

STORM IS OUR WEATHER

Memoirs of Robert John Wickenden, Artist, of his
wife Ada Louise Ahier and their family, from 1900 to 1906

By their son,

Alfred Ahier Wickenden

NOTES REGARDING THIS DIGITAL TRANSCRIPTION

The original document was written by Alfred Ahier Wickenden and was sent to Ken Watson by Alfred's daughter, Grace Wickenden Colby in 1999. It was converted to digital format by Ken Watson. This document is a follow up to Alfred's first book about the R.J. Wickenden family, "*Castle in Bohemia.*"

- KWW, 1999

1900

Further Voyages

We left Auvers in the spring of 1900 with a last glimpse of the old home in les Vallées, from the train. We were to meet Father in Paris, where he was busy organizing a show of his pictures at the Canadian Pavilion of the 1900 World Fair. On arrival at the Gare du Nord in Paris, Maman took us children to a restaurant in the part of the exhibition called "le vieux Paris". There were Maman, I (14) Fille (12) Yvonne (10) and baby Jean, just a toddler of 8 months. In the restaurant a Lute player sang and played

"Mon petit cuseau, te marieras - tu,
Ha ! Ha ! ah la lurette
L'alouette chantait"

After the meal, we joined Father who took us to the Canadian Pavilion where we saw his two paintings. One of a Canadian axeman chopping down a large pine, the other painting, being a canoe-man paddling in a misty evening glow.

After this we walked and walked. We were very weary and hungry again. Maman took us to a "laiterie" where we had milk and ate croissants. At the time set we went to Monsieur Josserand's apartment where we had dinner. Mr. Josserand was the purchaser of our Auvers home.

After dinner we went to the "gare de l'Est" where Father left us after we boarded the night train for the town of Grenville on the North coast of France. The coaches were provided with dark green cushions of 2nd class accommodation, which gave more comfort than the wooden benches of the 3rd class. We had a compartment to ourselves, all five of us, all exhausted and very weary. The overnight trip was one of great misery. Daylight came and I can still remember the budding oaks, rosy tinted in the dawn light.

Finally, the train arrived at Granville and we got off in the cool early morning, an exhausted group, with Maman in charge. She led us into a bakery where they had fresh baked pastry and Normandy cider. The odour was very appetizing and, for my choice, I took apple turnovers. A few mouthfuls tasted delicious, but this indigestible food on an empty stomach was too much; I began to feel ill and reeled out of the bakery vomiting myself inside out on the damp cobblestones. Across the street, two sailors laughed uproariously. Somehow, I lasted the misery of the wait for the Jersey boat. Maman was thus going to visit, for perhaps a last time, her native Island and she no doubt felt a sadness aggravated by her weariness.

We got on board early, I feeling squeamish at the tarry smell of the small steamer, which soon became intensified as we got into the choppy sea, to Jersey. I could get no relief from nausea. I was empty and so had to stand this added misery of sea-sickness.

We finally arrived at the port of St. Helier on the Island of Jersey, where we were met by the brother of Maman, Uncle Henry Ahier. Father was over in England preparing for our trip to Canada, at Liverpool. He had made arrangements for our having a holiday in Jersey where we enjoyed the hospitality of Uncle Henry and of our grandmother, Memère Ahier, as well as other relatives. Between them they arranged for excursions on the small island. We visited the church where Father and Mother had been married in 1885, and, there, we were all baptized by Canon LeNeveu, our second cousin. We also took the little train to Mont Orgueil Castle and went around the Island driven by a sort of charabanc drawn by a spanking team of bays with docked tails which trotted without let-up, to escape the whip of the coachman.

After a short stay of some days in Jersey, we left for Liverpool, England, where we boarded the steamship, Dominion, a 6000 ton ship of the Dominion Line under the command of Capt. James. Father, under the necessity of maintaining prestige, had us all berthed "First Class" so we enjoyed the best of

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service in all respects. I remember our dining room steward who called us to meals by trumpet. He had been a trumpeter in a calvary regiment but had been overlooked for active service in the South African war, a happy occasion which made him repeat " I might ha' been dead, benow." This statement amused Father greatly. Also on board was a detachment of sailors and militia on their way to relieve crews and posts in Canada and other parts of the British Empire. They were commanded by British naval officers whom we admired greatly for their martial appearance. We were mostly struck by the smartness of these men during morning inspection. Besides these men, there were civilians, one of whom was a rather plump, lovely complexioned young concert singer. This latter mention reminds me of the traditional ship concert in which Father took part both as organizer and performer. There was plenty of talent on board and the collection yielded a nice purse for the benefit of seamen's orphans and widows.

One fine morning we rose to find ourselves well in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. We could see the wooded shores of Gaspé south of our course, and a faint line to the North which was identified as being Anticosti Island. This was Canada. We children thought the voyage would be over in a few hours but the ship went on and on and we became quite drowsy watching the shores move past. We went to our bunks, for the last time on the trip. We got up around seven. Everything was quiet. The ship had stopped to land some passengers at Quebec. We had breakfast and went on deck to watch the winches (also called donkey engines) roll and unroll their steel ropes. During this, some visitors came on board. Among them was an old friend of father's, Mr. John Brown, a retired business man, whom I knew for having sent me a number of books. When the Quebec business was over the ship proceeded upstream, towards Montreal. The speed was not very fast and we arrived in Montreal after sundown to rest again in our cabins over night.

The next morning the weather was hot. We five children followed our parents to a conveyance which took us to the Queen's hotel, where Father had taken rooms. This was our first pied-à-terre in Canada. I, after the freedom of Auvers, could hardly breathe. Father must have found it a heavy expense because, in a couple of days, we moved to rooms in a boarding house on McGill College Avenue called "The Avenue House". There, we were looked over and appraised by local boarders. It was quite hot and, thus confined, I and my brothers and sisters felt quite smothered. In our bedroom there was a picture of red-coated British Infantry storming a Boer stronghold. It was captioned: "The thin red line". Also there was a framed inscription:

"We don't want to fight
But by jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships
We've got the money too."

Meantime, with his estimates getting short at the Avenue House, Father was again busy hunting for less expensive accommodation. A few days later, he found a house roomy enough for the family, in Outremont around 27 St. Catherine Road.

I am not sure of the number, I know it was on the South Side of the road. We did not take long to accept this house, the children all being delighted to get out of the Avenue House where we felt smothered after the freedom of Auvers.

Father got in touch with a trucker, a Mr. Whitehouse, who moved our belongings to the house, we children included. Mr. Whitehouse's wife and daughter drew my attention. I think the former, Mrs. Whitehouse encouraged my friendship for her daughter but I preferred the elder lady who had control of a horse and a two-wheel gig and once in a while took me for drives.

After a few days' semi camping we felt quite at home especially in regard to the grounds of a spacious backyard where several apple trees flourished. The species included the almost ripe strawberry and peach apples. There were also plum trees and berries, black currants, red and white currants. Across the road was the mountain, fairly wild and rocky, which I immediately made it a business to explore, followed

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by my brothers Henri & Jean. Supplies were some distance a-way, on what is now Laurier Street (then St. Louis). We became acquainted with the grocer, Mr. Burns. As I was given the crop of currants to sell, I made a bargain with Mr. Burnes to sell him the black currants off our bushes. I enlisted the help of my brothers and sisters to do the picking and paid them so much a quart. We began to feel rich out of those odd quarters, coppers and dimes.

North of us were two girls who rode bicycles and I followed eagerly their evolutions but did not manage any closer acquaintance.

It was the end of June, the beginning of July, quite hot and the air was perfumed with fresh odors among which the sweet melilot. Fruit, besides the currants, was ripening among which the black raspberry which was plentiful on the slope North of St. Catherine road. The green apples swelled out and lost their acid taste. We led a carefree existence, somewhat shaded by talk of school. Father was thinking of having me attend the Montreal High School. He took me to the Headmaster of this institution with a high praise of my achievements in France. This was coldly listened to and I conceived a great dislike for the gentleman, Rev. Rexford, who nevertheless gave me a general test, in which I believed having done poorly. Anyway he took a chance and classified me for the Fourth Form. Father did not like that at all. He thought I should have been accepted into McGill College directly. He showed the many citations I had obtained, particularly in the "Palmares" of the College de Pontoise. He was so insistent that finally Rev. Rexford took these papers to read them over. The result was that I never saw them again. I returned to Outremont and my fruit picking with my brothers and sisters which I hoped would last forever.

Another form of unpleasantness was Father's insistence that we should attend Church with him. Now, I had been saturated with the so-called freethinking of the French and I thought the whole thing was a frightful bore, particularly the Sunday School. In this latter instance we sat in a circle under an unfortunate lady instructor and literally raised hell. However, this was somewhat alleviated by the discovery of a lending library which consisted of story books of which I fell for Henry, the author of swashbuckling stories. I really got good schooling from this author though at the cost of math and science.

This brings up the subject of reading. I was unfamiliar with English. I managed to absorb two or three books in that language and then I was off and read all the adventure books I could lay my hands on. Father in the meantime located a studio in the old Y. M. C. A. Building on Dominion Square (where is now located the Sunlife Bldg). He incidentally purchased for me a membership card for one year in that excellent YMCA society which membership included the right to use their swimming pool, which privilege alone to me was worth the membership fee. Scarcely second to this, was the lending library so that my time in town was kept quite busy in a very enjoyable fashion for the balance of the summer.

Among my duties at home was the one of getting the mail and newspaper from the local post-office then situated on St. Catherine road near Rockland Avenue. The mail came in around five P.M. Other boys gathered there ahead of time. As a little foreigner I was threatened into fights but I had had plenty of experience in that line in France where I had also been a little foreigner. A few blows and I was soon left alone and made friends with the boys except one who was the son of a rich man. This boy owned a pony and rode in to get the mail to the admiration of the waiting boys and girls. He was moreover a bully and amused himself using his whip on their bare legs. The boys endured this more out of fear of what his father might do than of his ability as a fighter. He tried me once. The sting of his whip roused me to fury. I punched him hard in the stomach and he backed away with a gasp more of surprise than actual pain. After that he left me alone. So, every late afternoon I walked the half-mile to the post office to pick up the mail and news- paper to bring them home.

