

# *The Shining Scroll*

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

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Welcome to the 2016 edition of *The Shining Scroll*. This year's edition features a **newly published L.M. Montgomery short story**, articles about kindred spirits, several wonderful new books (including a review of the new novel, *Maud*), the centennial of *The Watchman and Other Poems*, and exciting events coming up at sites significant in LMM's life! Please read to the end and share with your own kindred spirits!

This is the first *Scroll* published without the companionship and contributions of our dear friend, Christy, and we dedicate it to her.



We are the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society, an international group of readers and fans of the author of *Anne of Green Gables*. We began in the Minneapolis/St. Paul, Minnesota region of the US but are informally affiliated with several other groups and individuals in Canada and around the world. Over the last 25 years we have become close friends with Montgomery scholars and supporters everywhere. We primarily focus on the author and her work but enjoy revealing links to other topics connected to the author's life. We are particular about the quotes we share on social media and the internet – we strive to find the actual text of Montgomery, from her books, journals, essays, and letters but not phrases from movies or other adaptations that are not found in her work.

In most of our issues of *The Shining Scroll*, we feature news from our friends in other related Montgomery groups, primarily [Facebook links]: The L.M. Montgomery Institute (Prince Edward Island), The Lucy Maud Montgomery Society of Ontario (Leaskdale, Ontario), The L.M. Montgomery Heritage Society (Norval, Ontario), The Bala Museum (Bala/Muskoka, Ontario), and more Montgomery museum and historical sites on Prince Edward Island. We also collaborate with the research group L.M. Montgomery Online. We encourage readers to support these groups too!

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## AFTER MANY YEARS: A Life Remembered

Mary Beth Cavert © 2016

Ever since L.M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* was published in 1908, Montgomery's work has been in print, in the news, and the subject of study, fascination, and inventive permutations – the year 2016 was no exception. For us, it has also been a time of sudden loss and a deeply personal rending of the fabric of our close knit LMM community. While we were preparing to celebrate our Literary Society's 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary this year and planning for our participation in the biennial conference at the University of Prince Edward Island, we were shocked and stricken by the unexpected death of our close friend, Christy Woster, whose work has appeared in *The Shining Scroll* since 2005 and whose friendship has brightened our lives and many Montgomery communities. Christy was a happy companion, a hard worker, a serious researcher, and it was her dream to have her work published.

If you've read any of the *Complete Journals of L.M. Montgomery* (eds. Rubio and Waterston) or *The L.M. Montgomery Readers* (ed. Lefebvre), you will find her name in the acknowledgements. Her articles have been cited in *Anne Around the World* (ed. Ledwell) and *Textual Transformations in Children's Literature* (ed. Lefebvre). Elizabeth Epperly praised her skills in the 2014 *Preface in The Fragrance of Sweet-Grass*. You will find titles to some of her articles in *The Shining Scroll* at the end of this section. As part of her research, she worked for over fifteen years with Carolyn Strom Collins to compile an immense record and collection of Montgomery's published work in periodicals, locating hundreds of stories and poems [page 35].

In January 2012, Carolyn and I emailed Elizabeth Epperly with a suggestion from our Literary Society to establish a group to support the L.M. Montgomery Institute at the University of Prince Edward Island. The purpose was to raise funds for the Institute and enlarge and maintain the Montgomery collections housed there. Our long-term dream was to help establish a Chair for L.M. Montgomery Studies.

We joined with the chair of the LMMI to develop the proposal and plans. At our Literary Society meeting in March 2012, Christy volunteered to organize a silent auction at the 2012 Montgomery conference at UPEI to add to the membership funds of the new group we called, "Friends of the LMMI." The three of us worked as a committee with the chair of the LMMI to form the Friends and organize a board for its management from active participants at the LMMI biennial conference. The Friends of the LMMI was officially launched in June 2012 and the silent auction, chaired by Christy, (with most items contributed by our Literary Society) was very successful. This short history leads us to the next event.



In February 2015, Christy suggested that the three of us publish some of LMM's short stories that she, Carolyn, and others had collected over the years in periodicals to provide additional funds for the LMMI. In early March the LMMI chair offered to print the book at UPEI and have it published by the L.M. Montgomery Institute.

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Christy was thrilled about it and over the next year the final editing and printing of the book was completed. Sadly, Christy and Carolyn's *After Many Years: Twenty-one "Long-Lost" Stories by L.M. Montgomery* was published just weeks after Christy's death and she never saw the finished copy. Most of our readers never met Christy, but we hope you will continue to read more about her here and appreciate one of our very special kindred spirits who always referred to the author as Maud, like a good friend.

**CHRISTY WOSTER**

6 July 1955 - 29 April 2016

*The following was presented at the Donors' Reception at the University of Prince Edward Island, 25 June 2016 and at the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary meeting of the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society 19 November 2016 by Mary Beth Cavert*

One of L.M. Montgomery's lesser known friends is someone I associate with Christy – Tillie MacKenzie (Christy Matilda "Tillie" MacKenzie Houston), a Woolner cousin. She was lovely, adored, giving, a fantastic cook, and was the local nurse who cared for everyone else, sometimes at great risk to herself. Montgomery had dinner with Tillie one night in October 1906 and I think it was the cozy and warm atmosphere of Tillie's home that pushed Maud over the edge to accept Ewan's proposal of marriage afterward on the ride back to Cavendish. Tillie was married to Will Houston of Rustico but spent her last days in Cavendish. She nursed Maud and her grandmother, Lucy (Tillie's beloved aunt), when they had the flu in March 1911 and then she cared for some children nearby who had the measles. Tillie caught the illness from the children and died shortly after Grandma Lucy died. Montgomery mourned for Tillie at her wedding in July 1911 because she was supposed to be there with her to help her dress. The author dedicated *Chronicles of Avonlea* to Tillie in 1912.



Christy and her beloved service dog, Rusty

Christy Woster was a person like that, who was always present for her friends, always first to fill the empty places in the lives around her with her limitless generosity and positive spirit. She is always missed, always thought of with gratitude and a smile at some remembered funny thing.

Christy was raised in Minnesota by her parents Penny and Paul Schreck and as a child was fed one tablespoon of gumption each morning. She was taught to cook and care for her little brothers. She continued to use all of these skills and practices all her life. Penny and Christy are those women who stand on the hill with the wind blowing their aprons and they neither bend nor break no matter what life throws at them. If you've read *Rilla of Ingleside*, you remember this image:



*She was one of the women—courageous, unquailing, patient, heroic—who had made victory possible.*

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Christy was a Montgomery philanthropist with no great sums of money. In fact, she sold part of her book collection in order to afford one of her trips to a Montgomery conference. I know that because I bought some of her books, which I hold dear. Instead of giving money, she gave her treasures from a life-long mission to collect Montgomery's books. She was third in a current series of four generations with a love for talented authors like Maud. She learned from her grandmother and mother and has passed on this legacy to her daughters, Emily and Anne. One of her most popular presentations at the Montgomery conferences was about her family vacations to PEI in the 1970s: *The Shining Scroll 2012*, part I (pg. 17).

Christy's collection of hundreds of Montgomery's books and related material acquired over the last 50 years is one of the most extensive in North America. She wrote about it in *The Shining Scroll 2014*: part II: "It's A War Out There: Collecting and Competition in the World of Montgomery." One of my favorite things about Christy was sharing our new acquisitions and looking at each other's collections. To be with her was to be immersed in (literally) a thousand different aspects of discovery through LMM connections, no matter how tangential!



She did not have a degree in literature; she was a nurse and then assisted children with special needs in the local school as her hearing loss became more acute. But she was a researcher from A-Dog-With-A-Bone School of Research, meaning she would not let go and stuck to the trail until the search reached a successful conclusion. I would like to confer upon her a much-too-late Doctor of Maudology, and establish a "Chair" in her honor called The Perseverance and Enthusiasm Chair at the University of L.M. Montgomery, which exists in our imaginations.

As a member of our LMM Literary Society in Minnesota, she organized many of our presentations for libraries and for the public, bringing loads of beautiful table displays. She gave literal sustenance to the LMM community through the currency of flour, sugar, cream and butter. Her contributions to *The Shining Scroll* were meticulous and engaging and made my responsibilities so much lighter for her encouragement and help. She never walked empty-handed, she always came to our homes with bags of show-and-tell and food, even when I invited both her and Carolyn for lunch – she brought the food, because she just happened to have a casserole to spare.



She began coming to our Literary Society meetings from the beginning and then to the LMMI conferences after her husband died. Her first conference was in 2002 and she brought both the girls along. Emily said Christy had no idea bringing teenagers to an academic conference wasn't really a "thing" but it impressed Emily deeply, so much so that it became the moment when she knew exactly what she wanted to be when she grew up – a literary scholar. Emily earned her Ph.D. several years ago and is currently an assistant professor at the University of Minnesota – Duluth.

How happy Christy would have been to be at last summer's conference on PEI when Emily was introduced as the Institute's new Visiting Scholar and to be nearby when John Wilcox proposed to Emily. John had an all-too-short a time to get to know Christy but he certainly saw her at her best:

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Last summer Emily was moving out of her apartment into a house with her ridiculously-talented dynamo of a little sister, Anne Woster. I got to Emily's apartment to help her move, and there in the kitchen, working furiously was Christy. Now, "working furiously" is a phrase a lot of people use, but very few people have truly witnessed. Christy was a machine, washing everything, organizing everything. She recently had had shoulder surgery and Emily had to physically stop her from trying to move furniture. I immediately saw where Emily got her "turbo" from. When I showed up, she took a break so we could introduce ourselves. She was hilarious. She looked at me like I was crazy when I told her I studied modern American fiction, a pale shadow to her beloved L.M. Montgomery and Laura Ingalls Wilder. She wanted to talk politics, which I'm positive was just to make Emily squirm. And then we got back to work. I couldn't keep up. Not in a million years would I be able to keep up with Christy. A sixty-year-old woman who recently had shoulder surgery absolutely showed me up in front of my new girlfriend. I would have been embarrassed if I hadn't been so impressed.

Christy's friends from all over the world expressed their sympathy and sorrow with her family, most of whom had no idea how many friends and admirers she had acquired over the years. Kathy Wasylenky, the past president of the L.M. Montgomery Society of Ontario wrote:

I have lost a very special friend with the passing of Christy Woster. She will be very much missed at our site in Leaskdale... I admired her sense of humor, her outgoing personality, her drive and her spirit of adventure. Her travel stories and search for a treasured addition to her collection moved me to tears of laughter. She never stopped learning, her enthusiasm was contagious. I am certain that we will continue to work on our Woster Book Collection. We are grateful to her and Emily. This will be a lasting tribute to her and her family. I will not forget your kindness.



Christy's family described her in all the ways we knew her too: exuberant, funny, witty, patient, a lover of tea, a maker of all things delicious, an avid researcher and genealogist, a graveyard sleuth, selfless, loving, patient, an amazing daughter and sister, a devoted wife, a kindred spirit, and a mother to many.

Abundance was her guiding force, in caring for others, in cooking, in celebrating, in sharing.

I am going to borrow from the creed of a girls organization I belonged to growing up. This creed was brought to life for me as an adult in the form of one person when I met Christy, because it was her way of life, and I know she would want her loved ones to carry on in this way: Seek Beauty, Give Service, Pursue Knowledge, Be Trustworthy, Glorify Work, Be Happy.



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Christy's articles in *The Shining Scroll*:

**2005** - L.M. Montgomery and the Railway King of Canada.

**2006** - Plagiarism or Deadly Parallel: *Anne's House of Dreams* or "Avis Lindsay" in *Modern Priscilla*?

**2007** - The Artists of *Anne of Green Gables*: A Hundred Year Mystery.

**2008 October** - Clippings and Cuttings: Sources of Some of the Images and Poetry in *Imagining Anne: the Island Scrapbooks of L.M. Montgomery*.

**2009 September** - Happy 100th Birthday *Anne of Avonlea*.

**2010 part 2** - A Book by Its Cover: Collecting the Artistic Interpretations of L.M. Montgomery's Works.

**2011 part 2** - The Dalhousie Girls.

**2012 part 1** - Road Trip: In Search of L.M. Montgomery in the Early 1970s.

**2013** - *Anne of Green Gables* --The Musical Turns 50.

**2014 part 2** - It's A War Out There: Collecting and Competition In The World Of Montgomery.

**2016** - Frances Marion: Screenwriter for *Anne of Green Gables* – 1919.

[note: The links on our web page for many of these articles connect to the LMMI web site. If you cannot view the pdf files or download them, try one of these contacts for assistance:  
[lmmi@upei.ca](mailto:lmmi@upei.ca), [sloyd@upei.ca](mailto:sloyd@upei.ca), [dmoses@upei.ca](mailto:dmoses@upei.ca), [reference@upei.ca](mailto:reference@upei.ca).]

