

Alfred Baber Fonds

Correspondence - General

Mayer, David  
1992-1994

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— CANADA — Moyer, David —

Dr. Alfred Bader  
2961 North Shepard Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

October 5, 1994

Mr. David Moyer  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M4G 2A2

Dear David,

Thank you so much for your letter of August 27th and the various vignettes which, as always, are very interesting.

Eventually if you would like to have your essays published, you will need an editor. I know of what I speak because I am just polishing my autobiography and have found an English editor most helpful.

Isabel and I plan to be in Toronto very briefly, arriving Sunday noon, October 30th, staying that night at the Chelsea Inn and going to Kingston the next day. The following Sunday, November 6th, we will leave from the Toronto airport at 7:35 p.m., flying back to Milwaukee. That Sunday, we will take a bus from Ottawa to Toronto, and then take a bus to the airport. Of course, as always, we would love to see you and wonder whether we could arrange to meet, perhaps best, late on Sunday afternoon, November 6th.

All good wishes.

Sincerely,



Dr. Alfred Bader  
2961 North Sheppard Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
53211

79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
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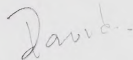
Saturday August 27th, 1994

Dear Alfred,

Enclosed is my first attempt to write something for wider view, if that is a proper way to put it. Apart from that, your saying that I wrote something "hauntingly beautiful" just about knocked me into an insensible ecstasy. To-morrow in Church I shall read from the Song of Solomon. To me it is a so vibrantly real and delicate and delicious that I could call it "hauntingly beautiful." Of course so much of the bible is of that character, regardless of the good and bad things written about. And so much of the poetry that I savour is hauntingly beautiful. As is what Joseph Conrad wrote in many instances. So too is the biography of Madame Curie, written by her daughter Eve. It seems to tell that the transfiguration into knowledge occurs from hardships and defeats which are overcome. Even I could be tempted to think in those terms.

Part of my story is about the love of my life when I was twelve years or so of age. I tried to be true to my memory, without being anything but appreciative. And since it represents only my point of view, I wonder what Isabel would think of it. Whether a saint or a sinner or both, an independent opinion would help to set my mind at rest.

With best regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "David".

David



Saturday July 23/94

During the Great Depression I was born on the farm that would be home to me for a quarter of a century. Strangely enough, though I've made a home in several other locations after leaving the farm, in oh so many ways I've never left the home farm, in my thoughts. Such as when, at the age of five, I climbed up the ladder of the empty forty foot high silo some twelve feet in diameter and walked around its circumference. The strangest thing is that it was scary to contemplate walking around. I suppose the top of the wall thickness was ten inches from inside to outside. What if I fell? Forty feet down, either inside or outside! But my thought came that if that wall top were laid out flat on the ground, I could walk around it quite easily, without any chance of falling off. So I imagined it was at ground level, and walked around. Aunt Clara saw me from the house, and ran out to call up that Grandma had just made fresh cookies, and I could have some if I came right down. I was about one-quarter around when this interruption came. Should I try to turn around and go back? Actually, that was - or would be - very hazardous. So I went all the way around, and then came down for cookies.

Something else of that category was my investigation of the 110,000 volt towers that carried power from the Sir Adam Beck generating station near Niagara Falls. There were two of those towers standing on our farm. At the age of ten I could climb the towers, disregarding all the warning signs on them. Although birds could land safely on all of the wires strung between the towers, it was easy to suppose that they could not reach from the six power lines to the grounded tower, and therefore were safe. But what about the top wire. Birds could reach from it to the top of the tower. How was that possible? Well, I shinnied up the top tower member - four slanted members came together at the top - and saw that the top wire was bolted tight to the tower top.

Full of apprehension, and a full measure of diffidence, I raised my hand close to the wire, raised my index finger even closer, and then in a supreme bit of bravery I brought my finger to touch the wire. No flash, no electrocution. Nothing happened. That was what should happen. But I got down carefully and quickly, and never again felt any necessity to test the top wire.





Wednesday , July 27th, 1994

Perhaps today I shall get my old age pension. How impossibly far-off such a thing would have seemed when I was climbing hydro towers and empty silos as a boy. It catches in my throat, and brings tears to my eyes - not of sadness or sorrow that life is nearly ended, but of great joy and gladness that my life has been what it has been. I suppose I've always wanted to be an ordinary person, neither sinking below humanity nor rising above it. I've wanted to talk to those I met, not being intimidated by them, nor myself being intimidating. Long, long ago I learned that,

“There's so much good in the worst of us  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it doesn't become any of us  
To talk about the rest of us.”

That may not be correctly remembered in words, but the thought has stood firm for me.

.....

This morning when I wakened some thoughts of some seventy years ago came tripping through my mind. I had been trained, I suppose, to go to the bathroom before bedtime. Whether I was negligent, or obdurate, or just forgetful, who knows now? But during the night I was wakened by the pleasant sensation of urinating, and the warm urine was soaking the sheets above and below, making a pleasant sort of cocoon around me. But in a few moments evaporation took over, and it felt instead like a sort of ice-box. (There were no refrigerators then)

Just what I did in consequence, I don't know. But never again did I forget the bathroom before bed. And possibly of more importance, I too learned that “all that glitters is not gold.”

Thursday, July 28, 1994

When I first wakened this morning, half a day earlier than it is now, some several things popped up in my mind like popping corn in its popper. But so many things have happened since, that what ever they were is no longer in my memory bank. Perhaps I could tell of what did happen. As background, I've been the subject of a number of procedures in the Urology clinic.



Statistically, at my age, I'm likely to have prostate cancer. So when all the results were in, and the results were negative, the doctor didn't seem too pleased. But I certainly was.

In the course of procedures, I noticed that some of the attendants and support staff were of unexpected expertise in carrying out their duties. More than that, their department was so interested and sympathetic, and helpful that I had to considerably upgrade my opinion of the personnel. In the case of one nurse, I noticed the first time I saw her that she was something special. The next time I saw her I noticed how perfectly well, and how beautifully, she did whatever she did. The third time I noticed how lovely she looked. There is no explanation for it, but I realized I had fallen absolutely and completely in love with her. To put at rest some thoughts you may have, I have no desire or intent to do anything inimical to her. It will be January of next year before I have another appointment.

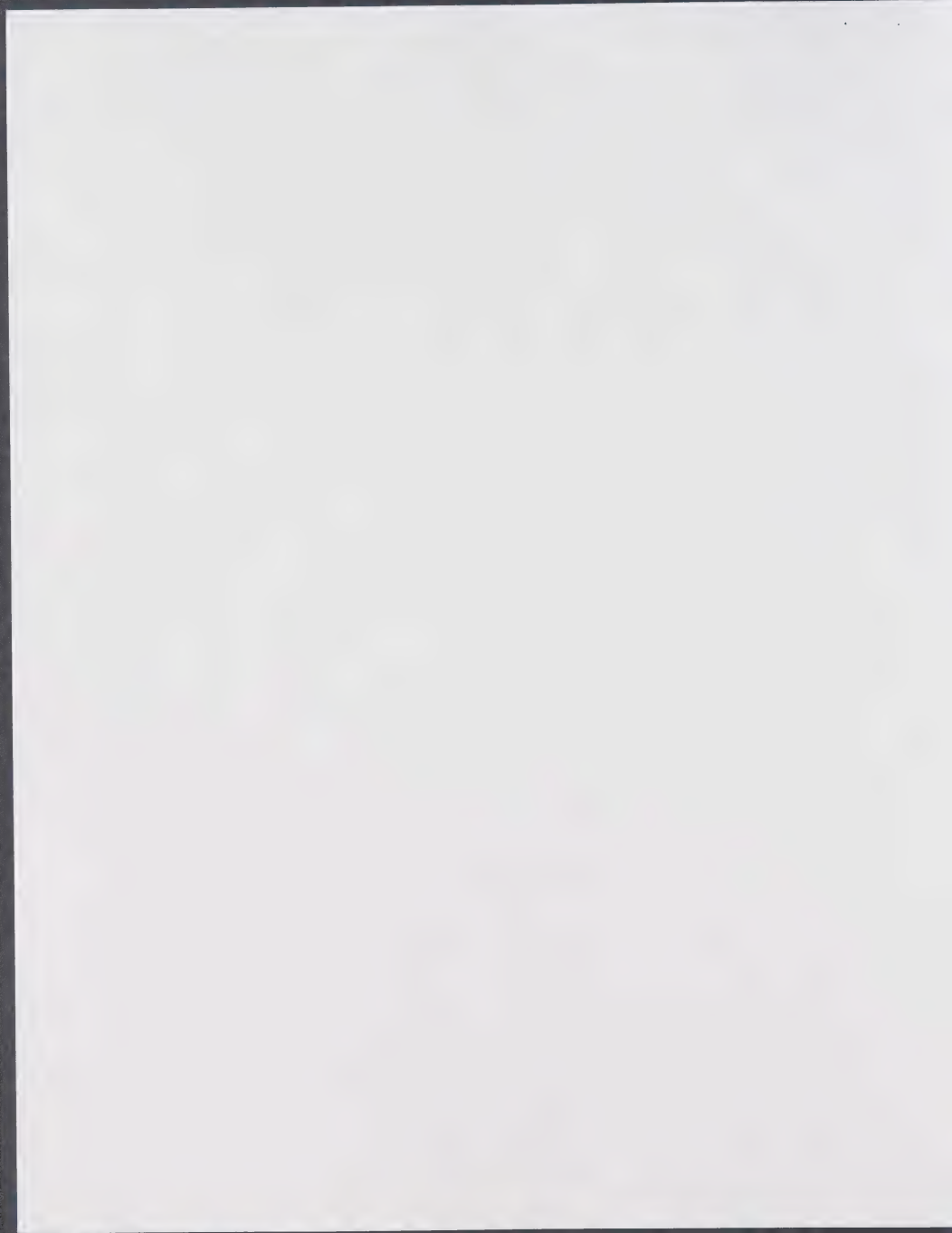
Please forgive an interruption. I remembered that I had not got foam insulation for the basement water pipes that I recently changed from galvanized to copper. This was in the eighty year old house where my daughter lives with her family. Fortunately, the hardware store was open, and I now have the needed insulation.

Walking back with the insulation, I thought of something of possible interest. As I had lain in the hospital, and the nurse was going about her responsibilities, I was taking everything she did in great admiration. When my thoughts caught up with what I was observing, it suddenly dawned on me, "I'm in love with this girl!" And I felt as if a tiny \*(thermit)\* bomb had been ignited under my solar plexus. It gave a sensation of burning, but none of explosion. And the burning sensation did not last long - possibly a few minutes. I'm sure that the nurse was not given any reason to know what ecstasy I had just gone through. It was a month or two ago.

Today it was my responsibility to take money from the ROTARY for prizes in a Bingo game tonight for the Veterans. I didn't want to wait half a year to give a token of affection to the nurse I had fallen in love with, so my scheming brain worked out a plan. I carefully wrapped a little porcelain Limoges cream jug - which has been a family heirloom for several generations, and gave it, together with the money, to a volunteer lady who will be running the Bingo. She is a sweetheart, and when I told her why I wanted to get it to the nurse, she said she would do her best to deliver it. Once again "Gold is where you find it."

All of the foregoing is prelude to telling of an affair of the heart about the time of starting High School. Public School was two miles of farming country from home. Well do I remember my first day's start there, nearly seventy years ago. My uncle took me there a little early, and induced me to "climb up the big slide, and enjoy sliding down, like the bigger children." Only he didn't tell me to swing my feet down at the end. So I landed, bang, sitting on the dirt at the bottom of the slide. And the jolt made me nearly bite my tongue off. It hurt terribly. Everything else is forgotten.

Later on came the end of Public School. Some students could not pass the exams to graduate, and they were obliged to repeat the last year repeatedly, until reaching the age of 16 years removed the tyranny of attendance. As I remember, puberty occurred around that time of leaving



public school, and the older boys told me how to have a climax, and how to squirt semen as a result. Possibly I was a late developer, because try as I might - even though I abraded myself sore - no semen was ever produced by me in Public School.

High School was five or six miles from home. Someone who had abandoned his bicycle when he was caught stealing fruit, and never reclaimed it. In my first year I was so concerned about not producing semen that I began a trip to the doctor, to find out what the matter was with me. Not far from home my pant leg caught in the chain of the bicycle, and I had to give up seeing the doctor. However, nature began to function as expected, and there was never any need to tell anyone else about my self-doubts.

Some of the things that happened at the start of High School remain, strangely, in vivid memory. It would have been in 1936. War clouds were forming over Europe. Our principal, Charles (Charlie) Auld, gave us fundamental aspects of military training by forming us up into platoons in the assembly hall, and introducing us to the rigour of marching routines. On our very first day - shades of my first day hurt in Public School - I had been sliding on the shiny assembly floor. Charlie Auld crooked his finger at me, and had me follow him up onto the stage where he pontificated. His remarks were something like,

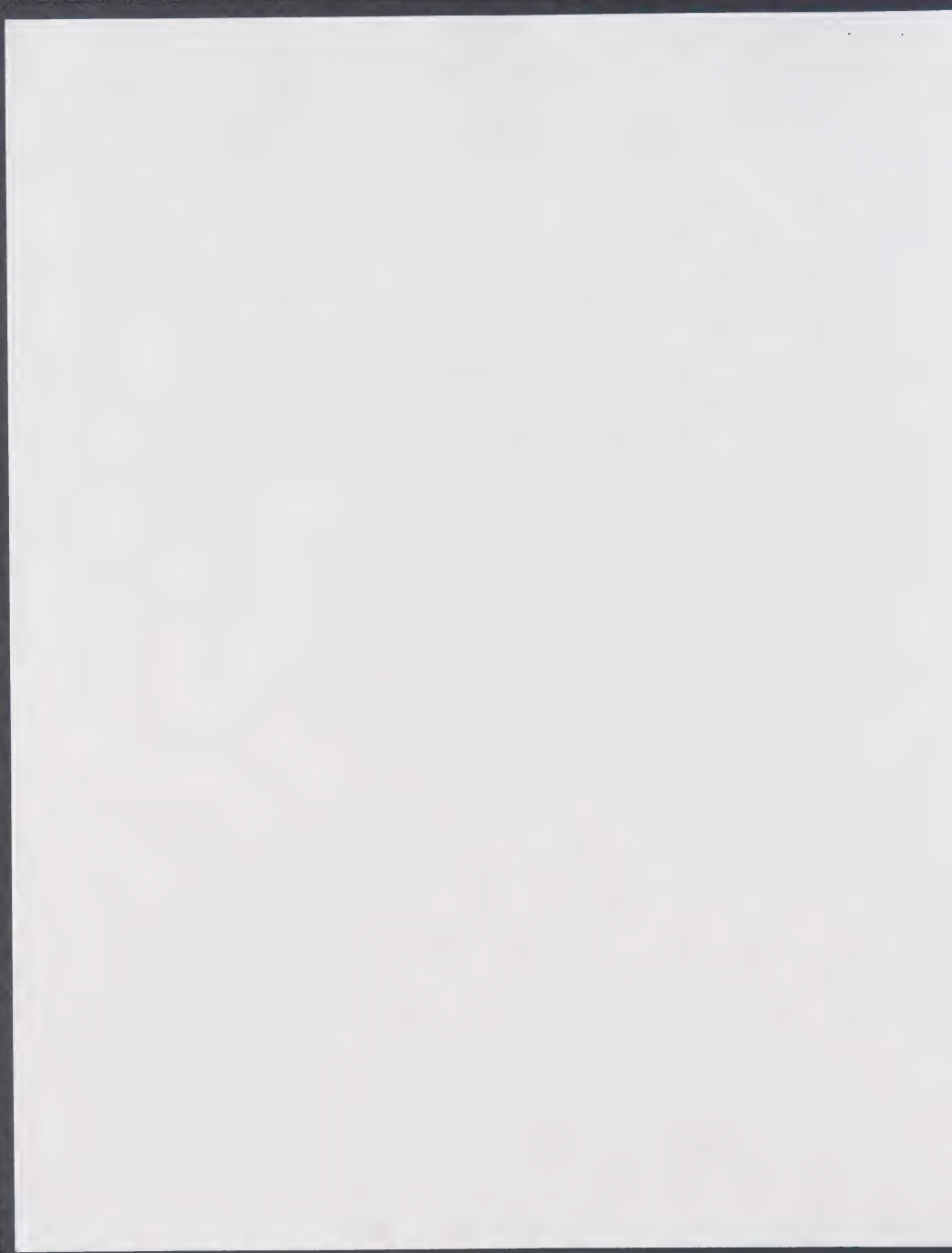
“This young chap is new here. He obviously does not know that we don’t slide on the floor. We must help him to improve.”

I wished the stage would open and let me drop through. Isn’t it strange to remember such a thing?

Saturday night, July 30th, 1994

It may have been before my adventure and disgrace that something else happened. My eye caught the eyeful of a very heart-stoppingly attractive girl in our class. In fact we were both outside the classroom before assembly and even at that age my mind must have slipped into sex, because I still remember thinking that I’d bet she had a nice warm, slippery slit. But my upbringing must have kicked in, for I felt ashamed of myself, and vowed never to think such thoughts again. Perhaps in that I succeeded, at least with her. We became good friends for some High School years, and at reunion fifty years after leaving High School, she was still heart-stoppingly attractive. I sat with her and other former classmates, and I do think that we all were glad of each other.

A few days ago my daughter quoted a succinct thought from Georges Braque: “Truth exists, only falsehood has to be inverted.” (from *Pensées sur l’Art*).



August 3rd, 1994, 9:00 pm

Who can tell after fifty years what thoughts went through one's mind? Occasionally - or perhaps about some things, -I can indeed do so. I'm thinking now of a beautiful, wonderful, young girl of perhaps fifteen or so, with whom I fell hopelessly in love. Her unusual capability to do her work in prodigious amount and of near perfection probably took my attention first. I was somewhat younger than she, and my church background impressed on me that I could not take advantage of the situation to my own benefit, in thought, word, or deed.

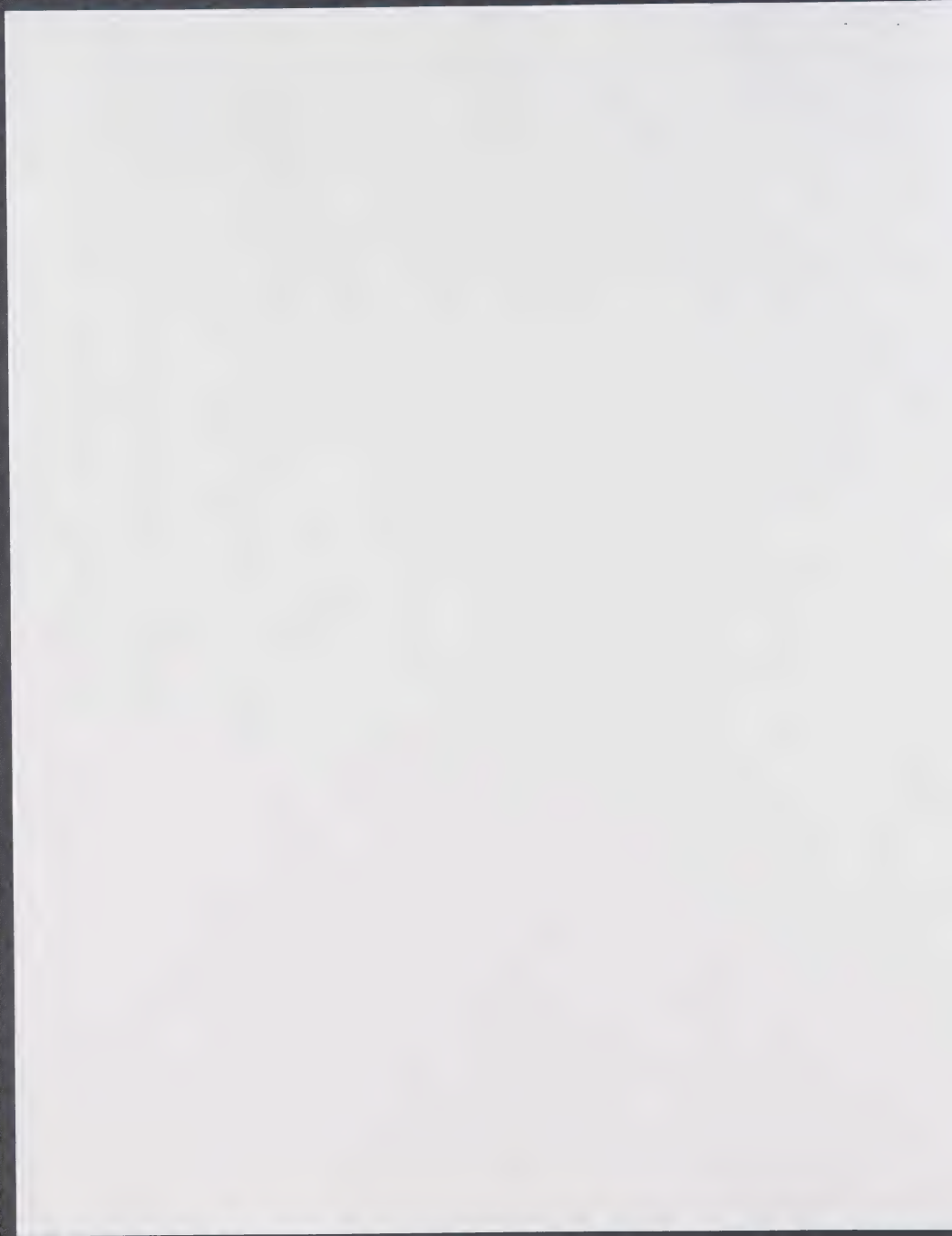
My homework got done on the dining-room table. The necessary books and writing pads would cover quite a bit of it. Before going on I should mention that I had the ability to fall asleep almost immediately if I wished to, and to come awake clear and bright about fifteen minutes later. From time to time it was a boon with studying. I'd get stale at something, lie down on the couch beside for a short time, and then be able to continue. The night in question I was just beat about midnight, so I lay down to get my second wind, as it were. But that time I did not waken in the usual fifteen minutes. Instead, I was still sleeping soundly when the beautiful, wonderful girl to whom I had surrendered my adoring heart, touched me on the shoulder, and said "It's two o'clock. I saw the light under the door when I wakened. I thought you might had forgotten to turn it off. You should wake up and go to bed.

So easy to say! There she was in a filmy white gown which did nothing but make her look divine. And she had touched me! As I came to my senses, transfixed and overcome by her nearness and her loveliness, my mind sprang to my service. I sat up. I gathered her up in my arms and carried her to the parlour, where there was an Egyptian couch, and laid her reverently on it.

Thursday, August 4th, 1994

To recall the words of Shakespeare, we were not "married under a bush like a beggar." Rather, we were married like a Pharaoh and his Queen, on the most royal of couches of Egypt. After the caressing, the loving, the ecstasy - came the dénouement. We were restored to joyful and thankful calm. So I picked her up in my arms again, in her mystic and wonderful gown, and carried her to her bed. There I placed her, like the treasure of the ancients, to continue her night alone.

My immediate concern was to get to my bedroom without an unpleasant confrontation with my parents. My path lay past their open door, and every board squeaked when stepped on. But the





Fates were with me. My father snored, although he seemed to sleep lightly. So every time I put my foot on a new squeaky board, I did it when he snored loudest. Aware, I suppose, in his sleep of a disturbance, he stopped snoring immediately and listened. With no more disturbance forthcoming, he soon got back into heavy snoring again, and I could advance to the next squeaky board. I suppose it took me half an hour, not just the usual two minutes, to get to bed.



Saturday August 6, 1994

Forgive the digression if you can, but I attended the memorial service this afternoon for a fine man who came to this country nearly a century ago, with the green in his heart, and pockets always full, it seemed, of little people called leprechauns - who went about doing good. No doubt I can understand how the override of us by Mother Nature is good, in spite of how bad it sometimes seems.

The digression will be to write a letter in response to one from Alfred, received several days ago:

Dear Alfred,

To begin with, thank you for the note from Judy, dated December 6, 1989. She is likely quite correct in saying that she did not meet me in 1943. That was when my illness forced my extended absence. But I was General Manager of Sci '44 Co-op when it started Boucher House. I remember a boisterous meeting at 329 Earl Street which needed approval to proceed. I may have lost my cool a bit, but we got approval, and proceeded to get Boucher House. In spite of what Judy says, I'm firm in my recollection that she and I went to a dance together. No doubt it was an unremarkable incident to her, whereas my worship of the ground she walked on, would have made me think she could walk on water, too.

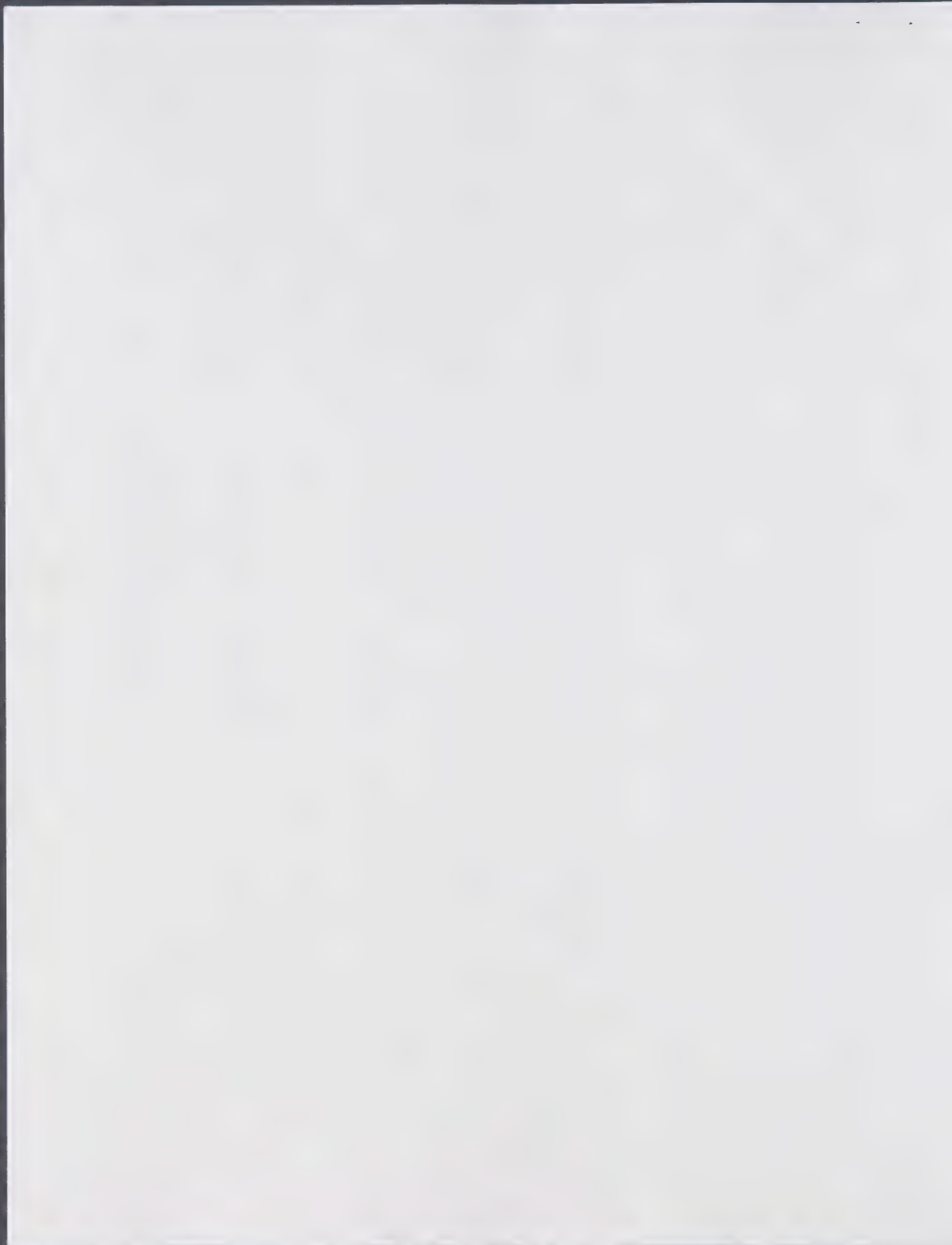
You probably, know that my mind is not always as sedate and placid as one might think. For instance, when I saw her signature on the note, it struck me with almost a peculiar physical force in my mind, "That's Judy!!" No doubt it can be explained by my having seen it in the not so distant past. Nevertheless it was almost as if it were she, for an instant, and she would materialize and speak to me!

I confess not being able to sound completely credible, but I'm reminded of -

"The truth is always there,  
It's falsehood that has to be fabricated."

Knowing full well that truth concealed may be a type of falsehood, I try to tell truth as well and completely as possible, knowing nevertheless that my own humanity predisposes me to failure, at least some of the time.

Now I come to the painful matter which your letter alluded to. I did not give \$10,000.00 to LaRouche, but only because I could not, without Jane's agreement. It was not forthcoming. Instead, she went to our G.P. with a story - I suppose - that I was cracking up. He said he wanted to talk with me, and I went to see him. He must have agreed with Jane, because he conspired to have me call in later in the day at Sunnybrook Hospital, because there was someone there he would like to talk to me.



When he telephoned for me to go to Sunnybrook - a short distance up the street, - Jane said to take the TTC because I might not be coming back. And to take pyjamas for staying over. I smelled a rat. I drove, but did not take pyjamas. At Emergency I got whisked into a sort of interrogation room. My deceitful, conniving G.P. never did show up. Another smelly rat! Eventually four doctors, presumably of some psychiatric background, spent about two and a half hours with me. They came one at a time, and gave me a test - such things as "what day is it," "what is your name," "can you subtract seven from ninety-three," etc., etc. Most of the questions required answers a child could give, but at first I thought it best not to trouble them. The second doctor gave exactly the same test, and was given the same answers. I thought they might be checking for irrationality or inconsistency.

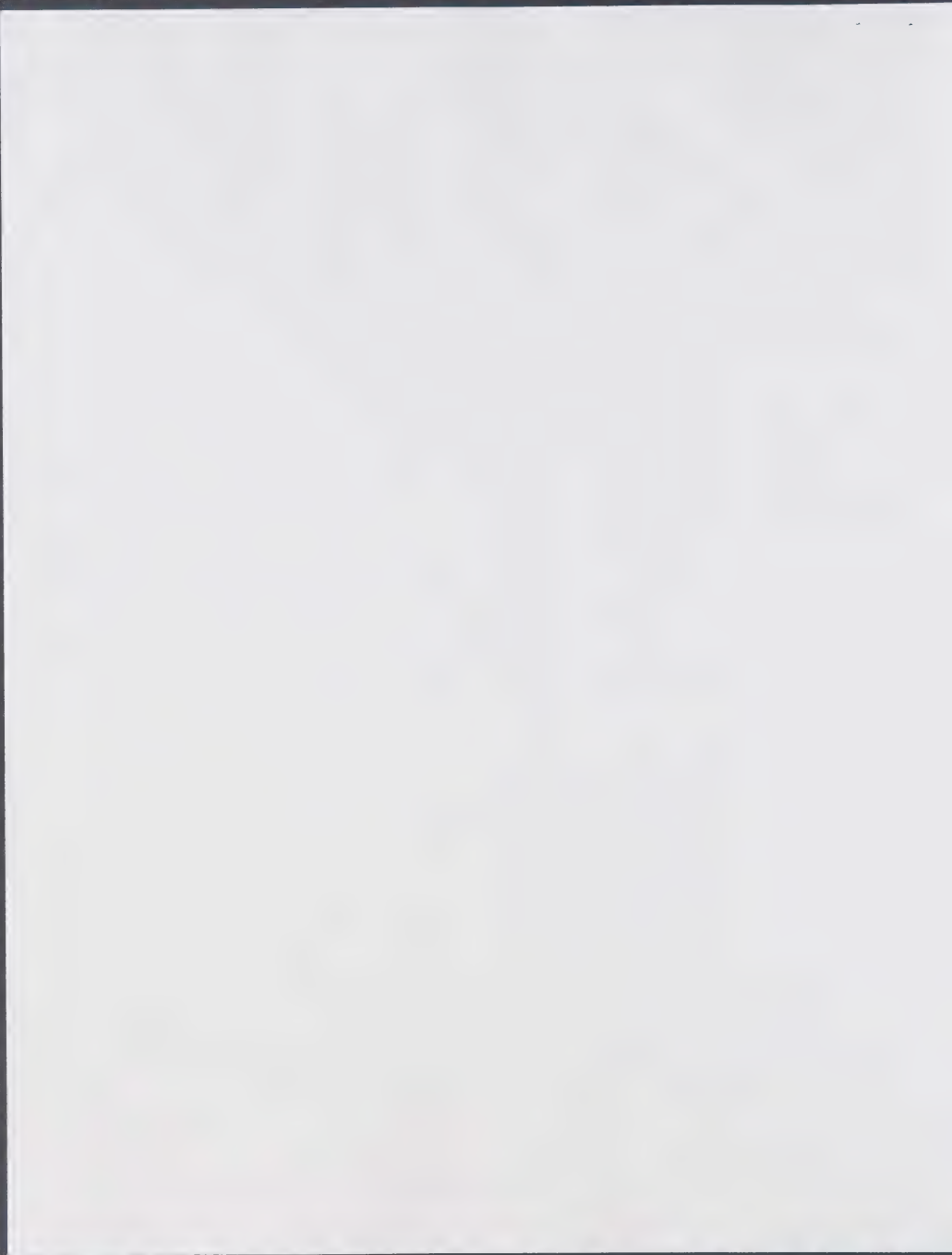
When the third doctor then started the identical test, I thought it time to speak up. I said it was ludicrous to give me the same test, and why didn't they make use of what they already had, instead of insulting my intelligence.

Then the third eased off and omitted some of the test, saying that he wanted to hear me say the answers to others. After that a fourth came into the picture, and presumably they found no reason to keep me, and with my permission they transferred me to North York General Hospital, where I was quite well acquainted with the Chief of Psychiatry.

It is my belief that a domestic matter was seen by him as the only matter of consequence, and a holiday for me of a few weeks, and careful monitoring, was all that was in order. So I took his advice and stayed there. And I was so furious about the deceptiveness that I had been treated with, that I decided not to go home until I got an apology. However, though there never was an apology, Christmas came. With a young daughter who had no part in the affair, I thought of her and returned.

Tuesday August 9, 1994

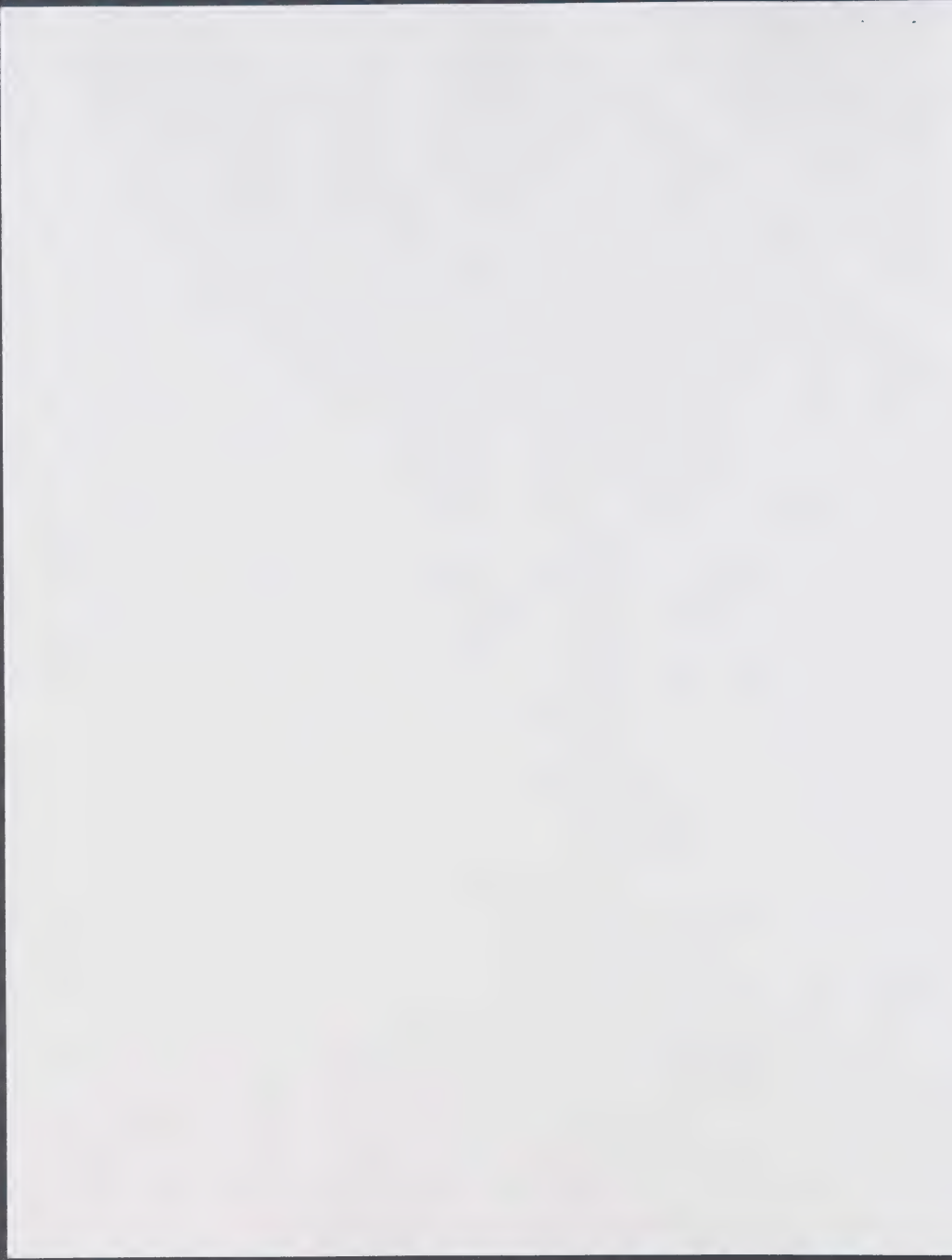
Another incident of my younger years may be revealing. Quite a lot later a landlady said to me, "You don't start early, but you sure go like hell when you get going." For that matter it was that way in university. I was upstairs in bed beside University Avenue a number of times, when the alarm clock waked me at 8:00 o'clock for an 8:00 o'clock lecture. It was probably ten minutes away, and I suppose the admittance doors closed at 8:05. Yet I always made it in time - though I may have had a few bits of clothing missing from my usual accompaniment. <sup>At</sup> An earlier incident was that my father asked me to go to the far end of the farm for something. On the way I went through the barn, and the straw shed over the manure pile. The boards were about six or eight inches wide, and one had wide spaces on each side. My curiosity was awakened. Could I go to sleep on one for fifteen minutes without falling off into the manure pile. You may be relieved that I did, ergo I could. And by <sup>giving</sup> ~~giving~~ afterwards at full steam I got what was required of me.



Don't think I'm not one to consider the opinions of others. For instance, my ten year old automobile must now be replaced. For myself, a new one will have four wheels, four doors, and whatever add-ons are needed. A long time ago the speed-wagon truck I drove as a child had legitimate floor boards which could be removed in emergency, and one could do some foot-dragging to stop - albeit at slower speed. So I'm not all that impressed with fancy electronic control of the brakes. My feet have been good for lo! these many years. But my daughter says I must have fancy hi-tech stoppers at a thousand or so more. Well, I don't want my daughter to think I don't pay attention to her advice.

There is not with me the account of how I by very good fortune became close to the wonderful girl who was the female being in my mind. I think I mentioned the creaky floor boards, and the excruciatingly long time it took to go <sup>43</sup> have and return, what with the creaky boards being outside my parents' door. So something better had to be discovered to enable our trysts. In fact, it was fairly obvious. There was an old quince tree growing against the south wall of the house. A large limb came under my window, and then led down to near the ground. From there it was fairly easy to reach her window, and with her help get through it and into her room.

It's strange what one remembers. For instance, the fullness and beauty of her breasts. Should I stand behind her, and reach around, each palm could reach beneath a breast, and make a perfect cup for it. And yet when she lay down, her breasts seemed almost to vanish on her chest. Just one of the wonders of the world, I suppose. But her breasts were only one of her wonderful features. Her arms, her legs, her body, her face, and above all her personality were the perfection which God must have aspired to when he made woman.





Thursday, September 1st, 1994

8:15 am

Today I'm in the mind of the dog who gnaws at his bone, long after the food from it is all gone, and even the scent is long since vanished.

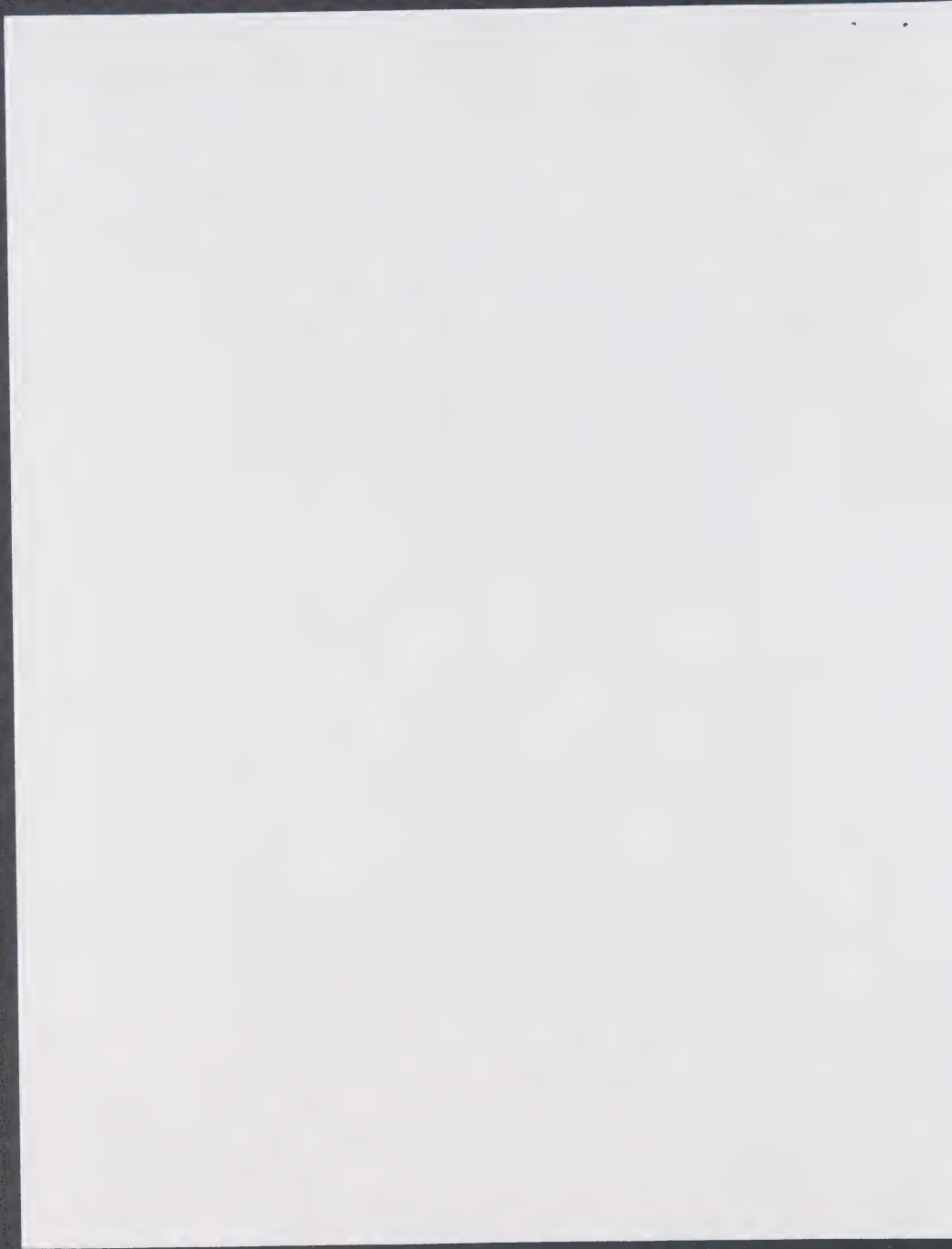
And yet "there's an old spinning wheel in the parlour,  
Spinning dreams of the long, long ago."

Yesterday something of me wanted to die. But I would not let it. It isn't as serious a blow as at reception it first seemed. Perhaps it was just the unexpectation that ran a sword through my heart. At least it was a clean, sharp blade. Not a wooden stake. And now, a day later, the wonderful joyous memories of so long ago have come flooding back again. As in the Great War,

"Dear heart, her name he dared not speak  
But as the song grew louder  
Something on the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stain of powder."

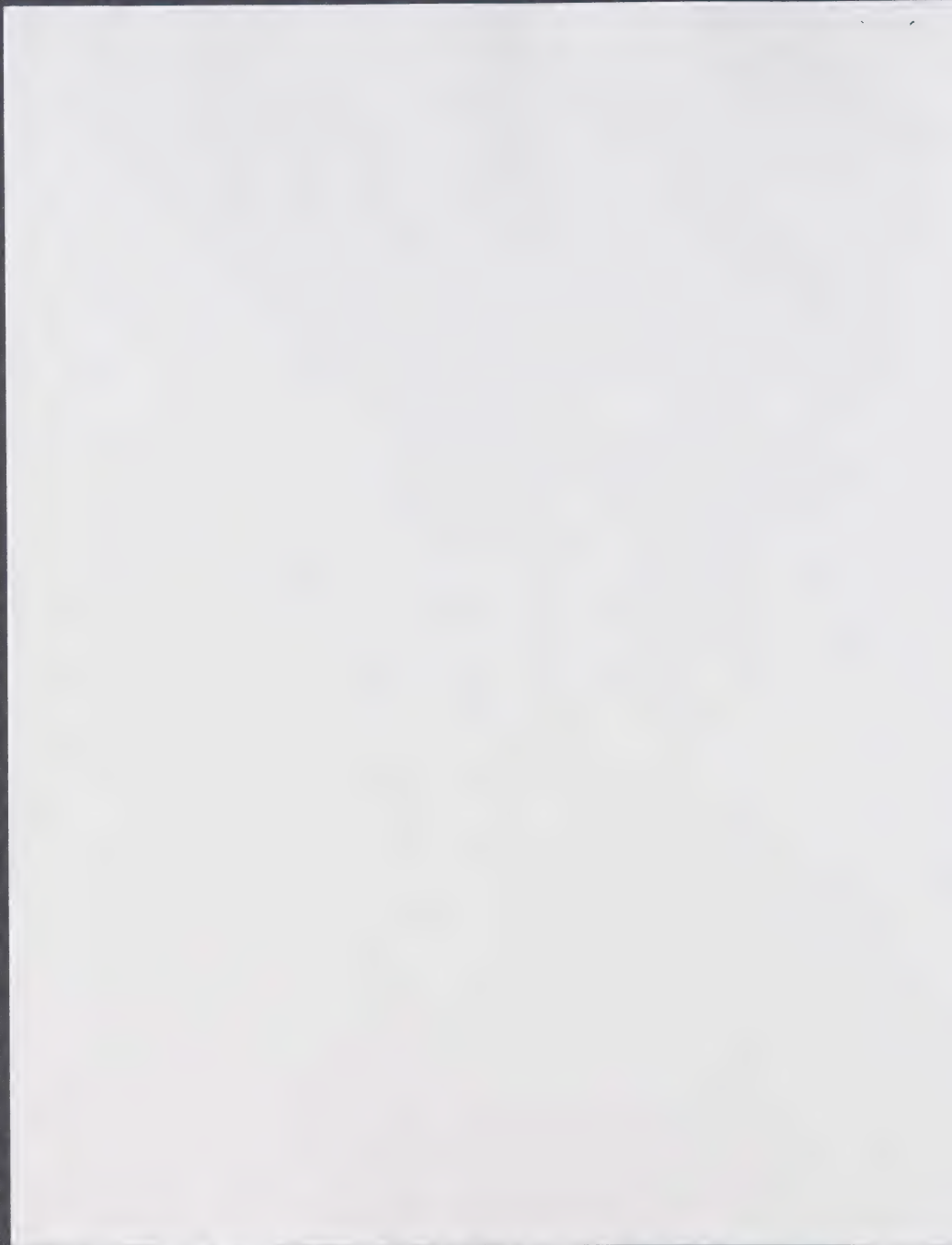
And so, in the song of life, the tears of sadness turn once more into the tears of joy.

Yesterday I called her for the first time in many years. Possibly I thought she would fall into my arms over the telephone. I should have known better. She has been married to someone else and they raised a family. Perhaps she thought me some kind of threat. So when I asked if I could come and see her, the answer came swift and short, "No." Perhaps I deserved it. But it felt like Excalibur finding its mark in me.



Saturday, August 27th, 1994

It seems to have been a good idea to record the date when I write something. Then I can put in order of sequence things which after being written simply do not have any other indication of where they fit in the scheme of things. For instance, on Saturday, July 23rd, I started to write a sample of what I write. On Thursday, August 4th, it ended. Then I got a letter from Alfred which made it abundantly clear that he had no use for someone I have admired for a number of years. I was in a logical cleft stick, but I deemed it best to write to Alfred. To be so accomplished, his mind must always be on the ball. Yet he is so great and pleasant and unassuming that he could be just one among his classmates. So on Saturday, August 6th, 1994, I made a digression from what I had started to write, and in it replied to Alfred. I returned to my early remembrances after that letter, to extol the young person who stole my heart and made me her worshipping admirer - oh so long ago.



Dr. Alfred Bader  
2961 North Shepard Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

July 25, 1994

Mr. David Moyer  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M4G 2A2

Dear David,

Isabel and I just spent a delightful week in Canada, mainly for the 75th birthday of Isabel's hometown, Kirkland Lake. While travelling through Toronto, I tried to telephone you several times, but alas you were always out.

Now I have to thank you for your gracious letter of July 9th.

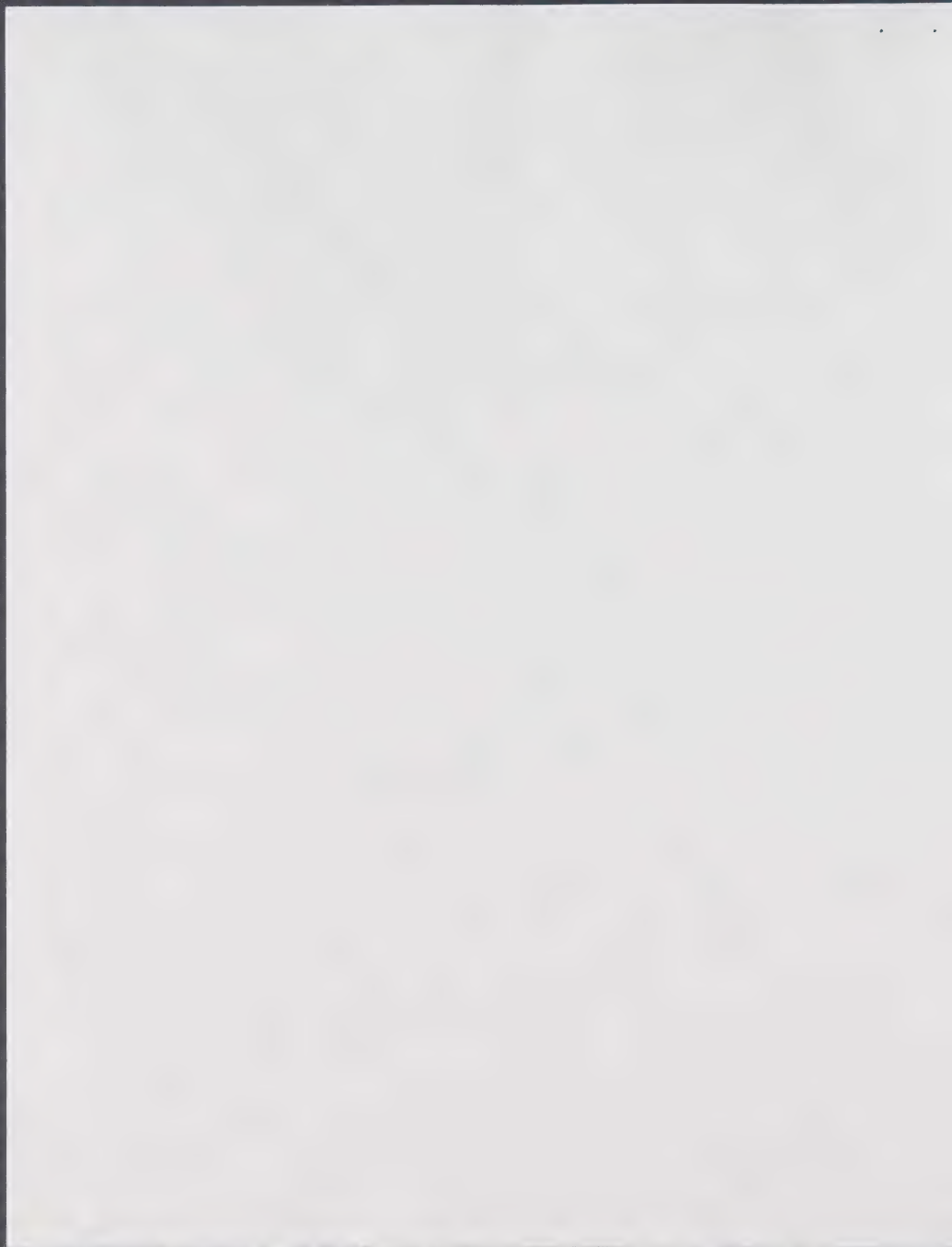
In the case of my dismissal, I don't think that dollars had anything to do with it. My successor, Tom Cori, makes well over a million dollars a year, many times what I ever made, and as he is hard-working and able, I didn't object. However, for the first fifty years of his life, he heard, time and again, that he was the only son of two Nobel Laureates, and for the last few years that he was the successor of Bader. Now he has it all to himself, and the company is doing much worse.

I was rather astounded, reading some of your essays. Did you actually give \$10,000 to La Rouche? Believe me, David, that this man is a thorough no-good.

Did you ever find out who the girl was whom you did take to a dance in 1943?

There is no doubt in my mind that you write exceedingly well. Some of your essays are really haunting, and Clyde Lendrum and I spent a long time in New Liskeard discussing how they might best be published. I hope that Clyde will be more successful in reaching you by telephone than I was.

I presume that you may want some of your essays, and surely the letter from the lady of mistaken identity, back, and so I return the latter. Let me know if you would like the other essays returned.



