



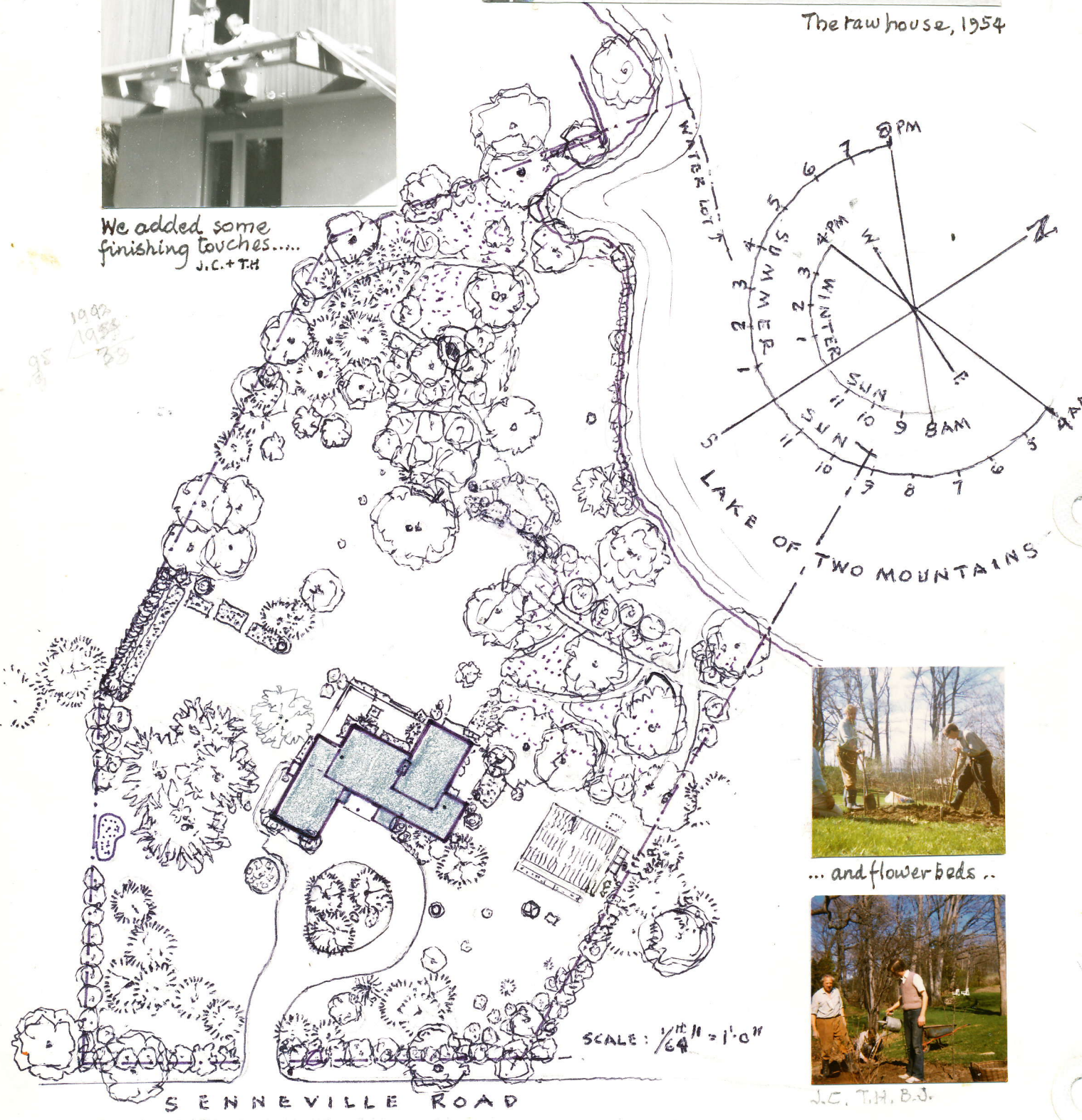
232 SENNEVILLE ROAD - ON THE LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS



The raw house, 1954

We added some finishing touches.....  
J.C.+T.H.

