

ALFRED RAJDER

Personal

[Wolff Family]

[1939-1946]

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
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HOVE BOROUGH EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

THE EAST HOVE SENIOR SCHOOL FOR BOYS,
CONNAUGHT ROAD,
HOVE, SUSSEX.

22/12/39.

Alfred Bader attended this school from 14. 2. 39 until 22. 12. 39. He came to us from Vienna, and in spite of natural handicaps, he soon settled down and made remarkable progress. The fact that he was made a school prefect shows how generally competent he was.

He is a most intelligent and able lad, one to whom a course of higher education would be very beneficial. He is very honest and trustworthy and his general conduct is beyond reproach.

I am sure he will make further progress in any type of secondary school.

Ralph
Headmaster



ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

ESTABLISHED 1961

May 18, 1994

Miss Annette Wolff
Apartment 409
4840 Bonavista Road
Montreal, Quebec H3W 2C8
Canada

Dear Annette,

Your chapter entitled "To Vienna 1949 with Alfred" is most enjoyable and so well written.

If you don't mind, I plan to use some of your material, specifically your description of Franz Sobek, in some writings about that very great man.

On page 72, paragraph 2, you write that "Alfred would ask the two girls he had met on board to join us for dinner and dancing at the Trocadero that evening." One of those two girls was Isabel who has stayed in my mind and heart ever since, and the other was Ruth Hunt, with whom we will be staying during Isabel's 45th Victoria University reunion in June.

Please do give Rachel a special hug from Isabel and me.

Fond regards.

As always,

Alfred
Thanks so much for sending your chapters. We have both enjoyed it very much. There I was cycling around England when you were having your adventures on the continent.

By Appointment Only
ASTOR HOTEL SUITE 622
924 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN USA 53202
TEL 414 277-0730 FAX 414 277-0709

Keep well,
Love Isabel



Dr. Alfred R. Bader
2961 North Shepard Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

My dear Amette:

Thank you for your two last letters. Your work on the Steamship Line history is fascinating.

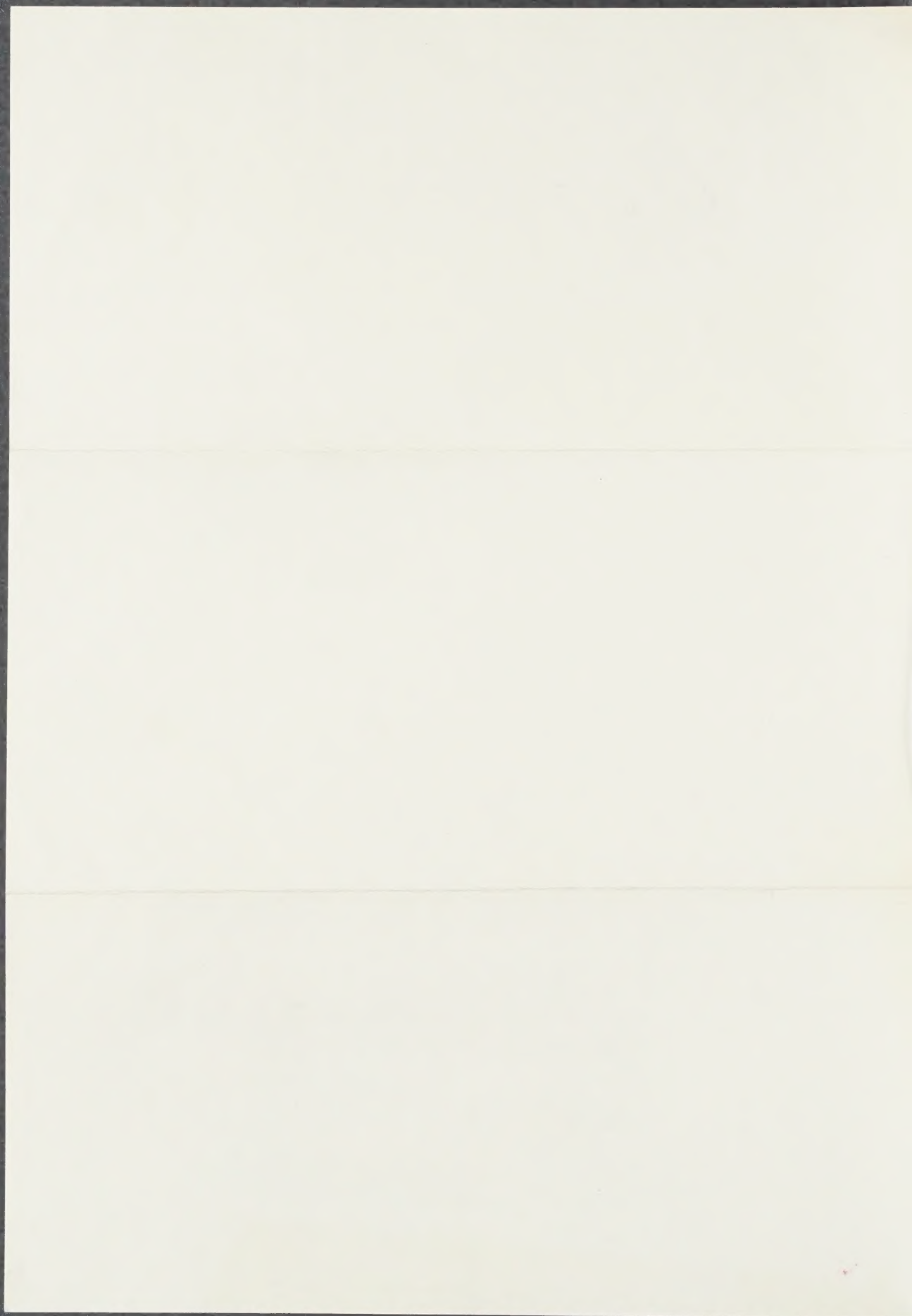
I'm sorry you didn't see the Sigma-Aldrich Book when I suggested it. Now it seemed unrealistically high, 44. We are doing well, but not that well. Now it's down to 38.

We can't very well invite you to our party because we'll probably spend it with the Keitman, and I'll have to travel just before and just after with Sigma-Aldrich growing, I have to travel much more - both to Europe and around the country. When you came to our wedding sales were \$1705/year; in 1980 we should reach our first hundred million dollars - but hope were different \$ in 1952!

Love regards from
all of us

Alfred

March 4 80



BADER

4840 Bonavista Road, Apt.409,
Montreal H3W 2C8.
4th November 1996.

Mr. Tim Bertin,
CBC Newswatch,
care of CBC, Room B 96-1,
1400 René Levesque East
Montreal H2L 2M2

Dear Mr. Bertin,

Enclosed please find my cheque in the amount of fifty dollars to cover the cost of a copy of the documentary entitled THE SECRET OF ILE AUX NOIX to be shown this evening at 6 p.m..

My interest in this programme stems from the fact that my Father applied for and obtained the release of one of the young men interned there in 1941. He came into our household as a young brother. This young man Alfred Bader has had a very successful life and now lives in the U.S.A. I shall send the copy to him.

Thank you for your help.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Annette R. Wolff

encl.

P.S. After sealing this letter I received a phone call from Toronto, from Mr. Kurt Rothschild who was also interned at Ile aux Noix and has asked me to obtain a copy for him. Hence the cheque to cover both. These two men have always been friends and close friends of our family. Thanks.

given ↑

*rec'd
ack*

11/19

POEMS

by Irene R. Wolff
1885-1940

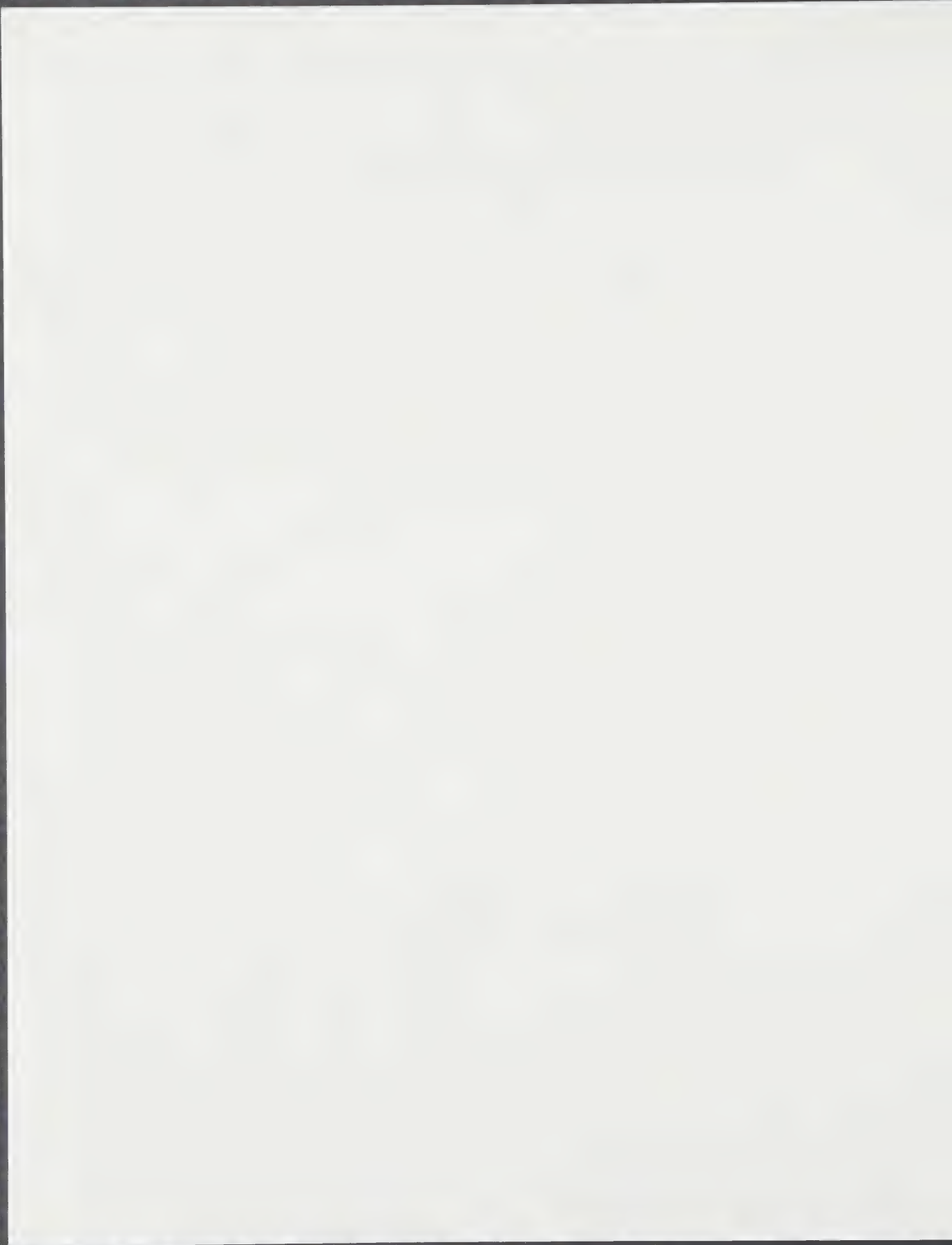


This collection of poems and verses is a sample of the work of Irene Rachel (Joseph) Wolff. We, her daughters, have for some years wanted to gather them into a book for her family and friends. They will, we hope bring back many memories to those who knew her while it may help her grandchildren and others to learn something about her.

Her parents brought her up in the ideals of service to her country and to Judaism. Her feeling of closeness to God was something very real and was exemplified in every action of her life, in her devotion to her family, and in her love of all those around her. Her poems are filled with her sense of humour, her optimism, and the joy of living.

Preparing her poems for publication we were reminded of the lines from another poet
 "Still are thy many voices, thy melodies awake,
 For death he taketh all from us, but these he cannot
 take."

December 1973



ST. CASIMIR

Stamps are certainly a boon
When in St. Casimir you dwell
But when you want the gramophone
Why then, you wish the stamps to H-

Of course one must have recreation
For this e'en stamps may have their use
But when they interfere with education
T'is time to wish them to the deuce.

Let stamps have their appointed hour,
At tea the gramophone may play,
But Saturday night they both lack power
For auction bridge holds royal sway.

When indoor games have lost their charm
The sunshine lures us out of doors
Where Mama gets a frozen arm
And Nettie sits on snowhouse floors.

On Sunday morn the Grondines roads
Are walked by Ma and Pa in vain
Searching for men with funny coats
Who promised they would come again.

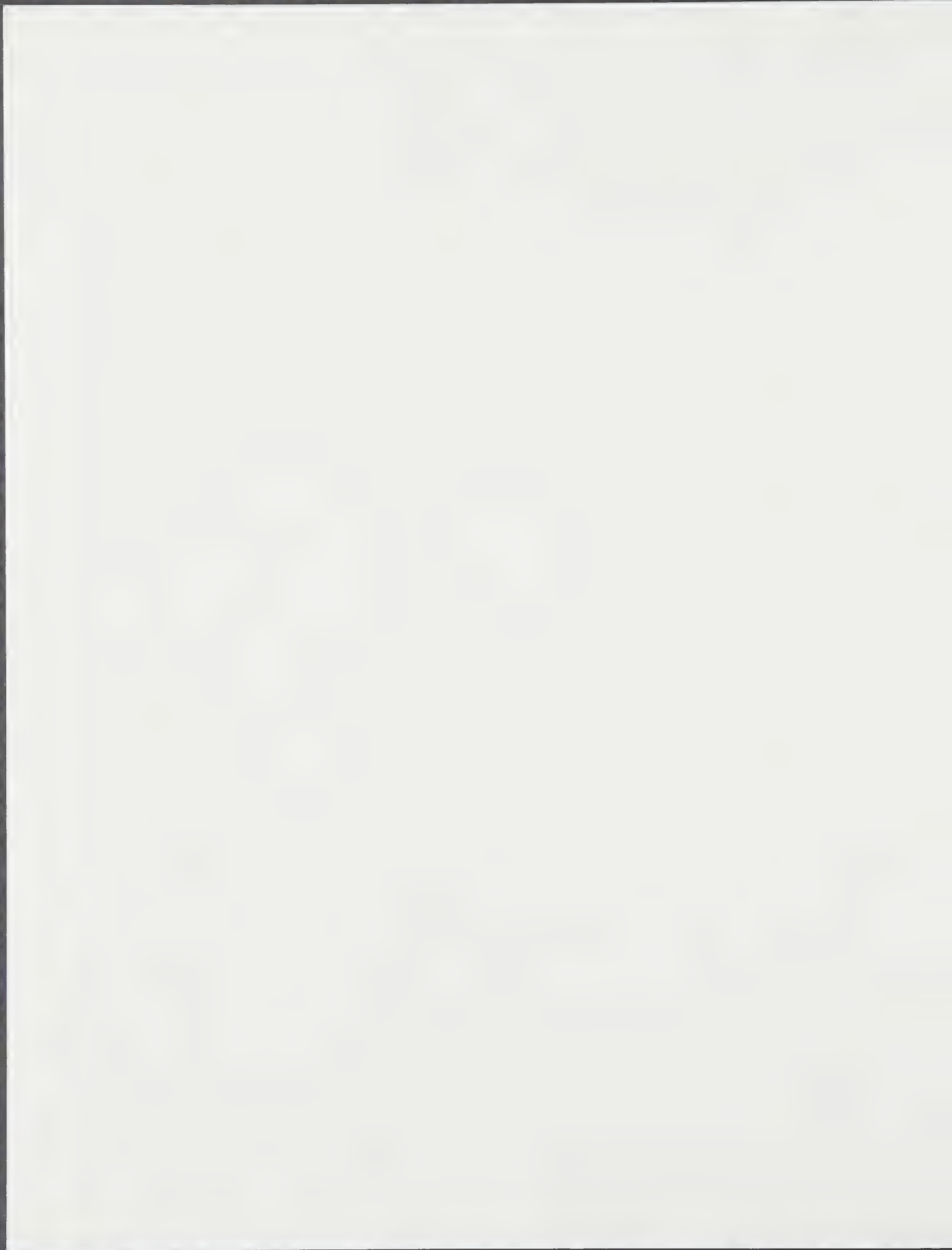
Thursday is half-holiday
Sarah slides with Juliette
Rachel watches from her sleigh
Longing for them to upset.

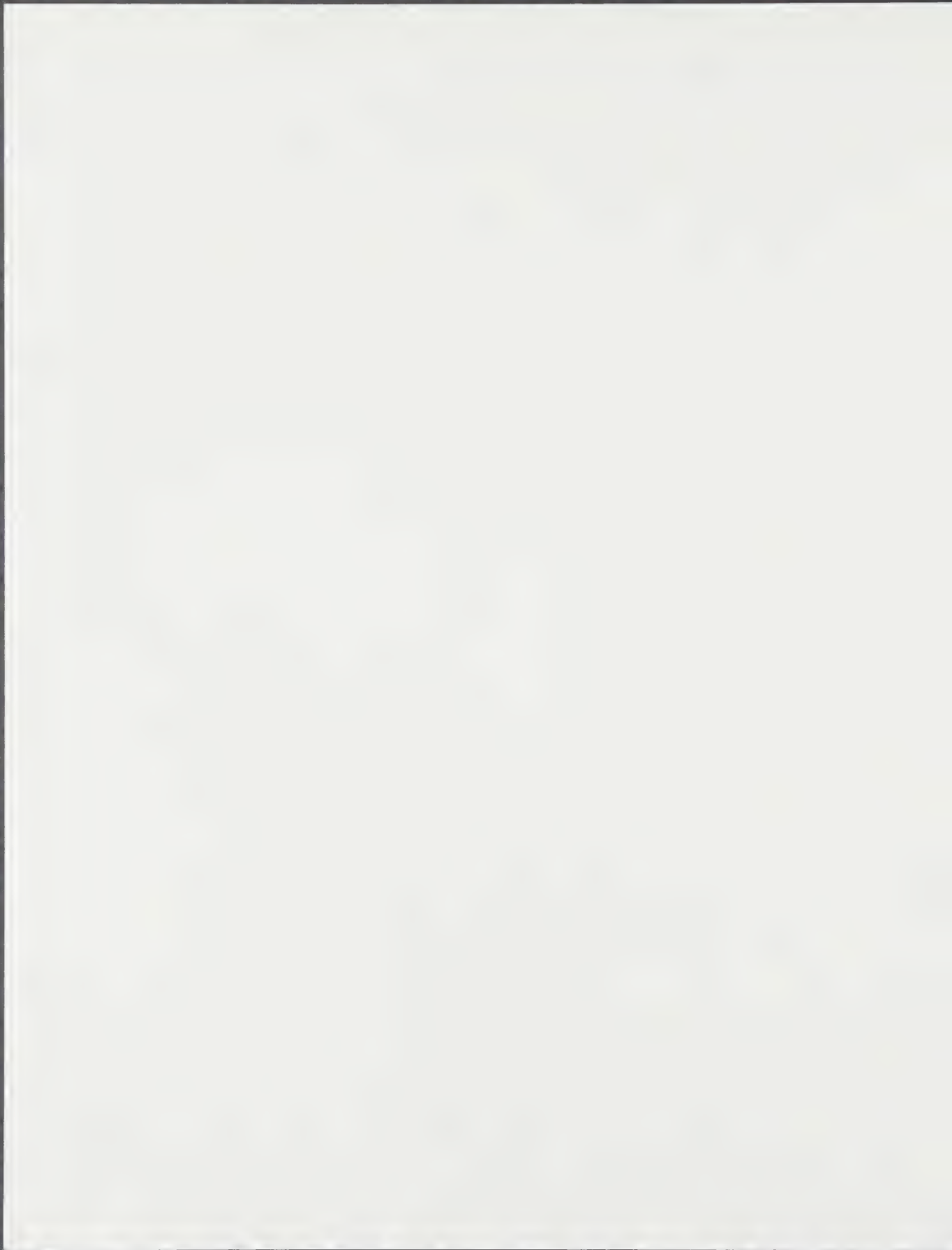
Nettie on a visit went
With her Grandparents to stay
A happy fortnight there was spent
She did not want to come away.

Sarah's four, Annette near three
Rachel is just one year old,
Now t'is time for B-E-D
All go off as good as gold.

We who 're in St. Casimir
Send hearty greetings to you all
And hope that for Pureem next year
We'll be together, big and small.

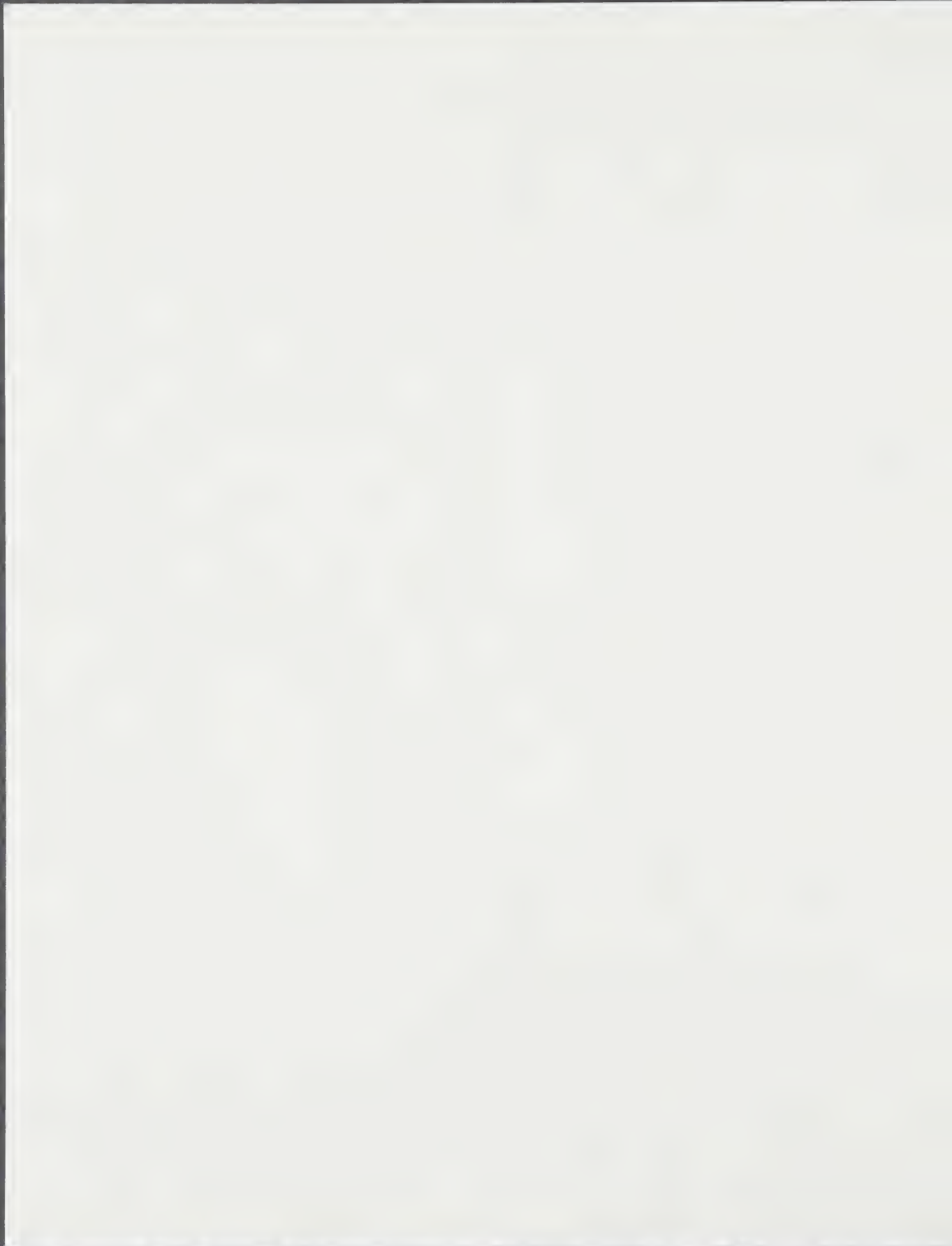
1914.





ONE SUMMER DAY.

We started off at early morn with fun and jokes and laughter.
 We said we'd leave at eight a.m.- we left one half hour after.
 "To go all day" ('twas Gordon spoke) "we must fill up with gas,
 I know a place they sell on tick". but dear me! and alas!
 When we got there the door was locked, and so we had to pay
 To fill up at another place, whilst Michael strolled away.
 "And now we're ready let's away, an early start I like,
 We've got our lunch, we've got our gas - but where is Uncle Mike?"
 We sought him East, we sought him West, we looked beneath the car.
 He slowly sauntered back to us - "I wanted a cigar".
 At last we're off, the city streets are soon left far behind;
 And there also (had we but known) we left our peace of mind.
 For country roads look all alike, and turnings most confusing;
 And many times throughout that day we thought "Our way we're losing."
 Both Muriel and Michael had gone the previous season,
 So Gordon trusted them as guides, which surely sounds like reason.
 So every time that Gordon asked "Is it this way or that?"
 His uncle answered "This, of course, if not I'll eat my hat".
 But Muriel time after time, said "I am not so sure
 I think the other road's the one that we went on before".
 "Turn right", "Turn left", "Go straight ahead", "No, just one moment,
 wait
 Oh! yes see there, 'To Girl Guide Camp', we'll not arrive too late.
 The hill was steep, the sun shone hot, our clothes hung hot and damp,
 But still we climbed heroically and reached the Girl Guide Camp.
 Our trip was well rewarded by the happy group we found,
 We saw them swim, inspected tents, and had a look around.
 But when it came to walking down, the thought just made us ill,
 So Michael bought a cart and team to take us down the hill.
 We sat down by the roadside and ate a scrumptious lunch,
 We tore a chicken limb from limb, we drank delicious punch;
 The bread and cheese were excellent, tomatoes were a treat -
 The spiders, ants, and butterflies all came to help us eat.
 And now we must find Carol, who is at the camp Adar;
 We'll go right back to Shawbridge, from there it is not far.
 "Where is the lake of Fourteen Isles?" we asked on every side.
 Some shrugged their shoulders, others smiled, but only one replied.
 He said "If you would spare your car, and reach your home alive,
 Take my advice, and on that road you'll not attempt to drive."
 We thanked him, but our Chevrolet continued onward bravely,
 And after many bumps and turns we reached the place quite safely.
 We've paid our visits one and two, the third we now must make,
 We want to find the Montefiores, who live on Echo Lake.
 We drove right back to Shawbridge, we took another road,
 We had cold drinks to slake our thirst; and then through woods we
 strode
 We walked, it seemed for many miles, with heavy feet and slow,
 Until at last we found the house on smiling Lac Echo.



We very soon felt better, especially with the aid
 Of home-made gingerbread and drinks of ice-cold lemonade.
 A swim, a row, a hammock rest soon set us up again,
 Though we were much upset to hear our trudge had been in vain;
 For had we gone from Carol's camp straight forward for a while
 We should have found the house in just three-quarters of a mile.
 The car was headed homeward, and arrived there safe and sound,
 We had not had a puncture, and the places three we'd found.
 So give three cheers for Gordon, who as chauffeur had no cinch;
 Add three more cheers for Michael, who knew the road, "Every inch".

1928.

X.

In Algebra when I went to school
 There was one unbreakable rule,
 If with the unknown we would fool
 We had to call it X.

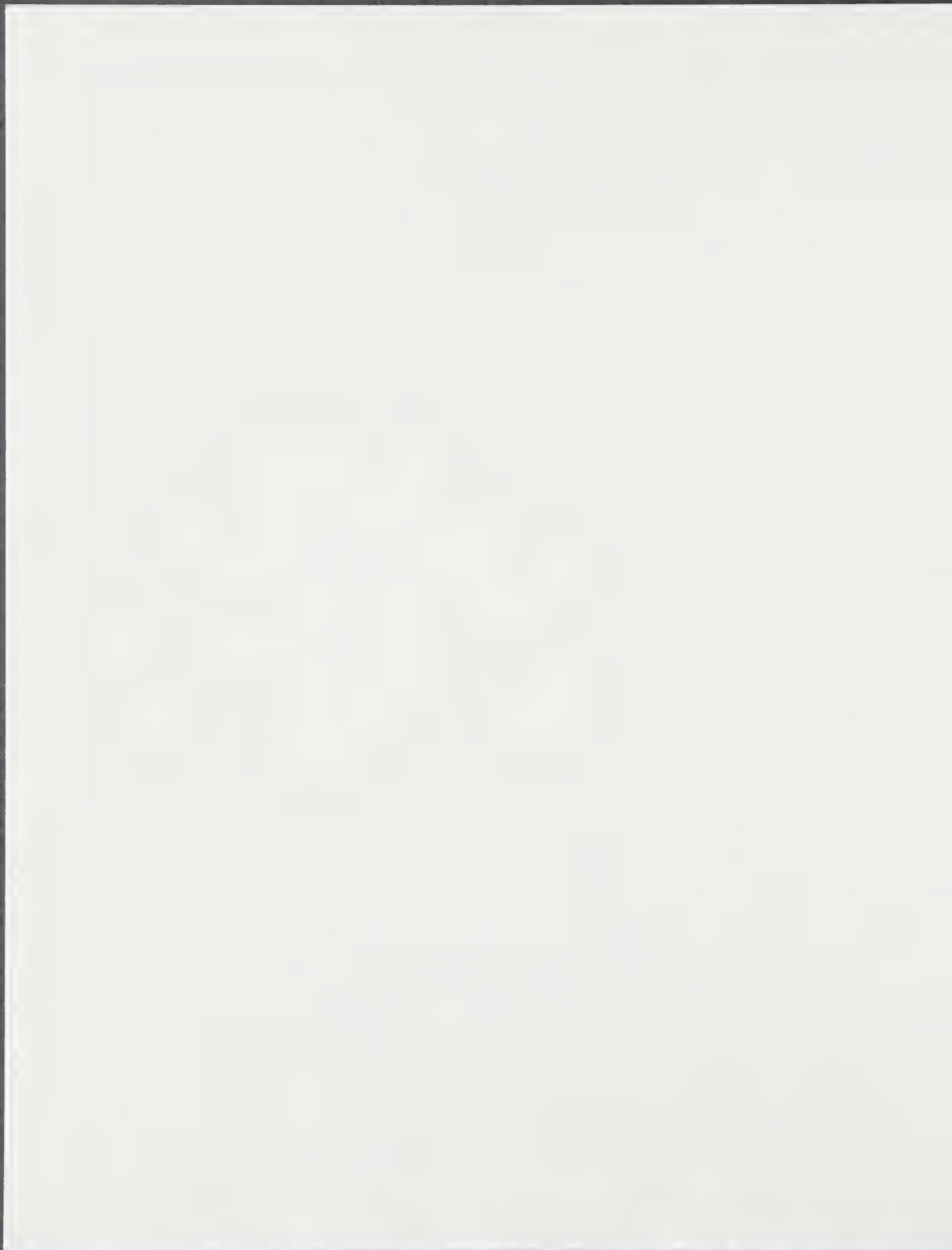
Now times have changed in every way
 And it is truthful quite to say
 The best-known sellers are today
 The ones which end in X.

There's Larvex kills both moths and flies;
 Tintex cleans clothes as well as dyes;
 Vapex for colds if you are wise;
 Kleenex removes cold cream.
 Cutex cleans nails and makes them bright;
 And Vicks cures coughs if used at night;
 Hutax for teeth 'twould seem is right;
 And Klex makes stained hands clean.

Kleenex, Cutex, Vapex, Vicks ---
 Every human ill they'll fix;---
 Larvex, Hutax, Tintex, Klex,---
 All sing praise of well-known X.

August 31st, 1930.

London, home of my Mother!
 Though o'er the seas I dwell,
 I come to pay a tribute
 To the home she loved so well.
 You favour me with sunshine,
 With skies of smiling blue
 You show me all your beauty;
 Dear London! I love you!



6

A DRIVE TO CAMP.

Five of us went for a drive one day,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
Mummy and Granny in scarf so gay,
Rachel and Roro in light array,
Daddy was there to show the way,
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!

With cover back the car looked trim,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
We started off with laughter and vim,
But soon one wheel rode on the rim,
The chauffeur changed it and Daddy helped him,
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!

In wooded field we stopped to eat,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
Sandwiches went as by magic feat,
Tomatoes were ripe, and plums were sweet,
The girls picked berries, an extra treat,
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!

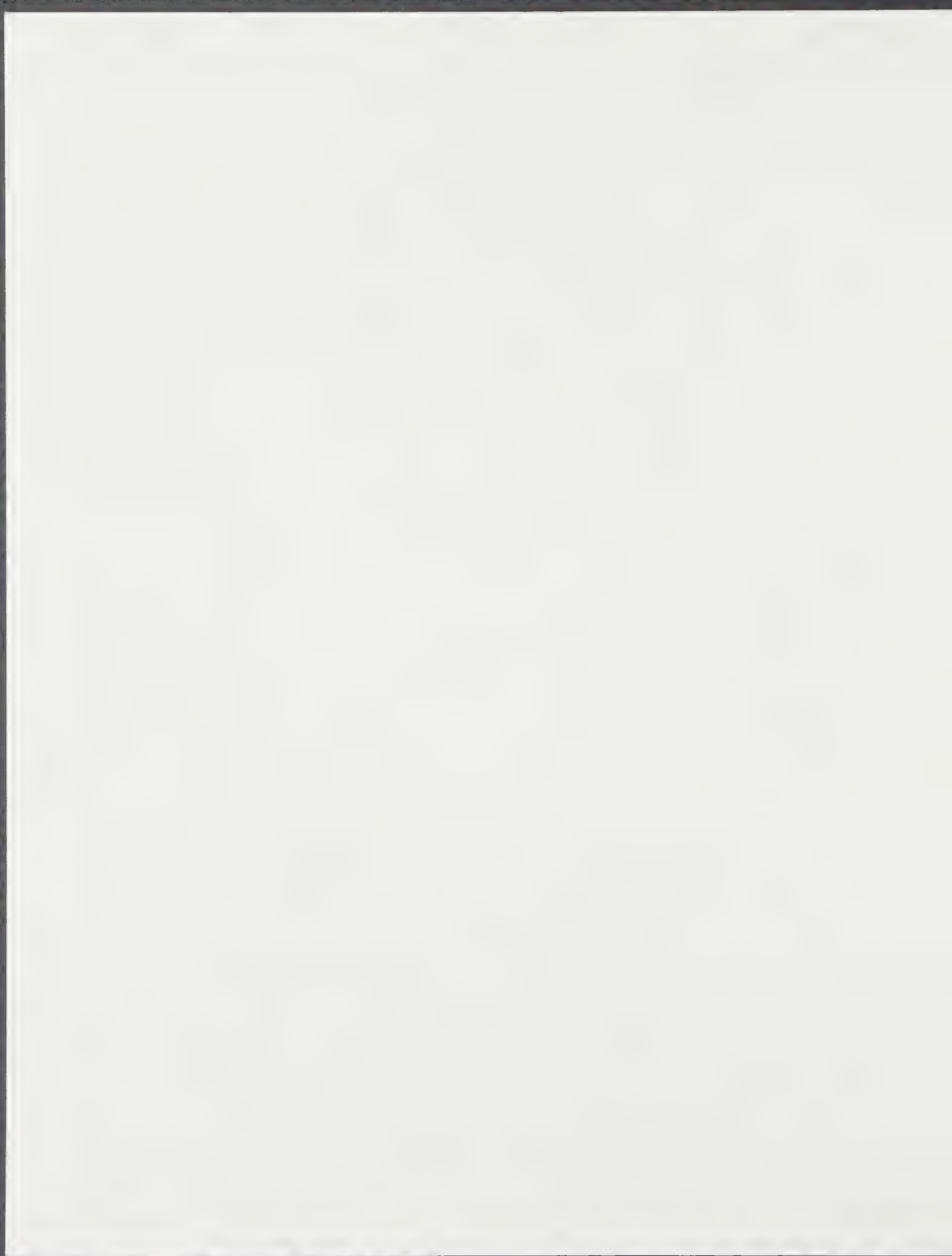
At last we went steadily on our way,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
Nor hill nor dust our car could stay,
Our hearts were light and our laughter gay,
"We're getting to camp this lovely day",
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!

The hill was steep but the car was brave,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
We reached the top like the crest of a wave,
A cheer the two ex-campers gave,
They were so excited they could not behave,
Sing-ho! for the Girl Guide Camp.

We explored the camp, a beautiful sight,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!

Annette and Fanny hailed us with delight,
They both looked happy, sunburnt and bright,
And Fanny had put on some inches in height,
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!

When four o'clock came our visit was done,
Heigho! for a drive to camp!
We brought away Doodles, and with her a bun,
She sang and she chattered, and had so much fun,
Though it rained it could not spoil our beautiful "run",
Sing ho! for the Girl Guide Camp!



TRUE NEIGHBOURLINESS

The sky was clear and cloudless,
The sun was shining bright,
The birdies in the tree-tops
were singing with delight.

Our neighbour in her garden
Was pulling out the weeds,
Was cutting off the flowers,
And picking up the seeds.

When suddenly she halted,
Straightened up and cocked her head,
Listened very, very tensely
Then to herself she said:

"I can hear someone coughing,
"Coughing very badly too;
"I must find out who's doing it,
"It is surely time I knew."

She quickly went into her house
And called the family round,
"Has one of you been coughing
For I heard a hacking sound?"

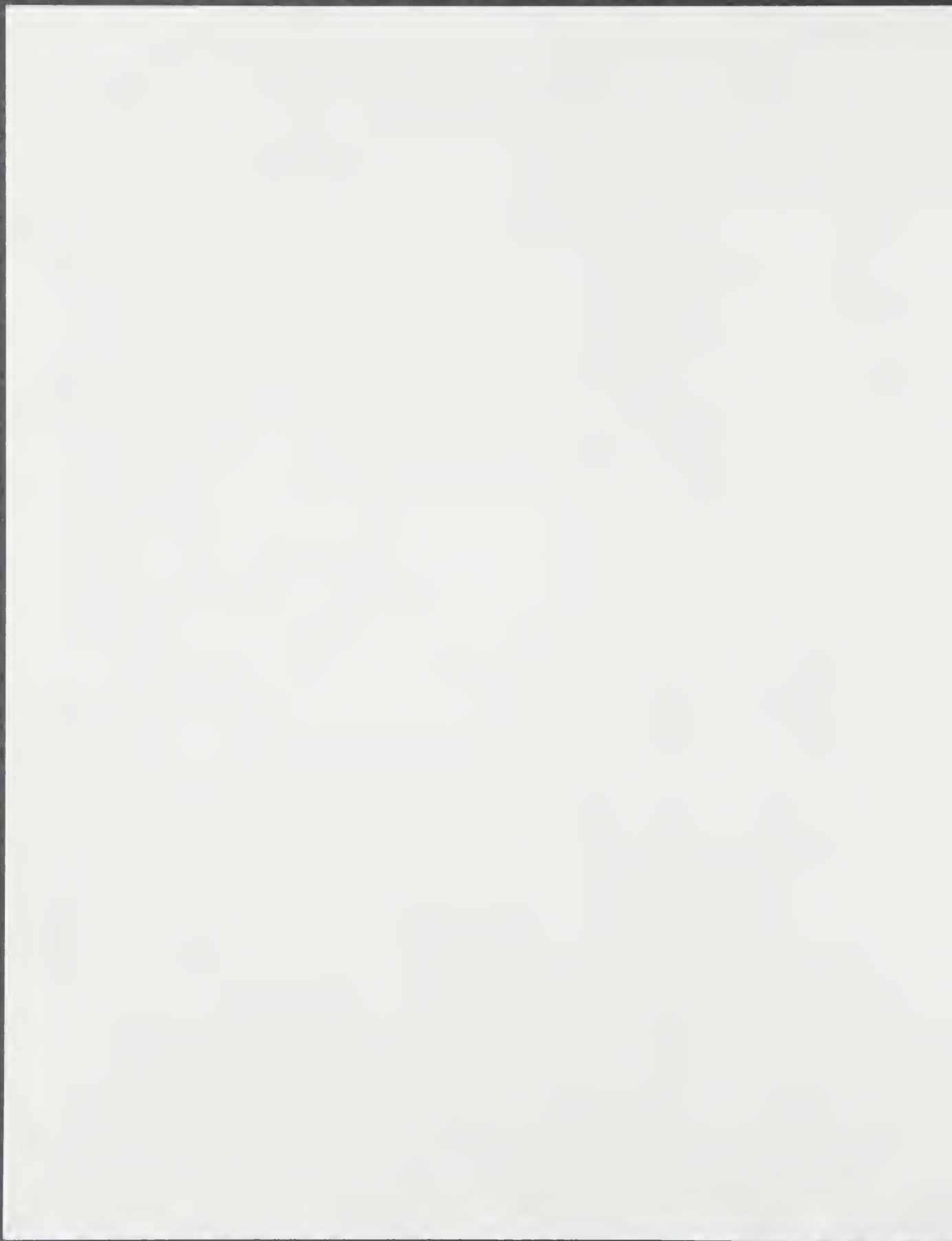
"Oh no, Mother", they assured her,
"None of us has coughed today."
"Then it must be that the sound came
"From the house across the way."

"Central, central give me quickly
"Westmount, eight, three, seven, two,--
"Hello, I heard someone coughing
"And I fear 'twas one of you."

"If they've coughed and have not told you
"They will quickly have to tell;
"But I'm sure that every one of us
"Is absolutely well."

Well it didn't come from my house
"Nor the house across the way;
"I'll have to call the man next door
"And see what he has to say."

"Good morning Mr. Neighbour
"Are you well I'd like to know



"For I thought I heard you coughing
 "About half an hour ago."

"I should say you heard me coughing,
 "Choking, spluttering with rage,
 "It was something just too awful
 "For a man of my great age.

"I sat down to my breakfast
 "Fried eggs, with nice crisp bacon,
 "I thought I shook on lots of salt---
 "'Twas the pepper I had shaken.

"I took one mouthful, then I choked,
 "I coughed and choked again.
 "You heard me coughing while my throat
 "Was burning with the pain."

.....
 Our neighbour in her garden
 Was pulling out the weeds,
 Was cutting off the flowers,
 And picking up the seeds.

She'd found out who was coughing
 She was feeling very pleased,
 She felt she'd done her duty -----
 Then - three - times - SOMEONE - SNEEZED.

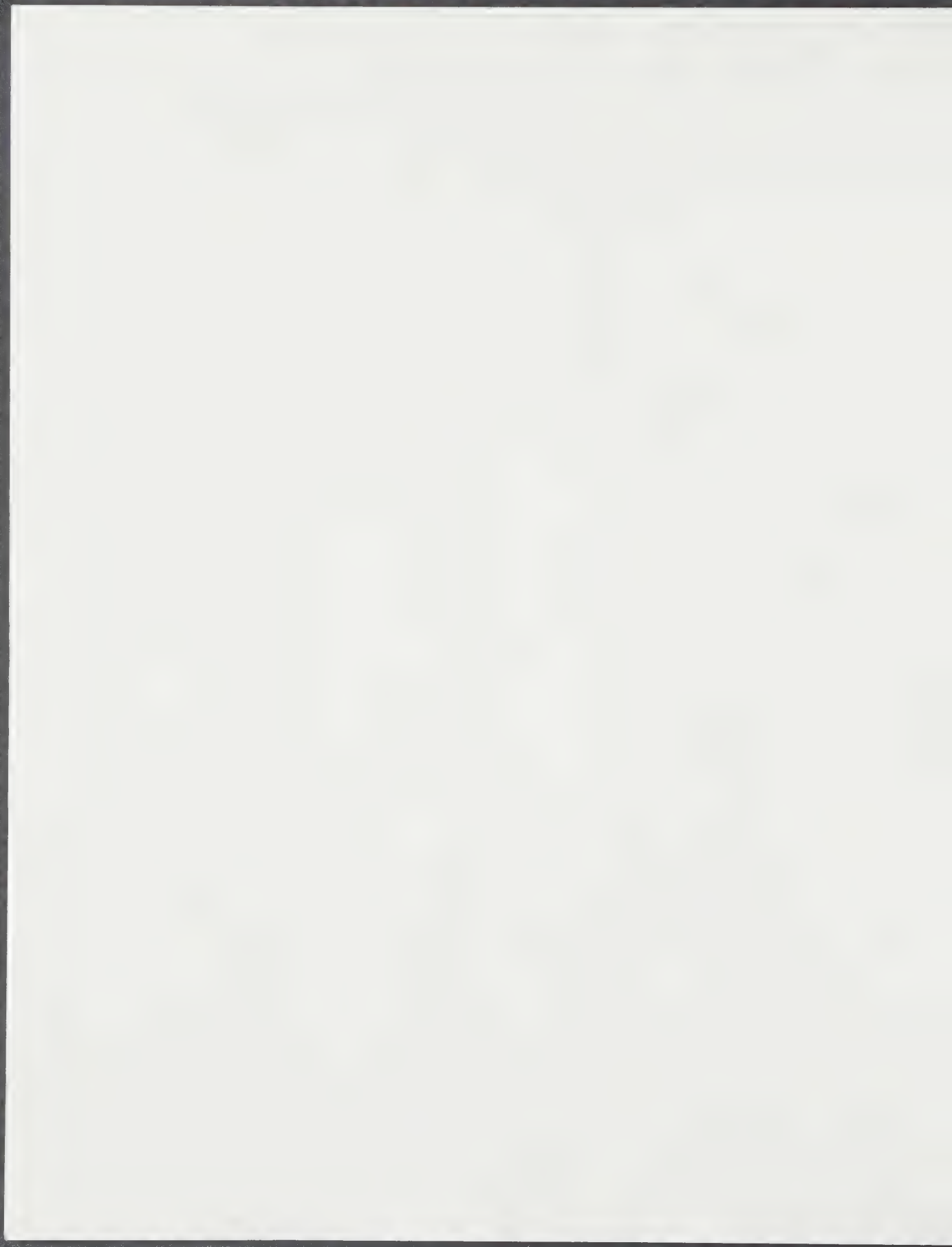
August 30th 1930

RETURN TO SCHOOL

Eager childish voices
 Fill the quiet street;
 Joyous, happy children,
 Pleased again to meet.

Holidays are over,
 School has now begun,
 Children all are happy,
 Think it will be fun.

Tales of fine vacations
 Babbling voices tell ---
 Suddenly there clangs
 The well remembered bell.



"Ohs" and "ahs" to greet it,
Old familiar sound.
Rush of pattering feet, then
Silence reigns around.

September 1931
Published in The Gazette, Montreal, September 9th, 1932.

IN THE COUNTRY

You have to get scratches,
And raspberry patches,
And a jolly good coating of brown:
If you haven't done these
On your holiday sprees,
You might as well have stopped in town.

You have to go boating,
Hiking, swimming and floating,
You have to drink quarts of milk down:
If you haven't done these
On your holiday sprees,
You might as well have stopped in town.

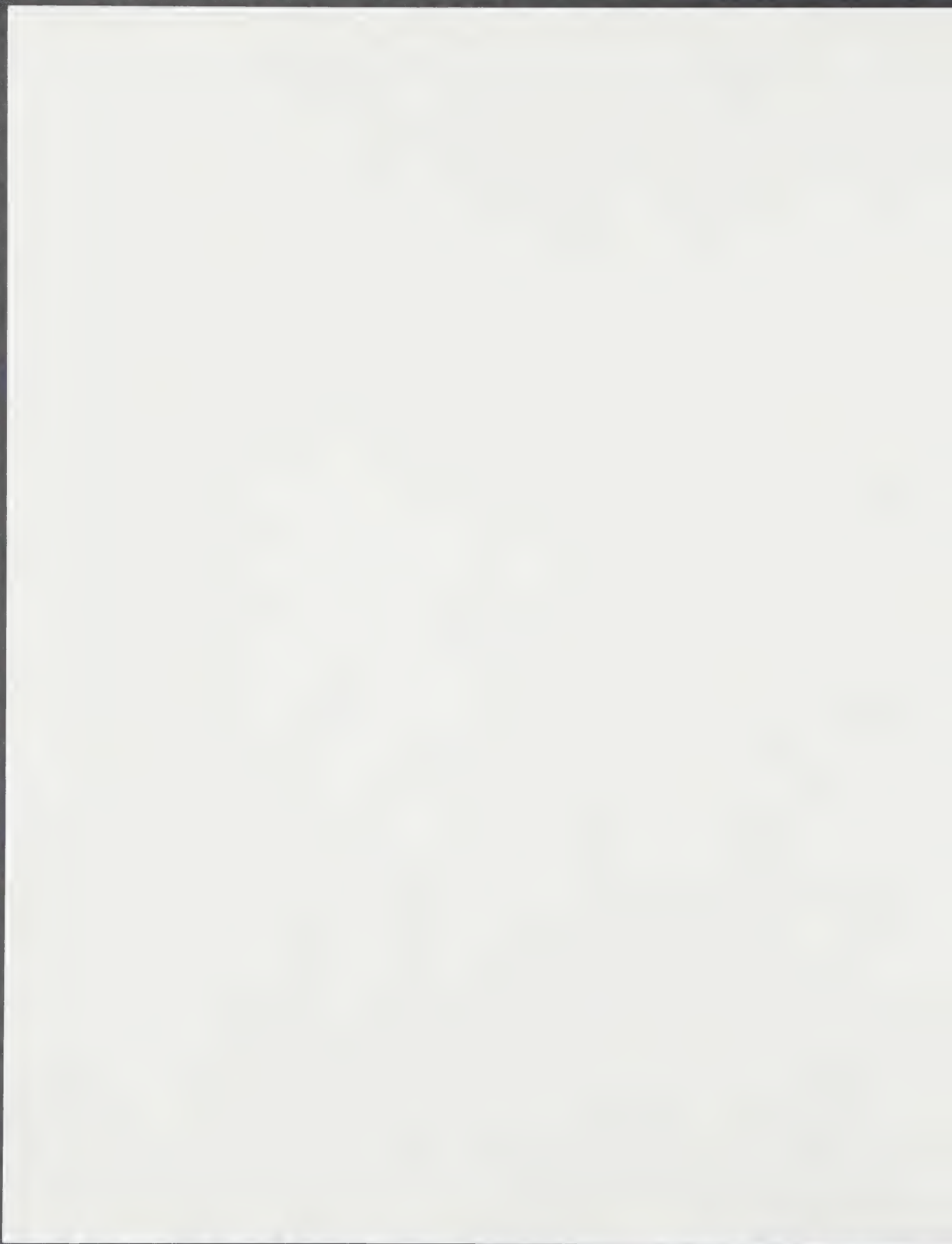
You must pick raspberries,
Gooseberries and wild cherries,
You always must smile, never frown:
If you haven't done these
On your holiday sprees,
You might as well have stopped in town.

Fourteen Island Lake, July 1932.

AT ST. PATRICK

The world is full of loveliness
The sea, the fields, the sky,
The robin calling to his mate,
The gulls that seaward fly,
The wavelets lapping on the beach,
The distant hills so blue
The mingled scent of pine and sea -
Dear Love! I long for you.

1934



M. G. H. NURSES

They start the day with "Good Morning",
They close it with "Good Night",

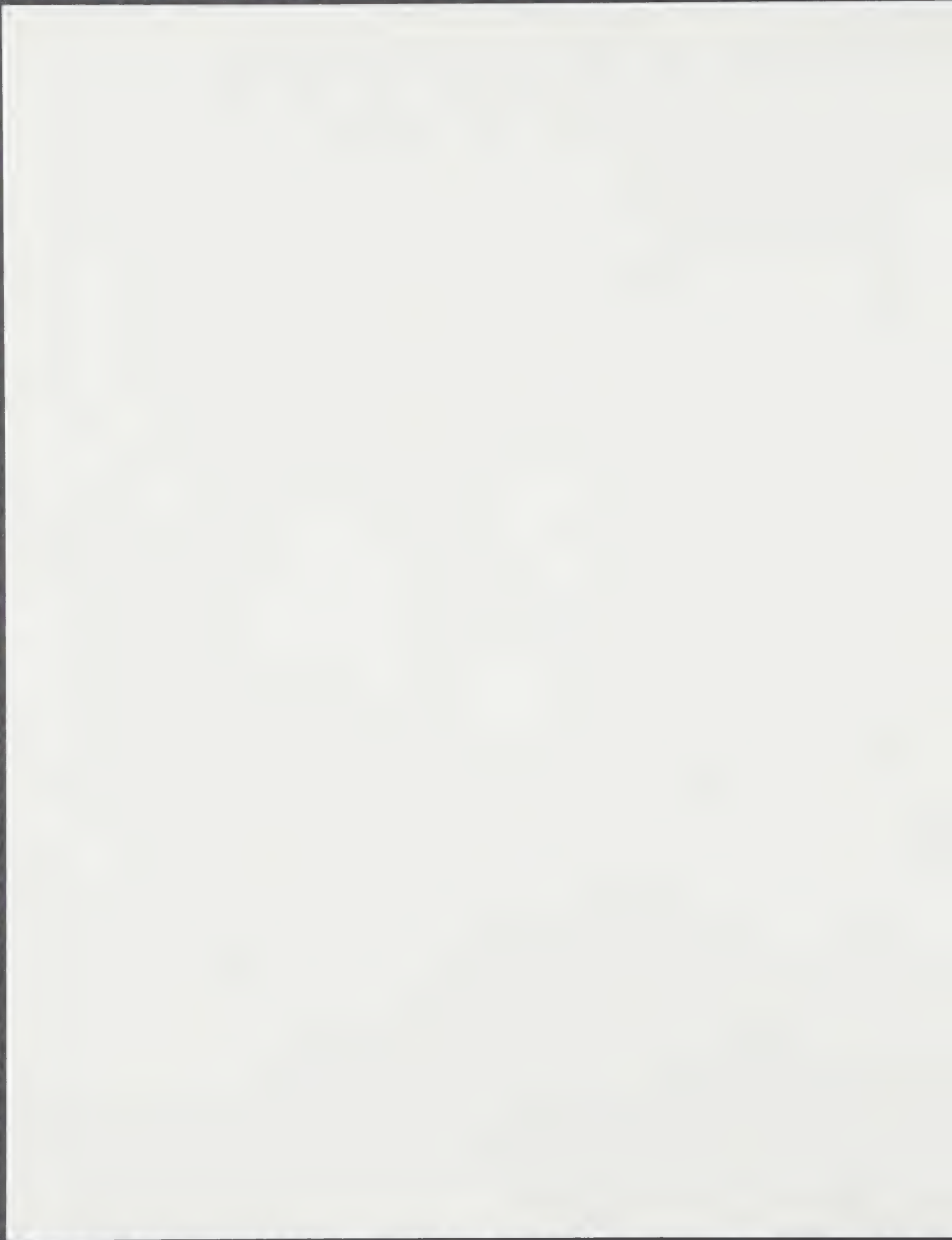
But oh! how many attentions
Between those greetings bright.
They wash you and they dry you,
Take the crumbs from out your bed;
They do your teeth and brush your hair,
Smooth the pillow 'neath your head.
They feed you tempting dainties,
They move you up or down;
No matter what they're doing
You'll never see them frown.
They will always greet you smiling,
With a cheerful word or two,
Just as if their only pleasure
Was to answer bells for you.

'Tis the spirit of the M.G.H.
It permeates them through and through;
Kind ward sister all in white,
Girls in pink with faces bright,
And even to the Junior in her blue.

Then when night draws darkness round you,
And you're feeling down and blue,
Feeling all the world is distant
And there's nobody loves you;
Comes a crisp and cheerful night-nurse,
"Well, and how are you to-night?"
Somehow all that lonesome feeling
Seems to vanish out of sight.
She will rub your back, and make you
Oh! so comfy for your sleep;
Several times with shaded flashlight
She will softly come and peep.
She will bring hot drinks and soothe you
In the wakeful midnight hours;
She will even find time somehow
To change the water in your flowers.

'Tis the spirit of the M.G.H.
It permeates them through and through;
Kind ward sister all in white,
Girls in pink with faces bright,
And even to the Junior in her blue.

November 1930.



IN THE FIELD.

I love to lie and watch the sky,
And see the clouds go floating by.

I love to sit beneath the trees,
With leaves a-flutter in the breeze.

I love to creep in long, tall grass,
And watch the green grasshoppers pass.

I love to find a bush, and eat
The raspberries, so ripe and sweet.

I love to pick them, too, for tea,
So Mummy can have some with me.

Our Daddy is too far away
To share our lovely holiday.

Fourteen Island Lake, July 1932.

LAC ECHO RE-VISITED

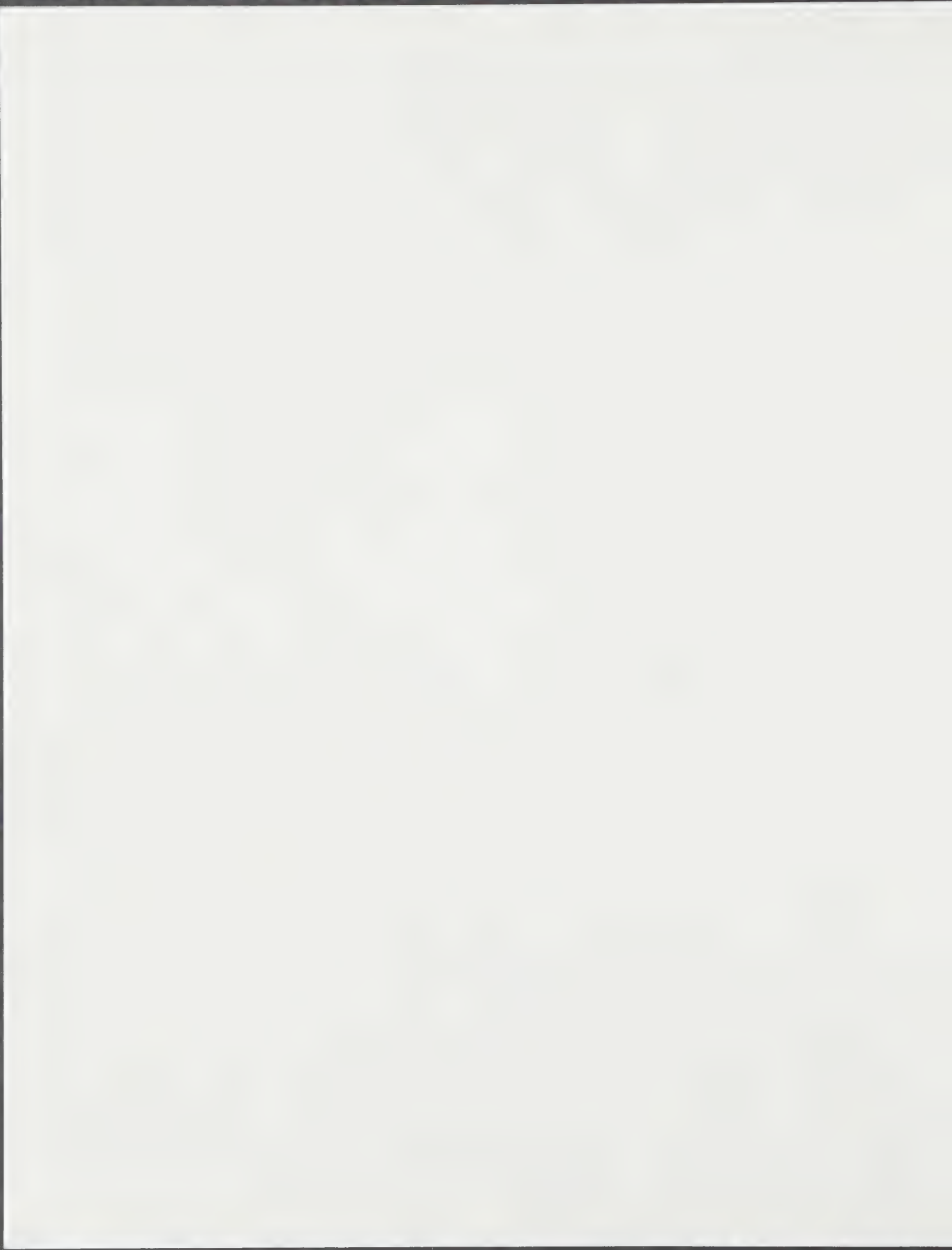
Lake of a thousand beauties! I see you once again,
Your broad expanse so placid is grey from recent rain.
The sun breaks through the rain clouds, you smile and gleam with fun,
You ripple with the breezes, you sparkle in the sun.
The hills, last time I saw you, were clothed with summer's green,
You mirrored all their beauty, enhanced with silv'ry sheen.
But now the artist Autumn, with touches deft and true,
Has painted every hillside with shades of crimson hue,
With russet greens and bronzes, with amber and with gold,
And you, oh! lake of beauty, reflect them many fold.

Lac Echo, October 1933.

TO M. DE SOYRES

I must go in the corner, to bed without dinner
I have to confess I'm a miserable sinner ----
The Postmaster-general has sent me a note
To say the last letter to you which I wrote
Was posted with postage a whole penny short;
I bet you paid double, but smiled like a sport.
I hope you'll forgive me, I'll try to do better
And never lack postage again on a letter.

January 1931



THE CITY TRAVELLER
(With apologies to Longfellow)

Under the advertising signs
The travelling public stands,
And grab at bars or swinging straps,
With eager, outstretched hands;
While the autocrat in numbered cap
Issues his stern commands.

At each succeeding street-car stop
You can hear his mellow roar;
"Step forward, please, there's room in front"
A thousand times or more;
And the good, obedient public
Press forward as before.

Pushing, advancing, elbowing,
On through the car they go;
Each movement means some shoulder bumped,
Each step on someone's toe;
The progress to the "room in front"
Is full of pain and slow.

Yet thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
Thy good advice I'll heed;
Thy order to move forward
Is just the excuse I need;
Whilst standing on my neighbour's toe
His paper I can read.

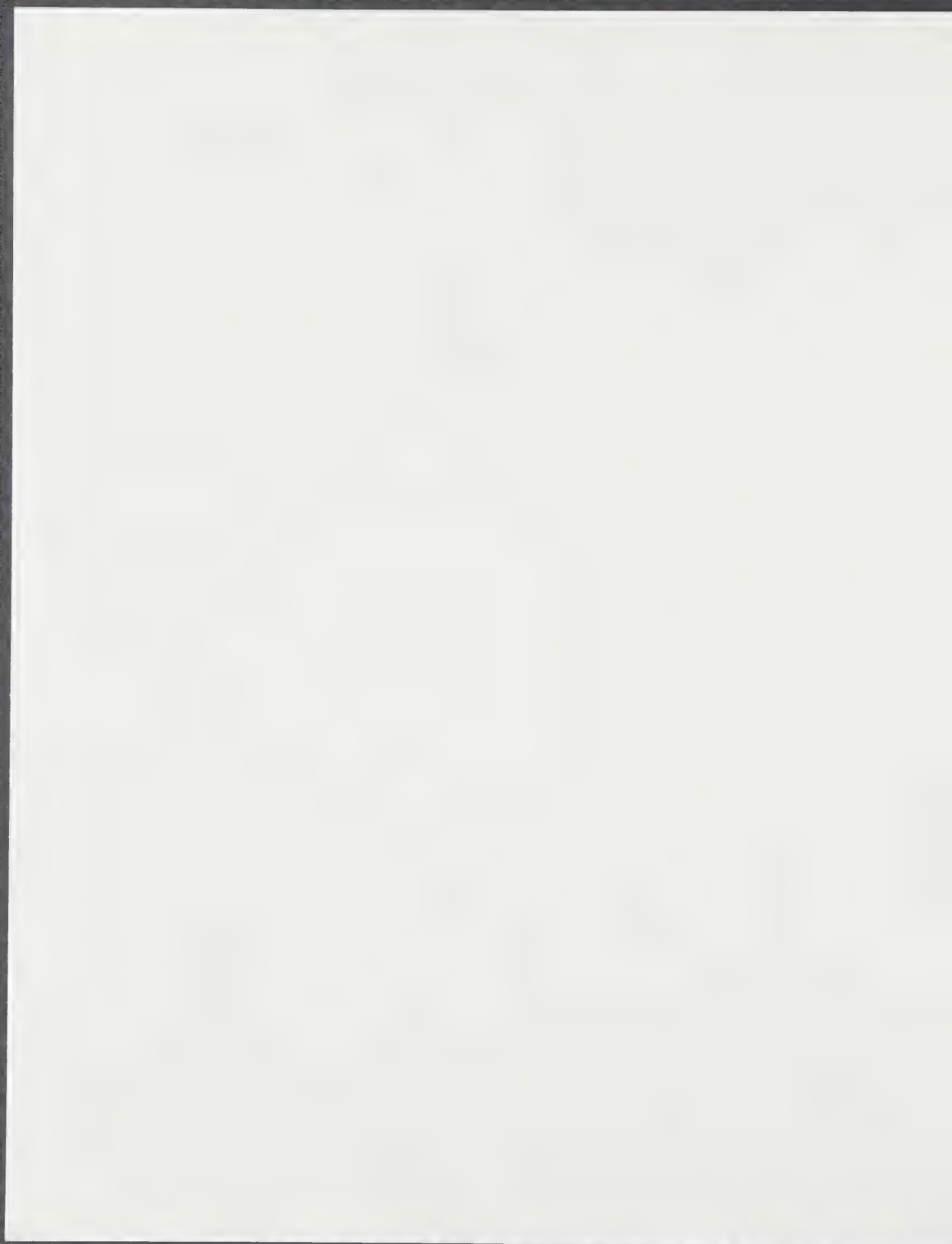
Westmount 1932.

(Published in "Saturday Night", January 5, 1935 as "Tramway Travels".

W.P.

Oh! Mister Wren, we think your men
The finest in the land.
With helmets new, of smart dark blue
We think them simply grand.
They make us think of London town;
But one thing has been missed --
Each man on duty ought to wear
Striped strap about his wrist.

September 1935.



THE DEMOLITION OF ARGYLE SCHOOL.

There's brick-dust on our windows,
There's brick-dust on our doors,
There's brick-dust on our curtains,
There's brick-dust on our floors.

Our eyes are full of brick-dust,
There's brick-dust in our hair;
We're daily breathing brick-dust,
There's brick-dust everywhere.

But what care we for brick-dust?
For, guess what we have found!
Since Argyle School's demolished,
And razed right to the ground.

There's a view from every window,
There's a view from every door,
We can see such scenes and beauties
As we never saw before.

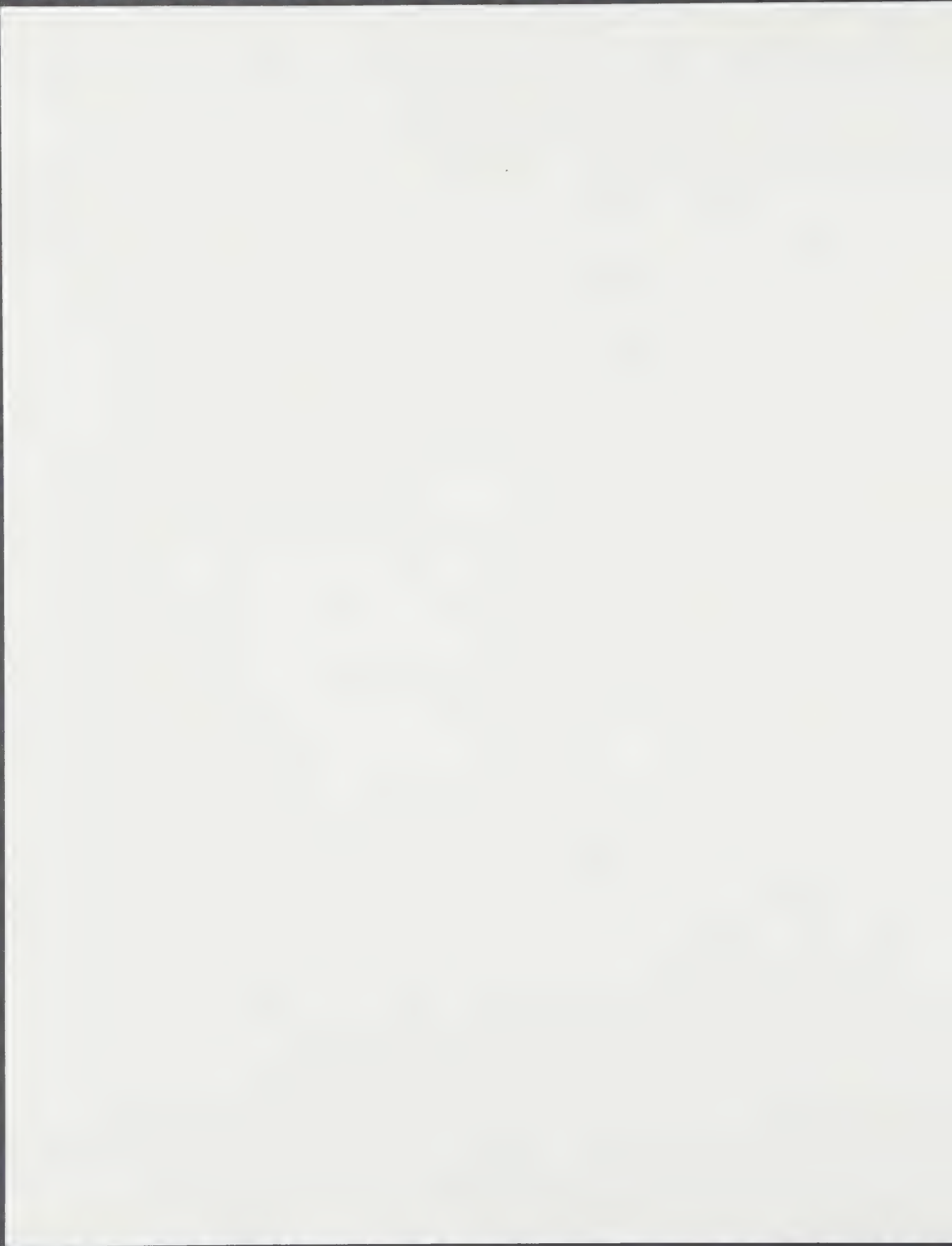
We can see right down to Western,
We can see the bowling green,
From kitchen and from bathroom
Argyle Av'nue can be seen.

We can see the folk on Sherbrooke,
Those on Cote St. Antoine, too;
City Hall with lawns and peonies
Makes a very pretty view.

The dining room and study
Are full of light to-day,
Since the overshadow of the school
Has completely gone away.

In months to come if the new school
Shuts out our new-found view,
We'll be very disappointed,
And so, I'm sure, would you.

And if we find as it grows tall
It darkens up our home,
Shall I write and tell you of it
In another little pome?



The east wind blows with an icy blast,
 Whirling and swirling the falling snow;
 Wrapped in our furs we travel fast,
 Our fingers tingle, our faces glow.
 We rail at the weather, yet love it so.
 Love the snow, the storms and all,
 We cry, if abroad we're obliged to go,
 "Give us the snows of Montreal".

Some snow comes early and does not last;
 Some late as if winter were loth to go;
 There's snow as light as joy that's past,
 And snow as heavy as present woe;
 Some snow will sting like a tyrant's blow,
 Some flakes like fairy feathers fall;
 For every varied kind of snow
 "Give us the snows of Montreal".

Pity the people whose lot is cast
 'Neath tropic sun's perpetual glow,
 For naught they know of the pleasure vast
 Of a rollicking, riotous romp in the snow;
 Of snowballs flying to and fro,
 Of sliding, skating, ski-ing's thrall;
 As a setting for winter's finest show
 Give us the snows of Montreal.

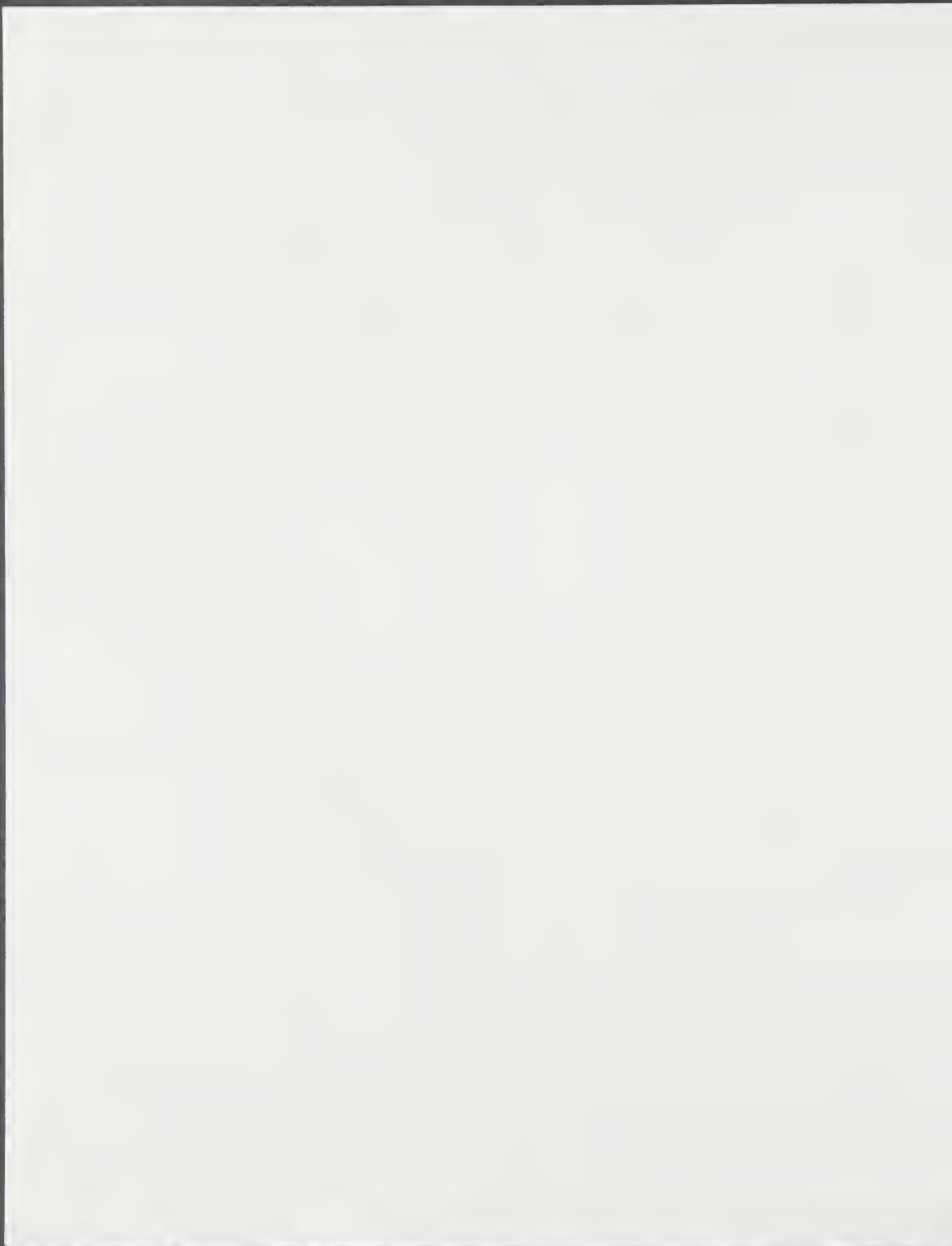
Some love summer, when sweet flowers grow;
 Some prefer spring and some praise fall;
 But to quicken to life the pulse that is slow
 Give us the snows of Montreal.

1934.

IN WOLFARRAY GUEST BOOK. AYIMER 1927.

We have a little cottage,
 We call it Wolfarray;
 And there we hope this summer,
 Our friends will wend their way.

So come and visit Lake View,
 (We have a good camp cook)
 The only fee we'll charge you
 Is writing in this book.



APPLES AND SALAD.

My dear I want an apple,
 With salad it's a treat;
 I always like an apple
 When lettuce I must eat.

Call this an eating apple?
 It's hard as hard can be;
 Without a nice soft apple,
 No salad meal for me.

Where can I get soft apples?
 The shops are closed today --
 I know! the Wolffs have apples,
 I'll go across the way.

Oh! Fanny, leave your dinner,
 For I have not had mine --
 Give me a nice soft apple,
 On salad I would dine.

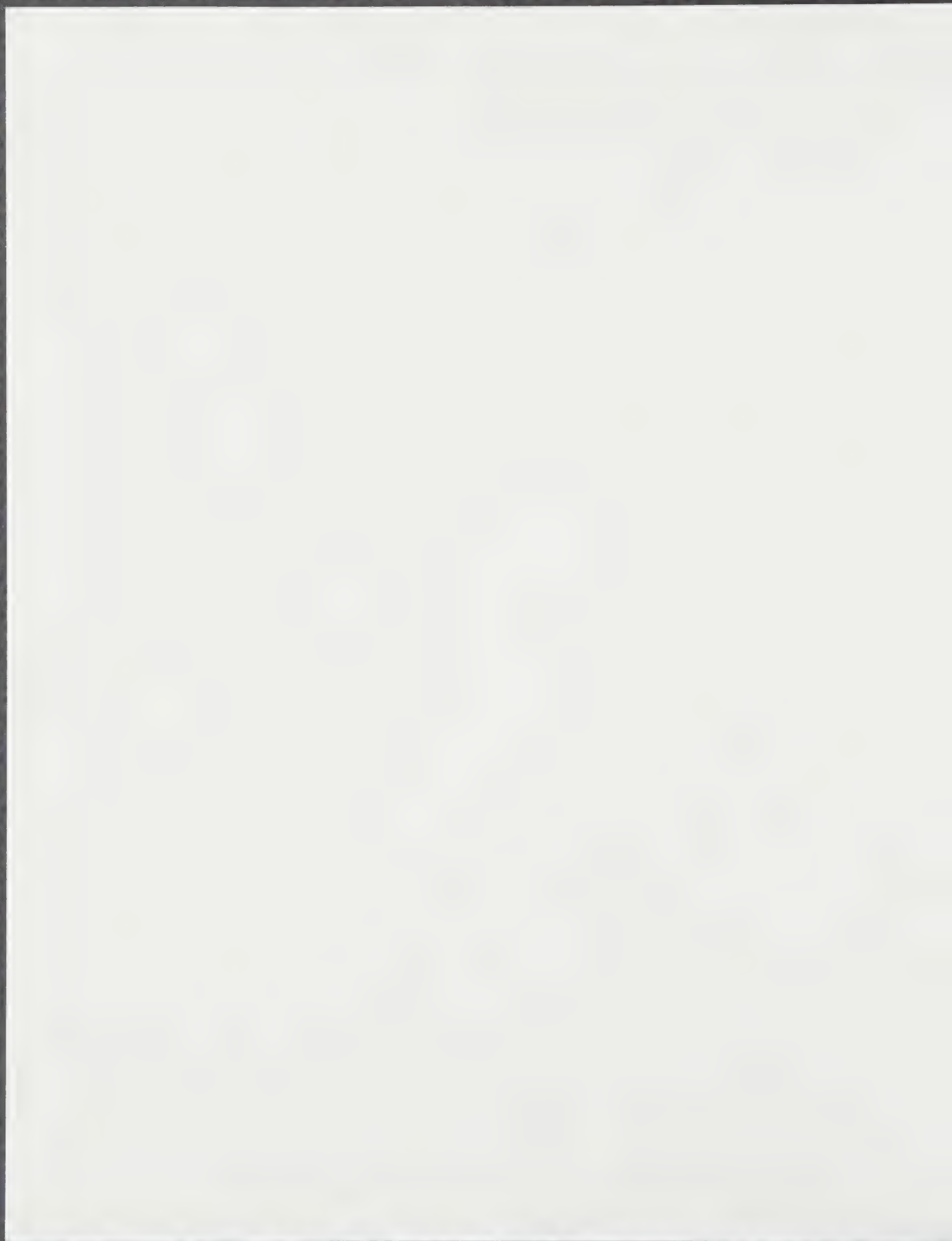
And salad without apple
 My taste would fail to please; --
 But now you've given some to me
 I'll go right home with these.

Westmount August 1935.

Verses sent to Canada Bread Competition, one of which won
 a prize.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of wheat,
 Knead it and bake it, and make it nice to eat;
 Make it rich as butter, and sweet as any nut;
 Isn't that a lovely loaf to ask a king to cut?
 The King runs from his counting house,
 Leaving all his money;
 The Queen runs from the parlour,
 With her jar of honey;
 The courtiers all come running too,
 Rushing in to eat,
 "Canada Butternut Bread to-day, isn't that a treat?"

Higgledy, piggedy, my black hen,
 She lays eggs for gentlemen;
 Served with toasted Canada Bread
 The gentlemen are kept well fed.



Little Miss Muffet

Sat on her tuffet,
Eating her Canada Bread,
The spider was there,
But she didn't care --
"It's too good to leave," she said.

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch some Canada Bread;
Jack said "Their whole wheat
Is what I call a treat";
"I like their white, too", Jill said.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she did not know what to do;
She gave them thick slices of Canada Bread,
So now all her children are very well fed.

A WORD OF THANKS

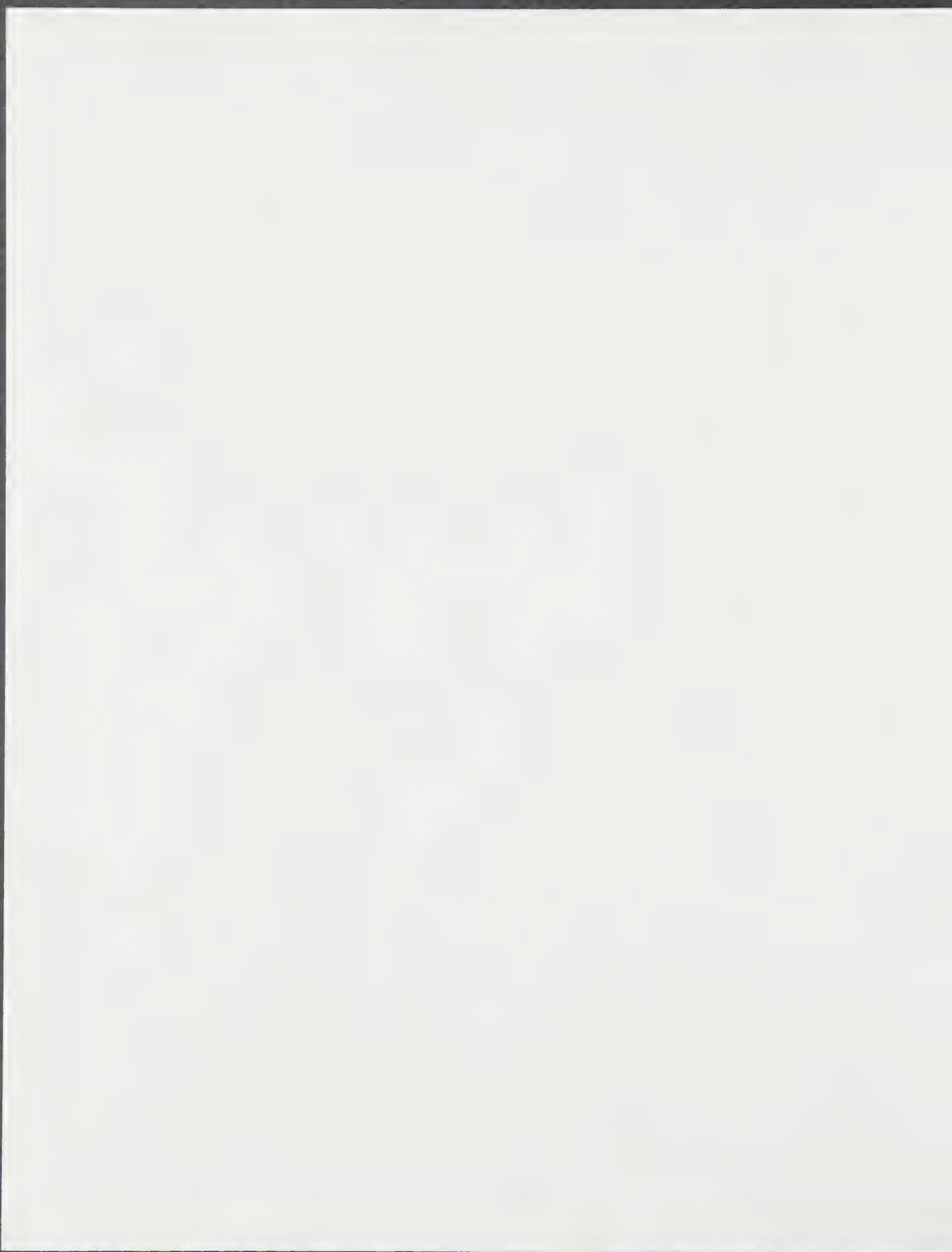
(To Mr. & Mrs. Alwyn Coristine at the end of the summer)

Garden of artistic taste,
Laid out to delight;
Ev'ry day as we pass through,
We do enjoy the sight.
Pansies and calendulas,
Poppies, marguerites,
Strawberries and raspberries,
Apples, currants, beets.

Compare this charming garden way
With Beaulieu's dusty hill,
You'll understand why gratitude
Our minds and hearts does fill.
So thanks to gardener Aly-won,
And thanks to Millie, too,

For letting us pass, day by day,
Your lovely garden through.

The Wolff Pack
Tiddlewinks
St. Patrick
August 1934.



OUR LAUGHING GRANNY

Our Granny lives in England,
 Three thousand miles away;
 She came to see us lately --
 (We wish she'd come to stay).

She's handsome as a picture,
 Her hair is soft and white;
 Her happy, rippling laughter
 Gives pleasure and delight.

Some folks laugh a shrill "ha-ha",
 And some a gruff "haw-haw";
 Some people think they're laughing
 When they make a loud guffaw.

Our Granny's silvery laughter
 Is not at all like those;
 It starts in merry wavelets,
 And rippling on it goes.

Such merry, cheery laughter
 One very seldom hears;
 It wakes in us an echo,
 It glads our weary ears.

We love our laughing Granny
 Who is so bright and gay;
 We feel this happy summer
 Too quickly pass away.

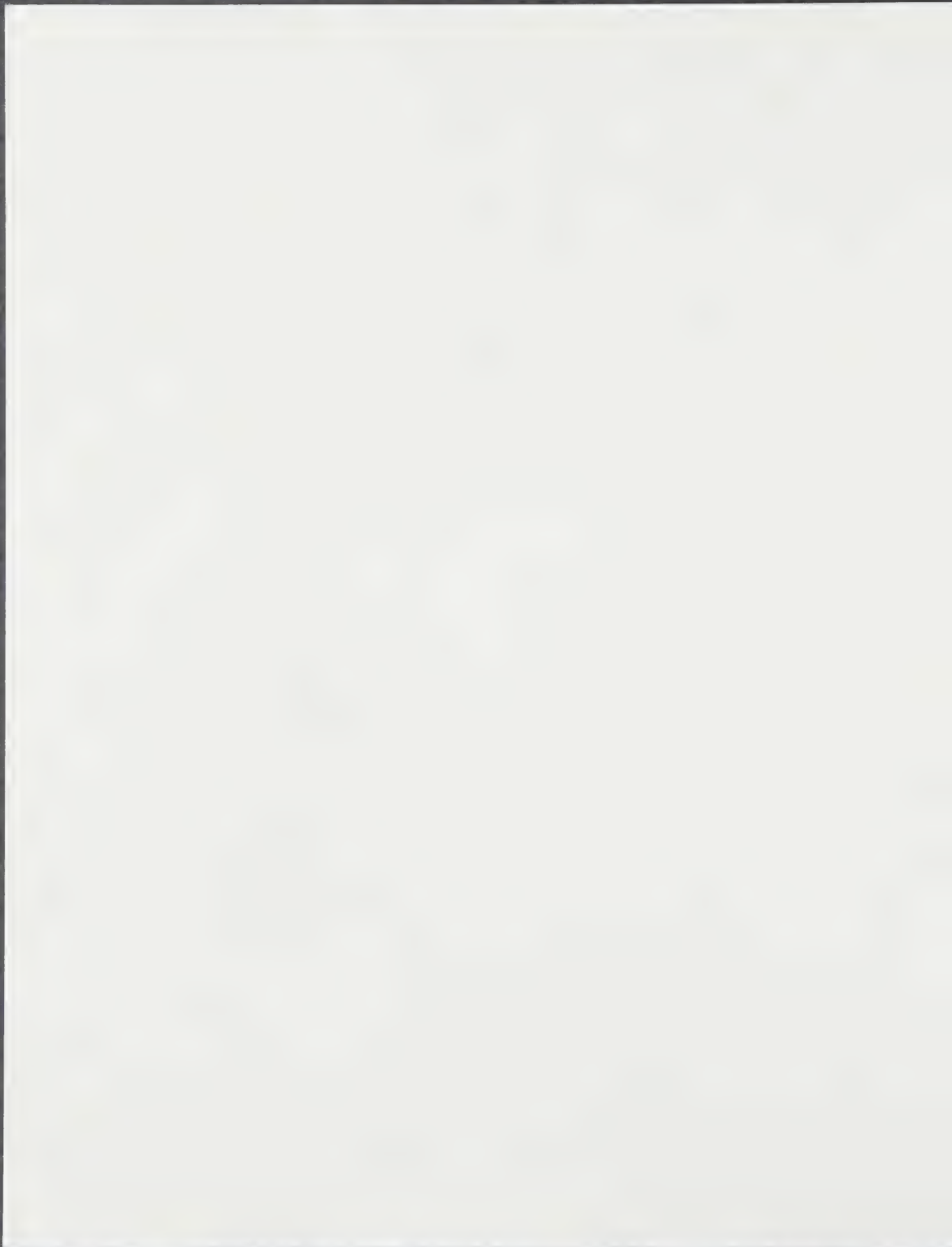
But whether Granny's with us,
 Or far across the sea,
 The thought of her we'll carry
 Will always laughing be.

Westmount, August 1928.

FAREWELL TO GRANNY

We are going to miss you, Granny,
 Now you are going home;
 We wish you pleasant voyage,
 When on the seas you roam.

We'll miss our morning visits
 To kiss your finger-tips;
 We'll miss our Sabbath readings,
 We shall miss our motor trips.



We'll miss your 'fits of genius'
 When your mind went far away;
 We'll miss the stately lady
 Who came each hot, close day.

For these things and for others
 We shall miss you, Granny dear,
 But we hope again to see you
 When June comes round next year.

September 2nd 1930

TO MY HUBBY

My heart stood still when first I read your words,
 "I may leave home"
 You must not roam.
 I need you, darling, more than ever now.
 When you are nigh
 Time seems to fly
 But when you're absent worry clouds my brow.

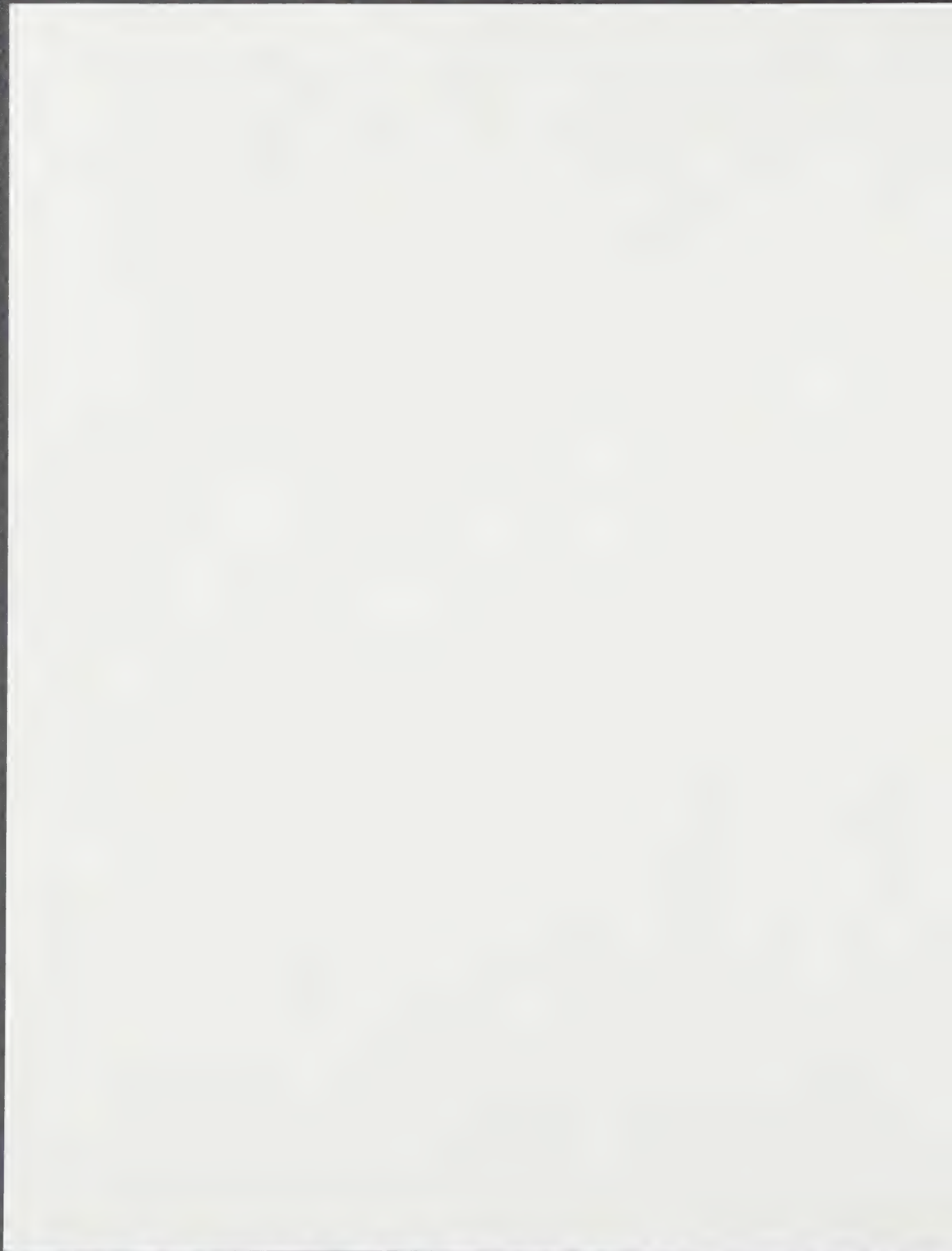
My love, if so you feel you must
 I'll not say "stay",
 But far away
 My heart is ever yours in loving trust.
 I know, my darling love, though naught you've said
 You've oft felt blue
 The winter through
 Because you were not earning daily bread.