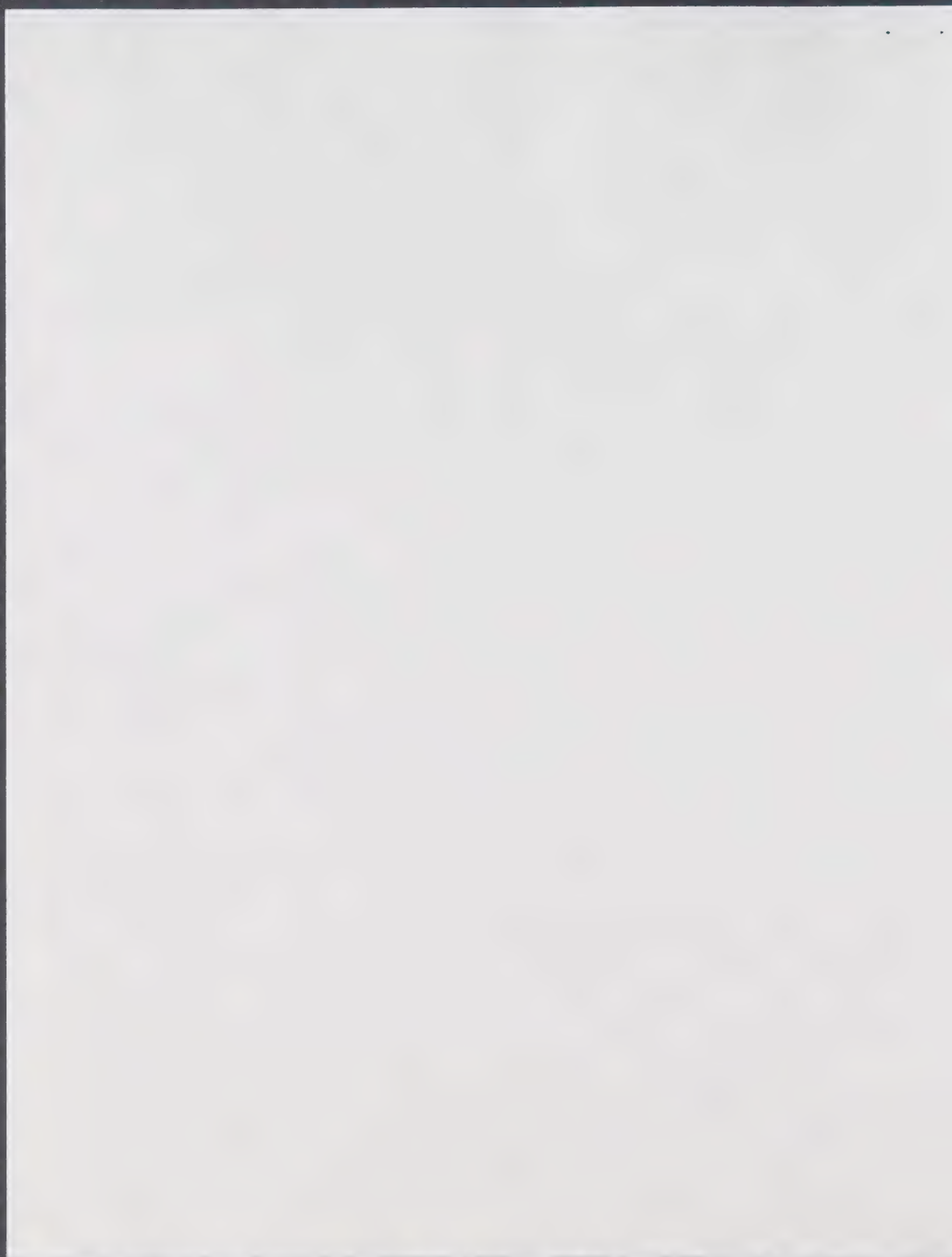
Mr. David Moyer  
July 25, 1994  
Page Two

Isabel and I are likely to come through Toronto at the end of October, I will let you know in advance so that perhaps we could meet at the airport.

All good wishes.

Sincerely,

Enclosure





79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto

M4G 2A2

(now I have to go and look up the date)

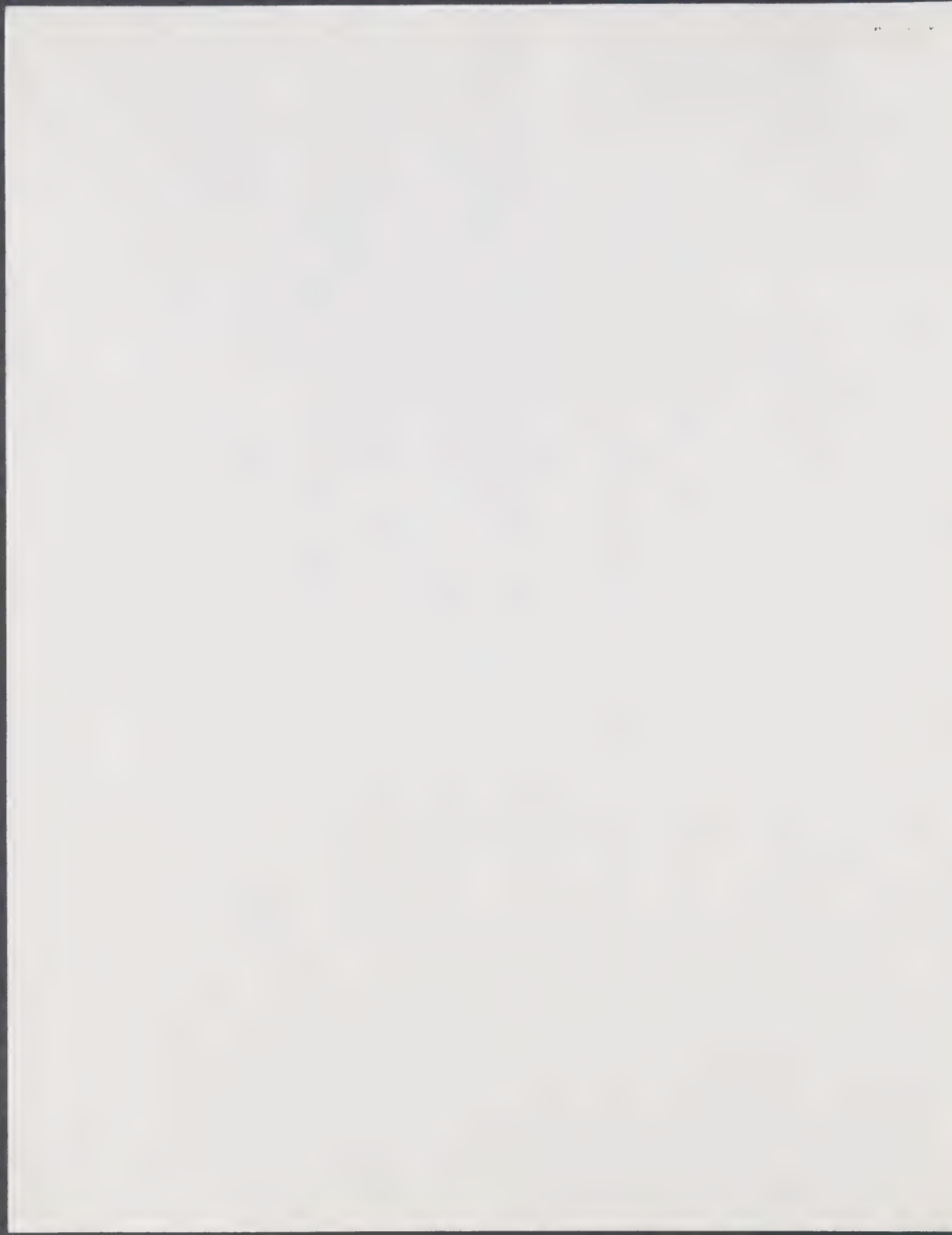
Saturday, July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1994

Dear Alfred,

Having just got 'Saturday Night', with its four page spread on "the Romance of A. Baker", I can take a lot of pleasure from knowing that it isn't any Harlequin concoction. If I have any criticism of it, it is that all is sweetness and light and roses. My finding is that the road did not always come up to meet me, and the wind was not always at my back. So, I'm sure, it has been with you - in which case it is misleading to imply that you didn't have your due of life's negative side.

Regarding how you were comprehensively turfed out of your own company, I've heard that such things do happen. My guess is that at the bottom of all is "checkez la dollar". It makes me think you are in good company. Word to me is that "Whitewater and related scandals are being stage-managed by British intelligence via the media conglomerate Holtzinger Corp. and allied American neo-conservative circles, and constitutes a treasonous foreign destabilization of the U.S. presidency."

Loggers go for the biggest and best trees to fall. So you and President Clinton are both in envious eyes. You have taken it with a smile. I wonder how it will be for him. Must run - an engagement in an hour, and I'm not engagement keeping caliber yet. Regards, David.



79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M4G-2A2

Saturday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1994

Dear Alfred,

There may be something lost in the mail, I received a letter from you which suggested that I might think of you as "churlish", for not having written lately. So I duly wrote, while my anger(?) at the use of that word in that relationship was on the boil. I suspect that I sent it to Alfred Bader Fine Arts, because that was on the envelope which was handy. In summary, then, there are a great many adjectives which might become you. But any which <sup>are</sup> even remotely ~~resemble~~ opprobrious do not.

I've just finished a set of steps for Julia's house. They are for the back door, out to the garden. I used materials that I had, so that they are unique. Frankly, I'm delighted at the end product. The steps are Venetian Red, the balustras and railings are ivory, and the top step has been expanded in both directions to make a safe platform from which little Richard won't fall.

You mentioned my ~~naivety~~ naivety. Don't think I take it as any thing but a compliment. Over the years I've discovered that to be naïve enables one to get closer to the truth than otherwise. Later I'll tell you about Judy Ettinger - Now I must go - I'm finishing a presentation for a Special Vestry Meeting to-morrow

Best regards, David.



Dr. Alfred Bader  
2961 North Shepard Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211

March 9, 1994

Mr. David Moyer  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M4G 2A2

Dear David,

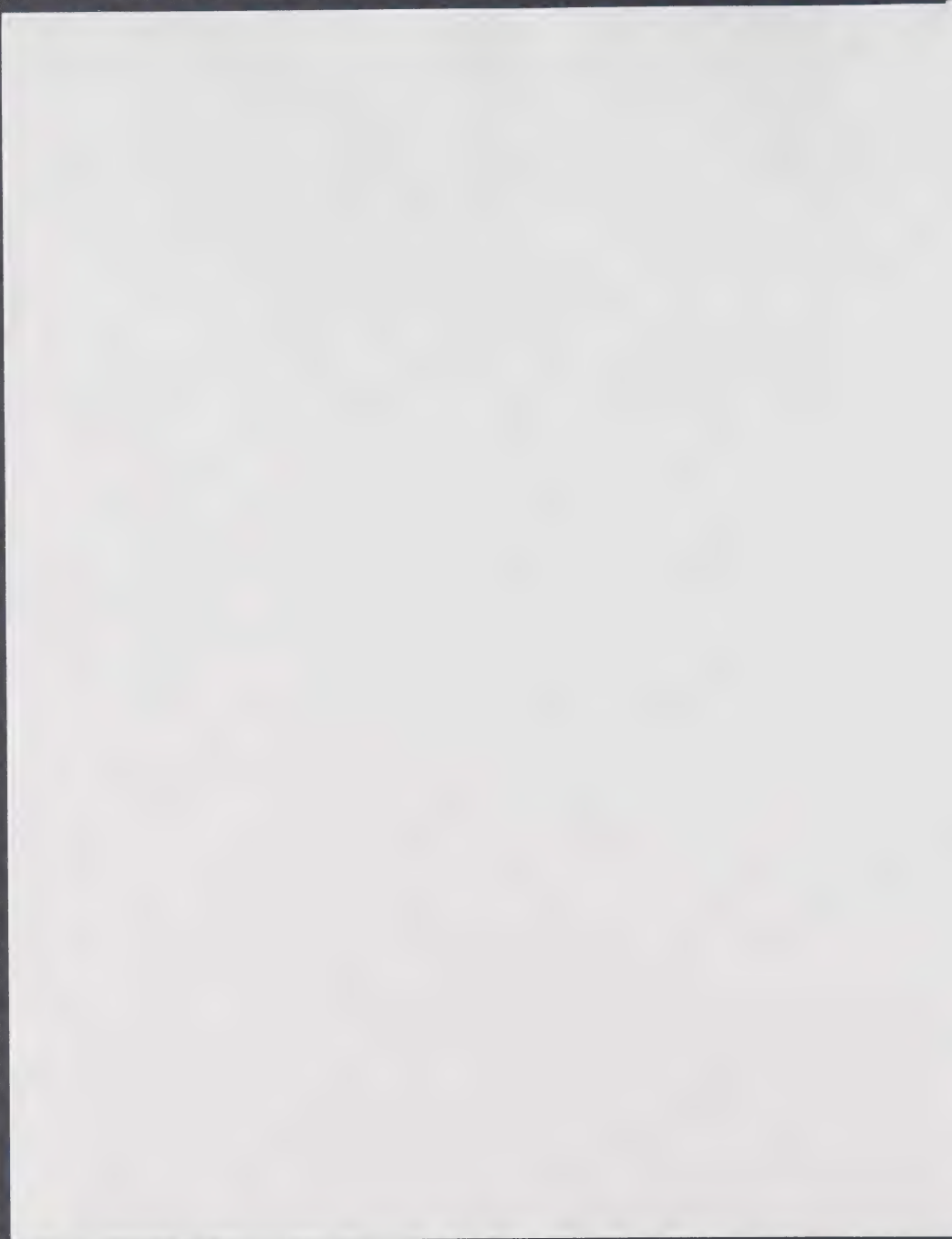
You must think me terribly churlish that I have not written to you in response to your beautiful letter and the many very interesting enclosures. However, Isabel and I have been travelling a good deal; last week, for instance, to London to argue with the National Gallery about the export of a painting and two weeks before that on a lecture trip and buying of paintings in Florida.

In any case, many thanks for what you have sent me and also for coming to my talk in the Chemistry Department of the University of Toronto--without falling asleep!

Isabel and I plan to attend the CIC meetings in Winnipeg at the end of May and then be in Toronto June 2--5. We very much hope we can get together for an hour or two then. It is so much easier to talk to you than to write.

Fond regards.

Sincerely,



Dr. Alfred Bader  
2961 North Shepard Avenue  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin 55211

March 9, 1994

Mr. David Moyer  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada M4G 2A2

Dear David,

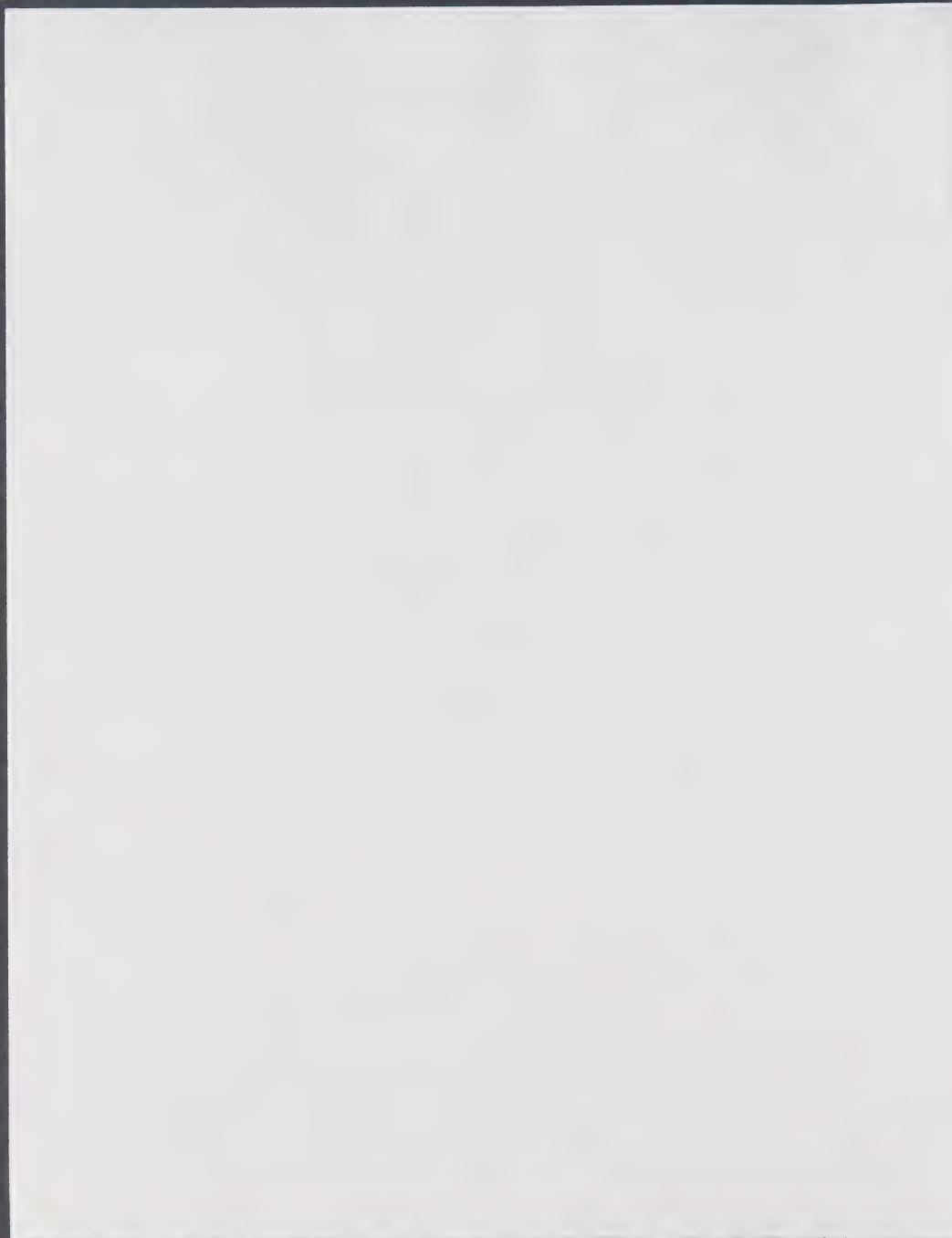
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Fond regards.

Sincerely,





79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto

M4G 2A2

Saturday, December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Dear Alfred,

How shall I start? Last night was  $-10$  or  $12^{\circ}\text{C}$ , which may be balmy in Wisconsin, but after  $+14^{\circ}\text{C}$  yesterday, feels quite chilly to me. To go on, your letter of November 9<sup>th</sup> so pleased and thrilled me that I wrote almost immediately, before the charm could wear off. That page and a half has since been inundated by other papers, but I'm sure that it will be found and appended.

Perhaps your letter sensitized me. A Kiss from the sun in spring brings nature alive again, does it not? Two days ago I received a <sup>card with a</sup> note from Flora, recently a widow, telling me of recent adjustments. She is evidently coping very well with being a mother and grandmother in changed circumstances. But why I tell you is that, as I told her, she must be full and to spare of spirit. Because when I saw her handwriting on the envelope paper, it was as if my heart just stopped for a moment. My having been hoping to hear from her had nothing to do with it. It doesn't make sense, of course, but it was as if some of her spirit came with her handwriting, and when I saw it, it came to me and stopped my heart. Fortunately it was <sup>brief as</sup> ~~like~~ a computer handshake, and let me go again.

We were together in High School. But at least during school time I was a stable boy who shovelled and pitched the manure. While she was a near neighbour of the Micheners, who gave

File:  
David  
Mayer

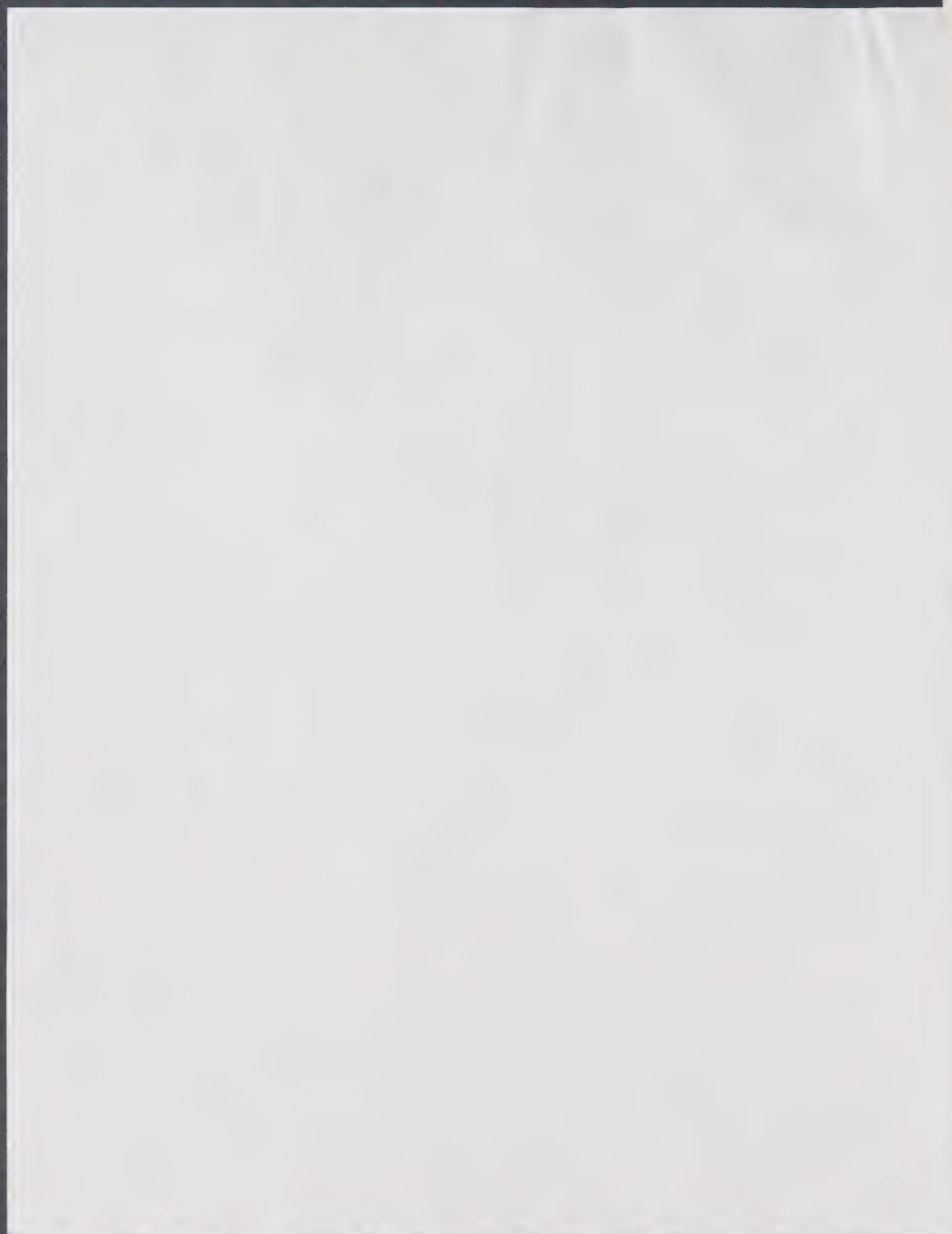
us our good Governor - General Roland Michener. So if I was overcome with admiration which didn't take forever to make me realize that I was in love with her, it remained entirely one-sided. I suppose I felt like the cat that looked at the Queen. However, we went back to a fiftieth anniversary of graduation from the school, and she seemed very glad to see me as glad as I was to see her.

I didn't mean to write so much about Fern. L. H. Topsy, it just grewed. There are other things to send along, but first I'll enclose as a bundle what pertains to a letter from the Saint Thomas' Church, December 2nd, and what followed. Mostly it is what I wrote to donors in memory of Jane. You will know that it is quite sensitive.

---

It seems that I've run out of steam. There is some more for you, but it can wait. My thoughts to you and to the memorial donors must be enough for now. In any event, they are in a class apart.

All good wishes and greetings to  
 'Isobel and Alfred'  
 David.



79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
1946-2A2

Monday afternoon, November 15<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Dear Alfred,

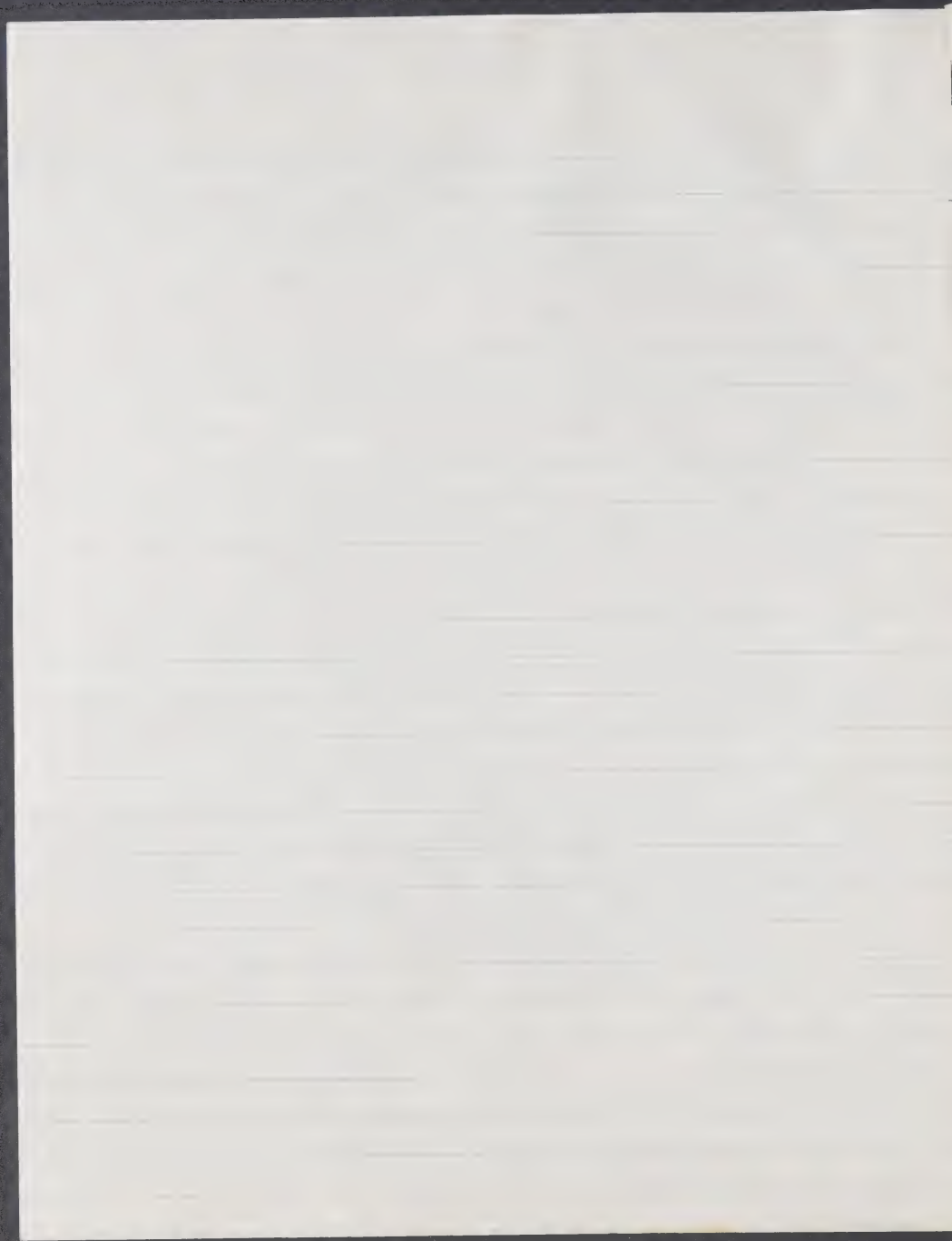
There are only a few minutes for this, and I will come to your very kind letter sometime later.

Just as I was in Holland in 1958-59 winter for six months. As a result we had some marvelous experiences, of course. What comes to mind is that we once met a man who was a credit to the human race — good looking, educated, accomplished, a pleasure to be with, and so on. When we told him that we were <sup>of</sup> Philips in Canada and learning about Philips in Holland, he said,

"Philips is Holland".

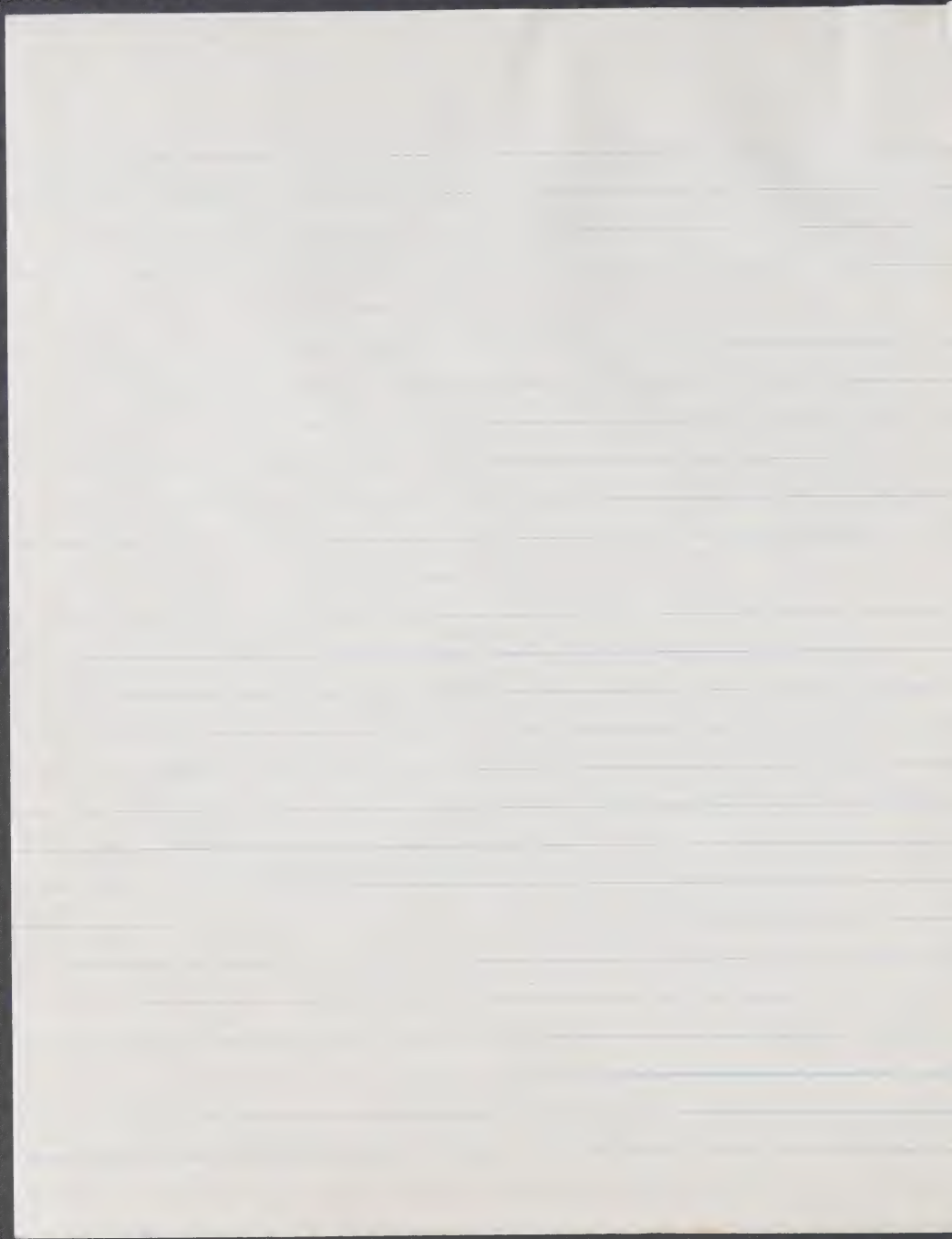
That stuck with me.

Possibly your letters, evoked by that type of concept, brought me to think today that you are art. Even apart from what you write, the arrangement and display of it is little less than art, to my mind at least. The type and texture of paper you use — its colour tone also — even the stamps on the ~~to~~ envelopes are works of art — Liberty, Forest Conservation, and the circus today. I could <sup>frame</sup> them and hang them for pleasant looking long after forgetting what had been so beautifully typed.



What I suspect, dear Alfred, is that your love of art is possibly generic, as well as intensively cultivated. It makes me think of; ~~Keats~~ (Keats') (Ode on Grecian Urn)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all  
Ye know on earthy and all ye need to know.





79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario  
M4G 2A2

December 5th, 1993

Mrs. Sheila Burns  
President  
The Inner Wheel  
Rotary Club of Toronto, Leaside  
23 Tanager Ave., Toronto M4G 3P9

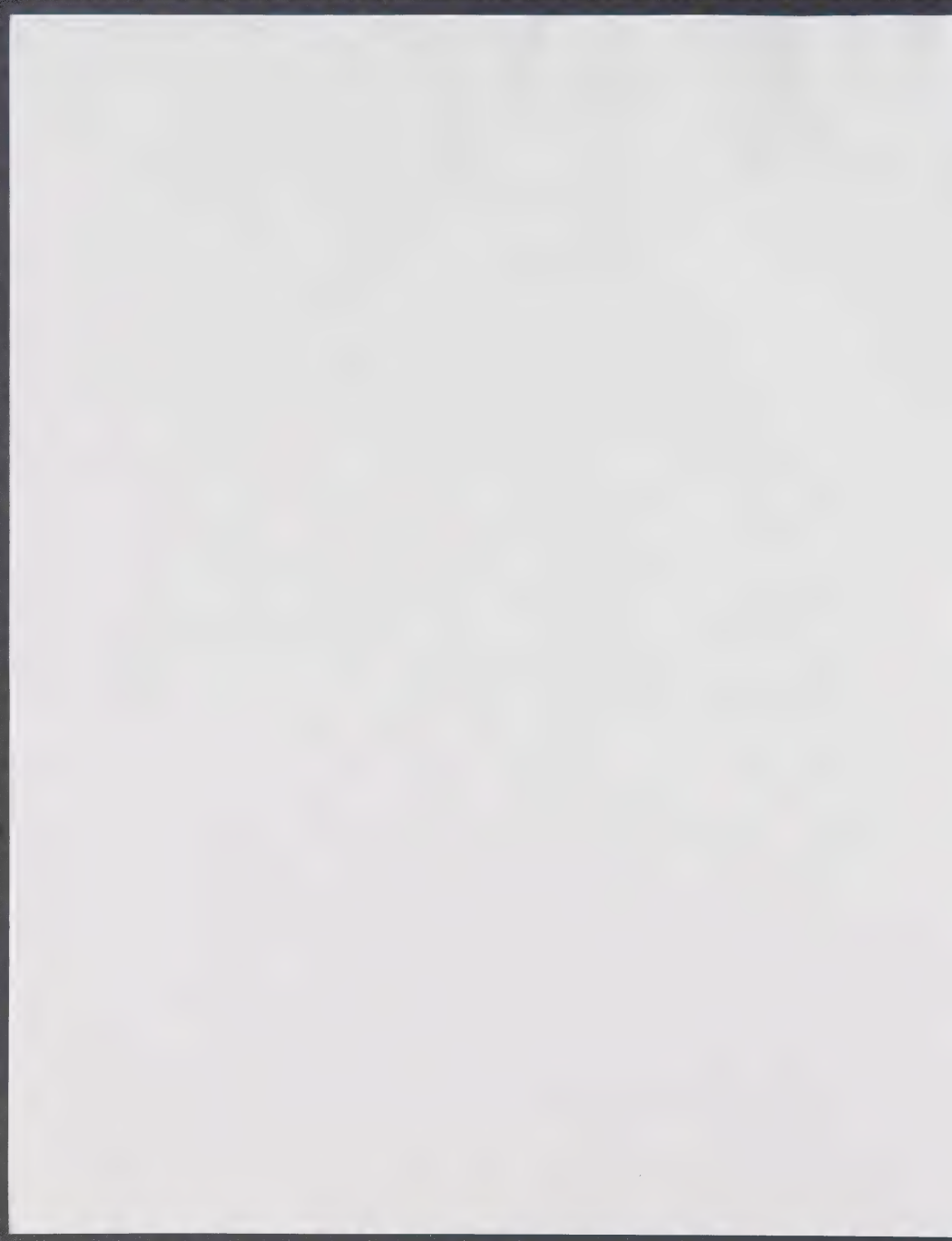
Dear Sheila:

It was a shock—there isn't any other word for it—to open the letter from Secretary Treasurer Ric Hill, dated November 22, and learn that the Inner Wheel had made a donation to the Foundation in memory of Jane. And I don't mean shock in the unpleasant sense by any means. It was, instead, as if I held in my hands a piece of paper that I was looking at, and the realization hit me that it was something wonderful. Perhaps when stout Cortez climbed the peak in Darien, and saw the Pacific Ocean stretching on to infinity, he felt that kind of shock, too.

Gratefully yours,

David Moyer

David Moyer



79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario M4G 2A2

December 5th, 1993

Ms. Barbara Obrai  
Saint Thomas' Church, Toronto  
383 Huron Street  
Toronto, Ontario  
M5S 2G5

Dear Ms. Obrai:

Please accept my gratitude and thanks for your letter of December 2, 1993, which provided a list of donors in memory of the late Mr.s E. Jane Moyer, my wife. She would be much pleased that you got her name the way she wanted to be identified. Looking at the list of donors makes me think of what a goodly company they are, and that brings to mind a bit of Samuel Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", namely:

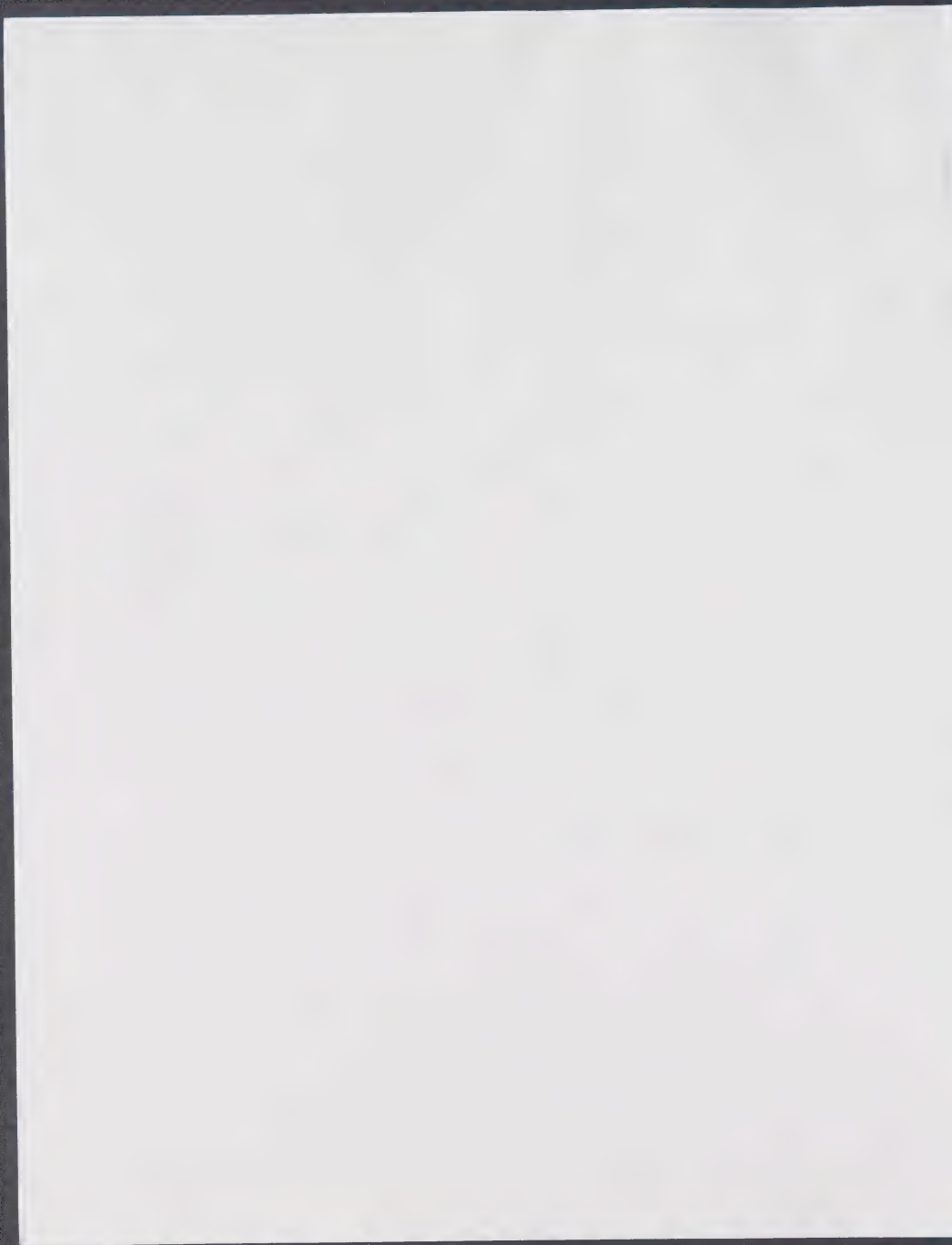
"O sweeter than the marriage feast  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the Kirk  
With a goodly company!—

"To walk together to the Kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends  
And youths and maidens gay!"

Mrs. Moyer attended Saint Thomas' Church and sang in the choir when she was an undergraduate during the war. Many times she spoke appreciatively of the Church. So I'm sure that in her passage from earth to heaven, nothing will have pleased her more than having had Reverend Hoult conduct the service at her final visit. In my mind's eye I can see her smiling to herself on her bier and thinking, "This is all right!" For myself, not being very knowledgeable about tears, I found them nevertheless flowing with much sorrow, but also with great happiness. It was the most wonderful service of that kind in which I've been privileged to be a part.

Thank you again for your kindness.

David Moyer



DONORS TO SAINT THOMAS' CHURCH, TORONTO

In Memory of Jane Moyer, as of December 2, 1993

Maple Leaf - Metro Chapter 74 ,

Telephone Pioneers of America

Mrs. M.P. Ziegler

Elizabeth Leon

Dr. & Mrs. G.D. Williams

Dr. F.V. Currie

Harold Gallagher

Mr. & Mrs. Peter Anderson

Mary L. Kirby

Ross C. Norgrove

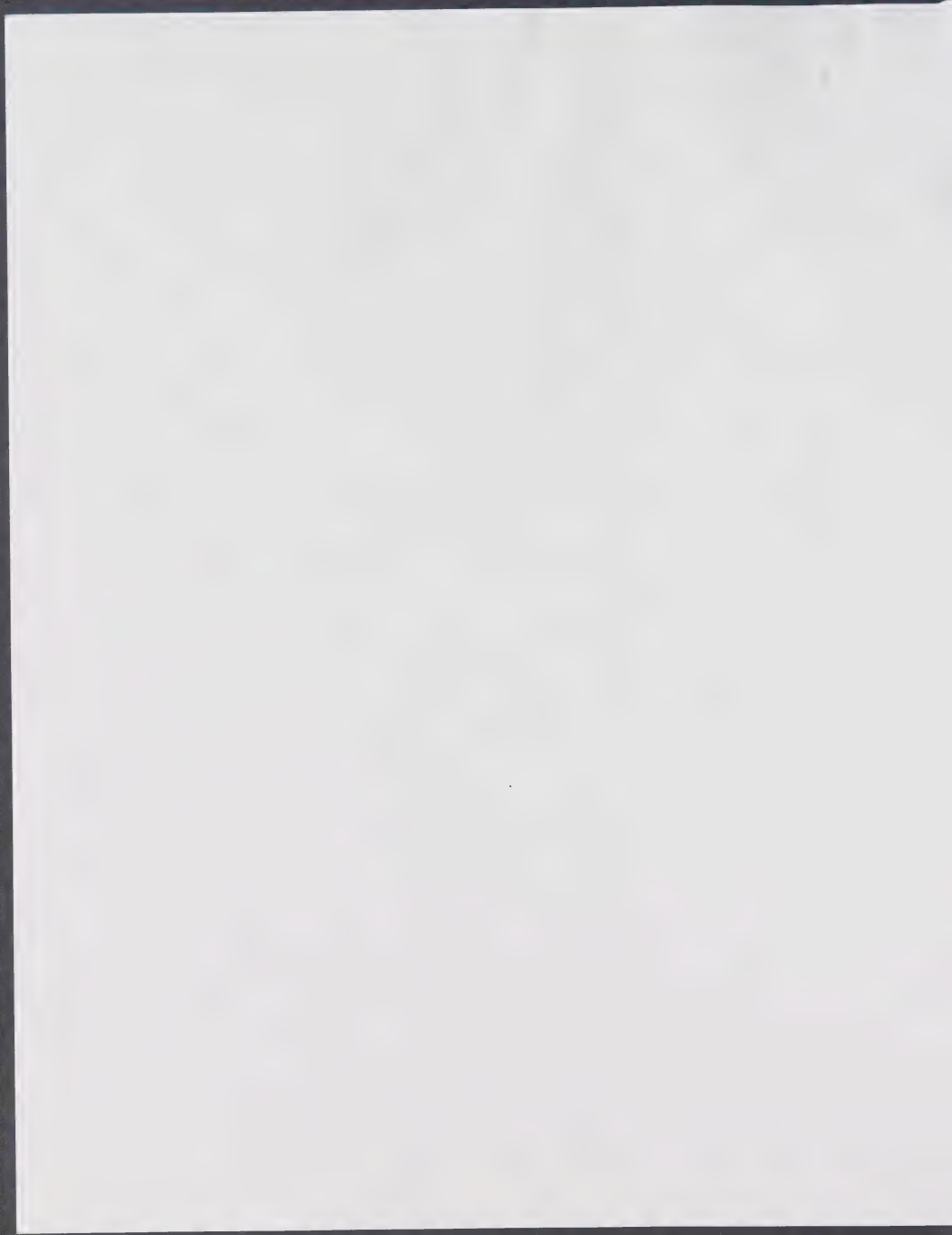
Mr. & Mrs. P. Wilhelm

Mrs. J.H. (&R.S.) Clarke

Mr. & Mrs. E. Wells

Mr. & Mrs. J.B. Rutherford

Ruth (Moyer) Raby



MAJ

14 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, December 6, 1993

Maple Leaf - Metro Chapter No. 74  
Telephone Pioneers of America  
c/o Mrs. E. I. Simpson,  
408 - 710 Spadina Ave.,  
Toronto, Ont. M5S 2G3

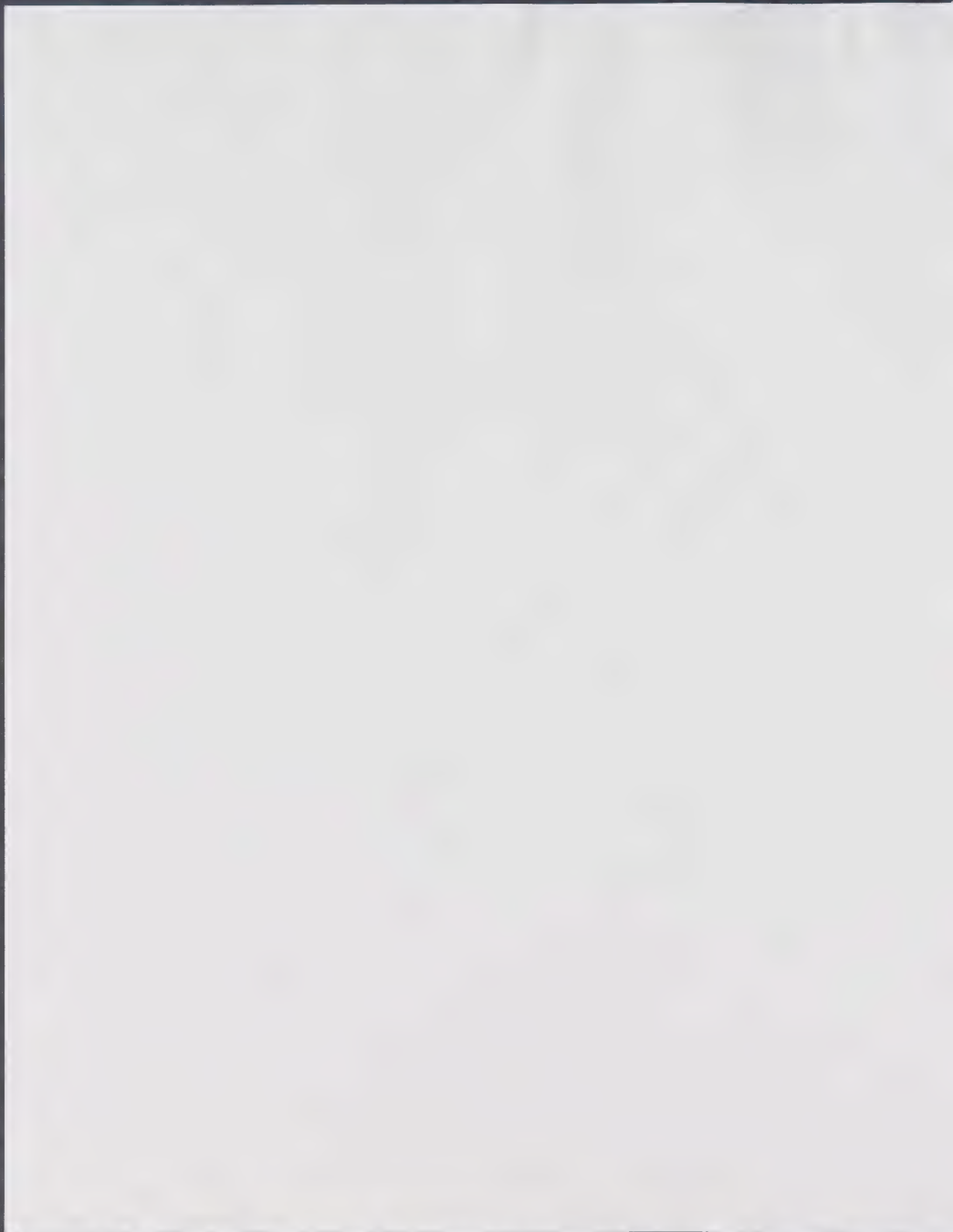
Dear Mrs. Simpson,

Saint Thomas' Church, Toronto, has just let me know that you and others are donors in memory of Jane. I'm sure that nothing would please Jane more than what you have done. As a Trinity undergrad she sang there in the choir, and many times she has held forth trying to let me know of what a wondrous place it was, although it looked outside like nothing special. I can just sort of imagine her thinking "Boy, am I ever glad ~~to be leaving from this splendid spot!~~ that it's from this splendid ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> that I'll be leaving!" It's hard <sup>now</sup> to realize that she has been gone for six months.

You might like to know in what a goodly company your name appeared in the list which Saint Thomas' Church sent me. I'll include a copy.

Yours in much appreciation,

David Kruger





MAJ

79 Carleton Crescent

Toronto, December 6, 1993

Mrs. M. P. Ziegler,  
1804 - 2450 Weston Rd,  
Weston, Ont. M9N 2A3

Dear Pat,

Since you already knew, I won't bother to tell you why I'm writing. It's just that I'd never sleep nights if one of the illustrious people who had contributed to Saint Thomas' Church in memory of Jane, had not been contacted. So it's really selfishness on my part - trying to avoid a haunt in the future! A list of those goodly people is attached.

Meanwhile, can't you just imagine Jane in her casket, having got her mind together enough to be glad she was where she used to sing as an undergraduate in the choir. I can suppose I heard her say, "when you've got to go, you've got to go. And I'm quite satisfied that this is the best place from which to go." She really loved that church, and the service which she attended as honoured guest.

I hope to see you soon,

David



MAJ

79 Cameron Crescent,  
Toronto, December 6, 1993

Elizabeth Leon,  
9 Lambeth Cr.,  
Islington, Ont. M9A 3A8

Dear Beth,

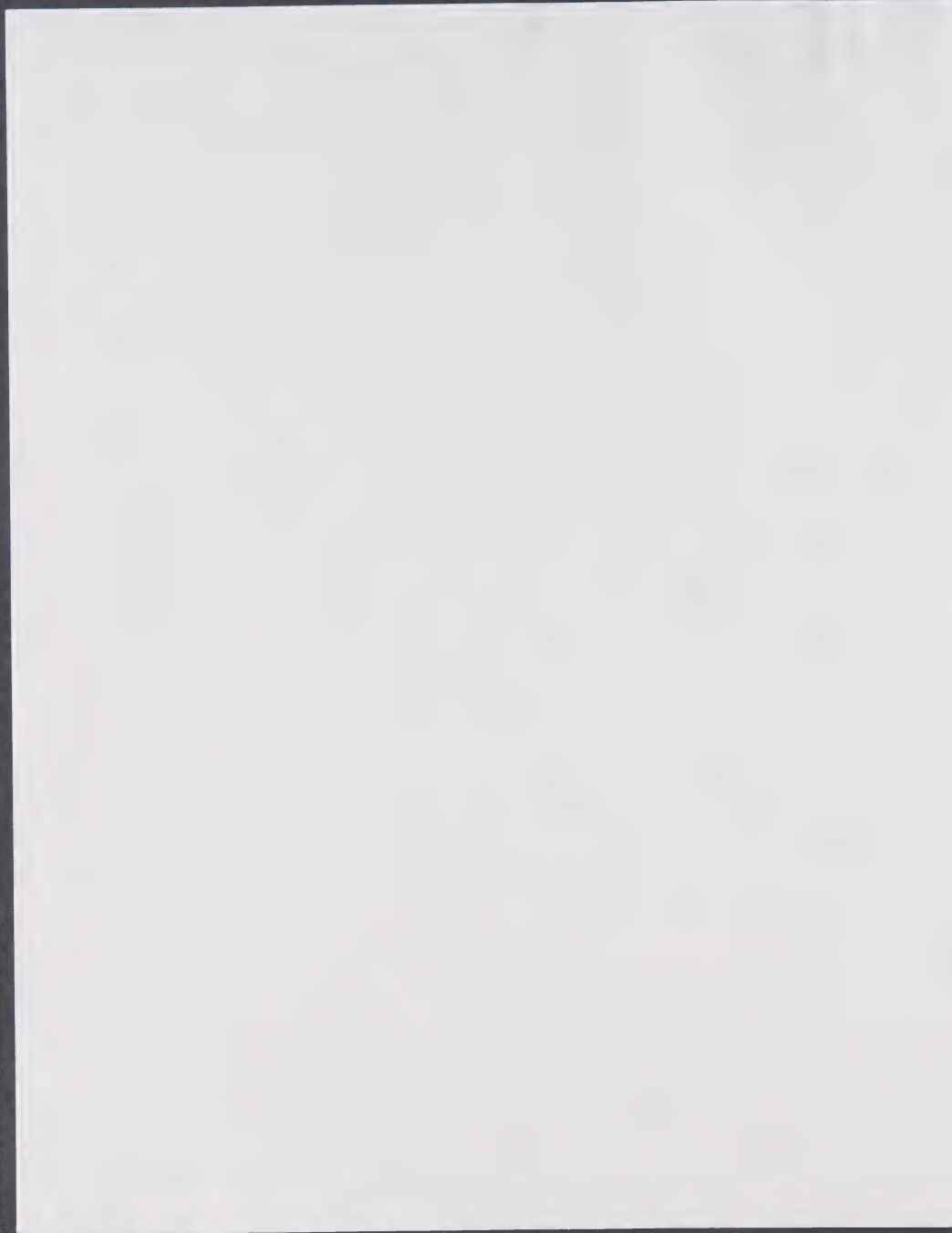
Saint Thomas' Church sent me a letter, dated December 2, 1993, which listed the goodly company of people who made a donation in memory of June. Since you are one of those goodly people, I thought it would not be untoward if I let you know about it. I'll even include a copy of the list, as you will know some of the people.

