

In the winter, at night, they would work over on the backs of the horses where it was warm. I can remember someone whittling a wooden peg leg for one of them — who never learned to use it! After that we had Barret Plymouths Rod hens. I looked after them one summer. — I suppose it was my turn to do so — and I can remember not liking it a bit. In my boyhood hens were and are dreadfully silly creatures! Not so with the riding horses. Almost I couldn't spend enough time looking after them!

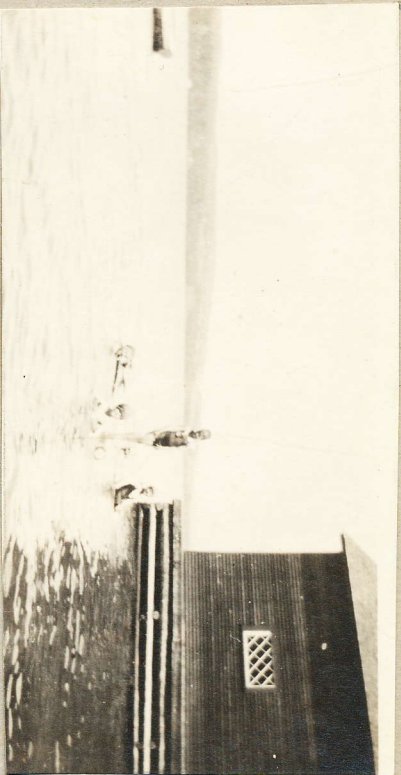
However, I didn't spend all my time by any means with the horses because of swimming and boating — especially, as I grew older, sailing. The lake front was very important to us all. By 3³⁰ every afternoon we were all congregating at the lake, picnic hampers at the ready. Daddy had built rustic benches from cedar branches, a table from a large flat shale stone and a stone fireplace in a cleared space in the woods close to the boat house. Here, after swimming, we had a picnic supper.

Often Daddy would take one of us fishing and we would catch the catch over our open fire. He taught us not only how to bait our own hooks — having dug the worms — but also how to clean and fillet the fish (Parch are the easiest to clean — and the sweetest to eat — because they skin so easily). As I remember it there always were

guests and we would play games such as "Backen" and Hide-and-seek to warm us up and make us hungry. Sometimes we children were allowed to sleep near the picnic place, rolled up in blankets between some fallen logs that lay around. I remember one particular night when Mother, knowing that a Thunderstorm was on its way, came in hurriedly from the house to bring us back. She

catch over our open fire. The worms — but also how to clean and fillet the fish (Peach are the easiest to clean — and the sweetest to eat — because they skin so easily). As I remember it there always were guests and we would play games such as "Beetle" and Hide-and-seek to warm us up and make us hungry. Sometimes we children were allowed to sleep near the picnic place, rolled up in blankets between some fallen logs that lay around. I remember one particular night when Mother, knowing that a Thunderstorm was on its way, came in her nightdress down from the house to bring us back. She had a lovely clear voice and she sang as she came so that we wouldn't be frightened by her ghostly appearance. I think we were still half-awake as we climbed into our beds — just before the storm broke.

In the early days bears were our mode of transportation as much as for fun. Before Daddy became a Judge, at which time he had two uninterrupted months during the summer while the Courts were recessed, he used to come out to the farm on Friday evenings and return to Montreal on Sunday evenings. He would come to Maple by train and then to Bryant's Landing on "The Artemis". They would carry the lake to meet him. Evelyn remembers that Daddy always had a pocket full of "hundreds and thousands" (very small coloured candies) which he spread on Mother's air cushion for us children to gobble — obviously his clever way to get rid of his demanding daughters while he could enjoy a brief quiet moment with Mother! We went to a lot of the parties by boat. "Spring Bank", "Maple Hill Camp",



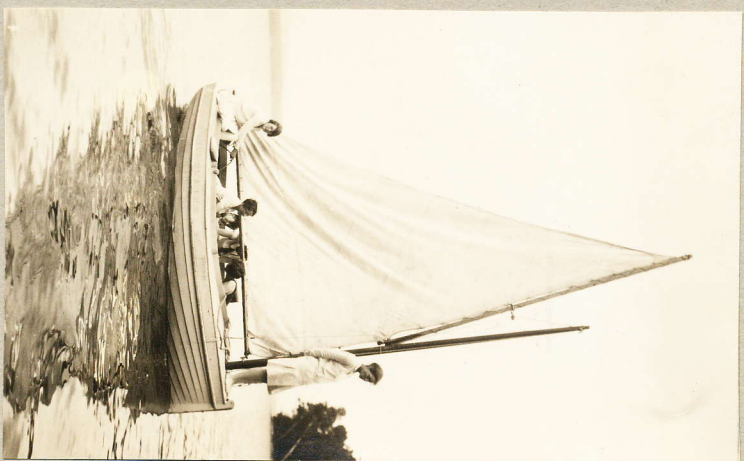
1917. SWIMMING AT OUR OWN PLACE.
JANE UP.



