

them. Actually I wasn't very good at gym. The things I did best were riding and sailing, but nevertheless I did collect "stickpins" which we wore star-like on our tunics. They were given out one each year for good gym work, or baseball, etc. So that in ten years one could create quite a display.

There was a Girl Guide Company at Trent and Evelyn and I and Alma all belonged. Evelyn got to be a party leader, I don't think I did better than being second — perhaps I did. I can't remember. But I do remember that mine was the Barm Swallow Patrol. However, the best thing about being even a second was that I too was eligible to go by special train with bunches of Guides from across Canada to attend the Jubilee (Canadian) Jamboree in Victoria. We spent the month of July (1927) doing this. It was all a marvellous adventure and it started with a bang. Daddy took us (Evelyn and me) to lunch at the University Club before putting us on the train at Windsor Station.

In the Spring of 1927 Evelyn had taken her School Leaving exams, and I the matriculation exams into McGill — which I managed to get through. And, indeed, I couldn't possibly have done less having spent a second year in the Sault at Trent, boarding for the last term. One of my unorthodox acts as a Boarder was never forgotten by the family: the morning Hazel disappeared from the "crescicle" as it was called suddenly along Sherbrooke Street. It was all quite simple. Uncle Fred, driving by in his sporty little car, saw me, beckoned and, of course, I hopped in beside him. By the time I got back to School, confirmation resigned; parents being called, a question of police, etc., and the poor mistress in charge in tears. In her back, Hazel had been kidnapped!

In the meantime Jane, who had married a year between School and university, suffering from neuritis which put her in hospital for a series of operations, was doing rather brilliantly at McGill. In her second year she won the Charles Alexander Scholarship of \$500.00 and in her third year a prize of \$100.00.

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sternation reigned; parents being called, a question of police, etc, and the
poor mistress in charge in tears. In her back, Hazel had been kidnapped!

In the meantime Jane, who had missed a year between school and university
suffering from malaria which put her in hospital for a series of operations, was
doing rather brilliantly at McGill. In her second year she won the Charles
Alexander Scholarship of \$150⁰⁰ and in her third year a Prize of \$100⁰⁰. She
was taking an Honors course in English. In her final year she was awarded
winning a Morse Traveling Scholarship which would have paid her way to
Oxford but, as Oxford accepted her on her first class standing at McGill, Daddy
felt she should go. So in September 1929 she sailed for England and Som-
merville College.

Perhaps it was because of the Girl Guide trip that I was keen to do other
things than spend the whole summer at the farm. I know I tried very
hard to persuade the CNR to let me work at Jasper Lodge. I even won-
dered an interview with Mr. Humpfer, the President, but to no avail. Young
girls were not employed anywhere doing anything in those days (A senti-
ment, I may add, that my father agreed with completely, so that I did all
my searchings without his knowledge.) So when I read an ad. in Vogue
magazine that Quanser, a sailing camp for girls at Chatham on Cape Cod,
needed a sailing instructor I applied — and got the job (unpaid of course)
This was where I had to apply to Daddy because Mrs. Hammit of New Orleans
who owned the camp was coming to Boston in March to interview her new staff
and I had to be there. Daddy (bleat him!) having the very thought of my not being

at the farm supplied me with the necessary funds. Camp opened at the end of June and ran for eight weeks but I was there for ten: two weeks before it opened getting boats into the water; learning to sail these boats and what to teach; riding the horses from the station at Orleans to Camp and helping to exercise them until the kids were there to do it. I taught the rudiments of sailing to the Nimblets (the youngsters of the campers) in flat-bottomed boats with a single sail. We did this on Pleasant Bay on which the camp was situated. But our a Sailing Instructor I was expected to be able to handle the Bay Birds (sloops about 18' long with a keel) and in these I spent lots of my spare time practicing. Every week and there were races out beyond the barrier in the real ocean and Quanset sent several boats to compete. They were serious races — boats had to be hauled up and scraped, etc., in advance and foudled down through the narrows. Twice I skippered, and didn't dump or get hung up on a buoy (pronounced "bow-ey") Great! I also was in charge of a cabin full (probably 12) of 14 year olds. I was called "Canada" and I don't think many of the Camp kids know that I had any other name — certainly the cooking staff, who were all black from the South, didn't.

