



The Yesteryears

1902 ~ 1989

Duretta
Wolfhard

THE DRESDEN LADY

Like a dresden lady,
Never growing old.
Time has lightly touched her
With a wand of gold.
Hair a glint of silver.
An unfurrowed brow,
Just a hint of hauteur
Lends a charm somehow.

May Sparks Dyer



FAMILY HISTORY TO 1946

My maternal grandparents were Jno B. Leggate and Mary Bond Leggate. He was born 1850 and died 1930 at 80 years. My grandmother was born 1851 and died 1920 at 74 years. She died of a sudden heart attack. She went out to pick a dish of strawberries for their supper and came back and sat in her favourite spot, a hollowed-out stone, warmed from the sun. My grandfather found her there with a peaceful smile on her face.

They had migrated to the U.S. from Bondhead, Ontario and had a large farm at Black River Falls, Wis. They raised 6 children, Mary Maud, my mother; Jay; Jane; Walter; Margaret; and Bessie.

It was quite a wilderness when they started farming, and still some Indians around. One day a large Indian came to their door, fortunately my grandfather was in the house. They asked him in and gave him a lunch. My grandmother had made cheese, and the Indian had never tasted cheese before and ate a great deal of it. He came back weeks later, my grandmother was a bit nervous, but was glad she had some cheese to give him. However when she offered it, he grunted "No-No. Cheese make tight ass."

My grandmother was a very petite little lady, beautiful black eyes and hair, but a strong and wonderful person. My grandfather was a big man, six feet two inches tall and looked like Buffalo Bill and like him was also a wonderful marksman. My Aunt Jane and her husband Carl Larsrude were visiting the farm one day, he and my grandfather went out to hunt deer. In the meantime grandmother and Aunt Jane were having lunch in the big farm kitchen, when Aunt Jane looked out the window and saw a deer in the backyard. Being a wonderful marksman also, she quickly grabbed a gun from the rack in the kitchen, sighted and shot the deer. When the men returned, not having seen a deer, they were quite surprised to find one waiting for them in the yard.

The farm is still owned by the Leggate family, operated by Walter's descendants. All of my aunts and uncles died suddenly of heart attacks, my mother also. Aunt Margaret died at 48 having had three husbands and six children.

My father's parents were Jerry Leslie and Mary Ann, nee

Brooks. My grandfather was a big man, and as Irish as Paddy's Pig. Having migrated from Donegal, Ireland quite young, he never lost his brogue, nor his Irish blarney. I will always remember his stories of Banshees and the little people. He made a wooden keg of Saurkraut every autumn and until I came to Kitchener, I always thought it was an Irish dish. They lived in Owen Sound when I was a child.

My grandmother was English and her parents left England and came to Canada and settled on a farm about 3 miles from Owen Sound. Her father had been a Riding Master on the Estate of Lord Littlejohn in Devonshire. Their daughter, Lady Mary, was considered the best Steeplechase Rider in England. She wanted to marry a man her father thought very unsuitable. To be precise a coloured man. He forbade her marrying him. She must have been very willful, because, as the story goes, she said if she couldn't marry the man of her choice, she would marry the first man who asked her. My great-grandfather had been in love with her some time. He overheard this and asked her to marry him. They married and migrated to Canada. I still remember her. When she knew she was dying, she called all the family to her bedside. It seemed a very high bed as I was only two. She gave each of us a bible and said something fitting to each. I was lifted up to her in her high feather bed and she said, "Don't be vain." An old-fashioned word in today's vocabulary. This was October 1902.

My father went to Duluth Wis. when a very young man and learned the advertising business there. He met my mother, Mary Maud Leggate, and they were married at the farm of her parents in September 1897.

I was born on January 1, 1899, and a sister was born two years later. My parents decided to return to Canada and came by ship to Owen Sound in 1901. We stayed with my grandparents until my father found a house. In the meantime my wee sister only a few months old became ill and died. My father started an advertising business of his own and did very well with it. We bought a house on 4th Ave. E. and had a barn and business place in the back. We had a garden with several fruit trees and berry bushes. Also a chicken pen, a horse and buggy and a wagon for Bill Posting. We had a wonderful life there, happy and healthy. My mother ran the business for a number of years, raised five children and was a really busy lady. My father won several awards for Bill Posting, a lost art now, I imagine. One

was for best in Canada, one for best in North America, and one for the world. After these awards he was asked to be Inspector of Bill Boards for Canada, therefore, he was away to the west about 9 months, no planes at that time. He stopped off at all cities and towns enroute; then about 8 months to the East coast. It was at these times my Mother ran the business. While living in Owen Sound my mother had 4 more children. Earl, now in Victoria; Mayme, who died at 24 leaving one son Bob now in California and adopted by my parents; Alvin, in St. Catharines; and Ralph in Vancouver.

We left Owen Sound in 1912 as my father went into business with Harold and Ed Gould, both Bank Managers. Harold in St. Catharines, Ed in Brantford. The business was advertising, "The Gould Leslie Co." The business was run by Harold Gould in St. Catharines and Ed in Brantford and my father ran the company in Kitchener. He retired in 1935 and sold out to the Goulds. The company is still very active in all three cities. He built a very nice home at 775 Queen Street South, which we still own and my grandson, Peter Wolfhard, lives there.

My father died in 1945 at 75 years. My mother died in 1953 at the age of 78, having suffered an instant heart attack. My grandson, Peter Wolfhard lives in my parent's house on Queen Street, South.

My husband's ancestors came from Germany in 1850. They settled in Berlin, now Kitchener. The name of his grandfather was Peter Von Wolfhardt and his grandmother, Margretha Besserer. They crossed the Atlantic in stormy weather arriving in Canada in May of 1850, a 3 month trip. He was from Baden-Baden and she from Alsace Lorraine. He was a school teacher at a boy's school there. Apparently it was a shipboard romance and they married here in Berlin on May 24th. She brought her Spinning wheel, a beautiful antique now. In our hall, admired by all. It is called a singing spinning wheel as on each spoke there is a carved wedding ring, carved and left on, it makes a singing sound as the wheel turns. He brought his musket and powder horn and a beautiful handmade clock. Peter now has the clock. The musket is in our family room.

They lived in Kitchener (then Berlin) and he became Roads Superintendent for the town. They had a large garden, fruit trees, vegetables and berries, and a chicken pen. They kept quite a few chickens and a cow. As time passed they had three

children, Katie, Fred and Henry, my husband's father. Katie lived to be 95 and her mother, Margretha lived to be 100 years old.

Their son Henry went into the Plumbing and Tinsmithing business and owned the building on King Street next to the Walper Hotel. He retired and sold the building to Kresky's Store, for \$96,000 in June 1928. I am told that property would now be worth about eight million. How values have changed.

Harry's father and mother (Elizabeth Kutt) had two children, Harry and Edith. Edith married Robert Menzies from Scotland in the spring of 1919, and Harry and I were married in November of the same year. Edith had one son Robert Bruce who was a Captain in the Scots Fusiliers, a Kitchener Regiment in the Second World War.

