



Catherine Woolley was born in Chicago, Illinois, but spent most of her life in Passaic, New Jersey. While living there, she was well known for her community activities. She was involved in many local boards including education, redevelopment, and League of Women Voters

Miss Woolley graduated from UCLA, and then moved to New York where she worked in advertising and public relations. In 1947, her interest in her nieces and nephews drew Miss Woolley to what she does best, writing children's books. Her first book, "Two Hundred Pennies" was published by William Morrow in 1947.

The children's series she has written include the "David" books, "Ginnie and Geneva" series as well as "Cathy" and her little sister "Chris". She also wrote the "Libby" series. In addition to her children's series, Miss Woolley also published a book on how to write books for children. In all, she has written more than 87 books.

Catherine Woolley has also done many magazine articles, juvenile anthologies, and wrote picture books under the pen name of Jane Thayer.

On the dust jacket of one of her books, a reviewer said of one of Miss Woolley's books, "Here's an author who has found the magic formula to win a loyal audience of beginning readers-a good story, with lots of action; credible characters not too good to be true; a vocabulary that is within easy reading reach. Tops in its' field."

Now residing in a cottage in Truro Massachusetts, Miss Woolley enjoys reading the New York Times and visiting with friends. On August 11, 2004, Catherine Woolley celebrated her 100th birthday.

Review of *Wedding Bells*

After spending an exciting day in New York City with her friends Geneva, Anna and Barbara, Ginnie Fellows arrived home to find that her family had been invited to her Cousin Bill's wedding. Bill's fiancée, Joan, had asked Ginnie to be a junior bridesmaid.

Elation quickly turned to depression when later that evening, Geneva accidentally hit Ginnie in the eye with a snowball. The result was an eye as black as soot. Ginnie felt that she had no other choice than to attend the wedding only as a guest. She didn't want to ruin the happy couple's day by standing out with a black eye.

"Having ruled herself out as a member of the wedding party, she resolutely put

the matter aside.” There were myriad of things to do in the weeks before the wedding. They had to get all of their Christmas preparations done ahead of time in order to take the time to fly to Nantucket for the wedding. There were cookies to bake, mincemeat to cook, cards to be written, and on top of that the kitchen needed painting. Ginnie and her mother both needed new clothes, and Mr. Fellow’s suit had to go to the cleaners.

As if all that weren’t enough, Aunt Jessie called to see if she could accompany the Fellows in Mr. Fellow’s company plane. She was elderly and didn’t feel like she could make the trip on her own. That was fine, but she would have to spend Thursday night with the Fellows, in anticipation of leaving Friday morning. Ginnie’s cat, Mumbo, was also about to have kittens. Ginnie was so worried about leaving the cat alone. She hoped fervently that the kittens would be born before they left for Nantucket.

If all this weren’t enough, Mr. Oliver, Ginnie’s math teacher decided to give them a test on Friday of all days. Ginnie knew her grade needed help, and she would be on her way to Nantucket on Friday. All of this must have taken a toll, because in addition to everything else, Ginnie came down with the flu! And, she *still* didn’t have a dress to wear to the wedding.

All of a sudden, things started coming into place. Mumbo had her kittens, Ginnie only had a 24 hour virus, she was able to take her math test Thursday afternoon, the painters finished in the kitchen, and the dress she had bought for Susan, a little girl she babysat for, to dress up in, fit Ginnie like it was made for her. It was perfect to wear to the wedding.

Things were going along seemingly fine. But it was too soon to breathe a sigh of relief. Daddy’s suit wasn’t back at the dry cleaners when it should have been, Aunt Jessie missed the early bus, and the pilot for the company plane couldn’t fly in the low fog which descended on Friday morning. They had no alternate reservations. Finally, Daddy was able to get a charter flight out of Newark. Mother was still at the hair dresser. She would be home at 11, just in time to hop in the car and go. But, what should happen? She got a flat tire! Were they *ever* going to make it to the wedding? They made it into Boston, onto the flight to Nantucket, and everything was going well. It was then that Ginnie realized she had left her dress for the wedding hanging in her closet at home. What a night mare. Mother reassured her that there would be stores in Nantucket and they could shop for a new dress before the wedding.

Finally, they made it to the hotel and things started looking up. That night was the rehearsal dinner. Ginnie found herself seated next to Joan’s cousin Ken, a boy about her own age. They got along well and had a pleasant evening even dancing a few times. The next day, Ginnie, her mom and one of the bridesmaids, Margo, went shopping for a dress for Ginnie. After a few false starts, they finally found a red velveteen that suited perfectly. The shopkeeper was able to have it hemmed by 2:30.

Ginnie and her group went back to the hotel for the bridesmaid's luncheon. Then Ginnie and Margo went to pick up Ginnie's dress.

All of a sudden, tragedy struck. Margo twisted her ankle and went down like a shot. She was not able to walk on it at all. She was however able to drive to the emergency room. After having it x-rayed, the ankle turned out to be badly sprained. Margo was horrified at the thought of having to walk down the aisle on crutches. But Joan had a better idea. Ginnie would fill in for Margo! The dress needed minor alterations and fit Ginnie perfectly. Finally, Bill and Joan were married. Ginnie had got to be a bridesmaid after all.