

# *The Shining Scroll*

## *Periodical of The L.M. Montgomery Literary Society*

Part 2 © 2014

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Miss Montgomery as she looked several years ago.

WELCOME TO PART 2 OF THE 2014 EDITION OF *THE SHINING SCROLL*. Part 1 includes selected papers from the recent Montgomery conference (*L.M. Montgomery and War*). Many speakers contributed new insights about *Rilla of Ingleside*, Canada's and women's role in World War I, and Montgomery's output during the war years, for example. Readers and scholars will be gratified to learn more about the research collection at the University of Prince Edward Island. [Part 1 concludes with a summary of L.M. Montgomery's last trip to Prince Edward Island in 1939, on the eve of World War II.]



Part 2 is devoted to recovering, collecting, and preserving Montgomery books and artifacts. We begin with *It's a War Out There: Collecting and Competition in the World of Montgomery* and then add more about Montgomery collectibles, first edition dust jackets, new finds, and new collector friends.

I knew nothing about first editions or the value of them, I just knew these early books satisfied a kind of loveliness meter in my soul – and reading such a book provided a different experience, somehow, than reading a modern reprint – the story remained the same but it was encased, imbued, surrounded by an ineffable spirit of sweet days gone by, almost as if sunshine had been pressed and preserved like flowers of the field in a sudden blaze of antique gold.

~~ Nancy Taggart

Find out what treasures were available at the L.M. Montgomery Institute Silent Auction fundraiser and how to support the LMMI. Finally, read more about Comfort and Conflict in *Rilla of Ingleside*, Montgomery's life in Norval, Ontario, and events in Leaskdale, Ontario. See new publications, upcoming events (**Ruth Macdonald's 100<sup>th</sup> birthday**), and notes of the last year.

Thank you for being part of our community -- share this with your own kindred spirits!

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### *The L.M. Montgomery Literary Society*

Welcome to the 2014 issue of *The Shining Scroll*, periodical of the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society. The LMMLS was organized in 1991 by Carolyn Strom Collins and Christina Wyss Eriksson after the publication of their first collaboration, *The Anne of Green Gables Treasury*.

Since 1991, the internet has made it possible to expand our community to include everyone, anywhere, who has an interest in the author. The organizing core of the LMMLS is Carolyn Collins, Mary Beth Cavert, and Christy Woster. We have gatherings in the Midwest USA from time to time and always attend Montgomery conferences in Prince Edward Island and Ontario.

## IT'S A WAR OUT THERE: COLLECTING AND COMPETITION IN THE WORLD OF MONTGOMERY

Christy Woster © 2014

Here are some of my copies of *Anne of Green Gables*, all L. C. Page editions. I probably have at least 150 different copies. Why, you ask (as many have), would anyone need this many copies of the same title? I will attempt to explain from my perspective the importance and the difficulty of collecting and preserving L. M. Montgomery.



Imagine that it is the late 1990s and you are sitting at your computer and staring at the screen. The site you are on is called eBay. It is early in the history of eBay and you haven't had a lot of experience with the online auction site, but there on the screen is a wonderful copy of *Anne of Green Gables*, a FIRST EDITION! Yes, a true FIRST EDITION! And the auction will be up within minutes. You place a bid, thinking to yourself that you can't wait until you tell your friends what a steal you got! It is down to the last minute and suddenly there is a flurry of bids, you are outbid, the price is rising higher and higher, you quickly enter another bid, only to be outbid again. Then the price goes up even before you can enter another key stroke, and suddenly, it is over. You never even had a chance!

Yes, it is a war out there in the world of collecting; there are battles and casualties every day. Some of us are born collectors, it is in our DNA to search for and gather all things that are related to our collection. We MUST have every item that exists; our collections must be as complete as possible. The exhilaration of finding a missing or unknown item is unsurpassed.

Then there is the casual collector. In the case of L. M. Montgomery's books they can be satisfied with just one copy of each title. It doesn't matter to them if the books aren't first editions or have dust jackets, and they look at the rabid collectors as being a bit unbalanced.

If you have made the decision to become a serious collector, how should you begin? First you need to decide what items are of interest to you. In the case of old books, you need to be familiar with the terms used by book dealers and online book sites. Does the book have a frontispiece? Or a tissue guard? Is the spine sunned? Where do you find the publishing information? Has the seller listed the "copyright date" instead of the "date of publication"?

Are you only going to collect Canadian editions, or British or Australian? Are you only going to collect First Editions, or do you prefer the 1970 editions? Perhaps you prefer old magazines with Montgomery stories and poems, or perhaps your Montgomery interest lies elsewhere altogether. Whatever you decide to collect, it is important to learn as much as possible about that area of collecting. Then you can hit the ground running, searching old book stores, garage sales, antique shops, book fairs, flea markets and the internet--but you must be wary. Do your homework, plan a strategy, draw



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up your battle plan and stick to it (OK, that is not going to work — be ready to deviate from your battle plan as conditions warrant.)

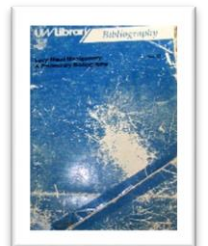
Long before the internet, I would mail a typed letter to bookstores all over the US and Canada in search of Montgomery books -- they in turn would send back a letter describing what books they had and I would purchase them sight unseen. Sometimes this worked out and occasionally it did not. I had my favorite booksellers back in those days -- I could always count on them being fair and honest, and sometimes they would save items just for me, or at least give me the first opportunity to purchase them.

One of these dealers, Richard in Ohio, taught me so very much in those early days. He would write long letters about his quest to find me various titles, and editions, and the pros and cons of the books he did find. He explained the importance of condition in book-collecting and would encourage me to walk away from editions that were less than desirable. Even though you should collect what you love, when it comes to books you want to be able to at the very least get back what you paid for a book, should you decide to sell it. He would often advise me against spending too much and explain that it would be better to save that \$20.00 or \$30.00 that I was planning to spend on an inferior edition and instead save that money and buy a \$75.00 book that would at least hold or increase in value. In one letter he wrote: "I did get one quote on *The Golden Road*, but it was a reprint in deplorable condition. The price would have been around \$50.00, which I consider way out of line for a book in that condition." Needless to say, I did not purchase that one.

A recent example on eBay is a listing for a copy of *The Blue Castle*. It has been repaired (if that is what you want to call it) with duct tape. The seller has lowered the price over the past few weeks, but in my estimation and that of any legitimate bookseller, this copy is worthless. Just because the book's author is L. M. Montgomery, does not make a book automatically valuable. Remember, condition is everything in book collecting.

I saved some of Richard's letters-I suppose that I really don't need them any longer, but I can't bear to throw them out. Richard was my mentor when I started my Montgomery and North Pole collections (yes, I collect a lot of other things besides Montgomery) and I learned so much from him. If you are serious about collecting books, it is so helpful to have a good relationship with a few trusted booksellers.

There are many resources that can be helpful, if not essential in your quest for old copies of Montgomery's books, stories and poems. One of the best was the *L. M. Montgomery Preliminary Bibliography* compiled by Rea Wilmschurst, Ruth Weber Russell and D.W. Russell in 1986. It was my "Bible" for Montgomery collecting. I carried it with me everywhere and finally, since all the books, stories and poem titles were listed by year only, I painstakingly copied each title onto large recipe cards in alphabetical order. I wrote the title of the magazine or newspaper and the date it was originally published so I would have a quick reference that I could pull from my purse when needed. Really, you never know when you will run across some old magazines. I would cross off or place a check mark on items as I found them, or make notations that I had found a copy of a story or poem on microfilm. I do admit that over time I have forgotten what some of my symbols or notations mean, and when my daughter Emily and I go to a University Library or Archive and I pull out my cards, she always sighs, but I have an emotional attachment to



those cards. Since my copy of the bibliography is getting very worn, I did find a beautiful, perfect copy to keep on my bookshelf, of course I never use this copy -- after all, it too, has become collectible.

I would encourage you to keep computer files and make spreadsheets in order to keep track of your collection. It is helpful to have at your fingertips an itemized statement of titles, editions, publisher, condition, magazine title, page number, price paid and where purchased, etc. You could easily add the current value which would be so important to know when insuring your collection or donating items.

As for me, I am really rather fond of my card system. I am still having trouble getting used to the fact that there are no long card catalogs in libraries, so I will have to move slowly in this area.

There are many other resources, such as the many books and articles on book collecting in general that can be found at your local library or on the internet, and for Montgomery collectors in particular, there is our L.M. Montgomery Literary Society web site, [Buying and Selling L.M. Montgomery](#). Mary Beth Cavert, our web-master extraordinaire, gets frequent emails requesting more information as to the current values of Montgomery books. More often than not someone will contact her and say "I have this first edition *Anne of Green Gables*, could I set the starting price on eBay for \$20,000.00 dollars?" It is not an easy task to tell them that their 1960's Grosset and Dunlap copy is probably not worth more than \$3 to \$5. This is why it is so important to know as much as you can about the various editions and current values. Our web site has many links and other information on collecting Montgomery as well.

eBay is a wonderful site -- what could be better than attending an auction and never have to leave the house? But, here, too, it is "buyer beware." Daily we see a book published in the 1970s, 80s or 90s listed as "rare," or a "valuable first," often unintentionally by the seller, as they haven't done their homework either. It is so important to read the entire listing, ask questions, and request more pictures of the item, especially of the actual date of publication. Look carefully at the condition, and then set a price that you are willing to pay and go no higher than what you really believe the value to be. Most eBay sellers are honest, but there are a few that we seasoned eBayers do not do business with.

Auctions can be emotional; you can get caught up in the excitement of the last few minutes as people outbid you. When I first began using eBay, I would fall into the trap of bidding too much, just because I was angry that someone was bidding against me. If I lost an item in the last few seconds, I would sometimes curse at the computer and have choice words for the lucky winning bidder. I would be brought back to reality when one of my children would shout from the other room, "Mom, are you on eBay again?"

Recently on eBay -- and this is a pet peeve of mine -- some sellers are picturing old (and poor condition) copies of Montgomery books in beautiful dust jackets, but when you read the listing carefully you will find that the dust jacket is a "facsimile," or copy, not an original. It might catch the buyer's eye, but if the winner bidder hasn't read the listing carefully, they are going to be disappointed.



As time goes by there is always the opportunity to branch out with your Montgomery collection. For instance, there is the movie category. The 1919 silent film *Anne of Green Gables*, starring Mary Miles Minter, is no longer in existence, but there are items related to the movie that can be found. Movie stills, promotional items, books about Mary Miles Minter and the Hollywood scandal that would destroy her career. Among my favorites are the Australian editions of the “Anne” titles, published by Cornstalk, that feature Minter on the cover or frontis.



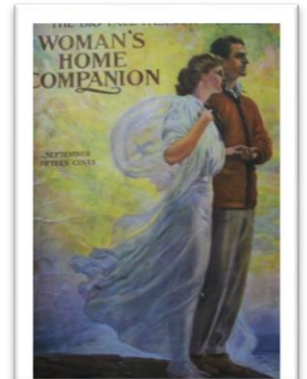
You can then move on to the films made in 1936 and 1939 starring Dawn Paris whose first stage name was Dawn O’Day. She changed her name to “Anne Shirley” before starring in *Anne of Green Gables* in 1936. There are again movie stills; lobby cards, movie theater give-aways, and many other items that can be found.

I am fascinated by the [artists](#) whose work adorns the covers of Montgomery’s first editions. I have been collecting books written or illustrated by them and magazine covers that some of them illustrated. It was the golden age of illustrators -- they were the rock stars of their time and their lives and work are so very interesting. These George Gibbs covers could easily be “Anne” and “Gilbert” in my estimation.

Perhaps you are more interested in collecting items that were important to Montgomery. After reading her poem “The Wreck of the Marco Polo” you might need a Marco Polo collector’s plate. Or after reading Mary Beth Cavert’s [article](#) about “The Good Fairy” that Montgomery so treasured, the quest might be on to find one of those beautiful statues. Thank you again Beth, for helping me out in this area. After reading about “Gog and Magog,” you may need to pursue Staffordshire dogs. Perhaps you are running out of room and need items that are smaller -- advertising post cards that the publisher would mail out to booksellers to announce an upcoming Montgomery book could be just the thing.

Magazines are another wonderful area to collect. Issues that contain Montgomery stories and poems are real treasures. There is nothing like reading one of her stories as it was first published with some of the interesting illustrations, advertisements and fashions. As for storage, I found a wonderful cabinet at a thrift store; with all the shelves in it, it was made for a magazine collector.