With late summer's passing, plums ripened and the asters blossomed where we had planted them in the grounds in front of the house. The summer apples were all picked leaving us the fall apples of which I remember the St. Lawrence, a large tender fruit, striped white and red, and King, large and of later

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maturity. The russet apples were, as their name implied, of "russet" color but they were still too hard to bite into. As Fall came on they were picked and became softer in the cellar.

School opening took me to the High School where I began my studies in the Fourth Form. Our text books were French, Plane Geometry, Latin, and Arithmetic. In Latin our program called for Caesar's de Bello Gallico, and Latin Grammar.

Our hours were 9 a. m. to 3:30 p.m., a schedule I found to be unbelievably easy after the tough hours and train rides to and from the College de Pontoise where the hours were 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

On the whole, we enjoyed very much the last half of our first summer in Outremont. There was no sickness, no doubt owing to the saying that an "Apple a day keeps the Doctor away. " As autumn came we picked the apple crop and put them in barrels. There must have been a couple of dozen of these. Father sold about one dozen, we stored the other dozen in our cold cellar. Winter came on suddenly. One morning early in November we woke to see, an even mantle of snow outside, about 7 or 8 inches thick. We had never seen so much snow and we enjoyed playing in it. Before the year was out, there were other falls and so we had our first Christmas in Canada, a white Christmas.

From our place we had to walk some two miles to the trolley car stop on Mount Royal Avenue. This took us past Fletcher's Field, along Park Avenue and Bleury Street down to the city's Ste. Catherine St. , where the stores were. For groceries we had to go about one half mile to Burns Brothers on what is now Laurier Street (then St. Louis Street). Our favorite bread was a crusty loaf called French bread. But it was expensive and Maman had to bake frequently to save the pennies necessary for the other essentials. Father found the going difficult. He had several commissions of portraits to finish and numerous landscapes to sell but once these were sold there was little else to rely on. Montreal did not show as much interest as Quebec, so he packed several pictures and went to Quebec to, as he said, "drum up trade".

In the rented house, heat was furnished by a hot water furnace fed by hard coal, anthracite. I remember the cost; five dollars a ton. About 10 tons were necessary to see us through the winter. Between snowfalls there were spells of hard frost such as we had never experienced before. Such temperatures as twenty degrees Fahrenheit below zero. But with hot water coils distributing the heat we felt quite comfortable, when we compared this to the uncertain heat of a stove or no heat at all as we had at Auvers.

As a matter of fact, except for the uncertainty of money, we were very cosy.

I have no idea how Maman managed to keep going with five children to feed and keep clean. In the morning we had to be prepared for school and started off. We tramped in and out bringing half melted snow. And the clothing constantly needed repairs. But we kids thought it great fun to snowball each other or slide down the slopes. I even managed to make-do a few small planks into snowshoes. When the snow became two or three feet deep, it was a thrill to think ourselves so high above the ground level. We went to school every day. Fiffille went to the local Outremont Grade School, not far from the Post Office. There, a lady teacher taught the 20 odd pupils. They were noisy little youngsters and the teacher would wallop their outstretched palms with a strap. We thought it was barbarous. I, particularly, when I found it was the practice in the Montreal High. I was so impressed by the sense of degradation and fear, that I never was punished that way. To get a culprit was an amazing process. The teacher would ask the guilty ones to stand. To my intense surprise they would thus confess themselves guilty. I thought, and so still do think, this to be a ridiculous proceeding compared with the French Schools, whose principle or lack of it, as you may feel, was to make the master work to find out, a game of wits. I remember that the physical pain incurred in the rural schools or the colleges was generally a good sound "coup de pied dans le derriere".

The games too intrigued me. There were no games except organized ones, like hockey, football in which a selected few participated, the rest of the school being onlookers. Anyway, we did not miss much, as the recess in mid-morning was short. The yard too was small. The other time off we had was noon hour. We brought lunches made up at home. Some bought them from the Janitor who, with his wife, had the

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lunch room concession. On the counter were fruit: bananas and oranges also the most delicious ginger bread sold in fairly large squares at 2 cents a- piece. Once in a while I could indulge myself in this delicacy, not often.

The school was organized along two or three wide corridors starting from the gym to the front entrance. The buildings over these corridors, on the boys' side, were duplicated on the south side by similar corridors on the girls' side. In the morning, bells rang before 9 o'clock for the boys to line up along the side of the corridor. At exactly nine we filed into the classrooms. The masters were dressed in black gowns and mortar board head- dress. We boys each went to his own desk and stood until the master gave us leave to sit down. My class masters were Mr. Gammel, Mr. Currie and Dr. Kelly. The class work began by reading aloud a psalm. We thus went through the book of psalms. Then the regular classwork began - Caesar, French, Mathematics. I was not very good in math but had some facility in my Latin and French which inspired my classmates whom I used to help and which made me well liked by them.

For two or three hours on certain afternoons we had gym, mostly calisthenics, clubs or dumbbells. The Boer War was then in its active period. Many of the students had gone as volunteers, and some of our gym periods were devoted to training for rifle drill. Our master, Mr. Powter, drilled us along the old fashioned way. We had a good supply of obsolete guns which may have seen action in the Crimean war. Their caliber was about the size of a large marble. We carried them at the "trail" or "slope". With an intelligent group of boys, it was not long before we knew the basic evolutions of an infantry platoon or even cavalry.

The old fashioned formations inherited from former generations of soldiers were repeated endlessly, the object being perfect unison.

Rear rank standing, front rank prone, all shoulder to shoulder, volley firing was practiced, the huge hammers of the ancient guns being cocked and snapped; " Ready - present, aim - fire! " would bellow Powter and we had to pull our triggers and bring down our gun hammers in unison. Gradually, regretfully, Powter admitted that the age of volley firing had passed and through the "unfair" Boer tactics it was a matter of accurate shooting, never mind the volley.

By that time we were approaching spring and the landlord gave notice to Father that he was going to raise the rent from \$24 a month to \$30 on May 1st, 1904 (1901??), This infuriated Father who tried to bargain the landlord down. He did not succeed and decided to seek another house which he found after some searching. It was a 3 story brick building, not as well built as the one we had first rented. There was no orchard and no garden to speak of as it was built on shale rock which had been excavated at the foot of the mountain. This meant that the unfenced grounds consisted mostly of shale debris not fit to grow anything but weeds. The rent was \$30 a month. It seemed enormous to me. Father decided to use a room in the 3rd or upper floor for a studio, that's probably why he took the place. There was a dug out cellar, very damp and cool, in which was located the furnace. At the back of the house was a steep, roughly excavated wall, all of shale, about 12 feet high. At the foot of this wall, most of the time there was an irregular shallow pond of stagnant water with a few weeds and many mosquitoes. This proved to be a place where we managed to get plenty of fun. Now all that is gone except the 3 story brick building. We moved into 24 St. Catherine Road early in May 1901. After taking our immediate new surroundings, I began to explore farther. Above the excavated rear wall, there was an area of waste land with wild shrubs and patches of wild strawberries as well as black raspberry. I found quite a lot of dead wood lying there and further up across Mt. Royal Avenue, which wood I dragged down to our backyard, and sawed. It was fine for our kitchen stove. Every stick counted and we were in the necessity of saving every cent we could.

Father's method to "drum up trade", as he called it, was to contact his Quebec friends and, on one of those trips, he took me along. This was on the occasion of the wedding of the daughter of a rich lumber merchant, Miss Winnifred Price who was to marry a young financier of Quebec. I was groomed as best we could and found the ceremonial very difficult to understand. The reception and garden party subsequently

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took place in the garden of the Prices and I managed somehow to help the guests by carrying plates of food to them, thus gaining confidence and the friendship of the bride's brother, Bert Price and also of his sister, Gertrude.

Father and I stayed at a local inn and got an invitation to go trout fishing in the Montmorency river above the place called the Natural Steps and the fishing club being called "à la mouchell", because only fly-fishing was permitted. We were driven up to the club and there got rods and boats. Casting flies was an entirely new thing to me so I was not at all successful. Bert and Father got several. We cast towards the rises and I got the thrill of this sport which has lasted all my life. At noon we stopped for lunch and Father decided to cook some of our fish. No frying pan was available so Father looked around and spied an old shovel which we cleaned thoroughly to cook some of our catch in it. I cannot say it was the best of meals but we, at least, enjoyed eating those lovely fish. Bert got a nice catch as Father rowed him around. While I tried to paddle the second boat, I only managed to row in circles, to the amusement of Bert.

The next day I went over to the Prices and visited around their grounds with Bert. This property was called "The Cottage". It bordered to the brink of the Montmorency Falls. Just above the Falls was a spell of rapid current above which there existed a board walk overhanging the swift water. We decided to try fishing in this and, to my surprise, I hooked one small fish. After this minor success, no more bites, Soon after, Father decided to return to Montreal. by way of Quebec, where he called upon a Mr. Van Bruysels and his adorable daughter, Suzanne. Mr. Van Bruysels suggested that Father and I should come to the extensive property he owned and try our luck in the lakes and streams which it comprised. The matter was discussed in a vague way but nothing came of it.

But I was reaching slowly, the impressionable age, and, for a long time, I would think of Suzanne and hope that we might meet again. However, other events came which took the attention of our family: Maman gave birth to a baby boy on July 17, 1901, Robert Thomas Daubigny Wickenden. This little brother was the fourth boy making us with Fifille, and Yvonne a total of six children to feed and to keep warm and to clothe. Father hustled around. He organized an exhibition at the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, this being his fourth or fifth show. The patrons came, admired, but did not buy much. Father then decided upon an auction. A few meager hundreds were realized.

