

## Who's Who at Bon Echo

AS these are the days of appreciations, of write-ups and personal interviews I might as well just write up about the folks who helped make the personnel of Bon Echo last summer.

The management had been out there fixing up the docks, and the launches and rowboats and canoes.

The C.P.R. had advertised and letters were coming in so many a day that visions of new launches and autos and a newly painted Inn and an electric light plant and various other things that had been planned before the war, floated jauntily about and made more beautiful the After Glow that lit up the face of Bon Echo's rugged old Gibraltar.

But rain also came, and the C.P.R. had to fight rumours of passports needed thru Canada, and some arrived at the station of Kaladar only to turn back rather than face the drive over the mountains.

Why, Bless my heart Mabel, that was a grand part of the show—a regular scenic joy ride which should be featured by itself on the Editorial Page.

Well, some of the professional help got tired waiting, or perhaps the management got tired paying bills—be that as it may, July was upon us and “nothin’ much a’ doin’”.

Mrs. Denison had been holding down a job in Napanee (Napanee being a suburb of Bon Echo) and she was a paying guest of Mrs. Ward's—not a boarder you understand—boarders are only common, anyway.

Both of these very capable women had been more flush on occasions than they seemed to be now, when they used to discuss their summer vacations in a different tone of voice. I remember when they jauntily exclaimed that they would go to Atlantic City for a few weeks and then to the Camp or to the Rock or just to Muskoka or the Island.

“Well” said Mrs Denison, “My job's about at an end for this season and I want to go to Bon Echo but I can't afford to pay my board so I'm going to apply for a job there”.

“I wish you would apply for one for me and the boy—he can run a launch”, said Mrs. Ward.

“And what can you do?”