

**Book Review by Jay Neysmith**

**Beautiful scars by Tom Wilson**

This memoir by the founder of the Hamilton rock band [Junk house](#) and now 1/3 [the group Blackie and The Rodeo Kings](#), is Hamiltonian Tom Wilson's one sided view of his tumultuous life.

The heart of this story comes from the revelation in 2012 of a zealously guarded family secret, namely that Bunny and George Wilson of Hamilton were not Tom's birth parents, but a couple who adopted him at the request of his natural mother, an Indigenous woman from the Mohawk Kahnawake, Quebec community who became pregnant out of wedlock.

The news shakes Wilson to the core, sparking a journey to explore his newly revealed Mohawk roots and uncover the true story. In the process, he discovers that "My name is Thomas George Lazare. I come from a family of Mohawk chiefs . . . But instead of growing up around these heroes and zeros, I grew up on the East Mountain in Hamilton, Ontario, the son of a blind war vet and a French-Canadian she-warrior. I am a living breathing lie."

A lifelong proud Hamiltonian, Wilson has long embodied the essence of the city with his gruff, dredged-from-the-swamp voice and gritty songwriting. His unsentimental reflections on growing up there make for satisfying reading. Here's his memory of the War Amps club he'd be taken to as a youngster: "The club was dark and dreary and filled with smoke and the smell of piss and beer and dried blood. Blind men and men missing arms or legs would gather to drink and often fight in the dimly lit room."

The storytelling ability heard in Wilson's songwriting, now is on the written page with the same real ease. He has a direct cut-to-the-chase style but is still capable of delivering poetic imagery.



**The Birth of the Martin Golf Course**

The Hamilton Chedoke Golf Course was built in 1896. It was sold to the city when the original owners relocated to what is now the Hamilton Golf and Country Club in Ancaster. Now city owned, it opened in 1924 as the Martin Golf Club. It was named after the original club president George C. Martin. Martin was the one who suggested that the city buy the course.

The course is located at the West end of Aberdeen Avenue. In the early days, transportation to the club was by foot, street rail car or by car if you had one. It was the mid-forties when I first became involved with the club.

The following is my description of the course, club house and some of the club's history (Note the club house in this story was demolished when the Beddoe course and the new club house was built). From Aberdeen Ave., to the club house it was a two-minute walk. On your right as you went there was a row of apple trees and the ninth fairway. Car parking was at the rear of the club. The clubhouse was a one-floor plan with a sizeable dining room. Large windows all around cited the course's excellence. In the front of the clubhouse was a large putting green with a circular flower garden in the middle.

A well-equipped pro shop was to the side of the building. Only the tees and the greens got water in the summer with the fairways turning a little brown. A two-hundred-yard tee shot would stretch to 250 with the roll. The club held its share of tournaments, including the Canadian Blind Golfers' Championship. Many of the golfers entered were from the United States, I caddied for a guy from Philadelphia. Well, that's it; Got to go. I am due on the first tee. Fore!

By Resident Ken D.

# ABERDONIAN

Aberdeen Garden Retirement Residents, 330 Dundurn St. S., 905 529-3163



**Celebrating September**

- Cam Woolvett**  
*September 2*
- Food Matters/Staycation Italy**  
*September 3*
- Labour Day**  
*September 7*
- Town Hall Meeting**  
*September 9*
- Kim Atkins**  
*September 23*
- Birthday Party with Paula**  
*September 29*

**YOU MUST REMEMBER**

- AVOID** M - Mouth
- E - Eyes
- N - Nose

**FOLLOW**

- W - Wash Hands
- O - Obey Social Distancing
- M - Masks
- E - Exercise and Eat Well
- N - No Unnecessary Travel

**Message from the Executive Director - Maddi**

Slow it down.... I say to myself "be mindful", "be in the moment", I find I must do this when I start getting ahead of myself.

During this change in all our lives, change in our freedoms, and change in our activities I keep going back to the thought that I have been slowing life down. For the last few months there has not been the frantic pace of leaving work to race to kid's sports, after hours meetings, and shopping, gassing up the car ..... repeating this every week. My white board is very empty these days, with only one or two reminders.

I appreciate the fact that when I leave work, I can have dinner with my family, go for a walk, read books that I have piled up, do yoga,

breath 😊. I know I (we) want this pandemic over, but I also want to savor this moment and remember. Back to a reality check now school begins!! Savor the moments.

**Message from the Activity Director – Barb**

September is here and the days are getting shorter and the weather cooler. Hopefully we'll get an Indian summer. The first week of September which is back to school for the grandchildren, we will be having our own a spelling bee, a school bus photo op. and we will be showing school themed movies.

Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> is the anniversary of famous writer Agatha Christie's birth and all week we will be showing mystery movies to honour her and we'll be showing a biography about her life as well.

Paula French will continue singing for our birthday celebrations at a distance from the second-floor balcony. It's been great to have her back.

## On the Ball

Ballroom dancing was once a privilege afforded only to the upper classes and well-to-do. Today, however, ballroom dancing is a pastime that everybody can enjoy, and you don't need an extravagant ballroom in which to do it. Grab a partner and take to the dance floor for a foxtrot, waltz, tango, pasodoble, rumba, or any other style of dance during the week of September 18–27, Ballroom Dancing Week.



