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with many thanks to Barbara Parkinson
whose many interviews with Anne Fairlie
form the basis of this account

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GAM

*In her Own Words
(and then Some)*

Anne Primrose Fyshe / Saegert / Fairlie

1915 - 2014

Tam Fairlie - duxpress 2015

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Early Days

I was born Anne Primrose Fyshe on October 9th, 1915 in Calgary, Alberta. My father registered me as “Mary Primrose” however, when I was christened, I was named “Anne Primrose”, after my maternal grandmother Annie Primrose Bayne Stirling. She was the only one of my grandparents living at the time.

She was the daughter of Howard Primrose and Olivia Campbell of Pictou Nova Scotia. Howard Primrose was a prominent business man in the community and owned a timber mill. His father James, born at Whitehall Grange in Scotland, was part of a long line of Primroses tracing back to Culrose, Fifeshire in Scotland in the 1490’s. He arrived in Pictou in the 1820’s and entered a timber exporting partnership in Tatamagouche. He had three sons, Clarence (1830-1902) Howard (1832-1906) and Gordon (1832-1840) He seems to have been very prosperous in the business.



*Four Generations 1883 Great Grandmother Olivia Campbell
Grandmother Olivia Campbell Primrose, Mother Annie Primrose Bayne
newborn daughter Olivia Primrose Bayne (Amah)*

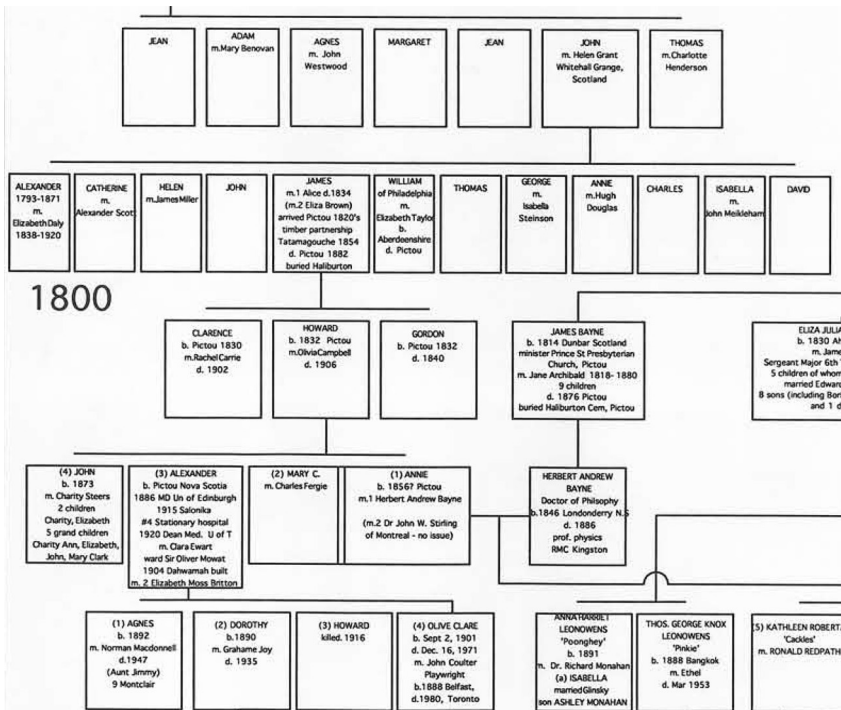
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*James Primrose
arrived in Pictou in 1820's
Agent of Bank of Nova Scotia
in Pictou 1839 -1872
Timber Mill in Tatamagouche*



*thought to be
Mrs Eliza Brown Primrose
2nd wife of James Primrose*



In Her Own Words - and Then Some



*Charlotte Henderson
Married Thomas Primrose
(aunt of James and Eliza opposite)*



*Olivia Campbell Primrose
who married Howard Primrose*

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One of my favourite photographs from that era dates back to 1892 and shows Howard and Olivia, their two sons, John and Alexander and their two daughters, Annie (born 1856 and around 30 in the photo) and Mary (who married Charles Fergie) My mother Olivia is present as a child of about 9. Her father, Herbert Andrew Bayne had died shortly before in 1886, He was born at Londonderry Nova Scotia, educated as a Doctor of Philosophy and became Professor of Physics at Royal Military College in Kingston. The whole family is outdoors in the garden at their home in Pictou.



*The Primrose Family circa 1892
Howard and Olivia Campbell Primrose on the right
with son Jack behind (who married Charity Steers)
Grandmother Annie Primrose Bayne in centre
with Olivia's sister Aunt Hannah Campbell Maclean behind her
to the left is Alexander Primrose with his wife Clara Ewart
and their 3 children, Agnes in arm, Dorothy behind, and Olive Clare front centre
Annie's daughter Olivia Primrose Bayne (Amah) is behind
in the straw boater is Mary Primrose who married Charles Fergie*

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



*circa 1880 - Howard Primrose
by Notman*



Olivia Campbell Primrose circa 1860

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*my grandmother Annie Primrose
circa 1878*



*my grandfather
Herbert Andrew Bayne
Prof. at RMC - died 1886*



*Annie Primrose
later married Edward Goldsmith - 'Donny Dad'*

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



*Annie Primrose
circa 1878*



*Annie Primrose
circa 1875*



*my grandmother's sister Mary
who married Charles Fergie*

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My Grandparents recently married circa 1881

Studio photography came into vogue in the 1880's and these faces and their parents and grandparents were photographed a number of times in the Notman studios in Halifax and in Montreal.

My mother's parents were James Bayne, born in 1857 in Nova Scotia, and Annie Primrose born August 29th, 1857 in Pictou, Nova Scotia. James Bayne was a professor of Physics at Royal Military College in Kingston and he died in 1886 leaving a young widow and, my mother Olive Mary Primrose Bayne who then went to live with her parents, (my great grandparents) Howard Primrose and Olivia Campbell in Pictou, Nova Scotia.



*Annie and my mother
Olive Primrose Bayne
in 1885*



Howard Primrose

That was the Primrose / Bayne side of the family through my mother.

The Fyshe side was also complicated by an early death. My grandmother Avis Fyshe died of food poisoning suddenly in 1902 leaving behind her six children. My father Max would have been 19 at the time. She and her mother, my great grandmother Anna Leonowens had been a very dynamic partnership in bringing up this large family. Anna was a remarkable woman who was determined to achieve the best education possible for all of her grandchildren.

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*1880's Tea Party
Annie Primrose Bayne right pouring,
Mary Primrose Fergie with finger extended*



Olivia Campbell Primrose
wife of Howard Primrose

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Anna Harriette Lenonowens
1831-1915



Anna

My great grandmother, that is my father's mother's mother was Anna Harriette Leonowens (6 November 1831 - 19 January 1915). Born Anna Harriett Emma Edwards, she was an Anglo-Indian or Indian-born British travel writer, educator, and social activist. Her experiences in Siam (Thailand) were fictionalised in Margaret Landon's 1944 best-selling novel *Anna and the King of Siam*, as well as films and television series based on the book, most notably Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1951 hit musical *The King and I*. During the course of her life, Anna also lived in Aden, Australia, Singapore, the United States and Canada. She also co-founded the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. Anna's maternal grandfather, William Vawdrey (or Vaudrey) Glascott, was an English-born commissioned officer of the 4th Regiment, Bombay Native Infantry, in the Bombay Army. Glascott arrived in India in 1810, and was apparently married in 1815, although his wife's name is not known. According to biographer Susan Morgan, the likely explanation for the lack of information regarding Glascott's wife, in official British records,

is that she “was not European”. Morgan suggests that she was “most likely Anglo-Indian (of mixed race) born in India.” The Glascotts’ first child, Mary Anne Glascott, was born in 1815 or 1816. Mary Glascott married a non-commissioned officer of the Sappers and Miners, Sergeant Thomas Edwards on 15 March 1829 in Tannah. Edwards was from London and a former cabinetmaker. Tom Edwards died before his second daughter was born, in Ahmednagar district, India, on 6 November 1831. While she was christened Anna Harriet Emma Edwards, she later changed Harriet to “Harriette” and ceased using her third given name (Emma). For most of her adult life, Anna Edwards had no contact with her family and took pains to disguise her origins by claiming that she had been born with the surname “Crawford” in Caernarvon and giving her father’s rank as Captain. By doing so, she protected not only herself but her children, realising that they would have had greater opportunities if their mixed-race heritage remained unknown. Investigations uncovered no record of her birth at Caernarvon, news which came as a shock to the town that had long claimed her as one of its most famous natives.

The eldest daughter, Mary Edwards later married an Irish soldier, Corporal Patrick Donohoe of the Royal Engineers, who was awarded the Victoria Cross for bravery in Bombay during the Indian Mutiny. In 1845 her 15-year-old sister, Eliza Julia Edwards, married Edward John Pratt, a 38-year-old British civil servant who had served in the Indian Navy. One of their grandsons was the actor William Henry Pratt, better known as Boris Karloff. Because Edward John Pratt was also an Anglo-Indian, my great grandmother, Anna Edwards, never approved of her sister’s marriage. Her disconnect from the family was so complete that decades later, when a Pratt relative contacted her, she replied threatening suicide if he persisted.

Anna Edwards’s relationship with her stepfather Donohoe was not a happy one and she later accused him of putting pressure on her, like her sister (with whom she also fell out), to marry a much older man. In 1847, the family went to Aden, where Donohoe had been

seconded as assistant supervisor of public works. Here Anna Edwards was taught by the resident chaplain and orientalist, the Rev. George Percy Badger, and his wife Maria, a missionary schoolmistress. The Badgers recognised the girl's aptitude for languages and, in 1849, they took her with them on a tour through Egypt and Palestine.



*Rev. Percy Badger (top right) on mission to Zanzibar 1872
he was a religious scholar who wrote an important book about the Yazidis*

At the end of 1849, Anna Edwards returned with her family to India, where in Poona she married her childhood sweetheart, Thomas Leon Owens. He later merged his second and last names as Leonowens, over the objections of her stepfather and mother. Her husband was a civilian clerk (rather than the army officer suggested by her memoir). In 1852 the young couple, accompanied by Anna's uncle W. V. Glasscott, sailed to Australia via Singapore, where they boarded the barque Alibi. The journey from Singapore was long and Anna gave birth to a son, Thomas, on board. On 8 March 1853, nearing the Western Australian coast, the Alibi was almost wrecked on a reef. Ten days later Anna, Thomas, their new born son and Glasscott arrived in Perth, where Thomas found employment as a clerk in the colonial administration.

In Perth, Anna, at this time going by her middle name, Harriette, tried to start a school for young ladies. In March 1854, her son died and, later that year, a daughter, Avis Annie was born. In 1855, the Leonowens family moved to Lynton, a remote convict depot north of Geraldton where

Thomas was appointed the Commissariat Storekeeper and Anna gave birth to their son Louis. By early 1857, the Lynton Convict Depot had closed and the Leonowens family were back in Perth. In April 1857 they sailed to Singapore. Soon moving to Penang, Thomas found work as a hotel keeper, and died of apoplexy, leaving Anna Leonowens an impoverished widow. Thomas Leonowens was buried on 7 May 1859 in the Protestant Cemetery in Penang. Of their four children, the two eldest had died in infancy. To support her surviving daughter Avis and son Louis, Anna again took up teaching, and opened a school for the children of British officers in Singapore. While the enterprise was not a financial success, it established her reputation as an educator.



*Portrait of Anna by Robert Harris
wearing her tiger claw brooch, claimed to be the claws of a tiger
Thomas had shot on a hunting expedition
during which he caught a fatal sunstroke*

As a Royal Governess In 1862, Anna accepted an offer made by the Siamese consul in Singapore, Tan Kim Ching, to teach the wives and children of Mongkut, King of Siam. The king wished to give his 39 wives and concubines and 82 children a modern Western education on secular, scientific lines, which earlier missionaries' wives had not provided. Anna sent her daughter Avis to school in England, and took her son Louis

with her to Bangkok. She succeeded Dan Beach Bradley, an American missionary, as teacher to the Siamese court.

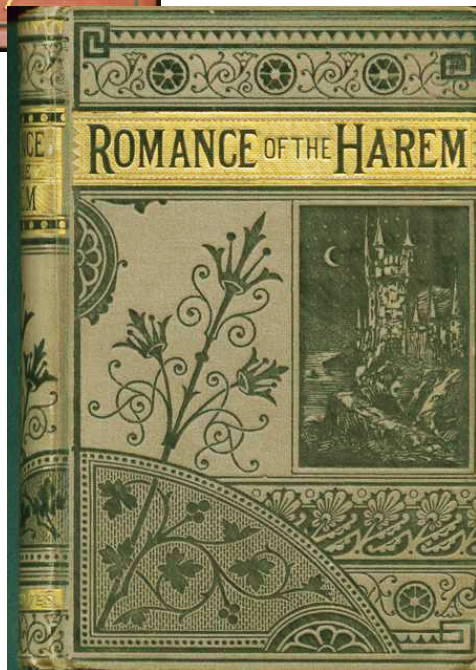
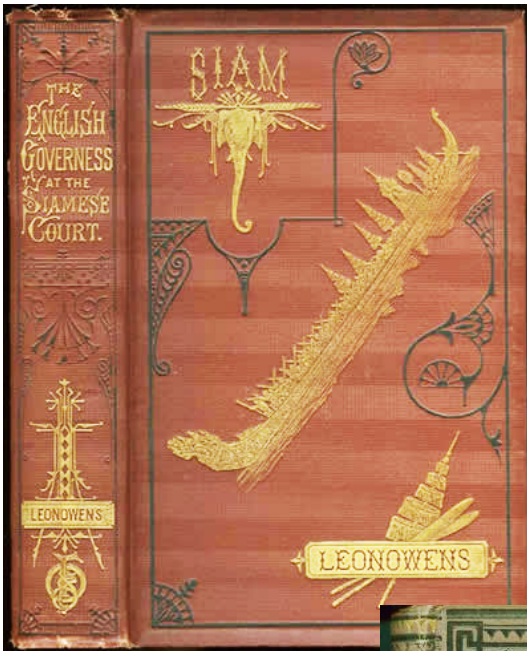


King Mongkut circa 1865

Anna served at court until 1867, a period of nearly six years, first as a teacher and later as language secretary for the king. Although her position carried great respect and even a degree of political influence, she did not find the terms and conditions of her employment to her satisfaction, and came to be regarded by the king himself as a “difficult woman and more difficult than generality”.

In 1868, Anna was on leave for her health in England and had been negotiating a return to the court on better terms when Mongkut fell ill and died. The king mentioned Anna and her son in his will, though they did not receive a legacy. The new monarch, fifteen-year-old Chulalongkorn, who succeeded his father, wrote Anna a warm letter of thanks for her services. He did not invite her to resume her post but they corresponded amicably for many years. At the age of 27, Louis Leonowens returned to Siam and was granted a commission of Captain in the Royal Cavalry. Chulalongkorn made reforms for which his former tutor claimed some

of the credit, including the abolition of the practice of prostration before the royal person. However, many of those same reforms were goals established by his father.



Anna's literary career began by 1869, in New York City, where she opened a school for girls for a brief period on Staten Island, and began contributing travel articles to a Boston journal, *Atlantic Monthly*, including "The Favourite of the Harem", reviewed by the *New York Times* as "an Eastern love story, having apparently a strong basis of truth". She expanded her articles into two volumes of memoirs, beginning with *The English Governess at the Siamese Court* (1870), which earned her immediate fame but also brought charges of sensationalism. In her writing, she casts a critical eye over court life; the account is not always a flattering one, and has become the subject of controversy in Thailand; she has also been accused of exaggerating her influence with the king. There have also been claims of fabrication: the likelihood of the argument over slavery, for example, when King Mongkut was for 27 years a Buddhist monk and later abbot, before ascending to the throne. It is thought that his religious training and vocation would never have permitted the views expressed by Anna's cruel, eccentric, and self-indulgent monarch.

Anna was a strong minded woman and in her writings she tended to focus on what she saw as the subjugated status of Siamese women, including those sequestered within the Nang Harm, or royal harem. She emphasised that although Mongkut had been a forward-looking ruler, he had desired to preserve customs such as prostration and sexual slavery which seemed unenlightened and degrading. The sequel, *Romance of the Harem* (1873), incorporates tales based on palace gossip, including the king's alleged torture and execution of one of his concubines, Tuptim; the story lacks independent corroboration and is dismissed as out of character for the king. A great granddaughter, Princess Vudhichalerm Vudhijaya (b. 21 May 1934), stated in a 2001 interview: "King Mongkut was in the monk's hood for 27 years before he was king. He would never have ordered an execution. It is not the Buddhist way." She added that the same Tuptim was her grandmother and had married Chulalongkorn. (He had 36 wives.)



*Anna's pupil King Chulalongkorn
reigned 1868-1910*

While in the United States, Anna also earned much-needed money through popular lecture tours. At venues such as the house of Mrs. Sylvanus Reed in Fifty-third Street, New York City, in the regular members' course at Association Hall, or under the auspices of bodies such as the Long Island Historical Society, she lectured on subjects including "Christian Missions to Pagan Lands" and "The Empire of Siam, and the City of the Veiled Women". The New York Times reported: "Mrs. Leonowens' purpose is to awaken an interest, and enlist sympathies, in behalf of missionary labours, particularly in their relation to the destiny of Asiatic women." She joined the literary circles of New York and Boston and made the acquaintance of local lights on the lecture circuit, such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a book whose anti-slavery message Anna had brought to the attention of the royal household. She said the book influenced Chulalongkorn's reform of slavery in Siam, a process he had begun in 1868, and which would end with its total abolition in 1915.

Meanwhile, Louis had accumulated debts in the U.S. by 1874 and fled the country. He became estranged from his mother and did not see her for 19 years.

In later years, Anna resumed her teaching career and taught daily from 9 am to 12 noon for an autumn half at the Berkeley School of New York at 252 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, beginning on 5 October 1880; this was a new preparatory school for colleges and schools of science and her presence was advertised in the press. She visited Russia in 1881 and other European countries, and continued to publish travel articles and books.

She settled in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, where she again became involved in women's education. She was a suffragette and one of the founders of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. After nineteen years, she moved to Montreal, Quebec.

Anna's daughter, Avis, (my grandmother) married Thomas Fyshe (my grandfather), a Scottish banker who ended the family's money worries, while her son, Louis, returned to Siam and became an officer in the Siamese royal cavalry. He married Caroline Knox, a daughter of Sir Thomas George Knox, the British consul-general in Bangkok (1824-1887), and his Thai wife, Prang Yen. Under Chulalongkorn's patronage, Louis Leonowens founded the successful trading company that still bears his name. The Louis T. Leonowens Co. Ltd. is still trading in Thailand today.

Anna met Chulalongkorn again when he visited London in 1897, thirty years after she had left Siam, and the King took the opportunity to express his thanks in person.

Anna died on 19 January 1915, at 83 years of age and is buried in Mount Royal Cemetery in Montreal. Her grave monument is at the centre of the Fyshe Family plot in sector F-9. I was born in October of the year she died.

Anna Leonowens in Fiction and Film

Margaret Landon's novel *Anna and the King of Siam* (1944) provides a fictionalised account of Anna's years at the royal court, developing the abolitionist theme that resonated with her American readership. In 1946, Talbot Jennings and Sally Benson adapted it into the screenplay for a dramatic film of the same name, starring Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison. In response, Thai authors Seni and Kukrit Pramoj wrote their own account in 1948 and sent it to American politician and diplomat Abbot Low Moffat (1901-1996) who drew on it for his biography *Mongkut, the King of Siam* (1961). Moffat donated the Pramoj brothers' manuscript to the Library of Congress in 1961. Landon had, however, created the iconic image of Anna, and "in the mid-20th century she came to personify the eccentric Victorian female traveller", The novel was adapted as a hit musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein, *The King and I* (1951) starring Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner, which ran 1,246 performances on Broadway and was also a hit in London and on tour.



An Improbable Situation

In 1956, a film version was released, with Deborah Kerr starring in the role of Anna and Brynner reprising his role as the king. Revived many times on stage (with Brynner starring in revivals until 1985), the musical has remained a favourite of the theatregoing public. However, the humorous depiction of Mongkut as a polkadancing despot, as well as the king's and Anna's apparent romantic feeling for each other, is condemned as disrespectful in Thailand, where the Rodgers and Hammerstein film and musical were banned by the Thai Government. The 1946 film version of *Anna and the King of Siam* starring Rex Harrison as Mongkut was allowed to be shown in Thailand, although it was banned in newly independent India as an inaccurate insult by westerners to an Eastern king and, in 1950, the Thai Government did not permit the film to be shown for the second time in Thailand. The books *Romance in the Harem* and *An English Governess at the Siamese Court* were not banned in Thailand. There were even Thai translations of these books by respected Thai writer "Humorist" Ob Chaivasu.

During a visit to the United States in 1960, the monarch of Thailand, Bhumibol, a great-grandson of Mongkut, and his entourage explained that from what they could gather from the reviews of the musical, the characterisation of Mongkut seemed "90 percent exaggerated. My great-grandfather was really quite a mild and nice man." Years later, however, during her 1985 visit to New York, Queen Sirikit of Thailand went to see the Broadway musical at the invitation of Yul Brynner. The then Ambassador of Thailand to the US gave another reason for Thailand's disapproval of *The King and I*, its ethno-centric attitude and its barely hidden insult on the whole Siamese nation as childish and inferior to the Westerners.



- in a lighter mood

In 1972, Twentieth Century Fox produced a non-musical American TV series for CBS, *Anna and the King*, with Samantha Eggar taking the part of Anna and Brynner reprising his role as the king. Margaret Landon charged the makers with “inaccurate and mutilated portrayals” of her literary property and sued unsuccessfully for copyright infringement. The series was not a success and was cancelled after only 13 episodes. In 1999 an animated film using the songs of the musical was released by Warner Bros. In the same year, Jodie Foster and Chow Yun-fat starred in a new feature-length cinematic adaptation of Anna’s books, also entitled ‘*Anna and the King*’. I attended the Canadian premiere with my cousin Joan Miner. One Thai critic complained that the filmmakers had made Mongkut “appear like a cowboy”; this version was also banned by censors in Thailand.

Anna appears as a character in Paul Marlowe’s novel *Knights of the Sea*, in which she travels from Halifax to Baddeck in 1887 to take part in a campaign to promote women’s suffrage during a by-election.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



The Boris Karloff Connection



Anna was Great Great Aunt to Boris Karloff

Anna's sister, Eliza Julia Edwards (b. 1829 Bombay, Poonah, India - d. 1865), married James Millard (b. 1806 Marlow, Buckinghamshire England) and they had a daughter, Eliza Sarah Millard (b. 1848 Bombay, India and d. 1894 Marylebone, London, England) who married Edward John Pratt (b. 15 Oct 1827 Bombay, Maharashtra, India - 1897 Paris, France) and they had a son, William Henry Pratt (b. 23 Nov 1887 Honour Oak, London, England, d. 2 Feb 1969 Midhurst, Sussex, England) better known as the actor Boris Karloff. Anna Harriet Emma Edwards Leonowens is the great - great aunt of Boris Karloff.



Susan Morgan's Book – Bombay Anna

The Real Story and Remarkable Adventures of the 'King and I' Governess By Susan Morgan Illustrated. 274 pp. University of California Press

If you thought you knew the story of Anna in *The King and I*, think again. As this riveting biography shows, the real life of Anna Leonowens was far more fascinating than the beloved story of the Victorian governess who went to work for the King of Siam. To write this definitive account, Susan Morgan travelled around the globe and discovered new information that has eluded researchers. Anna was born a poor, mixed-race army brat in India, and what followed is an extraordinary nineteenth-century story of savvy self-invention, wild adventure, and far-reaching influence. At a time when most women stayed at home, Anna Leonowens travelled all over the world, witnessed some of the most fascinating events of the Age of Empire, and became a well-known travel writer, journalist, teacher, and lecturer. She remains the one and only foreigner to have spent significant time inside the royal harem of Siam. She emigrated to the United States, crossed Russia on her own just before the revolution, and moved to Canada, where she publicly defended the rights of women and the working class. The book also gives an engrossing account of how and why Anna became an icon of American culture in *The King and I* and its many adaptations.

On disembarking in Singapore as a young widow in 1859, she reconstructed her early life along more socially acceptable lines. She subtracted three years from her age, relocated her birthplace from Bombay to Wales, made no reference to her mother's Indian parentage, promoted her father from private to major and changed her husband from a clerk to an army officer. "The most important thing in life," she declared, "is to choose your parents." Leonowens's racial passing depended on her eye for detail: a letter from her waxes sentimental over the "golden locks" of two of her children, although both happened to be brunettes. Equally crucial

to these reinventions was her ear for language: not simply her knowledge of Hindi, Marathi, Persian and Sanskrit but the ability to mimic a genteel English accent.

In 1861, Mongkut, the king of Siam, asked his agent in Singapore to find his children a governess. A former Buddhist monk and an accomplished scholar who had earlier allowed American missionaries access to the harem, Mongkut was seeking a woman who would teach English without trying to proselytize. With few unmarried British ladies on the spot, Anna Leonowens, ladylike and recently widowed, was chosen.

At the time of her arrival, she estimated that Mongkut's harem housed a population of 9,000: his sisters, aunts and children of both sexes, as well as consorts, concubines and slaves, and other women who had been offered to the king in order to pay debts or cement political alliances. Although she later described this city within a city as a hotbed of "Slavery, polygamy, flagellation of women & children, immolation of slaves, secret poisoning and assassination," Leonowens thrived there. She taught Mongkut's children, then numbering about 60, including the crown prince. She also gave English lessons to adults and served as an unofficial secretary to the king.

After five years, Anna Leonowens left, travelling to England and Ireland before settling in the United States, where she once again supported herself by teaching. The friends she found in the American publishing world helped her bring out two memoirs, *The English Governess at the Siamese Court* and *The Romance of the Harem*, which were sufficiently popular to open up a new career for her as a lecturer on topics from "Siam: Its Court and Customs" to "Brahmanism, Ancient and Modern" and "Christian Missions to Pagan Lands."

My Grandparents

My father's parents were Thomas Fyshe, born on October 3, 1845 in North Berwick Haddingtonshire, Scotland and died 26 Nov 1911 in Montreal, Quebec and Avis Annie Crawford Connybear Leonowens, born October 25, 1854 in Islington, London, England and died May 2, 1902 in Toronto, Ontario. They were married on June 19th, 1878 in New York City, New York. They lived in Halifax, Nova Scotia and all of their six children, James Carlyle, Thomas Maxwell, Avis Selina, Anna Harriet, Kathleen Roberta and Francis Fyshe were born in Halifax, Nova Scotia.



*Thomas Fyshe (1845-1911)
Bank of Nova Scotia
1876-1897*

In 1861 he was a Bank of Scotland Apprentice in Leith (Edinburgh). In 1864 he was the Chief Clerk of Branch for the Bank of Scotland. Between 1864 and 1867 he was with the Birmingham Joint Stock Bank. In 1867 he was Bank of North America which had branches in Kingston, Montreal, Toronto and New York. Between 1873 and 1875 he was with the New York City Exchange and Stock Brokerage business as a Curb Broker in Sterling. On 6 May 1875 William Cunningham Mezies, "Cashier" offered

Thomas a position of Agent at the Bank of Nova Scotia's branch in Saint John, NB. Between 1876 - 1897 he was the "Cashier" for the Bank of Nova Scotia. The title "Cashier" became "General Manager" in 1898, "Chief General Manager" in 1963 and "Chief Operating Officer" in 1979.

Between 1897 and 1905 he was Joint General Manager with George Hague of Merchants' Bank of Canada and subsequently General Manager. In May 1907 Thomas Maxwell was appointed to the Royal Commission on Civil Service.

