a great consolation for their grandmother and for their own parents.

I am told that they also enjoyed and excelled in the same winter sports as their parents. The Howletts and the Grahams were especially reputed to be expert skiers and most of them were taught skiing by their "Tante Pat." She is even now teaching the generation of my great-grandchildren how to "pinch the penny" as they fly down the ski hills, and all are full of praise for her skill on the

slopes.

Alphonse and I were only occasional visitors in the early days of our grandchildren's time at Val Morin, (later as a widow I would spend more time there), but we never missed those delightful family parties when everyone got together around a bonfire on the beach to applaud or deride the efforts of our amateur actors.

The great entertainers were Peter and Claude, and their fame grew with the passing years. For slapstick and as mimics and jesters they were not to be equalled. It is no wonder their sons Pierre Tétrault and Anthony Paré were both attracted to the theatre after witnessing these parental efforts.

Peter and Claude would spend days on end preparing their skits and costumes. It must have been quite shocking for their children to see their normally sedate fathers dressed up as women or robots acting the fools in public or having eggs cracked over their heads, the whole to a most uproarious audience which jeered or applauded them on with little reference to the skill of the performers. Usually Peter and Claude took the precaution of fortifying themselves against the expected insults and taunts with liquid refreshments before going on stage, so they could not have cared less.

One year Peter's oldest daughter Mary Anne took over the limelight and directed a group of the younger grandchildren in an adaptation of the Cinderella story for the bonfire show, complete with costumes. She brought the story up-to-date and called it "Cinderbaby." Janie Paré played the title role. The dialogue was in the latest teenage jargon and consisted of lines like: "The Prince is here to see you, Daddy-O!"

It was voted a great success and everybody found that the youngsters had put their elders to shame.

We loved to join in the excitement of any unusual event with our grandchildren and this happened whenever Jack Graham brought his float plane to Lac Raymond. Jack had continued his interest in flying after the war ended and he was Vice-President of Timmins Aviation Ltd., a company operated by Johnny Timmins, our cousin Leo's oldest son. Jack often landed his plane on the lake to take the young cousins for rides around the Laurentian lakes and mountains. It was the biggest thrill of their young lives and they lined up on the pier to take their turn in the cabin with their Uncle Jack (or their own father).

Once when Alphonse and I were in Val Morin, Jack invited us to go up with him for a little spin, but Alphonse was against it — for what reason I really did not understand. Of course he was not a well man but he also forbade me to go up! A little later I was on the pier watching the fun when the children wickedly shanghaied me aboard the plane by pushing me into the cabin. As soon as I sat down on the co-pilot's seat Jack started up the motor and before I could protest I was horrified to find myself high in the air flying directly over the old Paré

homestead. Jack, the devil, deliberately banked the plane low over the grounds where Alphonse was cutting the lawn. He looked up in astonishment and recognized me as I waved to him from the air. "Oh dear, Jack," I shouted to my son-in-law above the roar of the engine. "Now you have done it, I am going to be in disgrace with Alphonse and it is all your fault!"

We flew over the mountains and the green forests. I could see all the houses in the Paré enclave and the long line of children and adults along the beach wall waving to their old grandmother up in the air. It was a great joke to all of them. In the distance I could spot the golf course and the cars going down the highway. It was a thrilling ride and when we landed back on the lake the water shot up in huge waves on either side of the plane. We taxied to the pier amid the cheers and hurrahs of all my assembled grandchildren and their parents. Alphonse was so relieved to see me back safe and sound that he completely forgot to scold me.

Another time when Jack came in his plane there was a near tragedy that stirred up a great deal of heartbreak and despair for a time among the tiny tots assembled on the beach wall to witness his arrival. The magic words "Uncle Jack's plane is landing" were enough to cause them to converge like lightening from every corner of the enclave, accompanied by their little friends and their pets.

For some reason Mac, the Howlett's pure-bred Collie, a great favourite among all the children, took it into his head on this occasion that this alarming and noisy creature constituted a threat to the safety of his young wards. He had for a long time assumed as his very own responsibility the ongoing protection and well-being of any and all Paré kin. Nobody could or dared approach them or threaten them without having to deal with Mac.

He began barking furiously at the huge water bird taxiing in towards the beach area where most of them were standing; it was all the more surprising as he very rarely barked at all. Nothing would stop him from plunging into the water to attack and to attempt to divert the menace away from his protégés. One of the floats passed over his head and pushed him under the water. There arose a great and heart-chilling wail of dismay. "Mac has been killed! He has been run over by the plane!" was shouted on all sides.

Many of the smaller ones, including his young mistress Martha Howlett, ran home in tears certain that their dear old friend had been really killed, and some of the others were so affected that they were sick to the stomach. The dog must have received quite a jolt for he took some time to reappear on the surface. Then a great cry of joy and relief went up. He swam towards the beach and all the children ran down to meet him. There was much rejoicing and embracing of Mac when they found he was not even hurt.

In those days Jack Graham was a very dashing and

heroic figure in the eyes of all the Paré cousins. The war was still vivid in everybody's memory and they imagined him as an Air Force ace pilot shooting enemy fighter planes out of the sky. Little did Jack realize how popular he was with all of them. He was a modest and unassuming fellow and never tried to impress anybody.

Whenever I met Jack, and especially at family parties where he joined in wholeheartedly and mixed with all my other children and their spouses as another member of the clan, he always gave the appearance of being in excellent health and enjoying life, and nothing presaged the tragic event which was shortly to befall his family.

When his youngest child, little Patsy, was only nine months old he died suddenly at home. At the time they were living on Roslyn Avenue in Westmount, in a very fine home for their growing family. He had an excellent job and had just returned from piloting a large plane for his company. An embolism or blood clot travelled to his lungs and affected his breathing without warning, and there was nothing that my son Dr. Peter, immediately summoned from his office only a few blocks away, could do to save our poor Jack. He died leaving my daughter Pat a widow with six small children. At the time I was on a visit to Australia with my niece Consie and I had become a widow myself.

This tragedy was to have a lifelong effect on the lives of my daughter Pat and her children and indirectly it also affected my own plans. Pat faced up to the situation with great courage and determination and never complained to anyone about her misfortune. She worked hard and became a real estate agent, sold her house in town and moved her family up to the property on the Rock in Val Morin where she raised her children. In the winter months she resumed her interrupted career as a ski instructor and became a very familiar figure on the ski slopes in the Laurentians. It was not easy going, supporting and raising a family of six and living year-round in the mountains, but she did it and she did it well.

She had some help from her brothers from time to time, and also from a young man who was hardly older than her oldest son. His name was Peter Gilmore and he eventually married Pat, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, and together, with the help of the children, they tore down the old Gibb home and built a fine modern home on the Rock. While planning this home they included an apartment for me with a private kitchen and bathroom, and as a result I found myself drawn back to Val Morin where I spent several summers living among my grandchildren and watching them growing up.

My apartment on the Rock became the rendez-vous for all my roving grandchildren. I loved sitting in my room with its sunny windows affording a magnificent view of the lake below, and greeting a seemingly endless file of grandchildren coming to visit me each with his or her own little problem or story to tell. Their darling little

faces looked up at me with so much love and trust in their eyes that sometimes I felt overcome at the great fortune which God had bestowed on me. I was always sorry when the holiday time came to an end and I would not be seeing all of them quite so often.

They would troop into my quarters by age groups, a little Howlett holding hands with a little Paré, or a little Graham, to be followed by another and older group of Tétraults, Parés and Grahams. From them I heard all the latest stories of what was going on and I enjoyed myself as much as if I had taken part with them in all these activities. Even though it was second-hand, I appreciated hearing of the prowess of Peter Howlett, Nicky Paré or Paul Tétrault on the golf course, or the feats of Richard Paré at the races or at some other games; I became as enthused over birthday parties, or picnics, or bonfires, as they did, even though I was only with them in spirit. Of course I never missed the family bonfire parties. They were the greatest entertainment of the season when the clan gathered from far and near to enjoy themselves and catch up on the latest news and family gossip.

There was no limit to the imagination of certain parents when it came to entertaining the small fry in the enclave. One summer Peter and Claude cooked up a visit to Candy Land. All the tiny ones were blindfolded and led only a few yards into the woods where, resplendent upon his throne, the bearded King of Candy Land, a majestic crown upon his head, was bestowing largesse in the form of candies to all his young visitors. The children marvelled at the trees from which candy sprouted and chocolates seemed to drip.

They came away, their eyes filled with wonder, and not one of them thought it was strange how closely the King of Candy Land resembled their Uncle Claude, nor recognized his voice in the mellow tones of the great monarch. They all accepted their visit to this fantasyland as a true experience and would carry the memory of it for the rest of their lives.

An excellent diving board had been installed at the tip of the Rock where the shoreline ended abruptly in a deep rocky shelf very suitable for diving and swimming. Pat forbade any of the young people to use the Rock unless they had learned to swim and could navigate in deep waters across the mouth of Gibb's Bay to reach the Rock. From my window I could see all these young people enjoying themselves diving off the rock in the sun for hours on end. There was always plenty of activity around Pat's home. It seemed to be the favourite rendez-vous of all the stray youths and dogs in the neighbourhood.

Unfortunately, the waters of Lac Raymond which had been crystal clear when we first came to the lake, gradually became polluted with the immense influx of people into the area, to such an extent that it was inadvisable to even swim any longer in the waters of the lake. In recent years my son Dick has become involved in local politics as president of the Proprietors' League, and

they finally, and only lately, were successful in persuading the provincial government to provide the necessary funds to clean up the mess in the North River, which runs into and out of Lac Raymond. Already the swimming conditions are reported to be substantially improved as a result of these efforts.

The story of my days as a grandmother at Val Morin would be incomplete if I failed to mention two of my dearest friends and cronies during those years. We enjoyed so many exciting bridge games in each other's company. One was Tiva, Ray's mother, and my readers have met her before. A more kind and considerate friend than Tiva is hard to imagine. She was forever in a good humour and thinking of others. When she passed away in her sleep with a smile on her lips at the age of 94, she was as bright and alert as the day I first met her. A story is told to show how thoughtful she was. After her death, Ray found a number of letters written by her mother addressed to people she had been helping, telling them of her death and apologizing for the fact that she would obviously be unable to continue her charitable work on their behalf. All that remained was for her daughter Raymonde to sign the letters and mail them out.

The other crony was Eileen Drury. The Drurys, like the Parés, were among the original settlers on the shores of Lac Raymond. Mrs. Drury was left a widow while her children were still comparatively young. She did an excellent job of raising a family of boys and girls, and we had every reason to appreciate how successful she was. My son Paul married her daughter Audrey, and of course her other daughters and sons were friends of my children. If Paul gained a wonderful companion in life, the rest of his family benefited almost as much. Audrey has been the most thoughtful daughter a mother-in-law could wish for. The Drurys still have their home at Val Morin although Eileen has also passed away.

For many years now my visits to Val Morin have been infrequent ones. Another generation of Parés and Howletts and Grahams and Tétraults are lying on the beaches and running through the forests, and they have been joined by little Hollands and Lemans and others, but they all greet me in the same way "Hello dear Great-Grandmother!"

Since Paul and Audrey acquired their "P & A Farms" in the Eastern Townships (of which more will be said later), Dick has taken over Paul's Alpine cottage and built a tennis court and swimming pool to accommodate his growing family of grandchildren. They all call him "Papa Dick" and he is even now planning further construction to house more of them.

In the time that is left to me I do not anticipate many more visits to dear old Val Morin with all its memories stretching back to that day, more than 60 years ago, when Alphonse and I paddled down the lake from the Rankin's cottage and discovered that wonderful beach area for our children and grandchildren and now

our great-grandchildren.

On a visit to celebrate my 92nd birthday, I realized more than ever that the good Lord must have been directing us to an area He had in mind for us, Himself.

This birthday party was at Peter and Anne's home. So much has changed there that I can hardly recognize any trace of the original Paré homestead. More than ten years ago Peter acquired Peggy and Claude's share of the big house for his grandchildren. He gave up golf and settled down to gardening. Where once baseball diamonds and football goalposts outlawed any possibility of horticulture, Peter, with an exceptional thumb, has turned everything into green grass with profusions of flowers and plants and gardens under the shade of the huge trees (planted in their infancy by Alphonse) or tucked away in the folds of the lawn so that, in short, the grounds have become a showplace.

The first thing I noticed when I arrived for my party, besides the construction work going on for two tennis courts which the Peter Parés and the Howletts were putting up jointly between their properties for the oncoming generations of great-grandchildren, was the unexpected number of people already assembled on the lawn awaiting my arrival. I knew that some fifteen of the younger generation would be out in Western Canada, (they had sent me their birthday greetings), and that others were off in Newfoundland for a wedding (they called me later at the party from Consie Howley's in Newfoundland to wish me a Happy Birthday!) but I had not expected more than 80 members of the family to be there to greet me, and they were almost 90!

A great spread of the most succulent foods had been prepared in the kitchens of the Val Morin members of the clan and it was laid out most invitingly on long tables inside the house. Fortunately, the weather was superb and permitted the party to be held outside in the sunshine. When I sat down at a table on the lawn with some of the older ones, almost as if I was holding court, a stream of youngsters came up to kiss me and wished their grandmother or their great-grandmother a happy birthday.

Some of the older grandsons were in charge of the bar and others were strumming on musical instruments. Chairs had been spread over the lawn for entertainment. "There is going to be a show Gran'mama," somebody explained. And sure enough, pretty soon all the audience were requested to take their seats and enjoy an hilarious comedy featuring Claude dressed as the villain, intent on stealing the manuscript of this book "The Seeds," and Peter with a woman's wig and dress, not to mention silk stockings and rouge, impersonating me, as the author, doing his best to prevent the theft and foil the villain's intentions. Watching my son Peter acting the fool I wondered if I really looked that old. He had me down to perfection.

After the show, and several encores, a group of the



The audience enjoying the skit.

singing members of the clan, with Janie Paré conducting, ably assisted by John and Joan, came on stage and led the audience in a song which Janie had composed to the tune of "Young at Heart" as a surprise for my birthday. Copies of the song were handed out and some of the older ones had tears in their eyes as they joined in the chorus. I was deeply touched by it all! The words were as follows:

Fairytales can come true
It can happen to you
'Cause you're young at heart.

For it's hard we will find
To be narrow of mind
When you're young at heart.

A girl from Australia
Has a story to tell ya
You can laugh, you can cry
For the years that went by.

"The Seeds" gets more exciting
With each passing day
And reveals Gran'mama
In the nicest way.

You have reached so it seems
Your impossible dreams
Here reams of your genes
In their jeans full of beans

Join as one and say to you
Happy Ninety-two
And many more in years to come
If God's will be done.

And when you've survived to 105
Look at all you derive

Out of being alive
And here is the best part
You gave the head start
And now we are among
The very young at heart.

It was then my turn to be called upon to make a traditional speech. For this occasion I had decided to give the young people a little homily on life which I had prepared with great care and dictated to my granddaughter Martha Howlett. Because of my poor eyesight, she wrote it in very large type so I could practice it. I had learned it by heart and I wanted them to benefit from some of these great truths which I have learned during my lifetime.

But at my birthday party, when I found myself sitting in an armchair facing all my loved ones with the nodding leaves of the green forest and the shimmering

waters of the silver lake in the background and a hundred pairs of trusting eyes gazing up to me from the lawn, hanging on to my every word, I knew I could not preach a sermon. It was not the time for a serious speech. It would have spoiled the mood of the party. Instead I spoke to them extemporaneously, and, from my heart, I thanked them for everything.

After my speech, without any prompting from their parents, my great-grandchildren who were sitting in the first row on the grass, cherubic little boys and sweet little girls, their hair a galaxy of blonde and dark curls tied in bows, spontaneously came up to me in a group and kissed me, and when they put their little arms around me it meant more to me than all the riches the world could offer. At that moment I felt that my cup was running over with joy and happiness.

It is a memory of Val Morin which I shall treasure forever!

XXVI

A Soul Bursts Through

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die"

John XI, 26

Every time I sit down and attempt to describe in writing the character and traits of the man with whom I spent most of my adult life, it seems to me, upon reading back over my text, that I have not done him justice and I have failed to depict Alphonse as I truly knew him. He was such a wonderful husband and a kind and generous father to his children. Above all he was a true Christian gentleman of a school that is fast disappearing from the face of this Earth. I often shudder to think how upset and indignant he would have been should he have lived long enough to witness the appalling deterioration of the moral fabric of our society today and I thank God for calling him before he could see what is happening to us.

Alphonse was deeply spiritual and he believed implicitly in a personal God who created everything that exists and whose Son Jesus Christ came down upon this earth to redeem the sins of mankind. The teachings of Christ represented to him the answer to all the problems confronting the peoples of the world and he would not tolerate any compromising with Christian principles and beliefs.

Sometimes I wondered if he were not too rigid in his attitude towards right and wrong. After all, humanity is weak and we all are inclined to falter from time to time. Yet Alphonse was by nature forgiving and, if his Latin ire was quick to be aroused, he never bore a grudge for very long. His wrath would just as quickly subside and the offender would be welcomed back into the fold with no hard feelings. Like his Aunt Lelia, he was always quite strict about respecting the conventional customs and manners he had been taught in his youth. Our children were never excused from dressing properly for dinner and if an older person was to enter the room, all the children present were expected to rise immediately to their feet to show their respect. He had inherited from his father much of that Old World gallantry and politeness which

now seems to have disappeared. How often does one see the young people of today, for example, rise to give their seat in the bus to an older person? Alphonse would never fail to bow and kiss a lady's hand when meeting her or on taking his leave. He did it with such finesse there is no wonder he charmed all of our women friends.

One thing he would never have condoned, however, is young people living together in sin, without the benefit of marriage vows, as they so often do today. For Alphonse, the true Christian family was an essential component of our Christian civilization and without it we were no different from the pagans. Marriage was indissoluble and for life. We were bound one to the other in sickness and in health until death did us part. The prevalence of divorce during these past twenty years would have shocked him as it does me. I quite understand the firmness of our present Pope on all these questions of divorce, abortion, free love, the Pill, etc. He knows from his experience in fighting the atheistic Communists in Poland that if you concede on any one point the whole framework of our religious belief is jeopardized. It is ridiculous to hear people criticizing our Pope when he speaks on matters of dogma. Did not Christ say: "Thou art Peter, which means rock and upon this rock I shall build my Church!" If everybody wants to have his or her opinion about the dogmas of the Church, it will never survive. It was only later in life that I realized our Anglican Church had been founded by Henry VIII because the Pope would not approve of his divorce. Look how his Anglican Church has split into a multitude of religious beliefs because it was no longer built on the "rock" and guided by the successors of Peter!

I don't believe that a mean or selfish or immoral thought ever crossed Alphonse's mind, or if it did it was immediately banished, for he made it his vocation to live from day to day as Christ would have wished him to do. Like his Aunt Lelia, to whom he was attached as if she

had been the mother he lost in his infancy, he was ready to give away everything he owned for a just cause. He never dreamed of accumulating wealth, although the opportunities for him to do so were not lacking during his lifetime. He seemed to have unconsciously avoided them. Or maybe it was deliberate, for he realized full well the dangers of becoming attached to material things. He often quoted Christ's words that: "It is harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle."

Nobody who approached him for help went away empty-handed. Sometimes people took advantage of him. An acquaintance, who wasn't even a friend, whom he was accustomed to meet every morning at the communion rail in the Church of the Ascension, told him a hard-luck story and was able to borrow several thousand dollars from Alphonse. The loan was never repaid and Alphonse didn't make any fuss afterwards and I always wondered how the borrower was able to reconcile his conscience and go to Communion every morning when he thought about the money he had stolen from Alphonse. Or maybe he never thought about it again and conveniently put it out of his mind forever.

The husband of a dear friend of mine got into financial trouble and faced prosecution for embezzlement. Alphonse came to their rescue and he never asked nor expected to be reimbursed. In fact, when they were able to pay him back, he wouldn't accept it.

After Alphonse died I was amazed to receive dozens of touching letters from people all over the continent who were complete strangers to me. They all wanted to tell me how Alphonse had helped them in various ways and never asked for anything in return. Of course he was away so much of the time and he would never tell me of a good deed he had done for someone on his travels. One of these letters enclosed a cheque for \$50. It said:

Dear Mrs. Paré,

When I was a penniless youth desperate to find a job your husband gave me \$50 and used his influence to find me work. I have never repaid him and I would appreciate if you would accept this \$50 for charity in memory of a great man.

With his children, he was always ready to help out and listen to their new schemes, however hare-brained they be. He assisted all his children and even his sons-in-law to set up in life and he didn't look for any returns. In fact he organized a company to loan them the money, then gave away the shares to all his children. He always said to me: "It is better that we help them out now while they need it rather than wait until we are both gone and it won't mean the same to them."

Whenever he could he would attend daily Mass and

Communion and never did a night go by without our getting down on our knees and reciting the Holy Rosary to thank God for all His favours.

In the early days of our marriage, and later whenever he was at home, Alphonse and I used to go to confession together. After my conversion, when I entered the Catholic Church, the idea of confession was new and strange to me. We did not have anything like it in the Anglican Church. In fact the practice of confession was much criticized and looked upon by some of the Anglicans as a scheme devised by the Inquisition to control the minds of the faithful. I have since come to realize that it is a very useful and even necessary curative exercise to relieve oneself of the burdens that tend to accumulate and remain lodged in the recesses of the mind and often can lead to guilt complexes and other forms of depression or self-doubt. The priest is there to help us solve our problems and forgive us in the name of the Lord to whom we are confessing so that we can start anew, providing we are sorry for what we have done, have true repentance and a firm intention of not repeating the sins we are confessing to. It is not a license to go forth and sin again as some critics of the Sacrament would have.

Many people I know both within and without the Catholic Church would have avoided much tribulation and heartache if only they could have resorted to this Sacrament of Confession to ease their pangs of conscience and set them straight. Even the atheistic Communists have realized the therapeutic value of confession and resort to public confessions and recanting of their shortcomings. Nowadays the medical profession, and particularly the psychiatrists, talk of the necessity of therapeutic treatment akin to confession which is needed by their patients afflicted with mental ills and which patients could have been helped by resorting to the old-fashioned treatment of the confessional.

Alphonse, from the beginning of our relationship, after he learned of my intention to become a convert, always sought to accompany me when we went to confession, and he would invariably enter the confessional box before me. I finally asked him why he always wanted to try out the priest before letting me enter the confessional. "Well Lucy," he explained, "These priests are only men and some of them are unsuited for their vocation. I have had disagreeable experiences with impossible priests who shouldn't be hearing confessions and I don't want you to have your new faith tested by some prejudiced jackass who can't understand your problems."

Then one day he emerged from the confessional of a Dublin church in a great rage. "You will not go to confession to that man," he said. "He is an idiot and a bigot. With priests like that no wonder people leave the Church. Come with me; we will find another Catholic Church." Which was what we did, and we said our confessions to a very kind and understanding elderly

Monsignor. Alphonse would never tell me why he had been so upset with the first priest.

After every confession he invariably went to Mass and Holy Communion and there were times when, kneeling beside Alphonse with his head bowed, deeply concentrating on thanking his Saviour for favours received, I had the impression he was carrying on a two-way conversation.

My husband made it a practice of living his religion in his daily life and setting the example for his children.

I remember one occasion which illustrates how his mind worked. We had travelled together to Toronto to visit some friends. They lived on the outskirts on a new street with pleasant lawns and rows of fine bungalows. I noticed that our host boasted a magnificent specimen of blue spruce tree on his front lawn. It stood almost thirty feet straight and tall over the street. Next door there was what looked like a similar tree except that it was stunted, appeared diseased and hardly could claim to belong to the same family of trees. I remarked on this to our host. He obviously was pleased that I had noted his favourite tree. "You wouldn't believe it," he said, nodding his head towards the two trees outside. "My neighbour and I planted our trees at the same time almost twenty years ago. Since that day I have always looked after mine, groomed it continuously and given it plenty of loving care and attention. I have even had the tree surgeon whenever I thought it was necessary. As for my neighbour he has never done a single thing for his tree except let it subsist on the occasional rainfall. Looking at those two trees now you wouldn't think that they were once identical!"

Later Alphonse said to me, "You know Lucy, the story of those two trees reminds me of Christ's teaching. God has given each of us a soul to take care of and cultivate. If we neglect to do so, it will end up like that decrepit blue spruce tree outside. On the other hand, if we take care of our soul as our host has done for his tree, the result will be the same, something beautiful in the eyes of God?"

Living with a man whose heart was full of the love of God made it hard to realize that many other men didn't believe in Him. The old gentleman who was so arduously courting me in Florida after I became a widow almost had me convinced by his promises to take the step again, particularly after he assured me I would have plenty of funds to help my many grandchildren, as he had no children of his own. When I was about to accept his offer and he thought he had me on the string, he made the mistake of admitting to me that he didn't believe in God. That was enough to make me refuse him. After Alphonse, to contemplate living with a man who didn't believe in God was unthinkable.

In the years between 1950 and when Alphonse passed away in 1955, we continued to spend most of our time in Florida, but this did not prevent Alphonse from taking an active part in family projects whenever he was

needed. He had already assisted Dick in starting a new construction company, in which Tony was also involved. This investment paid off handsomely in dividends for the rest of the family, for Dick was instrumental in building or renovating housing accommodation at cost for most of his brothers and sisters.

Dick was very much like his father, both in appearance and in character, probably more so than all the other boys. Of a serious and generous nature like his father, he shouldered the weight of responsibility after Alphonse died, and I was able to lean on him more than once when family problems arose and the others were not yet in a position to help me.

Before the war, Dick had taken a year of engineering at McGill then switched to law, graduating after the war. He was admitted to the Bar and began practicing law. At the time, however, there was a great need for post-war housing and Dick, with a fellow Navy officer who was a graduate of McGill in engineering, Reg Quart, saw in this need an opportunity and they decided to launch, on their own, a new company to build housing. Neither of them had previous experience in this line. They started a joint venture called Lansdowne Park with an old hand at the game, Malcolm Gruner, but the going was tough for them in the early days.

They operated out of a tiny office, without staff, answering the telephone themselves. Later when they became prosperous they would build their own office building and warehouse on Paré Street in the Town of Mount Royal. Dick was up at 5:30 every morning picking up his workmen and on the job at day-break, hammering in the nails with his employees. After one year they had used up all their capital but they had gained a lot of experience in the process. They determined to stick at it and soon the operations began to show a profit.

At Dorval, in the west end of Montreal, facing on the broad expanse of Lake St. Louis, not far from the ancestral home of the Louis Parés of Lachine, their new company, Community Enterprises Limited, began another housing project called Courtland Park. Dick, Reg, Tony and even their wives and friends would spend their weekends in the model houses open for inspection to the public, acting as salesmen and taking orders. The houses began to sell and pretty soon a whole new community with all the services and facilities, including schools and parks, began to spring up around their project. It became a success and the partners were launched on a career which continued for a quarter of a century and only ended when both Dick and Reg retired early as wealthy men, to devote their energies to other fields.

At the time, with the many marriages taking place in our family, there was a growing need for accommodation and Dick, with the help of Alphonse, filled the breach. Alphonse loaned the money and Dick built the houses at cost.

In Courtland Park alone, Dr. Peter, back from Boston with his brood of seven, soon to become nine; Paul; John, after his marriage to Joan Kearns; David and Consie Howley, just to name a few, were among the beneficiaries. Peter had a particularly spacious home built and soon became a leader in the new community as President of the School Board, and he was instrumental in erecting a new Grammar School and a new High School for the growing population of children in the area. When John's home was built on Lakeshore Drive, the plan was made to include a separate apartment for Alphonse and me.

At the time we had given up our place downtown on Drummond Street and moved to an apartment on Bonavista Avenue atop Westmount mountain, which we had loaned to our son Tony while we were away in Florida. Poor Tony had suffered a major setback in his resumed law career, not to speak of his marital venture. He fell in love with Eva, a beautiful refugee from the Communist takeover in her homeland of Hungary, and they were married. But Tony fell ill on their honeymoon and on his return we were all dismayed to learn that he had come down with tuberculosis. The spots were on his lungs at the time of his discharge from the army and he was entitled to a full pension.

But at the outset of a new career to have to spend a year in bed while his lovely young wife worked to help support them was a severe blow. Fortunately he recovered completely and went on to make a success of his law career, but at the time things looked black for him indeed.

In 1953 our beloved King George VI died. Both Alphonse and I felt a sense of personal loss at his passing. We grieved with his widow, our Queen Elizabeth, now the Queen Mother, who had endeared herself to all her subjects around the world. Their daughter, Princess Elizabeth, seemed to be so young and inexperienced to inherit such a great responsibility, but we had no reason to be concerned, and she soon began to show that she was well prepared and quite capable of carrying on, and fortunately she had Prince Philip at her side and he also inspired confidence. At the time television had made its first appearance. For many months we had been hearing about this greatest marvel of our age, although we had yet to see it in operation. There was a good deal of controversy in the public about television and nowhere so much as among our own family. Almost all the parents were quite decided to outlaw it from their own homes, no matter what the price. They didn't want our grandchildren to be ruined by television.

The Coronation ceremonies were to be telecast from Westminster Abbey, but there was no way to see them without a television set. Dick suggested that he borrow a set from his partner Reg Quart and install it in our apartment on Bonavista to watch the Coronation and have a television party for the family at the same time. We

were delighted with the idea.

The news got around and when the day arrived, most of our children, with many of the grandchildren, congregated in our little apartment to sit before this latest wonder, a black and white set, for colour had not yet been developed, to enjoy their first view of television. Anne was among the early arrivals with her three oldest children and we had settled down to enjoy the pageantry when Dr. Peter arrived, carrying their latest offspring, two-month-old Nicholas, all swaddled up in a Steinberg's carton, much to Anne's disgust; but Peter assured her that it was quite sanitary and moreover he had changed the diaper before tucking the baby into the box. He also noted for our benefit that it was only a temporary mode of conveyance to be replaced shortly by a proper infant's basket.

With the arrival of Paul and Audrey from Ottawa (he was then executive assistant to Brooke Claxton, the Minister of Defense) suddenly we were a little audience of our own, sitting together quietly watching the inauguration of our new Monarch in Westminster Abbey, far away on the other side of the ocean. It was an extraordinary occurrence and one that was hard to believe. On this occasion it was not broadcast live, as it can be today via satellite, but the CBC had out-smarted the American networks by flying the pictures over the ocean as soon as they were taken and they were broadcast by the CBC throughout North America.

It was a scene that would be repeated countless times thereafter, whenever important events occurred. Indeed a new era in the history of mankind had made its debut, and the age of television was here to stay no matter how much one was opposed to it on principle. As far as the Paré family was concerned there was no doubt that we were hooked. In the months that followed not only Alphonse but most of the children would bow to the inevitable and acquire sets for their own families.

That fall of 1953, before leaving for Florida, we gave up the apartment on Bonavista and moved our ménage to the new quarters in John's house at Courtland Park. Now, for the first time in a long time, we began to see more of our grandchildren. Peter's, John's and Paul's children, as well as the Howleys whom we adopted as our own grandchildren, were constant visitors whenever we were home from Florida.

Across from our residence on Lakeshore Drive, fronting on Lake St. Louis, was a posh private club called the "Forest and Stream Club." It became for a short while an excellent locale for our family parties and here the clan converged whenever we were home, to meet together and celebrate as we were wont to do in our former home on Rosemount Avenue.

Alphonse's health gave no particular reason for immediate concern at that time, although we knew he was suffering from arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries, and his condition was not improving. This

caused him to be occasionally irritable, and although I loved seeing my grandchildren every day, I suspected that Alphonse's condition was not helped by having all the young people around us at all times of the day, so we decided to move once again and chose a nice apartment on Clarke Avenue in Westmount, close by St. Leo's Church and not far from the Ascension, both of which are on Clarke Avenue, where Alphonse had only a few steps to make in order to attend daily Mass. We moved in around the end of 1954 and stayed there until his death.

About this time Tony, who had recovered from his bout with T.B., came to see his father with an interesting proposition. He had discovered an abandoned property of six hundred acres on the Ottawa River at St. Andrews East, some forty miles west of Montreal. The property was on a peninsula formed by the confluence of the North River, which flows down from the mountains at Val Morin, and the Ottawa, to form a widening of the river known as the Lake of Two Mountains. What caught Tony's interest was the existence on the site of an excellent but disused and overgrown nine-hole golf-links and clubhouse set amid enormous trees and parkland and with four miles of waterfront. He was then the secretary of the Val Morin Golf Club which was desperately seeking to expand but lacked the necessary adjoining land. Here there was unlimited space for someone to spread out and the price the estate of the former owner was asking for the whole peninsula was merely a pittance.

He eagerly explained the details to Alphonse and suggested that they make an offer to purchase it jointly, Tony borrowing half the money from his father and taking on the responsibility of the management and development of the property. Alphonse agreed and Tony went away to make the arrangements. But that night Alphonse tossed and turned all night. Finally he turned to me and said: "Lucy, this business of Tony's upsets me very much, I don't feel up to becoming involved in a complicated deal like that?"

Then and there I realized more vividly than at any time before how Alphonse had been affected by his illness. This was not the daring entrepreneur I had known all my life.

I called Tony the next morning and told him: "You go ahead with your project, it sounds very worthwhile. But do it alone. Dad is far from well; he gets worried and upset about these things. He thinks he is going to become too involved. He will lend you the money to make the offer." Tony went ahead and bought the property. Dick and Reg Quart became his partners in the venture and they made a success of it. In fact Tony had a house built by Dick's company on the site and became the mayor of the town and very active in local politics for the Liberal Party, but I will have more to say about that later on. When Alphonse and I finally had an opportunity to visit the property Tony had acquired, he had just burned away many years accumulation of brush and towering grass

and the whole estate, and especially the golf-course, was green and restored to its original condition. Alphonse was amazed. "Good Lord, Tony," he exclaimed, "You'll be living here like some Duc de Montplaisir! I don't know how you got this beautiful property for such a reasonable price?"

In the summer of 1955 my twin sister Connie was once again visiting us. It was her third trip and this time she had an additional reason for coming over. Her daughter Consie had become a Canadian.

Connie, Alphonse and I decided to make an early start for Florida and drove down to our little house by the seashore at Reddington Beach before the cold weather arrived in Quebec. At the time we had no particular reason to believe that Alphonse's health was any worse than it had been all along, but a few weeks after we had settled into our cottage by the beach, both Connie and I



The last picture taken of us together, in Florida.

became concerned about the way Alphonse was acting. He seemed to lack his usual pep and joie-de-vivre. He even appeared depressed at times and this was not like him at all. Connie and I mulled over the problem together and we felt he should have some kind of medical attention. I decided to call our doctors back at home and ask them what we should do. They consulted together and Peter called back to speak to his father. Father and son discussed his condition quite frankly and Peter convinced my husband to fly home for a medical check-up rather than see a local doctor, leaving us twins behind in Florida. Happily, an excellent direct airline service had been inaugurated between Montreal and close-by Tampa. We bundled Alphonse and his suitcase into our car and I drove him to the airport to take a direct flight home.

Such are the vagaries of our existence in this life that one never knows when one is taking a final leave of someone who has been near and dear over the span of a lifetime. Both Connie and I kissed Alphonse good-bye as he embarked on the plane and we confidently expected to welcome him back after a few weeks of tests and checkups in Montreal. We would not have believed that we were even then bidding a final adieu to the man, as we knew him, who had filled so many hours of our lives with joy and happiness and love. We joked and chatted with him while waiting for the plane and he amused us by purchasing a funny little French beret which he perched jauntily on the back of his head, looking like a typical Breton peasant about to experience his first trip on a plane. Only a few weeks later we would be taking leave of him again but for the last time in this world.

Upon his arrival by plane in Montreal, Alphonse was met at the airport by his five oldest sons. The feeling of tension caused by their concern for their father was broken when Tony, at the sight of the French cap he was wearing, jocularly remarked: "Dad, you look as if you had arrived by Air France rather than from Florida," and everybody joined in the laughter, including their father. But his heart was in a far worse state than we had thought. Shortly afterward, while undergoing treatment for his condition, he suffered a massive heart attack and was rushed to the Royal Victoria Hospital where his son and son-in-law, both on the staff of the hospital, placed him in the intensive care unit.

A lifetime of devotion to others was coming to an end. The body which had laboured incessantly and had never been spared by its master in the service of his uncles, his family and his country was slowing down, although it remained physically strong. His heart however had been strained too often and it could no longer carry its burden.

When our doctors realized that my husband's condition was serious, and he was given only a fifty percent chance of pulling through, they decided we should be advised to come home without delay.

They deliberately played down the urgency of my

husband's condition so as not to alarm us unduly and Peter suggested that we drive our automobile back to Canada, a trip of several days. But in my heart of hearts I knew that Alphonse must be very seriously ill for them to call us back home and I couldn't wait to get on the road. Connie and I sadly packed our bags with a sinking feeling in the pits of our stomachs and closed up the pleasant little cottage to which we would not return.

In the meantime, the rest of the family had been alerted. Happily, most of them were close at hand, all except Donald, who had to fly in from the Jesuit House in Spokane, Washington.

Alphonse had been told that his condition was grave but he showed no trace of fear, and prepared to face impending death with equanimity. He gave absolutely no signs of being depressed and chatted easily with the worried members of his family who had flocked to his bedside, seeking to cheer them up.

There was no doubt that he had decided his time had come. To some of his boys who pressed him to make a fight to recover he answered in a matter-of-fact tone that he had no delusions about his condition and he didn't see any point in living on as an invalid only to be a burden for the family. "Anyway," he added, "I am as ready to go as I ever will be. I have peace now and what more do I want?"

By the time we arrived in Montreal, his condition had taken a turn for the worse. I found him already under an oxygen tent. As I came in the door, Connie and Consie, who had preceded me to the hospital, emerged with tears in their eyes. Poor old Connie, she was so fond of Alphonse.

Alphonse's face lit up when he saw me. "I thought you were never coming, Lucy," he said. "How was the drive up from Florida?" Standing nearby was a sweet young nurse who was none other than Betty Timmins, the daughter of our cousin Leo Timmins.¹ She was on duty on the floor and was very kind and devoted to Alphonse. She has always been a great favourite of mine and it was a consolation to see her close to my husband.

"I want to kiss my wife," Alphonse said to Betty. "You can't do that, Uncle Alphonse, unless you take this thing up," she said. And she lifted open the oxygen tent to allow Alphonse and me to enjoy one long embrace.

It was our last kiss together. The doctors explained that Alphonse was sinking fast. His heart would not hold out very much longer. We had arrived just in time. Alphonse had already gone to confession and Communion and received the Last Rites of the Church.

Suddenly the realization dawned on me that we were going to lose him. I couldn't believe that our whole life together, and everything that we had shared, was going to end just like that and I was overcome with grief. The children took charge of me from then on. It was not long before Alphonse sank into a coma. We could no

¹ Betty later married Dr. John Getelius. They now live in Kingston, Ontario and have eight lovely children, four boys and four girls.

longer communicate with him. His physical condition was so good however that he lingered on for several days.

There was no point in my staying around waiting for the event to happen and they finally persuaded me to return to the apartment. It was here I learned that Alphonse, surrounded by the children, had finally passed away. The day was November 26, 1955.

