



Western Michigan University
ScholarWorks at WMU

Honors Theses

Lee Honors College

4-27-2016

Stories from a Millinery

Allie Maynard

Western Michigan University, allie@maynard.com

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/honors_theses

 Part of the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation

Maynard, Allie, "Stories from a Millinery" (2016). *Honors Theses*. 2694.

https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/honors_theses/2694

This Honors Thesis-Open Access is brought to you for free and open access by the Lee Honors College at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Theses by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact wmu-scholarworks@wmich.edu.



Stories from a Millinery

Allie Maynard



Thesis presented to Lee Honors College
Western Michigan University
Spring 2016

Preface

In 1911, Clydenia Jewett and her daughter, Bertha Martin, moved from Detroit to St. Joseph, Michigan. In 1995, 84 years later, Clydenia's great-great-grandson, Brian, and his wife, Barb, moved with their three young daughters to the same small town on the lake. What the young family didn't know was that they had a connection to their new hometown. Time had forgotten Clydenia and Bertha's story in Saint Joseph. It wasn't for another several years that the family found out about their lost family members.

Clydenia is my great-great-great grandmother. I am her direct relation through my paternal grandmother. It's easy to see how family stories are forgotten and changed over the course of time, especially when you begin to dig into the past for the truth. However, the answers I found left me with more questions about their lives during this exciting time period.

I wondered if they could hear the sounds emanating from the amusement park in the summer, or if they ever sold a hat to Al Capone, a frequent visitor of the town. I wondered how they made their hats and whatever happened to the pieces they crafted and sold. After trying my hand at hat making, I had a new appreciation for their vision and skill.

Clydenia and Bertha were artists and progressive, resilient, women. I deeply admire them, which is what made this project so difficult. I wanted to honor them and their history, but also try to creatively answer some of the questions I was left with. Their story is one worth telling, and I'm grateful for the opportunity.

The morning is my favorite time in the shop. The sun angles through the front window like a spotlight, allowing me to appreciate all the effort we put into building Martin and Jewett Millinery, something of our very own. I scraped by and put hours into apprenticing for the most prestigious milliners in Detroit before making enough money to start this place with my mother, Clydenia.

Mother had worked just as hard. At fifty-two, she learned the trade of millinery and even moved across the state with me to St. Joseph. For a pessimist, she's changed by leaps and bounds. It took a lot of convincing, of course. Some mornings I can't believe she ever agreed to this. She even divorced her foul second husband. He had pushed her to the brink. All I did was toss her a rope.

I must admit, though, she wasn't the only one scared of starting the shop. The day we were approved for the loan, I felt a strange mix of adrenaline and nausea, not unlike the unnerving experiencing of riding one of the rollercoasters at the amusement park down the bluff. Yet somehow, it was a pleasant fear, one that made me eager to see how far I could take myself. My books inspired me to chase this feeling. Before, I felt a sense of longing while reading of adventure. These days, I read with a new perspective. I'm the adventurer now.

Mother coughs a little as she takes a break from sweeping. "Bertha, how do we get so much sand from the beach in here?" It was a little odd, given that the shop sits up on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, not truly on the beach.

I raise my voice from the back of the shop to be heard by her, "The ladies go down to the amusement park or boardwalk and drag all that sand in their skirts, perhaps."

I continue to roll out wool to make into felt using a large wooden dowel. “Or maybe it’s their children. They practically *excrete* sand in the summer,” I joke.

Mother chortles as she finishes sweeping, her laugh bouncing metallically off the tin ceiling. She moves over to the hats, straightening or rearranging them as needed. Most of the hats sit upon an oversized wooden table in the middle of our narrow shop. One wall holds a glass cabinet containing the more expensive pieces; the opposing wall has a collection of mirrors for customers. Further in we have a smaller cabinet filled with ribbons, gloves, and a few baubles.

“Isn’t that boy flying that contraption across the lake today, Bertha?” Mother asks. “How he plans to make it all the way to Chicago,” She throws her hands in the air for emphasis. “All these people are coming in to watch him fall out of the sky.”

I smirk from the workstation as I arrange my felt over the rounded wood block. “That’s a bit grim, isn’t it, Mother?” Despite the many notable changes that occurred after taking a few risks, herself my mother still isn’t an optimist. I’m sure that she would argue her risks were more reasonable than flying across Lake Michigan. “I’m not the grim one, I’m just being realistic. All those spectators though,” she says with disapproval, “so morbid. Obsessed with death. Ahh!”