So now you feel perhaps the chance has come
 To do some work
 You will not shirk
 E'en though your duty take you far from home.
 Though mine is but a faulty little rhyme
 It tells you this
 (With one long kiss)
 "I want my Hubby with me all the time".

July 17, 1932.

Darling Daddy,
 It makes me sad-dy
 To run away from home
 I know I'll miss
 My daily kiss
 As o'er the seas I roam.

1933.



TO MY HUBBY

You asked me to inform you how I know I'm growing old;
 In summer I am languid, in the winter I feel cold.
 I no longer care for hockey, and I hardly ever skate,
 At a game of bridge or contract I can't seem to concentrate.
 I can't eat the sweets I used to, but I love my cup of tea;
 Whilst to sit and knit or crochet seems just suitable to me.

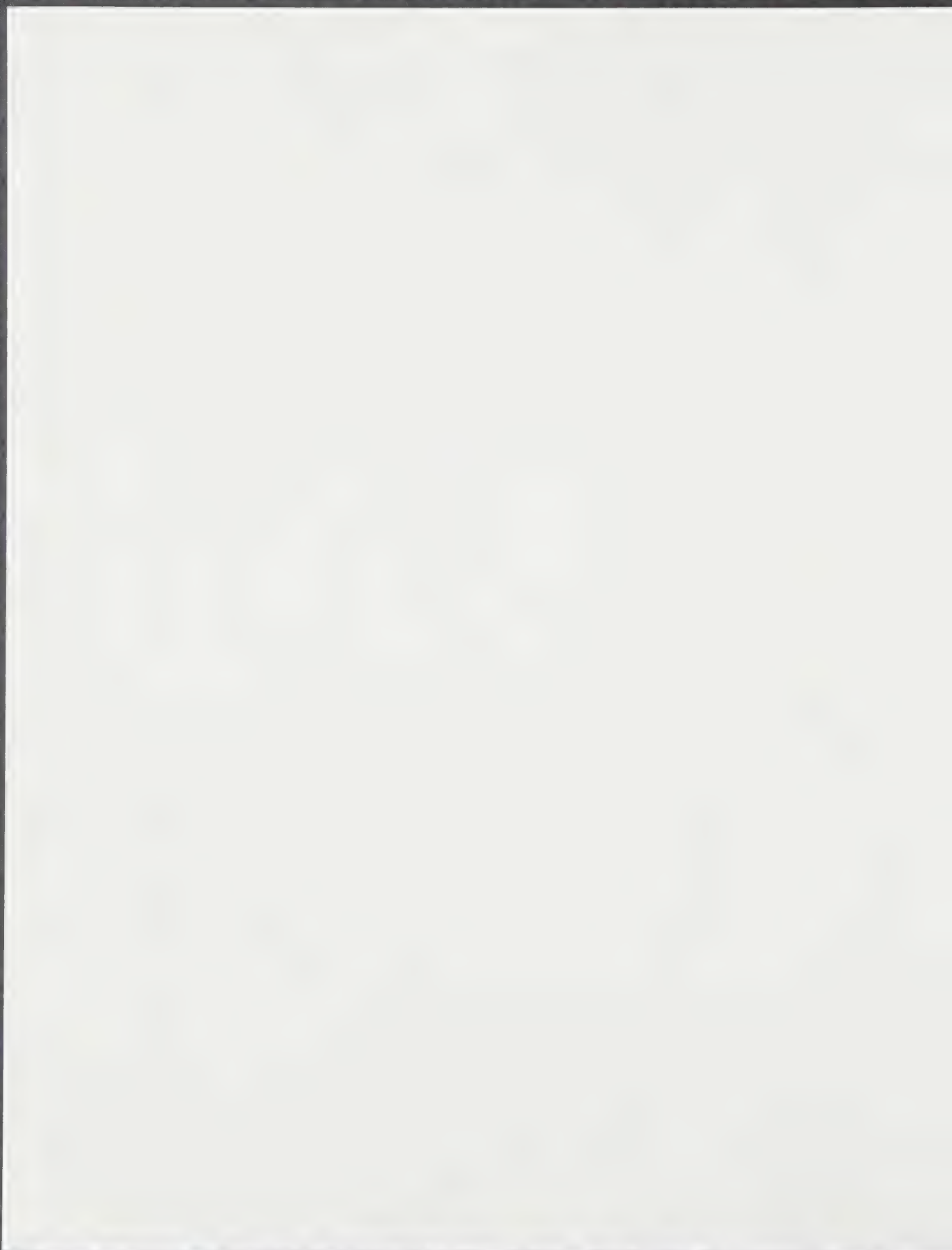
But all these things are trifles, merely straws before the wind,
 Think of Samson if my secret you would really like to find;
 His hair it was betrayed him, and my hair betrays me too,
 It lies so limp and lifeless as it never used to do.
 It used to wave by nature when I was young and gay,
 But now the wave I make at night is nearly gone next day.

If by these facts you are convinced that I am growing old,
 I'll just continue going, and be as good as gold;
 But if you're unbelieving (with that twinkle in your eye)
 Well - I promise to grow young again - or at least I'll have a try!

TO SARAH ON HER 21st BIRTHDAY.

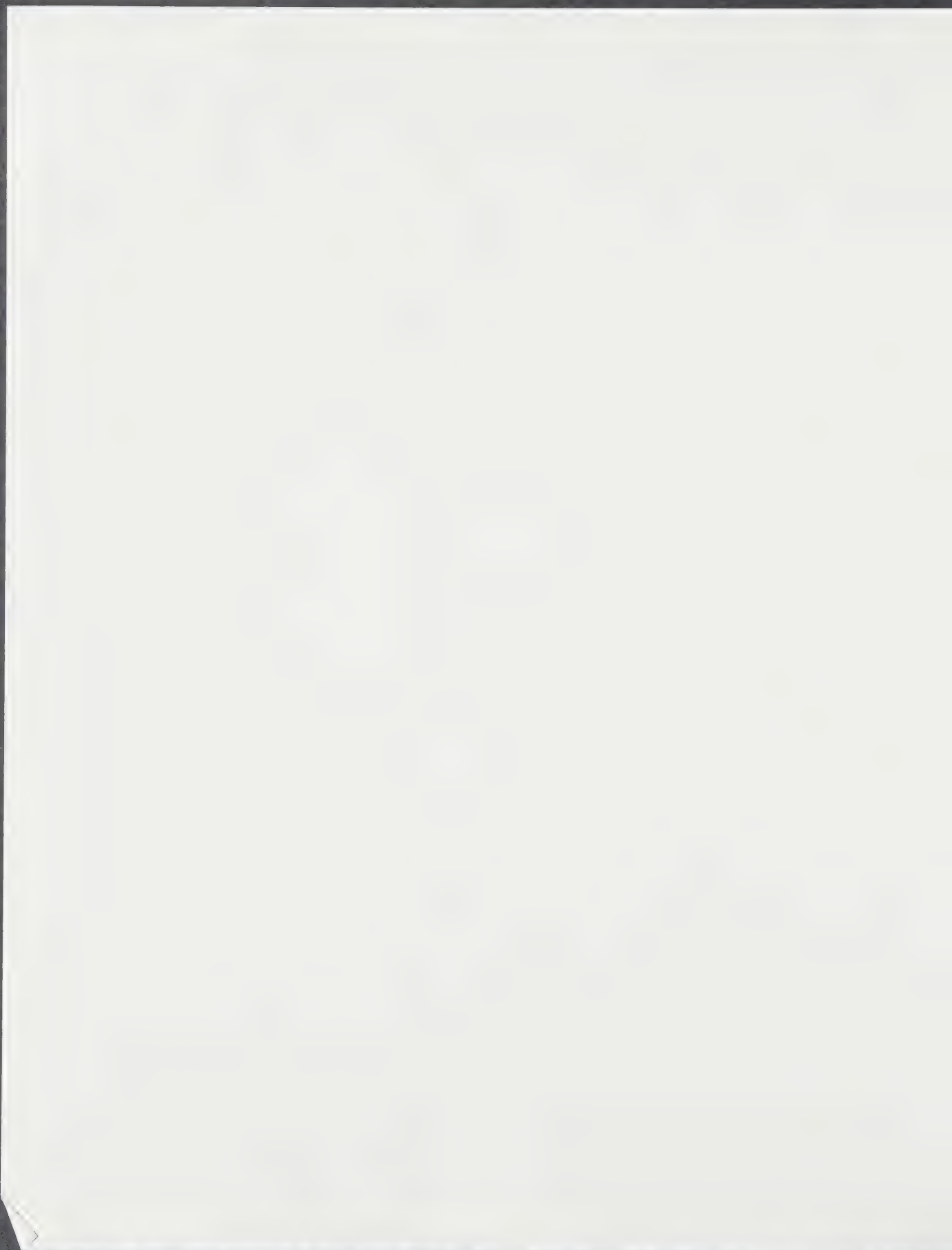
It only seems the other day
 You were a toddler wee,
 And now you're twenty one years old
 With B.H.S. degree.
 Our anxious care and loving thought
 We feel have been well spent
 You've been a daughter dutiful
 And we are well content.
 You've always put your trust in God
 You've tried your very best
 And this is why, my darling girl,
 Your efforts have been blest.
 At twenty one the door of life
 Lies open to your hand
 Take heed that when you pass that door
 You resolute will stand.
 Keep firm your faith in God above,
 Don't lose your faith in man,
 Don't ever shirk good honest work,
 Do good where'er you can.
 But though you are grown up in years
 Be e'er a child at heart
 And thus in play as in your work
 You'll keenly take your part.

January 1931.



Darling girls! my inmost thoughts
Go winging back to you
And I wonder did I do the things
I went across to do.
I went across to help you,
To cheer you on your way;
Did I help you just a little bit?
My darling daughters say.
Did I tell you just what splendid girls
I feel you two have grown?
Your characters have developed
And good spirit you have shown.
I feel it all so deeply
More than words can e'er express,
Yet, when alone, I ask myself
"Was my visit a success?"
Have I helped you, darling girlies,
To feel it's so worth while
To look on life with eagerness
And always keep your smile?
I lie awake so oft and think
Of you two darling girls
And when I wonder "have I helped?"
My brain just whirls and whirls.
I've thought of oh! so many things
That I should like to say,
But when we met and talked again
The words just flew away.
And now I've left you once again
The wide seas roll between
Yet for three months I've lived with you
And all your life I've seen.
And so my girls I feel our thoughts
Are more and more entwined
And you can write of everything
With frank and open mind.
Come weal, come woe, write everything,
Your parents love you so
And all you do and all you think
They dearly love to know.

1933.



TO ROSETTA.

Dear daughter, going on your own today,
 We'll miss you greatly when you are away;
 For your true welfare we shall daily pray,
 And may you win success.
 May you have all the good we wish for you,
 Your hopes and aspirations all come true,
 Your joys be many and your sorrows few,
 May God you truly bless.

September 3rd, 1934.

TO ROSETTA ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

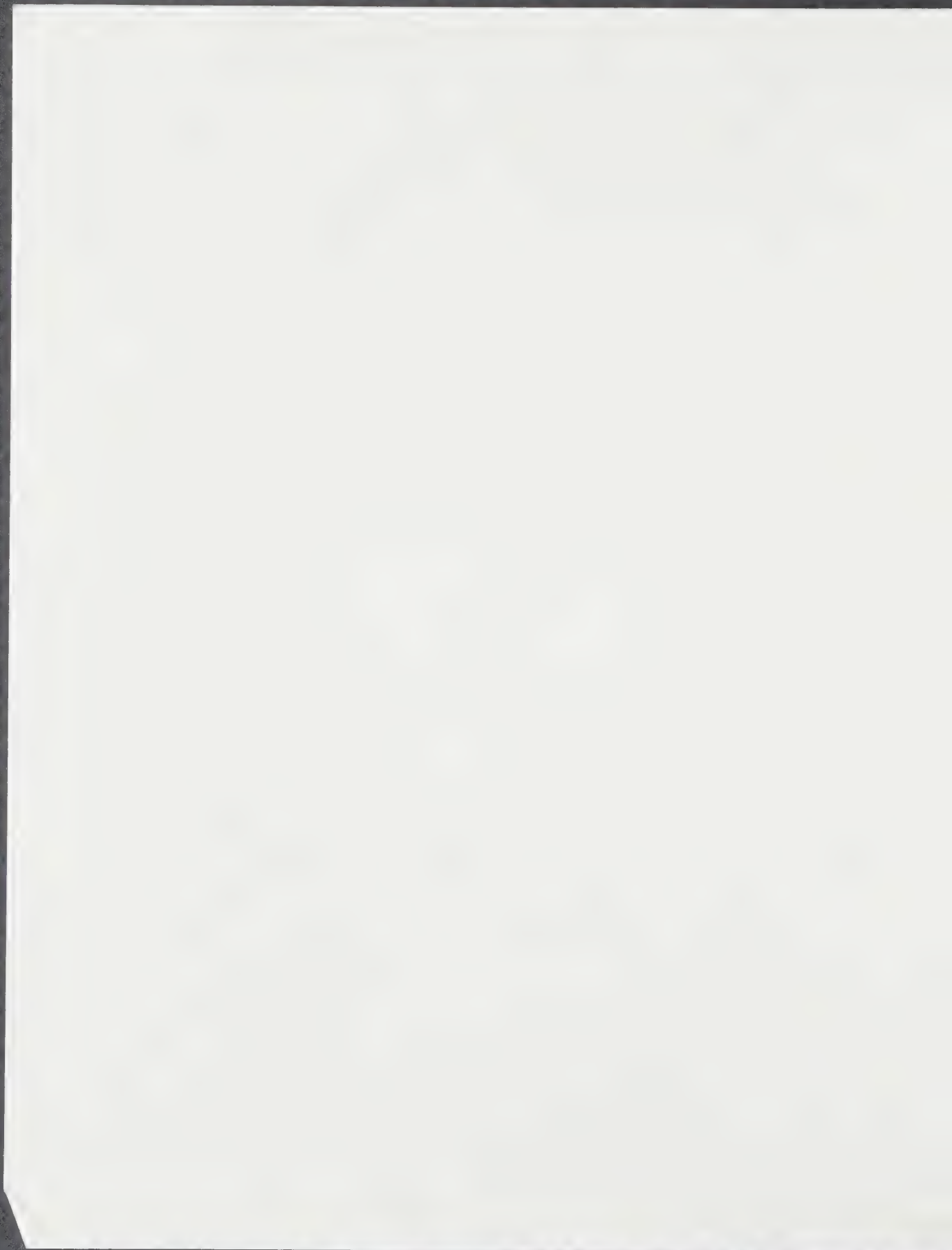
God bless you, darling daughter,
 And guide you on your way;
 God keep you in His loving care,
 Is Mother's prayer today.
 Today you are a woman grown,
 Your future actions are your own.

But though you are a woman grown,
 To Mother, and to Daddy too,
 You are our darling little girl,
 Our hearts are full of love for you,
 Of hopes that, dear, your whole life through
 You will be faithful, steadfast, true.

Faithful, no matter what befall,
 To Judaism's law of truth,
 Steadfast and fearless all through life
 To principles you learnt in youth.
 True daughter of the Jewish race,
 Maintain your dignity and grace.

God bless you, darling daughter,
 And guide you on your way;
 God keep you in his loving care,
 Is Mother's prayer to-day.
 Today you are a woman grown,
 Your future actions are your own.

Westmount, Que.
 May 7th.1935.



MY FAIRIES SIX.

Where have my fairies gone?
Grown, and away.
Won't you come back to me?
Come back and stay.

I once had six of you
Sprightly and bright
Happy and full of joy
From morn till night.

Some of my fairies sweet
Flew out of sight,
Far over land and sea
Took their long flight.

Dear how I missed them then
My fairies gay
Till I found them at last
One summer day.

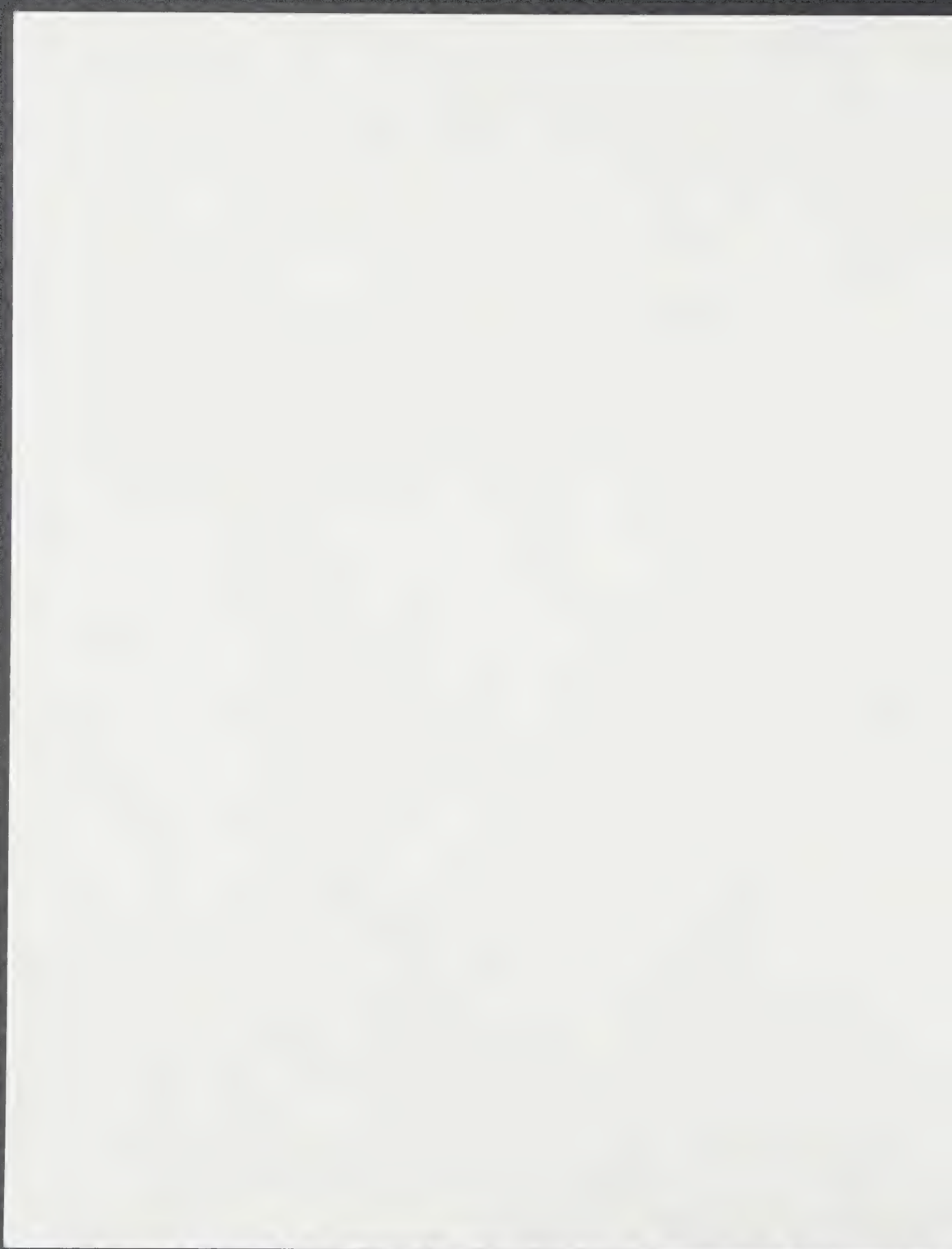
I know they are my fairies
For I know their faces dear
But alas! at times they droop their wings
And lack their fairy cheer.

My heart is full of longing
For my darling fairy elves
I wish they would come back again
And be their own sweet selves.

But fairies must be loving
And fairies must be kind
Must always think of other folk
Leave thoughts of selves behind.

A fairy's never "fed up"
A fairy's always happy,
A fairy keeps her head up,
A fairy's never snappy.

Where have my fairies gone?
All flown away?
No, they'll come back to me
Happy they'll stay.



TO SARAH AND ANNETTE, leaving for England.

God speed you, darlings, on your way
And grant you smiling weather,
Keep sunshine ever in your hearts
And love just being together.

Remember, as through Life you go,
And days bring hopes and fears,
A sister's love is true, true love,
Through laughter and through tears.

Write often, darlings, telling us
Of all the things you've done,
Of whom you've met, of what you've seen,
Of all your pranks and fun.

Be ever true to Guiding law,
To Jewish law be true
Your parents' love and God above
Are keeping guard o'er you.

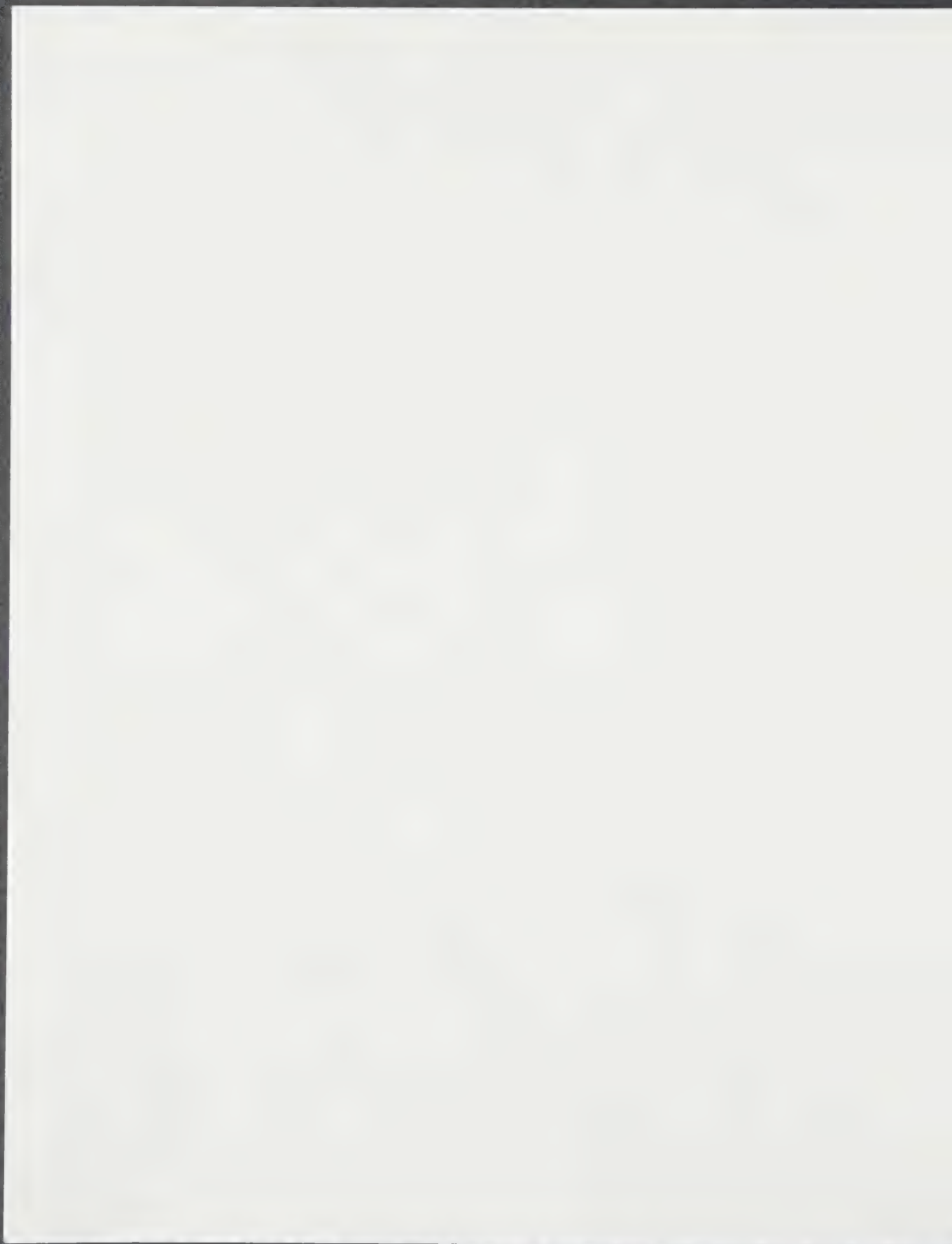
Your Father and your Mother,
As did the priests of old,
As you start upon your journey
The blessing give, threefold.

September 17th, 1932.

There never was another cup
Quite like the one from you
It brought such lots of loving thoughts
From daughters sweet and true.

A Mother's cup is full to brim
With thoughts she can't express
When all her love and all her care
Come back in tenderness.

13th November 1930
Montreal General Hospital
Western Division.



CHRISTMAS AT HOVE 1930.

The dinner was over, and all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
 There never was served a more sumptuous dinner;
 The sides of the turkey grew thinner and thinner.
 As food disappeared from each well-heaped-up platter
 The sides of the diners grew fatter and fatter.
 The chestnuts were luscious, mincepies were the same,
 The pudding was noble, with brandy aflame.
 When all had done justice to good fare provided
 A rest would be fitting by all was decided.
 Reclined on a sofa lay Corkie and Gertie,
 On two comfy arm-chairs slept Nora and Bertie.
 The door opens softly -- now don't hold your breath,
 'Tis no Christmas ghost come to scare us to death;
 'Tis no nightmare vision, I'll guarantee that,
 Though pudding was scrumptious and turkey was fat.
 "Your slumbers disturb not, sleep free from all shocks",
 Said Gertie, "'Tis only the man for the clocks."

STRAY THOUGHTS

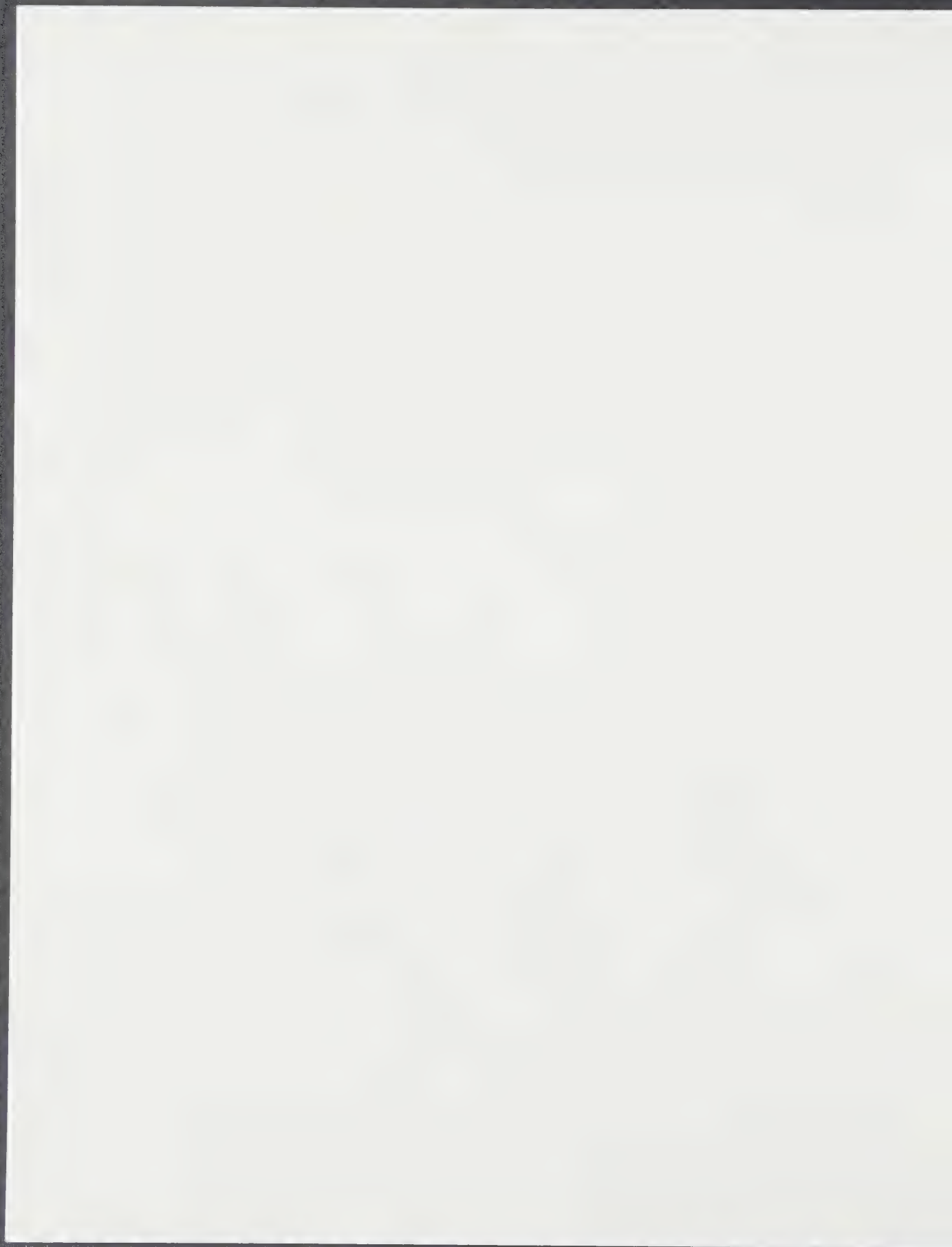
Across the seas, in London town
 Live Cousins B.N.A.,
 They are so bright and full of life
 We love with them to stay.

Our Bertie has a fishing coat,
 Of finest leather made,
 He bought it once at Selfridge's
 (Don't tell, 'twas Nora paid).

Our Nora's such a thrifty dame,
 Each morn till 'leven thirty
 She's working hard at cleaning up
 A place that's never dirty.

Our Bertie took us to the Zoo,
 And showed us all the fishes;
 Whilst Nora stayed at home and helped
 With Mary's luscious dishes.

The kosher meats were oh! so good,
 The puddings were a dream,
 In fact all food that Mary cooks
 Is perfect, it would seem.



The crust looked good, the knife was sharp,
 Temptation was too great —
 So Corkie took the top crust off
 And put it on my plate!

And Nora never scolded once,
 She just said "Ch" and smiled;
 Whilst I enjoyed that crispy crust
 As pleased as any child.

Each time ere Martin sallied forth,
 Each time that he came back,
 The sentence e'er upon his lips
 Was "I must go and pack".

He packed and packed with ardent zeal,
 He packed his shirts and socks,
 Packed dresses, undies, serviettes,
 Filled up each trunk and box.

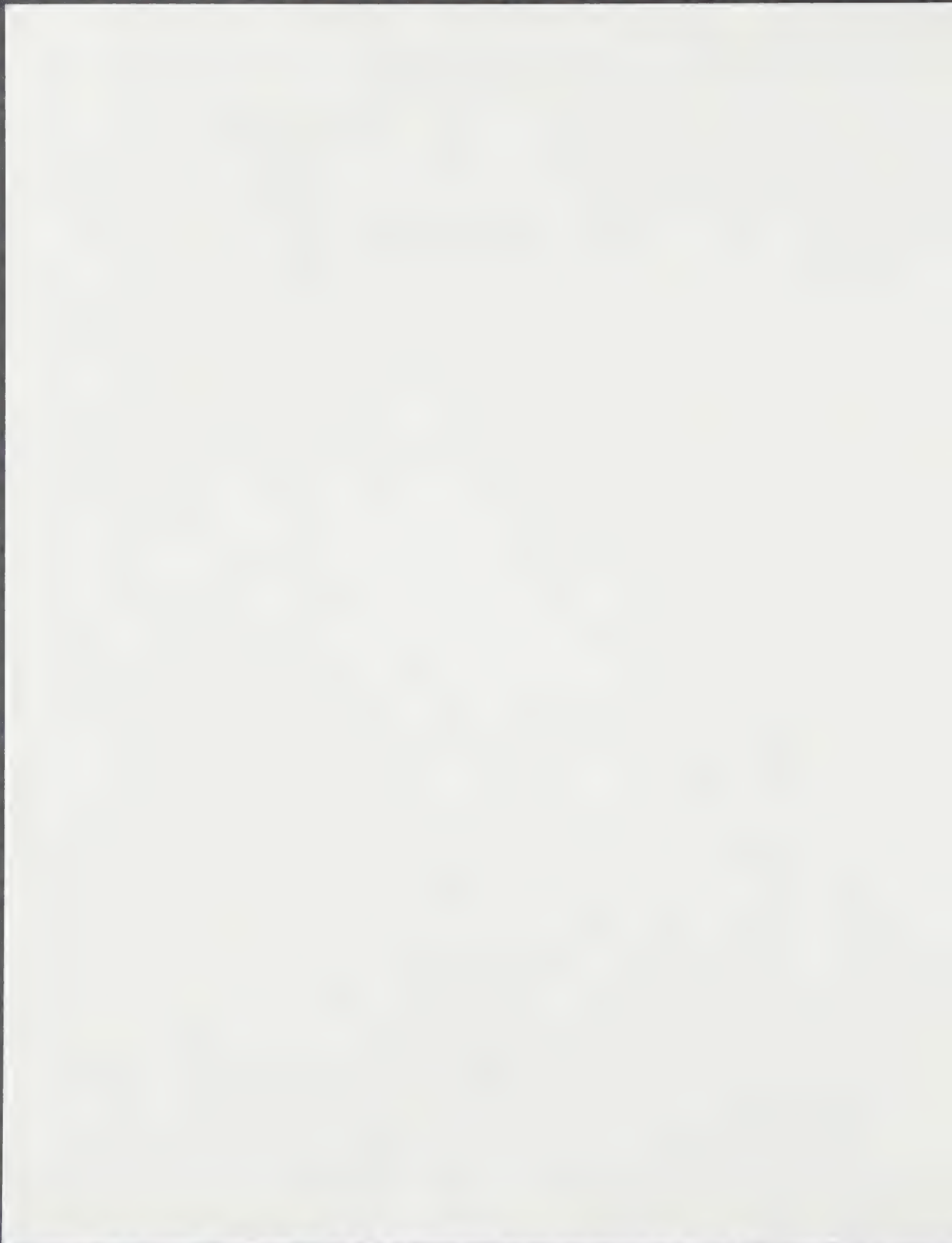
And so at last the room was clear,
 And free from Wolff invasion,
 Till e'en the table could go back
 To its accustomed station.

Now though we're back at home again,
 And happy to be here;
 Our thoughts oft stray to London town,
 And to our cousins dear.

March 1931.

" PURELY IMAGINARY, trying to write a sonnet"

My daughter, dwelling far across the sea,
 How can you know the pain your Mother feels?
 How loneliness across her bosom steals?
 When letters tell how much you long for me.
 How still within my breast my heart must be
 As I must answer lightly your appeals
 To call you back to me; for Prudence seals
 My lips, for over there you're free;
 And if you came back here you would be bound,
 Your soaring spirit nevermore could roam,
 And you would lose your happy, carefree air,
 The freedom and the comfort you have found;
 So I must answer (though I want you home)
 "Tis better for you, darling, over there."



THE AUNTIES' TOWER.

Between New York and our home town
 On our way home from over the sea
 Came a pause in our travelling tour
 At the apartment that's called Dorothea.

And therein that cosy apartment
 Our welcome was very sweet,
 Three girls with such fine dispositions
 We were so happy to meet.

"Aunt" Sally who helped our finances
 By cashing a cheque at her bank,
 "Aunt" Ros who's not Dean at the Hostel
 "Aunt" Edith a lawyer of rank.

They're a most harmonious household,
 They sure are excellent cooks,
 They know all the names in the atlas,
 Especially those not found in books.

They say that they live at the Wadsworth,
 At the Kenmore they live, I am sure;
 Yet wherever they live, that's where we lived,
 And we wished we could live there some more.

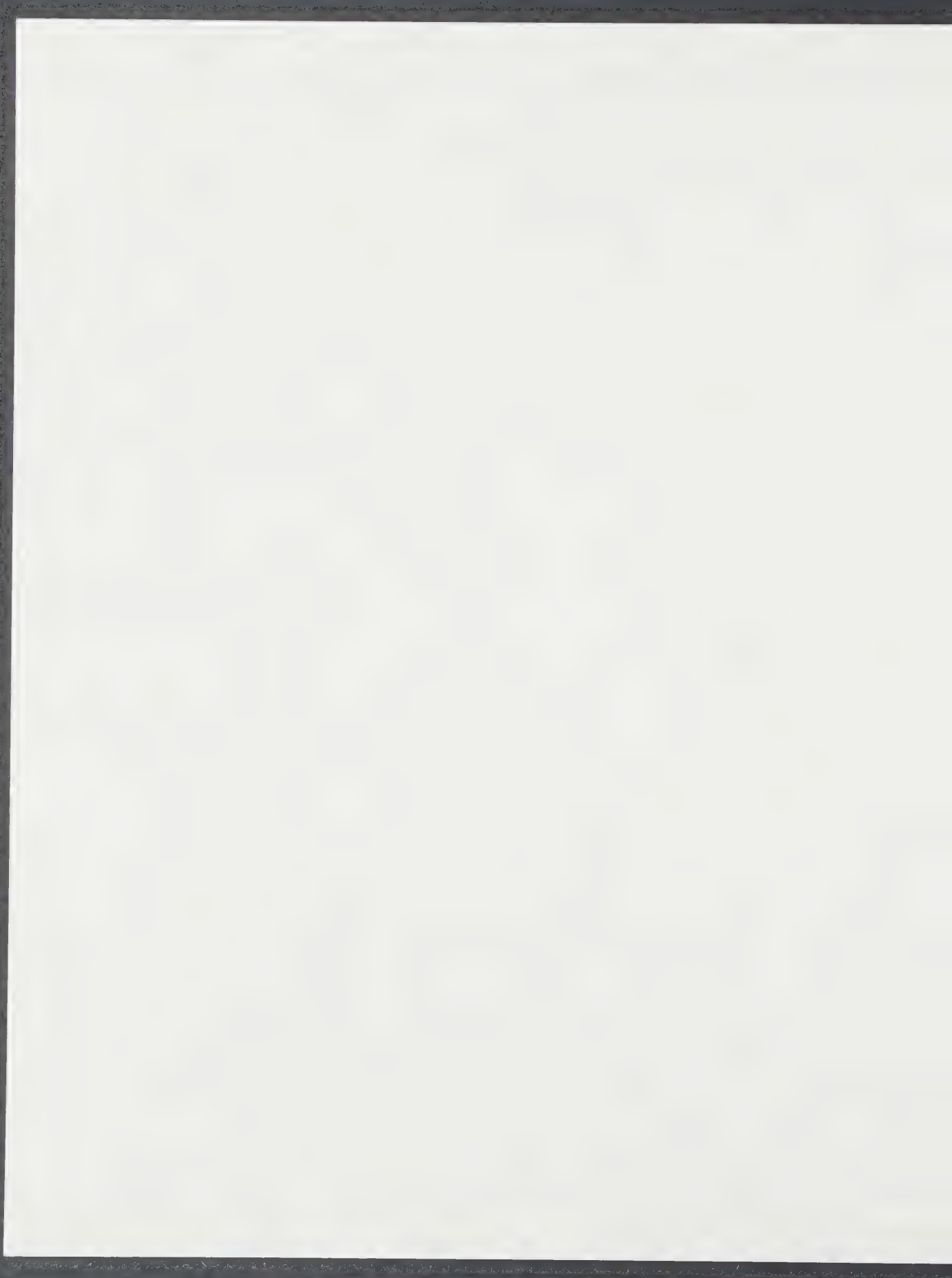
For they're such jolly girls, we just loved them,
 To our Nettie they're far more than kind;
 She certainly has been most lucky
 Such splendid companions to find.

We thank all our hostesses charming
 For all the attention they showed,
 And hope that some day not too distant
 We'll welcome them in our abode.

1931.

TO A FRIEND IN BED.

You're really very lucky to have to stay in bed;
 You don't have to wash the dishes from which your family fed;
 You need not mend their stockings, you must not clean their shoes;
 You only may lie still in bed and listen to their news.
 But there's one thing you must strive for, this card to you will tell-
 You really MUST work hard at this -- it is -- get quickly well!



If you're ever feeling blue
Turn the corners up!

The blue goblins can't get you
With the corners up!
They may get you if you frown,
Or if you turn the corners down,
But you can beat them round the town
With the corners up!

My big daughter o'er the sea
Turned the corners up!
It was she who said to me
Turn the corners up!
As we waved farewell that day
When we started on our way
She smiled sweetly and did say
Keep the corners up.

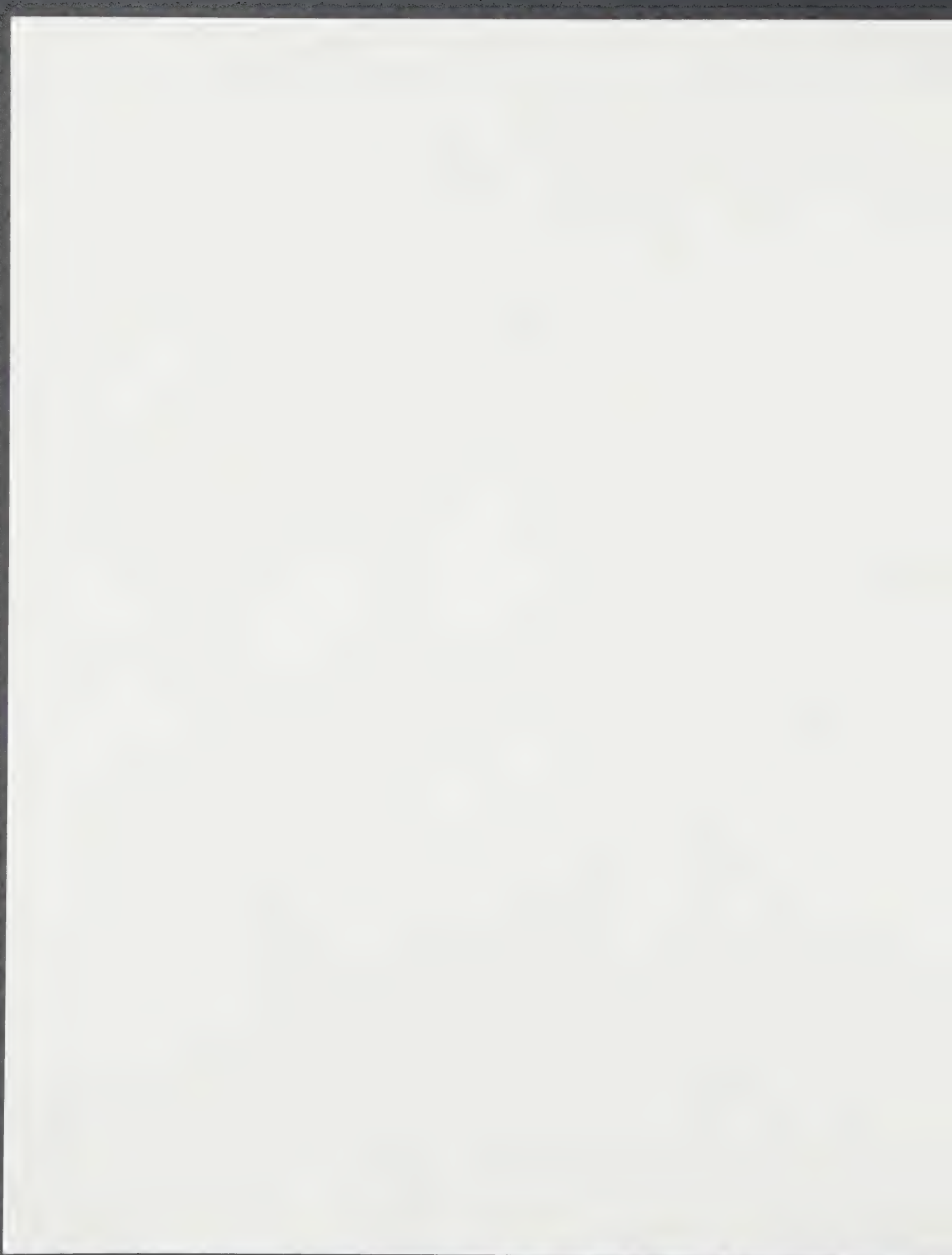
Now no matter what befalls
Keep the corners up!
You can often ward off squalls
With the corners up!

As my thoughts speed o'er the sea
Back in London I can see
Two dear faces smile at me
With the corners up!

1933.

My big, my little Ro
Though I'm away I know
You'll try your best to keep your Daddy bright;
You'll keep a smiling face,
(Keep dimples in their place)
And of course you'll never with your sisters fight!

Whilst I'm away my Doodles,
I s'pose you'll grow and grow
You'll smile, you'll tease,
You'll study hard,
You'll help your sister Ro.
You never will do anything
To make folks call you "dumb",
And above all, Doodles darling,
You'll never suck your thumb.



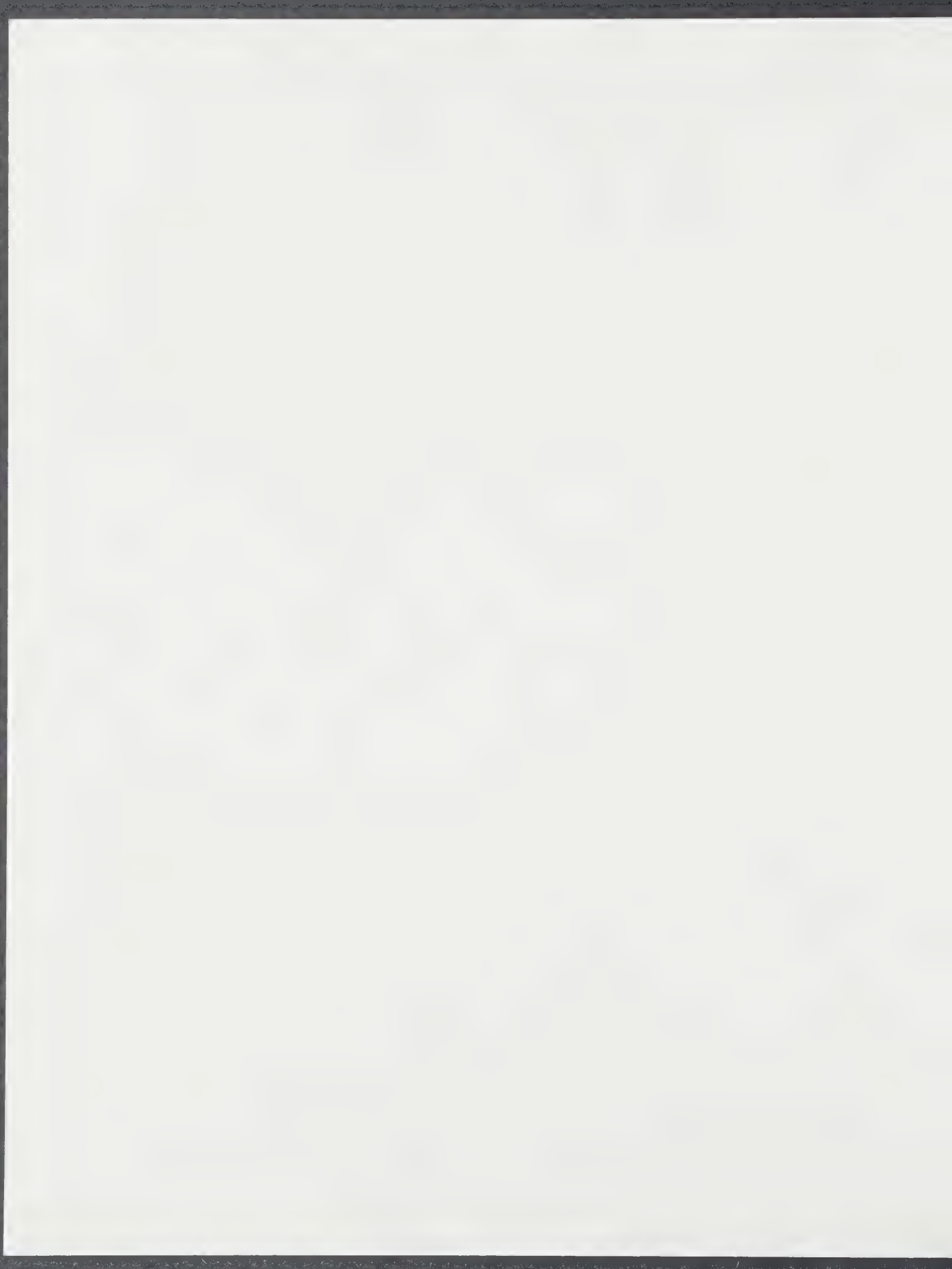
Hello! Estie Bestie;
 The baby of the pack,
 Just be a lovie darling
 Until your Mummy's back.
 Love Daddy and your sisters
 And do as you are told,
 Just keep your sweetest smile on
 And be as good as gold!

I am going to see
 My girlies three
 Across the sea;
 So think of me
 Upon the sea
 When this you see.
 I hope that ye
 Will be jolliee
 As you can be
 To think of me
 Across the sea
 On a real spree
 My girls to see.
 Oh! won't it be
 A gay partie
 For me and three,
 And for Daddee
 And all you three
 If it should be
 That I and three
 Come o'er the sea
 You all to see.
 In hot July
 Perhaps we'll try
 Right home to fly
 So now bye-bye.

1933.

Dear Mr. Tobin; just a line
 To tell you I am feeling fine;
 We surely have enjoyed our suite,
 For which I now my thanks repeat.
 For two bad days the sea was rough
 Until I felt I'd had enough.
 And yet in spite of wind- and wave
 The Doric rode erect and brave.
 The Doric is the ship for me,
 She rides so smoothly on the sea.
 I send this rhyme with very good reason -
 To wish you the compliments of the season.

December 1930.



25
TO THE LAVERDURES WHO LENT US THEIR FLAT AT CORNWALL

July - August 1926.

Mille remerciements nos bons amis
(I fear in French I cannot write a rhyme!)
We wish to thank you for your little home,
Where we have spent so bien heureuse a time.

We hope you'll find we've treated avec soin
The tres belles choses you left us for our use.
We found your beds and cribs tres confortables
Your linen we have tried to not abuse.

And now that duty calls us back en ville
We wish to say encore before we go
No words can tell the gratitude we feel
Our heureuse summer all to you we owe.

TO FANNY

I walked into the hospital
And saw a smiling face;
All swathed around with bandages
To keep it in its place.

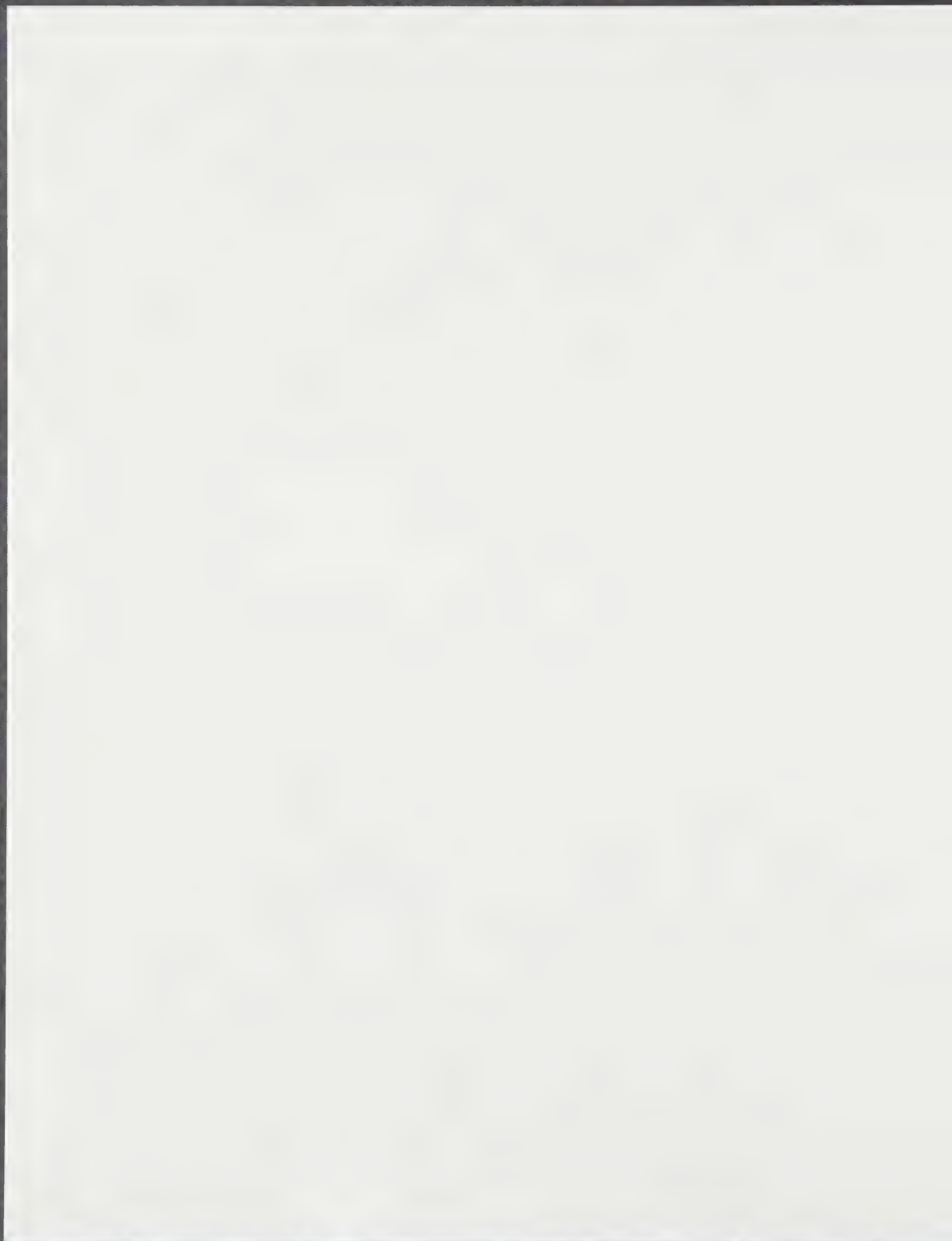
But bandages were not enough
To keep that smile at home;
It wandered all around the room,
It did so love to roam.

It hit the doctor in the eye -
And how his smile came back;
Those smiles just hit each other,
Hit, hit; bing, bang; whack, whack!

It met each nurse as she came in,
And found her smiling too;
It really is a wondrous thing
What that one smile could do!

A smile will always meet a smile,
That fact is surely plain,
Particularly if you smile
Although you are in pain.

July 24, 1938.



PULLOVER OF GREY.

Merry little maiden, playing in the sand,
 How the summer sunshine all your skin has tanned!
 Mother sits beside you, smiling at your play,
 Knitting for her girlie pullovers of grey.

Merry little maiden, playing in the snow,
 How the frosty weather sets your cheeks aglow!
 Jumping in the snowdrifts, happy in your play,
 Little legs so comfy in pullovers of grey.

Tell me, little maiden, had the woollies speech,
 Would they tell of wavelets breaking on the beach?
 Tell of barefoot children, happy in their play,
 Mother busy knitting pullovers of grey?

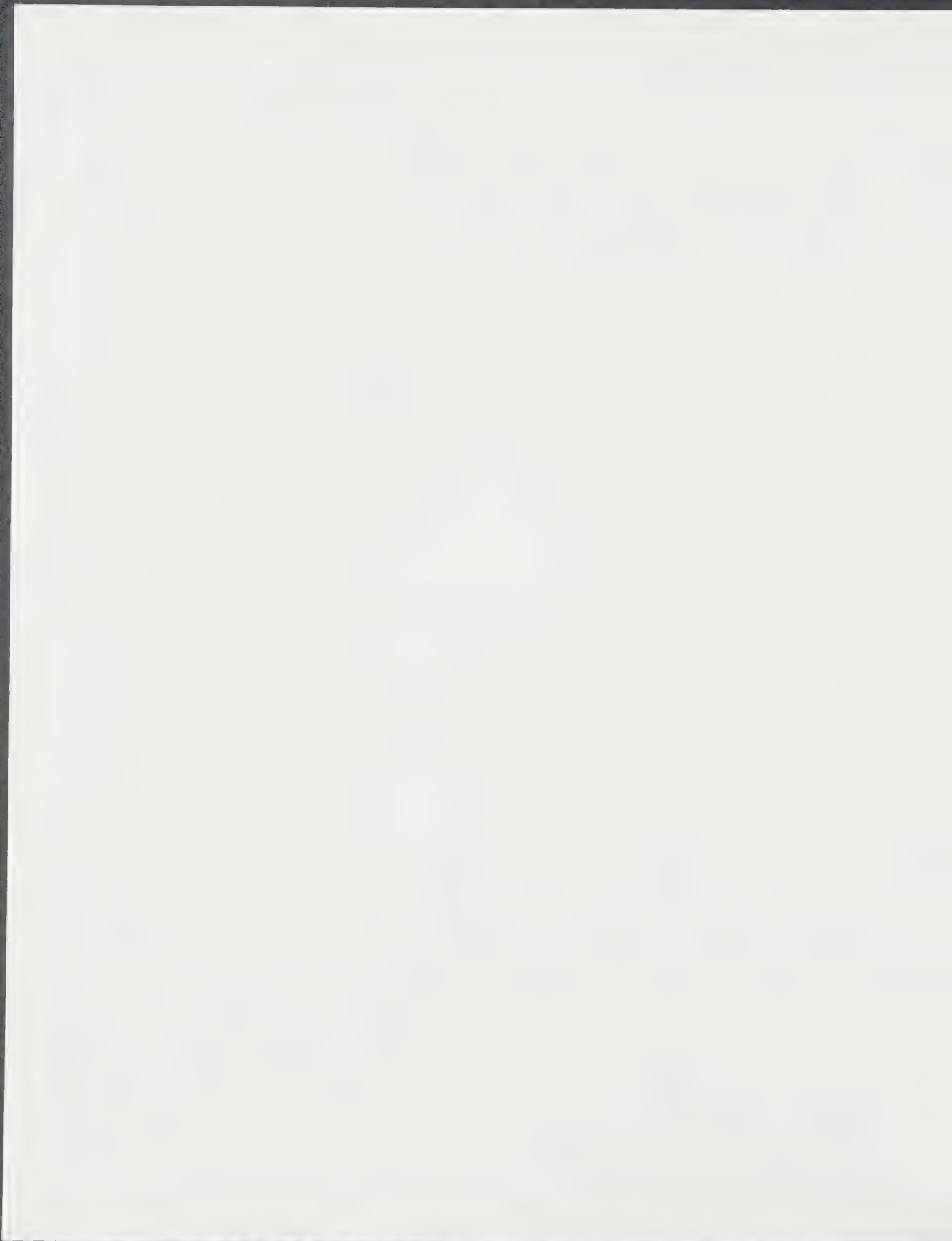
St. Patrick.
 August 1929.

THE BEACH FAIRIES.

"What is that I hear, Mummy, swishing, rustling, in the grass?"
 "It must be the fairies, dear, listen to them as they pass.
 Fairies love to hide, dearie, in such tall grass by the sand;
 The beach has its own fairies, too, we must be on their land.
 The beach fairies are dressed in grey, as woodland ones in green,
 These on the rocks, those in the trees, are thus not quickly seen.
 I'm sure the fairies love to come when noone's within reach
 To sit and listen to the wavelets breaking on the beach.
 The towers and castles that you make and leave upon the sand,
 The fairies skip and play around, and think they are just grand."

FAIRIES.

Fairies tripping,
 Lightly skipping
 Over hill and lea;
 Gaily dancing,
 Life entrancing!
 Fairies blithe and free.



Dance and sing,
 Laughter bring
 To the ring

'Neath the broad oak tree;
 Take to wing,
 Sway and swing --
 "Sing-a-ling"

Bluebells ring,
 Fairies all must flee.

Bluebells ring for fairy duties,
 Bid the fairies seek new beauties.
 Fairies, through their working hours,
 Paint the colours on the flowers;
 Fill the flower-cups full with honey,
 (Bought by bees with fairy money)
 Set the jewels, like glowing eyes,
 In the wings of butterflies;
 Fill with oil the firefly's lamp;
 Wet the moss to keep it damp.

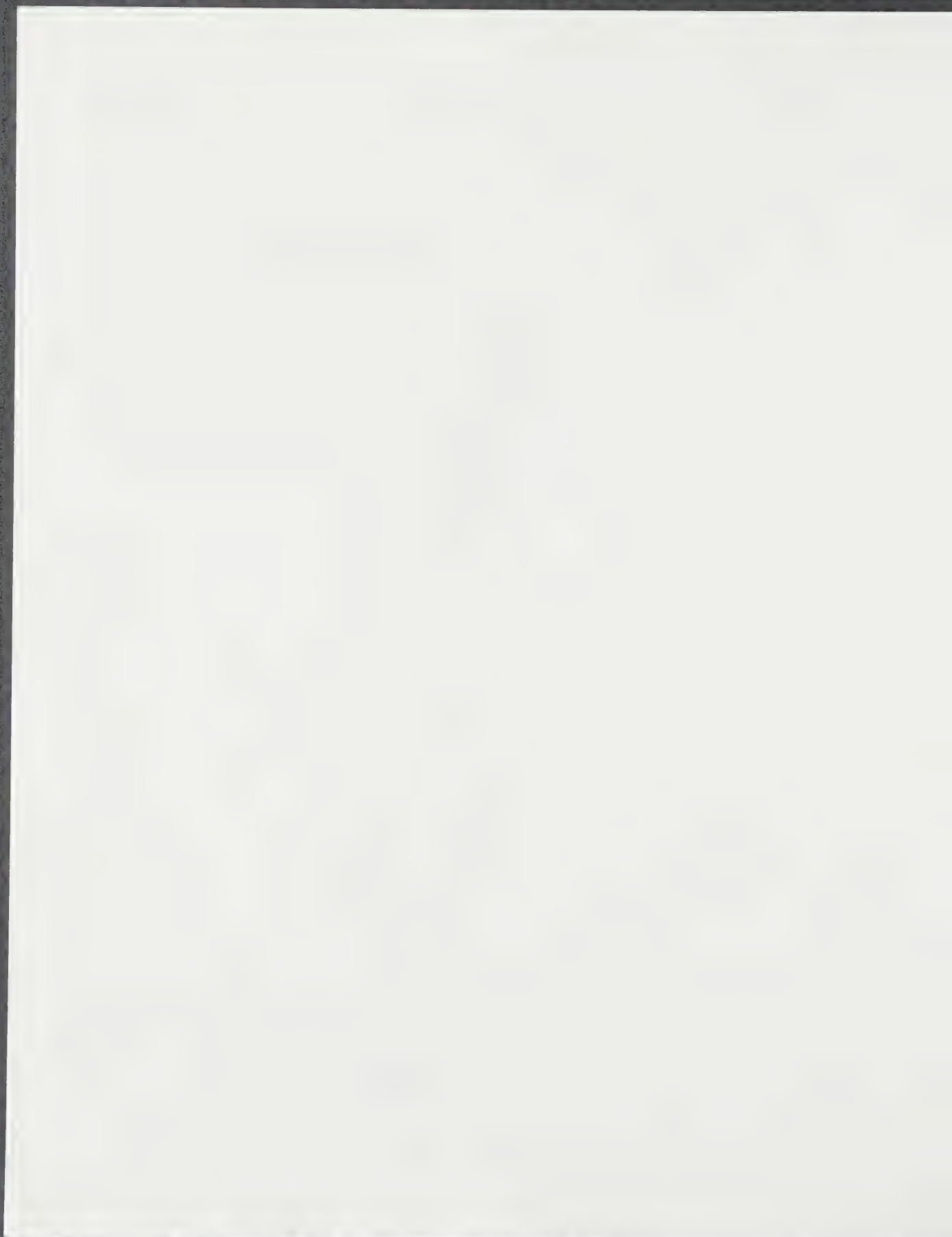
At the setting of the sun
 Fairies' work is nearly done.
 Then they clear the fairy ring,
 Teach the crickets how to sing
 Every pretty fairy tune
 For the dance in light of moon.

Fairies skipping,
 Lightly tripping
 In the fairy ring;
 Gaily dancing,
 Life entrancing!
 Fairies play and sing.

October 1932.

SITTING ON A STONE

Climbing up the hillside
 Maidens three I see;
 They have gone exploring,
 'Way too far for me.



They have left me waiting,
Sitting on a stone;
Though no person's with me
I am not alone.

Breezes in the tree-tops
Gently stir the leaves,
Telling fairy stories
Fancy lightly weaves.

In between the branches
Clouds roll slowly by,
Making magic pictures
In the clear blue sky.

Butterflies flit gaily,
Fairy folk are they,
Going to a party,
Dressed in colours gay.

Chipmunk on a fence-post,
Crickets in the grass,
Birdsongs in the bushes
Help the time to pass.

.....

Suddenly before me
Dance my maidens three;
"Mummy, we've had such fun,
Let's go home for tea."

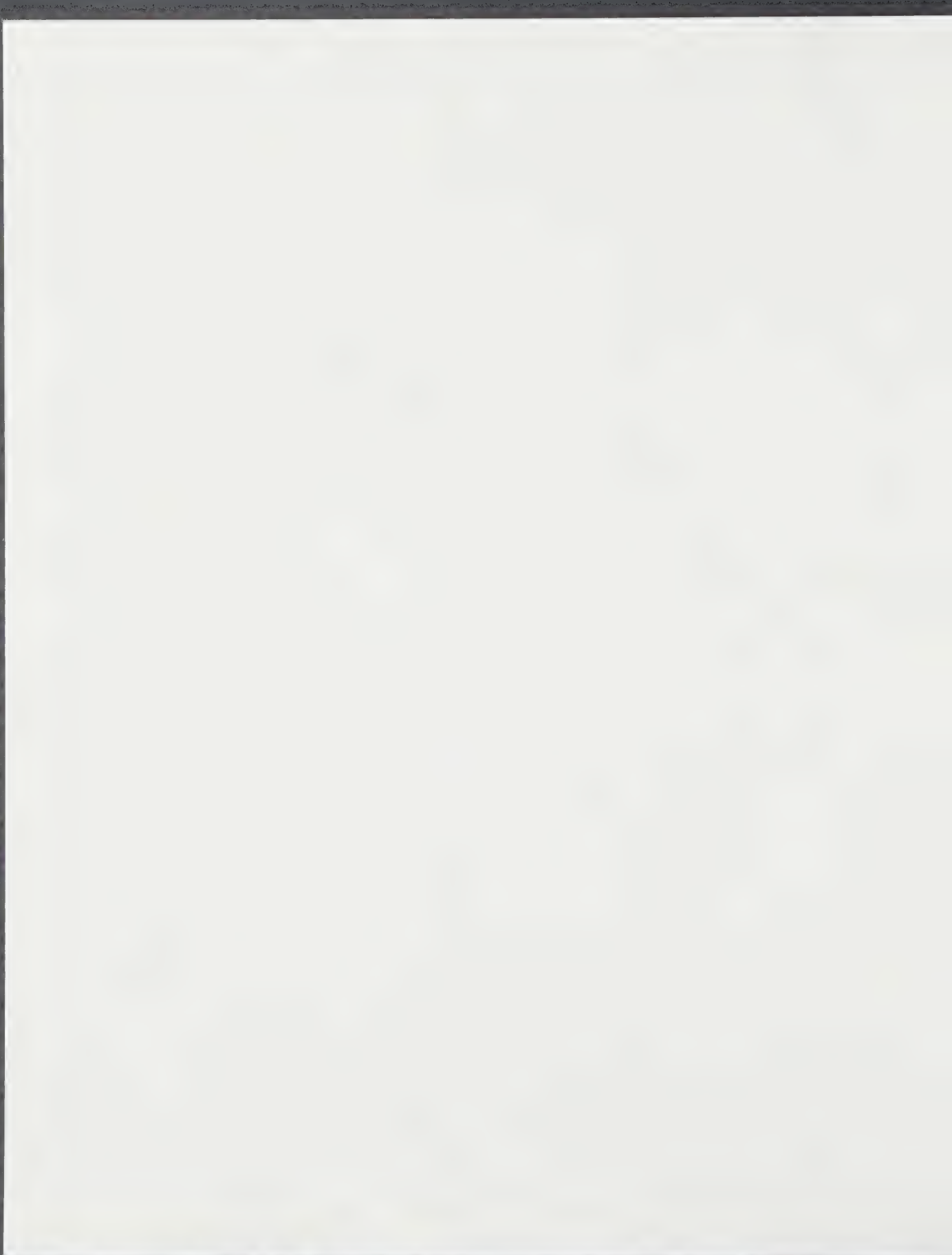
Fourteen Island Lake, July 1932.

THE GNOME'S HOUSE.

Walking by the lake shore,
Doodles, Best and I,
'Way up on a hillside
A wee house did espy.

Roof red like a cherry,
Window frames red, too,
Walls white as the hoar-frost,
Shiny, brightly new.

"Wonder where it came from",
Best and Doodles cry,
"We have never seen it,
Daily passing by."



"Fairies must have built it",
 Dubiously I said;
 "Oh! no, Mummy darling,
 Fairies don't use red.

Green is fairies' colour
 For a woodlnd home,
 I feel sure that this house
 Must be for a gnome."

Fourteen Island Lake, 27 July, 1932.

THE HOUSE.

I'm thought a senseless thing of brick and stone;
 But I have heart and feelings all my own;
 I love to hear the sound
 Of people all around,
 I find the days so long when I'm alone.

When all in summer radiates with heat,
 My blinds are drawn and I am closed complete;
 My family go away,
 I feel so drear and gray,
 I long to hear the tread of human feet.

Ah! me, when days begin to grow more chill,
 I wake to find I am remembered still;
 In, out and all around
 My walls resound with sound,
 It gives me such a happy, happy thrill.

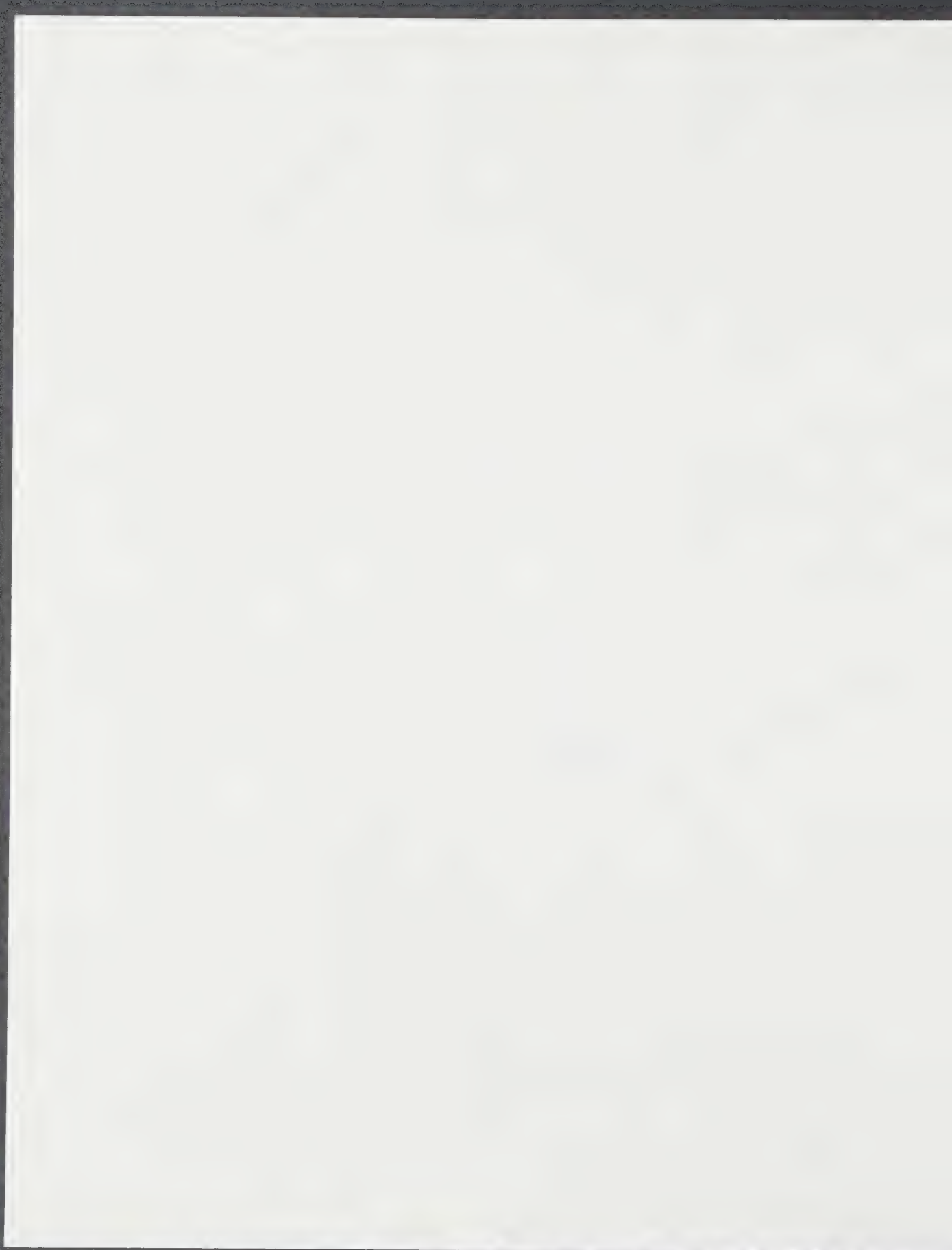
Westmount, August 1932.

A RAINY DAY.

I love to go out in the rain,
 To feel it full force in my face;
 When skies are all gray,
 I am happy and gay,
 I want to dance all round the place.

I put on my old shabby clothes,
 Then fare forth prepared to walk miles;
 The folk who are out
 When rain is about
 Seem always to wear happy smiles.

October 1934.



THE FAIRY WOODLAND.

We have found a fairy woodland,
'Way down near the river shore;
Full of trees and ferns and flowers,
Rocky caverns, fairy bowers,
Lovely places to explore!

At the entrance there's a pathway
Leading to a fairy dell;
With a carpet green and shiny,
Full of twin-flowers, pink and tiny,
Ev'ry flower a fairy bell.

Silver poplars guard this bower,
Spruce and balsam stand around,
Some are tall and straight like soldiers,
Some, amid the mossy boulders,
Lie, wind-blown, upon the ground.

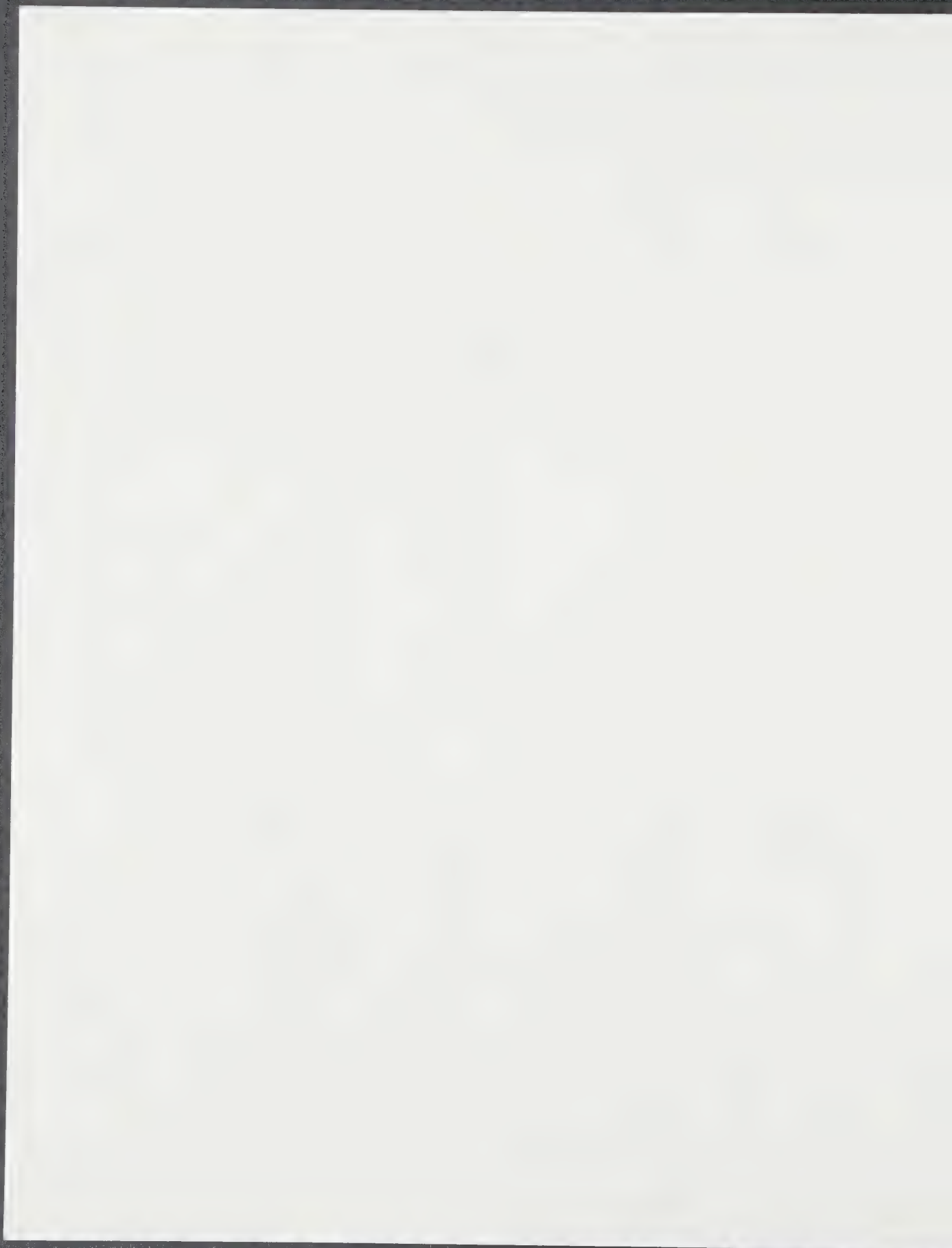
Rugged rocks -- great fun to climb on,
Slip on, slide on, graze our knees,
Make us feel this magic woodland
Is for small boys such a good land ---
Are those gnomes amongst the trees?

There's a cavern partly hidden
Underneath a great high rock,
Just the place for gnomes to shelter,
If they hustle helter-skelter --
Small boys give them such a shock.

See the ring of stones they sat on!
All the gnomes in council grave;
They love conventions, meetings, motions,
Arguing new-fangled notions,
Sitting round before their cave.

Thus we left the magic woodland,
Gnome-cave, fairies, rocks and trees;
Taking nothing to remind us
Of adventure left behind us,
Save the scratches on our knees.

St. Patrick, August 1934.



THE COW'S GAME.

"(The other day we were much amused watching the cows in a distant field. They seemed to be going about amongst the trees, appearing and disappearing. One left the herd and ran about by herself. All that inspired the following.)"

"Let's have a game of hide and seek", said Mrs Moolley Cow,
I've had a lot of nice fresh grass and feel quite frisky now.
We'll let Nell Whiteface have it first, come on! we'll have such fun!"
But Nell said "No" and tossed her head, "I'm going for a run."
"The sulky thing", said Susan Brown, "I'll take it -- run and hide!"
So soon the cows behind the trees were scattered far and wide.
They had such fun, as one by one, each cow was found in turn.
Then all lay down and chewed their cud in a lovely field of fern.

And what of Nellie Whiteface? I'm sure you'd never think,
She ran down to the nearest brook as if to take a drink,
The reason was that she had seen two horses feeding there,
She thought "I'd like to play with them, they are a handsome pair."
Which tells, of course, why she was cross, when asked to hide and seek!
But when she reached the horses they would neither look nor speak;
She softly moo-ed "Just look at me, I'm very sleek and fine,"
The horses never turned their heads, they wanted just to dine.

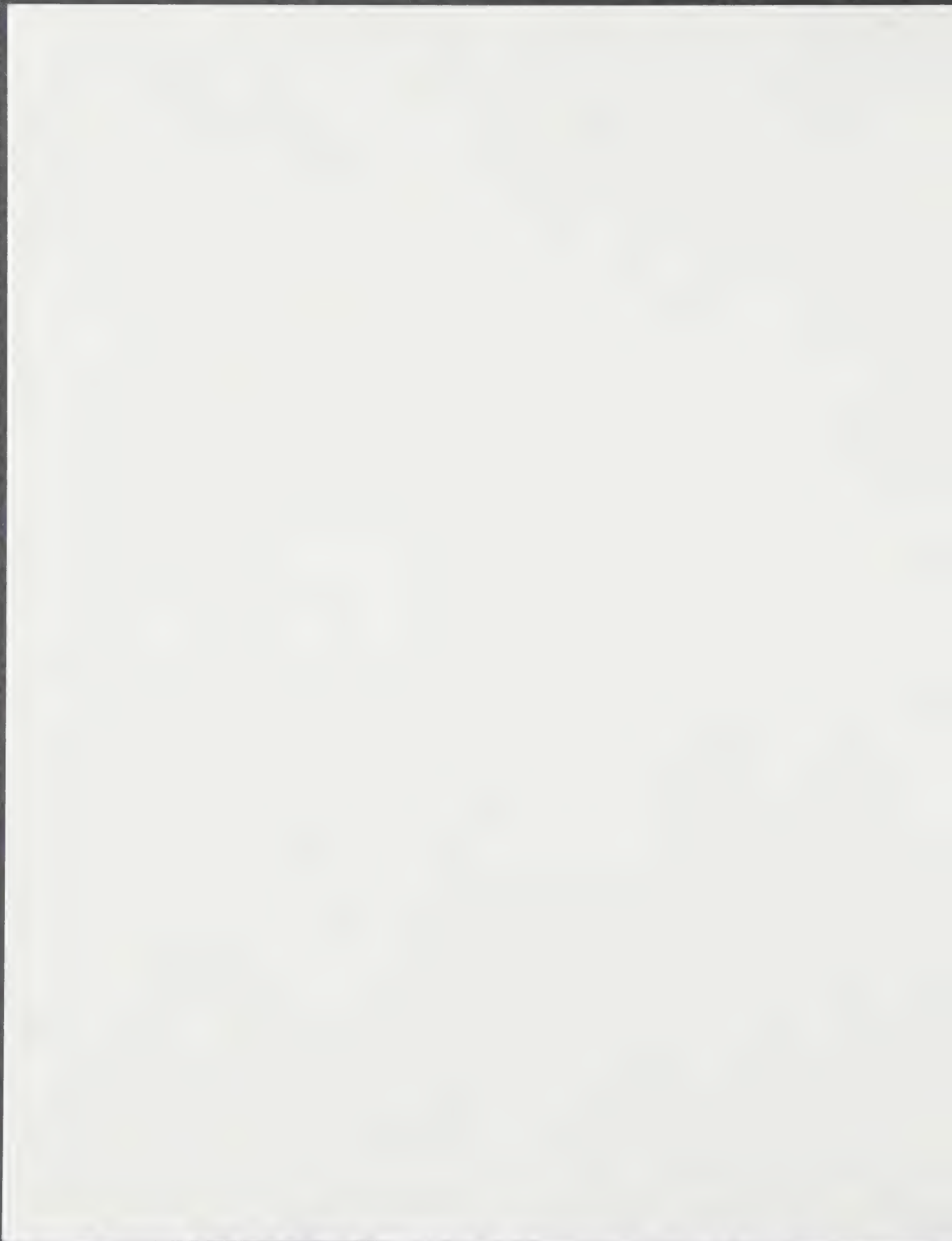
So Nellie ran back to her friends and promised she'd be good,
She said, "I'll play all games with you, just as a good cow should."

St. Patrick, July 1934.

As I went down the steep and winding stair
I turned and saw you standing there above,
The sun shone through blue window on your hair
There came into my mind "The blue for love".

'Tis love that lights your strong and kindly face,
(The face is but the mirror of the soul)
There love and humour both have found a place,
And helped you play so well your dual role.

As poetess your love for Nature's shown
In verses that have won you no small fame;
Amongst those weary, saddened or alone,
Are many who have hearned to bless your name.



THE TALE OF A BAT.

One morning, at just ten to four
 A knock came on my bedroom door;
 "Please may I come in, Mummy dear?
 A bat is in my room, I fear.
 I heard and saw him fly about,
 Was I not brave I did not shout?"
 Little one spent the rest of the night
 In Mummy's bed, snuggled tight.
 Next day we hunted low and high,
 But never a bat could we espy.

.....
 That night when I went my bedtime round
 I had to smile at what I found --
 Little one must have feared the bat,
 For she'd gone to sleep wearing her hat!

St. Patrick August 1934.

THE FAIRY TREES.

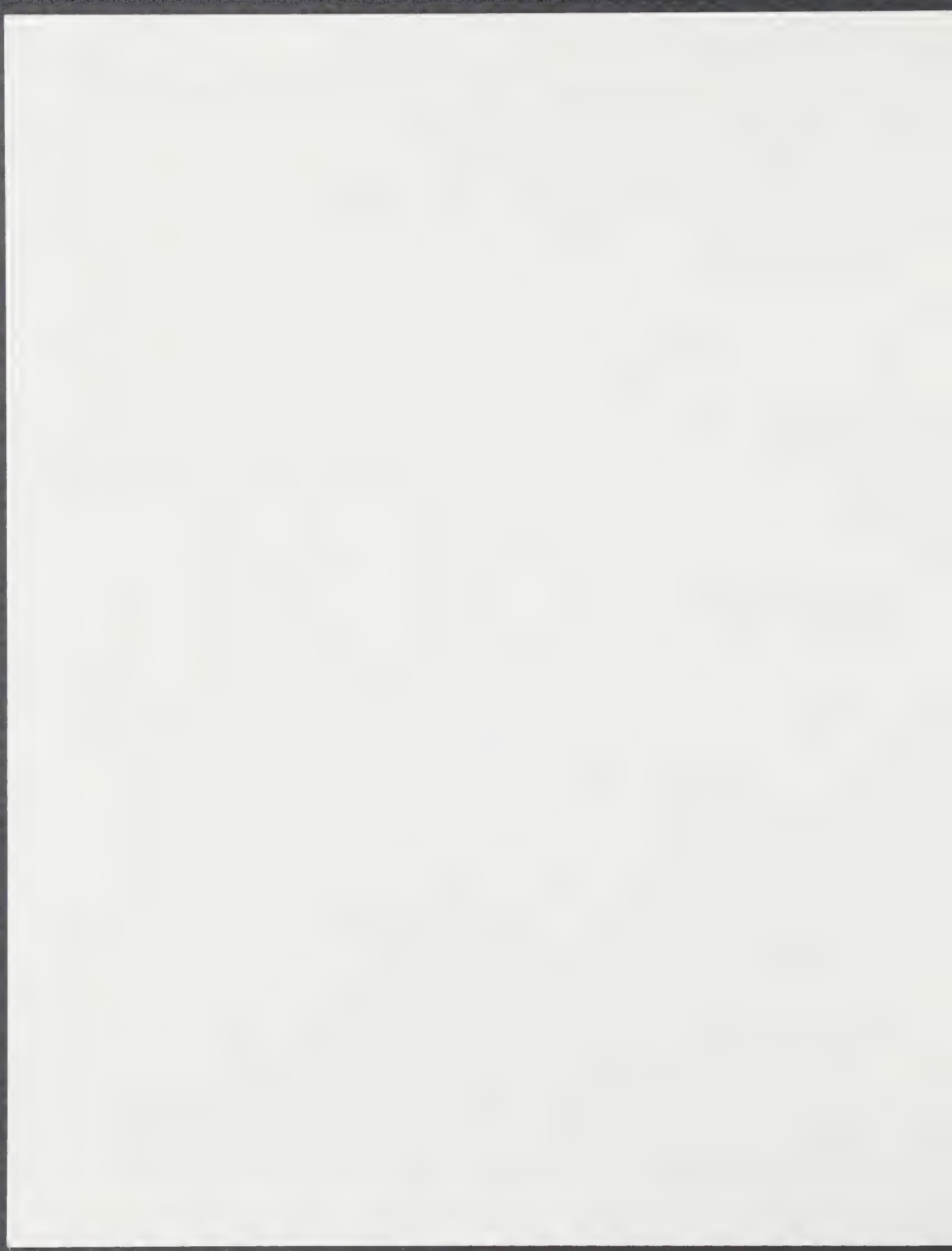
The fairies were abroad today,
 They scattered frosty rain
 On every twig of every tree,
 With all their might and main.

They said then to the weather man,
 "Please make it fair and cold,
 We want the ice on all the trees
 To have a good firm hold.

"We'll ask our good strong friend, West Wind,
 To blow the clouds away,
 Then sun will shine, so clear and bright,
 'Twill be a lovely day."

Sun, Wind and fairies worked so well
 The world looked simply grand;
 The sunshine sparkling on the trees
 Made all like fairyland.

March 6, 1935 Westmount.



A MOMENT'S PRAYER.

Forgive me, Oh Lord! that I grumbled today;
 I thought that more money would lighten my way;
 My riches and blessings I fear I forgot,
 I fretted and pined for some things I have not.
 I own goodly store of the world's truest wealth --
 I have sight, I have hearing, and (thank Goodness) good health;
 I can work, I can play, I'm surrounded by love ---
 I give thanks for these riches to Heaven above.

In the early hours of the dawning,
 Before the morning breaks,
 I lie and think of my darlings
 Ere any of them awakes.

I see each problem clearly,
 I ponder o'er each fact;
 I must face each one sincerely
 With patience, love and tact.

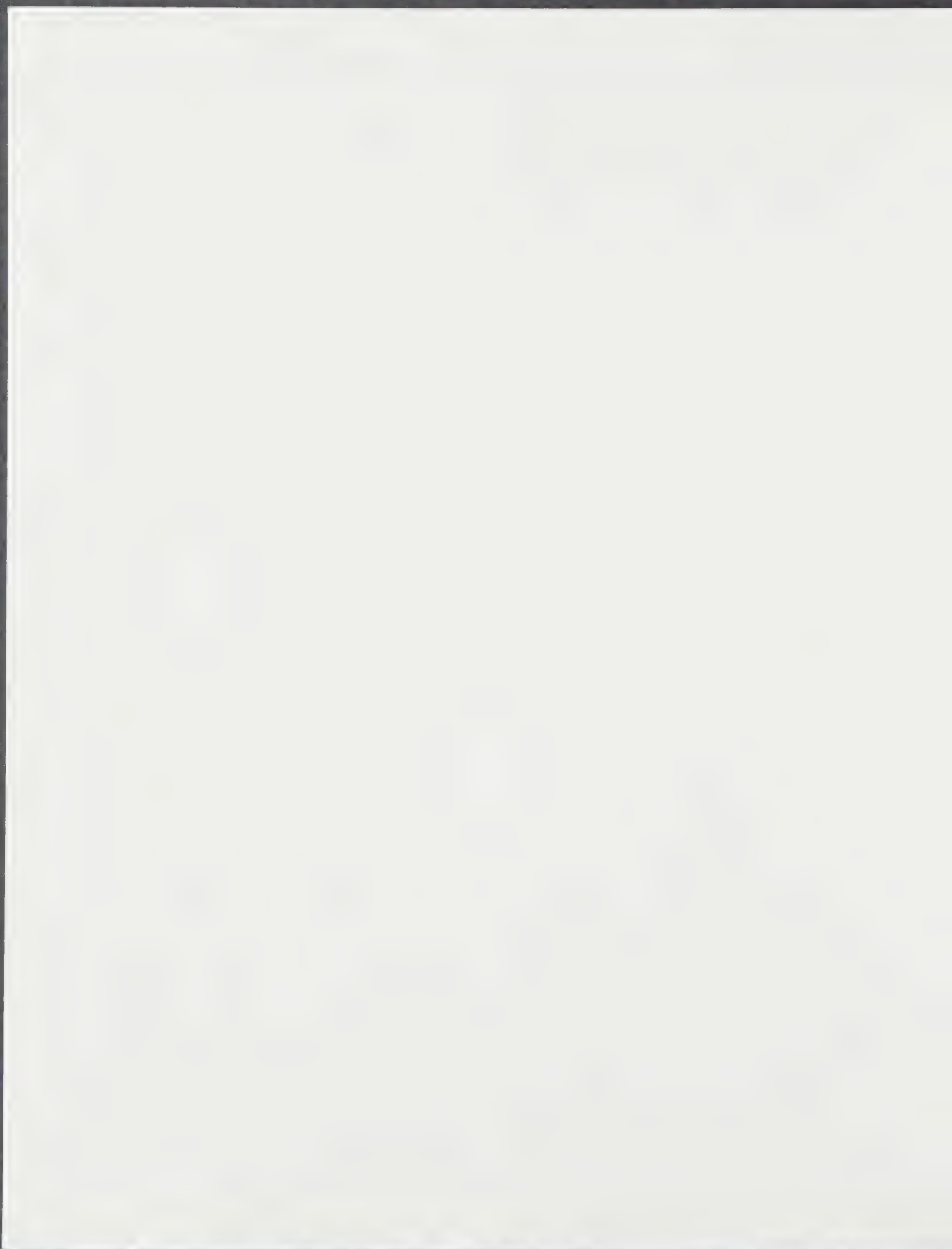
God give me strength and wisdom,
 Teach me, O Lord, Thy ways;
 That I may guide my darlings,
 And help them all their days.

Composed 5 a.m. June 21st, 1933
 Completed midnight.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

The poet's words come surging
 As I stand 'neath the apple tree;
 "And I wish that my soul could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me".
 The thoughts of our loving Father
 Who gave me the power to see
 The exquisite heavenly beauty
 Of that flowering apple-tree.
 The tree is to me as a symbol
 Of the love that has watched o'er my life;
 Of the goodness and sweetness I've met with
 As a daughter, a mother and wife.

May 22nd, 1933.



SUCCOTH AT HOME.

My heart swells with pride on our festival day
 To see all my daughters rejoice,
 To hear them combine in a joyous Hallel
 In clear and melodious voice.

My heart swells with pride as I gaze round the room
 Hung with fruit and with gay autumn leaves;
 Their time and their work they have given with joy
 Instead of a harvest of sheaves.

May God in His goodness bless each loving girl
 With a happy household of her own,
 Where she'll reap her full share in Succoths to come
 Of the seed she in these days has sown.