1920. SWIMMING AT BIRCH BAY
EVELYN UP. ALMA IN A LIFE PRESERVER



1922. JANE AND OUR FIRST MOTOR-
BOAT: "LADY JANE".
LENGTH 23' BEAM 5'3".
UNIVERSAL 4 CYLINDER ENGINE.
WE ALL COULD RUN IT AND MEND IT.
THE SECOND ONE HAD A BUFFALO ENGINE
(WHICH WE ONE UNDERSTOOD). IT WAS
LEAN AND FAST AND MAHOOGANY AND
VERY FIPPOYS



1928. THE FIRST SAIL.
BOAT "NANCY" ETC.



1931. MOTHER AND JANE.
THE CANOE WAS CALLED
"ZIPPY" AFTER OUR GREAT-
GRANDMOTHER ZIPPORAH
(REED) THOMPSON



THE SECOND ONE HAD A BUFFALO ENGINE (WHICH NO ONE UNDERSTOOD). IT WAS LEAN AND FAST AND MAHOOGANY AND VERY TIPPY.



1931. MOTHER AND JANE. THE CANOE WAS CALLED "ZIPPY" AFTER OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER ZIPPORAH (CREED) THOMPSON



1928. THE FIRST SAIL. BOAT, "NANCY LEE" AND CREW.



MOTHER AND DADDY ON THE PIER BUILT IN THE WINTER OF 1927-28



"ROZIE" MARSH



1918. ON OWLS HEAD LLOYD, JANE, EVELYN, DADDY



1930. SUMMIT OF JAY PEAK WITH THE DALES

"Buck Bay", were all summer camps on the lake all within three or four miles of us, and we swam and picniced as much with the Holmes-Smiths, the Slicers, the Dales, the Davins, etc. as we did on our own shore. And then, there were the trips to Lord's Island, and to climb Owl's Head, also done by water. (We also climbed Oxford and Jay Peak but these trips were made by car.)

While we owned it there never was electricity on the Farm. We used candles and coal oil lamps. I remember our first gasoline-burning lamp. It gave an enormous white light that greatly improved reading at night. The original farm house was served by water from a Spring-fed Stream which ran close to the house and so down to the lake. (There was a second delightful Spring quite close to the lake. It enlarged the Stream considerably, and Daddy built a rustic bridge across it so that we could get from the Sandy beach to the new Boat house without having to hop from stone to stone. It made Barber-carrying a lot safer.) The water came by gravity into the house by a single tap in the kitchen. This was at first. Later on there was a wash-room with John incorporated into the kitchen area. But always the hot water came from ~~from~~ a tank in the big wood-burning stove. The legend on the inside of the cover to that Tank read, "Keep full of water... Do it now" — words that served as an anthem to the tune of the Dokology which we alternately intoned and shouted as we washed the dishes during the Spring and winter visits when there was no creek. (The only other John was, of course, a two-holer "Privy" in the wood shed — very cold in the winter and Spring but essential when the house was full of family and guests. This was most of the

wash room with John incorporated into the kitchen area. But always the hot water came from ~~from~~ a tank in the big wood-burning stove. The legend on the inside of the cover to that tank read, "Keep full of water... Do it now" — words that served as an anthem for the time of the Doxology which we alternately intoned and shouted as we washed the dishes during the Spring and winter visits when there was no cook. (The only other John was, of course, a two-holer "privy" in the wood shed — very cold in the winter and Spring but essential when the house was full of family and guests. This was most of the Time.)

For our Christ mas visits to the Farm a ^{*}Franklin Stove (we called it "Wilhelm" because it had a most remarkable Kamin burner for a top) was set up in the middle of the living-dining room of the little farm house. The stove-pipe went through a hole in the ceiling into the Kamin's room, across it and into the kitchen ^(?) chimney. This was supposed to keep us warm and, thank to Daddy's all night stoking, in a way it did. At least, I don't remember ever being cold, but I do remember Daddy coming up to our room in the morning and shaking the snow off the newspapers with which he had covered our blankets the night before. (There were draughty French windows onto a balcony in that room.) And then we got up! This is one of the memories I have of Christmas at the Farm. Another one is putting the Christmas tree all decorated with strings of pop-corn and cranberries out on Boxing Day "for the birds". Once on a very cold, absolutely still New Year's

* Evelyn tells me it was not a Franklin stove but a Quebec Heater: "The Woodland Queen"

CHRISTMAS 1916



MOTHER, JANE,
THE TWINS, ALMA
ON THE TOBOGGAN
BY THE SPRING

1917
HAZEL
AND
ALMA



1919 ALMA



THE ROBINSON FARM AT THE TOP OF
THE HILL.