A lot of it I remember as being wonderful: the first weeks of riding and gorging on sorghum and Siranbenion and Southern cooking; the ocean sailing, and sailing down to the "Outside" beach in the Private Ship to dig and steam elms with the trip home after dark, but it was the first time I had ever been away from home alone and I was abysmally homesick. There was no one with whom I had any comfortable contact — from the kids, who mostly came from wealthy but broken homes and were spoiled and/or deeply unhappy, to the very sophisticated and older counselors. I ran my self team and never really caught up. Daddy when he met me at Pleasant Falls on the Boston train was obviously upset by the Sunburned (he didn't like Sunburned women!), "Skinny" daughter who got off at 6 A.M.!

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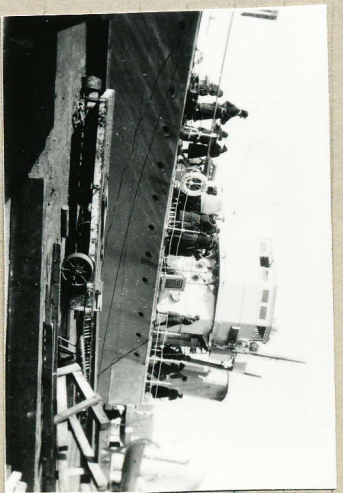
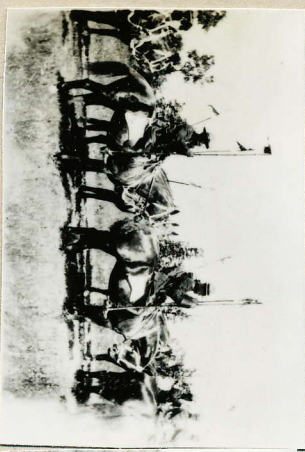
So the next summer I stayed at home wearing long sleeves and a shady hat in the hope that my intensely disappointed — in — his daughter — for — sailing — other — interests father would forgive me. And, of course, he did. But when in 1931 Aliek Edmison (Law '32) asked me if I would like to teach riding at Wapomeo (Taylor Station Camps) that summer I immediately said "Yes". David Louis (who was in my year in Arts and whom I knew only slightly) was among those of us who went up by train to canoe lake together. I remember that David impressed me considerably because he took with him a complete set of Bernard Shaw. Apart from other things he said he needed to know about Fabianism. Needless to say I read my Shaws from then on with different eyes!

That summer (it turned out to be only a month) was a high-point and also in a way a turning point in my life. I wasn't paid anything — except for a free ride home because I was supervising the July contingent of campers — but a lot of things came into focus for me. The learning aspect of the kindly controlled camper's life; the sharing of responsibilities so that never did an instructor have to be a counselor in charge of campers, all this appealed to me as did the high-courtesy of the Hagonquin Park where, in our week-ends off, we, the Almek and Wep persons all together, went for 2 and 3 day camping trips.

July 1927 : GIRL GUIDE "JUBILEE TOUR"



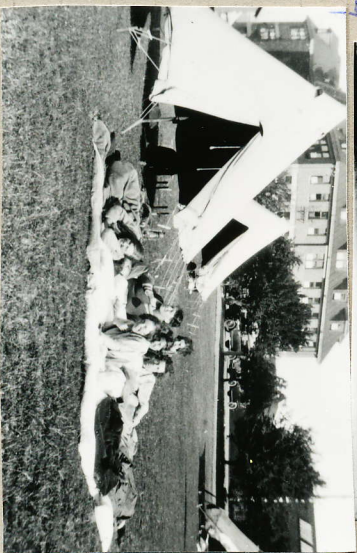
R.C.M.P.
MUSICAL RIDE
DONE SPECIALLY FOR
THE GUIDES IN
REGINA, SASK.



HMCS "PATRICIAN"
ESQUIMULT, VANCOUVER
ISLAND, B.C.



CAMPING IN ARMY
TENTS ON THE
SCHOOL GROUND
VICTORIA, B.C.



