

have cafeterias now. The cook used to be on duty all night to make a lunch any time."

Mrs. Bowen has been from Lake Superior to Sydney, Nova Scotia - and seasick more than once. On one trip six months-old Walter went along. The second mate rigged up a hammock for the baby to sleep in.

The Bowens' onshore home was on Francis St. for 23 years, and then for three years in Barry Heights, but they did not enjoy living in the country. When the house they rented on McGill St. got too big they moved, to their present Ontario St. apartment, with which they are both very happy.

#### GOES DOWNTOWN

These days Capt. Bowen goes downtown in the mornings to the pool room where a "bunch of us oldtimers will go for coffee, a game of pool and get arguing." In the afternoons he'll play euchre at the Legion. Most of his early friends are gone now, he says, but every now then someone will remember when Walter Bowen used to tend goal.

He laughs about the first time he went back into the net after the war. The Quinte St. arena had burned down and they were using the ice in the Cold Storage. "The very first guy who shot at me cut my head open," he says.

He remembers when he was a young lad playing hockey on Graham's Pond, where Elm-

wood Arcres is today.

"We always got together," he explains. "We'd get our skates and our sticks and head for Graham's Pond or Mayhew's Mill."

In the summer it was baseball.

The town had a hockey league with teams from Grace United Church, St. Peter's Holy Name Society, the CNR, CPR, King St. Church.

"That was the wonderful thing about Trenton," says this lifelong resident. "Religion... didn't mean a thing. There were three players on the King St. team who belonged to the Holy Name Society. We were all mixed up. If one didn't want you, someone else would."

Capt. Bowen retired in 1970, and then spent four summers as Captain of the Miss Kingston, a

tour ship in the Thousand Islands. He and his wife loved it. They took an apartment nearby and, if the owner hadn't sold the boat, he says he'd be there yet.

Now he and Mrs. Bowen spend their summers lawn bowling. They are enjoying their retire-

ment. Mrs. Bowen was glad to have her husband stay home. Says she, "when Ben retired I took my travel bag and shoved it into the back of the cupboard."

Capt. Bowen too was ready, as the seamen say, to "swallow the anchor."

Trentonian, Feb. 24/82