From Montgomery scholar, Dr. Elizabeth Epperly:

"I just opened ... *The Shining Scroll*. I could not stop reading! Wonderful articles! Marvelous research! I just loved all of the pieces and the pictures! ... This is where the real Montgomery research is now going on -- in the pages of your virtual journal."

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## 25<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE LMMLS

In November 1991, at the invitation of Carolyn Strom Collins and Christina Wyss Eriksson, a group of L. M. Montgomery devotees met at the Kerlan Collection of the University of Minnesota to form the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society. Carolyn and Christina's book, *The Anne of Green Gables Treasury*, had been published that fall and they discovered there was great interest in "Anne" and Montgomery throughout the Twin Cities area of Minnesota/St. Paul. Some of those first attendees are still part of the Society after twenty-five years and many close friendships have been formed through our mutual interests. Since 1994, several members of our local group have attended most of the Montgomery international conferences at the University of Prince Edward Island and made several presentations (Mary Beth Cavert has attended all the conferences).



One of our first projects that year was to launch our annual newsletter, *The Shining Scroll*, with editors Mary Beth Cavert and Carolyn Strom Collins. For some years, it was printed and mailed to our members but due to the expense and the growing number of interested followers, it was decided to offer it electronically. This year, *The Shining Scroll* periodical will be shared with over 5000 people and will be available to view on our website, <http://lmmontgomeryliterarysociety.weebly.com/> along with issues from earlier years.



Some topics we have explored in prior years include Montgomery's friendships, new biographical and text information, the sites and landscapes included in her books, Canadian history, and museums devoted to Montgomery in PEI and Ontario, new books that are published on Montgomery and her works, and many other related subjects. Much of our original research, many images, and material is new information for the fans of *Anne of Green Gables* and L.M. Montgomery.

Since 1991, the internet has made it possible to expand our community -- now the LMMLS includes everyone, anywhere, who has an interest in the author. Our international network of readers numbers in the thousands and we convene and converse at Montgomery conferences, on Facebook, Pinterest, and on Twitter. Please join us and share with your own kindred spirits!



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## IN THE HOME OF HER MOTHER

### Another of the “Long-Lost” Stories by L. M. Montgomery

Editor’s Note: As a bonus for those interested in Montgomery’s “long-lost” stories, we offer this one that was found just after *After Many Years* was published. “In the Home of her Mother” was published in the *Western Christian Advocate* on 15 June 1910. It is listed in the “Unverified Ledger Titles” in the 1986 *Lucy Maud Montgomery: A Preliminary Bibliography* and was found by Carolyn Strom Collins.

There are several elements in this story that reflect L.M. Montgomery’s own life. Her mother, Clara Woolner Macneill Montgomery, died when Montgomery was a baby, only twenty-one months old, and her father left her in the care of her mother’s parents, Alexander and Lucy Macneill of Cavendish, Prince Edward Island. She remarked in her journals that she had few of her mother’s belongings to remember her by. One day she met a friend of her mother who told her that Clara had wanted her to come by one day and admire her baby, remarking that “she loved her best when she was asleep and even more when she was awake,” a phrase Montgomery used in this story and in Chapter XXI of *Anne of the Island*.

The house of Katherine Taylor’s grandmother in this story is almost certainly based on the Macneill home in Cavendish where both Montgomery and her mother Clara grew up.

Montgomery had had several suitors while growing up and became engaged to Edwin Simpson in June 1897. She spent many agonizing months regretting the engagement and finally ended it. She fell passionately in love with Herman Leard while she was teaching school in Lower Bedeque, PEI, in the winter of 1897-8 but knew it would not be a good match in the long run. Meanwhile, her grandfather Macneill died and Montgomery was compelled to return to Cavendish to care for her grandmother. During those years, Montgomery met the Reverend Ewan Macdonald and they became engaged in 1906; however, Montgomery insisted that she could not marry before her grandmother died.

Montgomery continued to write stories and poems while living in Cavendish and, in 1905, began working on a novel – *Anne of Green Gables* – which was published in 1908. She and Ewan were married on July 5, 1911, just a few months after her grandmother Macneill died.

Carolyn Strom Collins



Katherine Taylor sprang out of the automobile under the poplars of the lawn, ignoring the outstretched hand of the man who had been her companion for the afternoon. She had always hated to touch that hand – it was so plump, so remorseless, so prosperous – in short, so expressive of the personality of its owner.

Yet she had allowed Richard Harvey to propose to her during their ride; and, although she had not yet accepted him, about nine-tenths of her mind was made up to do so. It was because of the remaining troublesome one-tenth that she had asked him to wait a week for



his answer. Harvey had agreed with some ill-concealed surprise. He had not expected that she would ask for delay; he knew perfectly well that she was not in love with him, but he had no doubt that she would marry him. Moreover Katherine knew he had no doubt.

She went slowly upstairs to her room and sat wearily down by the window. Claspings her hands on her lap, she gazed frowningly out at the sharp blue sky over the tree tops. In the high clear light of the window she did not look so young as in the poplar shadow on the lawn. There were fine lines in the clear paleness of her skin; the large gray eyes were tired; and in the heavy, glossy black hair that framed her face a gray hair was visible.

Yet she was very beautiful. Richard Harvey, when he decided that the time had come to marry, had passed in critical mental review all the eligible women of his acquaintance, and had concluded that for beauty of face, distinction of manner, and taste in dress, none could compete with Katherine Taylor. What sort of a soul might be pent up within that beautiful body he neither knew nor questioned; it was enough that she would do him credit as the bearer of his name and the mistress of his house; and he thought Katherine was a very lucky young woman to fill the bill so perfectly. Some men might have asked for a trifle more in the way of youth and freshness, and perhaps in appreciation of the gifts and graces of Richard Harvey; but he was satisfied with good looks and good breeding and good birth – though, to be sure, Katherine’s mother was said to have been a little country nobody, of whom the other members of her husband’s family were always ashamed. It was even said that Katherine Taylor had a grandmother living who had once taken in washing. This Richard Harvey put down as probably an envious falsehood; at any rate the obnoxious grandmother was never seen or heard of in the Taylor set, and certainly the Taylors were beyond criticism. All things considered, Richard Harvey could not understand why Katherine should have asked for that extra week.

“A little bit of bluff to enhance the value of her ‘yes’ when it does come,” he reflected, with a smile of amusement as he drove home.

Just as Richard Harvey smiled thus amusedly, Katherine Taylor was wondering if, after all, old maidenhood, even in her aunt’s house and circle, could be worse than marrying the said Richard Harvey.

She sprang up and paced the room restlessly. For the first time in her life she felt weak. She wished there was someone to whom she could turn for advice.

“Someone to give me strength,” she said impatiently – “strength either to refuse Richard Harvey or marry him. Either seems equally hard. But to whom can I turn?”

To whom, indeed? Aunt Isobel? Katherine smiled bitterly, thinking of that worldly, ambitious woman. There was little doubt what Mrs. Blair Taylor’s advice, urgent advice, would be if it were asked. Mrs. Blair Taylor would think her niece no better than an imbecile to dream that there could be any question of refusing Richard Harvey and his millions. Mrs. Blair Taylor felt sore enough already over the fact that Katherine, with all her beauty and advantages, was still unmarried at thirty.

Her Uncle Blair? Again Katherine smiled – this time amusedly, to think of her Uncle Blair advising anybody. Why, he had never in his life been able to decide for himself what necktie he should wear.

Katherine felt suddenly desolate and lonely. She was at the crossways of life; everything depended on the path she chose now; and in this hour of her need there was not a soul to whom she could go, sure of wise, disinterested counsel. She had not even the memory of an old love to guide her, for she had never loved.

On the one side was the hateful, useless life of the passé society woman; on the other a brilliant existence as the sharer of Richard Harvey's career and wealth. All Katherine's tastes and ambitions inclined her to the latter; but deep down in her consciousness some lofty, instinctive ideal struggled with the influences of education and environment.

"If mother had lived," she said, longingly. And then came a sudden thought of that old grandmother up in the country – her mother's mother, whom she had never seen, who she had been told was a poor, uneducated old woman. She knew nothing of her beyond the few contemptuous references she had, in her childhood, heard Mrs. Blair Taylor make. Katherine knew that her father was supposed to have made a shocking misalliance when he had married Lynde Cameron in some little farming settlement where he had wandered in a vacation, and that was almost all she did know of her parents, both who had died in her babyhood. She had a picture of her father – a handsome man, whom she was accounted to resemble strongly. But of her mother she had nothing – not even a line of her handwriting or a trinket she had worn. She had never cared to ask Aunt Isobel about her; and all Uncle Blair seemed to be able to say was that Lynde was a nice little woman, and he couldn't see why the family had kicked up such a fuss because Allan had married her.

"Of course she was poor. She taught a district school, and her mother took in washing, they said, before Allan married her," Uncle Blair had conceded reluctantly. And it was to this old mother, who had so disgraced herself by taking in washing, that Katherine's thoughts now persistently turned. This woman was nearer to her in the ties of flesh than any living creature.

"What if I were to go to her and tell her my difficulty? Is it possible she might help me to decide wisely?"

The next morning Katherine Taylor paused at the pine-guarded gate of a little garden before the house where, as she had been told at the country station, "old Mrs. Cameron" lived. It was a tiny gray house, with square windows winking through a veil of honeysuckle vines. Gnarled old apple trees stretched motherly arms, white and pink with blossoms, about it. The little garden was trim and sweet, and fresh with springtime air, and winds, and flowers.

As Katherine opened the gate a woman came around the house, followed by a big white and yellow cat. They met in the center of the hard, moist, red path with its border of clam shells. Katherine, looking at the woman, saw an elusive, indefinable resemblance to herself in bearing and expression, and knew that this was the old grandmother she had come to seek; the realization brought a shock of surprise, for "old Mrs. Cameron" was not at all the bent, aged personage Katherine had unconsciously been expecting to see.

She was not very old – certainly not more than sixty-seven or eight. She had a tall, slender, erect figure, with sloping shoulders; she wore a dress of lilac-hued print, made in some quaint, old-fashioned way, and a crisp, capacious gingham apron. She was bareheaded, and the shadow of the apple boughs fell on her soft-crimped grayish hair, which was combed down and twisted over her ears in the style of an elder day. She had a white

knitted shawl over her shoulders, and at the curve of her arm she carried a tiny, furry, gray morsel of a kitten. Her face was fresh and clear-cut, with lines, but no deep wrinkles; her mouth was shrewd and humorous, with firm corners, but her eyes captured Katherine and justified the impulse which had led her to seek this woman for counsel and help, so deep, and steady, and kindly were they, the eyes of a woman who has suffered much, and learned much, and won through struggle to victory and peace.

Into those eyes, as they looked on the tall, trim, fashionably gowned young woman before her, came a wonderful expression of maternity. She gently placed the kitten on the grass and held out her hand before Katherine had spoken.

“You are my grandchild, Katherine,” she said, “and I am glad to see you. You have been long in coming, but I have always known that Lynde’s daughter would come to me sometime.”

Katherine took the outstretched hand, but the next moment they were in each other’s arms. A flood of affection, such as she had never felt for any human being, rushed into Katherine’s heart for this plain old woman with the wise eyes.

“O grandmother,” she said simply, like a child, “I have come to get you to tell me what to do.”

“There, there,” Mrs. Cameron patted the girl’s shoulder. “We’ll have a big talk by and by. You’re tired now and hungry. It’s pretty near dinner time. You’ll just be resting while I get it, dearie.”

“I haven’t very long to stay this time,” said Katherine regretfully. “I ran away: nobody knew I was coming; I’ll have to go back this evening.”

“O well, we’ll make the most of the time while you can be here,” said Mrs. Cameron, stooping to pick up the kitten again. “It’s wonderful how well two people can get acquainted in an afternoon if they do nothing else. Come in, dearie; come right upstairs.”

