

Alexander Targuilar
(wrote) and his
daughter Jan.



Mrs. Phyllis Egerton
315 Victoria St
London, ON N6A 2C4

Jan. 4/98.

It was with great pleasure that I received your very interesting letter last week. It was wonderful to see & hear you in Vancouver. You are still at hands some as ever.

Dear, my daughter, was home for Christmas with her husband Mark. She & Debbie Leonard were early friends as the Leonards lived two doors from me. They sang in Jr. Choir and advanced to Senior Choir before she left London to join a church so she can choir sing - Bloom St. United in Toronto & now Church of the Holy Saviour (Anglican) in Waterloo. She & Mark will sing in the choir.

Going back over the years, Jean & I became friends when the Targuilers moved in across the street. I do not remember her the year. I had older brothers but no sisters. Jean was two years older than me so I adored her like a sister. My father and her father were both lawyers. During the dust bowl depression I think the Targuilers had a tougher time than the Davids (my mother's name) as Dad's family were well known in Manitoba. His parents came to Killarney, Man. in the late 1800s as settlers from Kingston. Dad

was badly wounded in the first World War so could not farm. The second son took over the farm and Dad took up Law in Winnipeg. My mother was a doctor's daughter & married my dad at age 17.

I well remember Auntie Jean & as I recall she was a teacher.

In the summer the Farguhar's back-yard was one big vegetable garden. Being crippled my father was no gardener, so it was great fun to go to the Farguhars & pick a big ripe tomato off the vine.

I do not remember her. Harry was very well as he was two or three years older than my oldest brother Jim (killed at Hong Kong at age 22)

My fondest memories of Alex & were going to their cottage at MacIntosh, Ont. Their cottage was on an island in Lake Minnabi. There were no roads into the town so we went by train. Then an Indian Guide took us by boat to their cottage. I think Alex had a motor boat & canoe so could go back & forth for supplies. I think I visited MacIntosh twice. It was a very beautiful wooded island with crystal clear water. My final visit when I was 11, Jean was in Junior High. She had two new friends. They seemed very beautiful & mature to me. I was not forgotten

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and was also in it. Jean was like Alex, fair with blue eyes & very pretty with a sweet nature and clever too.

I remember the day of her death. I had gone to visit her that afternoon, with my box of fruit. She was in bed but to a child she did not appear too sick. Alex was with her. At one stage he teased her in fun & she started to cry. In hindsight I realize she had a high fever. The doctor had not diagnosed pneumonia and with no antibiotics there was little hope.

That night I was awakened by a knocking at the door. It was Mr. & Mrs. Farguhar. Jean was gone. My mother & father took them in & tried to comfort them.

I remember her going to the funeral at the big Presbyterian Church - the only one I knew of in Wpg. We were now here of Augustine United.

Hope this is of some interest to you

Happy New Year to you, Glynnie & family.

Sincerely
Phyllis.