The broom she’d propped by the open door had fallen. Mother clutches her chest as she tries to recover. Almost instantaneously, a pretty young lady appears on the sidewalk and retrieves the fallen broom.

“I do hate when they do that,” she says quietly as if to the broom, “I don’t need my presence announced.” She props it back against the wall as she enters the shop, her expensive perfume wafting in with her.

Mother has collected herself by now and welcomes her, “Good morning, Miss. Is there anything we can help you with today?”

The young woman smiles wryly. “Yes, I’d like to buy five pounds of pork, please.” She waits expectantly.

I come to the front, “Um, I’m sorry but this is a hat shop, there’s a meat market just down the street—”

The young woman laughs hysterically, “I know! Of course I’m looking for a hat, I’m at a hat shop after all.” Her laughter dies down as she admits, “Apparently I’m not the best comedian.” Her eyes quickly look around the store. “Thankfully that is not my profession,” she says while inspecting a straw sun hat.

“That’s alright, neither of us are blessed with a funny bone, either,” I laugh.

“Oh, I don’t think that’s true, you used to put your siblings in stitches when you were little, didn’t you Mrs. Jewett?” She says to Mother.

Mother demurs, “Oh, well things have changed, you know,” and looks at her again. “How did you know that?” she asks. “Have we met before?”

The young woman glances away from a very trendy hat for a moment to answer, “Oh, no we haven’t. I’m Josephine Kane,” and holds out her gloved hand to me and Mother. “I’m a visiting psychic-medium. I’ll be here for a month long engagement, performing reading and such.”

Mother shifts uncomfortably and I have to keep myself from laughing. Oh, how I remember her lecturing my brothers and me to beware of charlatans. I can already see my mother’s eyes narrow, hoping to catch Josephine shoplifting.

“Ah, I think I’ve seen a sign for you by the hotel,” I say conversationally. “The poster looks a lot like you, really.” I recognize her from the advertisement outside the Whitcomb Hotel. I know my mother won’t trust Josephine, but I know better. Josephine is wearing an expensive looking linen dress. Although the cut is simple, detailed embroidery adorns the hem and collar of her dress. I don’t have much of an opinion on Josephine’s profession, save that it’s clearly lucrative.

In comparison to her, I’m now feeling almost under-dressed. My long black skirt and tucked in white linen blouse is fashionable but not nearly as upscale. While my hair is curled, her styling is beyond enviable.

“Well, thank you,” Josephine says to the compliment. “I think I might like this one,” she says, pointing to the sun hat. She removes her own black hat of woven horsehair to try on the new piece. “I need something to protect my skin,” she explains.

Mother places the hat atop Josephine’s sophisticatedly piled blonde hair with some disapproval. “I’m afraid I didn’t pack very smartly,” Josephine admits while adjusting the tilt of the hat. She turns to Mother, “What do you think, Mrs. Jewett?”

Mother crosses her arms, “It’s a very practical hat,” she says. “Expensive,” she stresses.

My cheeks flame with embarrassment by Mother’s comment. I immediately try to apologize for her rudeness but Josephine just holds a hand in the air to hush me.

“That’s quite alright, Miss Martin. You don’t trust me, do you, Mrs. Jewett?” She asks.

Mother points her chin in the air defiantly, “No, I do not,” her graying hair bouncing slightly with importance.

Josephine takes off the hat and places it back on the stand. “Well, normally I charge for this, but perhaps this will be good press,” she settles.

I look to Mother in confusion as Josephine looks at a point just behind us. “Let’s see, you’re a widow, yes?”

Mother nods, “Bertha’s stepfather. He died back in Detroit.”

This is the story we’ve told since we first moved to St. Joseph. I place my hands on my hips, waiting to see if she passes the test.

Josephine shakes her head, “Mr. Jewett, you mean? He is alive and well—and my goodness, he has a very dark energy around him. Oh,” she adds in distaste, “*and* he’s *French*. I see why you divorced.”

Mother and I both gasp in surprise. “Don’t tell anyone, please! If people find out I’m divorced . . .” my mother begs.