Donald was among the first to arrive with the news. His face was joyful and he expressed it beautifully: "Mother! Dear old Dad is happy at last!"

Dick arrived next. Because of his close relationship with his father, he was more emotionally affected than some of the others and he had tears in his eyes. Soon they all arrived at the apartment and we knelt down and said the Rosary for our departed husband and father.

It was one of the nurses who best described Alphonse's passing to my sons:

It was a most extraordinary event. Usually people are sad and crying. For Mr. Paré's death the entire family seemed resigned and quite cheerful, every one of them confident that he was going straight into Heaven to receive his just reward. Even the dying man showed no fear whatsoever. In fact when he died I had the impression of a most unusual "happening," as if his soul, on taking leave of his body, had burst through into the other world and it seemed as if the heavens were stirring themselves to receive him.

The crowd that filled the Church of the Ascension for his funeral was mute testimony to the affection and esteem that his family and friends had for Alphonse.

XXVII

An Australian Odyssey

The memories of youth are rekindled in the minds of two expatriate girls.

We were two Australian girls transplanted far afield from the warm sunshine and sandy beaches of our youthful days. Not that either my niece Consie nor I had ever regretted our fateful decisions to settle down in this cold northern country, for now most of our loved ones were here and they were all unmistakably Canadians. In a way I was responsible for Consie coming out to Canada. If I had not married Alphonse she would have had no reason to visit us and meet David and remain here. In the absence of my twin sister, I felt a very special responsibility for her youngest baby. She had become one of my own children and we were like mother and daughter to one another.

When David was induced by attractive offers of employment to return to his native Newfoundland not long after they were married, (he became the Auditor-General to the Provincial Government), we were forcibly separated and I almost felt as if she was living on another continent. Our entire family missed her considerably and we tried to keep in touch by every means we could. Consie was trying her best to emulate my example and raise as many Canadians as possible.

From time to time we exchanged nostalgic reminiscences of those earlier days in our native land. Perth seemed so far away to us, truly at the other end of the globe. The arrival of the jet plane changed our concept of distance and stirred up our imaginations with alluring vistas of the two of us revisiting the scenes of our childhood and embracing once again our almost forgotten families and friends in Australia.

While Alphonse was alive and in his precarious state of health, I had no desire to leave his side. Now that he was gone it was no longer unthinkable. Moreover, I had turned 70 and it could be my last chance to travel such a long distance. As for Consie, she was quite concerned about her mother. Since her return from her last visit to

Canada, my twin sister had been in failing health. She was severely stricken with diabetes and it was difficult to say how long she would last. We decided to make the pilgrimage back together and we were warmly supported and encouraged to do so by both our families. Consie however became pregnant again in 1958 and we had to postpone our plans until late in 1959 so that she could give birth to another little Howley.

Finally in late October 1959 we boarded the T.C.A. plane at Dorval Airport in Montreal. Our first stopover on the way to Australia would be London, England. In those days the international facilities at the airport were still quite primitive and overseas flights to Europe were not as commonplace as they are today. Our families came out to wish us Godspeed and as the plane lifted off and we took leave of Montreal from the air, Consie and I felt like two schoolgirls playing hooky. We knew instinctively we were going to have great fun in each other's company on this exhilarating trip around the world. We intended to stay over for a few days in England to see members of our family and then go on to Rome and visit the Vatican. At this time Helen and Maxine Macartney, Consie's nieces, the teenaged daughters of her brother Jim Macartney, were living in "digs" in London. It was Helen who met us at Heathrow Airport.

I had not set foot in England since my sister Fan's accident following the First World War, nor had I seen my sister Kathy and her husband Ken for almost forty years. It was to be a momentous reunion for both of us.

The typical London double-tiered bus and the London taxi taking us into town from the airport stirred up vivid memories in my mind of days gone by: Alphonse and I travelling by these same buses; myself shepherding my children aboard these taxis when Alphonse and Tony were only toddlers and Peter was a baby in my arms; dinner parties in London, in the company of other young couples, when Alphonse was on leave, with the threat of

Zeppelin bombings always hanging over our heads. As we drove along, the sights seemed strangely familiar to me, very much as I remembered the England of old. Things had not changed that much, although the traffic was now much worse than I could ever remember it, and I was a little nervous at first at the sensation of driving on the left side of the street. Our taxi drew up outside a large house in the west end of town. Here Helen and Maxine were living in a great, sparsely-furnished ground-floor apartment of a former private home. It turned out to be the headquarters for any stray Western Australia Perthites (or "Sand Gropers," as they were commonly known) who happened to be at loose ends and without accommodation in London at that time. I was shocked to learn that a half-dozen of these "Sand Gropers" of both sexes were sharing these "digs," sleeping on the floor, and Consie was expected to join them and do likewise.

Needless to say I was relieved to learn that arrangements had been made for Ken Argyle-Robertson to collect me in London and drive me out to lodge with them in their comfortable little cottage in the country at Speldhurst not far from Tunbridge Wells.

The years had been kind to Ken and Kathy; they looked surprisingly young and well-preserved. One can imagine with what emotion I embraced my dear little sister after so many years of separation. We had, of course, corresponded but there was so much to talk about that we spent the better part of our first night together catching up on the news over forty years. I told Kathy about the predicament in which Consie found herself in London and she immediately called up and insisted that Consie come down and stay with us. Ken had by then retired from the Regular Army with the rank of Colonel. They had two daughters. Fancy, the oldest, was living with her husband in London and Lucy had married a New Zealand navy man who was then stationed in Hong Kong.

Consie showed up at Tunbridge Wells escorted by her two nieces, together with Fancy and her husband, and we had a wonderful Australian family reunion in the English countryside.

Kath and Ken were most attentive and kind to us — they arranged for a Catholic friend to bring us to Mass and Ken even went out of his way to drive us via countless country lanes and byways all the way from Tunbridge Wells to Heathrow Airport when Consie and I flew off to Rome a few days later. Before leaving, I promised Kathy I would come back and see them soon, that is if she did not accept my invitation to come and visit us in Canada, but it would be almost ten years before I had the opportunity of returning to visit them again at Tunbridge Wells.

"You can't afford to miss Rome," my son, Father Donald, had insisted when we discussed plans for our trip. He had spent several years there and in France. "One has not really lived until one has seen the Eternal City; and Pope John XXIII will be celebrating his first

anniversary at the same time as you are in Rome. You shouldn't miss that." Thereupon he proceeded to arrange reserved seats for us in St. Peter's for the great occasion.

On board the plane we sat beside two nuns who were also bound for the anniversary celebration in Rome. They gave us the name of an Irish priest and the telephone number of the Vatican just in case Donald's friend should fail to get in touch with us on our arrival in Rome.

We were enthralled with our first sight of the Holy City. The weather was magnificent, and there was a certain enchantment in the air as we drove in an ancient taxi from the airport, past the impressive ruins of Imperial Rome including the Colosseum, where we were probably riding over the very site of the ancient Via Appia. Consie and I excitedly pointed out to each other the many architectural marvels, fountains and world-famous monuments that lay along our path.

And our hotel, the Savoy, when we found it, added to the charm of our stay. It was lucky for us that our taxi driver understood a little English and was able to follow our instructions and deliver us to the hotel, a respectable older establishment located just off the Via Veneto, in the very heart of the city.

Consie had already exchanged some dollars for liras and she took charge of settling the fare. It seemed to me it cost us thousands of liras but Consie assured me this was all quite normal and I was happy to leave all financial arrangements in her competent hands.

"What in the name is this?" I said to Consie as we inspected our spacious room at the Savoy. We were delighted with our quarters. They bespoke the gracious living of another era which was typical of the hotel. Even the bathroom was the size of a normal bedroom in a modern hotel, and here we discovered a curious toilet fixture. This was our first exposure to that marvel of comfort on the continent called the "bidet." We had heard of it but had never seen one. The temptation to try it out was irresistible and amidst girlish giggles and gurgles, I sat upon the contraption much like a hen hatching an egg. The sensation was wonderful and I recommended its use to Consie.

The next morning at our first breakfast in Rome we ran into language problems despite referring frequently to our Italian phrase book. We finally ordered boiled eggs. Consie went off to phone the Vatican about our reservations at St. Peter's and I was served two eggs which I proceeded to eat. Later Consie waited in vain for her breakfast to appear until finally the waiter explained that I had eaten the eggs for both of us, and there were no more available. It seemed that our American idea of breakfast was too complicated for the chef and we finally settled for the continental type of breakfast during the remainder of our stay at the Savoy.

That first day we were up very early and took the usual sightseeing tour. Halfway through I was feeling my age and when we arrived to visit the Sistine Chapel and

the Vatican Library, I told the guide I was too tired and would wait in the bus. He would not hear of it. "You can take my arm and I will help you along," he said. I was so glad I did go. The paintings and frescoes in the Chapel were magnificent and the guide seemed to expand under our appreciation and interest. Time stood still and it was a delightful experience which I shall never forget. I could have spent years just gazing at those paintings such as the Transfiguration by Raphael, the Last Judgement, the Creation of Man, the Cumaean Sibyl, the Delphic Sibyl; the beautiful ceiling of the Sistine chapel done by Michelangelo took my breath away; I was seeing a whole new world. How insane to have waited so long before coming to Rome! Walking on those magnificent mosaic floors that apparently pre-dated Christ I was so engrossed that I couldn't believe the guide when he told me I had walked another three miles during this visit to the Vatican. "If you had told me that before," I said, "I would never even have got off the bus."

A lady rushed up to me during the tour and gave me a big kiss. I had never seen her before and was taken by surprise. "Aren't you Miss Bradbury from Milwaukee?" she said when she saw my reaction. "Don't you remember me? We made a trip together in 1912." I had the most difficult time trying to convince her that I was only plain Mrs. Paré from Montreal, Canada, and I was really not her friend nor that old, while Consie looked on with amusement and didn't help me much. The poor old lady was deaf and couldn't comprehend what I was saying. She looked so sad and disappointed when she realized her mistake.

When we arrived back at the hotel there was no word from Donald's friend so I called the Vatican number given to us by the nuns and asked for the Irish priest. Our call must have caused a good deal of confusion at the other end; at least half-a-dozen Italian priests took turns trying to interpret the purpose of our call until finally an English-speaking priest, not the one recommended to us, came on the line. His name was Father Collins and he was charming. He and his friend Father Russel, both delightful young Irish priests, insisted on calling on us at the hotel and offered their help in obtaining tickets to the Anniversary Mass. In the meantime however, Father Franks, who was Donald's friend, telephoned to advise that our reservations had been made.

That afternoon Consie went off by taxi to collect the tickets for the ceremony at St. Peter's that was taking place on the following day, and I retired to rest from the exertions of our morning tour. When Consie failed to return at the appointed time, and several hours dragged by, I became alarmed and began to imagine all kinds of terrible things that could have happened to a young girl alone in a strange city. "I only took the streetcar back to get some of the feeling of the city, and it proved much longer than I anticipated," she explained apologetically

when she showed up to find me in a high state of agitation. I was on the verge of calling the Canadian Embassy, but I certainly was relieved to have her back safe and sound.

I have never seen so many people in all my life, before or since, as our taxi tried to ease its way along the streets through the milling throngs outside St. Peter's on the following morning. Everybody was looking for their seats. Placards in many languages had been posted to tell the ticket holders how and where to line up. We must have been escorted to our seats a good hour before His Holiness appeared.

The time was not wasted. We were lucky to find ourselves sitting beside two middle-aged American gentlemen, who seemed very knowledgeable about St. Peter's and all its treasures. We listened with respect as one of the Americans pointed out and explained to the other the meaning and historical significance of the various ornaments and other decorations and insignia that embellished the towering walls of the cathedral. Finally Consie could no longer contain her interest and she leaned over and told our neighbours how much we appreciated eavesdropping on them and learning about the history of St. Peter's from the remarks of real Catholic experts. She explained to them that "My aunt and I are only recent converts to the Catholic Church, having been brought up in the Anglican faith." "My dear girl," said the man who had been doing all the talking, "We are not Catholic ourselves, we just come over here to Rome every year because we have fallen in love with the ancient city." We all had a good laugh over this and we became quite friendly. The hour passed quickly in conversation and they later invited us to join them for dinner. I am sorry to say that we politely refused. We were probably over-cautious but they were complete strangers to us and we were taking no chances.

As the time approached for the Mass to begin, Consie and I felt we were living in a beautiful dream. The vestments worn by the cardinals, archbishops and bishops, not to mention the Swiss Guards, the Papal police and all the other degrees and types of officials wearing their colourful outfits, hundreds of them passing right in front of us, presented an unforgettable pageant. The singing was heavenly. A wave of emotion seemed to envelop the entire audience when Pope John was finally carried in on his portable throne-like dais (the "sedia gestatoria") above the heads of the onlookers. Just seeing him was to us like being baptized or confirmed all over again, and the splendours of the ceremony took our breath away. When he looked over at us while giving his blessing and smiled, he seemed to be peering right into our souls. We did not understand a word of his sermon, but the way it was delivered went to our hearts. We joined in the cries of "Viva il Papa" when the crowd of more than one-hundred-thousand souls acclaimed the saintly man. Over in the corner I saw John Howlett's friend

Robert Keyserlinck who had recently been named the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, and who invited John to join the Order. His wife spotted us and they waved back excitedly. Later they came over and spoke to us.

After the ceremony was over we began to feel the pangs of hunger and regretted not having accepted the invitation of our new-found friends.

My son Dick and his wife Ray had recommended to us a restaurant not far from the Vatican called the "Bibliothèque," and we repaired there as quickly as we could. We found ourselves seated in a wine cellar with walls of wine bottles on every side. The meal was excellent — consisting of innumerable succulent courses — and the wine was superb. We had been well advised but the bottle of wine we ordered (I had asked for a small bottle) was so large that, try as we would, we could hardly get through the half of it. I have never been one to waste good food and drink. I requested the surprised waiter to re-cork the wine bottle as I wanted to take it with me. Consie was aghast. "It is never done," she murmured, as we stalked out the restaurant with me carrying the bottle under my arm, to the evident amusement of some of our fellow guests. They were probably saying to themselves: "They are only Americans after all!" Strangely enough the delicious wine seemed to have lost much of its taste in the more tranquil surroundings of our hotel room.

We had time before taking leave of the Eternal City to visit by taxi several places of interest we wanted to see, including the Colosseum and the Forum. Here we were standing on the same ground that served more than 2000 years ago as the gathering place for the Roman citizens. Then, near the top of the Spanish Steps that were built by the French Ambassador to the Vatican in 1725, we visited the house where Keats died, now a museum devoted to Keats and Shelley. Then on to the Quirinale, built in 1574 as a summer palace for the Pope. Later it became the palace of the King and it is now the residence of the President of the Republic.

Behind the palace we threw coins into the fountain made famous by the film "Three Coins in the Fountain." Legend has it that if one throws a coin in, it ensures a return to Rome. Consie and I wanted to be sure of coming back some day. However, when I tossed a coin in, a young Italian girl came up to me and showed me by gestures that it should be tossed over the shoulder, so we proceeded to toss in more coins before bidding *arrivederci!*

Relying on promises made to us in Montreal, we looked forward to travelling by one of the first Qantas jet flights between Rome and Australia, but this was not to be. We arrived too early and missed the first jet flight by only two days. It arrived in Perth at the same time as we did. We were disappointed to be ushered aboard one of the last Constellation propeller-driven planes to undertake the trip. It meant more stop-overs en route. From Rome we flew to Athens and then on to Cairo. Taking off

from Cairo we flew for hours over the Saudi Arabian desert to Karachi, and from there to Colombo, Ceylon. Our next stop was Singapore.

Here engine trouble developed and for a brief moment we entertained the hope of a long enough delay to permit us to see this beautiful island which I had never visited.

Everything about the place seemed so attractive and well-ordered. It looked like a very modern and up-to-date country. We had boarded the plane and were taxiing out onto the runway when the captain aborted our take-off and announced that we had engine trouble again and would return to the terminal for repairs. This happened twice. After the second false start I ordered a double scotch whiskey and a little old woman passenger, who was my companion on the left, became so agitated about the situation that I tried to reassure her. As we regained the airport terminal I told her, "You should not be so worried. It is lucky for us they spotted the trouble before we found ourselves far out over the Indian Ocean." That did it. I suppose I should not have said those words — when we finally did take off she failed to show up to claim her seat.

Our last stop before Perth was at Djakarta. Here we were to stay-over for several hours. Before disembarking for dinner in the airport terminal, we were warned not to say or do anything that might cause trouble. The country was still going through the usual throes of becoming independent: foreigners were just tolerated. Westerners, especially the Dutch, were hated and were being asked to leave the country. At dinner, the man sitting next to me got the wrong order. "Tell the waiter to change it," I said. But after the pilot's admonition, he would not dare. It was all very absurd to me and it gave me a strange nervous feeling. The waiters, big, black-looking fellows with turbans and robes, were enough to scare anyone.

After dinner I went to the ladies' room and came across two dark-skinned women. They were very picturesque with pearls in the sides of their noses, wearing earrings and necklaces galore and flowing robes of a multitude of colours. I first took them for guests but they turned out to be maids who were in attendance in the ladies' room. They bowed and smiled and showed their white teeth. One came up to me and, bowing all the time, guided me to the toilet, even wiping the seat, and stood there. I did not know what to do. This is one place in the world one wants one's privacy so I bowed also and quietly shut the door, breathing a sigh of relief. When I came out she was still standing there. After the warning given to us, the last thing I wanted to do was to start an international crisis, particularly under such circumstances, so I smiled at her and this encouraged her to lead me over to the wash basin, wash my hands with liquid soap, dry them and then bow lower than ever. I realized then that she expected a tip. I don't know what I gave her but she nearly kissed my toes with delight. I never was so glad to get out of a

place in my life and I only felt secure again when the safety belt was fastened around me once more in the plane.

After leaving Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia, we headed out over the South Indian Ocean. From here to Australia it was the equivalent of flying the Atlantic. The sun was coming up over the horizon when we first spotted the welcome shoreline of the northern part of Western Australia. Consie and I were quite excited at this first glimpse of our native land. Our plane hugged the coast and headed southwards. Below us, a continuous ribbon of white, shining in the morning sun, the surf, was pounding on the ever-present beaches. And in the interior, the green-clad hills and fields stretched to the desert on the horizon. There was no sign from the air of the famous drought that purportedly was again plaguing Western Australia at that time.

The sun was higher in the cloudless azure-blue sky as we dipped down to land at the airport outside Perth.

My first reaction on meeting once again my fellow Australians face to face in their native habitat after so many years of absence was "What fine, good-looking specimens of manhood and womanhood are these Western Australians. I am proud to be an issue of such a race!"



My niece Kitty.

My niece Kitty, Consie's older sister, was to be at the airport to meet us, and there she was — waving and happy to see us, just beyond the Custom's area, with her husband Dr. Alex Magnus and two of their young sons, surrounded by a group of reporters and photographers, for somehow the word had gotten out about the return of

two Australian expatriates from Canada with a story to tell. They were from the major newspaper group which was presided over by Jim Macartney, but nobody had told them we were related to their boss. After taking pictures and interviewing us the truth came out about our relationship to Jim. Kitty and Consie were so disappointed to learn that their brother Jim was strict about enforcing a standing-order forbidding any reference to his own family and immediate relatives in his newspaper. Secretly, I was just as happy. My beautiful legs had swollen to twice their size with the altitude during the long trip and I was sure I looked perfectly awful in those pictures.

It was Saturday morning. Outside, the weather was glorious and it would remain so for the whole six weeks we stayed in Perth. Dear Kitty took us immediately in tow. Our homecoming had been planned down to the most minute detail. We were to be looked after, lodged, wined and dined, entertained, interviewed and thoroughly pampered during the waking hours of each and every day of our visit.

On the morning of the very next day, Kitty had organized a big "keg party," in our honour. A keg party is a common Australian expression meaning an "outdoor draft beer party." We had hardly time to recover from our ten days of travelling before we got right into the swing of the action, greeting and renewing the acquaintance of as many Goldfielders, Coolgardie- and Kalgoorlie-ites as Kitty could round up (and who remembered her aunt Lucy Griffith), not to mention all of Consie's school and childhood friends. It was a goodly crowd indeed, assembled around the barrels of gold liquid from the "Golden Belt Brewery" and we were the visiting celebrities. Among the one hundred guests who came were more than thirty friends out of my past. For years now Australia had been only a dim memory and now suddenly events that happened half a century before were being vividly recalled to my mind. Dr. Gerald Moss, a famous doctor in Perth, said to me: "Lucy, don't you remember me? You taught me swimming when I was 9 years old." I was only 14 then. And Mrs. Scrimger, 87 now but as bright as a button, talked to me about Alphonse, whom she loved so much. It was after a party at her house that he proposed to me. There was Mrs. Saunderson and her husband, a Member of Parliament. They had been on the same ship with us going to South Africa. Fey Yeo, now Fey North, my little ward of yesterday. Mrs. Barber, not a Catholic but educated in a convent in France, had guided me into the church. She also loved Alphonse. Connie and Edith Lemon had been boarders with us at Perth College so many years ago! All these friends stirred up such happy memories. How Kitty was able to round all of them up was beyond me. We were swamped with invitations and it was impossible to accept them all. Before leaving Canada, my children had given me a silver bracelet with 40 silver hearts, each one bearing the name of one of my

forty grandchildren. This was a big hit with my old friends and family and although I was proud of it, I had to make an effort to avoid appearing too smug. In Australia such a progeny was almost unheard of.

Our primary concern, of course, was to visit my twin sister in the nursing home where she was living. We went together on our first visit and thereafter took turns in keeping company with her each day during our stay in Perth. We were quite shocked and distressed to find her health as well as her memory to be failing badly. While she naturally recognized us and was overjoyed to see both of us, she began to betray signs of wandering and this was our first evidence of how her condition had deteriorated since last we met. She confused Consie with her sister and decided that Kitty was the one producing babies galore at that time. In her usual unselfish way, when she needed a bedpan while I was visiting her, she insisted that the nurse procure one for me also, not wishing to be the only one to make herself comfortable.

Kitty's husband, Dr. Alex Magnus, was the medical adviser for the nursing home. It was operated by three kindly sisters who looked after Connie with the utmost consideration, fussing over her hair-do and making her look pretty with ribbons when visitors were expected, and treating her like one of their family. I was happy to discover by chance that they were Catholics, a fact which they made a point of not stressing when promoting their establishment, and it was a relief to me to think they could provide the consolation and help which my sister would need as the end approached, for both Consie and I realized that her mother's days were numbered. We succeeded in keeping up each other's courage as the time went by and the day for our parting from Connie drew near.

It would soon be Christmas and we were awaited at home in Canada by our own immediate families. We must go, so we set about helping my sister prepare Christmas presents wrapped in coloured paper to be given by Connie to the staff and each of her own family on Christmas Day. We tied them up beautifully with ribbon rosettes and sticker decorations as we do in Canada. The nurses had never seen this done in Australia before and raved about them. Maybe we started a trend. They were set around a Christmas tree and we also arranged with the sisters to bring in as a gift from us a surprise Christmas cake all lit up with candles when Connie's grandchildren came to visit her on Christmas Day. Our last view of my dear twin sister and Consie's mother was her sitting contentedly in her bed, admiring the decorations around her tree. She was dreaming of the Christmas soon to come and probably of many that had passed. She waved us a cheery good-bye. We all knew it was 'adieu' forever. Consie and I held each other by the hand and struggled to contain our emotions when we left her and the nursing home for the last time. She died four months later.

On the Friday after our arrival in Perth there was to

be a great celebration. It was the inauguration of the impressive new bridge which had just been completed over the Swan River at the narrows, joining the city of Perth proper and South Perth. Already at that time the city was beginning to take on the appearance of a metropolis with fine new buildings, modern autoroutes and causeways linking the various parts of the city.

We had been invited with the Alex Magnus family to view the event from one of the houses on Mount Street, so called because of its height above the lower town, and from where one could get a wonderful view with binoculars of the ribbon-cutting ceremony.

Close by, behind the house, stood an older building which formerly housed the school run by the Church of England sisters. It aroused tender memories of my childhood days at Perth College.

I sat up on the balcony overlooking the river and Consie mingled with the younger people on the lawn below. They were serving ham sandwiches and drinks and I overheard Alex Magnus kidding Consie about the number of sandwiches she was devouring. "Consie — you'd better watch what you are eating!" he said several times with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

"Well what's wrong with the sandwiches anyway?" she finally said.

"It is not the sandwiches," he answered, "It's the day!" And then Consie finally caught on that we were eating ham sandwiches on Friday.

This was in the days before the fasting regulations had been abolished — and, being a recent convert, Consie was inclined to be most conscientious about observing them. We were probably the only two Catholics among our numerous Protestant family and friends present, and she felt a duty to give the example.

She came dashing up to me and asked me what I was eating.

"These delicious ham sandwiches," I answered.

"Oh dear, Aunt Lucy," she said with distress in her voice. "We have lost track of the days. It's Friday today!"

I tried to be philosophic and reassured her. "Well, you know," I said, "We are allowed to eat meat on fast days when we are travelling!"

The others were intrigued and amused by this little episode about a matter which seemed so remote from anything they were accustomed to. And particularly as these curious characters had been spawned in their own native pools.

I smiled when Consie said to me sometime later, "Aunt Lucy, I am amazed at the number of ex-Kalgoorlie-ites coming out of the woodwork to greet you. I had no idea you still had so many friends in Australia!" We had been staying at Kit's and I was enjoying the round of social events in my honour given by my old friends and acquaintances, many of whom now lived in sumptuous homes in Mosman Park and Peppermint Grove, the more affluent parts of town. One of these was my former little

protégée Fey North, the daughter of my old friend Mrs. Yeo. Her parents had passed away, and now Fey was in danger of losing her eyesight. The doctors had done everything in their efforts to save it. Consie was also being royally entertained by her many friends and childhood playmates. Between daily visits to Connie and our social engagements, the time had simply flown by. Our stay in Perth was almost at an end.

At that moment Jim Macartney and his wife Margaret returned from a trip "down East." They had been in Sydney when we arrived in Australia and now they wanted us to stay with them and a bridge party was planned in our honour.



**Margaret Macartney, widow of Jim,
and Judy Drake-Brockman.**

At Kitty's I was packing my bags and preparing to say goodbye. Consie had gone on ahead — she was so anxious to greet her brother Jim and Margaret. When the bad news arrived from Montreal, without warning, I was glad she was not with me. It was my son Dr. Peter on the phone telling me gently that Jack Graham had died suddenly. My poor Pat was a widow, with six young children, the youngest hardly nine months old. My heart went out to her, she was so brave! She came on the line and assured me everything was under control. Under no circumstances should I contemplate returning to Canada. There was nothing I could do; anyway I could not arrive on time and the family had rallied around her.

The car was waiting to take me to the bridge party and I reluctantly agreed with my children. However, I decided to keep the news to myself for the time being. I did not want to spoil the party and besides Consie was already under severe strain and upset over her mother's condition. Then her brother Jim had not been there to meet us on our arrival — just when she needed him most. These worries had taken their toll.

That evening we stayed overnight at the Jim Macartney house. After dinner they all wanted to see my picture album of the Paré family and unconsciously I singled out Jack Graham. Consie looked at me strangely — why only Jack among all the others? she must have thought. I knew I would have to tell her very soon.

It was at breakfast, which I had in bed on the following morning. Consie came in bearing my tray. I looked up and said to her: "I have bad news from Canada. Jack Graham has died!" We both began to cry. After a few minutes, and already depressed by events, Consie wondered with concern for my feelings if we should not return immediately to Canada. I suspect the shock of this news had also reminded her how much her own babies would be longing for their mother.

It was not possible however, to think of cutting short our trip; we had too much unfinished business in Australia. There was the planning for our final parting with Connie; then my brother Heck and several others of our kin were eagerly awaiting our arrival in the East, and if we did not go now we might never see them again.

Only a few days later, via the astonishing new courier service by jet I received several letters from home. Formerly they would have taken months to reach Australia. The letters from my children calmed my qualms about failing to return immediately in order to be with my bereaved daughter and I showed them to Consie. "How wonderful to have such a large Christian family," she remarked. "It is worth all the effort of having children." My daughter Peggy had written:

Dear Mom,

Such shocking news for you to hear over the telephone but the boys and Pat were so anxious that you would not change your plans, they thought the phone the best way to contact you — It is a great consolation to all of us to know that Consie is with you. Pat is certainly her mother's daughter. Such courage and acceptance. She reminds me of you at the time of Dad's death — Her attitude has helped all of us. When Claude arrived home with the sad news of Jack's sudden death, I broke down and felt I wouldn't be much help but I pulled myself together and we left immediately for Roslyn Avenue. Half the family was there before we arrived and the others came in from Dorval a few minutes later. The boys were magnificent and took over. Poor Peter, his was the greatest burden — Mom, you wouldn't believe that there could be so much goodness and kindness in the world. Everyone rallied around. The doorbell kept ringing and cakes, dinners, flowers etc. — poured in — Jack died Tuesday

afternoon and the weekend previous they had taken Pierre and Phil for me because of the Grey Cup party, (which by the way was a great success) well I was going to send the boys down by taxi as there was a snowstorm and Claude didn't want to drive — But Jack insisted on driving out to get them and also took time out to buy our liquor for the party. Sunday we went to pick them up and spent an hour with Pat & Jack — we had a delightful time although Jack's leg was bothering him. He planned to see the doctor Monday. I was conscience-stricken to think that I had saddled them with my children when Jack was not feeling up to the mark but as Pat said he wanted so much to do this for us and it gives her great comfort to know that Jack's last actions on this earth were doing things for others. He was always, in his quiet way, putting himself out for his family and friends. I can thank him to a great extent for the confidence I have in driving. Remember how he insisted that I drive them out to St. Andrews East? And with such patience, no one else would have been so daring! Phon is organizing our activities and doing a splendid job — we take turns sleeping there so Pat won't be alone at night — Friday and Saturday, Claude spent most of the time going through Jack's papers with Pat. He has life insurance policies to be looked after etc. Tony and Dick were also there. Mrs. Graham, Bill (Jack's brother) and uncle, a Mr. Smith, arrived for the funeral Thursday — she was very brave and we had a nice chat in which she told me that a week previous Jack had flown up to Toronto and had taken her out to lunch and had spent the afternoon with her. The visit had been a joyful one and she had felt very close to Jack. The Anglican service was beautiful and the turn-out was astonishing — most of the Timminses were there — Julie, Mary and Leo were sitting right behind me — Jeanne and Grace were at the funeral parlor — and many of the younger generation turned out too — well Mom I shall say au revoir — take care of yourself and don't worry — with such a large family everything is well in hand — my love to Consie and the cousins — your daughter.

Peggy

Pat's letter followed the next day. She said:

Dear Mother:

This is the first opportunity I have had to be alone one moment to scribble these words, — I write this to tell you, — to give you just a little idea of how your wonderful children have come together as one to our aid — Phonsine courageous, full of God's love and as efficient as ever — Darling Tony so much like Dad — Peter — Mother I can't begin to tell you how much I love Peter but how silly of me of course you know — Dick, we all become so dependent on him, his wise and everloving stout heart — Paul and Peg, so much alike, balanced and true, full of love and there when you want them too! John, — it is quite extraordinary, he gave me strength made me feel young again and a feeling that he was there to protect me at all costs — Dear Donald, he was closer than if he were actually here — His prayers and sacrifices and besides all of this, I had a delightful conversation with him on the telephone, only strained slightly by what it would cost the Jesuit Order — Dear Mother I feel you pray and you must know as I do that this is all part of God's plan. Peter Timmins helped me so much when he wrote (I will quote a small passage of his letter from the Seminary), . . . " . . . That your natural grief and loneliness will give way to a supernatural joy in the knowledge that this Christmas Jack has received the one true Christmas gift — Heavenly peace with our Divine Saviour and His Blessed Mother!" — and I didn't have to wait for Christmas I have already received this wonderful joy — I now understand the little flower (St. Theresa of the Child Jesus) saying — "I will spend my Heaven doing good upon earth" — We are all so fortunate with your wonderful family it is at a time like this when you see your blessings tumble all about you — Did you know Ray is quite like you, a regular little dictator with a wonderfully true and capable heart and she tops all off with a comic relief in every situation, this is truly a gift. She has become very close to my heart — I could write on forever I have so much to tell you — but my first duty now is to take care of myself so I may have strength to look after the children, they have all received tremendous graces, particularly Sue — Please give my love to all the family in Australia and a special kiss for Aunt Con and Consie and you. Good night dear.

Pat

P.S. Please stay as long as possible with Aunt Con, who needs you both at this time.

All our Perth relatives gathered around us at the airport a few days later to see us off for Melbourne. It was a parting that for me had a sense of sadness and finality about it. This was my last visit to the land of my birth and our paths were not likely to cross again until we met in the world Beyond. For Consie, the wrench of leaving her mother and all these beloved ones was not easy to take, but she showed her usual courage and put up a brave front. Our eyes met and we each knew how the other felt in her heart of hearts.

Flying across the Australian continent is much like flying from Vancouver to Montreal. The weather remained beautiful and below us we could plainly follow the minute details of the desert landscape that seemed to unravel itself without end, stretching out of sight in every direction.

It was late in the afternoon when we touched down at the airport in Melbourne where seventy years before I had first seen the light of day.

My brother Heck was living in a modest cottage surrounded by flowers on the outskirts of Melbourne. I knew he was sick but I had no idea how serious it was.

Before retiring to his native Australia he had worked for many years as an engineer with Imperial Chemicals at Stockton-on-Tees in England. I had not seen him since the First World War and I had never met his wife Bobby, a girl from Yorkshire, whom he married in England. Tony, my oldest son, had written about them, for he was warmly welcomed into their home on his furloughs during the Second World War.

Now, as we approached the cottage Bobby came running out to the gate and introduced herself to us — “I wanted to warn you about Heck’s condition before you saw him,” she explained. “He is dying of cancer of the liver and he has only a few months to live?” And she implored us: “Please don’t let him know, he thinks he has only a bad case of jaundice. I am trying to keep the truth from him?”

We promised to be discreet but I did not agree with Bobby. If I was about to meet my Maker I would like to know in plenty of time in order to prepare for it. My brother was thin and sickly looking. He reminded me strangely of my twin sister Connie; they would soon be making the journey together.

Now brother and sister gazed at one another and contemplated the ravages of the years. At least we had this wonderful opportunity to greet each other again before passing on into that other world. We consoled one another with small talk about the past, our family, our parents, but we had little in common. I was glad when we were able to arouse a wan smile on his pale face and I am ashamed to say that I was relieved when the time came for parting. I whispered my appreciation to Bobby for all she

was doing for my brother as we made our way down the path. “Come and see me later in Canada when it is all over,” I said. She eventually did and stayed with me for three years. Heck died shortly after we saw him.

In contrast to the sadness of my visits with Connie and Heck, I spent three joyous days reminiscing with my sister Alice in Sydney. She was living with her daughter Judy. For a woman approaching seventy she was amazing. She was much slimmer and better preserved than I and full of vigour and enthusiasm for life. Consie went off to stay with her brother John Macartney and his wife Gerry.



John and Geraldine Macartney.

Judy hammered on the walls of my bedroom at 4 in the morning “Will you old biddies go to bed and let other people sleep?” she complained. Alice and I had been talking for hours and we failed to notice the time pass. I had never been close to Alice, but on this occasion we hit it off and could not tell each other enough about our experiences in life. We roared with laughter recalling the adventures of our early days in Coolgardie. Alice and Judy were wonderful hostesses and I was deeply touched when I spied a doll dressed as the Blessed Virgin (it was close to Christmas) holding a baby in her arms, sitting on the hearth of the fireplace.

“Do you remember her?” Judy said to me when she saw I had noticed it. “It is Patsy Ann?”

I used to send Judith and her sister June, as well as Consie, a doll for every Christmas. They were always the same except that I usually found a better one every year. Patsy Ann was the last of a long line of dolls I had so much pleasure in sending to my Australian nieces knowing that nothing could be found in Australia to compare

with them.

Judith had actually had the old doll restored in my honour. It was more than thirty years old. It was very thoughtful of her. 20 years would fly by before I spoke to Alice again. Tony visited her in 1980 with his son Maxime and they telephoned me from Australia.

My nephew John Macartney insisted on guiding us around to visit all the sights and spectacles offered by the metropolis of Sydney, one of the most beautiful cities in the entire world. On the last day he drove us to the airport and presented Consie and me each with a beautiful orchid as we took leave of Australia. We were thrilled and asked the attendant to put them in the fridge on board the plane. We wanted to land at Dorval in Canada each with a fresh flower from Australia adorning our lapel.

As an additional souvenir of our native land, and to impress our families in Canada with its marvellous fruits, Consie and I were imprudent enough to make a last-minute purchase of an Australian pineapple each.

Our troubles with the American authorities began in Honolulu and thereafter escalated until they became a comedy of bureaucratic nonsense.

At Honolulu our orchids were confiscated as it is against the law to import foreign vegetation.

Landing at San Francisco we had to surrender our pineapples which had escaped detection in Honolulu. But this was only the beginning. Our plane reservations required us to stay overnight at San Francisco. In the morning we were to fly to New York and then two hours later on to Montreal. I had reserved and prepaid a motel near the city of San Francisco and we intended to go shopping for presents for our children and grandchildren.

Consie was travelling on her Australian passport and she was asked for her visa to enter the United States. She had none. In fact she had been told by the U.S. Consulate in Perth that, as a transit passenger, no visa was necessary. The Immigration officers in the States did not agree and we were in trouble.

Finally we were told that we would have to stay under surveillance at the motel closest to the airport. I was indignant and showed them my receipt for the prepaid motel rooms nearer the city of San Francisco. "And tomorrow we must go shopping for presents for our children and grandchildren," I protested. The officials consulted together and finally agreed to our request

providing we were escorted at all times by a Customs police official. The officer assigned to us was most considerate and co-operative. He drove us to our motel and later he took us shopping where we both splurged on toys for our kiddies and returned to the motel laden down with all kinds of parcels. Our police escort helped us carry them from the car to the motel and took up residence in the adjoining room.

We felt like enemy aliens in a foreign country but our predicament had its humorous side and we soon began to enjoy the experience of being under police surveillance.

The next day our police escort joined us for breakfast and later he drove us to the airport and carefully checked us aboard our plane for New York much like stowaways being returned to their country of origin.

At the New York airport it was really comical. A uniformed officer had been detailed to meet us and mount guard over us during the stopover. All our fellow passengers bound for Montreal were throwing curious glances in our direction. There we were — a harmless older woman of 70 and her young companion of 37, loaded to the hilt with dolls and teddy bears and toys of every description, under police custody in the airport lounge. Surely they must have realized that we could not be some kind of dangerous criminals. Finally we were escorted on board the plane to Montreal. Her passport and documents, which had been impounded, were returned to Consie and our ordeal was over. We were once again free citizens and both happy to land back in Montreal and fall into the arms of our eagerly awaiting families. Merriment was in the air and Christmas was only a few days away.

And what stories we had to tell. As Consie said to everyone who would listen at the airport, she was "never so relieved in all (her) life to come home instead of going to jail!"

In a way I was sorry that our trip was over. It was a wonderful trip and Consie was the best travelling companion anyone could ever wish for. Now she was returning to Newfoundland and I would be seeing less of her. Someday maybe, we might make the trip together again! The next day I called her on her arrival home at St. John's, Newfoundland, to tell her how much I missed her.

