

TIME TRAVELLERS DIARY: When Daddy Steps off the Car

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This time of year is hard for many with the feeling of isolation brought about by seemingly endless dark days and bitter cold. It was at this time of year on February 10, 1910 that Jean McLean Forsyth (age 14) wrote a poem about her Daddy. Hopefully we will all be lucky enough at some point in our lives to have someone like Jean waiting for us to come home from work.

My Daddy is the nicest man that anyone could see,
No matter how I'd search the world, he's been the one for me.
On Monday morning he goes away and I am left alone;
Oh: I don't know what I'd give to have my daddy home.

Tis such a long, long, tiresome week, the hours they go so slow,
If he had to stay away longer, what to do I would not know;
I suppose I would have to be patient, and wait a long time through,
But when Saturday came at last,
I know what I would do.

I'd be waiting at the station to see his car come in,
And when he did jump off, there would be an awful din;
Of course I'd had it all arranged, the band would be there to meet him;
Also Highlanders there to dance, as well as his daughter to greet him.

The boys and girls would all blow horns, the people would say, 'Oh! My!?'
'This excitement for Aurora, just like 1st of July,?'
Crowds would come from the farms around, let the distance be near or far;
And everyone would be there to see my Daddy step off the car.

The men would rush up and shake hands, the lady say, 'How do you do?'
The boys and girls run up and say, 'Hello sir! How are you!?'
Photographers ready with cameras to snap a picture or so;
As the car would stop at the station, and Daddy'd jump off you know.

The band would strike up 'Home Sweet Home' the bagpipes start and play;
The Highlanders would start and dance, 't'would be a happy day;
How I think it 't'would be quite an honour for the people to come so far,
And there and be there to welcome Daddy as he stepped off the car.

But I know they wouldn't mind it, to come Why! They'd be glad;
But I bet they wouldn't do that for everybody's 'Dad?,
So everyone loves Daddy, that you can plainly see,
I've said it before, and I say once more, he's just the one for me.

Jean's father was Marshall Forsyth who operated a stationary and music shop on the east side of Yonge Street (currently Vic's Shoe Repair) from at least 1888 until his death in 1933.