EVELYN

We had a special train. It travelled west on the C.P.R. tracks and came back on the C.N.R. It picked up contingents of Guides as it went along when we stopped in different cities we were entertained by, for instance in Winnipeg, the Lieut. Governor in Government House. We stopped at Banff and Lake Louise and Jasper and Lake of the Woods in Muskoka, and other places. I remember the Bing cherries at Spale, B.C. We crossed from Van-

couver to Esqui-

moult by night and slept on the ferry: most exciting! Both Evelyn and I did our swim as orderlies to Dr. Boat.



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HAZEL
AILEEN STAIRS (MRS G.L. WHITE)
CHARLOTTE STAIRS (MRS D.H. STARKY)
EVELYN

(These pictures were given me by Charlotte Starky)

cover to Esqui-

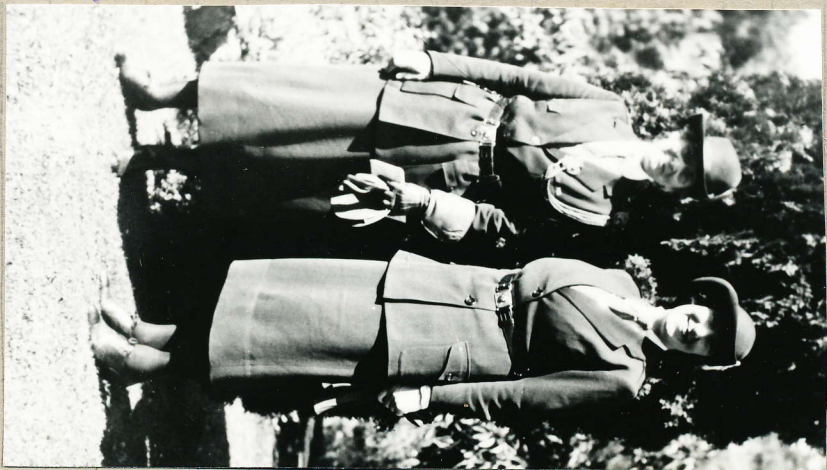
mount by night and slept on the
ferry: most exciting! Both
Evelyn and I did our stint as
orderlies to Dr. Boat.

In Calgary I bought a Western
saddle and bridle (Daddy must
have given us a pretty gener-
ous spending allowance!) and
carted them back to the farm
only to find that I really pre-
ferred riding in an English saddle.
However, I think Alma liked

the Western.
I remember vividly the crushing
effect the mountaineer's hat on me in
Banff + Lake Louise — like a warm
felt — so that I was far more
comfortable on the high plateau
of Jasper where the mountaineers are
at a distance + their room to
prelate.



EVELYN



MRS. WARREN, CHIEF
COMMISSIONER FOR
CANADA, AND HER
DAUGHTER, MRS. PEPPER

I really hated cutting the summer shirt but my Aunt Hazel (Mother's sister) died and Mother wanted me home. Also Harparr Murray was marrying Bob Leatham and Evelyn and I were to be bridesmaids.

There was another reason too that made me feel that perhaps it was good to cut my holiday shirt. I felt that I should somehow find a way to earn my living now that I had a degree from McGill. I'm not quite certain how I became aware that the family finances were becoming strained but I think that the first inkling was when Daddy turned me down when I suggested he let me have a "year" in France or Switzerland to learn French. A lot of my friends were doing this and I was envious. After that I began to notice things: little things like why did it take three years to build the front steps for the New House, etc. etc. We allways know that we weren't rich like the Howard Nurseries: no flowerbeds, fountains, or Chris Crafts, or gardeners, or grooms on long trips to Europe for us. But it didn't bother us. We had lots of scope. I suppose that the extra things, like the farm, Daddy had paid for by playing the Market and after the crash in 1929 his salary had to cover everything — and "everything" by that date was quite a lot!

And, so, in 1931 it was up to me to support myself and I felt the best (and probably, considering my lack of qualifications, the only) move I could make was to take a Secretarial course — money for which I had to borrow from Daddy!

But I am ahead of myself. There are no photos for the four years (1927-31) I was at McGill — just as there are none for the time at Inverness or for the summer at Quansat or the month at Wapoose — nevertheless I must say something about them.