Thomas Fyshe was arguably the most colourful character to run The Bank of Nova Scotia. Possessed of a strong personality and caustic wit, Fyshe was known for his pithy and straight-forward writing style. A good example is the communication sent to a colleague in Kingston, Jamaica:

"Business is quiet. Money abundant. Exchange hardly moving. Weather magnificent. Your dog is dead - poisoned."

Fyshe served as Scotiabank's Cashier (Chief Operating Officer) from 1876 to 1897. His appointment was celebrated by the statement that "The Bank now had at its helm a man who by sheer ability and force of character ranks as one of the outstanding bankers in Canadian history."

Fyshe's 21 year tenure covered a difficult period in the economy of the Maritimes. While other Banks failed, Scotiabank prospered. Under Fyshe's careful management Scotiabank was transformed from a local maritime bank into the international organization it is today.

Under Fyshe's leadership Scotiabank expanded into Prince Edward Island when it opened a branch in Charlottetown in 1882, and then strengthened its presence in PEI by amalgamating with the Union Bank of Prince Edward Island in 1883. He opened branches in Winnipeg (1882), Minneapolis (1885), Chicago (1892), Montreal (1888), Jamaica (1889), and Newfoundland (1894). The number of Scotia bank branches increased from 9 to 32, shareholders' equity tripled and total assets rose from \$3.5

million to \$15.1 million, all between 1876 and 1897.

One of Scotiabank's early innovators, in 1888 Fyshe introduced one of the earliest staff pension plans in North America.

Fyshe was a man of action and nowhere is this better illustrated than by his rescue of a drowning child in Minneapolis. The Minneapolis Times reported that: "Suddenly Mr. Fyshe leaped from the carriage, jumped into the stream and set out with long, strong strokes for the spot where the child had disappeared. He reached the place just as the little head came above the water and turning, towed the lad back to shore while the crowd cheered. A little later and the lad could have been beyond the aid of man. When the swiftness of the current, the nearness of the falls and the fact that Mr. Fyshe made the dive attired in street costume is taken into consideration, the real bravery of the deed can be appreciated. The gentleman had a lighted cigar in his mouth when he attempted the feat, and wore a silk 'plug' during the entire performance, and so ably did he conduct himself as to not extinguish the weed or disarrange the hat"

Thomas Fyshe married Avis Leonowens, daughter of Anna Leonowens – the Anna of Anna and the King of Siam and the musical *The King and I*. Anna, a strong personality in her own right, lived happily in the Fyshe household and was an admirer of the amazing Mr. Fyshe.

Gam



*Avis (Leonowens) Fyshe circa 1900
married to Thomas Fyshe mother of Anna, Kathleen,
Avis, Jimmy, Frank and Max*



*Louis Thomas Gunnis Leonowens
father of George and Anna (Pinkie and Poonghey)*

My Parents

My parents, Thomas Maxwell Fyshe, was born September 7th, 1883 in Halifax, Nova Scotia and died March 9, 1959 in Toronto, Ontario, and Olive (Olivia) Mary Primrose Bayne, born August 23, 1883 in Pictou, Nova Scotia and died October 18, 1974 in Toronto, Ontario; were married January 12, 1910 in Christ Church Cathedral (Anglican), 635 Saint Catherine Street West, Montreal, Quebec. My one brother, Thomas Maxwell Fyshe was born December 5, 1911 in Calgary, Alberta and I was born October 9, 1915 in Calgary, Alberta, the same year the my great grandmother Anna Leonowens died.

My father was educated in Canada and in Germany. His grandmother, Anna had accompanied her daughter, Avis Annie Crawford Connybeare Leonowens Fyshe to Germany with the children, James Carlisle, Thomas Maxwell, Avis and Anna for five years between 1888 and 1893.

Kathleen Roberta was born in Germany November 11, 1892 and Francis was born in Halifax, December 7, 1894 after their return from the education tour.

I always thought it very odd that Thomas Fyshe agreed to have his whole family decamp to Germany for 5 years under the guidance of Anna and Avis. His mansion on Macgregor Avenue must have seemed very empty without his large family.

Gam



Thomas Maxwell Fyshe circa 1905

My father was very musical and played violin with the Montreal Symphony. Having entered the university at age 15, Dad graduated from McGill University with a B.Sc. His career consisted of Walker-Fyshe Company Ltd., Engineers and General Contractors, Montreal, 7 Crown Building, Calgary; who built the Calgary Herald Building, the Canada Life Building, Canadian Western Natural Gas Company's office building, the Isis Theatre and Kolb's Restaurant from 1909 to 1923.

He was Manager, Ambrusen Hy-draulic Construction Co. of Canada; President, Fyshe Martin & Co., Ltd.; Northwest Drilling Co.; Northwest Gas Appliance Co. Ltd.; VicePresident. Riverside Lumber Co., Ltd.; Director. Record Foundry & Machine Co., Ltd. He engaged in bridge building with Waddell & Hedrick. Kansas City, Mo.; with R. S. Lea, Montreal; construction work after the earthquake in West Indies, 1907-1909.

Between 1902 - 1904, Dad served as Lieutenant, 5th Regiment of Royal Scots of Canada.

Dad belonged to the Ranchmen's Golf & Country Club; Mount Royal Golf Club Beaconsfield Golf Club, and the American Society of Civil Engineers; Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; and Institute of Civil Engineers.



Mum with Damski Voolavich

When my parents were first married (12 January 1910), they had a dog, “Dam”, however, my father said it was a “damn fool” and they gave it the name ‘Damski Voolavich’. It was stolen from my grandmother’s home in Keewaydin in Pointe Claire. This was all before Taffy and I were born.

Montreal
January 16, 1910

My dear 'Eddie',

I went to Olive's wedding on Wednesday, she looked perfectly beautiful in a long sweeping cream satin dress

.....

The house was very prettily decorated, and the ceremony itself took place in the dining room. After the wedding we went upstairs and had a grand feast and then speeches, the best I have ever heard. Max Fyshe's grandmother [*Mrs. Anna Leonowens*] made a perfectly splendid one. Her whole speech was very clever, and much admired by the men, who all said she was a queen and should have been made a Prime Minister.

Anyway, the wedding was as nice and nicer than most weddings.

*Mum and Dad's wedding - excerpt from letters of Lois Sybil Harrington
and Edward Winslow-Spragge*

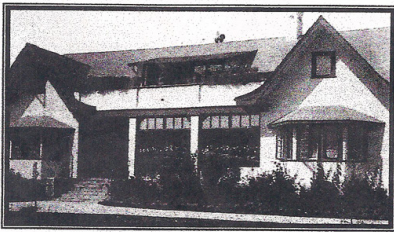
While living in Calgary, my parent's address was 605 -14th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta.

In 1912, before I was born, my father, who was an engineer and contractor, built "The Fyshe House" for \$12,000.00. It was 4,000 sq. ft. with four fireplaces and six bedrooms on a half-acre in Mount Royal. It had gorgeous leaded windows and oak panelling on the main floor, the woodwork in some rooms inset with ivory buttons to summon staff from the coach house. The present day owners, John and Mary Lou McCormick purchased the home in 1993. Recently, my niece, Wendy Fyshe Tonkin was in Calgary and visited the house. The McCormick's were more than happy to give her a tour.

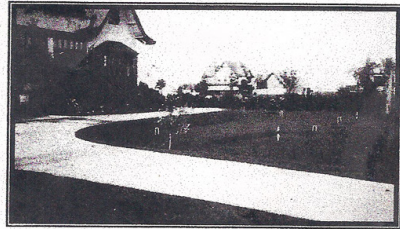
In Her Own Words - and Then Some



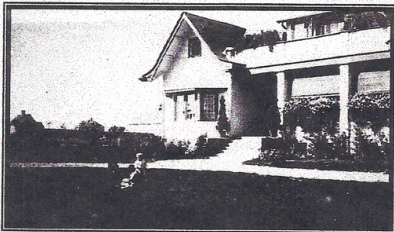
The Fvshe House in Calvary



Exterior with Plants



Exterior with Croquet



Exterior looking North West



Living Room looking South West



Some Early Memories

I stayed with my grandmother Annie Primrose Bayne Stirling when my parents travelled. 'Nan' lived in a home called "Keewaydin" on the shores of Lake St. Louis, in Pointe Claire, Quebec with her second husband, Dr. John W. Stirling, who was an eye doctor and had his office on Sherbrooke Street in Montreal. Sonny and I referred to Dr. Stirling as "Donnie Dad". There is a watercolour of Keewaydin in my bedroom, done by Avis Fyshe.

In 1921, I started school in Pointe Claire at a nursery school. There was a dog who barked at me en route to nursery school, and it terrified me. My parents decided that we had better get a dog which helped. His name was Jigs. At this same time, when I was four, I picked up typhoid fever from the lake where Sonny and I played. Donnie Dad thought the best thing was to give me some whiskey. To this day, I cannot stand the smell of whiskey.

Mother read me the book, "Princess and the Goblins" and when I was alone in my room, I was sure there were goblins on the roof - I was terrified of those goblins. They were likely squirrels.

When our family was in Maine for vacation, along with Dad's sisters, Avis, and Kathleen (we always went on holidays together), I might have been three or four years old at the time. I wore a bow in my hair and every night I had curl papers in my hair (very uncomfortable to sleep on). I was running down a pier towards the ocean and saw some lovely green grass below, which I thought would be nice to run on, and in so doing, stepped onto seaweed and sank.



with the Hair Bow

Aunt Avis came along and looked over - and said “that looks like Anne’s hair bow” and when they pulled up the bow - there I was attached to it. I couldn’t swim at that time. My cousins were with us, the Redpath children (Frank, Joan and John) as well as Tam Fyshe, Aunt Zu’s son, who became a Doctor in Hamilton. He was the eldest of the cousins and we all admired him. I remember when he came down the ski jump on Mount Royal and we couldn’t believe it at the time.

When I was six years old in 1921, our family moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma. My father was involved with the oil business in some capacity. Skelly Oil Company was founded by William Skelly in 1919 and it was the strongest independent producer of oil and gasoline in the USA at that time.

Gam

Around 1921, when I was six years old, I had my very first car ride! Our next door neighbour had a car, which was very exciting. He would take my brother and me every now and then to go get an ice cream cone.

I started school and attended grades one and two in Tulsa. I remember at the school, we had to sing the American national anthem and the only line I understood was “and our flag was still there” which was the only line I could sing along. The other words didn’t mean anything to me.



1922 - family in Tulsa Oklahoma

I had never seen black people before we lived in Tulsa. Because this was a new experience, I was quite frightened. While we were there, there was a lynching, which was written up in the newspaper including pictures. My parents tried to keep this news from me however I found out and it was the Ku Klux Klan at work and I remember seeing the men in their white hoods in the newspaper and it scared me terribly. While we lived in Tulsa, my mother had to cook for the first time, as we didn’t have a cook, just a cleaning lady. Mother became a very good cook consequently.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

In 1923 we moved back to Montreal. My father was with Nesbitt & Thompson Company, a Canadian stock brokerage firm founded in 1912. The offices were on St. James Street in Montreal. (It was acquired in 1987 by the Bank of Montreal along with Burns Fry Ltd. to become Nesbitt Burns Inc. of today).



Dad's Sister Cackles (Kathleen) and Joan and Frank

Gassies

We lived on Westmount Boulevard and at age eight I attended Miss Gascoigne's Girls' School, entirely staffed by teachers from England. The Study's founder, Margaret Gascoigne, was born in Nottingham, England. She studied the Classics at Lady Margaret Hall, the first college for women at Oxford, but could not matriculate into the university, because women were not allowed to take degrees. To be a woman student in those days was to be a pioneer. Upon leaving college, Margaret was expected to earn a living; but opportunities for women were limited and many turned to teaching. Margaret Gascoigne worked as a governess and later as a classroom teacher.

In 1912, she decided to move to the "colonies" and was hired at Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School in Montreal. The school's founders' philosophy of education clashed with that of the young Margaret Gascoigne and she resigned her post after only one year. Undeterred, she borrowed \$20, rented a room and took in private pupils for coaching in her study. She dreamed of having a little school of her own by 1914; then World War I intervened. Her friends encouraged her to pursue her plans and in September 1915 she opened her own school in a room on Drummond Street in downtown Montreal. There were six pupils. Those early days were relaxed and happy. Books were scarce and expensive, so Margaret Gascoigne would read aloud to her students and recited poetry for them to memorize. One of her early students later recalled that Miss Gascoigne was very enthusiastic, dynamic and scatterbrained. It was all rather haphazard, but somehow the lack of system worked.

In 1916, the school moved to more spacious premises and remained there for the next two terms, until these also became too small to accommodate the 22 students. On April 5, 1917, The Study rented a house (never mind that the rent was borrowed!) on Sherbrooke Street, just west of Guy Street. "Now I have a real school," remarked Margaret Gascoigne when her school opened the following September, with 56 girls. Although

it was generally known as “Miss Gascoigne’s School” - if not “Gassie’s” or “The Gasworks” - she always called it “The Study”.

It was a real school, but not like other schools. The timetable and curriculum were extremely fluid and the emphasis was on spontaneity and stimulus. While educational theories were quite clear in Miss Gascoigne’s head - and 50 years ahead of their time - their practical application was experimental in the extreme. Anything might happen at any time. Sometimes, an entire morning would be taken up with music, as Miss Gascoigne played Beethoven, Chopin or Liszt. By and large, the children thrived and were happy in this atmosphere.



The Study Class of 1925

The one blot on the landscape was Margaret Gascoigne’s beloved Spaniel, “Sweep”. The girls were terrified of him, for he nipped them whenever they had to visit the office. The staff also detested him. The Study’s early staff numbered five. Mlle. Boucher, later Madame Gaudion, had been there almost from the beginning. One of her close friends was Miss Ethel Seath, who agreed to give up her job as a commercial artist to come and teach art at The Study. The many Seath paintings on the walls of

the school serve as a testament to her talent and influence over her 45-year tenure. The “games Mistress” Mrs. Rowlands later claimed that her only qualification for the job was being the youngest person on staff.

In 1918, four more teachers joined the school and one of them - Miss Sophie Edwards - was a real sensation. Not only had she been a governess to the royal family of Greece, she had married the brother of one of her pupils. Another colourful character was Mlle. Boucher’s sister, Mrs. Ritchie, who taught history, her chief qualification being that she was distantly related to Charlotte Corday, who murdered Marat in his bath. And there was the greatly loved Miss Hague. Apart from her exceptional teaching and her beautiful clothes, there were fringe benefits to those who had her as their form mistress: a picnic on the mountain in the summer and voluntary knitting groups in her home on Dorchester Street, with pastries and ginger ale.

During The Study’s first year on Sherbrooke Street the position of Head Girl was established and Margaret Gordon was Head Girl of the first class that graduated from The Study. It was also during these years that the system of student government was developed. Student representatives were elected by their colleagues and rules for the school were drawn up.

Several years later Miss Gascoigne introduced the house system. The “Upper School” was divided into two houses - Mu Gamma (for Margaret Gordon) and Kappa Rho (for Kathleen Rosamund). In 1927 two new houses were formed - Beta Lamda (for Beatrice Lyman) and Delta Beta (for Dorothy Benson). I was in Kappa Rho. The house system was based on points plus points for excellences and minus points for late returns and detentions.

By June 1920 the school was full to bursting and the hunt was on for larger quarters. Eventually they were found - the Ewing House at the corner of Cote des Neiges and Seaforth Avenue. This would be the school’s home until 1960. A Board of Governors was established and The Study Corporation was incorporated on December 29, 1922. The financial

statements from the Board's first meeting show that the cash in the bank as of August 1922 was \$56.79.

By 1929 the school had a healthy surplus; then came the stock market crash and the Depression. At first there were a couple of withdrawals; then five; then 25. Staff salaries were cut and expenses pared to a minimum. All of this took a toll on Miss Gascoigne's health. In January 1934 she underwent a major operation for breast cancer - and on November 16, she died.

I attended from the age of eight until sixteen (from 1923 - 1931). We were known as "Gassie's Girls." There were three private schools in Montreal: Miss Gascoigne's, Miss Edgar's & Miss Cramp's and Trafalgar School. We were the three schools who vied with each other in sports, etc. I played basketball (being so tall) and we played a form of hockey on an outdoor rink. We also played ladies' lacrosse. We only learned English history and nothing of Canadian history which seemed ridiculous.

In 1917 Margaret Gascoigne invited Miss Ethel Seath to become their first art teacher. She had been on the art staff of the Montreal Star. For the next forty-five years, The Study would know no other. Ethel later recalled, "I thought no more of teaching than of flying until I met a fine person who was starting a school. Miss Gascoigne had seen one of my 'little things' in the museum and asked me to join her." Their meeting was one of kindred spirits. Ethel left the Family Herald, where she had been employed, and never looked back. She may well have felt that, having met the challenges of being a newspaperwoman, her experiences and lessons had been digested and she could now move on. The Study supplied her with a second family, and one in which her role could be meaningful. In the fall of 1920, Ethel joined an intimate coterie of Montrealers in forming the Beaver Hall Hill Group. Their concept of art was similar to that of the nationalist school, championed and led by the Group of Seven, which also came together in 1920.

Gam



paintings by Ethel Seath



In Her Own Words - and Then Some

Although it would survive only a few years, the Beaver Hall Hill Group produced a distinctive vision. All of its members had studied together under Brymner at the Art Association of Montreal. The group included Edwin Holgate, Randolph Hewton, A.Y. Jackson, Adrien Hébert, Robert Pilot, and Andre Bieler, but it was the women in particular who gave the group its characteristic flavour. In this loosely formed association of artists, Ethel Seath was in company with old friends, Sarah Robertson, Prudence Heward, Kathleen Morris, Liliás Torrance Newton, Nora Collyer, and Anne Savage.

We knew Miss Seath was an exceptional artist at the time. I recently read in the newspaper that one of her 'little things' sold for \$170,000.



2944 Viewmount Avenue, Montreal



*Mum in the garden of 'the Pink House' 2944 Viewmount
Nan lived in the house next door*

We lived on Northview Court, Cote de Neiges and then moved across the road to 2944 Viewmount Avenue. My grandmother, Annie Primrose Stirling lived next door. Dr. Stirling had died by this time.

Sonny and I could put our skis on at the front door and we skied on Mount Royal. You couldn't do any turning - you just aimed your skis and went straight down and if you missed all of the trees - you did quite well. We didn't seem to have any fear. I wondered how we survived.

While living on Viewmount, there was a tennis court where I learned to play tennis. Dad was a keen tennis player. Sonny and I would play with whoever was at the court waiting to play. There was a Mrs. Jones

who tried very hard however when she tossed the ball up for serving, her racquet would push forward “patting” at the ball. It was fun to watch her play in her little white hat. There were some good players as well.



I had a close friend, Betty Weldon. We were competitive at school as we both did very well in academics. I was a terrible teacher’s pet, I must say. I was a “goody goody” girl who did everything everyone expected of me - actually quite boring. Neither Betty nor I did anything which required any reprimand. Miss Gascoigne and Miss Seath lived on Cote des Neiges in an apartment. I was living with my grandmother and they were good friends, I used to walk her little dog, “Sweep” who was a Spaniel. Miss Seath, the art teacher and Miss Gascoigne had a place at Cacouna, which is located about 200 km north east of Quebec City on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River near Matis. These two summer vacation spots were enjoyed by many Montrealers.

When I was around fourteen or fifteen, I spent a week with them, during the summer at Cacouna, which now that I think about it, was quite

extraordinary. This was very uncommon for the two school mistresses to take a student with them to their summer cottage. I feel that they asked me to join them because my mother was living in New York at the time while my father was working there.

I had dinner at Betty's home quite often. Her father was lawyer in Montreal and I remember the dinner table with loud conversations, which included debates. Betty's two brothers and one sister, as well as Betty and her parents all seemed to talk at the same time. I was not used to this as I was the only one at home with my grandmother and being quite shy, we never spoke loudly at the dinner table. I wasn't expected to do anything at home or in my grandmother's home as we always had a cook, which meant that I didn't learn how to cook!

Having had typhoid fever as a young child, I then managed to contract scarlet fever. In those days patients were segregated and I should have been hospitalized, however my Mother decided to take care of me at home. My bedroom door had bed sheets hanging over it and they were anchored in buckets of disinfectant. Mother did not get scarlet fever thank goodness. She was a great mother!

Throughout these school years since Sonny was away at boarding school, I was the only child at home. We always had help at home and one general cook was Matilda from Newfoundland. We had a series of maids, as well as my grandmother had a series of maids next door. During these years, Sonny attended Trinity College School in Port Hope along with my cousin Tam (Aunt Zu's son). Following high school graduation Sonny attended Royal Military College in Kingston and became a chartered accountant following the war. Tam attended McGill University and became a medical doctor. They both played football. They were both on their own football teams. We as a family would go to watch the matches and the two Fyshes would come on the field as opponents. Tam Fyshe was small and fast, he was the running back. Sonny was stockier and he was a linebacker.



with Nan circa 1927

When I was fourteen years old, I went to live with my grandmother Nan, (Annie Primrose Stirling) as my parents were in New York. She was a very dignified, beautiful woman. She played the piano and tried to teach me however it just didn't "take". When I was younger, for Christmas, she gave me a beautiful French doll which I named "Fifi". My grandmother made a wardrobe for "Fifi" prior to Christmas. She wanted it to be a secret so she hid it under her bed. I found it but never let on that I had been snooping. I acted surprised on Christmas day. My grandmother was a good cook, however she had a cook who she would tell how to make the recipes.

Gam



Sonny and Anne - Baldwin Island 1926

In the summers, we would have picnics on the island. We would wander up Viewmount to the Belvedere on top, where we skied in the winter, and we picnicked in the summer. After quite a while of having these picnics, my father came home from work and said, “I would really prefer a hot dinner at home”, naturally. We loved the picnics. One time I was with Aunt Zu having a picnic at the top of Viewmount and we both sat in poison ivy. Our hands were covered in the rash and we could barely move them. It was very painful. They did have calamine lotion; however it didn’t seem to do very much for us.

In 1931, at sixteen I took my Junior Matric and headed to Boston. I have a feeling that Aunt Avis paid for this schooling. Dad had gone bankrupt in Calgary (where I was born) and never completely pulled himself together again with one particular firm.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

He had become an alcoholic, but my mother was totally loyal to him. When he would have a session - or binge - he came back and apologized to me. I wondered why he was apologizing, as I just thought he was sick. It must have been devastating for him when he went bankrupt in Calgary.



Anne and Sonny (Taffy) as RMC Cadet

The MacLean Connection

Jack Saegert's mother, Mary Fox Dixon MacLean married Frederick Augustus Saegert in Royal Tunbridge Wells in June 1896. Mary was the youngest child of John S. MacLean and Mary Rose Dickson, daughter of Thomas Dickson and Sarah Ann Patterson, of Pictou, NS. Thomas Dickson studied law under his brother-in-law Samuel George William Archibald and about 1816 began a practice in Pictou, where such notables as Jotham Blanchard would article under him.

Mary Rose Dickson died shortly after her daughter Mary's birth in 1864. After this tragedy, John S. MacLean married Hannah Campbell. The two Maclean girls, Mary and Lillah (Elizabeth) had grown up in Nova Scotia along with a middle sister, Margarite Jardine MacLean with Aunt Hannah Campbell MacLean as their step mother. (who appears with her sister, Olivia Campbell Primrose at the back of the Primrose family in the old photo on page 8) John S. MacLean died in 1889, in Halifax, NS.

Mary Fox Dixon MacLean and Frederick Augustus Saegert emigrated from England out west to Alberta where Frederick Augustus invested in a rooming establishment in Edmonton. They had three children, Mary Herta, b. 1897 known affectionately to her parents as "Maydie", Jack b. 1901 and Ava Catriona "Kitty" the youngest b. 1903 in Edmonton. Maydie, the eldest, became ill from contaminated piping at the rooming house and was sent back to live with her Aunt Lillah in Cheltenham. On the advice of the doctor, Frederick Augustus, Mary, Jack and Ava moved away from the rooming house in about 1904 or 1905 to a section of land in what is now the Fort Saskatchewan suburb of Edmonton. The homestead was named "Daneholm", after the German island off Stralsund where it is believed Frederick Augustus was from.

Sadly, in 1913, their mother, Mary Fox Dixon MacLean Saegert was killed when a horse ran away with the wagon she was in. Jack always felt that he could have done something to save his mother. Frederick Augustus Saegert, (as later revealed in letters to his children) was overcome by

despair, and while in Edmonton attempting to drown his grief, he was injured in an accident and laid up in hospital for more than 2 weeks, leaving the two children, Jack and Ava with whatever help was working at the homestead at the time.

Their mother Mary's sister, Lillah had been married to an officer in England and she was living in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire England. Edward Primrose Tregurtha Goldsmith, a supply officer with a career in the XXth Regiment, the Lancashire Fusiliers, had a year 1892-93 as the CO of the 2nd Battalion in Poona, India shortly after his marriage. Edward was a cousin of Oliver Goldsmith who immigrated to New Brunswick and wrote a poem about how villages in the New World were growing and thriving at the same time as his cousin in England was becoming famous for his 'The Deserted Village' (1770) when industrialization was moving peasants to the cities in England.

Aunt Lillah wrote to my mother, Olivia and asked if she would pick up the children and bring them to Nova Scotia.

Mother went out to Peace River and brought the two children, John MacLean and Ava Catriona Saegert to Halifax and Aunt Lillah came from Cheltenham, England to take them back to England with her. These children had been riding bare back, with no shoes and were wild kids from Alberta! Ava was sent to Cheltenham Ladies College and Jack was sent to a boarding school. Mother had rescued them from the farm and they were very devoted to her. When Jack was finished with boarding school, he went to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, Surrey, England.

Mary Herta Saegert was born in May 1897, in East Kent. Frederick Augustus was a land agent in Deal. She died in 1964 in Chelsea, London, England. Mary just seemed to have just "disappeared", Jack never spoke of his elder sister. (note: There is a border crossing in November 1927, when Mary was thirty years old stating that she sailed on the "Aquitania" from Southampton to New York City and it listed her occupation as "artist" and that her permanent home was in London, England.)

Jack then went into the British Army and went to India. He had been in India for quite a while and came back on leave to Canada in 1931. The first time he came, I was living with my grandmother (my parents were in New York at the time however they wanted me to be raised as a Canadian). Jack drove across Canada and stayed with my grandmother and myself. I was about fourteen at that point. The only way I could impress Jack was by doing one of my favourite tricks – a headstand! He went on his way, back to India with his troops.

The next time we met, I was in Boston at *Child-Walker School of Fine Arts* located at 234 Beacon Street in Boston. After four years - it didn't "take" and I realized I wasn't an artist. While in Boston, I lived in the Stewart Club (which Aunt Avis was running), a girls' club for students of music and art. The Stewart Club was located on the Fenway, next to the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum (the house where Ava lived) where we spent our Sundays since we could get in free. It was a wonderful museum with concerts, etc. Being away from my parents and my grandmother was all a new experience for me and I presume I was a little homesick however, I must have put it behind me as I took in all of the new surroundings.

Jack and his sister, Ava had crossed the Atlantic on October 27, 1933 aboard the "Duchess of Richmond" from Liverpool to Montreal. During their stay, Jack and Ava came to Boston to see me. I took my two visitors to lunch - to a "Tea Room" - the only place I knew well as a student. Jack paid of course. Jack was horrified by the "Tea Room" - not his idea of a "lunch" at all. I understood this well after I went and visited England. Jack and Ava returned from New York City to Southampton aboard "Majestic" on November 21, 1933. Their address remained the same, 4 Wellington Square, Cheltenham.

