



The Shining Scroll

January 14, 1994

Newsletter for the L. M. Montgomery Literary Society
founded by Carolyn Collins and Christina Eriksson
L.M. Montgomery in Ontario

(c) by Mary Beth Cavert

It seems as if I must have been a member of this Literary Society all my life, but I didn't read **Anne of Green Gables** until 1988. It was two years ago that I came to my first meeting and heard Carolyn Collins announce that she and Christina Eriksson would be leading a tour of Anne's World on Prince Edward Island the following summer. That invitation began a serious and enjoyable exploration of L.M. Montgomery's life and work for me.

However, perhaps I should confess that Anne of Green Gables alone may not have sustained my intense interest so far if not for all the other people in the LMM network. It is their intellectual excitement, engagement and scholarship, artistry, humor, friendship and joy of life that enrich this interest for me. And so, I applaud all the members of the International Maud Squad who shamelessly indulge, encourage and enable each other in these ventures.

At a Society meeting one year ago, Therese Mulhern summarized Montgomery's journals during the years she lived in Leaskdale and Norval, Ontario. This presentation bolstered my desire to continue the literary tour from PEI to Ontario. The majestic Minnesota winter was more easily endured through the anticipation and planning of this trip and careful study of resources like **Volumes II and III of the Selected Journals, Kindred Spirits of PEI, Avonlea Traditions Chronicle, and Kindred Spirits of Vermont**.

I visited Ontario by way of Buffalo, N.Y., from July 1-6, 1993, arriving on Canada Day. The drive was beautiful, in spite of holiday traffic, passing Niagara Falls and Lake Ontario, with the Toronto skyline in the distance.



My first destination was about 90 minutes away, in Guelph, where the Montgomery archives are located. At first I stayed at a motel called Journey's End which turned out to be on the opposite end of town from the University (during the rest of my time in Guelph, I stayed at a beautiful bed and breakfast near Arkell called Fieldstone Farm). In the morning, I arrived at the McLaughlin Library basement level as soon as it opened, but not without apprehension because I felt I lacked credentials as a scholar! Of course,

archives are not only for researchers but also for people who are excessively curious. I was invited to sign a Montgomery guest book which included many names I recognized from **Kindred Spirits of PEI** magazine: Kathy Gastle, Martha Tancock, Gabriella Ahmanson, Linda Jackson Hutton, George Campbell and Elizabeth Epperly.

There is an inch-thick print out of the collection with a identification number for each item. I filled out cards for the things I wanted to see. The archives staff brought them out to my table in the Macdonald Stewart Room. Of course, they accepted my driver's license as hostage while I was there. And I forgot it when I left.

The first things I wanted to see were Maud's copies of her own books. I examined a copy of **The Watchman and Other Poems** (1916) which I had never seen - "Dedication: To the memory of the Gallant Canadian soldiers who have laid down their lives for their country and their empire." A most interesting book, with several inscriptions, is the disputed

edition of **The Further Chronicles of Avonlea** (March 1920) a gift to son Stuart.

inside cover inscription: *'This book was published by the Page Co. from manuscripts which I never gave them permission to use. Hence it is full of sentences and passages which have already been published in my other books. Also, they interpolated in 'Tannis of the Flats' several paragraphs that injured it as an artistic unit.'*

L.M. Macdonald

on right side page: *'In 1920 I entered suit against the Page Co. for an injunction to restrain them from publishing this book. In 1928 after pending nearly nine years I won the suit. See journal and box of documents.'*

L.M. Macdonald

E. Stuart Macdonald

1920



several books are signed like this:

'E. Stuart Macdonald, Jan. 4, 1917

with mother's love LM Montgomery Macdonald'

In her personal collection are poems of Elizabeth Browning, several books by Sir James M. Barrie, poems of Robert of Browning from G.B. Macmillan, several books by Bliss Carmen like **Pipes of Pan from Book of Myths** from "L.C. Page Christmas 1910 with best wishes." She apparently used some Christmas cards as bookmarks. Other books in the collection are several titles by Agatha Christie and Charles Dickens. I was hoping to find her copy of **Elizabeth and Her German Garden**, but it was either lost or damaged and discarded along the way or, as she read it as a young woman, she may never have owned it.

