

The Life and Times of Everett Roseborough Ltd.

by Stan White

This article has long been under consideration. It was to be a complete biography covering the long career of Everett Roseborough through an era that brought commercial photography to the forefront in the illustration field. With his recent passing we have made it into an obituary to honour him for his many contributions to the progress of photography and to the Societies which he served.

Many will remember Everett as a long time member of PHSC and a previous editor of *Photographic Canadiana*, or as an inexhaustible fund of photographic information ancient and modern, or will recall the numerous anecdotes of his experiences penned for our magazine, but underlying all of this is an extraordinary photographic career.

He was a commercial and advertising photographer in what now might be termed the photography of physics – that is to say the photographer required a wide range of practical skills now superseded by the computer in this new age of the photography of the electron.

I was employed by the Everett Roseborough from the late 1950s to the early 1970s. We remained friends. This account is derived from notes taken at an interview in 1996.

THE EARLY YEARS

His first school was Loretto College School (ca.1915) where boys could stay until they were nine. He then moved to St. Peter's school where he showed talent in art, drew a church—his first serious attempt at drawing. He took the entrance exam at age 11 and enrolled at the University of Toronto School (boys only) but was uncomfortable with the rich kids, but his family would not let him leave so he failed his first exam and was thrown out. It was here that he made friends with the librarian who saved all the latest science books for him. Ultimately, he was sent to Central Tech where he was editor of the school magazine and also ran the chemistry club. He matriculated out of the 5th form in three years.

During this period his interest in colloid chemistry found an outlet in a school chum's cellar – the only place dark enough to make photographic emulsions. He also had an enlarger at home.

FIRST JOB

His mother had sold advertising for the magazine "Canadian Child." His father worked for the post office and also handled advertising for the "Postal Journal." So it may not have been entirely coincidental when, in 1926 and he was 14, he got his first and temporary part time job which he held for four summers, with the T. Eaton Company advertising department. The Art Director gave him a job in the sketching department. He got an excellent grounding in all department store activities doing a variety of jobs and taking over from people who were on summer holidays.

By the time he left school it was the beginning of the depression and one of the employees jumped out of a window and Everett was hired full time to replace him in design and copywriting section of the advertising department at Eaton's College Street which had just opened.

HOW HE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER

One of his jobs was to buy photography for Eaton's ads and articles etc. Pringle & Booth were doing most of their photography at that time. On one occasion they were required to photograph a display house built in the College Street store. It wasn't much of a job and the front of the house came out black and the house wasn't sharp from end to end. Everett happened to say, "I could do better than that." So his boss replied, "Well, you do it."



J. EVERETT ROSEBOROUGH
November 3, 1912 – April 8, 2011

Everett agreed if they would bring down his photographic equipment from his home. So the next morning an Eaton's truck drew up and all his equipment was delivered to Eaton's to a small room with a sink which was used for the storage of the cleaner's buckets and mops. This became the first Eaton's commercial darkroom.

There was an 8x10 camera in the interior decorating department kept under the drawing boards where draughtsmen would rest their feet. It had been bought many years before but never used. With it were a couple of decadent lenses and a tripod. This was appropriated.

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC JOB

He was requested by the magazine "Homes and Gardens" for an article that required photographs of the room sets which were built around the periphery of the Furniture Department.

The technique of Pringle & Booth, at the time, was to light the sets with two portable Sunny Arcs with open carbons. This would result in hard shadows and everything had a black line around it. This quick method produced perfectly good record photographs but they lacked feeling. Everett's method was to use the only lights he had: two disreputable photofloods that he kept moving throughout the exposure. This resulted in very soft shadows and everybody was pleased with this clean new style.

Naturally, Everett wanted to know what he would get paid since he did all the photography at night and his own work throughout the day. He would start photographing at about 5:30 and as some of the exposures sometimes ran 1/2 to 3/4 of an hour at f32, he would set up and then have a nap during exposures. Eaton's agreed to pay him the same as they paid P&B or Bridgen's: \$3.50 for an 8x10 negative and print.

