

Minnie

HAVE you been to Bon Echo in the last five years? Then of course you know Minnie.

Minnie is the reincarnation of George Washington and Queen Elizabeth with all modern improvements—Made in Canada—thrown in.

When guests were few it mattered not for, Minnie furnished the Rotunda and exuded success and joy.

When guests were many the management proudly pointed to Minnie as a steady who did the place proud, and when dressed in gorgeous array, just to impress some new highbrows—she looked like the Royal Family.

O—No—Minnie was no angel—but her grouches were such delicious compliments to the place.

She would abuse all and sundry who had known the place in the days of Dr. Price and had not told her about it.

To her Dr. Price was a Genii with magic wand who was able by wafting it to transform birch trees into all manner of beautiful things—from door latches on cottages to a sideboard whose lines a Chippendale might envy. Minnie was rebellious—She wanted more money—more clothes—more everything, and all the points and coves and sand-beaches. The only thing she was willing to let me have was the Big Rock and she was afraid of that, or it would have gone too.

I tried to argue that she had more than she deserved—for she never really earned anything—not really earn on a really job—and then the fur would fly and the guests would draw near and the ethics of economics would be discussed.

Surely a wife and a mother earned their living—Yes, if they did—but no, if they didn't.

Dangerous ground with more discussions to follow!

Is it a high morale that permits a woman to accept money and keep and luxury from a man just because she is his wife?

Biff—Bang—What new code is this? And Minnie just wished she had married a millionaire and she would show you how moral it was to spend his money.

But here is Garb with a hole in his jersey, and of course Minnie has a darning needle and just the right colored yarn, and someone else has a cut and Minnie has sticking plaster.

Then the dinner bell rings and everyone rushes and everybody laughs.

What would Bon Echo be without Minnie?