83 Kellogg Hill Road
Weston, Conn 06880

Feb. 12, 1973

Letter from Alice after Uncle Bill Harrington's death.

Dearest Annie:

Hope you had a happy birthday, though I fear it was a sad day, if it was anything like Wednesday the seventh, when I came home from the hospital. You had already had the sad news, which I was grateful to have deferred till I got home. Even then it hit me terribly. Those winter months when he was here gave me a warm, loving circle of love, where all my best memories of Canada were centered — all the little shared

jokes, and recollections, and chatter about the old days. And it was so lovely to have my children and step children know that particular blend of humor and kindliness that I feel so fortunate to have been a part of. My friends all loved his simplicity, and wisdom and unpretentiousness. Windy and Bill and he were an unforgettable threesome, tossing nonsensical quips to, fro by the fire. I hate to have to tell them. Like all the kids, they loved him dearly - It was really lovely that you had that time with him last summer. I wonder how many thousands of letters he must have written in his time to all the far flung family. He used to tap out his letters here in the dining room, so concerned and interested in every last one

of us. Every one should have an Uncle Bill. I wish I could have had his sunshine for the rest of my life, but I guess we'll just have to try and recall his recipe & keep it circulating.

I was so glad to have your most recent letter today. Herewith my share of the flowers. They sounded really lovely.

I had a nice chat with Ruth on the phone tonight — on my new, unlisted, private "hot" line — Bright red Princess phone in my study. Try me sometime — no one answers but me — 203 — 227 — 5926. I asked if you ever got your

Re: to my lost or stolen suitcase between London to Paris.

clothes back and was fascinated to learn abor how the French ladies accoutered you.

We'll be in Seattle with the George Schairers, arriving at 2:30 on Saturday, March 3rd and leaving on Monday, March 5th at 7:30 p.m. Hope to see Barbara. Don't have her address. Bored you spare a moment and drop it in the mail to me. Then San Francisco 5-6, Monterey 7-8 and L.A. 8-12. We start off with a few days rest at La Costa near San Diego, Feb. 23 - Mar. 3. We'll see Windy and Bill in San Franc. Gus will be mostly doing T.V. & Radio Shows and some biz in Seattle.

good luck with the Diorama mum told me about.

Much, much love

Alley -

from Alice

4/6/81

A few comments on the Puritan Heritage!

I always wondered what exactly was the religious persecution that the Mayflower colonists were fleeing, notably our ancestor, Edward Winslow.

Interesting is the fact that our mother carried the religious viewpoint of the colonists forward rather than our father — the theme of anti-catholicism and anti-anglicanism — The Puritan theme of "the pure word of God."

I was looking back on my childhood & were remember mother's anti-Jew entry into the Anglican church, while never learning The Creed. Her blueprint was a very simple christianity based on heuristics — "Love the Lord thy God .... and thy neighbor as thyself." and the 10 commandments — esp. Honor thy Parents, & all the "Thou shalt nots..." and keep Holy the Sabbath."

This explains to me why I am so at home among Jewish values. ... which has led me from the "shalt nots" into the more positive "Thou shalts" — a liberation that the Puritans did not ~~stress~~ share.

I always wondered why great-grandmother Dawson's parents were so against ~~tatt~~ the marriage of her daughter to Wm. Dawson — & was so bitter that I feel the answer has to be in religious strife. I'm not clear what the Scottish situation was in 1800, but suspect

it was rooted in religious differences – The Scottish Church certainly was Protestant – but within this Protestantism there must have been differences. William & his family – William & Harvard – Harvard and its Hebraic early (1636) leanings. Wm. speaking Hebrew – who knows? Wasn't Wm. a student at Harvard? In 1800 were the Hebraic roots still visible at Harvard – I don't know.

When did the U.E.L's depart from Protestantism and take up Anglicanism? The Harrington's, who also emanated from Boston, remained Protestant – but I believe were also U.E.L's.

It is interesting how one's views are shaped by glances, body motions, tones of voice, innuendoes, customs. Maybe you don't remember how I was not allowed to play tennis on Sunday – how movies & cards were banned on Sunday – How mum stumpled with the entry of whisky in to the cellarette in the dining room. Shades of the Dawsons! There was religious unity on the surface, and maybe through the epidermis, but imperceptible differences showed through like veins show through skin. Mother was at heart "a pure word of God – er."

I find my path into Judaism quite clearly follows these veins. How else was I so at home in Jerusalem, so stirred by Father Abraham, so familiar with the Books of Moses. It's been a fascinating odyssey, only becoming clear in hindsight.

AWS

# The Indestructible Jews

*An action-packed journey through 4,000 years of history*

MAX I. DIMONT

A NEW REVISED EDITION

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TIMES MIRROR

sian Jews were the brilliant innovators of the Jewish Enlightenment, but the social parvenus; and the American Jews were the intellectual parvenus, tolerated by the German and Russian Jews because of their economic power. Half a century later, when Jewish history emerged from the wringer of two Christian world wars, the German Jews had vanished, the Russian Jews had been reduced to an impotent mass, and the American Jews had become the leaders of Diaspora Judaism.

To untangle the skein of these intertwining events, let us first delineate the fortunes and adventures of the Jewish people in the North American continent, then examine the social forces that incarcerated the Russian Jews in communist enclaves, and finally assess the barbaric acts of the heirs to the Holy Roman Empire that eliminated the Jews from the European scene.

### *Jews and God in Capitalist America*

Two thousand years ago, the Hellenic drawing room was the laboratory where a new Judaism was hammered out for survival in the second act. Today, the American living room is the laboratory where a new Judaism is being hammered out for survival in the coming third act. But before examining the nature of the Jewish condition in present-day United States, let us review that phase of American history that set Jewish destiny upon a new vector.

The real hero in American history is not man but spirit, a spirit which has unconsciously spun an American manifest destiny as a spider instinctively spins a web. The growth of the American continent from the private hunting ground of Indians to the dominant world power in less than four centuries is an inspiring example of the power of fiction over fact.

American history is a paradox that proceeds like a dream on two levels. On one level, it consists of solemn phrases of peace, uttered with conviction. On the second, it consists of actions completely contradictory to these verbal statements. While piously reciting George Washington's admonition of "no foreign entanglements," the United States has become the chief meddler in world politics. While sincerely preaching that she sought no man's territory, she has erected the largest commercial empire in the history of man. While proclaiming that she was but a small-time hick with no diplomatic skill, she has carted off most of the blue chips from the world's diplomatic gaming tables. While loudly proclaiming a fierce intention to fight for democracy anywhere, she has never entered a war of liberty on behalf of others without being forced to do so by world events or self-defense. Thus, while loudly professing innocence, ineptitude, and virtue, the United States has become the twentieth century's leading world power, as sincerely blind to the disparity between her words and deeds today as she ever was.



Two factors have helped shape America's destiny—the spirit of the frontier and the spirit of the Puritans. From 1607, when the vast American continent was informally opened, until 1890, when it was formally closed, the frontier has been a dominant influence in the shaping of American history. To the European mind, this frontier was a fixed line that delineated the end of influence; to the American mind it was a fluid zone that invited settlement. As explorers followed by trappers fleeing the settlers all trekked to the Pacific, a new frontier, like the Eldorado of the Conquistadores, beckoned from across the Pacific—the vast landmass of Asia.

The spirit of the frontier was merged into a political manifest destiny by the Puritans. Originally seceders from the Reform Church of England in the time of Queen Elizabeth, they were so called because they stood for a more radical purification of Catholic elements than the Anglican Church allowed. The sole authority of the Puritans, like that of the Karaites, was the "pure word of God" without "note or comment." In the seventeenth century, as England entered her period of religious wars, the Puritans, who cursed Anglicans and papists with equal vehemence, were ripe for persecution. They headed for America in search of freedom.

Except for their worship of Jesus, the Puritans were as

Jewish in spirit as Job, who had made his way into the Old Testament as a canonized Gentile. The Puritans in England regarded themselves primarily as Hebraists. They took the Old Testament as their model of government and tried to reshape the Magna Carta in its image. The original Magna Carta did not care about the people or their rights. Its sixty-four dry paragraphs (two of them devoted to how to cheat the Jews) gave concessions to predatory lords. Not until 300 years later, after the English Puritans, inspired by the Old Testament and guided by Talmudic precedents, began to reinterpret the Magna Carta in their struggle for individual rights, did it become a charter of freedom for the people.