When they reached the little landing, lighted by a narrow window before which hung shelves filled with blossoming plants, Mrs. Cameron turned to a door at the right.”

“The spare room is over there,” she said; “but I’m going to take you in here. There’s never been anybody but myself in this room for thirty years.”

Katherine found herself in a long, narrow room, with a ceiling so low that she could touch it with her hand. The bare, beautifully white floor was spread with round, braided mats. There was a window seat of some dark polished wood, and over it hung white muslin curtains. A little round table near it held a work basket, a few books, and a blue and white striped jar. The bureau was high and black, with shining brass drawer handles. The low bed was covered with a blue and white “Irish Chain” quilt, and the snowy pillowslips were trimmed with knitted lace. The walls were hung with diamond patterned paper in shades of faded pink. On one of them hung a pale blue muslin dress, with tiny sprays of rosebuds in it.

“Do you know whose room this is?” asked Mrs. Cameron.

“My mother’s,” answered Katherine, unhesitatingly.

“Yes. I keep it just as it was when she lived here. That’s her dress on the wall, the one she was wearing when she met your father. She was very fond of this room. She used to sit on that window board there and sew and read. I’ve never been able to believe she is dead. She was so full of life and spirits. When I come here I always feel as if she was here, too. I wish I had a picture of her: but she never had any taken; she had a kind of prejudice against getting her picture taken. Her father was just the same. And her that was so pretty, and clever as she was pretty. I guess” – Mrs. Cameron turned and laid a hand on Katherine’s shoulder – “they haven’t told you much about your mother?”

“Nothing, nothing,” murmured Katherine, her eyes full of tears.

“I’m just as glad. It’ll be all for me to tell, and I can tell it better than anybody else. You don’t look like her; you look more like me than her, but more like your father than either of us. He was a handsome man and a good man. I never had anything against him. If he’d lived you wouldn’t have been thirty years coming to see me. Why, Katherine, when you were a baby I was just a young woman, only thirty-eight. It seems just like the other day, dearie, when your mother wrote me from England, telling me you were born and longing for the time when she could bring you to show me. But she never was to come. Three months after that, just three months, she died. Well, dearie, I’ll go down and get dinner. You just rest yourself; lie down on the bed if you like. I’ll leave the kitten with you for company. Ain’t he a dear thing?”

Left alone, Katherine took off her hat and coat and brushed her hair before the little oval mirror which must have so often reflected her mother’s face. Then she went about the room, looking at everything lovingly and reverently. She buried her face in the fragrant folds of the muslin gown; she sat on the window seat and turned over the yellowed pages of the books on the table; finally she dropped into the little rocker by the bed and laid her head on the pillow which had last been pressed by her mother’s head. The kitten swarmed up her dress and curled itself up in her lap, making an absurdly loud noise of purring for so small a creature. Little flecks of sunshine fell dancing about her through the close crowding apple trees outside.

For the first time her mother seemed real to her. The world and the vanities thereof seemed very unwholesome and far away. It was profanation to think of Richard Harvey in this maiden chamber, where only the highest and holiest of virgin dreams must enter. Katherine felt as if she had received a re-baptism of youth, as if she had come into her own and her own had received her gladly. It was as if this life were her natural habitat, and the life she had lived for thirty years an alien existence spent in a quest that never gave completion or satisfaction.

“I’ve got home,” she said, simply. “O why did I never find the way here before?”

After dinner the two women spent a beautiful afternoon. Mrs. Cameron took Katherine everywhere, over house, and garden, and orchard – everywhere her mother had been. The history of everything was told in the

gracious, simple words of one who loved these things. Katherine heard all the idyllic story of her mother's wooing.

"Your father fell in love with her at first sight when he saw her in church one day. She was only eighteen, Katherine, just my little girl. I hadn't even begun to think of her getting married. She was so pretty and girlish; she had curly brown hair and big brown eyes, and she was a little, little thing, like a bird or flower. Two months from the day he saw her in church they were married. This is the maple tree here they were married under. It is old and half dead now, but I never would have it touched. It was the fall then, and it was all red and yellow. I remember seeing the light fall through it on Lynde's white dress in spots like blood. I didn't like to see it; it seemed to me like a bad omen, though I think it is foolish to believe in things like that. Lynde was so happy that day. But I felt dreadful. I felt far worse than if she'd been marrying a poor man. It seemed as if she was going out of my life altogether, and I couldn't see how I was ever going to get along without her. We'd always been so much to each other. Her father died before she was born; he never saw his little daughter. Lynde was his name and I gave it to her. I was desperate poor in them days. I ain't so poor now. My brother, who died when Lynde was ten years old, left me enough to live on. But then all I had to keep us was the bit of rent for a little piece of land my husband had owned and what I earned doing washing and days' work for my neighbors. But we got along and were so happy. It's no matter if a body's poor if she's got something to love. Often I just sit here and think over and over about those old days and all the fun we had, planning, and talking, and working together. Lynde taught school the year before your father came. She was that proud the night she brought her first quarter's salary home to me. Nothing would do her but I must get a silk dress. I'd never had one. I had to let her have her own way, and it was the dress I wore when she was married. I never wore it again. I'll show it to you. Lynde and I made it together, and there's one place under a ruffle where there's a little bloodstain she made one day she pricked her finger with her needle.

After they were married your father took her to England, and they had a perfectly happy year. Lynde wrote me every week. Come up to her room and I'll show you her letters. You can read them while I'm getting tea."

Sitting on the old window seat of her mother's room, Katherine read her mother's letters. They stirred her to the very depths of her being, especially those in which that little unknown mother had written about her baby.

"All my thoughts are poetry, dear mother, since baby came," Lynde Taylor had written in one letter. "She is so sweet and good, and her eyes are going to be gray like yours and Allan's. I love her best when she is asleep, and better still when she is awake!"

"Some day she will be a woman. It makes my heart stand still to think of it. You and I both know now what it is to be a woman – you in your old knowledge and I in my new; and it is so beautiful to be a woman. But when I think of my little baby being one – O, my heart stands still! I pray much for her, but all I dare to pray for is that she may be very wise in the lore of all things simple, and good, and true. Nothing else matters, I think. O, I hope my little baby will never be false to her birthright of womanhood!"

"Will you give me this one letter to keep, grandmother?" Katherine asked, when Mrs. Cameron rejoined her.

“Yes, dearie. When I’m gone you shall have them all. But I want the rest to keep as long as I live. Come down to tea now. I’ve made the little cakes your mother always was so fond of – Lynde’s cakes, we always called them. You needn’t worry a mite over getting to the station. Pete Hardings’ just been in – a neighbor’s son – and he’s going to drive you over. Your train doesn’t leave till 9 o’clock, so we’ll have a lovely evening.”

In the spring twilight they sat on the front doorsteps hand in hand. The kitten slept on Mrs. Cameron’s lap, and the white and yellow cat sat gravely at her feet. Down below the garden was a little shallow pond, whose waters were silver, and pearl, and glimmer. All around it grew slender willows, and in it the frogs were singing a sweet, melancholy chorus. The moon shone down through the tall pines at the gate.

Katherine told her story, and the old grandmother listened in silence.

“He is a rich man, and he is in the midst of a successful career,” concluded Katherine. “All my friends wish me to marry him. If I do not, things will not be very pleasant for me. There was so much to be said for it, so much that seemed to override any objection I could make. I have never loved, but I had my ideal of love, and I knew I should be false to it if I married Richard Harvey. I could not decide what to do, so I came to you to ask you to help me.”

“Your mother wouldn’t have done it, dearie,” was all Mrs. Cameron said.

“No; I know she wouldn’t. And her daughter will not do it either. I came to you for advice, but I do not need it now. This day and my mother’s letters have shown me what path I must take – the only path I can take, no matter what it may hold for me of difficulty and loneliness. I shall never marry Richard Harvey.”

“Maybe you won’t find the right path so hard and lonely after all, dearie. The right path is always easier to walk in than the wrong one when all is said and done.”

“Aunt Isobel will cast stumbling blocks athwart it for awhile, I expect,” said Katherine, smiling through her tears. “May I come and live with you through the summer, grandmother, until she has become resigned to my folly?”

“Yes, dearie. Come and stay with me as long and as often as you like. As long as I live I’ll be always here and always heart-glad to see you. You can have your mother’s room. But I hear Peter’s buggy rumbling over the log bridge. Are you sure you’ve got plenty on, dearie? These spring nights have awful heavy dews.”

The two women took leave of each other at the gate under the pines with a long, silent arm clasp. There was a great peace in the hearts of both.

[Image from *Kilmeny of the Orchard* (1910), artist: George Gibbs]

## I DWELL AMONG MY PEOPLE: L.M. MONTGOMERY'S KINDRED SPIRITS

**Excerpts from a Paper for the 2008 L.M. Montgomery Institute Biennial Conference:  
"L.M. Montgomery and the Idea of Classic"**

Mary Beth Cavert © 2008

Scholars have combed through numerous texts and artifacts to ferret out the inspirations for L.M. Montgomery's writing, especially the immensely successful *Anne of Green Gables*, a story so popular and loved for one hundred years that it is called a classic. Montgomery's friends also provided the seeds of impressions, which found their way to fruition in her books. Montgomery wrote about the things she knew (and loved). Her friends, the people to whom she dedicated her books, are reflected and, in some ways, immortalized in her books.

Many writers have examined L.M. Montgomery's textual and visual influences especially as they relate to *Anne of Green Gables*, through a variety of lenses: the classics, fiction, historical, theological, and scientific books she read; the serials and magazines that she collected; the photographs she took; the scrapbooks she constructed, and the life story she re-invented. All of these resources contributed to Montgomery's creative wellspring and now provide readers with a hearty back-story for the stew called the author's imagination.



One of reasons that countless readers enjoy and return again and again to the *Anne of Green Gables* story is to wrap themselves up in the tapestry of love and friendship she created in it. Friendship was the door I chose to enter the imagination of L.M. Montgomery, in 1994, sparked by the question of a scholar, "Was [Montgomery] using *Anne* to re-present what was absent in her own girlhood – close friendship?"

My key was to use all of her book dedications to identify significant people in her life and examine her relationships with them to see if her writings were, perhaps, a record of friendships that did exist in her life. And, indeed, Montgomery's success in creating an ideal of friendship in her books found its source in her own authentic relationships, not ones that she yearned for because they were missing in her life. The stories behind the dedications not only reveal Montgomery's tight circle of friends, but also illuminate important context for her writing as well as insight into how some of these significant impressions find their way into her books.

[I began my research about Montgomery's rich company of friends in 1994. The importance of Nora Lefurgey Campbell, Laura Pritchard Agnew, Alexina MacGregor Wright, and Penzie MacNeill's brother, Alec MacNeill, was first introduced to an audience at the 1996 Second Biennial International Conference on L.M. Montgomery and Canadian Culture at the University of Prince Edward Island. After that, more of this work appeared in the comprehensive *Lucy Maud Montgomery Album* (1999), *The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery* (2005), *L.M. Montgomery's Rainbow Valleys: The Ontario Years* (2015), and additional biographical chapters

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were presented at the biennial Montgomery conferences at UPEI and printed in other venues, such as *Kindred Spirits* (Magazine) and in *The Shining Scroll* – periodical of the L.M. Montgomery Literary Society.]

To supplement Montgomery's frequent irregular journal threads about the book dedication friends, I contacted family members of Montgomery's friends and relatives to read letters, hear recollections and view family artifacts, as well as acquire historical records and examine Montgomery's correspondences. The bulk of this work was done in the mid and late 1990s before many of these connections were lost.

Since this original research has been accessible, Montgomery scholars have re-evaluated the importance of Montgomery's year in Prince Albert and her friendships with Laura and Will Pritchard and Alexina and Fred Wright. Overlooked events, like poet John McCrae's presence at Montgomery's meeting with Earl Grey, have been noticed, and now Montgomery's friend, Nora Lefurgey, has taken her place with Montgomery's "soul mate," Frederica/Frede Campbell, as an enduring confidante.