Tishri 16th 5690 (1930)

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

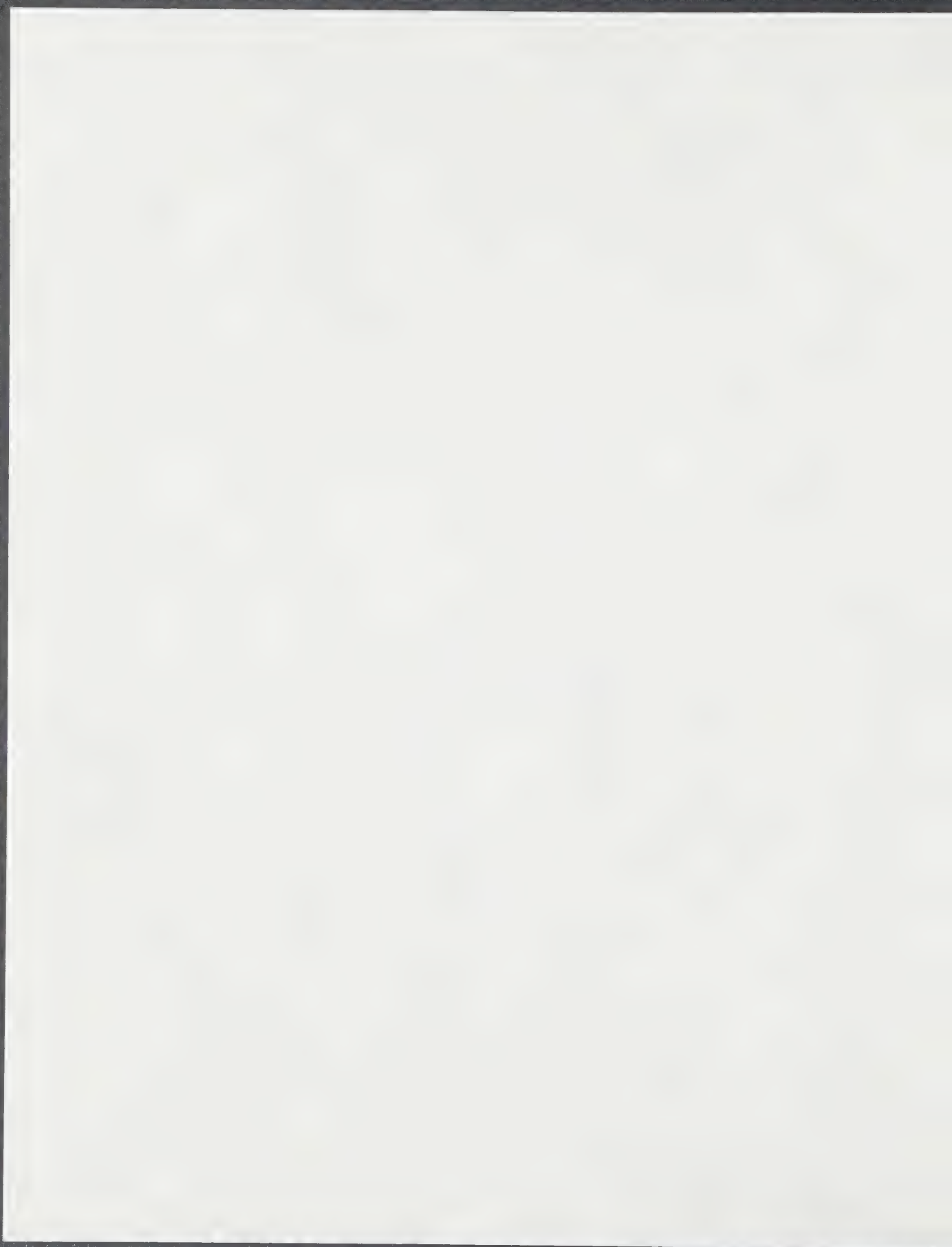
From the dust, oh! my people, arise, arise and shine;
 Shake off the dust of trivial, worldly things;
 Arise, arise and shine, thy light is come,
 Tonight the Sabbath ranks thee high as kings.

Arise, array thyself in thy garments of glory,
 The Princess Sabbath sets thee free tonight;
 She comes: greet her with songs and hymns of praise,
 And welcome her with candles shining bright.

Remember and observe the holy Sabbath day;
 Recall the time of Israel's righteous pride;
 Rise high above thy toil, thy sole desire
 To meet the Sabbath: "Come, O Beauteous bride".
 Westmount August 1932.

THANKSGIVING GREETINGS TO MY PARENTS.

At Thanksgiving I count my wealth --
 Not gold that lies in banks --
 My home, my friends, my health,
 For these I offer thanks.
 And greatest of all blessings I've had,
 I gratefully say it in truth,
 Were my wonderful Mother and Dad,
 And the care that they took of my youth.



"WORSHIP THE LORD IN HIS GLORIOUS SANCTUARY" Ps. XXIX 2.

His glorious sanctuary! such words
 Can mean no human structure howe'er grand;
 "The temple of His glory" ne'er described
 A narrow building raised by mortal hand.
 The out-of-doors His sanctuary is,
 For there all things His glory do bespeak --
 The hillside clothed with hay, the straggling stream,
 The limpid lake, the lofty mountain peak.
 But most of all I love to worship Him
 Where stately trees their topmost boughs entwine,
 Where sky and clouds glimpse through the rustling leaves,
 And bird-throats join their hymns of praise to mine.
 There new strength comes, all worldly troubles cease,
 Where Nature's God doth bless the earth with peace.

Fourteen Island Lake, July 21st 1932.

YIMLACH

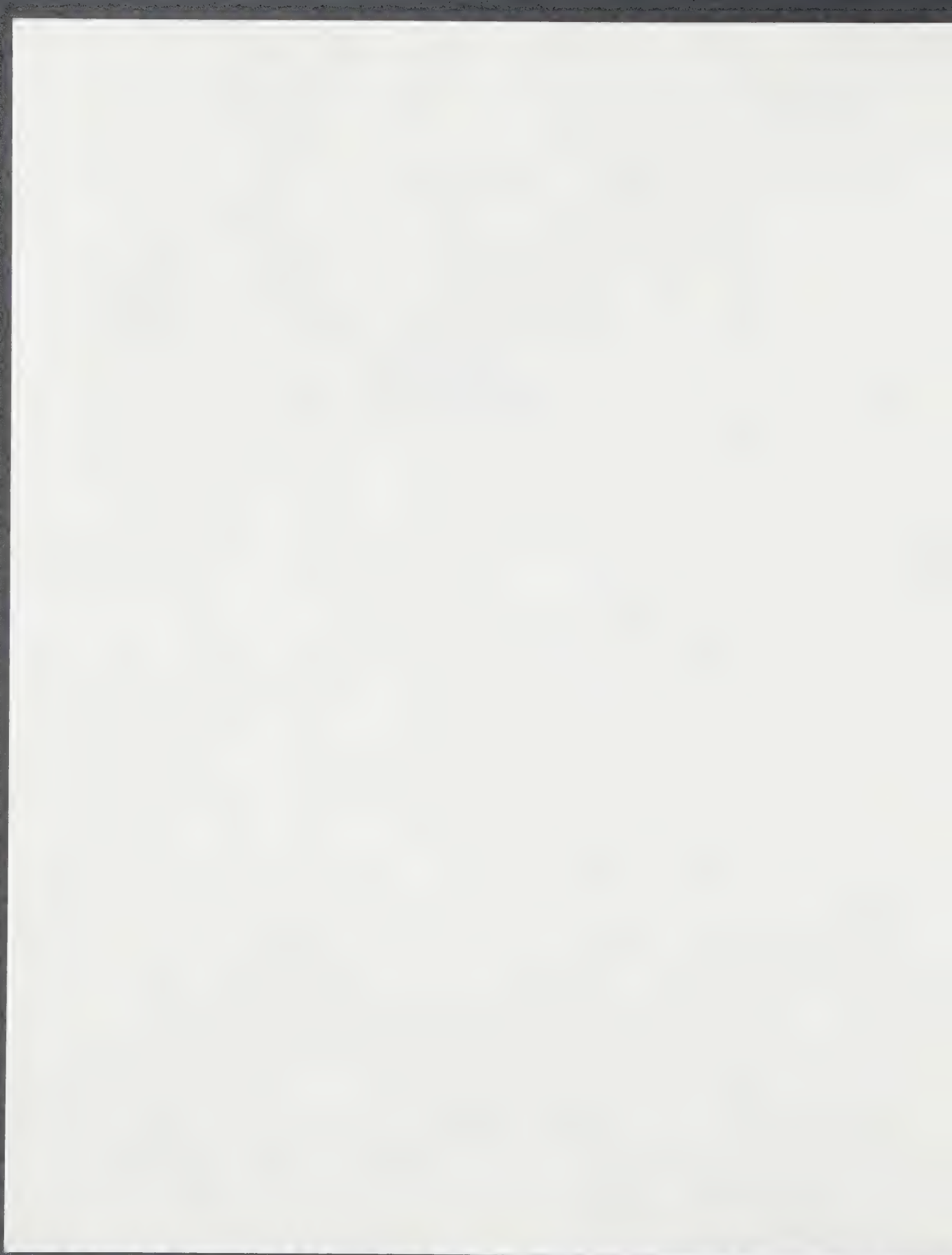
The stately sanctuary shone in the Sabbath sun,
 Before the Ark the Ner Tamid burned bright;
 The congregation entered, one by one,
 Each wrapped himself in talith, blue and white.
 O'er all there hung a solemn, reverent air,
 As Israel's remnant joined in Sabbath prayer.

The remnant of Israel! a minyan, scarcely more,
 With downcast hearts at thoughts of happier days,
 For in that place had hundreds prayed of yore,
 With full-voiced choir to lead their hymns of praise.
 Is this the end? Can Israel's mission fail?
 Indifference aid oppression to prevail?

.....
 Yimlach! the word rang out through that vast hall,
 The God of Zion shall reign for evermore!
 Though generations pass and congregations fall
 The Lord shall reign in future as of yore.
 Yimlach! that word revived the failing few,
 And filled them with a hope and courage new.

Yimlach! with faith renewed they sang the word,
 And, though so few, the place seemed filled with song,
 As if some angel host, unseen but heard
 Bade them be of good courage and be strong.
 Though generations pass and congregations fall,
 Thy God shall reign, O Zion, over all!

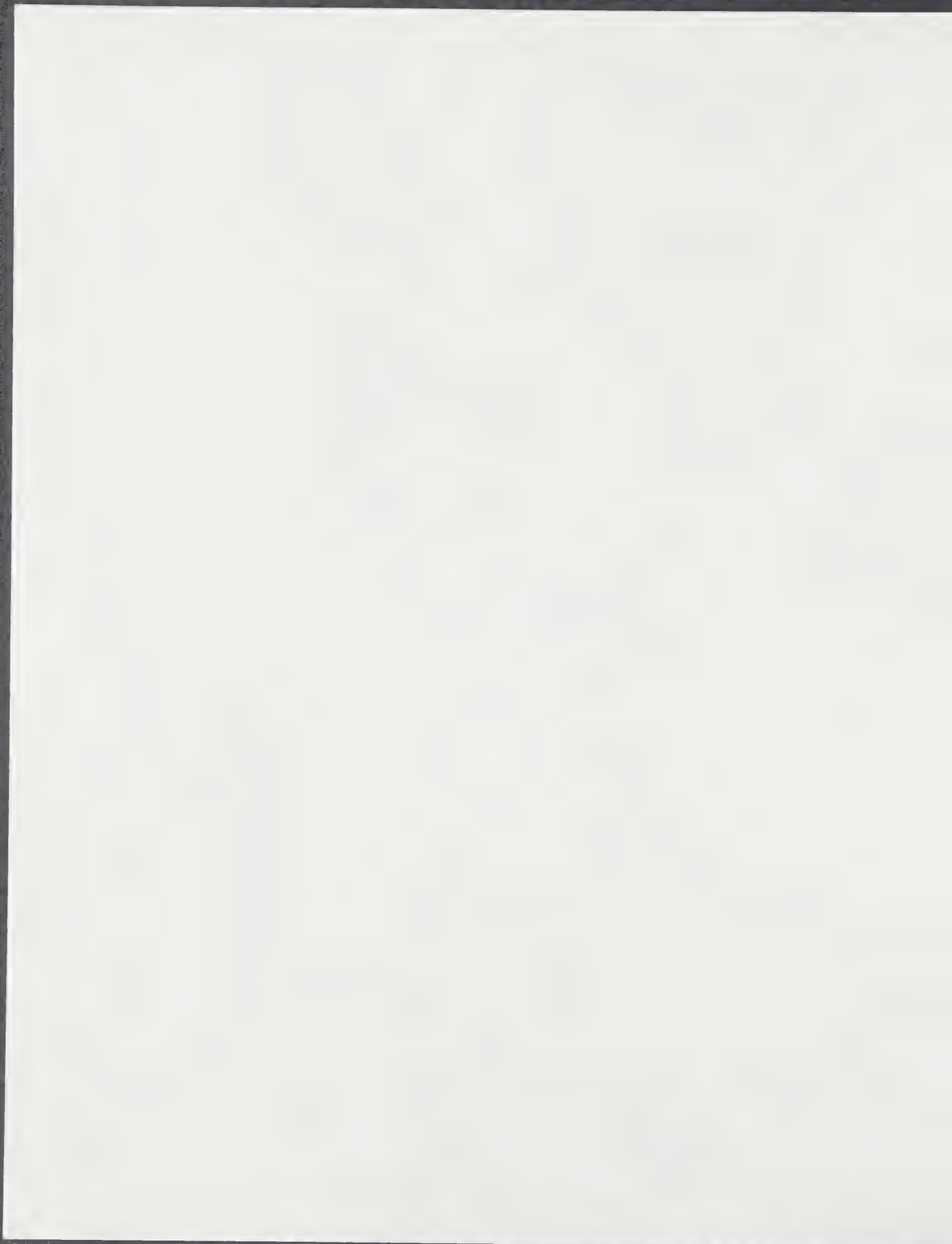
1935.



"SAYING PEACE, PEACE: WHEN THERE IS NO PEACE" Jeremiah VI 14.

Can peace come to a people racked with pain,
When those who torture mock and laugh to see
The struggle to be dignified and calm?
When fiends in human form can feel no shame
That things like these can be on God's fair earth?
Can Peace come thus? Nay, Peace shall come indeed
When man shall call man brother; - not with alms -
No gift of gold can help an aching heart,
Nor bread, nor meat can raise a downcast soul -

But when mankind shall learn that vicious might
Must bow before each human being's right;
When minds and hearts sincere, with words and deeds,
Shall break the yoke of tyranny, and prove
The loving brotherhood of man on earth -
Then Peace shall come, and Peace indeed shall stay.



UNDER AN APPLE-TREE IN SPRING

It is blowing,
 It is snowing,
 Apple-blossoms falling as I stand beneath the tree;
 Sweetly-scented apple-blossoms snowing on to me.

It is raining
 I am gaining
 Nature's sweetest perfume that is falling from the tree;
 Sweetly-scented apple-blossoms raining down on me.

Oh, the glory
 Of the story
 That the sweetly-scented blossoms carry from the tree,
 Of the love that hath created blossoms, tree and me.

1927.

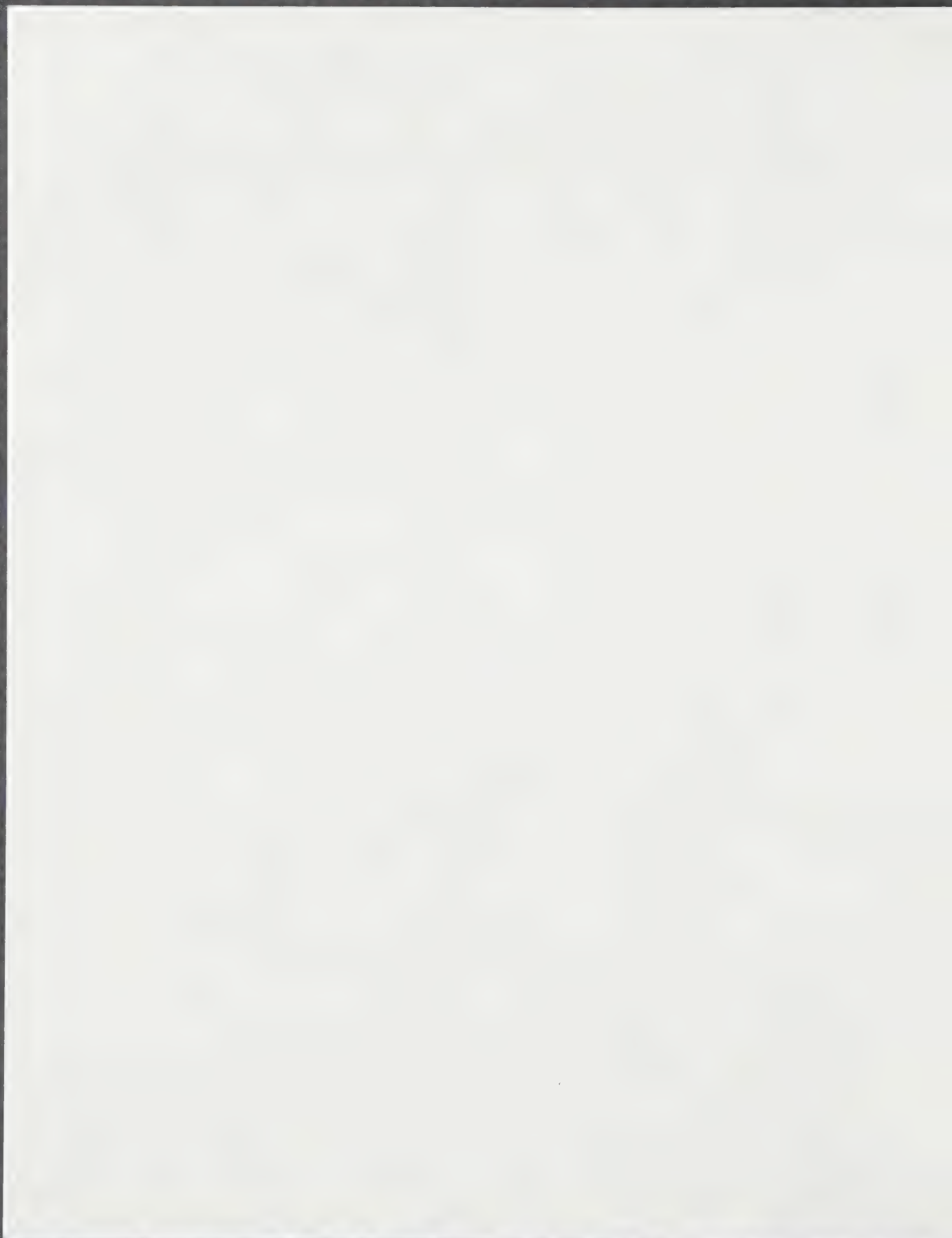
A WINTRY DAY.

I am happy just to be alive
 When sun shines bright on snow;
 When frosty air is cold and clear,
 And winds forget to blow.

I love to watch on children's cheeks
 The healthful crimson glow,
 And hear their merry laughter as
 They tumble in the snow.

With scenes like these, dear Canada,
 My love e'er stronger grows;
 For thou art very beautiful --
 "Our Lady of the Snows".

Westmount, November 22, 1932.
 (Thermometer 15 degrees Fahr.)



MY LOVER

Oh! Winter is my lover, strong and free;
 With many wiles he comes a'wooing me.

With tang of frosty air he lures me forth,
 To revel in the pleasures of the North.

His breath sets heart a'beat and cheeks aglow;
 And makes my eyes to sparkle like the snow.

He woos me with an air so gruff and bold
 That those who know him not must deem him cold.

But, though at times he's boisterous and rough,
 Again he shows he's made of gentler stuff.

Like dainty messengers, his snowflakes white,
 Fall soft as feathers and as fairy light.

Like coverlets of down they clothe the earth,
 To keep all Nature warm for Spring's rebirth.

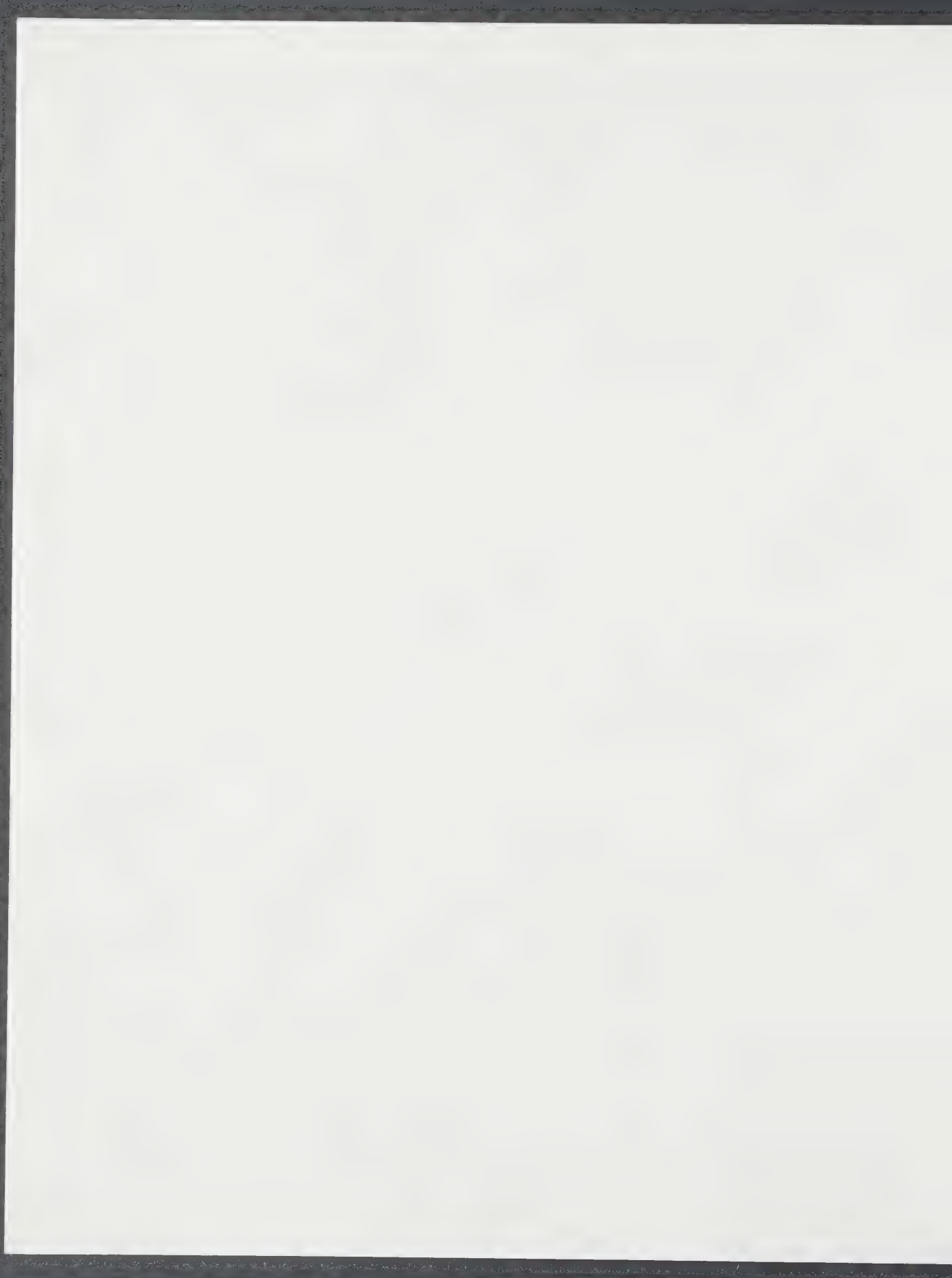
My lover's fair when sun is shining bright;
 How beautiful on stilly moonlight night!

He brings a gift more precious far than gold ---
 That those who love him never can grow old.

THE HILL TOP.

We climbed a dusty hill 'neath noonday sun;
 The minutes seemed to lengthen into hours;
 Then, of a sudden, as our climb was done,
 We paused beside a garden gay with flowers.
 The perfume of the roses filled the air,
 Nasturtiums trailed their horns of honey sweet,
 Sweet Williams, pansies, foxglove, all were there,
 We gazed, and soon forgot our weary feet.
 For, down amongst the flowers the owner came,
 At our admiring words she smiled with pride,
 The sweetest flower of all - a white-haired dame -
 "I'd like to give you some, just step inside."
 And so our climb and toil were all forgot,
 For we were in Earth's perfect beauty spot.

Fourteen Island Lake, July 1932.



THE QUEST OF BEAUTY

The air vibrates with voices,
Yet all alone I feel;
The people who are near me
To me seem hardly real.

The fading glow of sunset,
The cooling evening breeze,
The perfume of the woodland,
The real things are these.

What matter if at even,
Confined in rustic inn,
The gramophone below me
Jazz out its endless din?

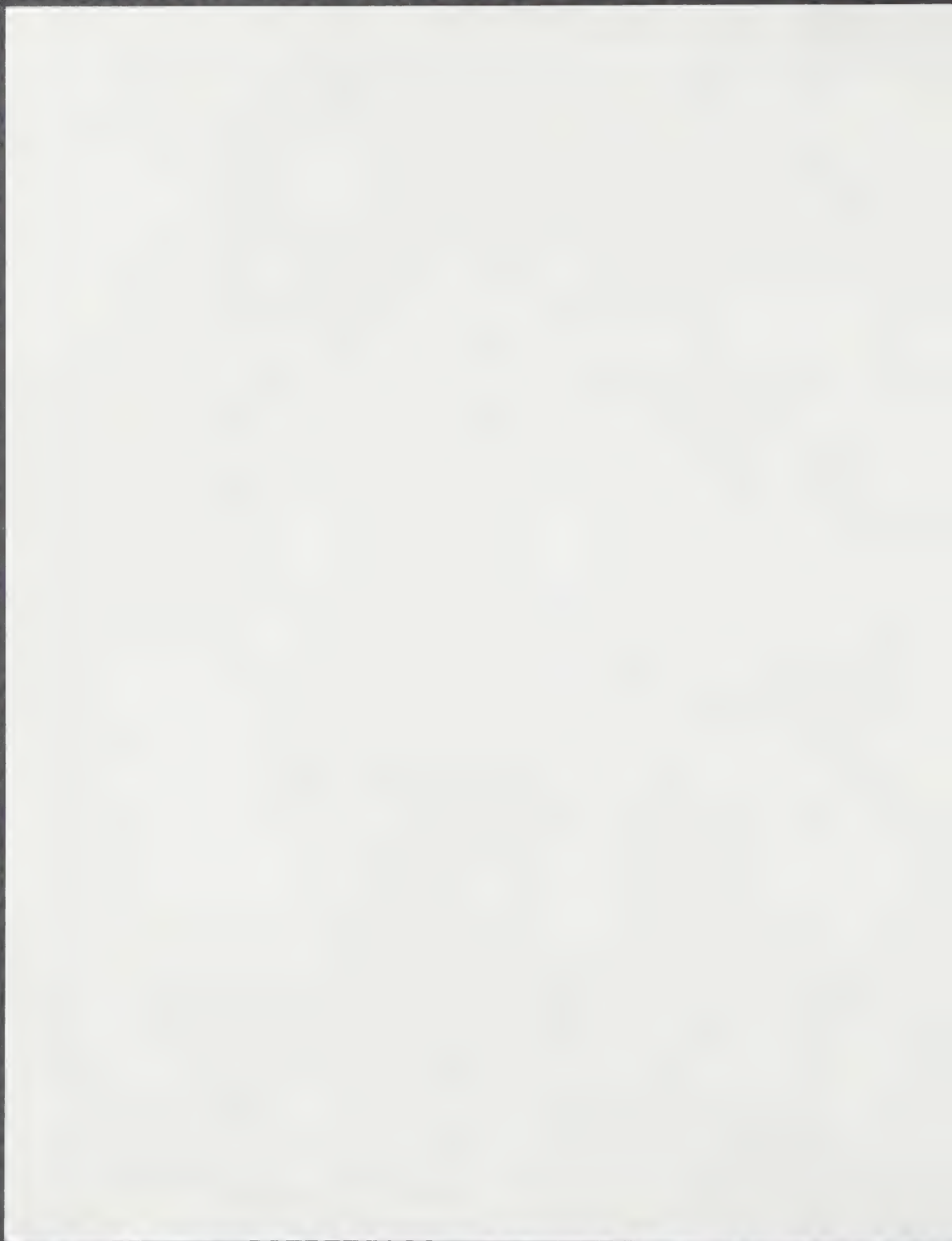
The distant lowing cattle,
The cricket singing near,
These sounds outside my window
Are all I choose to hear.

When walking by the roadside,
I note no dust nor stones;
I heed not passing motors,
With honking, strident tones.

I gather wayside flowers,
Watch butterflies and bees;
My heart joins in the chorus
Of bird-songs in the trees.

And thus may Heaven help me,
As on through life I go,
To find the beauties ever,
Things ugly not to know.

Fourteen Island Lake. July 1932.



A LINE OF GOLD

The clouds were rolling heavily
 Across a leaden sky,
 As we gazed west at mountain peak,
 My love and I,

'Twas sunset hour, yet all the view
 Was dull and drear and cold,
 Till, as we gazed, we saw appear
 A line of gold.

It widened slowly, till the peak
 In brilliant radiance shone;
 One instant all was bright -- and then --
 The sun was gone.

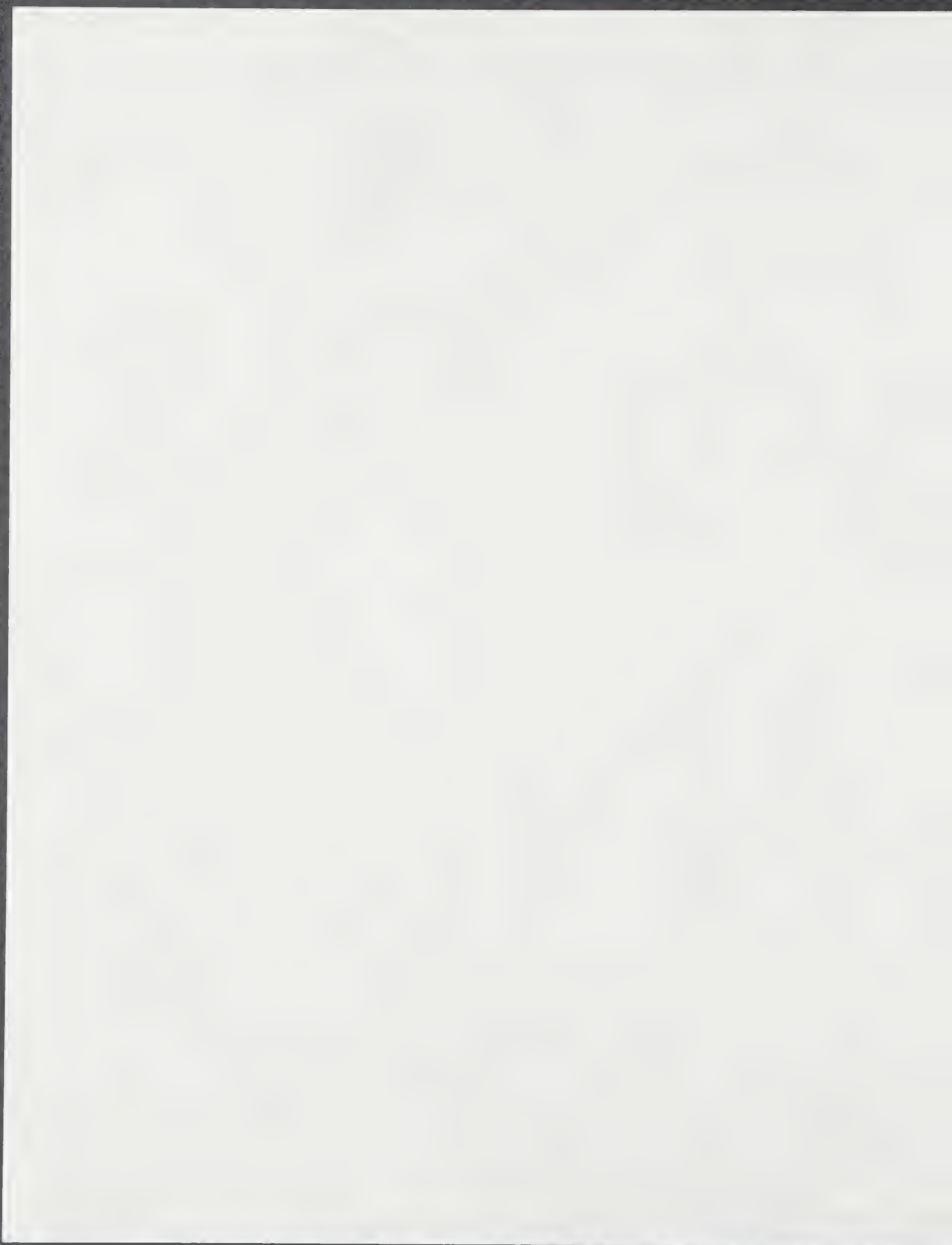
Though but a moment's burst of light,
 A message clear was told --
 Beyond life's darkest clouds there shines
 A line of gold.

Fourteen Island Lake. July 1932.
 Won Honourable Mention in Canadian Authors'
 Association Poetry Group meeting in November 1932.

SUNSHINE

The sunshine on the meadows,
 The sunshine o'er the sea,
 The sunshine on the mountains
 Is all the same to me.
 'Tis sunshine, 'tis sunshine,
 It warms my soul and mind,
 It fills me with compassion
 And love for all mankind.

'Twas God who made the sunshine,
 The mountains and the sea;
 He made all human creatures
 The same as He made me.
 So since all men are brothers
 We surely should be kind,
 And try to bring some sunshine
 To every human mind.



JANUARY 1933.

Where art thou gone, O winter!
 The ground is sere and brown;
 As if Dame Earth were loth to shed
 Her russet autumn gown.

Where are the fluffy garments
 We love to see her wear?
 Whose sparkling, brilliant whiteness
 Enhance a beauty rare.

Come back to us, O Winter!
 The ploughed field cannot sleep;
 She needs thy snowy blanket
 Her warmth within to keep.

Come back, old-fashioned Winter
 And clothe the earth with snow;
 That fields may sleep serenely
 And bounteous crops may grow.

Westmount January 1933.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN - AUGUST 31, 1932.

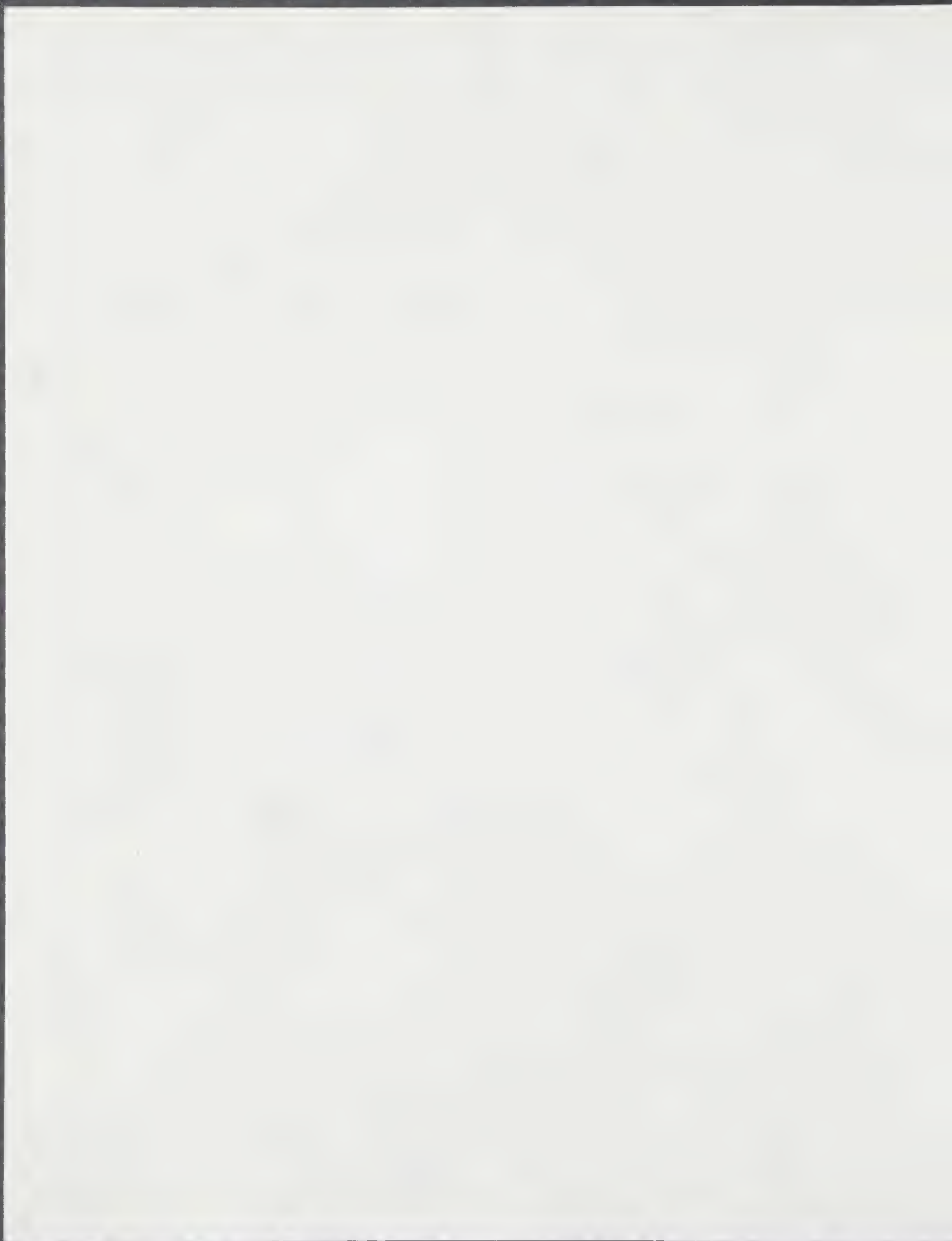
A wonderful phenomenon, the gradual fading light,
 As though in one short hour an afternoon did pass;
 Then swiftly darkness came, the day was changed to night -
 No sound, save crickets chirping in the grass.

The thousands gathered there upon the mountain top
 Were awed to silence by the wondrous sight,
 All voices died away, all sounds had seemed to stop;
 The birds had winged their evening homeward flight.

THE CALL OF THE COUNTRY.

Countryside is calling, calling;
 "Come where fields are gay,
 Come where flowers and birds are fairest,
 Dream the time away.

"Country roads are cool and shady,
 In the summer's heat;
 Hard and dusty, hot and humid
 Is the city street.



"Through the long and lissome hay-seeds
 Laughing children pass;
 Close-cropped lawns in city warn them:
 'Please keep off the grass'.

"Country trees are green and dainty,
 Rustling in the breeze;
 Dusty from the passing traffic
 Stand the city trees.

"Country air is soft and fragrant;
 Country scenes are fair:
 In the city smoke clouds hover,
 Fumes pollute the air."

To the call my heart makes answer:
 "Though the country I adore;
 I am happy in the city,
 And I love it more and more.

"For the city holds my treasures,
 All the things I hold most dear;
 Home and loved ones, friends and family,
 All are in the city here.

"City trees, 'tis true, are dusty;
 City streets, 'tis true, are hot:
 But where home is there my heart is,
 So I'm happy in my lot."

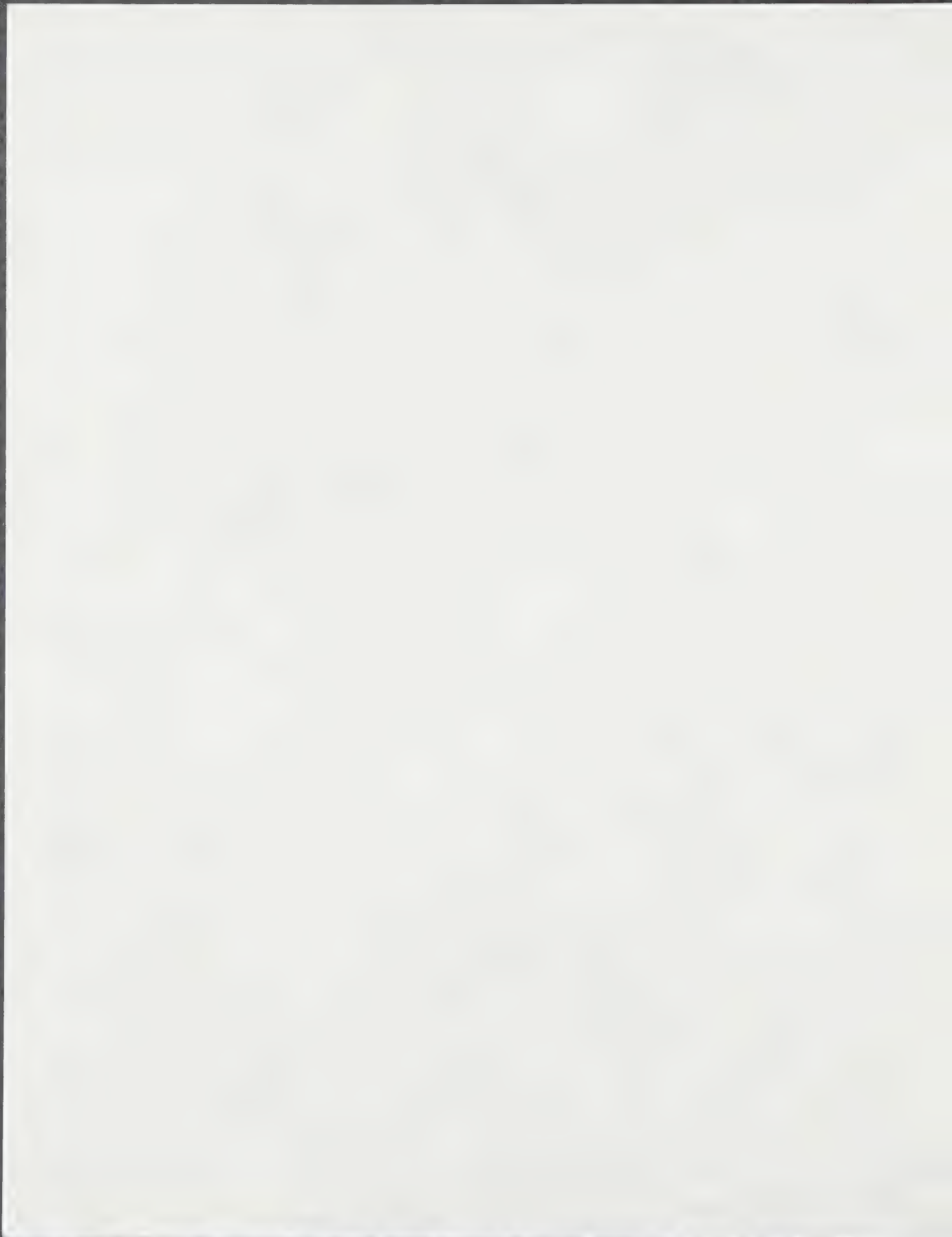
Westmount, August 1932.

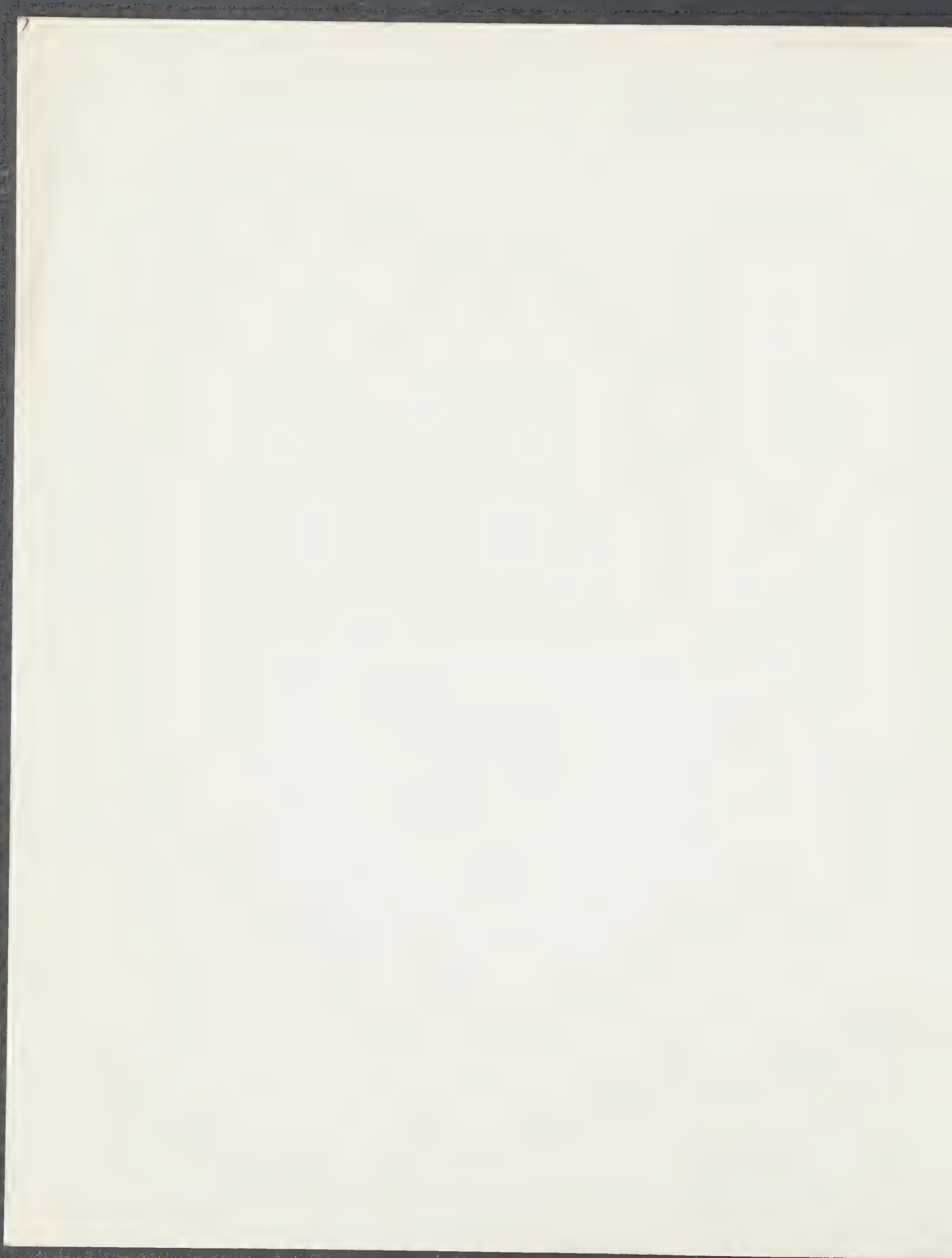
THE HIGHWAY

Who would take a highway when a by-way's to be found?
 In and out amongst the trees
 And winding round and round,
 Oh! the by-way is the highway
 To the mind that's young and gay,
 In the snow clad woods a-winding
 On a frosty winter's day.

Who would take a highway when a by-way's to be seen?
 Over hill and meadow
 When the fields are fair and green.
 Oh! the by-way is the highway
 To the mind that's blithe and gay,
 Where the flowers are gaily nodding
 On a sunny Summer's day.

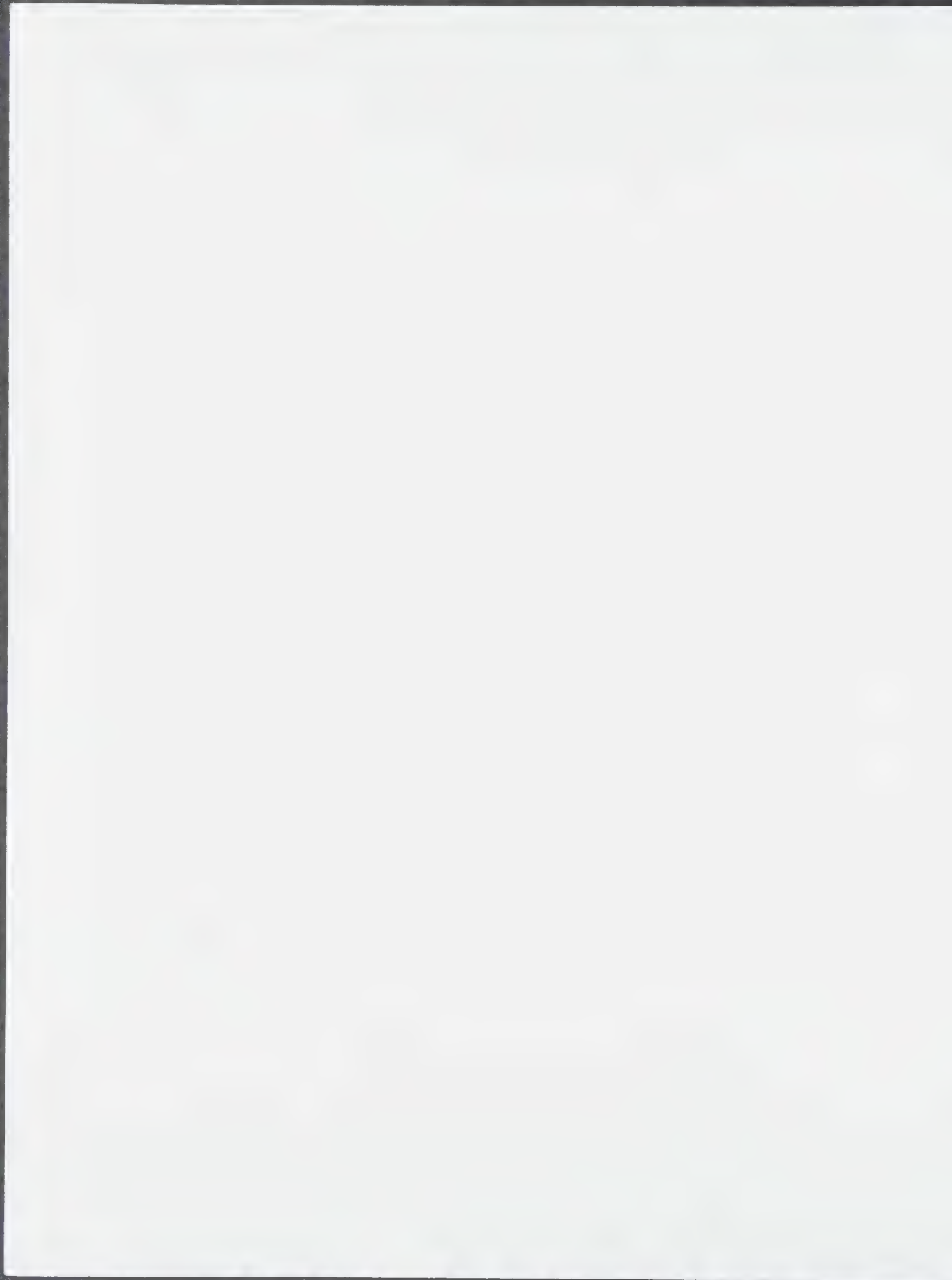
Westmount, February 1934.







IRENE RACHEL JOSEPH WOLFF

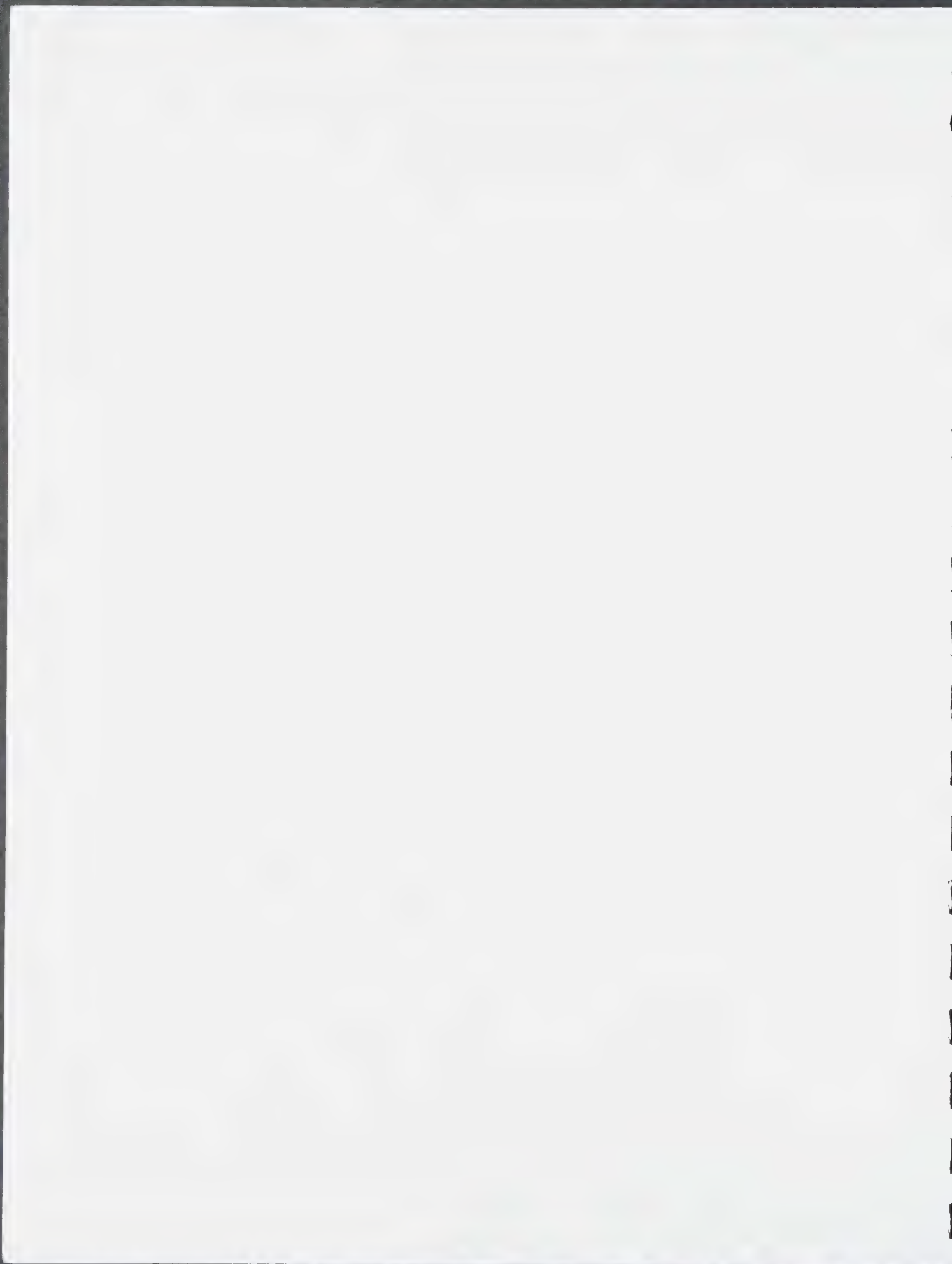


A QUEBECKER LOOKS AT LIFE:

THE DIARY OF IRENE JOSEPH WOLFF

Compiled and Edited by

Rosetta Wolff Elkin



A Quebecker Looks at Life
The Diary of Irene Josephs Wolff

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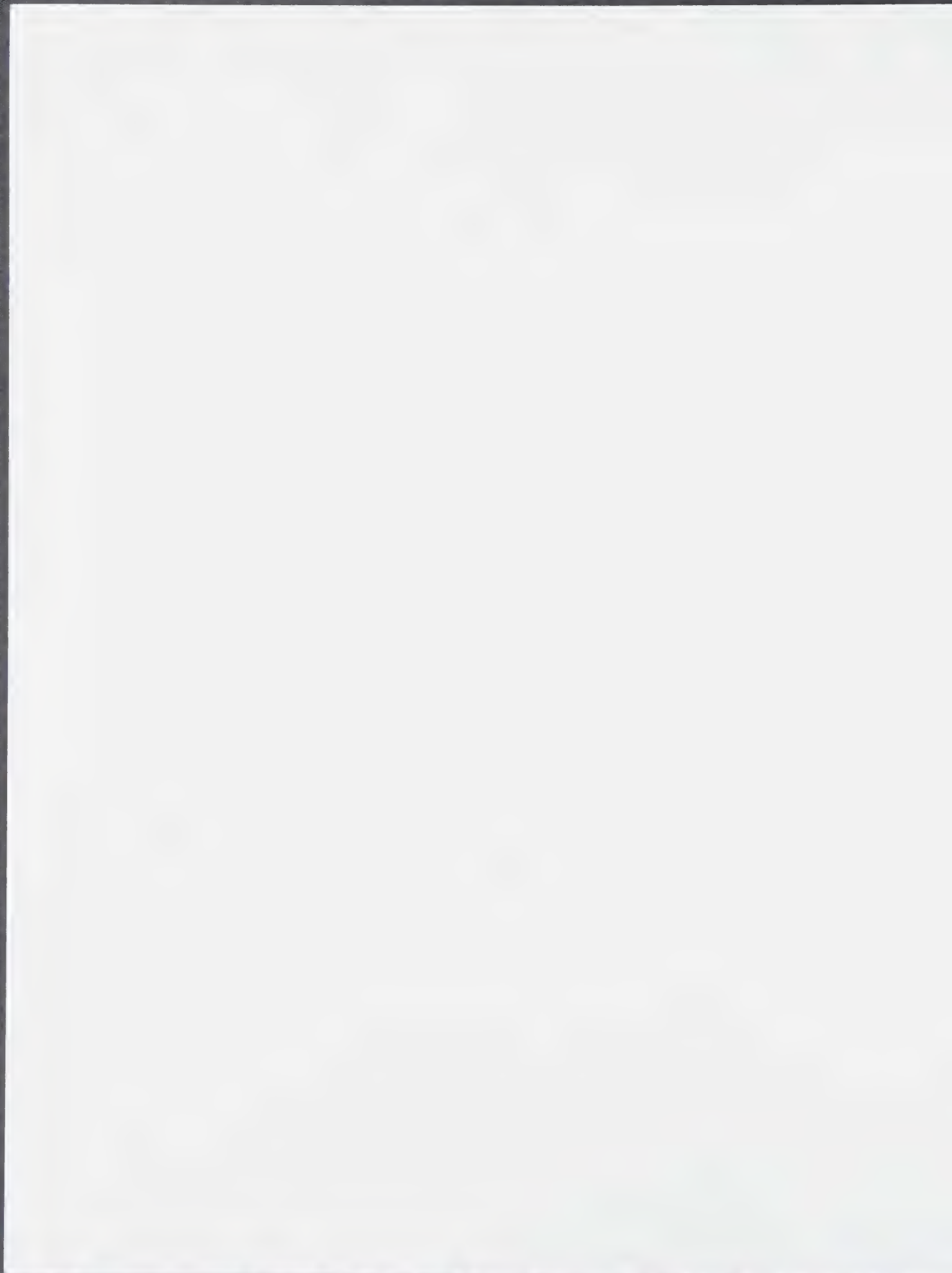
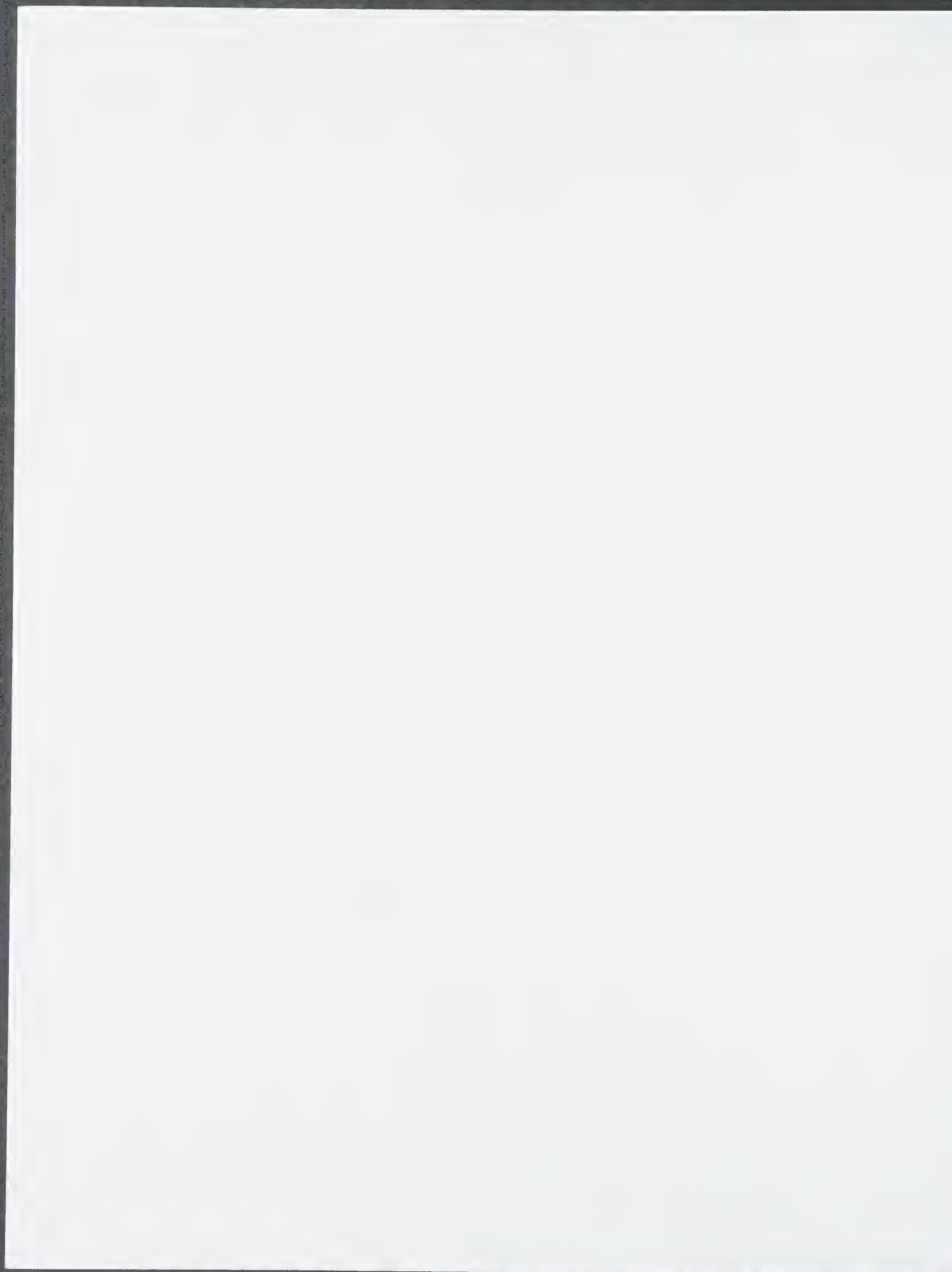


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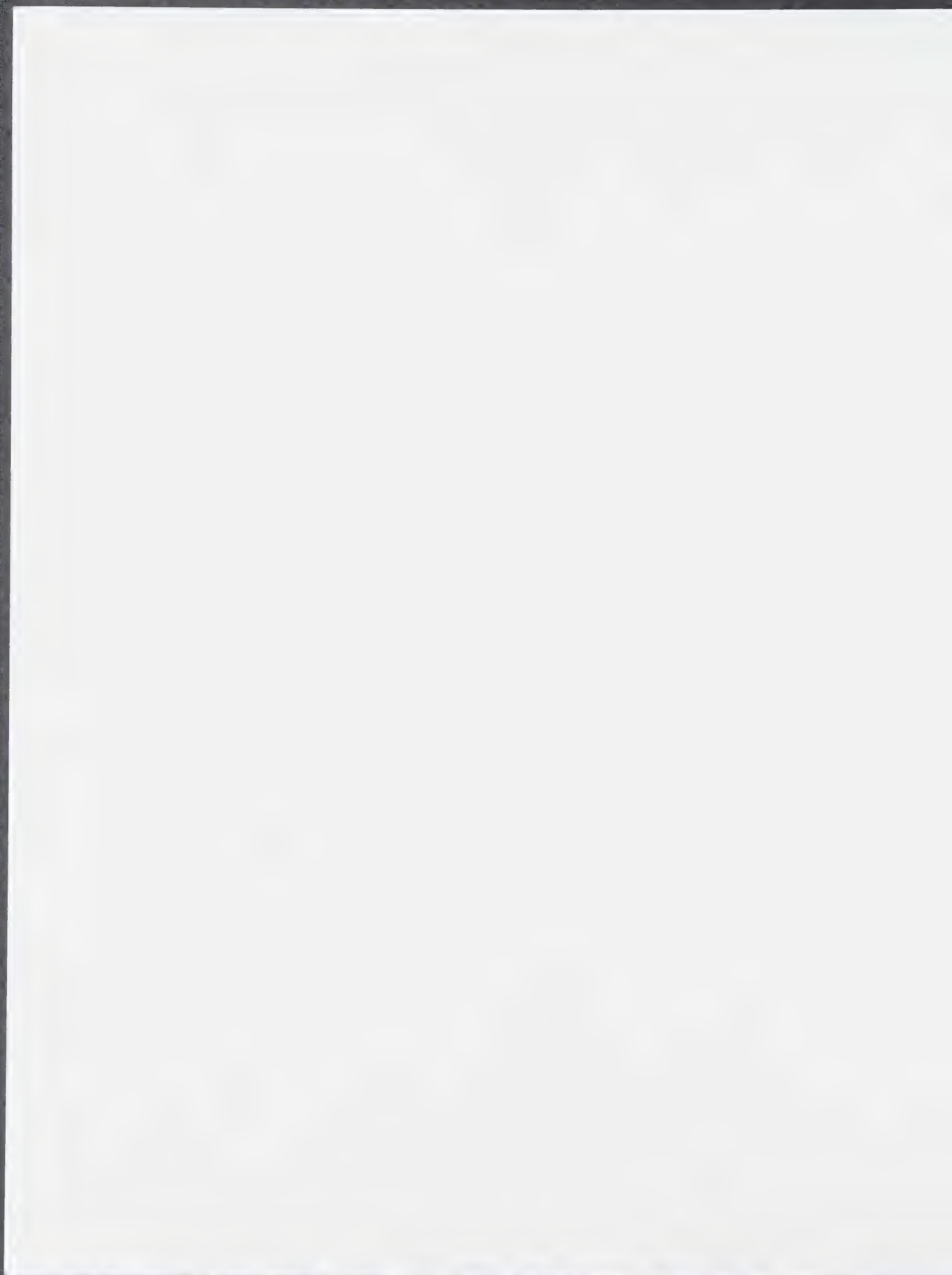
FOREWORD

My Mother's diaries are the source of this chef d'oeuvre. I have quoted extensively from them in an attempt to bring Irene Joseph Wolff to life. They describe the growth of a dynamic girl into mature womanhood; her gifts as a writer of both prose and poetry provided all the material one needed in order to record her life.

As you will discover on reading the text, Irene had a great desire to pass on her Mother's teachings down the generations, so I have humbly attempted to fill that role for her by collecting her writings for my grandchildren to read, to ponder, to enjoy and to take to heart. Herein comes alive a model Jewish Canadian of whom we may all be justly proud, one who so capably took her place in the larger sphere of activity for humanity, always as

"a Mother in Israel".

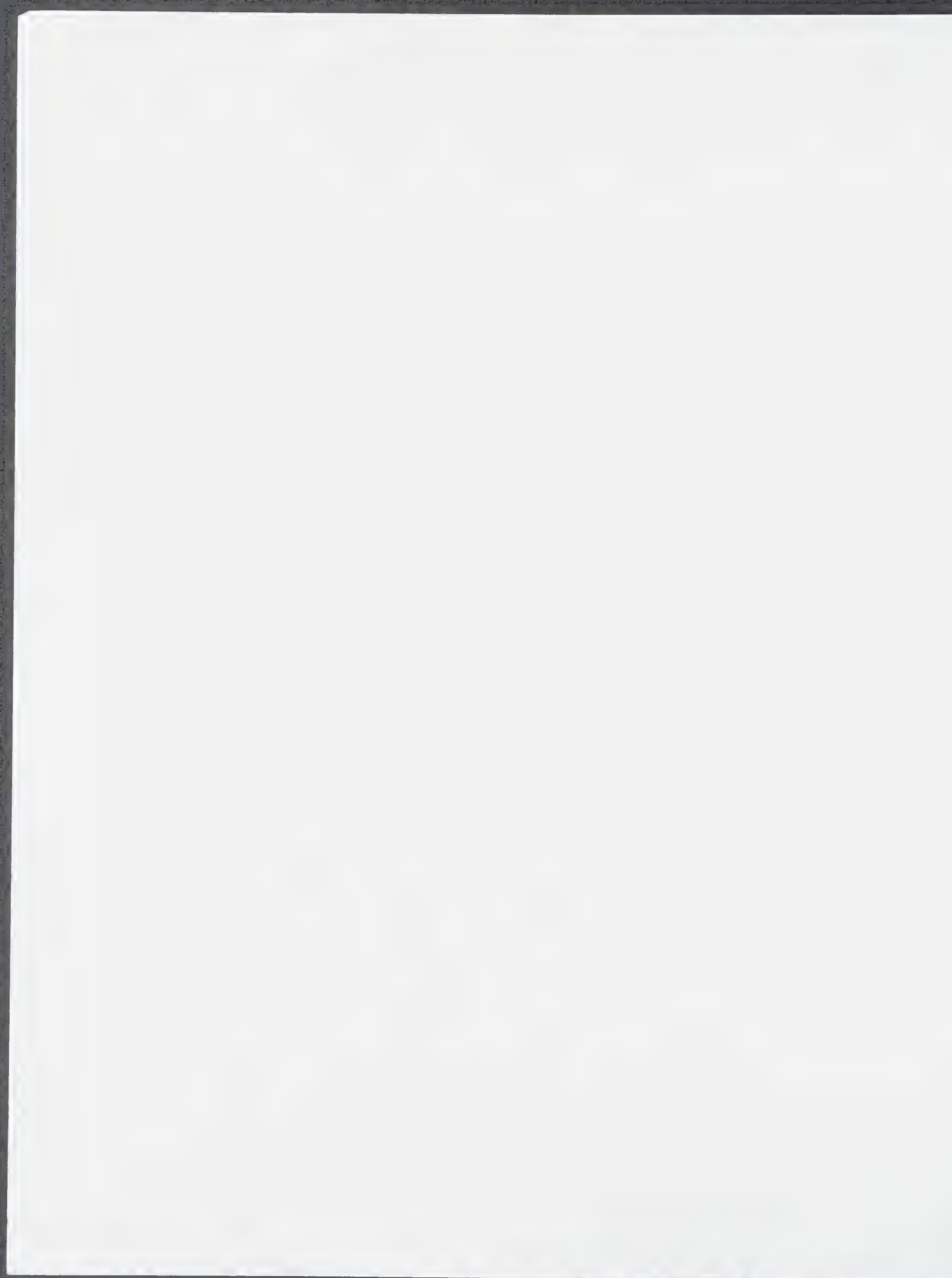
Rosetta Maud Wolff Elkin



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to acknowledge the help and encouragement I received during the time I undertook this work. My four sisters provided insight and material which added to the fuller picture of Irene. My grandson Gregory Lipper was the first person to peep into what I was undertaking and he provided me with a valuable perspective. Of inestimable help has been my professor of English at Queen's University, Julia Kempffer, who, with her friend Elizabeth Montroy, edited my writing and gave me many suggestions reinforcing my desire to write, and without them this work would probably never have seen the light of day. Lastly, but not least, my dearest Husband Victor has always been my staunchest supporter.

Rosetta Wolff Elkin



Chapter I

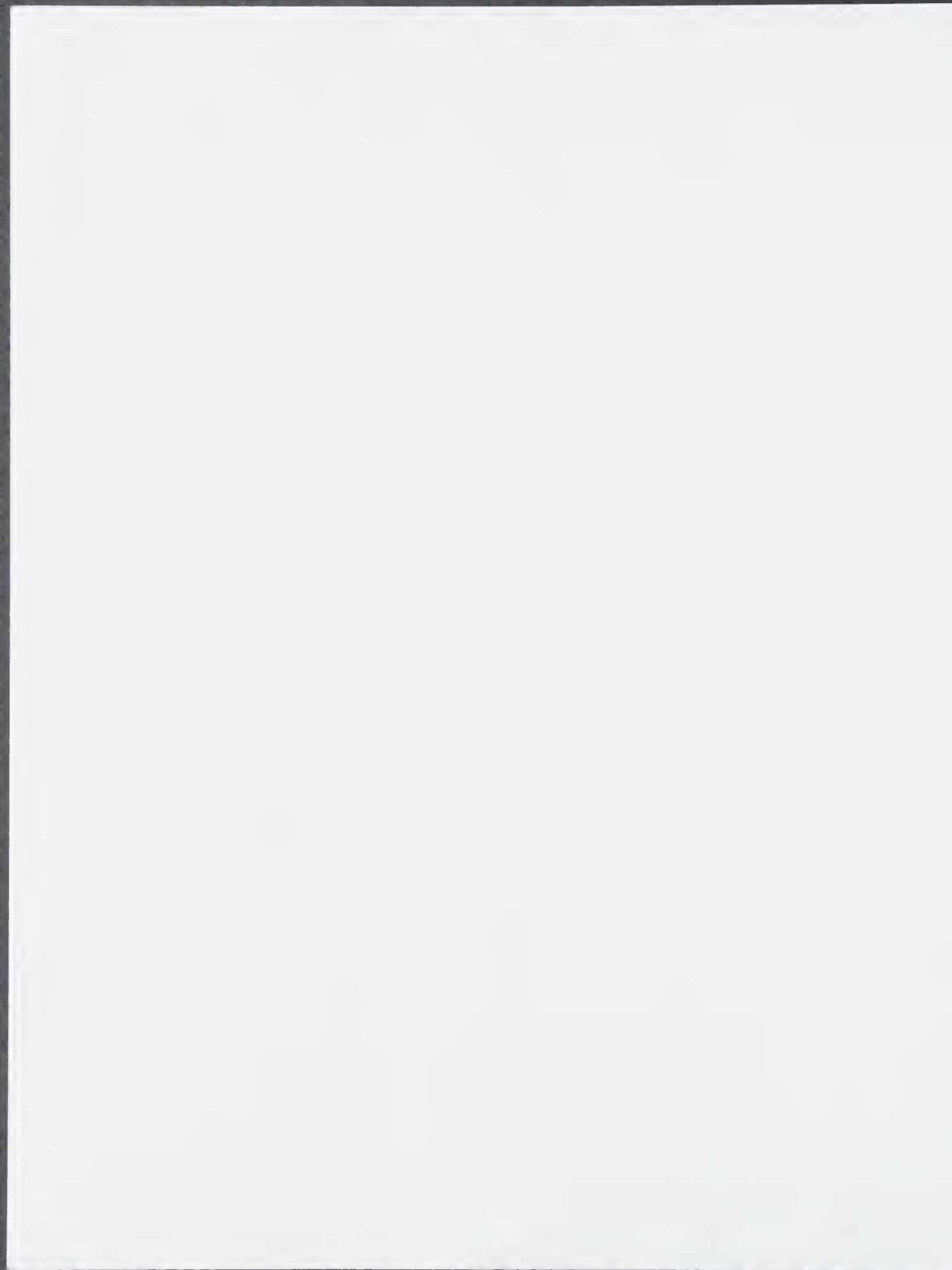
*If anybody should ever find this book
when I am not here I trust them to
destroy it without looking inside. 1*

Thus spake the teen-age oracle, Irene Joseph, in 1903. What dreadful secrets, what scandals would the diary of 16-year old Irene of Quebec City reveal? The wheels of time turned and Diary Volumes 2,3, and 4 succeeded Volume one. They reveal to us a maturing young Quebecker who comments, even in Volume 4: "ladies and gentlemen will not, others must not read this book."

Nonetheless, dear reader, the seal of silence has been broken and all is revealed! Henceforth we shall explore the world of this tall, brown-eyed teen-ager at the turn of the 20th Century.

The first dramatic episode is so vividly recorded that it shows promise of the prolific writer Irene was to become:

On the eve of April 20th, 1903 [Irene was 17 years old] Phyllis telephoned to know if I had heard that General Baden-Powell was in Ottawa. He was travelling incognito. We talked over the advisability of giving him something if he came to Quebec. We decided it would be nice, so we went around to all the jewellers till we got what we wanted: a gun-metal match-box with a turquoise clasp and we would have an enamelled maple-leaf put on it. Four days later Father told me it was in the "Chronicle"



that B-P was staying at the Chateau, so I wrote the following note:

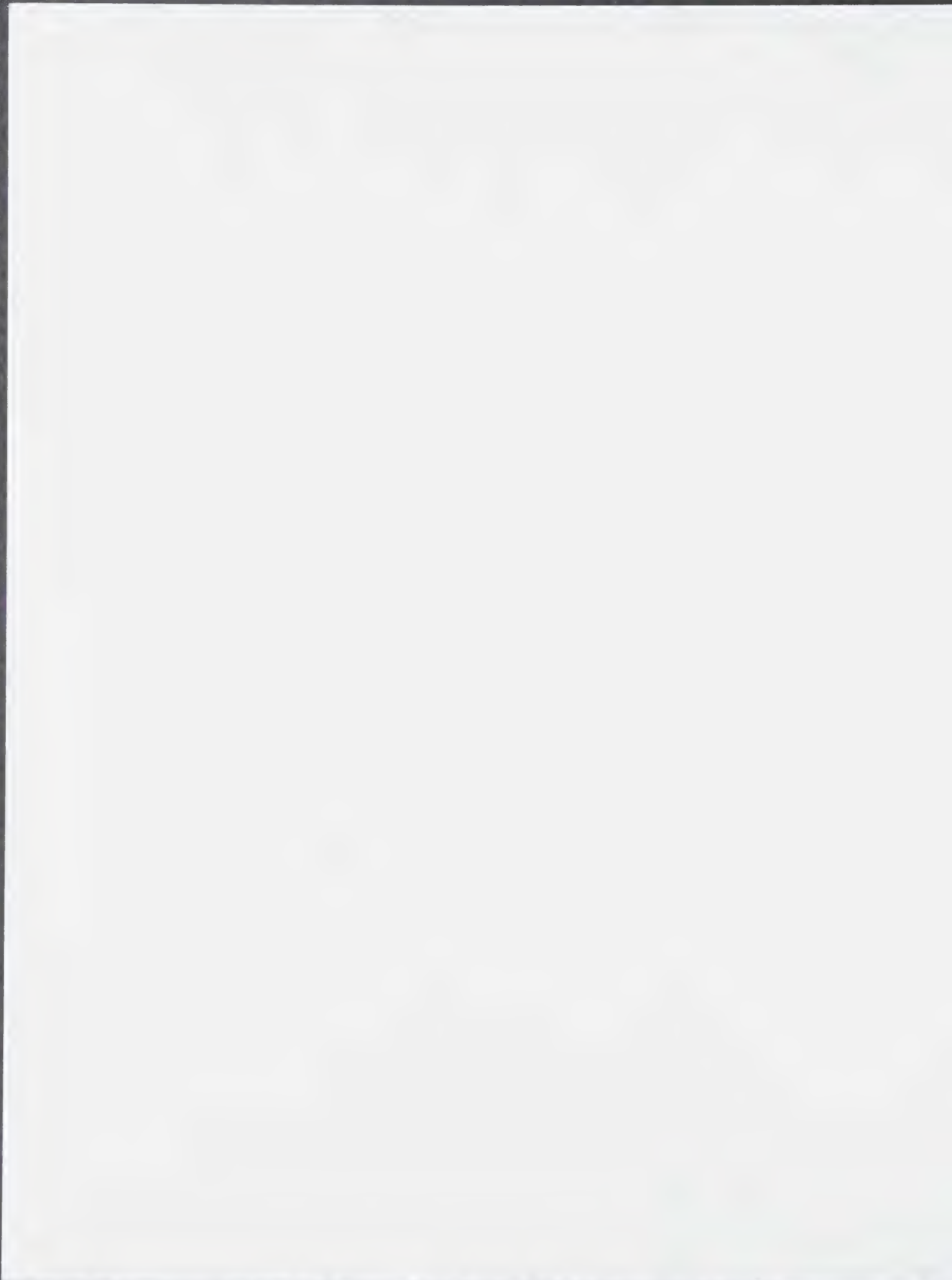
"Dear Sir:

The members of the Baden-Powell Chapter I.O.D.E. wish to give you a trifle as a tiny souvenir of your visit to Canada and would like to know if you will accept it.

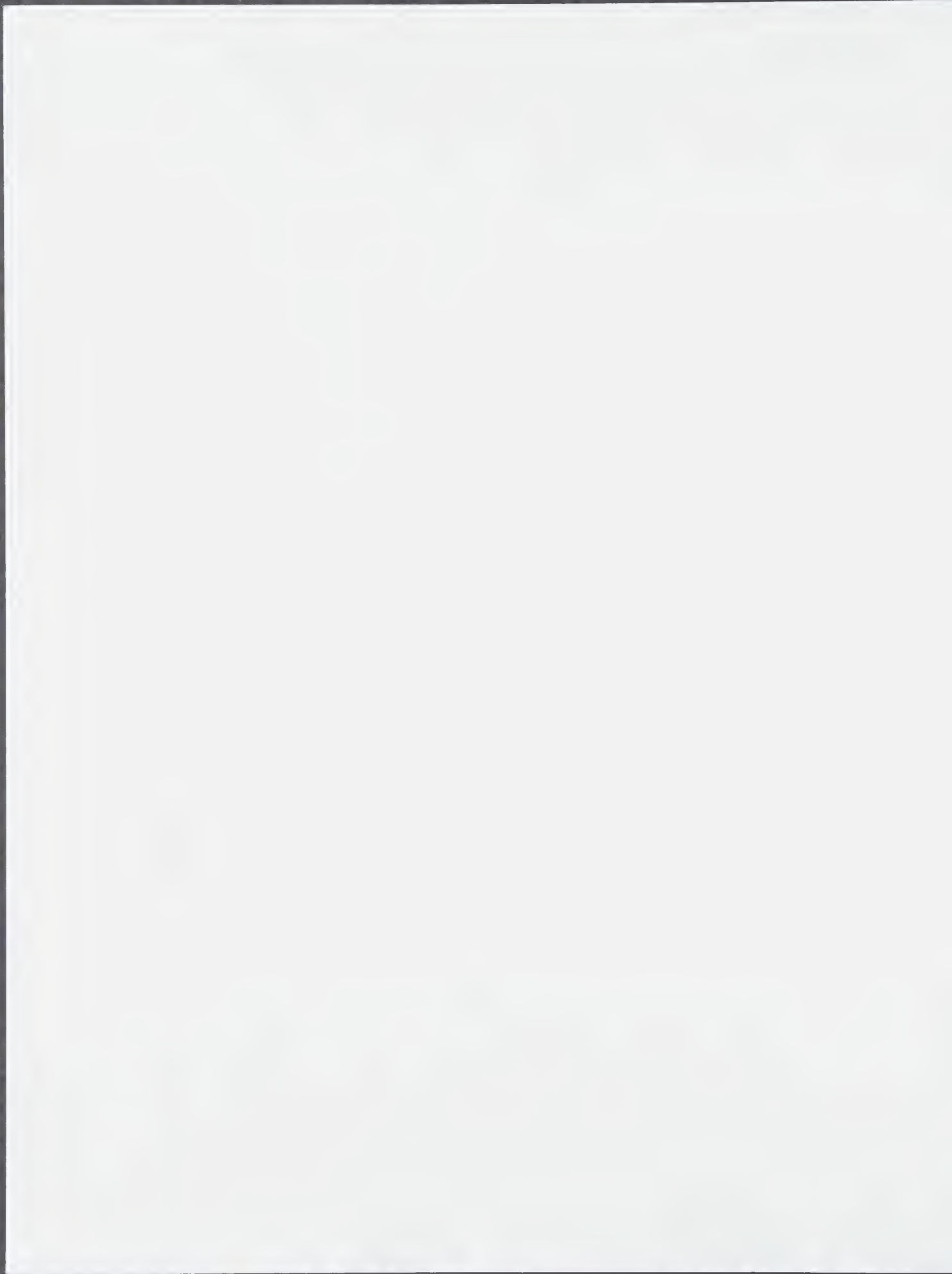
Yours sincerely, Irene R. Joseph, Regent, B-P.

Chapter."

I left that note at the Frontenac; then went and ordered the case. Later I called for the match-case and brought it home. Then I started to practise [piano] when the door opened and a gentleman walked in and asked if he could see Mrs. Joseph. I told Muv but followed her to see who he was and when I heard him say: "I must introduce myself, I am General B-P and I've just received your note", I walked into the room and Mother told him it was I who had written. Then he said he had always wanted to thank us for the souvenir spoon we had sent him to South Africa two years ago. He asked about our Chapter and I told him we were all young girls and Mother said I was only 17 and had been Regent 3 times. He turned to me and said: "You're only 17 ... Well done. If you are all that at 17, what will you be at 70?" Then I got the match-box. He said he did not want to take it, that it was too good of us and all that. It was really such a trifle, he had been receiving such handsome presents in England. Mother told him I wanted his autograph



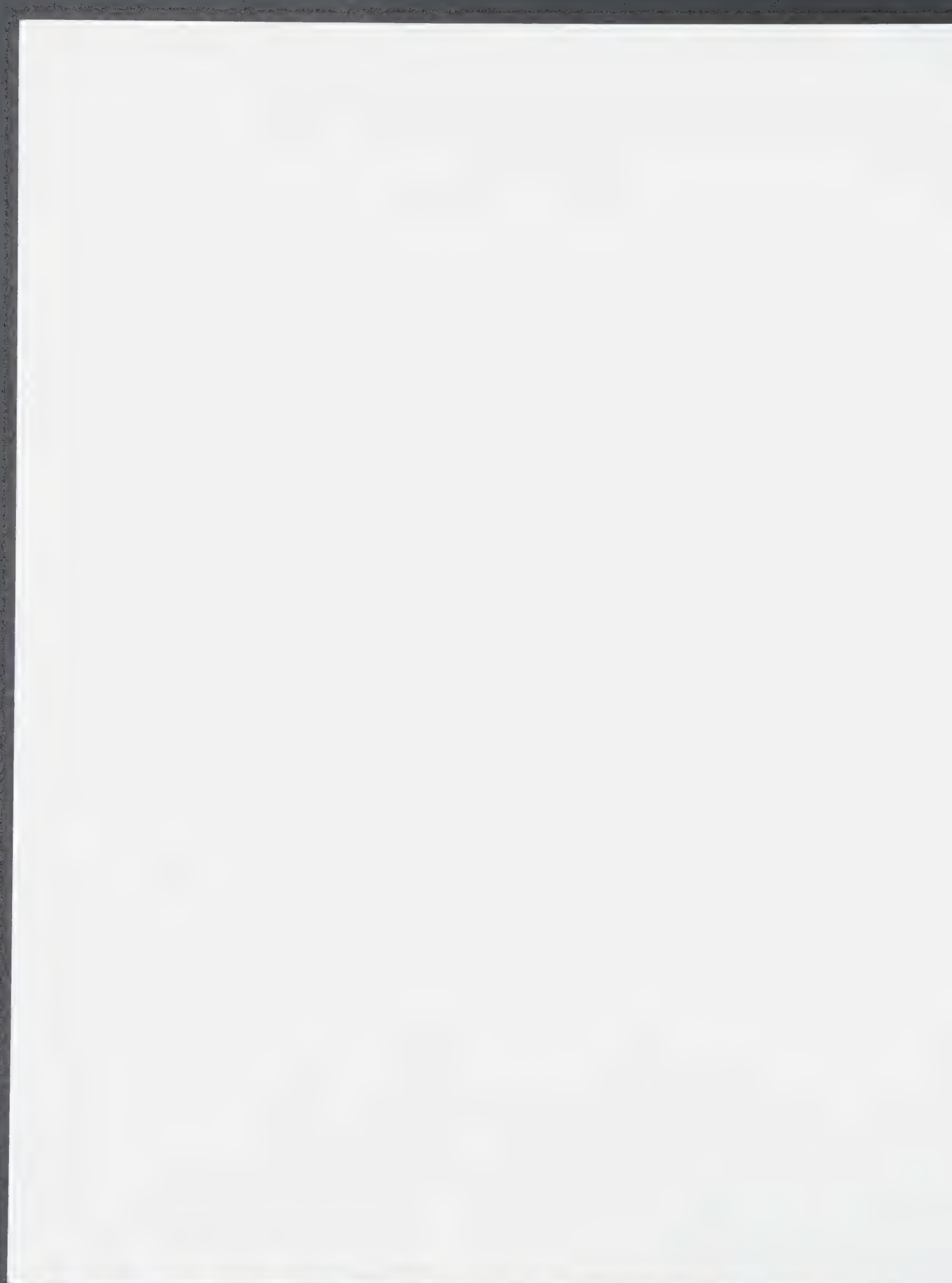
and he said he'd give me 20 of them if I wanted. I got my birthday book and he wrote in it. He talked of all sorts of things ... Mother told him he should settle down and get married. He said: "Yes, that's what I want to do, but I haven't the time. I'm waiting till leap year and then the ladies can ask me!"... He said when he was in New York he heard 2 people talking together in the street. One said to the other: "Is it true that B-P. is here?" and the other said: "No, it's not; if he were he would certainly have called on me, I'm his cousin." B-P. said "I'd never seen or heard of the devil before." Then the newspapers got hold of the story and had it in large type that he was an imposter and had fooled the war office and everybody. He seemed to think it a huge joke. He stayed about 1/2 hr talking and was full of fun and exactly like all the anecdotes you read about him. His aide-de-camp was waiting in the calèche for him and they drove away. I was the only person in Quebec that he called on, so naturally I feel very much honoured ... He is well-built, but slight, very straight & soldiery in his bearing ... He has blue eyes & a red moustache. His face & hands are roughened by exposure I suppose. He is not handsome but has a very pleasing face, his eyes twinkle. He wore a dark-blue suit and a red tie and black "tarpot" hat. He carried a heavy cane and looked so neat and clean.



Was the ease and grace with which Irene entertained her guest unusual in that family? A quick glance at her background provides some clues, "lest we forget the true climate of those times." 2 The story of Irene Joseph really began in 1789, when her great-grandfather, a Jew named Henry Joseph, sailed forth from Plymouth, across the Atlantic, as a young man bound for Canada to join his Uncle Aaron Hart. Hart had settled in Trois Rivières where he ran a prosperous business. Henry soon established himself first at Sorel but finally at Berthier, 50 miles east of Montreal on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. "He sent fleets of trading canoes up the Great Lakes and he chartered^{ed} ships to carry goods to and from Britain. He was the first to employ Canadian-owned vessels exclusively for direct commerce between England and Canada and he has been referred to as the Father of Canadian Merchant Marine." 3

In their home life, Henry and his wife Rachel (nee Solomons) observed orthodox rules religiously, Henry himself having studied the laws of Shechita to ensure that their meat was kosher. 4 Rachel urged their 13 children to listen closely to their Father when he prayed aloud so that they too might learn the rituals of daily worship. She taught them Jewish history and although encouraging friendships with their Christian neighbours, she urged them not to intermarry. This strong and firm Jewish way of life set a pattern followed through the generations of the Joseph family and most notably seen in Irene Joseph.