It seems to me that you might have gone with June when she sang in St. Thomas' choir? June thought it was heaven on earth in churches. In my mind's eye I can imagine her pulling a ghost trick at the funeral, and coming out to make sure she was in St. Thomas', before letting the service begin.

It's sad, but time marches on. Six months of it, in fact.

I'm glad I've been busy much of the time at Julia's. Richard is busily climbing the stairs - up only. He is a wonderful little fyer. Now I must go.

Love, David.



MAJ

19 Cameron Crescent,  
Toronto, December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1993  
M4G 2A2

Dear Pat and Getch,

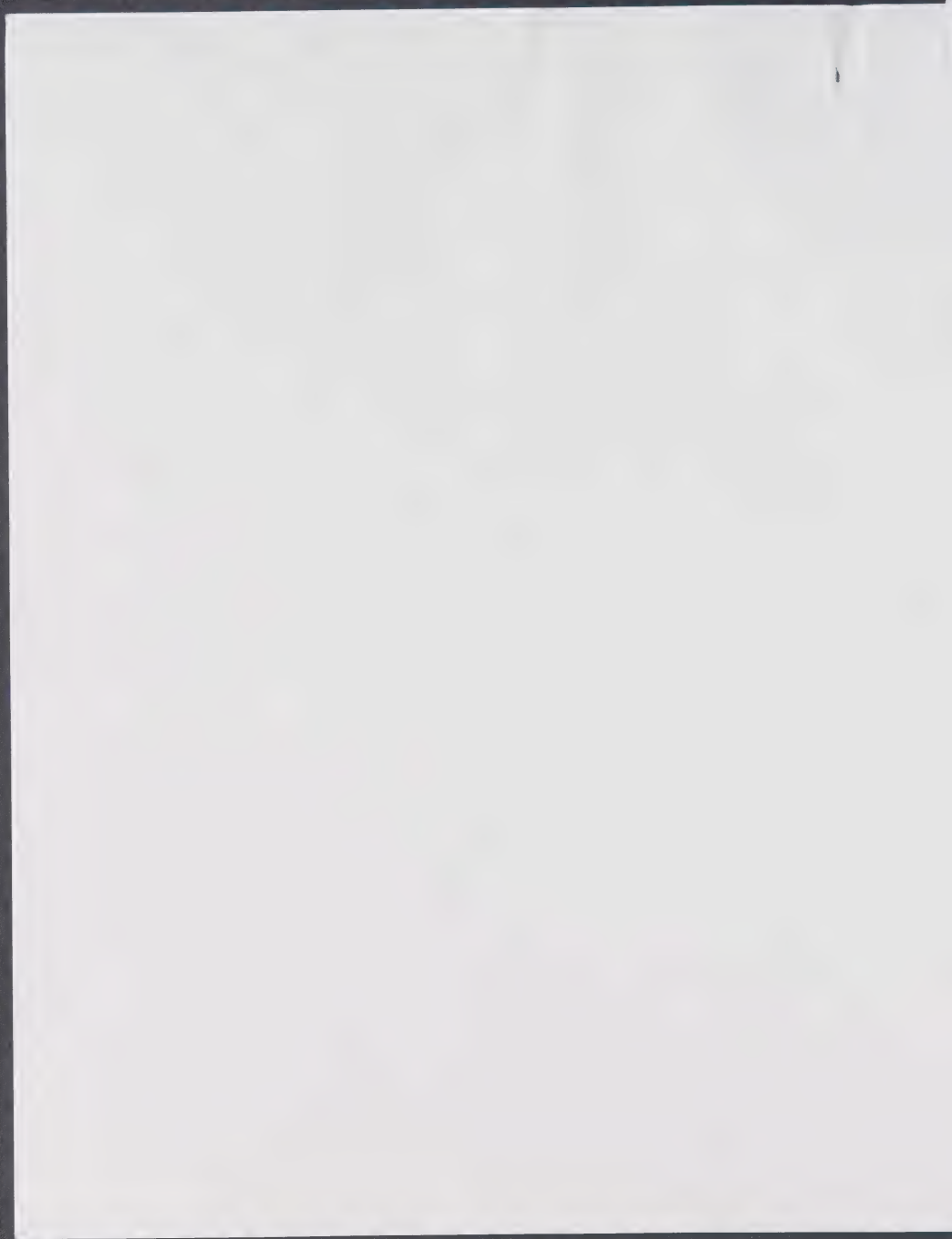
Saint Thomas' Church sent me a letter dated December 2<sup>nd</sup>, including the names of those who had made a donation in memory of Janet. To put it succinctly, I was not surprised, and I was very much pleased, that you are among the names of that goodly company. I'll include a copy, as you will know some of the other people.

Tuesday, December 7<sup>th</sup>

Last night there were things to say, but I could not find the words. So I went to bed, and of course they came to me in volumes, but now what were they? I don't know now, so will have to start anew.

Something that causes me wonderment is that I think of you as good people and good neighbours living next door on Harvest Drive. The pictures of you in my mind must have been set then, because when I see you now I can see that you've changed a bit, but that is only academic to my mind. You - and I don't mean to give you a swelled head - are just as good and as pleasant to be with as when I first saw you.

I was puzzling about that, and other things, this morning. It almost suggests that one's spirit is not confined by the envelope which contains the body. Perhaps, like magnetic



MAJ

lines of force, ~~it extends~~ which extend outward from the magnet <sup>generates</sup> which ~~contains~~ them, one's spirit extends outward to others, and communicates in values of permanent significance. Who knows? Certainly the scientists say that there is more space, relatively, within our atoms than there is in the solar system. It seems to me that lack of knowledge of the spirit is hardly a good enough reason for discounting it, and presuming to be smart enough to naysay it.

I just wrote to the College of Physicians and Surgeons to say that our family physician had never, although he had promised to do so repeatedly, given me an autopsy report. Among other stonewall tactics he tried to discourage me by saying,

"What good would it do you? It won't bring Jane back."

In sensitive bastard!

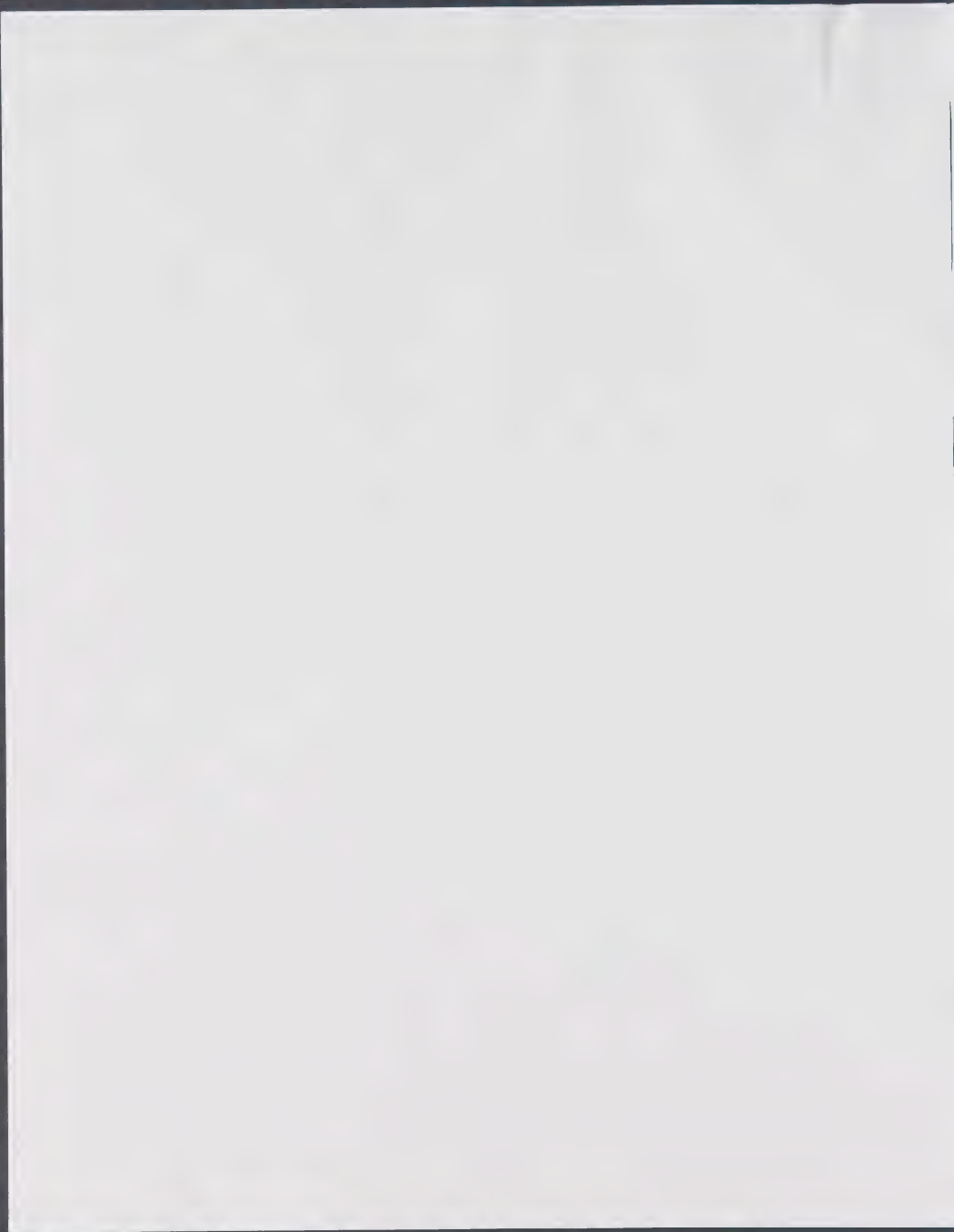
He also, when I said I was feeling quite well, all things considered, said,

"Maybe that's what's wrong with you. You need to see a psychiatrist. I'll make an appointment for you."

To humor him, I did see the Psychiatrist, but after 'jerk[ing] me around' a bit, he said I was OK, and <sup>also met</sup> my relatives had no grounds for concern about me.

I suppose that initially I wanted to know what had caused Jane's death. But the events since make me wonder if the autopsy was complete and correct, and why, though I was the authority for having it done, I haven't got the report.

Don't mind me - I just get going! Merry Christmas  
Diana





MAI

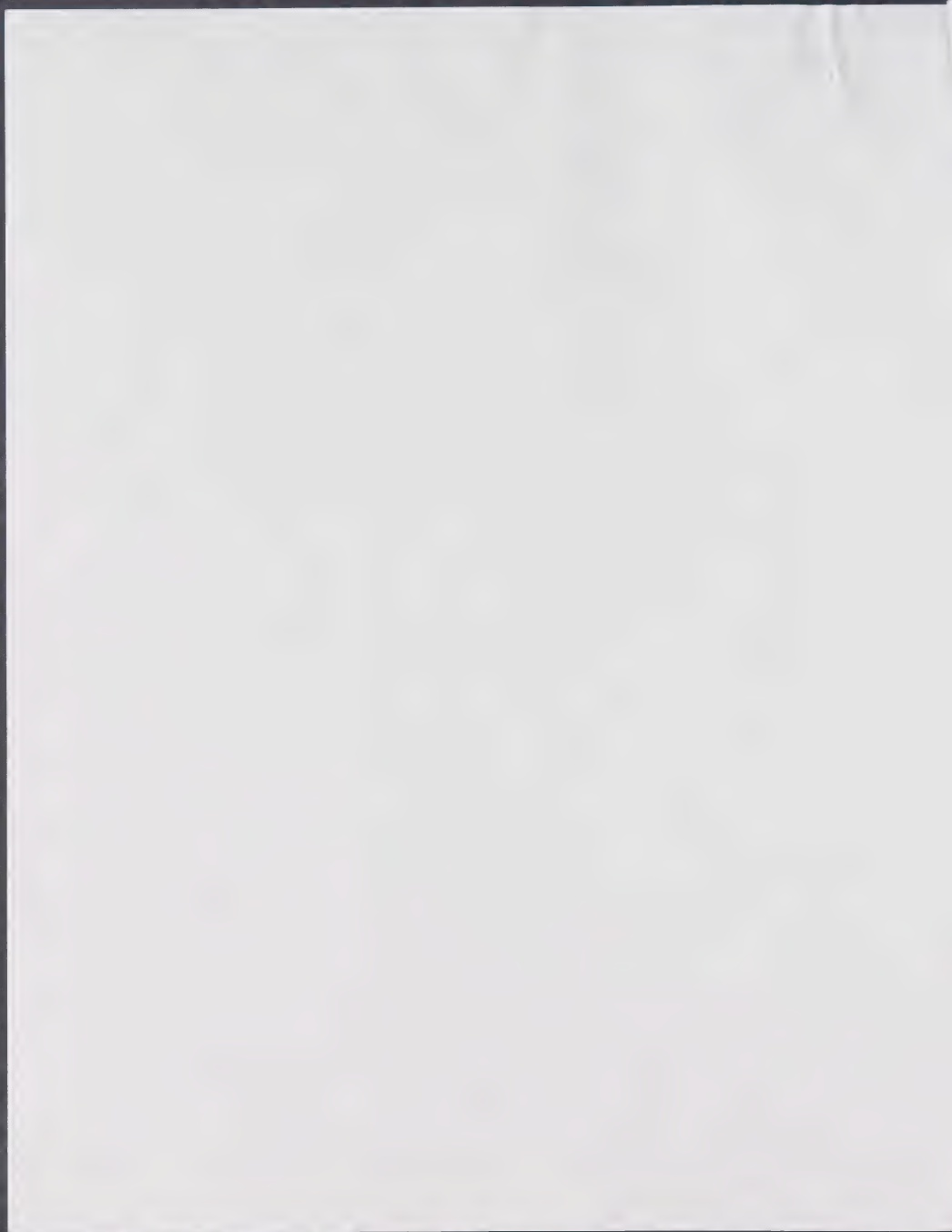
14 Cameron Crescent, M4G 2A2

Toronto, Ont. Dec. 7/93

Dear Kiss & Bob,

Quite a long time ago I read a card - which I have with me - saying that you had made a donation to St. Thomas' Church in memory of Jane. Though I didn't ever tell you how pleased I was to learn that, I always intended to. In a way I'm reminded of the get-well card which said, "Sorry this card is late, but after all the responsibility is partly yours. If you had stayed sick long enough it would have been on time!"

In my case, St. Thomas' Church just sent me a list of the goodly company of people, like you, who joined you in memory of Jane. I'll include a copy, so you may see for yourself in what good company you have been found. Jane was a singer in choir at St. Thomas', and she extolled it at length, sometimes. I must agree that it is very nice in its way, but I was brought up to be able to praise God without a fancy building surrounding one. But I must admit that in my mind's eye I can see Jane peering out of her casket to make sure she was in the right place, before she would let Father Hault begin the service. And when he did, using only the familiar Prayer Book service, it was for me the most wonderful service I've been a part of. Sometimes my tears would flow as they did in childhood, of both sadness and happiness, and sometimes both together.



MAJ

If I haven't told you, Jane's ashes are in Mount Pleasant Cemetery in a very special place. Beside her is a fine rose garden. Across the path straight ahead is a landscape sculpture in limestone which contains four or five waterfalls, and a fountain about fifty feet high. Jane loved roses and waterfalls, so I can imagine her coming back to when the moon is full to be pleased about being in the nicest place in Mount Pleasant.

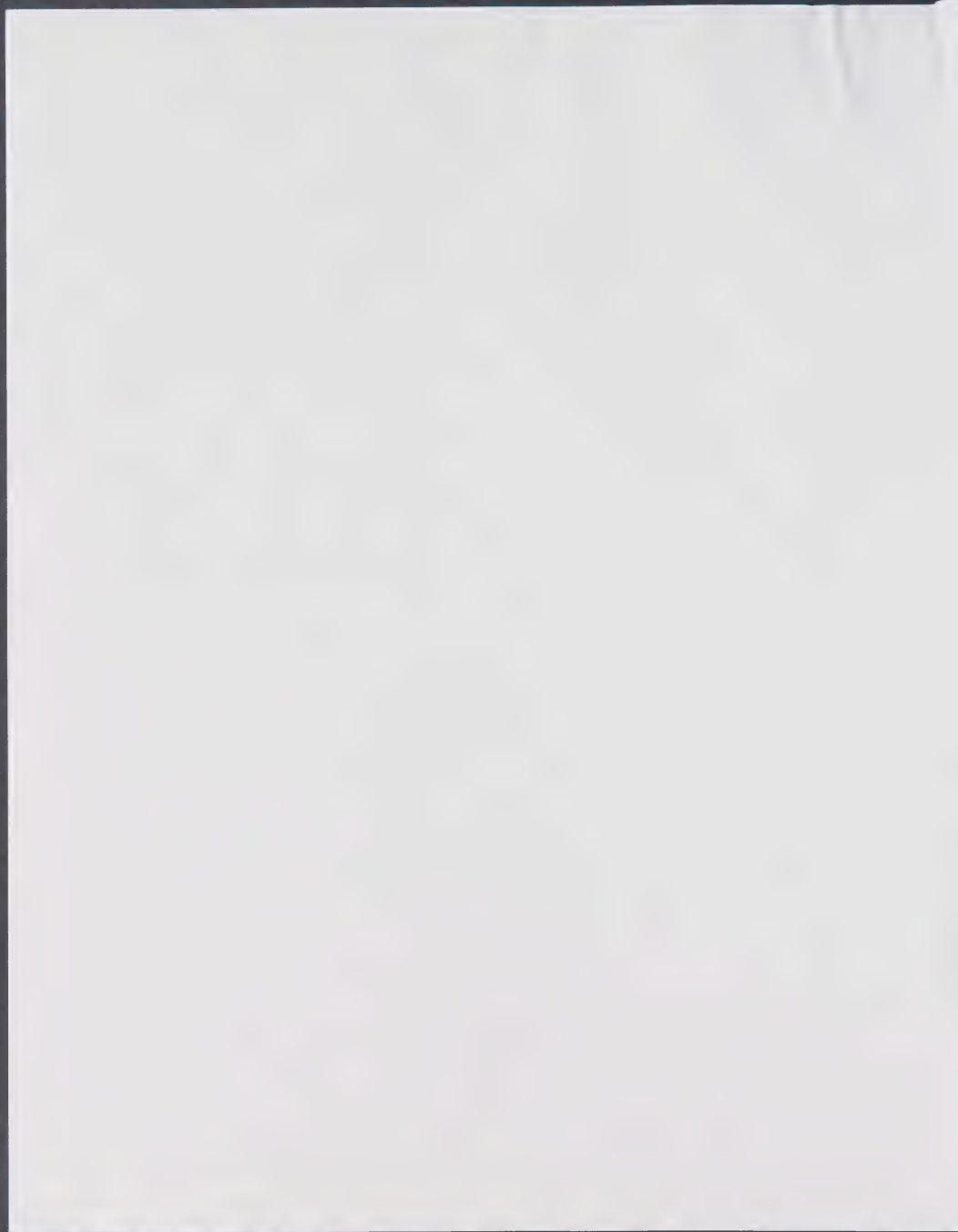
Jane had said that if her mother left us, she would not last six months. About a week after Jane left, I told her mother that I just could not do all the things she wanted and needed. In a month we very fortunately were able to get her installed in a very good location near where she had spent most of her life. Old friends came to see her, and some other old friends were staying with her. But I think she just gave up, if that is possible. We were told on a Monday that she had had a bad night, but there was no need for us to come. On Tuesday we were told that she had had a stroke, and died. Considering how many good years she had had, I can't be sad. She was a wonderful woman, and though once in a while I felt like giving her a verbal spanking, she was honest and faithful and true, and I was extremely fond of her.

I've got off the main subject, but never mind,

At this time of year, may your day be a happy one!

(I just thought of that!)

David.



MAI

21 Cameron Crescent, Toronto M4G 2A2  
Tuesday pm, December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Harold Gallagher,  
18 Harper Avenue,  
Toronto, Ont. M4T 2K9

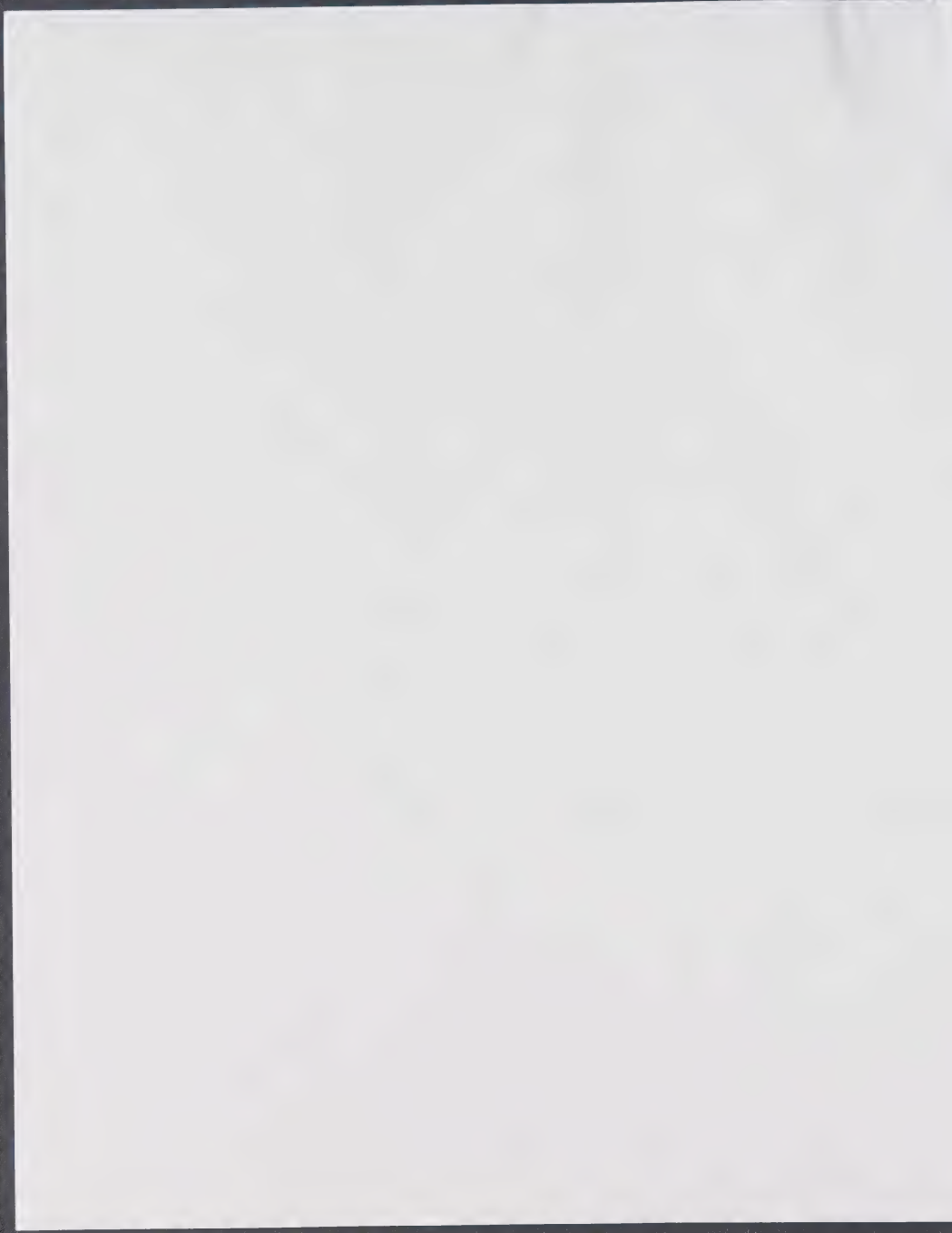
Dear Harold,

The formal heading is from a list of people who gave something to St. Thomas' Church in memory of June. The letter was dated December 2, 1993. You can see that I'm much more punctual than usual. And I might also say that I'll try to behave myself in my writing, so that Jo-Anne will be able to ~~write~~ <sup>read</sup> it too. And I'll append <sup>copy of the</sup> the list of people that St. Thomas' advised me of, so you can see in what goodly company you find yourself.

June sang in the choir when she was an undergraduate at Trinity, and she thought it a marvelous church. I'm sure that she will be glad that its future will be assisted by her friends. My background was utter simplicity in Church — no smoke and flame and ringing of bells. So you see, we always had a discussion we could fall back on, if nothing else availed. Which reminds me of a silly cartoon, once, where the women looked belligerently at her husband and said, "There's nothing on TV tonight. Shall we fight?"

In honour of the season and the occasion, "May your days be happy"

David.



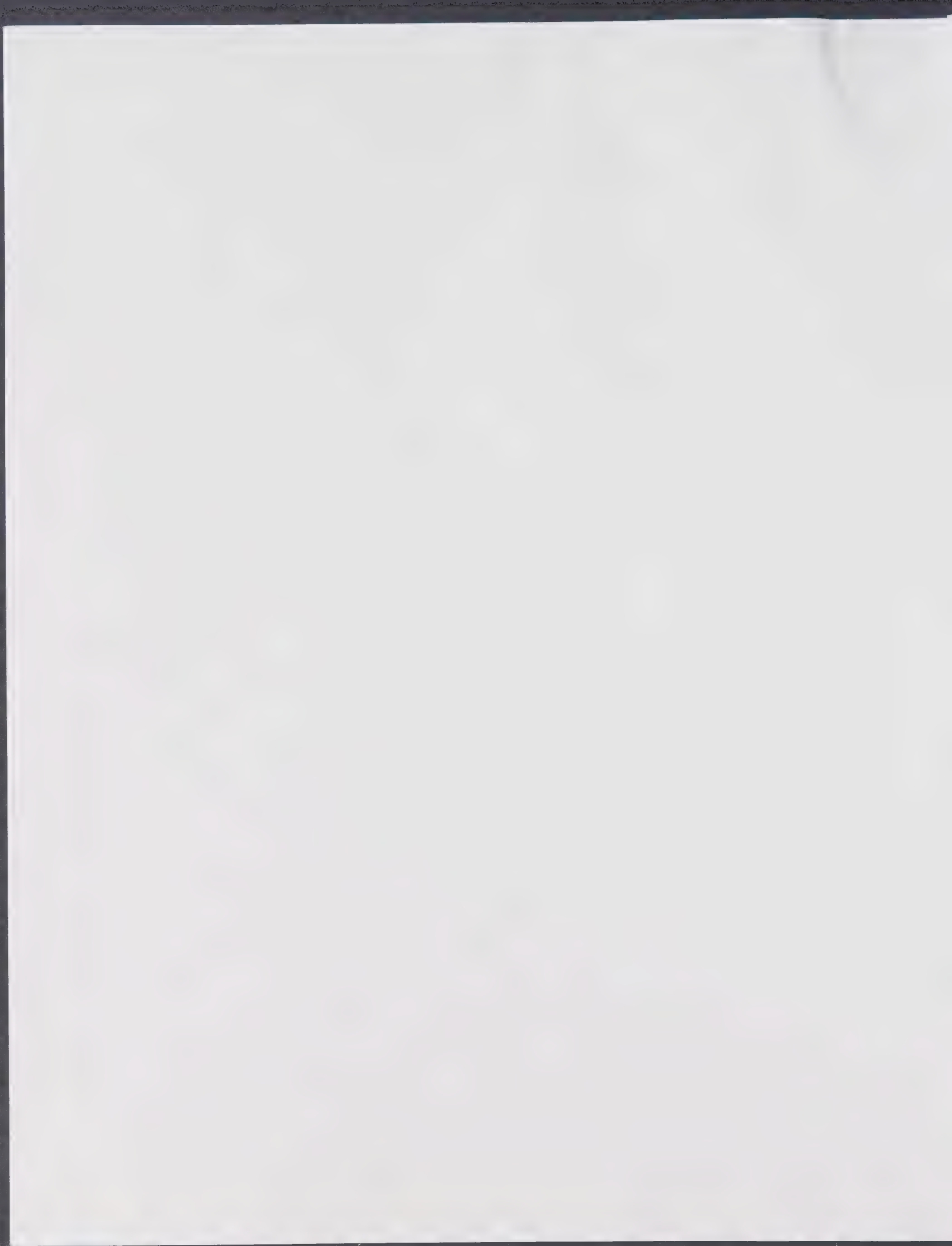
MAJ

74 Edmonson Crescent, Toronto M4G 2A2  
Tuesday p.m., December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Dear Peter,

It is with much pleasure that I can tell you of a letter dated December 2, 1993, from St. Thomas' Church. It tells me of the goodly company of people who have made a donation in memory of Jane, who was buried after her funeral service there. It seems to me that the Anglican service is much like the Lutheran - impressive indeed, but also very simple and direct. I could not see how others were affected, or even who all the friends who attended were, but for me it was no doubt a strange highlight of my life. At times my tears flowed <sup>in sorrow</sup> uncontrollably, as they did sometimes when I was a child. Sometimes they were tears of happiness, and sometimes both sorrow and happiness entwined.

Jane used to sing in the choir of that church when she went to Trinity College of the University of Toronto. As you might imagine, she regarded it very highly. It does not look like much from the outside - not prepossessing architecture executed in plain red brick, now blackened by a hundred years of smoke-filled air from the great numbers of steam locomotives. But from the inside, even this old Baptist is able to marvel in appreciation at the splendid concept and execution of its fabric. Your kindness and thoughtfulness will help to care for it. Thank you. I'll enclose the names of the goodly donors, in whose company you are. And now, season's greetings and all good wishes. David.





MAJ

74 Cummer Crescent, Toronto M4G-2A2

Tuesday p.m., December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Dear Mary,

Because you said not to write, I've omitted the full formal three-line salutation at the head of the letter. It was very nice of you to 'let me off the hook', but that would deny me the pleasure of thinking of you, and writing to you. I couldn't begin to count how many times you've invited me up, and delighted me with tea and delicacies, while the bridge game was winding up - or is it down? Of course I admired all the fine furniture and other things which were there, but mostly I admired the charming grace with which you always made me comfortable. But I must stop, even if I could go on.

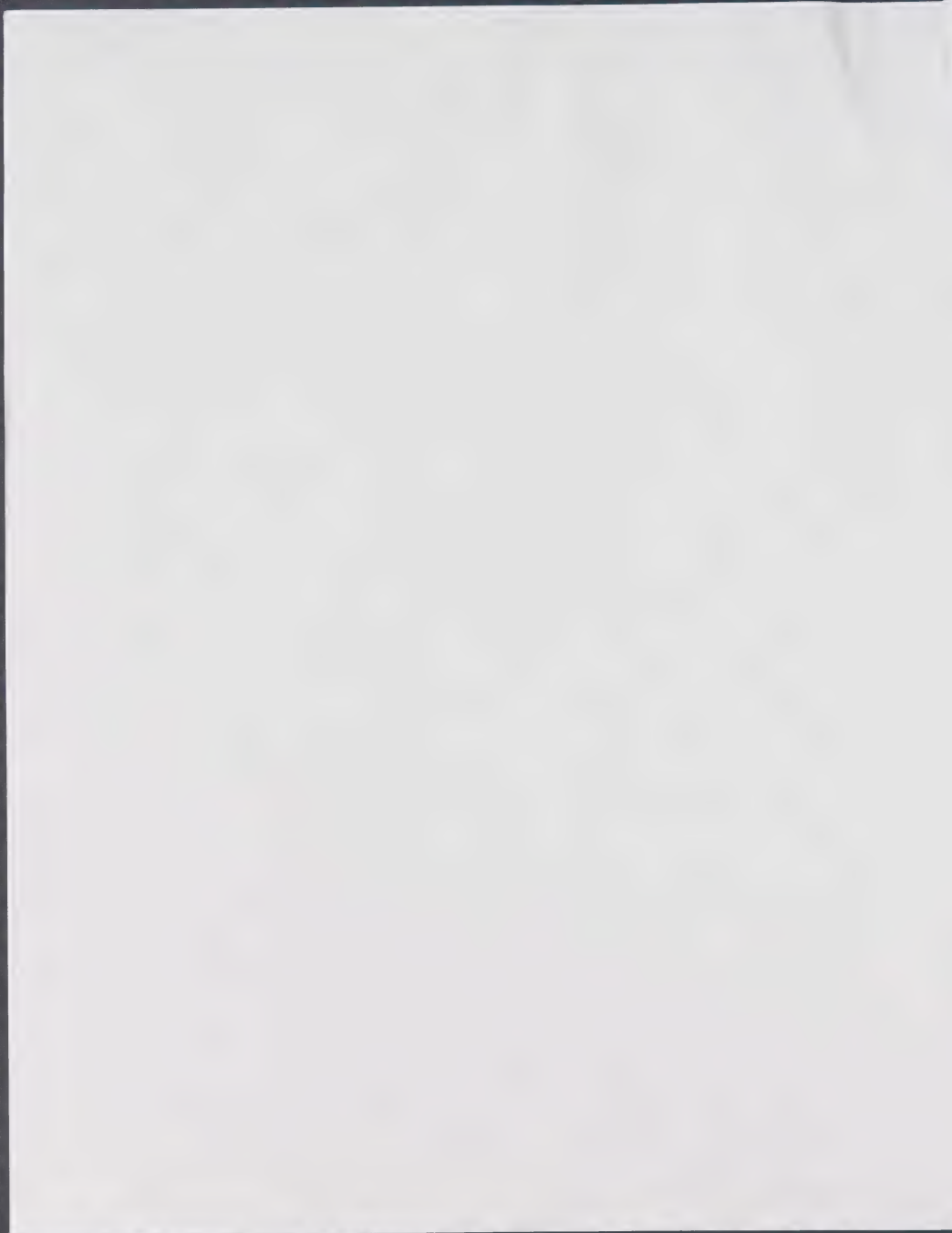
St. Thomas' Church sent a letter dated December 2, 1993, to tell me who had made a memorial donation in memory of Jane. No doubt it is a courtesy for them to do so. I should think it courteous to let you know that you are one of that goodly company, and I know it. So let me say "thanks-you".

To me, St. Thomas looks like nothing much from outside. But inside it is quite a mix of plain and fancy. In some of its aspects it is extraordinarily beautiful. The only thing I can compare it to is a beautiful woman, and that, I think, is the most beautiful thing on earth.

I'll include a copy of the Dec. 2. letter.

Season's Greetings and all good wishes,

David.



79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M7G 2A2  
Wednesday, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

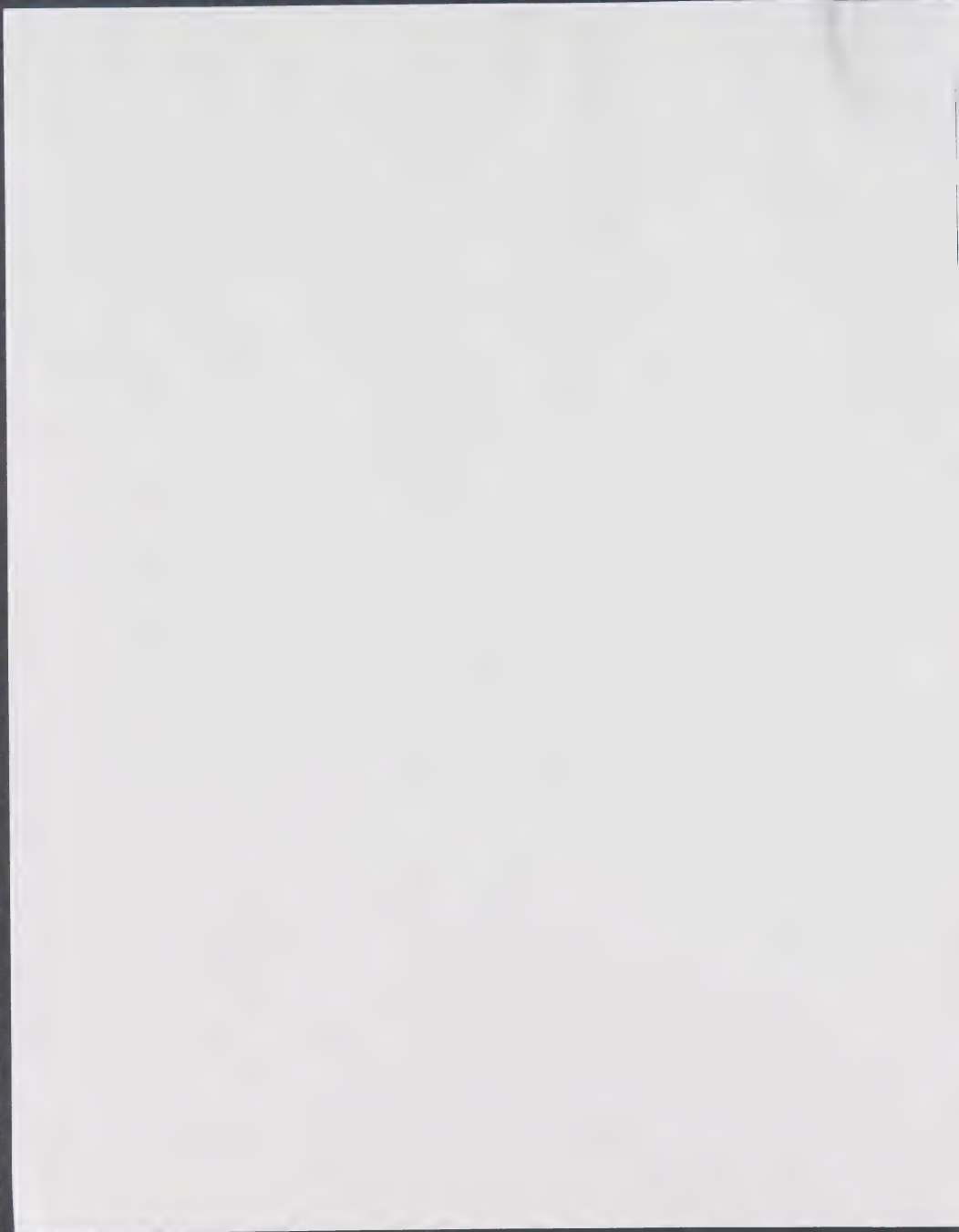
Dear Ross;

ITEM #1, thank you for the clipping on fullerenes of a month ago. I had another - also originating in the United States, which dealt with them under the possibly more familiar term of 'BUCKEY BALLS'. (I'd just as soon have that one die out.) In it there was being investigated the possibility of halting the growth and spread of the HIV virus. I have no idea of further progress.

ITEM #2. St. Thomas' Church sent me a list of those good people who made donations to the church in memory of Jane. Since you are included, I would like you to know that I'm very much pleased. Jane sang in the choir there as an undergraduate, and from her enthusiasm I suspect that she thought it made her a part of the most splendid church there was. I think I told someone that she probably lifted the lid enough to peek out before the service started, and would not let the Bact. begin until she was satisfied that all the candles were lit, and that sort of thing. Now, her ashes in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery between the rose bed and the water falls and fountain, she is likely as content as she can be, not being able to order me around. Perhaps she and Beth can yet to-gether.

Well, I should get on. I'll include a list of distinguished people in which your name appears.

Best regards,  
David



71 Eglinton Avenue, Toronto, M4G 2A2  
Wednesday December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Mr. & Mrs. R. Wilhelm,  
506-172 Metcalfe St.,  
Guelph, ON, N1E 6T5

The above is from St. Thomas' Church, and is different from what I had recorded. The church sent me a letter dated Dec. 2, listing the goodly company of people who had made a contribution in memory of Jane. I would like you to know how very much pleased I was to find you there. I'll enclose a copy of the list, because you will be interested, I'm sure.

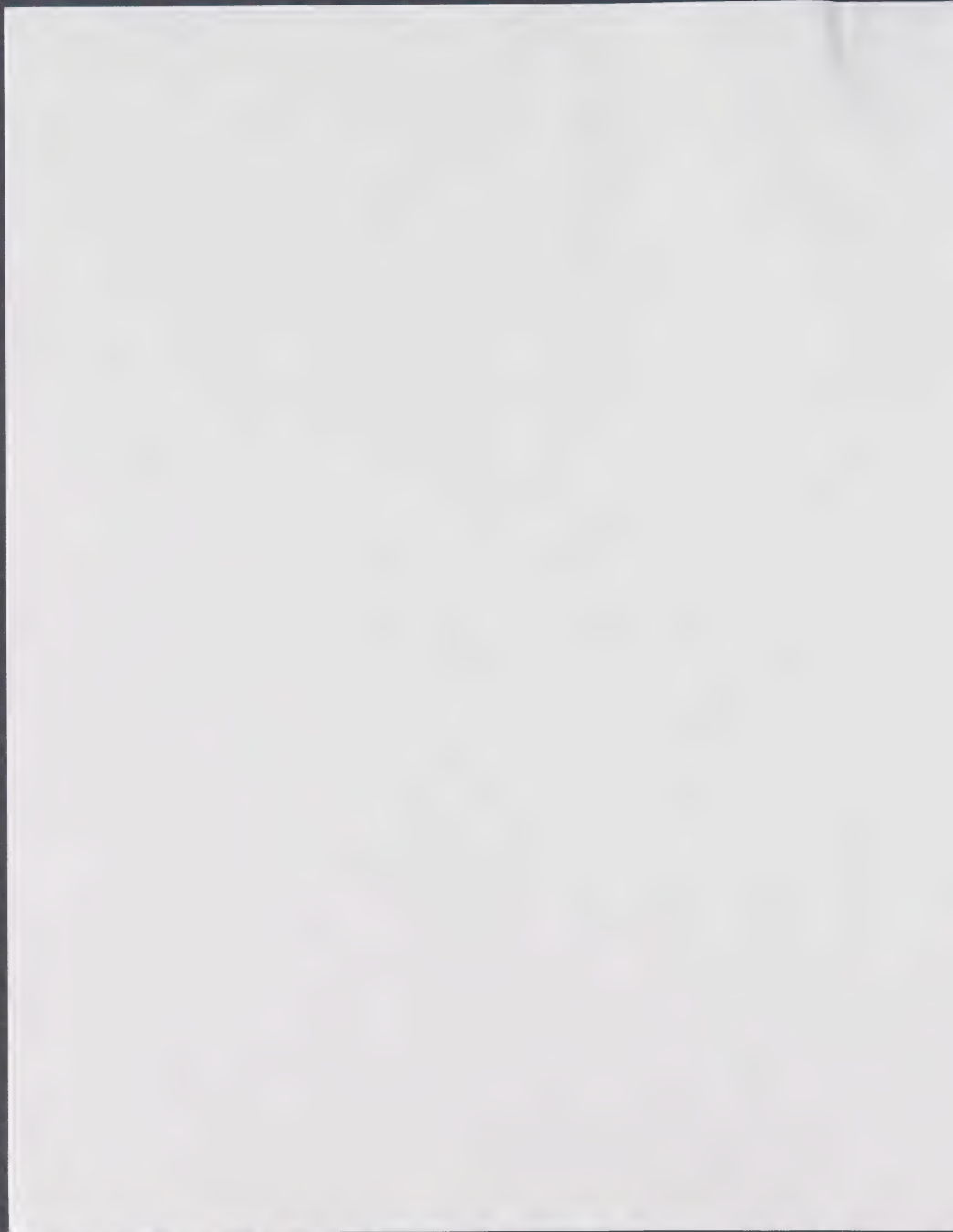
This has been an unusual year. Three family funerals and also the funeral of a close neighbour. On top of which the mother of the neighbour on the other side had a stroke and died last week. And in three hours, at 2:00 pm, there is a memorial service for a good church worker for nearly fifty years. She had plenty of troubles, too, that would have petrified a lesser person.

The upshot is not making me apprehensive, or sad. Rather, it recalls my reaction to the weeping people when Mother died in 1928, "Why do you weep for her. You've told me that she is in Paradise. I'm glad for her." I guess they thought I was crazy, and who knows? At least it is easier to say "good-bye" if you think someone is going to an improvement.

All good wishes and season's best,

David.

(I wrote as if the salutation were "Dear Anna," but forgot to put it in. My memory, you know!)



79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto M4G 2A2  
Wednesday, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Mrs. J.H. (R.S.) Clarke,  
21 Ivan Ave.,  
Grimsby, ON L3M 1W7

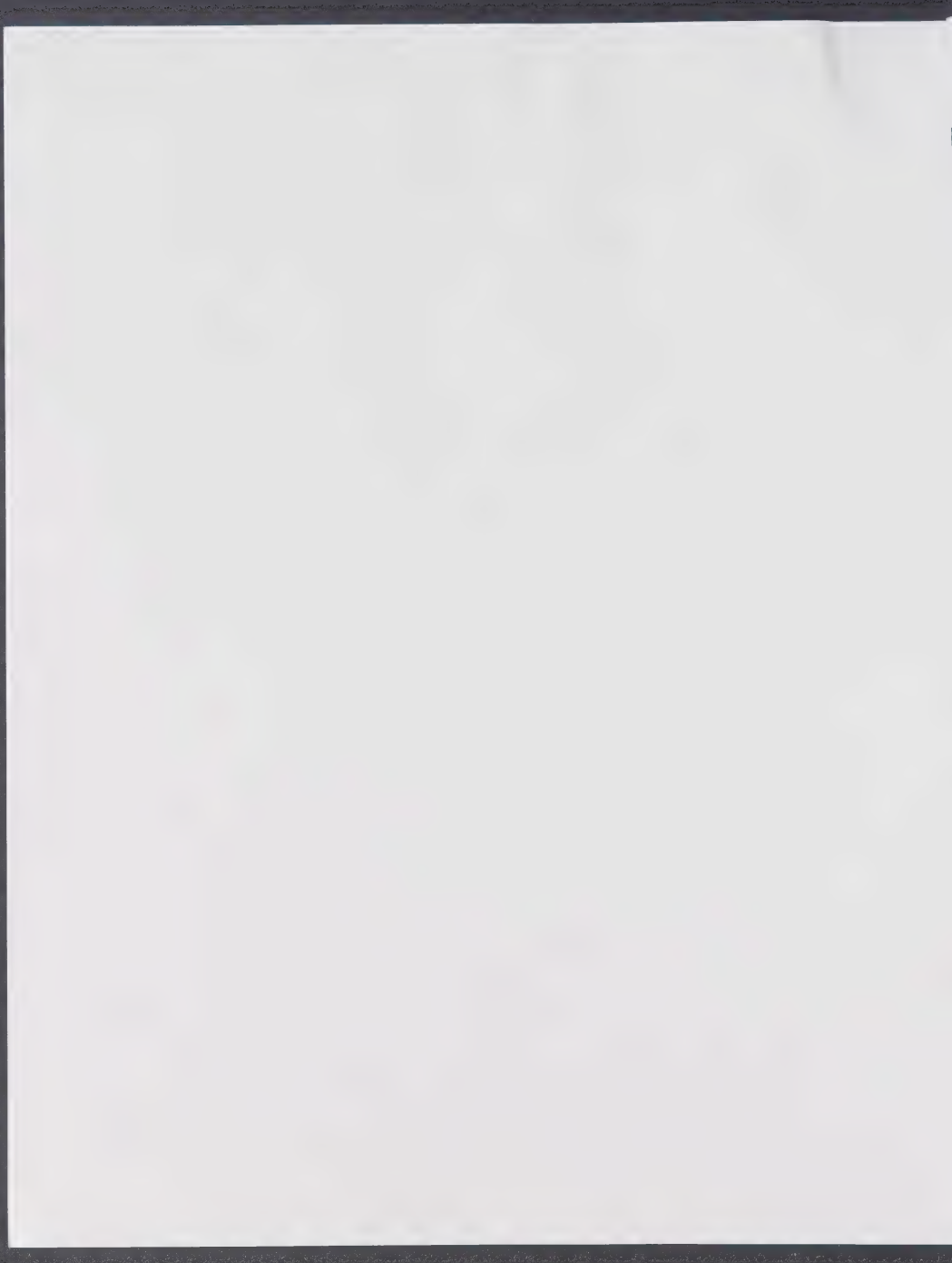
Dear J.H. and R.S.,  
(assuming that to be Joyce and Red)

St. Thomas' Church sent me last week a list of the good people who had made a donation to the church in memory of Jane. And since you were there, I am here. To tell you how pleasant it is to think of you caring enough to benefit the church which I think she esteemed above all. She sang in the choir there when she went to Trinity College. I had been there a few times, but now I'll likely get to it more often. Julia goes about once a month with Richard, age 15 months now, and he is prattly good most of the time.

I'll enclose a copy of the list of people sent me by the church. I think it is astounding. Not, of course, that you are there, but that there are so many people. Jane used to say that she didn't want a lot of flowers to wither on her grave. Instead, you and the others will have contributed to a lasting memorial. I don't know that I shall be able to identify it by sight, but most certainly I shall identify it by thought.

Thank you so very much,  
Keep well, and make sure that  
Saulia Clew is good to you.

Doris.





79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M4G 2A2

Wednesday night, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Dear Martha and Ted,

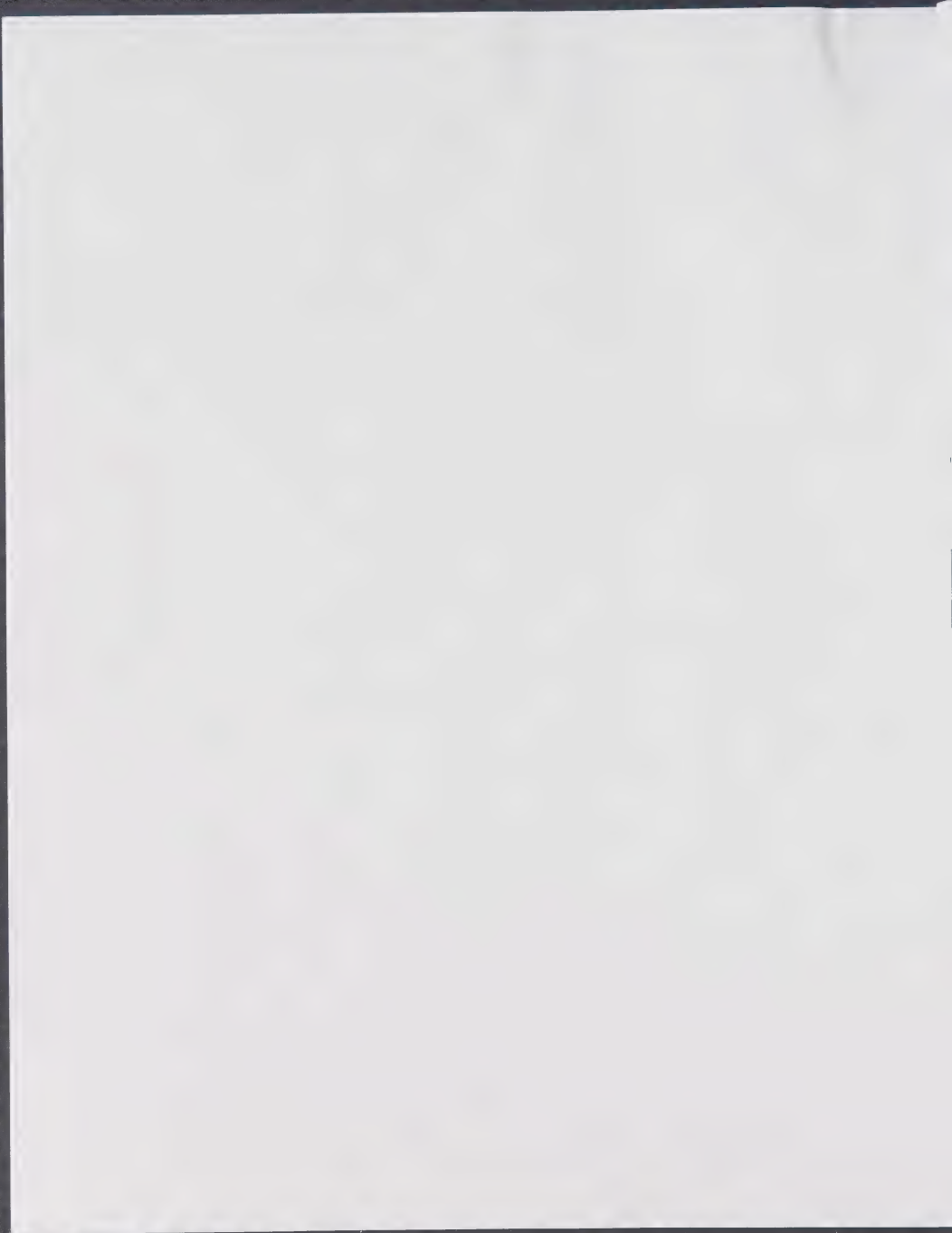
This is to let you know that I got a letter, dated December 2<sup>nd</sup>, from St. Thomas' Church which listed those good people who had made a donation to it in memory of Jane. I'll add a copy of the people listed, so you can see what company you are in, and also see that I did not have this information until last week. Thank you for the pleasure it has given me to think of your thoughtfulness and kindness.

When she was an undergraduate at Trinity College, UofT, Jane sang in St. Thomas' choir. The church is exceedingly unprepossessing from the outside, but really is beautiful for its architecture and fabric -- as well as its services -- inside. When I was young I got the idea that carvings, and stained glass, and candles, and tinkling bells were indication of the habitation of the devil, or even worse, Roman Catholics. But of later years my misconceptions have modified, and when I go to St. Thomas' church I really feel at home and comfortable. [Now don't jump to the obvious conclusion that I've become a Satanist. Heaven forbid.]

So you will be helping something very beautiful and beneficial to continue in its service. The Rector, Reverend Roy Hoyt, is as pleasant to talk with as if he were farming the next section. In a way, I suppose, he is.

Well thanks again, and I hope your Christmas  
is good now and for ever.

David.