100%  
1955  
73



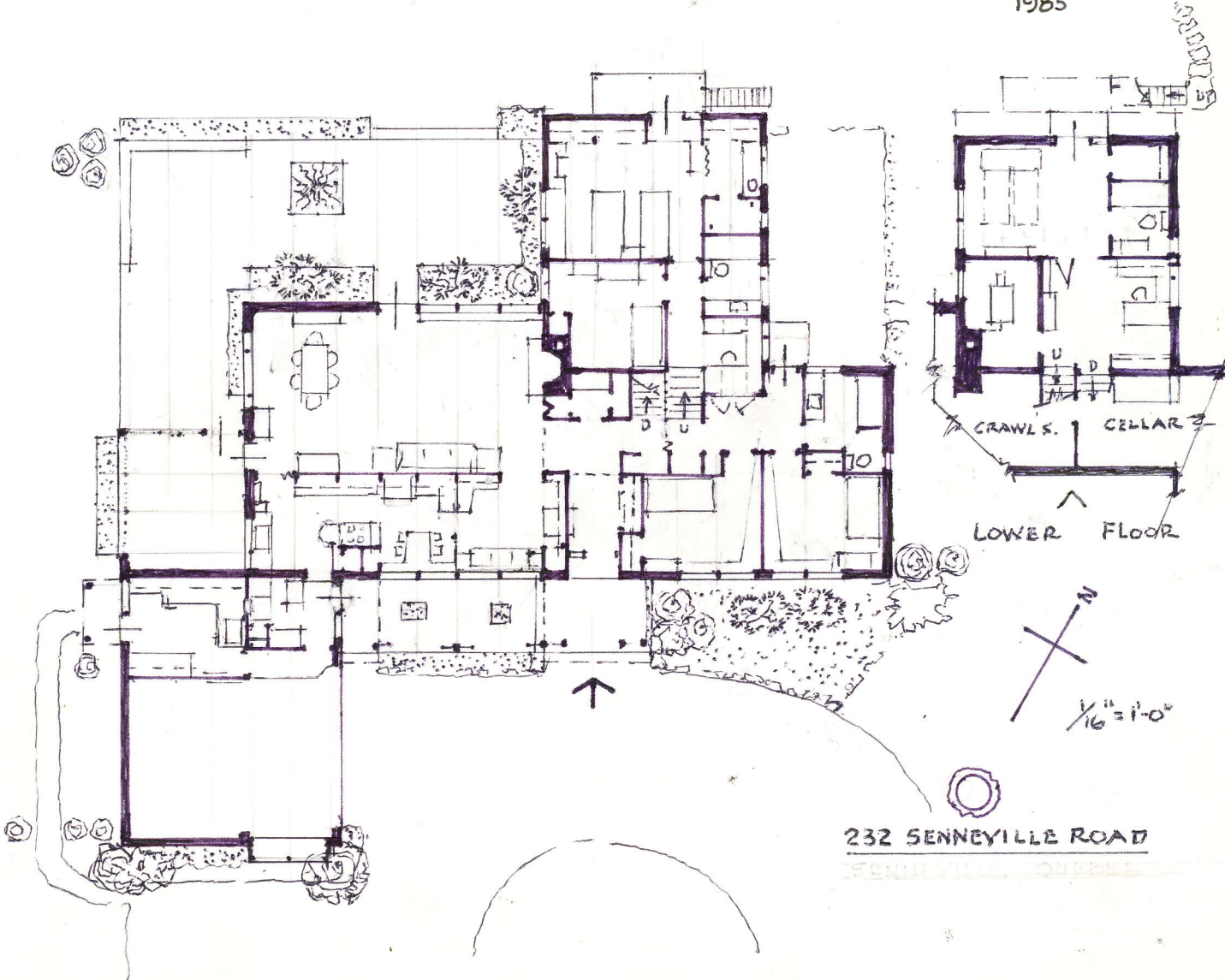
... and flower beds ..

