

**MEMORIES
OF
MILDRED**



Mildred with Judy and Hagan cousins on one of her last visits to Calgary

Compiled for her family, Jan. 1, 2002

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one of them. You don't belong here; now get out!" Mildred marched them down the two flights of stairs and we heard the front door bang. We all cheered when Mildred came back. Al Melton played "For she's a jolly good fellow" on the old piano and we all started singing, Mildred just quietly joining in as though nothing had happened.

Mildred grew up wearing hand-me-downs from three older sisters. Perhaps that's why when she could shop for herself, she sometimes bought outlandish dresses in bright colours and wild patterns, winning first prize for the zaniest costume, when she came dressed as usual, not knowing it was a costume affair. Perhaps it was the new one--red, white and blue, that looked more like a flag than a dress, and would be judged patriotic for wartime. We had joked she should fly it from the rooftop instead of wearing it. Just being her own natural self, Mildred caused much affectionate amusement in the family.

Before we left Winnipeg, Joe Acheson's wife Edna wanted to adopt Mildred. At the time, Mildred was a quiet, bright, pretty little girl of three with a very sweet shy smile. Our well organized, meticulous Aunt Edna decided she would be the perfect addition to their family of one quiet teenage son. Our mother had come close to letting Aunt Minnie and Tom Duncan adopt Gert because they were a wonderful couple and would give her plenty of love and every educational advantage. But she seemed to sense that Aunt Edna Acheson would not be the right mother for Mildred and never considered it, even though she must have wondered how she would manage in a strange city with 6 young children, another baby due soon and a husband addicted to the bottle. Not that Edna Acheson wouldn't be good to Mildred, but the week I stayed there when Mum was packing for Calgary, I nearly had a nervous breakdown trying to hang the tea-towel just so on the rack and chasing down every last speck of dust when I helped with the housework. Free-spirited Mildred would have eventually run back home to us.