XXVIII

The Executives

*"The Stony path began
By which the naked peak they wan"*

Scott

Looking back today at the achievements of my children and their spouses in the post-war years, what is most remarkable is that all of them, without exception, owe their success entirely to their own efforts and abilities and possibly in some measure to their cooperation and mutual support. Nobody could point a finger and say that at one time or another influences had been brought to bear in order to further the career of any one of them. Often I felt that we should try and pull strings but Alphonse would never hear of it. Even if he had the opportunity he was against intervening on behalf of any member of his family. And I think he was probably right. The results seem to prove it.

It is not my intention in these ensuing chapters to bore my readers with a lengthy treatise about the exploits of my family, but some mention of what they have done is unavoidable if one is to understand my later life, so I will talk about them, each in turn, in as fair a progression as I possibly can.

As I have already mentioned, Dick was the first of our boys to emerge and rise to preeminence in his field by his own efforts and by dint of very hard work. His construction company grew by leaps and bounds until he and Reg Quart saw the need to erect their own administration offices and warehouse.

Appropriately enough, they chose Paré street in the Town of Mount Royal, which was a new artery just opening up. It had been named after Charlie Paré's father, Philéas, and Charlie had likewise built his own real estate office building on this same street. As Dick occupied one of the first major buildings to be erected here, most of his friends and clients assumed that he had given his name to the street.

From this office building at 5665 Paré, Dick and his partner Reg controlled important construction projects across the country. The government was one of their

principal clients. They became experts in mass-producing housing developments. Later on they formed a joint venture with Johnny Timmins, our cousin Leo's son, called Timmins Aviation Terminals. This company merged forces with Marathon Realties, the real estate arm of the giant Canadian Pacific Enterprises, to build, own and operate cargo handling facilities at the airports of Canada's principal cities. This venture turned out to be extremely profitable for all concerned.

It has been my experience in life that the Good Lord favours the fearless. Those who shirk responsibility for fear of failure, those who are reluctant to have children in case they cannot afford them, should not expect to merit the blessings of good fortune. On the other hand, hard work and faith in oneself usually brings its own reward in this life.

With the passing years, Dick's success in his various enterprises was closely allied to the prosperity of his household. To accommodate a growing family of four lovely girls and one boy, he built an imposing residence in the Town of Mount Royal, a popular address for young people who had "arrived," and here Raymonde and Dick were the genial hosts for a succession of very memorable family parties during the sixties and the seventies.

At one of these parties I had the misfortune of slipping on the steps and breaking my hip, but the accident had its compensations, for I spent several months of convalescence in the pleasant surroundings of Dick and Ray's home until I was fully recovered.

After the death of my husband, Dick had shouldered the responsibility of Paterfamilias, and most of his brothers and sisters would seek his advice and help in times of stress or difficulty. I, of course, relied upon him absolutely. He had taken the place formerly occupied by Alphonse. I never failed to follow his advice and left all my problems in his capable hands.

After Alphonse passed away I found our apartment

on Clarke Avenue to be depressing and I gave it up, disposing of my furniture and effects to those of my children who most needed them. Florida continued to attract me, and for several years I did not maintain a regular residence in the north but stayed while in Montreal at my apartment in John's house.

When I finally decided to give up Florida for good, the children, and particularly Dick and Ray, felt that I should have a permanent foothold in Montreal. They planned to give me a surprise and rented a luxurious apartment for me at the corner of Clarke Avenue and Sherbrooke Street in Westmount. No pains were spared to outfit it with new carpets and furnishings and the most modern furniture and equipment available, including the latest colour T.V. and kitchen utensils. I was completely unaware of what was going on until one day I received a letter in Florida from little 9-year-old Victor, Paul's oldest son. Apparently nobody had thought it necessary to impress on him the need for secrecy.

Dear Gran Mama,

he wrote enthusiastically: (spelling is his, but his underlining has been changed to italics here)

You are the luckiest grandmother in the *whole* world! I've seen your new apartment! It's located on the corner of Clarke and Sherbrooke. The building is called the SAVOY, *and its beautiful*. It's across the street from the Ascension Church, *and its* only a five minute walk to Taunt Phonsine's and a 10 minute walk to our house. Your apartment is *on the top floor, and everything* is being put in, to suit *your tastes*. Gee! you are lucky I can't wait for you to see it and I hope you come home soon.

Love,
Vic.

Consequently, when Dick and Ray met me at the airport and drove me directly to this apartment in a building in which Alphonse and I had long hankered to rent an apartment when there were no vacancies there, I had to feign astonishment and delight and pretend that I had no forewarning of the pleasant surprise in store for me.

It was indeed a wonderful present and I was to spend many years of happiness in this new apartment thanks to the thoughtfulness of Raymonde and Dick and the other children.

Dick had made a promise to Raymonde that on the 25th anniversary of their marriage he would take a sabbatical leave of one year and the whole family would spend that year together in Paris. Somehow the interven-

ing years had flown by without their realizing it and in January of 1967 this anniversary was upon them. True to his word, Dick rented a splendid flat on Place St. Sulpice opposite the church of the same name in the 6e arrondissement, a fashionable residential district of Paris known as the "Quartier Latin," then he turned over sole responsibility for their companies to his partner Reg Quart, and one day, in the late summer of 1967 when all the excitement and furor over Expo '67 was still in the air and the many major construction projects on the exposition site undertaken by his companies had been successfully terminated, Dick, Ray and their children embarked on a passenger ship bound for Paris. A crowd of well-wishers that included all their friends and most of his brothers and sisters and their families congregated at the ship in the port of Montreal to see the sabbatarians off on their trip and imbibe some of the excellent champagne that was flowing freely to celebrate the occasion. Under this influence I promised Dick, before the boat left, to fly over and join them for a few weeks in the summer of 1968.

For Raymonde, it was a return to familiar surroundings. She had been educated in France. Her father, the famous architect, spent much of his life there. Her children had all inherited their mother's predilection for the French culture. It was to be a working sabbatical however. All the children would enroll in school and even Dick intended to follow courses in order to improve his French.

1968 marks an eventful year in the recent history of France. A coalition of left-leaning students and workers raised a great deal of rumpus in the capital and much of the activity took place almost at the doorstep of the Paré flat in the 6e arrondissement. We were naturally concerned for their safety. Ray wrote me that one day, during the height of the disturbances, my son Dick and his daughter Michèle had ventured along the boulevards to witness the latest violent confrontation between a vast mob of rioters and the "Forces de l'ordre."

Dear Grand'mama, (she wrote)

Heavens knows when you will receive this but I thought you and the family might like to know how we have lived through these last 3 weeks! The students' demonstrations started May 6. Dick and Michèle saw them on boul. St. Germain corner St. Michel in the afternoon. In the evening, the fighting took place right under our balcony. We had to come in and close the windows because we were all crying with the tear bombs! That Friday night was another bad night. We had the tail end of it around 4 a.m. when a group of students and other agitators came down rue des Canettes and Place St. Sulpice, the windows all opened and people in their night

clothes talked to one another! Then the general strike began. There was a frantic rush for food and gas. I was surprised to get my order from the supermarket delivered. The shelves were emptied by the housewives hoarding and panicking. They have lived under these same conditions before! My Madame has pull at the Marché St. Germain so we have had no problem. The Halles are kept open — I managed to get to the Bank before the closing so we have enough — money — food and a tank full of gaz — for an emergency. We have been without — mail — bus — metro — taxi — Museums — theater — T.V. — Schools. Although Dick has been able to get to Berlitz all week! There has been no decision about the B.A. exam. Richard hopes they will take the notes of the year, but I think it might be postponed to September! The students at Stanislas have organized a committee against the administration. Richard's philosophy teacher seems to be the leader. Richard and another student slept at this teacher's house the other night — 3 in the same bed! They discussed most of the night. The worst riots took place Friday night May 24th. After de Gaulle's speech Father Marc, Dick and I walked towards the Luxembourg and boul. St. Michel. We saw the students build a barricade — pulling out iron fences — road signs. We heard a policeman behind the gate in the garden radio for help. We decided it was time to go home. Father Marc was quite nervous! At 3 a.m. we were awakened by terrific sounds — bombs in la rue des Canettes that made the house shake. We rushed to the windows but had to close them because of the tear gaz. We saw a policeman wounded by a rioter. He was carried away by his own men, then their ambulance came. All night we heard sirens of firemen. Saturday we went back to boul. St. Michel. The sight was terrible — trees had been chopped cars burnt on top of piles of stones collected from the pavement. The fence of the Musée de Cluny was pulled out. La Sorbonne was transformed into a hospital. The students asked for supplies — medical help — on the radio. Thousands of spectators walking the streets. The air was still difficult to breathe. 10 days garbage spread all over added the final touch.

Now we are waiting to see if the talks with the Prime Minister, M. Pompidou will settle the workers problems, and get them back to work. De Gaulle's speech was a disappointment to all. The government also

made a mistake by not permitting Cohn-Bendit to enter France. They are making a hero of him.

The crisis seems general. It is a real revolution. Students are flying the red flag on public buildings — teachers are revolting against rectors. Doctors against le grand Patron — they expelled one out of a hospital. The trend even extends to priests and nuns, not to mention children and parents! — throughout the world!

We are not panicking for the moment but if the situation takes a turn for the worst — we will come home. It will be difficult to reach Denise. There is no long-distance phone and no mail — but let us pray that the storm will blow over! — Dick finds the demands of the labour class very just. The salaries were miserable. Of course one must not forget that there is a nucleus of professional agitators that keep the majority of the workers from accepting a compromise.

The question of La Baule remains uncertain — but if things quiet down as I hope they will the plans will remain the same. Please give us an address where we can get in touch in England. June 14th is not very far away. June 16 will be the date of the great test for de Gaulle and his government.

Richard and Danielle are calm. It is a good thing Denise was not here. I will try to mail this letter through friends leaving for Belgium this week.

Hope everyone is well at home. All join in sending love. If the strike is over I shall write again next week.

Affectionately,

Ray

As Ray mentions in her letter, Richard was in bed with his philosophy teacher, one of the leaders of the student riots! It had not taken Richard Jr. long to integrate with the more radical elements at the University. In fact young Richard Paré was always much of an idealist and ready to espouse a lost cause. One day, when he was twelve, while I was living in my new apartment, his father made a bet with him for a thousand dollars that he couldn't teach his Paré grandmother a rudimentary knowledge of the French language, and in order to encourage the student as well as her teacher, I was also promised a \$1,000 recompense if I learned to speak French.

It was a one-sided bet of course. If it succeeded, we won our prizes and if we failed we got nothing for our efforts. I was happy to co-operate, but young Richard

had no idea of the difficult task he had set for himself or how poor a French scholar his new pupil would turn out to be. One of the favourite stories about my prowess in the French language dates from the time when I first stayed with the Timminses at Ste. Agathe in the Laurentian mountains. They asked me to stop for something at Forget's store (pronounced For-jette in French) while I was in the village. When I returned and told them I couldn't find the store, but I had seen a Forget's (as pronounced in English), they roared with laughter and I realized how really stupid I was over the language.

Richard tackled his assignment in a very business-like fashion. Regularly, twice a week for several months, like a real college professor carrying his little briefcase containing copious notes prepared beforehand for our latest session, he would faithfully show up at my apartment, and no more patient and courteous don ever laboured so incessantly at his thankless task than my grandson, but no matter how hard he tried to teach me to pronounce French words like "poisson" (which was my particular *bête noir*) and "forget," there was no way at my age that I could help him to succeed. The prizes eluded our grasp and Richard was finally forced to confess failure, but the experience was not one he would "forget." In May of 1968 I had just celebrated my 80th birthday at the Club House in St. Andrews East where the Richard Paré family had been sorely missed. As a consolation, Richard Jr., abetted by his sister Michèle, sent me this little poem from Paris:

Dear Gran'mama:

Due to the distance that separates us and to the lack of time, all I could think of for your birthday is this corny little rhyme:

Gran'mama Paré, On this day
With your grandchildren four score,
From Europe's shore we join to say,
"Bonne Fête" to you, and many more

Born in Western Australia
There you met a nice young man
Who brought you back to Canada
And thus began the Paré clan.

All obstacles you overcame
So well you put us all to shame
Among them there is only one
Which you have tried and never done

Of French, you never learned an ounce
Even a thousand dollar bet
Could not make you pronounce
Words like "poisson" and "forget"

Having lived through two World Wars
And not afraid to face another
What more can I say for
My eighty-year-old grandmother

There's much that we would wish to add
But distance makes it all so hard,
Love from us, and Mum and Dad
Signed by your grandson

Richard

p.s. My brother Richard is the composer
But his writing looks like hell
So I had to write it over
Yours truly, your granddaughter

Michèle

In June of 1968 I flew over to England to stay with my sister Kathleen and her husband Ken Argyle-Robertson in their home near Tunbridge Wells. The countryside in Kent was then at its best, a beautiful garden from one end to the other, and we spent our days driving from place to place, enjoying the scenery, with an occasional trip to London to see a play or a musical. They really had gone to a lot of trouble in order to plan my sojourn with them. From Paris, Dick called to advise me about the situation there. It was too unsettled for me to enjoy myself in Paris and they preferred that I join them at La Baule, on the coast of Brittany, in the middle of July.

They had also invited Antoinette Paré, Tony's 17-year-old daughter, to come to La Baule. She would stay a few days with me in England then we both would fly to St. Nazaire where Dick planned to meet the plane and drive us to La Baule.

There was the usual strike on in England and the railways were not operating. Ken, Kathy and I drove all the way to Heathrow Airport to meet Antoinette, a distance of 70 miles each way.

When she emerged from the customs I completely failed to recognize her. An attractive young lady with long dark hair done up in the very latest fashion passed up and down in front of us several times before stopping. "Gran'mama," she finally ventured with some hesitation, "Don't you recognize me?" A friend had given her a wig as a going-away present so that Antoinette would look older than her years. It changed her appearance completely and I didn't know her. Following that experience, Antoinette decided the wig wasn't such a good idea after all and I believe that she never wore it again. Especially after her Uncle Dick's reaction when she ventured to try the wig on in France. He laughed uproariously.

The villa at La Baule that Dick and Ray had rented for the summer was luxurious. It even included their French lady chef from Paris who served up succulent



My sister Kathy and me, with Antoinette in her wig, in England, July 1968.

meals at all times of the day, the kind that add on weight before you realize it. Between early morning dips in the ocean, long walks in the warm sunshine on the fabulous beach, and hotly contested bridge games every evening, (our fourth at bridge was a delightful friend of Dick and Ray's from Montreal, Father Marc Gervais, S.J.), the time passed too quickly for all of us. Eventually we had to part, but the memory of a wonderful holiday in France lingered for a long time.

For Dick, it seems that the experience of a life of leisure during one year, far removed from the inflexible struggle for survival and success in the jungles of the business world, had left a decided impression on his attitude towards life in general.

After his return from France he resumed his executive functions as head of the company he had founded, but gradually he began to wind down the pace of his activities, consolidating his interests and diverting his energies more and more into less strenuous channels until finally he opted for retirement at the early age of 55.

Of course he kept a number of active directorates and headed several committees, such as the Property Owners' League at Val Morin and Youth Horizons, a social service agency catering to the young, but most of his time would henceforth be devoted to more leisurely activities such as sports, (tennis and golf in summer and skiing during the winter months), or travelling around the

world with Raymonde, sometimes in company with their friends. Meanwhile, I am happy to say, they always managed to find time to visit me. Except for a keen interest in the goings-on in the stock markets, Dick's time has now become his own. And what a rational decision! Why should he wish to accumulate more worldly goods? They had enough to live on comfortably and life is so short. Of course it is not possible to live the life of an ostrich and Dick had other problems to face as time went on.

The early seventies in Quebec was a time of social unrest and agitation. In 1970 a Minister of the Crown and an English diplomat were kidnapped by Quebec terrorists proposing the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada. The minister, Pierre Laporte, was murdered, and the troops were called in by the Prime Minister of Canada, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. For a time the situation, which became known as the "October Crisis," appeared worrisome to me but Dick and my other sons assured me it was under control and that everything would soon return to normal, which it did.

Separatism however began to acquire an aura of respectability as the seventies wore on. A new party, calling itself the "Parti Québécois" had been banded together by René Lévesque, a popular former Liberal provincial cabinet minister. Its goal was to found a separate French state in North America. My children and most of their French- and English-speaking friends were, of course, implacably opposed to the idea of breaking up Canada. The older and more experienced members of the community were convinced that the idea had catastrophic implications for the future of Quebec and the French-Canadians. My sons believed that if the separatists were successful and the rest of English-speaking North America boycotted the separate French state, it would disintegrate and the young people would desert the province and abandon their French heritage. For myself, the whole idea seemed ridiculous, but of course I couldn't understand the mentality of our French-speaking compatriots as I didn't even speak their language.

This idea of becoming sole masters in their own part of the world was easy to sell to the young people, however, particularly to the university students who are always anxious to shock the "Establishment," and also to those who had nothing to lose, the poor, the envious, and the unions, especially when a disproportionate share of the wealth in the province was in the hands of the English minority.

Without giving too much responsible thought as to where they really were leading the people, the separatists campaigned vigorously for years among the "have-nots" and in the Quebec provincial election of 1973 the Parti Québécois won 30% of the popular vote. They had become the Official Opposition, now a power to be reckoned with.

More than ever I regretted my inability to learn

French. On several occasions I received telephone calls to canvass my support for the Parti Québécois. When I couldn't even answer in French, the caller roundly berated me on the phone. How I would have loved to tell them off in their own language!

As a result of the surge in nationalism, many French-Canadian families were divided along ideological lines. Dick's family was no exception. The younger people attending university pledged their allegiance to the new ideas while the parents and the older children, with more experience in life, remained strongly in favour of traditional attachments. Fortunately in Dick's case, the children were big enough not to permit their divergent political philosophies to interfere with their close family ties.

When the Quebec General Election of 1976 rolled around, René Lévesque and his separatists didn't seem to have a ghost of a chance. Everybody felt that the electorate was mature enough to understand the true implications of electing a separatist government.

But René Lévesque is a very astute politician. He campaigned on a platform of good government, inferring that the separatist option had been put on hold for the time being and as a result the federalist vote was split in two. With 40% of the votes the Parti Québécois came into power on the 15th of November 1976.

On that evening Dick had invited his brothers and sisters and in-laws and several prominent Liberal friends to an election party at his home. The guests took a pool on the outcome but not one of them gave the separatists a chance to win.

I can well imagine the discomfiture of the Establishment when the younger generation of the Richard Parés and their friends came to bid their elders good night on their way to the Paul Sauvé Arena in Montreal for a giant victory party of the separatist cause. It was televised. I was not with my children at Dick's on that evening but I can see them glumly taking in the celebrations on T.V. It was a disaster for those who wanted a strong and united Canada.

For four years after their election to power Lévesque and his party had the control and the use of the apparatus of government to enhance their cause. If they couldn't educate the electorate to accept separatism as a viable option under such circumstances, then they never would be able to do it.

In May of 1980 the Parti Québécois must have decided the time was ripe to go to the people for a mandate to separate. They called a referendum based on a question that was ambiguous. For the separatists, a majority vote could be interpreted as a mandate to separate, but many people could vote for them honestly believing they were not voting for separation. The referendum campaign in Quebec became the battle of the century. Some of my children participated actively and I will have more to say about that later on in this chapter.

Because I don't get around as much as I used to nothing gives me more pleasure than to receive a visit from one of my stalwart grandsons or granddaughters, and of late, even from my great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. Listening to the cheerful chatter and gossip of these young people I learn a lot about the goings-on among my seedlings and the spreading roots of our family which would not otherwise reach my ears.

Not long ago my grandson, Maxime Paré, then a commerce student at McGill, now admitted to the Quebec Bar as a full-fledged lawyer, told me an interesting story concerning his uncles.

As part of their management course at McGill they were required to view documentary films illustrating the subjects they were being taught. One week the topic was labour relations and the film explored the splendid labour relations enjoyed by Steinberg's Ltd., our leading food retailer. The vice-president in charge of labour relations of that company was the commentator on the screen. His name happened to be John Paré. Some of his classmates turned to my grandson. "Any relation to you, Max?" they asked. "Yes, he is my uncle," said Max. But the class was not convinced so Max didn't press his claim. On the following week the subject touched on the tobacco industry. By coincidence the spokesman in the film for the industry, defending cigarettes against the charge of causing cancer, was another Paré, Paul. Once again the students turned to Max. "Hey Max," one of them said, "I suppose this is another one of your uncles!" "Of course," said Max, but his attempts to elucidate were drowned out by a guffaw of incredulity. "You know, Gran'mama," he told me, "Those incidents made me feel very proud of being a Paré."

* * * * *

While Dick Paré's career was winding down, the career of Paul Paré at Imperial Tobacco was coming to fulfillment. It would be quite easy to write a whole book on Paul's achievements, for he is the most successful executive among my offspring and certainly by far the Paré who has been most in the Canadian public eye.

After his discharge from the Navy with the rank of Lieutenant-Commander, Paul returned to Loyola to continue his interrupted studies and then enrolled in Law School at McGill University in the same class as his brother-in-law Claude Tétrault.

The experience of the war years seemed to have marked these veterans with a sense of maturity beyond their years. They both set themselves about the task of learning law with a seriousness of purpose which was rarely matched by the younger generation of students who had escaped the war, and both Paul and Claude did extremely well in their studies and passed the Bar Exams.

They were admitted to the Quebec Bar in 1949.

Paul didn't linger long in the practice of law. After a few months experience in his brother Tony's law office, he went out and found a job on his own with the legal department of the Imperial Tobacco Company. At the time he knew nobody in the company but his dogged determination to get ahead and do his job quickly attracted attention. He also found time to lecture on constitutional law at Loyola College and court a very attractive young lady who was shortly to become his bride.

About a year had elapsed in his new job when Paul received a telephone call one day from his old friend and shipmate Dick Wright. Dick had been acting as Executive Assistant in Ottawa to the Hon. Brooke Claxton, Minister of National Defense, and they were looking for somebody to replace Dick. Would Paul like the job?

It was a wonderful opportunity for a young man to gain experience by exposure at the apex of power in the Canadian Government and his employers wisely encouraged Paul to accept the offer on a leave of absence basis from Imperial.

The two years he spent with Brooke Claxton were probably the most formative of my son's career. He lived away from home in Ottawa with his new bride Audrey and we only saw him during an occasional visit to Montreal, on his way to Europe or elsewhere with his boss, the Minister.

He was learning how to consort on terms of intimacy with the mighty and the powerful and this experience taught him how to accept responsibility and command with authority, for Brooke Claxton had confidence in his judgement and delegated a great deal of power to his earnest young executive assistant.

When he returned to Imperial Tobacco he was clearly a different man. The President, Mr. Ed Wood, had marked him out for a greater role in the company. Before long he was appointed Assistant to the President.

Then occurred one of those unexpected events which happen along to interfere with the daily routine of life. Paul's brother Tony was associated with Senator Thomas Vien in the practice of law and they were looking for a Canadian tobacco man to head up a new tobacco company in Canada for their Belgian clients, Tabacofina Ltd. Tony approached Paul about the job but Paul wouldn't consider it. "Just come and meet our clients," pleaded Tony. "They are really fine gentlemen." Paul finally consented to a cloak and dagger meeting in the Ritz Carlton Hotel to meet the Belgian principals. They liked Paul immediately and made him a "godfather" offer, one he couldn't refuse. Paul went to see Mr. Wood who encouraged him to take the job. Was Ed Wood looking into the future already and deciding to train his successor at the expense of a competitor?

Be that as it may, from 1955, the year of Alphonse's death, until 1962, Paul acted as founder, president,

general manager and factotum of a new tobacco company called Canadian Tabacofina Ltd., which he started from scratch and developed into an annoying competitor of his old company, marketing new cigarette brands with names like Belvedere and Mark Ten that began eroding the share of the market formerly occupied by Paul's previous employer.

All this time Paul was sharpening his skills and experience in the trade and learning to be the head man of a major operation.

When war broke out in Katanga, where Tabacofina had its principal investments, the Belgians panicked and sold out their Canadian company to Philip Morris of the U.S. But the disappointed Americans found out too late that Paul Paré did not go along with the sale. Already a finger was beckoning to him in the person of Ed Wood, and Paul, brushing aside the most enticing offers of the new owners, returned to the fold of his old company, Imperial Tobacco, to be groomed eventually as successor to Ed Wood.

In 1964 Paul was elected a director of his company and two years later he became Executive Vice-President.

The year 1969 will be remembered in history as the year those amazing Americans walked on the moon as we watched them with fascination on T.V. It will also be remembered by me as the year I smoked my first and only cigarette. It all came about when Paul came to see me one day with a package of cigarettes in his hand. "Mother," said Paul, "Do you remember a promise you made to me many years ago? That one day you would smoke one of our cigarettes?" I vaguely recalled the incident. It took place so long before that I had almost forgotten it. Paul was only a junior executive then. I never liked smoking and had never smoked a cigarette. "I told you I would smoke a cigarette if you ever became president of your company," I answered. "Well that's why I'm here mother. I was elected President and Chief Executive Officer



Paul, when he became President of Imperial Tobacco.

today!" He couldn't wait to tell me the great news and watch me with amusement as I coughed and sputtered through my first and only cigarette. But it was well worth it.

With Paul at the helm, Imperial Tobacco diversified into food and other products, it branched out into the United States and changed its name to Imasco in order to reflect more appropriately its diversified image. It increased its sales and profits by leaps and bounds so that little more than ten years after Paul had assumed the presidency the net profits of the company had grown from 12 million dollars in 1969 to over \$200 million in 1984, and they are continuing to rise at a rate of 30% a year.

Even during these recession years that started in 1982, when all the large corporations showed losses or major declines in earnings, the profits of Imasco continued to grow. I know all this of course because Paul always sends me his annual statements and the only figures I look at or can understand are the net profits after taxes on the bottom line.

Paul has now assumed the title of Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of Imasco. He has become one of the leading industrialists on the Canadian scene and a senior director of a host of important companies such as Canadian Pacific, the Royal Bank and Canadian International Paper.

Imasco, while majority Canadian owned, is associated with the British American Tobacco Group of England and Paul has been very active in organizing world-wide meetings of the B.A.T. organization. For a time I feared that my son might succumb to the blandishments of his British associates and seek greater success at the centre of power in England; then he would surely have been lost to his family in Canada. It is our fortune that he was too attached to his native land.

As top man on the totem pole in Canada, Paul is considerably in demand to represent his company, especially at various functions of the other branches of the B.A.T. family. Thus when Imperial Tobacco of Australia co-sponsored the Australian contender in the America's Cup Races of 1970, Paul and Audrey were invited by his Australian counterpart to join the official Australian party aboard their yacht during the cup trials.

Some forty people were gathered on board to attend a formal dinner party and Paul was pleased to discover himself seated beside a most attractive young lady, a former employee of the Imperial Tobacco head office in Sydney who was then studying in the United States. Neither had registered the name of the other when the guests were introduced before sitting down at the table. When his dinner partner found out that Paul was from Montreal she mentioned that she had a relative living there. "Have you ever heard of my grandmother's sister?" she asked. "Her name is Mrs. Lucy Paré?" The assembled guests were surely astonished, if not shocked,

to witness a most unconventional performance at the dinner table. Hardly had they begun to speak together when that lovely Australian beauty (Ashley has long been a famous model in Sydney) and that handsome young Canadian executive (whose attractive wife was also present at the table) suddenly stood up and embraced one another in public. "Have they taken leave of their senses?" everybody wondered, until my son and my sister Alice's granddaughter Ashley Mann announced they had discovered themselves to be close cousins. A most extraordinary coincidence to meet in this way among the millions of people in America.

Paul and Audrey took a great fancy to Ashley and her young Australian fiancé, Philip Dixon. They invited them to come to Montreal and sponsored their wedding which I attended with all their Canadian cousins. Paul gave my grand-niece away at the ceremony in St. Matthew's Anglican Church in Westmount.

Paul's company also sponsors a variety of artistic and sporting events which are very much in the spotlight of public interest. As Chairman of Imasco, Paul is constantly to be seen on television, presiding at important meetings on the economy; making speeches to present the prizes to the winners of contests sponsored by his company; hobnobbing with Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus at the Canadian Open Golf Championships sponsored by the Peter Jackson Tobacco Company, with Borg or McEnroe at the Player's Tobacco Company Open Tennis Championships; or with literary and artistic celebrities on the Du Maurier Tobacco Company theatre talent show. I have become accustomed to seeing my son on television or spotting his picture in the papers to announce another major takeover by Imasco so I must confess that I have become quite blasé about hearing of yet a further incidence of the increasing stature of my son.

In the recent referendum that I trust decided the future of Quebec once and for all, my son Paul took a very active part. He mobilized his company on the side of the "No to Separation" forces and was not afraid to expose himself publicly. He was one of the chief organizers of the Canada Unity organization and he spoke out for a Canada one and united. I was very proud of him and rejoiced with all those who voted for a united Canada. When the results were announced, 60% of Quebec voters were for Canada and only 40% were for breaking it up. While the results of the referendum don't seem to have discouraged the separatists who are still talking about their option, the Parti Québécois itself appears to have made one mistake after another in recent years and its popularity is now at a low ebb. I do hope this means that separatism is no longer a threat. It is such a preposterous folly to propose breaking up a great country like Canada.

Paul Paré has no fear of standing up and being counted. It is so unusual for a man in his position of influence and power to do this. Recently he even took on

the federal government in a public debate over their foreign investment policy (F.I.R.A.) and it seems that the government listened to what he had to say.

Behind every great man there usually stands a woman and Paul is no exception. His wife Audrey has been the most wonderful helpmate that any man in Paul's position could hope for, and the perfect mother for their children. Her guiding influence over all of them is apparent from the love and devotion they bear for their grandmother. They often come to visit me and Janie, their oldest daughter, has warmed my heart by marrying a young Australian boy from Brisbane, John Richards, and then by naming their first baby Lucy after her great-grandmother. Victor, Paul and Audrey's oldest son, has also gladdened my heart by the many visits he pays on his own to see me and by the kind and filial way he talks about his parents. Ronnie and Cathy, the twins, are also very dear to me and I will talk about them later.

It seemed to me that Audrey grew in stature with her husband's success. The more Paul was in the public eye, the more skilfully Audrey fulfilled her many roles as mistress and organizer of the household, as gracious hostess to the great and to the humble, as loyal companion and constant adviser to her husband, as mother to her children; I venture to say that few men, if any, who have attained success as Paul has, owe so much to their wives as my son Paul does to his Audrey.

And Audrey has recently been in the public eye herself. She was co-chairman of a giant rally to support the candidacy of John Turner to succeed Mr. Trudeau as leader of the Liberal Party of Canada. And she made a great speech in French and English to those assembled.

A few years ago they purchased a delightful farm in the Eastern Townships and Paul has become attached to the soil of his ancestors. His main hobby in life has now become his farm. In the spring and summer he loves nothing better than to spend hours on end with the help of his children working on the fields and gathering in the hay, or planning new improvements with his farmer. Paul has taken over a run-down farm and turned it into a showplace. He is a great sportsman, rarely meeting his match on the tennis court, and in wintertime he delights in leading his guests on long cross-country ski runs through the thick forests that surround his farm, and seldom do his exhausted companions succeed in keeping pace with their athletic host.

Here at the farm they have given me lavish birthday parties and for several years now I have made a practice of spending my Christmas holidays with them. Whenever they can't drive me themselves they send Alain, their chauffeur, to fetch me. He is a perfect gentleman, more like one of the family, and I enjoy his company and look forward to our trip together.

My greatest pleasure in life now is to spend a weekend at their home in the country. No more thoughtful host and hostess could be desired than Paul and

Audrey. Then the great man becomes my son again and in his company and in the company of his darling and considerate wife and their children, Vicky, Janie and Ronnie when they are home from Toronto, and Cathy, the remaining twin whom I love so dearly, I relive that peaceful bliss of yesteryear, the feeling of being at home in the bosom of my very own loved ones.

* * * * *

When John Paré was still living at Rosemount Avenue with us he delighted Alphonse and me when he came to request our blessing because he intended to ask Joan Kearns to marry him. He showed me the diamond ring he proposed to give her for their engagement but he said to me: "Mother, don't tell her I've got the ring. I want it to be a complete surprise." Little Johnny Howlett was staying with me at the time and overheard the conversation. When Joan phoned a little while later, Johnny grabbed the phone. "Joan," he said, "I've just seen the beautiful diamond ring that John is going to give you. You will love it." John, like his brothers, was extremely lucky in his choice of a life companion, for Joan was to be a great help to him in all the years to come.

The career of John Paré as an outstanding executive has been harder for me to follow than for some of his brothers partly because he is extremely reluctant to talk about his accomplishments, even with his own mother.

From the outset John showed a flair for organizing successful labour relations. He became the expert in this field and in this role he filled a succession of senior executive positions in several large industrial or commercial organisations including I.T.T., Bathurst, Steinberg's and Northern Electric, always graduating from one company to a more interesting position with another.

Mr. Sam Steinberg would say to anybody who inquired that his "Vice-President of Labour Relations, John Paré, has been responsible for changing the direction of labour policy at Steinberg's and creating a climate of good labour relations that has persisted to this day."

Internationally, John became known for his papers and lectures on the subject of his expertise and I have often heard it said that his opinion is very highly regarded by everybody in his field. I realized just how great an inspiration Joan was to her husband's career when I lived with them for several summers in my separate apartment on Lakeshore Drive in Dorval, during the 1960's. She was always his devoted private secretary and general assistant. I think she knew as much about his work as John did himself. Often I would see her deeply involved until the wee hours of the night preparing papers and documents for John's latest lectures or seminars.

It was while I was living with them, after Alphonse's death, that I had one of those ridiculous

accidents that seem to plague the elderly. I was busily preparing for a day of painting, in fact my brushes were in boiling water on the stove, when I foolishly slipped, broke my hip, and fainted. At the time everybody was out except for five-year-old Donald. (Today he is a very successful electrical engineer working for a major company in Ottawa.) When the water boiled away the paint brushes began to smoke and young Donald came rushing into my apartment to see what the smell was about and found me lying on the floor. He raised the alarm and shortly an ambulance came to take me to the hospital. Fortunately the break was not serious and I made a quick recovery.

I enjoyed nothing more than to have the visits of the two adorable little girls and the three boys of John and Joan in my apartment while I lived there. They were so interested in my painting and I was just as delighted to learn all about what they were doing. When the time came to return to Florida I missed them as much as they missed me. I recall John writing to me in Florida, telling me about his family and all about Joan's success as skiing instructor to her classes of children and adults among their Dorval neighbours, and then adding: "We miss you a great deal. Don't change your mind about coming back soon — we all need you here, — we need your encouragement, your enthusiasm, your optimism. I wonder if you realize how much?" Such a touching token of filial love is not easily forgotten.

As Vice-President of Industrial and Labour Relations at Bell's huge subsidiary, Northern Electric (subsequently renamed Northern Telecom) John found himself inevitably on a collision course with a new president, Mr. Loeb, hired in the United States by Bell to slash costs and increase productivity. The methods used were contrary to the most sacred and entrenched principles of good labour relations and John's position became untenable. Rather than lose face, he resigned from the company. Throughout his career John would meet this agonizing crisis of conscience on more than one occasion. He was popular with the unions for he firmly believed in a policy of negotiation and conciliation as opposed to one of confrontation. Not all his employers saw eye to eye with John in this respect and John was always prepared to resign rather than compromise his principles.

Many offers for his services were forthcoming when he left Northern Electric but John opted for a position with a leading firm of consultants in labour relations in the United States and moved his family to Stamford, Connecticut from where he commuted daily to his New York office. In Stamford he purchased a lovely house on a small private lake, surrounded by towering forests and private estates, and there he lived the life of a country squire.

Time just seemed to fly; we saw them a few times in Montreal and found their children growing up to be real "Connecticut Yankees;" when one day they invited the

whole family to come down and celebrate their 25th anniversary with them. Almost all his brothers and sisters accepted the invitation; I had a wonderful trip down with Tony in his new BMW and we all had a rousing family get-together by the lake in company with a large flock of Canada Geese stopping over for a rest on their annual migration to the south. As ever, John and Joan were the perfect hosts and the family will long remember this great party in the New England woods.

For several years John lived in Ottawa and worked for the federal government as Associate Deputy Minister for Labour Relations in the Post Office. I am told that after his arrival on the scene a whole new climate was created in relations between the Post Office and its employees. John's theory has long been that confrontation is the worst possible way of settling a labour dispute. His method is to organize workshops to bring together the responsible heads of management and the unions, under one roof, if possible; for them to meet and know one another in order to sort out their common problems, to work together for joint solutions and to seek to avoid bitter confrontation.

When the new Post Office Corporation was created by Act of Parliament, John was named Vice-President in charge of Labour Relations by Order in Council. The unions much appreciated his attitude towards negotiations with them and the climate of relations between the employer and the employees in the Post Office promised to be a peaceful one if John's ideas had been put to their test and applied by the Corporation.

Unfortunately John and the new appointees to the Post Office management disagreed on their approach to labour relations and John was once more faced with no alternative. He resigned and accepted a new position as head of labour relations for the burgeoning City of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta.

The blood of the *coureurs de bois* must run in the veins of John and Joan and their family. They came to see me recently before leaving for the west. Their son Stephen already lives in Vancouver. Susan is attending Simon Fraser University in B.C. Joanne and Donald live in Ottawa. They are far away but they try and see me as often as possible. Recently I received a note from Susan which illustrates the kind of children John and Joan have given to their country.

It read:

Dear Gramama,

This is a little note to tell you how much I enjoyed being with you during our visit to Montreal. Gramama, you are a very special lady and every time I see you I can't tell you how good you make me feel. Living in Vancouver as I am, I sometimes get very lonely and wish to have that special family

love around. Coming home for Christmas always fills that spot for me, but Gramama that small visit with you lifted me so much that it (whether you noticed or not) brought tears to my eyes. You are so wise, you speak about God in such a beautiful touching way,

much like my dad and this note is only to say thank you. Thank you for being the wonderful positive woman you are. My heavens do I love you!

Susan

XXIX

The Doctors

In which the author remembers so many causes for endless gratitude.

Having a capable medical doctor in the family is very helpful. Having two, or even three, is a blessing which becomes more obvious as the size of the family increases and your doctors rise to the top of their profession. In a clan the size of ours, scarcely a week will go by without somebody, from me to the latest tiny addition in its crib, having some reason to consult with the medical oracle concerning a real or imagined malady, and our very own doctors are always there ready to come to our assistance with their advice and comfort. Whenever the problem requires referral to a specialist, we quickly find his or her waiting room open to us and the cordiality of our reception in such a case only serves to underline the very high esteem in which our kin appear to be held by their associates in the medical profession.

From the day that John Howlett first came into the lives of the Paré family, he became our tower of strength in times of illness or affliction, and no matter how picayune the problem turned out to be, he gave it his full and undivided attention and sympathy.

I can personally bear witness to the goodness of heart of this doctor who really cares for his fellow human beings. Many a time I have seen John Howlett helping the poor and the weak and giving succour to those who were sick and in trouble. I remember him visiting an ailing baby at my request before Medicare was introduced. The parents could not afford to pay for his services yet he picked the child up in his arms and drove the baby to the hospital himself. This was not unusual. He was always helping us at the Mother's Club, with no thought of remuneration.