### **Embedded Biography – Montgomery's Journals**

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*Sonnet 18*, William Shakespeare

Throughout the pages of Montgomery's journals, readers become acquainted with a dazzling constellation of "characters" and a few shining stars that take center stage for a time in L.M. Montgomery's life writing, and yet others disappear between the lines or pop up without introduction. A few beloved characters eventually reappear in the form of a biographical summary, especially if their life has ended, such as great-aunt Mary Lawson and Tillie MacKenzie Houston. In the long entries written after the death of a loved one, Montgomery wrote through her grief (especially for Frede and Laura), and, by including their life stories in her own journals (which Montgomery knew would be read and remembered), she assured a lasting place in history for her dearest friends. By contrast, the ones that outlived her are less noticeable and it is not unusual to overlook their importance in Montgomery's affections.

For example, Montgomery's cousin, Stella Campbell, lived in the shadow of her sister, Frede. In spite of many unflattering entries, a reading of the journal record of Stella in its entirety supports Montgomery's opinion that her ability to provoke laughter and have fun overrode her numerous shortcomings. Montgomery's book dedication to Stella (*Emily's Quest*, 1927) marked the end of their shared lives (although they still corresponded) when Stella moved from Prince Edward Island to California, USA. Montgomery never seemed to regret her book dedication to Stella in spite of her ongoing frustration with her. Stella had staying power, benefiting from Montgomery's clan allegiance, and Montgomery infused her book characters with this same kind of loyalty in their friendships.

### **Patterns of Remembrance**

There was a threshold for LMM's "classic" friendships: they shared history and culture, they trusted each other, they were at ease, they could tease each other, and because of these elements, they could talk about

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anything. True friends for Montgomery were worthy of photo on the wall, a book dedication, or visits to a shared special place like Lovers Lane, the Mammoth Caves, Niagara Falls, a river, beach, field or farm.

In 1931, Montgomery stated her basis for selecting a dedication: "I cannot bring myself to put on the title page of my books the name of any person who has not meant something to me in the way of inspiration and friendship" (*Selected Journals* 4:147). When it came to cultivating friendship, Maud Montgomery was cautious. Her relationships within this group of dedication names were formed early in her life, most by 1903 (age 29), before her first book was published and before she became famous.

Like the symmetry in her photography and writing, there are patterns in her dedications. The *Anne* series of eight books are all somewhat paired: the first two books are dedicated to her biological and literary parents (mother, father, teacher), the next two books (*Anne of the Island* and *Anne of Windy Poplars*) are dedicated to fans -- first to girls only and then to all fans everywhere. The fifth and sixth books (*Anne's House of Dreams* and *Anne of Ingleside*) are dedicated to Laura and Will Pritchard, and the last two books (*Rainbow Valley* and *Rilla of Ingleside*) are dedicated to war casualties (hometown soldiers and Frede Campbell).

Timing was everything in getting your name in the first pages of a Montgomery novel. There was usually an event that took place, sometimes while she was writing, that initiated the dedication: death (mother, father, Bertie McIntyre's mother, Tillie Houston, Aunt Mary Lawson, the three Leaskdale area soldiers, Frede Campbell, Stella Campbell's mother, and Lucky the cat), a memorable visit to the couples (Alexina and Fred Wright, Alec and May MacNeill), a wedding (the Webb family), or a reunion (Nora Lefurgey Campbell).

An exception to this pattern might be Laura Pritchard's placement in *Anne's House of Dreams*. There does not seem to be any particular cue for Laura when she was writing this book. But, a related event could have been the departure of Laura's son (Willard Agnew) to serve in France with the Canadian Field Artillery in 1916 (later he earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal for gallantry in action). In fact, when Montgomery wrote the dedication she was beginning to lose touch with Laura (although Alexina Wright continued to keep her informed). However, over time, Montgomery accessed Laura's letters, and mined the eventual total of 100,000 words that "took you right into her life," as she described them. Montgomery may have had Laura and Andrew Agnew's happy young life together and family in mind as she began to construct a life for Anne and Gilbert Blythe on paper. Andrew Agnew's persistence and patience in a long but successful courtship (with Laura's initial reluctance and eventual happiness in acceptance) were certainly models for Gilbert and Anne, more than Montgomery's own romantic experiences could offer.

Montgomery's last manuscript, *The Blythes Are Quoted*, was not dedicated (nor was her collection of short stories, *Chronicles of Avonlea*). *The Blythes Are Quoted* is different from her previous books -- here she embedded poetry (a combination of short stories and Anne family vignettes with poetry). Montgomery may have sensed that this was her last creation. She probably abandoned a planned *Jane of Lantern Hill* sequel in favor of it because she no longer may have had the energy, she was quite ill in her last years. At some point, it seems, she let go and wrote what she wanted to write -- poetry. In the absence of a book dedication Montgomery silently dedicated her last book to her poetic self by stitching the poetry in it to her *Anne* narrative. In this way her poems were woven into an essential part of the book's flow and could not be edited out without taking Anne with them. Yet, Anne and the poetry were removed in the first publication of this

manuscript named *The Road to Yesterday* (1974) but restored in 2009 in the unabridged edition, *The Blythes Are Quoted*.

### Across the Miles

Montgomery wrote most compellingly about friendship because she had experienced it happily and with newly matured depth in her youth, primarily in Prince Albert where her first formative friendships were made in 1890-91 within a large busy social circle (she lived with her father's family for several months). The shadows of these friends lurk in *Anne* characters and, superficial as they may be to the fully fleshed out personalities of Montgomery's creations, they can contribute as much to our understanding of her work as other sources. In her way, Montgomery brought her friends from Prince Albert back to Prince Edward Island with her and gave them a home in Avonlea.

The slim and petite Laura, with a fair-haired braid (both she and her brother had red hair), was vivacious, effusive, demonstrative, and an affection magnet -- she was the first friend Montgomery named a kindred spirit. She could talk with Maud for hours and LMM felt that Laura had enriched her life with love.

Like Anne, Laura applied her joy of life to very hard and serious household work in helping her mother run their ranch home and care for her five siblings. However, Laura Pritchard should not be read seamlessly into the sweet characters of *Anne of Green Gables*. Humorous sarcasm was a characteristic of their friendship (as it was with Nora Lefurgey Campbell). For example, Montgomery recorded that Laura's letters were often "sprinkled" with the phrase "tall, pale and handsome" in parody of a mutual acquaintance who overused the expression: "Laura and I adopted it sarcastically and used it till we wore it out. Every man we met was 'tall, pale, etc.' even if he was short ... and hideous."

Paired with Laura was Alexina Macgregor (one of four sisters), fun and warm-hearted, with jet-black hair and large brown eyes. She was Montgomery's life-long friend, although she was not as deeply attached to her as Laura, she considered Alexina a very good friend. Two years after Montgomery left Prince Albert, Alexina married Fred Wright. Montgomery borrowed his name for the man who married Anne's best friend, Diana Barry, in *Anne of Avonlea*. Diana, by getting married, left Anne (as Laura and Alexina left Maud) going "forward into a new world, shutting a gate behind her, leaving Anne on the outside."



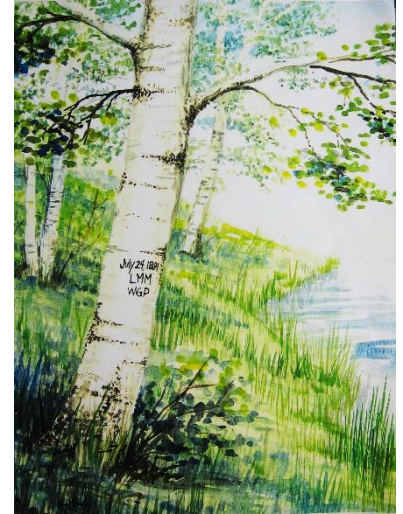
Laura, Maud, Alexina

It is not too difficult to assign the essence of Laura's beloved brother, Willy Pritchard, to the good and steady Gilbert of the *Anne* story. Will joined Nate Lockhart as young Maud's two most compatible beaux [see "Whatever Happened to Nate Lockhart," *The Shining Scroll* 2004:7]. Nate was the nephew of the poet Arthur John Lockhart, who became Montgomery's pen-pal in 1908 and to whom she dedicated *Emily Climbs*. She admired both of these ambitious and supportive young men, re-read their letters over the years, and returned to her memories of her days with them with great fondness. She regretted that she was unable to make a match with either of them -- she was young, ambitious, and may have thought they would wait for her until she was ready for serious romance.

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They would both have been good partners; each was bright, fun, and devoted, and each was interested in studying law (an important quality for LMM as she had a preference for men who were educated but not farmers, ministers, nor cousins). At any rate, Will did not live long and Nate left Prince Edward Island and moved on with his life, education, family, and career after Montgomery went to Prince Albert.

In the Anne series, *Anne's House of Dreams* (1917) is followed by *Anne of Ingleside* (1939). Montgomery dedicated the first to Laura Pritchard and the second, with a short and cryptic dedication, to Laura's brother. She was making a typescript of her journal entries in 1938 covering the time she was in Prince Albert and Laura and Will were fresh in her memories. In her last book, finished less than four years before her death, she simply wrote "To W.G.P." -- the initials of Willard Gunn Pritchard, a friend she had not seen for forty-seven years and never would see again. The use of his initials was not meant to be secretive but was instead a tender tribute to her feelings for him and a reference to the last time Montgomery saw him, when they carved their initials together on a tree.



On her hand was the small gold ring she had received when she was twelve years old from her Uncle Leander Macneill's wife, Annie. She had given it to Will decades earlier. After his death at age 25 in 1897, Laura sent it back to her. "It has never been off my finger since ... I want it on my hand when I die" (*Selected Journals* 4:80). The ring was a link between her and her past self. But she also wore it as a symbol of "something old and sweet and precious and forever gone," and a remembrance of eternal friendship with the young man with twinkling hazel eyes and a crooked smile. Will acted honorably as a friend and suitor, and he was intuitive; he knew what she liked. *Anne of Ingleside* is weighted with a fragrant nostalgia of yearning for a happy family (like the Pritchard family) and her year with her father and Will and Laura. This last novel (published in her lifetime) was dedicated to him, her first friend -- they befriended each other before any other peer that she chose for a dedication, and so a kind of symmetry is stamped on it: first friend, last book.

Through *Anne of Ingleside* and the Blythe family, she might have looked back over the decades toward Will Pritchard and envisioned him as the man he might have become -- a steadfast mate and respected man, like a Gilbert. As she wrote the last lines of *Anne of Ingleside*, "What a family!" she may have been thinking, ironically, of her own. Or, she may have indulged in a device that she used to comfort herself, especially after she lost her friend, Frede Campbell. "I must dream or die - dream back into the past and live life as I might have lived it - had Fate been kinder" (*Selected Journals* 2:398).

## Love and Loss

The relationship with Laura Pritchard transitioned Montgomery from childhood to womanhood and set a standard of comfort, intimacy, and trust that Montgomery ever afterward expected from her friends. When Maud left Laura, her next intimate friend was her cousin in Park Corner, Clara Campbell (called Cade) who was named after Maud's own mother. She loved Cade's "sweet disposition and affectionate heart" and she was the first (perhaps only) friend to whom Maud told her secret of her "lost" love, Herman Leard. But Clara

moved away and her youngest sister, Frede, grew up and stepped up into Montgomery's life and confidence and never left. Frede was teaching in nearby Stanley Bridge while Maud was writing *Anne* in Cavendish. I like to think that Montgomery told Frede about her book, or let her read the manuscript, or read it to her, and I like to think that Frede knew a good thing when she saw it. They wrote ten-year letters [to be opened in ten years] at the same time that Montgomery mailed *Anne* to a publisher and in hers Frede suggested that Maud might have written a famous book by the time she read her letter ten years in the future.

Dr. Mary Rubio proposed, in 1994, that love was in the air with the presence of Montgomery's future husband, Ewan Macdonald and it [love] gave birth to *Anne*. Frede was nearby too and the combination of both "loves" buoyed Montgomery during this period of work. Frede would have known Ewan when they both boarded in Stanley Bridge and she might encouraged Maud in his direction. She must have given her stamp of approval to Ewan, even though it meant the "loss" of her friend if love bloomed. Maybe Frede coached Ewan or Maud in their courtship, like Anne's friend, Phil, encouraged Gilbert to pursue Anne in *Anne of the Island*. It is tempting to align Phillipa Gordon (Phil) in *Anne of the Island* with the role of Frederica Campbell (Frede). The observations that the wise, frank, bright Phil delivered to Anne regarding courtship and love could have evolved from advice that Frede offered Maud.