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Jewett. These affairs are of no interest to me. Anyway, it is your first husband coming through. I’m getting a ‘James,’ is that right?” She finally makes eye contact with us, waiting for validation.

I nod while Mother is too stunned to speak. “That’s my dad. James Martin. He died in a—”

Josephine holds up a hand, “Please be patient, he is telling me himself.” The shop is quiet for several minutes, save for a few mutterings from Josephine. “A transportation accident?” She finally asks. “Something to do with his profession, is that correct?”

“He was a streetcar operator,” Mother says quietly.

Josephine bows her head, “He’s gone now, but he said he’s quite proud of the pair of you.” Mother sits down in the chair usually occupied by bored husbands.

“Well,” Josephine says. “Now that *that’s* out of the way,” she turns to me. “I love this hat,” she says, pointing to the straw sun hat. “But it’s not quite right. Could I commission a custom piece?”

I try to refocus despite my state of awe. “Of course, what would you like?” I go to the back and grab some scrap paper to sketch out a design.

Josephine responds almost too quickly for me to keep up with. “I think I’d like the brim to be a quarter inch longer. I love the asymmetrical shape. Will that still be possible with a changed brim?” She pauses long enough for me to nod. “I’d like the lining to be done in black velvet with a matching bow.” She lingers thoughtfully. “Ah, yes. And cream ostrich feathers. You just bought some in Chicago, didn’t you?”

I nod while continuing to scribble the request. I haven’t had a chance to use the feathers yet; I feared they might be too daring for the shop. I don’t even question how Josephine knows about them. I’m too overwhelmed. “I think I could have it done in about a week,” I say finally looking up from my notes.

“Let’s put a rush on that,” Josephine says. “I don’t mind paying the extra fee.”

“I suppose that’s it,” I say. “We do require a down payment upfront on all custom pieces. My mother can help you at the register.” I hesitate, seeing Mother dabbing her face with a handkerchief. “Ah, actually I can do that for you,” leading Josephine to the back to write up the receipt.

After we settle the paper work, Josephine whispers something to Mother just before leaving the shop. Mother finally composes herself and is able to manage the counter while I start to work on the new hat.

By afternoon, our sole employee, Agatha, arrives for her shift and dances into the shop excitedly. “That boy made it across the lake, you know,” she tells us while taking off her hat and fixing her hair. “Did you two make it down to the beach for the launch?” she asks.

I shake my head, “No, I’ve been working all afternoon on this special order.” Wiping my brow with my forearm. “Mother didn’t think he’d make it,” I tease.

Agatha laughs, “Really, Mrs. Jewett?”

Mother sniffs, “I knew he would be just fine,” she defends. “I’m much more optimistic than you would think, girls,” she says haughtily.

Agatha and I laugh silently, thinking of her warnings of cautiousness whenever the fire trucks across the street roll out of the station. Begrudgingly, though, I remember my thoughts from this morning. Mother really has changed. Maybe she truly did believe that boy would make it.

As Agatha and I make plans to go dancing after the shop closes, I begin to wonder what Josephine told my mother. Maybe she told her the flight would be a success. I suppose it doesn’t really matter, I don’t mind a little mystery.

I sigh and adjust my glasses, trying to figure out why Mother is so excited today. Not only is her request to ride the new rollercoaster odd, but her timing couldn't be more inconvenient. I'm just in the middle of clearing the accounts. Our millinery business has grown considerably since we moved the shop, which is what I'm trying to remind my mother.

"We need everyone at work today, Mother. The movie theatre next door brings in too many customers." I pause, "And with that Ku Klux Klan in town tonight . . ." I trail off, trying to get back to work.

"Oh, the police will be taking care of all that, Bertha. Besides, we're only leaving a little earlier than usual. And," Mothers says playfully, "I know you wanted to go to the dance pavilion and hear the band. It's been so long."

I weigh my options. Her dogged pleas are wearing me down. And it really has been so long since I've had any fun. "Alright, but I don't understand why you want to go. It isn't like you at all," I reply while closing up the books and shuffling together papers. "Of all things, A rollercoaster, Mother—"

"The paper said it was the best one in the country!" Mothers insists with authority. The new rollercoaster is called "The Velvet" and Mother's interest in it is bordering on suspicious.

I pin my hat in place, "But you've never been on a rollercoaster, mother. You're too afraid to take the streetcar!"