We used to call upon him regularly. There was one poor mother who couldn't afford the hospital charges. Somehow she was admitted to the Royal Victoria, thanks to John. She stayed for four months in a private room with a special nurse, underwent difficult surgery by some

of John's colleagues, which saved her life, and we never saw a bill, although the Mothers' Club was bracing for a hefty set of fees.

That, to my mind, is a portrait of the real John Howlett that very few people know, because he never speaks about himself.

To me, John has always seemed more like a son than a son-in-law. I have watched him rise over the years from a resident doctor's role at the Royal Victoria Hospital to the



very pinnacle of his profession and I have rejoiced with his wife and family at his success. He has filled important positions: Physician-in-Chief of a major hospital, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Canada and of Great Britain, as well as of the American College of Physicians. Yet recognition has not changed John in any way. He has always remained a real family doctor, like the dedicated general practitioner of old, true to his oath and to his vocation in life. A house call when a patient is in need of help never seems to be below his dignity, even today. How many times, while celebrating joyous occasions in the pleasant surroundings of the Howlett residence on Mountain Avenue in Westmount, have I not seen John interrupted by a telephone call from the hospital, or from some patient in trouble, and watched him slip away quietly from the festivities. I believe that if I had access to a computer in order to calculate the thousands of hours of his life he has entirely devoted to others, I am sure the total would prove to be quite startling. No wonder so many Montrealers swear by him and claim him as their own "family doctor."

Of course I am probably partial when it comes to John Howlett. I am convinced he saved my life once more by insisting on my coming here to Pierrefonds Manor, but that is a story I will dwell on later.

John is equally well known for his Irish wit and intellectual abilities as for his eminence in his chosen profession. He is a voracious reader, a man of catholic tastes, and his knowledge of history is prodigious. Those people, like my daughter Alphonsine, who have had the privilege of accompanying him on extended tours to visit the remains of bygone civilizations can attest to his intimate and detailed knowledge of events that occurred in history, often leaving his listeners flabbergasted by casual remarks that reveal the scope of his erudition. Even the guides would defer to his superior knowledge once they had conversed with him. What more natural for John than to be inducted into the Knights of Malta when his close friend Robert Keyserlink was elected as the Grand Master?

Newfoundlanders regard him as a native son who has made good in the big city. When their premier, Joey Smallwood, came to McGill University to receive an honorary degree, John Howlett introduced him.

John Howlett and Peter Paré have been our family doctors for so long that I am afraid we take them for granted. Now that I am living in Pierrefonds Manor I see John on almost a weekly basis. Besides being a founding member he is the President and Chief Medical Advisor here, and of course everybody loves him. His presence is so comforting and when he says you are well then you are bound to feel well because he cannot be wrong. I am afraid I have mainly John to blame for having lasted so long in this world; 96 years is quite a span, and, the way it looks if John keeps looking after me, I won't be able to escape celebrating my 100th birthday!

Both John and his wife, my daughter Alphonsine, have shared the limelight as leaders in the community, and their children are now following in their footsteps and even threaten to eclipse their parents.

The Howlett home on Mountain Avenue has been the scene of many family gatherings over the years, and long ago, when we lived on Clarke Avenue, I used to enjoy climbing the hill with Alphonse for the pleasure of sitting awhile by the hearthside in their home. The company was always so interesting, for the Howletts attracted people from all walks of life and there was never a dull moment in the conversation. Here in the bosom of the Howlett family my niece Consie met the young man who was to become her husband, thus cementing the bonds between Newfoundland, Montreal and Australia.

Not all the doctors in our family are medical doctors. The Howlett family recently was to pride itself on harbouring within its fold yet another doctor when Alphonsine, in the impressive company of the Chief Justice of the Quebec Superior Court, was awarded the degree of Doctor of Law, *honoris causa*, by Concordia University at the Spring Convocation of 1981, at which Alphonsine was invited to pronounce the convocation address.

It marked the culmination of a series of honours bestowed upon her by an appreciative community for years of benevolent devotion on behalf of the underprivileged, and it did not come as a great surprise to her mother. Over the years I had observed her dedication to these good causes, more often than not with maternal pride, but sometimes, I must confess, with an uneasy concern for the diminished time that remained at her disposal for her husband and her children. However John was a thoughtful and understanding husband. He and the children supported her wholeheartedly in everything she undertook and they were just as proud of her achievements as if they had been involved themselves.

Ever since her oldest son, Johnny Jr., gave signs in his early youth of being mentally afflicted, Phonsine has laboured indefatigably to alleviate and improve the condition of children suffering from similar trouble. Her deep concern for her own son seemed to ignite in her an intense desire and ambition to do something herself in order to improve the unsatisfactory conditions that prevailed. She was founder or co-founder of various organisations in this field, and eventually the provincial government appointed her as head of a commission which became known as the "Howlett Commission," to enquire into the problem.

This led her into other fields of social activity and, because of her nature which demanded results rather than promises, she became really a "doer" as opposed to one who only makes proposals or raises funds. It was better to be on her side than to be her opponent. If she believed in her cause, there was nothing to stop her. As president of the principal English-speaking social agency

in Montreal, Ville Marie Social Services, she doggedly fought off all attempts by the provincial government to chisel away at the acquired rights of the English-speaking establishments, and earned the unanimous praise of her co-workers and the grudging admiration of her adversaries.

I lost track of the number of organisations in which she became involved: women's organisations, school, parents, civic organisations, drug addiction rehabilitation, social action groups, — it is unnecessary to enumerate them all here. In 1976, when the Montreal Citizenship Council jury selected Alphonsine from among 26 candidates as an "Outstanding Citizen" it said: "She is a model that others should emulate because 'her work' has had a lasting effect in the community." "Mrs. Howlett is a real achiever," the jury said. "She is always in the forefront of activities."

In 1978 Alphonsine was one of the "TWENTY GREAT MONTREALERS" to be honoured at a civic reception in the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. If a mother's legitimate pride may be forgiven, I would like to quote from the published citation about her on that occasion:

Mrs. Howlett was a co-founder of the Priory School, a one-time president of the YWCA, a first vice-president of the Montreal Council of Social Agencies, a member of the committee that reorganized the Federated Appeal of Greater Montreal, now Centraide, and founder of the Association of English Catholic Parents for Better Education.

In the late 1960s, she was named to the Conseil Supérieur de la Famille; was the guiding spirit of the Howlett Commission for Research in the Needs of the Retarded in the Montreal Area; founded the Parents' Association of Dr. Isaac Anbar's Schools for the Retarded; and became a member of the board of the Quebec Association for the Mentally Retarded.

In 1966, she served on the founding board of the Fédération des Femmes du Québec, an organization of 120,000 in 22 associations, designed to promote the cause of women in all walks of life. A few years later, she was named by Prime Minister Trudeau as government representative on the board of the Vanier Institute of the Family. She also was a founding member and five-year board member of the Church Council in the Field of Justice and Correction. She is currently Vice-President of the Ville Marie Social Service Centre.

She was a founding member of the Portage Programme of drug rehabilitation, now a Quebec Government-sponsored orga-

nization. In 1975, she became director of the programme of Les Associés bénévoles qualifiés au service des jeunes, founded to teach volunteers how to work with children.

At 61 Mrs. Howlett accepted her first paid position as Director of Administrative Services of the Montreal Neurological Hospital.

In 1979 the Bishops of Quebec conferred upon my daughter the title of "Pioneer in Social Action" and in 1980 she received the Order of Canada.

There may be a moral behind this story of what my daughter has done with her life. At the time that a crazed assassin shot our beloved Pope John Paul II we all said: "How could God permit such a holy man to be struck down by this madman?" Sometimes, in his infinite wisdom, God allows such things to happen for reasons which we poor mortals initially fail to understand. Then eventually His design becomes apparent. For the eyes of the entire world have been focused as never before on this event which reveals so starkly the difference between Good and Evil. It now seems that the Pope has fully recovered and great good will surely flow from those assassin's bullets. Just as the act of Christ dying on the Cross, which seemed to the onlookers to be a catastrophe, led to the formation of His Church, and changed the world, so this crazy assassination attempt will reveal the truth to so many people who have not understood it until now. The Pope's recent meeting with his would-be assassin televised to the world was a much needed lesson in Christian humility and forgiveness in this time of global strife and tension.

In the case of my daughter Alphonsine, having a problem son was a terrible burden for her, but God may have had a design. For he set her to work for all the other children who were similarly distressed, and great good has come out of it.

* * * * *

My father-in-law, Dr. Louis Paré, must have looked down with approval when our second son followed in his footsteps by choosing to enter the practice of medicine. Peter was also fortunate enough to have his brother-in-law for a mentor and to benefit from the influence and guidance of John Howlett during his formative years in medicine. They have always remained very close to one another throughout their careers. In the immediate post-war years they joined forces with a number of their doctor friends to acquire a large house and organize a cooperative medical clinic and doctors' offices on Sherbrooke Street, beside Westmount Park. It quickly became one of the more exclusive addresses for medical

treatment in the city.

At the time Peter was living in Courtland Park in Dorval, a development built by his brother Dick, where an extra-large-size house had been especially tailored for him to accommodate his family of nine children. Not content with a busy medical practice and the task of assisting Anne to bring up such a brood, Dr. Peter



The beginnings of a new Paré clan.

shouldered the additional responsibility of organizing schools in the area for his children to attend. He became the President of the local Catholic School Board and personally supervised the building of a Catholic grammar school and a high school for the children.

Gradually, however, Peter's career began to evolve in an academic direction, towards specialization in the treatment of diseases of the lungs, while John Howlett, in true Hippocratic tradition, continued to dispense therapeutic relief and comfort to an ever widening clientele.

Dr. Bob Fraser was a close friend of Peter's and Chief Radiologist at the Royal Victoria Hospital. Together they decided to write a reference book, which was sorely needed, on diseases affecting the chest. Thus was born a partnership which was to endure for many years. It was a decision that was to have enormous impact on Peter's lifestyle. The writing of his book was to become his main occupation almost to the exclusion of his practice of medicine. Eventually he would give up the

general practice in favour of his specialization, only acting as consultant for other doctors with patients suffering from diseases of the chest.

Except for his duties as a professor and lecturer at McGill University and as consultant at Royal Victoria Hospital, which had put an office at his disposal, Dr. Peter became practically a recluse, disappearing behind closed doors, and, whenever one asked about him, the answer from his faithful wife Anne was that "he's working on that book again."

We became accustomed to seeing less of Peter as the years went by. He gave up one of his favourite sports, golf, even though he was president of the club. As he explained to me, he was a "perfectionist." Being a low handicap player he had already won the Club Championship on several occasions, but he no longer had time for golf and if he couldn't keep up his practice at the game, he wasn't going to play at all. For relaxation he took up gardening and jogging. "Big Pete" (a nickname which apparently dated from a canoe trip into the wilderness Peter made with Bobby Drury, Audrey Paré's brother, in their youth) now became a familiar figure jogging daily with his dog at his heels around the shores of Lac Raymond in the summer, or along the lanes and byways of Courtland Park in Dorval during the remainder of the year. Up at the break of dawn he would jog from his lakeside home at Val Morin several miles each morning to the village to pick up the morning *Gazettes*, then back to deliver them among the households of the family and their friends while everyone slept. Then he would immerse himself in his book for the rest of the day. After Dr. Peter moved from in Dorval to a condominium in the heart of the city, a distance of some 15 miles, he continued his jogging on the mountain. Bobby Drury also lived in Dorval and never failed to see the 6'4" figure on his daily round jogging with his dog, but nobody informed Bobby that Big Pete had moved into the city.

The story is told that one day Bobby called his sister Audrey: "You won't believe it," he marvelled. "Big Pete has become such a proficient jogger that he is now jogging all the way to the city. I saw him running with his dog on Mount Royal this very morning!"

Recently Dr. Peter, accompanied by his seven sons, most of whom are of the same height as their father, participated in the 10 kilometer McGill Homecoming Marathon. He has kept in excellent physical condition for the gruelling schedule he has set for himself in his work.

In their new surroundings on Drummond Street in the city centre, Dr. Peter seems to have become as familiar a figure as ever, jogging on his customary hour-long constitutional early every morning with his faithful dog. Tightly clasped to his ears he wears a set of rabbit-ear-muffs enclosing a self-contained miniature radio which provides him with music as he jogs along, sometimes so immersed in the programme of the moment that he will pass right by a familiar face on his route and fail to

recognize even one of his own kin. At his heels the poor dog, now grown too old for such strenuous exercise, weaves from side to side desperately trying to follow and keep up with his master. Peter and Anne were taking a taxi to the airport one day on their way to Vancouver where Peter was scheduled to deliver a medical paper. When they gave their destination they were surprised to hear the taxi driver comment: "To the airport sir? And who is going to feed your dog while you are away?" In the downtown jungle of a major city even the taxi driver, who was a complete stranger, had not failed to notice the tall doctor and his dog on their morning rounds.

After years of persistent effort on his book, his work was finally ready for printing. The first edition, which would be followed by a number of revisions, was published in 1970 under the title "Diagnosis of the Diseases of the Chest." It consists now of three major volumes and one index volume with several thousand pages of text and illustrations and it has become the generally accepted reference book for chest diseases in most North American hospitals and universities. It has even been translated into many foreign languages including Italian, Spanish, Japanese, German and Portuguese. In the process Dr. Peter has become quite famous. Honours and invitations to lecture pour in from around the world, including an Honorary Fellowship in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. My son was appointed Physician-in-Chief of the Montreal Chest Hospital as well as Director of Respiratory Diseases at the English-speaking hospitals in Montreal, including the Royal Victoria and the Montreal General. At the same time he held the position of Director of the Respiratory Training Programme at McGill University. He had found his niche in life and had become known as the outstanding authority on respiratory diseases. It was worth all the years of privation and sustained effort — even the giving up of golf.

A new edition of this text book is under preparation now by the original authors in collaboration with their doctor sons, for Dr. Peter Paré Jr. and Dr. Rick Fraser have joined their fathers in continuing the work.

With a mother's eager but excusable pride, I enjoy hearing about Dr. Peter's success. His wife Anne has described to me how his fame had preceded him to an international conference in Geneva which they attended, where most of the chest specialists of the world had already heard about him and were eager to make her husband's acquaintance, if only to shake hands with him. Or when in South America to lecture at the invitation of the Government of Costa Rica, all the young doctors crowded around for his autograph on their copies of his book, just translated into Spanish.

His reputation gave rise to some unusual problems. While he had been working on his specialty, his younger brother Paul had become the mogul of the tobacco industry in Canada, and the reporters amused themselves

by having one brother contradict the other on television about smoking as a possible cause of lung cancer.

It appears that the name of Paré did not go unnoticed at international meetings by doctors who were familiar with the works of Ambroise Paré. They would ask Dr. Peter if he was related. Even if it is difficult to prove a connection I feel sure that old Ambroise also looks down with pride on his namesake who follows in his footsteps and heaps additional honours on a name already highly respected in medical annals.

When Dr. Peter was the special guest of the French Society of Lung Specialists in Paris quite recently for the 200th anniversary of the birth of the great French medical man Laennec, the inventor of the stethoscope, he addressed them on the influence of Laennec in the English-speaking world. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he was very pleased to be so honoured, particularly as he had not been invited to speak at a recent anniversary celebration in France for his ancestor Ambroise Paré.

Of course Peter never fails to jog when he is abroad. In Paris, Peter and Anne were staying at the Crillon Hotel, close by the Luxembourg Gardens and Peter had to raise the gendarmes in order to open the gates so he could jog around the Gardens at the break of dawn. From David Howley I learned that when Dr. Peter was invited by the Newfoundland Medical Society to be a visiting lecturer, a rumour got around that a long lanky figure had been seen jogging up the slopes of Signal Hill in St. John's in the early hours of each morning during his stay there, and there was much speculation as to who this stranger could be, sporting large ear muffs and trotting ahead like a professional runner.

It was my son Peter of course and thus David and Consie Howley became aware of his addiction to the sport of jogging. His wife Anne tells how, when they were in Nairobi, Kenya, staying with their son Dr. Peter Jr., a swarm of little native children waited for him to start off each morning as the sun was coming over the horizon, and they trailed him faithfully for the whole distance of his morning run. She did not know who enjoyed it most, the doctor or his vocally enthusiastic retinue.

But jogging can also have its peculiar hazards. While staying with Anne's sister and her husband in London, England, Dr. Peter found himself hopelessly lost one morning in the maze of winding streets without a cent in his pocket and no taxis in sight at such an early hour of the day. To make matters worse, he had forgotten the address of his hosts. Anne was no doubt relieved when her beloved showed up several hours late for breakfast after an unusually protracted jogging session.

Dr. Peter continues to receive recognition for his ongoing work in diseases of the chest. Only this last year he was awarded honorary degrees in convocations held at McGill University in Montreal and at the University of Chicago. He is greatly in demand as a lecturer and Anne

is his constant companion travelling around the continent to deliver papers at meetings of the medical fraternity.

There is every indication that Dr. Peter is laying the foundations for a medical hierarchy. Not only is his son Dr. Peter Jr. emulating his father in most respects, but little Peter III is dreaming already of becoming a doctor like his father and his grandfather. And some other sons of Dr. Peter are planning careers in the medical field and doing well in their studies in university.

Dr. Peter Paré Jr. was chosen over many candidates by McGill University to spend two years under a foreign aid programme interning at Nairobi Hospital in Kenya.

On his return to Canada he joined the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital to specialize in the same field as his father. This caused a fair amount of confusion in hospital circles. Calls from provincial health authorities and other medical dignitaries intended for Peter Sr. were often referred to his son, and vice versa. When the son was appointed to the staff of the Vancouver Hospital in British Columbia in charge of their respiratory programme we were all very sad to see our brightest young medical member of the family leaving his native Province of Quebec for such distant parts of Canada, and his father concluded that the confusion would come to an end. But he was wrong. It was only compounded by the migration of the Dr. Peter Paré Jr. family. He was also appointed Director of Respiratory Training at the University of British Columbia, the very post his father held at McGill University. A call from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ottawa was received by the Royal Victoria Hospital. The caller was anxious to know why Dr. Peter Paré had forsaken his post in Quebec for a similar position in British Columbia. Was the threat of separation serious enough to justify such a move? Or when Dr. Peter Sr., having interviewed a candidate from Toronto for the McGill Respiratory Training Program, and having approved his application (for all candidates must be personally seen and approved by the Director) to find, as he did, that his son had also interviewed the same candidate, and likewise approved him for the University of British Columbia and to discover eventually that the popular candidate had opted for the programme directed by the son and not for that of the father!

Michael Paré is another son who has aspirations to follow in his father's footsteps and I am confident he will emulate his success. Recently Michael was married to Kathy, a young lady from Hong Kong who had been a classmate of Michael's at Loyola College.

At the wedding party in Montreal's Chinatown, Dr. Peter was called upon to make a speech and he met his match. When he allowed that his first reaction on hearing that Michael was engaged was: "What! Is he going to marry a *Chinese girl*?" But now that he had met Kathy he hoped they would have "as many little Chinese Parés as did Peter and Anne." The uncle of the bride, a prominent engineer with Canadair, in responding admitted: "When

my sister called me from Hong Kong and told me her Kathy was engaged, my first reaction was 'What! To a white man?' But now since I've met Michael I'm fully in favour of the marriage."

The young couple has now moved to Toronto where Michael is studying medicine at the university. Soon we will have another Dr. Paré to rely on in times of distress.

* * * * *

Another non-medical doctor of ours making his mark today is Donald. Very early in his teens my youngest son came to a decision about his chosen vocation: he would become a Doctor of the Soul. While still in Second High at Loyola College, the call from Jesus echoing down through the centuries to "dispose of all worldly goods and follow Me" reached the heart of Donald, loud and clear. He made up his mind to devote his life and his energies to helping others with their problems. As time went on he would discover in himself a unique talent for assisting young people, especially in counselling them when deciding what to do with their lives.

The day Donald announced his intention of joining the Jesuit Order, the news came as somewhat of a surprise to most of his family. It was difficult to see their brother in the role of an "ascetic." On the contrary, Donald was an extrovert. A warm-hearted, intelligent, sensitive boy with a gregarious nature, always in excellent humour and at peace with the world; he made friends easily and loved to mix and exchange views with other young people. To his brothers and sisters he did not seem the type to be confined within the walls of a monastery.

Alphonse was delighted and extremely proud of his youngest son. For my part, I was as happy as any mother would be to have a son devoting his life to the service of God. In my heart of hearts I prayed that Donald had made the right choice. I hoped he had not been influenced by Alphonse's often repeated desire to have at least one son a priest. Donald was the only one left who had not opted for a career in the secular world. The thought went through my mind that he might be making this ultimate sacrifice partly to please his father, but I dismissed it right away and I never had any indication that this was so.

In the summer of 1947, Donald took leave of his family and his many friends to enter the St. Stanislaus Novitiate at Guelph, Ontario. Cheerful and pious letters describing the pleasures and vicissitudes in the life of a lowly Brother of the Society of Jesus began to flow homewards. We were introduced to the tasks of a Jesuit novice: Bro. Donald Paré, S.J. as the "adjutor" (floor scrubber) the "regulator" (regulating the bells and toilets), the refectorian, the shower man, the pressman and washerman, the gardener and handyman; Donald in his

studies or contemplation, reading the life of Theresa Neumann, or following the exercises of St. Ignatius or just enjoying the comradeship of the other young novices. Alphonse and I rejoiced at the obvious happiness of our son that radiated from the lines of his letters to us. We made the long motor trip several times to Guelph, to see for ourselves that he was well and in good spirits. After a year had elapsed, his brothers paid him a visit. Donald's



The boys visiting Donald at Guelph.

letter to us best describes this event:

Dear Mom, Dad, Aunt Con and family,

Dad's telegram was a surprise to me. 'The boys will arrive tomorrow!' I smiled, wondering how they would react to their little brother in a priestly cassock. I was excited too, five brothers that I had not seen for a year. Need I add how much I was honoured, thinking of how far they had come to see me, the youngest of the Paré family.

The next morning, walking towards the parlor I was stopped by Bro. Timon, the Porter, who pointed toward the parlor and in a surprised tone asked "Your brothers?!!"

"Yep, all of them" I answered, with my chest out.

Tony, Peter, Dick, Paul, John — My! How they had changed, aged!!

Oh! They had not shaved!.....Drove all night!!!!??? I was 'dumbfounded'. I need not tell you what happened from then on, you will see it in the new thrilling production, "The Boys, 1948" in Colour, directed by Dr. J.A. Paré. I have thanked Fr. Minister as Tony suggested. And I send thanks to five of the

'swellest' brothers anyone could wish to have, for their enjoyable visit.

In another letter Donald told of meeting a link to the remote past of his father, the aging Sister St. Théophile, a first cousin of Alphonse's by the marriage of his Uncle Théophile to his Indian nurse.

Donald was the idol of all my grandchildren. On the rare occasion when he was permitted to visit his family at home he was always surrounded by a group of admiring acolytes vying for his attention. His nephews and nieces looked up to him for advice and guidance. He became their spiritual mentor and corresponded with many of them.

I was approaching my 60th birthday when Donald wrote: "You will be 60! You and Dad don't seem to be so old! Everybody says you are like a couple of newly-weds!" Oh youth! It will ever be so. The time must come when 60 will appear young to you also, as it seems to me today at 96.

On one of our trips to visit Donald he brought in a very old priest who was anxious to meet Alphonse. Father Richard S.J. was 100 years old and blind. He had been a missionary priest among the Indians in his younger days, travelling mostly throughout Northwest Canada and in the Yukon. He greeted Alphonse in English and my husband responded in French. This delighted the old man and for a joke he said a few words in the Ojibway Indian dialect. (It seems that he had even published a dictionary



Alphonse with Father Richard, at Guelph.

of the Indian language.) Alphonse answered immediately in Cree which he had learned in his youth. The old man was so excited he threw his arms around my husband and embraced him. They talked away together for three whole hours comparing notes of their experiences in the Far North of Canada and discovered that they had often crossed each other's paths in the wilderness over the years without ever meeting one another.

Donald pursued his studies first at Regiopolis College in Kingston which was much closer than Guelph, and so we were able to see him more often. Later he was posted out to Washington State in the United States. There at Mount St. Michaels and at Mount St. Helens where he made a retreat in the very shadow of the volcano which has recently been acting up, Donald continued his advanced training to become a Jesuit priest. It was a strange coincidence that Alphonse too had done much of his early schooling in this same remote corner of the West.

At this time Alphonse's health was declining and Donald was really too far away for us to visit him with ease. His letters to us from Mount St. Michaels were a wonderful consolation for his father, full of expressions of filial love and devotion, and always cheery with pious exhortations to his father to keep up his courage even though Donald was worried about his father's health. One can imagine how much Alphonse looked forward to receiving these letters.

When Alphonse became seriously ill Donald rushed to my side and was a great source of spiritual help and comfort in the trying days of my husband's last illness. Poor Alphonse did not live long enough to see his youngest son ordained a Jesuit priest.

It was in January of 1960, after my return from the trip to Australia with my niece Consie that we began preparing for Donald's ordination. It would take place in Toronto in the month of June and several of the family intended to journey with me to the Queen City in order to assist at the great event.

There, in the Chapel of the old Jesuit Seminary on Wellington Street in the heart of Old Toronto, on the morning of the 19th of June, 1960, Donald received his Priestly Orders. When the Bishop imposed his hands on my son giving him the power to change the Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ, my thoughts went to Alphonse and I realised he was with us on that day sharing our joy and gratitude towards our Saviour for granting us such a privilege.

Following his ordination Donald proposed to come to Val Morin in order to say his first High Mass. Peter Timmins would assist him at the altar as sub-deacon. The ceremony at St. Norbert's Church in Val Morin needed the approval of our local parish priest, Father Corbeil, so in the absence of Alphonse, I composed a letter to him in French with the help of my French-speaking children and added a little of the blarney which had the required effect. He gave his consent and was very proud to welcome into his church the first vocation from his parish in 25 years!

Besides my children, most of my grandchildren were present to celebrate with Donald and attend the reception which took place outside on the green lawns of the Peter Paré and Claude Tétrault residence in Val Morin on a beautiful spring day in June.

Donald was now launched on his career as a full-

fledged servant of God. His years in the ministry that were to follow were hectic ones for him, but he was a good correspondent and I was therefore able to keep abreast of his many activities. From all reports he was a great success in his pastoral duties and much beloved by everybody. Whenever he could he would come to visit me in Florida and I would attend at his Mass and listen proudly to a fine sermon preached by my own son.

In May 1961 he was sub-deacon for his cousin Peter Timmins when Leo's son in his turn was ordained into the priesthood. Later Donald travelled to Europe and spent some time in Wales. Had I known what I have learned recently about our origins in North Wales, where Donald was stationed, I would certainly have suggested that he look up the tombs of the Griffiths of Penrhyn.

In March of 1967, Donald was Director of Vocations for the Jesuits of Canada. The previous year an advertising campaign to encourage candidates to apply had failed miserably, so Donald decided to try a new approach to recruiting clerical material and borrow from Madison Avenue to get through to the 1960's "with-it generation." Assisted by an advertising agency, he put together a series of unusual advertisements, using the language and expressions of the Playboy generation and putting forward the question: "Can a Celibate Swing?" The answer of course was that the life of a celibate in the Jesuit Order could be just as exciting for a young man as any other career, if not more so.

"Have you talked to any Jesuits lately?" it asked. "They are celibates and they swing — meaning they are involved in the world, the up-to-date world, the world of change. They study, research, work, write — smack in the middle of life. Whether it is music, the stars, youth, the mentally troubled, culture, scripture or Playboy philosophy, each Jesuit pursues his own career and apostolate — that is swinging for the people of God!"

With some difficulty Donald sold the programme to his Jesuit brass but the idea had not been tested on the Catholic hierarchy nor approved by it. It was intended to place a first ad in the Canadian Register, a Catholic publication in Toronto, but Donald, in order to avoid any misconception in the secular press, called in a friend of his who was Religion Editor of the Globe and Mail. His purpose was twofold: to get some free advertising when the ads were eventually released and, secondly, to make sure there was no misconception about the meaning of the ads. He gave his friend some of the proposed advertising material. Unfortunately the story was too good, even for friendship, and Donald got more publicity than he bargained for. It was nothing less than a bombshell. On the morrow a black banner front page headline in Toronto's Globe and Mail asked the question: "Can a Celibate Swing?" Even the editorial page carried an article entitled "Jesuits appeal to youth, swinging celibates seeking recruits," and a cartoon that showed two dignified Jesuits peering at a "Prayboy Magazine" and a



The party for the ordination of Father Uncle Donald.

book of "Swinging Psalms." (See the clippings in Appendix B.)

Newspapers across the country were quick to pick up the story and the Jesuits were in hot water everywhere with an unprepared and uninformed Catholic clergy.

Donald was given the task of repairing the damage. After all, he had had something to do with it. He travelled from Jesuit House to Jesuit House explaining the details to an initially hostile Catholic hierarchy and did a magnificent job of restoring the credibility of the Order and smoothing over what was thought to be an apparent aberration of the highly respected Jesuit Fathers. Eventually the recruiting campaign was carried out and it proved quite successful.

In October of 1967 Donald was posted by the Jesuit Order to the University of Florida at Gainesville with a three year fellowship leading to a PhD in Counselling Psychology. At the time Maclean's Magazine suggested that Donald had been sent into exile for his role in the "Swinging Celibate" episode, but Donald vigorously denied it. He insisted that he himself had requested the posting.

The University was only 150 miles from where I was then living on the Gulf Coast and I was overjoyed at this unexpected opportunity of seeing more of my youngest son.

He shared an air-conditioned well-equipped modern apartment with some fellow Jesuit students and the Upper Canada Province of the Society of Jesus even furnished him with a car for use in his studies which permitted him to drive down quite often to visit me at Reddington Beach.

Donald was thrust into the life of a student and began to mix with other young people at the university.

I remember reading years ago of the problems of the worker priests in France, living and working with the proletariat. Eventually the experiment was abandoned when the religious authorities realized that the young men were too exposed and it became difficult for them to respect their vows amidst such profane surroundings, in particular their vow of celibacy.

So when Donald began to show up with attractive young distaff colleagues from the university to spend their hours of leisure relaxing on the beach, I wondered how long he would be able to resist the inevitable fascination of the opposite sex. I told him so and questioned if he was not looking for trouble.

Youth is always so self-confident and my son was no exception. He felt quite immune from any such attractions and assured me that his friendship with his young co-workers was quite platonic.

Then one day he introduced me to a lovely young girl named Nancy Holland. I took one look into her eyes and I knew it was well-nigh impossible for my son not to fall in love with her. As for Nancy, it was quite obvious that she was already fond of Donald.

Just past twenty-four, and taking the same courses as Donald leading to her Master's Degree, Nancy had everything to attract a handsome mature male like Donald, be he a priest or not: intelligence, a lithesome body perfectly tuned by years of swimming, dancing and practice as an artist on the "balancing trapeze" (Nancy had performed with great success at Florida State University), a soft-spoken southern accent and such an endearing manner that nobody could resist her. To top it off, Nancy was the only kind of girl who could possibly have attracted Donald and gain his affections; she was sweet, pure, thoughtful and quite unselfish, qualities which are becoming rare in our modern age. I knew we were in trouble.

I decided not to speak to Donald right away about my apprehensions. It was his life to lead, and not mine. And besides, I could not conceive of a more adorable potential daughter-in-law than Nancy. After all, I had been brought up as an Anglican to accept the marriages of our clergymen as the normal thing to do, so I was hardly shocked or scandalized at the prospect of my son, a priest, falling in love with a girl. I was only saddened at the thought of his having to face up to such a distressing crisis of conscience, and I made up my mind then and there to support him whatever course he would choose. My only concern was that Donald could be making problems for himself with his superiors in the Catholic Church.

One Sunday in the spring of 1969, Donald showed up unexpectedly to spend a few days with me in my apartment by the beach. He was alone and at first I did not notice anything particular about his state of mind, until I scolded him only half-seriously about some minute transgression and I was astonished when he burst into tears. I knew immediately and by motherly instinct that my worst fears had come to pass. He had probably fallen in love with Nancy and could not make up his mind on what course to take to solve the problem.

So I bade my son to sit down beside me on the couch. "You are just like your father," I told him, for I had known Alphonse to shed tears in just the same way at times when he was terribly upset.

"Mother you won't believe it," said Donald. "I have just said two masses while all the time the tears were coursing down my cheeks and half the congregations were likewise in tears even though they had not the slightest idea why I was crying. I just couldn't control myself any longer."

He and Nancy had fallen in love and the problem offered only one of two solutions, both of them draconian. Either he gave up Nancy immediately and never saw her again or he resigned his mission, for the Church did not permit the marriage of its priests.

"It can't really be that bad, Donald," I assured him. "I have known all along that you were heading in this direction and I have been praying for both of you. If the

Lord thinks that you can do more good in the world, then we must accept his decision."

My son was amazed. He had anticipated vigorous disapproval from his family and here was his mother encouraging him to consider the step of giving up his vocation in the Church if his conscience told him this was the thing to do.

When Donald decided to marry Nancy and give up the priesthood, however, I knew there would be initial shock and possibly hostility among some of his brothers and sisters upon hearing the news, but I was quite convinced that all such feelings would evaporate as soon as they had met Nancy.

The family hardliner in such circumstances was usually my daughter Alphonsine, and I determined to personally undertake to convert her. Nancy joined me in Montreal in the fall. I carefully planned our strategy. Phonsine had just returned from a trip abroad and was then in the Royal Victoria Hospital for a minor operation. She learned of Donald's decision and had reacted as I expected.

I called her on the phone and told her I was coming to see her with Nancy. Nancy was quite amused at the thoroughness of my preparations for this encounter, down to the minutest details of our dress. She said to me "Gran'mama, you're like a young girl preparing for your first job interview." I laughed and replied: "You'll understand me better after you have met Alphonsine." Among other admonitions, I told her: "Don't bother to shake hands with Phonsine or attempt to kiss her. If she does ask you to kiss her, we have been accepted." Everything went according to plan. Phonsine was cold at the outset but nobody could fail to melt upon contact with Nancy, and before we left she asked Nancy to kiss her. We came away with a feeling of relief. We knew we had won the battle.

The reaction of some members of my Catholic Mother's Club to the news however was almost amusing. They came to offer their condolences and one even announced she was having "masses said for the family in view of the tragic circumstances."

It is not easy by any means to obtain official release from one's vows in the Catholic Church in order to marry, and Donald quickly found that out. The final decision rests in all cases with Rome.

But eventually he did obtain the proper dispensation and Nancy was welcomed into my family as a new sister and aunt, a very young aunt at that, and everybody adored her.

Early in 1970 I was joined by several of Donald's brothers and sisters and we all flew together down to Florida to meet Nancy's delightful family and attend the wedding. A wonderful, even holy, spirit prevailed at this ceremony and there was no doubt in my mind any longer that God had decided there was much for Donald to do in this life which could be better done by him as a member of

the laity in the company of a good and loving soulmate.

At the wedding a young companion of Donald's confided in me. He too was a priest and had apparently fallen in love with a nice girl also. "But I don't dare follow Donald's example," he said. "It would surely kill my mother." "Were your mother to die and go to heaven, she would find out that she was wrong, if that was God's design," I told him, and I urged him to speak to her. It seems that he did speak to his mother after all, for Donald later told me his friend had eventually married the girl.

Donald and Nancy graduated together from the University of Florida and Donald was offered a job in his specialty at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia.

They bought an old 200-acre farm there near the ocean and Donald spent his leisure hours constructing a farmhouse until it became a showplace home for the young couple and for their two baby boys, David and Marc, who came along in quick succession.

From darling Nancy I received such a sweet letter addressed to her "New Mother" that I am sure she will forgive me for quoting her words:

Dear Gran'mama,

How often I have thought of you — and been so thankful for the love and the inspiration you've given me. I wish I could tell you how I feel, but I just don't know the words. I'm going to try though — and I hope you get the message!

First of all, you've made me feel good and important from the first time I met you. You seemed to take me under your wing, and I felt I had so much to learn from you. Gran'mama, I believe God not only sent Don into my life, but He sent you too. You touched something deep in me and gave me such a wonderful example.

Can my readers wonder why I love my latest and youngest daughter-in-law so much?

I enjoyed visiting them at their farm but the humid breezes off the ocean were not conducive to helping me ward off arthritis in my fingers and since my first visit there, in order to retain the flexibility in my fingers, I have exercised them religiously every morning when I awake. I have even made a point of washing some of my clothes in the sink to limber up my fingers even though some nurses here feel it is unnecessary.

Donald and Nancy have moved back now to Montreal and are both actively engaged in their profession. Nancy is a great favourite among all my children and my grandchildren, many of whom are of her own age, and Nancy has learned to speak French, something I never succeeded in doing!

Among his many activities in the social field, Donald is Associate Professor in the Department of Educational Psychology and Counselling at McGill University and recently he was appointed Chairman of the Board of Governors of Dawson College CEGEP, a very important post indeed, as he will be overseeing the move of its 10,000 students to their new campus, the former Mother House of the Congregation of Notre

Dame, that architecturally renowned historical complex of buildings on Atwater and Sherbrooke Streets in Montreal which was built by Raymonde Paré's father, the late J.O. Marchand. Donald Paré is a natural-born organizer and committee man and much more will be heard from him in Montreal as the years go by, you mark my words!

XXX

The Lawyers

*"I like thy counsel;
well hast thou advised"*

Shakespeare

The long tradition in our Griffith family of encouraging the young people towards the professions and more particularly towards the law seems to cling to the distaff side when our Griffith women marry into other families. My cousin Bea Griffith Read married into a legal family that boasted many successive generations of prominent lawyers and it is not too surprising to find her surrounded, as she was, by judges and lawyers: her husband, her son John and her nephew Richard all sitting on the bench, and her youngest son, Chief Crown Prosecutor at Melbourne, Australia.

Three of my own sons chose to enter the study of law and all three were admitted to the Bar although only one of them, Tony, remained in active practice. So far, two of my grandsons, Peter Howlett and Maxime Paré, have followed the example of their elders and opted for the law, but I am sure they will not be the last, for others are bound to follow suit.¹ My daughter Peggy also married a lawyer who has distinguished himself in the practice of law, so our family is not unused to consorting with lawyers.

I have described in a previous chapter the careers of two of my lawyer sons, Dick and Paul, both of whom resolved to apply their talents, with considerable success, in the business world.

My oldest son, Tony, returned to the practice of law after the war and recently he celebrated his fortieth anniversary as a member of the Bar. For many years he was associated with the late Senator Thomas Vien in the firm of Vien Paré Ferland and Barbeau. Senator Vien was a power in the Liberal Party hierarchy and of course his junior lawyers tended to have the same political opinions. Later, as a result of a merger of two young law firms, the firm became Paré, Ferland, Mackay, Barbeau,

Holden and Steinberg. In 1963 Tony was appointed a Queen's Counsel.

