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Résumé de l'article

L'acte de contrebande et les récits qui en découlent représentent des formes d'art populaire car ils révèlent des stratégies culturelles mises en place de part et d'autre de la frontière pour tromper les douaniers et pour introduire des marchandises prohibées dans le pays. Mais ce n'est pas tout. La micro-analyse d'une famille qui pratique la contrebande entre Windsor et Détroit permet de montrer que les stratégies de contrebande mettent en scène des distinctions sexuelles et articulent des problèmes complexes de relations inter-frontières et d'identité culturelle.

SMUGGLING ACROSS THE WINDSOR-DETROIT BORDER: FOLK ART, SEXUAL DIFFERENCE & CULTURAL IDENTITY

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> People from Toronto used to go to Buffalo for the weekends, the men to watch girlie shows and drink after-hours beer, the women to shop; they'd come back jumped-up and pissed and wearing several layers of clothes to smuggle them through Customs. Now the weekend traffic is the other way around.
>
> Margaret Atwood, *Cat's Eye*

The quotation from Margaret Atwood's most recent novel encapsulates interrelated points I would like to develop further: first, that smuggling goods across the Canada-United States border is a folk art. "Wearing several layers of clothes to smuggle them through Customs" is, indeed, an informally-shared strategy; second, that this folk art is often gender specific ("the men to watch...and drink...the women to shop"); third, and perhaps most importantly, that this folk art can reveal something about Canadian-American relationships, or perceptions of those relationships, and concomitant cultural and national identities. "People from Toronto *used to go* to Buffalo..." implies that smuggling, if not a thing of the past, was at least a more common activity for Canadians before Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City and Vancouver had services, merchandise and night life comparable to cities south of the border.[1]

Be that as it may, smuggling appears to be an activity that has bedeviled the official, although shifting and contested, boundary between the two countries for a very long time. The boundary through the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes waterway has been especially vulnerable, as the Toronto-Buffalo corridor discussed above suggests.[2] In fact, smuggling was an international issue in the

1. Margaret Atwood, *Cat's Eye*, New York, Doubleday, 1988, p. 14.
2. See H. George Classen, *Thrust and Counterthrust: The Genesis of the Canada-United States Boundary*, Chicago, Rand McNally & Co., 1965, especially Ch. 2, p. 93-111 and Ch. 6, p. 360-366. In writing of the complex history of boundary making in the Great Lakes system, Classen refers to the International Waterways Commission's work which supplemented that of the International Boundary Commission: "It covers the boundary from the St. Lawrence River through Lake Superior—a section which is, in a sense, the stepchild of boundary history", p. 366.

1819 boundary negotiations further east at the junction of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. The "Thousand Islands" at this junction were problematic, and not just because of the technical difficulties in surveying them. As British commissioner Anthony Barclay remarked after giving up some of the islands to the Americans, "It is a fact, I believe, very notorious, that these islands have served as the principal depots for smuggling along the whole Frontier".[3]

And smuggling through the Great Lakes was a major international issue again in the 1920s and 1930s during the Prohibition Era. Bootleggers used the Detroit River, which connects Lakes Erie and Huron via Lake St. Clair, as a channel for illegal transportation of liquor across the border. C. H. Gervais writes in his *The Rumrunners: A Prohibition Scrapbook*:

> The liquor being sold in the United States for the most part was smuggled across the border from Canadian ports. The great majority originated at Windsor, or the Border Cities, as the ports surrounding Windsor were called. Police estimated that nearly four-fifths of all the liquor being sent to the United States was smuggled across the Detroit River. The traffic was so heavy and frenetic that this route came to be known as "The Windsor-Detroit Funnel".[4]

The public face of smuggling through this funnel is well documented in Gervais's text which includes period photographs, oral histories, and media and police coverage of big-time bootlegging operations by the Mafia and the Purple Gang in Detroit. Well-known legends associated with this Era include that of the under-river pipeline from the Hiram Walker distillery in Windsor to Detroit[5] and that of the ill-fated Chinese workers carried in bags across the river from Detroit to work illegally in Windsor who were dumped overboard when transporters ran into the Detroit River Patrol.[6]

Yet I would like to focus here on the more private face of smuggling across the Windsor-Detroit border, what Gervais calls "small time suitcase smuggling"[7] and what one person interviewed in 1978 distinguishes from "the