Photocopies of the journals on legal size paper are stored in several large gray boxes. I really did not even know where to begin, however, I had planned to read the parts of the journals which Rubio and Waterston had omitted. No great secrets were discovered. One sample, however, gives you an idea of how a winter's night could get to Maud after a month of below zero temperatures. This passage follows one of my favorite entries in which Maud replies to Ruskin's question "What do you like?" After her relatively up-beat answer, comes this on January 31, 1920 from the Leaskdale Manse:

*A bitter little bit of magazine
verse is 'Amen'*

*Some day the dawn will fail to break
Inert and cold the sun will lie.
And God will smile along the sky
That one world's heart has ceased
to ache
And say 'That cosmic butterfly
I always fancied my mistake.'*

Is this world really God's mistake? ... or just that we are living in 'the dark of the universe' and after the passage of millenniums, many or few, the light will return and souls that are incarnate will live in the day of the universe as we live in its night ... Man never is but to be blest ... in that first dayspring of the universe we, who sigh and suffer and long in the darkness will not have any better new personalities will have no remembrance of the old. For us, then it seems ---there is nothing but to make the best of it and fight against our night with the little fires and tapers of hopes and dreams and visions. They are as a flickering lantern to the sun. But a lantern keeps one from stumbling hopelessly in the darkness ... and [is] a fair degree of safety. The teachings of all our wise men are little stars in our night.'

During this first day, archivist Nancy Sadek, took me to an area where Montgomery pictures were stored. These were the pictures that she hung in her homes. We looked at



Anne of Green Gables with an inscription by the author. These books were six beautiful!

framed and tinted photographs that Montgomery took of her favorite places on Prince Edward Island. The well-known photo of Maud, posed with folded hands, as she looked when **Anne** was written, was in a large wooden frame with ornate "gilt" carving around the picture (some of these appear on page 87 in **Volume II of the Selected Journals**). One daguerreotype I had never seen reprinted was a framed picture of her father at age 16 side with a lock of his hair. Nancy took me to another room where the rest of the Montgomery collection is kept. Nearby, on the Rare Book Collection shelves, is the complete collection of first editions that Maud sent to her friend G.B. MacMillan in Scotland. These books surfaced in Glasgow only four years ago. You can imagine how it felt to see a nearly new first edition of

The Montgomery archives contain: editions of her books and translations, her private library, pictures and snapshots collection, manuscripts and legal papers, letters, financial statements, genealogical notes, journals, scrapbooks, needlework and pottery. On my return visit at the end of the trip, Nancy brought out several of these well-known artifacts and placed them on a table in the conference room. The Staffordshire pottery dogs (Gog and Magog), purchased on the Macdonald's honeymoon, had been broken several times by their children. They have been repaired by the Guelph staff and bear the expression of being somewhat "put out" by the whole experience!



GOG and MAGOG

I was able to examine several samples of Maud and Frede's needlework, Stu's christening gown and one of the original journals. In the reading room I had looked at photocopied passages written about Maud's mother and the long section written by Frede Campbell died in 1919. Maud included Frede's obituaries, her school report and several of her sketches, which were not reproduced in the **Selected Journals**. These sketches were pen and ink drawings of simple outdoor scenes like a small building, trees, waves on a shore. In the original journal, these pages seemed very dramatic to me, not only in what was written but also because of the things Maud added to the pages and the size of the photos which were, of course, larger than published reprints.

Nancy supported the journal on a foam book form and the pages were separated by tissue. She handled the pages with gloves. I am aware that Maud re-copied all these journals from her originals and other notes. They have the appearance of being written in one sitting. Nancy and I especially enjoyed reading through the scrapbooks that Maud made for her two sons. These are called "baby" books, but they are records of all the years at home.

During the last hours of my last day there, I looked through many of the photographs in the collection. These are prints from the original negatives so they can be studied freely. It was especially interesting to see the locales in Leaskdale that I had just visited. But for the most part, I looked at the Prince Edward Island places that I had seen last summer.