I collect items pertaining to Montgomery from old newspapers and magazines, such as book reviews, [interviews](#) and advertisements. Even a passing mention can be interesting. Newspaper and magazine ads especially give us many clues to the publishing history of Montgomery’s books. If I can’t find the original magazine or newspaper, a copy from microfilm will have to do. To keep these items organized and easy to access, I keep the copies in 3-ring binders, arranged by date.



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I have books about Montgomery, bound magazine volumes that contain some of her poems and stories, and copies of books that Montgomery mentions having on her own bookshelves. I'm not yet to the point where I collect books ABOUT the books that Montgomery owned, but that might be interesting.

The rewards of all of this searching can be so exciting. You could find an unknown story or poem or a previously-unknown publication that contains some of her work that can be added to the bibliography. Finding Montgomery's work in all of these varied publications adds to our understanding of the popularity of her work. From prison newsletters, bee-keeper magazines or exotic island newspapers, the world-wide reach of her writing is amazing and proves that her works transcend different cultures, genders and time.

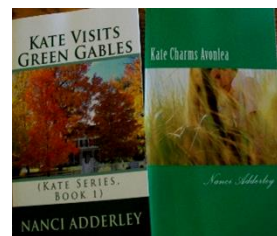
I know many of the major Montgomery collectors (oh, how we love our books) but most of us are not searching for items to sell at a profit; instead, we are more preservation-minded--guardians of sorts -- and much from our collections will eventually be donated to a Montgomery archive so that others can study and enjoy our collections as well, but we want to be sure that our donation will be well cared for.

Preservation is one of the reasons that we started "The Friends of the L. M. Montgomery Institute." It is so important to collect and preserve Montgomery's work and this takes money. We would love to see more of the collection here at the University indexed and digitized. There is a need for a climate-controlled room and more archival supplies and for an online bibliography that could be updated easily as new stories, poems or sources are discovered. We need money for future acquisitions that come up for sale, funding for a scholarship, or an archival assistant or -- dreaming big -- a full-time head of the Institute itself.

We are also in a war against time. Paper, old magazines and newsprint contain acid that causes them to disintegrate, and eventually all of these paper items will crumble into dust. We must find these items, preserve the ones we can, and digitize everything or they will be lost to us and future generations forever.

We collectors are important for another reason. Scholars would not have as much to work with if the collectors weren't always searching and sharing. Think of all of the interesting finds that some of us collectors have written about in *The Shining Scroll*, for example. I encourage all of you to get involved with The Friends of the LMM Institute and their mission. I envision that someday we will have an ambassador or five-star general in every country, state and province. This person will lead the charge in their area and perhaps host fundraisers such as a tea, give a talk at a local book club or library, or give a presentation at their local school -- in other words get people excited about Montgomery, both to encourage the continued study of her works and reading in general, and to encourage the continued preservation of Montgomery's works for generations to come. In other words we need boots on the ground!

I will probably continue to collect, but now I can be more selective in the things that I purchase. I have many valuable items, but I also feel that we need to be watching for some of the more ridiculous things. I collect things like t-shirts and a bobble head to remind myself (and hopefully others) that though some of these items are amusing, they can make the battle to look at Montgomery as an important and gifted writer that much more difficult. Also, there are those that try to capitalize on Montgomery's popularity for their own gain. These books for example, are almost word for word from *Anne of Green Gables*

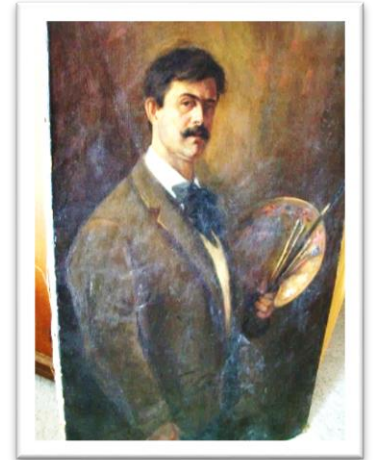


and *Anne of Avonlea* except through some strange alternate universe “Anne” and “Gilbert” become “Kate” and “William” [Duchess and Duke of Cambridge].

I have collected very small items to very large items. One of my very large items is a painting that I am trying to decide what to do with and I would love some feedback from all of you. It was painted in 1906 by May Austin Claus, and it is a portrait of her husband W. A. J. Claus. These artists did the internal illustrations of the original *Anne of Green Gables*. I know that the painting’s large size (it is about 5 feet tall) does limit who might be interested in it, but I think that it does have some value in the Montgomery world.



Over the years I have done battle with many other collectors in my quest for Montgomery items and I am sure that they also uttered some choice words when they lost an auction to me. But as the years went by and we discovered who was behind a particular eBay name, we realized that most of us were collecting for the same purpose. I have great respect for my fellow collectors; they have increased our understanding of Montgomery in so many ways and are some of the most generous people I know.

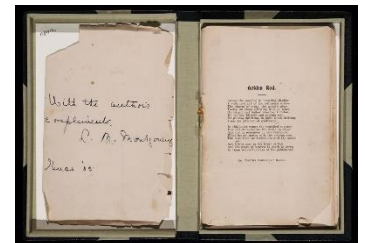


There are so many more things about collecting I could share, but there isn’t time and also, I can’t give away all my secrets because, remember, it is a war out there!

## L.M. MONTGOMERY COLLECTIBLES

Mary Beth Cavert © 2015

In *The Shining Scroll December 2010 (part 3)*, Carolyn Strom Collins wrote about a most rare Montgomery [self-made] poetry book owned by a dear friend and member of Montgomery’s family from Prince Edward Island and Norval, Ontario. Aquila Books in Calgary acquired another copy of this same collection and listed it in its 2014 Montgomery sale [Catalogue](#). The item was procured by the University of Toronto Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library and featured in an article in *The Halcyon*.



*Anne of Green Gables* was printed during some of the early war years by Grosset and Dunlap and used the same plates as the L.C. Page books. In my 1915 edition from this publisher, a previous owner glued an old newspaper clipping about Montgomery into it. The article was clearly invented from parts of *The Alpine Path* and someone’s own imagination – its errors are quite obvious to today’s readers: “Ann of Green Gables,” “Lucie Maud Montgomery,” “In



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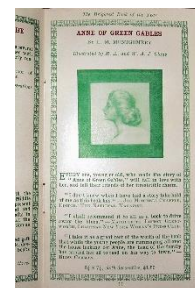
1911 Miss Montgomery was married in the orchard of her grandfather's farm..." There is much more to read about Montgomery's "Life in Print" in Volume One of [The L.M. Montgomery Reader](#).

At the end of last year's [Shining Scroll](#), we placed a quote about spring inscribed by L.M. Montgomery in a book she signed around 1928. I was fortunate to acquire another signed book this year from Vanessa Brown, [Brown and Dickson](#) (attention collectors!), which was in Montgomery's personal library. It is a 1900 illustrated fashion book called *The Passing Show* with drawings by [Albert Beck Wenzell](#). Montgomery signed it in 1904, a year in which her earned income from writing enabled her to buy books for aesthetic reasons. Each elegant illustration is paired with a quote by Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Kipling, etc. She would have admired Wenzell's drawings in the *Ladies Home Journal* (Philadelphia) in the 1890s -- perhaps she tried to model her 1903 portrait after his illustration of *Madame Butterfly*.



She carried this book from her home on PEI to Leaskdale, Norval, and Toronto before it found its way to another owner and then to Vanessa. Eventually, I will pass it on to an archival collection where it can end its travels!

The most unusual find for me this year was a *Holiday Bulletin* for 1908 published by L.C Page, which included a notice for *Anne of Green Gables*, "The Brightest Book of the Year" (\$1.50). It also listed *The Making of Personality* by Bliss Carman which Ewan Macdonald gave to Montgomery as a gift in 1909.



Christy Woster found new material about the artists of the first edition of *Anne* (she wrote about them in [The Shining Scroll 2007](#)):

W. A. J. Claus and his wife, May Austin Claus did the internal illustrations of the first edition *Anne of Green Gables* that was published by L. C. Page in 1908. George F. Gibbs did the cover illustration with the iconic profile view of the pretty woman.

Up to this point no one has found any other book illustrated by the Clauses, but I stumbled across one quite by accident. The title is *Climbing Up to Nature* by Florence J. Lewis. It was published by The C. M. Clark Publishing Company in 1908. The cover paste on was done by another illustrator with the last name of Kirkpatrick, but the Claus's contributed 10 internal illustrations. None of the illustrators are credited, but each of the internal illustrations clearly shows the signatures of M. A. Claus and W. A. J. Claus with the date '08.

An advertisement that I found for the book gives this synopsis: "Scintillating with delicious humor, full of just the kind of natural fun we all have hugely enjoyed at times, but have never had the wit to put into words, its drollery flashes back at us in every chapter like the ripples of a sunny brook. Through

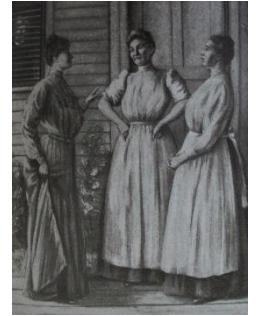
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the whole book runs a delightful acquaintance with Nature, that softens and sweetens its exuberant fun.”

In the March 21, 1908 issue of *The Publisher's Weekly* I found an advertisement for both *Anne of Green Gables* and *Climbing Up to Nature*. In the February 29, 1908, issue of the magazine there are again mentions of both books. Regarding Montgomery's book it states: "L. C. Page.....will shortly issue a story of character by L. M. Montgomery, another new writer of promise, to be called "*Anne of Green Gables*."

Looking at the illustrations in *Climbing Up to Nature*, you can see the similarity to the illustrations that the Clauses did for *Anne of Green Gables*. Montgomery probably was not aware of the other book that used the same illustrators as hers, as the publishers made all the decisions about any illustrations, but it is interesting that both of these books were published in 1908. Florence J. Lewis seems to have faded away, but *The Publisher's Weekly* was correct when they said that L. M. Montgomery was full of promise.



Christy also located more information about the actress, Evelyn Nesbit, whose picture Montgomery saved as an example of her own vision of Anne's face. Although similar photos of Nesbit had been published in 1903, the images that Christy has found were distributed at the exact time that Montgomery was writing *Anne of Green Gables*.

Here we have a full page newspaper spread from *American Magazine Supplement Hearst's Boston Sunday American*, dated Sunday, April 30, 1905. The page is titled: "The Face That Won a Fortune," "Newest chapter in the life of Evelyn Nesbit, the most talked of woman in America." This article contains several photos of Nesbit and the one in the lower left corner, titled "Innocence" is the image that Montgomery pasted into her journal [see LMM journal entry of 29 November 1934]. The two poses on the right side of the page are titled "Dreams" and "Pride," and the large picture of Nesbit in the center of the page is titled "Youth."



Another Evelyn Nesbit find is this framed, 5x7 inch print of the model. I cannot find an artist signature on this painting, but it, too, was published in 1905. Nesbit was the "super model" of her time, but her fall from grace was quick and hard due to scandal in her personal life.

As you can see Montgomery collecting goes beyond just copies of her books for us serious collectors. I love the different paths that collecting Montgomery has taken me down, and most importantly I feel that I play a small role in the preservation of all these wonderful items.



It is always a great experience to “meet” other Montgomery fans, especially those who collect early and first edition books. This year, I was honored to correspond with Nancy Taggart, a long-time Canadian collector. Fortunately for me, she was downsizing some of her collection and a few of her “extras” found their way to my LMM library: a signed *The Watchman and Other Poems*, a 1912 *Chronicles of Avonlea* in a dustjacket, a 1<sup>st</sup> edition *Anne of Avonlea*, a 1<sup>st</sup> edition *Courageous Women* in a dustjacket, and *Up Came the Moon* with a foreword by LMM and signed by the author, J.F. Brown (you see, collectors cannot help but talk about their books!). Most of these books will be passed on to whatever public archive might wish to house them, but in the meantime they are treasured here for their “ineffable spirit of sweet days gone by.” I enjoyed Christy’s paper so much at the conference and I think readers will also appreciate Nancy’s story too, especially if you love antiquarian bookstores and collected books before the days of internet commerce.