One thing that was interesting my first year was Thanksgiving which was November 1933, just after Jack and Ava's visit. My roommate's name was Priscilla Lee and her family had a home at Cape Cod (they were from England and they settled in Massachusetts). Her brother lived there and

built boats. I still remember that Thanksgiving dinner and I have never to this day seen so much food on one dining table at one time!

In 1935, when I was eighteen, Jack had another long leave. He proposed that my parents, my brother and I come to England. My brother, "Sonny" was unable to go because he was at the Royal Military College in Kingston. My father was too busy with work and mother didn't want to leave her husband. I went alone to England on 26 July 1935 aboard the "Alaunia" which took approximately one week for the voyage. Ava and Jack toured me all around and I found out what lunch should be at the "Club" – the Junior Officer's Club in London.

We camped on the Roman Wall and visited Scotland. It was at Loch Lomond near Castle Urquhart, when Jack asked me to marry him. Jack was thirty four years old, and fourteen and a half years older than me. However, that didn't seem to matter to either of us. I said, "yes" right away as I likely had been thinking of it. He did not have an engagement ring with him at the time, but I received his mother's engagement ring soon after. Inside the ring was engraved "*le bon temps viendra*" which had been inscribed by Jack's father. I have passed, this ring on to Jeannine. We stayed with Aunt Lilla in Cheltenham. Aunt Lilla was dressed in black from neck to toe as she had never changed with the ages - she was still completely Victorian. I was certainly not dressed that way!

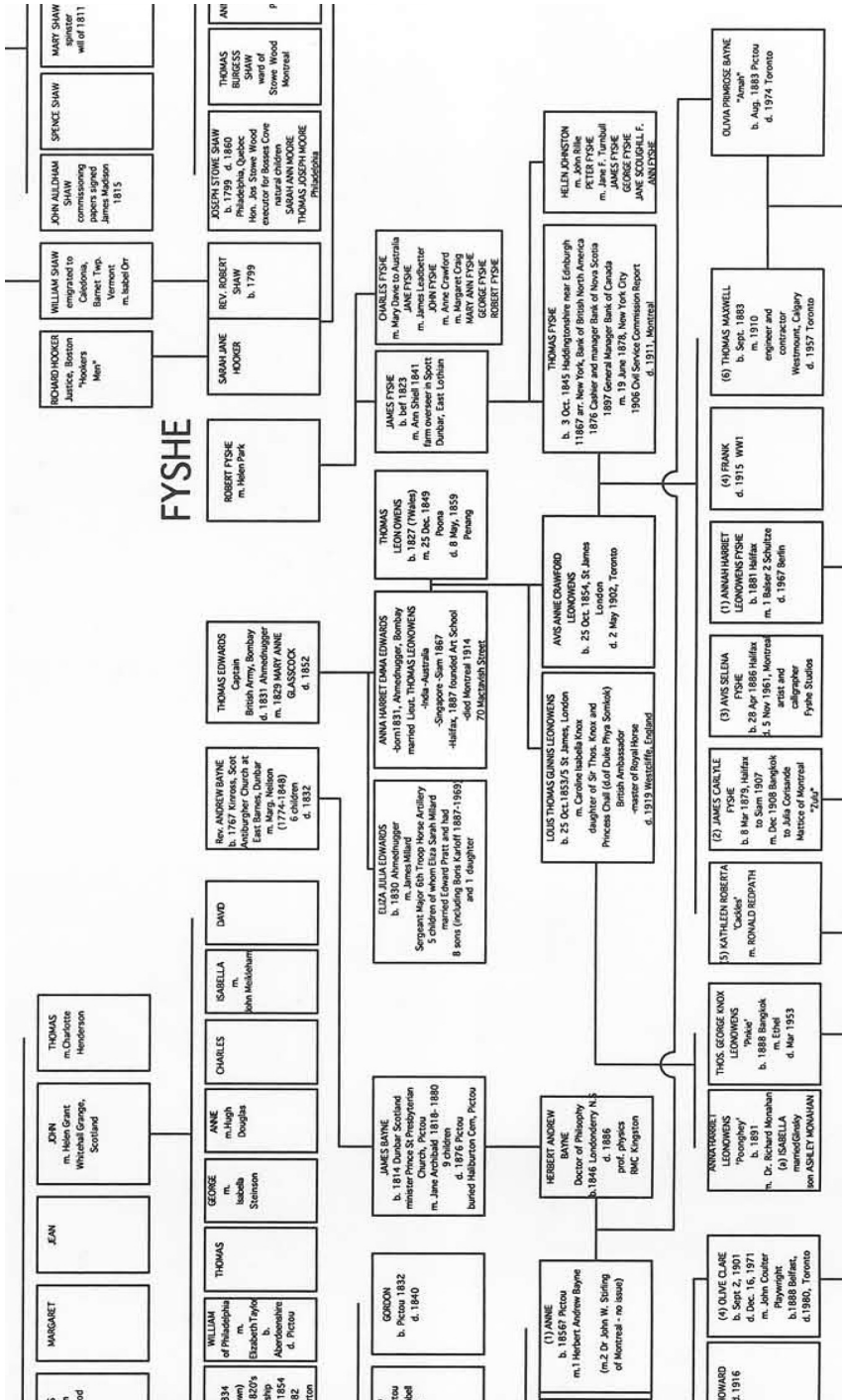
I returned home on September 13, 1935 aboard the "*Empress of Britain*". Our engagement was a surprise for my parents. It wasn't a surprise for me, as we had grown fond of each other during the English tour. My parents were fond of Jack and were happy for us. Jack being almost fifteen years my senior had not had a childhood as much as what we would expect one to have. He didn't know nursery rhymes, but we got along very well and had fun laughing at things and calling each other silly names. I never thought about him being much older, as I found him very attractive.

Gam



Mum and Dad at Poplar Plains circa 1940

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



Marriage to Jack Saegert



Anne Primrose Saegert 1936

Our wedding was on Saturday, November 7, 1936 in Montreal, QC at Christ Church Cathedral. Bishop Carlisle who was a great friend of my grandmother's married us. All of the young people loved Bishop Carlisle.

My mother and I went wedding dress shopping in Montreal and I bought a lovely white wedding gown. I had a gold dollar in my shoe. My sister in law, Ava was my bridesmaid, and my cousin, Joan Redpath was the other bridesmaid. My brother Sonny stood up with Jack (after he was married, his wife changed his name to "Taffy").



Jack Saegert

*(Reported in **The Montreal Gazette**, Saturday, November 7, 1936 under the "Social and Personal Section")*

Saegert-Fyshe

The marriage of Anne Primrose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maxwell Fyshe, to Captain John Maclean Saegert, RE, Q.V.O., S. & M., of Bangalore, India, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Saegert, and grandson of the late Mr. and Mrs. John S. Maclean, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is taking place this afternoon at half-past four o'clock in Christ Church Cathedral, the Very Rev. Arthur Carlisle, D.D., Dean of Montreal, officiating.

Bronze and yellow chrysanthemums, palms and ferns will decorate the church, and lighted candles in sconces will mark the guest pews.

The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will wear a gown of ivory satin, fashioned on princess lines, with a high cowl neck, and a train extending from shirred inset panels in the skirt. Her veil of tulle illusion will fall from a coronet of tulle and orange blossoms, and she will carry a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and bouvardia.

The bridal attendants, Miss Ava Saegert, of Cheltenham, England, sister of the bridegroom, as maid-of-honour, and Miss Joan Redpath, a cousin of the bride, as bridesmaid, will be gowned alike in old gold taffeta, having full skirts with velvet hems in a deeper tone of gold. They will wear bolero jackets with long sleeves small velvet coronets, and will carry arm bouquets of yellow and bronze chrysanthemums.

Mr. Thomas Maxwell Fyshe Jr., brother of the bride, will act as best man for Captain Saegert, and the ushers will be Dr. Thomas George Fyshe and Mr. Frank Redpath, cousins of the bride, and Mr. Peter Platt, of Devon, England.

Mrs. Fyshe, the bride's mother, will be gowned in bronze suede velvet with a bronze lamé tunic, and she will wear a brown hat and a corsage bouquet of yellow orchids. A small reception for immediate relatives will be held at the residence of the bride's parents, 2944 Viewmount, Cote des Neiges Road, where yellow and bronze chrysanthemums will be used as decorations. Later, Captain and Mrs. Saegert will leave on a motor trip, prior to sailing for England and the Continent, the bride travelling in a navy blue frock, under a grey coat with a fox collar, and a small grey hat. They will return to Montreal in February en route to California, whence they sail to take up their residence in Bangalore, India.

Among the out-of-town guests will be Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Primrose, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Norman Macdonnell and Mr. Graham Joy, all of Toronto; Mr. John Primrose and Miss Charity Primrose of New York; Miss Frances Cook, Miss Emily Chase and Miss Elizabeth Taylor, of Boston.

We went to the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec City for one week. Before we left Montreal for England in December 1936, we heard a famous address on the radio. King Edward VII renounced his throne as he gave his title up for an American divorcee, Wallace Simpson. What a mistake that was! Edward and Wallace were pro-German, which was despicable. They married and spent their days throughout Europe, during the war fraternizing with Hitler in France in Italy.

Following our marriage, I looked forward to accompany Jack to India as it seemed like a natural thing to do - I don't know why - but it did.

We sailed on the "*Aurania*" which originated in New York and we boarded in Halifax and arrived in London, England on 21 December 1936. Our address was Aunt Lilla's home at 4 Wellington Square, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. We spent our first Christmas with Aunt Lilla and then went to ski in Berwang, Austria for a week. Prior to meeting me, Jack had a girlfriend named Irene, who was the sister of a schoolmate of Jack's in England. She married a German and moved to Munich. Her sons grew up in the Hitler's Youth Army in Germany as Nazis. It bothered Jack that she would choose this life.

When we were on our honeymoon, we visited Munich and saw Hitler. Irene took us to a gathering where Hitler was speaking, and we experienced the crowd shouting "*Heil, Hitler*" with their hands extended. Jack of course, did not oblige and I was terrified that someone would see us, so I suggested that Jack at least stand up, which he did finally, but refused to extend his arm or state "*Heil, Hitler*".

We returned to Canada and left immediately for Burma, crossing Canada by train, going to San Francisco where Jack's godmother lived. From San Francisco we took the boat, "*Asama Maru*" to Honolulu, Hawaii, and then to Japan, Hong Kong and Saigon. We flew from there to Angkor Wat which is a temple complex at Angkor, Cambodia, built for the King Suryavarman II in the early 12th century as his state temple and capital city. As the best-preserved temple at the site, it is the only one to

have remained a significant religious centre since its foundation.

It was first Hindu, dedicated to Vishnu, then Buddhist. It is still the world's largest religious building. It was an amazing place. We toured the area with roots climbing over the buildings. En route, we received news that we weren't to go to India, but Burma instead, in order for Jack to form the *Sappers and Miners* regiment in Burma. We landed in Mandalay and were provided a large bungalow within the fort.

When the king lived there, there was a moat around the fort. Each side had a gate which was L shaped inside in order to keep enemies at bay longer. The two storey home contained a large living room, a dining room. A kitchen was set apart from the house in the compound. We had twelve (12!) servants. I never stepped foot into the kitchen!

The chief servant had been with Jack for years and did everything for him, his name was "Nathan", and his brother "Veraswami" was second in command and he dealt with me. Every morning he sat with me and we discussed the meals the cook would make for the following day. The cook would then go out first thing the next morning and buy whatever was needed for the day's meals.



Bungalow in The Fort, Mandalay with Chump and Tigger Bet

Veraswami spoke excellent English and could write in English. For “digestive biscuits” he wrote “disgustive” biscuits which made me laugh. I was a very innocent person - not knowing anything about anything. I hadn’t learned to cook at this time. I was expected to go around to the troops’ homes to see if their wives were keeping their homes neat and tidy. They wouldn’t have servants. I hated having to do this job. I hated being in command of anything or anybody.

It was a grand life for me. Most of the other officers were not Burmese but Indian troops, the Madras Sappers & Miners. These were the troops trained by the Royal Engineers who built the sewers and drainage systems. During the war they were trained in demolition particularly with land mines, opening up paths for advancement of the 8th Army troops. Their officers and wives were much older than I was and I felt that they were very “stuffy”. Every evening we gathered at the Mandalay Club, which included tennis courts, and the men always gathered at the bar. Jack

played polo which I enjoyed watching.

One match they were beaten by another team. I said “too bad Sahib didn’t win, they didn’t play well.” Nathan corrected me, “Sahib played well, others not so well.”

I would have been known as “Memsahib” which means “madam”. This was an indication of the loyalty of the servants. I wrote endless letters to my family but of course with the distance by boat, by the time I had replies the news was relatively old. Ava and Aunt Lilla wrote as well. Lilla wrote on tissue paper and used every inch of the surface - horizontally and vertically. They were difficult to read by nonetheless she wrote frequently.



with 'Chump'

Peter was born on 28 December, 1937 in Maymyo, Burma, the

Colonial Hill Station (when it got very hot in Mandalay women and children moved to Maymyo) and the husbands joined on the weekends. The British built Maymyo as a retreat from searing summer temperatures and it included botanical gardens reminiscent of the royal gardens at Kew. It was up in the hills and a little cooler than Mandalay. Peter arrived with a shock of red hair (which was extremely interesting to the Burmese locals who had coffee coloured skin and black hair). Peter created a sensation and many came to see this child. Jack didn't trust the English army doctor so I had a Major from the Burmese Army deliver Peter. He was very nice.

Peter's nanny was known as "Ma Khan" which amused my family. My mother wrote in a letter and said, "What Peter's Ma can't do, Ma Khan". He had a mosquito net over his crib and Ma Khan slept right beside the crib on the floor and never left his side for a minute.

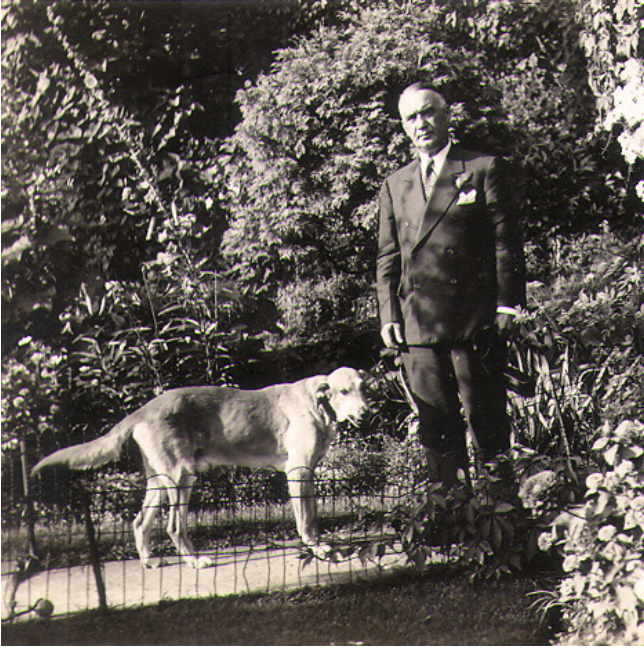
Every hot season I shared a house in Maymyo with Betty who had a son the same age as Peter, along with our two nannies. Everyone got along. Dances were held at the Club and on one occasion, someone came in with a dead tiger tied up on a large stick. The tiger had been shot just outside the club - it was very wild to say the least. At one point I was having a bath in Mandalay. There was no running water so the servants brought in hot water for the tub. I looked up and there was a snake on the rafters above me. I shouted for help and the servants came in and killed it. Bats used to come in at night. There was a ceiling fan above all of the beds and in the morning you would find dead bats on the floor which had come in contact with the ceiling fan throughout the night. We had a dog called "Chump" and we got a puppy to go with it. Unfortunately the puppy died. Immediately it was suspected that the puppy had rabies. We all had to have rabies injections, which were needles, injected into your stomach once a week. This included our servants as well. They were petite with not much flesh or fat, and it bothered me that they had to endure this. There was cholera in the market place. We were not allowed out of the fort nor were our servants. One servant went out with their child and came back with a very sick two year old. The child had cholera and died.

The servants lived in little houses at the back of our garden within the compound. Thank goodness the disease did not spread to any others.

In 1939 the Second World War broke out. At the beginning of the war I was in Burma for two and a half years. Jack was a Major with the Corps Royal Engineers in Burma. He helped form the Burmese Sappers & Miners. Jack did not want to be out of the war. He was a soldier, and he wanted to get to Europe where the action was. We had no idea at the time that the war would include Burma. Jack had contracted typhoid fever and was invalided to home. There were inoculations for typhoid fever; I had received one, however somehow Jack had missed his. We left Burma for home via Singapore and Hong Kong. Our trunks were packed in such a way that our clothes were hung and when aboard the ship, you opened the lid of trunk and your wardrobe was nice and neat and pressed. This was the first time that I had Peter, on my own with no nanny. Peter wouldn't eat anything other than bacon and prunes. We waited for an American ship to take us to Los Angeles (the U.S. wasn't in the war as yet). We hired a Chinese nanny in Hong Kong for our week layover in Hong Kong. "Amah" means "nanny" in Chinese. Amah helped look after Peter during our stay. We sailed on the President Taft and landed in San Pedro, California on December 22, 1939. We eventually got to Los Angeles and took a train to Montreal, arriving Christmas Eve, December 24, 1939.

Peter stepped off the train at age two wearing a sailor suit with a sailor cap and my father fell all over him like a ton of bricks. He was spoiled completely. Peter immediately called my mother, "Amah", and that name has stuck throughout all of her grandchildren. We moved in with Dad and Mom and my mother was extremely helpful with Peter.

Our earthly goods had been packed up and sent ahead of us. Jack had shot several animals while in India (as officers did then) and the heads had been mounted and they were some of the treasures, which were packed and sent home. We gave one of these heads to the Royal Ontario Museum, as it wasn't a piece of art we really wanted around the house.



Dad with Pickle 1940

1940

Dad joined the Canadian Oil Controller which was responsible for ensuring adequate supplies of oil to the various refineries across Canada. The Department of Munitions and Supply had regulated oil supplies, C. D. Howe, the Minister, at that time appointed George R. Cottrelle as Oil Controller. Cottrelle, a specialist in industrial reorganization, recognized that an oil shipping expert was required to solve the emerging tanker crisis. Peter and I moved with Dad and Mum to Toronto, in April 1940, and Jack left for overseas for the next five years.

Peter was two when Jack went to war and seven when he returned, and that was a big gap in a child's life as well as for a loving wife. During this time, I worked for John Inglis, in Toronto. I had never had a job before in my life, and this was a new experience for me.

During the War Jack was away fighting in North Africa. I was living

Gam

with Mum and Dad at 106 Poplar Plains and working at the John Inglis factory on Strachan Avenue assembling Bren Guns for shipment to Britain. Precision was one of the key requirements and I became adept in the measurement of gun bores with Vernier callipers. Accuracies of one thousandth of an inch were required. Among my less popular roles was as floor inspector, telling other girls to remove jewellery and rein in their fashion bents that might interfere with the machinery.



Quality Controller at John Inglis

It was during the war that I met one who was to become one of my best friends, Kay Wells. She was living nearby on Russell Hill and also at home with her parents the Kenricks while our husbands were at war. Dr Kenrick was a professor. We soon discovered that we had even more

in common. She mentioned that her husband, a Major was posted in England. So was mine. Then she said that she had a 5 year old son with red hair. I admitted that I had one of those as well. We seemed destined to become best friends.

Peter was allowed to roam quite freely as a child. As a single working mother parenting was left to Mum at home. One of the neighbours pointed out to her that the traffic on Poplar Plains might present dangers to a young child. Mum of course thinking that she was referring to our dog, replied blithely, "But he has such a happy little life, we can't expect him to last forever," to the somewhat nonplussed neighbour.

Peter attended Brown school. I would drop him off at the schoolyard gate on my way to work. He would rush in shouting "Here I am!" Peter always had good friends. But some of these were curried with favours. Surreptitiously he pocketed small change from Dad's loose change tray and treated them to individual bricks of ice cream. I came home to discover a gaggle of boys like monkeys, up in the trees enjoying Peter's largesse.

All of my friends had joined up in the Navy and the Army, CWACs. I felt that I was doing something helpful during this time in Canada's history. I didn't feel that I could leave Peter behind with both parents involved in the war. At John Inglis, the whole plant was working on the Bren gun. I started as an inspector and then moved to a floor lady. I didn't like this floor lady position because I had to tell people to tuck in their hair etc. It was the same thing as having to go to the troops' homes in India – I was not good at being bossy. I then went to the tool room where tools were measured very accurately. These tools contained interchangeable parts. They had to fit together with close measurements. This picture appeared in a show depicting war workers which was held in a hall above the St. Lawrence Market. My first pay cheque was \$ 13.50 per week and eventually increased with the subsequent positions. It was hardly enough to make a contribution to our household. Peter and I could never have survived unless we were living with my Mother and Dad. We were on

Gam

shifts, 8 am-4pm; 4 pm-12 am and 12 am-8 am. I hated the midnight shift as you had to go by streetcar and at that time of night the drunkards would make fun of you being dressed in your uniform with your hair tucked up completely covered. You couldn't wear any jewellery, not even your wedding rings.



at John Inglis 1943

Jack was appointed by the British Army as, 1st Commanding Officer, of No.9 Commandos (who were just being formed at this point in June 1940 following a request from Prime Minister Winston Churchill). In the fall of 1940 No.9 Commando originated from No.'s 6 & 7 independent companies who came together under the command of No.2 Special Service Brigade. Their first operational raid was on the nights of 22 and 23 November 1941, operation "Sunstar", on the French coast at Houlgate. It was a successful landing and evacuation without loss. Their mission was to carry out raids on the coast of France to generally annoy the Germans. He was with them long enough to manoeuvre several raids.

He was sent to North Africa to command a regiment with the 10th Indian Division as a Chief Royal Engineer. Jack received the DSO for blowing up Mersa Matruh munitions while Rommel was en route down the coast. On June 29-30, 1942, Jack was taken prisoner by the Italians to a prison in the south of Italy. He hated how the Italians treated their prisoners. I received the telegram stating that Jack was missing in action.

Three months went by before I heard that he had been taken as a prisoner of war to Italy. It was a very hard time to endure. I never knew whether I would see Jack again or not. We were allowed to send parcels through the Red Cross (cigarettes, chocolates, etc.) to the prisoners. Jack did write on the flimsy light blue aerograms and they were most looked forward to! While in prison, Jack contracted tuberculosis (TB). When the British came into Italy, the Germans moved the prisoners to Germany.

Vincent Massey helped release the Canadian prisoners and upon Jack's release, he first went to England and then eventually came to Canada on May 22, 1945. Vincent Massey's wife, Alice was a friend of the family's.

In May 1945, Jack went into a sanatorium in London, Ontario. I went daily to London to see him. He was then sent home and I found a place called "The Old Manse" in King City, Ontario. He wrote letters home to England and they misread the writing and thought it was the "The Old Mouse". Peter couldn't be with us as Jack had tuberculosis. Peter stayed

with my parents in Toronto and Jack and I lived at the Old Manse.

Fortunately, the spring before he died, in 1946, Lord Harold Alexander (who had been in North Africa when Jack was there), came to Canada as Governor General. He said, "When I go to Toronto, I want to present this DSO to the officer who won the "victory at Mersa Matruh North Africa under my command." Upon arrival to Toronto on the May 24th long weekend Governor General Alexander came to King City (which interested the local people including Lady Eaton who lived nearby) and decorated Jack with his Distinguished Service Order. Jack was not well; he had lost weight and looked very emaciated.

It was a great moment when Governor General Harold Alexander, Earl of Tunis pinned Jack with his DSO. Because they didn't know how to treat TB at this time, Jack passed away in 18 September 1946 at the Department of Veteran Affairs Christie Street Hospital, Toronto, Ontario. He is buried in the cemetery in King City.

Some years later, after I was remarried, there was an article in the paper, how Jack's grave had been broken into and the casket opened. I don't know what the meaning of this was, whether or not they felt that they might find his medals? It was very disturbing to me.

When Jack died, I was thirty years old at this time and very sad. I had to go on as I had Peter to raise. My parents were a wonderful support. My mother cared for Peter while I was caring for Jack, and my father spoiled Peter. I moved back to my parents' home in Toronto with Peter and as I was not trained for anything in particular (as I said the art just didn't take) I had studied the history of art, which interested me but was not very useful in these circumstances.

My parents started out, on Balmoral Avenue, then moved to 72 Delisle, then 9 Montclair and after discharging his Calgary bankruptcy they bought a home on Poplar Plains and later at 32 Douglas Drive.

I took a secretarial course at Toronto Business School on Yonge Street. I was terrible at short hand but I did learn to type so eventually got a job with Canadian Metal Mining Association. Victor Wansborough ran the association and I worked for his assistant, Harlow Wright who was married to a friend of mine, and that's likely how I got the job. I typed on a manual typewriter and made copies with carbon paper and when you made a mistake, you had to erase each copy by hand. There were no word processors at this time. It was a job, and it was boring.

I hated being thirty (from twenty nine to thirty was a big step) Jack had given me a book by Ogden Nash:

*Miranda in Miranda's sight
Is old and gray and dirty;
Twenty-nine she was last night;
This morning she is thirty.*

I thought thirty was the end of the world - an old lady!

Marriage to John Fraser Fairlie - 1948

Dad played badminton at the B&R Club. He was telling Frank Lace's wife, Barbara about his daughter, who was a widow, and he may well have built me up to something that I wasn't. Barbara Lace invited me to a cocktail party at their home on St. Clair Avenue. This was 1948, Frank was back from the war, and John Fairlie had returned from the war. They had attended RMC together and were good friends. John Fairlie was 6' 9" and I was 5' 11". I liked tall men. (Jack Saegert was 6' 3".) I met John at this party and we seemed to get along very well.



John Fraser Fairlie circa 1942

Major - Royal Artillery

There were no restaurants to speak of in Toronto in 1948, other than the King Edward and the Royal York Hotel restaurants. We would go to an Italian restaurant on occasion and we developed a taste for Italian food. John joined Imperial Oil after the war. Prior to meeting me, he had been in New York with the firm. He then returned to Toronto and had a nice apartment at 152 Roxborough Drive.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

John had been at Royal Military College in Kingston and graduated in 1929, in the year ahead of my brother Taffy. In his year were a number of lifelong friends like Frank Lace who originally introduced us and Judd Kennedy who lived on Orchard Island neighbouring Fairwood at Pointe au Baril. After RMC he completed an Engineering degree at the University of Toronto where he was a Zeta Kappa Phi.



John at RMC - conspicuous in Back Row Centre

During the war he served as an officer, Major, in the Royal Canadian Artillery and was engaged in traumatic ‘mopping up’ operations in France.

John had joined Imperial Oil in 1935 at their Montreal refinery and was transferred to Sarnia in 1936 to the engineering and development department.

In 1945 he rejoined Imperial Oil and undertook a two year training course with the co-ordination and economics department of Standard Oil and became manager of this department. He had an apartment in New York and began to paint in oils and write.

Perhaps in another life John would have become a doctor. He had very large hands with long fingers, healing hands he thought. He also liked to show them off, stretching more than an octave on his piano.

Our Wedding

John and I were married on December 29, 1949 at Rosedale Presbyterian Church, at the church that I still attend today. John had grown up in this church and his parents were founding supporters of it. I moved into John's apartment with Peter and began married life once again.



Married Life - 152 Roxborough Drive, Toronto

John was very strict with Peter and it is difficult for a man who has been single and not had the experience of parenting to take an eleven year old on. After trips to Pointe au Baril, where John and Peter were able to fish together so that bonding came naturally.