The first day of the trip and the last day were spent at the Guelph archives. That first day, Nancy had called Dr. Mary Rubio's office to tell her that someone from Minnesota was there. Dr. Rubio was in Guelph only a few days during the entire summer, so it was just by chance that we met. She stopped to say hello and thanked our LMM Literary Society for the flowers that Carolyn and Christina had sent to the opening of the L.M. Montgomery Institute at the University of PEI.

She invited me into the conference room to talk. I wanted to be casual, friendly and conversational so I left my pencil, paper and cameras in the other room. You can imagine how excited I was and how much I wanted to be able to remember every word of the conversation! So, I must qualify the following summary as being to the best of my recollection. It was an especially generous gesture on her part to spend so much time (sitting) with me, as she was recovering from a back injury. But it is a reflection of her enthusiasm about her work.

She talked about the launching of the LMM Institute in Charlottetown and the enduring island culture. She said that Father Bolger was an excellent master of ceremonies. He is dearly loved by everyone. As the Island historian and teacher, he has taught history to nearly everyone on PEI.

Mary is still working on the biography which is running long and she will have to cut it down. She has a commercial publisher so she can't include all the notes a scholarly publication would allow. To get both sides of this story, she interviewed the maids who worked for the Macdonalds. She thinks that her research will change some perceptions about the extent of Ewan's illness. Maud embellished her writing and was writing dramatically. No one else noticed Ewan's illness, including the boys until they were teenagers. Mary pointed out that Maud cut out all the journal entries of the time when she met Ewan. Rubio thinks she was very excited about him then, but didn't want to be proven wrong or a poor judge of character in later years. He was considered very handsome.

Stuart said his father was the gentlest and kindest man alive. He was an old man at age 15 as well as age 50. Stuart also said that when Maud wrote about Ewan, she could have left her journal open on the bedroom dresser and he would not look at it because of principle and disinterest. Stuart would have agreed that his mother was somewhat arrogant. He was very close to her, looked like her and shared her storytelling skills and photographic memory. He loved reciting Canadian poet, Robert Service. He could drive to his medical office and back and make a story out of it.

I asked about Chester (Mary leaned into this part of the conversation as if we were sharing information about our own ne'er-do-well relations). The family tree is slightly larger than some biographies have indicated. Chester was married twice. Mary has met all of Maud's grandchildren. This fall, she wrote that she at last had the chance to meet Cameron "Macie" Macdonald, Maud's first male grandchild and Chester's first son. She wrote "I felt absolutely spooked when I looked at him: he was built just like Ewan, but his face was a



PATCHWORK



perfect cross between Ewan and Maud's, as is his sister's ... He signed his name just exactly like his father ... And he even quoted a saying that I have often heard attributed to Chester about there being two kinds of people: Scots and those who wish they were Scots ... [Chester's 1st wife] often remarks how weird she finds it when her daughter (now retired) has mannerisms which are just like Maud's, despite the fact that she was only a baby when Maud died." Rubio has researched Ewan's family and found other evidence of depression although Ewan's side of family turned out much better in later generations - some grand-nephews are quite successful. I asked about LMM's personal library. Some books were loaned out and never returned (possibly because they were signed books). When they moved to Norval, they put boxes of books in the basement where they got mildewed and were thrown out.

After **Journal Volumes I and II** were published, Mary and Elizabeth Waterston received all sorts of feed-back. Memories were suddenly unlocked, she got angry letters from people hurt by Maud's comments and she got one letter complaining about the binding on the book. In her other research, Mary has tried and failed to locate Pastor Felix's (Lockhart) letters. She feels it requires someone who can get in a car and go. At this comment, my car keys actually flipped over in my pocket!

You would all enjoy her company immensely. I know that everyone is anticipating the speedy completion of her biography! Without a doubt, her integrity and scholarship will make this Montgomery biography first rate - it will be worth the wait!



The rest of the trip covered the places where the Macdonald family lived in Ontario. All of these sites are within a couple hours of driving distance. Unfortunately, one place I couldn't fit in this trip was Bala, the setting for the **Blue Castle** which Mary Rubio recommended for a family vacation spot.

In Uxbridge, Ontario I stayed with Wilda and Harold Clark who have lived in the area for over 80 years. Wilda and I have corresponded and exchanged LMM treasures since I bought an early edition book from her about two years ago (Wilda is featured in **Kindred Spirits of PEI**, Winter 1990/91).