ALMA BEHIND
THE TREE

SUGARING 1918 - 1919



BILLY
ETC.



THE ROBINSON FARM AT THE TOP OF THE HILL.

SUGARING 1918 - 1919



GLADYS DUNLOP
MOTHER'S FRIEND

LOYD ALLEN

MARRIED.
HARDWICK-DUNLOP—On June 12, at the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Dr. Hanson, Gladys Jessie, daughter of Mr. Graham C. Dunlop, to Lieut. Henry Lucas Hardwick, Q.M.C., National Army, U.S.A., youngest son of Mrs. George W. Hardwick, of Augusta, Georgia.



LOYD AND MOTHER THE "IMPROVED" SUGARING HOUSE
SOMETIMES THERE WAS MORE SNOW, SOMETIMES LESS

Day we put candles on a small evergreen in a Bay at the edge of the woods. It was sunset time. We were all on Snowshoes and it was ghostly quiet. *
 Mother wrote a poem about this which, sadly, has been lost.

I remember Supper at Easter time. The first operation was very Primitive and lots of fun, and we all helped. I also remember the lambs and how occasionally one would be deserted by its Mother and had to be brought into the kitchen and bottle fed. But chiefly I remember coming back to Montreal with baskets full of tins of maple Syrup and Sugar and lard in Birch-bark cones held together with thorns. And they leaked! It was warm in the train and they were up on the luggage rack and Daddy's friend Father Filion of Loyola College sitting underneath. To our paralysed horror we watched drips of lard descend on his priestly shoulders!

During the last three or four years of the 1920s there were three "occasions" a year at "Agapanis". The first was the Easter egg hunt to which all the "locals" were invited. This was held in the barn. The second went on in the Barn too. It was a barn dance with a fiddler who called the steps and it took place as soon as the new hay was all in. It was held in the evening on the ramp between the hay mows. Gas oil lamps were used for lighting. I remember the huge barrels of water against five stanchions on the ramp and, outside, the trestle tables clothed in sheets and covered with endless lemonades

Stons" a year at "Agapanis". The first was the Easter egg hunt to which all the "locals" were invited. This was held in the barn. The second event was in the Barn too. It was a barn dance with a fiddler who called the steps and it took place on a scene as the new hay was all in. It was held in the evening on the ramp between the hay mows. Gas oil lamps were used for lighting. I remember the huge barrels of water against fire standing on the ramp and, outside, the treacle tables clothed in sheets and covered with endless lemonades and goodies. The third event came in late August and was the really important one. It was The Regatta, and the guests mostly came by water. All the usual kind of event was scheduled — races in the water and on it — and there were ribbons! First, Second and Third. And afterwards up in the high pasture there was an enormous bonfire and a huge iron kettle boiling the first of the Season's corn. Perhaps as many as 100 people turned up with their picnics. Building the bonfire took most of the Summer. I don't know what the others did but Billy and I dragged many a load of fallen branches out of the shore woods. It was all tremendous fun. One of the side products of collecting the bonfire together was making "rooms" in the cedar grove. They provided us with a magic place in which to play. ^{But I must note here that every Summer "always" there was a bonfire being built on the high pasture.} The fact that it was there may have inspired the organizing of the picnic.

We never had treasurers on the farm, or radios, or televisions, or "frigidaires". The only telephone was up at the Farm House. It came, as it were, when

* Evelyn reminds me that with Daddy in the load we tramped out in the snow the place of the house he intended building near the lake.



1916. MARGARET MURRAY (WONHAM) SURROUNDED BY THE HOWARD GIRLS. "VESLEIGH", THE HOWARD MURRAY FARM WAS OUR NEIGHBOUR ON THE SOUTH. ("VESLEIGH" WAS A WHOLE SECTION OF 320 ACRES) - PERHAPS A SECTION IS A SQ. MILE OR TWO ACRES - IF SO "VESLEIGH" WAS A HALF SECTION AND OURS A QUARTER.



