



A SCRAP BOOK OF MEMORIES ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR ANDREA FROM HER GRANDMOTHER

TO BE SHARED WITH TOBY, PATRICK AND HANNÁH

Hazel Merritt

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## Preface or Explanation or Progress Report

January 1985

When Andrea was born (April 25<sup>th</sup> 1976) Tim said: "All Andrea wants for Christmas is her grandparents' autobiographies". Somehow, I simply never got started. In fact, three years later I hadn't got started and Tim suggested that I use my family (The Howards) photographs and write around them. ¶ So I found this Scrap Book and in January or February 1980, gradually the part that is known to me as "The Pastoral Myths" (i.e., the farm years) got done and so did bits about Jane and Evelyn and the Dales. ¶ In 1982 I bothered Alma a lot for details and began writing the pages on her. It helped a lot being with her in October 1982 by which time I was getting bogged down. But both she and Michael pushed me to go on with it and so during the winter of '83 (after Michael's death) I wrote a bit more. As information turned up I corrected statements which can be found in marginally dated acknowledgements. ¶ But ~~was finding~~ <sup>what with meals</sup> and housework and shepping, etc., which were not to be put off though, to my chagrin, gardening was, I was finding it more & more difficult to get time with no interruptions. Also, I was realizing that it should have been Jane, who had the ability to do this kind of writing, and not someone like me, who would have made it sing. However, Tim keeps pushing me, and perhaps what I will now try to do is something about my father - even if it's no more than annotating the family pictures, and something about mother. However, should all else fail, Campbell's is "finished", and his photo' albums are splendid.

29<sup>th</sup> March 1985

Today, I finished doing a tree for the Reverleys. Also I got the pages on Mother underway.

27<sup>th</sup> August 1985

Put in the last page about Alma, though I am waiting for Francis to write up Alma's last year — the move from White Hall, etc. ¶ Last Spring I phoned Phaisie MacSperran, who had been Jane's Head mistress when she taught at Miss E.C. school — and an old McGill friend, to ask her if she would do an Obituary on Jane for me. Instead of which she said that after she returned from a short trip she would be delighted if I would go in and interview her. Of course I've never found time to do so. As soon as possible I must do something about this because Jane's papers need it.

First thing, next, is the Howard Tree and something on Daddy.

October 1985

Evelyn and Corky took the whole thing home with them and read it through making a few corrections which I have written in. Corky said he thought that it was a blessing I don't have total recall! However he also added that he couldn't wait for the second installment. Back to work!

November 1985

By Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> I "finished" me up to Tim's birth. Perhaps I'll put in an odds + ends page of nonaligned photographs. And I must keep filling in on MR. Johannsen. ¶ I spoke to Chris (Re Jane) and as a result he sent me The Gazette obituary which I have copied, and I have asked Chris to fill in his dates, education etc. and let me have them (Almost immediately he went to hospital for a hip operation, so I may have to wait) Actually it arrived on Jan. 9<sup>th</sup> '86 and I entered an edited edition.

January, 1986

I decided on the 10<sup>th</sup> of January not to wait for Francis to "do" Alma's last year and wrote it up myself.

March, 1986

The Howard "Tree" (3 pgs) got "finished" and Tim had it xeroxed on letter-head size paper (8 1/2 x 11") which is pretty small but will do for correction purposes. I sent it off to Gwenna and Hersey Howard. They replied and I did nothing.

March, 1987

Finally, I am doing something, which is the beginning of the Seth and Harriet Howard papers and the re-drawing, to include all the Gwenna-Hersey "corrections", of the Howard Tree (But there's still more information to be got) ¶ Rae Peverley, who has collected ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> of information about Peverleys, has taken over "redoing" that Tree. Bless him.

¶ The Gazette through its Library and McGill through its Archives are doing great things tracing down articles and pictures with names and dates attached about Daddy and sending me copies. It's delightful how willing they are to do all this. In return, now that Brian has photographed them, I am giving McGill what originals I have of Daddy at McGill - and an extra copy or two.