Rachel and Henry's son Abraham was Irene's grandfather and therefore an integral figure in her story. At age ¹⁷ Abraham moved from Berthier to Quebec City where he quickly entered the commercial enterprises of his times. He was President of the Quebec, and then the Dominion Board of



Trade, President of the Stadacona Bank, a founder of the Banque Nationale and a Director of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company. At his funeral in 1886, his nephew, Rev. Meldola de Sola, delivered this oration:

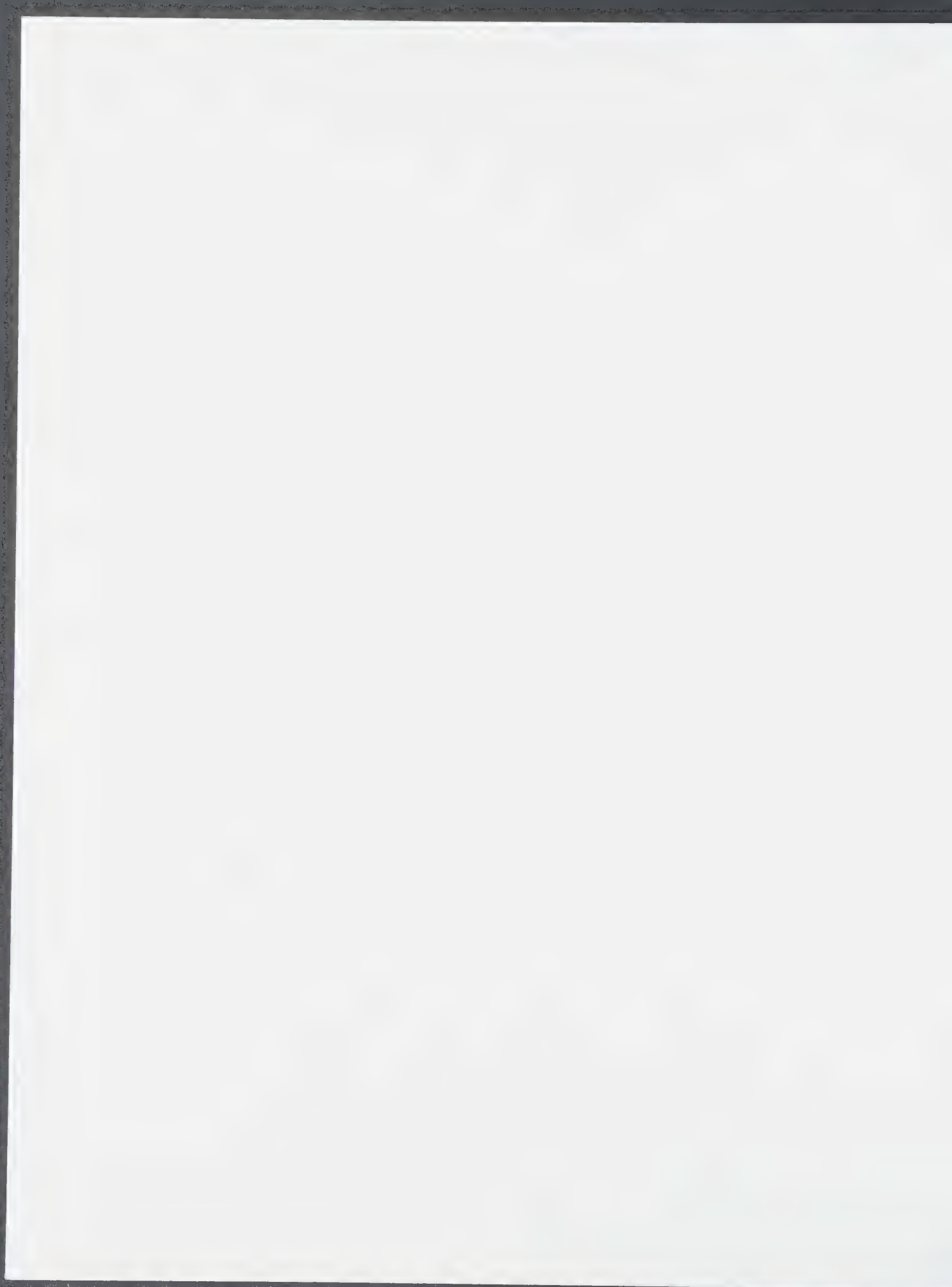
To the world he was known as one whose name was synonymous with honour and integrity. But it was in his domestic life that the excellence of his character shone with brightest lustre. A devoted husband, a kind and considerate father, he strove to inculcate by example rather than precept the practice of those virtues he so truly personified ... As a monument to his memory is the consistent adherence to the Creed of their Fathers of those he brought up, he who performed his duty as a man and as an Israelite. He bequeathed to his descendants the priceless legacy of an honoured name. 5

Abraham's spouse was Sophia David, daughter of a wealthy fur-trader, Samuel David; they had 13 children, 5 sons and 8 daughters. They lived in a mansion "Kincardine Place", located on Grande Allée near the Parliament Buildings. Découvrir la Grande Allée, a contemporary French text, describes the home:

For 100 years the history of Kincardine Place was closely linked with the Abraham Joseph family, a prosperous merchant who established himself in Quebec in 1832. On his property he also built a row of houses in 1882, for which he engaged Peachy, one of the most popular architects ... 6

Grande Allée,

One of these houses, 117, Abraham gave to his son Montefiore, on his marriage to Annette Pinto who came from London, England. Montefiore was born in 1851 and died in 1943, "the worthy son of a worthy father". 7 Together with his brother Andrew--who lived next door at 115--he carried on a large wholesale grocery business, "doubling the sum of their operations, while motivated by honesty, openness, modesty; always courteous and just." 8



Montefiore inherited his father Abraham's wholesale grocery (Joseph & Co. Ltd.); they serviced villages and towns on both sides of the St. Lawrence. At the Murray Bay Golf Club, 90 miles down river from Quebec, some old-timers recalled in the '40's, "Monsieur Joseph qui fournissait les grands fêtes pour Noël et le nouvel an." It was the season to receive "the rare, imported goodies, wines & liquor, tea from Ceylon or China, spices from the East and West Indies, sardines from France, Norway or Portugal, dried fruits and nuts from Spain, Turkey or Australia, peanuts, etc." 9

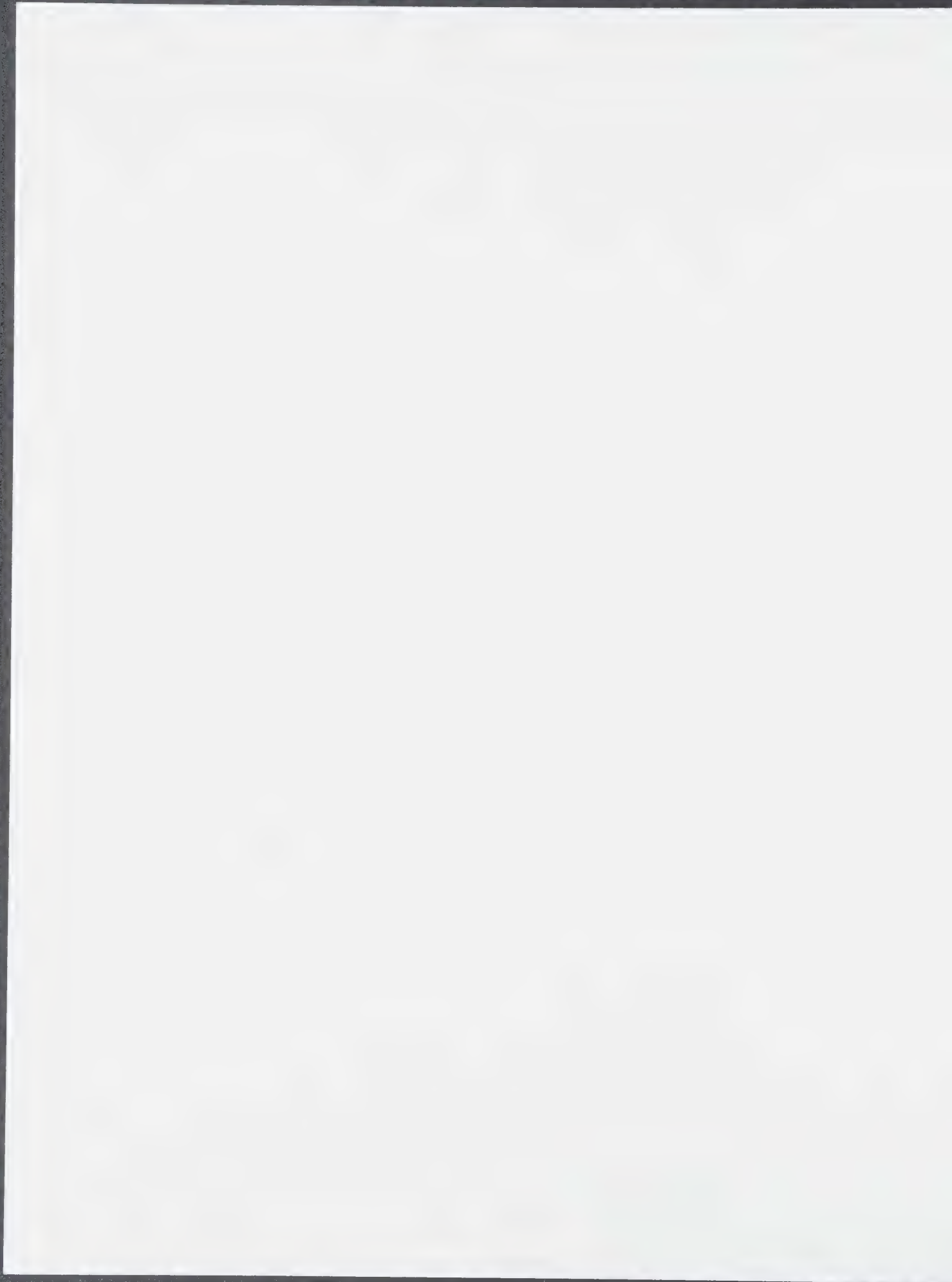
Montefiore had graduated cum laude from McGill University with an Honours B.A.

A letter, dated February 1868, has recently come to light, descriptive of this out-of-town student's quarters at McGill. Monte would have been 16 years old at that time:

As I am not going to study tonight, I will employ myself in writing to you [his sister, Catherine]. I will then go to bed so as to get up early to study ... It has been snowing all day ... I will give you a rough description of my rooms ... I am sitting now on one of 3 cane-bottomed chairs before a square table covered with oilcloth. On the wall at my back is a set of book-shelves near enough for me to take down a book without getting off my chair. On my right is a set of hooks where I hang my gown, overcoat, etc... Also I have a washstand a convenient corner for boots and a bandbox containing my trencher [a wooden plate used as a table; a square piece of wood]...a bedstead, no springs ... my study is all carpeted. The rooms on this flat are all heated by hot air from the passage so I can regulate the heat of my room by merely opening & shutting the door

Such was Irene's father as a young student.

But we also need a picture of Irene's mother. She, Annette, came from a Sephardi family of Moroccan origin.



The family had lived in Mogador possibly one of

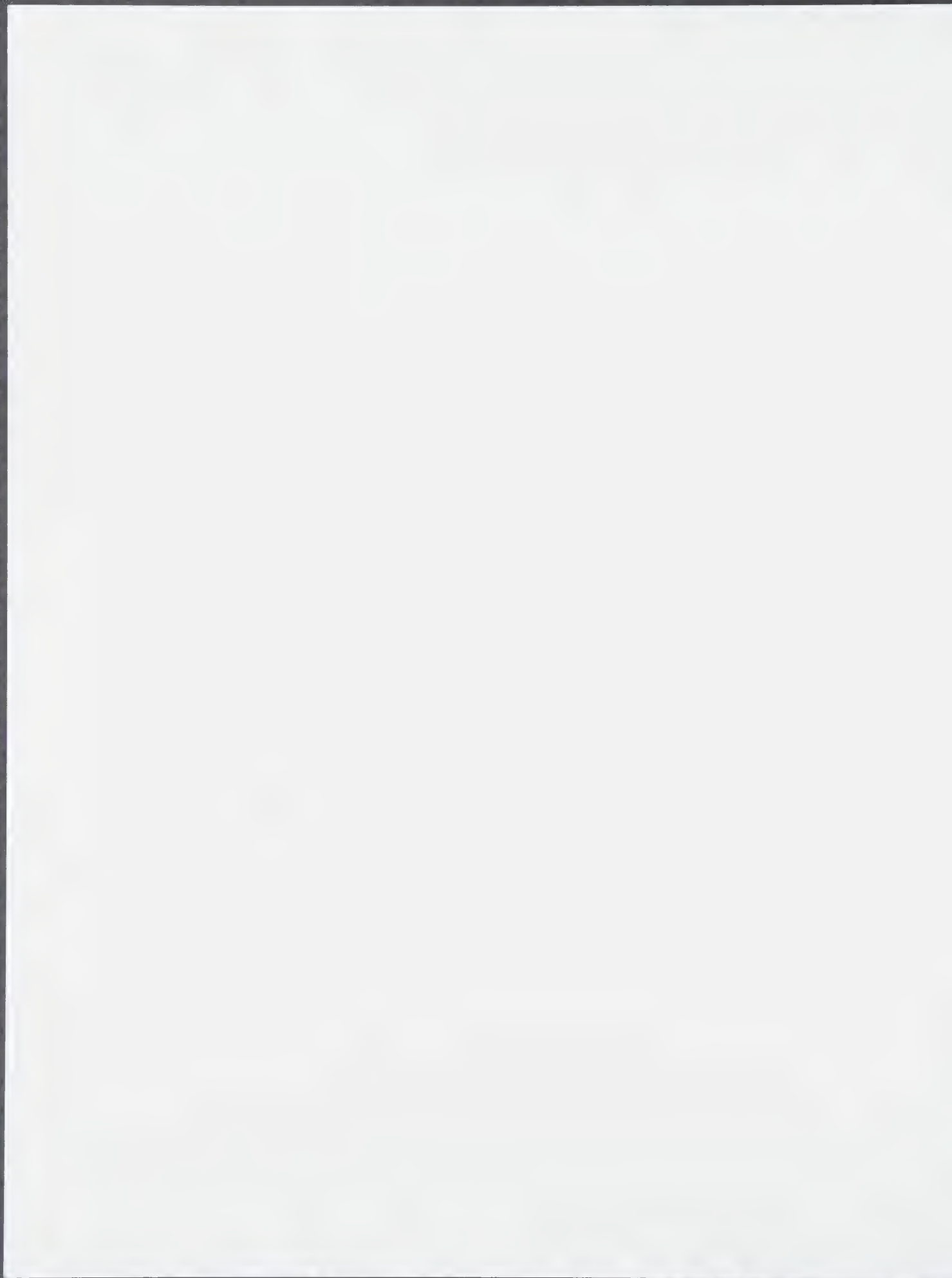
those wealthy Portugese Jews who lived in Morocco since 1554, having fled the Inquisition. The Sherifs encouraged the commerce of the Jews by granting them privileges and loans. In 1828 Meir Nacnin was sent as Moroccan ambassador to the English court. He was married to the daughter of Hayim Pinto, the "Lion of Mogador" and his brother-in-law was Abraham Pinto. Abraham and his wife had 6 children, the third being Henry, born 1815, who left Mogador for England and eventually married Rosetta, the third daughter of Rabbi David de Sola in London in 1848. 10

Henry prospered in the cigar manufacturing business, raised a large family of 10 children, 1 of whom was Annette, the mother of Irene. In 1882 Annette came to Quebec after her marriage to Montefiore in London. She quickly adapted to Canadian ways and was loved far and wide for her warmth and hospitality.

With this colourful background, Irene found herself rich in family relations--aunts, uncles, cousins--in two worlds, England and Canada, Montreal and London; although Quebec City was home, her friendships extended far beyond that old fortified city. Her childhood seems to have been a happy one, both boys and girls mixing freely, although she attended an all-girls private school. She felt close to her siblings, Pinto, Edward, Kenneth and Rosetta, all of whom had friends who apparently felt very much at ease in the Joseph household. The grand piano in the drawingroom saw many jolly sing-songs; weekly "at home" days witnessed many a visiting card dropped on the front-hall tray and there was much socializing. Irene's diaries convey to the reader a sense of great activity around 113 both day and evening.

For example, one wintry evening in 1903 has this entry:

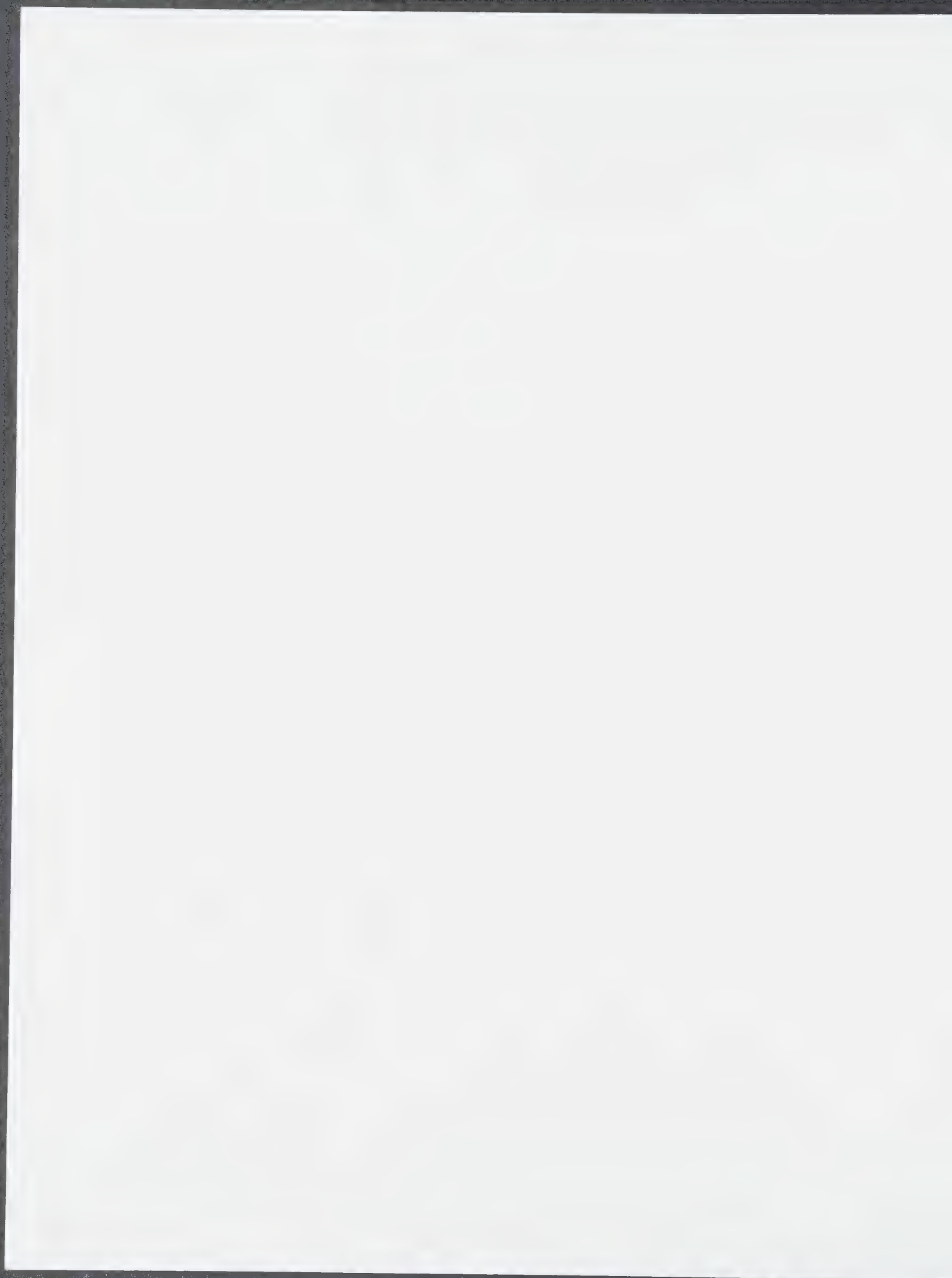
Gay, Connie, Alex, WS, Ed and I went snow-shoeing. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the snow was just right. We had a fine old tramp and were out 2 hours. WS and I fell



*into a sort of well together but did not hurt ourselves.
He was awfully nice to me all along. ... We came here
[113] to supper and they stayed about 1/2 an hour. 11*

Another illustration of Irene's party-spirit, being the centre of attraction of her group of friends, is described in a St. Valentine's Day entry:

so we had some fun. We were 12. I told each person when I asked them to bring a parcel with them. Then we started exchanging our parcels till supper-time when each opened the parcel he or she then had... After, the boys were all sent out of the room and each girl made to choose one, so we got our partners that way clap-in, clap-out for euchre. I had made all the tallies myself of tiny hearts. At supper nearly all the cakes were heart-shaped. After supper we had dancing. I danced with WS (and others). They went home about 11:30.

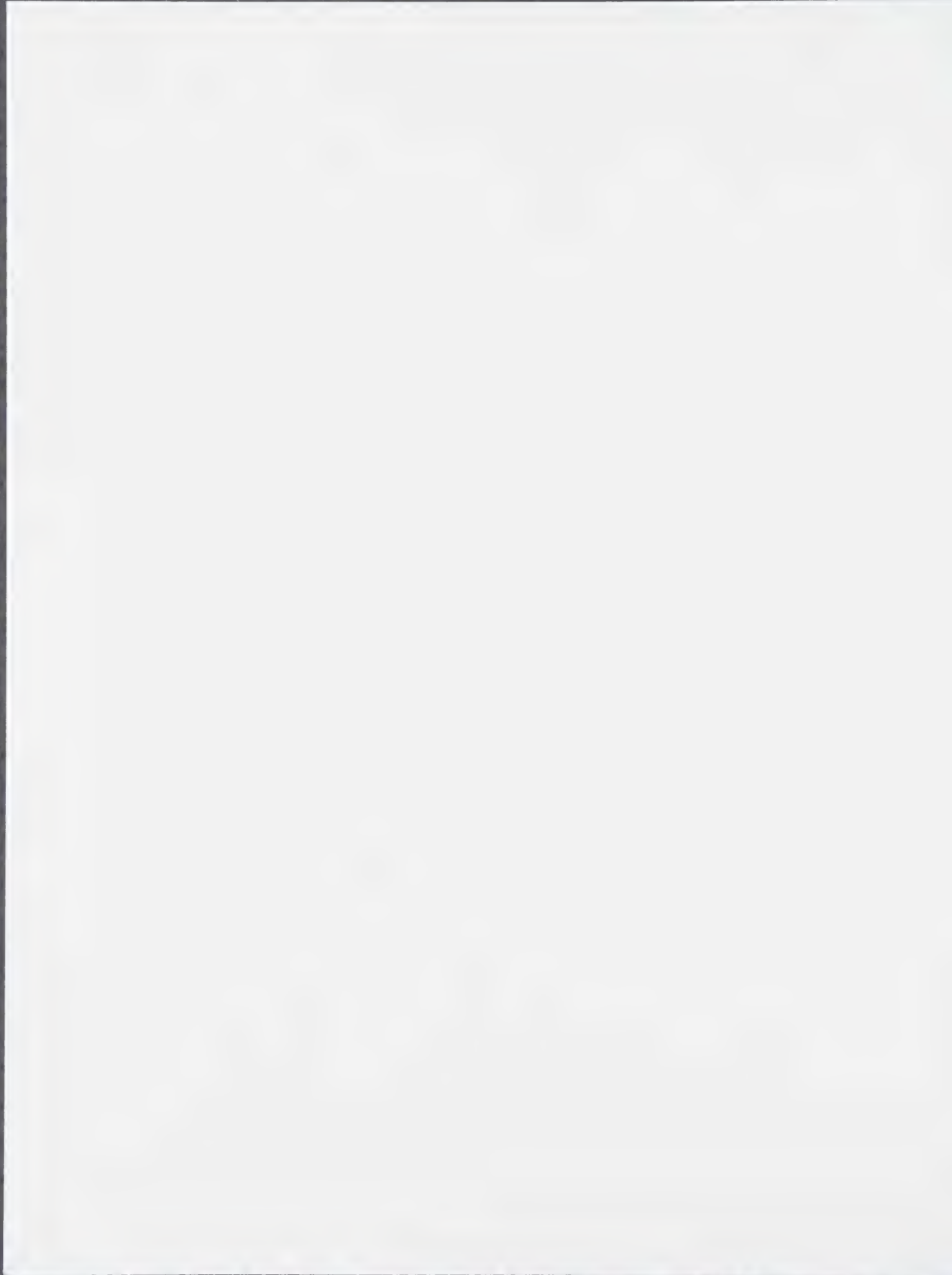


Chapter II

One can better visualize Irene's girlhood by a glimpse of the house itself. One mounts about a dozen steep stone steps to enter the front porch, glassed in with deep red panels of patterned glass. Turning the brass door handle allowed one to enter the high-ceilinged hall, a carpeted stairway at one side. The drawingroom on the ground floor was dominated by a handsome crystal chandelier sent out from Annette's parents' home in London. Besides the piano, numerous chairs and a sofa graced the room. A striking feature of ^{the master bedroom} was a full-length portrait of Abraham Joseph standing with one hand resting on the shoulder of his little son Monte (Montefiore). That portrait is now in the possession of Kenneth's grandchildren.

Behind the drawingroom was the diningroom, wall-papered in deep red figured with little gold medallions; a dark mahogany table encircled with red leather chairs; 2 huge bay-windows alcoved with white marble ledges. On these rested the toaster and warmer of breakfast kippers. A small kitchen led into the diningroom but another doorway revealed the dumb-waiter. This contraption served a very important function, for on its shelves were hauled up piping-hot dinners, under silver or pewter covers, that had been cooked in the huge basement kitchen below. If one on the floor below pulled the ropes, the dirty dishes would descend. (This dumb-waiter served a necessary purpose; it also figured in a family tragedy which I will discuss later.)

Up the long bannistered stairways, ^{or} the second and third floors were numerous bedrooms, each with its washstand and large cupboards, and the bathrooms.



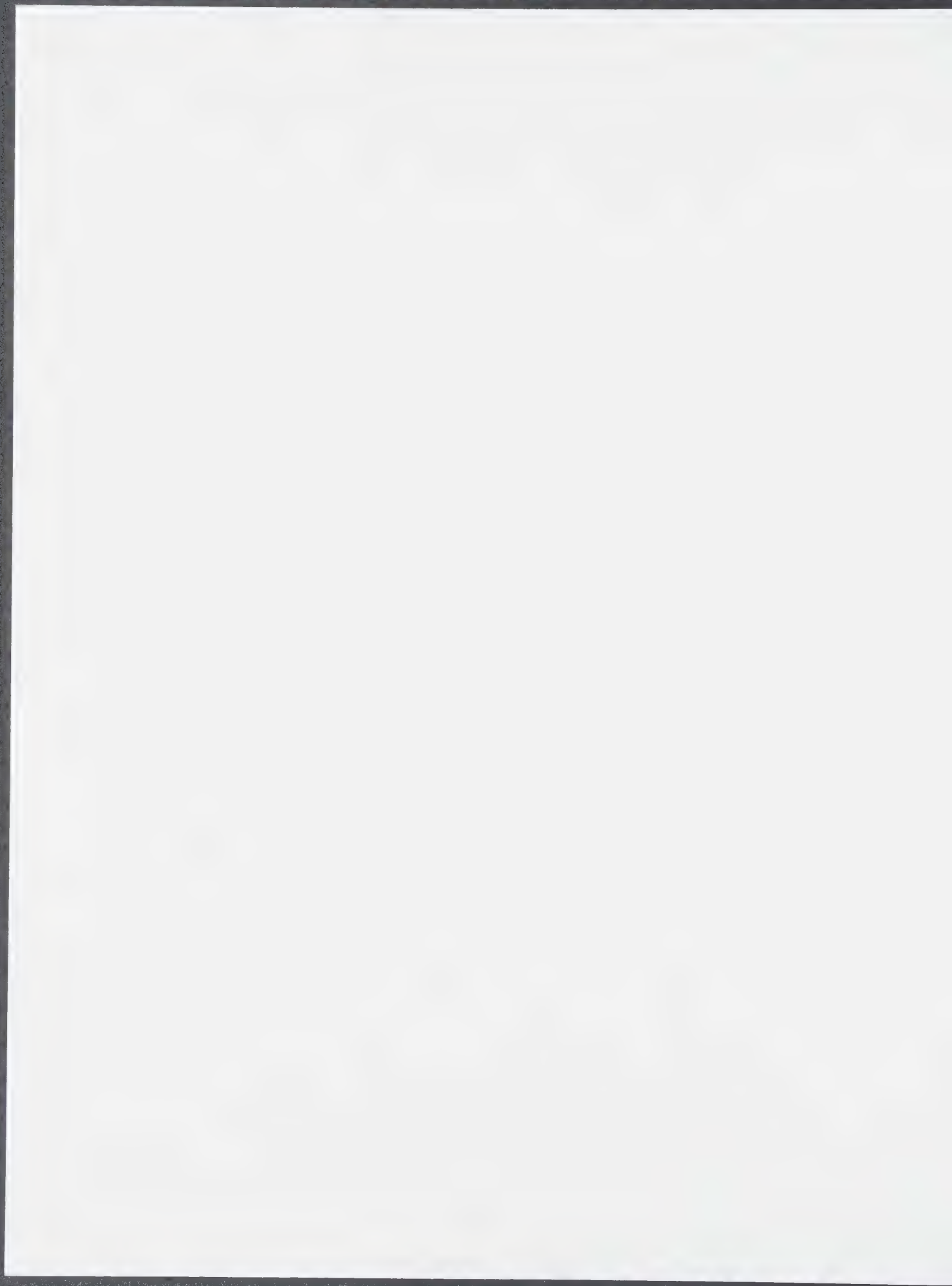
A large back verandah running the entire width of the house looked onto a small enclosed garden. Behind the garden, a path led to the stables where horse and carriage stood ready for use.

An old clipping from an unknown periodical, describes 113 Grande Allée and the Montefiore Joseph home life.

"They entertained most graciously...the largest room in their home was the ballroom which played an important part in their social life. The house was constantly filled with people. Thursday afternoons, especially, were visiting periods. Unless it was their turn to visit, the women would sit at home waiting to "receive" company. Entertainment was limited. If an opera or musical recital came to the City, it was a most welcome distraction, but perhaps the widest form of entertainment was social calling."

The physical features of Irene's home suggest comfortable living and a gracious way of life. But another element gave this home a very special dimension--Judaism.

The Joseph family were strictly observant Sephardi Jews. Every Friday night prayers were read and sung; Saturday morning the complete Sabbath service including Bible readings was conducted at home. There being no synagogue in Quebec, Judaism was learned and practised at home. This remarkable family thus lived apart from their gentile friends and neighbours only in the observances of Orthodox Judaism, but in every other way they were completely integrated into Quebec society. Everyone in the community was aware that the Josephs ate only kosher meals, but they were highly respected for adhering to these principles. The differences in no way hindered their activities, whether social, organizational or business, but rather evoked admiration and respect.



Home was Irene's rock, her source of strength. From her ancestors and parents she inbibed knowledge of Hebrew, Jewish history and its practices.

Years later, she would write:

Greatest of all blessing I've had
I gratefully say it in truth
Were my wonderful Mother and Dad
And the care that they took of my youth.

On the Sabbath she could

shake off the dust of trivial worldly things
and welcome [it] with candles shining bright.

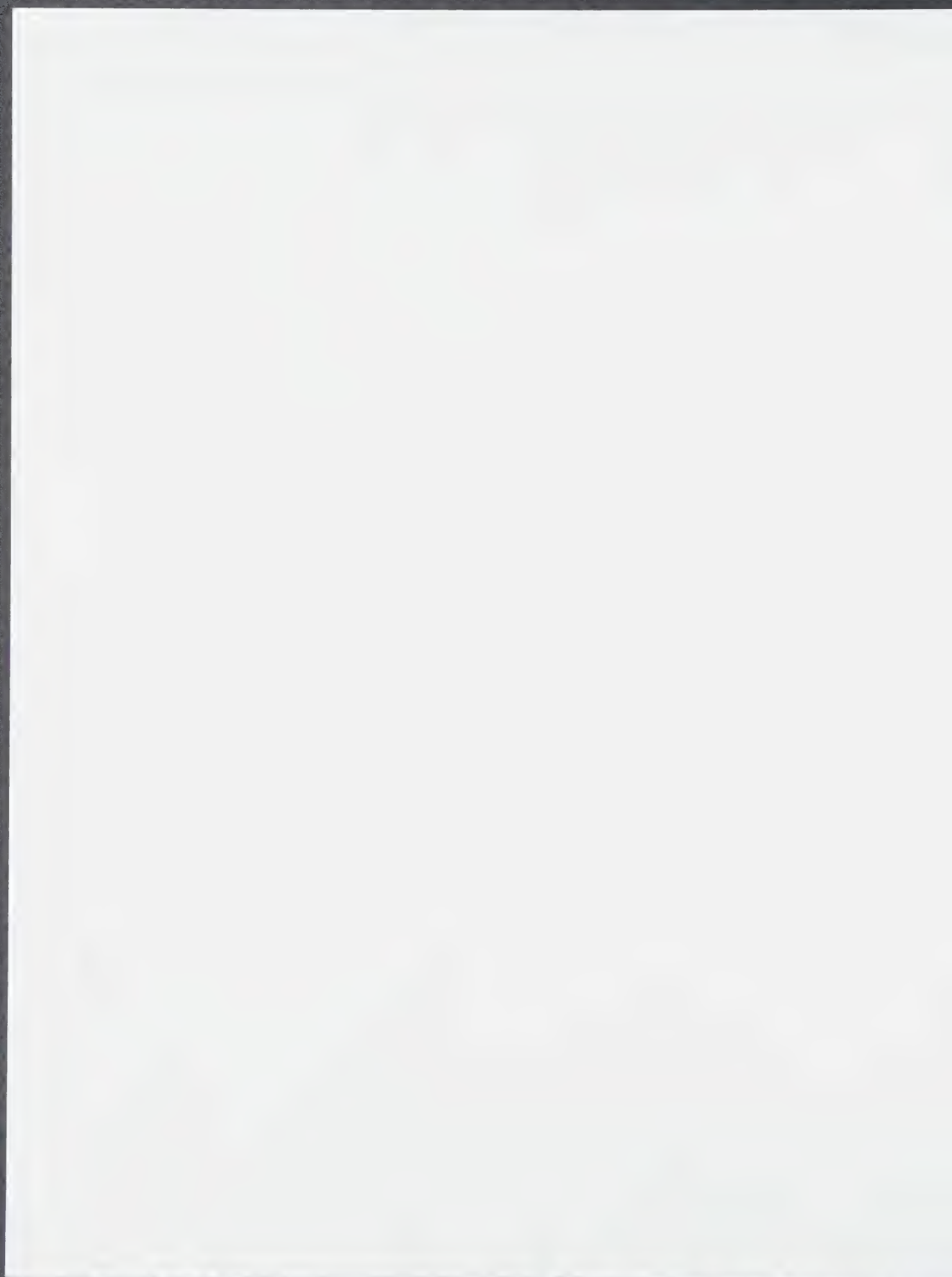
Irene Joseph was born October 7th, 1886. At age 10, she attended a private school run by a Miss Henderson. A diary entry of May 1902 describes her feelings:

Sometimes it makes me feel dreadfully old when I think that if I pass, this is my last month of school in my life [she was 17!] and also it is my last turn with Mrs. Scougall, for next year I expect to be promoted to Mr. Bishop.

Dear Mrs. Scougall, I just love her; she is so sweet and gentle and never scolds. I am sure Mr. Bishop will be a great contrast in that respect.

Irene graduated from the High School for Girls, the exams having been set by McGill University which sent her a certificate acknowledging her having passed creditably in all subjects. Later, she expressed a longing to go to university, but it did not happen.

Earlier in this tale we heard of Baden-Powell, the South African war hero, and we know that Irene's IODE chapter was named after him. Strange how coincidences happen.



In June 1902, the diary records: "hip, hip, horrah! Peace is declared in South Africa." That, however, will not be the last encounter with South Africa described in the journal.

The hero of Mafeking in this war was none other than Baden-Powell, knighted for his bravery and leadership. It was Lord B-P who created the Boy Scout movement and later his wife headed its outgrowth--the Girl Guides. Consequently, Irene felt a strong interest in the South African war news.¹²

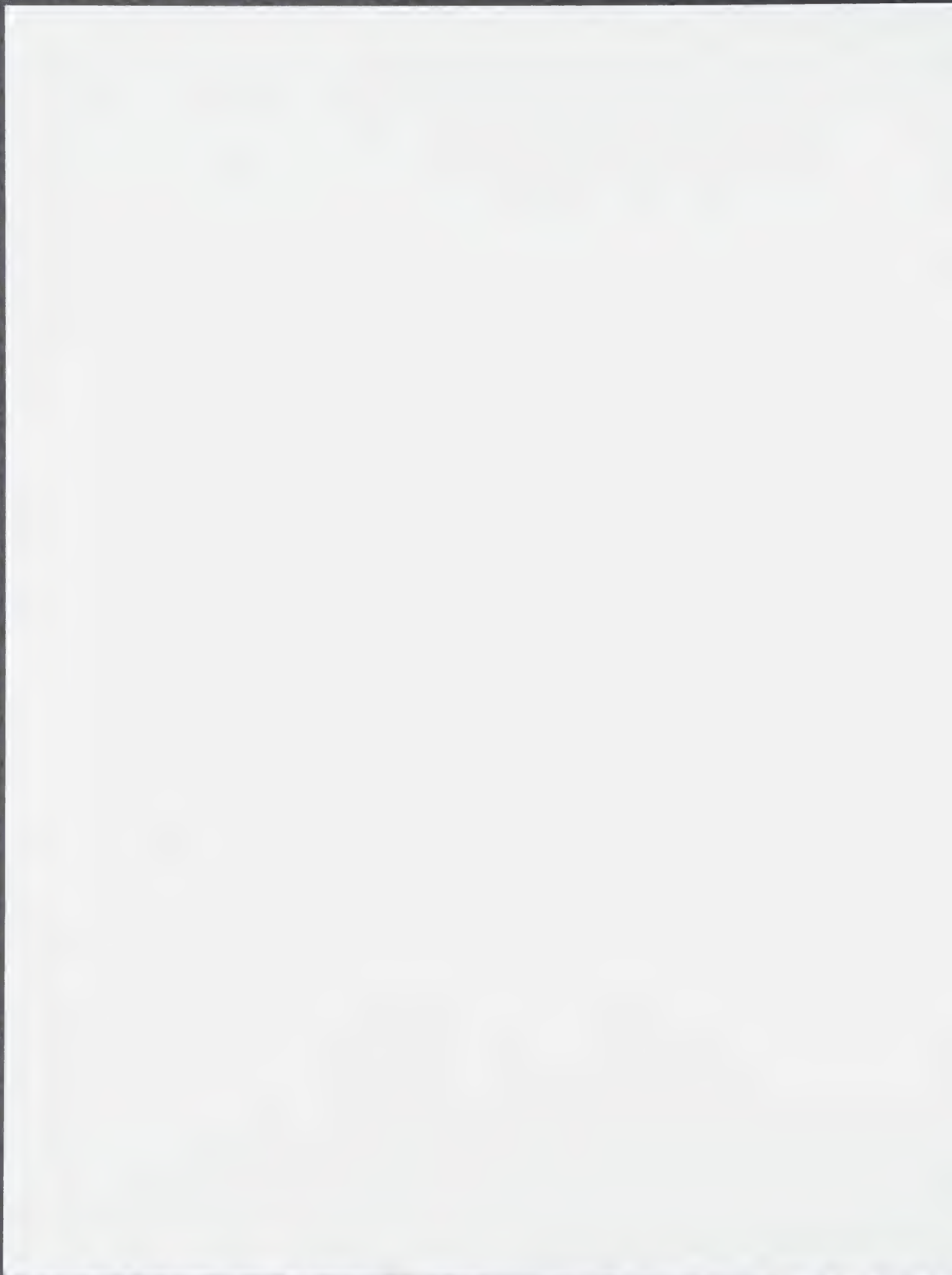
And now a change of tone: plus ça change, plus c'est meme chose. In October 1902, while the two Joseph families of 113 and 115 were spending an evening of cards together at 115, an event occurred which could have happened to-day: "our lights went out for the first time in the 15 months we've had electricity. However, it was only for 20 minutes and came on again. It was rather fun having candle-light only, except that Uncle Andrew is a Director of the Gas Co!"

That same year when her "chick" brother Kenneth had an October birthday, Irene comments:

ne said he did not want any presents, just some money put in the bank. He would not have a party -- they are only for girls and babies, he wouldn't even have some of his school-mates in for tea!

He, Kenneth, was 10 years old. His eldest brother Pinto was away at McGill at that time.

Three years later, great was the excitement in the Joseph household while the family were once again gathered at the Andrew Josephs'.



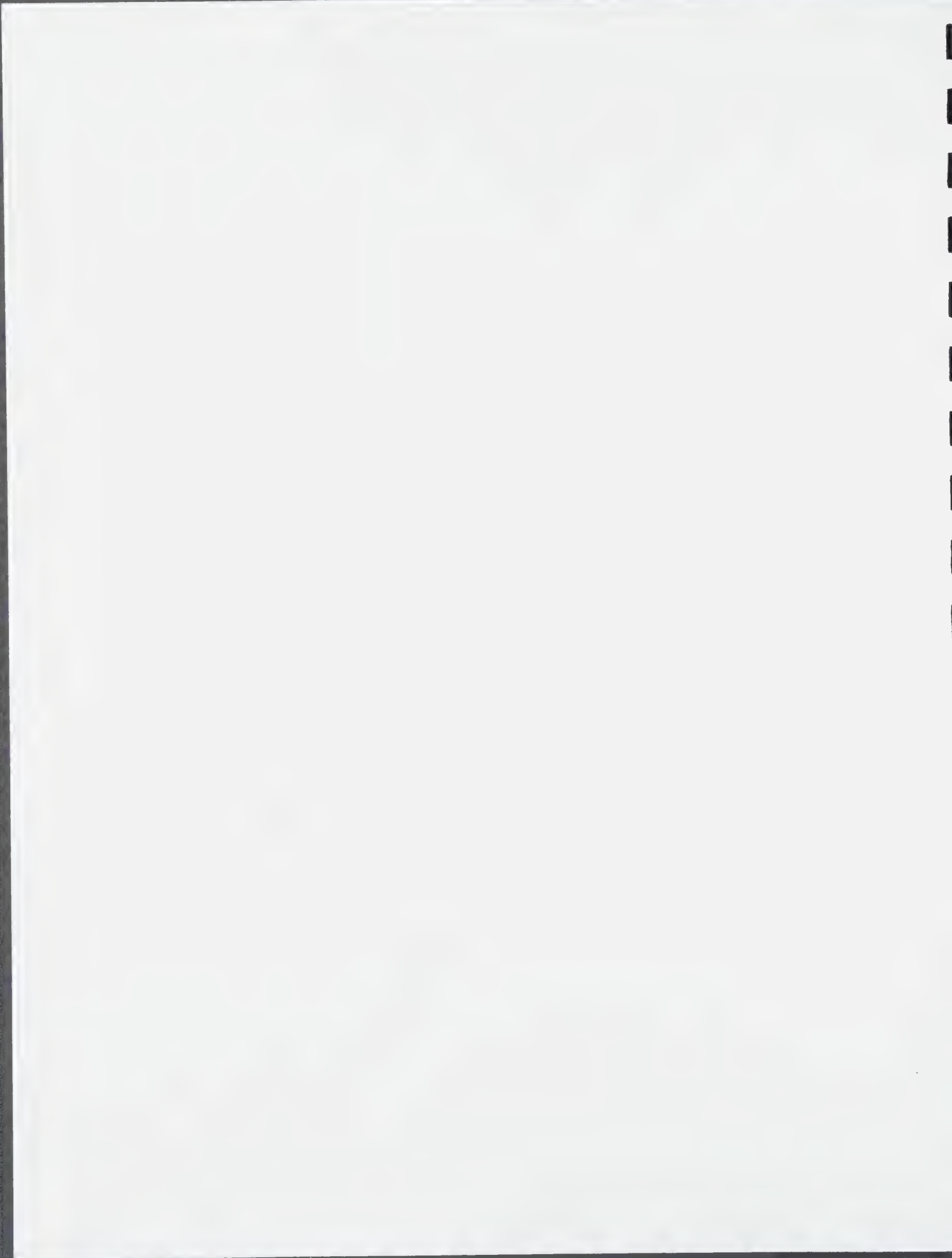
Murial, Sophia and Hugh were the children of Andrew and Clarisse; so they made a large gathering when the two families met, which occurred very often. This time

the phone rang--a telegram had just arrived telling of Pinto's graduation from McGill...We were so excited and delighted. I am so glad the dear boy has passed. He deserved to do so; latterly he has been getting up at 3:30 to study for exams. Mother and Father will leave for Montreal by ICRy [Intercontinental] to go to Convocation at McGill.

We can imagine Montefiore's pride when he witnessed his son graduate from his own Alma Mater.

But let's return to 1902, and look at the events of a typical winter for Irene.

I went in the evening to a bazaar given by the Hebrew Young Ladies of Quebec (or rather, St. Roch's-Lower Town--as there are only our 2 Jewish families in Upper Town. [A later entry] Went snowshoeing with Ed [Edward]. It was fine and the snow so good. Ed broke his snowshoe so we went tobogganing for a little. In the eve, went to rink at the Chateau and skated to tunes like "Vive la Canadienne," ending with "God Save the Queen." There are always 7 tunes played. [Another wintry day she] taught the chicks [Rosetta and Kenneth] to skate backwards. [Then] went to gym at 12; had wand exercises, then some running around the track and afterwards basketball.



[Later in January] it was a lovely stormy day, the sort of weather that I love, but most people dislike. Our thermometer was 23 below zero (F) at 7:30 this morning.

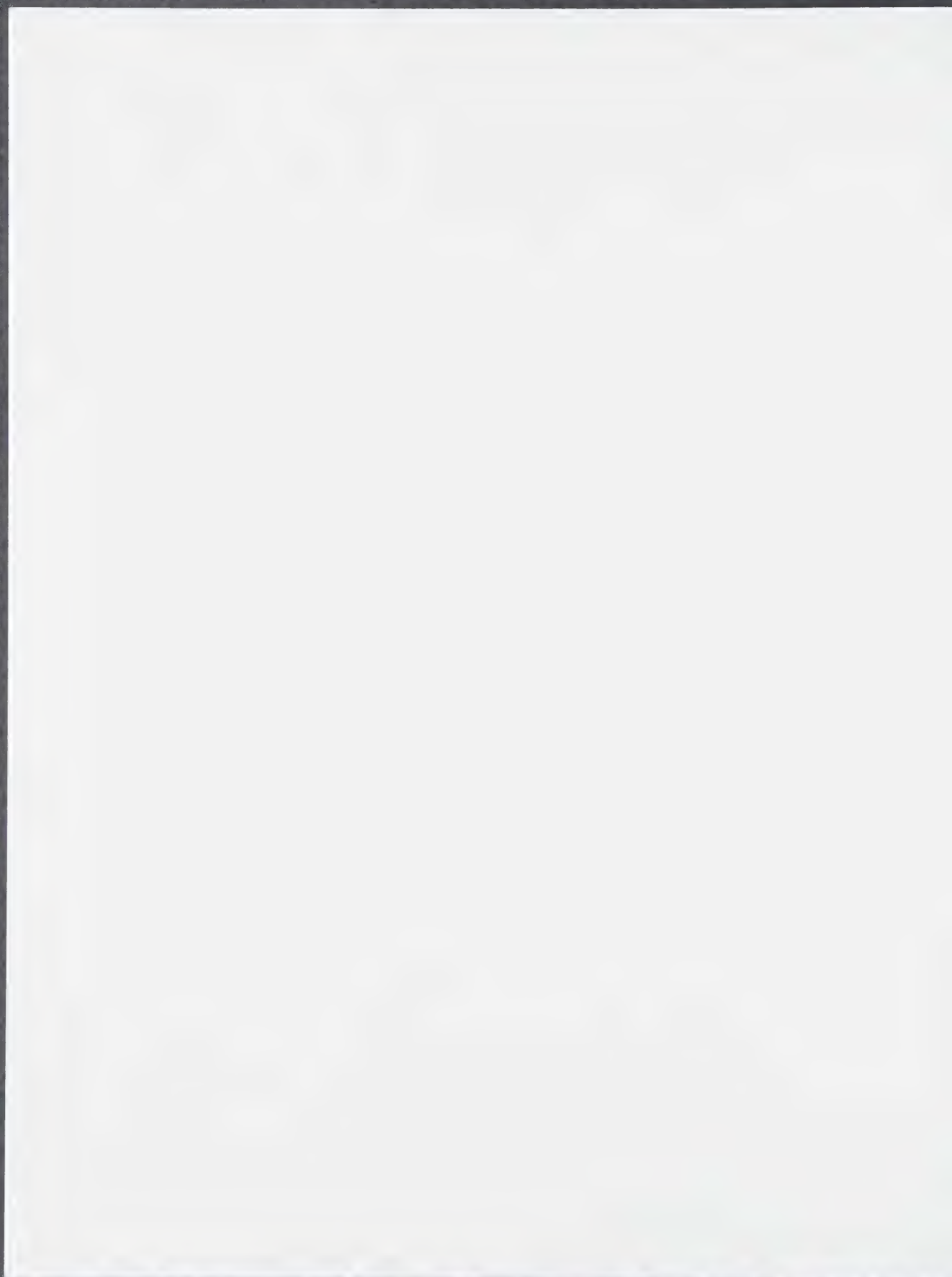
February reports are similar, highlighting outdoor sports.

[She] went for a good country walk with Bob [Rosetta's nickname], then across the Plains [of Abraham] by a road which led down to the cliffs' top, and back. In the eve, Father took me to see a hockey match--Montreal vs. Quebec. I found it very exciting. The score was 9-3 in the visitors' favour. They have just this week won the Stanley Cup which means the championship of Canada.

March 10th, apparently marked the last day of skating for that season 1902-3. Dancing lessons were another favoured activity in her calendar. She was evidently the best dancer in the class; so she proudly writes that the teacher always used her to demonstrate a new step.

Irene summarizes her springtime activities in 1903 as follows:

As a rule I went out every Tuesday with Corinne, Thursdays with Eleanor and Fridays with Gay. [These three were her closest friends.] I had my sewing lessons Mondays & Wednesdays for 2 hours; music Tuesday mornings & Friday afternoons for 1/2 hr, and gym Monday, Wednesday & Friday mornings. My first bicycle ride of the season [April] was with Father and Eddie; we rode 17 miles around Cap Rouge; in May we rode to Montmorency where we also saw Holt, Renfrew & Co's animals. They have quite a menagerie



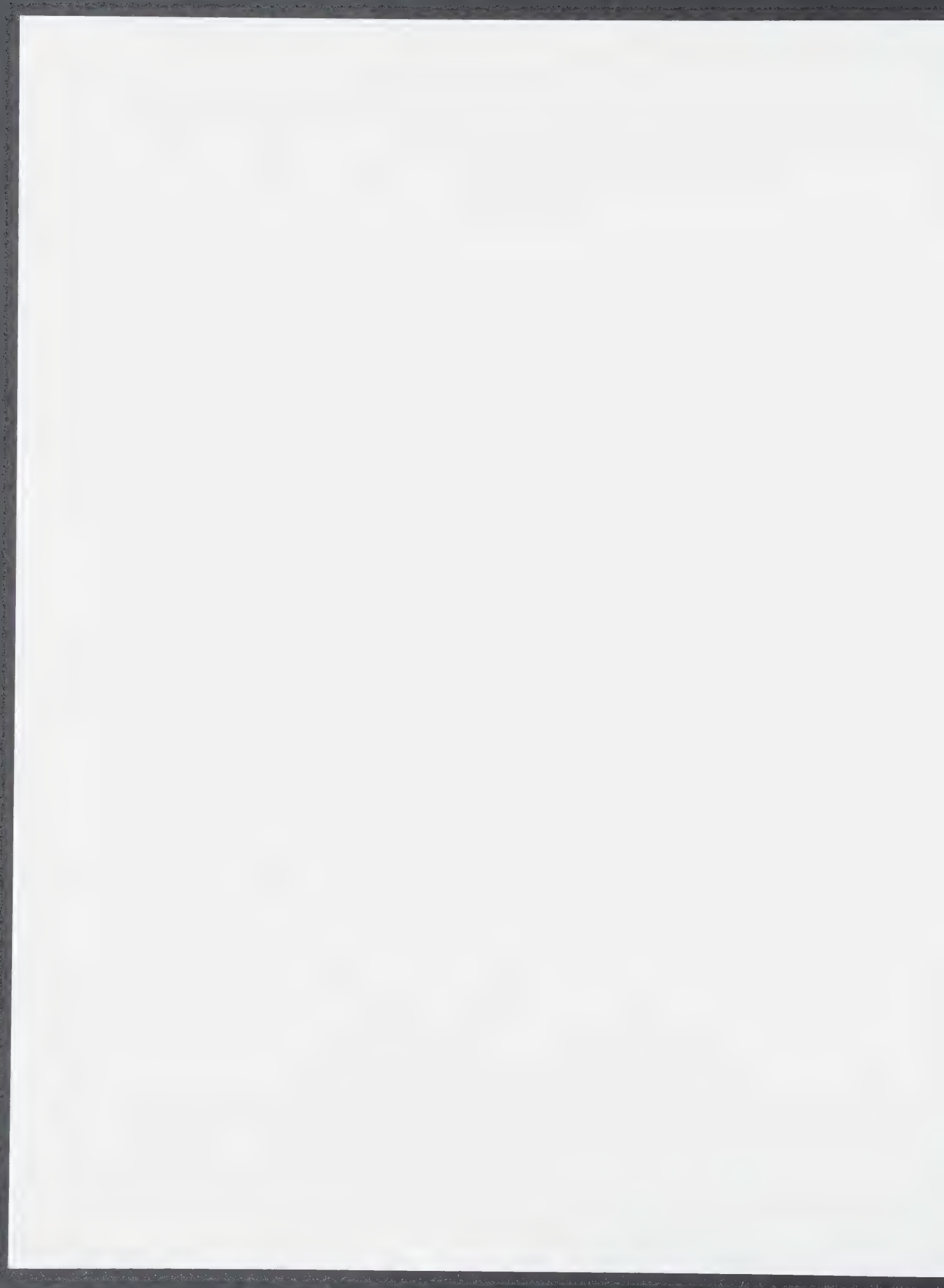
there...we came home through Stadacona Village; it is the most horrible smelly place...it is almost 24 miles I rode [from Ste. Anne to Quebec]. [That Autumn] Father, Eddie, Pinto & I went for a bike ride to the Falls [Montmorency] to see Hardy, 'The American Blondin' 13 walk across the Falls on a wire. However, he was not well, so did not perform.

From these entries, we have observed Irene, a glowing teen-ager, adored by her parents and friends, brought up in keeping with her social status, taught to play the piano, dance, be active in sports, especially skating, ^{at the Chateau Frontenac rink} where young people gathered--to skate in pairs to music. She laughed and played; life seems to have been very beautiful in those days. Romance is normally present when girls and boys, French and English, mingle freely and frequently in pleasant surroundings. So, Irene fell in love--her expression for this was "struck" and she began to favour Willoughby Stavelly above the others; they danced, snow-shoed, walked in the park together till at one point she confides to her diary:

It's awful to be lovesick" [!!!!]

This idyllic scene was once abruptly shattered. One day, returning from cycling with her Father, she found

Mother had been knocked down by an automobile! She was on the sofa, semi-unconscious. The Dr. said Mother was not hurt, only badly shaken up and she should go to bed on a low diet. She was in bed all next day but on the following, was up & out before the Dr. came.

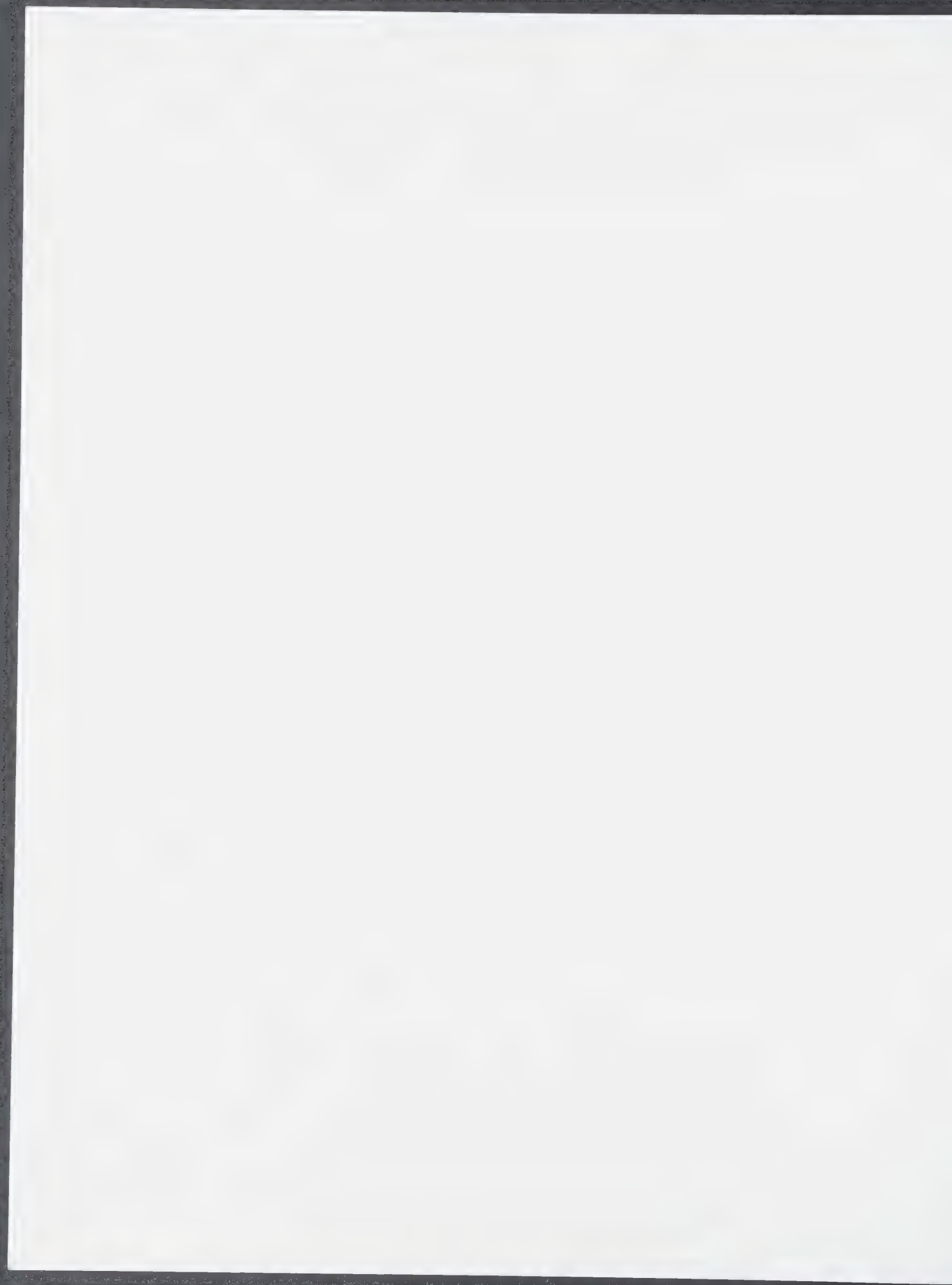


The only injuries were a large bruise on her hip where the automobile struck her & her head was sore where it hit the asphalt. The auto picked her up & carried her a few paces, then dropped her. It was a miracle she was not killed. All Mother's friends were most kind...I was kept busy opening the door & answering the telephone to inquiries. It got into the papers & was copied in the "Montreal Herald" so inquiries came from everywhere, even old Madame Chouinard in St. Patrick wrote up in great anxiety.

This bit of narrative reveals the prominent place the Joseph family held in society; the accident was obviously an important news item in the community.

Irene's social life was very important to her and its details fill many of the diary's pages. Besides her local friends, she met others who came "calling" at the house on Grande Allée with introductions from Montreal or from as far away as England. An amusing caller was a young man from London, a Mr. Michaelson:

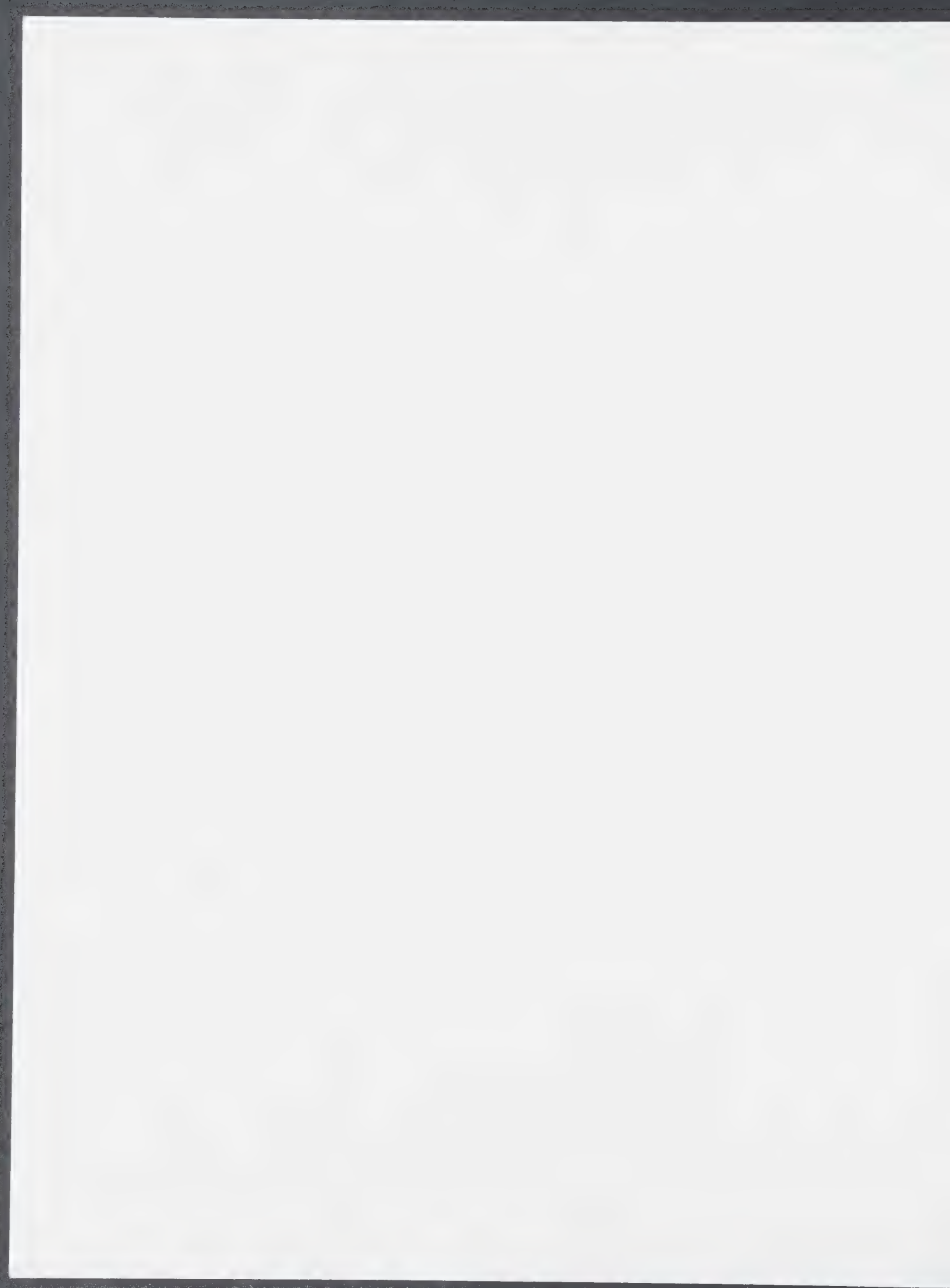
Mother took a great fancy to him (he is only 21) and asked him to dinner & invited some people to meet him. I don't like him much--he manages to rub me the wrong way. He is quite tall & thin & is trying to grow a moustache. But the worst of all is his hair, which is long & fuzzy. There is no other description for it. It sticks straight up. I think he is very conceited--



I suppose that perhaps all Cambridge [University in England] men do. He has not a grain of religion in him. He calls himself a Jew (when asked but he says he does not hang a placard on himself to announce the fact.)...A couple of weeks later, Father got another letter of introduction, this time from Cousin Clarence [de Sola in Montreal] introducing a Mr. Silver. He is also a young man and is at present teaching in the Boys' High School. He is quite nice-looking--dark, short & rather stout. He is supposed to be a Jew but keeps nothing. The 2 young men were at our house a great deal, especially the former who we called Fuzzywuzzy or Paderevski behind his back.

Many of Irene's relatives lived in Montreal, so it is not surprising that she recorded some wonderful times there. At her Aunt Maud (née Joseph) and Uncle Arthur Sandeman's home on Crescent Street she often stayed for weeks at a time.¹⁴ Her cousin Kathleen (Moore), grand-daughter of Jacob Henry Joseph (a brother to Abraham Joseph) was one of Irene's favourite cousins throughout her life. Another contemporary cousin was Marguerite (née Joseph) daughter of Celine, Montefiore's sister & brother-in-law Horace Joseph; Marguerite married Willie Sebag-Montefiore known to you as Cousin Willie, Father of Daphne & Nancy.

In Montreal, Irene sometimes stayed with cousins, the Clarence and Belle de Solas on Pine Avenue (their mansion, ^{named ALHAMBRA} built in the Spanish style 15 still stands).

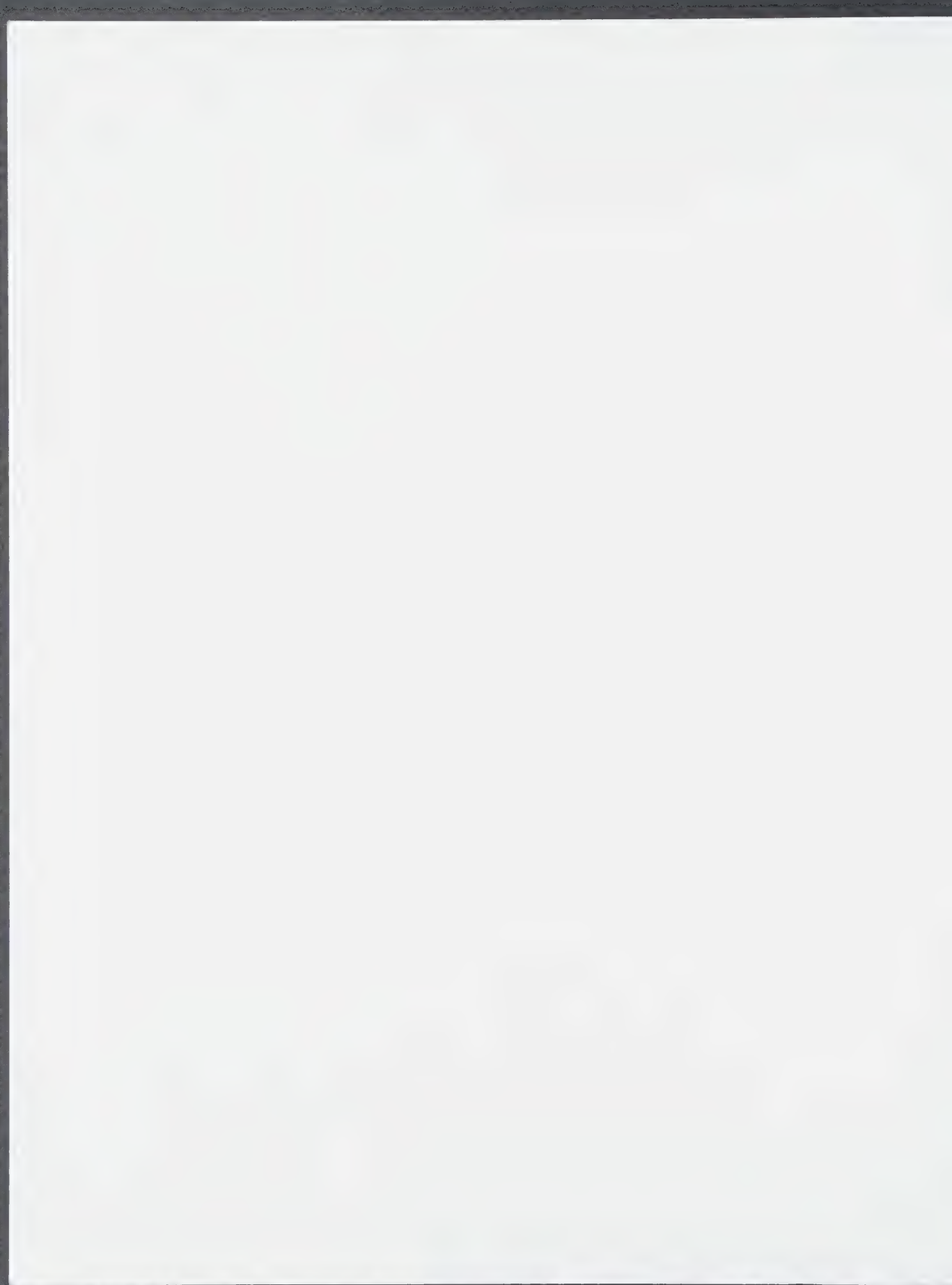


One dinner party, given during her visit, is described in the diary as follows:

In the evening Cousin Clarence [Clarence was Belgian Consul] had a consular dinner. I sat between the Russian Consul-General and Mr. Goldsmid an Englishman who is out here looking after Jewish immigrants and, opposite were Mr. Freisleben the Austrian and Mr. Franksen the German Consul-General. I talked French a little, but the greater part of the conversation was in German...However, I rather enjoyed my evening.

Another time, Irene described her Montreal visit:

Went to snoga [Spanish & Portugese Synagogue on Stanley St] with Cousin Carrie [Kathleen's Aunt], afterwards went to see Cousin Fica: her children are such dear little things, especially the second, Florence...at about 4:30 that day Vivian [Hart] came to see me. I was very glad to see him...Saturday afternoon went to tea at the Davids given for me. 14 Present were Vivian's 2 youngest brothers Sidney & Cecil and 2 little Hart 16 girls. Cecil is very nice & quite good-looking but the other never opened his lips...Next morning drove out to the dressmaker's; as it turned quite stormy, drove in a covered sleigh... .



Another Montreal trip:

time to go to an early lunch at the Lewis Harts in Westmount [^{great-}grandparents of Gordon & Ruthie Elkin, grandparents of Vera Hart Elkin]. They are a very nice family & have always been so good to Pinto [Irene's brother was attending McGill at this time]...drove with Marjorie Root [friend]...we went in the mountain park; she has such a fine horse we passed everybody. She owns her horse & both rides & drives him. I am told she is the best lady rider in Montreal.... .

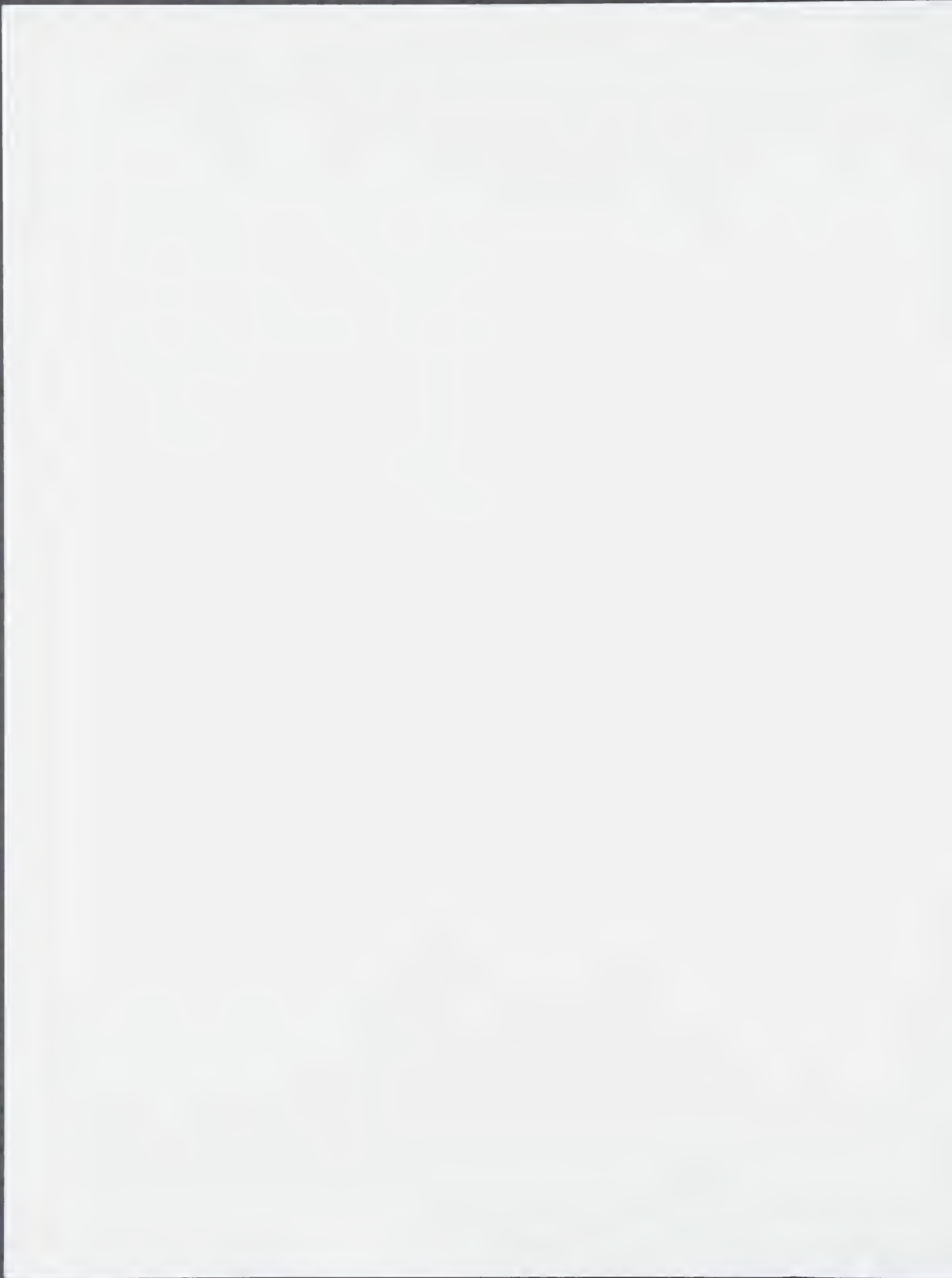
On and on, Irene writes anecdotes about her Montreal relatives and friends. Everyone entertained for her, not the least being her great-uncle Jesse Joseph a bachelor and brother of Abraham. Jesse lived in a fine mansion, Dilc^{oo}sha, (Hindustani for "heart's delight") on Sherbrooke St, on what is now part of McGill grounds and at one time, years later, his home became the McCord Museum.

Andrew Collard has described Dilc^{oo}sha as follows:

The home of Jesse Joseph was situated in a delightful setting on a gently-sloping terrace with fruit-trees & flowerbeds surrounding the simple classic lines of this stately mansion with its imposing doorway. Around in a broad curve to the coach house in the rear. Jesse could look with pride upon his home where he lived for 40 years. The high-ceilinged rooms with crystal chandeliers were a perfect setting for social events of his consular calendar. [He was the first Belgian Consul] Probably there was no other citizen of Montreal better known in his day. 15

In Irene's diary, we read:

went over to Dilcoosha after lunch and there met a young Mr. Wolff, a first cousin of "Fuzzy's" just come out from England. He seemed very nice & I enjoyed talking to him



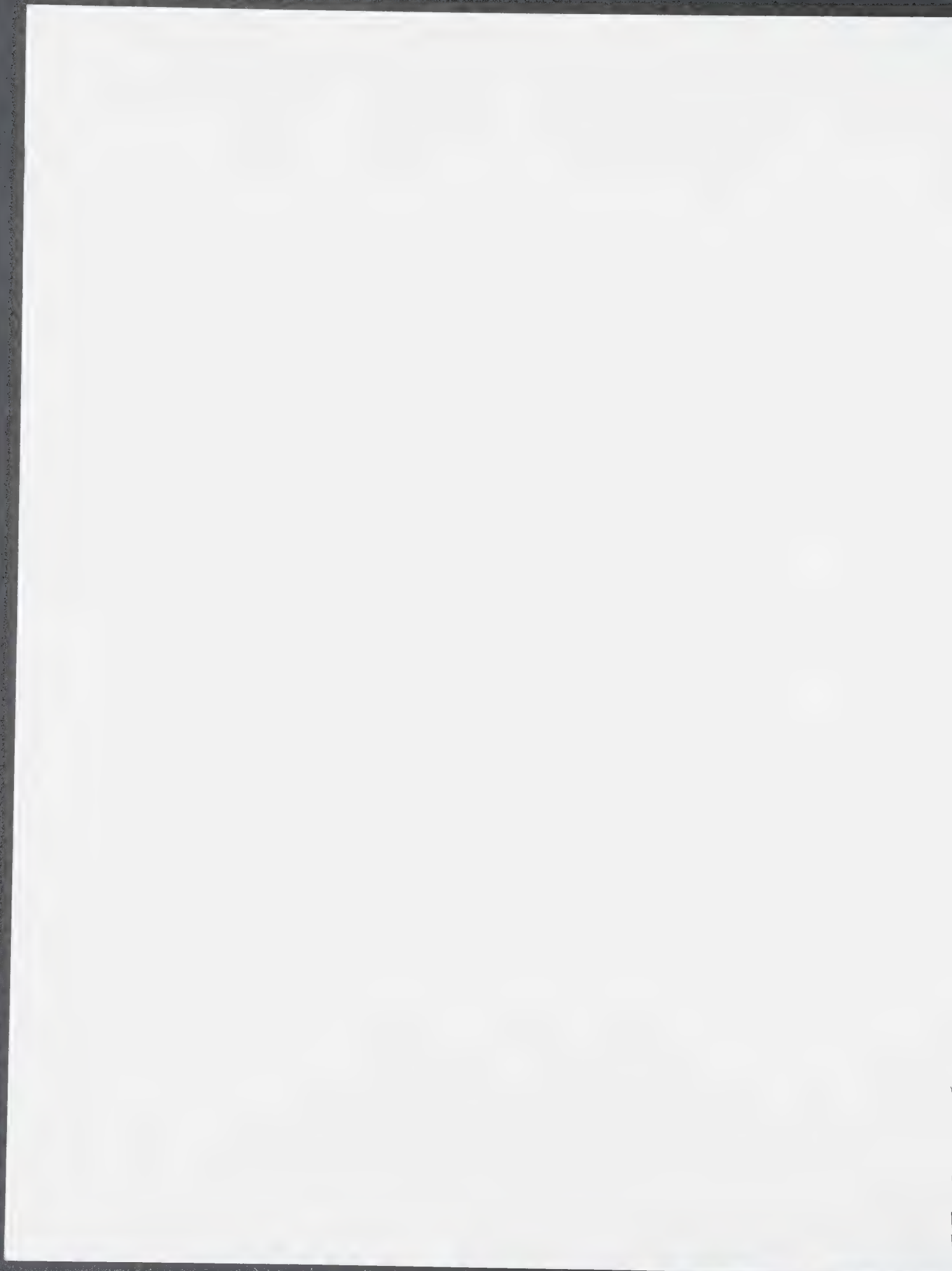
all about the Michaelsons.

This, we remember was the Fuzzywuzzy whom Irene, a few years earlier, had met in Quebec City. Small world. One day, this Mr. Wolff would mean much more to her, but this was apparently their first encounter. Nor evidently had she, at that time, any idea that Martin had spent two years in South Africa in the Boer War.

To complete the picture of Irene till the age of 18, I must mention "St. Patrick", a summer resort a few miles west of Rivière du Loup, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River. Irene's Grandfather, Abraham, had a summer home there that he named Strawberry Cottage, and his son Montefiore, with wife Annette, bought an old French farmhouse which they named "Tiddlewinks", where they and their children summered yearly. To reach St Patrick, they crossed on the ferry to Levis and then boarded the train to Rivière du Loup. The neighbouring farmer, Viel, met them at the station with a horse and cart to transport the trunks full of everything from clothes to bedding to food supplies. A horse and buggy transported the family to St. Patrick. Years later, in 1934, Irene waxed poetic about St. Patrick:

*The world is full of loveliness
The sea, the fields, the sky,
The robin calling to his mate
The gulls that seaward fly.
The wavelets lapping on the beach,
The distant hills so blue
The mingled scent of pine and sea--
Dear Love! I long for you.*

A new set of friendships, almost as intimate as those in Quebec, sprouted in St. Patrick, nurtured by beach and bathing picnics and games, golf at the Golf Club, cycling, walking and berry picking. On July 5th, 1902:



About 5, I was sitting in the sitting-room, when Kenneth came in "Eenie [her nickname] you've passed". Imagine my excitement. I have not cooled down yet. It's just too lovely to think that I'm really done school and that all my study was some good. My great ambition now is college, I'm just dying to go...It was all in the "Star" of Montreal so I suppose will be in Monday's "Chronicle".

The following day, Irene biked with her Father and Eddie 14 1/2 miles: "the road is a very nice regular country one". She apparently worked off her excitement that way!

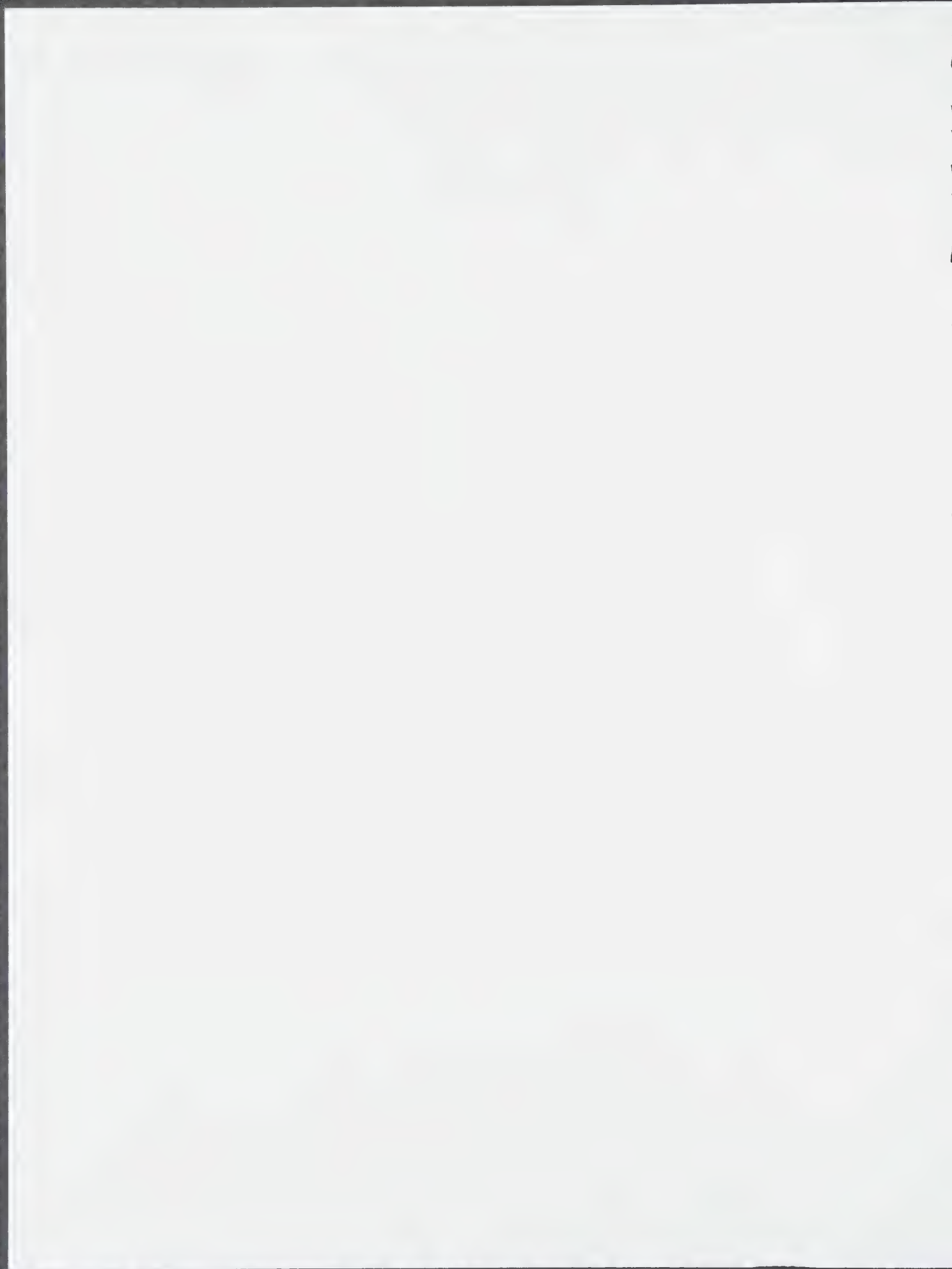
Before leaving the innocent years prior to age 18, however, we must replay some of Irene's personal "confessions", and then move on.

At age 16, she wrote:

I am going to start this day with a confession, I am stuck on WS!!! I really did not think I liked any boy so particularly, but I find I do. I am going to see if I can hide my feelings and not let even the family know. He's just a dear, though!!

[Next day]

last day of Carnaval--dressed and went to the rink--WS was there, the dear.. Oh dear! I am looking forward so much to the dancing-class, I do hope I'll get all I want...



[Next day]

Nothing particular in school...am so happy--met WS and Edouard Garneau & both bowed. WS of course gave his own sweet smile.

[Next day]

School till 4:15. Met WS on way home. At 7:45 went to dancing class & found WS waiting. He carried my shoes and walked with me...I can't analyse my feelings for WS. I am not "struck" but still am very fond of him. I think it's of "lasting friendship" type. Oh!

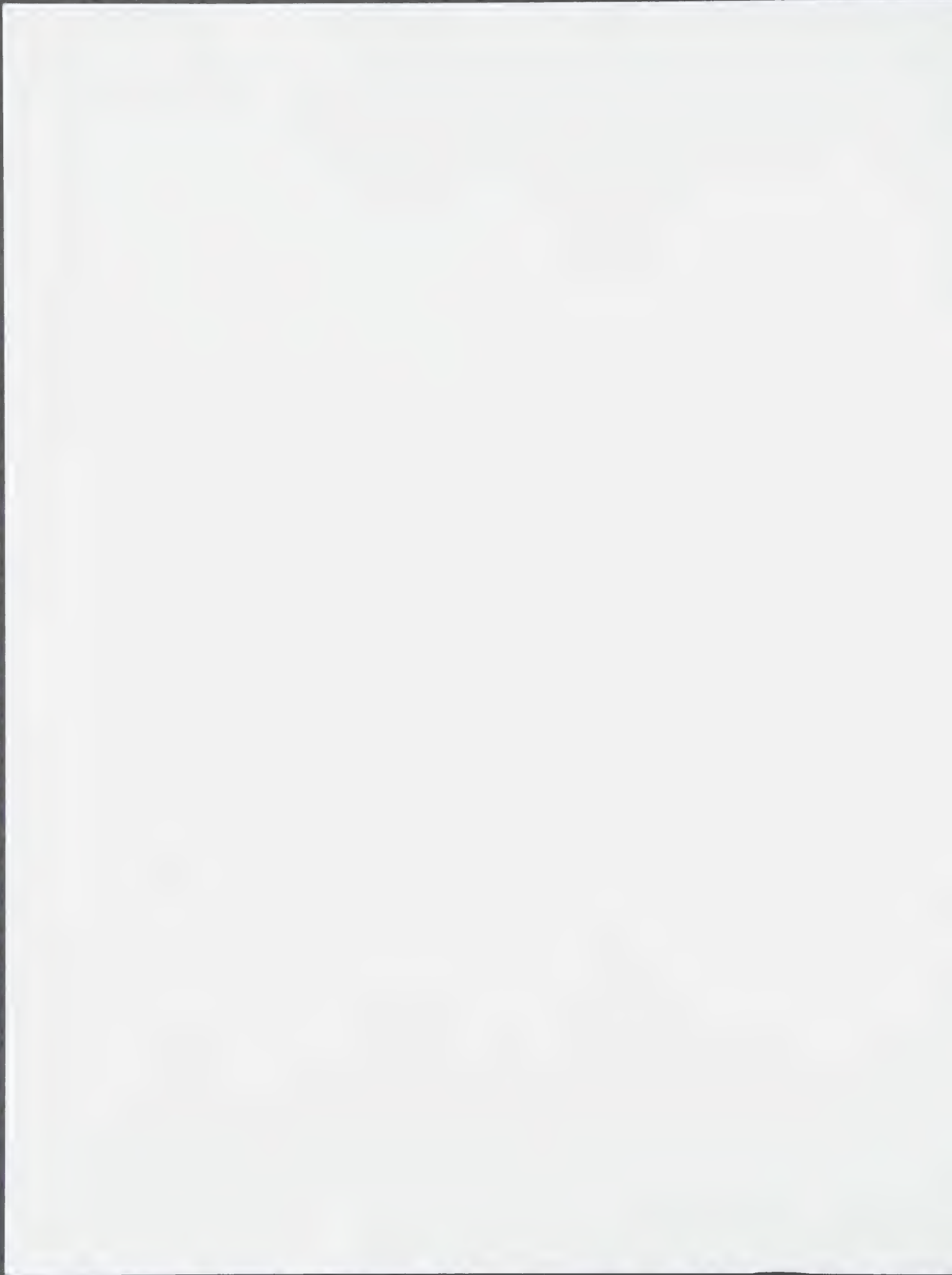
[Later]:

Moo [her cousin Muriel] astounded me to-day by telling me WS is nearly 19! I never could have believed it but he told her himself.

And so Irene moves on. She fills a page of her diary with Tennyson's lines. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

According to this my life will never attain to sovereign power. I perfectly hate myself at times...I try to fix my mind on my prayers but I cannot...am I too worldly & frivolous?

Every adolescent girl is beset by doubts, so we can well understand her doubtings.

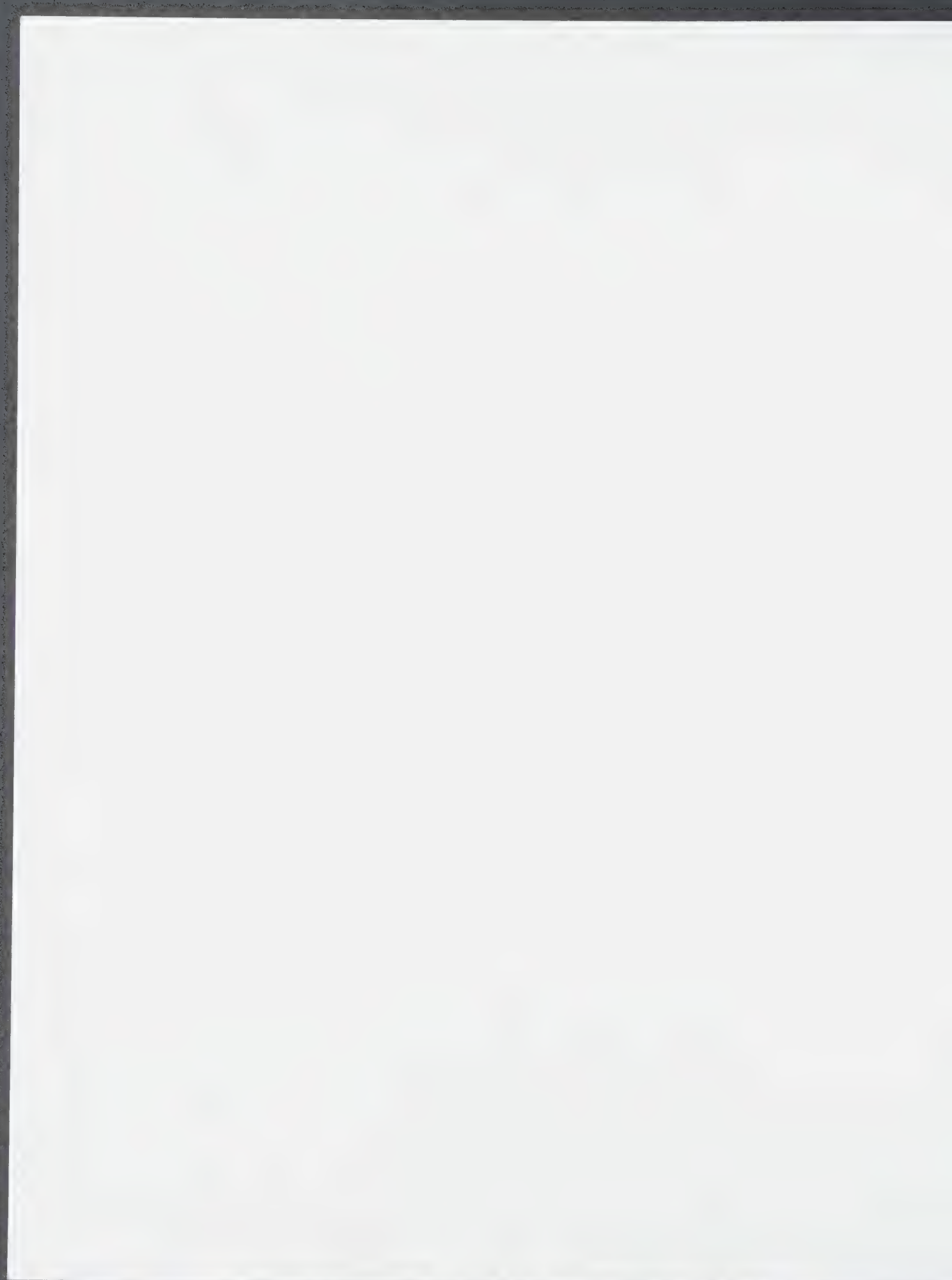


Chapter III

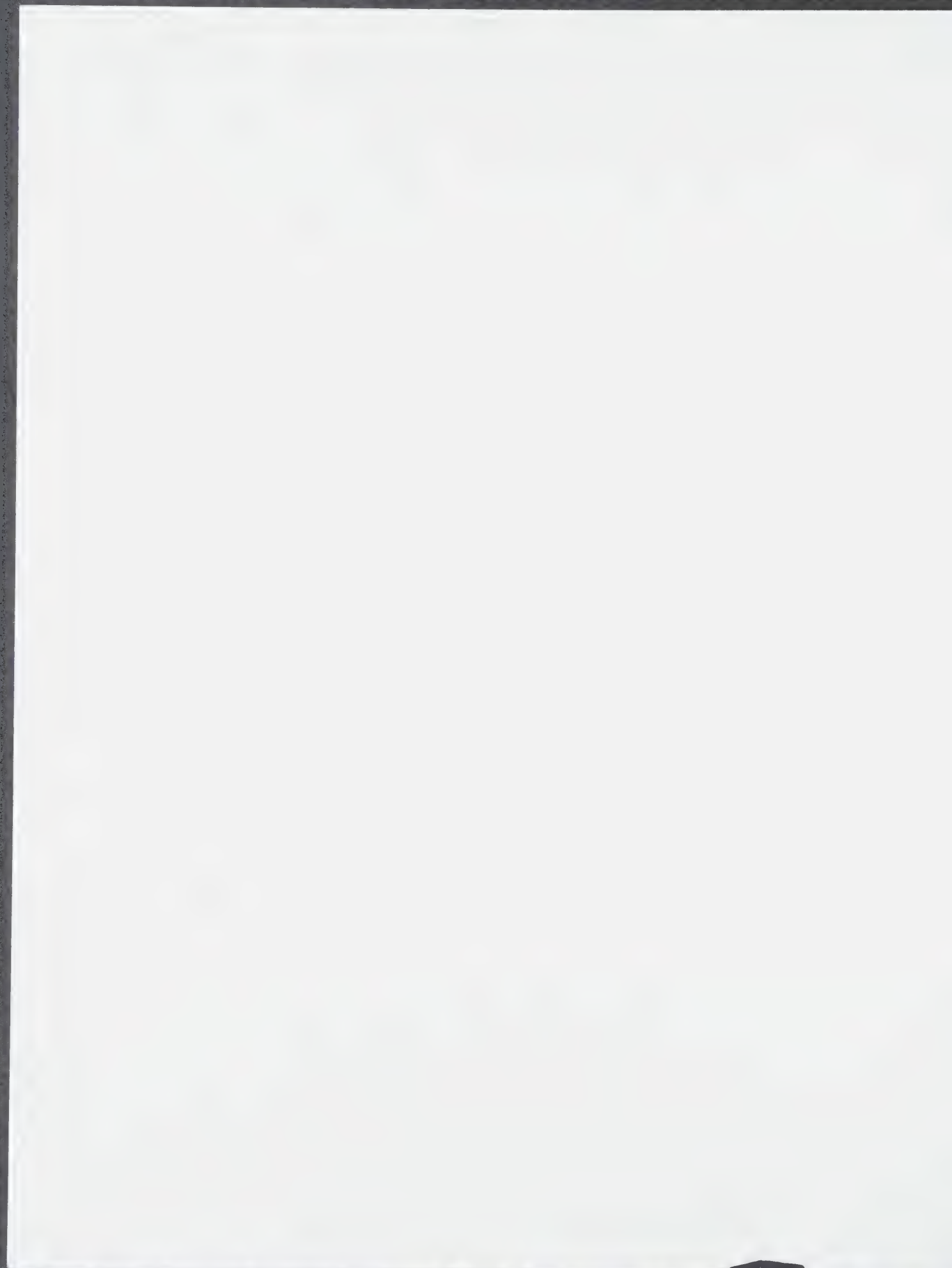
Coming Out

In the early 1900's, to be "out" meant release from certain social restrictions such as observance of a curfew, not "kissing boys", not wearing a formal evening gown. Although the Victorian era officially ended in 1901, its standards of behaviour with strict moral codes, ^{were} still influential. Quebec, being a military post, its top society included officers of the garrison together with successful businessmen and government officials, both French and English mixing freely. The Josephs fitted easily in this environment. Consequently, an 18-year-old would naturally aspire to participate in all the social events, especially the balls. On October 7, 1904 Irene wrote:

I was 18. I told Mother I did not want a party, so when Muriel asked me for dinner and she said she would have a couple in to meet me, I said I'd go. Mother pretended to be very offended at my going out on my birthday, but said she would not let me out all evening, so we must all come in here after dinner. They drank my health in champagne. We stayed till after dinner and then came here straight into the diningroom where Father & Mother were. We sat talking, when who should walk in, but my chum Hope. I was very surprised, but a little later I was more surprised when another chum walked in, then another & another... I was taken aback but Mother kept piling it on and told us to go into the drawingroom as we were so many. I got as far as the door and saw the room all cleared and floor waxed for dancing and in the bay window all the boys.