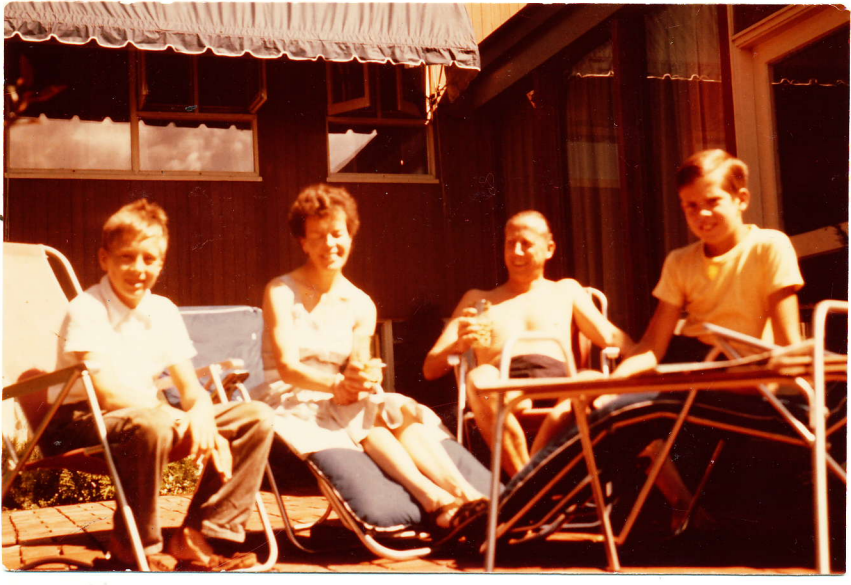


J.C., T.H., B.J.



1985





Contentment at 232



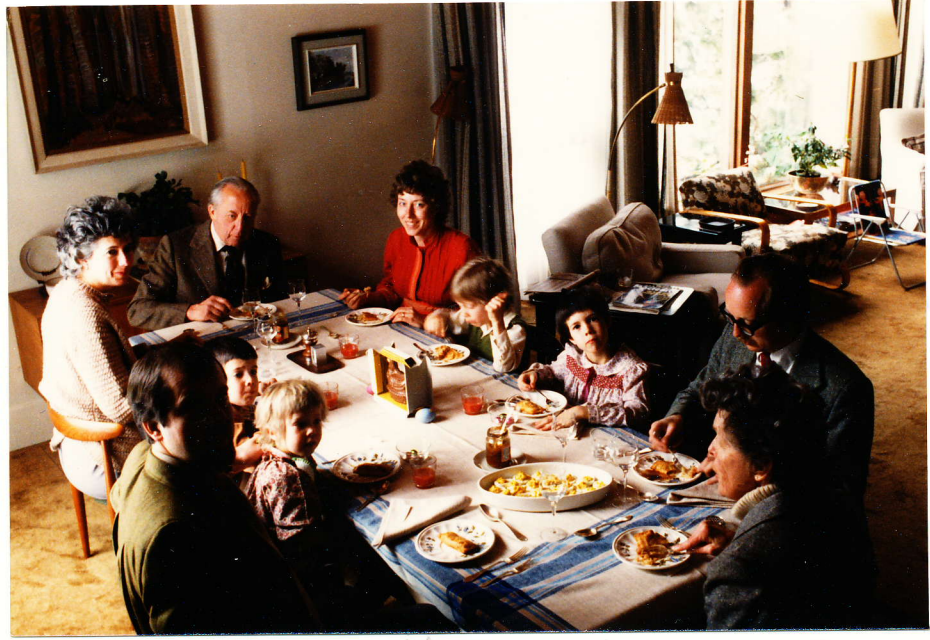
"..... of all he surveys"



Sir Kay



H.M. - No 1. expert gardener.



1982, en famille, Sonnevillle

~~4th year Sonnevillle after 35 years~~  
~~& moved to city life at "Place Kensington"~~

Almost a year ago, back on page 78, I really did intend to finish off this history with the family move into 232 Senneville Road. But the fact is that since we came here over 30 years have passed - 40 per cent of my life - and it seems odd not to allow one or two more pages at least to summarize the happy, privileged, if not particularly eventful years here where I have spent longer than anywhere else in my life.

Back in 1954 Hazel and I were each 45 years old, Tim 12 and Brian 9. The boys were soon to go off to boarding school and camp, then university, then away to England and beyond, and not long after into marriage and raising their own families - The growth of which has provided us with the most important and happy events. We are lucky that they have stayed in Montreal and not moved to more remote parts of Canada (as, thanks to Quebec politics, have the sons and daughters of many of our friends) so that we have them close by and can see them often - because they make a nice gang to have around.

