

Well, Bette, old girl, I'm getting bleary-eyed after going over this tale five times already this weekend to other people and no doubt you're getting the same way from trying to decipher this through all the xxx's and strike-overs and writing on both sides of thin paper so I can send it airmail. These Indian machines were probably imported by Marco Polo and, as you can see, they can't spell worth a darn. Maybe I can pass it off as the Hindi way of spelling but, since you can probably figure out what I meant to type, I won't wear myself out by erasing the extra letters.

So, once again, many thanks for your last letter and here's to a bigger and better one in the near future!

Mary Shea.

"FRENCH THEATRE IN OTTAWA"

French theatre in Ottawa, which after half a century of brilliant activity seemed to have disappeared abruptly from the scene four years ago, is being revived by a new company, Le Théâtre du Pont Neuf.

The last week in March 1954, the new company played "Poli-chinelle" at the Little Theatre. This three-act fantasy by a young Montreal playwright, Lomer Gouin, was directed by Yvon Beaulne (Protocol Division).

Jean-Marie Déry (Defence Liaison Division I) was cast in the title role and Pierrot was played by Jim Hyndman (Personnel Division).

Other members of the cast were civil servants from The Department of Immigration, The National Film Board and announcers over C.K.C.H., Hull.

"BOSTON ALMANAC"

Dec. 25. My first Christmas in Boston has been spent quietly with friends. Last night went to see the merry-making in Louisburg Square on Beacon Hill. Perfect night for it, cold enough but with just a light drift of snow falling to make it really look like Christmas Eve. The candlelit houses picturesque, as were the carollers and bellringers, who vied with each other and the crowds of sightseers in rousing the echoes. Place I gather is full of tradition and history; am somewhat confused as to which contributed most to the fame of this select spot: William Dean Howells, Jenny Lind, or the violet colored windows.

Jan. 21. Began my museum education today. Started with Harvard, and I gather could continue with the museums at this University for some time to come. But the little we saw was interesting: Inspected models of Cambridge from first settlement to modern time. One of 19th century models showed house I live in, old Dana farmhouse, built circa 1810. Went on to Blaschka glass flowers--amazing--perfect reproductions, some life size others much magnified. Secret of process now lost. Then downstairs to anthropological museum, where primitive American, primitive African and primitive European stood or lay about in horrific array.

Feb. 11. Museum inspection again today. But this time to the Gardner Museum, which is less gloomy and more to my taste than the skeletons of ancient man. Heavenly flowers to enchant the eye and nose, and music for the ear. The house itself is a Venetian palace, filled with works of art Mrs. Gardner spent her life collecting. Closing time came all too soon.

March 17. "How much does Canada pay England in taxes?" Answered that question six times today. People simply don't want to believe Canada is independent. Day may have something to do with it, St. Patrick's Day and also Evacuation Day, anniversary of the time the British were forced to leave. Big parade in South Boston, much waving of flags and display of the shamrock.

April 19. Patriots Day: Paul Revere rides again. Dawes too.

May 19. Saw my first major league baseball game today. It was fun and my team won. To The Meadows for dinner in celebration. Told the waiter I wanted only the main course and he said, "Fer