In My McGill Sixt Arthur Currie was Principal and Col. Bayly his Assistant;

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In My McGill Six Arthur Currie was Principal and Col. Royce his Assistant; kind, courtly Bill Southman was the Superintendent of the Arts Building and "Sheepskin" Harry Barker his Assistant. Such luminaries as Adair, Loacker, Gilson, Cyrus Mac Millan, Waugh, Filer, Tommy Clark were My Professors. Sir Edward Beatty was Chancellor. Daddy taught two courses in the Law Faculty. The University was small enough then for students to know their Professors in a way completely unknown in later years. Many of the Professors invited students to Sunday tea ("Bun fights") in their homes so that a lot of us got to know them as individuals. Both the Principals and the Dean (Ira Mackay in my case) were felt to be approachable friends. I well remember, on a scolding morning driving with Evelyn in the semi-convertible Model T Ford through the Roddick Gates and up the long avenue to the Arts Building and overtaking Sir Arthur battling his way in the rain. So of course, we stopped to offer him a lift which, of course, he accepted. And another occasion when Sir Arthur and Col. Royce joined me as I, released from my duties behind scenes, was watching the dress rehearsals of The Red and White Revue (held in 1930 for the first time in Moyses Hall). I, knowing the irreverences that were coming up, was nervous as first but then delighted with the great men who so relished every quip and dig dug out at their expense.

(Cont'd on pg. 34)

Of course I took Dr MacMillan's course English 2: a Survey of English Literature. All freshmen in Arts and Science had to and attendance was compulsory! It took place in Myrtle Hall and even to me, unaccustomed as I was to taking notes, it was a great course. And in my second year I enjoyed even more his lectures on Shakespeare. Dr MacMillan's greatest interest was in the Theatre and frequently he demonstrated his acting abilities and sense of the drama in his lectures. In 1928-29 I was enrolled in English 13 — "The Technique of the Drama" — and in the hope that I could overcome my paralytically unhelpful fright of the stage I let myself be persuaded to act in the full length play we produced (which I seem to remember was The Importance of Being Earnest). Actually it wasn't that difficult to get me to play. I was so flattered at being asked that I actually thought I was a real actor! In 1929, also, I joined The Pagan's Club — a literary which Dr. MacMillan graciously gave me, he put on "Dear Brutus" and later took it on tour to Quebec City where we were tremendously entertained by the Rice family, I played the part of Jeanna and Ray Bernice the other female lead and for us Gaby Bernier — the master confidante in Parnassus-made our ball games, all for the special mention she got in the programme, Mine was gold satin, and very shiny, which I wore to all the R.N.C. and Army dances until it became actually fuzzy from rubbing against uniforms. I really fancied myself in that dress!

Col. Raven was instrumental in my getting the job with The Southam Publishing Company after I graduated. It happened this way. In 1930-31 I was enrolled in a course in Chinese History — Chinese I — under Professor Kiang Kiang Hu. It was intensely interesting, and is the only course on which I have kept my notes. Prof. Kiang (who was a ^{great} ^{and perhaps} ^{dear}) for some reason used, every once in a while, to take me out to lunch. He went to a Chinese Restaurant on St. Catherine Street near University where of course he was treated with much being and great respect. Perhaps he took other students out at other times. I don't

rubbing against uniforms. I really forced myself in most cases.

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Drawn specially for The McGill News by Ed. McNally

MY Old McGill

The Roaring Twenties, The Roaring Jalopies, The Roaring Professors, The Roaring Parties—Remember? Remember?

Perhaps he took other students out at other times. I don't know. Anyway, Col Bovey must have been aware of all this because one morning as we students were walking between classes there he was on the front page of The Arts Building Sunning himself and his nice round belly, looking for some body — anybody — and on me he pounced. One didn't say "No" to Col. Bovey and so it was that there and then I found myself serene-fary to the Hung Tao Society (I can't now remember what the Hung Tao Society was all about but as Col. Bovey was Director of Extreme Relations I suppose that should explain something). Paul Reading, the President, was a

(cont'd pg 38)

rubbing against uniforms. I really pounced myself on her arms.

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me out to lunch. We went to a Chinese Restaurant on St. Catherine Street near
University where of course he was treated with much respect.

