

to feel very queer and suddenly realized I hadn't had anything to eat since a "stand-up" lunch at eleven in the morning. I had been too excited to partake of the wedding supper. I thought longingly of chicken salad, fruit cake, ice cream. For the first time in my life, when I traveled over twenty miles from home, my mother had let us depart without the elaborate packed lunches for which she was famous. She must have been excited too!

In Detroit, the hotel dining rooms would be closed. We were complete strangers in the city, so we compromised on the depot "snack bar," or more properly speaking, "lunch counter." That too was just about to close, so our wedding supper consisted of bread and milk--a combination I have always loathed and still do!

The next day we took the "Bon Ami" of the Anchor line up Lake Huron, through the "Soo" Locks into Lake Superior, landing at Houghton from whence a train carried us to Ontonagon, our future home.