The term *ballroom* comes from the Latin word *ballare*, which means “to dance.” The earliest ballroom dances were invitation-only events where aristocrats were invited to the royal court for formal balls.

Many historians believe that ballroom dancing originated in 16th-century France. The book *Orchésographie*, written by the French cleric Thoinot Arbeau in 1589, explains in great detail the role of dance in aristocratic circles during the French Renaissance. Soon after, in 1650, the French composer and dancer Jean-Baptiste Lully introduced the dance known as the minuet to Paris. These lively and fast-paced dances became all the rage and remained a ballroom staple for a hundred years.

Many formal ballroom dances evolved from folk dances. The minuet was originally a peasant dance from the French province of Poitou. The waltz, too, had its origins as a German peasant dance. During the 18th century, nobles grew bored with the minuet and would steal away to the dances of their servants, where they learned the waltz. The waltz was considered scandalous, with its clasped hands and bodies pressed closely together. It took years before it was accepted into the ballrooms of the aristocracy. So, too, over the years did dances like Argentina's tango and Cuba's rumba gain acceptance to the ballroom. And in the 20th century, as audiences watched Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance across the silver screen, ballroom dancing suddenly seemed accessible to the masses. Today, ballrooms offer dance nights for dancers of all abilities. Whether you are a novice or an old pro, Ballroom Dancing Week is a chance to put on your dancing shoes.

## That's Life

Life is a game we were born to play  
With ups and downs, happiness, and woe  
Joys and sorrows, fears, and tears  
And learning how to cope with it all

Life is a decision you have to make  
To do what is best for you  
Sometimes it's good, other times not  
Sometimes it's urgent and hard to say yes  
You take a chance, hope for the best  
Either way you're fearing the risk  
But still have to carry on

Life can be happy filled with joy  
The elation you feel when all goes well  
Your dear ones are happy, you breeze through the day  
Happy and content, your worries seem small  
Get ready for bed, sleep well until dawn

Life's filled with challenges, sent to make you think  
Not of today only, but far down the line  
What's right today, could be a problem tomorrow  
Can you meet the challenge and still feel right?  
Knowing full well you'd be taking a chance  
Not only for today but for the rest of your life

Life is an effort, you may need a push  
Just to get started, carry on all day  
And hope you'll be duly rewarded  
If not, then prepare yourself  
To start all over again tomorrow

So now you've reached the twilight years  
You look back and realize  
That in a sense you've written a book  
All the efforts, decisions, challenges you've faced  
Are just memories you've put away  
To be brought out another day  
But only if YOU really want to

Written by Resident Margaret G

## Leaf-Peepers Delight



By the last weekend of September, Fall Foliage Week, you have likely noticed that the weather has begun to cool and leaves have started changing from green to shades of yellow, orange, and red. This dramatic transformation is the result of a careful and complex chemistry occurring within the leaves.

Throughout the summer months, tree leaves are hard at work, photosynthesizing thanks to chlorophyll. Not only does chlorophyll absorb sunlight and convert light energy to the chemical energy plants need to survive but they also give leaves their green color. But leaves also contain carotenoids, plant pigments that create hues of yellow and orange. Dominant chlorophyll normally covers up the carotenoids, but as the weather cools and days grow shorter, chlorophyll degrades and fades. Suddenly, the yellows and oranges of the carotenoids become dominant. But what of the brilliant red hues? The color red is the result of a pigment produced in autumn called *anthocyanin*. Cool nights stimulate the production of sugars within trees, and this stimulates the leaves to produce anthocyanin. Weather conditions in late summer, such as drought, heavy rain, or too many clouds, can affect the production of sugars and the resulting anthocyanin, either resulting in eye-popping (more sugar) or dull reds (less sugar). Dedicated leaf peepers enjoy nature's show regardless.

Northern Ontario enjoys fame as a prime leaf-peeping destination, thanks to its leafy forests and chilly September nights, a combination that produces excellent fall foliage displays. Yet plenty of other places around the world offer excellent fall foliage. Japan is a prime spot for leaf-peeping, especially the northernmost island of Hokkaido, where leaves begin to turn as early as mid-September. Romania's Carpathian Mountains offer another excellent destination, especially the alluring Lake Sfânta Ana. No matter where you go, if there are leaves and chilly nights, then you are bound to find some spectacular fall foliage.

## Worth Sharing

A father, before he died, said to his son: “this is the watch your grandfather gave me and is more than 200 years old. Before I give it to you go to the watch shop on the first street, and tell him I want to sell it, and ask how much they offer”

The son went and after several minutes, he came back to his father and said, “The watchmaker offered to pay \$5 because its's old and has a lot of scratches.” He then asked him to go to the pawn shop.

The son went and after an hour or so, he came back and said: “the pawn shop owner offered \$5, father.”  
“Go to the museum and show that watch”. He went ahead and then came back happily.” They offered me a million dollars for this rare piece.”

The father said: “I wanted to let you know that the right place values your value in a way right, don't put yourself in the wrong place and get angry if you get treated like trash.  
Those who know your value are the ones who appreciate you, don't ever stay in a place that doesn't suit you'.

Know your worth!

## September

I will leave you now dear Mom  
The time for me has come

To go into the world to see  
What future is waiting there for me

Mother dear please do not cry  
I'm not saying good-bye

I'm only startin'  
My first day of Kindergarten

Written by Resident Marie L.