By any measure, Ewan was very fond of the Campbell cousins especially cousin Frede. He certainly never pretended to threaten her with a shotgun like he did Maud's other close friend, Nora Lefurgey (see *The Intimate Life of L.M. Montgomery*, ed. Gammel, 2005). Frede earned her place in the family by being a longtime trusted friend to both of them, as well as a relative and ally. In brief and shining moments, starting in 1912, Maud's home was perfect whenever Frede was there with her, Ewan, and the two sweet little boys.

Frede's death in 1919 was a deep enduring trauma for both Maud and Ewan. Montgomery had already dedicated *The Story Girl* to Frede (see *The Shining Scroll* 2003) in 1911 in gratitude for her encouragement during the creation of *Anne of Green Gables*, but she also dedicated *Rilla of Ingleside* to her in 1920 to mourn her loss.

## Green Gables Revisited

"... Myrtle had been adopted at age eleven in 1894 by elderly brother and sister David and Margaret Macneill."

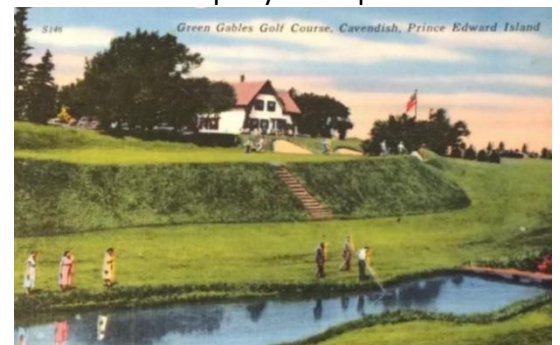
Myrtle McNeill (her mother's family used a different spelling than Montgomery's) was said to be the only person in Cavendish who did not claim to be *Anne of Green Gables*, but who was frequently compared to *Anne*. She lived at "Green Gables" and Maud herself initiated the errors about her origins: "David and Margaret [Macneill] adopted an orphan niece." Of course, Myrtle wasn't an orphan and she wasn't adopted; she was the Macneills' grandniece. Myrtle was Montgomery's third cousin and it was Myrtle's great-grandfather, David, who built the Green Gables house in 1831.

Myrtle's mother, Mary Ada McNeill, was a teacher in Prince County, PEI, and left Prince Edward Island to give birth to Myrtle in Havelock, New Brunswick in 1883. In 1894, Ada brought her daughter back home to Cavendish to live on her grandfather's farm in order to care for her Aunt Margaret and Uncle David. Myrtle grew up entirely in the company of her beloved mother and they lived together for all of her childhood. Like Montgomery, she had an intimate acquaintance with Lover's Lane, the brook, and the hollow and formed a deep love for her Cavendish home (she belonged to the Cavendish Baptist Church for over 70 years and was the organist for almost 50 years).

Myrtle's mother, Ada, was a highly respected and loved member of the community. She was a superb gardener and offered advice to center family life on children, shower them with gifts, and make their home happy and playful. In 1901, when Myrtle was 18, her mother married an older widower, Walter Simpson. When Ada moved to his home in Bayview, Myrtle lost a vital daily companion and she began to visit Maud at the Macneill farm across the road. They were not well-acquainted earlier because Montgomery had been away teaching or studying for the six years after Myrtle had come to Cavendish as a little girl. Montgomery wrote that the friendship started one evening when Myrtle brought her a bouquet of wild field poppies, called "Shirley" poppies.

Myrtle, though nine years younger than Maud, had much in common with Montgomery in responsibilities to their elderly relatives and their great love for their shared landscape. They became good friends for the rest of their lives. Maud attended Myrtle's wedding at the farm when she married Ernest Webb in 1905 (Ewan was the minister). Ernest became Maud's friend too and so did their children (Ernest was a pallbearer at Grandmother Lucy Macneill's funeral). The Webbs cleaned up the farm -- both Ernest and Myrtle loved gardening and all the grounds around the house were planted with vegetables and flowers and laced with pathways. They shared their surplus of seedlings with neighbors. Maud was in Cavendish long enough to watch the Webb family grow -- the first child born at Green Gables did not survive. Their first daughter, Ina Rosamund, died as an infant and was followed by four daughters and a son who grew up on their parents' farm. After Montgomery married and move away from Cavendish, she always stayed with the Webbs, at her "second home," when she came back.

When *Anne of Green Gables* was published, the quiet farm life of the Webb family changed dramatically. Since tourists were walking around their farm anyway, they hoped to make use of the company and opened their house for overnight guests (their children had to sleep in the out-buildings). Myrtle and her daughters opened a tearoom and called it "Green Gables." When their property was taken over by the Parks Canada they were allowed to stay for a few years. The Webb family tells that story that the Park people would tell visitors that "Anne" was working in the garden, so groups of eager tourists tramped over Myrtle's garden to get to her. She told them to stop referring to her as "Anne," so they did and, according to the family, they stopped referring to the Webbs altogether. Soon their



beautiful garden and the pastures (and Deep Hollow) were bulldozed to build a golf course. When the Webbs were finally required to leave, they were moved down the road to the former Baptist Manse, which was nearly identical to their home. Coincidentally, this was the house where Nate Lockhart had lived with his stepfather and his mother, LMM's music teacher, Mrs. Spurr.

Montgomery loved to get letters from Myrtle and paid for her to come and visit when she lived in Norval, Ontario. It wasn't out of generosity; it was simply self-interest, because Myrtle's company made her happy. Myrtle's children, Marion (Laird) and Keith, moved to Norval. Myrtle's daughter, Anita [*The Shining Scroll* 2011 2:17], also lived with the Macdonalds in Toronto to help care for them in their last years. Montgomery dedicated her 1935 novel, *Mistress Pat*, to the whole family. Myrtle was dignified and reserved in public and affectionate and fun loving with her family. Montgomery's book dedication to Myrtle and all the Webbs acknowledged their close kinship and shared "home" which the Webb family preserved in its transition from a place in Montgomery's fiction to an international destination and beloved treasure.

Montgomery felt the physical absence of her close friends keenly over time, especially during the last years of her life when she had few outlets for her many agonies of spirit. But for most of her life, Montgomery's friends were "unspeakably dear" companions whose mutual past permitted a mutual future. They gave her an unencumbered sense of "at homeness" when she was with them. Her friends ignited her happiness and sometimes readers can sense echoes of them and their landscapes resonating in her stories.

She wrote in *I Dwell Among My Own People* (1921):

I love the little island province where I was born – I love the rich red of its wandering roads, I love the emerald of its uplands and meadows, I love the radiance of the encircling sea... I love its life and its people; and so I write about them because I want my readers to know and love them too.

And she has succeeded in that.

---

The previous paper was given at the 2008 Montgomery conference where we honored the "Pioneer" Preservationist generation who have kept the story of L.M. Montgomery vital for many decades.

One of the honorees was  
Ruth Macdonald, the author's daughter-in-law.

## RUTH MACDONALD



Members of the L.M. Montgomery community were saddened by the passing of Ruth Steele Macdonald. Her daughter, Kate Macdonald Butler, wrote: “[She] passed away peacefully on New Year’s Day, 2017. She would have been 102 later this month and lived a full and remarkable life -- the family would like you to know that she died surrounded by the love of her family and caregivers.”



Ruth was trained as a nurse and met Stuart Macdonald during his medical training. They were married in 1943. Ruth attended and participated in many Montgomery conferences and events and we have all been honored by her graciousness and interest. She was greatly loved by her children and all who knew her. We extend our deepest condolences to her family and friends. Ruth was the daughter-in-law of L.M. Montgomery and she has been a long-time supporter of the author’s legacy:



“Ruth Macdonald has been instrumental, from the beginning, in supporting Montgomery scholarship and research. She has always been a most generous interviewee about her husband, Dr. Stuart Macdonald, and all his lifetime of stories about his mother and the life of the mind and spirit she encouraged. She was the first Montgomery family member we contacted about starting the LMMI -- and the first to say she was coming to the launch party for it. She has come to as many conferences as she was able to do, at the same time enjoying her strong ties with Island friends she made with Stuart. Her generosity, again, was the reason that Kevin Sullivan made such a wonderful first movie of *Anne of Green Gables*. She was delighted to support her children and nephew's [David Macdonald] family in making key, invaluable donations to the LMMI, including the Macneill family Bible with Montgomery annotations, and numerous signed first editions. She donated personally LMM's Japanese kimono to the LMMI. Ruth's quiet, indomitable, magnanimous presence can be felt in almost every successful collaboration between the heirs and scholars, the heirs and governments, the heirs and creative artists. What is truly remarkable? 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 2008

## THE LEARD HOUSE

Last summer Carolyn and Beth were excited to visit the Leard House in Lower Bedeque, Prince Edward Island, near the school where L.M. Montgomery was a teacher in 1897.

The Leard House is a registered historic home, in which L.M. Montgomery boarded for the six months she taught in Lower Bedeque and where she fell in love with Herman Leard, a truly romantic page in Island history and the life of our beloved Maud. While visiting the house you can also tour the L.M. Montgomery School House Museum Mon-Sat (9-5) during the summer season.



July Edgcomb and friends have worked hard to make this landmark a destination for great food (Fables Tea Room), activities, and conversation in a beautiful community. Recommended!

[images from MCavert, July Edgcomb]

## THE L. M. MONTGOMERY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO

The LMMSO sponsored “A Celebration of Poetry” to honour the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Montgomery’s *The Watchman and Other Poems* with a day-long program held at the Historic Leaskdale Church on October 29. Speakers included Dr. Benjamin Lefebvre (“Memory Pictures; Toward a Critical Edition of L. M. Montgomery’s Complete Poems”); Carolyn Strom Collins (“‘Pure Pearls of Dew:’ Searching for the Ideal Woman in the Poetry of L. M. Montgomery”); Kathy Wasylenky and Kathy Clulow (“L. M. Montgomery and Jessie Findlay Brown: A Local Connection”); Lesley Clement and Rita Bode (“Beautiful Dead Women: Montgomery’s Response to a Poetical Topic”); Kate Sutherland (“How to Draw a Rhinoceros”); Melanie Fishbane (“In Friendship and Farewells: Finding Maud’s Story in L. M. Montgomery’s Teen Poetry”). Gina Mercer, a poet from Tasmania who just completed a month as Poet in Residence at the University of Prince Edward Island, read selections from her three books of poetry.

The LMMSO members provided coffee breaks and lunch to the attendees and all were invited to tour the Manse across the road. The Manse was Montgomery’s first home after she married Ewan Macdonald in 1911; they lived there for fifteen years. The LMMSO members have restored the Manse to its original state so that people can experience it much as Montgomery did. They have also restored the church with the goal of providing a space for community events.

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Carolyn Strom Collins presented to the LMMSO the copy of John Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* that once belonged to L. M. Montgomery while she lived in the Manse. Carolyn had purchased it some years ago from someone who had bought it from Montgomery. Montgomery signed the book "L. M. Montgomery Macdonald" and dated it "January 28, 1915." She referred to this book in two of her own novels: *Anne's House of Dreams* and *A Tangled Web*.

For more information about the LMMSO, see their website <http://lucymaudmontgomery.ca/>

## THE L.M. MONTGOMERY HERITAGE SOCIETY Working to Purchase the Norval Manse for a Montgomery Museum and Literary Centre

Mary Beth Cavert and Carolyn Strom Collins

Our friends in Norval, Ontario, where L.M. Montgomery Macdonald lived from 1926 to 1935, always have wonderful events to share! Montgomery's home was situated on the beautiful Credit River and we encourage all fans to include the Halton Hills area in your travels! They have formed a society and joined social media to publicize their mission:



To preserve the legacy of Lucy Maud Montgomery in the Halton Hills region by conserving the sites associated with her life in Norval, where she lived in the Presbyterian Manse, writing six novels and three volumes of personal journals.

Readers can find out more about their [book club](#) and activities on [Facebook](#) and [Instagram](#).

Work on the Lucy Maud Montgomery Heritage Garden in Norval continued this year and the enlarged and redesigned garden was introduced to the public on September 10, 2016. Many new plants were added, along with new paths, stone work, and other landscaping features, resulting in an especially beautiful and interactive garden space for the community as well as visitors to Norval.

