

Memories of My Mother - Phoebe Jennette,

was a quiet, religious woman,
Who, with my dad, took care of our
family finances,
our grandmother and her house,
us kids,
the apartments and their inhabitants.
Her loud shrill trill issued from her throat,
Heard by the Drescher kids, within a mile vicinity,
COME HOME! .

She liked sweet peas, lily of the valley
nurtured under the stairway,
a quiet nook for resting and reading.
Nearby was a wandering turtle and his home by a little homemade pond.

She grew kale, peas, squash, tomatoes and other vegetables for eating,
And alfalfa for tea (better eyesight).

On Saturdays her trill meant it's cleanup time.
She never rented an apartment to drinkers of alcohol and smokers of tobacco..

She was raised in a Quaker family in Maine,
She sent her children to the "progressive" Quaker Church in Iowa.
However, she never attended the Quaker Church
She later allowed "us kids" to be responsible for our own beliefs.
She attended small prayer meetings with friends in the neighborhood.

Her house was a welcome place to the homeless,
They jumped from the passing trains,
Following signs to our door,
for friendship and refreshment.
They sometimes offered to work around our house and stay awhile.

I respect her for the freedoms she gave us,
opportunities to learn from many people who passed our way,
to examine and respect other religions and political ideas.
to learn to play musical instruments, sing and read,
for the educational opportunities to grow in our own ways.
For playing many games with us "as a family."

from Phyllis



Childhood Memory 10/04

By Phyllis Head

My childhood home was down the street from the Iowa State Capitol Building. My favorite place was near a fountain where I sat and read and watched the "bums" jump off the trains and walk along the tracks. I knew that there was a well-worn trail to my house because my mom always had sandwiches and fruit for them. My father often started the day with a "sermon" (which I hated), but he expressed sympathy for the "homeless" and felt that a Government should help find jobs so all could "make a living." I often met some of those "bums." I learned to play chess and enjoyed the stories of their travels.

From: Phyllis Head
Date: 2005/08/02 Tue AM 04:20:32 CDT
Subject: Another writing about Aunt Mary and Uncle Earl

Dear Dot,

I've awakened early to write my thoughtful dreams.
About Aunt Mary and Jennette, Bailey sisters .

They were very different you know.

Their father, ~~Eli~~^{Edward}, was from a family that had been adopted by Quakers during the early days of life in America, so he was raised as a Quaker.

Jennette, very quiet, her early Quakerism was expressed in prayer meetings with friends of different faiths but always Christian. She never attended the "progressive Friends" church in Des Moines except to accompany one of her children.

Her excuse was "I have nothing nice enough to wear".

Yet her early years show dress that was very much in style and I remember her in her nineties when I took her shopping for a new dress, she didn't want to spend money for it but she loved the dress that we picked out and she wore it for special occasions..

"Dad didn't think that "style" was important and he discouraged spending money on such."

Dad became a "convinced Quaker" many years after he married Jennette when he became involved with the Fellowship of Reconciliation friends, became more politically active against war, poverty and racial discriminations..

He considered himself a "chosen" Christian to preach the "gospel".

Jennette cared for us kids, had "close" friends but she never joined any organized groups.

I don't know of her joining him on the riverbank in Des Moines when he preached.
during their visits.

I was the "closest" to Dad intellectually. I attended many political and socialist meetings with him during my teen years. Aunt Mary influenced me also.

Mary lived in a small farming community and joined the Methodist Church which I sometimes thought more Quaker than the Progressive Quakers.

She was a social joiner and a creative person. She was good at solving social problems among others, had interests in "artistic expressions" of mankind and encouraged them in us kids. She worked hard on the farm and had more illness than my mom. Mom worked hard also in the apartment house.

Once when sitting in a College workshop, pictures were shown of me in a picture of the "Original Staff". I thought "what is my Aunt Mary doing in my staff meeting?" "She has no business being here."

As I later mused about this I realized that I haven't seen her for years, for this was before I went back for Dad's funeral and he was buried in Redding when I spent time on the farm with Aunt Mary and Uncle Earl and my family. As I wandered on the farm, memories floated by: "I particularly remember, climbing on a fence and thinking "could I still ride a horse?"

Uncle Earl was kind and supportive. He walked a long distance to cool milk so I would drink it. I didn't like "straight from the cow warm stuff". He did many small kind things during our visits on the farm.

He was a gregarious, friendly man on the streets when he visited Des Moines, the "big" city. (grin). He enjoyed driving his family in a big ~~LaSalle~~^{LaSalle} car. They always stayed at Grandma Ella's house

"That girl will go places, some day", I heard her say about me.

The Minister of her church encouraged my thoughts about my beliefs.

It's interesting how a few words of encouragement and belief in another can support them all of their lives.

We spent many Christmas's together, either down on the farm or in Grandma's big house. Families can be great!