At about that time Father had to leave the Y. M. C. A. building on Dominion Square as they needed the space. He moved to Beaver Hall Square where he secured space in an attic with a good sky light. The walls were brick and I got the job of painting the surface with cold water paint, called indelible. This was a major job and I'd work at it outside of school hours, getting five cents an hour. We were visited by Maurice Cullen, the painter who approved and who subsequently attained a great measure of fame.

He, Father, got commissions for a few portraits, scarcely enough to keep us going. Among others, he had to paint portraits of clergy and officials. Some he reproduced as lithographs, which were subsequently subscribed at the rate of five or ten dollars apiece. The subscriptions were slow in coming and we ran very short of funds. I am not certain of the exact time, but I was given the job of delivering, COD, for ten dollars, one of the lithographs of some high personalities of the Province of Quebec at that period. By that time, I was sufficiently acquainted with Montreal to find the house of the people to whom I was to deliver the lithograph. I did not like the job and pressed the door bell with some trepidation which was not diminished when I was ushered to the parlor by two ladies. Somehow, I managed to explain my errand. The ladies looked at each other. They knew nothing of the matter. I was completely dumbfounded and my expression must have shown some despair at thus being left to return without the precious ten dollars Maman needed for our next meal. The ladies questioned me. I gave a more or less coherent explanation. They looked at each other, opened the parcel containing the roll of lithograph, looked at it, looked at me and into their purse and gave me the money. I could not thank them enough and felt cheap as if I had done some deception and got caught at it. I was ushered out and never was I so relieved, nor did I feel the cold and the snow as I walked towards a butcher shop.

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However, that money did not last forever. Though Maman displayed marvels of finance, we always seemed to spend more than the budgeted five dollars a week and, in March or April, we could see the end of available funds. So Maman rummaged around and found an old dinner dress or tuxedo and then and there, I was again charged with the task of getting money for food. Soon one Saturday morning in March or April I walked to Mount Royal station and took the trolley for town, down Park Avenue, then Bleury, getting off at Craig Street where pawnshops flourished as they do today. There I haggled with one of the merchants, showing him the quality of the suit, but he soon put me to rights, the quality was fine, but the style quite out-dated, and I was glad to take five dollars for the suit, thence, as ordered by Maman, I went to the meat market where I bought a pot-roast and a few vegetables to head for home by trolley, over Fletcher's Field to Mt. Royal station, thence I almost ran home. I cannot describe Maman's expression of relief when she was given the money most of the ten dollars left after the purchase of the pot roast now cooking in the stove the fuel of which consisted largely of wood picked up by Henry and myself in the area.

This crisis settled us for some time as we were relieved by the arrival of a money order from Father which helped settle the milk bill, the coal bill - school was also paid for.

Christmas arrived bringing some money presents, usually from Auntie Coyle. We called her Auntie Coyle, she was a delightful elderly lady, a former patron of father's. She was a regular fairy godmother who made our Christmas merry every year. Among her presents she would give us each a two dollar bill which permitted purchases otherwise impossible to obtain. Was I going to set it aside to bolster up family finances leading to another embarrassing talk of collecting money? That episode was already completely forgotten or nearly so. No -what I had in mind was the purchase of a pair of snowshoes which a neighboring boy wanted to sell.

This boy lived at the top of the hill and on the opposite side of McCulloch Avenue, a steep road. He was the son of a tea and coffee merchant, Mr. Stroud. Quite opposite my tastes, he loved to bargain and sell. What he had in mind, was to get a new pair of skates. He wanted three dollars for those snowshoes, but he took the two I offered as this was all I had and his snowshoes were second-hand anyway. So Fiffille, following my example, bought a smaller pair for less money. I enjoyed exploring around on top of the deep snow. I had no moccasins but wore several pair of old wool stockings. These worked well enough but I bound the snowshoe fastenings too tightly. On one day of very hard frost, my toes became so numbed that I did not feel them any more. It was alright as long as I was out in the cold. When I got home where it was warm the feeling returned to my toes and I suffered the tortures of frost-bite as circulation brought back the blood to my feet. This was remedied by putting my toes and feet in cold water and the burning pain subsided, but I was most careful after that not to tie my snowshoes too tightly. Côte Ste. Catherine Road in winter was gay with sleighs. The horses wore sleigh bells which tinkled merrily. With neighboring boys. we frequently walked to school aided by lifts from drivers, when they were in a friendly mood. Sometimes they were not so friendly and our plea "Ride Mr. please" was responded by cuts from their whips. This did not discourage us from trying the next day on a chance of success.

Father was away quite frequently now, trying to sell paintings or to get commissions but the returns were meager and at the end of one month I was deputized, to ask the landlord to delay collecting his rent. Somehow I dragged myself to the gentleman, a florid faced Irishman named Keegan. He wore a fur coat. I somehow stumbled through my story. He said nothing, looking at me. I thought to myself that I had failed. However, to my surprise, with a sour look he said, "all right". I could not get home fast enough. I do not know whether Father was encouraged by this negative success but things were better for a while and though it was still wintry the children were not ill, including little John, who did not show signs of his yearly attack of bronchitis, for which we were thankful.

As stated previously, father's studio was in town on Beaver Hall square. It was in the attic of a building owned by some order of the Foresters, whose name changed to "Royal Guardians" a fraternal group of the Masonic type.

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The walls were rough brick and it was well lighted. The rent was cheap, a must, in our circumstances. The floors were rough wood. Father's usual ingenuity furnished it with old packing boxes camouflaged by "draperies", not unartistically spread around the surface of the walls, however, so he decided to have them painted. Of course his eyes fell upon me to do the job. But I gained a most acceptable concession: that of being paid five cents per hour. The paint selected was a water paint, the trade name of which was "Indelblo" one of its merits being that unlike other water paints, it did not rub off when dry. One could cover a lot of surface for one dollar. This was serious money to me as we got no allowance. It took every cent available to cover the needs of Maman, myself, Fiffille and Yvonne, Henri, Petit Jean and the infant Robert, and himself, Papa, the breadwinner. And in this last instance it cost money to produce and sell pictures: paint, canvasses, frames.... Some of the neighboring boys, George, Peter, Reggie and others made money in summer by taking odd jobs. After the snowshoes episode with young Stroud I had gotten, somehow, a thirst for woodland adventures. Having bought a cheap air gun, I tried it on unfortunate birds but soon found out that the feathers of sparrows were too thick or tough to allow the pellets from the air gun to kill or wound. Why this desire to kill birds? Certainly not to get food. It was more a latent instinct to hunt, like a cat hunts. This is true of all hunters. Though, probably, there is no desire to kill by itself but rather an atavistic turn of mind that made men hunt to live.

Anyway, not getting much luck or satisfaction hunting sparrows. I went to a patch of woods fronting on Rockland Avenue and found a colony of chickadees. There, aided by my brother Henry we dug a circular place in the snow, built a fire in the middle and toasted our "game". Such small birds furnished only a bite but we found them delicious, though our imaginary hut was drafty and we shivered around the small fire fed with small twigs. Nevertheless, we got satisfaction out of these adventures in a locality now completely swallowed by the City. It was so isolated, then, that we even flushed a partridge or two, but they were too quick and two heavily feathered to be affected by our air - BB shots. Anyway, we foraged untiringly on Saturdays, after our jobs at home were done. We came to 24 St. Catherine Road in May 1901, In July 1902 Robert was born. In the High School in 1901 I began in the Fourth Form. In 1902 I got my promotion to the Fifth Form followed in 1903 by graduation from the Sixth Form. In the Fifth Form we had a start in English Literature with Tennyson's Idylls of the King. I began to get the rhythm of verse and the imagery of the words, the characters, knights in shining armor. The moral sense escaped me.

I thought King Arthur was a weakling, and Lancelot a brave character, to be admired. I went so far as to make sketches, in which Father helped, such as for "High-walled gardens green and old", or the turrets of Camelot. But my greatest impression was from "Ulysses", and "The Lotos Eaters".

Also Latin was appreciated probably because of my knowledge of French and a background gained as the College de Pontoise in France, so that compositions and translations came easily. So easily in fact, that I actually loafed and this angered the Latin teacher Mr. Curry - a very fine man.

After we moved to 24 St. Catherine Road, in 1901, our first Christmas there was rather meager. Marnan made her traditional plum pudding and I got a Christmas Tree, not the fir or spruce usually used but, in my snowshoe wanderings, I found a small patch of cedars and built myself a sleigh to get it. It was a clumsy, heavy-looking affair but it could be dragged over the fields. So, a day or two before Christmas, Henry and I went to the cedars, cut one down, lashed it to the sleigh and returned home with this load. At home, we dressed it with small candles. It is a marvel to me that this tree or its predecessors did not catch fire from the lighted candles, and send the tree and house in a blaze of final glory.

Thanks to Auntie Coyle, somehow, we found enough money to buy a turkey. We also managed to buy brandy to light up the Christmas plum pudding and followed the old family tradition of darkening the windows while the spirits burned, including a sprig of holly with berries. We went to a lot of trouble decorating the dining room with green branches. When the brandy burned itself out, for a moment, the room was darkened, then the shades were raised and the winter solstice was passed with Spring some distance yet away, but sure of coming.

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The Christmas tree's decorations generally included the candles in metallic sockets and a lot of odds and ends some of which were left over from previous Christmases, - such as a much-battered Santa of papier maché - a glass bird and a sprig of artificial orange blossoms which Maman had brought back from a wedding of local farmers at Mery-sur-Oise in France. Some were added every year and we would drop one or two. As years came and went, each with its Christmas, the thrill wore off for me and I began to look on it as a job to be done for the younger members of the family. The early rising too was irritating and so its charm gradually disappeared.