Mother defends herself, “Mr. Drake, the owner, says it is very safe, he’s even ridden it himself,” as if that settles the matter. “His wife was in the other day and said it was a riot.”

I hand the keys to Agatha, our steadfast employee. “Save your ridiculous persuasions, Mother, we’re going.” Mother smiles like an indulged child as she holds the door for me.

We make our way down to Silver Beach Amusement Park and are greeted by an absurdly long line. It would seem that everyone else has been hearing the same positive appraisals Mother has.

Her face is set in determination while we wait in line with families and small children. Across the way, a distasteful looking carnival worker promotes the ride. “Conquer your fears!” He exclaims obnoxiously to a young woman, “Can *you* survive the ride?” And to a teenage boy who quickly hurries off, he bellows, “Are *you* man enough?”

The line dwindles and we are going to be the first aboard its next run. Screams of delight and panic fill the air. Popcorn, hats, or kerchiefs sometimes drop from the sky as passengers lose control of their possessions. The ride operator picks them up as they fall, collecting them in a small basket. Noticing me watch his work, he explains. “Most people don’t come back for this stuff,” he says conversationally. “People always come back for glasses, though,” he laughs as I self-consciously adjust my frames.

Finally, the ride ends and the passengers wobble off. Half of them have splitting grins, the rest are absolutely green. The operator lifts the gate for us and we climb in a slightly unstable cab. I’m starting to get a bit apprehensive and figure Mother is regretting her request.

“We can still get off,” I say gently, hoping that Mother has changed her mind.

Mother takes a breath to respond but is stopped as the purring of motors begins and the car lurches forward. I grab my mother’s hand in distress as we speed up the climbing rails and whirr down the manufactured curves and drops. With my other hand, I hold my hat in place. I already had the good foresight to place my glasses in my handbag.

By my side, Mother’s face is set in stony resolve. She is staring at the front of the car, not the passing blurs of the rest of the park, or even the lighthouse. It reminds me of the dancing trick the young ladies use at the pavilion. If you perform a spin, you keep your eyes stuck to a fixture of the room so as not to get dizzy. This seems to be the technique Mother is utilizing.

After what seems like a lifetime, the car finally stops and we get out, walking drunkenly following our adventure. We walk a ways from the ride before I say, “Well.”

“It was quite fine,” Mother says. “Though I don’t think I need to experience it again.”

“Hmpff,” I say with pursed lips. *I* certainly have no need to go on another amusement ride again. In fact, I can barely remember a time when I enjoyed them.

The boardwalk is filling around the dance pavilion as couples eagerly wait for it to open for the evening. I also notice a few men in the white robes of the KKK. It seems peculiar to see them without their trademark masks. They appear more frightening.

The crowds for the two events are starting to mix and Mother and I watch as tensions rise. The dancers are struggling to get in the hall as the Klan members and their spectators try to arrange their demonstration amongst the crowd. The Klansmen start to

block the entrance for the dancers. Quickly, the crowd becomes more aggressive the longer they have to wait for admittance.

Soon, dancers in glittering dresses are being pushed aside by their male companions, who start shoving and shouting at the white robed men.

“This is exactly what I was afraid of, Mother,” I say loudly to be heard over the crowd. “And where are the police?”

Mother furrows her brow and presses her arms to her chest, as if to make herself more compact. Survival instinct. “Perhaps we should just go back to the shop,” she says, as if it hadn’t been her idea to come down in the first place. “I’m sure Agatha would appreciate it if we came back to help close-up.”

A single shot rings in the air as the police arrive to sort out the trouble. We look around to see if anyone has been hit, but instead it’s just an officer firing a warning shot.

“Indeed,” I concur. “Let’s be off then.”

We head back up the bluff. “I must say,” Mother says with an air of judgment, “*how* they expect people to take them seriously when they can’t even coordinate a rally,” in reference to the Klan. “And those *costumes* are not frightening at all,” she says raising her chin. Evidently, getting away from the angry crowd has renewed her pluck.

I disagree, “Well you’re much braver than I. I found them to be quite intimidating.”

Mother laughs, “I’m not surprised those silly men frighten you, Bertha. After all, *you* were scared of The Velvet.” She taunts.