Subject: Christmas on an Iowa Farm
From: Phyllis Head <phylhead@mac.com>
Date: Thu, 25 Dec 2003 12:20:55 -0500
To: Dorothy <nimblethimble@snet.net>

Hi, there's a program "Christmas in Connecticut" that I'm really not listening to because it reminded me of our early Christmas times on your folk's farm.

I remember riding in Dad's old touring Car for family, plumbing truck for work, riding down to your house in the snow. There were no wipers for clearing snow that was gently falling on the windows. We took turns climbing out to wipe them off with our mittens.

Mom was always in the front seat because riding in the car made her sick. Was it a hundred mile ride? That I don't remember.

Then I remember that big feather bed on the cold second floor that held at least seven of us... Three Drescher kids and 4 Adairs keeping each other warm. Remember the hot bricks all wrapped us so we wouldn't get burned?

Having to creep out at night to the privy.... the cold wind and feet.

The room that held everything...piano, old furniture. old clothes, toys, cats?

Collecting eggs from the hen house.

Breakfast of canned ham, eggs, pancakes, rolls and apple sauce.

The horses, the cows...margie milking old? I can't quite remember the name.

Enough to remember. We had wonderful time on that old farm. It almost belongs to the past. Few are so fortunate to have been raised on a farm, to know birds, animals, plants, skills for living and loving.

Veronica stopped by and gave me the Christmas Cards that she has been making...I'll send one to John and Alice... with the above. I wish I could print on the cards but I haven't learned that skill yet. Love, Phyllis

On Friday, December 26, 2003, at 09:28 AM, John Adair wrote:

I remember that trip. the tree was in the northeast living room and the one thing is that you used a candle to melt off the frost on the windshield so you could see to drive. It was a cold one, and memorable. John

From: Phyllis Head

To: John Adair

Sent: Friday, December 26, 2003 12:09 PM

Subject: Re: Christmas on an Iowa Farm]

I don't remember the candles, but then I have a selective memory that changes with time.. I'm so glad that Dorothy passed that on.... I have it written on a card but I ran out of US stamps and need another 21 cent one and the post office is closed until tomorrow.

I was just listening to the Ottawa University Band and remembering all those years of playing with the Drake Band.

In case you haven't heard, Dick died a couple of weeks ago. I don't know if Jan has your address. (I don't have it..do you still live in Omaha?) Renee went with me and we told him about the Miami-Seattle Band outcome which got a faint response. I spent a couple of weeks with friends on Vancouver Island before I returned home.

Yesterday was a great Christmas dinner at Cyd's and Mal's and I am now wearing a huge t-shirt with a picture of Rowan and Luke on the front and Kadee in a gymnastic presentation of a reindeer. on my backside. If I get my scanner working, and Renee with new dvd camera over for a picture I'll show you. (I'll let her use my old NICON...I'm not changing).

From: "Phyllis Head" <phyllis.head@sympatico.ca>
Date: Sat, 8 May 2004 14:28:25 -0400
To: "Dorothy" <nimblethimble@snet.net>

Thanks, that's a good one.

I was reading this morning...I really like the Dahli Lama... He does away with all of those religious gods and lets us think for ourselves. Just so we don't destroy us all by fighting for those gods or oil, whichever. I'm headed for the basement..have some potting to do..small plates for Greg.

I appreciate your mother's "creativity" . She was a truly a creatively gifted person. I have many fond memories of her providing or suggesting activities down on the farm.

Here are a few sketchy things that come to mind sometimes. I've been reading about 1990's.. and I recall Grandma Marshall having an old phonograph and a player piano. When we walked in unannounced a few times, she was dancing to "Hard = hearted Hannah" and other recordings that I don't recall. It was spirited dancing but she she quit when we arrived. She loved her garden and I remember she made gooseberry pies in the spring. And she fed a blind squirrel that lived in the oak trees. Mom promised her dad (Ella's first husband) to never drink alcohol, tea or coffee before he died. And she didn't ever serve it or allow us kids to drink it. I don't know if it was a religious no-no or a health no-no.

Sent: Tuesday, October 25, 2005 8:20 PM

Subject: a memory in honour of Rosa Parks

Thought you might enjoy this small episode of our family life.

A story We were there.

During the summer when Rosa Parks refused to give up her bus seat,

Wilson was with family in Columbus, Ohio studying for his Phd at OSU.

Phyllis took Norman, age 8 and Greg age 3 to Koininia in Georgia to spend the summer with grandparents. Norm was sent to Highlander Folk School with Koinonia Children because Koinonia seemed unsafe when the The Ku Klux Klan raided Koinonia,objecting to their acceptance of a black family to become community members. During the last week of our stay,

Greg and I joined Norman at Highland Folks School.

We met Rosa Parks while she was resting at Highlander Folk School when we were saying our goodbyes to our hosts, leaving to rejoin Wilson in Columbus, Ohio..