During these years my son took an active part in politics, especially in his local constituency of Argenteuil-Two Mountains where he resided on the St. Andrews Golf Course, commuting almost daily from an office in St. Andrews to his office in Montreal. He was elected mayor of the little town of St. Andrews East and later became president of the county Liberal association. In 1958 he was one of the active supporters and organizers of Paul Gérin-Lajoie in his bid to gain the leadership of the Provincial Liberal Party, which was won at the convention by the late Jean Lesage.

Tony's hobby and greatest pleasure in life was to improve and extend the limits of the golf course which he now owned alone, having acquired the shares of his brother Dick and Reg Quart. The links grew from an original nine holes to twenty-seven and a fourth nine was well under way when Tony eventually sold the property in 1973.

Alphonse and I used to enjoy visiting Tony's domaine and being conducted on a personal tour by electric cart around the grounds to view the latest improvements. The new holes were skillfully set among towering trees alongside the three miles of riverfront on the peninsula property, and the clubhouse had grown into an imposing structure with pleasant lounges and bars, a swimming pool, and dining rooms where excellent meals were served. There were even stables for a while for those who preferred to ride.

St. Andrews became the site of many of our family parties. The active golfers would come out early and play around the course and dip in the pool before sitting down with the others to a family meal. Here in 1968 the family celebrated my 80th birthday. All my children, except the Richard Parés who were abroad in France, my grandchildren and even some of my great-grandchildren came out

¹ Paul Tétrault and Timmy Paré have recently enrolled in the law faculty at the University of British Columbia.

to the club to join in the celebrations.

From one of the grandchildren we received the following note of thanks:

Val Morin, June 8, 1968.

Dear Gran'mama and Uncle Tony:

Thank you for the wonderful time you gave us. I haven't had so good a meal since my mother's last wedding. I especially liked the horses though I've never really taken up riding seriously. I hope you'll make this a yearly event. Hint! Hint!

Your admiring grandson and nephew,
Karl Graham

How time flies! Even as I write these words, I am looking at the picture of Karl on the financial page of today's edition of the Montreal Gazette. It announces his appointment as Vice-President, Sales, of Automatic Forms Limited. It seems as if only yesterday he was a teenager, writing that letter of thanks and now, married to Beryl, a beautiful English girl, with a family of his own, Karl has joined the ranks of our senior executives.

In the federal elections of 1963, my son Tony was invited to run as a candidate at the convention to choose the Liberal standard-bearer for the county. It was a traditional Liberal seat and the party nominee usually went to Ottawa as the new member.

His wife Eva and many of his friends campaigned vigorously for him over the huge territory of this rural constituency and Tony was absent from his office for several months prior to the convention on this business.

Unfortunately, on the third and final ballot at the convention in St. Eustache, Tony was defeated by one vote only. This experience had the effect of considerably cooling his ardour for politics and Tony decided to concentrate his attention on his family and his practice of law in Montreal. He moved his principal residence back to Westmount in order to educate his children.

He often said to me in later years that his reluctant decision to abandon politics after that fateful convention had probably contributed to extending his life span, particularly when he saw many of his friends and classmates, among whom was Daniel Johnson, the late Prime Minister of Quebec, burning themselves out in the public service, and driving themselves prematurely to their graves.

One day in 1967 two very attractive young ladies waited for Tony at his office. They had been referred to him by a friend who had moved to Australia. It seemed that these girls were the advance guard for the hostesses of the Australian Pavilion at Expo '67. The girl who had been placed in charge of choosing and supervising these

hostesses, about thirty in number, was a former Miss Australia and all her girls had to measure up to the usual standards of beauty and intelligence expected of contestants in a Miss Australia contest. So when Tony went out to his reception area on that day to meet and welcome these young visitors to Canada, the entire office staff had already been alerted, particularly the junior lawyers, and all of them were curious to know the identity of these two beauties.

Tony decided to give a party in honour of the Australian delegation and later invited all of them out to his golf club. He found himself to be the most popular man in Montreal among his bachelor friends.

He told me about it. "You must come and meet your lovely young Australian compatriots at the pavilion," he said. "They all insist on meeting you?"

So one day I accompanied my son to see Expo '67 and spent a very pleasant afternoon in the company of a wholesome group of young Australian girls who made a fuss over me and reminded me so much of my own young friends in those almost forgotten days of my youth in Western Australia.

After both his partners Ken Mackay and Alphonse Barbeau were appointed Judges of the Superior Court in the same year, Tony and several of his associates merged their practice with an aggressive and upcoming young law office to form a new firm of 25 young lawyers under the name of Lapointe Rosenstein, and Tony became associated with them as Counsel. Nowadays Tony mostly represents European clients interested in establishing new businesses in Canada and this leads him to travel extensively to Europe and abroad.

Whenever his travels took him to England, Tony never failed to visit my sister Kathleen and her husband Ken, and together they would telephone me in Montreal. The last time it was to announce bad news. Ken had died suddenly the day before Tony arrived at Speldhurst. Fortunately Tony was able to represent us and pay our last respects to my brother-in-law. "A great soldier as well as a great lawyer has passed away," said my son when recounting his impressions. "Uncle Ken was prosecutor for the British Army at the Nuremberg Trials and he also prosecuted the Palestine terrorists imprisoning, among others, Menachem Begin, the Israeli Prime Minister. He never feared for his own safety and was indeed a credit to his country and to his family. Wounded in action twice, he earned an O.B.E. and an M.C. and he held so many important army and government posts around the world during his lifetime that his curriculum vitae reads like a valedictory of the British Empire!"

I still keep in touch with Kathy by telephone. The ocean separates us but when I hear my little sister's voice, all the memories of our youth are revived. If only we could see each other again but neither of us can make the trip across the ocean. Maybe they will perfect the videophone while we are still alive, then we could see each other

before meeting again in the next world. Even if she couldn't come over herself, Kathy sent over her daughter Fancy to represent her at the recent wedding of my granddaughter Antoinette to a Swiss boy, and Fancy, in the short while she was here, became a favourite with all her cousins.

For more than five years Tony's daughter Antoinette had been acting as my secretary. Twice a week, without fail, Antoinette and her father would quit the law office and drive out to see me at Pierrefonds Manor. For Tony, it was to review and correct the latest chapters of this book; for Antoinette it was to take down my letters and bring my correspondence up to date.

Earlier she had accompanied her father to Australia and to Wales in search of the roots of the Griffith clan and she knew almost as much about it as her father did.

She had just returned from a trip to Europe when she came to see me. "Gran'mama, I have important news," she said. "I don't know whether you will consider it as good or bad news. I think it's bad news for Daddy. He is going to lose his legal assistant. I met a young man in Lausanne and it was love at first sight. We are going to get married!" How silly young people can be at times. Both Tony and I were losing our right arms but we were overjoyed to hear the news.

She had been a source of some concern to us. The suitors were not lacking but she was hard to please. She consulted me on several occasions. "I don't seem to find the man I like," she confided. I told her not to despair. "He is just over the horizon," I said. And to my surprise he was, just over the ocean in Switzerland. When Jean-Claude showed up we understood how Antoinette had been swept off her feet, for we all felt the same way.

The wedding was a great success and it took place at Pierrefonds Manor. I was able to participate and enjoy the company of all my family once again in my own home and we even put up the Swiss guests in the Manor house. Tony and Jean-Claude both made fine speeches and we all rejoiced in the happiness of the young couple.

The only flaw was that Antoinette took leave of her family to cross the ocean right after the wedding to live in Lausanne; but how could I criticize her? she was only following my example.

Two young lawyers were prominent at the wedding. Peter Howlett was the first among my grandchildren to take up the study of law. At the same time, he was an outstanding sportsman, playing football for Loyola College and McGill University in the style of his grandfather Alphonse and his Uncle Dick. In many ways Peter reminded me of my husband. He was an exceptionally strong and handsome young man, more than six feet tall and well over 200 pounds in weight. His success at football led to a contract with the Montreal Alouettes professional football team with whom he starred for several seasons while indenturing as a graduate law student in his Uncle Tony's office.

Even as a nine-year-old, Peter Howlett had a mind of his own and a flair for brinkmanship. One day I was climbing Mountain Avenue to have supper with the Howletts. I could see the Howlett children playing in the street and hear their mother calling to them to come in and wash up for supper, but the children paid no attention to her. "Peter Howlett!" I called out sternly to the ringleader when I got within speaking distance. "Can't you hear your mother calling you children to come in?" "Oh yes, Gran'mama," he replied. "Well why don't you obey her then?" "Well Gran'mama," he answered, "it's like this. Mother calls us three times in a normal tone of voice. Then she raises her voice. When she starts shouting we know it is time to go in."

As he grew older Peter developed an uncanny instinct for business and a reputation as a tough negotiator which served him well when he was appointed Executive Vice-President of Mondev Inc., an international real estate developer. Pretty soon Peter was masterminding the reconstruction of city cores in widely-spread American cities like Boston, Seattle, Phoenix and Burlington. He had become a successful entrepreneur on the international stage. This did not prevent him from devoting his talents towards assisting the less fortunate. As co-founder with his mother Alphonsine, from whom he inherited a profound sense of compassion, and other friends, of the Portage Programme for Drug Dependents, Peter did a magnificent job of starting up from scratch and creating a rehabilitation centre for drug addicts that has gained a world-wide reputation. He still serves as president of this non-profit organization unselfishly devoting his efforts to helping young people who have become addicts. Drug addiction is the scourge of our time and Peter is one of those few people who are doing something about it.

Yet he has not forgotten his grandmother. Only weeks ago he came to visit me with his lovely wife Morag and I was introduced to my latest great-grandchild Miss Sarah Howlett.

Maxime Paré was the other young lawyer at the wedding party. He is only beginning his career. After graduating in Commerce he took up the study of law and now he has just been admitted to the Bar and has started to practice with his father. As his grandmother, I feel confident in predicting a brilliant future for this young man. He combines the suavity and European flair inherited from his Hungarian mother with the aggressiveness and determination of his Paré-Griffith ancestors.

Like having doctors in the family circle, it is convenient to have practicing lawyers at your beck and call among your closest kin. When problems arise, to feel no compunction about waking up a son or a brother, or even a brother-in-law, at any hour of the night for an emergency consultation is a mighty useful advantage. My son-in-law, Claude Tétrault, is one of those people who never seem too tired or too busy to lend a helping hand or

to proffer a word of advice whenever it is needed. After they were married, Claude and Peggy set up household in the shadow of our Rosemount Avenue home and Peggy, who had been our tower of strength during all the war years, was still on call at any hour of the day that her mother or father needed her support.

We were also close enough for Peggy to call upon for help in case of emergency. One day Alphonse and I rushed over to look after her older babies while Peggy went searching for her two-year-old Pierre in a police car. Peggy was almost hysterical when she found that he had disappeared, but with my long experience in such matters I reassured her. "Don't worry, Peg. No harm will come to him. You'll find him down the road." Somehow baby Pierre had managed to wander off on his own to explore the world and, sure enough, he was found many blocks away, happily quite safe and sound and unconcerned by all the fuss he had caused. Years later this same Pierre became our actor and would stir up our family pride by his excellent performances on the stage of the Centaur Theatre in Montreal.

We naturally began to see a lot of Claude and pretty soon he was more like a son to us than a son-in-law. That is probably one of the criticisms that our in-laws could level with some justification against the Paré family. We were overpowering and took possession of any newcomers in the family circle. But Claude didn't seem to mind, he became a favourite with the younger people and as time went by, Uncle Claude became an institution in our family. In fact no family gathering was complete if Uncle Claude was not able to be present.

In 1949 Claude and Paul Paré, his brother-in-law and the twin of his wife, were closely united in the veterans' law class at McGill. When they graduated, Claude decided to enter the practice of law while Paul opted for a career in business. Claude joined John Duquet's office. The firm of Duquet & Mackay was one of the prestigious law firms in the city and Claude learned the rudiments of his profession the hard way, working as a junior lawyer in a large office. In 1958 he left the practice of law to become the Vice-President and General Counsel of the Robert Morse Company, a major manufacturing company with international ramifications which meant that Claude would be travelling abroad, to Mexico, Europe and other countries. Their family was increasing, now there were three boys and two girls. To insure that their children would have the best education possible Claude and Peggy sent their three sons to Europe and their youngest daughter Michèle to spend a summer working on a kibbutz in Israel. They acquired a nice house in the Town of Mount Royal where they entertained all of us at family parties. And at Val Morin, where they maintained their summer residence for several years, Claude teamed with Dr. Peter to delight their younger audiences by those memorable performances of comedy skits dreamed up by the more imaginative of our

family composers.

In 1972 the Robert Morse Company was sold and Claude joined the Aluminium Company of Canada as legal counsel. In this capacity he recently earned a lot of plaudits in the setting up of the fabulous "Maison Alcan" on Sherbrooke Street in Montreal. Always a man of moderation and caution, one whose opinion has been highly valued by his in-laws and particularly by his mother-in-law, Claude has weathered the passing of time with apparent disregard for the laws of nature. He is still a young man in mind and in body and he continues to play an excellent game of tennis. It is almost incredible to think that a few weeks ago they celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday!

Notwithstanding all her duties as a helpful partner to her lawyer husband and as a busy matron, Peggy has always remained very close to me, particularly as the years passed and I found myself living by choice in a nursing home. As each week went by she never failed to visit me, often several times in the same week, until finally I remonstrated with her about giving me too much of her time and neglecting her other duties. I ordered her to cut down her visits to one per week.

That is typical of Peggy. I wish I could dwell at length on her private charities for I know all the good she has been quietly doing over these many years, but that would embarrass her for she never talks of these things and I am privy to them in confidence so I may not speak.

While she was doing good for others and serving her mother beyond all calls of kinship, she was herself fighting a battle for her life each day that she breathed, for Peggy was suffering from Hodgkin's disease, the very same malady that struck down my darling granddaughter Patsy, except that Peggy was lucky and won her battle.

She continued to lead a normal life against all odds, she played tennis and other sports as well as she ever had, she never complained, although at times the treatment was worse than the disease, and she came out of it the winner. Nowadays I look forward to her weekly visits and our intimate chats together to raise my strength and morale, for at my age, there are times when I wonder why I should linger on beyond 96 years, and then Peggy and my other children, by their love and devotion give me the answer. I will stay on as long as it is the will of the Good Lord that I do so, for many of my children and grandchildren still need me.

Like her brother Dr. Peter and his wife Anne, Peggy regularly takes her lunch with her and joins me at meal time. On her last visit she surprised me, bringing guests from Vancouver, her son Paul with Sally and their babies Marc and Daniel and we had an enjoyable reunion. I treasured every moment of their stay with me.

The life of this senior citizen has been much brightened by the thoughtfulness of all my children and not the least among them has been my devoted daughter Peggy Tétrault to whom I owe so much.

XXXI

The Spreading Roots

*In which the author sees "The Seeds"
dispersed throughout the land.*

At first blush the title of this chapter may appear misleading. I don't refer to the long line of ancestors who have preceded our generations but rather to the branches of my own progeny who are spreading out like wildfire and taking root across the width and breadth of our country. This is happening at such a pace now that I have difficulty keeping abreast of the latest news concerning the westward migration of our younger members out of their native province of Quebec to establish new homes in other parts of Canada. There is no doubt in my mind that the present unfavourable political climate here can be blamed in part for this sad exodus. There are more opportunities elsewhere and the lifeblood of our province is draining away. What can you expect when even as I write, a discredited and resentful separatist government announces that next year's provincial election will be fought on the issue of sovereignty for Quebec? We will be "maitres chez nous," masters in our own house. It is as if they are saying to the world and to all prospective investors: "Don't you come here during the next few years as long as we are in power, for we intend to break up this country and cause a great deal of trouble here." With the polls running so strongly against them at this time it is almost as if they are deliberately taking revenge on the population for not accepting their draconian solution to the language problem in our country, that is to break ties with Canada and form a separate state of Quebec. How ludicrous to read about the provincial Minister of Immigration visiting English-speaking Hong Kong in search of new investors for his province. "Come to bilingual Montreal where hydro electricity and real estate are the cheapest in Canada," he says. But when they enquire, those would-be investors are bound to learn that here, store-keepers are being prosecuted for refusing to remove English signs, English-speaking children are refused entrance to the English schools, and the tax rate is

the highest in Canada. On top of that to broadcast their intentions of seceding from the federal union is enough to scare away the hardiest of investors. No wonder so many young people are making the difficult decision to leave Quebec now.

* * * * *

Pat had been after me for a long time to come up and see her lake in the Laurentian mountains near Ste. Lucie. During the course of her real estate activities, Pat had become the owner of a sizeable tract of land around a virgin lake, hidden in the folds of the forest country not far from Ste. Agathe des Monts. On her own initiative and without help from anybody, except, of course, her own sons, she had built a road into her property along the shores of the lake and to each of her children she had deeded five acres of splendid lakefront, high above the water level, on which most of them proceeded to erect log homes. Her son Stuart, in the meantime, had set up his own company specializing in building these French-Canadian style log cottages for the tourist trade and it was no problem for the Grahams to join forces and build their own houses here.

After little Patsy's untimely death, (the poor little darling had fallen ill with Hodgkin's disease while attending school in England) Pat decided to sell her large house on the Rock at Val Morin and join her children in Ste. Lucie. The federal government was auctioning off some of the houses it had expropriated for the airport at Mirabel, and Pat seized the opportunity to acquire a sturdy French-Canadian farmhouse which she proceeded to have transported by trailer truck all the way up to her property at Ste. Lucie, a distance of sixty-odd miles. Here she set it down beside the deep cool waters of a good-sized

pond which collected the overflow waters from another lake higher up and released them into Pat's lake lower down. Pretty soon she was converting her farmhouse into a delightful country retreat, which now even boasts an indoor swimming pool!

My daughter was naturally proud of these achievements and wanted to show her mother what she had done. My old bones told me they were nearing 95 and might have some difficulty carrying me over the rustic footpaths or climbing the cottage steps during such an outing, and I hesitated for a long time before I finally agreed to go. It was the tempting pleasure of seeing my Graham grandchildren and great-grandchildren in their natural haunts that decided me, especially after my son Tony agreed to accompany me on the trip. The weather smiled on us and nothing occurred to mar my perfect enjoyment of a whole day spent wandering from cottage to cottage embracing my Graham descendants whom I so rarely have the opportunity of seeing, being greeted by them as if I were some visiting royalty and admiring the wonderful resourcefulness and initiative of Pat and her family. They seemed to be into everything: real estate, construction, printing, commercial ventures, and I'm sure that the name of Graham will one day become a household word in this area. It was here that I finally found a courageous publisher prepared to take the risk of bringing out this story of mine, in the persons of my grandson Joey Graham and his able wife Sheila, who have recently acquired the equipment necessary to do the job and are operating out of their own home. What I owe to them and to the hours of toil they have invested in order to put this book together with my son Tony is not easy to describe, but you as the reader can judge for yourself.

Pat had, in effect, established a fief here in the woods of Ste. Lucie by her lake, to which her wandering offspring can look to and return to greet their mother and the stay-at-home members of their clan. Ross, her oldest son, has moved with his brood to Ottawa. Her surviving daughter, Jackie-Sue is married to Dr. Pierre Ritchie and lives in Rupert, Quebec, near Hull, with her two darling children. It does not prevent her from visiting her grandmother whenever she is nearby. To this granddaughter I owe many of my greatest moments of pleasure. Whenever a grateful member of our fold is surprised at the excellence of my memory for birthdays it is all due to Jackie-Sue. Several years ago she designed a wall chart showing all our family birthdates. It needs updating almost on a yearly basis and this is no small labour of love. I can't get over the planning and time and effort she puts into it.

All the Grahams are busily producing grandchildren for my daughter Pat now and great-grandchildren for me. At last count there were twelve of them.

When their mother turned 65, Pat's children invited the family to come and celebrate at Ste. Lucie. I wasn't expected to attend but I surprised them all by showing up



At Pat's 65th birthday party in Ste. Lucie.

and proposing a toast to a very enterprising woman. A few weeks later Pat was inducted into the Ski Hall of Fame at St. Sauveur and many of the family were there to support her and applaud her gracious speech in French. More than forty years after she won the Canadian Downhill Ski Championship, Pat is still teaching on the slopes of her beloved Laurentians, quite a remarkable feat in view of the serious accident she suffered last year while monitoring a group of young students from England. She had fallen and crushed her hip so badly that her skiing career seemed to have come to an end.

Sometime later I was astonished to receive a visit from my daughter.

"Aren't you supposed to be in hospital with weights and pulleys on your leg?" I exclaimed. "How did you get here?" "I drove myself, Mother. See, I can walk again!" she said. It seemed she had amazed her doctors and nurses by grimly setting to work doing physiotherapy until they were disposed to discharge her from the hospital on her own steam. Dogged, determined, forever courageous, that is the picture that best describes my daughter Patricia. She had been less favoured by the fortunes of life than some of my other children but she has never complained nor cried on my shoulder. It seems that she just went ahead, immensely confident that the Good Lord would look after her, and she tackled and solved her problems as they came along, by herself, and in her own way.

Many of my grandchildren have taken after their



Pat with Ross, Stuart and Sue.

Tante Pat, the aunt who taught them how to conquer the ski slopes in their youth, and they have not hesitated to cut the umbilical cord and to set out on their own for distant parts to make a life for themselves. I am happy for our country but in a way it makes me sad to think that they are so far away and they cannot visit me as often as was their wont.

Some of them have chosen Toronto. Michael Howlett was the first to leave. He worked his way up from a lowly position in an important office equipment company until today, on his own, without help from anybody, while still in his thirties, he is at the top and is a co-owner of the John C. Preston company which has offices in many major Canadian cities and Michael is an important addition to the community in Toronto, a member of the Mayor's Hospital Committee and much sought after as an up and coming executive of the new generation. He has not let success go to his head nor has he forgotten his cousins. As the first one to emigrate to the Queen City, he has taken it upon himself to welcome and entertain the new arrivals, not to speak of the visitors from Montreal, for nowadays the members of my clan seem to flow back and forth to Toronto on a regular basis.

In fact, since Toronto became the hub and Montreal slipped into the role of a regional capital, more and more of my grandchildren are settling there. Among the Paul Parés, Janie and her Australian husband John Richards, as well as her artist brother Ronnie, and now Victor, are living in Toronto on a permanent basis. The Tétraults are represented by Pierre, an actor and director; the Tony Parés by François a chemical engineer with Texaco; the Peter Parés by Michael and Kathy, (he is a medical student at the university); and the David Howleys by Ginny.

And now they are joined by Martha Howlett, my adorable granddaughter who has made such a name for herself as a star on television in Montreal.

It seems such a short time ago that Martha was only knee-high, with pig-tails, entertaining her grandmother.

She spent two weeks with me alone in Florida as a teenager and we became very close friends. Often she would confide in me and I shared with Martha her most intimate hopes and ambitions. I encouraged her to take up physical education and she quickly became an expert. Then one day she was on television and I could see her every day by simply turning on my set. She did a wonderful job hosting several programmes, including her early "Morning Exercises" which became a hit with stout old gentlemen seeking to reduce their girth. Suddenly we had all become "Martha Howlett's relatives." I enjoyed the notoriety of being her grandmother.

Now she is in Toronto with Global Television and I felt a little sad at losing one more of my darling granddaughters. The papers asked her if her brother Michael in Toronto would be looking after her down there. "On the contrary," she answered, "I'm going to Toronto to look after my brother!"

Happily, the "Paré Match" which takes place in September at Val Morin is sure to draw our sorely missed Toronto exiles back to their old playgrounds. For some years now Michael Howlett has taken an active part in this annual tennis championship of the Paré tennis fans and their in-laws, donating suitably inscribed T-shirts to all the contestants. Last year it was a red tennis cap for everybody. Tony and I caused considerable amusement when we wore our Paré Match caps to Pat's 65th birthday party to show our appreciation of Michael's continuing generosity. It always amazes me, whenever I attend the Paré Match, to see how many keen tennis players there are in the family. The last time, I counted almost forty of them vying for the annual clan championship.

Further west, in Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, David Paré, the wandering son of Peter and Anne, after spending more than a year travelling in foreign lands and learning the ways of the peoples of the world, has settled down and married a delightful girl, Susan Peet, and now he is making a name for himself on the CBC. Only the other day I was listening to an interview on the radio. The interviewer was interesting and informative and spoke with assurance. One can imagine my surprise when he signed off with the words, "This is David Paré in Edmonton."

I expect to hear David interviewing his Uncle John on the radio or the television, any day now, about labour conditions among the civic employees in Edmonton since John took up his duties in that city.

But it is to Vancouver, the growing metropolis on the Pacific, at the other end of our continent, that so many of our young ones seem to have been attracted.

Of course Dr. Peter Paré Jr. is well established there in university and hospital circles as Director of Respiratory Diseases and his sons Peter III and Jesse are growing up to be true westerners.

Paul Tétrault and his wife Sally, with their children, are well known in Social Welfare circles and they have

recently been joined by Timmy Paré, the son of Dr. Peter. When Mary Ann Paré and her son Sebastian took up residence in Vancouver it almost meant that Peter and Anne would have to hold their family reunions out there. In fact, this is what is taking place and it is not uncommon these days to hear of Paré family get-togethers in Vancouver or in Toronto. John and Joan's family are also well represented in Vancouver. Susan is studying at the university and Stephen and Lorene Paré and family are old Vancouverites by now.

Closer to home Danielle Paré, the lovely daughter of Dick and Ray, has settled down with her two children in Sherbrooke where she is a teacher, and her brother Richard Jr. has returned to exploit the lands which his forefathers reclaimed from the forest. After completing his studies at the Sorbonne in Paris, Richard travelled the world for a couple of years ending up as a teacher on the staff of the Jesuit College in Tokyo. When he returned to Canada he opted for a simple lifestyle and began hiving bees on a farm he acquired near Rivière du Loup on the Lower St. Lawrence River. Nowadays he manages a thriving business of selling honey produced from hundreds of beehives on his farm with the support of Fébronie and their baby Rachel. It has not been an easy life for my grandson Richard. He could have chosen a host of other professions and occupations affording quicker and more lucrative rewards from less effort and I am full of admiration for his courage and endurance in persisting along his chosen path on the road to success, and I very much enjoy the jars of pure honey which he often brings to me.

Others, like Anthony Paré, are making a name for themselves on the university campus. Anthony lectures on English at McGill and his wife Louise has become a much sought after translator at important international conferences.

Many of my other grandchildren have also been helping their less fortunate fellow-beings by devoting their time to Social Welfare in Montreal. Julia Paré, Nicky Paré, Constance Tétrault, among others, have merited degrees to qualify them in this field and there is no greater satisfaction for me than to hear about the fine work my grandchildren are doing to help out the poor and the unfortunate. I am convinced that such a calling in our day and age has replaced the saintly vocations of yesteryear and it must find great favour in the eyes of the Holy Being who watches over us.

Even some of my great-grandchildren are beginning to distinguish themselves. I only wish I could live long enough to see their success with my own eyes. Julia Holland, the oldest daughter of my granddaughter Marie-Claire Paré and Peter Holland, won a scholarship to attend the Lester Pearson International College in British Columbia and later she qualified and was accepted for Harvard University where she now attends.

Julia's sisters are following her example and will

also be making names for themselves. In that generation the Howlett boys, Sean and Julian, have turned out to be great athletes like their father Christopher and excellent students at Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf.

And from Ottawa recently came my electrical engineer grandson Donald Paré and his businessperson wife Vivian to make a videotape recording of me being interviewed by them. They played the tape at a family party in Val Morin where this thoughtful initiative was greeted as a wonderful souvenir for all the members of the family.

In far-off Calgary, Alberta, a loving grandson had not forgotten his grandmother. Philippe Tétrault, ably supported by Natalie and their daughter Mandy, had been devoting his time to becoming an author, writing books and poetry. He was also active in demonstrating against the testing of the cruise missiles in Canada and he sent me clippings of himself that appeared on the front pages of the local papers and even a Letter to the Editor he wrote on this subject which was published on the front page. One day I received from Philippe a splendid book of poetry entitled "Poems to My Grandmother" a collection of thirty-odd poems dedicated to me. The book was printed by "Les Entreprises de l'Arpent Perdu Inc", in other words Sheila Eskenazi and Joe Graham. I was very touched. Let me just quote one of these poems entitled "Life Smiles"

if the Sun has influence over the colours of life
Grandmother picked the right hue to etch
over the shadows

of the landscape
as history leans to the setting sun
hoping to capture the truth before
Night obscures

She taught me not to cherish sorrow
releasing the hold of mourning loss
while I wade through truth through Night
until tomorrow;

I know only your face, Grandmother
as I found you in the early hours of this life;
perhaps I always tried to imagine what you
looked like

when you were young;
perhaps that was the image Grandfather took
with him

when he travelled on;
your face, then and now, tells me
that Life smiles . . .

My time is running out, unfortunately. I wish I could write on and on about my grandchildren and their children, of the success and accomplishments of some and the misadventures of others, for it has not been sweetness and honey for all my seedlings. The vagaries and vicissitudes of fortune that inevitably must afflict a

large family like ours have not spared us. Some have encountered hardships along the way but these have no place in my story. It is not my intention to create another epic like Peyton Place. Rather would I recall the memorable visits I have had from so many of them, how thoughtful they have been towards me, how great the love they have shown. I would speak of their many kind gifts

such as the splendid paintings I received from Ronnie Paré which hang on my walls. Finally I would tell them that I love them all equally and I am proud of the efforts and achievements of each and every one of them, so God bless all my dear grandchildren and their children, and may He be always with them as they spread across the land.

XXXII

Pierrefonds Manor

*"Here is my journey's end,
Here is the very seamark of my utmost sail"*

Shakespeare

I had been living for several years in my delightful apartment at the corner of Sherbrooke Street and Clarke Avenue in Westmount, in the shadow of Father MacDonough's neo-gothic Church of the Ascension of Our Lord, when one day, to my astonishment, I realized that I was approaching my 85th birthday!

So busy had I been with my paintings and my dolls, and my many other activities, including my duties as hostess to a constant stream of visitors of all sizes and shapes, and ages, most of whom were my own progeny, that I never had time to be lonely or sorry for myself, or worried about current events or the future, and the years had just flown by.

My apartment had become a clearing house for news about the family. Not only did each member make a regular practice of coming in to see me, but it was the custom for those who had been travelling abroad to report to me immediately upon their return and recount their adventures. At the same time they would catch up on the latest family gossip and information.

I was indeed a happy woman during all these years. The devotion and love of my children and their families was a constant source of felicity and satisfaction. What more could I want out of life?

It is true that my sight was not as good as it had been and I was finding it more difficult to paint and write letters. My memory gave me trouble from time to time. Living alone as I was, it was not reassuring to discover myself leaving my electric stove on, forgetting to lock my front door, or even leaving my keys outside in the lock.

I was not always alone. My grandchildren, my friends and even some welcome visitors from Australia made good use of my guest room at various times and I was always glad to have company. Besides I had a very dear friend who lived in my apartment building and looked after me like a daughter. Denise Vidrecaire was a

young widow who lost her husband under tragic circumstances. With their children they were returning one day to their summer chalet at Mont Tremblant when they surprised a burglar. The intruder lost his head and fired a revolver, killing her husband instantly. Father Peter Timmins had often spoken to me about her and he finally introduced us one day in the Church of the Ascension. We immediately became close friends and she often visited me in my apartment and was always reminding me that her slippers and dressing gown were ever at her bedside in case I should need her during the night time. It was reassuring to have such a friend close by and I still treasure her frequent visits to me at Pierrefonds Manor.

Then I was constantly invited out by my children to dine with them at home or in restaurants, or to join them at family activities. There was little time for me to bemoan the passing of the years. I liked doing as much as possible of my housework by myself, although my children would often scold me for doing too much. "Leave it for your cleaning woman," they would insist. But I still had all my faculties and thank God I could do things for myself. I hated relying on others.

Then one day, after a particularly glaring lapse of memory, (for the second time I had nearly set my kitchen on fire), I said to myself, "This will never do, I had better find myself a companion to live in with me." My children had also begun to pressure me into taking this step; they were concerned about my staying alone at my time of life.

By a stroke of coincidence, even while I was mulling over this decision, I had a visitor whom I had not seen for years. It was little Dahlia, one of the dwarf sisters who had worked for me years before at Rosemount Avenue. She had also become a widow and in the meantime had inherited a sizeable amount of money so that she was comfortably off herself. While we were entertaining ourselves with reminiscences about old times, she suddenly asked me if I would be interested in a companion to

live with me.

Of course the thought was on my mind, but the last person I would have chosen as a companion was this little soul.

When Dahlia offered to look after all the housework and do the shopping without asking for any compensation, except for her food, my interest was aroused. After all, she had been a hard worker and a faithful maid. She was still young and seemed strong enough and although I would certainly pay her something, she would not be counting on it or need the money to survive. I thought it over for a few days and finally decided to give it a try. I accepted her offer and she came to live with me.

One of the problems for an older woman living with a companion who is much younger is that the younger woman can become too possessive or even domineering if she feels indispensable, and she may become an annoyance for the older woman.

Dahlia was very willing and eager to be of service to me, even too eager, and her presence soon began to prey on my nerves. We had nothing in common and this can become fatal when two human beings are constantly drawn together. I began to find her a problem when I had visitors, although she usually disappeared discretely until they had left. I finally decided after a few months that I was not suited to living in close quarters with a companion.

When Dahlia one day remarked to me that she hoped to be sitting at my side and holding my hand when my last hour arrived, that did it for me. I was horrified at the prospect of such a fate and I decided then and there that it was never to be.

If living with a companion did not suit me, there was only one alternative I could contemplate: why not live in a senior citizens' home? There I would have my own room and the attention and help of professionals.

I called up the Griffith-McConnell Home and asked them if they would accept me. This excellent home owed its existence to the endowment of the McConnell Foundation, established by the late Mr. McConnell of the Montreal Star whose wife was a Griffith, although I do not think we were related. When they heard I was about to be 85 they told me they were taking nobody over eighty years of age.

My daughter Peggy was a faithful and constant visitor and I told her of my plans. She was shocked, as were also the other members of my family, when they heard about it. They all tried to talk me out of it and offered to take me in if I was so determined to give up my nice apartment.

My mind was made up, however, I did not intend to become a problem or be dependent on any of my children.

A new and attractive residence had recently opened on Brittany Street, where Peggy lived, called the Mount

Royal Villa. It was part of a cross-Canada chain of such homes catering to older citizens and I prevailed upon Peggy to visit it with me. I took to it right away and made plans to move in as soon as possible.

Alphonse and I had already given away to our children most of our furniture and belongings accumulated over the years when we sold our home on Rosemount Avenue. Now I could get rid of the rest of my stuff including my new furniture and whatever jewellery, paintings and other valuables I had retained. These things are such a bother when one gets to my age. It is useless to be attached to them, they are distracting and they only make it harder to prepare ourselves for the day when our Creator calls us to come and such possessions are of no further value to us.

Finally at the end of November 1972, everything had been settled and I was able to move into my new lodgings at the Mount Royal Villa.

To me it was a symbolic farewell to the lifestyle I had been used to, very much like a young person leaving the world behind to join the Church and devote her life to others. I was starting on a new and challenging stage of my life. Of course I realized it was the final lap but it did not for that reason have to be less interesting than the preceding episodes, and I looked forward to meeting new people and facing new situations.

The life of a senior citizen in this modern age could also be the subject of a whole book by itself, and I am sure it would be a great success. Maybe I will write such a book after I have finished "The Seeds." There is so much humour and tragedy, and kindness and selfishness among us to write about that I would be at a loss to know where to begin.

I have met many old friends and made many new ones since I joined the "senior citizens residence" fraternity. How does one become a member of this fraternity? It seems that not many of us make the decision by ourselves as I did. Most decisions are made for the new members by their families or close relatives on whom they are forced to depend. Others, while not too old or senile, may become tired of maintaining a separate household, and seek the refuge of surroundings where they have few or no responsibilities, and this was my case.

In many parts of the world today, as in the old days, when a person becomes very old or invalid, and cannot look after himself or herself, the family gathers around and takes care of its own. The elder is lodged and given the necessary assistance within the family circle. But in our complex and selfish Western civilization this is often not possible, and as a result a host of residences for the aged have sprung up across the land. A whole new world of senior citizens has been created and is fast becoming an important factor in the structure of our society, forcing the governments to intervene because of much exploitation of the aged, in order to promote more and more new residences for them under state control. The politicians

particularly are not indifferent to the voting potential of this growing segment of the electorate.

The Mount Royal Villa was a private profit-making enterprise but it was well organized, the facilities were modern, and the surroundings cheery and imaginative.

Living conditions within the walls of the Villa were a miniature of the larger society outside, divided into little groups and cliques, each with their own circle of friends and activities. The building was so new that only some floors had been opened, the staff was untrained as yet and they were only learning their jobs and becoming familiar with the routine of operating a home for the aged.

I quickly made a number of friends and four of us agreed to share a table together in the excellent dining room. The food was quite good and the service was very much like a restaurant or a hotel. We were allowed to invite our family for a modest charge and my visitors took full advantage of it to come and have a meal with me whenever possible.

As the population increased, the upper floors were set aside for the residents who were senile, to isolate them from the others, but in the early days we were all grouped together and one could expect almost anything from some of the residents who were slightly confused, such as happened to me: one day finding my room occupied by a stranger who had wandered in and was completely convinced it was her own room; or becoming the butt for the unorthodox behaviour of some poor soul who had lost contact with reality. Humorous incidents are commonplace in these residences as we shall see. You had to be prepared for such things and put up with them as part of the facts of life. If you had not gone senile like many of the others you could only thank God and trust that this would not happen eventually to yourself. Some of our fellow residents were as bright and alert as they ever had been, and tended to look down on the poor souls who were less fortunate. An excellent way to retain a good memory is to exercise it as much as possible. It is not easy to do and I feel sorry for some of my friends when I see them gradually losing their memories for the lack of use of their minds. The exercise of writing and correcting this book, for example, has helped me a great deal and at the age of 95 I am happy to feel that I have kept my faculties reasonably intact.

Losing new-found friends from time to time can be a distressing experience. It may be comparable to losing a comrade on the front line during wartime. Everybody here knows or feels that his days are numbered, but one rarely speaks about it. Then one hears that a good friend or acquaintance has suddenly gone. At other times they pass away quietly in their room just down the hall from yours.

In a residence like the Villa or Central Park Lodge, which was my next home, the facilities for nursing are very limited and the staff cannot look after the resident

who becomes seriously ill, so the patient must usually be sent elsewhere to die.

More than once, however, I have sat at the bedside of dying friends and tried to comfort them in their last hours. I know they appreciated it from the look in their eyes and the faint smile playing upon their lips, as if to reassure me that they too would help me when my time came, from the other side.

The facilities of these residences are always designed so that if one of us passes away the body can be removed quietly without the others seeing it, on the assumption that what we don't see will not upset us. I do not entirely agree with that reasoning. When a fellow resident becomes seriously ill I feel that the others who wish to give comfort should be allowed to gather around the bedside of their dying friend.

Many of our companions are kind and considerate. Others are boorish and very self-centered. The richest usually seem to be the worst. They have always had things their own way and expect everybody to continue to toady to them. I pity the former captains of industry and important leaders of society who must spend their declining days in the seclusion of a nursing home, as so many of them do. Unless they have become senile, it is harder for them, after all the excitement and intoxication of owning great wealth and exercising power, to face the reality of life's gradual extinction, particularly if they have always worshipped at the altars of Mammon during their lifetime.