Harry and I had two children, Leslie Marie and William Henry. Leslie was born in Elmira in September of 1920 and Bill in June 1923. Our life in Elmira was ideal. Harry had been promoted to Office Manager in Elmira by his company, The Dominion Rubber Co. He had started working in the office of the Merchants Rubber and footwear factory of the Dominion Rubber head office in Montreal. Starting right out of high school, where he graduated in business administration. He was sent to Elmira as Office Manager in 1917 and 1919 was made Factory Manager at the age of 23. He stayed with the Elmira Company until he was made Factory Manager of Merchants Rubber in 1930. We built a lovely house on Arthur St. in 1923. Accommodation was scarce after the war. No apartments then. We had two rooms in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weber from November to April when we rented a farm house in Floradale, about 3 miles from Elmira. We paid \$5.00 a month for a brick house, furnished and a barn. We were right on the dam and had 2 acres of land. We had a wonderful garden, potatoes, tomatoes, carrots, a very profitable garden. We also had chickens and a setting of ducks. Only one hatched, and as the chickens didn't like the duck, we kept him in the house. He became so tame, he was a real pet. While he was small he used to sit on the toe of my slipper and fall off when I got up. We moved into town in September of 1920 as I was expecting Leslie. We brought the duck to town and he used to waddle down the street at noon and meet Harry coming from work. As Harry and a neighbour walked along, the duck between them would look up at first one and then the other. He loved to sit in

the basement window in the sun. We finally had to give him to a farmer as we couldn't keep him in the winter. The farmer's family couldn't kill him either and kept him many years as a pet.

We had many good times in Elmira, a wonderful place to bring up a family. In 1930 we sold our house and moved to Kitchener as the winters were so severe. The winter of 1929 was awful. Harry used to drive home every night from Kitchener, until we sold our house and one weekend he drove his father up to Elmira to spend a couple of days with us. It had been snowing all day, the roads were awful, he had filled his gas tank with gas before leaving Kitchener and it took the whole tank to get to Elmira, 12 miles. He was the last car to get through that winter. The bus didn't make it and was stuck in a snowbank for 3 months. We didn't have snowplows to plow out the roads. We had chains on the tires and hoped for the best.

A train went from Kitchener to Elmira also, we called it the Toonerville Trolley. It was not too dependable. Once Harry and I were coming home from Kitchener in 1920 and decided to come by train. About 3 miles from Elmira the train lost its firebox and there we sat. A couple of sleighs and horses came from Elmira and drove us home. It was mighty cold and snowing. We had Buffalo robes over us for warmth, which didn't help much.

We bought a house on Queen Street South from Harry's dad. Grandma Wolfhard had died the year before and Harry's sister, Edith and her husband had been living in the house, but were going to move in with Grandpa. We lived there until 1943. Leslie had a lovely girlhood there; went to school and high school where she met some very good friends and later went to College in Guelph, "MacHall", where she graduated in Dietetics. After graduation she came home and worked at the Mutual Life. She met and married Bill "Bus" Fraser, son of Dr. William Fraser. The second war was on and Bus joined the Scots Fusiliers. They had a lovely wedding at the Anglican Church and reception at Forest Hill Gardens. Her wedding dress was made at Magda Lang; white chantilly lace over egg shell taffeta with a long train, a pill box cap made of Battenberg Lace, to which the train was fastened. She was a beautiful bride. They spent their honeymoon at our cottage in Port Dalhousie (now St. Catharines). Bus was sent overseas in

1943 and Leslie came home and stayed with us.

Bill was very interested in sports, and Leslie was too, they both played golf, and badminton. Bill won many trophies for skiing and swimming. Leslie won a great many for badminton. She won the trophy both years she was in college.

Bill joined the Navy after having sailed the Great Lakes on two freighters, one under captain Jack Allen and one under Captain Lesley Bird. Captain Allen's ship was sunk by a torpedo when he was down in the ocean off North America during the winter, all hands lost. That was the reason Bill decided to join the Navy as he was very fond of Captain Allen. Bill taught Gunnery in Hamilton for about a year and then was posted to the "Middlesex." He was on the triangle run from Halifax to Bermuda and halfway across the Atlantic where they would pick up a convoy and back to Halifax. His ship was torpedoed and he was injured and sent to hospital in Halifax where he remained until the war ended.

Bus was sent overseas in 1943 and was taken prisoner at Fallaise. He was at the prison camp at Brunswick for nine months where he lost about 45 pounds. The camp was liberated by the American 1st Army in 1945. We were very grateful to have both our boys home in 1945.

Bill went to work for Dominion Rubber and Bus opened his own tire store in Owen Sound, January 1946.



OWEN SOUND IN 1912

My parents were J.B. and Mary Leslie. My father owned an Outdoor Advertising business in Owen Sound. In 1912 he sold this business to the Rutherford's and started a new business, the "Gould Leslie Co." Brantford, St. Catharines and Berlin Ontario. He was in charge of the Berlin operation and subsequently moved the family there. I had just started a course at the Owen Sound Business College and decided to stay with my grandparents. In 1912 we were not required to clear snow from our sidewalks nor do I recall ever seeing the roads plowed. So walking from my grandparents home on 2nd Ave. W. to the college was wet going in the spring. I am sure I had wet feet most of the day. We didn't have overshoes, just low rubbers.

I began to have severe pains in my right hip and leg. Our family physician was called and diagnosed my ailment as Tubercular Hip. There had been quite an epidemic of Tubercular Hip in Owen Sound that year. I know of one case on our street and heard that the treatment was to be strapped to a board for six months. Naturally I and my family were dismayed, to say the least. My parents were sent for and asked for a consultation. Dr. Danard, our family doctor agreed and called in three other doctors. They all agreed with Dr. Danard. At this time there was no x-ray. A simple checking over was deemed sufficient. However, after the three consulting doctors left, Dr. Danard advised my parents to take me back to Berlin and consult another doctor. This we did and without mentioning the first consultation and diagnosis. He examined me extensively and returned a verdict of Rheumatism. I was to be a bed patient at home and my leg was to be painted with Iodine night and morning and wrapped in cotton batting.

After six weeks of this and the loss of a lot of skin, I was able to be up and shortly thereafter able to carry on with no recurrence.

I will be 91 on January 1, 1990 and have had no problem with Rheumatism or Arthritis. I give Dr. Danard my thanks for admitting his doubts and his advice.

The practise of Medicine 1912.

Mrs. Duretta Wolfhard
nee Leslie

MY EARLY DAYS IN OWEN SOUND

- Duretta Wolfhard, October 10, 1989

My great-grandparents settled near Owen Sound in the early 1880's.

My great-grandmother was Lady Mary Littlejohns from Devon, England. She had married Jno. Brooks and they migrated to Canada and bought a farm not far from Springbank on the way to Wiarton. Their daughter married Jeremiah Leslie. They moved to Owen Sound and lived on Second Avenue East, earlier on it was called Poulett Street. Their property backed on the river. I spent a good deal of my childhood at their house. I was fascinated by stories told to me by my grandfather. He was from Donegal, Ireland and could tell tall tales of life in Ireland; about the little people and the banshees.

Since growing up, I often wonder if some of the stories were not just Irish fancies. However, it was an interesting time.

Each Fall he made a keg of saukraut which I thought was an Irish dish until I came to Berlin and found it was German.

As far as I know, the Brooks descendants still live on the farm.

My grandmother died in 1902. She was known as "Grandma Brooks" to all. She started the first Sunday School in Grey County.

My great-grandfather's funeral was the largest cortege of buggies and wagons ever assembled at that time and was written up in the Owen Sound paper. I have the clipping of it in my scrap book.

My father left Owen Sound about 1889. He worked in Outdoor Advertising in Duluth, Minnesota and met my mother there. She had migrated with her family to Duluth from Brentwood, Ontario, not far from Owen Sound. When I was 2 years old, we returned to Owen Sound by boat, changing boats at Sault Ste. Marie.

We lived with my grandparents for awhile until my father

found a house for us and bought a business. The house was on 4th Avenue East. A two storey rough cast. In the 1920's, it would be called stucco. It had a large back yard, a side veranda and a large front veranda. There was a barn as well and a hen house. We had quite a few chickens and a horse. Being the oldest of the three children now. I had to help clean the chicken pen. An odious job.