He turned out about 10 photographs a week for which he made \$35 over his regular wages which were only \$14 per week – an enormous amount at that time. As a result of staying up all night and making all these photographs to keep up with the continuous supply the magazines seemed to demand, he was able to get married.

BEGINNING OF EATON'S COMMERCIAL STUDIO

At this point, he was asked to do the Xmas book and was given a rug store-room to photograph in. Everyone was happy with the result. But such a make-shift arrangement could not go on for ever and the manager over all of the photography (they had several portrait studios) suggested he join the photography department in the downtown store and start a commercial studio.

Everett lost a lot of perks by leaving to go down town. He had been playing the organ since 1927 and had permission to practice on the organ at the College Street store anytime he wanted.

The new commercial studio was located at the rear end of the portrait studio

While leafing through a collection of stereo cards, this Christmas tree image, dating back to 1894, brought to mind a Roseborough anecdote.



It took place in 1929 when Ev was still single and calling on Queenie Ashdown, his future wife. Being close to Christmas the family had been exceptionally creative in decorating the

Yule tree – a most impressive sight. It was deemed appropriate that a picture should be taken to record the festive scene. Since Queenie's family had only a simple vest pocket camera, Ev being the qualified photographer, volunteered to show how to use it and supplied the necessary flash material to take a properly lit picture.

The only way he could take the picture was to prop the camera on top of a black ebony piano – which happened to be the family's pride and joy. Ev brought along flash powder which he had mixed – manganese dioxide, potassium chlorate and magnesium. He put a small amount on a shoe polish tin and proceeded to take the exposure by opening the camera shutter then putting a lit match to the powder.

There had to be a bit of guess work here as the flash would have blinded Ev if he looked directly at it. So after taking aim, he looked away and plunged the match into the powder. It went off with a glare of light.

Ev took a quick glance out the side of his eye to check everything was OK. To his horror, beads of the molten mixture were bouncing across the piano top scorching off the finish wherever they touched. Ev quickly stamped out the embers – but not quick enough for the sisters who thought he had ruined their prized possession. The heat of the flash had welded the lid to the shellac. It was often joked that somewhere in a

second hand shop was a piano with a shoe polish tin welded to its top.

It was an episode never allowed to be forgotten and it was a wonder that he and Queenie were ever allowed to marry. *RL*



QUEENIE ASHDOWN
later Mrs. Roseborough



The building at 172 King Street West known as Sovereign Bank.



The 21 Gloucester Street location just off Yonge Street



The Gloucester Street building had an addition added to the property which could house a car in the studio for photos.

on the third floor. Eaton's now had three portrait studios, a photo engraving department and the new commercial studio.

THE STUDIO GATHERS MOMENTUM

After a slow start in which it was difficult to find money to adequately equip the studio, it eventually acquired cameras, lighting equipment such that it could handle anything thrown its way. It eventually took over all the store photography and was moved to larger premises on Louisa Street. During this time, Gordon Rice, a school friend of Everett's, who had photographed hundreds of graduating students, joined Everett in the studio as a printer. This was the beginning of the long Roseborough/Rice association.

A SIDELINE

At this time Everett and Gord were experimenting with colour. Gord was proficient in oil coloring. Everett had

experimented with Autochromes, colour separation and carbro printing. To a point Eaton's encouraged this since they saw the potential for increased sales of photo-engraving.

The studio did purchase a Vivex colour-separation repeating camera back. This produced, automatically, three separation negatives. The exposure for each plate was pre-set hydraulically with three dashpots which then moved the plate. Three negatives could be exposed in about two seconds. The resulting B&W negatives were printed by the carbro method. Imported supplies for these experiments were expensive and Eaton's was only prepared to invest so much.

Their salaries were not large and to raise more funds they made a deal, when approached by the Clement Saila Advertising Art Firm on 73 Adelaide Street West, to do photography for them. Saila had the Borden account as well as Young & Rubicam. The arrangement was that they would be given space at 73 Adelaide and in return would do their photography.