I’m about to argue that it is not at all unreasonable to be afraid of a rollercoaster when we hear shouts from up the street and the familiar ringing of the fire trucks. My

stomach drops when I smell smoke in the air. We continue up the street and become more worried the closer we get to the shop. As we turn off Broad Street and onto State, our fears are realized.

Flames engulf the Caldwell Movie Theatre located next to the shop. Firemen rush to put out the flames so uncomfortably close to our entire life's work. What would we do, I wonder, if we lost it all?

Agatha runs to us in tears, having evacuated the building, but not before helpfully collecting all the bills in the register and passing them to me. We watch for over an hour as the fire finally comes under control. We all breathe a sigh of relief. Martin & Jewett Millinery is safe.

"I hope the shop doesn't smell like smoke in the morning," I say thoughtfully. "We may have to air out some of the hats."

Mother, a pillar of courageousness all day, finally breaks. Her nervous nature is back despite conquering the roller coaster. "It was the mob," she says with quiet intensity. "I'm sure of it. I thought I saw some bootleggers delivering crates to the theatre," shaking her head. "This is why alcohol is so dangerous, Bertha." She goes on, "Look at that poor girl who died a few weeks ago. They blew up her car just a mile from here because her husband was competition!"

I grimace. This time, Mother's paranoia might not be so misplaced. After all, a lot of suspicious fellows from Chicago have been coming to town, spending money building those huge houses along the lake. "I'm sure that's not true," I soothe my mother. "It was probably just an electrical fire."

We link arms and take a longer route home to bypass the disarray caused by the fire. I turn around for another glance at the shrinking flames. I'm surprised by the dangerous developments of my adopted community, especially after coming from Detroit, a city overrun by bootleggers and the mob.

When we get home, I pour myself a small glass of wine I keep hidden in my room. I examine the green bottle, pondering who may have died in the process of making this seemingly harmless but still illicit substance.

I take a sip and wonder if my mother is having a drink from the hidden liquor I found in her bureau the other day.

“Mother, hurry up! We’ll be late to the shop!” I fuss with my scarf again, tucking it under the bridge of my glasses and covering my mouth. The first snow of the season unceremoniously arrived the night before, covering the streets and sidewalks with thick piles of fluff to wade our way through.

Mother pokes her head out from the oak doorway. “Patience, Bertha! I can’t find my thicker mittens!” Her white curls match the newly arrived snowy aesthetic covering the town.

I huff in annoyance and begin to respond but my scarf muffles my voice. I uncover my mouth, “They haven’t dug out the walks yet, our customers will walk away.” I pause, “And you wouldn’t need your other pair of gloves if we could take the street car. It’s warmer than walking and at least the tracks are dug out today—”

Mother bursts from the other room as she slips on her gloves, “The streetcar! You must have a death wish!” Her eyes flame with fury as she vigorously shakes her head. “After what happened to your father, how could you even *think* to take a *streetcar*. . .” She emphasizes her last words with a whisper as if uttering the very name unleashed a curse.

I look at the ceiling, already familiar with my mother’s rants against the transportation industry. “Fine, fine, off we go, then,” I open the door and shoo Mother out ahead of me. We link arms as we begin our shuffled gate down Church Street. The walk today will take twice as long with the snow dragging down the thick folds of our winter skirts and overcoats.

Though its still early, the rest of the town is awake and already at work. Our neighbors are out shoveling the walks, automobiles slide across the slick slush coating the roads, and the occasional jingle of a horse's saddle rattles in the cold air. Hopefully all these people are getting ready for Christmas shopping. Business always picks up around the holidays.

By the time we reach the shop, we're ten minutes late and two well-dressed ladies are waiting impatiently. While I unlock the half-frozen door, Mother soothes the ladies who are smiling and laughing with her by the time we all enter the shop. I immediately head to the back of the shop to tend the heat as Mother starts to assist the customers.

The day becomes a happy success, just as I hoped. By supper, we've sold several hats meant for Christmas church services. A few men come in to buy hats for their wives, which is always great fun for us. Most of the wives come in advance to pick out the hat, knowing their husbands won't have the faintest idea of what to purchase. Then, a few weeks later, the husbands come in and we "suggest" what their wives might like.

A little after eight p.m., our diligent employee, Agatha, sells a set of emerald green ribbons to a young woman. Shouts from outside punctuate the air, and lights flash brightly against the holiday displays.