I had red hair, freckles and braids for most of my pre-adolescent years – which was interesting because neither of my parents nor any of my grandparents had red hair. In my family, the carrot top bit seems to be reserved for females called “Anne” or “Annie.” Way back in the 1880s, my great-grandmother, Annie, and her sister, Jessie, who were particularly close, decided to name daughters after each other into perpetuity. Hence my grandmother, Jessie, and her cousin, Annie, among many others. That particular Cousin Annie was called Toodie (Scots’ Gaelic – little dear one) as a plethora of family Annies already existed (Annie being a particularly common name in the Scottish Highlands). I can’t remember exactly when I first read *Anne of Green Gables*, but I think it was in response to so many people telling me I looked like Anne Shirley.

Toodie ended up in Vancouver and, due to her fiancé’s death on a 1917 battlefield, my grandmother found herself in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1919, where she met my paternal grandfather. Their red-haired daughter, my father’s sister, was named Annie Simpson Taggart but was always called Nancy. In turn, I was named after my Aunt Nancy and grew a headful of the obligatory red hair (although, alas, it can now be termed, at best, ‘pale red’).

I was born on Vancouver Island, so am an Island Girl – but, needless to say, an island on the opposite side of the country from PEI. I have loved – and do love – my island as dearly and deeply as LMM loved hers – although it is a wilder, less tamed place, on a very fragile foundation – the planet’s next megathrust, subduction earthquake will likely happen here – at any moment – as the Victoria newspaper likes to trumpet whenever its editor suspects the populace might be growing complacent.

When I was 11 and 12, during summer vacation, I went to Vancouver to stay with Toodie and her husband, Tom. I had always loved books (learned to read when I was four) but had no idea that such a thing as a second-hand bookstore existed. Tom, who also loved books and reading, took me to several Vancouver used bookstores and I’ve never looked back. I had long since read *Anne of Green Gables* and gotten a few other volumes for various birthdays, but now had the tools to search out beautiful early edition copies. And, I think, that was exactly the reason I sought out old Montgomery books – they were lovely, especially compared to the reprints issued in the 1960s and early 1970s. I knew nothing about first editions or the value of them, I just knew these early books satisfied a kind of loveliness meter in my soul – and reading such a book provided a different experience, somehow, than reading a modern reprint – the story remained the same but it was encased, imbued, surrounded by an ineffable

spirit of sweet days gone by, almost as if sunshine had been pressed and preserved like flowers of the field in a sudden blaze of antique gold.

In those days, the halcyon days of my youth, Victoria's three major used bookstores were all located on Fort Street ('Fort,' of course, after the Hudson's Bay Fort that established European inhabitants here, from the late 1840s to 1858 when the first onslaught of gold miners arrived and utterly transformed the bucolic settlement), all within two blocks of each other.

The Adelphi Bookshop was run by Mr. Hilton-Smith. Since I was 11 when I first went there, I don't actually know his first name – forms of address were more formal back then. My father, who was the Collections Librarian at the University of Victoria's McPherson Library from 1966 to 1990, also knew Mr. Hilton-Smith as the university sometimes bought books from him. His shop was quintessentially wonderful – a black, pot-bellied wood stove warmed portions of it – its floor-to-ceiling bookshelves paraded themselves throughout a series of quaint alcoves; a properly grey-striped cat roamed the premises; the rich scent of Mr. Hilton-Smith's pipe smoke pervaded the air like elusive, playful breezes from a bibliophile's paradise.

Mr. H-S wasn't much interested in LMM or any other Canadian author, for that matter. A Brit, his shelves groaned with lovely leather-covered European volumes he'd shipped from his store in Toronto – the Adelphi was a retirement venture – all by authors other than Canadians. Without complaint, I can tell you this is a common British attitude even today – most Brits have no idea how big Canada is or where it's located and actually believe we all drive dog sleds, eat raw seal meat and communicate using a complicated system of glottal grunts (highly educated Brits believe we're a peaceful nation of hunter-gatherers who don't speak at all.) Having established himself in Victoria, Mr. H-S knew a lot of this wasn't true – he found tea and crumpets to his heart's desire – but still wasn't impressed with what Margaret Atwood first dubbed "CanLit."

At the time, I was also collecting Louisa May Alcott books and got several from Mr. H-S. He taught me about first editions, bibliographies and staying "deadpan, deadpan, deadpan" in the face of highly-sought underpriced volumes. (Without internet, e-Bay or ABE, the possibility of finding a rare volume at low cost heightened the whole experience of "looking" for Montgomery works. In the end, I gave up on LMA – While I still enjoy *Little Women* and *Eight Cousins*, she didn't create characters like Mrs. Rachel Lynde, Susan Baker, Cornelia Bryant and Judy of the *Pat* books – characters that continue to delight the reader well into adulthood, and probably beyond, into our second childhoods!

Right across the street – an easy jay walk – stood the Haunted Bookshop run by Mr. Wade. His leaded bow window had a copy of the quotation from Christopher Morley's *The Haunted Bookshop*:

THIS SHOP IS HAUNTED by the ghosts  
Of all great literature, in hosts;  
We sell no fakes or trashes.  
Lovers of books are welcome here,  
No clerks will babble in your ear,

Please smoke--but don't drop ashes!

----

Browse as long as you like.

Prices of all books plainly marked.

If you want to ask questions, you'll find the proprietor  
where the tobacco smoke is thickest.

We pay cash for books.

We have what you want, though you may not know you want it.

Malnutrition of the reading faculty is a serious thing.

Let us prescribe for you.

Mr. Wade knew about Montgomery books and often put nice volumes (such as an *Anne of Ingleside* with a dust jacket) in the window beside the sign but his prices were reasonable – and at least sometimes affordable on the budget of a 12-year-old. This bookshop was also a sort of underground processing/sheltering place for Vietnam War draft dodgers. Clandestinely directed to report to the bookshop, dodgers got help finding shelter and employment.

Mr. Wade died several years ago and for a few years his sons ran the shop in a new location. But the store, still called The Haunted Bookshop, is now located in Sidney (near Victoria, close to where you get the ferry to Vancouver) and the original sign is in the window.

The shop where I bought most of my Montgomery books, though, was Poor Richard's, a block up from the other two, owned and solely run by Mr. Richard Kessler. His attitude to bookselling was straightforward – get 'em, sort 'em, top price \$5.00. He wasn't interested in learning too much about the history of the books he sold. Once a year, he closed the store and made a trip down the west coast of North America, picking up books as he went – most, as he once told me, from a shop in Long Beach, California, called "Acres of Books." A large oak barrel, the "nickle barrel," stood by the door, a literary fishpond waiting to be trolled. The Montgomery books were on the far left wall, about half way up the store. Since he wouldn't hold back books for collectors or do anything other than price and shelve his books, it was always exciting to race in and head straight for the Montgomery shelf.

Nevertheless, I'm quite sure *Courageous Women* came from Poor Richard's – and, in fact, he set it aside for me and waited until I next came into his store. I was flattered and thrilled.

Mr. Kessler died a few years ago and there was quite a big write-up in the *Victoria Times-Colonist*, the local paper. You could probably google the obituary section of the paper to learn more. (I hope I have his last name right – if not, it's close.) He was also the person who told me that the reason *Further Chronicles* was so hard to find then was because there was a dispute between Chester and Stuart that prevented it being reprinted. [[lawsuit](#) between Montgomery and her publisher, L.C. Page]

When I got a bit older and was only missing a few books, my Dad gave me addresses for a number of bookstores, including Temple Books in Toronto. I sent out a sheaf of letters and was delighted – ecstatic really – to get a reply from Steve Temple in late October 1974. He offered a signed copy of *The*

*Watchman* for \$50; although it was a bit of a stretch at the time, I immediately sent the \$50. The book was part of my collection for nearly 40 years – and fulfilled that ‘oh for the touch of a vanished hand’ connection – once her very fingers touched the page – that Tennyson extols.

I was eighteen and newly married in the autumn of 1974 – rather to my parents’ dismay. Poring over the Monty books, as I called them, I perceived things I couldn’t have absorbed when I was younger. For example, there’s no realistic portrayal of a “real” marriage in any of the LMM books. It occurred to me that LMM must have had an unhappy marriage but, to fit in with the mores of the time, she had to bring on the saccharine word brush. Later – starting in 1974 with a CBC documentary – details about her marriage began to come out and they vindicated my thoughts, my first taste of the delights of so-called literary criticism, which I’d prefer to call dedicated intuition or great affection for the author that fascinates you.

My first daughter, Emily was named after *New Moon*, Carr, Bronte, Dickinson and my own maternal grandmother.

[Nancy had another child and earned a teacher’s license. She taught in a high school and then she and her husband went to China to teach where her husband died suddenly at age 47. She could not return to Canada because of the SARS epidemic so she went to France and then home. Again, she took an international teaching position at an Islamic high school in Sharjah, United Arab Emirates. After that, she returned to China for a few years and came back to Canada when her parents’ and brother’s health began to fail. Her father and brother have passed away and she is caring for her mother.]

I have to say that my heart is broken BUT – once again LMM is both meaningful and helpful. Her private life was never easy, at times it was excruciatingly difficult, but she carried on maintaining a gracious and welcoming home, doing her duty to her grandmother, covering up for Ewan, gilding the manse, making mock-cherry pies for Stuart, and I find it inspiring to remember her difficulties and how she overcame them and to realize that my tribulations are quite negligible in comparison (although, in general, comparisons are odious as Oscar Wilde pointed out).

Getting close to the end of this far-too-long e-mail, I’d like you to know that the books coming to you have been well looked after. When Emily was about 14, she came home from school with one of her friends. The friend noticed my Montgomery collection and stretched out her hand to pluck one of the books from the shelf. Emily, usually shy and reserved in this phase of her life, startled us all by saying loudly, “Halt! Do not touch that book unless your sanitation level is high. Are your hands clean and free of grease? When did you last wash them? Do you know how to hold a book without damaging its spine or creasing any of its pages? My mother would rather I came home pregnant than suffer damage to any of her books.”

I had to admit that I’d perhaps gone overboard in drilling my daughters in the care and nurture of our bound and printed friends.

...

It's interesting how different people have different favourites, mine are the first two *Anne* books, the *Emily* books, *The Blue Castle*, plus *Rilla of Ingleside*. I think it's a fascinating aspect of the writing process, or whatever we might call the space authors enter when they're at work, that *Rilla* evolved from *Marilla*. LMM couldn't possibly have had *Rilla* or any aspect of her life, particularly *The Great War*, in mind when she wrote *Anne of Green Gables* and it's amazing to me that "Marilla" sounds so harsh and uncompromising, just what Anne experienced when she arrived at Green Gables, and that *Rilla* is completely the opposite. [The name] sounds like the purling of water in a little rock-strewn stream and evokes dewy-eyed beauty and the sound of small waters making their way through a tamed and gentle forest.

To me, these books are like comfort food - virtual and essential macaroni and cheese, shepherd's pie or baking powder biscuits for the soul, signifying something more than a sound and a fury.

Another kindred spirit contacted us this year and she is starting to collect Montgomery books. Bernadeta Milewski read *Anne of Green Gables* when she was a girl of eight in Poland [now living in the US]; as result she became determined to go to Prince Edward Island. She made her first visit in 2006 and has been there five times. Last year she started a blog about L.M. Montgomery.

<http://kierunekavonlea.blogspot.com/>

In October 2014, she made another visit to her favorite location on PEI, Springbrook. Bernadeta was interviewed by *The Guardian* during her stay. I know *Shining Scroll* readers will love reading the article as well as looking through her beautiful web site!

"I just love the Island. I am such a happy person there. The energy is amazing."



## IDENTIFYING DUST JACKETS OF 1908 AND 1909 EDITIONS OF ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Mary Beth Cavert © 2015

While I was working on this issue of *The Shining Scroll*, I started to receive emails bubbling over with enthusiasm, questions about L.M. Montgomery, and a story of the writer's purchases and sales of Montgomery early editions. When the dust settled, his question emerged: He bought a 4<sup>th</sup> impression *Anne of Green Gables* (September 1908) which had an incomplete dust jacket [dust wrapper, dust cover]. Was the dust jacket authentic, that is, an original jacket issued with the 4<sup>th</sup> impression?

His question was a difficult one! His jacket has two detached blank flaps and the front cover, but no rear panel which always listed book titles -- helpful information for dating books. Sometimes sellers make false covers but this one seems to be genuinely aged, with paper and ink that look like other early originals. Owners might take a dust jacket from one book and put it on another. These jacket pieces clearly "belong" to each other and the outlines of the square flaps match the foxing, or browning, of the inside boards. I am assuming that this

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dust jacket did not come from another edition -- but what would a complete dust jacket for a 4<sup>th</sup> impression look like?



I knew of three other early *Anne of Green Gables* dust jackets with public history and I started to review my own collection of early *Anne* editions in order to ferret out a “best guess” for him.