This was entirely on Everett's and Gord's own initiative; the Eaton studio had more than enough photography to do for the store, so it did not take on outside assignments.

Lots of work from Clem Saila meant Everett and Gord would grab a sandwich after their day at Eaton's and go to work at 73 Adelaide.

The business grew and they soon needed more space and so rented the second floor of a building at 172 King Street East. This was still intended to be a temporary studio for their experimentation. But the studio went well even making a little money.

TROUBLE BREWS

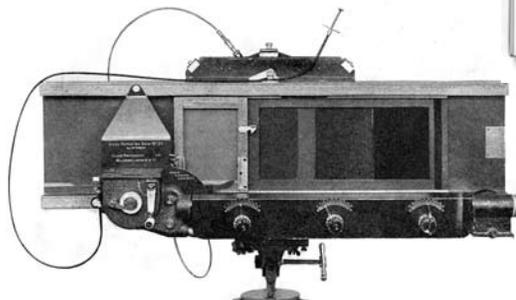
This arrangement went on for years until by a stroke of bad luck it all came to an end. One of Eaton's buyers was in 172 King visiting some unrelated company when he saw in the corner of the window a one by two inch business card that read "Roseborough and Rice Photography." The card was there so that they could get their mail delivered. The cat was out of the bag. There was the



Ev at the Eaton's Auditorium organ.



(Above) early commercial photography was hand-maiden to the artist as all images (right) were converted to line drawing or over-painted by the artist. The 20s and 30s saw photography rise to become the main illustration media. At left the VIVEX back (1930s) automatically recorded three separation negatives for colour image reproduction.





Everett with an advertising photograph under way in the large studio at the back of the property.



These large Translight images could be hung to dry from the ceiling of the studio.



The building at 212 King Street West, corner of Simcoe Street.

expected hullabaloo and they had no alternative but to resign.

Nevertheless, Eaton's still needed them and they continued to do photography for the firm for the next six months. Special assignments continued for several years including all national advertising.

Thus they did their own work during the day and Eaton's photography at night. Shortly after, they picked up the Simpson's account.

This was the beginning of, at least the overt, Roseborough and Rice Studio. It was successful from the beginning with lots of work coming from Clement Salla.

ROSEBOROUGH-RICE STUDIO PROSPERS

The studio prospered. Everett and Gord were a great team, their skills complimented each other but then came the war. Gord chose to go into the Air Force, Everett stayed on to mind the studio as the landlord refused to break the lease. After the war their partnership ran into difficulties. Despite efforts to introduce Gord Rice back into the circle of clients, he never again felt comfortable in the

relationship. They decided to split up.

Gord Rice stayed on at 172 King St which he eventually purchased. He combined with Ken Bell when he returned from overseas becoming Rice & Bell. Everett moved his studio to a house at 206 St. George Street where he could also accommodate his family. Subsequently he converted a house at 21 Gloucester Street where he built a sizable studio on the back. He then moved his family to 10 Northolt Court in Etobicoke.

Everett Roseborough Ltd. continued at 21 Gloucester Street until 1973 when he moved to smaller premises downtown at King and Simcoe – 212 King St. West with rooms on the fifth floor. After a break in, where he lost much 35mm camera equipment, he chose to move closer to home, taking over space which previously was the Ken Bell studio at 4174 Dundas Street, just west of the Humber River.

The Company now operated under the name "ERA Communications, a Division of Everett Roseborough Ltd.," concerned primarily with public relations, Everett having reached an age where he could no

longer manage the hurly-burly of large camera photography.

He closed the business and retired to London in late 2003

EPILOGUE

Even at the turn of the 20th Century when photography had been around some seventy years there was no commercial photography as we now know it. Most photography throughout the 19th Century had been portraiture. A standing fashion shot could be taken just as easily in a portrait studio. What non-portraiture there had been was mainly exterior views with few interiors.