Our staff at the Villa was usually pleasant and cooperative. Many of them were recent immigrants to Canada and were hired because they would accept lower rates of pay. Then the unions got in and we finally had a strike on our hands which added a little excitement to our otherwise tranquil existence.

My daughter Peggy and my son Dick, living only a stone's throw from the Villa, became frequent visitors and I was just as often invited out for dinner with them and the other members of the family. So much so that my new friends in the Villa wondered aloud why I bothered keeping a room there at all, they were always seeing me going out or coming in. In fact my room was nothing more than a studio for my paintings and a place to lay down my head from time to time. Strangely enough, I became more popular and seemed to receive more invitations to go out after I moved to the Villa than earlier when I lived alone in my own apartment.

Mary was my best friend. She had been a chartered accountant and a very successful one at that. We went out a few times together. One afternoon Mary and I decided to walk over to the Rockland Shopping Centre, a couple of blocks away, to do some shopping. When the time came to return, we were too exhausted to walk even such a short distance back and we took a taxi. The poor driver was a newcomer to Montreal, as so many of them are, and he became completely lost in the Town of Mount Royal

trying to drive us around the corner to the Villa. "Do you mean to tell me you both have lived in Montreal most of your lives and you can't direct me to where you want to go?" he complained in exasperation, and we both were helpless to assist him. It took us an hour to find our home, which had been within sight when we hailed the taxi, but he wouldn't accept more than a couple of dollars for the fare. Needless to say that was our last shopping adventure.

One night some of my children took me to have dinner at Auberge Chez Henri. They were all chattering away and addressing me as "Gran'mama." At a table nearby a young man alone was watching us. After he had left, the owner, Henri, came up and presented me with a large bottle of red label French champagne saying: "This is offered to you by the young American gentleman who has just left. You reminded him of his own grandmother back home, but he wouldn't give me his name." We were quite surprised by this nice gesture and imagined that the poor boy was probably a lonesome young draft dodger longing to be at home with his own family.

One day an unusual new resident appeared in our midst. The provincial government was prosecuting Dr. Henry Morgenthauer for allegedly procuring thousands of abortions and instead of putting him in prison, he agreed to remain within the confines of the Villa under house arrest until his appeal trial was called. He had been much in the news and on television, and all the residents were very curious to have a look at him. They were extremely considerate, however, and treated him like any one of us. Nobody infringed on his privacy nor bothered him. Often he would play remarkably well on the piano and some of the people would gather around and applaud. All in all he could not have asked to be received with more tact and discretion. After he left us, in an interview with the press, he charged the government with "having kept (him) incarcerated with a crowd of people who were senile, in an institution which was worse than a prison." This offended all of us, so much so that with the help of one of my children I drafted a letter of rebuttal and sent it to the Gazette which published it. It read as follows:

Villa Mont Royal
January 27th, 1976.

The Editor,
The Montreal Gazette,
1000 St. Antoine Street
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sir:

I am an inmate of that "sad depressing place...in some ways worse than Cowansville prison" described by Dr. Henry Morgenthauer

in your Mr. L. Ian MacDonald's column today.

If, as the column says, "a resident didn't know about him" when asked, it is because we accepted Dr. Morgenthauer among us without question, with sympathy and understanding. Those who knew of his problems did not gossip.

He appeared to be entirely without supervision, free to come and go as he saw fit. How he could call this "home," which is our home, "worse than a prison" is beyond us.

It is true that most of our residents are in the twilight of their lives. Many of us are nearly ninety, if not already past. Our bodies and minds are failing and many of us patiently await the call of our Maker.

But for Dr. Morgenthauer to say that he saw "few persons apart from those left on the shore of senility" is untrue and inconsiderate.

He failed to see the beauty and wisdom of our old age. How we often laugh at ourselves and at our own handicaps and take joy in helping one another and keeping up one another's spirits. If this is senility, I am in favour of it.

And then there is our wonderful staff, always smiling and happy and ready to help. Did not Dr. Morgenthauer speak to them?

I believe he has not been thoughtful or considerate about our feelings and I fail to see how he has become such a folk hero in the Press.

I personally believe that abortion is wrong. When I think of my own nine children and myriad grandchildren and great-grandchildren, I think what a wonderful thing this is for God, for the country, for themselves. It is a sacrifice to have children but it is well worth while.

I would not have spoken out against Dr. Morgenthauer if he had not hurt the feelings of all of us here at the Mount Royal Villa.

Is it possible that Dr. Morgenthauer was "depressed" because he felt nearer to meeting his God here, and, when that day comes, could it be possible that those thousands of unborn souls will be there pointing an accusing finger?

Lucy V. Paré
Villa Mont Royal

As a result I was flooded with letters and calls of congratulations for speaking out against the celebrated doctor. One was from our old friend Charlie Paré whom I

had not seen or heard of for years. "Dear Mrs. Paré," he wrote, "it was wonderful to read your letter. You will surely outlive all of us."

Some of our acquaintances in the Villa had moved over to a new residence called the Central Park Lodge, recently opened in St. Lambert on the South Shore. They were full of praise for their new home when they came back to visit us. It was part of a chain of residences owned by the Trizec people, and it seemed that nothing had been spared in order to make the accomodation and facilities as desirable as possible.

The Villa had once again raised its rates. They were now charging almost the double of what we paid at first, and the place was becoming congested. I went to look at Central Park Lodge and decided to move there. It was definitely more attractive; it had an indoor swimming pool and I would have a spacious eighth floor apartment facing on the St. Lawrence River with the skyline of Montreal in the background. At nighttime the view was especially superb.

Some of my friends had come over with me and we reformed our little circle and made a number of new friends to begin life anew at the Lodge. It was a little further for my children to come and visit me but it was an improvement over the Villa and I enjoyed my new home. Each morning now, at the break of dawn, found me in the pool doing my exercises and planning my activities for the day.

Every minute of my time had to be usefully employed. There were numerous dolls to be cleaned, refurbished and dressed. A certain amount of the time was allocated for my paintings, although my eyesight was beginning to give me trouble in this department, and painting in the smallest details was becoming more and more of a frustration.

One day I had a visit from a lady reporter from the Gazette. At the time I suspected that it was instigated by the management of the Lodge but I agreed to give an interview. They took my picture with a host of dolls that I had prepared for the poor. The next day it appeared in the paper and my phone never stopped ringing. (See the clipping in Appendix B.)

Then there were my numerous visitors to be entertained and sometimes they would join me for dinner.

When my son Dick and my daughter Alphonsine both made the suggestion to me that I write my life story, my first reaction was that I am too old. I had neither the time nor the ability to do it. "It would be wonderful for future generations to read about their grandmother," Dick persisted, and he told me that his daughter Denise was prepared to give me a hand. Dick even bought us a dictaphone machine to record our conversations.

It seemed like a good idea, so Denise and I started talking into the machine and taking notes for the first chapters. Once again the difficulties were considerable, much more than we had anticipated, mainly because of

my poor memory, and notwithstanding all her good will and efforts, Denise had no way of stirring up my recollections of events that occurred during a period when she was not even born. After a few sessions we bogged down and our enthusiasm began to wane.

In the meantime, my son John and his wife Joan, who were living in Stamford, Connecticut, invited all the family to come down for a week-end to celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and Tony offered to drive me down. It was a delightful trip and the party was a success. On the way back I happened to mention to Tony that my attempts to write my biography with Denise had come to nought for lack of inspiration. "I remember many of the things that happened back in the 20's and 30's" said my son. "Poor Denise wouldn't be able to help you for those years no matter how hard she tried. Why don't I see if I can give you a hand?" I am sure Tony was only saying that to encourage me. Little did he know what he was getting himself into! From that time on we have been associated in writing my biography and we have never looked back...

We had been working together on the book late one afternoon in the fall of 1977 and after Tony had left for home I was tidying up my room and not paying particular attention to what I was doing when I foolishly stumbled over an armchair and fell to the floor in a most awkward fashion. I knew immediately from the pain and from the position of my leg that I had suffered a serious fracture of my left leg. I was lying helpless on the floor and there was nothing I could do about it. I tried my utmost to reach the phone or the buzzer to alert the staff downstairs but I couldn't move. My phone began to ring. "Maybe the caller will realize something is amiss," I said to myself. But it was a vain hope. I was so often in and out of my room that my failure to answer the phone didn't raise any alarm.

There is not sufficient staff in a residence like the Villa or Central Park Lodge to carry out periodical checks on the residents in their rooms at nighttime, so I lay on the floor for hours desperately trying to reach the telephone. It was around 9 p.m. in the evening when I fell and I lay there for almost six hours. I had become delirious when finally, around 3 a.m. the next morning, I managed to reach the telephone and alert the switchboard. At the time I was totally unconscious of what I was doing and I can't remember how I was able to crawl over to the phone in the condition I found myself.

When I came to it was in the intensive care unit of the Royal Victoria Hospital. John Howlett had been reached and he rushed me up to the Vic. I had undergone an operation on my leg. An aluminium plate and 15 screws had been required to put it together. The doctors did a wonderful job on me but I had developed double pneumonia and they gave me a thirty percent chance of pulling through. Fortunately nobody told me that and I was never worried at any time that I was about to die. I

think I fooled them all by recovering from my operation.

In addition I found my hand all bandaged up and the doctors discovered later that I had a hairline fracture on my spine. All this because of a stupid fall in my bedroom!

My family had assembled around the bedside in the hospital. They were very worried. My son Tony told me that while I was delirious in the hospital I suddenly recognized him among those standing by the bed and tugged at my oxygen mask to remove it. "Your eyes lit up, Gran'mama," he told me later, "And you whispered to me quite firmly: 'Don't worry Tony, we still have to finish our book.'" I don't remember saying that but my son as well as the other bystanders were immediately reassured.

It was a month before I was sufficiently recovered to be transferred to a West End hospital, the Catherine Booth, where I was destined to stay for several months.

As editor of my autobiography, Tony was a frequent visitor and one day he told me that he and his daughter Antoinette had decided to visit my former haunts in East and Western Australia to meet my relations and to gather material that might be useful for our book. They came to see me before leaving and promised to call me from Sydney when they visited my sister Alice.

In the meantime my condition in the hospital was not improving and Dr. Howlett had become concerned. I was not responding to treatment and my weight had dropped from 158 pounds at the time of my accident to 104 pounds in only a few months. I seemed unable to recapture my old *joie de vivre* in the sombre surroundings of the convalescent hospital. Dr. Howlett decided to move me.

More than once John had suggested Pierrefonds Manor to me but I had always demurred. "No John," I would say, "That is not for me. It is the last place I want to go."

Pierrefonds Manor was a luxurious private nursing home of fifty suites founded by John Howlett together with my sons Dr. Peter and Tony, and a couple of other doctor friends of theirs. It was built for them by Dick's construction company and no expense was spared to make it the ideal home for older people. It was therefore very posh, probably the most exclusive residence in Canada, and it was situated on the lakeside amidst lovely surroundings in the Montreal suburb of Pierrefonds.

I knew it was very expensive and that was my main objection to it although I didn't tell John that.

Until that day when he said to me, "Mrs. Paré, there is only one place that can look after you properly and where you can recover. You can't return to Central Park Lodge, that is out of the question. You will have to learn to walk again. I suspect you object to Pierrefonds Manor because of the expense. Is that not so?" I had to admit it.

"Well I have reserved a room for you there and if that is your only objection, you are going to leave here

now." This was announced in a tone of such finality that it brooked no objection. Within a few hours my son Peter came to take me by car to Pierrefonds Manor, I think I can safely say that by so doing, John and Peter prolonged my life by a good number of years. I had been preparing myself mentally to die, when suddenly I was jolted back into life by the loving treatment I received from the nurses at Pierrefonds Manor.

It is over six years now since I came to my new home and I really believe that these last years have been among the most happy ones of my lifetime. I have been cared for and treated like a princess and I am glad to say that my feelings about our home are shared by most of our fellow residents to whom I have spoken.

I was offered a luxurious suite facing on the water with picture windows on several sides, but I turned it down. I needed more wall space to hang up my collection of pictures of our family growing up over the years, and never a day goes by without me spending some time contemplating and admiring the faces of my loved ones.

It took me considerable effort and lots of patience to recover the use of my leg. Daily exercises, swimming in the pool during summer, and weekly physiotherapy have worked wonders and now I can walk around again even without a cane, although my doctors don't like to see me doing that. My eyes that had begun to fail me because of cataracts were operated upon and to my delight I am able to see much better.

All of a sudden my social life had blossomed forth once again. The dining service here is excellent and I have given several dinner parties.

One was in honour of Peter Sosnkowski whom I had not seen for years. He regaled me and my children who remembered him from wartime with the most fascinating stories. Another evening all my children and their spouses, without exception, showed up for a formal dinner to help me celebrate my 93rd birthday. And only recently I entertained at a dinner party here in honour of my daughter Alphonsine when she was awarded the Order of Canada and an Honorary Doctorate from Concordia University.

All my children and their children are very faithful in coming to visit me, and I particularly rejoice when my grandchildren bring their little ones along to brighten up the existence of their great-grandmother.

Dick's oldest daughter Marie-Claire often comes to see me with her adorable coterie of girls and lately they have been accompanied by a new-comer — their brother little Peter Holland who always enters my room with his two little hands outstretched and comes running into my arms. On one visit, after all the kisses of adieu had been exchanged and I had watched with my eyes moist the darling little group take its departure, the door was suddenly flung open again. Little three-year-old Peter had trotted back on his own initiative. From the threshold he threw me a last kiss and before closing the door he

waved his hand in my direction and piped up, "I'm coming to see you again soon, very soon, dear Great-Gran'mama!"

Many of these great-grandchildren are perfectly bilingual. They chatter away in French with their parents or their brothers and sisters then interrupt to include me in the conversation by interjecting some words in perfect English, knowing full well that I cannot follow the French. And even if I regret this inability I am thrilled to see how perfectly bilingual they are. What a richness has been added into their lives by inheriting two of the great cultures of our times!

And, dear Reader, I wish you could only share with me the joy of love that pours from my old heart whenever angels like the three little French dolls of Michèle Leman, Dick's second daughter, come running up to be the first to embrace their ancient "great-grand'mère" amidst a chorus of greetings in English delivered in delightful French accents. Michèle and her husband Claude Leman lived close by me in Dorval and I was fortunate to see them quite often until they moved into town.

In fact all my grandchildren come to see me when they can. Even if I was the richest woman in the world I could not dream of having greater joy.

My excursions outside the Manor are not as frequent as they used to be. I still love visiting my children at Val Morin or spending a quiet relaxing weekend at Paul and Audrey's wonderful farm in the Eastern Townships, but I rarely travel further afield. I feel safe and happy in my home and I am not tempted to venture outside unless there are good reasons for it. Not long ago I motored to Ottawa and spent a Thanksgiving holiday with John and Joan and their kiddies. Returning, we ran into treacherous weather on the highway and poor Tony had to navigate through the most impossible conditions of icy roads and snow to deliver me back safe and sound at Pierrefonds Manor.

Whenever I return from such an outing I feel I am coming back to my real home. The nurses are simply wonderful. They welcome me like a mother who fusses over her little ones coming in from out of the cold. I am pampered and fed and washed and massaged with ointment and finally carefully tucked away between clean linens with loving care and attention as if I were the Queen of England herself. I adore our nurses, everyone of them.

We have a large nursing staff here. They outnumber the residents by two to one and they are always carefully selected by the Head Nurse for their character and capabilities which accounts for the very high calibre of nursing we enjoy. They insist on keeping us company wherever we go and we are not encouraged to circulate unless a nurse is along with us.

The management has instituted a very wise policy of rotating the nurses so that they get to know all of the residents and their particular problems and they really

become our friends. With me they are very patient indeed. One of my eccentricities which often prompted my husband to complain is my habit of leaving the windows wide open even in the coldest weather. I remember an amusing little incident that happened years ago. It was winter time. I had invited our cousin Julie Dohan and two other ladies to play bridge at Rosemount Avenue. I went into the kitchen to get the tea and cakes and when I returned I found them all sitting at the bridge table in their fur coats. They had been too polite to complain about the temperature of the room in my presence but as soon as I left them they consulted together and decided to give me a subtle hint of how they felt. Our nurses recently began coming into my room with their sweaters on. It was only when I inquired why they were so attired that I realized my room temperature was below normal but the nurses had been too considerate to mention it.

Among the nurses I have met was a coloured nurse originating from the islands, bearing the name of Griffith. She is an especially refined and good-looking person and my curiosity was aroused. I was prompted to ask her how her name originated.

Imagine my astonishment when I heard stories of her Griffith ancestors who left Wales centuries ago and came out to Jamaica where the Griffith seed was propagated. They too claimed descent from some ancient and noble family of Wales. I thought of our ancestor Richard of Millicent who spent many years of his youth in the colonies during the 1770s. Could we be related to these people? Certainly I would be proud to claim them as such.

Most of my fellow residents at Pierrefonds are in my age bracket and they are not inclined to socialize very much. But I have made some good friends here. Mrs. B. is older than I and we shared a table in the dining room which had a splendid view overlooking the lake. Our food is simple and wholesome, exactly what our doctor would order, and I have developed a surprising appetite of late. I always look forward to our meals and never miss them. My weight has gone up by twenty-five pounds since coming to Pierrefonds.

Our activities here in the Manor are usually not exciting. Occasionally I am able to attend Mass and Holy Communion. And at holiday times our nurses organize parties for us. Santa Claus was a great success even though some of my friends objected to being bussed by our handsome Santa Claus at Christmastime last year. I was called upon to make a speech to the gathering but I don't think I did as well as I would have liked to.

There was lots of excitement however when the vote came up for the referendum on independence for Quebec. We all got out to vote even though the authorities kept us waiting for hours in line to cast our ballots on the assumption, I suppose, that we represented, at our state and time of life, a pretty solid block of votes for the "no"

option. How right they were could easily have been deduced from the general rejoicing in our corridors when the results became known. The other day I was taking the elevator to the dining room accompanied by my nurse. With us on the lift was a lady whom I know as a former leader of society in Montreal, and her nurse. I happened to say to my nurse: "My, I feel old today," and this gave our companion an opening to join in the conversation. "Poor you, you surely look it," she said, and she meant it. She was right. I am old now and my story is almost told, but I am not poor and maybe the good Lord will give me a few years more to enjoy my riches and my treasures and even possibly to see this book published.

Until recently my neighbour was Mrs. M., a very wealthy English woman who had travelled in all parts of the world. A graduate of Cambridge, and very well read, she had retained all her faculties and could describe the most intimate details of her travels many years before. I felt sorry for her however. She was alone and bitter. Her fortune procured her no happiness. Had she invested in human souls rather than in stocks and bonds she would surely have enjoyed much greater dividends at this time of her life. Unhappily for her, she couldn't believe in God and she couldn't find any consolation from that source. We often conversed at great length together but her intellect was so much sharper and she was so much better informed than I was that I had difficulty keeping up with her. After spending several years at Pierrefonds and always grumbling about her fate, she finally decided to move with all her belongings to South Africa and spend the remaining days with a niece who lived there. But God had decided otherwise. When everything had been shipped off and her niece arrived to travel back with her, the stress must have been too much for her. She suffered a stroke and died within three days. I wanted to console her at the last moment but she didn't recover consciousness and the opportunity did not arise.

The moral of that story, dear Reader, is that the things that count in this life are not those things which most people are always seeking: material wealth, happiness, honour, glory, recognition, they are of no use to you when the time comes to leave. It is much wiser to seek the riches and treasures which you can bring with you on your journey to the other world.

In Toronto, not long ago, seven of my seedlings were hosted at dinner by my grandson Michael Howlett. A bottle of champagne was poured and they raised their glasses in a toast to their "Gran'mama." The report of this event is a treasure which no one can take from me.

But one of my greatest treasures is contained in a book of testimonials presented to me on a recent birthday by my granddaughter Julia Paré.

It is too long to quote at length but at the risk of appearing complacent or braggadocian, here is what some of my seedlings had to say about their grandmother:

*Gran'mama
like the flowers of spring, you show us the colours of life.*

Philippe Tétrault

*A grandmother is a lot of things
She pulls your teeth, she plays your mother,
But it really takes her own grandchildren
To make her into a Great-Grandmother.*

Joey Graham

Dear Gran'mama

*Thank you for showing us how to appreciate good times,
endure hard times and to search for and express a joy in
living: love*

Pierre Tétrault

*Gran'mama,
We think she was found in a gold mine
She is precious
She is the artist that created nine lovely children
She is the brush that touched the hearts of her grandchildren
She finds colour light and warmth in her great-grandchildren
This is your masterpiece, Gran'mama, we thank you.*

Love

Michèle Paré Leman

*There was a young lady from Perth
Whose hobby was giving birth
She tried it one time and thought it was fine
So now there's not one child but nine.*

*Her kids seem to like the tradition
So if you are good at addition
You can add all her children
And grandchildren too
And the number will be more than 92!*

Love, your grandson
Paul Paré

*Our Great-Grandmother is like the rising sun
Beautiful, Breathtaking, Exuberant and Electrifying,
In all our Universe, she is the only one.*

Your great-granddaughter
Michèle Holland

*Gran'mama is all that I want to be; a loving courageous,
loyal woman with a strong belief in the meaning and worth
of the family. You are our strength, Gran'mama.*

Sue (Graham) Ritchie

L for her love of life
U for her utmost understanding
C for her continuous courage
Y for her youth and yesterdays.

P for her prolific posterity
A for her adventure and ambition
R for Richard and Raymonde
E for her enterprising energy.

I am very grateful that my children have the great fortune
of knowing their great-grandmother!

Marie-Claire (Paré) Holland

Dear Gran'mama, You are a very special person for many reasons. But there is one outstanding quality of yours that I admire in particular and that is — your capacity to give to each of your grandchildren an *unconditional* love. We know that you love us not for who we are and not for what we have or have not done. That kind of love is very rare, and I thank you for it.

Julia Paré

A Grandmother, My Grandmother is a particularly loving, gentle, thoughtful kind-hearted person.

Joanne Paré

Dear Gran'mama,

I've always enjoyed sitting by your side and hearing about the Paré history and especially about you. You have inspired me as a woman. I hope we will have many more chats in the years to come.

Love
Consie Tétrault

My Grandmother is ninety years old, has great legs, a stubborn Australian accent, and an endless supply of stories. She also has strength, wit and optimism. I inherited the great legs and hope, with her example, to develop the other characteristics as I go through life.

Mary Anne Paré

I think that Great-Gran'mama is a great person indeed who tells us a lot of good stories and tales. Happy Birthday Great-Gran'mama.

Sean Howlett

Eternal Star

As the day star candle flickers
Admiring its reflection in a northern lake
Its glance shifts, falling upon three of yours
A tender touch — the warmth of love — she smiles
Happily snuggling into mountain bed.

* * * * *

As she sleeps we wonder of our womb
Our source of life, warmth and sustenance
We know a week or month may pass
But today and forever; she will laugh with us again
Her love with us makes no demands
Selflessly, even in sleep, she lights our lives.

* * * * *

How many generations has she sustained?
Look upon two and see the love
Two young boys embracing Gran'ma with their eyes
Her essence, this scene, repeats in villages and on planets
In past, present and future it echoes
The consistence of love from which it came, an embryo.

Love
Ross Graham

I am sure you will agree with me, dear Reader, those are treasures which are truly mine and I will take them with me when the time comes to leave.

Years ago, my nine-year-old grandson Victor Paré wrote in his letter to me: "You are the luckiest grandmother in the world!" Today, as I come to the end of my story and put down my pen, I look back and contemplate a long and wonderful life, enriched with the multiple blessings and continuous favours of our Divine Lord, and I heartily agree with my grandson: I am indeed "the luckiest grandmother in the world!"

Appendix A

Family Trees

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ANCESTRY OF BELI MAWR

BELI MAWR, or "HELI THE GREAT" lived before the time of the Roman Occupation. According to the songs of the Bards, his pedigree, which was transcribed onto an ancient Welsh manuscript "The 'Cymry' Manuscript", was as follows:

"Beli mawr ap Mynogan ap Enaid ap Kywyd ap Krydon ap Dyfnfarch ap Prydain ap Aedd mawr ap Antonius ap Seirioel ap Gorwst ap Riwallawn ap Kunedda ap Ragaw verch Lyr ap Bleiddud ap Run baladr bras ap Leon ap Brutis darianlas ap Efracw ap Mymbyr ap Madawg ap Lokrinus ap Brutus twyssawg Ruwain, y brenin kyntaf a ddyvu ir ynys hon, ag oe henw a elwir Ynys Brydein, ag yn y bedwaredd oes or byd y dyuu yma, Brutus ap Silvius ap Ysgannus ap Aeneas ysgwyddwyn ap Enchises ap Kapis ap Asarucus ap Tros ap Eriktonius ap Dardanus ap Iubiter ap Saturnus ap Selius ap Cretus ap Ciprius ap Cetun ap Iaan ap Iapheth ap Noe hen ap Lamech ap Matusale ap Enoc ap Iareth ap Maluleel ap Caynan ap Enos ap Seth ap Addaf."

(See P.C.B., p. 95)

Translation of Welsh Text re. Brutus

Beli the Great ap (son of) Mynogan ap Enaid ap . . . ap Brutus *Prince of Rome, the first king who came to this island which is today called the Island of Britain, and it was in the fourth age of this world* that he came here*, Brutus ap Silvius ap Ysgannus (Ascanius) ap Aeneas (Aeneas) ap Anchises ap Kapes ap Ascarus ap Tros ap Eriktonius (Erichthonius) ap etc.

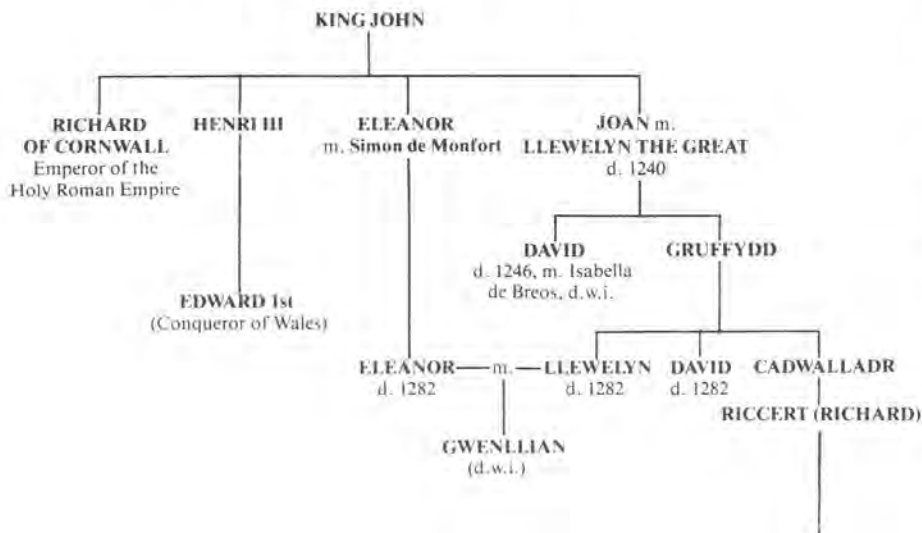
(a rather fantastic genealogy linking the mythical Brutus with Rome (Aenas) and Troy (Tros) and Greece (Erichthonius) and the Ionians (Iavan) and the Jewish traditions (Japheth son of Noah) back to Adam. Quite a family line!

*fourth age of this world? I don't know whether this is supposed to mean 4th cent. B.C. but Brutus as the great grandson of Aeneas (who fled from Troy in 1184) should be dated earlier of course. Or is it a reference to the Golden, Bronze and Iron Ages etc.??

Translation and commentary by
John Ellis Jones
Museum of Welsh Antiquities
University College of North Wales

POC

Plantagenet Royal House of England



The Princes of Wales

The Kings of Britain

BELI MAWR KING OF BRITAIN

(for his pedigree see left)

LLUDD (or LUD)

AFLECH

AFALLACH (or AVELACH) Earl of Gloucester

ENDOLLEN (or ENDHOLEN)

ENDOS (or ENDDOS)

ENYD

ENDEYRN (or EDEIRN)

ENDIGANT

RHYDDERCH

RHYFEDEL (or RHYVEDEL)

GRADD

URBAN

TUDBYWYLL (or TYDBWYLT)

DEHEUFRAINT (or DEHEYVRAINT)

TEGFAN (or TEGWAN)

COEL GODEBOG KING OF BRITAIN A.D.330

m. Stradved d. of Cadvan ap Kynan, Earl of Gloucester

CENAU

MOR (or MORYD)

GARTHWYS (or ARTHWYS)

CYNFELYN

CYNWYD CYNWYDION Lord of Dunstabil and Earl of Northampton

CADROD CALCHFNYDD surnamed "Chalkhill" Lord of Dunstabil and Earl of Northampton
m. Ginelrewry, d. of Brychan, Lord of Brecknock. Circa 550. (PCB)

YSBWYS Lord of Dunstable

YSBWYS MWYNTYRCH Lord of Dunstable (this may be father and son) see PCB p. 116 (7)

MYNAN Lord of Dunstable

MOR Lord of Dunstable

ELFYW Lord of Dunstable

CYNAN Lord of Dunstable A.D. 820

MARCHUDD Chief of the British Tribes of North Wales living A.D. 846

CARWEDD (or KARWEDD)

JAPHETH (or JASETH)

NATHAN

EDRYD

IDNERTH

GWGAN

IORWERTH Lord of Griccieth m. Agnes d. of Gruffydd ap Beli ap Brockwell

CYNWRIG Lord of Flint m. Angared d. & h's of Hwfa ap Henrick ap Rvalton (b. 1090)

Vychan and the Tudors

EDNYFED VYCHAN m. (1st) Gwenllian d. of Lord Rhys, Prince of South Wales (died 1246)
m. (2nd) Eva d. of Llowarch ap Bran

THE GRIFFITH FAMILY TREE

showing

Direct lineal descent from BELI MAWR, King of Britain, B.C., and descent by maternal ancestor from LLEWELYN THE GREAT with connections to HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET. Also collateral relationship with HOUSE OF TUDOR.

This information has been mainly extracted from the book entitled "PEDIGREES of Anglesey and Carnarvonshire Families" by John Edwards Griffith, F.L.S., R.F.A.S., printed by W.K. Morton & Sons, Ltd., Horncastle, Lincolnshire, 1914. See also "EARLY WELSH GENEALOGICAL TRACTS" by P.C. Bartrum (1966) for manuscripts giving pedigrees of Ednyfed Vychan, Coel Godebog and Beli Mawr.

ADELICIA — m. — SIR TUDOR

HEILYN (circa 1281) m. Agnes d. of Bleddyn ap Owen Brogyntyn ap Madog, Prince of Powys.

GRUFFYDD (circa 1330) m. Eva d. & h's of Gruffydd ap Tudor ap Madog ap Iarddur and by her had Penhryn.

GWILIM ap GRUFFYDD (circa 1360) m. Gwenhwyfer d. of Ievan ap Gruffydd ap Madog Dhu from Rhodri The Great.

GRUFFYDD ap GWILIM of Penrhyn m. Generys Vychan d. Madog Vychan

GWILIM ap GRUFFYDD of Penrhyn m. Janet d. of Sir William Stanley (circa 1396)

GORONWY of Trecastell in Anglesey

TUDOR

GORONWY

SIR TUDOR VYCHAN

MEREDYDD ap Sir Tudor

SIR OWEN TUDOR (beheaded 1461)

EDMUND TUDOR

HENRY VII

HENRY VIII

ELIZABETH & MARY

The Dukes of Penrhyn

SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH VYCHAN (1440) Chamberlain m. Alice d. of Sir Richard Dalton

SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH Kt (1482) Chamberlain m. Jane d. of Sir William Troutbeck

SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH Kt (1520) Chamberlain North Wales, of Penrhyn & Plas Mawr m. Jane d. of Sir John Puleston, Chamberlain

WILLIAM GRIFFITH OF CARNARVON (d. 1587) (His Tomb in Llanbeblig Church) m. Margaret d. of John Wynn ap Meredydd ap Gwydir

ROBERT GRIFFITH

SIR MORRIS GRIFFITH (DWI) Ireland 1629

CAPTAIN EDWARD GRIFFITH (1649) Recorder of Rolls m. Grace d. of Pierce Owen of Abergele

THOMAS GRIFFITH of Ballinac (1676) Recorder of Rolls m. Miss Irwin of Lavragne, Sligo

RICHARD GRIFFITH Rector of Coleraïne and Dean of Ross m. Jane Leslie of the House of Rothes

EDWARD GRIFFITH m. Abigail d. of Sir William Handcock, Baron Castleman Recorder of Dublin

RICHARD GRIFFITH of MAIDEN HALL Co. Kilkenny (1714-1788) m. Elizabeth Griffith of Glamorganshire

RICHARD GRIFFITH of MILLICENT (1752-1820) m. (2nd) Mary d. of Rt Hon. W. Hussey Burgh Lord Baron Exchequer Court Ireland

ARTHUR HILL GRIFFITH m. Hannah Cottingham

Col. Edward Griffith m. Eliz. Lawrence

Anne Elizabeth

m. (1st) Charity Bramston d. 1791

305

Sir Richard John Griffith
1784-1878

Sir George Richard Waldie Griffith
1820-1889

SIR RICHARD JOHN WALDIE GRIFFITH
1850-1934
(d.w.i.)

m. FRANCES DE BURGH

m. ALICE H. Drake Brockman

m. CONSTANCE E. Hussey Burgh Macartney

m. LUCY Alphonse Paré

m. KATHLEEN Col. J.K. Argyle Robertson

m. HERCULES Geraldine

Judith June Richard

James (d. 1978) Catherine m. Alec Magnus John m. Geraldine Constance m. David Howley

Frances m. David Robbins Fiona
Lucy m. R. Hoggard

LEGEND

P.C.B. or (PCB) P.C. Bartrum (Early Welsh Genealogical Tracts)
c. circa
DWI or d.w.i. died without issue
ap son of
d. & h's daughter and heiress of
h. - d. born - died
m. married

N.B. 1. According to the Welsh Manuscripts cited in P.C.B., the lines of ascent of Ednyfed Vychan and Llewelyn the Great meet at Cenau, son of Coel Godebog, from thence they have common ancestors.
2. It is obvious that all lines of descent have not been shown here but only those pertinent to the immediate story of our Griffith Family Tree.

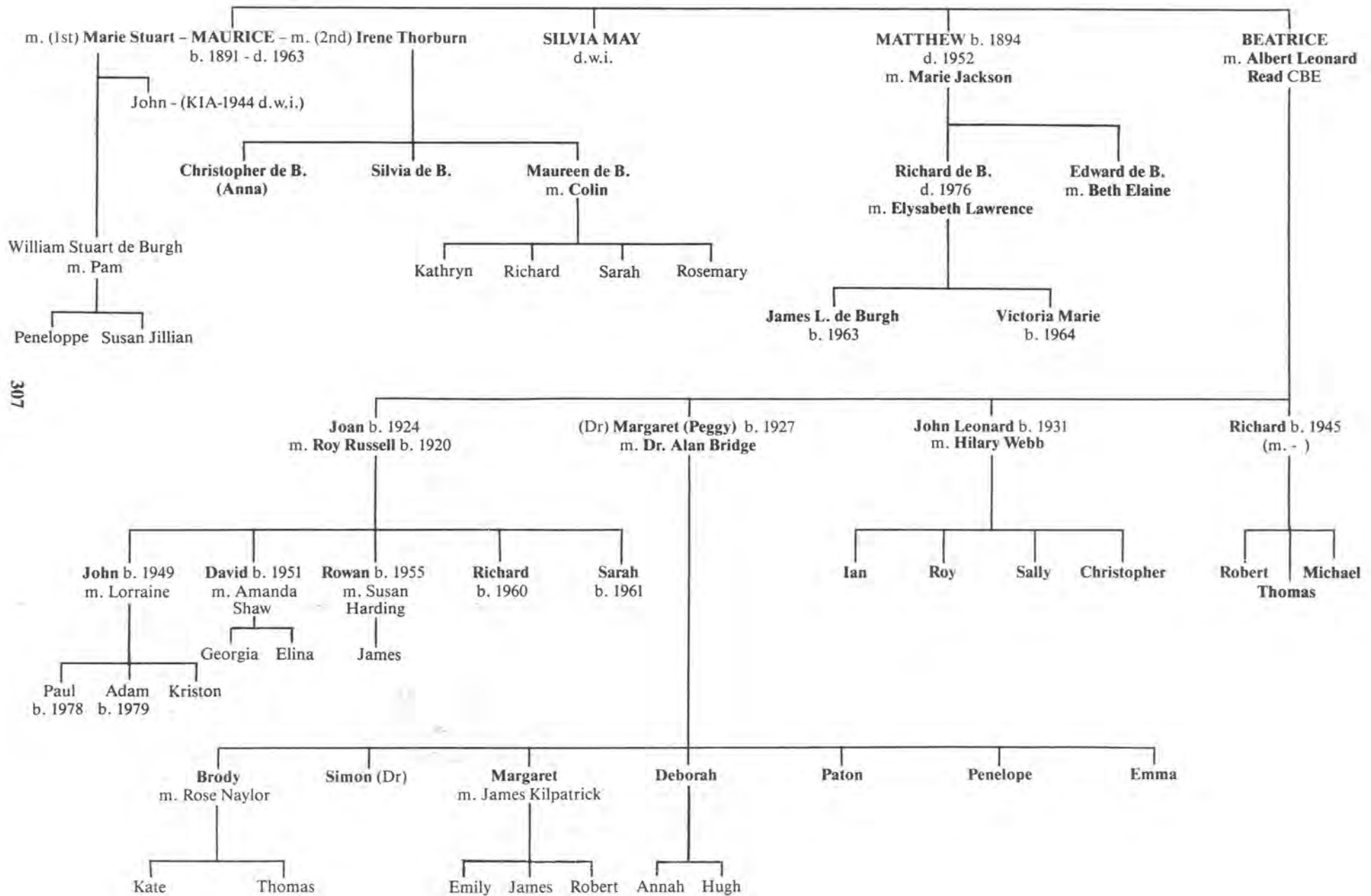
The Royal Descent of Lt Mark Phillips

(In this family tree only the direct line of descent is given — represented by the names in capital letters in the left-hand column. In each case the name is of a child of the couple listed in the preceding line.)