My parents often took us on outings, sometimes to a friend's cabin near Inglis Falls, a beautiful spot. My father would cover the back of the wagon with straw and then spread blankets over the straw and we three children rode back there.

Mother would bring along a big kettle of beef stew with vegetables and potatoes to be heated on the big wood stove in the cabin. She would also bring the makings for coffee for she and my father, lemonade for we children and lots of fruit and always a pie. A marvelous picnic. No hot dogs or hamburgs at that time. Coca Cola came later. In the fall, we picked wild raspberries which grew in abundance near the cabin. We came home with pails of luscious berries.

Mother would, of course, have to turn to and can them. We really all enjoyed the outing.

Sometimes we went by steamer to Balmy Beach. There they had a Merry-Go-Round and I tasted my first Coca Cola. The dock, as we neared the beach, was a lovely sight. There was a row of light standards on each side and benches, and as we left after dark, it was quite a sight in the distance. Thinking back, they must of been gas lamps or carbon lamps.

I also remember being wakened one night by the blowing of a lot of ships' horns in the harbour. We all got up and looked out and could see flames and smoke coming from the harbour front. Father bundled us all up and we drove down to see what the trouble was. The grain elevators were on fire, and completely demolished. The smell of burning grain stayed in the air for many a day.

Our property on 4th Avenue went back to the foot of the hill. There was a farm on top with a herd of cattle. The neighbouring children, myself, included, went up every evening with 2 milk pails each and brought home our day's supply of milk fresh from the cows. No pasturizing at that time.

Our next door neighbours on one side were the Wm. Christies

of the Christie Stove Works, and on the other side the Frank Halls; up the street was the Methodist Parsonage, the Rev. Turk, the occupant at that time; also the Buzz family who had a jewellery store. It was a lovely neighbourhood. Lots of children to play games, skip rope, play jax, hide and seek and lots of ball games. We all went to Ryerson school. There was no T.V. - no radio - no movies. We did have a theatre with Stock Co's playing a week at a time, and of course the big treat was the circus when it came to town.

About 1909 or 1910, my father decided our house was too small for our growing family. He also wanted some of the new conveniences now available. He sold the house but not the property. The house was moved on rollers from its present foundation several blocks to Fourth Street. We all watched in wonder as it was hauled away by four horses, and settled on its new foundation. Then came the building of our new brick house, while rented a house on Sixth Street to await its completion.

From an outhouse, we were now to have a beautiful bathroom. From coal stoves to a wonderful coal furnace, from a pump to running water, and from oil lamps to electric lights, and a telephone. How proud we were of our new home.

The roads were not plowed in winter. All was horse traffic. The coal for our furnace was delivered by horse and wagon. A shute was placed in our basement window and the coal shovelled down the shute. We had the ice wagon deliver ice for our ice box. We children loved to run behind and grab pieces of ice to suck. Great logs were brought into the city for the chair factory by sleigh. The moving from place to place was done by horse drawn trucks. My father's business was done by horse and wagon. He was a great lover of good horses and we always had a "high stepper". One we had was a colt, out of "Dan Patch", a well-known racer. Probably a great grandchild. However, he was a beautiful animal. All these sleighs and cutters packed the snow into uneven ruts and it was very rough.

We also had a "rag man" come around in the summer. He collected rags, bottles and bones and iron. We children collected these avidly from any place we could find them, and of course, only received a few cents for our collection. The housewives collected rags. There was always a rag bag in our house for which they received so much a pound.

Our new house had a large cellar; one part partitioned off for a coal bin, one for a root cellar. Here we kept a couple of barrels of apples, usually Spys and Tolman Sweets, a bin for potatoes. There was no floor or heat in this section so the fruits and vegetables kept well.

We also had a large hall and a front and back parlour, divided by folding doors. This was probably the forerunner of our present living room and family room. The front parlour was kept for special affairs, and the piano was here where I did my practising. In the back parlour, we did our homework, mother her household bills and mending. At this time, my mother ran the business and the family and we had a full time "hired girl". My father was inspector of Outdoor Advertising for Canada which necessitated his travelling across Canada once a year by train visiting all the cities en route.

When in 1912 we moved to Berlin, it was wonderful to have him home. We all felt sad at leaving Owen Sound, all our friends, grandparents and family.

Our life in Berlin, now Kitchener, has been a happy time except for some of the sad times that happens to us all. The death of my parents and seven years ago, my dear husband.

I will be 91 on New Year's Day, 1990 and felt I would like to pass on these memories of years gone by.



GRANDMA BROOKS

Feb. 4th, 1988

Dear Ralph;

I hope by now you are feeling better after your fall, it was too bad that had to happen, just when you were getting along so well.

You were asking about Grandma Brooks — well I just don't know what it is you would like to know, but I will give you as much information as I have. Most of which came from Grandpa Leslie, Jerimiah Jerry for short. When I was a little girl, he used to tell me a lot about the family and Ireland.

Away back when Lady Mary Littlejohns lived with her family in Surrey England, she was considered the best Steeple Chase rider in England and John Brooks was her riding master. She fell madly in love with a coloured man, as you can imagine her family and in particularly her father was furious and they forbade marrying him. She being a very strong willed girl, said she would marry the first man who asked her, and John Brooks, who had been in love with her for some time asked her to marry him and go to Canada, she consented and they eloped and migrated to Canada. They bought a farm about three miles north of Owen Sound. In fact the Brooks family still own and live on the farm.

I spent a lot of time visiting at this farm when I was a child. It was at Springbank. I am not sure how many children they had, but their daughter married Jerry Leslie.

Grandma Brooks as she was known all over the county was a most wonderful person, she was deeply religious, and started the first school in Grey County. She was Grandma Brooks to every one and no one was sure just whose Grandma she was.

John Brooks was also a very religious man and was loved and respected all through the community. When he died in the late 1800's his funeral was the largest cortege of wagons and buggies that had ever been seen, a new hotel was being built at the corner of the Owen Sound and Wiarton roads, and they say that those that couldn't attend the funeral, were on the roof of this building to pay their respects as the cortege passed by.

Grandma Brooks died in 1902 at the age of 98, when I was 3 years old. My parents took me out to the farm when she was dying, and lifted me up to on her bed, and she gave me little bible, and said "Don't be vain". Which is a word not much used in our vocabulary today.

Time passed and I grew up in Owen Sound with my three brothers and sister, we had a very happy childhood. In 1912 my father sold his business, Outdoor Advertising and we moved to Galt, and then to Berlin which my father felt was more central for his business. He was a partner with Ed Gould, and his brother Harold, who had both been Bank Managers, as they had a financial and business back ground, and my father had the advertising background. The business was called Gould Leslie Outdoor Advertising Co.. Having been Inspector of Outdoor Advertising across Canada while also running the business in Owen Sound, where actually my mother ran the show while Dad would be away 9 or 10 months at a time, going across Canada by train stopping at every city on the way, He had also won the award of Best Bill Poster in Canada, then best in North America, and then again in the world, we have the trophies to prove it. I guess it is a lost art today.

My father had a bad accident with his car the summer of 1923 and was in hospital with internal injuries. While there he said he was visited by Grandma Brooks, and she told him he would get better if he promised to stop drinking, and true to his promise, he never took another drink. His accident was the result of drinking, and he lived to 78. Was this Grandma Brooks Spirit or what, guess we will never know, but he was adamant that she visited him and made him promise to stop drinking.

And this is the story of Grandma Brooks.