79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M4G 2A2

Wednesday night, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

Mr. & Mrs. V. B. Rutherford,  
(I don't dare forget formality)

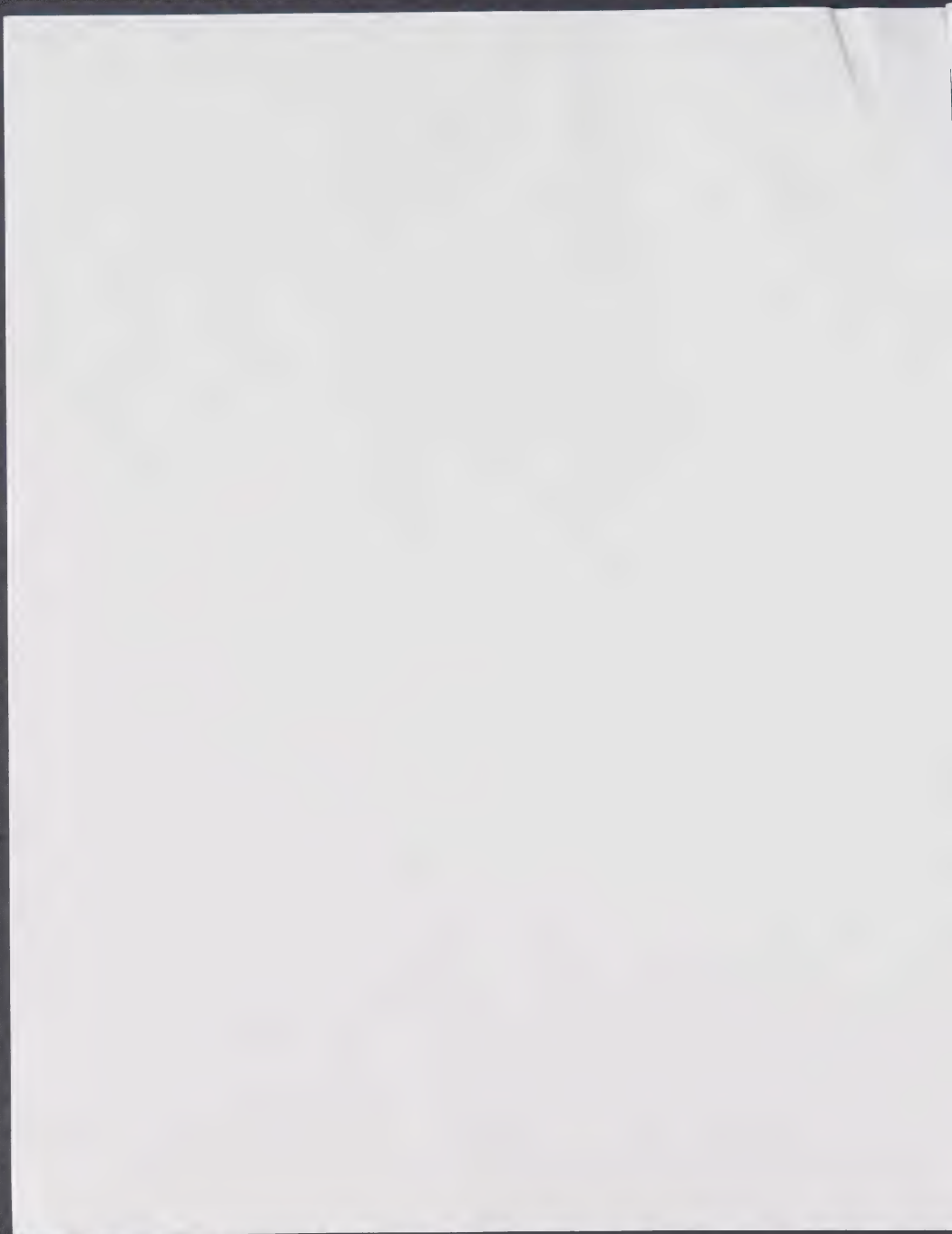
Dear Norma and Jim,

I'd probably be so engrossed in the enjoyment (for want of a better word) of my own little circle of joys and sorrows that I might not get a letter to you in edgewise. But fortunately St. Thomas' church sent me the names last week of those who had made a donation in memory of Jane. So to save me the embarrassment of finding out that I hadn't let you know, if I didn't, this is my acknowledgement, thank-you, and appreciation all rolled in one. I'll even enclose a copy of the info from St. Thomas', so you can see what an illustrious group you are in.

You probably know that Jane sang there in the choir as an undergraduate. She always spoke glowingly about St. Thomas', but I found incense and ringing bells pretty difficult to accept at first. Now I rather enjoy them - and the water that gets squirted at us on some occasions. [Do they have the water in case of a conflagration? The smoke detectors certainly don't appear to be working.]

If I've lost the thread, it's because I had to go to the bathroom. And a good thing it was that I went!

Now I've a question for you. A statistical question. Probably because I attended a memorial service earlier to-day.

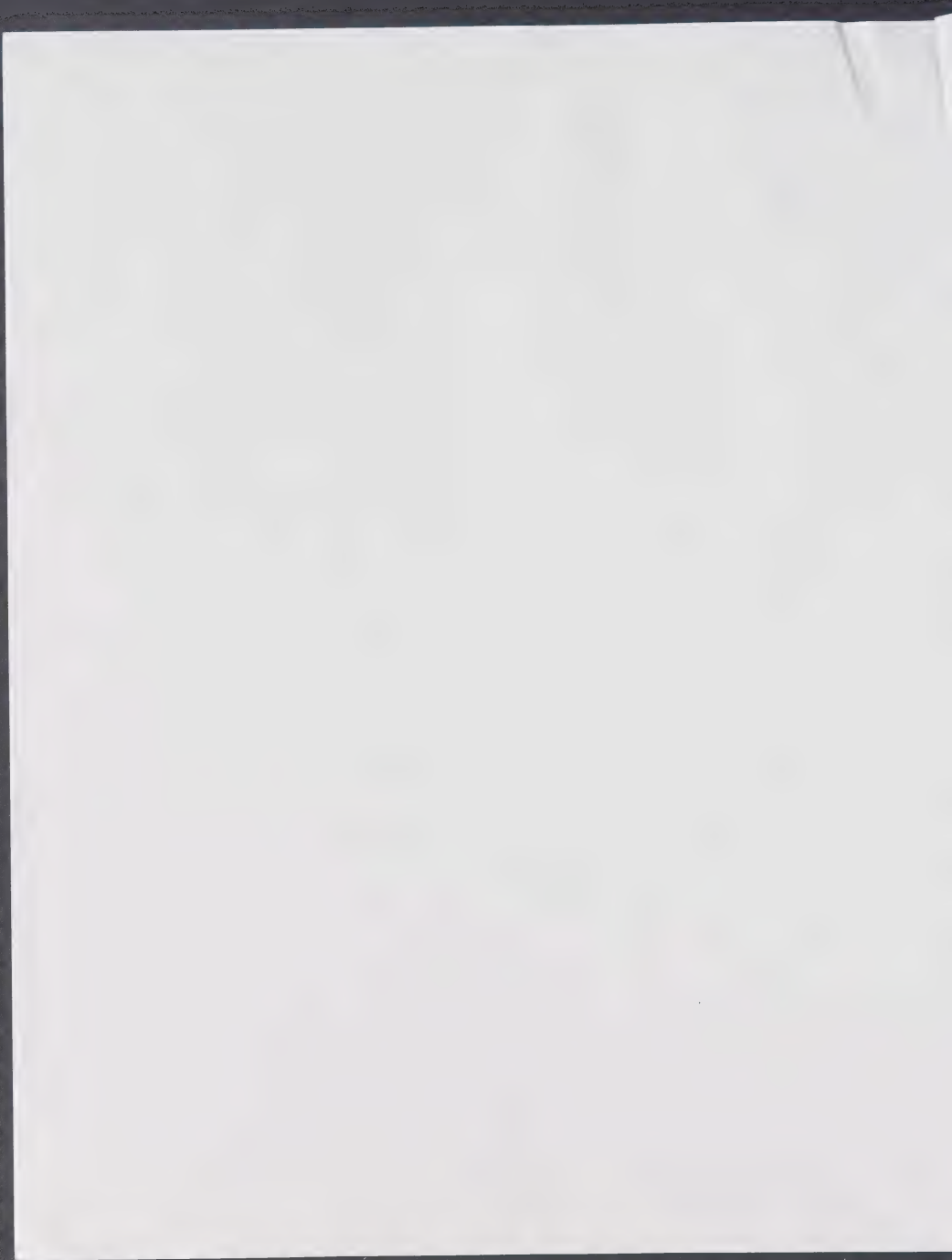


Does the fact that so many people have quit this world indicate that we tend to be survivors, and won't get going for quite some time? Or does it conversely tell us to get on our marks, get set, and ready to go? The question is not serious, of course. I'm sure that we all will answer the call whenever it is that it comes.

Dear Norma, I would very much like to see you, and collect a hug and a kiss. I've come to think that a good hug is the next best thing to Heaven on earth. Perhaps I'm crazy, but I think that our souls mingle when we hug, and both parties are exalted. And don't say that you know I was crazy all along. I could know it without you saying so. But I'm happy.

The house of Julia and Steven and Richard is quite a lot improved. They have quite a lot of new plumbing and wiring, a new W/C room, a new bathroom, a nicely finished butter's pantry with glass doors above the counter and cupboard doors below. I can't put the arborite on the counter - don't know how. And the kitchen is painted. It has kept me busy getting agreement on what to do, and then getting it done. It'll keep now till next year.

We - Julia, Richard and I, drove to BINGHAMPTON a couple of weeks ago. Doris Laughton is keeping the place warm and clean and furnished much as it was. Partly to discourage vandals, I think. It was good to be there again. Richard held up for five hours each way, awake and asleep. But for the last hour he was noisy and fretful. That's pretty good for a 14-month old, don't you think?



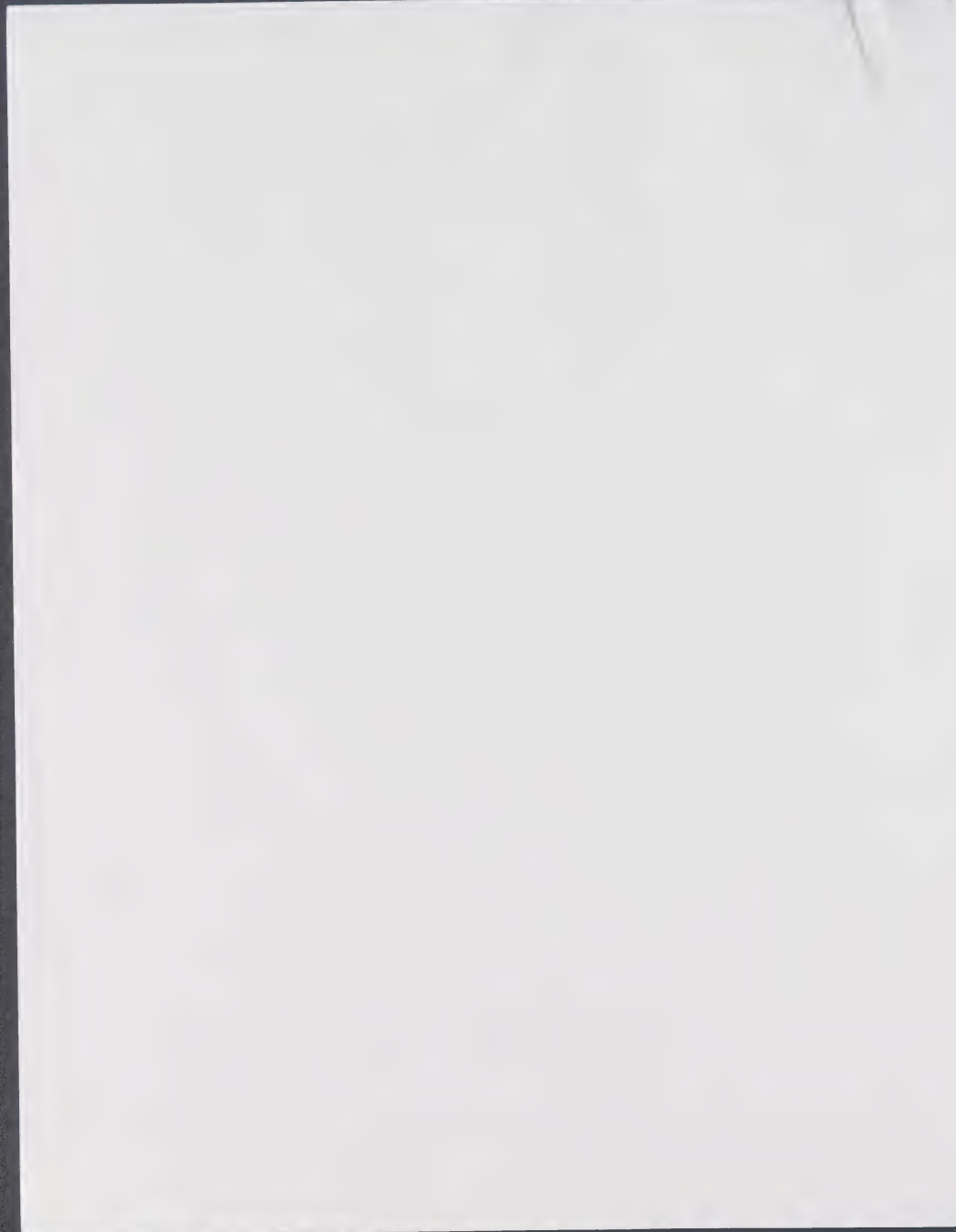
Dous gave us a pet of a small chest with swinging mirror, having three main drawers and two small boxes on top to which the mirror standards were fastened. It's in perfect condition, and very old. Threads are cut on the top boxes where they go into the box tops, and the nuts are made of wood which hold the standards. I don't think I've seen anything quite like it. It is all hand made - square cut nails hold on the back boards - it's just a pet. Julia also got Cousin Neil's Old Irish dishes. She had been promised them, but it wasn't in the will. Dous got the house and contents, and I wondered if she would contest the promise to Julia. But she didn't. She had food for us and picked up writing when we arrived, and she was most helpful to us. I should write and tell her so. I wonder if I shall?

My plans aren't made, but I'd like to get over from time to time - to see if Man is resting comfortably in Queenstown among other things, and hear Malcolm in St. Andrews, and of course the occupants at the Melles Hotel.

Now I'd better get on,  
 Keep smiling through.

(Right now I'm living here on cabbage [Fluke's var cabbage] and floured tomatoes and red kidney beans, and apple juice and milk. When I hunger and thirst for a good meal, I'll be at your door.

Love and best wishes,  
 David.





79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M4G 2A2

Wednesday night, December 8<sup>th</sup>, 1993

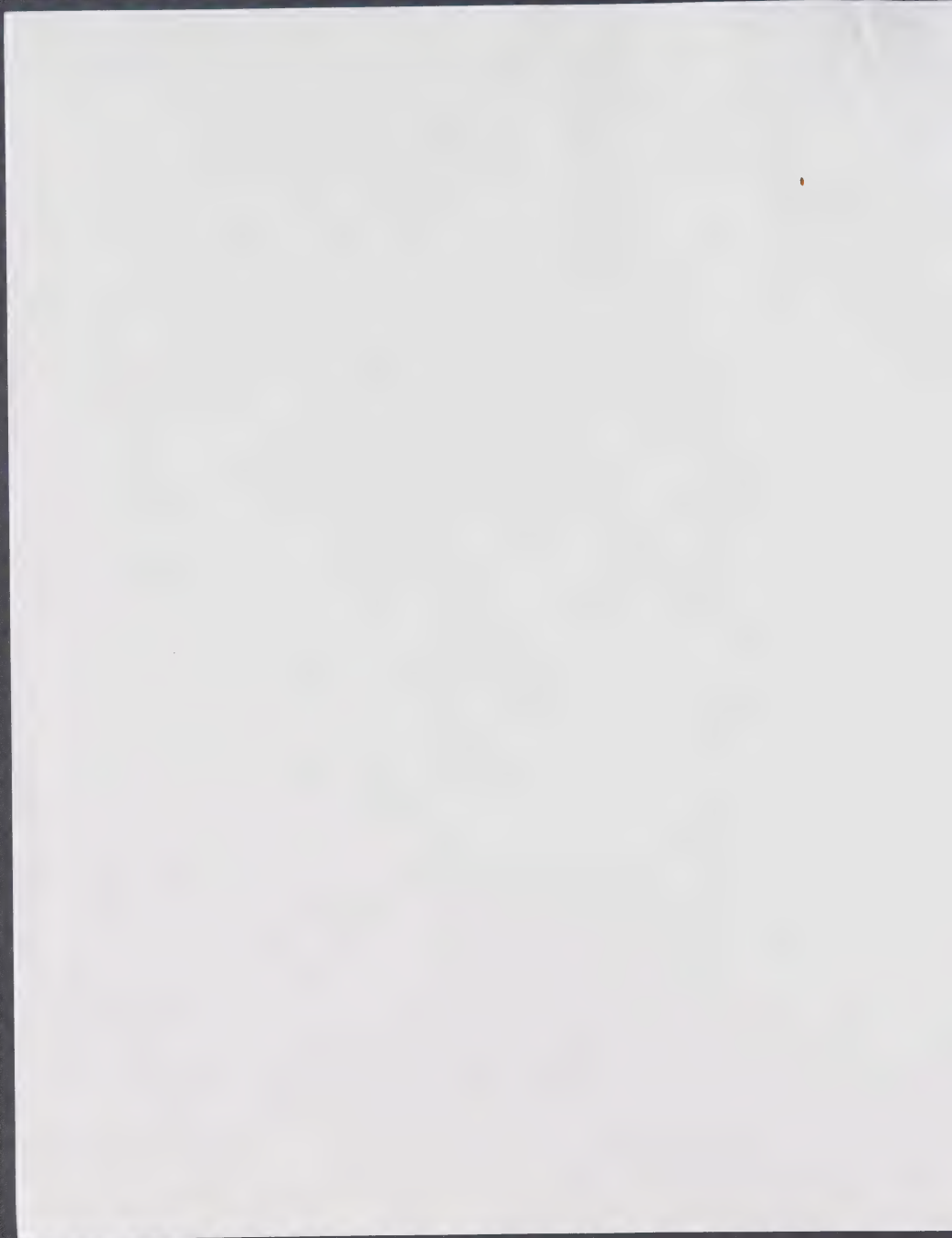
Dear Ruth,

Will I ever be glad when I get finished with you, because then I'll be finished with about twenty, you twenty good people who gave to St. Thomas' Church in memory of Jane. I'd have much preferred that she hadn't left us, but she did, and it could be that she is quite happy to have a memorial as the next best thing to being here. I think I told you that she sang in the choir of St. Thomas' church when she was an undergraduate at St. Hilda's College, UCL, she was enthralled by the Church Fabric and services. Being a Baptist of long standing, I'd initially have been inclined to think some things to be haubles of the Devil, but in time I was able to see their good qualities. For instance, the ~~can~~ censers could be used to test the smoke alarms. And those water sprinklers might stop a conflagration! (Forgive me.)

I do think it a splendid church. I don't really know anyone there yet, but the Rector, Reverend Hault, is as pleasant to talk to as the neighbours when I was farming. I think the people are good people, and to me that's the most important thing of all.

Thank you for your kindness, and your sensitivity. I'm not surprised - just appreciative. I hope you can enjoy this season, and all the ones after it

David.



Cameron Crescent, Toronto  
M4G 2A2  
Monday, January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1994

Dear Alfred and Isabel,

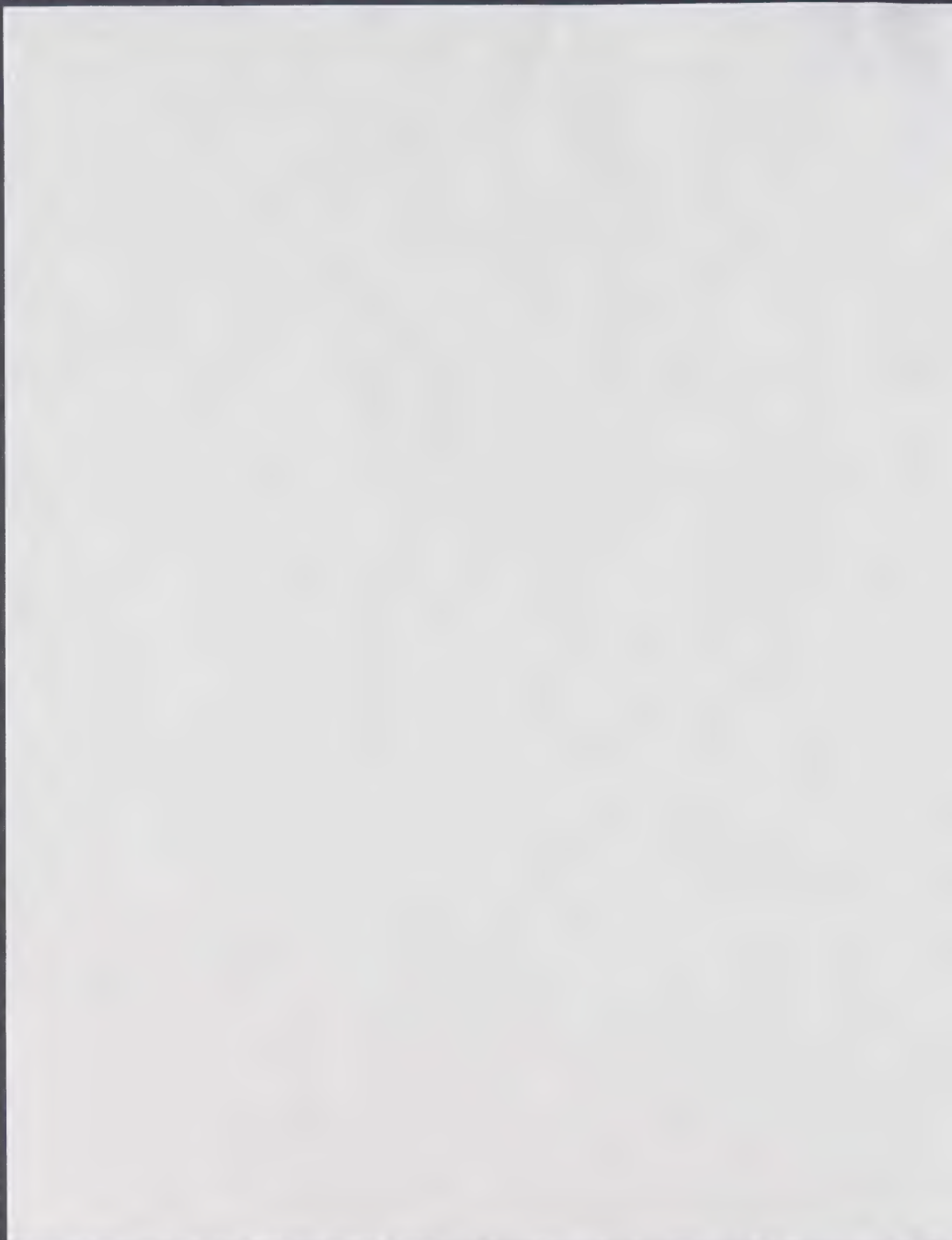
My best wishes for continued good health, and for the contentment that comes from living in the ~~contentment~~ enjoyment of that good health. For myself, I've always had good health, and a good bright outlook on life, except when stress which I could not manage brought me down sometimes. In spite of that, in the aftermath, I've been able to recapture the simple acceptance of a child - though it took some time - and can think with empathy of him who wrote, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. That is all ye know in life, and all ye need to know." I won't say I'm sorry if I don't remember it precisely correctly. I'm quite satisfied that I've got the thought right.

Enclosed are some writings; December 30, 1981 is a bit of nostalgia written at work. Not nostalgia completely - quite a lot of it is completely true, as far as I know. The other piece is what I planned to say at the annual vestry meeting of the (JANUARY 27, 1985) Church, but it is much too long for that. Probably I mumbled a few "suitable" words instead, with the result that you will be first to read ~~it~~ the original.

I'm coming to the bottom of the well. If you can see any way in which my writings can serve any good purpose, I say "blessings on it." When I am gone, it may be that some of my thoughts will do some good.

May you continue to have 'kind hearts and coronets,'

David.



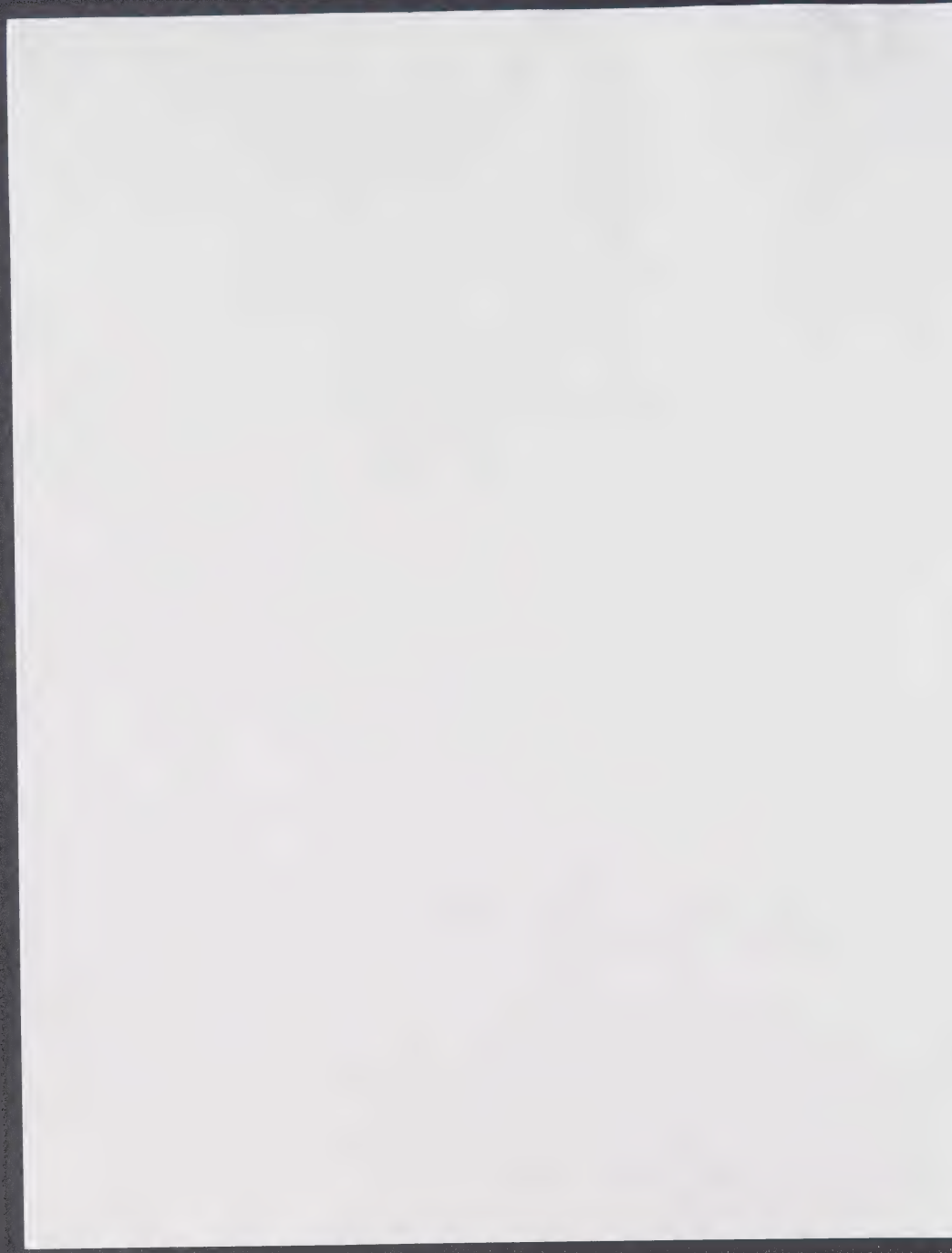
December 30, 1981

Ten-twenty a.m. The system I've had to get ready for shipment is almost complete. One printer station has to be got yet and tested, but otherwise everything is ready to go to the customer. So there are a few minutes available to do something else. Possibly I could say something about whatever it is that I seem to be trying to say something about. And what is that? What every young man should know without having to go through the usual hassle of learning it? To some extent, yes, and to some extent no. Because although I happen to think that life, and living, and learning, and loving are all very important things, I'm inclined to think that they are so intertwined that they all become just different aspects of the same thing. Possibly, for want of a better idea, what that is is just the manifestation of the love of God. No doubt it would have been much simpler for Him or Her or Whatever to make things so that everything was perfect. But would that not really have been a pretty sterile, cold, emotionless creation?

Coffee break time arrived, and I after that reported the status quo, and now I'm expecting a new computer system of a different kind to check out. It would likely arrive for ten minutes or so, so here I go again. It seems odd that I would be sitting here writing this beside the aisle, with people passing by in both directions. Even more odd, perhaps, that I'm trying to write what I'm trying to write. I wonder if its because I think it would be a good thing to do, or that you would like it if I did, or that I fancy myself a writer, or that I get some kind of thrill from recounting interesting events, or whatever? Probably a little of everything. Possibly just conceit, though I don't really think so. Some of the things I've done have made me feel very much ashamed of myself. And also I'm ashamed to think of some of the things I haven't done. On the whole, though, I suppose some kind of good providence has helped me not to be as bad as I might have been, and I can take comfort from that.

My father's family was of the Mennonite persuasion, and my mother's family was Baptist. My mother's father was a minister, in fact, and the only sort of wish for my own future that I ever recall wishing was that I might also be a minister. But the World War II came along, and it looked as if I would be of more use as an engineer, so that's what I trained for, instead of what I wished for.

My father's mother lived in the smaller end of the farm house - it had been the harness shop in the days when horses and carriages were of prime importance. Her husband had died not long before I was born. He spoke German, as I understand it, preserved in the family through times much earlier - in succession in Switzerland, and Germany, and Holland, and Penn's Woods in America before the

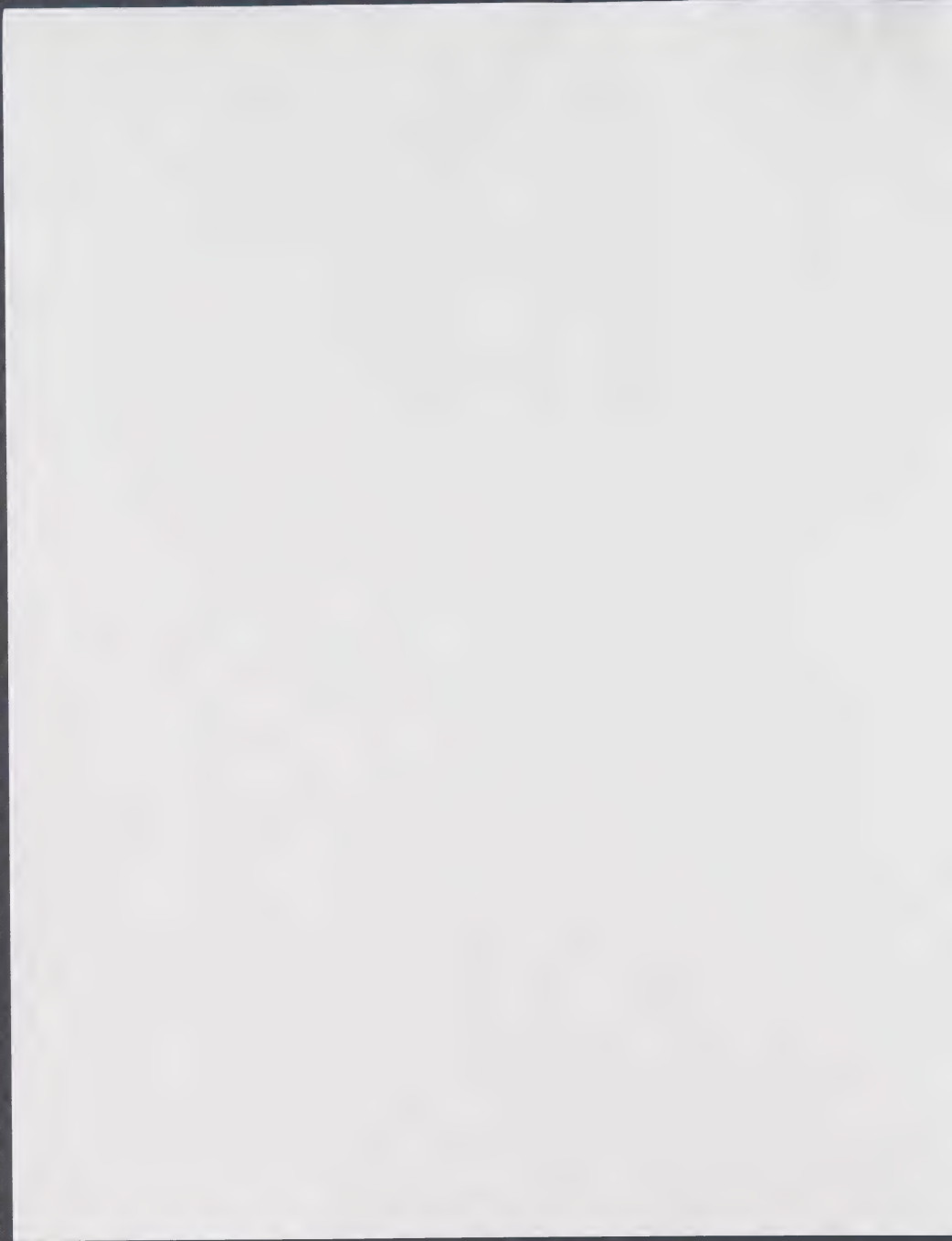


Independence. That's a quick summary and now the new computer system is out, so this is all for now ...

It is now half-past-five in the afternoon. I've got all done that I can for just now, so here goes with the running ballpoint Bic pen again. It seems strange to be trying to recall my 'roots' during the afternoon of a regular working day, but what else is new? Isn't just about everything strange from some point of view?

According to the family documents, most of the moves from country to country were for reasons of ideological persuasion - originally that the 'established' religions were being operated more for the practitioners than for the people who were supposedly being shepherded, but actually were just being fleeced. As for leaving Pennsylvania after the War of Independence, the thought likely was that some powerful upstarts had succeeded in grabbing by force what they couldn't justify otherwise, and no doubt would continue on to take over everything else too. Anyway, the last major move was to the lands still under the British Sovereign in what was then Upper Canada. Specifically the place chosen was in the fertile bush lands between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, between the higher Escarpment and the lower shore-line lands bordering the south of Lake Ontario. It's called the Niagara Peninsula now, but it was just where black walnut trees grew well then. The black walnut was considered an indicator of good soil for farming, and in those days farming was the chief family interest. So the chosen lands were moved to in the late 1700's, and trees were cut down, and crops were cultivated, and buildings were put up, and roads were made and maintained, and a community - of farmers in the woods and people of other trades at the crossroads of travel - was built up in the region where the Queen Elizabeth Highway now runs between Hamilton and Niagara Falls. My family located about midway between Vineland and Beamsville, somewhat less than a mile from the original native Indian trail which was later developed into the King's Highway No. 8. The closest neighbour was half a mile away, and isolation was pretty complete. So that life consisted of working to sustain oneself in independent rural isolation for six days a week, and going to Church on the seventh day to meet with the rest of the people in the district to catch up on the current activities of the Church, and the rest of the people in the community.

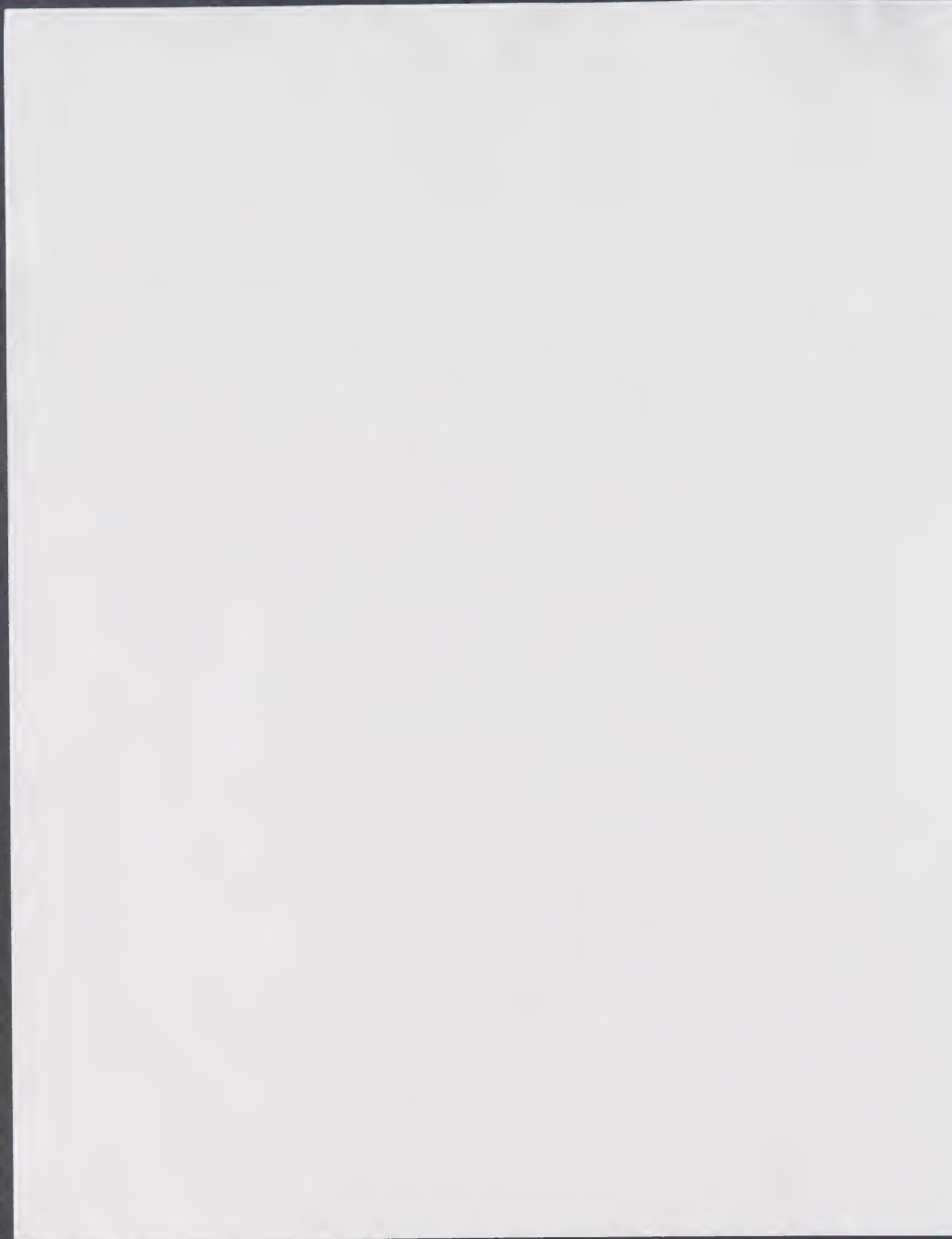
People writing about those times stress how hard life was, but I think that's a lot of baloney. The people who could work hard did so, it is true. But work was such an intimate and essential part of life that it was almost like breathing. It was just impossible to be comfortable without working hard. And it followed that it was much more pleasant, and desirable, to work than not to. So nuts to those who





moan - presumably in sympathy, no matter how misplaced - that life was inordinately hard, or distasteful, or whatever other nasty term they like to toss off so thoughtlessly. So in a nutshell, I grew up among people who thought that to be able to work hard was the greatest good fortune one could have, and that hard work was also the most necessary requirement for success in any field of endeavour.

So 'home' was originally an isolated section in the woods, and it progressed to a clearing in the woods, with buildings, and later to a mixed farm with grain crops, livestock, fruit trees, dwellings, and barns. Now it is largely organized for fruit growing.



January 27, 1985

Opening remarks:

Hymn 166 was sung this morning. My eyes wandered to hymn 167, on the page beside.

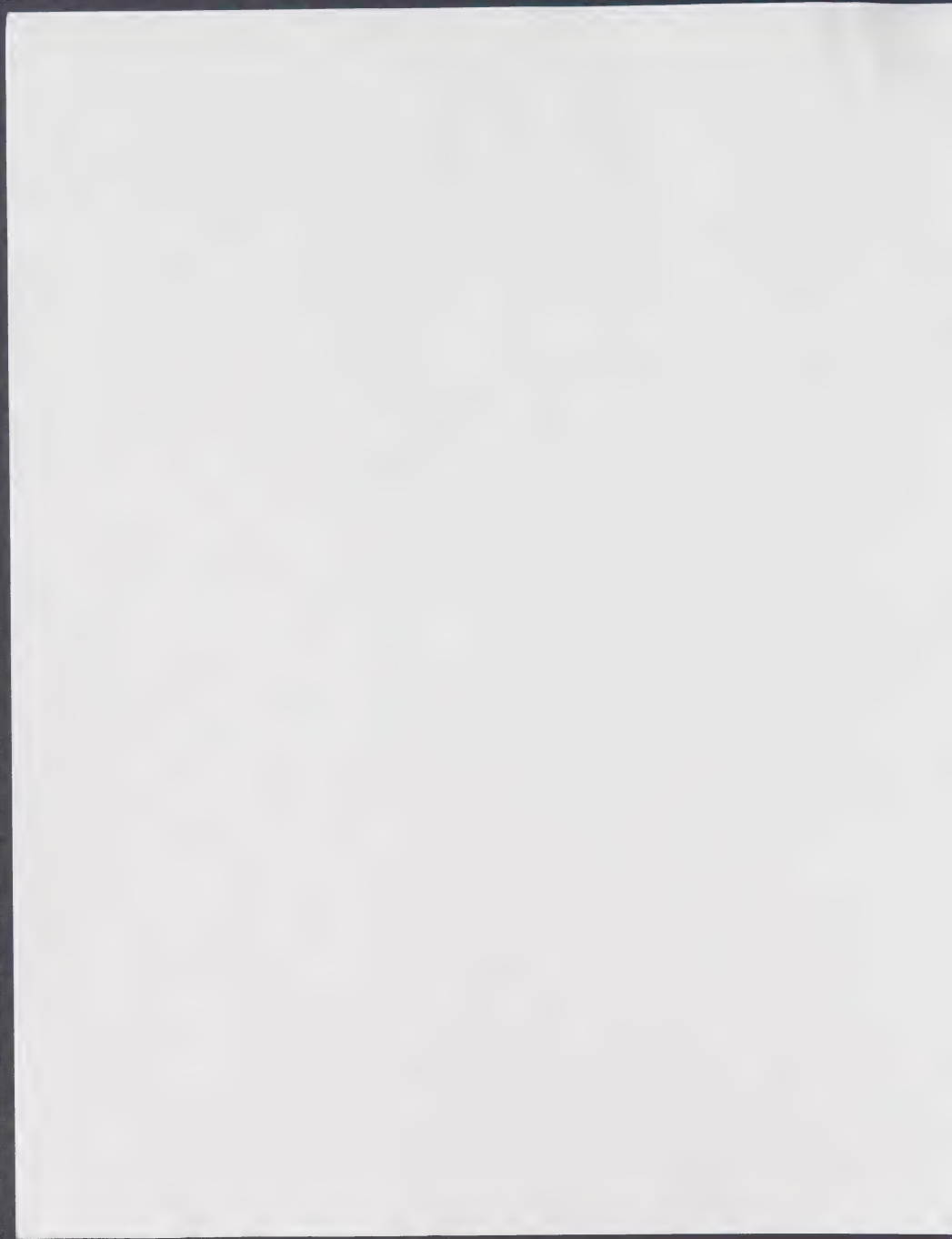
It is by James Russell Lowell, whose name has musical ring to me, although I've forgotten the reasons. In particular, I noted verse three, the second half of which read:

"New occasions teach new duties,  
time makes ancient good uncouth:  
"They must upward still and onward,  
who would keep abreast of truth."

Or as Tennyson said it,

"God fulfils Himself in many ways  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

So I think we should be glad we've been able to do what we've done that is good, but be prepared to find the good to be done in the future somewhat different from that of the past.



For Sunday, January 27, 1985

St. Augustine of Canterbury Church  
Annual Vestry Meeting

Retiring Warden's words

(Ref. Red 167 v3 - 2nd 1/2)

Religion is Tradition - at least to those who are stuck in the tradition of their religion. One tradition is that the retiring Warden has a captive audience at such a time as this. So, for a moment of time, you are stuck with me.

It has been quite a year! His Holiness Pope Jean-Paul came to us, spoke to us, and left. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth came to be with us for a while, and she left. His Mightiness Pierre Elliot Trudeau left the bridge of our ship of state. His Smiliness Bill Davis relinquished the reins of our Provincial Government. And at Remembrance Time, Canon Bracken left this world to us.

----

Famines, drought, flood, and frost remain for us to know of, and to feel insignificant in the awareness of.

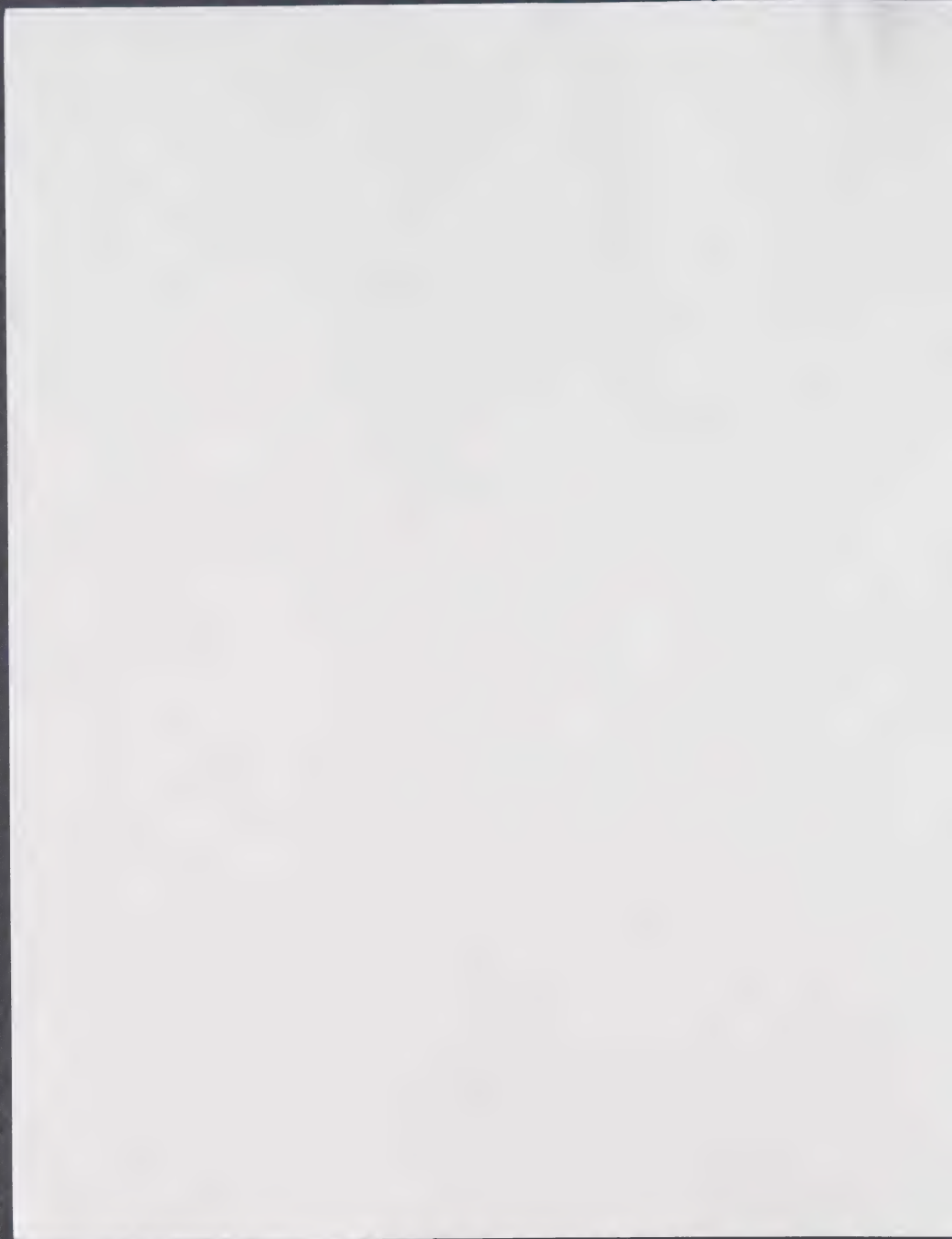
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The budget we struck a year ago was known to need more help than we could foresee. Nevertheless, with the help of all God's Children among us, and others whom you will know of better than I, we paid all our bills. I'm inclined to think of it as a miracle.

----

The greatest miracle of all is the miracle of birth. In our immediate case it is the miracle of rebirth. The concepts we have had of Christianity for a long time, have been considered chiselled in stone - like the Ten Commandments - for so long in fact that they tended to be accepted as articles of faith, rather than things to think about --- to be helped by.

It seems to me that our Church is experiencing the pangs of a rebirth. Not only do we have the different ideas of a new and younger Priest to consider, but it turns out that the changes we meet with are occurring in other Churches as well. And in



other branches of Christian religion, and even in other religions, too. And the secular world has changed radically, also. In my limited experience with computers over thirty years the computational value obtained per dollar spent on hardware has been multiplied not by ten or a hundred, but one thousand! Such a phenomenal value improvement wasn't even approached by the original industrial revolution of last century.

Certainly there are lots of problems still with us. But we do have opportunities to work out solutions. For instance, Roy Sennett, here in Leaside, developed the fantastically reliable and accurate quartz crystals that underpin all the fabulous communications capabilities of the western world - and in space vehicles among the planets, too. Of course, that is not specific to our church, but Roy has shared our fellowship on occasion, and his work is mentioned as illustrative of that of others of our congregation whose efforts keep our Church alive, and significant, and worthy to be considered a diligent congregation of disciples.

Someone wrote:

“Love thou thy land, with love far brought from out the storied past,  
but used within the present,  
And transfused to future time by power of thought.”

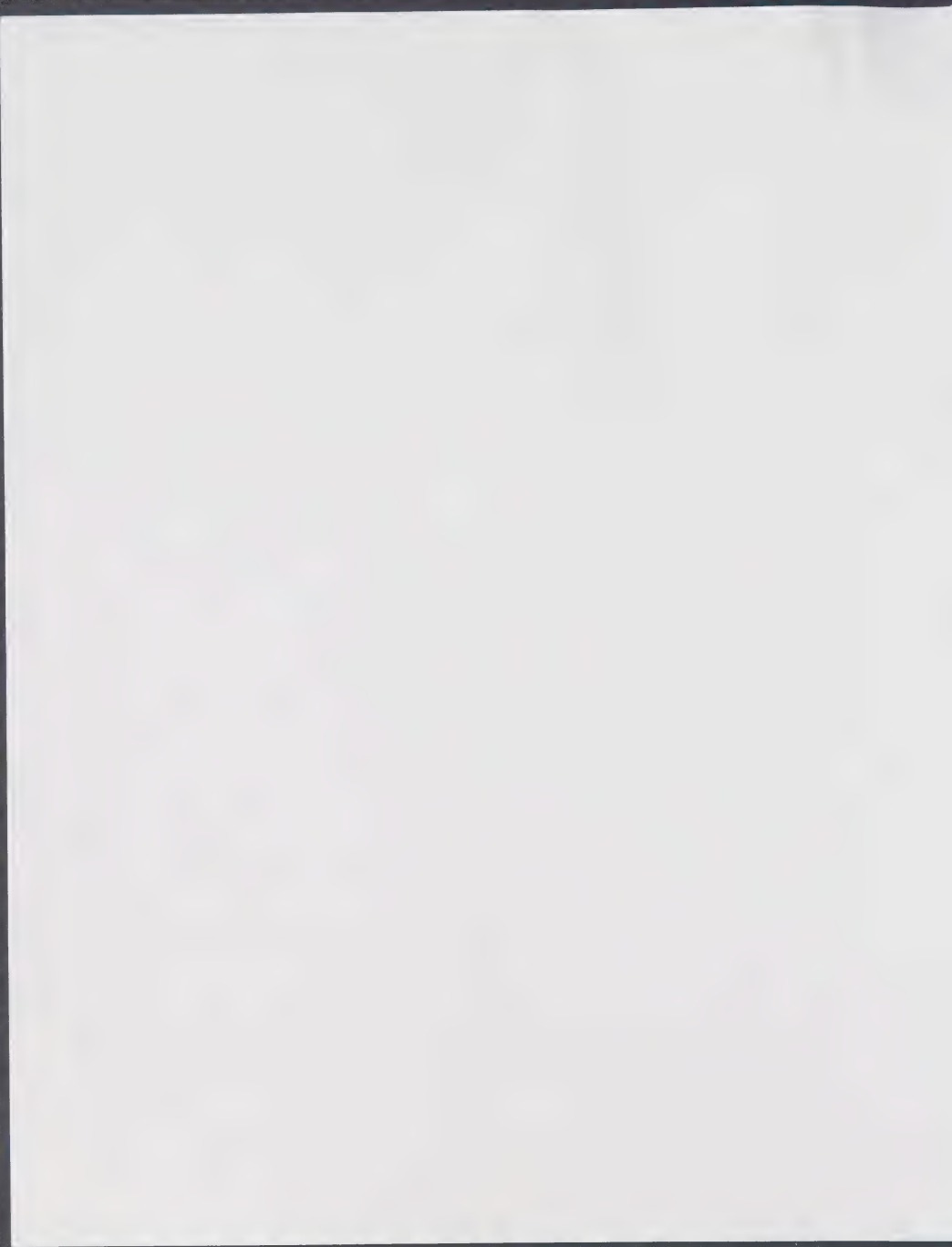
No longer can I recall who wrote that, but I'm glad he did, and that it meant enough to me that I've remembered it some fifty years.

----

Strangely enough, if the author had said not, “Love thou thy land,” but rather, “Love thou thy Church,...” it would have described the *purport* of Christianity, and restated the only commandment of Christ..”

“This commandment give I unto you,  
That ye love one another,  
Ever as I have loved you.”

We need to remind ourselves that the admirable premises in which we share much of our Christian fellowship is not the CHURCH, even though we refer to building with that word. The CHURCH is the “two or three who are gathered together in my name.” The two's and three's - you and who is with you - gathered here today.





We are the CHURCH!! You and I, and those whom we love, and who love us. Those for whom we pray, and who pray for us.

“For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains [of prayer]  
about the feet of God.”

Let me set that love in context of the first Epistle of John, [4:8],

“He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is Love.”

---

To change the subject, let me refer to the commissioning of his disciples by Christ, and in particular of Peter:

Matthew [10:34] records,

“Think not that I am come to send peace on Earth, but a sword.”

Likewise Luke [12:15] records

“Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on Earth? I tell you, NAY; but rather division:”

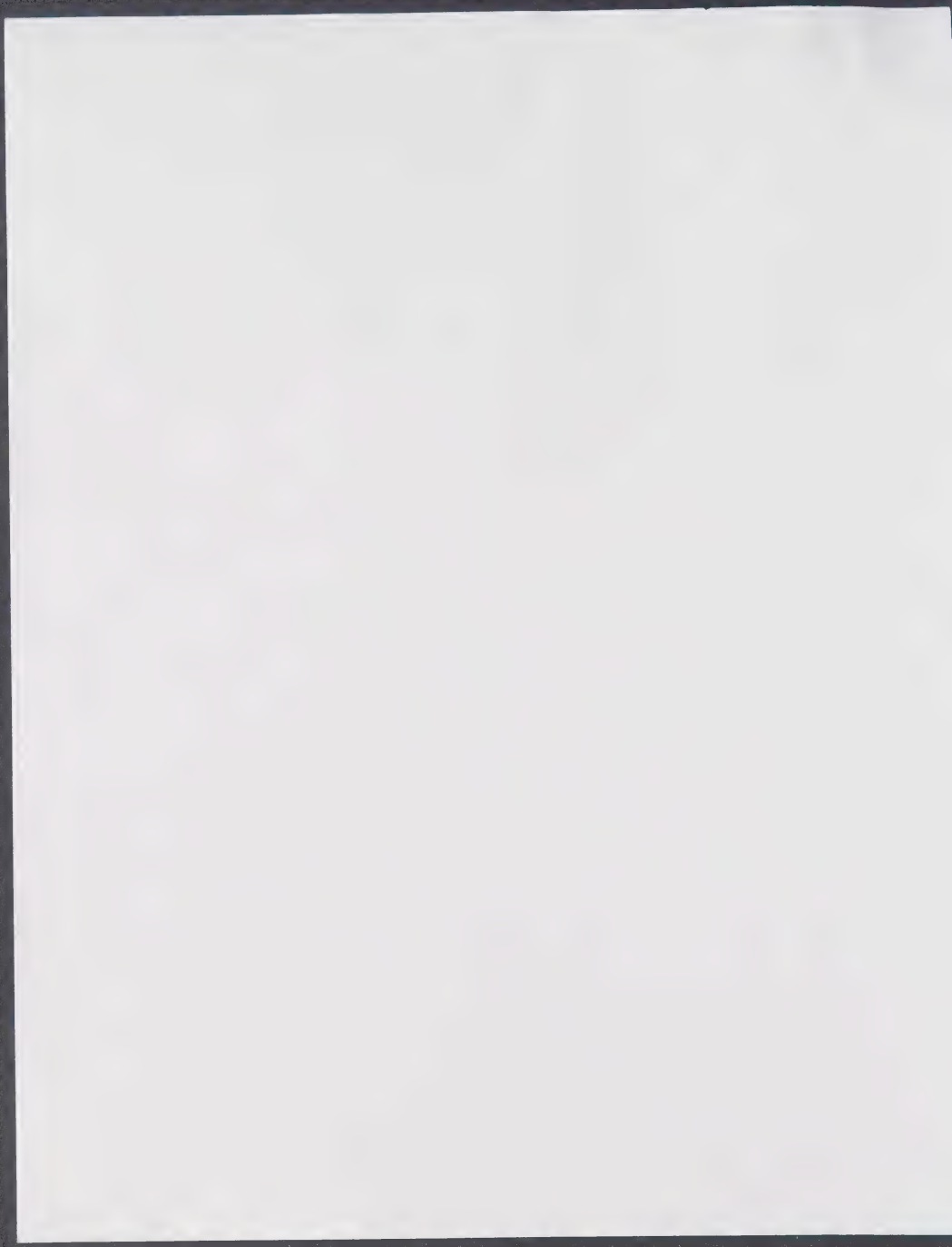
and about Peter. Matthew records later [16:19]

“I will give unto thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.”