Allan [Strang] came forward first and shook hands and then they all crowded around me, but I really hardly knew what I was doing. I was trembling from surprise... Mother took a big parcel of flowers that was on the piano and said it had come for me but she did not know from whom. I opened it and found it contained a dozen pink carnations and 1/2 dozen roses and Mr. Silver's card. Then Mother handed me a huge 4 lb. box of chocolates from Mr. Michaelson. [We have heard of both in an earlier entry, pp. 19,20]. I was so dazed Mother had to remind me to thank them... nearly all brought things. WS came up and asked me for the first dance...I had at least 1 dance with each boy and had none "untaken." Alec Hart came in rather late...Aunty Clara [Clarisse Joseph] was the pianist. Allan asked me for the dance when supper was announced, so he told me to remain where I was (on the stairs). However, I had to go in & cut my cake which was a beauty with all sorts of decorations on and my name on top. After I had cut the cake, Allan asked if I would not go out on the stairs again. Of course I did, but was so excited I hardly ate anything. They all went home at about 11:30...I had the loveliest time and my 18th birthday I will always remember as one of the happiest days of my life as Mother who is just a darling to have planned it all, said she wanted me to.



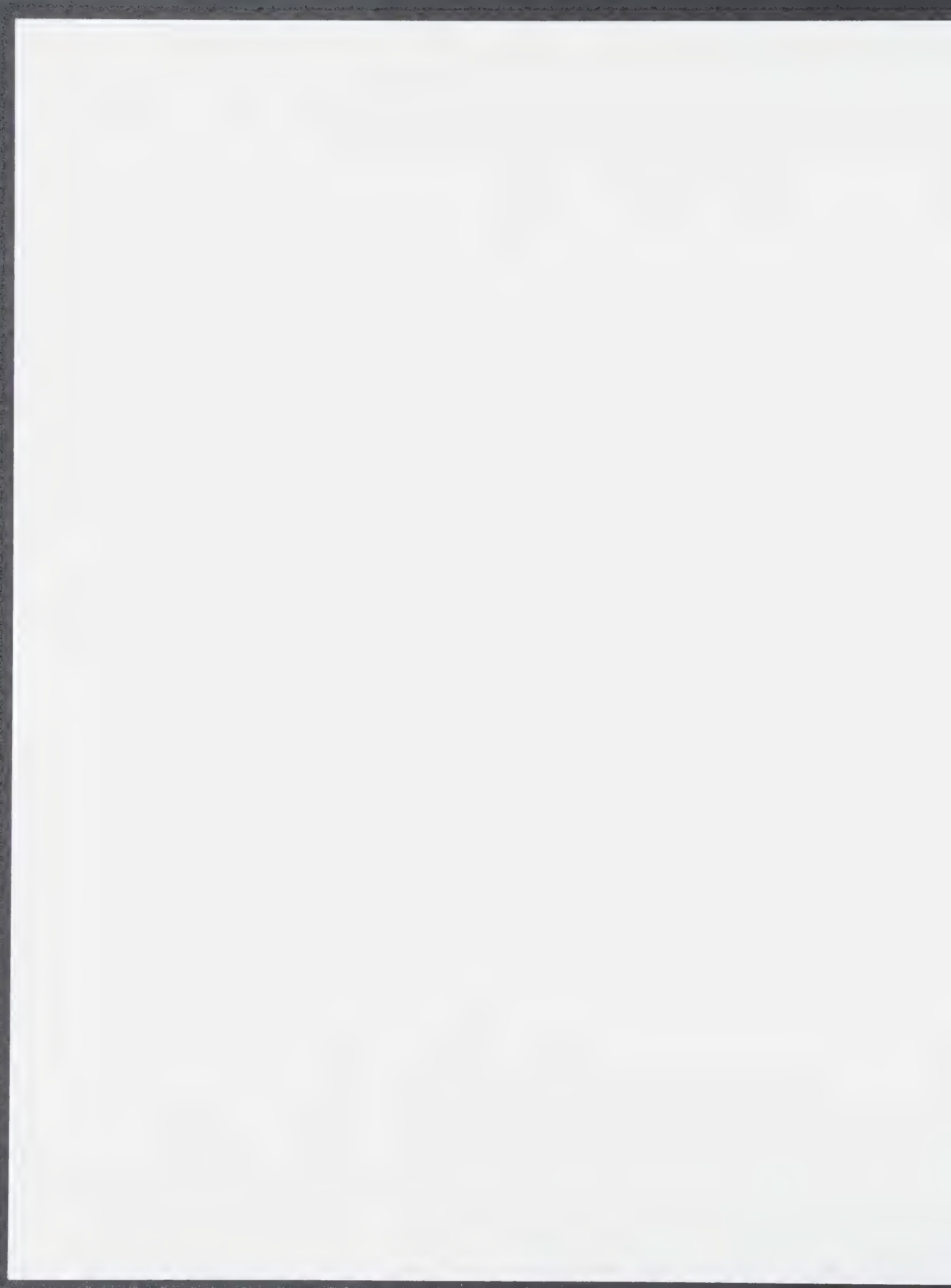
At last, the formal "coming out" day arrived. This custom in Canada copies the English tradition of an 18-yr-old girl being presented to the Monarch at a special ceremony. Daphne was presented at Court; ask her about it. In Canada, the Father usually presents his daughter to the guest of honour at such a Ball as St. Andrew's Ball. This is called her "debut" and she becomes a debutante of that year, being invited to many Balls.

I made my debut at Mrs. Gaspard Le Moine's ball. Everything there was done in grand style, except that there was a crush; it was a "sardine dance" as I heard someone call it. It was after 3 when we got home, I enjoyed the ball very much. [At last Irene was able to wear a long gown which she describes in detail]: "white net with mother-of-pearl sequins, a high white stiff taffeta girdle and small white bows of the same in various parts of the waist. Those small bows are all the rage now."

There followed many other balls: the Turners, the William Prices, which she calls "very swell", and the Snowshoe Club Ball at the Chateau Frontenac.

Though Irene, together with her Father and brothers, was a snowshoer of long standing, it was only after her debut that she would be invited to a party of the Quebec Snowshoe Club, in 1905

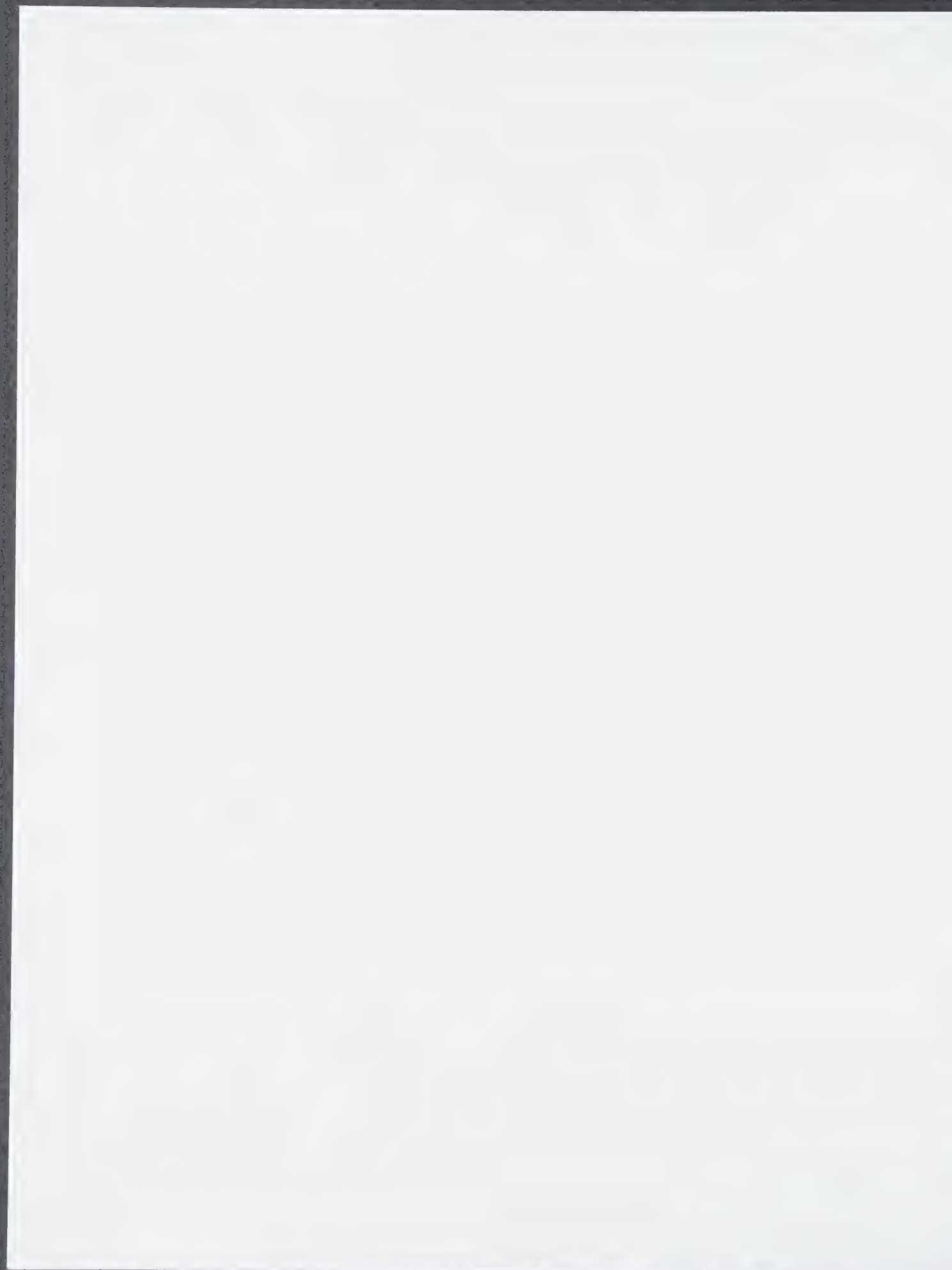
Colonel and Mrs. Neilson entertained the Q.S.S.C. and invited me to come. Of course, I was delighted. At about 8 o'clock the men arrived, 39 of them.



After having some hot drinks, they all set out for their tramp and I and 1 other girl went with them. 2 girls and 39 men! Did we enjoy it! We all went out in single file & I was between Mr. Lynch and Father. However, we got mixed up along the way and I was with Harry Staveley [one of her contemporaries] the rest of the evening. A long winding tramp through the woods and fields to home. I have never enjoyed a tramp so much. It was a beautiful night, moonlight and not too cold. To see the men in their picturesque blanket coats winding in and out of the woods in Indian file was one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen and I am sure that night will live long in my memory. When we got back to the house we had a fine supper. After toasts, several songs, I found myself in a little room with Harry! He is so nice and I like him immensely. It was after 12 when I got to bed.

Although the Quebec family kept in close communication with the Montreal family, it came as a shock to learn that

Uncle Jesse died on February 24, 1904 of a sudden heart failure. He was a dear old man. He gave me a book of pressed flowers from the Holy Land, when I was in Montreal and I shall now value it highly. Father felt very badly; then 2 days later Aunt Sara Gratz [Joseph] died. She also was 86 and so sweet and just as active as Uncle Jesse. Poor old Uncle Jacob Henry [Joseph] who is 90, has lost



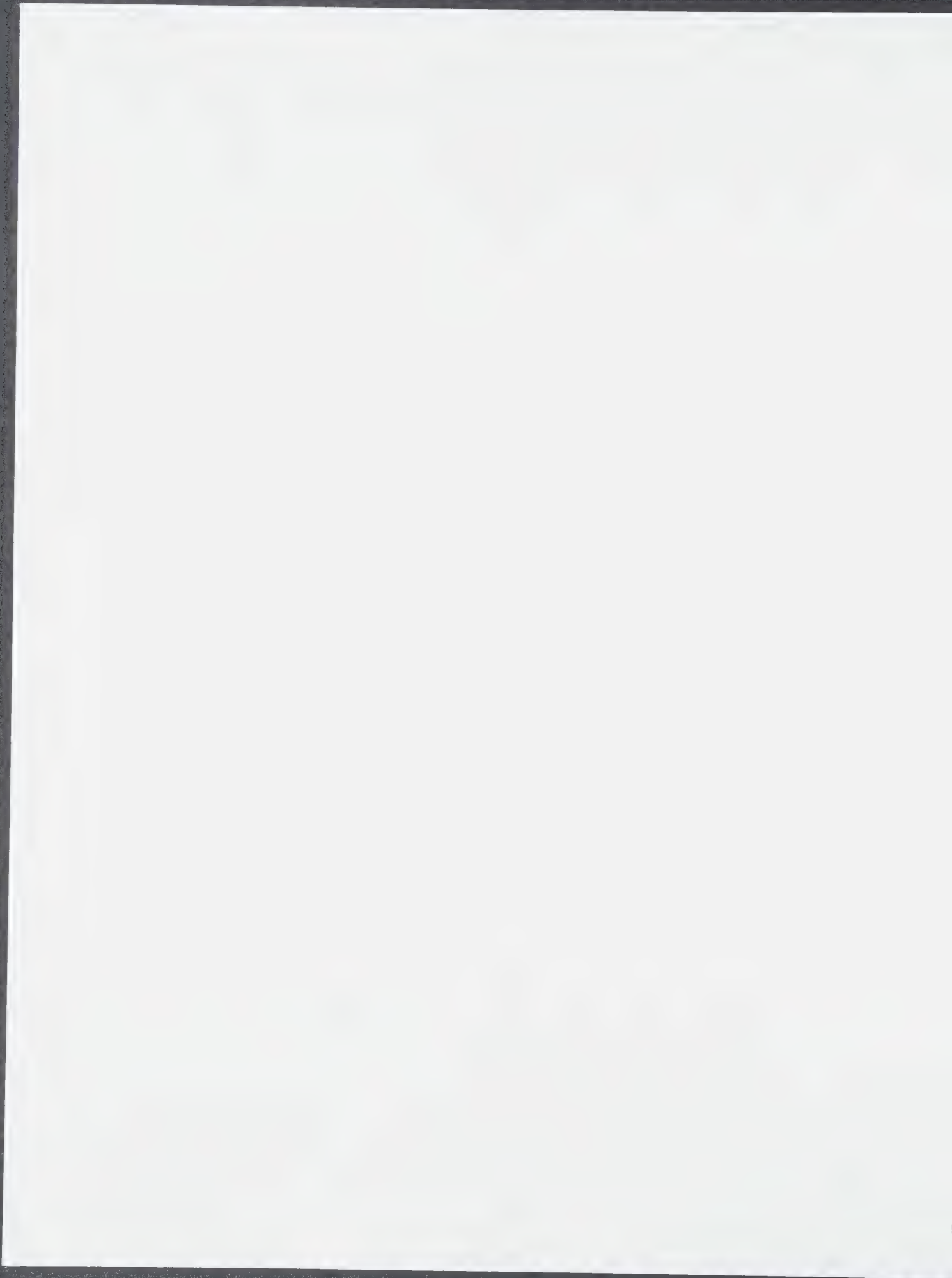
both a brother and a wife in 2 days. [Another family item was noted] February 4, 1904, Uncle Jose (Pinto) sent me a lovely gold brooch with 6 little flowers and a pearl in the centre of each, 6 turquoises in between. He sent it because he was so pleased at my writing him a few lines in one of Mother's letters. [He was Annette Pinto Joseph's brother, in England.]

Travelling

Soon, however, Irene was to meet Uncle Jose in person, along with many other relatives.

In May 1905, aged 19, Irene sailed on the "Victoria" to be met at Liverpool by Uncle Jose. "He brought me to 'Heathcroft', his spacious home in London". Then followed receptions, garden-parties, visits, causing Irene to remark "Oh, the cousins! there were shoals of them, I did not know I owned half as many. I met Aunty Diamond [wife of John Pinto, Annette's brother] and am to stay with her for a couple of weeks." Later, Irene reports

driving in the victoria [carriage] with Uncle Jose's sister, Aunty Etta to 20 St. James St, Uncle's place of [the tobacco] business under the celebrated name of Robert Lewis & Co. 18. Uncle Jose and Mr. Cartwright, his manager, went with us to lunch, ^{at Dieudonné} the swellest restaurant in London and had an excellent lunch, so well served and finished off with strawberries dore in cream and mariscino. Mr. Cartwright presented me with a small box of Dieudonne Italian sweets.



Another day, Irene spent at Hampton Court at Aunty "Jimmy's" place [Jemima Henry married Sam de Sola, son of D.A. de Sola, who died in 1866].

She is Mother's aunt and very hospitable and has a house on the River [Thames] every summer and always has lots of visitors. The house is rambling and grounds are lovely.

They have 3 boats and I went twice on the River.

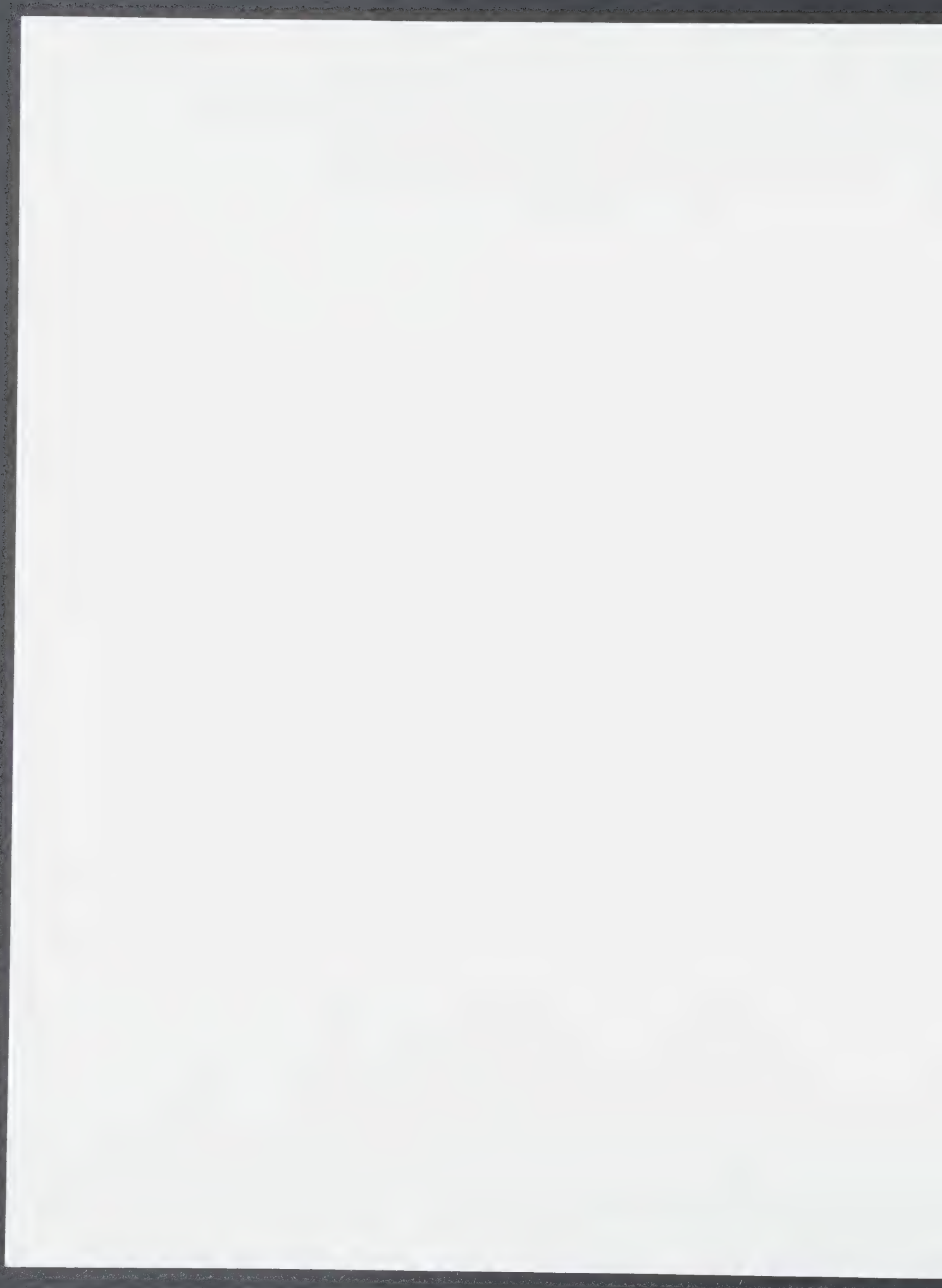
Meanwhile, back home, Irene's Father was concerned about her deportment and self-reliance. He wrote:

none of your letters say anything about your money and I have no idea how you stand...I want you to be careful of money but on the other hand not to do anything that will make others consider you mean or close. Do not let others bear any expense that you think you ought to pay yourself. There is a game of that kind going on out here [in Quebec] which I assure you I do not like...Be independent in money matters, pay your own bills and do not get into debt. We 20 all enjoy your descriptive letters...Much love from Father.

In London, dressed in her best clothes, our traveller was one day invited by Aunty Etta Pinto [Esther, oldest sister of Annette] to a swell wedding dinner at the Trocadero. I was taken into dinner by a Mr. Gluckstein. I danced every dance though I knew no one. I could not help smiling inwardly and wondering what my friends would say if they had seen me dancing away English style. I hope it won't spoil my dancing when I get home.

In imagination, Irene was wafted back to Quebec, thinking of the cherished friends who had given her a farewell party "when we danced all evening...it was a beautiful moonlit night and we spent half our time on the veranda, almost the whole evening" with her beau of the moment.

Festivities continued in London: at 165 Sutherland Avenue she revelled in her Uncle's tennis courts (13 in all) where she could hold her own. She



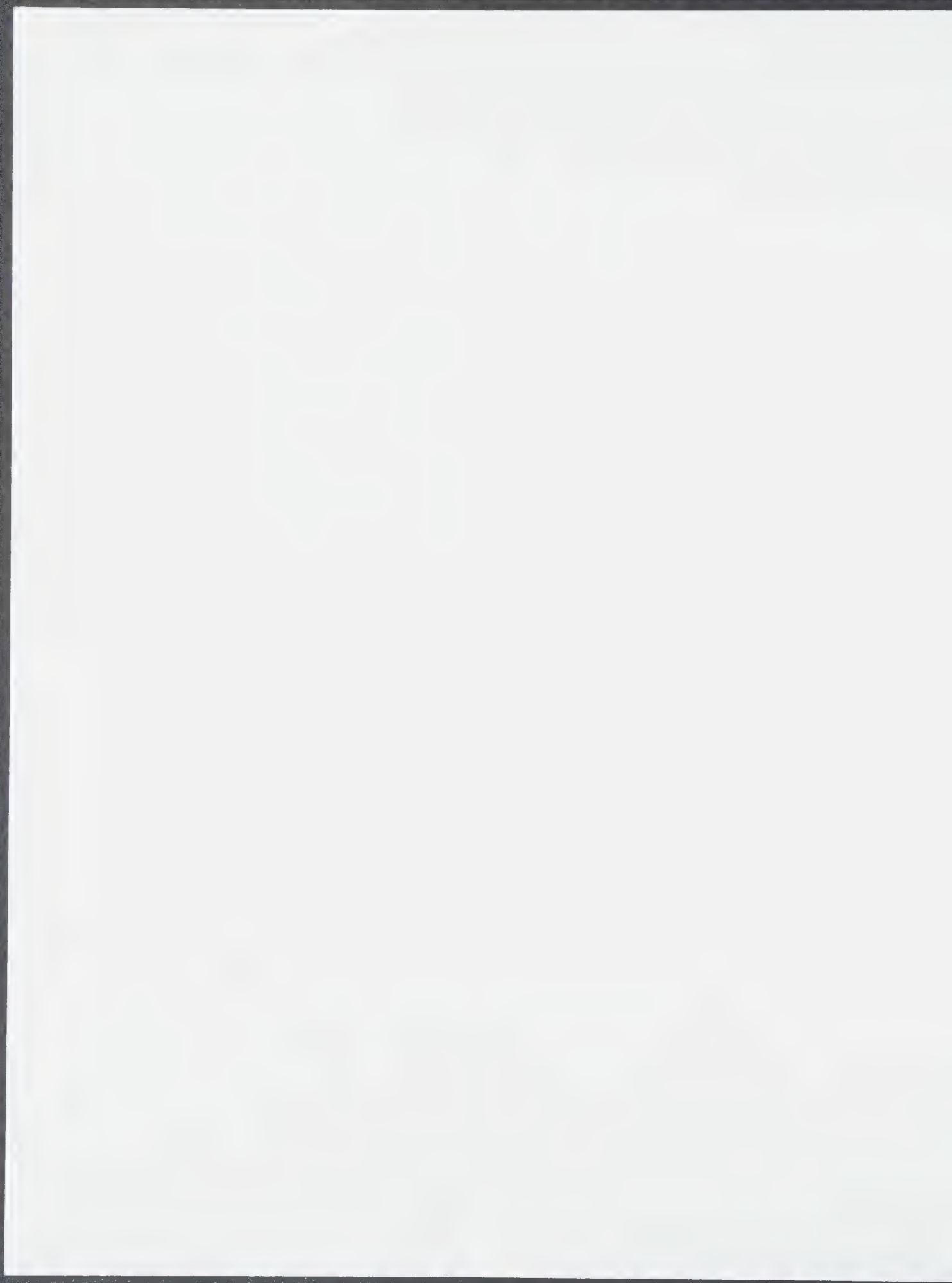
attended Sabbath services at three different synagogues; she "saw the Queen 3 times but as the Queen (Alexandra) looked very pale and her hair had rather too golden a shade, to tell the truth I was disappointed in her". This adventure finally ended July 24, when she sailed for Dieppe, France, still dazzled by all the attention showered on her by a large and fun-loving family. In Dieppe with more cousins, she attended dances, the Casino and concerts.

The Casino building is very fine, I believe the finest in France & therefore second only to Monte Carlo. We joined the "Salle des petits chevaux" and the "cercle" where the very high gambling goes on...Aunty Etta would not let me go in there, but she went in once just to see the people and gave me a good description of the painted faces & dyed hair, magnificent dresses & diamonds, rubies etc en masse.[!!!]... The country around Dieppe is so beautiful and there are so many different little villages to go to--Pays, Pourville, Argues, St. Aubin--we visited, walking with the Oppenheimer cousins [all relatives on her Mother's side].

Having returned home in Quebec, Irene recounted her adventures to her friends. One of them, Vevie Frechette, was pleased to hear that she had been to France, so wanted to show her some relics of La Patrie in Canada.

They went together to the Ursuline nuns who showed them

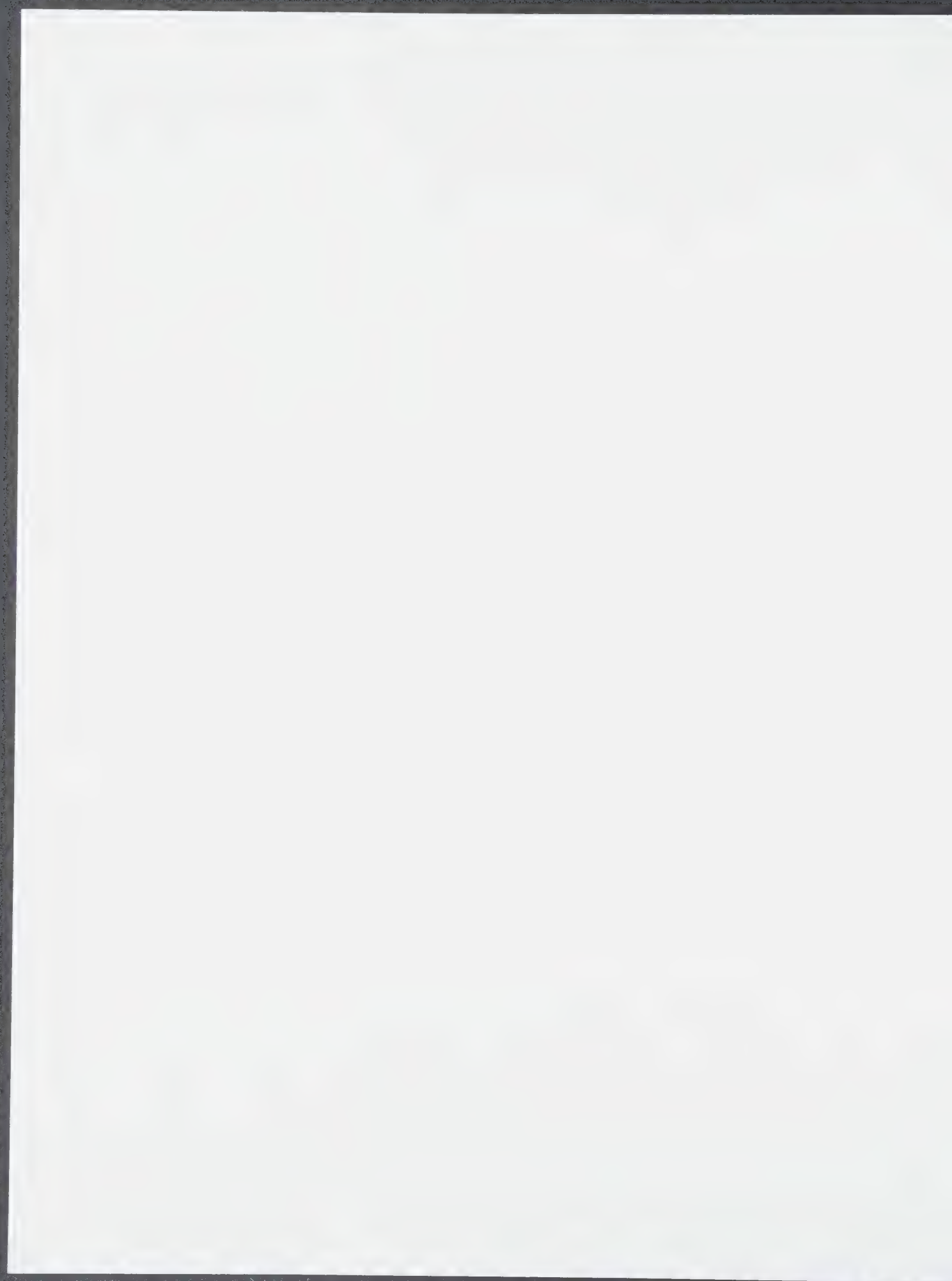
some rather interesting paintings of some of the old governors (of New France); the chapel had some good pictures that were sent out here to be saved from the ravages of the French Revolution. The Chapel itself has a lot of old woodwork and gilding. We were taken in & shown Montcalm's skull which is very well preserved.



*It is so strange to see the nuns all behind the grills as,
of course, it is a very cloistered nunnery. ¶*

*Irene's diaries henceforth are filled with happy events occurring in her
life in Quebec, like this one in May 1906:*

*we went down to see Prince Arthur of Connaught. He is on his
way home from taking the Order of the Garter to the Mikado. 22
He [Prince Arthur] is medium height, very fair, nice looking
but is a bit lame. Then we went home & dressed to go to the
City Hall to see the address of welcome presented him by Mayor
Garneau. It was in French & the Prince replied in the same
language with a very good accent.*



Chapter IV

Martin

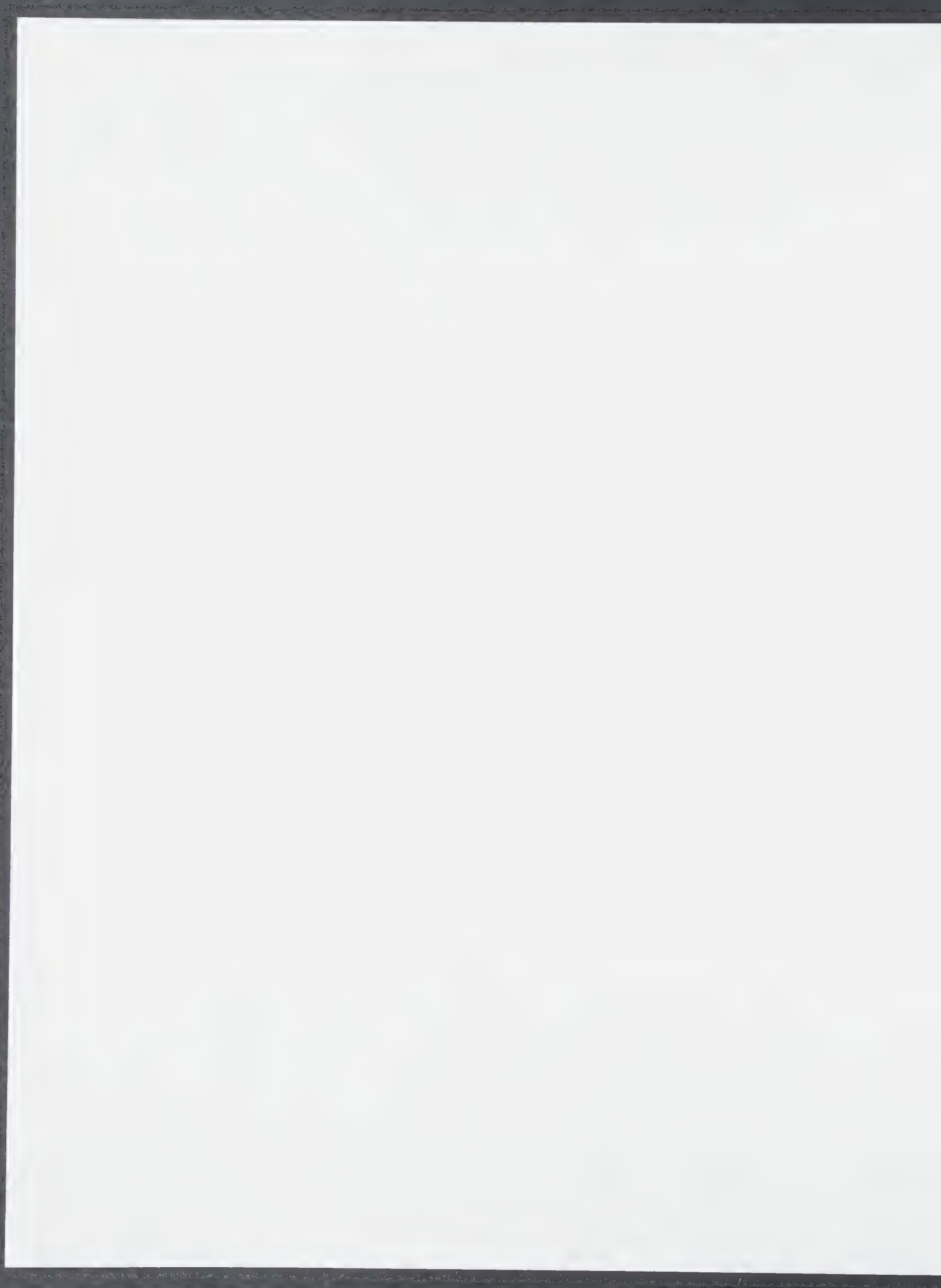
At about this time, 1906, a new name comes to the fore in Irene's descriptions of her visits to Montreal, "a certain Mr. Martin Wolff...I always do like Englishmen", whom she had met previously at Dilcoosha. But now she elaborates: On New Year's Day 1907, her Parents were "receiving" as was their custom, when who should "come calling for me, but Mr. Wolff." A few days later, Martin was invited to 113 to "Friday eve prayers and tea"-- then he was "here to play Bridge in the evening" and again "Mr. Wolff dropped in unexpectedly as he was just in town for the day". The discovery of some old letters told us that Irene and Martin apparently became engaged in that July (1907), though the Diaries do not record it. All mention of Martin continues to be almost casual as he was not part of her inner "set." Why did she not mention the engagement in her Diary entries? We can only speculate that she was so busy writing daily letters to her beau that it was not necessary to confide to her diary. Recently, some of that correspondence has come to light.

Excerpts: Commissioners of the Transcontinental Railway
Office of the District Engineer. July 31, 1907 at St. Philippe de
Neri, Co. Kamouraska.

---Martin wrote: "What is love? surely sympathy between two souls... the fountain of love is displayed to me in its pure nakedness and I am permitted to drink deep of the nectar it offers...I am intoxicated...my head goes round in a whirl."

Irene's response: "all my heart's Love is yours, my own love and I am always and forever your own loving and devoted fairy..." Such outpouring brought by daily rail from Quebec City.

We know that Martin's Mother quickly came out from England to look over the bride-to-be and of course she approved! She brought her daughter Rachel,



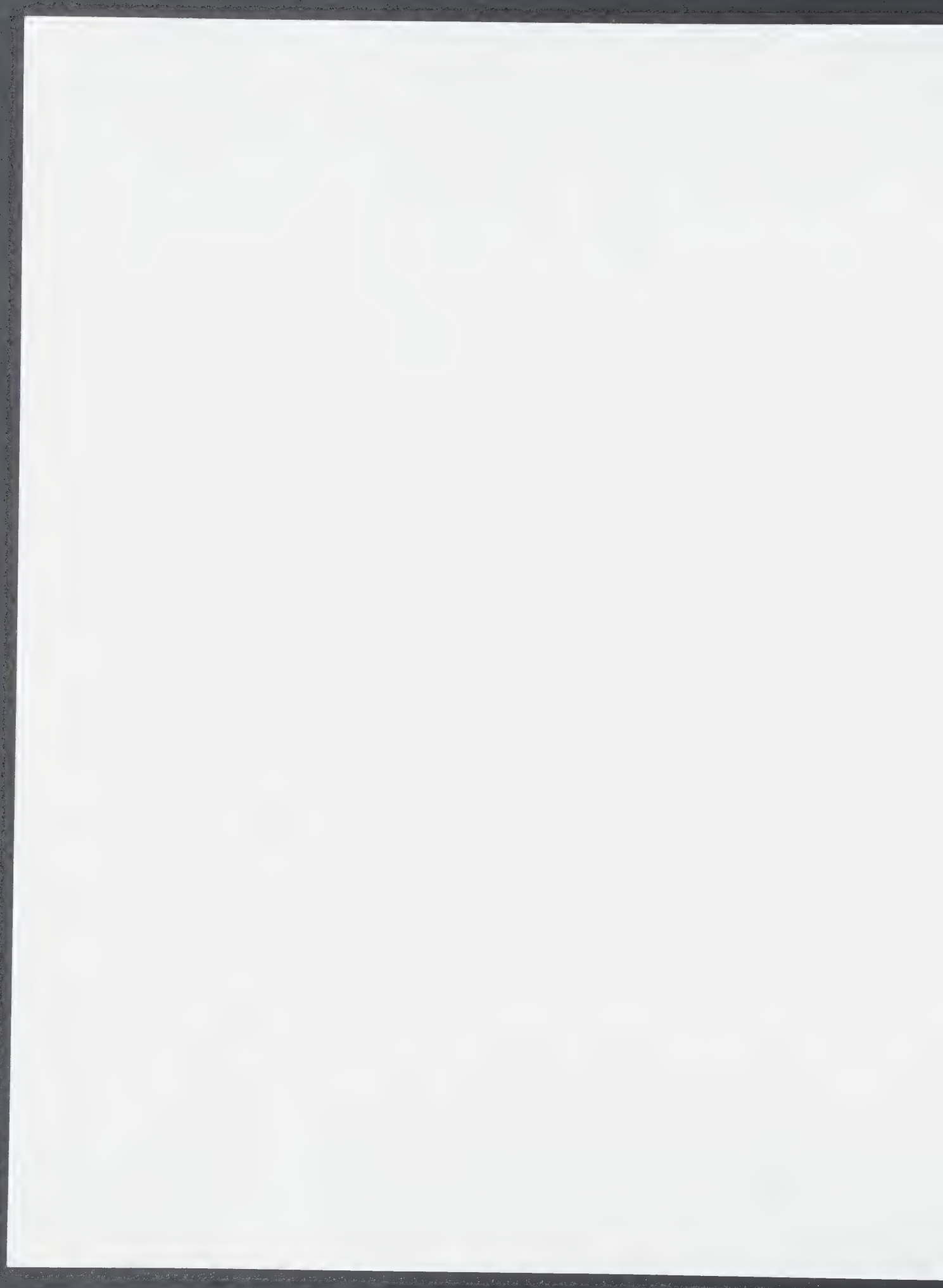
too, who remained till the wedding, although it would not take place until 1909.

Tercentenary

Prior to the marriage, however, all the Josephs and Wolffs became involved in a "happening" of even more personal and universal importance when Quebec City, in 1908, celebrated its tercentenary. This event was not covered in the diaries, yet its intrusion in everyone's life was major, as witnessed by pictures we still have, showing Irene, Martin, Rachel, Rosetta and Edward in "period" costumes.

Who would have known the history of her City, a walled and garrisoned town, better than Irene? Her daily comings and goings touched the very ground on which Indians, French and British had trod centuries before. Near her home was "the sentry gate." Donnacora, the Indian chief who had met Jacques Cartier at the village of Stadacona in 1534, is immortalized in the neighbouring village where Irene often snowshoed. Notre Dame des Victoires Church stood a few minutes from her Father's business in Lower Town; the Plains of Abraham was a constant reminder of those two great commanders, Montcalm and Wolfe, who had met and died there in 1759. All these events and personalities were brought to life in Quebec in 1908 when the entire Ancient Capital lived in pageantry from July 20-31, 1908 through eight dramatic presentations, "acts" depicting the history that changed the destiny of this high rocky promontory overlooking the St. Lawrence River.

On the basis of the Roman dictum "things seen are mightier than things heard," a Mr. Frank Lascelles designed and masterminded the transformation of the entire City of Quebec. The opening Pageant showed Jacques Cartier in 1536 at the Village of Stadacona. In Scene II, he was received by King Francis I in France, acknowledging the discovery of Canada. Pageant II has



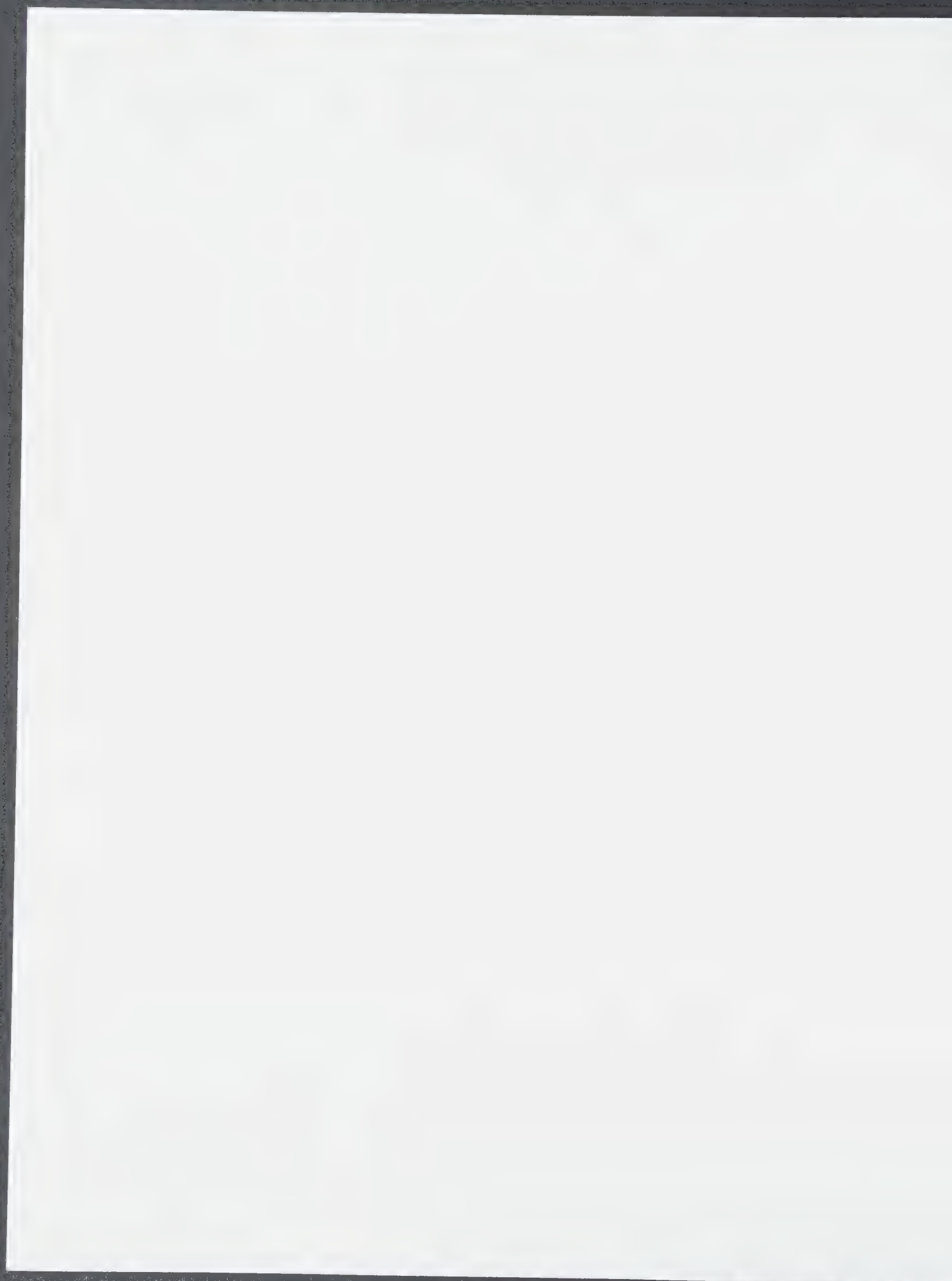
Samuel de Champlain sailing for La Nouvelle France. I believe Irene formed part of the court of Henri IV in 1608 when Champlain, at the Louvre, received a commission to set forth.

To the strains of minstrels, gaily attired courtiers troop in with their ruffles and wide-spread farthingales and all is laughter & animation.,., Emerging from the crowd some 30 or 40 couples take part in the "peacock dance", stepping with high-heeled shoes & with crossed swords flashing over their heads in the dainty figures of the dance. The dance over, the Royal party pass out, amid the scattering of flowers and musical mirth. 23

Irene and Martin must have revelled in it all.

In a letter dated September 1908 to Martin, Irene mentions: "Lascelles' reception was quite a private affair...as we had never entertained him or done anything for him, of course we were not asked. The City will give him the freedom of the City and pass a vote of thanks."

The 8th and final Pageant depicted the "Battles of the Plains", for two battles were fought there: Wolfe's victory, in September 1759, and Levi's victory over Murray in April 1760. In the course of the eight Pageants, three Indian dances were performed--the Calumet Dance, the War Dance and the Discovery Dance, so the native Indian Tribes were actively involved in the celebrations.



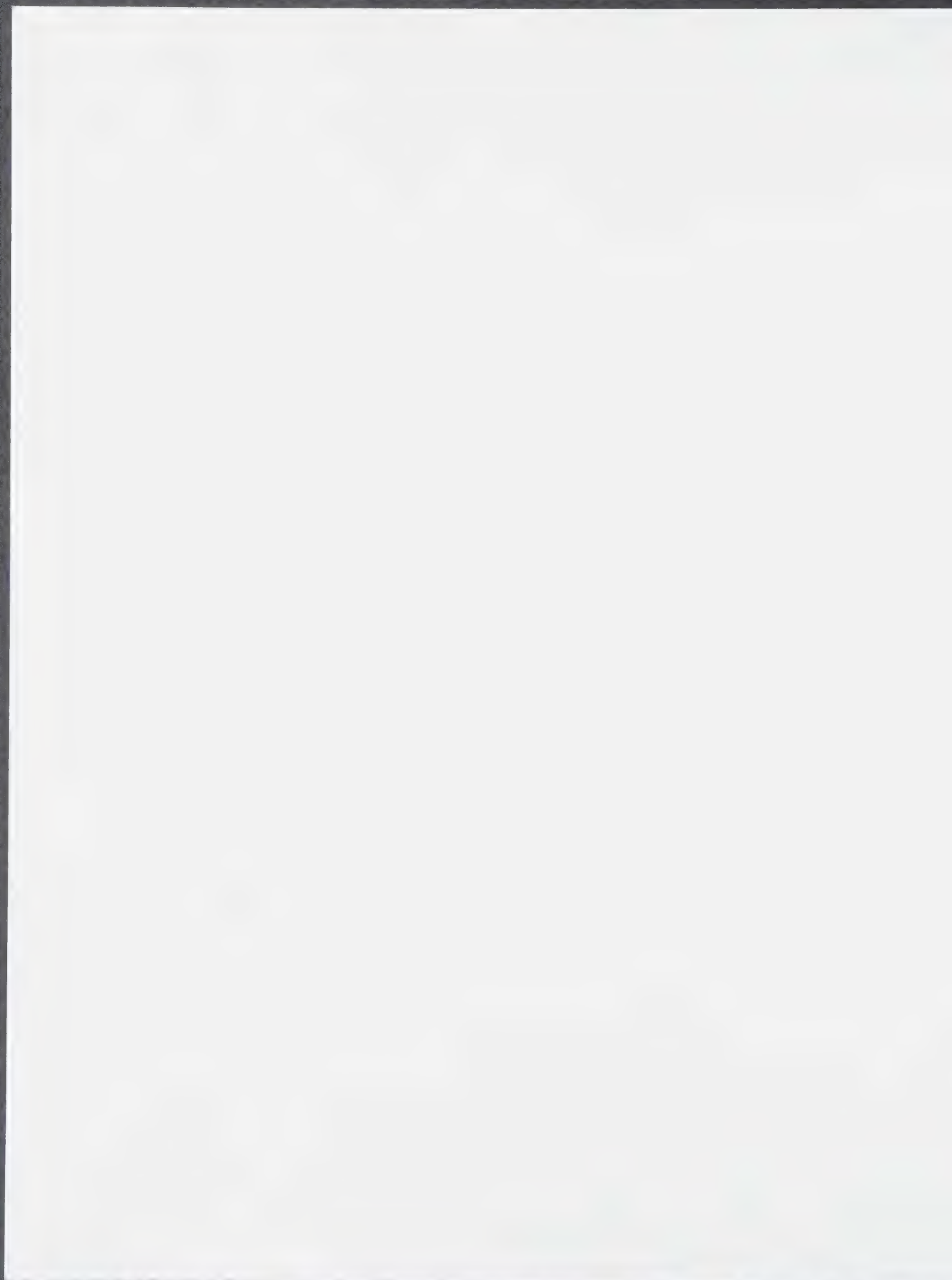
Marriage

Finally, the greatest day of her life arrived for Irene. Rev. Meldola de Sola performed the wedding ceremony, at 113 Grande Allée, on March 25, 1909. A Déjeuner followed. The Diary tells us that

41 people were present: Bride & groom, Montefiore Joseph family, 3 Wolffs, Andrew Josephs, Sandemans, Horace Josephs, Kathleen Moore with her Father Captain Moore, Ian Collins, 2 Henry Josephs, 2 Meldola de Solas, 2 Clarence de Solas, 4 Dr. Harts, Hortense Ury engaged to Pinto, 4 New Yorkers.

After Irene had received her engagement ring, the tone of her letters to Martin reveal her great love for him. Her sister Rosetta commented: "Eenie is so proud of her ring that we have to say it is beautiful 10 times a day... you say you are in love but I am sure you didn't know the definition of it. This is what one of the girls in my class said--love is a tickling in your insides that you can't scratch!" Rosetta teased her endlessly but she was totally committed now to "my very own darling Martin---I am forever your own loving fairy Reenie (Irene is too formal for you, my love)." 21

Prior to her marriage Irene's letters spoke volumes--"How are you feeling, Lovey? I do hope you are not worrying for it is really all going to be all right in the end" [he was seeking a position]. You must keep bright lover boy, for nothing will worry me more than to know you are worried, though this must not let you hide your thoughts from me, sweetheart, for I want to share them all, bright or otherwise." 24.

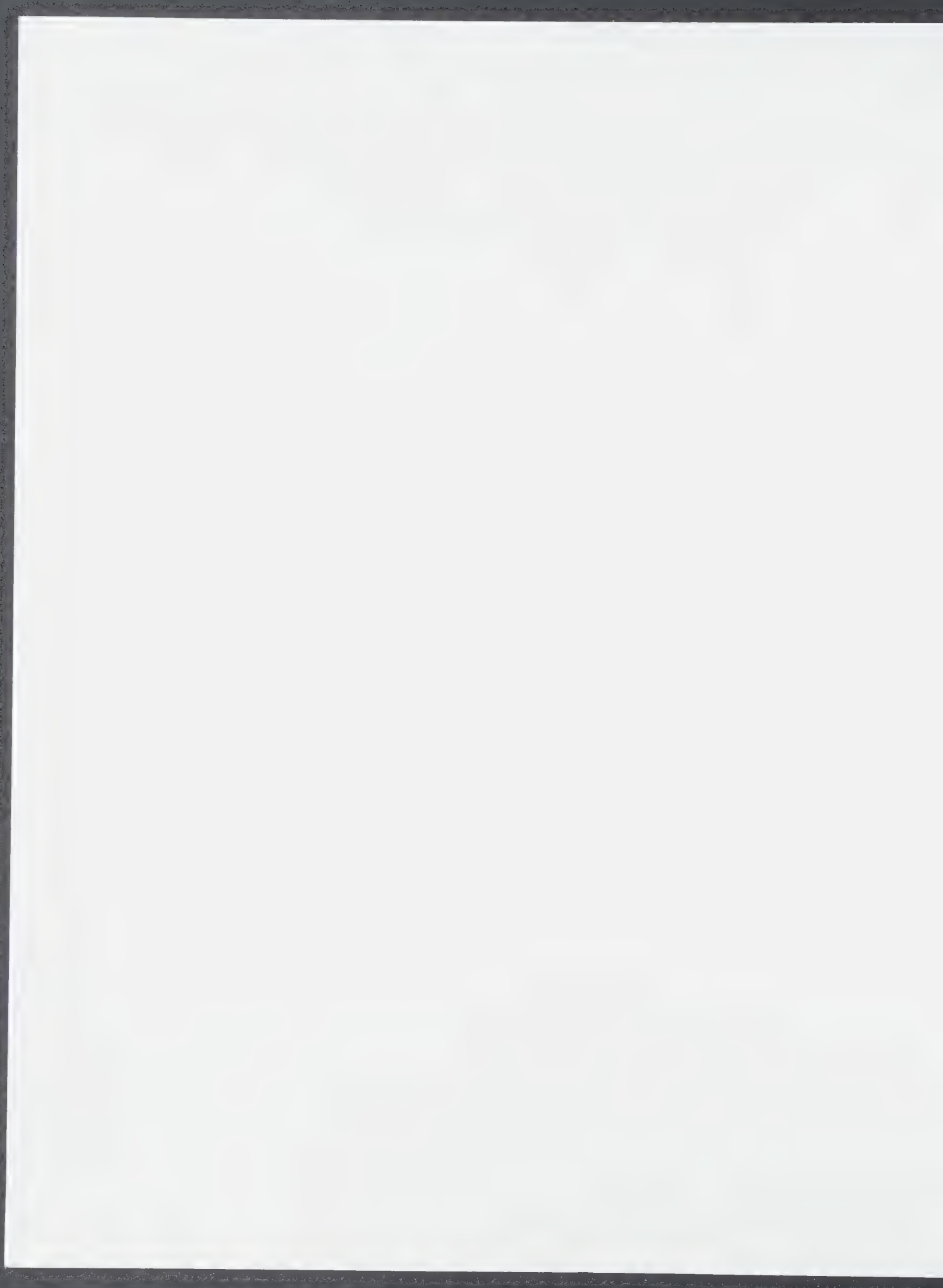


For their honeymoon, the young couple sailed to England, staying first at Sarah Wolff's luxurious home, 23 Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood, for a few days. Then they sailed to Germany, lodging in Frankfurt in the Imperial Hotel, guests of Martin's first cousin, Martin Deutz. From Frankfurt, they wrote home describing the trip from Liverpool by train to Harwich:

via the SS Munich, quite a fine steamer turbine to the Hook of Holland..where we boarded a train--no opening of baggage at the border--through Holland. I was on the lookout for men with pipes in their mouths, hands in their pockets, sabots on and I saw them all! I also feasted my eyes on canals with sailboats & windmills, so found Holland exactly as it is described. Of course, it is very flat. We got to the German border & jumped an hour. The country got prettier and we passed several large towns & followed the Rhine. Well, we arrived at Frankfurt at 4 pm., were met by Martin Deutz and driven to this Hotel. Next day, Martin D. took us and showed us the deep cellars under his office. There are 2 flights and the lower cellars are all vaulted [wine cellars]. 23

Martin's Father, Julius Wolff, had been a wine merchant and this cousin, Martin Deutz, carried on the business after Julius Wolff's death which had occurred when Martin was only 9 years old. An old cousin of Martin's gave him a sweet picture of him as a little boy. She was very much older than he was, and knew him as a baby. Martin also visited his Father's grave:

it is a very handsome cemetery with some magnificent tombstones and monuments. Quite a number of Rothschilds are buried there---Frankfurt is a most beautiful city, handsome houses, clean well-kept streets and beautiful gardens. I did not expect to find it either so large or so fine, but it is certainly the handsomest city little Eenie has ever seen. There are electric cars & all paved



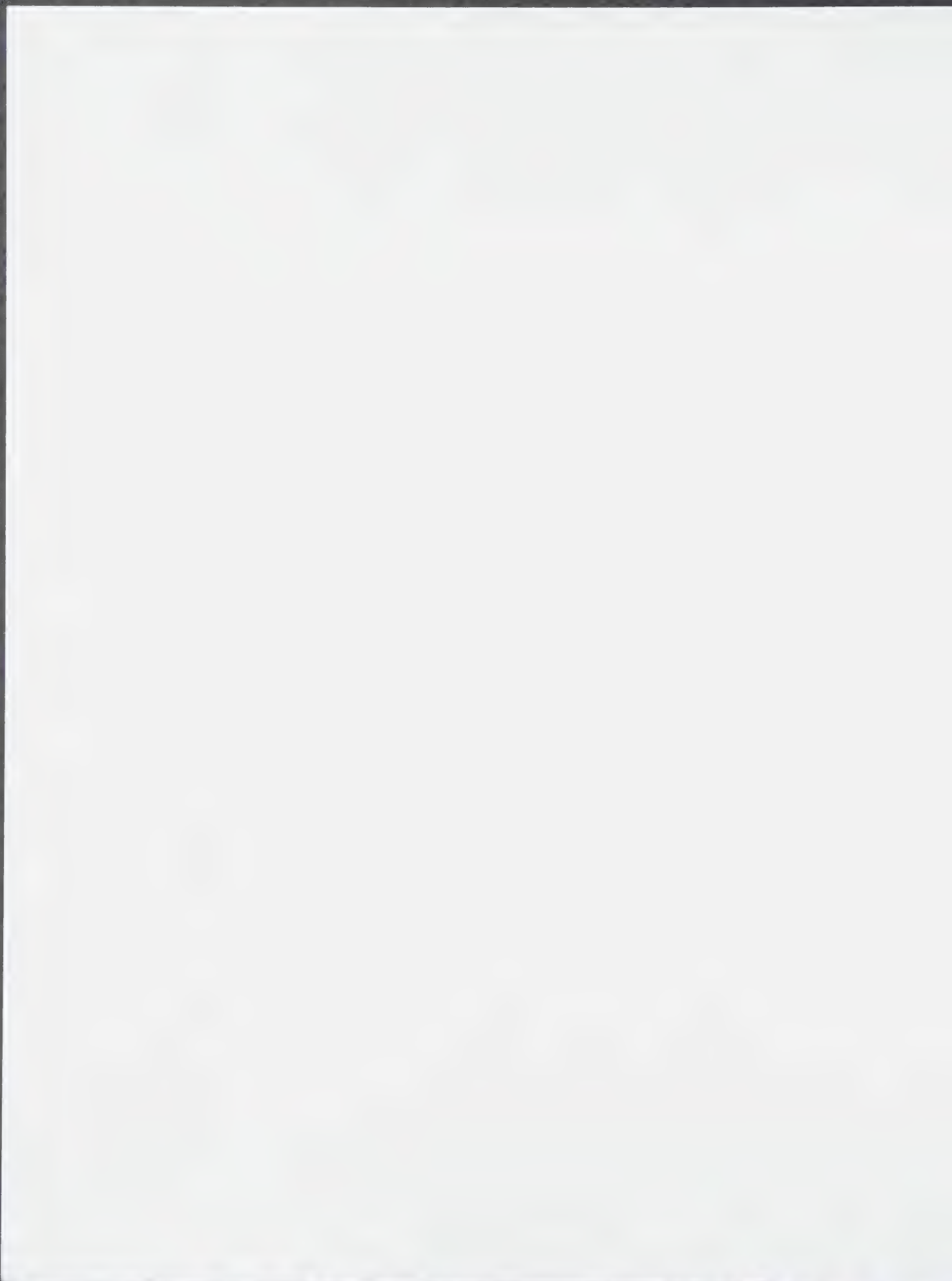
streets---Everyone was killingly polite, it is guten morgen & guten tag all the time & any amount of bowing & scraping. [Martin added to this letter] "it is strange for me meeting people I have not seen for 18 years but it brings back many recollections. We have walked past our house & the school I went to, they are still just the same...we are not likely to be over again for many a year. 24

While they were away, Irene's Mother Annette, in Quebec, was busy packing up the wedding presents, "all the cut glass, silver, etc is to be packed by Siefert's [a shop like Birks, in Quebec]. I shall miss you both terribly for the Hagadah as I do love the family around the table for the Holydays" writes Annette, and her daughter responds "we have received your invitation with great pleasure & will be delighted to stay with you till our house [College Ct] is ready. Thank you so much, Mother darling, for asking us, it will be lovely. Are you sure it will not put you out having us...Don't do a lot of fixing up for us, Mother, of course we don't mind the packing cases being there..." 25

Establishing a Home and Family

Back home, the young couple set up house not far from 113. Martin, a civil engineer, university-trained in England, had come to this country because railroads were THE thing, "What could be linked by railways might...be united politically" was the thinking of those days. 26

Consequently, Martin went wherever there was work, in building up the railway system across the country. Letter writing became one of Irene's daily activities. "I am longing for your arms again...it is such a comfort to be able to talk things over with you...dearest, do you know what anniversary tomorrow will be--May 21st 1907--oh, that happy day last year. I wish we could go to the Falls [Montmorency] together again...I wonder are you also in a



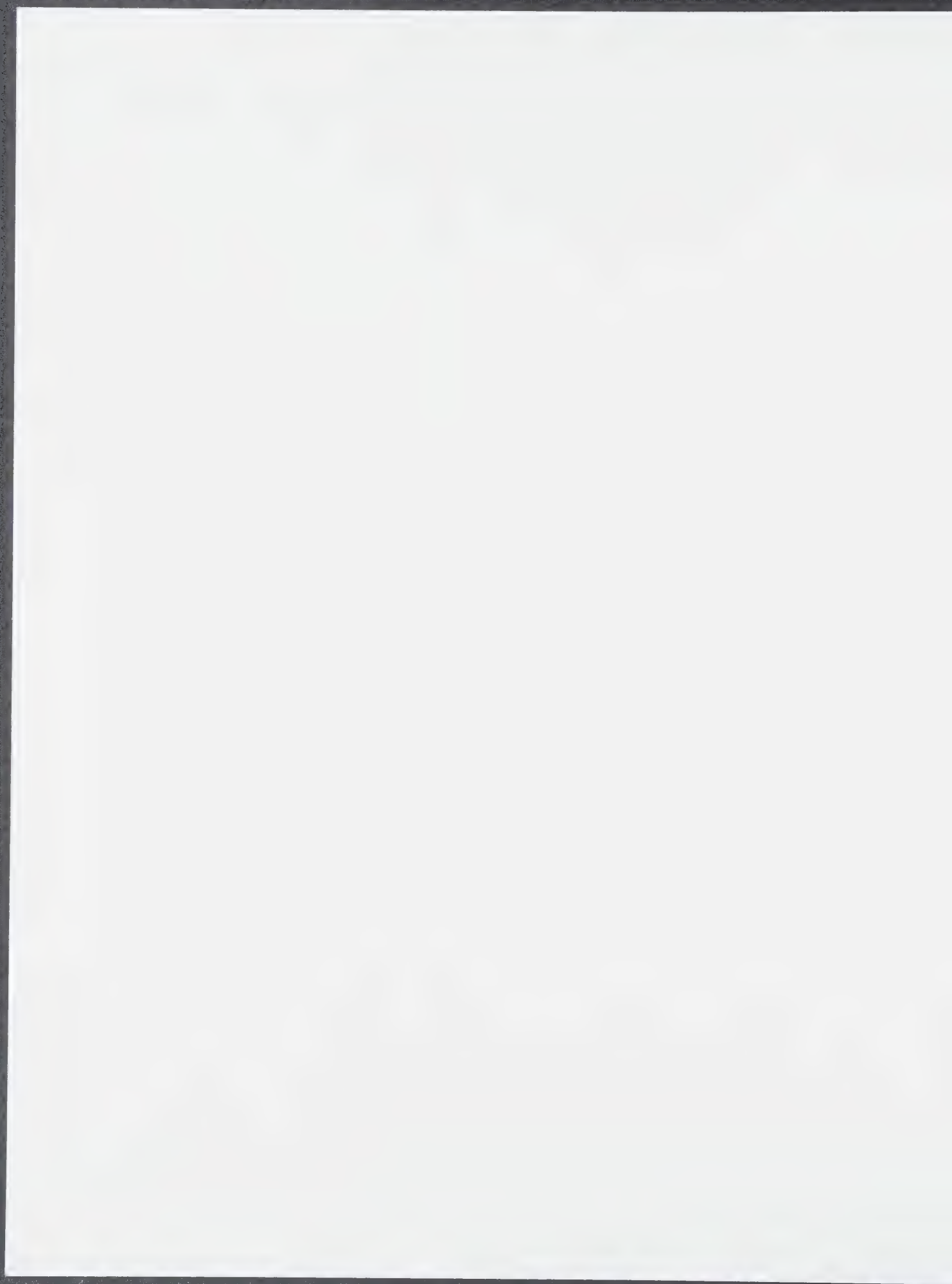
particularly longing mood... I wish we could have a spoon..." Spooning, of course, was petting, hugging, kissing. Naturally, the new wife missed her hubby. 27

On their second wedding anniversary, Martin gave his wife an emerald & diamond ring (now in Rosetta's possession). When he was home, they spent much time at her Parents', often playing Bridge and on several occasions Sir Lomer Gouin formed one of the quartette.

Of course the Parents were thrilled when baby Sarah arrived on Jan. 10, 1910. Before long, Annette made her appearance, on April 2, 1911. She was named Hannah in synagogue in Montreal, where Martin went to name his daughter even though it happened during Passover because, as he said to the family, he felt that it was a father's duty. Equally concerned was the grandparent in London, England; Sarah Wolff Sr. sent out a nanny, telling Irene that as she knows nothing about babies, she should follow the advice of the nurse who, it was apparently felt, knew everything! At the end of the year, Irene sent the nanny back to England, much to the anger of Granny Wolff, and Irene engaged, instead, a nanny from Quebec!

The babes were taken in the pram to visit the proud grandparents, or for walks to the Battlefields Park. Irene's whole life now centred around the husband with whom she was passionately in love. She became the beaming young matron, mother of two daughters, "receiving" every Tuesday afternoon and proudly having Nanny show her "jewels" in their long petticoated dresses, little kid shoes and bows in the hair, Sarah's curly brown and thick, Annette's silken-straight.

Great excitement soon enlivened Quebec, as "the City was all decked out," Irene writes in her diary, "illuminations across the streets most effective," all to welcome the new Governor-General, Queen Victoria's third

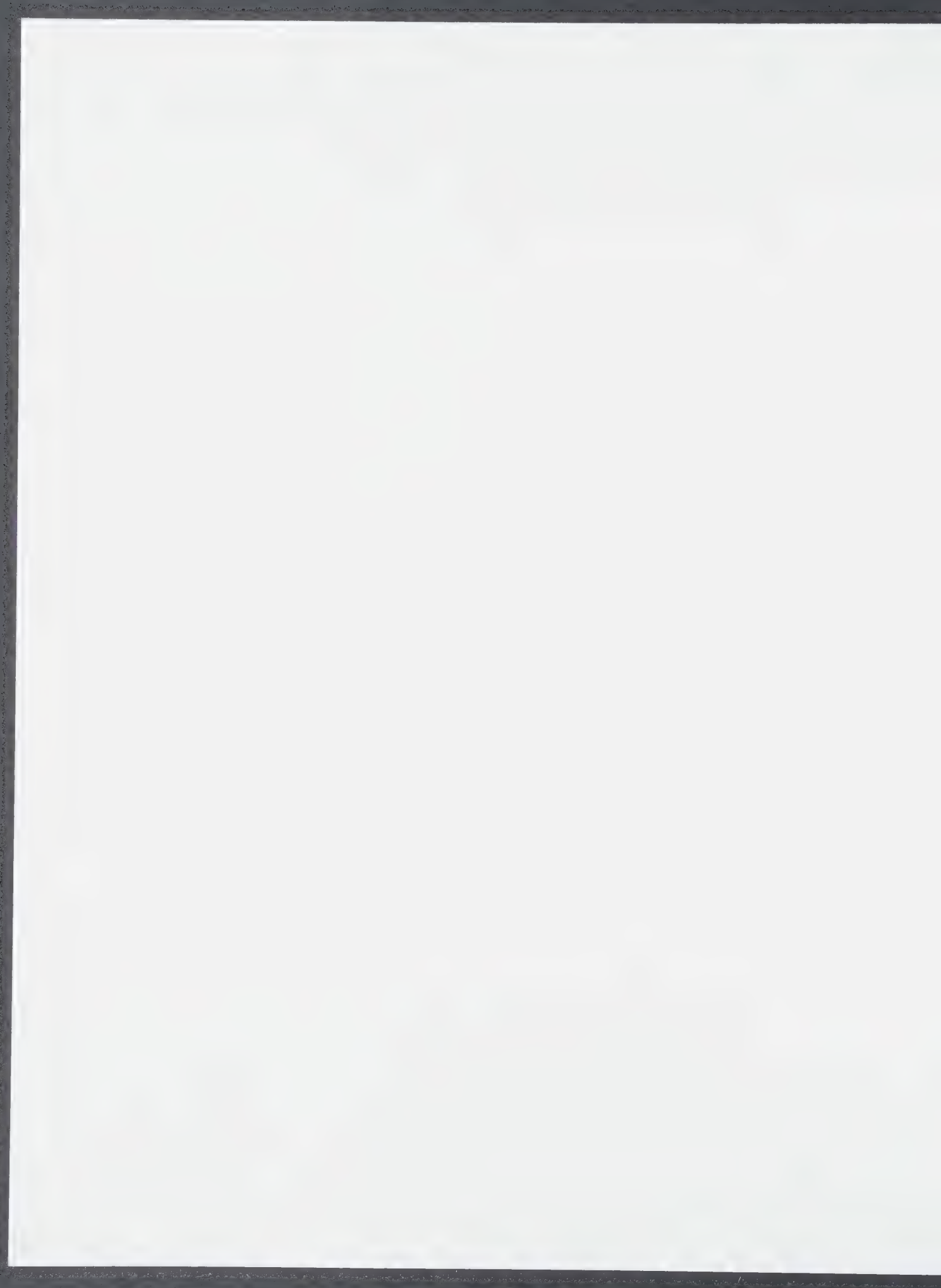


Arthur
son, the Duke of Connaught.

To celebrate their third wedding anniversary in March, Irene, Martin and the two children sailed to England on the "Teutonic" for a month's holiday. On their return, Irene with her daughters moved out to St. Patrick for the summer but Martin could not go. He had accepted a position as Resident Engineer for the National Transcontinental Railway at St. Casimir, 50 miles west of Quebec. The house at College Court had to be given up.

Irene moved with her little family to live in St. Casimir, chez Trottier, a French-Canadian family where they spent three happy yet isolated years. Martin would snowshoe to work in winter or drive the handcar along the tracks. The sense of isolation was lessened with the birth of two more daughters, Rachel in February 1913 and Fosetta in May 1914. On hearing of the fourth daughter's arrival, Granny Wolff wrote from England "you must know how disappointed I am not to have a grandson!" A country doctor delivered the babies, born in the farmhouse and a nurse was sent out from Quebec. Irene's Mother and sister often came out, staying a few days each time. After Rachel's birth, it was two weeks before Irene "sat up on a couch" and another two weeks till she went downstairs. After a month, the nurse left. Irene nursed Rachel, like all her babies. By summer-time, she was playing tennis, going raspberry picking and even

went up the line in the hand-car with Trottier; I helped pump. [Thus life assumed its normal pace of country life and all was cosy. But suddenly, on September 26th, 1919] baby Rachel would keep nothing down in her feeding, not even a drop of water. By the afternoon Dr. Lebreque said there really seemed no hope. At 10 pm he gave her 2 injections at

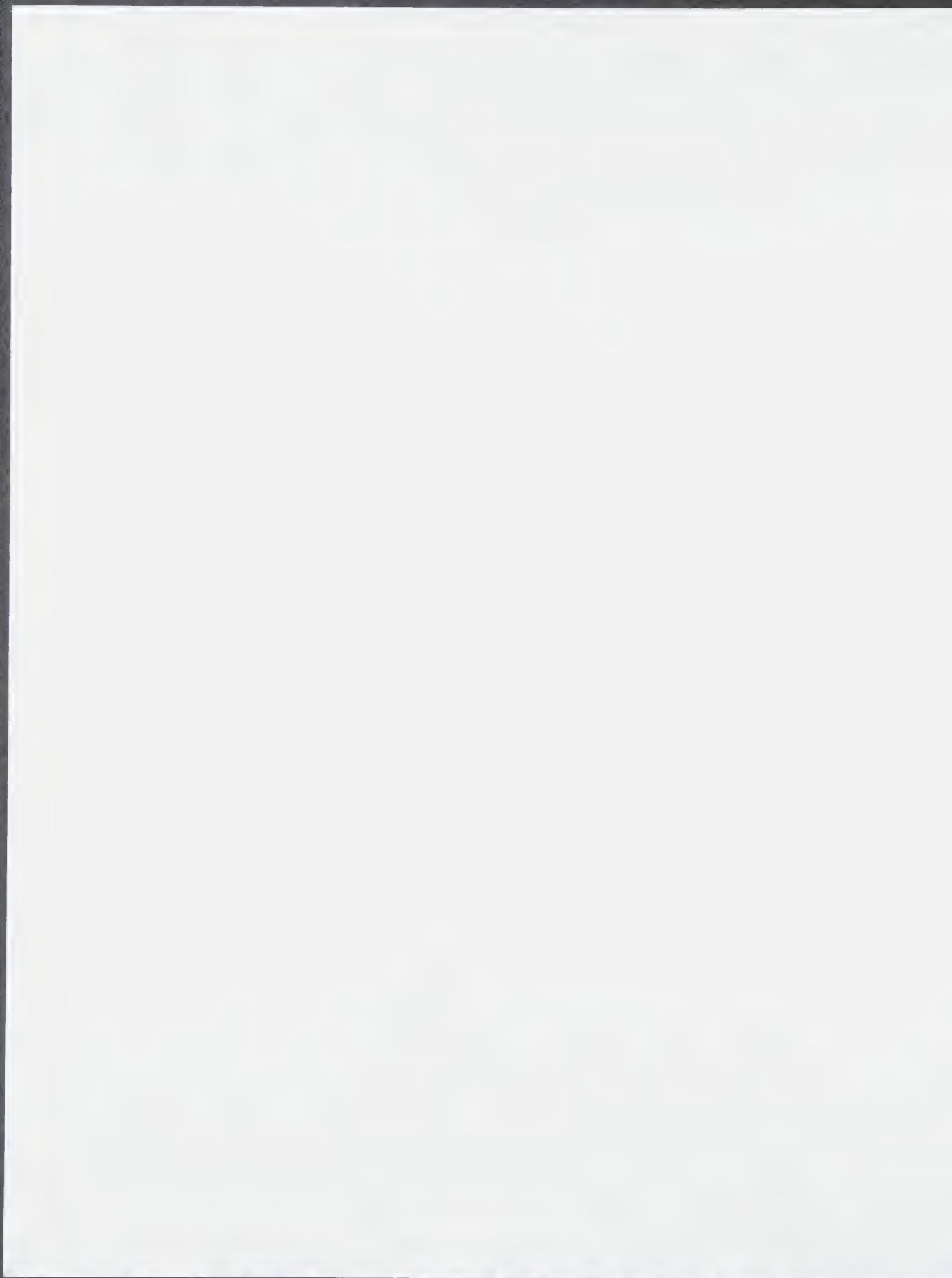


at 1/2-hour intervals of 1/100 grain of morphine to relieve her suffering. He returned at 2 a.m. and gave her 3 more. Then she had several rectal discharges which must have relieved the congestion...Beginning to keep water down, we gave it to her every 1/2 hr.

Crisis! Can you picture the distraught young matron, far from family and fearing for her baby's life? Her Father, sister and brother all came by train to St. Casimir to give moral support.

Rachel progressed from taking plain water, to rice-water, to a prescription, Babutyrose, so her recovery seemed rapid. The diary tells us that she continued to be fed "Babu" for a long time; a month later, Irene noted that she had ordered "Babu in cases of 1 doz for \$2.85....This seemed to agree with baby and satisfy her better than anything else." She had lost a whole pound during the illness; some supplementary solids were given to build her up till "Dr. L. came and said no more need for him." Now we read of the babies going outdoors--November 1913, Rachel continues to gain weight, still taking Babu. Rachel's recovery lifted a weight from the young Parents, and so great was their relief that even in February 1914, a "slight earthquake shock" merited only a passing notation in the diary.

But by April, Dr. Lebreque was once again called in: Rachel's temperature was 102 F, requiring an injection and once more a nurse was brought out from Quebec to look after the patient. By the end of April, Rachel had fully recovered. Soon Irene, pregnant, gave birth to Rosetta in May 1914. Again, Grandma Joseph brought out a nurse to help manage the young family. Irene's recovery was comparatively rapid for those days; two weeks later, she actually walked around her room for 15 minutes! Rosetta was weaned the following October.

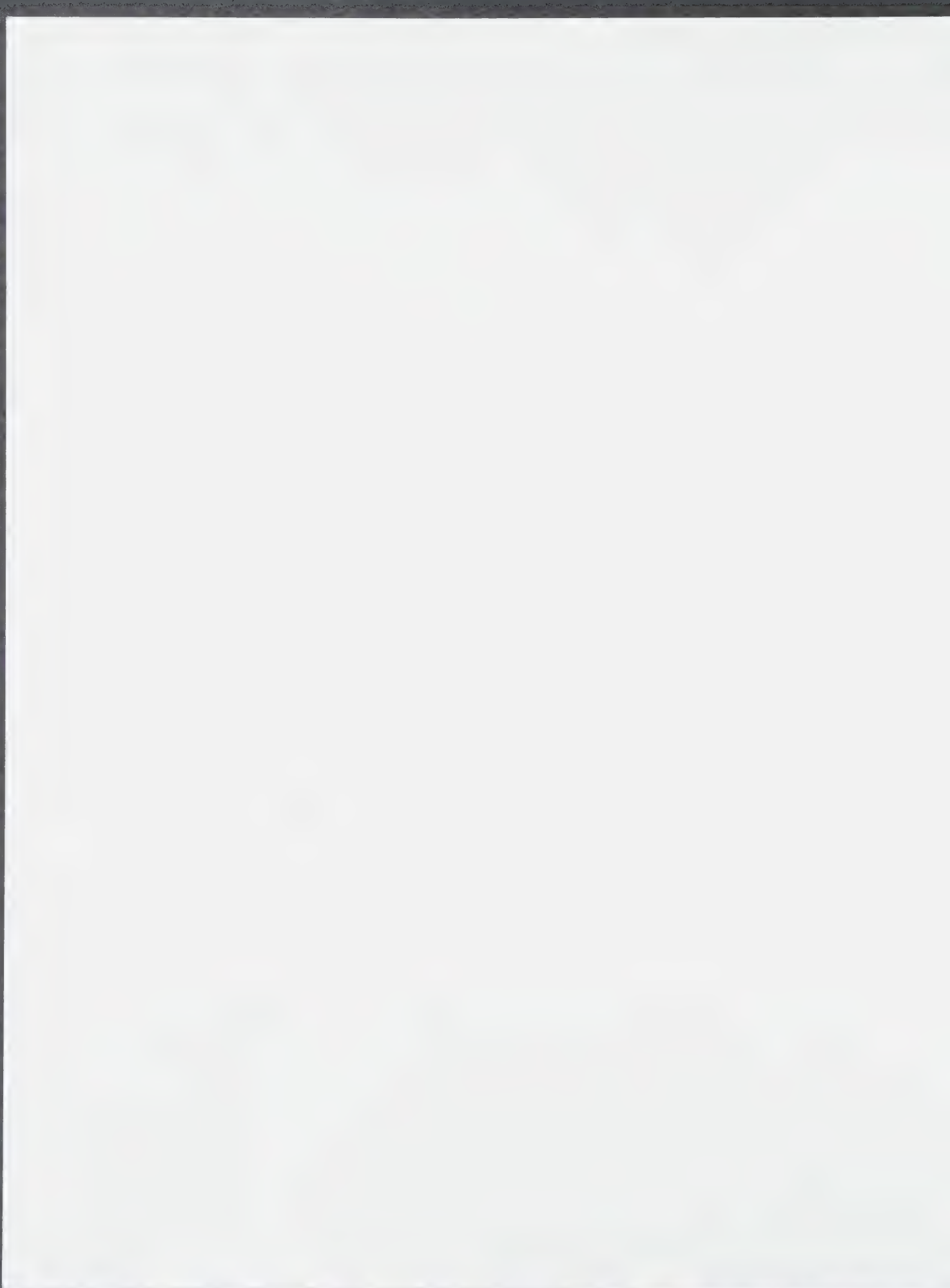


A typical diary entry shows how the isolation of rural living was frequently broken by family visits "June 7. Father & Eddie biked here arriving at 6 pm. Mother & Bobby [Rosetta] came by 11 a.m. train. All returned by 7:45 pm. train." By mid-July, Irene herself was off to the City with her baby for a two-day stay with her parents, and life seemed peaceful. To live in Quebec Province in those days meant living under the Conservative government of Robert Borden, with Wilfred Laurier as leader of the Liberal opposition. Laurier, though a French-Canadian, was an ardent federalist and proud of the British Empire, powerful in its glory. Yet locally he had to contend with Henri Bourassa, leader of a Nationalist Party in Quebec Province, who "surging from one Quebec platform to another" used his newspaper Le Devoir with the editorials like acid "against imperial wars." There was a quarrel between the 2 sons of Quebec, the enduring quarrel of Canada's whole future...Bourassa wanted his people to remain French-Canadian but in separation...Laurier's vision of Canada: I shall repel the idea of changing the nature of different elements...;" The Wolff family must have been following these events with anxiety. 31

War: 1914-1918

The summer of 1914, while Borden rested at his Muskoka Lake Resort on holiday, many citizens were receiving disturbing news from their families overseas; soon the real picture was revealed.

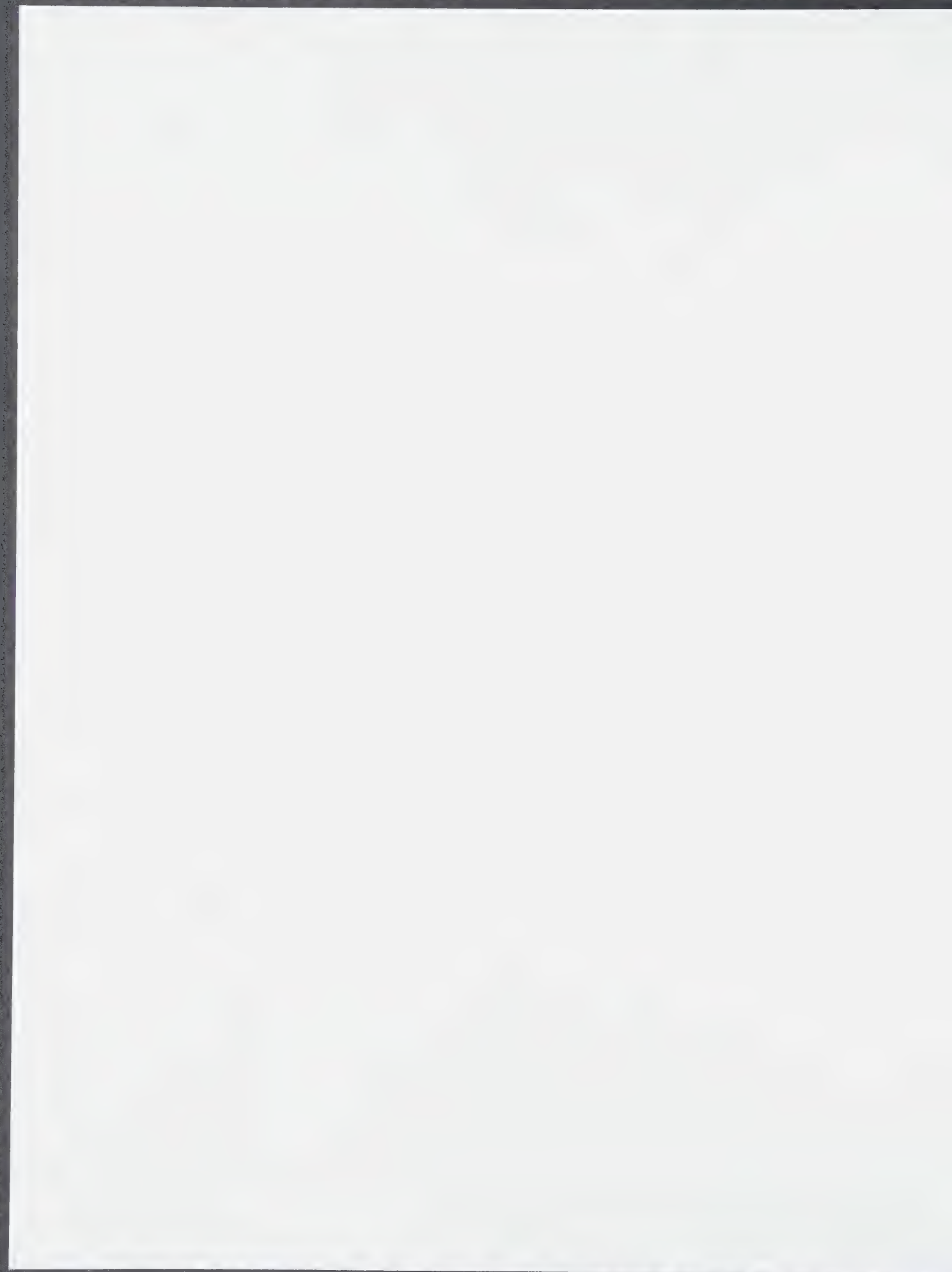
history in the making, very probably the map of Europe will be greatly altered at the end of this terrible war. In days to come when you are grown up [during much of this long entry, she is apparently addressing her four little girls directly], you will know what you lived through...we had tried in vain



every honourable means to maintain peace [Does this sound familiar to those who lived through World War II and the Gulf War?] Canada offered to send 20,000 troops to aid the Mother country & mobilizing immediately began. The Camping-ground is at Valcartier, a few miles north of Quebec...Canada is giving 1,000,000 bags of flour, the Prov. of Quebec is giving cheese... The Germans this Sept. have overrun Belgium, Brussels was evacuated. The Br. & Fr. troops met the Germans first in Belgium but have been forced gradually back; they are now on French soil; Paris is preparing for a siege & the gov't has moved to Bordeaux...Terrible tales of atrocities committed by the Germans are published daily, all news comes from the daily press...admittedly official is the burning of Louvain, Belgium, in revenge for alleged firing by citizens on German soldiers. The British won a naval victory in Heligoland Bight & took many German prisoners; Russia has been winning victories against Germany & Austria...

Trains pass through here [St. Casimir] every day for Valcartier--soldiers--500 horses. Your Uncle Teddy [Eduard] is out on secret service--he has no idea when he will return to Quebec--King George V issued an official message of thanks to overseas Dominions for loyal help. Allies continuing to make favourable progress...

We moved to Quebec from St. Casimir to stay with Grandparents at 113 Grande Allée. We saw soldiers everywhere & for the first time in my memory I saw a sentry on duty with fixed bayonet in streets of Quebec. The streets are full of soldiers...all regiments wear khaki, all look alike except for shoulder straps.

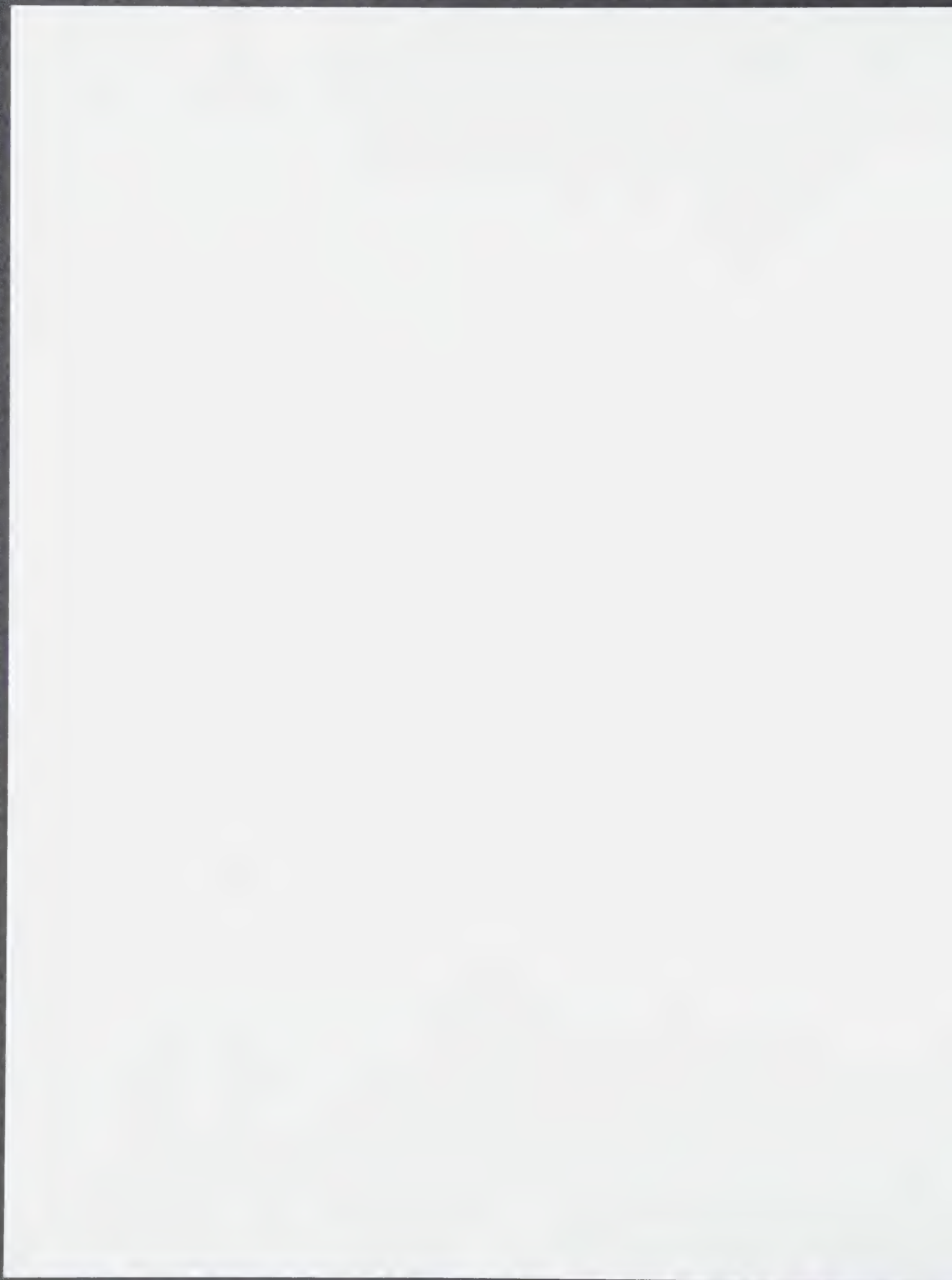


The Highlanders wear khaki coats and khaki aprons over the kilts redcoats which used to be so universal are now not to be seen. Motor trucks, ammunition etc are passing continually. We saw 2 large guns which interested you children greatly. Daddy & Unc. Kenneth went to Valcartier camp returning home footsore & weary & covered with dust, but glad they had gone as it was a sight to see, miles upon miles of tents. The Gov-Gen'l. HRH Duke of Connaught inspected the fine troops, all volunteers.