I started with *Editions and Impressions: Collectors and Their Love of the Works of L.M. Montgomery*.

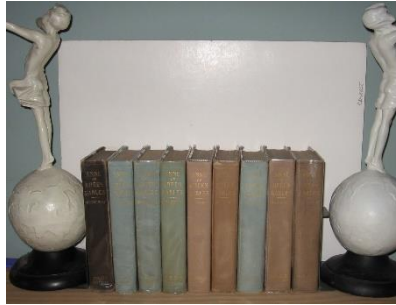
McConnell, Mary; Pahulje, Dani; Steele, Apollonia; and Treleaven, Cameron. With Aritha van Herk. *Editions and Impressions: Collectors and Their Love of the Works of L. M. Montgomery*. Calgary: Information Resources, University of Calgary. 2005.

This booklet has a record of strategies used to date an early *Anne of Green Gables* complete dust jacket that was not on a book. The dust jacket had the usual *Anne* cover illustration on cream paper with gold lettering and blank flaps. The titles listed on the back panel were used to date the cover -- three books which were reviewed from March to August 1908 and were published around April 1908 like *Anne*. The final determination to see if this jacket came from a true 1<sup>st</sup> edition was to fit the dust jacket on various impressions of the 1908 books. The jacket fit a 1<sup>st</sup> impression, April 1908, perfectly. It did not fit a 3<sup>rd</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> printing. A Cinderella story!



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I have noticed differences in book sizes, where protective covers fit one edition but not a seemingly identical one, especially among my *Anne of Avonlea* editions. I compared the size of my 1908 AGG impressions. Books that matched the 1<sup>st</sup> impression were: 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, and 7<sup>th</sup>. They were all 19.7 cm. in height -- my 1908 books are consistent in dimensions. Were all dust jackets and books the same size? Could the printers have cut some jackets differently? Could someone trim a worn one to improve appearance? I cannot say if 1908 *Anne of Green Gables* dust jackets, or books, vary in size.



Note: except for the 1<sup>st</sup> impression, all boards are light green or beige in color.

Next, I looked at the “Announcement List of New Fiction” in the back pages of each 1908 impression for clues about the titles of books that might also be listed on the back panels of the early jackets. Impressions 1 through 7 (1908) all list the same titles in the same order: *The Call of the South*, *The House in the Water*, *Captain Love*, *Bahama Bill*, *Matthew Porter*, *Anne of Green Gables*, [Peggy at] *Spinster Farm* (the next four pages of additional selections from the publisher’s fiction list are identical in all impressions as well).

The 8<sup>th</sup> impression was printed in March 1909 and matches the previous printings from 1908.

The presumed 1<sup>st</sup> dust jacket pictured in *Editions and Impressions* shows *Captain Love*, *The Call of the South*, and *Matthew Porter* on the back panel.

Note: In my 1908 L.C. Page *Holiday Bulletin*, *Anne of Green Gables* is labelled “The Brightest Book of the Year,” and in “New Popular Fiction” are: *The Call of the South*, *Peggy at Spinster Farm*, *Tales from Bohemia*, *Travels of a Lady’s Maid*, *Bahama Bill*, *The Blue Peter*, and The Works of Annie Fellows Johnston, and others. *Matthew Porter* [A Story of To-day] is not listed in the end-of-year bulletin, but it was announced in *Publishers’ Weekly* on 11 April 1908.

Books listed on the back panel of the jacket may be titles that are not included in the List of Fiction inside the book.

A change is made in the 9<sup>th</sup> impression of *Anne of Green Gables* (April 1909). The “Announcement List of New Fiction” is updated to: *David Bran*, *The Quest for the Rose of Sharon*, *Anne of Avonlea*, *A Gentleman of Quality*, *The Mystery of Miss Motte*, *The Further Adventures of Quincy Adams Sawyer and Mason Corner Folks*, *Masters of Circumstance*, and *Tag: You’re It, Or The Chien Boule Dog*.

Montgomery received an acceptance letter from the L.C. Page Publishing Company for *Anne of Green Gables* in April 1907 and a sequel was requested at the same time because Page had great success with serials. She finished writing *Anne of Avonlea* in August 1908. Page added the title to his “New Fiction” list in the back pages of *Anne of Green Gables* in April 1909 but apparently delayed the release of *Anne of Avonlea* until September because the first book was still selling so well. It was his practice to start announcing new titles

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months before their release, especially those by best-selling authors. He released news of *Anne of Green Gables* in March 1908, the first impression plates were printed with April 1908, and it was released in June.

The “List of New Fiction” with *Anne of Avonlea* in it remained the same from the 9<sup>th</sup> impression of *Anne of Green Gables* through the 14<sup>th</sup> impression, October 1909. There are two known complete *Anne of Green Gables* dust jackets from 1909, one is on an 11<sup>th</sup> impression (August 1909) at the National Library of Canada in the Cohen Collection and the other is the 14<sup>th</sup> impression (October 1909) on my book shelf. The 11<sup>th</sup> impression jacket is exactly like the presumed 1<sup>st</sup> jacket in style and format “except the books listed on the rear panel differed,” according to *Editions and Impressions*. The 14<sup>th</sup> impression [pictured on right] matches the description of the 11.<sup>th</sup>



Both of these books list *Anne of Avonlea*, *The Concentrations of Bee*, and *A Gentleman of Quality* on the back panel of the dust jacket. *The Concentrations of Bee* does not appear on the list of new fiction on the inside page because it was published in October 1909 (Page began to list it on the dust jacket at least as early as August). A question is: how often did Page change the titles on the back panel of the dust jacket on *Anne of Green Gables*? Was it more often than the change in titles for the New Fiction list inside, or did the back panel list remain the same like the pages inside?

All we can see from the three early dust jackets available to us is that the 1909 jackets still looked identical to the presumed 1908 1<sup>st</sup> impression jacket pictured in *Editions and Impressions*, except for the book titles on the back. However, the partial jacket with the 4<sup>th</sup> impression *Anne* had square corner flaps, not clipped corners like the presumed 1<sup>st</sup>, 11<sup>th</sup>, and 14<sup>th</sup> impressions.

My expectation and hope that the titles Page listed on the back jacket panel matched titles listed in the back pages does not hold up in the 1909 printings, as shown by the inclusion of *The Concentrations of Bee* (listed on the dust jacket but not on the fiction list pages). But, it is possible Page printed a dustjacket for *Anne of Green Gables* which looked the same for every printing from April 1908 until March 1909, when he started to promote *Anne of Avonlea*, or, he might have changed the back panels on the jackets more often than the fiction lists in the back pages of the books. Another new question arises: did the shape of the jacket flaps change, if so, when -- or were early jacket flaps both square and clipped?

Is it possible that the very first dust jackets had blank and square flaps like the 4<sup>th</sup> impression edition? The clipped corners on the two 1909 jackets are uniform on all four corners. How would one explain the presumed 1<sup>st</sup> dust jacket with the appropriate 1908 book titles on the back panel but corners clipped like the 1909 jackets? Could this be, instead, an 8<sup>th</sup> impression jacket from 1909, before the New Fiction list was changed? That would take into account the possibility that 1908 titles printed on the back panel remained unchanged but the shape of the flaps were cut like the later 1909 editions.

So, my best guess for my hopeful correspondent is that his partial dust jacket may well be an original September 1908 *Anne of Green Gables* cover, but we cannot make a determination without other jackets. How unfortunate that it is in pieces and part of it is lost. If it was complete, we could see if L.C. Page put new

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titles on the back by September 1908 or if it matches the rear panel on the mystery jacket in *Editions and Impressions*. But we also need to see other 1908 dust jackets printed by L.C. Page to see how the flaps are cut.

Montgomery herself did not care for jackets. She wrote to George Macmillan in 1927:

I was amused over you saying that you kept the paperjackets on your books as long as possible. That is one point on which we differ. I cannot read a book with a jacket on. It worries me so that I have to tear it off, crumple it in a ball and fire it in my wastepaper basket. It seems to be between me and the book in some inexplicable way.

Please let us know if you have a 1908 or 1909 *Anne of Green Gables* with an original dust jacket by L.C. Page on your shelf and tell us what it looks like!

## JANUARY 30<sup>TH</sup>, 2015 HAPPY 100TH BIRTHDAY TO RUTH MACDONALD!

“Ruth Macdonald’s unfailing generosity with family materials and active encouragement of Montgomery studies has been instrumental from the beginning, in supporting Montgomery scholarship and research. She was the first Montgomery family member to be contacted about starting the L.M. Montgomery Institute - and the first to say she was coming to the launch party for it. She has been delighted to work alongside her daughter Kate in making key, invaluable donations to the Institute. Ruth's quiet, indomitable, magnanimous presence can be felt in almost every successful collaboration: between her family and scholars, governments, and creative artists. The sweet smile on her face in her wedding photograph with Stuart Macdonald is the very same today in its warmth and radiant kindness. Ruth Macdonald, in other words, has through force of character and strength of spirit urged the best wherever she has been involved on the family's behalf.”

Elizabeth Epperly in [Honouring the Montgomery Preservationists](#).

[Ruth pictured in 2008 at the Montgomery Conference in PEI with Kate Macdonald, Elizabeth Epperly, Deke Macdonald]



## FRIENDS OF THE MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE FUND RAISING AUCTION

Christy Woster © 2014

Many of the Friends of The L. M. Montgomery Institute gathered in Charlottetown in June 2014 for the biennial Montgomery conference, *L. M. Montgomery and War*. The board members of The Friends were all busy with various aspects of the conference. For the second time we hosted a silent auction throughout the conference as a fund raising event for The Friends.

Planning for such an event begins months before the conference. We are blessed to have so many generous donors, and we thank each and every one of them. We had over 70 items that we packed into our car for the trip to PEI, along with some items packed carefully in members' suitcases on their flights to The Island. We had quite a diverse group of items for the auction -- there truly was something for everyone. There were many collectible early editions of Montgomery's books, war-related items such as World War I-era poetry books, sheet music for John McCrae's *In Flanders Fields*, two apple-leaf pattern cushions, knitted and sewn items, dolls, original photography, an original hooked mat of "Captain Jim's Lighthouse," beach glass, china tea cups and even a soup tureen. Two items that really caused a lot of excitement and spirited bidding were two handmade cookbooks that contained recipes from Montgomery and the Montgomery-related sites on PEI. These cookbooks were put together by Sandy Wagner and Linda Boutilier. Sandy wrote out the recipes by hand and Linda did all the original drawings in the cookbook. The lucky winning bidders were thrilled when the auction ended and they were able to leave with one of these very special items. The auction earned over \$2,000.00 when the final bell rang. Carolyn Collins made poppies for everyone making donations to The LMMI Friends.



All of the money raised at the Silent Auction goes to The Friends of the L. M. Montgomery Institute. The Friends is an all-volunteer group drawn from Montgomery fans and scholars around the world. Our mission is to continue to support the L. M. Montgomery Institute and its collection of Montgomery items. The Institute has many needs, such as making the existing collection more accessible, constructing archival safe areas to store the collection and to have funds available to continue to add to the collection. The Friends not only benefit the Institute, and the University of Prince Edward Island, but also Montgomery scholarship for generations to come.



If you have a Montgomery-related item that you would like to donate for the fundraising that will be done during the 2016 conference, please email Christy Woster at: [pei45@msn.com](mailto:pei45@msn.com). It is never too soon to begin planning for 2016. We hope to see all you in June, 2016 at the twelfth biennial conference at The University of Prince Edward Island. The theme will be "L. M. Montgomery and Gender."



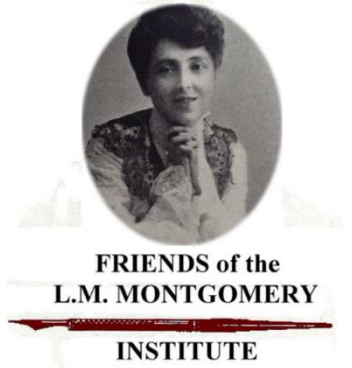
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## THE FRIENDS OF THE LMMI

Carolyn Strom Collins

To further their mission of helping to preserve the vast Montgomery collection now housed in the Special Collections of the University of Prince Edward Island Library, the Friends of the L. M. Montgomery Institute raised over \$3,000 (in donations as well as through a Silent Auction) at the 2014 Conference.