FUN IN OUR YOUTH — 1915

I met Harry at St. Mary's Hall. In those days, the girls went to dances in a group or escorted. It was well organized and chaperoned. The boys also came in groups, the dances were held weekly by a Catholic organization, however, Protestants were very welcome. Harry was an excellent dancer and we had about five dances and later he drove me home. That was the beginning of our romance. We were introduced at the dance by Pat Farrel and about a month later I met Pat uptown, he was a teller at the Bank of Montreal. He asked if I was still going out with Harry Wolfhard and I said I was. "Well, hang on to him", he said, "he has \$1,000 in the bank." In those days (1915) for a young man to have \$1,000 was really something. Well we continued dating and dancing.

Harry drove his father's grey Buick, as his father never learned to drive. This was in 1915, not many cars and not many boys with cars. We girls started the Laf Lot Club about this time and as it was War time, the money we raised was for the Red Cross or the War Effort. We had dances at the Bridgeport Casino, now Golf Steak House. The girls supplied the refreshments and the Orchestra. One Halloween we put on a special dance out there. We had two chaperones one was my mother. It was a masquerade and I dressed as a Gypsy dancing girl, with black ribbons laced up my legs and a short black shirt, tambourine and all. I was in the Ladies dressing room when one of the ribbons came loose. I turned to the girl next to me. She was dressed as a Spanish dancer, high heels and all. She spluttered and fussed and left the room. Another big girl in a low-cut blue ball gown, with a blond curl over her shoulder, laughed and followed the Spanish dancer out. This seemed rather strange to me, until later, when my mother called me over and said, "See that Spanish dancer over there, that's Harry and the big blond is Irvin Erb". We all had a big laugh at the two of them having braved the ladies room. The club also played Hockey and we put on a special Hockey night at the Auditorium on Queen Street South. We played the Fat Men's hockey team and of course won the match.

Quite a lot of money was made that night for the Red Cross. It was advertised "Laff Lot Girls against the Fat Men". What fun, it was hilarious.

We also had a camp at Freeport on the flats of the river. We had a large sleeping tent, a cook tent and one for the chaperones. We were all working girls so came to Kitchener on the Trolley and back to camp at 5:00 p.m. The chaperones were a man and wife, who also worked. Imagine working girls having chaperones in this day and age.

I was president of the Laf Lot Club for four years, until I resigned to get married.



WAR TIME MONTREAL

It was a lovely spring evening in Montreal. My husband Harry and I were sitting quietly at home watching the hockey playoffs of the Canadiens on television. Our married daughter, Leslie who was living with us, had gone to a movie with one of her girlfriends. Her husband, Lieut. Bill Fraser was overseas, and had been taken prisoner at the battle of Fallaise. It was a sad and trying time for her. She kept herself busy at the Montreal University, processing blood for the Red Cross.

At about 8:00 p.m. the phone rang and it was a man, who said he was an Airforce officer, who had escaped from a prisoner-of-war camp, where Leslie's husband was interred, and had a message for her. Imagine how thrilled we were. He said he was at the United Cigar Store at the corner of Peel and St. Catharines streets. It was arranged that my husband would drive down and pick him up and bring him to our home, to await our daughter's return. When they arrived home he seemed a very nice type in Flying Officer's uniform with all his ribbons up. He spoke with a Scottish accent and said his name was Bennie Wilson, a second cousin of Bill Fraser from Winnipeg. Leslie knew that Bill had relations out west so that was very plausible.

When Leslie arrived home she was surprised and delighted to meet this lad and hear firsthand of her husband. However, he was very vague and when I showed him a map of Germany pin marked where the Americans were advancing from Italy, he wasn't too sure where the camp was located. We spent the evening chatting and he told us he had "driven" the plane to Lachine. My brother was a pilot and I was sure no pilot ever said "drove" a plane. This was rather odd. It got a bit late to drive out to Lachine so we invited him to spend the night. He went through all the motions of phoning Lachine Airforce Station, and said he had permission to spend the night. He had a flask of scotch whisky in his pocket and wanted us to have a drink. We politely refused and we all had a nightcap from our supply. When ready to retire he said that if we heard him up during the night, not to be alarmed, he was a poor sleeper and not used to sleeping in anyone's home, and might roam around. However, Leslie's dog slept in front of his door all night. Normally she slept in Leslie's room and my husband, who was plagued by migraines, suffered from one that night, and spent

the night in a chair in the family room. So no chance to roam.

In the morning Leslie and her dad both went off to work after breakfast and left me alone with Bennie. I had also noticed the night before that he was wearing diamond socks, not airforce blue. I was busy in the kitchen making a cake and chatting, he asked if I minded if he roamed around the apartment while I was busy in the kitchen. While he roamed around he kept up a conversation, asking about family photographs in our bedroom and remarking about brick-a-brack in other rooms. Also he had a bath. Later I mentioned that our neighbour downstairs had a son in the Airforce in England and might like to meet him. I phoned down and she said she certainly would and would be up in about fifteen minutes. Shortly after this he asked if there was a store close by where he could buy some cigarettes. I said there was one just around the corner. So he went off saying he would be right back.

By this time I had a queer feeling that all was not as he claimed. I phoned my sister-in-law and explained my feelings to her. His "driving" the plane, the diamond socks, his lack of knowledge as to the location of the prison camp. Her reply was to call the Airforce police at once and she gave me the number to call at Dorval, which I did. When I described the man they were very interested, asked me to hold him there as they had been after him for some time, had caught him twice and he had escaped both times. He had stolen the Airforce uniform from an officer at the Mount Royal Hotel where they had a drink together and the officer kindly asked him to his room. They also told me he was suffering from V.D. I was shocked. Minutes later the Airforce Police arrived all sirens blowing and, of course, our Bennie never returned. Later two detectives arrived - real Hollywood types - flat feet, bull necks, and talked accordingly. What they would do to our man when they got him to the big house etc. They also told me he had sexually attacked a woman who had befriended him, and asked him to her apartment. He had made friends with a girl in a restaurant and stolen a bond from her purse and many more frightening stories.

I immediately went to the bathroom and bundled towels, bedding and anything he might have touched and sent everything to the laundry. I had such a feeling of uncleanliness. He had also exchanged his diamond socks and underwear for navy socks and underwear of Bill's, my son, who was in the

Navy and had been home on leave the week before. His ship had been torpedoed off Halifax and he had been in hospital for some time. I also discovered, while wandering about the apartment, he had stolen the money from my purse and a beautiful tortoise shell cigarette case and lighter, from the coffee table in the living room, which belonged to Leslie's husband. This was returned to us later by the police. Needless to say, I felt very fortunate that nothing more serious had happened to me.

Later we found out that a girlfriend of Leslie's had met this man in a restaurant downtown. In those days of the war, you felt sorry for our navy, airforce, and army boys usually so far from home, and felt quite safe in starting a conversation. He had asked this friend where she was from and when she said Kitchener, he immediately asked if she knew the Frasers there, and she, of course, told him the whole story; that Bill was in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany, and his wife was living with us until his return, that her name was Leslie, our name Wolfhard, and then gave him our phone number. He then made up the whole story and phoned us. The detectives thought he mentioned the name Fraser by accident and it clicked.

About ten days later I had a phone call from the Airforce police. They had arrested our man, this time stripping him so he could not escape again, and asking if I would appear against him. I said I most certainly would as any man who would tell my daughter he had a message from her husband who was a prisoner-of-war needed to be behind bars.

The day of the trial arrived and my daughter and I were escorted to the courthouse in downtown Montreal by an Airforce Officer who was bilingual. I had never been in a courtroom before and a Quebec court I guess was different than an Ontario court as most of the procedure was in French. Different cases were brought in before the judge, some remanded, some had bail set. Finally our man was brought in. He looked entirely different out of uniform, and with no accent. We were amazed by the difference in his appearance. Shortly after the case had begun for this man bells rang, whistles blew, and as I looked out of the window, ticker tape and toilet paper came flying out of the windows in the offices near by. The world had gone crazy. It was V.E. day. The court was adjourned and we were all dismissed. In leaving the building the streets were jammed, people singing and dancing, a

glorious feeling. The war was over. My daughter and I found our way to St. James Cathedral and gave thanks to God.