----

It has seemed to me generally accepted that the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN is something very foreign to EARTH.

Not until we have suffered all the sufferings on earth that flesh is heir to, and gone through the agony of death, can we be transformed, or transferred, or whatever - if we've been good little children - by passing through the “eye of the needle”, and arrive at that desired destination.



With due deference to those who do not agree with me, I nevertheless dispute that concept, for I suspect that the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN has been long established, and is to be found among us here on Earth. I suspect also that some of the successors of Peter have forgotten to give out their keys. Some of them may not know that they have them, or what to do with them, or what they are.

When Newman Bracken asked me to consider being a Deputy Warden, it would seem now that he offered me a key. Even if neither of us knew it.

Formerly, my most unsettling evaluation of myself dealt with ideas of failure, ignorance, unworthiness, mistakes, and yes, sin. My physical, mental, moral and spiritual shortcomings.

Yet, in spite of all my shortcomings, Canon Bracken offered me a chance to serve in his Church, in this parish, the Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury. Entirely within my lifetime it was conceived, born, nurtured, and grown into a splendid and wonderful congregation of disciples of Christ.

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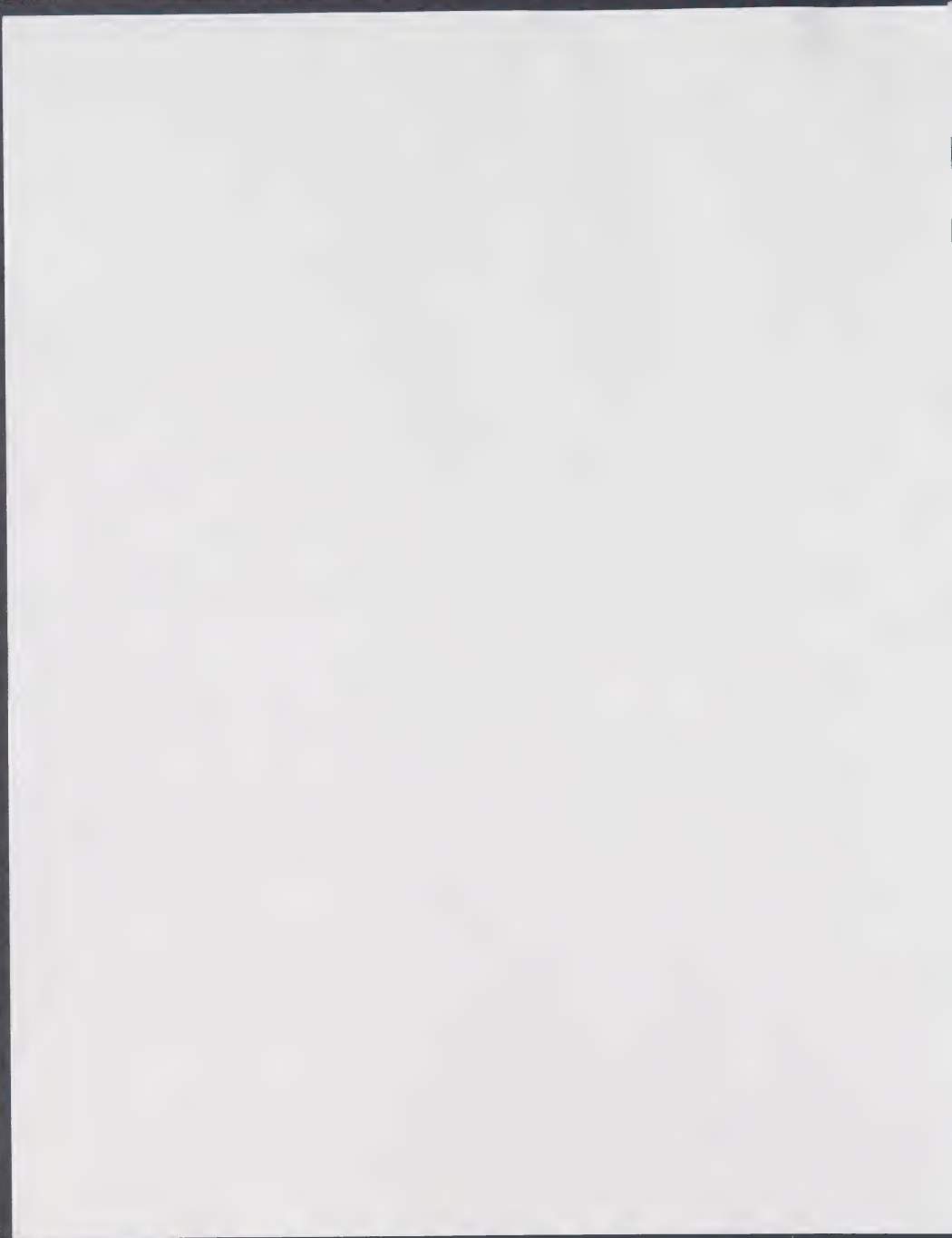
Possibly my worst shortcoming has been in not doing anything unless I was asked to. It has often made my heart glad, when I was asked for help, to do what I could. At times I've wished there would be more requests.

Hopefully it has made other hearts among us glad to help also. Such gladness is to me of the Kingdom of Heaven. All of you who are here will know what I mean.

----

But now I'm beginning to wonder if we may not be - all of us, to some degree - missing the boat. Would we not have known more of that gladness if we had offered to give of our talents and capabilities *without waiting to be asked*? If we had looked actively for ways to activate the treasury of our wonderful talents. Though I may be able to fix broken furniture, unless I actively make my capability known, *who will ever ask me* to fix that broken chair in the nursery?

----



Page 5

And why do we have dingy walls in our church building when probably half of us can use a wash cloth, and a paint brush?

(I'm not suggesting that we could be better painters than Michaelangelo, but certainly we can change a dispiriting enclosure into an enlightening one.)

----

If I had not been asked some years ago to be a deputy warden, I could not have asked such questions now. I would not have had the temerity. Therein lies a key. A FACILITY FOR FACING FACTS. An ability to LISTEN AS YOU SPEAK about them as YOU UNDERSTAND them.

----

Surely we must expect to see things differently, just as we are different. Our viewpoints are different. Our heritage, our heridity, and our environment have differed also.

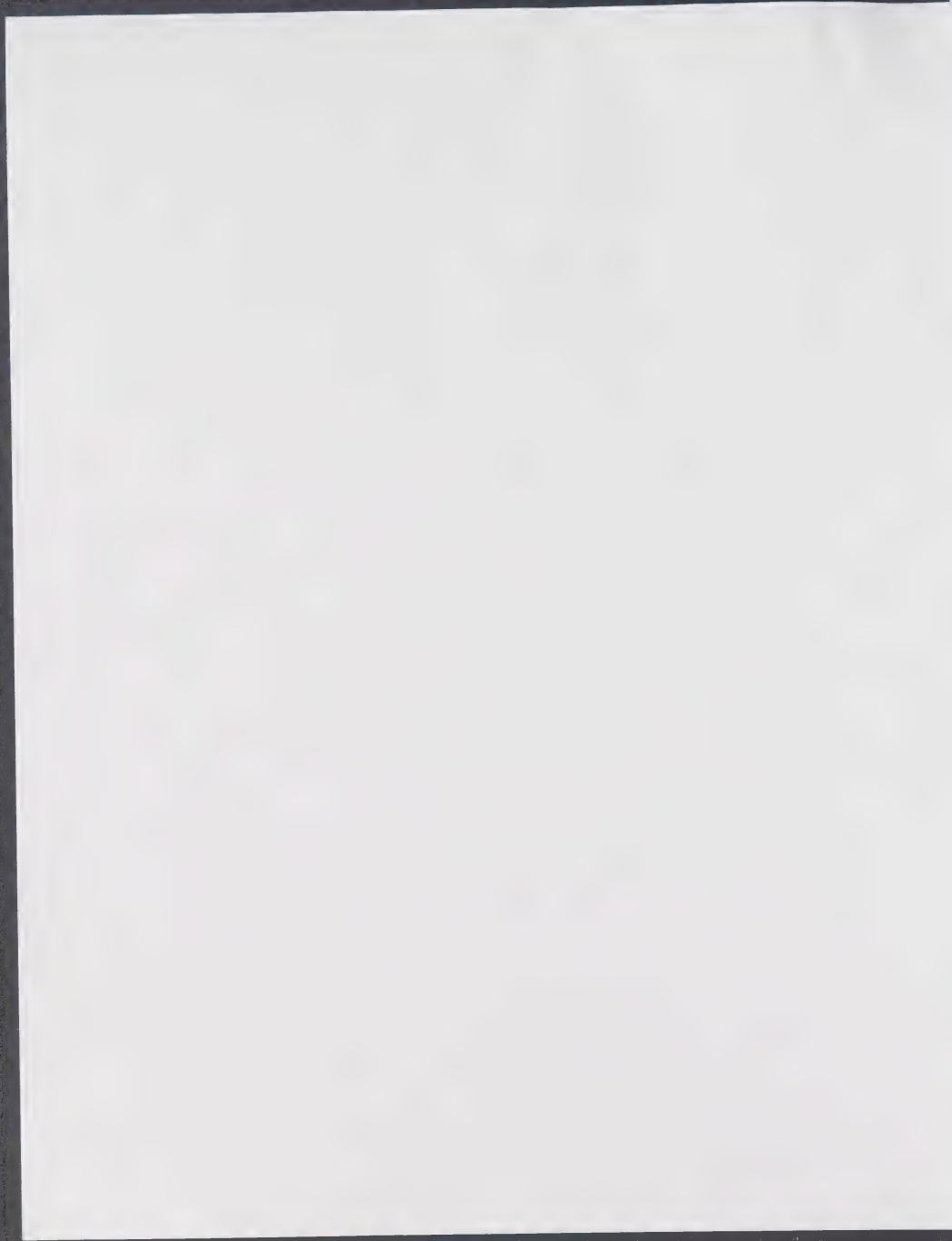
IT IS OUR VERY DIFFERENCES that testify to the truth of our concerns. So let's not let our differences be divisive. Rather, let our differences be recognized and welcomed as our distinguishments. It is our differences that are our only real justification for existence. Is that not so?

----

IN THE LOCK-STEP SOCIETY OF "ISM", SUCH AS SOCIALISM, DIFFERENCES - DIFFERENT IDEAS - ARE NOT PERMITTED. HITLER TOOK THE LOCK-STEPPED NAZI WAR MACHINE INTO THE GLOBAL DESTRUCTION OF WWII.

If the MANHATTAN PROJECT had failed, that destruction could still be continuing - if there remained enough people alive to provide more cannon - fodder for the carnage.

STALIN and his successors have been careful to *not quite* provoke a similar termination to their socialistic enslavement activities. Enslavement as in Afghanistan, in south east Asia, and in Africa. Who today is not revolted about Ethiopia's socialism's shamble. "Let them all be equal - *in death.*"



Our "Church" hierarchy itself partakes of the ways of HITLER and STALIN when it tell us what to think and how to act about matters of grave concern to us all.

Does it want us to lock-step ourselves into the historic pathway to destruction by ignoring our own observations, and *communications and intelligence*? Are these not the different parts of truth that different people have?

Parts that must be considered and combined to reach more closely to truth itself?

----

I don't know how I got on this aspect of this topic. It wasn't intended - likely Topsy, it just grew.

What I wanted to tell you was that a few years ago I would have been unable to say, for instance, that the beauty of the many beautiful people I have met in this congregation has been overwhelming. It has nothing to do with cosmetics, or occupation, or age, or gender, or whatever.

It is the lightening countenance,  
the lovely voice,  
the graceful movements,  
the disciplined activity,  
the thoughtful concern...  
the cheerful contribution...

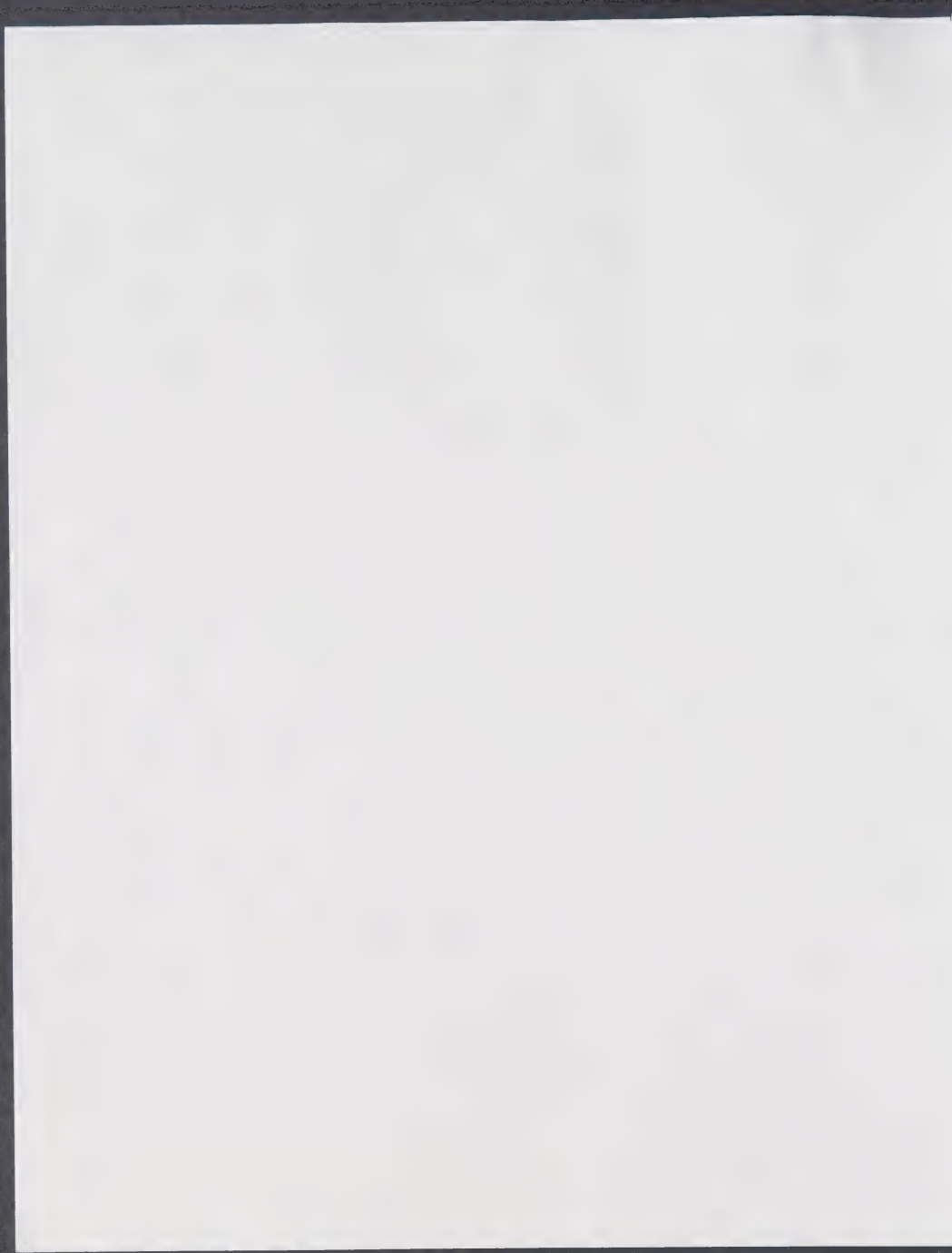
These are things that have made me also think, if I quote John the Baptist correctly, Mat. 3:2 *"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."*

4:17 Jesus also said  
*"The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."*

10:7 In fact, his commission to his twelve disciples was  
*"And as ye go, preach, saying,  
The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."*

I could not have said these things without help from Newman Bracken.

So I say, "Thank you, Newman."





Page 7

And thank you, too, in two's and three's, for listening.

----

So now I come to my thesis. What I have witnessed accomplished by this congregation is almost miraculous. I believe it results from the consequences of following the commandment to love, given us by Christ. And as there is love amongst us, so I believe is God amongst us. And where He is, is where the Kingdom of Heaven is. So instead of offering a "Peace" sign at services, I think it would be much more to the point to offer "Welcome". Welcome to share our love. Welcome to share in the Kingdom of Heaven which is at hand.



Mayer

11

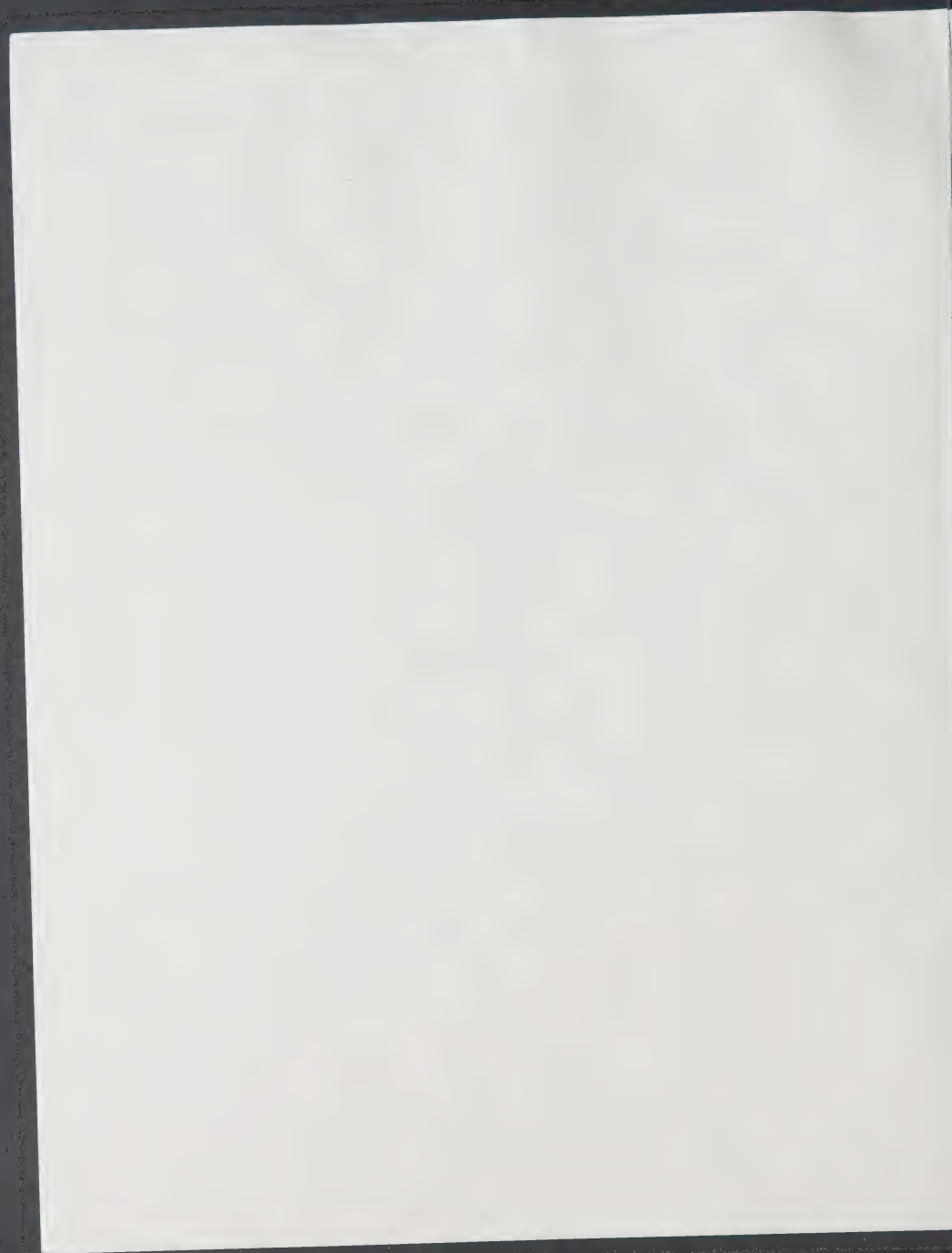
## York County Hospital

Sunday night, 7:30 pm, December 11<sup>th</sup>, 1988

Hilp 485 3902

I shall try to record, as completely as possible, the recent events which culminated in my being "voluntarily institutionalized." The difference between "voluntary" and "involuntary", as explained by Dr. SIMON at Sunnybrook <sup>Hospital</sup> Emergency, is that, if I should make any attempt to leave the premises into which I had voluntarily entered at request of Dr. Johnson, I would be apprehended like a fugitive from the law, returned with whatever force was necessary, restrained if necessary, and reclassified as an "involuntarily institutionalized" person. He also said that my "treatment" would be no different, whether I was voluntary or involuntary.

It was quite a shock for me to hear that, for to the best of my knowledge I had gone at the request of Dr. Johnson, to consult with him and a psychiatrist about, presumably, my rationality. Since Dr. Johnson had checked my physical health at a 9:45 am, Wednesday, October 26<sup>th</sup> appointment - at which he told me I was in perfect health, with the exception that I was going into politics, and "everyone in politics was crazy. I should know, I've got two brothers in two different parties, and they are both crazy." But that's all that's the matter with you."

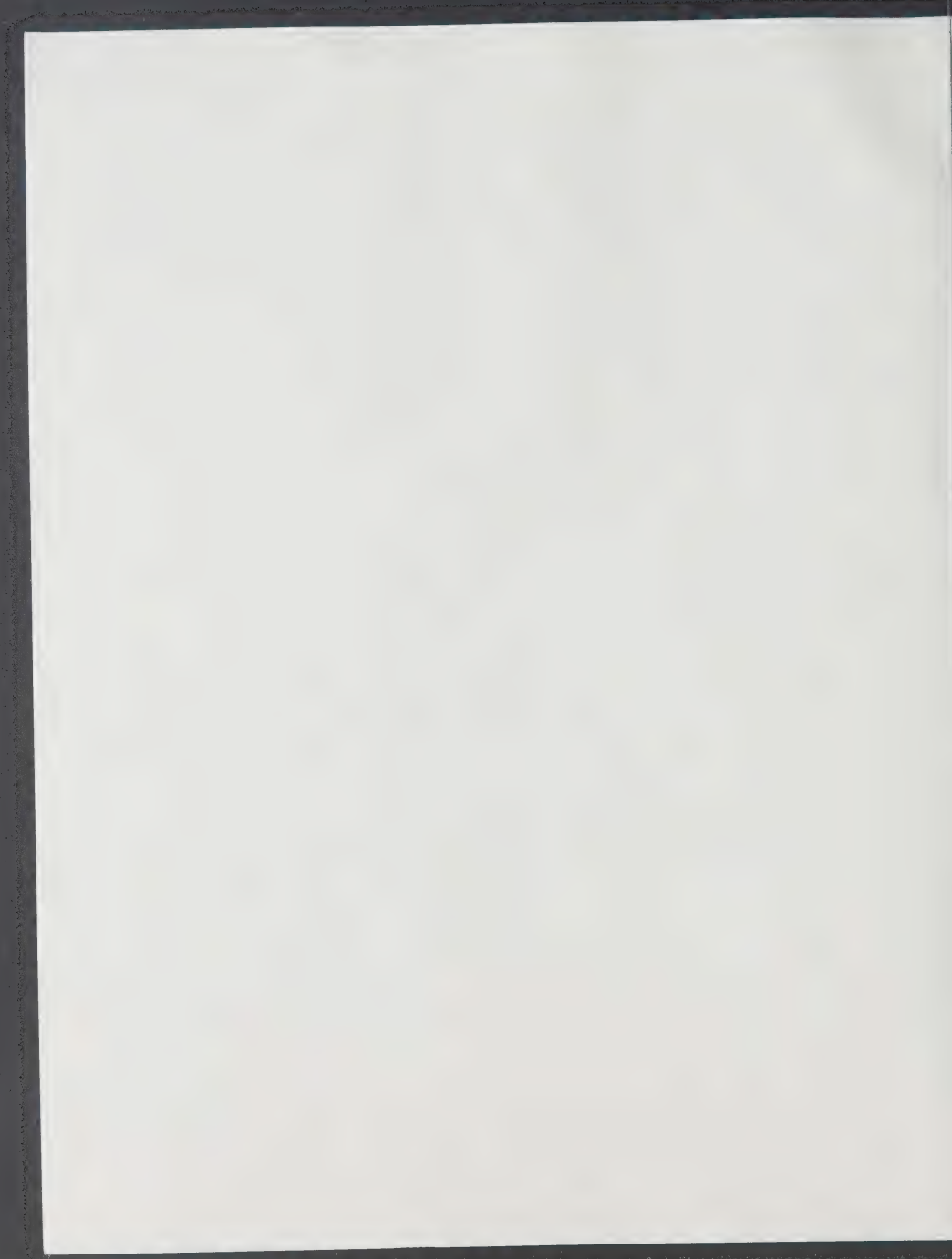


Monday, December 12<sup>th</sup>, 1988

7:30 a.m.

Actually, I was stopped writing on the previous page by the arrival of an attractive young nurse - at my age it would seem that all the nurses are attractive and young - and the final words, "... that's the matter with you.", were added this morning.

To continue, I'm sure I told Dr. Johnson that I appreciated his opinion, and that to be sure that he was not the last word on my mental health, I had made an appointment with Dr. Hughes about that. My appointment with Dr. Hughes was for Monday, November 14<sup>th</sup>, at 3:40 pm. I kept that appointment, and was not only delighted to see Dr. Hughes again, but also much pleased to learn that it appeared entirely possible that my medication might well be reduced - presumably because of the good condition of my mental health. I took it upon myself to conclude that the opinion of Dr. Hughes about politics was somewhat different from that of Dr. Johnson. In fact, it seemed to me that he was altogether pleased with my having undertaken the exercise of involvement in the pending federal election. I'm sure I must have told him it was not because I sought election, but rather because it would offer a platform from which I could decry some aspects of the touted federal "Free" Trade Agreement - aspects which to my knowledge had wiped out part of my employer's operations in Canada, and wiped out my brother as a grape grower

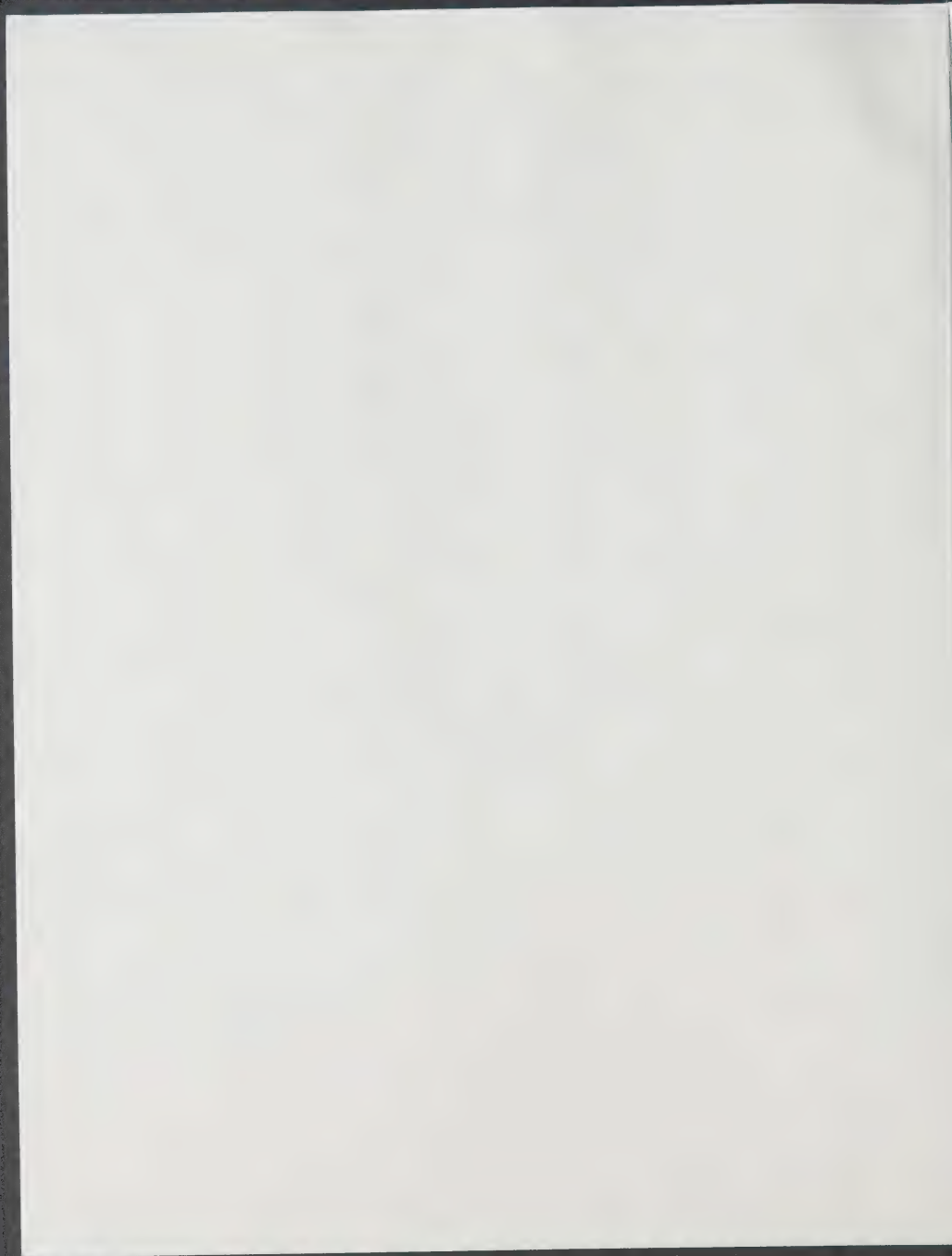


in Ontario, Canada. Not that I can't see change being of the nature of things, - sometimes with both bad and good results - as with medicine and its 'side-effects', sometimes - but I don't see Canada as just a mine of natural resources for the Americans to strip the minerals from, profit almost exclusively therefrom, and expect us to humbly thank them for the opportunity to be robbed by them.

Tuesday, December 13<sup>th</sup>, 1988 ; 9:00am

The upshot, as far as I was concerned, was that there was no question but that I had medical substantiation for thinking I was of sound mind and of sound body.

<sup>had</sup> Jones, thought differently. Like Dr. Johnson, she told me that I was crazy to contemplate getting into the federal election, and would refuse to support me in any way, and in fact her first concern was how to rearrange things so that we could live our lives separately beneath one roof. For some days thereafter she stopped communicating, stopped including me in meals preparation, and acted pretty disagreeably. But then she seemed to soften up slowly, and things got back to the normal sort of stand-off situation where I was tolerated, I should say. She said she would not tell her closest friends that I had accepted nomination, and would like to keep it a secret. Sort of a family skeleton, I suppose.





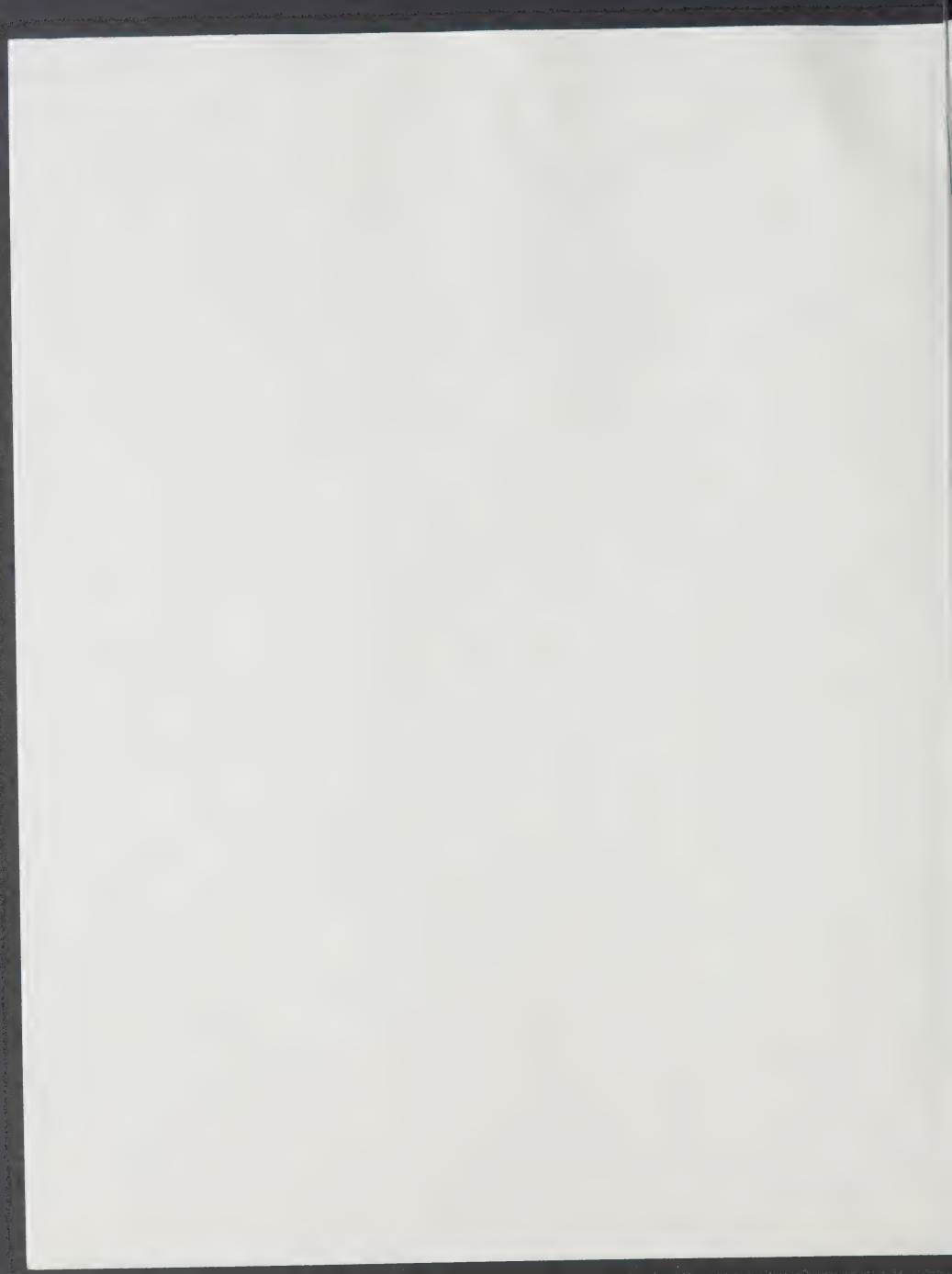
Jane went to Florida on November 11<sup>th</sup>, for ten days of bridge with Pat and Marg. I insisted she go, though she protested that her mother & made her feel guilty about going. But I said we would survive, and really thought the benefits of getting away would be significant to her. Also I had told her that I expected to be finished with politics on November 21<sup>st</sup>, election day, so her displeasure about that would soon be a thing of the past.

There were two sets of two kinds of inhalators among Jane's toiletries when she left - much more than adequate for her ten day stay in Florida. So I was terribly shocked and distressed when she returned on November 22<sup>nd</sup> to find her close to collapse on arrival at Pearson airport. She said that she had run out of inhalation medication three days ago, and didn't want to bother Pat by telling her she needed some, but just went downhill from lack of breath thereafter. She said it didn't occur to her that it could be obtained locally. I'm sorry, but she isn't stupid, and I thought she might have been too overwrought to think rationally - but I don't really understand why she did not get help.

She learned before she got home that I had got some votes in the election, and had appeared on TV news a couple of times, - and she seemed pleased about it, rather than annoyed and distressed, as I expected.

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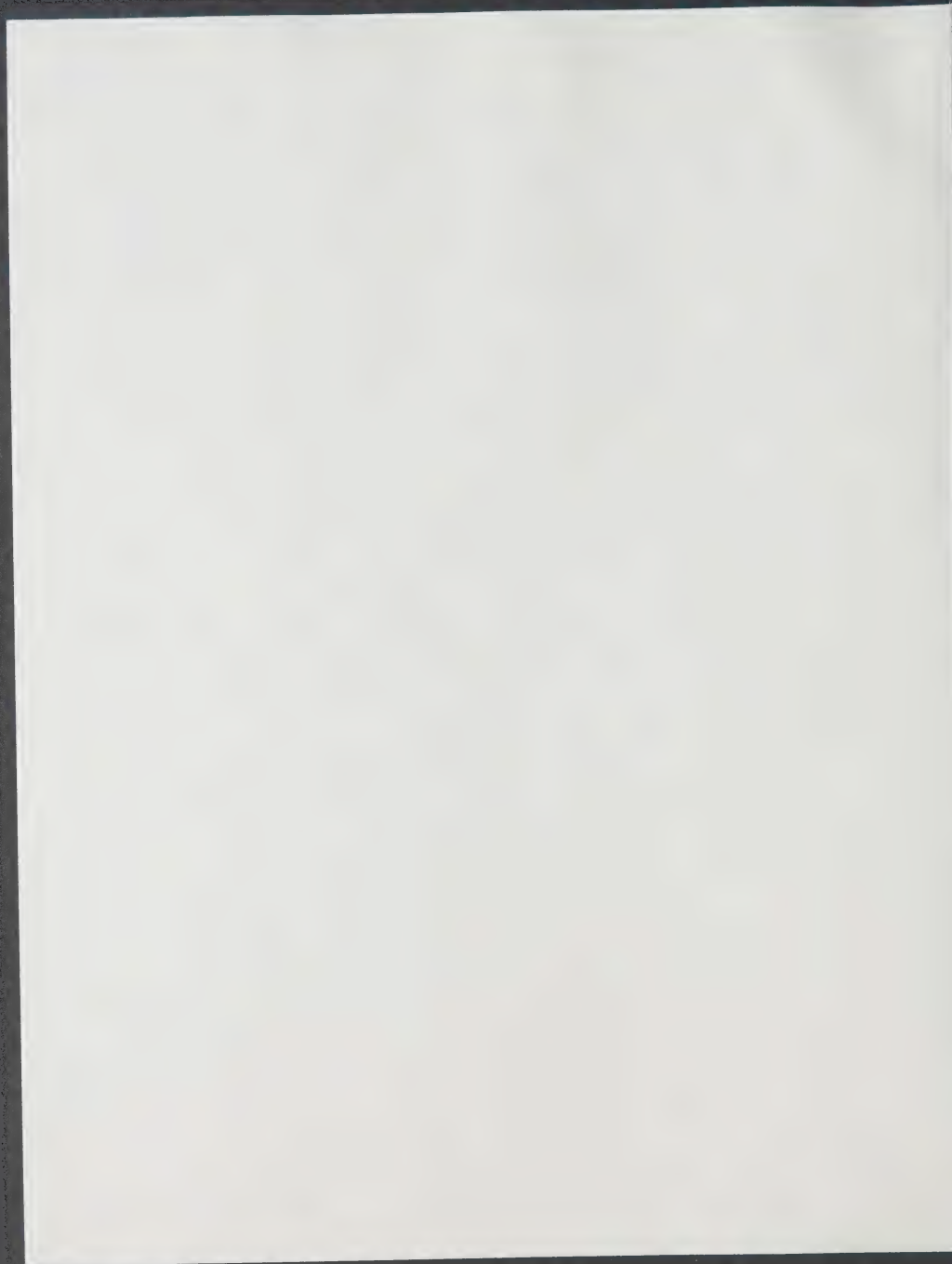
(Linda was my nurse to-day. I wonder who  
Linda is. 9:30 p.m.)



Wednesday, Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>, 1988

(Olive is my nurse to-day. It seems that each day the nurses meet in the morning and decide who will be nurse for whom during that day. Then any talking to be done to a nurse is best done to that one. The obvious advantage of the situation is that it enables a patient to avoid talking to someone he doesn't feel at ease with, knowing that if he waits another day he will likely get someone he can talk to.)

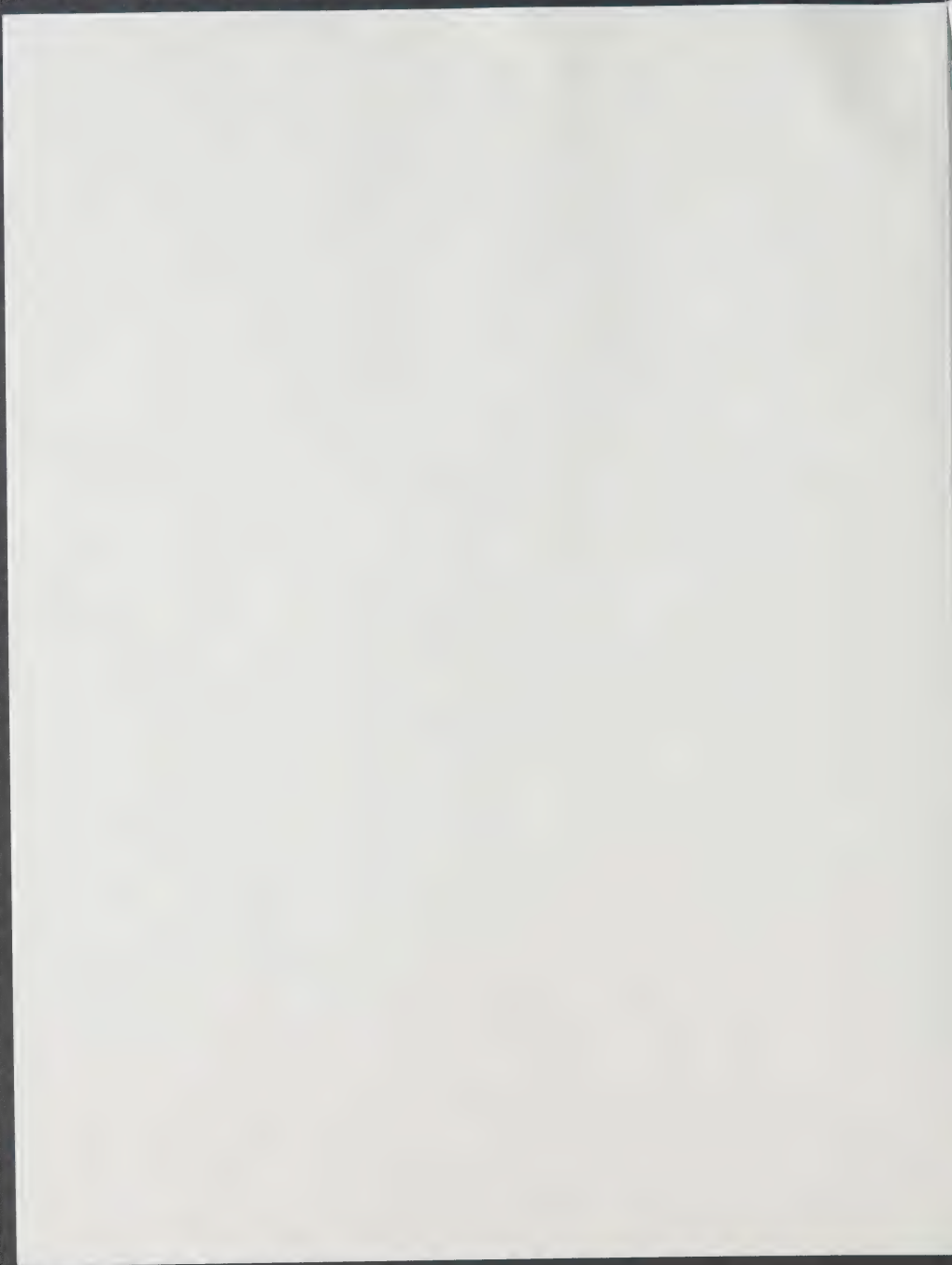
So Jane got back from Florida on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of November, and seemed reasonably at ease when she had got her medication, and rested up from being without it when she needed it. I thought that "living separate lives, ~~under~~ living together under the same roof," was just a bad memory. But a few days later I got a call from Montreal Party headquarters asking me to be a delegate to the International Conference on 'Food for Peace' to be held in Chicago on December 10<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup>. That precipitated an opening of old sores - I was a liar, because I had said that there wouldn't be anything on politics after I lost the election. (I hadn't expected there would be.) "But if that's what you really want to do, you might as well do it!" So I agreed to attend.



Toward the last of November I was advised of attempts by the administration in the U.S. to silence LeRouche. Having heard him speak on TV, and read his autobiography, and contributions by him in various intelligent publications, I had quite a fellow feeling for him, and determined to do what I could to support him. The ante requested was ten thousand dollars. Of course I know that it sounds like a scam of some sort, but I know a little, at least, about it, that substantiates the need as real and genuine, whereas to anyone who knows nothing it sounds like I'm being asked to be made a sucker, pure and simple. Nevertheless, I wanted to take the risk, and get the money.

Once again, Jane refused all support. Indeed, it turned out that she refused to help me get a loan at the bank, on a personal basis, which I could repay from Canada Pension payments in less than two years. Since ~~we~~<sup>we</sup> had never received payments in the past, it was logical to me that we could manage well enough without mine for two more years, especially since hers was starting now.

So we were back to "living our lives separately while residing under the same roof."

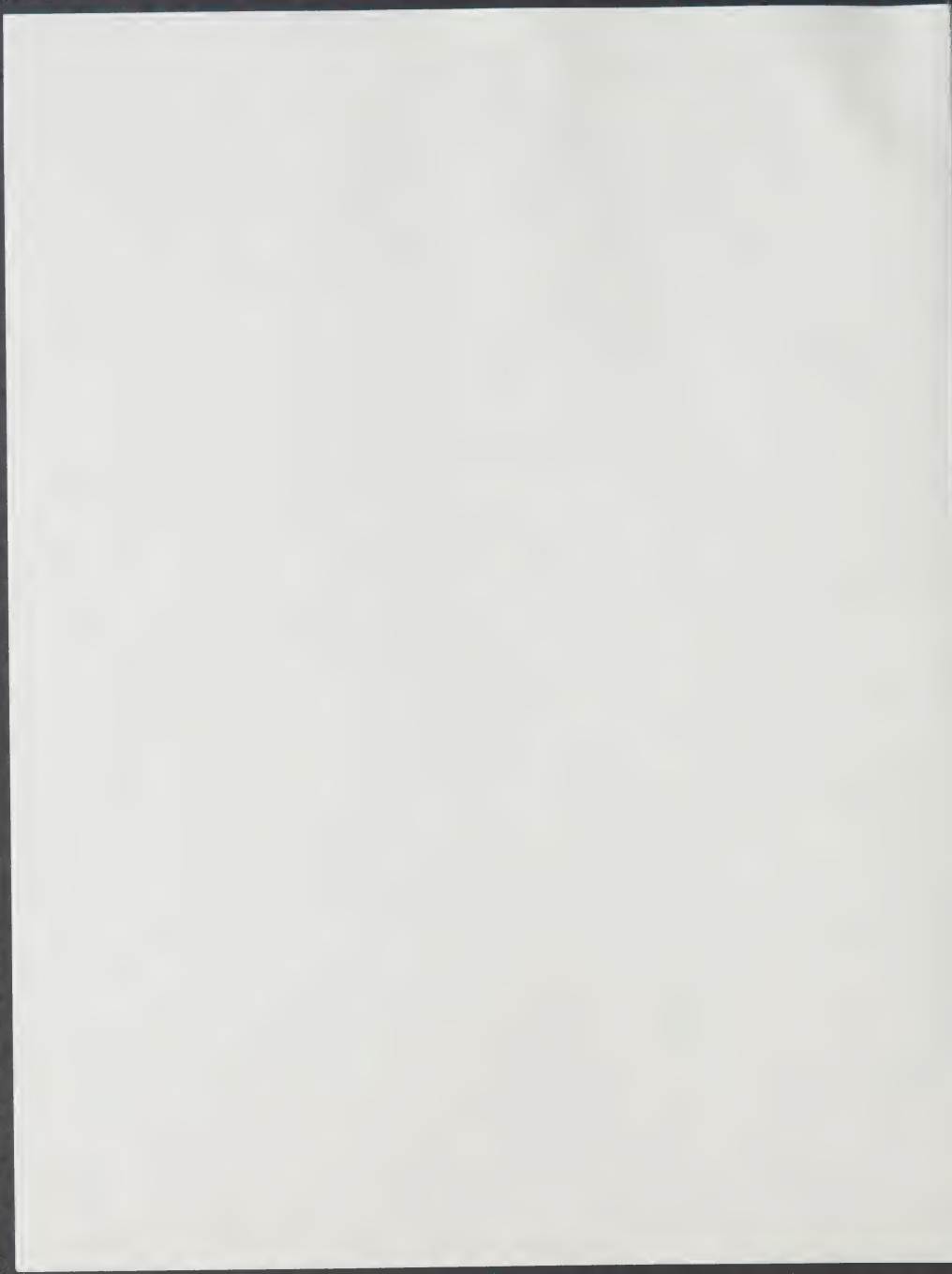


On Thursday, December 1<sup>st</sup>, I finished my temporary recall to work at MAI. The job was finished. The thanks for what I had done were warm and sincere. I was told that I had done, "Much more than we could have hoped for. All we can say is 'thanks'." So I left.

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 4:00 pm.

My recall to work had been on a temporary help basis, starting ~~November~~<sup>September</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> for four weeks, and thereafter as would be determined by the progress of the work. It was obviously nearly finished as December approached, but it was not until December 1<sup>st</sup> arrived that the last of the outstanding items was cleared. Things went well that day, so that I could finish on Thursday evening, rather than carry over to Friday. Which accounts for why I was finished work Thursday night, when I got home.

Now I'm only supposing, but I do suppose that the concept of me having quit my job, and wanting to donate ten thousand dollars for political purposes, was just more than Jane could handle. Also she found withdrawals from her mother's bank account of \$500 and \$~~700~~<sup>900</sup> which her mother had authorized in connection with the political campaign. (For the record the \$500 was for reimbursement of a political contribution made by credit card from our account. The \$900 was similar, to recover campaign expenses and a political party contribution to cover costs of printing leaflets.) The \$500 was deposited to our M/C account, and the \$900.00 was given to Jane before I went to Sunnybrook. (What she did with it I have no information.)



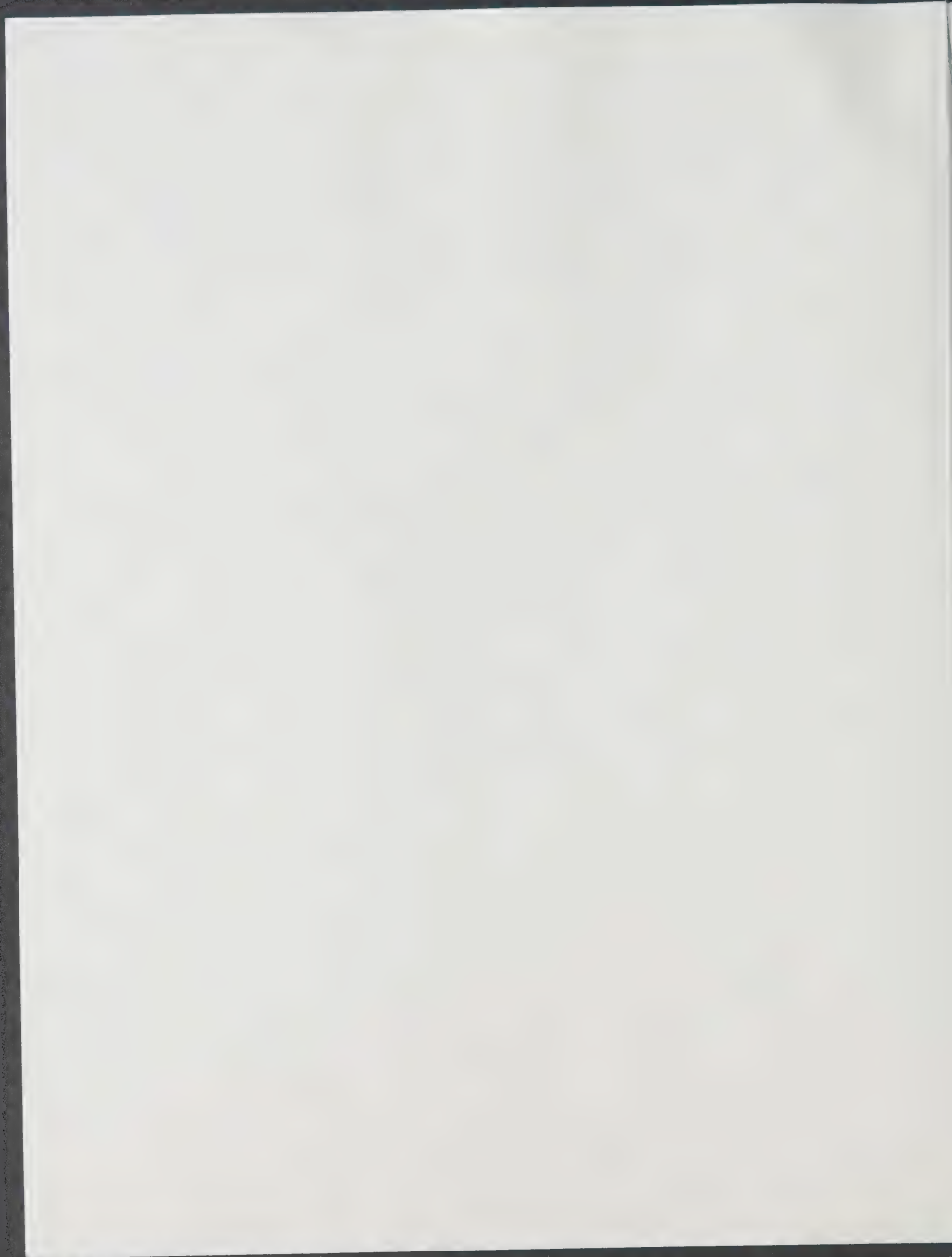


9:30 pm.

