bright sky,
fun times,



things that
make you smile.

March 2020

Wishing you
the perfect
St. Patrick's Day.

Dear Bill & Cathy,

Sending our best wishes for a wonderful spring.

Thought you might enjoy the enclosed memories of Elizabeth as a young girl. Much love,

Walt & Ellen

Recollections of my Daughter Elizabeth

Here are some scattered incidents from Elizabeth's life that I remember well.

Elizabeth was very young (about 2 years old) when our family moved to Sleepy Hollow in 1961. If asked her name, she replied Wizbeh, which in time grew to Wibby, or Wib for short.



Elizabeth was about three or four years old when she accompanied me while I was gathering firewood. I cut logs from fallen trees with a large bow saw, and she played imaginary games with twigs and tiny branches. We were together and bonded.

I was an outside salesman for Keystone Carbon Company and had my office in the basement. Elizabeth pretended to be my secretary and kept my desk in order. She also put a note on our front door that anyone wishing to see me should use the door knocker to get my attention. I made business visits to customers and potential customers, but nobody ever visited me and was not supposed to. Nevertheless, Wib wanted to cover every possibility. Elizabeth also made her own business cards using mine as an example.

We have a cement floor on our back porch. One very cold winter day, Wib and a few girl cousins wanted to ice skate, and poured pans of cold water on the porch floor, expecting the water to freeze into a pond. The girls carried the water from the kitchen sink through the door to the porch. Of course, the water on the porch floor did not freeze and there was a messy trail of spilled water through the kitchen. I became furious at seeing the results of their foolishness and gave them all a severe tongue-lashing. One cousin said she had never seen me angry before.

On a visit to the Grand Tetons during the early 1960s, we passed though Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where occasionally fake gunfights were staged to amuse tourists. We stayed that night at a nearby motel. The next morning we left the motel and were forty to fifty miles down the road when Elizabeth suddenly realized she had left behind her beloved blanky, a rather bedraggled small piece of cloth, which was all that remained of her baby blanket. Wib was so upset that we went back to get it and discovered that someone at the motel thought it was an old rag and threw it into the trash, from which we retrieved it. Wib was happy to get her blanky back, and we continued our journey.

In the mid-1960s, we were in Boston on a family trip and had dinner at Jimmy's Harborside Restaurant. On our table was a bowl of tightly wrapped sugar cubes. Elizabeth adopted one, calling it her Little Jimmy. When we left the restaurant, she placed Little Jimmy on the fender ledge just outside the rear car window at which she was sitting. Either the wind or a bump in the road dislodged Little Jimmy, and he was lost, much to Wib's sorrow.

In the early 1970s, our family once toured Colorado on our way to visit my brother Dan and his family in Denver. We came upon a park of sand hills and rolled down a few dunes. That night our motel room overlooked a drive-in theater. The audio was piped into our room and we enjoyed watching the movie through our motel room window. Elizabeth liked pork sausage and ate a large amount for breakfast the following morning. Evidently the sausage was bad or disagreed with her and she became so sick that we phoned my brother Dan's wife, Shirley, who was a nurse in Denver. She said to bring Wib to Denver at once and she would see that Wib got immediate treatment in the Emergency Room. Wib began to feel better as we traveled to Denver and was perfectly fine by the time we got there. We stayed with Dan and his family for several days and had a great time, including a scenic picnic in the mountains.

Elizabeth was a cheerleader in high school and once, before a home football game, I ferried her little group around in my yellow Mustang convertible with the top down. The racket they made was meant to inspire the Dundee team to victory. I have forgotten how the game came out....

Wib had a beloved horse named Sonny that she used to ride around our section of the village. At Christmastime, she decorated his stall with garlands and other items of the season, fed him his favorite food (including apples and carrots), and hugged him endlessly. She had a sad parting with Sonny when she went to college.

Walter S. Heffron
December 2019