EDWARD I	m.	ELEANOR OF CASTILE
ELIZABETH	m.	1302 Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford & Essex, killed 1322
WILLIAM, EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, d. 1360	m.	1335 Elizabeth Badlesmere
ELIZABETH	m.	1359 Richard FitzAlan, Earl of Arundel, beheaded 1397
ELIZABETH, d. 1425	m.	3rdly, Sir Robert Goushil of Hoveringham, Notts.
JOAN	m.	Thomas Stanley, 1st Lord Stanley, d. 1459
MARGARET	m.	Sir William Troutbeck, of Mobberley, Cheshire
JOAN (1st wife)	m.	Sir William Griffith, of Penrhyu , Caernarvonshire, living 1482
SIR WILLIAM GRIFFITH , living 1520	m.	2nd wife, Jane Puleston
ISABEL	m.	Owen ap Hugh, of Bodowen, Anglesey
SIR HUGH OWEN, d. 1613	m.	Elizabeth Werriott, heiress of Orierton, Pembrokeshire
JOHN OWEN	m.	Dorothy Langharn, d. 1653
SIR HUGH OWEN, 1st Bt. of Orierton, d. 1670	m.	Catherine Lloyd
SIR HUGH OWEN, 2nd Bt., d. 1698	m.	Anne Owen
SIR ARTHUR OWEN, M.P., 3rd Bt., d. 1753	m.	Emma Williams (da. of Speaker of House of Commons)
Lt. Gen. JOHN OWEN, M.P., d. 1776	m.	Anne Owen
Brig. Gen. WILLIAM OWEN, d. 1795	m.	1771 Anne Tripp, d. 1809
FRANCES, d. 1866	m.	1815 Rev. Charles Tripp, D.D., Rector of Silverton, Devon, d. 1865
Rev. HENRY TRIPP, Rector of Winford, Somerset, d. 1897	m.	1857, Anne Gould, d. 1888
MARY HOWARD, d. 1900	m.	1886, Percy Cripps, of Winford, d. 1905
EVELYN FLORENCE	m.	1922, Brigadier John Tiarks, d. 1963
ANNE PATRICIA, b. 1926	m.	1946, Major Peter Phillips, M.C., late 1st King's Dragoon Guards
MARK PHILLIPS, b. 22 Sept, 1948		

Descendants of Llewelyn Griffith and Felicia Bryant

b. 1859
d. 1942



FAMILY TREE OF ALPHONSE ARTHUR PARÉ

N.B. Lines of descent not mentioned in
"The Seeds" are not shown.

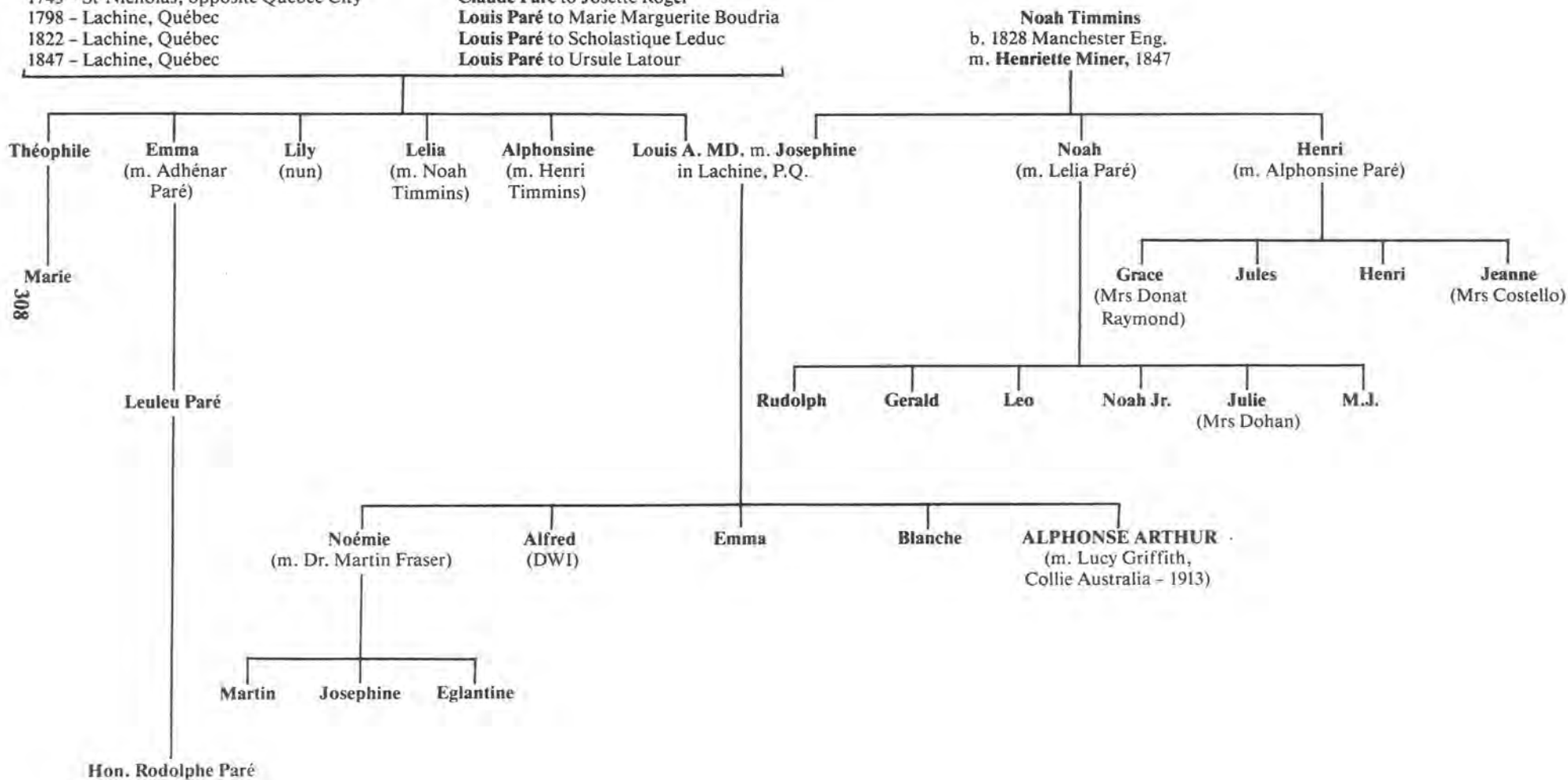
showing
His descent from *Matthieu Paré of Normandy*
and interrelationship of *Paré Family*
with *Noah Timmins Family*

DATE AND PLACE OF MARRIAGE

1626 - St. Laurent in Normandy
1653 - Québec City, Qué.
1704 - Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Qué.
1743 - St-Nicholas, opposite Québec City
1798 - Lachine, Québec
1822 - Lachine, Québec
1847 - Lachine, Québec

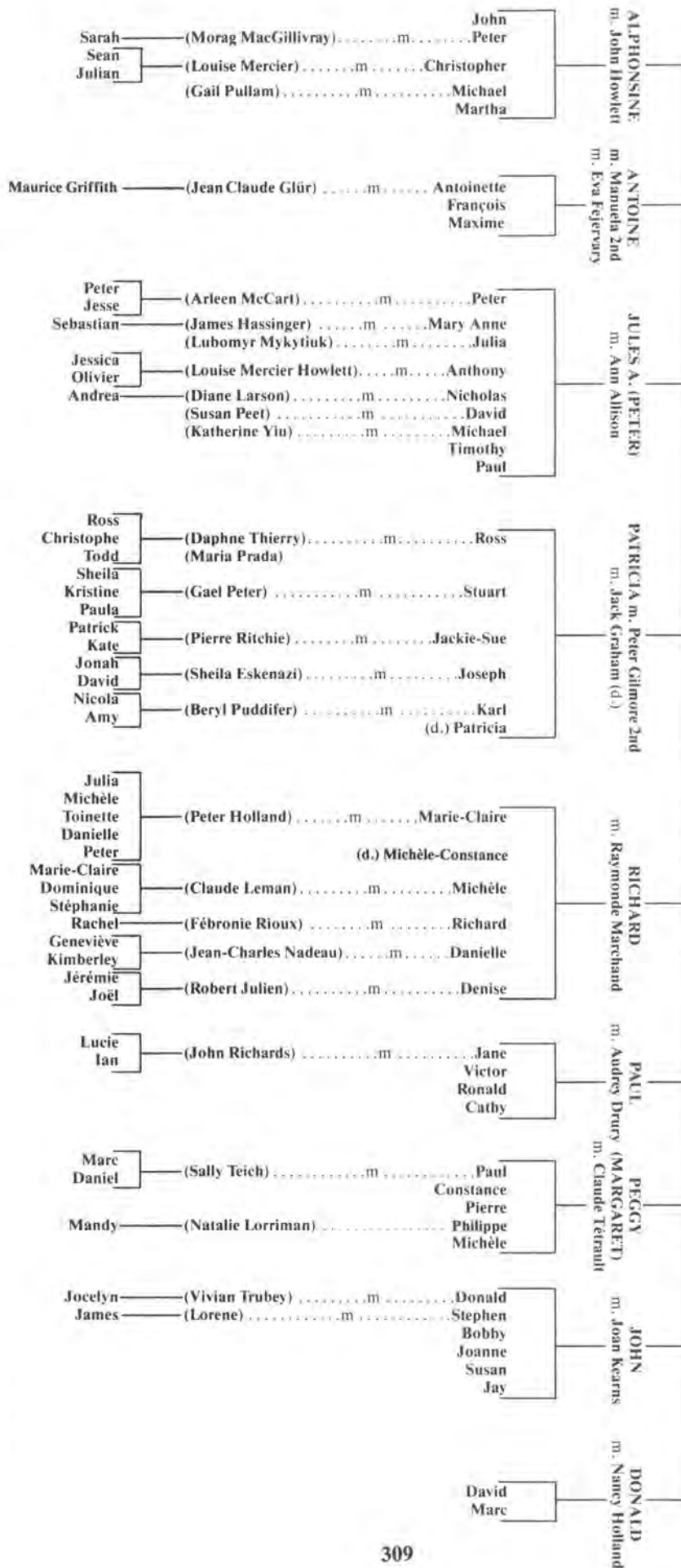
NAMES OF SPOUSES

Matthieu Paré to Marie Joannet
Robert Paré to Françoise Lehoux
François Paré to Claire Lacroix
Claude Paré to Josette Roger
Louis Paré to Marie Marguerite Boudria
Louis Paré to Scholastique Leduc
Louis Paré to Ursule Latour



m - married
b - born
DWI - died without issue

FAMILY TREE
SHOWING ISSUE OF
ALPHONSE ARTHUR PARE AND LUCY VICTORIA GRIFFITH



m. - married
d. - deceased

Appendix B
**A Photo and
Newscip Album**

A ROMNEY FOR AUSTRALIA.

AN ANCESTOR'S PORTRAIT RECOVERED.

A story, which has many points of interest, may be told in connexion with the very fine portrait by George Romney of Richard Griffith, which brought 3,200 guineas at Christie's on May 20 last year—a day which will always be notable in the annals of picture sales, in that a total was realized of £136,632.

The Richard Griffith who sat to Romney was the son of Richard and Elizabeth Griffith, joint authors of "Henry and Frances" and other books; he was born in 1752, went to India in early life, and on his return settled at Millicent, Co. Kildare, became Deputy Governor for that county and M.P. for Askeaton, and died in June, 1829. He sat in 1786 to Romney, whose fee for this portrait was 40 guineas. The portrait was exhibited in Dublin in 1872, and remained, with the companion portrait of his first wife, in the possession of his descendant, Sir Richard Waddie-Griffith, until last year.

At the sale at Christie's it was bought by Mr. Browne, of the Raeburn Galleries, for a member of the firm of P. Eaton and Co., of Canada. Since soon after the purchase a series of attempts have been made on the part of one of Richard Griffith's descendants in Australia to purchase the picture back, and these efforts were in a sense sealed on Thursday last in the building, next to *The Times* offices, where the portrait then was for the purpose of identification, and it is now being forwarded to its new owner, a private collector in Victoria, Australia.

The Richard Griffith in Romney's portrait had a large family by his two wives. A younger daughter by the second wife, Mary Elizabeth, married in September, 1829, the Rev. F. Cholmley. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Cholmley with her seven sons emigrated in 1845 or 1846 from Ireland to some relatives or connexions in Australia, and it is by one of these direct descendants—there are many Cholmleys and other descendants of Richard Griffith in that continent—that Romney's portrait of Richard Griffith has now been acquired. There can be very few fine portraits by Romney in Australia, for most of them have gone to the United States, whence they are not likely to return. But this one of Richard Griffith is of exceptionally fine quality, besides representing a very handsome man. Perhaps it is not too much to expect that other wealthy Australians will emulate this example of purchasing the family portraits of their ancestors.

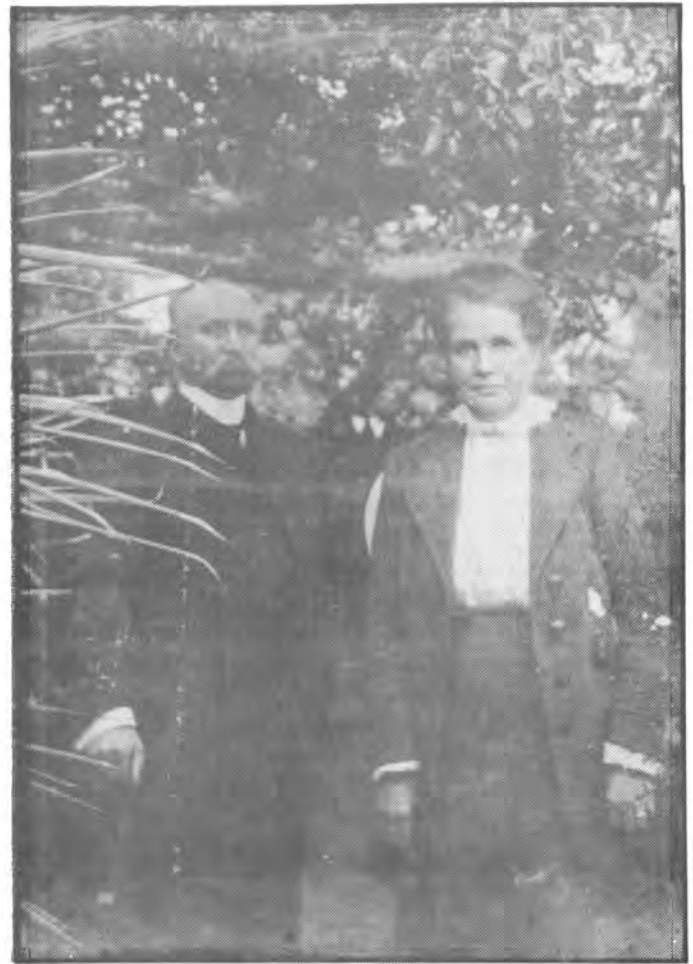
See picture on page 29.



Gruffydd ap Llewelyn falls when trying to escape from the Tower of London where he was imprisoned by Henry III in 1244 in a sketch by Matthew Paris.



A Merry Xmas 1906.



My parents, at Collie, 1918.



My parent's page from my autograph book.



The autographs of my siblings in April 1912.



Here I am, reading under a tree.



Kathy, before she left Australia.



Kathleen Griffith, Kalgoorlie 1909.



Kathy's wedding to Ken Argyle-Robertson at Milton Ernest, 1922.



Lucy and E.A. Griffith, Collie 1918.



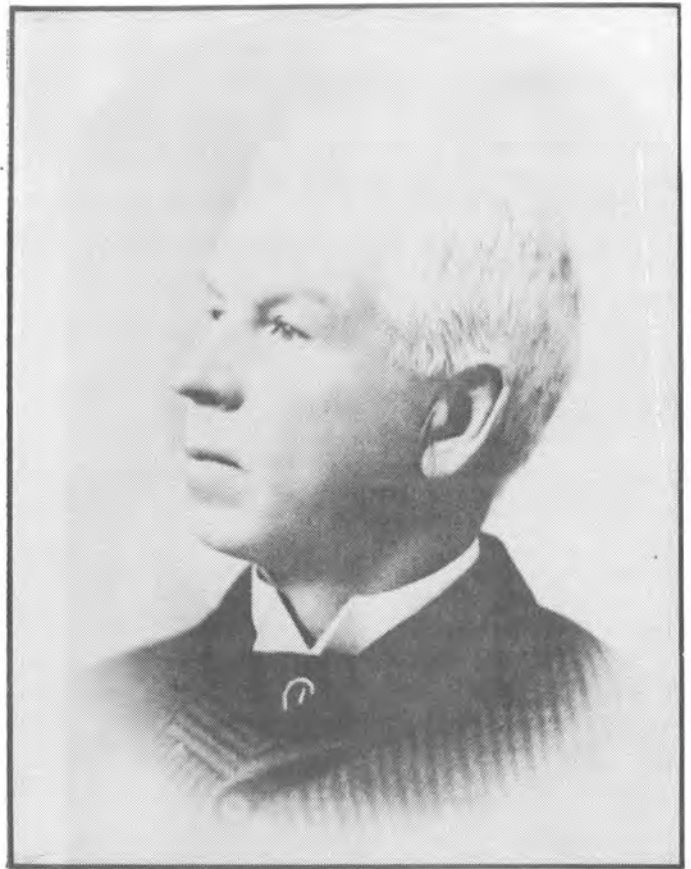
Me, Alice and Connie standing behind Fan, at Lucknow.



"Lucknow."



Dr. Louis Paré and one of his grandchildren.



Louis Paré, Alphonse's grandfather.



Alphonse, in his graduation robe.



Alphonse at a mine site.



An early portrait with Phonsine & Tony.



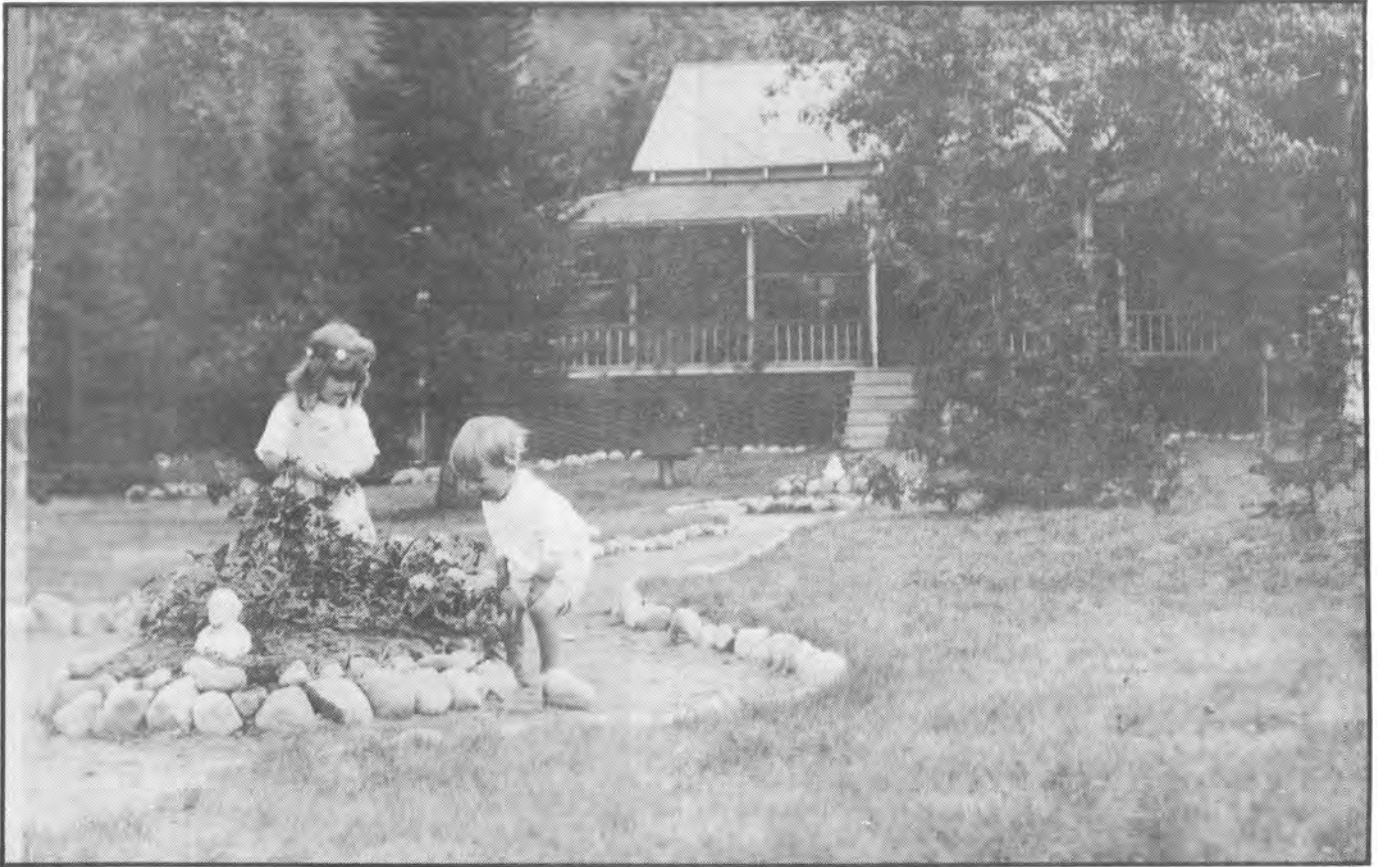
Phonsine, Tony & Peter in front of the garage
at Oxford Avenue.



Phonsine, Tony, Peter & Pat.



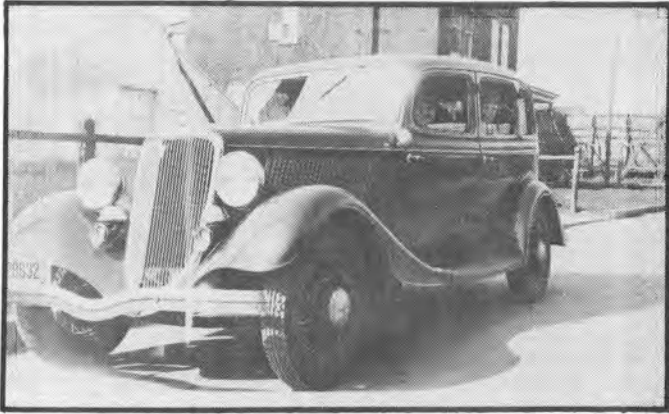
Phonsine holding Peter.



“Note Dickie’s graceful position, both hands on his little knees and his interest in the pretty flowers — Pat was telling him about them, that he could smell them but must not touch.” — from the back of the photo.



John in a wood pile.



Donald & me, 1935.



The twins Paul and Peggy.



Alphonse surrounded by most of the children.



The twins.



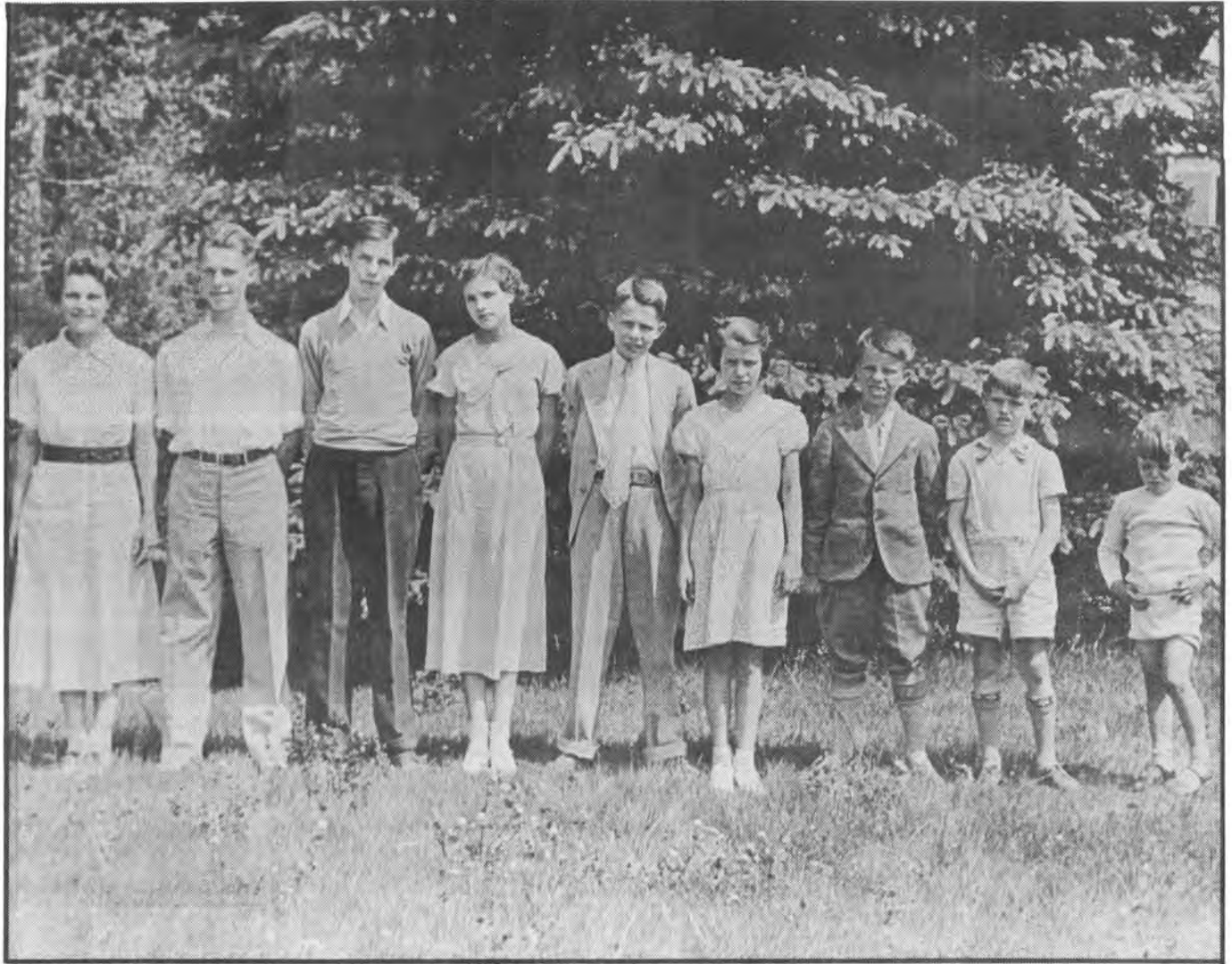
The first generation of Indians.



Pat & Dick playing on the lawn at Val Morin – notice the trees that Alphonse planted, which now have grown so big.



Phonsine, Tony, Peter, Pat, Dick, Paul and Peggy on the dock.



The nine children photographed in the early 1930's by Len Burpee.



Playing in Lac Raymond.



Phonsine at the Sacred Heart.



A view of Lac Raymond from the look-out.



Pat's coming-out ball at the Ritz.



Dick, Tony and Peter.



Peggy & Claude on their first date.



Above: European ski competitions draw entrants from far and near, as can be evidenced from this picture, which shows Miss Alphonsine Paré (left), of Montreal, and Princess Alexandria of Greece ready to face the starter at St. Moritz, Switzerland. Miss Paré recently returned from overseas, where she spent part of the winter skiing in the Alps.



Two bright-eyed sisters from the Penguin Ski club of Montreal, Phonsine and Patricia Pare, led a vanguard of international skiing stars into Portland Tuesday in preparation for the Cascade Ski club tournament at Mt. Hood Sunday. Pictured as they arrived from Sun valley, Idaho, at the Union station here are Phonsine, seated, and Patricia. They were greeted by Mrs. James Babson and Ellis Ayr Smith of Portland, also sisters, who were members of the American Olympic ski team in 1936.



Peg and Peg (Drury and Paré), Val Morin, 1937.

Première skieuse au Mont-Tremblant-



Mlle PAT PARE, de Montréal, l'une des plus habiles skieuses du Canada, s'est classée première en fin de semaine au Mont Tremblant en gagnant les deux descentes du Kandahar dans la classe des femmes. Elle effectua la première en 4 minutes 10 secondes et la deuxième en 4 minutes, 31 secondes. On voit ici Mlle Paré au moment où M. T. Smith Johennsen, examinateur des épreuves du Mont Tremblant, lui remet un superbe plateau d'argent, le prix offert à la gagnante. (Photo C.P.R.)

Le Musée du ski des Laurentides
vous invite à vous joindre à lui
afin de rendre un hommage public
à Mme Pat Paré
à MM. Victor Nymark, Rolland Belhumeur
Charles Duncan, Roger Trottier et Gérald Chevalier
pour leur participation remarquable
au développement du ski
dans les Pays-d'en-Haut

le samedi 12 novembre 1983
en la salle Pauline-Vanier
de Saint-Sauveur-des-Monts

A women's competition was held in conjunction with the men's downhill. Pat Pare of the Penguins was first and Gertrude Michaels of the Ski Club of Montreal, next. Miss Pare's performance was remarkable because near the start of the second run she tore a piece out of the bottom of one ski and although still able to finish took several spills.

HOLT RENFREW



PAT PARÉ
sponsors this gay
Plaid Windbreaker
 8.75

Stop in at the SKI CORNER today and Miss Paré — noted Canadian Ski Instructress and Champion — will tell you why she is so keen about this particular windbreaker — and the new gabardine ski suit which she designed especially for us — and the many other things you may want to know about Ski Clothes.

UNIQUE GIFTS GALORE IN
 THE SKI CORNER, TOO!

Sherbrooke at Mountain



HOLT RENFREW



This is the
PAT PARÉ
Ski Suit

Designed expressly for HOLT RENFREW by Canada's well-known Ski Instructress and Champion.

Smart — simplified — functional — perfect in every proportion. From every side we hear that the PANTS are *matchless* . . . and they're the basis of a good ski outfit.

In two fine qualities of Gabardine:

JACKETS — 21.75 AND 23.75
 PANTS — 13.75 AND 15.75

All the correct Accessories
 — from mitts to rumpsacks.

STORE OPEN UNTIL 10 P.M.

Sherbrooke at Mountain

Holt Renfrew ads for Pat's designs.

Pat demonstrating the snow plow, one of a series in a magazine story.



The Mothers' Club Bazaar Committee.



Claude Tétrault in uniform.



Jack Graham in his Air Force uniform.



Peggy and Paul.

CABLE ADDRESS "MOUNTROYAL"



MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

MONTREAL
CANADA

Oct 20 '37

1000 ROOMS - 1000 BATHS

VERNON G. CADDY
MANAGING DIRECTOR



My dear René
 I am glad to say that on my nomination Claude Tétrault has been awarded a loan from the McGill Ontario Society, in recognition of his husband's high standing, of \$100. If he will call on Mr William Bentley he will receive the money. The loan carries no interest & no legal obligation to

Caddy

repay it nor has it anything to do with his parents. He will repay when he is able to, and if he succeeds in life will give the fund as much again. He signs an acknowledgment which says this. Congratulate him for no contribution to Mr Bentley.

Yours sincerely
 Stephen Leacock

Prof & Rene



Chairman

—Photo by Garcia.

Mrs. A. A. Pare

Chairman of the Catholic Women of Westmount War Work group, Mrs. Pare, with Mrs. J. O. Marchand, vice-chairman, is sponsoring the Fall Fair which the group is holding, in aid of its war activities, in Victoria Hall from November 9 to 14. The Fair will be officially opened on Monday night at 8 o'clock by Mayor W. A. Merrill, K.C., of Westmount.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1945



WINS AIR FORCE CROSS

Flight Lieutenant Jack Ross Graham, R.C.A.F., it was announced this week in the King's New Year Honors List, has been awarded the Air Force Cross.

Flight Lieutenant Graham married the former Miss Patricia Pare, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pare, 33 Rosemount Avenue, and they have two little sons.



Peggy & Claude's wedding.



John and Joan's wedding.



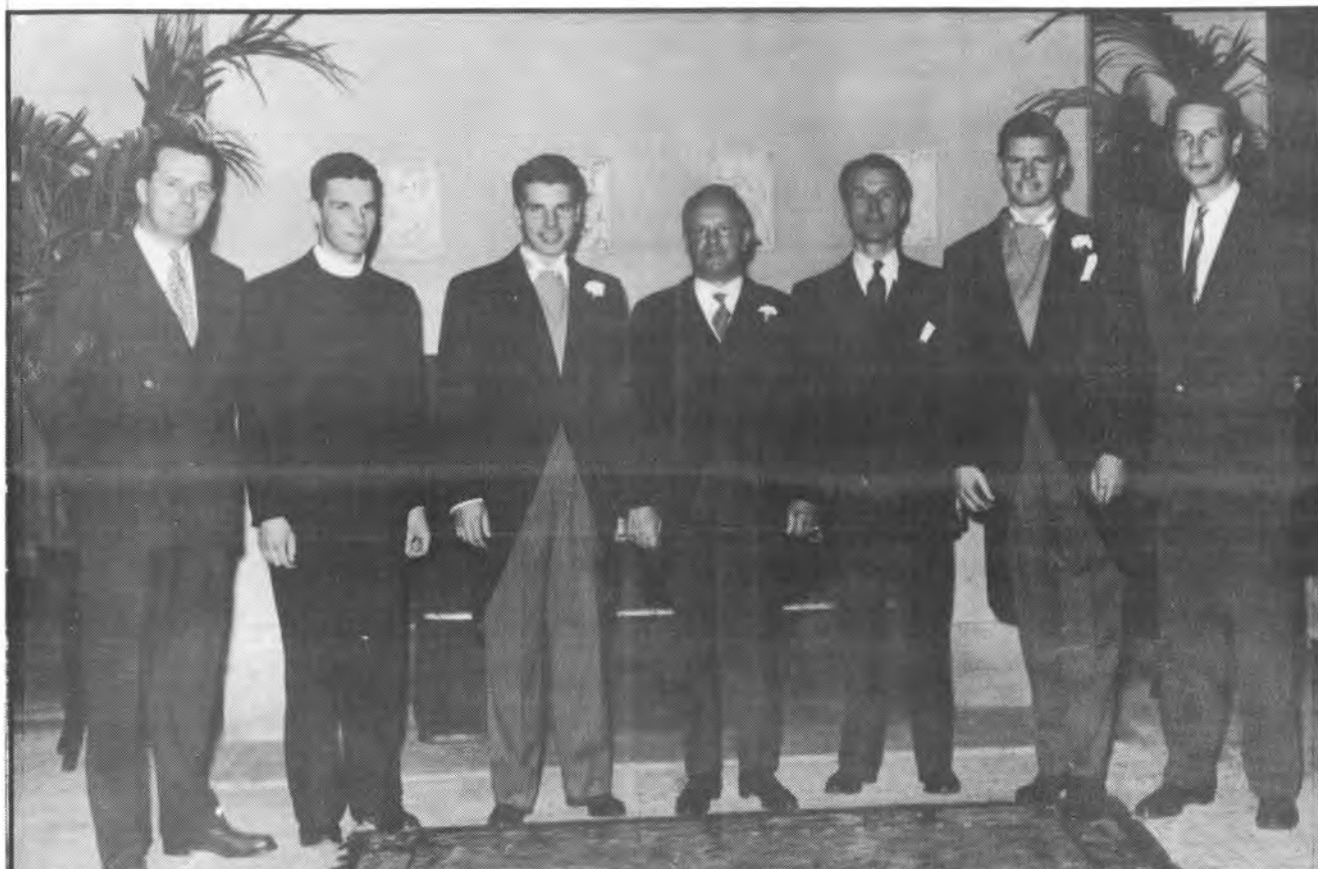
Dick and Ray at their wedding.



Pat & Jack's wedding.



Back row: Jack & Pat Graham, David & Consie Howley, Peggy & Claude Tétrault, Ray & Dick. Middle: Peter & Anne, John Howlett, me, Alphonse, Phonsine, Audrey & Paul. Front: John & Joan, Joyce Drayton, Eva & Tony.



It's nice to see the football tradition waxing warm again at Loyola and, significantly enough, the Pare boys are involved en masse in the executive handling of Saturday's show.

There have been six Pares attend Loyola—five of them made Loyola's senior football team during the years, most of them headliners. The youngest, Don, was a high school star but got sidetracked before he could mince-meat college opposition. Don joined the Jesuits and is now a novice in Seattle—at 26 he is seven years away from ordination.

Tony served with the Canadian Army, Peter—now Dr. Pare—was with the RCAF, and Dick and Paul had particularly distinguished careers with the Royal Canadian Navy. John and Don were too young. Four have graduated from Loyola and Peter shifted to McGill to graduate in medicine. Paul is in Europe on business but has plane passage to get him here for Saturday.

At Loyola, football is not a do-or-die business, but they like to think the game helps build solid citizen families—like the Pare clan.



The Howlett boys, John, Peter, Christopher and Michael.



Peter, Mary Anne and Julia Paré.



Michèle, Richard, Marie-Claire, Dick and Ray's eldest.



Stuart, Jackie-Sue and Ross Graham.



Philippe, Paul, Pierre and Consie Tétrault.



Paul and Audrey's children Vic, Cathy, Ron and Janie.



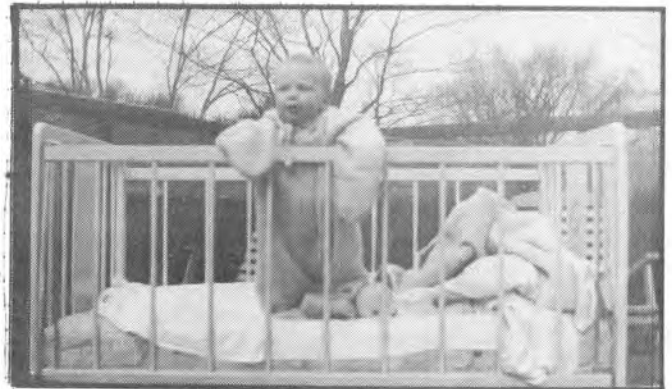
The future Father Donald and his father.



A family group outside the Howlett's house, 1946, with Tiva Marchand, Aunt Lelia Timmins, and Jo Fraser.



Alphonse & Johnny Howlett.



In a family of this size, organizing hand-me-downs was a problem all to itself.



Martha with Mac.



Patsy Graham all ready for her first Halloween.



What do you mean emancipation is something new?



Consie, Julia and Jackie-Sue.



In my apartment at Pat's house in Val Morin, with Pat and her daughters Jackie-Sue and Patsy.



Connie and me in Florida, 1954.



Alphonse showing Joe and Karl how to enjoy Florida, 1954.



MRS. J. PETER PARE, of Dorval, photographed with her children, from left to right: DAVID, MARY ANNE, ANTHONY,

PETER, MICHAEL, JULIA and NICHOLAS, grandchildren of Mrs. A. A. Pare and of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Allison

(Ballard & Jarrett)



A family portrait at the Howlett's house on Mountain Avenue.



Consie Howley and her children.

CAN A CELIBATE SWING?

By MARTIN O'MALLEY

Selling the young set on a career as a clergyman is no small task in an age when many are unabashedly dedicating themselves to the pursuit of hedonism.

In the Roman Catholic tradition, where priests are not allowed to marry and still wear clerical collars and cassocks, it is especially difficult to convince them that clergymen really are with it.

The Jesuits, one of the more progressive wings of a church in the midst of a revolution, have borrowed from Madison Avenue to get through to today's with-it generation.

An advertisement to be placed later this month in the Canadian Register, an official Roman Catholic weekly, asks in bold, black type: Can a celibate swing? The answer, of course, is yes.

Rev. Donald Pare, director of vocations for the Jesuits of Canada, admits that some may think he's lost his head for using this approach in recruiting clerical material. "But some will think we're finally beginning to use our heads."

The advertisement, put together by Baker Advertising Ltd. of Toronto, continues:

"Me a celibate? Is that what hangs you up when you think about the priesthood?"

"To be sure there are a lot of way-out misconceptions about this, especially today. Perhaps you ought to talk to a celibate about celibacy — in fact have you talked to any Jesuits lately?"

"They're celibates and they swing — meaning they're involved in the world, the up-to-date world, the world of change. They study, research, work, write — smack in the

middle of life. Whether it's music, the stars, youth, mentally troubled, culture, scripture or Playboy philosophy, each Jesuit pursues his own career and apostolate — that's swinging for the people of God."