When I was pregnant with Tam, I turned up to have tubercular pleurisy (since looking after Jack) so I was required to stay in bed, which I did for five months. This was tough on John as he had never expected to have his wife in bed for five months. I did a lot of knitting during this time. My brother, who had returned from the war and was now married, had six children. I knitted many sweaters for my Fyshe nieces and nephews. Tam was well knitted when he arrived into the world on July 10, 1950.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



with John, near Bolton 1949

88 Chestnut Park, Toronto - 1951



John and I bought a home at 88 Chestnut Park, and we paid \$35,000 for a large home which was three stories. David was born 31 July 1952. We bought our first furniture for this house and John began his art collection.

Both of our parents were worried that we were taking on too much when we moved into Chestnut Park. But John set very high standards. The house was carpeted in the grey green carpet, some of which is still with us today 60 years later, and I made many long enduring curtains for the windows.

John had room to display the beginnings of his art collection. The large furniture items that he had acquired in New York were comfortably scaled to this house. We had a professional photographer take pictures of the principal rooms as we had arranged them.

In the four years we lived there we enjoyed a spacious home and John set up a workshop and made some wonderful wooden toys in the basement, like the toy camera which is now up at Fairwood.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

John made the toy train for Christmas in 1954. He and Roger Archibald often compared notes in producing these projects. But John's train was exquisite and has become one of our family heirlooms. At the last moment on Christmas Eve he had to cut round wheels out of a board, cursing and fuming, after having attended his office Christmas party earlier that day. Reasonably round, they were painted red and ready for Christmas morning. The engine was equipped with two buttons one on each smokestack, one operating the front light and one operating the bell. There was blue box car and little red caboose. The train was perfectly scaled to rumble along the bricked sidewalks at Chestnut Park. The train has captured the imaginations of three generations of children who rush down to the basement at Dunbar to hook it up and drive around.



John in the Library at Chestnut Park

In the mornings, the boys would stand on the garbage hatch leaning over the fence and unsuccessfully attempt to engage our neighbour Floyd Chalmers in conversation.

It was at that time that the subway was being built and we would walk over to see the progress of the great trench at the end of Roxborough. In those days after the War, Rosedale was an area full of rooming houses. Large yellow brick apartment buildings were being built replacing some of the bigger houses.

Matthew was born 26 August 1954 which is the time that John heard he was being moved by Imperial Oil to Montreal. I flew to Montreal with Matthew and left the two boys with Ayla, a lady from Finland who worked for us.

She had a baby boy, Maati, about the same age as David. He called John "Daddy" and they were part of the family. She didn't speak English well, and Maati did all the interpretation for her.

I flew to Montreal with Matthew (who was two months old at the time) and met John, who was staying in a hotel. I found a house at 36 Anwoth Road, Westmount. We returned to Toronto on October 15, 1954. Upon landing in Toronto, looking out the window on the plane, I noticed a large amount of water in the fields. Upon arriving home, I found poor Ayla terrified. In her broken English she explained that she thought that the roof was going to blow off. I couldn't understand what she was talking about.

That evening, we had been invited out for dinner and to a show, but John didn't turn up. He was supposed to be flying in from Montreal on a later flight. I got a call from John's mother asking, "Where is John? Did he get caught up in the hurricane?" She was a very protective mother. I had no idea until then that Hurricane Hazel had passed through the area. John turned up the next day as his flight had been diverted out of the hurricane's path and he ended up in Sarnia.

36 Anwoth Road, Montreal - 1954



We moved our family to Montreal the fall of 1954 and spent Christmas there. In Montreal, we watched the Montreal Canadiens play hockey quite often at the Forum. On March 17, 1955, John and I were at the Forum sitting in a box just behind the box where NHL President, Clarence Campbell was seated. A man came up to Clarence and put his hand out to shake it, however ended up slapping him on both sides of the face. We watched this happening before our eyes. Chaos ensued. The lead up to this was that following a violent altercation on March 13, 1955 Maurice Richard had fought with an opponent, and then had hit a linesman knocking him unconscious. This was the second occurrence of this nature during the same season. NHL president Clarence Campbell suspended Richard for the remainder of the 1954-55 season, including the playoffs. Montreal fans protested that the suspension was too severe; the team's largely francophone fan base claimed the length of the suspension was motivated by Richard's French Canadian ethnicity. Outside of Montreal, however, the suspension was seen as justified and, if anything, too short. This was the first night which Richard wasn't playing because of his suspension, and he was in the stands. The rioting started after the slapping incident right

before our eyes. We were actually quite nervous. Tear gas was sprayed throughout the Forum. We literally ran for home - not getting out fast enough. We arrived home out of the subsequent riots which had spilled onto Sainte Catherine Street. The riot caused an estimated \$100,000 in property damage, 37 injuries, and 100 arrests. Tensions eased after Richard made a personal plea accepting his punishment and promising to return the following year to help the team win the Stanley Cup. The suspension cost Richard the 1954-55 scoring title and his coach, Dick Irvin, his job. The Richard Riot was a sign of rising ethnic tensions in Quebec between English and French Canadians. It has taken on a greater significance in the years following; the sight of French Quebecers rioting in defence of a Quebecois hero has led some to believe that it was a significant factor in Quebec's Quiet Revolution.

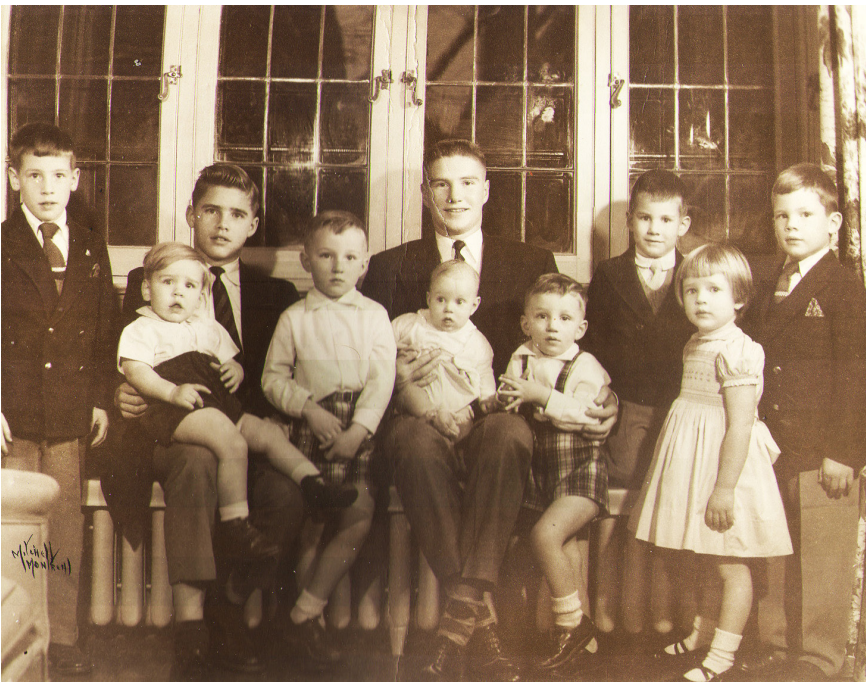


John in his office at Imperial Oil, Montreal

The house on Anwoth Road in Westmount was on a steep hill which proved very difficult to negotiate in the heavy snows. At times it would be very icy and I would have to make several runs at it to get up to the driveway. I remember the boys sitting comfortably in the front bay

window cheering me on as I made yet another attempt to return home.

Parenting skills may sometimes have been not up to today's standards. Somehow I managed to break both Tammy's legs in my impatience to get him into his snow suit to go out and play. I turned him around sharply to get at the rear zippers and though he turned to face the opposite direction, his snow boots did not. On a further occasion I left one of the children dosing in his snow suit on the living room sofa. John returning from outside found him in this happily immobile state. "Have you killed him?" he asked doubtfully.



Fyshes and Fairlies - 10 Grandchildren at Anwoth Road - 1955

It was in this living room that we had the full family of the ten grandchildren photographed as a presentation photo for my Dad, known

to most of them as Daddygrand but to Pete as Bud. In 1955, the Fyshe cousins had just returned from England and looked very smart in their school uniforms. My own children looked more casual in their chintz suits which John and I had brought back with us from a trip to Mexico. Peter was at the centre as the oldest grandchild, with Matt, the youngest on his lap.

The older children attended Roslyn School further up the mountain. Poonghey would come and take them for walks on the mountain, collecting chestnuts. The aunts lived relatively nearby. Cackles lived with Avis and Uncle Ronald Redpath at 600 Cotes St Mary and we would see them occasionally. Every Christmas Avis would produce a special Christmas card and have it printed. They were much sought after. Poonghey and Richard Monahan also lived nearby. Richard was an eccentric, very pallid skin and red hair. He claimed that because he had fewer layers of skin than normal, he was unable to go out in the sunlight. He ran in the election against McKenzie King (unsuccessfully!) My cousin Joan (Redpath) Miner lived down in the Eastern Townships, in Granby, home of her husband's Miner Rubber Company. Johnny commissioned a pair of hip waders for duck hunting from Miner Rubber. Something must have gone wrong in the translation of the dimensions; they proved enormous even on him. What could they have been thinking when they wumped them up made-to-order in the factory? Sometimes he would pull them out at a party and demonstrate how reaching his neck they would have seemed overly large on Goliath.

Dolores

Our household in Anwoth Road included the maid Dolores. She was French speaking and taught the boys French songs. There was always some confusion though at dinner time when we started with a grace delivered by one of the boys, "*Frotery Botery See, May Dolores Make us truly thankful. All men.*"

160 Yale Avenue, Winnipeg – 1956-1958



After two years in Montreal, 1956-1958 John was again moved by Imperial Oil to become Division Manager of the Imperial Oil Winnipeg office. The two years that we spent in Winnipeg proved to be some of the happiest for us in this very open and welcoming city. John was in a position with the scope to direct his own world. We moved into 160 Yale Avenue at the corner of Harrow and only a block away from Grosvenor Public School.

One of the requirements for John's position as general manager was that the car he drove should fit the image of his role. Our red Monarch was exchanged for a Pontiac which became known as the 'Pointy Ponty'. This was at the peak of the craze for tail fins and the car was so encumbered by these swooping appendages that it would no longer fit into the garage.

Yale Avenue was a large house with front and rear screened porches and included many features like a laundry chute that could send ghostly voices around the house, a thundering coal chute and a forbidden third floor deep in sawdust which appealed to the boys' imaginations. Tam convinced the neighbouring children that there was a resident ghost, and

they broke the basement windows with stones in their terror. John was not pleased.

The house though had a large basement where John set up his carpentry workshop, purchased a Shopsmith and began to make furniture including the coffee table, finished with umpteen coats of Minwax which has been a centre to our living rooms ever since. We all lived in terror of the whiny roar of this machine and John impressed on everyone the transience of life with his stories of denizens of lumberyards who were missing limbs, fingers and other appendages.

For Christmas of 1956 he built a large scale play house in the basement. It had windows, a hinged door and pitched roof, all out of pink hardboard. It also had a working doorbell, curtains that I had sewn and furniture that he made.

The boys were then 2, 4, and 6 years old and John was hopeful that they would be great athletes and sportsmen. From the furniture workshop he built the parallel bars for exercises and a high bar for the garden. All of this sporting equipment was painted frosty green and bright red. The large tree in the rear garden was equipped with a climbing rope and the neighbourhood children would line up on the rear porch ledge waiting their turn to swing across to the garage. There were many local childhood friends for the boys and their social life focussed on the lane which ran along the backs of the houses. The social selection was varied ranging from the well-mannered boy Jamie Burns next door who we rarely saw, to the pugnacious Grant Dermody with his belligerent baseball bat who seemed to be everywhere.

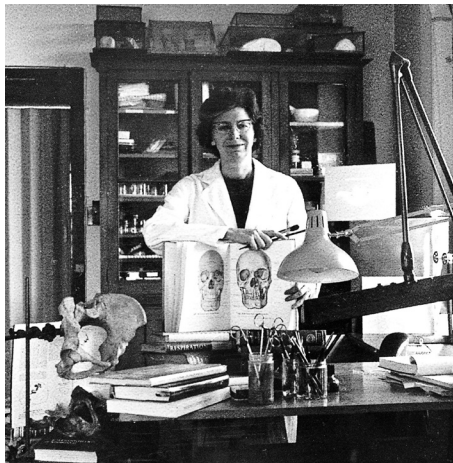
On one of his trips abroad, John acquired the infamous 'Japanese ball'. This was a small baseball which he was very keen to see his sons throw. All were equipped with catcher's mitts as well. Usually however when the opportunity arose for this activity, the elusive ball could not be found. Many hours were spent searching for the Japanese ball.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

The family became members to the Winnipeg Winter Club, where the boys learned to swim with Ernie Becker on Saturday mornings. John and I could watch their progress from the upper gallery and then we would have lunch together as a family afterwards. I remember how proud John was to see his sons take on diving from the high board. Matthew having had a good swimming session was offered anything on the menu but quietly asked the waiter for a ketchup sandwich.

Winters in Winnipeg were much colder than Montreal. The boys would be bundled up for school in the morning and I would be eager to get on with my day in the moment of freedom. I remember my disappointment one morning when they all suddenly reappeared. They had trundled on up the lane only to find the school doors locked. Classes had been cancelled in temperatures of minus 90 degrees windchill.

My cousin Nancy Joy was teaching at the school of Medical Art in Winnipeg. She proved a wonderful aunt for the boys, taking them on painting excursions to building sites and coming in with wonderful materials like blueprint paper and boxes of knobs and discarded medical equipment for use in Tam's projects.



Nancy Joy + Grants Anatomy
later Chair of School of Art as Applied to Medicine, U of Toronto

We made lifelong friends in Winnipeg, many of whom turned up in later years in Toronto. The Ryans lived across the street. Among our friends were Murray and Roberta Turner. Roberta has been a part of our bridge group in Toronto until recently. So many of my long lived friends in Toronto, true survivors, seemed to hail from the prairies.

John became very involved in the arts community; he was chairman of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra fundraising group, on the board of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and the Art Gallery. We became well integrated in the arts scene in a welcoming city. He began a collection of Canadian Artists for Imperial Oil Winnipeg offices.

Helena and Bela

Winnipeg was one of the prime destinations for Hungarian refugees from the Russian invasion in 1956. Helena and Bela Panta came to live with us, Helena as a cook and housekeeper. Helena had escaped but had left behind her children and husband. Her experiences of the Russian invasion were horrendous. "You know Mrs Fairlie if I ever meet a Russian in Canada, I am going to cut his throat," she pronounced flatly while wielding one of her kitchen knives sharpened to a ribbon. Since John and I had many social engagements and frequently invited visitors into the home I considered with trepidation the time when a Russian might stray into this web of death and the house be drenched in blood.

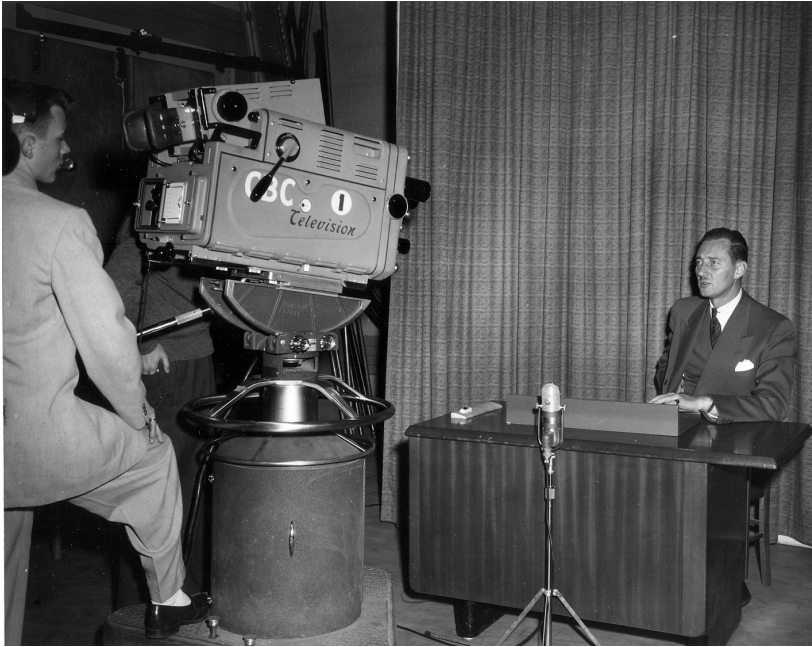
Bela worked at the Swift's slaughterhouse. He was particularly fond of Matt and they would go off on excursions together in his battered green Plymouth and come back with gory souvenirs.

Matt also tended to be quite a wanderer and would often get lost. On one of these occasions I became worried and called the local police station. They said that they had picked up a lost boy but that his name was Dougie. It was only after I put down the receiver that I realised the he would be

carrying his much loved Rin-Tin-Tin, also known as 'Duggie'. I had to phone back and explain with some embarrassment that on reconsideration the missing child was probably mine.

Helena was an exceptional cook and a very forceful character. For Christmas she announced that she would make a roast suckling pig Hungarian style for our Christmas dinner. I explained that Christmas would be impossible without traditional turkey. As a compromise we decided to provide both. On a Saturday morning two weeks before Christmas the kitchen door burst open and Helena returned from market leading a piglet on a blue ribbon. The boys fell to their knees in delight at having this unexpected addition to the family. However two days before Christmas there were frightening sounds coming from the basement, screaming, bawling. The boys and I retreated to the furthest reaches of the house out of earshot. Later that evening I opened the door to the refrigerator to be confronted with their pet, bathed in a baleful light, staring back accusingly with an apple in its mouth.

We vowed that we could not possibly eat such food but John and I renege and enjoyed the most delicious meal. The boys in utter horror could not even look at the platter and choked down turkey instead. The turkey had been resident in the drying machine, peering out the door and gobbling nervously when anyone approached. It had won few friends.



John Speaking on CBC 1957

Television

John brought home our first television for Christmas 1956. It was a huge wooden box marked Sylvania and exposure to it was carefully monitored. He constructed a walnut plinth for it to sit upon. There were 2 channels available although they spent much of the day displaying the Indian head target.

On weekends John would watch the Blue Bombers taking on the other teams in the Canadian Football League. It was a sport that seemed to draw the Winnipeg community and the whole country together in convivial competition, the Argos, Alouettes, Roughriders and Ti-Cats. It used to be possible to keep track of the names, who was who. The Grey Cup was a big event which he would watch and explain tactics to his somewhat reluctant sons in the Living room. Sunday evening was our big viewing moment to watch television as a family with the Ed Sullivan Show and Walt Disney.

When we moved to Toronto the television was kept in the T.V. room upstairs at Lamport. Later though John had a special small scale television in the library which he would watch, distractedly dozing, after a day of work. When he lost the plot of what was unfolding, I had to remind him that the people in the white hats were the ones to root for.

As a great grand-daughter of Anna, I was invited to be guest on a television show, Front Page Challenge, where a panel, led by moderator Fred Davis, had to question the guest and establish a connection with an important person of the past. Sadly they guessed my link with Anna rather quickly. Perhaps I was not mysterious enough. I recall that I blinked self-consciously in facing the lights and cameras and was less than pleased with my camera debut. I have always had a bad rapport with any kind of camera.

The Puppet Theatre

For Christmas of 1958 John constructed a puppet show theatre for the boys, a mint green box with a bright red outlined stage. It had three sets of coloured footlights controlled from switches within and it had blue velvet curtains on tracks. It was a very splendid little theatre. The first hand puppets were Steiff characters, Jocko, Foxy and Gatey, but many others followed.

Leaving Winnipeg

We had been so happy in our Winnipeg home it was a great wrench when Imperial Oil transferred John back to the Head office in Toronto. His colleagues at work gave him an amazing send off, even cutting a record, "Hang down your head John Fairlie, Hang down your head and cry, You're off to live in old Hometown – dum dee dum dum"

It was a company move and no expense was spared. Tippet Richardson even boxed up the waste baskets full of old garbage and carefully shipped them to the new house in Toronto.

17 Lamport Avenue, Toronto



We moved from Winnipeg, upon return to Toronto, I found a lovely house on Lamport Avenue which was selling for \$60,000. It had high ceilings which won John over, although it was very pricey. It had a lovely panelled library and two fireplaces, one in the library and one in the living room. However when he came to look and walked into the spacious rooms with their high ceilings he knew that this was the right place.

This house had a long history. It had been the home of Dr Robertson, a well-known doctor who had been involved in the aftermath of the Nova Scotia mine disaster. He had commissioned the architect Marani to extend the house forward and build a new Georgian façade creating beautifully proportioned rooms and fittings.

The house had later been renovated by the Toronto interior designer Peggy Off. She had laid on elaborate curtain arrangements, painted over many windows and carpeted it throughout in an impractical white broadloom carpet. When Kay Wells came to inspect our find she pointed out gleefully the possible disadvantages of the boys trailing inky stains

behind them on the pristine white carpeted staircase.

One of its highlights was John's library, panelled in dark knotty pine panelling. In the corner was a panel which, when hit with the edge of your hand, would open to reveal a secret room over the garage where we stored wine and silver. The massive furniture that John had had made to suit his own proportions, chairs that guests would sit down in and find their legs outstretched as they attempted to reach the back cushions, seemed perfectly scaled to these rooms.

The Garden

One of the pleasures of living here came when the awning was put up every spring over the rear veranda. The living room would be plunged into cool shadow and the stone veranda became the centre of outdoor living with the summer dining table at one end. It was lovely in the rain.

The garden it overlooked was a great pleasure to me. There was an upper grassy terrace with urns of geraniums and lobelia. On the sunny square lawn below there was enough room for a badminton net or croquet. There were paved paths around the edges. There was a long bed of old floribunda roses which bloomed all summer, but which required much spraying. We planted a wide range of perennials, crown imperial, delphiniums, lupins, phlox and annuals sourced from my mother's standby Minkin or Isabel Wilson's friend and gardening guru, Miss Cassels. There were a wide range of beds both sunny and shady so that we could grow almost anything. On the fence leading up to the rear of the garage we had morning glories which the neighbour called 'deadly nightingale' We always had nicotine which gave a wonderful fragrance in the evenings. There were a variety of flowering crabs and a path lined with lilacs and another with flowering hawthorns. Looking down from an upstairs window it was planted like a private courtyard full of sunlight and changing colours. Beyond it were the stately elm trees in neighbouring back gardens which typified Rosedale before the devastation of the Dutch elm disease.

One of the curiosities of the garden was a small paved patio in a shady corner outlined by a topiary box hedge. Kay Wells christened it the 'Christmas Stocking' due to its peculiar shape. "Oh look you even have a permanent Christmas stocking." Beyond it raged a field of Queen Annes lace, usually referred to as 'the noxious weed' a kind of ground alder that was determined to invade the order elsewhere. For years I fought a pitched battle with the dreaded weed.

I recall expeditions out to the woods near Bolton to dig up wildflowers to plant in the wild garden along the back walk. I was keen to establish trilliums and found a healthy field of them. Unfortunately they proved to be poison ivy and I contracted an appalling case of it.

Tam collected nuts from the pink chestnut and potted them up. One of these was given to Erindale College where Jock (Tuzo) Wilson was the President. When the time came for the construction of a new student centre on their campus in Mississauga, Izzy arranged that it be transplanted as a mature tree to the front garden at 16 Dunbar.

John's Basement Workshop

In the basement John established his workshop with a bench well above most people's eyelevel. The boys would accompany him on weekends as he worked on new furniture projects. These included his HiFi set for the library with massive speakers in the corners of the room. He and Charles Wells to competed for ever higher fidelity sound with ever sharper needles. He extended his collection of records; he loved to listen to opera on the weekends, especially Texaco's Saturday Afternoon at the Met. But he also enjoyed playing Gilbert and Sullivan reading through the librettos with the boys.

Occasionally he would bring home recordings of current Broadway musicals like Gigi, Fiddler or Mame as well as the antics of Flanders and

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

Swann which we would listen to together. Other recordings like *Beyond the Fringe* and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* were very popular.

In the early years with the boys at UCC we would drive up together to John's office at 111 St Clair and drop the boys there to walk the last lap. We always drove along Inglewood Avenue, in the hope of glimpsing Gina-Lola Brigida hanging out her laundry.



*Gina Lollobrigida
preparing to hang out her laundry*

Fairwood Island

One of the great things about marrying John was that the Fairlie family had an island at Pointe Au Baril in Georgian Bay. His grandmother, Mary Simpson Shaw-Wood left her husband, Benjamin Burch Shaw-Wood and moved her three children, Isabel, Richard, and Joseph Shaw-Wood to Toronto. At the turn of the century, during the summers, she took them to Point au Baril and bought a small island, Push-Wah, where she built a house. She then purchased other islands, one of which was a piece of Fairwood. Mary Shaw-Wood gave a piece of Fairwood to her daughter, Isabel when she married Thomas Urquhart Fairlie in 1911.

“Fairwood” was named by the joint families “Fairlie and Shaw-Wood”. It is approximately 80 acres which belongs to the family. One half belonged to John’s brother, Wood, and the other half was bought by John from his mother in 1962.

My brother, Thomas Maxwell Fyshe “Taffy” went every year to the island and his wife Betty occasionally. (my grand daughter Sarah and niece Kayla picked up their names as Daffy and Batty!)

There is no electricity – only propane and that is a recent improvement. It is still quite primitive but we now have solar power. It is very much used as many nieces and nephews all use it throughout the summer from May to October. There is a marina at Pointe au Baril where boats taxi back and forth to and from the island - approximately eight miles. We are so lucky to have had this centre to enjoy.

Mary Margaret Simpson Shaw-Wood was an extraordinary woman to take her children to such a primitive property for the summers. They depended on native Indians to bring supplies by from time to time. Push-Wah Island is tiny and while she was there, she bought several other islands including Hopewell Island and Olive Island in Shawanaga Bay as well as a piece of Fairwood.

Thomas Urquhart was working as an engineer on the bridge at Pointe au Baril on Georgian Bay about 25 miles north west from Parry Sound. He met Isabel Shaw-Wood at an Ojibway dance. They married in 1911 and 'Urquhart' as Mimi called him managed to buy the rest of the island piece by piece over the next 25 years. It was called Fairwood (after their surnames, Fairlie and Shaw-Wood). 'Woodfair' was discarded as being an unsuitable parallel to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbank's estate, 'Pickfair'.



Thomas Urquhart, Isabel, Wood and John - Fairwood 1928

John started to go up to Fairwood as a young child. The main cottage was built in 1922 and has not changed very much since that date.

We took our boys to Fairwood each summer in August when John had his vacation.

Sometimes we would go up for weekends, but it is a long way. We would open it up on the 24th of May weekend and close it on Thanksgiving weekend. We had a kerosene stove (John's mother seemed to manage it quite well) and a large wood fireplace in the living room. As soon as the weather is cool and rainy we have a fire in the fireplace.



*My earliest excursion out to Fairwood was aboard Riff
(Skip on the bow)*

Every summer John took his month's holiday from work in August and the family would board the CPR trans-Canadian train 'the Canadian'. We would spend two days on the train shuttling between our cabin with its fold down beds and the dome car. We were almost always in transit on the day of David's birthday and Helena would have produced an amazing layered Hungarian birthday cake for the trip. John had an abhorrence of sticky surfaces, quite inevitable in travelling with 3 boys. Apparently his mother used to post him pots of honey wrapped in freshly knitted socks during the War and they would always arrive well blended.

The CPR line took us across a day of flat prairie and then across the top of the lakes. John would point out the 'Sleeping Giant' as we passed through Fort William and Port Arthur (now Thunder Bay) and entered the Canadian Shield crossing valleys and lakes on tiny bridges, invisible beneath the train. We would pass through our destination Pointe au Baril station across his father's bridge and then disembark in Parry Sound covered in cake crumbs and sticky picnic remains only to catch a taxi back to Pointe au Baril. Arriving at Pointe au Baril, waiting on the

dockside would be Peter Cribbie's water taxi service which would take us out to the island for the month. Mary Cribbie would step out of her little web and summon her husband.



