

taken up for dancing. I like to remember how glad and gay they were with their own dances, folk songs and games. I remember particularly the Swedish parties, when Anna Swanson, Elsa's successor, presided over our culinary arrangements. Anna sang in the Swedish choir and many of her friends were excellent musicians. How the house rang with laughter and song and the dining room table was replete with braided cardamon bread, pineapple cake, pickled fish, which was eaten with rye bread. They referred to their refreshments as "smorgasbord", which seemed to cover everything, even the coffee. Wes and I were on hand to welcome the guests, but when that duty was performed we faded away and left them to their fun. And never once was this privilege abused.

My association with the girls from Europe gave me a chance to know something of the minds of their employers and some of this knowledge was painful, but revealing. No wonder girls prefer to work anyplace, rather than in the kitchen. One of Anna's friends told me her mistress said she could not allow her to use the bathtub. Mary would have to have her bath at the "Y", which was about a mile distant. Mary took the news quite cheerfully, saying she would like that very well. It would be a lovely walk, but would it not take too much time every day? The lady exclaimed in horror:

"Not every day. One bath a week is plenty for you, and you can take it on your day out."

But Mary politely declined to use her precious time every Thursday in this way, and besides wanted a bath every day. She stuck to it, too. No bath, no work. She won, and I hoped she splashed and sang in the tub!

The mistress in this case was the wife of a University professor and the first time I saw her after hearing this story, she was reading a paper to a Woman's Club on the subject of Canadian Unity.