8<sup>th</sup> April 1987

Today I have "finished" the Grand parents' (Seth and Hattie Howard) papers, but not the Tree. I expect I'll have to nudge Hersey — or Donald. It would be nice to get it done so that it can be Xeroxed. Now for Daddy!

1<sup>st</sup> May 1987

I am actually starting the papers on Daddy with page no 1 now finished

Sadly, Hersey has written with ~~NONE~~ <sup>or information</sup> of the dates I asked him for. I'm pretty discouraged. I'll have to peruse Ken and Wilma. However, Northrop (Bless him) did come through.

15<sup>th</sup> May 1987

And The Gazette is pretty disappointing too (obviously, I wrote too soon) Nothing on Daddy's funeral, etc. at all. Thank goodness, I do have the old battered clippings from which I can, at least, quote. Ken is circulating my needs about D.H. and Hattie in his next Round Robin to the sisters.

12<sup>th</sup> June 1987

The Gazette has just sent in the photo-copy (from The Gazette of Tues. May 22 '34) of my father's funeral. And today I took pg. 1 on E. Edwin Howard down to the St. Anne's to see how the Xerox machine would handle it. ——— nor bad. I'll see what photographing it will go. X

31<sup>st</sup> July 1987

I had hoped very much to have completed the papers on Daddy before the Tims get back (on Aug. 4<sup>th</sup>). But not so. Still a few words to put in. However Brian looked into the photographing bit and thinks it won't work. Reduction Xeroxing is v. expensive but perhaps Tim can wiffle a few papers through McGill free — except — that machine is woefully dirty

The only result of Ken's Round Robin bit came from Wilma and almost nothing from her.

10<sup>th</sup> August 1987 — or so

Daddy's last page went in. Alleluia! (as Sylvia would say.) X

March 1988

It wasn't until the 8<sup>th</sup> that I got back at this by finding and buying rings to replace the pedestals with screw tops to hold the pages together — a great improvement! Now ~~you~~ the thing can actually be read without taking it all apart.

Actually, a few days ago (Feb. 20<sup>th</sup>) I sent Hershey Howard a xerox copy of the man we think is Grandpa Howard's brother Nathan to see if he can verify it.

I've been adding a note here and there and putting relevant clippings into plastic envelopes ~~and~~ with holes in them to slip onto the rings.

The good news is that Garfield and Rea Peverley between them ARE doing the Peverley tree — in at least four directions. They keep sending me their findings. So, someday, they might send me a completed tree — I hope in a format a layman can read!

April 1988

This month Tim took the whole thing home with him to see if he would like me to continue it into my married life, or fill in spots, or anything. He and Mary Ann read it and then Tim left it with the McGill Archives section of the Library. They say they want it, which I find a bit hysterical.

Now I have it back because there are things I want to add to it — such as the family trees

September 1989

In all these months all I have done is to add a note here and there and make corrections when new knowledge came my way. I really did intend to re-draw the family trees but that is a long job and very tiring. Also I had intended (but I can't help remembering Corky's phrase about total recall) to put in a page on the books I read starting with Albert Payson Terhune — "Lad of Sunnybrooke" etc — a passion I shared with Mary (Murray) Wankam, all mixed up with H. Rider Haggard and G.A. Henty, and going on (in my College years) to those marvellous stories — "Blind Raftery", "Brother Saul", "Destiny Bay", etc. by Donn Byrne. These alongside my much more serious required reading. And, after that, there were the light-hearted sometimes heart-breaking goodies such as Damon Runyon, <sup>"Shady and"</sup> "Mehitabel" ~~the~~ "Car", "Single Lady" (John Monk Saunders etc. etc. which our crowd all quoted constantly. I think all these books are still on my shelves. And, how could I forget Noel Coward?