This is a beautiful spot we were able to buy, on the Lake of Two Mountains, and ours is (I say with modesty) a relatively comfortable and pleasant house, where we have been visited by many friends and relatives from far and near. In summer we swim from the bottom of our lawn, diving into cold water in the spring and wading out to tepid water later in the season. In winter we ski down the same lawn and out onto the lake, or over the farm fields nearby or in the Morgan Arboretum, where also we visit the Sugar house in spring and walk through brilliant woods in autumn.

Our two nice dogs, Ladybelle and her son Sir Kay, enjoyed

The surrounding spaces too. Once in late winter they disappeared for two days and nights, gorging themselves on a dead cow miles away on a farm. They roamed wildly until Ladybelle died quietly of old age: Key thereafter stayed close to home until he developed painful bone cancer from a car encounter and died in my arms as the vet administered the mercy shot.

Suzanne Kantorski, whose husband was for a while gardener for the Raymonds, was our weekly charlady for about 30 years, having been with us about two years at # 320. She became a friend of the family, and of some of our visitors.

Most of the work of maintaining and improving the house and land we have done ourselves, with (apart from Suzanne) only sporadic hired help for house and garden plus an occasional contractor for minor repairs or major projects. It is now 8 years since I retired from the firm, and while Hazel - like all wives of retired husbands evidently - finds a man around the house all day a bit much, I seem to keep fairly busy and, I trust, not too much in her hair. New projects interest me but sometimes I have trouble maintaining the enthusiasm to full completion. I like cutting grass, clearing brush, trimming trees and splitting out our own wood for the fireplace or more recently our little wood stove. I even enjoy snow-blowing and I get a kick out of planting gardens and even weeding when the results prove worth it. In fact I love this home on its two little acres, and when the day comes to leave it I will be much more upset than when I had to leave my first home of thirteen years on Ontario Avenue (and that bothered me a bit!)

Once, nine years ago, we were burgled. Insurance covered the jewelry, cameras, TV etc, but not a file full of legal papers. The most unpleasant part was the nasty sullied feeling it left behind.

When we first came to Senneville, re-met some earlier friends and acquaintances and made some new ones, social life (especially after Saint John) seemed, and in fact was, very active. The post-war reaction and relaxation encouraged lots of parties and some of them were a bit wild: people were all out to have a good time. There was the odd marital mix-up and a few divorces - some non-residents dubbed our neighbourhood "Sinville". But before we moved to 232 things were settling down to a few smaller lunches and dinners of three or four couples, with the occasional big bash as at the Adelaïd Raymonds', the Morgans', the Todds', Pauline Johnson's on Ile St. Giles, and an annual New Year's Eve party at Lulu Skinner's in Bois de la Roche "Chateau".

For the record, our particular Senneville "crowd" in those days included Louis & Mary Johnson<sup>x</sup>, Dick<sup>x</sup> and Ruth<sup>x</sup> Angus, Howard & Virginia Stikeman<sup>o#</sup>, George & Raymonde Roy<sup>o#</sup>, Toby and Alice Johnson, John and Jackie Hackney, Rosanna Todd<sup>o</sup>, (and temporarily George & Betty<sup>x</sup> Merck, American transients who gave us Ladybelle). Others, on the edge, were Hugh Wallis<sup>#o</sup> (and his two wives?), Phil & Anne Cumyn<sup>ox</sup>, Bill<sup>x</sup> & Caro Angus (erstwhile landlords), Bart<sup>x</sup> and Mimi Morgan, Leo & Madeleine Ryan<sup>#o</sup>, Bob & Rita<sup>x</sup> Laferme<sup>x#o</sup>, and the "Seniors": Pauline Johnson<sup>x</sup>, Henry Stikeman<sup>xx</sup>, the Abbot family<sup>xx</sup>, Adelaïd Raymonds<sup>xx</sup>, Cleve Morgans<sup>xx</sup>, Armand Chevaliers<sup>xx</sup>, Lulu Skinner<sup>x</sup>, Charlie Martins<sup>xx</sup>, and old Willie Angus<sup>x</sup> from whose estate we bought our piece of Senneville. Peter, Alice & Joan Petersen, Jack Popkin (Mayor) ...