One of the most interesting additions is the "sensory" garden that contains fragrant and edible plants and plants with unusual textures, plants which appeal to all five senses. Signs identifying the plants and planted areas are placed at strategic points and are in Braille as well as printed. Sculptures are set in different places – one of "The Story Girl" is particularly charming. A large gazebo provides shelter and a place for people to rest among the large pines and other trees that surround the garden. Large boulders, footbridges, stepping stones,



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and low walls provide opportunities for children to take part in some gentle climbing activities while visiting the garden. The analemmatic sundial is a fascinating element that allows one to tell the time by one's shadow.

Kathy Gastle and her faithful crew did most of the planting and weeding throughout the summer, working with landscape architect Eileen Foley; several thousand tulips, daffodils and other spring bulb flowers will provide a colourful show next spring.

A woody path from the garden leads visitors to the banks of the Credit River that LMM wrote about during her ten years living in the Manse nearby.

We recently received an update on work to acquire the Manse for a museum and literary centre. Here is a report written by Jessica Young:

With Canada's 150th birthday underway, there are many reasons to celebrate in 2017! L.M. Montgomery fans, in particular, have plenty to look forward to this year with the release of two new *Anne of Green Gables* adaptations [the second television by Breakthrough, *L.M. Montgomery's Anne of Green Gables: The Good Stars* was filmed, in part, near Norval, and the CBC series, *Anne*].

The Lucy Maud Montgomery Heritage Society of Norval hopes to add another cause for celebration with their *Canada 150* project for the Town of Halton Hills. In association with the Heritage Foundation of Halton Hills, they are purchasing the Norval Manse that L.M.M. lived in between 1926 and 1935 to create the Lucy Maud Montgomery Museum and Literary Centre.

In 1926, the Macdonald family relocated from Leaskdale to a small village just west of Toronto called Norval. In her nine years in Norval, L.M.M. had at least seven books published and wrote over two volumes of her journals. The Presbyterian Manse, built in 1888, gave her a wonderful view of the Credit River, and Norval soon became a place close to her heart. She wrote in her journal in 1927: *She wrote in her journal in 1927: Norval is so beautiful now that it takes my breath. Those pine hills full of shadows - those river reaches - those bluffs of maple and smooth trunked beech - with drifts of wild white blossom everywhere. I love Norval as I have never loved any place save Cavendish. It is as if I had known it all my life - as if I had dreamed young dreams under those pines and walked with my first love down that long perfumed hill.*

Many have overlooked the village of Norval's significance to L.M.M., perhaps because it was her second Ontario home. However, the Lucy Maud Montgomery Heritage Society of Norval has worked tirelessly to preserve her legacy in the village. They host L.M.M. related events throughout the year, such as the annual Montgomery Christmas. In addition, the heritage garden dedicated to L.M.M., the Children's Garden of the Senses, underwent renovations and opened to the public in early 2016. The Heritage Foundation of Halton Hills also works to preserve local buildings of historical significance. They have successfully restored the Acton Town Hall and the Devereaux House and have now taken on L.M.M.'s Norval Manse. Purchasing and restoring L.M.M.'s Norval home is a special undertaking for both organizations.

It has gained the support of University of Guelph Professor, Mary Rubio (author of L.M.M.'s biography *The Gift of Wings*). In 1931, Maud lamented in her journal that she hated "to think of all the lovely things being forgotten when I am dead." As a member of the L.M.M. Heritage Society, Rubio believes that "her home in Norval and the natural beauty of the area were part of those memories."

Rubio has also contributed to the current University of Guelph Exhibit: *Texts and Textiles, The Legacy of Lucy Maud Montgomery*, which will be on display until April 2017. A partnership between the University of Guelph and the Lucy Maud Montgomery Museum and Literary Centre is forthcoming.

There is still much to learn about the woman behind the stories. The creation of the Museum and Literary Centre will allow us to take a closer look L.M.M.'s place in our Canadian heritage. By the time she arrived to the quaint Norval village, she was a world-renowned author. Yet, she was also a minister's wife, mother of two, and an active member of her community. We often overlook the quiet treasures L.M.M. left behind, and her home in Norval is one of these treasures. 2017 will be the year we ask ourselves: who is Maud of Norval?

The Lucy Maud Montgomery Heritage Society of Norval will acquire the manse by securing a mortgage for the property. In order to save the home, they are launching a fundraising campaign that will seek financial support from Kindred Spirits around the world. You can find out more information about donations here: <http://heritagefoundationhalton.ca/>. For the latest updates on the project, be sure to follow our Facebook page and other social media accounts.

The Norval group has been working since 1992 (!) on its goal to transform the Manse into an LMM museum -- we are very excited and happy for them!

More articles about the garden, Norval, plans for the Norval Manse is available at Garden Of The Senses. Find a bounty of present day Montgomery related information about Norval in this brochure from our web site:

<http://lmmontgomeryliterarysociety.weebly.com/uploads/2/2/6/5/226525/norvabrochure.pdf>

For readers in Ontario and the Halton Hills region, Kathy Gastle (President of the Norval Community Association) would welcome volunteers to join her in their planning and preservation activities: Contact [kathy.gastle@gmail.com](mailto:kathy.gastle@gmail.com)

## BALA'S MUSEUM, 25 Years of Memories of L.M. Montgomery

Bala's Museum With Memories of Lucy Maud Montgomery in Ontario, is celebrating its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary on July 25, 2017. Congratulations to Linda and Jack Hutton! Read their story on their web site - we also have included news from the museum in this publication over the years!

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Bala is the site of Montgomery's vacation in 1922 which inspired her to write romantic novel, *The Blue Castle*, and set it in the lake area of Muskoka and Bala.



In recognition of this connection, Linda and Jack are planning a "Blue Castle Experience" on Wed. July 26th which

“will include a breakfast at a restaurant that literally has Lake Muskoka  
(Lake Mistawis) lapping at its windows,  
a chartered ship ride to and around the island that Maud imagined was Barney's,  
a Lady Jane Car ride in a convoy of antique cars  
to places Maud stopped at or used in her book,  
a luncheon in a new restaurant in town called 'Castle Blue",  
a cranberry wine tasting (Bala is famous for its Cranberry marsh) and  
a wind-up dinner at The Bala Bay Inn.

All details are subject to change (but we hope not!!)  
The Blue Castle Experience will be limited to 20 or so people. Price to be determined.”

Sounds too good to be true! (But it is true!)

## WELCOME TO THE NEW CHAIR OF THE L.M. MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE, DR. PHILIP SMITH

From An Interview with Dr. Smith by Melanie Fishbane:

“Dr. Philip Smith is Professor of Psychology at the University of Prince Edward Island, where he has served as Department Chair and as Dean of the Faculty of Arts. His professional passion is teaching, especially first-year students. His research interests focus on (i) promotion of positive parenting and family relationships, and (ii) promotion of healthy behaviours, particularly non-smoking, and especially among people living in poverty. He has recently completed a five-year term as Chair of the Premier’s Action Committee on Family Violence Prevention, and previously served as Board Chair of the Canadian Cancer Society’s PEI Division. Philip was born and raised on PEI. He lives with his wife, Cathy Morgan—also a clinical psychologist—in Stratford, PEI. Their daughter, Alexandra, is a vocal performance major in the UPEI Music Department. Their son, Elijah, is a high school student with an interest in theatre performance, who got his start eight years ago as a “Child of Avonlea” in *Anne of Green Gables: The Musical*, and later played Paul Irving in *Anne and Gilbert, the Musical*.”

## THE L.M. MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE'S 12<sup>TH</sup> BIENNIAL CONFERENCE

The L.M. Montgomery Institute's 12<sup>th</sup> Biennial Conference was held on 23-26 June 2016 at the University of Prince Edward on the topic, "L.M. Montgomery and Gender." As always, the conference was filled with new insights, perspectives, and information about L.M. Montgomery and her writing. This conference is always a spectacularly fun and exciting event on a beautiful island, L.M. Montgomery's birthplace. Many thanks to Laura Robinson and Andrea McKenzie and their numerous helpers for another success!

Members of our local Literary Society group who gave papers are:

Carolyn Strom Collins: *"Pure as Pearls of Dew": Searching for the Ideal Woman in the Poetry of L.M. Montgomery,*  
Emily Woster: *Reading Community: L.M. Montgomery and Gendered Reading Writing Practice*



Conversations and happenings were captured in real-time via the internet this year. Many of us "live-tweeted" during presentations allowing followers all over the world to experience many of the insights along with us. Online readers can search [#LMMI2016](#) for dozens of comments (in reverse order) made during the conference on Twitter and can find links on our [Facebook](#) Page. Our tweets are at [@LMMontgomeryLS](#).

Keynote speakers included Mavis Reimer, Jane Urquhart, and Elizabeth Epperly. See and hear Laura Robinson's excellent keynote address, "Imagined (and imaginative) Communities: L.M. Montgomery Scholarship and Gender" in its entirety here (58 min): <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lcfpbwYTNac>

Read daily summaries from the L.M. Montgomery Institute web site here:

[Day One](#) | [Day Two](#) | [Day Three](#) | [Day Four](#)

Program of speakers and events:

<https://www.lmmontgomery.ca/sites/www.lmmontgomery.ca/files/LMMandGenderScheduleOnly9June2016.pdf>

## THE L.M. MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE'S 13<sup>TH</sup> BIENNIAL CONFERENCE

The next conference will be held at the University of Prince Edward Island on 21-24 June 2018 and the topic will be "[L.M. Montgomery and Reading](#)." The following text is from the web site.

The 2018 conference invites research that considers "L.M. Montgomery and Reading" in all its forms and possibilities. The allusions in Montgomery's novels and the richness of her own reading life raise a host of questions about the politics, history, culture, technologies, and practice of reading. In turn, fans and scholars explore what it means to read Montgomery as



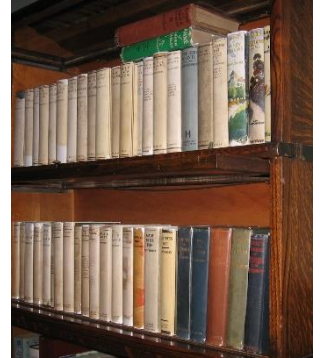
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they continue to visit and revisit her novels and autobiographical work. Her enduring popularity continues to inspire translations and transformations that offer readers new ways to experience Montgomery's texts.

This conference will also mark the 25th anniversary of the L.M. Montgomery Institute, providing an important opportunity to (re)read and reflect on the past and future of Montgomery scholarship and to explore how the presenters see themselves in a community of international, interdisciplinary, and interrelated readers.

The conference theme inspires topics including:

- Reading politics and history in and of Montgomery's works
- Material cultures and the class implications of reading
- Influence and intertextuality across texts including explorations of Montgomery's literary allusions
- Global experiences of reading classics
- Literacy in all forms, teaching Montgomery texts, and reading education
- The neurobiology and neuroscience of reading and the human capacity to read
- Reading and ways of seeing, reading and visual culture, alternative reading methods
- Reflections on and readings of Montgomery scholarship
- Reading in translation, reading personally and culturally, and reading over a lifetime



### EMILY WOSTER NAMED RESIDENT SCHOLAR FOR THE LMMI

We are so excited to announce that one of our long-time members, Dr. Emily Woster, will be working closely with the L.M. Montgomery Institute! Here is the announcement from the LMMI:

The LMMI is pleased to announce our new Visiting Scholar, Emily Woster. She is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English, Linguistics, and Writing Studies at the University of Minnesota Duluth. She completed her Ph.D. in English Studies at Illinois State University with a dissertation on Montgomery's "autobibliography." Emily's research explores the relationship between L.M. Montgomery's reading and autobiographical practices, women's life writing, and intertextuality. She is Managing Editor of *a/b: Auto/Biography Studies*, has presented at past LMMI conferences as well as at conferences for the International Auto/Biography, and Children's Literature Associations.



When asked what she hoped to accomplish during her tenure, she said: "The LMMI and its work are incredibly important to me both personally and professionally, so I would like the 2018 conference, and the Institute's anniversary, to serve as a reflection and meditation on the ways we've all read L.M. Montgomery in the past and how we hope to read her in the future. As Visiting Scholar, I would like to complete and share some of my

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own works in progress about Montgomery's reading and help plan a conference that continues the important conversations already begun by the LMMI."