Thomas Urquhart, Tam, Anne, David, Peter and John in front of 'Fairfauld' in 1954

In early years on the island, before John's father Thomas Urquhart (known to the boys as 'Brimpy') died we stayed at the cottage on the east end and Wood and Marnie lived in the Kitchen and Doghouse that Wood had built on the point. Brimpy died in 1955. Later we shared the main cottage with John's mother who lived there during July and would then decamp to her cabin, 'Mimi's cabin' with her German shepherd 'Munch', when we arrived for August. She would have planted the vegetable garden and coaxed the front gardens laid out by Urquhart into flower.

Mimi was a great story teller and she would ensconce herself with the boys in various glades and read books like *Black Beauty* or tell them stories about the old days and her unusual childhood growing up at Woodholm.

John helped his mother continue to live in her house on Douglas Drive after Urquhart's death in 1955 by converting it into a duplex. He purchased the west end of Fairwood from her in 1960 for \$18,000, still a considerable sum in those days. She lived at her house at 149 Douglas Drive until her death in 1968.

Swimming was an important part of island life. I would go in for my quiet morning dip whatever the weather. Then John would summon the boys for their morning swim before breakfast. There was often protest at this hour but each had to jump off the rock three times before going up for breakfast. When each of the boys was able to swim the channel without a pumpkin John made them a small square boat. Tam's was the Blue-Jay, David's the Cardinal and Matt's the Oriole. Matt swam the channel before his fourth birthday. All identical in design they had little anchors made from old flatirons and white double ended paddles made by John.



*Setting off with John for a McCoy's Picnic in the 5 HP
5 miles over treacherous waters. 'Peel your eyes for shoals'*

Every season would begin with scraping down and varnishing the motorboat, which was our only means of transport to and from the station in those days, a journey well over an hour.

John would also use it for fishing and knew the location of every shoal between the Pointe and the McCoy Islands. Mid afternoon he would set off with Bob Carson in separate small boats. Bob would be standing in the rear of his boat with a steering extension on the lookout for shoals. Bob was from Kalamazoo and shared his island Chemahn opposite the Ojibway with his parents and daughter Linda who was a close friend of the boys.



The Mahogany - 1959

Around 1960 John bought a larger boat, 'the Mahogany' with a 40 engine which allowed the whole family to range much further for our picnics. I was always expected to sit up front with him as he navigated, but the boys were sometimes allowed to retreat under the deck as the waves crashed over the bow.

We used to sing

Enjoy yourself while you're still in the pink,

Enjoy yourself it's later than you think,

The waves roll by you'll soon be in the drink.

Enjoy yourself! enjoy yourself! it's later than you think.



Family on West End of Fairwood - circa 1960 - with Dugald

Getting provisions to the island was much more difficult in those days. I would do the shopping for the month at Loblaws in the City, up to \$100 worth of groceries and we would find them delivered to Cribbies Water taxi dock in paper bags ready to be taken out to the island. Lots of tins and items of little appeal to the boys like carnation milk powder.

The stove was 3 coal oil burners with a big glass bottle of coal oil at one end. The oven was a big blue box perched on top and travelled regularly between ourselves and Wood's family. This was capable of producing blueberry pies. Eventually around 1960 we installed propane and converted our old stove from Chestnut Park. I built up a box of island recipes all typed out on my Remington. One of my granddaughters has pointed out the occasional inaccuracy like the $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of cinnamon suggested for the blueberry buckle. I would make 3 loaves of bread every other day, 2 risings, always kneading 100 times. There was something about the water that made it very desirable.

In the evenings there was quite a social circuit and John and I visited neighbouring islands. There were annual parties at Bob and Frieda Douglas, Jim and Marg MacAvity, Max and Mi Haas, the Stoners, the Douglas and Cam Deeks, Jack Kingsmills log cabin and Judd Kennedys on Orchard Island.



The Mandarin Duck - 1964

In 1963 at Fairwood we were visited by Jock and Izzy Wilson on their Chinese junk, the Mandarin Duck. They had sailed up from Go Home and then continued up the Bay to the Bustards and Killarney. The following year when Jock was on sabbatical, teaching in Australia, they lent us the junk for the summer. John and the boys sailed it up from Go Home to Fairwood.

That summer of 1964 proved to be one of the stormiest in recollection. Every morning John would go out to the front rock to ponder the weather and finally like a general at D-Day he announced our departure.

We cast off, the five of us into a deep fog interrupted by occasional rain squalls. John's navigation skill proved extraordinary. We would sail for long periods in the fog and then he would announce that we should

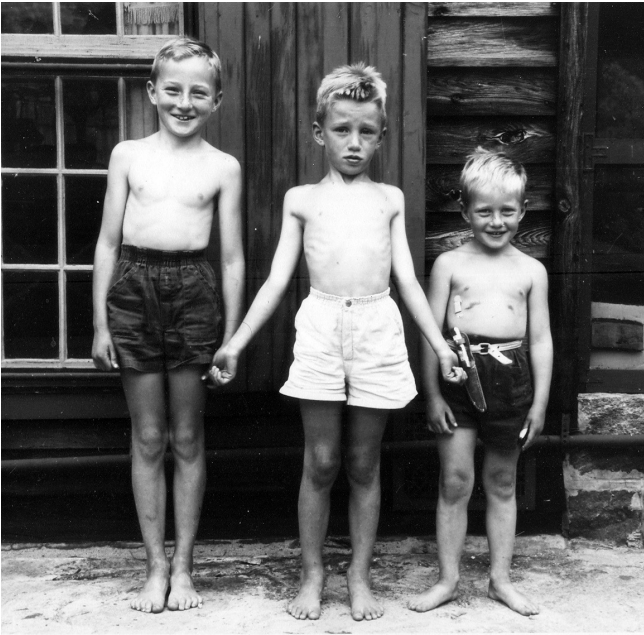
be seeing a red spar any time now, and out of the mist it would suddenly appear. There were violent electrical storms during which we draped anchor chains around the stays and he required the whole family to remain outdoors in the rain on the poop deck with only the dog Dugald peering nervously from the cabin wondering what was wrong with us.

One of the highlights of the voyage was reaching the Pool in Baie Finne when the sun suddenly emerged for a short while and we were able to dry some of our sodden clothing. John took a picture of our boat covered in the drying laundry.

We arrived at the dock in Killarney and tied up. I insisted that that night we would sleep in the cabin sheltered from the thunder storm raging outside.

We awoke next morning to find a group of people on the wharf looking in surprise at the boat. The water around us was all churned up a chocolate brown with mud. "Didn't you see the bolt of lightning that struck the water alongside your boat?"

In my pleasure at our near escape and at the thought of shopping for additional provisions I let slip from my listless grasp the purse containing all of the money for the expedition when scrambling ashore. John said. "Well boys you have your work cut out for you." Matthew emerged the hero of the day retrieving the wallet from the murky depths.



Fairwood 1958 - aged 8, 6 and 4

John's Photography

In Winnipeg John bought a very good camera, a Nikon of which he was very proud and he began to take pictures of the boys growing up. Many of these were slides and we had a slide projector and screen for home showings. He also took black and white photographs which involved laborious posing of his subjects over what seemed extended periods.

Every summer he would pose the boys in the same position against the side wall of the Fairwood house. The protocols were strictly adhered to, only shorts and hunting knives and smiles. It was often difficult to get all these aspects co-ordinated with happy smiles. However the photos have proven a good record of the boys growing up. In recent years the rule book has been relaxed. Every summer a picture is taken in the same position of the extended group.

When we travelled abroad John had an eye for interesting architecture which he would set up and compose with his tripod. Some of these black and white photos, taken on our trips to Baalbek and Karnak he had blown up and hung in his office on St Clair.



*The family in 1958 with Mimi
John would set the camera on timed exposure
and then rush around and try to look relaxed*

John created a gallery of all of his black and white family shots in his dressing room at the front of the house, all neatly frame in identical frames. He made three copies of each of his photos so that each of the boys could have a set in the future. Every morning he would make the rounds and fetch the boys from their beds. They would do their exercises and dress together in this dressing room which was lined with cupboards and drawers containing his ties, studs, scarves and garters. He wore a freshly laundered shirt to work each day with starched collar attached by complicated studs. The boys wore blue blazers, grey flannels and white shirts to UCC. The shirts were laundered and ironed by Miss Rose every day.

Gam

In the summer months one of the boys would be asked to pick the best pansy from the garden for the silver pansy holder reservoir in his lapel.

We had separate bathrooms, John and the boys would use the bathroom in the hallway and I had my own bathroom and dressing area directly off the bedroom.



1969 - the quality of the annual photograph degenerated in later years

Dook looks on aghast

Heirlooms

John was very proud of the family possessions collected together at Lamport. A portrait of his great-great-great grandfather John Fairlie by James Tannock hung over the library fireplace and a portrait of an ancestor, the playwright John Home, a copy of a Raeburn in the Dining Room. This had been commissioned by his father, a copy of a portrait in the National Gallery, London. I remember that one of our guests questioned its authenticity and John removed the brass plaque the next day.

The so-called 'slave pot' in the library had been in his mother's Shaw-Wood family in Bermuda since 1633. The cedar chest 'Oliver' in the dining room dated to the time of Oliver Cromwell.

I had inherited the dining set and sideboard from the Primrose family. We had extra leaves constructed so that it could be extended to seat 14. This is now with Peter and Jeanine and Jeannine has done it great service over the years with her family dinner parties.

The Grandfather clock in the basement at Dunbar originally came from my Grandmother's house at Keewaydin. Its origins are possibly Scottish. The Adam and Eve figures were removed long before I remember as being unsuitable for young minds.

Lamport was also furnished with a lot of furniture that I had brought back with Jack from Burma, bed sets, bookshelves and furnishings. This included the magnificent carved Chinese chest which emerged out off the jungle on the back of an oxcart.

Rosedale

Rosedale was a much smaller community in those days. Every house in our neighbourhood was known by the name of the occupying family or the family who had built it. Some of the larger homes had been divided into boarding houses.

The Toronto Dominion Bank, Dominion Foods store, Dom and Tony and Stanley's Hardware were a few blocks away at Bloor and Sherbourne. Hoopers Drug store and Tamblyns were nearby. Grays hardware was on Howard Street, the northern edge of a district of row houses with back lanes that have been replaced by St Jamestown. Everything was within easy walking distance and John and the boys would often walk to work on St Clair or to UCC. It was a walking city from where we lived.

Across Lamport Avenue dropped the ravine and the boys would play there with the Segsworth and Coatsworth children, building forts and lighting fires. The little stream that meandered at the bottom of the ravine is now converted into an open storm drain. They each had their bikes and would roam around the neighbourhood after supper, returning at dusk.

Lamport Avenue was a short cul de sac ending in May Square. Mrs Boone lived at the corner, her son Geoff built a modern house in her garden to everyone's interest, Dr Wright at #2, the Telfers at #4, Marg Telfer would always hail John with the latest gossip when he emerged from our house (to his slight annoyance), the Lamport family Farmhouse was at the end. Directly across the street was a large apartment building with many elderly occupants, including Mr Godwin, well into his nineties, who would set out for his long afternoon walk every day. Retired geology Professor George and Irene Langford lived next door at #21, old Mr Turnbull who only ever appeared in a red dressing gown and his daughter, Teresa, lived on the other side, Mrs Shawn, the manager of the Theatre in the Dell and her son Terry next to them and the Countess Castellini's had a boarding house at the end of the street. The countess spent all of her time improving her garden on the corner and this set very high standards for

interesting plantings and arrangements of garden sculpture.

In May Square at the end of the street lived Mr Auld who had built the original house in the 1890's.

John had many stories about the families who had originally built the houses throughout the area and was very interested in the architectural expressions of all the different buildings. But he was especially proud of our own house on Lamport with its pink chestnut tree, a nut brought back by Dr Robertson from Paris and planted in the early 1900's. It was the only pink chestnut in Toronto at the time and many around town would make a special trip to see it in bloom.

Both John's mother and mine lived on Douglas Drive (at No's 32 and 149) in north Rosedale across the bridge. John remembered when his father built his house in 1911 there were cows grazing in the field across the street, in the grounds of St Andrews School which had moved there in 1905.

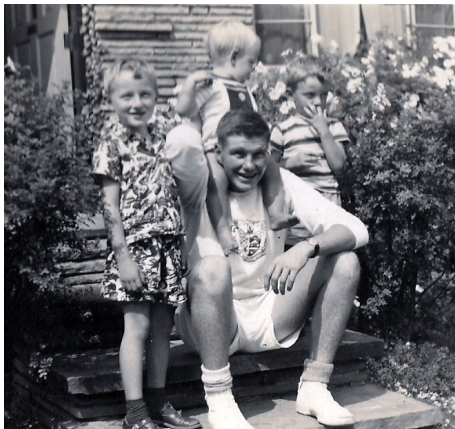


David, Me, Tam, Mum, Mimi, Jeannine and Peter in Lamport Library - 1968



32 Douglas Drive in 1950's before the garden was established

My mother's house at # 32 had a wonderful garden. The stone house was built by a local contractor who had salvaged doors and fittings from a much more substantial house. It was ivy covered and nestled among her prized hybrid tea roses. It was a wonderful garden front and back. The Rosedale sightseeing bus would stop in front to let the out-of town tourists glimpse what seemed the perfect dream house in Rosedale. In her rear garden she had a great range of perennials and a sequence of interesting bloom. At the back there was a cherry tree, the sour cherries for pie making which the boys would climb and pick in the spring.



The Boys on the front steps of 32 Douglas Drive 1955

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

One of our best family memories was of holding Amah's 90th birthday party under the awning on the rear veranda at Lamport in 1973. All of the grandchildren were present and Michael Fyshe took individual photos of all of the guests with his new camera. It records a moment of great expectations among the young, an era of long hair and the beginnings of independent personal styles.



Mum - Amah at tea every afternoon at 3

Gam



with Kay Wells and Sue Wilde



*with Louise Beveridge and Pete Macdonald
on our annual excursion to Stratford*

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



with Margot Archibald in Venice



with Jeannine in Central Park, NYC 1972

Geneva Viola Rose

John's role at Imperial Oil involved many social engagements. A housekeeper was a key part of the Lamport household. Helena and Bela left us soon after our return to Toronto. They were married after Helena succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her husband back in Hungary and was able to bring her 3 children out from Budapest. Helena went on to buy a farm near Port Hope and run a bridge and social club in the area. Nothing could stop Helena when she put her mind to something.

After a number of alternative experiments, Miss Geneva Viola Rose entered the household. She let us know from the beginning that she preferred to be called Miss Rose. She came from Yarmouth Nova Scotia and was very proud of her Canadian Air Force Training during the war. She had a small suite of rooms at the top of the back stairs.

Miss Rose always referred to herself as a professional housekeeper and patterned her expectations on matriarchal servants in popular television shows. She wore her blue grey uniform most days but would dress up for her days off, Saturday and Sunday church. She would be at home in the kitchen when the boys arrived home from school, ironing and listening to Gordon Sinclair on the radio, waiting for the defining moment he asked his interviewees how much money they made, at which point she would gasp in disbelief at their inflated expectations and at his effrontery.

Miss Rose decided to take up the piano and every Wednesday afternoon the living room would fill with an overpowering fragrance of hyacinth as Miss Rose took lessons from a gentleman teacher. She was a staunch supporter of the Baptist Church and paid scant attention to our Presbyterian bent. The highlight of her summer was an August spent at the Muskoka Baptist Camp from which she would return with tales of all the games that she had played. Miss Rose was very fond of the boys and always keen to play a version of Scrabble called 'Big Letters' with any young takers on her big bed in her camphor drenched bedroom quarters. She was a great cookie maker and would hide her produce away in a

secret compartment in the pantry, which the boys soon figured out.

During the August month while we were at the island and Miss Rose at her camp the house would remain empty. I would send off key items to be cleaned and we would shift the silver and valuables to the secret room over the garage accessed behind a panel in the library.

John's role necessitated a very active social life. We entertained often. Miss Rose's sense of style did not always jibe with his expectations. She would come into the library where the group was assembled and announce with unexpected informality "C'mon Folks!"

On one occasion she enlisted the visitors in capturing David's escaped budgie which was swooping around the dining room. This was not the sort of dinner entertainment that John had hoped to lay on.

When the boys were considered reliable enough to join us, we would have dinner together in the dining room with the blinds drawn, the candles and sidelights lit. Each of the boys was asked to make a contribution to the conversation delved from study of the evening paper, the Telegram (always the 5 star). Tam covered international news, David national news and Matt the news of local disaster. Each was asked to speak in turn and discuss what was important about their choice. Matt always had the most riveting scope with details of local bloodletting. Tam once brought in the international news that a new prince had been born (Andrew) John's response was "Why is that important?"

On Saturday, while Miss Rose had the day off we would have lunch in the dining room as well, usually beans and fresh scones. Dinner on occasion would be finnan haddie, guaranteed to reduce the younger assembly to tears of protest.

Occasionally we would have special dinners entertaining important colleagues at Imperial Oil. The furniture would be moved away and the dining room and library set up with individual dining tables rented from

Chairman Mills. Regular standbys, Doris and John would be engaged to help Miss Rose in catering these events. As partners they did all of the society parties in those days and would turn up for many years after.

Miss Rose stayed with us for a period after John's death. But our budget could not sustain such a household. She had become such an important figure in the boys' life. When she left to join the McConnell's household, we began to take on a succession of lodgers in the maid's apartment, a self-contained area with 2 rooms and a bathroom overlooking the garden.

The Lodgers

Over the years we had a succession of Lodgers. Some of these added greatly to the boy's understanding of the world. We had a Czech refugee, Marcela and her over-attentive boyfriend. Among the unusual eye-opening experiences for the boys was a trainee hairdresser from Parry Sound, Francis Clifford who was full of stories about the seamy side of life in Parry Sound. She had a best friend, a 6 foot six female trainee police officer named Bunny. This was all proving quite riveting for all of us.

We also had a succession of friends staying in these rooms at various times. My cousin Clare Coulter launched her acting career at the Theatre Passe Muraille from Lamport. She took a role as a mother superior in a Paul Thompson play called Vampyr which required her to shave her head for a frightening scene when her wig was whipped off. She would leave the house everyday in the warm summer weather with a woolly tuque pulled down over her eyes. I would worry about her coming home late at night but she reassured me that all she did was pull down the tuque and talk loudly to herself. None of the late night street passersby paid the slightest attention to her.

For some time we had a lodger who was studying medical art and a protégé of my cousin Nancy Joy. Ai Shu Lu would come down into

the kitchen every morning and greet me brightly, 'Good Evening, Mista Far Lee'. I would explain that it was morning and that I was actually Mrs Fairlie. He would always reply 'Yes, yes!', nodding vigorously - however the next morning he would say exactly the same thing.

Cooking

Over the years I gathered together many cookbooks and tried out all the new recipes and fads, but the standby was always *The Joy of Cooking*.

Every year we would make jams and marmalade when the Seville oranges came in. These would be top sealed with parawax and stored in the jam room in the basement where the frustrated mice would try to penetrate the seals - little tooth marks in the wax.

Tam notes that while Miss Rose did the basic cooking, Mum loved to cook adventurously and tried out all kinds of recipes like crepes Suzettes, and stuffed ginger snaps. She had a huge supply of cookbooks and magazines and loved to acquire the latest gadgets for slicing or blending materials, often with the help of Loblaw's Lucky Green Stamps. Before Christmas she would go into overdrive, laying aside all kinds of cookies and cakes for the holiday. Her genius with cooking was that she made it seem so effortless, food would just appear and there was always lots of it. Dave has pointed out that she taught us to enjoy the actual tastes of basic vegetables by avoiding overcooking them. Food was always a seasonal affair. In strawberry season we would have strawberries every night. Michael Fyshe staying with us a one point asked "Do you guys ever eat anything else?" In corn season it was corn for supper every day.

Knitting

Over the years many sweaters were produced and smocking baby clothes for all of the newborn. All of the boys had Fairisle and cable knit

sweaters. I sent a Fairisle sweater to Tam in London; it was patterned on John's favourite, but rather overestimated his size perhaps by a factor of 2 and became a great source of amusement.

Izzy Wilson was a great 'tatter' and created the most astonishing quilts, one spectacular radial quilt out of all of Jock's old silk work ties.

Weekend Excursions

John thought that he would like to have a country farm. We would often make Sunday excursions out of town to the area around Maple and Boulton, picking up a chicken for a picnic from the newly opened Swiss Chalet at Yonge and St Clair. We would have this picnic on some country hillside, explore the fields and tramp about. There were quarries and an abandoned house that captured the boys' imaginations. Often there would be car trouble but John was intrepid about being able to fix such situations.

Our friends Syd and Netty Blair had a wonderful farm rearing sheep and cattle at Cedar Mains near Bolton. Here Matt learned about the realities of farming as a young teenager. Syd Blair worked for Bechtel and had been helpful in Peter's joining that firm at the time.

Every year we would go down to Gore's Landing on Rice Lake where Roger and Margot Archibald had their historic Lilac Lodge, a grand old summer house at the end of an avenue of lilacs, surrounded by an open porch and perched on the hill overlooking Cow and Sheep Islands in Rice Lake. The Archibalds had four children, Gill, Janet, David and Susan, all of them older than the boys. The lodge was the house with 99 chairs but there were few opportunities to sit down; the pace of life there was very high energy, Roger was an inexhaustible source of projects ranging from deck tennis, horse riding, apple tree pruning, puffball hunting and casting lead anchors in potatoes. There was always a dock that needed attention or a well to be dredged. The kitchen garden, fenced off from the

horses was full of grafting experiments. Once we returned from a walk in 'GlenAvey' to find that the horses had invaded the porch and living room.

Kay Wells was one of my best friends. We all went up to visit their 'Fidget Cottage' on Stoney lake and they would come to visit us on Fairwood most summers, arriving on their yacht 'Florel'. Marnie Fairlie was very impressed by all of the streamers attached to the halyards. "Are those telltales she asked speculatively?" evidently impressed by the nautical excess. "Oh no those are just my hair bands." That was Kay.

I used to go down to Grand Abaco regularly to visit Kay and Charles until Kay had a serious stroke and was confined to her house on Duggan and the later in the Forest Hill Apartments where I visited her regularly. Charles looked after her with great dedication when she was very severely impaired.

The Dogs

Matt was very keen to have a dog. He was 6 in 1960 when we brought back Dugald, a cairn terrier from the Macfarlane's Badenoch kennels near Claremont. Dugald was much loved and became rather spoiled. We also got Monty for John's mother a much more possessive and irascible type. Monty came to live with us after her death in 1968. By that time Matt had also acquired Dook one of the smartest dogs we have had. Dook had big brown eyes, a real sap; he had everyone wrapped around his little paw. He was a pie dog with a distinguished curling white tail. All of our dogs roamed freely around Rosedale in those days and Dook would make extended journeys to visit Matt's friends, turning up to everyone's surprise in various parts of town.

All of the dogs loved summers on the island; Monty would spend all summer in the water up to his knees fishing for minnows. Taffy would bring up the Fyshe's dog, Merlin, or 'Merle the Pearl'.

The dogs have always been a central part of the family household. After Dugald died of diabetes and too much attention, and Dook was run over we had another independent minded cairn terrier, Jamie. Then we found Copper, a Nova Scotia Duck Tolling retriever, from out west. Matt went out and fetched him back from Winnipeg. Copper had a beautiful red coat and white chest with a long plume of a tail. Duck tollers are bred to romp about and play, attracting the attentions of curious ducks and drawing them in to their fate. Copper lived a less free ranging life though than his predecessors. Sadly he lost his beautiful whit plume of a tail in a car accident. After Copper we had Jamie, another cairn terrier and then Duffy and Robbie, both Westies.



Maggie ‘washing up’ shortly after her arrival
(a strong idea about a dog’s responsibilities)

Maggie arrived 2010 (after my white Westie “Robbie” died and was buried in our backyard) I said I didn’t want another dog. I didn’t want to have to train another dog. On Christmas Eve 2010, I came downstairs, and there was Maggie, a mix of cairn and Scottie puppy. David had seen her at a pet store and she had scrambled up over the other puppies shrieking “Take me!” Tam went and bought her when he arrived. David took over the training and the walking. He took her to her training school

where she received her diploma. She won our hearts immediately. The grandchildren all love her as well. Christmas 2012, Sarah drew Maggie's portrait for us and it was the nicest present we received!

Rosedale Presbyterian Church

John and I were married in Rosedale Presbyterian Church on Dec. 29, 1949. His father Thomas Urquhart Fairlie had been part of the original congregation and had played a part in building the sanctuary and later expansion. He had also arranged for the Carillon bells in the tower. These are no longer broadcast. Like all of the church bells that were once heard in Toronto, they were stilled in the 1960's.

We attended church with the whole family every Sunday except during the summer months. The family pew remained in row 7 at the rear on the left side. The minister who had replaced the controversial Dr Smart when we returned to Toronto was the Reverend Eoin MacKay. Often we would attend with John's mother. Midway through the service Eoin would mount the pulpit and the lights would mysteriously dim. He would deliver a sermon of considerable length to the near comatose congregation.

Eoin's chief assistant at the church was his deaconess, Miss Isabel Scott. Of frail physique and diffident nature, she was nevertheless the powerhouse who kept it all on the rails, arranged the social engagements, the outreach and the annual church picnic.

After John's death, the church became more progressive with William Klempa and eventually chose a controversial woman minister, Ruth Symes. I was invited to become one of the first women elders, a role which involved regular visiting of congregants. I have always been keen to promote a programme of church outreach. This congregation represents a very affluent and comfortable section of society and the church is on Mount Pleasant, a busy thoroughfare. We have a lot to share.

With my brother Taffy I played a regular role in delivering food to shut in people in St Jamestown and to the south. I was also part of the group arranging Out of the Cold dinners for the homeless, a joint initiative shared with St Andrews Presbyterian downtown. I participated in these programmes on through to my late eighties or until I had an unfortunate car accident, blacking out on Mount Pleasant and wrapping the car around a pole, and was no longer permitted to drive. Robbie was ever after reluctant to get into a car. I was becoming somewhat uncertain about my continuing role in any case. So many of the recipients we were helping seemed to be much younger and more able than I, including, to my surprise, one of the past mayors of Toronto.



John's Art Collection

John Fairlie had a good eye for art. On Saturday mornings John loved to go to the galleries and speak to the artists. He often took the boys. He talked with the dealers and chose the artwork which became part of our home. He was very knowledgeable about Canadian artists and advised in the formation of the Imperial Oil Collection in Winnipeg and at 111 St Clair in Toronto.

When he was living in New York before our marriage John had been very impressed with the Mexican painters Diego Rivera, Siqueiros

and Orosco who had local showings and painted murals in places like Rockefeller Centre. Public art, painting integrated with architecture captured his imagination. After returning from the war he had taken up painting himself and painted street scenes in Manhattan, curious buildings left over in the rush to rebuild and workers on construction sites. He was keen to record the emerging city. His canvasses are now in boxes in the basement.

Eventually his box of oil paints joined mine in a trunk in the basement, to be used on rare occasions for the boy's projects. But his struggles to master the art seemed to have given him an eye for what was good art.

He purchased his first paintings, the Jean Munro painting, Springtime in Lower Montreal and shortly after the Continental Quay Scene by Frank Brangwen. He had an eye for unusual paintings, landscapes that transport the mind and a passion for acquiring them.

When we were living in Winnipeg he had a role in purchasing contemporary Canadian art for the Imperial Oil collection. This was a collection that was intended to circulate among the various offices and create a progressive image for the company.