The regulars will go straight to the front but the others will remain in England for training for 3 to 6 months... Though the papers have been requested to remain silent, everyone knows that the troops are embarking this week.

We in the Baden-Powell Chapter IODE (I have been a member since its inception at the time of the South African War 15 years ago) are sewing night-shirts & layettes for Red Cross...3 Br. Cruisers were sunk by torpedoes...the loss of life on the battlefields is terrible...

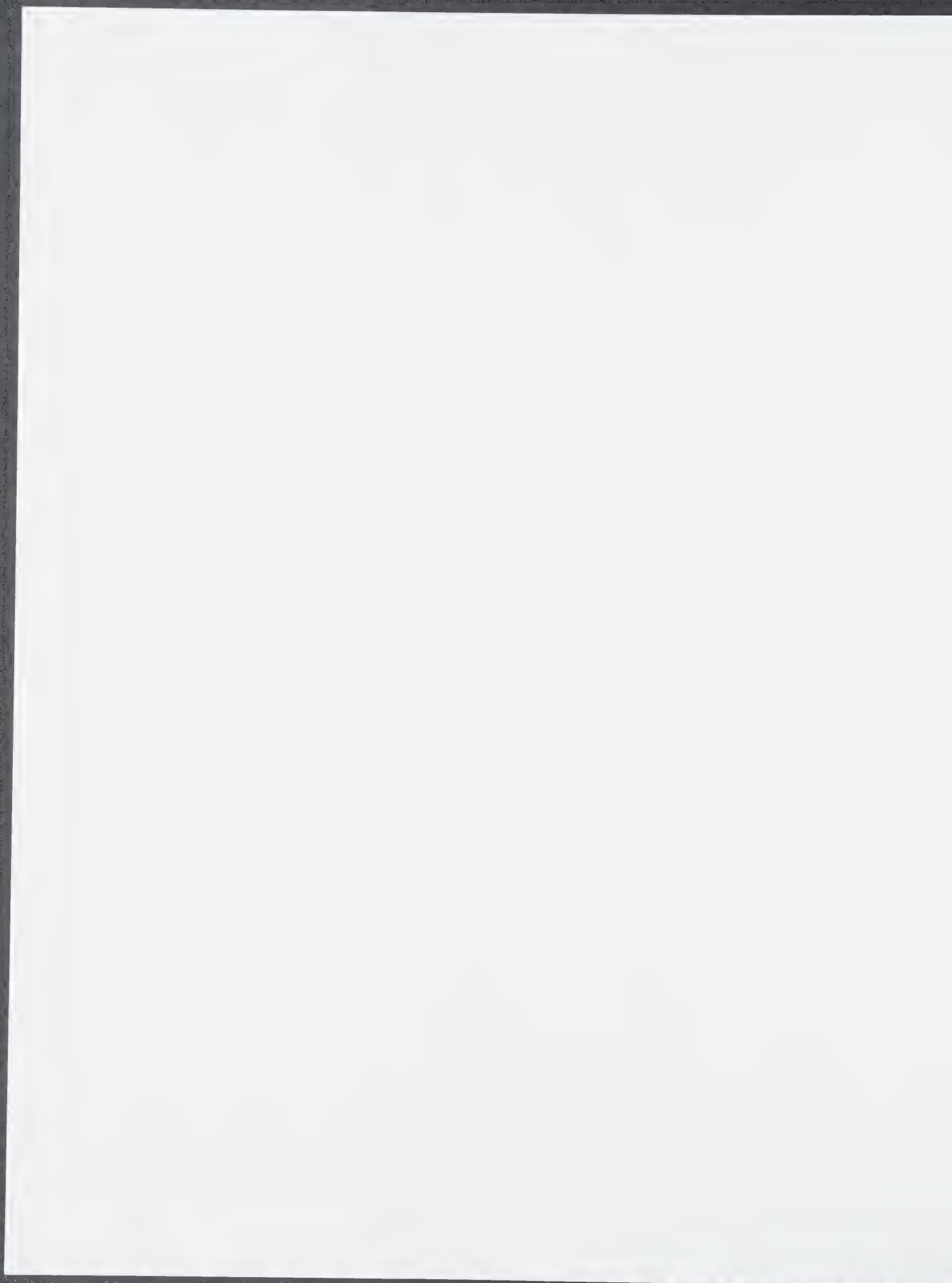
Your Grandmother went to Valcartier Camp, distributed cakes of chocolates amongst the soldiers & she will never forget how those men crowded around. There are now a number of military nurses about...Your Grandpa said he counted 15 ocean liners & 7 transport steamers at the Embankment on the St. Lawrence. We collected a bundle of old magazines, a box of cakes of chocolate, cards, a basket of apples and oranges, pyjamas & other trifles & took them to a Sergeant, a former engineer known to us. He



could not thank us enough. He said he would make a speech when he distributed the things on board ship & he knew there would be cheers... Oct.1: There are said to be 27 ships moving out today, convoyed by a number of Br. warships, but many a long day before we hear the truth of the whole matter...

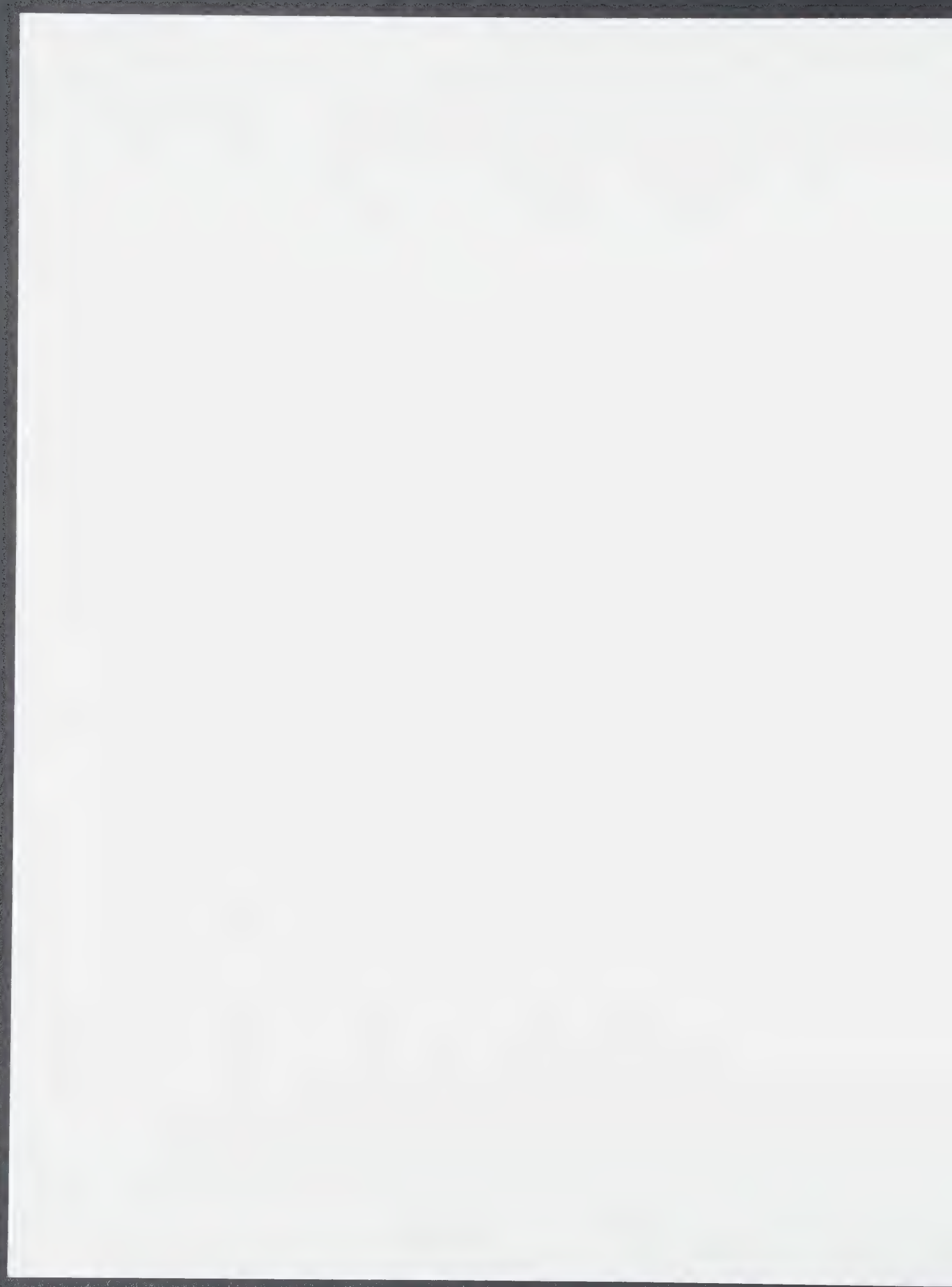
Your Daddy is very anxious to go, he being a South African veteran, where he served 2 years with Royal Engineers. The news is terrible--fall of Antwerp--the poor Belgians--Germans carry all before them...Uncle Teddy dreadfully disappointed that on account of his eyes, he cannot go overseas...Oct. 30: Turkey now joined in the war on the side of Germany...but our side must win though it will probably take a long time to wear out the Germans...London is in semi-darkness for fear of aerial [sic] attacks... Daddy & Unc. Teddy have joined an officers training class and they qualified for commissions..

June 1915: the war is likely to be a long one. We moved to 159 Lockwell Ave, out of 113, in Nov. 1914; your Father was in the Transcontinental Ry office till the end of the year; then he was without definite employment till May, when he went to Father Point on secret service. His work was assistant censor at the Marconi station. He was refused service overseas on account of his height--5'6", the standard being 5'8". After 5 weeks he was ordered back to Quebec as censor at the Citadel Marconi station...



The news from Europe: -- of the Canadians, a crack regiment, the first to go to the front, has ceased to exist, so many casualties. Many of our friends were killed. In May the "Lusitania" was sunk--over 1,000 lives lost, among them many American citizens. The States sent a vigorous protest but Germany said neutrals had no right to travel by ships carrying munitions of war, which the "Lusitania" was doing, but of course that is nonsense. Germany had broken all codes of international law.

We sent off a large box of comforts which will go straight to the front--194 pairs of socks. Aunty Rosetta does "voluntary aid" here; she passed her First Aid, Home nursing & voluntary aid exams. Her work consists of directing the men at their work & their play. Daddy & I visited Valcartier & thoroughly enjoyed seeing the men on parade, doing physical drill & the most interesting part was the trench-digging. They build trenches like those at the front & we were also shown the various forms of barbed wire entanglements. One day Daddy was taken to see the internment camp for aliens...Altogether we feel very depressed. Oct. we went down to see the "Carpathia" off with the troops--2500 men aboard. Afterwards we went to the Discharge Depot where those wounded who return home are kept till they undergo medical inspection & receive their discharge. Major Webber came to dinner & you children were very awe-inspired at having a real soldier come to table with you...



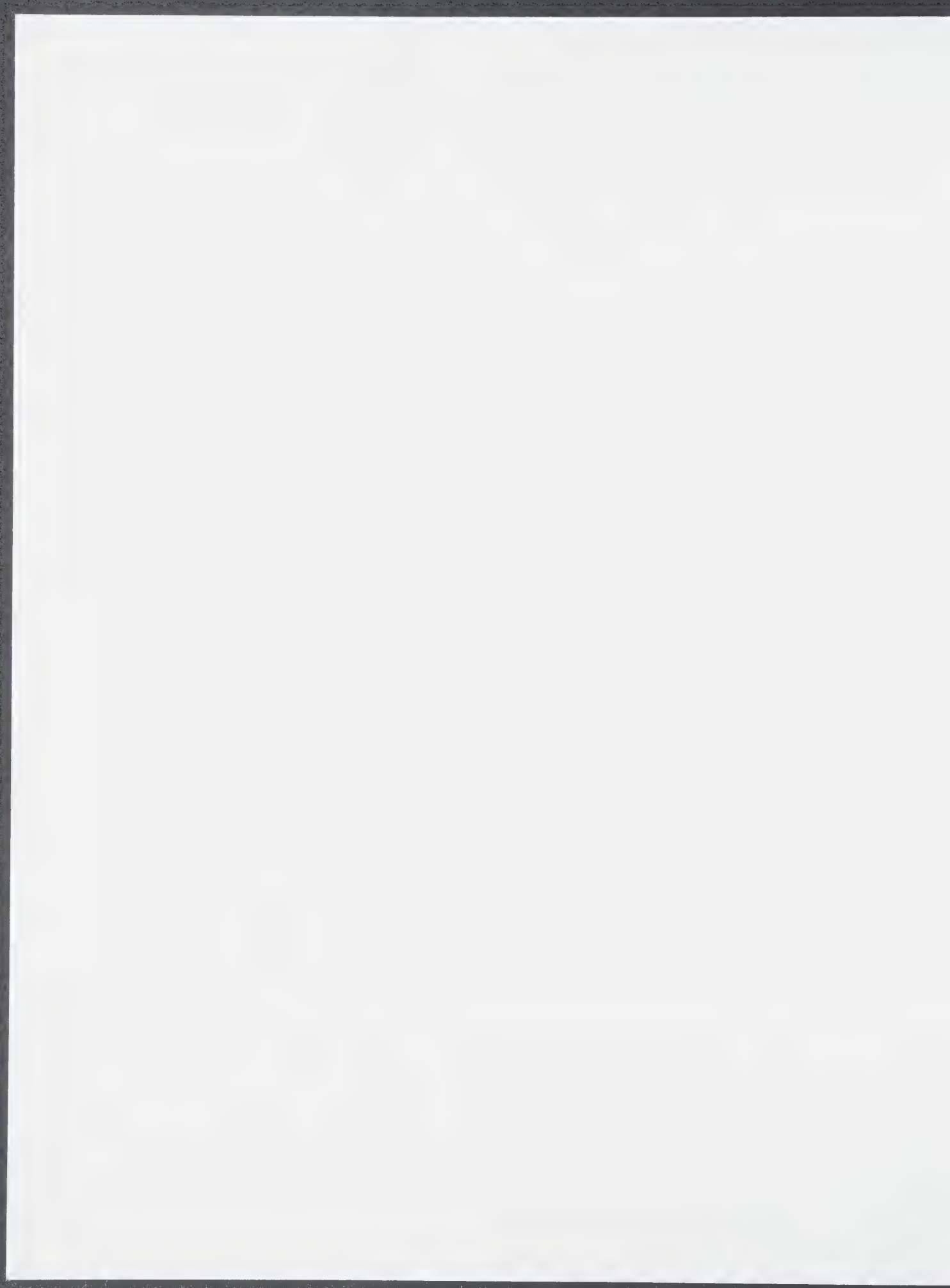
Here the account ends, in Nov. 1915. But that ~~terrible~~ war continued till Nov. 1918.

Perhaps it was the atmosphere of war, death and uncertainty that moved Irene to be introspective, for she confessed "they (the children) are all such darlings, I do not half appreciate them I am afraid. They will grow up before I have learned to enjoy their childhood. My Darling babies, am I good enough to them?" That autumn Martin went out to Edmonton on an engineering job, and he too seemed to have doubts about himself. He wrote his wife "wish me luck among the homesteaders as I need to pull this through." Her sister Rosetta left for overseas as a VAD (Voluntary Aid Detachment).

On Jan 7, 1918, Fanny Andrade was born, in Quebec City, a fifth daughter! Martin returned from the West and was sent to Ottawa to finish work concerned with the Edmonton job. Says Irene

this separation is very trying, particularly to darling hubby who has to be alone & it is so much better for children to have their father's guidance. But I feel it is wrong to complain; after all we are fortunate compared to those couples who have been separated for 2-3 years & where the husband is in a war zone in constant danger.

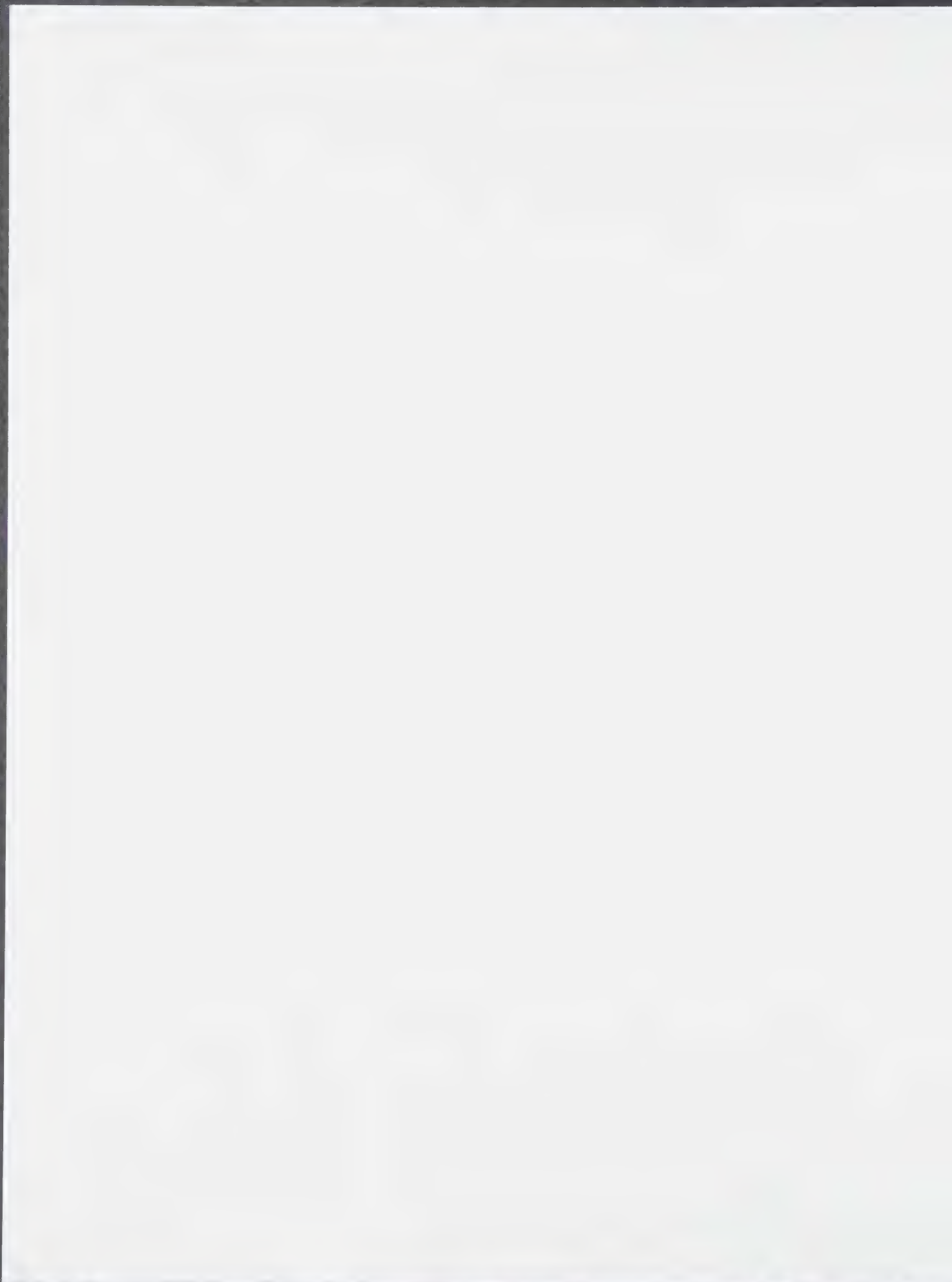
As a respite from all the tensions of war, Irene decided to go to St. Patrick on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River with her five youngsters and a nurse maid for them--Marie Jeanne Bedard--a well-educated young French Canadian girl of 20. Martin crossed to Levis with us but had to get back to the office (Imperial Munitions Board). [She rented accommodation chez Picard where] we found all in perfect order and were cordially welcomed by



Madam P. and her daughters. Next afternoon went to village with Sarah & Annette shopping & servant-hunting...spoke to washwoman--not much to write about..(children's health--beach, bathed etc).

We sense Irene is unwinding from all the stress of war news, friends and family overseas, her husband away in Quebec City. After a few weeks of country air and quiet, she wrote:

I went alone to another part of the beach & sat knitting & there enjoying the grand air & scenery. It made me wish I were a poet or a painter; the tide was out but beginning to come in, the air was so clear we could distinguish the green on the other shore; everything was just perfect. Every afternoon, after tea we go to see the cows milked. I enjoy going with the children & yesterday I even felt I would like to try to milk one, I wonder if I will before the summer is out! And I used to be afraid of cows, it is the fear of the unknown, I suppose. Here I feel near to nature & long more than ever to live a country life it is so much freer & more natural than a city one. I should love to buy this place, then rent the farm & feel we could spend as much time as we liked here in this house & live on the produce of our own land. I like the situation the best of any here. The view from our back window is superb--right across the River. I wish I knew more about nature, animals & flowers. At least I am learning something all the time....



I have come down here for a rest & mean to have one so I take things easy and do just what I feel like, even to sitting down in the morning & reading a little if I feel I have earned the right to do it. We were so strictly brought up on that point that now to sit down & just read in the morning feels to me the height of indolence.

Such were the musings of a young matron during four years of war.

Ottawa

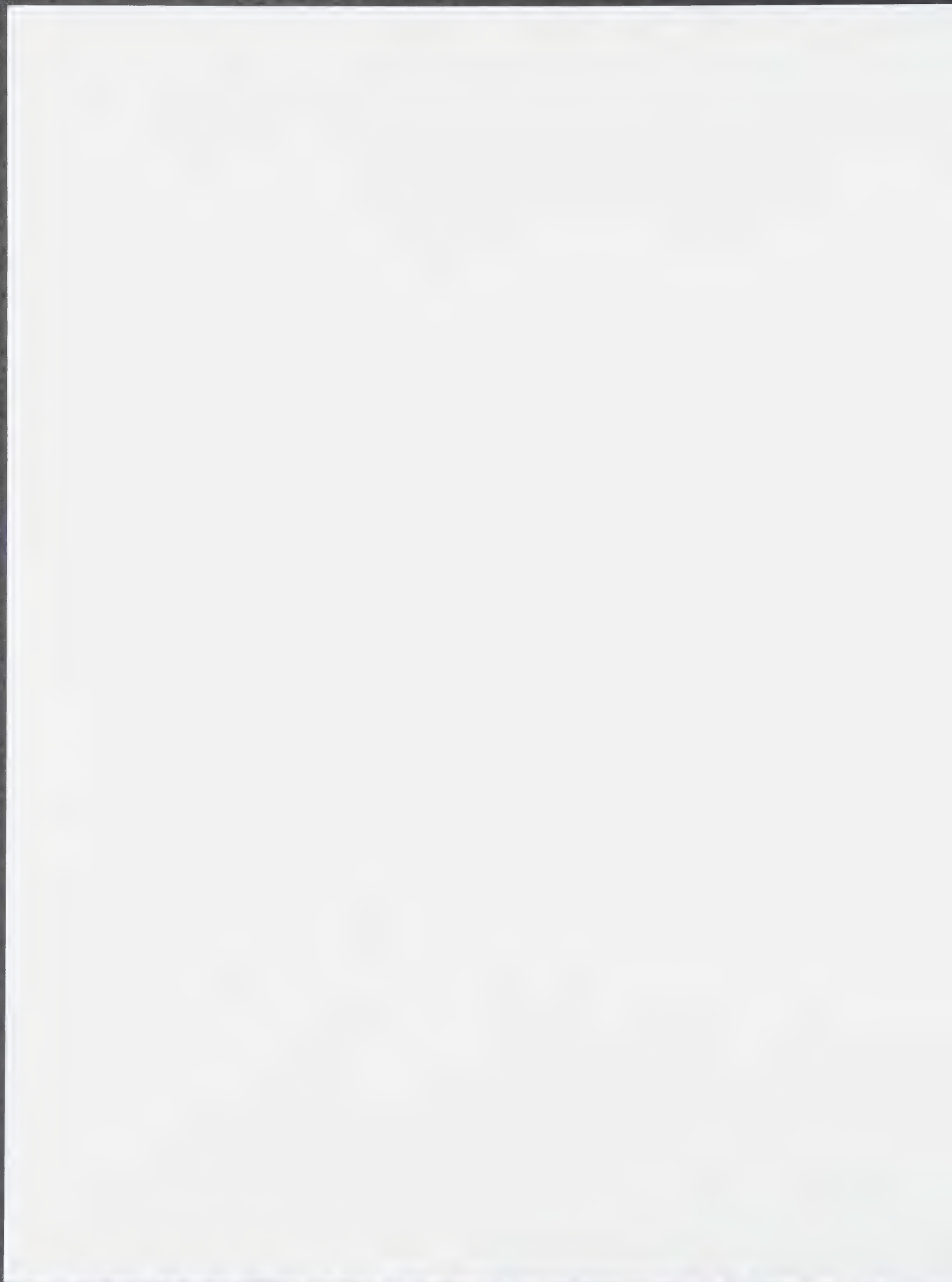
from Quebec City

Towards the end of that war, in June 1918, the whole family moved to Ottawa--to 301 First Avenue. "As Martin had obtained a position with the Federal Government Dept. of Railways & Canals and would be here for some time, the family bought a house and moved our furniture from Quebec." This fine spacious three-storey house with a large garden was home for five years. The Armistice was signed in November, 1918 and Irene wrote:

For once in its life staid Ottawa forgot itself & went wild with joy, the people parading up & down making all sorts of noises & general exuberance.

Irene did not like Ottawa, finding the people cold and unfriendly compared with the French-Canadians in Quebec Province.

During the War, R.B. Bennett, director of Nat. Service, gave an impassioned speech; he did not mince matters but made it plain that everyone owes a duty to the State. He says that if every man, woman & child in Canada were to save 15¢ per day, they could pay the cost of the war to this country! ...At an IODE meeting I presented a resolution as follows: "Resolved that as Daughters of the Emp. it is our duty & should be our desire to do all in our power to

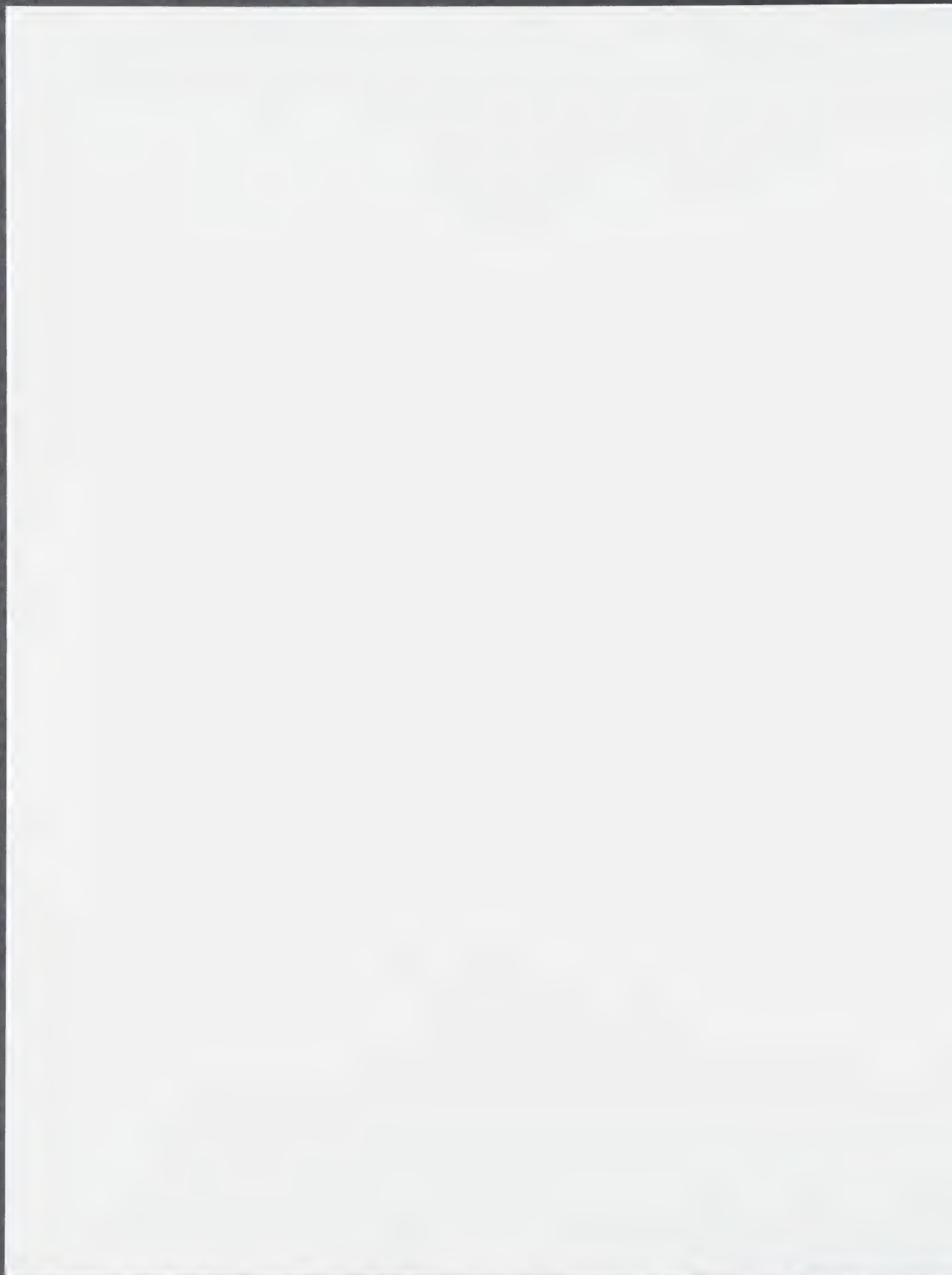


foster good feeling between French & English Canadians & neither by word or deed in public nor in private to do aught detrimental to that good feeling."

She wonders whether anything will come of it; it was a time when many Quebeckers opposed conscription. We wonder now, 75 years later, how such a resolution would be received!!!

Irene was a woman who welcomed opportunities for self-development such as the one that was now presented to her. She was appointed a delegate to the Annual National meeting of the IODE in Victoria, B.C.

Of course, I am very excited & it will be such a grand experience to think I am really to see the West! [On the train, en route, she comments]: I feel off on a great adventure & have made up my mind to put a brave face on & act like a seasoned traveller, not a timid little greenhorn, never been off on her own since she married & longing for her dear ones. Please G-d that all my darlings may be safe till we meet again." [Finally, when the train reached the Rockies] Words fail the bravest effort to describe the grandeur of the Rockies. Surely they are the crowning act of creation. I cannot imagine anything more awe-inspiring. What a country this Canada of ours is--the noble St. Lawrence with Quebec & its history & traditions--then the Laurentians, bleak rocks but full of ore, the wonderful chain of lakes & streams, then the north shore of Lake Superior, Fort William the elevator City; after Winnipeg the vast grain-growing prairies & now the crown of crowns, the Rockies. 'Tis indeed a country worth



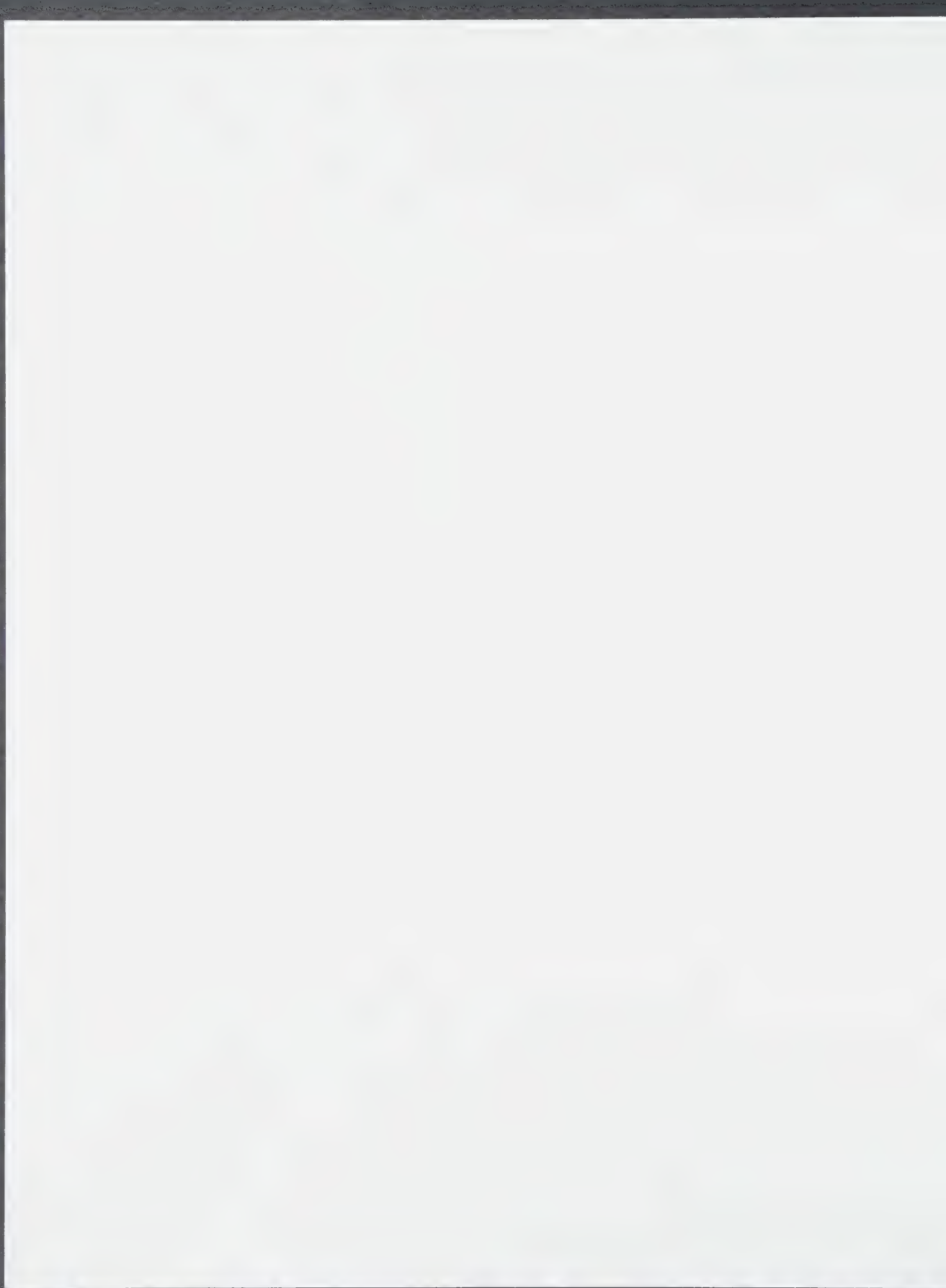
dying for & worth living for & surely we should all unite & show the world a united Canada where east is not east, nor west west, but all is Canada. [She continued] I must pay a tribute to the wonderful engineers who devised & carried out this railroad.

Back in Ottawa after a stimulating conference, Irene expressed more thoughts about her life in that city

it takes us quite a long time to know people in Ottawa but now we have quite a circle of acquaintances though we can hardly call them friends.

Martin was working for the Dept. of Railways & Canals. Yet he and Irene found time to form a study circle called the Sinai League

"for the purpose of reading & discussing all matters pertaining to Judaism." Our chief interest in Ottawa is our Study Circle. This consists of 10 Jewish girls who come to our house every Sunday evening to read Jewish History & Religion & discuss them & any current topics of Jewish interest. The girls approached us about it & we were so pleased that they had the inclination that we felt we would like to do all in our power to help them. This has been going on for nearly a year and we all I think become more interested all the time. The books we have taken up are Grace Aguilar's "Jewish Faith" and Lady Magnus "About the Jews since Bible times," but we have had besides many reference books, chief, of course the Bible.



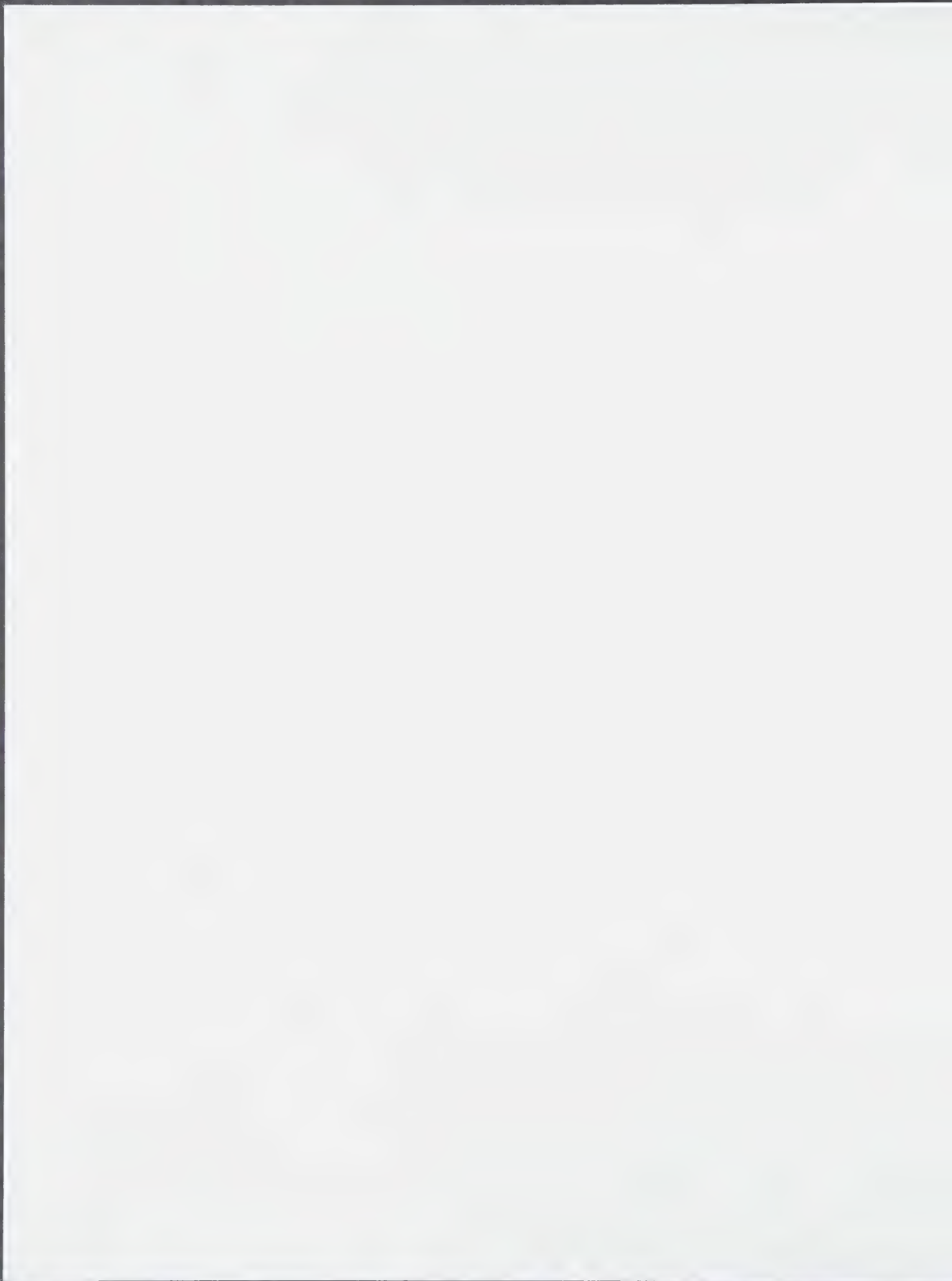
Each member contributed a small weekly donation; as a result \$130 was sent to the Orphans Fund, enough to support 7 orphans for 1 year. When a member of the circle married she was presented with a Bible. Irene's hope was to bring others to understand and love Judaism as she did, for "the inner capacity of awe and love is infinite in man; only in finding these can he find peace", wrote John Ruskin. Judaism was Irene's fountain of peace. This group owed to Irene and Martin a new awakening to Judaism.

In the same frame of mind, we find: 1921. Mr. Sam Berger, President of the YMHA, a couple of weeks ago asked if I would help form a YWHA in Ottawa. I was glad to do so as I think an Institution of that sort is sorely needed to keep our young people together & to instil Jewish consciousness into them. A preliminary meeting was held & I was elected chairman...We are to have a mass meeting...I have volunteered to conduct a reading class along the lines of our "circle"...Alas! the young Jewish girls of to-day know too little about their religion & it would be easy for them to drift away. If we have a centre where they can get their amusement & instruction entirely amongst Jews it will be a safeguard to them.

Although cut off from the warmth of her Quebec family, Irene's concern for them was constant. "How I wish I could go see them, but I am not in a condition to travel, expecting an addition to the family." This "addition" was Esther, born February 26, 1921.

But Irene's Mother

"suddenly lost her eyesight in 1918 and had to spend 8 weeks in bed. A summer at St. Patrick helped restore her,



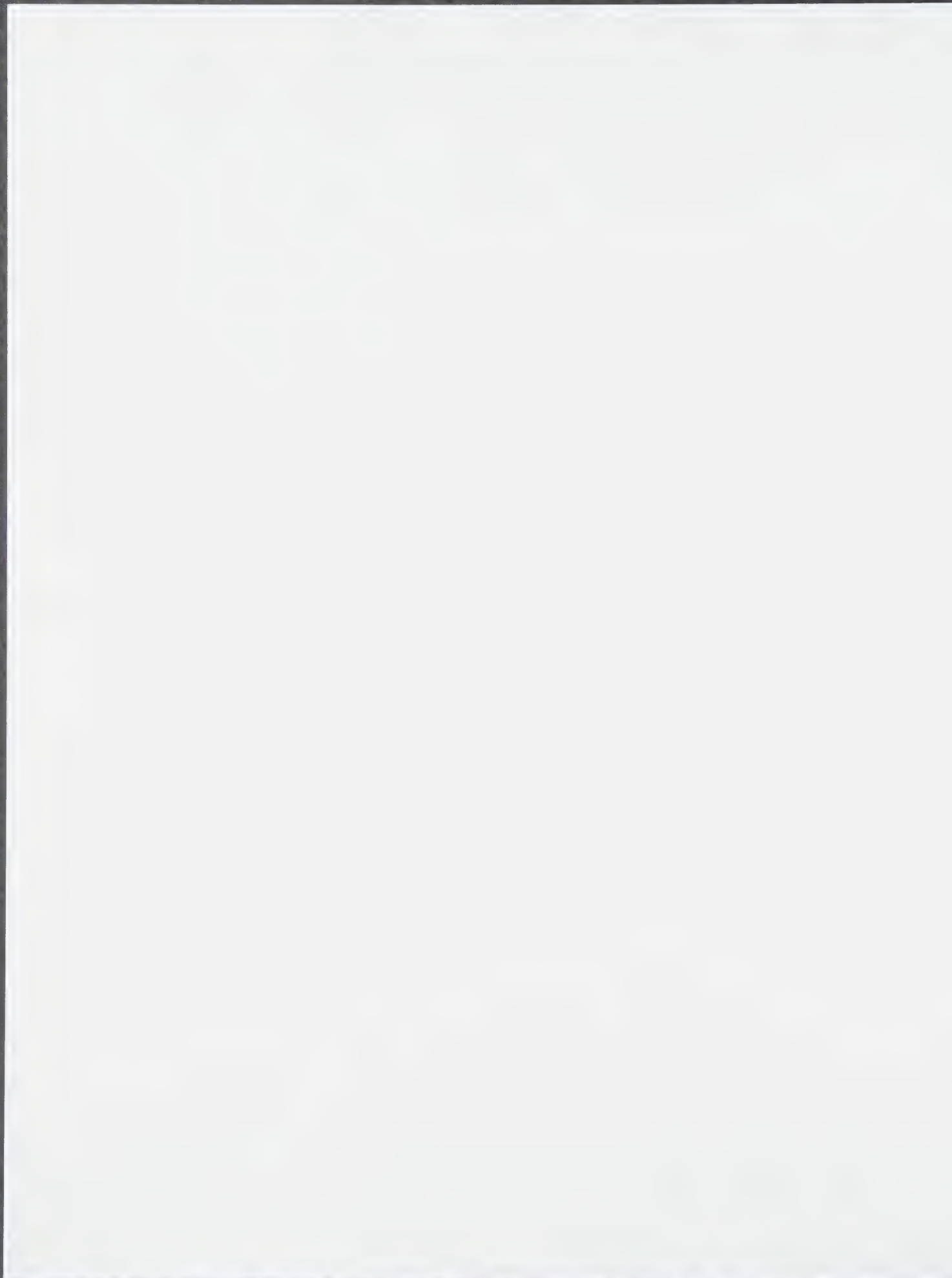
but back in the city she fell down the dumb-waiter shaft, mistaking it for the hall door, and she broke her leg. This put her in hospital for 6 weeks."

By 1921, bad news reached her daughter; Annette Joseph's nervous system had broken down and she was undergoing treatment. In her diary, Irene quoted a letter from her brother Ken, describing their Mother:

she would lie for hours not talking and fought against nourishment or treatment. They got Dr. Russell from Montreal, a nerve specialist, to see her and he says her nerves are affected but not her brain.

At the same time, poor Irene was disturbed about her oldest brother, Pinto, in Pittsburgh, under the care of a celebrated neurologist, Dr. Abramson. Pinto had been ill for a year and no doctor seemed able to find out what was wrong. The doctors first diagnosed it as Parkinson's Paralysis Agitans, but later found it to be sleeping sickness of which paralysis is a later symptom. Pinto died Jan. 1922 aged 38, leaving his widow Hortense to bring up the boys, Horace and Edward. But concurrently with Pinto's illness, her Mother was dangerously ill; the family took her home from hospital and off drugs. However, she never recovered and passed away July 18, 1921. To complete the cycle of losses, Irene's Uncle Andrew had died January 1921, having been knocked down some years previously by a runaway horse; concussion and other injuries contributed to his demise. In 1920 Cousin Clarence de Sola "died last May. He was a distinct loss to Canadian Jewry. He was a splendid man and a thoroughly good Jew" [writes Irene].

The safe birth of Esther helped Irene cope with all these disasters. She had an easy delivery, she made good progress and by the thirteenth day she went downstairs to supper. In those days that was "remarkable progress"! The six children were a handful but four of them attended school and she had a maid.



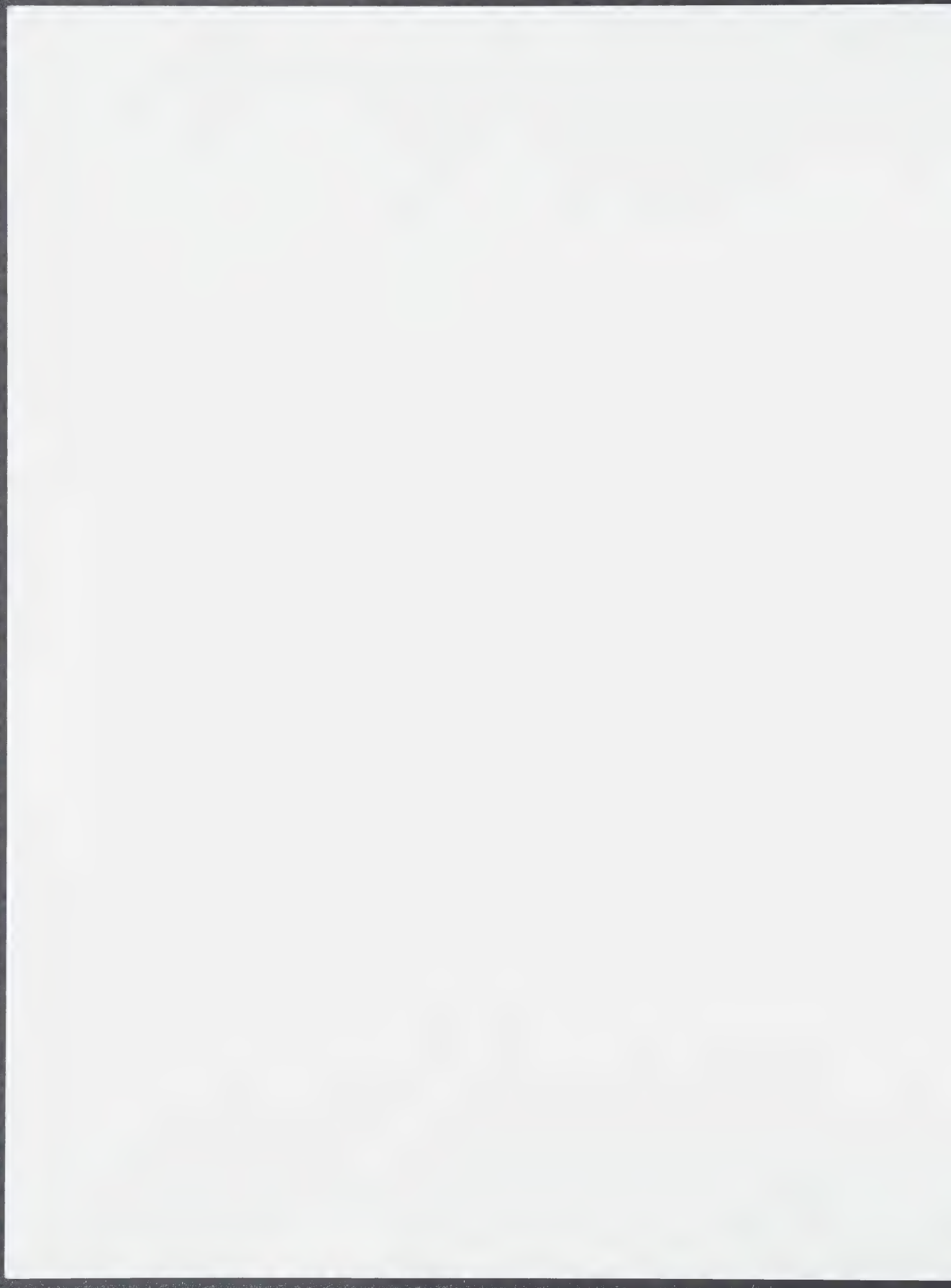
We left Ottawa, June 12th, 1923 and spent the summer in Quebec and Cap a L'Aigle and moved in to Argyle Avenue on October 1st...Martin had lost his position at the C.N.R. normally due to reduction of staff (which was true and made a good excuse) but really to the anti-semitism of one man who used his influence to that end...Martin has found no position in his own line though not owing to any lack of searching.

Fortunately, Martin had a private income and Irene's Father generously helped.

In 1923, a new life began for the Wolff family. They moved to Montreal, to 442 Argyle Avenue, Westmount. This house, located at the bottom of the hill, felt to us children a disappointment, having come from a luxurious home in Ottawa. Instead of 3 storeys it had only 2; instead of standing alone, it was semi-detached to another house; instead of enjoying the square house in Ottawa, we faced long and narrow halls. But we loved the back gallery off a bedroom where some of us could sometimes sleep although squirrels did climb up there from the 2 large apple trees in the garden. The upstairs den was furnished like a library & Mother often sat at a desk there to do her writings. And so, we became accustomed to Westmount and came to love it.

On the main floor, the diningroom opened off the front livingroom, doors & a curtain separating them. All the rooms were large, high-ceilinged, large windows, the "study" was in reality a back hallway where the telephone was installed; it ran between the diningroom & kitchen.

Behind the kitchen a maid's room and "larder" (pantry). Steps led down to what we called the cellar. It was very deep and covered the entire area



of the house, so there were several rooms. One housed all the shelves of jams, preserves, bags of sugar, potatoes, etc. In a more exciting room stood old trunks filled with costumes, Mother's old fancy shoes, some of her lovely old satin dresses, pieces of lace, long white kid gloves; I think her own wedding-dress & veil and orange blossoms were packed in there. The main section of the cellar housed the washing machine and wringer, the tubs, the clothes-lines, the toilet & barrels & boxes. In these latter were "archives" --old newspapers & family records, never opened. The barrels were for apples purchased once a year where we children were allowed to help ourselves.

Irene always had a maid--whether a young French-Canadian girl or "Black Mary" whom we children loved, or a Mrs. Gilfillan who came and went and came again for special occasions.

Next to the house stood Argyle Public School which housed 7 grades, girls and boys in separate classes. Often the Wolff children would wait to hear the school-bell ring before rushing to school! Irene and Martin agreed that no longer would they follow Martin's assignments but henceforth the family would remain permanently in Westmount.

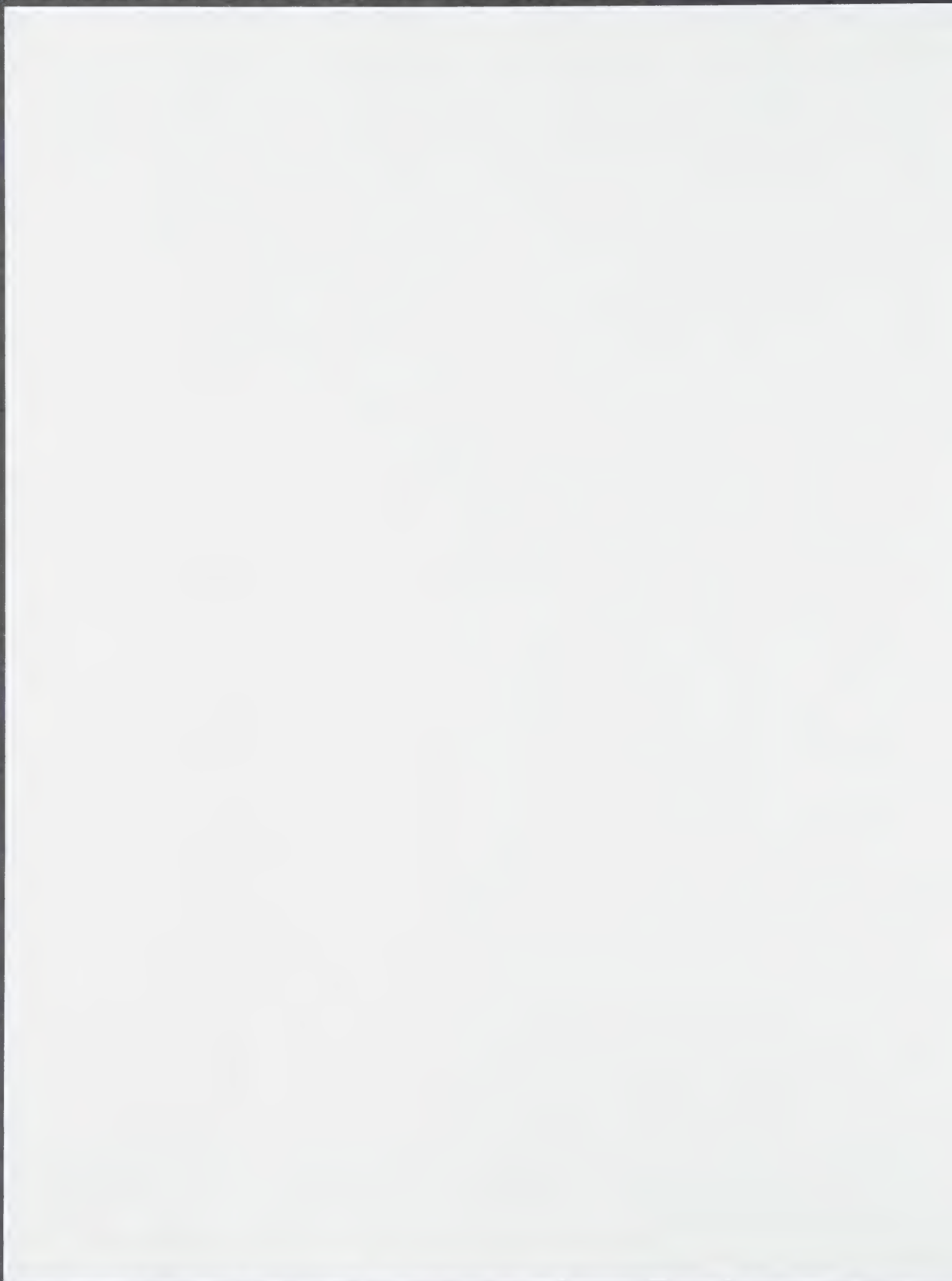




PLATE 3



PLATE 2

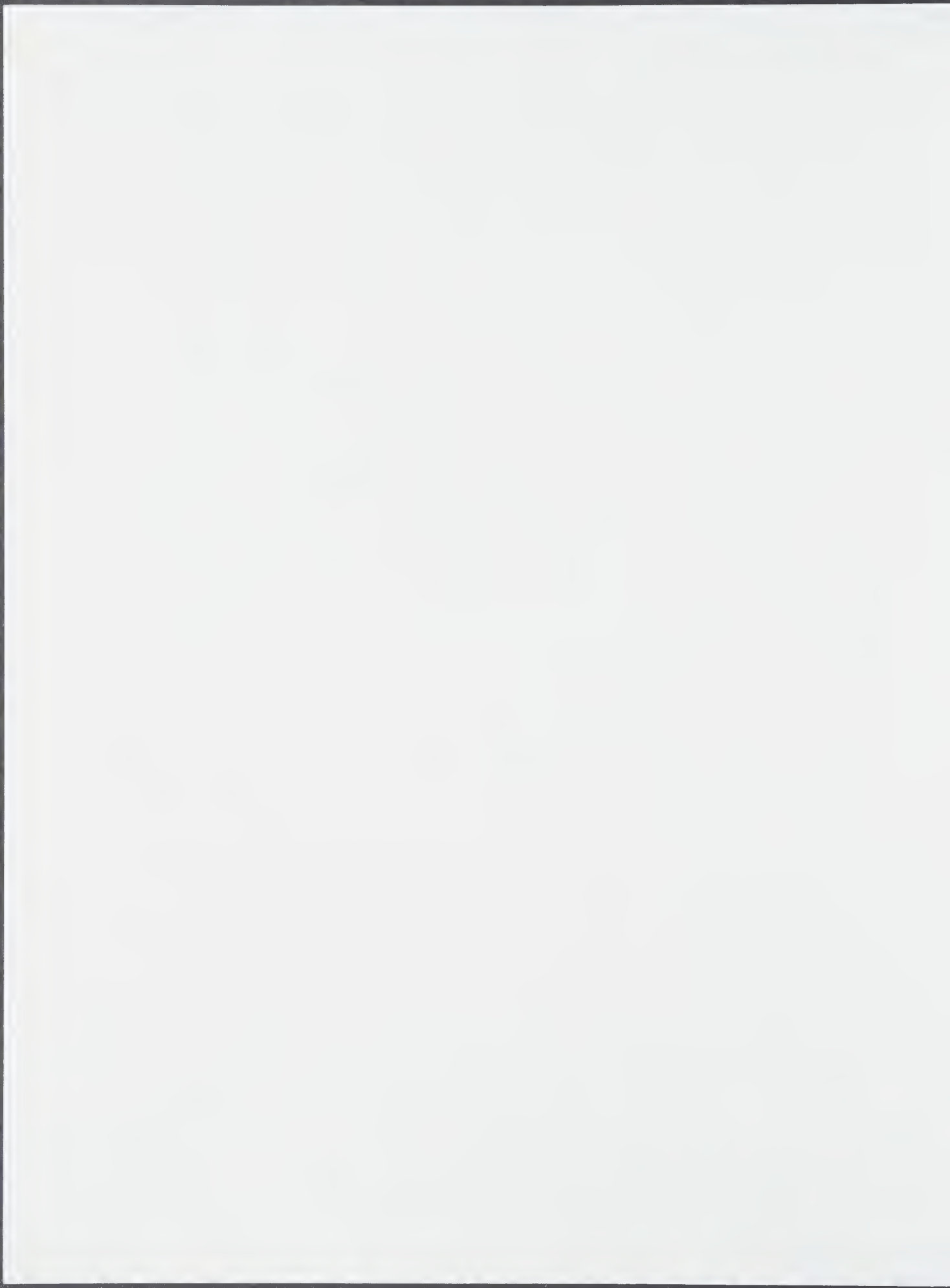




PLATE 5



PLATE 4

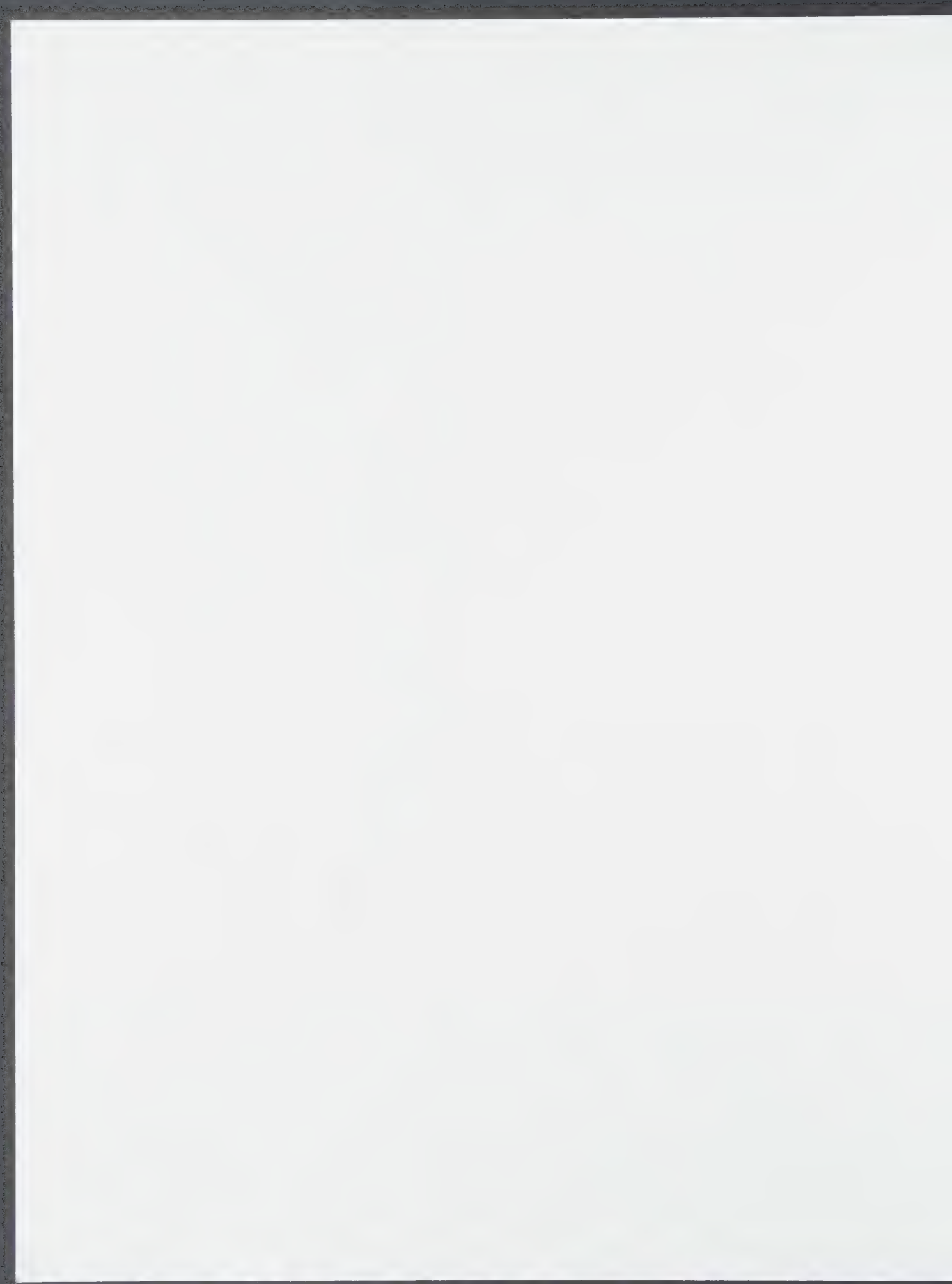




PLATE 6

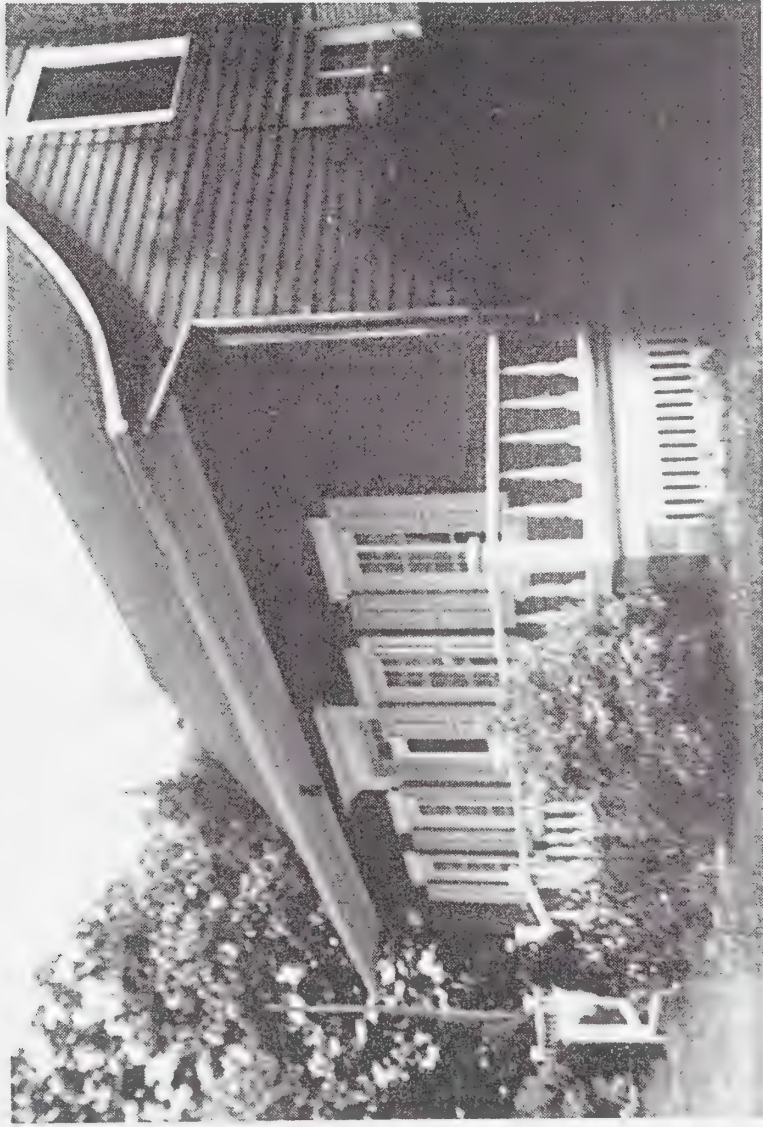


PLATE 7

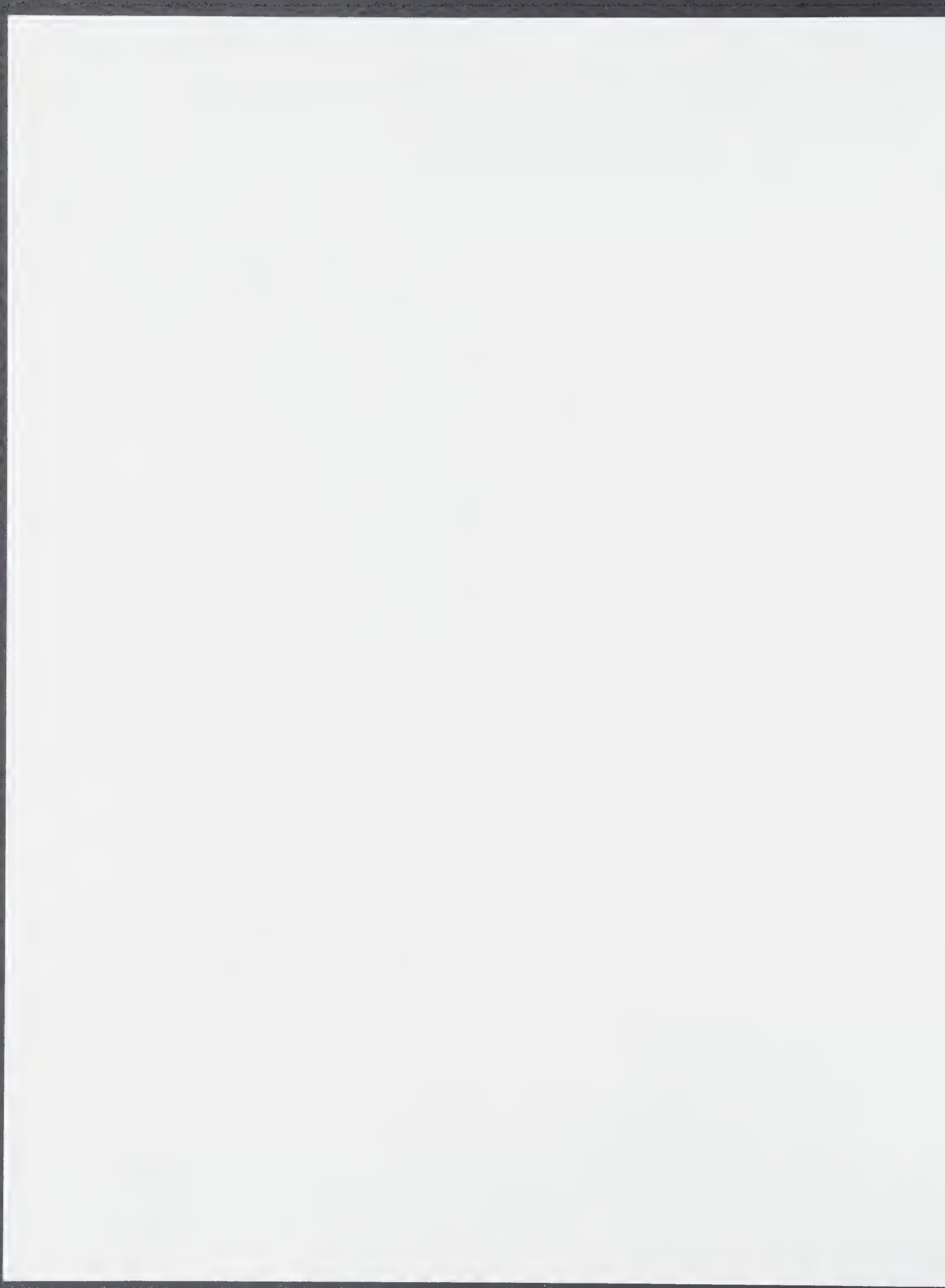




PLATE 8



PLATE 9

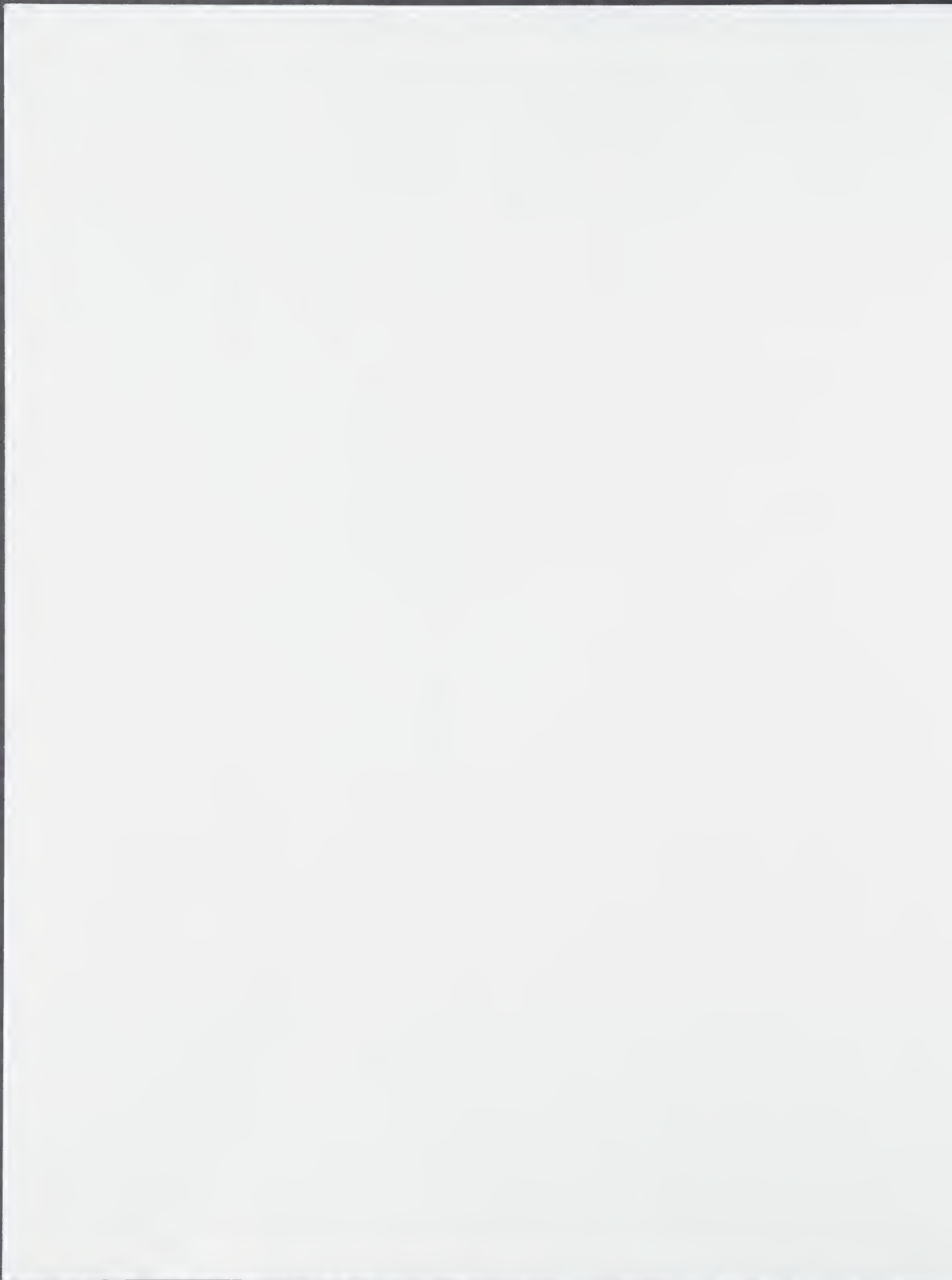




PLATE 10



PLATE 11

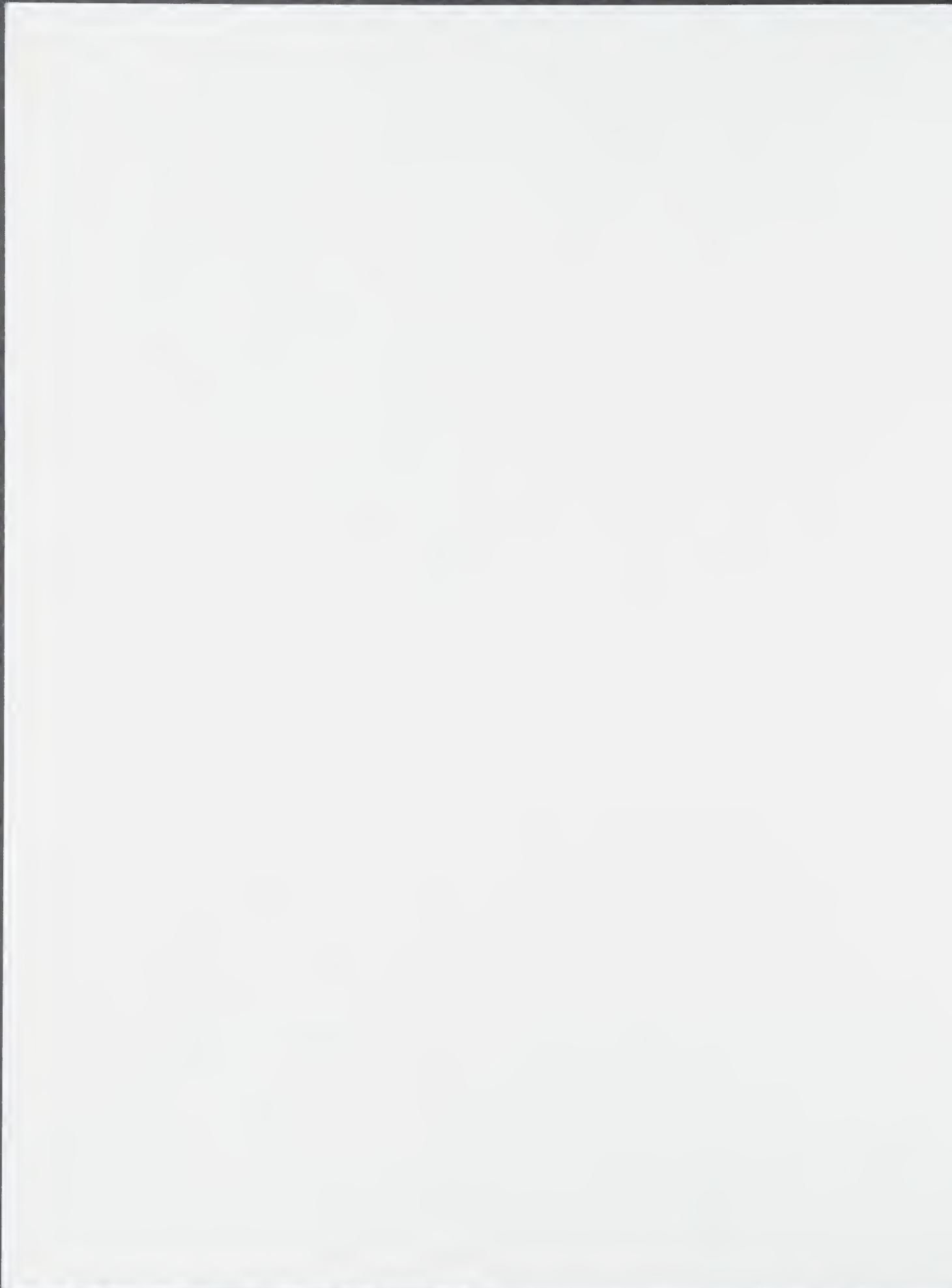




PLATE 12

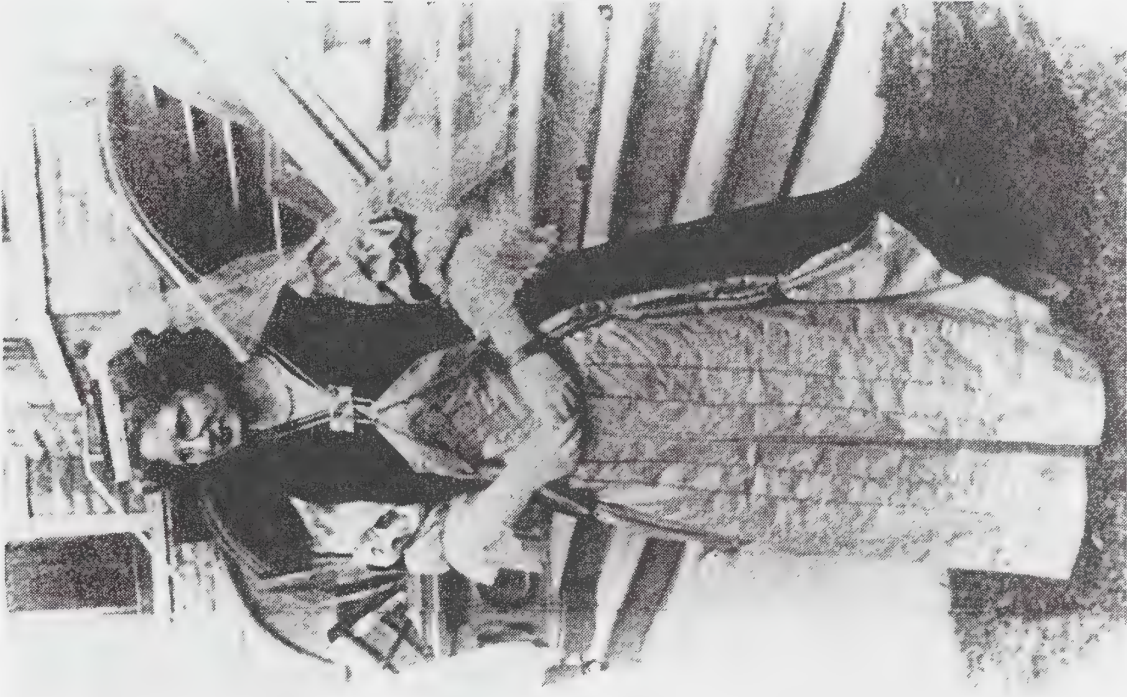


PLATE 13

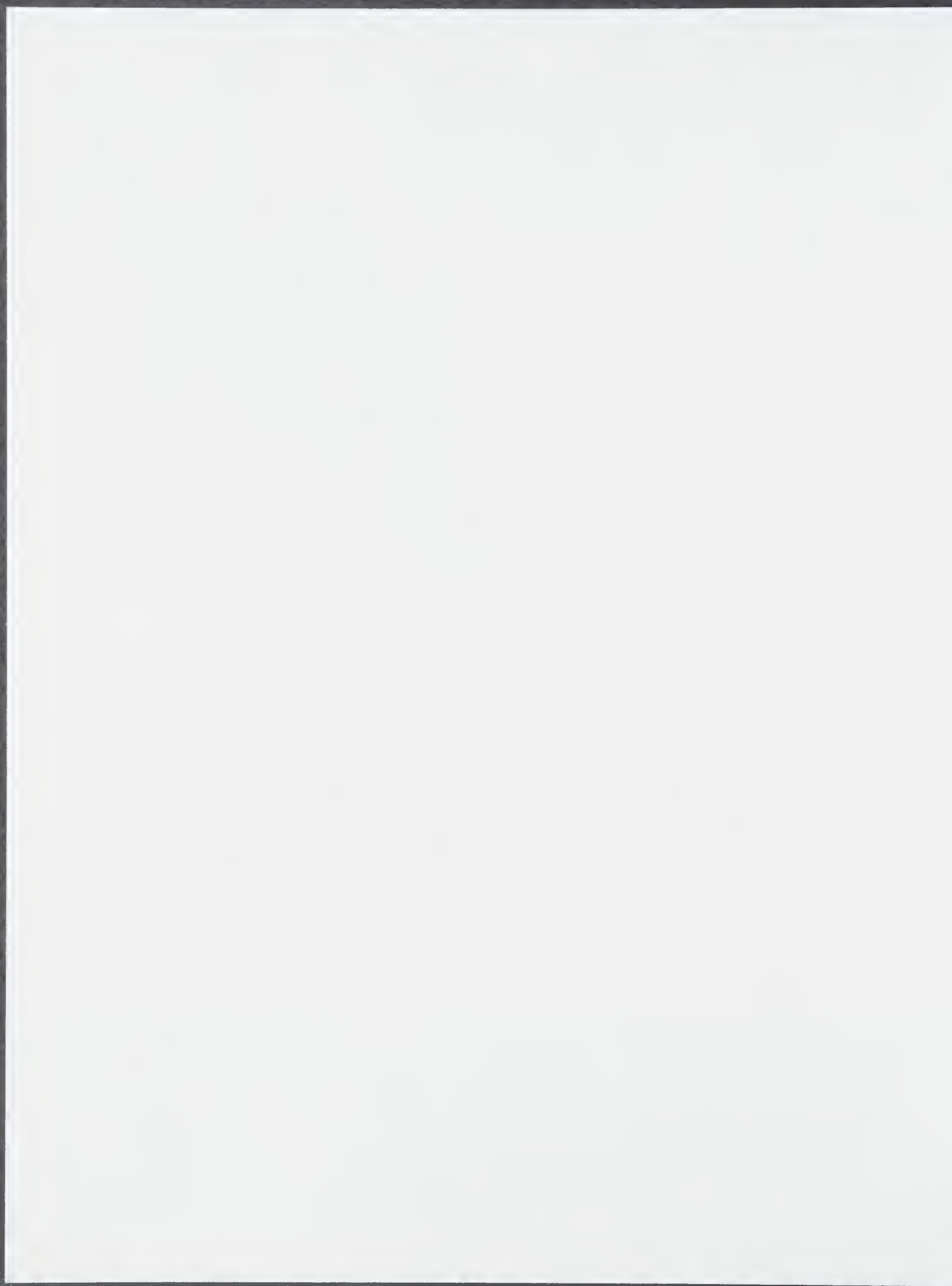
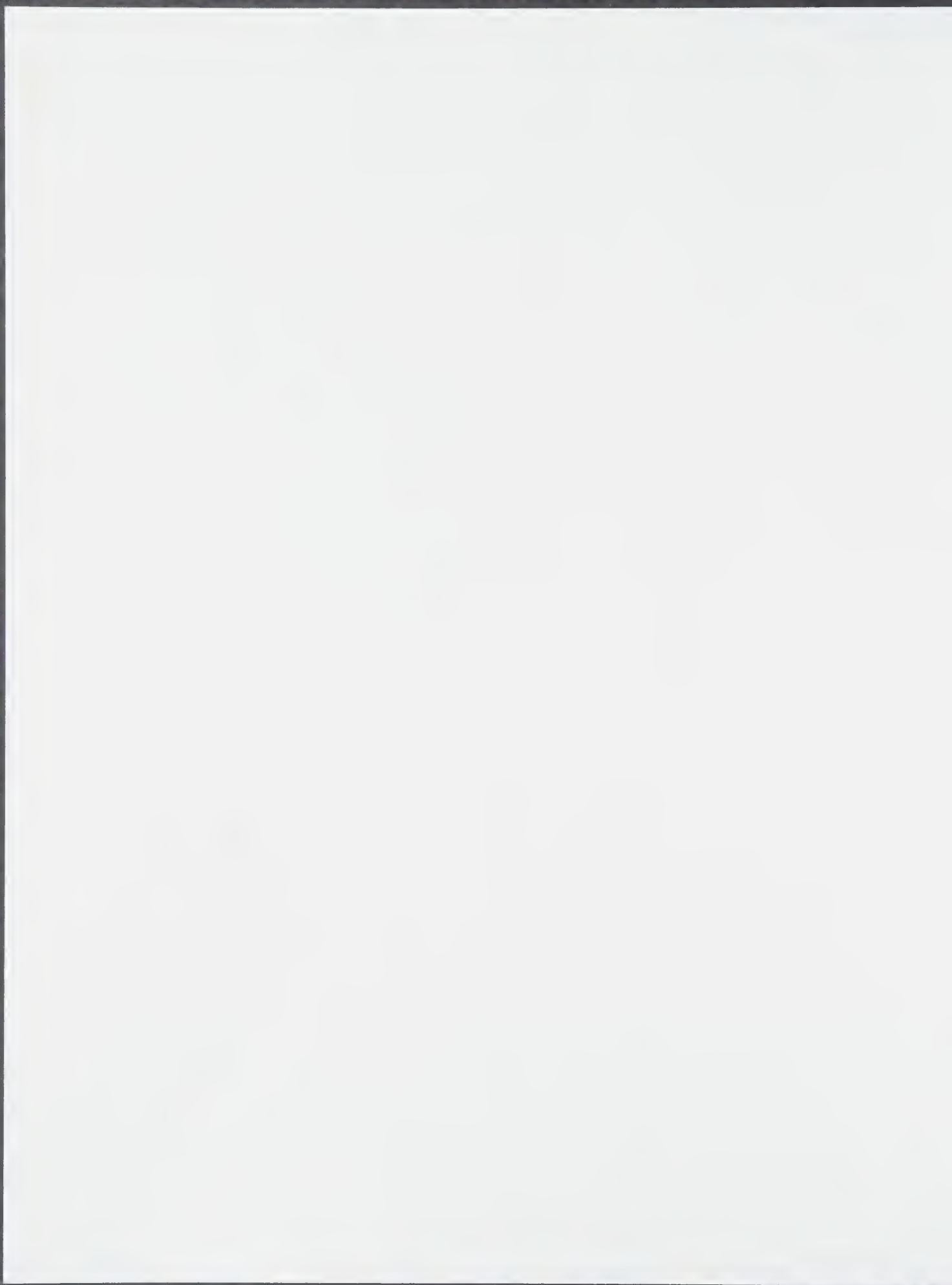




PLATE 14



PLATE 15





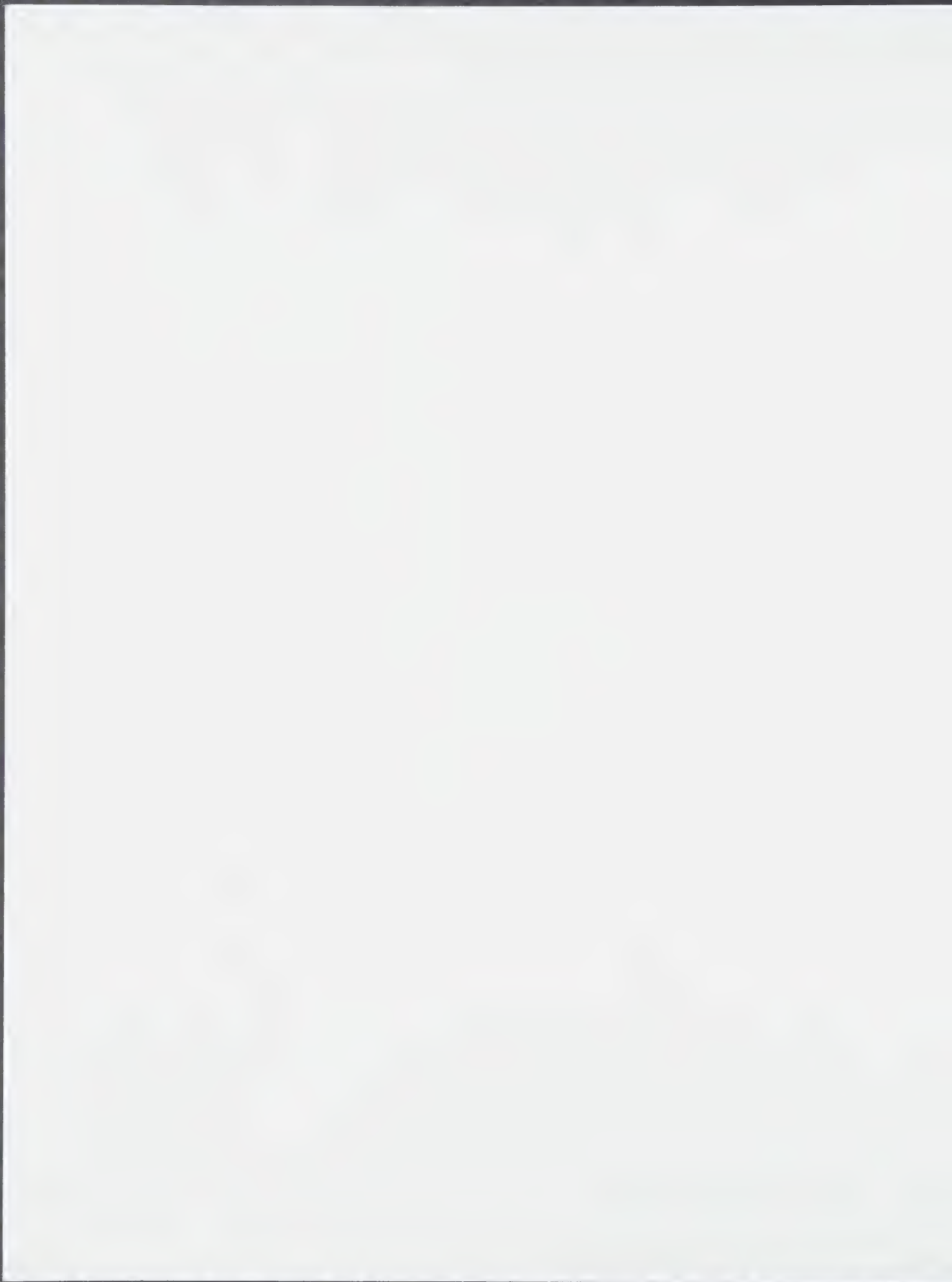
silver wedding anniversary.

PLATE 17



Miss
1904-11: Annetta Rosetta Joseph

PLATE 16



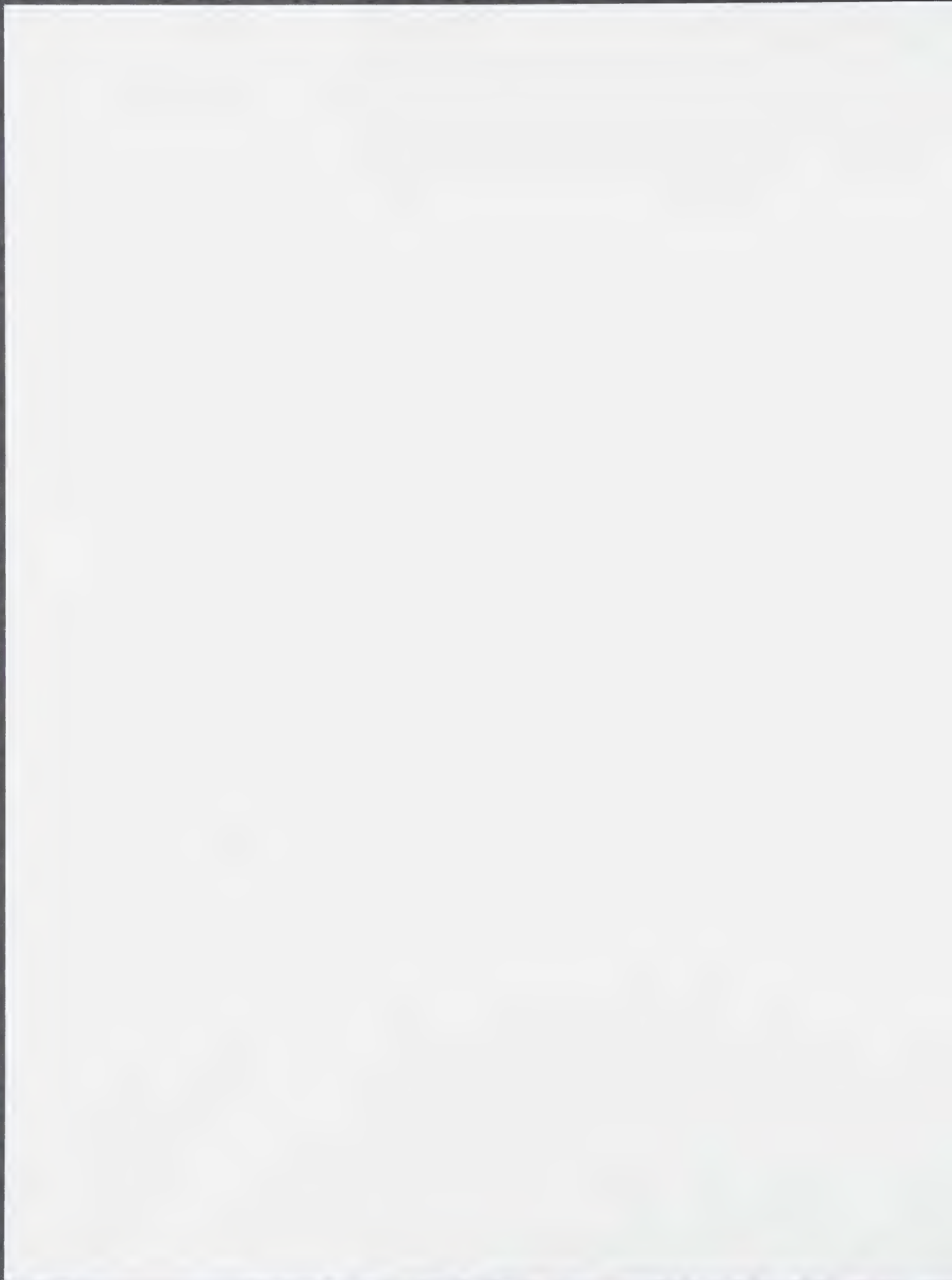
Chapter VI

The Great Depression

Have you ever worn a coat made from the inside of a coat? How well that coat is remembered: a pea-green winter coat that Irene turned inside-out so it could be worn as if new! So, too, did the daughters make do with garments handed down from friends. Irene herself accepted dresses from her Aunt Rachel, even if they had to be adjusted. Martin was thankful for the pittance he earned from the City of Westmount: in 1931, \$8. a week though he was in charge of laying a new sewer system. Luckily, the hobby of stamp collecting occupied him and the whole family learned from him never to throw away a postage stamp!