The British rulers rightly regarded the Puritans as Jewish fellow-travelers, and when they departed for the Colonies, the British ruling class wrote them off as good riddance. In America, the Puritans modeled their new homeland upon Old Testament principles. When Harvard University was founded in 1636, Hebrew along with Latin was taught as one of the two main languages. Governor Cotton wanted to make the Mosaic Code the law of Massachusetts, and Hebrew at one point almost became the official language of that state.

The principles of the United States Constitution and constitutional law derive from this Puritan heritage. The framers of the Constitution were familiar with the techniques used by the Jews for amending their Torah with Talmud, though they did not envision the body of constitutional law that was to grow out of their Constitution any more than Moses envisioned the body of Talmudic law that was to grow out of his Torah. But the Constitution of the United States came to function in American political life much as the Talmud had functioned in Jewish life. Like the Talmud, it created a spirit of law through the judicial arm rather than the legislative, for whereas Congress makes the laws, the Supreme Court can affirm or nullify those laws with its power to interpret their constitutionality. Just as Hai Gaon in Islamic times expanded the power of the Talmud in every area of Jewish life from commerce to morals, so Chief Justice Marshall in nine-



teenth-century America expanded constitutional law into every segment of American political and civil life.

The Puritans transformed the Jewish concept of a religious manifest destiny into a political manifest destiny, believing it was God's will that Americans should rule the continent and the seas beyond, a mystique that gave the Colonists ideas of grandeur undeterred by reality. Even while the future United States consisted of but thirteen scraggly colonies, American revolutionaries, not knowing whether a patriot's medal or hangman's noose awaited them, grandiosely named their governing body the "Continental Congress" and their army the "Continental Army." An incident that occurred during the Revolutionary War suggests how thoroughly the Puritans identified themselves with the Spirit of the Old Testament and the spirit of a manifest destiny. When Colonel (later General) Ethan Allen ordered the British commander at Ticonderoga to surrender, the British general haughtily asked, "In whose name?" Allen insouciantly answered, "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

It was the Liberty Bell, with its inscription from Leviticus (25:10): "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," that, in the Jewish tradition, rang out for the first reading of the Declaration of Independence. It was this Puritan spirit of initiative and destiny, carried by explorers, traders, and settlers across the continent and embedded in the American consciousness, that left a more enduring imprint on the American character than did the spirit of the frontier. From this minority group of Puritans, not from the majority groups of Anglicans and Catholics, came the main thinking of the leaders of the American Revolution and the founders of American constitutional and legislative thought.

Though the political power of the Puritans was broken in 1800, their ideology became the American ethos. By 1820, the Puritan-inspired politicians had formulated the mystique of an American manifest destiny into political slogans. Two decades later, with the Monroe Doctrine, it took on its international aspects, loftily appointing the United States the guardian of the American continents,

long before it had the power to enforce such unilateral provisions.

It was this combined spirit of frontier and Puritanism that greeted the first Jews arriving in Colonial America in the seventeenth century. This Puritan atmosphere of Colonial America has shaped the American Jew as much as Greco-Roman ideology shaped the Hellenistic Jew, the Mohammedan culture the Islamic Jew, and the Western tradition the European Jew.

The Jews reached the United States in three "ethnic" migratory waves from Spain, Germany, and Russia over a span of three centuries. When Spanish and Portuguese navigators discovered America, Jews were in the advance party, settling as early as 1500 in South America. When the Inquisition established branch offices in the New World, the Jews fled north. Thus it came about that Spanish and Portuguese Jews, fleeing from Brazil and the West Indies, settled in the Colonies as early as 1621, a year after the *Mayflower* arrived. Two centuries later came the German Jews, along with German Christians, fleeing the economic, social, and political upheavals in Germany. Toward the end of the nineteenth century came the third ethnic migratory wave. In the four decades between 1880 and 1920, religious persecution and political repression funneled two million Jews from Russia into America. But, though the fabric of American Judaism is woven from these three ancient strands of Judaism, the pattern in the fabric is uniquely American.

Why has American Judaism taken such a different course from that of European Judaism? Four factors explain it. The Spanish Jewish settlers who first came to America had no ghetto tradition and were otherwise undistinguishable in looks from the rest of the American population. They became part of the American scene from the beginning and set the pattern for other Jews to follow. Because the Colonists did away with the European system of nobles, priest, and serf, and themselves constituted the middle class of farmers, tradesmen, and artisans, the Jews, who were the middle classes in feudal Europe, were readily absorbed into the American middle class milieu. As Jews



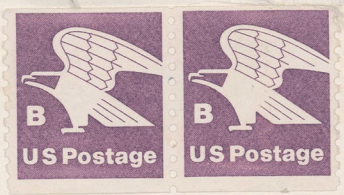
had equal protection under the laws and were part of the country's economic fabric, there was no need for them to form their own "state within a state" as they had had to do in previous challenges. Though American Jews came from the great centers of Talmudic learning in Europe, the Talmud never took root in America, and played but a minor role in the development of American Judaism. Slowly, most European-Jewish institutions vanished on American soil. And lastly, there were no ordained rabbis in America in the first two centuries of American Jewish history. The autocratic rabbinic system of Europe never had a chance to establish itself. When the rabbis did arrive, power had already passed into the hands of the Jewish congregations, in much the same manner that the power of the Anglican Church passed into the hands of the Puritan congregations.

Though the spirit of the American Jew has been forged over a period of three centuries, he lived unhistorically until the twentieth century, when capricious history placed the symbolic scepter of Diaspora Judaism in his willing or unwilling hands. Will this responsibility entrusted to him by the blind permutations of historic forces wilt in a wasteland of anti-intellectualism, or will an American-Jewish renaissance insure this culture a continued growth? Could it be that American Judaism is destined to play the same dominant role in the coming third act as Pharisee Judaism played in the second act and Sadducee Judaism in the first?

The position of the Jew in America today resembles that of the Jew in Palestine 2,000 years ago, when Pharisee Judaism slowly gained ascendance over Sadducee Judaism. Is American Judaism today similarly destined to gain ascendance over the Pharisee Judaism that has been the Judaism of the Diaspora throughout the 2,000 years of the second act?

Everything points to such a takeover. In the waning centuries of the first act, Pharisee Jews undermined and finally did away with the Sadducee cults of sacrifice, Temple, and priesthood. American Jews in the waning centuries of the second act are similarly doing away with

Mrs. Gustave Simons
45-755 Juniper Circle, VILLA 512,
PALM DESERT, CA 92260




Mrs. D. N. Byers
562 Grosvenor Ave
Montreal, P. Q. H3Y 2S7
Canada

re Uncle Bill Harrington's death.
re. ~~Grandmother~~ Dawson's sewing chest in ~~Palm~~ Desert

Enclosure "The Indestructible Jews"
by Max Dimont

The Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul
3415 REDPATH STREET
MONTREAL 109, P.Q.

April 5th, 1973

Mrs. Donald N. Byers,
604 Clarke Avenue,
Montreal 217, P.Q.

My dear Anne,

I find it difficult to put into words the deep appreciation which I feel for your letter of April 1st. I thank you with all my heart for writing so graciously, so beautifully, and with such kindness. During these past weeks, a number of good friends have been thoughtful enough to write me. I can honestly say that no letter has touched me more profoundly than yours.

It means so much that a discerning friend would write as you have done following my very long ministry within The Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul. The words in your letter, the pictures which you suggest, and the comments of gratitude, all make me feel how very rich and blessed my ministry has been in this dear Church. After reading your letter, I feel such warm assurance that my ministry has been indeed a good one and, I dare to think, a useful one.

It is such a blessed experience, and yet a terrifying one too, to be a Parish Minister in such a bewildering time as ours. I think I know what my "goals" are, but I am sometimes perplexed as to whether I have actually achieved my goals. Such a letter as yours is a most inspiring and heart warming answer. As I think of you, of your family, and of a great host of friends within this Church, I have such an enormous feeling of gratitude that I have been able to minister here for a generation and more.

I shall not disguise from you that it will be a severe wrench to withdraw from the Church, as I must do in a few months time. Nevertheless, I shall leave with the deep conviction that I have done the work which I was meant to do, to the best of my ability, and that a strong, united, happy, and confident Church awaits my successor. Dear Anne, I desire this last blessing so very much. I am so concerned that the new Minister of The Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul will begin his ministry under happy auspices.