I was called again and told the case would be resumed at a certain date, but as my father had just died I was leaving for Kitchener for the funeral and to be of help to my mother. I was told the court proceedings would be postponed until I could attend. The hearing was resumed a few weeks later and Bennie Wilson was sent to Bordeau Prison for two years.

WESTERNER FACNG FRAUD CHARGES ALLEGEDLY POSED AS R.A.F. HERO

After posing as an R.A.F. squadron leader in various parts of Manitoba, Albani George Conrad, an escaped convict from the county jail at Portage la Prairie, passed himself off as a pilot officer in Montreal and in the lesser role cut a wide swarth, Chief Judge Gustave Perrault was told yesterday at the preliminary hearing of Conrad, charged with robbery, fraud, wearing the King's uniform and attempted rape.

He was arrested in the uniform stolen from FO, Ken Houghton, R.A.F., and its decorations, D.F.M. and Bar and the 1939-40 Star. Witnesses told that he used these as props to exploit patriotic sentiment to the full extent until apprehended by Det. Capt. Sevigny and Det. Sgt. Black in the grill room of a local hotel.

A glib talker, he dramatized himself into a hero of the Battle of Britain, and his stay in Montreal, although brief, was a counterpart of the role he played in Winnipeg and other Prairie points, it was alleged. When caught there he was sent to jail for 23 months, but by a clever ruse was able to escape from his jail cell at Portage la Prairie on the night of September 23 last and the authorities there want him back. Around here he called himself Bennie Wilson mostly, but changed his name at will and acquired a long string of aliases. He reportedly told those who played host to him that he had been a prisoner of war in Germany for three years and there he developed a bad case of "nerves" so that if they found him wandering around the house

at night to "take no notice of it." The court heard that he gave many families first hand accounts of sons and relatives whom he met in enemy prison camps.

A WAC from England told the court how she was seated in a restaurant on St. Catherine street on a Sunday afternoon when the accused entered and introduced himself.

"I was a little homesick at the moment," she explained, but was glad to meet a stranger who knew something about England, especially in April. He said he had just lost his wallet and would she lend him \$40 until he could reach Dorval and get his money. She said she did.

Another girl who claims she was duped by him testified that he stole a \$100 bond from her and another described the circumstances of an attempted assault. FO. Houghton told the court he met Conrad at a hotel one night, took him to his room for a drink and retired. While he slept the stranger changed into his uniform and left, he said.

Conrad was committed for voluntary statement April 23.

AIR FORCE IMPOSTER HELD ON SIX CHARGES

Awaiting further possible complaints from residents of the Montreal district, police today held on remand a 24-year-old man from Toronto alleged to have blazed a trail of "meanest crimes" by posing as an air force officer and an escaped prisoner-of-war.

Six charges comprising seven counts were laid in police court yesterday against Bennie Wilson, listed as a laborer, and he was held for preliminary inquiries and trials next week.

The counts include theft, obtaining money through false pretences, attempted rape, theft of a military uniform and impersonation of an air force officer. According to Det. Sgts. J. Black and A. Brisson, Wilson began his series of offenses March 13 when he stole the R.A.F. Flying Officer's uniform of T.O. Houghton, stationed at Dorval. The uniform was decorated with the D.F.M. and Bar and the 1939-43 ribbon.

The detectives said Wilson visited the home of Mrs. H. Wolfhard, 108 Dufferin Road, Town of Hampstead, after telling her he had news of her son-in-law, who is a prisoner-of-war, and that while a guest there he stole a wrist watch and two cigarette lighters.

At a downtown hotel, still posing as an officer, Wilson is alleged to have stolen a \$100 Victory Bond and \$50 from the purse of Miss M. Martin, a guest of the hotel who left her purse on a chair while checking to see if she had any mail at the desk.

Hunted five weeks by police, Wilson is alleged to have attempted an indecent attack on a Shuter street woman who received him at her home believing he was an Air Force officer.

Police claimed Wilson also met a member of the air force women's division in an uptown restaurant, told a hard luck story about losing \$300, and in that way succeeded in obtaining \$50 from her.

Wilson was also charged with stealing and illegally wearing a R.A.F. uniform which was valued at \$155. He was wearing this at the time of his arrest and when he was arraigned yesterday.

B. WILSON IS SENT TO PENITENTIARY

Bennie Wilson, a man of many aliases, was today sentenced by Judge F.T. Enright to two years in the penitentiary after he was found guilty of obtaining \$40 by false pretences from a woman officer of the R.A.F.

Before imposing sentence, Judge Enright reviewed Wilson's record showing that he had previously been convicted on several criminal charges. "It is apparent that you refused to lead an honest life, and for that reason, I intend to send you to the penitentiary so that you will have ample time to reflect on what is the right or wrong way of living," the judge declared.

Wilson, who is before the court on other charges, is slated to appear on the other accusations on May 15.

ARIZONA 1918 AND AGAIN 1965

My Aunt Elizabeth and her husband had a Health Spa in Phoenix, Arizona. They were up in Canada visiting my parents. In telling us about Arizona and their business there, I became very interested and said I would love to see the place. They invited me to come down and work for them. After giving it some thought about leaving home for the first time and going so far away, I decided to go. It was quite a trip by train at that time and I had to change trains in Chicago and stop over for about 6 hours. However, I had a distant cousin who lived in Chicago and my parents contacted him and arranged for him and his wife to meet me at the station and look after me for the six hours. They were very nice people and took me to their home for lunch; we had a lovely visit. I got caught up in their life in Chicago. He was a commercial artist with considerable skills and it was most interesting. They also wanted to hear about their family back home. The time went very quickly until it was time to take me back to the train. It was war time and there was a lot of soldiers and their wives going to a Military Camp near Phoenix. They were very kind and helped make the long trip most enjoyable.

My aunt and uncle met me at the Phoenix station and as it was March and very cold when I left home, it was delightful to arrive to bright sunshine and a warm 80 degrees. I had another aunt and uncle living in Phoenix at the time. My Uncle was in the feed and seed business. A very lucrative business in 1918. They had two daughters, one a little younger and one a little older than myself. This made it very easy for me to meet young people and enjoy the activities of the city. One of which was dancing. There was a school of dancing called the Wickersham Academy. We attended once or twice a week. It was great fun and an opportunity to meet people my own age. Bill Wickersham was a very good teacher and his sister, who was in a wheelchair, was a great help and a wonderful person. We took toe dancing and tap and ballroom dancing. They had a group of dancers in Los Angeles that came over to Phoenix about once a month to help Bill with classes, offer advice and watch our performances. They were the team called the "Denishawn Dancers", Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis. They later became quite famous.

Bill's sister made our costumes and helped with decorating the Dance Studio. She was an inspiration to us all. One performance put on was quite spectacular. We all helped put phosphorus and a small amount of liquid into small vials which were then corked. We attached lengths of black thread to each vial. These were fastened into greenery on the ceiling. When the lights were turned out they glowed like hundreds of stars. This was Bill's sister's idea. We all loved her and didn't mind spending hours achieving the effects she wanted. I have never forgotten the months spent in Phoenix. I learned a lot about life and people.

The Spa was a busy place. My uncle was a graduate masseur from Denmark and my aunt had graduated from a similar school in Toronto. They met in Toronto and decided to open their own business in Arizona. I helped wherever I was needed and also kept their books and lived in their house. It was very interesting and they were very good to me.