My hunting instincts had seemed to grow during these excursions in the shrubs on the outskirts of Rockland Avenue. And I began to wish for a 22 rifle. I could get one fairly cheap such as the Flobert rifle, a Belgian product. I dreamed for a time over Stevens Favorite but the price was beyond my means. So I gave up the idea. When the summer holidays came I decided to imitate the boys in our neighborhood and get a job. I was told that one could get hired by merchants whose delivery boys were on holidays. Thus, my method was simple: walk on St. James Street and look for signs of "Boy Wanted". I saw one almost right away; in the display window of a hat shop under the name of Robertson. I had lost some of my timidity through my experiences getting money for the family, so I walked in, was looked over and hired. The wages were \$2.50 a week. The hours were 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.

On arrival at the shop, in the morning, I was given the job of sweeping the front walk followed by washing the plate glass window, then drying it and polishing it. This was no simple job, as the glass had to shine without traces of streaks or fuzz. By the time this was done it was getting close to 10 o'clock. Customers began to arrive and so would the next job begin, which was to deliver the goods bought, mostly hats. As it was summer, most hats on sale were some form of straw. Fashion favored the Panama. Though they cost \$20.00, many gentlemen indulged their fancy by purchasing them. But most sales were for hard "boaters". Then began the hard part of my work: delivering these hats. There were no conveyances to assist me, it was all walk - walk - walk - and the pavements were hot. No sooner was one lot delivered, I returned to the store, there to be given another load. And so went my delivery of hats for two weeks, \$2.50 was paid to me the first Saturday, and another \$2.50 at the end of the second week. Five dollars was my objective. When I attained it, I had enough to get my rifle and a little ammunition so I quit. The Robertsons were surprised. Father, who had encouraged me in this scheme, went with me to the rifle firm, named "Duncan's". There we chose a Belgian rifle which cost \$3. 50. With the balance I bought a stock of ammunition and had one dollar more or less for pocket money.

Father also was planning a trip in the Laurentians. Our equipment was very simple. A light home-made tent was to be our shelter. Our equipment, a frying pan, and a couple of tin plates, also a kettle. Provisions were also simple and consisted of basic foods; sugar, tea, a few cans. Anyway, we got an outfit without difficulty or much expense and went up to Shawbridge by train. Then, with our impedimenta, including sketching material, we proceeded on foot to a lake "des 14 iles". The farmer there, on the near banks of the lake, allowed us to camp on his land and use his boat for a couple of dollars. We pitched our tent and made camp. Father showed me how to make bedding out of balsam fir branches. I must admit we skimmed on this and had reason to feel the cold from the earth in the early morning hours. Then the aroma of the balsam and late summer weeds were strongest. I tossed around in the pre dawn cold. Father stirred up a fire and we became warm. Then we boiled some tea, fried bacon and felt better. My principal sport was hunting with my 22. The only game I found was red squirrels. I only bagged two or three.

Father, intent on showing all he knew about survival showed me how to skin them and make squirrel stew. This latter was tough but we ate the little meat there was. I also went fishing in the lake but caught only sardine-like fish which we fried. The farmer said there were trout in the lake but I could not get any. More often than not we reverted to the canned pork and beans. When these gave out we moved back home and Maman's cooking. Father made only a few sketches but on the whole the results were scant. But back of this excursion, Father was figuring the possibilities of a move. Several elements entered, into this. For one thing, he found the rent of 24 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, quite a task to meet at the end of

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each month. He detested it. Then there was I, coming to the end of my high school studies - and what was I to do? He had spoken quite a lot with friends in Quebec about the possibilities of my getting into business and what better than farming? Not an extensive farm but a small one, a market garden. Thus we should raise enough to feed the family and sell some of the produce. Food and shelter were a serious item of our expenses. Father hazarded a few side remarks and I agreed with him. We worked up some enthusiasm by reading the colonization literature of the Department of Colonization at Quebec. I would pore over the "Guide du Colon". But my purpose was different from Father's objectives. My sole ambition was to go fishing, and I was more interested in the attractive prose of a woodcraft writer named "Nessmuk". So we returned home and Father derived one or two oil paintings from his sketches. Perhaps also he got a few portrait commissions, the fees for which, replenished his coffers. Autumn of that year came and we tried another excursion this time with the early frost. We headed again for Shawbridge, partly on foot and partly by train. We carried our luggage including food and explored to the east and west of the railroad. Father had a shotgun which he was keen to use on deer. He had a complete assortment of 12 gauge cartridges. I was quite excited, expecting to see deer any minute. We saw none. In our rambling, I flushed a grouse, or as we called it, a partridge. I got a scolding from Father because I went too fast. A few minutes later he flushed the same bird and I got it again for going too slow.

By that time the sun was low and then it set. It would soon be dark so we headed for the village and arrived in time for supper at the boarding house run by a Mrs. Shaw. There we arranged for accommodation for the night to be called early, in time for the next morning train going towards Ste. Agathe. So we did. Father had already decided where to leave the train; it was at a flag station named Val Morin, where we arrived an hour or so after leaving Shawbridge. It was a bright, frosty morning and there we were, landed in a mess of shrubs and old broken trees left by one of the frequent fires which swept the forest at that period. Really, it was a desolate enough sight and I wondered what father's intentions could be. Nor had I the faintest notion how to make a market garden out of that mess. But I supposed Father knew what he was doing.

"Le vieux chasseur d'elephants" as he called himself, somehow had a way of making things turn out for the best. Father liked to dramatize a bit, so I followed the old elephant hunter through the debris, making plenty of noise through cracking of dry branches, enough to frighten any game within several rods. I lugged one or two pieces of old luggage and Father tiptoed ahead of me, with his gun ready for deer. We soon tired and lagged a bit and lunched, then we started again, until we came to the shores of Lac La Fourche where late afternoon found us. The water lapped dismally, the sandy banks near the railroad track. The grey sky and the grey waters were not inspiring. In vain we looked for a dwelling. The nearest was the station where we had alighted in the morning. I began to wonder whether we were going to spend the night there and wait for another day. But the "old elephant hunter", Father, gathered some dry driftwood explaining that this, on being lighted, would be the signal - to stop the train due around 6 or 7 o'clock, more or less. You may be sure, we were very alert in the darkness, and started the fire a few minutes before the train became due. I viewed the whole scheme partly in doubt, partly not quite understanding how it would work. It did. We wasted no time getting aboard and was I glad and relieved. Even the dirty, soiled coach seats seemed luxurious. We stowed our luggage away and I reflected on the practicality of a market garden in the maze of bone dry sticks and charred wood, but all that happened was my going to sleep to awaken on arrival in Montreal. There was no further talk about farms, gardens or otherwise for some time but Father was thinking hard.

The basic philosophy of our planning was to earn a good, plentiful income from agricultural sources with a minimum of physical effort. There is nothing unusual about this idea which has been the basis and the bait of many would-be farmers. Father's idea was to encourage me in this enterprise, with little to do. So we studied many crops, vegetables, poultry for fowls and eggs, bees, Belgian hares, pigs, and other side issues, all started in high hopes to dwindle to nothing on various roads to failure: amusing to outsiders but not so funny for us, Father was the would-be gentlerman farmer and I was the hired man.

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While Father pushed these schemes for my helping to raise his family, Maman steadily nursed another project for me: to get the necessary education to become an engineer. She had no definite idea how this was to be done but only the most stubborn determination.

During the early part of 1903 we were well supplied with literature on seeds, gardens, tools and land. Somehow an ad mentioning properties for sale by a certain businessman of Ste. Adele caught his eyes. The place was a frame house on an acre of land, and what caught his eye, cheap. At the end of February 1903 he decided to look the place over. Dr. G. was a remarkable man with an unusual flair for salesmanship and his letters made the area sound like a second Eden. I, too, was a listener in these discussions. Maman was not over enthusiastic. Anyway, some date was made and we again took the train this time as far as St. Jerome. We got off carrying two bags and set off on foot for Ste. Adele, visiting on the way a farmer who had land to sell. He gave us a lift to about 4 or 5 miles of Ste. Adele. We walked it, luggage and all, each of us carrying his share. The weather was warm for February and a thaw was going full swing making the road quite sloppy, the ruts were like small brooks and one brook, Ruisseau St. Louis, was like a small river. Under the warm sun the vegetation was breathing odors impossible to define and the rush of tumbling water everywhere made a combination of sounds and perfumes that made the blood run fast. I had a little Brownie camera and took pictures of the torrent that was the St. Louis brook. Our feet were damp but we went on uphill towards the village now called Ste. Adele-en-haut. We stopped at the inn at the foot of the hill which led to the main part of the village, where lived Dr. G. We booked a room, changed and had supper. After which, Father, accompanied by me, walked to Dr. G's residence overlooking "Lac Rond", still frozen solid. The same perfumed air was wafted to us which we had breathed near the St. Louis brook, a blend of the odors of maples and evergreens while over the Longpré Hill came the roar of the Mulet River in full flood.

The good Doctor was expecting us and we went in. In his office he had descriptions of various properties of which one attracted Father's attention. It was about 3 miles away from the village, on the road to Ste. Agathe. Dr. G. drove us there the next day. The place was picturesque enough, unpainted, most dilapidated. A squirrel ran up a wobbly stairway. I enjoyed watching it. The bush back of the weedy backyard held offers of hunting. I could enjoy the place, leaky roof and all. Dr. sighed: he could see the impression on Father's face was unpromising. He admitted it was not a bargain and so we turned around, back to the village. Father was ready to pack and go back to town.