## LAUNCH OF RESEARCH SITE "KINDREDSACES"

Mary Beth Cavert

L.M. Montgomery researchers are delighted with the on-line arrival of the Ryrie-Campbell Collection of Montgomery books, periodicals, and ephemera housed at the University of Prince Edward Island's L.M. Montgomery Institute. The searchable resource of images is called KindredSpaces: <http://kindredspaces.ca/>

Donor Donna Campbell worked with archivist Simon Lloyd to develop a catalogue and then digitize it to make the collection accessible on a web site. Read more about the history of the collection in this interview: <http://kindredspaces.ca/interview-donna-jane-campbell>.



*The Shining Scroll* article on the initiative:

<http://www.weebly.com/uploads/2/2/6/5/226525/theshiningscroll2014part1.pdf>

Here are direct links to Montgomery material (find the search box for items on the upper right of the web page):

[SHORT STORIES](#) | [POETRY](#) | [ESSAYS AND ARTICLES](#) [NOVELS](#) | [REFERENCE WORKS](#)

## FRIENDS OF LMMI

Carolyn Strom Collins

The Friends of the L. M. Montgomery Institute of UPEI put together another Silent Auction, held during the June conference. Collectible Montgomery books, posters, and various items related to Montgomery or Prince Edward Island were displayed for two days during the conference and about \$2400 was raised for the care of the Institute's Montgomery collection. In addition, \$1500 in donations was received during the conference.

We are very grateful for the board members who donated items and who helped with the details of the auction. Dr. Philip Smith and the coordinator of the conference, Ross Dwyer, along with Ross's team, were tremendously helpful in so many ways. Thank you again!!

Anyone interested in contributing to the Friends of the LMMI can find information on the Institute's website: <http://www.lmmontgomery.ca/community/friends>

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At our board meeting on June 22, new members were added to the board of the Friends of the LMMI: Kimberly Toombs (PEI); Lynda Leader (Ontario); Earle Lockerby (Ontario and PEI); Vanessa Brown (Ontario); Melanie Fishbane (Ontario) and Ann Johnson (Minnesota). Other members who agreed to remain on the board are Sandra Wagner (Nova Scotia); Linda Boutilier (PEI); Elizabeth Epperly (Nova Scotia and PEI); Loretta Craig Taylor (PEI); Kate Sutherland (Ontario); Melanie Whitfield (Ontario); Joanne Lebold (Ontario); Mary Beth Cavert (Minnesota); Emily Woster (Minnesota); Carolyn Strom Collins (Minnesota and PEI).

At the Donors' Reception the Board of the Friends of the LMMI was recognized for purchasing and donating a letter written by L.M. Montgomery to British composer Clara A. Macirone and Simon Lloyd accepted a check as well as items from a Montgomery family auction purchased with donations to an international fundraiser organized by Vanessa Brown.

A tribute to Christy Woster, one of our founding board members who died in April 2016, was also part of the Donors' Reception on Saturday afternoon. Mary Beth Cavert, Carolyn Strom Collins and Simon Lloyd offered remembrances of her. Christy had given many items from her vast Montgomery collection to the Institute and had contributed significantly to the updated *Annotated Bibliography of L. M. Montgomery's Stories and Poems* as well as *After Many Years*, the newly-published book of "long-lost" Montgomery stories. She had also chaired the committee for the Friends' Silent Auction in 2012 and 2014. Christy is very much missed by the L. M. Montgomery community and always will be.

**"WHAT DID YOU THINK OF WHEN  
YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL...LIKE ME?"  
THE PROSY DAY PLEASURES OF THE ANNE OF GREEN GABLES  
AND EMILY OF NEW MOON SERIES**

Vanessa Waltz © 2017

[Vanessa Waltz holds an MA in English from Middlebury College in Vermont]

I write as an enthusiast of the *Anne of Green Gables* and *Emily of New Moon* series. Regarding the latter, there is the fond recollection of prowling, *à la* Emily, about an older cousin's upstairs bedroom, a child of eight, arrested by the three "grown up girl" books making up that series, stacked carefully by the bed. Too young at the time to read *Emily* in earnest, the lovely, equally earnest covers illustrating its heroine's progression toward womanhood stay with me after this visit; also present is the determination to read these works when I, too, become "grown up."

Like many a girl, though, I am introduced first, in my teens, to the starry-eyed and ambitious Anne, whose heart is yet full of zest, and the eight books accompanying her. Anne's scholastic goings-on are of especial import in adolescence. At thirteen and three-quarters and on the cusp of high school entrance exams, Anne's study for the entrance exams into Queen's Academy at the same age is eaten up in *Anne of Green Gables*, as is her securing the Avery scholarship at Queens.

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At a later point, on the cusp of college literature exams, scholarships, and societies, *Anne of the Island* is similarly pursued. Particularly, Anne's own pursuit of the Thorburn scholarship is eaten up eagerly. As is the case with the Avery scholarship, the former is in English, and here my foot is on native heath. As well, this third text features charming descriptions of Patty's Place, with its cozy open fire and its cats in triplicate. In the little dream-like spot, Anne and co. are at home to their friends on Friday evenings, one Gilbert Blythe included. Too, there are the making and deepening of friendships, the social stunts, the doings of college societies, the widening of horizons and, hence, interests. Too, then, there is, following spring exams, treating oneself to Dickens, specifically, to the prosy day pleasures of the *Pickwick Papers*, and, anon, the orchard, in company with a cat.

To say nothing of the fashions! At many a turn in *Anne of Green Gables* and *Anne of the Island*, fashion is deliciously present. Anne has a dalliance with puffed sleeves, memorably laid out in her first novel outing. In her third is found the satisfaction of a cream silk slip under chiffon arrayed with rosebuds; in an instance of stylish hair-dressing, displaying lilies-of-the-valley in one's hair; appropriately, carrying an old friend's flowers, lilies-of-the-valley, to Convocation, and, that evening, fastening a trinket from that friend about one's throat.



Like many an "Anne-girl," though, I take quickly, and with equal enthusiasm, to Emily, whose eyes flash like a stormy sea, and who spins out cobwebs by the old window in her bedroom, cobwebs discovered in my twenties. Anne's rambles through the woods and in a town graveyard are answered in Emily's graveyard prowls. Else, twelve solid silver teaspoons wait to be utilized; in a separate instance, a fire is put on and a cup of tea is made, and, in another separate instance, imaginatively and gracefully poured. Too, there is the snap and crackle of the fire in her little fireplace. Too, then, there is Emily's soul her own, and fire-new. But Emily, Emily! Emily, with her admirable ankles; hearing a contented cat's purr; her candles glowing and, occasionally, guttering; one Teddy Kent included among her eventual admirers.

To say nothing of the fashions! At many a ready turn in *Emily of New Moon* and her comrades, fashion is, again, deliciously present. Emily also has a dalliance with puffed sleeves, hers in her second novel outing. Puffed sleeves, however, satisfactorily give way to other preferences. Bedecked dresses—alternately ivory taffeta; ivory crepe; ashes-of-roses crepe; pale-green; pale-blue slip and silvery-green lace; lace arrayed with rosebuds. Bedecked hair—alternately adorned with a star-like cluster of mums; inventively, an evening star; an arrow of rhinestones; a wreath of silver leaves.

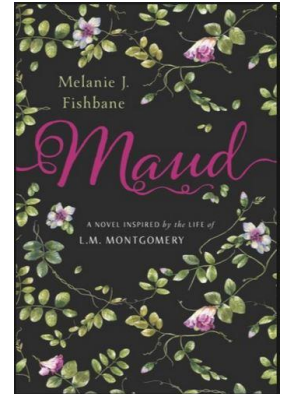
What of the prosy day, silvery pleasures of reading *Anne* and *Emily* today? The starry-eyed, stormy-eyed girls who aid many in the progression toward womanhood still stay with me; now, Anne, Emily, and their companions remain safely in a trunk, stored carefully by the bed for easy reach, so that they can be returned to, time and again. The lovely, earnest covers of each heroine greet me warmly. *I, too*, they seem to state determinedly, *am "grown up."*



## **MAUD: A NOVEL INSPIRED BY THE LIFE OF L.M. MONTGOMERY** by Melanie Fishbane

Mary Beth Cavert © 2017

*Maud* is a historical fiction account of the years between 1889 and 1892 when Canadian author, L.M. Montgomery, was 15 to 18 years old. Lucy Maud Montgomery preferred to be called Maud, not Lucy or Lucy Maud (her grandmother was named Lucy). This novel begins during the time Montgomery started to write her own personal journals which are, in part, reflective of her love of story and characters. We read her journals today with the understanding that she probably altered her early entries when she re-copied them as an adult in her late 40s. Fishbane has done her homework to supplement details of the time period, stay true to Montgomery's self-record, and find a fresh voice for the author.



Fishbane has extracted a story to inspire her young adult audience and allows readers to walk in the writer's shoes as she navigates the first steps on her path to fame in her home on Prince Edward Island and during one year living with her father in the North-West Territories. Here we see Maud's growing ambition and sense of purpose along with her developing self-confidence. The themes of *Anne of Green Gables* are exposed as Maud works to secure the comfort of belonging in her family.

Many fans take the author's statements about her grandparents at face value. While it is true the elder couple raised her and may or not may not have been unduly insensitive to her, it may also be true that it was her Aunt Emily who bore the brunt of the responsibility for her care (beginning when Emily was 17). Montgomery has few kind words to say about her dismissive aunt in her journals and it is not until she is sixty-three years old that she reveals her childhood affection for Emily. Fishbane incorporates this reflection into the novel by having Maud confront her aunt about their estrangement – considering that perhaps Emily had to subvert her own life for Maud. *Maud*, the historical novel, illuminates readers in a way that the journals sometimes do not.

Of course there is romance. Montgomery's first real love (or near-love) interests were two good young men who deserved her attention. Serious readers of Montgomery cannot miss their long shadows being cast over the author's future creation, Gilbert Blythe.

Melanie includes a helpful afterword to describe her adaptations of Montgomery's biography to historical fiction. In addition, she provides references, short biographies of some characters, and further reading.

For fans of Montgomery's books and for viewers who have only seen telefilm alterations of her work, *Maud* is a fine introduction to the fascinating intellectual and creative life of a gifted author. This book, in combination with Montgomery's fiction, provides a touchstone of encouragement for young writers to keep on hand.



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Order *Maud* at [Amazon](#), published by [Penguin Random House](#) (April 25, 2017)  
 Book launch 2 MAY 2017, [Ben McNally's Bookstore](#), 366 Bay Street, Toronto, ON M5H 4B2  
 Tel. 416-361-0032 [info@benmcnallybooks.com](mailto:info@benmcnallybooks.com)

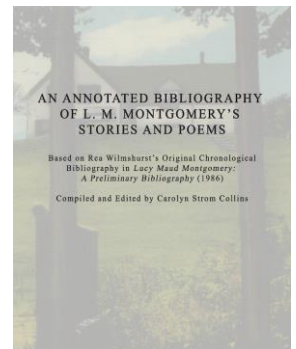
## NEW BOOKS

Here are some recent publications we are recommending for fans of L.M. Montgomery. See past issues for other books and publications.

### ***AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE STORIES AND POEMS OF L. M. MONTGOMERY***

Compiled and Edited by Carolyn Strom Collins

Since Rea Wilmshurst's bibliography of Montgomery's stories and poems was published as part of *Lucy Maud Montgomery: A Preliminary Bibliography* (Russell, Russell, and Wilmshurst, University of Waterloo, 1986), several independent researchers have been searching for more citations. Now Wilmshurst's original bibliography has been updated with hundreds of new citations, showing the depth and breadth of Montgomery's publishing history.

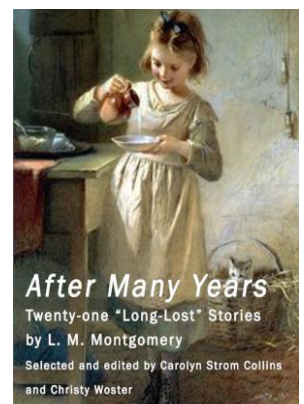


In addition to updates of Wilmshurst's chronological bibliography, two more sections list the stories and poems – over 500 of each – according to the hundreds of periodicals in which they were published. Selected annotations from Montgomery's journals and letters provide context for many of the stories and poems. (442 pages) \$35 CDN [LMMI Publications](#)

### ***AFTER MANY YEARS: TWENTY-ONE "LONG-LOST" STORIES***

BY **L. M. MONTGOMERY** Selected and Edited by Carolyn Strom Collins and Christy Woster

Adventure, romance, comedy, tragedy – even the supernatural – are included in this latest collection of L. M. Montgomery's short fiction. It features stories that have been discovered in recent years, some of which haven't been seen in over one hundred years. From early stories such as "How Bobby Got to the Picnic" and "The Old Homestead" to later ones such as "Our Neighbors at the Tansy Patch" and "For the Good of Anthony," readers will experience the full range of Montgomery's story-telling talents.