It became very hot as the season progressed. In fact the days would be about 108 degrees. Folks said you wouldn't mind it as it was a dry heat. Well I certainly minded it. When on the street, if you blinked your eyes the eye lids felt hot. One man decided to fry an egg on the City Hall steps as a gag and it fried.

We had no air conditioning at that time, no electric refrigeration, just ice boxes. The thing I missed most was chocolates. We had hard candy and a candy made from cactus. However, life went on and you did the things everyone else did. One pastime I really enjoyed was riding. When I first went to Phoenix I was asked, "could I ride". Well, I used to ride my grandfather's horse about the stable yard, so of course I said "yes".

My first outing with the young crowd was a trip by horseback to Mesa. I didn't know how far Mesa was so I was all for it. It was 12 miles. I sat on that horse every way I could. It was agony. Our chaperones had come by car and they suggested I drive home with them. However, I said I had ridden that horse out and would ride him home. Oh! The foolishness of youth. I couldn't sit down for three days. However, I persevered and finally got to the point that I could spend the day in the saddle and enjoy every minute. Strangely enough I haven't been in a saddle since. I left Arizona in August and came back home to

be married. My husband-to-be had been writing such wonderful letters wanting me to come home and I was missing him as well. It was the right move at the right time. We had sixty-four years of happiness and a wonderful family.

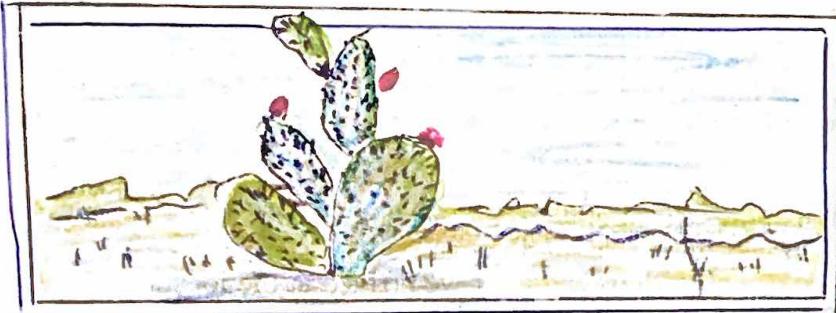


In 1965 my husband and I had a trip to Vancouver to visit my brother for a few days and boarded the train for San Francisco where we stayed a week. A wonderful city. We left there for Arizona to visit friends from Montreal who owned a ranch near Phoenix. What a complete change from 1918. The ranch house was a modern, beautiful house, built in a square. It had a large court yard in the centre of the square with an ornate pool and statuary, flowers and cactus. All the rooms looked out upon this court. There was a separate house called the Romada, complete with dressing rooms, lounge and bar. It faced a beautiful tiled pool and patio. They had a Chinese houseman but all the other help and cowboys were Mexican, except the Superintendent. We were there for round-up. Most interesting. Our host left for round-up at 5:00 a.m. in all his cowboy regalia. We drove out to the rendezvous around 11:00 a.m. in time for lunch. The Superintendent's wife also left at the same time in her station wagon with food for all. It was a beautiful day, sunny but cool. There was a Santa Anna wind which kept the temperature down to a pleasant 75 degrees. Our hostess was also dressed in cowgirl clothes and as she was a beautiful woman was quite striking in chaps and western hat. One of the cowboys was with us and after we arrived at the location of the round-up, he dug a pit about three feet long by one foot wide and about one foot deep. On this he laid an iron sheet to form a grill. He then proceeded to build a fire under the grill. He and the Superintendent's wife then arranged huge kettles of beef stew and baked beans and a chili on the grill and a huge pot of coffee. They were just nicely finished when we heard the yells of the cowboys bringing in cows and their calves. They had been out on the range all summer. They were herded into a corral and it was quite something to watch the cowboys herd them in and to hear them yelling and shouting as they came over the draw. There was a stand of Mesquite trees and logs to sit on but the cowboys just stood around and ate their fill.

Then to the round-up where the cattle had to be counted and the calves born on the range tallied. Again there was a great deal of shouting getting the calves separated and ready for branding. This was a million dollar business on this ranch. They also bred quarter horses and rode in the Rose Bowl Parade each year. One year our host and hostess wore black riding clothes decorated with gold and rode white horses. The next year they wore white riding clothes and rode black horses. Here at home we watched avidly to see them in this parade.

They have since sold this beautiful ranch and bought a smaller one in Northern California where they are specializing in breeding quarter horses and a unique breed of dogs.

In 1965 there was air conditioning throughout this lovely house and in the Romada and a walk-in refrigerator in the kitchen. Quite a difference from 1918. Needless to say I didn't try riding or even mention that I had.



1989 - A GOOD YEAR

This year has been a year to remember. It started out with my lovely birthday party and then in February Leslie and I went to Florida to visit Bill. He doesn't care for our cold winters anymore and has bought a small house in Florida. It is on a river, a lovely view, in a park where he has friends. The weather was beautiful, although a little too warm for me but a welcome change from our ice and snow. The trip there and back was great. I had a wheelchair at the Toronto Airport and again in Florida so no long walk. I did feel a bit guilty though as I am perfectly able to walk. However, it was a convenience.

Bill has been seeing Esther Treusch quite a lot and we are very pleased. We have all known Esther since her school days. After Bill came home from Florida he and Esther decided to marry. Again, we were all very pleased and the planning began. They were married here in my house on the 17th of June. It was a beautiful wedding and Esther's brother-in-law officiated. He is a minister from Kenora, Ontario. Esther has a large family of her own and plus Bill's family is quite a group of happy people.

Leslie has been seeing Ray Fowler and we are all glad. Being alone is not good and they were both lonely as Ray had lost his wife a while before Bob died. They seem very compatible, both love golf, concerts and travelling. In October they decided to marry. Ray actually asked for her hand in marriage. So romantic. They were married in November in the Chapel of the Presbyterian Church where they are both members. I was matron-of-honour and I was so pleased to be asked. At ninety, I didn't expect to be part of a wedding party!

Their reception was also held in my home. We had about 48 for cocktails at 4:00 p.m. and family later for dinner. This was also catered by the Golf Club. It was really a lovely affair. Leslie's family were here from Brockville and Peter and Simon from Edmonton. Ray's son and daughter and two grandsons were here, his son-in-law, and Air Canada pilot was off on a trip and Bill and Esther were in Florida. It was a grand and glorious occasion. I am so glad to have Leslie and Bill both married again to such wonderful partners. They are both very happy and no more loneliness.

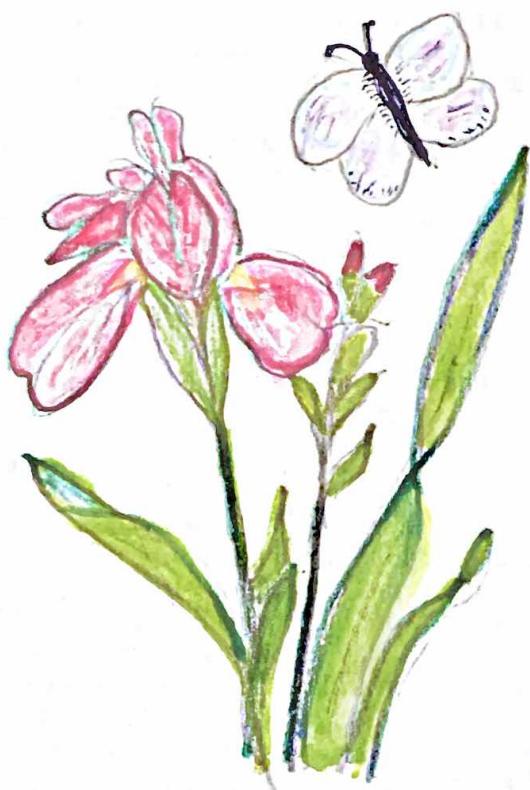
Leslie and Ray each sold their houses and bought a lovely home on Westmount Road not too far from me. Ray has a

cottage at Kincardine and in the summer will spend some time up there.