"Wait a minute," said the Dr. "I have another idea, what have I been thinking of? I forgot to mention the place next door to my place." The crafty old Dr. had not forgotten it except in a willful way. However, we humored him. He tied his horse to a hitching post in front of his place, cumberingly got out of the sleigh and turned up the road leading to the Roman Catholic church, walked a few steps to the fence separating his property from the one he wanted to show us. It was a frame building, also void of occupants. It was tinted ochre red, with a mansard tin roof. The general impression was of low ceilings, but rather cozy, on the whole. The Dr. showed us around. Yes, there was about one acre of land partly fallow, but good garden soil though now covered with wet snow. The fences were of split cedar, good enough to hold straying cattle. The Dr. produced the old rusty keys and we walked in. The walls were covered with faded paper. The heat was by means of wood stoves with stovepipes for which holes were provided in the ceiling of a fairly large living room. The floors were of wide boarded pine, the paint of which was well worn where numerous feet had walked. There were 5 bedrooms, ample for the needs of a family such as ours. Father was interested, I could see. He and the doctor fenced in conversation to draw out how much the latter wanted. The water was provided by a gravity water system, the wooden pipes of which drew their water from a spring which originated back of the church. Father and the doctor played for an opening as to how much the Doctor wanted for this property, as it stood. The doctor hesitated but chose to make an opening price of one thousand dollars. Father made a rapid mental calculation: He was now paying \$30.00 a month. At this rate, he would be free of rent in a little over two years. Meantime, I was growing to manhood and would be capable of taking my part in the support of the family. Our conversations indicated

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this. So when the Dr. made his price, quite within the reach of Father's resources, Father was ready to make a deal and so, that evening, we went back to the old house prepared to make it our home for several years.

When Maman heard of this she took it all with mixed feelings. To her it meant another journey into the unknown. into a region more primitive than the one she was in already, though a metropolis of North America, but it seemed primitive to her. What were the essential features of this village? The Doctor, the baker the butcher, the schools? Help for the housework? Water, plumbing? This latter was the outdoor type, a privy.

Father had not inquired very much about any of these essentials. Nevertheless, the place was bought, lock, stock and barrel. The notice we were to give up our lease on May 1st was also made. Packing started The whole business, with six children to mind during all this upset. As this was my graduating year, I continued going to the High School as usual. As the school finished for vacations, toward s the end of June, Father made arrangements for me to board at one of our neighbor's for this end period, so, around May 1 I was left alone in Montreal with my suitcase, for six weeks.

Thus my High School work was about concluded, and schooling for sister Fiffille just about ceased. It never had amounted to much anyway, though Fiffille was smart and very intelligent, as well as very pretty, but the teacher at the Outremont school had gone as far as she could in the normal school, and alone, had to teach various grades at the same time. This made it so, that while she taught one grade, the others were left more or less to their own resources. Naturally discipline was poor, but Miss T at least had a strap which she could use at her own discretion. Fiffille witnessed many whippings which the participating kids watched with interest. The routine was the same in each case. The culprit was ordered to the front platform "Hold out your hand!" would order the mistress. That done she would bring down the flat strap to each hand of the offender. The strap made a smart snap, to be raised again and again. Fiffille said that Miss T pursed her lips as if she enjoyed the infliction of punishment which took place several times daily. However, it was less severe than the use of a hickory stick. I doubted all this because Miss T was so pretty, but, insofar as learning was concerned, the results were mediocre.

Henry attended this school, I believe, without much attention from us though Fiffille no doubt helped to get him going and kept him out of mischief. He was then about 10 years old. As to Yvonne, she was her quiet self, without much activity though prodded somewhat impatiently by Fiffille. John was about 6 and hardly attended the Outremont school. From 1900 to 1903 he was still quite young to walk the long distance from 30 St. Catherine Road to the school. For a youngster ranging from four to seven it was still quite a march, and responsibility for Fiffille who, willy-nilly got the job of looking after the young ones and to some extent me. In my instance she made my sandwiches for lunch at school. Somehow or other she did it with little play in between. She was 12 to 15 in the time we lived in Outremont and now we were to move to Ste. Adele. Another. move of the whole family to a totally unknown place.

In my case, this was a delayed venture, being left behind at friend's until all the exams were completed and evaluated. I can say that my attention was not so much on my books as on dreams of the Laurentian country. As I had a good back log of schooling I was pretty sure of passing, except for one subject: trigonometry and in this subject I failed miserably, getting only a five per cent mark. But in latin, I was well prepared, so much so that the boys in the sixth form would get coaching from me, especially in Ovid. In the final results I passed and graduated but my ranking was poor. If the subjects had included wood lore I would have led the school.

In the meantime, the move from Outremont to Ste. Adele had taken place with all the children helping, especially Fiffille to whom Maman delegated most of the tasks, especially the young ones who were so prone to get into difficulties. I remember particularly one instance he when baby Robert disappeared from an upstairs room, where he had been left because the place was "safe". However, he had managed to climb to the sill of a back window and had tumbled out on the soft dirt where one of us heard him whimpering but unhurt. This incident and others kept Maman on edge, the worse during the packing

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and unpacking of our house-hold goods. However, we all managed to get to Ste. Adele and to our routine of living, in which Fifille filled an important part.

I doubt whether any of us realized how much we owe to her capable, hard work, for comparably little reward. Of course, I tried to share pleasant moments with her but they were few enough in a place like Outremont or Ste. Adele. As I mentioned before, my mind was too distracted to concentrate on studies for the final examinations. I was eager for the end of the school session which finally came along. To emphasize my emotional being, I was emerging from boyhood to young manhood, a condition I did not understand, particularly in regard to girls and women. Nevertheless, one evening in May, I found myself on the train on my way to join the family at Ste. Adele. There, in the midst of our belongings, I found everything perfectly normal. Father did some sketching which he intended to sell in Montreal, much encouraged by the cheapness of living at Ste. Adele which reduced his normal expenses. markedly.

He showed me around the place which I had seen under the snow. There were still patches of it but the soil had thawed, out. With Maman, we planned a garden. Of course it had to be spaded and the job fell to me, with a spading fork. There were plenty of sods to be shaken out and I progressed slowly. However, Father took me to explore little Lac Rond, small enough but with plenty of lovely vistas. At twilight we joined a group of boys and young men fishing for trout and barbotte with few results. Yet, all of a sudden; a bamboo rod Is tip went down, wildly agitated. "Let him swallow it." exclaimed one fisherman to the lucky one. "ça mord, ça mord!" "It Is biting, it's biting!" The trout was well hooked and was drawn up and secured, a beautiful fish of at least two pounds, chilly with dripping, icy water of the lake. Everyone fished in dead earnest now. But we had to be content with "barbotte", cat fish. The bites gradually became fewer and we quit -to go home with our slender catch of the whiskered fish.

The following Sunday, Father took Fifille, Yvonne, Henri and I to the little brook we had observed on our first trip in the area. We found out that its name was St. Louis" brook. We fished here and got plenty of nibbles, all trout, but not much larger than fingerlings. Father was observing the landscape while we fished but did not do much sketching. After this episode, we did not do much fishing in groups but rather singly. I, for instance, went to the North River, there to catch the sardine-like "mulet" only they were larger. We caught many of these shiny fish but Maman got tired of preparing them and we gradually also became tired of the monotony of cleaning them, not entirely though: We still liked trout of a decent size and so limited our fishing to this species.

Father, much encouraged by a few purchases and commissions traveled back and forth from Ste. Adele to Montreal where he had moved his studio in an old attic. I had done a good job painting it with water paint called Indeliblo. This cold water paint dried hard and did not rub off. It was claimed to resist rain outside so I promptly got the job of painting our house at Ste. Adele. I did not enjoy that job and took all the opportunities I could to wander off to fish. Another job was to saw wood for the kitchen stoves. We got this wood in irregular log lengths, mostly green wood. I soon discovered that this wood was of inferior quality and had to be seasoned, a job which tried my patience and muscles. Though influenced by laziness, I also found that this dry wood also split more easily. Meantime, I made a nice garden.

One of the farmers who supplied us with wood from his farm on the banks of a small lake called Lac Godmer. It was practically round, its diameter was hardly five hundred feet. It was fairly close to the village, about one or one and a half miles walk. I soon discovered that its dark water concealed lovely trout averaging eight or nine inches. These trout frequented mostly the fresh waters of a small brook which fed the lake. The current flowed fairly quickly to about twelve or fifteen feet from the shore. Casting so as to let the bait run with the flow of water, it was most exciting to watch the fish line jerk as the fish bit. The funny part was that when about a dozen fish were creeled all activities ceased and the fishing as well.

In a half hour quick walking I was back home for some more serious business. Among other money suggestions by our neighbour the Doctor was that we could make a very sizeable revenue in winter by renting to the church-going people the stalls of the stable which had come with the property. The only

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trouble was that these stalls were in a filthy state. They had been used all right but never cleaned, so I fell heir to the job of shoveling out the accumulation of manure of months, if not years. Also Father insisted on my whitewashing every part of the stable, stalls, walls and everything. The rough boards of the ceiling were particularly unpleasant to do, as the lime of the whitewash ran down my hands and sometimes a drop or two fell in my eyes which was very painful. Well, after all that, the old stable being cold as ice, and my price too high, nobody rented the stalls. I got a few nibbles on credit but the interested parties just forgot to pay and walked off.