WILDA CLARK

Wilda arranged a tour for me, as she has done for others. When I arrived at midday, she listed about five places where we would go and then end the day with a dinner guest. Mary Rubio had suggested that, while in Uxbridge, I would really enjoy meeting Elsie Davidson who had been a maid for the Macdonalds - but she wasn't sure that Elsie and Wilda had much contact (Elsie turned out to be the guest of honor that night).

We drove straight north from Uxbridge toward Leaskdale and passed the Clark family farm (at least third generation family farmers). The only stop was at a cemetery by an odd-looking chapel modelled after the Taj Mahal. The Macdonald's second son, infant Hugh, is buried here where Maud would pass by on every road trip to Uxbridge. Wilda watered the flowers she planted by his small flat unadorned marker. In a short while we are at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church where Ewan Macdonald served as pastor from 1910-1926. Wilda has compiled a booklet of affectionate recollections about the Macdonalds by the Leaskdale congregation. **L.M. Montgomery as Mrs. Ewan Macdonald of The Leaskdale Manse** really captures the flavor of the community. One can see why portions of Montgomery's journals were so upsetting to the families there. Negative reactions from Leaskdale first appeared when Mollie Gillen's **The Wheel of Things** was published (Ch. 21-22). These are recorded in Wilda's collection of newspaper articles.



ST. PAUL'S
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
LEASKDALE



Across from the church is the home where the Macdonalds stayed with the Oxtaby sisters before moving into the manse. It looks considerably different from photos in the archives but the manse, church and countryside setting still retained much of the "atmosphere" described in the journals. It has a different flavor than Green Gables, which is preserved as part of a National Park and has an international identity. Leaskdale is still a small rural community where you want to feel less like a tourist and more like a visitor and, better yet, a welcome guest. It was an opportunity for me to get a sense of the place and distances, the terrain, scope and scale. I can report to you that it is much like this region with pine groves such as you would find farther north near the North Shore. The country roads are very straight and long, but more hilly. The open fields are bordered with woods and streams.

On the other side of the manse is the present home of Mary Stiver, niece to the Oxtaby's. As a girl, she remembers that Maud's hands were never still. Wilda does her best to prompt people here about their memories of Stuart and Chester and their parents, but it's hard to come up with something other than the same stories over and over again. Unsurprisingly, Mary wasn't happy with the journals' portrait of the community. Although Maud wrote to G.B. MacMillan in 1912 that she found "the people here nice and kind," it is difficult to be charitable when the local celebrity took some pretty good potshots at all your relatives in her private papers! This hasn't affected Wilda's enthusiasm although some have questioned how the Clark family escaped Maud's comments. Wilda's theory is that the Clark boys were "well-behaved and never provoked Mrs. Macdonald which is probably why the Clarks aren't mentioned in the journals."

The manse is a rented white stucco house which was red brick when the Macdonalds lived there. It now belongs to the Township of Uxbridge. The house faces a road which leads west to Zephyr where Ewan's other church was located. One of several Leask farms was located across the road from the manse. A programme of the 1965 unveiling ceremony of the LMM historic plaque at the manse contained a story by Jessie Leask who lived at that farm and was the little girl who was asked to deliver milk every morning to the Macdonalds. On Christmas, Mrs. Macdonald gave her a copy of *Anne of Green Gables* and showed her many kindnesses throughout the years. Jessie wrote this in 1965, which you may have seen reprinted: "As I passed through the dining room my attention was captured by a lady sitting, writing at one end of the table. A huge book was spread out in which she was writing with a straight pen with a white bone handle. Many papers and other small note books were there, as well as the bottle of ink. Nearby on the table reposed Daffy, the cat, purring contentedly with one eye on his mistress and the other on the bottle ... Mrs. Macdonald was smiling and laughing at times, as if she were thoroughly enjoying the story that flowed from her pen..."