Sent: Wednesday, July 27, 2005 10:11 AM

Subject: Back yet?

The visit had many family reminders of days gone by.

The limb of the pear tree where I retired to read'

That crazy rooster who chased us now and then,

The feel of a warm fresh egg when lifted out of the nest,

The proud cackle of the hen as I reached for it.

Those are days of long ago, when we lived among trees and animals.

Ten years ago, I visited in China, near Dalian,

A trip with high school students to look after the environment,

To plant trees.

The ground was rocky, what soil was left was caked,

The shovel and axe dug a hole large enough to plant a small tree,

Who will look after our environment, our earth, in the future.?

Relics

Today, I was cleaning the dishes and noticed how very dirty a fork and handle looked.- The one that sits on the stove and tests the "doneness" of the food.

I started rubbing away at the grime between a split in the handle and on the tines of the fork.

The handle began to lose grime and seemed like ivory. Reminded me of an elephant tusk or dirty teeth. I kept rubbing and discovered there were splits in the handles filled with grime. I began to hollow it out. Then I noticed there was a pattern on the fork handle, with grime also. As the grime disappeared, silver began to appear.

Then I noticed that the handle is hollow with grime in the middle.

The silver design is beautiful!!

Memories of that fork have been with me since I was a child. It belonged to the Koppe's.

Mr. Koppe was an itinerant preacher of Christianity who joined my father when he was preaching on the riverbank of Des Moines, Iowa. My dad invited he and his wife to join us in our house. They stayed with us until he was earning enough money to rent an apartment. .

Mr. Koppe was an artist, a German immigrant. He painted pictures (I still have two, hanging on the wall behind me). They look like Rembrandt's style. A dark one and light one that looks like the fields of Iowa.

During the 30's, the depression years, the government gave jobs to out of work artists to paint and sculpt. Mr. Koppe carved beautiful wood platters, painted pictures, built sculptures.

They insisted I join them every Saturday to listen to the Opera and they gave me my first lessons in drawing.

I still have his sculpture on the wall in my house of my dog, Max, who my brother kept because he thought Max belonged to him, and later traded me for another of Koppe's wall hangings.

These artifacts have traveled with me during my lifetime.

In Chicago, I had my first two children, Norman and Greg.

I taught in the public school and we lived in an apartment on the south side. Mother must have given the fork to me as a wedding gift. She was present for the birth of all my children and she did the dishes and cooked for us while I was recovering.

. After Chicago, we moved to Ohio, I, to teach pre-school programs, start work on post-graduate work OSU; tend my two boys and produce my first girl.

The family moved to Canada, lived in Windsor and added Cindy to our family. These artifacts have been part of all of our lives. Max the dog, a pencil holder and the two pictures.

This fork has been a useful part of my kitchen, but not noticed for beauty.

It is now noted for beauty and history. I surmise that the Koppe's must have brought it with them when they immigrated to America. Perhaps it was a wedding gift to them.

Phyllis Head

From: "Phyllis Head" <phyllis.head@sympatico.ca>
To: "Daphne Drescher" <daphneann@earthlink>
Sent: Monday, September 06, 2004 11:54 AM
Subject: Drescher's

Dear Daph,

I've been reading through writings and letters that have been thrown into boxes over the years. Here is a writing in Dad's handwriting..I don't know if I found it for you to read when you were here. It might give you an idea of Where he was Coming from" You know he preached on the Des Moines river bank He felt "chosen".

The way the first church lived

God had evidently picked the day when Jesus ' message was to be launched on the world. The apostles and other disciples had been carefully prepared. Jesus had been crucified and risen, and had appeared to the disciples enough times for a historic witness, and the Feast of Pentecost had come, and there were Jews who had been scattered into every nation under heaven who were living temporarily in Jerusalem. The disciples were living together in an upper room. When the day of Pentecost had come, the best time for this tremendous event to be launched on the world the giving of the Holy Spirit to the prepared disciples. Suddenly there came a sound from heaven as a rushing mighty wind and filled the whole house where they were sitting, and divided tongues like as of fire appeared unto and sat on each of them and they began to speak in other languages as the spirit gave utterance. CW Drescher

He was a good father to us all. Some of his religious meetings we didn't care about. However, I enjoyed the socialist meetings. He was a religious activist.

I enjoyed your visit...when are you coming again?

We celebrated Rowan's 15th birthday last night. I just love Gregg's potato salad. Hope all is well with you.
Phyllis

From: "John Adair"
Date: Wed, 07 Mar 2007 20:32:25

About 35 years ago at a teachers convention in Okla. City, the discussion came up "Who in the American Indian tribe taught the children the life skills." The had a name for it and translated into Uncle and Aunt. I still feel that Uncle and Aunt type people make the best informers. Not necessarily blood relation but the attitude of them. They are not emotionally involved as parents would be as they [the parents] over expect and they lack patience thinking that their child isn't catching on fast enough. Maybe this is where the bully part comes in; we try to push beyond their abilities at that moment. Your Mom and Dad were excellent in this manner. I don't remember how many National Geographic we had in our house that were sent down from your family. Your family gave me a subscription of "Nature" magazine at one time and it was so informative.. I'll never forget the Hendrick Van Loon World Wide game that taught me all the major cities and countries through out the world. They nurtured in a quality way.