In his insistence to make us a self-sustaining unit, Father continued this train of, thought by purchasing a cow. Naturally, Father could not devote his time to the care and milking of a cow. This business naturally fell to me. Under the guidance of an old farmer, I learned the rudiments of milking and soon discovered all sorts of unpleasant facts such as that a cow had to be milked at regular hours, twice a day, morning and evening, or late afternoon. This last seemed pretty inconvenient and my timing was not very regular. Still, I managed to fit things in pretty well, and the cow gave its quota of milk in a higgledy piggedly sort of way, then the cow went dry. Feeding it was another matter which cut into otherwise entertaining time for exploring the brooks and woods around Ste. Adele. Now that we had a cow, we also had to raise a pair of pigs. The old farmer who sold the two piglets which were to provide us with salt pork and ham for the coming winter were guaranteed to fatten up for slaughter by St. Martin, November 11th. So we fed them the milk leftovers, also swill. The swill was a mixture of bran and rough flour, milk left over and debris from the table. This again was supposed to happen at regular hours and the millings came in bags. Bags upon bags. The amount of feed these pigs swallowed was indeed a problem, because their rate of growth was astonishingly slow. Our neighbor, the blacksmith, across the way, smiled knowingly. "Old Bateese must have sold you a pair of runts. - See, Voyez, I started mine at the same time as yours and see, they weigh each 200 pounds, your ? He left it a question but I learned a lot in that glance.

Nevertheless, time went on and the pigs ate their bellyfull but stayed put as to size, sometimes I began to think they were getting smaller, so it was decided to slaughter them because most of the food they consumed was fuel to keep their bodies warm in the chilly air of November. So we hired a man to do the killing. Some unknown sense told the first pig to go that he was doomed and he resisted, being pulled to the spot where the operation was to be performed. And he yelled to high heaven. But heaven was deaf to his noise and the killing took place by driving a thin sharp knife behind his ear. Blood spurted and ran into a dishpan in which it was stirred rapidly to keep it from coagulating. And it was made tasty, with seasoning, to be run into cleaned guts, the whole dish was called "boudin" which we call blood pudding. Fried, it can be delicious and its coming means general feasting on pork dishes by the whole countryside. Another dish was fried salt pork which formed the piece de resistance with boiled potatoes. So, this "boudin" was the start of a variety of prepared meats and even though our slaughtered pig was reckoned not to have come to the standard 200 pounds it nevertheless furnished us with pork to preserve and to eat in too great an abundance. The salt pork was prepared in brick sized pieces packed in casks with alternate layers of meat and salt. The backs gave us roasts. I attempted to cure hams and succeeded pretty well. When the meat of the first pig began to get low, the doom of the second one was sealed and the process followed for the first was followed until the last squeal, gradually vanished to be replaced by the beat of the spoon in the hot blood.

A friend sent us a dozen prize barred Plymouth Rock chickens so I switched from pigs to poultry. Winter had set in by that time without mercy. The thermometer went down to zero, then below zero. So cold was it that the crests of the chickens froze especially the rooster - His crest got so chewed up by Jack Frost that it all but disappeared. I made up some sort of a coop with cases which had been used to bring up our belongings. A little chicken wire surrounded the small yard. It was not encouraging to see the poor birds huddled up in the chilly air, looking the picture of misery. Being pullets, they began to lay, giving us a welcome change from our pork diet. But the hens apparently became discouraged and laid their eggs here

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and there, regardless of the nest I had made for them. And the eggs froze, burst, encouraging the hens to peck at them and thus devour their offspring.

Father, however, was all for mechanizing our poultry enterprise by purchasing an incubator. This involved much handling and timing. The results were uncertain, out of several settings we got a low percentage of chicks and many were crippled, probably because the heat from coal oil heating was irregular, as well as the cooling periods. When the cold came after New Year's it was the sharpest we had ever experienced but the old double-decker wood stove kept us warm enough by feeding it part green wood and part dry. The only trouble, real trouble, was the outdoor plumbing, the privy. That was a bitter experience, but we solved it partly by using chambers, inside the house. Emptying same was a matter of racing to the privy and back to the house. But then the contents froze in the overworked privy and gradually they rose so that, finally, something had to be done. One day, when the temperature rose to a moderate height, I tackled the job with shovel and spading fork and somehow carried the mess to a secluded spot in the garden, and then, the heap got a new start in the old privy.

All these things and others needed improvement especially as Father, in some way was in funds, probably owing to commission for portraits or the sale of landscapes.

So he began by adding a bathroom and toilet, to replace the old privy. This, of course, necessitated a cesspool. Following his old methods at Auvers he hired a man to follow his directions. This man turned out to be a weazened old character who was a carpenter of sorts and slower than molasses. Among other attributions, he was the leader of a family of poachers across Lac Rond. To me he always seemed to be sharpening his saws and using 3 cornered files for that purpose. Maybe, too, the steel of these files was of poor quality. Anyway, progress on Father's improvements was extremely slow but the result was indeed a vast improvement in our living facilities.

According to French concepts of agriculture, also Orientals, human excreta are used as manure, mixed with soil. I experimented along those lines but not for long, cow and horse manure were enough for me.

And this brings about the coming of a horse into our establishment. Father had had this in mind for some time and was watching for possible offers of harness animals. He spotted in the newspaper an ad of a shipment of ponies from the West. He consulted with the Janitor of his studio who had fancied horses in better days. Between the two of them they spotted a light bay animal which Father purchased along with a 4 wheel cart and harness. This smallish animal was named Prince but was called also Pokey Nosey, or for short "Pokey" because of his habit of nudging us for sweets or tidbits. This horse was promptly driven to the Mile End yard and as a result of negotiations unknown to me, loaded on a mixed freight train to go that night to Ste. Adele. We were to accompany the shipment. We had supper in the neighborhood of Mile End yards and came back to the dispatching office at some appointed time in order to be directed to the caboose, of the freight train which served the areas. Between the time of our arrival for boarding the train, we had a fairly long wait and I was most uncomfortable from the November cold. I thought it would never end. Finally, I was dragged and pushed into the train crew's accommodation, the caboose. There everything was cozy. One train man was frying steak, the coal fire in the pot stove made the caboose a veritable heaven. I got drowsy and never knew when the train started around eleven P. M. and midnight.

Men of the train crew, with lanterns, moved back and forth but I slept oblivious that Father and I were escorting our pony to Ste. Adele on board a way-freight train of the Canadian Pacific Railway whose President, and friend of Father, Sir William Van Horne, had issued special orders for expeditioning our little enterprise. I woke up at St. Jerome "Come Alfred, wake 'up! Father shook me and tumbled me out. "There is a lunch counter here", said Father, "and I ordered a porterhouse steak for each of us." I remember particularly the name "porterhouse" and that I had no idea it applied to such a toothsome piece of meat washed down with scalding coffee at 5 o'clock in the morning with a few streaks of dawn showing up the black forest near St. Jerome. In the yard, there was the usual shunting. We had a look at our horse, a couple

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of hours later we were unloading it and the cart which he was to haul for several years to follow. There were no autos in those days.

So we got our horse and cart up the hills to Ste. "Adele en Haut". We provisioned hay and oats which were the fuel of our conveyance. At least it gave us a far greater area to roam in and access to Montreal through the possibility of driving to the station and getting our supplies directly from the city. This was an important item because the local merchants did charge a high price for their goods. The general store of Lajeunesse did a thriving business on credit but since our Auvers experience there was no thought of doing that. So we either bought for cash locally or sent orders to Scroggie Dept. Store in Montreal who prepaid freight charges on orders of five or more dollars.

We did get some visitors at Ste. Adele. Two school friends came up, George and Stanley. I had planned to give them a camping excursion near the banks of the Mulet River which was a mile over the hill where the popular inn Chantecler is now situated. Naturally, I dropped everything to guide them over. We had an assortment of canned goods, fishpoles, an axe or two, and we marched over to a spot I knew, near the River. It was in a small clearing surrounded by balsams, the odor of which was strong and wild. We had plenty of worms for fishing into a pool going around and around, activated by the fast current. There were few bites, apparently the place had been well fished before our coming but we got enough to let each have a small portion. The rest of the meal was made up of pork and beans, from tins.

We made beds of balsam fir boughs, not very thick, it turned out. Then, after supper, we built a fire of dry boughs and branches and chatted the time away until we got sleepy and rolled in our blankets. It must have been early morning or shortly after midnight when I began to feel cold. The air was quite chilly and I tried in vain to go to sleep again. I rolled a bit, thus opening chinks in the blanket. Then I heard some mutterings right and left of me.

The boys were cold too. Pretty soon one got up. So we all got up. George, somehow, revived the fire. We got a few dry branches, to keep it going. It was dark and we stumbled around. Between the three of us we managed to get a fair supply of wood and so boiled tea and heated more beans. Then George began to sing "Three blind mice", in an off key tune. We sang other songs but this was no palliative to our misery, unrelieved by turning back or front to the fire, it burnt down and we spent the balance of the night with our blankets around us in the blessed warmth and so we dozed off to sleep most of the morning. We got up around noon, tried fishing but we were too fatigued to enjoy it much. Still, we gathered a supply of wood, easy to find by daylight, and fried or heated some of our provisions and, replenished in the noonday heat, went to sleep again.

I was sound asleep when I half dreamed, half heard an indignant voice, Father's, "I've been looking all over the place for you, Alfred, what are you doing here?" I was too dazed to reply, and ashamed before George and Stanley who stared, astonished, at the figure and face of Father, in a furious rage I couldn't make out why he was in such a dither, not made better by his sweat stained face with all the expressions of merciless rage.

"Pack up at once and come home! Fancy the idea of being off camping when your poor mother is at death's door!" As I had left her under fairly normal circumstances, I could not understand this show of fury on the part of Father. Finally, he cooled off some while I still looked questioningly at him and at my friends, embarrassed... "Your mother gave birth to a little sister!" So that was it, another sister, later to be named Marguerite Heloise. Heloise being the name of our friend of Auvers, Madame Karl Daubigny. We struck camp quickly and headed back for the village over the hill, loaded up with camping gear of a ragged sort, thin blankets, pots, pans... provisions with grease oozing out of bags. So our camping trip was over. I fail to remember how we managed at our home in the village. I, for one, was glad to find my bed, probably shared with George, and Stanley's probably shared with Henry who normally shared with me. None raved about the new baby but as such things usually go, Maman was recovering well, with Fifille taking the brunt of child birth, cooking, cleaning and all the etceteras of house work to which were added George and

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Stanley -Yvonne slowly and patiently helped as best she could, but it was a severe task for Fifille. Anyway, George and Stanley's camping party could not be started anew. We tried, but it did not work out and, somehow, we resumed the routine of our way of life with an added baby to care for. The garden was at its best of flowers and vegetables.