Many of these are now dead, many more moved away (divorced or other reasons) and we have a number of new "immigrant" strangers occupying some of their old houses or newly built ones. Senneville has changed a lot in 30 years, but enough friends remain for our much quieter life style which in itself is a GOOD THING.

Note: above:- X = deceased; # = divorced; o = moved away

In thirty years we have had some great holidays. Our first major trip was in 1959 when we flew\* to England. We stayed with a few friends - Alma, The Eves - spent some days in London seeing more friends and relatives and some theatre, drove a brand new borrowed Jaguar 3.4 6000 miles around England and Scotland as far as Skye, flew to Paris (and back) for a few days, and finally came home first class on S.S. "Carinthia". (My first transatlantic flight and my first return to England since 1934!). This trip was in part prompted by a traumatic situation in the office which might have left us financially ruined. One of our buildings (Caucas), of which I was partner in charge had settled in one corner and had to be demolished when almost complete, and rebuilt, resulting in our being sued "jointly and severally" with the contractor for a million dollars. I thought we had better take the trip while the going was good, but as it turned out after many months of legal hassle we were entirely cleared (losing only a small legal fee and a lot of sleep) and went on to build a second building for the same client adjacent to the rebuilt one. (The sub-contractor one of whose piles collapsed had to pay the shot.)

Another good trip was with Brian on a freighter from Montreal, up the Saguenay and back and over to Dublin where we met Tim and drove around part of Ireland before helping Paddy Rolleston transport pocketfuls of his pottery from Trinity College to Chinley - and then more driving around England and seeing friends etc. That was in 1965. In 1970 Hazel and I sailed on the "Cristoforo Colombo" from New York, in an Easter Sunday snowstorm, to Lisbon, Malaga, Naples, Messina, Athens and back to Venice. Thence to Rome and then drove to Amsterdam (Wendy Dion was with us from Athens to A'dam), and back to England and Scotland. Two or three more trips to England and then in 1978 another one but adding a couple of weeks in Portugal and Spain.

1

[Mention must be made of an on-going enjoyment 1967-77±: see p. A1.8.]



In 1981 we finally decided it was time to go westward instead of trans-atlantic. With Louis & Barbara Johnson we trained to Vancouver, took in Victoria and visited Evelyn (then Saunders) on Saturna, cruised up the coast to Skagway and back, drove the Rockies for five days to Calgary and trained home. (Only my second trip to the coast, albeit one earlier to Edmonton on business and another to Jasper to get my F.R.A.I.C. at a convention!).

We've also had a winter break in Harbor Island, Bahamas, and two in Bermuda (where I toured the whole island on a moped - great fun). Nearer home we moved our holidays about between Cape Cod, Mount Desert, Grand Manan, Cape Breton and P.E.I., and short ones in the Laurentians - with and without The Boys.

Our most recent long trip - last spring (1984) - was to England again. We had two weeks in France, driving from St. Malo to the Dordogne, back to the Loire and St. Malo and the ferry to Portsmouth and England, where I was joined by Brian, after Hazel flew home, for a drive north and around Scotland. (Hazel and I planned this trip in the hopes of seeing her ailing sister Alma once more, but she had died only two or three weeks before we arrived.)

Hazel had four overseas trips on her own: in '56 with Alma in England, Denmark and Sweden; in '73 to Portugal and Spain with friends, and of course England; then in '83 two non-holiday dashes to England to Alma whose husband Michel was ill, then died.

The nasty experience of the burglar in 1976, even though it occurred at mid-day while the house was only vacant for 2 or 3 hours, made us afraid to leave it for long. So for several years our friend George Falle, of Toronto who had many Senneville friends, came and "sat" house for us, but George died just after our 1984 trip, so, sadly, we must find a substitute.