3. As quoted in Classen, p. 102.
4. C. H. Gervais, *The Rumrunners: A Prohibition Scrapbook*, Scarborough, Ontario, Firefly Books Ltd., 1980, p. 9.
5. See Wayne State University Folklore Archive, R1978 (87), p. 57: "Hiram Walker and Company had a brewery, had a distillery right on, in Riverside, what do they call that? In Windsor. They had a pipe leading from the distillery right across the river, over into the United States and they were pumping liquor over here as fast, as fast as they could make it. But a big steamship, a freighter, set anchor one day, and they hooked into this pipe. When the captain raised the anchor, when they raised the anchor, the captain investigated and found out it was ah, ah, a booze pipe, you know, going across, and he reported it to the officials, you know. That was taken out of there in a hurry. But if he'd a kept his mouth shut, he'd a made a fortune. You know. He was a stupidest man, I guess, during prohibition days".
6. See Gervais, p. 40,42,81-82; bootlegger and hijacker Cecil Smith's name was the only one officially connected with the many rumors about Chinese aliens dumped in the Detroit River. Interview with U.S. Customs Inspector Katie Horst, January 17, 1990; see also WSU, R1978(87), p. 9-10, 44-45 for additional versions.
7. Gervais, p. 17.

bootleggers, the *real* bootleggers''.[8] And that is smuggling conducted by everyday people, the people to whom Atwood alludes in the opening quotation. Gervais put it succinctly: ''Booze was going across with skaters on sunny afternoons, tourists crossing on the ferry boats. Bottles were strapped to underclothing, inside brassieres, in stockings, in boots, up coatsleeves, in tires of cars''.[9] Other goods as well were carried in these ways across the Detroit River and past Customs officials on both sides.

An unpublished field research project conducted in 1978 by Wayne State University student David Obudzinski augments Gervais's oral histories. Obudzinski interviewed four people who had lived on both sides of the Windsor-Detroit border, three women and one man, Anglo-, French- and Irish-Canadian. Those interviewed gave him their personal experience narratives and family stories of smuggling, especially in the period up to and including the Second World War before travellers going across the border (usually from Windsor to Detroit) were allowed the exemptions from duty on purchases available today.[10] In his analysis of the interviews, Obudzinski recognized both the economic necessity and the folk art involved in getting through customs with concealed goods.[11]

Using Obudzinski's research as a base, I would like to build a case for seeing that the gender of the smuggler could make a difference in what was smuggled, in how and why it was smuggled and in how that subversive folk art was articulated in story later. I suggest that gender issues relate ultimately to border issues between Canada and the United States in historic, economic and symbolic ways.

Men's stories come closest to the public face of rumrunning, briefly mentioned above. They told of taking whiskey across borders on a small scale to meet daily expenses. The man Obudzinski interviewed told him:

> It might be of interest for you to know, that in smuggling liquor, in a small way, that I started from smuggling whiskey from the United States to Canada at one time. Canada was dry and the United States was wet, you know, as they refer to it. Then, eventually, the States went dry and Canada was wet. So it was just the reverse procedure. And during the Depression, it was a means of making a living. Ah, if you know what I mean. There was no work.[12]

8. WSUFA, R1978(87), p. 46.
9. Gervais, p. 17.
10. U.S. Customs Inspector Katie Horst states that since the beginning of Customs in the area in 1790, there have been duty and exemptions from duty which have varied in kind and in number in the subsequent 200 years. Apprehended smugglers have had to pay double or triple duty on smuggled goods or a flat fee of up to $ 5,000. Interview, January 17, 1990.
11. WSUFA, R1978 (87). Obudzinski, David, Collector. "How to Take It". 63-page ms. Due to the sensitive nature of the material, no further information will be given on informants. At the time of their interviews, all asked to remain anonymous.
12. *Ibid*, p. 36-37.

When asked how he smuggled the bottles across, he spoke of strategies shared by bootleggers in general, so named because they originally put whiskey bottles down their boots.[13] "Oh, we used to hide liquor under our clothes", he said. Sometimes he put two or three bottles under his belt and sometimes he brought as many as twelve bottles over at a time. "You'd put them in your sleeves and around your waist like you would, ah, sleigh bells, you know. It was hard to walk, but, ah, we managed".[14]

He recalled the finesse required when bringing whiskey in this way to the doctors who were "more than anxious to pay a reasonable, you know, a good price for liquor" which they used for treating the flu. "We made a few bucks," he chuckled.