Esther also has a cottage, just out of Southampton. I was up last summer and it is a very modern cottage. A far cry from the cottages of my younger days.

Bill sold his small house in Florida and bought a larger one in the same location. So they have an ideal place in summer and a lovely spot in Florida for the winter months.

So 1989 has been a good year for our family and we are all grateful.



TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

There were three brothers who migrated to Canada from Donegal, Ireland in the mid-1900's. One was my grandfather, Jerry Leslie. He and my grandmother, nee Mary Ann Brooks, bought a farm west of Owen Sound. They later sold the farm and retired to Owen Sound. I don't ever remember my grandfather working at any particular business. They later moved to Toronto. They had ten children, all living to a good old age which evidently was quite something. This seemed to be their only claim to fame, and was written up in the Toronto Telegram September 30, 1943.

George Leslie was the owner and manager of the Rosedale Hotel in Rosedale. He and his wife travelled extensively in Europe and collected many beautiful antiques. I must have inherited my love of antiques from them. They were also very interested in horse racing. My first visit to a race track was with them at the age of fifteen, and as we drove in I saw a sign, "no children under sixteen allowed". It spoiled enjoyment of the races. I was so afraid of being ejected. They later sold the hotel and moved to Bronte.

John Leslie had a large farm on the Kingston Road. There was a monastery on one corner of the Cross Roads and a Stage Coach Inn was on the Northwest corner. It was known as the Halfway House, a stop for Stage Coaches plying between Toronto and Kingston. John Leslie's farm was quite extensive. It was on the Northeast corner, a lovely house at that time. He was a to one time M.P. for that constituency. He had two sons and two daughters. One son, we called Hap. I think his name was really Arthur; the other son was John. Both sons were on the counsel. There is now a John Leslie school on their property on Kingston Road. Of course, the farm has long since been sold and the property divided into building lots. Leslie Street in Toronto was named for this branch of the family.

Duretta Wolfhard
nee Leslie
Family Historian.

THE LOST ART OF MILLINERY

Ladies for centuries have worn and loved hats. From biblical days on it was customary for ladies to cover their heads. At that time, it was veils and shawls. Some veils were beaded and embroidered in gold and silver threads. Some shawls were woven or knitted and then there were the beautiful tartan shawls of Scotland and exquisite shawls from India and China.

At the time of the Puritans, bonnets were in vogue and later became more ornate, trimmed with ribbons, lace, flowers, and feathers. From bonnets came sailor hats, cartwheels; these were pinned on the ladies elaborate coiffures with large hat pins, about 8 to 10 inches long. These were very ornate, some jewelled and expensive. Containers were needed for these hat pins so china containers were used, tall and slim with perhaps a dozen holes in the top, so that the hat pins could stand up, just showed their jewelled tops. These hat pins were also of use as a weapon, to ward off unwelcome males.

Hats were much in vogue until 1950's when ladies started to wear shorter hair and visited a hairdresser weekly. It seemed a shame to cover the hairdresser's beautiful work with a hat. Up until that time there were any amount of Millinery Stores in any town or city.

Today, in the 1990's you won't find a Millinery store anywhere. You can buy a factory produced hat, mostly tailored, in some department stores; but to have a custom made hat is almost impossible.

Hats in 1919 were made in several ways. You could buy a felt hood, or a straw hood in the wholesale hat factories. These were in several qualities of felt, brushed wool felt, up to Beaver felt. The straws were Leghorn and panama with plain straw for cheaper hoods.

While living in Montreal, I was fortunate in having three friends, who like myself, were very interested in crafts and hobbies. We joined a class at the Convent and were instructed in the art of hat making. We had access to the Millinery Wholesale Houses in Montreal and could buy these hoods, blocks, on which to form brims or crowns, ribbon, flowers and feathers to trim our creations, and it was a very interesting

hobby as hats were very popular at that time and we felt a hat was needed to complete a costume.

These blocks we purchased were formed of hardwood in the shape of a hat crown, a wet cloth was pulled over the block and the hood over that. We then pulled and shaped the centre of the hood to form the crown and let it dry. When dry and removed from the block, we were then ready to form the brim. This could be formed into a sailor type by pressing with a cloth or formed on a block shaped like a doughnut, to form a turned up brim. This was then ready for trimming. Perhaps just a wide ribbon band with a tailored bow, or a velvet ribbon with a velvet rose in a contrasting colour. Next came the lining. These could be purchased at the wholesale in many colours. Then a cored silk ribbon was sewn to the inside head band. Last you sewed in your own label.

Straw hats were made in quite the same manner but trimmed with more detail and elegance. We used flowers, silk or velvet, intricate bows, sometimes both. In the 1940's Cocktail hats were very popular. Tiny pill boxes made of a buckram shape, covered with a variety of materials. We used to shop for remnants of satin, silk brocade or velvet. These didn't require much decoration, but usually had a veil. Veils are very flattering. We sometimes made these little hats from material left from a dress or suit and worn together they were quite the fashion.

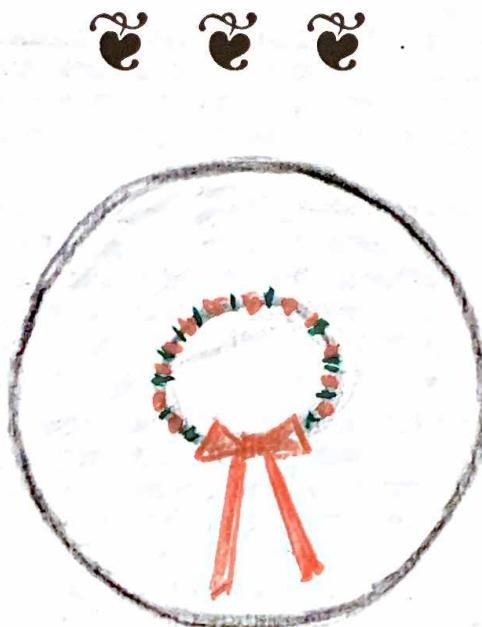
Our teacher at the Convent was not a nun but a teacher hired by the Convent. She was a dear little French Lady who spoke English with an accent. She wanted to stress the fact that all materials should be used on the bias and would repeat several times during a lesson that all "materials" be used on the "by-ass". We, of course, got a giggle or so out of this.

Then there were hats made on a wire frame. We could buy these frames from the wholesale but were required to make our own. They were made of wire covered with white or black thread. The crown was made of a circle of wire for the top of the crown and another for the bottom with short pieces of wire to hold them apart. The brim was made of a larger circle of wire and a smaller one to match the head size of the crown. Then small wires to hold them together. On these shapes we sewed strips of straw lace or cotton lace and sometimes ribbon. Of course, these were summer hats and were mostly trimmed

with flowers. Feathers and flowers could be renewed and brightened by shaking over a kettle of boiling water.

We also made berets in several different ways. Some were made from pie-shaped pieces of material, sewn together to form a circle for the top. A circle cut to fit for the bottom with an opening cut for the head size. These were made of tartans, velvet and wool; also in tweed and fur.

While in Montreal, I had a "Tea" for about 25 "girls". Those were the days when "Teas" were very popular. After the tea was served I invited the girls to our guest room where we had twin beds. On these were arranged about 27 hats of all colours and sizes and styles. I told them to choose any hat that suited them. Needless to say they had a ball and all went home with a new hat. These hats did not cost a great deal to make and I had a lot of fun making them.



