

22.9.60

September 21, 1960
268 Islington Ave. N.
Islington, Ontario

Dear Wesley,

Since we have moved (you see our new address above) I have ^cacquired a car. Actually, it came with the house. The previous owners didn't want it, and were quite willing to give me the owner's license. It is a 1927 Chevrolet, and was last driven in '58. Its tires seem to be in quite good shape, but that's really all I can say. I was hoping that the next time you come up to Toronto on business, you could haul my car back down to Port Rowan and see what you could do for it. I could give you a hundred dollars for putting it in running shape, and, if possible, repainting it. There is also some body work to be done on one corner of the roof.

I know that you are very busy building the house, but I wouldn't nag at you, and you could take as long as you like. The only thing is that I hate to see it standing in the garage, being methodically destroyed by Hector, Paul, and numerous other young vandals. They bring their friends to play in it, and as I know nothing about cars, and cannot lock it, I have no way of stopping them or even of knowing whether they have done much damage yet or not. Hector, of course, feels quite capable of taking it all apart and putting it together again.

To find our house, which is in the west end, drive south on Islington from the 401. We are on the southwest corner of Islington and Rathburn -- that is, four or five blocks north of Dundas. Please write and tell me whether you will be able to help, and when.

Love,

Judith

23 September '60

Dear Judith;

Congratulations on your entry into the motor vehicles ownership ranks. I trust the little old vehicle will survive the greatest test,--the deteriorating effects of little boys. I should have to have someone to steer it when I could tow it down here. I also must arrange to combine that trip with other events in prospect. Namely my Father's return from Ottawa. There's to be a dedication service in the Delhi United Church for Mother's Memorial Communion table on the 2nd of October which is world-wide Communion Sunday. He wants me to drive all the way up to Ottawa for him, while I hate to take that much extra time, preferring that he come by train or bus to Toronto, Brantford or Simcoe. In theory I guess he could steer the Chev while it was being towed, but maybe it would be too much a strain; for him to undertake. Otherwise maybe you could steer it down yourself, and return by bus, on a week end of course in view of your school work.

Otherwise maybe Alice and Bert could bring Father down from Toronto, and tow the Chevy too. There's room in the rented house here for overnight accommodation if necessary. I haven't heard of Alice's schedule which now must doubtless include school teaching, which might fill her time too greatly.

There's no one hereabouts I could bring up unless I hire someone, and that seems hardly necessary. The calendar indicates that Father must come down this week end or next week, but he has not even considered train transportation much less sent me time and place of arrival to let me meet him at a Station somewhere.

So while I am willing enough to fix up your automobile, even paint it too, (what colour or colours) we will have to await events that will allow it to be brought here. All the best to Alice and Bert and the rest therefore from ----

Yours truly;

Wesley W.



Cowan, Judith Wed, Feb 9, 2022

to me

Dear Robert,

Thank you so much for the two letters, which I did not remember. I do remember the car, though. And I see from the date that I wrote my letter to Wesley on my seventeenth birthday. However, that whole episode brings back nothing but pain. You can see from Wesley's letter that he was not really in a position to come and get the car ... while both my parents were totally indifferent. The son of the departing family had signed over the ownership of the Chev and given it to me. The old car was in the garage, and I was thrilled. But Bert looked at it once and stated that I could never drive it. He said that I'd have to double de-clutch, and of course I didn't know what he was talking about. That was his only contribution, intended to defeat me. He turned his back on my dream, neither knowing nor caring that it was a dream.

I hadn't yet learnt to drive, and I didn't understand about the ownership paper either. I left the little document on my desk, unsigned, where Mother could find it. So she went into my room while I was at school, took the ownership, signed it (whether in my name or hers I have never known), and had the Chev towed away. She wanted the space in the garage (although it was a double garage) for a new car that she was buying (a yellow Ford Anglia) and said simply that she'd sent my car to scrap. Hector told me later that what she actually did was to trade it in--for whatever she could get?--on the Anglia. He went out and took a picture of it being removed. And I do still have that photo (even if Hector now declares that he remembers nothing about any of this) and shall send you a photocopy of it. I still regret that old Chev.

Another detail that I now remember about the Chev is how the guy had carpeted its floor with pieces of an Oriental rug cut to fit. I was enchanted, at least for a little while. And now I do know how to double-clutch. In the seventies, I double-clutched even in clog sandals.

Well, I must still have your street address, and shall send you the picture of the old Chev, soon.

Judith

Hector Cowan Feb 18, 2022

to **Ian, James, Mischa, Robin, Warren**, me, Judith

Hi, Robert,

I remember that this car was left in the garage of the house our parents bought in 1960, and Alice traded it in on a 1960 Ford Anglia (an English Ford) that she used to commute from the house in Etobicoke to her teaching job in T L Kennedy HS in what is now Mississauga, Ontario.

I have a faint recollection of taking this picture and of then developing it (I was into photography at the time).

I know the Anglia cost \$1600 new, but I'm not sure if that's after the trade-in. Probably not. I recall resenting the fact that our parents traded the car in, since I'm sure they got very little for it.

Strange to think that this car, which seemed such an antique at the time, was only 33 years old then.

Hector