> I used to go into these big buildings, and I'd have so much liquor on me that when I got to the elevator, if the elevator was, ah, an inch or two one way or the other, I'd have to tell the elevator attendant to level it off because I was going to the doctor and I had a broken leg! So I could shuffle onto the elevator. See, I, ah, otherwise, I couldn't lift my leg up or down. Yeah, it was funny at times, I'll tell you. But I was never caught; I never, I never brought enough over at one time to, ah, you know, to be considered a "rumrunner", you know. It was mostly a means of making a few bucks to live with.[15]

His reiterated "we" suggests that these techniques—both the manner in which the goods were concealed and the verbal statements made as further concealments—were shared by a number of men making a living during the Depression. A man recorded by Gervais recalled related techniques although less for making a living than to show off to his girlfriend. He had tucked a bottle under his belt, staggered up to the Customs official at Buffalo, patted his stomach and said with a drunken slur that he was carrying Canadian whiskey. The official let him through.[16]

Both these stories highlight rather complex activities that I contend both play with and maximize masculine images. Those who put bottles under their belts or up their pants legs or hung them down their pants' fronts in particular exaggerated their physical masculinity (both phallic and muscular) to the point of parody and discovery. I have no data to prove that these men made any overt association between bottles down their legs and their maleness (in fact, their verbal strategies denied this reading), yet, like their carnivalesque counterparts who danced down streets at Mardi Gras or in squares in front of Southwest Pueblos, they stand as the male body enlarged, a discourse of sexual difference.[17]

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13. Stuart Flexner, *I Hear America Talking*, New York, Van Nostrand and Reinhold, 1976, p. 287.
14. WSUFA, R1978(87), p. 36-37.
15. *Ibid.*
16. Gervais, p. 45.6
17. Readings in symbolic anthropology inform this paragraph, particularly those extending Mikhail Bahktin's insights on the carnivalesque exaggeration of body parts.

The case for women smugglers is more overt; they played with feminine images much more openly. They hid items, sometimes liquor but more often household utensils and furnishings, food or clothes, hats, shoes and toys in brassieres, corsets and girdles, all badges of feminine identity. The wife of the man quoted above told how she brought liquor over to Windsor during the Depression:

> I put three bottles in the front of me, in front of my girdle, my corselet, and then I used to have a big muff. I took all the insides out and I used to take two bottles everyday across the river. That was when they had the bad flu over here and they couldn't get liquor over here. It was dry here. And everybody was asking me to bring liquor. It was the only thing that would help people with the flu. So many people died that year. Everyday, I'd bring two bottles, and I used to get fifteen dollars a bottle to take it across....I had a big coat that was big enough. *I looked like I was pregnant everytime I'd come over* [laughing].[18]

Although she used much the same technique in bringing liquor across the River as the men did above, the result of bottles under her belt revealed a quite different body image, that of a pregnant woman.

Her niece told a story about a friend who used the same technique of simulating pregnancy *and* the following verbal strategy which played on and with expected feminine behavior in outwitting the Customs official. At the time of the incident, Customs officials were all men and were not permitted to search women crossing the border:

> Oh, this other friend of ours, she had a whole bunch of stuff, and she got hauled in, and they said something to her and she started to cry and carry on....And [the Canadian Customs official] said something to her, you know, and she said, "Oh", she started to cry, she says, "No wonder people, women don't want to have babies", she says, "You embarrass me thinking...when I'm pregnant, and..." I guess he was so embarrassed he let her go, you know. And here, she had, I forget, she had all kinds of stuff on her....You had to make up a story and sound convincing....[19]

Her aunt told of her experience with a Customs official during World War II when the artful concealment of contraband and a verbal strategy nearly didn't work. Only bravely refusing the Customs official from searching her saved the situation:

> I had stopped over at N.'s and got a pound of butter during the...war that was rationed you know...and I said, "N., give me a knife"! So he gave me a knife and I cut the pound of butter in two. And I stuck it inside of my bra here in front [shows interviewer by cupping both hands in front of her body].
>
> And, when we come across the river, the [Canadian Customs official] had a searchlight...right on me. And he kept saying, "What are you concealing in the front of your dress"?
>
> And I was so shaky. And all at once I said, "Not a damn thing"! And I did have that butter hidden in here. And, so anyway, [my husband] was waiting for him to touch me, because

18. WSUFA, R1978(87), p. 42.
19. *Ibid*, p. 13-14.

> he could get arrested, you know, if he had put his hands on me, to feel, you know, what I had in [there].[20]

Images of breasts dripping milk (or butter) and of advanced pregnancy place these women smugglers into the same category as the famed prehistoric "Venus" figurines, those celebrations of fecundity and the maternal image. The women smugglers recognized and exploited the female body enlarged both visually and verbally.