Among the many materials that the L. M. Montgomery Institute is responsible for are first editions of Montgomery's books, original copies of Montgomery's stories and poems published in her lifetime, and artifacts associated with L. M. Montgomery herself as well as her Montgomery, Macneill, Campbell, Webb, and Woolner families. Most of these materials have been donated to the Institute by family members and Montgomery enthusiasts for safekeeping, maintaining, conserving, and use by scholars and others interested in studying the life and work of L. M. Montgomery.



Carrying out these responsibilities can be expensive, as you can imagine. That is why the Friends of the L. M. Montgomery Institute was formed in 2012 -- to raise funds to ensure that the Institute can continue to keep the collection in good condition and to continue make it available for all of us to study and appreciate.

We invite you to contribute to these efforts and have a few categories of donations for your consideration (named for LMM's own descriptions of her own friends): "Lifelong" Friends: \$1000 +; "Steady" Friends: \$500-\$999; "Beloved" Friends: \$250-499; "Loyal" Friends: \$100-\$150; and "Kindred Spirits:" \$35-99. These are guidelines only -- donations in any amount are much appreciated. [For a list of those who have already donated, see the LMMI Friends Donor page at [www.LMmontgomery.ca/friends\\_donors](http://www.LMmontgomery.ca/friends_donors)]

You can be assured that 100% of your donation will go directly to the Friends fund. If you are donating in Canadian funds or most foreign currencies, you will receive a tax receipt; with some exceptions, U. S. donors will not receive a tax receipt *if donating electronically* (however, if U. S. donors wish to send a cheque [see below], a tax receipt can be issued). Yes, it is a little complicated for U. S. donors! But worth the effort!

The link for donating on-line is <https://secure.upei.ca/donate/> ; **be sure to use the "drop-down" box entitled "Designate your Gift" and fill in "Friends of LMMI" in the space designated.**

If you are donating in U.S. funds, you should be sure to check "I do not require a charitable gift receipt." If you prefer to send a cheque in order to receive a tax receipt for U.S. funds, make it out to UPEI US Foundation with Friends of LMMI in the "memo" line. The address is UPEI US Foundation, ATTN: Kim Roach, UPEI Steel Building, 550 University Avenue, Charlottetown, PE, Canada C1A 4P3 (postage from the U. S. to Canada is \$1.15).

We list our donors on the LMMI website -- if you prefer to be an anonymous donor, please indicate this for us on the on-line form or with your cheque. You may also wish to donate "In Honour Of" or "In Memory Of" someone.

With our sincere thanks,

The Friends of the LMMI Board

(Linda Boutilier, Donna Campbell, Mary Beth Cavert, Carolyn Strom Collins, Dr. Elizabeth Epperly, Kate Sutherland, Loretta Craig Taylor, Sandy Wagner, Melanie Whitfield, Joanne Wood, Christy Woster, Dr. Emily Woster)

Although most of the content in Part 1 of the 2014 issue of *The Shining Scroll* is about World War I, we are including this article in Part 2 which also commemorates the 100th anniversary of the beginning of WWI and L.M. Montgomery's response to it. Sandy Wagner made this presentation in July 2014 to the Bideford Manse's "Wednesday Evenings with L.M. Montgomery." Sandy recounts many of the scenes from *Rilla of Ingleside* that tell how the War was affecting those at home who could "only stand and wait."

## COMFORT IN CONFLICT

Sandy Wagner © 2014

The prose and poetry of Prince Edward Island poet Lucy Gertrude Clarkin [1877 - 1947] were published in many periodicals over the years. Her poem "His Birthright" speaks to us of the boyhood of all the young men whose lives were shattered and voices silenced in the conflict of war.

Don't call him away too soon, he dwells  
In a land that is strangely fair,  
For bandit caves, and fairy dells,  
And armored knights are there.

Don't call him away from the things that seem  
To the things that really are;  
Let him romp on the slopes of his magic dream  
With never a fence to bar.

Don't call him too soon to the shadowed ways.  
Let the heart of a boy be free,  
Let him carry the sun of his joyous days  
To the gloom of the years to be.

From the journal of L. M. Montgomery we read about the beginning of The Great War:

August 5, 1914

The Manse, Leaskdale, Ont.

England has declared war on Germany!

... Four years ago Earl Grey told me that war between England and Germany was surely coming in a few years. I said "Don't you think that is one of the things that are expected so long that never come to pass?" But he said gravely, "No. This is coming. We must get ready for it."

How could anyone get ready for the emotional conflict and upheaval of seeing the young men marching to the carnage and devastation of a World War?

Maud wrote – "Civilization stands aghast at the horror that is coming upon it."

A week later, Maud and Ewan's second son was born -- dead. Maud confided in her journal:

All the agony and pain I have endured in my whole life heaped together could not equal what I felt when I realized that my baby was dead - my bonny sweet baby, so beautiful and perfect.

Could this have been the cry of any mother whose infant son or grown son lay dead to this world?

Margaret Mustard of Leaskdale recalled

... Maud shared a burden of anxiety with every mother who had a son in uniform. And when the news came, as inevitably it did to some, the Macdonalds proved their loyal friendship by claiming each sorrow as their own.

Based on her wartime journal entries, Maud Montgomery has given us a factual account of World War I in her tenth novel *Rilla of Ingleside*. Elizabeth Waterston noted in her book *Magic Island*:

The accuracy of *Rilla of Ingleside* ... has led to its acceptance by modern historians in Canada and elsewhere for use in classes on World War I.

To read this book gives one the feeling that we are looking through the window of a Prince Edward Island home – "Ingleside" -- searching for comfort, comfort in crisis, and emotional conflict on the home-front. Maud shares what become moments of comfort in everyday living: friendship, baking, cooking, knitting, sewing, gardening, the language of flowers, poetry, singing of hymns, reading the Bible, letter-writing, the coming of the mail, the beauty in nature, and most of all, love of family.

Occasionally, there are hints of humour mingled with the sadness. "Now, let us take a brace," says Susan Baker, the faithful and beloved housekeeper of the Blythe household, expressing one of her favourite quotes in the running of the household.

Just now, Rilla, the youngest Blythe daughter's world is falling apart, as it is for the entire family. Her oldest brother, Jem, and Jerry Meredith, the minister's oldest son, are going to Charlottetown to enlist for wartime service.

Mrs. Blythe covered her face... "No - no! But - oh - our first born son - he's only a lad - Gilbert - I'll try to be brave after a while - just now I can't. It's all come so suddenly. Give me time."

...Two days later Jem and Jerry came back in khaki. Mrs. Blythe and daughter Nan were brave and smiling and wonderful. Already Mrs. Blythe and Miss Cornelia were organizing a Red Cross. The Doctor and Mr. Meredith were rounding up the men for a Patriotic Society ... Rilla carried her head high

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among the girls whose brothers had not so responded ... and admired Faith Meredith. "I think she and Jem are really engaged now. She goes about with a shining light in her eyes, but her smiles are a little stiff and starched, just like Mother's. I wonder if I could be as brave as she is if I had a lover and he was going to the war. It is bad enough when it is your brother."

The night before Jem's leaving for Valcartier, the training camp of the soldiers for overseas service just south of Quebec City, Rilla approached her mother:

"I want to do something. I'm only a girl - I can't do anything to win the war - but I must do something to help at home."

Immediately, she was put to hemming sheets with Nan and twin sister Di and planning the organization of a Junior Red Cross. Driving around the "Glen" and "Four Winds," collecting Red Cross supplies, she followed the deep-rutted lane to the Anderson place. It was a feeling of pity, not a 'knack' with kids, that overcame Rilla as she witnessed the young dead mother and the great-aunt Mrs. Conover, drinking and smoking, telling her the pitiful baby's father was overseas. Knowing she must do something, Rilla impulsively decided she must take the baby home. She placed the child, wrapped in a tattered little quilt, in an enormous blue soup tureen, the only means at hand for its transport. Rilla needed her hands to drive the horse. Upon her arrival home, she was told by her father that he could give her advice but she must care for the baby herself. Her mother and Susan could not be overtaxed and Nan and Di were leaving for Redmond. Dr. Blythe knew in his heart Rilla would rise to the occasion in saving a little life for Canada. When his wife arrived home from a Red Cross Convention in Charlottetown, Susan calmly amazed her with the news of Rilla's whereabouts. "She's upstairs, Mrs. Dr. dear, putting her baby to bed."

There is much to be said about the useful art of knitting. Maud Montgomery wrote in her journal "... knitting has always had a good effect on me when I am nervous."

Sturdy, reliable Susan Baker at "Ingleside" states the comfort of knitting very effectively. "Knitting is something you can do, even when your heart is going like a trip hammer and the pit of your stomach feels all gone and your thoughts are catawampus." Of her Cousin Sophia taking to knitting Susan adds "...it is a good thing, for she cannot think of quite so many doleful speeches to make when her hands are busy with her needles instead of being folded on her stomach."

My neighbour and friend in Kensington many years ago, Bessie Stewart Jonsson [1910 - 2002] had lived in Cavendish. She remembered Margaret Macneill, who with her brother David lived in the home we now know as "Green Gables." During World War I, Margaret knitted 93 -- or was it 98? -- pairs of socks [Bessie not quite sure of the number] for the men overseas. Although Margaret was blind by that time, her knitting contributed to the war effort.

Comfort in knitting at "Ingleside" surpassed its value for Anne Blythe, noted by young Rilla:

Mother knitted away as steadily as clockwork and pretended to be calm and serene - pretended so well that we were all deceived and envious until next day, when I caught her raveling out four inches of her sock. She had knitted that far past where the heel should have been!

When Rilla learned of her second brother Walter's enlisting she cried:

Oh Mother how can you bear it?"

"Rilla, dear, I've known for several days that Walter meant to go. I've had time to - to rebel and grow reconciled. We must give him up. There is a call greater and more insistent than the call of our love - he has listened to it. We must not add to the bitterness of his sacrifice."

"It may cure him of being a poet," added Susan in a low voice.

Remember the old hymn "Fight the Good Fight"? That is exactly what the little ghosts of childhood said as Rilla and Walter walked to "Rainbow Valley" the evening before Walter left. They had played there so long ago with Jerry, Carl, Faith and Una Meredith and Mary Vance. "We were the children of yesterday, Walter - fight a good fight for the children of today and tomorrow." It was Walter who had named the little valley behind the grove of maples.

The children looking from the attic windows of "Ingleside," through the mist and aftermath of a summer thunderstorm, had seen the beloved spot arched by a glorious rainbow, one end of which seemed to dip straight down to where a corner of the pond ran up into the lower end of the valley.

Rilla did not give in to the comfort of tears, not while Walter was with her standing there gazing at the beauty and remembrance of it all. "I shall see it so in my dreams," he said, as they returned to "Ingleside."

They did not talk about the war at all - and they thought of nothing else. With the Merediths and Gertrude Oliver, the school teacher who boarded with the Blythes, they gathered round the piano and sang the grand old hymn,

Oh, God, our help in ages past  
Our hope for years to come.  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

The minister quietly added, "Our help in ages past - the same yesterday, today and forever...When we forget God - He remembers us."

Hymn-singing shared with family and friends was a comfort and solace. Maud Montgomery recalled in her journal, the entry written in Park Corner.

This evening we all got in the sitting room and had a little singing of hymns while Ella played. It seems a pale reflection on old times.

In church on Sunday evenings, when the congregation sang together the old naval hymn "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," Rilla's voice died away at the words "Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in peril on the sea."

Kenneth Ford's regiment had arrived safely in England. His letter was under the pillow Rilla slept on -- its moments of happiness replaced her imaginings the words of the hymn had given her. Ken was the son of



Leslie and Owen Ford, whose special friendship with Anne and Gilbert came from the “House of Dreams” days. Here was romance, Rilla having promised Ken she wouldn't let anyone kiss her till he came back. Like the pansies for “remembrance” Rilla had worn in her hair to the dance at the “Four Winds Lighthouse,” she often thought she was the only one who remembered that evening. She and Kenneth had danced together and later rowed across the moonlit channel to the dunes before returning for supper. Then, Jack Elliot, a medical student from McGill had arrived with the dreaded news: “England declared war on Germany today.” The best of Rilla's first party was over.

Life on the home-front carried on. Food parcels from the “Ingleside” kitchen composed of plummy cake, biscuits, shortbread and candy were sent to the boys. Susan added a fine-tooth comb! She had planted the garden and housecleaned with Anne. Gertrude Oliver taught school as if in a dream, saying at one point, “I am in that state of mind where even a lie is a comfort, providing it is a cheerful lie.” Whatever work was done with their hands, they awaited the war news with their souls.