I am not sure how you got the attitude that we all disagreed with Uncle Chris on his ideas. He opened up people's eyes. In my first year in college a guest speaker Norman Thomas spoke to the incoming classmates. I could see the vision of both men and why he developed his humane philosophy. I could always be inspired for his forward thinking. One of the last things that I talked about with him, when I said. "What was the next big thing that is going to change things.?" His answer was 'Glue' he was so right. I still admire his putting up concrete houses in Washington. They are still standing and concrete is still a strong building block for construction. The motel that we just purchased is made from poured concrete in slabs and put together into a 9 story 214 rooms and as strong as the day it was built in 1972. Being a visionary is seldom found in people. He had it in abundance. I doubt if there was ever a dull moment in the Drescher household. I remember you playing the oboe, you were blessed with talent. Of course my favored moment is when Kenny got home from the service and we took the 1939 Wyllis and went east and saw you in Logan, W.Va.

Meet another friend "Chris", actual name Christian (not Christopher) we first met in 1931. The dire affects of the depression had already reached Iowa, The "bread basket of the world." No public relief was yet available. Hopeful job seekers were flocking into Des Moines only to be met by long lines of unemployed. Each day lay-offs increased. The riverfront park was a favoured gathering place particularly near the Public Library. It was an election year. Several small groups assembled to discuss the issues. Speakers of all shades of political color rose to exhort the listeners. Efforts were made to organize the unemployed to force some action toward a solution. There was talk of forming some form of self-help groups. The city offered free use of a large public hall for an open meeting of the unemployed. My husband and I had been interested for some time in co-operative movements. We too were caught in the vise of the depression. We were ready to try any reasonable idea so we went to that meeting. There were many speeches, several expressing anger. Then a slightly built middle aged man climbed to the platform. As he began to speak there was a noisy outbreak of protest and shouts of derision. With a faint smile he raised his hands begging for quiet. Suddenly my husband jumped to the platform and shouted for silence, saying he wanted hear what the man had to say.

Thus we met Chris, a "convinced Quaker", a life-long pacifist, a firm believer in the feasibility of the (practical) application of the Sermon on the Mount in daily living. He proposed a co-operative plan of service exchange. Barbers would cut hair, shoe makers repair shoes, mechanics repair cars, etc.. We asked hi him to come home with us to continue the exploration of ideas. We talked far into the night finding many areas of common concern and understanding. From that conversation began a working relationship that developed into a deeper more personal emotional and spiritual sharing. He and his wife Jennette, also a "birthright Quaker" maintained a very unique household, strange and new to us but which for more than a year we shared. After first meeting we worked together to form a cooperative group made up of Christian people, of no particular denomination, age or ethnic background but all committed to the precept of "from each according to his/her ability, to each according to his/her need.", an ideal which we learned Chris had earnestly and at great personal cost been living by for much of his adult life.

Chris at a very early age worked in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and ever after walked with the tell-tale stoop so common during the years of "child labor" practiced in the mines. Also at an early age he became an avid Bible student which led to discussions which developed into his "preaching" during lunch breaks in the mines. In later years he "took to the road" as an itinerant preacher going from place to place as the Spirit led him. During those years he had various very deep religious experiences, including speaking with tongues and divine healing. Through it all he consistently advocated the communal type of life the twelve apostles lived. He also insisted a Christian society should and could function under the standard - "from each according to his ability to each according to his need." One day as he was declaiming that theory he was challenged by a listener who suggested he would "sing a different tune" if he was a laborer working a trade.

Chris accepted the challenge, decided plumbing was one of the dirtiest and most unpleasant trade and set out to become a plumber. He learned the trade and then developed a successful heating and plumbing business. He hired not only skilled workmen but he also employed mentally and physically limited workers. He consistently paid higher wages than others in the fields, believeing in sharing profits. To further demonstrate his theories, he built an apartment house by exchanging labor, materials and services with a building contractor. As the depression deepened he evicted no one for non payment of rent, accepting whatever money and services his tenants could offer. He and his fellow believers tightened belts and prayed.

We joined with Chris in a new venture we hoped might help relieve some of the needs the depression was causing families who were willing to work with us. My husband's training and skills as well as his particular brand of faith teamed with Chris' own stimulated a long held dream. The whole venture proved to be a mutually educational experience. We studied various cooperatives currently in operation, such as the Amana Colonies for instance. We checked out available land, taking soil samples to Ames. We consulted various professionals, we formed a corporation, applied for and received a modest federal grant under FERA. Details of that experience is a story in itself. My purpose is to acquaint you with this friend, a unique but practical idealist persistently seeking to realize a dream.