Gervais records one male smuggler's technique of getting past customs which involved a natural outcome of the virile and maternal images cultivated by these smugglers: he pushed his baby in a baby carriage with a double bottom hiding whiskey bottles. When he got to Customs, he pulled the pacifier out of his child's mouth. The baby screamed so loudly that the official waved him through![21]

I suggest that these body images, built on sexual difference, actually and symbolically confounded the border. The smugglers used these techniques in a practical way to conceal goods, yet the images they created in doing so became living, physical signs of the biological family and of the familial networks criss-crossing the border and, in certain ways, erasing it. Smugglers, especially those with family members living on both sides of the border, consistently chose family well-being, both economic and social, over national identity equated with the International Boundary Line separating the two countries. A review of other aspects of smuggling will support, I think, this rather sweeping statement.

Returning to Atwood's quotation about "wearing several layers of clothes to smuggle them through Customs", I'd like to explore what clothing was brought, for whom and why. People basically bought clothes in the country where they were cheaper and smuggled them home, usually from the U.S. to Canada but occasionally the other way around, building up their body shapes to gargantuan proportions. They did bring clothes just for themselves. The man Obudzinski interviewed said that buying clothes and wearing them through Customs was what everybody did. "Oh, yes, nobody thought anything of it. We'd just buy clothes, and, oh, mostly shoes or shirts and stuff like that, suit of clothes. Nobody paid much attention to them". His wife agreed that she smuggled "clothes, oh I smuggled coats—everything".[22] Her niece elaborated on the technique:

> Oh, a lot of women did it. They'd come over here [Detroit] and they'd buy things and they'd leave their old clothes here, and they'd wear the new clothes across, so that they couldn't prove that they had taken it. 'Cause it was so much cheaper then....Like I remember once I was buying a coat for Easter. The coat was $5.95 and by the time I finished paying for

20. *Ibid*, p. 47-48.
21. Gervais, p. 45.6
22. WSUFA, R1978(87), p. 40.

it [in Canadian currency], it was $7.25. But that was still cheaper than buying it in Canada.[23]

Yet, more often, the smugglers told of bringing clothes for family members. Their stories accent the communal and familial. The first woman quoted above recalled, "I smuggled hats, I smuggled dresses for [relatives], for my mother. I smuggled for everybody over there". She would either wear layered dresses or fold them over a string tied around her waist between her slip and her own dress, put a large coat over all, make it through Customs and then distribute them to the women in her family.[24] And her niece remembered that her aunt "used to always bring her mother and my mother hats. She'd wear them over. She always brought them hats over for Easter. She just wore them over and then gave them to them".[25] And the niece smuggled clothes for her brother's wedding:

> I remember taking two bride's maid dresses and a big picture hat and I went over [to Windsor] after work. Me in my white nurse's shoes and stockings, and the big picture hat and the two dresses in the suitcase. Big things, bustles, you know. We had a big hoop skirt and I folded that up. It was like a big thing and I put it in the suitcase.
>
> And the guy [Canadian Customs official] said to me, "You got anything to declare"?
>
> And I said, "No". And he didn't even ask me to open it. And, you know, if you had a big suitcase and you were going over for the weekend, you didn't look suspicious, so I took it across and [laughing] B. said, "You know you're lying". He said, "You said you didn't have anything new".
>
> And I said, "Well, it isn't new, it's two weeks old"![26]

Other items taken also accentuate the familial. Another woman told Obudzinski about her Christmas shopping stateside and her trip back to Windsor:

> And I had done my Christmas shopping. And my brother had got a coat for my mother. Now she wore about a twenty-four-and-a-half at the time and I was about a twelve or fourteen. So I said I'd take the coat....
>
> I got a great big Chenilla robe [for M.], and it was a heavy, heavy robe, you know. The real heavy Chenilla. And I don't know how many pairs of stockings I had. I had drums for the kids. I had cigarettes—four or five cartons of cigarettes. I had an alarm clock. Ah, what else did I have? I had, well, M. had eight or nine kids and I had something for them all though [laughing]. And for my brothers....
>
> I had everything wrapped around me and stuffed here and stuffed there and everything. Then I put the big coat on over the top of it [laughing]....I'd take the darn bus downtown and then I'd have to take the tunnel bus across, you know. And I never got scared till I got on the tunnel bus. And all of a sudden, I thought, "Oh, my God, what do I look like"? I walked, here I'm walking [laughing]. But I got through with no trouble at all. Boy, I plopped in a taxi and I got!