The Depression of 1929-32 hit nearly everyone in Montreal. Lest one would cry that life was very dull those years, rest assured that we, Martin's and Irene's children, never felt deprived, most especially so, because money was NEVER discussed at table. Yet in 1929 the New York stock market collapsed. All stocks went down, Martin's included. Also, there were no jobs especially for engineers because no building was going on. Our Daddy was out of work, as were his friends. Many were depressed. When one visited, usually a card-table stood in a corner with an uncompleted jig-saw puzzle--something to occupy the mind. Everyone was doing jig-saw puzzles, acrostics, crossword puzzles--all these games were first developed during the Great Depression. So Martin had an inspiration: why not MAKE and sell jig-saw puzzles? No sooner said than done. He bought a little fret-saw, cut out pictures from magazines, pasted them on to a piece of wood, then worked the fret-saw in and out and round about...now you have a puzzle! To market them, Martin made "Wolfret Puzzles" in boxes and sold them!

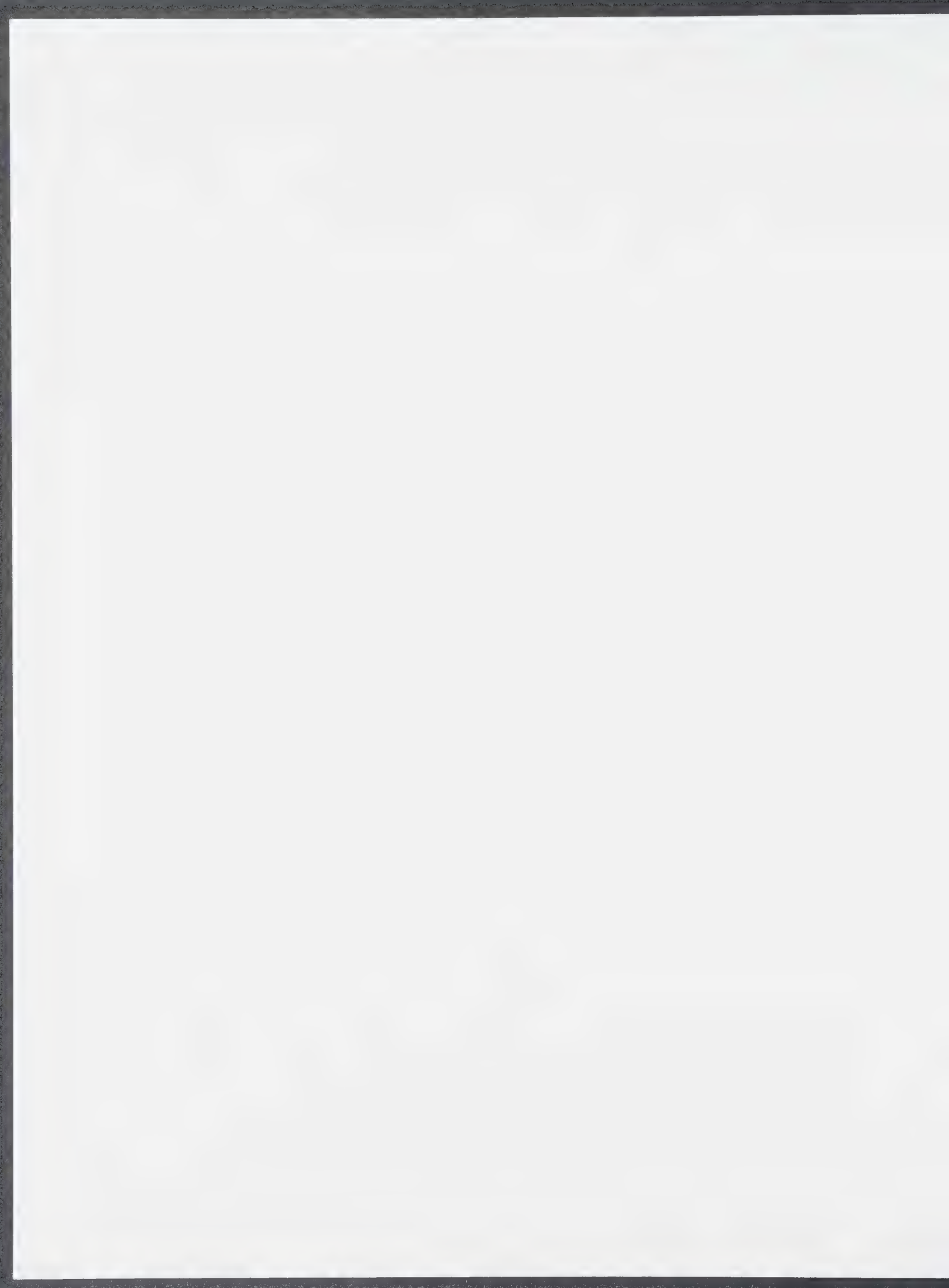
As this Depression dragged on, Martin being out of work, he decided to go to England to settle his late brother Joseph's estate. Joseph had died on October 10, 1930, leaving Martin as sole executor.



Martin said he would not go without me so I am going too. Sarah will look after the family while we are away [wrote Irene].

We did not get away as I was operated on for a large cyst on my right ovary and had appendix removed and a few other things while I was on the operating table. Was in hospital 2 weeks, so we sailed on the "Doric" November 25th. We had a suite so I was very comfortable. Had very rough crossing, waves breaking over the ship, over & over again. Mama (Granny Wolff) had a room for us at the Wigmore Hotel. She is ageing due to the shock of Joseph's death. Saw family & then went to Pove. We were there 7 weeks in a lovely private hotel. Then Mama went off to Pau [France] via Dieppe. In London, Cyril took us to his place "Andrade Galleries", where he had a most attractive exhibit of Toby jugs. He is one of the greatest authorities in England on china. Left London in February for Paris. Saw plays. March 1st, returned to Halifax aboard the "Cedric" and there developed one of my sick headaches, so was miserable for 2 days.

[In July 1931] I was ill with bronchial pneumonia, so went to Quebec to recuperate. [For many years Irene suffered from migraine headaches at frequent intervals, sapping her strength, yet she never complained.] I had another headache attack...I hate this constant staying in bed, getting up late and I tire too easily. I dress only in time for dinner.



Even as a teen-ager Irene had had headaches "and trouble with my eyes.[1916]" Frequent visits to oculists in Quebec, and then Ottawa and finally in Montreal, proved that she was losing her sight. Irene was not one to mope: she immediately arranged to learn Braille so she could continue her cherished recreation, reading. One might, at any time, enter a dark room only to discover this valiant woman sitting there quietly reading a Braille book with her elegant fingers.

Along with her own uncertain health, Irene was greatly worried about her daughter, Fanny. As a teen-ager

Fanny has outgrown her strength--has triple spinal curve, so must rest as much as possible and never get overtired. She has to keep up this regime for 3 years, "the critical years in a girl's life;" she is very tall and lanky. She has treatments at the Children's Hospital. [Fanny died of Hodgkin's disease in January 1941.]

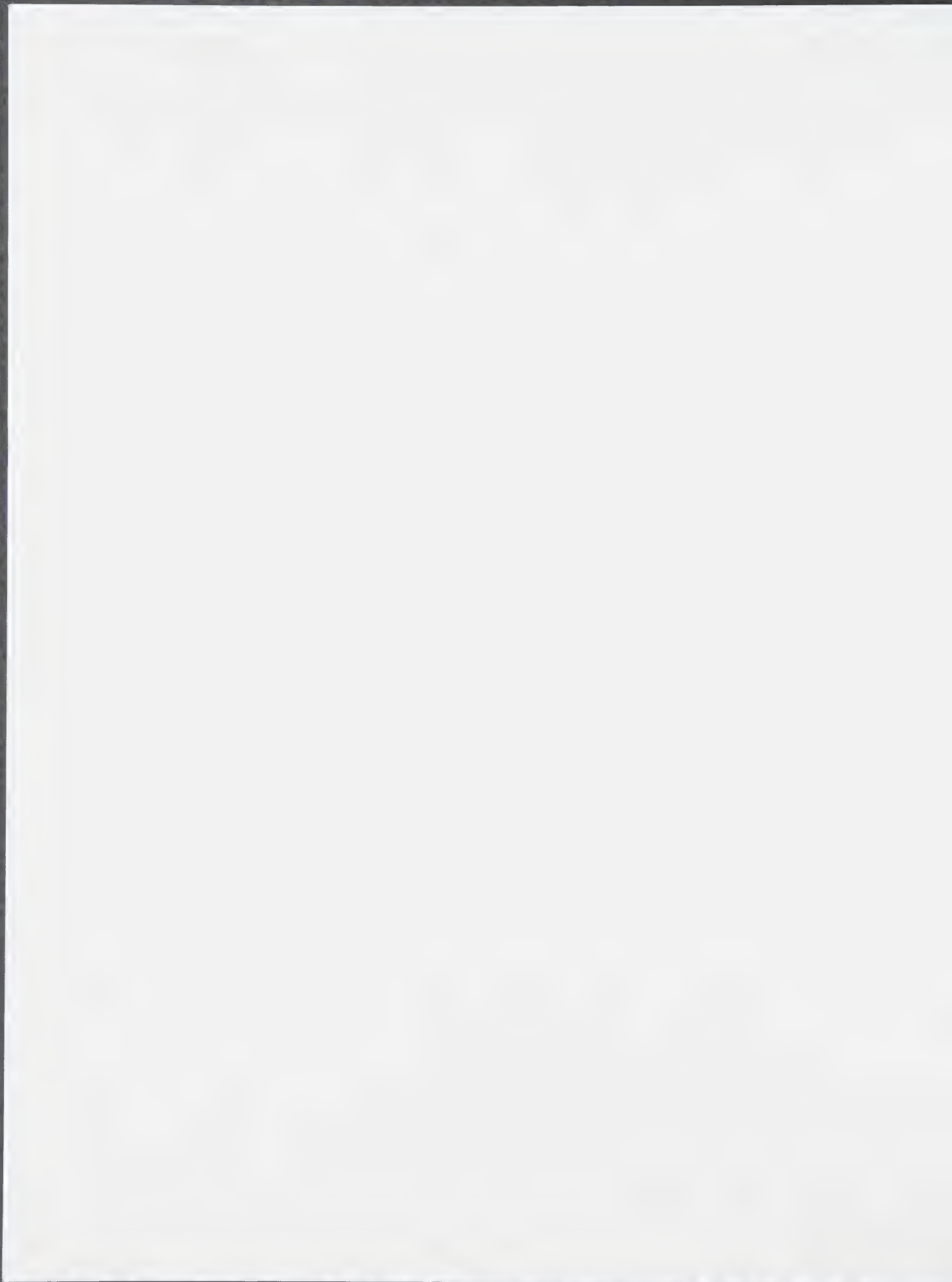
As for her other daughters, all healthy, Irene watched over their careers with motherly concern. Sarah was a graduate Dietitian, Annette a diplomad dental assistant, Fachel a Trained Attendant, Rosetta a school teacher and Esther a graduate nurse (Reg.N.).

Talents to the Fore

By the 1930's, the Great Depression gradually abated. Irene writes: "Daddy got work as a Consultant at an engineering firm in Montreal and we all came to know Mr. Lindsay, his colleague."

Undaunted by poor health, Irene records the good things that happened. By 1932 she gleefully exclaimed

we have installed an electric refrigerator. It really is a beauty--\$300.00. Prior to that we used an ice-box, blocks of ice being delivered regularly by the Ice Manufacturing Co.

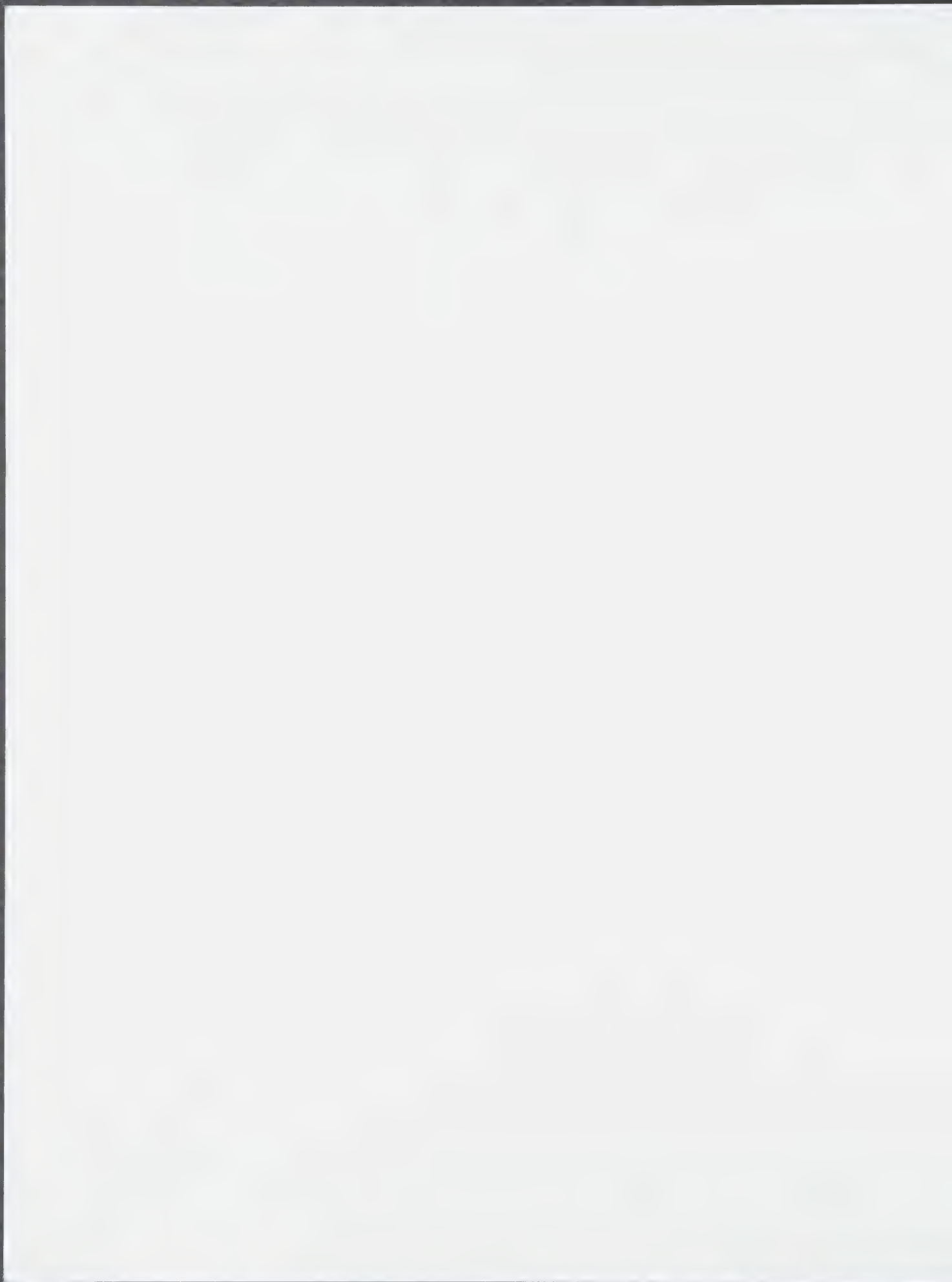


in a cart driven by horses. To-day I paid 25¢ for a dozen eggs; best Jamaica oranges cost 25 -39¢ a doz, butter is 30¢ /lb. For Passover we had 20 for Seder. Some of the visitors and Martin sang some of the Ashkenazi Seder songs and it was great fun; we have never had them before.

In September, 1932, Sarah and Annette had departed for England to live and work in London. These years in Westmount centred around her daughters and their friends, always a joint effort with "hubby and I." But Irene and "hubby" now had the spotlight centred on them: they celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary^R in style. For the occasion Irene brought up from a trunk in the cellar one of her trousseau dresses: a beautiful satin of crushed roses hue. The diningroom table was set with the best crystal, silver and china as the happy couple entertained their closest family. This was followed by a Reception attended by sixty-four friends. The festivities terminated at another dinner-party hosted by Willie and Marguerite Montefiore, their dearest cousin-friends. Irene's description:

Father took me in [to the diningroom at 4277 Western Ave, now de Maisonneuve], Martin took Marguerite, then we sat. It was one of the happiest parties I was ever at. Willie proposed our health & we both said a few words in response. As we left the diningroom, the wedding march was played on the gramophone; then Nancy & Bob carried in a huge washbasket containing presents. It was a memorable occasion, all were so jolly & sparkling.

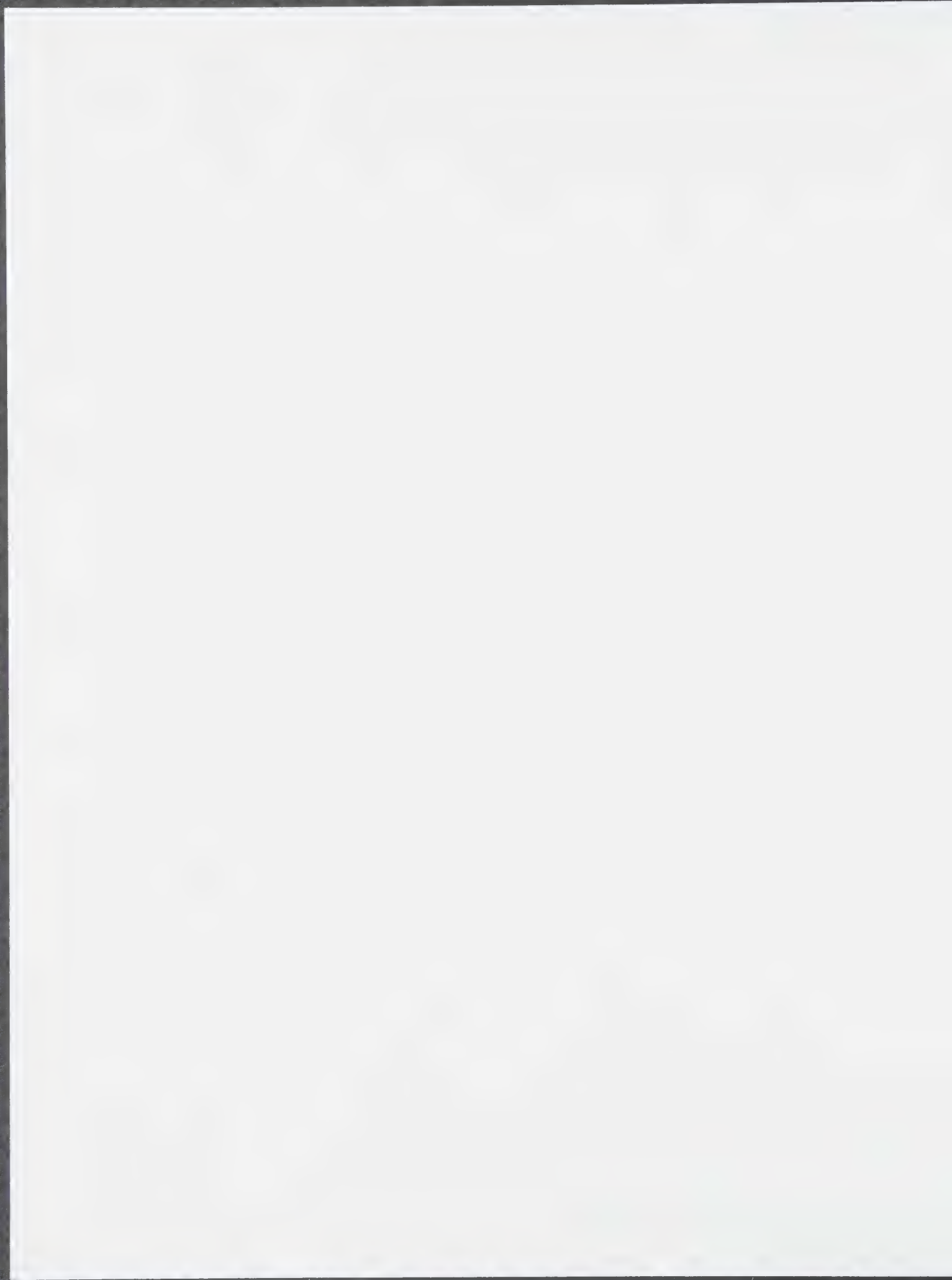
Although housekeeping, mending and cooking provided duties for everyone as well as a live-in maid, still Irene's life really blossomed into intellectual activities as she and her "hubby" attended plays, concerts and



lectures. Reading poetry, history, books on Judaism or biographies were sources of delight.

Providing hospitality to cultured friends such as Rabbi Leo Jung of New York, or Cecil Roth of Oxford, England or Martin Heilbut of Holland were some additional pleasures and stimulants to their lives. It is not surprising to learn that Mr. Adam Shortt "one of the greatest, if not the greatest authority on Canadian History" stayed at Argyle for a few days. "We had a particularly distinguished person--Cecil Roth--as our guest. Not only was he the leading Anglo-Jewish historian of our day, but his works will live and be standard authorities. They include The History of the Marrann^os, History of the Jews of Venice, etc. He is only 37--he is a war veteran, married but no children." The Diary's entry of Oct. 1933 reveals a friendship with the well-known intellectual, Dr. W.D. Lighthall, as follows--

Oct. 3, 1933. To-day I want to set down a historic fact that I learned this morning. I went down town in the same car [street-car] as Dr. W.D. Lighthall K.C. and in the course of conversation he told me that he feels justice has never been fully done to Cousin Clarence (de Sola) as being more than anyone else responsible for the Balfour Declaration. It appears that when Balfour came to Canada he had the idea of a Jewish Homeland in mind, but had been so much discouraged by the attitude of British Jewry who were not at all keen on the project that he had been inclined to drop it altogether. However, here he sent for Cousin Clarence to discuss it with him at Rideau Hall, and after a day there the famous Balfour Declaration was decided upon. Dr. Lighthall happened to be a confidant and so heard it all at first hand. He has always felt that the world at large should know this. Two years ago,



(1931) he spent a week at New College, Oxford, & met there a professor from the Hebrew University whose name he could not to-day recall. Dr. Lighthall told this man about Cousin Clarence, & the professor said that immediately upon his return to the Hebrew Univ. he would have the fact recorded there but Dr. L. has never heard whether this has been done.

All this time, Irene was writing poetry, giving talks and playing Bridge.

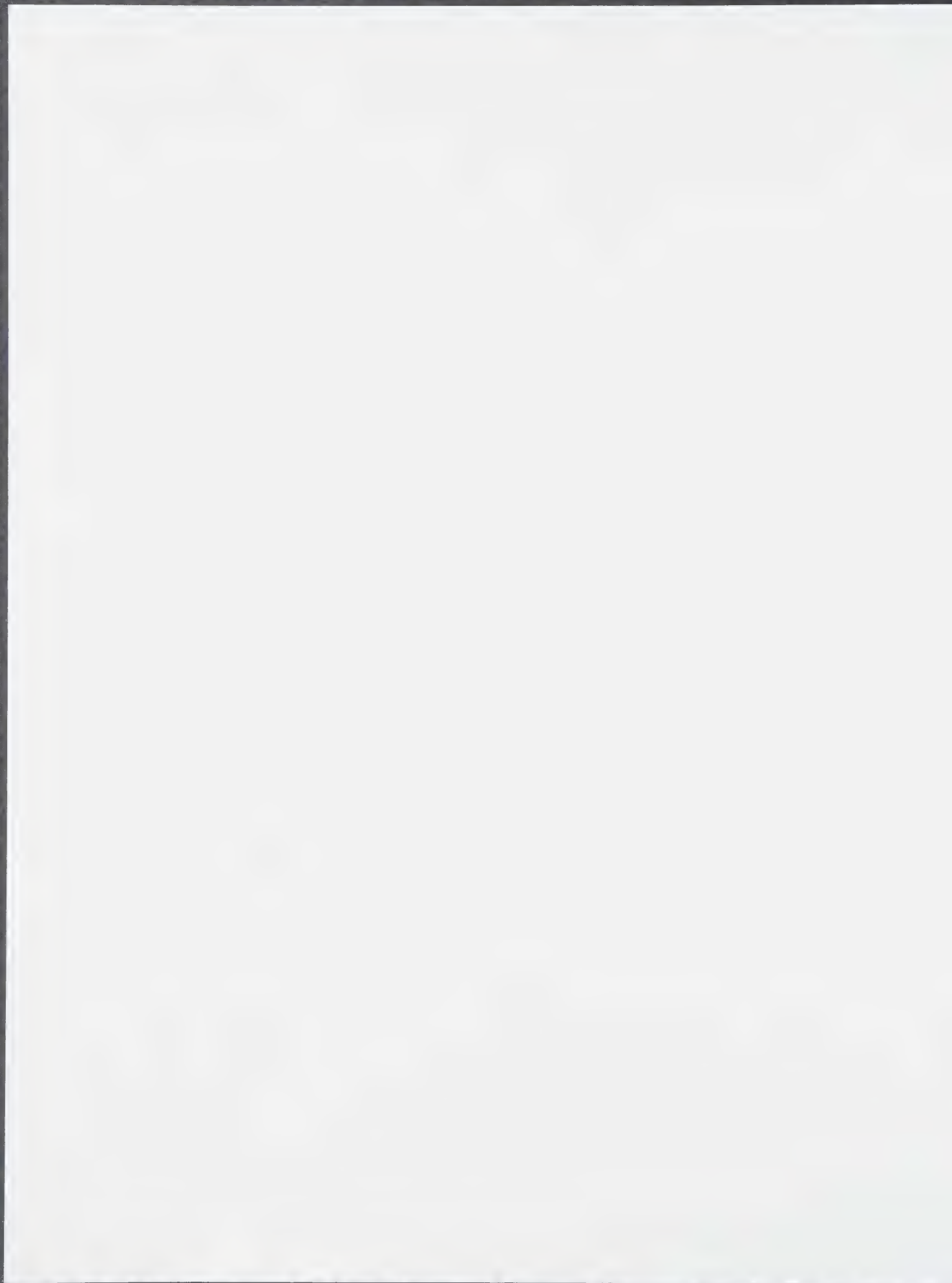
February 1930--spent last week in Ottawa, was invited as speaker to the Adath Jeshurun Sisterhood on Sunday 9th & gave "Woman through the Ages."³² It was very well received. Met a number of old friends...Had wonderful time, firstly the Jewish people entertained me lavishly, then E.I.C. [Engineering Institute of Canada--Martin was a member] ladies had lovely programme including a reception at Rideau Hall when Lady Willingdon herself conducted us around & showed us all the rooms. She pointed out proudly the cushions made from old dresses! Two lunches and a ball were the functions with the men.

Irene's imagination was always alive, witness

"My Fairies Six"

(her 6 daughters)

1. Where have my fairies gone?
Grown and away.
Won't you come back to me?
Come back and stay.
2. I once had 6 of you
Sprightly and bright
Happy and full of joy
From morn till night.
3. My heart is full of longing
For my darling fairy elves.
I wish they would come back again
And be their own sweet selves.



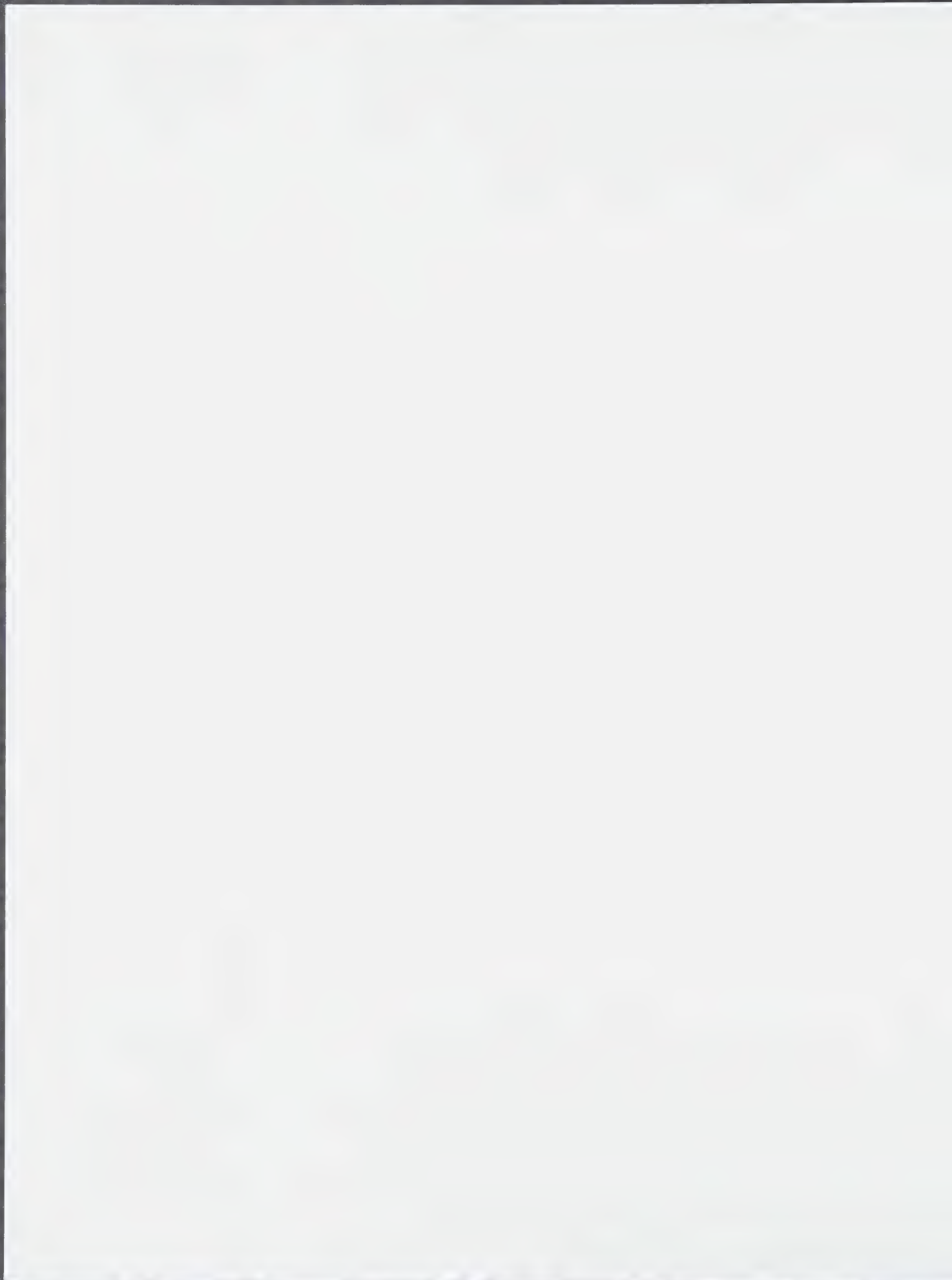
4. A fairy's never "fed up".
A fairy's always happy
A fairy keeps her head up
A fairy's never snappy.
5. Where have my fairies gone?
All flown away?
No, they'll come back to me
Happy, they'll stay.

On Irene's 50th birthday, her mood was more introspective: "It was also Yom Kippur (October 7, 1935). The combination made me feel very happy, happy that I was starting the second half-century of my life under the blessing of this very holy day, may I live up to the obligations that implies!" She was preoccupied with religious writings, both prose and poetry, with the hope to assemble them in a book to be published as a tribute to her Mother "to whose teachings they chiefly owe their existence." The plan was to print the book for private circulation, "chiefly for my own children, but they might do a little good in a world that needs so much encouragement and better deeds and better thinking.

At thanksgiving I count my wealth--
Not gold that lies in banks--
My home, my friends, my health,
For these I offer thanks.

Yimlach! the word rang out through that vast hall.
The G-d of Zion shall reign for evermore!
Though generations pass and congregations fall
The Lord shall reign in future as of yore.
Yimlach! that word revived the failing few,
And filled them with a hope and courage new. (1935)"

In contrast to these serious cogitations, we read: "the interesting event in my life to-day was the discovery in Saturday Night (magazine) of one of my humorous poems--"Tramway Travel". I had forgotten it completely:--



Under the advertising signs
 The Tramway public stands,
 To grab at bars or swinging straps
 With eager, outstretched hands;
 Whilst the autocrat in numbered cap
 Issues his stern commands.

At each succeeding streetcar stop
 You can hear his mellow roar;
 "Step forward, please, there's room in front"
 [one mounts at the back]
 A thousand times or more;
 And the good obedient public
 Press forward as before.

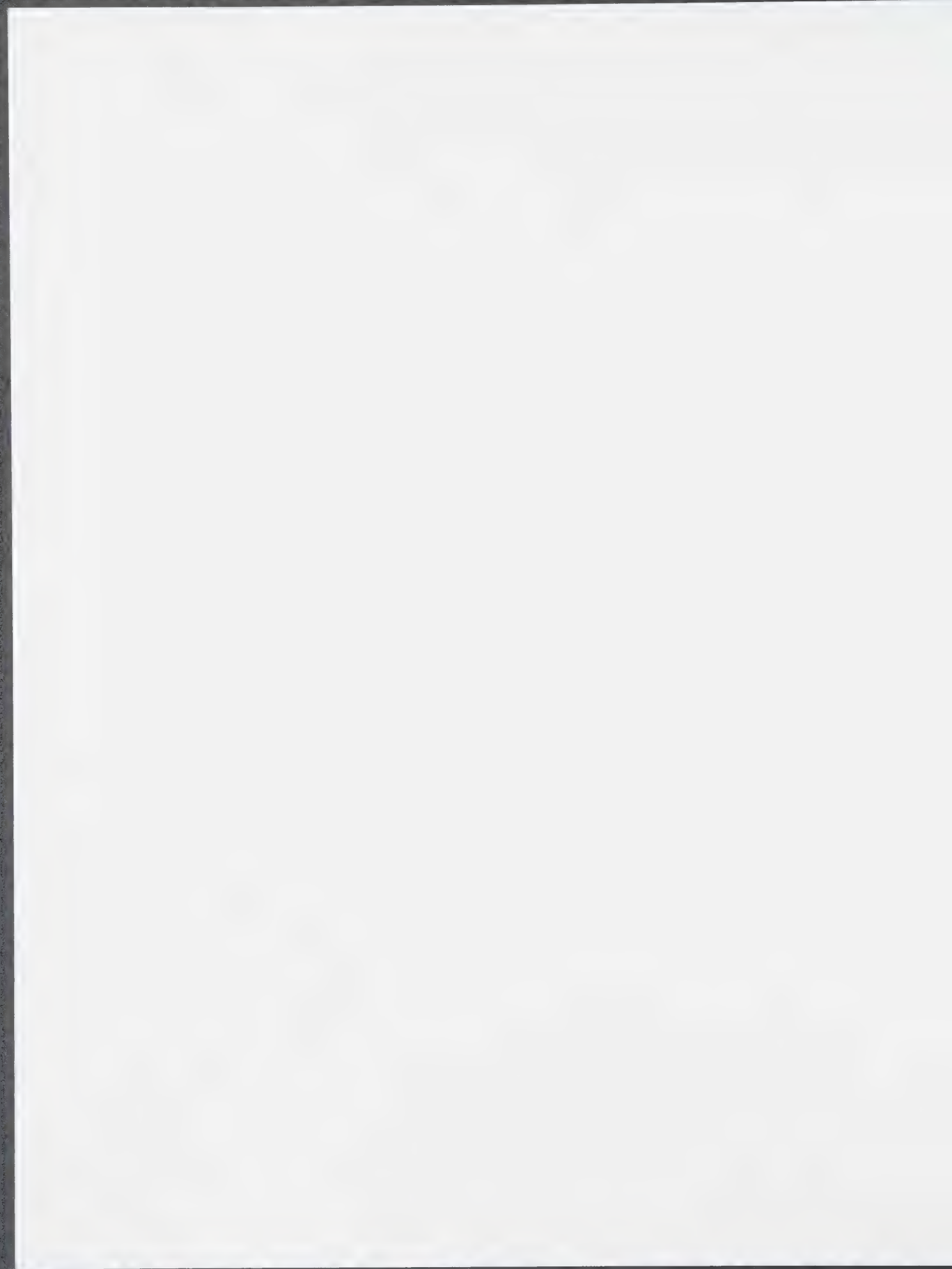
Pushing, advancing, elbowing,
 On through the car they go;
 Each movement means some shoulder bumped,
 Each step on someone's toe;
 The progress to the "room in front"
 Is full of pain and slow.

Yet thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
 Thy good advice I'll heed;
 Thy order to move forward
 Is just the excuse I need;
 While standing on my neighbour's toe
 His paper I can read!"

Irene is even better understood when reading through her writings--
 stories, essays, vignettes of life, poems--for they are filled with a deep
 sense of humour, of thankfulness, optimism, imagination and joy in the world.

For example:

"You're really very lucky to have to stay in bed,
 You don't have the dishes from which the family fed;
 you need not mend the stockings, you must not clean their shoes,
 You only may lie in bed and listen to the news.
 But there's one thing you must strive for, this card to you will tell;
 You really must work hard at this--it is--get quickly well!"



This poem, a very revealing one, is dated July 17, 1932.

To My Hubby

*My heart stood still when first I read your words
"I may leave home"
You must not roam.
I need you, darling, more than ever now.
When you are nigh
Time seems to fly
But when you're absent worry clouds my brow.*

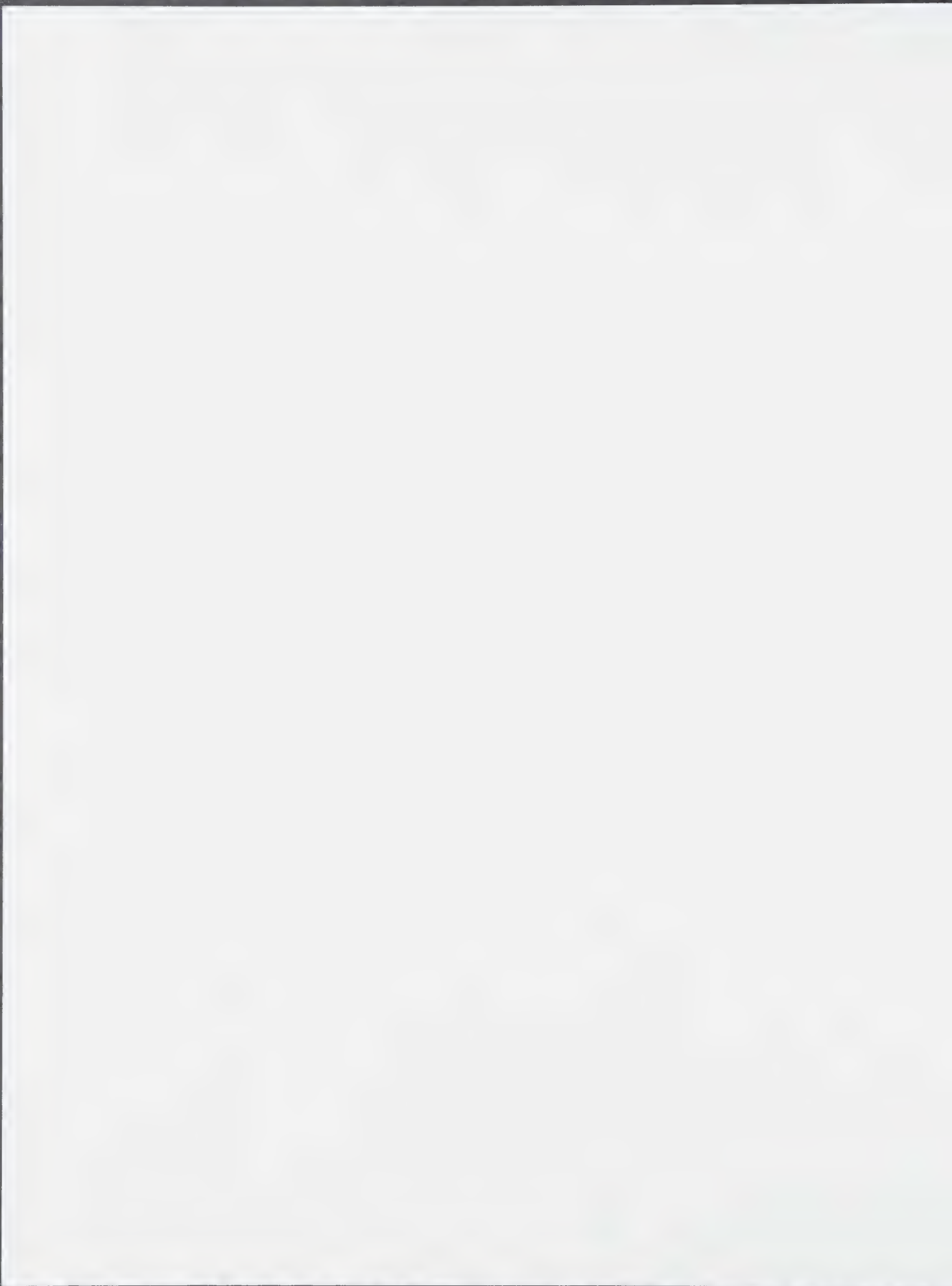
*My love, if go you feel you must
I'll not say "stay",
But far away
My heart is ever yours in loving trust.
I know, my darling love, though naught you've said
You've oft felt blue
The winter through
Because you were not earning daily bread.*

*So now you feel perhaps the chance has come
To do some work
You will not shirk
E'en though your duty take you far from home.
Though mine is but a faulty little rhyme
It tells you this
(With one long kiss)
"I want my Hubby with me all the time".*

*(Martin had engineering jobs not in Montreal, but never very far away--
Cornwall, Ottawa, Montebello, etc. None of these were of long duration.)*

Irene's closeness to her G-d was translated not only into her verse but into every action. Daily, she recited her prayers and Sabbath was an opportunity for renewal, for study and genuine refreshment of soul. Every Saturday afternoon at tea-time, friends and family knew that the Wolff family was "at home." The girls' friends dropped in and often a Biblical or post-biblical discussion took place over the delicious tea and cakes.

It is true that living Jewishly is easy in Montreal, but Irene's activities went far beyond her Jewish circle of friends.

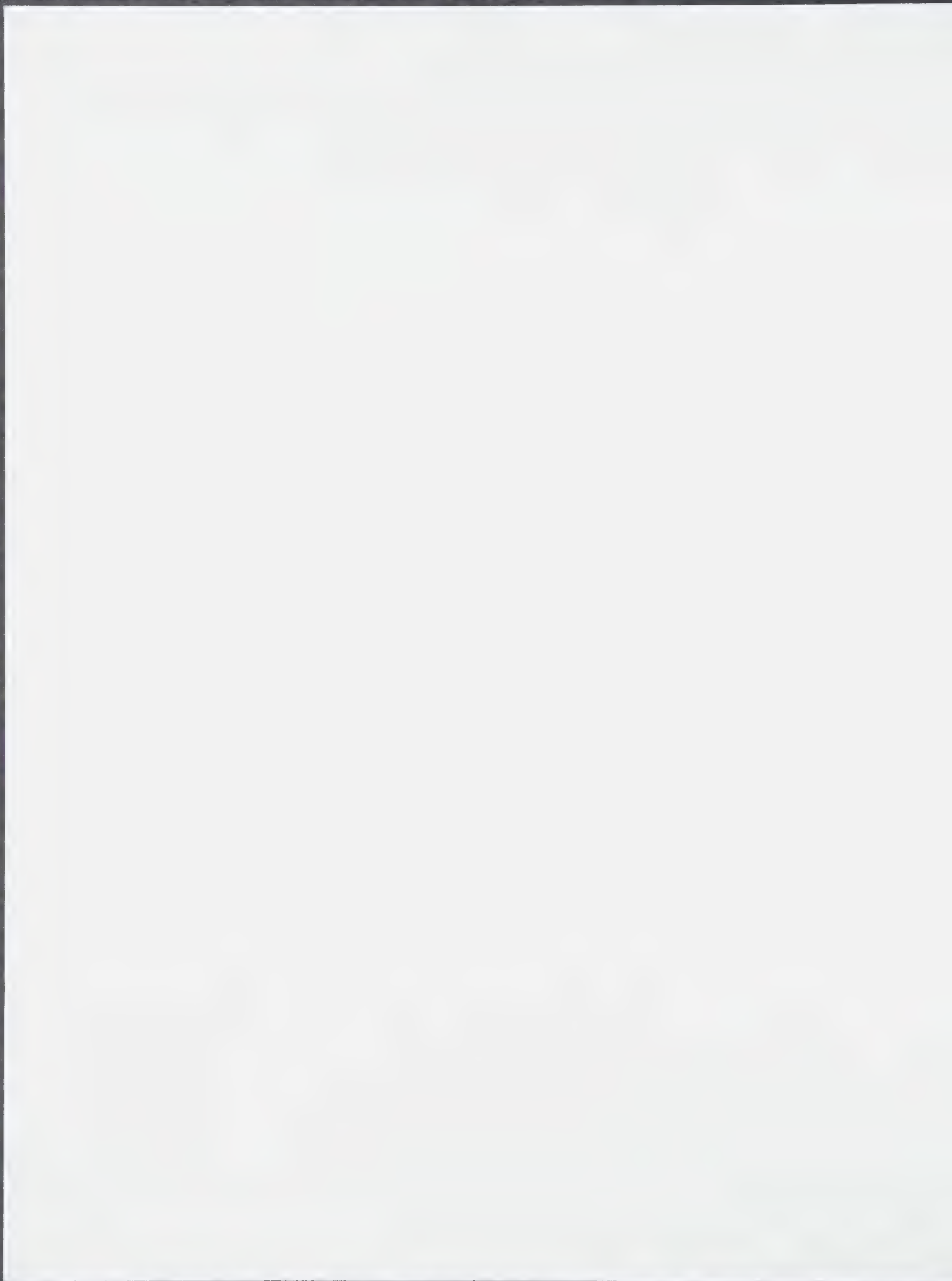


On May 30th, 1921 the Jewish Guardian of London England asked her to send fortnightly letters covering news of Canadian Jewry for which they paid her £2.25 a page; for with this she was "quite pleased." With alacrity, she sent her first letter on June 5th, "as a beginning" and ready for "the second one to go off on the 19th."

Irene was also Canadian correspondent for the London Jewish Chronicle. She gave talks to Jewish groups on Judaism; she contributed an article on "The Jewish Woman in the Home" in Rabbi Leo Jung's book on Judaism (1932); she spoke out on the raging Jewish separate-school controversy in Montreal. Concerning that, many Jews long objected to their children attending the Protestant public schools and they demanded a separate Jewish school system. Irene, being a well-integrated and yet thoroughly knowledgeable Jewess, also an ardent Canadian, believed from her experience, that Jews must grow up and adapt in a non-sectarian society, providing they never forget that "every Jew is responsible for all Jews; therefore one must remember to act accordingly knowing that one's actions will reflect on all our People." This is the principle she instilled in her children. She set an example by her activities in the Canadian Women's Press Club and the Canadian Authors' Association equally with the National Council of Jewish Women. To illustrate from the Diary:

The evening was Magazine Night (of CWPC). Mr. & Mrs. E.J. Archibald came here for supper first and then they drove me in. I was Editor and presided and it all went very well. delicious eats & many nice flattering remarks!

Fascinating and unique is this symbiosis of Irene's life resulting in a personality that can serve as a model to all who follow. Her involvement

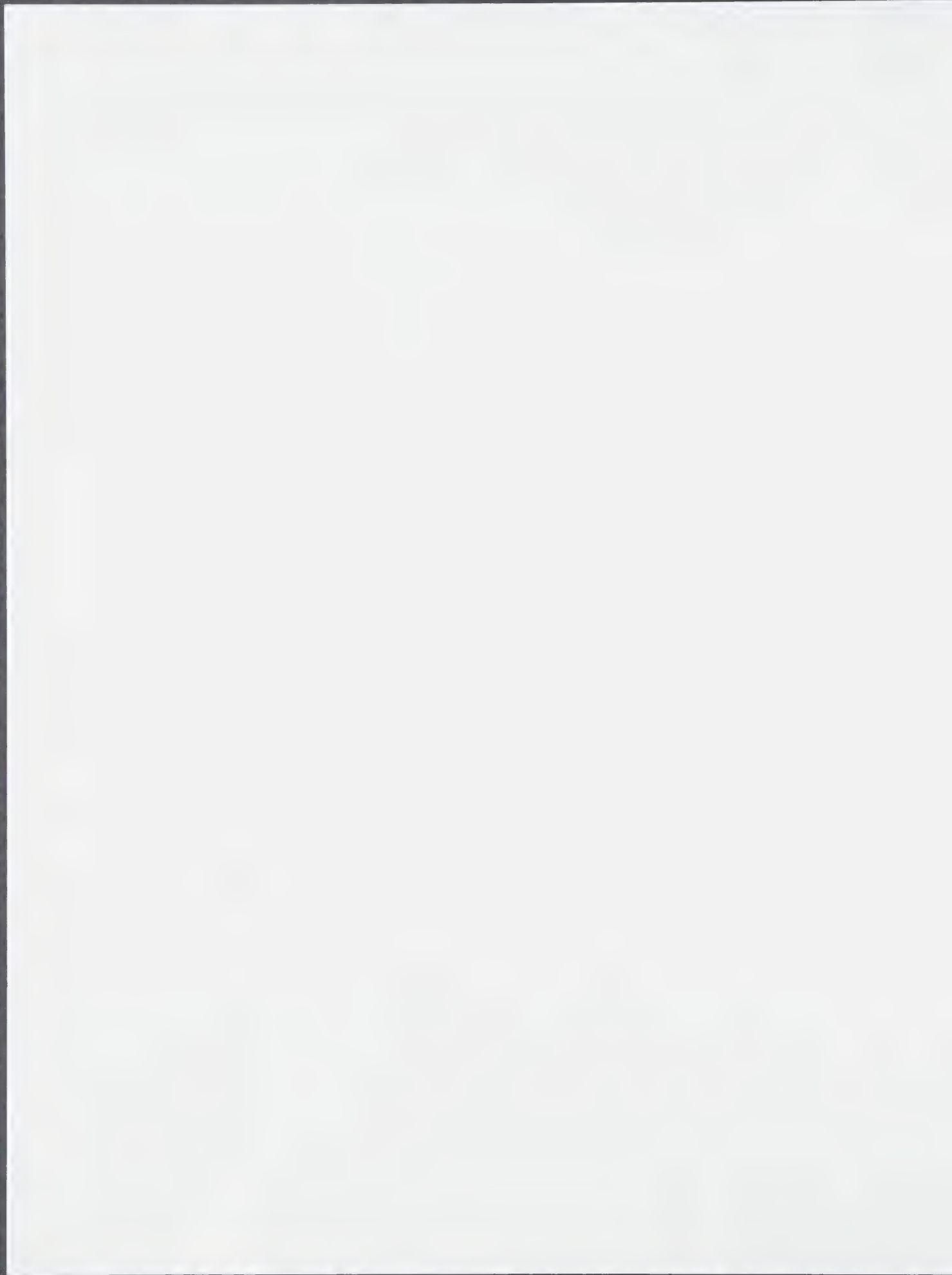


as a youngster in a patriotic club, the I.O.D.E., led her on to adulthood serving as a volunteer in two world wars. In 1939

the Westmount Red Cross unanimously elected me Jewish Representative...I agreed as I believe in doing non-sectarian work. At the same time Mrs. Bronfman told me I was unanimously elected a vice-president of the Jewish Red Cross...I am also co-chairman with Mrs. Wilder Perfield for a project: By-Products. The work is to find uses for all sorts of waste material, educate people to save it, collect it and finally have it utilized. I think it may grow to large proportions. This Conservation Committee keeps me very busy.

At the Baron de Hirsch Institute on Bleury Street, she attended meetings of the "Community Clothing Chest," supervising the clothing room "which was now well-organized with women who were on relief, earning a bit by mending clothes and even shoes being repaired." This building was the receiving centre for the poor and needy, forerunner of AJCS (Allied Jewish Community Services). What a leader! Such foresight! You grandchildren would immediately join her Committee were she alive to-day.

From there, Irene would rush over to a National Council of Jewish Women meeting at the Montefiore Club on Guy Street. She had served as their President, because "Council's place in the community is unique"; she felt strongly, that it serves the general good of all Canadians, not exclusively Jewish citizens. In April one saw her at the Annual Meeting of the United Palestine Appeal. Not only the Jewish Community was her concern, but also her own Synagogue; the Spanish and Portuguese elected her, the only woman then, to sit on their Board of Trustees, she having served as President of



their Sisterhood. She organized a joint meeting of the Sisterhoods of her Synagogue and Shaar Hashomayim. "It was a great success--a meeting of a very high intellectual and literary standard--I presided--a truly successful venture, I hope the forerunner of many."

It was said of her that "all causes of benefit to humanity found in her a sympathetic and intelligent source of help. She was without doubt one of the greatest Canadian Jewish Women and Canadian Jewry is richer for the years she gave."

To round out her personality picture, you will find that this little anecdote highlights her innate sense of humour. She copied this letter into her Diary:

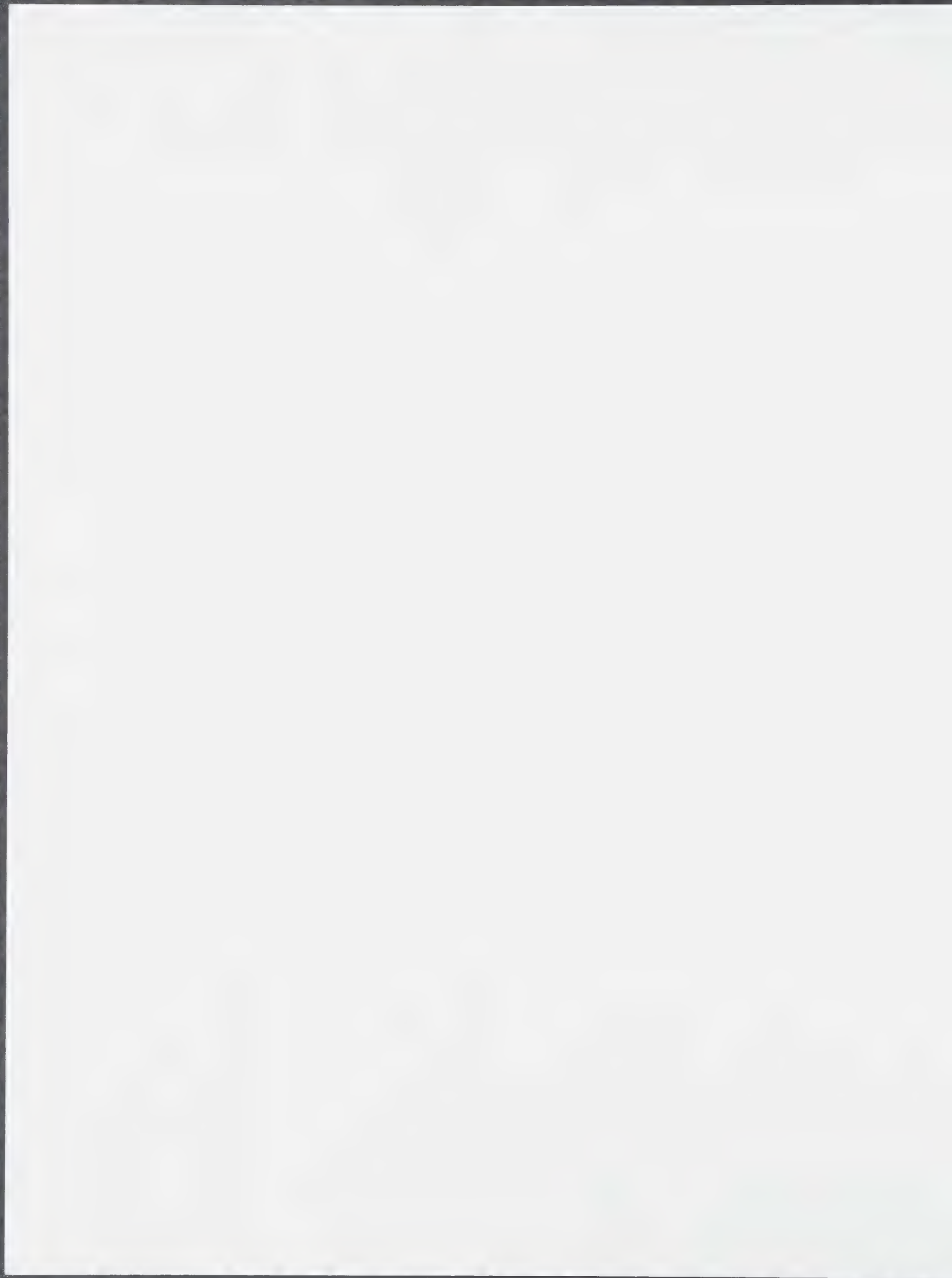
Capt. W. Sebag-Montefiore--dear Sir-

Owing to my absence abroad, the School will be closed from Nov.15 till Dec. During my absence, lessons will be conducted by my assistant, Miss Sarah Wolff. Miss Wolff has studied under such noted teachers as Mr. Martin Wolff, Rev. de la Perha and Professor Brodie Brockwell (of McGill) and I feel sure the Hebrew education will be safe in her hands.

Rest assured that while in Europe I shall take care to study the latest pedagogical methods in Hebrew instruction and my pupils (Daphne, Nancy, Bob Montefiore) will reap the benefit on my return.

Yours faithfully, Headmistress Wolff Hebrew School.

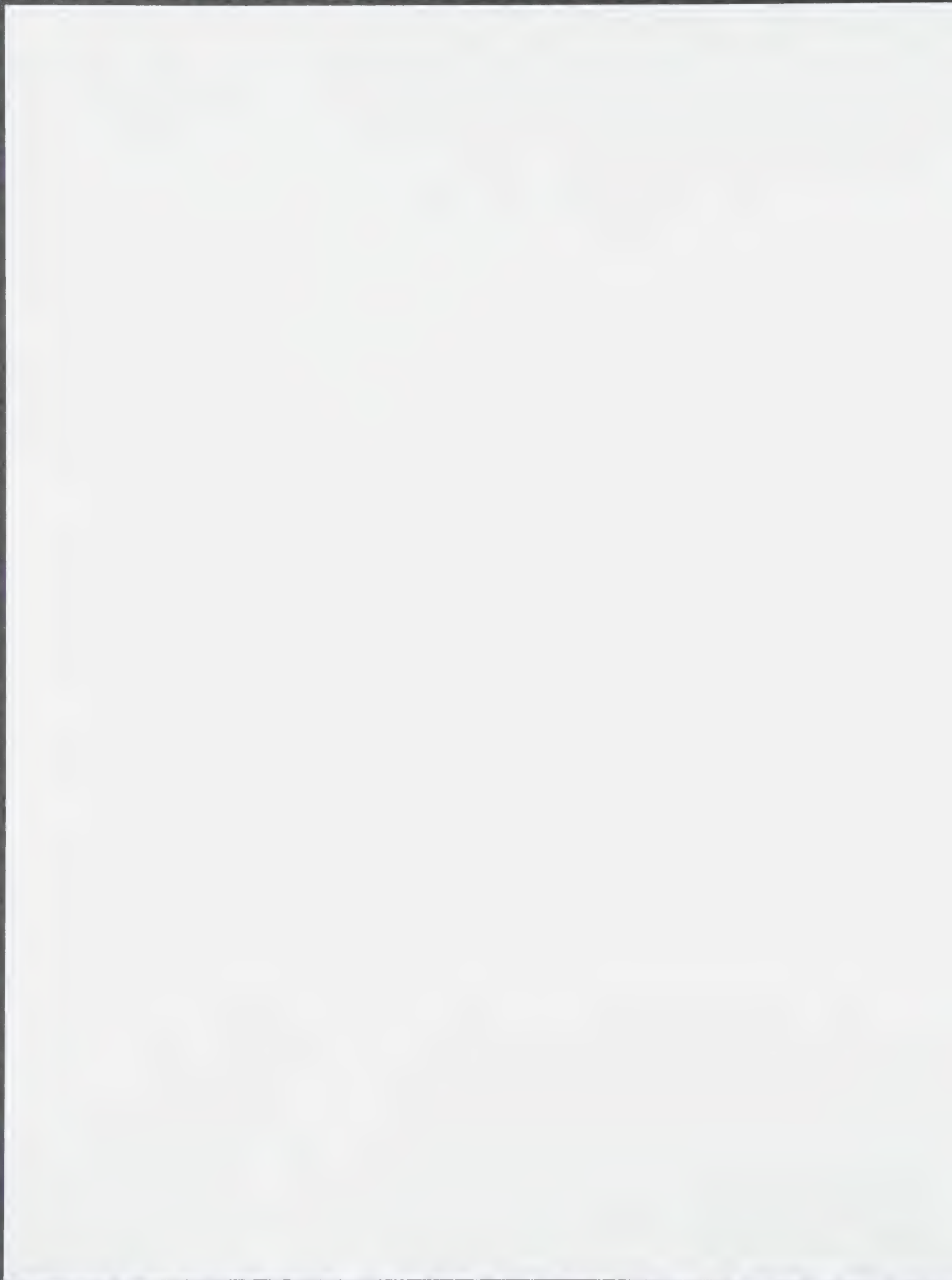
Along with her own literary efforts, Irene encouraged her husband when he was commissioned to write articles. One was for Arthur Hart's The Jew in Canada and the other was for the American Jewish Committee:



1800-2000 words on Settlement of Jews in Canada. [When a cheque of \$175.00 arrived for the latter work,] we are like a pair of school-children over it and so excited; to celebrate we went to "Saint Joan" playing at His Majesty's Theatre, in best orchestra seats!...

I cannot keep my Diary up to date because Dr. Ramesay wants me to use my eyes as little as possible or I shall lose sight in my right eye, it being highly myopic. Went to the Mtl. General Hospital as ordered by Dr. Percival who had consulted with Dr. Henry [general practitioner, family friend]. I have an abscess in the right womb, the result of broken-down tissue of an old scar. [This entry was dated 1936.]

A passing notation, without comment--"Edward VIII abdicated!"



Chapter VII

Closing Years

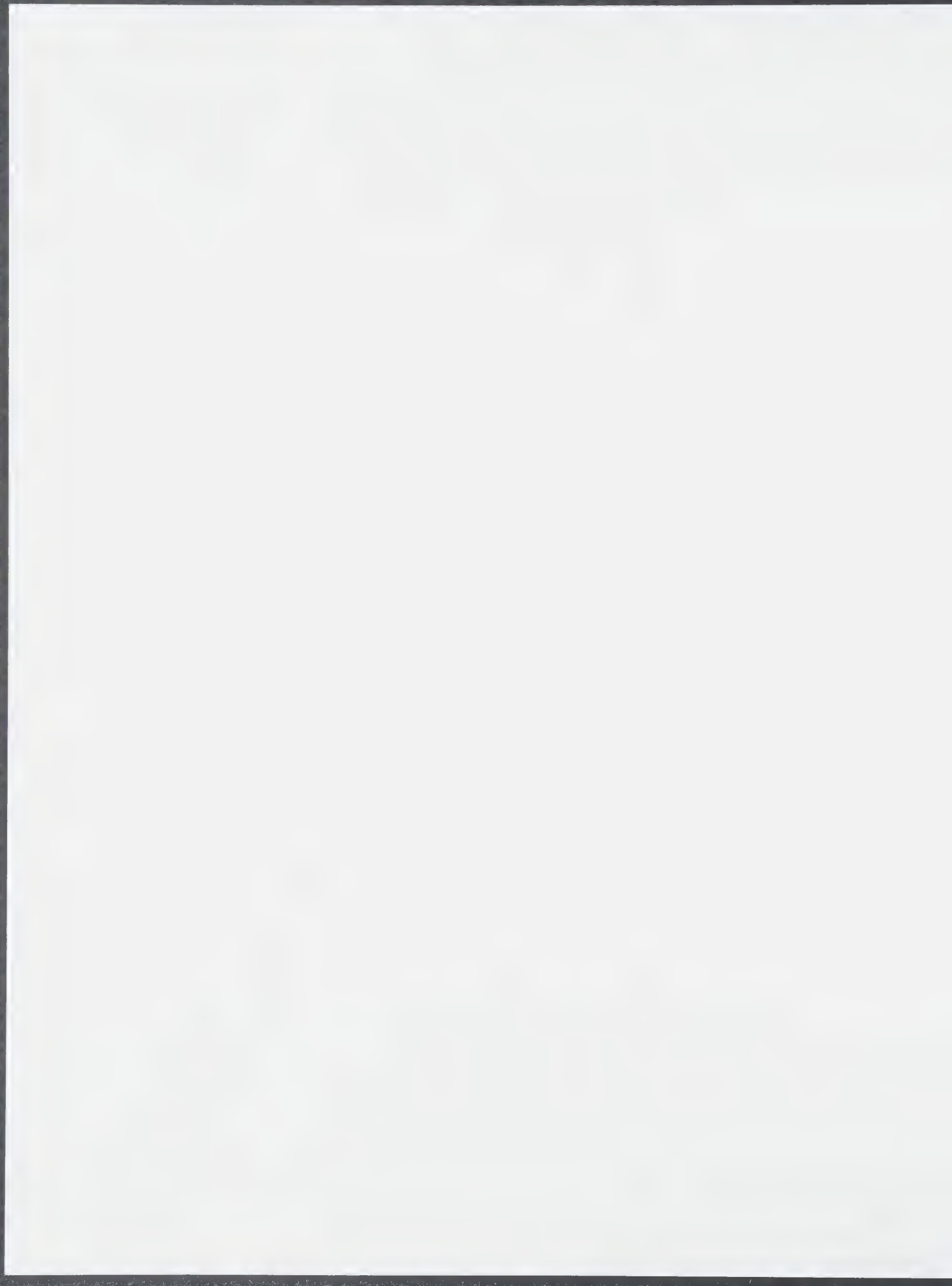
Meanwhile, her two eldest daughters were working in London; so Irene felt she wanted to spend some time with them, and find out how they were coping. Wistfully, she had written:

"May G-d in His goodness bless each loving girl
With a happy household of her own."

She and Martin sailed on the Cunard White Star liner "Ascania". Sarah was dietitian at St. George's Hospital and Annette worked for the foreign Telephone Exchange. They visited Martin's old school, Clifton College, Polak's House in Bristol; they saw Sarah through a major operation and recovery. Satisfied, though no marriages were in sight, the Parents returned home to find events rushing to a conclusion that no one could have foreseen.

First, the joys: Rosetta came home from Queen's University in Kingston, was out all evening till 6:30 a.m. on New Year's Eve 1939 and

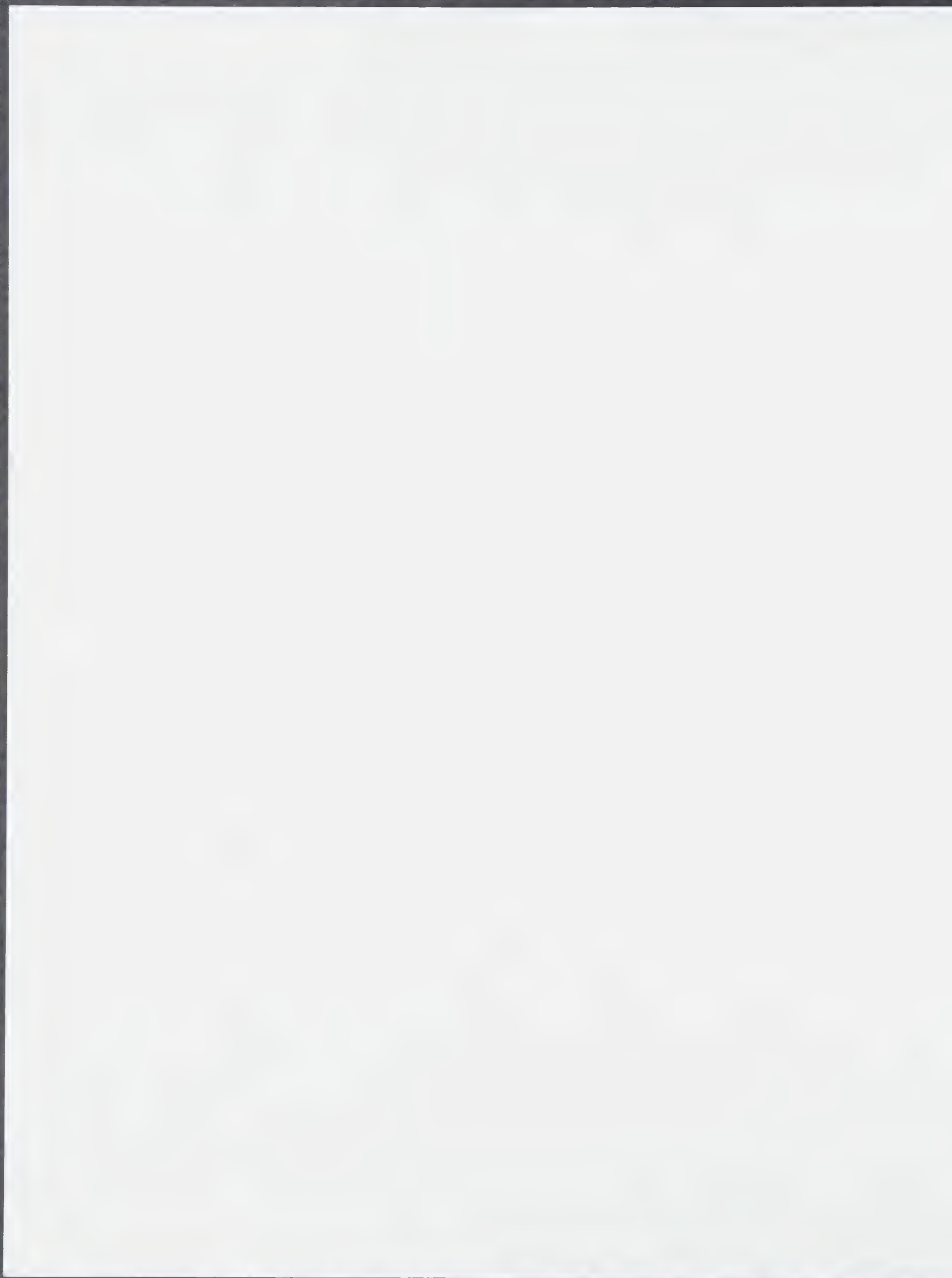
"when we were alone Rosetta told me Victor Elkin had proposed to her and they wanted to be married in the summer. I was not surprised; thought things were tending that way--and as we like Victor very much and think the two are very well suited, we can only give them our blessing and pray G-d to make them happy & grant them a happy, loving life together. They have known each other for 3 years, going out intermittently all that time. Both have known many other young people, so their decision is not an impetuous one and has every appearance of being on a firm foundation. [Two days later] Victor came to interview Martin & then we all had a happy hour with the beaming young couple.



Rosetta then returned to Kingston to complete her year at Queen's University.

Fanny, at that time, celebrated her 21st birthday; Irene wrote "and what a day it was! Eleven people for dinner drank her health in sherry and she responded nicely." Fanny, suffering from Hodgkin's Disease, was thin and looked unwell, so this was a great event for her, surrounded by much loving attention. We all knew she was suffering but though she weakened and became bedridden, sunshine always pervaded her room; she was full of fun and joked; Major Bowes' Hour on the radio amused her; her large brown eyes looked forth fearlessly, her blond hair was carefully brushed with her own needle-thin fingers. Each day brought nearer the closing of a sweet life's door. Fanny died in Jan. 1941. 1939 with World War II was a tumultuous year.

The Wolff family underwent highs and lows. The lows were Irene's worsening health and Fanny's terminal illness. The highs stemmed from Rosetta's marriage in June to Victor Elkin. This was the first marriage in a family of six daughters, so was cause for celebration. But Victor's Father had passed away the previous March, so it was a small wedding. Yet the ripples in the Jewish community were many, for Esther Elkin, Victor's Mother, was widely known and respected; everyone on both sides of the family were overjoyed with the match. Parties, presents, letters, cables came pouring in. The wedding party--the wedding dress, bridesmaids' outfits, cars to transport the family--all was organized in great detail by Irene and Martin. Rosetta wore her grandmother's wedding-dress, a lovely old satin, that had to be cleaned and fitted, so Mother-and-daughter made trips together to the dressmaker. They went trousseau-hunting together--happy moments for both, as Holt-Renfrew and Heaneys' saw them selecting dainty nightwear, hand-stitched underwear, bed and table linens and towels. Martin had designed a monogram which Rosetta satin-stitched on her towels and linens, and he also designed and had printed a book-plate for all their books.



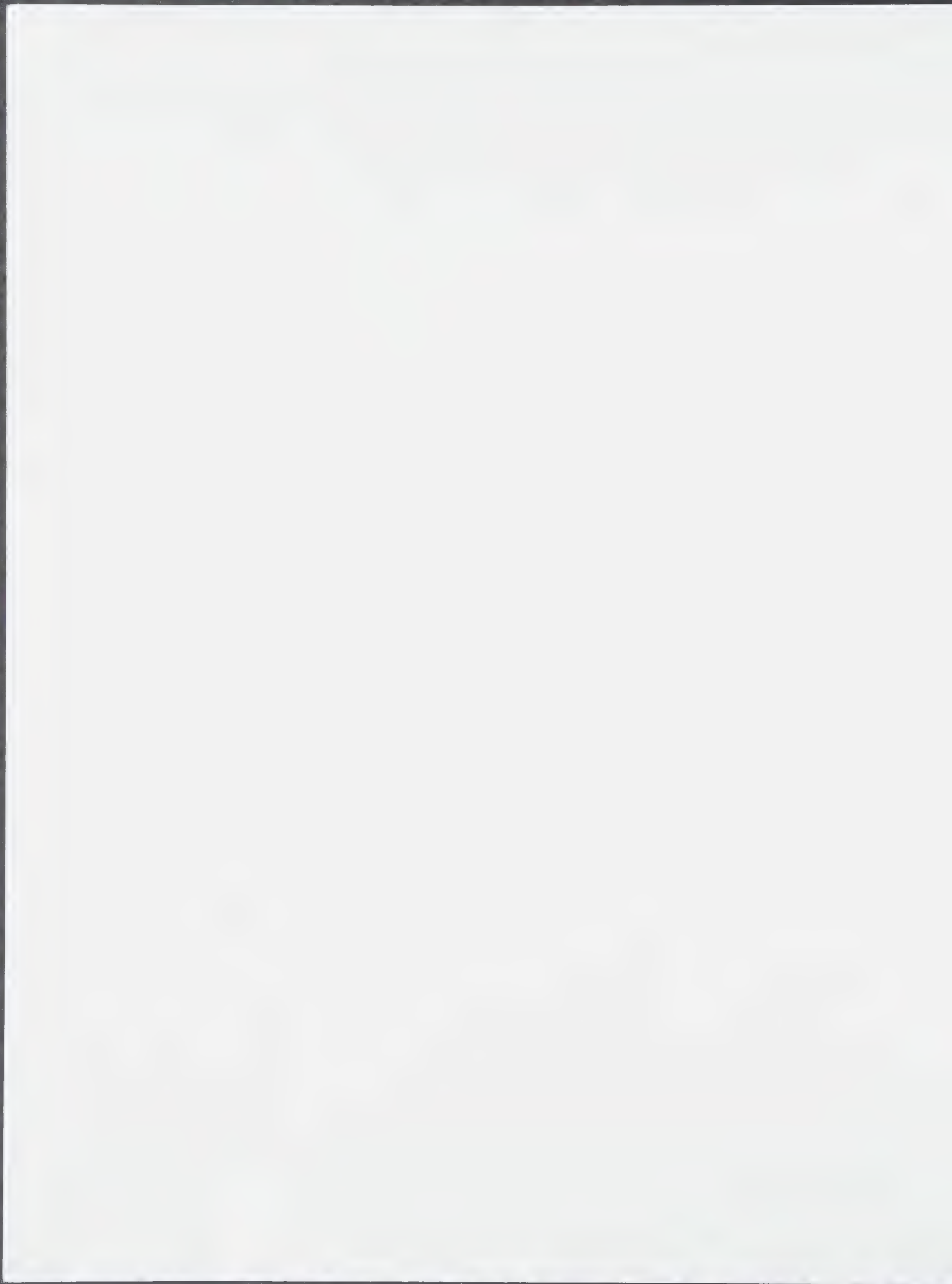
At the wedding, Irene--tall, straight--looked every inch the Mother of the Bride, in a long greyish-blue chiffon gown and wide-brimmed straw hat to match. Rachel, in powder-blue, was maid of honour and the bridesmaids were Esther Wolff and Sonia Elkin in pink. Brahm was his brother's best man. The ceremony was held at the Spanish & Portuguese synagogue on Stanley Street, Rabbi Charles Bender officiating assisted by Rabbi Abramowitz of Shaar Hashomayim. Violin selections were played by Rosetta's violin teacher, Florence Hood. Following the ceremony at 2:30 p.m., a reception was held at Argyle Avenue, mostly in the garden under the two apple-trees, it being a warm, sunny day. For their honeymoon, the young couple went to England, returning home just before war broke out. Little did they realize that the scene had darkened under the shadow of Hitler. Sarah and Annette remained in London, even during the war. Sarah wrote to her Parents:

"I spent yesterday making black curtains and our emergency stores have been gradually accumulating (at the hospital)--we are realizing what it must have meant in the years 1914-18 when the men in the trenches waited for the zero hour. They knew bombardment was bound to come; we don't...The strain of keeping calm is certainly telling on many people's nerves... stretchers for evacuation are in the Board room & black curtains are hanging at all windows...Outside the presence of uniforms--army, RAF, AFS most noticeable. Museums & art galleries all closed & removal of their treasures to points of safety. Traffic lights show only through narrow cross-shaped slits. 30

Annette, with the British Civil Service in the International Telephone Exchange said "much of the work is in French...There are sandbags all over town; offices removed out of town, windows boarded up--yet all an amazing calmness." 34

Irene kept up her spirits regardless of constantly feeling tired and often leaving her bedroom only when she dressed and went down for dinner.

So we reach the final entry in this truly remarkable saga. One can almost feel the exertions she made to continue her life work regardless of pain and illness, and though sparse were the final recordings the diary



carried bravely on to the end of her capacity. Its final words, true to character, say "December 6, 1939 at Red Cross House for a meeting of our Committee, discussing collecting tubes!" Way ahead of her times!

Irene's internal problems increasing, she was removed to hospital but it was too late to operate, so she returned home to spend her last months attended faithfully by a nurse and an ever-loving, devoted husband. A little respite was soon followed by another relapse. Only the joyous event of the birth of the first grandchild--JayJay Elkin born June 3, 1940--brought a smile to her face. When baby was laid in her arms and tried to suck, Irene's contentment shone--it is one of the last pleasures she was to enjoy. Martin was ever close at her bedside and we felt and can still feel the heartbreak this was for him: they had been lovers all their married life and now his partner was leaving him. She passed away on August 20, 1940.

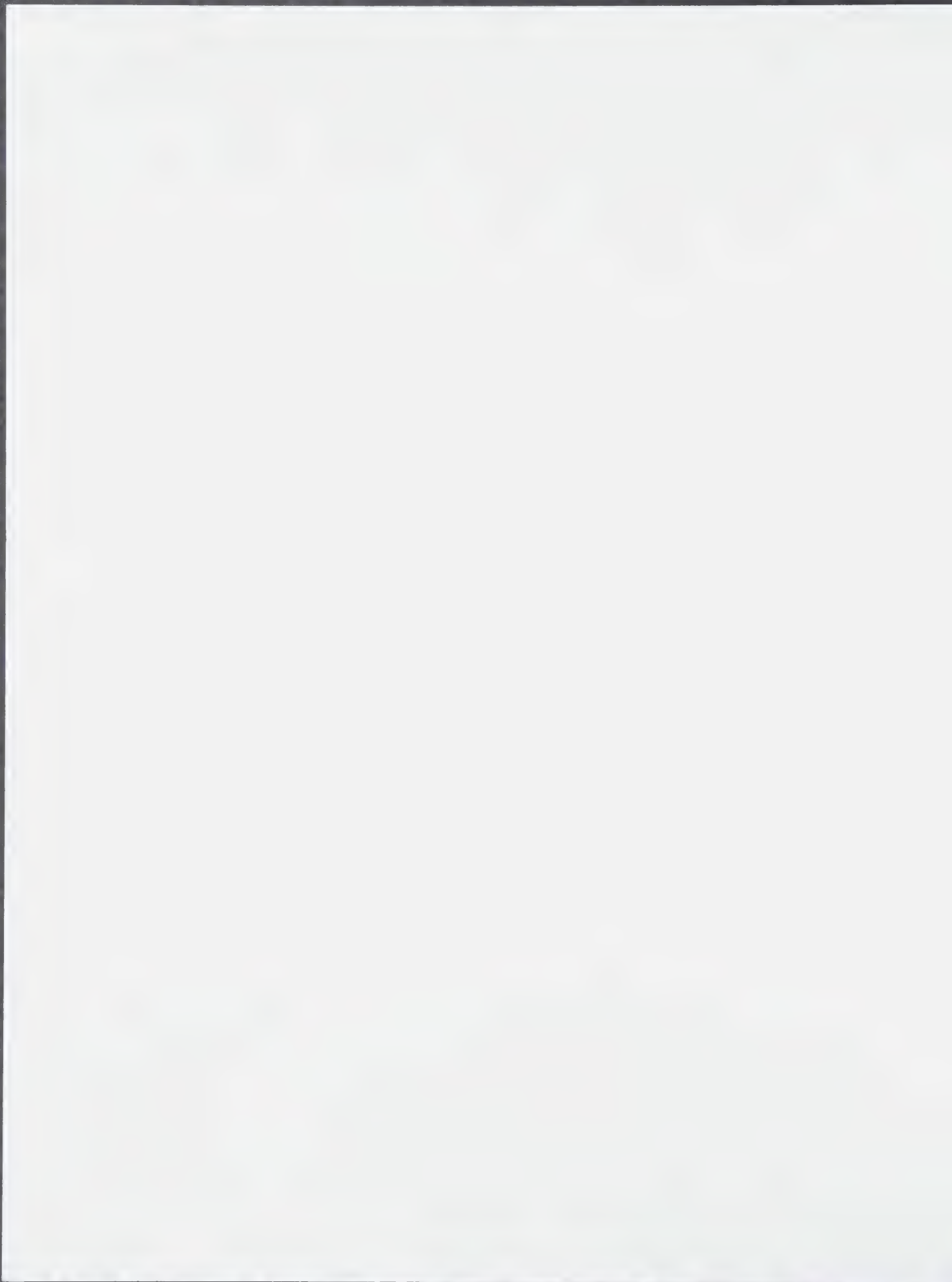
Rabbi Charles Bender officiated at the funeral. His eulogy best summarizes this remarkable woman's life:--
Conclusion

Tuesday, Aug. 20, 1940

The passing of a beloved one is primarily the grief of the immediate family, but seldom has such wide-spread sorrow been manifested as in the death of Irene Wolff, and with good reason. The story is told in the Talmud of a great sage whose death occasioned such grief, that legend went on to say that even the pillars on which the institutions of Caesarea rested shed tears on the day of his demise. His whole life had been so devoted to the welfare of the community, that the pillars on which rested the institutions for which he toiled, gave evidence of their grief.

In a similar sense we might apply this legend to the sorrow which now surrounds us, because the capacity to serve her people was absolutely unbounded. Religion, charity, country and humanitarianism were all of major concern to her, so that we may say she was the apotheosis of what the Bible describes as "Eshet Hayil" a virtuous, pleasant and honourable woman.

It would be hard to extract any one attribute of her character for she was a rare combination of all that is best in Judaism and an extraordinary spiritual richness, her devoutness reaching a standard of piety and religious depth. Some people, alas, use their religion as a cloak, but to her it was an armour. Some use religion as a garment that is taken out on weekends only, but to Irene Wolff religion was an inspiration every moment of her life. Her synagogue was an auxiliary home, and Jewish devoutness governed every action of her life. Indeed she was a living rebuke to those who try to make Judaism



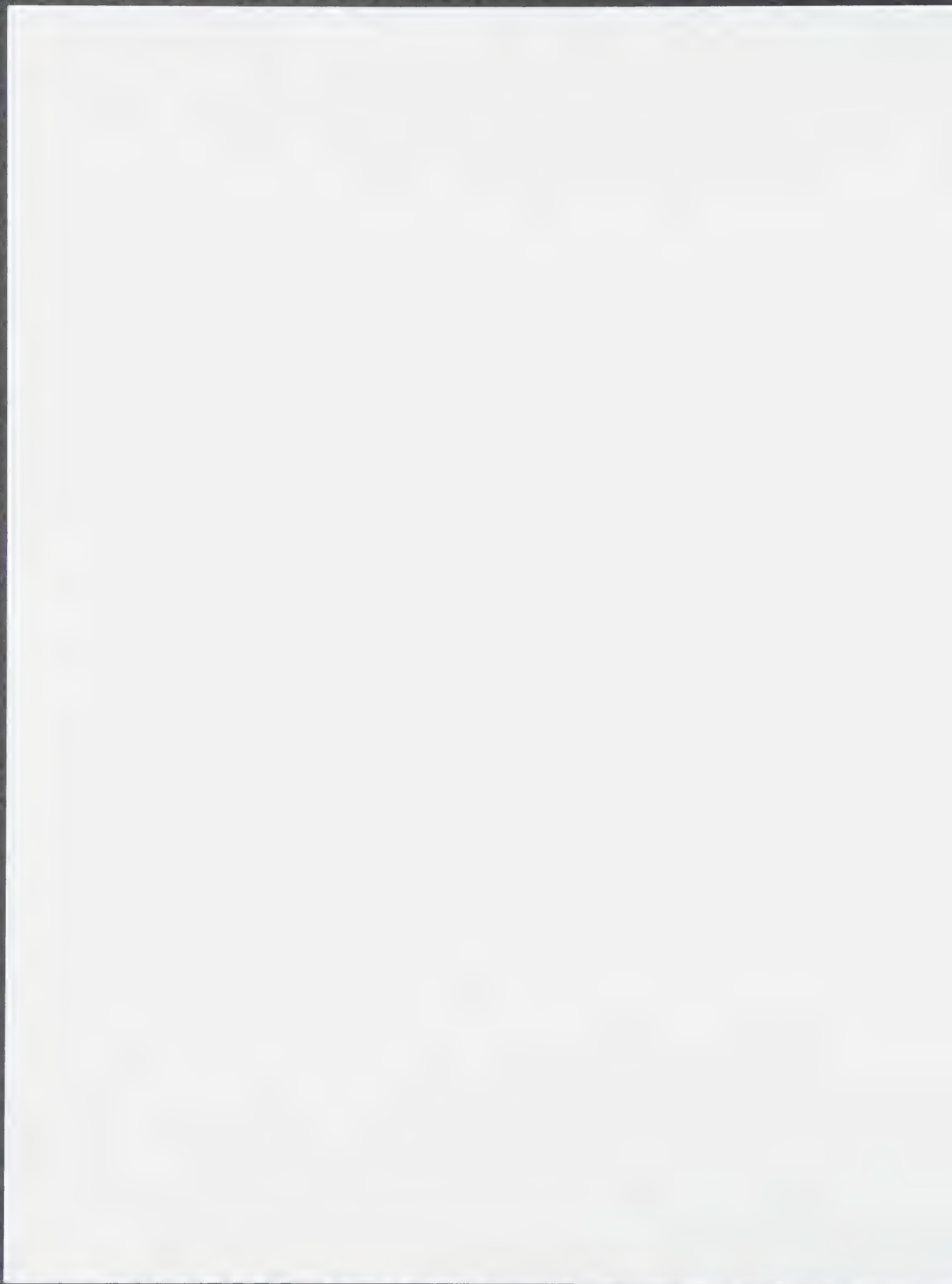
and everyday life incompatible. Her wonderful combination of both attributes was an admonition to all who sought to separate the two, and nobody was esteemed by the non-Jew more than she was.

The same zeal that characterized her spiritual life was also given to various causes. Every effort on behalf of her country was carried out with dignity and efficiency, while countless organizations in the community listened with respect to her counsel. Quietly, unostentatiously, but sincerely and devoutly she gave of herself to every meritorious undertaking. Gifted by mouth as well as by pen, she laboured for the good of her people and her land.

Above all, one could never forget the beautiful family life of this household. It was almost an idyll, so harmonious and touching was the devotion extended to one another, so great was the influence of her personality. I never knew her to utter a harsh expression, or to offer a word of criticism. If criticism was in place, she was silent, while in praise she was lavish and prodigal. Her charm, her intelligence, her refinement and her dignity will leave an indelible impression on a wide circle of people in this community.

Yet are we sure we do right in grieving unduly. True, we cannot forget the blow that has fallen, nor can we cease grieving at the loss of a personal treasure, but why not be thankful to God even for the loan of that which is this, seeing that we are merely transients on this earth. An ancient philosopher once said "life is like a story; what makes it of value is its beauty and not its length". If this is so, then Irene Wolff has indeed written one of most loveable stories by her life.

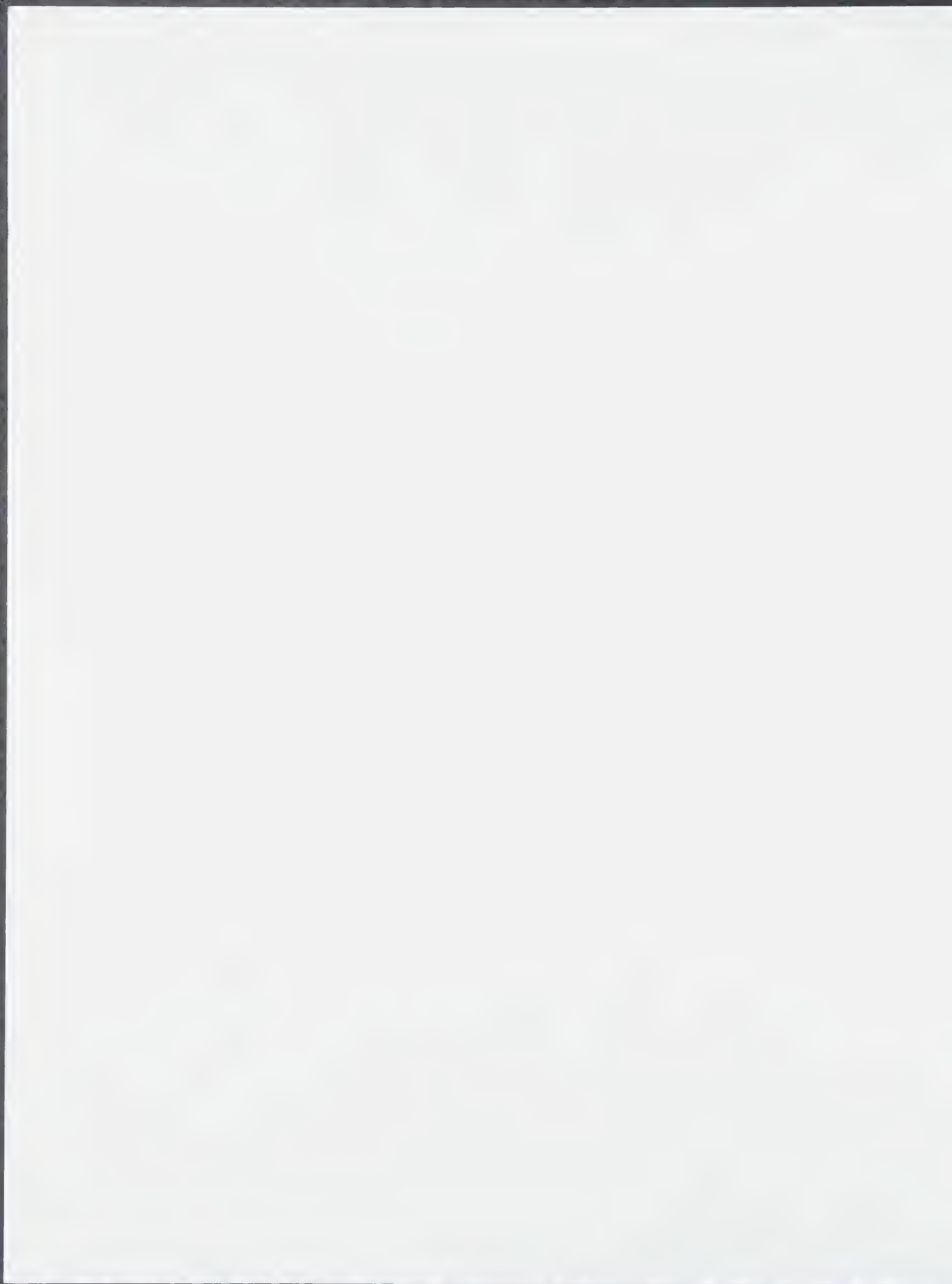
In the last analysis, we must remember that there are some people who actually never die. Only that which is mortal vanishes but the personality remains. Such a one was Irene Wolff. Let us then rather harness the beautiful memories we have of our associations with her and of the unbounded good she wrought and let us remember the words of the sages when they said: "Man should give thanks unto G-d for the sad visitations he sends upon us, as well as for the good things he doth bestow upon us."