1917. EVERYONE HELPED DADDY PLANT THE ROSE GARDEN.



ALMA AND HER FRIEND GLADYS ROBINSON WHO LIVED AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. HOWARD MURRAY LATER BOUGHT THAT FARM: NORTH OF US. (THE ROBINSON FARM WAS HALF OF THE ORIGINAL FARM. OURS WAS THE OTHER HALF. WE EACH HAD 160 ACRES)



1923 DADDY AND HIS



1917. EVERYONE HELPED DADDY PLANT THE ROSE GARDEN.



1920? 1919?
ALMA AND SYLVIA
HOWARD (SMITH)

HARRY MARPOLE TELLS A STORY ABOUT ONE OF THE REGATTAS. TALKING TO ME HE SAID: "YOU ASKED ME TO ORGANIZE THE SWIMMING RACES. SO I DID - IN DOING SO I APPROACHED A SLIGHTLY OLDER MAN WHO RATHER RESISTED, HOWEVER I CHATTED HIM UP & HE WAS PERSUADED. AS I REMEMBER IT, THE RACE WAS FROM THE PIER AROUND THE RAFT & BACK. AS I WAS CHUEN-ING MY WAY OUT THE MAN PASSED ME COMING BACK! IT WAS FRANK MCGILL!" (P.S. FRANK WAS ONE OF THE GREATS AMONG CANADIAN SWIMMERS)



1918
DADDY INSPECTING
HIS SMALL APPLE TREE
ALMA IS WITH HIM



1923
DADDY AND HIS
SCARLET PIPPIN



1929 OR 1931 THE REGATTA

(THERE ARE MORE PICTURES IN ONE OF THE PHOTO ALBUMS)

The Farm House

It was built in 1923. It was on a party line which means lots of frustrations and some quite humorous situations when other people up and down the line listened in on our supposedly private conversations and every once in a while joined in — just couldn't resist it I suppose!

Our first car was a Chevrolet which could make the steep hills only by backing up them. And, too, the rear axle was inclined to break! The next car was a McLaughlin-Buick. "Becky's", named thus because Daddy made some money in the Sheep Market in Quebec Ponds. It was a far more reliable car than the Cheo. In 1927 Daddy bought a Model "T" grey, open touring Ford, and it was in that that I did my first driving. Evelyn taught me. She learned to drive long before I did because my parents considered me a bad risk. There were no such things as licenses or Driving Schools in those days. It was up to the parents.

Until we owned a car the team came the seven miles to Nagog to meet our train. It took about an hour for the trip one way. In the winter the farm box sled was filled with straw into which we children snuggled. Warmly while my mother who wanted to sit up forward on the seat beside Lloyd. I can remember a time when the snow drifts were so deep that the sleigh actually upset rolling everybody into the snow. It took all our energies to pick it upright again.

Of course, we spent most of the year in MONTREAL.

My earliest memories there are listening to the rain and the ripp-riap of the horses' hooves on the cobbles of the Street below our bedroom window, and of playing in the huge snow-banks that got piled up between the sidewalk and

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My earliest memories there are listening to the rain and the rick-rick of the horses' hooves on the cobble of the Street below our bedroom window, and of playing in the huge snow-banks that got piled up between the sidewalk and the road. (There is a picture in the "Sunny Memories" Album of Alma in her Red River suit standing beside one of these snow banks. It is Mountain St. and in the background — across the road — is the Hampton Court Apartment Building.) The game was to tunnel the length of the snow banks — a most absorbing occupation offering endless challenges until the Spring thaw's made equally enchanting rivers to deal with. And then, of course, when the streets dried up we had our "Jacks" and skipping ropes and all sorts of Street games to play.

A very vivid memory is of the evening that Uncle Fred (Reverley) with all his uncle-like friends: Donnie Bailie, Fin Flarepam, Hammy Hampton, Doug Ambbridge, etc.) came back from the War. I think it was in the Spring of 1919 because Fred had been recruited into the # Ruhr Valley Operation which kept him Overseas for an extra six months. It was raining. We drove down to the Windsor Station in a cab (horse drawn of course) and as we girls raced down the concourse to greet our heroes one of the men with a burst of laughter

shouted: "Here comes Fred's banquet of blue nieces!" and that is how

CORRECTION BY FLIN FLANAGAN (SEPT. 1983) It wasn't the Ruhr Valley that kept those men overseas; it was the lack of ships. Flin remembers Jerry MacDermot being on the extremely crowded ship with him. It was a friendship that lasted all Terry's life and now extends to Terry's children.