As you suggest in your letter, this is not the end of my ministry within the Christian Church. I hope with all my heart to find another post where I can still work with people, and where I can still share some of the riches of that Kingdom in which we all believe, and which sometimes seems so elusive. I thank you and Donald for all your kindnesses across the years. Please know that I shall continue to think of you all with such affection and pride, and shall hope that our paths will cross again many times.

Please remember me most kindly to Donald.

Yours faithfully,

R.J. Berlis

RJB:vm

The Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul
3415 REDPATH STREET
MONTREAL 109, P.Q.

MONTREAL
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1973
QUEBEC 3A


letter from Rod Berlis thanking for letter
I wrote him on his retirement, 1973.

Mrs. Donald N. Byers,
604 Clarke Avenue,
Montreal 217, P.Q.

Letter of thanks
from my mother-in-law
Mrs. Gordon Byers
from her retirement home.
She was not able to
write by hand but was
able to type with one
finger. We had just
moved into our new home
on Clarke Ave. Westmount
She was Donald Byers
mother.

A.B.

275 Brittany Avenue
December 28th.1975.

My dear Hostess;-

I feel that "Turkey and mince tart" is the appropriate label for this letter!

One can hardly mention all the factors that combined to make such a pleasant Christmas Day. Easy and efficient transportation; a warm welcome upon arrival at a festive house; reunions with old friends; and bounteous holiday fare!

The happiness that you and Donald gave all of us last Thursday will be a wonderful memory of the first Christmas in the new house and a promise of the years to come.

I am so glad that I could be with you.

With gratitude and love,

Mother

"Happy is the house that shelters a friend."

from Donald's mother

(Byers)

a s
g t
9 L b'

Hallmark

212 Brock Ave N.
Montreal West 263
June 9th, 1971

Dear little sister! (anne)

Words of thanks for many things - I expect Mother is the dearest thing in all the world to us all & because of this you have my heartfelt thanks for everything you undertook to do & accomplish last week in Almonte, for us all. It was a big assignment which I know was very tiring for you but you handled everything admirably with the end result being that when the rest of us arrived the scene was set for a happy pleasure-filled

occasion - This obviously would not have been the case had you not taken it upon yourself to carry this responsibility. You must have felt rewarded for your efforts when you saw dear sweet Mum ensconced in her living room on her sofa, dressed in her floral hostess gown looking so happy that she was home. She looked like a cat that had swallowed a canary!

As I said to Ed & Isabelle about the day, during which we all lived through our individual emotions + reactions to the unfolding of that wedding day + the entire weekend :— It was to me a heartwarming weekend of experiencing the closeness of the bonds of affection + empathy, cooperation or what have you that exists in

all the members of the family. It gives me pleasure to see this marvellous intangible thing now gaining momentum in the lives of our children - I don't believe one could wish them anything happier than that they experience the unique relationship which has enriched all our lives.

In addition to this world of thanks I now come to my birthday which was celebrated so royally this year - your present to me is absolutely fabulous. The buildup of excitement within me, at the prospect of pulling out those nasty little plugs, belonging to those ugly little lamps on either side of our Como bed & then taking them somewhere where I never have to be in such intimate terms again thrills every once of my being

& leaves me all a-tremble! I can't wait to plug in the new lamps - I may even have to invest in a new book & take myself to bed early & read late so that I can appreciate the full impact of the pleasurable sensations associated with using my new canary coloured presents. A most lavish gift which I cannot understand quite how I deserve or if I deserve. I am just grateful for whatever little thoughts percolated within you & prompted you to remember me in this way. I loved my funny card too but most especially the little handwritten sentiment on the back.

Thank you for everything

Your ever loving sister

Mary

Mother returns from hospital in Almonte and family go to celebrate her return.
Ref. to Susan Winslow-Sprague wedding June 1971



Mrs. D. N. Byers,
604 Clarke Avenue
Westmount
P.Q.

(from Mary)

Clark
Pers

A fun visit in Metis staying AT HARRINGTON HOUSE.

72 Leger Lane, Box 211, Como, P.Q. Jop 1A0 July 8, 1980

Dear Anne,

I hate the feeling that you might describe me as a little less communicative than Ed. and Isobelle! therefore I am trying to make a little ripple. We are just home from Metis, which was an unqualified success, even tho' it turned out that I had a big house to look after, and 5 people to cook for. Despite this I managed to play golf every day, and go out to parties every lunch and every night before dinner, and accept two dinner invitations, and have a dinner party for one of Dickie's friends. I decided at the end of the week that I was a damn clever housekeeper, although, I confess, I was comparing myself with Dickie's daughter who arrived by plane the first day, with her boyfriend from Alabama, and from that minute on, it was absolutely clear that she was a domestic disaster. I went into spasms when she entered the kitchen, which means that I had two spasms, once when she left Frank's prunes on 'high' for 4 hours, and once when she did the same thing to the boiled eggs. She is an expert on antique clothing in New York, and sells them, and also wears them all the time/ Most of the time she was to be seen in a purple satin blouse and voluminous pants, covered with a lace sourtout, and , on her feet, green pointed shoes with bows, which she told me was the 'silhouette' which is returning for 1980.

Well anyway, I hear that you are entertaining all the time , with practically no let up. Sometimes it's hard, but it really pays dividends in the memory.....The good times we had in Gan. etc. etc.

My red currants are dripping in the old pillowslip, and, of course, I tried to hurry up the drips, and the pillowslip was weak at the corner, and when I squeezed the bag, I covered the kitchen, and myself, with something resembling pink lava. Better than the time I boiled the little plums, ignoring the cook book, which said, 'prick each plum with a needle twice,'and I couldn't see any reason for it, until I entered the kitchen some time later to see the plums on a high boil, and flying out of the top of the preserving kettle like buckshot!

I am sending you Tyler's itinerary, which I know you will be excited to see, especially as both of us have some investment in the trip. What a lovely thing for Canada, and incidentally for Tyler and the rest. He is looking terribly handsome now, and is doing a lot of sailing at the Royal St. L. and at the Hudson Y Club, and has a marvelous suntan. The only worry is that he has lived, I guess on peanut butter in his apartment, and now weighs 170 pounds. I have told him that that is ENOUGH!

Well, I must go, I have a golf competition this afternoon which I would very much like to win. Yesterday I lost my ball on the wide open fairway on the first hole on my first shot! This costs 2 strokes, and it can dampen ones ardour.....I then landed up in 5 bunkers on the rest of the round, and considered winning a hopeless dream, when suddenly my partner started to fall apart on the final 3 holes...so I was lucky and won....but I con't count on that again. I think I'll eat a banana for lunch!

Lots of love to all

Ruth

Reminicenses of my
eldest sister
Alice Winslow-Spragge (Simons)
on the occasion of
her 50th Anniversary
which took place in
PALM DESERT CA. with
many family members
present. (Anne W-S. Byers)

Alice do you remember when you were a debutante in Montréal Mother gave a dinner party for you before one of the big BALLS.

When the pretty young ladies came upstairs to leave their coats Ruth and I peaked through the banister rails from the top floor. We had a perfect view of the ladies all dressed in their beautiful long evening gowns, white gloves and dainty silver or gold shoes.

Later when we knew you were all having dinner we crept downstairs and tried on all the evening coats. We twirled around and pretended we were movie stars.

We spent the whole evening peeking through the banisters watching and listening to the sounds of merriment.

Finally when we heard them coming back upstairs we quickly disappeared before we were caught.

Alice is and ever shall be the most wonderful elder sister anyone could ever imagine. Her gentle, tranquil nature, her loving heart and her great wisdom all combine to make her truly a pearl of great price.

She is always there for anyone in need. She cares – she shares – she looks – she listens. It is small WONDER she is so Loved by Gus AND all her FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

HAPPY 50th ANNIVERSILY
to you both

from
SISTER ANNE

communication

Consideration

Comfort

Caring

Alice and John seem to have had an affinity for molasses.

One day they made a mixture of molasses and mud and painted the side of the garage.

Another TALE:

Picture Alice at a very young age at the bottom of the kitchen stairs with her head back and her mouth wide open as John at the top of the stairs tried to pour molasses into her mouth from a bottle.

Alice advises her young sister.

from Anne -

One day I was invited out by a young man to go sailing for the day.

