

'Beat-and-tell' won't be written about the Queen Mother

She was no Mummy Dearest.

Unlike American actress Joan Crawford, the Queen Mother didn't abuse her ducklings. Nobody wrote a beat-and-tell book. Quite the contrary, this Elizabeth was the world's favourite grandmother.

She wore great hats, smiled at all the right times and wasn't afraid to stand up to the likes of Adolph Hitler. When London went through the Blitz during the Second World War, the Queen stuck by her people.

That caused Hitler to call our Queen Mum the most dangerous woman in the world.

The Queen Mum was a gentle soul and a pillar of strength. She was confident, humble and under no circumstance would she shy away from fun.

While the uppity-ups in England referred to Elizabeth as a commoner, there was nothing common about her. The Queen Mother had great style. I liked her a lot.

Her death seems unfair. At least when it came to the Queen Mum, I thought all was well with the Lord.

I thought the Queen Mum would be allowed to live forever. Even though she was 101, her death has saddens us.

It can't be overstated: The Royal family was always able to depend on the Queen Mother. While other members of this old clan took turns sucking on toes, husband bashing in the press and bragging about mastering peculiar sex acts, the Queen Mum approached life with a difference.

Not once did she bring shame to her family or to the Commonwealth.

Elizabeth was wise,

approached life with optimism and showed the world that an old woman could get a kick out of living. And the Queen Mother had fun at no one's expense.

It seems clear that the Queen Mother liked her job. When she carried out royal duties, she always wore a smile.

Her passing does, indeed, mark the end of an era. When King George VI and his queen visited Canada in 1939, my dad hitched a ride to Newcastle to catch sight of the Royal train.

The trip paid off. The 15-year old farm boy spotted the handsome king and his beautiful wife on the platform of the train. They waved. The farm boy waved back.

While the experience only lasted a moment or two, the memory has been with my dad for always. And I'm jealous.

I've never been on the receiving end of a Royal



Joan Ransberry

wave.

The Queen Mum's final farewell is no simple event. In keeping with its importance, gun salutes are being fired across the United Kingdom and flags fly at half staff everywhere.

Thousands of mourners lined the streets on Sunday when her coffin passed. She was taken to the royal chapel in Windsor Castle where she laid until Tuesday.

The casket was then moved to St James's Palace in central London, about an hour's drive from Windsor Castle.

On Friday, the coffin travels again — this time to Westminster Hall, part of the Houses of Parliament, where it will lie in state until the day before the funeral at Westminster Abbey.

After the funeral on April 9, the Royal coffin will be taken by road for a private burial at St. George's Chapel.

There, Elizabeth will lie beside King George VI. She spent 50 years alone without her Bertie. He died in 1952 at age 56. I remember the day the king died. Children across Canada got the day off school.

Elizabeth was more than a kind and gentle grandmother. She was the glue that held her fragile family together. Her grandson Charles feels the loss.

In his public address, the future king pointed out that his grandmother's houses were always filled with an atmosphere of fun, laughter and affection.

The Queen Mum will be missed by her family and by the world at large.

On a personal note, I must admit I'm not much of a monarchist. The goings-on in the Royal family are of little interest and the House of Windsor is, at best, a dull place. When the formal occasion presents itself, I do not toast Queen Elizabeth II.

While I'll stand out of respect for the position, I do not raise the glass. However, if people are going to toast the Queen, I wish they'd do it properly. Protocol dictates that a toast is to be made with water.

I've witnessed people raising their beer bottles and glasses of rye and coke and proudly proclaiming "To the Queen."

CALIFORNIA STRAWBERRIES

Once you're in the food business a while you make friends among your industry compatriots. One of my best friends is John Ward, who owns 'Country Produce' in Orillia. We do business with one another, as well as offer advice and yes, even give some criticism.

Some advice I got the other day at the produce market was to get off my derriere and sell strawberries in quarts rather than the 'Prissy Little Pints' that we make. John allowed that we live in a family area and that people buy more than a pint anyway — and further, sharpen your price!

Well folks, that's what we did this week. We'll have quarts and pints too at a sharp price of really nice California strawberries.

Overflowing Quarts 2⁴⁹
Overflowing Pints 1⁴⁹

OUR BRATWURST ~ SAUSAGES ~

Our sausage feature for this week will be our Bratwurst. What I like about these sausages is that they have a stand-up to anything taste, especially to beer. Can't be surprising though, because beer is one of the ingredients.

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