One of the things I have been waiting for is news from Northrup because he is the one who, I think, can help me with

the pages on the Howard grandparents. Now that I know that he and Elizabeth will stay here on Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> (the night before he speaks in Montreal) I've been going through the black box again to see if there is anything that might help me do what Tim really would like i.e.; to give my father — his grandfather — some life; an anecdote or two. Perhaps Northrup might help here too simply because he reminds me so very much of my father.

I think I never really got to know Daddy; I was too young (2 weeks short of 25) when he died and at that time I was busy sorting out the men in my life and, also, I was holding down a job which was both interesting and far too big for my lack of sophistication.

There are a couple of stories about my father but the trouble is that I don't really know how to tell them. Here goes! One is about the time he was on a street car ("trolley") going from Westmount to the Court House. It was ~~clearly~~ marked "Place d'Armes" as its destination. At the corner of Guy and Ste Catherine streets an Inspector changed the name to "Terminal" or "The Sheds" (I can't remember what); at least, he tried to do so but Daddy, introducing himself, I think, told the Inspector that there was between the street car company and himself a contract, clearly stated on the front and on the back of the car he had boarded, to take him to Place d'Armes and no one could break that contract. I don't know whether the Inspector argued or not. Probably, if indeed Daddy had introduced himself, not.

The second story is about driving the 30 miles from Montreal to Maple. There was no highway in those days: only a narrow, winding macadam road and the speed limit was 30 MPH. So, Daddy drove at 30 MPH, ignoring all honking in his rear, with the result that an ever growing line of cars piled up behind him waiting for a chance to pass. Whether he felt embarrassed by the honking or blissfully unaware of it in his <sup>total</sup> obedience to the law I simply don't know. We kids were, to say the least, abysmally disinterested and, of course, could say nothing.

I want very much to hand this book to Tim for Andrea this autumn — at least by Christmas — so, although I have a feeling (because of the Archives) it should be edited before it goes, actually I am not going even to read it. I know that I will miss not being able to refer to it for names and dates, and for the memories that pictures bring back but, as Campbell keeps saying, I must learn to be practical and acknowledge the fact that I have had my 80<sup>th</sup>

birthday. It has been a lot of fun doing it.

232 Senneville Road  
Senneville, Que. H9X 3L2  
16<sup>th</sup> Sept. 1989

Kapel Merritt

17<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1989

P.S.

Northrop Frye and his new wife — and my new cousin — Eliza-  
beth have been here to spend a night with us before going on  
to Elizabeth's daughter-in-law Lorna Brown (Janice at the moment  
is in Cannes doing something about movies). After that they went  
to Montreal because Nonie was booked to speak to the Newman  
Society at McGill.

Nonie wasn't able to add very much to my remarks about our  
grandparents, etc, but he did identify his father for me in one of  
the group pictures and also told me that his father, Herman Frye  
thought that his father-in-law, our Grandfather, was forever being  
pushed by the Methodist Church into one small country parish after  
another because he never even thought of asking for a more lucrative  
one in the city.

Hershey Howard (Uncle John's son) once wrote in one of his letters  
to me that: "Pa spoke many times about the girls' (His sisters)  
singing abilities; that they were a choir in themselves in every one  
of his (Grandfather Howard's) churches; that the boys were no slouches  
either. My father (John) had an excellent bass voice." ... (Cassie)  
"doubtless could have been an accomplished concert soloist with  
the customary training." and Nonie confirmed this saying he  
thinks he never heard a more lovely contralto voice than his  
mother's. He also said that his mother always felt that her  
father paid more attention to his sons than to his daughters —  
except for Dolly whom he adored and whom Cassie (like my  
father) heartily disliked. The result was that though Dolly got piano  
lessons Cassie, who longed for them, never did. She played the  
piano anyway — and very well.

Nonie tells me that all his mother's letters (and perhaps  
Helen's, but I'm not sure) are in the Archives of Victoria College  
University of Toronto.

P.P.S. The last thing in will be Jacoby's photo of Marg (Murray) Wen-  
ham's wedding party which Brian is copying for me. #

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