The costumes of the girls on the right are
exactly as it was, cloche hats and all. I had
a coat like that: pale grey with grey fox
shawl collar (for College indeed! Imagine being
so absurd!) It was very short ("what a way to
freeze your silly knees" is how Arnold Hoenay
put it.) We never buttoned the coat but clucked
it around us to keep it closed. We carried our
books, etc. in front of that! If we wore over-
shoes we never did them up. I'm glad to
think that we could dress more creditably for
skiing!

Drawn especially for The McGill News by Ed. MacNeil

MY Old McGill

The Roaring Twenties, The Roaring Jalopies, The Roaring
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Perhaps he took other students
out at other times. I don't
know. Anyway, Col Bovey
must have been aware of all
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we students were walking
between classes there he was
in the front hall of the Arts Building
Swimming ^{obviously} and his nice
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(cont'd pg 38)

1929 was a typical summer: lots of guests! lots of activities including ~~theater~~ boating, swimming, mountain climbing, picnicking, tennis — the lot! Top Right shows Alma as Grand Pa and Evelyn as GrandMa in "Saraand" (No doubt a product of Dr. Penfield's imagination) with all the Penfields. In the Picture Below, Alma, Evelyn, "Doe" (Joan) and Nancy Archibald sit on the spring-beard with four young Penfields. (The Penfields rented a cottage from Howard Murray in the bay behind Pine Point.)

Below: "Doe" and Nancy Archibald, Jane, Alma and Beatrice Carter in the "Lady Jane".



and Below that: Evelyn, Alma, Jane and the Archibalds on Lord's Island.

PENFIELD, Wilder Graves Jr. At the Royal Victoria Hospital, of Leukemia, on October 1, 1988, age seventy. Survived by wife Berry Bonynge, son Wilder Graves III, daughter Wendy, sister Ruth Mary Lewis, of Austin, Quebec, brother Jeff of Syracuse, New York and sister Priscilla Chester, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A family service will take place at Masog Meadows, October 9, 11 am. The family will receive friends at Wendy's home, October 6, 4 to 6 pm. In lieu of flowers, the family would appreciate a donation to the Department of Medicine Research and Education Fund at the Royal Victoria Hospital for Hematology/Oncology Research.

as far

There were men around too! This is

Labour Day week - end.

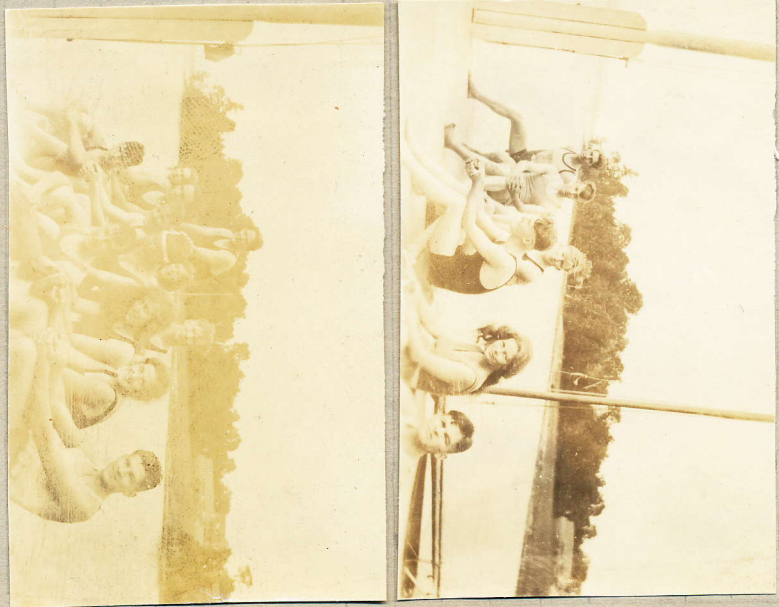




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There were men around too! This is Labour Day week - end.

as far



Boa Carter, Alma, the Archibalds and Jane on top of Owl's Head.



The view to the North "X" BELMERE



The view to the South "X" HOWARD ISLAND ON THE U.S. BORDER

On that week-end the guests staying with us were:
 Reg. Harvey-Jellie
 Herbert Parker
 Stephen Lyman
 Margaret Harvey
 Mayne McCombe
 Beatrice Howell
 George Nicholls
 (Apart from the house there were 1 to South Home (2), A tent (4) and the Boat House (?))