As I had undertaken the job of vegetable gardener I had to find an outlet for my produce. The people of Ste. Adele each had his little patch and used vegetables sparingly, the main part of their diet being pork, fresh or salted, with boiled potatoes. There was no demand for my fine lettuce heads, fresh turnips, lovely carrots, and delicious radishes - Each of which had been cared for in the most meticulous fashion. It was vegetables for gourmets, not the inhabitants of Ste. Adele. So, not selling a single lettuce head or carrot locally, I had to search elsewhere. Some one suggested Ste. Agathe, 10 miles away.

After my escapade with my friends, I felt guilty to amuse myself when I had all the tools to try to make money. The horse was there, the little wagon. I had no idea how to go about it, except to take my vegetables to Ste. Agathe and peddle them around. Market day at Ste. Agathe, I learned was on a Saturday, I decided to avoid the competition of that day and chose a day in the middle of the week, a Wednesday. So one fine summer morning at dawn I started off with my load made up the evening before. Ten miles with a horse rig is a long distance on dirt roads and we, the horse and I, just nodded as were covered the ten miles, with me half asleep from my early rise. To show how unpractical I was, I did not even know the layout of the village but just blundered in; stopping at the first prosperous house I saw. I walked up the front steps and rapped on the door. A young woman answered, I was frozen with embarrassment but managed to blurt out "did she need fresh vegetables?" No. she did not and so I left to call at another place and so on. To be truthful, however, I must confess that I became more confident as I went on. Some places were French and others English so I managed to make a few sales. One kind lady informed me that the market day was on Saturday, why didn't I call then?

Anyway, to make a long story short, morning passed in calls but I still had practically a full load, so I, and Prince, the horse, having covered Ste. Agathe turned around and headed back towards Ste. Adèle where we arrived in early afternoon. When I got back, Maman listened to my story. Father also had criticisms to make. Why not have tried this and that, but I was too tired to listen. Ten miles for a few cents worth of vegetables.

Father decided to put a tin roof over the house to replace the shingles. He got an assortment of catalogues from the "Pedlar People" a firm which specialized in such material. He chose roofing material which came ready to lay. I and old Père Raymond did the job. It was quite hot on the roof and we sweated abundantly. It made us drink plenty of the water furnished by the spring of the Doctor back of the church. The volume of water was poor and we mostly only had a trickle. One day the trickle nearly stopped. So Père Robert who ran the "aqueduc" as he called it went around the village with his bell ringing. The women of the village had sour looks for Père Robert, who, to expedite things, hired me for 75 cents a day from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. We dug around the water pipe entry to our house and uncovered several lengths of log pipes wedged into each other. Evidently this was not the first time Père Robert had had this trouble, because on disjoining the pipes he found them stuffed with a mass of roots, like sponges, which had forced its way into the pipes past the tight joints. The willow, being a water seeking growth, had followed a wilful instinct, penetrating into the rough, holes in the pipes. We pulled up a few lengths of the pierced logs and pulled out the resilient sponges. Then we tested the pipes for rot. Some of the pipes were still useable but half of them broke on being pulled up, so we had to replace them with new logs, properly pierced lengthwise. And all this was a job which required a certain deftness, until the pipes were again in place. During this time, valves, dug in near the lake, and at the spring, prevented our operation being hindered by the flow of water. Père Robert decided to look over part of the system near the outlet of Lake Rond. I hardly understand what he expected to find there but; suddenly, there was a geyser which sprang up and gave us each a drenching.

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I suspected that some friend of Père Robert had a hand in this, anyway, it could not have been timed better. That, also, was a mystery to me. Just as suddenly as it sprung up, the geyser died down. Evidently, the sudden pressure of filling the Pipes of the system, or the help of some mischievous "friend", was too much for the decayed wood of some of the old pipes. Old Robert was petrified for an instant but came to action just as quickly. He yelled to me "Course! course! la pipe est bustée". (translated - "race, race, the pipe is busted!") I was 18 and nimble - I did not ask where, or how I was to run, but I ran as fast as I could - Logic made me wonder "Where to I" but I galloped on anywhere, anyhow. When I arrived at the spring which fed the system - I was so puffed I could not run anymore. But I heard old Robert calling that he had discovered one leak. And so began a spell of probing here and there to discover the weak spots, replacing the rotten Pipes with new. Père Robert found some affected pipes so rotten that we had to replace some with new ones. That was quite a job. First we had to bring the new logs from the bush. That was not difficult. Once on the spot, we had to bore the log with a longitudinal hole by means of a long gimlet-shaped iron. The longitudinal boring had to be as perfect as possible. If there was deviation in the boring we came out at the side which ruined the new pipe. All this boring was done by twisting the long steel stem, then, at certain distances, we pulled out the stem to bring out the loose borings. During this time the village was without running water. We then got our supply from the lake and that was quite a job: with an old cart and the horse to draw it, we loaded a barrel and lashed it down then filled it by means of buckets.

It was a process of trial and error which took several days, with a mess of trenches, logs, sound and decayed, and the poor women of the village having to hope it would be over some day. In the meantime, I had to take time off to load up a barrel on the wagon and go to the lake for water. The situation was important enough for the old Doctor, vastly corpulent, to appear on the scene with his hard hat and smoking a cigar. Of course, he was the owner of the system and some of his lady customers grumbled about its being such a poor aqueduct ... but none dared address the doctor. Anyway, it would not have done any good, but in due time the job was finished and all complaints or near complaints ceased.

Unfortunately, this situation some times also occurred in winter when the pipes froze. Then the barrel used for our supply of water from the lake would be covered with ice from the splashing water.

While this was going on, the normal routine had to be carried out with the horse to be fed as well as the cow which had to be taken to pasture, a matter attended to by Henry, and the pigs, without too many days off for fishing. But another matter of interest came into my life. The girls next door, fresh and lively they were. They did not resemble their father at all. Somehow I managed to glimpse them over the fence. Irene was eighteen, Blanche was 25. I remember this last figure because that fall, her birthday came on November 25, Ste. Catherine Fête day which was celebrated as signaling that she had attained the status of an old maid! Imagine, at 25, an old maid! We had a party in which "tire" was made with plenty of molasses. I tried my best to court Irene but got very little encouragement. I succeeded better with Blanche.

Blanche was conscious that she had attained the status of "old maid" and so was missing no chances, whether far fetched or otherwise. I was only eighteen, a full seven years her junior so she made herself attractive to get my attention. With all this, her brother René was a veterinary surgeon, graduate of Laval University in Montreal. He was a smart man and caught on to a lot besides the courses of medicine which was to be his profession. He told me all about it and of the attractive girls of St. Denis Boulevard who practiced the "oldest profession". As a matter of fact, he enlarged upon the delights of love. This was an eye opener to me. Up to that time I had had a vague idea that there was some sort of pleasure in connection with women. René knocked that out of my mind. He laughed when I disclosed timidly that I thought that, in a mysterious fashion, fertility came from the marriage ceremony. Furthermore, imbued with these ideas, I could hardly conceive the idea of sex. So René embroidered on such stories with all the gusto of an ardent epicurean, while Blanche and I limited our loving to petting (though the lady wanted more than that - "Give me a little dolly!") Instead of encouraging me, this invitation scared me to death and we went no farther than plenty of kissing and hugging. Still, it left me an unsatisfied desire to possess a woman with René's urgings.

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In the meantime, René and I hunted together killing a few partridge during the hunting season, which, as far as René was concerned, lasted until Laval University opened for the fall season which had a double meaning for René - in which the influence of young females predominated. When René went, Blanche took over. I could hardly enumerate the many impassioned billets doux we exchanged, but, like everything else, we lagged in our courting until one day Maman found one of my notes and flew into a furious rage, persuading Father to investigate. No one wanted to believe our sincere denials of not having had serious intimacies. Nevertheless, Blanche's family was more bored than indignant. As time went on and no other signs appeared, the whole thing blew over.

What Father and Maman looked upon with horror was a mere pastime for most of them and, no doubt, for many of his friends. For there were other stories such as of an affair of long duration with a postmistress. It all stemmed from his business, for the Doctor had a flourishing mail order business going full blast. It was based on the salesmanship of no mean order of the Doctor. Carefully worded advertisements were distributed among the little French weeklies of the area. Chief among those, in the weekly *L'Avenir du Nord*, were the "Secrets du Chasseur" extolling methods of trapping fur bearing animals. More than one of the methods were questionable and involved the lavish use of poisons such as strychnine. Also the use of highly scented baits for fishing, whatever the species.

This involved the local post office to a marked degree both for receiving mail and sending it. Every evening of week days, there was a crowd at the post office, growing as time approached for the arrival of mail, around 8 o'clock. Then the small office would be crowded according to the season, with tourists in summer and habitants in both summer and winter. Privileged were those who rented boxes. They got their mail as it reached the post office clerk who might be a man or a woman. As the mail was distributed, folks took what was coming and left, thus gradually thinning out the crowd. Then came the old lover's turn. Ponderously, with a slight wheeze, he would work his way down the hill which led to the post office and to Lake "Rond". His lady would be waiting for him. They made a pair as Melle was of a size to match her boy friend. If anything, she surpassed him. She was immense. She would greet him with an appreciative smile which he would reciprocate - and then discreetly they would slip into a little room back of the public's anteroom. It was furnished with a table on which were deposited his parcels to be mailed; two comfortable armchairs, and an ample sofa with sturdy legs completed the furniture. Some said it had to be so with possible users such as the old boy and his "dame".