Rilla brought about a war wedding with a day's preparation. She had never been so excited as Susan baked the cake while Rilla herself altered and sewed her own white dress to be Miranda Pryor's wedding dress in her marriage to Joe Milgrave on his last leave before the western front. Anne Blythe draped her own wedding veil of twenty-four years over Miranda for the good luck from the happiest bride. Rilla as bridesmaid ended up holding Jims -- the little war baby she had rescued -- as his good behavior was overcome with shyness and contrariness, crying for “Willa.”

“It seems hundreds of years since those ‘Green Gables’ days,” sighed Anne. “They belonged to another world altogether. Life has been cut in two by the chasm of war...”

Anne's friends of those long ago days had also seen their own sons marching off to war. Remember Billy Andrews? He had his sister propose to Anne for him. She had refused, of course, so he married Nettie Blewett. Now their son had gone as had Jack Wright, son of Anne's beloved friend Diana and Fred Wright. Jane Andrews, married to the Winnipeg millionaire had seen their only son answer the call. The two sons of the Rev. Jo and Philippa Gordon; the son of Stella Maynard from Vancouver and Priscilla Grant's son from Japan all joined up. Their mothers, with Anne Blythe, had all been part of “Patty's Place” during their college days.

Young Carl Meredith enlisted on his 18th birthday. Son of Rev. Meredith, he was the lad whose fascination with bugs, lizards and even frogs he carried to Sunday School shocked the good folks of “Glen St. Mary.” Anne daydreamed of all the children when they were small - hearing their childish voices as they played in “Rainbow Valley.” For those few moments, this happy memory blotted out the horrors of war.

Gertrude, knowledgeable and fond of poetry -- especially with lines of comfort such as Wordsworth and many of the old poets had written -- noted how everything written before the war seemed so far away now. In the days to come, Gertrude would be shaken with the news that the man she was to marry, Major Robert Grant, had been killed in action. “Can the spring really come this year?” she asked of the poets, as she returned to school. Then the unbelievable occurred -- it had been a mistake. It was not *her* Robert Grant but a different man with the same name. Rilla hung up the phone, did not stop to think and ran to tell Gertrude who

collapsed among the golden ferns in "Rainbow Valley." The fright it gave Rilla, she later realized, ought to have made her sensible!

"The only thing that I find much comfort in reading nowadays is the Bible," Susan added. She wrote to Jem, knowing he needed comfort from home, gleaning this between the lines of his letters.

Walter was awarded the D.C. medal having left the safety of the trench to drag in a wounded comrade. His letter to Rilla, however, was of all the fond memories they had shared in the dear old cloudless days of long ago. He knew the daffodils would be out in their "Ingleside" garden, "blowing bright and golden under that lovely rosey sky." He felt now they must be dyed red with blood - like the poppies. He enclosed his poem "The Piper," calling it a little scrap of verse he had written by candlelight in the Flanders trench. It became "the one great poem of the war" by Pte. Walter Blythe. Gertrude Oliver, long before, had recognized Walter's great poetical ability.

"Little Dog Monday," the faithful dog of the Blythe household, had lived down at the railway station since Jem's going. He was waiting for Jem's return with each and every train. Rilla arose one early morning hearing Dog Monday howling a mournful dirge. "When a dog cries like that the Angel of Death is passing," Gertrude once told Rilla. Five days later, the Blythes learned it was Walter that had been killed instantly during a charge at Courcellette. The eve before the battle he had written to Rilla:

It is a strange thing to read a letter after the writer is dead -- a bitter-sweet thing, in which pain and comfort are strangely mingled.

Once again Walter had seen "the Piper" as he had seen him long before in "Rainbow Valley." Walter had always had premonitions. He was no longer afraid. Walter's long letter contained many thoughts and remembrances - autumn on the hills of home, the dreamy harbour, the wild asters of afterthought blowing throughout "Rainbow Valley" - their "farewell summers" blooming after the summer flowers had faded. "I think Ken will go back to you - and there will be long years of happiness..." -- Ken, who last saw Rilla leaning over the gate amongst the tall white lilies of purity as he rounded the bend in the road. Walter recalled Rilla's laughter and the blue steadfast eyes of Una whom he once called a tea rose, the flower of love. He asked Rilla to share this letter with Una as time had run out for any further writing. Above all he asked them to keep faith. Rilla, who before the war, wanted to eat life, not taste it, had matured into a fine and unselfish woman and with tender sacrifice offered Una the letter to keep. Una had so little. Above her desk at home, Rilla had the framed copy of Walter's poem and his picture - looking at her with his beautiful deep eyes.



To this day, in the back parlour of Grandfather Montgomery's home in Park Corner, hangs the picture of twenty-year-old Leslie McLeod [Pvt. Leslie William McLeod, d. 30 December 1917]. It was brought there by his sister Mary Ella when she married Heath Montgomery, Maud Montgomery's cousin. Dressed in uniform, his blue eyes gaze over the years as Mary Ella drew comfort from his picture in telling his story to her children and grandchildren. Across the road at the Campbell home, in a personal scrapbook of Maud's, is the newspaper clipping she pasted on one of its pages telling the story of Leslie's untimely death.

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The words of Virna Sheard that Maud chose for the title page of *Rilla of Ingleside* come to mind - "Now they remain to us forever young Who with such splendour gave their youth away." [*The Young Knights* 1917]

A few days after his 18th birthday, Anne and Gilbert's third and last son Shirley, announced he would be following his brothers.

"Two of my sons have gone and one will never return. Must I give you too, Shirley?" she cried. Gilbert recalled the room being filled with children's laughter. "Our last son - our last son," he said aloud -- "always reminded me of my father." Outdoors, ' the very trees on the lawn seemed to be trying to comfort each other... for the loss of the last of the little lads who had romped under them in childhood.

Remember Mary Vance, the sassy, bossy and bragging Mary Vance who had once chased Rilla through the "Glen" with a codfish? She blew in with a snowstorm one evening and saved little Jims from "diphthery croup," as she called it. Now, here she was telling the "Ingleside" folk that Miller Douglas had been wounded and had to have his leg amputated. She claimed she was being twitted about having a husband with one leg but that she would rather have him than any other man with a dozen legs! She didn't visit long as she'd promised Luke MacAllister to help him build his grain stack. "It's up to us girls to see that the harvest is got in, since the boys are so scarce. I've got overalls and I can tell you they're real becoming," she added.

Rilla felt she wouldn't be much help in the harvest field. However, she could take Jack Flagg's place in his father's store for a month so he could help bring in the harvest. Susan took to pitching sheaves in Albert Crawford's oat field, skirt tucked up to her knees -- but no overalls.

The following Easter Mr. Meredith chose his text from Matthew 10:22. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved," giving hope and confidence.

Rilla, looking up at the memorial tablet on the wall above their pew, "Sacred to the memory of Walter Cuthbert Blythe," felt herself lifted out of her dread and filled anew with courage. Walter could not have laid down his life for naught. He had had the gift of prophetic vision and he had foreseen victory. She would cling to that belief.

It would be a slab, not a cake, that Susan Baker's recipe might become in being expected to cope with the food rations the government regulations insisted upon. This was how war cake, as it was called, came about. No butter, eggs or milk were used and therefore was very economical. "I shall anchor my storm-tossed soul to the British fleet and make a batch of bran biscuits," announced Susan. Her distressed remark paraphrased the official hymn of the Boys Brigade: "Will your anchor hold in the storms of life?" When the Allies had won two tremendous victories, Anne Blythe could feel the end of the war was coming. Susan ran out and hoisted up the flag. She saluted it, as she had seen Shirley do. "Four hundred thousand of our boys gone overseas - fifty thousand of them killed. But - you are worth it!"

She was one of the women -- courageous, unquailing, patient, heroic -- who had made victory possible. In her they all saluted the symbol for which their dearest had fought.

At the beginning of the war, alone in "Rainbow Valley," Rilla recalled her mother quoting with stricken eyes, "When our women fail in courage, Shall our men be fearless still?" The women of "Ingleside," including Susan, had shown that courage.

On her way upstairs, Rilla overheard her mother telling her father how close she and Rilla had become, how she could not have gotten through these terrible years without her. Rilla committed these words to her journal "for my comforting when days of discouragement come upon me."

News of Carl Meredith told them he was in hospital and lost the sight in one eye. "One eye is enough to watch bugs with," Carl wrote cheerfully.

Jem had not been heard from in over a month; then an overseas cable came. Rilla answered the call from the telegraph office in Charlottetown.

"Just arrived. Escaped from Germany. Quite well. Writing. James Blythe."

As Rilla turned, there was her mother wearing the old rose kimono of warmth and of comfort in the shade she had always longed for -- like Diana's dress in "Green Gables" days -- the shade she knew did not go well with red hair. Of course, Jem had made light of his badly wounded thigh and couldn't come home immediately. He was safe in an English hospital receiving further treatment and would be home sometime. Little Dog Monday would meet his train at last.

Peace was coming. "Rilla was seeing a little white cross on a battlefield in France." This is where the poppies would blow over Walter's grave, over the graves of the thousands and thousands of soldiers whose loved ones on the home-front had kept the faith. Poppies signifying consolation - perhaps consolation for those at home who would never be able to tend the graves and plant flowers.

"We will keep faith," said Gertrude. She rose suddenly. A silence fell around the table, and in the silence Gertrude repeated Walter's famous poem "The Piper."

One day the Piper came down the glen,  
Sweet and long and low played he...  
The children followed from door to door,  
No matter how those who loved might implore,  
So willing the song of his melody  
As the song of the woodland rill.

Someday the Piper will come again  
To pipe to the sons of the Maple tree...  
You and I will follow from door to door,  
Many of us will come back no more !  
What matter that if Freedom still  
Be the crown of each native hill?

When she finished Mr. Meredith stood up and held up his glass.

"Let us drink," he said, "to the silent army, - to the boys who followed when the Piper summoned. For our tomorrow they gave their today - theirs is the victory! "

To celebrate the peace, Susan Baker announced, "Since the fall house cleaning is over and the garden truck is all safe in cellar, I am going to take a honeymoon... I shall never be able to get a husband but I am not going to be cheated out of everything and a honeymoon I intend to have. I am going to Charlottetown to visit my married brother and his family."

Slowly, the men, the boys came home. Nothing was quite the same, even for those who had not been wounded. James Anderson, father of little Jims brought an English bride home. She was fond of children. They were to live and farm quite near "Ingleside." Rilla would see Jims often as "he is more your baby than anyone else's," Mrs. Anderson assured her. Mary Vance could put on airs as Miller Douglas would be head clerk at Carter Flagg's store. Farming was no longer an option with Miller's wooden leg, but he was cheerful. Joe Milgrave was back for his bride Miranda Pryor of the war wedding Rilla had quickly arranged for them. Jem Blythe returned home with the blooming of the daffodils and Dog Monday's joy was unbounded. In later short stories Maud Montgomery wrote, we learn that Jem and Faith Meredith did marry. They would have two little boys -- Jem, Jr., and Walter. Carl, with only the sight of one eye, and Jerry Meredith, who had been wounded with a shot in his back, returned home. He and Di Blythe hoped to have their wedding on the "Ingleside" lawn. Kenneth Ford did come back to Rilla and they married.

L. M. Montgomery dedicated *Rilla of Ingleside* to her cousin and dearest friend, who as a result of the Spanish flu that was rampant at the war's end, became another victim of war.

To the memory of  
FREDERICA CAMPBELL MACFARLANE  
who went away from me when the dawn broke on January 25th, 1919  
- a true friend, a rare personality, a loyal and courageous soul.

It is most interesting to note that an outdoor photo exhibition, "Fields of Battle," was shown in several cities in 2014. This exhibition can be viewed on the internet at [www.fieldsofbattle1418.org](http://www.fieldsofbattle1418.org). Photographer Mike St. Muir Sheil captures the haunting beauty of many of the World War I battlefields as they are today. One photo, of a rainbow arching over Messines Ridge, mentioned in L. M. Montgomery's journals, took the photographer nine hours of waiting for the perfect light. Maud once wrote

What more beautiful than the sentence about the rainbow, " the hands of the Most High have bended it..."

The photographer has said "I'm not seeking to show the misery and the horror of the battlefield. I'm just trying to show that nature has indeed come along and healed."

These peaceful landscapes of nature's creation are thought-provoking in light of the present world situation. They bring to mind the prayer spoken by Rilla Blythe, "Oh God, Give me strength, just strength -- and courage. Please send us better news tomorrow."