Maud liked the pretty "farming settlement" and the Leaskdale Manse, although she found it too close to the neighboring homes. This site will become the Lucy Maud Montgomery Museum when there is enough money to restore the manse. Hopefully, the stucco will be removed and a fence added. A flower garden would be essential (it is said that Maud thinned her flowers and threw them across the road where some went to seed). Wouldn't it be a treat to sit in Maud's favorite room, the library, if it was restored as a reading room, complete with the books that Maud read or had in her own library? Collecting copies of

these books would be an enjoyable project for us bibliophiles. Carolyn has started a bibliography of the books that Montgomery read, with annotations. Another useful source for a library collection is Rea Wilmshurst's list of quotations used in LMM's books.

The stretch of road you see drawn on page xii of **Journal Volume II**, depicting the village of Leaskdale, is similar to what you can see today. You would want to ignore the sign that points to a new development and says "Avonlea Homes." A few yards down the road is a new Leaskdale Country Store which is a great place to get ice cream on a hot day. It also had a display of Anne products and photos of LMM sites on the wall.

We drove west from the manse down the road that the Macdonald boys would have taken to their school. It is a beautiful country road, passing through woods and following a stream. Mary Rubio advised us to look for a dip that was reminiscent of **Rainbow Valley** settings. I can see that Maud would have loved this area, but for the absence of the sea. However, unlike her old homestead, in Leaskdale, even if she had the freedom to do so, she could not just walk out her door and find herself on a secluded woodland path. The route to Zephyr, which Maud and Ewan took nearly every week, would be a challenge because of the hills. After one particularly steep hill just outside of Zephyr is a low spot that was once covered with logs to keep it from washing away. Although now paved, Wilda says that until this year, the ends of the logs could still be seen. The Zephyr church where Ewan was also a pastor is now a private residence.



UXBRIDGE MUSEUM
LMM PAINTING

We returned to Uxbridge by way of the Uxbridge-Scott Museum which sits on farm property, "Quaker Hill," overlooking the Uxbridge Valley and town. The exhibit includes LMM books and photos of the Macdonald family and rooms at the manse. There is also an impressive oil painting of Montgomery with depictions of the Marco Polo, Anne Shirley, Leaskdale church, a World War I biplane, her home at Cavendish and the shore on PEI in the background. Also on display here are photos of the set of the locally filmed television show "The Road to Avonlea."

My first evening in Uxbridge was spent in conversation with Wilda and Harold's friend, Elsie (Bushby) Donaldson. As a live-in maid for the Macdonalds 70 years ago, she has found herself a local celebrity in the last few years. Mary Rubio has interviewed her for the Montgomery biography and a videotaping crew from Prince Edward Island visited her the week before I arrived. She claimed that she "doesn't tell anyone anymore than I have to." She is very proud of her friendship with Mary Rubio and saves her letters and treasures the photos of them together. Wilda says that she enjoys the elite treatment she is receiving and loves being interviewed.

Her recollections are printed in the "Manse" pamphlet. What I enjoyed the most was her humor and spiritedness. Mary Rubio told Elsie that Maud liked her and thought of her as a daughter. Elsie followed an earlier maid, Lily Meyer, (who died just this summer) and who gossiped more than Elsie did.

She always ate with the family, as was the habit with the Macdonalds and their help. She showed us how Maud ate her oatmeal and how she kept a chair rung by her plate to rap hands if necessary. Elsie did not like Ewan. One day when she didn't have the table set when the family sat down, he teased her. "I looked at him every day and all I saw was stupidity. He was so slow and stupid." There was little conversation at meals, just Elsie and the kids - mostly just with Stuart. She loved Stuart. Her opinion of Chester was that "I could have kicked him all the way to Africa." Chester changed his name to Cameron in later years. She now wishes that she had kept in touch with Stuart. At a Montgomery event in Leaskdale, 1965?, she met him again. He was delighted to see her and gave her a warm welcome.



Elsie moved with the family to Norval in 1926. She might have stayed, but she was very homesick. she said she would go down to the river and cry. "Mrs. Macdonald was no companion. If she had been a companion, I'd have stayed longer." Elsie remembers that Maud would walk around a room when she was writing and gesture and carry on conversations with herself, working out character's dialogue. Elsie also said that Maud "died a pauper." She claims all the money went to the Campbells to keep Park Corner going, to lawyers and to Chester to keep him out of trouble.