Without haste, like card players, they would proceed to weigh and stamp the parcels. So the little romance flourished every week day evening. The Doctor's wife, wife of the elderly Don Juan, meantime, bore her disappointment in silence. She was a thin, tired looking woman, appearing years older than her age, having borne her husband some ten husky children. This meant working, slaving all day to her housekeeping work while her lord and master worked at his money making schemes, or at romances with the village post-office.

The doctor's chief helpers were, in this affair, also a son René, and Blanche, Also mon oncle Henri. Every morning both or singly, they would open the mail and methodically sort out money orders or even cash. Later on, they would be assisted by "mon oncle", brother, who was the hero of the little group, having joined up as a musician of the American army in the Philippines where he had been discharged as a consumptive. That it might be contagious did not bother anyone and frequently, we could hear "mon oncle" playing the flute when he felt the impulse. As a matter of fact, they were all musically inclined.

It did not take me long to become invited to their musical soirées in which I did my share of singing. I played no instrument but Blanche was a good performer on the piano - with René who also sang a good baritone. Blanche particularly had the gift of finding songs which were romantic and tuneful. Our little group were enthusiastic believers in the romantic school of art, literature, and music. We reveled in picking out and dwelling upon de Musset, Victor Hugo, de la Vigne, they were our heroes and we tried to follow their somewhat free ways of thinking and loving and acting. I, for instance, became Fra Diavolo, a

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brave bandit of the early eighteen hundreds who carried on his nefarious career somewhere in Italy. Naturally, Blanche, called herself Fra Diavola. René looked on this nonsense with hauteur. Mon oncle would regale us with yarns of his warlike fluting in the Philippines, mostly inventions, in which he was adept. When Fifille could escape the many tasks of housekeeping which fell to her in our family, she would join our merriment. I could see that René was susceptible to her fresh, blond beauty, but this was not a match, even temporarily. Fifille, consciously or not, looked "down" on René and he kept his distance. Nevertheless, Fifille, Irene and I went for long evening drives. On those drives we would sing, particularly one song we had learned in Auvers. We sang in two parts. It was particularly fitting for the hour and the early summer. "Sous le beau ciel qui ruisselle, de pourpre; d'or es d'azur, le lac brillant etincelle, zéphir gonfle son flot pur". True to its climate, the air of the hills was clear, but chilly as we went on towards the village. The mail train had arrived and its two horsed rig passed us on its way to the postoffice. We soon followed to the warmth of our friend's living room with more songs and light talk.

I waxed most enthusiastic when the romance of Romeo and Juliette fired my soul to emulate the Shakespearean lover. To ease our youthful longings we decided that looking at each other in a living room, though melodious with pretty song was not enough. So I decided to do a little petting in the depth of night, around three or four in the morning. My lady's window overlooked the roof of a small verandah at the corner of which was a large elm tree. It was larger than my embrace but, one night, at the hour agreed upon, I managed to reach the verandah roof, thence the window where she was waiting for me. We kissed and kissed violently. It is a wonder that the neighbors, whose bedrooms also looked upon the verandah floor, left us alone, and that I did not become the recipient of a dose of rock salt. Far be it from me to doubt the courage of Uncle Henri or the alertness of the "chien de garde". Pompey, but the fact remained that I was agile as a monkey and so managed the escalade without any signs of awareness from inside the house, though why, in the name of common sense, did I at least risk ridicule to see my lady at three in the dark of the moon is more than I could understand today.

Nevertheless, the summer went its way bringing lots of fun but scant returns. Maman took a hand in the matter and prevailed on me to ask for a job at the Compagnie de Pulpe, established at the Falls of the North River. Somehow, I felt the same diffidence as for selling vegetables when I rapped at indifferent doors to gain the attention of possible buyers. Anyway, somehow or other, I got hired as junior clerk in the company office. The pay was not excessive, only five dollars a week. Not much chance of supporting a wife on that kind of money. Nevertheless, that much, coming in regularly was quite a lot compared to the price of a few carrots and cabbages sold for a little change at the end of a ten mile drive at 5 in the morning. Now Maman was ambitious for my development and she knew that the regular pay of industry was far better for business results than a market garden bringing in scant money in a most irregular fashion. Father had nothing to say to that line of thought so the fine freedom of the garden gave way to the discipline of going to work, six days a week from eight in the morning to six in the evening. Maman saved most of the money for my education.

Father, in any case, could see some improvement in demand for his pictures with a few commissions for portraits which were his principal source of income. From this angle, Ste. Adele fulfilled the needs of his family as cheaply as could be done anywhere to begin with, no rent to pay, except a low rate of taxation, and even food and groceries as organized by Maman were obtained at a fairly low figure, also clothes. But the schooling was quite elementary. My high school graduation was over at 17. But Fifille at 15 was without further education and spent most of her time minding babies, somewhat the same as Yvonne. Henri, at 11, Jean at 9 only got the meager curriculum of the local grade school, mostly the R.C. catechism. Robert and Margot were just infants. Maman, desired above anything else, the progress of her children. So, after pressing father for something better, she finally got him to decide a move to the States, bag and baggage. This decision came at autumn of the year 1905.

So began again the planning for a move. Lining up the furniture to be taken with us, and hunting around for a new dwelling to house it and the family. In some sort of logical sequence, Father went to New

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York, with a sheaf of ads of a Strout Agency which disposed of farm properties valued in the range of our Ste. Adele land and house. Also he advertised this latter for sale, in Montreal. The result of these steps was that he sold our Ste. Adele house and land to a retired lawyer who was looking for such a place - with the village facilities - near the local church

The price was cash with attendant bargain value. At the same time, he found a corresponding bargain in the Elmwood district of Bethel, Connecticut - a dwelling with some dozen acres of old farmland, gone fallow, where we could exercise our farming ability meaning mostly me with Pokey, our pony. Besides that optimistic departure, he rented a studio at 7 East 39th St. in New York where he could dispose of his paintings. This "studio" was really an old garret, transformed from a stable and carriage house of a former gentleman of means, of which the ground floor became an express office above which was a studio mostly a skylight and partitioned kitchen and bedroom. The whole was a flimsy structure, bitter-cold, in winter and an oven in the heat of a New York summer.

So, with the foundations of his projected move designed, and his prospects of revenues from the sale of pictures, mostly hopes and the means of livelihood of Maman, myself, Fifille, Yvonne, Henri, Jean, Robert and Margot mostly based on very vague agricultural plans, we became committed to moving to Bethel, Conn. and the city of New York.

The fall and winter for me consisted mostly of nostalgia for the Ste. Adele Eden of woods and brooks. As to the love affairs they dwindled into the vague dreamland where they had begun.

Finally, winter passed and March came, with Easter. All our goods were packed and loaded in the end of a freight car leaving a flimsily partitioned open space in the middle, between the sliding doors, of the freight car, where our horse, Pokey was to be stabled with a limited space left for me to sleep and look after the pony, chickens, and Belgian hares.

An old friend of former hunts, Paul, accompanied me and took charge of our old black cat to his barn where it found plenty of mice and rats and plenty of skimmed milk. I bade him farewell to return to the siding and the hard floor of the freight car. To discourage the cat from returning to his old home we carried him in a flour bag to toss him over the culvert of Ruisseau St. Louis on the road to St. Sauveur. The Raymond's insisted on this because of a legend that cats, so handled, would become too mixed up to return to their old home. Père Raymond was watching this performance and guided the cat to his barn where it found an abundance of mice, rats and squirrels, also the odd dish of milk.

After the farewells, I got back to the freight car on the siding at Ste. Adele Station. The livestock was quiet. Pokey the pony, snorted in recognition, I rolled into a rather thin blanket and went promptly to sleep. Apparently, the car was shunted with me quite unconscious of what was going on. I woke up at daybreak or near the border at Lacolle, Que. I was quite cold. Our loose packing had not resisted the banging of the freight train. I found everything at sixes and sevens and braced a new, more solid arrangement which lasted until destination. Having done this I got out on the embankment and enjoyed the warmth of the rising sun. The caboose was one or two cars away. One of the trainmen told me I had plenty of time to breakfast which I did, with hard tack and tea boiled on the caboose stove.

Later, we rolled on again to stop for customs inspection. The Inspector was a very pleasant man. I had to pay duty, about \$2. 00, on the chickens and Belgian hares but in compensation; the officer invited me to dinner at his home. I fed the livestock and we rolled again to our next stop at Bellows Falls where I had a chance to replenish my provisions of hard tack and raw sliced bacon. Then the same at Rutland, Vermont. There, after night fall, I, as usual, bolted my car door and it was a good thing I did, because I heard the murmur of talk by men outside. They wanted me to open up and threatened me if I refused. It can be understood how concerned I was, with my load of merchandise and of live stock. I had heavy table leg as an only weapon and decided to brain the first man who might have penetrated the sliding door. They shook it a bit, but it held, and then the would be intruders fled, scared off by approaching trainmen with

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their lanterns. They asked me if everything was all right and walked on. I was doubly careful, after that to secure the fastenings, so that they would not give way. Down the Connecticut valley, I, Pokey, the chickens and hare, rolled, and, having systemized this way of living, I began to enjoy it, hard floors, bangings and shuntings and all. The hours rolled by - midnights and noons, till we came to the Danbury, Connecticut yards.

There, they, the train people, were in a dither with a wire from Sir William Van Horne, President of the C. P. R. ordering that the horse, chickens, rabbits, etc. be fed and watered at once or else. In the midst of this turmoil Father arrived. It was too dark to unload but, the live stock, fed and watered, was allowed to stay till morning and I went with Father to a boarding house where I spent the night with him, on a bed this time, getting rested for a new start in the U. S. A. at Danbury & Bethel, Connecticut.

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