## SOME FINAL WORDS ABOUT THE L.M. MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE

### To Supporters and Colleagues of the L.M. Montgomery Institute at UPEI

10 July 2014. First, a great Thank You to all the staff and organizers affiliated with the 11<sup>th</sup> Biennial International Conference: *L.M. Montgomery and War*. I have attended every conference since it began in 1994, often as a presenter - I hope you will continue to read some of my thoughts about this important and energizing tradition.

The Organizing Committee is listed in the program but I want to thank, especially, **Dr. Benjamin Lefebvre** and **Dr. Andrea McKenzie** for the excellent variety and quality of presentations, and **Elizabeth DeBlois** for nearly everything else. Elizabeth is superb; her knowledge and interest in Montgomery and her organizing skills were a great help to all of us! Academics always remark on the unique character of this conference because of the depth and breadth of scholarship, the collegiality of the participants, and the fun.

We are always happy to be hosted by UPEI and make use of its great conference facilities and services, as well as its wonderful library and archives for Montgomery researchers, expertly and kindly facilitated by **Simon Lloyd** and his staff!

I am a founding member of The Friends of the L.M. Montgomery Institute (note: official name is L.M., not Lucy Maud) and we were so pleased to connect with the excellent UPEI Development staff to create appropriate pathways to receive donations to support the LMMI. **Myrtle Jenkins-Smith** and **Kim Roach** spent a great deal of time with us (Founder Carolyn Collins via Skype, and board members Christy Woster, Dr. Emily Woster, Melanie Whitfield, and myself), answering all our questions and clarifying strategies and procedures.

Our delegation from Minnesota, USA, founders of the Friends of LMMI, has its origins in the group that Carolyn Strom Collins formed in 1991, The L.M. Montgomery Literary Society. We publish a yearly periodical, *The Shining Scroll*, devoted to information, new research, and activities related to the author. We always write about the UPEI conference and often include articles about PEI history and Ontario. We have a large international social presence on Facebook and Twitter, and a web site that averages 70 visits each day. We also maintain a private email list of several hundred in our Montgomery network. We are just one group of many other volunteers who contribute to ongoing international conversations and publications about Montgomery and her work. Interest in L.M. Montgomery remains constant and robust around the world!

Secondly, I would like to say that we all hope that support for the LMMI remains constant and robust on Prince Edward Island. You can find no better summary about the study of L.M. Montgomery than in the *Preface to the 2014 Edition of The Fragrance of Sweet-Grass* by your own Professor Emerita of English, past President of UPEI, and Founder of the L.M. Montgomery Institute, **Dr. Elizabeth Epperly**. This is required reading for experts, "fans", and administrators!

And, if you would read through all the conference paper titles (and publications by University of Toronto Press) <http://www.lmmontgomery.ca/conferences>, you can see the large number of interdisciplinary connections scholars make between Montgomery and departments of English, History, Island Studies, Canadian Studies, Environmental Studies, Religious Studies, and in the areas of Law/Intellectual Property, Psychology, Creativity, Photography, Culture, Gender Studies, etc.

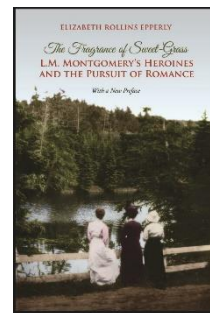
Again, thank you to all for creating another rich platform that has engaged us with life-long friendships and exciting knowledge for more than 20 years.

Mary Beth Cavert

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**Twitter** @LMMontgomeryLS, Carolyn: @clsc429 **Facebook** <https://www.facebook.com/LMMontgomeryLS>

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

Elizabeth Epperly's [The Fragrance of Sweet-Grass](#) has been re-issued with an New Preface, in which she “discusses the book’s contribution to the ongoing research on the life and writing of L.M. Montgomery [and] reflects on how Montgomery studies have flourished over the past two decades,” including kind words about the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society.



All three books in the [L.M. Montgomery Reader](#) series are now available. Our good (and prolific) friend, Benjamin Lefebvre, is responsible for this terrific collection of Montgomery information: *A Life in Print*, *A Critical Heritage*, and *A Legacy in Review*.



## L.M. MONTGOMERY’S NORVAL, ONTARIO

Carolyn Strom Collins

Norval, Ontario, was home to L. M. Montgomery and her family from 1926-1935. Norval has a very active group of community volunteers who work hard to maintain the beauty of the town as well as its historical record. Kathy Gastle, tireless Norval community organizer and L. M. Montgomery promoter, sent us a recently-produced booklet highlighting many of the activities that the people of Norval have been involved in over the years. Of particular interest to Montgomery readers are articles on the L. M. Montgomery Garden that features flowers and plants that Montgomery loved and mentioned in her books, the Montgomery Christmas festival held each November in Norval, and the L. M. Montgomery Museum at Crawford's Bakery in Norval. Many Montgomery family members, authors, and scholars are pictured in the booklet. To read the entire booklet, click on this link:



[L.M. Montgomery and Norval](#)

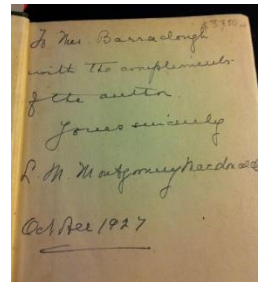
Many thanks to Kathy Gastle for sending us the booklet and for giving us permission to share it with *Shining Scroll* readers! [Editor’s note: The Crawfords retired this year -- congratulations to [Elaine](#) and Bob for many years of serving the community! Elaine’s mother (and grandmother, Myrtle Macneill Webb) grew up on the Green Gables farm.]

More about Montgomery in Norval <http://L.M. montgomernorval.com/index.html>

<https://L.M.montgomernorvalyears.wordpress.com/>

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L.M. Montgomery did not make many new close friends after she became famous in 1908. However, when she moved to Norval, Ontario, in 1926, she and Ewan became friends with Ernest and Ida Barraclough on a level not many other couples in Ontario shared with them. Montgomery was very impressed not only with their gracious manners but also with their lovely home in nearby Glen Williams. In October 1927, LMM gave her new book, *Emily's Quest*, to Ida Barraclough. For more images of the Barraclough house, see the article by Deborah Quaile in [The Shining Scroll 2013](#).



## THE ENIGMA THAT WAS THE HOUSE OF BARRACLOUGH

Bev Hayden © 2014

Norval lies only a few kilometers to the east of Glen Williams, the home of the Barracloughs, along Highway #7; it was the location of the Presbyterian Church and Manse that became the Macdonalds' home in 1926; Union, the location of the second church in the Presbyterian charge of Norval Presbyterian church, lies a few kilometers north and between both villages. The first Union church structure was built in 1835, 40 years before the forming of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Glen Williams is a hamlet in the Credit River valley and part of [Halton Hills](#). The Williams sawmill was the first industry on the River, established in 1825 in the community of Williamsburg, subsequently re-named Glen Williams, established in 1833. The founding family also owned a grist and woolen mill in the community. The village does indeed sit in a Glen and spectacular vistas are visible from the higher grounds looking down upon the River.

The Glen Woollen Mills was established in 1907 and Ernest Young Barraclough was sent from England by his family to manage the mill in 1910. The mill manufactured blankets and hosiery. Mr. Barraclough was one of seven brothers and several sisters born in Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England. He arrived in Glen Williams after the death of his second wife, his first wife having died in childbirth. He left no living issue. He is mentioned in a Glen Williams 1914 Probate as being the Executor of the Estate of one John Stirratt. A Release was signed by Ida F. Stirratt and Eliza Winfield, sisters and perhaps Stirratt's nieces. Could it be surmised that this is the occasion that may have introduced Ida and Ernest, resulting in their marriage?

The marriage (his third, her first) took place at the Knox Church Manse, Milton, on Thursday, February 24, 1916. The Acton Free Press reported "the bride and groom are among our most popular citizens."

What became known as the Glen House was built in 1901 on a Mountain Street embankment above the river; it is an unusual example of Edwardian style of architecture including a unique stained glass window seen from the street. This was reputed to be the grandest home in Glen Williams and the first to have indoor plumbing.

Edwardian style was less ornate than Victorian architecture. Lighter colours were used as were less complex patterns in wallpaper and drapes. Painted tin ceilings were intended to be a trompe l'oeil for the molded plaster ceilings in Europe. The heavy, rich oak wainscoting and woodwork in the Glen House is a remnant of the recent, more elaborate Victorian style.



The house was purchased by Ernest Barraclough in 1910. It was almost directly above the mill he managed. There is a stairway from the back verandah of the house leading down to the mill which Mr. Barraclough would use to and from work. After his marriage, his wife could easily see him approaching home and could give her instructions to the cook to get the noon meal on the table. It seemed to be a habit of hers to wave goodbye to him as he re-entered the mill for the afternoon.

This house and its owners became the focus of many wonderful, and dreadful, times for the Macdonalds of the Norval Manse beginning in 1926 and continuing for many years, even after the Macdonalds moved to Toronto in 1935.

Mr. Barraclough was an elder and treasurer in the Union Church and as such, took it upon himself on behalf of the two churches to welcome and house the Ewan Macdonalds when Ewan and Maud arrived in February 1926 until the Manse was ready to occupy.

The Barracloughs met the Macdonalds at the Walker House Hotel in Toronto and led the way to the Glen. From the beginning Maud says that “Mrs. Barraclough is a darling” and referred to the home as a “haven of bliss where good food and wonderful camaraderie refreshed the spirit.” It seems the affection was returned by Ernest and Ida Barraclough. Ewan and Maud took the radial to Norval, had a brief tour of the dark, empty Manse and went back to Glen House where Maud says she ...”was glad to get back to the Glen where...there was warmth and light and luxurious surroundings. I sank into the soft chesterfield before an open fireplace with a sigh of relief.”

Maud says that Ida Barraclough “is really a dear creature. One such woman in the congregation makes a world of difference... that house has somehow an agreeable personality. You feel the better for being in it.”

In March the following year, Maud enthuses on a 1928 visit to Glen House, the first one in six months. “It was a return from exile and a delight to see Mrs. B again. I do love that woman. ...I have been so worried about her all winter...ill with mumps...they were quarantined...she is far from well yet but I do hope she will improve from now on. It seems fatal for me to love anyone.”

But only a couple of months later, it seemed that the Barracloughs were going to sell out and move to Toronto and Maud laments “...in the two years we have been here, finding such pleasure and congeniality in that lovely home...and now it is to be torn out of my life.” But a month later, whatever the deal, it fell through and one can hear the happiness in Maud’s voice when she says “I was too happy to sleep.”

In August the foursome was off for a week’s motoring trip through Muskoka which Maud describes as “a delightful week with so much beauty and pleasure.” In 1930 Ewan had a week’s holiday in Muskoka and Chester drove Maud and the Barracloughs to Midland where they spent a few days with Ewan.

Maud was totally at ease enough to sleep at Glen House and says that “Mrs. B was talking to another guest on the veranda. I lay down on the swing chair...and slept soundly for three blissful hours. “It is the loveliest house in the world – and the loveliest people.” Maud seemed unable to sleep well at home but could almost pass out when comfortable as a cat.

The next year the foursome motored to Kingston as Mr. B was attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge. He was a very active member of the local Lodge and hosted meetings in his home. Maud says after two days and a delightful trip which included a Thousand Islands boat excursion that she felt perfectly well. They went to movies together in Toronto, Mrs. B and Maud seeing "Anne of Green Gables" together.

These visits, trips and vacations were not sporadic, but were habitual. These were lives intertwined and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Ewan liked to talk politics and church business with Ernest and no doubt Maud and Ida relished more than a little gossip of family, neighbours and church folks. There were some things Maud dared not mention but she did consider Ida a confidant and I believe the loyalty was returned. Delicious meals were followed by charged games of euchre, men against the women.

One must put the Macdonalds' life in the context of the various problems they were encountering: Chester's antics, including his secret marriage to Luella Reid and the premature birth of their daughter, and Stewart's love affair with Joy Laird. Mrs. Barraclough's sister was married to Luella's Uncle Garfield so she would have been privy to the details. There was also the Isabel Anderson affair and of course Ewan's increasing mental illness and commitment to Homewood Sanitorium. Mrs. B's niece Eva Wingfield was a nurse at Homewood. Montgomery's frenetic literary life was one unto its own including the worrisome and hurtful Arthur Deacon attacks she refers to in her journal.

Mr. Barraclough had many business interests and Maud alludes to his worries over them. Mrs. B may have heard the rumours circulating about her husband, perhaps unbelieving yet still having to maintain a glad face.