In order to establish a genre of commercial photography there needed to be two developments. The first was the need for a readily available form of artificial lighting that was portable (There were early lighting methods but at best they were cumbersome, inconvenient and often dangerous) meaning actual installation of electric wiring in buildings and homes, and for this to happen there needed to be widespread availability of electricity (kerosene and coal gas

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ER in the 1940s with Rolleiflex. Ev as "stand-in" for a car shot in Gloucester studio, late 1950s. Presenting Print Show awards 1957.



Anecdotes by Everett Roseborough

Ev Roseborough as the elder statesman of Canadian professional photographers could spin a good tale of various episodes in his career. He related the time he and assistant, Bill “Willy” Morchen, were photographing a choir



from a vantage point in the balcony of a church. They had taken the first shot using the largest #75 flash bulbs, screwed into the receptacle of a big tungsten light reflector; grouping a number of

bulbs together, rather than just one. Firing of the bulbs was accomplished by plugging into the church 110 volt mains. After the first exposure, Ev changed the film holder while Willy commenced to replace the dead flash bulbs. But they had forgotten to pull the plug from the wall socket, so when the assistant put in the first fresh bulb, it went off directly into his face. Willy was momentarily stunned and, with his back to the edge of the balcony, teetered backwards over the low guard rail. Surprised by the flash, Ev turned just in time to see his companion desperately flailing his arms and heading to certain doom below. With instant reaction and a life saving lunge, Ev caught a patch of clothing to drag his friend back to safety.

Ev first joined Eaton’s Art Department (advertising) in Toronto as a 15 year old junior for the summer of 1927.

One of Ev’s favourite stories is about Walter Smith, the Manager of the Eaton’s Portrait Studio which was located on the 3rd floor of the old Yonge Street store. This stocky, jovial Englishman had thoroughly learned his craft in England and Ev said he owed much to him as a guiding mentor. ‘Smitty,’ as he was known to the staff, had been apprenticed to a haberdasher upon leaving school. The dusting wasn’t too bad a task but the counting of celluloid collars and collar buttons didirk

him, particularly when working out the stock in pounds, shillings and pence on a per gross basis.

Small wonder this young man should venture to apply for a more interesting position in a photographic emporium a few doors down the street. There he spent many months cleaning glass, drying prints and spotting them before finally being given a photo assignment to do by himself – a small wonder indeed.

A Mrs. Allingham wished to have a photograph taken in her home of her husband who had been an invalid for years. Smitty packed up his plate-holders, tripod and Thornton-Pickard half-plate camera and set off for the far end of town. Arriving at the house he set down his gear and was about to seize the knocker when the door flung open and there before him stood the local undertaker. Replete in frock coat, he motioned to our apprentice to enter. “Mrs. Allingham does not have a portrait of her late husband,” said the undertaker as he picked up the camera case and withdrew into the house with a bewildered Smitty following behind.

The late gentleman lay peacefully in state in a small parlor, a vase of roses on the casket. “Mrs. Allingham would like it full face; you and I can tip the casket on end to make it easier. Take hold, sonny!” said the frock-coat. Smitty first hesitated, taking a minute to fasten the camera to the tripod despite his shaking hands. Measuring out the flash-powder was far more difficult, if not nearly impossible. The undertaker was getting impatient by the lack of assistance from the young photographer. Henry Allingham, possibly due to inactivity and the prescription of stout for his ailment, had been a man of considerable weight. Smitty manfully grasped the handle on the box and with much grunting and straining the two managed to stand it upright against the wall. This casket had been the only one available with sufficient length but it had taken the embalmer considerable effort to confine the Allingham girth into so narrow a box.

With a remark about Mr. Allingham’s upright character, the undertaker bade

Smitty a good morning and admonished as he left, “Be sure to open the eyes!”

The shaking Smitty focussed the camera carefully, eye to eye with his departed subject, then fastened the plate-holder and held high his flash holder for the exposure. BOOM!...