For many years he and Jennete, his "birthright" Quaker wife had lived and worked with a group of fellow believers sharing things in common such as their bank account. Most of those we came to know could not contribute earnings to compare with those of Chris. Most were older. Chris continued the relationship (open and with no legal contract) as long as they lived.

When we were about to be evicted because of inability to pay our rent, he appeared at our door one morning with his truck announcing he and Jennette had worked out a solution. They had cleared a large space in the 3rd floor attic of their large frame house, already bulging with people in like circumstances. I became the chef and nutritionist for the group. Jennette was the housekeeper. Chris and Roswell concentrated on the organization in which I also participated as an officer of the Corporation.

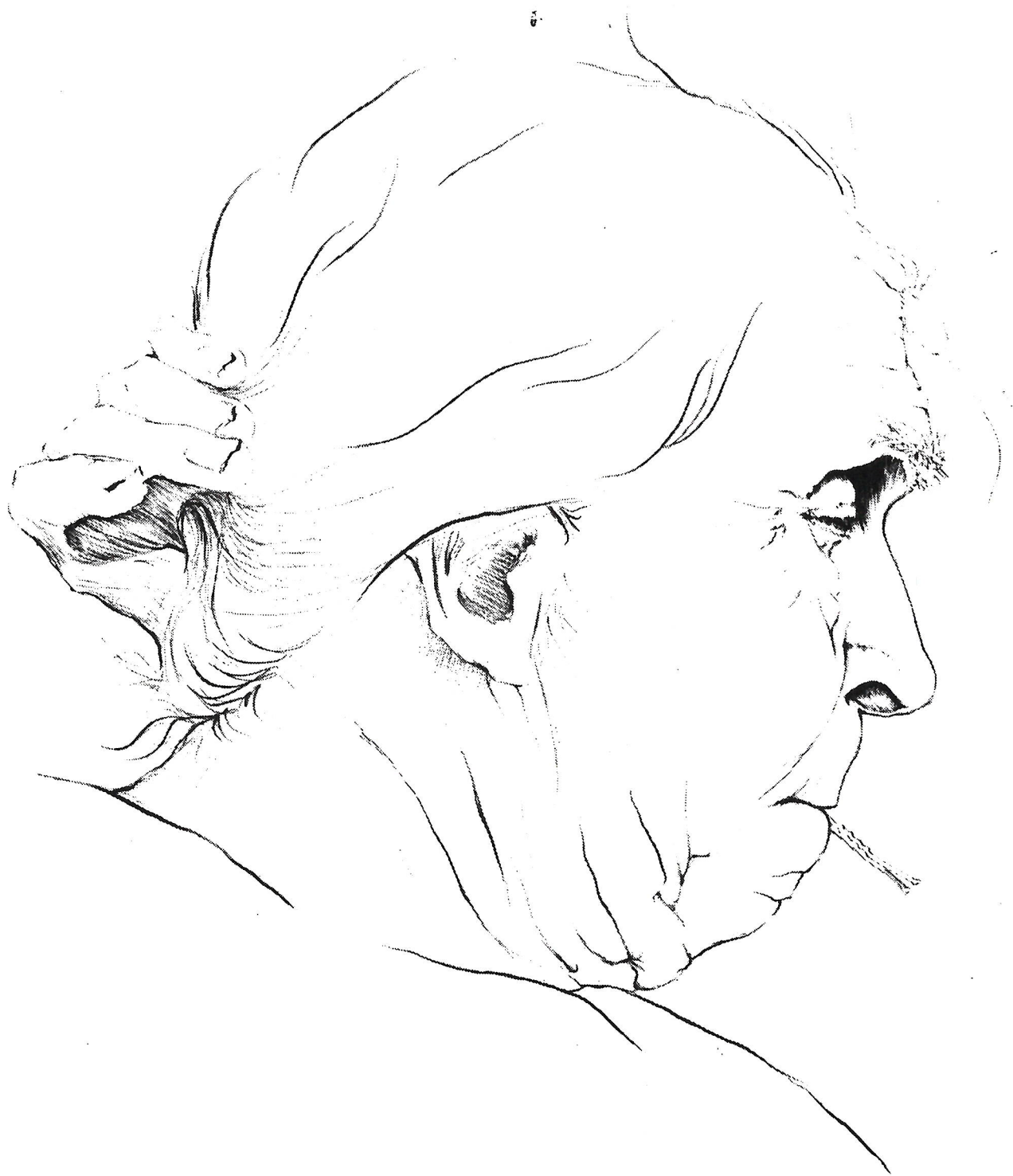
They followed the practices of their Quaker Faith. We continued actively in our church but we also participated in a prayer group with others in the house. That prayer link survived many years, long after we withdrew from the group. We called on the group in all emergencies. For instance, in Chicago once, we received a call from Jennette. Chris was critically ill, doctors had told her they could do no more and to expect the end. She activated the group. We prayed at several geographical points but together at a stated time. Chris survived.