These years were fraught with drama and anxiety yet these four companionable people spent happy times together as any normal couples do. The Barracloughs were very sympathetic to Ewan and furious when he was forced out of the Norval church. Mr. B advised him to fight it out..."all would be right when they find out you didn't send that letter." (Note: from Presbytery to every congregation requesting payment in advance for their Ministers. Norval stewards felt that Ewan had sent his complaint to Presbytery as he was habitually paid late). Maud said "...my heart overflowed with bitterness when I thought of how few more visits we would have there. It has always been a Mecca to us...their sympathy regarding our leaving is very sweet. The Barracloughs accompanied the Macdonalds to Toronto to call on real estate firms. True supportive friends.

Maud is distressed in 1935 to report that Mrs. B. was not well; "has anemia and a heart condition" and that "Mr. B is better and his blood pressure down." In April that year Mr. Barraclough had been test-driving a magnificent new car. He retained a chauffeur but he was at the wheel when the foursome and Eva Winfield drove to Kitchener. Maud says all of a sudden the car went crazy, shuttled back and forth two or three times before going over what she describes as a twenty-foot embankment. The car rolled over and came to rest on its side in soft mud. They were safe and unhurt but Maud was on the down side with Mrs. Barraclough, a large woman of 200 pounds, on top of her. And Eva was lying on top of Mrs. B. All the while, the family Boston Bull terrier was flying around inside the car, likely yowling and barking in fear. Eventually the women were lifted out and helped up the embankment. Eva had cracked a rib, Maud had back pain and Mrs. B's knee was badly bruised but the men had neither scratch nor bruise. Maud voices her concern over Mr. B's weak heart. Mr. Barraclough later insisted that the Macdonalds put in a claim against the vehicle insurer and they were paid \$200.

In spite of each family having a telephone, Maud read of Ernest Barraclough's September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1936 death at age 62 in the *Globe* and says that "she has loved Mr. & Mrs. Barraclough as brother and sister ever since I met them...Mr. Barraclough was such a man as one meets seldom. ...he had been perfectly well at lunch...had gone down to the mill and waved brightly to her from the office door...stepped inside ...and was felled by a stroke. He was brought to the house...never regained consciousness and died that evening...without him she is a broken flower...I suffered such anguish of desolation as I have not suffered since Frede's death...the casket rested in the beautiful old room that had so often echoed to our laughter."

In November, following her husband's death, Mrs. Barraclough gave Maud a small silver evening bag which Ernest had earlier brought back from England for Maud's July silver anniversary. She says he was the only one who remembered to honour the occasion and didn't know if she would ever have the heart to carry it.

Ernest Barraclough's will was probated in January 1937. He made a few small bequests to his niece in England and Eva Wingfield in Glen Williams. His widow was granted the interest only on the balance of his estate for her lifetime use unless she remarried... She was also deeded lifetime use only of his house, goods and chattels, to revert on her death to his three brothers and a sister in England, and his two nieces. Properties named were located in Georgetown, Kitchener, Halton and Calgary amounting to \$23,000, the remainder valued at \$76,000, not nearly as much as Maud thought it might be. His Estate was still being administered by Canada Permanent Trust in 1966.

Maud mentions being very concerned for Mrs. Barraclough's physical, emotional and financial well-being but concedes that advisers have told Mrs. B that the circumstances of Ernest's will should last for her lifetime if she is careful. Well, careful she must have been since she outlived her husband by 31 years, remaining in her home and dying in Georgetown hospital at age 93 in July 1967. Can one even imagine the legal quagmire involved in tracking down all known living relatives of the long-dead named Barraclough heirs in England?

Maud writes in December 1937:

Poor Mrs. B. People have been telling her horrible lies. What fiends there are in the world. I think I succeeded in convincing her that she must not imagine there was...truth in it. Her own sister's sons, the Winfield boys are at the bottom of it. They always hated Mr. B. ...he is beyond the reach of their malice not, so they try to hurt her.

[The Editors' notes in the back of Volume V state: "Rumours about Ernest Barraclough's infidelity had circulated in Glen Williams and Norval for years."]

Maud was devastated for Mrs. Barraclough but Maud herself refused to believe this. With the family home almost above the mill, his wife in residence watching Ernest's comings and goings, it seems highly unlikely that he would be carrying on nefarious business right under her eyes.

Mrs. Barraclough's nephews [the Winfield boys] were not beneficiaries under Mr. Barraclough's will yet their sister Eva was.

I have been unable to track a real estate trail between Mrs. Barraclough's death in 1967 and an owner who bought Glen House in 1987, a twenty-year gap. Could it be possible that it took this long to settle Ernest

Barraclough's estate and give clear title to the house so that it could be sold? If so, there must have been precious little remaining of the proceeds once legal bills had been paid.

Doors Open Ontario provided an opportunity for me to tour the Glen House, almost unimpeded and at will, allowing for the daydream of the good old days.

The current owners have resided in the house since 2010 and have restored and improved the property. This house was described as 'the grandest home in Glen Williams' which today is of faint praise and understatement.

Maud's journal entries concerning their friendship with the Barracloughs for over twelve years are extensive, yet leave us wanting for so much more.

There is no mention anywhere of Eliza Stirrat Wingfield, Ida's younger sister by three years. Surely she and her husband George would have been present on several occasions at Glen House while Maud and Ewan were there. Being a loyal friend and confidant of Mrs. B, could it be that there was a rift between the sisters and therefore no mention is made? The two nephews who began the rumour mongering were Eliza and George's Winfield's sons. Maud said they had always hated Mr. B and on his death were only doing damage to his widow. Eva, their sister, received a \$1,000 bequest, likely compared to \$20,000 in purchasing power today. None of the others in the family were beneficiaries, and George Winfield's obituary names seven children.

The Barracloughs were unlikely to include the Macdonalds, much less holiday with them often, if they did not find them mutually congenial, pleasurable and entertaining people. They would not have risked congregational jealousies unless the relationship was rewarding. Therefore I question Maud's assessment of Ewan's mental health so many times over the years.

Whatever these enigmas (the rumours of infidelity, the financial difficulties, Ewan's mental state, the church issues, etc.), the Barracloughs lived large, were a welcoming and hospitable family and theirs was a home often bursting with good times, good food and good friends. Maud and Ewan were an important part of this circle and it made all the difficult things so much easier to bear. Let us be thankful for the Barracloughs.

[Quotations from Montgomery's journals from *The Selected Journals of L. M. Montgomery*, Volume V, edited by Mary Rubio and Elizabeth Waterston.]



<https://lmmontgomerynorvalyears.files.wordpress.com/2013/10/barraclough60.jpg>

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## L. M. MONTGOMERY DAY AND UXBRIDGE STORYTELLING FUN FEST

Christy Woster (2015)

This past October The L. M. Montgomery Society of Ontario hosted a most wonderful event and a few of us from Minnesota were able to attend. On Saturday, October 25<sup>th</sup>, the amazing members of the LMMSO hosted a day of presentations at the historic Leaksdale Church. It is very special to sit in the church that Montgomery attended and where her husband, Ewan, was the minister so long ago.

The presenters for the day were some of the best in the L. M. Montgomery world; Barb Pratt, Melanie Fishbane, Dr. Laura Robinson, Dr. Benjamin Lefebvre and Dr. Emily Woster. Dr. Robinson brought her exhibit "The Canadian War Front: L. M. Montgomery's Reflections on War," which some of us first saw at the Montgomery conference on Prince Edward Island in June 2014, but wonderful to see it again and have more time to study it.

As always, the LMMSO group served a wonderful luncheon in the church basement, the tables set beautifully with real china cups for our tea. We were able to shop in the gift shop area of the church basement and browse many antiquarian copies of Montgomery's books that were brought by the booksellers Brown and Dickson. We all enjoyed visiting with our Montgomery friends during the breaks. Can you just imagine the electricity in a room full of L. M. Montgomery enthusiasts?

We were able to take a tour of the manse where Montgomery and her family lived after the presentations. It has been lovingly restored by the LMMSO and is now a National Historic Site. What treasures the manse and the church are and if you have not visited these historic gems, it is a must see stop for Montgomery fans and scholars alike.

Melanie Whitfield, the president of the LMMSO, invited more than a dozen of us to her home for dinner that evening. Her husband had spent the day cooking for us. Yes, the LMMSO group recruits their husbands and other family members to help wherever needed, and they all do so happily.

After a wonderful dinner at the Whitfield house we went back to the church for a 7pm presentation of Jack and Linda Hutton's very entertaining re-creation of the lost *Anne of Green Gables* film from 1919, starring Mary Miles Minter. Linda narrates while Jack accompanies on the piano and the audience is treated to a slide show of many of the stills from the original movie that the Huttons have found.

In conjunction with the LMM Day the Uxbridge Public Library, Uxbridge Business Improvement Area and the LMMSO presented many activities for children on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Some of the events were story-tellers, puppetry, dancers, an "Anne of Green Gables"-and-friend's look-a-like contest and story-telling competition.

Uxbridge and the surrounding area is beautiful in the fall and this was a wonderful get away. One of the surprises of the day was when Jason Dickson went to the front of the church and asked Vanessa Brown to marry him. Our first marriage proposal at a Montgomery event! Vanessa said yes as the surprised audience snapped pictures and applauded. It was a bit like a Montgomery story that ends with a happy surprise.

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For more information on the Historic Church and Manse and the LMMSO please go to [www.lucymaudmontgomery.ca](http://www.lucymaudmontgomery.ca)

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## NOTES FROM OUR SOCIAL MEDIA

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**1 April 2015** Exhibit of **L.M. Montgomery Photography** in Peterborough, Ontario. [SPARK Photo Festival](#). Contact [Martha Tancock](#) for details. Readers are reminded that there is much to know about Montgomery's photography in Elizabeth Epperly's work:

[\*Through Lover's Lane: L. M. Montgomery's Photography and Visual Imagination\*](#)

[\*Confederation Centre Exhibits \("Genius of the Page"\)\*](#)

[\*Virtual Museum Exhibit of L.M. Montgomery's Photography\*](#)

[\*Photography as a Hobby by L.M. Montgomery\*](#)

**14 April 2015 Tuesday** "Beyond *Anne of Green Gables*: L.M. Montgomery's Literary Legacy." Dr. Emily Woster, Time: 10 - 11:30 am, Southdale Library, 7001 York Ave S, Edina, MN.

L.M. Montgomery, best known for the classic *Anne of Green Gables* (1908), published 19 novels, hundreds of short stories and poems, and a formal autobiography. Her work, particularly the red-headed Anne, is popular the world over and has been translated into over 30 languages. This presentation will explore what makes her legacy unique and introduce audiences to lesser-known genres of Montgomery's canon, including her journals, scrapbooks, letters, and photographs. Beyond *Green Gables*, the world of L.M. Montgomery is rich in texts that illuminate her place in literary history.

**Do you love L.M. Montgomery on the stage?** Be sure to read these Interviews by Melanie Fishbane: [Spirit of Maud Theatre Company](#) | [Interviews with cast of \*Anne and Gilbert\*](#)

**January 17, 2015** We note with sadness the passing of **Don Harron**, one of the creators of the PEI *Anne of Green Gables Musical* (Christy Woster's article [Anne of Green Gables Musical Turns 50.](#))

Anne of Green Gables, never change, We like you just this way.  
 Anne of Green Gables, sweet and strange, stay as you are today.  
 Though blossoms fade and friends must part, Old grow the songs we've sung.  
 Anne of Green Gables, in our hearts, You are forever young.

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## A BIRTHDAY QUOTE IN HONOR OF L.M. MONTGOMERY'S 140<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY IN 2014

Mary Beth Cavert

Quote from *Rilla of Ingleside*: “[Dr. Blythe] had arrived home, tired but triumphant, little Douglas Haig Marwood having made a safe landing on the shores of time.”

*The Virgin Victim* - Rev. William Alexander c. 1868

...

He saw her landed on the shores of time,  
From that far world of darkness before birth;  
He saw her in her dewy morning prime;  
He saw her in her noontide summer mirth,  
A sunbeam on the hard unlovely earth; ...

Anne Woster ANNE VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHY was the official photographer for the 2014 Montgomery Conference. [Contact](#) her to see some of her beautiful images.

<http://www.annevictoriaphotography.com>



Lucy Maud Montgomery Literary Society shared a link via L.M. Montgomery Institute of UPEI.  
August 25, 2014

See, share, acquire photos from the LM Montgomery conference held June 2014 at the University of PEI. Enter as guest. Half of profits got to LMM Institute.



2014 L. M. Montgomery Conference  
annevictoriaphotography.pixieset.com

Photo collection by Anne Victoria Photography

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