We just had an interesting happening. I took my toothbrush and salt for brushing out of the room, and saw three YORK REGION POLICE men about ten feet away, talking to NANCY, one of the nurses on duty. They then went toward the TV room, and I supposed that they were going to transfer a recent suicide attempt - CHRIS - to the adjacent section where patients can be kept in restraint. Then another nurse told me to go to the gathering room near the dispensary, and closed the doors so that I saw no more. A few minutes later the doors were reopened, and TANNAY said that Chris had indeed been escorted out. During an early fire alarm procedure in the evening, Chris had been non-cooperative and somewhat destructive. Later it looked to me as if three friends who came to see him were bent on walking him out of the hospital. Word is also that he had knives, or equivalent, for doing harm to someone in his room. All in all, I can see that he needs to be kept under restraint until he agrees to behave himself better.

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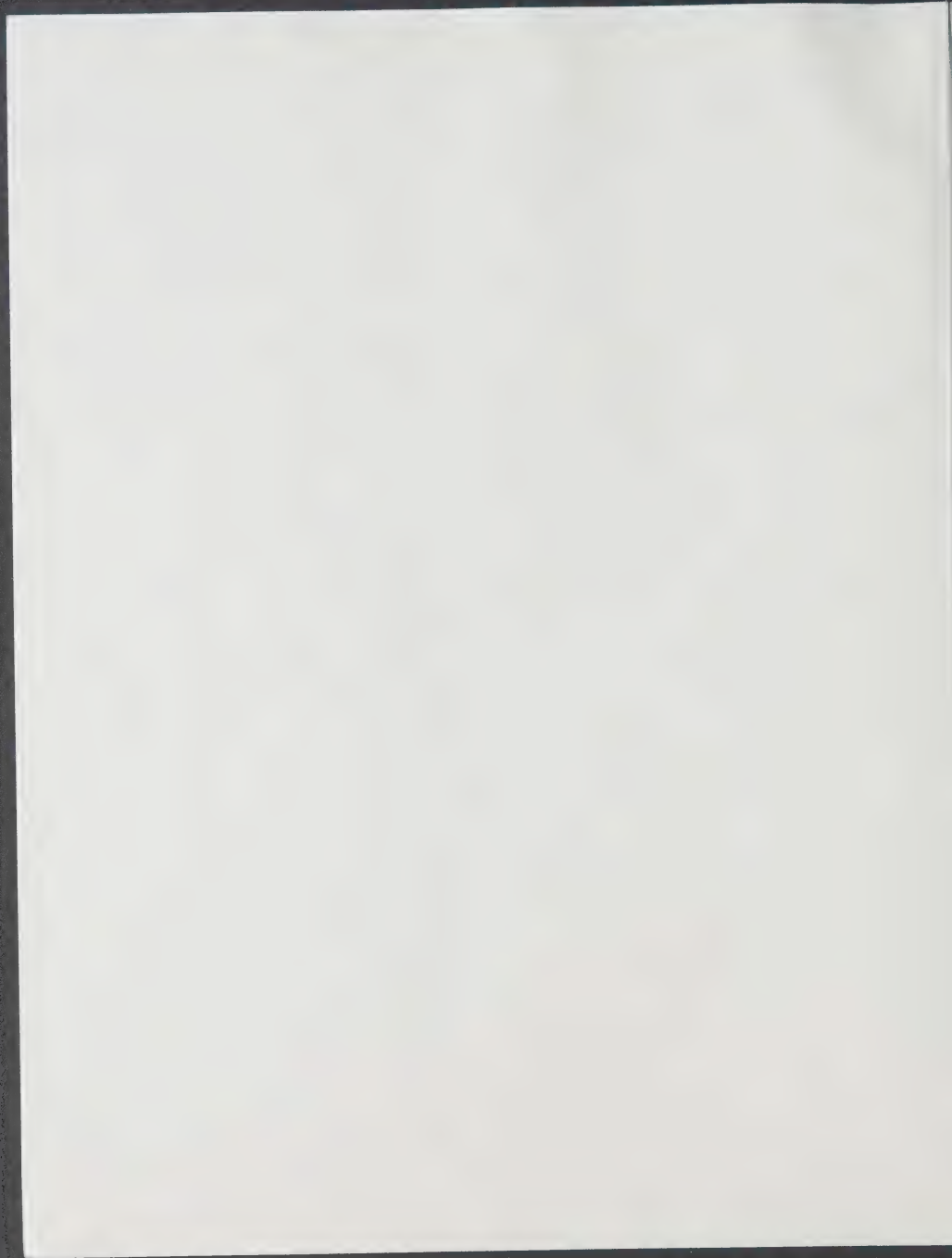
To go on from the items of \$500 and \$900 from her mother's account - they were cleared with her mother, who had said she would back in, seeing as how Jane refused. Seeing as how they were to restore my withdrawals regarding the political campaign from our joint account, it is clear that Jane knew nothing about that, or I'm sure she would not have



been as put out as she was.

I had been given power of attorney over that account, and did what I did with agreement of her mother. But I can imagine that Jane, on seeing the withdrawals recorded in the bank book, imagined I was stealing the funds. So she went to the bank and had my power of attorney withdrawn. She must also have contacted Dr. Johnson, and persuaded him to have me institutionalized. Why else would he not have been at Sunnybrook Hospital when it was my understanding with him the following morning that he simply wanted me to talk to a psychiatrist he was getting to consider the matter. There certainly was no talk with him in the morning of Dec 2<sup>nd</sup>, Friday, at 9:00 o'clock of institutionalization. Yet Jane suggested taking the TTC to get there, "because you might not be coming back". You figure it out.

So as far as I was concerned, nobody at Sunnybrook said anything about there being anything wrong with me, and no one said I wasn't free to go home, until I pressed Dr. SIMON for some information. Also no one, then or since, except Dr. SIMON ever mentioned anything about "treatment" — my "treatment" would be just the same, whether I was "voluntary" or whether I was "involuntarily institutionalized". Is it any wonder that I was surprised, to say the least, to find that I had been institutionalized without my agreement or consent, and slated for "treatment" without discussion or permission?



Wednesday, December 21<sup>st</sup>, 7:30 a.m.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what's a Heaven for?"

Something seems to have happened to change me. When I came here my outlook was that I was sure and satisfied. My thought processes were logical and rational, even if they were different from those of someone of a different philosophical orientation. Possibly my criteria of decision are "Is it right, or is it wrong?", and "is it true or is it false?" I quite realize that these contrast quite a bit from the more normal, "will I benefit or not from it?" But what comes into the evaluation is sometimes the fact that "benefit" isn't always something of material, measurable good. For instance, Churchill's knowledge was that Coventry would be bombed, and destroyed. He could have prevented it. But to do so would likely have prolonged the war by another year. I say that the decision by Churchill to not save Coventry was right, even though it cost Coventry, because it helped win the war.



for Sunday, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1994

Thank you,

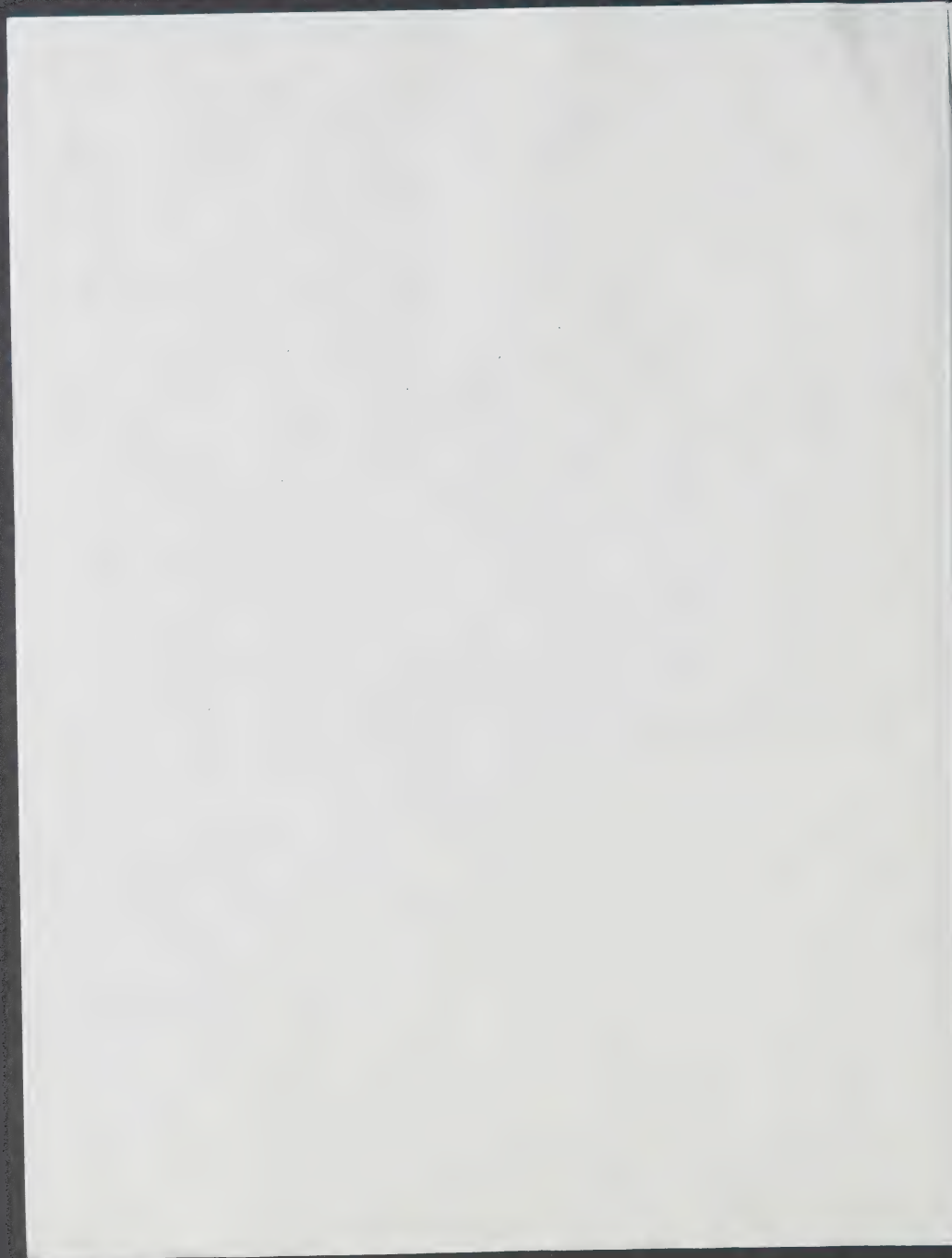
and hello, everybody.

At this time of this particular year, we remember the coldest winter on record, that we recently survived. It was followed by one of the coldest, wettest springs. <sup>Also</sup> partly because of ~~remember back~~ D-day, we are <sup>now</sup> here. We are now. And we look confidently to a splendid summer. Soon, the little seedling plants that we put in their confining little plastic boxes and transplanted in our garden, will be some a riot of colour, and pleasure, all summer long.

Our organ is like a seedling. It is too confined. Its voice can not be developed properly unless, ~~the the confinement~~ the restrictions of placement and confinement are removed. Then only can its <sup>potential</sup> service in and of the church be realized.

So I will call what follows,

"The Organ Transplant"





May 31, 1994

THE ORGAN TRANSPLANT  
For Vestry Meeting on Sunday, June 12th, 12:00 noon

The Prologue at First

Two weeks ago I looked at the illustrations above us, near the front, of what the Church might become.

And I said to myself, "Oh God!"

It looks to me like a children's playground. The swings and slides and wading pool are not yet installed, but the picnic table is there in the middle. My thoughts went on:--

In them, God said, "You'd better do something about it."

My comeback was, "I'm no Moses. I can't speak, nor can I lead." He replied, "You can't have Aaron, Moses' brother, to speak for you. But in this twentieth century you can write your own illegible thoughts, and let a laser printer prepare them so that you can read them."

-----

So here we are with my papers printed. And we may be facing an agonizing crisis, something like Gethsemane.

What are my qualifications to speak? Apart from a lifetime of professional experience, and twenty-three years acquaintance with this church, I have a baccalaureate in Engineering Physics, for which I passed examinations in mechanics, electronics, optics, acoustics and even chemistry, among other things. They are the background for my talk on the subject for consideration to-day.

I am not a psychologist. My role is not to change the mind of anyone. Mind is the greatest gift given by God to man. Mind and the ability to use it.

I hope to present something for your mind to think about. But you must make up your mind by yourself. And the consequences of course, may either please you or displease you throughout the years to come.

The Argument Follows  
(Pause)



To speak about the Organ and associated matters is not easy. I have a very great liking for this Church, and its people. Especially those whose efforts built it so many years ago, and those who have worshipped God within its walls, and within their lives.

We should remember that it did not arise full-blown into being like the mythical Phoenix, which sprang fully re-created from the ashes of its funeral pyre.

First there was nothing but a hole in the ground within which was the tremendous concrete base of an earlier water tower. Next came the basement, then the nave, and finally the north wing. And if we care to think of it, each step of the way required a change to what had preceded it. We live and change, or we die.

Now about the choir, the organ, the Lord's table, and the stupendous clear glass almost invisible in the south-east corner of the sanctuary. Doubtless these things were arranged according to tradition and to the best available thinking.

But the time has come to make a change. And I firmly believe that we should do the best we possibly can, as our fathers and mothers did before us.

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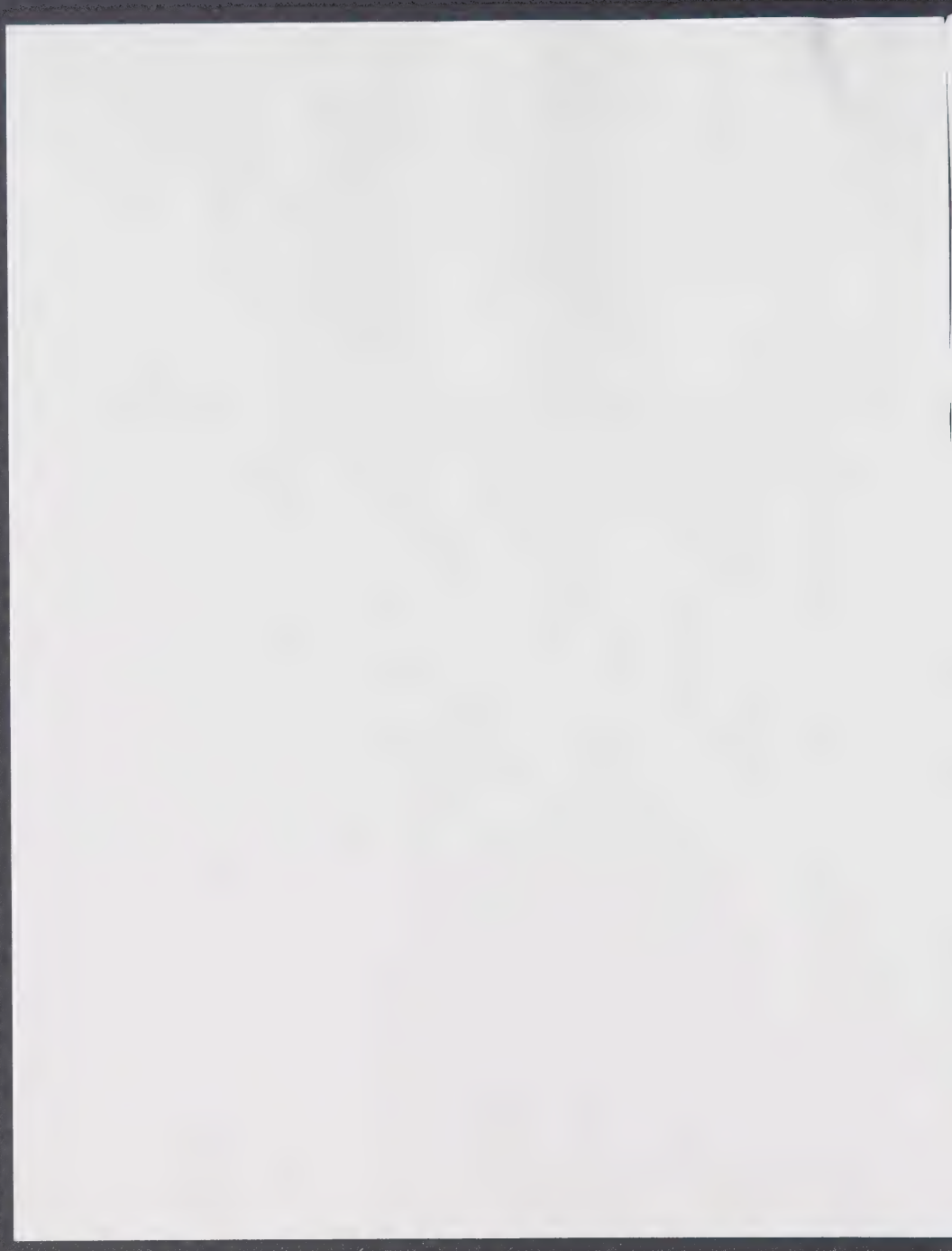
Let me take the words from Albert Schweitzer (1875 - 1965) when he was presented with the Nobel Prize,

"You don't live in a world all alone. Your brothers are here too." (1952)

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Now I'm aware of the risk of quoting from the bible without giving the context, nevertheless let me quote from St. John, chapter 14: *which I loved enough to memorize, fifty years ago:*

- Verse 11            "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me."
- Verse 26            "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things,"
- Verse 16            "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter."
- and 1                "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."



That's a long preamble. Now what about the Church? And its Organ, and its choir, and its glass window?

From what has been established, the congregation is the most important part of the Church. What with Pentecost and Trinity Sunday fresh in our minds, we should be able to think, that more of God in Church is to be found with and among the congregation than anywhere. So when the organ voice and the choir voice is sounded for them, they should go directly, not by circuitous route during which they bash back and forth between the side walls, bashing and dashing and crashing between them like waves of the ocean which destroy themselves on striking a rocky cliff-lined shore. As for the clear glass, install it where the dorsal curtain hangs. Position the choir on either side of it, and the organ above them. That will leave practically a parade ground before them for communion purposes.

If you concur, between us we may make a change which will make a Church building which will better give acknowledgment of the Glory of God within it and its people.

Just one thing more. Any good orchestra speaks to its audience directly. Any good choir speaks to its audience directly. When a home for the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was planned, the naysayers said it couldn't be built - it was too expensive. But music lovers prevailed, and it was built. Now it is acclaimed as one of the finest in the world.

We are in a much better position. We have only to rearrange some furniture in this splendid church which has been provided for us, to vie with Roy Thompson Hall to have a place for prayer and praises without equal.

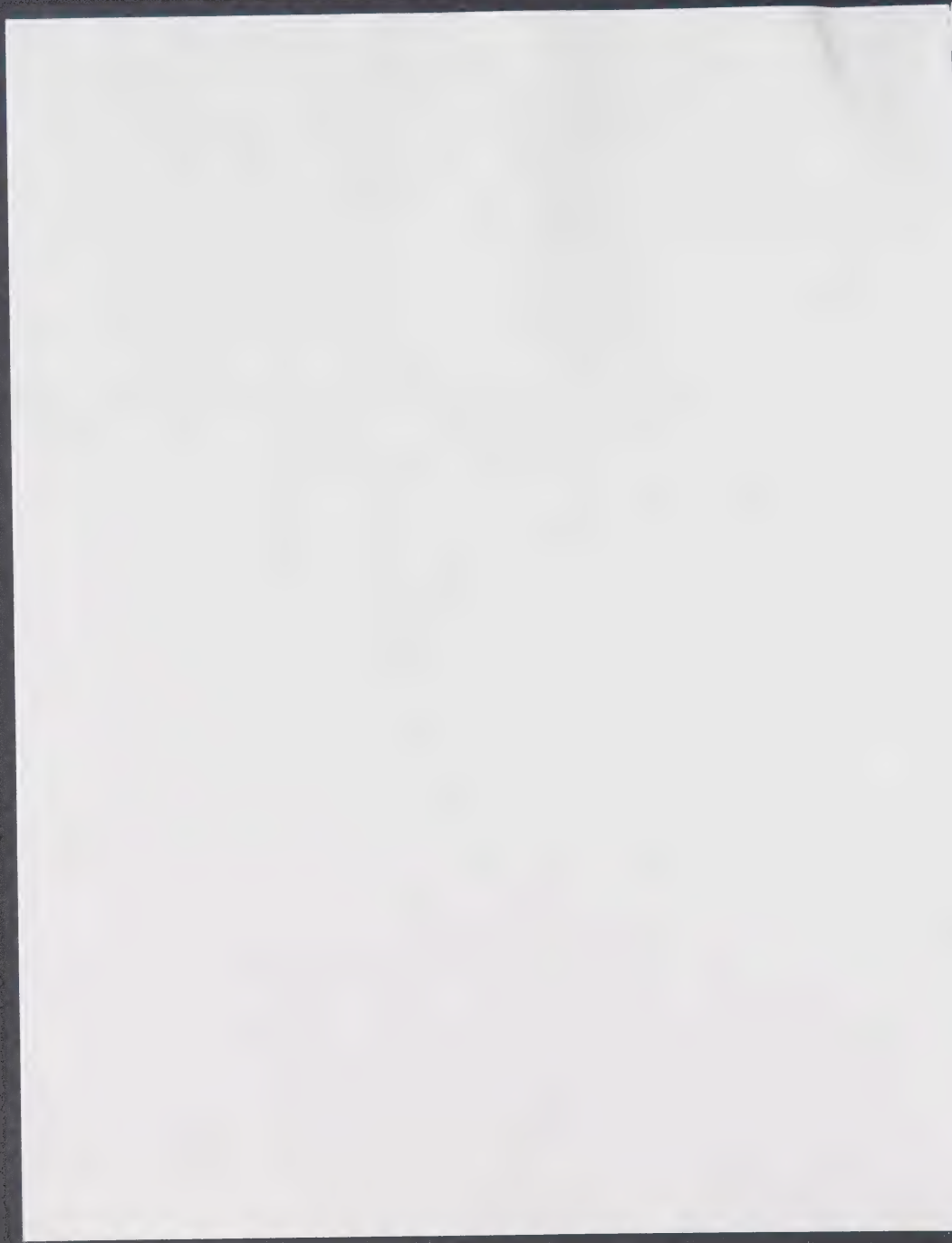
### Epilogue

In his later years I once asked Canon Bracken how the money to build the Church was obtained. Though I don't recall in the years since then all the details, he said that he spoke to quite a number of people about a \$1000 personal loan from each. I believe that he would act as their agent to build as desired. When the building was completed the loan was forgiven. No doubt \$1000 then would be equivalent to \$10,000 now. The essential thing is that a way was found to do something good, and do it in a way to be proud of ever since. I'm reminded of how devastated Europe and Japan were, some fifty years ago. Then Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the Lend-Lease Plan restored the devastated countries. A way can be found to do things right!

In closing, let us go to the New Testament, Matthew 20. In it we find:

"Jesus, going to Jerusalem, took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them," that he would be betrayed, and condemned to death. Later he asked:

"Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of...?"



My question to you is, "Can you fail to drink of the bitter cup if we do not do, the very best thing possible, regarding this matter about this Church and affecting this congregation?!"

Finally words come from hymn 344 at the back of my 1945 Bible;

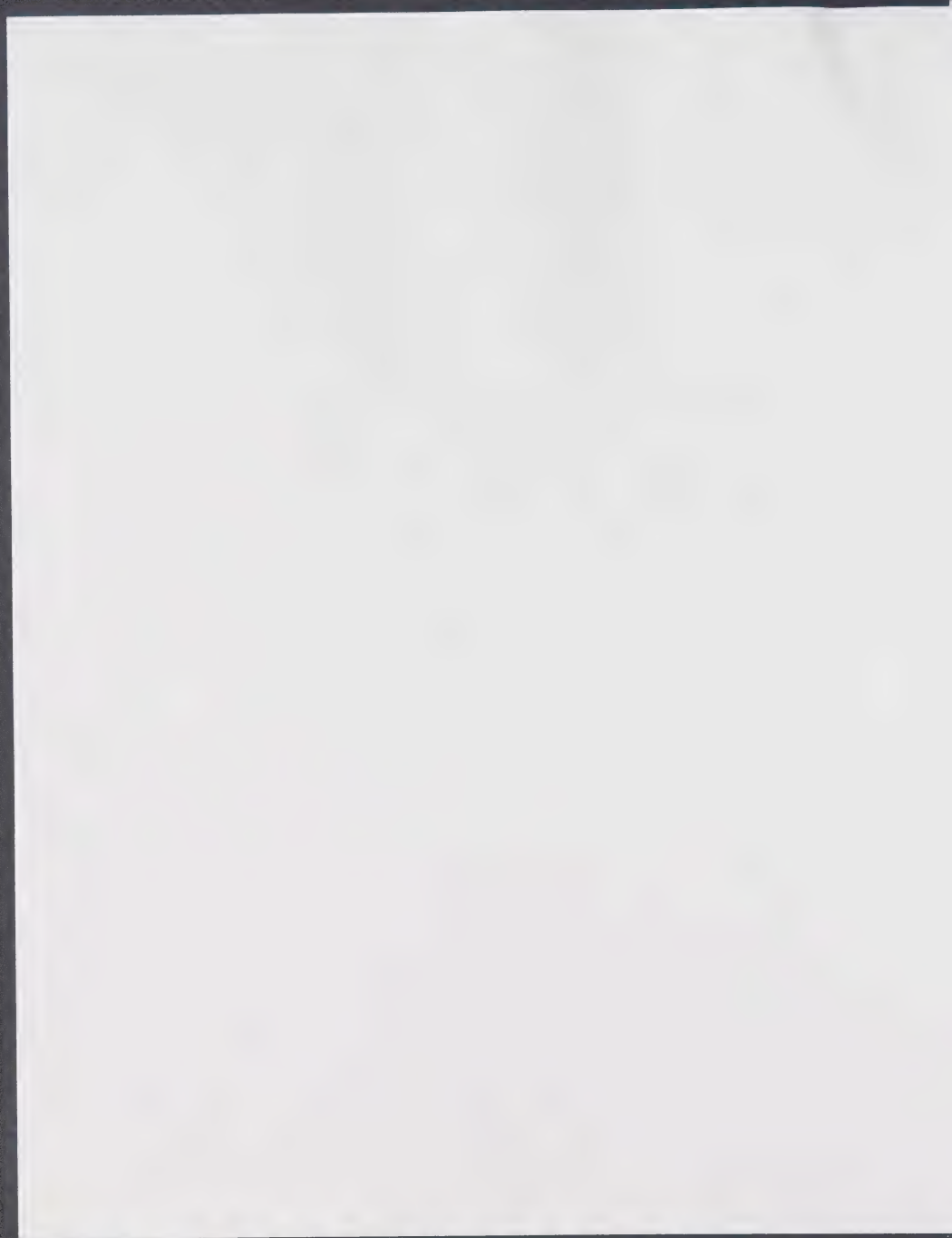
...  
"Rise up, O men of God,  
Have done with lesser things!"

...  
Rise up, O men of God  
The Church for you doth wait  
Her strength unequal to her task  
Rise up and make her great!

-----

Respectfully submitted  
David Moyer.

AMEN





June 11/97

New Canadian surgeon John McCrae's words  
come to mind:

"To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch, be yours to hold it high  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders Fields.

And in like vein, a few days after the commemoration  
of D-Day, <sup>from</sup> the hauntingly beautiful "The Spikes of Oxford":

"My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.

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" But when the bugles sounded war  
They put their games away.

---

" They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.

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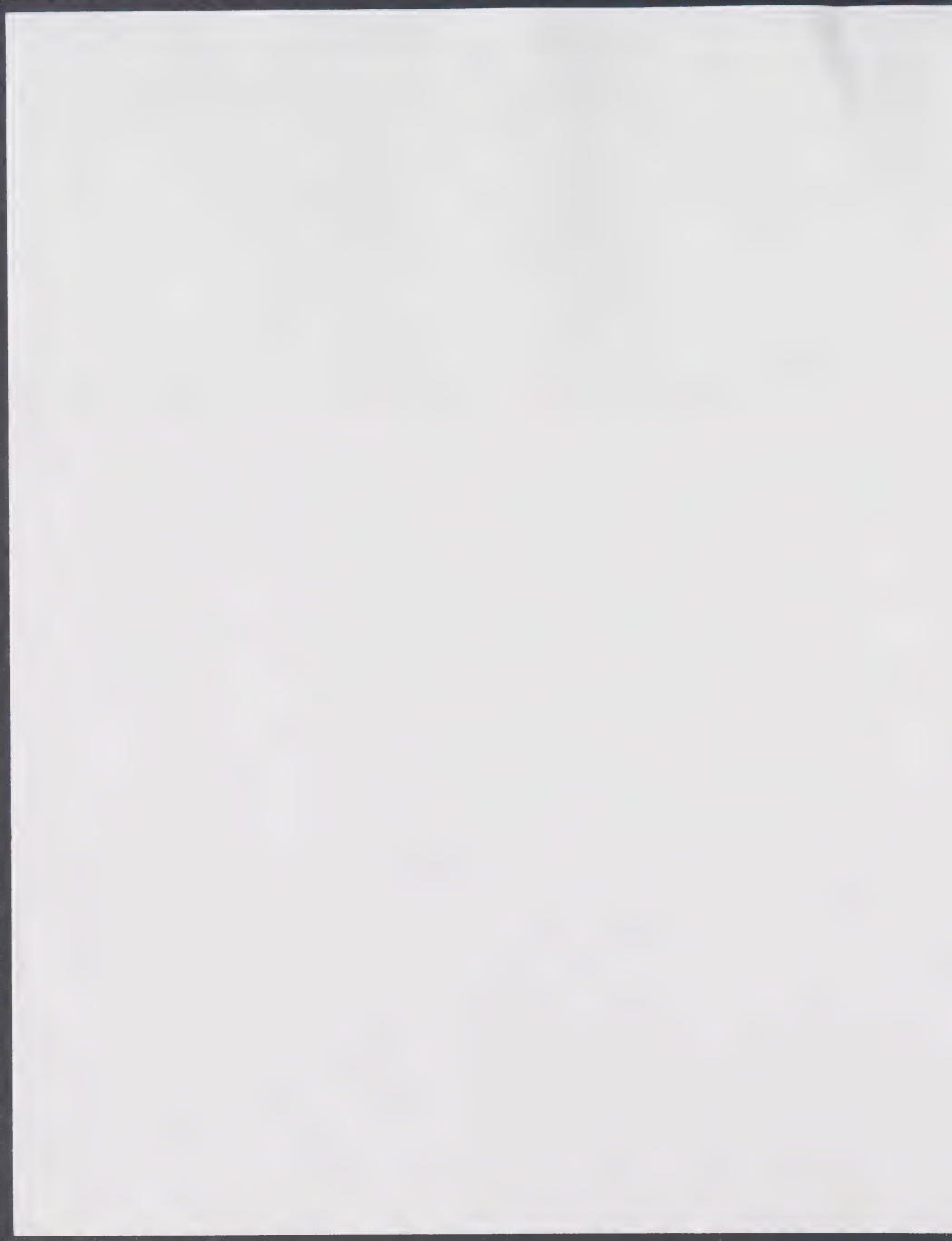
" God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town "

What about doing this thing that needs to be done,  
as a memorial?

Respectfully submitted.

David Moyer

AMEN



1771

To Cameron Stewart, Toronto  
MAG 242  
Wednesday evening, June 15th, 1974

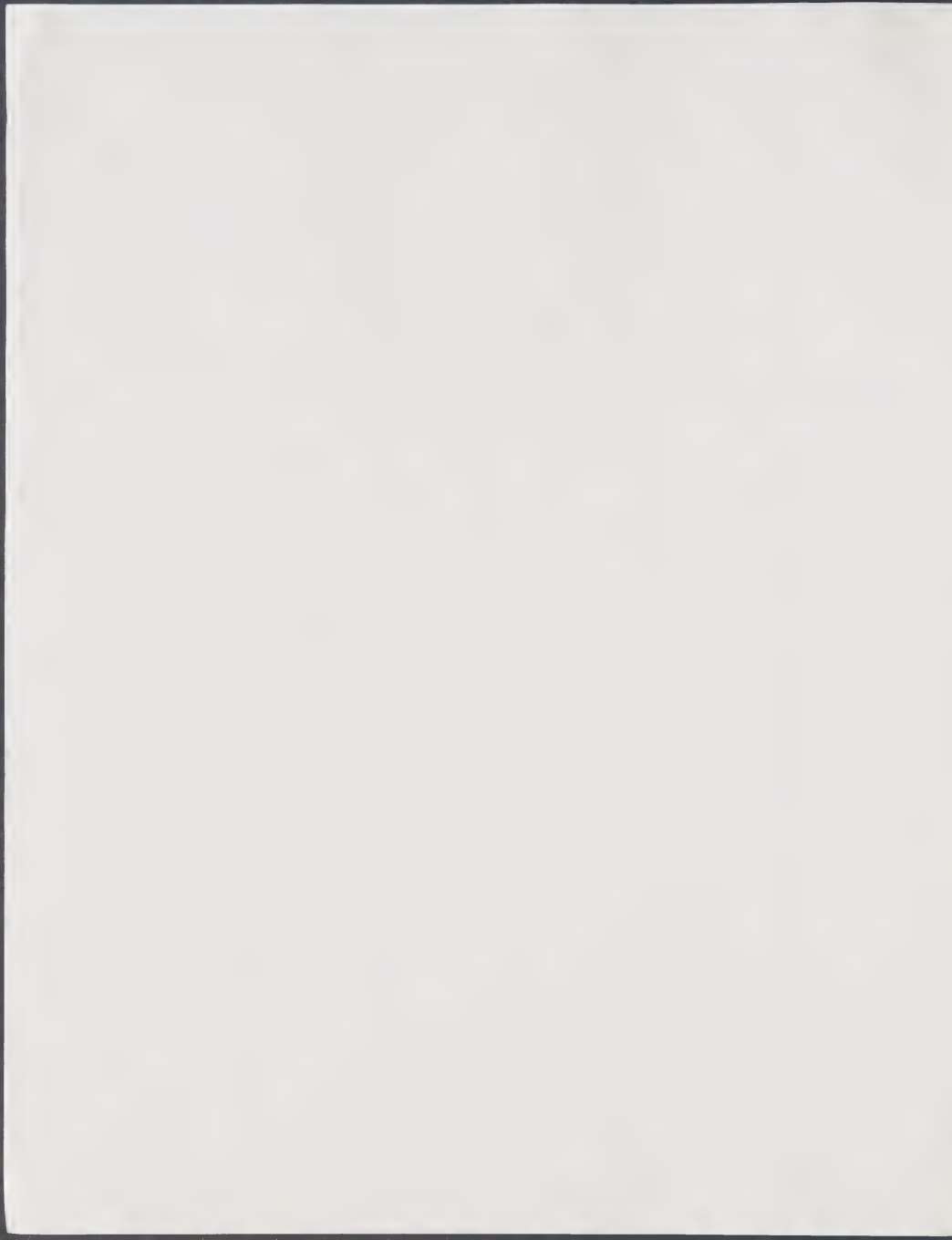
Dear Alfred,

Forgive me for writing so soon, but if I don't do it, who knows how I'll regret it. To begin with, I worked hard and well to prepare a presentation to a special Vestry meeting called to deal with the organ. The console probably does need dollars spent on it, but the pipes are not to get anything but token housekeeping.

It got my me up. The pipes are now located behind the left <sup>NORTH</sup> stone wall, ~~and~~ and look out - or sound out - through six big slots which were obviously meant to receive stained glass windows some day. Identical slots ~~do~~ contain stained glass windows on the opposite right (SOUTH) side.

So the voice of the organ is refracted by the original six slots, then reflected by the wall and the windows opposite, and only GOD Knows how it finally gets to the congregation, and what it sounds like.

Probably it's like having a child with a bad defect. Some parents resign themselves to accept it. No doubt their reaction was "If it was good enough for the last fifty years, it's good enough for me!"



Perhaps I'm just letting off steam. But I went for a walk this evening, and thought about why it is a pleasure to write to you, and to talk with you. My conclusions: we're a couple of misplaced High School students, simply enthralled at being able to live and learn, and be in love with life. Sure I liked mathematics, and history, and languages, and especially geometry. But life was so wide that I could almost say I was in love with every classmate I ever had - and the teachers, too.

Many people would say that I can't discriminate between the wheat and the chaff. But my father's advice often comes to mind, "Gold is where you find it." And I've found a great deal of wheat in what might be called the chaff of life.

Not wanting to impose on you, and not able at the moment to recall the things I thought of to say while walking, evtlav, I'll wish you the Vulcan

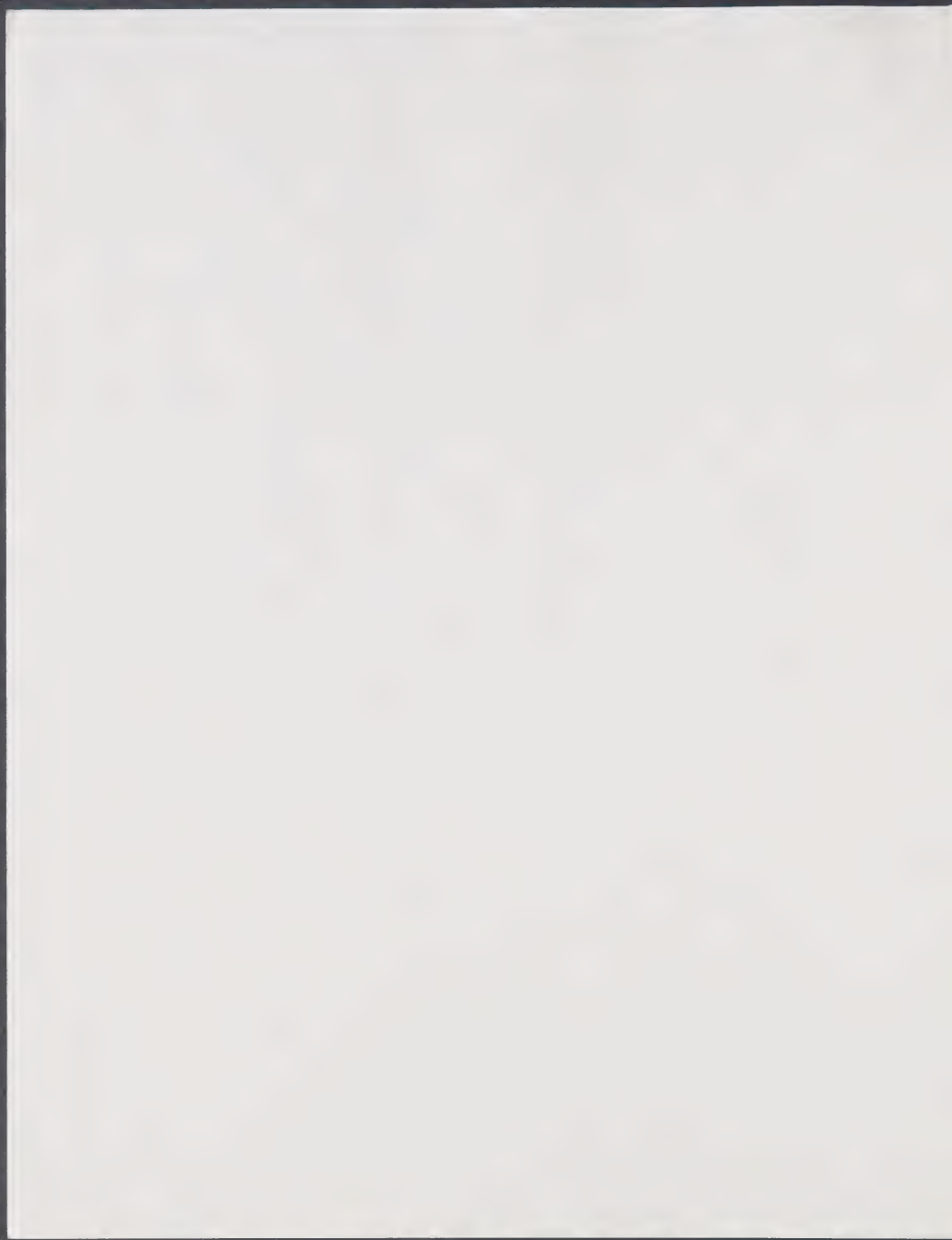
wish "Live long and prosper"

Greetings to Isabel, too

David.

(I liked Jean-Luc Picard)

Enc. - ORCAH talk (most of it, anyway)



Tuesday, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1994

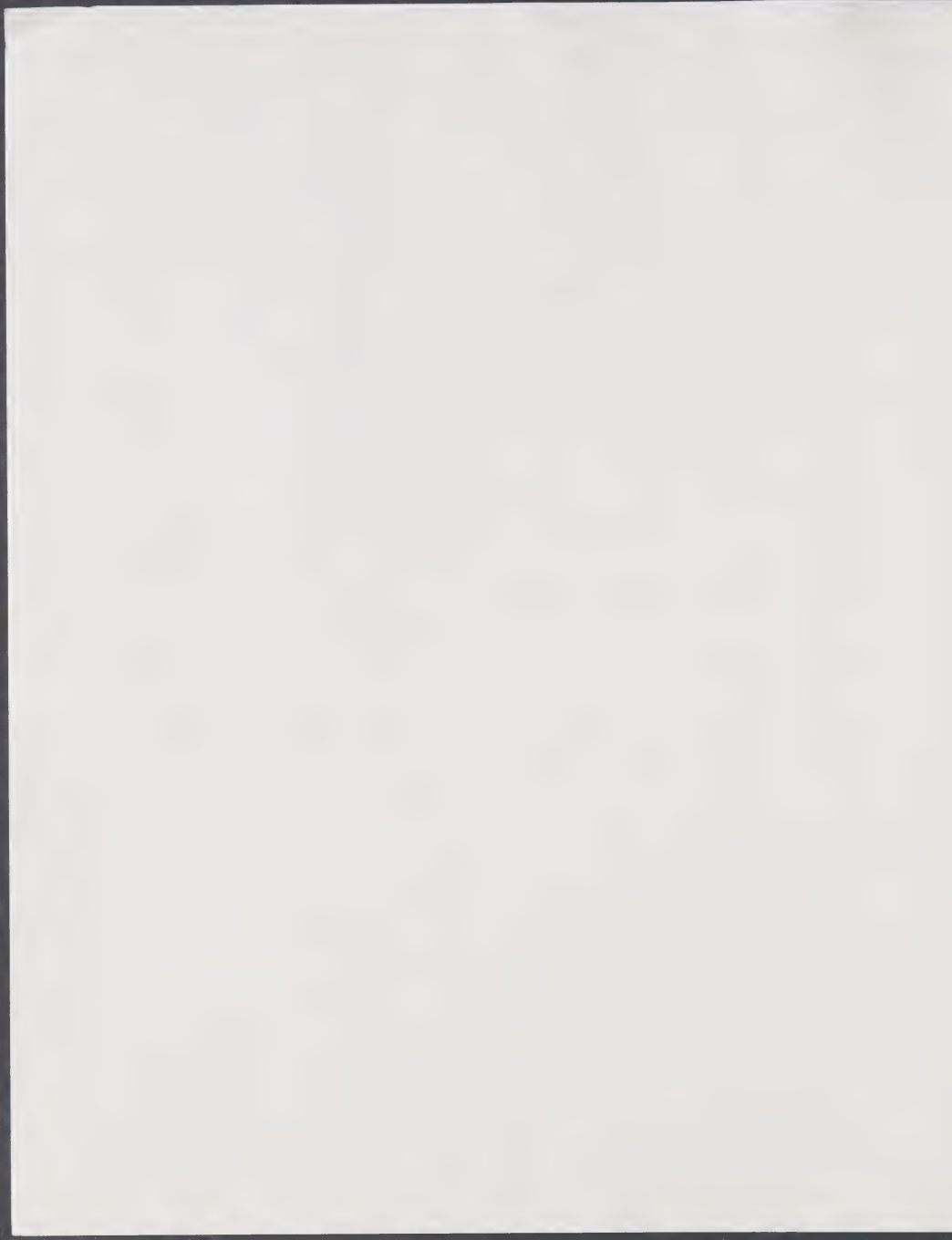
79 Cameron Crescent, Toronto ON  
M4G 2A2

Dear Alfred,

The 'plan' was to write to you, but in going through a pile of stuff I'd already written, it seemed better to restrain my urge, and send them. They are a window on me I suppose. And because they were written several years ago, there is no way to cover up my blemishes in them any more.

1. "York County Hospital" deals with my hospitalization in an attempt to prevent me from taking part in the federal election of 1988. I ran as a candidate in Broadview-Greenwood's riding, which happens to be where Premier Bob Ray Rae of Ontario launched himself, I've been told.
3. The 'ramblings' of 1991 put my ~~own~~ naïveté quite completely on display, but at this distance it is remembering the joy of being in love which survives.
2. My 'non-affair' with Judy Ettinger. She is quite right in that I did not go on a date with her in 1943. That was when my trouble started. But I was there when Boucher House was started, and she says that she started then. Since I was still on my celibacy 'program', and all I did was make adoring thoughts and glances in her direction, it's no wonder it was not enough to bridge the years. Please respect Judy's privacy.

David.





December 4/89

Dear Judy,

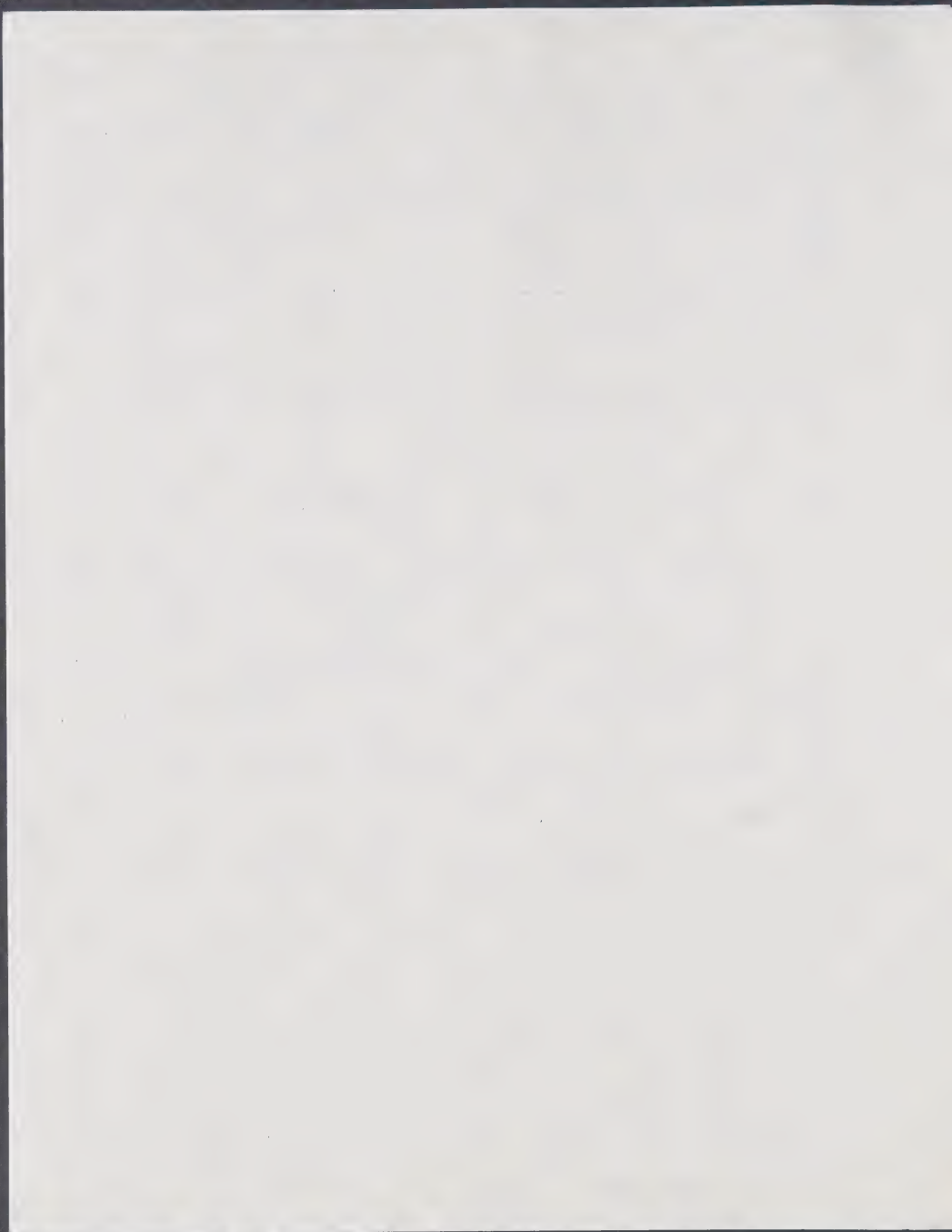
'Dear Judy' was as far as I got this morning. Now it is nearly 10:00 p.m., and quite a day it has been. I was scheduled to go to a ROTARY meeting at noon, but Jane was increasingly worse with asthma and complications, such that our doctor came at eleven, and recommended she go to hospital immediately. With the result that I've just come from there, where she is considerably improved. The admitting doctor thought that a couple of days there would take care of things. I hope he is right.

Please forgive me for being presumptuous in suggesting seeing you Sunday morning. There were two factors that mitigated my - what would likely be more in character - reticence to be so forward: first, believe it or not, I've thought about you so often in all the years I haven't seen you that I was just most anxious that there be no more such years; second, for a number of years I visited a clergyman friend

1875

1875

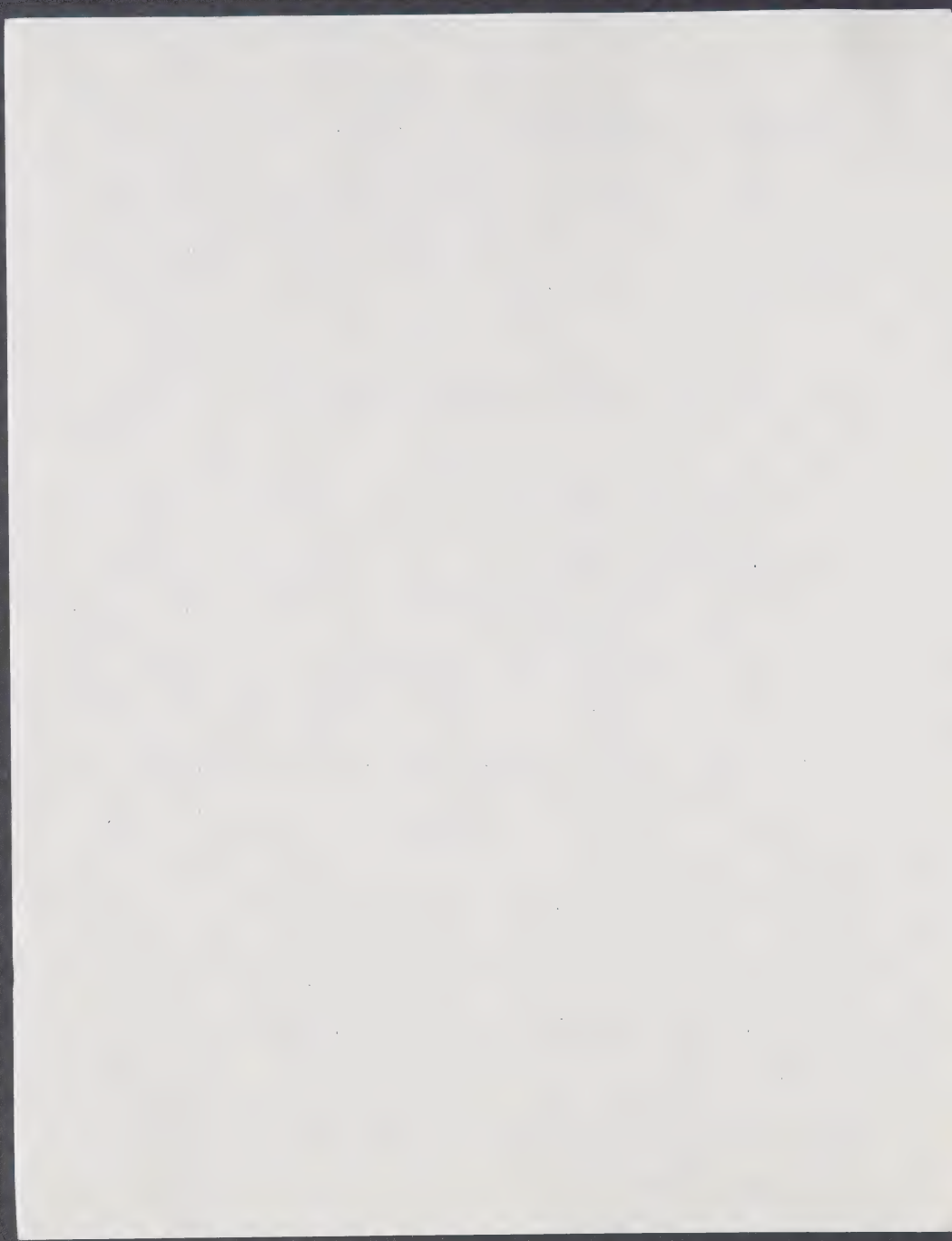
in the various institutions which tried to help him get his memory back. He had suffered a heart attack, and was without pulse for seven minutes, his wife Alice told me, and that had caused the loss of 'near memory', I was told. So that he could talk on philosophical matters with his usual lucidity and delightful manner, but he didn't know who he was talking to. It seemed strange, this charming man of fifteen years' acquaintance, who had asked me to be his warden, not really knowing that I was he. There's some comfort in knowing that he didn't know his wife any better. Yet it was always pleasant to be with him and talk with him. And sometimes very interesting. For instance, and please don't be offended that I tell you, one Sunday morning in the Queen Street Mental Health Centre, I sat beside him in the front of two rows of people arranged to watch a - what should I call it? - a religious pot-boiler or a Church service - I really don't recall. He and I were side by side at the end of the row, nearly as far forward as the TV set being watched. So I was in a good position to watch all the patients, because the TV program was certainly



of no interest. It was a mixed crowd of men and women, representatives of various races and likely many nationalities. My supposition now is that they were watching because they were expected to, rather than for religious reasons.

