Friday, December 01, 2006. c:/wklylt6.6wc33

(Family Letter, names follow.)

**Thanksgiving, 2006.**

Lucile, Bailey & Ken drove down to Glastonbury, CT on Wednesday, November 22nd by way of Pittsford, VT and saw lots of the New England members of the family this Thanksgiving. The Pittsford stop was short due to the drivers’ character flaw, *"All right, let’s get going*". (Weak bladder? Don’t travel with this guy.) Short stay, super brunch: Portobello mushroom soup, warm homemade bread, wild salmon fillet, asparagus, assorted cheeses and fruit tarts. Very enjoyable, wished Heidi, Hero, Marz & Matt well, exchanged a few Christmas presents and hit the road. Myr, Morgaen, Willow and John were not expected till Thanksgiving day, so we didn’t see them. We did see their menu for the weekend! Good Grief!

Two and a half hours later we arrived at David & Nancy’s estate in Glastonbury, CT. Estate ? Yes. If someone gets in their car to drive to their mailbox out on the main road they’ve an estate. Hellos & drinks ensued while a program of WWII songs was aired over TV. *"When Johnnie Comes Marching Home"* caused an argument among these World Trivia cohorts.

*"That’s not a WWII song, that’s from the Civil War."*

*"How come you know so much about old songs?"*

*"Mother used to play them on the ukulele."*

*"Our Mother? Our Mother played songs on the uke?"*

*"Yes, ... I’ll sing you one."*

Ken stumbles through, *"A Maid in a Trolley was Sitting"* (For masochists, this four verse beauty is appended.)

*"I didn’t know this! I can’t believe it!"* (Obviuosly, distrusting his brother.)

*"We were going to call Beth tomorrow, let’s call now and you can ask her."*

David does. Beth verifies the Civil War, changes Uke to Banjo Ukulele\*, and sings every word of *"A Maid in a Trolley was Sitting".*

David is amazed. Ken smugly sings another, *"Hula Lu"* which ends up *"Yaka Hoola Hicky Doo",* or something like that. Should have asked Beth.

Then came Thanksgiving Eve supper, Clam Chowder right from Martha’s Vineyard. Boy, two favorite soups in one day, ... that’s livin’ high on the hog. Believe it or not, the last one of this group up that night was Ken. He stayed up till 9:30 reading *"The Nightmare Years"* by Shirer.

Thursday A.M. Bailey walked Ken to the mailbox. (Took 20 minutes.) The Glastonbury paper weighed about 11 pounds. It was raining and continued to do so all day. Nancy had the 19 pound Butter Ball in the oven. Lucile gave Bailey her Thanksgiving breakfast. David and Ken replaced the backing on an antique mirror with an antique board from North Hero. When the sun was over the yardarm (figuratively, since it was still raining), ... time for drinks. The toast was memorable and was to the house. This would be it’s three-hundredth Thanksgiving, having been built in 1706. Linda, Kelly, Sara, Nick and Bill arrived. Sparky was left at home. We were nine healthy souls ready to start a bountiful feast. Can’t get more thankful than that.

Menu: turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas, creamed onions (Hoorah!), yam pastries, corn bread, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie/whip cream, wine ( special French courtesy Kelly and a $50 bottle of wine Nancy had won playing bridge), Linda’s chocolate caramel nut clusters and Sara’s cookies. Delicious! (Lucile and Ken had forgotten how much healthy kids can eat!)

Following dinner, Linda and Kelly gave an update on the beaver who shares their backyard, then Bill, Dave and Ken went to see "THE CAR". Bill has a brand new, limited edition Shelby Cobra. Bright red, white racing stripes and 500 plus H.P. It was all by itself in a pristine storage shed. Bill had remembered the key to the shed, but ‘forgotten’ the key to the Shelby. We think he looked at dirty three day old jeans and then ‘forgot’ the key. We looked in the windows. Wow! Some machine! In all honesty, ... think we’d be afraid put a foot anywhere near the accelerator. Wonder what this car will go for on Ebay in 2036?

From entertaining 24 plus in the late-eighties in Atlanta, we had come full circle. For three days we did just two things, ...ate and drank. A wonderful three days. Friday morning per Ben, being the third day, we headed back to North Hero before we started to smell.

A last family note: depending on the weather, this Saturday or Sunday will be moving day. It’s back to Ottawa to a clean, vacant house.

Lucile, Bailey & Ken. North Hero, Vermont.

Love to all (48): Amanda, Beth, Bill, Bill, Bill Sr., Carol, Carole, Clara, Colin, Danny, Dave, Elizabeth, Etta, Frank, Gerry, Gracie, Greg, Guy, Heidi, Jack, Jeff, Jimmy, John, Kathi, Kelly, Ken, Linda, Linda, Louise, Louise, Lucile, Marc, Marz, Matt, Michelle, Mike, Morgaen, Myr, Nancy, Nick, Norman, Phil, Sara, Sara, Sue, Sue, Taylor, Willow. (Miss anyone?)

\*P.S.: Banjo Ukulele is hanging in honored spot on the wall in Pittsford, VT.

A maid in a trolley was sitting,

Only one, ... only one.

She was smiling coquettish and jolly,

Chewing gum, ... chewing gum.

A dude in the corner was sitting,

And for fun, ...just for fun.

The maiden did sigh, and the dude in reply,

He winked at her just for fun.

Now, in one of his eyes was an eyeglass,

In the one, ... that was bum.

And in winking he must have forgotten,

In which one, ... in which one.

For it fell in the lap of the maiden,

And for fun, ... just for fun.

The maiden did cry, "Mister, ... you dropped your eye."

And at the same time dropped her gum.

Now he reached for his glass in a hurry,

Got the gum on his thumb.

He stuck it in his eye in a flurry,

In the one that was bum.

From which the eyeglass had just fallen,

There it clung, ... there it clung.

And the giggling young lass, picked up the eyeglass,

And thought it was her chewing gum.

They sent for the xray & Doctor,

Soon they come on the run.

The eyeglass was found to be lodging

In her lung, ,,, in her lung.

The dude’s eye was sorely infected,

Just the one, ... just the one.

And since they are wed, he’s a pain in the head,

While his wife has a pain in her lung.

(Strum Strum.)