A COLLECTION OF POEMS - D. Wolfhard

TO LESLIE

When first you were put into my arms
A little wrinkled blackhaired babe,
You pulled at my breast and heart strings too.
How I watched that little babe grow,
To become a beautiful redhaired girl.

The years go by and now we have,
A grown-up lady to love and cherish,
With husband and family of her own.
But with time for friends and family too.
She makes the golden years much brighter,
A daughter to be proud of.
Sixty-seven years have passed
Some glorious, some sad,
But with love and caring always there.

Home joys are known in simple things
In friends who share a cup of tea,
In books that waken old, old dreams
And songs that stir the memory.

THOUGHTS AND GREETINGS

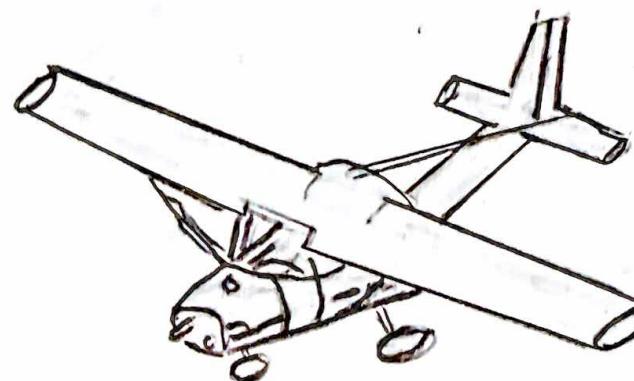
Anniversaries come and go
Yours a special fifty-six
Some were wonderful some were sad
But memories over the years
Of family and friends,
Are the Times we remember best.

To a darling daughter
Who is caring and kind
Who visits and phones,
Who chauffeurs and shops
And is always there with
A smile and a hug.
Whatever do mothers do,
Without daughters like you.

When you have your health
You have many wishes
When you don't have your health
You only have one.

TO RALPH

Seventy-seven years ago today
A beautiful baby boy was born to our parents.
And how I loved that dear wee boy.
He grew to manhood as boys do,
And flying became the dream of his life.
From a single engine plane of long ago
To Jumbo Jets of the present day.
He flew them all with perfection and pride
Around the world for C.P.A.
The years have been kind
But now he is not as well as we would like him to be
But we pray God will see that he has many more years
With family and friends
Because we all still love that dear boy.



TO SALLY

Friends - what a beautiful word.
With memories of good times and sad times.
Times of help from you and from me.
Just knowing you were there,
I could pick up the phone,
Or round the corner go.
Friends Blessed and giving.

What made us friends in the long ago,
When first we met?
The best in you and the best in me
Hailed each other,
Because they knew
That always and always, since life began
Our being friends,
Was part of God's plan.



TO BETTY

To one of my dearest friends
"Friends", isn't that a lovely word.
It means so much to me.
And as the years go by,
The memories of wonderful times
We have shared together
Makes life more beautiful.



TO BOB

To a wonderful son-in-law
He is kind and thoughtful to all.
Welcome to the family.
He is a perfect gentleman,
A little flattery a little love,
Is what he gives to all.
He is there whenever you need him
A wonderful guy to know.

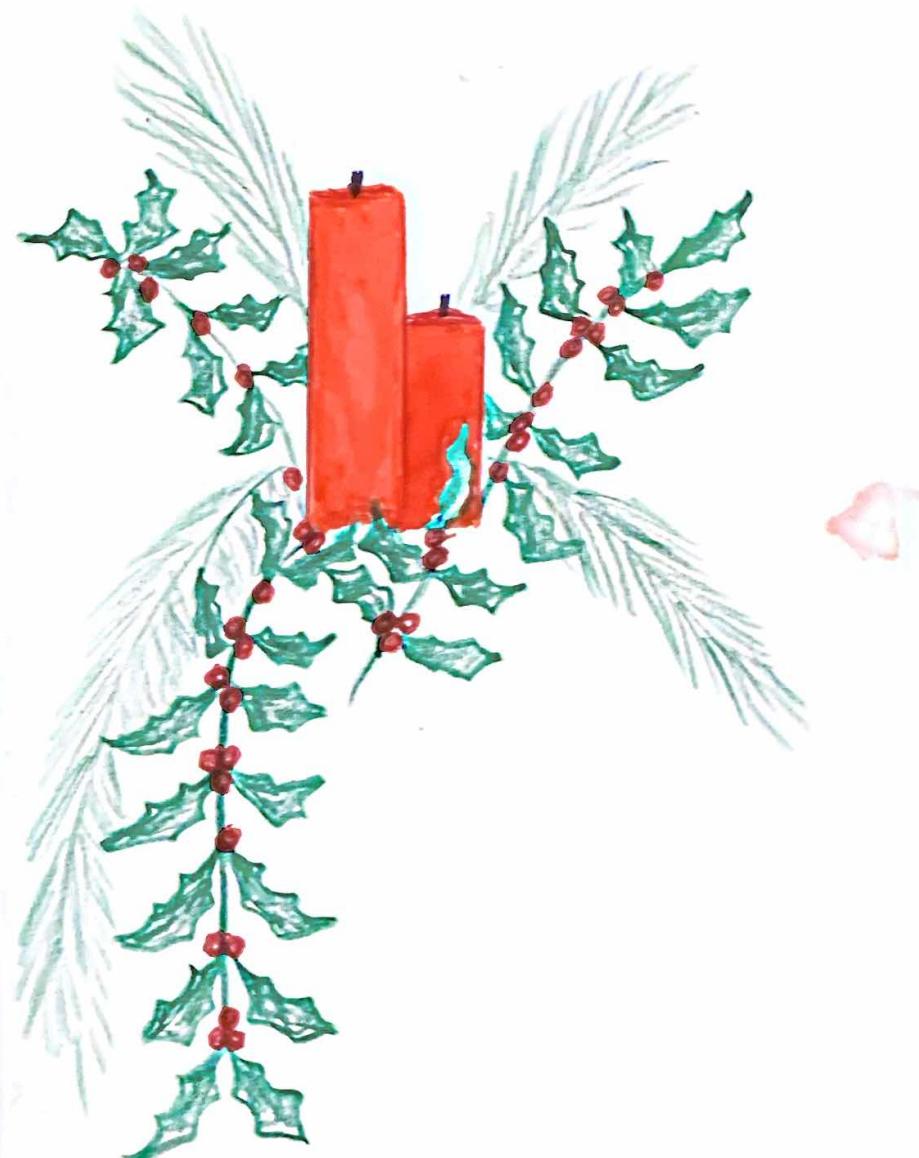


TO CORA

We have both had ninety years.
Some very happy times,
Some were sad and lonely.
We met when we were both sixteen.
That goes back a long, long way.
The days of the Laf-Lot Club.
Remember the dances at the old
Bridgeport Casino, on the banks of the
Grand?
The time we played hockey against
The Fat Men of Kitchener?
All for the Red Cross in 1915.
We both found wonderful husbands,
Had a family to be proud of,
And now in 1988 we have our
Memories of the years gone by.
May you have serenity and contentment
In the years ahead
And the love and caring of your
Family and Friends.

CHRISTMAS 1989

The sinking sun with its dying rays,
Brings back sweet memories of bygone days.
Memories of loved ones and friends I used to know
Thoughts of places, events and people of long ago.
But one cannot live on memories alone,
For the world is living, not just rock and stone.
And soon this year will change from old to new,
I'll take time briefly, eighty-nine review.
Much time was spent in tracing the family tree,
It's interesting and fascinating to study genealogy.
But in spite of changes, turmoil, inflation and unrest
I am sincerely thankful for being blessed
With good health, faith and deep love for all
And out of the heavens, we hear a voice call
"May God bless everyone far and near
With a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year".



Paintings by Duritta