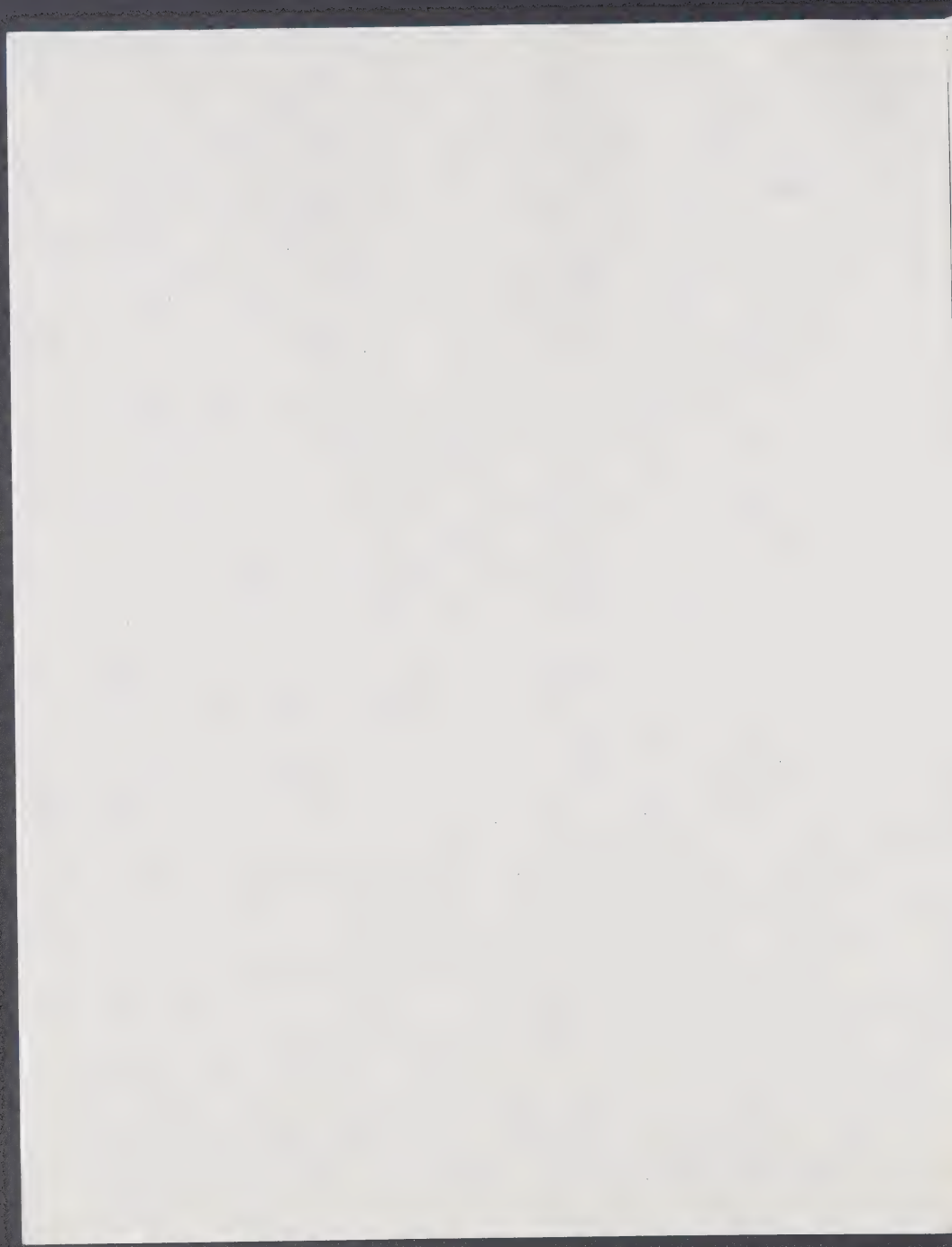
All seemed to go as normally and well as can be expected under the circumstances, until I noticed the man in the centre of the front arc of people - almost directly where my gaze came to rest - rather surreptitiously open his trousers, and as unobtrusively as could be, masturbate. It would seem that he had a nearly normal orgasm, if that is the word, because he stiffened and slid forward somewhat in his seat toward the end of the cycle. But he ejaculated nothing whatever. Which puzzled me.

What with my Puritan background I was quite nervous, but said nothing. However, when a couple of minutes later the man slid his trousers down to his knees and started the cycle again, my wondering if I should call a Nurse must have been evident to my friend.



"Don't worry about that," he said to me. "It's perfectly all right. Everybody does that. I do it too." My friend being a clergyman, what he said had two impacts: that he would say it to me I took to be a very great compliment, and what he said would assuage the feelings of guilt I'd always felt for having partaken of the procedure under discussion. So, I think, the experience was rewarding in that it was both interesting and enlightening. At the time I was interested in the reactions of others in the group, in particular the ladies. I remember two specifically, who never moved a muscle, but their eyes turned in their sockets from the TV entertainment to the front seat entertainer at about ten second intervals. Evidently the lack of interest by the group in general was due to - a nurse told me when I was leaving - "He's always being that. We try to discourage it, but haven't been successful yet."

I puzzled somewhat over what sort of man the patient was. What would have been his background?





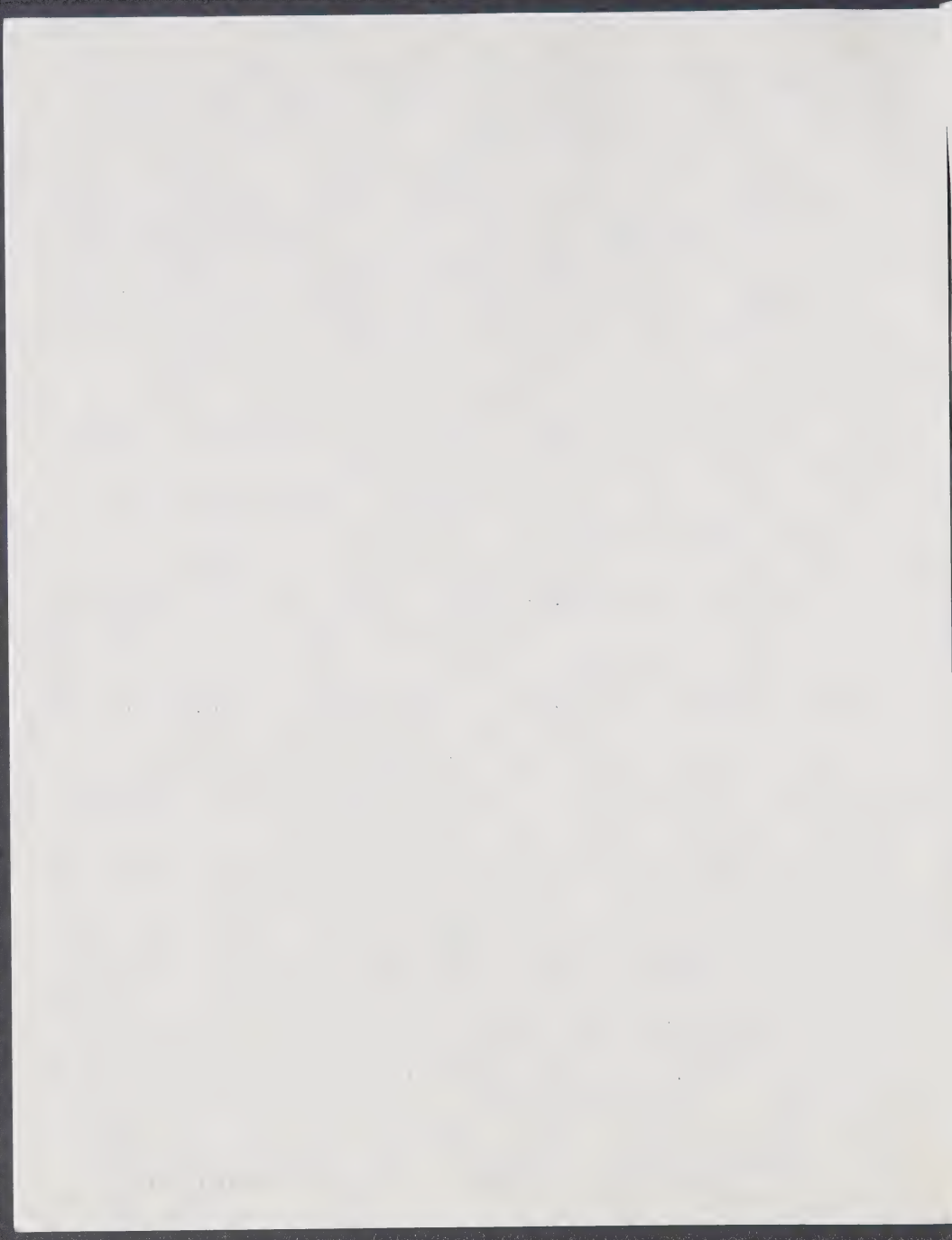
5.

Would I, when I was 'inevitably insane' have been like him? And why did he have no ejaculate?

In my experience there is always some, even if only a tinkle. Now that I think about it, it seems logical to suppose that surgery had been performed to lessen the problem he was in the hospital for.

Wow! It wasn't what I started out to write to you about, but sometimes I let my thoughts just flow through my pen, and get surprised. I do try to be a good observer, and I try to be true in what I write. Of course I can't write to very many people, and very few can be found empathetic enough to talk to like this. One of the first such I came to realize was my (step) mother. She is 88 now, and for her 75<sup>th</sup> birthday party (no gifts, please) I wrote out in detail the 'adventure' of my one and only trip to a brothel. It was <sup>summer</sup> in 1946, and I was living at home and commuting with friends to Merrittton, where I did electrical design work for the Ontario Paper Co.

Don't think I'm deceiving my early environment, because



I'm not — I'm just <sup>6</sup> entering it as record. I had been intimate with a wonderful girl in my early teens, and probably it was then I concluded that woman was a higher creation than man. But as wiser heads would wag and say, if they knew, "You will be sorry", I was sorry. She got pregnant, and it looked as if I would be getting married. But she miscarried, and that was the end of the adventure. I never got over the anguish of having caused her a hurt. Fortunately for me I contacted her through Mother a few years ago, and learned that she can think well of me, in spite of what is between us.

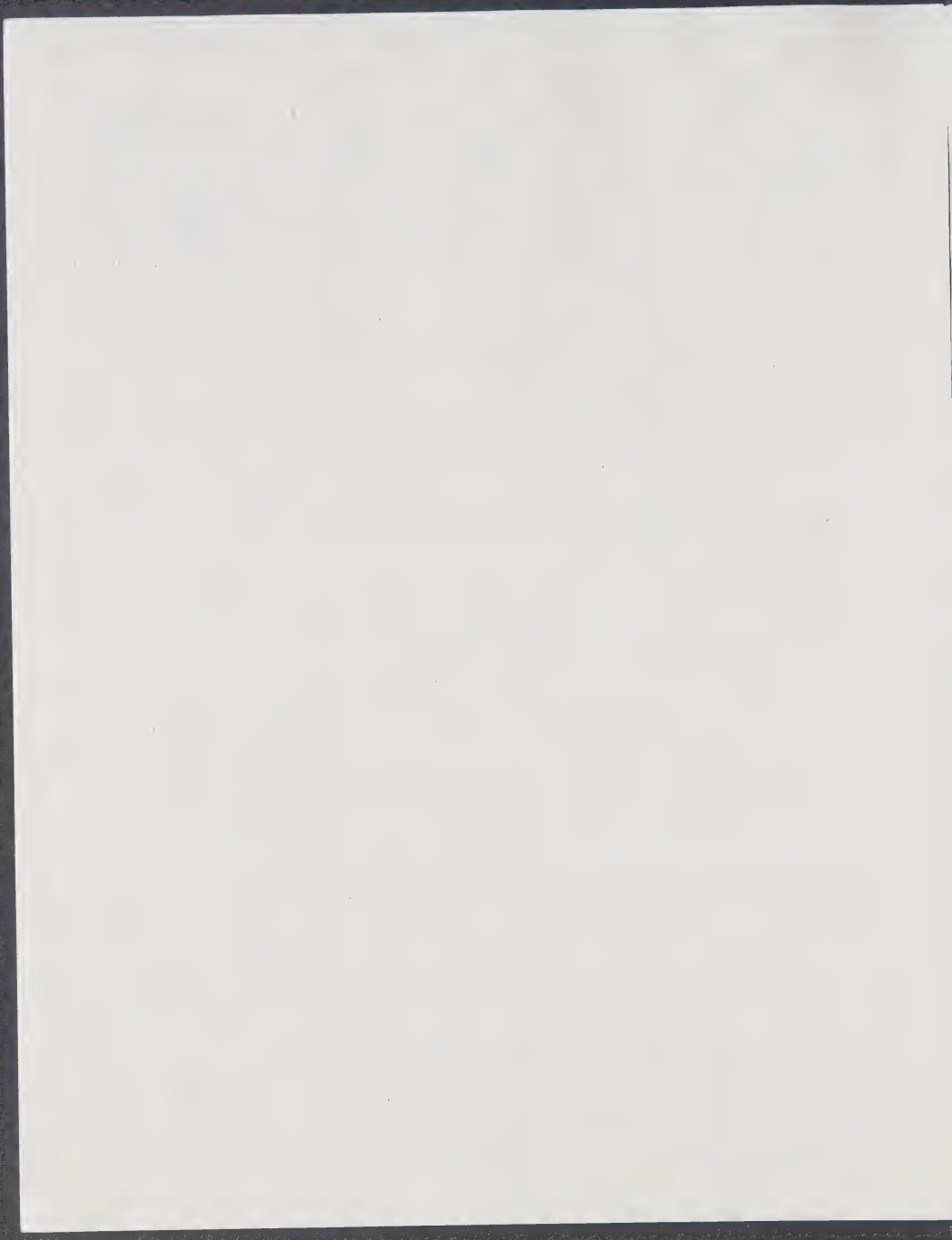
Anyway, that's why I never allowed myself to get close to a girl again. Through all of High School, and through several years of having lovely, beautiful, charming, — and so on — farmettes living in a camp of fifty or so at our farm — the thought of what terrible consequences I could create just made it impossible to do anything but fall in love in my mind only. 'Look, but don't touch'



Then to Queen's. The only girl other than yourself whose name comes to mind is Nancy Dyson. I recall that I admired Nancy very much. But, and don't let this shock you too much, I was so overcome by admiration and adoration of you that I probably still couldn't think straight. So you see that asking you to a dance, having used the Bill Pardy course to some avail, was a monumental step for me. And the start of that dance is my last good memory of those days.

So three years later, having listened to all the exploits I heard about from classmates and others, I decided to compromise my problem principles and go to a brothel. So I borrowed ten dollars from Dad or Mother, on a Sunday in summer, and hitch-hiked to Niagara Falls. I figured that that tourist trap would surely be able to take care of me. What I did was call a Taxi company, and said,

"I've got to have a woman. Can you take care of me?"

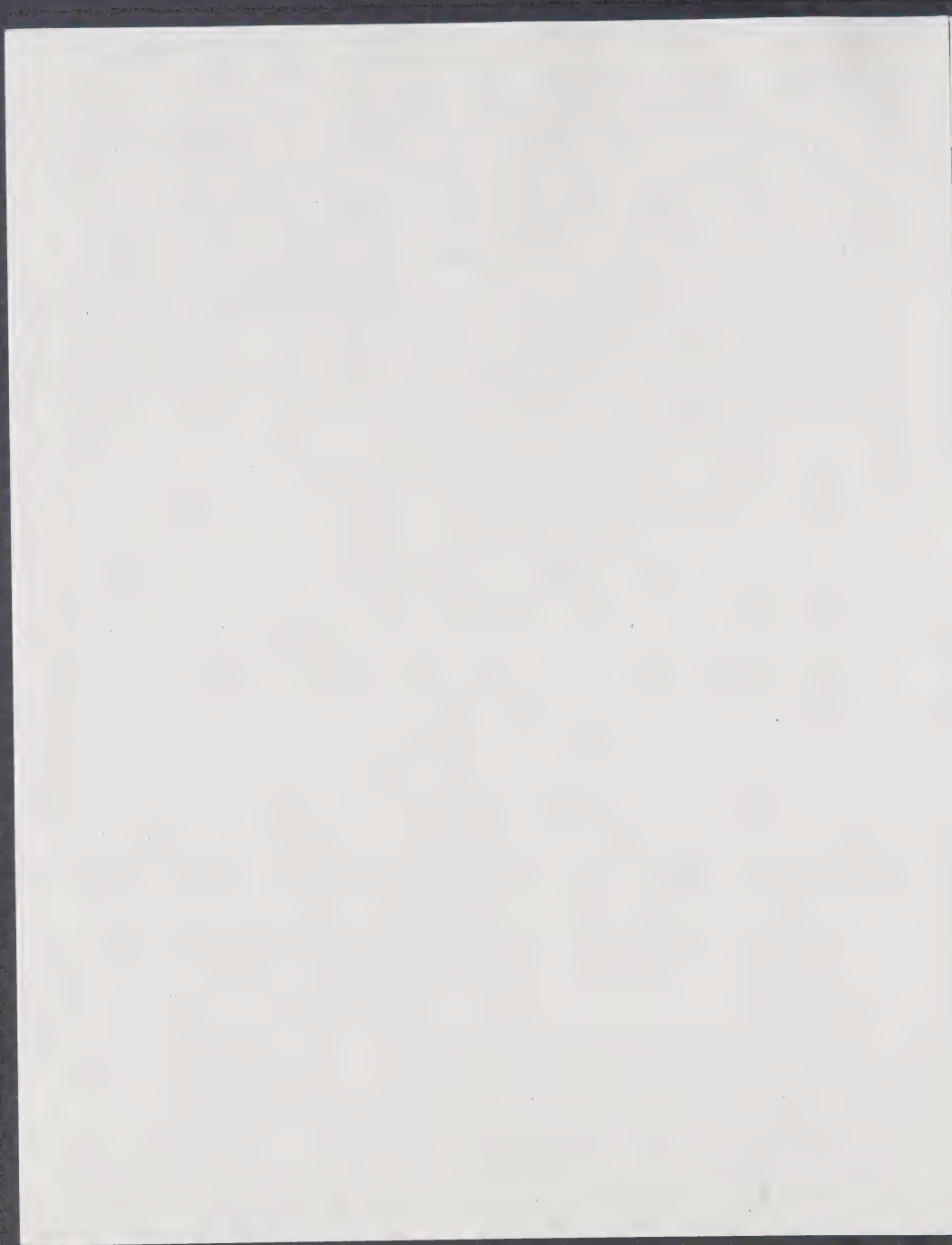


"Sure," came the reply. <sup>8</sup> "Where are you?"

So a taxi came, and drove some miles to 'Black Rock.' It's shown nearby on the map. At what might have been a grand house - circular drive, landscaped grounds, impressive centre hall plan, - the taxi took me to the front door. I asked how much I owed. "Four dollars. Do you want me to wait?"

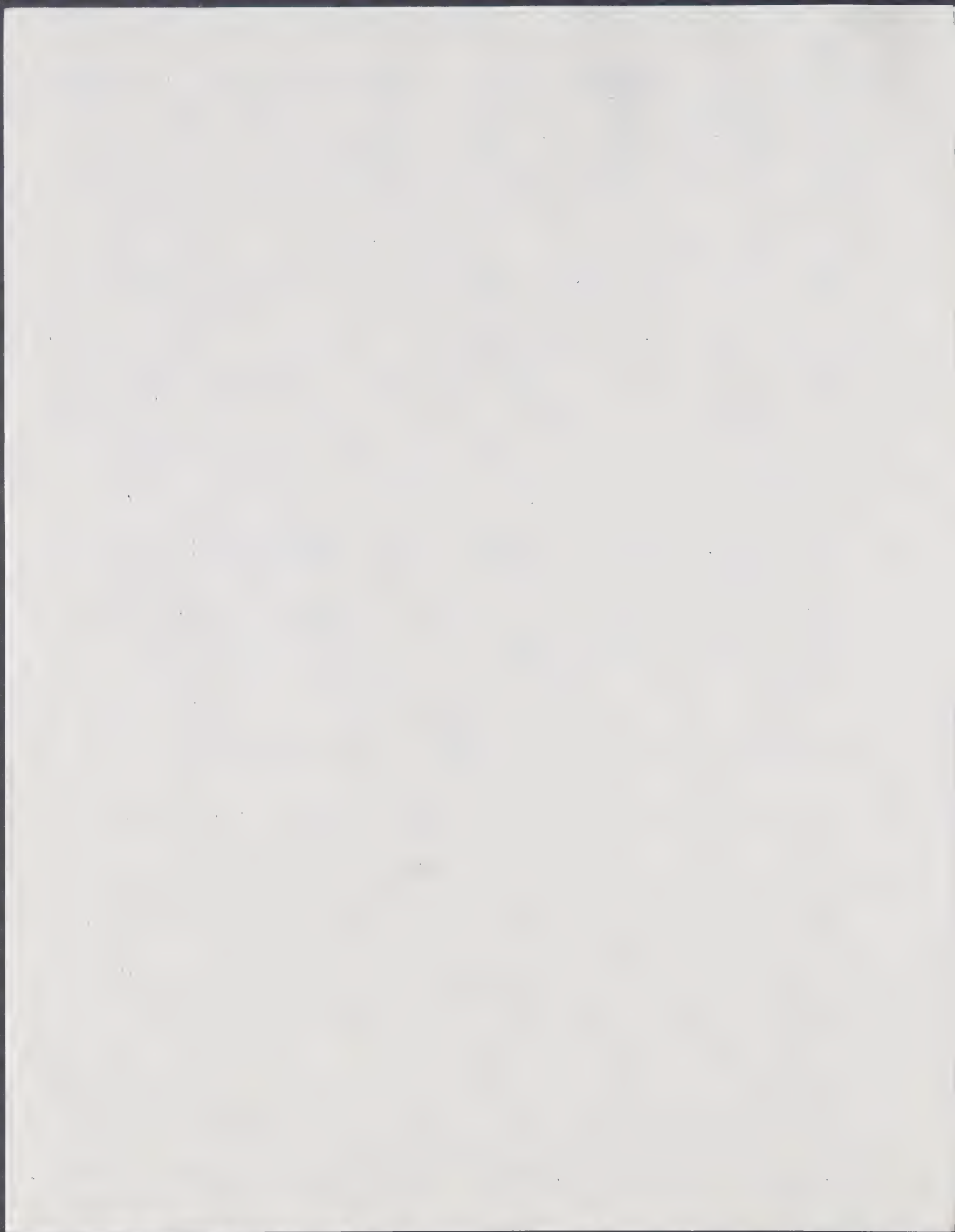
That question just about did me in. I suppose I had visions of GURSDON, and KITTY, and lace and finery and lazing for some time in opulence and luxury. Thinking quickly, well aware that I had only six dollars left, I replied, "No, come back in an hour. If I can go back with you then, I will."

I've been told that the place catered to sailors from the Welland Canal, and considering the rate at which ships move in it, I'd say it's entirely possible. In any event, I approached the door, which opened, and an attractive young lady came out. In her hands was a wash basin partly filled with sudsy water, which she flung (?) onto nearby shubbery. I followed her inside.





In the large entrance hall were benches - something like deacons' benches - on three sides - on either side of the door and along the length of the two adjacent ~~opposite~~ sides. On the wall opposite the front door were two other doors which opened into halls, I found out later, each opening into a series of small rooms. I suppose that a dozen or so men sat on the benches, and I found a place to seat myself. The girl who had preceded me inside disappeared with one of the men - through a hallway door. Another girl appeared, also with a basin of soapy water, on the way to the front door. Now I could see a little better how it worked. The girl having emptied her basin returned to where the men were sitting, and presumably, I really don't know how, offered herself to the first person who caught her eye. At this juncture I again almost had heart failure. These were very attractive young girls - I was twenty-four - who made me think of the beautiful girls of High School and the Farmevette Camp. I could fall in love with them! But I certainly did not want to fall in love with one. I just wanted to be beneficiary of the oldest profession -



I just wanted an insatiable curiosity laid to rest. And no doubt I wanted to do what many others had said they could do.

So I sat there. And sat there. Girls came and went. Men came and went. They—the girls—were simply too attractive. I couldn't. I was miserable. But then an older woman came to me. She wasn't a gorgeous young thing I could fall in love with. She was just a kindly soul who must have sensed my problem. "Would I do?" she asked, very quietly. "Yes," I replied, and went with her.

What happened thereafter was neither spectacular nor beautiful, and yet it was tremendously illuminating to me. My partner was both considerate and gracious, and extraordinarily helpful in enabling my fear of ridicule to be changed into a sense of accomplishment. The really wonderful thing she did, though, was to put her arms around me and hold me tight during those few moments after my performance when all my muscles relaxed,



and I felt as weak and powerless as a newborn baby. Strangely, in the not so distant past, a lady preacher talking to me said, at the end of the conversation,

"Put your arms around me and give me a hug."

That felt wonderful, too. I wonder too how it felt to her. I.e. is it specific to the female to vitalize and uplift the male in such manner?

If there is something I deplore, it is that we human beings don't communicate. If I had my druthers there would be discussion groups about all sorts of things, widely dispersed throughout humanity. We know quite a lot, but most of it we don't talk about because it pertains to our work, where our intense knowledge tends to burn out possible interest of others with more casual knowledge. Things like procreation don't get talked about partly for prudery reasons. What to do about it. I don't know.

But I must finish for now.

David.

11/11/11

MAJ

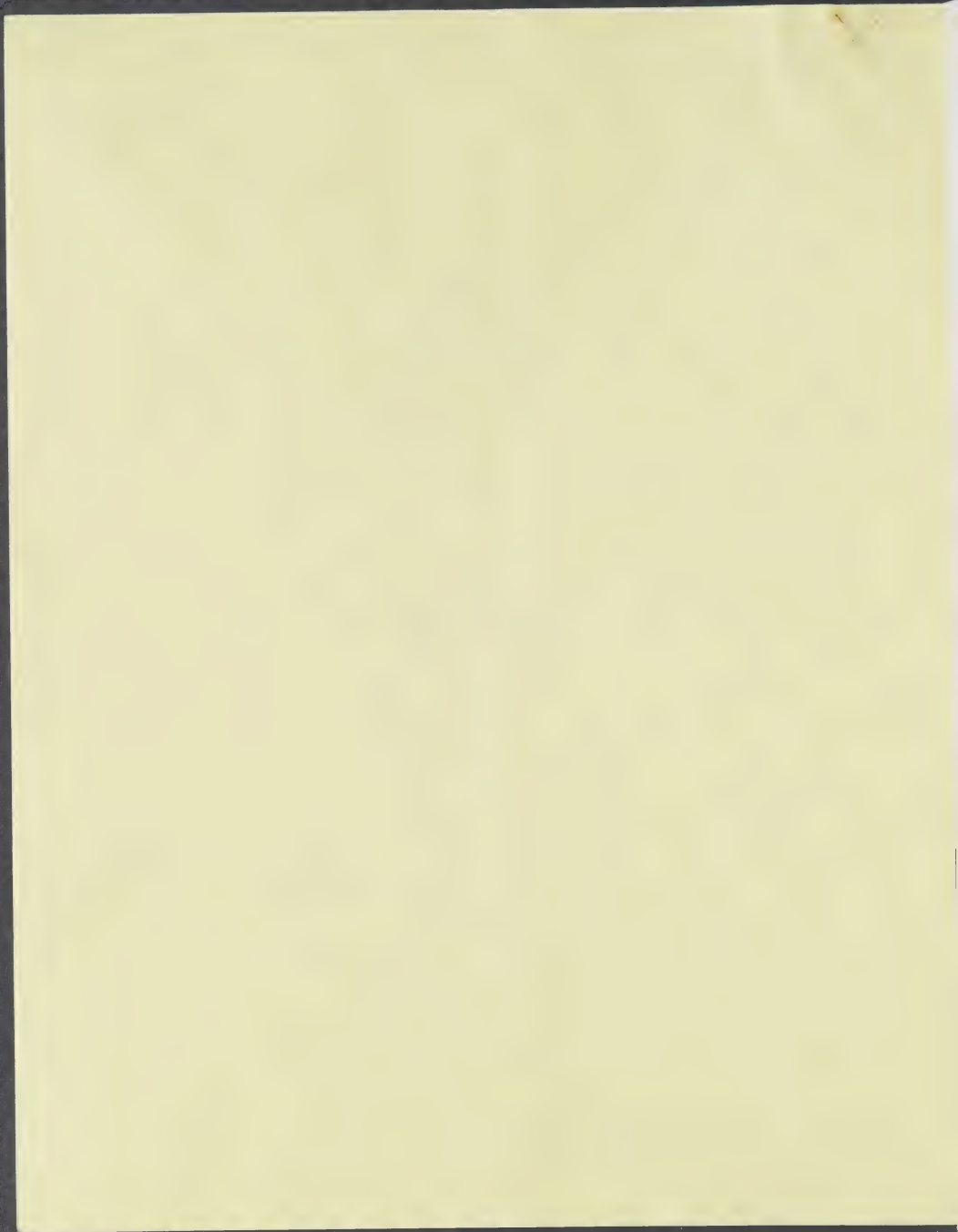
Tuesday, December 5/89

Dear Judy,

Almost like a miracle, I just got a phone call telling me not to come and install a built-in dishwasher with Steven this afternoon. You are out, I suppose, because your phone does not respond. So I'll take a quick trip up with what I've written to you in a sort of burst dam of pent-up missing you for forty-six years. I can almost hope you aren't there when I arrive, as it might be better to know somewhat more about me from the writing. After all, you may well then not ever want to see me again. But I do hope that that's not the case.

The books are from our library for you, because I think that finding you is reminiscent of Longfellow's Story of Evangeline. And I just happen to like Dickens' Holly Berries. Sort of like parts of the Old Testament. The loon caught my eye at the Craft Show. I talked to the artist, a young and capable lad with good and graceful - and gracious - qualities, and the light of love for Nature in his eyes. His work, the loon, made me think of myself as somewhat looney, and perhaps you will be pleased to accept it in token of my pleasures, over such a long time, in thinking of you.

David





Saturday,  
December 2/89

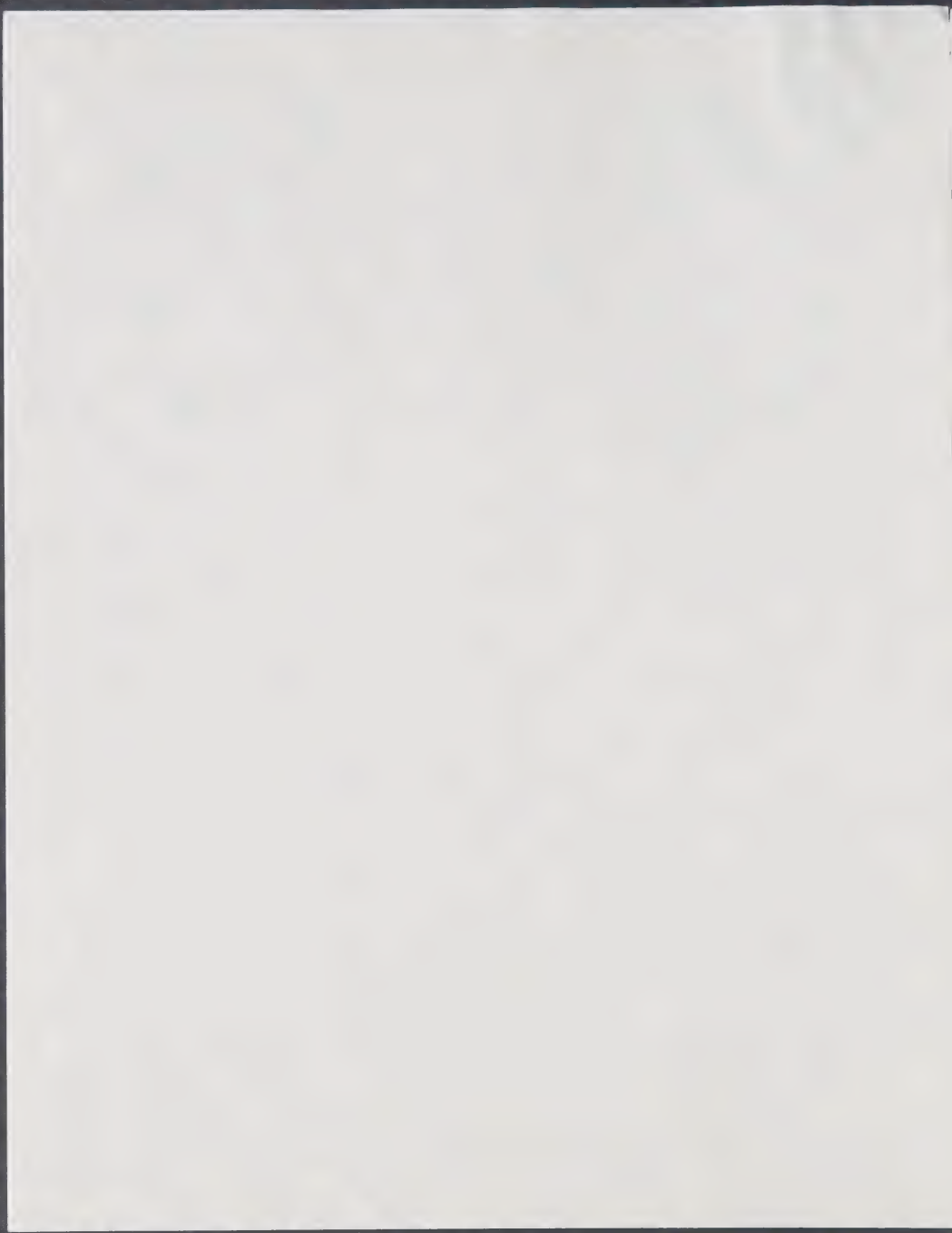
Dear Vady,

In honest truth, it was a little bit of a let-down to hear your voice on the telephone. Partly because I didn't really recognize it after forty-six years, and partly because I had had such a 'high' on learning from the Registrar that you were alive and well and living in the Golden Horseshoe, that it bordered on ecstasy. It was as if - to paraphrase - 'the Word had been made flesh, and dwelt within driving distance'. So I didn't go any higher - I was in Heaven already. Though I was deathly afraid you would not remember me. Nearly fifty years is a long time, after all. Nor can I remember any reason why you should remember me. My imperfect recollection is that I thought you were the most wonderful girl in the world, but all I did was worship you in my mind, and it took two years for me to ask you to go to a dance. I believe I was pleased, but somewhat surprised, when you accepted. I'm sure I immediately rose to Cloud 9.



As I was brought up on a farm in Mennonite and Baptist environments, I had been admonished that such things as card playing, gambling, dancing, — or whatever else one might enjoy or be attracted to — were temptations of the Devil leading to eternal damnation. Mind you I'd gotten a little suspicious of that doctrine, and when Bill Parry sent for some instructions on how to dance, I learned something from them, and probably that helped me get up nerve enough to go to a dance with me you.

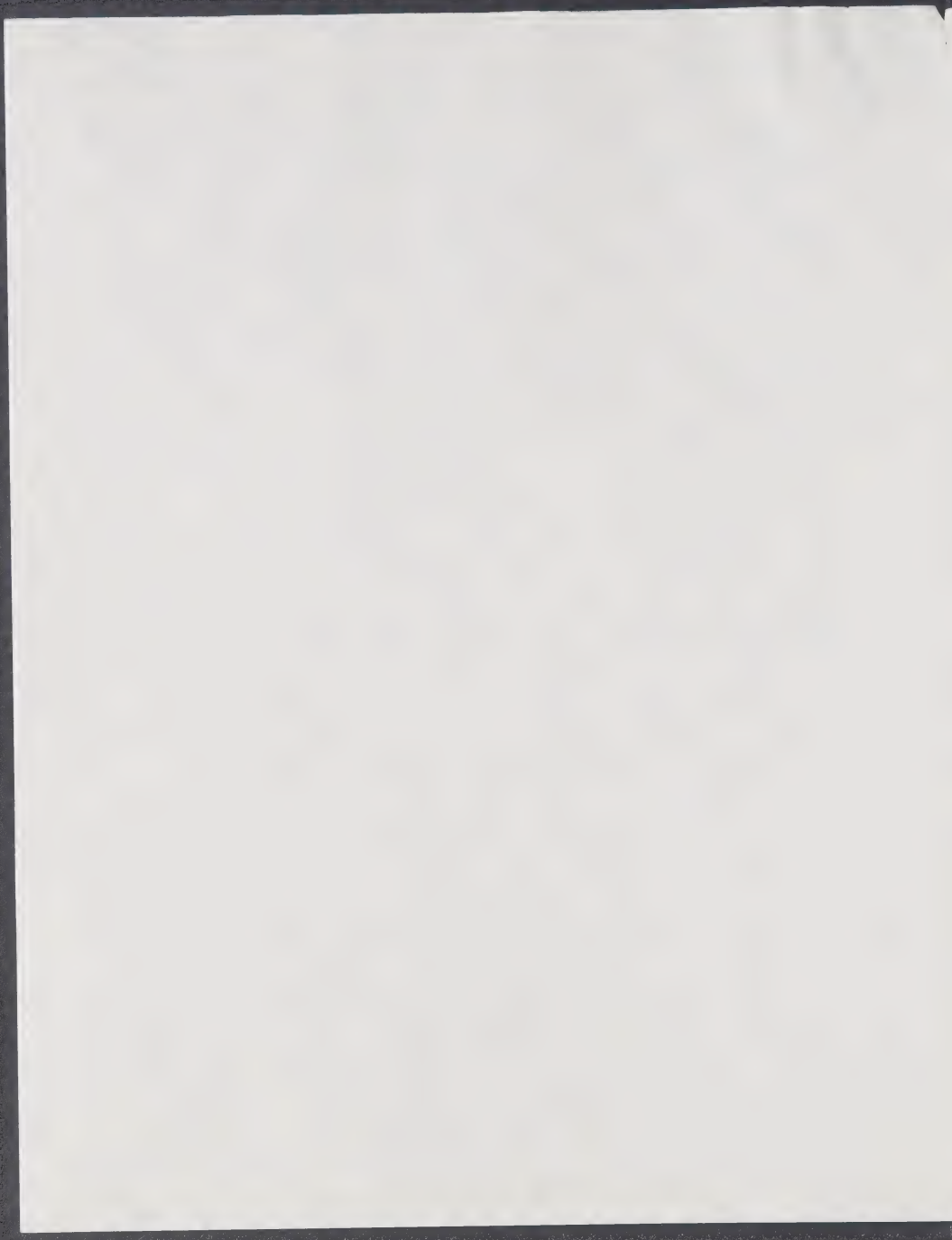
The strange thing is that I remember going to the dance, and stepping out on the dance floor, and taking a few steps. And I do not remember anything else until I came to my senses in the Ontario Hospital at Hamilton a couple of months later. And in the sometimes tortured periods since then I've lashed myself mentally for not knowing what happened — especially with regard to yourself. I was young and strong and healthy, and no one could have been happier. So what happened? Since I don't know, I can only ask forgiveness for anything I did which



might have been unforward. And I'm uneasy to see in the directory that you got your degree in '50, because I would have supposed it would have been earlier than that. Not that I can talk - I took four years at Queen's to finish with two supplementals in '49, finally getting a degree in '51. At the moment I wonder how I could have missed you when I returned in '46, except that I felt pretty disappointed and disgusted with myself, having started with scholarships, and finished with supps. So I probably avoided people who had known me, to save myself the degradation of an explanation.

Didn't you get your work desk and lamp from VICTOR SMITH in Hamilton? I think I remember talking to you about that. How strange memory is.

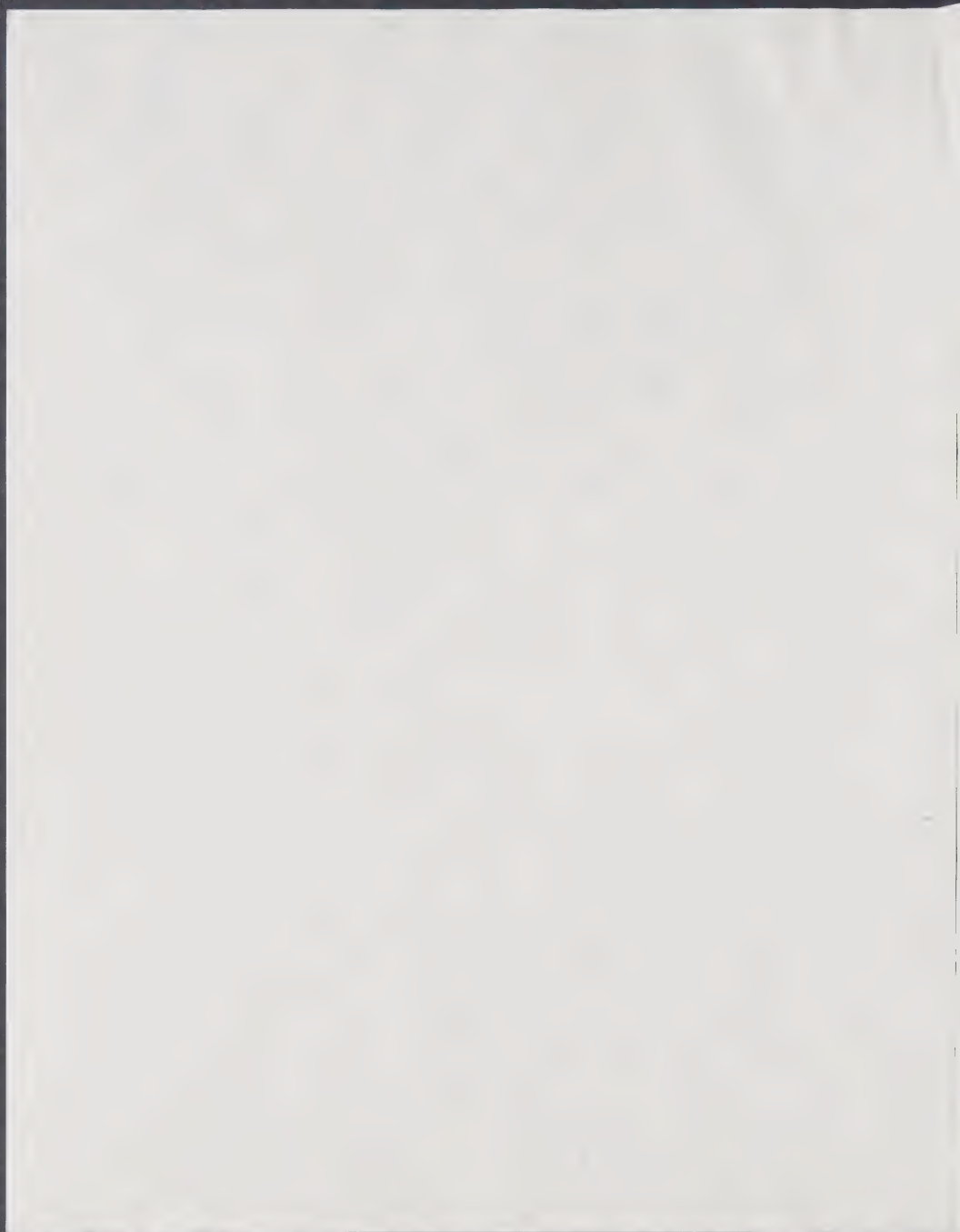
To supply essential data, I was married in '49 to Jane Maeder, a Trinity graduate, whose brother Paul, a Navigator, was killed in home aerodrome in a crash when returning from a bombing raid in Germany



Jane and Paul <sup>4</sup> were the only children of their father, who had died in 19~~22~~<sup>29</sup> - coincidentally the same year as that in which my mother died - and <sup>Jane's</sup> mother, ~~who~~ raised the children by doing catering. Jane's mother is 93, and lives with us. She is quite healthy, but does have poor hearing, eyesight, and mobility.

Jane and I had one daughter, born in 1961, whose name is Julia Grace. I can't claim that she was named after you, because I didn't know you were Julia until the Registrar's letter came.

Since you are a librarian, perhaps you would like a copy of my letter to Queen's, and the reply. Also I'll include a copy of a letter to Lois Fretz, who had a lot to do with organizing the 100 year celebrations of Beamsville High and Vocational School, which we both attended in the same class. I was absolutely smitten by Lois in Beamsville, much as I was by you in Kingston. So please consider it an offering on the altar of self disclosure,





in case you might like to know a little more about  
what sort of person I've turned out to be.

Now I'd better sign off and get to bed. I'm  
to help Julia do some papering in a small room in  
the morning, and getting some sleep is a good idea.

Please forgive me if I've written more than  
I should, but the floodgates just opened, and this  
is what happened. Thinking of you for so many  
years - my pen just wouldn't stop.

With remembered affection,

David.

DAVID S. MOYER  
79 CAMERON CRESCENT  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
M4G 2A2  
(416) 485-3903

11

The Registrar,  
Queen's University,  
KINGSTON, Ontario

Dear Registrar,

I am writing to request some information which you may be able to give me. But first, some background on why I would like it.

In the fall of 1941 I registered in the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, and proceeded thereafter to absorb the benefits which accrued from being one of the Queen's family. So it followed that I achieved a good report after the freshman year, and an altogether satisfactory one after the second year. But I began my third year with great misgivings. Having come from a farm, and my father being hard pressed for good help in those war years, I acceded to his very strong request that I work at home after



finishing my terms at Queen's. To do so after first year was not of great consequence, but I learned that two summers' work at something allied with engineering was required for graduation, and there were not two summers left when I went back for third year.

If I had had more self confidence, or worldly wisdom, I would likely have told my troubles and fears to Prof. Jackson, or even possibly Miss Royce, ~~but~~ and found light for my darkness. But instead I probably felt too devastated and ashamed, and didn't talk to anyone. What comes to mind is,

" ... <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ never told ...

" but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud

" feed on her damask cheek ... "

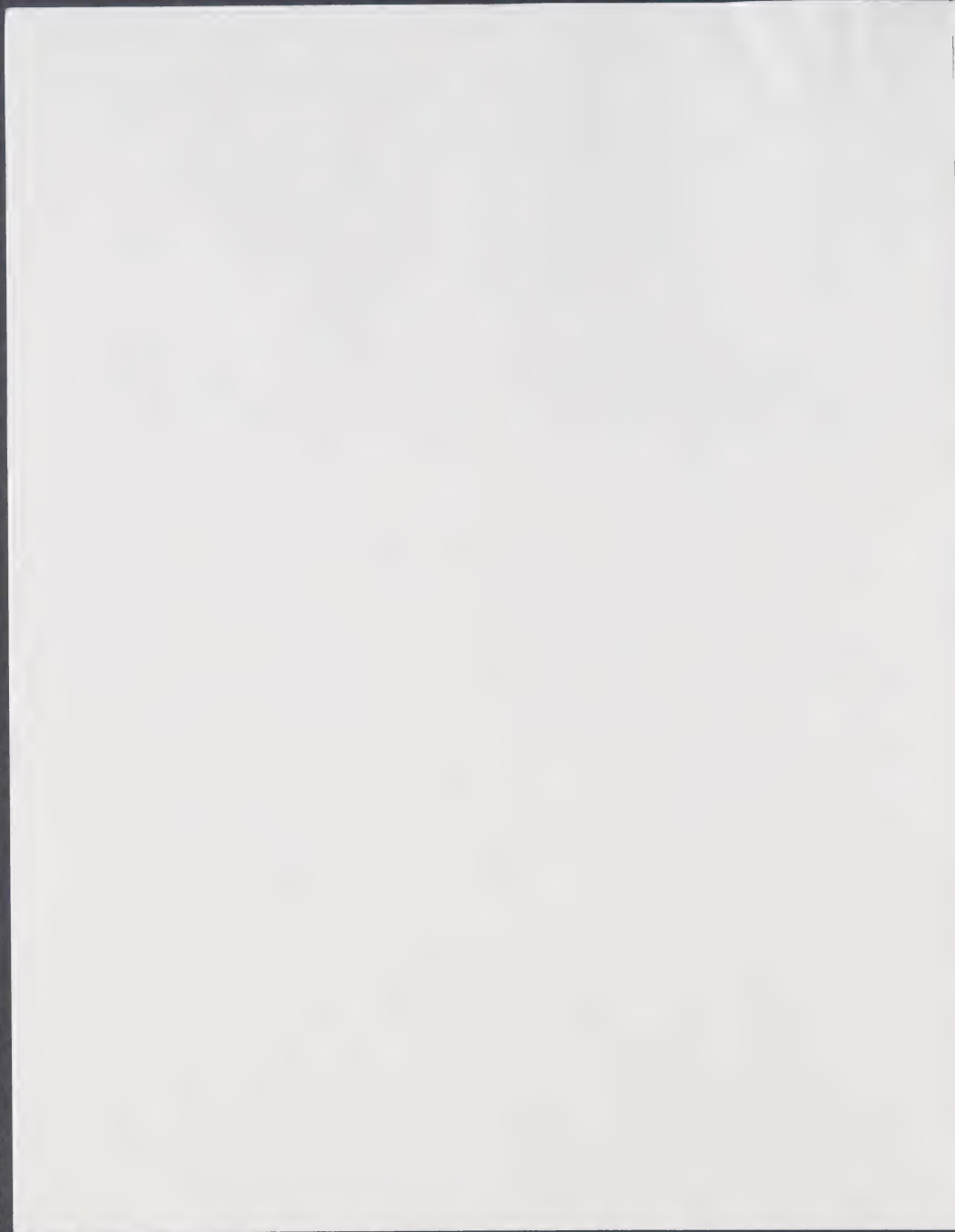
Not long

~~Soon~~ after the term started, I went to a dance ~~at the~~ at a place on the shore of the lake, with, as I remember, Judy Ettinger. That is my last memory of the fall of 1943. I was told not long ago that



I <sup>was</sup> put ~~in~~ in Hotel Dieu Hospital, and my parents were advised that I ~~had~~ <sup>was diagnosed as having</sup> gone incurably insane, and <sup>they were</sup> asked what they wanted done with me. They had me transferred to the Ontario Hospital at Hamilton, which was called the Asylum. Fortunately, things were better than the diagnosis at Hotel Dieu, and with a great deal of effort I finally graduated in 1951.

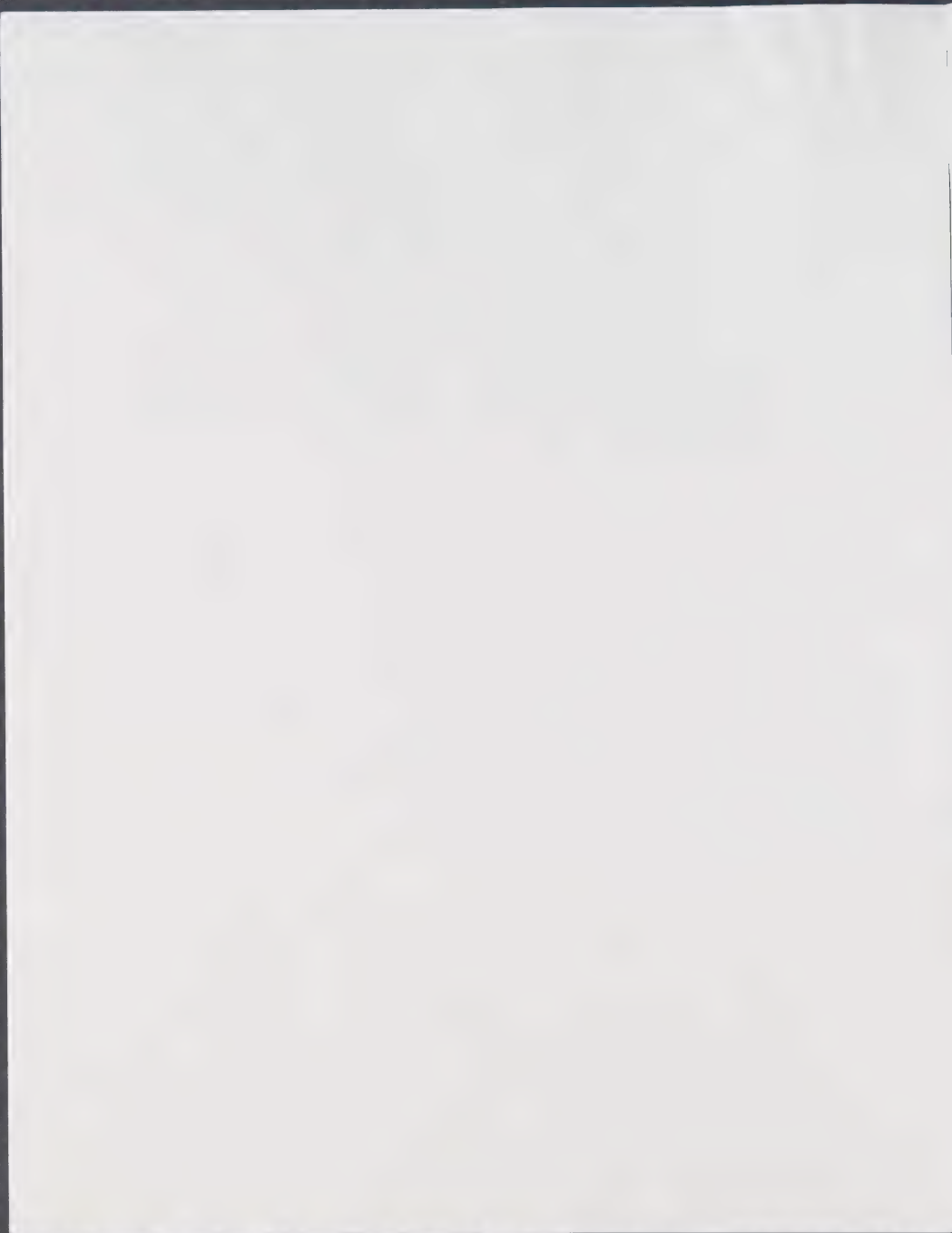
In the many years since 1943 I've mostly felt quite dissatisfied with myself that I didn't do better at Queen's. My chief concern has been that I may have hurt someone else, or disgraced someone, on the time when I was considered to be insane. In particular, I had very much admired Judy Ettlinger during my first two years at Queen's<sup>U</sup>, and the thought that I may have behaved improperly ~~to~~ to her has nagged at me ever since. Because I don't find her in the Directory, would you be able to provide me with her address, so that I might ask forgiveness if I should do so.





My second request is about the circumstances of my withdrawal from Queen's in 1943. No one has ever shed any light on the matter to me, but it occurs to me that you might have something on file ~~or~~ pertaining to what happened to me, and what pertained to whatever it was that happened.