Elsie enjoys reading - "when I get a book, I forget about work, I forget about hours. I read until it's done." I asked her if she read any of LMM's books. She thought she may have read **Anne** before she went to work there, but while at the manse, she was able to read Montgomery's books in proof form when they were sent from the publisher. Elsie also feels that Maud's journal entries were unfair - regarding a criticized resident of Leaskdale, "a nicer woman you wouldn't find."

On Sunday, Elsie, Wilda and I attended the service at the Leaskdale Church. Everyone was pleased to see them because they usually go to the Presbyterian church in Uxbridge. We sat in the back pew where Maud and the two boys sat, near the door (so she could take them out if they misbehaved). The family names you read in the journals are still the names of families in the community, now grown children and grand-children. I often forget that Maud was older than my own grandmother. So it is still remarkable to meet people who knew her. On the walls of the church, by the stained glass windows are plaques bearing the names of the soldiers who died in World War I, and to whom Maud dedicated **Rainbow Valley**, and one with her own name on it next to a display case.

Elsie and Wilda have spent hours talking over former years since my visit. When we dropped Elsie off at her home she said characteristically, "Come back to visit me, but if you don't get back before I die, come to my funeral!" Elsie will celebrate her 90th birthday on February 7. Although she probably doesn't want much of a fuss, I imagine it will be quite a party!

In the Clark home, Wilda shared her own treasury of LM Montgomery "keepsakes." Her collection includes several first edition books, many with the original paper covers. Wilda's remarkable energy and persistence has enabled her to collect about eight of the 200 copies of Montgomery's **Watchman**. Her most recent copy is autographed. She has given each of her 8 grandchildren a set of LMM's early edition books. Wilda's collection also includes clippings of newspaper articles about the **Anne** movies and TV series, all the Leaskdale and Uxbridge events and LMM dedications, the publication of the journals, as well as copies of letters from LMM, a picture of her aunt Martha who was Stuart's nurse and a picture postcard from the Macdonalds to the Clarks. She has editions of **Canadian Women Magazine** with Montgomery's shortstories and an inscribed and autographed 1939 programme of **The Spirit of Canada** in which LMM wrote these well-known words about Prince Edward Island:



WILDA CLARK
COLLECTION

*'Peace! You never know what peace is until you walk
on the shores or in the fields or along the winding red roads of
Abegweit on a summer twilight when the dew is fallings and
the old, old stars are peeping out and the sea keeps its nightly tryst
with the little land it loves. You find your soul then ... you realize
that youth is not a vanished thing but something that dwells forever
in the heart.'*

One of my favorite pieces of videotape from this trip is Wilda showing off her collection of keepsakes. She is a well-loved person who contributes to her community in many ways. Her affectionate standing in the community was obvious when we visited the Uxbridge mayor, Gerri Lynn O'Connor, who is one of Wilda's many "kindred spirits." We gave her a first edition copy of **Anne's House of Dreams** for the LM Montgomery Museum. Mayor O'Connor suggested that we get a picture taken for the local paper, so Wilda took me around to everyone within a day's drive who had camera and a offset press. We hope it will inspire similar contributions.

inscription: *for the Lucy Maud Montgomery Museum
 'This first edition copy of Anne's House of Dreams
 by Lucy Maud Montgomery Macdonald
 is donated to the Leaskdale Manse
 where she wrote it in 1916 ----
 from the collection of Mary Beth Cavert
 on behalf of the LM Montgomery Literary Society
 in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota.
 July 5, 1993'*



On my last evening there, we watched "The Road to Avonlea" which is Canada's and the Disney Channel's most popular television show. The outdoor scenes are filmed just a few minutes drive from the Clark's home. Wilda was excited to see the same places on TV that we had seen that afternoon. We had stopped at the gate to the Avonlea set and got to talk with Stewart who was the security guard and also a photographer. He recognized Wilda from reading about her in the paper. He had become a fan of LMM because of his job. He told us that some of the scenes from the Green Gables movie were filmed in the field there, like the one where Matthew dies. It is now the spot where the Avonlea schoolhouse is located. Wilda pointed out to him that the schoolhouse only had one outhouse and that it properly should have two. The road was first spray painted red by hand, but that was expensive and back breaking and the paint came up when the wagon wheels rolled over. So now it is crushed red brick.

