

My Brother Terry, by Molly Pelton (formerly Doran)

My memories of Terry are mostly of after he had grown up. Being 3 years older than me, and having gone to different high schools (he went to North Toronto and I went to Branksome), we didn't have much in common until we were both at University at the same time, although he always had a "big brotherly interest" in me. I started first year of Occupational Therapy, when he was just starting Medicine after a year of Honour Science and 2 years of Pre-meds. He was pleased when I went out with some of his fraternity brothers (he was the presiding senior at the time), and he always watched over me at fraternity parties.

Our mother was Audrey Margaret Young, although she was named Margaret Audrey, but she changed it as she wanted to be called Audrey. She was born on March 11th, in the year 1900, so we always knew how old she was. She died on November 25th, 1986. Our Dad was Frederick William Doran (F.W.D. as he signed himself). He came to Canada with his family from Northern Ireland at the age of 12. He was born on April 11th, 1895, and died on January 17th, 1970. They were a very close family and we grew up with these marvelous Irish grandparents, who we saw often. They lived at 36 Pine Crescent, in the Beach. Mother's father and his second wife, Auntie Lulu we called her, lived at 101 Bedford Rd (his first wife died in about 1930), and she was a good companion and hostess for him. She would have an annual teaparty for all the female relatives, to which Mother and I went – Grandpa was one of 12 children. Therefore, I always knew a lot more about our relatives than Terry did.

Terry was born at The Toronto General Hospital by caesarian section, since Mother had had a stillbirth earlier due to a narrow birth canal. The Obstetrician was Dr Cosbie, and years later he delivered babies with Terry, after he became an Obstetrician himself.

Terry was always a kind, loving, and gentle boy, and our parents were delighted when he decided to go into Medicine. Mother's brother, Uncle Cy, was a Doctor, who looked after the whole family, and he encouraged Terry, who was his only nephew. He would give him Medical biographies for Christmas, such as "The Brothers Mayo" who started the Mayo Clinic. Uncle Cy and Auntie Kay had one daughter Patsy, who married Ian Eastmuir, and now lives in Collingwood. Mother's other brother was Uncle Don, married to Auntie Bea. Their one daughter, Connie, married Gordon Marigold, and lives in Urbana, Illinois. Dad had two sisters Bea and Lily. There was another boy called Percy who died young of diphtheria. Bea's married name was Cowling, and her son Donald (now deceased) lived in Meaford. Lily was married to George Lovatt, and they had two sons, Jack and Garry. They lived not far from Grandpa and Grandma in the Beach on Beaufort Rd. Jack lives in Mississauga and Garry lives in the Gaspé, Quebec, I believe.

Our Dad made a wonderful skating rink in our backyard and including the Cameron's next door. He would be out there freezing the rink at all hours of the night. Kids came from all over the neighbourhood to skate and play hockey. Finally Dad had to draw up a schedule for skating and hockey times to keep peace among us all, because the hockey players interfered with the skaters and visa versa. I still meet people who remember skating in our backyard.

Terry always had an interest in the natural world, growing up beside the ravine, and he would hike and bike all over. He had a marvelous birds egg collection which he acquired identifying nests and climbing trees. Dad helped him build a marvelous wooden display box to hold them all, and each one was labelled. He knew all the songs and characteristics of each bird. Sometimes when Terry and I were finished our dinner we would go upstairs to do homework, and he would start hitting the bed with a pillow and I would start yelling. Mother and Dad would bound upstairs to stop Terry from killing Molly, and we would laugh uproariously.

Terry always worked in the summers from the time he was about 16. He worked at a lumber yard, then was a Junior Forest Ranger. One summer he chopped his foot with an ax, and was on crutches for all of that fall. A really nice boy at school used to carry his books for him, I think his name was Fred. That foot was a lifelong problem for him.

When he met and became engaged to Barbara, we were all pleased with his choice. I used to go along with them when they went up to Collingwood to ski, and would have to discourage the boys who were interested in Barbara. Barb's parents were nice people, and Audrey and Bill got on well with them, the two Bills often playing golf together. When they were married, it must have been the hottest day of the year, and I remember the candles on the table at the reception melting over double, and Colonel Sagar's suit soaked with perspiration.

When I met and married a doctor a year later, who was the same age, and only a year behind Terry in Meds, he was delighted. We had a nice time together those first years, even though we were busy with careers and babies. During the time Terry and Barb were up north in Longlac, Terry got sick with Hepatitis, and I remember Mother trying to give him soup she had made from duck, which was very greasy and the last thing he felt like. He told us stories about the native women bringing their babies to him all wrapped in moss in their "tikinaugens"(spelling?).

Terry was always an interesting, considerate, and thoughtful brother.