I was very nervous and went to Alice and told her I didn't want to go, because I was terrified that I'd run out of conversation with one man in a boat for a whole day.

Alice looked at me and smiled reassuringly and said, "You know you don't have to talk every minute of the time - Just be your own natural self".

It proved good advice because about 2 years later I married the man!

Anne -

~ PLEASE TELL US ALICE ~
WHY YOU HAVE NO MALICE
AND YOU'RE NEVER
JALLOUS OR CALLOUS
YOU DON'T DRINK FROM
A CHALICE ALICE OR LIVE IN
A PALACE ALICE.
.....
THE END AS THERE
ARE NO MORE RHYMING WORDS!

INSPITE OF ALL THAT
YOUR THE GREATEST.

~ HAPPY 50TH ANNIVERSARY ~

Dearest Anne, Thought you would like a copy of my letter to Marjorie! Hugs, Ally

Marjorie Winslow
The Rosedale
R R 1,Brockville, Ont
canada K6V 5TI

45-755 Juniper Circle, Villa 512
Palm Desert, CA 92260
November 9, 1992

Dearest Marjorie:

I was overwhelmed with delight to receive the information about your wonderful gift to the New BRUNSWICK HISTORICAL SOCIETY in Fredericton. I had no idea of your interest or that you were having the Winslow Papers restored and properly assembled and put in order. I treasure my volumn of the Winslow Papers. When my father was visiting us in Weston, probably in early 1950s, he cast his eyes over the view from our hill-top pre-revolutionary farm house and said, "You know, this used to be my country...." quite properly referring to the days when the British were the first to explore the upper waters of the Connecticut River, up to Hartford, and even to the Redcoats marching by our very house on the way to the Battle of Danbury. I often would look out of what had been the farm kitchen and picture in my mind's eye the soldiers marching across our pasture.

I actually saw the collection in about 1964, when I was visiting St. John, where Brook was attending Netherwood. The collection was then in St. John and I had occasion to want to possess a copy of a letter dealing with the invasion of Norwalk by a party of British from a frigate anchored off the shores of Westport-Norwalk. The landing party was led by none other than a Winslow. They succeeded in burning St. Paul's Church in Norwalk and making off with a number of the Reverend Mr. Lemmings possessions, including his wife's tea table, her linens and his cassock. He was a British sympathiser himself, so it was quite unfair and he was writing to another Winslow in Boston to request the restoration of his belongings. Alas for him he died in a prison in New York City of tuberculosis, and thus did not become the first Bishop of Connecticut, which he was slated to become. Bishop Seabury got the honor instead. I was able to obtain a full copy of the letter in question and contribute it to St. Paul's Church for I believe their 200th Anniversary. I never followed through on my whim to present a cassock to the priest at that time! As I recall the letters were in bundles in tin boxes.. Apparantly what you have done is quite elaborate and will preserve them in wonderful condition. How delightful that the task was completed on Grandfather E. P. Winslow's birthday, September 14. Brook says she hopes

someday to visit your bountiful restoration job in Fredericton. She has just beautifully framed a marvellous family tree of the Winslow descendents made by sister Anne. When I telephoned her to tell her of your letter, she immediately looked for your name on the newly framed Family Tree, but wished that all the names of her generation could have been included, which of course would have required much more room than therein available. She would like to know from you the full names and birthdays of your two children. Her o wn daughter being adopted makes it of particular interest, and makes this cousin relationship particularly precious. To Alicia Dolly, they would be second cousins if I have it right.

Gus and I finally, after living in New England for over thirty years went up to see the Mayflower when we were in Connecticut in 1991. We also got to see the Town of Marshfield and the 1699 Winslow House, the only Loyalist dwelling that was not burned down by the Patriots, and survives to this day as it was then. It owes its survival to Dr. Isaac Winslow who was revered by everyone because he saved the town from small pox, being the first to use the newly discovered smallpox vaccine. We met the (Thomas descendants) custodians, who live next door, and were taken in to see the interior--fascinating--to just step back in history, and tread the boards of one's ancestor. I wonder if you have seen the book by Cynthia Hagar Krusell and Betty Magoun Bates, called MARSHFIELD, A Town of Villages 1640-1990. We purchased it, and find it most interesting. It was published by the Historical Research Associates, Marshfield Hill, MA 1990. The little local society was trying desperately to find contributers to battle termites. They had just repaired the roof. I only wish we were close by so I could pop in and show it to you. I will try and photocopy a few bits of particular interest.

I cannot begin to express enough appreciation for what you have done, not only for our entire connection, but for future scholars. You have truly created an historical monument, which along with your many beautiful sculpture pieces make you a most remarkable and notable CAnadian., I salute you! I am most impressed by the amount of money it required, but more so by the value you place on saving a decent and fine heritage for those of us who follow and hopefully carry foreward.

Gus joins me in respectful salutations and much love,

Alice

Included

Jacket of MARSHFIELD BOOK depicting Winslow House Winter Kitchen by David Brega
Legend from Jacket
Photocopy of 1699 Winslow House
Pagess 21 & 69 re Marshfield and Rexhame Village (Home of Kenhelm)
Index page showing Winslow references

all

GUSTAVE SIMONS
45-755 JUNIPER CIRCLE, VILLA 512
PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA 92260

Copy of letter to Aunt Marjorie Winslow re her gift to restore Winslow papers
Also Alices visit to see Mayflower and Winslow house at Marshfield.
Interesting letter.

Mrs D. N. Byers
65-3 Whitemarsh
Ottawa, Ont
Canada K1L 8J9

Nov. 1992.

# VIEWPOINT

# Three Octogenarians On a Beach Bench

sister to Anne Byers

By ALICE W. SIMONS
*Special to the Palisadian-Post*

What would one think upon seeing three older ladies sitting on a backless cement bench, their cotton hats pulled snugly over their heads and tied firmly under their chins? They were wearing warm jackets against the late afternoon April wind. Three is a magic number, as in three bears, three blind mice, the three witches of Macbeth or three men in a boat. So who were these three? I was the most recent member of the trio, and was invited to join them after living in the same apartment building in Pacific Palisades for just over a year. I got into conversation with the one called Joan one day and she told me that she and another fellow tenant had been walking on the beach for the last three years, and would I like to join them? I thought it over. It was a fairly novel idea to me, and more unstructured than the desert activities I had enjoyed over the last 20 years, centered around tennis courts and pools. But I reasoned to myself that I had just lost my husband, that I needed to reassemble my life, that something a little different might be in order. So the time was right. I joined Joan and Marion the next day.

We drove into the Will Rogers Beach parking lot at the foot of Temescal Canyon and parked at the north end. We started our walk going south on a paved path alongside the beach, stepping aside hurriedly from time to time to avoid a collision with swiftly moving joggers, bicyclists and roller-bladers. Joan and Marion, who were old-timers on the trail, greeted a bicyclist or a jogger now and then, and we stopped to talk to two young men, brothers, who were seated on reclining chairs at the edge of the path, drinks in hand, and a tethered dog beside them. The dog was a deep, chocolate brown, an eight-month-old female. I asked them if she was still chewing up everything, and they replied, "Tasty toys is the cure for that, and we make sure they have lots of toys."

Below the path, beside the huge expanse of glorious beach, deep blue verbena were growing in profusion. The view slid into the distance to the Santa Monica skyline. Pacific Coast Highway runs by the beach area, and above it towers a steep foothill, mantled lavishly with yellow flowers and splashed here and there with red and orange nasturtiums. In the spring, the whole town of Pacific Palisades is a rhapsody of color, but especially at the beach, where the flowers grow wild.

We walk and we talk, and after half an hour or so turn back towards the cement bench where we started. We sit and wait to see what happens. There are regulars who walk this path and Joan and Marion have become acquainted with many of them.

A young woman lopes in our direction, with huge strides, leaning into the wind. She stops and sits beside Joan. I am in the middle. A well-helmeted young man stops and sits by Marion. I observe and lis-

1985

# ALICE'S PRAYER

DEAR GOD - I pray that all who in any way have been associated with me in this period of intensive study, whether by brief contact, by devoted teaching, or in the circle of dear friends and family, whether they have come from far away, or near at hand, and especially the one who is closest to me, may know of my debt to them for their gifts to me of love, of learning and of friendship.