During these years at 232 my parents and siblings have been departing this world and now I remain the last of the family. One of the disadvantages of being born last by so wide a gap is that one is liable to survive last. Thus, having had no "in-house" contemporary playmates with whom to share growing up, one has nobody with whom to share and confirm, for accuracy, early memories of the family. Further to this is the onus of a greater involvement with the recurrence of death and its concomitants, and except in one case, Helen's, I seem to have been the one member of the family most closely concerned. I was the last to be with Dad the night he died in hospital, aged 92, in 1958. Less than a year later, in February '59, there was Stuart's unhappy and shocking death and its complex aftermath which included a nasty contest over property initiated by his stepson. Mother died in 1969, like Dad, of peaceful old age: I had looked after all her affairs for 10 years, and I was, again, the last to be with her. All those three were buried in Kingston. Helen's own family were with her when she died in 1976 and I came from P.E.I. only for the funeral. And now, only a few days ago as I write this,\* Hilda has finally gone, after some 10 years of illness and mindless senility in an impersonal hospital in Ottawa. I saw her there, shrivelled up and scarcely breathing through an oxygen mask, only two hours before she died - but, because of a March storm, did not get back to her funeral. Her ashes, like Helen's, are in Mount Royal Cemetery.

\* March '85

For the record, and to the best of my knowledge, the only serious illness to befall any of my family was Hilda's crippling Parkinson's Disease (unless Stuart's mental aberration be counted). Helen's mind wandered a bit in her last few years - a not uncommon failing.\* But there was no cancer or such so-called "killer" disease. Nor did anyone suffer any major accident: a healthy and fortunate family!

\* You're  
telling  
me!!  
1895

Since indulging in the foregoing rather melancholy reflections I have been trying to compose a less sombre termination to this seemingly self-perpetuating history. It will of necessity remain an unfinished biography: there appears to be no immediate evidence to suggest that I may not come to match (though hopefully not to surpass) the average age attained by my own family members, which would mean that I must be around for another decade or so. (e.g. 1996 ??)

Because Tim's commission was for factual matter only, there is no call for me to venture into philosophical meditations or predictions, and therefore I subdue any propensity to pompous pontificating or prescient prognostication on the lessons of life, the world as I see it, the nature of humanity, or the present or future condition of mankind. I still my tongue and keep it firmly within my cheek.