Everything happened at once! At the instant of the flash the long suffering latch on the bottom half of the casket finally yielded to the weight of its occupant. The lid flew open and the body swished out to straddle the legs of the tripod and the feet of the now-petrified photographer.

With one mighty ‘Whoop,’ Smitty grabbed up his gear and was out the door. He legged it down the street, never stopping ‘til he burst through the studio door.

“I never did find out,” says Ev, “whether the photograph was ever delivered. But I did receive a warning from Smitty to the effect that: ‘This studio (Eaton’s) does not photograph stiff... ever!’ ”

The following story harkens back to 1935 when Everett worked in the Eaton’s Commercial studio. In Ev’s words:

“Advertisers actively pursue ‘tie-ins’ to prominent people or events. An airline is referred to as ‘the official transportation’ of a basketball team or a film-maker displays ads for the Olympic Games, and so it goes; the great event attracts the attention while the company product shares the limelight.

“The great sea liner, *The Queen Mary*, was launched in Britain in 1934 so the maiden voyage was to be an event thoroughly covered by the media. How logical it was to have a ‘tie-in’ using imported goods that would be transported on the first trip to America.

“The two main department stores in Toronto must have thought of the same idea. An undeclared race was hatched to see which could first display the token imports of china, linens and furniture from Britain. There were some elaborate plans made – all kept highly secret; each store decided to fly their goods in chartered aircraft direct from the New York harbour immediately after the docking.

“Willie Morehen and I were instructed to be at the Hamilton airfield by mid-afternoon to await the arrival of the plane. Customs clearance had been arranged to be on the spot with Eaton’s executives to sign declaration forms.

“I saw complications if darkness should intervene so packed accordingly. Willie brought his 8x10 while I packed a 4x5 camera... and four half-pound bottles of Victor flash powder. Considering the location, the size of the aircraft and the type of cargo, I reasoned that an eight ounce charge would not seriously over-expose. Nobody in his right mind would hand-hold a flash lamp containing such a quantity, so it was reasoned to build a small bonfire into which the powder, wrapped in newspaper, could be thrown from some distance.

“After reviewing the scene, the party left for the Royal Connaught Hotel, there to wait a phone call announcing the departure from New York. A great row of bottles appeared on the mantle piece of the suite: Rye, Scotch, ginger ale and soda. As the day waned, it became obvious that a night landing would occur, except that the Hamilton landing field had no provision for lights. Orders were hastily issued to have trucks and cars from the Hamilton store ring the landing area and be ready to turn on headlights at the first sound of aircraft motors. In our ‘command post’ the phone jangled incessantly. With each ring the entire group would leap up, breathlessly awaiting progress, only to settle back with yet another drink in hand. This went on for hours.

“At 4 am the phone announced that the merchandise had finally been located deep in the hold of the ship, but with a little money could be aboard the aircraft by 5. The entire decoration of the mantle piece had by that time been consumed. Everyone headed for the airfield – thankfully it was daylight.

“At long last a biplane bumped down the field and the unloading finally commenced. The reciter of ‘The Lady of the Lake’ proceeded gingerly across the turf, one foot after the other to make sure there was ground underneath. Then he draped himself across a wing, hold-

ing on for dear life. Time was everything, our photography had to be quickly completed but the tipsy bunch were having much difficulty standing. It was then or never. With film exposed, the cortege left for Toronto at high speed.

“We immediately set to processing our pictures and rushed through a half dozen seven-foot bromide enlargements. By the time we arrived with our background prints, the windows were filled with merchandise and cards proclaiming the ‘firsts’ of this and that.

“But across the way, our competitor blazed their own triumph. They had chosen to use a seaplane wherein they could land in Toronto at the foot of Yonge Street – much closer to home. It is rumored that by some strange means their freight was conveniently stacked close to a cargo door.