DEAR GOD - I confess I wasn't overjoyed when I learned that my portion was to be the Civil Code attached to the Decalogue. But if I was to have my Bat Mitzvah on February 13, 1988, that was it. I read and I read, until finally, leaping from the page in letters of fire was the sentence that caused me to select the portion I read today - "And a stranger shalt thou not wrong, neither shalt thou oppress him", and then all the pieces fitted together and I knew why I, Aliza Ruth Bat Avraham, nee Alice Winslow-Spragge, daughter of my beloved and honored Canadian family, was carrying the Torah on my shoulder.

The first definitive step was on Fifth Avenue in 1946 when the man I was in love with and was going to marry turned to me and said, "I think I should tell you I am a Jew." The ~~import~~ impact of those words on me at that time was not great.

Some twenty years later, in 1967, I began to know what they meant, when a major encounter occurred in my life. I came to the Land of Israel. I stepped off the El Al Plane, as a stranger, an alien, a non-Jew, and the first word I heard was "Shalom"- Peace. From the first I felt loved and accepted and I was treated as one of them, and my eyes were opened to the story of the Jewish people, first hand, from Kibbutz Ein Dor to the Technion, from the Western Wall to Rachel's Tomb, from the vision of the ancient days given to me by a young Rabbi Posner, whom I met in Jerusalem, from Geoffrey Wigoder, editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, and his wife, Devorah Wigoder, author of "Hope is my House", until finally, I stood quite

alone in the great memorial cairn of stone known as Yad Vashem, (Hand of God). I was only one person, one living person, looking at the flame burning for millions. I was only one person, a stranger, but strangers can become friends, and two strangers meeting and becoming friends can make a world of difference .

Not many months later I asked to join this band of honorable, valiant, persistent survivors to carry forward in my time the hallowed Torah. Twenty years more have passed and I joined this Temple and last spring I determined to learn the sacred language and then the secular, so today marks a milestone and a beginning of a new quest - to learn the Hebrew language ... for symbolically we are all strangers until we learn another's language, to the end that your mishpateem of peace LOVE ~~brotherhood~~, and justice may prevail, which please God will be in our time. AMEN

mishpateem = the way God runs his universe (free translation)

Alice and Gustave Simons

invite you to share

a special occasion

when Alice is called to the Torah

as a Bat Mitzvah

on Saturday, the thirteenth of February

nineteen hundred and eighty-eight

at ten o'clock in the morning

Temple Sinai of the Desert

43-435 Monterey Avenue

Palm Desert, California

Kiddush following services

TO BEE (Apologies to Hamlet)

A Bumble Bee I seem to be---
No choice to be or not to be--
Others work from nine to five,
But dawn to dusk I serve my hive;
I love the sun, I hate the rain,
It makes me buzz in angry pain.

My gauzy wings are awfully frail,
I cannot fight the blustering gale,
But every morning when I rise,
The thought of pollen gilds my eyes.

I buzz right out to sunny skies,
And though the wind so often chills,
The thought of honey gives me thrills.

And so I buzz and fly for hours,
And seek the sweets in all the flowers.

No questions to the Hierarchy,
For all the answers are malarcky.

Its quite enough to be a Bee,
And buzz and bumble endlessly.

Alice W. Simons
January 13, 1993

Dearest Annie: This little poem just popped out of my head one evening - so I send it to you with much love - a bit late for your birthday - A

Poem written
to Uncle Kenelm Winslow
on his 90th Birthday
in Brockville

By. Mary W.S. Ducros


A poem dedicated to Uncle Ken Winslow
in whose honour "the cousins" gathered
in Brockville
to celebrate with him, his 90th Birthday
January 20th, 1988

1898 1988

Present were
Bob and May Winslow

Anne + Donald Byers
Paul + Sally Winslow
Margie + George Willoughby
Mary + Duncan Duclos
Ed. + Isobelle Winslow-Sprague
Penny + Tom Read
Ruth + Frank Cobbett
Isabel + Bogue Trumpour

~ Celebrating from afar were ~

Alice + Gus Simons
Libby + Bill Steeper

# Ninety Years or Less Ago

A very long long time ago,
'Twas in the ages dark
I climbed aboard the CPR
And went to Rockcliffe Park.
In my hand I clutched a purse,
It was the very very first
I'd ever owned, because you see
I was just ten, and so for me,
This was a very big event
To have the honour to be sent
To visit all my cousins who ...
I really hardly even knew!

The Duguids house was where I stayed.
In truth, I was a bit afraid
Of my Aunt Frances, Uncle Forty Too,
But when they drove me to "Drayboo"
And showed me such a lovely time
I knew my visit would be fine!
They took me to a movie,
(I'd never been before,)
And then up to the Peace Tower,
Which delighted me still more!
All this, you see, was just the start,
Of bonds, that are there,
Though we've all been apart.

A very long long time ago,
'Twas more than yesterday,
We all made memories, we can recall
Of Alice, Libby or was it Paul?
Or was it Daphne, Bob or Ed?
Or Penny, Ruth or Anne instead?
Or Margie, Isabel, or Mary?
Aunt Lois? or dear Uncle Terry?
Aunt Mary, Aunt Marjorie or Uncle Ken?
Or Uncle Sid — or Adrian?
P'raps Uncle Forty or Aunt Frances were there
In those moments we lived
In those memories we share?

So Cousins, on this joyous day
We rekindle all those ties,
Our parents first created,
And then, with loving eyes,
Tried to watch and guide us,
In ways that they all thought,
Would find us all partaking
In the things that we ought!
So whatever we've experienced,
Whatever we were taught,
As cousins we're together,
Just as we ought!
I think, they'd think, we're wonderful!
I think, they'd think, we're great!
God love us, may it not be long,
'Til next, we celebrate.

Meanwhile, let's drink a hearty toast
To the man of the hour,
Who today can boast,
He was born, in eighteen ninety-eight,
Now, ninety years later,
On this very same date, –
"Your family has gathered, from near + far,
To tell you how great we think you are!
Congratulations + Happy Birthday
To you, Uncle Ken
On your special day!"

January 20th, 1988

Mary Duclos

# We Did not Forget you,
# You, Who Married the Cousins

As original cousins were truly unique,
But to show we don't want to be known
as a clique,
We want to include in the warmth,
love, and fun,
All those who we married, with whom we're
now one.
I can only proceed, with rhyme + not rank,
So we'll start with Isobelle, Donald + Frank,
Then go with Gus, George, Tom, until,
We get to Bogue + Dunc and Bill,
Then Robin, who is part of times we recall,
Then with May + with Sally, I think That's all -
You praps were not part of our early days,
And That is just how it should be,
'Cause the joy of your presence can NOW amaze
And delight, and has brought to the latter phase
Of our lives, a state of perpetual bliss,
That not one of us here, would have wanted
to miss!
So bless you, + thank you - you've made us content
Without a doubt you were Heaven sent - !

8 Austin Lane
Jekyll Island
Georgia 31527
U.S.A.
March 21, 99

Dear Anne,

Everyday our mailbox seems full of threatening Income Tax affairs, but occasionally a pearl drops out from between the hard, windowed envelopes. This is such a delight, and if it's possible, Johnny feasts on my letters more than I do.

It is quite marvelous that you have put together a life for yourself, all due to the challenges you have met over the years. First, your mobility, and your apparent lack of fear about driving, and finding almost any destination. Then the fact that you have kept up your tennis and skiing, but, most of all, your ability for finding, and keeping a coterie of friends around you, and your way of making things happen. You are quite marvelous.

We enjoyed the cartoon, and I'm returning it, because I know you want to preserve this anti-Dawson, Darwinian heresy! I confess I have often felt like a worm, but never a mollusc.

I enjoyed Mother's notes regarding our Feb. 14th wedding, and her usual spelling mistakes amused me (marmalaide) I confess that my spelling, which used to be perfect, lets me down from time to time, now that I am in the age of the bear and yellow leaf. (whatever that means!)

I'm so sorry to hear about Janie's further problems - If its true that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children", we must have had some pretty squirley ancestors! But surely they were on the Byers side! I can't help worrying about the third and ~~fo~~ fourth generation coming after me.

I don't understand this preoccupation with the Winslow papers, unless, of course, they have to do with events happening during Daddy's life, which happened after Frank and I took the complete history to the Lord Beaverbrook Museum subsequently to be housed in the Harriet Irving Library - Re reading your letter I see that this is so.