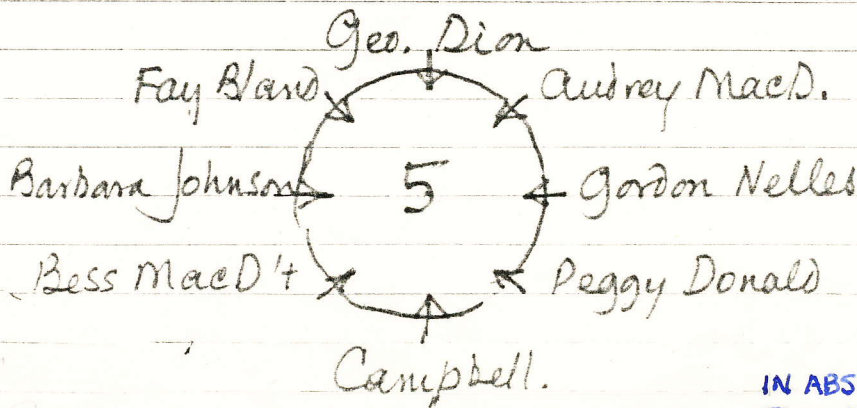
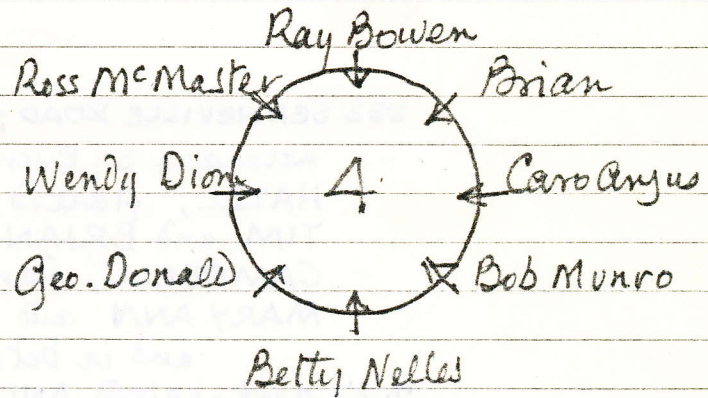
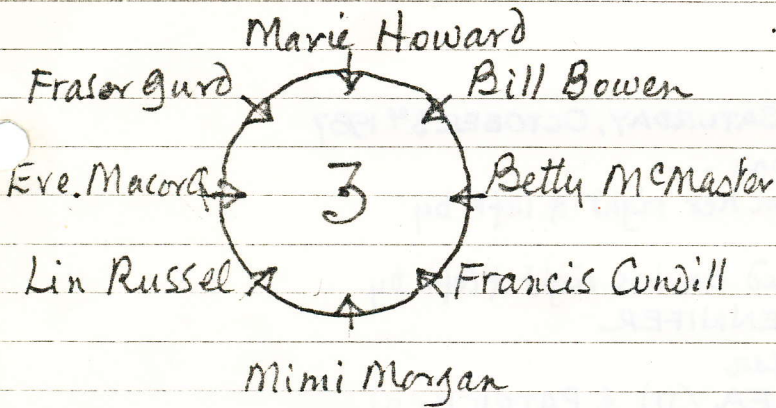
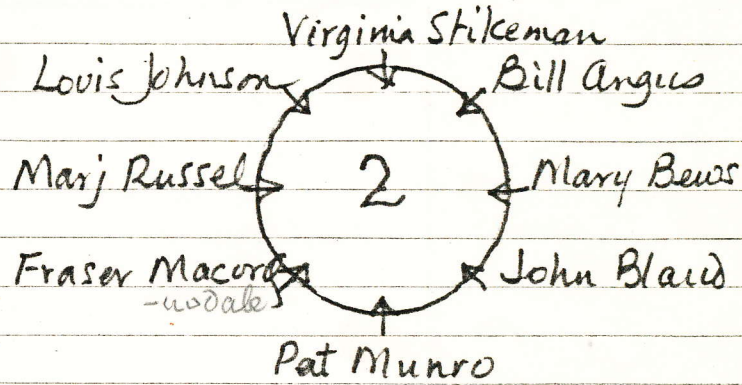
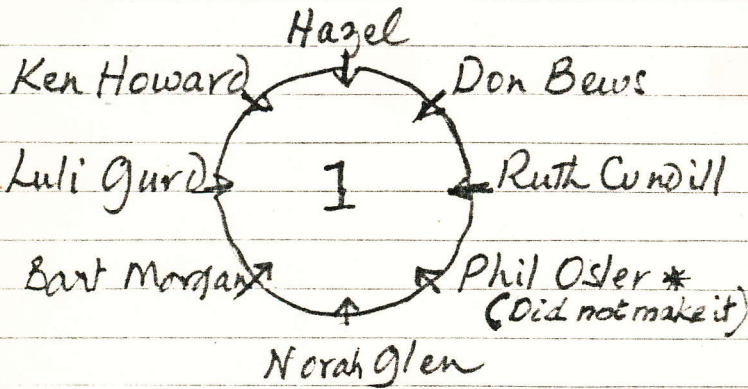
Let me only repeat my initial acknowledgement of my ever present lucky star. It has already brought me more than my fair share of blessings, which include all my kin and their well-being, and for which, simply, I am thankful. May my good star hang on and outlast me to continue its favours on their behalf.

Campbell Merritt

Senneville;  
January, 1986.

# GOLDEN WEDDING PARTY (APRIL 28<sup>th</sup> 1937-1987)

University Club, Wednesday May 6<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>30</sup> pm. to 7.30. 1987  
 Cocktails, etc. 6.30 p.m. Leacock Room; Dinner, 7.30 p.m. Founders' Room



**Menu:**

- Vichyssoise
- Mousse au Saumon - Sauvignon Blanc
- Filet de Boeuf - Macon Superieur
- Terrine au Chocolat aux Cerises Noires; Champagne:

IN ABSENTIA: JENNIFER,  
 TIM, MARY ANN (IN GLASGOW)  
 AND ALL THE GRANDCHILDREN

P.T.O.

Cigars, Liqueurs!

91  
GOLDEN WEDDING PARTY (1987)  
1987  
GOLDEN WEDDING PARTY, FAMILY EDITION..



232 SENNEVILLE ROAD; SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3<sup>RD</sup> 1987

Attended by Everyone ....

HAZEL, flanked on her right & left by  
TIM and BRIAN

CAMPBELL, flanked on his right & left by  
MARY ANN and JENNIFER

and in between

Tim's dark-haired ANDREA (11) & PATRICK (9)  
Brian's fair-haired TOBY (10) & HANNAH (7)