"The Workers Service Exchange" petered out as the various government sponsored work projects developed and WWII began. It did, however, serve its purpose/ Chris and Jennette never ceased their search for the perfect Christian community. They tried several including Koinonia at Americus, Georgia, where they spent several years during its early and most difficult years. He also persistently continued his prayerful campaign to lure us into forming with him the ideal community as he envisioned it.

At times I like to recall Chris and Roswell, two such different personalities, using quite different routes of persuasion, each dedicated to the same goal, standing up declaring their convictions to the motley crowd of anxious troubled men and women at the river front and winning a few converts. One of the bright spots of a very painful era.

Shalom

Mildred Daley



G. G. G.

1988

March 21, 1983

Dear Friends,

In a way we have some sad news about mother Drescher. About the middle of January she became very ill and later was diagnosed as having a blockage in the colon which might have been cancer. She died March 15th at age 93. After some time in the hospital, she was returned to the nursing home. She was in great discomfort and it was a blessing that she did not have to suffer any longer.

We had a memorial service Sunday, March 20th. Kenneth came from San Jose. Some of her grandchildren and great grandchildren as well as many friends were in attendance. La Moine and I thought it was a very nice service and one that she would have wanted. The Pastor who conducted the service was the one whose church service she attended regularly.

Kenneth and Phyllis both came when mother was in the hospital and stayed for few days.

There is a possibility that a service will be held later this year in Redding, Iowa, where dad is buried.

Sincerely,

Richard Drescher
Kenneth Drescher





Phyllis Drescher Head of Alice Aldair Johnson
Phyllis' prize-winning flower garden - Toronto, Canada



Alice & Phyllis Mal & Cynthia McKenna
2006 trip to Toronto.

Fw: An announcement from Norman Head

Subject: Fw: An announcement from Norman Head
From: "Phyllis Head" <phyllis.head@sympatico.ca>

Myl great grandmother picture this is one I took.---

From: [Norman Head](#)