"My goodness," I say. "What is all that fuss?" I make my way to the window. Perhaps a Christmas display caught fire, I wonder, as I pressed my nose to the glass. "I can't see a thing," I complain to the others.

"What if there is another fire?" Mother frets. I can't help but agree. Since the theatre's fire, we've both developed a fear of losing the business to flames, which is

precisely why we moved the shop down the street. “Go out to the street and check!”

Mother pushes me out the door.

I haven’t left the shop all day and find the evening scene quite different than the earlier peaceful one earlier. As I look up and down Broad Street, customers line the walks and the streets, loaded down with packages, parcels, and bags. The shouting is coming from just up the block in front of where our shop used to be. A young police officer seems to be communicating in distress with a man in a car.

Just as I’m about to write it off as a traffic dispute, I see the officer jump onto the running board of the vehicle while he frantically directs the driver, seemingly to the police station. I watch for several more seconds, hearing only the loud sounds of fast moving tires. Believing that to be the end of it, I shrug and turn back to the shop. I reopen the door when I hear the unmistakable sound of a gun being fired.

Without thinking, I drop low to the ground, as does everyone else on the street. For a moment there is only quiet save for a gut-wrenching scream. Suddenly, everyone on the street is running to the nearest open store for safety. A few others and I clamber into the shop. All eyes look to me for reassurance, but I’m frozen with fright.

Mother rushes to the front of the shop and locks the door. “Turn off the lights,” She instructs a quivering Agatha. “And switch the radio to the news!” Several minutes go by without a word but the radio only plays holiday music. Clearly no one has informed the newscasters yet.

I glance out the window and see a young boy rushing toward our store with pink cheeks and his hat falling from his head. Mother unlocks the door. I recognize him as one of the young boys selling fruit in the summer.

He bursts in with a gust of snow and wind, placing his hands on bent knees as he tries to calm down. After a few gulps of air and seeing our inquisitive faces he says, “Officer shot!”

We all gasp. “Mob!” He adds, both scared and pleased to have everyone’s attention.

Mother coughs, “It’s that Capone man! I said from the start I didn’t like him coming into town. I said something like this would happen!” She confers with some of the people near her, all nodding in agreement.

“I didn’t see his car,” I say cutting through the whispers. Everyone in town is familiar with his 16-cylinder sedan, both in sight and sound. We hear another loud crash outside followed by what we presume are police vehicles in pursuit.

Mother shakes her head, “They won’t get him. He’s too slippery.”

The others agree and continue to murmur their own theories while I say a silent prayer for the police officer.

The minutes tick by without any further sounds of distress. The people in the shop grow restless. The streets begin to refill with shoppers so Mother unlocks the door to resume business.

The excitement of the night has left me feeling both terrified and exhilarated. Our shop has been its own sort of adventure. It’s not been at all like the sensational and audacious books I’ve admired since childhood. And while I have maintained the independence of my favorite strong heroines, at some point I stopped gambling on myself and played it safe. I’ve grown complacent. It’s time for the chapter on Martin & Jewett Millinery to close and for a new one to begin. It’s time for a new adventure.

Acknowledgments

I used many resources during the course of my research. Ancestry.com provided historical records to help lay the framework of the story. I also used local history known across several sites as well as the following books: *Silver Sands and Golden Memories* (2008) by Daryl T. Schlender, *3 Tales of a City* (2007) by Daryl T. Schlender, and *Talk of the Towns* (1991) by Kathryn S. Zerler. In addition, *The Female Economy* (1997) by Wendy Gamber, and *A History of Women in America* (2011) by Janet L. Coryell. Cover graphic is courtesy of TheGraphicsFairy.Com

I would like to thank my family and friends who helped provide insight, ideas, and suggestions that aided my research and eventual creative interpretation. I would particularly like to thank my great-uncle, Ed Martin, without whom we would have never known of Bertha and Clydenia's existence. I'd also like to thank my dad, Brian Maynard, who undertook the initial research on this branch of family history.

Thank you, Michelle Ringle-Barrett, for supporting my idea from the start and helping guide it into a concept and into fruition. Thank you, Scott Friesner, for agreeing to be on the panel with little notice. Your insight and understanding of the characters was both reassuring and extremely helpful. And finally, thank you Jane Ammeson, for similarly agreeing to come aboard at the last minute. I'm so glad to have a local on the panel, as well as a great writer.