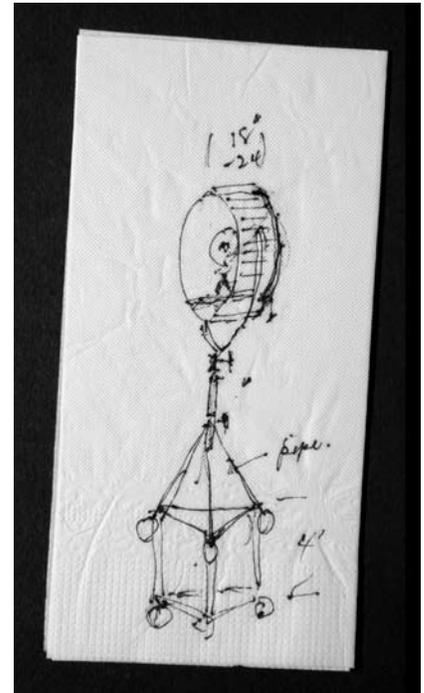
“About noon, our company President took a stroll to see the results for himself. Seeing his tipsy cohorts throughout the photos he gave a terse command: ‘GET THOSE **** PHOTOS OUT OF THE WINDOWS!’”

Another story by Ev: “The second studio I built for Eaton’s really established our importance within the advertising department having previously been forced to use storage rooms or shared space with the Eaton’s Portrait Studio. Our new location was on the sixth floor of a factory at 40 Louisa Street. Any night we did overtime shooting, Gord Rice and I had to enter the basement then climb seven flights of stairs to our work area.

“On one such evening we began photographing a dinner-ware page – a monotonous task grouping examples of each piece to display the pattern. Thoroughly bored by the time ten sets had been completed I happened to look out the dressing-room window, down to Bay Street where the old red-brick Hydro plant was situated. All was pitch black except for a few weak street lamps.

“A fiendish thought crossed my mind as I looked down and saw two inebriates, clutching each other, staggering zig-zag up the sidewalk, pausing frequently to regain equilibrium.

“We had just purchased a second-hand Rosslight from New York. Boasting a 24 inch mirror and a 5000 watt lamp, this movie studio cast-off still delivered a lot of light.



Ev’s sketch on a paper napkin.

“With the focus reduced to the smallest spot, it was wheeled over to the window and aimed at the sidewalk in front of the Hydro building.

“As the two revelers reached the spot Gordon threw the switch and a blinding white glare pierced the blackness. As if from Heaven, it enveloped the unlucky pair. The effect, to say the least, was electrifying!

“Both victims fell to their knees covering their heads with their hands. Several seconds of this rapture passed before the more mobile one scrambled to his feet and with flailing arms and amazing speed, disappeared up Bay Street.

“The second poor chap leaned bewildered against the Hydro wall. His companion having disappeared, he probably thought he was spared for a second chance in life. With one hand on the building he headed hop, skip and jump the other way towards Queen.

“It would not surprise me if they never touched another drop.”



The building at 1474 Dundas Street West in Islington where Everett Roseborough Ltd. and Era Communications had their last studio and place of business.



The studio shooting area of 1474 Dundas Street West, Islington.

were the illuminants of the day). Secondly, since the photographing of places and objects was largely related to advertising, there was the need for an everyday method of printing halftones in newspapers and magazines. This did not happen overall until we were into the 20th Century which would place Everett Roseborough and his contemporaries in the 1920s and early 30s near the true beginnings of commercial photography.

If we are to believe the evidence, it

seems reasonable to assume that Everett was producing near the best, if not the best, commercial and advertising photography in Toronto at that time. Even after a circumstance in which there was clearly a conflict of interest, Eaton's still continued to contract him for photographs of which he had proven to be the most experienced.

As an example, Ev was quite proficient in photographing models wearing hats which always had a veil attached.

The slightest movement by the model would send a shiver through the veil causing it to blur. Ev chose to use the old head-rests to clamp the model into a steady position. In addition he had the model stop breathing momentarily. Then Ev waited in between heart beats to snap his picture. The result was sharp pictures on the large 8x10 film.

