

Steamer's brother honored by family and friends

Imagine, during this current depression a free lunch! Last Wednesday would you believe.

You had to be a survivor of the last depression to be invited and those that attended had to be a friend of my brother Jim, a retired newspaper man.

My goodness it was wonderful. The Rebekahs served ham, scalloped potatoes, pie, tea, coffee and a lot of good old fashioned hospitality. They were wonderful cooks. They had to be.

You see we were all kids who grew up together during the last depression and we were tough and sometimes rowdy.

Will Rodgers, when asked what it was like living beside Canadians, he replied, "Them Canadians are a hardy tribe - they have to be to live beside us Americans."

It was about the same during the 30s, you had to be a hardy tribe to live beside the Emmersons. Those that survived came to our luncheon Dec. 11, 1991.

Oh, what stories were flowing. Why, wit and humor were as good as the spread. Everyone got a free lunch and a million free laughs.

"It's certainly nice to be invited out, and told to eat your fill of ham and scalloped potatoes and not to worry about who's to pay the bill (little old me)."

Last Wednesday, my sister Lois, brother Steve, and yours truly had a luncheon for our brother Jim.

We are the remaining four of a family of nine. Mom, dad, Edna (Teddy), Bob and Isobel are gone. They would have enjoyed this special get together with all Jim's old pals and ours.

Heavens we were thrilled as all

get out, and honored to have old school chums, friends, who showed those bond strengthening desperate days and special guests Miss Gertrude Fatt and her sister Dorothy. Miss Fatt taught Jim at old Georgetown High as well as Tom Ramautarsingh a real friend to Jim and me.

We didn't tell him he was the "Guest of Honor" that we were secretly planning to have one of his favorite teachers on hand to wish him well.

This was to be a day of old friends from here and there to sit down to swap a few stories of old Georgetown in the 30s.

There were some dandies.

It was a touching moment when our old friend Ernie gave his little depression story of how he pondered for days whether to spend three precious hard earned dollars on a new tire for his bike, or a marriage licence.

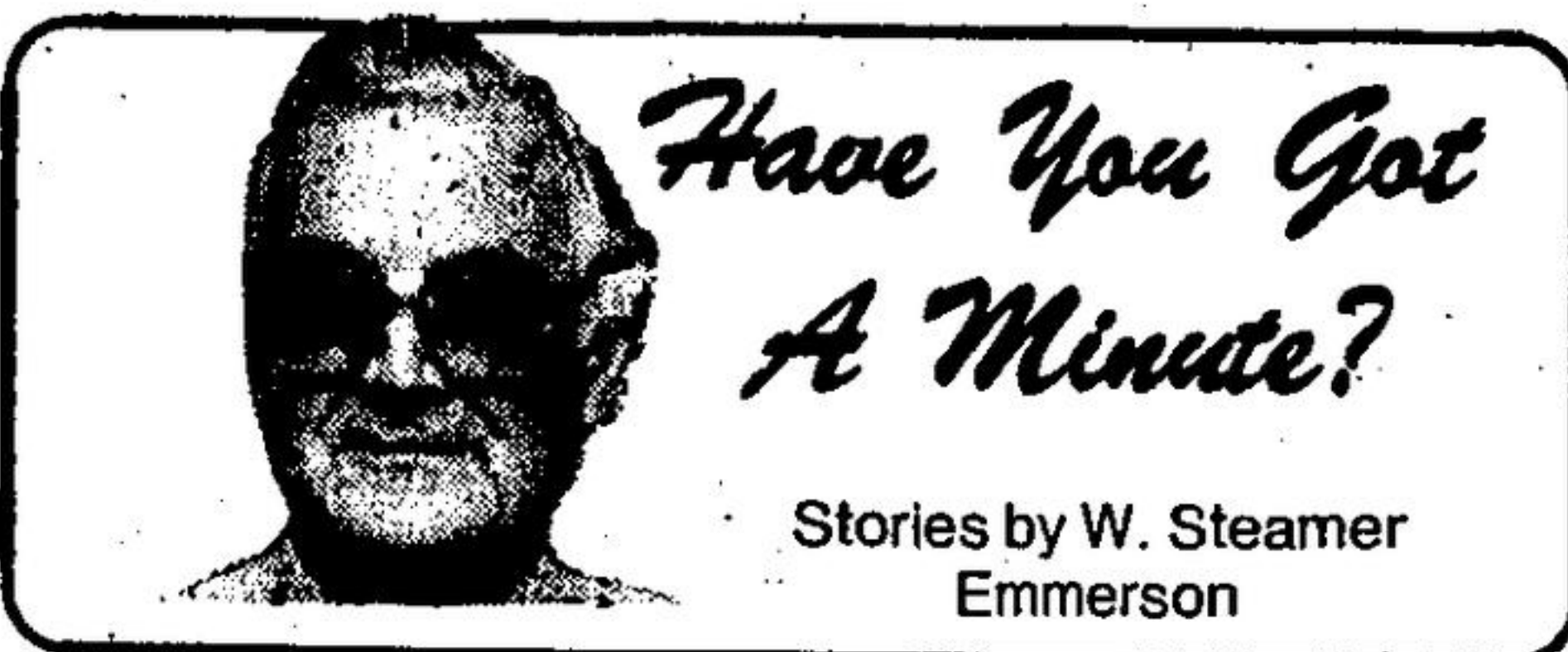
He opted for the marriage licence, and he and Edith have been married over 60 years.