Epilogue

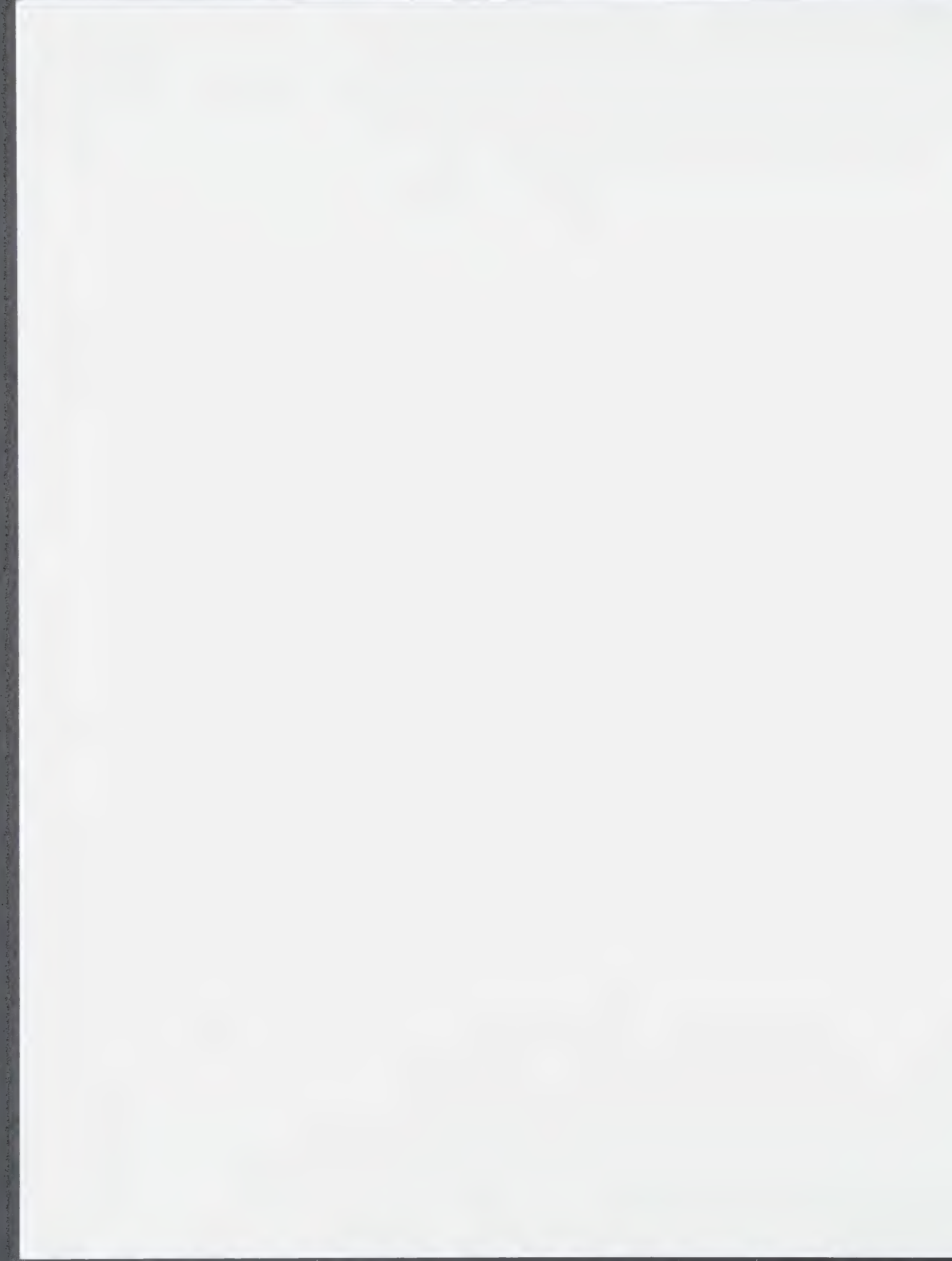
As a daughter, I add my personal feelings for Mother to this public acknowledgement of her greatness. It was her link with her heavenly Father which reflected itself in her pattern of daily life, even in the bosom of the family where outer appearances mattered not at all. We all learned, as by osmosis, the great honour it is to be a Jew, an honour coupled with responsibility and even a sense of mission: that we must carry the torch of Judaism on through the ages. Coupled with that, as a true leader, Mother taught us by her own example that the wider world also required our participation as Jews, giving of our best for the general benefit of mankind. It was a disciplined yet happy household where Mother was quietly leading us all, always with Daddy at her side. She left us a legacy whose message must surely have come through in the text of this volume. This was, for me, entirely a labour of love, executed with the wish that its messages may reach the hearts and minds of generations born from my Mother.

Rosetta Maud Wolff Elkin

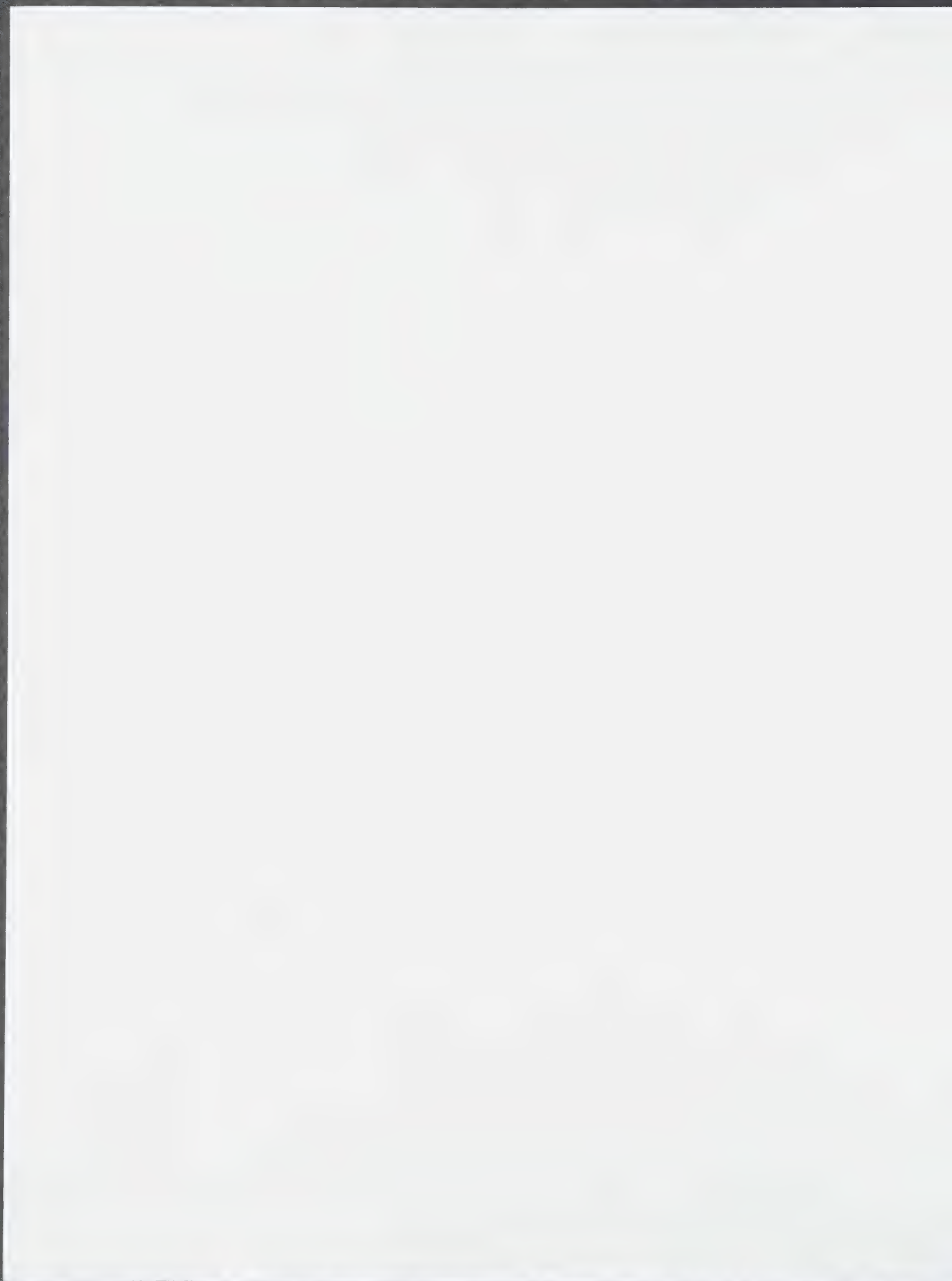


Endnotes

- 1 All the entries from Irene Joseph Wolff's diary are taken from the original manuscript in my possession.
- 2 Kasio Ishiguro. The Remains of the Day, ().
- 3 F.G. Sack. History of the Jews in Canada, (1945). Page 79.
- 4 Shechita means "animal slaughter".
- 5 Encyclopaedia of Canadian Biography, ed. George MacLean Rose, (1888), p.274. Also in this volume, pp. 97-100, Abraham de Sola, "Representative Canadians."
- 6 Danielle Blanchet. Decouvrir La Grande Allée, 1984, pp 50, 160. ¹⁶⁰ Durant près d'un siècle, l'histoire de "Kingardine Place" est étroitement liée à celle de la famille d'Abraham Joseph, marchand prospère qui vint s'établir à Québec en 1832. (my translation). Original text: p.160 A. Joseph a fait appel à Joseph Ferdinand Peachy pour la conception d'une terrasse comprenant trois maisons. Érigées en 1882...d'inspiration classique.
- 7 "Le digne fils d'un digne père," La Semaine Commerciale Québec, Vendredi, 2 Novembre 1900.
- 8 F.C. Woodley, The House of Joseph in the Life of Quebec, (1946).
- 9 "Tobacco and General Commission Agents," Woodley, p. 51.
- 10 Taken from Michael Pinto-Duschinsky's papers, ^{that had been} in the possession of Brenda Pinto.
- 11 WS was Willoughby Stavely
- 12 South African War. Mafeking Brian Gardner, 1966. The Boer Republics in South Africa were in confrontation with the British, leading to what became known as the South African or Boer War 1899-1902. The relief of the besieged frontier town Mafeking by Lord (Colonel) Baden-Powell made him a national hero. His techniques of warfare, using scouting patrols, led to the Boy Scout and later the Girl Guide Movements.
- 13 Monsieur Flordin, "the Prince of Manila," described in Lena Newman's A Historical Almanac of Canada, under "June".
- 14 Crescent Street - still standing today as a Bar.
- 15 Ref: "The Square Mile" ^{D.} McKay, p.176. See also Collard
- 16 Cecil Hart of hockey fame later presented the Hart trophy; he was a bachelor.

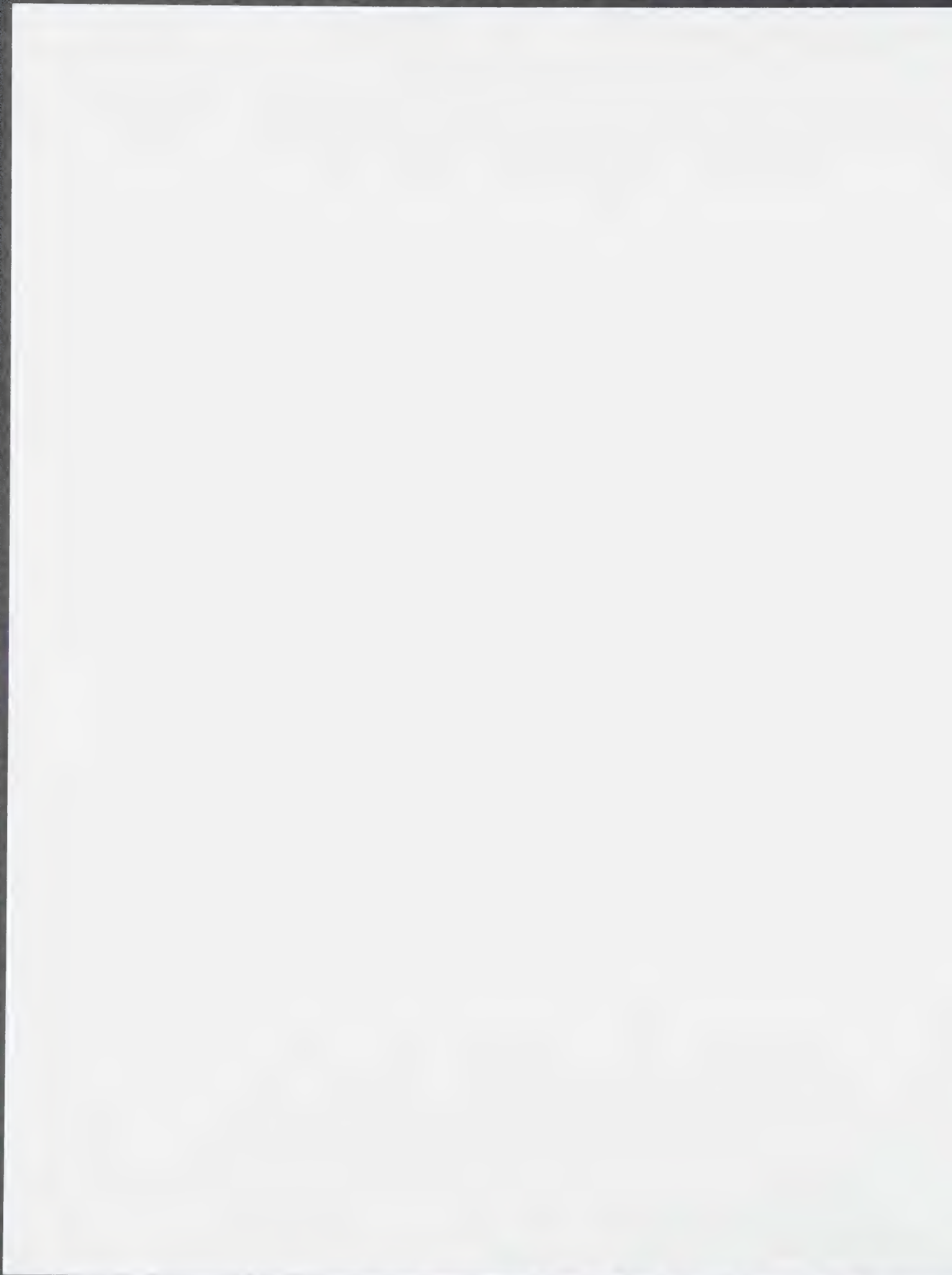


- 17 See Family Tree, Appendix A.
- 18 1787-1987, A Puff of Smoke, by Iain Scarlett, p. 21
- 19 All Our Yesterdays, p. E.A. Collard
- 20 From family letters in my possession.
- 21 I believe that they are no longer cloistered.
- 22 Official titles of the Emperor of Japan, commonly used at that time.
- 23 Description details taken from a Booklet.
- 24 This and the following four excerpts are taken from family letters in my possession.
- 25 Ibid.
- 26 Ibid.
- 27 Ibid.
- 28 Ibid.
- 29 The Illustrated History of Canada, eds. Craig Brown and Peter Waite, p. 288.
- 30 Family Letters (see note 24, above).
- 31 Bruce Hutchinson, Mr. Prime Minister: 1867-1964, pp. 129-137.
- 32 See text of this speech in Appendix B.
- 33 Family letters in my possession.
- 34 Ibid.

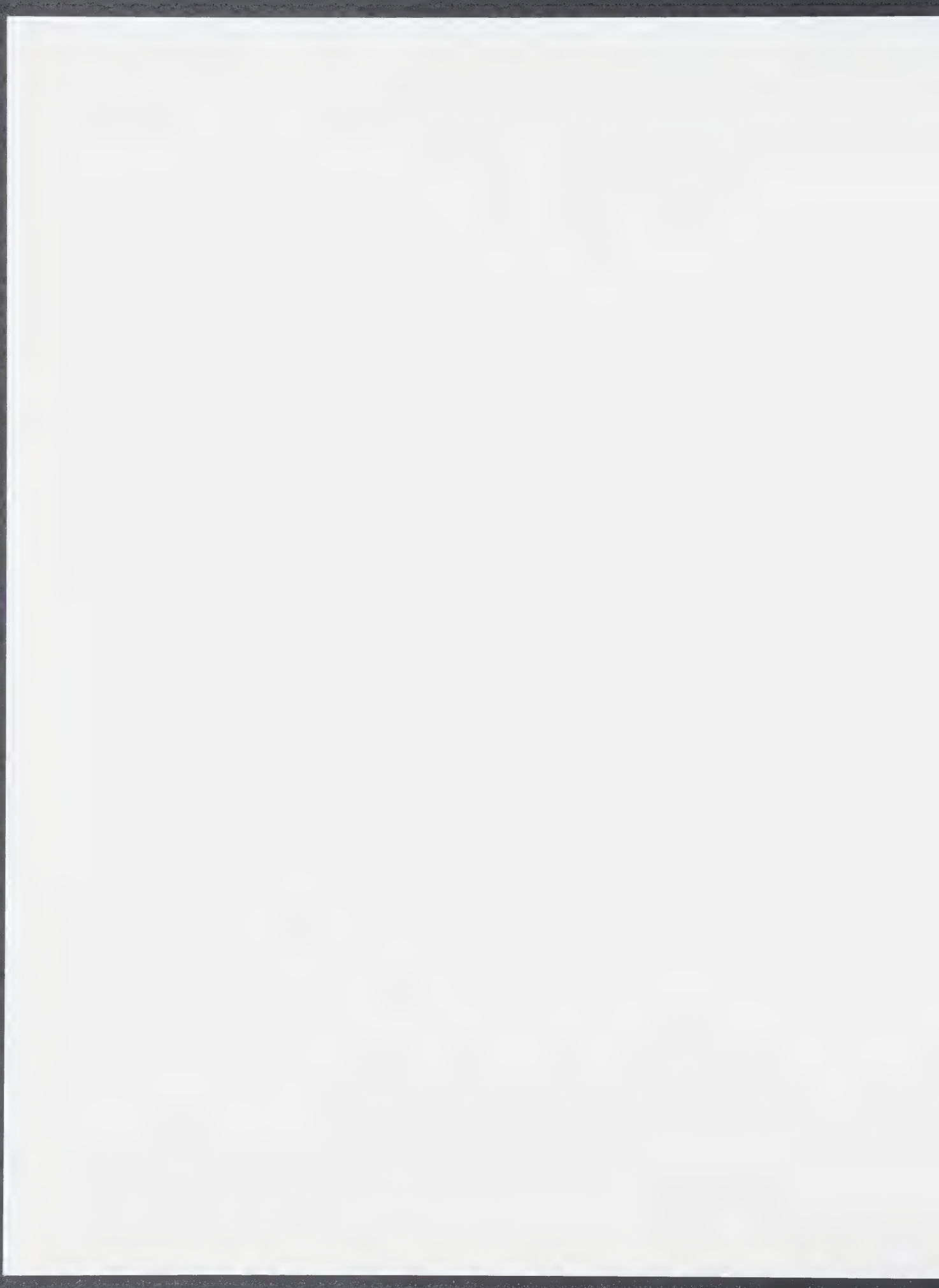


B I B L I O G R A P H Y

- (1) Blanchet, Danielle. Découvrir la Grande Allée, 1984.
- (2) Fds. Brown, Craig and Waite, Peter. The Illustrated History of Canada, ().
- (3) Collard, Edgar Andrew. All Our Yesterdays, ().
- (4) Hutchinson, Bruce. Mr. Prime Minister: 1867-1964, ().
- (5) Ishiguro, Kasio. The Remains of the Day, ().
- (6) ~~Mackay~~^W, Donald, The Square Mile. (1987).
- (7) Neumar, Lena. A Historical Almanac of Canada, (1967).
- (8) Fichler, Mordecai. Solomon Gursky, ().
- (9) Rose, George MacLean, ed. Encyclopaedia of Canadian Biography, 1888.
- (10) Sack, P.G. History of the Jews in Canada, 1945.
- (11) Wolff, Irene P. Poems, ().
- (12) Woodley, F.C. The House of Joseph in the Life of Quebec, 1946.
- (13) Iain Scarlet A Puff of Smoke, (1787-1987). Pub. by Robt Lewis Ltd. London, ENG.
- (14) Quebec's 1908 Pageantry, ().
- (15) Brian Gardner Mafeking 1966

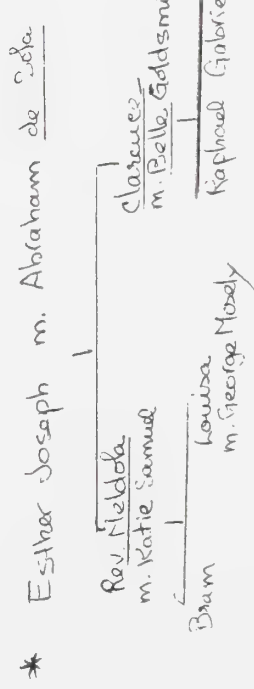
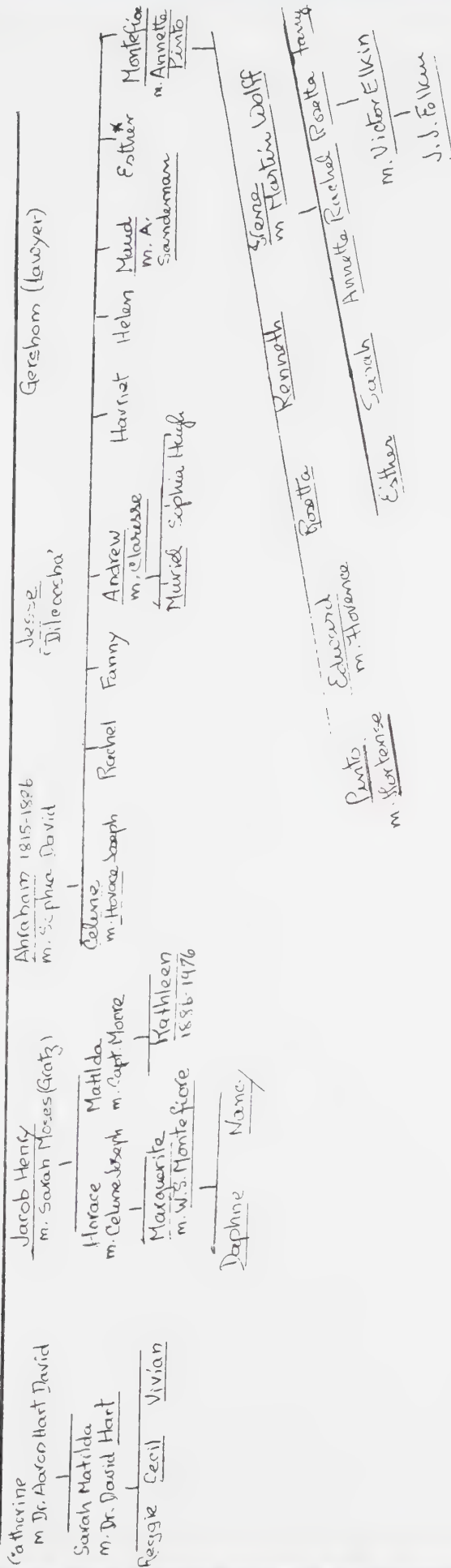


Appendix A
Family Tree

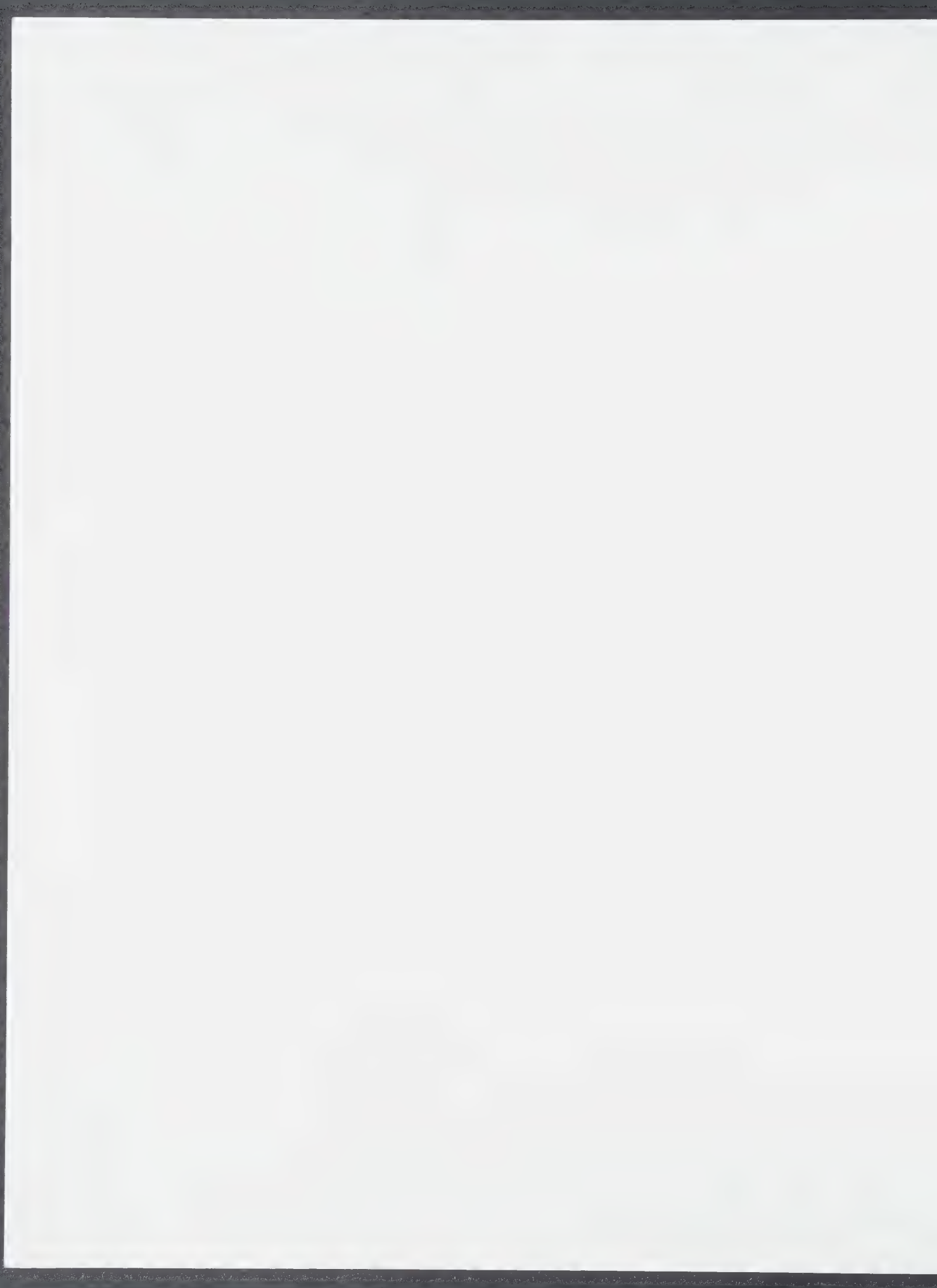


HENRY JOSEPH m. RACHEL SOLOMON(S) - 12 children

d. 1832



[Underlined names are mentioned in the Diaries]



Hayim Pinto (The Lion of Nogador)

Abraham Pinto m. Esther Brandon

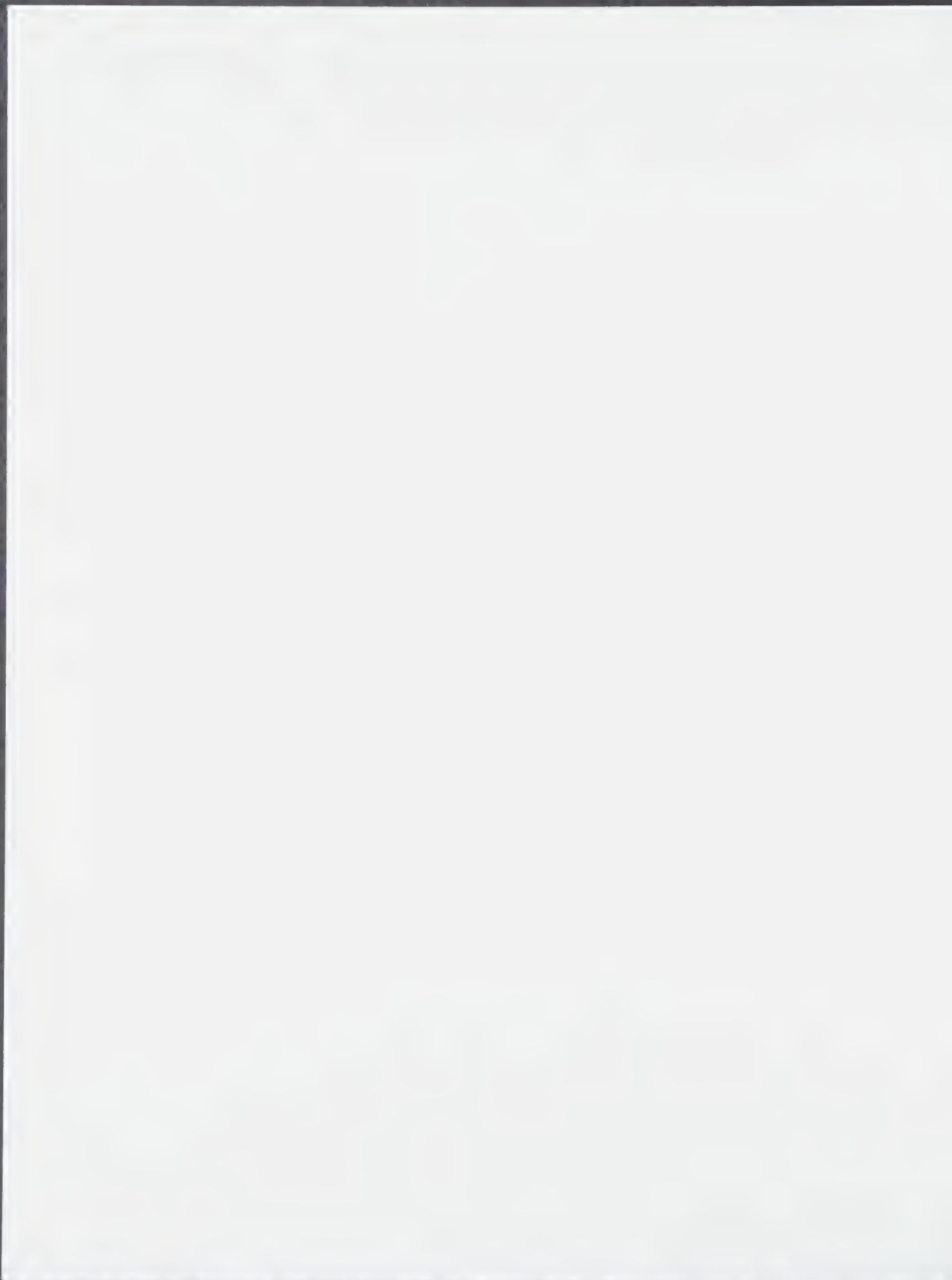
Henry b. 1815 m. Rosetta de Sola 1848
(her brother = Sam de Sola)

Esther Rica Annette 1856-1921 m. Montefiore Joseph Abraham Edward Bertie b. 1859 m. Harriet Joseph John Jose 1860-1940 Alice

Pinto m. Hortense Gene m. Martin Wolff Edward m. Florence Rosetta Kenneth m. Pauline

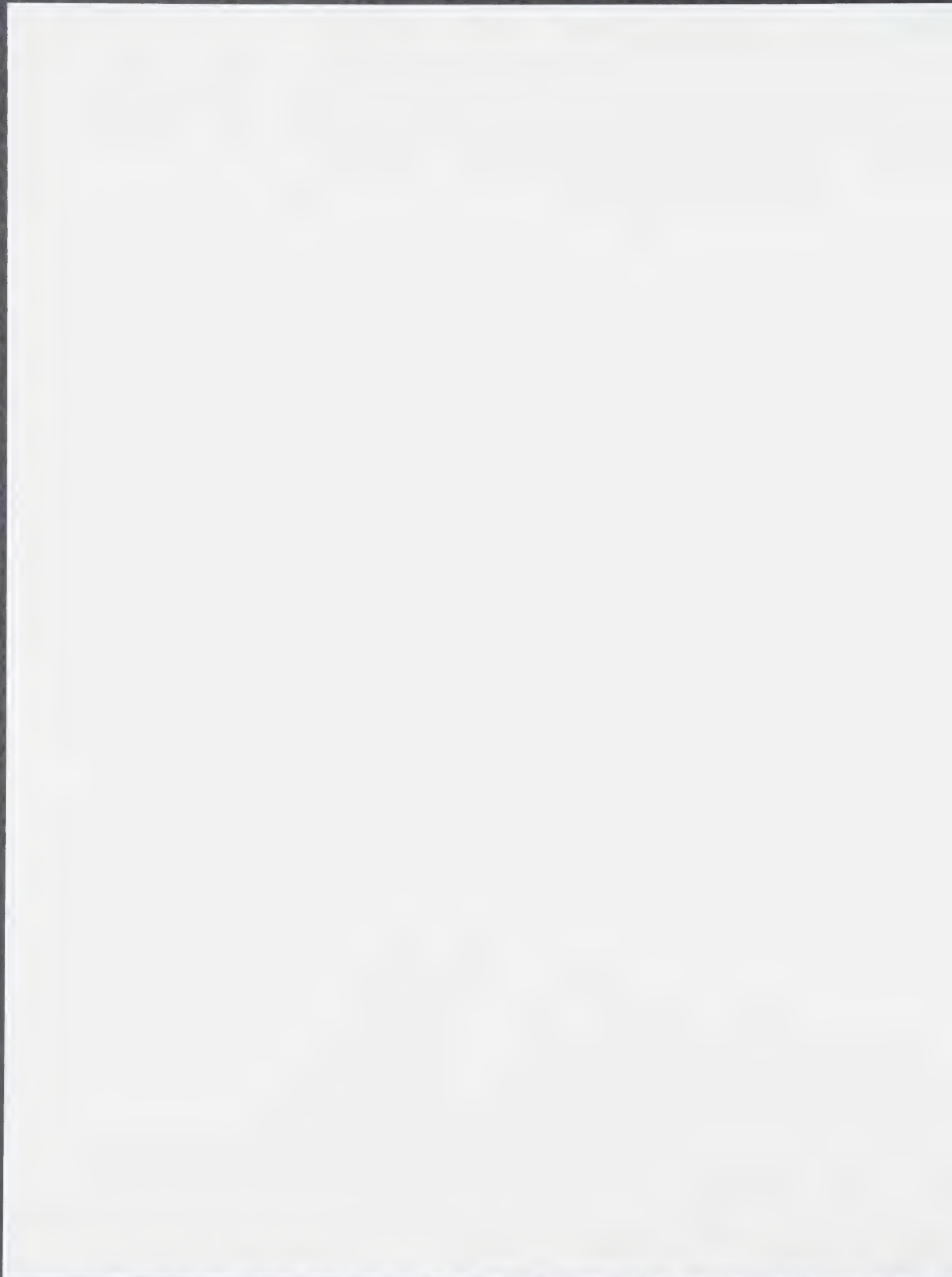
Sarah Annette Rachel Rosetta Fanny Esther
m. F.Y. Elkus

I.S. m. Barbara L. Gene m. Stephen L. Douglas m. Queen Brah m. Marilyn F



Appendix B

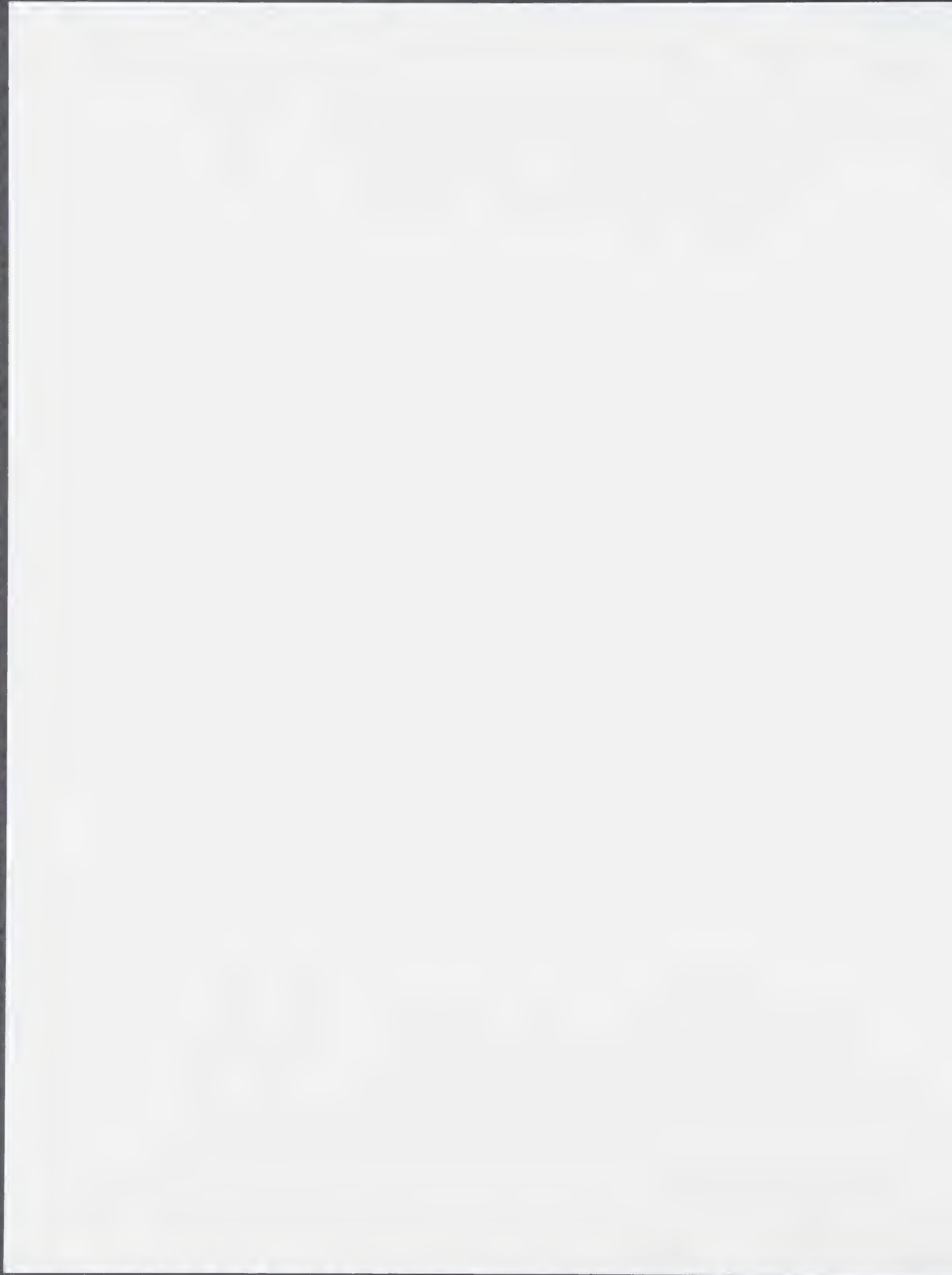
Speech: Women through the Ages



Women through the Ages

I wonder how many of you have ever paused to think when reading the Bible that the first recorded deed, the first voluntary act on the part of a human being was that of a woman. When Eve tasted the forbidden fruit she did a very definite deed, one which influenced the destiny of all human kind. There are many divergent views upon our first Mother; by some she is stigmatized as the originator of original sin, and they think no more about her; others deal more kindly and perhaps more thoughtfully with her character, picturing her as the embodiment of innocence, not realizing the meaning of disobedience until she had committed her disobedient act. However this may be, I want you to realize that from the earliest Bible times woman was shown to be man's equal, else Eve never would have played her important part. Rebecca again arranged the succession of events when she persuaded Jacob to usurp the blessing which belonged to the eldest son, and thus to become the head of his family. Miriam led the women in song at the crossing of the Red Sea, and later the whole nation waited seven days for her when she was afflicted with leprosy. Deborah, who calls herself a "Mother in Israel" and who led the army in battle against the Canaanites when Barak refused to act without her assistance, stands out as a striking example of the capacity of a Hebrew woman to take her part in public affairs. The Canaanite leader, Sisera, was slain in his sleep by another woman, Jael. The story of these events is beautifully told in the song of Deborah, which we read in the Haphtora last Sabbath, and which is one of the finest of Hebrew poems, whether read in the original or in the English translation. What can be more impressive than the vivid description contained in the following:

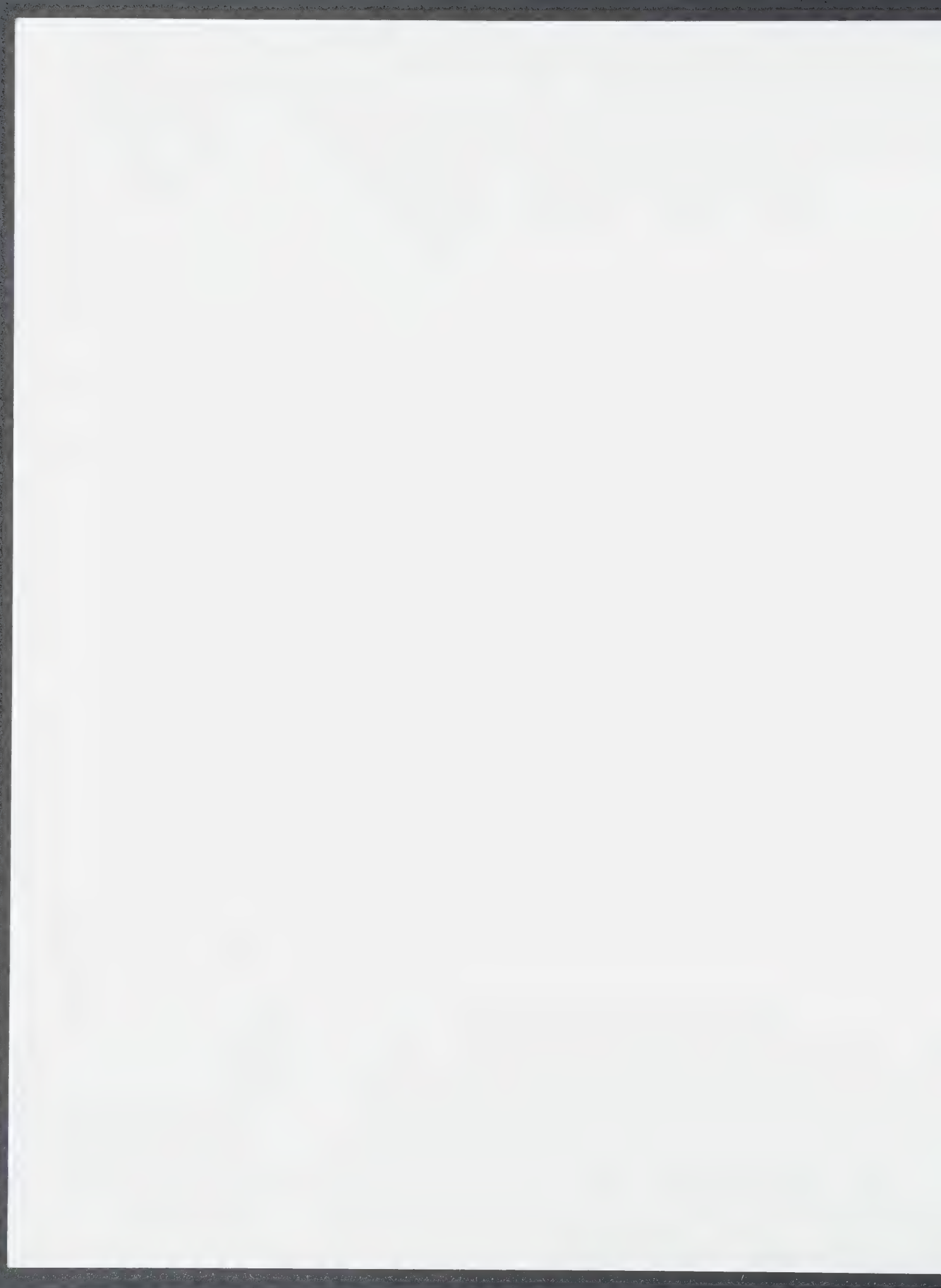
Lord, at thy going forth out of Seir, at thy marching along out of the field of Edom, the earth trembled, also the heavens dropped, also the clouds dropped water.
The mountains melted away because of the presence of the Lord,
yonder Sinai, because of the presence of the Lord, the God of Israel.



*In the days of Shamgar the son of Amath, in the days of Jael,
the highways were unoccupied, and those who travelled on roads
walked through crooked by-paths.*

*Desolate were the open towns in Israel, they were desolate, until
that I arose, Deborah, that I arose a Mother in Israel.*

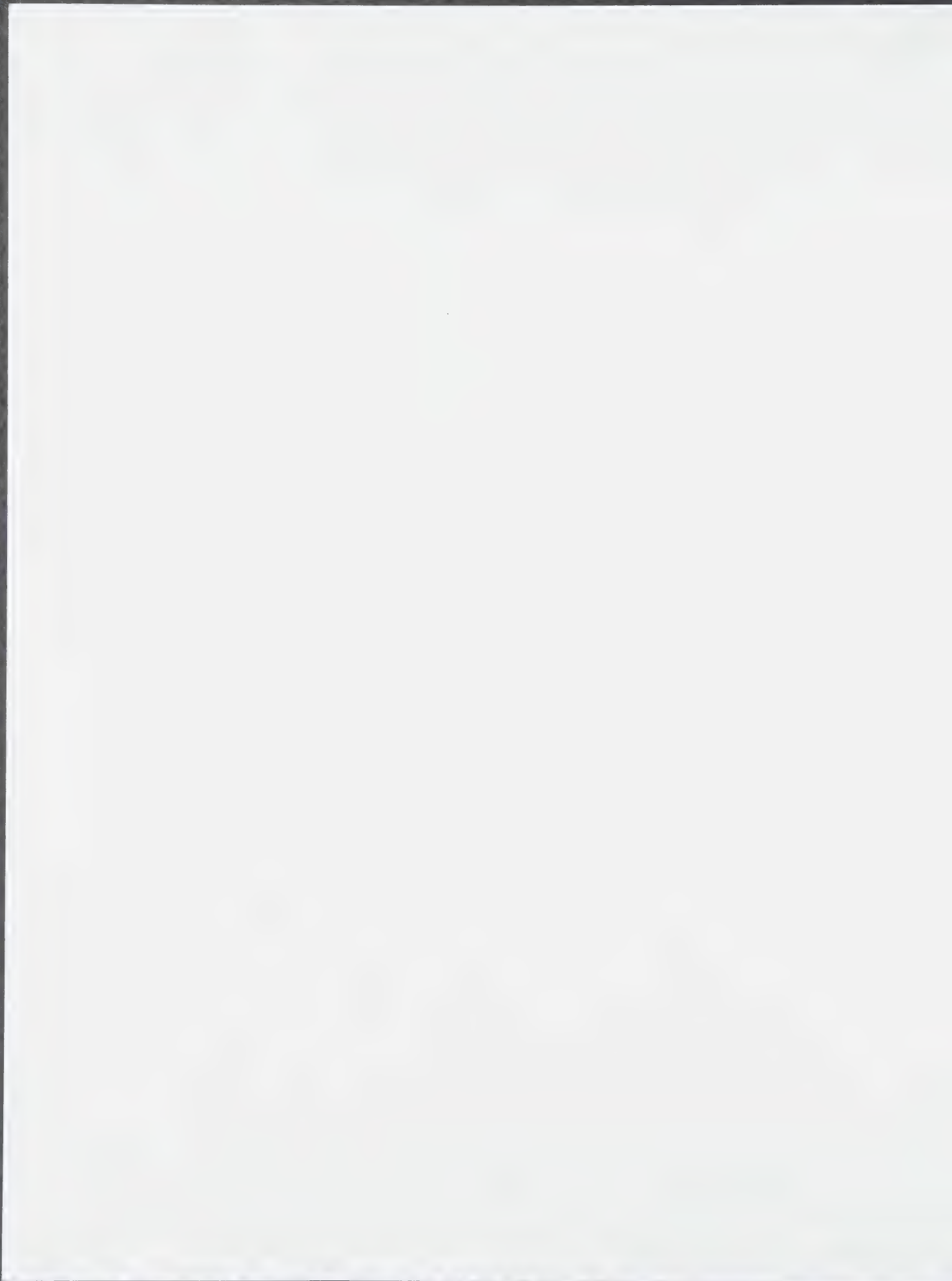
*Esther, a modest Jewish maiden elevated to the highest place in the court
of Persia, who never forgot her Jewishness, and who allowed her love for her
people to overcome even her fear of death, is the central figure in one of the
most beautiful stories ever written. Thus it can be shown by numerous
examples the place of respect and honour which the women of Israel held; and
the laws relating to them all through the Mosaic code are beneficent and
humane. The fifth commandment says "Honour thy Father and thy Mother", in
Leviticus we find "Everyone shall fear his Mother and his Father",
neither was to be given precedence over the other. The Talmud has a high
regard for the virtues and accomplishments of women and devotes a great
deal of space to ordinances concerning them. We find such maxim as "Woman
has been endowed by the Creator with greater intelligence than man", "Let
a man be careful to honour his wife for to her he owes the blessings of
his house", "If thy wife is small bend down to her to take council from her",
"Women are exempt from the fulfillment of all precepts which are restricted
to a certain time". This is based on the principle of regard for women and
their home duties, and not through any sense of their inferiority. The moral
and intellectual training of the children, as well as the responsibility of
having the food prepared according to the dietary laws are reasons why Jewish
women are exempt from various religious duties incumbent on the other sex.
A powerful proof of the perfect equality of women in Israel is the important
fact that more than one sovereign left his kingdom to his wife. An
outstanding example is that of Alexandra, who ruled after the death of her
husband, Alexander Jannaeus, ruled wisely and well during the troublous times
of the Second Temple. Alexander died during the siege of Ragabah, but
Alexandra concealed the fact and cheered on the army to victory; and it was*



only when they reached Jerusalem that she revealed that there was a woman at the head of affairs. She not only lead the army at that time, but succeeded by her wise rule in bringing the warring factions of the nations under control.

The story of Helena, queen of Adiabene, is an extraordinary one. She became a convert to Judaism, and by a strange coincidence her son Izates, afterwards king, who was at the time being educated in a kingdom on the Persian Gulf, also embraced Judaism, each without the knowledge of the other. Both of these were zealous converts, and Helena by her charity and gentle conduct proved that she had been imbued with the true ideals of Jewish woman. She made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and finding a famine there sent to her own country for corn and other products, with which she greatly relieved the prevailing distress. At her death her remains were carried to Jerusalem and buried in a Mausoleum she had had erected there, and Izates slept by her side. Many examples are given of the true helpmates the rabbis of the Talmudic age had in their wives, numbers of them being conspicuous for their knowledge of the Law. Paula Mansi in the year 1288 copied so accurately and so beautifully two quarto volumes of commentaries that this work is admired to the present day, and she did other work of a similar nature, showing that women were allowed to study the sacred books as well as their brothers, a fact which has been denied.

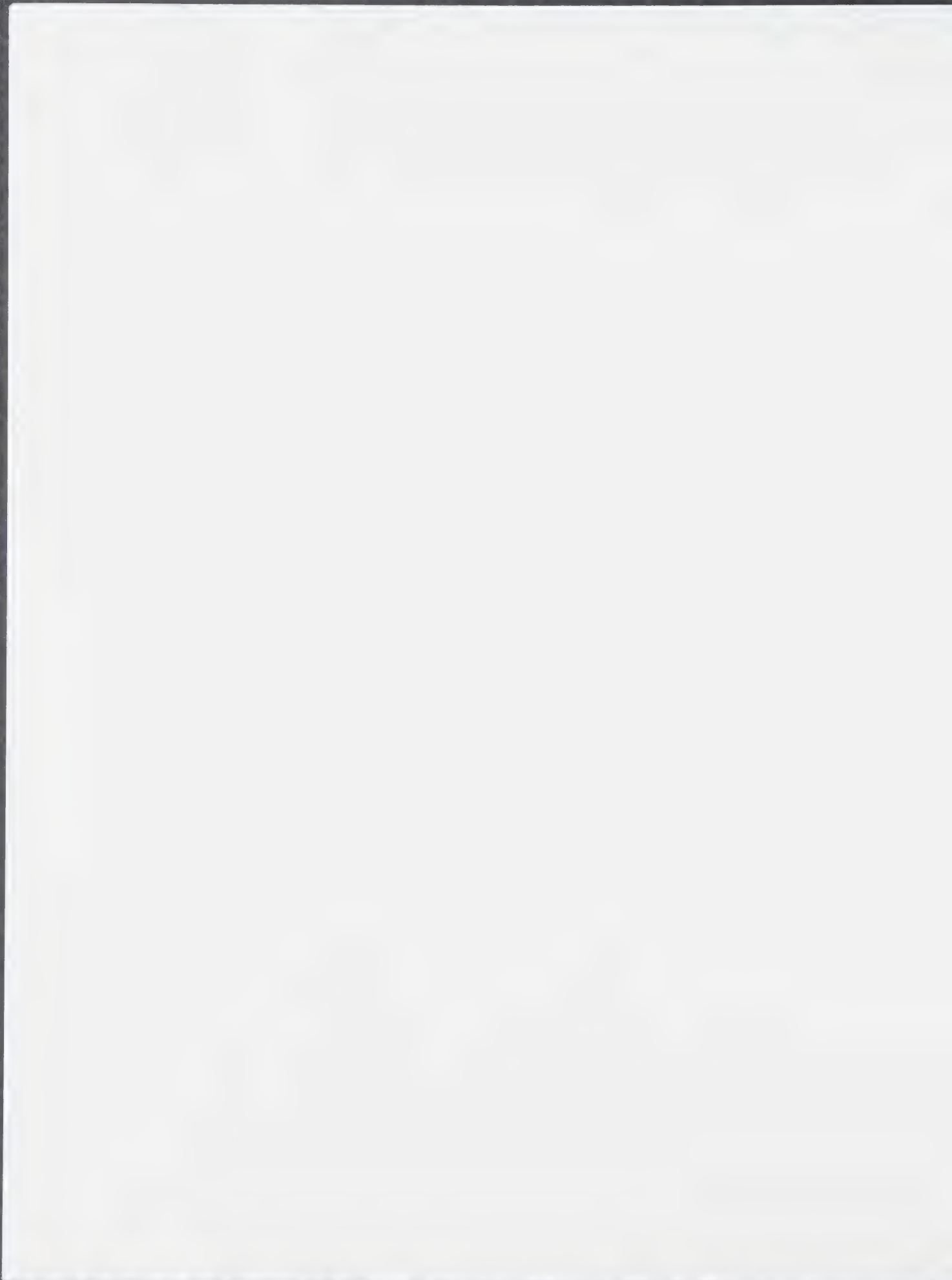
The daughter of rabbi Samuel ben Ali, of Bagdad was so learned and so beautiful that it is said that she sat in a case of dark glass when she lectured publicly on the Bible and the Talmud, in order that her beauty might not distract the attention of her hearers. When printing was invented a number of Jewish women interested themselves in that art, and there are numerous instances of how they became expert printers, and so were able to preserve the Holy Scriptures in spite of the severe enactments against their



doing so in that age of persecution. In many countries medicine was the only profession Jews were allowed to practice, and their women became very proficient in this too. It is a strange fact that even though the rulers were persecuted and exiled the Jews would have no others as physicians.

Let us for a moment consider the condition of women in other early nations and see if respect and equality with man were also their portion. Amongst the Ethiopians and in a great many primitive peoples descent was reckoned through the female side, though it does not necessarily follow that the women had any power, it was rather the case as with the Australian aborigines, the most primitive race known, who reckoned their descent and took their names through their mother's side, but hunting grounds were held by paternal descent. Women were treated as chattel, and stringent rules governed their fate, at their death no public ceremonies took place, though the death of a man was a very important event, and was connected with many curious ceremonies.

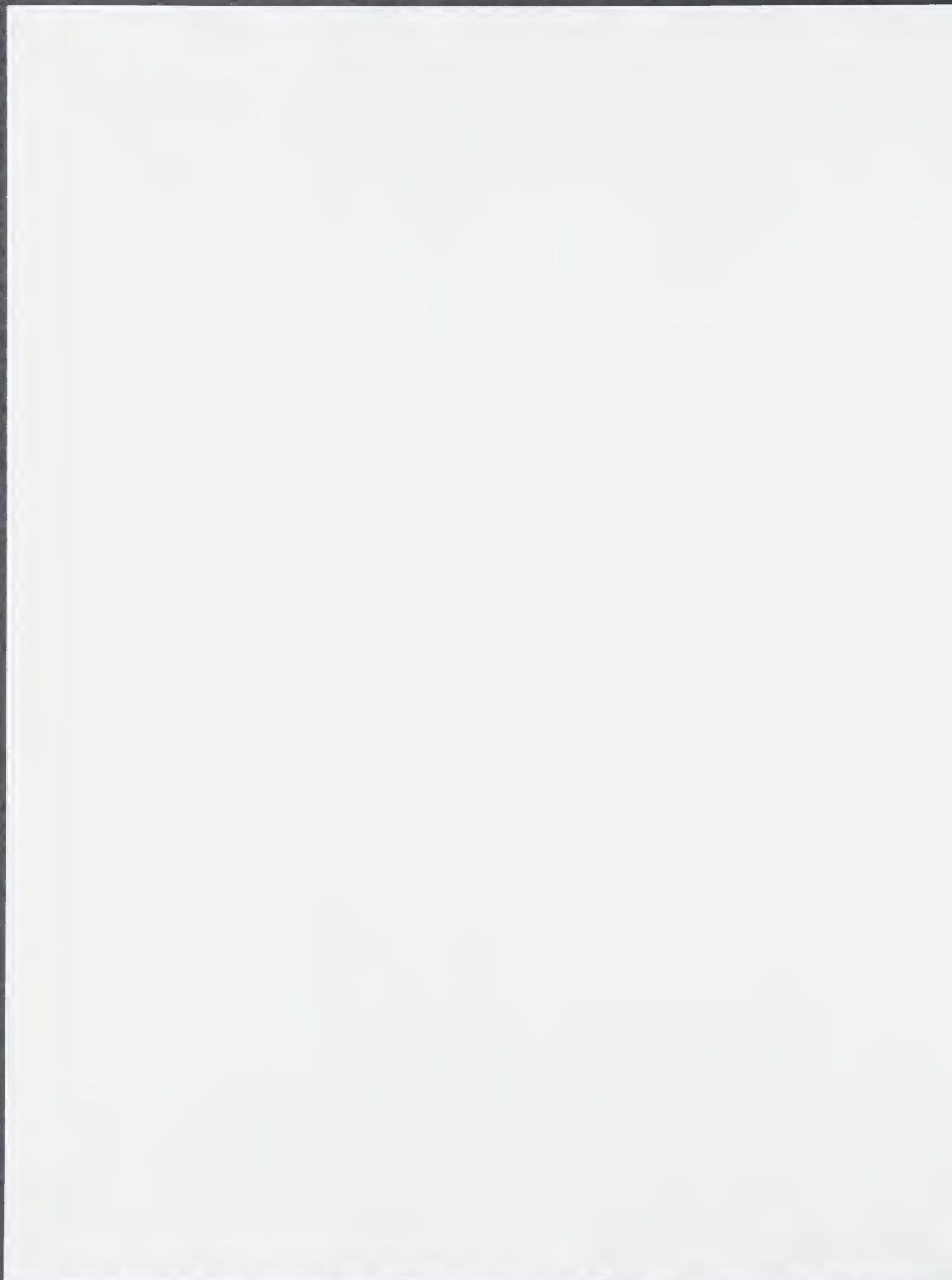
In Egypt women were from the earliest times held in high esteem, there are many instances of their reigning either alone or joint-sovereign with their brothers, who became according to the custom, their husbands. A noted example was Hasheps or Hatasu, daughter of Thothmes I and sister and wife of Thothmes II, with whom she reigned for some time, but when he died, she held the reins of government firmly in her own hands, and it is curious to see how she tried to assume masculine characteristics, her portrait bust showing her even with a false beard, and in the inscriptions relating to her she is often referred to as the king, yet the personal and possessive pronouns used with her name are feminine. Cleopatra in the days of Mark Antony and Julius Caesar is also a well known example of an Egyptian queen holding supreme power. In the Homeric age in Greece monogamy was universal, and a high ideal of feminine



virtue was found; nevertheless brutal treatment of widows and orphans was frequent. In fourth century Athens woman had far less freedom than in Homeric times, they were condemned to comparative seclusion. The Athenian man loved their social amusements, but these were not enjoyed with their wives, the latter were shut up at home with the servants, cooking, spinning or dreaming, whilst their husband remained in the cheerful halls and peristyles to be found in the marketplaces and the gates. All that a Greek husband undertook in accordance with the counsel of his wife could be annulled and declared as not binding and this is in contrast with the Talmudic statement that if an important proposition were made to the husband, he would say, I will go and consult my wife.

Roman civilization is perhaps the one about which we know the most, let us see how women were treated there. In Roman law a woman was completely dependent, if married she and her property passed into the power of her husband; if unmarried, unless a vestal virgin, she was under perpetual tutelage of father, kinsman or state. The wife was the purchased property of the husband, and could not exercise civil or public office, nor make a will or contract. She had however certain privileges, but rather were they granted from pity for her bodily weakness and presumed mental incapacity.

"imbecillitas" is the term used more than once in Roman law. In 195 B.C. there was a great stir in Rome caused by the determination of the women to have the Oppian Law repealed. This was a law which had been enacted at the time of the Punic wars, when rigid economy was necessary. It said that no woman should own more than half an ounce of gold, nor should wear any garment of different colors, nor ride in a carriage drawn by horses through the streets of a city, nor in any place nearer than a mile to a town except for the purpose of engaging in a public religious ceremony.

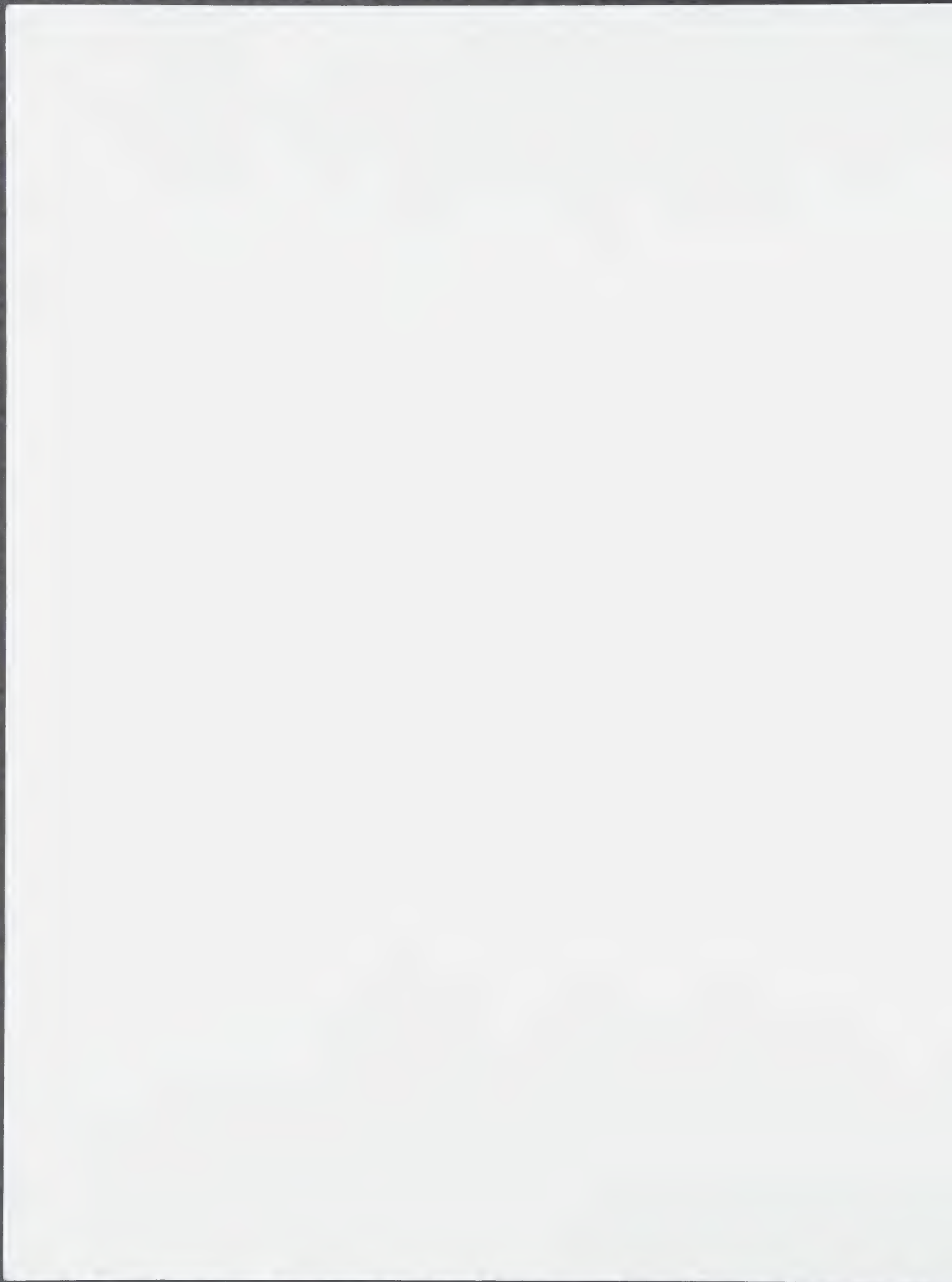


At the time of the passing of the law the women had been willing to bear their share of the burden by denying themselves luxuries, just as the women of our time did during the great war, but when Rome was once more prosperous they saw no reason for such a curtailment of their liberties, and thronged the market and other public places instructing the men how to vote, this reminds us of the suffragette movement of our day. It is rather amusing to read Cato's speech against the repeal of this law, he says:

The privileges of men are now spurned, trodden under foot, and we, who have shown that we are unable to stand against the women separately are now utterly powerless against them as a body. Their behaviour is outrageous. I was filled with painful emotions of shame as I just now made my way into the forum through the midst of a body of women. Will you consent to give the reins to their intractable nature and their uncontrolled passions? The moment they had arrived at equality with you, they will have become your superiors. What motive that common decency will allow is pretended for this female insurrection? Why, that they may shine in gold and purple; that they may ride through our cities in chariots triumphing over abrogated law; that there may be no bounds to waste and luxury. So soon as the law shall cease to limit the expenses of the wife, the husband will be powerless to set bounds to them.

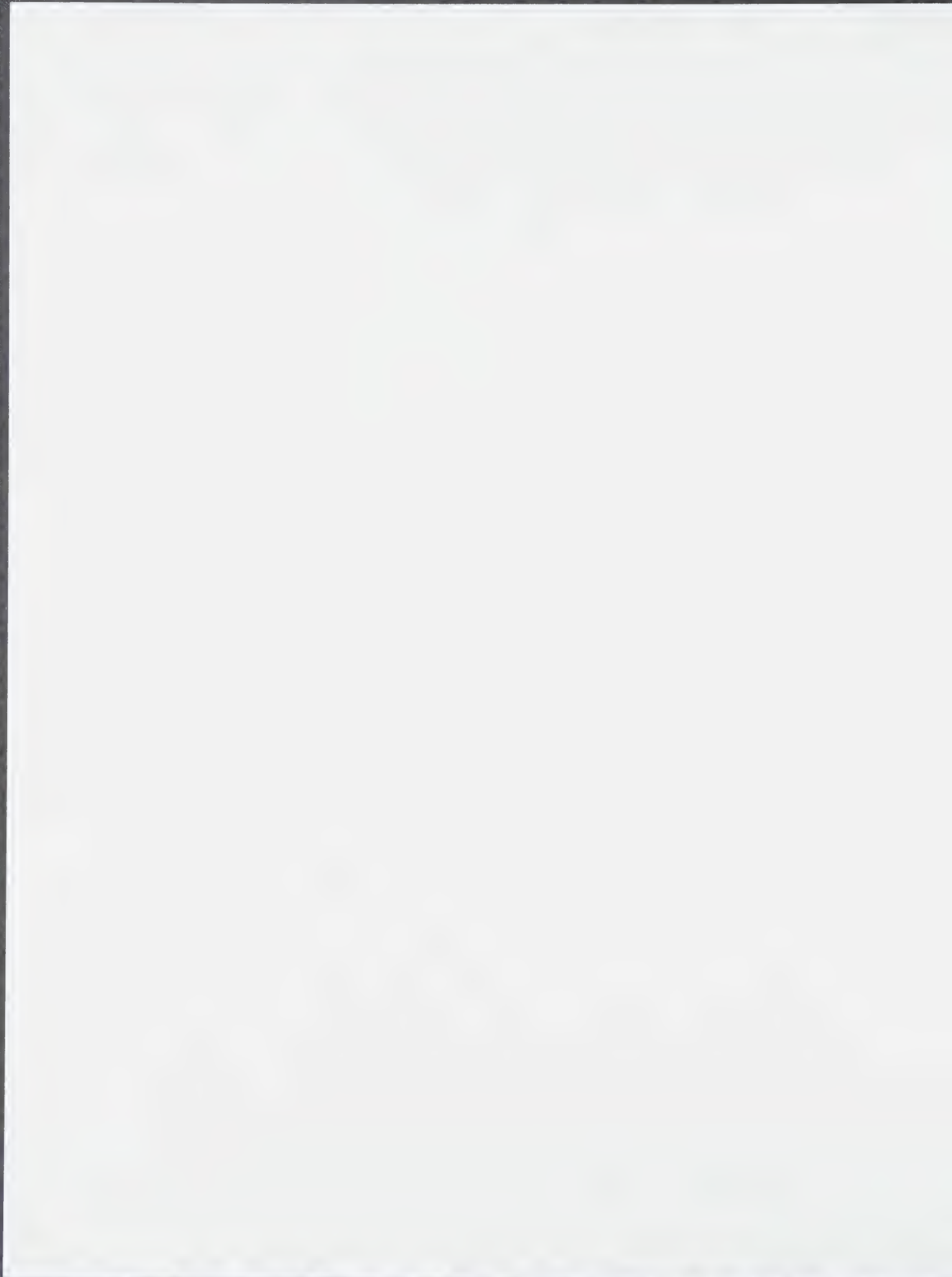
In spite of Cato's protest the law was repealed.

In Britain the law of Athelstone contained the brutal provision that a female slave convicted of theft was to be punished by being burned alive by 80 other female slaves. Other laws were directed against the practice of witchcraft. Incidentally it may be noted that it was only in Europe that the idea of magical powers was confined to women, in many other countries men were supposed to possess them equally, and in Australia they were chiefly men's concern. Monogamy in Britain was enforced by both civil and religious laws, and second and third marriages involved penalties. In the law Ethelbert it was enacted that if a man carried off a freeman's wife he must at his own expense provide that man with another wife, showing that wives were purchased. By the sumptuary laws of Edward III women were in



general to be dressed according to the position of their fathers or husbands--wives and daughters of servants were not allowed to wear veils above twelve pence in value: handicraftman's and yeoman's wives were not allowed silk veils and the wearing of fur was confined to the ladies of knights with a rental above 200 marks a year. Other regulations of dress for women were passed during the reign of Edward IV. It is curious to compare the sumptuary laws regulating the dress of women which may be found somewhere in the history of nearly every country with the precept laid down by the rabbis "Let thy table be considerably within thy means; thy dress and appearance according to thy means; but the comforts of thy wife and children beyond thy means."

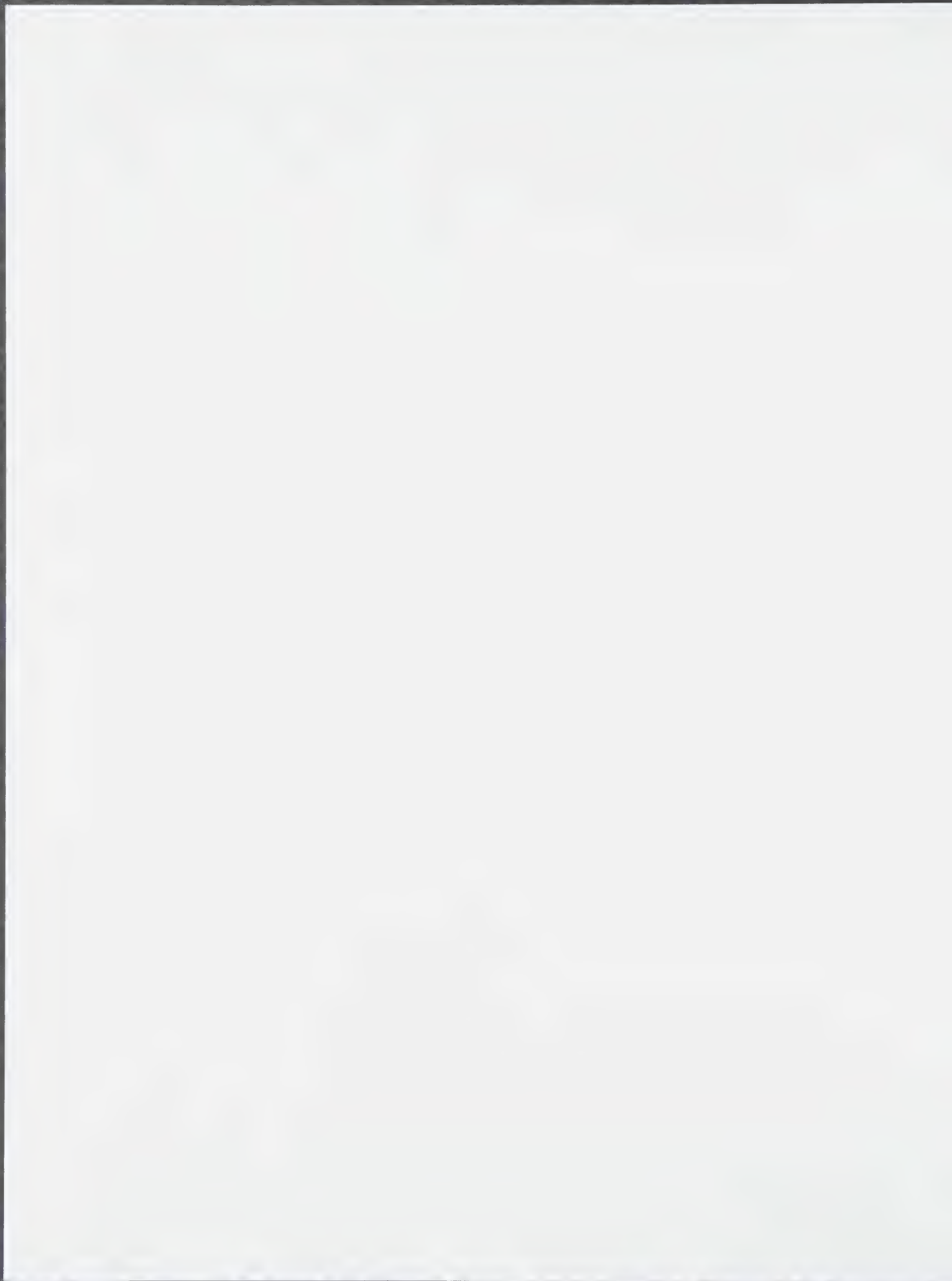
I have not time this evening to show how the women of the nations have gradually reached the position that was always accorded to Jewish women, but let us now take a glimpse at modern times. Gardiner says "the last few years have been loud with the crash of the falling barriers of sex predominance". Throughout the civilized world woman is looked upon generally as the equal of man in intellect, genius and capability, though there are still many legal disabilities with which she has to combat. These are however being cast aside one after another. Take this instance in Afghanistan, a country where we might not look for enlightenment on the subject of women. Shortly after the present Amir ascended the throne a seminary for higher education was opened as part of a plan for modernizing education. Some time later the authorities were obliged to close it on account of many protests against this "Lowering of the level of the Afghan women" as it was called by the Backward element, but the women of Afghanistan banded themselves together and demanded and obtained a re-opening of the school. Two years ago we heard of Sounay Tchery, a Chinese girl of aristocratic parentage who received her degree as a lawyer at the Sorbonne.



France. This ambitious young woman has broken step by step, the bands of tradition confining her, and studied law with a view to entering parliament and forming a woman's party there. In China also there are two banks completely staffed and financed by women. In India the subjection of women was a cardinal principle. "Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence", says Manu. Women in Hindoo law had only limited rights of inheritance and were disqualified as witnesses. Nevertheless an Indian woman has now been made a magistrate in Madama palle, South India.

But let us come nearer home and see some of the achievements of women during the past quarter of a century. It is Lady Astor who is responsible for the statement that in the few years that women have been in a British Parliament more legislation has been passed dealing with the betterment of women and children than had been passed in two generations before that time. Women are invading every field, perhaps the last stronghold of man being the pulpit, which has been successfully assaulted by Miss Maude Royden, who draws large congregations to the City Temple in London. A list of the occupations in which women engage in London makes startling reading; they vary from chimney sweeps to plasterers, shoemakers and gas fitters; there are 500 commercial travellers, 29 glaziers and 4 masons. In the London Chamber of Commerce there are 110 women members, all of whom are heads of businesses or high executives, and their salaries range from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year. For the first time in history a firm has been registered with the title "And Daughter".

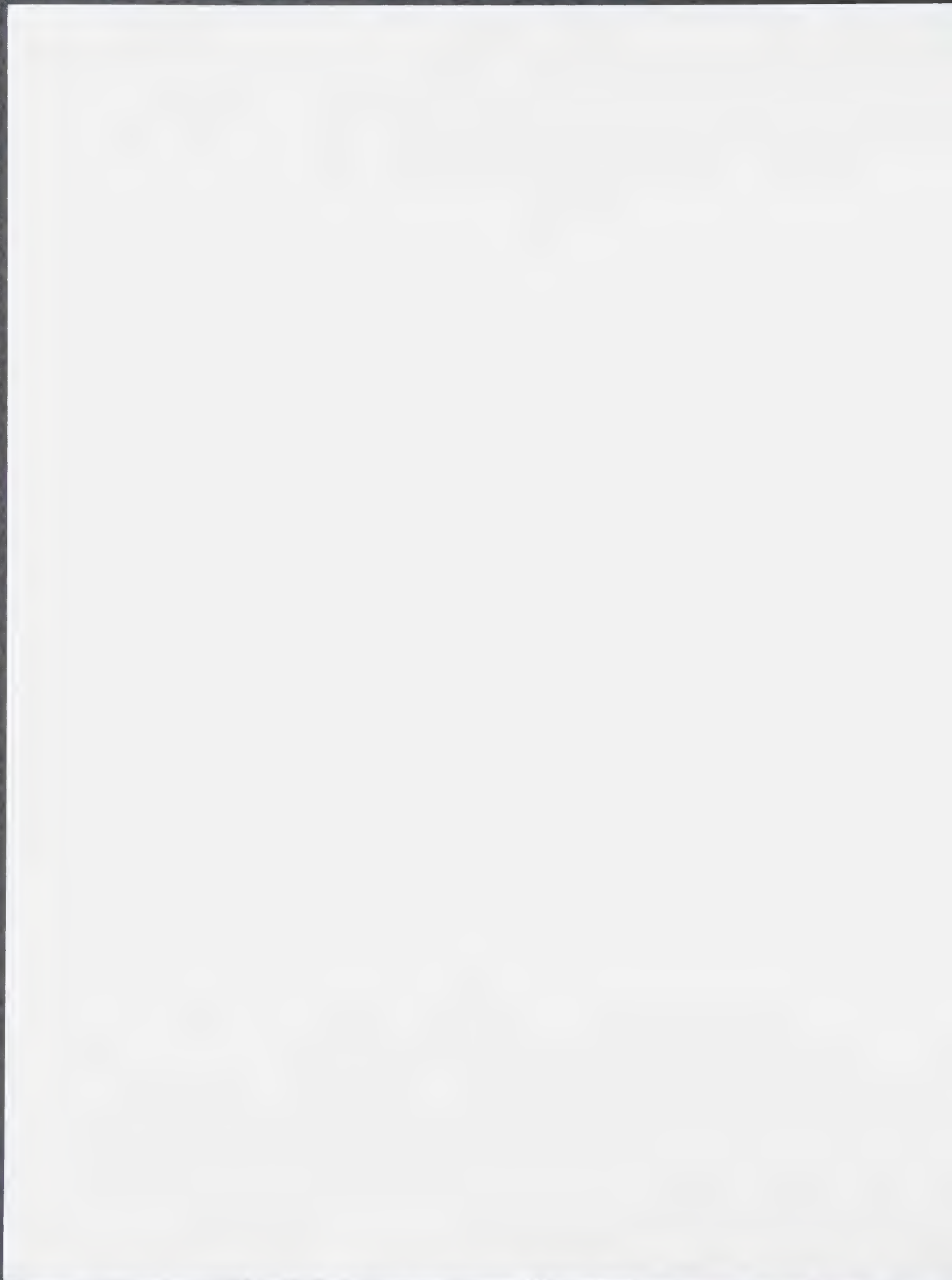
The first country to grant the franchise to women was Norway who gave them the municipal vote in 1901 and the parliamentary one in 1907. New Zealand and Australia soon followed suit as well as Iceland, Finland and Denmark. In 1916 the women of Holland were given the ballot and in 1917 the Bolshevik



Government also granted it. At the close of the war many countries granted voting privileges to women as a recognition of the heroic part they had played in the great conflict and Canada was one of these. In England the suffrage victory of 1918 was enhanced in 1919 by a law which gave women the right of election to the British House of Commons and in December of that year Lady Astor was elected to that body.

As I began this talk with the women of Israel it will be fitting to have a glance at the achievements of some of them in the later days. Jewish women have played their part with their gentile sisters in striving for all that pertains to the welfare of humanity. In Egypt a Jewish woman has been the leader in the movement against the enslavement of girls, and in Italy a Jewish woman has attained to the position of secretary of Agriculture, and another has done remarkable work towards the betterment of the conditions of the working women. Perhaps no example shows more vividly what love a Jewish woman will bear for her country than the story of Mary Antin, the Russian Jewish girl whose book The Promised Land breathes gratitude for the opportunities offered in a freedom-loving country. She was born in the ghetto in Russia in a happy family circle, though in constant fear of pogroms, but her family suffered reverses one after the other and finally emigrated to the United States, where the little girl of 12 embraced eagerly every opportunity to learn, and was such a delight to her teachers that when she wrote an English poem after only four months at the school her teacher sent it to a magazine where it was printed and caused wonder amongst its readers, and the joy to the child and her family may be imagined.

Right here in Canada we have a true philanthropist in the person of Mrs. A.J. Freiman, whose work in bringing to this country nearly 200 war orphans from the Ukraine and having them placed in foster homes was a remarkable undertaking. Not satisfied with arranging all the details on this side, Mrs.

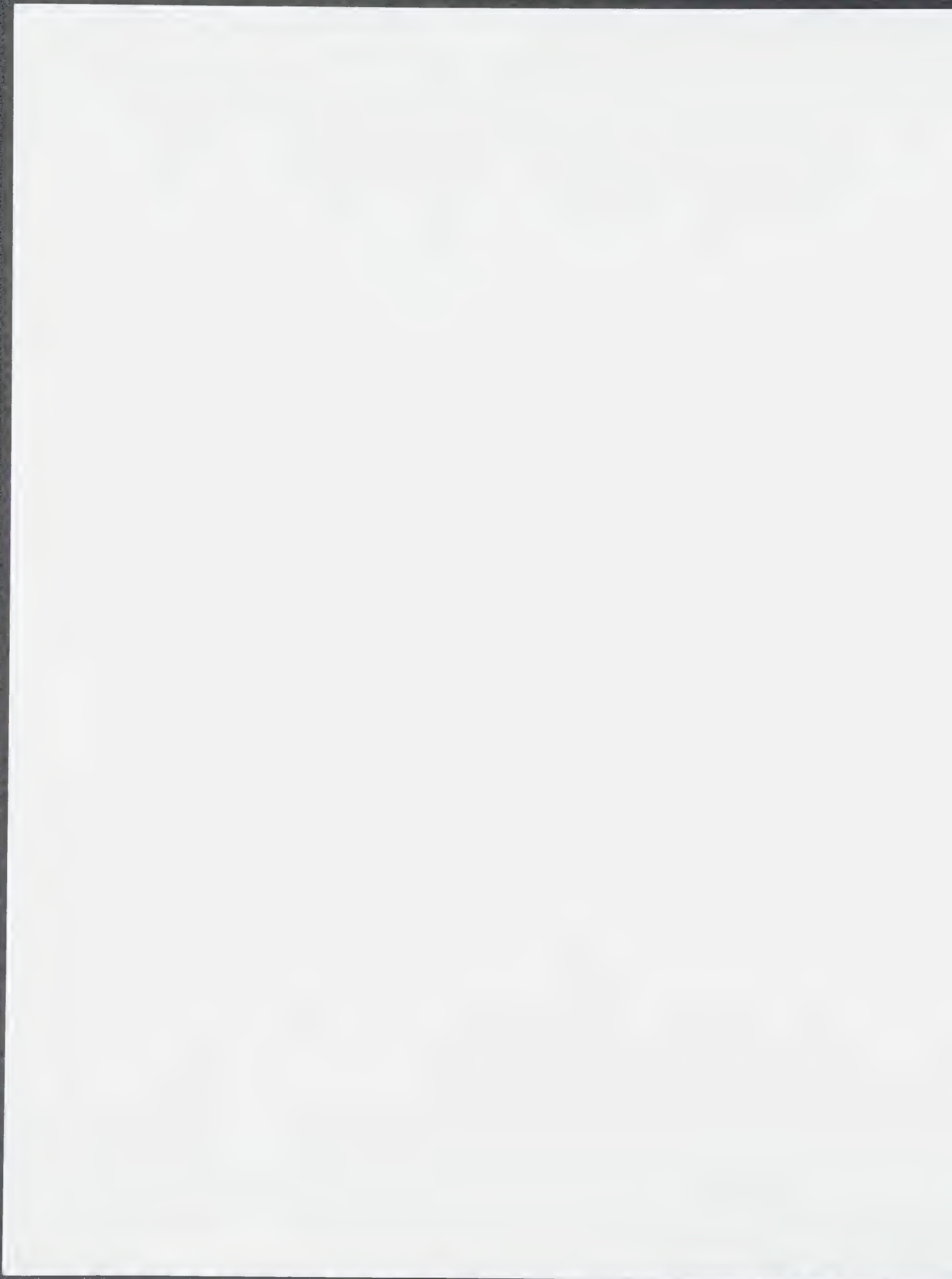


Freiman went over to Antwerp herself in order as she said, "To give the children a little mothering on the voyage."

In the realm of literature Grace Aguilar holds a revered place, that gentle girl, who though she died at the early age of 31 has left an imperishable monument in her writings for Jewish youth--Women of Israel, The Jewish Faith, The Vale of Cedars, being her best known Jewish works although she wrote other books all in the same beautifully chosen language and expressing the same exalted ideas. Grace Aguilar was born in 1816 in London and was very delicate all her life, but what she lacked in physical strength was more than compensated by her intellectual activity. From her earliest years she delighted in reading and when asked what she wanted for a present she invariably answered a book. Except for 18 months at school, her parents were her sole instructors. Though an ardent Jewess she was not in any sense a bigoted one and could see the beauties in other religions; when her Home Influence and Mother's Recompense appeared it was thought at first that it had been written by a pious Christian. However her studies of other religious beliefs only confirmed her faith in Judaism.

Other noted Jewish women writers include Lady Judith Montefiore, the wife of Sir Moses, Lady Magnus, whose poet-biblical history probably most of you have studied, Emma Lazarus, the poetess, Martha Wolferstein, a writer of ghetto stories, G.B. Stern, the author of the Matriarch; Belle Moses, whose Life of Dickens and other books may be found in most libraries.

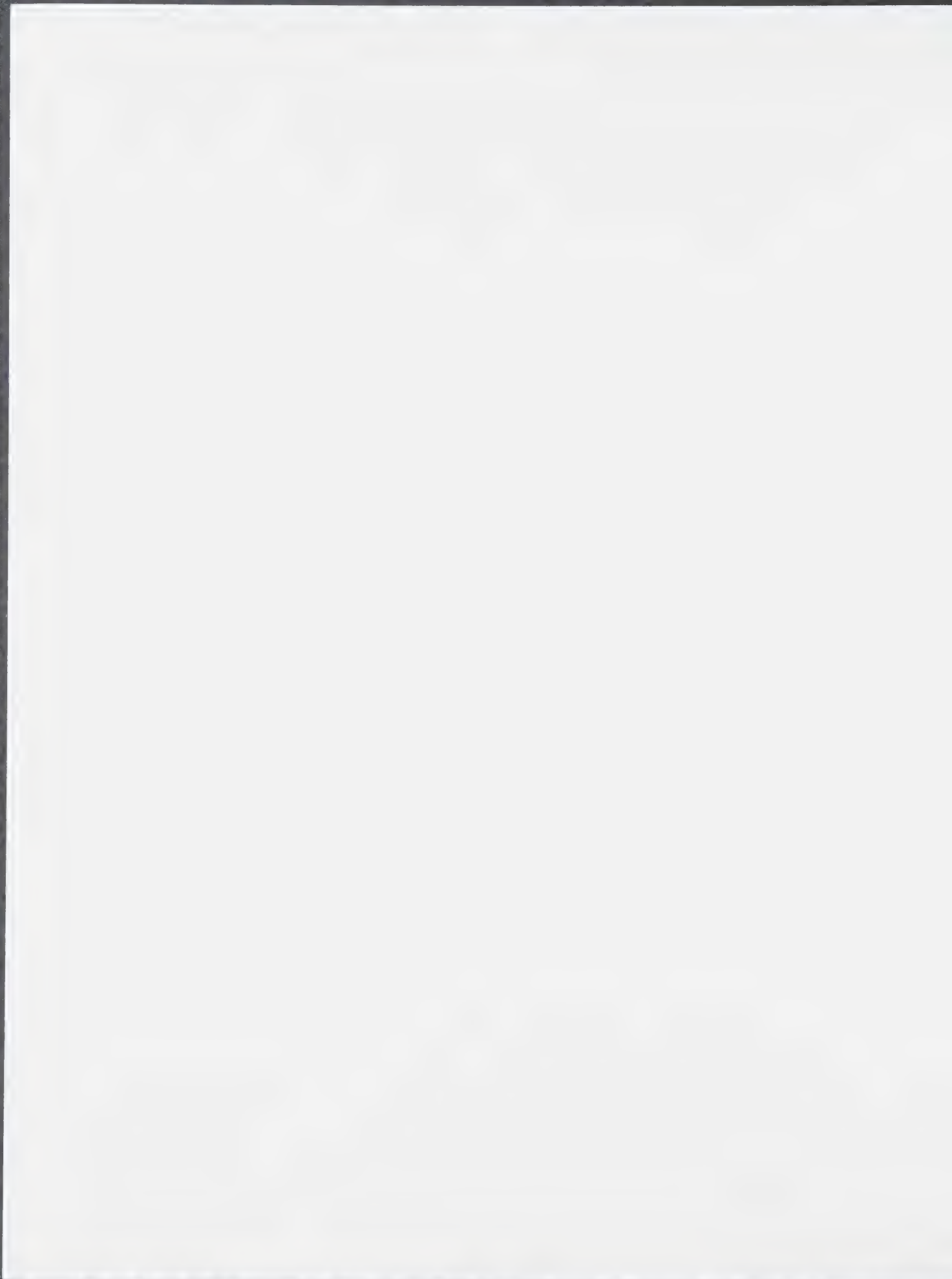
On the stage Rachel, whose full name was Eliza Rachel Felix, will always be known as one of the world's greatest tragediennes, and Sarah Bernhardt was of Jewish birth. Other interesting Jewish women personalities include The Hon. Lilly Montague, one of the founders of the Liberal Jewish movement, and a frequent preacher in the pulpit of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, who



is as well a leader of working girls clubs in London; Miss Henrietta Szold, who has done so much for the Zionist movement; Miss Jeanette Halford, "the babies friend" who was awarded the -O.B.E. in the recent New Year honours for her child welfare work; and I cannot better close my list than with the name of Mrs. Mary Fels, the widow of the great American philanthropist who is called "the little mother in Israel" because of her work amongst the original pioneers of the Holy Land, but whose humane activities have taken her to many countries. Her spirit is the true Jewish spirit, she believes in helping others to help themselves. Her ideals are summed up in the lines from Lowell "T'is not what we give but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare."

Having seen what an exalted place woman has always held in the estimation of Judaism, the supreme ideal of the home maker, the instructress of youth and the pivot around which the family circle revolves, having seen also that this same Jewish woman can take her place when necessary in the larger sphere of activity for humanity, but always as "A Mother in Israel" it behoves us to see that in this modern age our girls and women live up to the sacred traditions of our race. The wonderful and mysterious preservation of the Jewish people is due to the JEWISH WOMAN. This is her glory, not alone in the history of her own people but in the history of the world. The following little poem shows the spirit that should animate our Jewish Girls today.

My Sisters: My Sisters: Remember your race;
God's chosen people, by God's own grace.
You've an example to set of what's noble and best,
So let every hard thought and prejudice rest.



*My Sisters: My Sisters: Remember your race;
Ever let Honour and Mercy hold foremost a place.
You've a trust to fulfill with hearts strong and true,
The people of Israel are looking to you.*

*My Sisters: My Sisters: Remember your race;
Ideals hold before you, in union to face
The attacks of the scoffers who are ready to chide
So cling to your Faith with affectionate pride.*