What I hate most is doing the same thing over & over again, so I have persuaded Johnny to 'Church' me at the Cathedral on St. Simons Is. I tire of the folksy one here.

See you soon Love Ruth.

RUTH COBBETT
72 LEGER LANE BOX 1056
RR 1 HUDSON (QUEBEC)
J0P 1H0

HUDSON
9 IV 91
PQ


Janie thank you letter in verse
to Auntie Ruth
after Metis
visit.
1974

Mrs. D. N. Byers
65 Whitemarl Drive Unit 3
Ottawa
Ontario
K1L 8J9


P.S. Dashwood windows headquarters
has dealership in Kanata. It IS TORONTO
possible to remove just the pane
and repair it, or replace it

Ned was Edward P. Winslow
Alice his wife
Parents of
Edward Winslow-Sprague
Lois wife of E.W.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Simons
45-755 Juniper Circle, Villa 512
Palm Desert, California 92260

March 7, 1998

Dearest Ruthie:

It never faileth! No sooner did I pop your letter into the post office, than on my return I found your memoir about Grandmother Winslow and Aunt Charlotte in our letter box.

You write so well. Gus and I were most interested and entertained. I hope you will one day publish your assembled writings--"A Schoolgirl of the Thirties".

Among my recollections are the fiercely competed bridge games between Ned and Lois against Edward and Alice, the latter acting most superciliously, and feeling that Ned and Lois were quite hopeless, which made victory all the sweeter when quite frequently Lois and Ned won. Ned always would shake his head most mournfully when he first picked up his hand after the deal, and chant, "O dearie me, O dearie, dearie me!"

I do remember Grandmother walking about in dignified steps, her clothes being rather upholstered on her body rather than worn, every seam in place. She bragged that everything always had to be in perfect order. A piece of jewellry with a broken clasp had to go immed= iately to Birks to be repaired.

She also informed me that a teapot had to be scrubbed inside, which she did most attentively. To this day, I make an effort to scrub the inside of my teapot, but more a gesture of remembrance, than any real effort.

In line with her well known stoicism, I recall one of her large dinner parties on Pine Avenue, Some sixteen or so guests were expected, and about to arrive when Ned and Alice found the butler dead drunk in the kitchen. Nothing daunted they both set to and completed the preparations for serving the dinner, while plying the butler with coffee. The occasion apparantly went off without a hitch, no one being the wiser.

AS for Aunt Charlotte. I have no affectionate recollections of her. Which is perhaps why I was totally left out of her will, which quite irrationally hurt my feelings mightily because I made a great effort to be a dutiful niece, visiting her while I spent 1931-1932 in England. Mother took Ed and me to visit her the year she took us on our "European tour". I remember the turkey red wall coverings, and the revolting snake on the newell post. Uncle Harry at the time was bed ridden and coughing horribly. Aunt Charlotte would take us in to wait upon him, but the poor old man looked awful with sad sunken eyes.

Once when i was there alone I awoke in the middle of the night and was terrified to see a phantom at the foot of my bed, only to discover it was my own image reflected in a large mirror. ~~at the foot of the bed.~~'

I remember also the lack of refrigeration and the strawberry shortcake that kept appearing till finished, though by the next day the whipped cream was sour.

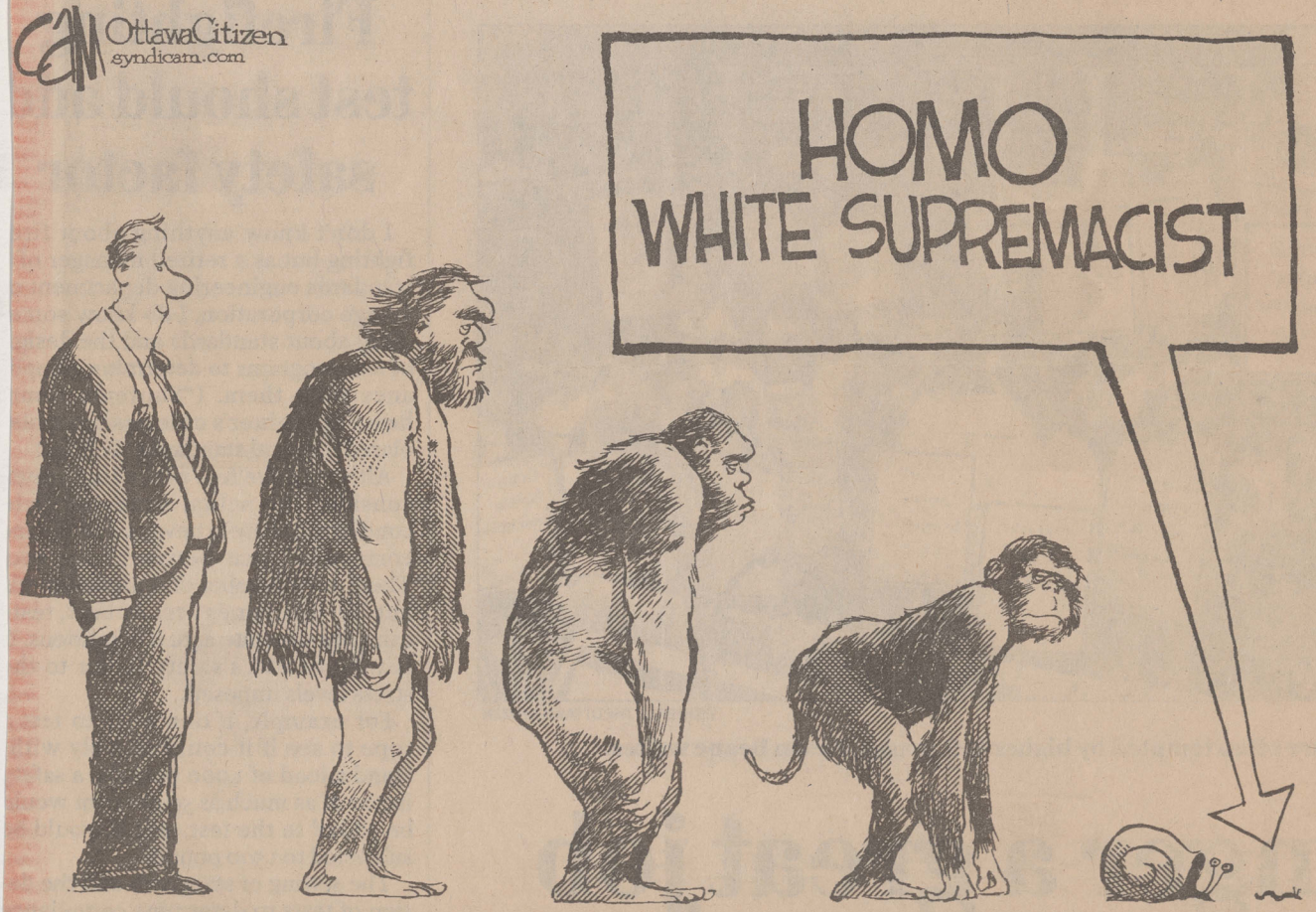
The village was spookey too. I went for a walk one day on the little village street. Nary a soul was visible, but I had the distinct impression that eyes were following my every move.

I don't remember anyone drowing, as per your recollection, though I do remember that Grandmother Winslow's first and infant child died of small pox. She had her hands tied down so she wouldn't ruin her complexion, though she did have a few tiny pock marks.

Greatly looking foreward to seeing you soon, Much love.

Ally

# THE EDITORIAL



September 8, 1975

# Ode To Auntie Ruth

In Metis Anne, Janie and H.T. arrived
Having followed highway 20. What a lovely drive!
Our mouths were parched, how nice it would be
Just to have a hot cup of tea.
The trunk was opened. Ruth said with dismay...
"How long did you say you were planning to stay?"
Before it got dark, warm clothes we put on
And we walked on the beach but not for too long
For the wind was blowing so strong and so cold
But H.T. didn't care. She was feeling quite bold.
For she climbed every rock and she practically ran
Trying to chase after birds — she even swam.
We dined on fresh salmon and we never said no
To wine provided by Monsieur Pineau.
"Some people like to sleep all day."
Was the song we woke to our first day.
A different song we got each morn
As if our habits she did scorn.
Her chores were all done and the table laid
And when we came down even porridge was made.
Some exquisite flowers we ventured to see
At the Reford Gardens — They allowed H.T.!
The wharf at Baie des Sables was a breezy jaunt
With several returns for fresh shrimps and pétoncles.
After thirty-five years Anne picked up her tennis
But with Janie's few lessons, she was still quite a menace.
Our social life was so very busy
So much so, we were all in a tizzy.