When we moved to Lamport Avenue in Toronto in 1958 John began to visit the local galleries and discuss the contemporary arts scene with the gallery owners. On Saturdays he would often go off with the boys and visit Gallery Moos in Yorkville or Gerald Morris on Prince Arthur or Roberts or Laings and discuss the artists on show.

John tried to build up a well-rounded and representative collection of Canadian art, including Group of Seven, the Arthur Lismer, the David Milne, Maurice Cullen and Collier and Lawren Harris



*'Chatterie' by Paul Emile Borduas 1958
judged 'a lost masterpiece' at sale in 2012*

His purchases were often controversial. He favoured the abstract expressionists and action painters and looked to create a collection from across Canada. This included Paul Emile Borduas, the beautiful Jean Paul LeMieux and McKewen from Quebec, Jack Shadbolt for the prairies, the Gerald Gladstone and Harold Towns from Toronto. Friends would come to the house for dinner and look at them with a critical eye. Fran Johnson, wife of Tom Johnson, head of Interprovincial Pipeline would say “John, you aren’t going to tell me that you paid good money for that?”

John also made a collection of Inuit art. He had visited the arctic a number of times, northern Quebec and Labrador, Baffin Island. Again he had an eye for strongly expressed, original pieces. We are all very fond of the Eskimo prints that hang in the basement at Dunbar. I especially love the Ghosts and the Hunters Describing Their Hunt.

I remember when John brought home a painting by Teitlebaum, two black and one orange stripe on a white canvas. We all looked at it dubiously. Surreptitiously Tam made a copy of it with the paints in the basement and substituted it. The painting was returned to the gallery.

Recently we were obliged to sell one of his paintings 'Chatterie' by Borduas. It used to hang in the centre of the living room at Lamport and the boys often referred to it disparagingly as the Cats. It was acclaimed as a long lost masterpiece and featured as the cover piece for the auction catalogue by Joyners, and came down at almost a thousand times its original purchase price. We were stunned by the result and saddened to see the vacant wall in the living room at Dunbar where it has hung for so long. Curiously the auction was held on November 25th, the anniversary of John's death. It seemed to signal that his choices were not as crazy as some had thought at the time.

After John's death I tried to keep this vision that he had set alive with further purchases. I bought the David Blackwood Newfoundland Iceberg, paintings by John Anderson, a friend of Clare's, the Denise Ireland and the colourful acrylic by Kate (K.M.) Graham. I did not have John's adventurous eye for great painting. But I was always proud of his courageous choices and tried to keep this interest alive in the family with my purchases.

In my bedroom I have always had watercolours done by an artist in Mandalay, Ma Thenie; he captured the sky reflective waters that dominated that landscape. I also have a favourite watercolour of clematis from the Lamport garden painted by Irene Langford and lovely Fairwood iris painted by my daughter in law, Heather.



John - fishing in Acapulco - 1953

Travels

In 1955, John and I went to France, Italy, and Madrid, Spain. I was impressed with the Prado Museum of fine art especially the artist, El Greco (1541- 1614) who was a prominent painter, sculptor and architect active during the Spanish Renaissance. I had studied him when schooling in Boston. It was quite magnificent to see his original paintings in Madrid.



Cambodia - 1963

John and I visited Cambodia. John wanted to visit Angkor Wat and see where it was that I had lived. It is the most extraordinary place with the ruins and 'cheese trees' growing out of the Hindu temples. John took some wonderful photos. Here are John and I on an elephant!



Luxor - 1965

In 1965, we visited Egypt, travelling the Nile River on a boat. In stayed in Cairo and Luxor and took in the Sphinx, and the Pyramids and all there is to see in Egypt. We visited Beirut, Lebanon and went to Damascus during this trip.

In 1966, a fond memory was travelling to Italy, Sicily and Spain. We went around Sicily and visited Taromina, and Parlermo (the hub of the Mafia). The first time I ever tasted a pizza was in Naples, Italy (where pizza originated) and it was the best pizza I have ever had!

In the fall of 1966, John Fairlie and I went to the Barbados in the Caribbean. After arriving, we drove to Coral Reel Hotel on the sea. This is where John fell ill and we found a doctor (had graduated from Queen's) who told us that we had to get home immediately. The doctor helped arrange a flight and also arranged an ambulance to meet our plane upon arrival in Toronto. John was taken to the Toronto General Hospital and then returned home to Lampport. He died a month later at home on November 25th, 1966.

In 1974, Tam and I visited Greece. We went to Delphi and to Olympia where the original games began and we saw the Parthenon and all of the beautiful sights of Athens. Travelling with Tam was a far cry from travelling with John. John took care of all of the travel details well in advance of any travel. When Tam and I arrived in Olympia, Greece, Tam had not made any arrangements ahead of time and he thought there would be "no problem" getting a hotel. There was a problem - there were NO hotels available and we ended up sleeping on the matching lounge chairs in the lobby of a hotel. The staff allowed us to use the lobby facilities to wash up. This was one of my least favourite nights. We found a hotel early the next day.

Tam and I visited Ireland (from London) and crossed the south of Ireland through Dublin for a week. We rented a car and drove up through the Dublin Hills where we saw them cutting peat on Sunday after church. We kissed the Blarney Stone, and visited huge Anglo Irish houses like Powerscourt. The Dingle Coast was very interesting with its rocky coastline.

I had the pleasure of travelling to Holland with Tam and Roger and Margo Archibald. They were friends of John's and mine. Margo's brother, Tom Carter was the Canadian Ambassador to the Netherlands so we stayed at the Embassy in The Hague which was the highlight of this trip. Margo had thought it was going to be "great" as her brother was a widower and thought that he and I might do well to meet. (Margo didn't tell me of the

Gam

plot but she did tell Mum, who was excited about the thought). What Margo didn't know was that her brother Tom had already met a lady from Netherlands already engaged when we arrived to stay with him at the Embassy. There were peacocks and numerous servants at the Embassy - it was a delightful experience. Tam returned to England and I went on with the Archibalds and Tom and his lady friend, to Italy seeing Rome, Florence and Venice. Tom was asked to the Embassy in Rome to a party. He took his lady friend and invited Margo and Roger. I was left on my own at the hotel and having dinner by yourself in Rome was no picnic!



1975 at the Hague with Tom Carter, Alicia , the Archibalds and Tam

In the 1970's, I toured with the Ontario Art Gallery to Vienna, Italy; Budapest, Hungary; and Warsaw, Poland. Robertson Davies (writer) and

his wife, Brenda, Walter Gordon and his wife (various people I knew) were all part of this ten day tour which was a fond memory. We went on Rhine River and viewed castles and stopped off for wine tasting. I travelled with Sue Wilde (who was anti drinking however got into the wine tasting!) and we had great fun! Sue was a great person to travel with. We visited art galleries, museums and churches throughout our ten day tour.

I have visited and seen most of the world however; I didn't get to St. Petersburg, Russia and I didn't get to Newfoundland. These are two places I would have like to have seen.

Matt's Cars

Matt was very keen to drive at the first possible moment. He bought a little sportscar a Triumph from Doug McKenzie and would spend hours with his friends tinkering with the engine in the garage, hauling the engine out of the car on the overhead steel beams. At last he reached the age of 16 and got his drivers licence. He backed the car down the driveway, across the street and into the front window of the apartment building opposite.

After finishing at Jarvis, it was with great trepidation that I watched him pack up the car and set off on a long journey across Canada ending up in Quesnel, B.C.



Matt setting off for the West Coast - 1973

The Family Christmas Parties

Every year Christmas unfolded with carol singing and dinner at Jack and Mary Godfreys at 99 Elm Avenue. This party continued for many years with all singing loudly from the same carol sheets, Johnny Godfrey announcing the Twelve Days of Christmas with his bugle and Jack Godfrey extolling the Branksome girls, including Sally and Anne as the ‘sweetest sound this side of heaven.’ The Godfreys were passionate supporters of the Liberal Party and at the centre of Trudeauomania. After that we would go on to the Church for the midnight service, after the usual debate about whether it started at 11 pm or at midnight.

Another regular Christmas event was the Wilson Ball held at the Erindale Principal’s lodge. Jock and Izzy Wilson would have a lavish evening which required great preparation and a menu including ‘bird within a bird’. They too had longstanding retainers who helped cater the event, Mr and Mrs van Pelp. They too had a budgie, Captain Bligh, who had been left in our charge on various occasions when they travelled abroad. Sadly the Captain succumbed to the drink at one Christmas party and had been trod upon when staggering around on the floor. One of the guests when enquiring after Mr van Pelp was disconcerted to learn from his wife that “Oh he succumbed to the drink, but we’ve stashed the body under the stairs for the time being so as not to cast a pall over the proceedings.”

As Master of Massey College Rob Davies would hold an annual event, Gaudy Night, with readings by the poet Robert Finch, and the Massey singers singing madrigals. The highlight of the evening was Rob’s annual ghost story always delivered with great timing and aplomb.

It was with Rob Davies that I would go every Saturday morning to the new Ontario Science centre to see the next instalment of the Kenneth Clark series Civilisation.

After John’s death we began to have our own New Year’s party which

has been an event for the whole family on occasion reaching up to 75 guests when the boys' friends were invited as well. This has become a regular institution carried out every year since 1970, approximately 45 years. We always laid on a lot of food, devilled eggs, ham, pressed pickled tongue, spiced beef, roast beef and Christmas cakes and cookies. The tongue could be found looking very tongue-like, lolling on the kitchen counter awaiting nestling in a tin and pressing under the weight of an iron.

New Year's Eve soirees at the Fairlies started with Peter's birthday being the 28th of December. We would have a birthday party each year, and then we started to celebrate on New Year's Eve. The party comprises Matthew's, David's, Tam's and my friends. We serve a buffet (which used to include pickled tongue... but we can't find it anymore), smoked salmon, and a ham. Guests could make their own sandwich with breads and cheese.

Tam has been a piper since he was about nine. John Fairlie was with the 48th Highlanders Regiment and arranged for the pipe major to give Tam lessons. The sounds in the beginning on the chanter were a lovely piping sound. Then the squeezing of the bag was added. Until you learn how to do it properly it's not nice to listen to but through perseverance Tam managed to play. Tam would always play "Auld Lang Syne" and champagne would be uncorked at midnight.

I kept records of consumption for these parties in my party notebook over the years. The menu of food required some planning to lay aside in the weeks beforehand. It has remained unvaried throughout the years. In early days there was the ritual family making and decorating of Christmas cookies. However I notice how the many bottles of gin, scotch, vodka and rum have subsequently given away to wines and beer. I look back and wonder whether we really did need 5 bottles of gin. What were we doing?

At midnight we always have champagne to toast the New Year, the corks popping off the brass table tray that John and I had brought back from a trip to Damascus.

Charity Projects:

Tam said “Mum has shown how important a sense of purpose and public service is.” The groups that she supported included the IODE (International Order of the Daughters of the Empire) Preventorium Chapter (the Preventorium operated from 1913 until the late 1950s on Sheldrake Boulevard, established just before World War I as a temporary residence for inner-city children who were vulnerable to tuberculosis); the Women’s Committee at the Art Gallery, the multi-ethnic vision of the Central Hospital, and her work supporting Out of the Cold and for Meals on Wheels, until really quite recently delivering meals ‘to old people’.”

Rosedale Presbyterian Church organized volunteers for the Central Hospital on Sherburne Street across from Allen Gardens. (started by two Hungarian doctors, the Reikai brothers) I worked there for over thirty years, beginning with pushing a bookcart with newspapers and books in various languages. I did numerous volunteer positions and ended up on the Board of Directors (the only woman board member!). Patients at the Central Hospital couldn’t manage in English but were met by staff and volunteers who helped them in their native languages.

I was on the Women’s Committee of the Art Gallery of Ontario along with Mary Alice Stuart. Mary Alice seemed to run everything she could get her hands on and was very capable at it. She was Mary Alice Burton, daughter of the founder of Simpson Sears. Mary Alice was the President and I had a small part in it. On one occasion I gave my report at a meeting and Mary Alice proceeded to stand and repeat everything I had said, which I had properly executed in the first place. She was a very powerful woman. It was interesting how Matthew worked with Mary Alice’s husband, Sandy Stuart at Stuart Energy years later.

Fairwood in Later Years

After John's death I spent many happy summers up at Pointe au Baril with a close circle of friends who would come for weekly visits, Kay Wells, Marion and Allen Lambert, Sue Wilde, Charity Grant, and Bunt Williams. My brother Taffy would come for his summer visit and hugely enjoyed island life, especially fishing every afternoon. He almost always returned with fish for breakfast the next morning. We would go out berry picking; all were sent off with the threat 'No Picky, No Eaty' and would return with enough cups for blueberry pie. I would make bread every second day which was hugely popular with the boys, especially Tam.



Fairwood Dock Gang, Sue Wilde, Taffy with his catch, Charity Grant and me

The senior group would enjoy playing bridge and cribbage in the evenings or we would make a round of the neighbours' islands for various cocktail parties. Some of these parties were very lively affairs. I remember Taffy pulling away from Doug Deeks dock before I had quite undone the lines. The boat overturned in a dashing swoop before the startled guests and we returned home soaking wet, to the awaiting, rather surprised, boys. 'So what exactly do you do at these parties?'

We sold the Mahogany and bought a more manageable tin boat, the Springbok which was much more practical and we could pull up and look after ourselves. My grand-daughter, Kim, christened this the 'the Minnow' and set out to make friends around the Bay. Working at the Ojibway she developed a wide circle and would return home late after midnight. I could never get to sleep until I heard that boat churning up the channel and safely back into the boathouse. Then, greatly relieved, I would confront her about the late hour, lack of running lights or proper equipment.

I was able to go up to Fairwood until I was 90 in 2005 and I continued with my private morning dip to the last though the path down to the swimming area became difficult to manage. Tam built steps and railings down along the rock.

Gam



2005 Fairwood Family Portrait - APF's last Summer at 90

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

Some Notes on People: as recorded in interviews by Barbara Parkinson

The most “unforgettable person who I have ever met” were the two men I married - they were certainly unforgettable to me.

My children:

Peter Frederick MacLean Saegert - 28 Dec 1937 Maymyo, Myanmar, Burma Peter was an only child for thirteen years and he was very cheerful - liked to sing and loved to go to dances. Peter was always like an older “uncle” to the other three boys because of the age difference. Peter boarded at Trinity College School and then Queen’s University. He played for the Queens Golden Gaels football team. He graduated in Engineering. Peter married Jeannine Andree Pierette Lucas of Montreal on January 20, 1968.



Peter and Jeannine’s Wedding January 1968

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2012 - Saegert Family - Ken and Kim Darlington,
great grandchildren Charlie, Olivia, Thomas
and Ella-Marie in foreground,
behind are Alex, Becky, Max and Christina,
Jeannine and Peter

Tam - Thomas Fraser Fairlie - 10 July 1950 Toronto



Tam

Tam has always been the power and strength of the Fairlie family. Both his brothers (as well as me) look up to Tam. Tam keeps organizing and fixing things and is a very useful member to society. He attended Upper Canada College and then on to the University of Toronto and graduated as an Architect at the Architectural Association in London. He is Director of Zeidler Architects in London. Tam married Alison McKenzie on Feb 3, 1995.

David - John David Fairlie - 31 Jul 1952 Toronto



David

David has been very good to me in my later years looking after the house on Dunbar. David did well at school - he was always very smart. He attended Upper Canada College for both Junior and Senior Schools. He received prizes for Greek and Latin. David was studying to be a lawyer,

Gam

and after graduating from Osgoode, decided that he was not going to be a lawyer. He announced this to us at the dinner following his graduation.



with David at the Sunset Rock

Matt - Matthew James Fairlie - 26 Aug 1954 Toronto



Matt

Matthew did well at the Junior School and upon entering the Senior School he broke his leg after starting up with UCC football team. This may have been a factor in his dislike for the school. He finished High School at Jarvis Collegiate where he met his wife to be Heather McLure.

Matt was only twelve when he lost his father. I feel he missed his father greatly. Matt seemed to be “anti-establishmentaristic” and I felt that he was always at the end of a set of reins and if I could only keep my hands on those reins, that he would come back... and eventually, he did.



*Matt and I on a family visit to Saegerts in Central Park NYC
circa 1971*

About three o'clock in the morning, the telephone rang, and it was the police I heard, "Are you the mother of Matthew Fairlie?" I answered, "Yes." They said, "You had better come and get him." I went to the police station and picked Matt up as he was detained for having a case of beer under age. He was charged and there was a hearing, and lawyer Roger Archibald, a great friend and relative, got Matthew off the record and no charges were laid. Matthew would tend to have parties in his later teens. We were living on Lamport Avenue and there would be God knows who - and kids "gate crashed" knowing there was a party. I would be terrified and would stay home and tend to "walk the beat" during the parties and when the lights went out - who knew what was going on. I hated those parties. That phase ended when Matt went away to university. He started training to be a veterinarian at Guelph University and didn't like it, so second year he attended University of Toronto, Trinity College. Tam and David had both attended Trinity on full scholarships. Matt graduated in Engineering Physics and went to work at Alcan in Kingston.

Gam



Dunbar Garden at Matt's Wedding



My Grandchildren:

Peter's family:

Kimberly Olivia Saegert now Darlington - 27 Oct 1971 New York

Peter's daughter Kimberly is named after my mother, Olivia Primrose Bayne Fyshe. She was always very determined and things always had to be "her way". She eventually worked it out to be the "right way". Kim graduated from Queen's University after attending Bishop Strachan School. Kimberly married Kenneth Robert Darlington - 21 May 1970 of Montreal, on 8 June 2002 in Toronto.

They have two children, Olivia Jane - 15 August 2006 Montreal, QC and Charles Kenneth - 8 January 2009 Montreal.



Kim and Ken Darlington Wedding - June 2002

Alexander MacLean Saegert - 10 February 1974 Montreal

Alex is the only one who didn't go to private school, however did very well. He graduated from McMaster University as an Engineer. I remember Alex wouldn't eat at Sunday dinner at our home. We would serve roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Alex would go to the kitchen and find either hot dogs or Kraft dinner for himself. He then worked for a butcher as a summer job and learned that meat is very good to eat! Alexander married Rebecca Solomon of Edmonton on 25 April 2009 in Vancouver. Their son, Jack Samuel MacLean Saegert, was born on January 4th, 2014.



with Jack Saegert, summer 2014

Frederic Maxwell Saegert - 20 April 1976 Montreal

Max was very much against “everything” at one point, having tantrums from time to time. He attended Trinity College School on a scholarship and then graduated from Queen’s University. He studied French throughout his education and uses this in his employment. Max

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

married Christina Marie Strecker (born 14 November 1977 Hamilton) on 9 August 2008 in Stoney Creek. They have two children, Thomas Maxwell born 4th February 2010 Newmarket and Ella Marie born 15th April 2012 in Newmarket.

A helper Loulou lived with Peter and Jeannine who was from Riviere-du-Loup Quebec and she spoke French to the children. All three children are all bilingual as a result of their mother speaking French at home as well.



Max and Christina's Wedding

Tam's family:

Mavis Elizabeth McKenzie Cecil - 8 February 1990 Toronto

Mavis is artistically inclined and graduated from King's College, Cambridge, England and is presently working in the Civil Service with the Department of the Environment Food and Rural Affairs (DEFRA) in London.



Mavis's Graduation at Kings College Cambridge - 2012

Matt's family:

Sarah Anne Fairlie - 27 January 1984 Kingston

Sarah is a talented artist who graduated from McGill University. Sarah has always been aware of environmental issues and works at the Ontario Centres of Excellence.

Johnathan Woodholme Fairlie 20 May 1987 Kingston.

John attended St Lawrence College and graduated in 2011. He is a project manager installing solar panels, and very environmentally aware.

Andrew James Fairlie - 1 August 1990 Kingston

Andrew enjoys photography and his works can be seen on the Fairwood website. Andrew graduated from Seneca College as a fire fighter. Since the age of 17 he has been a volunteer fire-fighter with the Rosemont District Fire Department. The piano was given to Matthew as Andrew is very musical and plays the guitar.



the annual Fairwood family picture with bears - 2002

Some Family Nicknames

My grandmother was “Annie”, though I always knew her as Nan.

I was known as “Anne” with an “e” please.

My father’s sister, Aunt Kathleen was known as Aunt Cackles

His brother Jimmy’s widow was Aunt Zu (short for Julia)

Aunt Avis was known as Mammy Ape

My mother , ‘Amah’ was “Aunt Mum” to everyone in the old days

My brother, Thomas Maxwell was known as “Sonny” until he was married when his wife called him “Taffy” which had something to do with a hockey player.

Thomas Greggor Fyshe (son of James and Julia) was known as “Tam”

Thomas Fraser Fairlie is known as “Tam”

Peter was known to the boys as ‘Beayah’.

Kim is always ‘Kimbo’ to me.

Hobbies

At 98, I enjoy reading the Toronto Globe and Mail everyday and doing the crossword puzzles. I love to read, my favourite author would be Jane Austin. My cousin Prim Pemberton keeps me up to date with the latest in the literary world. I love the New Yorker and all the Canadian history magazines. We have subscribed to the National Geographic since the beginning of time.

I love to play bridge. My parents taught me the game, as well as my brother and the four of us used to play bridge together. There was a time when I didn't always want to play bridge, I must say, I would rather have been reading, but my parents needed a fourth, and that's how my bridge playing began. Nowadays, I play every Friday from noon until 5 pm at various people's homes, in particular Roberta Turner, a friend from Winnipeg, Marion Lambert, and Bunny Lumsden are the current group. We rotate homes so I host every fourth week.



Dunbar Family Photos

Dave said of his Mum, “her love of gadgets and adaptability to up-to-the-minute inventions is legendary. Of course she never really washes any of them properly.”



Gadgets

Hospitalised

I fell in the kitchen at the end of May 2012, and broke my hip, I really didn't know what had happened until I was in the rehab following the operation to put a pin in my hip which I had broken. When I first went into the rehab in June, July and August of 2012, it was “hellish”. Not painful, but frustrating and monotonous.

Tam came home for about two months. Tam would come in every morning at 8 a.m. with a coffee latte and a newspaper and sat with breakfast with me. He made it “possible” for me. Every evening, David would come around the corner as the dinner was being served and he was a very welcome sight. I can't believe the boys did this every day.

The food is so terrible - how could they cook chicken to be so rubbery?

2012 was a lovely summer, however, I missed it. There were four to a room, and I didn't speak to them very much because I couldn't hear them very well. I read, and read, and read. The three months seemed to be a whole year or so. My cousin, Primrose Coulter brought me bags of books. She is a big reader herself. Primrose and her husband, John Pemberton, who is an artist, live downtown in Cabbagetown.

Tam arranged for a stairmaster to be installed and the bathroom to be fitted for me to return home at the 1st of September. He also found Debra (from Guyana) who has been simply wonderful. Peter and Jeannine would come every week to visit and Matthew dropped in whenever he was home from his work in Atlanta.

Matthew gave us a lovely bird feeder for Christmas 2012, and we have a mammoth black squirrel who takes up the entire surface of the feeder and helps himself. Other squirrels come and watch him and realize they do not have a chance to get any food. Once in a while we get a male and a female cardinal however, we are hoping for more birds - no thanks to Blackie the large squirrel.

Movies and Songs

My favourite movie of all times is "My Fair Lady" with Audrey Hepburn, with my favourite song, "I Could Have Danced All Night" and of course, "The King and I" as I had vested interest in it. I loved the music "Shall We Dance?"

Music:

Growing up, my favourite singer would have been Bing Crosby. I loved "White Christmas". When we were very young, Dad was musical and Mum was not, so that rather divided us. Mum was heard to say once,

while “God Save the King” was being played, “Oh, I know that tune!” Dad played classical records which we enjoyed. They were 78 rpm - smaller than a 33 rpm and larger than a 45 rpm. Dad loved listening to the Opera Fest on the radio on Saturday afternoons. There were different Operas on every Saturday broadcast from the Met.

Sports

At school, I played basketball, as I was tall. I played tennis and I skied the mountain in Montreal. I skied downhill as well as cross country. I used to play golf but was never as keen as John was.



I have always followed tennis whenever it is televised. I have been a great fan of Mr. Novak Djokovic from Serbia. I have been surrounded by naysayers who have alternative allegiances, but I have stuck to my guns.

In Her Own Words - and Then Some

I hate the fighting in hockey, I won't watch it anymore. I don't watch football, baseball or basketball. I watch the golf tournaments and I love to watch figure skating and like the curling as well. Canada has been doing very well and it is an interesting game to watch when there are good players.



Anne and Taffy - Christmas Skiing at Sutton - 1970

Eulogies: September 20th, 2014

Tam's Memories

There have been so many tributes that have flooded in over this last week, but perhaps one sums up Mum's story best came from one of her dearest friends and admirers,

She simply said "But WOW! What a Life!"

Mum was born 99 years ago in Calgary. 1915 - Her great grandmother, Anna Leonowens, who had played such a pivotal role in the education of her father and the whole extended Fyshe family had died earlier that same year.

In retrospect, the long view, we can only be amazed at how over the century she had to embrace so many different chapters in her life.

Now we can only take heart at how resilient and adaptable the human spirit can be – and take some considerable hope for the future in a world of so many ill-conceived dissensions.

Talking to my brothers the other day about our mother's extraordinary endurance, we all agreed perhaps one of the keys to it has been an open-mindedness coupled with curiosity, an ability to look at situations from others viewpoints and see how they could make sense to her.

How many times in her long life has Mum adapted to the new circumstances that were dealt out, even in this last two years of confronting and measuring up to her daily routines at Dunbar – a chapter in life that she had always hoped to avoid.

Perhaps the basis of her open spirit was set in her early years in Montreal, they must have been extraordinary with that large family of aunts and uncles, all educated by Anna in Germany and with strong aspirations

to be part of world culture. For after the death of her daughter Avis in 1902 Anna kept a steady focus on education of all her grandchildren. Her other grandchildren, Louis' children, Poonghey, the princess, and her brother Pinkie (or George) were also part of this educational campaign. In this Anna planted a major sense of the importance of education, in the humanities, in medicine, in music and the arts. And so the oldest Anna Harriet became a concert pianist and had a successful career in Berlin. James Carlyle Fyshe returned to Siam as a legendary uplands doctor, Avis ran the Stuart Club for educating young ladies in Boston and looked after her niece, Mum's further education. Aunt Avis started the famous Fyshe Studios in Montreal. Frank died at the Somme, Aunt Cackles (Kathleen) married into the Redpath family. And our own grandfather, Thomas Maxwell Fyshe, in early life a violinist in the Montreal Symphony was fired by ambitious development opportunities in Calgary where he built several landmark commercial buildings, as well as the Fyshe house before bankruptcy at the beginning of the war.

These early years when they returned to Montreal set a vision of family life which Mum has passed down to all of us in her stories of the past.

Mum had wonderful memories of her childhood and she brought those days vividly alive. The pink house on Viewmount Avenue in Montreal was the centre of this extended family community with her much loved grandmother 'Nan', the Primrose/ Bayne / Stirling living in the house next door and this collection of eccentric but highly educated aunts in frequent attendance. It was obviously a happy world, where it was possible to string up tennis net across the street and play with Taffy or practice her Blondin balancing skills on the mountain guard-railings. She was one of 'Gassy's girls', the new school for young women set up by Miss Gascoigne, that later became The Study.

Her birth had come right at the beginning of an era of breath-taking changes - everything was becoming new and improving – and for many people. Mum could reminisce about her first ride in the local doctor's

Stanley Steamer or 50 years later we would all laugh about Dad's Pointy Ponty which had such massive tail fins that would not even fit into the garage. And that Pointy Pontiac was 50 years ago!