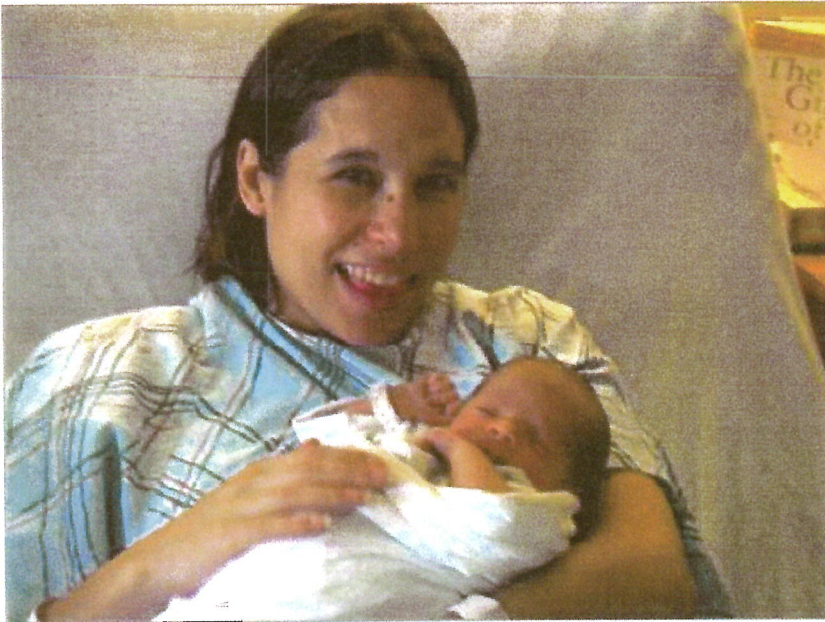
To: everyone@headfolk.ca

Cc: normhead@mac.com

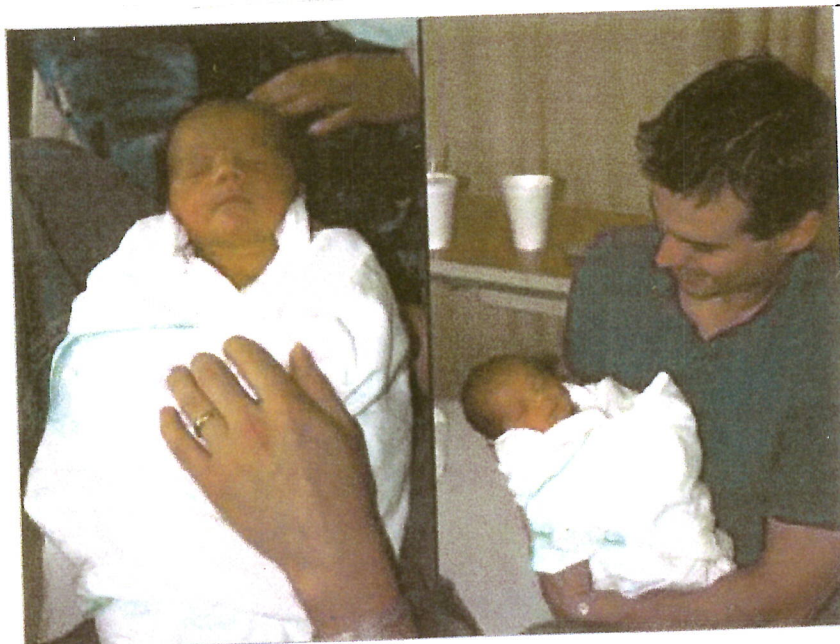
Sent: Tuesday, May 15, 2007 9:23 PM

Subject: An announcement from Norman Head

Norman Head is pleased to announce:



It's always good to see happy people in pictures. So, I guess this means Jordan has had visitors already, and Robyn too even.



I've added four new pictures to Jordan's page. Hopefully, more to come soon.

Subject: Alice, Dorothy letter

From: "Phyllis Head" <phyllis.head@sympatico.ca>

Date: Tue, 11 Oct 2005 15:15:58 -0400

To: "Dorothy Walt Gonick" <Nimblethimble2@verizon.net>

October 11, 2005 Day after Canadian Thanksgiving Day

Dear Alice and Dorothy,

I'll put Dorothy's on e-mail and send Alice snail mail.

It was good to hear from you and I didn't realize that you didn't thank me and enjoy your time here. I enjoyed your visit.

I was just sorry that you didn't meet more of the family. We were all together for Thanksgiving yesterday at Robyn's house in Hamilton. We took a walk along Lake Erie while Cyd, Mal, Renee, Jules all roller skated. Norman spent time with his Daughter, Robyn, and we all enjoyed a beautiful fall day. Veronika walked a wee bit and rested (she's the one that was injured in a head-on collision last Christmas)

Sandi and Harv(Wilson's second wife and her husband) were just back from a long visit to Paris and Spain and we had lots to talk about since I met Carlos in Spain and the children had spent Christmas there with me in Malaga..

Robyn and Kevin have a lovely new house not far from Lake Erie...(I live not far from Lake Ontario), and she provided the turkey, sweet potatoes &???? And others brought salad, dessert and nibble things. I took my harvest of small beets, all pickled for the occasion. Seems like Thanksgiving meal should have something "home grown", don't you think?

My potter's wheel is making a loud squeak when used but I have made a few pots...getting ready for Christmas. Luke helps me decorate.

I'm also getting my lip in shape for playing. -oboe, of course.

It was great to get news of Marv and family. I have wondered about Marv's health since the accident.

Also appreciated were the news blurbs about early childhood education.

David Suzuki has been putting on some great programs on his "Nature of Things".

The early socialization of caring and language skills are important and the teachers need to know more about child development.

I have made myself unpopular with my pushing the local politicians to "get a program" with knowledge of Human Development. Some changes are being made in curriculums. (The U of T, and Y U. don't even have Human Development programs...just rat psychology).It's good to see that some progress is being recognized.

Well, life is smoothing out. I had a great time on Vancouver Island for a couple of weeks ago. Met lots of former (some old) friends,...Judy (Greg's first mate) is proud owner of about 20 llamas on a farm in Sooke. My former log house is beautiful and I picked plums from the tree I planted before leaving, and wild blackberries, which I made into jam when I returned home.

I hope you don't mind my typing, I'll now print and e-mail.. Lots of love to you
all,
Phyllis.

ps. the yard is full of starlings pecking at all the new grass sod that John put down.

I'm enjoying the birds as I write. The front ones have eaten my supply of bird feed so they'll have to wait until I go shopping again.

From: "Phyllis Head" <phyllis.head@sympatico.ca>

Date: Sat, 24 Jul 2004 10:46:22 -0400

My trip was absolutely beautiful.. I loved New Zealand, people still live in houses on farmland.... Ro visited a couple who live in Cockatoo.... for the birds that live nearby and on, I saw and identified many Australian birds... in Melbourne I visited a new museum that showed off the bones of a blue whale-introduction hall.... they also had the animals and birds carefully displayed so I could identify some of the things I had seen. My only problem was "getting tired" so I sat and had cocoa in a little cafe that looked out on the Botanical Gardens that were beautiful..walked to meet Rowan who wanted to have lunch in another section of city... Melbourne has a "free" streetcar that makes the rounds of the city which drops you off near the places that are pertinent to enjoying their city. Rowan dropped me off at the Metropolitan natural museum... where I spent a couple of hours. Then I walked in the Park and later took the street car to Federation Square where I bought some Australian wine for Ro's dad. and enjoyed lunch... There was a sorta "flee market" going on. I can't remember where Rowan and I reconnected...He was better at finding his way than I.