23. *Ibid*, p. 12-13.
24. *Ibid*, p. 51.
25. *Ibid*, p. 17.
26. *Ibid*, p. 16.

> But my brother just about killed me, when he saw all, when I started taking the stuff off. I had more stuff on that day. How I ever got through, I'll never know. But I did.[27]

Women, then, took clothes and other items for family members (mothers, sisters, brothers, nieces, nephews and their own children). The goods given mark concretely the kinship networks and associations they held significant. The special occasions mentioned are familial ones—a wedding—or holidays especially associated with family togetherness—Easter and Christmas. Blood is indeed thicker than water, here the boundary through the Detroit River.

Men, too, took items which highlight the family unit. The man Obudzinski interviewed recalled an amusing instance of his attempt to smuggle household items for his new wife:

> Well, some things are funny. The first set of dishes I ever got for [my wife], I saw a sale on over here [Detroit] and I bought them and I smuggled them over to Windsor. We lived over there. When I got over there, I found out you could buy them better and cheaper in Windsor![28]

His wife, who had smuggled a complete set of livingroom drapes for her mother by stringing them around her waist and putting on the ubiquitous big coat, reminded him of the time that he had ferried a bathtub, a wash basin and a toilet across the Detroit River for a friend who was building a new house. He subsequently ferried a piano across as well. These stories reminded him of the time a relative had ferried an entire house across the river in the 1920s:

> If I told you that I know a man that smuggled a five-room house across the river, would you believe it? Well, I'll tell you. At one time, when it went dry over here [Detroit], we had local option at that time it went dry. And this man had a road house over here...—a beautiful road house. Oh, they had tables outside and bowling on the green. They had quite an establishment. So when it went dry over here, his business went to pieces. So he sold it.
>
> The home he lived in, he liked his home, and so did his wife. So he thought, "I don't know what to do". He had a farm right across the river....He had his property there. So what he did, he dug a basement and set up his foundation. And then he got a big raft, a great big raft, and he took his home and he put it on his raft. It took some time. They towed the boat across the river....And they had everything arranged. So they rolled it off this big raft and onto the foundation. And the biggest amazement was to look at the expression on the people that lived in the neighborhood. "How they could build that home in one night"? You know. They couldn't figure how the hell they built that home in one night [laughing]!
>
> Well, that was the biggest thing that I ever heard of that was smuggled. That was really funny [laughing]. He didn't mean to smuggle it but he just like his home and he didn't want to leave it over here.[29]

Ferrying large household items, even a house itself, across the river I also read symbolically. The house, long a family symbol, traverses the boundary

27. *Ibid*, p. 24-25.
28. *Ibid*, p. 45.
29. *Ibid*, p. 40-41.

once again between the two countries. A visual metaphor for the point developed here through narrative comes from a photograph appearing in a collection that the Canadian government presented to the United States in 1976 to commemorate the friendly relations between the two countries.[30] It is a winter scene on the Quebec/Maine border. A cedar-shingled house has windows at either end. A white sign with black letters *CANADA/U.S.A.* posted on the shingles announces the odd fact that the house happens to straddle the two countries. The husband is looking out of his window on the *Canada* side. His wife is looking out of her window on the *U.S.A.* side. Their home, one of many "line houses" east of the Great Lakes, is a visual reminder of a certain artificiality of the political boundary carved across it. Family unity versus national difference is humorously inscribed thereon.