It has been a century that has moved from cavalry charges to drones guided from Arizona armchairs, a century of 'isms' the rise and fall of Fascism, Communism, Socialism, Liberalism, Conservatism, but also the making of Canada as an independent nation - when we began to realise a key responsibility in this new world.

Fyshes, Primroses, Stirlings, Baynes, Redpaths, Leonowens, the merchants, bankers, the doctors, business entrepreneurs, but also artists and musicians that laid the foundation for a country.

Who would have imagined that one of the two children that her Mother, and our Amah had collected from destitution in Peace River, the children of the tragic Mary Dickson MacLean and Fredrick Augustus Saegert, would return as the dashing officer who in 1933 appeared at Mum's school in Boston, the Childe Walker School of Fine Arts, and to the awe of her friends. Mum would describe how they peered down wistfully at this glamorous acquaintance who had invited 'Fyshey' out for tea. Invited to England on his leave in 1935, Jack proposed to her on the shores of Loch Ness. In saying yes to marriage, as a girl of 20, Mum was entering the first great adventure of her early years.

The adventure took them to Madras, Bangalore and then to Mandalay, where Mum learned the privileges and pitfalls of the life of the Mem Sahib living in their bungalow in the Fort. What emerges from all her stories of those times was that Mum was always able to see both sides, the official side and the human consequences; she always talked of the beauty and natural exuberance of the Burmese people, for instance the tragedy of a baby with plague brought to her as a last resort. She recounts their fascination and horror at her giving birth to a son with vibrant red hair.

At 24 and on the brink of another cataclysm with Jack determined to

play a part in the European war, Mum and her 3 year old Peter, sustained on a diet of only bacon and prunes returned to Canada.

One of the pictures on the back of our programme shows Mum proudly displaying her charms as quality control manager in machining Brenn Guns at the John Inglis factory in Toronto. It is striking for her beauty, and her modest pride in playing her personal role in the cause. Mum always said the experience gave her a loathing of bossing people around. But perhaps her methods were infinitely more subtle. It was at this time that she met a woman who was perhaps her best friend. She too had a husband at war in Europe. She too was bringing up a red headed son. Kay Wells with her boundless exuberance and humour became an influence on us all. But underlying their shared new independence was the anxiety of knowing that Jack in North Africa had been the last man out of Mersa Metruh was missing and presumed dead.

The end of the war found Jack alive and brought him back to Canada and gave Mum the task of nursing him through final stages of T B at their home in King. He survived long enough to receive his DSO on a special visit to their home by Alexander of Tunis. When he died in 1946, Peter was 8 years old.

Marrying Dad, John Fairlie, in 1948, Mum again became part of a different community with a strong sense of building the new post-war Canada. Together they had a strong sense of social purpose and responsibility and as we moved from Toronto to Montreal then Winnipeg a huge network of lifelong friends expanded. What is remarkable is the range of these friendships and how this group of people grew into their role of creating a new kind of society and a more inclusive and open culture in Canada.

Together they played roles in the arts community, the Winnipeg and Toronto Symphonies, The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, The Art Gallery in Toronto. Dad began his own art collection and advised on the setting up of the Imperial Oil collection of Canadian art.

We must realise how privileged we have been as part of this context, people who seemed to represent a great generation in Canadian history, a time of astonishing transformation. The Archibalds, the Wells, the Wilsons, the Lamberts, the Godfreys, the Davies, Sue Wilde, Charity Grant, all the many friends from Winnipeg and Montreal. These names all conjure up the exuberance, the curiosity, the accessibility of people who have achieved remarkable things in their lifetimes.

Mum and Dad's travels together through Europe, Japan, the Far East, Egypt and the Middle East gave us all a perspective on the wider world. Dad's interest in the developing culture of Canada, his interest in the Arctic, in oil exploration but also in the arts, and the architecture of the new cities, in the symphony orchestras and in his own collection of contemporary Canadian artists was far-seeing and ambitious.

After Dad's death in 1966 Mum was again left with a daunting task of bringing up three teenagers. Matt was 12.

But with each one of her four sons she has had a relation which is individual and seems to each especially unique. And such important moments together – our first super economy trip to New York, the faded Iroquois Hotel and trying to exit our room with the missing doorknob. How we laughed together at our own and others' foibles. We explored all the possibilities of New York on \$ 5 a day and then splurged on tickets to see Pearl Bailey.

And then there was the great moment of Expo 67, which was an architectural revelation for me, or our annual ski adventures in the Laurentians and Townships with Taffy, the Fyshes, Peter and Jeannine.

But there were also other communities around the home that Mum created. We all have memories of the lodgers who appeared in our lives, of our cousin Clare and her well dramatised exploits in the theatre, of Francis the hairdresser and Bunny the police woman, of Ai Schu Liu the medical artist who greeted mum every morning to her exasperation with

his 'Good Eevening Mista Far Lee'. She was not succeeding with her English lessons. Those extra rooms at Lamport were always put to good use.

She certainly had no qualms about exploring the other side and she has made us aware of that wider world where everyone has a right to a voice. She believed in an inclusive world and always led by example.

Mum has shown how important a sense of purpose and public service is. The groups that she has belonged to, the Preventorium, the Women's' Committee at the Art Gallery, the Central Hospital and her work supporting Out of the Cold and barrelling around with Uncle Taffy for Meals on Wheels, delivering meals 'to old people'.

Each of us has felt special and has special types of memories; for me it was a wonderful trip to Greece which did have some less than planned moments – like her sleeping with relatively few protestations in the foyer of a hotel, resigned that Tam and the serendipity method of travelling was going to be somewhat different from travel with Dad.

Her love of gadgets and adaptability to up-to-the-minute inventions is legendary, often large plastic items bought with Lucky Green Stamps which to David's despair, never really got cleaned.

Or her sweater projects – so many knitted sweaters for her sons, her grandchildren, so many smocked gowns for the newborn. She could probably clothed everyone in this church over a lifetime of industry. I remember one Icelandic sweater that arrive one Xmas in London, it reached my ankles; I wondered what on earth could she have been thinking.

Mum has always been that she has been unfailingly loyal to her friends, she has always looked after people, people like Aunt Kay Wells and Taffy when health failed she helped them cling to that vision of the people they once were and fought for them every step of the way.

At Dunbar she has created a centre for the family bringing us all together, for conversation and wonderful meals. Every year without fail for 45 years, we have had our Christmas or New Years party. It always seemed to come together effortlessly at the last moment, a table covered with delicacies, the tongues that looked so horrifyingly rudimentary lolling about on the counter in days before transformed and appetising, all traditions are observed at the last minute. And it always seems so effortless, a magic that just seemed to ‘happen’.

But when you wanted to talk about the latest film or find out what everyone is reading, or find out what they are actually talking about in the New Yorker, it has been Dunbar where we all congregate. The book table in the front hall was always laden with stacks of suggested books for people to read.

But I think that Mum had a particular ingredient in her nature that made her adaptable to all the changes. It has something to do with humour. She was quick to employ it to prick pretensions.

And yet at the same time she was always available to listen to and abet aspiration.

Mum’s 90th Birthday Party at Dunbar: Nine years ago we had a happy celebration of her 90th birthday. We had a tent in the garden with speeches read out from the lawn below to those grouped on the living room balcony. This was just another of the magic moments at Dunbar that we had come to take for granted over the 45 years that she has lived there – a time of hospitality and generosity. We have all continued to enjoy the special privilege shared in the home that she had created for us all.

For so long we have lived in astonishing fortunate circumstances with her in our midst.

What was the foundation? Perhaps above all it has been her ability to love and accept each one of us and to develop a special relationship. She

has always had such high expectations for us all.

Perhaps she has lived her long life because of her innate curiosity about people and in fact a deeply generous social sense. She loved a game, cribbage with the young set, bridge with her indomitable Friday group of the blind, deaf and halt, which continued until recently. She was a keen tennis player in her day and continued with an avid interest in tennis, 'her man Djokovic' in the golf, in curling. She loved to see people who excelled at what they were doing.

Of course, she has always complained that nobody ever told her anything – but actually Dunbar has been a centre where everyone tells her everything.

She has always had high standards and has expected the best from everyone. She has encouraged us all to be adventurous, to overcome imagined barriers and not to shrink from choosing difficult paths. With each of her children and grandchildren and then great grandchildren she has created a special relationship. Each of us has felt unique. Each of us has been keen to win her approval.

The last 2 years since her accident have been far from any further chapter that she might have wanted for herself. Dunbar is stuffed with Do Not Resuscitate messages falling out of every book and file.

Exceeding all expectations of her rehab staff at Hillcrest there has been a final 2 year chapter in her long life and a further reinvention in which she continued to sustain Dunbar as a centre for family life. She has made the best of the situation in her own inimitable way.

In this we all have so many people to thank – but especially:

Deb Kwang who has become an amazing loving personal friend, Greeting her every morning with 'Good Morning Anna' to which the response was inevitably the doleful "Good morning Deb, But I'm still here" Deb with her very eventful family life has touched us all with their

generous good spirits.

There has been the constant stream of visitors that has continued to keep Dunbar such a lively place. All of her supporters, the extended family, John and Zoe living just around the corner, the Fyshes, Tim Briar, Kayla and Quin, Mike Fyshe always brought a great deal of pleasure with his sandwiches, Daniel's calls, Christopher's summer sojourns and Wendy's visits.

Matt and family dropping in out of the blue with a feast of Jambalaya and wine.

Prim Pemberton with her massive book bag of Prim's Picks saw to it that Mum was reading still voraciously until about 2 months ago. There was always a book to talk about by her side.

And Clare brought her those hilarious stories, each one a riveting theatrical performance.

Or Suze Wilson and Christine Deacon dropping by for the Dunbar Film and Supper club. Dunbar has been an extraordinary meeting place for many.

But above all we need to thank Dave and perhaps his sidekick Maggie who has kept the home fires burning; who has made sure that there was no slipping of standards, that the rehab exercises were undertaken every day that she continue to work on improving her walking almost to the end. Dave has kept her in line with his irascible humour and his unflagging love. Every night he ensured that the Lamberts magnificent mega screen was quieted while they did the daily crossword together.

In her 99 years Mum has seen a century of extraordinary change, a world that would never have been imagined by the 3 year old playing on the beach at Pointe Claire in the family album. She has adapted to it all from the first cars, telephones, to the latest gadgets, always the latest gadgets, even to her somewhat scathing assessments of the current craze

for facebook and tablets.

She lost two husbands, both young, was left with Peter at 8 years old and Dad died when Matt was 12.

For 45 years she has sustained Dunbar as a welcome centre for her amazing friendships, for weddings, christenings, and the annual New Year's party with the tables groaning with food. She has shown us the true nature of generosity.

But now look at the extended family that she has created. She treated each one of us as individual and special cases; each of us has had that special relationship with her, the memory which each of us can carry into the future.

She has seen her grandchildren and now her first Saegert great grandchildren Olivia, Charlie, Thomas, Ella Marie and Jack.

What a triumph for Mum!

She has said, perhaps too often in the last 2 years that she was only waiting to be 'called'.

If there are tears now they are for us, and for our wonderful memories, but they are tears of happiness that she has at last been called and is in peace.

And so today is a true Thanksgiving for all of this which we share and for Gam, Anne, Mum who has made us aware of what we share.

Mum has always loved her gardens and has struggled to grow amazing plants, always up on exploring new possibilities, some new plant, some David Austin rose, some new strategy for countering 'the dreaded weed',

but her whole family has also been her garden and she has helped us all to grow.

I once remember her describing her much loved grandmother Annie Primrose Bayne Stirling (the picture on the back of the program) as ‘for-mi-da’ble’

– well Mum has inherited that tradition, she has been truly ‘for-mi-da’ble’ for all of us.

Matt’s Memories

Although I loved my mother very much there were times we didn’t get along. In fact for many years we didn’t talk to one another or more truthfully I didn’t talk to her. Those were my “enfant terrible” years – my nadir of popularity with the adult world - first the schools didn’t want me, it got to the point that UCC used to give me taxi fare to “explore other educational experiences”, and then the neighbourhood fed up with the parties and the sports cars presented my Mother with a petition demanding my eviction. For all these things my mother remained remarkably composed, loyal to me, she never gave me upand.. although she knew she had little control of me during the school year... She knew.....she knew she could send me away in the summerand so began some remarkable summer experiences where I learned a number of life lessons and she got even.

My mother had a wonderful set of friends. Calling on Sid Blair an industrialist who had a large sheep farm outside Bolton she asked if he was looking for farm hands. He obliged or more likely conspired and I was hired on at Cedar Mains as a shepherd. I thought Bolton not bad ...a quick hitch back to the city, can’t be too much work watching sheep. Well... I might as well have been on the Hebrides!, no CARE packages, no visits, no people, just 500 sheep crying Baaa which after a while begins to sound awful lot like Maaat and in mother’s voice. I had a little Land Rover but being 15 years old I couldn’t leave the farm so it was 14 hour days - 7 days a week... the sheep being prize sheep couldn’t see the sun and so they had to be brought in the dawn and let out at dusk, this.. while only having only Thursday evenings off with Harold the gardener whose

big night out was a shopping trip to the IGA.

After a couple of summers at the farm and thinking that perhaps Bolton was too close, my mother called up another good friend of hers, a stalwart friend of the family, Roger Archibald, who arranged for a “northern experience”. That year having barely recovered from end of school celebrations I found myself wandering down a drift, 600 feet underground with stick of dynamite and a tape fuse - getting my blasting certificate - unsupervised - pass or fail - at Giant Mines in Yellowknife.

Things did improve as I began to apply myself and so did the summer jobs as I finally graduated from the gulag and was allowed to stay in the city for the first time for a full summer with a job measuring moon rocks at Erindale College. When I told my Mother that I got the job she said “Good. I’ll have to call Tuzo Wilson to thank him” - at this moment panic registered “Oh my god she thinks she can send me to the moon,” I thought.

When I began to take school more seriously at Trinity College we began to share things. She took a keen interest in the hydrogen cars. It was while I finishing up my degree in 1980 and she graciously let the car stay in her garage on Dunbar during the early development period with my friends David Davidson and Joe Potts and rather a large supply of hydrogen, She even enabled the program by insisting we insure the vehicle with her agent, who had been the family agent for generations but who hadn’t the faintest idea what we were talking about. After much officious to and fro with the actuary department the policy came back only \$20 more than a gasoline car, mind you they spelt hydrogen as hi-drogen - wrong on the policy. Once we had the insurance, the plates were a slam dunk and we were out road testing the vehicle in Rosedale and later across the city. The car was followed by a Farm Tractor which the Stuarts brought into the picture and along with this came family connections Mary Alice Stuart and her mother Callaway Burton both good friends of my mother. Mum followed the ups and the downs of the business as we

tried to make a go of it. She knew the oil industry and politics from my father's career and knew the challenges we faced including those around climate change. When earlier this year I told her about the new company and the deal with Canadian Tire she wanted to know what was happening and kept asking when is it going to happen? Up to the end she asked me if the plant is working yet..sadly it didn't happen before she passed but we were close - I am glad I can report today that Canadian Tire is now making hydrogen.

Mother had no patience for fools as Chris Fyshe often reminded me after receiving a coaching from her. Through the late 90's and 2000's Chris would appear erratically in the summer and stay with my mother at Dunbar Road before heading up to Fairwood. True adherents to morning rituals Chris would spend the morning back and forth from the patio to the coffee pot while my mother was at the kitchen table both of them working on the morning crosswords - the same crosswords in fact- in those summers we needed two Globe and Mails. My mother was not easily goaded but anticipating Chris's arrival was one way I could get to her. Her friends thought of Chris as this dashing romantic tennis player from Tasmania a position I would build up while my mother was more inclined to express her thoughts in terms of the Doubtful Guest from the Edward Gorey's Amphigory complete with white athletic shoes.

Although she seemed at times indifferent to my situation she took a keen interest in my friends. She had a good eye for character and would ask about this person or that. "How is Scott? He crashed his airplane? I hope he learned something from that." Funnily she never seemed worried that anyone was hurt because amazingly no one ever was. My friends to a "t" always held my mother in highest regard. Her disapproving looks were a trademark, not a frown just a look that said "You damn well better know what you are doing." It was often enough to stop us in our tracks and cause reconsideration of the plan. A mere look would be all that is needed. Younger members were not spared some of them believing she was in fact the Queen who appeared on the 1 dollar bill.

This idea of royalty was echoed by my daughter Sarah Fairlie who said “Imagine how far she could have got if she had an army!” I have treasured this line because it rang so true. Running an army is something she could have probably been quite good at.

But in fact the reason it rings true is that she was already leading an army.... an army of family and admirers. She set the direction, the tone, the expectations and she often cooked great meals knowing that a well fed army would remain an obedient one.

Now she is gone.....her army though is still here... it fills this church ... and now her army needs to find its own way... But the path forward is well marked. We can be guided by the family institutions she believed in: faith, family..... and Fairwood.

Mum - May you rest in peace.

Sarah's Memories:

On reflecting on Gam, not surprisingly, thoughts drift to Fairwood and, because she hasn't been going up for several years my thoughts drift back to childhood.

Childhood at Fairwood was a special experience. Your time at the island upended your 'normal life' in ways that were delightful to a small person. There was no school, no bath tub, no TV and, on arrival, you gained an entire summer camp worth of siblings. These summer siblings were sometimes biologically related to you, sometimes not, and they came from places as far away as England, Tasmania, British Columbia and South Carolina to be part of our special community at the Cottage. Gam was the centre of this community and in perhaps that most radical departure from 'normal life' she also seemed to be the boss of your parents!

Gam

Gam maintained a sense of order on an island that was forever teetering on the brink of Lord of the Flies style anarchy. Amazingly she did not accomplish this by acting as a dictator or drill sergeant but rather by orchestrating a sort of symbiotic chaos in which routine, respect and ritual kept us safe and held our special community together.

For example, children never ventured too far from the cottage for fear of a troll living under the bridge down one path and the Jabberwocky that inhabited the forest down the other. Gam always seemed to have a very amicable relationship with these creatures chatting away with them as you tip toed past their places of residence holding her hand.

The raw materials for blueberry pie were collected with enthusiasm by a work team filling small cups to the brim all wanting to impress her with their haul and trying to avoid falling victim to the 'no picky, no eaty' policy on the finished product.

The requirement for quiet during her afternoon nap meant that all children had to vacate the vicinity of the cottage forcing opportunities for adventure with your summer siblings building tree forts and dinosaur inukshuks, catching frogs and minnows or even founding governing organizations for smaller islands that included documentation that was so sophisticated that some of us may still be bound to terms listed in these contracts.

In this upside down world Gam never really treated us like children. She called us out on sappy attitudes, you swam the channel in cold water and you were trusted with adult tasks.

Amphigory was considered a very appropriate bedtime storybook and we were all invited to cocktail hour where she would sit in her chair on the porch with a gin and tonic and we would all sit with our one-can-a-day ration of soda pop all facing her because all of the furniture on the porch always seemed to be arranged to face her direction.

As the centre of our community we all looked up to her. She was so graceful. Gliding into a breast stroke off the rock steps without ever getting her hair wet while we all splashed around her, strolling across the tennis court to gently hit a backhand against a frantic mess of multiple tiny opponents all calling 'mine' while narrowly avoiding hitting one another or a 'ball boy' with their racquets.

You were always on your best behaviour around her because you wanted to impress her. She had a way of making you feel so special and she made each of us feel special. She was supportive of passions and special talents, she told us we were good people, and she graciously accepted the gifts we crafted to bestow on her even if that gift was an amorphous blob of plastecine with sharp teeth.

Even though Gam hasn't come up to Fairwood in many years pictures that we drew for her as children still hang in her bedroom, fading in the summer sunlight that comes through the big corner windows. Even in her absence the symbiotic chaos she orchestrated at Fairwood remains balanced and we refer to Gam's bedroom, Gam's cocktail glass, Gam's chair and Gam's tree and remember songs and rhymes as we complete tasks or take certain pathways.

As we move forward as family, some biologically related, some not, we may be missing our center point but I have a feeling that the routine, respect and ritual that Gam orchestrated in her life will keep us safe and hold our special community together in a symbiotic chaos that lasts much longer than childhood and extends far past the shores of Fairwood.

Tim Fyshe - From a nephew's point of view

With regards to nieces and nephews:

My brother Dan was the eldest, and always seemed to have a special place in Anne's heart. Dan was her first nephew, the son of her beloved brother Taffy, and a buddy for Anne's eldest son Peter. Deej, as Anne affectionately called him, was forever regarded in the highest esteem. His tireless efforts to add to the woodpile, and other island chores were always recognized and appreciated. Dan was much loved by Anne.

My brother Chris, now far away in Tasmania off the coast of Australia, shared our grandmother Amah's house with our brother Mike, in the years between Amah's passing and our parents' retirement, when they took up residence there. The bond between Aunt and nephews, already strong, grew stronger, to the point where, years later, Chris knew that he was welcome to take up residence at Anne's house whenever visiting from Tasmania, most often unannounced, he would just show up one day, knowing he was welcome. Anne was also okay with Chris's daily habit of completing cryptic crosswords on her back porch, smoking cigarettes in his tennis shorts, just the shorts, likely offering her collaborative input. Chris could do no wrong in Anne's eyes. This past week, on Facebook, Chris has revealed that he feels there will be a hole in the fabric of his life here when he next visits.

My brother Mike, mentioned above, was Anne's godson, creating a strong bond between them from an early age. When Mike first moved to Toronto to pursue a career in advertising, he was welcome to stay at Anne's house. He quickly became such a close part of the Fairlie family that he felt comfortable enough to question the daily desserts of strawberries during an early summer bumper crop that year. Mike, apparently, was not a fan of strawberries. The support of family can make all the difference when completing a series of interviews. I believe that it was in no small way that having Anne in Mike's corner helped to give him the confidence to find his niche in the world of advertising in Toronto. Mike's career

took off from there, partly due to Anne's support. From driving to bridge games to purely social calls Mike maintained a close contact with Anne through the years, Anne told us how much Michael's visits meant to her.

My brother Jon and Anne shared a love of fine literature. They shared observations, opinions and critiques of a myriad of literary works for years. Jon was fascinated by Anne's knowledge of India, where she had lived for a number of years. Much of their talks centred on books mutually read on lives led in, and the history of, India. I understand that they both thoroughly enjoyed these interactions.

Wendy, being the first girl born to either Anne or Taffy's families, just had to show up to become a cherished member of Anne's extended family, for that is what we all felt that we became over the years, a part of her family. Anne was interested in what we were up to, how we felt about a host of subjects, and what our ambitions and hopes for the future entailed. She cared about us, and we about her. Anne's joy in Wendy increased as Wendy grew to become another in the line of strong women born into our families. Wendy felt the distance between Montreal and Toronto, but always made a strong effort to visit Anne whenever she could, much to their mutual pleasure.

I guess being the youngest put me in a special position too, but what we shared was a passion for nature, notable that of Fairwood Island, and a keen interest in politics, municipal, provincial, federal and international. We engaged in conversations following political events for many years. She was always informed, interested, and interesting, up to and including our last talks as recently as this past summer.

Two pieces of advice from Anne that have guided me for a long time are: Don't borrow worries from the future, because it is a pointless expenditure of energy. Unless you can plan ahead to make thing better, don't waste your time worrying about it. The other was to always take our children to social events and restaurants, because that is how they would learn to behave in a civilized and appropriate manner. Great counsel in

both instances.

Looking through albums to locate pictures taken of Anne over the years, all from days at Fairwood Island and during Anne's fabulous New Years' parties, I found a common thread. Most of the pictures included her grandchildren or her grand nieces and nephews. Regardless of which one was in the picture, the constant was the look of absolute serenity and joy on Anne's face. She loved the little ones to bits! Anything they ever created, from blobs of clay with teeth, to very amateur, but charming, puppet plays, were greeted with a look of pure acceptance and appreciation of the moment. The result of this unconditional positive regard, love, was that my children always considered her to be their third grandmother. Her "real" grandchildren knew they were held in the highest esteem as well. Anne loved them all from the tops of their heads to the tips of their toes.

A favourite story of mine, and a good place to close, is of the day when Mike's son Adam, at the age of three or four, when driving around the streets of Toronto with his dad on one errand or another asked, "Dad, when are we going to visit the lady on the stamp again?" He was referring, of course, to Anne. He thought she was the Queen of England. She was one regal and very classy lady, always and forever dear to our hearts, Anne Fairlie.

Max's Memories:

I'm going to share some memories, and touch on what Gam meant to her grand kids, and how her Spirit lives on in her great grandkids.

When we first moved to Toronto from Montreal when I was 6, it was then that Gam first had the opportunity to do some hands-on grandparenting with her grandkids in such close proximity.

She embraced it.

As Kim opened in her email, borrowing from a 1989 New year's eve next decade prediction of Joe Potts, "long before Gam was a great-grandmother, she was a GREAT grandmother."

Gam took us to Movies and shows, the Science Centre, the ROM, and Kim remembers Gam sending post cards from her trips to faraway places. I remember how she made us feel special every birthday when she would pick us up and take us shopping to Yorkdale mall, buying us lunch, as well as our birthday gift, but most importantly spending the whole day one on one with her. Love is, after all, the gift of oneself, spending the time – then she certainly loved us. But it was more than that - It makes more sense to me now upon reflection, she made it a point in those years when we first got to Toronto, to spend time with us also to make sure we knew that we were a part of something greater. With no grandparent who had the same last name as us, she went out of her way to make sure we knew that she had been a Saegert for a time as well, and looking back now, as an adult, that was very important for us to feel that connection.

Gam hosted us up at Fairwood when we were kids and would come up with Dad, rewarding us 25 cents for every snake sighting, and later when she had us up there all summer working at the Ojibway as teenagers she would put up with the partying, some of us staying out all night, not realizing that Gam did not fall asleep until she heard the Minnow putter up to the dock in the middle of the night.

She was the best.

And Gam was very proud of all of us. Every time she told a story about one of us grandkids, or about one of the Fyshe kids, we all knew by the alacrity with which she would describe the story of the individual she was proud of, just how much it meant to her, the way her voice would change to stress the importance of the moment of pride. For her, the act of telling the story, and telling it in that way, was the way she showed her pride. From the first time she told the story of Kim reading the signs at the Zoo at age 3, to her voicing how frustrating it could be to try and complete

her own grand-daughter's Cryptic Crossword in the Annex Gleaner, she passed it along in allegory to everyone else, cloaked, but not covered, like a sinfully well prepared desert, in just the right amount of pride.

Kim adds, Gam was everything I want to be when (if) I ever get to be a grandmother. She always asked about her great grand-kids, wanting to know every detail of Olivia's schoolday at the Priory, or what silliness Charlie had been up to.

"I never ceased to be amazed by how "with it" Gam was, even at the end, when we were talking about Eugenie Bouchard and the US Open and she knew Miss Bouchard was a fellow Study graduate. When I was living with her briefly in 1993, we used to watch Seinfeld together and laugh, Kim remembers. I remember playing a Waterboys album that I thought was pretty cool sometime around that time and there was a song on the album called "Raggle Taggle gypsy" that I quite liked. I was most surprised when Gam sang along and knew every word - it was a cover of a traditional Scottish folk song, and was known to have been a favourite of Robby Burns."

Gam also helped all of us out financially, helping all of us go through university, but Kim especially wanted to mention that it was Gam who paid for her tuition all through BSS and Queen's so that Kim could be the first female in the family to graduate from university.

Kim and Gam had a special bond, and Kim loved her, as we all did and will miss her every much.

Alex wrote: "One quality that I admired in Gam was that she was a survivor; more than just her long life, she was not intimidated by a challenge, for example, when she married Jack Saegert, she knew she'd move with him to India, and have a life completely different from any she'd known while growing up.