Harrington luncheon and Harrington Tea
And a wonderful dinner chez Collie's.
Cocktail parties every night, sometimes even two
MacCallum's, Moyle's and Hewitt's. "ah yes! I believe I've met you."
The flower arranging room was now for the liquor
Mum ought to be more discreet and certainly quieter!
The minister's meditation was abruptly ended
When our desire to sell the lighthouse was finally tended.
A beach party invitation was heartily accepted
Warm clothing and pod were seen to, nothing was neglected.
Mum loved to help out all during our visit
By offering my services "OH! Janie can do it"!
Ah yes! We had a grand time all night
But the pièce de résistance was our last night.
Auntie Ruth carefully turned out all of the lights
And we ascended the stairs - a very long flight.
We were all in our beds either reading or sleeping
When the floor boards suddenly started creaking.
Uncle Billy is that you? or is it aunt Clare?
Shall we check it out? No I don't dare!
Our last morning we woke to a very dense fog.
And I knew I still had to walk the dog.
A final swim was a start to the day



The water wasn't warm I must say!
Then we loaded the car and with tears in our eyes
we said our thank yous and our good-byes.

I had a marvelous time.
Thank you so much.

much love,

Janie

72 Léger Lane
Box 1056 RR#1
Hudson P.Q.
J0P1H0
April 8, 1991

Dear Anne,

Who says it's not fun saving things?? Look at the enclosed! I never even remembered that visit till I read about it!

I am sending it to you because I know you'll enjoy it, and think it is ruddy marvelous as I do. I wonder if I ever remarked on it adequately?? I hope so because it is so great.

Please pass it on to Janie, as she will love seeing it again, and has probably forgotten all about it too.

That was no joke about hearing back Bill and Aunt Clare, because on several occasions when I was lying in bed I heard the 2 arm chairs in the alcove rocking, and I'm sure Sir Willie & Lady Dawson were sitting there watching the fireflies, while the world slept.

We loved the whole weekend and I confess I'm tempted to call Frank "J O" or tell him to tickle my - - - !

Love
Ruth

P.S. I made gallons of apple jelly today & a banana loaf - Frank & 3 other men are above me practising a 4 part harmony NO. for the closing curling luncheon.

C. F. HARRINGTON
630 DORCHESTER BLVD. WEST
MONTREAL

Sunday.

Dear Anne,

I know how much you have had on your mind and in your heart for some months past, and so I don't apologise for not writing sooner. We have all admired the courage and affection with which you watched over your beloved mother during a harrowing illness from which there was really no hope of a good recovery at any time. It seems to me you gave your family great leadership, and this is not to belittle in any way all the care and devotion shown by all of you during such sad days.

Aunt Lois was a truly remarkable and unusual woman, who reflected all the talents of her distinguished ancestors, but added on many characteristics of her own — particularly a charm, a gaiety, an imagination and a love of brightness and laughter which, as far as I know, were not always very noticeable in earlier times, and which indeed are found in very few people at any time, more's the pity!

When we realize that not only did she raise and educate a large family, while sharing the life of a busy husband, but she also looked after several homes, helped less fortunate relatives and friends, had her fair share of sadness, but also found time for

C. F. HARRINGTON
630 DORCHESTER BLVD. WEST
MONTREAL

much constructive and gifted painting, pottery, writing, research, gardening, music, and God knows what else, one understands why so many people have been concerned and saddened by her death. Even I have had many calls from people in various walks of life - but especially McGill, which is natural - so I can well imagine that you must have been inundated with sympathy in every form it can take.

The world, and especially the world she made for herself by her hard work and dedication, will miss her very much, but we should all be comforted and indeed pleased to realize that she was among us for 90 years, and shared her gifts and love most generously.

I think I've said what I wanted to try to convey to you, from a full heart. It is good to realize all her sufferings and discomfort are ended, and very likely she is now busily engaged in organizing a new pottery school or something equally worth-while and entertaining, in Paradise!

With my heartfelt sympathy to you all,

Yr. affectionate cousin,

Cn.

Wonderful letter from
Con Harrington re mother's (L.W.S) death.

1978

Mrs Donald K. Byers,
562 Grosvenor Ave,
Westmount,
P. Que,
Canada.

Pls. Deliver.

Written from Alice & Gus Simons "Faraway Farm" in Connecticut.

March 3, 1969

Dear Family,

I don't usually do this--multiple letters--but in a way it does make communication more certain. Usually I wait, over come by the overwhelming thought of who of all you beautiful people I should write to firzt.

Brook and I returned from Jay Peak yesterday, and the closer we came to home, the darker the skies, and we just got in the door as great gales started to toss the snow around and more started coming down.

Its a very easy drive down now by way of Route 91, which runs all the way down from White River Junction. For 150 miles above up to Newport you have to take Route 5, which is a bit curvey but not bad. The whole trip was only 6 hourz of driving time.

We found Uncle Bill and Gus very glad to see us, and all enjoyed together a chicken dinner prepared by a nice woman I had stay at the house for the week we were away.

I had hoped to get up to Montreal last week, but as you know it was a very snowey week. I checked the weather reports from Montreal and learned thzt on Wednesday most of the schools were closed, so I decided to stay put. Added to which I developed a horrible cold, which I treqted by doses of pills and a bit of the bottle. I burned it out by Saturday morning, which was a gorgeous blue, sunny day. While Brook skied, I took a little rug, and sat on the sun deck from 10 a.m.. to 2.30 p.m. reading and dozing.

W e stopped off for an hour in Lyndonville to see Doris and Janet Miller, and learned that Janet, who will be 18 in June, plans to get married about June 20, to a young man who is going to be a Chef. She will attend a course on Practical Nursing while he goes to Culinary School, in New Haven, which will being them back into our orbit again. Doris is now in charge of Admissions and Diets at a home for the aged in Lyndonville.

See you all there!

We found a letter for Brook when we started opening the massive pile of mail informing her that she has been accepted by Southern Connecticut State College, which is also in New Haven. The price is right (zero) and she will be close to home which pleases me greatly. This, preceeded by the summer in the Banff School of Fine Arts, studying Photography, ought to launch her into some interesting activities.

80th

I am still revelling in the glorious memory of Mum's Birthday Party, surely the most heart warming event of the century? Anne and Donald, you gave a superb party, and we thank you, and cherish all the memories of delicious food, suavely prepared and presented drinks, the beauty of your children, the timely presentation to the world of your firzt grandson, ( Thanks Barb and Don), and certain elements of wit and humor which had best remain anonymous. I particularly enjoyed seeing Anne looking at her top peak of loveliness, and gained from her brief speech and idea of how she must appear to her Montreal public.

Association of ideas has just led to my tipping over a large mug of tea on my ash tray, and drenching the surrounding area, as I reminisced over the Cobbett preparation of the part of that wonderful tape dealing with the deep sea diving operations of Ed and Arthur Yuile. Gurgle, Gurgle, "Why is it that Johnny is always the one under the water?" Which brings me to that gorgeous spun sugar creation filled with that lovely cream, carried in so competently by Debbie and Franklin Tyler. Sorry I missed Frankenstein, and wish him belated birthday greetings. Incidentally, I just got a most charming note from Lynda, which pleased me greatly. It makes me look forward to another rousing family occasion. Ruthie, you looked elegant, and mes compliments on thinking of that dessert. Big Frank, thanks again for your thoughtfulness, as ever, in making that trip back to mother's to get my forgotten items.

O had I the wings of a dove--will I ever forget the serenity add grace of that great dance of Mary and Duncan, and Duncan's rendition of, "Hello, Lois." Before I forget Gus and I were most appreciative of the transportation arrangements and loved being met by Duclos and despatched by Cobbett. It was a treat to see the Duclos boys, and made me realize, in terms of added inches, how long the time has been since I have seen them. Bryan, was it you, who might pay us a visit at Easter? Alas, Jennifer. Both most welcome. You may find yourselves celebrating Passover as well, but it could only be an added dimension of experience, no? If anyone else would like a breath of Connecticut air, would be happy to have you. Like Linda add David, for example.

