

Sun., May 15th, 1977

Dear Jack,

This past year has been one of 'rediscovery' of relatives for me! Ever since we have been getting 'Forge' I've been so tempted to try to get in touch with you, one of my more favored relatives, but until now have not done so. Wish I had thought to ask Nathan Eaton or Florence, when they (& spouses) visited us recently, to please give me your address, but thought of it too late. I'll send this to the Forge office & hope they will forward it.

It has often come to my mind that you said you would never want to live in Florida because "they have huge bugs which drop down from the ceiling." Can't imagine where you lived, or in what kind of accommodations, cause we've lived here six years & certainly don't have THAT!

I sometimes hear from Ruth & she told me you are going to 'redo' the house in which our family lived in Canning-- one of them. I have quite a few memories of that place, one is of a railroad track that ran by in the back of the house. We used to climb up above it & wave to the engineer who would toot the whistle at us. It was fun!

Another memory, just as vivid but not so pleasant,



Is of Grandma Bigelow. It is easy for me to see, at this stage of my life, that she no doubt had many good reasons for not being all that crazy about us, individually or collectively. But as children we had no way of knowing any of these things & I was scared to death of her. She may have been the greatest old grandma in the world, but you could never prove it by me. I have no idea how many rooms there were in the house, but it seemed just enormous to me. Another house that I remember as very big was Aunt Minnie Eaton's place. Was it?

I have a good memory, except that like everyone else, things in one's childhood are recalled comparatively, thereby seeming larger than reality, I suppose.

Don't suppose I'd be able to find my way around Canning now, with all the changes in all these years. I remember your home, rather vaguely I'm afraid, but I think it was next to what used to be called the 'cook shack' & was where the men working on the ship used to eat-- I think. Right?

Well, hope you & yours are well & happy, & would love to hear from you if you could take time from your busy schedule to waste a little on me.

Fondly,

Isabel

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