Gam's life was not without hardship, or sadness, but I never knew her to feel hard done by, be intimidated, or feel defeated. Part of that is the Spirit she inherited from the strong women who came before her, who overcame difficult circumstances, From the recently revealed origins of Bombay Anna, before her time at the court of Siam, to Gam's own mother Amah, Gam's unique experiences combined with this spirit to give her a confidence and strength that made her such a great role model, not just for the women in her life, where I see Gam's indomitable Spirit in her granddaughters Kim and Sarah, and their bravery and accomplishments (and her great-granddaughters, Olivia and Ella, and their emerging character), but she also passed along an example for the men in our family, who've chosen, strong, confident, and capable partners for themselves.

In fact, growing up with Gam as our matriarch, going over to Gam's for dinner every other Sunday, and always being welcome at her table for Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving dinners, even up until recently - we never thought that there was anything that a woman "couldn't" do.

Most importantly for Alex, Gam was alive long enough to meet his infant son Jack, so named not as much for our grandfather, Jack Saegert, as like my choice of her father's name Thomas Maxwell for my own son, out of respect for the love we knew Gam had for these two men.

The place I will catch Gam's spirit the most is at the Cribbage table at Fairwood.

It was special for me to play Gam in cribbage. She sat across from you and you had all her attention for the length of the game, for some reason it always seemed to be her and me. And I never knew her to turn down a game. But it wasn't just cribbage played at that table... The summer I was 17 and worked at the Ojibway, I would never admit it back then but I may have spent a few nights not going out on purpose because I really didn't mind staying in and playing cribbage with her. One time, she was entertaining some of her bridge friends, I want to say it was Charity Grant and Mrs. Williams, but I'm not sure if that is right, but anyway, they

gam

were expecting a fourth, but that person was either delayed, or unable to make it at all... Like a lamb suddenly realizing a pack of wolves had it cornered, the 3 septuagenarians all fixed their gaze on me, and sure enough – I was the 4th. Arguments ensued about the “right” way to teach me to play bridge, but for that day at least, they got to play their bridge...

The best story however, and what I think best describes the spirit I catch when I sit at that cribbage table, much the way she would reminisce about playing cribbage against her father, was the little nuggets of card playing expressions that were once passed down to her and that she passed down when we played, like how her father always said it was best to throw a king and an ace into your opponents kitty even if it meant breaking up your own hand. Counting out my hand with my cards in my hand was met with an intolerant – “put them down!”... and when I would count out my points – even if it was only fifteen-two, fifteen-four, I’d get a quasi-stern “More than you deserve...” As I quickly pegged away whatever small ration of points I was allowed.

This past summer, my young family and I were up at the cottage for a week at the beginning of July. My wonderful wife Christina is always eager to get skunked at a game of cribbage and we played in the evenings. One evening we left the cribbage board out and the next morning before we could put it away, our four year-old Thomas asked “How do you play this game.” The explanation of using cards to move your peg forward was a bit too complicated, so we started him on a game where each player turned over the top card of the deck and got to move their pegs ahead the corresponding number. This game amused him to no end (as long as he would win) and even Tam had to play against him. At one point, he turned over a 5 or a 6, to which I naturally grumbled – “more than you deserve...”

His very next turn, when he turned over a 7, he said, in the way only a 4 yearold can, “More than I deserve! More than I deserve!!” dancing and with a big smile on his face.... The spirit lives on and maybe someday

Thomas will be playing cribbage with his grand-kids and pass on those same expressions.

As we remember Gam and pass on the stories, some heard here today and still others heard over the next few days, months and years, we will also pass on, sometimes without even realizing, the expressions and spirit that she passed on to us, along with the character and perseverance she displayed throughout her life. And as we do, we become conduits – passing on not only the story of her life, but how she lived it, for generations to come.

Jeannine Saegert Memories:

I remember when I was at the Bank of Nova Scotia making a deposit, two tellers were discussing their respective mother-in-law as being impossible. Knowing the tellers I promptly said, “sorry to hear that but I have the nicest mother-in-law in the world. She is beautiful both on the outside, inside, understanding, will support you and be there for you. Little did I know that someone who knew her was standing next to me and promptly called her to let her know how I felt about her. What more can anyone ask for. She’s a very special person.

Kim Saegert:

The Highlight of the Summer of 1988 - By Kimberly (Saegert) Darlington

I spent the summer of 1988 at Fairwood with Gam – I was 16 and had a coveted job working in the gift shop and post office at the Ojibway Club. I had the use of the 15-horsepower tin boat (not yet christened the Minnow) and use it I did, mainly to attend parties at various cottages nearly every night. It didn’t matter if the moon was full and night visibility

was good, or whether there was no moon and it was poor, if there was a party somewhere I was out on the lake in that little boat at night. If it rained I still went out. If there was a thunderstorm, with lightning, I still went out, convinced that because I was wearing rubber-soled sneakers, sitting on a rubber cushion, and touching only the rubberized handle of the boat I would be just fine if lightning struck. Gam was always horrified to hear my little boat making its way home across the bay in the midst of one of these storms – she figured I should have just stayed over wherever I was. But I would stubbornly chug along in the darkness and pouring rain, looking forward to the next fork of lightning that would give me a quick snapshot of the rocks and by which I could then navigate my way home. Nearly every one of these parties was held at cottages where no adults were present – the kids were up at the cottage working for the summer, without their parents. (Parties dwindled significantly on weekends.) Because Gam was always at Fairwood, it never even crossed my mind that I would be hosting a party that summer. However, over dinner one night in early August, Gam said to me, “Well, you can’t just go to parties all summer, you have to host one as well, you know. That’s the way it’s done. Now I’m not having any guests up next week, so invite your friends for next Thursday night.” I was surprised, but I did as I was told. My friends were intrigued, as no one my age had ever been to Fairwood. The evening in question arrived, and after dinner I did the dishes as usual while Gam packed up her reading material and announced that she would be spending the evening in Tam’s little cabin. My hosting skills were pretty limited, but I cleared out some room in the pantry to set up a couple of coolers filled with ice for people’s beer, put out a few bowls of chips and pretzels, and lit the kerosene lamps. Then I lay on the porch swing and waited. Dusk settled in and people arrived. Then more people arrived. Boats were tied to boats on all sides of the dock, reaching nearly across the channel. It was a beautiful night and there were people partying inside the cottage, on the porch, out front on the rock, and even in the garden. People showed up that I had never even met before, including older kids (by older I mean 21 or so) that were legendary among us younger ones.

People came up to me for days afterward to say there was something special about the atmosphere in that little cottage that night. Rather than the drinking games and loud ghetto blaster music that were typical at most of the parties, someone started playing the pump organ, and someone else had brought a guitar and was singing, and they played “The House of the Rising Sun” until the organ player was red in the face from all the pumping. An animated 4-handed game of cribbage started up. People sat outside on the chairs and stared up at the stars, talking. Every now and then I thought about Gam sleeping (or not) in Tam’s cabin, but mostly I was having the time of my life. Before we knew it, the sun was starting to come up. A few stragglers were sleeping on some of the beds upstairs and were still there in the morning. When I woke up Gam was in the kitchen, as usual, making Red River. I introduced those who were still there and we grabbed a bite of toast and headed off to work at the Ojibway. As soon as we were down the path the comments started. “Wow, your grandma was here the whole time last night? She is the COOLEST! I can’t believe she let you have a party like that. My parents or grandparents would NEVER let me have a party like that.” “Actually, she insisted that I have the party,” I told them casually. “She said it’s the way things are done up here.” I worked up at the Ojibway for the next two summers, and I must say she never asked me to host a party again. However, I do know that she told the story of “Kimberly’s party” many times on her cocktail party circuit, which comprised many of the grandparents of the young people in my party circle. I think she relished the fact that because of me, she knew not only the goings-on of the teenage crowd, but also the latest information about who was up and for how long, thanks to my central information-management role at the post office. I may not have always been easy to put up with, but thanks to me, she could speak with authority on these matters with her social set!

Alex Saegert:

Many people in our family remember me during family dinners, sitting alone in the kitchen and hovering over a pot of Kraft dinner or hot dogs while everyone else prepared to enjoy turkey, or ham, or roast beef. What you may not realize is that while you sat in the living room, enjoying your second cocktails, Gam would come and find me in the kitchen, and we'd have a nice, quiet visit while she finished preparing the meal. It meant a lot for me to share that time with her.

Mavis McKenzie Cecil:

Gam has always been both terrifying and the best ally a frightened child could ask for. On the one hand, she taught me one of the greatest life lessons: everything there is to know about the classic chocolate chip cookies in Joy of Cooking (I still remember the page number), at Dunbar, surrounded by vintage bakelite cake mixers, the constant 'wood bug' crusade and the storage cupboard that seemed to contain solely plates of butter warmed to room temperature for making cookies with; and also at Fairwood, with the oven that is impossible to get to the right temperature, and the total absence of a decent spatula for turning the last dregs of batter into a cookie, rather than the inevitable lickums.

She also stood up for me when I wanted to wear trousers (shock horror!) on new year's eve; and in fact she stood up for me on every occasion that I can think of. She even humoured my obsession with turtles.

On the other hand - the fierceness! I used to be completely hushed at Dunbar when she took her afternoon nap, lest I disturb Gam's repose. And I quaked in my bare feet when I got told off once for doing something bad to a propane light at Fairwood. I don't think I ever touched another lamp again.

Mike Fyshe:

Mike Fyshe moved to Toronto, and his god-mother Anne generously offered him a room at her home on Lamport Ave. Mike stayed with the family for his first 3-4 months in Toronto, until he got himself his own place. Now it was traditional for the Fairlie household to have strawberries for dessert while they are in season. Mike unfortunately for him, hated strawberries, and was just aghast that they ate strawberries every night. Eventually it became too much for him to bear, and one evening he burst out “do you people ever eat anything besides strawberries!?” Anne thought this was hilarious! Mike fondly remembers his godmother for always being there for him, supporting him, loving him, taking her role of godmother very seriously.

Chris Fyshe:

One of my biggest regrets when I left for Australia was no longer being able to attend Anne’s New Year’s Eve parties. It was there that I made firm friends with a tall cousin. It was the highlight of my social calendar. I remember conversations with 3 generations and great plans being hatched. There you go.

Briar Busby Fyshe:

Also a cottage story. One rainy cottage day when all the children were making sculptures out of modelling clay. After much ado with colour, squashing, and singing, each child presented Anne with their creation. My daughter’s was a tiny ant with a red bow, she happily proclaimed it “aunt ant,” the last child was to present their creation was my son. He was a little worried about his creation. He put a little ball with teeth in her hand, she proclaimed it “Eeeeeexquisite.” Quinton beamed. Anne is the best gift receiver in the world, especially when they are gifts from children.

Kayla Fyshe:

My fondest memory of Aunt Anne is another cottage story. Aunt Anne was the person who taught me how to play cribbage on the large cribbage board/table. Aunt Anne was a celebrated cribbage player who knew all the rules and all the ways to get points. But when she taught me she never called ‘muggins’ on me, she pointed out the points I missed and moved up my pegs accordingly. I felt so special she I was playing with her, I had her all to myself, and she made me feel like a grown up.

Quin Fyshe:

His fondest memory is of aunt Anne sitting us down at the table at the cottage. She wanted us to know how to pass on food at meal time, which was always a family affair. All we had to say was “no thank you” and we did not have to eat what was being offered. “There is no point in wasting food” she would say. This gave Quin (a picky eater) great joy and secured aunt Anne in his 4 year old heart forever.

Ian Fairlie:

Some of my favourite memories of Aunt Anne are from the Fairwood cottage. Aunt Anne is one of the very best cooks I have ever known, and among her most notable dishes were roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, often followed by wild blueberry pie. Many times in my youth, when evening came I was invited to dinner – and I have always accepted with great pleasure.

Catherine Fairlie:

Like Chris, one of my favourite memories is of the annual New Year’s

party at Dunbar. I haven't gone for so many years since I moved to British Columbia, so my memories are of being a very young girl. At times it was intimidating being among so many very tall Fairlies and Fyshes. But Aunt Anne always smiled at me and made me feel so welcome. It was one of my very favourite family events.

Suse Wilson:

Ever practical, Anne knew exactly how to keep her growing teen-aged Fairlie sons happy and healthy when they returned home after school. She permitted her fondly referred to "L-shaped sons" to eat any amount of ice cream, kept in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator, and anything on a particular cupboard shelf, daily restocked with fruit, home-made baking and store bought treats.

Deb Williams:

When we had birthday parties at Adrienne's or Mum's, Anne would tell stories about when she lived in India. They were amazing, wonderful, just amazing – and everyone who was there laughed and loved them. What a wonderful lady!

Clare Coulter:

Fairwood: Anne : 6:am, having put the red river in the double boiler on to cook on the propane stove, Anne goes down to the water for her private swim.

Anne, washing the sheets, wringing them out, bent over a watery crevice in the rock. hanging them on the line.

Anne, serving blueberry pie at the table in the blue floor painted dining room, only to those who had picked blueberries that day.

Anne, at cocktail hour in the screened in porch.

Anne, in the outboard motor, her head scarf tied in jaunty fashion.

Lamporte Avenue: the kitchen, and the absence of Miss Rose. the kitchen breakfast nook, and the question: "what's on for today, darling?"

Lamport Avenue: the beautiful house and the absence of John. the dining room table: the absence of John.

Dunbar Road: and the colour apple green. a new beginning.

Dunbar Road: and Sunday evening's stories: Anne: listening: entranced, curious to the last detail, magnetic, dancing eyes, laughing, "oh, darling. Really?!!"

Sunday dinner over, Anne retires down to the library to watch her series, and knit somebody a sweater, scarf: asleep, or not asleep, she hears you coming for a goodnight kiss, "goodnight darling, come again soon. love to see you!"

walking away from Anne: Rosedale, the houses, the trees, the evening.

"come again soon. love to see you!"

Christie Thomas:

When I think of Anne I am reminded of the New Year's Eve parties. She was always a gracious host amongst the sometimes crazy antics. (And there were definitely always crazy antics with Matt and his friends.)

I also remember Christmas Eve parties at the Godfrey's. All of my memories are so entangled together with your family. I remember all of

you coming to swim at our house on Roxborough. It's like we were always at these places together – these Rosedale rituals... and your Mom's place on New Year's Eve on Dunbar was definitely one of the best of them. I think Anne held her grace amidst the craziness the same way my Mom did. Perhaps raising an eyebrow...and/or having another drink. Nothing really fazed them, despite the fact that there was always that Rosedale standard to keep up...(don't let the neighbours know)...but I feel as they got older they didn't really care as much.

I also think it was Anne who told us about how much they used to drink - including through pregnancy. I had just had my second child Trevor, and I was shocked. I went home and asked my Mom, "Did you drink throughout your pregnancy with me?" "It's a funny thing," she said. "I was feeling really nauseous (this was in August that I was born), so I went to the doctor to ask him if it was the tonic water that was making me feel so ill."

I also think of bridge games, particularly the ones that my mother went to with Anne. I remember one time that my mother came over and Anne informed her that they were taking the subway to the game. They had just about reached the bottom of the stairs at Sherbourne station when my mother fell. But my mother got up dabbing the bleeding gash on her leg, and they got on the subway and off they went to bridge...because "you have to go bridge! You can't just not show up!" I think my mother was still bleeding by the time they got there.

And it was your mother who played bridge with mine the night before Hallie had her heart attack. I am also thinking that it was your mother that said how lucky my mom was (to die that way).

They were very classy women. They were definitely brought up in a different era that I feel we won't see again.

Gam

*Ninetieth Birthday Tribute, Thanksgiving Oct 9th 2005
script as read out from a marquee in the Dunbar Garden*



ANDREW

It is said to be a Chinese curse – “May you live in interesting times” but this is a curse that we are here to celebrate.

TAM

Mum, Gam, Anne is 90 today, and in those 90 years she has seen and been a part of changes which could hardly be imagined by Olivia and Max Fyshe (or Amah and Daddygrand) ninety years ago.

JOHNNY

To most of the people of a younger generation here it is amazing to consider the range of changes that have occurred during that period. A century in which we began to understand how machines could transform every aspect of our lives, the first air travel, the first space travel.

1915 is right at the beginning of a modern era, the whole idea of a radical and modern way of thinking - everything was becoming new. The

first Model T's, electrification of homes and transport. Energy has been unleashed that has changes our lives. Now we have moved towards a whole new frontier, of alternative energies and global energy issues.

MAX

Boundaries have disappeared and more than ever we need to remember history and the foundations of these new changes. This is a century that has moved from Cavalry charges to Bunkerbusters. This has been the century of political upheaval, a century of 'isms' the rise and fall of Fascism, Communism, and the making of Canada as an independent nation.

SARAH

We think of all this as history but Gam has actually lived through this history.

1915, the year of her birth, was also the year of her great-grandmother Anna Leonowen's death, she who had been such a strong influence on the family emphasising the importance of education and social contribution.

MAX

It was also a world at war, a world newly acquainted with the transformation of energy, of machinery that could deliver men and supplies to far off battlefields. And Canada was a key foundation of the British Empire, the granary, the supplier of key raw materials. It was this boundless optimism that had taken Max Fyshe out to Calgary to build a residential development for the city expansion and then move far afield to Long Island, or Tulsa Oklahoma.

TAM

Mum has always been able to pull together her remembrances of her childhood in a way that brings it all alive to the listener. The pink house on Viewmount Avenue in Montreal was the centre of an extended family community with her grandmother 'Nan' living in the house next door

and a collection of eccentric aunts in close contact. Nevertheless it was also a quiet world where it was possible to string up tennis net across the street and play with Taffy or practice her Blondin balancing techniques of walking down the guard railing tops. This world conjured up through her family stories is ordered, enterprising and confident of purpose.

Primroses, Fyshes, Stirlings Baynes, Redpaths, the merchants, bankers, the doctors, business entrepreneurs that laid the foundation for our country. And then there were others like Aunt Avis Fyshe whose Fyshe Studio set an example of what a single woman could do as an artist.

KIM

This is an extraordinary foundation for a life.

And Gam has long been able to hold onto all these threads and create a context for her own life and her families.

And so her childhood in Montreal, New York and Tulsa occurred in a time of general change and dislocation, the roaring twenties, the music, the radical new thought. The culture of the people was suddenly everywhere and Canada flourished as nation with its own voice and destiny.

PETER

Who would have imagined that one of the two children that Amah had collected from the destitution in Peace River would return as the dashing officer who in 1933 appeared at Mum's school in Boston to take her out on an excursion. Mum has recalled her delight and the awe of her friends peering down wistfully at this glamorous acquaintance.

Invited as a family on a trip to Europe only Mum was able to go on an excursion with Aunt Ava as chaperone. Jack proposed to her on the shores of Loch Ness. In saying yes to marriage, as a girl of only 18, Mum was entering a great adventure of her early years – adventure and uncertainty.

The adventure took them to Madras, Bangalore and then to Mandalay, where Mum learned the privileges and pitfalls of the life of the Mem Sahib living in their bungalow in the Fort.

What emerges from her stories was that Mum was able to see both sides, the official side and the human consequences, the beauty of the Burmese people, perhaps their horror at the vibrant red hair of her newborn son and of the fact that as a mother she could see the tragedy of the mother of a child with plague.

At 24 on the brink of the next great cataclysm and Jack determined to play his part in Europe, Mum and her 3 year old son, on a diet of only bacon and prunes returned to Canada.

ALEX

The picture on the invitation is of Gam displaying her skill in assembling Brenn guns at the John Inglis factory in Toronto. What strikes about the photograph are her beauty, but also her determination and pride in playing a personal role in the cause.

DAVE

It was at this time that she met a woman who was to become a best friend. She too had a husband at war in Europe. She too was bringing up a red headed son. Kay Wells with her boundless exuberance and humour became a joyful influence on us all.

But behind all of this what anxiety knowing that her husband in North Africa had been to last man out of Mersa Metruh and then presumed dead until surfacing in an Italian prisoner of war camp.

ALEX

The end of the war brought Jack back to Canada and gave Mum the task of nursing him through the final stages of his tuberculosis. When he died in 1947, Peter was only 10 years old.

DAVE

Marrying Dad, John Fairlie, in 1948, Mum again became part of the community building the new Canada. With a strong sense of the purpose of progress the growing family moved from Toronto to Montreal and Winnipeg. In each of these cities a network of friends expanded. What is remarkable is the range of these friendships and how this group of people grew into their role of creating a new kind of society and a more inclusive and open culture in Canada.

We realise how privileged we have been as part of this context who have come to represent the voice of Canada on the international level.

The Archibalds, the Wells, the Wilsons, the Lambert, the Godfreys, the Davies, Sue Wilde, Charity Grant, all the many friends from Winnipeg and Montreal.

These names all conjure up the exuberance, the curiosity, the accessibility of people who have achieved remarkable things in their lifetimes.

TAM

Their travels together to Japan, the Far East, Egypt and the Middle East gave us all a perspective on the wider world. Dad's interest in the developing culture of Canada, his interest in the Arctic, in oil exploration but also in the arts, and the architecture of the new cities, in the Symphony and in particular building his own collection of contemporary Canadian artists was far-seeing and ambitious.

MATT

After Dad's death Mum was left with the daunting task of bringing up three teenagers.

With each one of her four sons she has had a relation which is individual and seems to each especially unique. And such important

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



Andrew Fairlie



Heather Fairlie



Alex, Bill Lambert, Peter



Christine Deacon



Matt & Anelyse Forster



Briar Busby Fyshe



Tam and Kim



Suse Wilson



Ken Langford & Elizabeth



Tim Fyshe



Wendy Fyshe Tonkin



Mike Fyshe



Wood Fairlie



The Balcony Scene

moments together – the trip to New York, the Iroquois Hotel and our room with the missing doorknob, Expo 67, our annual ski adventures in the Laurentians and Townships. How we laughed together at our own and others foibles and felt the strength of being a family,

DAVE

There were also other communities around the home that Mum created. We all have memories of the lodgers who appeared in our lives, of our cousin Clare and her well dramatised exploits in the theatre, of Francis the hairdresser and Bunny, of Schu Liu the medical artist and his ‘Good Morning Mista Far Lee’ Those extra rooms at Lamport were always put to good use.

Mum has made us aware of that wider world where everyone has a right to a voice. She has made an inclusive world and led by example of what she believes important.

TAM

Mum has shown how important a sense of purpose and public service is. The groups that she has belonged to, the Preventorium, the Women’s’ Committee at the Art Gallery, the Central Hospital and her work supporting Out of the Cold and for Meals on Wheels, until really quite recently delivering meals ‘to old people’

We all have had a special and individual relationship with Mum. Each of us has felt special and has special types of memories.

TAM

Like a wonderful trip to Greece which did have some less planned moments – like sleeping one night in the foyer of a hotel in Naupflion

DAVE

Her love of gadgets and adaptability to the new. Of course she never

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



Tam & Kim



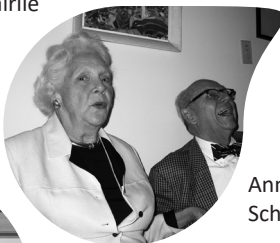
Ian and Marnie Fairlie



Howard Joy



Johnny Stone



Ann & Reid
Schroeder



Sarah &
Mum



Alison &
Susan Coady



Bunty Williams



Joan Redpath
(Miner) Markham



Stuart Fairlie & Bill
McKenzie



Claudia



Marion Lambert



Howard Joy &
Grace McKenzie



Marnie Fairlie

washed any of them.

TAM

Or the sweater projects – so many knitted sweaters for her sons, her grandchildren. I remember one sweater that nearly reached my ankles a splendid Icelandic pattern and wondering what on earth could she have been thinking.

DAVE

One of the great things about Mum has been that she has always looked after people expecting the best – people like Aunt Kay Wells and Taffy she made the commitment to keep them going.

MATT

At Dunbar she has created a centre for the family bringing us all together, for conversation and wonderful meals. Every year we have had our Christmas or New Year's party. Everything is thought out beforehand, the food has been assembled over months and it always seems to come together effortlessly, the table is covered with delicacies, the tongues that looked so rudimentary a few days before transformed, all traditions are observed all at the last minute. And it always seems so effortless, a magic that just seemed to 'happen'

KIM

And if you want to talk about the latest film or find out what everyone is reading, or find out what they actually do talk about in the New Yorker, it has been Dunbar where we all congregate.

We celebrate an amazing thread which ties us all back through an eventful past. It has been able to hold us all together for so many years.

ALEX

In Her Own Words - and Then Some



Jack Tonkin



John Fairlie



Bill Lambert



Johnny and
Susie Stone



Saegert Family



Peter Saegert



Jane O'Neil



Annie O'Brien



Matt and David



Betty Fyshe Jr.



Geoff Lash

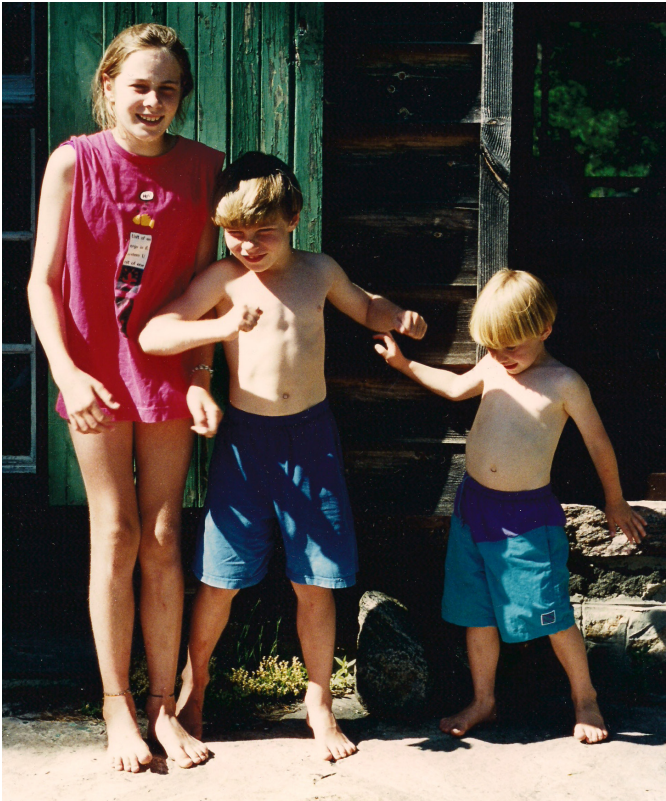


Gam

And so today is a true Thanksgiving for all of this which we share and for Gam, Mum, Anne who has made us aware of this that we share.

MAX

We toast Gam, Mum, Anne for the loving person who has drawn us all together today and as the example that she has shown to us of love, of friendship and of participation in the community. This is a thanksgiving to her. She has given her love to us all.



Some Nursery Rhymes, Favorite Poems and Songs

We All Remember:

*It was late last night when my lord came home
A calling for his lady-O!
But the servants cried on every side
She's gone with the raggie taggled gypsies-O!*

*Mother may I go in to swim?
Why yes my darling daughter:
Hang your clothes on the hickory limb
And don't go near the water!*

*Adam and Eve and Pinch-Me
Went down to the river to bathe
Adam and Eve were drowned
Who do you think was saved?*

*Railroad crossing! Look out for the cars
Now how do you spell it without any 'R's'*

*If you're an honest gentleman
As I take you for to be
You'll neither laugh nor smile
When I tickle you on the knee.*

*Well! said the duckling, well!
As he looked at his broken shell
If this is the world I dreamed about
It's a very great pity I ever came out!*

*At Flores, in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far away;
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"*

*The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"*

*And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!*

*Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare.
All along, down along, out along lea.
For I want for to go to Widecombe Fair,
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Old Uncle Tom Copley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Copley and all.*

The life of a guard is terribly hard, says Alice.

gam