On the Great Lakes, some line houses became famous Prohibition Era roadhouses where thirsty customers on the U.S. side of the bar could drink Canadian whiskey legally stored and sold behind the bar on the Canada side.[31] As Customs officials recognized all the potential problems with line houses, a 1960 law was enacted that no private or public dwelling could be erected on the boundary and that existing structures could be maintained only if they did not hold contraband.[32] Yet the newest boundary line west of the Great Lakes, that between British Columbia and Alaska, is also crossed by dwellings, the families that live in them and the goods they bring across the border.[33]

In conclusion, I will draw on H. George Classen who, in concluding his book on the Canada-U.S. boundary, writes that "too much international co-operation and fraternization pose the odd problem for the Boundary Commission".[34] Although Classen is referring primarily to boundary marker maintenance, his comment can be directed to the not-so-odd problems posed for cultural and/or national identity symbolized by the border line. The first problem is the historical one. The boundary between Canada and the U.S. was negotiated relatively late over a period of a hundred years or more so that many Canadians and Americans have relatives on both sides of the border.[35] These connections are generations deep and strongly felt; they blur the very real differences in worldview, values and political stances that many see north and south of the border.

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30. National Film Board of Canada, *Between Friends/Entre Amis*, Ottawa, 1976, Plates 246/247 of M. Georges and Mme. Cecile Bechard in their home in Estcourt, Quebec/Estcourt Station, ME. Photo by Randal Levenson.
31. Gervais, p. 101-108.
32. National Film Board of Canada, notes to plates 246/247; Classen, p. 364-366.
33. U.S. National Public Radio feature, January, 1990.
34. Classen, p. 366.
35. Classen; Melvin Small, Department of History, Wayne State University, personal communication, December, 1989.

It is an anthropological and folkloristic truism that political boundaries are not always cultural ones. Yet the situation for Canada and the U.S. is complex. I do think that these family smuggling stories strongly suggest that family networks take precedence over national identity for many people. I also think that family preference is a problematic one at a time when most Americans are not aware of national differences and most Canadians are most painfully aware of them.[36]

The second problem is the present economic situation, a combination of the new Free Trade Agreement, the devalued Canadian dollar and U.S. discount store, which still makes it more feasible to shop—legally or illegally—south of the border despite the past tense of Margaret Atwood's "People from Toronto used to go to Buffalo for the weekend...." Two recent *Detroit Free Press* articles address this issue and note that, while cross-border shopping has a long history, Canadian Customs officials currently see a 50% increase in goods brought over to Canada legally from the U.S. Reporter Tim Jones, focusing on the Thunder Bay, Ontario/Duluth, Minnesota corridor just north of Lake Superior, concludes his article by quoting an Ontario woman who sees cross-border shopping as a compromise of Canadian national identity:

> Patriotism, a sort of "buy Canadian" attitude, guides some people, among them Rhonda LeMay, of Red Rock, Ontario.
>
> "I can understand when you live across the border and have to support a young family. I don't like it that we have to pay that much, but I have to support my country", LeMay said.
>
> Other southbound shoppers, perhaps embarrassed, prefer to take their money and run.[37]

In her follow-up article, reporter Cecilia Deck looks once more at the Windsor-Detroit funnel and at those other southbound shoppers who frequent Detroit discount stores such as K-Mart, Target and Pace. She quotes one Canadian shopper in Pace as saying, "What we're doing here isn't too popular back home and another as saying "I certainly don't feel guilty, because what I'm doing is legal and we're just taxed to death [in Ontario]".

It comes as no surprise that Deck also looks at illegal shopping. She writes about "a favorite Canadian ploy to avoid Customs" that, by now, should sound familiar. She gives readers this folk wisdom: "Wear your oldest jacket or shoes across the border, buy new ones in Detroit, change in the parking lot, toss the old ones, and wear the new duds back to Canada". She further notes that, "Piles of discarded clothing can be found at some U.S. stores near the border on busy shopping weekends".[38] Folk art, almost always subversive, can once again clue

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36. Essays in Eli Mandel and David Taras (eds.), *A Passion for Identity: An Introduction to Canadian Studies*, Toronto, Methuen, 1987, were eye-openers for this U.S. author.
37. Tim Jones, "U.S. Goods, Lower Costs Draw Many Canadians", *Detroit Free Press*, February 13, 1990.
38. Cecilia Deck, "Windsorites Flock to Detroit Shops", *Detroit Free Press*, February 14, 1990.

us in on points of cultural tension, here between family networks, differential economies and national identities in the liminal space between Canada and the United States.[39]

39. I gave an earlier version of this paper on the panel "Canadian-American Relations Through Folklore", chaired by Michael Taft at the 1988 FSAC meetings in Windsor. I thank Carole H. Carpenter, David Obudzinski and Michael Taft for their help.