My brother Steve's poignant memory was the hobo up in the pines who said to him, "here's a button kid, go see if your mother can sew a shirt on it."

Don Early scanned an old black and white school picture and named nearly every kid, and Don's been in Toronto since the war.

Bob McMernery, and Anne were there and he had the audience roaring with tales of high school days seated side-by-side with Jim.

He even brought up Jim's nickname, "Earnshaw" given to him by none other than Gordon Alcott. Those stout friends who were there knew he was named



Have You Got A Minute?

Stories by W. Steamer
Emmerson

by Gordon after the great baseball player George Earnshaw.

Doug Sargent, along with Josie joined in the fun and mentioned his family had lived in a house we had once occupied and you guessed it some wag announced, "it must have been haunted."

You've got the idea by now. It was fun.

Tom Ramautarsingh had the audience in stitches with his reading from an article Jim had done. The article appeared in the Georgetown and District High School Centennial Book entitled "Writing About the Pitfalls of a High School Acting Career."

He went on to remind the audience about the night of the drama festival. Jim had primed himself to be especially snarly, mean, and nasty in his role as an aged recluse, who sat in a darkened old house snarling at anyone who dared come by showing a light.

Jim Kelly and Betty Speight played a young couple who had come to visit.

Because of the cave-like darkness, Kelly had to show their

way in by flashlight (called "torch" in the English parlance of the play).

From Jim's article, Tom read on that they had rehearsed, rehearsed, rehearsed ad nauseum in which Jim was to whirl angrily shouting, "Put that torch out!"

The great moment came and Jim was about to scream his furious phrase "...put that torch out..." when he heard an anxious whisper from Kelly. "Psst, Psst, I forgot the flashlight." Lots of laughter.

Everyone enjoyed Tom's snippets from one of many wonderful lines Jim has written.

Jim's friend, Jim Kelly, former Georgetown boy, was unable to attend. He sent his regrets but as the treasurer of the R.C.A.F. Escape Association their meeting was the same day.

He would have had a story to tell. Over the phone he told me he and Jim rode in the restored Lancaster that was restored and flown

Remembrance Day, 1990. They both earned that ride.

Outside of Jim, Shirley and daughter Julie, we had Lois, Steve, Gertrude Fatt, Dorothy Fatt, Frank King, Donald Early, Doug and Josie Sargent, Bud and Minnie James, Bob and Anne McMernery, Dely and Ethel Beaumont, Jim Cofell and Madelaine, John and Marie Zions, Tom Ramautarsingh, Bev Moodie and Marie, Ab Whitney, Earnie Alcott and Edith, Floria Alcott, yours truly and regrets from Hazel Arnold, Herb and May Arnold, Bruce and Mae Harley, and Mrs. Gordon Alcott (Jean).

There was nostalgia, humor, and friendship in car load lots.

To add to the affair, Jean King, who did a wonderful job with here sisters in the lodge, brought down the last edition of the Telegram with Jim's final story on the front page.

A newspaper colleague of Jim's told me "He was the best". I hope as he gets stronger that he reaches for his pen again.

Help thy brother's boat across, and lo! thine own has reached the shore. (Hindu Proverb)

P.S. If anyone is interested in getting a hard cover Centennial Book of Georgetown High School call me at 877-6131 and I'll help get you a copy.



Many of Georgetown's longstanding businessmen and residents gathered together Wednesday in the Verdun Rebekah Lodge at a party hosted by the Emmerson brothers-Steamer, Jim and Steve. Present at the party and luncheon were (back row, left to right), Robert McMernery, Jim Emmerson,

John Early, Tom Ramautarsingh, Jim Cofell, Doug Sargent, Ernie Alcott (middle row, left to right) Albert Whitney, Steamer Emmerson, Bud James, Del Beaumont, Bev Moody (front row, left to right) Steve Emmerson, Florrie Alcott, Gertrude Fatt, Edith Alcott and Lois Teasdale. (Herald Photo)

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CHRISTMAS REFUSE COLLECTION SCHEDULE

Refuse normally collected on Christmas Day, December 25, 1991, will be picked up on Monday, December 23, 1991.
Refuse normally collected on Boxing Day, Thursday, December 26, 1991, will be collected on the regular collection day.
Refuse normally collected on New Year's Day, Wednesday, January 1, 1992 will be collected on Monday, December 30, 1991.

Best Wishes to All!!!
Town of Halton Hills
Engineering/Public Works