We were air-lifted in cable cars to look down on the mountains where that famous movie was made...and then traveled in a cable car that turned into a boat and took us down a rain forest river...then back up onto the road where the guide named many of the plants and trees and told of their unique life styles. We saw little pools that were from underground eruptions ??word..etna is one...lava flows ..several blubbies among the plants in a park. I have never seen that before and need to know more.

about Americans. Dick never could understand why Americans were resented abroad.

I ran into it when I visited in Australia. I was accepted more warmly, but then both countries and the Us were begun with people leaving Britain. You have to remember that I left the States in protest to their war in Vietnam and bombing of Hiroshima. My Quakerism seems to have struck home somewhere. Love , Phyllis

Hi, I haven't heard from you this beautiful autumn season.

I've been working in the garden this morning before it gets too warm. moving the hens and chicks to an old log that looks good with a little greenery..next to the Daphne bush.

A friend came over and relieved my lawn of too much vinca and thyme...it looks shorn but it gets mulch to rich... that's an apt mis-spelling, don't you think?

I've replaced my lost camera with one of it's vintage..it feels good...Maybe I'll go out and take pictures with it. The asters are beautiful and roses are lush. Need pruning before taking a picture.

My house is cluttered with pictures that I must sort out.. Dreschers Adairs etac. etc.

My porch has been stained..looks fresh and beautiful ready for a luncheon celebration.. Greg is working on the back apartment which is now rented starting Oct. 1. The back apartment was my place before Greg moved out and in with his mate to her house.

I have more energy.... riding the bike again..went swimming yesterday...however..I need more rest and sleep between these activities.

I hope Alice and family is save from the hurricanes... I remember one of those back in the forties, when I was on a school work-study job.in Savannah, Ga...had my oboe with me..played with an orchestra of retired musicians all night of the hurricane because we couldn't go home because of high winds and trees blocking the highway.

Now that I'm old, I'm glad I did all those things for the pleasant memories (although not exact?)

One Christmas trip to Des Moines I slept in the front room on Dean Street and I got up and put some wood in the fireplace and I went back to sleep and woke up with the room all lit up from the new fire. scary moment. Tell me about all your family. remember stopping when we were in Canada and the time you went to work at Seneca and stopped he and gave a talk on early childhood in the middle seventies. I

I think my greatest trip is when Kenneth and I went to see you in Logan W VA in 1946 after he got out of the service. John

PS The cows name was "Tamie", The dog was Lady, and the gray mare was "Daisey."
--- Original Message -----

From: Phyllis Head

Was that you who went to Washington with Ken and I? About 1945, I think. My last year at college. Logan, I'd forgotten that name.. the hills of West Virginia. It was a fun trip. I had a nice visit for a week with Ken when I lived on Vancouver Island before he died. I'm the survivor. I correspond with Daphne his daughter. She keeps in touch with her brother Kent.

I still think of you as a young man and it's hard to believe that you could be as old as I...or almost, even.

A letter is already posted to you..before I got your e-mail... I didn't have enuf US postage and must stop at post office on my way to a luncheon. It's a lovely day, sun shining brightly, temperature up... I'll ride my bike along the beach. I live near Lake Ontario...

Norman is my oldest son, who is in charge of technology at a local hight school.. He considers himself

From: Phyl Head <phylhead@sympatico.ca>

Date: Sun, 23 Mar 2003 18:19:30 -0500

To: Dorothy <nimblethimble@snet.net>

I've been married twice...Wilson and Carlos

Wilson and I had 4 children, Norman, Gregory, Renee, Cynthia/Sandy is Wilson's second wife and she is included in the headfolk activities.

Carlos and I had 10 wonderful years together...I correspond with his son and wife,, Mike and Dorothy...they have two children and one grandchild becky

Norman has two children...Simon who lives in the Yukon, Robyn who lives nearby and is getting married on July 5th

Greg lives with Jan and has 2 children... Haley who is grown and we don't see her much, and Luke who is 7 years old....Sheila is his mother who doesn't live with Greg but I am friends with her and Greg does many things for her...She has trained to be a lawyer, and has had very interesting jobs.

Renee lives with Julius, and has 2 children...Kade, 9, and Rowan, 12 ..their father is John, lives in Guelph and runs a Futon shop.

I walked over and brought home a ceramic bird house...one I have made ..I strung it and hung it in a tree...It has been a warm sunny day..and the ground cover is green

Hi both, I'm sharing my lovely autumn day with you. I have been going through 3 years of garden flowers and starting a website. My oboe playing was called off and I decided there was plenty of food for the holiday so I'm going through memorabilia and organizing. Its' been warm, the finch have been playing in the apple tree and they sang a little when I played my oboe. That's a perfect day.