Lawson's store is only a few feet deep and hides the 85 gallon water tank which he uses to keep the grass green. Daytime scenes are sometimes filmed at night to get a particular artificial lighting effect. The shingle siding on the buildings is texturized with sponged paint. He told us that the covered bridge is on tracks so it can be moved out of the way when the production trailers go down the road to their area behind the trees.

The production is self-contained - they bring all their food and supplies and don't go into Uxbridge. Even the Mayor has never visited the set!

After we watched the TV show, Wilda wanted to go back to the set to take Stewart some dessert. So we drove out just before it got dark and he was presented with a large plate of fresh strawberries and cream puffs. I think Wilda would make a perfect Avonlea matron. She ought to put on a dress and hat and just go sit by the gate and hand over strawberries to the producer and casting director. Who could say no?

For Wilda, this area is possibly as fondly associated with "Avonlea" as PEI - her heart was "all aflutter" just being there.

I am very grateful to Wilda and Harold and Elsie for giving companionship and life to my visit to Leaskdale and Uxbridge.



ROAD TO AVONLEA

It only took a partial day to do a solo tour of the Macdonald homes in Norval and Toronto. I would have enjoyed spending more time in Norval, but it was near the end of the trip and I was not able to connect with resident Kathy Gastle to find the Norval theme garden or walking tour. However, I did go to the Presbyterian Church and the manse next door, which is still a private residence. They are located almost exactly between Toronto and Guelph (28 miles from each, according to LMM's 1926 letter to E. Weber). The Credit River flows behind the buildings and I found a nice view from a bridge which looked back toward the church steeple. Norval is a cozy place. The church is located on a major highway, however, and while I tried to take pictures, a constant stream of traffic headed west toward Guelph. The manse is set back from this road and opens onto a side street. It is still a lovely looking home.



NORVAL MANSE

Before I located the church, I happened to pass by Webb's Flowers which I recognized from the article about Keith Webb in the spring 1992 edition of *Kindred Spirits of PEI*. Our conversation was very similar to that interview. I was the third person in the last 2 weeks to stop by to meet him. We looked through a book that one of those visitors had given him. It was entirely in Japanese but had beautiful photographs of all the LMM places and artifacts I had seen last summer on PEI and was seeing then in Ontario. He pointed out the things that had changed in his lifetime, like the trees at Green Gables where he grew up. I have to admit that by now the lines between fiction and reality were becoming blurred for me. When he said that his mother (Maud's good friend Myrtle Webb) was really Anne, it made perfect sense to me!

Before, my final stop in Norval, I had located the Macdonald's last home in Toronto, "Journey's End" (1935). Riverside Drive reminds me very much of the neighborhood we are in now, here in St. Paul, or along the River Road or the neighborhood by Lake of the Isles in Minneapolis. About a block from the Macdonald home, there is a scenic spot to overlook the Humber River as it nears Lake Ontario. A block away, on the other side of the house, is a small "parkette" - so small I almost did not recognize it at a parkette. It was about the size of a bowling green surrounded by a hedge. There, by a bench, was the rock with the plaque commemorating Lucy Maud Montgomery.



TORONTO JOURNEYS END

To get to Riverside Drive, I drove through the north end of Toronto, following Jane Street until I reached the Swansea area along the river. In *Jane of Lantern Hill*, Jane Stuart picks out the house she wants to share with her parents - "Jane decided that she liked Lakeside Gardens. She liked it because it twisted and curved. It was a friendly street ... when she saw this house she knew at first sight that it belonged to her...It was a small house for Lakeside Gardens...It was built right on the edge of the ravine overlooking the treetops, ..."

Toronto and Norval were the last stops in the "drive by" tour. My hosts at the bed and breakfast, Fieldstone Farm in Arkell, provided a superb evening of conversation. I am now better informed about Guelph favorite son, John McCrae ("In Flanders Fields") and they are better informed about Green Gables, LMM and the Guelph archives.

This trip was a collection of happy experiences shared with gracious Canadian companions. It was also a "scouting" trip for another journey. It is my hope that, at least for the near future, the exploration of the world of Maud Montgomery is a journey without an end

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