Us country folk do get about these days, and I was happy to see that Ed and Isabelle also made the trip from Outer Mongolia. I had heard of Ed's expertise as an orator, but this was the first time I had the chance to see him in action, and I found it a delight. In fact I thought the"county" ladies were quite up to the standard of the city belles, in which I include Auntie Mary in her shimmering silver, witty as ever. Aunt Eva and Evelyn are two I don't often get a chance to see, didn't have much chance to talk, with all the goings on, but it did my heart good to have them there, with many happy memories among the sad ones. They were really great.

Gee, I almost forgot my impressions of the Birthday Girl. She must have been there. All I can say, Mum, is a Twnety-one gun salute to you. First because you were so full of your usual warmth and fun, and second because you didn't break down and bawl. Actually, you were even above your usual standard in beauty and aplomb, and the Ceremony of the Opening of the Gifts was quite breath taking. I don't think you missed even a bit of scbtch tape, not to mention the

reactions to the various and sundry greetings from old friends. Gus and I were so happy to have stayed with you, Mum, giving us a little extra dividend of time with you. Needless, to say, Gus enjoyed his porrige and thinks you are some kind of a miracle cook, it never tastes that way at home! Finally, your coiffeur and your gown added the final seal of perfection to the occasion.

Well, words are beginning to fail me in my enthusiasm for the party, and there is so much more I could say, and I'm sure so much I've left out, that I better stop before I start talking about the many special people who were not there for one reason or another, but who were most certainly in our hearts.

In the intervals of writing this letter, Uncle Bill has emerged from his room, this year the "Hermitage", and is now seated before the TV supervising the news of the day on our small Sony. He plans to return to Montreal Wednesday evening of this week, and we'll be sorry to see him go.

I also noticed lots of birds hovering about the trees near the house, maybe hungry with all the snow covering their usual feeding spots. I rushed out to hang up a bird feeder. There are many varieties there already--abeautiful red Cardinal, Chickadees, Blue Jays, Sparrows, and some gorgeous fat Rose Breasted Gross Beaks, I think, anyway beautiful rosy birds with black and white on the wings. May even see some Ruffled Spouse before long!

Well, this about does it for today. Fond greetings to one and all, love and special hugs and kisses to Mum,

Ally

News letter from Alice

March 3, 1969.




Mrs. D. N. BYers,
604 Clarke Avenue,
Montreal 217, P. Q.
CANADA

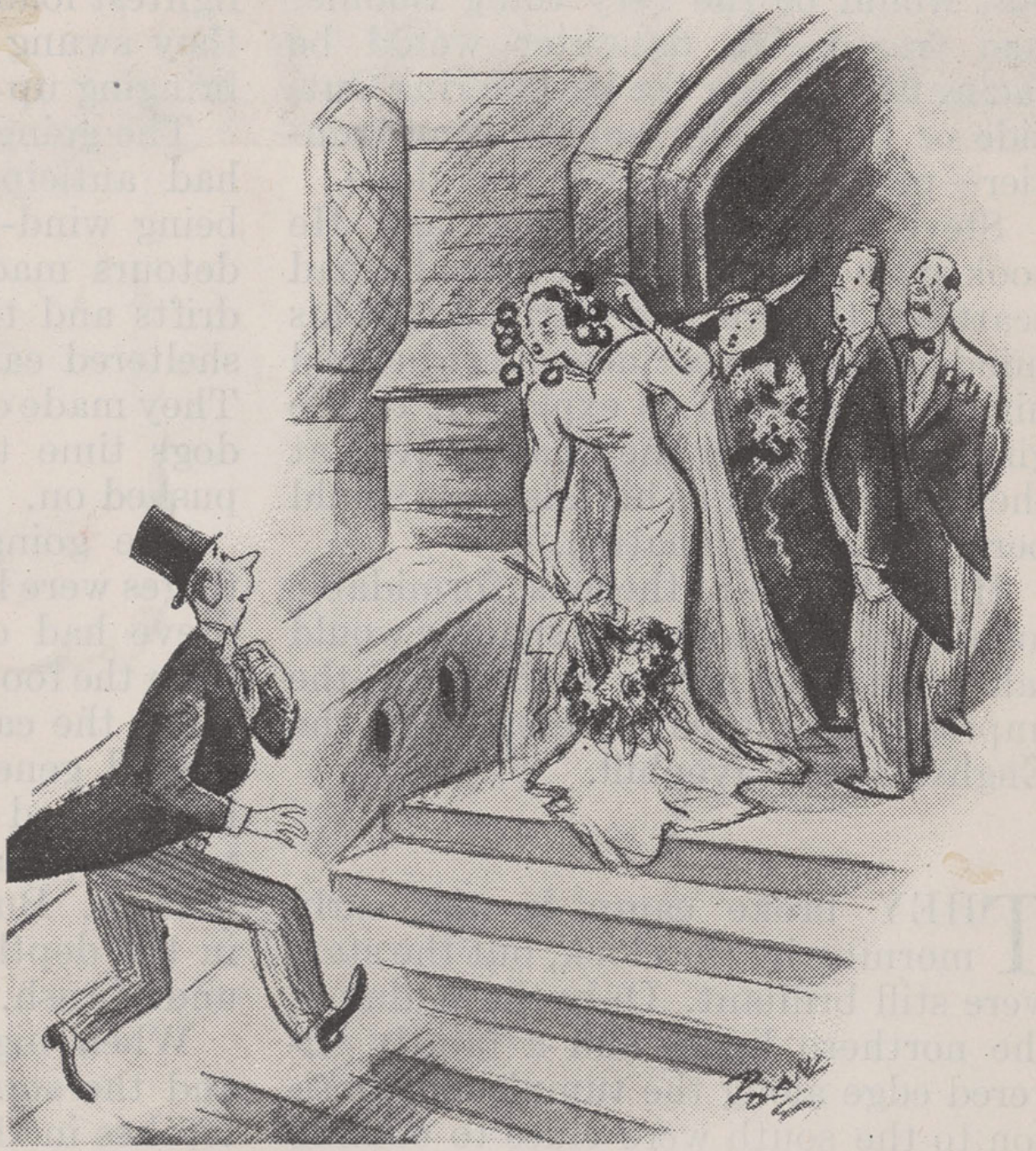
Letter from Alice (Simons)
after Mother's 80th birthday
celebrations at our house. Byers
604 Clarke Ave.

Mrs. Gustave Simons
Faraway Farm
Kellogg Hill Road
Weston, Connecticut 06880

Mummy
Sorry
thanks for
call

MATERIAL from my
bridesmaid's dresses -
The hem had a border
of pink appliqued
flowers. Wedding June 23, 1939

I was asked to the shower for A.V.B.
And told to bring jam.
I came to the shower
For behold, here I am!
Concerning the jam....
I hadn't much money
So I hope you don't mind
My bringing you honey.
It struck me that honey
Though not a great treat
Was remarkably suitable
Because you're so sweet.



***"Have I been waiting long? Just look at these orange blossoms!"***

All day long poor Don is toiling
Winning bread for you –
and when he brings it home at night
along with bacon too –
Rush up and thank him – nicely,
And take it from his arm –
Then pop it quickly in this box
To keep it free from harm.

—

with love –

Nick.

## Onward

So fine and true they onward go,
Our boys, those whom we treasure so.
Their dreadful fears they put aside,
They hold God's hand, He is their guide.
When on this earth their jobs they've done,
The good Lord takes them, one by one,
Away from all the stress and strain
To blissful lands where grief and pain
Do never dwell.

So when their lives for us they give,
They want us not to grieve, but live
More godly lives in love and peace,
So good may thrive and evil cease.
Let's prove their fight is not in vain,
Let's show them truth can rise again,
Let's onward trusting in the Lord
Until this land has been restored
To everlasting peace.

—Mary Winslow-Spragge.

Premonitions of Married Life /

55, ABERDEEN AVE.,
WESTMOUNT, P.Q.

A man, – we sooner or later find out
Just hates to be neglected –
The minute he's told he's in the way,
He sulks and feels dejected!

A woman, alas, must turn troubles away
And smooth all his woes out of sight.
It is not quite as easy a job as it looks,
When it lasts from the morn till the night!

It seems to me that its all quite unfair
But, I'm told, the thing we desire.
So patience & sympathy and of the time
Will keep "love life" well out of the mire.

Poems which accompanied "Shower" gifts - A U B.
1939.

Miss Anne Winslow - Spragge