

Edythe Squier Draper was always referred to as The Sun's Oswego correspondent, but for a considerable time she also was a circulation manager for Oswego. She had an office where she collected subscriptions and where carriers picked up their papers in a madhouse scene every afternoon. It was interesting to watch Mrs. Draper's face when the place was filled with rambunctious boys. As she watched the antics, she registered amusement, despair and mock-horror. Her patience sometimes appeared to be near an end--but it never quite got there.

The office was a long, bare room. But on the walls Mrs. Draper stuck up reproductions of good art and fine photographs clipped from magazines. This was partly for her own pleasure, we're sure, but she also hoped that it would be an influence on her "boys." For the same reason, though she never said so, she supplied the kids with good books, mostly paperbacks. In effect, she ~~was~~ ran a lending library.

A slender woman, she apparently had no calorie worries. Almost every afternoon she stopped at the soda fountain in ~~the~~ one of Oswego's two drug stores and had a strawberry ice cream cone with coffee. If she could find someone to discuss literature with her--and this was ~~so~~ apparently seldom--she was pleased. She also liked to discuss art, music, and the theater. But literature was her game. She frequently visited the library across the street from her office.

Her column for The Sun was supposed to include news from the city hall, the county courthouse, and other hard news sources, but Mrs. Draper tended to pass them over lightly. She would rather write of a personality, the view from the bluff at Riverside Park, the looks of Oswego's water tower when draped with Christmas lights.

She had a lavish ~~own~~ vocabulary. By newspaper standards, her style was ornate. She seemed to have many readers. Not nearly all of them were Oswego residents. "Now doesn't that sound like Mrs. Draper," was a comment often heard about her work.

Friends of Mrs. Draper noted quicksilver in her makeup. Sometimes she spoke bitterly of her writing. She thought she hadn't accomplished as much as she should have. But the bitterness seemed to be fleeting. It would quickly disappear and she might giggle. Even in her later years, she sometimes giggled like a schoolgirl at herself.