Montgomery scholars comment on this new volume – Elizabeth Epperly says: "A ghost story, lessons in kindness and love, and truly comic first-person narrations: they are all here in a delightful mixture of short stories .... we find her writing in different voices and for different audiences." Elizabeth Waterston says: "Montgomery's short stories show the same insight, wit, and charm as her novels." Mary Henley Rubio says: These stories "show Canadian life moving from agrarian pre-war Prince Edward Island to post-war Ontario, reflecting the changing cultural attitudes and life-

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styles .... they provide another level of interest for those who try to decode her creative process.” Mary Beth Cavert says: “There is always something new to discover about Montgomery’s work, and this publication shows, happily, that there is more to be revealed.” (361 pages) \$25 CDN

Carolyn Strom Collins on Christy Woster:

Christy Woster collected L.M. Montgomery materials for fifty years, beginning when she was just ten years old. Her goal was to have an original copy of everything Montgomery published, including over five hundred stories and five hundred poems, as well as first-edition books and related material. She was nearly to that goal when she died unexpectedly in late April 2016, just a few weeks before this volume went to press.

In addition to co-editing this volume of stories, many of which she discovered, Christy also provided hundreds of new citations to the updated *Annotated Bibliography* [see previous entry]. Her sleuthing skills were impressive – virtually unparalleled – and she was very generous to share her “finds” with the Montgomery community.

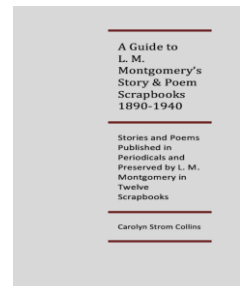
This FIRST EDITION is available from [LMMI Publications](#). Nimbus Publishing will release a second edition in May 2017 and is now available for pre-orders: [Amazon information](#)  
[Nimbus Publishing information](#).

### ***A GUIDE TO L. M. MONTGOMERY’S STORY & POEM SCRAPBOOKS (1890-1940)***

Compiled by Carolyn Strom Collins

This [Guide](#) includes Tables of Contents and an index for Montgomery’s twelve scrapbooks containing hundreds of her stories and poems published in periodicals and preserved in the scrapbooks by Montgomery herself. The original scrapbooks are kept in the Confederation Centre in Charlottetown; photocopies are available in the Special Collections Department of the Robertson Library at UPEI.

Since the clippings were not placed in any particular order in the scrapbooks, scholars who wish to find specific stories and poems in them will find this Guide a useful tool to locate the titles quickly in the scrapbooks. (74 pages) \$10 CDN

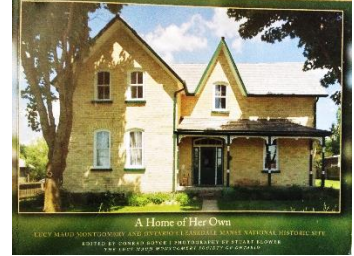
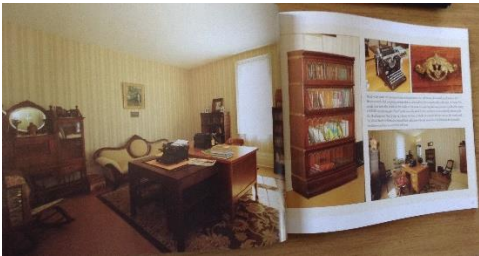


**Note: All of these publications can be ordered at [www.lmmontgomery.ca/research/lmmi-publications](http://www.lmmontgomery.ca/research/lmmi-publications). [UPEI ships only to Canada and the US.]** Proceeds for all three books go directly to the L. M. Montgomery Institute at the University of Prince Edward Island.

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## **A HOME OF HER OWN: LUCY MAUD MONTGOMERY AND ONTARIO'S LEASKDALE MANSE HISTORIC SITE**

This is a beautiful photographic record of Montgomery artifacts and the restoration of her home in Leaskdale, including furnishings, books, statues, and gardens important in the author's life. [Contact](#) the Lucy Maud Montgomery Society of Ontario for purchases [lmontgomery.on@gmail.com](mailto:lmontgomery.on@gmail.com). (The 2016 [Book Launch](#))



## **L.M. MONTGOMERY'S COMPLETE JOURNALS: THE ONTARIO YEARS 1911-1917,** edited by [Jen Rubio](#)

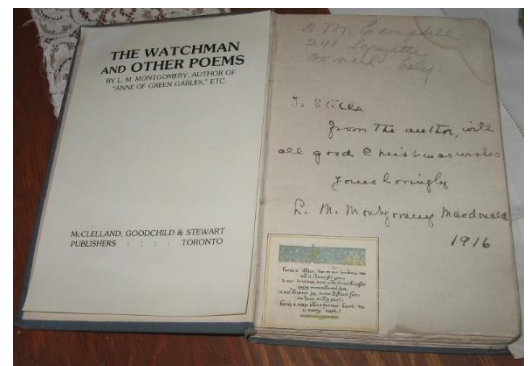
"The original publication of Montgomery's journals in 1987 contained only a selection of her entries. Published now for the first time ever is the full record from 1911 to 1917, a wonderful account of the small and the large, the tragic and the funny." This book and other L.M. Montgomery books are available from [Rock's Mills Press](#).



## **COMMEMORATING THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF *THE WATCHMAN AND OTHER POEMS***

Carolyn Strom Collins

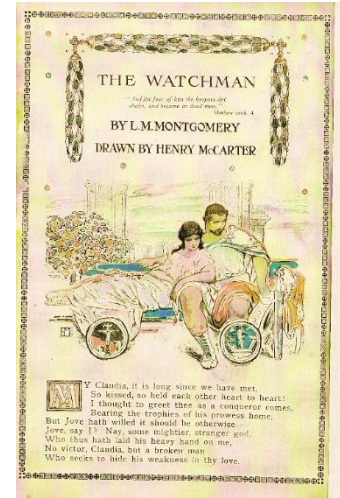
L. M. Montgomery's book of poetry, *The Watchman and Other Poems*, was first published by Toronto publishers McClelland, Goodchild and Stewart in 1916. Unhappy with her first publisher, L. C. Page and Company of Boston, Montgomery agreed to publish any further books with her new Canadian publisher. *The Watchman* was the first Montgomery book they published -- seven of her books had been published by Page, including *Anne of Green Gables*, *Anne of Avonlea*, *Kilmeny of the Orchard*, *The Story Girl*, *Chronicles of Avonlea*, *The Golden Road* and *Anne of the Island*. McClelland and company continued to publish Montgomery's novels until her death in 1942. *The Watchman and Other Poems* was her eighth book -- she had published one book a year since *Anne of Green Gables* in 1908. Her ninth -- *Anne's House of Dreams* -- would be published in 1917.



Gift from LM Montgomery to her cousin, Stella Campbell

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By 1916, over 350 of Montgomery's poems had been published in various periodicals. For *The Watchman*, ninety-seven of her poems were selected and arranged in sections by topics: "Songs of the Sea," "Songs of the Hills and Woods," and "Miscellaneous." The centrepiece poem, "The Watchman," a lengthy poem about a Roman guard who was witness to Christ's crucifixion, was first published in the popular magazine *Everybody's* in December 1910. Most of poems selected for the volume had been published previously in periodicals but thirteen have not yet been found in periodicals or in Montgomery's scrapbooks of her published stories and poems; it may be that she composed them especially for *The Watchman and Other Poems*. (Or perhaps they had been written and not yet submitted to publishers.) These poems include "At Nightfall," "The Difference," "The Farewell," "Forest Path," "In Memory of Maggie," "The Mother," "The Poet," "The Sea to the Shore," "Song of the Sea Wind," "To One Hated," "The Truce o' Night," "The Voyagers," and "While the Fates Sleep."



It is not known how many copies of *The Watchman and Other Poems* were published by McClelland, Goodchild, and Stewart (it was also published by Stokes in the United States in 1917 and Constable in London in 1920) but it is considered among Montgomery's rare publications.

### FOREVER

WITH YOU I shall ever be;  
 Over land and sea  
 My thoughts will companion you;  
 With yours shall my laughter chime,  
 And my step keep time  
 In the dusk and dew  
 With yours in blithesome rhyme;  
 In all of your joy shall I rejoice,  
 On my lips your sorrow shall find a voice,  
 And when your tears in bitterness fall  
 Mine shall mingle with them all;  
 With you in waking and dream I shall be,  
 In the place of shadow and memory,  
 Under young springtime moons,  
 And on harvest noons,  
 And when the stars are withdrawn  
 From the white pathway of the dawn.

O, my friend, nothing shall ever part  
 My soul from yours, yours from my heart!  
 I am yours and you mine, in silence and in speech,  
 Death will only seal us each to each.  
 Through the darkness we shall fare with fearless jest,  
 Starward we shall go on a joyous new quest;  
 There be many worlds, as we shall prove,  
 Many suns and systems, but only one love!

### MY LEGACY

MY friend has gone away from me  
 From shadow into perfect light,  
 But leaving a sweet legacy.

My heart shall hold it long in fee—  
 A grand ideal, calm and bright,  
 A song of hope for ministry,

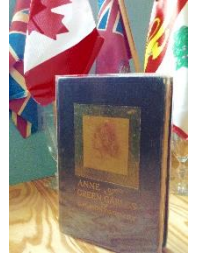
A faith of unstained purity,  
 A thought of beauty for delight—  
 These did my friend bequeath to me;

And, more than even these can be,  
 The worthy pattern of a white,  
 Unmarred life lived most graciously.

Dear comrade, loyal thanks to thee  
 Who now hath fared beyond my sight,  
 My friend has gone away from me,  
 But leaving a sweet legacy.

## A BROADER LOCAL, NATIONAL, AND INTERNATIONAL ROLE FOR THE L.M. MONTGOMERY INSTITUTE

Several members of our Literary Society have been supporters and participants in the work of The L.M. Montgomery Institute. We are so pleased to see this exciting new initiative and the establishment of our long-time dream for a Chair in Montgomery studies as a starting point for advancing the work of the Institute locally, nationally, and internationally!



“With the support of UPEI President, Alaa Abd-El-Aziz, the University has asked Elizabeth Epperly to develop, in collaboration with the LMMI Management Committee, a five-year strategic plan for the LMMI, to include:

- mechanisms to highlight the LMMI and the Montgomery collection for the benefit of the Institute, the University as a whole, current and prospective students and scholars, and the broader community;
- identifying and developing international, national, and local relationships in support of the LMMI, including opportunities for financial support, for partnership, and for engaging international and Canadian scholars and students in the work of the Institute and of the University;
- a means whereby a designated Montgomery scholar may become a full-time member of the UPEI faculty, with appropriate administrative support, meeting, research, and display space, to teach, conduct research, and advance the work of the LMMI.”

The inaugural Chair in L.M. Montgomery Studies and Communication, Leadership, and Culture in the Faculty of Arts at the University of Prince Edward Island:

“The appointment of Chair is a renewable five-year term appointment that is renewable upon the recommendation of the Dean of Arts and with the approval of the Vice-President Academic and Research. In addition, the successful applicant will be appointed to a tenure-stream position in the Communication, Leadership, and Culture Program, Faculty of Arts. The appointment will be made at the rank and salary commensurate with credentials and experience. The Chair of the LM Montgomery Studies and Communication, Leadership and Culture will report to the Director of Communication, Leadership, and Culture and to the Dean of Arts.”

Find many beautiful L.M. Montgomery quotes and images  
(and announcements) on our public Facebook Page and Twitter sites:

<https://www.facebook.com/LMMontgomeryLS>

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NOTE: The links on our web page for many issues of *The Shining Scroll* connect to  
the LMMI web site.

If you cannot view the pdf files or download them, try one of these contacts for assistance:  
[lmmi@upe.ca](mailto:lmmi@upe.ca), [sloyd@upe.ca](mailto:sloyd@upe.ca), [dmoses@upe.ca](mailto:dmoses@upe.ca), [reference@upe.ca](mailto:reference@upe.ca)

**Thank you for reading *The Shining Scroll***

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