On many dresses that had to be photographed for newspaper ads, the pattern was too small to be distinguished after

Ev Roseborough participated in many projects and meetings since joining the PHSC in 1984 with membership number was 0522. His quiet demeanor masked his presence on committees where he achieved what was needed to make the Society run smoothly. From photo records we see him in many ways. At upper right during a Show-&-Tell event he shows a hand-made shutter for assembling several exposures onto a single image. The "white-glove" image records members attending a restoration lecture where they handled archival materials. Three speakers after an evening's lecture: Ev Roseborough, Margaret Lansdale and Ron Anger. A group photo taken Sept. 1999. And at the end Stan White presents a token of appreciation when Ev retired and moved to London. -RL





With Verlyn Rush who worked for Ev for decades from Gloucester St. to Dundas.

reduction to fit the ad. Ev worked out the mathematical details to copy the pattern, dramatically enlarge and multi-print it onto cloth with diazo chemistry. Then the cloth was sewn up into a crude dress that wrapped around the model like an apron. A solid front but the two open flaps at the back were brought together and pinned to fit the model exactly. It resulted with a long line of wooden clothes pegs marching down the spine.

During the early years of colour exper-



Packing and sorting his equipment to close the studio at Dundas Street.

imentation at Eaton's, Ev made use of a densitometer to create matched sets of separation negatives. At the time the best separations came from New York or Holland at a high cost. Many clients would not go for this expense so Toronto ads and cover shots fell behind. Ev's skills on the densitometer advanced engraving by ten years. The engravers union representing this highly skilled craft suggested Ev get rid of the machine or there could be trouble in the shop. It went!



At his home in London, Ev and daughter Susan Godin pose for George Hunter.

During the period in the 1960s when I worked for him, I never saw any need for him to advertise; the work just continued to roll in. Nor did I ever see a sub-standard job go out the door.

He was the first to admit he was not a highly creative photographer but he maximized his talents. For example, knowing that New York was the centre for North American fashion, he would visit the NY photography studios and subscribe to the NY daily newspapers to

RETIRING TO LONDON – During February 2004 Jim and Nadine, Everett's son and daughter-in-law coaxed him out of his bachelor apartment in Islington, packed up a huge collection of books, and headed for his daughter Susan's home in London, Ontario. He was kept busy downsizing and modifying his living space to suit a man who travelled from room-to-room on a backless wheeled office chair.

Using two canes, Everett often suggested going out "to pick up a quick bite" and he would always offer to pay. He really enjoyed visitors, family and friends, many from out of town. Fish at the Greek restaurant or roast duck and noodles at the Chinese BBQ were his favourites. He enjoyed movies and lectures and eagerly embarked on a day-long trip to the Perimeter Institute to hear Stephen Hawking's lecture at the *Quantum to Cosmos Festival* in 2008. If he hadn't been a photographer, without hesitation he would have been a physicist.

Everett loved to write letters, short stories, articles, lists of things to buy and do. He loved to read and despite challenges of failing eyesight, continued to use his favourite reference books, pick up rare books and new ones to share and mail off to others. He also enjoyed

inventing "better mouse traps," altering tools, fixing things – always thinking. He had enormous will power to keep his mind active and his body able to take him places. A wheelchair was purchased and a lift installed at the house so he could continue to enjoy outings.

After surgery in April 2009 Ev moved into Kensington Village, a nursing home, where he grew stronger and remained active. The walls of his room became a photo gallery of beloved family members and friends and he proudly showed them off, taking pictures of the photos to send to those too far off to visit. He called friends regularly by phone to keep in touch. He took a great interest in the



Together for a barbeque at Hubert Beckett's in Ancaster (1958). L. to R. are: Jane, Jim, Anne, Queenie, Everett and Susan.

lives of his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Everett died April 8, 2011 with family close by. He is remembered for his respect, kindness and generosity to all.

–Susan Godin



Ev at 98 with great-grandson McKenziee.



Dad and grand-daughter Genevieve at her Fanshawe College special award ceremony in 2010.