The Jesuits spent a week discussing the new approach and several strong viewpoints were expressed. The approach has not been subjected to the scrutiny of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

"We're trying to make a breakthrough," Father Pare said. He said \$500 spent last year for a more traditional advertisement resulted in only six inquiries from young Roman Catholics.

Robert McAlear, executive vice-president of Baker Advertising, said the Jesuit advertisement purposely uses some of the language of Playboy.

Another advertisement for the Jesuits asks: "Are you really turned on? You're young and the world is a great scene. You play hard, you move fast, you love — you're turned on and it's fun."

"But are you turned on all the way? Maybe the Holy Spirit is leaning on you a bit. Have you ever thought of that? Maybe He wants you to give more to the world."

"The Jesuits offer young men who are turned on a life of love and careers of service. Perhaps it's time you met a Jesuit."

Father Pare says: "It should cause a sensation."

The Pope last November mildly scolded the Jesuits in an address that mentioned their tendency "to acquire some of the world's habits, its mentality, its profanity . . ." But it didn't forbid them to swing.

Jesuits' appeal to youth

'Swinging celibates' seeking recruits

Jesuit leaders, concerned at the difficulty in recruiting priests today, apparently have decided that clergy a go go is better than no clergy at all.

"Can a celibate swing?" demands an advertisement scheduled to appear in college newspapers and youth magazines this spring.

"Is that what hangs you up when you think about the priesthood?" it asks, adding: "Have you talked to any Jesuits lately? They're celibates and they swing—meaning they're involved

with the world, the up-to-date world, the world of change."

JESUITS AT ODDS

The ads, full of youthful references to the Playboy philosophy, "swinging for the people of God" and "turning on" by joining the clergy, will "cause a sensation," the Jesuits say.

"Many are going to be very annoyed at this," Rev. Donald Pare, director of vocations for the Jesuits of Canada, said last night. "But, in any time of change, you have to adapt, and it always produces people violently in favor or against."

Jesuits themselves, notwithstanding a reputation as one of the more progressive orders in the Catholic Church, are at odds over the new ads. The campaign was put together by Baker Advertising Ltd.

"But I think it will get through to the youth," Father Pare said. "It's not meant to try to sell the priesthood to those outside the church; we're attempting to convince novitiates that ours is a meaningful service."

In response tests conducted by the advertising agency in various Canadian centres, the ads captured the attention of teenagers. Whether they recruit clerical material for the Jesuits will be proved after the first ad appears in the Canadian Register, a Roman Catholic weekly, later this month.

BOLD HEADLINE

The text is centred under a bold headline that reads: "Can a celibate swing?"

The smaller-text adds: "To be sure, there are a lot of way-out conceptions about this celibacy especially today. Perhaps you ought to talk to a celibate about celibacy."

Jesuits the ads say, "study, research, work, write—smack in the middle of life."

"Whether it's music, the stars, youth, mentally troubled, culture, scripture or Playboy philosophy, each Jesuit pursues his own career and apostolate—that's swinging for the people of God."

Pare feels the new ads will do better than the traditional ones, which he describes as "ads for vocations that were actually just

donations to the magazine."

He noted that the tradi-

tional ads last year cost \$500 and drew a scant six replies for information.



The "Swinging Celibate" controversy.

Name Howlett MVP In College Football

McGill Redmen fullback Peter Howlett, today was named the most valuable player in the senior inter-collegiate football league.

Howlett also played defensive end for the Redmen, who finished in last place in the four-team circuit. Howlett, studying law, is 23 and lives in Montreal.

He was chosen by a vote of conference players. Last year's winner was Jim Young of Queen's University in Kingston, now a member of Minnesota Vikings of the National Football League.

Dick Feidler, another McGill player, was voted the top lineman and Al Giachino of University of Toronto Blues was selected the top rookie in balloting by sports writers and coaches.

Feidler, a 25-year-old native of Erie, Pa., has starred at offensive and defensive tackle for four seasons. The six-foot-two lineman, who weighs 225 pounds is due to graduate from McGill's school of dentistry next spring.

Giachino, 21, played interior linebacker for the Blues and was one of the team's top defensive players this season before torn knee ligaments



PETE HOWLETT

knocked him out of action in the final game of the regular season against McGill. A resident of Toronto, Giachino played inter-faculty football at U. of T. in 1964.

Standard Structural Steel Ltd.



RICHARD E. PARÉ

R. W. Wolcott, Jr. chairman of the board of directors of Standard Structural Steel Ltd. has announced the appointment of Richard E. Paré to the board of directors.

Richard E. Paré was formerly president of Paré & Quart Limited, General Contractors and vice-president of Marathon Aviation Terminals Limited. Mr. Paré has had over 20 years experience in the construction field and is a Law graduate of McGill University.

Standard Structural Steel Ltd. located in St-Léonard, Quebec, has been fabricating and erecting steel for over 20 years, primarily in the Province of Quebec.



JOHN A. PARÉ

Towers, Perrin, Forster & Crosby appointment

John A. Paré has joined Towers, Perrin, Forster & Crosby, international consultants to management, as a consultant specializing in organization design and development. Mr. Paré, formerly vice-president, personnel, of Northern Electric Company Limited, and, before that, vice-president, personnel, of Steinberg's Limited, has lectured and written extensively on organization design and development programs within major corporations with which he has been associated. Mr. Paré will undertake consulting assignments throughout Canada and the United States, and will be based, initially, in the Montreal consulting office. Through its offices in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, as well as the United States and Europe, TPPC also provides consulting services in the fields of employee benefits, executive compensation, actuarial services, communications, and human resource planning and information systems.

Automatic Forms Limited appointment



KARL GRAHAM

Travers W. Emms, President of Automatic Forms Limited is pleased to announce the appointment of Mr. Karl Graham as Vice-President, Sales.

Mr. Graham has been with the company since 1978. He has served in a number of capacities including Regional Sales Manager, Ontario and most recently, National Sales Manager. Mr. Graham will be based at the company Head Office in Dorval, Quebec.

Automatic Forms Limited has been active in the business forms industry for over twenty-five years and specializes in Paperwork Systems Design and Forms Management Services.



Pierre and Philippe together on the Mount Royal Hockey team.



Pierre Tétrault a été complètement tenu en échec. C'était d'ailleurs le deuxième match de suite que Pierre ne réussissait pas à marquer un seul but contre le Montréal-Nord.

Leonard Cohen

'The critics can be kind or cruel, but I always think there will be a spot for a writer who has really put himself on the line'

By DOUG FETHERLING

THE USUALLY elusive Leonard Cohen, not subject to the full force of the North American limelight for some while, continues to be a concert draw in Europe. He can sometimes be found at his home on a Greek island when he is not at his house in Montreal or the upper duplex he maintains near Los Angeles. For a few days recently he surfaced with something like his old vigour but speaking far more directly, less allegorically than in the past. The occasion was the release of his first music video, *I Am a Hotel*, and the simultaneous publication of his 10th book, *Book of Amercy*. It is his first book since *Dark of a Lady's Man* in 1978 and is described by the publishers, McClelland & Stewart, as "contemporary poems . . . which resonate with an older devotional tradition." Now 50 but looking 15 years younger in a chalk-stripe Savile Row suit and cowboy boots, Cohen spoke in Toronto with Doug Fetherling:

Books in Canada: How has your audience changed over the years?

Leonard Cohen: I haven't sung in North America for about seven or eight years, and for that and other reasons, mostly market considerations, my audience has diminished considerably over here. In Europe it's continued and even grown.

BIC: Do you still draw mainly younger people?

Cohen: The range is very wide. There are kids of 13 and 14 and people right up to middle age.

BIC: One hears about the crisis in the recording industry, how in a short time this will mean that all the big labels will have no room whatever for anything but the most commercial types of music. Do

you think you'll still have a home with a major company?

Cohen: I don't know. It's certainly up in the air. The whole thrust of the business seems to be going the way you describe, which is unfortunate. Even singers who would sell over the years are simply being ignored. One of the problems is the value of rack space in record stores. Also, the style of music changes very

when you stopped writing fiction.

Cohen: That's a good point, and this book is prose. But I don't know that I feel like writing prose now.

BIC: Do you think you could write another novel one day?

Cohen: I would like to. Of course the novel is such a special kind of long-term enterprise. It demands a daily regimen that is somewhat different from that of

song-writing or performing, and I think my life hasn't delivered that kind of opportunity for the past few years.

But by the end of the next tour I'll pretty well have had it with travelling. So that would be a time when I might start something more prolonged. As they say in rock 'n' roll, "They don't pay you to sing, they pay you to travel."

BIC: There's been quite a poetry renaissance in English Montreal the past few years. Do you feel in any way part of that or are you just a sympathetic onlooker?

Cohen: Well, I'm certainly not what one could call a guiding light but I am a sympathetic onlooker. I know a lot of the guys. You know, I bump into them in the restaurants on the Main and in the bars. I've generally had a

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Leonard Cohen

swiftly in America, whereas in Europe the audiences themselves change more slowly and their loyalty is deeper.

BIC: In literary work, it would seem that your verse is becoming more prose-like, as though to fill the vacuum created

think is one of the best poets in the country. The other is a young man named Philippe Tetreault who calls himself Harry Two Hats and lives sometimes on Mount Royal.

BIC: To what extent did you consciously

School Hamlet wins ovation

By JOAN IRWIN

A dazzling production of Shakespeare's ageless "Hamlet" electrified an opening night audience yesterday evening in John XXIII High School in Dorval and provoked the only spontaneous standing ovation I've seen (much less enthusiastically joined) in several years.

The facts of last night's prodigious achievement are almost incredible, for the production was the work of the students and staff of John XXIII High School. And if the word "amateur" comes to mind, dismiss it instantly. This is a thoughtful, polished production worthy to stand with those of seasoned, professional companies and it will be so treated in this review.

To director Guy Millisor must go the first credit, for his inspired welding of a youthful and inexperienced cast and crew into so effective and vibrant a team, for his discovery and training of a brilliant young Hamlet, and most of all for his impeccably finished and beautifully paced direction.

Mr. Millisor is just completing a three-year term at John XXIII as head of the English department and moving spirit in the drama course, during which time he also directed, among other plays, a most impressive staging of "A Man for All Seasons." He is clearly a man of great gifts, not least of them a remarkable talent for rousing young people to dizzy heights of achievements.

Certainly no 17-year-old actor could have scaled his Everest more successfully than did Anthony Paré last night. In appearance and bearing, in vocal power and control, in timing, in depth of understanding and projection of the infinite subtleties of the role of Hamlet, he was nothing short of masterful.

His presence is compelling but never demanding, and his profound comprehension of Hamlet's uncertainties is un-

canny. This is a Prince whose despairing moments are balanced by tenderness and genuine feeling for Ophelia and Gertrude, whose cruelty and strength grow naturally from the entirely believable character Paré creates.

It is a temptation to extol at length this extraordinary brilliance but it would be unfair to other members of the cast. Be it said, though, that Hamlet's first scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, his reading of all the soliloquies, his "Get thee to a nunnery" scene with Ophelia, and his duel with Laertes, are all gems.

Perhaps the finest scene is the "Closet scene" between Hamlet and Gertrude which I have never seen more effectively played. Marie Wareham is a superb Gertrude in every way — warm, handsome, lovely voice, weak, feminine and easily dominated but not lewd as she is often played.

Among other notable performances are Fred Hill's authoritative Claudius, John Cressy's assured and solid Horatio, Bill Booth's Laertes, and William Shore and Bruce Dore as the Gravediggers.

The movement and blocking throughout are exceptional, particularly the splendidly choreographed duel between Hamlet and Laertes, the mime of the Players (who give the show away a bit too soon, but let's not quibble), and the swift entrances of the court.

The set with its stairs and multiple playing areas (designed by Doug Robinson) is excellent, the costumes are not only beautiful but fit perfectly, and the stage effects go off like clockwork.

It's a long time since Montrealers have had a local English-language production of this calibre, and I can think of only a few imports to equal it. Guy Millisor is a theatrical force to be cherished and at the moment, a man who has earned the highest praise for his creation of this splendidly impressive "Hamlet."



Anthony Paré (Hamlet)



Staff Photos by Peter Brosseau

CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFERENCES: Marcel Prud'homme, Liberal MP from Saint-Denis, tries to separate a woman

arguing with a radical socialist at last night's opening of joint parliamentary committee meeting on constitution.



DEBATE CHOKED OFF: Mr. Prud'homme's effort to keep the confrontation on a verbal basis is unsuccessful as

the lady pulls on her adversary's cravat. The Montreal phase of the meetings continues until tomorrow night.

The truth is, Phonsine was just straightening his tie!

Pendant 8 jours

Avec le poumon d'un mort, on a fait respirer un vivant!

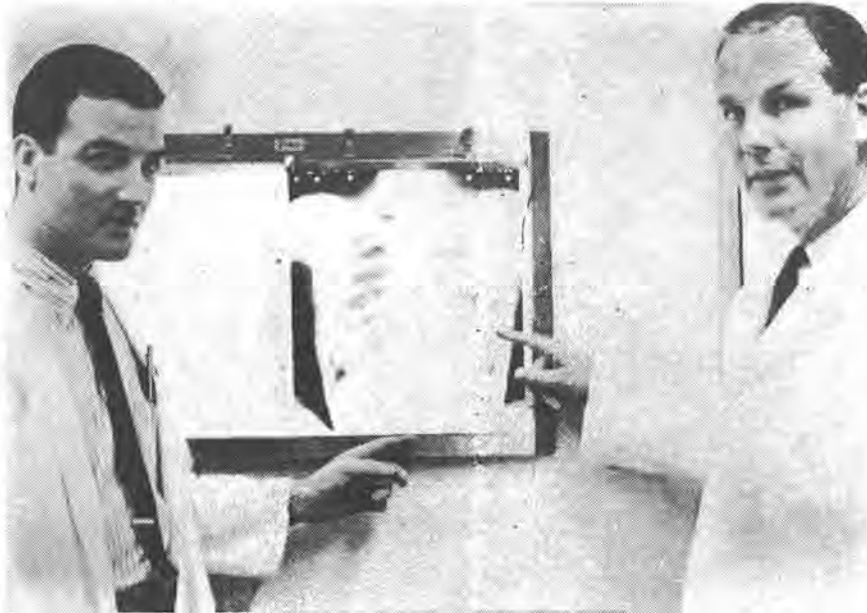
par Guy Lessonini

Il y a quelques jours, dans une salle d'opération de l'hôpital Royal Victoria, avait lieu la transplantation d'un poumon. Le patient, atteint de silicose, n'avait plus que quelques heures à vivre; l'opération — un vrai suspense — lui permit de "durer" huit jours. C'était la première fois qu'une opération de cette importance avait lieu au Canada.

Le docteur Jack White, chirurgien, et le docteur Peter Paré, interne et spécialiste des maladies du poumon, ont une juste idée de ce qui s'est passé ce jour-là: ils n'étaient pas loin du "billard", et avec eux une dizaine d'autres médecins, spécialistes en tous les domaines, et autant d'infirmières très compétentes entouraient le chirurgien en chef, Lloyd D. Maclean, assisté du docteur Darrell D. Monroe. Le patient, lui, ça faisait déjà 24 heures qu'il était dans le coma. En effet, ce pauvre bougre atteint de silicose (une maladie qui ne pardonne pas) était en observation depuis plusieurs mois. De plus en plus souvent, on le voyait à l'hôpital Victoria, puis un jour il y resta, installé sous la tente d'oxygène, d'où il ne respirait plus qu'à l'aide d'un tube. La situation devint critique tout à coup: on lui donnait 48 heures à vivre... Au même instant où le praticien rendait son verdict glaçant, quelque part dans la province une victime d'une hémorragie interne (à la tête), par suite d'un accident d'auto, rendait l'âme. La veuve accepta que l'on prélève un des poumons du mort pour tenter une transplantation sur un malade atteint de silicose. "Cette dame se montra compréhensive, nous dit le docteur Peter Paré, parce que son mari, s'il n'était pas mort dans l'accident d'auto, devait subir l'ablation d'un rein (quelques jours plus tard) et aurait lui-même bénéficié d'une transplantation."

Une technique très nouvelle

"Ce genre d'opération est très



Les docteurs Jack White et Peter Paré ont assisté à cette extraordinaire transplantation d'un poumon sur un malade atteint de silicose.

nouveau, nous dit le docteur Jack White (qui est un Américain), puisque ce n'est qu'en 1963 qu'eurent lieu aux Etats-Unis pour la première fois deux transplantations du poumon. Dans le premier cas le patient vécut 7 jours, dans le second cas 17 jours.

— Et votre patient, à vous ?

— Nous lui avons prolongé la vie de 8 jours.

— Considérez-vous l'opération comme un succès ?

— Oui, d'une certaine façon. Cette première tentative est riche de renseignements pour la science. Elle permettra de réussir les transplantations futures.

— Vous recommencerez donc ?

— Bien sûr; chaque fois qu'il se présentera à nous un cas de maladie incurable, lorsque nous serons certains que le patient est condamné à brève échéance et que nous avons ce qu'il faut pour tenter l'opération.

— Docteur Paré, croyez-vous que l'on puisse faire des "banques" de tous les organes ?

— Il existe déjà des banques d'yeux, des banques d'artères

et des banques d'os. Pour les autres organes, on a encore des difficultés de conservation, mais il se fait en ce moment une recherche intense en ce domaine et nous finirons par trouver les moyens appropriés pour conserver le plus longtemps possible tous les organes humains dont les chirurgiens peuvent avoir besoin lors d'une opération.

— Peut-on espérer ainsi remplacer des poumons atteints de cancer ?

— Non, parce qu'en général le cancer ne demeure pas localisé aux poumons, mais se répand dans tout l'organisme. Il ne servirait donc à rien de changer le poumon dans le cas de cancer avancé. La transplantation du poumon servira surtout aux patients atteints de silicose ou d'emphysème, etc. Cependant, dans le cas d'un cancer du poumon à ses débuts, une intervention chirurgicale est toujours possible; je dis bien "à ses débuts". Un individu peut très bien vivre avec un seul poumon, par exemple."

Plusieurs tentatives

— Docteur Paré, croyez-vous

que les organes artificiels, en matière plastique par exemple, puissent supplanter de vrais organes ?

— Pas selon moi. L'organe artificiel est pratique pendant l'opération, mais il ne supplante pas l'organe naturel.

— Je m'adresse aux deux médecins: Pourquoi les transplantations d'un organe comme le cœur, le rein et le poumon sont-elles si difficiles? On ne connaît que quelques réussites.

— Il y a dans la ville de Toronto un monsieur qui vit après avoir subi la transplantation d'un rein il y a deux ans déjà. De plus en plus nos connaissances nous permettent d'espérer qu'un jour les transplantations d'organes se feront couramment et réussiront. La réaction qui se produit à la suite d'une telle opération est d'ordre "allergique" et varie d'un individu à l'autre. Cette "allergie" se produit de la façon suivante: dès que vous avez une poussière dans l'oeil, l'oeil pleure, aidant ainsi à chasser le corps étranger; dans votre organisme il se passe, à quelques détails

près, le même phénomène. Dès qu'on transpose un organe à l'intérieur duquel circule du sang (ça n'est pas le cas pour la greffe d'un os), l'organisme réagit comme s'il voulait "chasser" ce corps étranger. Ce mécanisme "allergique" de défense de notre corps commence à être connu, et, dans le cas d'une transplantation, nous tentons de le neutraliser. Mais ce faisant nous avons remarqué que nous réduisons également le mécanisme de défense naturel de notre corps contre l'infection...

— Il faut donc trouver le moyen de neutraliser l'"allergie" que l'organisme manifeste à l'endroit des organes étrangers sans réduire la défense naturelle de notre corps ?

— C'est ça. Et c'est d'autant plus difficile dans le cas d'une transplantation du poumon parce que pour le moment nous tentons ce genre d'opération sur des sujets "condamnés" et par le fait même très affaiblis face à l'infection.

— Je suppose qu'on a déjà réussi de telles opérations (transplantation du poumon) sur des animaux ?

— En effet, plusieurs opérations ont été réussies sur des veaux et sur des chiens. Diverses opérations chirurgicales sur des poumons humains furent entreprises et réussies pour la première fois à l'hôpital Royal Victoria, par le docteur Archibald, en 1933. C'est à peu près à cette époque que le docteur Graham aux Etats-Unis entreprenait lui aussi et réussissait des interventions chirurgicales sur le poumon humain.

— C'est dire que l'hôpital Royal Victoria de Montréal fait partie des pionniers pour ce qui est des interventions chirurgicales du poumon ?

— Nous croyons qu'il n'est ni exagéré ni prétentieux de l'affirmer.

— Docteur Paré et docteur White, êtes-vous en faveur d'un système d'assurance-santé au Québec ?

— A peu près tous les médecins du Québec sont d'accord sur la nécessité de trouver un moyen qui permettrait à tous les gens malades de se faire soigner.

IMASCO

It's cutting dependence on tobacco by seeking fewer, but bigger takeovers

By JAY BRYAN
of The Gazette

EACH time another smoker kicks the habit, it's one more reason for the country's biggest cigarette maker, Montreal-based Imasco Ltd., to scan the horizon for opportunities in other lines of business.

The latest fruit of this search is Peoples Drug Stores, a 598-store chain based in Alexandria, Va.

Following a successful \$410-million takeover bid launched last month, Peoples has become the second big drugstore chain in the Imasco fold. Like Toronto-based Shoppers Drug Mart (Pharmaprix in Quebec), Peoples had more than \$1 billion in revenue last year.

Together, the two make Imasco the third-biggest drug retailer in North America, with total sales (after Peoples revenues are converted into Canadian currency) of more than \$2 billion.

Even in a company Imasco's size — total revenues of \$2.7 billion and profit of \$156.8 million in the year ended March 31, 1983 — Peoples is big enough to make a difference.

In fact, the purchase marks a symbolic turning point for Imasco. The company's financial year ending next March will likely be the first with more than half of its operating profit from non-tobacco operations, said Denis Ouellet, an analyst with Levesque Beaubien Inc.

Unlike some other companies that have pursued diversification, Imasco has shown steady, healthy growth in its bottom line. Chairman Paul Pare has steered a cautious course around some of the pitfalls that can turn a takeover in an unfamiliar industry into a financial quagmire.

Profit per share has tripled in the past five years, despite the fact that cigarette sales in Canada fell by about 5 per cent last year.

But despite this successful record, the Peoples takeover is one sign of an important change of strategy at Imasco, including what one analyst called a "housecleaning" of the company's executive suite.

Perhaps the most dramatic part of the new strategy is that Imasco has become much more a corporate high-roller, willing to bet heavily on the outcome of a few takeovers rather than building up its non-tobacco business in gradual steps as in the past.

The biggest so far

The Peoples acquisition is the biggest ever carried out by Imasco — and even it was dwarfed by the company's unsuccessful bid last summer to buy Canadian Tire Corp. for \$1.1 billion.

"What we didn't know before was that Imasco is a company prepared to play for very high stakes," said Brian Lomas, who follows the company's fortunes for stockbroker Jones Heward & Co.

The new aggressiveness in takeovers has been matched by an abrupt pruning of existing operations.

In the past several months, the company has jettisoned three of



Imasco's Paul Pare has just spent \$410 million to buy U.S.-based Peoples Drug Stores. But with more cash on hand, he's still shopping.

its senior executives, closed its Imasco Retail division and sold smaller operations ranging from a chain of drycleaners to a food company, for a total of \$111 million.

Senior management decided early last year to simplify the structure of the company by reducing the number of subsidiaries and limiting future acquisitions to a few big ones, Pare said in a recent interview.

As Imasco's stable of acquired companies expanded, he said, "We were getting more and more remote." The solution: buy only companies big enough to add at least 10 per cent to Imasco's earnings and sell off any business that couldn't do so.

Investment analysts who follow Imasco's fortunes are generally happy about the change of emphasis. Although Imasco shares have long been a favorite with brokers' research departments, some had grown impatient with the company's ventures into fields — such as sporting-goods retailing — where it was losing money and lacked the managerial expertise to improve performance.

By the company's own reckoning, it has purchased and resold no fewer than 43 companies in the past 18 years, a list that includes producers of everything from television programs to tortillas.

But one thing that separates Imasco from some other corporations on the acquisition trail is that it kept its false starts small enough to have survived them with little harm. In fact, as

vice-president Victor Drury stresses, "very few" weren't sold at a profit. "I think it can all be put down as a learning experience," he said.

The change in acquisition strategy has been paralleled by abrupt changes of career for some Imasco executives.

Anthony Kalhok, a marketing whiz who was plucked from Imperial Tobacco to become head of the Imasco Retail division, left the company last summer. His division effectively ceased to exist after two of its units were sold off.

Food boss gone

Yves Hudon, who ran the Imasco Foods division, is gone, along with the division. Culinar Inc., the Montreal-based producer of snack pastries and related products, purchased Imasco's food-processing operations last fall. Hudon, who had built a reputation as a highly-successful independent entrepreneur before joining Imasco, remains on the company's board.

Bernard Matte, the investment banker who was hired six years ago to select Imasco's takeover targets, and was elected to the board just nine months ago, has quietly taken his leave.

Matte's role as chief acquisition planner is now filled by Pare, "and I'll probably continue to do so," he said.

Matte's departure, unlike the others, is somewhat mysterious. Pare and other company officials decline to comment on the reason for his departure, except to say that he wasn't dismissed.

One longtime observer of the company in the financial community suggests that Pare has long been quarterbacking Imasco's takeover plans anyway, so Matte may simply have given up trying to find a role in the company.

Clearly, though, one factor was that Matte won little popularity in a company whose key executives are veterans of the tobacco business by openly disdaining "the tobacco mentality," which he once publicly described as including a complacency about efficiency nurtured by years of easy profits.

Tobacco profits, Pare pointed out in the interview, are "the engine that keeps this company going," and will remain so for at least a few more years.

Imasco's Imperial Tobacco subsidiary sells half the cigarettes made in Canada, including the country's two most popular brands — Player's and du Maurier. Although total cigarette sales are shrinking, Imperial's near-legendary marketing skill keeps its share of the market growing, offsetting some of the shrinkage.

The big question now is what Imasco will do next with the

profits that continue to pour in — Lomas's estimate is that net income hit \$190 million in the year ended March 31, up about 20 per cent.

The only hint Pare will offer is that he'd like to find something this time that would be a "fourth leg" for a company that now consists of three big divisions: tobacco, drug stores and the Hardee's fast-food chain in the U.S.

It's three-legged

Canadian Tire, had its shareholders been willing, would have been this fourth leg. Now that Imasco is back on the hunt, the only limitations are that it be consumer products or services company with good growth potential and good management — preferably, but not necessarily, in Canada, he said.

How soon will the big new move come? At any time, Imasco is sitting on a huge pile of cash — it had \$304 million on Dec. 31 and financed the Peoples purchase with new debt. As company officials confirm, that money is just waiting for an inviting new takeover opportunity to reveal itself.

Howlett thrives on 'challenges'

By JUAN RODRIGUEZ
of The Express

Can a young woman trained as a lab technician in cardiology be a successful television weather commentator? Can a former ski racer be qualified to host a community affairs program? And can a college graduate in philosophy and English literature have enough stamina to handle a morning exercise show?

When you're Martha Howlett, one of CFCF-TV's brightest faces, you can do it all — and more.

Howlett is probably best known to Montrealers as the late-night weather forecaster on Channel 12's Pulse News program. But she also enjoys a large following for her Morning Exercises show at 6:30 a.m. and, three hours later, she hosts "Looking Good, Feeling Fine," filled with interviews, fitness and nutrition

'I feel for someone who's just starting out'

hints and other tidbits designed to make you feel exactly what the title of the show claims.

A pretty smile, a good sense of humor, and no-nonsense straight talk — all Howlett fortes.

Despite the heavy work load, Howlett, 29, claims she's only learning. "I'm the type of person who has to learn all the time, it's probably the thing I get most out of life. I need challenges. If I do something the same way for a while, I tend to get into a rut."

The Montrealer

She's had little time to fall into a rut recently. A full-time CFCF-TV staffer for about nine months now, she doesn't leave the station until well after midnight and is up before nine for her morning job.

It all started innocently enough. Three years ago, the station phoned the 'Y' — where Howlett had worked several years as a community organizer (including director of women's programming and working in the field of infant stimulation and early motivation) — asking if the organization had anyone who could do a fitness show. Howlett got the call. During a taping session last year, one of the studio technicians suggested she try out for the weather job.

"I had enjoyed working with the staff at '12' so much that I said 'Why not?! At first, being a naturally shy person, I was just so terribly nervous. But I got a lot of encouragement. I'd receive calls like, 'Martha' — they always called me by my first name — 'we've been watching you, dear, and we'd like to see more of your face, so could you turn to the camera more often?' Helpful advice like that. Or when I climbed into a taxi late at night, the driver would joke, 'Boy, did you ever blow it the other night!' Ten months later, the driver said, 'Were you ever nervous at the start!' Now, when I look at someone who's just starting

out, I really feel for them."

Embarrassing moments

But there were monumentally embarrassing moments. Once, anchorman Bill Haugland introduced her: "Martha doesn't have good news for us today, but at least we don't have to shovel it." Unwittingly, she replied: "Shovel what, Bill?" "I couldn't believe what I was saying," she recalls. Then, the awful moment that occurs at least once in every weatherperson's career: she drew a blank on temperatures across the entire country. "I made them up," she admits. "It was the only thing I could do, as we don't have the temperatures on the teleprompter. But no one seemed to notice."

Don McGowan, the station's highest-profile personality who also handles the weather on the 6 p.m. edition of Pulse, was one of the first to encourage her. "He's got a tremendous sensitivity for the public, and he's very generous with his time. He's an entertainer, a very amusing guy off camera, the kind of person who instills confidence." McGowan was Howlett's co-host on "Looking Good, Feeling Fine," but eventually left to host the popular McGowan's Montreal, leaving the entire ship to Howlett. "I'm a much straighter TV personality than Don is. I'm not an entertainer. I can only be myself. But I've got a few ideas on how to present ideas of substance, especially in the fields of fitness and social services."

Prepared well

Howlett's upbringing prepared her well for the "Morning Exercises" and



CFCF's Martha Howlett is a college grad in philosophy and English lit.

"Looking Good" shows. She was raised in Westmount and her mother, Alphonsine Pare Howlett, is one of the "Great Montrealers" for her work at the Montreal Neurological Centre and Ville Marie Social Services. Her father is a prominent doctor. The youngest child, after four brothers, she says she wasn't "the least bit spoiled".

While studying English lit and philosophy at Loyola College, she was always into sports, particularly ski racing. "I don't mind saying that's what I was really good at." Then five years at the 'Y' — handling a wide range of social services, a field she has not abandoned; she talks of a major child care project she's contributing to, which will be

announced at a later date. "I'm impressed by the letters I get on the fitness show. The questions are intelligent. I'd like to expand the show. Not that I want to rob people of an easy way to get their morning exercises done, but I'd like eventually to say something more substantial about fitness as a whole. Most people don't realize that doing half an hour of exercises every day doesn't really burn off that many calories. Muscle and fat are two different things. You have to watch what you eat."

Howlett does all the research and writing for "Morning Exercises" and handles much of that load for "Looking Good." In a week or two, she'll embark on a grueling taping schedule of 65 new exercise shows in the space of two months. (The show is also seen in Southern Ontario and New York State.) She usually tapes in blocks of two full days and "at the end of them my muscles are pretty tight."

Does Howlett have time for

other activities besides television, social services and sports? Of course. "I love to go to New York for three days and soak up everything in sight. On the other extreme, I like the peace and quiet of the country." She also enjoys "learning" about classical music, likes blues more than jazz, and attends any dance event that comes to town. And recently she trekked to see the Vincent Van Gogh exhibition: "It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience because you had the feeling you'd never get another chance to see all those paintings in one place."

Finally, the inevitable question one asks a woman with a pretty smile, lithe figure and winning personality: have you encountered sexism breaking into television?

"Well, I enjoy being a woman. But dealing with men at the first stage, you have to establish your competency. In television, there's more and more roles for women, and at CFCF we have more women news reporters than men."

Memory fades—but not love of life

Lucy Pare says she's not afraid of dying anymore.

"I want to stay around as long as I can, but at the same time the thought of death doesn't bother me," says the 90-year-old mother of nine children, grandmother of 47 and great-grandmother of 25.

"For example, I'm aware that my memory is going, but instead of letting it frighten me I just expect it and that way I'm prepared for it."

Pare moved to Montreal from Australia over 70 years ago after her marriage to Paul Pare, a mining engineer from Quebec. He died 20 years ago.

"And I didn't even learn to speak French. But I blame it on my husband. He always wanted me to have a perfect accent and it's hard for Australians who speak so badly in the first place. I used to try but was so often laughed at that it became a mental block with me," says Pare. She admits that she has since learnt not to get bogged down in false pride — "an English characteristic" — something she didn't realize when she was young.

Pare now makes her home at Central Park Lodge, a retirement residence in St. Lambert and says there aren't enough hours in the day to do what she wants to do.

"Sometimes I wonder if I am crazy to drive myself the way I do at my age," says the woman who resists the temptation to have breakfast in bed every morning and goes swimming in the pool at 7 a.m. instead.

"Although I know I would hate myself if I didn't do it and it has kept me in great shape. As a native Australian I've been a swimmer all my life and I'm convinced that exercise plays an enormous part when it comes to good health in old age."

One of Pare's sons, 62-year-old Tony, joins her for dinner three times a week to go over material for a book he is writing on her family.

"My father's family — the Griffiths — goes back to the first Prince of Wales and my children never knew it until a few years ago," Pare says with a smile.

She remembers dancing with Herbert Hoover in Kalgoorlie, a rough mining town where he was sent to toughen up — "a thing parents used to do in those days," says Pare.

She also recalls leaving a life of luxury in Melbourne at the age of five and going by camelback into the Australian bush where "water cost more than beer."

"My father went there to seek his fortune after a depression which caused most of the banks to close down, but he was too extravagant to ever be rich again," she says.

Pare spends a lot of time in her bright spacious room painting and knitting. She revives old dolls by cleaning them up and making them new clothes which would otherwise have been thrown out.

"And I paint on clothes for my grandchildren," she says, displaying three or four white T-shirts covered with colorful scenes of children at play.

"I just don't sit around and gab all day and complain like most people. I even think the food is great here — it's a balanced diet and very plain," says Pare adding that she has felt much healthier since she came to Central Park lodge.

Pare used to travel a lot but now she wants "to stay put." She doesn't go out much on her own, because she promised her family she wouldn't.

"My children always want me to go with them on the weekends — but I really like to stay right here these days. I have so much to do and so little time."



Lucy Pare, at the age of 90, has no fear of death.

Montreal, September 1981

The Catholic Times

Page 9

'Worry when the going's too easy,' grads told



Dr. Alphonsine Howlett

"Don't worry about setbacks or when the going gets rough, worry when the going becomes too easy," Concordia University graduates were cautioned at their June 14 convocation by Mrs. Alphonsine Howlett, who, with Chief Justice Deschenes, received honorary degrees.

Introduced by Dr. Russell Breen, vice-rector, as a "tireless and creative community worker, dedicated wife and mother, a woman who has served the needs of the people of Montreal with sensitivity and diligence," Mrs. Howlett drew on her background and experience to warn the graduates against "the rampant materialism of our consumer society," the threat of "ennui" which more than boredom, in a

loss of "the sense of wonderment and astonishment at the miracle of life," and to urge them to find their solutions in prayer.

Mrs. Howlett's remarks follow in full:

It is a moving experience for me to be receiving an honorary degree on this campus which, when it was Loyola College, was attended by six brothers and three sons, most of them graduating from its ranks.

I am also very moved by Dr. Breen's introduction of me, and most grateful that he has emphasized certain values which I have struggled to preserve all my life. I have been greatly helped along the way. Dr. Breen mentioned the Thomas More Institute and there are many others, however; I would like to single out today Frances Ballantyne, the real strength and the brilliant mind behind the establishment of the Priory School, and of course my hard working, devoted husband who, in spite of his busy schedule, would take time now and again to say that I was over-doing it!

Although we spoke English as our first language, Mother being an Australian, my father, early on, held up to me the great pride I should have in my French Canadian heritage. At age nine I started my schooling in French. Now in those days the pupils formed lines, questions were asked, one descended or ascended the line according to the answers. Not only could I not answer the question — I did not understand it, so I spent my time at the tail of the line, a very

humiliating experience! Looking towards the head of the line I was determined to be there. It took five years. Five years seems long, but does not appear too badly when one compares it with the forty years it took to get a degree!

As I look back it was a difficult time but everything that came after that effort seemed possible. In consequence I feel the struggle is all important in life. I would even go so far as to say that if things come too easily to a person it is a disadvantage, unless we explore our potential to the fullest. The most productive people I have met in life are those who have had to make a great effort.

In my youth, life was much simpler. The values we lived by had not been called into question. Today you are facing a much more complex society where there are conflicting values. You have so many more choices to make. It is exciting but also confusing. Then there is the rampant materialism of our consumer society to contend with, and the terrible consequences of this type of mentality which is the danger of treating one another as "things". Certainly material things make us more comfortable and give us pleasure but they do not give us happiness. Looking at Canada from Africa recently (on a trip to Kenya), I realized that we are often chasing shadows rather than the substance. Although the Africans I saw had little, their spirit seemed alive and well. It shone forth from their eyes.

LOSING OUR WONDER
Teilhard de Chardin, the French

Jesuit paleontologist and anthropologist, said that it was not Communism that threatened western society but "ennui." Mother Teresa said the same recently when she received her Nobel prize. Ennui does not only mean boredom, it also means that we are losing or have lost the sense of wonderment and astonishment at the miracle of life that surrounds us. It is also explained by our preoccupation with self, our inability to get beyond ourselves, our loss of contact and faith in the destiny of man.

If it is true that the western world is suffering from a disease of the spirit, to me the solution is prayer. I am a great believer in the power of prayer. Prayer for me is an unceasing expression of gratitude for the life within me and the life that surrounds me. It is a constant plea for guidance and help, for the understanding of real power which we have inherited from God, that is the power to make a difference, a difference for good. One does not have to look for a challenge. They surround us daily.

The answer to our prayers is not always direct, for some wise person said God writes straight in crooked lines. My mother, whose 93rd birthday we celebrated yesterday, has great faith in prayer, but she recently complained to

me that God had forgotten her. She was referring to our son Johnnie for whom she had prayed fervently. Johnnie has been sick all his life. At three years old he became a schizophrenic. I reassured her that because of Johnnie and in answer to her prayers, many "Johnnies" have been helped, perhaps hundreds, who know, I consider it a privilege to have a son like Johnnie, who has been an instrument to my understanding of other peoples' sorrow, and, because I had help, I was in a position to help others.

Therefore, dear graduates, you are now starting on a new phase in your lives. I congratulate you and wish for each of you all good things to help you in your chosen walk of life. I would add this, however: don't worry about setbacks or when the going gets rough, worry when the going becomes too easy.

The text of Phonsine's speech when she received her honorary degree from Concordia University.



A montage made in honour of my 90th birthday.



Christopher & Francesca Beale, Consie Howley, Jo Fraser and David Howley with me at my 90th birthday party.



Surrounded by my children at my 90th birthday party.

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