In spite of the rather ~~gloomy~~ <sup>medical</sup> opinion in 1943 that I was ~~permanently~~ incurably insane, I've had an interesting life, and ~~that~~ I've always been able to think of myself as a good son of Martha. I've worked in a steel mill, a machine tool manufacturing company, a resistor manufacturing plant, an electronic tube manufacturing plant, and latterly a computer company - MAI - which I believe has supplied some equipment to Queen's. In addition, after the vacuum tube business ceased due to solid state devices development, I got a teacher's certificate from Teachers College and did some teaching at

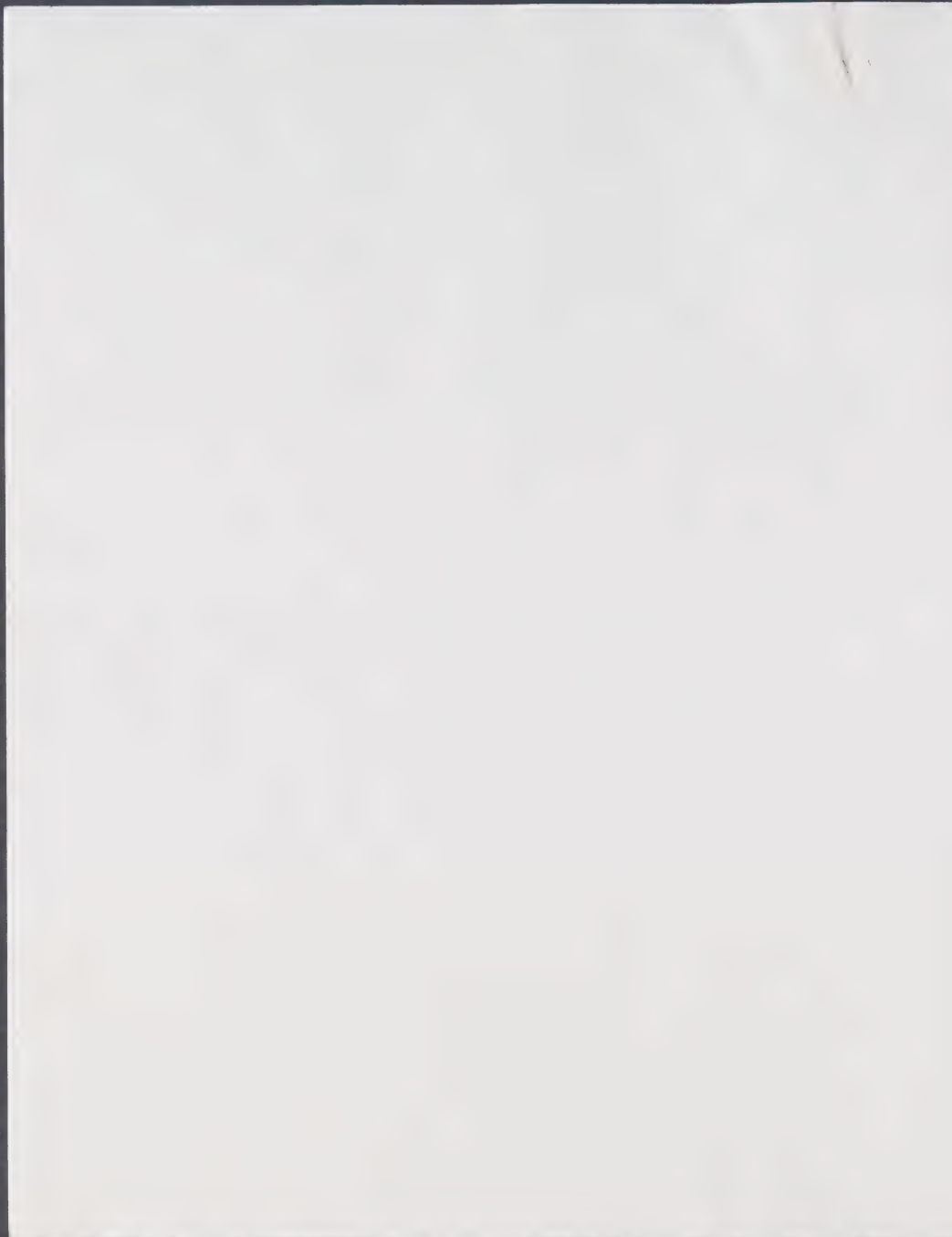


Math and Physics at Community Colleges. That came to an end, though, when I physically ejected a trouble-making student from class at Loyalist College in Belleville. I'd warned the student about his mischief making, and when he dared me to put him out, I did. Quite possibly his connections were better than mine, because I was dismissed, and for all I know he is still there.

Now that I've been retired for a couple of years, I'm getting a chance to take care of some things that were neglected over the years. Which is why I'm writing to you for your help in putting some past mysteries to solution.

Yours very truly,  
David Meyer

DAVID MEYER B.Sc.  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto M4G 2A2



Dear Judy,

I don't suppose I have any justification for doing this, but to complete the picture - as Churchill said,

"Wants and all",

I'm attaching a copy of my letter to the Registrar, and of the reply.

Considering the depths to which I fell in years 3 and 4, it at least pleasant to read the registrar's comment,

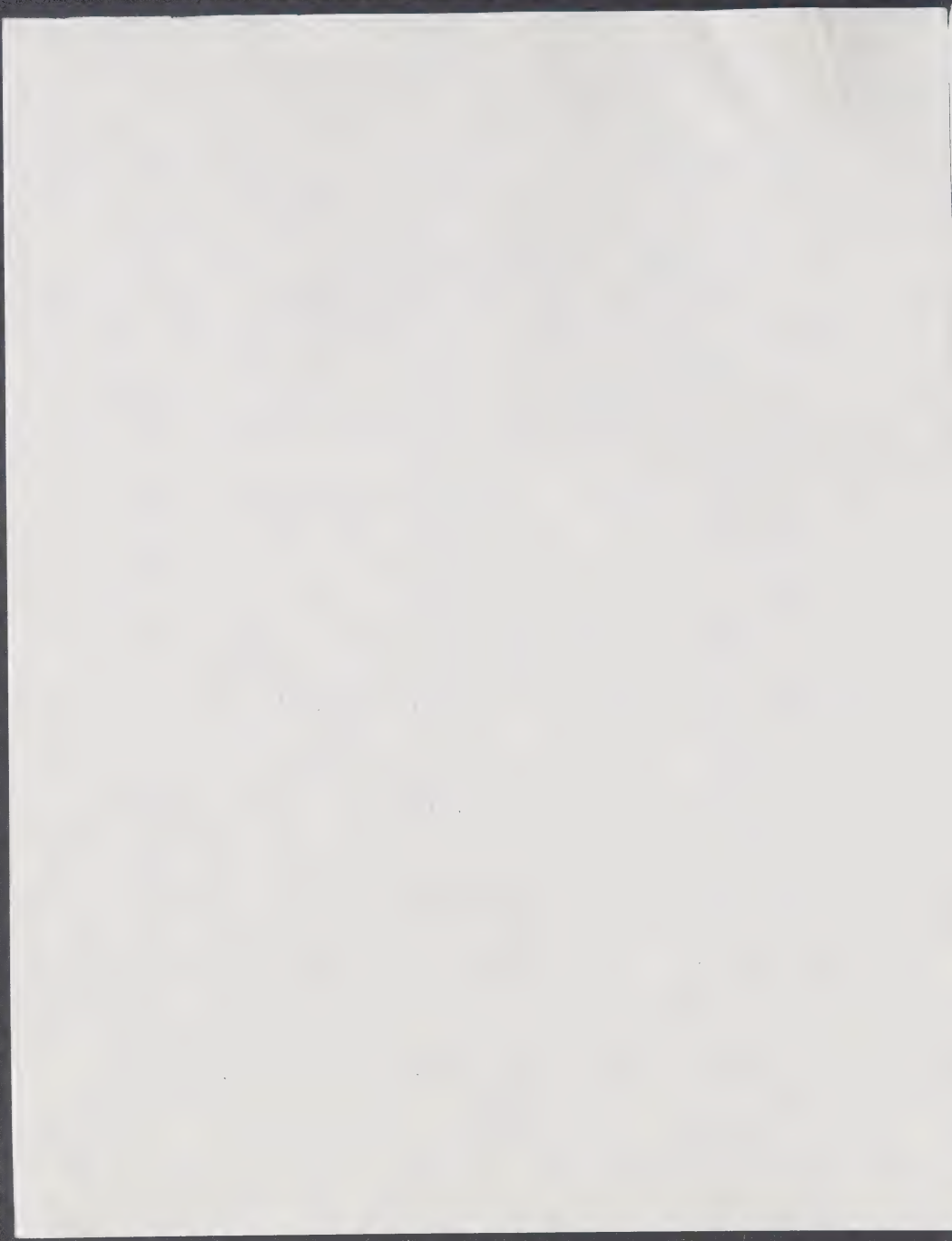
'the collection of scholarships is most impressive.'

Still, I wonder sometimes what might have been.

And then I think that many of us think that.

Regardless of all else, I still think that women are a creation above men, and you are one of the finest of all. How don't you have disagree!

J. Curd.



**Page, David Stanley**  
 Born: **Deerfield, Ontario**  
 Date of Birth: **19 March 5, 1924**  
 Education: **High School**  
 Preparatory School: **Deerfield**  
 Father's Occupation: **Business**  
 Mother's Occupation: **Single**

**Page, David Stanley**  
 Present Address: **R. 5, (Physics), Eng 1961**  
 Former Address: **R. 2, 1, Beaverville, Ontario**  
 Parent's Address: **Eng 1961**  
 Racial Origin: **British**

Entrance Standing: **High Pass Matriculation, Has Upper School standing in English (3.2), Mathematics (1.1, 1.1).**

Course	Physics	Maths	English	Mathematics I	Mathematics II	Mathematics III	Mathematics IV	Projection	Physics I	Physics II	Chemistry I	Drawing I	Surveying I	Physical Training
1941-42	9.23			79										
1942-43	S.24			60										
1943-44	S.24			60										
1944-45	S.24			91										
1947-8	S.23			67										
1948-9	S.27			60										

Year	1941-42	1942-43	1943-44	1944-45	1947-8	1948-9
Math. V	58					
Dec. Geometry	90					
Gen. Engineering	62					
Surveying II	67					
Physics XIV						
Qualification Anal.						
Math. VII	57					
Math. VIII	22					
Physics V	66					
Physics VI	44					
Physics VII	35					
Physics VIII	42					
Elect. Eng. II	44					
Elect. Eng. VI	41					
German I	50					
Physics IX	50					
Physics X	50					
Physics XI	50					
Physics XII	45					
Physics XIII	24					
Elect. Eng. VIII	86					
Elect. Eng. II	59					
Elect. Eng. III	50					
German II	59					

**Sept./41:** Awarded Sir Sandford Fleming Scholarship in Mathematics, \$578, by reservation. See over

The honour of the Keweenaw Scholarship in Mathematics, \$52.

The honour of a Nelson Barral Bursary, \$25.

**1941-42:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

**1942-43:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

**1943-44:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

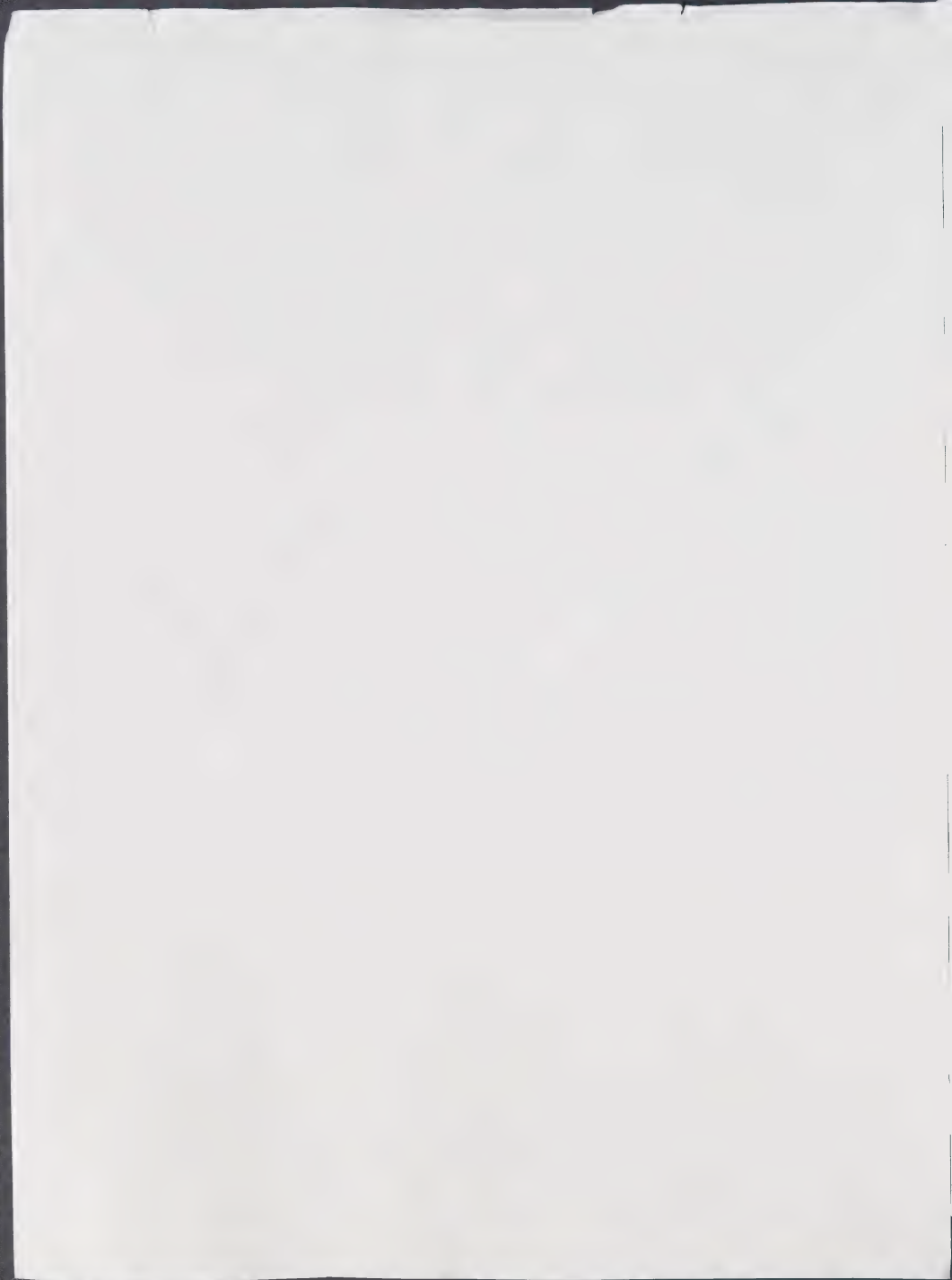
**1944-45:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

**1947-8:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

**1948-9:** Awarded Keweenaw Scholarship, \$25, in English '40.

Class standing: 173/272 Average: 57.4

Class standing: 193/222







OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR

Queen's University  
Kingston, Canada  
K7L 3N6  
November 27, 1989

MR. DAVID S. MOYER  
79 CAMERON CRESCENT  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
M4G 2A2

Dear Mr. Moyer:

Thank you for your letter which was received November 22, 1989. .

I have made a copy of the transcript of your academic record which is enclosed. Unfortunately some of these older records from microfilm are a bit difficult to decipher but I think you can see clearly that there is almost no reference to the difficulties you experienced in 1943 on your academic record and that the collection of scholarships is most impressive. These are the only records on file in the Registrar' Office.

The Queen's Alumni Office records show that Julia (Judy) W. Ettinger, B.A. 1950 resides at:

210-1640 Maplegrove Road  
Caledon, Ontario  
L0N 1C0

I hope this information will be useful. Please let me know if I can be of further assistance.

With every good wish for success in your quest,

Sincerely,

Alison Morgan  
Registrar

Maple Grove Rd  
519-927-5515

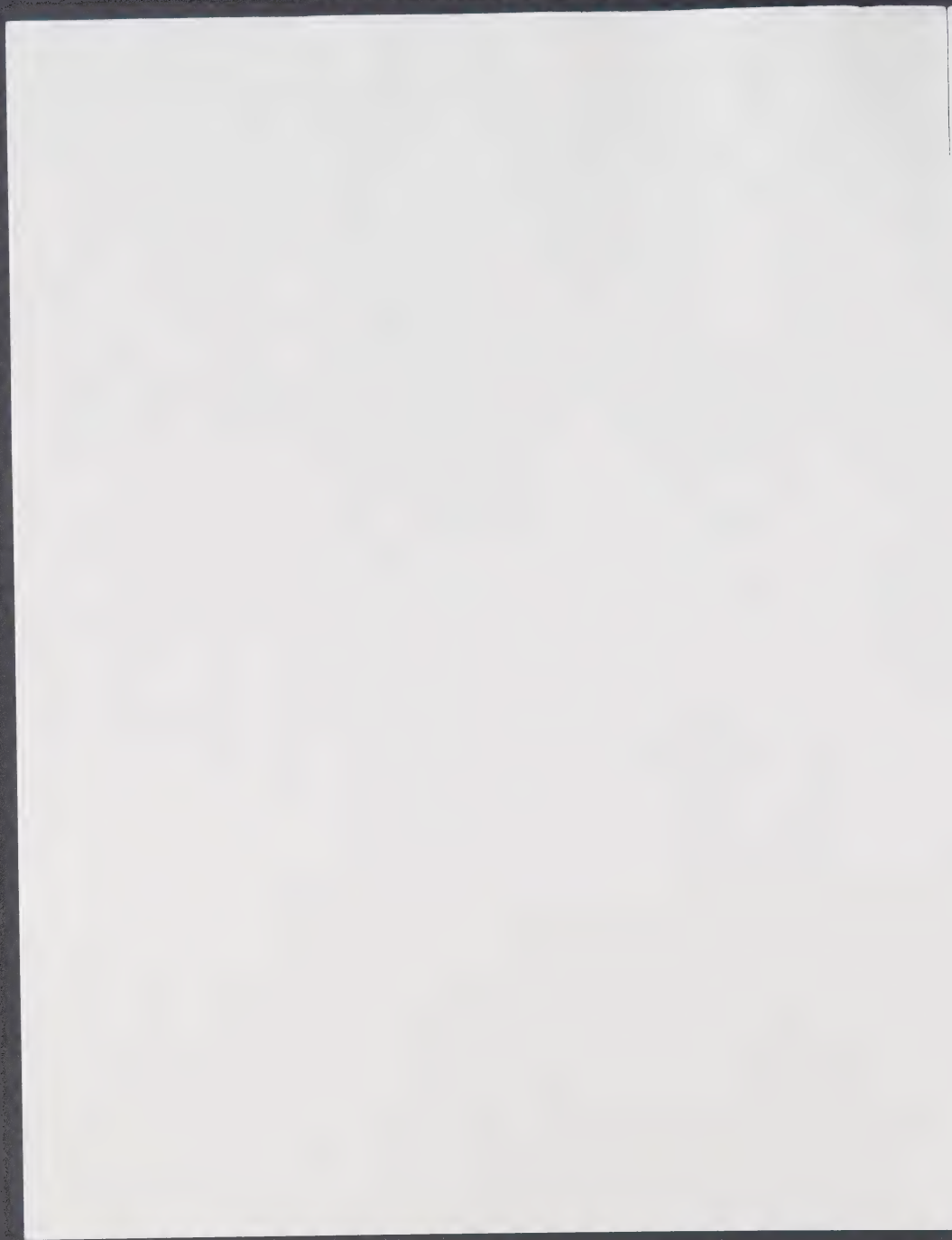
Alison Morgan  
Registrar  
613 545-2045

Patricia A. Bogstad  
Assistant Registrar  
(Student Awards)  
613 545-2216

Shelagh M. Deeley  
Assistant Registrar  
(Admissions)  
613 545-2218  
(Liaison)  
613 545-2217

Bettyanne Gargaro  
Assistant Registrar (Services)  
613 545-2040

George Hammond  
Assistant Registrar  
(Student Information Systems)  
613 545-2011



300 THE DOOR HOSPITAL

1948-49

Feb. 7 - Feb. 12

Influenza

June 7/45 (Senate): Famed that standing must be improved in Session 1945-46 if scholarship is to be held.

Sept. 6/46:

May 9/47 (Rec. of App. Sc.): Lost year. Not eligible for supplementals. Not such chance of being able to repeat next winter, but may be able to do so in some later year.

July 15/47: Hopes to be considered for re-admission to third year Physics.

July 18/47 (Rec. of App. Sc.): May repeat third year in session 1947-48.

June 17/49: Transcript of record (2, issued).

Sept. 3/49: Mr. Kogor has reported circumstances which prevent him from writing his supplementals. Told he may write in the Spring of 1950.

Sept. 20/50: May write supplementals in Mathematics I and Physics III in April, 1951. (Rec. of App. Sc.)

MAY 17/51: (A) PHOTOCOPIES OF RECORD SENT TO O. C. E. TORONTO, ONT.

MAY 17/51: (B)

Oct. 16/51:

(1) sent to Mrs. Peter Kovacs, Hamilton, Ontario  
Division, P.O. Box 1027, 1644px. N.S. + Mrs. Kovacs



Monday, Dec. 23/91

If my ramblings are too much for you to stand, I'm sorry. But there isn't anyone else with whom I can ramble, and heaven knows I'd like to ramble with you at least a hundred times more than I can. The discussion starts with reference to Verna, the girl working in the house at home when I was passing, or had just passed, puberty. I had written her some time ago regretting that I hadn't been able to go and see her this last summer. She lives not too far from where my eldest brother grows grapes, near Leamington. She is a widow, and has at least two children, I believe. I think that a daughter may have written for her, because the young, flowing attractive head was quite different from an earlier letter of a year or two ago. Perhaps I've told you that I lost my heart to her completely, and worshipped the ground she walked on. One night after I had fallen asleep doing my homework, she awakened and came to see who had forgotten to turn off the light, I suppose. Finding me asleep, she touched my shoulder and awakened me. In her light nightgown she looked like an angel to me, concerned, and oh, so devastatingly beautiful! I took her up in my arms and carried her to the next room, where it was nearly dark. What happened next was what happened to <sup>the virgin</sup> Mary when Gabriel found her. And after that initiation it is only to be expected that she should become pregnant.

Tuesday, Dec. 24/91

We've been brought up in the Christmas story tradition, in which Joseph finds Mary to be pregnant quite a while before their marriage was to take place, and the story is,



of course, that it wasn't Joseph's semen that had caused her pregnancy. But Joseph was a big-hearted Joe, and he talked down all the contemporary advice that Mary was a bad girl, and he stuck with her as they had planned, and married her, and they had a family of several children.

Well, I wasn't Joseph, in wealth or age or community standing. When it became apparent that Verna was pregnant, all the tongues took up the conversational recreation of trying to locate who the father was. I heard much of the discussion, in particular that it must be someone at home because Verna had not been away for quite a number of months - more than appearances indicated her pregnancy had lasted. Certainly there was no serious talk of the angel Gabriel having been involved. With some bitterness I might say that when one is young and poor and without visible means of support, an angel is unlikely to be part of the picture. Several men worked at home at the time, and they discussed among themselves who the father could be. My father was there also, but he never said anything. Certainly no one ever suggested that I might be the pertinent one - at thirteen or fourteen I had just become capable of ejaculating sperm, but they would have had no direct knowledge of that. Thinking about it now, I suppose that my father assumed one of the men to be the man in question, but he would have no idea of whom it was. So he could hardly charge any one of them with an impropriety. On the other hand, the men may have concluded that my father was the one at fault, but they would hardly have accused him of it. So things continued for several months, until Verna had a very pronounced maternal bulge. I was very close to her, and very much in love with her, but quite unable to see a way out of





the dreadful impasse. I felt terribly distraught for Verna, who was made to suffer a great deal because of her condition. The suffering was emotional. She never had any physical discomfort that I remember. For myself, my heart was wrung like a face cloth wrung out and hung up to dry. There was no end in sight.

Everyone had breakfast in the kitchen. My parents, brothers and sisters, and the working men. Verna made breakfast ready while the rest of us were doing our before-breakfast chores, as they were called. The men fed the livestock and prepared for the day's work. My job was to clean the stables of the manure dropped by the cattle and horses during the night. We all assembled in the kitchen a few minutes before six-thirty, and sat down for breakfast. Jim Hunter brought us the news at precisely half past six, and we could get some idea of the world's current notable events. Verna brought us a large bowl of hot cereal, and the meal started.

That day Verna looked so pale that she was almost white. I was very much worried, but she was going about her duties in what appeared to be the ordinary <sup>way</sup>. I think she left for a few minutes, presumably to go to her room for something. Very shortly after that she came back, <sup>and</sup> something happened. As she was standing in the middle of the open part of the kitchen floor, something appeared on the floor at her feet. It looked to me like a can of spilled tomatoes. She said nothing, but went to the sink, got some wipe-up cloths, and then came back and wiped up the spill. Nothing was ever said about this unnerving matter, but afterwards Verna no longer had an appearance of pregnancy. My best guess is that she had miscarried.



## The Day after Christmas

There have been two days of Christmas activities and activities, so I'm not too sure of what I was going to say, or even of what I've already said. But to carry on, I continued to be very much in love, but was determined not to cause pain to my loved one again. Knowing that my father and mother were at least sometimes as intimate as Verna and I, and that they had not produced a pregnancy, I looked for the reason. In the big bureau in their bedroom ~~at~~ - my father's bureau, I found in the top left small drawer a little silvery package marked 'SILVERSMINS'. Being rather desperate, I opened it and found inside three rolled 'french safes', as they were referred to then. At least I knew what they were for. Feeling like a criminal thief, I took one out, and reclosed the package. Some time later, when I was in bed with Verna again, we considered my booty, and decided that with it we could be intimate again. So we unrolled it as it should be, where it belonged. Either I was rather short, or it was long, or else it was not supposed to be completely unrolled when in position. However that might be, we were intimate once more, and we enjoyed the blissful communion of people in love. Afterwards, though, I shrank so much that it might have slipped off, so I withdrew and slipped it off. Of course my apprehension of retribution when my father found it missing, began to tell on me. So after I parted from Verna, I took the 'french safe' I'd used, and washed my semen ejaculate out of it carefully, intending to restore myself by putting it back. There were two problems: it would not revoll, and I had no talcum powder to sprinkle on it as it had had originally.



Not to be discouraged, I pulled the cleaned thing back on, in the process getting a sufficient erection to have a decent fit. That made it ~~re~~possible to re-roll it; the only delaying tactic was that my pubic hair wanted to roll up in it. So there was an exasperating amount of time spent in disengaging all the individual hairs that started into the roll. But at last it was done. As for the talcum powder, I was forced to forget about it.

From time to time after that I expected to get a blast from my father because the contents of his drawer had been tampered with. No blast ever came. The package of 'SILVERSKINS' was still there, looking much as always. Half a year or so later I opened it again. It wasn't a pretty sight. Instead of a thin champagne-coloured flexible rubber film, covered with a dusting of white powder, it was almost black. I suppose that I had not been able to clean it properly, and on top of that it would have picked up bacteria and whatever when I re-rolled it. So I got closed again, and left. I don't know what eventually happened to it. One thing which may have come out of the incident was that my father then got his requirements by the gross, in a fairly large box, unrolled. I didn't think he would count them every time he needed one, so I helped myself before I saw Vera. The unrolled ones were a little more trouble to put on, but they were just as effective in preventing the possibility of pregnancy. So we could revel in the wonder and glory and happiness of being in love.



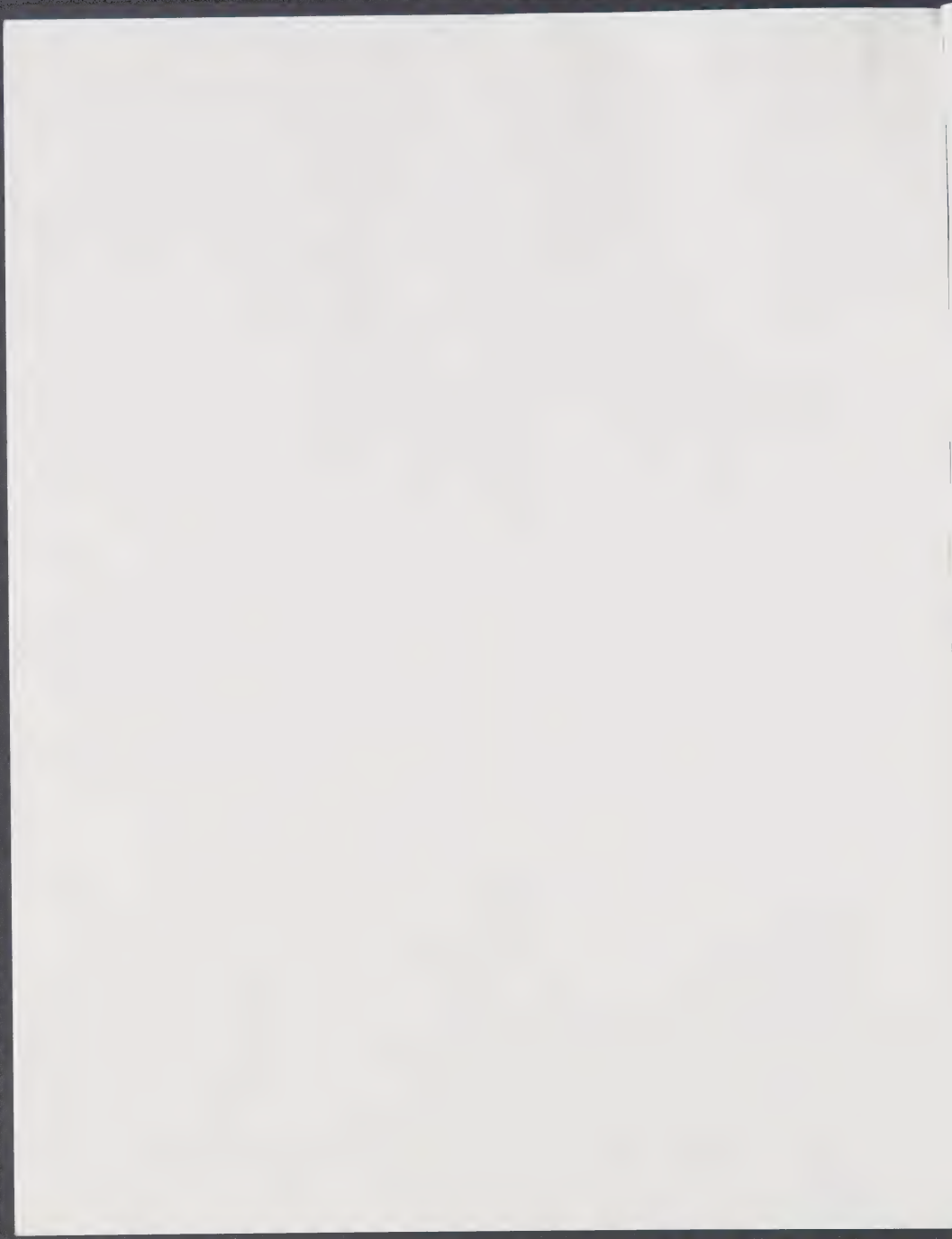
for July only  
copy

Sunday night, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1989

Dear Lois,

There isn't any reason for my writing to you, except of course that you're one of the nicest persons in the world, and also I think you might <sup>no reason</sup> forgive me if I'm as stupid as sometimes happens. Except that I've used the list of names you sent me last year once again, with your "Corrected address list -" notation at top - I marvel again at the beauty of your hand writing - in stark contrast to my best effort - "Moonlight becomes you, it goes with your hair." So your hand writing is like moonlight to you, it would seem. Gladys (Bateman) Warner had good things to say about you as a teacher. I remember admiring her writing too, but somewhere along the way I must have picked up the notion that a man didn't write attractively, and thereafter sowed the seeds of my own deterioration. In Engineering I learned to print, and that has resulted in a sort of written record that is neither fish nor fowl, but others can sometimes read it better than I can.

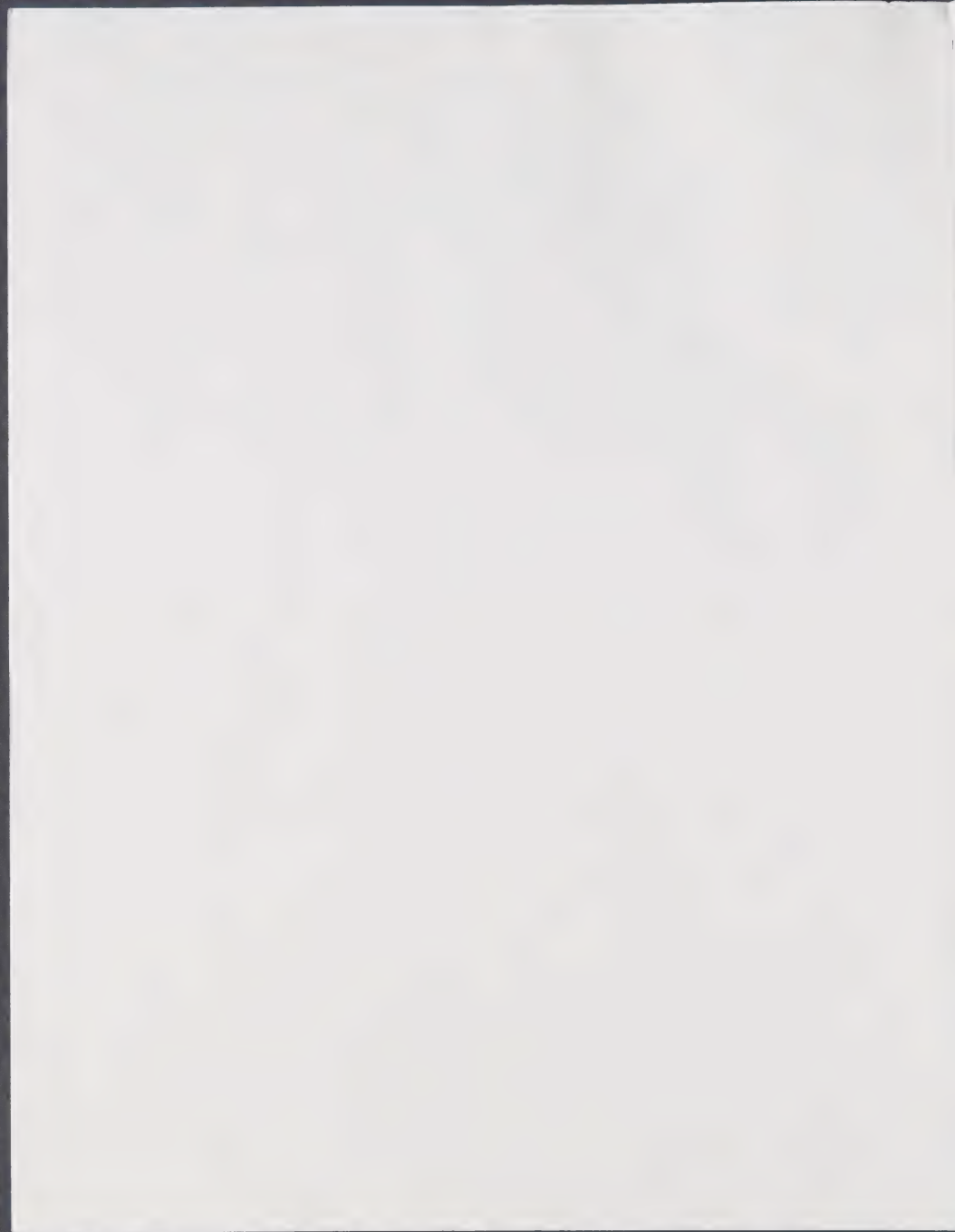
There isn't anything to say, yet I can't help thinking. About how nearly all of us survived the war and forty years of a kind of peace which followed it. I wish Eleanor Robb had been with us. I didn't know her very well, my recollection being that she was rather statuesque, and a little reserved. I enjoyed talking to Dorothy at Adele's about Eleanor - it helped fill the emptiness.





Wednesday noon, July 19<sup>th</sup>

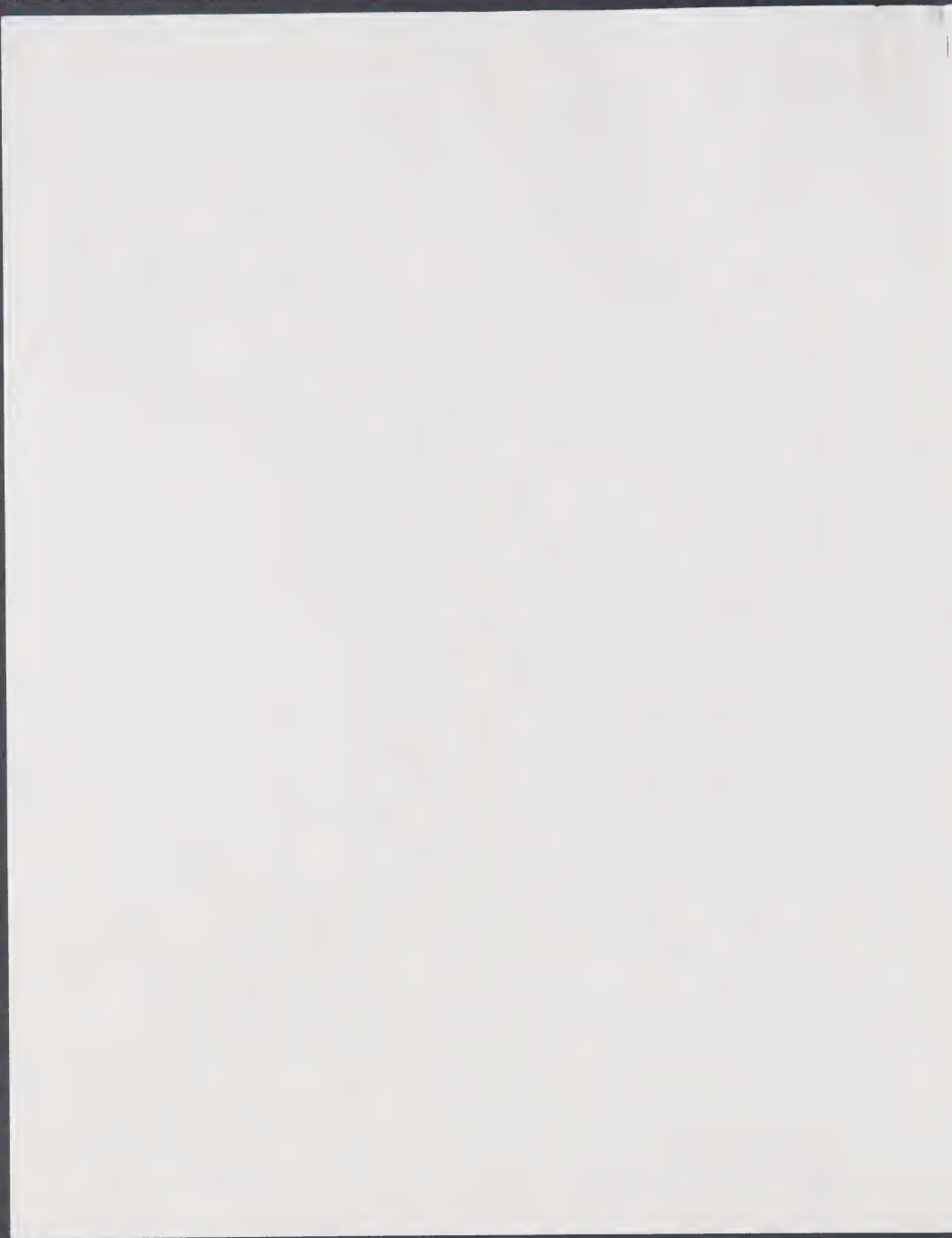
Perhaps I was a little low thinking about Eleanor - or perhaps someone called me away when I was writing - I don't know. I suppose I'm feeling both high and low at the moment - low because a friend in ROTARY just died, and I must compose myself to pay a last visit to him. High because of a compliment paid me last night - I took it as a compliment - as I was driving home along Bloor Street after taking Jane to Bloor and Dixie Road to play bridge. Bloor is so slow that I usually go either 401 or QE instead, but my philosophy is that life must consist of more than the one rut I'm in, so sometimes I try something new. I think it was MARKLAND that caught my eye, and I recognized that I was close to where Adele and Jim were such good hosts on June 21<sup>st</sup>. So I was in a mellow glow some minutes later, thinking about the wonderful people I've been fortunate enough to know, when I passed High Park, near where friends from the 1940's lived for many years. Somewhat farther on, as I pulled to a stop at a light, a girl at the curb in front of the car ahead raised her arm in what I thought was to hail a cab. But there was no cab I could see. Her dress was conservative - I think she had a suede suit on - and then I thought she must be hitch-hiking - surely a student headed for the next campus. So when I got up to where she could see me, I signalled to ask if she wanted to go farther along Bloor - as I was going all the way and could easily take her.



She nodded, and got in, and we started along. I asked how far she was going, and she said "OSSINATION." "Fine," I said, "but I might not recognize it. Let me know when we get close." So far so good. Moments later she asked, "would you care for some action?" My Puritan background threw up a capital "C" CAUTION! "What sort of action?" I asked. "A blow or a lay." [Since this terminology was in the papers not too long ago before a Supreme Court Judge I've dealt with, I wasn't as ignorant as when I first heard the terminology. The paper included prices - 40 a blow, 50 a lay, by the way.]

"How much?" was my next entry into the conversation. "Thirty."

There I was, driving along BLOOR Street, trying not to get killed in traffic, and trying to act like a 'man of the world', and to do the appropriate thing. Questions like "Your place or mine?" flitted through my mind. But once again my Puritan content came to my rescue, and I simply said that I had just left my wife to play bridge with friends, and was expected home, and couldn't do it. Just then OSSINATION hove into sight, so I stopped by the curb. Actually, I felt flattered - at very long last - by the invitation. Some time in the 1940's I walked from Queen Street to Bloor and back again, <sup>along Jarvis Street</sup> in hopes of finding a member of the red light district which Jarvis was said to be. My failure then didn't do my ego any good at all. But now I can consider the slight of nearly fifty years ago to be ameliorated.



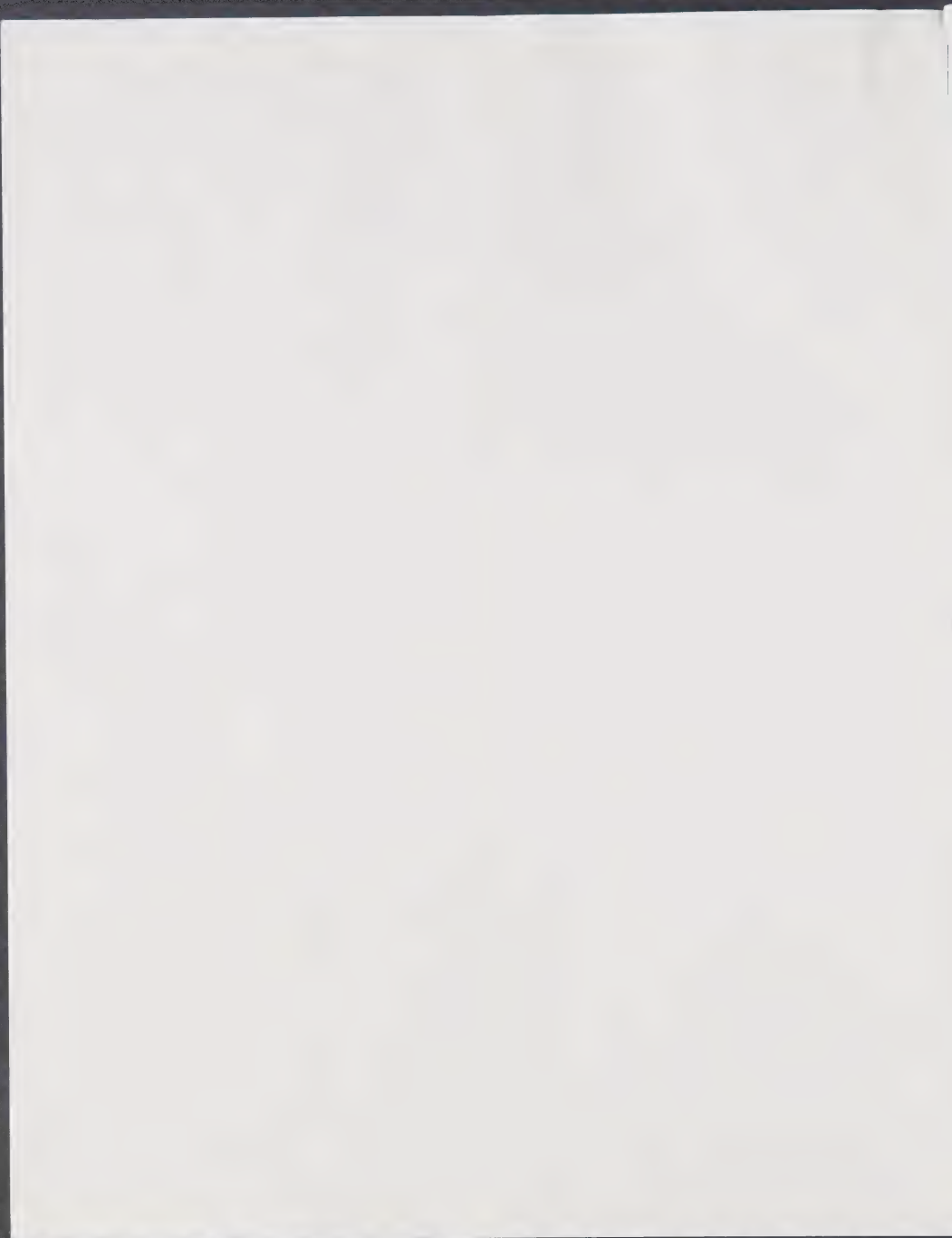
So when I stopped I reached for my wallet, and got the fee. I told her that I was so very much pleased with talking to her that it was my wish to give <sup>it</sup> <sup>to</sup> her, and wish her well. She said, "you ~~me~~ mean you want to give it to me just for talking to you?" She sounded incredulous. "Yes," I said. Then she gave me a sort of pat on the arm, saying, "You're a good boy," and vanished. I drove on, but could not see her anywhere.

Just so that you don't get any idea that I'm better than I am, I could add that to decline the proffered services was easier than might be expected. In the first place, the passage of years has somewhat banked the fires of capability. In the second, I've had no intimacy of subject matter for fifteen years. In the third, although I still generate the appropriate product, I had delivered what there was in the bathroom, not many hours earlier. So if I did accept, the likelihood was that I'd just make myself foolish and get ridiculed for it.

Comprehens?

Friday, July 21<sup>st</sup> - I saw you  
- one month since

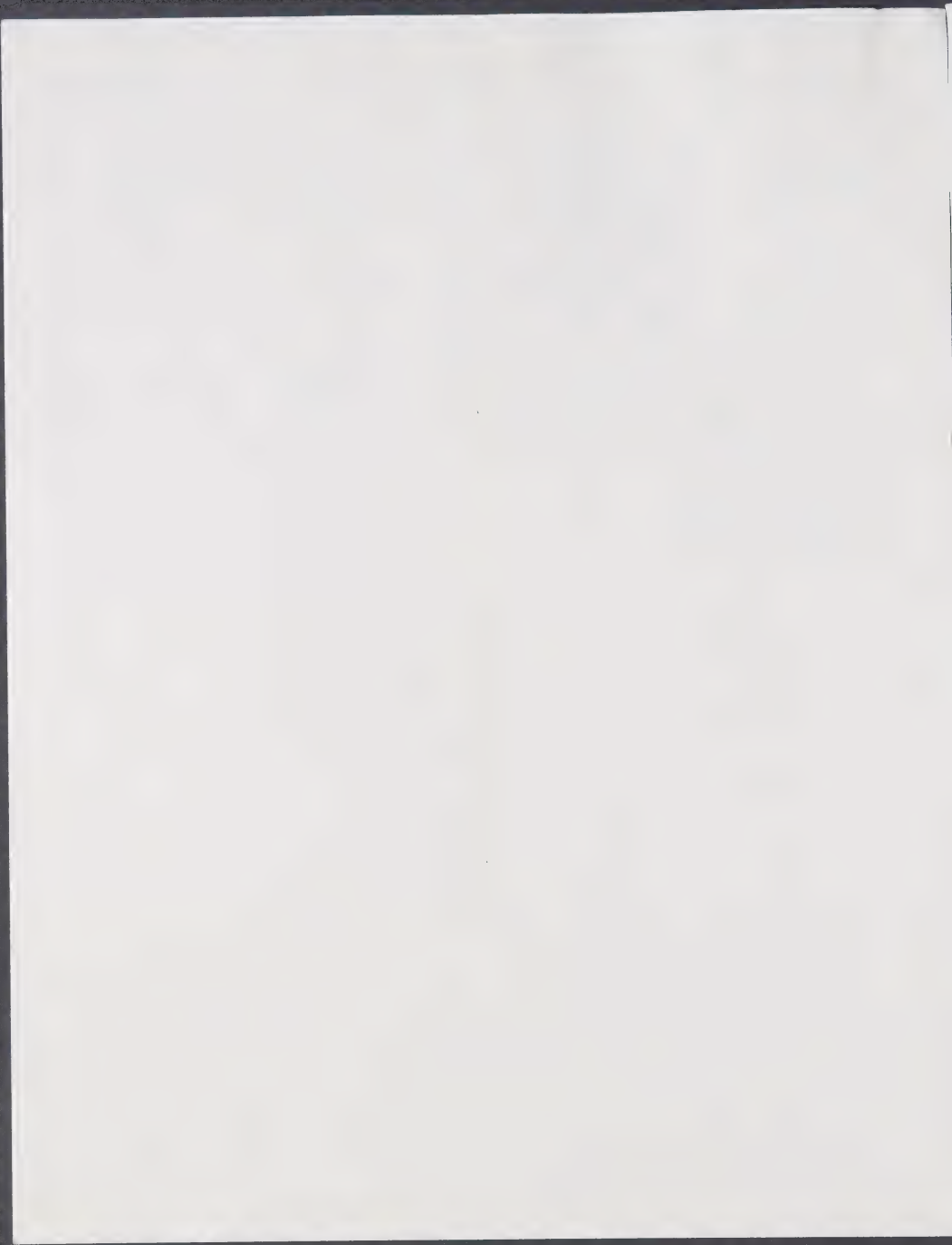
In the next little window of time I may be able to say something, and sign off. There comes to mind the recent funeral service. It was in the United Church. I'm sure I've heard the Anglican service used - or something much like it - in various other churches. This was not. It was an intimate glimpse of the life that had



ended, given in appreciation with thankfulness, and the necessities of the office merely seemed to tie every thing together, leaving the impression that all was well, and we could be glad of it. So that I listened to the minister, and thought about what she said. She looked quite attractive, too, and I could easily imagine you in her place. After the committal I spoke to her briefly, and offered the suggestion that it may well have been for the pleasure of hearing her, which I had <sup>just</sup> experienced, that my friend had attended her Church. She asked me what my background was, and my reply was Methodist till six or seven, Baptist till twenty seven, and Anglican subsequently after marriage. "And what are you now?" she asked. My mind flew to you, and I said, "I think I can only say that I'm a practicing Christian." I went on to say that I'd never found any significant differences in the bases of the religions and denominations I'd met along the way, and for that matter the same applied to religions - and non religions - of friends from the Far East. She acceded to that, brightness in her face, and we parted.

So you see, you're still a very significant part of my life, even though we've met but twice in fifty years. Now I must go, but first I'd like to give you all my love. Because I've noticed that the more I give, the more I have to give, and I love to give.

David.





December 6, 1989.

Dear David,

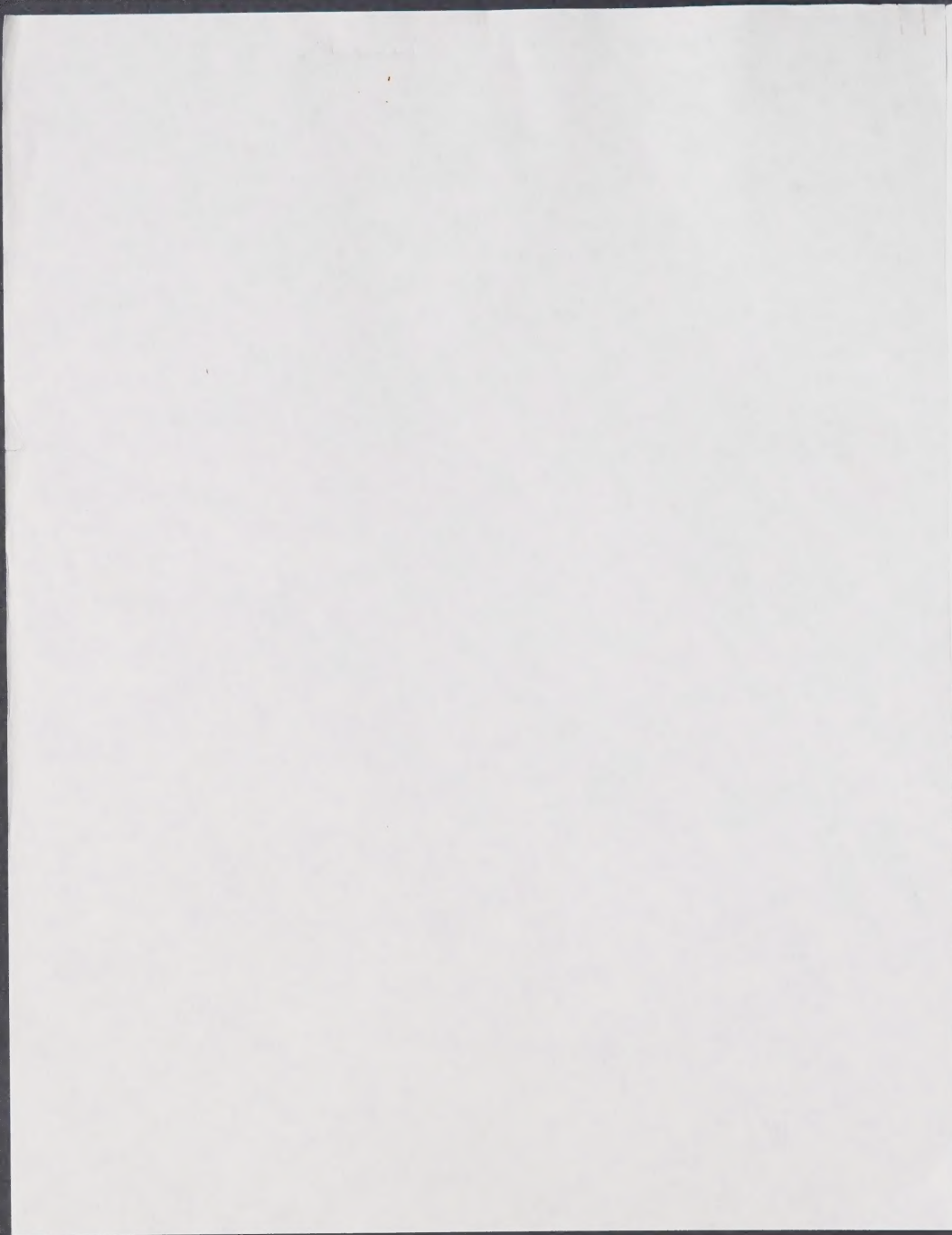
Please find everything you left here yesterday, returned to you. You had mistaken me for someone else. I did not meet you in 1943 and I didn't even go to a dance with you.

I did meet you at the Science Club Co-op in either 1946 or '47 in the back of the girls' house on D Street when it opened and we all sat together in one of the boys' houses.

I'm sure that you would like to have all of this material returned to you, and that your wife would like the attractive floor.

Sincerely,

Judy Ehliger.





ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

November 9, 1993

ESTABLISHED 1961

Mr. David Moyer  
79 Cameron Crescent  
Toronto, Ontario M4G 2A2  
Canada

Dear David,

You will have realized how very much I enjoyed the two hours with you last Thursday morning, and I was happy that you came to my lecture on Loschmidt. What a pity that we didn't have a chance to discuss your impressions of my description of this completely forgotten scientist.

I know that you and Clyde thought that I had a horribly busy schedule. Well, it was busy what with meeting all sorts of chemists and a Queen's reception from six to eight that Thursday. But I must tell you that of the entire day what I enjoyed the most were the two leisurely hours with you and Clyde.

Thank you for sharing some of your writings with me. By now I know that you write very well, indeed, and I just hope that your friendship with your old friend develops. Do let me know.

Isabel and I are just off to England until the end of December. Hence, please don't mind this hurried note.

Best wishes,

*By Appointment Only*  
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